

MILNE School

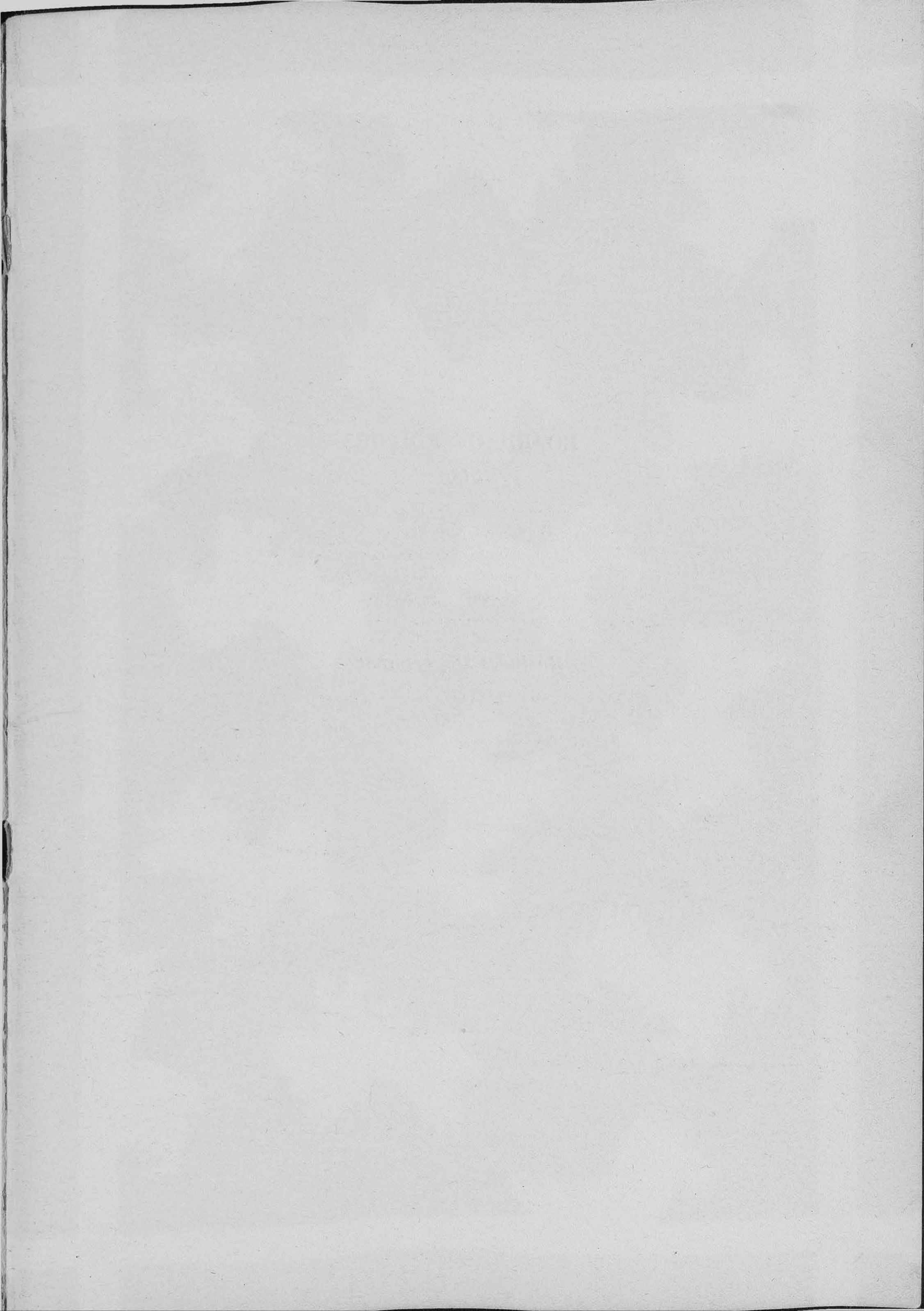
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CRIMSON and WHITE





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Table of Contents

	Page
Editorial	5
The Toyshop.....	6
The Old, Old Story.....	6
When Bells Ring Out.....	7
Miniatures	8
Folk Ballad.....	9
Friendship	10
The Hawk.....	10
To Keep Sweetly.....	11
The Seniors Do Research.....	12
My Lover's Song.....	15
Pockets	15
My Cat	16
To a Butterfly.....	16
Old Book Friends.....	17
Assorted	18
Man Made Beauty.....	19
Mountain Climbers.....	20
Lotus Eaters.....	21
The View.....	21
Ye Old Christmas Spirit.....	22
About a Kitten.....	24
A Narrow Escape.....	24
Myself, Ten Years Hence.....	25
Boy Blue.....	25
Sailboat Races.....	25
Have You Read?	26
Advertisements	27

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Magic

by Lillian Walk, '37

There is not one of us to whom the word "magic" does not bring a sort of interest. There are many kinds of so-called magic. Perhaps we are most familiar with the rabbit-out-of-the-hat kind, or the type that involves disappearing billiard balls and trained pigeons. Even the very smallest children are absorbed in the enchantments that Cinderella's fairy godmother worked. The Indian medicine-man, with his potent charms, or the African witch-doctor strike awe and terror to the hearts of their simple devotees. Everyone—old or young—uneducated or learned—is intrigued by supposed magic.

There is another kind of magic, however, of which, perhaps, you have not thought. If you were suddenly lifted up from the crowded stores and busy streets of today, with all the chaos of automobile horns and traffic, and set down in the quiet of a country barn—well, you'd be astonished, wouldn't you? Anyone of us would be, to say the least, awe-stricken, to find ourselves in the plantation south in the time of the Civil War. Hoop skirts would be in vogue, and dashing Southern gentlemen would be choosing weapons at dawn. How strange we should feel—how utterly bewildered! Or, again, if we should be magically transported to the America of the future—say, five hundred years hence, with wonderful machines, interplanetary transportation, and all-glass homes and furniture, wouldn't it be wonderful?

