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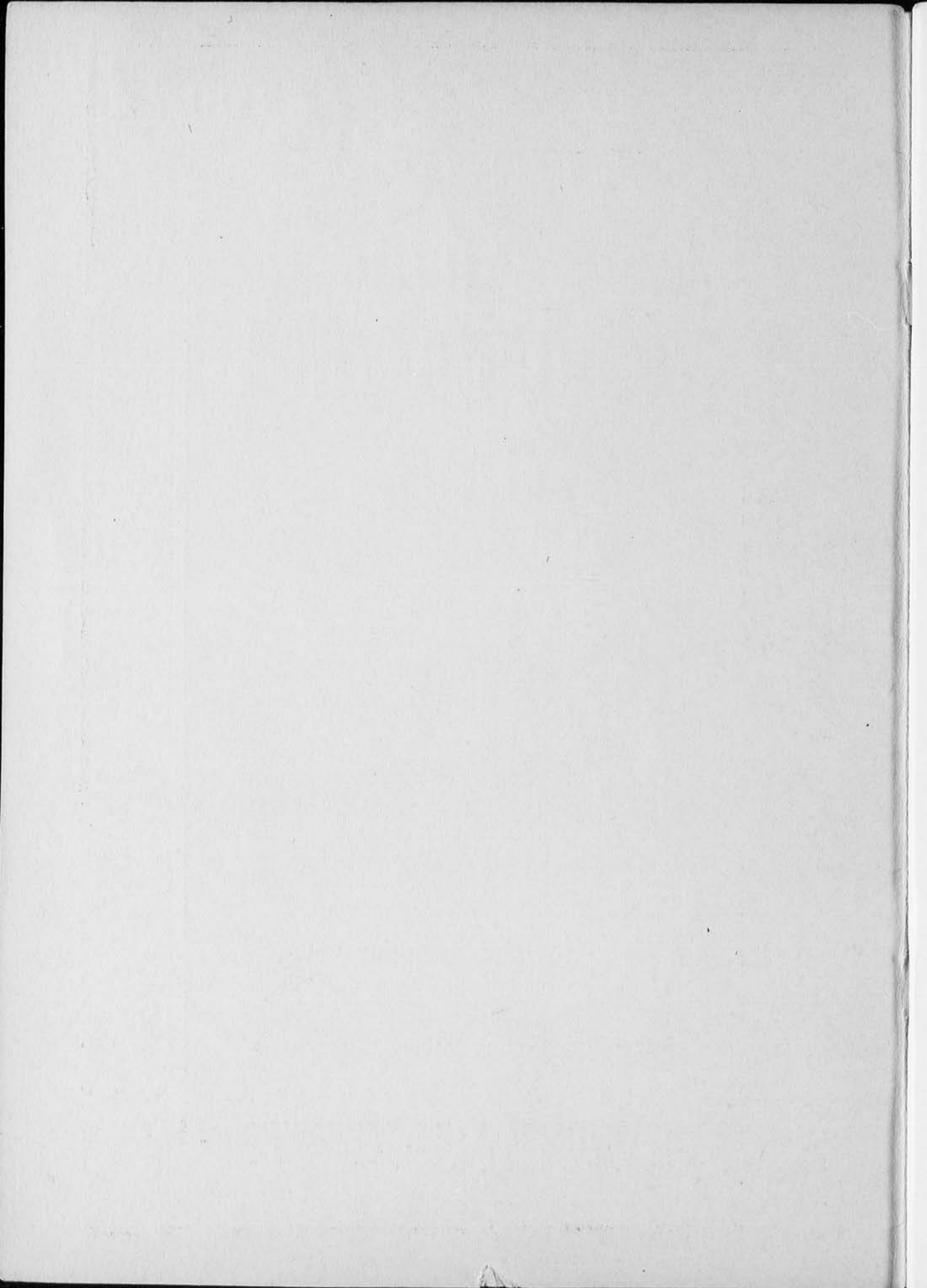
Dec. 1928

The Crimson and White



Christmas Issue

Milne High School, Albany, New York



THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXV

DECEMBER, 1928

Number 11

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (4 numbers) payable in advance.....\$1.00

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Perhaps the best loved time of all the year is the Christmas season. What happy memories it recalls, and what joyous anticipations it awakens! Witching mistletoe, holly, proud little evergreens bearing their message of Yuletide joy, goodies, mysterious parcels, faces radiating with joy and happiness, furtive whisperings—everything that is a part of Christmas spirit. Outside, a virgin mantle of snow covers the earth and transforms field and forest with a fairy-like beauty. The leafless branches of trees with their pure white burdens outline fantastic silhouettes against wintry skies. All the air is pervaded with an atmosphere of joyous expectancy, of hushed prayer, of unspoken worship.

