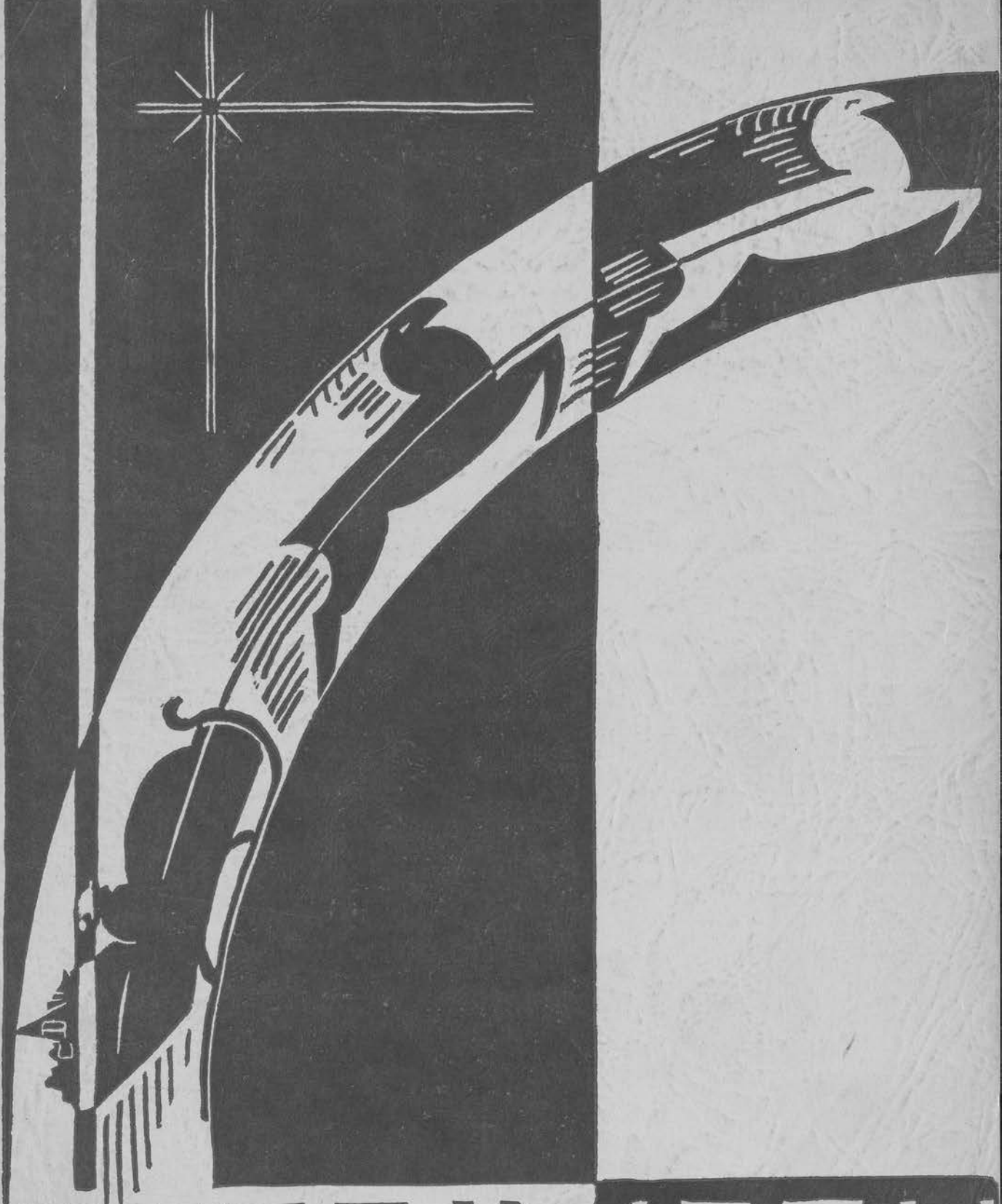


MILNE SCHOOL

Crimson and White Vol. XXXI 1934-35



1934 CRIMSON
1934 TANO WHITE

Published Twice a Year as a Literary Magazine by the Students of the
Milne High School of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (2 numbers) payable in advance..... \$.75



BOARD OF EDITORS

Staff

HELEN GIBSON.....*Editor-in-Chief*
BARBARA BIRCHENOUGH.....*Associate Editor*
CAROLYN MATTICE.....*Literary Editor*
LUISE MORRISON.....*School Editor*
CHRISTINE ADES.....*Alumni Editor*
SARA KESSLER.....*Exchange Editor*
EDWIN BLOCKSIDGE.....*Boys' Sports Editor*
OLIVE VROMAN.....*Girls' Sports Editor*
CALVIN DUTCHER.....*Art Editor*
WILLIAM TARBOX.....*Humor Editor*
VIRGINIA TRIPP..... }
ELIZABETH SIMMONS..... } *Junior School Editors*

Business Department

GANSON TAGGART.....*Business Manager*
ROBERT STEIN.....*Advertising Manager*
JOHN GRAHAM.....*Advertising Agent*

Faculty Adviser

MARY ELIZABETH CONKLIN



To

Mr. Daniel Van Lewan

Our Friend and Adviser

*We sincerely and affectionately dedicate this
Christmas issue*

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXXI

DECEMBER, 1934

Number I

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Cover Design and Cut by Calvin Dutcher	
Life	3
Death	5
The Appearance of a Ghost.....	5
A Toyland Tragedy.....	6
So At Last It's Come to This.....	7
Teacher's Pest	8
Saturday Afternoon	8
Brotherly Troubles	9
Justice	9
A Teacher's Psalm.....	10
To Jon.....	10
Why Young Folks Leave Home.....	11
A Sanctuary.....	11
A Storm.....	12
Ichabod's Frolic at Van Tassel's.....	13
Thanksgiving	13
Don's Revenge.....	14
A Snow Scene by Moonlight.....	15
Furniture's Ball, The.....	16
Sleigh Ride in 1876.....	17
Going Calling With Mother.....	18
The Five and Ten.....	18
Unknown?	18
My Christmas Tree.....	19
My Teddy Bear.....	19
Falling Star, The.....	20
Editorial	21
School Notes.....	22
Alumni Notes.....	28
Exchanges	29
Advertisements	30



LITERATURE



THE SENIOR SCHOOL

* * * *

LIFE

One more day — twenty-four hours — and No. 270041 would be free. Free from those hideous gray walls; walls that had hemmed him in for seven years. Free of the guards' tyranny, of the terrible sameness of food, of going to bed at nine o'clock and getting up at six. Free, free, free.

He'd be a man with a name again instead of just a number among thousands of other numbers. God! it would be great to hear a "Hy, George" after seven years of "Hey you", or "Hey, forty-one".

Tomorrow morning at this time the warden would give him a five dollar bill, a suit of clothes, and some parting advice. The suit and five dollars he needed. The advice he didn't. He knew more about those walls than the warden did. They cramped your very soul. There they were, all around you, laughing at you, jeering at you, day after day, night after night.

This was his last breakfast in prison. He'd never be able to look oatmeal in the face again. But eat it now, and like it. Pasty stuff with tasteless, skimmed milk. He'd go without breakfast tomorrow and have a real one in Los Angeles. Crisp, brown bacon with eggs fried in butter.

But first get out of the sight of these walls. That was more important than the first good breakfast in more than seven years. Seven years and twenty-one days. The twenty-one days didn't count, but those seven years were such long years; such dull, meaningless, years of one awful day after another.

Now for the last dinner. Only about twenty hours more. Never eat stew again, either.

"Yea, going out tomorrow."

"No, you'll never see me in here again."

Won't have to whisper out of the side of your mouth tomorrow.

Hope the sun is shining tomorrow. But it always does out here. Might be a bad sign if it didn't. If the afternoon is as long as this, what's the night, the last night, going to be?

