

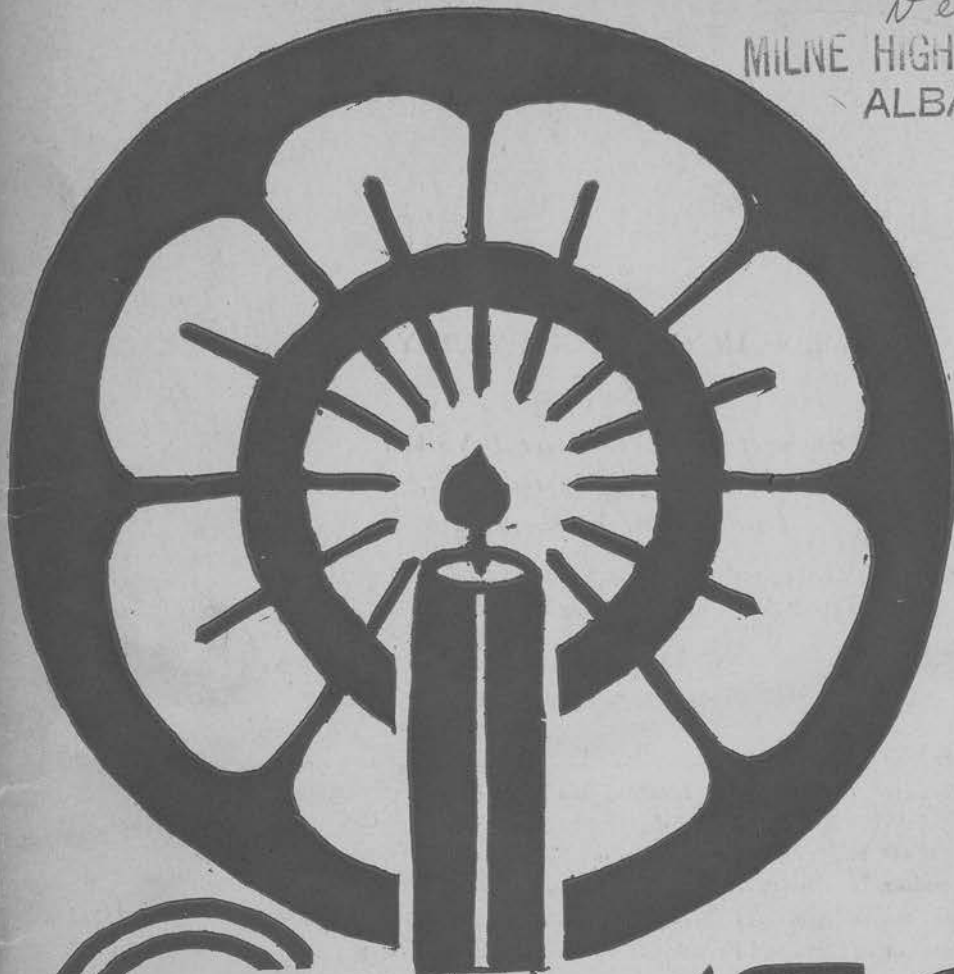
MILNE School

CRIMSON and White Vol. XXVIII

1931-32

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ALBANY, N. Y.



**CRIMSON
I AND
WHITE**

FOREWORD

For the students in Milne High School who are interested in newspaper work we have the *Crimson and White* as a weekly publication. For those who are inclined to literature we have this magazine which will be duplicated in June. By doing this we hope to provide every Milne boy and girl the opportunity to express himself.



LITERATURE



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

At midnight Christmas Eve, firing at the front ceased; whether due to the miscarriage of orders from the base, or by a misunderstood truce or armistice, no one knew.

The trenches in No Man's Land were veritably lit by the brilliant stars and presently, a little while after the cessation of bombardment, these stars were reflected by the iron helmets of the Germans, cautiously raised above the trenches. Our doughboys' "tin derbies" followed suit and soon many of their wearers were standing upright—over the top.

Presently the Germans and Allies were fraternizing; passing round the always-scarce cigarettes and joking with those who could understand one another. They were pals in that short time and while one thought "Mein Gott im Himmel! Are these the men whom I've been made to shoot!—Why, they actually smile!" the other remarked to his buddy, "Gimminey Crickets! They aren't so bad after all. Now just why is it we can't be friends? You know, he just showed me a picture of his missus and kiddie and, by golly, if they don't remind me of my own family back home."

Orders come in from base shortly and reluctantly the men leave each other for their respective posts—on opposite sides to resume hostilities.