Every Christmas, as we go to church, we listen to the tale of the first Christmas, the sweetest story ever told. Everytime we hear it our hearts thrill anew, and we are filled with a joyous flood of love for the Holy babe, who was born in a rude stable many, many years ago. While wise men were bearing precious gifts from afar to the Christ child, angels were singing their songs of triumph to the watching shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

Thus they proclaimed the advent of the Messiah who was to be the light of the world. How the people received him then is well known. The three Kings of the Orient brought Him their offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Angels thronged around His head, chanting their inspired chorus. Then did learning and music surround the babe; then did they pay homage to their little King.

As the venerable seers in their wisdom, and the heavenly angels with their joyous carols bowed before the Christ child, let us this Christmastide do likewise, and join hands in song and sincerity of purpose.

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Just because this year is old, very old, there is no reason why we should not wish it a blessed farewell. This we do in all humility, realizing that as individuals and as a student body, we have often wasted much of the priceless time 1928 has so generously offered us. Let this be one of the resolutions with which we shall greet this promising infant, young 1929—that we shall not waste time. Time brings opportunity, opportunity brings success—that is the message in a nutshell! Another resolution we Milnites shall make is that we shall support our splendid basketball team. If they know that we are back of them to the last man, this confidence and encouragement will stimulate them to untold victories.

I. G.

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

I have been brought from my home in the forest
To help spread Christmas cheer.
I am happy and proud to be chosen
An agent in this worthy career.

My limbs are adorned with ornaments
My tip with a silver star,
And my many lights which beam so brightly
Are seen by the traveler afar.

Many gifts prepared with love
Are piled upon the floor.
And as I see the joy they give
It thrills me o'er and o'er.

My boughs bend low—my life ebbs fast—
Soon I shall be cast away—
But my heart is full of the happiness
That's reigning this Christmas Day.

LOIS E. POTTER, '32.



LITERATURE



TWO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

"Sure, I'm goin' to the affair!"

"It is lovely of the firm to give a dance like—"

"Yeh, but they ought to. Look at the time we been workin' lately and busy—say, baby, I didn't know but what I was a pair of silk stockin's myself."

"I'm rather sorry I can't go."

"What! You're not goin'? Aw, snap out of it, kid! Every-ones gonna git what they can out of this company."

A clock struck nine and each girl hastened to her counter. Busy Christmas shoppers were already scurrying about picking out any article that seemed to them a good purchase. All over the store familiar cries of the salesgirls could be heard. From one counter, however, the voice did not sound so loud and vulgar, and a smile went with every sale.

The salesgirl at this counter was Mrs. Mae Hoffman, a young widow. She was a rather attractive girl, tall and slender. Her hair was dark and inclined to be wavy. She had a pleasant face with an expression that seemed to declare her superiority to her fellow workers. There existed a sadness which was concealed by the good-natured smile. As she made each sale she thought, "Here is ten cents more for Lola's coat. That makes \$15.10 and I need only \$24.00. I hope the sales are bigger or my commissions will never amount to \$8.90 more." Then a picture of Lola in the coat for which she was saving flashed through her mind. Mae was the same girl who was not attending the dance.

It was nearing noon. She must make \$8.00 more before six o'clock. The noon bell rang. She left her booth downhearted and discouraged. As she slipped on her worn hat and coat, she realized the impossibility of earning the required sum. She went to a small restaurant and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. While she was waiting for her order, various thoughts ran through her mind. Lola must have that coat. All Lola's friends were receiving

new coats from their parents. Lola would feel so bad without one, but for \$16.00 one could not get an attractive coat. If only she could obtain the money still needed. The sandwich and coffee arrived. As she ate she tried to think of means to secure the money. Perhaps she would find a valuable ring for the return of which she would be given a large sum of money. This was improbable and almost impossible. She could borrow the money from the store. They would never miss \$8.00, and she would return it as soon as possible. Maybe her sisters-in-law would give her some money for a Christmas gift. Thursday when she returned to work she could bring the money, and all would be all right. This was her final plan, her last resort, and she would carry it out. After she had finished the coffee she hurried back to the store.

Her conscience bothered her. This plan was below her. It was a disgrace even to consider it, but Lola must have the coat. It was so darling, and then there was a hat to match. Five dollars more, as long as she had determined to take it, wouldn't make much difference. Still—could she do it? She tried to forget the problem of the coat, but it seemed impossible.

At five o'clock an errand boy announced that she was wanted in the office. As Mae turned, bewildered, to demand of him for what reason she should be summoned to the office, he picked up a pile of articles to be wrapped and ran toward the stock room. Mae hastily powdered her nose and combed her hair before she knocked at the door of the office, timid and frightened.

"Come in, Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Stedmer will see you presently," was the answer to her knock.

The minutes seemed to go so slowly. All sorts of ideas passed through her mind as to the outcome of the conference with Mr. Stedmer, whether she was to be discharged or just reprimanded or—

"Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. Stedmer will see you now. Step right in the office."

There was something appealing in Mae, some fascinating look in her eyes and a kind smile all of which in this excitement seemed to be more noticeable than ever.

Mr. Stedmer looked at her and smiled as he said, "Mrs. Hoffman, numerous reports have come to me of your ability as a sales-girl. I never had so many sales before at that counter. I am offering you as a Christmas present from the firm a position of second head lady in the children's clothing department. Your salary in this department will be ten dollars more per week than you now receive."

