The Crimson and White

AUTUMN ISSUE

NOVEMBER 1927
"The Crimson and White" takes great pleasure in presenting to you your first literary effort of this year. For, after all, "The Crimson and White" is your magazine. It doesn't belong to the board. The board merely edits it. It is your expression to the outer world of what Milne really is, and upon "The Crimson and White" other high schools base their opinion of Milne. So it is your duty to support this, our largest school enterprise, for, in proportion to your work for "The Crimson and White" will be Milne's reputation outside. So, come on, Milnites, pick up your pens and write your inspirations as they come, and help put Milne on top, where we all know she belongs.

When Milne was founded, it was known as a place where State College seniors practiced teaching. But Milne has outgrown that title, and now is not in the least insignificant among the high schools of the state. For have we not a Student Council, something of which very few high schools can boast? And was not Milne taken in the movies as a model high school of the state? And when it comes to scholarship, never be ashamed to mention Milne. For last year there were five of our graduates who were presented with the much desired but hard earned hundred dollar scholarship for each year at college. And one of these graduates entered college with the highest scholastic record of anyone in the history of that college.

This, O Freshmen, is the school you have entered. Because it is your first year, don't stand back and be overshadowed by the Sophomores and upper classmen. Start in with the school reception and don't stop until you have achieved and broken these records. Send out your authors, poets, cheer leaders, and athletes, especially perhaps, your athletes. The team last year held its own, and this year's team has started practice and will be working hard for Milne all winter. The least we can do is go to the games and give the team our moral support and encouragement.

So let's go, everyone from Freshmen to Seniors, lay aside the "art of scientific loafing" (if we have acquired it) and all pull together for a big year at Milne!

R. F. B.
A MODERN BALLAD

Oh sing a song of pirates bold
   Who sailed a western sea,
They killed and tortured, ruined and stold
   Without regard for such as we.

Put in a verse for Captain Kidd
   Of whom no one speaks well;
The island, where his gold was hid
   (His men were killed that none might tell!)

And say a word of old "Long John"
   Who loved a fast, rough row
Where knifing in the back went on.
   Say, aren't you glad you're living now?

E. W., '31

DIVERSIONS IN AVersions

Some days I just wake up singin',
   Only sweet words am I slingin',
But it sure makes me see red
If I ever hear it said
   Warm towel!

Some other days I am so cheerful
That it really makes me tearful.
Where I'm forced to wipe the floor
With some dub I most abhor,
   (For sayin') Hot spit!

Some days I feel so gentle, good;
So why I can't eat no food.
But I'll raise all-fired quick action
With any unsuspectin' faction
   (Who says) And how!

E. W., '31.
HEAT

The city popped up from below the surface of the water like a jack in the box. It stretched itself in a thin line where the flat shore came to meet the flat bay, poked up a spire or two, came nearer to them and turned out to be flat buildings whose outlines shook in their intense bath of heat. The blue water was heat, the white air was heat, the scents that filled the air more heavily and deadeningly were heat. Into this envelope of heat the ship steamed slowly, reluctant to touch the shore on which no building seemed to stand still. Outlines moved, swayed, quivered, protested at the heat. Squirming, wriggling lines sprang up from the ground, from the red tiles of the roofs, from the purple and yellow blaze of some vivid vine on a roof. The water scalded the sides of the ship, the sun blistered the planks of the deck. Fingers were everywhere pointing, wagging, outrageously gesticulating against unseen noses. The spires themselves were wagging against the nose of the church.

Many years before this mysterious arrival of an unknown ship into this land of heat, a scientist had set out from the United States with his small group of intellectual giants, men whose knowledge far surpassed that of the ordinary man. The only report given by this expedition before they sailed was concerning their intention of sailing south. Their boat being equipped in the most modern manner, they were expected to return alive, possibly in a few years. Nothing was heard of them, nor was their boat ever seen, after they had crossed the equator. Their friends and relatives gave them up for lost. Possibly they had been wrecked by a terrible storm, or some terrible disease had been contracted. Seven years later these intrepid discoverers were entirely forgotten in their homeland.

A battered tramp steamer carrying rice and coal in a half-filled hold lazily steamed through the misty silence of calm preceding one of those sudden tempests that wreck unprepared mariners. The dirty deck and slip-shod manner in which the deck was kept told to the world the character of the captain and his men. Only one person was visible on the unkept deck.
Merry whistled notes danced and played on the calm, still air. The deadness of the oppressive humidity and heated water brought the cheerful notes to their full beauty. Old rollicking tunes quivered in the happiest tone. Tunes that brought memories to hearts that had known sadness and sorrow. Tunes that set the mind to recalling a beautiful small tumble-down house, delightfully clean in its lately whitewashed clapboards. There fell on the air ballads and operas and anthems of recognized renown throughout the world. Tender and sincere melodies that haunted and brought back the sweetheart days of youth, those days that only youth can know and revel in.

