The Crimson and White Board and the
Senior Class wish to dedicate the first
Crimson and White Year Book
to Milne High School
What is there that a graduating class can say which hasn’t been said a thousand times before in exactly the same way? Whereupon we will proceed to say it.

We have enjoyed Milne High, and I think the four (or possibly five) years have seemed short to most of us. To me, I know, it seems about three months since I was proudly occupying Freshman Study Hall together with the rest of the little girls with long hair (there were two bobs in the class in those early days), and the little boys in knee-pants, who have developed into our present august assemblage. Now, in the last few weeks of school, we realize more than ever what Milne means to us, and we try to embrace every opportunity to carry away with us impressions of our high school life.
We have truly been a hard-working class. Last year's Seniors left us with all the new enterprising work of the school just begun, and we have done much to establish their precedents—Student Council, Scholarship, Crimson and White Year Book, and others. We are duly rewarded for our efforts when we reflect that we have strengthened these new institutions so that they will be comparatively easy for '24 to attend to, and that thus gradually they will become deep-rooted customs of Milne High. If this is so, we shall not have studied and worked in vain.

D. A. G., '23

CLASS SONG

Dear old seat of learning, we will now sing thy praise
From the depths of hearts fond and true.
For love in our souls is awakened by memories,
Which the prospects of parting renew.
And you who are filling our places, we greet
With brotherly feeling so broad;
We salute you as followers along our path,
Which we, with such great joy have trod.

The friendships we’ve made in our class rooms are as dear
As the casket of memory holds.
Time never can bring much more wonderfully sweet,
As the future her secrets unfolds;
Good-bye! May thy future be resplendent and bright;
For in our hearts you’ll always be,
May the following classes be equally fine
As this one of 1923.

CHORUS

Milne, we shout to thee our praise,
High above all, our voices raise
And all through the ages may they ring!
Alma Mater, thy graces we sing!

GLADYS WINIFRED HUTCHISON, '23
MARIAN E. BARDENE—"Trixi"—Smith
Valedictorian; Junior Scholarship Medal; Senior Debating Team; Quin. Mis. of Cer. (2), Vice-Pres. (3); Class Sec. (1), Pres. (3); Class Poet (4); C & W Board (3, 4); A. A. Member.
It is a constant mystery to us how any girl can get such extraordinary marks and yet lead such a gay social life. She seems strangely attracted to Troy, but she has a Fifth Avenue atmosphere for all that.

LILLIAN M. BASOFSKY—"Lillian"—School Abroad
Senior Debating Team; A. A. Member.
Lillian's silence is golden, and she has a silver pen. Witness her poem, "The Song of the Violin," in the Crimson and White for November, 1922.

ELLSWORTH R. BEEMAN—"Elly"—Wesleyan
Theta Nu; Class Testator; Student Council (3); Class Treas. (1); Pres. (2); Senior Debating Team; Baseball Team (3); Mgr. (4); A. A. Member.

When Elly did first our portals see,
A youth full innocent was he,—
Had never even tasted tea.
But mark the change, it is so clear,
The manly step, contempt of fear;
He scorns not e'en a girlie dear.

DIXON COLBERT—"Dix"
A. A. Member.
The class of '23 is sure of having at least one member prominent in sport. Dix has a decided liking for the square circle, and we expect to see him some day with a championship belt.
Adelphoi; Senior Debating Team; A. A. Member.
The Senior Sheik, with flowing black locks and a penchant for chewing gum.

ANNE E. FRIDER—"Anne"
Sigma Critic (4); A. A. Member.
Marathon dances are now being held. We'll suggest that High Schools hold a Marathon History Match—Anne would be the delegate from Milne.

ELIZABETH C. FRIEND—"Liz"—Sargent C & W Board (4); Sigma Trens. (4); Basketball Mgr. (3, 4); Baseball Mgr. (3, 4); A. A. Member.
Such a quiet girl! You never know when she's around—not much! She's the best sport ever, and remarkable for being the only girl we know who hates men.

NELLE V. FUTTERER—"Nellie"
Sigma; A. A. Member.
In every class there always is someone who is quiet and shy; but those people generally are conscientious workers, and Nellie is no exception.
DOROTHEA A. GEORGE — “Dot,”
“Georgie” — Vassar
Salutatorian; Senior Debating Team;
C & W Board (2, 3, 4); Sigma Sec. (3);
Vice-Pres. (3); Pres. (4); Student
Council (3); Pres. (4); Class Prophet;
Class Pres. (1); Vice-Pres. (2); Sec.
(3); Sec. (4); French Medal (3); L’Alli-
ance Francaise Prize (3); Basketball
(3, 4); Baseball Capt. (3); Team (4);
A. A. Member.
There isn’t anything our Dottie can’t
do. She’s student, athlete, artist, but
above all—a good fellow. She likes
variety in men. This season—but then,
perhaps she’s training to be a kinder-
garten teacher.

AGNES A. GLENN—“Aggie”—Pratt
Quin; Class Vice-Pres. (1); A. A.
Member.
She thinks and works sincerely; —a real
friend.

