

MILNE School

Crimson and White

Vol. XXXII

1935-36

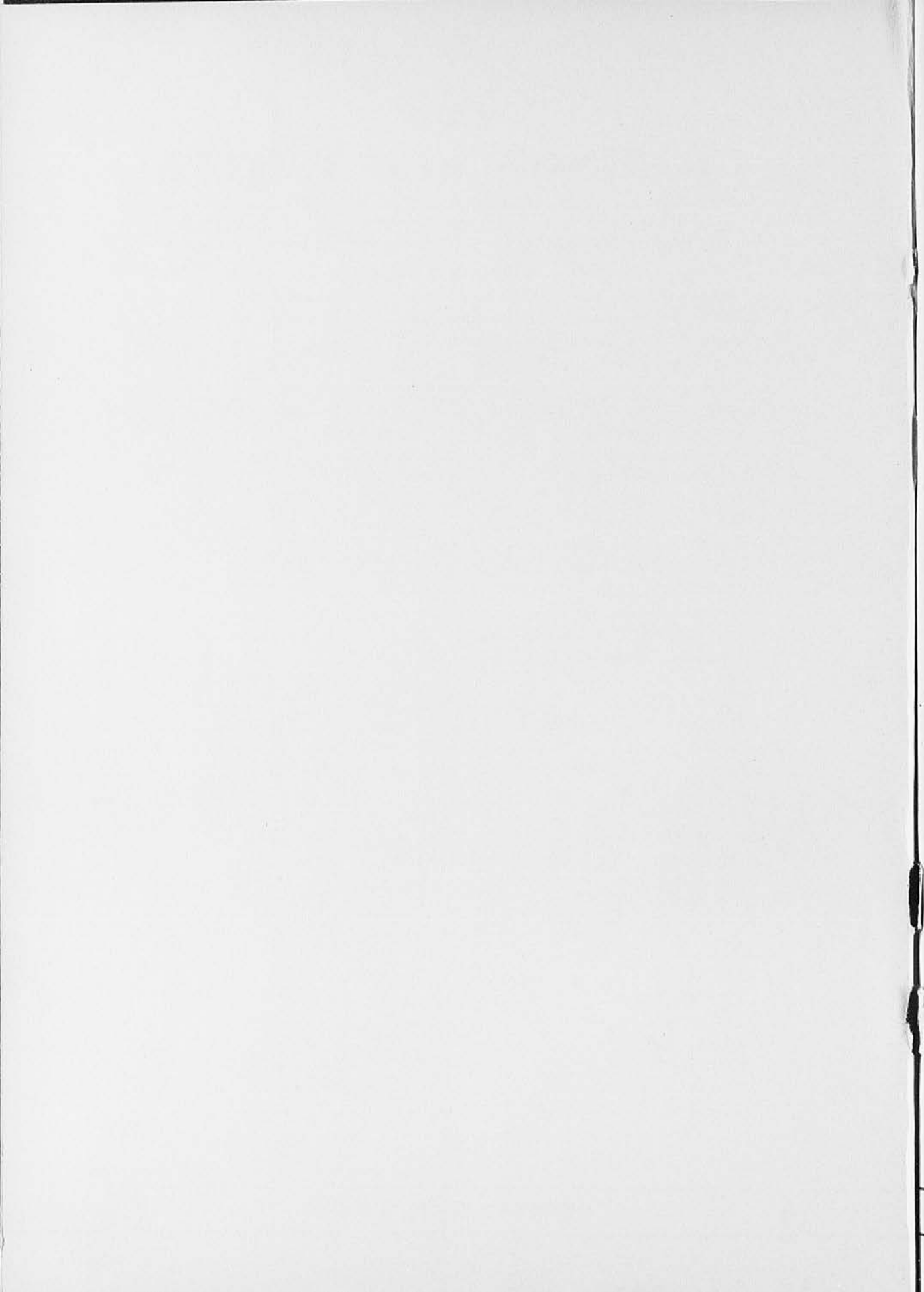


CRIMSON <sup>A</sup>ND <sub>D</sub> WHITE









# **THE CRIMSON and WHITE**

Volume XXXII

DECEMBER, 1935

Number 1

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## **Progressive Education**

**by Barbara Birchenough, '36**

How many of us ever stop to consider how fortunate we are to be living in this age of progressive education. Little do students realize how much more we are learning now than we did in the past ages. It is typical of a high school student to exclaim, "Why do I have to go to school, and what a lot of homework I get." Our present system of schools is much more complicated, but it is also more advantageous for the students.

When we go back to the first secondary school we find that the Latin Grammar Schools were very difficult in both the courses and discipline. The hours were long; the work, largely Latin and Greek, was exceedingly hard. Also, we should remember that lessons in those days were taught with an iron hand. Even the college students were whipped if they did not carry out their instructions correctly.

Later came the Academies, and although they didn't have such hard courses, the discipline was equally as strict. The curriculum was more varied in that, mathematics, English and history, three of our most important subjects of today were added as required subjects. Nevertheless, they never had as wide a curriculum as that of a high school of today.

Now, we have a large selection of subjects from which we are able to choose the electives which we are best suited to do. Some of the newer courses are the natural sciences, commercial subjects, social studies, art and manual studies. The courses of today are so planned that the work is interesting for the students and little if any discipline in the older sense is needed.

We are fortunate to attend such a school as Milne. Here we have a wide choice of subjects, up-to-date teaching methods, as well as the newest equipment needed in high school. Under supervision, many extra curricular activities are carried on, such as Student Council, clubs of all sorts, and athletics. We might conclude that the school, with faculty supervision, is practically run by the students.





# LITERATURE



## **Santa's Surprise**

**by Billy Freedman, '36**

'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the state  
The snow had not fallen,  
For winter came late.

The birds had all parted  
For regions far south,  
And the people were frozen  
And down in the mouth.

The merchants were wailing,  
For business was poor,  
And steamships had offered  
Many a low-priced tour.

Snow-shoes and shovels  
Were all packed away  
And were all getting more rusty  
The longer they laid.