Yes—"Why?"

M. J. K. '33

A GYPSIES' AUTOMOBILE

The body looked like an old boiler mounted on four wheels; the roof was well patched and looked like an old quilt; the broken windshield looked as if it had had an accident with a brick, and from the contents it looked like a moving van.

The motor missed on two cylinders; the horn wheezed as though it had a cold; the exhaust sounded like a miniature cannon; and the smells that issued from this contraption were far from aromatic.

Can you guess what it was? Yes, it was an automobile, a gypsy automobile.

W. BAUER, '34

UNEXPECTED DINNER GUESTS

Gene and Helen were just home from their vacation. They were as tired as two people can be after a long vacation at the seashore. In no mood for callers, they were getting their dinner "catch as catch can." Suddenly the bell rang. Gene dragged his weary feet to the door because Helen was in the kitchen. Yes, Helen was in the kitchen with exactly one tin of sardines, twelve stale saltines and some cheese as hard as rocks.

Gene came into the kitchen a doleful look and whispered that kindly Mr. and Mrs. Smith came to have dinner with them. They had tried to get them on the phone but just couldn't reach them. Helen had to do something. She remedied the situation by going to the living-room and telling them they were going out to dinner themselves. To her embarrassment Mrs. Smith demanded why she had cracker crumbs in her hair, sardines on her cheeks, and cheese on the knife she held in her hand. Mr. Smith was highly insulted and went out the door faster than he came in! Mrs. Smith followed and Helen stared, and stared, and stared. She may be staring yet for all I know.

D. C. '34

VARIATIONS

At night
 I light a candle.
 The wax is
 You.
 The flame is
 I.
 The flame grows
 High—
 And then dies.
 The wax runs
 On—sure
 And sincere.
 It lies now,
 A rigid heap.
 The flame is
 Gone.

I wonder
 If you have
 Ever loved
 A thing
 With a clownish
 Attitude
 That is latent
 In us all?
 And then

A sudden realization—
That it can't be yours?
But then,
The niceness of knowing
That the mind
Did not want it,
But the heart
Did?

Dear wind,
Play around me.
Ruffle my hair
And blow about my face.
Catch a leaf—
And hurl it toward me.
Drown me in your fury.
Make me think
Of dripping trees,
And a road of stars
That leads
Into the glory
Of a fiery night
When I met God.

E. H. CHAPMAN, '32

CAPE COD

Have you ever stood on the shore of the ocean looking far, far out to where the water meets the heavens? It certainly is a wonderful experience. You see the rolling surface of the water dotted with sea gulls and small sail boats. Sometimes the sky and water are bright blue, and in the evening they are lovely shades of rose. How well the silvery color of the sand blends with the color of the water. The sound of the beating of the waves on the shore is such a quiet, friendly sound. Standing there you seem to have been transferred into a magnificent fairyland.

A TOLMAN, '34

You fear the storm—the lightning and the wind,
The rain and crashing thunder? They're but part
Of nature's majesty and awful art
Of striking terror to those who have sinned.
And those of happy hearts may sail abroad
Amid the wail of wind and roar of waves
With never thought or fear of watery graves
To hinder them from wholly loving God!

V. GARRISON, '32

A CONFERENCE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS

"Ho, Hum," yawned a gaily-colored Christmas tree ornament, as he stretched his tinsel arms. "I guess we're going to be in use again. Yesterday I saw a man bring a pretty tree up to the house. I can just see through this crack in the side of our box."

"Oh, won't it be fun!" exclaimed a tiny bell. "It has been so long since I have seen a human."

"I suppose there will be a lot of stuck-up new ornaments who won't even look at me," grumbled a faded French doll. "They think they are better than I."

"Why, Grouchy, you awake? And still thinking of yourself? Don't you ever get tired of that subject?" asked the first speaker.

"None of your business, I guess, whom I think of, and I hope you get put on the back of the tree so you won't be seen," replied the French doll.

"How big do you think little Bess has grown? Wasn't she dear last year? Her second Christmas!" said the bell, "I hope they put me where I can see her."

"Just think," exclaimed the first ornament, "of all the fun we will have Christmas night after they are all abed. Our Annual Ball! I hope I can dance with the bunch of acorns. She is a lovely dancer," he sighed.

"Such actions as you two had last year," grumbled the French doll. "After you met her, you either danced with her, or sat out. Disgusting!"

"And do you call your actions with the red electric bulb charming?" demanded the ornament, reddening with anger. "You"

"Shush," excitably cried the bell. "Be quiet. I hear footsteps. Someone is coming to our shelf. Well, so long until the Ball."