MARY C. GLYNN—“Mary”
Sigma Vice-Pres. (3); Mis. of Cer. (4);
A. A. Member.
Little, but oh, my! She has lots of pep
and an adorable smile. All through
High School no one has ever seen her
far from Anne Frider.

ANNA G. HESS—“Anne”
Basketball (3, 4); Baseball (3); Capt.
(4); A. A. Member.
She’s a tough guy! Especially when it
comes to sports. Oh, what basketball
that girl can play! And as a pitcher
she leaves nothing to be desired. She’s
a Chem shark, too.
FLORENCE M. HUDSON — "Flossie" — "Susie" — N. Y. S. C. T.
Class Prophet; Quin Pres. (4); Math Prize (3); A. A. Member; Senior Debating Team.
Our popular Quin President and Math wonder. She's a peach — the kind that doesn't grow up. She always gets A in Latin Prose, and aspires to teach school in romantic Hawaii.

GLADYS W. HUTCHISON — "Gladys" — Albany Law School
Class Song; A. A. Member.
She writes blood-curdling mystery stories, and she has many enthusiasms and a jolly laugh.

RUTH E. JANSEN — "Ruth" — N. Y. S. C. T.
Quin; A. A. Member.
Always fussing, nothing's right;
But, cheer up! There's help in sight.

RAY Y. KIRK — "Ray"
Adelphi; Basketball (2, 3, 4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); A. A. Member.
Oh, boy! Watch him twirl that ball into the basket! And he shines equally bright in baseball. We'll say athletics is his line.
HELEN R. KNOWELS—"Helen"—N. Y. S. C. T.

Quin; A. A. Member.
She excels in English, and oh! what a Latin vocabulary. A fine speaker, too; and a very likeable girl.

ARNOLD J. LAVENTALL—"LavvY," "Tut"—Dartmouth

C & W Board (4); Student Council (4); Class Treas. (4); A. A. Member
A genius for getting out of work. A delightful sense of humor and a fascinating grin. And such eyelashes!

GEORGIANA MAAR—"Giz"—N. Y. S. C. T.

Quin Pres. (4); Student Council (3); Sec. (4); C & W Board (3, 4); Class Treas. (3); Senior Debating Team; Class Historian; Basketball (3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); A. A. Member.
"Giz" can talk, laugh and play.
And the best things always say;
In the classroom, on the court,
She will always be a sport.

HUGH J. McKEON, Jr.—"Mac," "Stretch," "Junior"—Colgate

Winner of Prize Speaking Contest (4); Adelphoi; Baseball (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3); Capt. (4); A. A. Member.
This boy just has to reach down a little to drop the ball in the basket. He's been one of the natural wonders of Milne High; and we're all very proud of his ability along many different lines.
MARIAN A. NICHOLS—“Nicky”—Potsdam Normal
Quin; C & W Board (4); A. A. Member
“Nick” seems quiet; but wait till you know her! She’s a whiz at the piano, too.

DOROTHY H. ROBINSON—“Dot”—Simmons
Winner of Prize Speaking Contest (2); Sigma; Student Council Vice-Pres. (4); C & W Board (3, 4); Pres. of Dramatic Club (4); A. A. Member.
Talkative, laughing, always gay
Describes our Dot. And so we say
In her you’ll find a friend true—
blue,
And one who’ll always stand by you.

ALICE E. SECOR—“Alice”—N. Y. S. C. T.
Quin; A. A. Member; Winner of Prize Speaking Contest (4).
Her silence holds a wealth of things:
thoughts of books, and life, and far lands.

DE WITT C. ZEH—“Zip,” “Do It”—R. P. I.
Adelphoi Pres. (4); Student Council (4); C & W Board (3, 4); Class Pres. (4); A. A. Member.
“The Business Man of Milne High.”
Did anyone ever see Zip when he isn’t wandering about with a distracted expression! Surely no one was ever busier! But he certainly gets things done,
CLASS HISTORY

1919! A mystic half-solemn thrill attends the words. The world was at the trembling half-expectant dawn of a new era. America, like her fellow nations, seemed to be relaxing from the tension under which she had so long worked, fought, and sacrificed. Her glorious youth was flowing back into the arteries of human life, and the world seemed again a pleasing place and life an enviable prize.

It was amid such a reawakening and rededication of human purpose that our class entered the portals of Milne High School.

Like our predecessors, we were initiated into the arts of eraser-throwing, lesson-dodging, and like indiscretions. But we were not so green as many other classes had been, for were not many of our members from the Junior High School? And had they not learned how to subdue the high and mighty upperclassmen? But it was not long before the two sections—the outsiders and those from the Junior High School—became inseparately fused together into the class of 1923. After the mid-year exams, some of us became more closely connected with the upperclassmen because of our initiation into the various societies, but we were never allowed to forget that we were "mere freshies."

During our initial year we conferred that coveted honor of presidency upon Dorothea George, who really managed us quite well. At that time, we occupied the large study hall supervised by Miss Cushing, and in June, 1920 we succeeded in moving to Room 300, which was under the rule of Miss Johnson.