Skiis and toboggans  
Were all put away  
And the children at this time  
Had nothing to play.

But there was one who had troubles  
Much worse than these,  
Having a whole world of children  
Whom he had to please.

Now Santa Claus' reindeer  
Had gone on a strike,  
'Cause only on snow  
Could they take that long hike.

His many small friends  
Old Santa Claus knew  
Would be very unhappy  
And made very blue.

So he summoned together  
All his magical power,  
And tried all he could  
To make the snow shower.

But fates intervened,  
And the snow would not fall.  
But instead rolled together  
And formed a great ball.

Then a brain storm hit Santa,  
And he happily thought  
He would make the greatest case  
That could ever be wrought.

And placing the snowball  
In the large case,  
He climbed down to earth  
And he covered her face.

Then up Santa went  
To the clouds once more,  
And brought down his reindeer  
With presents galore.

So the children were happy  
And everything gay,  
When the dawn had arrived  
On a new Christmas day.

## **Thank God for Sorrow**

**by Emilie Buchaca, '36**

Thank Thee, dear Father, for sorrow! Thank Thee for giving us realization and appreciation of the common everyday things of life, of health, and of good through the anger, hate, and selfishness of people and through our illnesses and accidents.

We never appreciate or see God's use of the bad light. We talk of the inner light, the inner feeling and message from God without looking outside. We don't think (that is, most of us) of religion as being in the outside things, the pleasures and the disappointments. I can say, though, that we are coming nearer to this realization, and we should.

## Lost Dream

by Lillian Walk, '37

The pungent smell of spices filled the air ;  
A breeze sighed low, dark trees breathed darkness there  
The moon's cool silver fire shed soft light  
Upon brush grasses swaying in the night.  
No more I can remember, but I know  
That there were dim sails in the bay below  
And sometimes, when I'm whispering in a prayer,  
The pungent smell of spices fills the air.

## Death Desirable

by Arthur Thompson, '36

Henderson was an old man — a very old man, but he had not yet outlived his usefulness. He was the sole occupant of the tall gaunt lighthouse which marked the wicked shoals and reefs of Devil's Point.

For thirty-three long years he had ascended the steep circular stairway to rekindle the spark that sent a glimmering glow into the gathering dusk and finally penciled an ever moving warning beam across the dark water. The sea represented life to him as he sat in his crooked rocker and dreamed. This life might have been an unbearable monotony, to another, another less understanding one. Yet did not the fishing boats stop by, bringing books each week? Henderson was fond of reading. He read of far away places. Distant lands and foreign people held a certain charm for this lonely man. He would sit in the old rocker in the tower and watch a wisp of smoke against the blue on the far horizon. He would read during the day and the beating of the surf upon the rocks below would blend with the words before him. At night this same beating lulled him to sleep.

Tomorrow, they would come and take him from his home. Tonight his life as he had known it for decades would be all over. He was too old, they had said, to be trusted longer at this post where many lives might be at stake.

It was with great difficulty that Henderson mounted the spiral flight after his noon meal. Shooting pains stabbed through his legs, and his lungs burned from want of air. His accustomed seat was welcome. For a time he sat still with his head in his hands, living over his dreary life. Presently, however, he sat up and turned his yet sharp eyes out over the blue expanse. The sky was grey and the waves were high. Far out to sea the tiny white sail of a fishing boat rose and fell, bobbing on the enormous swell like a toy puppet. The breakers beat themselves into a white foam as they rushed over the treacherous reef and spent upon the shallow bar.

Henderson's hard, lined, face relaxed. The rising wind and the beating waves sounded like the low throbbing of organ music. Henderson smiled. Could it be that night was falling so soon?

Several hours later the wind roared and the tower shook with the fury of the elements. But Henderson did not hear or feel this. A ship struck the reef and the doomed men screamed. But the old lighthouse keeper had been freed of responsibility. The warning beacon had not been lit. The bright grey eyes had pierced the cloud that is life and were following a distant sail into the beyond. The old head lay at rest, for Henderson had joined his Creator in the land of eternal happiness.

## The Fate of the Pine Trees

by Sylvia Rypins, '38

In the woodlands to the northward  
The pines grow straight and tall.  
The snow shoots swiftly downward  
Upon the trees to fall.  
The holly grows there thickly  
Entwined with mistletoe ;  
It looks like Christmas daily  
In the land of frost and snow.  
Man, with his axe, can all things change,  
He found the pine trees tall ;  
He chopped them down remorselessy  
And laughed to see them fall.  
And out of two hundred thousand trees  
So records true do tell  
He vanquished all but one lone tree  
Which he thought *too* small to fell.  
And they one and all became Christmas trees  
And were decked out brave and gay ;  
But alas ! They were stripped and discarded  
Right after New Year's Day !  
But the tree left behind grew tall and straight ;  
Of all the people it was the pride,  
And they swore they never had seen *its* like,  
No, never in all the country side.  
So they made it their own official tree,  
And every Christmas tide  
They decked it, and showed it in glory  
To people, who came from far and wide.  
And still it stands, you may see it there  
While people gather around,  
And have their Christmas Service there  
For they say the tree's on Holy Ground.



# **The Art of Sewing**

**by Mildred Mattice, '39**

Some people say, "Why! Anyone can sew," as if there was no further discussion or doubt of the statement. I, frankly, do not agree with them. When women start talking about all the clothes which they have made themselves, I at once feel like running away. When I am asked whether I sew or not, I feel uncomfortable and insignificant, and answer in a small voice that sewing is not my chief source of enjoyment.

The art of sewing, in my estimation, is something very far off and hard to reach; like the moon. I have had plenty of opportunity to practise this particular occupation, as my mother would have been only too glad to let me help out in darning socks and doing other things of that kind. Nevertheless, I have never gotten past the stage of sticking the needle in my fingers which is not at all pleasant.

Although, I am rather interested in knitting and crocheting, I never warm up to sewing. Once, however, I became very ambitious, and decided to make myself a dress. The result of this alone, should have been enough to convince me that sewing was not along my line. Now, my chief argument is: sewing will soon be a lost art to all those who do not make it a profession. Women in the home do not do as much sewing in this generation, as they have in past generations.