Supper. From now on it will be called dinner in the evening and luncheon at noon.

"Want my rice pudding?"

"That's all right."

Never eat rice pudding again either.

“Yea, I’ll be eating regular stuff tomorrow.”

“Aw, I wasn’t talking.”

God! He’d talk a leg off anybody that would listen tomorrow. Just think, no guard to make you shut up.

“This is the last time you’ll ever lock me in for the night, Jerry.”

Wonder if Mary had really fallen for the boy? Wonder if she married him after she got the divorce? Pity the skunk got well, though it wouldn’t have made much difference.

Forget about them, or some more walls will a prison make. Hell of a song, “Walls Do Not A Prison Make”. The guy who wrote that was never behind walls.

Wouldn’t it ever get day light?

“Hey! Guard, what time is it?”

“One o’clock, oh, my God!”

Got to go to sleep now or this night will never end. Thought it was nearly 5 o’clock. This night is longer than the whole seven years, and I never knew seven years could be so long.

There, that’s dawn now, sure. Oh, thank God! Never have to see it through that one by two window again.

“So long, fellows.”

“So long, so long, so long.”

Too bad they weren’t all going out. Poor boys.

So that’s the suit they give you. Well, anything is better than these denims. Never put a suit of overalls on again. They’d remind a man of this awful non-descript thing with its number on the back.

“Thank you, warden.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll never go off my head again.”

“Thanks. Good-bye.”

The big, groaning gate. Lots better going through this way.

Oh, God, even the air tastes better out here. Now you’re really free. You’ve got a name again. You can talk as much as you want to, and stay up as late as you want to, and sleep as long as you want to.

A five dollar bill doesn’t last long. That was a swell dinner last night, though, and that real bed with sheets was worth your last two dollars.

“Could you spare a dime, mister?”

“Mister, could you spare a dime?”

“Certainly, I want work.”

“I thought they were overrun with extras at all the studios.”

“Thank you a lot. I’ll hustle right over there.”

Look at that line. Two blocks long. Hope the card that guy gave me works. Seven-fifty a day for a few days would certainly be great.

Funny, isn’t it, to be an actor again? No, they don’t know that part of my life. Why should I go into detail. Tank towns. “Ten Nights in a Bar-room”, “East Lynn”, and all the other reliable tear-jerkers. I wasn’t a star.

Neither was anybody else in that bunch of troopers. Just the ham type and a lot of times even without the ham. But lots of laughs.

(Officer. "So you're going to be an actor? Maybe. You're next now.")

"No, I've never been registered.

"Yes, Sir."

"Okay, thanks."

You're on the payroll now. The luck has turned. To the costume department, eh; maybe you're going to be a knight of old or a pirate. Ha!

"Size thirty-nine, I think."

Put that jumper on so the number's on the back.

"Hey, what's this--"

"It's your costume. This is going to be a prison scene."

Sheldon Machlin, '37

* * * *

DEATH

Death stalked, unrestrained by human hands.
 He held his council, a civil court in every land;
 When he left, he led behind him all men in faltering bands.
 The kings of each profession were represented there,
 The portals of life closed after them as they entered,
 For Death, the king of all the darkness,
 Had proved himself the greatest king of all.

Irma Komfort, '35

* * * *

THE APPEARANCE OF A GHOST

What does a ghost look like? There are several theories. Usually it is rather transparently opaque, blackly white, and very large in a small sort of way. When a ghost appears, in "penny blood-curdlers", at least, it is generally to intimidate some member of the ghost's family so to speak, or else to fulfill a family curse. It walks silently through secret passages, rattling its chains with an ominous clang. One sometimes wonders why ghosts, though in themselves immaterial, have chains solid enough to clang. Phantoms are seldom other than human, although there seem to be no reasons a ghost of a mosquito or of an elephant should not hauntingly haunt some haunted residence or Zoo. I, myself, have seen many spirits, but like the "djinn" in THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, they are of the type that emerge from a bottle. Never having been a specter, I cannot describe the sensations of walking through walls, rattling chains, or of "dematerializing", as the spiritualists term it. While they do play an important role in summoning ghosts, spirits, and plain "hants", alcoholic spirits are in no way related to their ectoplasmic namesakes. Whether darkly white or pallidly black, ordinary ghosts are very extraordinary, ordinarily, at least.

Paul De Porte, '35

A TOYLAND TRAGEDY

1

The terrible pirate with pistol and sword
Has kidnapped the lovely French dolly;
He says he will break her unless we will pay
A ransom of eight sprigs of holly.

2

We also must give him the large candy cane
With red and white stripes down the middle
And send him the big book of nursery rhymes —
The one with "The Cat and the Fiddle."

3

Hooray! the brave soldier of shining bright tin
Has reported, "I'll go and get her!"
So he hops on the red and brown rocking horse
And shouts to the little black setter.

4

"Go and bring me my gun, (that trusty old one)
And my sharp and favorite sword
I'll make that old pirate acknowledge defeat,
And I'll bind him with stoutest of cord!"

5

Away, 'mid the blasts of the "Toyland Brass Band"
And the shouts of admiring toys,
Away, rode the gallant soldier of tin,
Not hearing the deafening noise.

6

For his mind was intent and his purpose was bent
On the rescue of beautiful Fifi
And the sudden destruction of Pirate Red
Who the toys had always thought "beefy."

7

Up to the place where sweet Fifi was held
Rode the soldier, (so brave in his tin)
To rescue the lovely French dolly,
And her hand and her heart to win.

8

Ah, there in the doorway, to his dismay,
 Stood the dolly, so many days missing,
 But what made him sad, was that he also saw
 The pirate, whom Fifi was *kissing!*

9

The soldier walked up very slowly
 And asked, "What's the meaning of this?"
 "Eet mean," said fair Fifi, "me marry sees man!"
 And she gave him *another* fond kiss!

10

The soldier, so terribly sad at this news,
 Shot himself right through the head.
 And the moral is this: You never can tell
 Whom French dollies are going to wed.

Lillian Walk, '37

* * * *

SO AT LAST IT'S COME TO THIS

Scientists claim that future homes will be made of glass and some base alloy. In some parts of the country, scientists are already experimenting with these homes. They have many advantages over wooden houses, but they also have many disadvantages. Living in glass houses, people would be much healthier, for they could get the rays of the sun which penetrate through the glass. Light would fill the rooms and present a cheerful appearance. The houses would also be very sanitary, because they might easily be washed, and this would take away germs. It wouldn't be much fun washing houses, but maybe the city could pay men to go around and clean them.

Now don't say that the city couldn't afford it, because I have already figured out a way for the city to pay these men. Since glass is fire-proof, there would be no fires and therefore the city would not need any fire companies. They could use the money saved from the fire companies and pay the men out of that.

There is one other disadvantage that keeps us from having cities of glass houses. Anyone walking down a street on a very sunny day would be dazzled by the display of light shining on the glistening glass. Colorful beams would be cast in all directions leaving the person feeling very dizzy and slightly intoxicated.

By these arguments and hundreds of others which I have not mentioned, you can see that the nation is going to have a very difficult time deciding this great problem. I'm afraid glass houses will have to wait.

Doris Shultes, '36

TEACHER'S PEST

(With apologies to the creator of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze")

Oh, she does all her work with the greatest of ease;
 This brilliant young girl all the teachers does please;
 When she spouts hot air it's a regular breeze,
 And the teachers she baffles all day!

For she is the student who *never* agrees,
 And the teacher — her questions he *never* forsees;
 From difficult homework this girl *never* flees,
 And *my* homework she does every day!

Oh, my homework is tidy, my homework will please;
 My homework she does with the greatest of ease.
 She deigns not to answer the teacher's own pleas
 That she do only her work today!

