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OUR HONOR ROLL.

William Davison, ex. '18, Navy.
William Nead, '16, N. Y. Field Hospitals, Camp Wadsworth.
Harold Sollace, ex. '19, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.
Urquhart Wilcox, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.
Eugene Molitor, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.
Paul O'Brien, ex. '17, Somewhere in France.
Erwin Hanna, '16, N. C. N. Y.
Chester Blauvelt, '14, Lieutenant in Army, stationed at Trenton.
Irving Goewey, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Atlanta, Ga.
Arnold Van Laer, ex. '18, Troop B, N. G. N. Y., New Paltz, N. Y.
Edmund O'Connor, '14, Marines.
Earl Vibbard, ex. '18, Second Field Hospital Corps.
Chester Long, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
Gilbert Daring, '14.
Nelson Covey, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
John Butler, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
William Thompson, '11.
George Reinhart, ex. '18, Navy.
Harold Wentworth, ex. '12, National Army, Camp Devens.
Guy Ferguson, '13, National Army, Camp Devens.
Clifford Evory, '08.
Guy Sweet, '05.
John Becker, '11.
George Anderson, '10.
Newton Bacon, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Yaphank.
Edwin Taylor, ex. '14.
Edwin Belknap, '15.
Chester Hane, '12.
Robert Mende, ex. '12, Albany Base Hospital.
Walter Graham, ex. '16, Albany Base Hospital.
Raymond Fite, '15, Medical Corps.
John Lynd, ex. '14, Marines.
John Henry, ex. '10, Aviation Corps, France.
Harold Springsteen, ex. '10.
John O'Day Donahoe, '10.
Raymond Raynsford.
Harold Walker, ex. '14.
Stephen Veneur, ex. '16, Albany Base Hospital.
Gibson Newell, ex. '10, Albany Base Hospital.
Charles Grounds, '10, Camp Devens.
Chauncey Sears, ex. '10.
Richard Whitman, ex. '18, Marines.
Watson Hoos, ex. '17.
Harold Haas, ex. '16.
Wesley Turner, ex. '18, Aviation Corps.
Willis Morton.
William Rapp.
J. Robert Watt.
Francis Grady.
CLASS POEM.

O Spirit Love, thou living fire,
Fanned by the breath of God's desire.
Kindle in us thy flame of life,
Help us to serve and sacrifice.
Shed thy great light upon our way,
And fill us with thy quick'ning ray.

O Spirit Truth, our strength and guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside:
As in life's ranks we take our place,
Do thou all fears and doubts efface.
When threatening mists beguile our sight
Turn thou our darkness into light.

O Star of Hope, thou angel bright,
That triumphs o'er the shades of Night,
Wherever Fortune leads our way
Be thou our constant trust and stay.
O Herald of a better day,
Shine on our path, light up our way!

Margaret J. Romer.
THE CRIMSON AND WHITE
56

THE AWAKENING OF FATHER.

Scene I.

In the sitting-room of Robert Brown's house on a fine after-
noon in 1918. Mr. Brown, a handsome, rather conceited man of forty-
five, sits reading. Donald, his eighteen-year-old son, sits near, examin-
ing with great interest a new rifle. Dorothy, a pretty girl of sixteen, is knitting a soldier's helmet.

Mr. Brown (looking up from his paper): "And now the gov-
ernment is talking of a new draft! They are going to make more
young men go to the war."

Donald (eagerly): "But some of them don't have to be made,
Dad; they want to fight. Say, father, won't you let me join the
army? I'm old enough and strong enough, and all my friends are
going. Don't you want me to be as patriotic as John and Bud?"

Mr. Brown (roars angrily): "No! You're too young. Besides, I'm not in sympathy with this war. What is it to us, any-
way? If some officials in Washington get mixed up in a mess,
why should we help? Let them send their own sons. You can't go,
and that's all there is to it."

Donald opens his mouth as if to speak, then shrugs his shoulders.

His sister looks at the father resentfully. The door-bell rings. A
maid enters.

Maid (to Mr. Brown): "A young man to see you, sir."

Mr. Brown (curtly): "Show him in."

Boy Scout (entering): "Good afternoon, sir."

Mr. Brown (nods.)

Boy Scout: "Are you interested in buying War Savings
Stamps?"

Mr. Brown (in his most disagreeable manner): "No! I am
not! More so-called patriotism! What does it all amount to?
It's give, give, give, all of the time! I don't want any stamps."

Boy Scout: "But, sir, you are not giz'ing when you buy these.
You can always get your mon——"

Mr. Brown: "Don't stand there and argue. Get out of here,
I say." (He turns his back on the Boy Scout.)

Boy Scout (looking hurt, for he does not understand such treat-
ment): "Yes, sir. I'm sorry I've offended you, sir."

Donald (springing forward and stopping the Scout): "Wait;
I'll take some stamps. Here's $4.16 I earned last Saturday."

Boy (gratefully): "That will give you sixteen stamps.
Thank you. Will you write your name and address here? The
postman will bring them to-morrow."

(Don writes; then the Scout goes out.)

Scene II.

A few weeks later. Donald and Margaret in the sitting-room.
Donald, in shirt-sleeves, sits on a table, while Margaret sews a button
on his coat.

Donald: "I wish father would let me join the army. Look
at all the fellows who have joined! I don't think father is patriotic.

Margaret: "I shouldn't say that, Don. He'll wake up pretty soon." (She hands Don his coat.)

Don (as he puts on the coat): "Well, I wish he'd hurry up. Look at that contract which he could have taken for manufacturing rifles! He wouldn't make much, I know, but look at the service it would be to the country. Why, his plant is——"

Margaret (hurriedly): "Sh. Here he comes."

Mr. Brown (entering, very pale, with hair rumpled and eyes slightly bloodshot. He clutches an open newspaper): "Don! Margaret! Look here!" (He points to the headline.) "Tuscania sunk!" (The children spring to their feet and read over his shoulder.) "That was the boat George was on. George, who was here just last week. And it says that he is among the lost. My college chum! Dead! Think of it, children. And he was a non-combatant, a doctor. Damn those Germans!" (He drops the paper, rushes to the telephone, and calls a number.) "Children, I'll pay the Germans for this, if it takes every cent I have in the world." (Drums on the table, restlessly, with his fingers.) "Hello, Mr. Irving? This is Brown. Send a special wire to Washington and say we'll take that contract for rifles. Hurry up, or it will be too late. Tell them we'll make them at cost. I'll be down in the morning to see about new machinery. Just now I want to see to it that my son joins the army. Goodbye." (Slams receiver on hook.)