# **Hiawatha's Lullaby**

**by Marion Soule, '41**

On a cool October evening  
Sat the little Hiawatha,  
At the entrance to his tepee,  
Heard the pine trees crooning softly  
To the sparkling glistening water,  
Saw his grandmother, NoKomis,  
Sitting down inside the tepee  
Softly singing of the twilight  
Of the moon and stars and planets,  
Of a mother singing softly  
To her tiny, sleeping baby,  
Of the birds and trees and flowers,  
Of the rabbits shy and timid,  
And the gentle deer his wanderings.  
This and more heard Hiawatha,  
This and more sang old NoKomis.

# The Homely Things in Life

by Virginia Soper, '37

I wish—

I wish I were a picket fence,  
I hope that you won't laugh,  
I wish I were a cobble stone  
On someone's cobble path.  
I wish I were a sunshine ray  
A crib, a baby's shoe,  
A stack of old love letters,  
Or a chair — that isn't new.  
I wish I were an old straw hat,  
A pair of horned-rimmed glasses,  
A worn out pair of bedroom slippers,  
A grammar book for classes.  
A book, a path, a fence, a letter,  
A tree, a swing — and more,  
A pair of pants, a worn out dress  
Add to life's fruitful store.  
One never tires of homely things,  
They stir the human soul.  
They leave such pleasant memories,  
That they are beautiful.

## One More Thrill

by Alfred Wheeler, '38

Yes, in a few moments he would be up and out of this place. Diving was at best a very tricky business, he reflected as he dragged a box of dynamite over to a corner of the sunken barge. Now he was ready to go up. Four pulls on the rope now would——. He stopped as a queer, rasping noise came through the tube. Panic stricken, he pulled the rope. It gave with his hand! It was cut!

He shut his exhaust valve to save the precious air in his suit. He could get out, he knew, but it would take nerve. Carefully he groped through the blackness towards the hole by which he had entered. When he reached it, he began to untie his shoes. Why wouldn't his fingers work? He could feel the air was stuffy now. There! His shoes were off. Relieved of the leaden weight he floated up, slowly, oh how slowly. His lungs were bursting. At last he reached the top and clambered up on the buoy. His lungs were like redhot balls of fire. In a world of air he was suffocating. He hit his head on the buoy. The glass broke in his face and cut him, but he did not care and thankfully gasped in great lungfuls of cold air. He was safe.

# The Yo-Yo

by Lillian Walk, '37

By far the most important thing in the world today (barring, of course, air-conditioned cigarettes and the Ethiopian war) is the most ingenious of all scientific inventions — the yo-yo.

When the world began man was obsessed with the idea of getting food and shelter; later on, man had an almost insane desire for wealth and corn-“likker”. Then, however, Repeal came in and he lost his longing for the latter. Man, by this time, had nothing to wish for and nothing to occupy his mind. He had no dinosaurs, no invading tribes, no booksellers, and no business. Therefore, scientists, realizing that the civilization of Man would rapidly degenerate and decay unless something was done about it, wondered what to do.

After some deliberation, the scientists met together in a spacious sound-proof, air-tight, water-tight, bomb-proof compartment. Bringing supplies for two years, (they each had four thousand pencils and five million sheets of paper with them and a wife, and three children at home), they shut themselves up with the greatest secrecy imaginable. They planned, during that period of the utmost seclusion, to find the answer to the problem baffling the scientific world — How Can Civilization Be Saved?

After one year, three months, two weeks, and five days had passed (during which Mankind rapidly degenerated), the scientists emerged from their cocoon. They would have liked to have stayed longer, but they knew that their wives were angry already. They blinked at the sun, yawned, stretched their legs, and smiled for the cameraman. Whereas six scientists had entered the apartment, only five were seen to emerge.

One Mr. Smith, who was suspected of being the mayor, gave Prof. Schnigglefritz, the first man out, the key to the city. (It was a skeleton key; therefore the professor prospered in his old age.)

“Where is the other member of the research committee?” asked Mr. Smith after due obeisance had been made, “There were six when you entered, as I remember it.”

Schnigglefritz, who acted as spokesman of the embarrassed little group, smiled benignly at the degenerated figure of Mr. Smith.

“My — er — friend,” he said, after clearing his throat, “you are now about to witness the beginning of a new era. Civilization will prosper, and man will come once more into his own. We, the foremost scientists of the twentieth century, have evolved a wonderful device. Mankind will be redeemed! All right, Ignatius,” he said, turning to the doorway of the structure which had been their domicile for over a year. “You may bring out the invention.”

A doddering old man with a beard that should have been white but had turned pink and grey from the eating of candy sticks and licking pencils, peeked around the edge of the doorway with a toothless grin and giggled shyly. He put his finger in his mouth, but quickly withdrew it, looked abashed, and ducked back inside.

"Come, come, Ignatius," said Prof. Schnigglefritz, not unkindly, "No one is going to hurt you." He withdrew a peppermint stick from his pocket and, smiling, held it up invitingly between his thumb and forefinger. "Ignatius!" he called "See what Schniggy has!"

Ignatius timidly came out from the compartment, holding a round object in one hand and stretching out the other to receive the peppermint stick. He placed the candy in his mouth with little gurgles of delight, and handed Schnigglefritz the round object.

"That," explained Prof. Schnigglefritz to Mr. Smith, "is the other scientist. He has the most brilliant mind in Europe — nay on the face of the earth today. He is very slightly eccentric, but all great men are. However, it was he who evolved the breathtaking scheme from which our invention was developed. The professor put his arm around the shoulders of Ignatius, who pulled away, described arcs in the ground with the toe of his right shoe, and blushed.

"He is rather shy, said the professor. "because he admires Miss Garbo so much. His wife let him go to the matinee every Saturday afternoon, you know, before we had our research work — but that is beside the point.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "You are all assembled here, I know, for the purpose of finding out what we scientists have invented for the purpose of saving Humanity from ruin and despair. I hold that invention in my hand."

