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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

**Volume XXVI**  
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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

In our last issue we spoke of the "sport of winning with brains." Some of you may have been inclined to treat the subject lightly. But here is something for you to think about—there is no game in the world that is fought harder, no game in which the competition is so keen, and no game in which the odds are greater against you than this game of life that we all must play. That game is a contest of brains.

In order to make the team, or perhaps to be a captain, a person must have outstanding ability. The best thing for you to do is to go into training now. If you build for yourself a good foundation, the chances are that you will succeed. Do all you can for yourself now while you have your youth, and you will never have a day of regret in your old age. The youth of today is too anxious to face the world; is too anxious to earn a living. Your time will come soon enough; don't worry about that. What you should do is prepare yourself for it. The better prepared you are, the easier the task will be.

One of the best ways to prepare yourself is to obtain the best education possible. Don't be too hasty in leaving school. Some day you will wish that you were a student again. Start planning now to go to college. Don't be fooled by this talk that "a college education is the bunk," and that one must get out in the world. Here are some figures that are of special interest to seniors and should interest all of you.

Of all the boys who start school, more than a third drop out without even reaching the eighth grade. Another third—almost—stop at the end of the eighth grade. The final third go on to high school, but less than half of them graduate. Only about one out of every ten boys who start school goes on to college. Even of that ten per cent who enter college, less than a third graduate.

So that, in all, only about twenty-five out of every thousand boys entering school graduate from college.

You can see for yourself how much better the chances of success are for that small minority—the two and a half per cent, who go on and get a full college education. They have something that the other
ninety-seven and a half fellows out of every hundred haven’t. That in itself is a big head-start.

Those figures were compiled by the University Society of New York. They speak for themselves, and they sound pretty convincing, don’t they?

Some more figures compiled by the society that publishes “Who’s Who in America” and based on ten thousand successful American men, disclose some very interesting facts. The list shows that a man without any education at all has only about one chance in 150,000 of succeeding in life to the point of getting himself listed in “Who’s Who.” A man with an eighth grade education has about one chance in 9,000. A man with high school education has about one chance in 400. But a man with a college education has about one chance in forty.

There’s no doubt about it, college men have a pretty big edge on the rest of the crowd. A college education is worthy of consideration and careful thinking.

TEARS

Tears! What good can they possibly do?
Little drops of sticky, salty dew,
That well up in your eyes,
Symbols of the sorrow which underlies
Those sobs in your throat
Which you choke back with an hysterical note.
A fool are you to snivel and weep,
For what thoughts from happiness keep
The one who caused those tears?

JANE MACCONNELL, '30

CHAOS

March wind, so wild and free
Dost thou awake in me
Some hidden, savage depth?

What is it in your call
That tears my heart-strings all
And forces me to yearn?

A maddened creature I
Who, stirred up by your cry,
Surrenders soul and heart?

LORNA DROWNE, '31
I knew my time was short. It would not be long before my plane would be like a wounded hawk, fallen into the clutches of its prey. Only a short time ago our intrepid squadron had left in quest of the approaching enemy ground forces, with the sole purpose of checking the invading troops. Then I realized that I must fall helplessly into that dreaded forest, an invitation to destruction for a crippled airplane. Nothing could prevent the blinding crash that followed. After a sensation of being catapulted through the air and a sickening concussion, I found myself clinging to a shattered wing, high in a tree. I was given little time to discover how much I was injured. The entire plane burst into flames and I half scrambled and half fell to the ground. My heart pounded in excitement as I saw the mad flames leap from tree to tree and then sweep down before a strong gust of wind. My only hope was to run, to run for my life!

A half-mile from the debris of my plane I came to a halt, stopped by the sight of something that made me forget my previous experience. The surprise seemed to drive away my exhaustion. There in my path was a wounded, but conscious, doughboy. There he had been left to die beside the ruins of his wireless apparatus. He had been stationed for the purpose of communication with our commanding officer. I knew then that we were not far from our own airdrome. How envied his valor, when he motioned for me to hurry from the oncoming flames! His face showed a look of despair, despite his efforts to show me a hard-drawn smile. How could I leave this helpless fellow to face the very torture that I was fleeing? I approached and tried to lift him but he resisted my efforts. We both knew that it would have been useless for me to try saving him. But I was willing to try, which was only human. Nevertheless, the man feebly grasped his pencil and notebook and scribbled down something in code. He handed me the message saying that it was important. Instinct told me that I must get this to my commander. The flames from the raging fire were then sweeping nearer and I sped away in a frenzy of panic.
After a journey of physical and mental agony I reached the home of our squadron. I was anxious to learn the significance of the brave soldier’s message, and I hoped that it was something worthy of my comrade’s efforts. But it was more than worthy for the deciphered code merely read, “All is fair in war.”

