To Dean Nelson
from the
1942 Pedagogy Board

PIERCE HALL
There is one here at State who never turns a deaf ear to any problems put before her. She has helped all of us since the day we came in, and has helped many before us. She hasn’t waited for all of the problems to turn up; she has anticipated them. “All things in moderation. One drink, one smoke, one kiss won’t hurt anybody.” Ever since our first classes with her I’m sure none of us has failed to eat all the lettuce on our salad plates. It is to Dr. Caroline Croasdale who has served State so faithfully and so long that we affectionately dedicate this book.
A year ends
Calendars and dates—these are all-important this year, more so than ever before, so we are giving you a year at State. The year at State, in fact—**THIS YEAR** at State! The fall is for the Freshmen to be well orientated. They are welcomed by the faculty and they are established in one of the dorms or in one of the various group houses for the year. And then when the Sophomores have "settled" the Frosh safely, the "wise fools" turn their thoughts with all seriousness to the social season. From January to June the Juniors find they must acquire the professional attitude. They are growing up and moving up to take over the leading of State's student activities. Ratiocination incarnate—it is the Seniors. They are up on top but they are only at the beginning of life. They have had a taste of responsibility in their practice teaching but they feel its impressing weight as they near the end of their days at N.Y.S.C.T. With all the fun included there is a nobility in the profession of teaching the youth of this nation. State wants to do, in the best way it knows how, its part in preserving freedom.
Off to the wilds of Frosh camp
Once there was a bright fellow who came to State. That made him a bright green freshman. He went to frosh camp and showed his colors in all the competitions. Being exceptional, as is usually the case, he was still bright and shining on his introduction to State’s more academic life. That is, until he was immersed in Washington Lake. To this day the lake is said to be slightly green without envy. After daring to break the great tradition of saluting Minerva, he paled at the sight of a horrified Myskania. And so the year passed with rivalry, stooging, and orientation classes. And on Moving-Up Day, he was declared to be a model freshman washout. Moral: Use permanent dye.

Baskin makes the books balance

Curt—the v.p. supreme

Howell she make out as “sec”
“Let’s back Dr. Sayles to the limit.” The Student Forum of the News for September 19, 1941, referred to keeping the college buildings clean, but it sums up our feeling toward the man who was advised last fall to “stop misnaming himself as acting president.” Just take a look at the News, painful though it be, if you want proof that he is the busiest man in State. (Regular advertising rates, Ed.) Dr. Sayles, in his spare time, is director of the Alumni Association’s long-range Building program, which is responsible for the two dorms, a member of the Committee on Teacher Education of the Association of Colleges and Universities of the State of New York—(my B.1. please. Hmmm, I wonder what Dr. Sayles takes?)—and chairman of the Association’s General Planning Committee for the Workshop. Two extra weeks of summer vacation for us, remember? He is all this and human too, as the kids who work at his Star Lake Inn will testify. (Tip for summer job hunters.) After nine months doing Dr. Sayles’ work, I would prefer Saranac.
ADMINISTRATION

Gilbert and Sullivan might have written the song, "The Lord High Executioner", with Dean Nelson in mind. If you don't think this analogy applies, you have never waited in his office after being summoned, and anticipated your execution. When you emerge from the inner sanctum a little while later, you wonder what you ever were afraid of, and are proud that State has such a helpful, understanding Dean, who plays such a fair game and always places his cards on the table. Waiting to see Dean DeLaney is like waiting for a friend in Grand Central Station: the outer office is just as busy, and the time seems just as long. Finally, the Dean is available, and she is found in her pleasant office, willing to chat awhile before taking up official business.
Science is generally confusing to the frosh, decidedly smelly to the student body as a whole. A finger count reveals that Husted houses State's largest departmental staff—11 members. Bugs to unknowns to foot pounds and so on into the night is the science major's steady diet. We like about the science department: the Andrews explanations; the Clausen philosophy; the Douglas pictures; the Hale twinkles; the Kennedy birds; the Lanford (! ! !); the Power ability to put people at ease; the Scotland field trips; the Sturm technique; the Tieszen sense of humor; the Betz experiments (second try). While we're in Husted, mention must be made of—you're right—the annex and the cafeteria where Edna and Miss Thompson hold forth amid more savoury odors.
No one could expect more friendly or helpful faculty than energetic Dr. Lester, reserved Miss Stokes, photo-minded Dr. DoBell, sense of humored Dr. Beaver, and quiet Dr. Birchenough—better known as “Birchie”. Whether you’re home sick or homesick, State’s best cure is in the medical advice and kind hearts of Doctors Croasdale, Dorwaldt, and Green. Down cellar in Page, and over in Washington Park, Mr. Hatfield, Miss Johnston, and Miss Hitchcock keep our frosh and sophs fit. Besides munching Miss Avery’s homegrown apples, the Commerce department is recognized by Mr. Cooper’s ramified vocabulary, Mr. York’s philosophical digressions, Mr. Terwilliger’s stock of stories, and Mr. Terrill’s warning to late-comers, “Set your alarms five minutes earlier”.

*Checking up on the girls*

*Need a pill?*
For drama it's Miss Futterer, for its relative, stagecraft, it's Miss Hopkins. For Frosh "Lit" and "Comp" it's Miss Phillips, Miss Chesebrough, and Dr. Lang. For folk-lore it's Dr. Jones, for the best of the worst poetry it's Dr. McIlwaine (good idea, isn't it?). For Miss Peltz we're not quite sure. She's good at everything. For novel short stories it's Dr. Hastings. Snazzy English bunch, hain't it?
Things We Like Department: Professor Decker (the German department in all its glory) and his anecdotes designed to elevate and educate; diminutive Mlle. Preston; the Irish and French combination a la Mahar—with Sanskrit as a sideline; Miss Smith’s precision and chic both in French and dress; Miss Dobbin’s speaking French in Spanish class—just proves we’re all human; Childers (not Dr., please); the comfortable humor of Dr. Wallace; sympathy where and when you most need it (see Miss Goggin for your Latin and other troubles). Blue ribbons with fancy edges go to Miss Hutchins for her paintings, displays and photographic; and also to Dr. Candlyn for his music, arrangements, and direction of the chorus. Now you know almost all, and if you don’t get in the right department, don’t blame it on us!
PIERCE HALL

Dear Jane,—Just have to tell you about the dorm. 'Swonderful. We call the main dorm Pierce Hall, now, in honor of “Dean Annie”. This year Sally Beard is president and she’s doing a swell job—'specially on the house meetings in the Ingle Room. But we use the Ingle for more than just house meetings. There’s always dancing—everything from square dancing to the conga—pingpong, and similar types of intellectual recreation. There aren’t many of the good old idle hours, because between dates and books there’s femme fun going on—unexpected showers and frosh-soph rivalry. Of course we can get formal for teas, dinners, and dances. The kids from the Halls are included, too. There’s French House where the best policy is a dictionary; Syddum where Dean Annie is Queen Annie; there’s the traditional frosh horde at Western, and a bunch of merrymakers at South. Like I said before,—it’s wonderful! Love, Me.

Eternal feminine

Guiding Hand
Something new, etc.

Keeping up with the Japs

Official pose
Sanctuary
Just around the corner from Washington Park and there it is—Newman Hall! Its red brick walls are a symbol of home sweet home for seventy-five healthy, happy co-eds. Although that insistent group of buildings two blocks down and over a way keeps us occupied from nine until four, Newman is a place we love. Do we like it because the girls are good sports, ready for fun, and always willing to help a gal out—be it with trig, a wrap, or a date? Or are we especially fond of the beautiful little chapel where a peace of mind can be acquired when tests, B.F.'s, and things in general are going haywire? Maybe it's Miss McCarty's understanding nature and the way we like to kid her. And then there's Millie with her lovely smile and charming manner, an ideal leader for this group of State maidens. Now you know a few of the reasons why the Newmanites return to 791 Madison year after year. It has everything!