Paul De Porte, '35

* * * *

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Saturday represents to me a quiet day of recreation, or a minute of quiet in the storm of life. Strangely enough I am not content to remain inactive during Saturday afternoon, but instead I usually spend it in bicycle rides, ball games, and outdoor sports.

I usually wake up about ten o'clock Saturday morning, just in time to realize that I have missed the ball game that the gang plays every Saturday. When I feel able to arise and navigate on my own power, I partake of some small nourishment. Then, with the old dome somewhat clearer, I take the field, with colors flying, to mow the lawn. I plan the remainder of the day as I absent-mindedly push the lawn mower through a stray flower bed. The upshoot of so great a floater on my part, is rather distressing. I receive a severe calling down by a parent, and any conclusion which I might have reached is lost for good.

Several years ago I would have spent the afternoon in sticking small postage stamps into my book. Still more recently I could be found, on a Saturday afternoon, trying to discover what made my radio go (or refuse to go, as the case might be). However, this summer my Saturday afternoon address will be: Hawkins Stadium, Menands. It is needless to say that I am a very hopeless baseball fan.

Thus, rooting for the home team, I shall leave you.
 Adios.

Arthur Thompson, '36

BROTHERLY TROUBLES

If it is the weakest animal of the jungle beasts that is the most hunted, so the youngest brother of a large family is thus affected. Throughout his younger life he is hunted and tracked down. He is made a slave by his sisters. Brother also, when of age, becomes the "truckhorse" of the family. He is Dad's helper. Sister's errand boy, big brother's servant, and even Mother's beast of burden. Grandmother is really his only friend in his sad plight. For his brave deeds and services to her he is always rewarded in some way or other.

When Brother reaches the age of four, his troubles have just started. Already he is trudging to and fro for his mother. It's either, "Sonny, get my darn-ing", or, "Mother's little man, be a good fireman and go call Daddy for supper." Daddy is only at the other end of the house. His reward is being called "a brave soldier", or, "a big, strong man." Never does it dawn upon him what he is bringing upon himself by cheerfully executing Mother's orders.

At the age of eight, or the errand age, Junior is steadily traveling to the store and back. This never-ending path is to him like an endless belt, but he goes on bravely doing the wishes of other less helpful persons of his family. Also at this time, he becomes Daddy's helper and does everything from holding a flashlight to cleaning out the car. He is encouraged in this by the fact that Daddy did it when he was young and so should he. Another duty is being Sister's slave. He gets her books, buys her cosmetics at the eleventh hour, tips the boyfriend off to things, and is general handy man.

Up through the ages he is a slave, a family "truckhorse", Superintendent of Refuse, Guardian of Snow Removal, and High Chancellor of the Cellar and Attic Cleaners.

If Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, Brother's family is his Waterloo! !

Walter Simmons, '36

* * * *

JUSTICE

Justice . . . what is it? Would ye find it
 In a person's judgment?
 Or in the opinion of "twelve good men and true?"
 Or in Society's judgment of thine acts and deeds?
 Or in a written code of that which is right and that which is wrong?
 Nay, verily, thine inmost Self decides the nature of Right and Wrong.
 If thine actions be right to thy soul,
 They are right forever, aye, to all eternity.
 Thou art the judge of thy deeds.

Paul De Porte, '35

A TEACHER'S PSALM

Blessed is the teacher that walketh not in the counsel of the critics, nor standeth in the way of the students, nor leaneth toward the giving of more work.

But the novice delights in the law of the critic, and on this law doth he live by day and by night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the college professors, that putteth forth his knowledge in previous seasons, his memory shall also wither, and whatsoever he doth shall not prosper.

The critics are not so, but are like the knowledge placed in school books.

Therefore the critics shall not stand in the judgment, nor stand in the congregation of the students.

For the student knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of all teachers shall perish.

Ganson Taggart, '35

* * * *

TO JON

Two dark blue eyes
A downy head
The largest of cries
From the smallest beds.
That's the "little fella."

A smacking of lips
A comical face
As the haliver oil
Slides into place.
That's the "little fella."

A lovely big smile
That's almost a grin
As a finger roves
From his cheek to his chin.
That's the "little fella."

A tiny dark head
A little above
A soft blanket of blue.
Do you wonder we love
Our "little fella"?

Elizabeth Roosa, '35

WHY YOUNG FOLKS LEAVE HOME

It seems that every time we have company, someone betrays me. If not a blunder I made it is about girls, a very delicate subject with me. Last Sunday, we has a house full of company. Everything went well until we sat down to eat. We had hardly started, when my father said, "How are your girl friends?" I managed to produce only a half blush and replied they were fine. At once the conversation shifted from war, airplanes, stocks, and jobs, to the unbelievable subject of girls. Never have I heard such a chatter about such a mere subject as girls. They talked of blondes, red heads, and brunettes. More than once I was brought into the conversation to give my opinion. Finally the last straw came. Right across from me sat three young ladies, all of a different complexion and all with a different color hair. One of the visitors asked me which I liked best. I was sunk. All begged me to give my answer, including the three ladies. I didn't know what to do. Just as I was having to give my answer, a terrible snarling, growling and barking was heard on our front lawn. All rushed to see what was the matter. The interruption was a dog fight. I was not only glad that I owned a dog but also that he fought often. To him I owe a great deal for saving me from one of a number of embarrassing situations.

* * * *

Ralph Norvell, '36

A SANCTUARY

The lake lay beneath me in all its beauty. The soft twang of a distant guitar came drifting over the water. The lake was still, moving softly in little ripples toward its unknown destination. I had come up that mountain many times, and each time I went alone to my own sanctuary; and sat still, looking at it. How many times I had come to this place seeking refreshment, new hope, and love. The dark velvet lake, the glittering sky, and the distant mountains looming before me had painted themselves on my heart. The peace and quietness of my own sanctuary had found its way to my heart. All my life I will remember my nights with God. I will take them out from my mind and dust them off. Then I will softly fondle them like treasured jewels. This will be my sanctuary.

* * * *

Jane Weir, '37

Moonlight on my chair,
 Shiny velvet moonlight
 Hovering there—
 Dripping off in puddles,
 Strange uneven puddles
 Lying there.
 Cool and lovely moonlight
 A slight pause as I stare
 At the perfect beauty of the
 Moonlight on my chair.

Elizabeth Roosa, '35

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

* * * *

A STORM

The thunder was deafening; the whole ground seemed to shake with the terrible roar. Men, those poor, ignorant weaklings, were huddled in their hovels, shaking with fear, fear that knew no bounds; fear that drove men crazy; fear that filled their hearts and made them sacrifice their own brothers. The terrible storm continued. Lightening, that made night turn to day, seemed to cut into the very marrow of a man and made brave men turn to cowards and whimper at the feet of stupid Idols. Idols? figures of stone and clay that men worshiped and feared because they knew no better.

The High Priests became rich, rich with offerings that men gave them, in return for which they promised to save them. Save them from what? The High Priests themselves, didn't know, and why should they care? It didn't mean anything to them that men turned to jelly fish from fear. Fear, what a terrible word! but words such as these spoken at the right time would mean money, and the High Priests of "Aguora" knew it.

As the men came to the temples to pray the High Priest Aduawr to save them from the fury of the Gods, Aduawr would laugh with glee, inwardly. He was scheming to collect enough money from these poor, ignorant men to make him a very rich baron when he arrived in England. Already he had about six hundred pounds sterling, in gold and trinkets that he had hoarded in a secret safe in the temple of Roda, the storm god. Now the Gold and trinkets lay in piles on the altar of Roda. This was the fourth storm of its kind and the safe in which Aduawr kept his gold could hold very little more. So, Aduawr planned to leave some night and make for the border, where he planned to board ship and sail to England with his stolen hoard.