WARREN COOPER, ’30

FOOTBALL—A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE

Football was invented primarily for the Romans. These poor benighted people enjoyed a good bull-fight immensely, but of course a good bull-fight meant one or two people, as well as several bulls, killed. This sport was interesting, but in the course of time such a small number of deaths began to grate upon their nerves. Caesar, the greatest Roman of them all, started a contest. The man who could invent a game in which the greatest number of men could be killed in the most interesting way was to receive a prize of twenty thousand “bones.” This prize was high enough to tempt any man, but no one could seem to win it until one celebrated inventor, Romulus by name, having a very bad dream the night before, suggested football. Of course, it wasn’t called football then, having been filed in the patent office under the Latin equivalent for “Kill ’Em Quick.”

The Romans didn’t lead such an easy life after all. After sitting in the stuffy colosseum all day, they had to see that the common people were amused. Upon this their “rota” depended. Before the age of football, they had to go about among the lower classes and rouse enthusiasm about the next bull-fight. But now, all that was necessary for them to do was to announce that the next football killing would be held in the arena at two fifteen and even the bleachers would be crowded. Therefore, the tired business man of Rome could go home and spend the afternoon with his wife and children.

LUCIEN COLE, ’30

LAUGHTER

It was in Siberia. Winter had settled on the frozen steps and a heavy snow lay on the hard frozen ground. The stinking prison camp was even more loathsome than usual. A stench of sweaty bodies filled the room which, when combined with the smell of disgustingly rotten food, was calculated to nauseate the most hardened of men.
He sat at a table with his fellows and like them, tried to swallow the filthy swill set before them in hot tin dishes. It was no use; his stomach though pitifully empty, would not hold the stuff. Number ninety-seven, he mused—a great privilege for him to be here, a guest of the Czar. None would ever hear of him again save as number ninety-seven. Ah, here was the bread, almost fresh, only three weeks old. He'd have some, surely. He stowed some of the hard mouldy substance in his pockets with a degree of skill that comes only from long practice. If he could escape the eye of the drowsy overfed guard, he would go to the yard; it would be fresher there.

He felt thru the snow with his hands. Suddenly he felt a fence post frozen to the ground. With a fierce effort he pried it free. Something of the brute in him which long centuries of civilization had failed to subdue, took possession of him. With an almost super-human burst of speed he tore at the guard, lounging beside the gate. As the guard turned, he smote him heavily over the head. He fell without a cry. With a wild cry of exultation, he kicked the head from the senseless body and crushed the brain out into snow with his heavy boots. He fled thru the gates, not knowing where—any where to escape the dirty pigs the Czar hired to keep him in. He ran singing madly, wild ribald songs of the laborers which he had learned in the salt mines.

Presently his arms began to stiffen and get numb, as did his legs. It was very cold. But he was free, as free as any man could be in that hated land of ice and snow, ruled by a tyrant ironically called the “little father.” He laughed as he thought of his friends in Russia. He was freer by far than they. In a last burst of wild energy he tore off and flung from him the rotten rags they called clothes; thus idealistically breaking the last ties between himself and civilization, the civilization of a Czar, a petty tyrant, whose sole claim to greatness lay in his ability to make men unhappy. A hoarse croaking sound rose to his lips, now blue with cold, and forced its way thru—his last laugh.

In a frontier cottage sat two officers of the Czar’s Siberian guard. One of them roused himself in a startled manner and exclaimed, “I thought I heard a man laugh.”

“No,” came the reply, “It was only the wind.”

MASON TOLMAN, ’30.
GRAVES

Last fall, while hunting for barberry bushes in the woods and fields surrounding lonely Gilboa dam, I came upon a spectacle which remains fixedly in my memory. I was threshing around through the bushes on a slope overlooking the untraveled road where my car was parked, and not finding any shrubs that were satisfactory, I kept working my way nearer and nearer to the top of the wooded hill. Upon reaching the summit, I stopped to catch my breath and look around. I found myself at the edge of a clearing, surrounded on all sides by bare, lifeless trees. The brown grass reached up to my knees. Thinking that I might discover some small, easy-to-pull-up plants somewhere in the space, I walked slowly about.