Leaders of the flock

Our apologies to the other half of the room
MORELAND HALL

We’re so sorry for the men’s dorm. The Moreland Hallers were going to be such nice neighbors, and then they moved. You really should see the beautiful Madison Avenue place where thirty-three girls live cooperatively. Just step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and take the guided tour covering the special points of pride. There’s the new vic, a coke machine, and of course, the green and black “reading” room. If varied experiences make for good teachers, there should be some excellent ones from Moreland—that is, if they don’t all get married because of their added attraction. And we do mean their expert cooking. For efficient ways to manage a group house, see Dee Sturtze. Quote Dee: “We’ve got everything for comfort and fun. Come on over and enjoy it with us.” Well, what are you waiting for?
JUNIPERS

It's a long, wind-blown walk that the Junipers girls have to make every day to get to school, but they don't mind. They live where things are handy, all except the college, and it wouldn't be so bad an idea (they think) to move State up there. The Junipers is a house full of tradition, as any girl who lives there or has lived there could tell you—singing every night for a couple of weeks before vacations, "There are..............more days till vacation", burning the day (written on a paper Christmas tree or whatever is appropriate to the vacation at hand). Why the interest in vacations, girls? Don't you love N. Y. S. C. T. any more? Or Is It Mother's cooking that attracts after months of your own?

Duty-doers

Hail, hail, the gang—!
They can all cook

Girls, want to get up at five of eight for an 8:10? Fenny Coo is the place for you. But Cooper offers more than proximity as any State male can tell you. There’s the cozy library with a definitely chummy atmosphere. Of course, cases of eyestrain have been reported, but Cooper gals have found the cure. And if you think the annex is a place to eat, now’s the time for your education to begin. To thousands of State men (?), the annex means five charming and talented maids. But we must admit that the efforts in the lab (kitchen to you) are overshadowed by social aptitude. The keynote over at Cooper? Poise in every situation whether it involves burned potatoes or roommates’ boyfriends. Take a tip, fellows, and pick your girl from a co-op house.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER HOUSE
1935, something new has been added—a concentration camp—the dorm. And Residence council! What a job! No pay. No thanks. Thanks for what? For ruining double features for our frosh? For putting the spotlight on our swains? (I'll take Millie.) For penalizing those slightly overtime good-nights? House president's headache. Counselor's cross. Rules have to be enforced. Somebody has to check up. State, school for future guiders of youth, doesn't believe in the honor system. Time to learn responsibility when you're on your own in the cold, cold world. Anyway, hats off to the gals who so gracefully accept the inevitable and do the dirty work. Until the reformation, this is a watchbird watching a one-minute-later. This is a watchbird watching YOU. Were you a one-minute-later this month?

State's unsung heroines
SAYLES HALL

Sayles—domicile of fifty of the male animals of State, and the residence hall where there is never a word about the ratio. Everyone is a brother of everyone else, and cooperation is the key word to successful living, even to the traditional coat and necktie at dinner, in this huge Georgian dormitory with its Tudor furnishings and modern recreational facilities. There your best friend won’t hesitate to tell you and often does with the subtlety of a load of bricks. Third floor remained unbepeopled although decorated, but that won’t happen again. Stopping Freshmen—Sophomore rivalry was a full time job until informal competition was definitely barred from the dorm. Director Paul G. Bulger spent his efforts in making the building a home. Take the dorm—you’ll like it. The boys say, hails for Sayles!!

Executive Council

Sayles Hall has modern gym

Sayles Bulger(s) with chaperones
The students of the college and the Alumni Association got their respective heads together and produced the Brubacher Memorial Lounge which graces Sayles Hall. It is the only existant case, ladies and gentlemen, in which many hands produced instead of spoiled the proverbial pie. And pie it is to the lounge lizards of the Hall and the college to whom it is opened daily. The deep leather chairs, the love-seats (for what other name is there for a two-cushioned sofa), and the chummy conversational group clustered around the fireplace make for solid comfort and blissful enjoyment. Sadie Hawkins said, "Whoo whoo!", when she heard that the lounge was opened to the same use that the Ingle Room was prepared for. Even she will sometimes think of Dr. Brubacher who so richly deserves this memorial.
College House has motley crew
An old brownstone house amid the noise of Central Avenue is College House, the group house that just hasn’t closets big enough for Don Vanas’s shoes, the home of twenty-two sterling specimens of virile manhood, the scene of fellowship and cooperation even to the enforcement of quiet hours . . . College House, the place that drives house-manager Vince Miller to the Boul or Fenny Coo every night and where president Bye-bye Benton of stagecraft fame locks all the chaperons in the cellar with the dart board during their parties . . . Where Mouse Welch, Kip Swanson, Jack Vose, and the two Hanks, Wise and Ruback, all contribute to making life interesting and dangerous, where Ben Tybring thinks up good little deeds for his Boy Scouts and where Ken Johnson thinks up bad little deeds for the chem lab . . . College House has always been an integral part of State College life. Those of College House believe that it is “one for all and all for one” and its fourteen-year record proves that cooperative living is possible at State College.
How sophisticated is a sophomore?
Sophistication

Precocious Pres. Pat

What happened to the noisy crowd of freshmen that cluttered up the halls last year? Did they all get married? Heck, no. They're still around, most of them, anyway. But don't you know what happened to them? Why, they got sophisticated. They can't bother with the silly things that took up their time last year—winning rivalry, stooging, looking for a man, trying to get people to vote for them. They can't bother with them obviously, that is. They're like the conventional girl who "does the same things as an unconventional girl, but always pulls the shades down." Most of them will get over it, and underneath their "pulled-down shade" of sophistication, they're still the same cute tradition-breaking kids who arrived in 1940.

Treasurer—Tranquility—Terho

Rich ran into a door

Her notes are O-Kay
Something interesting

Our Ed. profs all teach Ed., but there the similarity stops. Dr. Beik is the tall, white-haired one. Hicks listens to radio horror stories. C. C. Smith, in Friday Ed. 10 meetings—"May I ask a question?" Miss Hayes is from the South. Note the characteristic Hartley touch, the trees framing the picture. "Will someone show me a different way to take pictures?" Sisk is very attached to his white rats. And who gives those famous tests? Miss Morris, of course.
And in the Social Studies Department we have Dr. Baker who makes the puns, sandy-haired and be-spattered Dr. Rienow, Peru'd Dr. Stewart, Professor Walker and his World War eggs tapped for ten cents worth, Dr. D. V. Smith, who decided to start his family first and do graduate work afterwards, Mrs. Egelston, who predicts world events and Mr. Hidley, who likes the bored topics. Now there's a group that can make a political discussion really hum.
So—you too were wondering about Intersorority Council. Well, unlike a certain senior leadership society, Council usually has no deep, dark secrets as to its meetings. Prexy Sears, aided and abbetted by the rest of Glamour Council, tries to keep sororities on a friendly basis. Who are the rest of these diplomats? Well, Shapley, Richards, Furey, Halbreich, Klug, and Sturtze certainly form a group of leaders with the well-known mixture of beauty and brains and a more than generous dash of popularity. Junior representatives from each sorority are taking their cues from this year’s council to insure future efficiency. In Dean DeLaney’s office, important and beneficial changes have been suggested by various sororities and carried out by the combined efforts of many. It is to this spirit of cooperation, kept alive by Intersorority Council, that sororities owe their very existence. So, many thanks to Council!
Won't you join us, frosh? We have the most of the best. Old lines, but new prospects. Long lists, long meetings, and long discussions hold sway. Then, just to impress the freshmen, come buffet suppers and formal dinners preceded and followed by silent anxiety. Have we a chance? At long last pledge services arrive. Then follows Hell Week with humble frosh and domineering sophs. Corridors ring with "Hey, pledge!" Pig-tails, pompadours, proposals, and green fingernails spell the forecoming horrors of informal initiation. Formal initiation ends the misery, then, it's fun and work—vic parties, spring formal, Inter-sorority Ball, Christmas parties—borrowing clothes, dates, bull sessions at the house, and far into the night...
KAPPA DELTA

Honorary Members:

Miss Cobins
Dr. and Mrs. Dobell
Dr. and Mrs. Hale
Miss Ruth Hutchins
Dr. and Mrs. Power
Mr. and Mrs. York
Dean Annie Pierce
Dr. and Mrs. Hastings
Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane
Miss Jane Mickel

Officers:

President: Frances Shapley
Vice Pres: June Haushalter
Recording Secretary: Lois Hafley
Corresponding Secretary: Jane Curtis
Treasurer: Jean Buckman