Don: "Whoop! Hurrah! Come on, Dad, before you forget." (Throes his arm around his father's neck. They look at each other for a moment, then go out. Margaret smiles and picks up her knitting.)

Margaret: "I told Don that father would wake up!"

C. S., '21.

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THE AIR SCOUT.

After one of the terrible air raids in London, a young ammunition worker, Paul Roberts, hastened to his home. It was in one of the districts which had suffered greatly from the German bombs. Wearily, he climbed the long stairs and opened the door. All was in ruins. He picked his way through the debris to the next room, where, on the floor, he found his wife and little girl, both dead.

Two days afterwards, at the grave of his wife and daughter, he vowed vengeance on all Germans, but particularly on the great German airman that had led the raid. His name was Hans Schoeffler, and he was renowned all over Germany for his bravery, but feared in all the allied countries for his cruelty and daring. Hans was Germany's greatest aviator, and had received many medals. His airship was very large, and on the planes were painted two great, black crosses.
Roberts entered the aviation camp. He worked hard and earnestly, for his heart was in his work. His one thought was of the time when he could meet the German airdevil. All day long the vision of a great plane with black crosses was before his eyes. He knew that he would meet Schoeffer sometime. He hoped that he could kill the German—that was what he lived for. Every day he grew more and more skilled in flying, until, at last, the other aviators in the camp said that he was fearless, even reckless at times. The officers began to take notice of him; and, finally, he was given command of several airplanes and sent to the front.

At first he was only sent on small, scouting expeditions, to find out the position of the enemy’s lines. But the officers had marked him for greater work, and were only trying him out. One day he was summoned to the commander’s dugout and given this message: “Prepare your fleet at once for action. A German fleet of about twenty planes is reported advancing this way from the south. When last seen they were about fifty miles away.”

Roberts lost no time in preparing for action. His planes were in excellent condition, and his aviators eager for fighting. Before leaving, he called his men together and said: “If you see a plane with great, black crosses painted on it, do not attack that plane, but leave it for me.”

At last the great fleet rose slowly from behind the lines and sailed swiftly toward the south. They sailed for hours, yet they saw no enemy. Suddenly Roberts saw specks in the sky, and signalled the other aviators to put their machine guns in position. They sailed on to meet the enemy. The specks grew larger, until they knew that it was the party for which they were looking.

It was above the clouds that the two fleets met, over a large river. The English fleet followed Roberts’ plane, as it ducked and soared, firing rapidly all the time. First one plane of the Germans’ fleet caught fire and fell, a burning wreck. Then one of the English planes fell headlong, as though the driver had been shot. Each man was for himself. As the battle progressed the airships paired off and chased each other through the sky until there were but two left over the great, shining river, Roberts’ plane and a great plane marked by two black crosses. How they fought—one for the love of fighting and one to revenge the death of his wife and child. At last Roberts flew nearer and fired. The German craft righted itself and answered the shot. Roberts fired again, and then drove straight at the German machine. There was a crash, and two broken, wrecked planes fell on the rocks in the river below.

Eight airships flew back into the allied camp but their leader was not with them. Scouts were sent to look for him, but they did not think to look in the glassy river. One more of the many tragedies of the great war was over.

M. H.

Dast thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.
Don Herne pressed the accelerator vigorously, and the blue racer sped along the avenue at fifty notches. He turned a sharp curve into the park and soon brought the car to a standstill by the lake. Then he drew an envelope from his vest pocket and soberly read the contents, though every word was already deeply burned into his memory:

"Dear Son,—I have been thinking a great deal about you for the last few days. Oh, Don, don't you think you're just a bit of a coward? If you were here in London, I'm sure you would not delay so; but in the United States I know you don't get that close feeling to the war as we do here.

"Just think of those years at home, when you used to take such pleasure in your airplane—you would be just the right, nervy kind of a man for an army aviator. And there are a good many other branches you could excel in.

"Don, this is your last chance to save your name from disgrace. I have three splendid sons in service for their country. Will the fourth be a slacker? I have hoped and waited for over two years now, and I have at last decided that you are not going to enlist.

"I realize that you have become a citizen of the United States, have a good position, and good prospects; but, my son, if you do not enlist in the United States, Canadian or English army now, you may never again come home.

"Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

He leaned his elbows on the steering wheel and gazed out over the lake. His whole nature revolted at the discomforts of trench life—the mud, the stifling atmosphere, the innumerable pests. Oh, he had read enough! And the queer thing about it was that the boys "over there" seemed to find a grim humor in it all. He thought of all his good business prospects, the good times he was used to having, and all the other pleasures which he would have to leave behind if he should join the army. Was he really a slacker?

He was about to start the car again when he noticed that a young woman, sitting on a nearby bench, had dropped her bag, and that the contents were scattered generously over the ground. He immediately leapt from the car and proceeded to gather her belongings together for her. A number of calling cards lay in the gravel, and, for curiosity's sake, he glanced at one of them before handing it to her.

Feeling the necessity for human companionship in his perturbed state of mind, he slipped to a place at the farther end of the bench upon which she was sitting, at the same time remarking, quietly, "You are knitting for the soldiers?"

"Yes. I think that working for them is the next best thing to being able to go yourself," she answered with a smile. "I always bring my knitting here where I can look at the lake and hear the birds. I can work so much better!"
“Just imagine how nice and white those socks will be after a day in those filthy trenches,” he muttered, unconsciously.

“Just imagine,” she replied, quietly, “how nice and warm they will keep some soldier’s feet.”

“Yes, if you’re going to look at that side of it.”

“Well, why isn’t that the best side? If every young man looked at the other side of it all, where would our army be? These men who are getting along well in business and haven’t any dependents, these men who are afraid of the hardships of the trenches, and make believe they’re not needed—why, how can they hold back? If I were a boy I should have enlisted long ago. I’d just love to go!”

Don was looking hard the other way. Was she “slamming” him unintentionally, or had she some magical power of reading his mind? Anyway, it was best to change the subject, so he ventured, “Are those socks for a godson?”

“No,” she answered. “That’s the only branch of war work that I haven’t attacked, I guess. I do want a godson, ever so much. I’ll have to get some lonesome soldier’s name. There are, no doubt, many who need a friendly word.”

