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A FANTASY IN SHOES

The street lamp stood on a corner, where large red and white monsters and smaller, noisy beetles were always crawling by. He waited only for the night, when the moon, either a golden yellow ball or a pale, fair lady would keep him company. He did his duty well, though, for the small corner was always well lighted, and he kept the menacing shadows at a safe distance by his sharp sword’s point of light.

Her little heels tapped the sidewalk impatiently, her skirts giving them a rather vague swish each time she stepped. Back and forth they went, ’round and ’round, up and down, swish tap, swish tap. Occasionally the sound would go off in the distance, falter uncertainly in the deepening gloom, and then scurry back again with a swift little staccato noise. Then came the sound of an approaching vehicle, at which the little feet trembled in apprehension; then obviously relieved, stepped up and were carried away by a large, noisy monster on wheels . . .

Strong, masculine boots they were, which gave a sense of security to the gloomy atmosphere. Back and forth, back and forth, clomp, clomp, clomp. Sometimes they would stop, and then impatiently proceed the tour of the region about the lamp. Shadows deepened, and they still kept up their steady march. Back and forth, back and forth, clomp, clomp, clomp. Only when the round yellow moon appeared over the tops of the houses did the heavy boots recede into the distance. Clomp, clomp, clomp . . .

Staccato heels tapped impatiently beneath the light; they stepped back with an approaching sound. Masculine boots halted, moved in a circle and then straight to narrow heels. Silence for a moment—while masculine boots and staccato heels stand close, then side by side they walked off together. Staccato heels were no longer afraid of the deepening gloom, masculine boots being satisfactorily protective.

Alone the street lamp was left alone, surrounding himself with cheery golden light, waiting until the moon should come out to keep him company. The lights in the houses blinked out, one by one . . .

F. Charles, ’34.
THE PORTRAIT

Ah! Gracious lady on the wall
Can you still look on life and laugh at it all?
For you have looked with allseeing eyes,
   Down thru the years.

You have seen our forefathers fight,
And strive for the things that they thought right,
What did they gain? What was their prize?
   Down thru the years.

What of the evils of our time?
And what have we done to all mankind,
Is our pace too fast? Only you will know,
   On thru the years.

Ah! Gracious lady on the wall
You can still look on life and laugh at it all.
For I only wish like you I could see,
   On thru the years.

E. Blocksidge, ’35

IN MEMORIAM

I didn’t go to the funeral;
   I didn’t see her grave;
I only recall her loving smile,
   And the kindly advice she gave.

It’s not for her that I must grieve,
   But for those she left behind;
For she has reached those glorious heights,
   While we have far to climb.

But still, I can’t believe she’s gone,
   That others must take her place.
Yet if it’s true—then, I must pray
   That those others have her grace.

H. Gibson, ’35
AUTUMN PRAYER

I gaze at the scene before my eyes,
   And the enchantment of it overcomes me;
Stretched before me, autumn lies,
   In a blaze of vivid glory.

The trees in their majestic height,
   Reach high into the billowy sky,
And 'round the trunks of these same trees,
   The still, red, leaves curl up to die.

The world is so beautiful today,
   I catch my breath with delight.
Then the sun casts its last shining ray,
   And gently drops out of sight.

My heart aches for those children
   Who have never beheld this scene;
They have read about it in books,
   And dreamt about it in dreams.

I am so grateful, I grope for words,
   Then suddenly bow my head in prayer;
A peace descends upon my soul,
   As to Him my heart I bare.

Dear God, I can never thank Thee enough,
   For that which I have seen today;
But that I may show my gratefulness,
   Let me thank Thee in my own humble way.

S. Kessler, '35
ONE LIFE

It was a dark winter night. The snow fell quietly upon everything beneath. The gaunt trees, the still barn, and the hard earth all seemed eager to accept all of it they could. The highways and byways were practically deserted of any form of humanity. Even when life did appear it seemed heavy and dead.

On such a night the Shannon family sat about a bright hearth fire. They were rather poor people, but very happy. Mr. Shannon, his two boys, his daughter, and Mrs. Shannon were telling stories. At the end of one story, Mr. Shannon arose from his chair and tended to the fire. As he pulled the poker out of the fire the last time, a solitary ember fell upon the hearth. It was red hot, and glowed brightly. As he sat down again he addressed his family.

"When I was a very young boy, my mother told me a story about a man; whose life I shall never forget. I will tell it to you children now. Because of its significance, I will start from the babyhood of this man. He was a very pretty baby, as most babies are. People stopped his mother on the street and admired the child. As he grew from a baby to a child, he became rather elusive of his fellow playmates. This was noticed by his mother, and, try as she may, she could not get him to become friendly. He seemed to have something on his mind. He continued to be like this, boyhood, manhood, all the same. His one interest in life was chemistry. Day after day he worked in his laboratory; night after night he studied in his room. He was disliked, slandered and ridiculed by everyone who came in contact with him. Still he remained aloof from the doings of the world. He belonged to no club or fraternity, and he had no intimate friends. On top of that he had no blood relations, for all his family had gone beyond.