"Oh," you say, "Of course it would be wonderful—but what good will it do us to say that? All these things are impossible for us."

Ah, but you've forgotten all about magic carpets! And you haven't remembered that good magicians can send us to the past or to the future.

Poetry holds enchantment. It takes us on plunging galleons far over the sea to rocky isles. It brings us adventure with swashbuckling cavaliers. Poetry shows us lovely ladies, foreign lands, and mystic nights, and it shows us how to appreciate beauty.

Prose takes us on longer voyages over land and sea, disregarding time and place. It transports us to all parts of the world—out into the universe. We are privileged to travel thousands of miles, and we can go backward or forward for thousands of years, but our magic carpets return us in the twinkling of an eye.

Who said that there isn't any such thing as magic? It's hidden between the covers of any book in the world!



LITERATURE



The Toyshop

by Joan Manweicer, '41

In the toy shop window
Was a great array of toys,
With dollies for the little girls
And bright drums for the boys.

I saw some wooden soldiers,
A doll house tall and wide,
And standing near was Mickey Mouse
With Minnie by his side.

A blackfaced doll with pigtailed
Was sitting on a chair ;
And in a lovely carriage
Was a doll with golden hair.

The cutest little table
With dishes bright and gay ;
I wished a were a child again,
As I went upon my way.

The Old, Old Story

by Alice Van Gaasbeck, '42

Drums in my head, corns upon my feet,
Speak eloquently of many trampling feet.
"Here's a toy your kids can't do without."
"Keep the pot boiling," the Salvation lassies shout.
Tinsel decorates the store—
Boy, oh boy, are my feet sore!
"Shop early; avoid the rush."
Who painted that sign? That's a lot of bosh.
Poor me! I'm bruised and bumped all over,
But half my list I've yet to cover.
Christmas time's the worst time of the year,
Because of Christmas shopping, I fear.

When Bells Ring Out

by Dorothy Harrison, '37

. . . As for the Christmas tree, the Scandinavians claim the first tree grew on Christmas Eve from the bloody soil where two lovers died. They call it the service tree."

The French describe a tall pine tree with bright tinsel and candles on its branches to represent the human race. Some of the candle burned upside down to represent the bad ones.

The German St. Winifrith is said to have leveled the majestic oak, once worshipped by the Druidic converts, and from it sprang a little fir tree, of which St. Winifrith said:

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight . . . It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child. Gather about not in the wild wood, but in your own homes. There it will shelter not deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness."

The Egyptians may have originated the idea from their practice of decorating their homes with palm. Whenever the practice did originate is still disputed, but it came into world-wide use in the nineteenth century.

Superstitions on Christmas are very interesting. In England, when the cock crows between November and December in the stillness of the night, it is believed he is scaring evil spirits from the holy season. The bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel in honor of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds.

The Indians believe that all the deer kneel and look up to the Great Spirit at midnight.

Polish people think that on this night of nights the heavens are open to the scene of Jacob's ladder, but only the saints can see it. The animals have the power of speech in Germany, but if you eavesdrop on them you never live to tell their story. If you lie in the manger on Christmas eve, your whole future will be open to you.

Among the Czechs, people fast instead of feast. The ones who fast most religiously will have the pleasure of dreaming of Christ that night. They are such peaceful people that they think even the saints rest on the holy night.

In parts of Austria candles are set in the windows so the Christ Child will not stumble when he passes through the village. Northern Germans set their tables for the Virgin Mary and her angels so they may have a bite to eat on their journey.

The spirit of Christmas is embedded deep in the heart of every human being in the world no matter how he conducts his celebration of it. We have the Christmas spirit of giving and receiving here in America. We have the Christmas tree and dear old Santa Claus, and the Christmas feast, and best of all a "Merry Christmas" for everybody.

MINIATURES . . .

An Old Lady

by **Marjorie Stanton, '38**

Yesterday, as I was downstreet shopping, I saw an old lady in a grocery store. She had a sad look in her eyes, but gave me the impression that she had been happy and pretty when young. Her face was shriveled up, and her eyes were sunk back. She had lines of worry on her forehead, but also had crow's feet by her eyes, which led me to believe that she used to smile a lot. She was dressed very poorly and her hands were bare. They were very red and frost-bitten. She clutched a small purse in her hand, and she held it so tightly that I was convinced it was everything she owned. She had an old torn shawl draped on her head and hung about her shoulders. It made my heart ache when she asked the clerk for five cent's worth of bread. The clerk, being a good scout, gave her a large loaf. Then she hobbled out of the store and down the street. She clutched the bread just as tightly as she held the purse. She paused to look at the food with a wanting eye as she went out of the store. I thought to myself, why can't the Community Chest, Salvation Army, or some organization, help individual souls like that!

A Small Boy

by **Wilson Hume, '38**

A small boy is one of the most happy and carefree individuals that you can imagine. When he is good, he is a cherubic angel from the tips of his scuffed shoes to the top of his curly brown head. He may be bubbling over with boyish good humor now, but he can become the very horned devil himself when he wants to. His eyes sparkle like diamonds, and his pug nose has a decided polish on it when he is good. A person can spend pleasant minutes just watching his barrel-like form jounce about on his stubby fat legs.

An Old Lady

by **Alfred Wheeler, '38**

The old lady was seated in her most comfortable rocking chair. Every time she rocked back, a slight squeak would be emitted from the undercarriage. One could see that she was thin faced, and slightly red about the eyes where her glasses pinched her. Her hair was perfectly white and undecorated save for a tortoise shell comb stuck in the back. She wore a black dress with a high white starched collar. Her hands were hidden by a black shawl, but one could picture them as being long and thin, with the veins faintly showing blue, like china in a New England kitchen. Her shoes were buttoned and black. She was the person for whom I was to work.

A Small Boy

by Robert Wilke, '38

When I describe a small boy I must remember that I, too, was once a small boy. The one I am thinking of now is the type I hope I was not. He can be very serious when his father is present or anyone else in authority, but when he is with the crowd, watch out! He is a very devil and will stop at nothing. One habit of his is to break windows, and I shouldn't be surprised if his father has paid for twenty broken windows. He stands about average in his studies, but that is the best he'll ever be. If he continues as he is, sometime in the future he may be very popular but will probably end with his name in the Rogues' Gallery.