NAOMI HANNAY, '33

DAWN

Out of the mist
Of the gray sky above
Comes the gleam and the sparkle of dawn
Down on the day
The sun casts its ray
As the earth wakes up in the dawn.
Birds start their flight
After resting all night
And the robin sings sweetly
His song in the Dawn.
The heaven is clear
As the stars disappear
And the earth starts to stir
In the Dawn.

D. A. D. '34

HAPPINESS

Every night she spent glorious minutes writing things in a huge black notebook. Scraps of conversation echoed in her mind, and she wrote them down. Poetry appealed to her, and occasional verses were scattered through the book. "How strange," we may say, but what right have we to call it strange? We can little realize the immense comfort that notebook gave her.

No one else ever saw the inside of the book, but it would probably hold no interest for the average person. It was composed of scribbling in no order whatsoever. Here was a scrap of poetry; there were a few lines of an interesting discussion, here again were several pages containing thoughts and extracts from a favorite book.

Don't mistake my meaning. She wasn't a literary genius, and the bits of writing did not always comply with the rules of grammar. Nevertheless, these miscellaneous writings provided an outlet for a tired and crowded mind. Mental burdens seemed to be lifted after she had written them in the huge notebook.

She may some day be an authoress, or she may be just a happy wife and mother. Whatever path she follows, she will never be famous, but will continue to live quietly with her own delicious, insignificant thoughts.

J. E. M. '32

MUSIC

Ecstatic joy, touching ivory keys,
 Bringing forth the clashing chords,
 And working on to infinite beauty.
 Oh God, I thank Thee for this knowledge,
 This power to lift me
 From my feet,
 And carry me to undescrivable
 Heights of ecstasy.

MABEL IRENE CURTIS, '33

CONSIDERING COLORS —

Here we have three colors: red, gold and blue. The crimson lives and is warm. It pulses, radiates, permeates our whole being. We find in it love and health, happiness and courage—slaughter, sacrifice and bloody wars.

Blue is for honesty and loyalty. It holds a baby's eyes, a summer sky, a bird's flight; cold, hard steel and the smoke of gun-powder. Blue is truth and fidelity; yes, and the melancholy born of their destruction.

And the golden—the herald of riches and abundance, the bearer of ripe fruit and sunshine, bursting grain and the cream o' the land—brings cheer and good-fellowship to us all. But what is it when it is faded and tarnished? What, when it is hurled like a poisoned dart at the heart of a man? "Yellow!"

V. GARRISON, '32

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

CHARLES AUGUSTUS LEAVENWORTH CLARK

Charles Augustus Leavenworth Clark
 Looked out of his window and into the dark.
 What was it he saw there moving so slow,
 Whose outline showed plainly against the snow?

Charles Augustus Leavenworth Clark
 Opened his window and leaned out in the dark.
 "Who goes there?" called he
 "Who may you be?"

Then came the answer weak and low,
 "'Tis I, just a poor man with no place to go."

Charles Augustus Leavenworth Clark
 Opened his door and called into the dark,
 "Come in, my fellow, there's enough room for two,
 Whatever I have I'll share with you."

Did you ever hear of a man so kind,
 Can you easily feel such peace of mind,
 Have you ever called a poor man in from the dark
 As did Charles Augustus Leavenworth Clark?

MARY E. YORK, '35

Ma name's Susie, and you see,
 Christmas ain't so good to me.
 Ma works hard, but dad, he don't,
 His favorite word, it seems, is won't.

There's a doll just cross the way,
 And it always seems to say,
 Susie, Susie, I want you,
 No one else will seem to do.

But it's marked so awful high!
 I regrets it with a sigh,
 If it was low! Oh, if it were,
 Then maybe I could just have her.

PAULINE SOPER, '35

CHRISTMAS TODAY

The busses are filled till they hold no more;
 The shoppers are gathered in every store,
 Young clerks are wrapping up Christmas packs,
 While postmen are carrying bulging sacks.

The old folks are smiling with hearts beating quick
 As they watch the small kiddies looking for old St. Nick
 A moment of pause in the course of a day,
 While someone stops to think and to pray
 To the Saviour you made this great day great
 By dying and suffering for our own sake.

ISABEL SIMPSON, '35

NIGHT

'Tis night and my eyes are closed so tight
 I hear the big clocks tick-tock, tick-tock so ghostly like;
 Outside the screech owl cries so weirdly
 One wonders if he always feels so queerly.
 Shadows of a big full moon keep creeping around
 So off I go without delay
 To rest and sleep till break of day.

