

Milne School

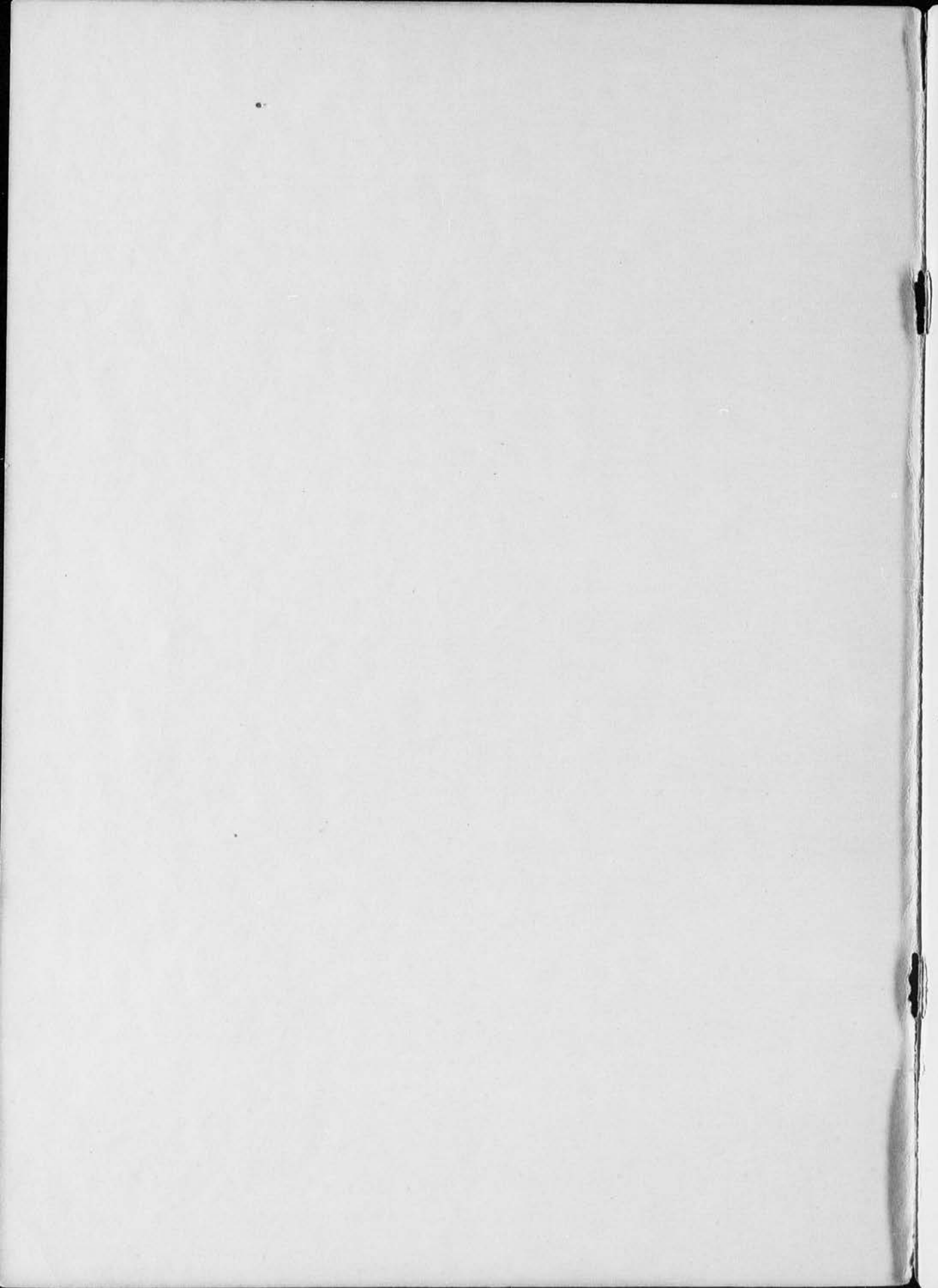
Crimson and White Vol. XXI

1924-25



SENIOR - ALUMNI ISSUE

1924



Fearey's *for* Shoes

E.P.M.

**This is Headquarters
For Fountain Pens**

IF you have a pen that does not work as it should, bring it to our pen hospital department.

The PEN CORNER
E.P. Miller
ESTABLISHED - 1937
CORNER - HUDSON AVE. AND 50 PEARL.



Scott C. Walrath

HARDWARE
and PAINTS

423 Quail near New Scotland Ave.

Phone West 4279

"Let Me Be Your Service Man"

The Morris Shop

Ladies' and Children's
Wearing Apparel

241 Central Ave.

Albany



\$35.00 - \$45.00



OVERCOATS

The most approved English design. The great coat is pictured at the left. Also single breasted fly-front models.

SUITS

The double breasted coat at the right is the newest London fashion. Single breasted sacks are also here.



\$35.00

TUXEDOS

and fitting for formal wear

Usual Hosiery and Neckwear

Model College Shop

14 South Pearl St.

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

IN LOVING memory of Miss Francisca Pagon Martinez, late critic of French and Spanish in Milne High School, who died in Burlington, Vermont, August 12, 1924. Miss Martinez was a skillful teacher; she made our work interesting with her talks on the customs of France, Spain, and the West Indies; she founded the French Club; she made friends of her pupils. Miss Martinez had an unusual personality, vibrant and attractive, unforgettable. We shall never forget her, and, as an expression of our sorrow at her death, we dedicate to her memory this issue of "The Crimson and White."