But! the Gods seemed to have different ideas about the matter. Suddenly the wind rose to a terrible tempest. The sleet drove in blinding sheets so that a man couldn't see ten feet before his face. Lightening lit up the sky and uprooted many giant trees. Thunder, so loud that it deafened a man for several minutes after it ceased, enveloped the earth. Men, women, and children screamed and ran about half mad from fear.

Suddenly a terrible roar was heard. A large ball of fire sailed toward the temple, with long tongues of flame coming from all sides of it. Straight toward the temple it came. Aduawr ran from the temple as fast as his legs could carry him, and the ball of fire pursued him. At last he could no longer stand, and he crumpled in a heap on the ground. It enveloped Aduawr. A terrific explosion occurred, the storm ceased, a large cloud of thick, heavy smoke rose above the earth.

A charred heap of bones marked the last of Aduawr the Wicked.

And so as the old saying goes, "Right shall prevail, and wickedness and evil shall be expelled." The people of Aduawr were avenged.

ICHABOD'S FROLIC AT VAN TASSEL'S

When old Balt Van Tassel said,
 "Please help yourself,"
Ichabod's hands were on table and shelf,
And he had his share
Of all the dainties there
Including the duck, the apple, and pear.
At the dancing the negroes thought him to be graceful,
But in my opinion he was really disgraceful,
Stepping and stamping on Katrina's small feet
And whirling near a table to grab something to eat.
I can no longer write of our old schoolmaster
Because he met the Horseman and also disaster.

Jaquelyn Townsend, '40

* * * *

THANKSGIVING

O, Thanksgiving is a lovely day
And let it come in the month it may
Could there be a better month November
And its glad purpose just remember.

The old leaves have fallen from the trees
O, so brown, sir, and dried are these.
The fruit and nuts are in the bins
And soon King Winter will set in.

The smell of turkey fills the air,
And Mother's face is lined with care
As pies and puddings she prepares,
And every season adds gray hairs.

Give credit to that little band,
Who came to this strange land
The crops were slim and harvest small
But they gave thanks, one and all.

For many things to God give praise.
And for health, homes and happy days.
Our Pilgrim fathers to Him were true
And showed us all what we should do.

Althea Wallace, '38

DON'S REVENGE

A famous author has said, "You can make a story out of a potato or a carrot if you only use your imagination." That is precisely what I am going to do. I am starting with practically nothing and yet I am going to write a story. How good it will be, is up to the reader, of course.

I shall name my story "Don's Revenge," which is the sort of title a school child would put on his composition. I really ought to get my cerebrum working and think up a startling title, which instantly catches the reader's attention, such as "Vengeance Follows on the Heels of Abuse," but, because this story is about Don's revenge, the title shall be just "Don's Revenge."

Don was a puppy, a very small, very lively, furry little puppy. He was very happy and was head over heels in love with his master. He positively danced whenever that person was near. His master's name was Bill; anyway, that was what his wife called him.

There was only one shadow to darken Don's happy life, and that was a dark one. He was Bill's wife's cat. His name was "kitty," according to her, and he delighted in tormenting Don whenever he had a chance. He was a full grown, strong feline, and Don could do nothing to defend himself. If Bill's wife gave Don a plate of food, "kitty" would eat it, or, if it was not to his liking, he would prevent Don from eating it. If Don dared to resist, he received a "playful" scratch on the nose which would send him howling off. Oddly enough, neither Bill nor his wife ever interfered. Don hated and feared the wretched creature.

Don grew larger and stronger, his silly puppyish ways left him, and he became steadier and wiser. As he grew older his hate and resentment toward that miserable cat also grew. Don burned with indignation at the cool way in which "kitty" took possession of his things, his favorite napping places, his food; and at the sneering glances he condescended to direct Don's way. "Kitty" felt that he was lord and master over Don, and he showed it in as many ways as he could. At first Don had accepted this without protest, but as he grew wiser he somehow knew that he had rights of his own and that he should fight for them.

Don grew and grew until he was almost twice as big as the cat, and then, one day, the storm broke! Don had been expecting it for a long time; he knew that he couldn't stand the strain any longer.

Bill and his wife had gone out, leaving only Don and the cat at home. Perhaps they did this purposely. Who knows? Don thought that he would take a nap; so he went to his favorite napping spot on the end of the couch, and there he found "kitty," his enemy. He had perched himself there, not to be comfortable, for any cat prefers a deep arm chair to a hard couch, but out of pure spite and an inherently mean nature. Don usually had a peaceful nature, but at the sight of the cat, calmly washing his face, in Don's special snoozing place, all of Don's pent up anger and resentment burst forth. He leaped upon the cat's back, got a hold with his teeth, and shook him. "Kitty" was surprised. He had never met with any opposition before. He struggled free and flew into Don's face with his teeth and claws. Every hair on him was verticle. Don's fury gave him

strength, but the cat was unbelievably strong. Fur flew in all directions and the noise was heard for a block or two. It was a regular "gingham dog and calico cat" duel. Finally Don got a hold on the cat's hind leg and flung him to the floor with such force that the cat's back was broken. Don satisfied himself that his enemy was dead, and then went to sleep, strangely happy. He had achieved his revenge.

When Bill and his wife returned home they found dead "kitty." Bill exclaimed excitedly: "I knew he could do it! I knew it was in him! There's no stopping that dog! He's no coward".

The proper ending to this story should be: So Don and his master lived happily ever after, but sad as it is, the ending must be: That afternoon, while crossing the street to meet his master who was returning from work, Don was knocked down by a racing taxi-cab and killed. He was buried with his mortal enemy, the cat, so his revenge did him little good.

P. S. — It is a well known fact that a person can not write a good story about something he knows nothing about. That is why I chose a dog story, instead of making a flop of trying to describe the pathos and horror of war, trying to make a love story sound real, or some such thing. Do you agree—

Patricia Gibson, '38

* * * *

A SNOW SCENE BY MOONLIGHT

It had been snowing all day long,
 The ground was covered by a soft white crust;
 All the trees were stiff with ice,
 All over the weeds was a fluffy dust.
 It was midnight and moonlight;
 Up above the clouds were rushing to and fro;
 The moon was full, half covered by the clouds,
 Lighting up the scene below.
 Every tree and bush threw a sharp shadow at my feet,
 And the weeds looked like lace, black lace, floating over white silk,
 A little wind blew, fresh and cold;
 And the moon's rays flowed like a white cow's milk.
 I opened the door, and ran into the light,
 Nothing but moonlight, and the white snow and dark shadows,
 And the clouds threw reflections on the ice
 Racing over the hills and meadows.
 It was the most beautiful thing that ever was or will be
 Between the earth and the sky;
 Nobody saw it but the moon and one other;
 The moon and I.

Sylvia Rypins, '38

THE FURNITURE'S BALL

Elsie shut the parlor door with a bang. There was a hushed silence in the parlor for a few moments, and then the air was filled with "Oh's" and "Ah's". The sofa sighed for the fifth time.

"Well, they've gone to bed for the night. Now, since we're all alone, let's start the ball. Come on, my dear piano, let's strike up the band."

"Not on your life," grunted the piano. "For once in my life, I'm going to relax. All I do is hold myself straight and stiff, and I'm banged on from morning until night."

"I'd like to know," said the floor lamp, "how you expect to have a ball without music."

"I have that all settled, my dear," responded the piano, straightening up importantly. "I was interviewing a cricket this afternoon, and, as no one was in sight, I told him of our ball tonight, and finally persuaded him to come and bring his orchestra; so they will be here shortly."

The large armchair looked up approvingly. "Really, friend piano," he said, "I must compliment you on your thoughtfulness. I'm sure it will be most pleasant having Mr. Cricket and his orchestra play for us at our ball tonight."

"Come," suddenly shouted the rug, "let's give three cheers to Mr. Piano for his remarkable showing of intelligence."