JEAN AMBLER, '37

CHRISTMAS TIME

When Christmas time comes round about
 And knocks on every single house
 The children very happily shout
 It's Christmas time that's here.

When Christmas comes, it means more snow,
 So girls and boys go out to show
 Their sleds and skates and pretty things
 Which once a year the Christmas brings.

MILDRED DOOTZ, '36

IT'S CHRISTMAS

There's a star in the sky,
 There's music in the air,
 And the spirit of Christmas is everywhere.

The world is wreathed in a holly spray
 And candles shed a golden ray,
 When cheer and friendship hold their sway.
 It's Christmas.

EVELYN COX, '35

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Christmas comes but once a year,
 Here it is so give a cheer.
 Right under the Christmas tree,
 In packages, gifts lay for me.
 Silver and gold shines the Christmas tree,
 There is no nicer time that I can see.
 Magic it seems with its bright colored lights
 And yet these are the simplest sights
 So let's all be happy when Christmas is here.

ARTHUR HARRINGTON, '36

CHRISTMAS

Lawsy, chillum, go to bed,
 It's eight o'clock, Mammy said;
 Hang up yo stockin's and baby's too
 'Cause old St. Nick'll come if yo do.
 Lawsy, I 'member far away
 When I was a chile so happy and gay
 An' all us chillum round about
 Hangs up our stockin's and gives a shout,
 Rastus, Mandy and Lindy too,
 I bets you'se is happy
 Christmas too.

BARBARA KNOX, '37

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,
 And all through the flat,
 The steam pipes were going,
 Rat-a-tat-tat.

The cat did meow,
 And the mouse, he did scam,
 He ran up the chimney
 And saw there a man.

The man had white whiskers,
 And a warm suit of red.
 He said, "All good mousies
 Should now be in bed!"

The mouse he ran down
 And climbed in his nest,
 And Santa came too,
 For 'twas he as you've guessed.

WILLIAM LOWENBERG, '35

CHRISTMAS EVE

The happiest night of all the year
Is Christmas Eve, when one can hear
Mysterious noises and queer little sounds
That fill the air for miles around.

There's a hustle and bustle that fills me with glee,
For there's much to be done before trimming the tree.
So I'm off to the kitchen with nary a stop,
'Cause there's taffy to pull and popcorn to pop.

Next comes the tree trimming, the most fun of all;
It must be laden with tinsel and bright-colored balls.
How the countless balls shine, how the tinsel all shimmers
What a beautiful sight as it glistens and glimmers!

Then to hang up my stockings, and off to my bed,
With thoughts of the morrow still filling my head.
With a happy heart singing and temple bells ringing
I dream of tomorrow and what it is bringing.

CAROLYN MATTICE, '35

WATCH OUT

Christmas time brings to our minds
Heaps and heaps of eats,
Puddings, candies, pies and cakes,
All things which give you stomach aches.

They taste so good while eating them
You don't know when to stop
Till something inside seems to say
If you don't drop you'll pop.

You've all had fair enough warnings
So be careful what you eat,
Or you'll be depending on the bed vacation time
Instead of on your feet.

PEGGY KIRCHNER, '36

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SUCCESS AFTER HIGH SCHOOL

Milnites! How many of you are interested in any type of literary work? If you are, don't let those sage individuals who say, "You'll get over it," discourage you. Any person who really has the writing urge does not want to "get over it," but to nourish and develop it through life. Buck up, literary minds, for many a graduate of Milne High School has been successful in writing or newspaper work. It would be impossible to name all the alumni who have thus achieved glory, but with the aid of the faculty we have cited some very good examples.

Roger Fuller, a former editor of the *Crimson and White*, was editor of the magazine at Yale, and now has an unusually fine position with the New York Times. Who knows? He may have received his first encouragement in this line while working on the *Crimson and White*. You may criticize this magazine now, but it may be giving experience to some future authors or authoresses. What more could we ask of any publication?

Last year Milne was well represented at State College, for Helen Otis was editor of the "*Echo*," a literary magazine, while Netta Miller was editor of the State College News. Miss Otis also wrote a poem which will appear in a new anthology of student verse. Both these girls graduated in 1927, and another member of their class, Madeline Green, has written poetry for the "*Echo*."

