Published Four Times a Year By the Students of the Milne High School of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
One year (4 numbers) payable in advance.......................... $1.00

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief
RALPH BRIMMER

Assistant Editor
IRENE GEDNEY

EDITH MARX .................................................School Editor
FREDERICK HALL..................................Assistant School Editor
DOROTHY BIRCHENOUGH .........................Alumni Editor
FRANCES McMAHON ..............................Assistant Alumni Editor
CATHERINE TRAVER ...............................Exchange Editor
HELEN PAULY ......................................Assistant Exchange Editor
HARRIET ADAMS ....................................Joke Editor
OLIVER YORK ..................................Assistant Joke Editor
ROBERT RAMROTH .................................Business Managers
EDWIN SWEETSER .................................
WILLIAM SHARPE ......................Associate Business Manager
MANTON SPAULDING ..................Advertising Manager
HENRY BLATNER .................................
KENNETH MILLER ...............................Advertising Agents
BOB WILEY .................................
OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT IN THE
“CRIMSON AND WHITE”

The Crimson and White has long been laboring under the effects of comparatively small and poor Literary Department. It is “laboring” because it is such hard work to get anyone to write articles for it. It is “poor” because the work which we put in it is forced. We do not feel it an honor to have a piece of literature of our own accepted. The popular opinion is, “My work is not good enough to be put in the magazine, so why should I try hard for it?” How can a Literary Department prosper under such conditions? If there is not interest taken in the work, there is no interesting piece of work.

Competition and class rivalry would bring forth better work, and would create a widened interest in the department. People have criticized our Literary Department, but still we do not improve it.

There surely is talent in Milne High School, as well as in other schools. Make the Literary Department of The Crimson and White rank among those magazines of the surrounding schools. Consider it a great honor to have a piece of your work accepted for the magazine, and take interest in your work.

JEANNE TIBBITS, ’28.

MILNE’S ACTIVITIES

What is Milne coming to? The activities which take up the after-school hours of the average American high school are lacking. In the four years that I have been at Milne, each year has seen a decrease in the number of outside interests. The first to die was the French Club, next the Dramatic Club, then the Glee Club and this year, after a hard fight on the part of a few, the Girls Basketball Team. The only interests left are the three literary societies which seem doomed to die because they are not only of no benefit to the school but also are of no benefit to their members.
Why can't the Dramatic Club be revived? It can if only the Milnites will help. I recall with pleasure the programs of 1924-25 Dramatic Club. They were made up of lectures on the art of make-up, stage presence, and other fascinating subjects; then there were holiday programs, short sketches and playets in chapel, a freshman party, and a long play directed by a senior Milnite. Surely these things are a part of our education.

How about a Camera Club? Is no one interested in photography? A Biology Club with hikes, nature walks, and swimming parties would be intensely interesting. There are numerous other interesting projects. Find one that interests you and "boom" it. Wake up! Come to life! Be real American boys and girls. These matters don't rest with the faculty. They depend on the interest accorded them by each and every Milnite.

M. H. ELSWORTH, '28.

---

A SONG

I've made a little song that sings
Of butterflies with powdered wings,
Of fuzzy, yellow humble bees,
And clover bending in the breeze.

Of golden clouds at sunset time
And sandy hills that I can climb,
Of purple berries on a tree,
And shells that listen to the sea.

A part of it is like the tune
Of winds that whisper to the moon,
And part is like the magic light
Of bonfires on an autumn night.

When there is no one else about
I'll let my song go floating out,
And children in a far off land,
Will hear it, and will understand.

BERENICE TOMER, '31.
On the outskirts of one of the peaceful, little villages situated along the Hudson, stood Nancy's home, a pretty but sedate sort of cottage with closed blinds and a solemn air; a short distance away, in the very next house lived Jim; and the bed of pinks grew between them.

Many years ago, in the happy youth of both their lives, they had been sweethearts dreaming their dreams of happiness together. Then had come the quarrel which had separated them, and since then they had lived their quiet, village lives never recognizing one another. As the years went by, they grew lonelier, and each longed more and more for the other, but their pride, which had cost them so much, remained firm.

One day, however, Jim was worried. It was late afternoon, and because he had watched all day, he knew Nancy had not come out to care for her garden as she had been accustomed to do. He peered cautiously at Nancy's flowers through the vines, which secluded his porch, at a perfect array of marigolds, dahlias, hollyhocks, and their usual companions mingled as only an old-fashioned garden can be. The beauties of them all were the pinks, extending through the center of the garden. They were Nancy's pride and Jim knew she was counting on their winning the prize at the county fair the next week. So why should she be neglecting them, now?

The only answer was, of course, "rheumatics," the old trouble-maker who had so often kept her in the house. But what would become of her delicate pinks without watering or care? Jim's first response to this question was a determination to assume the responsibility of their welfare by going over immediately to water them himself. But then he hesitated. Should he sacrifice the pride and the haughty dignity, cherished through all these years, for a mere handful of flowers?

No, he wouldn't. To admit after what he had endured so long that he cared or thought about her happiness? He couldn't do it, now. But how she had worked with the tiny seeds, and the stubborn little sprouts, seeming to really coax them from the ground! How heavy the garden implements had seemed to him in her frail, little hands, but how she had
seemed to enjoy it knowing that she would be rewarded! Now all her work would have been in vain, unless—. If he went back now, would she be kind and forgiving, or would she be disdainful and haughty, with her pretty, brown eyes flashing with anger as they had on that last, memorable night? Then he remembered. She had said,—“forever.”