Folk Ballad

by Martha Freytag, '40

Now Clint was a fella' with a shinin' head,
A-layin' on his bed almost dead,
Nearer to Heaven
Than he'd ever been.

Clint was a-layin' out of his head,
His wife a-weeping' at the head of his bed,
Nearer to Heaven
Than he'd ever been.

Clint was two years past a hundred,
Old folks' pneumonia, so they said.
Nearer to Heaven
Than he'd ever been.

His wife was two past twenty,
She was just a-rollin' in money a-plenty.
Nearer to Heaven
Than he'd ever been.

A bullet whizzed through the curtain,
They'd got Clint this time certain.
The nearest to Heaven
He'll ever, ever be.

He had thrice robbed a bank,
From all his captors, back he shrank,
Nearer to Heaven
Than he'd ever been.

Friendship

by Franklin Steinhardt, '38

One thing that we all need on our journey through this world is a true friend; someone whom we can confide in and trust. In both happiness and sorrow the heart of a true friend is our common need; someone to pour out our troubles and misfortunes to, and someone to share our joy and good fortunes.

It is one of the great things that make life worth while, to have someone to trust and think of as yourself.

When the daughter of a captive king bowed in submission before the closest friend of Alexander the Great, thinking him to be the conqueror, she was greatly distressed.

"Do not distress yourself, madam," said the conqueror, "for he, too, is Alexander."

This was Alexander's sincere tribute to a comrade who shared all of his successes and failures.

Such friends are towers of strength to us. They help us shoulder our burden and put aside our despondency with much needed encouragement and optimism.

The friendships we choose in our early life, our school days, should not be allowed to fall by the way with time, for the cares of later life make one yearn for a loyal friend in whom to confide in our moments of dejection and anguish.

However, it is wise to know many people and to unite with many groups of varying interests and inspiration. We should seek the friendship of those who desire to better themselves and believe that the march of the world depends upon us and our generation.

Each year we should broaden our acquaintances and move in a larger circle, and from this larger circle we may choose a closer circle of true friends.

"Many we may know, but few we shall choose," for a sincere friend is as a precious gem.

The Hawk

by Shirley Baldwin, '40

A fish hawk rides over the bay. He is strong and of steely grey sleekness. As I watch, he circles again over the shimmering water. Suddenly he swoops to within a few feet of its surface, but rises immediately. Again he resumes his monotonous circling. 'Round and 'round he goes: first over the tree tops; again over the shiny blueness of the water. Always at the same easy slowness, but always with overwhelming power in the sweep of his wide-spread wings. Suddenly he flies lower, but still he circles incessantly. Then with a rush he drops; down, down, down. His body strikes the water, and a fine spray leaps up to meet the still dustiness of the air. Swiftly, even as hurriedly as he drops, he rises, in his mighty claws a silvery fish, gleaming, flashing in the brightness of an afternoon sun.

Beauty, this is surely that which belongs to God alone.

To Keep Sweetly

by Lillian Walk, '37

One day I shall go to all the
Beauty I have gathered.
I shall pour it from its deepened
Chalice into molds.
There I shall keep it,
Still and motionless,
Until it crystallizes in far shapes ;
Crystallized, I shall keep it always.
Nothing then can ever change its forms :
Beauty, crystal, fragile—
Rose-quartz molded to my wish.

Then the fragrances I have collected—
Lilac-mist, dank fog, the dampish ground,
The smell of Spring, and leather, and old books ;
The scent of darkness, swirling without sound.
These shall I love till they grow brittle
Then I shall frost them : make them misted, cold.
I'll whiten them all to indistinction
So only I can tell what things they hold.

The feeling, then, of all the things I love
That I have touched, and held within my reach :
Cool shapes of jade-translucent, smooth, like rain,
And rain itself that soothes. A ripened peach,
That feels half smooth—half sharp to touch or eat.
A poplar leaf, flung in my face by wind,
And fur—black fur (held close against my cheek)
On which a bunch of violets is pinned.

These, and so many more sweet things I've felt
I shall preserve in spices, so they'll keep.
I'll leave them tight in rose-jars, for to see
That they are there—sunken in incense deep.

Beauty, fragrant scents, and thing to touch :
These shall I hoard, and then, when I am old,
I'll take them from their starred receptacles
And look at them, to keep away the cold.

THE SENIORS DO RESEARCH

Songs of the Negroes

by Carolyn Hausmann, '37

Slaves brought to America from the tropical plains of Africa, after a period of bafflement and daze in the New World, quickly began to take hold of life where they could. Rich in a folklore of voodoo and ceremonial dance and song, they released their souls through new outlets. The spirituals are not merely melodies, but articulated song messages of the slave to the world. The songs of the old south are the music of an unhappy people. They tell of death and suffering and unvoiced longing toward a truer world of misty wanderings and hidden ways.

Over the inner thoughts of the slaves and their relations, one with another, the shadow of fear ever hung. Mother and child are sung but seldom father. Fugitives and weary wanderers call for pity and affection, but there is little of wooing or wedding. The fields, rivers, and mountains are sung, but home is unknown. By fateful chance, the negro folk song, the rhythmic cry of the slave, stands today not simply as the soul of the American music, but as the most beautiful expression of human experiences. This is the greatest gift of the negro people.

The old slave songs were drawn straight from the hearts of these people. Their eyes were fixed towards a literal Heaven of Golden Palaces, no work, perpetual singing and the strumming of harps. The breasts of these people surged with the melodies that carried stories of the struggles on earth and pathways of glory. As religion was inextricably mingled with the lives of the old slaves, so were songs. The plaintive strains of these songs softened the hardest tasks. Drab existence of endless duties was colored by their songs. The songs lent emotional flavor to the routine of life. Not with weeping and self-pity have the members of the new race met the buffets and woes of a life of slavery, privation, and insult. They have relieved their souls with laughter and song. The soil which they have tilled all day feels at evening not curses, but the caress of light feet in dancnig, and in the singing of songs. The overseer's lash of slave days, and the present jeers of white rulers are answered with the singing of spirituals and blues. The true negro folk-song still lives in the hearts of those who have heard them truly sung, and in the hearts of the negro people.

