T'was the day after New Year's, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung on the back of the chair
And the rest of the clothes would soon be there.
The people were tossing in their messy beds,
While visions of elephants danced in their heads.
Knead in her misery, and I in a huff,
Had just settled our stomachs with soda and stuff,
When out in the gutter there arose such a clatter
I fell from my bed seeing what was the matter.

On the way to the window I fell with a crash,
Causing a jar that went up to the sash.
The sun on the crest of the new falling snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day because it was so.
When what to my burning eyes should appear
But a man and a friend, drinking bottles of beer,
With a little old Ford so cluttered with junk,
I knew in a moment they both must be drunk,
More rapid than water, the beer it went down,
And they whistled and sang as they painted the town.

How dashing, now prancing, now falling,
On curb stone, on sidewalk, the noise was appalling,
To the top of the porch I heard them ascend, and then heard them fall.

As confetti which causes the old year to fly,
Showers down all around when the New Year draws nigh,
I flew to the hall and ran down the stair
And opened the door to a cold gust of air,
And then in a twinkling I heard on the steep
Hiccoughing and wheezing like one with the croup,
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
They both staggered in from a heap on the ground,
Their clothes were all tarnished with mud and with snow.
A number of noise-makers they held in their hands,
Enough to make noise like a number of bands.

Their eyelids—how sagging! their dimples how merry.
Their cheeks were like roses; each nose like a cherry
One man had his face drawn up in a bow,
And the color it had was as white as the snow.
The stump of a horn he held tight in his teeth,
And crepe paper encircled his head like a wreath.
The other had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
When he closed his eyes and nodded his head,
I knew right away I had nothing to do...
He spoke not a word but went straight to sleep
Right on the floor, all piled in a heap.
His friend laid his fingers aside of his nose
And giving a nod, to his feet he arose
As he came to his feet, I heard a shrill whistle
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But the policeman exclaimed, as he went out of sight,
"You'll get jailed for a week, for being so tight."

To be sure they had fun, while out on the spree,
But all of you Milnites, just listen to me,
To carry on thus is sure to do you no good,
So be careful, make sure I you do what you should.
To start off the New Year with drinking of beer
Will make your poor mother shed many a tear.
Don't think I'm preaching, 'cause I have't the right,
For I had a good time on that memorable night.
But you see where it got our debonair friends.
So while you are young, make the needed amends
I'll be leaving you now, as the undertaker said,
"You rascal you, I'll be glad when you're dead!"
OPEN LETTER TO THE MILNE STUDENTS

After the Christmas Plays we wandered up to Wagar's. The plays had been well done. I was proud of being associated with Milne and Milne students.

On entering, we found a booth and looked about for a waiter. From the adjoining room an acquaintance came. His greeting was, "If I had to associate with such a gang of noisy hoodlums all the time, I'd go crazy." I preserved that remark for I had a vague notion that Milnites were young men and women of courtesy and refinement. I told him that his remark was ill-founded. He left, apparently glad to leave. We stayed and regretted it, for we saw how Milne students behave in public.

At school there are still some people who run in the corridors and collide with unsuspecting pedestrians - who throw school books and bags all about the first floor corridor - who break paper bags in the lunch room - who yell and laugh uproariously in the cafeteria and locker rooms - who stop to talk in narrow passageways and block traffic.

There are some who don't do these things, but it is the people who do them that make a reputation for Milne.

And at Wagar's that night after the Christmas Plays, a reputation was made by people who stayed and regretted it, for we saw how Milne students behave in public.

That night I was ashamed of being associated with Milne and Milne students.

GRACE MARTIN

LEONARD BENJAMIN ANNOUNCES
ANNUAL ADVERTISING MEETING

Attention! This year there is only one printed issue of the Crimson and White magazine. The students voted for this, so it is up to them to collect the advertisements which will make the issue a success. Everyone who is interested in a successful magazine is asked to come to Room 228 at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon. Leonard Benjamin will be there to explain about the advertisements. Everyone is urged to attend this meeting.

Next Saturday, January 16, Milne will sponsor a girls' basketball playday. Cooperating with us in this event is Albany High School, at whose gym it will take place, as our space is limited.

There will be six schools participating, with eight girls from each school. St. Agnes, Mont Pleasant, Bethlehem Central, Girl's Academy, Albany High and Milne, have all been asked to send representatives.

The affair promises to be quite a success, and much time and work have been spent in its arrangements. General chairman for the playday is Ruth Rasp.

Other committees assisting her are: Material, Betty Barden, Alora Beld; and Milten Pounds; food, Betty Tinscher, Doris Welsh, Dorothy Shattuck, and Nancy Glass; Louers, Evelyn Wilbur, Marjorie Stanburt; and Virginia Michel; hospital- ity, Kay Newton, Ruth Selkirk, Ruth Raup, Lilian Beleshymyer, and Virginia Michel; marshally, Betty Schriner, Marcia Wiley, Dorothy Day and Lilian Beleshymyer; officials, Joyce Mandock, Jane Class, Jacqueline Townsend, Doris Holmes, Margaret Chase, Shirley Newman, Betty Mann, Ethel Dugg, Joan Tarrashe, Emily Saunders, and Sally Deveraux.