Still, he could not free his thoughts from the bothersome questions and doubts. What should he do? Visions of Nancy as she had been as his sweetheart, delicate, pretty, delightfully coy, and sweet, made him forget his resentment, and made him start for the water sprinkler time after time. But the picture of a different personage, a defiant, little lady with a determined way, for Nancy could be wilful when she wished, kept his mind in such a confused jumble that he welcomed the time when he could go to bed consoling himself that although it really didn't look like rain, the wind might change before morning.

However, the next day dawned bright and sunshiny, and Jim's hopes again went down. He knew the pinks, that seemed to turn their wistful faces toward him for aid, would hardly survive another day of the scorching sun. Then, came the solution. How stupid of him not to have thought of it before! He would water them that evening just after dark, and she would never know.

Then somehow, Jim began to experience a different feeling, a sort of delightfully thrilling sensation. Of course, it was just because his mind was at ease. But stranger still, when he sat down for his afternoon pipe, something came to his attention which he hadn't given much thought to lately. His suit was actually dusty! He hadn't noticed it before, but it showed signs of wear, too. Well, he had another, but he hadn't had it on in so long he'd just try it and see how it looked. After a lengthy hunt in a dilapidated trunk, he finally produced a quaint “Prince Albert.” Yes, it would look well for a change. Having thoroughly convinced himself that he was putting it on for no other reason than for the sake of variety, and not for any special occasion or event, he surveyed himself in the mirror. This was the first close scrutiny which he had made recently, and the effect was rather startling. He couldn't exactly remember when he had shaved last, but as long as he was wearing the different suit, perhaps he would look better if he used a razor. The change was quite satisfactory, and Jim felt strangely youthful again.

Soon after Mister Moon had begun to shed his silver rays over the sleepy town, Jim quietly crossed the yard and passed through the rickety gate, which creaked almost joyfully at the touch of a human hand again. He had almost reached the pinks, when a soft rustle of silk told him someone was coming toward him, a tiny, slightly stooped figure in an
old-fashioned, rose-sprayed taffeta that he remembered so well. It couldn't be a dream; it wasn't a dream. It was Nancy who was saying in the dearest voice, "I thought you'd come, Jim."

And then, as Mister Moon, politely receded from view for a while, reader, they were not the Jim and Nancy of today but the boy Jim and the girl Nancy of the same garden thirty-five long years ago.

"We must remember, Jim," whispered Nancy, mischievously, a short time later, "we owe it all to the flowers you came to water."

"Why, I haven't even brought the watering-can, Nancy," he exclaimed surprisedly. "I know now it wasn't the pinks I came to care for."

"No, Jim. I watered them last night after you had gone to bed, in case my plan failed."

So now, the blinds of the little white cottage are open, the sun is streaming into the cozy rooms, and the garden is blooming more happily than ever, but the prettiest part of it all, prettiest at least to Jim and his wife Nancy, is the bed of pinks.

CATHERINE R. TRAVER, '28.

---

LUCKY GRANDFATHER

It was growing dark. Outside the wind howled, and I was glad of the cozy grate fire before me. This, I reflected, was the same room in which my grandmother had kept the Northern soldiers at bay while her sweetheart escaped. My grandfather himself seated before this very fireplace had often told us how noble she looked when she told him to go while she took care of the soldiers.

Having drifted into a semi-stupor, I was recalled to myself by the sound of a voice soft and low at first then a little louder and more persistent as it pleading. Drawn by the sound, I turned toward the doorway and saw a man and woman entering. The woman was Grandmother but young and blooming, just fresh from a finishing school no doubt. And the man, was it Grandfather? Of course, but I hardly recognized him without his mustache. They had just sat down in the deep bay window when I heard hoofbeats outside and voices, loud angry voices. Grandmother sprang to her feet first, seizing the musket which I had noticed before on the wall.

"Go," I heard her saying calmly to Grandfather, "I will take care of the soldiers."
With a word of protest and a kiss, Grandfather went, and just as three soldiers burst into the room, I heard him galloping away.

"Where is he?" demanded a soldier who seemed to be an officer.

Grandmother levelled her musket and said, "He's gone! But if you attempt to follow him you are a dead man."

The soldiers were taken aback by this female who seemed to think she could keep them there, but none of them moved. There was a great deal of noisy protest however, and they wrangled and talked sometime while Grandmother remained unperturbed.

Gradually the voices died away, and blinking I saw that I had been staring at a portrait of grandmother with her musket.

"Lucky Grandfather!" thought I, "with a woman like that for a wife."

E. HIGBY, '28.

THE MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL

It seems to me that every morning I pass through a set formula, that is, if it is a school day. I say just the same things and do the same things in the same way in which I have done them ever since school began in September. From the time I wake up until I reach school I perform like a puppet, seeing and doing the same things every day. This is a sample morning.

I am awakened from a sound sleep by my father shaking me. When he is sure that I am awake, he closes my window and goes out to the sleeping porch to call my sister. Reluctantly I sit up in bed and stretch. Then I hunt around in my mind for some excuse for staying at home. Not that I don't like school, but my bed is so cozy and warm and the room is very cold. I might be sick, but there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with me that would be plausible enough to convince mother. So I cast aside this frame of mind and take up another. There was something I especially wanted to do this morning. Now, what was it?