Then all our furniture friends joined in "Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah! OUR FRIEND THE PIANO!" The couch threw up her pillows. The rug flapped his fringes back and forth. The grandfather clock gave three resounding dings. The fire glowed its brightest, and snapped a log into three pieces. Finally, when all was quiet again, the piano modestly bowed first to one side of the room, and then to the other.

All at once some music was heard, and fifty or sixty crickets trooped into the room with their violins already placed on their shoulders, playing as hard as they could. When they took their places on the hearth, three more cheers were sent through the air, and the ball began.

The armchair immediately asked the floor lamp to dance with him. The desk offered himself to the sofa. The table lamp jumped down and danced with the waste-paper-basket. Everyone had found a partner, and the ball was in full swing. The piano came out of his corner and strode to where a round, carved mahogany table stood, and, bowing low, asked for the pleasure of her company. The table blushed a pretty mahogany brown at this unexpected honor, and they went jiggling off together.

The ball probably would have turned out a success if it hadn't been for the rug, who was in such a state of excitement that, forgetting himself entirely, he gave one long rapturous sigh. It happened that Mr. Piano and Miss Table were, at this instant, near his stomach and consequently, when Mr. Rug's stomach rose up, Mr. Piano stumbled over it, and he and Miss Table fell to the floor with a crash, bang, and a shriek from Miss Table. The furniture all ran to assist the

hurt culprits, when, all at once, voices were heard, and there was a scramble to get back in place.

When Elsie and her mother entered the room and discovered that the piano was minus a pedal, and the pretty, round, carved mahogany table had a scratch on it, you may well imagine their dismay and surprise.

I have peeked behind the parlor door many times since, but never have I seen a furniture ball like this again.

Lois Blessing, '38

* * * *

A SLEIGH RIDE IN 1876

When the sun is setting
There comes a soft white glow,
The time we know as twilight,
On the deepening snow.

When the light is waning,
And threatening to go,
That's the time when sleigh bells
Are sounding through the snow.

We see the gay white horses
Who ever fret and stamp,
Bells on harness jingling
As the snowflakes dance.

Soon we are ariding
On the drifts so wide,
Through the hills and valley,
Down the country side.

And now our ride is ended
As we're set down at the door;
But we needn't worry,
For there'll be many more.

And now the gay white horses
Have disappeared from sight,
Fretting, running, prancing,
Through the drifts so white.

When the sun is setting
O'er the deepening snow,
That's the time when horses
Are prancing to and fro.

Dorothy Leonard, '39

GOING CALLING WITH MOTHER

"Gee kids, this is great! What a session I just had!" cried nine-year-old Jack as he came running across the back lot to join a group of boys already assembled there. *I've* been to a formal tea at Mrs. Green's! Bah! Some circus! The way those old dames pawed at me you'd think they'd never seen a boy before.

"What lovely curly hair! Where *did* he get it?"

"What a darling boy!"

"He looks just like you, Sally."

"Piffle! !"

"Fellers, the only bright moment in my whole visit was when they passed the candy. I was just about ready to dive in and take a handful when Mother looked so threatening that I could only take one! One candy, fellers! — For a growing boy like me! Then, when the ordeal was just about over, I could see in their eyes that some of those pesky females were going to ask me to *kiss them goodbye*. So I sez, 'So long, folks', and I beat it.

"That's my whole story. C'mon, let's go."

Hazel Roberts, '38

* * * *

THE FIVE AND TEN

The Five and Ten on a Saturday
Always looks so cheerful and gay.
Although I've no money most of the time,
Here I'm a Queen with only a dime.

A nail-file, a pencil, and maybe a hat,
A tablet, a comb, and a mouse for the cat,
A bracelet, a pin, and a beautiful ring,
This wonderful store has everything.

Virginia Kemp, '39

* * * *

UNKNOWN?

I know a painter who paints only white,
He paints in the day and he paints in the night.

His designs are original and gay, yet cold,
And they always melt; so they never grow old.

He paints in frost; on glass he designs,
And always, a clean window pane he finds.

Some paint with crayons and some paint with oils;
But for painting in frost, my friend gets the royals.

No other painter can copy his works ;
He always is busy, and he never shirks.

His paintings are those that have no cost.
You know this painter. Why he's Jack Frost!

Recilla Rudnick, '38

* * * *

MY CHRISTMAS TREE

It was a few days before Christmas
And I must have a tree,
But the stores were sold out of
Any for me,
So I went out in the woods on
This cold winter day
In hopes that I'd find one that
Looked very gay.
I saw many brown bunnies
All lively with play
And they looked very happy
To be out this fine day.
I walked on until I saw a
Choice tree
So I cut it down to bring
Home with me.

Althea Wallace, '38

* * * *

MY TEDDY BEAR

Poor, little Teddy Bear, old and worn,
Patches covering places once torn,
You've been my pal through many days,
Known all my childlike, baby ways.

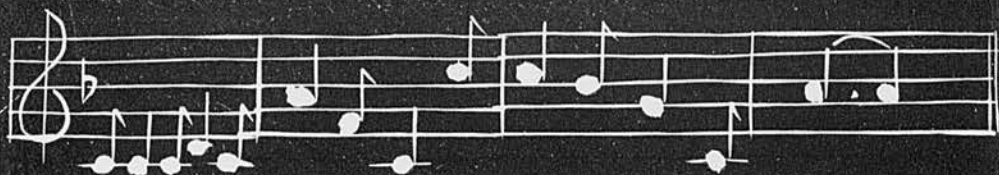
Once you were new and grand to see ;
Now you are ragged from playing with me.
You were the favorite of all my toys,
You'll always remind me of past, loved joys.

Once you squeaked with a loud, high tone ;
Now your accents have died to a moan.
Still you have been my life-long friend.
You'll always stick by me to the end.

V. Tripp, '38

THE FALLING STAR

Alma Brown, '40



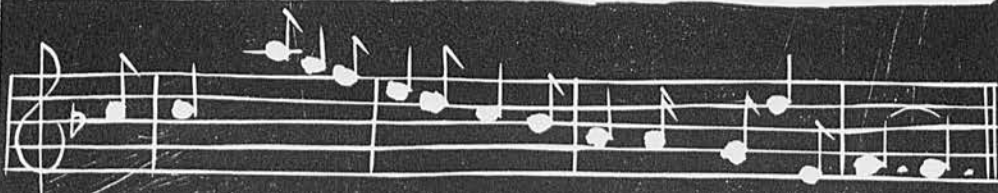
One night I saw a fall - ing star Come tum - bling from the sky;



It was a ver - y love - ly sight From up so ver - y high



And as it fell it grew so small that I could hard - ly see



And from a - bove the Lady Moon's call came sorr'w - ful - ly down to me



"GIVE A CHEER FOR MILNE"

An ancient philosopher has given us the following extremely pertinent definition. "The good arguer looks his subject squarely in the face, admits with great fair-mindedness that it has two, if not more, debatable sides, and then firmly devotes his time to proving his chosen side."

Who of us has not heard one among our acquaintances vehemently declare that he'd never send any of his children to that place with reference to our own Milne School? Who not heard him elaborate almost violently on the seeming disadvantages of student teacher experimentation and other features of the Milne School objectionable to him? Who of us has not tried to present our own side of the question to the never-to-be-convinced opponent?

Permit us to present, after what may seem a rather disjointed introduction, some very definite views on the situation, with the hope that they will serve to strengthen and clarify to a certain extent the "line of fire" for those loyal defenders.

May we first suggest that, in common with the majority of other public and private secondary schools in America, Milne presents standard and widely varied curricula, including Academic, College Entrance, and Commercial courses. Dramatic, French, and choral clubs, art, shop, and dancing clubs, literary societies, athletic councils, horse-back riding, swimming, basketball, hockey, the newspaper, student councils, — the list of extra-curricular activities can be extended indefinitely.