"Oh, Mr. Sted——"

"Never mind, I am hurried. I want to add more. You have a young daughter if I am not mistaken. You will get a ten per cent discount on all children's clothes. Oh, yes, also, should you desire, I shall pay you one half of your next week's salary now."

Mae answered slowly, her big eyes brim full of enthusiasm, "I thank you Mr. Stedmer. I shall do my best and," she added slowly in a hesitant manner, "I-er-well, about the advance——"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Hoffman, I shall write you a check right now."

Mae left the office clutching the check in her hand. She took one moment before entering the booth to call up the children's clothing department asking them to please lay aside the green coat and hat trimmed with beaver, number 4402, size 8, for Mrs. Hoffman. How happy Lola would be!

BETTY GREEN, '29.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Just as the word Christmas itself comes from the name of the One, whose birth it celebrates, so do many traditions and customs which relate to the Christ child come from the lore of different peoples.

Many legends have been handed down through the ages concerning the Christ child. In some European countries there exists the belief that a Christ child wanders about on Christmas Eve with a bundle of evergreens on His shoulder. A lighted candle placed in the window is supposed to gain His blessing for the household in return for the light shed on His pathway. In Holland an illuminated star is carried through the streets of the villages. This star is supposed to bring peace to those who see it. Gifts are given to the people who follow the star bearer, and these gifts are given to the poor. Then, also, there is the legend of Santa Claus coming down the chimney and the mystery of tradition surrounding the birth of Christ in the stable at Bethlehem.

The most important part of Christmas is the tree. To Martin Luther belongs the honor of the first Christmas tree. He was thrilled with the beauty of the fir tree, snow-capped and glittering beneath the starry sky, and wishing to bring a bit of happiness to the poor, he cut off a fir tree and placed lighted candles on its branches.

These legends and beliefs have survived sixty generations of

use, and the singing of carols and the giving of gifts bear witness to the fact that they will go on from everlasting to everlasting.

With the lighting of the Christmas candles, the spirits of peace, good-will, and brotherhood flame anew in the hearts of the followers of Him who sang the first carol of good news, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth good will toward men."

ROSE M. SCHWEIGERT, '29.

A DOG'S CHRISTMAS BONE

Some folks say I'm a naughty dog, but I don't think so.

I've often seen my master sit in front of Mr. Blake's butcher shop, so I just did the same yesterday. This is just what happened. Mr. Blake came out with his arms full of meat. He dropped the loveliest bone right in front of me. I just picked it up, and hustled down the street. I didn't go just because I get the bone. It was very cold and I was tired of sitting there. Well, Mr. Blake started after me. I love to see him run because he is so fat, so I just kept running a little faster. He soon stopped, and said, "that ——!" I had better not tell you what he really said, but it was naughty.

I sauntered along down the street, and soon I saw five of my friends, but they were inside the fence. I thought I'd tease them a little bit, so I just held my head up higher and strutted by. They ran along the fence, but I didn't even look at them. I went off in a corner of Dugan's alley and ate the meat. My, but it was good!

This morning I'm just awfully sick, and I wish I hadn't eaten all that meat alone.

ESTHER B. WEST, '29.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS EVE

J. Richard Jamison sat in his soft, deep armchair before the fire and read his evening paper in solid comfort. He was abstractedly inhaling and exhaling huge puffs of smoke from his expensive cigar. J. Richard was a bachelor, and glad of it. No silly women or squawking children around to disturb the peace of his orderly apartment!

A soft but squeaky step behind his chair made him aware that someone else was in the room. He turned around, just in time to see the bulky form of Squibbs, his butler, lighting a tall red candle in the middle front window of the room.

"What's this tom-foolery?" J. Richard spoke so suddenly out of the deep silence that Squibbs started guiltily and hastily blew out the match with which he had lighted the candle.

"Beg, pardon, sir," Squibbs answered very humbly, "but seeing as it's Christmas Eve and all—I sorta thought——"

"Huh? Well—what if it is? Does that mean that you have to waste your time with such nonsense? This 'Christmas spirit' is the bunk! What does it amount to? Nothing but a pile of bills for unappreciated presents! You're as bad as all the rest of 'em!"

With these explosive words, J. Richard returned to his paper and cigar, disgusted with the softness of Squibbs. A few minutes of silence followed. The candle, in spite of all opposition, burned cheerfully at the window, as a welcome on Christmas Eve.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I wonder if you could get along without my services for the rest of the night? It's nine o'clock now, and there probably won't be anyone calling tonight—seeing as it's Christmas Eve. The missus and me was planning on fixing up a little tree for the children—so, sir,—if, sir—"

"Yes, if you want to bother yourself with such foolishness—go ahead! I'd rather have you at home, I'm sure, instead of here driving me crazy with your nonsensical ideas!"

This gracious permission having been granted, Squibbs, with many more "thank you, sirs," and "beg pardon, sirs," backed out of the room. Soon the door was slammed and J. Richard was alone in the great room, with his paper and cigar.