About this time my dad calls up the stairway and wants to know if I'm ever going to get up and that I will be late if I don't hurry. At this I slowly climb out of bed and mechanically begin to dress.

Suddenly I remember that I hadn't finished the last example of my Algebra homework and that I'll have to do it before school. That was what I'd been trying to think of. I finish my dressing hurriedly and run
down stairs. Breakfast has been on the table quite a while so my cereal is just cool enough to eat. I gulp it down and hastily drain a glass of milk. As I am drinking my milk my sister comes down and just begins to eat her breakfast. I decide that I’ll have time for some fruit and toast but mother announces that it is twenty five minutes of eight and we must hurry!

I finish my milk in the front hall while putting on my hat and coat. I hastily gather my books, retrieve my fountain pen from under the table where it fell last night, run upstairs for a handkerchief, and at last am ready to start. My father has been waiting for us on the front porch and with my sister who is also ready we start out.

But we haven’t started yet. For outside the door comes another obstacle or rather two. They are two dogs, our own and a neighbor’s. It is all very well to say to our dog, “Gypsy you can’t come. Stay home,” then she doesn’t follow us, but this distinctly does not apply to “Blackie” the neighbor’s dog. He hasn’t an manners and about the only thing he seems to understand is the whistle that means food. When one says “Go home” to him he just looks the other way with an air which seems to say “I didn’t hear you.” Therefore, since he won’t go home he must be chased home. While as my sister has called for a schoolmate who lives a few doors away and another who lives around the corner has come up, our little band sets out.

If this were in olden times I might say that we saw many strange and marvelous sights on our journey, but perhaps our common, every day scenes and characters may be just as meaningful if interpreted correctly.

The first person whom we meet, as we set forth on our daily pilgrimage is a policeman. Law and order right at the start. We all smile and give a cheery good morning to him, for he is a neighbor of ours and besides, it would never do to snub a policeman. He, in turn, looks pleasant, touches his cap and says “Good morning.” I have never seen him smile but I guess he must, sometimes, even if he is a policeman.

The next person is a middle-aged negro. She cleans for mother on Fridays and on the other days of the week works for other people in the neighborhood. Her name is Lizzy. She has but lately come from the south and her soft “Good mawnin” always delights us. She is dressed neatly in good clothing but of an ancient style. Her skirts just barely escape from sweeping the streets, her waists have a stiff high neck, and her round sailor hat sits exactly on the top of her head. But she is very nice and it isn’t hard to liken her to a southern mammy with a turban on her head.

By now we have turned into a main street leading from a car line.
We pass hurrying, mud-caked men going to work in the ditches of a new street. They carry shiny, black lunch boxes under their arms and they talk with a strange accent. There are also, tall young men with greasy, oily clothes who are mechanics in the corner garage. Then there is a grocer sweeping the pavement in front of his store, a delivery boy waiting in front of a tailor’s shop for his work to begin. Sometimes we see him washing his truck but more often he lolls in his seat with a cigarette in his mouth.

Indeed, people from all the walks of life are abroad on this morning. So it does not surprise us when a little procession of Catholic sisters comes from a side street. Their background is a big, gray stone church and with their long black veils and hooded faces they provide a touch of Picturesqueness to an otherwise dull scene. They teach in a school but a few blocks distant.

As we cross the car line we see a priest coming home from mass. His robes are surmounted by a frock coat and a hard black hat rides easily on the back of his head. Beneath his skirts about two inches of black trousers show. The entire effect is incongruous and we grin broadly.

During the next few blocks we see nothing of note, a dog here and there, a few cats and occasionally a housewife sweeping her porch.

As we turn into the avenue we become a part of a long procession. Automobiles whizz by and big red busses, loaded with many different kinds of people, rumble past us. Prosperous looking business men, very fresh and alert, pass us with leisurely strides that cover an amazing amount of territory.

The school is in sight and since other groups of students are hurrying we quicken our pace. Some one pulls out a watch and announces that the time is very short and we will have to hurry or be late. We take leave of Dad who continues his walk downtown and hurry up the walk, and how long that walk seems. We notice that the janitor is about to put up the flag and that means that we will surely be late. For he always puts it up at exactly ten minutes after eight, when the school opens—never later and never sooner.

We enter the building at a run, climb three flights of stairs and arrive, breathless, at Milne High. Almost but not quite late and with Dad’s parting words still lingering in our ears.

“I’m going to call you fifteen minutes earlier tomorrow morning and perhaps we will get here on time without running.”

M. H. ELSWORTH, ’28.
THE BEAR’S TALE

They throned him king, and he wore a crown
That was studded with stars from the milky way,
And they sang him a song when the sun went down,
And this was the minstrel’s lay:—

A Bear there was, a dear little Bear,
   Cinnamon, furry, sweet,
But he wandered from home, one restless night,
   He wanted dangers to meet.
The King (your father) looked down and saw
   The little Bear wand’ring away.
He threw his great cloak over all the world’s face
   For a cinnamon Bear should not stray.
He took the wee bear and placed him on high,
   And told him never to roam.
He was outlined with stars so the great king would know
   If the cinnamon bear started home.
So when nights are clear, and the stars shine bright,
   You may hear astronomers say,
“This wee little Bear, this cinnamon Bear
   Should never have wandered away!”

