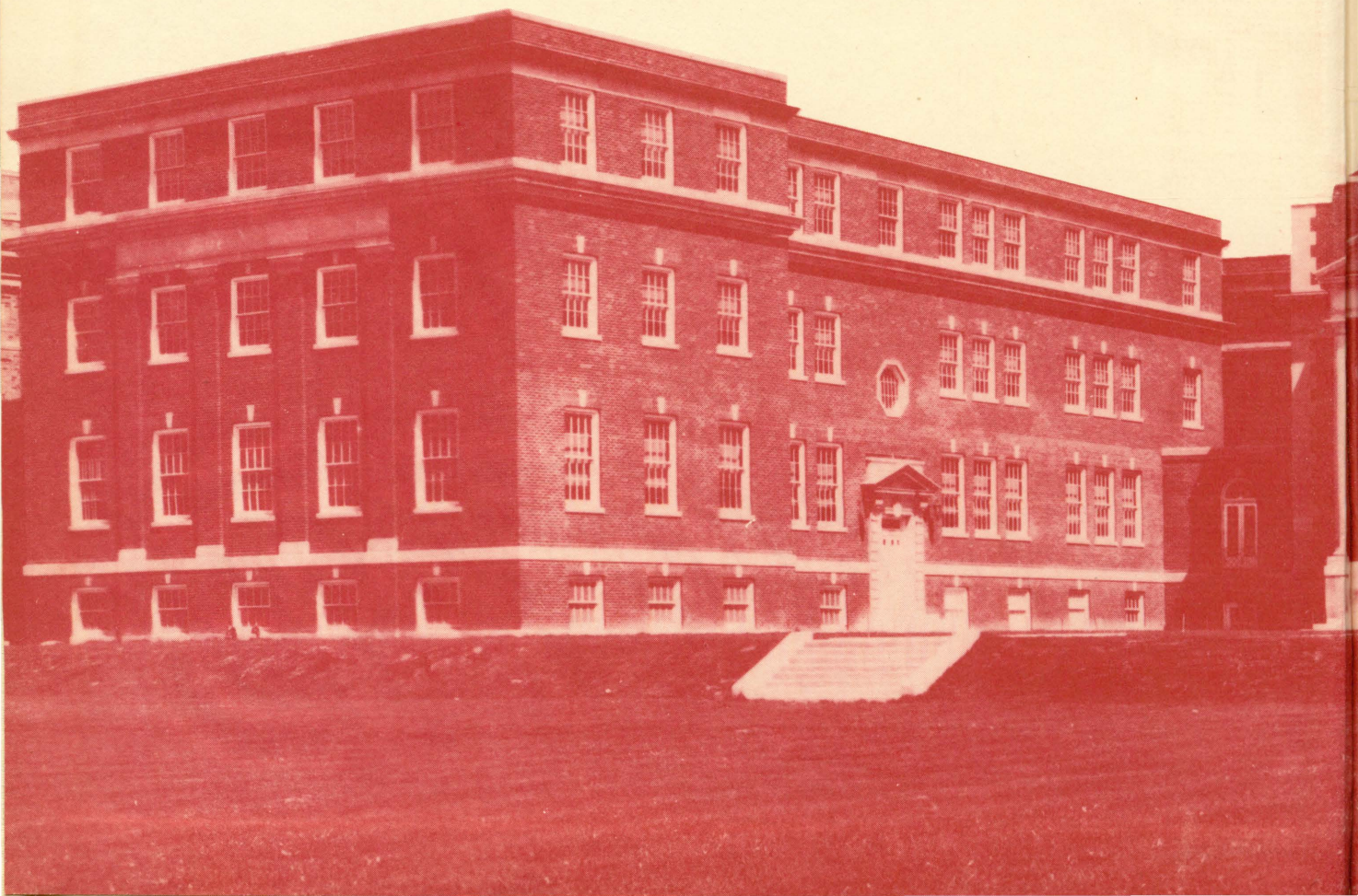
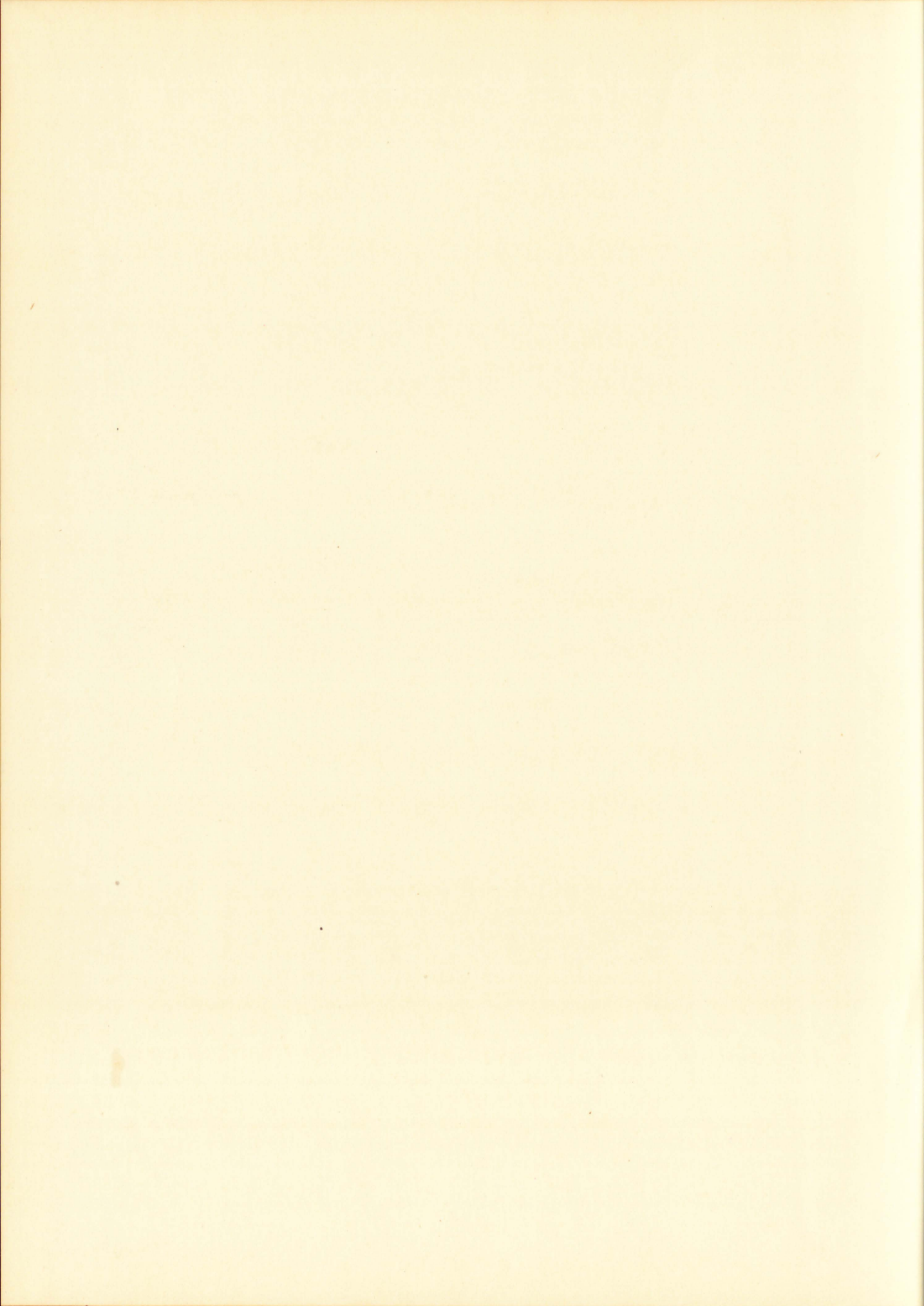