1942
Armede Black
Janet Brown
Betty Cummings
June Haushalter
Anita Holm
Mary Klein
Margaret Ledbetter
Genevieve Ling
Mary Grace Leggett
Katherine Peterson
Frances Shapley
Elizabeth Simmons
Jane Wilson
Katherine Wilson

1943
Emily Blasiar
Jean Buckman
Shirley Coddington
Jane Curtis
Shirley Eastman
Lois Hafley
Janet Leet
Shirley Long
Betty Marston
Muriel Scovell
Betty Taylor

1944
Eunice Baird
Janet Baxter
Helen Brucker
June Carlson
Lucille Crants
Lois Hampel
Georgia Hardesty
Katherine Herdman
Carolyn Lively
Evelyn McGowan
Shirley Reed
Sally Richards
Jane Southwick
Dorothy Townsend
Ruth Yutzler
Edith Aney
Janet Roe
Doris Lichtwart
CHI SIGMA THETA

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Mrs. Anna Barsam
Mr. Kooman Boycheff
Miss Marion Clancy
Mr. and Mrs. C. Deyo
Miss Agnes Futterer

Miss Margaret Hitchcock
Dr. and Mrs. Varley Lang
Miss Catherine Peltz
Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Taylor
Miss Edith Wallace

Miss Katherine Wheeling

OFFICERS:

President: Margaret Furey
Vice Pres: Doris Barrett
Secretary: Patricia Berry
Treasurer: Lenora Davis

1942
Doris Barrett
Mary Brennan
Betty Burke
Anne Cashman
Margaret Furey
Delores Galonian
Helen Krizka
Ann Monaghan
Ruth O'Donnell
Mary Ozmon
Jeannette Ryerson
Mildred Swain

1943
Marion Adams
Betty Bailey
Patricia Berry
Dorothy Cox
Lenora Davis
Ruth Dee
Rita Ferraro
Kathleen Martin
Mary McCann
Mary McManus
Anne Shannon
Loretta Sundstrom
Jean M. Tracy
Shirley Wurz

1944
Patricia Carroll
Mary Domann
Agnes Frank
Betty Gravelle
Joan Hoffman
Helenmarie Kelly
Patricia Latimer
Marie Reilly
Janet R. Smith
Marion Sovik
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 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

OFFICERS:

President: Katherine Richards  
Vice Pres: Geraldine Grinter  
Secretary: Dorothy Newkirk  
Treasurer: Helen Caswell

1942  
Cornelia Carey  
Helen Caswell  
Marjorie Gaylord  
Geraldine Grinter  
Madge Grunwald  
Mary Irving  
Janet Kraatz  
Marie Cramer  
Dorothy Newkirk  
Katherine Richards  
Lauretta Servatius  
Betty Wessels  
Jane Williams

1943  
Marie Bailie  
Betty Barden  
Carolyn Burrows  
Dorothea Fisher  
Patricia Gibson  
Winifred Jones  
June Melville  
Shirley Ott  
Ruth Patterson  
June Semple  
Mildred Studley  
Una Underwood  
Clarice Weeks

1944  
Edith Beard  
Helen Beckerle  
June Bantham  
June Clark  
Theodora Jay  
Helen Hennessy  
Jane Pickert  
Mary Betty Stengel
ALPHA EPSILON PHI

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Mrs. Samuel Caplan    Mrs. Saitree Boumann
Mrs. Edward Marx

FACULTY ADVISORS:

Dr. Robert W. Frederick    Dr. Matie Green

OFFICERS:

Dean: Florence Halbreich

Sub-Dean: Ruth Edwards

Scribe: Elsie Ferber

Treasurer: Esther Tein

1942
Ruth Edwards
Elsie Ferber
Edythe Friedman
Henrietta Gold
Eleanor Greenglass
Florence Halbreich
Beatrice Hirsch
Selma Leis
Bernice Lenowitz
Blanche Navy
Muriel Rappaport

1943
Dorothy Handler
Thelma Levinson
Beverly Palatsky
Evelyn Robbins
Rose Stern
Louise Swire
Esther Tein

1944
Suzanne Ames
Barbara Escott
Ruth Friedman
Lillian Gross
Mildred Kirshenblum
Adele Lewis
Gertrude Meltzer
Pauline Pasternak
Sue Weissblum
Mildred Wirosloff
GAMMA KAPPA PHI

Honorary Members:

Miss Blanche Avery
Mr. and Mrs. R. Baker
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Beaver
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Bronson
Miss Mary Goggin

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Hatfield
Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hicks
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hidley
Mrs. H. S. H. Howard
Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Sisk
Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith

Officers:

President: Gladys Klug
Vice Pres: Marion Duffy
Recording Sec: Mary K. Brierton
Corresponding Sec: Ethel Appleton
Treasurer: Mildred Maasch
Marshals: Janet Smith

Pauline Washinko

1942
Ethel Appleton
Winifred Baer
Mary K. Brierton
Harriet De Forest
Marion Duffy
Mary Jane Bosley
Edna Hirn
Erma Inglis
Gladys Klug
Mildred Maasch
Georgia Millea
Alice Packer
Katherine Trowbridge

1943
Emma Baccari
Mary Elizabeth Crouch
Eleanor Mapes
Helen Omilin
Betty Peabody
Marilyn Rich
Ellen Swarthout

1944
Dora Aungst
Gertrude Bove
Mary Colfels
Kathleen Doran
Shirley Hartz
Carmelina Lasurdo
Margaret Laughlin
Mary McGrath
Katherine Rice
Rhona Ryan
Hannelone Schoen
Janet L. Smith
Mary Studebaker
Kareta Sullivan
Pauline Washinko
### BETA ZETA

#### Honorary Members:
- Dr. and Mrs. R. Clausen
- Dr. Gertrude Douglas
- Miss Anna Palmer
- Dr. and Mrs. D. V. Smith
- Dr. and Mrs. O. Lanford
- Dr. Ellen Stokes
- Miss Laura Thompson
- Dr. Matie Green
- Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Andrews

#### Officers:
- **President:** Jean Sears
- **Vice Pres:** Marion Beaumont
- **Secretary:** Betty Lou Court
- **Treasurer:** Mary Susan Wing

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<th>Year</th>
<th>Members</th>
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| 1942 | Marion Beaumont  
Leah Ellingham  
Shirley Kyle  
Jean Sears  
Mary Susan Wing  
Ada Parshall  
Janette Godfrey |
| 1943 | Jennie Churchill  
Betty Lou Court  
Mary Fairchild  
Ellen Holly  
Dorothy Huyck  
Ruth Leggett  
Jean McAllister  
Margaret Sinclair  
Marie Soule  
Jean Wells |
| 1944 | Lois Bailey  
Patricia Frey  
Muriel Hughes  
Leda LaSalle  
Mary Kate MacKay  
Amy Marsters  
Geraldine Merhoff  
Barbara Smith  
Nancy Wilcox |
PHI DELTA

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Mrs. Abram Brubacher  
Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Candlyn  
Mrs. Martha Egleston  
Dr. and Mrs. Shields McIlwaine  
Dr. and Mrs. Carleton Moose  
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Rienow  
Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Snader  
Dr. Watt Stewart  
Dr. and Mrs. Jesse Stinard  
Miss Annette Dobbin  
Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Kenney

OFFICERS:

President: Doris Sturtze  
Vice President: Elsie Johnson  
Recording Secretary: Marjorie Breunig  
Corresponding Secretary: Edythe Baker  
Treasurer: Arlene Whitbeck  
Marshall: Theodora Hoornbeck

1942  
Delores Brege  
Margaret Clapp  
Dorothy Dougherty  
Elizabeth Gilmore  
Ferne Grenier  
Mary E. Horn  
Theodora Hoornbeck  
Helen Jackson  
Elsie Johnson  
Ruth Keeler  
Marion Leary  
Ruth Monz  
Bernice Oleott  
Evelyn Smith  
Doris Sturtze  
Evelyn Towle

1943  
Audrey Benfield  
Anne Booras  
Ann Bromley  
Jane Edmunds  
Shirley Mosher  
Doris Sayles  
Verna Snyder  
Lillian Westphal  
Arlene Whitbeck

1944  
Edythe Baker  
Marjorie Breunig  
Athena Demos  
Rita Dragoon  
Winifred Morris  
Irene Myers  
Patricia Smith

46
INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

Something in September sets the frat-men's blood astir; they must rise and follow frosh. Period. And rise, rundown, and rush they did more than ever because of two decisive factors: the dorm and the annoyingly small class of men. Interfraternity Council received orders from headquarters that only two formal rush dances were to be allowed this year. That left out the usual smokers, and saved the contenders plenty of Lucky Bucks to lavish on the two dances and any extra shin-digs that could be held on the side. The Council managed the development to everyone's satisfaction, and the temperature hovered around 93.6 fraternity-heit. President Reeves, and assistants Walrath, Levin, and Graves proved capable ambassadors from their fraternal groups to the Council and Dean of Students' office. No new techniques were developed—rushing is an old game, and members of the Council were constantly in the press-box on the grandstand to see that the game was played straight. The huddles in the halls, the sympathetic vibrations of the sororities, the singing and the "Boul". Rushing does have its redeemable features: it gives State excitement, brings out the best in people and develops real friendships.