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXI

NOVEMBER, 1924

Number 1

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students
of the Milne High School of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance..... \$1.00
Single copies..... .25

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

HELEN HAMBURGER

Assistant Editor

DAVID SAUNDERS

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| BESSIE McINTOSH..... | School Editor |
| GERTRUDE HALL..... | } Alumni Editors |
| VERA BUTTON..... | |
| ALICE CLEVELAND..... | Joke Editor |
| JANICE STORRS..... | Assistant Joke Editor |
| FRANCES McDONOUGH..... | Exchange Editor |
| BETH ROOT..... | Assistant Exchange Editor |
| MILLIARD NEHEMIAH..... | } Business Managers: |
| WILBUR VAN ALSTYNE..... | |
| EDGAR BOWEN..... | } Advertising Agents |
| ELLAMAE ALLAN..... | |
| ROBERT DYER..... | |
| GRACE McDERMOTT..... | } Faculty Adviser |
| MISS EUNICE RICE..... | |

CONTENTS

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| Editorial..... | 3 |
| Literature..... | 7 |
| Alumni Notes..... | 13 |
| Exchanges..... | 17 |
| School Notes..... | 19 |
| Society Notes..... | 20 |
| Sense and Nonsense..... | 23 |

THE HISTORY OF A MILNITE

1. Freshman:

When fist I saw a Caesar,
 In a Soph-y's hand I spied it.
 I'd given forty cents, I would,
 To've had a look inside it.
 But now, my Freshman year is
 past;
 I've scraped and struggled thru,
 And so in spite of accidents,
 I'll have a Caesar too.

Chorus—I'll have a Caesar too,

I'll have a Caesar too;
 The year is o'er,
 I'll scrape no more,
 I'll have a Caesar too.

2. Sophomore:

When first I got my Caesar,
 To Study Hall I hid it.
 I wished I had my forty cents,
 As soon's I looked inside it.
 But now I know that book by
 heart.
 (At least, I think I do)
 Though this year there are
 many books
 Where last year there were few.

Chorus—There are French and
 Civics too,

History "A" and English II;
 But big and small, that is not
 all:
 The other's Latin II.

3. Junior:

When first I was a Junior,
 I did not seem to mind it,
 But when my brain I needed
 most
 I could not seem to find it.
 And so I struggled through the
 year,
 And in Geometry,
 I drew such awful figures that
 They were a sight to see.

Chorus—But there were good ones
 too,

But there were good ones too;
 Before the year had left me
 here,
 I drew some good ones too.

4. Senior:

I now am called a Senior,
 Much work there was behind it;
 But let me tell you it was worth
 The work I gave to find it.
 And now before I close I'd like
 To say a word to you:
 When you are past your Senior
 year
 You'll be Alumni too.

Chorus—You'll be Alumni too,

(We'll be Alumni too;)
 The only thing that you will
 sing
 Is, "We're Alumni too."

5. All:

We've had good times in High
 School,
 While being educated;
 And most of us will say that we
 Have all been fairly raited.
 We've had our arguments in
 in "Bugs;"
 And in our English one,
 We've written poems as ama-
 teurs
 And had a lot of fun.

Chorus—We've had a lot of fun,
 We've had a lot of fun;
 We don't regret, we won't
 forget,
 For Milne High we'll run.

DAVID SAUNDERS



ADVERTISING

"School spirit!" What does this bring to your minds? You, Milne High Students, must have some ideas on this subject for you have heard and discussed it so many times. There is no need for me to attempt to impress upon you the importance of such a spirit. It is the foundation and structure of any school.

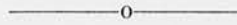
"The Crimson and White" is one of the biggest activities of our school. It is up to you to back any activity of the school. There is only one way in which we can make this paper a success. The material in itself is worthwhile, but we can not present it in a magazine without successful financial backing. It is all well and good to talk about the high ideals we have, but we must take a practical view of the situation. There is only one way by which we can put our paper on a financial basis which will be adequate for our needs. We must have advertisements sufficient enough to defray the sundry expenses of our paper. How are we going to do this?

There are two ways in which we can meet this problem. The first is to go out and procure advertisements for "The Crimson and White." You can do this with little effort and yet you do not. Let us each and every one resolve to go out and get at least three "ads." There are about two hundred students in Milne. Just think what these six hundred "ads" would mean. They would mean the kind of a paper you all want. Something worthwhile to represent us and make other schools appreciate us.

After we have procured these "ads" we must make our advertisers realize that they are getting some benefit and are receiving full value for their money. How are we going to do this? This is the second method by which we may help "The Crimson and White" and incidently the advertising. It is absolutely essential for us to patronize our advertisers. The merchants must receive the benefits of our trade. If you mention (as we expect you will) "The Crim-

son and White," they will realize that their advertisements have been of some value to them.

You are very critical of "The Crimson and White." You have formulated ideas on what you think a perfect paper should be. Your editor agrees with you. She has the backing of her school by the very best material possible. She can put this material into an attractive magazine if she has the adequate funds. You now know how this may be obtained. As the sages of old said, "He who plods shall reap success," and as the modern generation would say, "If you wish to get what you want," namely the best magazine possible, "go to it."



THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is a time for joy,
When each little girl and each little boy,
Prepares for the turkey that's nice and fat,
And the brown bread, jellies, and good things like that.
No one has eaten for a day in advance,
So that each one will have an equal chance
To devour the bread, and the cookies, and pies,
In which all of our mothers specialize.
It's a time for thanksgiving and everyones there.
Relations and friends, from far and from near,
A blessing is made for the bounteous supplies,
While the children watch the turkey from the sides of their eyes.
Then the pies and turkey vanish, mid much talk and jest,
Gee! It's worth all the trouble, for such happiness.