Pedagogue 45



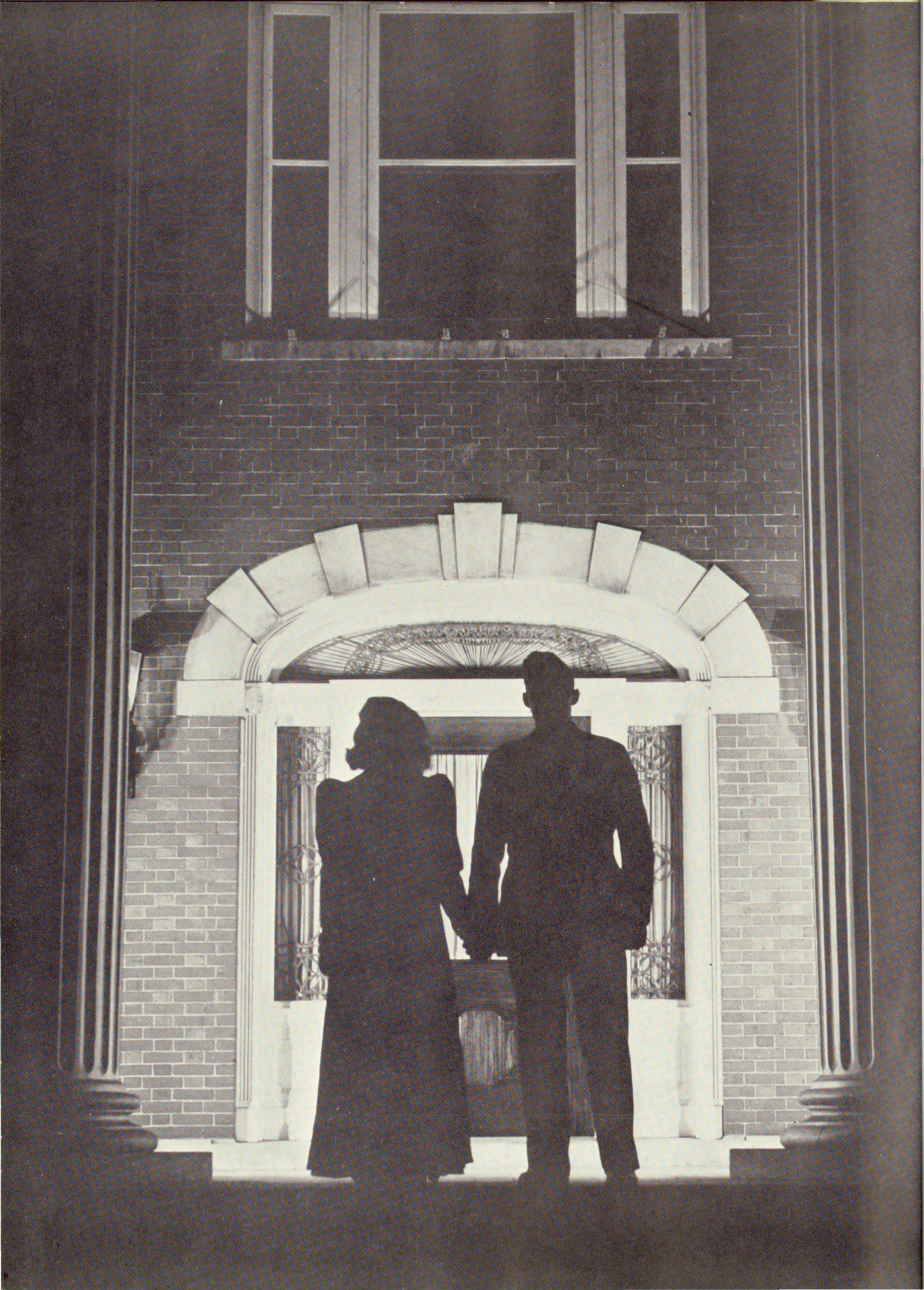
Dep





*And gladly would he
learn and gladly teach*

—CHAUCER



1945 PRESENTS THE

Pedagogue

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE
FOR TEACHERS

Albany, New York

Editor—LUCILLE GERG

Business Manager—DOROTHY FALK

THE American Teacher

EVOLUTION OF A PROFESSION IN A DEMOCRACY

Teachers are employed for purposes "vastly great." They must teach the science of health with all the learning of the doctor; but without the pay of the doctor; they must inculcate the principles of the most impressive sincerity but without the sectarianism of the minister; they must be altogether more patient than God, as if a teacher punishes himself, for He punishes others; he is guilty of an assault on human nature, and make every good thing that might entice and seduce a bad thing and thought abominably disgusting . . . they must invent schemes to moderate the zeal of the too ambitious, and inspire the dulllest blockheads with the thirst for fame and knowledge; the incorrigibly uncouth and unpolished with the tastes, the instincts, and the manners of the refined and virtuous. . . . they must turn all from the thousand paths that lead to wisdom, ignorance, and all that is not peace, them to find infallibly all the . . .