It must be understood that J. Richard was not always so brusque and crabby, but he was very, very, indifferent to anything pertaining to sentiment and, naturally, the womanly action of his butler had disgusted him.

He continued to smoke in silence before the warm fire until he was aroused by a sharp ringing of the door bell. After a few seconds, he realized that Squibbs was not there to answer it, so, after carefully laying aside his cigar and paper, he went to open the door. At first, upon opening it, he saw no one. The snow was blowing about, and the air was very cold. After his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, he saw a shadowy figure, very forlorn and destitute-looking, in the corner of the porch. Immediately, all the stories he had ever read about bachelors finding pathetic little bundles on their doorsteps came rushing into his mind. In each case, the bachelor had carried the aforesaid bundle into the house and, after finding it to be a sleeping infant, had resolved to adopt it! or else the bundle had proved to be a poor, lost, sinful, though beautiful, girl who eventually became his loving wife.

"Humph! I won't fall for that stuff," he thought, at the same time giving the shadowy object a gentle kick with the toe of his shoe. As nothing happened, he kicked it again, this time a little more forcibly.

"Hey! Cut it out! What d'ye think this is?" a sharp, shrill voice pierced the silence.

J. Richard drew back, astonished.

"Yes—that's what I said! What d'ya think this is—your birthday?"

With these words, a mass of curly red boyish cut hair, a little freckled nose, and a pair of daringly red lips emerged from the darkness of the shadow.

"A-a-are you a girl or a boy?" stammered J. Richard in amazement. This was so different from what he had expected! The stranger did not reply right away, but as J. Richard brought it and himself into the house, and under the glare of the electric lamp in the hall, he could see, by the artificial redness of its lips, that it was a girl.

"Who are you—and why are you on my doorstep?"

"What's it to ya? Get away from in front of that door and let me out of here, or I'll yell for the police! D'ya hear?"

J. Richard was baffled. Although he was sure that this person was a girl, he observed, when she had thrown back the shabby robe in which she had been wrapped, that she was wearing a boy's clothing.

"Are you in need?" he said, his heart softening a little when he saw the ragged clothes.

"No—but you'll be in need of a doctor if you don't let me out of here in a hurry! I'm on my way to a masquerade, and I promised to meet Jimmy on the corner at nine-thirty, and it's after that now! I was waiting up on the corner for a while, but it was so cold and blizzardy I thought I'd just sit down on your porch, where it isn't so windy, and wait for him. I must have leaned my elbow up against your door bell. He's probably out on the corner now, waiting for me. Come out of the daze, and open up the door, will you?"

J. Richard came down to earth with a thump. All his hopes of being a story-book hero fled as he willingly opened the door and helped the girl out with a little shove.

'Hey, Jimmy! Here I am! This old bozo——' her shrill voice drifted away into the night.

HELEN CROMIE, '29.

MY DAD

If you can imagine a man who is kind, generous, helpful, friendly, and honest; if you can think of a person who is always careful, considerate, gentlemanly, pleasant, fearless, and energetic—a man whose every action, deed, and word reflects his strong, ironbound character, whose face is the living picture of that vivid inner-self—a man who is the best father and best pal any boy ever had, then you have some idea of the man I mean—my dad.

RALPH GARRISON, '30.

FAIRIES

The wee wild fireflies flitting,
 Flitting airily,
 Through woods and fields at twilight
 The steed of fairies be.

The myriad stars that twinkle,
 Twinkle merrily,
 When darkness falls at evening,
 The fairies' candles be.

The restless winds that whisper,
 Whisper ceaselessly,
 Through dark pine boughs at dream-time,
 Are fairy songs to me.

The tiny drops that glisten,
 Glisten dewily,
 When soft light peeps at dawning,
 Are fairy jewels to me.

A. BEIK, '30.

"What was in the Mayflower compact?"

"Well, sap, what could it be but powder?"

After seeing Wiley's display of Fords, we think he has a factory branch in his back yard.

"What is this ice jam they talk about?"

"Oh, that's what the Eskimos eat on their bread."

A PRAYER

Oh, gentle muse, lift thou the seal
From my dumb lips, that I may sing
Of all the beauty that I feel
In God's entrancing world, and bring
Tribute to the passing throng,
Heedless, rushing through the days.
Oh, let me lift my voice in song,
And chant my heart's delight in praise.

JANE PUGH, '30.

AVIATION'S GREATEST DAY

On June 30, 1928, the Detroit Air Olympics were held. Incidentally on that day I had the opportunity of witnessing at the Ford Airport the gathering of airplanes, aeronauts and aviation enthusiasts from all over the United States.