The negro found a religion beautifully adapted to his needs in the folk-lore of the Old Testament. The mystical concepts of the New Testament gave a rich outlet for worship and emotional ecstasy. Heaven became a miraculous escape from a dire and suffering world. The expression of all this was poured forth in the spirituals. Their forms are largely that of the new world, the language, English, the symbolism Christian, but the spirituals are of and by the negro. They are not gifts from Africa, but from the new race in the new world.

"Man expressed his first emotional impulse in the dance, praising his gods and frightening away the devils in rhythm. He expressed his different moods, such as love, fear, hate, and happiness, by the dance."

—BARBARA KNOX.

A German Boy's Impression of Albany and Milne

by Otto Schaler, '37

Reaching Albany, I discovered with great satisfaction and pleasure the reasonable low altitude of its buildings. The next impression, after I got used to the dangerous steepness of the Capitol Hill, based upon its imposing State Office Building, the mysterious attractiveness of the State Education Building, its charming Capitol, its architecturally beautiful post office, its up-to-date port and super-modern bridge, its parks and recreation centers, showed clearly what a pearl of a city this is. The mediaeval appearing "trolleys," however, are a disgrace to her progressiveness and I personally would rather hurry past a couple of red traffic lights than to trust myself to one of these perilous monsters.

It is impossible—at least to me—to picture Albany without Milne High School. Milne, its spirit, its understanding teachers, excellent supervisors, and its activities, may it be the work on newspaper or magazine, its societies, clubs, and teams, make going to school a pleasure.

How Marionettes Received Their Names

by Carol Loucks, '37

It is said that in Italy marionettes received the name they now go by. This is the story of how they acquired it. In Venice in the year 994 A.D., twelve beautiful maidens set out from their homes to the "Church of Santa della Salute," where they were to marry twelve young men. Just as the wedding procession neared the church a band of Barbary pirates landed and, in the excitement, they carried off the brides. The grooms and their friends took to ships in pursuit. After a hot chase they overtook the pirates and, in a hard battle, rescued their brides and took them home. Every year on the anniversary of this event a great festival was held. During this festival twelve beautiful maidens became brides. The brides' dowries and trousseaux were supplied by the state. As time went on such jealousy arose among the women that the brides' places were taken by wooden dolls. Soon the toy makers began to show little wooden replicas of these dolls, which they called "little maries" or "marionettes." After a while this became the universal name for the dolls.

George Gershwin's Defense of American Jazz

by Jane Weir, '37

George Gershwin says, in defense of himself and American music, that all great music has been founded on folk music. He feels that from our jazz music rag-time, negro spiritual, blues and mountain music, American music can gather its styles. However, the composers have to possess the right talent to make these styles interesting. He also feels that the composers who are American have developed styles. So, he regards jazz music as one type of American folk music, and moreover, he thinks, in the hands of talented composers, it is a good basis for symphonic works.

Buildings of Vienna

by Bette Reudemann, '37

In the beginning, Shonbrunn was only a hunting lodge, but Maria Theresa transformed it into the beautiful palace it is today. The construction was started in 1569. It was first intended to have the palace where the Gloriette now stands, but it was decided it would be too much work to carry all the stones to this height. The palace alone contains one thousand four hundred and forty-one rooms, and also numerous kitchens.

Seventy-five of the rooms are open for inspection by the people. Among those to be seen is the room of the Duke of Reichstadt and his father, Napoleon. The Duke died in this room in 1832. It is a plain blue room with his pet bird stuffed, in a cage. One may see the room of Maria Theresa, Empress Elizabeth, and her husband, Franz Josef.

Many interesting historical events took place in the palace and also in the beautiful surrounding gardens. The rooms are all named; one of them, the 'Gold Room,' is said to have cost a million dollars. When looking upon the palace from the outside, one sees a row of windows making the palace very formal in appearance. Over the two obelisks at the entrance of the palace are perched two gold eagles. France placed them there under Napoleon. They were put there in the time of Austria's deepest humiliation but were never removed.

The gardens are very beautiful, with rows of formal trees leading from the palace to the Shone Brunnen, where a statue nymph stands in the sparkling water. The grounds surrounding Shonbrunn contain four hundred and ninety-five acres beautifully laid out.

On the grounds are many interesting things to be seen and the park is visited by hundreds of people every day. One may see the formal gardens, fountains, the stables containing royal carriages, botanic gardens, and the zoo containing animals and birds. Also on the grounds are found the obelisk and the Grotto, which are Roman ruins.

Emperor Franz Josef often called Shonbrunn, "My well beloved house." It was also the favorite summer home of Maria Theresa.

Some of these buildings of Vienna are beautiful masterpieces of yesterday, and to reproduce them would be next to impossible. These buildings mark Vienna as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

"As long as there is civilization there will be progress, and as long as there is progress, man will exhibit it through fairs. Man should support all fairs; they have taught him much and will teach him more as time goes on, for man cannot succeed without seeing what other people are doing and profiting by their example."

—EDMUND HASKINS.

My Lover's Song

by Lillian Walk, '37

My lover's song against the night
Is silver in the moon's pale light.
It flows across my waking dream
Like some strange echo of a stream.
It is a scarf of white chiffon
The lady night is putting on.

The song is ancient, but it's young,
And tastes like honey on my tongue.
The food is strange and lotus-sweet:
I know that I shall never eat
A fruit from golden vine or tree
As mystic as this melody.

The *very incense* of the sound
Rises to me from the ground.
An odor richer than old wine,
Pungent as sandalwood or pine.
I could live with just this song
To nourish me the whole year long.