V. GARRETT.

**FOREVER 'N'EVER**

The big gray car drew up in front of a large stone building. The building had originally been a home, but for the past ten years had been an exclusive school for girls. In a few minutes the old door opened and a lithe, childish figure stepped out. She paused there a moment, looking at the several cars drawn up, and then, catching sight of the gray one, she walked down the stairs and spoke to the driver.

"Hello Mac, I'm glad we're—we're going to the country today, and Mac," as he deliberately adjusted his gloves, "please, please hurry."

As they rode, Mac glanced down at the little girl. Her auburn curls were tangled, her small red mouth was trembling, her eyes, those great, deep, black-lashed eyes, were filled with tears, one small hand clutched the school books, while the other hand hurriedly tried to wipe away the stain of tell-tale tears.

The gray car sped almost noiselessly along the paved streets and pretty soon into the country. About five miles from the city line, Mac stopped the car, and getting out, took a basket from the back. When an inviting lunch had been spread under a big tree, he walked to the car, and with the friendliest smile in the world said persuasively, "Come now, Lorraine, we'll eat some nice lunch and you can tell me what the fuss is. Come on, there are some of your favorite sandwiches," he added, as an inducement.

Lorraine slipped from the car and walked aimlessly after him. Half way through the lunch, which Mac had tried to season with cheery conversation, Lorraine, with a sandwich in one hand and a cup of milk in the other, suddenly burst into tears.

Hastily taking both the cup and the sandwich, Mac put his arm around the sobbing little figure and with one hand gently stroking the despised curls, he spoke to her. "What's the trouble, honey? Is it the same old story?"

Lorraine nodded and buried her face deeper on his shoulder. These two made a sharp contrast: he, with his friendly though worried face, and in chauffeur's uniform; and she, with her dainty face, her pretty curls and expensive clothes.

Lorraine's mother had died when she was an infant, and for the following nine years, her father had taken her with him all over the world, in an attempt to forget his grief. At the age of ten, Lorraine had seen many strange and fascinating sights which people three times her age never expected to witness. Life, until a year ago, had been a happy adventure. A happy adventure with a perfect comrade and pal—her father.

It was little over a year ago that her father had received a letter from his two older sisters suggesting that a life such as Lorraine had been leading was no life for a child, particularly a sensitive, imaginative girl. In the fatal letter, the two sisters had generously offered Lorraine a home with them, and an education suitable for the only daughter of John Knapp.

Mr. Knapp had given the matter much thought and consideration, and although he hated to be parted from his daughter, decided that a life such as his sisters offered would be more suitable for his lovely little daughter than the one he could give her. And so, Lorraine had come into the home and lives of two women who knew nothing of children, and even less of their wants and longings.

She had always been an imaginative child, and had told her dolls "the most wonderful stories." When the two sisters had decided that eleven was too old to play with dolls, Lorraine had started to write the stories and concealed them in an old cigar box of Mac's which she had found in the kitchen.

One day she had gone out and left the box on her dresser. It had been carried down stairs where it was found by Mac, who, curious about the cigar box similar to his own, had looked inside and read the stories.

From that day, he and Lorraine had been wonderful friends, and it was to Mac that Lorraine ran to read her stories and to tell of her adventures of her life with her father.

Lorraine's entrance in the exclusive school, had not been a success. She had never been accustomed to playing with children, accustomed to amuse herself and not others; and after several vain attempts to include her in the social affairs of school life, the other girls has ceased to notice her.

This hurt the child's sensitive spirit, but her pride held up her haughty little chin and no one ever knew the truth, except Mac.

Mac, or John William McKinley, had been with the Knapp sisters for years, and when they discovered that he could keep Lorraine entertained for hours at a time, and that the little girl enjoyed being with him, they gave their full permission for Lorraine to go wherever Mac wanted to take her—or to put it more accurately; for Mac to take Lorraine wherever she wanted to go, for she was, in a way, a young tyrant.

The little girl never cried at home, not even in the recess of her high ceilinged, mahogany-furnished, stiff room; but in the country with Mac, it was easy to forget that she was almost twelve and much too big to cry.

This time, as many times before, Mac soothed her. "Never mind, honey, some day you'll be a great writer and meet lots of people who will want to know you."

Mac believed strongly in the ability of his young mistress as a future authoress.

In a few minutes, Lorraine dried her eyes on Mac's handkerchief and sat up. "All right, Mac, now you listen and I'll read you the story I wrote this morning."

The child's story was a simple little tale, but was told with a directness and quaintness which lent charm to it. There were also touches of pathos and tears. Mac wondered if it was the child's vivid imagination or actual experiences which gave her the ability to write sad touches in an otherwise happy story of childhood.

During the next year, Lorraine's father died, and in her grief, she turned to Mac instead of her Aunts. In the same year she wrote two stories which were accepted by a child's magazine. The stories had been sent by Mac, who was anxious to see the child he loved, as if she were his own, started on the career which he believed was to be hers.

When the news came that the stories had been accepted, Lorraine and Mac had a long talk about her "career." Finally, Mac, who was disappointed at her indifference, demanded, "Lorraine," promise me that you'll never give up writing until you're a great writer, no matter what anyone says. Just go ahead and write your own thoughts. Promise?"

Lorraine, innocent of the great size of the promise nodded, "Yes, Mac, I promise."

Mac reached over and, turning the haughty little chin, looked into the gray eyes.