As sophomores, we increased our dignity by buying class pins—for we really needed some such emblem to prove we were at least of high school age. That same year, we took a leading part in
organizing the Student Council and in establishing the Student Tax. We members of societies undertook another momentous task—that of instituting a Q. T. S. A. Scholarship fund. This one hundred dollar scholarship was to be awarded for the first time in 1923 to the student of the class of '22 who had excelled both in scholarship and school activities.

After accomplishing so many strenuous tasks, we were very glad to have a vacation in order to recuperate before beginning to put over our big ideas.

By the fall of 1921, we had removed to the other end of the hall and had to report our tardinesses to Miss Shaver. At that time we elected our members to the Student Council. To fulfill that lofty position we chose Dorothea George, Georgiana Maar, and Ellsworth Beeman. Now that we had become Juniors, we felt it our solemn duty to be carefree and to show the underclassmen how to act. Needless to say, we became frequent visitors to “Study Hall in Room 300” which was carefully superintended by Professor Brown.

During that year, we girls organized a basketball and baseball team. Although we were greatly humiliated by the defeat suffered at the hands of Rensselaer High, nevertheless, we ended the year by winning several games from the champion team of Albany High School. This was due to the faithful coaching of Miss Bennett and Helen Walsh and the cooperation of the team.

We also took a large part in making the historical pageant given by the class of ’22 a success. We kindly loaned our talented members to be Indians, Americans, Dutch women, and even a Frenchman.

In some miraculous way, we and the teachers survived the year and left for our vacation content with the knowledge that in the fall we should be high and mighty seniors. Yet, we did not quite see how we could acquire the necessary dignity in so short a time.

In the fall of 1922, we returned to school somewhat reluctantly because we knew that there would be work ahead if we wished to be graduated in June.

Upon our return, we again organized our class with Dewitt Zeh as president. Then with the idea of graduation in the foreground, we ordered announcements and had our photographs taken. The Student Council with Dorothea George as president, Dorothy Robinson, vice-president and Georgiana Maar secretary, undertook a student reception. Although not many of the students attended, those who did had a most enjoyable time. This year’s Council also insti-
tuted a new plan of giving a gift for the new high school, which we hope to have in the near future. For this purpose it has chosen a richly colored print of "King Lear and His Daughters."

Now in these closing days when crowding memories and stirring last events stride side by side, we ponder in momentary reveri on the meaning of it all. In honest admission we realize that the course we have run has not widely differed from the myriad classes gone before or of those yet to come—the same studies, the same sports, the same societies, opportunity to claim the same medals for proficiency. Yet, not the same! For into them, have gone our personalities and found therein the expression of the swiftly passing joys of high school life.

GEORGIANA MAAR

CLASS PROPHECY

It was a pleasant spring day in 1940, and many people were out promenading in Central Park. Among these were two women, who, when they saw each other, stopped and stared at each other with glances of dawning recognition.

"Why, it's Dottie George! I haven't seen you since 1923!"

"Hello, Flossie Hudson! What are you doing here?"

"Well, you know how interested I have always been in machinery and airplanes? I now have a trans-continental air line with planes that run three times a day from New York to San Francisco. And I hear that you are doing kindergarten work."

"Yes, I always have been interested in the training of the young. But have you heard what any of our old schoolmates are doing?"

"Certainly, I have kept track of several of them. You know our class has distinguished itself in the artiste line. There are Agnes Glenn, now a famous painter living in Paris; Lillian Bosovsky, whom of course you have heard as a violinist on the concert stage; Marian Nichols, the well-known pianist; and Helen Knowles, who has a fine position as teacher of elocution at a large college. And of course I need not recall to you the name of Nellie Futterer, since you see it featured everywhere on moving-picture billboards."

"Yes, I saw her in her last picture recently. And I actually met her on Broadway the other day. She was just coming from the beauty parlor of Monsieur Kirk, whom you may remember as
Ray. He has made a tremendous success of his business, you know, since he guarantees to give a marcel wave just like his own. Ed Cramer is in the movies too, you know; his smile and his slick hair have quite supplanted memories of Valentino."

"And did you know, Dot, that several members of our class have become literary lights? There is Alice Secor, the greatest living Shakespearian authority. Anne Frider has written a history of the United States in fifteen volumes, which gained her a college professorship; and Mary Glynn is her devoted secretary and able assistant. You know they never could be separated."

"Ruth Jansen is also an authoress, and a business woman as well. She has received great profits from a series of lessons she gives by correspondence: 'How to Reduce by Rolling Your Own.' And Gladys Hutchison is having great success with a smart little shop she started in Chicago, which advertises 'Gowns and Costumes of Startling Distinction.' But what has become of Elly Beeman?"

"Hadn't you heard? He has gone into vaudeville as a musical novelty: 'One-Man Jazz Orchestra—He Plays It All Himself.'"

"How like dear Elly! Another member of our class is 'in the profession'—Hugh McKeon. If you can believe it, he went on growing after he graduated, and now he is in Ringling's side-show as the tallest man in captivity."