Pockets

by Peggy Jantz, '38

Did you ever look at a person and wonder what he has in his pockets. It is interesting sometimes to know what collects there. I think it depends entirely upon the person as to what his pockets contain. I should imagine a small child would have different things he or she has collected that took his fancy. Maybe he has a crayon, two or three pennies, a bead or so of mother's broken beads, a piece of stale candy, (kept as a favorite) and the necessary hanky.

The opposite type of this innocent child is a gangster. I should think he would have crude belongings, such as a black jack, a pack of smashed cigarettes, a pistol, scraps of paper with scribbling of a code on them, and probably a mask.

The pocket of the wealthy man is the best liked. The contents are simple but few. A silk handkerchief that has never been used, a large amount of money, maybe a theater ticket, and a couple of good cigars.

The most interesting of all is the pocket of the man that is unemployed. He would have a different collection of things. The most popular thing in his pocket would be the clippings from newspapers of want ads. More contents of his pockets are, tobacco taken from cigarette butts, a broken down old pipe, a picture of the family, a letter of encouragement from his wife, and a soiled handkerchief.

All pockets tell the type of person they belong to, and some tell very interesting stories.

My Cat

by Marion Soule, '41

I have a cat named Snoopy;
He is an awful care,
For when we go to bed at night
He wants to take the air.

We do not want him to go out
Because he likes to play,
And other cats might fight him
For he will not run away.

But lots of nights he dodges out,
And so we have to search;
Sometimes we find him on the fence
Or on the neighbor's porch.

When we went away one day
Our cat was all at sea,
For we left him in the cellar
Where he didn't want to be.

He cried and scratched and lashed his tail,
Tried everything he could;
But when he saw he must stay in
He settled down for good.

When we came home we called him
And he ran upstairs so quick,
Then he sat beneath the kitchen sink
And used his oldest trick.

To A Butterfly

by Evelyn Wilber, '40

Oh, you lovely, gorgeous creature
With your wings of azure blue!
You are like a bit of heaven,
And as delicate of hue.

I've seen you in my garden gay,
While the morning sun was high,
Sipping nectar from the flow'rs
As in and out you fly.

Old Book Friends

by Recilla Rudnick, '38

As I pause to look over my book-shelf, I see many old favorites, or rather, young favorites. There is the copy of *Hans Brinker* that I used to carry to sleep. Many of its pages were torn, and its wood-block illustrations were amateurishly colored with wax crayons. This was my pet book. I delighted in its tale, and from that book came many childish dreams.

Another one of my favorite books was *The Sweet Garden*. In fancy, I would see the little crippled boy regain the use of his limbs and would shout in glee. I remember the day I got it. It was my eighth birthday, and in the joy of the day, I cut my hand. It was a nasty gash, and I'm afraid I wasn't quite brave because I cried. The book was one of my birthday presents, so Mother told me to read it, and I would forget all about my hand. I started to read, and for the first few pages I shed so many tears that the sheets got ruffled with wetness. However, I soon got lost in the intricacies of the words. Thus my wound was forgotten.

King Arthur, Robin Hood, and Robinson Crusoe were my playmates on rainy days, for I was rather a bookworm. Master Gulliver carried me to strange lands, and Aladdin performed his miracles for me. So impressed was I by his magic lamp that I would rub our parlor-lamp in vain.

Many are the memories brought back by fingering these books. Hope, sorrow, and joy are herein registered forever.

Move Book Friends

by Sylvia Rypins, '38

In taking eight month leases, one incurs a great deal of storing, moving, and living in new homes. In our present house, there are no book cases. This is always unfortunate, and to us, with all the books we have, it is a calamity. We have three bookcases of our own, rather like the three bears. I have the big one, the children have the middle sized one, and as there was no room elsewhere, the little one is banished to the basement.

I asked the moving men to bring all the boxes of books to my room. This involved difficulty. Emma had to take a short course in mountain climbing to make my bed, and I was as completely shut off from communication as if I had been in the Bastille. Next day, therefore, I began the sorting.

Most of the books I had seen before. I put away all mother's smaller, less interesting novels. The attic is now overflowing with them. All the children's books I sent to their room. Almost all my own I kept out. I salvaged all the finer copies, (I hope) old editions of Chaucer, and beautifully illustrated de luxe editions, mainly poetry. I sacrificed mother's German editions, a few French books, and all Daddy's professional data. After much weeding and sorting, I sat back to look at the bookcase. Nearly two-thirds of the books were old friends, the books one reaches for mechanically to re-read in odd minutes, a little dog-eared, rather sticky, very ragged around the edges, a few coming out of the binding; veterans all! My bookcase is a delight to my hand, eye, and mind, which is just what one wants of a bookcase.

Assorted

by Marjorie Stanton Milne, '38

Last summer I was lying on a raft in the water about sixty feet from the shore line. I noticed all sorts of people entering the water. There were all types from little children just learning to swim to old fogies who were probably taking their last swim.

First, there was Buddy, the big brave type. He has a wonderful physique but couldn't move a piano. He runs through the water splashing everyone within distance causing much disturbance. He starts to swim with a powerful overhand that gives him the appearance of owning the lake. After forcing himself to the raft, you get the surprise of your life. He ascends to the raft and jumps up and down on the spring-board causing you to imagine him doing something as difficult as a triple flip. After attracting everyone's attention he holds his nose and jumps in. Very disappointing.

The next person involved in the swimming proposition is Clara-Change-Her-Mind. She coaxes everyone to go in swimming with her, and then, after sticking her little toe in, she decides she will wait till another day when it is warmer. She explains to friends that she's sure the water will warm up eventually. If she only knew the lake was fed by springs!

Cecil, the Sissy, makes a nice appearance. He is slightly afraid of the cold water. He makes bright remarks such as, "I'm sure I saw a water snake this mroning under the raft." and "My, but it looks like snow." After getting up to his stomach, a deed for which he deserves much credit, he decides to get an ice cream cone to get cooled off.