The present king sighed and stretched himself,
   Looked ’round from his bed in the moon:
“’Twas truly a wonderful cinnamon Bear
   Who reached the stars so soon.”

EMMA GRACE WEBB.
A SUN SHOWER

The golden Lady of the Sky was weeping drops of sunshine
While little birds below were chanting hymns of cheer
The leaves of lacy, veined green were dancing on the vine
As the fairies of the flowers gathered every shining tear.

ESTHERE CONKLIN, '29.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS

Birds on the wing
God’s praises sing,
Flitting from tree to tree;
Music sublime,
With cadence and rhyme,
Thrill with their mystery.

Colors so bright
Flash on our sight,
As they go darting by;
Joyous and gay,
Carefree are they,
Winging their way on high.

Flowers so gay,
Found by the way,
Shedding their fragrance sweet,
Modestly bloom
Dispelling all gloom,
In their quiet retreat.

Found by the road,
Their sole abode,
Gladdening wayfarers’ smiles;
God’s little treat
For weary feet,
Lightens the weary miles.

IRENE GEDNEY, '29.
SUNRISE
The sun a sleepy head pokes from his bed,
And rolls pink, fluffy blankets from his way,
A gold good morning calls to those who see,
And laughs in silent glee at those who sleep.

He pokes an inquiring nose in all the panes,
And makes the sleepers wake from their repose,
Then chases all the stars from his domain,
And with bright blue he paints his daily path.

EVELYN CONKLIN, '29.

A GLIMPSE OF SKYLAND
I was wishing I a star could be,
And live up in the sky,
When lo! a chariot of gold
Approached me from on high.

It bore me up, up toward the stars,
Which to my great surprise
Were pretty yellow daffodils
Set in the bluebell skies.

But these were fairy flowers,
They were youths and maidens fair,
They danced among their bowers,
And took me to their lair.

They suddenly, a twinkling sound
Came floating thru the air
"Heigho!" they laughed, "Heigho!" they cried,
"Come, dance! the Queen is here!"

"If these are stars within the sky,
She, must the fair Moon be," I thought
And then I turned aside,
And laughed and danced with glee.

We danced until the sun appeared
In robes of fiery red,
I turned to gaze upon the scene
And lo! they all had fled.

ESTHERE CONKLIN, '29.
ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF 1927

Jean Gillespie, a freshman at New York State College has been received into pledge membership by Delta Omega. Jean is a freshman reporter for the College News.

Raymond Kroll is a student at Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts. This is a physical education course.

Helen Otis, a freshman at New York State College has been received into pledge membership by Alpha Rho. Some of Helen's poems have been published in the State College Quarterly.

Howard Eggleston is attending Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York. Howard has made the varsity basketball team.

Neta Miller, a freshman at State College has been received into pledge membership by Gamma Kappa Phi.

Geraldine Griffin is attending Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. She has been received into Phi Delta Sorority.

Elizabeth Root '26 is now attending Barnard College.

Norma Lyons '26 is a student at Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland. Norma is majoring in an art course.

Gertrude Hall '25, a junior at New York State College, is studying to teach English. Gertrude's chief enjoyment is in teaching dramatics. She is a member of Delta Omega.

John Wansboro '24 is a senior at Columbia. He is taking a B.A. course and is a member of Theta Xi.

Frances Smith '24 is a senior at State College. Frances is planning to teach mathematics and is a member of Phi Delta.

Mary Craig '24 is a student at the University of California.

Elizabeth Friend '23 is an instructor in physical education in Albany Public Schools.

Dorothy Williams '22, a student at Russell Sage, Troy, New York, is majoring in Home Economics. She is a member of the basketball and swimming teams.

Edna Loweree '17 is secretary to the manager of the new Hotel Piccadilly at New York City.

Irving Goeway '12 has recently been appointed Superintendent of Public Schools at St. Johnsville.
Mount Holyoke College,  
South Hadley, Massachusetts.  
March 17, 1928.

DEAR MILNITES,

Those two words have stood alone on the page long enough; but really, when you’ve been reading alumni letters for four years and a half—I still subscribe to The Crimson and White you see—you haven’t any thoughts which haven’t been brilliantly expounded already.

There was once a Latin author, in the days when people composed in Latin of their own accord, who wrote, more or less, “Curses on those who have said what I want to say,” and I can understand and sympathize with him. I’d like to say how I miss Milne, and how lucky you are to be there, and how, at the same time, I love Holyoke and am sorry for all of you who can’t come here; but you’ve heard it all before—and you will again. Somehow, when an alumni letter is requested, your first thought is of your love for Milne and you wonder how you can express it, and you find that you can’t; so you give up in despair, hoping that your affection for Milne can be read between the lines.

At this moment I’m sitting in the sun on a fire-escape with three or four other girls. Spring seems to have come to stay and we are all very happy about it, chattering, like birds, about many many things, the gym meet tonight,—one of Holyoke’s less hoary traditions, in which I’m actually taking part—and the vacation which is so near and so on. You will realize, I am sure, that this letter is written under stress and forgive its shortcomings.

