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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXVII AUTUMN, 1930 Number I

CONTENTS

Editorial ................................................................. 3
Edna Ferber by Dorothy Simon ................................. 4
The Dawn Patrol by Byron Snowden ....................... 5
Street Light by Lorna Drowne ............................... 5
Two Yesterdays by Betty Chapman ......................... 6
Junior High Section ................................................ 7
To the New Students by Dorothy Ann Duffey .............. 7
October's Pleasures by Virginia Duffie ................... 7
Autumn by Virginia Sanders ................................. 7
Miss Mouse Grudal by Jerry Peterson ...................... 8
School Notes .......................................................... 9
Alumni Notes ......................................................... 11
Exchanges ............................................................. 13
Athletics ............................................................... 14
Humor ................................................................. 15
Published Four Times a Year by the Students of the Milne High School of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
One year (4 numbers) payable in advance.......................... $1.00

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TRY AGAIN!

While all minds are turned toward political affairs of state, we Milnites form school platforms of our own. One stand represents scholastic principles, the other athletics, and the third party maintains scholarship and sport. Each one of us, as we enter upon our high school career, must at some time or other choose the party of which we wish to become a member and the one for which we are best suited. In this way everyone is given equal opportunity to make the most of himself in his particular party.

In campaigns for leadership each person must work individually. In such circumstance concentration of political viewpoints together with the task of applying oneself to them and self-confidence rate highly. Above all, good sportsmanship is most essential in succeeding in any path of life. Some roads we follow may bear hardship and struggle, but these are the ones which we should meet wholeheartedly and with courage. Fellows (and girls too) are very much discouraged when they are found ineligible for school activities upon which they have "set their hearts." It is only natural to feel hurt, yet this fact is more natural—everyone cannot play the game the same way. No one need give up hope just because he is not in the limelight. Through biographies we learn that many eminent persons have had a hard struggle to gain success. When they do obtain their laurels, they appreciate them with the utmost satisfaction. So we too will be more content when we ultimately gain a good reputation in our school political party.

Until we can make our comrades proud of us as leaders, we can fully satisfy them by our duty to our party in aiding as plain "workers." It takes just as much brain power (sometimes more) to be a good booster. Until we reach the top that ever seems unattainable, let's be good sports in playing the game with others who are, in reality, in the same predicament, for progress is always required.

So just remember. "If once you don't succeed, try, try again!"

R. R.
Let us stop to consider our present day eminent authors. Sherwood Anderson, Michael Arlen, Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber are some of those who come into our minds as members of that talented group. Only Edna Ferber, however, do we immediately connect with the crowd. She alone can deal expertly with stories of the mass. “Why is it?” we ask. “Because she is one of the mob herself,” is the answer.

During the late eighties of the nineteenth century, Edna Ferber was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of Jewish parents. Her father was a Hungarian, and her mother was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At seventeen, Miss Ferber graduated from Ryan High school in Appleton. She wrote an essay on the life of the women in a local mill at this time, which obtained for her a position on the local newspaper. Her success with the newspaper is proven by her popularity today. This training was valuable to her during later years. While a reporter, she wrote “Dawn O’Hara.” It sold well. Then and there began her literary career. The public liked her, for in her stories, she sympathized with them. Her writings were of a new and novel sort. Never before had authors seen so much romance in the middle class.

“So Big,” according to Miss Ferber was doomed for failure. On the contrary it proved to be a “best seller” much to her surprise. Work, work, work was Miss Ferber’s motto for this book especially. The story tells of a middle-aged woman in a calico dress, with sparkling brown eyes who spent her life on a trucking farm. In this story we see the reason for Miss Ferber’s success. She portrays her characters vividly and realistically. All their actions are human and natural.

We laugh with them, we cry with them, and above all we sympathize with them. Her stories touch us for she writes of the same people we know. Now there is an added depth and richness in her writings. With all these good qualities Edna Ferber still admits that her work is laborious and slow.