Everyone is familiar with Davy, the Diver. His swimming can be equalled by no one in the state. Maybe he's right. Of course, that's his own opinion. He's **never** taken lessons but takes it upon himself to teach everyone else. He is very clever with inventions that bring your head up first without a nose-full. The only catch is, you have to practically drown before this works. Very trying for the people who have spent years in teaching diving, to be taught by so ignorant a creature.

In every lake there have to be some great swimmers besides the fish. We welcome Sammie the Swimmer and Walter the Water Rat. They come in and casually remark that they think they will swim around the lake a few times before lunch. Lucky for them that the lake is only five miles around. They start out, one rowing the boat and the other swimming. Before they have gone twenty-five feet it is vice versa. When they get back (they've been around the lake just once, cutting off all the corners) they are very much tired out. It's unanimous among the audience that they are only tired from changing places in the boat.

Life savers are always necessary at a lake when there is someone like Doris, the Drowning Duck. Every time a good looking male appears she sinks, letting out a cute little squeek. She used to try it on the lifeguards, but after she drowned six times in one day they got wise. After the good looking gentleman (who usually

has money) saves her she thanks him kindly for saving her life and five minutes later she has a date for next Friday, but that's another story.

Betty, the Beauty, has a very disagreeable time in the water. She enters looking very beautiful, but when she exits she looks like something that drowned last summer. She is always reminding friends not to push her in because she can't get her hair wet or the curl will come out. One day she got ducked and came up with her eyebrows running down her cheeks. Oh well, she can get her beauty prize somewhere else.

Some business men enjoy a swim after the business day is completed. They usually come in a large group. They very often bring a large water ball and enjoy nothing better than to bopp some old lady and then apologize severally. They're always either falling on some one or holding some stranger under water thinking it is their competitor. Well, after all, they've paid their fee.

Roberta with the new rubber bathing suit just loves to swim. She is showing it off on the raft; in fact she has been sitting there all day. It's bright yellow and I'm sure many people haven't missed it. She has just taken one dive too many and is calling her auntie to bring her a towel. It's very picturesque to see her running around behind a towel. Anyhow, now she can put the bathing suit in her scrap-book.

There are many other types including the lady teaching Junior how to swim. She tells him not to afraid but she herself wouldn't go any farther than her knees. I admire most the young fellows and girls who are just good sports. Of course, I imagine the young folks are as much a hindrance to the others as swimming ob-structors are to them. Oh well, every sport has its disadvantages.

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—VIRGINIA SOPER.

Man Made Beauty

by Sylvia Rypins, '38

To me the brightest sight in Albany is the front of the Education Building on a clear day in the early fall. Then the stone shines white, the sky blue, the yellow leaves blow across the steps, and the pigeons dip and turn and wheel around the pillars. The shadows seem to be chiseled on the stone, and the white of the marble focuses every line vividly. Sometimes there are scudding white clouds, and if it is a windy day, and the sun is shining unsteadily, the scene looks like a trumpet call—if trumpets calls could be painted—thrilling one down to the toes, and up to the immeasurable.

Mountain Climbers

by Marion McCormack, 38

Hiking along on a mountain trail you will meet several kinds of mountain climbers.

There is the mountain climber who climbs mountain after mountain, just for the sake of being able to boast to his friends that he has climbed this mountain or that. This mountain climber is usually a person who looks as though he might enjoy the out-of-doors, but for some reason just doesn't fit into the picture. Maybe it is because when you meet him on the trail he is always ready to tell you how much harder the trails on the other mountains he has climbed are. It is a blow to your ego, because who doesn't like to think the trail he is on is the hardest trail?

Incidentally, six times out of ten the guide book or map will tell you that the trail you are taking is by far much harder than the trails of the Boasting Mountain Climber.

Another type is the Stylish Mountain Climber. He usually looks all dressed up with no place to go. His shoes look as though they pinched his feet a great deal; he probably rests quite often and subtracts that time from his total climbing time, so when he says he did the mountain in three hours he probably did it in five. His breeches are tight about the knees, and the sweaters he carries around his waist look as though they should carry a sign stating—WE ARE FOR SHOW ONLY. PLEASE DO NOT USE US. To a real mountain climber they would be a great nuisance. A speck of dirt on this mountain climber would look quite out of place. When you meet him on the trail he gushes all over you and tells you what a perfectly lovely view it is from the top if you aren't too tired to enjoy the picture painted so skillfully by Nature before you. He sighs and then adds that it would be quite heavenly if there were only a road built to the top of the mountains. Poor thing, then he could go to the highest peak in comfort and safety, and above all without spoiling that spick and span appearance that he prizes so much.

Last, but not least, is the Real Mountain Climber who climbs for the sheer joy of climbing. He loves the sense of well being that comes when at last the top is reached and he is able to look back and retrace with his eyes the trail he has just conquered. That trail represents a struggle, a long hard journey to the top. Every time he comes to a clearing he does not wish that it were the top because he knows that the top is reached only when he has left all his struggles behind him. He gets an "all-right-with-the-world" feeling, when he finally stops to rest at the summit and is able to drink in the beauty of the surrounding country-side. It is a marvelous feeling to look away into the distance all around him and think of the people at work in the valleys, so far below him, worrying about this or that; he on the other hand, has dismissed all the cares of life and is ready to go back down the mountain with a new hope in his heart and a quicker spring to his walk. This climber wears very comfortable looking clothes and has a very casual appearance about all his clothes. His attitude is very happy-go-lucky and carefree. He will always be glad to tell you truthfully what kind of a trail you have before you and will show a great interest in the mountains you have climbed. It seems to be the

code of mountain climbers to stop and chat a few minutes with the climbers whom they meet.

This mountain climber does not climb to boast about it afterwards to his friends nor is he climbing because it is stylish, but because he gets real pleasure out of climbing. He is a real honest to goodness mountain climber—a lover of Nature's sculpturing, the mountains—a ray of sunshine to all who have the pleasure of meeting him.