Greetings to you all, best wishes for you now and afterwards! I hope the future will hold as much happiness for you as it has held for me.

Yours quite sincerely,

ALICIA HILDETH ANDREWS, ’27.

---

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

Castor, the famous detective arrived at the scene of the crime. “Heavens,” he cried, “This is more serious than I thought. The window has been broken on both sides.”
On the sixteenth of March the annual Q. T. S. A. dance was held for the purpose of raising the inter-society scholarship fund. The dance was unusually successful both in a social and a financial way and the committee responsible for this pleasant evening should be congratulated. The committee consisted of Beatrice Case, Ruth Reynolds, and Catherine Traver, Robert Ramroth, and Manton Spaulding. Dance programs were a novelty this year and the decorations received especial admiration from the faculty and the students. Rainbows of confetti added color and as usual furnished a great deal of fun. Besides the one hundred dollars raised for the scholarship, twenty dollars was made. Part of this will be used to purchase books for the new Milne High School and the rest will pay for the orchestra engaged to play after the Prize Speaking Contest.

The members of the faculty who were invited to attend the dance were:

Professor John M. Sayles and Mrs. Sayles.
Miss Elizabeth D. Anderson.
Miss Anne L. Cushing.
Miss L. Antoinette Johnson.
Miss Elizabeth F. Shaver.
Miss Janet D. Sheffield.
Miss Katherine E. Wheeling.

If the faculty guests enjoyed the dance as much as the students, they also must have spent a most delightful evening.

COMING EVENTS

In the near future Milnites and all their friends will have the privilege of attending the Prize Speaking Contest. The event will take place on Friday evening, March thirtieth, in the State College Auditorium. As the system for selecting candidates proved successful last year, the
same one was employed again. The contestants will be: Laura Fletcher, Irene Gedney, Helen Pauley, and Catherine Traver; Henry Blatner, Heath Cole, Ralph Garrison, and Raymond Scofield. Between the speeches Miss Anna Lerner will entertain at the piano and the school orchestra will also offer selections. There will be dancing in the gymnasium at the close of the contest.

Girls' Day, the time when Quintilian and Zeta Sigma Literary Societies join to give an entertainment for Milne High School students and their friends, will take place this spring on May seventeenth. The girls particularly of these two societies are looking forward to this event with much enthusiasm and expect to make it as enjoyable and successful as any of the former Girls' Days.

Next on the program is an event which is most popular with Milniters and for which they plan far ahead. The annual school excursion to Kingston Point is scheduled for June ninth and will of course offer a great time for all who go.

June fourteenth is a day which will be of interest to all students of Milne High School but most of all to the members of the Senior Class. This will be their own day and for many years has been known as Class Day. All the seniors are hoping to make this a gala event and one which they will remember.

A NEW PRIZE IN MILNE HIGH

In a recent conversation with Miss Wheeling concerning prizes, the desirability of a new prize in English was suggested to be offered in Milne High. The idea arose from the need of recognizing consistent interest in English of pupils in Milne High.

This prize will be novel in many ways. It will be awarded for general excellence in examinations and class marks in English over a period of four years. In this respect it differs from the Essay Prize in that the latter is given for one specific achievement only. The new prize will amount to $10 (ten dollars) and will be given by those College students who, since September 1927, have taught English in Milne High.

It is hoped that this new prize will stimulate a desire for improvement in English.

H. PARKHURST.

HELEN M. MANSION.
Basketball has been a success during the past season. We have won half of our games. This is a better average than last year's team had. Our team has plenty of pluck and perseverance.

We have three veterans from last year's team on the squad: Captain Ramroth, Rosbrook and Sharpe. The quintet was weakened by the loss of Captain Ramroth and Sweetser for the greater part of the season. Much credit is due to Robert Ramroth, who has been both captain and manager, for the success of our team. His double responsibility gave him plenty of work to do, but he has performed it in a most creditable manner. Thanks are due to Francis Griffin, a State College senior, who has been coaching the team during the past season. Supervising Coach Rutherford R. Baker has given much valuable advice to the squad.

Finally, every member of the team is to be praised for their fine playing which was accomplished by steady work and practice.

December 3, 1927: Milne opened the season with an overwhelming victory over Castleton. The game was played at home. Milne piled up a tremendous lead in the first half. They were never stopped. Ramroth, Rosbrook, and Wirshing starred. The final score was 41 to 7 in favor of Milne.

December 10, 1927: The next game was with Alco Drafting School on our own court. Milne showed fine teamwork in this game. The other team was completely overwhelmed. Ramroth and Sharpe leading the scoring. The score at the finish was Milne 29, Alco 13.

December 16, 1927: The Milne “five” supported by a few Milnites went to Burnt Hills. Our boys were defeated but only after a valiant fight. The final score was 19 to 13.

January 6, 1928: In the first game after the Christmas holidays Milne downed Coxsackie by a score of 33 to 4. The team was cheered.
on to victory by a large crowd of Milnites. Ramroth made four field baskets in a row during the last quarter. Rosbrook and Wirshing also starred. Smith, Spaulding and Wiley were sent into the game in the last half.

January 14, 1928: The next game was on the home court. Milne was defeated by Cobleskill 26 to 15. The visitors piled up an early lead and our team was unable to catch up with them. Rosbrook lead the team in scoring.