On his fifty-second birthday, the man gave himself a party. He was the guest, the host, and the cook. He seemed elated about something. When he finished eating, he climbed up to the attic and uncovered an ancient harp. He carried the instrument downstairs, cleaned it, and began to play. It was sour at first, but he gradually remembered the method of the harp and played quite smoothly. He played about a half hour this way when he increased his speed and tempo. He kept playing faster and faster until he was perspiration from head to foot. Suddenly he dashed madly from his chair to a table on the other side of the room and picked up a rolled paper. With this he rushed to the door, flung it open, and entered the night coatless. He ran down the path madly, then turned down the road to the city. As he approached the railroad tracks outside the city he did not hear the whistle of the oncoming train. He ran blindly on toward the crossing. Just as he arrived at the tracks the train plunged into him, knocking the breath of life out of him instantly. The train stopped and the passengers all surrounded the victim. The conductor saw the crumpled manuscript in the man’s hand; he took it and opened it. Of course he didn’t understand the chemical formulas that were written thereon, so he took it to a chemist. The chemist found it to be the formula of what is now a much used medicine. But the inventor was dead. He had worked all his life to better humanity, and what was his reward? Death! Death! Cold gaunt death!"

"The lone ember at the bottom of the hearth is now black and dead. How similar we are to that ember."

D. Cornell, '35
RAIN

I hate to walk on a rainy day,
The water splashes every which way.
It runs in rivers down your back
As fast as a mud horse on a mud track.
It makes me so mad I could wiggle and squirm
Until I didn't know which way to turn.

The umbrella always flies inside-out,
While with it I am having a continual bout.
I see a taxi and holler "hey!"
He stops, then goes the opposite way.
I don't seem to miss a single puddle,
But by this time my head's in a terrible muddle.
My books always fall on the wet sidewalk,
And now I'm so exasperated, I can't even talk!

How comfortable the oil burner would be,
But wet shoes and stockings are all I can see.
The bus goes by leaving me out in the cold,
While the umbrella I still struggle to hold.
Oh, how my wet, oozy shoe hurts.
Greta Garbo likes the rain: I think she's nerts!

S. Kessler, '35

DOING HOMEWORK LATE AT NIGHT

Homework, you dull, dull thing;
Homework, of thee I sing,
But do I ever praise thee? Nay.
Because of you I waste away
Can I live through another day
    With Homework?

Homework, thou art frightful,
I have thee, aye, a nightfull.
You never, never, let me sleep
So awful are the hours I keep
I am awake when birdies peep
    Doing Homework.

Homework, you make me sick,
But to you I will stick,
For then I'll pass the next month's test,
And hope that I have done my best.
But, tell me, is there never rest.
    From Homework?

Mary York, '35
A RATHER PAINFUL COMPARISON

Here I am in my seventy-first year. Most people would say that I am getting rather old, but I can see that very little change in my feelings has taken place during a period of fifty-five years. If enjoying oneself and taking an interest in life determine the age of a person, I am sure that I am very, very young. Few people, not excepting myself, realize, however, what changes in appearance may take place during a period such as this.

Yesterday, as I examined an old family album, I saw a portrait of myself at about the age of fifteen. A few minutes later, I happened to peer into the mirror, and there beheld a face very different, yet not so different, from the one I had so recently regarded. Snow-white hair fringed a face deeply lined with pleasant wrinkles. Eyes, which still held a look of youthfulness in them, looked calmly back at me. My mouth had changed very little except that it had taken on sterner lines. During the course of years, my face had filled out to a certain extent, and, against my utmost endeavors, I had developed a rather prominent double chin. My cheeks, as I examined them critically, seemed to have lost a large amount of their former color. With a faint twinge of pain, I retreated from these unwelcome changes and determined never again to compare my appearance at seventy with my girlish look at fifteen.

V. Snyder, '36

LIFE

Do you ever sit and wonder,
   In the lamplight's fiery gleam,
How you ever came to be here
   And how wonderful it seems?

Do you ever think about your life?
   You know, it's yours to live;
And why you came into this world
   To laugh, or sing, or give?

Why do we live a life at all?
   Why were we ever born?
Someone had a purpose in mind,
   A duty to perform!

We all have an opinion,
   None of us can agree,
But surely I'll make some use of that
   Which God has given me!

V. Hall, '35
BOOK REVIEWS

FLUSH, by Virginia Woolf, Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.00.

To dog lovers in general and to readers of fine literature in particular, Virginia Woolf has given the opportunity of peeping into the life of Flush, the devoted dog of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Flush was justly proud of his heritage, for wasn't he descended from a long line of spaniels? "Some historians say that when the Carthaginians landed in Spain the common soldiers shouted with one accord, 'Spain! Spain!'—for rabbits darted from every shrub. The land was alive with rabbits, and 'Spain' in the Carthaginian tongue signifies rabbit. Thus the land was called Hispania, or rabbit-land, and the dogs, which were almost instantly perceived in full pursuit of the rabbits, were called Spaniels, or rabbit-dogs."

Flush was brought by a certain Miss Mitford, from the countryside, which "smelled sweetly of earth flowers; sourly of the road; and strongly of hare and fox," into the sickroom of Miss Barrett which smelled of eau de cologne, coal dust and fog, cedarwood and sandalwood, of curtained tapestry and innumerable tables, chests and busts.

Flush forfeited his world of freedom and swore an allegiance to the invalid, but what adventures followed! He alone witnessed the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, and was enveloped in all the romance of the nineteenth century.

There are times when we feel sorry for Flush, for he gave his love wholeheartedly and unselfishly and was often thoughtlessly neglected for other affairs which enter the complex life of humans. We have Miss Woolf to thank for the beautiful paragraph at the end of the book.