"I always had an idea he would do something like that. Arnold Laventall, too, has carried out the promise of his youth. He is a philosopher who spends a large part of his princely income in philanthropic ways, especially staking out poor working-girls to meals. But what's the matter? Why do you look so sad?"

"Oh, when you speak of uplift work like that it makes me think of poor Georgiana Maar."

"What happened to her? I know she went at the head of a band of missionaries to the wilds of darkest Africa, but she hasn't written to me for years."

"Didn't you know? poor Gigi was eaten by lions several years ago, as she was going from one native village to another!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear of her sad fate! Poor girl! She was such a pious missionary—quite like the quiet, devout girl she always was at school! But let's talk of something less sad,—of what has become of our other schoolmates. I suppose there is no room for inquiry as to what Dix Colbert is doing?"

"No, indeed. You could guess it the first time, since you listened in English classes for four years to his themes about boxing,
He is famous now, you know; I believe he has a contract to meet
the World’s Champion Flyweight (or perhaps it’s Paperweight), at
some time in the near future. And speaking of sports, did you know
that Anne Hess has been for several years coach of basketball and
football at Yale? Yes, they hired her because she so far surpassed
any woman coach they had ever had; and she is teaching the men
such rough tactics that most other colleges are now afraid to play
them. But, tell me, what is Lizzie Friend doing?’’

‘‘Why, Liz had an artistic impulse and started a school of aes-
thetic dancing, in which she trains girls for the Russian Ballet. I
understand that she teaches voice culture on the side.’’

‘‘I never would have thought it of Liz! Two other prominent
members of our class are now much before the public eye. You
know what brilliant Dorothy Robinson is doing as President of the
Woman’s International Suffrage Alliance. She is a most efficient
executive. And in every paper on the society page one may see
photographs and columns without number of Marian Bardene, her
three ex-husbands, and her million-dollar wardrobe. She is an active
leader at Newport this season.’’

‘‘Do you know, Dot, we have forgotten to mention the most
illustrious member of our class—DeWitt Zeh.’’

‘‘Why, he has risen so high that we should all be proud to have
gone to school with him. Just think—President of the United
States! But I think it queer that he refused to have any Cabinet,
but insists upon doing the work of all the Departments himself!’’

‘‘Well, you know, he always was a genius for work—so busy at
school all the while.

‘‘So this is the way the class of ‘23 turned out! I think we
ought to be proud of all our prominent colleagues—don’t you?’’

FLORENCE M. HUDSON, ‘23
DOROTEHA A. GEORGE, ‘23

CLASS WILL

To all persons to whom these presents shall come, Greetings.

We, the Class of 1923, of the Milne High School of Albany
County, Albany, New York, being of sound mind and body, even
after the terrors of Regents, and realizing the advanced age of our
High School life as to suggest graduation, do make this our last
will and testament. In the name of Professor Sayles, the Faculty
and all the Practice Teachers, we, the class of '23, being fully aware of the uncertainty of life and of the certainty of death, do ordain and declare this our last remembrance to our beloved alma mater, Milne High School.

We hereby bequeath to the Junior Class all right, title, and interest of the Senior Study hall, including the broken window, the broken thermometer, the broken picture frame, the Bell-less telephone, and all portions of stray lunches that may be found in the desks. However, in making this concession, we request that during the meetings of the Adelphoi Literary Society, John Rude shall cease literally to thrust his nose thru the panes of glass.

Furthermore, we give and devise to the Junior Class the right to walk thru the halls with heads raised high, chests out, and the exclusive right to ignore all sophomores and freshmen. We bequeath them the extreme and delightful privilege of composing a senior essay, and, as we as a class, wish to make a donation annually of one quill from a Perforated Pomeranian Porcupine and an old waste basket, to the author of the best essay. The Junior Class also is given clear title and right to write a senior debate; and to the winning team of the said senior debate, we, the class of 1923, will award annually one diamond-studded flea-whip.

To the school in general, we leave one principal (besides the principle derived from the student tax), six critics, and some forty odd teachers (some of whom are very odd indeed). Furthermore, to each and every member of the school is hereby given a membership in the largest scholarship society of the school, namely the organization which is conducted by our esteemed and beloved faculty from 12:35 to 1:30 P. M. daily. To the student acquiring a perfect attendance record at the meeting of this aforementioned organization, we will award an old whisker.

We bequeath to the faculty of the school, one dozen silver-plated grind-stones, that they may use these in sharpening the wits of the student body.

To the Student Council, we bequeath one third of the total sum of the student tax, said tax to be placed upon the chairs of the members of the council so that they may arise to the occasions which confront them.

To the bashful, gentle, graceful, and ever interesting girls of our alma mater, we leave one large-sized looking glass, that each and every girl may be able to see a-head in the world. We also give to the girls the divine right of hanging a mail box in Study hall, so
that when they get hard up for men to take to dances (after the graduation of the boys of 1923) they will be able to get their partners at the male box.

We bequeath to the respective classes of our alma mater, one pair of stilts and one elevator, so that they may be successful in reaching the heights attained by the class of 1923.