A new slant on things

Referees for rushing

Who done it?
KAPPA DELTA RHO

HONORARY MEMBERS:
Dr. Arthur K. Beik
Dr. Harry W. Hastings
Dr. Howard A. DoBell
Dr. John M. Sayles
Mr. Edward L. Cooper
Mr. Derk V. Tieszen

ALUMNI ON FACULTY:
Dr. Ralph A. Beaver
Mr. Paul Bulger
Dr. Milton G. Nelson

OFFICERS:
President: Leslie Graves
Vice Pres: Hubert Moore
Secretary: Jack Smith
Treasurer: Robert Meek

1942
Robert Carr
Edwin Casler
Leslie Graves
David Hayeslip
Edwin Holstein
Kenneth Johnson
Carl Mitchell
Robert Meek
Paul Merritt
Hubert Moore
Herbert Oksala
Lothar Schultze
Benson Tybring

1943
Owen Bombard
George Hudson
Herbert Leneker
Robert Leonard
Jack Smith
Bryant Taylor
Frank Vero
Warren Wagner
Michael Perretta

1944
Fred Beyer
Herman Blumel
Russell Blythe
Robert Gleason
William Forestt
William Marsland
Warren Walker
Raymond Verrey

50
EDWARD ELDRED POTTER CLUB

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Dr. Robert Frederick       Dr. Carleton A. Moose
Dr. J. Allan Hicks          Dr. Donnal Smith
Dr. Clarence Hidley        Dr. George York
Mr. Louis Jones             Dr. Daniel W. Snader

President: Glen Walrath
Secretary: Allan Terho
Treasurer: J. Regis Hammond

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<th>1942</th>
<th>1943</th>
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<td>Daniel Bucci</td>
<td>Robert Bartman</td>
<td>Frank Bishop</td>
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<td>Herbert Brock</td>
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<td>Arthur Cornwell</td>
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KAPPA BETA

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Dr. Ralph G. Clausen  Mr. George E. Hatfield
Dr. Earl J. Dorwaldt  Dr. Carleton E. Power
Dr. Watt Stewart

OFFICERS:

President: Alfred Stiller
Vice-President: M. Joseph Levin
Secretary: David Slavin
Treasurer: Harry Kensky

1942
Henry Brauner
Edward Colmar
Ainard Gelbord
David Minsburg
A. Harry Passow
Bernard Perlman
Baird Poskanzer
Alfred Stiller
Allan Woodell

1943
Bernard Arbit
David Bittman
Harold Feigenbaum
Arthur Flax
Leo Flax
Ira Freedman
Morris Gerber
Solomon Greenberg
Harry Kensky
M. Joseph Levin
David Slavin

1944
Bernard Bernhardt
George Erbstein
Leonard Freedman
Avrom Koblenz
Gilbert Snyder
Saul Stolbof
Irven Swire
SIGMA LAMBDA SIGMA

HONORARY MEMBERS:

| Dr. C. L. Andrews           | Dr. William Kennedy          |
| Dr. T. F. H. Candlyn       | Dr. Robert Reinow            |
| Dr. J. Wesley Childers     | Dr. Henry Sisk               |
| Dr. William Hartley        | Mr. C. J. Terrill            |
| Mr. Adam Walker            |                              |

OFFICERS:

President: Maxon Reeves
Vice President: Edgar Tompkins
Recording Secretary: John De Nike
Corresponding Secretary: Lyman Juckett
Treasurer: Walter Grzywacz

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Pushball, obstacle races, skits, and—best of all—the crowning of a queen. It all spells Campus Day. Of course, pushball isn’t exactly a gentle way to celebrate, but it does show who has brawn as well as brains. The girls muscle their way into the limelight, or rather on to the field with potato sacks and such. Then, for a change, Pomp and Circumstance come to State. All hail to Queen Duff and her lovely cohorts. Slow promenading around Page with staring in order. Then come skits to entertain the queen and court, followed by dancing for the amusement of the rest of us ordinary people. Christmas comes but once a year, and so does Campus Day. Too bad, isn’t it, kids?
January, 1941—Junior Prom Queen, Marion Duffy.

October, 1941—Campus Queen, Marion Duffy. The girl's in a rut, but what co-ed would scramble out of it? If you're beautiful enough, people will notice you without your sitting on the stage every Friday. And you, too, may be permitted to break the First Commandment of State. Thus, on Friday, December 19, Queen Duff was maid of honor at Mary Jane's wedding. I wouldn't tempt my man like that, M. J.!
PLAN FOR ALL-STATE DANCE

Objectives: To substitute for Senior Hop an inexpensive dance offering more fun for more people.

Review: In past centuries Senior Hop has incurred a deficit and attracted a limited number of plutocrats. Research has shown that a substitute would be desirable.

Material: Bids at a dollar-ten; two local bands, but good—Bill Grattan and Bob Reid; two dorms; cooperation.

Procedure: Get a date! It should be easy because it’s semi-formal. From there on it’s jive-jumping from nine to one. And don’t forget to commute between the dorms to get a fair sampling of each band—and the boardwalk. This is also an effective method for getting cooled off. The cokes for “only five cents” are another aid to economy. These can be snatched between dorms or while you’re sitting out the Conga or rhumba. This eliminates embarrassing explanations as to your limitations. After the brawl is over, make a mad dash for the designated group house and another mad dash for . . . No, in this case you may choose your own methods.
Feeney for finesse

Prom plans in the offing

Just to pass
Recipe for a junior: One Prom; three 8:10 methods classes a week; observations in Milne; getting tapped for Myskania. Mix well and flavor with a little solemnity and/or a lot of fun; cook well (no half-baked stuff allowed) for two semesters and there you are. Just where you are is the great question—but the juniors know. After all, getting a more than adequate education is their aim; and education with the sanction of the very best authorities (see Mursell) should be broad. So, proceeding along these lines—the juniors practice meeting situations and supervisors—we hope.

Howie—you—got any money?

Social secretary
'43 may solve this problem

"Where, oh where are the gay young sophomores?"

So, you thought you had a tough life. Listen to this! Lesson plans to check, conferences, practice teachers to observe, 8:10 methods classes. That's the life of a Milne supervisor. To State frosh and sophs, Miss Wheeling, Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Cooper are just names mentioned during dinner-table conversations. To the juniors and seniors, Miss Wheaton personifies French, Miss Wells, Latin, and Mr. Taylor, social studies. If someone were to tell you that the world is incurably mathematical, you'd know the source was Miss Palmer—pardon, Mrs. Wilson. Conklin, Moose, Sturm, and Shaver complete the group. They're sociable—after business is over, and sometimes they let down their hair. It's good to get used to idiosyncracies—they all have 'em. They're fond of jokes, and encourage original or progressive ideas with the welfare of the teachers as their chief interest. “We aim to make each one the very best that's turned out—one of them is bound to be placed!” They know their stuff; and what's more important, they're human.
What is it? A glorified gang of seven—three females and four of the others—made up of the heads of the classes, the Big Chief of the Student Association thrown in, a v-p, and a sec. What do they do? They convene for a socio-business get-together in which they discuss anything from sandwiches to a five-thousand dollar Student Union. Incidentally, they are the exalted few who confer with the prez every three weeks on matters of profound interest. Comments? Garlands of roses, members, for planning.