Great cheers arose from the crowd, but a little newsboy in the back gave the Bronx variety. The professor gulped, but nonplussed, valiantly carried on.

"The device is ingenious, compact, and may be carried in the purse or pocket. In short, it is just exactly what the world needs. I shall proceed to show you how it is used. Incidentally, we call it a "yo-yo". This name is taken from the famous pirate song — "Yo-Yo-Yo and a Bottle of Rum."

## Rain

by Priscilla Simpson, '37

What is rain?  
Rain is water.  
What is water?  
Grey, misty, fresh.  
Clean rain, laughing rain;  
Our rain, God's rain.  
Dazzling the world in all its splendor.  
A rainy day, a lovely day,  
Lifting up your very soul  
Rain as light as are the fairies;  
Raindrops, playing tunes to living;  
Raindrops, lifting drooping flowers;  
Raindrops, washing sins away;  
Raindrops, part of life  
In its own way.



## **The Romantic Cottage**

**by Jane Smiley, '38**

This house, unlike most interesting houses, harbored no ghost, had no history, as far as I know, nor ever had an unusual character as its owner. It simply struck me as the perfect home.

It was small and sprawling and low, and made of grey stone. However it was none of the characteristics that made me love it, though they undoubtedly made it more attractive; it was the presence of blue shutters with hearts carved in the centers, and three pine trees hiding almost all of the front of the house. The house seems to hide some romance. The first time I saw it, I thought of the *Anne of Avonlea* story, which told of a little old lady living in a picturesque cottage. It was under pines like these that she was reunited with her long lost lover. This was the cottage! The more I saw it, the more I allowed my imagination to run wild. It looked so cozy and romantic with its small, tiny windows, quaint gardens, blue-grey stone and little flagged walk leading between the pines to the blue door. I've imagined that the rooms were tiny. One was in blue, another in pink, and the kitchen, with blue and white ware and copper utensils, was tiled in blue.

The last time, I went past the house, dim lamps were on, and smoke came from the chimney, and I couldn't help imagining a wizened old man with a pipe and his little white-haired wife knitting by the fireplace.

## **Pacifist**

**by Betty Boyd, '36**

I'm asking you,  
Man to man,  
Just to do  
What you can.  
When next the bands  
Begin to play,  
Throw up your hands  
As if to pray,  
And ask whoever  
Rules this world,  
To leave whatever  
Flags unfurled,  
And try to keep,  
Away from war,  
Those who seek  
A metaphor  
That means glory,  
Have overlooked  
All the gory  
Things; unbooked  
In records of the fight.

# Militarist

by Betty Boyd, '36

Never shrink, Nor shrink, nor run From a duty Till it's done.	When engaged In martial plays. Never die Shot in the back
Never wail Of loss of life When your country's Locked in strife.	Though safe chances May look black. Never see All that's gory.
Never think Of peaceful days,	Try and dream Of country's glory.

# The "Champ"

by Carolyn Hauserman, '37

We have our own Joe Louis and Max Baer. Joe is our very ferocious black cat, and Max, our very friendly, jovial dog. The referee is either the piano or the table which, when we stage our big fights, is always between them.

Joe manages to be just a little too nonchalant and completely ignores Max, who wants to be friends. Joe will take his corner, which is either under the table or on top of the piano. Then the chase begins. Max starts to get closer and closer; then he'll let out a small, staccato bark. Joe will lazily open one eye as if to say, "what a very noisy creature you are." Max gets very annoyed, because Joe won't play with him. If Joe happens to be sleeping on the piano, then Max mischievously plays the piano for him. Soon Joe gets very tired of being awakened from his dreams of mice, fish and birds, and decides to take matters in his own hands. Then the fun and also the noise really begins. Between Joe's s'ssting, and Max's boisterous barks and occasional yelps, when Joe's ever ready paw hits its mark, we have a regular chorus. First Joe will chase Max and then Max will chase Joe around and around the room.

This goes on for almost an hour, poor Max always getting the worst of the battle. Finally with three deep and painful scratches, all quite bloody, added to his fast multiplying collection, with his pride badly wounded, he sorrowfully returns to his favorite look-out to keep tabs slyly on Joe, never giving up hope, but always on the alert, if by any chance Joe should unwarily approach too near his station.

# A Daring Escapade

by Betty Barden, '39

It was a dark and windy night in the latter part of October. The quiet street was located in a suburb of a large city. Anne and Jane, respectively the mischievous person and the inventive genius, were changing their plans into actions.

"This is too tame!" snorted Jane after considerable activity.

"What else can we do?"

"I know!" Anne answered gleefully. "Cabbages for the 'King of crabs'! You know Mr. Conklin. Mrs. Moore's cabbage garden isn't far from here."

"Oh, darling, how I love you for this! Gangway!"

A number of wormy cabbages were secured, some of which were deposited enroute. The girls crept slowly to Mr. Conklin's house.

"Go right up and throw it at the front door. I'll be doing the same at the back entrance. Hurry up," whispered Jane.

"Ugh! I can feel a worm under my fingers! Okay!"

The plan was put into action. Jane threw the cabbage so hard that it broke the window in the door. Anne's made considerable noise, but it did not break anything. The girls returned to their sanctuary.

"Whew! Wonder what he'll do?" exclaimed both at the same time.

They rested for a while. When they finally went back to the scene of the misbehavior, they saw a policeman on the corner.

"Gosh! What'll we do? No more fun tonight, I guess," sighed Anne.

Both were silent for a moment.

"I dare you to go past that policeman in plain sight," said Jane for want of anything else to do.

"Okay, I take the dare."

"But you — you can't! We're the only known troublemakers around here!"

"I'm going to," said Anne firmly.

"All right," sighed Jane. "I'll go too."

They walked boldly up the street and looked curiously at the policeman.

"I'd like to speak with you girls a minute," the policeman said gruffly. He eyed the two girls suspiciously and then continued to speak. "I came over here because of a complaint that just came in. Would you girls know anything about it?" This he said rather sarcastically.

"About what?" inquired Anne innocently, while all the time her heart was pounding from excitement.