To the unnecessary, sweet, and innocent freshmen we leave 47 cases of Mellin’s food, so that every day in every way they may become stronger and stronger. Also to our youngest class we bequeath 4 dozen bottles of LePage’s glue, so that they will stick around Milne for four years.

Besides the bequests already mentioned, we hereby render the following individual gifts:

To Lawrence Ulrich, we give absolute jurisdiction of the Theta Nu Literary Society and direct that in the future the members shall be chosen as exclusively as in the past.

To William Drislane McDonough, we give all right, title, and interest to use the Senior Study Hall walls as a future parking space for his gum. However, before granting the aforementioned William Drislane this exclusive privilege, we require that he first transfer his present supply from the walls of the Sophomore Study Hall to the walls of the Senior Study Hall, and in the future, we direct that the aforementioned William Drislane, shall refrain from chewing all gum manufactured by Wrigley, Beechnut, Chicklet, etc., but shall henceforth and forever after confine himself to the exclusive use of Beeman’s.

To Everett Long, we leave “Eddie” Cramer’s courage in being the bachelor of the Virgil class. We make this bequest despite the fact that our own opinion is that “Eddie” was old enough to know better.

To Ellen Doody, we leave Gladys Hutchison’s solution of the problem, “How to Make a Brunette a Blond.”

To Lois Thornton McNeillie, we leave “Dot” George’s Virgil “trot” so that Lois may be able to set the pace for next year’s Virgil class. This bequest is not left with any insinuation that it is given where it is most needed.

To Helen Hamburger, we give 10 pounds of Ruth Jansen’s superfluous avordupois.

To Mary Craig, we bequeath a copy of Irvin S. Cobb’s edition of, “How to Grow Thin.”

To “Bobby” Levi, we wish to bequeath “Liz” Friend’s quiet
manner of assertion and her everlasting enthusiasm in support of girls' athletics.

To Harold Heinmiller, sometimes referred to as "Sister," we give all right, title, and interest as captain and manager of next year's knitting team.

To Matthew Gipp, we bequeath six inches of Hugh McKeon's seventy-six inches in height.

To Sterling Ferguson, we give all title and contracts for the use of the roofs adjacent to the Senior and Junior Study Halls.

To Frances Storey, we leave the combined gracefulness of our kewpies, Ruth Jansen and "Liz" Friend.

To Francis Stevens, we bequeath Dix Colbert's Valentino sideboards.

To Noble Williams, we leave DeWitt Zeh's winning ways in vamping the State College girls.

To Gladys Rowe, we bequeath "Trixie" Bardene's style and to Werner Liebich goes "Arty" William's milliard dollar smile.

To John Dyer, we bequeath Ray Kirk's rainbow tie.

To Helen Mansion we leave "Dot" Robinson's extraordinary ability and enthusiasm as a chemist. Furthermore, "Dot" ("Goofy") Robinson bequeaths to "Midge" Rappe her renowned excellence in dramatics.

To Bertha Post, Helen Knowles leaves her 100% English paper.

To the girls basketball team, we leave the combined ability of "Gig" Maar, "Dot" George, and Anna Hess along with the executive ability of "Liz" Friend.

To the baseball team we leave the ability of Hugh "Swede" McKeon and of Ray Kirk.

To the basketball team we also leave the ability of "Swede" McKeon and Ray Kirk, and to all future athletic teams we leave our best wishes for success.

To the American History classes of next year, we bequeath "Tut" Laventall's wit and humor.

To the Crimson and White we leave Florence Hudson's red dress to add to the color of the magazine, and also the fruits of the efforts of our two most esteemed classmates, "Dot" George and "Do-it" Zeh.

In conclusion, we hereby ratify and reaffirm this to be our last will and testament and to be executed as such.

THE CLASS OF 1923
'23's FAREWELL

Our last farewells have now been made to you, 
Oh, Milne. The time is come for us to leave 
Your learned halls. And so we wander through 
Your silent, empty rooms that seem to grieve 
For us who now are forced to say goodbye. 
And strange, that every lifeless object dumb, 
The desks, the chairs, the pictures seem to cry, 
"Farewell! Ye shall return in years to come!"

If prophet hand could read the veil of life 
And show us what our mystic futures hold,— 
Sorrow, joy, love, happiness, and daring strife 
To gain at rainbow's end the glittering gold, 
I wonder, then, if we could see, some night 
When all the stars have left a lightless sky, 
Upon the steps of Milne a strange, weird sight, 
And glimmering, ghostly figures passing by.

The white moonlight its paisley pattern traces 
On plastered walls, smooth floors, ascending stair, 
And lights, with fairy glow, familiar places, 
Next to reveal a ghostly company there. 
The brand of Time is seen on every brow, 
But Youth, glad Youth, is in the words they speak, 
And Youth is theirs once more tonight, as now 
The wistful shrines of long ago they seek.

Who knows but thus the Class of Twenty-three 
May visit Milne again, a ghostly band, 
Arrived from foreign climes across the Sea 
And coming back to greet a native land. 
But friendly phantoms we shall be indeed: 
(Perhaps a tear or two will even flow), 
So to our nightly wanderings pay no heed, 
And swift away our ghostly throng will go.