**STUDENT COUNCIL**

King and crown prince

Femininity's representation
Several good Friday 11:10 sessions, and a stalk of thorns for the tepid ones! For the innovations, like announcements at the beginning of the assembly, and the new finance system, we grant our enthusiastic approval. Personalities? Dealer-outer of Parliamentary procedure at these affairs is B.M.O.C.°, John Ralph Tibbetts, ex-secretary, ex-vice-president, and ex-traordinary gavel-wielder. Second line of defense in the executive chair is suave Don Vanas—need we say more? The last of the trio of Student Association officers is one-half of the tradition-breaking Pats—blond, beautiful Latimer. The prexies of each class come next: likable Paul Merritt, who has been tested and approved three times by the Seniors when they weren’t Seniors; Tom Feeney of “Rockette” fame, and twice elected; the other half of the famous Pat team—Carroll of the Sophomore class; and first in peaceful elections of a girl President, first in war in rivalry, and first in the hearts of her classmates, we have Flo Garfall, another of the precedent-shattering females in the exclusive ranks. All of which proves that if you’re a woman at State, you have a chance to hit the top, and if you’re a man, you must be re-elected a number of times before you rate. (*Big Man On Campus.)
“The kids who work on the News are swell.” They admit it themselves. The News’ 25th year is the best yet. They admit that, too. But what a personnel! Take a look at that News office. There’s Dorrance surrounded by his harem; and Holstein, talking about his chemistry class, “I was tough today”; and Passow, the demon hardware salesman in his spare time. And over there are Grunwald, clutching that precious black wallet bequeathed her by Ralph Clark, and Mitchell, founder of the Royal Order of the Ebony Sphere, and De Forest whose unique “Hat” signature is famous in the P.O., and Simmons, harassed as usual—“Where can I get a freshman to deliver them?” And the junior editors—Gaspary, who will never live down her purchase of navel oranges for a biology lab on seeds; Scovell, the sophisticate with the appearance of an ingénue; Takas, whose column is the best thing the News ever printed; and the one who just shouted, “We must get this work done!” is Slavin, the red-headed dictator. The News staff. Take ’em away, please.
The most influential people at State

Winter Concert Slated to Present Chorus, Harpist
Dr. Carolyn Will Conduct Presentation in Albany Hag

Possibility of 5c Milk Repeal
Myskania Will Review

State College News
1916-1941

Winter Concert Slated to Present Chorus, Harpist
Dr. Carolyn Will Conduct Presentation in Albany Hall

Possibility of 5c Milk Repeal
Myskania Will Review

Students Donate $330
Campus Chest Drive
Promotes to Contribute a Christmas Vacation

Dr. H. H. Muschalten Shade Light on Subject
When the word of the bomb was heard, a great many people believed it was just a dream. The fact that it was real, however, is in the minds of many people.

Disclosures on Sale
Winnipeg Record, an Advertiser in the Student University, which students will have to pay for the subscription and第二天 upon application to the President, we will accept the subscription.

Most frequently found in colleges at
State College, N.Y., are students who have been in college for a few months. These students are in the college of the State College, N.Y., and are often found in colleges at
State College, N.Y.
THE STATESMAN

You start with Jonesie's cub classes if you want to make the Statesman. Then, on Moving-Up Day someone calls your name and before you quietly pass out in your seat you learn that you've made the "staff". No one is ever quite certain why he makes the Statesman staff. Begin in your Freshman year and if you work hard enough, you'll get something published by the time you're a Senior. Or, if you're clever, just turn in a poem or a story before that deadline. What deadline? Oh, there are four or five—depending on the Board. Board may be defined as an auspicious body, rarely seen in the Statesman office except when deadlines have to be made. Mary's Chief. Al handles the money and Emma, with Dottie Brooks' aid, hounds businessmen. For ads, of course. Besides thinking up more misadventures for Alice in Blunderland, Roy's managing ed. "Hey you!" Snap. That's Bern or Lloyd. Reg'lar camera fiends. But Rich Kid outdoes them. Art for Rich's sake. Rich for Rich Kid's sake. Cartoons for State. Dave Hayeslip supervises all. Rhona, Honey and Studie turn in weird tales. McIntosh, Barden, Bittman and Martin reject 'em. Zilles writes poetry that only Zilles understands. People take down everything and anything heard in passing and when you read 'em over enough, well—Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense, you know. Alden's cover's on every issue with a new picture in the corner. But good. Feuds with the News and there's still no name for the dog. Maestro Perlman keeps us up to the minute on the music front. "Student tax card, please." S-2. Those are the business try-outs distributing the mag. "The Statesman is published under the direction of the Statesman Board for the members of the Student Association of the New York State College for Teachers, Albany, New York."—bottom of Page two, any issue. And we say it's a job well done.
Moving-Up Day 1941. New people to sit on the stage on Fridays. But is that important? No. You can't take your assembly seat with you, but when Kyle, Jackson, Moore, Dougherty, and Barrett get through with their work you can see the results and even carry one part of them around with you—for a slight consideration! First thing we do after showing our authority in the Ped office is have a nice cozy board meeting. Then it's over to the "Boul" for inspiration or something. Eventually, after two cups of coffee, we decide on a theme. Then we try to settle Moore problems while interviewing photographers. Then "Jackie" sets out to worry about where the money is coming from. She sends out contracts and letters and stuff. And every once in a while you see her bouncing into the office looking like the cat that ate the canary. Barrett whisks in and out of the P. O. and she's off for an "ad" . . . . A few years back someone said in the Ped "Only 440 words done and still a long way to go. Won't someone please help me think?" And that's the way copy-writing goes. (Or had you noticed?) . . . . Yes, it's cigarettes, copy, cokes, and cusses that make up the PEDAGOGUE. Dougherty sticks to the copy and cokes. Kyle sticks to everything. If there's work to be done she does it. Thursday nights—work, Saturday mornings—work, Sundays with George, that broad-shouldered guy from Baker, Jones, and Hausauer who has been paged since last May for sympathy, solutions, and s'more time. On deadline days our professors do without us, we do without lunch and try to subsist on Cookie Bars. Yeah, it's work, work, work all the time but it's fun. Isn't it? . . . . Ostrich plume department: To the News, for the generous use of their typewriters. To the Junior Board for their swell work and cooperation.
D and A

Who's da bum dat says S.C.T. ain't got cultchure? We got D. and A., ain't we? An' if D. and A. ain't cultchurfying, I don't know what ain't. Don't yuh know what D. and A. is? Yuh better pay your student tax, brother. D. and A. means Dramatic and Art Association of N.Y. S.C.T. Dey started it in 1919 an' it was so good dat in a couple o' years dey crashed da intercollegiate Dramatic Association an' da American Federation o' Arts. Da kids dat run it are in fer life—long's dey stay in collitch. Some o' da punks get picked at da end o' da foist year an' others in da middle o' da next. It's a doity game. Yuh make posters an' set at a table an'

Dreaming of the future

Who's the artist?
usher an' sell tickets an' write names on envelopes all year an' den a couple other kids get in. Da basis o' da racket is three-ring time—work, interes' and' ability. Da head dame is Liz Simmons. Den dere's Kay Richards, Betty Barden, Dottie Huyck, Doris Lichtwart, an' a guy—Don Vanas. D. and A. has brought a lot o' cultchure to da colitch. I dunno what's happened to it, but it's been here. Chris Morley, Edna St. V. Millay, John Drinkwater, Vachel Lindsay (he wrote pomes), Alex Woolcott, Nazimova, Rachel Crothers, Ruth Draper, Blanche Yurka, Mari (a Spanish dancer—now dere was a skoit for yuh!), Cornelia O. Skinner, da Graff ballet, Mme. Silvercruys, an' dat ain't all. O' course we never heard o' half o' dem yeggs, but we made some dough wit some of 'em after we paid da tax.