Don sat for some minutes watching the swiftly moving needles in her hands. Then, perceiving that her thoughts were far away, utterly ignoring his presence, he rose, touched his cap, and, with a formal bow entered the blue racer and drove away.

That night a certain anxious mother in England received a cablegram that read thus: “Have enlisted in United States army. Will send address later.—Don.”

One day about a week later, as Marian Jackson came in from the Red Cross headquarters, her mother handed her a little slip of paper, on which was a soldier’s name and address.

“Mrs. Hampden called up, Marian,” she said. “She said that she had a list of ‘orphaned’ soldiers, and wondered if you wouldn’t like to adopt one to write to. I knew you did, so I wrote the name and address down. Here it is.”

“Oh, that’s fine! I think I’ll write my first letter now.”

Marian ran to her desk and pulled out her writing paper. For some time afterward the scratching of her pen could be heard while she “composed.”

Soon packages began to be received by a certain soldier in the barracks, while a girl “back home” spent many happy hours planning and filling those same bundles. In a couple of months the two were well acquainted, because of their frequent correspondence. Then came the long-awaited furlough, when they would meet each other for the first time. It seemed to Marian as if the day would never arrive. But, as always happens in such instances, it came at last.

Waiting by the front window, Marian saw a blue speck in the distance. It grew to a streak, and soon came to a halt in front of the house.

It was the blue racer!
Some of you, perhaps, have heard the story about the teacher who was trying to impress upon the minds of her young pupils that history always repeats itself. In attempting to explain it more clearly, she asked, “Has anyone here heard anything new of importance which has happened in the last ten years?” After thinking deeply for a moment, one little girl replied, “Yes, teacher, me.” Each of us in this class of 1918 feels that were he asked whether he had heard of anything new of importance which had happened in the last four years, he, like the little girl, would reply, “Yes, ma’am, we.”

When the fall term of Milne High School began in September, 1914, “we” came into existence. Some of us felt very big as we stalked along under the protection of sisters, cousins, or friends, and looked with pity on the little mites who had to face the perils of the unknown all by their lonesomes. But all our joy vanished when we were thrust into the principal’s office, with the injunction, “Go right ahead and I’ll see you later.” This was good practice, however, because during the following four years we quite frequently found ourselves crossing the same threshold with the same shaky feeling about the knees and with the same queer mixture of fright and boldness in our hearts.

But our friends outside the office had not entirely forgotten us, for we found them waiting to conduct us to Room 300, our future home. Here we found that from then till the following June, everything was to be done by the alphabet. In every class we were seated according to the initial letters of our surnames. Those unfortunates who happened to come from A to D or E always sat in the front row, with no chairs in front on which to rest their feet, and were invariably called on for every third or fourth question. Neither was it an uncommon thing for the teacher to announce, “Those whose names begin with any of the letters from A to N take the first assignment and the rest the second one.” From personal experience, I can say that the first assignment was always the harder.

The days passed rapidly. Most of us took courses in home economics or woodworking, and gymnasium. On Arbor Day the Freshman class, under the auspices of Miss Clement and those of the college students who taught first year English, gave an entertainment for its own pleasure. After some piano and vocal solos, some recitations and some singing by the class, we adjourned to the college campus, where we planted some ivy. It was truly buried, for it has never been seen since. We are sorry to say that the custom which we started of observing Arbor Day has never been continued by the later classes.

Our class appreciated most of its privileges. We were glad to have the new-sanitary drinking fountains, which replaced the old-time water tanks; we were glad to contribute to the support of the “Crimson and White” and the basket-ball team. We did not,
however, appreciate the privilege of coming to school at nine o’clock until the next year, when the time was changed, and we had to come at eight-thirty. Although, in consequence school was over half an hour sooner, yet we were deprived of our lunch hour. We all missed it, for that was the time in which the students of Milne High became better acquainted with one another and school spirit was strengthened.

For a whole year we sat in Miss Johnson’s room, and became so attached to her that we decided to stay on for another year. Then, too, we felt for the Junior High School people, for they joined Milne High in 1915. Some of them looked mere infants in arms. We knew we were to have Miss Clement for only half a year more and we generously gave to the Juniors the privilege of sitting in her room. We did not mean to slight Miss Cushing, but 1919 rudely walked right in and took possession of her and each succeeding class has followed this example.

In January we bade goodbye to Miss Clement, but we did not feel that we had lost her entirely, for, as Mrs. Hastings, we expected to see her frequently within our walls. At midyears the passing mark was raised from 60 to 70 per cent., but this did not trouble us any, as we’re exceptionally bright class and none of us ever saw a mark below 95.

In our organization too we were unique. We, unlike previous classes organized in our sophomore year, choosing for president, Earl Vibbard; for vice-president, Marie King; for secretary, Mary Reilly; and for treasurer, Kenneth Shufelt.

In June, one of our number, Marion Bedell, won the girl’s medal for prize speaking, if not the very first sophomore, at least the first in many years to accomplish such a feat. Many of us had made firm friends this year, especially among the college students, and were sorry to see June approaching. But it came just the same. And we parted to meet again in September with our number so greatly increased that we hardly knew ourselves. Indeed the fame of our class had so spread that people flocked from all sides to join our colors.

Nineteen-eighteen always has been a particularly patriotic class, and we certainly showed it this year. For, although we hadn’t more boys than we knew what to do with, yet we gladly gave them to our country when she called. Even more, we urged them to go. All the incentive they needed was to be elected to an office in the class. Successively, Earl Vibbard, president in our Sophomore year; Billy Davison, first president in our Junior year; Arnold Van Laer, second president in our Junior year; and Wesley Turner, treasurer in our Junior year, left school to represent us in serving Uncle Sam.

We were glad this year of the chance to become better acquainted with Miss Shaver by occupying the seats in her assembly hall. But since she didn’t have room for us all, some of us decided that Miss Loeb, as well as Miss Johnson, really did deserve to have us near her for two years.