That class of '27 must have been composed of literary minds, because we next find Geraldine Griffin who was assistant editor of the "*Campus*," a weekly paper at Middlebury College. Still another member of that class was Alicia Andrews, who was outstanding in her English work. At Mt. Holyoke she was junior editor of the "*Monthly*" during her freshman and sophomore years and editor-in-chief in her senior year.

Cheer up, all the geniuses weren't in the class of '27, for there were others and there will probably be a great many more in future classes. Katharine Parsons ran a paper, "*The Villager*," for a long time, and one of her plays was produced in New York city. Esther Higby ('28) who teaches in Milne now, is managing editor of the "*Lion*," humor publication at State College.

We might continue all night, and even go so far as to suggest some students in Milne at present, who show unusual literary ability. However, you will probably see some of their efforts in this magazine, and if there are any others with the writing urge, let them come out of the background. There is always room in the "*Crimson and White*" for a literary effort from every Milne High School Student.

J. E. M.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

New Student Council officers have been working for the past few months under the new school scholastic system.

These officers are:

Amos D. Moscrip.....*President*
 Fenton Gage.....*Vice President*
 Betty Chapman.....*Secretary*

The council has been working on the traffic problem, and has put into effect new regulations. The School Reception took place under the management of the Student Council. Badges of authority for council members have been proposed.

The new Student Council is endeavoring to provide a form of government for Milne High School that will be democratic and reliable.

E. H. C., Secretary

SCHOOL NOTES

Please be careful of the step, when getting on the elevator.

What's that? Oh yes, we're going up with Milne this year. Today is September 28 and the school is opening. Now stop asking questions. I'll tell you all about Milne's events as we go along. Of course, those aren't the 7th graders. They are only playful senior boys. Do you see how excited everyone seems to be? I have been told it is caused by the meeting of new teachers, friends, and books.

I think we'll go up to floor numbered October 30. Quin is giving her annual rush party. The new girls look as though they are enjoying themselves, don't they? I believe they should, after Addy Marx spending so much time pulling her hair out in the locker room.

Next floor is November 6. Everybody out here for a ten-minute rest period. Oh—the school is giving a reception for the Junior High School. Three plays and a dance are to be the main events of the evenings. Come now, we have had a good time. Shall we go?

November 13 is the next stop. It is the Junior Freshman party. And are the Freshmen having a good time? Just wait Juniors, until you are a Senior and we are Sophs. We'll try to entertain you as well as you did us.

Next floor, please. November 20, is the Sigma Rush. Yes the girls did have a good time, thanks to Marge Crouse's work in preparing the rush. And now we are almost to the top. One more stop which is November 20. Adelphoi

Theatre Party was a big success. Three of the alumni were present, and a good time was enjoyed by all. As we go down let us reconsider the good time so far this year. Quin Rush, School Reception, Junior-Freshman Party, Sigma Rush and Adelphoi Theatre Party. Oh! I almost forgot the History Pageant, a novel assembly Program given for Thanksgiving and also the great improvement of Milne's Orchestra. Children, (I beg your pardon, I mean friends) let me congratulate you on your marvelous selection of your Student Council. The work so far is due to their efforts.

D. B. '32

SEVENTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

The seventh grades are all planning a Christmas basket to give to the poor. The three classes gave programs for the holidays. For Hallowe'en they had parties and a program. For Armistic Day one class read a story of General Pershing and the others gave a play. For Thanksgiving they all gave plays. One class gave a play of Miles Standish. Room 121 is planning a newspaper. Wilbur Barnes is the editor. Two of these classes are planning a program for Christmas.

EIGHTH GRADE, HOME ROOMS

Home Room 135 is under the supervision of Miss Kelley and Jean Graham, the president. They have given a candy sale. The money is for a table for the room. They have given two plays which were very good. They have also given a play which was written by Emilie Buchaca and William Ford. This also was very good.

Home Room 130 is under the supervision of Miss Anderson and Stanley Manton, the president. This Home Room and Room 135 had Hygiene for about three weeks. They have given a Hallowe'en party. They have also given some plays.

Home Room 129 is under the supervision of Miss Smith and William Norton, the president. They have had some parties, plays, and a candy sale.

NINTH GRADE, HOME ROOMS

During the first semester the students of the ninth grade home rooms have done many new and interesting things. Most of the classes have a schedule which they follow. Some days they have programs and on others study periods and on others business meetings. Home Rooms 320 and 224 have organized basketball teams. They plan to have some other athletics later in the year.

Home Room 124 has decorated their room by bringing in vases and other things.

All the ninth grade classes had a Hallowe'en party which was very successful. They also have class colors, red and black.

Home Room 320 has a class banner.