As suddenly as this music had started, so did it stop. Once more the deadly calm ruled. The sudden shrill whistle that pierced the stillness was a call. For minutes only the soft lapping of the waves against the rotted and battered sides of the ship, the creak of the worn canvas, and the gentle shifting of the cargo as it rolled from side to side was heard.

Then up through the hatch lunged a magnificent man, brown as a berry and not less than six feet in height. His head, bearded like a grizzly, resembled a huge mat. His clothing and vacant stare were those which bring fear to weak hearts. Running to the front of the deck in answer to a second shrill whistle, he suddenly dove overboard and slipped into the water with only a gentle splash. Gathering a small, cork-sealed bottle into his hairy hand, he swam for the rope that hissed over the side of the ship. Climbing like a huge monkey up the rope, he handed the bottle to the whistler. A belaying pin smashed heavily and from the shattered bottle rolled a sealed ball. The whistler after reading it, ordered more sail put on, and the ship began to move more steadily and more swiftly, as the great canvas caught the rising wind. With the night came a great storm, but not an inch of canvas was lowered from the creaking spars and sticks. Eight days later the tramp hove anchor as near Washington, D. C., as possible. The whistler hurried overboard and sailed swiftly in a light boat for the shore.

When he had arrived he hurried to the capital and the war department. His sealed parcel was shown to the head of the department. After hours of patient waiting immediate excitement reigned in the chamber. From everywhere newsies began to shout their extras and specials.

Four hours later a snowy colored destroyer sailed out of the harbor following the tramp. Cheers rent the summer air and encouraged the marines just out of camp. This, their first trip of importance, was almost a lark. No one knew where they were going or why they were following the dirty old steamer which although crowding on all possible steam and
straining every inch of canvass, barely set a half-speed for the destroyer. Hours passed, days slipped by, and the same daily tasks were performed aboard the destroyer. The tramp ship hardly ever showed signs of life, but it doggedly held to its southern course. The marines learned that they were headed for a compass location picked up by the Whistler whose tunes thrilled them every day. He had noticed a bottle floating in the water and had picked it up. The message gave a compass location of a non-chartered island; the few words, “A new race of men. Terrible heat. Send aid,” and the name of the scientist who had sailed south over six years before. The war department was sending their best and most learned men into the unknown to investigate “a new race of men.”

The days and nights became hotter with the journey into the heated south. As the ships passed under the direct rays of the sun, the sailors had hopes that the heat would subside. Instead, it grew steadily hotter. The red ball daily stood above and sent its most piercing rays upon the backs and heads of the fighting men. Many of the disgruntled, showing their inherited yellow streaks, were cheered by the daily, almost hourly concerts of the Whistler. When he came on deck and took the wheel, all work stopped and anyone that made a noise was pounced upon and silenced immediately. The Whistler although he noticed the interest of the men and a mocking smile played on his lips for an instant, never otherwise made known that he saw.

One afternoon as the men were lying about the heated decks attempting to keep cool, they noticed dark clouds seemingly of smoke in the immediate foreground. Thinking a cooling storm was coming, they prepared the ship accordingly. But the air grew hotter and the heat more intense. A man hurried to the commander with the news that the sought compass location was near. Excitement prevailed throughout the ship. During the last few days much speculating had been going on about this new race of men. Was it true that the scientist had discovered persons with heads of men and bodies like horses? The sailors’ distorted, heat-inflamed brains sent visions of wonderful mechanical men controlled by a higher power before their eyes.

The air became misty, and long fingers of heavy air drifted through the ships’ rigging. Heat and the burning rays of the sun all but ignited the canvass covering the men’s heads. Pointing fingers that beckoned and urged drifted like coiling snakes between the clouds and the heated sea. Stillness ruled the ship instead of the boisterous laughter and joy of previous days. The men were seeing the unusual and they knew not what to make of it.

They had been sent to rescue some people from terrible heat, but
no one had guessed the intensity of it. They were here to find not only a group of learned men, but also a new race of men. According to the message, only the scientist and his group needed aid. Sailing on and on the ships became more densely enclosed in the heavy curtain of mist, mist that held the heat and amplified it to an intense degree. The men expected a city on an island to suddenly arise from the distance. They were reaching the compass location. Some one saw a darker blot in the distance and hoarsely told his friends. Some were crouching in prayer, pleading to be rid of the heat, and darkness, and their superstitious fears. Others strained their eyes and powers of imagination to attempt to see something like an island. The wriggling, wagging fingers became more numerous, and now they pointed north instead of beckoning. Some thought they should not proceed farther, but the ships steamed on and on. The water became blue and deeper blue instead of the accustomed green. The air became an almost white flame about the ships and her men. Then the darker outlines of an indefinite something leaped through the mist. It seemed like a city of beautiful houses with many colored roofs and gardens and trees. The houses never stood still but moved and swayed and leaned and quivered. The gesticulating fingers beckoned to a dream city.

HEATH COLE, '28.