There were over 100,000 spectators viewing the various events which took place that day at the airport. Several attractions, which featured in the day's program, gave thrills to all present. While enormous tri-motored airplanes thundered high overhead, scores of smaller planes dotted the sky like many buzzards. Modern aircraft of nearly every design and make were flown. The start of the Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race was a most memorable spectacle. Thirteen balloons from eight different countries competed for the coveted trophy. As each balloon ascended, after being started by Edsel Ford, the pilots threw flowers to the crowds below. Then a loud report was heard and high in the air a small parachute opened. From this parachute a flag unfurled and floated majestically, signifying the country which each balloon represented. The crowds cheered and mobs made a mad rush to the spot where the flags were expected to land. In a short time each balloon became a speck in the sky and finally disappeared. At this magnificent flying field everyone had the pleasure of going through the immense Ford hangar and closely examining the gigantic Ford tri-motored planes. German gliders which held world records for motorless flying were exhibited on the field. In the hangar could be seen Byrd's famous plane, the "Josephine Ford." Model airplane contestants had the privilege of going through the Ford Airplane Factory and seeing large monoplanes during construction and assemblage. Many activities, too numerous to mention, occurred in the course of the day. To end the program an air

CHRISTMAS EVE

The snow is falling steadily out of a star-sprinkled blanket of black sky. The trees which form an arch over the street are clad in garment of pure white. A full moon casts a soft light over the glistening white earth. From the windows of the houses on the street shine bright lights and through the windows can be seen beautifully ornamented pine trees. If we come close to one window we can see many packages wrapped in white tissue paper scattered at the base of the tree. In a far corner of the room a middle-aged man lies sleeping on a davenport with the evening paper lying at his feet. A slight motherly looking little woman, sits in a large chair at the other end of the room. Her face is lit by a little smile of content.

Let us go to a different place where the same moon shines down on a street barren of trees or grass; a street in which the snow is doing its best to cover the rubbish that has been scattered there. An occasional light shines from the houses which are ramshackle deserted looking buildings. As we look into one of the lighted windows a very different scene meets our eyes. A flickering gas jet lights the room which is furnished with a table and three or four chairs. In one of these chairs sits a woman, who, though young, is already wrinkled from never-ceasing work. As she sits there she is sewing a button on what appears to be a very small boy's shirt. Her head nods wearily as sleep tries to overcome her, but still she toils on. In the gloom of another corner a man sleeps in a chair. He is clad in the outfit of a laborer and as he sleeps his body, weary from the day's work appears very thin and worn. Slowly the light in the jet fails until the woman, unable to see any longer, rises and wincing as pain pierces her cramped body, slowly puts out the light.

BILL McCORD, '31.

THE BUM'S CHRISTMAS

It was a cold Christmas Eve. Crowds hurried about their errands, a look of expectancy on their faces. The bum stood outside of a large show window cold and hungry. He was trying to decide whether to go into his winter hibernation yet. A blast of cold air which whirled the snow around his collar decided him. Picking up a large lump of ice he hurled it through the window. The sound of falling glass had barely ceased when a hand fell on his shoulder. Looking back he saw a large burly policeman leading him away to

the night court, where the desk sergeant received the charge. After this he was put in a warm cell. The bum could feel the heat soaking through him. A look of rapturous content appeared on his face. This was something like it. If the judge would only give him about ninety days it would be spring when he got out.

Soon he was asleep. The next morning he was awakened by the warden for the first good meal in two days. As it was Christmas the prisoners did not have to work so the bum was led back to his cell. The hours passed quickly and soon he was again led forth. This time to a Christmas dinner. Was there ever such a dinner. The bum felt contempt for the poor souls who slaved for their food. He was well fed and content, fed by the state. Thinking these things he fell asleep. His case was called next morning. He pleaded guilty to the charge and the judge considered. After pondering a while he leaned forward and said, "Haven't you been here before." The bum readily assented. This was too easy; he thought he ought to get ninety days sure. "Well, I think I'll make an example of you for those other bums who hibernate for the winter. Six months at hard labor. Next case."

WILLIAM DRAKE, '31.

A HOLY CHRISTMAS

He came to save this sinful world,
 'Twas centuries ago,
 But died upon a rough-hewn cross.
 For us, He suffered so.

On Christmas Eve,
 I light my heart
 To guide my Christ to me,
 And bring me Holy Christmas,
 For now, and years to be.

LORNA DROWNE, '31.

SANTA'S NEW SUIT

"Well, well, well, I declare it's only twelve days until Christmas." Santa Claus was stretched out comfortably in an arm chair beside the huge fireplace, his feet on the mantle-piece, contentedly smoking his long stemmed clay pipe. He sat for a few minutes, puffing lazily, and then suddenly brought his slippered feet down,

and decisively marched from the room. He returned a few minutes later, carrying a red fur-trimmed, sooty old coat rather the worse for the wear. The dear old gentleman pondered long and seriously over the clothes, with a dissatisfied and discontented look on his usually jolly countenance.

"It's full of moth holes and here's an awful burn. Looks as if it hadn't been washed for centuries and I believe that's true. Yep, you've served me many a year, but you've gone out of date with my reindeer sled. I'm going to get me one of these here modern airplane outfits to go with my new plane, 'The Spirit of the North Pole.' Bet these here natives will stare at me."

