To the men who make State what it is, we give this book in appreciation for the help they have given us.

1971 Pedagogic Board

What follows is an attempt, as distinctive, as sophisticated as could be made—a gesture toward fraternity and good will.
I,\ the new editor, have been working on the Pedagogue this week. I've been going through the idea of pleasing you...a theme...a passion...poems...stories...some...none of these could be the "hand"...the most significant quote from our Mater...carrying across to you our impressions of our school...at work...at play...at guidance...in honor...in public life...

I hope you like it.

Sincerely,
Rosemary Brucker
Gae Susnner
Betty Kennedy
William Brysky
WHEN a man can hear a thousand troubles and still have the time and clear insight to help with yet another; when he can listen without becoming bored and talk without becoming dull; when he can tell a joke with a perfect poker face; when he can remember names and the people they go with; when he can deal out justice and mediate between the state and the student impartially and without corruption; when he can convince even a sophomore it was wrong to cut eight-ten gym; when he can be chief bouncer and still keep the respect and admiration of those below him; and when he can retain his jovial sense of humor even when lecturing the whole student body; that man is indeed a friend.

And it is to this friend and his ever outstretched hand of welcome that we, the Pedagogue Board of 1941, wish to dedicate this book.
Mitts...dukes...paws...patties...hands are expressive!
They've always been a symbol of friendship...greeting...
pledge...brotherhood...love...in fact, every phase of society...
...Come on, you guys and you gals, join hands! You undergrads...get together! In work, play, and fellowship...you seniors...give 'em a hand in help and farewell.
MARUMPH! A growl, a snort—almost enough to scare a visitor in the airy office in Draper—until he surprises a twinkle under Mr. President's bushy eyebrows. Epitome of authority: State's Sayles.
DEAN DE LANEY: many-faceted personality
—interested in designing houses, collecting dolls.
Likes people, but wants to be alone at some time each day. State’s need called her from Blackburn, Illinois.
Mr. Bulger: the man every senior says hello to. He's really liked for himself, though. A white guy.

Dr. Frederick: tolerant, affable, has a solution for every problem that pops up in practice teaching.
Suave Dr. Donnal V. Smith, omnipotent head of the Social Studies Department, loves detail. Motherly task master, perfectionist, Mrs. Martha Egelston. Rakish blonde, vitalizes all, Dr. Robert Reinow, he of the dashing gray Homburg.

Dr. Minnie Scotland, efficient bacteriologist. Did you ever hear of the bug she discovered? Bow ties, shirt sleeves, geniality, characterize Dr. Power. He advocates ideas, not facts. Dr. Andrews—of the fascinating black moustache. Girls, look into the science dept.
Our own Mr. Jones—romping about Richardson in plaid suits and red neckties. Willing to tell all about "raising goats, dogs, rabbits, children and hell." Dr. Hastings, the scholarly type, that quiet chuckling sort of humor. His reading makes life in short story. Mr. Allard confesses a fascination for watching others work—and the "others" do include practice teachers in French. Mr. Densmore, risen from the ranks, State '38, God's gift to Milne English teachers, eligible bachelor, likes to supervise fudge-making. Mr. York likes mountain climbing and dancing, dislikes sourpuases and formalist methods. Functional education and intriguing recapitulation (testing, to you) spells Mr. Cooper.
It's the curves and angles that count!

DoBell and Birchenough add up to the fundamental identities of the math department. Calculus may be their meat, but they're good eggs. Remember those beautiful photos—Dr. DoBell's pride and joy? Birchy thinks life is the highest branch of mathematics. Herr Decker is the German department. He flavors his classes with the salty philosophy all his own. Little Miss Preston serves up large doses of French Lit. to a bunch of sleepy stooges—knows her stuff about Voltaire and the rest of those boys. Miss Cobb presides over that room above the Commons, the place you go the day before your term paper is due. "Please try to keep the library quiet so people can study. If you wish a conference, step outside." She can find material on any subject from Aaron to Zwingley.

Her kingdom inviolate—
Want to know anything about Commerce? Can you keep your figures straight? See Dr. Kinsella, second floor Milne. Notice how quickly Dr. Hicks’ classes fill up? The second half of the alphabet is just plain out of luck. But then, you’d expect the head of the Guidance department to be someone extra special. Dr. C. C. Smith uses his southern drawl and smiling eyes (quote a certain junior) for motivation. Do you blame him? Dr. Phillips whose first love is literature is known to all students of English. Her diminutive fur piece is a State tradition.
When coaches get together, what do they talk about? Certainly something is brewing—probably some new tactics. They surely wouldn’t be discussing gym cuts? Here are the boys behind the scenes. Pat and Jack—those fellows hustling around cleaning the Commons for a party, pushing the lawn mower in the spring, raking leaves in fall, shovelling snow in winter—it’s always something. Hunt and Cramer—keeping the boilers up, putting new bulbs in the activities office (they always seem to be missing). Mr. Cramer walking around under that inimitable cap, bringing the mail and what have you.
Hand

MASCULINE...
THE FRATERNITY YEAR IN REVIEW LOOKS LIKE THIS: Frosh camp, where each frat is allowed five men, but more go to look 'em over and develop lasting friendships—lasting until Thanksgiving. King Frosh is showered with smokers, dinner invitations, and parties, notable are SLS's firemen's ball, KB's old clothes parties, EEP's baby party and nite club, not to mention KDR’s boilermakers’ brawl and Indian Ladder picnic. Comes the day fatale, the pressure really begins; it's Monday and bids must be returned, the last minute rush, pardon the pun. Frosh wondering what the score is, and brethren just wondering—and worrying. It's all over and the Frosh is rudely jolted down to the lowly life of a pledge.

What a come-down! Interfraternity Ball, pledgeship, and Hell Week rapidly follow. State becomes Tuxedo Junction, with records, clothes backwards, making it a great world—for everyone except the Frosh. Get out the paddles, it's the big night. After it's all over, you're on the clean-up committee. Ya can't win! The year comes to an end with Interfraternity Banquet where all the fellows gather and get chummy—for one evening. But watch out for next fall.

Ain't it Hell!
MEMBERS OF INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

Brauner KB  Bodner KB, President  Germond ΣΛΣ
Chappell EEP  Hertel ΣΛΣ, Vice-President  Haller EEP
Clark ΚΔΡ  Merritt ΚΔΡ, Secretary  Hannon ΣΛΣ
Ellerin KB  Tibbets EEP, Treasurer  Kusak ΚΔΡ

These, then, are the men who represent the four fraternities of State College on Interfraternity Council.

Careful, we see a knife!

Brotherly love—
KAPPA DELTA RHO

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. Arthur K. Beik
Dr. Harry W. Hastings
Dr. Howard A. DoBell
Dr. Harlan Horner
Dr. David Hutchinson
Dr. John M. Sayles
Dr. Earl B. South
Mr. Edward L. Cooper

ALUMNI ON FACULTY

Mr. Wilfred P. Allard
Dr. Ralph A. Beaver
Mr. Paul Bulger
Mr. Warren I. Densmore
Dr. Milton G. Nelson

1941

John Bakay
William Brophy
Stephen Bull
Raymond Carroll
Ralph Clark

Dennis Dole
Vincent Gillen
Stephen Kusak
Roy McCreary
Herbert Oksala
Robert Stevens
### Kappa Delta Rho

#### Officers

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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Ralph Clark</td>
<td>Jack Smith</td>
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<td>Roy McCready</td>
<td>Bryant Taylor</td>
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<td>Robert Meek</td>
<td>Frank Vero</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Vincent Gillen</td>
<td>Warren Wagner</td>
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#### Members

- Howard Anderson
- Robert Bunn
- Robert Carr
- Leslie Graves
- David Hayeslip
- Edwin Holstein
- Kenneth Johnson
- Owen Bombard
- George Hudson
- Herbert Leneker
- Robert A. Leonard
- William Phipps
- Michael Perretta
EDWARD ELDRED POTTER CLUB