It is no wonder that Edna Ferber has such an arresting personality. In speech, in manner, in appearance she stands out clear against the mass. Big work does not come of little people. Edna Ferber is a big person—not in stature—in mind, in heart, in soul, and in vision. She will keep on growing because she is able to see so far ahead. Her vision is so big.

DOROTHY SIMON, ’31
THE DAWN PATROL

The Dawn Patrol, stood upon the line,
As the captain looked from time to time,
First at his watch and then at the sky,
Waiting patiently for the time to fly.

The motors, bursted into a roar,
And all about them dust would soar,
The first one off, was the captain brave,
Then came six young lads, their country they’d save.

Off into the morning sky of blue,
The seven planes flew and flew,
To look for the enemies of their native country
And to add more planes to their fast growing bounty.

And those who upon the field did stay,
Prayed they'd come back again that day,
Then, off in the distance, a motor was heard,
Followed by another and then by a third.

Out of the morning sky with a roar,
The three planes to a landing soared,
The usual report by the captain was read,
Four of the Dawn Patrol's pilots, were dead.

And so it was that morn after morn
The Dawn Patrol, which all pilots scorned,
The seven planes which would fly away,
Would sometimes come back, and sometimes stay.

BYRON SNOWDEN

STREET LIGHT

It seemed to stand there in that sinister, evil street and shed the only ray of light that should penetrate the sulky blackness. Its feeble and nearly powerless glow blinked continually like a very knowing and wise old owl who is used to nocturnal adventure. It was ghastly uncanny! Why, that street light seemed to be a part of the nefarious crimes which you were sure took place there. . . .

A shot! The sound of running feet! Shrinks . . . groans . . . silence. The man clutched at his heart from whence flowed a steady stream of blood and staggered against the nearest support, the base of a dingy street lamp. They found him there later, crumpled in a heap, a bullet in his heart.
The papers carried stories for months concerning the murder of Robert Stillross, millionaire sportsman. His stricken family employed the services of the greatest detectives, but years went by, and the mystery was unsolved.

There is but one who knows the secret, but how can it speak? It still blinks knowingly and silently in that evil street.

LORNA DROWNE, '31

TWO YESTERDAYS

I

Darkness—
Stealing over me
As I walk homeward.
Shrill notes of factory whistles
Announce the closing of another day.
Wistful newsboys
Shove papers into my hand,
Restlessly, I push them away,
Rain starts falling, but
I do not notice its powers.
My mind is far away
From commonplace things.
Familiar trees come into sight
And I am nearing home.
I must think of things to say
To brighten family talk—
But my heart is still outside
Walking in the shadows.

II

Crowds—
Surging, pushing, gory crowds,
Children, pushed by unseen hands
Grope ways through passages of human steel
The maddening rat-tat of a riveter
Is similar to the hearts of those in mobs,
Whose only thought is to push ways
To the top—into the skies
So that they may catch a glimpse
Of sudden nerves.
Their hearts rejoice not
This Nero's welcoming.
Suddenly, I realize that mobs—
God forbid—are heartless!

BETTY CHAPMAN
Junior High Section

TO THE NEW STUDENTS

When I was asked in the eating nook
To write something for this little book
I thought of stories and jokes and songs
But something kept saying, you're wrong, you're wrong.

This is the first issue of this year we know
So to all the new students we should say "hello"
We hope that your years through Milne are gay,
That you may enjoy both work and play.

We hope that you'll love her as all of us do,
That you'll come to the games and support her teams, too.
We give you our friendship in making this wish,
And may you sail through Milne like the proudest of ships.

DOROTHY ANN DUFFEY, 9th Grade, 224

OCTOBER'S PLEASURES

I like to sit on an autumn day,
Among the trees, and watch them sway,
Sway in the breezes from over the lake,
Which come each fall the leaves to take.

I like to hear the pine needles fall,
And watch the birds and hear them call,
To see the chipmunks gathering nuts,
And store them away near the hermit's hut.