MARIAN E. BARDENE, '23
SCHOOL NOTES

We are closing another year. May we look back to see the progress we have made. Our first social event was the Student Reception. Although we do not like to be trite—‘A good time was had by all.’ Shortly after vacation our long-hoped for exams took place. Many of us started the new term with a clean conscience and a good resolution to study.

In February the long expected debate took place. The judges had a hard time to give a decision. A Q. T. S. A. scholarship dance was held in February. Some interest and enthusiasm was shown, but not enough to raise our full quota.

March 25 was full of excitement, for on that day the Dramatic Club presented “The Neighbors,” by Zona Gale. Easter vacation started on this day. We returned on the 2nd of April.

Girls’ Day was held on May 17. A poem “The Companion of a Mile” by Alfred Noyes was dramatized by the members of Sigma and Quin.

After a week of Regents we shall gain some well earned relaxation on Class Night, the School Picnic, and Commencement.

D. H. R., ’23

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

This is the second year that Milne has had a Student Council, and it has been a most successful one. We began the year with a Student Reception in the gymnasium. There were a great many students present, and every one had a most enjoyable time.

This year the Student Council has presented the school with a print, “King Lear and His Daughters.” Milne hopes to have a building of its own in the near future, and if our dream is ever realized, there will be a great need for pictures. The Student Council is thus setting a precedent which, it is hoped, will be followed in the future.

G. M., ’23
ALUMNAE NOTES

On Moving-up Day in N. Y. S. C. T. many former Milnites moved up and some moved out. Among those who entered the upper classes were: Miriam Snow, Esther Jansen, Silvia Estabrook, Martha Lomax, Marion O’Connor, Hildegarde Liebech and Helen Kirtland. Those seniors who expect to graduate from State College are: Marion Deyo, ’19 and M. E. Burham, ’19.

Frances Tompkins, ex-’22 is now attending Skidmore College.

Velma Dederick, ex-’22 is living in California and is completing her High School course there.

Katherine McKinlay, ’20, who is a Junior at Skidmore, played an important part in the May-day exercises of that college.

Frances White, ’22, has a position in the office of St. Peter’s Hospital.

Helen Metz, ’21 has a position as reporter for the Knickerbocker Press.

Marion Vosburg, ’18, who graduated from Ann Arbor University, is working in the Dudley Observatory.

Katherine Phibbs, ’21 is living near Castleton and is making quite a success with a chicken farm.

Betty Kennedy, ex-’22 is in this city working in the D. & H. Building.

Nelson Coley, ’22 and Walter Liebech, ’22 are attending R. P. I.

Dorothy Hamburger, ’21 is now attending the Albany Business College.

SIGMA NOTES

Of course, we are “ending the season in a blaze of glory.” That is considered the correct thing to say, isn’t it?

Girls’ Day was very successful, as usual. After our last year’s success at a dramatic attempt, we wanted to do likewise this year; but the point was to gain variety by giving something different from the last Girls’ Day play. Quin thought so, too.

With Miss Rice’s assistance, we saw the possibilities of a May Day poem of Alfred Noyes’, “The Companion of a Mile.” It called
for four main characters and any number of "May Day Revelers," so we were able to divide the honors equally between Quin and Sigma. We are all very proud of the fact that we dramatized it, inserted action, music, and two charming morrice dances, which Miss Isabelle Johnson taught us, made the old English costumes ourselves, and put the play over with much success—and all in a week and a half.

Other features of the Girls' Day program were the Quin and Sigma Joke Papers, a recitation and some music.

As this goes to print, the Sigma girls are planning, as their annual spree, an afternoon at the Colonie Country Club, with tennis, swimming and tea. We carried out that same program last year with great enjoyment to everyone. Question is, with such a pleasant car strike going on, how are we going to get there? That question will have been solved by the time you peruse this, o gentle reader, but at present, it is a real problem to us. We think of chartering a bus and traveling in style. Won't we be grand?

D. A. G., '23

QUIN NOTES

On May 26, the seven-fifteen D. and H. train had twenty-one youthful occupants, all wearing middies and knickers and duly chaperoned by Miss Rice, on their way to the Indian Ladder. The conductor graciously held up the train while we waited for Vera Button and Beth Root to finish star-gazing and catch a trolley. They were so engrossed that they let three cars go by and arrived at the station five minutes late.

After walking over the trail, and visiting the crevice and the cavern, we collected our scattered crowd and returned to the Meadowdale station. It was rather hard to come back to civilization, but we were glad to arrive home in time to dine in luxury with our respective families.

Thursday, May 17, Quin lent her talented members, such as Vera Button and Florence Hudson, to make the Girls' Day exercises a great success.
We are very proud once more to have the valedictorian a member of Quill. This year Marian Bardene has been awarded this high honor. Marian has always been active in all the affairs of the society.

B. B., '25

ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has come to life. After a period of weeks during which the society has been for the most part asleep, we have awakened and are finishing the year strong.