HONORARY MEMBERS
Dr. Robert Frederick
Mr. William G. Hardy
Dr. J. Allen Hicks
Dr. Clarence Hidley
Dr. Daniel W. Snader

Mr. Louis Jones
Dr. Donnal V. Smith
Dr. Harold W. Thompson
Mr. George M. York

OFFICERS
President  William Haller
Secretary  J. Regis Hammond
Treasurer  Glen Walrath

1941
John Alden
Ladislau Balog
Daniel Bucci
William Cameron
James Chappell
George Clark
Frederick Day
Douglas Dillenbeck
Harold Duffy
Leslie Gerdts
Nicholas Giacomin

Paul Grattan
William Haller
Cyril Kilb
Jack Mesek
Robert Mesek
John Murray
Louis Pasquini

James Quinn
Brooks Roberts
Gerald Saddlemire
Helmuth Schoen
Stanley Smith
James Snover
Merrill Walrath
EDWARD ELDRED POTTER CLUB

1942

Edward Burke
William Dickson
William Dorrance
Donald Green

Leo Griffin
Ira Hirsh
Francis Hoff
Robert Leifels
William Matthews
Nicholas Morsillo
Robert Seifert
R. Clay Sprowls
J. Ralph Tibbetts
John Vavasour
Glen Walrath
Stan Woodin

1943

Robert Bartman
John Bradt
Herbert Brock
Robert Cooke
Harley Dingman
Van Ellis
Thomas Feeney

J. Regis Hammond
Franklin Hansen
Frank Learnan
Howard Lynch
Peter Marchetta
Werner Muller

Albert Oetken
James Portley
Edward Reed
Robert Rich
Harold Singer
Rolf Toepfer
Winfield Tyler
KAPPA BETA

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. RALPH G. CLAUSEN      DR. EARL J. DORWALDT
DR. CARLETON E. POWER      MR. G. ELLIOT HATFIELD

DR. WATT STEWART

OFFICERS

President . . . . . . . GADLIN BODNER
Vice-President . . . . ALFRED STILLER
Recording Secretary . . . . . LEO FLAX
Corresponding Secretary . . . JOSEPH LEVIN
Treasurer . . . . . . . . . LOUIS GREENSPAN

1941

NORMAN BALDWIN
GADLIN BODNER
ARNOLD ELLERIN
LOUIS GREENSPAN
HERMAN KLEINE
DAVID KOTLER

HYMAN MELTZ
DAVID MINSBURG
GEORGE PEARSON
DANIEL PRESTON
ABRAHAM SAVITZKY
JOSEPH SCHWARTZ

JACK SHAPIRO
KAPPA BETA

1942

Bernard Arbit
Henry Brauner
Edward Colmar
Ainard Gelbond
Harry Passow

Bernard Perlman
Baird Poskanzer
Alfred Stiller
Norbert Wiseman
Allan Woodell

1943

David Bitman
Harold Feigenbaum
Arthur Flax
Leo Flax

Ira Freedman
Morris Gerber
Solomon Greenberg
Harry Kinsky

Joseph Levin
SIGMA LAMBDA SIGMA

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. C. L. Andrews        Dr. Robert Reinow
Dr. T. F. H. Candlyn     Dr. Henry Sisk
Dr. William Kennedy      Mr. C. J. Terrill
Mr. Kenneth Parks        Mr. Adam Walker

OFFICERS

President          . . . . Dennis Hannan
Vice-President     . . . . Del Mancuso
Recording Secretary. . . Andrew Takas
Corresponding Secretary . . George Kunz
Treasurer           . . . . Robert Agne

Robert Agne
Eugene Agnello
Ernest Case
Francis Cassidy
Glen Clark
Lloyd Clum
John Gardephe
Stephen Godfrey
Dennis Hannan

1941

Robert Hertel
James Maloney
Del Mancuso
Howard Merriam
Robert Patton
Anthony Sardisco
William Sewell
Wilford Thomas
William Weyant

Joseph Withey
SIGMA LAMBDA SIGMA

1942
IRVING BLISS
THORPE DEV VOID
PETER FULVIO
THOMAS GEORGE
HENRY GERMOND

EDGAR TOMPKINS

1943
CORMAC CAPPON
JOHN DENIKE
WALTER GRZYWACZ
EUGENE GUARINO
GORDON HASTINGS
GEORGE JACOBS
THADDEUS KOSINSKY

GEORGE KUNZ
ROBERT LAURER
THOMAS O'CONNOR
CLIFFORD SWANSON
ANDREW TAKAS
CHARLES TRIMM
DONALD VANAS

LUKE ZILLES
COLLEGE HOUSE
GRADUATE STUDENTS

Max Sykes

Charles Quinn
Robert Hertel

1941

John Walden
Lyle Lawton

George Noonan
Denis Dole

1942

Thomas Augustine
Vincent Miller
Felix Kaufman
Francis Carney

Howard Anderson
Louis Neubauer
Kenneth Johnson
Leslie Graves

Benson Tybering
COLLEGE HOUSE

OFFICERS

Manager . . . . . Charles Quinn
President . . . . . Thomas Augustine
Vice-President . . . . Leslie Graves
Secretary . . . . . Byron Benton
Sergeant-at-Arms . . . . Clifford Swanson

1943
Cormac Cappon
Donald Vanas
Ira Freedman
Richard Hisgen

1944
Henry Wise
Henry Rubach
Paul Ferencik
Clarence Oarr
Raymond Welch
Stanley Leven

Clifford Swanson
Byron Benton
Paul Skerritt
Robert Evens

Irving Fudeman
William Forrest
Russell Blythe
John Vose
Roderick Fraser
William Mott
Hands

FEMININE...
"A. R. H.—A. R. H.—We love to dwell in this fair place." Every spring the cry goes up from the sorority houses, "What has the dorm got that we haven’t?" We’re not here to argue that point, but to present a cross-section of life at 221 Ontario Street, where 167 women make a focal point of interest at State. You really should hear, first-hand, the little gems that president Bea Dower, remember her, scatters at house meetings. And hear in the little interval of silence just before dinner, the clear voice of vice-president Kay Peterson as she pitches grace; the brief swell of song—then the scrape of 160 chairs, the burst of chatter. "What’s dessert?"—quite an experience, as the occasional masculine visitors can testify. Not that masculine visitors are occasional at the dorm!
The guests stare open-mouthed at the gyrations in the Ingle after the meal. From the hilarious marching and polkas done to "Macnamara's Band" all the way to the sweet "Song of Old Hawaii" is a big jump, but ARH-ites take it in their stride, just as they do the uproarious Hallo-we'en party, decorous Wednesday guest nights and the gracious formal dinner for the faculty. Yes, dorm women may be a lot of Friday afternoon tea-drinkers, but they don’t miss much—current problems, concerts, knitting for Britain; speculation about the huge hole—the new men’s dorm, "A. R. H. No. 2" until it gets a better name; dating, stooging. Theirs are the activities of normal heathy coeds.
Besides being home sweet home, A. R. H. is the center of the Alums' interest. After all it was built by the funds the old grads dug deep to contribute. If you want to see what you'll look like after ten, twenty, or thirty years of teaching, come around to one of their luncheons where they all hash over the old days when there weren't any hours to complicate life.