JANE EYRE

We are not told about Jane's earliest life, but instead beginning with the time when she is living with her aunt, Mrs. Reed. Here she was abused and very unhappy. When she was about eight year old she was sent to Lowood to school. She remained here for another eight years, first as pupil and later as teacher. However, she wanted a change and so by advertising she obtained the position of governess at Thornfield Hall. What seemed queer to Jane was that the master of the house did not come home. She questioned the housekeeper, but could get no information from her except that Mr. Rochester did not spend much of his time at home. After a time he did come home and he stayed much longer than was his custom. The reason for this became obvious soon after because he asked Jane to marry him.

The night before the wedding Jane saw a terrible looking person enter the room, try on her wedding veil, and then tear it in shreds. Jane told Mr. Rochester about it, but he said it was nothing to worry over. As they
were in the church the next day, two men entered. The one, a lawyer, said that Mr. Rochester had been married fifteen years ago and that his wife was still living. Mr. Rochester was quite angry for a time, but he at last admitted it and took them all to the hall. There his wife was. She was a raving maniac—the same person who had entered Jane's room the night before.

Immediately after this Jane left Thornfield Hall and after much wandering she was taken in by two sisters and a brother. After her recovery from the long journey she assumed the name of Jane Elliot. The brother, St. John, was a minister and during the winter the sisters, Mary and Diana, were governesses. Just before the sisters returned to their work, they received a letter informing them that their uncle was dead, but that he had left his estate of twenty thousand pounds to another niece. Jane soon forgets this and St. John finds a position for her as teacher in a nearby town. However, St. John discovers Jane's real name and tells her that she is the niece to whom his uncle left the money. Of course it also means that Jane has cousins now. This seems to please her more than the fact that she has been left a sum of money. And so she gives each of her cousins five thousand pounds and the sisters return home.

The next thing that Jane did was to go to Thornfield Hall, but here she found only the charred remains of the once beautiful hall. Upon inquiring she learned that Mrs. Rochester, the maniac, had set the house on fire and then jumped from a high window and killed herself. Mr. Rochester had lost one eye and the sight of the other because he had remained in the house too long trying to save his wife. At the same time she learned his whereabouts and she went there that day. Shortly afterward they were married and later Mr. Rochester regained the sight of his one eye.

Diana and Mary were married also. St. John became a missionary and died doing the work that he felt he was called to do.

MILDRED HOLLAND, '28.

Wife (to hero who has rescued husband from drowning)—"Are you the fellah that rescued him?"

Hero—"Yes—but that's all right, ma'am."

Wife—"All right! Where's his necktie?"
Navy Day is a day set apart in which the American public shall pay tribute to the past achievements of our navy and naval heroes; shall carefully consider in a frank, unbiased manner, the present needs and problems of our naval service; and plan for the future development of our sea power and its three links: Commerce, Merchant Marine and the Navy.

The annual observance of Navy Day, as an occasion to bring the navy before the public by opening the naval establishment for close and frank inspection, and to foster a better understanding of the basic reasons why this country should support a reasonable naval policy, was instituted five years ago by the Navy League of the United States, and supported by the navy department and the navy service. The selection of October 27, the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, for the observance of Navy Day, is a tribute to the memory of the greatest champion the navy ever had. It was Roosevelt the explorer, the Rough Rider, the fighter for truth and justice, the courageous friend of his fellowman, the strenuous and beloved President of the United States, who sent our fleet around the world in 1908. Through this cruise he tried to drive the truth home to the American mind by exposing our weaknesses and advertising our helplessness. The truth was this, “that we were unprepared.” The United States government had to charter foreign merchant ships at great expense, to carry supplies and coal for our fleet. This voyage served to awaken our people to our naval weakness, but in spite of all, Congress did nothing to remedy the situation.

The specific MESSAGE of Navy Day can be summed up in one word, “Preparedness.” This is the slogan of the Navy League and is synonymous with the teaching of Roosevelt whose words “It is useless to prepare for the duties of peace unless we prepare also to defend ourselves,” might well become the gospel of our nation.

But in order to give greater value and broader understanding to the message of Navy Day, we shall divide it into four parts, namely commemoration, education, inspiration and consecration.

It is fitting that we should pay tribute to the heroism of the officers and men in our naval service, whose splendid achievements are written with their life blood upon the pages of our history. The message which their deeds and lives give us is one of high purpose, bravery and patriotism. From the daring exploits of John Paul Jones and Captain John Barry during the Revolution, the splendid triumph of “Old Ironsides” over the pride of the English navy in 1812, the thrilling success of the “Monitor” over the “Merrimac” during the crisis of the Civil War, the glorious victories of Admirals Dewey, Sampson and Schley in our war with Spain,
to the stupendous task of the navy in transporting 2,000,000 soldiers to Europe, under convoy, during the World War, and the valuable assistance of our marines and warships in the present Chinese crisis, we find an unbroken record of splendid loyalty, and glorious and self-sacrificing service on the part of our navy.