Lotus-Eaters

by **Lillian Walk, '37**

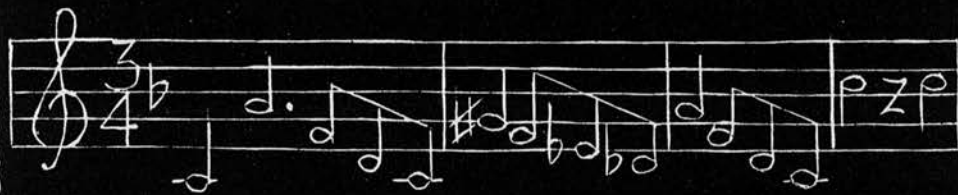
These who have seen the moon transform the froth
Of white plum blossoms into splintered star,
Spilled silver mist splashed down
In garden darkness ;
These who have tasted dawn
When light has not yet come ;
These who have walked through lush blue grass alone
And stood, with arms outstretched,
Upon a hill, or seen a tree
Sway black against night-sky ;
These are lotus-eaters :
Having tasted mystic beauty once,
They long to eat forever of its flower
And forget all else.

The View

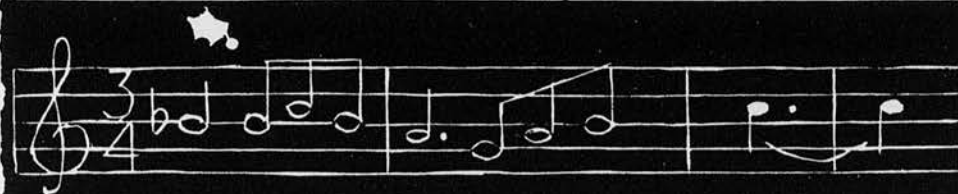
by **Sylvia Rypins, '38**

There is only one spot on the top of—— Hill, where you can get any view of the valley, but that is a view worth seeing. At this point, a great rock prevents the trees from getting much hold and forms a deep rift. You may look down and see the valley spread out like a map with square fields of every shade from light yellow to dark green. One can see the rows of corn, the trees around the houses, the winding road, and the orchards, looking like little rows of brussels sprouts. Behind this spreads more land, growing wilder, greener, and more hilly, till your eye meets the broken misty blue lines of the mountains under the hot July sun. Above are racing white clouds crossing a blue sky ; below are racing black cars on a white ribbon-like road. The winds puffs in your eyes, blows your hair into your mouth, and plays with your handkerchief till you stop looking and sit down with a gasp.

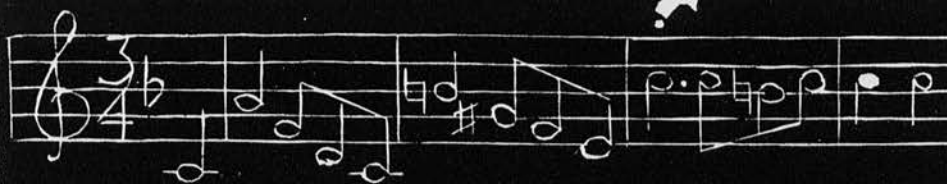
YE OLD CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



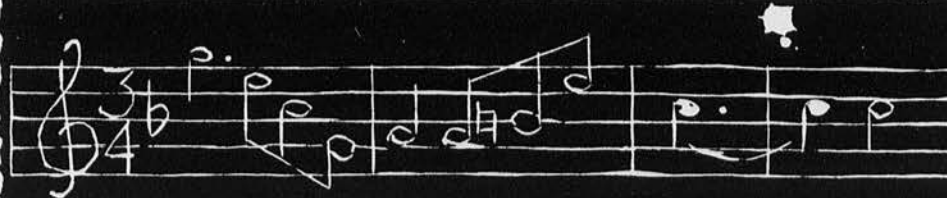
The Christmas trees were trimmed with bulbs that shone so cheerfully, the



sleigh bells ringing sang a tinkling tune;

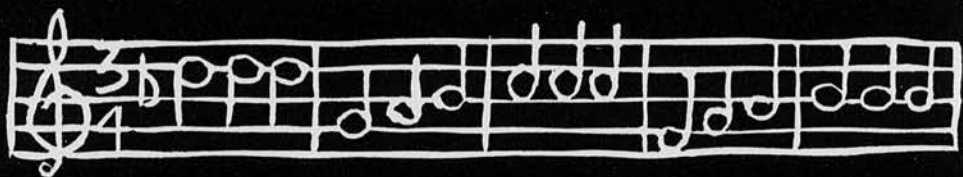


The tempting smell of turkey filled each house that I passed by, Why

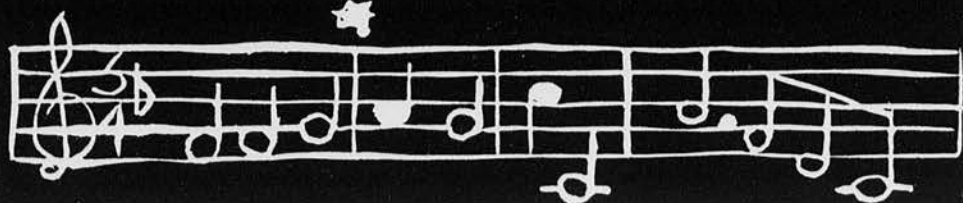


should the holidays be gone so soon? The

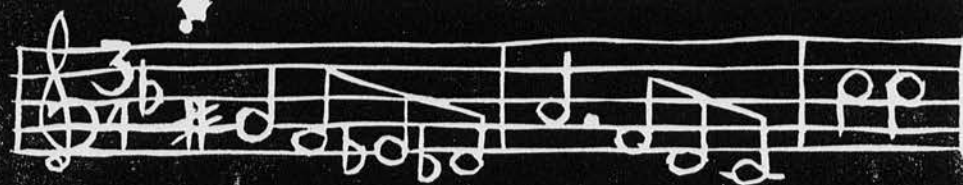
by Alma Brown, '40



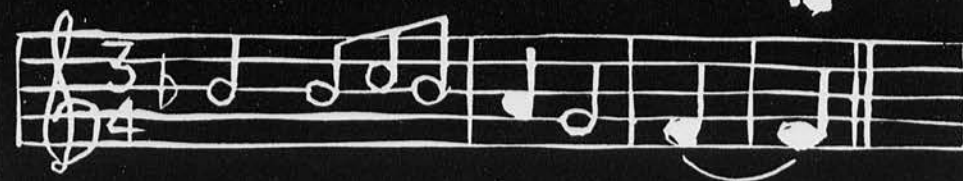
children's gay laughter, the housewives' loud chatter, the fowl on the



platter to thank God for — Although this day will



soon be gone and with it many things — It's



spirit in my heart still sings.

