



CHRISTMAS ISSUE 1937

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THINK OF THAT!

EDITORIALS

SOMETHING NEW TO END THE YEAR

Several people have loudly proclaimed their criticisms of Milne, lately. Walking down the hall you can hear bits of conversation that lead you to believe that they're complaining.

Listen! "I don't like the schedule this year, do you?" "I think the team isn't doing its best." "Imagine, an essay at least two thousand words long!"

And, of course we are not above finding fault with our fellow classmates.

Stop and think a minute. Do you like Milne? Would you like to leave this school and the friends you have made here? Wouldn't you miss our small classes, dances, and regular get-togethers.

Milne presents unusual opportunities to make friends. We have small classes, and our own student council governs, with our approval, all the affairs pertaining to the students. Do you realize that the faculty permits us to use our own discretion in school affairs? We conduct our own dances and social activities.

As to the team, they are doing the best they can under the circumstances. They must share their coach and use the gym only twice weekly. Also, we have a limited number of boys to choose from. In spite of these disadvantages you'll find our team defeating others that have their own coach, gym, and a lot of grand material. Think of that!

Let's consider the homework problem. Milne has the longest vacation of any school in this district, and yet today we're on the same lessons that other schools are.

continued in column 2

Is this it? This is our conception of the magazine for which you expressed a desire. This is a more economical publication containing practically the same material that you have had in previous issues. However, we have added some new features of interest.

This year, we are endeavoring to include something of interest for every student in the school. We have tried to be sure that every scholastic enterprise is represented. You will find your own particular interest somewhere among these pages.

What policy are we following? A very common one-- to please the reader. We have tried to combine all your suggestions in this issue and present them for your approval. As this is an experiment, we ask you to read it carefully, and to refer your criticisms to the staff.

In this issue of the Crimson and White, you will find Milne High School, its people, and their talents. Your voluntary contributions have made this, our first attempt, possible. Upon your kind consideration we rest our laurels."

Elizabeth Simons '38

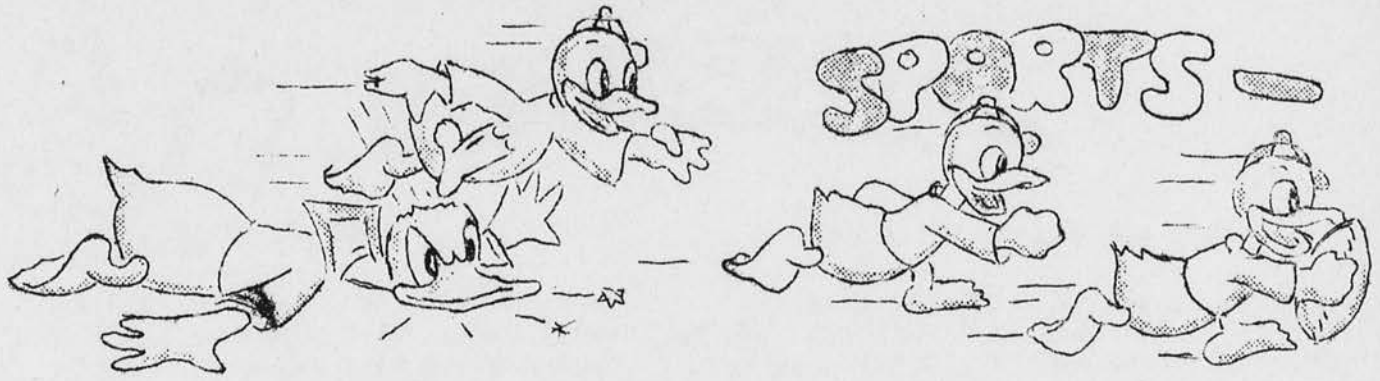
continued from column 1

Also, we have the advantage of having young teachers who use the newest and most approved methods of teaching. You'll find them willing to give you extra attention at any time!

Combine these facts and think them over. I hope then, you'll realize how fortunate you are to attend Milne.

Think of that!

Elizabeth Simons '38



Last year for the first time the Milne girls started a tennis team which was coached by Miss Hitchcock, their athletic instructor. The season opened with a game with Bethlehem Central High School in which the score was tied. This was only the beginning of a succession of victories over Mt. Pleasant, Catholic Central, and in the final contest of the year over Bethlehem Central.

The members of the squad were, Elizabeth Simmons, number one; Frances Seymour, number two; Marion Kosbob, number three; and Barbara Knox, number four. The tennis team was a great success competitively and in school interest as seen in the one tied and three successful games.

This year the girl's hockey team started the season with annual game with St. Agnes. This resulted in a defeat, but was immediately followed by a grand victory over Bethlehem Central High. Bethlehem Central was also host to the Milne girls' varsity team at a playday in which the home team was victorious in a series of short hockey and basketball games. The hockey season ended with a game at home with Mt. Pleasant in which the opponents scored the winning goal. The team was made up of Damia Winshurst, Frances Seymour, Elizabeth Simmons, Virginia Tripp, Patricia Gibson, Jean McDermott, Mary Winshurst, Margaret Charles, Virginia Nichols, Lillian Eckelshamer, Ruth Resp, Lois Nesbitt, and Recilla Rudnick. The record showed one victory and two defeats.