Much excitement was aroused by the arrival of Miss Jones, who was to take the place of Miss Clement. We all eagerly awaited the time when we would come to know her better. And those of us who didn’t find the chance missed a great deal. But if we had failed to
know her before, we certainly did not fail after the school picnic in June, where she showed her talent as a "movie" actress. Her cheery companionableness made a place for her in all our hearts. Of course, there were some of her measures which we did not like, as, for instance, her increasing the number of English recitations to five times per week. But then, that was more than offset by the fact that we were given the privilege of being taught the subject by Hinting Wang. It was lots of fun being in his class, for, aside from the odd things that happened every day, it was interesting to try to think up questions which he could not answer. But whether it was about the history, language or literature of any country, he was always ready with the correct answer. Sometimes, though, he would begin "to stick" us. That was easy.

Once he gave us an assignment of twenty books, written in French, covering the period about which the "Tale of Two Cities" was written, of which he would not require more than ten to be read. Needless to say, we read nothing but the titles.

Following out our novel plan of organizing in our sophomore year, we purchased our pins and rings in our junior year. If you don't believe they are stunning, just come and look at them. In May we gave a reception to the Class of '17. If they enjoyed it as thoroughly as we did, it certainly was a success.

In our junior year many of our number won distinction for the class by taking prizes. Earl Mattice won the first prize of $10 offered for the best essay, by the Philip Livingston Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, while Carol Traver carried off the third prize of $5. Earl also won the McDonald mathematics medal, besides taking the Junior Scholarship. Margaret Romer received honorable mention for the Junior Scholarship. During our senior year Margaret Kirtland won the Pruyn medal at the annual prize-speaking contest.

I think it was Helen Alexander who helped to coin for us our future password. Having been told repeatedly to keep her chair on the floor she again tipped it back to a more comfortable position. The teacher, exasperated, said quickly, "Miss Alexander, sit on the floor!" So this has been our byword, to the annoyance of our other teachers.

In September, 1917, we were delighted to find that we had been given fifteen minutes for lunch. But good things never last, for after Easter the schedule was changed and we had to arrive at eight-fifteen. We had no lunch hour, either, to appease our hunger or our wrath. True, we got out at twelve thirty-five, but this didn't help much for most of us had to stay around for one o'clock "extra" classes.

It was interesting to watch the growth of our gym class. In our first year we all turned out enthusiastically; in our second year we came in fewer numbers; and in our third year, by hook or crook, most of us had managed to obtain doctors' certificates excusing us from gymnastic work. But in this, our last year, it was vastly different. No doctors' certificates could be obtained except by a personal examination by the college doctor. The result? The gym was so crowded that we really could do no work. But we made our mark, for Miss Grey, unable to see us leave her, has herself left to join another college in the middle west.

In connection with gymnasium we also had several hard and fast
rules. One of these was that before each class we have two minutes of setting-up drills. If you would like illustrations, ask Marie King to show you our deep knee bending and West Point breathing exercises. Two of our other rules were military training for boys and supervised recreation for girls. The last, "rec," as we call it, consisted mainly of calling the roll and taking a stroll around the park. It has been suggested that if all the students wore pink checked coverall aprons and sunbonnets, and the teachers wore blue checked coverall aprons and sunbonnets, we would almost exactly resemble the inmates of an orphan asylum out taking our "constitutional" with the matrons.

I have said before that we were very patriotic but, since we had only one boy left in our class, even love for our country couldn't compel us to elect him for president. We really couldn't be expected to give up our only remaining one. Therefore this year we elected girls as class officers. For president, Marie King; for vice-president, Helen Alexander; for secretary, Carol Traver; and for treasurer, Joyce Goldring.

Naturally, since we are at war, we have discussed soldiers a great deal, but we were all distinctly surprised and rather shocked one day to hear Helen Loomis, after thinking deeply, bring out the observation, "It's wrong to criticize the Highlander's kilts, they may be disliked by some people but they cover as brave and tender hearts as ever beat."

Grace Tibbits has fixed firmly in our minds the powers of the governor by her statement, "The governor has the power to call out the state militia in time of resurrection."

And now, we have almost completed our senior year at Milne High School. We have had our picnic, we will have our Commencement, and we have passed the week of the seventeenth and still seem to be alive.

Perhaps the graduating classes of other years have felt that they were leaving their class history to go out and make world history. But before they could do this, most of them have had to have had further education and training. But, we, on the other hand, both because of the boys we have given to the nation's service, and because of the work, lives, and money those of us who are left will give, feel that we are going to take a place right away in making world history. Our country needs us; civilization, humanity, the whole world needs us now. Of each of us it may be said in the words of Browning, "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

WINIFRED DUNN.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1918

As you all know, the destiny of each one of us is regulated by the three sister Fates. From our birth to our grave, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos weave the web for the mantle of our career. Clotho, the youngest, the good fairy of all weavers, spins the precious thread of life in which the bright and dark lines are intermingled. Lachesis, the second, twists and twines it; and under her fingers it becomes now strong, now weak. Atropos, the third, armed with a huge pair of scissors, relent-
lessly cuts off the thread when our mission on earth has been completed.

In my desire to be able to disclose to you, my fellow students, your true destinies, I went to Clotho and her sisters and entreated them to allow me to hold this thread of life and to twist and twine it that under my fingers it might become now strong, now weak.

But the sisters only smiled. They said it was impossible for any mortal to hold that precious thread. The many lives entrusted to their care and guidance would suffer great injury if any hands other than their own tampered with the existence of those lives.

Then Clotho, seeing my distress, said:

"But I can make you a weaver of dreams." And as I was hesitating, not knowing what she meant, she explained,

"A thread of finest silk, a loom of purest gold and a magic mirror will I give you; and you will be able to weave the dreams of the future for your classmates from the shadows reflected in its shining depth. It is not permitted that you clearly perceive their careers in its reflections; but from your four years of daily association with your friends, you have gained an insight into their characters; and, from this, you will be able to see dimly their future selves moving in the mirror which reflects the shadows of the happenings of the world."

And so I am here to-night, dear friends, a weaver of dreams.

"And moving through my mirror clear
That hangs before me all the year,
Shadows of the world appear."

And as I have discerned their meaning, thus will I tell it to you:

It is your shadow-self, Davia Bradstreet, that first appears before me. I behold you as one of the most influential women in Albany and the leading spirit in all enterprises for city improvements. As president of the "Woman's Club," and as an active worker in many organizations you will be well known throughout the Capitol District.

Joyce Goldring, your life work will carry you far over the sea to devastated France. After the war is over this country will be struggling to regain her foothold among the powers of the world. Day after day and month after month your Agricultural Bureau will send out to all parts of France, fruit trees, plants, and seeds of every kind. Your energy and tireless efforts in beginning the growing of food will inspire and give new hope to the men and women "over there."