LIBRARY GRADE SCHOOL

STATE COLLEGE OF TEACHERS
ALBANY.

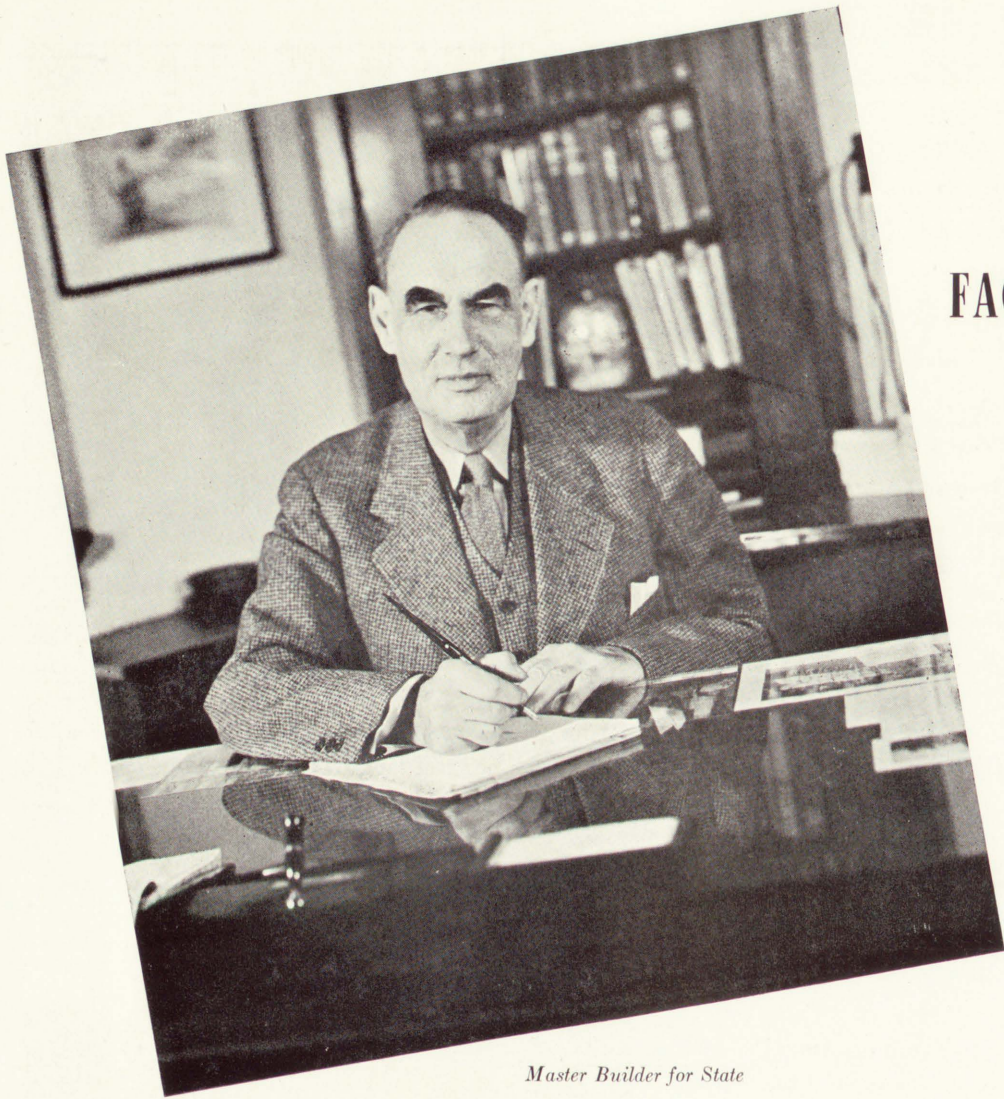
Professor of Education, Teachers College, University

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago Boston Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

WE DEDICATE THIS . . .

To our faculty because . . . you shook inferiority from our hearts as Freshmen and called us adults; because . . . you opened the door and showed the way; because . . . you awed and inspired us. Classes have meant more than routine—they have helped to form our philosophies of education and of life. As Draper's door closes behind us, we will look back upon debates in Ed. 10 class, we will laugh at Freshman history horrors, we will linger over Walt Whitman. Your productions for War Activities, the 8:10 conferences, your compassion for late-comers—these we will remember also. You have been more than the instructors of tomorrow's teachers—you have been our friends. You have never been too busy for a chat. You foresaw our shortcomings, and thus smoothed the path when going forward seemed an impossible task. Books and notes have been but tools—you pointed out the way.