"Say it as if you meant it," he demanded, "Promise!" "I promise, Mac, and I'll keep my promise. I will, forever 'n'ever."

That was in 1919, and in 1920, Lorraine went to Europe with her aunts. Mac did not go, but promised to write. The correspondence lasted six months, and then, suddenly, there were no more letters from Mac, no more bright, cheery letters.

One day in the spring of 1924, a car full of people, sped noiselessly along the state road. One did not need a second glance to tell that the people were distinguished—all of them. If one heard their names, one would recognize some of the leading critics, illustrators and authors.

The man beside the driver, a famous illustrator, turned and spoke to a little gray clad figure in the back seat, "And how is our little celebrity?"

The little celebrity's gray eyes lighted and she nodded her bright head, "Fine, thanks. I'm enjoying this ride so much, I haven't been over this road in years and years."

All during the bright afternoon, the big car went on, over hill, through valley and over hill again, and all afternoon, the conversation centered on the little bright-haired girl in gray, who was one of the youngest writers of short stories.

Just at sunset, a loud bang informed the occupants of the car of a blowout, and the long car drew to a standstill, before a little old cemetery.

While the others chattered ceaselessly, the little figure in gray stepped through the open gate and curiously fascinated, picked its way between the headstones.

In a far corner, under an evergreen tree, a name on a simple white stone caught the girl's attention, and the burnished head leaned forward. "John William McKinley, 1875-1920."

The slim figure stood very still, and then, in a whisper, began to speak. "Mac, I've found you at last. Today, the day of days in my life. Mac dear, I've kept my promise, and I'm an honest-to-goodness writer."

And then, with the sun shooting its last rays through the evergreen boughs to shine on a small, bent head, the girl lifted her gray eyes to the sky and with her heart full, repeated the childish words:

"— And I'll keep my promise Forever 'n'ever."

A HAIRPIN

I'm just a little hairpin—and a wire one at that—but what a life I've led, no one would ever guess. For many days, maybe months, I lived in F. W. Woolworth's store on Fifth Avenue along with my other brothers. We had been placed in a pretty flowered box and were then set on the front counter. In putting us in the box, I was not pushed down as far as my brothers so I could see all that went on in the store and out on the street. I used to tell my brothers about all the people who passed through the store. There were poorly clad people and rich appearing ones, and you would be surprised to see all the things they bought. I used to see the snow fly outside and the people rushing by, all going somewhere, as if each one were the most important person in the world. It was very cold, sometimes, on that front counter because the doors were right in front of it. My brothers consoled me when they told me that I would be warm someday in the future when I pinned up the tresses of a crowning glory. I knew that was true enough but with everybody having her hair bobbed, when would we ever be purchased? Then I had heard from hairpins that had dropped out of women's heads onto our floor, that sometimes they were mistreated. Why, one hairpin told me that he was bent and twisted until he thought he would never be the same again. He also said that he had been used to button a shoe and his head ached ever afterwards. I certainly thought that was cruel and I was beginning to wish that bobbed hair would continue to be the style. But one day my heart jumped into my throat when I heard a young girl ask, "How much is that box of hairpins?" and she touched me, pushing me down in the box. She bought us and took us home to a beautiful house. Then she fixed her hair and she was so beautiful that I didn't mind being of use to her at all. I still travel with her and hold up a beautiful curl as proudly as I know how. I'm sure she will always be kind to us for she is very good natured and now, I think a hairpin's life is not so bad after all.

Your friend is the man
Who knows all about
You and still likes you.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK—1924

Although American Education Week takes place not before November 17, it cannot be prepared for too early. As only those educational fundamentals essentially universal to education are dealt with the program can be easily adapted to any organization or community.

In all parts of the country people in many different walks of life have been, for the past year, preparing for this event. Even the radio has taken it up, and provisions are being made by radio broadcasting stations to prepare programs on education and school features.

American Education Week concerns the entire nation and is a time when each and every state is called upon to take part in the great task of universal education for democracy, also the schools should see and know the big problems of education considered publicly, and its achievements appreciated. The school plays an important part in teaching its pupils the responsibility of each boy and girl as a citizen to maintain the educational system.

The American Legion, the National Association, and the United States Bureau of Education have prepared a suitable, basic program for the occasion. There are slogans for each day in the week, together with a short program for each day. As each day bears a name, the slogans are made to suit the name. For instance, Tuesday, November 18, is named, "Patriotism Day," for which an appropriate slogan might be, "America First."

There is also a request that ministers of all denominations preach a sermon on education, and all communities are urged to hold mass meetings. It seems that American Education Week will be a great success.

D. T. S., '26

GOOD SPIRIT.

There's something in the air,
A thing both fine and rare,
Wanted by small and great,
A challenge to dark Fate.

The heart to make things right,
The stuff to win the fight,
When you're up before you're downed
You have "Good Spirit" found.

ALUMNI NOTES

Syracuse University,

Oct. 17, 1924

Editor of Crimson and White,
Milne High School,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have been informed that you desire an alumnus letter from me, and since I have a little sentimental feeling for old Milne I am most willing to oblige.

During my first two weeks in State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, I certainly had a proud and "stuck up" feeling, but when the sophomores (note small s) started on the war-path, I like several hundred other Freshmen was "brought down" a few pegs. At present we all feel like the little green "Doofunny" (as Sterling used to say) that crawls on the cucumber vine.