Shadows begin to fit across the surface of my mirror. Faster and faster they fly, sometimes like heavy clouds, sometimes like thin vapor. I can see nothing but a whirl of dark and light intermingled. They represent your restlessness, Catherine Deyoe. You will constantly be pursuing first one pleasure, then another. But none will bring you happiness. Difficulties will beset your path at every turn.

Just below Albany there stands a famous school. Its founder is Miss Helen Alexander. Clinton-on-the-Hudson will, in days to come, be one of the most select girls' colleges in America. Its aristocratic atmosphere will attract many students. You will be much loved by your girls, Helen, because of your gracious manner and high ideals.

My mirror darkens. No light is visible in its depths. Does this mean a death? No. Suddenly I see a name flash into the blackness, a name which will someday be flashed over the whole United States.
The headlines of every newspaper will proclaim: “Grace Tibbits wins the airplane race from New York to San Francisco.” Your fame will be achieved by this daring feat, and you will henceforth be known as the champion airplane racer.

Gladys Thompson, you are destined to be a shining example to others. With your husband, a Methodist minister, you are destined to pass many years of your life in a little western community, scattering sunshine wherever you go.

As an authority on the history and mythology of Egypt, there will be none more learned than you, Earl Mattice. You are going to live in that faraway country searching for material for your books. Mattice’s “Mythology of Egypt” will be the most famous of your works.

I see you, Virginia Miller, standing in the shadows of my mirror. Your reflection tells me that you will always retain your youthful appearance just as you did at Milne High, you will reveal to the world the secret of your youthfulness by a little booklet entitled, “How to Keep Young.”

“Number please!” It is your pleasant voice, Viola Baer, which will greet us over the wire. Each morning, always faithful to your work, you will go to your post at central. Day after day your cheery, “Number, please,” will be heard in Albany telephones.

Marie King, by the gleaming of my mirror, I can distinguish your brilliant future. The charming, talented Lady Jeffries Gray, as you some day will be called, will reign supreme amid the most select society circles. Your beautiful gowns are going to be the chief topic of conversation far and wide.

Before my eyes there comes the reflection of many magazine covers, some in gay colors, others somber. You, Margaret Kirtland, are going to step into the place left by Coles Philipps. Your name will be as familiar in time to come as his is now.

Now some one dressed in mannish costume is reflected in the magic looking-glass. It is with difficulty that I recognize you, Winifred Dunn. Upon you will be conferred a great honor, the first honor of its kind. You are destined to be the first woman senator from the Empire State. History will speak of you as a woman with an extraordinary flow of language at your command. Your numerous and complex debates with a prominent Michigan lawyer will long be the trial of struggling American History students.

I am sorry to say that here in our very midst sits your most hostile foe. Helen Loomis, the prominent Michigan lawyer, is to be your bitter enemy. Your one great aim in life, Miss Loomis, will be to oppose the New York senator’s principles and doctrines. Although Senator Dunn will probably gain the victory in the majority of your debates, you will be the cause of her political downfall.

Marion Vosburgh, at the reference desk at the library in the New York State Education Building, I see you standing ever ready to help those desiring information. Moreover I see some one repeatedly coming to the desk for information. His courteous manner and your quick smile betray something a little out of the ordinary. I am afraid, Marion, that you will not be at the reference desk very long.

Uncle Sam will have reason to honor you, Margaret Romer, as one
of his best helpers in the employ of the Secret Service. You will travel through many countries protecting the honor of the United States. Your mask-like expression will enable you to learn important secrets essential to the welfare of our country. More than once will the United States be saved from critical danger by your discoveries.

The reflection of my own shadow-self I cannot see. In vain have I watched for it but the shadows and reflections now fade from the magic mirror and it no longer shines. However, I partly forget my disappointment when I think of the privilege I have had in weaving the future for my fellow-students. My own future will be soon revealed for the years roll on quickly, some times we think too quickly.

Carol J. Traver.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CLASS OF 1918, MILNE HIGH SCHOOL.

I, as representative of the Class of 1918 of the Milne High School of the City of Albany in the County of Albany and State of New York, having reached the termination of my fourth academic year, and being all of us of sound mind and memory, and realizing the uncertainty of life, especially that of the future, do make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament; that is to say:

FIRST—After all remembrance of our poor records has been effaced and lost, we give, devise, and bequeath unto our oldest brother, Junior, now residing at the Milne High School in the City of Albany, County of Albany, and State of New York, all right to, and honor of, our title, "Senior." Said title to be borne with such dignity and complacency as becomes its rank. Always bearing in mind, however, that man's future rests largely upon the preordinations of destiny. Also the controlling interest in our assembly room and all our personal effects contained therein, comprising blackboards, maps, erasers, and chalk. Also the use of our books, on condition that the fly leaves of said volumes be not employed too frequently in the taking of class dictations and the composition of that type of poetry which may have done credit to the troubadours of old Spain. Also the right of occupation of our study hall, with special caution that the use of chalk, erasers, and unused books therein for practice at bomb-throwing, grenade-hurling and baseball curve-pitching is likely to incur wrath of the janitor, and lead to interference by the school authorities. The guardian, Miss Loeb, will not be unduly severe in penalizing aforesaid heir for petty
misdemeanors, such as unexcused absences and tardiness.

SECOND—We give, devise, and bequeath unto our second brother, Sophomore, full right to, and dignity of, the title "Junior," together with all honors, labors, and responsibilities pertaining thereto. Also such social and business affairs and functions as class dances, receptions and meetings, with special understanding that said affairs be discontinued promptly at 12:00 p.m., and that no individual of one sex be without a partner of the other. In addition, we leave to the aforementioned heir all valid aids to the study of the Latin classics, but strongly advise and admonish against the too frequent and habitual consultation of prepared translations of the same, popularly known as "trots." Knowing all the fallibilities of youth, we also caution aforementioned heir to be judicious in the employment of answer books in the various mathematical and historical courses with which he may be connected from time to time, lest he incur the suspicious and subsequent reprimands of Miss Cushing and Miss Shaver.