"She (Mrs. Browning) was growing old now and so was Flush. She bent over him for a moment. Her face with its wide open mouth and its great eyes and its heavy curls was still oddly like his. Broken asunder, yet made in the same mold, each, perhaps, completed what was dormant in the other. But she was a woman; he was a dog. Mrs. Browning went on reading. Then she looked at Flush again. But he did not look at her. An extraordinary change had come over him. "Flush!" she cried. But he was silent. He had been alive; he was now dead. That was all. The drawing room table, strangely enough, stood perfectly still."

G. P. '34

ANTHONY ADVERSE, by Hervey Allen. Farrar and Rhinehardt, 1933, $3.00.

This book is a modern epic. Written by a poet in poetic language, it is all that a historical novel should be. Its rich, romantic charm fills the reader with the spirit of that romantic period. Besides the plot there is a deep philosophy in the story. The idea of the story is that Man must roam from land to land to find the true meaning and purpose of life. Anthony, brought up in the spiritual calm of a Jesuit monastery, soon learns worldly wisdom. The story, to make a rather ridiculous comparison, reminds one of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." There is the same idea of roving about the earth in search of truth. Mr. Allen's characters are drawn realistically. His descriptions are so graphically lyrical that the whole book seems a poem in prose.

P. De Porte, '35
A WINTRY SCENE
The moon tonight is bright and clear,
   No clouds in the sky appear,
Tomorrow will be cold I know.
   Possibly we will have some snow.

R. Babbitt, '35

THOUGHTS ON EATING
Oh, when I think of dinner,
   And all good things to eat,
It makes me think of candy
   And fruit and nuts and meat;
Of chicken and of gravy
   And other things galore;
I often think I'd like to keep
   A grocery store!

Virginia Kemp, '39

MUMBLE-JUMBLE
You asked me for a poem,
   And this is what you get,
A mumble-jumble of my thoughts
   That means but little yet.

The gas-tank needs some gasoline,
   The motor needs some oil,
The trees are dropping pretty leaves
   Upon the damp, dark soil.

Papa needs an overcoat,
   Mama wants a hat.
If Christmas doesn't bring them,
   God knows where they'll be at!

V. Hall, '35
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

CLOUDS
I like to think of clouds as ships
That sail in the endless blue,
And the sun and the moon as channel lights
To guide the cloud-ships through.

The stars are the lights on other boats,
They signal as they pass by,
And the cloud-ships silently steer their course
Through the misty, dark blue sky.

In the day the white clouds are flocks of sheep
Grazing on the plain,
And I am the earthly shepherdess
Who calls to them in vain.

At twilight they seem like ripples,
Dressed in rubies—sapphires—jade—,
In a lake of constant happiness
Where little children wade.

Oh, I know that clouds are only clouds
Not ripples, ships or sheep,
But I dream that I go to that wonderful land
Where they are, when I go to sleep.

Lillian Walk, '37

WHY I WANT TO GROW UP

I would like to be about eighteen, the age of my elder brother. At the age of eighteen he is entitled to a senior’s driving permit which has long been my suppressed desire. I remember distinctly the day he gained this most prized trophy and privilege. Of course, he assumed that absolutely bored air of finality that comes with being a senior licensed driver. This, of course, impressed me to the utmost and pleased my brother extremely. That night a trifle deeper voice could be noticed when my brother issued the statement, “I have decided to take the car out tonight and go to a dance.” Meeting no opposition, my elder brother leaped gallantly into the driver’s seat and was off in a cloud of dust. He was truly a picturesque figure as he rode off to find some of his numerous friends, but then again, I suppose that I shall assume a slightly bored expression and a slightly deeper voice, too, when I become of age. Ah! That will be the day!

W. P., '37
THE GIVING SPIRIT

Hang the holly wreaths with their red berries bright,
Light the tall candles and let them give light.
Christmas time with its gladness and cheer
Is to all people a glad day of the year;
When the spirit of giving shines forth clear and true,
And we do unto others as we'd have them do.
Old Mr. Snyder had a fine turkey for dinner,
But he said to his wife, "Let's give that to Kinner;
It's too big for us, and for his family of eight
'Twill be just enough, each one a plate."
So when Mr. Kinner saw the turkey so fine,
He said to his wife, "Say, that chicken of mine
Might as well be passed on to Widow McDuff,
For her and her family 'twill be just enough."
When Mrs. McDuff exclaimed o'er the bird
Her "ohs" and her "ahs" and her comments were heard
In her neighbor's kitchen across the street,
As there she ran with pattering feet,
With a plump mince pie all golden and brown
And steaming hot as she laid it down.
Mrs. Mont was so pleased and said, "Aren't you kind?
A better Christmas we could not find,
To have neighbors like you who really care
And call it a pleasure their gifts to share."

James Griffin, Grade 8

GHOSTS

There was an unmistakable air of mystery about the old house which we decided to explore. As we neared the door, we stood looking around us. The windows were large and barren, and ivy clambered up the side of the house. The house looked ghastly silhouetted against the darkness, and the moon shone down making weird shadows of the trees around us. With hesitation we opened the door. Its hinges were rusty, and the weather-beaten door creaked. As it slowly opened, it creaked and groaned as if in agony.