OUR '45 *Ped*



FACULTY

Master Builder for State

He's a popular man. He's an amiable person. He has a personality that goes well with the keen eyes that look out from under thick, black brows. He has a slow, warm smile and an enviable sense of humor. He may wander into the commons any noon and tap his foot to a "Lindy." He may stop you in the Annex some day just to ask you what you did last summer. He's all for the students—whether it's in having rubber matting put on the Commons' steps or helping with plans for the Student Union. He's

keenly interested in bettering faculty-student relations. (Have you ever been to a Faculty-Student Tea?) He's a *State* man whose enthusiasm ranges from planting new shrubbery on the present campus to the extensive plans for post-war State. Myskania will tell you "he's wonderful!" and any student who has ever come in contact with him—be it at a meeting of Signum Laudis or just a neighborly talk—will agree that Dr. Sayles is an all round "swell guy."

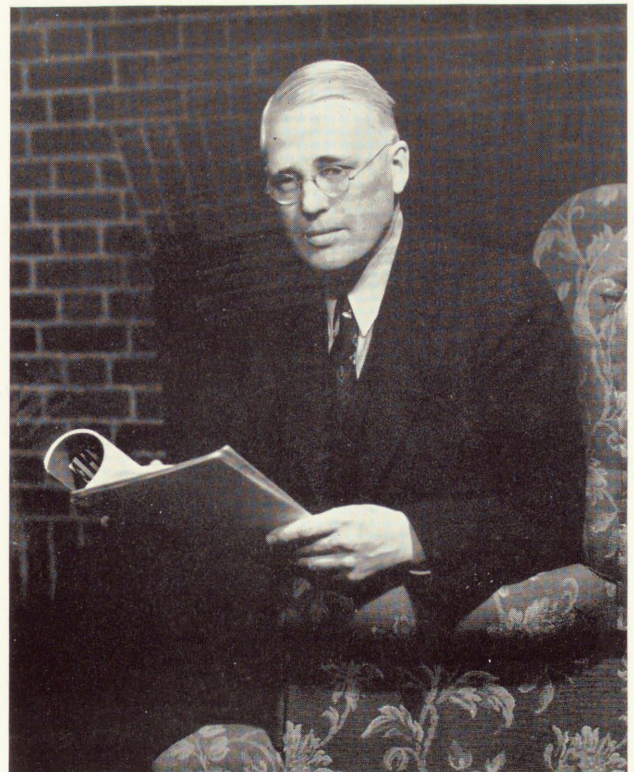
We meet her in the hall—she nods, she smiles, she chats awhile. Her eyes speak warm friendliness and we know our First Lady is one of State's most valued possessions. We enter her office. She looks up from a busy desk with a gracious "can I help you look." She's versatile—anything from the best in knitting yarns to a suitable place in which to live next year. She might even give us some bridge tips or tell us about her collection of wood carvings. We see her in assembly. She speaks and each of us feels an earnestness we can't forget.



It pays to look ahead

What can I do for you?

He has many and varied moods, but we like that. Sometimes we can't understand him, but we like that. He pops up in the most unexpected places, and we like that, too. He's the person who impressed us most when we first came, and two to one he'll be the one we'll remember after we leave. Yes, he's given us much to remember. We'll remember his jokes, his understanding of our problems, and his ability to help us in every situation. Dean Nelson has given State College a certain something that is felt by every student and faculty member. Call it personality or call it "oomph," we like it.





What do you hear from the boys?



It must be educational

A new event came to State—Student-Faculty Teas. We reminisced with the old familiars and swapped introductory details with the new-arrivals. In those brief mo-

ments a tradition was born—a testimony to the way we feel about our faculty and the way they feel about us.

The education profs are “firsts” in our popularity column — understanding Dr. Hicks who solves many problems—not mathematical! Broadly grinning Dr. Kenny always telling us that “something which happened just before class”; Dr. Henrickson who accommodates all movie seekers; quiet Dr. Beik smiling confidence in the back row—3:30 to 4:30; Dr. Morris who labels all Frosh their first week at State; Dr. Hayes teaching the Juniors measurement with a southern accent and C. C. Smith who ends the week with a flourish.

The Hygiene Department like all Gaul is



She's good for what ails you



And Rome fell . . .

“divided into three parts”—Drs. Green and Dorwaldt ably take care of the sore throats, bruised ankles and strained eyes; Miss Johnston and Miss Foster see to it that State students push those basketballs around. The third part is reserved for Frosh only; it’s that special treat known as Hygiene.

In the halls of Husted we meet Dr. Clausen with Dr. Andrews who actually asked if we wanted two mid-sems; our master of mechanical advantage, Dr. Power; petite



And that will be all for today



Will it explode?



The world is round by definition

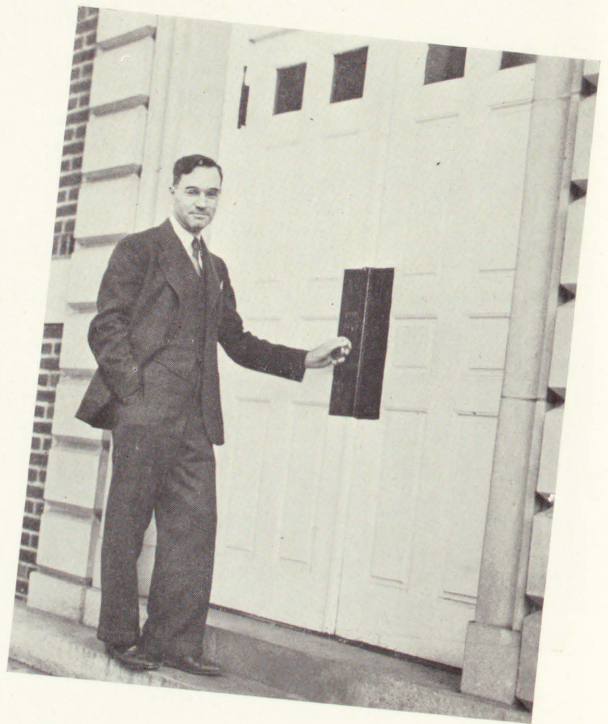
Dr. Scotland, connoisseur of frogs and min-
uets, conferring with Dr. Douglas on the
finds of a recent field trip; Miss Betz, Mr.
Tieszen, and Mr. Sturm, science mentors of
the frosh, talking over a new lab instrument;
Dr. Lanford and Dr. Kennedy in an involved
conversation—we give up!