THIRD—We give, devise, and bequeath unto our youngest and well-beloved brother, Freshman, now residing in the large study hall of the Milne High School under the supervision of Miss Cushing, full right and title to the grade of "Sophomore." Said grade to be turned over at the end of one year to the succeeding class. It is our earnest wish that said heir, profiting by his own experience, be as lenient as possible in his dealings with aforementioned lower classmen, thereby setting a noble example of democracy before his successors.

FOURTH—We give, devise, and bequeath unto all students of the Class of 1922, and all students who may enter the higher classes by reason of advanced standing, our hearty wishes for their successful prosecution of their work. Also for such enjoyment of said works on their part as the person writing said Will has derived during his two years' affiliation with the Class of 1918.

FIFTH—We bequeath to our teachers our sincere gratitude for their wise instruction and patient and considerate care of the Senior Class during its development from bud to maturity.

SIXTH—To our most learned and honorable principal, Professor John M. Sayles, and to each member of the supervising faculty, we give, devise, and bequeath our heartfelt thanks for their deep interest in us throughout our high school course. It is our fondest hope that we may attain the ideals instilled in us through them.

SEVENTH—To the president of the United States of America, the Honorable Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and to all other executives of the government of said United States, we give our heartiest support in
their endeavors to cope with the great perils which threaten us on every hand. Also our most earnest and incessant prayers that they may guide us to a speedy and complete victory over the evils of military autocracy.

EIGHTH — We bequeath to every individual who may be matriculated with Milne High School our sincerest wishes for his or her success in whatever future life work he or she may have planned, provided said work be of such a nature as to benefit mankind in general.

LASTLY — We make, constitute, and appoint Professor John M. Sayles to be executor of this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills by us made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal this 29th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and eighteen.

THE CLASS OF 1918.

By Earl Mattice [L. s.]

The instrument above made, consisting of six sheets, was at the date thereof subscribed by the Class of 1918 in the presence of us and each of us; they, at the time of making such subscription, acknowledged that they made the same, and declared said instrument so subscribed by them to be their last Will and Testament. Whereupon, we then and there, at their request, and in their presence and the presence of each other, subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

(Signed) Tage Teisen, residing at Albany, N. Y.
Eloise Lansing, residing at Albany, N. Y.

Every complete work requires a complete man.—Rückert.

Woman sees deep, man sees far.—Anonymous.

The Past is like a funeral gone by,
The Future comes like an unwelcomed guest.
—Gosse.

The living need charity more than the dead.—Arnold.
Do all of us realize what that service flag which faces us each morning on our way to and from classes means to us? Each one of those forty-six stars represents a boy who has left his home because his country needs him, one who has spent four years, or part of four years, at the same school which we attend, studying from the same books, learning the same lessons. Some we remember as our classmates. Such an emblem of patriotism before us each day should give us new vigor and send us about our way with a will for "where there's a will, there's a way."

We are sorry that the Junior High School is not better represented this month. Their editors have found it impossible to obtain stories. A little more school spirit, Juniors.
This issue marks the end of another school year which has passed all too quickly for us, especially for the graduates who leave their Alma Mater this twenty-fourth of June. Other years we have looked on at festivities of commencement and wondered if we would ever be taking part in them. Now, when the time has come for us to take part, we have a fear of leaving our Alma Mater forever and going forth into the world which is full of adventure.

We "Crimson and White" board have tried to do our best to make the paper a success this year. Because of the trouble we have had in obtaining advertisements we have had to print two issues in one, making an April-June issue which we hope will satisfy all. We wish to thank the student body for their co-operation and especially the societies for the financial aid they have given us through the spring dance. You have shown the right spirit; keep it up.

On June 3rd the elections of new members of the "board" took place with the following results:

Assistant Editor ................. Eleanor Abrams
Literary Editors .................. Millicent Burhans
Katherine Nolan
School Editor ..................... Jane O'Neill
Alumni Editor .................... Lavenia Rosa
Joke Editor ....................... Muriel Daggett
Exchange Editors ................. Helen Price
Marion Deyoe
Advertising Agent ............... John Glenn

The other officers will hold the same positions with the exception of Anna Marin who succeeds to the office of Editor-in-Chief. The best of success for each of you.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Edith Wright, ex-'19, is attending the Albany Business College.
Clara Sutherland, '11, has graduated from the Young Women's Bible Training Movement, having completed her three year course at that school.
Katherine Tedford, '16, is attending the Albany Business College.
Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Bates are receiving congratulations over the birth of a son, William Boughton, on March 18, 1918. Mrs. Bates was formerly Marguerite Boughton, ex-'16.
Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Knapp are receiving congratulations over the birth of a son, William Henry, on March 9, 1918. Mrs. Knapp was formerly Adele Le Compte, '08.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Marion C. White, '15, and George Edward De Rouville, on Saturday, April 12, 1918. Carolyne White, '16, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. DeRouville will reside at 329 Delaware avenue.

James Stipplebeen, ex-'18, is attending the Albany Business College.

Cornelius Deyoe, ex-'17, visited the school recently.

Marion McDowell, '14; Eleanor Dunn, '14, and Frances Vosburgh, '14, graduated from Vassar this June.

Donald Johnston, ex-'18, left on June 18th for Annapolis where he entered the Naval Academy.

Dorothy Himes, '14; Eloise Lansing, '14; Carolyne Gauger, '12, Elmetta Van DeLoo, '14, graduated from N. Y. S. C. T. this June.

It was with deep grief that the friends and schoolmates of Mrs. William Van Auken learned of her death on April 2. Mrs. Van Auken was Gladys Miller, ex-'16.

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SCHOOL NOTES.

Here are some interesting extracts from a letter written home by Donald Johnston, ex-'18, who left school in January to attend Dr. Shadman's Columbian Institute Preparatory School, Washington, before entering Annapolis:

"We finished the book work in arithmetic this week, and next week the last lap begins. They are working us pretty hard, but its getting to be fun studying. It's just a game to see if you can't learn more details than another fellow. I put one over on the history class this morning. I knew another name for the Tariff of 1828. It is known as the Tariff of Abominations or the Woolen Tariff of 1828.

"That English "bird" is up again today. He is testing out these new "Liberty Motors," and all he does is hum overhead."

"I lost an eye shade last week. It was lying on my desk, and, when I pulled out a sheet of paper the shade just lifted up and floated down on the gas stove. There was a puff, and the eye shade was gone. I got another right after, for the light hurts my eyes if I don't have one on. That is, when I am studying, which is most of the time."
“Time passes just about the same as ever; eat, sleep, and study. The first when we get a chance; the second when we can’t stay awake, and the third at all other times.”