Navy Day must educate the public to the relation of commerce and merchant marine to the United States navy.

We must insist that our navy be equal to the strongest! This necessity is determined by our population of 127,000,000 (including our possessions), our wealth of over $400,000,000,000, our foreign trade of an even greater amount, our outlying possessions, national policies, foreign investments, and geographical position, with thousands of miles of coastline to protect and defend.

The margin of our prosperity rests on our foreign trade. Our own merchant vessels are carrying only about 32 per cent of our foreign commerce. We pay annually $600,000,000 to other countries for transporting our goods. These facts and figures are indisputable; and added to this is another fact, in that "the merchant marine, essential to the economic development of our country in the time of peace, becomes a vital and indispensable element of national defense in the time of war." The limitation and equalization of armaments have placed the balance of power in the merchant vessels of the contending nations. Therefore, we MUST have a large merchant marine, and enroll the officers and crews in the Merchant Marine Naval Reserve.

Had our government acted upon the advice of Theodore Roosevelt, we would have, long ago, had an adequate navy, supplemented by a merchant marine, which, when we entered the World War, would have found us ready to take our place without the stupendous expenditure of nearly $7,000,000,000 to build, in haste, a merchant marine, submarines, transports and similar ships, and to build navy yards, as well as complete cities in which to house the workers. These ships, built in haste of obsolete types, and constructed of inferior materials, are now lying rotting in Tompkins Cove, in the lower Hudson river. The sight of these hundreds of ships lying there, lashed together and anchored, is a gruesome sight, comparable only to the feeling of the futility of man's effort one has in looking at a graveyard. At the Philadelphia navy yard one may view the spectacle of countless ships and submarines lying dead, awaiting—what? In this same navy yard are some of our finest warships in commission, manned and ready for action. A tour of inspection will convince even the most skeptical of the splendid discipline and efficiency on board. Here one may also see Admiral Dewey's flagship, the "Olympia." The
result of this visit is a mass of conflicting emotions, pride and a feeling akin to despair.

Navy Day will provide the means for nearly every city which has a port, to be visited by a warship or some other vessel of our fleet. Replica of famous fighting craft of the past and present will be exhibited in the different naval stations. Our boys and girls will be given an opportunity to see our navy at first hand, and have a part in appropriate ceremonies of honoring the past and present naval heroes. They will become familiar with the needs and problems of our navy. They will be inspired, and their patriotism will be stimulated with the appeal of “Preparedness” and “America First!” They will learn that preparedness does not mean aggression, but is the best insurance against oppression, and is a healthy defense policy. They will learn that the naval service offers to them a career filled with countless opportunities of patriotic service for their country.

The inspiration which we derive from reviewing the past achievements, added to the consideration of vital present and future needs of a balanced navy, challenges us to consecrate our personal and national resources to the task of building up and developing our sea power—Commerce, Merchant Marine and Navy—SECOND TO NONE!

IRENE GEDNEY, ’29.

REMINISCING

I’ve crossed full many an ocean,
   Full many a fruitful plain;
Way up from sunny Italy
   To the land of the daring Dane

I’ve scaled full many a mountain,
   Long, most lofty, and high.
I’ve traversed full many a desert
   Where the bones of men yet lie.

I’ve met with men in my roamings;
   Men who were men to the core;
Men who fought as men did fight
   In the brave old days of yore.
I've known by the score fine maidens
With eyes of the deepest blue,
With skin as fair as the morning air,
And tresses of raven hue.

I've been in many a ship wreck,
In many a drunken brawl—
And despite that threat to get me yet
I sit here writing this all.

I've eaten of most anything
With king and beggar man.
I've lived in health and rolled in wealth
With many a foreign clan.

I've lived in the scantest poverty,
And thrived in the rottenest dirt,
I've committed a crime for as much as a dime,
Then hid with senses alert.

I've lain on many a pallet,
A prey to the worst disease,
Lain in mortal anguish
When my wishes I couldn't appease.

Oft have I returned to home
With the thought to settle down,
And as oft that lure did get me
To sail the world around.

But now that lure I've overcome,
By applying the strongest will,
But again and again it does return
To make me wander still.

FREDERIC B. HALL

“I wish I was half Irish and half Jew,” said Dooley.
“Why,” asked Dugan.
“An Irishman always wants a dollar and a Jew always has it.”
A SOLILOQUY

I have the queerest sensations, hanging up here on the wall and watching that which goes on below me. My time is occupied daily in thinking and in learning new things. One of my most puzzling thoughts is the unusual fact that I am still a small boy and have not grown up as others do. But I feel much older than I appear because, for almost a century, I have hung here, or on other walls, and have learned the new ways and ideas as time has passed. It has been but about twenty-five years less than a hundred since I have seen any of my old playmates. They often came to Boston to see me and when others were not near, we talked over old times and even played some of the games of our childhood. But they stopped coming and I fear they must have gone away, but I am certain that they have not forgotten me and will come back sometime.