Tues. nite — torture or delight
What the audience doesn't see
Barton-Mumaw-Coming Attraction
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! No, it's not the Metropolitan Opera House, it's State College and that world-famous piano team of Fray and Bragotti. Once again Music Council comes through with a remarkably talented pair of guest artists—much to the delight of the college audience. Council gives us at least five excellent productions a year, including a concert by our ever-growing Symphony Orchestra (it's really good, too!), a favorite operetta (usually one of Gilbert and Sullivan's finest), a Choral Society presentation under the direction of Dr. T. F. H. Candlyn, and a concert prepared through the combined efforts of Symphony Orchestra and Choral Society. Each musical organization sends two representatives to Council, the remaining four members being chosen from the student body at large. This year's very capable president is effervescent Jeanette
Ryerson. "Bunny" is a popular veteran of the organization—ditto conscientious Florence Halbreich, keeper of the books, and that gorgeous '43er, Millie Mattice, secretary. Choral Society is well represented by piano-playing Alberta Lee, and . . . playing George Kunz! Myskaniaites Bernie Perlman and Ira Hirsh, hardworking organizers of Symphony Orchestra, also have gained well-deserved places on Council. Congratulations to them—they've really earned it! Operatic Society sends golden-voiced Jean McAllister, Saratoga's gift to State College musicales, and interfraternity president Maxon Reeves, the boy with the beautiful tenor voice. Last, but very far from least of the Musical Ten, is petite Carmelina Losurdo, the class of 1944's charming delegate. Well, there you have the members of Music Council.
ORCHESTRA

“Repeat that Allegro movement, but this time a little more expression, violins; and a little more diminuendo at the end of the phrase.” That’s a sample of what can be heard in room 20 during orchestra rehearsals. It means concentration for a concert. Fridays in assembly: Bernie’s fervent pleas for members to attend practice; Snow, perspiring but triumphant, after conducting the “William Tell Overture”; Ira’s finesse. That final burst of applause at the end of a concert, proclaiming it a success. That’s what pays for the hard work put into programs that the student body will like and appreciate.

Conductor
Alban y
Women's Club! Boys Academy! Milne!
Albany High! Dramatics plays! Yes, the orchestra is certainly one organization that gets
around. This year saw the third anniversary
of State's youngest musical protege; this year
saw it in greater demand than ever before. How
come it's so popular? Well, everyone realizes
just how much work must have been done by
a few with the cooperation of an increasing
number. Starting with the germ of an idea that
State needed a symphony orchestra, one was
formed. Just like that! With the approval of
the powers that be, and under the direction of
Bernie Perlman, the orchestra became and now
remains one of State's proudest possessions.

Before the plays began

Second in command
DEBATE

Friends! Romans! Statesmen! Give ear! 1942 marks the fifteenth anniversary of the Harangue Tribunal, the Bicker-picker Society—Debate Council! This year, by joint meetings, Debate Council has cooperated with Forum of Politics. The question of labor unions has been dropped in favor of international topics such as war strategy. Head-haranguer Hirsh, veteran of many caustic caucuses, wields the gavel. Assistant Walrath is pure gold—and as quiet. He doesn’t talk much but he says a lot. Jack-rabbit Soule does delicate pen-and-ink sketches for the record book. Cash-corraller Greenberg strangles the buffaloes on the nickles. But he’s cool under fire. L’artiste Huyck is noted as holding her own among homily-hashers. Patrick Henry Ferris energizes both Council and Forum with burning enthusiasm. Ranty-pants Passow sees all, knows all, tells all. Miss Hopkins trains the new recruits for the team while Prof. Joe Louis Jones figures the fight formulas.

Debate plans a trip- ping

Keeping up with the Jones

Principles of Argumentation

82
STUDENT FINANCE

2 and 2 are 3. 2 and 2 are 5. To keep the records straight 2 and 2 are 4. Explanation: Student Finance Board is the group which has to make that first grade problem equal 3, while the organizations included in the budget try to read it as 5. Now, with the added responsibility of the defense tax, Student Finance Board earns every cent of the pay it doesn't get. It's figure—(you know—1, 2, etc.) minded members may be excused a few answers like: "2.20 plus .22 defense tax."—when asked the time; or when asked for a match: "No tax for non-profit performance." With its newly organized auditing system Finance Board may be a little more disposed to answer questions concerning allotments, sizes, and reasons.

Budget-boners in review
Do you know about that little room at the end of the Common's balcony? That's where the good things at State from S. to C. to A. originate. We'll miss Helen Curtis who always had something brewing there, and no matter what she took out of the pan, we always relished it in a big way. Club '45 began where '44 left off, Club X served cocoa on Tuesdays, and Friendship and Marriage Commission did all but find husbands for the girls who pursued the course. These were but a few of the tasty morsels that Helen Curtis dished out. For Spontaneous Combustion in Entertainment, move in on the S.C.A. gang. They welcome everybody, and promise to fill that empty spot in your life.
Newman Club, under the leadership of Fred Ferris, has gone on being a major part in the lives of many State students. In general meetings, pressing questions of the day are discussed. Father Cahill's ready advice on these and personal questions is continually welcome. Always to be remembered are the yearly retreat and the communion breakfasts. But, not to be overlooked, are the parties; and even regular meetings are far from boring. Then, of course, there are the Newman Newses that fill the mailboxes every so often. It seems as though Newman Club has more than everything needed for the success that comes of spontaneous interest on the part of members and officers.

*Tsk-tsk, Mac!*
Everything balanced but the books

Commerce department, here we are! Not that we think we're good, but the commerce club parties sure have been tops. Remember when the faculty showed everyone a thing or two with their impressions of students in class? That's what we like—fun with the faculty. It's more than just a good chance to apple-polish. Newest development this year was the formation of a chapter of the national commerce fraternity, Pi Omega Pi. Nice going, yes?
CHEMISTRY CLUB
Hear that explosion? Well, don’t worry. It’s only chem club initiating a new batch of unfortunates. Punishment is under the able direction of Ben Tybring. All kidding aside, it’s hats off to chem club for bringing to State some of the best-known men in modern science.

MATH CLUB
How are you at figures? Maybe math club can do things for you. Charlie and the guardian angels of the department are out to prove it, not only does $1 + 1 = 2$, but math should be fun. And it is, too, if you can keep up with the math whizzes. Just come and see for yourself.

They’re interested in figures

Festive compound
Fencing, tennis, golf, badminton, and hockey, and what have we? Why, the Woman's Athletic Association, of course. And what a year it's had. Under the able leadership of Kay Peterson the girls got off to a very successful start with an Indian Ladder hike, publication of the first handbook in ten years, and the Lounge tea—with men. They didn't do badly at the Bennington hockey meet, either . . . Giavelli was runner-up for possession of the tennis trophy, won in the fall tournament by Garfall, the energetic frosh class president. It's the first tennis tourney in years that hasn't remained incomplete because of bad weather.
Three strikes in a row! But don't groan, 'cause this isn't baseball. It's bowling. Competition is keen in the leagues, organized among the group houses. Special rates are offered for horse-back riding and swimming. Good for reducing, too. Skating and skiing in winter, golf when it's warm, badminton and ping-pong all year 'round. Because there was such a demand for it, W.A.A. sponsored fencing as an additional sport this year. And the girls became so good that they gave an exhibition at LaSalle School over in Troy! Better watch your step, fellows. Highlights of the year's activities were the Fall Carnival and the spring Folk-Dance Festival. Mustn't forget to mention the W.A.A.—M.A.A. Sports Night where a good time was had by all. Rewards for active participation are class numerals, letters, keys, and—to the most persevering—jackets. Lookable figgers, too. And it all adds up to W.A.A.
This is your old MAA-stro, students, ready to review the Men's Athletic Association for you. Bill Dickson was President this year, and Owen Bombard occupied the post of Vice-President, Les Graves, Treasurer, and Bill Miller, Secretary. To add to this roster of vigorous manhood we had Hank Brauner, Harry Bora, Bill Marsland, and Ray McNamara. Paul Bulger, '35, and faculty member of Milne High, helped found MAA, and still retains the advisoryship of the group. Know how to get into MAA? It's a cinch. Just (1) be a man, or at least a male, and (2) pay your student tax. Of course, that alone won't get you into the select group of gentlemen mentioned above, the MAA Council. The next thing is to smile pretty at all the girls you see in the halls, in classes, in the Commons, in the P.O., on Western Avenue, any old place. If they don't go to State, you might get some unexpectedly pleasant results. And if they do go here, maybe
they'll vote for you for MAA representative, after your best friend has nominated you. Don't bother about the boys. They all know you and anyway their vote is less than one-third the total. Why waste time on the minority? If some big lug has a prettier smile than you and beats you out for the job, either change your dentifrice and try again next year, or aim at Intramural Council. You know what Intramural Council is, don't you? They're the boys
“whose duty it is to plan and present an extensive program of intramural sports for the benefit of those men unable to participate in varsity sports.” Think you could do that? Sure you could. Rege Hammond can do it, can’t he? And Gene Guarino, and Bill Marsland, and Art Flax, and Ken Johnson, and Don Demick, and Hal Singer? Are they any more intelligent than you are? None of them made the chess team, did they? And that’s another thing. If you can’t be on one of the Councils and decide what other guys are going to do, maybe you can be one of the other guys. The varsity teams have lots of fun. They cut classes on Friday afternoons to ride around on nice big buses, and their girl friends
still love 'em even if they don't win very often. If you haven't enough ambition to go to the frequent varsity practices, how about bowling or ping-pong? Or what about MAA Press Bureau? Jeepers, can't you even type? If you were brought up on Hare and Hounds, or whatever that game is where you scatter pieces of paper around and the other team chases you, you might have made the cross-country team last year. Guess you're just out of luck, Bud.
EPSILON TAU OMEGA