About A Kitten

by Miriam Freund, '39

Once there was a kitten,
A funny silly kitten,—
A straddle-legged kitten,—
A tiny ball of fur.

He didn't run; he wobbled,
He stumbled, and he hobbled;
He even colly-wobbled!
That little piece of purr.

He never,—never worried;
He always,—always hurried,
He flurried, and he scurried,
That little piece of fluff.

He really was a weakling,
In fact, he was a squeaking!
But still, in all, we loved him,
That smallish powder-puff.

A Narrow Escape

by Ann Loucks, '41

Down the highway mighty fast
And clipping off the miles,
"What a trip!" I said with joy
And half a dozen smiles.

But all at once my blood ran cold;
My face was tight with fear;
I jammed the brakes and tugged the wheel;
The car began to veer.

I missed a fence one-quarter inch
And glanced a tree or two,
And just to reach the road again
I thought I couldn't do.

But this I did with luck and art;
My head was in a whirl;
I looked behind and thanked the Lord
I hadn't hit the squirrel.

Myself, Ten Years Hence

by Benjamin Douglas, '39

I shall be twenty-five. The year will be 1946. The chances are that I shall be somewhere out in the world as far as I can get. My plan is to go around the world, working as I do. When I return, I shall have a great store of knowledge on many things. I shall have been all over Europe, working at inns, sleeping where I can. I shall have climbed the Alps, or at least, an Alp. I shall have walked through the Black Forests of Germany, watched and worked with men and women of Russia, gone to the Mediterranean countries, visited Egypt, the Sphinx, felt the heat of Africa, the cold of Greenland, and the comforts of England. Ahead of me shall be visions of my own land, foreign lands which I have never seen, people I shall know, trades I shall learn, and adventures I shall have. I shall be twenty-five, and the world will be my oyster.

Boy Blue

by Lois Burch, '42

His hair is long and soft as silk ;
He likes a bowl of nice fresh milk.
He likes to climb into my lap,
And settle himself for a nice long nap.
He purrs and purrs and is so loving,
I wonder if he knows the joy he's giving.
He cries at meal time for something to eat,
And probably hopes it's nice fresh meat.
He misses me when I've been away,
And when I come home he's happy and gay.

Sail Boat Races

by Robert Wilke, '38

Upon a deep sapphire lake, hemmed in by forest-clad mountains, a fleet of boats rests. These boats are tall, stately, white clouded racing sloops. A stiff breeze ruffles the waters of the lake, and the huge spinnakers look like giant balloons as the wind draws them out to their fullest extent. The tall slender masts bend like whips to every gust and the forefoot of every mainsail is wet. Upon the windward side of the decks are men leaning far out over the side to balance the boat. If you look carefully on the windward side, you sometimes see the upper part of the huge keel as the boats heel over under the force of the wind. Spray flies in sheets as wave after wave smashes against the plunging bows and runs through the lee scuppers back into the deep clear water.

Back of this scene rests a little village. Its red roofs and white curling smoke with interlacing green of the trees make a beautiful sight. Above the village a mountain rears its head with a snowy peak nestling among the clouds.

HAVE YOU READ?

Gone With the Wind

by Norma Kapewich, '37

The moving story of the Civil War and Reconstruction is brought vividly to life in this dramatic novel.

Scarlett O'Hara, born of a gently bred, aristocratic mother and an Irish peasant father, inherited both charm and determination. She was the belle of the country, spoiled, selfish and impetuous, but beautiful enough to deceive her admirers. She entered young womanhood just in time to see the Civil War sweep away the entire life for which she was prepared. Without Scarlett's shrewdness and hardness, she could never have survived the War as she did: victorious.

Scarlett's sister-in-law, Melaine Wilkes, had to meet the same situations as Scarlett, but her fine qualities, true courage, and kindness carried her through this same crisis with no bitterness.

Gradually, Scarlett's ideals were weakened so that she became a grabbing, greedy woman, interested only in getting food and wealth. She spent her entire lifetime trying to win over the love of one man. In the end she realized where her true love lay—but too late. One laughs, one cries, one sympathizes with, and one hates this Scarlett O'Hara throughout the unfolding story.

This stirring drama tells in its own words the story of the South under the hardships of the War and its after effects. The rugged hills, the rambling plantations, the rollicking young characters, the stately gentlemen, characterize the true life of the South. The heartrending struggles for life and the loved characters, keep one's interest so that to put aside the book is practically impossible. See for yourself how true and understanding this drama actually is.

The Voice of Bugle Ann

by Jane Weir, '37

The voice of Bugle Ann rings clear and often in the hills of Missouri. The legend of Bugle Ann, accompanied by the beauty of this hound dog's cry, reminds one of great deeds and great men. Among these men you will find old Spring Davis. Hunting the fox was the one great pastime of this seventy-year-old man whom Mr. Kantor presents in his book, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*. His one love was for his hound dog and her beautiful voice. He deliberately killed the man who he thought killed her. A jail sentence followed and then, months later, Bugle Ann mysteriously returned and cried for her master in the hills of Missouri.

The plot is very realistic and entertaining. It has suspense, action, and humor. One finds the humor in the way the country folk named their dogs. "Old Armstrong" was religious, while his sons were theatre-crazy. Can you imagine Jackie Cooper, Dwight L. Moody, Zasu Pitts, Hoot Gibson, and Mary Magdelene all driving the fox at once? Why don't you read *The Voice of Bugle Ann* and find out if she really died and how Spring Davis was released from jail and why everyone loved this fine old man.

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