One morning not so dreadfully long ago we were summoned by Professor Sayles into the assembly hall. We were very curious to know the why and wherefore and our curiosity was soon appeased. The Senior honors were announced as follows: Valedictorian, Earl Mattice; salutatorian, Margaret J. Romer; third honor, Joyce Goldring; fourth honor, Margaret I. Kirtland; fifth honor, Helen E. Alexander. Congratulations, each one of you!

On May 2nd the annual speaking contest for the Robert C. Pruyn medals was held in the college auditorium. The competitors did so wonderfully well that there was little choice between them. However, the medals were awarded Margaret Kirtland, ’18, and John Glenn, ’20.

The school picnic to Kingston Point was held on June 8th. Miss Loeb and Miss Cushing were chaperones and enjoyed themselves as much as we. Those who were not there should be sorry for they missed the time of their lives.

On June 12th the Juniors gave their annual entertainment to the Seniors. The Seniors thought the Juniors had forgotten them, we fear, so what was their surprise at being invited to a theatre party, instead of the usual dance. The Seniors certainly did enjoy themselves.

The Class Day exercises of the Class of 1918 were held on June 21st. The program was: President’s address, Marie King; Class Poem, Margaret Romer; Class History, Winifred Dunn; Class Will, Earl Mattice; Class Prophecy, Carol Traver; Mementoes, Margaret Kirtland. The officers of the senior class are: President, Marie King; Vice-President, Helen Alexander; Secretary, Carol Traver; Treasurer, Joyce Goldring.

On June 24th the commencement was held in the auditorium. Next year the school will seem quite empty without the dignified seniors, but their places will be filled by others. The “grand old Seniors” will be gone but not forgotten.

Well begun is half done.—German Proverb.

Thou wilt find a touchstone in prayer.—Rückert.

Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge.—Benjamin Franklin.
QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Quin, sincerely welcomes into its midst the following new freshman members: Mildred Lasher, Dorothy Hamburger, Mary Colson, Hazel Nelson and Helen Kirtland. They have added attractions to the programmes and have taken a great interest in all the "doings" of Quin.

The meetings of Quin have drawn to a close and it is with great regret that we must give up our Thursday afternoon meetings. Quin has accomplished much during the past year, and the members are looking forward to another prosperous year.

At the last meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

- President: Marion Wiltsie
- Vice-President: Catherine Phibbs
- Secretary: Eleanor Abrams
- Treasurer: Janet Goldring
- Senior Editor: Anna Marin
- Junior Editor: Rhoda Hathaway
- Critic: Viola Pier
- Mistress of Ceremonies: Helen Price
- Marshal: Mildred Lasher

J. G., '19.

ZETA SIGMA.

Zeta Sigma girls were very glad to welcome into membership at the last initiation the following Freshmen: Jane Winchester, Helen Wurthman, Lucy Keeler, Virginia Hill, Esher Bradt and Maud Whittam.

Owing to the inability of quite a few of the members to attend the meetings on Tuesday, Sigma day has been changed to Monday. The result is a much larger attendance. Be sure to keep it up, girls! The meetings are also held in the Senior Study Hall instead of the Freshmen, as the latter is now used for the lunch room until one o'clock.
On Washington's Birthday, Sigma presented the school with a service flag. It was very much appreciated, and is now hanging where we can see it every day.

F. E. S., '18.

The meetings of Sigma have been enjoyed by all and were well attended this year by those who had not classes after school. Recently the day for Sigma meetings was set for Monday instead of Tuesday. The result was a much larger attendance.

We are proud to say that Sigma again has shown her patriotism. The girls have attended the Red Cross rooms and worked at surgical dressings. Once we attended in a body but the girls have been going at other times. Their work has been greatly appreciated there and we hope to continue this good work again next year if needed.

I. D., '19.

ADELPHOI.

Our third annual banquet was held Friday evening, June 14, 1918. Everyone had a good time. The following officers have been elected for next year:

President .................... Kenneth Shufelt
Vice-President.................. Harris Becker
Secretary ....................... Adrian Johnson
Treasurer ....................... Alan Sexton
Sergeant-at-Arms .............. Stanley Taylor
Master of Ceremonies .......... David Kirk
Chaplain ....................... John Glenn

On the whole Adelphoi has had a very successful year. The meetings have been well attended and much interest has been taken in literary work.

We were sorry not to have had our President, Kenneth Shufelt, with us at our last few meetings before the summer vacation. Mr. Shufelt was detained at home by illness.

C. McD., '19.

One must he something in order to do something.—Goethe.

Wisdom less shudders at a fool than wit.—Young.
At the present time every boy and girl in the Milne High School should be helping Uncle Sam in some way. Some boys, we know, are Boy Scouts, and help in the sale of Liberty Bonds; and many girls knit for the Red Cross. Then all of us can and should buy thrift stamps.

It is our duty to the government to buy these stamps. Unless we buy them, the United States can not feed or clothe her own soldiers—to say nothing of her allies.

Then, too we should buy the stamps in order to save our money. We really do not give Uncle Sam anything when we stay away from the movies in order to buy a stamp. We are simply investing our money at a generous rate of interest. Any one of us can start a fund for going to college or starting business at the same time we are helping to protect our country and make the world safe for democracy.

Let us see to it that the boys and girls of Milne High School prove themselves patriotic and thrifty.

R. H. O’N., Eighth Grade.

A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never meant to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it.—Gay.

The craven-hearted world is ever eager to accept a master.—Talfourd.

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.—Longfellow.

One day in the country
Is worth a month in town.—Rossetti.

Genius does what it wants, talent does what it can.—Lytton.
We are indeed glad to welcome this new exchange to our columns. The thing which impressed us most favorably in your publication was the completeness of every department. In so many of the school papers one or two departments stand out in prominence and the rest are relegated to the background. In your publication, each one is handled on a well proportioned basis; and we also commend its arrangement. "My Trip to Washington" is very interesting and especially to one who has never visited our National Capitol. The editorials are all very timely, and sound forth advice that is well worth while. In view of the size of your magazine, we think that the advertising department should be greatly increased.

Sangra, Waycross, Georgia.