But at that, the Freshmen are a mighty army. One Saturday several hundred of us stormed Crouse College hill in the annual flour-rush. The sophs were lined up about one hundred strong on the edge of the hill armed with several barrels of flour and a garden hose. It was a grand mix up, and with the aid of the hose the flour-rush turned into a dough-rush. The Frosh won by virtue of overwhelming numbers. The same thing happened in the salt-rush and the '27-'28 tug-o-war. I would like to describe in detail each one, but after all everything happened with such a "rush" that I couldn't see any detail.

My first impression of the University was that of one large green campus on a high hill overlooking the city, with countless buildings of various architecture scattered around in a haphazard fashion. After a week or two I was able to name most of the buildings.

I thought I was working in Milne when I was taking four subjects, but I find I was mistaken now that I am taking seven. None of them are what one calls a "cinch." They are German, trigonometry, solid geometry, botany, chemistry, Forestry I, and English.

I could write six or seven pages on Syracuse University, but knowing that you would "cull" about five pages or more, I feel it would be a waste of energy.

In conclusion, I hope that I may meet some Milne grads. here some time in the next four years. They certainly will not make a mistake in coming.

Yours Sincerely,

JOHN RUDE,

— 0 —

Dear Editor—

Albany, October 16, 1924

Methinks it presumptuous to assume Milne might be interested in the adventures (?) of one of her daughters at State College, since Milne is, so to speak, set on top of this noble institution of learning, but having been asked, nay ordered, to fill up some empty spaces in the "Crimson and White," I shall take the risk of boring the school at large to please you. (Only remember you brought it on yourself.)

State, as you may possibly know, opened the Thursday before Milne, but the poor freshies had to come the whole preceding week, and part of the week before that. One mostly listened to a lot of lectures, and this freshie neglected to take an obligatory English exam, but that matter was rectified entirely!!

Our teachers are continually telling us how different from high school college is. I learned today in math that one gets passed on what one knows rather than on one's marks. Oh, I'm learning a lot! And don't think its in math alone that this metamorphosis is taking place. Why, I've absorbed so much history (five chapters in one book and 100 pages in another as a starting assignment) that it simply oozes out of me.

The rebellion of the freshman class against wearing their "buttons," presented to them kindly by the sophs, has received so much notoriety in the local papers that it is useless for me to try to tell you anything about it, except that I'm rather proud to belong to such a "peppy" class. Whatever decision Myskonka makes will be accepted philosophically by both classes, I'm sure.

I believe it is the usual custom to close an alumnus letter with wishes for good luck, success, prosperity, etcetera, for the paper isn't it? Please consider it said.

Sincerely Yours,

HELEN MANSION

78 Cypress Street,
Brookline, Massachusetts
Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1924

Dear Editor—

It seemed so queer to get a letter from Milne requesting me to write for the alumnae page; you don't know how much it made me want to be right back there again to look down on Freshmen from the heights of Senior dignity instead of having about two hundred Seniors looking down on me! Simmon's is wonderful, and I like it ever and ever so much. If any one is fond of walking, it certainly is an ideal place to come. The Freshman dorms are two miles from college and everybody walks, since the Boston carfare is ten cents and allowances come but once a month.

Bobby Levi arrived the other day and I surely was glad to see someone from home. Every once in a while I bump into her or Dot Robinson and it makes me feel quite at home.

I remember how we used to wish we had an elevator at Milne. Well, just about the first thing I saw here was an elevator. I had visions of riding instead of walking up five flights of stairs when I suddenly saw a big sign inside it—"For freight only"—so I guess I'll walk up stairs for four more years.

I suppose, before long you will all be moving into the new building. I know it will be great and you will all like it so much, but it can't be any nicer than the dear old third floor of State College.

With all sorts of good wishes for a successful year,

LOIS McNEILLIE, '24.

—o—

State College,
October 20, 1924.

Dear Milne High People,

(That sounds trite doesn't it? But what else might I call you?)

It seems as though eons have passed since we were seniors, but really it's only a few short months. To come back to the same building to go to college was stranger than you might think it would be. However there's one consolation, we don't have to climb all those stairs! Most of our classes are either in the basement or

on the first floor, and of course we have one class over in the Science Building.

At last we know why there is never anything left in the cafeteria for Milne High People. We have to stand in line and wait and wait and then wait some more. When at last we do get in usually there's nothing left but a few sandwiches made of dill pickles or some other atrocious concoction. Now do you wonder that everything is gone when you consider there are over a thousand students in college this year.

Speaking of parties, we have had one every Friday night except one. This week Saturday was Campus day. Milne was represented quite well in the stunts, even the Freshman stunt.

"We're glad we're here for more than one reason, but this one is one of the important ones. Most of us never have to be here before ten o'clock, and I don't have to be here until eleven on Mondays and Wednesdays. (Did we hear a chorus of envious sighs?)

Whatever you do, **don't** forget us. That would be a frightful blow to our vanity. I don't think it would recover. So we give you our heartiest good wishes for a successful year. (Don't get into too many arguments with Student Council.)

Sincerely

MARY LOUISE CRAIG, '24.

—o—

SOMETHING NOUGH

He lived on the edge of a slough
And whenever he felt a bit blough,
Both he and his daughter
Would sail on the waughter
And shoot at the ducks as they flogh.
Adough!