Angles, circles, and unknown quantities
are a jumble in our minds but not the people
who teach them. We all know Dr. Birch-
enough, distinguished and patient; conserva-
tive Dr. Beaver, quiz kid of the faculty;
Mrs. Fee who magician-like passes planes
through circles, and Miss Wheeler who cir-
cumnavigates the auditorium every Friday.

Showing State's more talented students
the principle of design is all in a day's work
for Miss Hutchins who plays a capable lone
hand in the Art Department.

'Way up at the top of Draper, the Comm.

department keeps house — understanding
Miss Avery, who loves her country garden
as much as she enjoys her classes; debonair
Dr. Cooper dexterously determining dues



Sprechen die Deutsch, mais oui!



Is it drama or poetry?



Don't forget to leave a tip

and debit; congenial Dr. York who makes anyone willingly give his student tax; Mr. Terwilliger who enchanted us with his Chinese lover characterization; Mr. Terrill, neat and efficient, and Mr. Gemmel, happily half-whistling as he hurries down the hall.

Lively and loquacious linguists live in the inner sanctums of Richardson—ancient languages made alive—Dr. Goggin, entertaining and eager; comforting Dr. Wallace, wis-



Exhibition—2nd Floor Draper



The theory of education is . . .



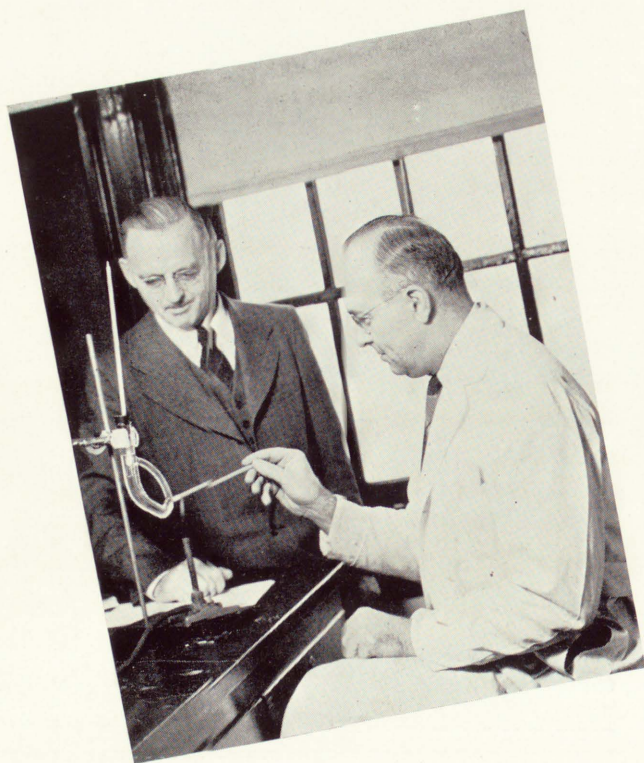
Wanted—One elevator



Homewas never like this

dom behind friendly eyes; polite Miss Preston and demure Dr. Smith in witty French conversations with their colleagues, delightful Dr. Dobbin and jovial Dr. Mahar; nuestros amigos espanoles, polished Dr. Childers and Miss MacGonagle, chic and cheery; and amicable Herr Decker with his quick, "Guten Morgen, Fraulein."

It's quite a hike to third floor Richardson but if the faculty can do it so can we! We like Jewett and Perryman; their "Big 8" publicity manager, Miss "I-want-a-thousand-questions!" Hopkins; Phillips and Peltz who unite to make those reckless Juniors "comma"-conscious; Miss Futterer, polisher of speeches and embryonic actors; our genial short-story expert Dr. Hastings; the service men's man, Dr. Jones, and Dr. McIlwaine whose dramatic versatility ranges from the "Dolly" to the "Hangman."



What's cookin'?

Fantasies and ivory towers





An open mind, an open heart . . .



Planning a field trip

Behind that sound-proof Richardson door the music classes delve into the intricacies of the three B's—Dr. Stokes offers the necessary explanations.

The Dates and Data Department in Draper—Stewart and Standing, two reasons why there are History majors; Hidley, anecdotes and analyses; Merkel, cosmopolitan violinist; Egelston, dramatic lecturer, and new additions—Ewing and Tirrell.

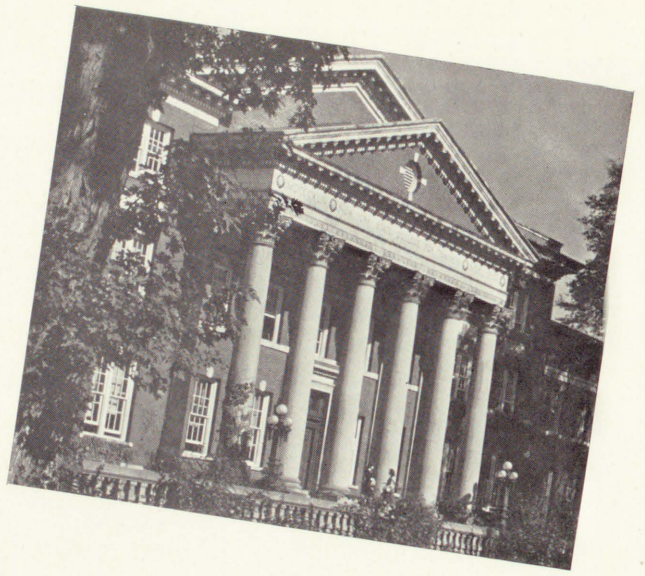
We wind up our trip through halls, classrooms, and labs, not regretting the wear and tear on our precious shoe leather. How could we? It has meant becoming acquainted with our faculty, each one a part of State life, a part of the fun, and a part of the work. They're the first people from State whom we meet (remember those freshmen interviews?) and the last to whom we bid good-bye four years later.