Several new members have been taken in among whom are Rude, O'Connor, Dyer, Wansboro, Long and Stevens. The initiations were a bit rough as is evidenced by the distorted features of the new members afterward. John Rude's nose is harder than glass because the window pane broke and his nose did not.

The officers for next year are:
President Clayton Rosboro
Vice President Werner Liebich
Secretary Everett Long
Treasurer Noble Williams
Chaplain Francis Stevens
Sergeant-at-Arms John Comstock

Some new enthusiasm has been aroused by the members, and we plan to finish the year with as much spirit as we began. The climax of the year will be the annual Adelphoi banquet.

D. Z., '23

All the world's a stage,
Is a thought that's universal;
But the women all believe
The show's a dress rehearsal.
Milne's baseball squad was on the diamond early in the season. Among the boys were several veterans, including McKeon, Ulrich, Kirk, Williams, and Davenport. The new candidates were Ferguson, Gipp, Goldring, Van Alstyne, Liebich, O'Connor and Vanderhorst.

The first two games were disastrous to the home team. But then, in the game with Albany Academy, we won by a score of 13-12. Deacon we defeated also, 7-6.

Most of the positions have been played fairly well. McKeon proved himself to be a star first-sack man; with his exceptional reach he brought down many wide throws. Kirk, who is considered one of the best short-stops in the High School League of this section, came into the box to rescue our team, which was without a regular pitcher. Ulrich, as a backstop, has improved considerably since last season—not a ball gets past him; and, so far, he has stolen every base within reach without being caught.

The batting average of these three men and of Williams is over the .600 mark.

Home runs have been chalked up for Williams and McKeon. Liebich and Gipp have featured in the "outer garden."

The line-up is as follows:

- Pitcher, Beeman, Kirk
- Catcher, Ulrich
- 1st Base, McKeon
- 2nd Base, Williams
- 3rd Base, Van Alstyne
- Shortstop, Goldring
- Right field, Gipp, Ferguson
- Center field, O'Connor, Vanderhorst
- Left field, Liebich
GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Our basketball team, like every other outdoor sport, suffered due to the lateness and wetness of the season. This also prevented track practice and consequently a track meet.

* * * * * * *

True it is that our year in the athletic field has not been altogether successful from the outsiders point of view. But no one will deny that we have the "never-say-die" spirit. Even when our girls had nothing to look forward to they turned out regularly to basketball practice, hoping against hope that, from somewhere in the distance, a game would appear. And one did! Thanks to Miss Johnston we had two games with the S. T. C. Frosh. We admit that we were defeated both times, but at least we had an opportunity to play.

Let us hope that next year's teams will be able to obtain games, and that they may have all the luck which we feel sure we would have had this year, had we had our chance.

Girls receiving M's for first time:
  Huntington,
  Hamburger,
  Hall,
  Morrissey,
  Stephenson,
  Weeber.

Girls receiving M's for second time:
  Button,
  George,
  Hess,
  Levi (received all available points),
  Maar,
  Friend.

"You look sweet enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low.
"I do?" the fair one answered,
"Where do you want to go?"
Clarion, Lynbrook, N. Y.

We have only one fault to find with your perfectly fine magazine. Don’t you think a more attractive cover would have greatly enhanced the appearance of your April edition?

Picayune, Batavia, N. Y.

Your athletics and advertisements are a credit to you, but your department called “The Empty Jug” is not lengthy.

Student’s Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.

The literary department of your May issue is interesting on the whole while your article entitled “What are you Reading?” seemed particularly timely to us. The cover design of this number is very clever.

ORACLE, Gloversville, N. Y.

The athletics in the March issue are fine, but more good jokes would be a boon to your paper.

Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.

“The Sacrifice” and “His Punishment” in your April issue are well written and interesting. We are glad to find a school where school notes are written in a rather unusual manner.

Red and Black, Locust Valley, L. I.

Your alumni notes are lengthy, but why not add more original jokes?
Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Panorama is one of our best exchanges, but it seems to us that several articles in the department entitled “Skule News” belong in almost any other department than the one in which they are found.

Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Crimson and White is always glad to welcome a new exchange. If all your issues are like this one, we feel that we have been missing something worthwhile.

Irvonian, Irving School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

We liked your Special Number immensely. The Irvonian is indeed fortunate in having such a department as “What Men Will Wear.” More stories would improve your literary department.

Exchanges were also received from:

Bleatings, St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y.
Oracle, Rensselaer, N. Y.
Wapparian, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.
Highland Echoes, Highland, N. Y.
Ex-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.
Hartwick Seminary Monthly, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Patriot, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Oh! how I envy Pippa,
Who comes to all my classes;
For, lo, in spite of all the profs,
Pippa passes!

John asked Clara
To take
A walk with him
And pick flowers.
But Clara’s brother
Came along
And so
They picked flowers.
Teacher—"Are you chewing gum?"
Little Boy—"No, ma'am; my name is Johnny Jones."

Ed Cramer—"I shall never marry until I find a woman who is my direct opposite."
Florence—"Oh, well, Ed, there are a number of intelligent girls in this neighborhood."