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"I think we have a very fine team this year, and should go through our season winning most of our games." This opinion was expressed by Captain Seeley Funk of this year's basketball team. It seems that this thought more or less fills the school. The confidence that was lost, through last year's disappointing season, is returning with much interest. After crushing victories over Bethlehem Central High School and St. Joseph's Academy in the season's openers the school is fired with enthusiasm and eagerly awaiting future encounters. Manager Kenneth Lusher has arranged a schedule of eleven games. Seven of these are to be played at home and four away. Leonard Benjamin, who lent his valued assistance, will succeed Kenneth next year. The team is principally composed of seniors, but Coach Thomas Ryan seems to have much faith in those up and coming sojourners, Johnny Fink, and Russell Jones. Those on the varsity squad are: Captain Seeley Funk, Robert Taft, John Beagle, Erastus Davis, Edgar Harding, Edward Walker, Richard Game, Richard Paland, and Richard Selkirk. The team suffered a distinct set back when Martin Cressy was injured in practise. He will not be able to play until late in the season.

When spring rounds the corner the thoughts of young Milnites turn lightly to sports. On the docket for active service this spring are three varsity sports, baseball, tennis, and golf. The veterans of last year's squad are looking forward to the first practise, expectant of successful seasons in each of these fields.

continued on the next page

Continued from Boys' Athletics

The Crimson and White nine will take the field under the able leadership of Captain Robert Taft. Fellows that earned letters last year and will be available this season are, Richard Game, John Fink, Erastus Davis, Douglas McKean, Martin Creezy, and James McClure. Manager William Burgess expects to base his schedule on ten games five to be played at home. The teams that will probably be encountered are: St. Joseph's Academy, Vincentian Institute, Rensselaer High School, Philip Schuyler High School, and Bethlehem Central High School. As the new field will be suitable for practice this year, the team has an excellent chance to make a good showing when they take to the field.

One of Milne's most successful teams for the past few years has been the tennis team. This season the squad will be minus two of its last year's lettermen. Captain Edward Walker expects that, with Seth Wheeler and Earl Goodrich for a nucleus the team will be able to more than hold their own. Manager Alfred Wheeler expects to schedule ten matches which are played at Ridgefield Park. Probably the opposing teams will include Rensselaer High School, Vincentian Institute, Albany Academy for Boys, and Lansingburg High School.

With all of last year's lettermen except William Hotaling available for the squad, the golf team should have a very good season. Last year the team won three matches and lost three. The manager and captain will be elected from last year's squad consisting of, Seeley Funk, Martin Creezy, Richard Paland, and John Beagle. The team expects to play matches with Vincentian Institute, Albany Academy for Boys, Bethlehem Central High School, and the Mohawk School. At the end of the season Milne is always represented in the Troy Invitation Meet for Capital District high school golf teams.

The number of fellows included in the four varsity sports form a very small

Continued in the next column.

group. The fellows in school that are not actively interested in any of the sports get their athletic recreation during the gym periods. It has been very interesting to note the change in the attitude, of the boys taking gym, in the past few years. Now the gym classes are something to be looked forward to; whereas in the past the classes have been dreaded and shirked. In my opinion the obvious reason for this change is the new intra-mural system introduced by Coach Hatfield. In the fall the various home-rooms play touch football games against each other. It is Coach Hatfield's plan to carry on this program through-out the winter with inter-homeroom basketball and volley ball contests. This is supplemented by inter-class rivalry. In a preliminary to the varsity games, when the team is to play at home, the junior high school classes play games. These class teams are given a little coaching from some members of the varsity. This goes a great way in preparing these youngsters for the varsity competition when they reach senior high school.

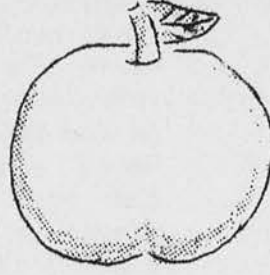
That includes all of the boy's athletic program for 1937-1938. Every boy in Milne that is physically able to, gets an education in several sports. In this way all the boys not only have good healthful exercise, but learn to cooperate and play in coordination with other boys. As this is one of the major problems with which high schools must cope, teaching the pupils to cooperate with one another, the sports in Milne High School help it to accomplish its purpose.

Continued from Girls' Athletics.

The girls' basketball practise opened the last part of November. Looking into the future the girls have an interesting and promising schedule with St. James, St. Pleasant, Bethlehem Central, State College Freshmen and the alumnae. The veterans from last year's team are Elizbeth Simons, Frances Seymour, Virginia Tripp, Kay Newton,

The captain of this year's varsity is Lois Neshitt.

SOCIAL EVENTS



Social Events

The 1937-1938 social season of Milne High School began with the senior high reception which was held in the commons. It was a collegiate dance with music by Barty Zabin's orchestra. The following week the Junior High Reception was held. The Quin Rush was the next big event. It was held in the small gym and much credit goes to Damia Winhurst who was in charge. The boy's societies had their initiations in November and both Theta Nu and Adelphei had outings at Thacher Park. Sigma's Rush was next in order. It was a grand rush which was enjoyed by all the sophomores. Armistice Day was our first vacation of the year. It provided us with a short vacation which was welcomly received. Thanksgiving Vacation was next. We enjoyed it and liked the first touch of cold weather. Adelphei and Theta Nu held a new and successful dance, December 11. It was the first formal of the year, and many well known alumni turned out. Of course, our Christmas Plays ended the first semester's social season and we do owe the Dramatics Club a vote of thanks for their fine plays.