I like to watch the setting sun,
And watch the forest animals run;
When I approach or get too near,
They always show a sign of fear.

VIRGINIA DUFFIE, 9th Grade

AUTUMN

Gone will be the flowers
Snow soon takes their places,
Giving to the children
Rosy, healthy faces.

VIRGINIA SANDERS
MISS MOUSE GRUDAL

My name is Miss Mouse Grudal. I live between the walls of two bedrooms. The entrance to my house is a small hole in the back of a closet. I am just as snug as anything. I moved into my house yesterday.

This morning I woke up bright and early so that I would have plenty of time to explore before the members of the household awoke. I especially wanted to see if a cat was in the same house that I was. Quickly I ran through all the rooms, and finding no one in them I became careless and walked slowly into the living room.

All of a sudden a cat pounced upon me and proceeded to devour me. I was surely sorry to leave the good old U. S. A. I knew that my soul would not be with Mr. Cat long for it would sprout wings and I would fly away to heaven. I was right.

Soon I started on this delightful journey. I traveled for miles and miles until I finally arrived at the “pearly gates.” Saint Peter welcomed me and said that he was glad to have my charming company. In I walked. I never was so surprised in all my life as when I saw all my old friends dancing around and playing on harps. The only trouble was that all the other mice angels had lost their tails. Behold! I looked back and saw that I had lost mine also. I was very much frightened. They then told me that you could not fly half as well with a tail hanging on so it fell off when you entered heaven. I saw plenty of mice whom I did not know, but we soon became acquainted. I found out that living in heaven is just as nice as living on earth, especially when you don’t have to watch out for cats.

JERRY PETERSON

SCHOOL NOTES

Now that we are again launched upon the uncertain tide of a new scholastic year, this department wishes to make an innovation. We shall publish any news tips submitted to us by Milnites with the reporter’s name, thus signifying his alertness and interest in the Crimson and White.

We find the Junior High faculty supplemented by Mr. Fredricks at the principal’s desk, Miss Bills for arithmetic, Miss Kelly for English, Miss Smith for Latin, and Miss Halter for history. Need we feel any uncertainty of Milne Junior High’s success?

For more news, we must give ourselves time.
At the last election the following members were chosen as officers for the year 1930-31:

President........................................ Lorna Drowne
Vice-President................................. Margaret Crouse
Secretary........................................ Ruth Milas
Treasurer.......................................... Ruth Reiner
Critic............................................ Thelma Finn
Mistress of Ceremonies...................... Lola Barbour
Senior Editor.................................... Ruth Nichols

This group of officers with the cooperation of the members has already sponsored a card party. Plans for the rush are being conducted by Lola Barbour. Sigma is looking forward to a very successful year although it will hardly be the same without the seniors of last year.

RUTH NICHOLS

The first regular meeting of the Quintilian Literary Society was held September 26. Plans were discussed concerning the rush and initiation of new members. Quin is looking forward to another successful year under the leadership of our new officers:

President........................................ E. G. Webb
Vice-President................................. J. Buckley
Recording Secretary........................... D. Boom
Corresponding Secretary..................... D. Clemons
Treasurer........................................ B. Chapman
Critic............................................ J. Bergman
Mistress of Ceremonies...................... A. Terrell
Marshall.......................................... S. Van Ostrand
Pianist........................................... H. Dorwaldt

Let's wish them lots of luck!

D. B.
At our annual banquet last June, the following officers were elected:

President ......................... William McCord
Vice-President ..................... George Rosbrook
Secretary ......................... Rodman Fasoldt
Treasurer ......................... Byron Snowden
Business Manager ................. Paul Beik
Master of Ceremonies ............. William Drake
Sergeant-at-Arms .................. Raymond Carvill

Our recent outing at Indian Ladder was very successful and we are looking forward to another in the near future.

The new year has started very successfully and we are looking forward to its continued success.