Just looking



Taking things easy



IN MEMORIAM

Open roads, varied views, poised poses, shades of light and darkness—a wide perspective. These were the fundamentals for a full life.

A commanding figure with a slight denotation of many thoughts marking his forehead, a firm mouth often flashing a sincere smile, a low voice, a stately posture—these were outward characteristics of the man.

Those who knew him in classroom contacts found one who did not live in realm of formulas and equations, but discovered, instead, a man who had a profound understanding of human weaknesses and problems. Innumerable PEDAGOGUES, Moving-Up Day memories, and Draper's art displays have been the products of his talent.

He was a man who sought manifestations of beauty wherever he went. Beauty was realized to him not only through a camera's





DR. HOWARD A. DO BELL

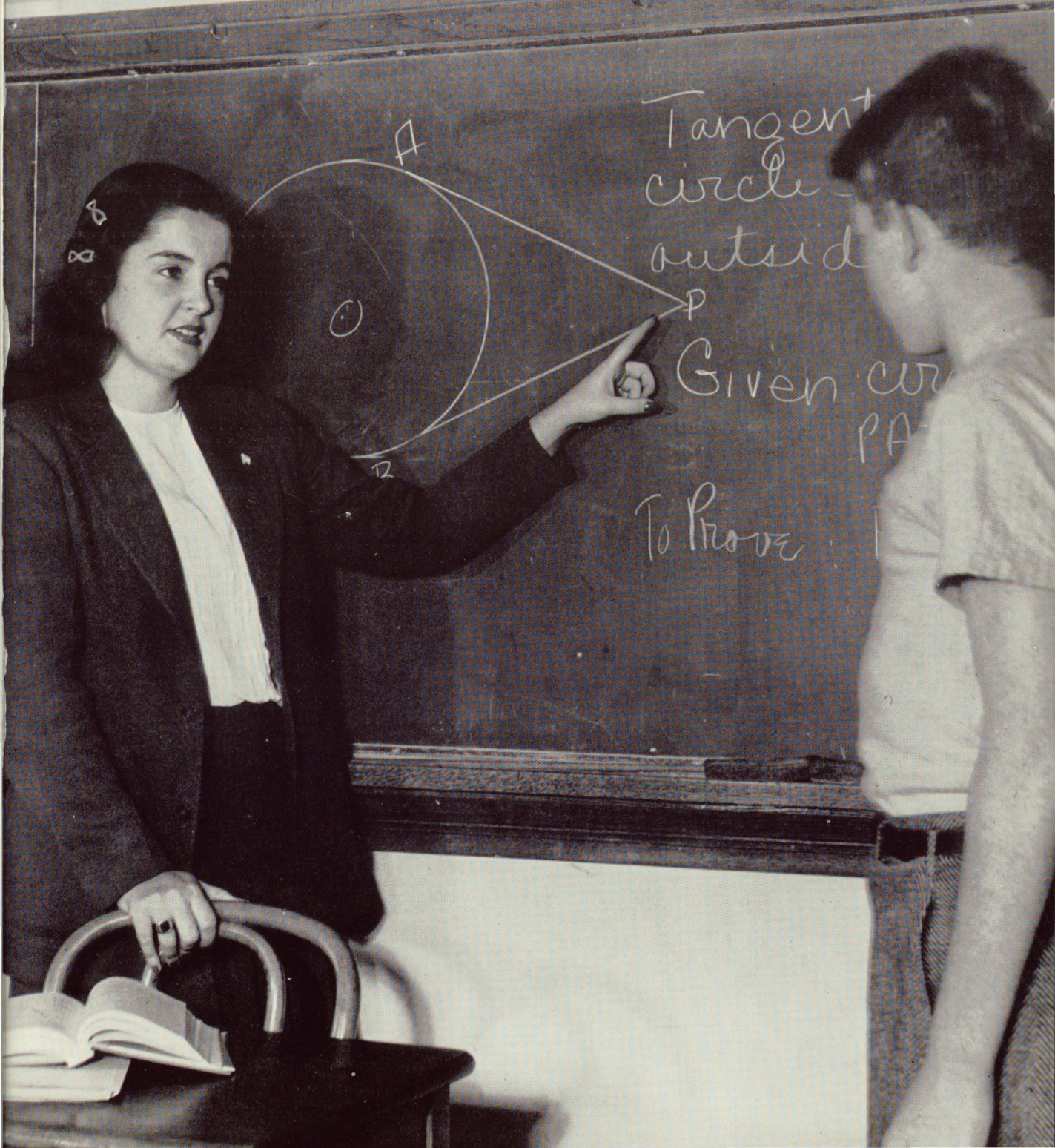
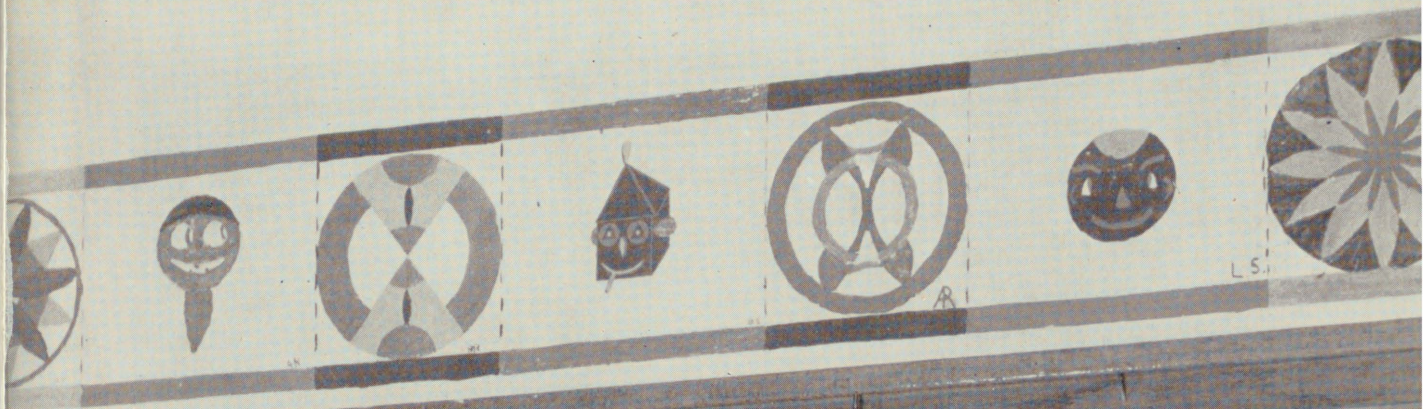
lens, but also in everyone with whom he came in contact. In a college dazed by war, he offered a strong eye to the future and an indomitable courage for bewildered minds. His reliable calm and stern perseverance set a worthy goal for those who studied under