Jane knew that unless she said something to throw the policeman off their tracks, they would both be caught. So she said suddenly, "Oh, I think I know what he means. Remember those big boys who frightened us so a little while ago Anne? They must be the ones the policeman is talking about. They went down that way," and Jane pointed to an alley across the street.

"Oh yes," said Anne. "Didn't they say something about that no one being able to catch them. I think they mentioned cabbages too."

"That's them all right!" exclaimed the policeman and he started in the direction that Jane had indicated.

"Goodbye," called the girls to the fast disappearing policeman. Both girls were laughing heartily.

"I guess we had better call it a night," said Anne thoughtfully.

"Oh, no! Now where did we leave those cabbages?"

## **The Runaway Flivver**

**by Jaquelyn Townsend, '40**

John Brown was at his girlfriend's house

One very fine summer's night.

He was feeling in a very happy mood

As well, you know, he might.

At eleven o'clock he said, "Goodnight,"

And hopped into his car

Which was an old, old model T

With many a scratch and mar.

The windows were missing and also one door

If you didn't watch, you would fall through the floor ;

And it chugged and it sputtered, and it puffed, and it spit ;

And to drive it you certainly should have your full wit.

For it bounced o'er the road like a large rubber ball ;

If you didn't hang on, you would have a bad fall

Out of the car that very night

Put poor old John Brown in such a sad plight.

To get back to my story, I had gotten this far ;

Down the smooth concrete road he maneuvered the car

Out past the store and the yellow brick church.

Then suddenly there came a terrible lurch.

A bang — and a lurch as the model T sped

Down the hill to the deep creek below.

Then with a splash, and a bang, and a whiz,

He plunged into the water and not too slow.

As John climbed to the bank very muddy and wet,

The car kept on speeding right down the stream

And nothing was seen of our friend for a while

Until at last he was seen.

It was said he appeared all done up in salve,

Apparently having the croup,

But he at least accomplished one thing,

He bought himself a new coupe.



## **My Last Splash**

**by Donald Jones, '41**

I am a turtle. I have a nice red painted shell with the name "Donny" put on in white. Every time the family has hamburg steak, they drop it in my bowl in very small portions. I have three other companions with white, blue, and yellow painted on their shells. It is a dreadfully hot day and in order to keep cool, I climb out on my rock. Whew! It is getting hotter every second. I am falling, falling, falling. Splash! Into the water I go. The next thing I know, I am under ground with a beautiful bouquet over me. I am on the way to the Pearly gate now, so I won't be having hamburg steak an-n-n-y-y mo-o-o-re.

## **The Tale of the Christmas Carol**

**by Virginia Kemp, '39**

It was dark and foggy in old London Town,  
And the rain and sleet were pouring down.

Christmas was not merry nor happy, said he  
For Scrooge called it a humbug in fiendish glee.

His partner, old Marley, dead many a year,  
Was equally hard and disliked Christmas cheer.

Old Marley, Scrooge saw as a ghost that night;  
Scrooge shook in his shoes, so great was his fright.

Marley's spirit was troubled, for he did no good  
When he was alive and very well could.

"To save you from a fate as sad as mine,  
Three spirits will appear this glad Christmas time.

Past, Present and Future, all will appear,  
Showing various kinds of Christmas cheer."

These spirits caused a change of heart  
And made the miser in Scrooge depart.

Scrooge devoted his time from thence evermore  
In helping the needy and poor by the score.

He helped his clerk, the clerk's crippled son,  
And hundreds of others, one by one.

Such a changed man our Scrooge became  
That as a keeper of Christmas he won great fame.

# Hunted

by Virginia McDermott, '36

On through the driving blizzard of the night plodded a desolate figure, stiff with the cold and covered by a thick mantle of snow, pursued by men in red coats and carrying guns. His face, twisted with pain, bore resemblance rather to a wild beast than to a human being.

Stumbling against something that stood in his way, he recognized it to be the walls of a cabin. The door opened and a middle-aged woman stood framed in the doorway. Startled at the sight that met her eyes, she quickly drew the wretched man inside and closed the door on the raging night.

Quickly she prepared hot food while the children, overcoming their shyness, lingered near the strange man.

Regarding the woman as he stood with his back to the open fire, the man seemed to feel a queer sensation such as he had felt long ago as he watched a young girl prepare a supper much the same as this.

A vision of her hands as she put wood on the fire came back to him. See on her little finger the tiny band of pearls? That other girl always wore a ring exactly like it. This must be the very same girl. What a change had taken place! The stranger was startled, hardly believing his eyes.

"My husband will be coming soon. He'll take you in the sledge wherever you want to go." Yes, that was the same sweet voice only a little more bitter than the one he remembered and loved so well.

Then the sense of her words brought him back to reality. He could not face that man. Wasn't that scoundrel the cause of his flight? Had he not intended to kill him when by mistake he had killed another man? Well, he'd rather face the police than the man who had caused all this sorrow.

Silently he slipped out of the door into the white wonderland. A revolver crashed, splitting the now still air with its blazing fire. As the stranger fell, again the vision of that other girl came before his eyes. He had seen her again. He was happy.

On that Christmas Eve, great was the rejoicing in a little camp of red-coated men who always carried guns, for the most desperate murderer in the Canadian woods had been killed.

# Nativity

by Lillian Walk, '37

Gold they brought, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
And knelt in adoration in the hay.  
And in the golden air, they heard the whir  
Of angels' wings, as wise men bowed to pray.  
A shining star spilled radiance in the sky  
Upon a Child within a manger, when  
Translucent voices sang, from somewhere high,  
"God's peace be on the earth; good will to men."

## Ezra's Suit

by Evelyn Wilber, '40

On a November day of coldest hue  
Ezra and his plump mares galloped to  
The courthouse for his wife to sue  
Against not caring for his flue.

Friends at the courthouse Ezra met,  
But I'll tell you why he did fret.  
The case seemed simple to lawyers, yet  
The evidence was very hard to get.