Suddenly, I stopped short. What was that? Why, it couldn't be! Yes, it was—a small graveyard whose ancient, toppling tombstones seemed to peer like ghosts up out of the long grass. It seemed impossible, a graveyard in that lonely country with not a house for miles around. There were not more than a dozen curved, white stones in the little plot, with tangled vines growing over them. Some of the slabs lay on the ground as if they had wearied in their long vigil and had laid down for a rest. There was a honeysuckle vine growing before one headstone, and I stooped to read the inscription thereon. Upon it was carved, in simple, old-fashioned lettering, the following epitaph:

HOPE MATTICE
BORN APRIL 2, 1754
LAID TO REST JUNE 18, 1770, AT THE AGE OF 16
DAUGHTER OF MATTHEW AND ELIZABETH MATTICE

All sounds seemed to cease for me, and before me rose, from the wind-swept grass, the ghost of a slender maid, who seemed to smile sadly, and vanish. Hope Mattice—what a pretty name. She had died at the early age of sixteen, at the time of the colonists' trouble with Great Britain more than a century and a half ago.

I passed from her grave to the next one and the next. How many starlit nights had this graveyard seen since the dim past? Per-
haps some of the people buried in this unfrequented valley, had been massacred by Indians. Perhaps, too, my imagination was running away with me.

The setting sun reminded me that it was time to be going. As I left the lonely clearing, I resolved that I would come back to it sometime, back to that unknown graveyard and its infinite peace.

CORNELIA ROSBROOK, '33

OVERHEARD IN A GREENHOUSE

I happened into a greenhouse last summer and heard while there a very interesting and enlightening conversation between two grimly scientific botanists. Their discourse ran like this:

"My dear Professor Brown, how are you? I haven't seen you since you experimented with the 'Asclepias purpurascens' in the lab last winter. How has the 'Anemonella Thalictroides' been faring these days? It must be pretty hard for it to grow since we grafted it to the 'Hieracium aurantiacum'."

"Oh, yes, Doctor Smyth, I believe it has been a pretty hard season for it, especially because the 'Seyantarlicaeus' fallen from the 'Oenothera fruticosa' has been causing it to develop less rapidly even than any 'calamintha Clinopodium' that I have ever seen. Of course, we can't expect everything to turn out perfectly and with clockwork precision, as in the case of the 'Cypripedium parviflorum', for instance, in which the tendencies to grow into a larger species of 'Helianthemum Canadense' are practically overcome by the simple process of growing it in the same soil as that in which the better breeds of 'Arctostaphylos Unaversa' and 'Apocynum Androsaemifalism', not to mention the 'Haliemia blephariglottis' have grown."

"Yes, Brown, on the whole, I agree with, especially as regards the 'Helianthemum Canadense,' which has always been a favorite with me, probably because of its close resemblance to the wonderful 'Vaccinium Uliginosum.' By the bye, you never told me how the specimen of 'Taraxacum officinale' that I sent you turned out. I suppose it grew much in the same way as the 'Xyris flexuosa,' didn't it?"

"Yes, Smyth, it did. Well good-bye. Please don't forget to ask Jones about the 'Veronica Serphyllifolia Nonebroensis Angulosa Amplexifolius' that I sent him to graft onto a 'common plant — weed.'"

JOHN M. KOBBE, '33.
THE LIBRARY

"Shall I tell you what the library really is? It is a room with many windows and through each window you can see a pathway that leads far into the distance. Through one window you can see a pathway that leads through the land of fairy tales; through another you look on the wide blue sea with ships sailing on it—the ships of the Viking, Phoenicians, and the Greeks—faraway you can see Sindbad’s Island and the land that Marco Polo traveled; through another you may see a shady pathway that leads to the heart of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, and King Richard are waiting for us. Through still another we may see both our heroes, and heroines Lucie, Charles Darnay, little Lucie and Dr. Manette living happily in Paris while enshrined deep in all their hearts is Sydney Carton who gave his life to keep the life Lucie loved beside her. In the library one may be carried to the wonderful country of yesterday. Here the good ship Adventure spreads her sails while the sea-foam breaks white at her prow.

Each of us may choose the pathway that pleases us best and follow it.