224 was the first room to get all their student taxes paid.

So far the ninth grade has had a very successful year and it promises to be so for the next semester.



Quin was in an uproar at one of their meetings due to the hanging or attempt to hang XD by XB. XD who was standing by the window had a window shade cord tied around her neck by XB. XB pulled down the shade and released it; thus pulling XD into the air until released by her fellow members. XB was tried for an attempt of hanging XD. Result unknown except that many expressed their thoughts which were, Hang, that girl!

DB & EP '32



Sigma raised anchor this year and started full speed ahead with a tea for the faculty to which the Quintillian Literary Society was invited.

Then we forged ahead into the rush, all hands on deck, and entertained prospective Sigmanites Friday, November 20.

Invitations have been sent to the Sophomores and initiation plans are already under way with Margaret Crouse, mistress of ceremonies, in charge.

Whatever the year may bring be assured that the S. S. Sigma will sail proudly through, colors flying.

Best wishes to Quin and Adelphoi for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

L. E. P. '32



The Adelphoi Literary Society, as is generally known, is under the leadership of Mr. Amos Moscrip, president. The present society consists of twenty-four members. We are now planning a great reception for the coming in members who will bring the membership up to thirty-one. The initiation which was scheduled for December 3, is taking place this week. This change in the date has given the initiates a chance to become better prepared for what is to come, and time to recuperate after the initiation. Adelphoi, up to date, has held but one outing. This was a theatre party held on November twentieth. There was a fine turn-out including three alumni. Adelphoi hopes to have a public initiation as well as a private, but nothing has been decided as yet. Adelphoi has had a very successful year so far, and hopes to keep it up.

G. K. '32

ALUMNI NOTES

Do you remember Peggy Fowler, who left Milne in her sophomore year? Well, here's a letter to you from her:

19 Covington Road
Buffalo, New York
November 24, 1931

DEAR MILNITES,

I can't explain how queer it seems to be writing to all of you, especially the class with which I would have graduated.

The school which I go to cannot be compared with Milne. If you people think that you have long hours and loads of homework, you're wrong. You don't have any homework compared with what we have. We also have eight periods every day. So much for that! It's really not bad when you get used to it. However, there's some difference in a school where there are 300, and one where there are 3,000.

I suppose everyone in the class of '32 is going to graduate this year. I hope so!

I am planning to get down to Albany (and Milne) to see all of you before next June. If so, I'll see you all then.

Be good students and do all of your homework!

A former Milnite,
PEG FOWLER, '32

Members of Milne who left before graduation are as interesting as alumni. Many of us remember Virginia and Phyllis Phillips, who would have been graduated in the classes of '32 and '33, respectively. They moved from Albany two years ago before Phillips Lord (Seth Parker) had gained such heights of recognition. Perhaps you are wondering what Mr. Lord has to do with the Phillips girl. Few people know that they are cousins of that well-known young man who has acted as Seth Parker and Uncle Abe, and who recently played in the picture, "Way Back Home."

DRAMATICS CLUB

The Dramatics Club, with Miss Helen Mead as sponsor, has a larger membership this year than ever before in the history of the club. The work in stage settings, "props," and acting is well under way, providing both knowledge and pleasure to those thus engaged. Miss Florence Friedman has been in charge of a group studying make-up.

Members of the club will not only participate in the acting of the Christmas Plays, but will handle the business end of the producing, as well as arranging for "props," settings and make-up for the three plays. With this constructive work in view, the club's beginning may be deemed gratifying.

C. A. M '32



SPORTING EVENTS

VARSITY CLUB

At a recent meeting the Varsity Club reorganized by electing the following officers:

President Raymond Carvill
Secretary-Treasurer Raymond Pafunda

The aim of Varsity Club is to try to better Boys' Athletics in Milne, and to govern the awarding of letters, sweaters and basketballs. It has a direct voice in the election of the manager of both baseball and basketball, and also lends a helping hand in any other sporting activities.

At this time it is the principal aim of Varsity Club to get the whole school in the spirit of cooperating with a "Varsity Dance." The plans for this dance have recently been discussed, and we wish in the near future to get the school, consisting of the three societies, behind this dance. We hope, if this dance is permissible, to have it at the earliest possible date so that the funds may be used for both basketball and baseball equipment.

We hope that we shall be able to make this dance a "booming" success, and this can be done only by the faithful cooperation of each and every Milnite.

Won't you please do all *you* can to make this dance a success?

R. F. P.

BASKETBALL

Under the leadership of Captain Phelps, the Milne team is hoping for a very successful season.