In front of them all sat old Judge Grey;  
His spectacles on his nose wouldn't stay.  
He coughed and said, "Now for this day,  
All witnesses must be *sure* to stay."

Ezra's wife then they first did hear;  
She sobbed and spoke through many a tear,  
"Ezra doesn't realize, the poor dear,  
That I have served him many a year."

At twilight Ezra's brow he mopped;  
His wife then cried, "Let this be stopped."  
She fainted and her head then lopped;  
The judge said, "The case is dropped."

## Arctic Death

by Robert H. L. Wheeler, '40

The Captain looked up at the peak of ice and snow towering one thousand feet above. It seemed to glance back cold, inscrutable, and silent, yes, silent! God, that was what it was. He laughed, just to make a noise, but in the vast whiteness the sound was muffled, blanketed so as not to break the maddening stillness. That mountain of ice laughed back, laughed in his face, but even its laugh was silent. In fact, its laugh seemed to make the silence more silent than before.

Beyond the mountain lay his objective, the party's camp. He had become separated from the rest in a blizzard when he had started out into the blinding whiteness after Jones who was lost. The Captain had found himself facing this damned mountain of ice.

In the earlier part of the day, he had heard pistol shots seeming to come from the mountain, showing it was back there from which he had come.

Looking again at this ivory cone which was mocking him, the little sanity left in the Captain fled and he rushed cursing at it. On nearing the incline the fine

snow was lashed into his face by a strong wind, like the Devil's hornets stinging their victims. He shouted his defiance, hoarsely swearing, lifting his face toward those snowy pin points and surged on.

An hour later he was on his knees clawing through his mittens with numbed fingers at that same hard, white, unyielding surface. Every once in a while stopping to look up at that lofty defiance, still far above him. Then with maniacal rage he pounded the hard packed snow beside him until the blood spurted, freezing as it rolled toward the blue and torn tips of his fingers. His eyelids were so sore from the film of ice which kept collecting over his eyes he could hardly see, but he staunchly swore at the elements through clenched teeth and purple lips and kept on.

Even through all this suffering, the Captain kept on his combat with the weather, as in his bravery and strength he kept on. Insanity strengthened his purpose but even heroes of the Arctic explorer's caliber are mortal.

A few hours later after untold torture, as our Captain's bloody fingers clutched for a hold to drag his aching, almost frozen body forward a few more hellish inches, a shudder ran through his great frame and the noble heart throbbed for the last time.

Up above his resting body the ice-clad mountains smiled fiendishly to have claimed another victim, but the mountain is waging a losing battle against such heroes as men who move ceaselessly untiringly, to the strife.

Our Captain is but another hero in the steps of civilization traveling through the unexplored.

## **My Mother's Garden**

**by Bryna Ball, '40**

I stepped into a garden once  
When the flowers were all abloom.  
It simply took my breath away,  
The fragrance and room.

The roses were all budded,  
And the pansies were in bloom,  
They looked so very lovely,  
In the soft glow of the moon.

This garden was my mother's,  
She nursed it with much care,  
She took such pride in others,  
Which I never did compare.

If ever you should want some day,  
To see this lovely place,  
Just step into this garden,  
And judge it your own way.



# **The Postman's Knowledge of Human Nature**

**by Dorothy Harrison, '37**

Our postman is a happy-go-lucky fellow. He always has a cheery greeting for everyone. I have often wondered at his happiness. How could anyone carry a big heavy leather bag around all day, and still be happy? I wonder no more, for now I know the truth.

I met some new friends this summer while on my vacation. After our parting we promised to correspond. My neighborhood acquaintances had promised the same thing to their recent companions. Our postman, therefore, became the most popular man in our vicinity. We watched for him every day at eleven, and again at three. Sometimes, if we saw him coming, we would run to meet him and make anxious inquiries about the contents of the leather bag. He knew by the handwriting if it was what we were impatiently awaiting. There was something about the expression on his face, the Santa Claus look in his eye, that told us what he was delivering. What fun he had teasing us!

I know now why the postman is a happy fellow. He is not concerned about the weight of his burden. He is not concerned about his tired aching feet. He knows he delivers joy, creates new ideals, fulfills business transactions, and creates friendship. It is human nature for people to look for the postman, and it is also human nature for the postman to feel a great importance that he is delivering United States Mail. What a great but small man is our postman.

## **The Artist**

**by Alice Wander, '35**

The sky is blazoned with the sunset,  
Majestic trees form a lofty foreground.  
In front of all this beauty is the artist  
Making a dashing stroke here, then a dot there—  
Trying so hard to express with brush,  
To show others what he sees and feels.

Before him flashes the reds, the blues, the purples—  
Quickly, now! He must get that color in  
Or it will disappear.

The evening sounds surround him.  
Oh what joy! What quiet!  
He stands alone,  
Gazing on this glorious outbreak  
Of the King of Art.

# Alone in the Night

by Virginia Tripp, '38

Coming down the narrows of Lake Champlain late at night, I suddenly realized that the boat was standing stock still. There had been no shock; it came to my attention only by an unaccountable urge to look over the side. The pond lilies stood still where before they had shot by the boat in an endless procession.

For sickening moment I was paralyzed. I wanted to scream, but words choked me. I wanted to move my arms, but they seemed to belong to another person. Then in a second that feeling was gone. I ran to the bow of the boat and strained my eyes to see into the darkness of the night, strained my ears to catch the slightest sound. The silence was heavy and ominous in the black of night.

I could not get the thought out of my head that I was alone, alone in the dark shadows that hung around me. A great lump rose in my throat. It seemed as if the pounding of my heart would surely betray me to the shadow people. Did I not hear a sound behind me? Whirling around to search for an alien presence, I realized it was only the creaking of the mast as it stood upright like a gaunt ghost, clearly outlined against the sky. The unexpected sound of a wave lapping against the boat left me in a cold sweat.

Just then from the cockpit came putt-putt-putt. The engine was going. I would be able to pull off the sand bar and go on.

# Rustic Call

by Doris Holmes, '40

Oh, how I love to go camping!  
To camp where all's happy and free—  
Through the open fields to go tramping,  
Through grass rippling 'round my knee.