A look of awe went over each of our faces as we surveyed the scene within. Although it had been uninhabited for several years, it was fully furnished. Dust, inches thick, covered every article of furniture. The moonlight coming through the windows made a silver network on the floor. Our footsteps made queer echoing noises through the house. A sudden rustling sound made us turn sharply around. With a sigh of relief we realized it was only a mouse. We started up the hall, our hearts pumping madly within us. We all seemed ready for something to happen.
Suddenly a loud thump echoed and re-echoed. We halted abruptly. None of us uttered a sound. I looked slowly around the room. It had a high ceiling, tall, hard wooden furniture, and a large fireplace with a weird picture of a man over it. A bed covered with heavy draperies was in one corner. At one end of the room was a large door. As we watched it, it seemed to slowly open. We made a quick retreat down the stairs, only to find we could not open the outer door. We heard heavy, unusual footsteps above us, as if a cripple were walking. We summoned our courage and started up the stairs again. There was no one there. We were about to go down again when one of the girls saw the chair in the corner slowly rocking. Cold shivers went through us. None of us had touched the chair! Racing downstairs we found a window open. It had not been open before! We didn’t stop to find out who opened it, but went through it so fast that we took part of the sill with us.

Helen Barker, Grade 8

THE LITTLE BLUE BOY

There is in memory’s golden casket
A picture that brings me much joy;
It is sweet and simple and child-like,
For it’s the picture of a little boy.

The little boy’s hair is golden,
And blue are the little boy’s eyes;
And clasped in one round, chubby arm
Is a teddy of enormous size.

For a beautiful day long ago,
When the sun was in the west,
The little blue boy closed his tired eyes,
And flew like a bird from the nest.

And he flew till he reached the blue sky,
Where the gates of the Celestial City
Swung open, then closed, as the little boy
Passed through for all eternity.

The teddy is old and worn now;
On a little blue chair he lies,
And often when all is silent,
You can almost hear him sigh.

L. Sinon, ’37
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas to you and Christmas to me
Means presents and gifts and a Christmas tree.
For the wee ones Santa comes down the flue
But that's just hokum for me or you.
We know that Christmas to parents means
What to find for Bob and to get for Jean.
Do you think Grandma'd like this clock?
Where's the candy for baby's sock?
Where will we have the Christmas tree,
Around which the youngsters prance with glee?
What will we have for Christmas dinner,
To make Lou fatter and Fannie thinner?
After the dinner where will we go?
Shall we take the family out to a show?

These and endless other things
Are the cares that every Christmas brings
To dear old Dad and Mother, too.
But every year they see it through
And get their greatest, keenest joy
From the pleasure they give their girl or boy.
Is Santa a myth and Christmas rot?
No, sir! Both you and I know they're not!
Santa's alive and happy and glad,
For Santa's the thought of dear Mother and Dad.

Richard Andrew, '38

THOSE CREEPY ATTIC STAIRS

It was midnight, and the chimes of the gigantic town clock boomed out in the dark with a hollow, ghostly sound. As the girl climbed the creaking attic stairs her footsteps re-echoed through the empty mansion. The girl did not like the attic—in fact, she was a little bit afraid of it. She disliked the musty odor, and the cobwebs which were suspended, undisturbed, from the bare rafters. People seldom went upstairs to the attic, and she would not have gone up unless she had been sent to get something for the mistress, as was the case now. The girl was breathing fast, and her heart was thumping, thumping, but she told herself that this was because she had climbed so many steps. Suddenly she stopped—she had reached the topmost step! Cautiously, she turned the knob, opened the door very slowly, and, trembling, peered inside. There, on top of a large trunk which was facing the door, was a long, shining, thin thing! It was motionless—and it was headless!

No, the thing did not kill the girl, nor so much as turn around. You see, it was only a headless hatpin!

L. W., '37
THE FATE OF THE PINE TREES

In the woodlands to the northward
    The pines grow straight and tall.
The snow shoots swiftly downward
    Upon the trees to fall.

The holly grows there thickly
    Entwined with mistletoe;
It looks like Christmas daily
    In that land of frost and snow.

Man, with his axe, can all things change.
    He found the pine trees tall,
He chopped them down remorselessly
    And laughed to see them fall.

And out of two hundred thousand trees,
    So records true do tell,
He vanquished all but one lone tree
    Which he thought too small to fell.

And they one and all became Christmas trees
    And were decked out brave and gay;
But, alas! They were stripped and discarded
    Right after New Year's Day.

But the tree left behind grew tall and straight;
    Of all the people it was the pride,
And they swore they never had seen its like,
    No, never in all the countryside.

So they made it their own official tree,
    And every Christmastide
They decked it, and showed it in glory
    To people, who came from far and wide.

And still it stands, you may see it there
    While people gather around,
And have their Christmas Service there,
    For they say the tree's on Holy Ground.

Sylvia Rypins, Grade 8
It hardly seems possible that Christmas and the New Year have come around again. Why, it was but recently that we made our last resolutions—not that we kept them—and it seems as if it were only yesterday that we toiled over our final exams. But yes, Christmastide has appeared again, and with it come the usual reminiscing and gifts. It is customary for us to say that we needn't bother ourselves over the holiday season, for, after all, it is the same as it was two thousand years ago; but we forget, in saying this, the real significance of the occasion and the ideal with which Christmas is usually associated—the brotherhood of man.

Upon reflection, we realize that this world is not a primrose path in which to live. Although we may be graced with a warm fireside, a comfortable home, and the advantages of parental care and education, we must put ourselves in the place of the destitute and homeless, the despairing and hopeless. As we open that gorgeously wrapped gift, we should linger a moment and picture in our minds some poor, ragged, homeless child waiting at the door of some charitable institution for a full-coursed dinner, perhaps the first hearty meal he has tasted since the year before, a dinner made possible by the generosity of some kind benefactor. With these thoughts in mind, can we not readily see that the world in which we live has failed to bring all of us the same good fortune?