Guiding a quarter of the women of State through the devious intricacies of college life (They say she smells everyone's breath after a formal) is no easy task for Miss Harriet Howard, tiny, brunette social director. Just as important, and more so to most of us, is Miss Grace Williams to whom is entrusted the all-important job of menu-planning.
Now for a brief resume of Main Hall and the "out-houses"—each floor and cottage has a character of its own. Third floor of Main, for example, is celebrated for its lively occupants. Second floor is more subdued, rather social, definitely intellectual. Decorum reigns on quiet first floor—maybe it’s the result of overhearing too many "good-nights" on the front porch. Pierce Hall, where beloved "Dean Annie" presides is also a model of dignity. Western, largest of the cottages, is traditionally a freshman stronghold, while South is musical, has a lot of good sports. North, home of Myskania’s Beers, upholds its reputation for riotous fun and terrible jokes. All told, life in A. R. H. means happy memories for years to come.
Life at Newman is one bell after another. Alarm bell—that means blueberry muffins by Mrs. Lill. Telephone! Maybe it’s a date? Will it be Siena, R. P. I., or State? But it’s only a stooge who wants my notes. Bells for class, we all have ’em. The postman always rings twice, with lots of ads. Sac-ring bell means mass or benediction. There goes the dinner bell. Millie’s bell (fork on water glass) calls house meeting to order. Doorbell stands for a party and the belle of the ball. Miss Annabelle, the perfect chaperone. Comes the final bell, house clock chime. And so to bed with a party post mortem while you wind the alarm bell for another day.
The two sides of life at Newman are symbolized by the chapel and the "rec." The chapel—beautiful little spot of peace amid the hurly burly of college life. Means so much to the girls to have one tranquil place where they can go to be alone to think—as Dean De Laney advocates. And the "rec" where you can dive right into the whirlpool of dates and darts and flying ping-pong balls. What more could anyone ask? The Newman gals seem to have everything. Right?
S. C. T. may not have a Home Ec. department but for all those who want to become mistresses of the way to a man’s heart, we heartily suggest moving to Fenny Coo—short for James Fenimore Cooper House. Too many cooks certainly do not spoil the broth. "Cooperation" is the password over there. A finer group of girls can’t be found on the campus. S. C. A.’s red-headed sweetheart, Alice Packer, holds forth, Chi Sig’s pretty sparkplug, Jenny Ryerson, and the blond freshman, Lively, who broke down a certain "Dutch" man’s "no-woman-can-get-me" reserve the first part of the year. Hospitality is the "Coop’s" strong point, dancing classes every Friday, graduate English seminars, and banquets.
"No man's land"—that's Intersorority Council. The presidents of each house on the campus meet and smooth out the sororal wrinkles, keeping everybody on an equal and amicable footing. This year Council may be credited with exciting and successful changes in rush rules. Opening the sorority houses for freshmen took a lot of planning. After all, there were only two hours to meet and duly impress the Desired Ones. Then with all the suspense of rushing and pledging over, the freshmen were gently but firmly replaced in the category of lowly neophytes. A new move this year, each sorority sent its juniors to meetings. Experience and efficiency plus should be the keynotes of the succeeding Councils—long may they rule!
KAPPA DELTA

HONORARY MEMBERS

Professor and Mrs. G. York       Dr. and Mrs. H. DoBell
Mr. and Mrs. W. Hardy            Dr. and Mrs. C. Hale
Dr. and Mrs. H. Hastings         Dr. and Mrs. C. Power

Miss Mary Cobb

1941

Louisa Chapman                  Grace Moon
Barbara Ferree                   Dorothy Peak
Dorothy Johnson                  Lona Powell
Frances Hoffman                  Anne Rattray
Carol Kniffen                    Louise Snell
Mary Grace Leggett               Shirley Tooker
Mary Miller                      Shirley Van Valkenburgh
### Kappa Delta

#### Officers

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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Barbara Ferbee</td>
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<td>Margaret Ledbetter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Recording Secretary</td>
<td>Anita Holm</td>
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<td>June Haushalter</td>
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#### 1942

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<td>Armede Black</td>
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<td>Betty Cummings</td>
<td>Katherine Peterson</td>
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<td>Frances Shapley</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Simmons</td>
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<td>Mary Klein</td>
<td>Jane Wilson</td>
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#### Kay Wilson

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<td>Emily Blasiar</td>
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<td>Jane Curtis</td>
<td>Elizabeth Marston</td>
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<td>Mildred Mattice</td>
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<td>Muriel Scovell</td>
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#### 1943

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<td>Betty Taylor</td>
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**PSI GAMMA**

**HONORARY MEMBERS**

DEAN AND MRS. M. NELSON  
Mr. AND. MRS. E. COOPER  
MR. AND MRS. L. JONES  
Dr. CAROLINE CROASDALE  
Mr. AND MRS. W. DECKER  
Miss Marian CHEESEBOROUGH  
Miss HELEN PHILLIPS  
Miss Margaret Hayes

Miss Minnie Scotland  
Mr. AND Mrs. Chester Terrill  
Mr. AND Mrs. H. Terwilliger  
Miss Elizabeth VanDeNBurgh  
Mr. AND Mrs. Adam Walker  
Mrs. Bertha Brimmer  
Miss Caroline LESTER

**1941**

LYDIA BOND  
MICHELENE DRAPER  
JEANETTE EVANS  
LAURA FROST  
ALMA KNOWLES  
VIVIAN LIVINGSTON  
VIRGINIA McDERMOTT  
MARY SHARPLES
### PSI GAMMA OFFICERS

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<td>Glenace Matthews</td>
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<td>Laura Frost</td>
<td>June Melville</td>
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<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Virginia McDermott</td>
<td>Shirley Ott</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Jeanette Evans</td>
<td>Ruth Patterson</td>
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1942:
- Cornelia Carey
- Helen Caswell
- Marie Cramer
- Marjorie Gaylord
- Geraldine Grinter
- Madge Grunwald

1943:
- Jane Williams
- Mary Irving
- Janet Kraatz
- Dorothy Newkirk
- Katherine Richards
- Lauretta Servatius
- Betty Wessels
- Marie Bailie
- Elizabeth Barden
- Carolyn Burrows
- Dorothea Fisher
- Dorothy Geertson
- Patricia Gibson
- Winifred Jones

1942:
- Lydia Bond
- Laura Frost
- Virginia McDermott
- Jeanette Evans

1943:
- Glenace Matthews
- June Melville
- Shirley Ott
- Ruth Patterson
- June Semple
- Mildred Studley
- Una Underwood

Clarice Weeks
CHI SIGMA THETA

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. Wilfred P. Allard  Miss Marion Clancy  Miss Nancy Conklin  Mr. Warren Densmore  Miss Catherine Wheeling

Mr. and Mrs. C. Deyo  Miss Agnes Futterer  Miss Catherine Peltz  Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Taylor  Miss Edith Wallace

Rosemary Brucker  Beth Donahue  Beatrice Dower  Mildred Foley  Marilyn Groff  Jane Hanford  Katherine Hoch  Betty Kennedy  Marie Lalonde  Helen Leary  Rosemary McCarthy  Ann McGuinness  Enes Novelli  Catherine O'Bryan  Irene Pogor  Frances Riani
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<td>Marion Adams</td>
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<td>Patricia Berry</td>
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<td>Dorothy Cox</td>
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<td>Lenora Davis</td>
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<td>Ruth Dee</td>
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<td>Shirley Wurz</td>
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ALPHA EPSILON PHI

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Satie Baumann
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Frederick

Mrs. Samuel Caplan
Dr. Matie E. Green

Mrs. Edward Marx

1941

Alice Abelow
Doris Grossman

Estelle Engelhardt
Blanche Kirshenblum

Henrietta Gold
Miriam Newell

Eleanor Greenglass
T. Rae Stern
ALPHA EPSILON PHI

OFFICERS

President . . . . . DORIS GROSSMAN
Vice-President . . . ESTELLE ENGLEHARDT
Registrar . . . . . BLANCHE KIRSHENBLUM
Scribe . . . . . . . T. RAE STERN

1942

RUTH EDWARDS
ELsie FERBER
EDITH FRIEDMAN
FLORENCE HALBRIECH

BEATRICE HIRSCH
SELMA LEIS
BERNICE LENOWITZ
BLANCHE NAVY

Muriel Rappaport

1943

DOROTHY HANDLER
THELMA LEVINSON
BEVERLY PALATSKY
EVELYN ROBBINS

SHIRLEY SIEGEL
ESTHER STUHLMAKER SEIGLE
LOUISE SWIRE
ROSE STERN

ESTHER TEIN
HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Blanche Avery
Mr. and Mrs. R. Baker
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Beaver
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bronson
Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Hatfield
Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hicks
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hidley
Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith

Marion Cahill
Virginia Davis
Carol Golden
Muriel Howard
Loretta Kelly
Gertrude Lehman
Doris Mauersberger
Betty Parrott
Bertha Petit
Madeline Scesny
Doris Sheary
Grace Sussner

Frances White
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1942

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Harriet DeForest
Marion Duffy
Mary Jane Evans
Edna Hirn

1943

Emma Baccari
Mary Elizabeth Crouch
Helen Leahey
Eleanor Mapes
Helen Omilin

Betty Peabody
Alice Reese
Eleanor Rothe
Ellen Swarthout
Nancy Walko

Bertha Petit
Betty Parrott
Grace Sussner
Doris Sheary
Gladys Klug
Helen Leahy
Helen Omilin

Erma Inglis
Gladys Klug
Jane Lamar
Mildred Maasch
Georgia Millea
Alice Packer
Katherine Trowbridge

Jane Lamar
Mildred Maasch
Georgia Millea
Alice Packer
Katherine Trowbridge

Betty Peabody
Alice Reese
Eleanor Rothe
Ellen Swarthout
Nancy Walko
BETA ZETA

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Dr. Gertrude Douglas  Miss Ellen Stokes
Miss Anna Palmer  Miss Laura Thompson

1941

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Hattie Conklin  Janet MacDonald
Doris Dygert  Dorothy Mix
Betty Elson  Janette Parker
Florence Halsey  Ada Parshall
Eloise Hartman  Betty Pritchard
Ruth Larson  Isabelle Robinson

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1942

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Dorothea McIsaac
Shirley Kyle

1943

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Betty Lou Court
Mary Fairchild
Ellen Holley
Dorothy Huyck
Ruth Leggett

Beth Pedley
Jean Sears
Mary Susan Wing

Doris Le Fevre
Jean McAllister
Dorothy Russell
Margaret Sinclair
Marie Soule
Jean Wells
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Sylvia Greenblatt  Bella Lashinsky
Beatrice Marashinsky
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Vice-Chancellor . . . . Ruth Freeman
Treasurer . . . . Elinor Schlesinger
Secretary . . . . Frieda Diamond

1942

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Dorothy Brooks
Goldy Clopman
Ruth Freeman

Beatrice Ginsburg
Arlene Greenfield
Estelle Nathanson
Elinor Schlesinger
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1941

Iris Barnett                        Marion McCausland
Jane Wier Damino                    Helen Miller
Harriett Davis                      Anne Norberg
Alberta Frieknecht                  Charlotte Ritchie
Marion Keables                      Catherine Shafer

Alicia Vail
PHI DELTA

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Mary E. Horn
Theodora Hoornbeck
Helen Jackson

ELSI JOHNSON
Ruth Keeler
Marion Leary
Ruth Monz
Bernice Olcott
Doris Sturtze
Evelyn Towle

1943

ANNE BOORAS
JANE EDMUNDS
SHIRLEY MOSHER

ARLENE WHITBECK

MARION PRATT
VERNA SNYDER
LILLIAN WESTPHAL
SIGMA ALPHA

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Miss Lillian Blomstrom
Mr. Raymond Fisk

Miss Gilmore
Dr. Matie Green
Mr. Lionel Pearson

Dr. and Mrs. Sisk

1941

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Gladys Broughton
Alida Clumm
Mary D'Arienzo

Betty Hiller
Adeline Kadgis
Mary Mahar
Marie Southard

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Corresponding Secretary . . . .  HELEN BROWN
Treasurer . . . . .  FRANCES BOURGEOIS

1942

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Mary Dunning
Doris French

Olive Myers

1943

Frances Bourgeois
Helen Brown

Edith Jane Kupp
Hazel MacCombs
Mary McIntosh

Norma Enea
Laura Shanks
PHI LAMBDA

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Miss Annette Dobbin  Miss Grace Martin
Dr. Marion Smith

1941

Jean Cady  Lucille Metcalf
Nuncia Lucca  Eleanor Sterling

Dorothy Tompkins
PHI LAMBD A

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1942

Rose Cacchilo
Irene Kilmer

Antoinette Vanasco

1943

Helen Dann
Ruth George

Inez Rhodes
Janet Sturgess
Hands

SOCIAL . . .
SENIOR HOP

One of the best brawls of a grand old class. There's Mac, remember him? He was, to put it politely, (why bother?) polluted. And good old Sisk. His popularity became a byword after this party. Everybody came, everybody hopped, everybody whooped. Just shows what can be done after four years' practice—and what practice!

Woo-Wooo!

WHEEE!!
When it comes to bands, State College may be short on cash but it’s always long on music. Harder Downing and his Continentals were no exception. Boogie rhythm flowed free. Hop was a momentous occasion for John Alexander Murray, editor-in-chief (and we do mean chief) of the News. It was his debut in formal dancing. The consensus of opinion was that he didn’t succeed. If there ever was a drought along the Hudson just let State stage a dance. Then rain will come. The skies opened up and let it drizzle. However, it would have taken more than Ol’ Man River to dampen the spirits of the crowd out at the dance of ’41.
INTERFRATERNITY BALL

Many and many a time State has gotten itself rigged up and given a brawl, and oh, how many times we've oh'd and ah'd at the glamorous changes that have taken place in our stoogy brethren. But did you ever think of all the work that goes into the polish? Don't you suppose it'd be fun to take a look behind the scenes and find out what really goes on? We thought so too, and here's the result of our investigation.

Right along this transformation line, take a peek at the gym. No sweaters, no shirts, no shorts. Just a dreamy bower of romance. To talk about crepe-paper streamers would be sacrilege; so let it go that the effect left nothing to be desired. But let's not neglect to mention the soft lights which certainly did their part in the evening's entertainment. For chaperones, Dr. and Mrs. DoBell add up to a modern dream come true. Oh, yes, Interfraternity Ball had what it takes and here's the evidence to prove who's behind it all. Pledges and Pearson—and Anderson was around. Trials and tribulations. An extended lunch hour, no furniture at the last minute, blue crepe-paper nightmares. But it's done at last, thank God.
Flurry, hurry, worry!!! S.S.S.!!!

Now take a man in a shower, for instance. All right, depending on the man, we *will* take him. How many little She's wonder what the glorified He looks like without all that padding. Well, gals, here's your opportunity. Eyes right. Need someone to wash your back, Howie? And Lynn and a dress and an iron. No new wrinkles here. And all this to make his heart warmer and hers just melt. Ah, love!

*Best foot forward?*

*With a dress in one hand and a flat iron in the other...*
Scrub me, mama!

Eenie, with the coal black hair . . .

THIS is real!
But showers and pressing are just the beginning. Somewhere, sometime, everybody must get dressed. Let’s look at this thing from the bottom up. All those God damn shoes to be shined. Not my clothes brush—the other one, you fool! New socks, thank God—no holes. Oh hell—gotta wear garters, and I’m not teaching. And speaking of garters reminds us of girdles, and these fluffy skirts that cover a multitude of sins. And here’s where we come to the leg question. Of course, you can’t, or shouldn’t, see them, but it’s best to be prepared. Boy scouts, you know. She says she can’t wear a bra tonight—no back on that damn white rag. What? Adhesive tape? Good idea. Gotta support those flowers some way. He must be psychic. It would take more than just me to support those geraniums he sent. And with a strapless dress—oh, my! ! My God, my hair, my curlers—! ! Just washed it and look! And such a damn damp day at that. It’s been a hell of a struggle, but at long last, milady and her gallant cavalier are ready—very willing—and able. Let’s go!

Here we are at last—Intermission already. Maybe we’d better stay for a couple of dances—You know,—show our faces, so they won’t think we signed out just for late hours—but it’s not the dances that count. It’s what comes before—and after.