JANE BENNETT

THACHER CIVICS CLUB

With the cooperation of Mayor Thacher and Mr. Linton the boys of the Junior High school are starting a Civics club. The plans of the club are to develop better citizens of the students. The duties of the club are to help keep order among Milne High school students both in school and out of school. There will be several activities in the Civics club of which some will be social and athletics. Mr. Linton is trying his best to help the club along and we hope he will keep it up and cooperate with us as much as he can. Mayor Thacher has appointed Charles Hill, president, and James Reed, vice-president.

SIGNS OF SPRING

I saw the orange down of a little robin’s throat,
And the sky seemed a deeper, richer blue,
And the song of the breeze carried one, sweet yearning note,
As if it held a secret longing, too.

The feeble, younger blades of the waking mother earth
Were struggling from the warm, sweet-smelling earth,
And the trees to the buds gave a long-awaited birth
While the birds sang, “O, Glory to Our God!”

LORNA DROWNE, ’31
Quin has been forging ahead, and we have many notable achievements to our credit. The Quin-Sigma dance was one of the social activities of the time, and Quintillians are now planning a card party. Quin supported the annual Q. T. S. A. dance, and our Quin paper has been published regularly. New members, both of the student body and the faculty, have been elected to the society. Quin has had an exceedingly successful term.

Adelphoi is enjoying a very good year, and we are beginning to look forward to our annual banquet in June.

Our meetings are marked by a distinct improvement in literary work. They are enjoyed and looked forward to by every member. We are working to present a mock trial sometime in the near future. We are also planning another initiation before June.

Our social affairs so far this year have been limited to one theatre-party at the Capitol. This, however, was supported by every Adelphonian and afforded us a wonderful time.

When this year has come to an end, we can safely say that Adelphoi has experienced one of the most successful years in her history.

E. B. G.
SATIRE
This year the old Dramatic Club of Milne ventured upon new fields with a name and a pin to denote membership.

The Christmas plays were most successfully presented, and we hope that the play which we are planning to give in Chapel soon will meet with as great approval.

With Lorna Drowne as President, Dorothy Hotaling as Vice-President, Byron Snowden as Treasurer, and Jane MacConnell as Secretary the club hopes to accomplish a great deal.

J. E. M.

The life of Sigma members has been filled with many good times this year. Everyone had a splendid time at the bath party. Then Quin sent an invitation to attend her dance. Each Sigma girl wishes to thank the members of Quin for this enjoyable evening of fun.

Sigma has welcomed many new members who are eagerly working for her interest. The Sigma banquet is another event on the morrow’s horizon. We urge everyone to come, for Sigma banquets are always a success.

A. D. ’30

Absent-minded Prof.—I forgot my umbrella this morning, dear.
Wife—How did you remember that you had forgotten it?
Prof.—Well, I shouldn’t have missed it only I raised my hand to shut it when the rain ceased and it just wasn’t there.

Love is like a cigarette
   Easy started, quickly done
   Tossed away without regret
   As you start another one.
ALUMNI NOTES

Albany, New York, March 27, 1930

Dear Milnites:

It doesn't seem possible that almost a whole year has passed by since, I, too, was a student at Milne. You'd be surprised to find how different college is even though you've felt more or less a part of it for four years. You know the Milnite feels himself an absolute necessity to the welfare of the college, whereas the college student (one who has never been a Milnite) looks upon him as sort of a necessary evil. It gives me the queerest feeling to overhear senior teachers discussing you. But don't be alarmed! I've never heard anything worse than "That Miss ——— is continually talking in class" or "How I dread that eight-ten study hall."

Now I realize that one alumni letter is as bad as another, but, if I am not mistaken, the short ones are always appreciated most (I wonder why.) Yet, if I had some real news, I would be only too glad to share it with you, but since you already know practically everything that I could tell you about "State," I shall not bore you with a lengthy account of classes, etc., but will simply congratulate you for the splendid way in which you are carrying on all your activities and wish you the most successful year ever!

Very sincerely yours

LAURA E. FLETCHER, '29

321 Ithaca Road
Ithaca New York
March 23, 1930

Dear Milnites:

I feel quite confident that some of the old "gang" will accept this letter without too much criticism of its literary value and quality. What am I to do with the ones whom I don't know or who don't know me?

It seems that many people who are not well informed, think of one's work in this university as mostly concerned with athletics and that one's studies are but an entrance to the important field of sports.

This erroneous belief is no doubt due to the fact that the daily papers emphasize athletic prowess and success. But, again, I suppose there is an excuse for that when we consider that almost the only way
a university can catch the public eye is through its activity in the field
of sport.