Such destitution exists here and everywhere. Men, women and children all over face the same problem of survival as the cold winter gathers force, and mothers, anxious to give their children an equal chance to succeed and be happy, despair. There must be something you can do for them in this season of good cheer and good will. If you would only share with them and bring to these people living in misery a little happiness, there is no doubt but that you in turn would feel happier and would enjoy the holiday season more for that one little act of kindness which would give some person more hope in facing the dismal future and which would remind him that he has not been forgotten.

As we enter upon this jubilant season, let these recollections make us thankful for our own well-being and inspire us with the determination that such misery must be wiped out. Let the spirit of this holiday season prompt us to both individual and united action against those foes of man which hold him in such a state of misery.

H. B. B., Jr.
A FUTILE STRUGGLE

What price war? War with its relentless death, its torn and shattered bodies, its civilizations destroyed. Is this what men have so bravely and valiantly fought for?

The World War naturally would interest us most. The attacks and bombardments were all worked out with perfect precision on the part of the allies. Germany on the other hand really suffered behind their trenches—and how well all soldiers know that, and fought courageously to the end for the ideals they hoped to win. Not that either side had high ideals. Ideals and morals were completely shattered on both sides. But it was the loyalty to their country that made each side fight until the Armistice was signed.

The war itself was terribly futile. Each side went on for months cruelly slaughtering each other, towards the end which the practically helpless heads of government struggled to attain. Each day of the war cost the nations of the world thousands of dollars. Germany completely went bankrupt and even now is just beginning to get a start.

The other nations participating in the war are now suffering the financial effects of it. Generations to come will still have to bear the burden. Does this seem fair to others? Does it stand for the ideals of true nationalism for nations to war with each other?

Beautiful homes, public buildings, and lands were sacrificed to make way for fierce and bloody battlefields. In Sir Philip Gibb’s book, “Now It Can Be Told,” he describes a very beautiful French Chateau before the fighting reached that vicinity. It was filled with reminiscences of the old French regime and when Sir Philip returned to that region after the bombardment, the whole place was in ruins and completely demolished. Some magnificent buildings took years to build and were completely shattered in a few hours during the war.

Most writers agree that the war was fought to give territorial gains or rewards of some kind to the leaders of countries. They also agree that leaders used precious lives of men on which to stake their hopes. Men, men who loved their homes, wives, children, and business, who never would experience any gain from the war itself, were forced to take up arms for their country. Does war seem justified in these grounds? The leaders of “Middle Europe” used patriotism to get their subjects to fight. This completely debauches the name of patriotism.

If men were less warlike and could act civilized, they certainly would not resort to war as a way of settling their disputes. It seems only logical that sane men should refuse to fight for a country with vain ideals and false patriotism. They really were insane in the World War. Let us all hope and pray there will never be another war so futile and devastating as this one. It is not good for the country itself, it does not make its citizens respect their leaders, and it does not promote the ideals of peace—that peace which surpasses all understanding, so that men will work together for the common betterment and good will throughout the world.

M. Mable, ’34
Mee—ow! September 25th found 398 eager pussycats* at the doors of this institution—the Milne High School. Crouching on the steps, climbing the lamp-posts, and exhibiting other such daring acrobatic feats were none other than our new seventh graders. (Have you heard any remarks passed about how these children hinder the walking in Milne? They say they get under your feet!) Here's to you, new Milnites! You have more pep than the older inmates and certainly look like a promising class.

After one week of leisure assignments and interesting conversations with the new, blond history teacher, work began in earnest.

The Quin Rush started off the social events for the year with a bang! Quin, proudly displaying her talent (?) to prospective Quinites, threw quite a successful party—so the society thought.

The School Reception then followed. It turned out to be rather a fashion parade with its many colorful costumes. Long, short, formal, informal, sport and the like were interestingly displayed. The plays also showed great preparation.

Next, the Sigma Rush, sincerely rivaled that of Quin with its play, food and dancing.

On November 22nd, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three, seven new members were tapped (scratched) by Adelphoi. What a day, what a week, what a time for these, our poor fellow-creatures, who at this minute (as this humble offering goes to press) are still anxiously and happily awaiting the initiation!

Another social event on the social register was the Hi-Y—G.A.C. dance sponsored by the two athletic clubs with the purpose of raising money for the collection of mural paintings of the progress of Albany in the Milne library. Success was overwhelming and it was a happy ending to the trials and tribulations of every Milnite.

Basketball has not as yet started, but we are waiting expectantly for a season of victories. Go to it, team!

E. J. P.

*This was not meant to be “catty,” but rather in reference to the title of the article, “Cat-Tales.”
SEVENTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

Home Room 228 has had a very successful semester. The members of the class celebrated Hallowe'en by having a party, Tuesday, October 30, and they plan to have many more such parties. Plans are already under way for a Christmas party and for decorating the room. This home room has been led by the following officers: John Gulnac, president; Mildred Mattice, vice president; James Kelley, secretary; Charles McColloch, treasurer, and Jane Grace and Donald Giesel Student Council representatives.

Home Room 129 has made a schedule for its daily programs already, which they will use throughout the year. Plans are that the room will conduct a business meeting on Monday, clubs on Wednesday, a program on Friday, and study on the remaining days of the week. This room was represented by Esther Stulmaker in the Talent Program in assembly.

The following are officers of Room 129: Benjamin Parran, president; Walter Seim, vice president; Ira Morne, secretary; Susan Poole, treasurer; Ruth Selkirk, sergeant-at-arms; Virginia Sanford and Daniel Ellison, Student Council.