Not to ignore the main issue, we progress to the arguments with which we hope to meet the points of our still-firm-in-his-belief opponent. The New York State College for Teachers is probably one of the finest schools of its kind in the country. The under-graduate, when doing his practice teaching, represents youth, enthusiasm, alertness, broad-mindedness, and knowledge of the latest theories in teaching — that is, the student teacher's four years of earnest and diligent study have given him almost all the qualities of a good teacher except one, experience. Yet in the Milne School, a strict surveillance of the student teachers by an experienced faculty of supervisors, precludes any doubt as to whether inexperience is a disadvantage to the teaching staff.

Our final argument applies not only to Milne but to every existing institution of learning, no exceptions recognized. Given an humble desire for that learning, there is not a person in the world who can not gain, to some extent, an efficient, enjoyable education in that field.

Helen Gibson, '35

SCHOOL NOTES

SOCIAL EVENTS

The School Editor of this noble literary publication is again faced with the problem of finding an original way to write her column. Watch her avoid this crisis. Although we have spent most of this semester getting adjusted scholastically, our few social events have been successful.

A precedent was broken this year when the Junior and Senior Schools held separate receptions. Because of different interests it was felt that the same party would not be enjoyable to both sections of the school. The Junior School entertained itself on November 2 with a masquerade party in our new Recreation Center. Damia Winhurst and Florence Dunham won prizes for their costumes. In addition to dancing and games, a program of student talent made the evening even more enjoyable. Among the performers were Harriet Richter, Janice Crawford, Florence Dunham, and Recilla Rudnick.

The Senior School followed up with a party on the following Friday night. Senior class gave "A Cup of Tea" in which Virginia Hall, Winton Terrill, Jean Combrinck-Graham, and Donald Glenn appeared. The Junior class presented "The First Dress Suit". Douglas MacHarg, Betty Boyd, Ralph Norvell and Jean Graham were included in the cast. Thelma Segall, Foster Sipperly, Janet Bremer, and Edgar Miller represented the Sophomore class in "So's Your Old Antique". The rest of the evening the school shed its dignity by tripping the light fantastic, with the freshmen, who had been invited.

Both Sigma and Quin have had their "rushes". Sigma entertained her young "hoped-fors" with a freak fashion show and a "good ole mellerdramer." Quin presented a hilarious vaudeville show left over from the "gay Nineties". Adelphoi has finished its first initiation, concerning which the author knows little since she was rudely asked to stop peeking in the door. At any rate, the new members are William Arnoldy, William Hotaling, Robert Dawes, Robert Ely, Robert Feldman, and Robert Fowler. (There's something funny about those names; maybe I'm wrong).

Although the boys have just begun their basketball season, the girls have already completed an enjoyable hockey season in which games with other schools had major importance.

And now, we can look forward to the future: basketball, initiations, dances, baseball, Society day, and finally, Class Night and Graduation. Woe is me, I'll have to write it up! !

Luise Morrison, '35

THE SENIOR STUDENT COUNCIL

With Dunton Tynan as president, the Student Council has gone through a successful first semester of work. It began its activities by budgeting the school expenses. The Council arranged the Annual Milne Reception and broke a precedent of former years by holding separate Senior and Junior School Receptions. The freshman class was invited to attend the Senior Reception also.

A constitution committee of three, Helen Gibson, Edwin Blocksidge, and Howard Rosenstein, chairman, has been appointed to revise the present constitution or draw up a new one. The constitution has not been altered since 1924.

Plans are underway for giving a Student Council dance on December 22. The proceeds of this dance will be turned over to the mural fund.

The other officers are Edwin Blocksidge, vice president; and Carolyn Mattice, secretary.

Carolyn Mattice, '35

* * * *

THE JUNIOR STUDENT COUNCIL

The Junior Student Council officers are Wilson Hume, president; Lois Nesbitt, vice president; and Peggy Jantz, secretary. Martin Creesy, who is president of the Traffic Club, attends meetings in that capacity.

There are several standing committees, including the Bulletin Board committee with Mildred Mattice as chairman, the Assembly committee headed by John Hawkins, and the Lost and Found committee of which Jane Vedder is chairman. The Student Council representatives of the seventh and eighth grades have charge of the information desk.

Peggy Jantz, '38

* * * *

BOYS' ATHLETIC COUNCIL

With the opening of school this year, the Athletic Council began to function. The different branches of boys' sports were checked, as was the budget.

The most important project of the whole organization, though, was the passing and the enforcing of the new regulations concerning dancing after basketball games. A restriction of some kind has been a necessity in Milne for some time and the situation has been finally remedied.

The Boy's Athletic Council has been improved greatly since its founding. Frederick Dearstyne is president, and Arnold Davis is secretary. Coach Rutherford Baker is faculty adviser of this organization.

Arnold Davis, '35

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

In its second full year of existence the Girls' Athletic Club has already gained definite ends during the first few months of school as the senior high girls took up hockey as a new fall sport, it was necessary to buy some hockey sticks and shin guards. G. A. C. made their purchase possible through an appropriation from the Girls' Athletic Fund. The first amendment to the constitution adopted last year was made. The varsity's gym shirts were made over by a voluntary committee of five. In one of the last meetings before Thanksgiving vacation an auction of discarded articles was conducted by Miss Hitchcock.

The officers for the year are:

Elsbeth Fromm.....	<i>President</i>
Barbara Birchenough.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Ruth Campbell.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
Olive Vroman.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Christine Ades.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Elizabeth Roosa.....	<i>Marshal</i>
Olive Vroman.....	<i>Student Council Representative</i>

Christine Ades, '35

* * * *

THE MILNE HI-Y CLUB

The Milne Hi-Y Club started what promises to be a most prosperous year under the leadership of its president, Edwin Blocksidge. The officers of the club are:

Edwin Blocksidge.....	<i>President</i>
Raymond Hotaling.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Harry Witte.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
William Arnoldy.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
Douglas MacHarg.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Since the opening of the club year, the constitution has been revised to suit changing conditions, and new boys have been elected to membership. The new members are William Emery, Robert Feldman, Norman Frey, William Hotaling, Ronald Kneller, Alvin Neef, Jay O'Brien, William Perkins, Roy Swatling, Ganson Taggart, and Dunton Tynan. Plans are already launched for the club sponsorship of "pep" meetings and other assemblies.

The club wishes to extend its cooperation to all school authorities and governing bodies for a most successful school year.

William Arnoldy, '35

THE VARSITY CLUB

The Varsity Club, composed of the Milne Varsity men, has been meeting regularly every Friday at eleven o'clock. Up to this year the Varsity Club has been more or less an honorary club, meeting but once or twice a year. This year, however, the club decided that it would be necessary to hold regular meetings every week. The officers which were elected to head the club are: Frederick Dearstyne, president; O. Jay Smith, vice president; William Tarbox, secretary.

The various athletic activities of the school have been the subject of discussion during the club meetings. The Varsity Club is giving its whole hearted support to the Athletic Council in its plan for providing dancing after Milne basketball games.

William Tarbox, '35

* * * *

DRAMATICS CLUB

LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP "THESPIAN"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1934. Soundings fifteen fathoms, latitude 43° , longitude 74° , temperature 68° . Sailing date. Crew met in main cabin. New officers are Mary E. York, captain; Donald Glenn, first mate; Jean Combrinck-Graham, second mate; Clarence Chatterton, purser.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1934. Soundings twenty fathoms, latitude 43° , longitude 74° , temperature 65° . Calm weather. Watches discussed and assigned. Promotion to advanced acting watch to be awarded on merit. Full assemblage of crew once a month.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1934. Soundings forty fathoms, latitude 43° , longitude 74° , temperature 64° . Clear weather. Colder. Names of Christmas plays announced.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1934. Soundings forty fathoms, latitude 43° , longitude 74° , temperature 30° . Snow. Great excitement. First Christmas play try-outs.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1934. Soundings fifty fathoms, latitude 43° , longitude 74° , temperature 45° . Warmer. Casts of Christmas plays announced. "Bimbo the Pirate" with John Hawkins, Marjorie Pond, Erastus Davis, Wilson Hume, and Herbert Marx.