Oud of d’way, Brother!
But there are those who stay and dance. And things do start popping. Jitterbugs and Lindy-ing, trying to find that guy you exchanged a dance with—where the hell is he? Probably outside those streamers somewhere. Hold her tightly, hold her loosely, kick her in the shins, squeeze her hand, look up into his eyes,—uh-uh—not here—smell those geraniums! Step on her toes, kiss her hair, wind yourself around his neck—oh, that perfume—Mais Oui!—and concentrate on that dancing! ! Yes, you. Backless gowns, strapless gowns, flimsy, see-through gowns. Spangles and sequins and studs and stiff collars. With all this rushing and tearing around, things are hound to get spilled. Punch?
Ladies and gentlemen—the Big Shots! Tied in by fitted gowns, tied down by tuxes—you can’t bend your neck without cutting your throat—here they are with charm aplenty. Lynn and Ralph, Mike and Bill, Dottie and Gad—and Where was Hannan? And after the ball is over. Where to go? What to do? Some want to eat, some want to drink, some want to dance, and most just want to be alone. But whatever we do, let’s just have one hell of a good time. Another? Sure. Let tomorrow just take care of itself!
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16 !!! For the first time, the male element of State College emerge as Men, or so the army calls 'em. They'll find out. According to a statement by the State College News, "There are 135.2 men in State College eligible for the draft." One hundred thirty-five point two men who must adjust themselves from lying in the mud of Washington Park to lying in the mud of New Jersey. Or Alabama. Or Long Island. Or Texas. How old are you? Physically, I mean. Married or single? If married, Why? What does your wife do? What's her telephone number? Dependents? Children? How big are you? Why? Color? Race? Religion? Why not? Who will always know where you are? Is she a relative? Gee, fellas, it's going to be hard to see you go—but a uniform makes a man. Especially the brass buttons. We'll think of you often—write you letters and knit you socks. Be faithful? Of course. Did you ever know a woman who wasn't? And all the time you'll be shooting guns, taking orders, peeling potatoes, marching, marching, and marching. You'll be good husbands, when you come home. And until you do, be good, think of us all the time, wear your galoshes, and keep your chin up. You're in the army now!
**BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN**

Hands across the sea! All our girls are certainly preparing themselves to knit "little things"—To say nothing of big things. Is six feet really that long? Can't you just see some gorgeous lieutenant all tangled up in my knits and purls? And even the faculty are in the swim. There's that sweater that's been worrying Miss Lester for the past three months. But now seriously, it is sort of good to know we're helping a little.
Once there was a bugaboo who came to visit all the State students, and his name was Exams. And every time he came around, the queerest things happened! People got into the strangest positions, took to drinking coffee in the middle of the night, worried furrows became a standard attachment, gray hair appeared over night, books squeaked open for the first time, the sandman went on a strike, people grew so attached to the few notes they had that they even ate with them propped in front, last minute conferences became the order of the day, whole courses were learned in half hours, files became the most precious possession of any house, quiet hours prevailed, no dates, no dance, just a dope. And now the stooges became popular!
The last mile. Down toward Hawley and the Commons trudge the weary victims of an age-old system! Up last night. UP the night before. Don’t know nothin’. How the hell can I guess what he’s going to ask? Look, pal, can’t you give me a couple of facts? How about sitting in the back of the room—behind a post—Remember the Honor System! Might as well leave now—written every damn thing I ever knew. Over at last! And what a head. Next semester . . .

Caught in the act . . .

Whew!!
Athletic...
They’re havin’ a meeting

MEN’S A.A.

These four pages are devoted to a cross-section of M. A. A. We like M. A. A. They’re a nice bunch of big healthy bruisers. Well, at least they’re healthy. They are rated among the better looking men (?) of State College—you know—wavy hair, muscles rippling under bronzed skin, obtained only by keeping in the veritable pink of condition. Of course, those bleary eyes and shaky hands are not due to academic or nicotinic excesses; but to tense nerves and strained muscles of young bodies tearing at their leashes. These boys play at basketball, baseball, cross-country, and varied intramural sports, including those of the subtle parlor variety. Once in a while you’ll even see them swinging arm in arm down the open corridors of Draper Hall.

This is baseball
In the springtime, our athletes take out their bats and balls and trot up to Bleeker Stadium, where they gently bunt the horsehide spheres out into the lot, where the sophomore tryouts for the team scramble for the privilege of tossing it toward Coach Hatfield. This year it is even doubtful as to whether there will be a baseball team. You see, our boys are good players, but when they all get together, they can’t seem to get as many fellows to run across the plate as the opponents do. Tough one, don’t you think? Also seen at the M. A. A. conclave, are the frosh basketeers. These boys really deserve some credit. After all, they are fresh, and untainted. Wait a couple of years. See if they change. Maybe they will, and maybe they won’t.
In the spring, in Washington Park, on the benches, over by the tennis courts, you'll find our strong arm boys, the big boys with the rackets. Sometimes they go over to the park to bat tennis balls back and forth across the net in the hot noonday sun. Other times, they go over in the cool stillness of the night, to see if the rain damaged the tennis courts, or for some other damn fool reason, which nobody believes anyway. And if you ever want to know who those boys are running around in the scanties, that’s the cross-country team. They win once in a while, too.
Now spreading across the middle of the page in most glamorous poses, is the varsity basketball team, the talk of State College, and the bane of the coach’s existence. It has been hinted around, however, in the more infamous circles, that it isn’t the boys, it’s the coach. No hard feelings, please; it’s just what we heard. Really, though, when it’s all boiled down, you’ve got to hand it to M. A. A. They’re a swell bunch of fellows working for State under terrific odds, getting some results and damn little cooperation from the student body. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the whole bunch of you. It isn’t enough to just give them financial support. A bunch of athletes need a little moral support. How about giving them a hand? They need it and deserve it.
Holy, Holy, Holy...

Watch the foul line!

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

W A A is a very obliging organization. For the convenience of State's weaker, albeit more numerous, sex, Women's Athletic Association will furnish everything in the way of exercise and diversion from the scholastic grind. The huskier spirits find trudging 'cross the rustic countryside of the Berkshires and washing in the icy pump water at Camp Johnston before an amazed bovine audience the supreme thrill.

82
The conventional WAA-ers indulge in the usual tennis, archery, riding, badminton, and bowling. Remember those brief gym suits decorating the Draper lawn this fall? Not the legs, the suits. That was hockey in full glory! For figure benefits, "public bath no. 3."

For the graceful touch, folk dancing. And something new this year, the crafts club, located, of all places, in the laundry of Cooper House. Just to prove that all the good sports are not diamonds in the rough, come to the Lounge Teas. Then you'll become a WAA rooter like all the rest.
Hands

HONORED...
Myskania . . . ten figures in black. Dignity personified. (But here’s an intimate note). Did you know that Mac saves pennies so he can buy champagne; then hang his legs over the Washington Park Bridge, and guzzle to his heart’s content? Mm, mm. This is the same Mac who can drive a frosh woman mad with just a smile or a nod. Murray ("Red" of the P. O.), runs everything, knows everything, is everything. What we want to know is, does he ever tell anything? Mr. Smith of the Commerce Club went to Florida this winter, and now tells all about how they keep chickens in the houses down there. Nice to know, eh?
Steve "Everybody's Pal" Kusak, the Saturday soap salesman, made Milne history with that balloon which somehow failed to rise to the occasion. Agne talks in his sleep—poor fellow is probably dreaming about that canning factory he worked in this summer. Mike, the perennial president, has a larger collection of warnings than anyone else still in college. Now that is a distinction. At last a woman—and what a woman!! Body, Boots, and Beatrice. Was she really up that tree in the park? Mary Miller has a lovely diamond and a Dick who's waiting only for graduation. Lucky gal. Handsome Haller writes the most ardently passionate love letters we've ever seen to sorority pledges. Why does he waste such talent? And last of all, Beers. Tall, tan, athletic. If she's an example of what sports do for the figure, what are the rest of us waiting for? That's Myskania. To us they stand for State itself.
SIGNUM LAUDIS

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Dr. Ralph Beaver
Miss Margaret Betz
Miss Marion Cheeseborough
Dr. Gertrude Douglas
Miss Agnes Futterer
Mr. Clarence Hidley

Miss Evelyn Wells

Miss Evelyn Johnson
Dr. Thomas Kinsella
Dr. Carleton Moose
Dr. M. G. Nelson
Miss C. W. Peltz
Mr. J. W. Sturm
Miss Edith Wallace

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Mary Elizabeth Elsen
Nicholas Giacomino
Sylvia Greenblatt
Katherine Hoch

Dorothy Johnson
Herman Kleine
Bella Lashinsky
Janet Sharts
James Snover

Julia Tunnell
The mostest of the bestest, the cream of the crop. That's Signum Laudis. Any one of its illustrious members can tell you how to be a stooge without making a spectacle of yourself in one easy lesson. Seriously, though, the collective hats of the student body should be off to these young men and women. They represent the finest in intellectual accomplishment in a college where intellectual accomplishment walks in every door with every incoming freshman. They are the students who keep State up there with the leaders.