Bernard D. Arbit
M. Russell Blythe
Malcolm P. Evans
Arthur Cornwell
Donald G. Demick
Ainard Gelbond
Robert Gleason
Ira Hirsh
George Hudson
Robert Laurer
William Marsland
Frederick Shoemaker
Bernard Skolsky
Arthur E. Soderlind
Alfred Stiller
Alan L. Stone
G. Benson Tybring
John Vose
Warren Wagner
Warren Walker

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S-T-A-T-E! Rah! Rah! Lookout, you guys, here comes State’s team—and we don’t mean football. Around here only basketball can get the crowd yelling, groaning, grimacing all at once. That’s quite a feat, but the crowd needs just as much practice in acquiring and maintaining even a slightly comfortable position. There are always bony knees in your back and an equally obstinate sitter-in-fronter for you to cope with.

Solutions: (1) Sit on the bias. (2) Sit on the floor and get stepped on. And while you’re floored—sort of dive under the bleachers to get something for a friend of a friend—it may be anything from student tax cards to knitting. If you’re lucky, you may be out in time for the snake dance of victory, or the rush to the Commons for forgetting. (Advantages: Fun, and getting hoarse so you can’t recite in class on Monday.)

Superman!!

The crowd doesn’t roar
The race is to the swift

Step right up — Bingo!
CARNIVAL

All work and no play—. So, we dance. Our play begins at noon in the Commons and is carried on to the weekends—vic parties, open houses, and more especially Prom, Soiree, and All-State. The Greeks have their nights, too. Interfraternity, Intersorority, house formals. And whenever the gang gets together, there's plenty of noise. It's usually converted into useful (?) energy. You know, harmony and the barbershop quartette. And one thing leads to laughter. Being together. Wherever we go—the Commons, Ingle, Aurania Club, annex. Three girls to every fellow now, and the girls can still grin feebly. Oh well, there's still Siena, R. P. I., and G. E. And with hope shining forth, there's still: “She was a State College maiden, and he was a Union man—” State's social life isn't extinct, but—. Agitation for defense-stamp corsages. A minimum of decorations for soiree. Proceeds of this and that for the Red Cross. But the events are all the more enjoyable because, not only are the functions Dull-Jack preventives, they're doing others some good, too.
Ratiocination, pronounced rash-i-o-si-na-shun, in case you underclassmen didn't know, is thinking in a clear, logical way. The seniors know all about it. In fact, they know all about everything, don't we? Wait till the unsuspecting world is dazzled by the brilliance of the class of '42. The present secondary school teachers in New York State will blush to think that they once thought they knew how to teach. Wait till we show them how to motivate a class, how to attain all our objectives. Of course we aren't just wonderful teachers. We're wonderful husbands, wonderful wives, wonderful friends, wonderful people. You'll miss us next year. I betcha, we hope. And maybe we'll take time from our busy lives to miss you, too.
How to get a job

Milne! Milne! Milne! Morning, noon, and night! Will I ever get that place off my mind? With my morning toast I brush up on the day’s lesson—late into the night I slave on lesson plans—conferences with supervisors, “Oh yes, they’re doing fine—even my problem child—bless his little heart”—taking charge of a club—carrying fifteen hours at college—trying to keep up with the social whirl—and making an impression on the employment bureau (I hope)—Oh, the life of a practice teacher is no picnic! I keep telling myself that next semester it’s the other side of Page for me! But all the time I know that I’LL be going back for more. That senior’s nightmare has something! I don’t know what—But it’s got me!
Practice teachers to the right of us—practice teachers to the left of us, and supervisors down on us. Maybe we are just guinea pigs, but it sure has its good points. There's nothing like being progressive. And you should see the amazing things they cook up to motivate us. Good material for case studies. That's what we've heard, anyway. And the problems we raise really aren't problems at all—they're just diversions. Maybe the kids aren't so open and free with answers in class, but we sure know them all when it comes to discussing the practice teachers and their overlords. Speaking of that—you should see the English teacher I have. Boy, is she a honey! And some of them look old enough to be seniors—in Milne. I'd like to get in on some of those conferences—that is, in an unofficial capacity. The supervisors aren't so bad, either; but we do sort of stop shining when they walk in. Of course, there are all the clubs and stuff like journalism and athletics. And no matter what anyone says, we get good marks, too. We're pretty good all-round. Milne's better than all right, huh kids?

11:10 — Milne invades the annex
Clemente, Adelaide
Clopman, Goldy
Coarsey, Marie
Colmar, Edward

Coppola, Carmen
Corson, Clyde
Cramer, Marie
Crouch, Pauline
Gelbond, Ainard

George, Thomas

Germond, Henry

Gillan, James

Gilman, Charles

Gilmore, Elizabeth

Ginsberg, Beatrice

Godfrey, Janette
Grenier, Ferne

Griffin, Leo

Griñer, Geraldine

Gross, Michael

Grounds, Eleanor

Grunwald, Madeline

Gullotti, Matilda
Jordan, Harry

Keeler, Ruth

Kell, Rita

Kilmer, Irene

Klein, Mary

Kloss, Helen

Klug, Gladys

Knowlton, Betty
Lay, Virginia

Leary, Marion

Ledbetter, Margaret

Lee, Alberta

Leggett, Mary Grace

Leifels, Robert

Leis, Selma

Lenowitz, Bernice
Markarian, Michael
Meek, Robert
Menihan, Mary
Merritt, Paul
Miles, Genevieve
Millea, Georgia
Miller, Dorothy
Miller, Earl Vincent
Miller, Evelyn

Mitchell, Carl

Moldover, Ruth

Monaghan, Ann

Monz, Ruth

Moore, Hubert

Morsillo, Nicholas

Muller, Marilyn
Reynolds, Charles
Richards, Katherine
Rizzo, Venera

Reig, Howard

Roberts, Brooks
Roberts, Hazel
Rockcastle, Ruth
Roginska, Regina
Rubar, Geraldine

Ryerson, Jeannette

Sadler, Arlene

Schlesinger, Elinor

Schmachtenberg, Jeanne

Schultze, L. Walter

Sears, Jean

Seifert, George
Vi7iano, Mary Elizabeth

Vincent, Ruth Marion

Walrath, Glen

Weitzer, Janet

Wessels, Betty

Wheadon, Marion Louise

Whiting, Claire Anna

Williams, Jane M.
Wilson, Jane M.  Wilson, Kathryn Inez  Wing, Mary Susan  Woodell, Allan D.