One comes to Cornell for an education, and one wants to stay at
Cornell—believe me! Anyone entering the university with the notion
that, if he is good at making spectacular end runs, he can “bust”
all his “prelims” and “finals,” and still be a student at this grand insti-
tution,” will soon be disillusioned. The truth is that one who enjoys
athletics must first show his ability as a student. After you have
shown that you can pass your work, and make a “C” average—then,
and only then, may you go out for athletics.

The three major sports are football, crew and track. The com-
petition is so keen—and the work is so well-balanced with the sport
that it is quite difficult to make more than two letters in different
sports. Training rules are very strict. A man has to break but one
rule—only once—no questions are asked—; he is all through in ath-
letics for the rest of his career in Cornell.

Last fall I went out for crew and succeeded in earning a seat in
the first boat. Recently I was moved up to stroke position which is
quite similar to the position of captain on other teams. Each day we
row on Cayuga Lake, sometimes racing with the varsity boats. The
practice “spins” are about ten miles long, while the impromptu rows
are three miles in length. During Easter vacation there is an intensive
training program, and that means we row hours and hours.

During the winter, I survived the “cuts” made in basketball and
was made regular center on the Freshman team. We played under a
method in which a captain was elected before each game. Since I
had never been a captain, I felt very happy because I was captain
when we beat the Syracuse freshmen here for the first time in several
years.

I was greatly pleased to hear that Milne’s basketball team won all
its games with only one exception; and I was more pleased than that
to learn that it beat the “State Frosh.”

Now that I am about to close, I feel quite certain that the students
will brand this as the “same old line”—which probably it is—I didn’t
expect it to be much more, although to be worthy of your paper it
should be much better. I am sure that Milne will excuse me when I
state that I have but my share of brilliance and intelligence.

I extend my best regards to Professor Sayles and the faculty,
and my best wishes to the students.

Sincerely yours

ALDEN E. ROSBROOK, ’29
DEAR MILNITES:

To think this day has really come—the day that I as an alumna should write a letter for the Crimson and White! It seems almost improbable to me because four years ago (oh how long that sounds) it was my dimmest dream. Now I am almost sorry it has happened for it seems to clinch things by saying: "There, try as you may you can never be a Milnite again, only an alumna." Of course being an alumna IS a great comfort but truly I would love to experience once more the thrill of trying to make the 8:10 bell at 8:15. It's such a tingling feeling.

Thank you so much for asking me to write.

Sincerely

ANNE LERNER.

March 26, 1930

DEAR FRIENDS:

Have any of you ever experienced the feeling that you were growing old?

Tonight when I was asked to write an Alumni note for the "Crimson and White," I felt just that way. Imagine—old enough to achieve the Alumni column of the "Crimson and White!!"

When I was at Milne I never thought that I would some day be writing such a note. How quickly time flew and now I am actually an Alumna. I only hope that you will all join our ranks.

As an Alumna, my interest in Milne has not diminished—in fact, it has increased. I am happy to know that the Q. T. S. A. dance was a success, but I regret that I could not have been there with you. I wish you success in all your undertakings.

Certainly you must be proud of your new home, for it is an inspiration to us all—for—once an Milnite.

Always a Milnite

BEATRICE CASE, '28
East Greenbush, N. Y
March 25, 1930

Dear Milnites:

Being asked to write an Alumnae letter, should, I suppose make me feel big and worldly important. Instead, I feel small, insignificant and unknown.

I was graduated in twenty-seven when this year’s seniors were freshmen. Well do I remember that class, and a good reason have I to be proud of it (especially the members of it who intended to join “Quin” but who didn’t until the next fall.)

It was like this—I happened to be the president of “Quin” that year and through a grave mistake of mine (I was trying to be very nice) Professor Sayles decided that not one of the freshmen would be allowed to enter “Quin” that year. Horrors! Would Sigma get them all? But Sigma was not to get those who had already decided to join Quintilian. To my surprise and delight those girls showed that they were made of true “sporting goods” by waiting until the next year! Of course, I wasn’t to be there then, but “Quin” would go on and I knew that I had the friendship of the girls which, to me, meant more than I can tell. I am sure that those girls know the meaning of true sportsmanship for they accepted the verdict with smiles, and I never heard a word of reproach. Those who were already Quintilians were just as good sports about the affair. They insisted that they were as much to blame as I was; but they weren’t. It was my suggestion that they agreed to.