January 21, 1928: The closest game of the season was fought when the Crimson and White came against the Burnt Hills five on Milne’s home court. The teams were evenly matched and the score, at the end of the first half, was tied. Ramroth broke his wrist in this game and was replaced by York. The Milne quintet fought bravely in the last half and conquered their opponents by a single point. The final score was 17 to 16. Carl Wirshing led Milne in scoring with 9 points.

January 27, 1928: Castleton defeated Milne 19 to 14 on the Castleton court. One cause was lack of support. This was a return game. Rosbrook led in the Crimson and White scoring with 8 points.

February 3, 1928: Milne turned back the Troy Country Day team by a score of 23 to 20. This was a closely fought game. Milne led throughout the game but was closely pressed in the last quarter. "Bill" Sharp featured for the victors. There was a good attendance at this game.

February 17, 1928: The school quintet with a large party of supporters journeyed by coach bus to Ravena. Milne played well in the second quarter and the score at the end of the half was 12 to 8 in favor of Ravena. Our opponents ran away with the game in the second half. Milne was unable to stop them. The final score was 34 to 19 in favor of Ravena.

February 25, 1928: The Crimson and White "five" went to Albia for a return game with the Troy Country Day team. Our opponents piled up a strong lead in the first half. Milne started a brave rally in the last quarter and made several points but they hadn’t time to overcome the big lead of Troy Country Day. The final score was 25 to 20 in favor of our rivals. "Bill" Sharpe was the high scorer of the game with 9 points.

March 2, 1928: The Milne quintet with a host of supporters journeyed to Cobleskill. The bus ride was excellent but the game was decidedly unfavorable for Milne. The score does not show the brave
fight which the Milne boys made to win the game. Dame Fortune was against them. The final score was 38 to 15 in favor of Cobleskill. Sharpe and York played brilliantly in the last quarter.

March 10, 1928: Milne played at home. She defeated her old rival Ravena by a score of 26 to 22. The largest crowd of the season attended this game. Cheer leaders R. Smith and B. Snowden led numerous cheers. Rosbrook starred for Milne. Heath "Shovel" Cole played his usual fine game at guard. He kept G. Van Hoesen, Ravena star from making several baskets. Ravena led at the end of the first half 12 to 8. During the second half the Milne players staged a wonderful rally and overcame their opponent's lead. The crowd of spectators enjoyed dancing at the end of the game. The orchestra, composed of Milne High students, played wonderfully and everyone enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

KENNETH A. MILLER, '28.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FB</th>
<th>FP</th>
<th>PF</th>
<th>TP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wirshing</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramroth</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosbrook</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cole</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpe</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetser</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiley</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

116 34 62 266

Milne vs. Castleton          H 41 7
Milne vs. Alco Drafting      H 29 13
Milne vs. Burnt Hills        A 13 19
Milne vs. Coxsackie          H 33 4
Milne vs. Cobleskill         H 16 26
Milne vs. Burnt Hills        H 17 16
Milne vs. Castleton          A 14 20
Milne vs. Troy Country Day   H 23 20
Milne vs. Ravena             A 19 34
Milne vs. Troy Country Day   A 20 25
Milne vs. Cobleskill         A 15 38
Milne vs. Ravena             H 26 22

266 244
Adelphoi has recently taken nine new members into its folds. We have been having some very amusing and beneficial programs as part of their initiation.

The attendance of this society has been almost perfect for the last three months. If so many of our members had not been on the sick or injured list, our record of attendance would have been perfect.

Adelphoi acknowledges the marriage of Hendrick Van Lear to Miss Irma Long. Both of the persons were at one time students in Milne High School. Adelphoi wishes them happiness.

H. D. C.

Quin has entered upon her spring program under the leadership of the following new officers:

- President: E. Pitts
- Vice President: M. Judd
- Corresponding Secretary: E. Davies
- Recording Secretary: B. Case
- Treasurer: H. Wiltsie
- Critic: A. Lerner
- Senior Editor: K. Traver
- Pianist: M. Orvis
- Mistress of Ceremonies: E. Rouse
- Marshall: J. Mallory

In the past month eleven new members have been initiated into the society, and are taking an active part in the weekly programs.

The majority of our members attended the Q. T. S. A., helping to make this colorful event a success.
Sigma

Sigma has initiated 16 new members. This has increased our membership to such an extent that it is a fine inspiration for the officers.

A great deal of work has been done toward increasing our literary knowledge. Book reports on famous authors have been given weekly and it not only proves instructive but interesting as well.

The Q. T. S. A. in which Sigma had her part was the most successful dance in many years. Let's make this year the most successful of all.