Home Room 130 also celebrated Hallowe'en with a party. Every student participated in the Talent Program presented in assembly recently. Work has been progressing on several programs in class, which they hope to present before the rest of the school.

Leonard Benjamin, president, has been assisted by the following officers in conducting the business of the room: Florence Duhan, vice president; Janet Bigley, secretary; Robert Gale, treasurer; John Allen, sergeant-at-arms, and Jesse Carlson and Benjamin Douglas, Student Council members.

EIGHTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

Home Room 135 contributed some good entertainers to the Home Room Talent program. Virginia Tripp recited "How Apples Grew on a Lilac Tree." She was accompanied at the piano by Elizabeth Simmons.

The officers for this home room are: Damia Winshurst, president; Marjorie Stanton, vice president; Gordon Robinson, secretary; Robert Taft, treasurer.

John Hawkins, Paul Munson, Harriet Richter, Virginia Mason and Marjorie Pond all represented Home Room 124 in the Home Room Talent program.

Home Room 233 also contributed to the Home Room Talent program. This class also has been doing some interesting things under the supervision of Miss Wheeling. Lois Haynor has been president, Peggy Jantz, vice president, Robert Campbell, secretary, and James Griffin, treasurer.

NINTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

Home Room 128 gave a party to celebrate Hallowe'en. The home room was well represented in the reception play, and Jane Weir represented them in assembly in the Talent program. Plans for the next semester are well under way, and rehearsals have already begun for a play to be given in assembly early next year.
The officers consist of: Arthur Smith, President; John Harrington, Vice President; Betty Potter, Secretary; Betty Ruedmann, Student Council; Jack Beagle, Student Council.

This semester, the Star Home Room has already given several parties, one of which was to celebrate Hallowe’en, and they are planning to celebrate Christmas in a like manner. Some members of the class wrote the reception play and took part in it as well. Christine Bayreuther, Priscilla Simpson, and Lillian Allen took part in the Talent program presented in assembly.

The main officers of Home Room 121 are as follows: Leland Beik, president; Jean Ambler, vice president; Lillian Allen, secretary; Lucile Armistead, treasurer.

There are also numerous standing committees which aid in carrying out the functions of the home room.

In Home Room 127, a play was given, entitled “The Potters See a Movie, Almost.” It was directed and produced with the talent of this home room alone. The class has also concerned itself with publishing a newspaper called “The Inkwell.”

The officers are as follows: William Perkins, president; Edmund Haskins, vice president; Jack Skinner, secretary; Grace Gallien, treasurer; Carolyn Hausman, Student Council; Mitchell Ford, Student Council.

ALUMNI NOTES
Albany, New York, November 29, 1933.

Dear Milnites:

I am starting this note with the noble resolve not to give any advice, good or otherwise. Although it seems to be a good alumni custom to freely bestow it, it is also a good Milne custom to blissfully ignore it. So, let us all be spared.

You know, I am really glad that I went to Milne. It gives one a certain prestige over at State College. As freshman, our class was lost for the first few weeks, but thanks to my Milne trainings, I knew my way around fairly well. Whenever anyone remarked about this, I casually informed him that “I used to go to Milne.” Then I was regarded with added respect. For, be it known that you, dear Milnites are the bug-bearers of State College people. They tremble when they think of trusting themselves to your tender mercies. But you and I know that it’s just as bad to be the ones on whom they practice. I hope I’ll be able to remember that if ever I attain the dignity of a Senior.

But it seems such a bother to talk “shop” when we are all set for our vacation; I’ll close this missive with a “Right Merry Christmas” to you all.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY OSTRANDER, ’33
Dear Editor and Readers:

If the true content of all the alumni letters ever written to the CRIMSON AND WHITE were compiled in one volume, what a book that would make! My sympathies are suddenly changed, however, from reader to composer, and I find myself rapidly falling into the usual trend of alumni contributors.

I have definitely decided to keep my resolve of last year never to say, “The old school is going to the dogs,” for although like some others I don’t like to feel that my place can easily be filled, I do realize that “The old order changeth ...”

I have heard that Milne is still progressing, which is quite naturally to be expected. That she possesses capable leaders, I am sure. It is pleasing to know that the excursion is to be resumed this year, and that all the old institutions are continuing as strongly as ever.

By the way, let me repeat that time-worn advice in regard to studies. Get your work as you go along, and you’ll find the future less fraught with peril.

I shall now discourse about myself, which seems to be the privilege of alumni. Burgess Garrison, ’30, is president of this fraternity. Bill McCord and Paul Belk, ’31, are also members. In the freshman class are Paul Jaquet, “Herb” Wilson, and Bill Seifert, whom many of you know. A freshman’s life, especially in a fraternity, is considered by me, at least, the most difficult of the four years. Between accustoming myself to a new and much more difficult system of acquiring knowledge, and serving as general utility man around the house, I don’t have a great deal of leisure time. Nor are the marks the professors choose to give exactly complimentary. When I learn that I’ve passed an exam (I actually do pass one occasionally), I don’t mourn over a low grade.

This should give Henry about enough copy, so, what is it they sincerely say?

Best of luck,

FENTON GAGE, ’33

Frances Bates, ’33, is attending Vassar College.

Marjorie Hamblin, ’33, is learning how to teach the kindergarten at Miss Wheelo’s in Boston.

Ruth Lee, ’33, last year’s most versatile athlete in girls’ sports, is now engaged to be married.

Edmund Case, ’33, is attending Colgate University.

Bob Harding, ’32, is a sophomore at Brown University this year.