Bakay, John  Donahoe, Thelma  Duffey, Harold  Foley, Edward  Fox, Arthur  Greene, Clare  Holleran, Lenabelle  Lucca, Nuncia  McCormack, Grace  Mattews, William  Miller, Julia  Minsberg, David  Morsillo, Nicholas  Packer, Alice  Parsons, Thomas  Perry, Gertrude  Schirk, Sarah  Seeley, Vernon  Surrey, Rosalie
Let's reverse the usual procedure and take Myskania apart for a change. Here they are—the tremendous ten. There's Perlman with his fiddle tucked neatly under his one and only chin. It's a little hard to hide the bow in even the super-sleeve of the flowing symbol of leadership. Now let's pass on to Merritt. We won't make the well-known pun. We'll just say he has his good points. He has what it takes, and that's O. Kay with us. Very obviously, it should be Mr. Merritt followed by Miss Peterson. In addition to all the offices that Pete holds, she's first lady of the class. Nice goin'. Next, for no reason at all, we'll take Passow—friend to all white rats and that's not all. Frankly, we don't see how Harry or anyone else can do everything he does and do it so well. Pres. Tibbits has a lot of worries, too: but the gray hair doesn't show. In spite of pressing business, J. R.'s noble brow is kept smooth by guess who. Better than good enough. Then there are Dorrance and Holstein, the twin editor-scientist-get-arounders. Penelopes of the Publications office swoon at the sight of Holstein doing his strenuous Yogi exercises. Dorrance, minus tassel, jitter-bugging for all he's worth. Holstein, minus ditto—"I challenge you to a drool." But Ryerson hasn't time to enter any drools. She's kept much too busy being popular. It's a big job for a little girl along with the work for Music Council, but not too much for Bunny. The other member of the fair sex on this royal list is petite Kay Wilson. There's more than dramatics in her head. There has to be, cause she's the one that guides State's S. C. A., and that's no little job, either. And so, let's end with a few Hirsh words. After all, Ira is on Debate Council. We have a hunch that he's put in a plug for the Ped—and Kyle. Excellent judgment. See, we told ya—they're human.
"Now we’ve shown our education
And our ratiocination
Um-diddily — um bum — bay.
With empirical knowledge we are through,
The science of the soul we will bequeath to you,
You’ll agree we need a holiday,
Um — diddily — um — bum
Um — diddily — um — bum
Um — diddily — um — bum
Um — diddily — um — bum — bay!"

That’s the theme song of State’s brain trust. — They have a corner on comprehension, an edge on erudition, a priority on preception.—Signum Laudis! — Strictly upper crust of a (harumph) well-bred group. Signum Laudis is skimmed from the top per-cent of the Senior class. Now if we’re all the cream of the crop, just imagine what it must feel like to be the cream of the cream! And didja’ know that the requirement for membership is the same as that for Phi Beta Kappa. In fact, it is fondly hoped that someday there may be a branch of that national honor society at State. Ah, fond hopes. Signum Laudis was born in 1930. But it reached back into the past and admitted to membership old grads from 1915. (the date when State got its first long pants, i. e. became a college.) Janet Brown’s highest of the high averages automatically elects her to the Chair. And Dr. Beaver knows how to make the figures add up so he does the treasurering. The secretary, Mr. Sturm does the usual business of secretaries — hmm.
SIGNUM LAUDIS

Janet Brown
Barbara Bush
Mary Carpenter
William Dorrance
Alberta Lee

Ruth O'Donnell
Harry Passow
Jane Real
Jeanne Schmaehtenber
George Seifert

Catutti, Anna
Fulvio, Peter
Gaylord, Marjorie
Halpin, Edward
Hayeslip, David
Hirsch, Beatrice

Kell, Rita
Kratz, Henry
Kyle, Shirley
Miller, Evelyn
Navy, Blanche
Oleott, Bernice

Roberts, Hazel
Sommers, Roy
Thomas, Virginia
Tibbetts, Ralph
Tims, Marjorie
Zilin, Sadye

Miss B. M. Avery
Dr. Ralph Beaver
Miss Margaret Betz
Miss Marion Chesebrough
Dr. Gertrude Douglas
Miss Agnes Futterer

Mr. Clarence Hidley
Dr. Carleton Moose
Miss C. W. Peltz
Mr. J. W. Sturm
Miss E. Q. Wallace
Dr. M. G. Nelson

Miss Evelyn Wells
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Mr. Warren Densmore
Dr. J. M. Sayles
Miss A. M. Fillingham
Miss Marjorie Wheaton
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Vincent Miller  
Blanche Navy  
Bernard Perlman  
Jane Real  
Alfred Stiller  
Claire Whiting

PGM
Pi Gamma Mu;  
Pretty Good Men  
—— and women too.

Naturally there's women. This is State isn't it? In the State College News of September 19, Program Director Ed Holstein said, "The new program that Pi Gamma Mu has planned for the coming year will be an active one. It is designed to publicize our organization." Silly of them, wasn't it? As though PGM needed publicity. Even freshmen, lowly beings that they are, know what Pi Gamma Mu is. Why, when I was a freshman, I even considered changing to Social Studies so I'd have a chance to get into the society of the elite. I stopped considering when I saw a list of Required Reading for Social Studies. Bad for my eyes, you know. Maybe I should have switched, anyway. It'd be fun going to Indian Ladder on those picnics and going roller-skating. Even discussing such weighty problems as the new Social Studies program would be O. K. as long as D. V. was there to explain things. Good man, D. V. And, of course, taking over profs' classes now and then is an "opportunity to develop teaching technique before going into the practice school." I don't know which is worse — doing your first practicing on the Milners or on your own friends. The Pi Gamma Mus seem to have survived both methods. Must be wonderful to have such stamina.
KAPPA PHI KAPPA

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Howard Lynch
Arthur Flax
Leo Flax
Eugene Guarino
Jack Smith
Robert Carr
Regis Hammond

Maurice Levin
David Bittman
Robert Bartman
Robert Laurer
Kenneth Johnson
Charles Reynolds
Thomas O'Connor
Thomas Feeney
Edward Reed
Paul Merritt
Harold Feigenbaum
Byron Benton, Jr.
Walter Grzywacz
Bryant Taylor
Girls, take note! Dickson, voted the most handsome, doesn’t rest on his laurels. It’s apt to be something else on the basketball court. Whether in the purple and gold of condition, the sombre black of Myskania, or just ordinary clothes — he’s State’s model man.

Hair: brunette; eyes: she sure has; height: just right; weight: see Quinn. That’s glamour queen Duffy. Just try to find a moment when Duff isn’t at her perpetual best. “She has the personality and her features do a good job of promoting,” that from an unprejudiced male!
Acknowledged beauty

Bunny's on time — for play

More State girls dream about Paul
MOSTS

"Pete's" finger is in every pie

Friday at 11:00
Debate Council, Music Council and Symphony Orchestra, Myskemia on general principles — that's what it takes to be voted the most versatile man. What would the Four Men of State have been without Hirsch? Three. He writes good songs, too. Remember his "Daisy" version?

Kay Peterson is the signature of versatility. Art for W.A.A. and the effect has been more than pleasing. Fashion plate of S.C.T. — that's the result of designing and making her own clothes. But don't try it unless you have some of Kay's ability — everyone can't do it.

There's Polhemus of "Gin Mill" fame. It's she who sizes up the girls sports for the News. Even more important is her work with Press Bureau. Now New York can size up State (and Ginny makes it good). That's how Ginny rates as top good-deed-doer for State.

Perlman — originator and bulder-upper of State's core of culture, the symphony orchestra. The maestro spouting musical innuendos, teaching neophyte baton-wielders; and Bernie giving impromptu street-corner concerts with his Stradeveddias. The fellow who has done the most for State.
Acknowledgments

It is customary for the Ped board to extend thanks to each and everyone who has helped in any way in the production of the book. We could use two or three pages of fancy words to tell you how we feel but it wouldn't mean any more and would only bore you. So to Baker, Jones, Hausauer and that swell fellow, George I. Heffernan, to the crew of Gustave Lorey's, especially "Jimmy" and "Rocky", to Frumkin Studios for the wonderful portrait of Dr. Croasdale, and to our own Dr. DoBell, (who else could do justice to Queen Duff?) we say simply and sincerely, "Thanks!"

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I WANN'A FIGHT TOO!

S

AVE your punches, young lady! We know how you feel—but your Old Uncle Sam needs your help in other ways. How?
in the numerous ways women always serve: with the Red Cross, the A.W.V.S., and a score of civilian agencies—they all need and want you.

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