Quin will add another attraction to the Social Calendar when they hold a luncheon for their alumnae during Christmas Vacation. Sigma has an Alumnae Association now, and they seem to be quite busy with theater parties.

The New Year will usher in the mid-year exams. It also brings the Quin-Sigma Dance and the Hi-Y-G.A.C. and a party for both Senior and Junior High School. When we recover from our Mid-Year Exams in the Easter vacation and finally May rolls 'round with the Q.T.S.A. and we have Society Day.

Of course you know that Class Night and Graduation come in June followed by the Senior Ball. The very end of the Year will be the Excursion and we'll see you then.

EXCHANGES



College Life at Isabella Thoburn College,
Lucknow, India

College! What thoughts and fancies that word "College" holds. Pictures of Degrees! Academical gowns! Professorships and a relaxation from high school's strict code of study.

I set out for college with a happy heart, determined to make the best of this new life and to overcome all obstacles. When I first saw the stately pillars of Chand Bagh and recognized Isabella Thoburn College, I said to myself, "My life, too, must be straight with no blemish."

Everything was strange and confusing, but the friendliness of the older girls, who acted as guides, saved the situation.

In the evening we were taken on a tour of inspection of all the buildings. Although I tried to remember their distinctive feature, I couldn't tell one from the other when the campus was viewed from an observation roof. My mind was in a whirl. While I looked I saw the Eucalyptus Grove; the leaves were swaying and seemed to be waving a welcome to us.

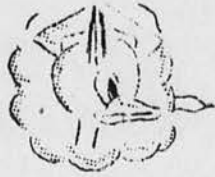
The next day we all listened to the reading of rules and regulations, and we even had to take a General Intelligence Test.

The third day we attended fifteen minute classes and came to know our classmates. Though the older students teased us until we couldn't believe a word that they said, we bore up gallantly.

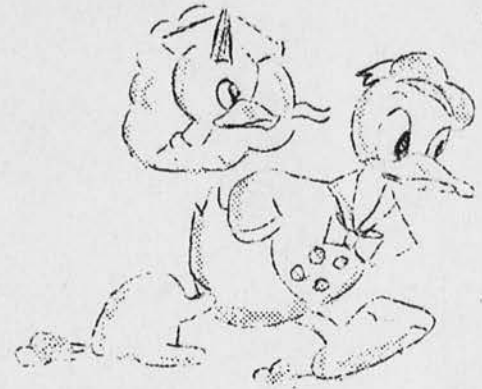
All good things must come to an end when we settled down to work, but the memory of the first few days in college will serve to feed "smiling thoughts hereafter," and we will look back to them with a mixture of regret and happiness, glad to progress but sorry to lose those days of excitement forever.

Beryl David '39

(This is from the Chand Bagh Chronicle published in Lucknow, India.)



—ALUMNI



Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
December 5, 1937

Dear Milnites,

It certainly does seem queer to be writing an alumni letter for the Crimson and White, for when I was in Milne I always thought of these letters as being written by older people. Right now I feel as though I am right with you instead of having finished with high school. When I left Milne I realized how good a school it is and the fine opportunities it offers. Don't let me make you feel discouraged about college as it is such a change from high school that you never compare the two of them.

I am at Skidmore and like it very much. If any of you girls are seriously thinking of colleges I surely recommend Skidmore. I am taking the secretarial course and am planning to be a big business woman. Notice the "planning" part. That does not imply that I will be one. Instead of just getting a straight business course I am also studying various culture courses to see if I like anything else.

The spirit up at school here is so wonderful, especially for the freshmen. When a new class enters, it is astounding to see how friendly all the girls are. People say "hello" to you whom you have never seen or heard of before, and that is so encouraging when you feel down and out.

I wish to extend my best wishes to everyone at Milne for a most successful year.

Sincerely yours,
Barbara Birchenough '36

GIRL'S ALUMNAE NOTES

The girls of last year's class seem to have centered around the Mildred Elley School and Russell Sage College. Quite often, we see Martha Gordon, Dorothy Harrison, Thelma Segall, and Peg Waterbury from Mildred Elley. Then too, if you should visit Russell Sage, you'd be sure to see Millie Hall, Carolyn Hausmann, Barbara Knox, Bette Potter, Virginia Soper, and Jane Tincher.

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Vida Benjamin is attending the Katherine Gibbs School, in Boston while her pals, the Bremer twins are quite busy at Albany Business College. Helen Anthony is attending A.B.C. also.

We have several working girls too. Lillian Allen, Jean Ambler, and Chris Bayreuther are quite prominent in the business world, and their friends, Carol Loucks and Lillian Walk are studying extensively at Vassar. Ethel Fasoldt at State, Marion Kosbob at Saint Rose are planning to teach school. We hear that Norma Kapewich is up at Skidmore, Betty Leitch at Simmons, Frances Levitz at William Smith, and Betty Ruedermann at Green Mountain.