Alice Abelow
Neva Benson
Ernest Case
Eva Firra
Alberta Friknecht
Stephen Godfrey

Eloise Hartman
Ellen Hurley
Ruth Larson
Marie Mahnken
James Maloney

Lois Mannheimer
Clarence Olsen
Dorothy Peak
Helen Pitman
Irene Poger
Stanley Smith
PI GAMMA MU

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DR. JOHN M. SAYLES
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DR. DONNAL V. SMITH
DR. WATT STEWART
DR. WALLACE TAYLOR
DR. ADAM WALKER

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WILLIAM ECKHARDT
ARNOLD ELLERIN
ESTELLE ENGELHARDT
ALBERTA FREIKNECHT
ROBERT HERTEL
KATHERINE HOCH
ELLEN HURLEY
DOROTHY JOHNSON
LOIS MANNHEIMER
JOHN MURRAY
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JANET SHARTS
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Treasurer . . . . . . . . ESTELLE ENGELHARDT

90
What's the suppressed desire of every little social studies major? Membership in Pi Gamma Mu, of course—who wouldn't want to hob nob with that scholastic and intellectual aristocracy, to say nothing of getting chummy with the faculty? The seniors are plenty proud of those perky blue and white bows they sport, to signify their honorary status.

They struggle to live up to their reputation, even when it comes to picnics at Indian Ladder. No one could ever accuse Pi Gamma Mu of being stoogy after seeing them plastered—from ear to ear with marshmallows. In more sober moments, the advancement of social studies—teaching, preparing aliens for citizenship tests, plus guidance of the soph and junior majors keeps them out of mischief. The crowded bi-weekly meetings feature most of the girls on knitting and D. V. on everything from curriculum to text book methods. (He's a progressive, but so is the whole organization). The only thing lacking is refreshments, but if your intellect is satisfied, so is Pi Gamma Mu.
KAPPA PHI KAPPA

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Mr. Paul Bulger
Mr. Raymond Fisk
Dr. R. W. Frederick
Dr. J. A. Hicks

Prof. C. Hidley
Dr. M. G. Nelson
Dr. C. Moose
Dr. J. M. Sayles
Dr. D. V. Smith

Dr. E. B. South

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Director of Social Relations

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Delfio Mancuso
Daniel Bucci
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Dr. A. K. Beik
Clarence Olsen
1941
Robert Agne
Eugene Agnello
John Alden
John Bakay
Gadlin Bodner
William Brophy
Daniel Bucci
Ernest Case
Harold Duffey
Arnold Ellerin
Nicholas Giacomino
Vincent Gilen
William Haller
Dennis Hannan
Robert Hertel
Roy McCreary
James Maloney
Delfio Mancuso
Howard Merriam
John Murray
George Noonan
Clarence Olsen
Steve Paris
Charles Quinn
Gerald Saddlemire
Joseph Schwartz
James Snover
Stanley Smith
Merrill Walrath

1942
Howard Anderson
Irving Bliss
Henry Brauner
William Dickson
Leslie Graves
Donald Green
Henry Germond
David Hayeslip
Edwin Holstein
Harris Jordan
Robert Meek
Nicholas Morsillo
Harry Passow
Bernard Perlman
Maxson Reeves
Alfred Stiller
Ralph Tibbetts
Allen Woodell
Popular
Beatrice Dower
Merrill Walrath

Attractive
Alma Knowles
William Haller

Versatile
Mary Miller
John Murray
Hands

active...
STUDENT COUNCIL

Round about three-thirty on Thursday afternoons, Student Council gets together to discuss—what? Why, women, of course, replied the erstwhile McCreary. That is until Miss Carroll of the famous frosh Pat-clan arrives. Not that the business touch is lacking. Oh, no. It’s evident in every single inch of Mike’s seven and a half C’s atop the presidential desk. This is the hour when they plan those good old gripe sessions—you know, democracy at work. They really do their damndest to keep us satisfied, and between keeping the gang happy, placating the faculty, and remembering that “the eyes of the public are always upon a school-teacher,” they don’t do so bad. Headquarters for those things that just seem to happen—Moving-Up, Campus, Activities Days. State’s lucky seven are right on the ball. Six men and a girl. Oh, my! !

98
We spend a lot of time yelping about how awful it is to go to assembly Friday morning; and we wear out a lot of shoe leather tearing around looking for a practice teacher or a grad to sit in our seats; but sometimes something worth-while does go on in that damned old meeting. You’ve gotta admit that the resolution abolishing the News was tops in this year’s calendar of comedy. And Myskania with or without its collective hat isn’t so bad. The gals do seem to concentrate too much on those skirts for the happiness of the boys in the first rows, but hell, fellows, there’s time later. Relax.
NEWS
25th ANNIVERSARY

Lewd ... but never boring

Hotel rooms cost . . .

Three wolves . . . for news
Nine o'clock Friday morning. Mad rush to the Rotunda. Every Statesman knows—the News is out! Look into the Publications Office and see who's who on the twenty-fifth board of the State College News. The red-head is Murray, editor 'n chief. See the Myskania page. And Bea Dower. Beauty and brains. Hold me back, boys. She and Kusak are the co-managing editors. He takes everything seriously except his drinking. Ralph Clark, business manager. Quiet sort around school, but on that New York trip last year—!! There's Parrott and Maloney, feuding for the third page. BJ's the advertising manager. You're right, she could sell space to anyone. The sports' editor is "Baloney Maloney," Irish and witty. The three Junior Editors—Dorrance is the one with the corncob pipe. Holstein tap-dances, Passow raises rats—in biology lab, of course. How versatile! Just a damn good bunch of radicals!
Sugar and spice and everything nice—that’s what the Statesman’s made of; spice in the column form, Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense, of course. To contribute, take a phrase, any old phrase will do, and repeat it over and over with that certain glint in your eye. Next issue, there it is. Easy, No? We can recite this, too. Statesman deadline tomorrow, absolutely last day that manuscripts will be accepted; bring all poems and don’t forget the apologies, not that they’re really necessary. What about short stories? What the hell can you do? Maybe we are as illiterate as the News, but we won’t worry about it. The magazine owes a lot to Mr. Jones, nursemaid and general helper since its birth. He’s one prof who’s no walking pince-nez. In fact, he’s even at home in the purified P. O.
Meetings are Punmakers' Paradise. Just imagine a Paradise like that—Kirsh to keep everything going smoothly, and to worry about those devil budget cutters; scenic Seesny to, well—entertain; fiery-topped Sharts, who always knows what to do and why; that’d be a nice thing to know, n’est-ce pas? Alden to sketch the heavenly doings; helper Hannon who can do anything and always will; and then there’s the pessimistic Hertel who’s around just to keep these angelic meanderings from getting too airy. Together, they’re a "Statesman’s" idea of Heaven.
"Look, dopey..."