Would you believe that my life is even more interesting than yours? You do not see the various and wonderful phases of life that I do. Of course, I, myself, am here in this museum, but there are reproductions of me throughout the world, from whom I receive reports of my life. The wealthy people have excellent copies of me in their homes, sometimes I am the only picture on the wall of a very humble abode; and—that which I enjoy most of all—I am often the cherished possession of a little girl, or, preferably, of some little boy.

I could write books and books on life, as I see it, but I choose to tell you about one of my disappointments.

I hung on the wall of a cozy little house in which there lived a small boy named Junior, who was about seven years of age. I liked to watch him play around the house with his toys and wished that I might join him. Sometimes other boys came to see him and I felt jealous of their obvious pleasure. I often wondered what Junior’s opinion of me was, for he often stood and gazed at me. I even winked and made funny faces at him, but I doubt whether he noticed them. I wonder—don’t other people realize that I can speak and move?

One day I happened to look out of the window and see Junior, some boys of his age and a few of mine, playing on the lawn. They had a football and were trying to imitate older boys whom they had seen play. (Football is a sport concerning which I have learned a great deal during the last few years.) An idea came to me, as I watched them: Why couldn’t I go out and play with them. The more I considered the idea, the better it seemed. Suddenly, I had a peculiar sensation and seemed to come to life. I felt exactly as I had before Mr. Scully painted me. I jumped, or rather, fell from the canvas (this picture happened to...
be an excellent copy of me or probably I should never have possessed the power to carry out my foolish idea), and ran out of the house to join the other fellows.

One boy turned around and seeing me dropped the ball which he held. Then the others saw me and stood staring while I, embarrassed, walked up to them, picked up the ball and challenged them to play with me. Although I tried hard to interest them, they did not seem to care to play with me. When they found their voices—I think they had lost them while staring at me—they commenced to shout, to stick out their tongues and to pretend to spar with me.

"Funny face," "Mama's little boy," "Raggedy Ann," and other expressions that small boys can think of were hurled at me. I realized that when I adopted my idea, I hadn't considered my clothing, which was the style of a century before. I did look like a "Raggedy Ann" or something of the sort with my old clothes and torn hat.

I was disgusted with them and went back into the house, where I resumed my lifeless form. I had lost faith in boys and almost hated them. They were so snobbish but, after I thought the matter over, I accounted for their manner. They were but children and knew no better. I must have grown up after all during my long life.

That evening after supper, Junior came in and looked at me, but he did not stand and gaze, as he was accustomed. He began to make faces and talk disrespectfully to me. I knew that no longer would I find peace in that house. I put a great deal of force on the cord which held me, and—fell to the floor with a crash, scratching myself so that I was unrecognizable.

"The Torn Hat"


Fond Mother—"Yes, Genevieve is studying French and algebra. Say "Good Morning" to Mrs. Jones in algebra, dearie."

A dear old lady saw a naughty little boy playing in a puddle, and hastened up to reprove him. "My dear child," she exclaimed: "Get out of that puddle at once."

"Go and find a puddle for yourself," was the indignant retort. "I saw this one first!"
ALUMNI NOTES

MEREDITH WINNE, '26, DIED OCTOBER 23

The shifting cloud-shapes of the night bore off
The frail, life-giving spark of her,
Too feeble to resist the call
Of far-off music.
Only a peace too strange to well believe,
Only a grief too poignant for cheap tears
Remain behind.

Deep-buried in the heart-flame of her friends
A longing, vague, intangible, an empty ache,
Lies dully waiting her magician’s touch
To kindle it to living light once more.
Never shall that longing quite be dimmed,
Ever shall her memory smoulder low,
Until some unknown time we shall fare forth
To face the stars, the glory of that music in our ears,
Born upward gladly to the light above.

DOROTHY BRIMMER, '26.

October 23, 1927.

Dear Milnites,

Isn’t it trite, this business of “Alumni Notes”? And yet, I suppose until the Regents get so hard that no one graduates, there will be such. So here goes!

Being “one of the four hundred” hasn’t the cunnation here that one usually gives it. For to us it means, or meant more at first, just being one like three hundred ninety-nine other freshmen, exactly as fresh and green (would Vergil say viridis?) as all of them, even, perhaps, a little viridis-er. But little by little that feeling is wearing off, and now we feel that we know Wellesley pretty well—at least on the outside.

But that’s not our fault. No, indeed! It’s the fault, if such you wish to call it, of all the people who have made us welcome here. For we’ve been “received” (until we get scared every time we see a line for) by College Government, Christian Association, and the Barnswallows
(a queer name, isn't it, for the Dramatic Association? We thought so, too), as well as serenaded by the Sophs, treated royally by our "big sisters" and very kindly advised by all our college heads. So you see, everyone has done everything she could to make us feel at home. And we do. We take the daily walk of about six or seven miles as a matter of course, and even enjoy it; we've learned to take down an assignment that requires at least two hours' work without a groan; and we even look forward to orange marmalade every day at breakfast.