As you know, Lucille Armstead, Ruth Carwill, Ginny Kelsey, Verna Perkins, Pricilla Simpson, and Jane Weir are taking P.G. courses here at Milne and Grace Gallien is also in the city.

BOY'S ALUMNI NOTES

As we look into the crystal ball, we see Milne's Class of 1937 branching out into the world of knowledge.

In the neighboring city of Troy at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute can be found last year's class president, Otto Schaler, as well as, Lowell Gypson, Edmund Haskins, and Kurt Eben.

At Union College this year, we see Warren Knox, Herbert Smith, and Leland Beik.

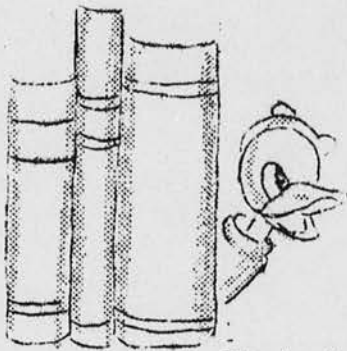
Sheldon Bond is a member of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity at Hobart College. Gordon Wendell is enjoying himself, as usual, at Cornell University. Sheldon Knudson is also at Cornell.

We find two of our grads carrying on post graduate work at neighboring high Schools. They are Jack Jenkins and Toby VanKeuren.

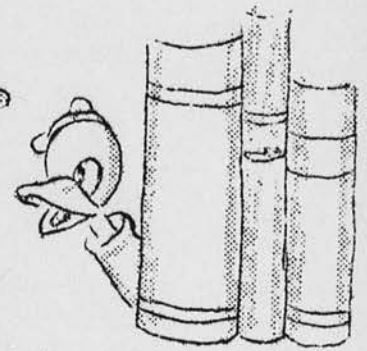
Three of last year's seniors, Merwyn Atwood, Bill Perkins, and Barton Zabin, are training for the business world at Albany Business College.

Bob Emerick is another college man, and he's working hard at Syracuse.

While Bill Hotaling slaves away at Dartmouth, some of his friends are working in the business world. Foster Sipperley, and Winford Newton are in the Telephone Company, and although we see a lot of him, Gordon Carvill is busily employed also.



- BOOKS -



Victoria Regina
By Lawrence Hausman

This book was the basis for the Broadway stage success "Victoria Regina" starring Helen Hayes. In a series of scenes the play brings out Victoria's character. She was definitely born to rule. From the very first when the prime minister informs Princess Victoria she is queen, she rules. She tells her mother that she will not sleep with her any longer. She always, during her whole life kept an eye on Parliament, and if bills were not to her liking, the Queen would not sign them. She made up her own mind whom she would marry. The Prince consort however, made Victoria a little less headstrong and he was a good influence on her life. Victoria was very strong willed; she made up her mind to quickly, and she hated to change it. Although Victoria was tiny and small, she dominated the lives of the people who lived around her.

Janet Crowley '38

Halliburton's Gladius Adventure is about a young adventurer who follows the trail of Ulysses. He tells of his thrilling experiences climbing Mount Olympus, the sight of the Gods, but he saves the Hellespont and many other adventures.

Robert Stevenson '40

Herbe Hunters by Paul de Kruif tells of the problems facing a scientist and the hardships and worry he has to go through through to gain success. The book reveals a new world which one can discover by looking into a microscope.

Robert Zell '40

Years of Grace

The wind was howling down the chimney and under the eaves, making the trees sigh against the house. Inside the house a fire crackled and snapped its tongue in, "You can't frighten us; it's warm and cheery inside and you can not get in."

I curled up in my chair by the fireplace and opened the book, Years of Grace. Before I had read very far, the fire began to die down and I heard a noise behind me. Someone had opened the door. I looked around and saw of all people, Jane Ward! who was the heroine of my book. As soon as I could speak after recovering from the surprise, I told her who I was. She told me all about her mother and father and sister, Isabel. I asked if Andrew and she would get married, but she only told me to read the book and find out. We talked until the clock struck nine. She then told me she would have to go home for her mother would worry about her. So she bid me good-bye and good-luck and I quickly began to read my book.