Among our neighbors at State, who will someday probably be teaching in their former alma mater, are: Betty Bauer, Marion Shultes and James Roosa, ’33; Jayne Buckley and Betty Griffin ’32; and Ruth Reiner, ’31.

Jane McConnell, ’30, is teaching French to our studious (?) pupils.

Alma Terrill, ’32, is learning to work in the Albany Business College.
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council marches forward with Mihie! Our President, Thomas Watkins, has successfully led the Council through the greater part of the first semester, while that body completed the budget earlier than at any time during the past few years.

Our annual joint reception was granted to the students mainly through the action taken by the Council in asking the faculty to reconsider their decision in eliminating that age-old tradition of Milne. The Council also gave its support to the Hi-Y—G.A.C. Thanksgiving dance.

Robert Stutz was elected Vice President, Edwin Blocksdige, Treasurer, and Margaret Gill, Secretary at the very first meeting of the year.

M. B. G.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Junior High School Student Council has gone through the regular procedure of taking charge of the Information Desk, the Lost and Found Department, and chartering clubs. There are a few standing committees, including the Assembly Committee with Frances Bremer as chairman, the Bulletin Board Committee with Carolyn Hausmann as chairman, the Lost and Found Committee, and the Information Desk Committee headed by Betty Rudemann. Neil McCoy also is chairman of the Social Committee.

Foster Sipperly has fulfilled the duties of president, Jack Beagle of the vice president, and William Hotaling of secretary.

W. H.

Howie—Here comes my friend Paul. He's a human dynamo.
Dude—A human dynamo?
Howie—Yes, everything he has on is charged.
Welcome to another year! Another year and another chance at “Slinging the Dirt.”

Let us begin favorably by commenting favorably, so that the disagreeable criticism which may follow will be relieved of some of its causticity; even so, we hope that the effect will prove just as pronounced.

“The Red and Black”—Friend’s Academy—Your commencement issue was very well written. One very special comment is that you write the life pedigree of those who are “taking that last step” very well. This is an excellent idea for other editors. The attempts at poetry are fair enough. Your Exchanges are helpful, but, alas, I think we Dirt Slingers are the only humans who read the column any how. Why don’t you try writing the column a little differently—more originality is needed.

“Dandy Lions”—Vincentian Institute—If your paper were arranged into a magazine form it would be sans doute très bon. I put your Foreign pages on the top. Think of it—a German, French, Latin, Spanish, and Italian page included with news, stories, humor, a sort of a funny paper, and a crossword puzzle! But where are the Exchanges? Why not include an Exchange page?

I picked up a “Cue” from the Albany Academy—This editor has always been an admirer of the “Cue” but what has happened to it? Where is the verve, the originality, the outstanding talent of Yesteryear? Maybe the author of “A Question of Fan Dancers” isn’t fully aware of his bad taste in picking such a subject. You write that it has no right to be mentioned in a school magazine—then, sir, why did you dwell on it? Your lower form writers excell those who have finally reached the 5th and 6th form (excluding the Skipper). The poetry of Arthur Were deserves mention. It seems to be the only sign that “The Cue” can really come through with an excellent publication. The poem “Rapture à La Mode” is especially well written:

Ah Gloria!
How glorious thou art
Tonight!
Your golden tresses rippling at my fainting caress,
Remind me of the sea, by rays of golden sunset lit,
Your molten eyes of brown
Are deep pools of swimming precious stones,
Deep, yea deeper, than the very utmost depths.

A chill wind, icy fingered, engulfs us,
You snuggle close to me, asking
My protection.
I give it and the blood runs faster
In my veins.
Gloria—What
Is the matter?
What are you looking at?
Gloria!
Stop barking at that gentleman! ! ! !

Other Exchanges which Ye Editor has received, but concerning which has reserved an opinion until a later date are:

"Panorama"—Binghamton High School.
"The Hermonite"—Mt. Hermon School.
"Hoot Owl"—Coxsackie High School.
"The Record"—Mamaroneck High School.
"Sir Bill's Bugle"—Johnstown High School.
"Nott Terrace Tribune"—Nott Terrace High School.
"The Lamp"—Cobleskill High School.
"Homer News"—Homer Academy.
"Stratford Bugle"—Stratford High School.
"The Ulsterette"—Saugerties High School.
"The Volcano"—Cornell Junior-Senior High School.
"Murmurs"—Narrowsburg High School.

Well, Fellow Exchangers, the time has come to push the dirt in the dustpan, and wish you all a merry Christmas and a "write" good new year.

SYLVIA KLARSFELD,
Exchange Editor

MY TREES

Sometimes trees are soldiers with large brown trousers and short green jackets. In autumn they look as if they were on parade with yellow and red jackets. Some trees remind me of ghosts when I look at them at night with the moonlight shining down upon them. They look a little bit spooky. Some trees look like stately ladies with brown skirts and yellow and red blouses.

Peggy Norton, Grade 7
BASKETBALL

Coach Rutherford Baker called for basketball candidates to turn out for the first practice in the Page Hall gymnasium on Tuesday, September 31. Among the embryo players were Blatner, Watkins, Witte, Stutz, Blockside and Keim of last year's squad. Other young hopefuls included Manton, Norwell, Friehofer, McHarg, Simmons, Thompson, Dearstyne, Smith, Rosenstein, Cornell, Carvill and Collins.