But there are other things, too, more of worth, that we have come to know and love. The first of these is the chapel, where they have placed the Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial. To look at this is to realize the high ideals of Wellesley, the toil that has brought the college to what it is, and the toil and love that must be given unceasingly to make the Alma Mater even greater than it now is.

Another lovely thing is the library, with its literature rooms, its "treasure room," and its Brooks Memorial Room. This last is a true joy, for into it no one ever goes except when she is seeking the pleasure that only books can give. A third lovely spot of Wellesley is her lake, Lake Waban with the "mathematical gardens" bordering it. Oh, I could go on to tell about the gymnasium, and the botany buildings, and the President's lawn, and the "Vill," dear to the heart of every freshman, and Hathaway House. But some of you had better come and find out about them for yourselves.

As for Milne, none of you can realize what a "gone" feeling I had on the twenty-sixth of September when I realized that you were all going back—or going for the first time—and I was here, excluded for good from an active part in your affairs. But even if I can't ever be really one of you again, you have my very sincere wishes for your success in every line of work—and play.

Yours

MARION R. WALLACE

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,

Troy, N. Y., October 20, 1927.

"The Crimson and White;"

When I was a student at Milne I always thought that the alumni who wrote letters to "The Crimson and White" were the most honored persons in their class. Now I can say that I am in that honored position,
and I feel highly elated at the prospect of contributing a little something to "The Crimson and White."

When I first came to R. P. I., I felt as though I had fallen off of a high cliff. Whereas last year I was an all-important senior, I now am a little insignificant freshman with about as many privileges as a canary. It was a great shock to drop such a distance in what you might call social position, but all the freshmen seemed to survive.

As R. P. I. is so near to Albany it is hard to say anything that is not already known. However, the thing that seemed the most radical change from high school life is the traditions connected with the Institute.

The most well known of the traditions is the Frosh's Alma Mater. At any important function one will see the freshmen, down on their knees with their arms raised heavenward, singing (or otherwise) their famous song. Another rule is that all first year men are to speak first to every other person they meet on the campus. This is not so bad, but it is a different story when the Sophomores supervise some of our weekly demonstrations. These demonstrations are enjoyed by the upper classmen but not by the Frosh. At every football game all the students join in forming a huge R. When this is accomplished we are led in cheers for the team and finally the whole student body sings the dear old "Alma Mater."

The hardest thing that I find I have is to get used to the lectures and long assignments. I would advise every high school student to get in practice.

I most assuredly hope that the Milne basketball team will have a very successful season, and that the student body will get behind the team. To the school I wish to say that I hope this coming season will be a most instructive and successful one. I also hope that "The Crimson and White" will have the most profitable and successful year on record.

Sincerely,

HOWARD K. EGGLESTON, JR.

Mistress (not liking looks of her new maid): "Did you have any words with your former mistress as you were leaving your last place?"

New Maid (encouragingly): "Not in the least, Mum. I locked her in the bath room, and took all my things and slipped out as quiet as you please."
PRESENT ACTIVITIES OF THE CLASS OF 1927

Harriet Adams ........................................ Post Graduate
Alicia Andrews ........................................ Mount Holyoke
Anna Beberwyck ........................................ State College
Wesley Carvill ........................................ State College
Verona Clapper ........................................ State College
Arvilla Coulson ........................................ At Home
Howard Eggleston .................................... R. P. I.
Sara Fry ................................................. Post Graduate
Jean Gillespy ........................................ State College
Madeleine Green ....................................... Post Graduate
Geraldine Griffin ..................................... Middlebury
Ruth Hartmann ......................................... Albany Business College
Ruth Hughes ........................................... State College
Ray Kroll ................................................ Springfield
Clara Lawrence ........................................ At Home
Mildred Lockrow ........................................ At Home
Irma Long ................................................ State College
Grace McDermott ...................................... Working
Florence Mead .......................................... At Home
Rennetta Miller ......................................... State College
Elizabeth Oliver ....................................... Post Graduate
Edward Osborn ......................................... State College
Helen Otis ................................................ State College
Pauline Smith .......................................... Oneonta Normal
Marion Wallace ........................................ Wellesley

An English paper tells this story of a certain martinet of an army captain who was shortsighted but would not wear glasses.

He was inspecting kits in the barrack room of his company. Someone had left a floor mop leaning against the head of a cot.

"Sezgeant!" he roared.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant saluting.

"See that that man has his hair cut at once," said the captain, pointing to the mop.

(Forward)
Previous to the opening of this school on September 26th, examinations were held on September 20th for all students who desired entrance. The regular schedule of classes started on the day following registration.

The Senior Class is proud of the fact that it has the largest enrollment of graduating students in the history of the school. It numbers thirty-seven. The first class meeting was conducted on October 6th for the purpose of electing three judges for auditorium judging. Those selected were: Ralph Brimmer, Edith Marx, Robert Ramroth and Esther Higby as alternate.