Last season the team won a majority of the games played, and this year we should do as well because we have practically the same team with the exception of Rosbrook, Towne, McCord, Wilson and Smith. The boys have been practicing for the past six weeks under the direction of Coach Ben Ingraham, a State College Junior. The Milne team has played several practice games with the State College Freshmen and has made a very good showing.

Manager Oscar Taussig has arranged games with the following teams: Troy Country Day, Industrial, Cobleskill, State Freshmen and Delmar. The squad will probably consist of the following boys: Captain Phelps, Harding, Pafunda, Watkins, Carvill, Reynolds, Blatner, Spelman, Gepfert, Case and Getman.

L. R. '32 and S. N. '33



BOOK REVIEWS

“GIANTS IN THE EARTH”

Ole Edvart Rolvaag

“Giants in the Earth” is a great and beautiful book that suggests the wealth of human potentialities of the emigrants who yearly enter our country. The strangely significant title has caught the motif of the entire book, for giants there were, inexorable, devastating, to be met and contended with by those who entered the wedge in the wilderness of the Middle West. We find in Per Hansa, the doughty pioneer who saw in the broad Dakota plains the possibility of a new nation, the spirit of the crusader combined with the dogged perseverance of a Holy Man of India.

It seems a miscarriage of fate that Per Hansa should have been mated to a woman of Beret's type. Her hunger for home-ties, her fear of loneliness and strange things prevented her becoming inured to the rugged frontier life; her inherent superstition and dark religion fostered a morbidity and melancholia that were ill measures of furthering the high aims of her husband. Yet she worked for him, cared for him, and gave him four children to inherit the promise when he and his fellow-workers had passed to the Great Beyond.

Rolvaag is dead. Yet he has left three great books which, in the opinion of many, will go down from this century as its outstanding literary contribution. “Peder Victorious” carries on from “Giants in the Earth,” bring Per Hansa's sons and daughters to maturity in the strength of their father's deeds. “Their Father's God” is another, well worth the reading, but the best known and most carefully written is the book we have been discussing here.

“There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they have children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of reknown.”

Genesis VI:4

L. V. G. '32

"TWO PEOPLE"

A. A. Milne, E. P. Dutton

A. A. Milne gave us *Now We Are Six*, *Winnie the Pooh*, and others, and now we have his first novel, *Two People*. In every review of the book one finds the words "delightful" and "charming," and who among us desires to miss such a novel?

The story is a simple enchanting one of an extraordinary happy marriage. Although Sylvia Wellard did not give her husband intellectual companionship, she was constantly bewildering him with her beauty. He, Reginald, was a young novelist who thought of little beyond his beloved Sylvia and their quaint country home, Westaways. The thoughts of this young man provided interest and humor throughout the book. For instance, Reginald was constantly realizing that it was time for another haircut, or wondering what his cats thought about him and Sylvia. Such trivial incidents add zest to a book.

Sylvia Wellard was rather a mythical character who always seemed to have come freshly from the garden. As an unusually efficient housewife, yet always a beautiful one, she dazzled Reginald and made him always conscious of his luck in having her. In fact he once said, "If ever I were in *Who's Who*, my Recreation would be "Watching people's faces when they first catch sight of Sylvia." Every rustle of her skirt, every murmur of her voice shattered Wellard's reason, and started his wondering admiration anew.

Two People does not provide food for thought, but recreation and enchantment for a tired mind. Do not read it when you feel like thinking deeply, but when life seems twisted and cruel, and notice the difference in your mood after reading A. A. Milne's light charming style.

Two People is a book which will appeal to youth and old age alike, and therefore it should have a place on every family bookshelf.

J. E. M. '32

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Edna Ferber

The name, "*American Beauty*," suggests to us a wide variety of subjects. It is hard to say whether or not the correct one would come to your mind because of its individuality. Edna Ferber is one of the most well-known authoresses of America, but up to the time *American Beauty* was placed in every corner bookshop, we thought of her as the writer of light, comic novels. With the exception of *Cimarron*, *American Beauty* is her only work definitely devoted to the serious trend.

The plot centers around an old farm planted in the tobacco fields of Connecticut. A beautiful piece of architecture, it stands as a memorial to Tamar Oakes and the long-forgotten magnificence of two centuries ago. As it gives this backward glance, we see, once again, Orrange Oakes and Judith Oakes, "aimiable consart," arriving from England. By their own perseverance, they watch the massive structure rise amid the surrounding hills. Just before its completion, Tamar Oakes, their fourteen-year-old daughter, dies and is buried under the hearthstone of the massive fireplace. In reality, the house serves as a memorial

rather than a tomb. Her spirit pervades through the years and is the guiding spirit of more than one of the clan of Oakes.