"Will o' the Wisp" with Betty Ruedemann, Betty Boyd, Jean Combrinck-Graham, and Olive Vroman.

"The Little Father of the Wilderness" with Donald Glenn, Winton Terrill, Ralph Norvell, Mary E. York, Sheldon Machlin, and Emory Bauer. Voyage continued in fair weather.

Jean Combrinck-Graham, '35

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais is enjoying a very successful year under the leadership of Barbara Allen, president. The other officers are Vivian Snyder, vice president; Sara Kessler, secretary; Ganson Taggart, treasurer; Olive Vroman, program chairman. Miss Bessie Hartman and Mr. Wilfred Allard are sponsors.

Owing to the small number of French students in Milne and also to the laxity in previous years in adhering to the constitution, it was decided to resign from the national French society, "Les Babillards". While awaiting acceptance of their resignation, a new constitution was drawn up and submitted. Christine Ades was chairman of the constitution committee.

Thirteen new members were admitted to the club in October, thereby bringing the membership up to twenty-three. The members are now planning to give a French program in assembly. A committee has been appointed to find some suitable types of French plays that might be presented.

Sara Kessler, '35

* * * *



QUINTILLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Santa Claus has certainly come down the chimney this year with a big pack of gifts for Quin.

In the biggest package comes the spirit of friendship and cooperation in the society which seems to hold the members so much closer together.

In another package all done up with pretty red ribbon came Christine Ades, our new president, who is largely responsible for the first package and the success Quin has had this year. Interesting literary programs under the direction of Helen Gibson, vice president, have given our meetings added enjoyment and value. Quin is also proud to say that our critic, Sara Kessler, has not had much work to do. The other officers are Doris Shultes, recording secretary; Betty Ostrander, corresponding secretary; Vivian Snyder, treasurer; Jean Graham, marshal.

Unwrapping the next gift we found "Six Acts of Old-fashioned Vaudeville" which were presented at our Rush Party on November 23, where we are sure everyone enjoyed himself.

With the sincere hope that Santa Claus has also brought them many such presents, Quin extends her good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Sigma and Adelphoi.

Doris Shultes, '36



ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug, chug, chug, chug! We're off with Carolyn Mattice as engineer, Barbara Bladen as assistant engineer, Emilie Buchaca as porter, Olive Vroman as ticket collector, Barbara Allen as chef and all around director, and Edith Tolman as conductor.

The conductor calls out "First Stop!", and many committees climb out and make plans and get meetings started. On the first part of our trip we have amused ourselves with our Literary Program.

On we chug, and before we know it, we hear the conductor's voice again, "Next Stop, Sigma Rush." We all sit tight. Soon we hear, "North side station!" The invitations are mailed at this station. We rumble along, watching out the window intently for a sight of the East Side Station. "Oh, there it is!" Out climbs the entertainment committee. "Next, South Side Station." We know this means refreshments.

The train starts anew, and before we can say "Jack Robinson", the conductor shouts, "West Side Station!" All off for a good rest and a Merry Christmas to you. We hope the remainder of the trip will be as successful and interesting. We are looking forward to initiation and new members.

Emilie K. Buchaca, '36



ADELPHOI LITERARY SOCIETY

The Adelphei Literary Society promises to have a very prosperous year under the leadership of Ganson Taggart as president. Six new candidates have been enrolled as members so far. If anyone should doubt the ability of Edwin Blocksidge as master-of-ceremonies, kindly ask new members for a recommendation. The Society is now planning for its semi-annual banquet.

Officers for the year are:

Ganson Taggart.....	<i>President</i>
Dunton Tynan.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Clarence Chatterton.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Arnold Davis.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Raymond Hotaling.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
Edwin Blocksidge.....	<i>Master-of-Ceremonies</i>
Edwin Freihofer.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
Douglas MacHarg.....	<i>Society Reporter</i>

Clarence Chatterton, '35

ALUMNI NOTES

What to do after graduation? Whether to go and, if so, whither and why?

Colgate University
November 19, 1934
Hamilton, New York

DEAR MILNITES:

When I was in Milne I always enjoyed reading the letters of the alumni in the *Crimson and White*, but I never expected that I'd ever write one. Well, here goes.

The natural thing for me to do is to tell you about Colgate and I'm not going to be different. It's a great place. We're situated in rather a secluded spot, and once you get here it's rather hard to get away. We don't mind that, however, because there is always something to do here. I've found the studies a bit harder than I did at Milne but that's understood.

The only thing I find wrong here is that there aren't more Milne graduates. At present there are only two beside myself. Ed Case is a sophomore and Ferdie Aufsesser is a junior. I really believe that this fault will be remedied in the near future.

I guess that I've said enough for now so I'll close with best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Stutz

* * * *

A goodly number of graduates have gone away to college. Margaret Gill and Francis Charles, graduates in '34, are freshmen at Cornell. Lewis George, '33, is a sophomore at Cornell and has been awarded a state scholarship. Nice going, Lewis. Robert Stutz, '34, is attending Colgate University where he is a pledge of Sigma Nu Fraternity. Edmund Case, '33, and Ferdinand Aufsesser, '32, are also at Colgate, (see friend Stutz's letter). Sylvia Klarsfeld is studying at the King-Smith Studio School in Washington. We find Thomas Watkins "way out west" at the University of Michigan where he is a pledge of Psi Upsilon. "Bob" Ellsworth, '33, also attends that university. Burgess "Manage" de Heus traveled in just the opposite direction to the Bradley School in Boston.

Mary Cavin, '33, is a sophomore at Syracuse. Mary won an art scholarship for her good work as a freshman and certainly sets an example for other Milnites to follow. Three "grads" are right up in Schenectady at Union—Duncan Cornell, '34, Fenton Gage, '33, and Paul Jaquet, '33. And now for some big news. Probably few of you will remember Paul Beik who was graduated from Milne in '31. But as he is an alumnus of Milne, you no doubt will be interested in learning that he is among eight seniors who were elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary society, that he has been on the Dean's List for high scholarship all during his college career, and that he is now on the editorial board of the *Idol*, campus Quarterly.

Christine Ades, '35

EXCHANGES

The poems written by the Emma Willard students, in their magazine, "The Triangle," were beautifully descriptive. We quote one called "Evensong," to be enjoyed by all:

"An orange phosphorescent moon burns bright,
 Full orb'd, swung low, but mounting softly high;
 Glow myriad star-points spattered on the sky;
 Full-foliaged trees stand dark against this light.
 A tree-toad, summer-heated, chirps delight;
 A thousand crickets hum a lullaby;
 Rare opals shimmer where the dewdrops lie—
 'Tis eventide that bids my prayer take flight.
 Thou, God of beauty, who on high hast placed
 The golden lamp of midnights softest fire,
 And prickest sharp each starry gleam,
 Thou, who the branches thick with green hast laced—
 Do Thou but lend my heart the poet's dream—
 With beauty's fairest flame my song inspire.