**PEDAGOGUE**

"Share the worry." That's Bull's philosophy, tho he does it all himself. Did you ever hear his references to "the photo editor?"—"You do the damndest things to me." He's going to be a very didactic husband. Poor Rosie. But then after working on the Ped, she knows what she's in for and we haven't heard any kicks yet.
The Pedagogue Board has unanimously agreed—you always hear it and it’s always true. We discuss it and then agree. A damn good idea is a damn good idea and we all think so. Every brain-child is born with four adoring god-parents. With only five of us—Steve and Rosie, plus Brophy, Kennedy and Sussner, you just can’t have factions. You’re either with the bunch or a rugged individualist, and who’d be a thing like that? So here we are, the Ped board, one for all—you know the rest.

Space for sale
Wherefore art thou, Romeo?

DRAMATICS AND ARTS

D. and A. . . Don and All the women. This year upon State descended Cornelia Otis Skinner, lured by the wiles of—well, Don and All the women. And besides that, "America’s outstanding attraction"—not Don and Ott, but Grace and Kurt, the Graff ballet. And too, added attraction, the tickets come in handy for book-marks, don’t they, Viv? It’s a cultural advantage to the whole community, my deah! And we like it, too!

Givin’ her some pointers . . .
A dissertation on the art of poster hanging for the exclusive use of future D. and A.-'ers, as released by Miller. First of all you must have something to sell. Then something to hang. The next requisite is a likely spot. Not in some dark corner, that's where they've been hanging for years. Use a little psychology. Pick some screwy position, such as on the ceiling, upside down behind the door. You've gotta catch the eye!!
1941, and a Music Council which elaborated on the "two heads are better than one" theory. Result—eleven heads are better than six. For the first time, the three musical groups—Symphony Orchestra, Operatic Society, and Choral Society are represented. And what a representation!

Clarence and the girls . . .
Bernie Perlman and Ira Hirsh, seeing to it that Orchestra is given proper recognition—as though it hadn’t already earned it; Doug Dillenbeck and the inimitable Gardephe, plugging “Pinafore”; Carol Golden and Clarence Olsen, extolling the merits of Chorus. President Powell, Rosemary Brucker, Secretary-Treasurer Ryerson, and Florence Halbreich, the ”old hands,” always knowing what to do when everyone else is stuck. And lastly, but most important if you believe the sophomores, Millie Mattice, the fair-haired child of ’43. That’s Council—Dr. Candlyn advising, of course. Ain’tcha’ proud?
De-bunk

De-base

De-bait

DEBATE COUNCIL

They haven’t been out all night—they’re just back from a debate trip! Look at Debate Council: Grattan, Snell, Sharts, Murray, Hirsh, Walrath, Passow—you can’t win an argument with anyone of them—Conclusion: the aggregate is unbeatable.
... a measure to stop subversive activities

STUDENT BOARD OF FINANCE

Looks are deceiving. You'd never think that they were wizards of finance. Steve Paris, the super-smooth, one of the best dressed men in town. Charlie Quinn, in on those delightful College House parties. Ben Tybering helping in SCA. Jim Portley, doing his part in MAA, and Nick Morsi1lo doing almost anything. The upward twist of Mr. Cooper's lips and the bright eyes under Mr. York's bushy eyebrows do not reveal their skill with a comptometer. Seriously, though, those fellows really do work. All the claims of State are grist for their mill. And around budget time how they do scramble! Then comes budget assembly—nobody satisfied, everybody griping. Next item comes up and here we go again. To those who keep our budget, thanks a million.
S. C. A.

Who teaches you the tricks when first you set foot in these sacred portals as a scared and verdant frosh, who shows you how to do your hair, teaches you table manners, larns ya to Lindy, who tells you all about getting—and staying married, gives lectures—birth control, religion for moderns—remember Grant Wood? Who soothes us musically over examitus?? Who’s all right? S. C. A.!! Someone musta told ya!!

Gotta keep warm somehow...
NEWMAN CLUB

When once every week you look into the mailbox and find out that it's been jammed full of this-a and that-a, don't just cuss and chuck the junk in the next box, take a look, brother, that's the Newmanews. Notes of what goes on and why and all about some little Newmanite who's up and doing. To most of us, Gardepehe and Newman and those apoplectic announcements go hand in hand. But behind all the hullabaloo, there's a great gang—all interested in things Catholic—and other things too. There's a dancing class, debates on the pro's and con's—and why you shouldn't, pilgrimages and bridge lessons. All together Newman does right by the Catholics among us.
Mais, Oui!

FRENCH CLUB

Most of State isn’t exposed to any French other than “honi soit qui mal y pense,” but for the benefit of those who are, the amalgamated Association of the Daughters and Sons of Paris, commonly known as the French Club, holds forth occasionally in the Lounge. It’s an education to try to count the number of accents in the group—a “flat A” sounds so well in French! For that matter, so does a Long Island drawl. President Clarence Olsen (Olsen? head of the French Club? We bane don’t understand it! Must be his personality!) takes a lead in the spouting of poetry and playing of games that invariably occurs. If you’re bashful about laying bare your hobbies or other innocuous personal secrets, don’t go—nothing is sacred if it’s in your vocabulary. You’ll pick up a vocabulary before Banquet if you really want to eat. We might add that M. Allard motivates even better in this informal atmosphere than in class. We recommend it as the most painless means of polishing your accent.
MATH CLUB

1. Bill Weyant equals the president.
2. Math Department equals the guardian angel.
3. Therefore: If you want Descartes' theory explained, or if you crave to know by volume how much there is in a short beer, go to Math Club meeting. And if it's curves and angles you'd like to measure—they can figure out anything except how to explain an assembly cut before vacation. Math Club sponsors lectures and discussions of things mathematical. They try to keep tabs on all that is new in the numbers racket, pardon me, mathematics. Interesting, too, if you managed a C in your Freshman math and know that a logarithm is not the latest dance step. Then there's that picnic, where everyone runs in straight lines and circles, and the angle between A and B isn't too great. It all goes to show that life is incurably mathematical.

Shall we consider transcending curves?
Hands

'41 THROUGH '44 . . .
If you have an uneasy feeling, a premonition that the roof is going to fly off State College at any minute now—sit down, bud, that's just the Freshmen class. There aren't so many of this year's frosh, and they aren't any bigger than usual, even in the cranial region, but they have something. Their women, for instance. Class officers: Carroll, Latimer, Doran, Combs, and Shulze, Domann, Herdman, Bantham, Snyder, McNiff. That's seven to three. Yes, the girls have the upper hand.
The upperclass connoisseurs continue to be amazed at President Pat. Her cohorts appear en masse at song practice. Pat drags them in—not figuratively. She's the first president ever to succeed in that line. Take a look at vice-president Pat. Yum, yum. And that delectable Doran—aside from being ornamental, feminine, '44 packs a most unfeminine wallop. For example: they won the obstacle race on Campus Day; they staged a pitched battle with the sophs last fall in which the casualties were three sweatshirts, several black eyes and two Myskania members; they have an unbeatable political organization. Yes, there are some male frosh. "Quality not quantity" is their motto. Ask the upperclass women if they don't agree to that. They really were a polite bunch until the sophs knocked hell out of them in fall pushball. Now they're just like the rest of us. You can bet that 1944 is proud of its basketball team—grand sports and good players every one, from Big Bill Forrest to Bob Combs, the original hard luck kid. Prospects for next year's varsity are looking up. So, hats off to the Frosh, to their prize-winning stunts, to their version of "Life is Very Different," and above all, to their unconquerable spirit. State needs more like them.
SOPHS