RODMAN FASOLDT
Secretary

Alumni Notes

New York State College for Teachers
Albany, New York

October 8, 1930

Hello! Healthy Milnites!

How do I know you're healthy? I wrote all about your thrills and heart-throbs, eyes, noses, ears, lungs and love affairs when Dr. Dorwaldt recently examined you. Yes, I was that studious (?) looking person who sat behind the desk and watched you try to jump ten times as high as the bench. (Was there an error in that sentence?)

Back in Milne, "Davies" and I felt like "pretty big shots," but here in the "Collitch of the Empire Stet" we are only a couple of pairs of black cotton stockings which hold doors open for dignified Sophs. It's great fun nevertheless, and we're going to like it. (If we stay long enough.) Come over and visit us sometime. Office hours: 8:00-5:00.

I wish you all great success in your studies, athletics and parties for this year, and I'll be seein' you.

Insignificantly yours

JANE MAC, '30
DEAR MILNITES:

Well, well—here I am writing a letter to my friends of Milne by means of the Alumni Department. It surely feels new and strange and seems more as though I should be reading an Alumni letter than writing one myself. I suppose though, that this privilege is a reward for the "old grad."

St. Lawrence, so far, is my idea of a perfect small college. It really has more pep and spirit than any two places I know of. The night before every game everyone assembles in the Field House with the band for a pep meeting. The team is the guest of honor and the school sings every song and cheers every cheer that we know. It certainly adds a great deal of morale to the University.

Before school opened this fall we had a Freshman Camp on the St. Lawrence river. This was to get acquainted with each other and the upper classmen. (They were very nice to us then.) Everyone had a great time, and I might add how seventeen of us got into a battle the last night of camp and were all thrown in the river as a little reminder to be good.

The week after school started was the "rushing week" of the fraternities. The upperclassmen were still as nice as they could be to us then. Pledging followed the next Sunday, and from then on, we have been leading true frosh lines, much different from the good old high school days. Hazing isn't half as bad as I had anticipated and everyone has a friendly word, frosh or not.

Any number of activities are available to occupy one's free time. Mine is taken up mostly with freshman football, which, I find, is vastly different from anything I have ever played before. Some of the fellows will recall the Milne team last fall. I offered this as my prep school experience that one is supposed to have to be eligible. The rest of my spare moments are taken up in trying to keep my flivver running.

The fraternity brothers make the pledges study every night from 7 until 10 so that little time is left for anything else.

I can't say much about the proms and dances yet because we haven't had any so far, but I'll bet they won't be any better than those we had in the Gym at Milne.

Goodbye now until Christmas when the basketball team of 1930 comes home to play the 1931 team.

Sincerely

HARRIMAN SHERMAN, '30
Mount Holyoke College  
South Hadley, Massachusetts  

October 6, 1930  

DEAR MILNITES:  

At last, the awful hand of fate has been turned back on me, and I must slave for hours with a pen, over a scrap of paper, laboriously composing a letter which no one will read anyway.  

First there is the old, old story: It seems so queer to be an alumna, actually away from Milne, and writing back to you; but, you see, it really does seem queer. I haven't yet become used to the idea that I am not a Milnite any longer. I thought that all alumnae were old and gray and said, "Now, listen my dear children." Strange to say, I don't feel that way at all.  

Perhaps some of you remember Alicia Andrews. She is an old Milnite, too. She is an exalted Senior now, and has had a great deal of success in every way. She lives in the same dormitory that I do.  

We have all kinds of fall sports: hockey, soccer, archery, volley ball, riding and tennis. I spend my gym periods dashing madly about after a little ball with a big stick, and my Saturday mornings either bouncing about on a horse or kicking at a ball that many other people seem to wish to kick, too. When they miss it, they usually revenge themselves on someone instead of the ball—real "sock-her."  

Incidentally, among all our sports, dances, spreads and wonderful times, we do have classes, and we do have assignments—but it really isn't as hard as people try to make you believe. It is rather discouraging at first, when everything is so new, and it all goes completely over your head, but then, a freshman isn't expected to know anything, anyway.  