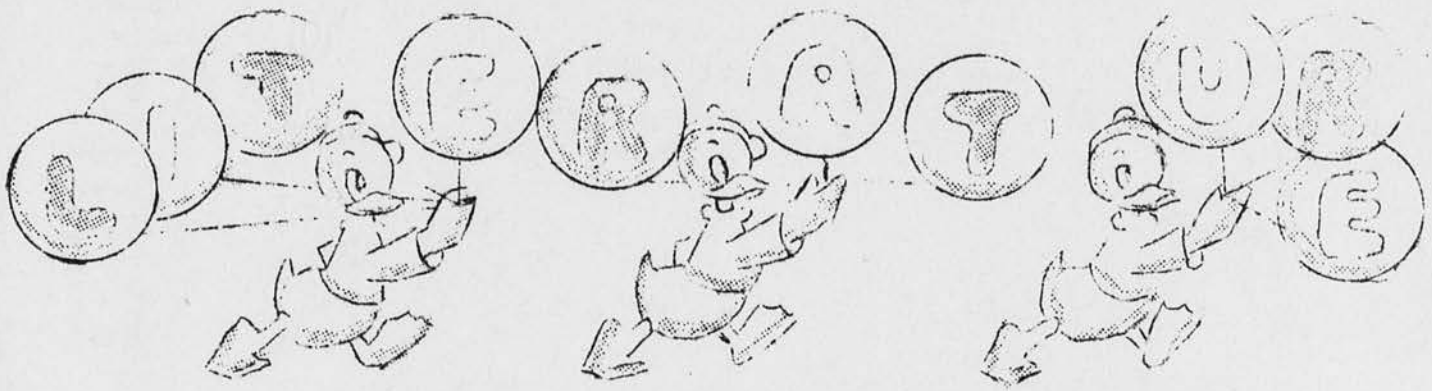
Carrinne Egan's '42

Story of Louis Pasteur recently lead me to a miniature world of microbes where the rule of "survival of the fittest" is in full force.

Gilbert Dancy '40

Crowded Hours by L. Noworth shows the political world and the life of a president's daughter, a White House debutante and bride.

Boris Holmes '40



WHAT A LIFE!

One of the best evidences of the depths into which our modern society has fallen is that gathering of young people known as the dancing school. It seems the fate of most of the young innocents in this fair city and undoubtedly in most others, to be pounced upon without mercy at the tender age and marched off to dancing class. There they are supposed to lose all awkwardness and lack of poise, and come out finely polished ladies and gentlemen, who will from then on feel perfectly at ease in any situation. There are some, of course, who are deprived of this important education, but they are the untouchables; they are doomed forever to the ranks of the stag line and the wallflowers. Let us not talk of them; they are not even fit to enjoy this world of ours. Let us turn our attention, instead to those favored young people who will some day be the cream of society.

Let us, for example; make a call upon "Miss Hester Hobson's Dancing School for Young Ladies and Gentlemen." But let us, first, be seated firmly and finally in the balcony, where, as casual observers, our position is safest. We have arrived early, and the only ones there are Miss Hobson herself and Egbert with the glasses, who always comes early. Egbert is trying politely to engage Miss Hobson in conversation but is having his difficulties, because Miss Hobson's mind is too full of worries to think of him. Soon the young gentlemen begin to drift in just so many dark suits and white shirts. The three-piece orchestra also drifts in, and arranges its selections, both few in number and rare in vintage. More young gentlemen arrive; where can the female members of the organization be? But there! Much giggling and swishing of skirts heralds the grand entrance of these blushing beauties, the pride and joy of Miss Hester Hobson. Resplendant in vari-colored taffeta, with here and there a radical in some other material, they enter, shake hands with Miss Hester by whom they are all called different names than their own, and seat themselves on one side of the room, not even aware of the presence of the young gentlemen, although there are at least fifty of these. The ladies now go into a huddle, in their turn completely ignoring the fair objects across the room. What cordiality and warmth are displayed by those friendly relations!

Suddenly the lights grow dim, the music starts and we lean forward excitedly and grip the arms of our chairs, for the great game of "learning-how-to-dance" has begun. En masse, the young gentlemen approach the enemy, and, after careful scrutiny, choose partners. Some of the young gentlemen seem to have their signals mixed, and have a tendency to stray in the opposite direction, but are soon straightened out by Miss Hester, who herds them back into her little fold. Soon every one is dancing, little boys, big boys, fat boys, thin boys; chubby girls, stubby girls, skinny girls, girls with glasses. They all look, strangely enough decidedly blank of expression, and are not always evenly matched. That couple over there, for instance, is very unevenly balanced. The female half, or perhaps we should say three-quarters, seems to have all the advantage on her side. While over there by the orchestra, the teensy slip of a girl is completely eclipsed by the huge football player who is trying to steer her around the room, and wishes she were back on the football field.

After a few minutes of this, the music, which never seems to change, stops, and there is a mad scramble for seats. No sooner have the dancers had a chance to recuperate, than it starts up again, and once more the young ladies are thoroughly locked over. It is easy to tell by the boy's appearance who, or what, he is seeking. If he runs up and down, peering eagerly at the rows of female charmers, he is looking for that cute blond whose toe he stepped on when they were coming in. If he is more thoughtful, no doubt he is trying to pick out the one who would appear to be lightest on his feet. If he is not searching whole heartedly, has one eye on Miss Hobson and one on the door, he is probably just looking for cousin Susie's daughter Jane, with whom he was instructed to dance.

Let us now listen more closely and try to get the personal side of the theme. There is a apparently a set rule for conversation between partners, no doubt taught by Miss Hester, when we weren't here. The typical set of questions and answers run something like this.

Young Gentleman:- "May I have this dance?"

Young Lady:- "Certainly," or "Yes," or just a gleeful smile of conquest.