The Milne girls who will take part in the playday are: Seniors—Virginia Tripp, Betty Simmons, Frances Seymour, Jean McDermott, Margaret Charles, Lois Norbitt, Mary Winshurst, Patricle Gibson, and Dania Winshurst. The Juniors are—Kay Newton, Ruth Selkirk, Virginia Michel, Lilian Beleshymyer, Ruth Raup, and Dorothy Day.

RED RAIDERS WILL MEET BETHLEHEM TOMORROW TO PLAY ON OWN COURT

Tomorrow night at 7:00 o'clock, the Milne Red Raiders will meet an old rival, Bethlehem Central High School on the Phase Hall Court. The meet with Bethlehem will be the first game since Christmas vacation.

In the second game of the year, the team met and defeated Central's Jay Vee team, and also it's varsity. The boys showed a lot of real fighting spirit that night. The lineup has not as yet been announced.
"SHOWBOAT"

The river! The twisting, turning, Mississippi River! It is there that Edna Ferber tells her tale of "The Showboat." It is there that Capt'n Andy Hawes and his wife, Parthy Ann Eawks, are drawn into the spell of the river. That is the river that called Magnolia no matter where she went. "The Showboat" has long been a popular book and play. The human qualities of its characters may be the chief reason for its lasting popularity. Its constantly moving, story may be that. It is strictly a fiction book, although it does present a fairly accurate picture of the days of the showboat.

We recommend "Showboat" to you as a book to be read strictly for enjoyment and relaxation. The story of the child and grand-child of Parthy Ann and Andy Hawes as well as the story of their own lives fills this book with an interesting panorama of the times.

We wonder just how many of us used our Christmas vacation profitably this year. We wonder how many studied an hour a day as so many were heard to say they would. We wonder how many of us took the time to look up the French verb and the algebra problem that have been bothering us. Probably not very many.

The mid-years are creeping up on us with startling speed. This past vacation would have been a grand time to clear up any details that are not fixed in our minds. But there is still time to prepare to take the mid-years without fear of flunking.

Even one-half hour of extra study every night would mean a great deal to you on the day of the exam that you're just a little afraid of. It would mean a much higher mark in the subject that you've been doing work in.

Planned study is worth while in the long run while crammed work is forgotten by the next day. So start tonight to do some real studying, so that you can pass the mid-year examinations because you know the work, not because you were lucky enough to guess enough right answers to pull you through. Try it!

FAREWELL AND GREETINGS!

While it is not the policy of the Crimson and White to look backward, we would like to glance for a moment at the 1937 part of this school year. And we would like you to take a moment and review your record for 1937.

Probably the first thing one thinks of is the fine spirit of co-operation that has grown up between the societies of Milne. This applies especially to the boys' societies, who united to put over the Theta-Nu-Adelphoi formal dance which was considered a great success by all who were there.

Then we think of the change in schedule which placed the Glee Club on the same day and at the same hour as the Dramatics and French Clubs. While it deprived many of participation in a club which they had formerly enjoyed, it was a benefit in that students were kept from having too many outside activities.

There were many other changes which took place during 1937. The mimeographed edition of the Crimson and White magazine, the quilt alumnae banquet, and our new building are a few of them. Yes, 1937 was a pretty good year for Milne. So let's about face and look toward the future. Come on, 1938, we're ready for you!
Quin:

Quotations were from Edgar Allan Poe. There was a discussion concerning the quin-sigma dance which will be in February. The General Chairman is Betty Schultz.

The president appointed the following committees: Orchestra, Lois Kayner, chairman; Decorations, Karjorie Pond, Betty Tinch, Betty Shriver; Programs, Janet Cole, chairman; Mildred Nuttice, Margaret Charles; Tickets, Helen Barker, chairman; Virginia Tripp, Janet Mechem; Publicity, Frances Seymour, Virginia Nichols; Jean Layman, Jane Veldar.

The members made plans for the Quin initiation. Dama Winshurst is general chairman. The committee members are: Maram McCracken, chairman, Dorothy Sherman, Helen Barker, Jane Phinney.

Theta Nu:

The members discussed plans for a bowling match with Adelphoi. Theta sent a challenge to the latter, and they accepted. There will be five men on each team with two teams from each society. Richard Andrews will be in charge of the Theta Nu teams. The match will be held in either the Aurania Club or the Rice Building on January 7. All spectators will be most welcome.


John Hodecker gave a report on the book, Spies I Loved, by Martha Mcgraw. It is a story of wartime adventures of a French woman who gave her services to the Allies.

Sigma:

Midge Stanton opened the meeting. After such discussions, Sigma decided to have programs at the forthcoming dance. The committee for the Quin-Sigma dance are: General Chairman, Barbara Soper; Decorations, Janet Jenning, chairman; Betty Farden, Ruth Reep, Margaret Chase, Jean Barnes, and Janet Crowley; Orchestra, Janet Jenning, Nancy Glass, and Shirley Purgess; Publicity, Midge Stanton, Chairman, Betty Mann, Harriet Gordon, Margaret Chase, Janet Jenning, and Betty Douglas; Programs, Harriet Richter, Evelyn Wilbur, Isabella Churn, and Nancy Glass; Clock Room, Anita Eyman.