So saying he picked up Montgomery Ward's catalogue and impatiently flipped over the pages until he found what he sought and then became absorbed in the page.

"Here's one for \$22.75," he muttered, "boots, suit, cap, goggles, gloves, and all. That's the one for me." He immediately picked up his quill pen and began filling out the order blank. The door opened softly and in slipped Mrs. Santa Claus.

"What on earth are you doing, popper? What you got all your things out here for? 'Taint Christmas yet!" she cried, aghast.

"Well, mama, I just thought I'd get 'em out and see what shape they're in. Guess I'll get some new ones. These are all out of date. There's some——"

He got no further. Mrs. Claus raised both hands in horror at the very thought.

"Why the very idea," she cried. "Get new things when these old ones will be perfectly all right if I wash them and mend them and brush up the fur a little. Out of date indeed! You just put that idea out of your head immediately."

Poor Santa was squelched. He dared not say another word, but privately resolved to send for them anyway.

It was two days before Christmas. Santa was in a fever of excitement for fear the suit would not come in time. He kept running to the door at every knock to see if his package had come. He had no fear of his wife.

"She'll be all right when she sees how fine I look," he chuckled to himself. "Ah, yes, she'll be all right."

Even when his wife brought in the newly cleaned suit he chuckled to himself merrily and said, "Ah, yes, she'll be all right."

At last it arrived. Mrs. Claus was making molasses candy, so there was no danger of her interfering. Santa was tickled as a child with a new toy. He hurried to his room and put it on and

then surveyed himself in the mirror. So pleased was he with the reflection that he stood puffing like a peacock. He sneaked cautiously downstairs, entered the living room, and started to pick up his sack. He would then march into the kitchen, and display his splendor to the eyes of his astonished wife, who would for once have nothing to say. Yes, indeed. He would show her that—**SPLOTCH!**

"You meddlin' crook, how dare you try to steal my husband's toysack! Here you've made me waste a perfectly good kettle of taffy on you, you worthless tramp! Get out before I call my husband, or I'll sic the dog on you! Get——"

"Merciful heavens, mommer! Are you trying to ruin me? Guess you already have. Oh, my new suit! Oh! What on earth possessed you?" cried Santa, straightening up, the candy kettle fitting nicely over his head, and sticky molasses trickling from his beard, ears, hands, and in fact all over him.

"Popper! Oh! What have I done?" exclaimed his wife, horrified at the sight. "How could I know it was you, with that outlandish rig onto you? Come out in the kitchen before it gets all over everything!"

She led the way, and Santa Claus followed spluttering indignantly over his spoiled suit.

"It never pays to cross your wife, Christmas Eve," he soliloquized, as he donned the old red suit.

VIRGINIA GARRISON, '32.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

The clouds floated silently past the moon and stars in the western sky. Beneath them the sheep lay in pastures frosted with dew. A thin blue smoke rose from the cracking flames of a fire. Close by the shepherds slept peaceably on into the night. The peaceful silence was only broken frequently by the night wind, the movement of a young sheep or the stirring of a nesting bird.

Suddenly there came a flash of silvery light across the sky. The shepherds woke and hid their frightened, dazzled eyes. The sheep raised their eyes heavenward. Then animal and man slept again and knew not that the light they saw announced the birth of the little Saviour, Jesus Christ.

M. CROUSE, 32.

THE LIGHT THAT SHALL NOT FAIL

As a cold north wind blew over the steppes of Russia, a tiny figure clothed in a cotton garment appeared struggling through the banks of huge snow drifts. The feathery flakes had ceased to fall and the broad expanse of land was clothed in a white blanket of snow, over which a thin crust was already forming. The wind in all its glory swept across the plateau, now at your back and then laughing harshly as its icy hand struck you fully in the face. Again and again the tiny traveler faltered but tramped on as if in agony, over the frozen ground with the snow crunching at every step. The night was clear and the new moon, with the tiny stars, seemed to possess a new radiance, that of hope and faith. In the distance was a light, which was apparently the goal of the traveler. Timidly, yet surely, the journeyer of the snowlands pulled the shining knocker which resounded clearly in the still night.

A dignified servant opened the heavily barred door and admitted the little visitor. A living vision of hope, was the impression which one received from the little girl as softly, yet assuredly, she tiptoed into the owner's study. Her brother's life hung on the margin of life and death and this man, the greatest doctor of all Russia, was the only one who could save it. Tomorrow was Christmas and with it came that story; self sacrifice leads to happiness. The American missionary who had come to her village had instilled in the girl the great story of human sacrifice, and here, in remote Russia, the morale was receiving its greatest trial. Patiently, yet with an air of superiority, the master of the house listened to the tale of the grief laden visitor. The doctor immediately said to himself, "This is only one of the many sufferers upon this day which have come to me, beseechingly pleading for aid. It cannot be granted." But suddenly a hazy mist formed in the doctor's eyes and he saw a Russian family, kneeling with clasped hands, murmuring a last prayer, to the Creator of all men to send some one to bring their son from the Valley of the Shadow.