his guidance.

State College paid formal tribute to Dr. DoBell at services in Page Hall, but every student remembers in the seclusion of his thoughts, a man who gave so much of his mind and talent to others.



*So teach us . . . that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom*



Tangent
circle
outside

Given: circ
PA

To Prove:

Sittin' pretty

Gee, where is everybody?



That's where our money goes . . .



“On Forty-Five”—we stood in the rain clutching a new red banner and experiencing our first Moving-Up Day at State. We were impressed when the seniors walked slowly down the steps and the strains of “Great Fires” became just an echo. The year 1945 seemed almost too far away. Yet, here we are trying on caps and gowns and choosing torch bearers. We’re leaving State. Destination—Podunk, U.S.A. But even in the smallest Podunk there will be pleasant memories. We’ll remember . . . that frigid week-end at freshman camp and our first introduction to the “Gay Desperado” . . . hard-fought battles for rivalry points . . . hours we spent worrying about our first warnings in General Science and Math . . . mornings we got up at 7:45 to make 8:10 classes.

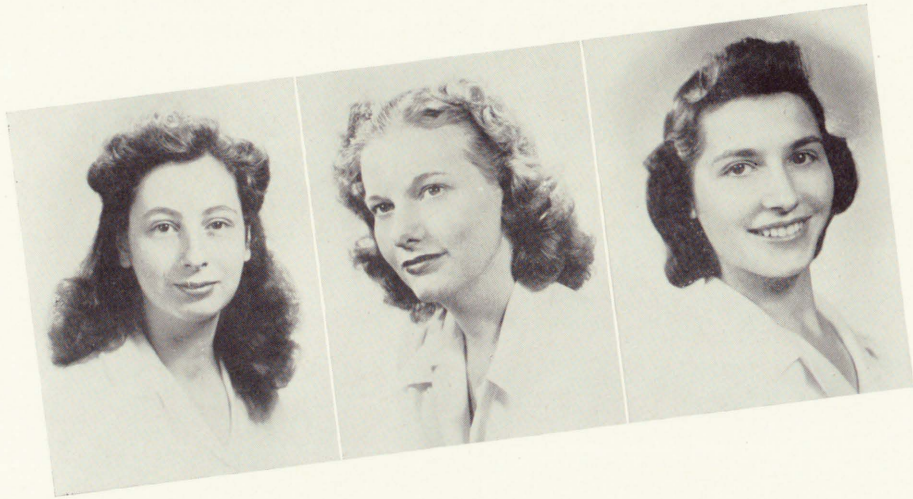
SENIORS

We'll remember popular Flo, our president for three years, and her versatile successor "Smitty" . . . our banquets . . . "Junior Miss" and minstrel show—smash hits . . . Ed. 10 classes at 3:30 every Friday afternoon . . . friends and teachers who made

State what it was . . . practice teaching and all those midnight bull sessions. We can't forget that we're the war class—that with our men went the frat parties and dances. We've known a different State, a sober State. Yet, we're glad we came.



One in a million



MARIANNE ADAMS

Albany

She gave Shakespeare the modern touch.

MARY D. ALDEN

Newburgh

She hits the high notes on any scale.

MARY ASSINI

Watervliet

Adept at eating off the mantelpiece.

FRANCES BARNHART

Stone Ridge

She's blond; she's awfully nice.