Y. G.:- "My name is John Ellsworth; what's yours?"

Y. L.:- "Mine's Mary Jonesworth. What school do you go to?"

Y. G.:- "I go to High."

Y. L.:- "Oh, I go to Skem." (Both of these names are no doubt in code.)

After this great outburst of conversation, there is a silence, broken occasionally by a brave attempt on the part of one of those involved to talk about something. "Something" always consists of:-one-the lights; two-the temperature; three-the

crowded condition of the floor. four:—Miss Hester Hobson. Add that brings us to the originator of this whole scheme, Miss H. herself. Where does she fit into this picture? Miss H. flits about, hither and yon, seeing that everyone is happy. This Titanic task seems to bother her not at all. We wonder greatly at Miss Hester's endurance, and, the situation having become too complex to cope with, we take our hurried leave feeling, as we go out, apprehensive as to the future having seen some of its generation. Let him who will try to disentangle this national problem, and decide what ought to be done about it. We wash our hands of this matter.

Miriam Freund '39

Friendship

Friendship is one of the priceless possessions of human beings. A fruitful friend is he who will accept our griefs and troubles, he who will try to overcome them with us and the kind of a person who will show kindness and truthfulness to us. Friendships could give you a new and bright outlook on life.

A person is a friend who knows all about you and still likes you. "If you would have friends, be one," said Elbert Hubbard when asked what one should do to increase his friends.

It is a gift to be able to make friends for it takes power to appreciate whatever is noble in another. A person is not useless while he has a friend, nor while he is a friend.

Mary Winshurst '38

Dreams by Ruth Van Gaasbeck '41

At night, when my work is through, I go to a chair and rest. Then, as my eyes become out of focus, I drift off to the land of dreams. I find myself dancing in a room of silver and ruby. There are silver trees with tiny crimson balls hanging on them like blossoms. The walls are draped in an iridescent silver cloth that sparkles and flows like a living thing. Soft, sweet music is coming from places unknown, and it flows into the room like a rippling brook. Then as the music grows faster, I slide back to earth and dance around a mirror pool in which the splendor of the room is reflected. I dance faster and faster, and out of nowhere come white forms that sway to and fro as their voices fill the air. Then the music grows slower, and the picture fades, and I find myself in the chair from which it sprang.

It's the Animal in Them

When your class becomes a bit boring, and you've used up all of your paper by playing tit-tat-toe all by yourself, it's fun to gaze around the room and wonder what each person would be if he were an animal.

Before your mind (if you have one) can wonder very far, your first comparison can be drafted upon hearing Seeley put up an argument with "le professeur". Surely he would make a wonderful parrot, you think, and so you jot it down on a list.

It is surprising how quickly a thing goes once it is started, for as soon as Hazel and Wilson have taken over the discussion, you immediately picture them perched side by side on a limb silhouetted against the moon. It's the owl that is the wise bird, isn't he?

At this point, you begin to wonder where you can pick up some more likenesses because it seems that these three are the only ones entering into the discussion. But soon enough inspirations pop out. If you ask Alfred Wheeler, very politely, what he is doing, he's sure to tell you that he's perfecting a new invention, and you again wonder what you can compare him to.

Directly in back of Al, sits Jack Beagle. It isn't necessary to exert yourself over him because right away you can see that he would make a perfect monkey, not only because of that distinctive profile, but also because he's such a little devil; always alive and up to some little trick.

Continued on next page

Then, on down the row, is Jerry Pond who is pretending to be sound asleep. I wonder what would happen if the door opened? Then you'd see that she was only playing possum. Just one more glimpse through the last row before the buzzer rings. This reveals Janet Cole giving Doug McKean that kittenish smile which is only returned by that typical bull-dog snarl. Oh well, it's two more to add to the list, you say. As you hear the buzzer, you also can faintly hear the teacher shouting something about having a test tomorrow on this work. But don't let that worry you.

Barbara Soper '38

VIRTUES OF LAZINESS

The virtue of laziness consists principally in its effect upon the mind of the idler. In those rare moments when we can serenely tell our work to go to the devil till morning because we just don't want to do it. We feel a sense of triumph. Once more, mind has conquered matter; slavery has given way to the sublime. We stretch out with a feeling of perfect abandon and carefreeness. No matter if skies fall and teachers thunder, today we are definitely NOT going to look at that despised task. Later on, we plan, we shall devote Saturday to it, and set up shop with gallons of ink and reams of paper, but now we are free.

The hours of idleness are spent first in revelling in the sense of freedom, second in seeing what can be done. We read, we drowse (which, by the way, is not as inactive as one might think), or we go out in innocent pursuit of happiness. As a rule, once care is laid aside, it remains in such state, and does not crop up again. We spend a few hours then, doing something we really enjoy, no matter what.

Are the effects good or evil? This is the question. We return to work like a giant refreshed if it is true, particularly if we do not often indulge in such a sin. We are fresh and happy, and if we knew how to whistle, we would. As for evil results, the only one possible is too extended procrastination, and the great principle of enjoying idleness is to have only a little taken at long intervals. That is the art. That is what makes the virtue of idleness; its rarity.

Sylvia Rypins '38

POETRY

Evening Prayer

O thou, in whom I take my rest,
Whose teachings never cease,
O grant to this now tired soul
Thy blanket, white of peace.