Sportsmanship enters into almost anything you do. Whether you lose or whether you win, try to take it graciously no matter how you feel inside, and you will not be sorry. To do either is an art to be acquired. If you win, don’t “crow.” There is always room for improvement. If you lose, tell your opponent how glad you are he or she won; and try not to feel disgruntled with yourself. There is always a chance to do better. I believe nobody knows better than I how hard the last is. Losing seems to be my specialty.

I see by the papers that Milne’s sports program is going up. Good! Keep up the good work! However, even though Milne doesn’t “run” to sports, I know it has some dandy material for them in both boys and girls, and I want you all to know how much I appreciate the friendships and acquaintances I made while I was there.

Good luck to you all

BILLY COULSON, ’27
DEAR MILNITES:

May I add my humble offering to the many which more illustrious alumni than I have sent to you.

I wonder if you really know what a wonderful place Milne is? There is so much more to a school than just four or five classes a day. There is, around Milne, an intangible element which has been built up by such organizations as the Crimson and White, the dramatic and literary societies, and by athletic competition. If classes were all, everyone would be in a great hurry to get through and go home. Instead, it takes quite a while for the building to empty. You linger because Milne has more to give than just technical education. An example of this is the girls' basketball team. It may not be the joke it used to be, but it would not be possible to have more fun than we did.

When everyone is busy and interested, there is a spirit of smiling friendliness in the air. It is alive and quite contagious. Perhaps you have noticed it during the five or ten minutes when classes are passing.

All this may sound to you, the present Milnites, like so much "lingo," but I assure you that if you look, you will find this wonderful spirit. If you talk with Professor Sayles and some of the advisors, I think they will agree that Milne is much more than just a brick building. It is not the class discussions, interesting and funny as they often are, that you take with you when you graduate. It is the wonderful feeling that comes when you have been subjected to such a friendly spirit for four years.

My message then, if it be worthy of the name is this:—Recognize and enjoy to the full, that unique spirit of friendliness which is inherent in Milne.

MARJORY H. ELSWORTH

DEAR MILNITES:

This paragraph which I was asked to write—I haven't the faintest idea of why or how or what. The proper thing, is, I suppose, to congratulate you on your records in all sorts of things, to wish you continued success in new features, to tell you how much M. H. S. has changed since my time (alas, so long ago!) and to say how proud you should be of your new school. So since I always do the proper thing, I say all this to you. And, before I close this epistle, I'd like you to know that it has been good to be here and work with you again this year.

Most sincerely,

MARION E. CONKLIN, '25
MILNE COMPLETES MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON IN HISTORY OF SCHOOL!

Another basketball season has just been completed which has been the best Milne has ever enjoyed. Out of thirteen games we have triumphed twelve times, being turned back only once after a hard fight by Albany Academy. Since we defeated Academy earlier in the season, however, we feel that we have a right to be considered on equal terms with them. Our victories this season have included such teams as Canajoharie, Albany Academy, Chatham, Troy Country Day, and the strong quintet of the State College Freshmen.

Our victorious team was coached this season by Rutherford C. Baker, who was ably assisted by Frank Ott, one of State College's varsity men. It is only right that they should receive due credit for the successful team which they worked hard to develop. Through their efforts and patience, a team was built that did credit to the name of Milne, and which, perhaps, has raised her a little higher in the esteem of other schools.

It is the writer's opinion that the students of Milne should not expect to be represented year in and year out by such a successful team as that of the past season. A winning combination cannot be put together every year, and since four of this year's team are graduating, the prospects for the immediate future look somewhat dimmer. We sincerely hope however, that the student body will get behind next year's team, and give them the same fine support that was accorded this year's team. The cheer leaders are to be congratulated for their splendid work this season in helping the school express its spirit through cheering.

The varsity team this year was made up of Captain Carl Wirshing and Harriman Sherman, forwards; George Rosbrook, center; William Sharpe and Burgess Garrison, guards. The boys worked hard all
season, and their efforts and achievements are appreciated by the whole school.