Christmas, day of days, and the church bells pealing forth their story of gladness. A poor home, occupied by a Russian family, was made bright by a rapidly recovering figure on a rude cot. The great doctor had performed the necessary operations and the little traveler's brother was on the road to recovery. America, land of opportunity, is not the only possessor of the true Christmas spirit. Far off in Russia the icy wind sweeps across the steppes and brings with it the never failing light—Christianity.

E. H. CHAPMAN, '32.

THE YUKON

The Yukon hurls itself out of the mountain fastnesses from whence
it takes its birth.
It is one of the mighty rivers of God, and defies the puny strength
of man.
Vast snow-capped mountains surround it, and a terrible silence
broods over it.
The mid-night sun has brightened it, and the everlasting snows
have fed it.
It has seen the frenzy of man for the yellow gold, and heard the
cry of lone wolves at night.
It rushes on, dismayed by none of these things, to its appointed
place.

God put such rivers on the earth
That men might know the mightiness of his strength,
And the power of his hand.

A. BEIK, '30.

MY FORD

My little Ford, the best one found,
Doesn't go fast, but it gets me around.
It has rattles and squeaks, I must admit,
But few of these detract a bit
From the pleasure I get of driving up near
To a Packard or Rolls or cars so dear,
That a scratch or a dent on fender bright,
Would cause the owner a sleepless night.
I need no chauffeur to take care of mine,
Give it gas and oil and it runs along fine.
And after all is said and done,
The flivver's really lots of fun.
I'm content with it until I'm allowed,
To have the family "Flying Cloud."

HARRIMAN SHERMAN, '30.

SCHOOL NOTES

ISSUE OF 1924-1925

The Senior Class has recently made arrangements for cuts in its 1929 year book. The contract for the pictures was secured through the efforts of Henry Blatner.

The Freshman Reception was held November 9. It is believed that the entering freshmen enjoyed themselves, the affair being unusually successful.

On account of a misunderstanding it was necessary to postpone the Junior-Freshman party; the new date has not yet been decided upon.

As the Christmas vacation approaches, the whole school looks forward to its Christmas plays. This year, as usual, there are three one-act plays to be presented. There is a comedy, "The Florist Shop," directed by Gertrude Hall; a fantasy, "The Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," directed by Marion Sloan; and a melodrama, "Two Crooks and a Lady," directed by Florence Gormley. Such an assorted program is expected to afford interesting entertainment to whoever comes to see it on Thursday night, December 13, in the State College auditorium.

F. B. H.

ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF '27

Esther Higby, Katherine Traver, Evelyn Pitts, Eleanor Gage, Madeline Green and Kenneth Miller have entered New York State College for Teachers.

Ralph Brimmer is attending Cornell at Ithaca, New York.

Heath Cole and William Kingsley are students at Syracuse University at Syracuse, New York.

Robert Ramroth is working in the National Commercial Bank, Albany, New York.

Howard Eggleston, '26, is a member of the Varsity basketball squad at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York.

D. B. and F. M.

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL.

Albany, New York, December 10, 1928.

My dear Crimson and White Editors:

Ten years may seem to you an appalling amount of time to be remembered easily. I am finding that the whole atmosphere, the pupils and the teachers, the work and the play of Milne High School, is so very similar to what it was when I was a student here that the years are not made countable at all by outstanding changes.

The gymnasium provides the same difficulties in decoration for festive occasions, the auditorium has the same air pockets which all the admonitions to breathe deeply and to enunciate clearly can scarcely combat; the identical lockers stick exasperatingly at crucial moments; bells are ringing out of order now as then; the same rooms are cold early in the morning; the clock on the steeple is still of more than passing interest in certain classes; groups very similar to ours congregate daily in favorite corners of study hall and pass slighting remarks about the same staring faces and startling coiffures of the graduates of another day.

But our basketball season has started more successfully than usual; our school paper is perhaps more representative of the student body than the old issues which were devoted exclusively to the efforts of a certain class. Chapel programs, student council, the Q. T. S. A. scholarship, the orchestra, Glee Club, and dramatics, have all been inaugurated within the last few years. We have progressed, yet too much of the old remains to say that we have changed either ourselves in spirit or our halls in atmosphere.

Yours most sincerely,

MIRIAM SNOW, '22.

The Book Shelf

Vogue—Marie Judd
 The Smart Set—The Critics
 Judge—Mr. Sayles
 Liberty—Those study halls (?)
 Pep—Helen Cromie
 Vanity Fair—Dot Birchenough
 College Humor—Henry Blatner
 Editor and Publisher—Irene Gedney
 Physical Culture—Bill Sharpe
 The Three Musketeers—Blatner, Wiley and York
 The Crimson and White—Your report card (?)



In this issue the Exchange Department of the Crimson and White has the pleasure of welcoming four newcomers to its list. Of course we are glad to extend greetings to our old friends too.

We derive the greatest of pleasure from the papers and magazines which we receive and we should like to share our enjoyment with the other members of Milne. If there are any who would like to see some of our Exchanges, just tell the "editors" and we'll see that your desire is granted.