Election of class officers was held on October 10th. The following were chosen:

- President: William Kingsley
- Vice President: Heath Cole
- Secretary: Catherine Traver
- Treasurer: Robert Ramroth
- Sergeant at Arms: Manton Spaulding

The Junior Class held a meeting on October 7 to elect class officers for the coming year. The result of the election is as follows:

- President: Dorothy Birchenough
- Vice President: William Sharpe
- Secretary: Lois Cook
- Treasurer: Frederick Hall

Dorothy Birchenough and Oliver York were selected from the Junior class as judges for the auditorium judging. It is the duty of these judges and those from the Senior Class to grade the students who speak in the chapel exercises. The four boys and four girls receiving the highest grades become the participants in the annual prize speaking contest in April.

At the first meeting of the Sophomore Class the members were disappointed to see that some of their former classmates had not returned. The following is the result of the election of officers:
President: Harriman Sherman
Vice President: Gordon Wills
Secretary: Loretta Degnaar
Treasurer: Otilia McCartie
Sergeant at Arms: Warren Cooper

The school was glad to welcome this fall four of its post graduates, Harriet Adams, Sara Fry, Madelene Green, and Elizabeth Oliver are the ones who receive its greeting.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

The social season of this term will be inaugurated on November 4th when the Junior Class will give a reception for the Freshmen. The Juniors are planning to make this event an enjoyable success. The committee in charge consists of Dorothy Birchenough, Lois Cook, Irene Gedney, Esther Hilton, Marie Judd, Frances McMahon, Ruth Reynolds and Esther West.

On November 11th the annual school reception will be held. The members of the Student Council are working hard in preparation for this affair. It is hoped that every pupil of the school will attend this reception and he or she cannot help but have a good time. The president of the council is endeavoring to make this evening a delightful one. All guests will be welcome and it will be an added pleasure if every member of the faculty will join the students in this social gathering.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class it was decided that the Senior-Sophomore party would occur on January 20th. The Seniors are expecting a gay evening, so the Sophomores will have to start using their ingenuity. They hope that it will be even more successful than the Senior-Sophomore gathering held last year.

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

The first assembly of the entire school was held on October 5th in the college auditorium. The program opened to the tune of “Smiles” lead by Miss Dorothy Rabie. Following the song Miss Katherine Traver, president of the Student Council, conducted a meeting of the student body. After the meeting was called to order and the minutes were read by the secretary, Miss Dorothy Birchenough, Miss Traver explained the budget for the coming year. The budget was adopted without any changes. At
the conclusion of the meeting, a recitation was given by Ralph Brimmer. It was entitled "The Imitator," by Booth Tarkington.

Before the dismissal of the assembly Professor Sayles addressed the Freshmen, advising them to work diligently from the beginning of their first year.

On October 12th a very appropriate program was presented by several members of the Senior class. It was a sketch relating the difficulties with which Columbus had to contend in procuring money and ships for his famous voyage. The cast was instructed by Miss Douglas.

The chapel program on October included a recitation entitled "Columbus," given by John Gottschalk. Several of the Junior students presented a one act play written by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Thus far the programs seemed to have held the interest of the students and have been successful.

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An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie down on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as though he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short effort one man stopped.

"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sir," was the answer, "oi 'm coasting."

---

Two Scotchmen were arguing out their ability to swim and each declared he could stay under water longer than the other. So they bet on it and dived. Neither ever came up.

R. H. L.

---

The teacher was examining her class in what she considered to be the rudiments of history.

"You, Robert Ramroth," she exclaimed, pointing to a small boy, "tell me where was Elizabeth crowned queen?"

"On the head, ma'am," replied Bobby.
The first regular meeting of the Quintilian Literary Society was held Thursday, October 6. Plans were discussed and committees appointed for our upper classman initiation. Fine cooperation has been shown in the plans for Quin's annual rush party. We are anticipating a very successful and interesting year. Quin's present officers are:

President, Evelyn Pitts; vice president, Dorothy Birchenough; recording secretary, Eleanor Gage; corresponding secretary, Virginia Kline; treasurer, Marie Judd; critic, Esther Higby; senior editor, Harriet Hughes; pianist, Laura Fletcher; mistress of ceremonies, Marjory Ellsworth; marshal, Harriet Jones.

Under our new president, Mr. William P. Kingsley, the members of Adelphoi foresee a very successful year. Mr. Osborne has left the society and also pleasant memories of fine leadership. Under his guidance our annual banquet was a huge success.

We are looking forward to many new members among the promising freshman class. We hope to take in a large number of them about the mid term. Adelphoi has pledged her support to the basketball team and encourages the other societies to do likewise.

H. C.
Sigma is planning a most successful and interesting year. Fine spirit has been shown by the girls in cooperation with the officers. Plans are now under way for the Freshman Rush Party which is to be held on November 23. Our first social meeting, held in Freshman study hall, was a decided success. We hope to make this season one of the best for Sigma.