C. P.

---

**MILNE’S MAGAZINE RACK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>World’s Work</th>
<th>Henry Blatner</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Secrets</td>
<td>Madge and Esther</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life</td>
<td>At School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snappy Stories</td>
<td>Homework excuses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>Between reports</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College Humor</td>
<td>In any class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Popular Mechanics</td>
<td>Ithamar Hiemmler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everybody’s</td>
<td>Bob Wiley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Boy</td>
<td>Bob Ramroth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatre</td>
<td>Chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Digest</td>
<td>Irene Gedney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Country Gentleman</td>
<td>Kenneth Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Confess</td>
<td>“Happy” Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child Life</td>
<td>The Freshman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Yorker</td>
<td>Miss Cushing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy’s Life</td>
<td>Ralph Brimmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vogue</td>
<td>Frances McMahon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladies’ Home Companion</td>
<td>Oliver York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>Roger Towne and Byron Snowdon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smart Set</td>
<td>Adeline Roth and Eddie Sweetser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Housekeeping</td>
<td>Home Economics Students</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EXCHANGES

The Crimson and White acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

High School Recorder—Saratoga Springs High School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
The Red and Black—Friends’ Academy, Locust Valley, N. Y.
The Hermonite—Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.
The Red and White—Saranac Lake High School, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
The Cue—Albany Academy for Boys, Albany, N. Y.
The Cub Reporter—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
The El-Si-Hi—Southside High School, Amsterdam, N. Y.
The Item—Amsterdam High School, Amsterdam, N. Y.
The Talisman—Tuxedo High School, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
The Forum—Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y.
Clari—Lynbrook High School, Lynbrook, N. Y.
The Acropolis—Scotia High School, Scotia, N. Y.
The Academy—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
The Oracle—Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, N. Y.
The Hartwick Seminary Monthly—Hartwick Seminary, N. Y.

COMMENTS

The Forum

You surely have mastered quantity as well as quality. We liked “The Old Cremona” particularly but the “would be” humor in your “About Us All” seemed to degrade your literary standard.

The Cue

The variety of your cover designs is unusual and splendid. We repeat the opinion of the Student’s Pen: why not insert poetry here and there, or in a department all its own? Surely, poetic genii are not lacking to the Academy.
The Talisman

We congratulate you on your determination to add a school publication to your list of accomplishments. More literary articles is our suggestion. Did you realize you devoted two whole pages to jokes alone and only three to both poetry and prose literature together?

The Clarion

Your magazine abounds in school notes and jokes but both your Literary and Exchange Departments are sadly "among the missing."

The Academe

The Academe is outstanding among our exchanges for its attractive appearance and unique cuts. You create at the same time an impression of dignity and "jolly good" school spirit.

Bleatings—St. Agnes' School, Albany, N. Y.

"Short Wags From a Young Lamb's Tale" in your Winter Issue was an attractive review of your activities. Your numerous pieces of clever poetry made us marvel, and we liked especially "Shelley."

The Witman—Charlotte High School, Rochester, N. Y.

Your attractive cover and cuts are to be envied. You have an Exchange editor, but where have you hidden that department? Comments are welcomed!

Junior High News—Junior High School, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Welcome Junior News! Your paper is interesting and novel. Come again!

---

AS OTHERS SEE US

Your autumn issue is not the type we have in previous years received from The Crimson and White. We realize the task it is to have an exceptional Alumni department but yours is not as good as we know you are capable of. Humor is the outstanding department of this issue and very well done, but we believe it might be better to be a little more careful where the jokes are inserted.—The Cue, Albany Academy for Boys, Albany, N. Y.

Your jokes we found rather amusing, and Heath Cole's "Heat" held our interest completely.—The Academe, Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.
An Irishman, while crossing the ocean became very seasick.
“It’s all right, old man,” said an acquaintance, “you’re not dead yet.”
“Shure,” moaned the sufferer, “but it’s only the hope of dying keeps me alive.”

“Go away from me,” said the fashionably dressed lady to the tramp.
“I wouldn’t have you touch me for a dollar.”
“Aw lady, I was only going to touch you for a dime,” he answered.

THE BUNNY

Once there was a bunny,
Who thought it would be funny,
  To try to make believe he was a cat.
He thought he’d fool his mother,
His sister and his brother,
  And he did until he tried to catch a rat.

ROCKY JOB

Boss—Rastus, you good-for-nothing scamp, where have you been loafing all day? Didn’t I tell you to lay in some coal?
Rastus—Yassu. Ah’s been layin’ in de coal all day, tho dere is lots of softer places whar Ah’d ruther lay.
A wild and audacious baboon
Tried to whistle a popular tune,
But he blew out his teeth
Both above and beneath
And they're feeding him now from a spoon.

“Mama, why has papa no hair?”
“Because he thinks so much, my dear.”
“But why have you got so much?”
“Because—oh, go away, and do your lessons, you naughty boy.”
—“So. Calif. Trojan.”

The Electric Shop
H. Perlee
29 Lincoln Avenue
Albany

THOMAS MAYBERRY
Contractor
and Builder
Slingerlands, N. Y.

Golf Hose and Sweaters
ARGYLES DIAMONDS PLAIN COLORS

Luddy
EXCLUSIVE HABERDASHERY AND HATS

Please mention “The Crimson and White”
BACKWOODS CURRENCY

Into the general store of a village in Virginia there came one day a diminutive darky, who laid upon the counter a single egg, and said, "Boss, my mudder says, please give her a needle for dis egg."

The storekeeper smiled. "Why," he said, "you can get two needles for an egg."

"No, boss," continued the darky, "my mudder don't want no two needles; she says, please give me de change in cheese."

Blatner—"I admit you know more than I do.
Wiley—"Why this modesty all of a sudden?
Blatner—"You know me and I know you.

At Babbitt’s

Two Trouser Suits

at $35 00

IN the new two and three button collegiate models—hand tailored in fabric variations that embrace all the new style ideas for Fall and Winter.