We haven't had any hazing yet, but we have to do all sorts of little things, such as: taking the Seniors' laundry downstairs, and letting them walk in and out of the places first.  

I have been rambling on at a great rate, and haven't even told you how much I like Mount Holyoke, nor how much I really miss being back at Milne, but I suppose that you have guessed both of these things already, and you are right.  

Good luck to you all, from an old gray-haired, bowed-down alumna.  

DOT HOTALING, ’30  

The after-dinner speaker at the Adelphoi banquet droned on and on. One diner after another yawned and nodded. One finally rested his head on the table. Leaning over, the chairman tapped him on the head with his gavel. The delinquent raised his head a little.  

"Hit me again, harder," he said, "I can still hear him."
A new year has started, and with it, a new policy for this department. Until recently, the magazines and newspapers of other schools have been seen almost entirely by the "Crimson and White" board only. Now, there will be a special place in the library where they will always be available. Try to read them, if you can. They are most useful and interesting, and we are sure you will enjoy them.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

"The Triangle"—Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

We find your magazine abounding in literature and school events, but we would like to make one suggestion. Why not use more cuts? Surely, they would help greatly.

"The Cue"—Albany Boys' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

"The Cue" has done it again! When we say "done," we mean that it has put out another excellent publication. And, may the Exchange department compliment the rising author of "Christmas Night?"

"Bleatings"—St. Agnes, Albany, N. Y.

Your June number was most enjoyable. Your literary department was well balanced, and we thought "The Harp Through the Ages" a fine piece of work.

"The Academe"—Albany Girls' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

From a most attractive cover into an excellent interior, "The Academe" presented a very "well-made-up" Year Book. We found nothing lacking. What more can we say?

"Cincinnatus Echo"—Cincinnatus High School, Cincinnatus, N. Y.

Welcome, "Echo!" We were very happy to add your interesting school paper to our list of Exchanges. With such a recent beginning, we must say, that your staff has been a very thorough one.
MILNE BEGINS ANOTHER YEAR OF ATHLETICS

Another school year has begun at Milne, and also another year of sports. The first big extra-curriculum on our calendar is basketball. This, as you probably know is the major sport in Milne, and the team is expecting a great deal of support and cooperation from the student body. Even though a quintet of such a high calibre as last year’s isn’t expected to be obtained, school spirit always helps in gaining a victory. The cooperation offered last year was of a very high degree, but let us make this the banner year for Milne by coming out to all the games, and by giving your utmost loyalty to the team during these games. A greater part of the schedule this year will be played at home, and a high record of attendance should be very easily obtained. By reaching this standard you will be helping Milne, and the team that is giving its best for the school, to obtain the so-desired banner season.

Coach Rutherford Baker announced that the team would begin its regular practice sessions on Tuesday, October twenty-third. All the members of last year’s Junior Varsity team are back including Captain Rosebrook, varsity center of last year’s victorious combination. Rosbrook announced that practice would probably be held more often than usual this year because of the amount necessary for the making of a winning team. He also announced that strict training rules would have to be kept in order for a player to remain on the squad.

The schedule this year according to Manager Snowden will be composed mostly of games with Delmar, Mount Upton, Chatham, Troy Country Day, Canajoharie, and possibly the Academy.

Help the team to show these schools that Milne is a real High School, and that it is possible for her to have two banner seasons in succession, but the fact will have to be kept in mind that Garrison, Sherman, Wirshing and Sharpe, our last year’s stars will not be here to aid us in this campaign.

R. F .P.

A member of the fair sex while on her first air ride turned to the pilot and sweetly asked him if he couldn’t turn off the fan in front as it was cold in the plane.
Cruel practices: shooting craps, punching cattle, striking happy mediums, splitting infinitives, canning sardines, writing stuff like this for good people to read.