Betty Farden gave Don Marquis as the author for next week. Doris Welsh gave a report on the biography and life of Edgar Allan Poe.

As one smart Milne High School lad says: "It isn't what you know, it's whom you know, that helps you to get along."

"I'm an electrician. Last night a fuse blew out at Ruth's house and I fixed it."

"You're no electrician, you're an idiot."

"I have it right on the end of my tongue, but I can't say it."

"Well, you can't put the end of your tongue on the regents paper."

"After a rock had hit the fender of the car he was driving"

"That's that."

"Oh, the diamond just fell out of my ring."

"Waiter, this hash tastes terrible. Call the manager."

"Well, I'm sorry, sir, but the manager won't eat it either."

Quin Seniors Entertain Alumnus at Luncheon

Last Friday, December 31, 1937, at one o'clock, the seniors of Quin gave a luncheon at the Dewitt Clinton Hotel for their alumnae of the past four years. Damia Winshurst, mistress of ceremonies, presided. Frances Seymour, Lois Haynor, and Elizabeth Simmons were in charge of the luncheon.

The past presidents, Lillian Walk '37 and Leslie Sipperly '36 spoke. The presidents of the classes of '32 and '34 were unable to be present. Lois Nesbitt, Damia Winshurst, Mary Winshurst, Hazel Roberts, and Margaret Charles present senior officers of Quin, also spoke.

Others present were Ann Huntington, Jean Mechem, Judie Crawford, Betty Schultz, Helen Barker, Janet Cole, Betty Holmes, Dorothy Sherman, Virginia Tripp, and Marian McCracken from the class of '36, Carol Leucke, Jean Ambler, Barbara Eves, Frances Levitz, Janet Bremer, Frances Bremer, Viv Benjamin, Helen Anthony, and Millie Hall from '37, Barbara Richardson, Virginia McCracken, Betty Nichols, Cora Bonalle, Doris Schulte, Jean Graham, Ruth Mann, and Alice Wonder from the class of '38. The companions were Mrs. Simons, Mrs. Roberts, and Mrs. Cole.
NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Sunny Sue, the inquiring reporter, dug into the last left from New Year's Eve and uncovered the following information about Winifred's Resolutions.

George Ferrington's New Year's resolution is a fervent "Never again." (Poor chap is still suffering from the results of New Year's Eve.) One resolution that will never be kept is Dick Game's: "No more gum!"

Verna Perkins has firmly resolved "not to fall for any fellow unless it's absolutely necessary!"

Jean Tarches intends to be dignified (like she was in 1937), while David Bronner is going to do all his homework. He broke this resolution at exactly 9:55 Monday, January 3, 1938.

Earl Godrich will sleep nights, not in classes, during 1938. Joan Best will stop all chit, chat, entirely! Jack (one of the Boughton boys) is never going to cross, back-talk, insult, or otherwise annoy any of his teachers. Ducky Day not only intends to pass everything every month, but she will get highest honors in all examinations.

Most of these resolutions sound rather odd, but they aren't New Year's Resolutions made only to be broken?

"RICKJAMES"

Dana Winshurst—"Daisy"
Jean Cole—"Cool Bint", "Kitten"
Helen Barkor—"Moo"
Lois Heyner—"Buck"
Margaret Charles—"Mike"
Mary Winshurst—"Winnie, Winona, Winshurst"
Sylvia Rypins—"Pussy"
Ann Blunt—"Mischie"
Marion McCormick—"Peanuts", "Mac"
Betty Douglas—"Betty"
Janet Crowley—"Crowley our"
Elizabeth Simons—"Simon Simmon"
Isabello Chapman—"Itchie"
Barbara Soper—"Hear"

If you were a girl
Lost in a whirl
Cause you loved a guy
That you couldn't buy
Would you go thru life
With its storm and strife
With a pout on your face
That smiles can't replace?
Or would you become an old maid
Whose heart would fade?
Aches and aches
You'd always wear black,
Or would you give in
And confess your sin
And try to forget
This fellow you'd met,
Would you try to be funny
And marry for money
In hopes to get even
With this guy for leaving!
Or, would you choose
A bottle of booze
Or shoot yourself
With the gun on the shelf.
For world wide fame
Would you shoot the dame
Who, just like pie
took away your guy?
At this long list
I'd shake my fist
For none of these
My tastes would please.
There's only one way
As the mounties say
"Get your man
What way you can"
Whether he's short or whether he's tall
This one always makes 'em fall
Tell him you love and start to cry
It's just as easy as pumpkin pie.

DANCE!

Boy meets Girl
Boy kisses Girl
Girl sleeps Boy
Boy leaves Girl

POEM:

To go, or not to go
With a beau, that is not a beau
But how to say no, oh no,
That is the question.

Barbara Soper '38