We have adopted a new system of expressing our opinions on the school papers which we receive. They will be marked on a basis of ten. Any paper receiving the whole ten credits will be considered our best exchange for that month.

| | Credits |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Editorials | 1 |
| Literature | 1 |
| Alumni Notes | 1 |
| Athletics | 1 |
| School Notes | 1 |
| Exchange Department | 1 |
| Humor | 1 |
| Advertisements | 1 |
| Cuts | 1 |
| General Neatness | 1 |
| | — |
| | 10 |

Our receipts of the following June issues are rated thus:

| | Credits |
|---|---------|
| Red and Black , Locust Valley L. I..... | 10 |
| High School Recorder , Saratoga, N. Y..... | 8 |
| (2 for Literature and Alumni Notes) | |
| The Student's Pen , Pittsfield, Mass..... | 6 |
| (4 for Athletics, School Notes, Alumni Notes and Cuts) | |

| | |
|---|---|
| The Oracle , Gloversville, N. Y..... | 9 |
| (1 for General Neatness) | |
| The Clarion , Lynbrook, Mass..... | 9 |
| (1 for Exchanges) | |

Our best exchange for June was **The Red and Black**. It contains all the departments which we consider make an excellent magazine. Allow us to offer our congratulations.

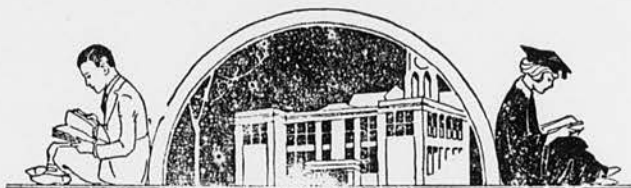
We have also received, "**The Patroon**," for October 23. It is Albany High School's bi-weekly newspaper and we think it is a very good edition.

— 0 —

TEN COMMANDMENTS

(As suggested by Student Government)

- I. Thou shalt keep out of the co-op during school hours.
- II. Thou shalt not smoke in, near, or around the school.
- III. Thou shalt be quiet in Study Hall.
- IV. Thou shalt not cut classes.
- V. Thou shalt not be late to school.
- VI. Thou shalt not throw erasers or chalk.
- VII. Thou shalt not try to attend sixth period Study Hall.
- VIII. Thou shalt have school spirit.
- IX. Thou shalt not wear a path to Professor Sayles' office.
- X. Thou shalt not take the name of thy teachers in vain.



SCHOOL NOTES

School opened September 22 with an extraordinarily good Freshman class in evidence. We hope that they'll also be in evidence at Basketball games this winter. That's one thing we want to emphasize. We want everybody to attend the games and cheer for Milne. Last year the attendance was better than the year before; let's make this year the best of all. Dancing after the games with music by the school orchestra is an extra incentive.

That brings us to the School Orchestra. This orchestra was organized on the advice of the Student Council by David Saunders and Willis McKinney. Mildred Lockrow and Willis McKinney play the violin, David Saunders and Earl Zeh, the saxophone, Ben Alexander, traps and drums, Manton Spaulding, banjo and piano, and Marion Conklin, piano.

We think that the chapel programs this year have been fine. We have had a variety of programs including ones about Joseph Conrad, Columbus, fairy stories and dialect poems.

The other day we went in to interview Miss Hill, our new French critic. Miss Hill received her B. A. at Barnard College, Columbia, her diploma of Education at Teacher's College, Columbia, her M. A. at Middlebury College and the Diploma de Sufitientia at Centro de Estudios Historicos. In the summer of 1923, Miss Hill sailed for France on the steamship, "Le Roussillon." At Paris she stayed at the Hotel Moderne and the Hotel des Americaines in the Latin Quarter. Miss Hill says that she enjoyed the Luxemburg Gardens more than anything else in Paris. She says that she is homesick for Iowa, but nevertheless she thinks Albany is a pretty fine city.

Now that report cards are out, that institution known as 1:00 o'clock Study Hall will begin to function. Anyway, we hope that it won't be as crowded as it was last year.

BESSIE McINTOSH, '25.

SOCIETY NOTES



SIGMA NOTES

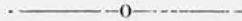
Sigma meetings have already begun with enthusiasm. The first meeting was held Thursday, Oct. 2. The officers as they stand for the term are:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| President | Bertha Post |
| Vice President | Janice Storrs |
| Secretary | Mildred Fischer |
| Treasurer | Frances McDonough |
| Critic | Helen Hamburger |
| Mistress of Ceremonies..... | Genevieve Whipple |
| Marshal | Virginia Ward |

The Freshman rush is being planned, and committees have been appointed to take charge of this affair.

A successful year is anticipated by all the members.

M. FISCHER, Secretary.



ADELPHOI

Although many members of Adelphei have left school, we are still prospering. The plans for the fall initiation of upper classmen is now under way. This initiation will increase our membership to more, or at least as many members as there were last year. We are all looking forward to a very successful year.

R. A. D.



QUIN NOTES

Quin has had some splendid programs since its opening meeting of this school year.

On Oct. 31st, the members gave a Hallowe'en party for the Freshmen girls. According to reports, all participants certainly had a jolly good time.

Officers for the present year are as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| President | Bessie McIntosh |
| Vice President | Eleanor Stephenson |
| Corresponding Secretary | Brenda Colson |
| Treasurer | Dorothy Brimmer |
| Mistress of Ceremonies | Vera Button |
| Critic | Meredith Winne |
| Marshal | Dorothea Porth |
| Senior Editor | Grace Williams |

G. W., '25.



DRAMATIC CLUB

A party for the Freshmen and non-members started the club year.

With the officers Gertrude Hall, President; Marion McHale, Vice President, and Emma Jones, Chairman of Program we expect many interesting meetings. Already there has been planned a program for Chapel. The main feature will be a play, "The Flower Shop."