To wander among the tall, slender trees,  
With their various shades of green,  
To have my hair blown and tossed by the wind,  
Ah, — like heaven 'twould seem.

Oh, to romp by the side of a babbling brook,  
To wade upon rocks and stones,  
To sit along the water's edge  
And muse awhile alone.

Oh, how I long to go camping!  
To romp and frolic in the open air.  
The country, the country, how I love the country,  
My heart is always there.

# Fate

by Jean Graham, '36

For one who feels success  
It might have been defeat;  
He who knows the bitter  
Some day may taste the sweet;  
He who is right  
Might have been wrong:  
He who is weak  
Might some day be strong;  
He who is happy  
Will sometime be sad;  
He who is good  
Might have been bad;  
So why judge people  
For what they are?  
Think what they might have been—  
It's better by far.

## Exit "Jinx"

by Miriam Freund, '39

The door creaked. Slowly it opened, and a freckled face cautiously peered out. As no one was in view, it was soon followed by a rather dirty neck, a brown sweater, a pair of old knickers and two worn-out shoes. Under this all was Gerald O'Riley who was usually called "Jinx" by his playmates. He carefully scanned the horizon, but all he saw was the banisters of the stairs. He could tell his mother was in her room because the sewing machine was making so much noise. He tiptoed to the landing, making as little noise as possible. He stopped and listened carefully until he was sure no one knew he had left his room. He was supposed to be studying his lessons, as all boys must eventually. But, it had been too much of a temptation. While he had been studying, the other fellows had been having a grand time playing football. So, he had decided to risk a scolding and join them. He slung one leg over the banister and slid down, landing on a rather sharp thumbtack at the bottom! His kid brother had probably placed it there and forgotten about it. Up to this time he had made no noise, but he couldn't help giving a yell of pain. As this cry was quite loud, he was afraid his mother would hear. For some miraculous reason she did not. He heaved a sigh of relief and started across the hall to the front door, which was only a few yards from him. It looked so inviting. If only he could reach it before his mother discovered his absence. While he was thinking about this, he stepped onto a rug from the slippery floor. As he tried to step from one rug to another, his feet went out from under him and he landed in a heap. He picked himself up, shaking in every limb. She certainly must have heard that. A long silence followed. Again she hadn't heard!

What a break for him. Now for the door. He slowly opened it. As he put his head out, he felt something touching his leg. His heart sank. As he dejectedly turned around, he realized that it was only his dog, Rex. Again his spirits arose. He slipped out of the door, followed by the dog. As soon as the door was closed, he raced down the block, Rex following at his heels. "Jinx" had a huge grin spread over his face. Now for the gang and football! Whee!

Mrs. O'Riley, looking out of the window, laughed whimsically after him.

"Oh, well, why shouldn't the boy have his fun?" she said to herself, as he disappeared from sight.

## The Vampire

by Robert S. Wattell, '40

Ah! what is that creaky sound?

It is a dusty coffin slowly opening

Slowly opening—

I shuddered in my fright; could I  
be dreaming?

Dreaming—

A hand white as death protruded from  
its webby cell. Then a form of a lovely  
lady stepped out dressed in a black flowing  
garment.

A black flowing garment—

She had beautiful black hair which  
fell down her sides to the stone steps of the  
morgue. Her eyes were black and sinister.  
When I looked at her blood red lips I was  
terrified. I knew then she was a Vampire

A vampire—

I tried to move but her eyes held  
me. Then she came toward me her  
hand grasping.

Her hand grasping.

I went into a death-like trance.

I was the helpless victim of a blood-  
sucking vampire.

When I awoke I was meek and  
bleeding at the neck. The scarlet  
blood was everywhere

Everywhere—

I tried to talk but I was weak and  
helpless

Thus was the wrath of the Vampire

The wrath of the Vampire.



# Success

by Franklin Steinhardt, '38

William Timrod is one of eight children of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Timrod. The "P." being forgotten, it is not necessary to include it.

The Timrods were once wealthy people but the stock market affected them.

Mr. Timrod is a rather diminutive man though quite stout. He never has relished work and never had to do any, his fortune coming from his only uncle, Tobias, a hard working man. Tobias had died when Mr. Timrod was twelve years of age, leaving all his property and money to his nephew. It ran into millions, but like many other foolish people, he invested it all in the market and lost it all there too.

Now we look in a small three-room apartment in New York's lower tenement section. Inside are seven children and two adults. They are Mr. and Mrs. Timrod and their children. The eighth, who is William, is out running errands for the grocer on East 39th Street. The three dollars a week he gets is the sole income of the Timrods. Mr. Timrod sits tipped back against the wall in an old rickety chair, with one rung broken, hoping that a storm will come up and blow a million dollars into his pocket. Mrs. Timrod is busy over the oil stove boiling some potatoes for the evening meal.

William comes rushing in and says, "I've got a new job. I've just been made clerk at the store. Business is getting better and they need another clerk and I got the job and now my salary is eight dollars a week."

The family rejoices at the news; Mr. Timrod got off his chair and joined in.

Several weeks later the manager of a large chain store company comes around and watches the way the business is being run in the small store where William works. He goes over to the boss and speaks to him for a few minutes. He asks him if he would like to join up with the chain company.

A year goes by successfully. One day the man who asked them to join the chain company comes again.

"I've been watching your reports and I think you are a pretty efficient fellow; I wonder if you would like to be general manager for this community of all the other stores in our company. The salary is one hundred dollars a week."

The position is eagerly accepted and three weeks later the Timrods move to 78th Street and there lived in an eight-room apartment.

Six months later the man comes again, "I've been delegated," he says, "to ask you to come to Chicago and take over the management."

One week later William Timrod is in Chicago, with his family. They now live in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in Chicago and are now enjoying a large income of three hundred dollars a week from William.

Mr. Timrod although once rolling in wealth will not give up his old rickety chair, and so now we leave him as we first met him sitting in the old chair tipped against the wall only now in better surroundings and a book in his hands and once again he is known as "Joseph "P." Timrod.