President, Margaret Gottschalk; vice president, Frances McMahon; secretary, Helen Pauley; treasurer, Marjorie de Heus; critic, Elizabeth Fromm; assistant critic, Viola Barber; mistress of ceremonies, Harriet Adams; marshal, Virginia Smith; senior editor, Charlotte Pauley.

C. P.

He—"I wonder how it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man."
She—"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

"Tommy, how many wars was Spain engaged in during the seventeenth century?"
"Seven, sir."
"Seven? Enumerate them."
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!" — (Tid-Bits)

"A week ago I left the Pullman company."
"Say, old man, can you lend me a few dollars?"
"Impossible! I've tried to several times, but you invariably look upon the amount as a gift."

A gentleman once asked a little boy where he was born.
"In Texas, sir," said the boy.
"What part?"
"Why, all of me," was the reply.
Since this is the first issue of the Crimson and White for the year, and our Exchange Department friends are likewise just publishing their earliest numbers, our list is rather limited. However, we sincerely hope that we may retain the exchanges of last year and cordially invite other papers to exchange with us.

“The Hermonite,” Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.—
Congratulations, Hermonite, on a well written and complete paper! Might we suggest an increase in the literary department? Here’s hoping your new students live up to the excellent advice in “that there colyum” called “Just a Moment!”

“The Chand Bagh Chronicle,” Isabella Thraburn College, Lucknow, India
We enjoyed “Innocents Abroad” (and hope to hear more of the travels of Kathleen and Louise). Your Y. W. C. A. workers surely have been busy. Success to them!

“Hillhead High School Magazine,” Hillhead High, Glasgow, Scotland—
Cherio Hillhead! Happy to have you with us again. We envy you your ads and—your cricket section. As to “Ain’t English Funny,” we agree with you.

“Volcano,” Hornell High School, Hornell, New York—
“Now we ask you confidentially,” Volcano, why not add a literary department to your splendid newspaper? Perhaps we shouldn’t suggest this until we make sure you haven’t a separate publication devoted entirely to that subject, but we can’t recall receiving an exchange of that sort from you. Have you one?

“The Torch,” Briarcliff High School, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.—
As a “Senior Number” we found this publication complete. We liked especially your Prophecy because it showed a most pleasing touch of originality to relieve the monotony of the several histories. We congratulate you on your ads! How do you get so many?
“Jamie, do you like going to school?”
“Yes, ma’am,” answered Jamie, “and I like coming home, too, but I don’t like staying there between times.”

(The Ledger—Alex Hamilton, U. S.)

Jack—“See this stick pin? Well, once it belonged to a millionaire.”
Dick—And who is the millionaire?”
Jack—“Woolworth.”

— (Boys’ Life)

Native—“Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks a mile north of here—big tracks, too.”
Hunter—“Say, which way is south?”

(Tidings)

Bettie—“My ancestors came over on the Mayflower.”
Boob—“Lucky for you they did, for the immigration laws are much stricter now.”

Judge—“You are charged with breaking a stool over this man’s head. What have you to say for yourself?”
Prisoner—Your Honor, I didn’t mean to break the stool.”

— (’64 Reporter—Manhattan)
"Say Joe, what are you doing now?"
"Well, I'm an exporter."
"What's an exporter?"

Porter—"This train goes to Buffalo and points east."
Old Lady—"Well, I want a train that gets to Syracuse, and I don't care which way it points."

"If there were four flies on the table and I should kill one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.
"One," answered Eleanor Aertis, "the dead one."

Teacher—"We should close our eyes to the unsightly things in life."
Student—"I did that once and slipped on a banana peel."

A man died and news of his death was wired to his son in New York, who immediately asked that they wire him his father's last words. The reply was: "Father had no last words; mother was with him to the last."
R. H. L.

Young Niece—"Aunty, did a man ever propose to you?"
Aunty—Yes, dear. Once over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

Farmer (angrily)—"Here, boy, what are you doing up that tree?"
Boy—"One of your apples fell down, sir, and I'm trying to put it back."

He—"You look sweet enough to eat."
She—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

The new maid had been instructed how to address the various people who would call. She knew she had to say: "Your Lordship," "Your Ladyship," and so on. But an admiral was the first to call, and she said: "This way, your flagship."
"Say," one neighbor asked another, excitedly, "do you know a fellow down your way with one leg named Wilson?"

"I don't know," returned the other doubtfully, "what's the name of the other leg?"

Little Edwin was sent to the store for a measuring tape.
"Do you want a steel one?" asked the clerk.
"No, of course not," answered Edwin indignantly, "I want to buy one."

He (passionately): "I tell you, my love for you is making me mad—mad—mad!"
She (calmly): "Well, keep quiet about it. It's had the same effect on my father."

English Tommy (in poker game)—"Well, I'll wager a bully pound on this hand."
American darkey (holding four aces)—"Ah dunno too much about your ol' English money, but I'll bump you a couple a' tons."

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