As this is the last issue in the year 1928, the Exchange editors take this opportunity to wish all you folk a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

IN OUR OPINION

"Hermonite"—Mount Hermon School.

We wonder what you think of us, and what other schools think of you. Come now, don't be so modest. Comments on and from your Exchanges would be greatly appreciated by all.

We agree with you about "The Spirit That Wins."

"G. U. M."—Glasgow University, Glasgow, Scotland.

Welcome, friends from across the ocean! We chuckled a great deal at your humorous material. We hope to have the pleasure of reading G. U. M. many more times.

"Sir Bill's Bugle"—Johnstown High School.

Your paper is most interesting and complete. We surely enjoy it. Your seniors are to be congratulated upon the work they do in order to make such a success of "Sir Bill's Bugle."

"The Torch"—Catholic Central High School.

Two things in the last issue which we received of the "Torch" impressed us. One was the clever editorial, entitled "Golden Moments." The other was your novel way of introducing the "Exchanges."

"The High School Recorder"—Saratoga Springs High School.

We always enjoy your "Class Notes." This time the juniors seemed to lead in originality. The freshmen seemed to take their notes as a joke section, instead of a place to tell others of their doings.

"The Red and Black"—Friends Academy, Locust Valley

Your senior section is well written. It would be interesting to know what others on your long list of Exchanges think of you.

"The Mirror"—Huntington High School.

Your Literary department was very extensive. The Book Reviews made us rush to read the suggested books. Your jokes were few and we are sorry to state that they were not so good.

"The Cue"—Albany Boys' Academy.

As usual we enjoyed the "Cue." Every department seems very complete.

"The Volcano"—Hornell High School.

Your school notes are very interesting and newsy.

"Hartwickan"—Hartwick Seminary.

We liked the idea of telling us in advance what your December number will contain.

"The Owl"—Watertown High School.

We were all "pepped up" after reading your cheers. With your twelve hundred students cheering loudly the team should have made a great record.

Watertown High School certainly has many poets—if we may judge by the number of poems in your "Alumni Number."

"The Argus News"—Ottumwa High School.

We greet you, "A Live Paper From a Peppy School." Your "Laughs and Snickers" surely live up to their title. The school news sections tell a great many tales, don't they?

"The Academe"—Albany Academy for Girls.

Your have a bountiful literature corner. Certainly the pens of many of your students must be inspired. We have nothing but praise for your publication. The set-up of the school notes is clever.

JOKEES

JEST-A LITTLE FUN
DRAWN BY CUDLEY BRADSTREET WACK, JR. 1925

Wiley's Twenty-Third Psalm

The Ford is my car.
 I shall not want another.
 It maketh me to lie down in wet places.
 It soileth my clothes.
 It leadeth me into deep water.
 It leadeth me thru' the paths of ridicule for its name's sake
 It prepareth a breakdown for me in the presence of mine
 enemies.

Yea, though I run thru' the valleys, I am towed up the hills.
 I fear great evil when it is with me.
 It anointeth my face with oil, its tank runneth over.
 Surely to goodness if this thing follows me all the days of my
 life I shall dwell in the house of the insane forever.

Professor What-Not jumps out of the window and puts down his bed, while he sets out the radiator and turns on his underwear. The clock chimes downstairs and in haste he rolls under his dresser and waits for his collar button to find him. He rushes downstairs, spreads out his cereal and gobbles up the newspaper. Young Ph. D., in the high chair, wails and he jumps up spanking his napkin and wiping his mouth with the baby. A train whistles in the distance. He dashes out into the hall kissing an umbrella and hangs madly out the front door with his wife under his arm.

Tommy entered the parlor where his sister was entertaining Mr. Dubbleigh. Walking up to the latter, he held out his hand, in the open palm of which were a dozen small white objects.

"What's them?" he asked.

"Why those are beans," answered Dubbleigh with an ingratiating smile.

"He does know 'em, sis," said Tommy triumphantly to his sister. "You told ma last night that he didn't."

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Son Knowlton—"You know they climb trees and eat all the leaves off."

Father—"Yes."

Son Knowlton—"Well, I'm fooling this bunch by letting them climb up a telephone pole."

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Judge—"Were you ever in trouble before?"

Finkle—"Well, a librarian fined me two cents once."

Towne—"May I kiss you?"

She—"Sir, what do you mean?"

Towne—"Well, of all the dumb people."

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Haker—"I started life as a barefoot boy."
 Secor—"I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Carl (over telephone)—"What time do you expect me?"
 Helen—"I don't expect you at all."
 Carl—"Good. Then I'll be right over and surprise you."

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Byron—"Gosh, mother, that lady on the stage seems awfully nervous."

Mother—"Hush, dear, that's Gilda Gray."



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Byron—"What do you think I am, a slot machine?"

"I say, Arbutus, knowest thou what has four arms and four legs
 and can stretch but can't walk?"

"Nay, Horatio. What strange animal is this, forsooth?"

"Why, two suits of woolen underwear, thou nit wit."

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