M. McH.

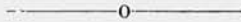
FRENCH CLUB

French Club under Miss Hill's able supervision has started another promising school year. At the first meeting the following officers were installed:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| President | Frances McDonough |
| Vice President | Marion McHale |
| Secretary-Treasurer | Gertrude Hall |
| Chairman of Programmes..... | Bessie McIntosh |

As yet we have had no regular meetings but we are planning many interesting ones.

G. L. H.

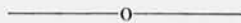


STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has accomplished a great deal this year. It has many plans for the future. The budget was accepted by the student body and they have decided to give a school reception which will be held December 5. The student Council has started an orchestra and we know it will be very successful. A cheer leader was elected and everybody is going to try to cheer to their utmost for our team. There is a spirit of enthusiasm and eagerness pervading the students, and if this continues, we are certain to have a successful and profitable year.

FRANCES McDONOUGH,

Secretary Student Council



BASKETBALL

Milne has secured the services of a very excellent coach. He is enthusiastic about the game himself, and by his electric personality he has given the team his enthusiasm and pep. Good luck to Coach Baker! May the teams he turns out be a credit to himself and Milne!

Games have been scheduled with The Alco Drafting School of Schenectady, Cobleskill High School, Beacon High School, and we hope to have many more. The first game will be played at Milne, December 12th. Let's get behind the team this year, Milnites, and see if we can't win the first game as well as the last. Are you with us? Let's go!



Teacher—Johnny can you tell me what is wrong with this sentence? The horse and the cow is in the field.

Johnny—Yes, ma'am. Ladies should come first.

—o—

K. W., '25—'I feel as though I'd been through Hell.'

G. H., '25—'Now, Kenneth, you must'nt cross bridges before you come to them.'

R. D., '25—'That's my car. A thief is just fixing a blowout.'

Cop—'All right, I'll go over and arrest him.'

R. D., '25—'Sh-h-h! Wait till he gets the tire fixed.'

—o—

New Clerk—'You told me to file these letters, sir.'

Employer—'Yes.'

N. C.—'Well I was just thinking it would be easier to file them with a pair of scissors.'

—o—

Ranchman (pointing to rough rider)—'He's busted more bronchos than anyone around here, ma'am.'

F. McD., '25 (seeing the west)—'He must be very careless to break so many.'

—o—

Wm. V. A.—'Where are you going?'

L. J.—'I'm taking this cow to the bank.'

Wm. V. A.—'What for?'

L. J.—'To get her certified.'

A New York travelling man arrived late at night in a small Southern town where a group of men were awaiting the arrival of a secret agent of the Klu Klux Klan. When he stepped from the train a man detached himself from the group, went up to the travelling man and said: "Klu Klux?" "No," was the reply, "Klux and suits."

—o—

Teacher—"Who can describe a caterpillar?"

Johnny—"I can!"

Teacher—"Well?"

Johnny—"It is an upholstered worm."

—o—

For the thin—"Don't eat fast."

For the fat—"Don't eat—fast."

—o—

A young lady was sitting in the park stroking the head of a dog. A masher strolled by and said: "I wish I were a dog." "Oh," said the young lady, "You'll grow."

—o—

MOVIES IN MILNE HIGH

"True as Steel"—Frances McDonough.

"Her Love Story"—Harriet Hughes.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Helen Hamburger.

"The Eternal Three"—Lyons, Storrs, Fischer.

"So Big"—Emma Jones.

"The Great Divide"—Milne and S. C. T.

"Sinners in Heaven"—Milnites.

"The White Terror"—Exams.

"Classmates"—'25.

"Heart Trouble"—First report day.

"Reckless Romance"—Bess McIntosh.

"Girl Shy"—Harold Heinmiller.

"Beau Brummel"—Dudley Wade.

"The Silent Watcher"—Professor Sayles.

"The Perfect Flapper"—Vera Button.

"Flaming Youth"—Lyman Jordon.

"The Shiek"—Robert Colbert.

For hours Bessie and a friend had been sitting on the front porch. He sighed, she sighed. "I wish I had money, dear," he said, "I'd travel."

Impulsively she slipped her hand into his, then rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast he looked at his hand and in his hand lay a nickel.

LESSON IN POLITICS

Miss Greenblath—"What is the Dawes' Plan?"

Mr. Jordan, '25—"Please, ma'am, I think it's to elect Coolidge."

Nurse—"You should beg your little brother's pardon."

Jimmie—"Au, he ain't old enough to have one."

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea—"No; on a tramp."

Teacher—"Name a bird that is harmful to the farmer."

W. B., '25—"The jailbird."

The motto of the Milne High Latin classes seems to be: Gessit, fecit, missit.

P. M., '25—Oh, Auntie, Helen and I have planned such a lovely holiday! We're going to take a tramp up the mountain.

Aunt—"Well, I suppose it'll be all right if your father consents, but do you think the tramp would like it?"

THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS

They were discussing the nature of love.

"To me, love is peace, quiet, Tranquility," said she.

"That's not love," said he. "That's sleep."

G. W., '25 (reading in class)—"William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066 A. D.

Teacher—"What does A. D. stand for?"

G. W.—"Why, 'after dark,' of course."

—o—

B. B., '25—Went into a hardware store the other day:

"I want a mouse-trap," she said, rather sharply; "a good one, and hurry please, for I want to catch a train."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the clerk, eyeing her coldly, "but our mouse-traps are not guaranteed to catch trains."

—o—

W. L.—"Did your son get his sheepskin at college this year?"

"Don't be plebian, a coonskin, of course."