Through all this day my mind has worked
It is bent, by burdens, low.
So as the evening hour draws near
Its cells are working slow.

My eyes today have seen deeds done
Which were not done by love---
I thank thee that Thou were with me,
O Heav'n Descended Dove.

My ears have heard this very day
Bloody tocsins ringing;
Of far away- yet near,
Battle hymns a singing.

And much, much more today I've seen,
Much more today I've heard,
But why should I enumerate
Those things which have Thee hurt?

Thankful am I, that I may come
To Thee thru evening prayer,
To lay my burdens at Thy feet,
Which gladly Thou wilt share.

Now, just before I close my eyes,
Father, I want to say,
Among the things I've left undone
May I perform next day.

Janet Clark '39

November

The bleak November days are here,
The skies are dull and dreary,
But here at Milne where we go,
The days are always cheery.

Football, basketball, soccer, too,
It's so much fun to watch them through
November's not bad after all
So cheer up and be glad it's Fall.

Dorothy Signer '43

Meditation

Last night
I meditated,
I recalled,
And I reflected. No;
I decided there was no reason,
No reason why you should have
left me.

But you did and
You said you didn't care.
How could you?
Have you no heart?--No con-
science?

Are you like a cold statue
With a body
But stripped of all its warmth
and inner life?

Your heart was hard.
Yes,
Hard and rough
Like a boulder resting on the
edge of a cliff.

Mine?
Well, mine was like a soft sun
flower thriving at the foot
of the cliff.

My face turned upward admiring
you---

But,
You were too high above me and
One day, a new love came and
Shoved the boulder over the
cliff.

It hesitated-- then it tottered
and fell

Down--Down--Down
Until finally it landed with
great force

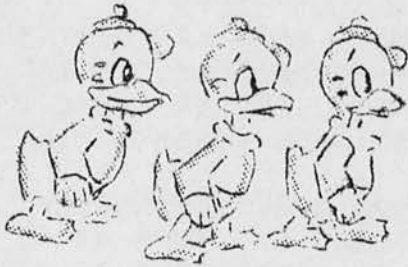
On the little flower and
Crushed it
Crushed from it
All the light that had, before
Burned so radiantly,
And--

You said you didn't care.

Barbara Soper '38

Never explain--your friends
do not need it and your enemies
will not believe you anyway.

Elbert Hubbard



FACULTY



We thought that the students would be interested in the faculty's literary ability as well as their own. So, they have written these articles on a topic of their own choice for your enjoyment.

I'm sure you will join the staff and give them our heartiest thanks.

The Christmas period is a universal period of rejoicing in which we who are privileged find happiness and receive gifts, but it also ought to bring to us the thought of sacrifice and service, for it is through a personal relation where we struggle to make life better for all of us that real Christmas service comes and it is in this spirit that I greet you this Christmas.

A little more helpfulness where we can give it, a friendly word, consideration of the needs of those around us, a rebuilding of courage where needed, and a definite purpose on our part to see that we bring no harm wherever we go, and so, in this spirit, I wish you a merry Christmas.

John M. Sayles

It is pleasant to reflect that we find time to consider the fate of others once a year. At this particular Christmas time with war, armaments, depression, unemployment, and a host of other ills making days anxious and night horrible for so many of the world, it is more than ever urgent that each of us try in his own life to exemplify the real spirit of Christmas. Only through a genuine regard for the welfare of all others can each Christmas be made an honest celebration rather than an aspiration. Let our Christmas be merry in proportion as we try to make the Christmas of others merry.

Robert Wendell Frederick.

It was snowing a sort of slush that dreary Sunday night in the middle of December. Why I should be walking across Sixty-Eight Street in the vicinity of Central Park at 9:30 in the evening. I can't remember. However, I do recall quite vividly that I was watching rather cautiously four boys ahead of me, who were slinging wads of slush--nice snowballs, to be sure--at moving objects on the far side of the street.

As I neared Fifth Avenue, it was noticed with some concern that the progress of a briskly moving derby hat, spinning cane, and sloppong spats was jarringly disintergrated by what one might call a "bulls-eye," scored from my side of the street. I slipped quickly into a door-way, for the derby hat was now bending toward the sidewalk, the cane was dropped, and gloves were now slopping in the slush instead of spats. The customer on the far side of the street meant business! He was going to return the fire! The boys had now slipped away, for the same reason that prompted my retreat.

Suddenly the derby came to an erect position. The gloves were now polishing something held between the hands. Smooth objects do carry best through the air, I thought. A street light was opposite me. An arm was being raised in line with the light, and, ultimately, in line with me. Was I to receive the return fire? Up went the arm, and back. My apparent opponent now had me in perfect line with his arm and eye. "Another bullseye," I thought, as I almost felt a bump beginning to rise on my forehead. But there was no discharge. Just a smack, followed by a grunt of satisfaction from across the street.

That eye had served its owner well. Back in place, it was ready for further shatter-proof duty. The derby moved on.

Thomas Kinsella

Someone suggested that I write a resume of that European trip of mine and limit it to fifty words. Ten words make a telegram, fifty a day letter. As for a cablegram from Marseille to Chicago, that would cost more than two dinners in London or a weeks' rent in Albany. And I couldn't afford the cablegram and the Crimson and White can't afford to give me more space. May I at least say that I had a nice time in Ireland?