When an auto stops by the roadside in daytime, that’s trouble. When it stops after dark, that’s romance.

The young fellow who lost his bearings while out riding with his lady friend at least was original. Most fellows run out of gas.

Vacuum cleaners and carpet sweepers are all right, but some woman gets more dirt over the telephone.

A roller coaster is a good thing for halitosis—it takes your breath away.

Famous partnerships: Ebb and Flow, Gough and Jumpinlake, Stop and Think, A Fule and Hismunny, Sooch and Sooch, Downe and Outte, Black and Bleuw, Ruff and Reddy.

If you think you have had ups and downs in life, just think of your umbrella.

Fred Britting—Well, what did you do it in?
France DeTiere—Seventy-six.
Fred—Very good indeed.
Frances—Yes, and tomorrow I’m going to play the second hole.

“Gravitation,” explained the physics teacher, “is the attraction between two bodies. When you throw yourself from an altitude the earth rises to meet you. The same when you walk. When you raise one foot the earth rises to meet it.”

E. G. Webb—How can it, when you hold it down with the other foot?

Teacher—Do people eat whole meat?
Frosh—Yes mam, they do.
Teacher—What is done with the bones?
Frosh—They put them on the side of their plate.
THE

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D. Simon—Jules Verne.
M. Williams—How's that?
D. Simon—Twenty thousand leagues under the C.

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A. A. GEORGE GARAGE CORP.

1066 Madison Ave.

Phone 6-6551

Tomer—Hey! You bent my fender.
Nancy—Which fender?
Tomer—Why, the fender.

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Correct Attire for Gentlemen and Boys

49-51 State Street ALBANY, N. Y.
Physics Prof.—If you should drop a lead ball and a feather from the top of a building at the same time, which would hit the ground first?
Paul Beik—The lead ball.
Physics Prof.—Is there anything that would make both touch the ground at once?
Paul Beik—Tie the feather to the ball.

Teacher (reading poetry)—What is home without a mother?
Frosh—An incubator.

**Steefel Says:**

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**SMART TOGS FOR GIRLS, TOO**

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COACHES AND BUSSSES
FOR SPECIAL TRIPS
Special Rates to Schools and Churches
S. D. E. BUS LINE

Frank Hungerford
Phone Delmar 9-065

Rozzie—It’s all wrong about the Irish being good fighters.
Bill—Why so?
Rozzie—My brother and I and two other fellows licked one of them last night.

STATE COLLEGE
CAFETERIA

JUNIOR HIGH—11:00-11:30
STATE COLLEGE—11:30-12:30
MILNE HIGH—12:30-1:30

Snowden—I’ve invented a new device for looking through brick walls.
Towne—Yeah, what is it?
Snowden—A window.

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New Fall Outfit

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Rastus was hit by an auto. When they told him he could get damages from the insurance company, he said, "Good Lord! Ah don't want damages. Ah wants repairs!"

Paffy—How do you like my electric suit?
Bobby Hall—What's an electric suit?
Paffy—It's one you order by wire and have charged.

Success to
The
"CRIMSON AND WHITE"

---

Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Absent-Minded Professor—I want some powder.
Druggist—Some that goes off with a bang?
Absent-Minded Professor—It's for my sister. I think she wants the kind that goes on with a puff.

No Woman Too Stout

to be Stylish

HYMAN & HESS

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Bill—Yes sir, to stick an enemy so he will still be long enough for me to shoot him.

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Please mention "The Crimson and White"
Teacher—I suppose you are on the football team?
Towne—Well, yes, I do the aerial work.
Teacher—What's that?
Towne—I blow up the footballs.

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Towne—I blow up the footballs.

Teacher—I suppose you are on the football team?
Towne—Well, yes, I do the aerial work.
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Snowden—Where did you get that wire?
Towne—That ain’t wire. That’s yarn made of steel wool.

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Wife—In my opinion sheep have very little brains.
Hubby—Yes, my lamb.

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