The following statement and comments on the players were secured in an interview with Coach Rutherford C. Baker. Coach Baker said:

"We started this season with a team of veterans and mostly seniors, who, with the exception of one or two, had not had much previous basketball experience. I will admit that our prospects did not look so bright. After a few weeks practice, however, it was evident that the team would be fast. The schedule was a little ragged in spots, due to the cancellation of some of the games and the securing of others, but we got going at the very outset and never stopped. We pulled through the season with the fine record of twelve victories and one defeat which probably is the best record ever made by any Milne team. This year's team was the best and most consistent one that has represented Milne since I have been here. It was very aggressive and fast and, along with exceptional good shooting, formed a very hard combination to stop. From my personal experience with high school teams, I can safely say that Milne High School this year had one of the hardest fighting teams I have ever seen. When they graduate in June my most sincere wishes for success goes with them."

The following are the final scores of the games played this season:

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Totals: 339

Totals: 171

This final summing up shows the superiority of Milne's offensive strength against that of the opponents.

In a recent election of officers for next year's basketball team, George Rosbrook was elected captain and Byron Snowden, manager.

E. B. G. and R. F. P.
Coach Baker also had these remarks to make about the varsity men and the second team:

CAPTAIN CARL WIRSING
Right Forward
Also
All-Albany Right Forward
T. U. Selection

HARRIMAN SHERMAN
Left Forward

"Wirshing and Sherman formed a combination as forwards which was stopped only once during the season, that being in the battle royal with Albany Academy at the Y. M. C. A."

GEORGE ROSBROOK
Center

"Rosbrook, at center, proved to be a tower of strength, and toward the end of the season showed ability which should mark him as a good leader for next year's team."
"Sharpe and Garrison, while not receiving any great amount of credit during the season, certainly proved beyond a doubt that they were the most outstanding guards Milne has had in a long time."

"While the substitutes were unable to play a great deal in the scheduled games, nevertheless when they were given an opportunity to show their ability, it was bright in spots, which means that with lots of hard work they might come through next year. Unless they buckle down to serious work, however, we cannot hope to continue our splendid record of this year. Next year's team will be built around Captain-elect Rosbrook."
"Bleatings"—St. Agnes' School, Albany, N. Y.

We find your magazine a noble literary effort and not lacking in school notes and other well-finished departments. Come more often!

"The Hermonite"—Mount Hermon, Mass.

Question—What school paper contains loads and loads of school spirit?
Answer—"The Hermonite!"
And truly we don't mean maybe!—The Exchange Department.

"Volcano"—Hornell High School, Hornell, N. Y.

We liked the "Volcano" because of its completeness. While it usually contains the most interesting school events, it never neglects literary work.

"The Torch"—Troy Catholic Central High, Troy, N. Y.

We have two suggestions to make and we sincerely hope they will prove helpful. Please, we beg, use "cuts," they really add to the departments immensely. Our other suggestion is to have a certain place in the magazine for advertisements. Otherwise we find nothing lacking in "The Torch." We always look forward to your magazine.

"The Owl"—Watertown High School, Watertown, N. Y.

Congratulations "Owl" on your splendid magazine! It proves to be one of the most interesting we have received yet to criticise. We enjoyed "Broken but not Mended" very much as it is so true and realistic and we just have to mention the individuality of your exchange department.

"Chand Bagh Chronicle"—Isabella Noburn College—Lucklow, India

Your worthy magazine is filled with many fine stories and poems. We liked especially in the January issue "My Aim in Life" and we
wish to congratulate the author on his work. Now we have a few suggestions to make. Why not use cuts at each division of your magazine and why not open an exchange department. Everything helps, you know.

"The Tiger Cub"—Hastings High School, Hastings, Nebraska

"The Tiger Cub" is a good example of what a good newspaper staff can do to make their school publication a big success. We thoroughly enjoy reading each edition of "The Cub" and eagerly look forward to the next.

"The Cue"—Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

We can always say of the "Cue" that it is an old "standby" which never fails our exchange department and furthermore we were not the least disappointed in your February issue. May we especially commend that most interesting satire "The Movies." It was a very amusing and well written article.

Rozzie says, "He who must get up with the sun should not stay up with the daughter."

First Femme—My boy friend has a glass eye.
Second Ditto—Did he tell you that?
First Femme—No, It just came out in conversation.

Cooper says an octopus is an eight-sided cat.

Ed. M.—That's a bum song.
She—What?
Ed. M.—The Song of the Vagabond.
Now that Christmas Vacation has gone the hurried way of all vacations and Mid-Years have been taken with varied degrees of success, we find our Easter recess staring us in the face and saying, "Well, what did you give up for Lent?"

One luxury that we did give up was five minutes of invaluable time between classes. We find ourselves in fit condition for Marathons and long-distance racing after running up and downstairs and condensing whatever business we must negotiate into an affair of four or four and one-half minutes.