We like your paper very much, indeed, chiefly because it seems to express all the best characteristics of an ideal school life — a wonderful class spirit, a good amount of "pep," and a loyalty which seems to bind each one closely to his "Alma Mater-to-be." Of course not all of these things are expressed in black and white in your paper, but it is easy to read between the lines, and, as they say, "put two and two together." Your joke department is splendid and the cuts certainly clever. "Dream Girl" we consider the most pleasing story, while the "rhymes and jingles" scattered throughout the magazine are especially good. Your staff certainly is composed of "live wires."

Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey.

What a wonderful cover for a school magazine! A large service flag with thirty-one blue stars on its field of white, each one repre-
senting a young man who has gone forth from your school and has "caught the vision," as one of America's prominent men recently said about a tumble-down little house he passed on the roadside. When he caught a glimpse of its guidon, with three stars of honor, he said the "shack" no longer seemed ordinary or humble—it was transfigured. And so we felt about your magazine before we looked into its contents; that, because of its cover alone, it was glorified in our sight. However, when we read the splendid material which it enfolded we realized that even something more than the cover raised your publication above the ordinary. Alumni and Athletics were especially complete and well written. "His Gift" carried off the laurels in the Literary Department. We suggest that you bolster up your Joke Department. It is really the only section which falls below the standard.

Crimson, Goshen, Indiana.

One of the best exchanges this month is the Crimson. You edit a very fine paper, and each department is well developed. We suggest, however, that you have a cut for your joke department, as you have for all the others. This department needs to be "set off" just as much as any other. It is always the most attractive part of a school magazine to the students; so don't neglect it in any way.

Academe, Albany, N. Y.

Your literary department is indeed exceptional. We especially like the two new additions to your paper. The book review department, containing personal comments and criticisms by your student body, furnishes a splendid aid in cultural reading and the study of current books. We always look forward to the arrival of your paper with great pleasure, as it is decidedly one of our most interesting exchanges.

Vulgarity is the eighth deadly sin, worse than all others put together, since it perils your salvation in this world.—Lowell.

So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.—Longfellow.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.—Byron.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself.—Emerson.
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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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**AS OTHERS SEE US.**

_Crimson and White_, Albany, N. Y. Your joke department is good, but it's High School robbery to charge twenty cents for a sixteen page paper.—_Dart_, Ohio.

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Far as creation’s ample range extends,  
The scale of sensual mental powers ascends.—_Pope._

---

Music is the universal language of mankind.—_Longfellow._

---

Danger will wink on opportunity.—_Milton._

---

Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.—_Young._

---

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow; as if to beg pardon for paying it.—_J. C. and A. W. Hare._

---

Prosperity makes friends; adversity tries them.—_Pacuvius._

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Where drink goes in, there wit goes out.—_Herbert._

---

We shall escape the uphill by never turning backward.—_Roseth._
A high school paper is a great invention,
The high school gets all the fame.
The printer gets all the money.
And the staff gets all the blame.—E.R.

"I is ——" began T. C., '20.
"I am, not I is," corrected the English teacher, promptly.
"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," T. C. went on.

Latin teacher, dictating prose — "Slave, where is the horse?"
C. K., '19 (very startled)—"Its under my desk, but I am not
using it." — E.R.

"Father," said D. B. H., '18, "I have made up my mind to paddle
my own canoe hereafter."
"I'm certainly delighted to hear it, son."
"And, father, I want to begin at once, so kindly let me have
twenty-five dollars to buy a canoe to paddle with."

MUSIC IN M. H. S.

Good-bye Happy Days — Seniors.
They Go Wild Over Me — C. McD.
Strutter's Ball — "Crimson and White" Dance
A Little World All Our Own — Marie and Donald.
We Need Sympathy — Senior Class.
Spring Song — Freshies.
When the Great Red Dawn is Shining — After graduation.
Smile, Smile, Smile — Tommy Cantwell.
Homeward Bound — Seniors.

* *

T. H., '20 — "Pretty strong girls that can do that."
T. M., '20 — "Do what?"
T. H., '20 (pointing to a sign) — "Wanted—Girls to sew buttons on the third floor." — Ex.

* *

Customer — "I would like an order of German frankfurts, a cup of English breakfast tea, and two French rolls."
Waiter (to cook) — "One war on a tray."
Customer — "Please add two sinkers (doughnuts) to my order."
Waiter (to cook) — "Throw in a couple of U-boats."

* *

Found written on the flyleaf of a sermon book:
"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged
This book would still be dry." — Ex.

* *

I. B., '20 — "Give me your candid opinion of my story."
K. S., '19 — "My boy, it's quite worthless."
I. B., '20 — "Yes, I know that, but I'm dying to hear it, all the same."

* *

G. H., '19 — "I'd like to be a colonel."
P. P., '19 — "Just crack yourself, George." — Ex.

* *

We love the merry month of June,
But not 'cause of the roses;
We love the merry month of June,
'Cause that's the month school closes.

"D. and H." conductor recently reported, "Two washers and a nut missing," after an accident. It was later discovered that two Chinamen and a patient from Poughkeepsie had disappeared. — Ex.
G. W., '19 — "Say, Jack, over in Africa there is a beautiful bird with large wings and it can't fly."
A. J., '19 — "Why can't it fly?"
G. W., '19 — "Because it's dead."

T. C., '21 — "I have a friend who suffers terribly from heat."
W. C., '21 — "Where does he live?"
T. C., '21 — "He isn't living."—E.x.

We are getting three meals a day: Indian meal, oatmeal, and corn meal.

J. G., '20 — "Did it hurt you when you fell out of your seat in English class?"
S. T., '20 — "No, I had on my light spring suit."

"Fix bayonets!" shouted a captain.
"Bayonets seem to be always out of order," said M. P., '19, "I hear that command every day I visit the barracks."

Neighbor — "How is your grandfather standing the heat?"
Fresh — "I don't know. He's only been dead a week."

Observer — "I noticed you got up and gave the lady your seat."
T. H., '20 — "Yes, I learned in early childhood to respect a woman with a strap in her hand."

Teacher — "Give me a sentence with the word 'officiate,' in it."
W. C., '21 — "My brother nearly died with a bone in his throat. He got it from a fish-he-ate."

'Tis better to have studied and flunked, then never to have studied at all.

"Father," said Charles, on a search after knowledge, "why do words have roots?"
"I suppose, my son," wearily replied Prof. Sayles, "so that the language can grow."
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