Babbitt & Company, Inc. 67 NORTH PEARL STREET
ALBANY, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Albany Hardware and Iron Company
DISTRIBUTORS OF
SPORTING AND ATHLETIC SUPPLIES
Guns and Ammunition
39-43 State Street  Albany, N. Y.

Moran—"Boy, ah'm gonna bring you to yo' knees."
Mack—"Houzzat boy? Houzzat?"
Moran—"Ah'm gonna start a crap game."

Mwysh:  I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately.
Heb:  You certainly are, if that's one of them!

"Dad, I need a new hat."
"But you go without a hat."
"Yes, but I must have a hat to go without."

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY
PRESCRIPTIONS
OUR BUSINESS
Prompt Attention Given to Phone and Mail Orders
Deliver Everywhere
Telephones West 1959 and 3951
Corner Western and Lake Avenues

Frank H. Evory & Co.
GENERAL
PRINTERS
36 and 38 Beaver Street
91 Steps East of Pearl Street

H. J. CURTIS  S. LAWSON CURTIS
THE DELAWARE PRESS
COMMERCIAL PRINTING
28-30-32 ORANGE STREET  ALBANY, NEW YORK
Telephone Main 7524

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Once I was a polliwog, as little as could be,
But now I am a jolly frog, quite big and fat, you see;
Once I had a tiny tail that wiggled to remind me,
That it was a tiny tail that followed on behind me.

Rastus was sporting a new shirt when a friend asked, "Boy, how many yards doe it take foh a shirt lik dat one?"
Rastus replied, "Say, man, ah'se got three shirts lik dis outa one yard las' night."

Leather Sport Coats Alpine Skiing Breeches
Imported French Fencing Foils $2.75
CLUB LOTS BEST MADE
AT THE
ARMY - NAVY CAMP 540 Broadway

New York State National Bank
ALBANY, N. Y.

Every Banking Convenience
YOUR ACCOUNT SOLICITED

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
“Willie,” said his mother, “I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning.”

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

“Mrs. Brown says it’s none of your business how old she is.”

Haker—May I have the last dance?
M. J.—You’ve had it.

1st Biology teacher—Why do you cross your eyes?
2nd ditto—I got the habit from Luther Burbank.

Please mention “The Crimson and White”
Weeber Cycle Works
E. O. WEEBER
BICYCLES CHILDREN'S VEHICLES TOY WHEEL GOODS
174-176 Central Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Keep Emery in Memory for Smart Footwear

JOHN W. EMERY, Inc.
54 North Pearl Street The Daylight Store

Plumber—I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen.
Youngster—Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook.—Cynic.

Rosbrook—Didn't you see me last night? I saw you twice.
Cole—I never notice people in that condition.

MILDRED ELLEY SCHOOL
Secretarial Studies - Shorthand - Typewriting, Etc.
Train For Success in the Business World
Send For Circular
245 Quail Street Telephone West 1694

FOR YOUR SOCIAL SCHOLASTIC FUNCTIONS
Hosler Ice Cream Co., Inc.
"Cream of Creams"
Special Arrangements For School Dances and Rush Parties

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
WANTED

She came into the police station with a photograph in her hand.
"My husband has disappeared," she said. "This is his photo." And she handed Exhibit A to the inspector.
"I want him found at once," she added.
The inspector looked up from the photograph.
"Why?" he asked.

"Would you like to have a husband with one eye?"
"Heavens, no!"
"Better let me carry the umbrella, then."

COMPLIMENTS OF

Quin Literary Society

Sigma Literary Society

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
"The falling leaves fill me with melancholy thoughts," said the poetic person.

"They used to have that effect on me," returned the prosy man.

"What changed you?"

"I moved into an apartment and don't have to rake them up any more."

Understanding

Automobilist: "I come here to make a fair settlement and you ask $500 just because I ran over your foot. Good gosh, man, I'm not a millionaire."

Injured Party: "I'll have you understand I'm no centipede..."
"Listen," remarked the exasperated driver over his shoulder, "Lindbergh got to Paris without any advice from the back seat."

Miller—What would you do if you were in my shoes?
E. Pitts—I'd get a shine.

**Steefel Says:**

Correct Clothes
For Every Occasion
Clothing Hats Shoes Haberdashery

Smart Togs For Girls, too

**STEEFEL BROTHERS**

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Till—CRIMSON AND WHITE

Educates For Business Efficiency
Provides Attractive Positions

Albany Business College

Secretarial Accounting

Stenographic Civil Service Bookkeeping

Trains Ambitious Young Men and Women Quickly and Economically for Independence and Advancement in Executive and Secretarial Positions.

FOR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS

CARNELL & HOIT ALBANY, NEW YORK

It was midnight.
"Wow, wow, wow, wow," wailed the baby.
"Four bawls and I walk," said the baseball papa.

She was only a hangman's daughter, but oh—what a pain in the neck.

Spring Styles Now Ready
JOHN HAKER
Tailor
99 STATE STREET

"There is No SUBSTITUTE For CERTAINTY"
Use The
Progressive Series of Piano Lessons
THREE YEAR COURSE
457 Jay Street Clarence P. Caterer
West 441-J Registrar

Thomas J. Hurley Est.

OUTFITTERS FOR ALL OUTDOOR AND INDOOR SPORTS AND PASTIMES
22 Green Street Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"