Grace Martin

On the Labrador
Icebergs at Battle Harbor

Battle Harbor is the most eastern point of North America. The coast is treeless, gray and bleak, and the water is dotted with icebergs on their melting trip southward. As passengers, we were taken from our large ship in small boats to the dock. Here we found we could rent a fishing boat to take us for a close-up of an iceberg in the inner harbor. Youthful Charlie Smith was engaged to show us the sight.

"I've never been off the Labrador," grinned Charlie, displaying the few teeth which poor diet left remaining in his mouth, "It's a good life, Sealing in the spring, getting fish past counting in the summer and trapping furs wintertime. It's the best life you can get at!"

Charlie gave us this cheerful view of northern life, while he steered his boat across the bay. Within a few feet of the iceberg, it seemed long and narrow, rising like a mountain with one point about a third of its forty feet length. Encircling the island of ice, the opposite side proved to be concave, faced with gorgeous aquamarine blue, with a few streaks of rose, in the startling whiteness. The air tingled sharply. A mathematician judged that we were gazing upon one eighth of three hundred thousand tons of ice. All around were smaller icebergs that had chipped off the big one.

"Icebergs are frozen spring water," said Charlie, "and folks gather pieces of them for cool drinks and such like."

When we returned to shore, our places were taken by another boatload. The ship's purser was on hand by that time, and warned everyone that they ventured close to the iceberg at their own risk. The ice had reverted during the night, increasing the danger of its breaking up entirely. In such a case, anyone near it would be drawn under the water without a chance of being rescued. Such information added to the excitement of getting chummy with an iceberg!

Ann Barsam

In my European travels, I found the natives most anxious to practise their skill in English; Miss Crooks accompanied me in Paris to buy a new hat. She explained in French my needs; the sales-lady brought me many samples. Finally I tried on the most desirable and turning to Miss Crooks said: "This brim is too broad."

"Ah" replied the Frenchwoman in perfect English, "too broad? I will bring you one with a less broad brim."

In a hotel in Germany in which we were expected we found this item on the menu: "drumstick of calf".

In Switzerland, when I least desired to have it so, I found this sign on the elevator: "Out of Work".

Katherine E. Wheeling

I Wanted a Book

I set out this morning, my serviette under my arm and my carte de lecteur securely zippered in my purse. It is no trifling matter to be reader 21357 in the Departement des imprimeries of the Bibliotheque Nationale: the Government of the United States is behind me, in the person of its ambassador, to guarantee that it will replace any volume that I might deface, mutilate or lose.

Tiptoeing into the famous building of the rue de Richelieu, I felt a little nervous as the attendant at the door of the salle de lecture scrutinized the spectacled gun-moll pictured on my carte de lecture. Satisfied that the original matched the reproduction, the stout monsieur with the beaver handed me a yellow slip of paper, un bulletin, and let me in. It appeared one was to write name and address on le bulletin, also the number of the seat one chose in the reading-room, then give it up to the Bureau. One did. In exchange one would receive more bulletins, according to the side of the room one sat in. Green stood for the right wing, so green it was.

Enfin, the end seemed near. I took off my hat and coat, left them at my seat and went in search of the card catalogue. Oh well, skip it, as they say au cinema. After an hour I came back to the Bureau, footsore and grimy but ready to demand Histoire de l'Education des Femmes en France par Paul Bousset, Didier et Cie, no. Y 37498, in 8, by virtue of my green bulletin. A severe-looking person at the desk examined my fiche sur toutes les

coutres, stamped it. I offered it to a mechanical device that sucked it in greedily; it was seen more.

I went back to my seat and I waited and I waited. An hour passed; attendants brought armfuls of books to the right and left of me. I went back to the Bureau, whispered my complaint.

-Un peu de patience, mademoiselle, on s'coupe de vous!

Repeated the procedure at half-hour intervals. At the end of the third hour I received a white slip of paper, the back was in use:

-But if mademoiselle would like to reserve the book, there is a pink bulletin for mornings, a blue one for afternoons, a pale yellow one.....

Mademoiselle fled for the nearest histro and a cafe noir.

Zut! tomorrow I'll stop chez Courville and buy that satane livre.

H. M. Crooks

It's been an interesting experience for me all fall to notice the changes that have occurred in Milne since I started here. Some of them had begun while I was here, such as starting the newspaper, and girl's varsity, and the Inter-Society Dance, and more have taken place since I left. May Milne keep on growing and improving.

N. Hannay

One of the most interesting activities that I have carried on this year has been the giving of the Seashore Musical Tests to the members of my eighth year home room. These tests which have been developed and standardized by Professor Seashore of the University of Iowa have as their purpose the determination of the amount of musical ability a person possesses. They test six different phases of this ability; namely, pitch, rhythm, intensity, time, harmony and tonal memory. The tests are recorded Victrola records which are played while the students listen and write their answers.

At present all of the results are not complete, but indications are that I have several people who are far above average in musical ability. I sincerely hope that all these lucky persons will be able to take music lessons and develop the ability which has been given to them.

Carleton A. Moese