George W. Cole, '34, manager of the team has been corresponding with various Capital District school teams and has arranged the following schedule to date:

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<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
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<td>Dec. 8</td>
<td>Delmar</td>
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<td>Jan. 12</td>
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<td>Mar. 10</td>
<td>State Freshmen</td>
<td>Home</td>
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Negotiations are still being made with Draper and Mechanicville High School. Coach Baker is being assisted this year by Roger Bancroft and Ozzie Brooks, both State College seniors. William Blatner, P.G., was elected last year to fill the position of captain.

Rita Hyland, '34, captain of the cheering squad, has chosen Olive Vroman, Betty Boyd, William Norton and Walter Bates to serve under her in leading cheers at games.

A fine season has been predicted for this year's team. Let's have support from the student body!

G. W. C., '34

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Athletic Council once again has resumed its duties at the head of the boys' athletic program. All matters concerning boys' athletics must be brought before the council to be discussed. With this procedure, all money appropriated by the budget for boys' athletics must pass into the hands of the council and then to the various activities.

Because of the change in the system of rating the students scolastically, it was necessary for the council to elect four new members, two sophomores, one junior, and one senior. The new members are: Fred Dearstyne, senior; Duntan Tynan, junior; and Douglas McHarg and Ralph Norvell, sophomores.

The old members include Thomas Watkins, Osmond Smith, Richard Thompson, Burgess de Heus, Arnold Davis, Robert Stutz, Duncan Cornell, Richard Masterson and Edwin Blockside.

R. L. S.
QUINTILLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Quintillian Literary Society has entered into another successful year at Milne under the capable guidance of Betty Pitts. The Rush Party was held October 27th with great success, and the society is looking forward to the installation of new members in January.

The present officers of Quin are:

Betty Pitts ........................................ President
Florence Bayreuther .......................... Vice President
Jeanne Lerner .................................. Recording Secretary
Marjorie Mabel ................................. Corresponding Secretary
Christine Ades .................................. Treasurer
Margaret Gill .................................... Mistress of Ceremonies
Helen Papen ...................................... Critic
Sarah Kessler .................................... Marshall

M. D. M.

ADELPHOI LITERARY SOCIETY

Adelphoi started the school term this year under the leadership of its new officers, namely:

Thomas Watkins ................................. President
Robert Stutz ...................................... Vice President
Robert Canfield ................................ Secretary
Arnold Davis ................................... Treasurer
Duncan Cornell ................................. Master of Ceremonies
Fred Dearstyne ................................. Sergeant-at-Arms
Richard Masterson .......................... Business Manager

Already the society has announced the names of those who will be admitted into its folds. They are: Edwin Blocksidge, Edwin Freihofer, Erwin Stephenson, Richard Thompson, Donald Glenn, Burgess de Heus and George Perkins. Programs such as banquets, dances and initiations have been discussed.

R. C.
ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Zeta Sigma’s rush party was very successful and the girls hope to add a large number of new members to the membership. They are looking forward to a year of fun and accomplishment.

The officers who have led Sigma through such a fine first semester are as follows:

Rita Hyland ..................President
Virginia Hall ................Vice President
Carolyn Mattice ..............Secretary
Dorothy Clarke ................Treasurer
Dorothea Martineau ..........Mistress of Ceremonies
Florence Brenenstuhl .......Critic
Bernice Conklin ..............Senior Editor

C. M.

“LES BABILLARDS”

“Les Babillards,” the French Honor Society in Milne, has been very successful this semester under the guidance of Henry Barnet. Although we lost many of our fine members at graduation, we have gained many new ones. The society brought its membership up to quota immediately at the beginning of the year.

Anne Tolman, aided by a capable committee, has arranged for the programs which are presented regularly. It was decided to sing “Le Marseillaise” at every meeting, while current news of France, French poems, and a speaker usually make up the program.

The officers who have led the society thus far are:

Henry B. Barnet, Jr ................President
Christine Ades ..................Vice President
Margaret B. Gill ................Secretary
Jeanne Lerner .................Treasurer
Anne Tolman ..............Chairman, Program Committee

M. B. G.
Marge—Does your watch tell time?
Fran—No, you have to look at it.

Husband—I’ve got to get rid of my chauffeur; he’s nearly killed me four times.
Wife—Oh, give him another chance.
Mrs. Snowden—What are you doing with that red lantern?
Kenneth—I just found it. Some foolish person left it beside a hole in the road.

First Scotchman—Why did you send the bill for your wife's tonsil operation to her father?
Second ditto—Because the doctor said that she should have had them out in her childhood.

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<td>REACH, WRIGHT &amp; DITSON SPORTING GOODS</td>
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Willis—This liniment makes my arm smart.
Chris—Why not rub some on your head?

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Betty—There’s a town in New England named after you
Tom—What is it?
Betty—Marblehead, my boy, Marblehead.
Chem. Teacher— I am about to perform a very interesting chemical experiment. Should I do anything wrong, the whole class, including myself, might be blown through the roof. Kindly step nearer, so that you can follow me better.

Vroman—Dick, what’s that brown speck on your neck?
Dick—Oh, that’s a freckle.
Vro—Well, your freckle is walking.

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Marge—Daddy, last night I dreamed that you bought me a whole new spring outfit.
Mr. Mabel—Well, dream hard again tonight, Marge, and try to find out who is going to pay for it.

Terrill—I'm sorry you think that I'm conceited.
Lois—Well, no, I wouldn't say that! but I think you suffer a little from “I” strain.

Mr. Moose—How dare you swear before me?
Blocksidge—How did I know you wanted to swear first.

Senior—Did you ever take chloroform?
Frosh—No, who teaches it?

Miss Conklin—“I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go quietly so as not to wake the other classes.”