The nineteenth century finds the house still standing by the strength of its huge beams. It has seen sorrow and happiness. On all sides the great wave of Polish immigration has swept before it the staid, age-old New England customs, leaving in its place a foreign tang to the air. Tobacco now is the chief commodity. So Oakes farm is turned into a miniature tobacco plantation.

By 1931 decay and old age have at last asserted themselves. The house is still as strong as two hundred years before, though now it shows genuinely its lack of care. When Candace Baldwin and her father come upon the farm they cannot help but admire it. At last, after arranging a settlement with Orrange Olszak, its sole occupant, the old farm passes from the Oakes family.

"For over two centuries it had dominated a family, wrung from them ablation."

With this story, a love plot is interwoven as each generation occupy the house. The style is serious but easily read, and through it all one likes the author's ramblings from the direct path and trend of thought. She depicts strong, solid, narrow-minded New England customs and traditions. She does equally well in describing the later foreign atmosphere. Her description forms one of the most interesting parts of the story.

H. S. C. '32

EXCHANGES

The Exchange Department was pleased to receive the following magazines and newspapers during the past three months:

"*Chand Bagh Chronicle*"—Lucknow, India.

"*Tiger Cub*"—Hastings, Nebraska.

"*The Lamp*"—Cobleskill.

"*High School Recorder*"—Saratoga Springs.

"*Dandy Lions*"—Vincentian.

"*Academe*"—Albany Girls' Academy.

"*Cue*"—Albany Boys' Academy.

"*Terrace Tribune*"—Nott Terrace High School, Schenectady.

"*Pow Wow*"—Fair Park, Shreveport, Louisiana.

"*M. H. S. News*"—Mechanicville High School.

"*Shucis*"—Schenectady High School.

"*Red and Black*"—Friend's Academy, Locust Valley.

"*Hartwick High School Paper*"—Hartwick High School.

"*Ulsterette*"—Saugerties.

"*Taft Oracle*"—Watertown, Conn.

"*Purple Parrot*"—Troy High School.

"*Patroon*"—Albany High School.

"*Hermonite*"—Mount Hermon, Mass.

"*Sir Bill's Bugle*"—Johnstown.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

R. E. M. '32

Redmond—Honey, are you thinking of me?

She—Oh, was I laughing? I'm sorry.

History Teacher—Name the number of miles of railroad built in the U. S. A. in any year.

Taylor—None, in 1492.

Mayberry—Will your people be surprised when you graduate?

Reynolds—No, they've been expecting it for several years.

She—Your engine's smoking.

Martin—Well, it's old enough, isn't it?

Teacher—What is the principal agricultural industry in Scotland?

Phelps—Farming.

"What makes the Scotch tight?"

"It's the Scotch!"

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"Have you heard about the St. Vitus Dance?"

"No. When is it going to be held?"

Harding—(Seeing Connie and Spelman alone in a room)—Were you up here all alone?

Connie—No, Bill was with me.

Getman—I'll contribute some jokes.

Case—Sorry, we need some we can print.

Doctor—You have acute pyhorrea.

Van Cott—Doctor, how dare you!

Teacher—Give me an example of nonsense.

May—Nonsense is when an elephant is hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.

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Cannibal—(burping)—I always knew that you couldn't keep a good man down.

"Buy a Ballyhoo and see Somoa!"

Tomer—Do you know the name of the fellow who made the new hurdle record?

Ezra—I'm not sure, but I think it was Paul Whiteman.

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"What kind of engines shall we use?"

"Oh, Diesel do."

Case—Shall we tell the one about the cheer leader?

Harding—Now, now, no rah jokes.

Coach—(during practice)—Getman, is that your stomach sticking out, or is it part of somebody else's?

Nit—Buckley has great personality.

Wit—Yes, so I've noticed.

Grafunder—I hate dumb women.

Finkle—Aha—a woman hater.

Pafunda—I can't eat this meat; it's all gristle.

Waiter—That's tough.

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Alice—Who was that man I saw you with last night?

Connie—That was no man, that was Bill.

Van Cott—I just adore dark men.

Phelps—You'd have a swell time in Africa.

Chappie—I hear Rudy Vallee is in debt.

Stutz—How come?

Chappie—Thursday night I heard him say, "Heigh-ho everybody."

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