—o—

"Lost ten bucks on 'Nothing Doing' in the third race yesterday."

"Your own fault! It's foolish to bet! I've never made a bet in my life."

"The devil you haven't."

"Want to bet?"

—o—

If ever they reach planet Mars
By shooting through the air,
I hope by all my lucky stars
They don't find flappers there.

—o—

A TOAST

Here's to the co-ed who never has lied,
Here's to the co-ed who's never been kissed,
Here's to the co-ed who ne'er broke a date,
In short, boys,
Here's to the co-ed who doesn't exist!

—o—

"Sorry you're ill, old man. Your roommate telis me you feel like thirty cents."

"Well, he ought to know what I feel like, after touching me for fifty dollars."

New York State National Bank

ALBANY, N. Y.

Every Banking Convenience

Your Account Solicited

Gifts That Last
MARSTON & SEAMAN

Jewelers

ALBANY, N. Y.

ECONOMY DRESS GOODS

215 CENTRAL AVE.

Silks, Woolens and Cottons

Imported Dress Trimmings

Hemstitching

Pleating

Phone West 3791-M

COMMERCIAL PRINTERY

24 Beaver Street

Albany, N. Y.

Printing and Engraving

Programs and Dance Orders

Balshan & Cohn Electric Co.

ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS

FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES

334 Central Ave

Albany, N. Y.

Phone West 5354

COMPLIMENTS OF

Zeta Sigma

ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

Complete Sporting Equipment

BASKET BALL

GYM SUPPLIES

SWEATERS

UNIFORMS

PENNANTS

BANNERS

PRIZE CUPS

39-43 State Street

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Best Wishes For a Successful

Year

Adelphoi Literary Society

Join the

Quintilian Literary Society

It helps You to have a
good time along with your studies

Delaware School of Shorthand

The
School of



Individual
Instruction

HIGH-GRADE
STENOGRAPHIC TRAINING

Positions Secured Send For Circular
Miss Mary L. Stiegelmaier, Prin.
28 Jeannette St. Phone Main 3793

Compliments of

KANE'S

Just to remind you that—

BABBITT & COMPANY

Feature Young Men's Styles in Popular Priced Clothing

SEE OUR WINDOWS

67 NORTH PEARL STREET

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

ALBANY TELEGRAM COMPANY

5 VAN TROMP STREET

Letterheads Envelopes Cards Dance Programs Invitations

Printers of "THE CRIMSON AND WHITE"

Boyce & Milwain

Clothing

Hats, Furnishings, Trunks
and Leather Goods

66-68 State St. Albany, N. Y.

Central Avenue Dairy

655 Central Avenue

Grade A

Pasteurized Milk and Cream

A Complete Line of Ladies, Gent's and
Children's Umbrellas Carried in Stock
at Reasonable Prices

Huff Umbrella Store

Umbrellas Made to Order
Repaired and Recovered

282 Central Ave., Albany
Below Colonial Theatre

The

Freshman Class

Steefel Says:

Correct Clothes
For Every Occasion

Clothing Hats Shoes Haberdashery

Smart Togs For Girls, too

STEEFEL BROTHERS

STATE STREET

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Special Christmas Offer to Students

\$10.00 Photographs in Folders \$ 6.00 dozen
15.00 " " 10.00 "
20.00 " " 14.00 "

Extra Large Portrait will be included with all orders amounting to \$10.00 or over
Make appointment now, telephone Main 6150

OBENAU STUDIO 57 No. Pearl Street
Official Photographer for the "Pedagoge"

F. GOLDRING

Wholesale
Florist

Slingerlands, N. Y.

CAREY'S PHARMACY

Leo Carey, Prop.

Cor. Central Ave. and
Manning Blvd.

Telephone Connection

M. F. Keenholts

The
GROCER

253 Central Avenue

Christmas Gifts for Boys and Girls

Indian, Crown, De Luxe, Raycycle and Fairy Bicycles

Lionel Electric Trains and Accessories

American Mechanical Trains

Doll Carriages, All Sizes

Fairy, Columbia and Jack Rabbit Velocipedes

Kiddy Cars and Pedal Cars Scooters and Biplane Flyers

Children's Automobiles, all styles and prices

Sherwood, Overland, Rolls-Racer and Bowman Coaster Wagons

Sleds, Skies and Toboggans

Gifts Selected Will Be Held Untill Christmas

WEEBER CYCLE WORKS 174-176 Central Avenue

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Patronize Our Advertisers
Their Co-operation Helps Us, Your Co-operation
Will Help Them

ALBANY ART UNION

"Distinctive Photography"

Special School Rates for Individual Pictures of the Class
or in Group Pictures

WE GUARANTEE THE BEST SERVICE, THE FINEST QUALITY
AND PROMPT ATTENTION

Telephone Main 991

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Thomas J. Hurley Est.

OUTFITTERS FOR ALL OUTDOOR AND INDOOR
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

22 Green Street

Albany, N. Y.

Empire Engraving Co.

10 Beaver Street

E. A. BEAUMONT CO.

71 STATE STREET

BOSTONIAN OXFORDS

For Young Men

\$8.50

State College Cafeteria

SPECIAL LUNCHEON

35c

Hours : 11:15 to 1:15

Mildred Elley School

The Model School

Shorthand Spelling
Typewriting Letter Writing

Send for Circular

245 Quail St. Phone West 1694
Albany, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Senior Class

Ben V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTEMETRIST

OPTICIAN

50 No. Pearl Street

Albany

356 Broadway
Troy

454 State Street
Schenectady

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