We now feel that our inner tendencies are highly aristocratic since our Q. T. S. A. was almost entirely a formal gathering and especially since it was not decreed a formal affair. Were this a place for bits of nonsense, the dance of the year would afford us quite a few words concerning who was there and with whom. However, we must restrain ourselves.

From such a delicate and feminine pastime as dancing, our young ladies turned to contortions, clogging, and basketball. They are a remarkably versatile group and seem well headed for success in whatever they attempt.

The Battle of the Marne—Marne Pa!

Tiny—What do you think of Shakespeare's plays?

Coach—I don't know, what team does he coach?

Father—Young man, I saw you kiss my daughter; I can't stand that sort of thing.

Wirshing—Tut, tut, you must try. You don't know how nice it is.

Did you ever gambol on the green?

Well—I bet two hits on Dartmouth once.
K. K. Boyce has got one of the German horns on his car—he's always Teuton it.

He—I want a pair of silk stockings for my wife.
She—Sheer?
He—No, she's home.
THE COLLEGE PHARMACY
Prescriptions Our Business
Prompt attention given phone and mail orders—Deliver everywhere
Telephones 6-1959 — 6-3951
COR. WESTERN AND LAKE AVES. ALBANY, N. Y.

Cy—Why is a canoe like a freshman?
Getman—Dunno, why?
Cy—Both behave better if paddled well.

West Lawrence Pharmacy
Featuring Mme. Helena Rubinstein, Dorothy Gray and Leigh Cosmetics

A certain Milnite calls his Ford “Paul Revere” because it takes him on so many midnight rides.

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”
Grand Meat Market

Finest Quality Meats of All Kinds

Delivered to You at No Extra Cost

North Pearl Street

Albany, N.Y.

Tiny T—Waiter—bring me some ginger ale.
Waiter—Pale
Tiny T—No just a glass will do.

Stationery — Books
Candy

I. KoloDny
205 Central Avenue

West Lawrence Pharmacy

Corner of West Lawrence St.
And Madison Ave.

Gray—Who’s your girl like?
Cooper—Me!

Leone’s
Beauty Parlor

De Witt Clinton Hotel

And

22 Steuben Street

Albany New York

Zeta Sigma

Please mention “The Crimson and White”
My ancestors came over on the Mayflower. It's a good thing they did. The immigration laws are stricter now.

Helen W.—My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture.
Janet M.—How does it look?
Helen W.—I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet.
Old Lady—Officer, why did you arrest those nice college boys?
Officer—I caught them down at the cemetery removing the “no-trespassing” signs and putting up “Happiness in every Box.”

He—When I married you I thought you were an angel.
Ball and Chain—Oh, so that’s why you never buy me any clothes.
For Your Social Scholastic Functions—

HOSLER ICE CREAM CO., INC.
“Cream of Creams”
Special Arrangements for School Dances and Rush Parties

Did you suffer with rheumatism?
Certainly, what else could I do with it?

ALLEN TAILOR AND CLEANER
M. Marz, Prop.
1 SOUTH ALLEN STREET
Phone 6-6039

The X-ray is a great invention but it takes joining a fraternity to get at the seat of a man’s troubles.

Floral Decorations
THE ROSERY FLOWER SHOP
EASTER CORSAGE
BOUQUETS
E. P. Tracey
9-11 Steuben Street

Frosh—How long could I live without a brain?
Teacher—That remains to be seen.

MILDRED ELLEY SCHOOL
The Model School
SHORTHAND — TYPEWRITING — SECRETARIAL COURSES
245 QUAIL STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.
DIALPHONE 6-1694

Please mention “The Crimson and White”
Sharpe—I want a girl who is good, clever and beautiful.  
Shiek—Oh, no you don’t, you want three.

I hear her father was killed by hard drink.  
Yeh, a cake of ice dropped on his head.

Jane Mac—I’ve said “no” to seven different men this winter.  
Esther D.—What were they selling?

A Gift from  
VAN HEUSEN CHARLES  
Means More  

468 BROADWAY  
ALBANY NEW YORK

Compliments of  
SUNDAY TELEGRAM CORPORATION

Please mention “The Crimson and White”
The main reason for unhappy marriages is that the bride never marries the best man.

Then there was the Scotchman who bought his groceries in a town 50 miles away because it made them go farther.

Joining a fraternity next year is going to be a sore spot with many of our boys.