We wish to acknowledge the following publications which we have read with great enjoyment:

- "*The Half Moon*"—Mechanicville High School.
- "*Vocational Messenger*"—Industrial High School, Albany, New York.
- "*The Pilot*"—Heatly School, Green Island, New York.
- "*The Academe*"—Albany Girls' Academy.
- "*Bleatings*"—St. Agnes School, Loudonville, New York.
- "*Chand Bach Chronicle*"—Lucknow, India.
- "*The Torch*"—Catholic High School, Troy, New York.
- "*Terrace Tribune*"—North Terrace High School.
- "*The Council Fire*"—Phillip Livingston Jr. High
- "*The Falcon*"—Falconer High School.
- "*School Daze*"—Cohoes High School.
- "*Homer News*"—Homer Academy.
- "*Berlin High Beacon*"—Berlin High School.
- "*The Hoot Owl*"—Coxsackie High School.
- "*Sir Bill'o Bugle*"—Johnstown High School.
- "*The Wildcat Scratch*"—Quapaw, Oklahoma.
- "*The Record*"—Mamaroneck High School.
- "*The Fairview Flicker*"—Fairview High School, Rocky River, Ohio.
- "*The High School Recorder*"—Saratoga High School.
- "*The Oracle*"—Rensselaer High School.
- "*The Hermonite*"—Mt. Hermon School.
- "*The Ulsterette*"—Saugerties High School.

ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

39-43 State St. -:- Phone 4-3154



Furnishers of

COMPLETE SPORTS EQUIPMENT

For Schools and Colleges



Popular lines, outstanding merchandise values in Sports Equipment conforming to Official Regulations. Special Prices on School Uniforms



Basket Ball Supplies

Bowling Equipment

Gym Suits

Parker Pens

Sport Clothing

Eastman Kodaks



Wagar's

Established 1885

REAL - HOME - MADE

ICE - CREAM



Please mention "The Crimson and White"

MUHLFELDER'S

55 North Pearl Street

WOMEN'S WEARING APPAREL



CADILLAC and
LA SALLE
Motor Cars
\$1,797 and Up

JOHN D. WENDELL, Inc.
260 WASHINGTON AVENUE



MILDRED ELLEY SCHOOL

227-229 Quail Street

Corner Hudson Avenue — 2-1694

Specializes in Training High School Graduates for Success in Business

Send for a Free Catalogue

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

STATE COLLEGE
CAFETERIA

Junior High—11:00-11:30

Senior High—11:30-12:00

State College—12:00-1:30

QUALITY STORE

Ladies' and Children's
Ready to Wear

211 Central Ave.

5-9611

EDWARD MORRIS—*Master Teacher and Pianist*

MR. MORRIS has appeared with eminent success as soloist with the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonica, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and in many recitals in both this country and abroad. He has taught at the Peabody Conservatory and Smith College.

ALBANY STUDIO

3 St. Joseph's Terrace

Tel. 5-3144

Compliments of

HOLMES BROTHERS

20 STEUBEN STREET

Compliments of

MAYFAIR, INC.
103 Washington Ave.
Albany, New York

INTERIOR
DECORATORS

TRADE WHERE THEY KNOW YOU

Where Friend Meets Friend

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY

The Home of "Doc" Service

Prescriptions Filled Accurately, Reasonably and Promptly

Enjoy a Lunch at Our Sandwich Bar

7 North Lake at Western Avenue

Phone 3-9307

Compliments of

ARROWHEAD FOOD STORE

PINE HILLS BUSIEST GROCERS

1056 Madison Ave.

Near Madison Theatre

Groceries, Meats, Fish, Fruits, Vegetables

8-2251

8-2252

We Deliver

FRANCIS E. COX

THE UPTOWN OPTOMETRIST

171 Central Avenue

Between Robin Street and Lexington Avenue

College Style Reporters
Give Us Our Fashion Tips



This store never guesses at style — we don't have to. At each large university a trained style reporter constantly reports authentic, accepted styles as worn by the campus fashion leaders. Instantly, we have them here! That's why men, in school or out, who achieve correctness in their attire, shop at this store.

McManus & Riley

49-51 STATE STREET

ALBANY, N. Y.

"Correct Attire for Gentlemen and Boys"

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

"The Uptown Shop for really
nice things"

NANCY ANN SHOP

Madison Avenue at Quail Street

Open Evenings

2-6757

HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH And RESTAURANT

9 North Lake Ave.

Hot Lunches from 11:30 to 7:00

Every Day

Sandwiches and Pastry

STEEFEL

says! CORRECT CLOTHING *for*
EVERY OCCASION

BEN V. SMITH ❖

EYE GLASSES
OPTOMETRISTS
OPTICIANS
WE EXAMINE EYES

50 North Pearl Street, Albany

3 Third Street, Troy

181 Jay Street, Schenectady

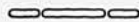
OFFICIAL DISTRIBUTORS
REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON SPORTING GOODS

Outfitters for

Milne and State College

Baseball and Basketball Teams

Hockey Sticks and Outfits for Girls



METROPOLITAN LOAN CO.

54-56 Hudson Avenue

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

MADISON MANOR

714 Madison Avenue

HOME COOKED FOOD

ROOMS BY DAY OR WEEK

WE CATER TO PARTIES

Compliments of

MAX'S BARBER
AND BEAUTY SHOP

1080 Madison Ave.

CLEANING AND PRESSING
Valet Service

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring

N. MARZ, Prop.

ALLEN TAILOR AND CLEANER

Suits Made to Order

We Call and Deliver

1 So Allen St. 2-2871 Albany, N. Y.

JAMES H. MURRAY

CONFECTIONER

Has supplied wholesome fresh Candy
to Milne High for
11 years

96 Madison Ave. C. & C. Annex

FLOYD H. GRAVES

845 Madison Avenue

DRUGS AND

PHARMACEUTICALS



A Gift from

THE

VAN HEUSEN CHARLES CO.

Means More



QUEENLY IN FASHION

REGAL IN QUALITY

\$6.85

EMERY'S

QUALITY FOOTWEAR

126 Washington Avenue

Compliments of

SHELL EASTERN PETROLEUM PRODUCTS, INC.

COR. MYRTLE AVE. AND PARTRIDGE ST.

Service with a Smile

ALBANY PRINT SHOP, INC.

7-9 JAY STREET

Phone 3-0148

"Printing As You Want It — When You Want It"

FOR AUTOGRAPHS

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

JOHN M. SAYLES

Principal of the Milne School

ROBERT W. FREDERICK

Principal of the Milne Junior School

AMELIA NICOS.....	<i>Secretary to Mr. Sayles</i>
KATHERINE E. WHEELING.....	} <i>Supervisor in English</i> <i>Head of English Department</i>
MARY ELIZABETH CONKLIN.....	
RUTH G. MOORE.....	<i>Supervisor in English</i>
HELENE CROOKS.....	<i>Supervisor in French</i>
ANNE L. CUSHING.....	} <i>Supervisor in Mathematics</i> <i>Head of Mathematics Department</i>
GOLDENA BILLS.....	
ELIZABETH F. SHAVER.....	<i>Supervisor in Mathematics</i>
ELIZABETH F. SHAVER.....	<i>Supervisor in History</i>
L. ANTOINETTE JOHNSON.....	} <i>Supervisor in Latin</i> <i>Head of Latin Department</i>
VIRGINIA SMITH.....	
HELEN HALTER.....	<i>Supervisor in Latin and French</i>
HELEN HALTER.....	<i>Supervisor in Social Sciences</i>
CARLETON A. MOOSE.....	<i>Supervisor in Science</i>
ELIZABETH D. ANDERSON.....	<i>Supervisor in Commerce</i>
MAY FILLINGHAM.....	<i>Supervisor in Foods</i>
ANNA BARSAM.....	<i>Supervisor in Clothing</i>
GRACE MARTIN.....	<i>Instructor in Art</i>
MARGARET HITCHCOCK.....	<i>Instructor in Physical Education</i>
HARLAN RAYMOND.....	<i>Instructor in Shop Work</i>
THELMA EATON.....	<i>Librarian</i>
RUTH E. WHEELOCK.....	<i>Assistant Librarian</i>