# SCHOOL NOTES

## Social Events

by Vivian Snyder, '36

Although Milne's social activities have sadly missed the noble support of last year's graduates, the numerous new students have luckily come to their rescue. Without an exception the events thus far have been marked as huge successes.

As usual, almost the day that school opened, this year September 30, the students began discussing the first school entertainment. Following last year's example, it was decided to have separate Junior and Senior High receptions as it was thought that more enjoyment for both sections resulted from this arrangement. Contrary to last year's schedule, however, the Senior High reception on October 25 preceded the Junior High welcome by one week. At the Senior School venture, the Sophomore class attempted to amuse the remainder of the school body by a skit entitled "Polly's Hero." The Junior class followed with an original amateur program. (As to its originality we have our doubts. It sounded decidedly like Major Bowes's original amateur hour.) The Senior representatives brought the dramatic section of the entertainment to a close with the tragedy, "The Man-Hunt." Dancing in the gym where the King's Men provided the rhythm, constituted the remainder of the evening. Upon the following Friday night, the Junior High School welcomed into its fellowship the new seventh graders. Although your School Editor was not invited, she heard that there was some fine talent in the plays that each homeroom presented. It has also been reported that the dance went off with a bang.

The girls of the Sophomore class have already been rushed by both societies. Quin presented a producer's office while Sigma entertained with a humorous pantomime.

However, the boys are one step ahead of the girls for Adelphei and Theta Nu have already taken in several new members. (And have they been taken in, judging from their morning-after appearances!)

After a short session of touch football, the boys began to practise upon their last year's successful plays for the opening of the basketball season. Under the direction of Coach Goewey and the leadership of Captain MacHarg, they expect to have a very successful year. The girls, on their side, have waged several successful hockey games with teams from other schools.

Furthermore, those taking part in and helping with the Christmas plays deserve a few words of congratulation. Without them and their constant cooperation, the school would have little chance for recognition in the dramatic world.

And now, with our telescope adjusted, we can see many happy days just ahead. Well, good luck and a successful semester until we meet again in the June issue!

# Exchanges

by Gertrude Wheeler, '36

Another school year is well on its way, and once again, we have the privilege of making comments on our exchanges.

The October issue of the "Cue", from Albany Boys' Academy, was exceptionally well done. The cover design which depicts the football season is very appropriate and the poem *Progress* is well worth being repeated.

From kaleidoscopes to Kodaks  
Wood to flimsy tin;  
From "Sakes alive" to "Nuts to you"  
From Lipton's tea to gin.

From buttermilk to dry Martinis,  
Ty Cobb to Maxie Baer;  
Shakespeare up to Hemingway,  
Long curls to marcelled hair.

Priscilla all the way to Toots,  
Herbs to Bromo Seltzer;  
Hans Wagner to the great Berlin,  
And Greeley to Pulitzer.

In the October issue of the "Dial" from Brattleboro, Vt., the wood cuts are amazing. They show a lot of hard work.

We, sincerely, wish to thank the following schools, for allowing us to examine their newspapers and magazines:

- "Stratford Bugle"—Stratford, N. Y.
- "Panorama"—Binghamton, N. Y.
- "The Cue"—Albany, N. Y.
- "The Portal"—Albany, N. Y.
- "School Daze"—Cohoes, N. Y.
- "Homer Academy News"—Homer, N. Y.
- "School Notes"—Middletown, Conn.
- "The School Crier"—Waterford, N. Y.
- "The Item"—Amsterdam, N. Y.
- "The Record"—Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- "The Broadcaster"—Amsterdam, N. Y.
- "The Pilot"—Green Island, N. Y.
- "The Tattler"—New Hartford, N. Y.
- "The Dial"—Brattleboro, Vt.
- "The Hoot Owl"—Coxsackie, N. Y.
- "Estee Echo"—Gloversville, N. Y.
- "Purple and White"—Little Falls, N. Y.



# Alumni Notes

State College  
Albany, New York  
November 19, 1935

DEAR MILNITES:

I never expected that I would write a letter for the Alumni section, but here goes. It seems mighty strange to be addressing "Milnites," realizing that I am no longer one of you.

Of course, I acquired a pretty good idea of what State was like when I was in Milne. There is lots of work, but still I like it very much, and I am sure all the other graduates from Milne attending here will agree with me.

I've come in contact with a great many fine fellows from all parts of the state. (Some day some of them will be your future teachers.)

Well, I'll close now, with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I am

Sincerely yours,

Duntan Tynan, '35

Cornell University  
Ithaca, New York  
November 17, 1935

DEAR MILNITES:

All Alumni letters are filled with praises of the particular college which the alumnus is attending, and I don't profess that mine will be different. I do want you all to know how extremely glad I am to write to you.

Naturally, I think Cornell University is the top. This very day we have had our first snow-fall, and I can't possibly describe the beauty of the snow on the trees. I guess it's even more beautiful than when the leaves were turning.

Cornell is quite a favored place among Milnites. Not only are Willard Bauer, Fran Charles, Lewis George, Peg Gill, Winton Terrill and Harry Witte here, but Mr. Moose is here working for his Master's degree.

The spirit shown on the part of the upperclassmen toward the freshmen is remarkable. They endeavor to get the frosh into activities, and as a result I have been fortunate enough to become a member of the Glee Club, the hockey team and a class cheer-leader. Cornell offers numerous opportunities, both scholastic and extra curricular.

At this point I must tell you about my classes. I am taking the straight arts course, math, French, English, and history, and my professors are excellent.

I wish to extend my sincerest wishes to all my friends at Milne for a most successful year and a happy Christmas vacation.

Sincerely yours,

Olive Vroman, '35



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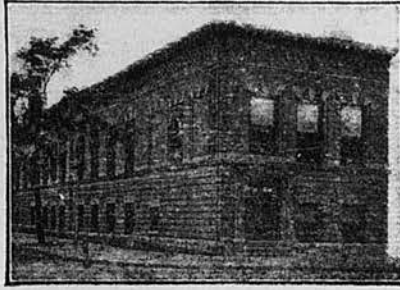
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