Elly Beeman (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship) — "Please pick me out a nice gentle horse."
Stable Boy—"D'ja ever ride a horse before?"
Elly—"No."
S. B.—"Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He's never been ridden before, and you can start out together."

"Do it now!" thundered the pep-plus lecturer. Whereupon the impatient pickpocket, loitering on the fringe of the crowd, hesitated no longer.

The dauntless hen rules proudly o'er us yet. Immortal hen! Her son can never set!

"You're under arrest for racing," said the traffic patrolman. "Oh, but you're mistaken," protested Art Milliman. "I wasn't racing. But say, I passed a couple of fellows who were."

Mrs. Adt—"George, dear, you'd better not go to the dance this wet night; your rubbers leak."
Georgie—"That's all right, mother; I've got pumps inside 'em."
L. H., '26 (to swimming instructor)—“Please, sir, I just swallowed some water. Will they mind?”

Eve, being a spare rib, has naturally had a lot of roasting.

Merchant—“Young lady, this check came back from the bank marked ‘No funds.’”
A. F., '23—“That’s funny. They said they had a million dollars in deposits.”
A. M., '23—“She didn’t acknowledge your bow, did she?”
W. Van A., '24—“No, the next time I see her I will explain why I was with you.”
D. C., '23—“This woman Salome must have been mean.”
R. C., '24—“Yes?”
Dix—“I’ll say so. This literary criticism says, ‘In the final analysis it was Salome that made Oscar Wilde.’”

1st occupant of bath-house—“Are you dressing for bathing?”
2nd ditto—“No, I’m just taking off my clothes to see if I have my underwear on.”

H. B., '26—“What’s the cause of falling hair?”
C. W., '25—“Gravity.”

Officer—“Here, man—pull yourself together and go home before I have to call the wagon.”
Georgie Adt—“Hic—my heavens—hic—have I come to pieces?”

“What do you think of my dancing pumps?”
“My dear, they’re immense.”

Ray Kirk (angrily)—“Waiter, why didn’t you serve this soup first?”
Waiter—“Beg pardon, sir, that’s the fingerbowl.”

Absent-minded Prof.—“Mr. Smith, I want you to tell us what—
Smith—“Professor, I’m absent today.”
Prof.—“I beg your pardon, sir; the next man will take the question.”
Shortest four line poem in history:
"Auto,
Flash,
Bottle,
Crash."

As the tooth paste said to the toothbrush, "Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube."

Mother—"When I was young, girls never thought of doing such things."
F. S., '24—"That's why they didn't do them."

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—"Did you ring, sir?"
Guest—"No, I was tolling; I thought you were dead."

Bunny—"Do you think she is rather bizarre?"
Rabbit—"She never tried to sell me anything."

Oh, Dice, if Seven Comes, can Eight be far Behind?

Two girls at seventeen are better than one at thirty-four.

"Rastus, why fo' you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"
"Niggah, don't yoh read, yohself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance."

ALUMNI NOTES
September, 1923

Marian Bardene, '23, is studying snake charming at the College for Trained Circus Performers.

Edwin Cramer, '23, is starring in "The Plush Dagger," produced by Magnificent Motion Pictures, Inc.

Ellsworth Beeman, '23, is learning the plumbing trade with the firm of Nott A. Tall and Co.

Dixon Colbert, '23, has purchased an alligator ranch in Timbuctoo.
Lillian Basovsky, '23, has opened a Matrimonial Bureau.

Elizabeth Friend, '23, is dancing in the chorus of "Up in the Attic."

Nellie Futterer, '23, has opened a beauty parlor in Hong Kong.

Ann Frider, '23, is society editor of the "Morning Mouthorgan."

Dorothea George, '23, is principal of "Miss George's School for Training Backward Young Men."

Agnes Glenn, '23, is soon to publish a volume of poems entitled, "100 Hints to Housewives."

Mary Glynn, '23, married Sir Percival Percy, the noted British lion hunter.

Anna Hess, '23, has published her first novel, "How to Teach Parrots to Swear."

Florence Hudson, '23, is teaching the art of poker and other card games at the Mission School in Step In, China.

Gladys Hutchison, '23, is a soprano in the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Ruth Jansen, '23, is teaching aesthetic dancing at Hoboken-on-the-Hudson.

Ray Kirk, '23, is managing the Dirty Sox ball club.

Helen Knowles, '23, is attending Miss Primm's School for Females Only.

Arnold Laventall, '23, is managing the Winken, Blinken and Nod Toy Factory.

Georgiana Maar, '23, is a student at Austin Bevans' Charm School.

Arthur Milliman, '23, has married Petunia Pansy, premiere danseuse of the operetta, "Tra La!"

Hugh McKeon, '23, has been elected president of the "Society for the Preservation of Irish Rights."

Marion Nichols, '23, is giving a series of piano recitals for the benefit of the starving cannibals of Africa.

Dorothy Robinson, '23, has become the wife of Goofy.

Alice Secor, '23, is giving elocution lessons at the Deaf Mutes' Asylum.

DeWitt Zeh, '23, is a saxophone soloist on the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.
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