If you see some Yehudie meandering around these Stately halls, with just a trace of worry-furrows between the brows, that's a sophomore. The first feeble pressure of Ed 10 is upon them. But they'll learn! Everyone does. Besides, the class of '43 has the dubious honor of being the first to suffer under the much-heralded five-year plan. Guinea pigs? Sure, but it's fun; 'cause they're getting a lot besides the proper method of motivating their future bread and butter. President Taylor, the fellow with the footloose locks, and his Sophs forge ahead. In fact, they pushed their way to a close victory over the frosh in pushball. Something like 70-0, wasn't it? Songleader George Kunz does his bit, too. Those eyebrows do more conducting than most people can accomplish with paraphernalia complete. Sophs follow manfully when booming Georgie gestures.
And don't let that sophomoric air of detached dignity fool you. It is very detached. If you don't believe it, come down to the Commons and watch some of them tie themselves up in knots. We assume it's dancing they do. Anyway, it's in the Commons, during the dance hour, and to music—so. And speaking of dancing, Soiree, chairmaned by Millie Mattice, was a howling success. But that ain't all. The Sophs even indulge in "strenuous" activities. Hansen and Bora are right in there, tossing the basketball around, and the chess team hugs a sophomore or two to its boards. Proof that brains as well as brawn can be found in the class of '43, if you look far enough. The sophomores look meek, mild, and still a trifle green to the upperclassmen, but to the freshmen they are bold, bad, tyrants. They rule the roost in rivalry and though they don't sing well, we tip our typewriters to '43.
Recipe for concocting a Jolly Junior. Take one blonde president merritt, and one brunette vice-president gaylord, add the one and only meek (who’s been doing the adding for years) and you have a main course of leaders. Now mix in the music of Al Kavelin and his Cascading Chords on a February Friday night, season with the suspense of picking a Prom Queen from such plentiful pulchritude, add a luscious luncheon at Jack’s, tapering off with Tea Dance, and you taste the success of Junior Week-end. As a side dish, you might try the Junior Guides, vincent and passow, who work—well, damn hard—to get the youngsters started off on the right foot. Spice with a sprinkling of the ever present whackiness, (see maasch for details) . . . Mix well, (the Juniors do), and when half-baked, you’ll find you’ve made—a jolly Junior.
Not a silly frivolous underclassman, but still not in the morbid dignity of a practice teacher—now that’s the spot friend Junior finds himself in. He plods to eight-tens, hears wicked tales about the damnable doings of the Milne "problems," tries to get brotherly with the frosh, wonders who’ll make Myskania, works like hell to keep his grades high enuf so they’ll let him teach. Yes, the poor guy’s in a hell of a spot what with one thing and another, but never mind, he’ll be a senior by and by. Lucky him???
Well, here we are at last—the Seniors. Though we've joked and fooled and quibbled along, though we really haven't much to leave dear old Minerva, though we'll probably never be famous and most certainly never have a president, still and all, for a bunch of damn good sports and a gang that can stick together, look to '41!
We’ve done all the usual things and been to all the usual places—Burt’s, Herbert’s, Kendrick’s, the Edgewood, Crossroads, and Kenmore—necked, studied, and joined the Greeks, argued about Agnes’ motions and produced Murray to quell the dispute and "Senator" to talk, saw the Dean—for any number of reasons. Well-rounded? That’s us.

No, we’re definitely not outstanding, but we do have a style of our own—a red banner to lead us on and a gleam in our eye to try anything once. Remember those pants that hung on Minnie’s spear with catastrophic results, the girdle chorus, Dower and Hannan on the tandem, Mike sans trousers, and Gardephe’s announcements? Our lobby, kidnapping Kelly, and Pogor stuck in the ventilator; ad libbing stunts, and who is Campbell? Alden and Wessels doing a four-year stretch, Isham Jones and Roy Eldredge, how Myskania was an organization for men, the "To hell with Thursday, thank God it’s Friday Club,” how we all missed Brubic? How times changed—from the Big Apple to the Lindy; from Dorsey’s Song of India to Miller’s Anvil Chorus; from the Activities Office to the P. O.? Yes, remember the things that happened at State when you were a frosh? a soph? a junior? Ah, a senior!

It’s been fun comparing philosophy and technique with the guy from Podunk Center and the gal from "beautiful Long Island." It’s been great just being friends. And if you think it’s easy to say goodbye to any of the old ’41-ers, from the beer-hounds down (or is it up?) to the stooges, you’re greatly mistaken. So let’s join hands, and bottoms-up till we meet again.
abelove ΑΕΦ
utica

adam
sag harbor

agne ΣΑΣ
verona

agnello ΣΑΣ
rochester

autilio
gloversville

baer
schenectady

baglia
jamestown

baldwin KB
port chester
collins
paris
collins BZ
port jervis
crisara
cortland
cromie
waterloo
day EEP
albany
demichele
schenectady
diamond NAT
schenectady
dillenbeck EEP
schenectady
cudahy
schuylerville
d’arienzo ΣΑ
amsterdam
davis ΦΔ
west winfield
davis ΓΚΦ
lynd Brook

dole ΚΔΡ
north collins
donahue ΧΣΘ
yonkers
donley
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Egan
Oneida

Ellerin KB
Middletown

Elson BZ
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Herkimer

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Ontario
gardner
albany
gates
utica
george
maryland
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star lake

goll
west valley

goodnough
smithboro
grant
redfield
grattan EEP
albany
kotler KB
kingston

kusak KΔP
henrietta

labecky
camden

lalonde ΧΣΟ
schenectady

lehman ΓΚΦ
sharon springs

lison
utica

loricchio
poughkeepsie

lucca ΦΑ
jamestown
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Monticello

Leary ΣΩ
Binghamton

McAuliff
Albany

McCarthy ΣΩ
Rochester

McCausland ΦΔ
Amsterdam

McCreary KΔP
Monsey
mahar ΣΛ
maryland

mahnten
nevis

maloney ΣΛΣ
mechanievil

mancuso ΣΛΣ
rochester

mauersberger ΓΚΦ
west albany

meltz KB
port cheser

merriam ΣΛΣ
newark

meschutt
hampton bays
mesek EEP albany
mesek EEP albany
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mix BZ new rochelle
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moon ΚΔ catskill
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simmons
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smith EEP
buffalo

sterling ΦΑ
east randolph

stern ΛΕΦ
ossining

stevens ΚΔΡ
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bennett        mc intosh
bennett        mack
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bucci          matthews
buck           miles
bulk           mitchell
 cassavant     moody
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danilewicz    pearlman
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 eaton          robb
finkle          roberts
 gabriel         rock
gardner        scott
gere            scully
 golon          shaw
gray            stanger
gruner          steinberg
hathaway       tabacco
jeffrey         thomas
jones           van ornum
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leggett         welch
livingston    woodworth
Since June, 1940, we have managed to scrape together 160 pages of Pedagoge, and now there are only 12 more pages to go. Now that the scrapbook is nearing completion, it is only right and fitting that we should thank those guys who have risked their life and limb and reputation in connection with this book.

Baker, Jones, Hausauer, Inc. and George I. Heffernan, their representative, are the recipients of our genuine gratitude for their cooperation and assistance.

The portrait of the dedicatee? "Photo by Bachrach". A superb study by a superb studio.

In the same breath, we extend our appreciation to Jean Sardou Studios, the official photographers; to Bill Schmitt, their photographer; and to Dr. DoBell, who is responsible for the study of Queen Duff.

Last but not least, we thank the students who have worked directly with the Pedagoge, and offer our gratitude to the people who consented to pose for those pictures which you are interested in.

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the long hard trek from Troy, through the
mists of Commons' smoke, behind long, tall
ones at all the right places, in a blue satin
house coat, in floating pink net, in the stately
robes of royalty, in Charlie's arms—or is it
across his knees? Lovely to look at—after
a rumpling night in the Mexican room, in the
morning, at night, any old time, even with
curlers. Think of being glamorous. Yes,
that's right, think of Duffy, queen of the
gang.
to the PEDAGOGUE Staff

ON A FOUR-STAR ANNUAL

The members of the BJH college organization would very much like to extend their sincere congratulations for a book of distinctive and distinguished merit.

It has been a great pleasure to work with the 1941 staff, to collaborate in the planning and creation of the book, and to go on record as appreciating the fine spirit and splendid cooperation which was so manifest at all stages of the work.

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And it is because we so keenly relish the opportunity to have a part in the acceptance of that challenge that we look forward to working with future yearbook staffs with the same fervor, the same right hand of assistance, that made the creation of this excellent annual such a mutually gratifying experience.

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