ALMA BECKERLE

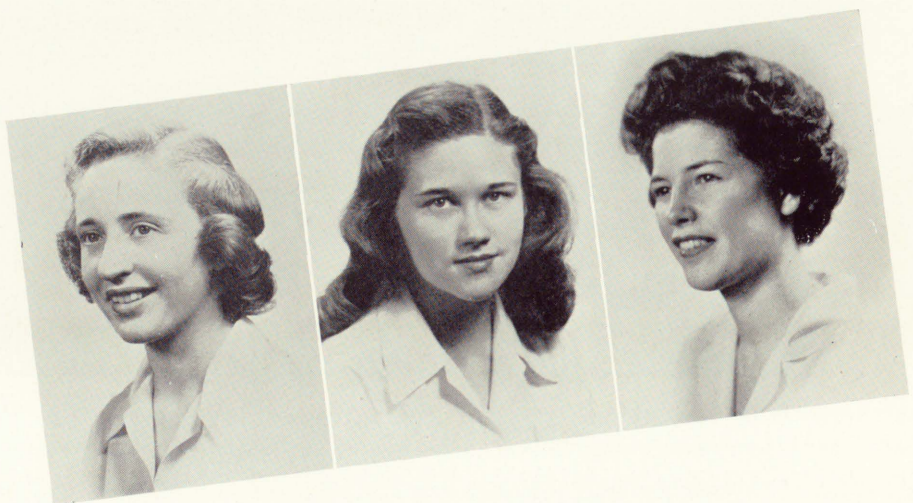
Albany

Who said giggles weren't becoming?

RUTH BLAKE

Port Byron

Made the women of State tow the mark.





MARGUERITE BOSTWICK
Amsterdam

A champion fencer—among other things.

AUDREY BOUGHTON
Painted Post

Little girl—big eyes.

JEAN BROWN
New York

Spent the best Thanksgiving vacation in years!

JANET BRUMM
Newburgh

Black hair, brown eyes, beauty!

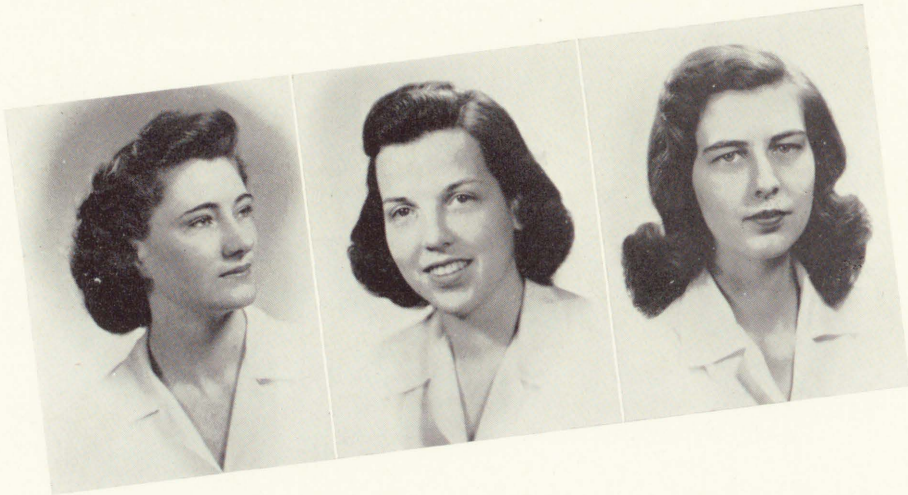
JEAN BURKHARD
Albany

R.P.I. discovered a good thing.

DORIS BURTON
Worcester

Sunny hair, sunny disposition.





HELEN BUSHNELL

East Randolph

*Baseball, basketball, archery
—W.A.A.*

JEANETTE BUYCK

Henrietta

*A hearty laugh except when
the coffee's hot.*

ELIZABETH CARMANY

Olean

*Intersorority intrigues, in-
terludes with Guff and Bost.*

JANE CHENEY

Arcade

Take a walk with the wind.

PATRICIA CHRISTOPHER

Rome

*Another gal with regular
"male."*

ELIZABETH CLOUGH

Ballston Lake

She keeps her men stepping.





SUNNA COOPER

Kingston

*Editorials, announcements,
and Myskania!*

JEANETTE COSGRAVE

Albany

A soprano who blushes.

KATHRYN MORAN COSTON

Hornell

A firm believer in furloughs.

ELIZABETH COTTRELL

Sea Cliff

*Music mixed with French
idioms.*

NORA CRUMM

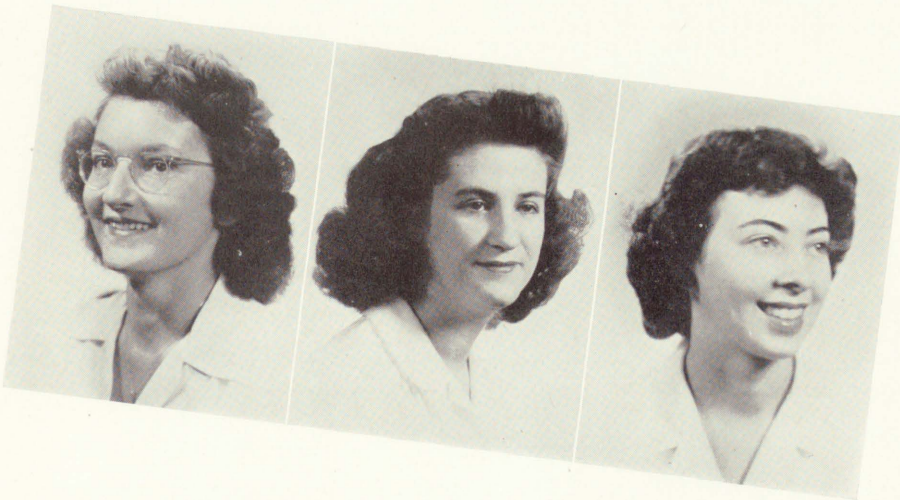
Corning

*Plays piano, plays bridge,
plays . . .*

MARY CURRAN

Rochester

*A well-rounded "Chocolate
Drop."*





BABETTE DAVIS

Kinderhook

If you ever need a chauffeur.

MARIAN E. DAVIS

Dolgeville

"Yehudi" to her pals.

MARION I. DAVIS

Canandaigua

Tall, blond and mathematical.

MARIE DeCHENE

Mechanicville

"I'm not AWOL."

MARGARET DEE

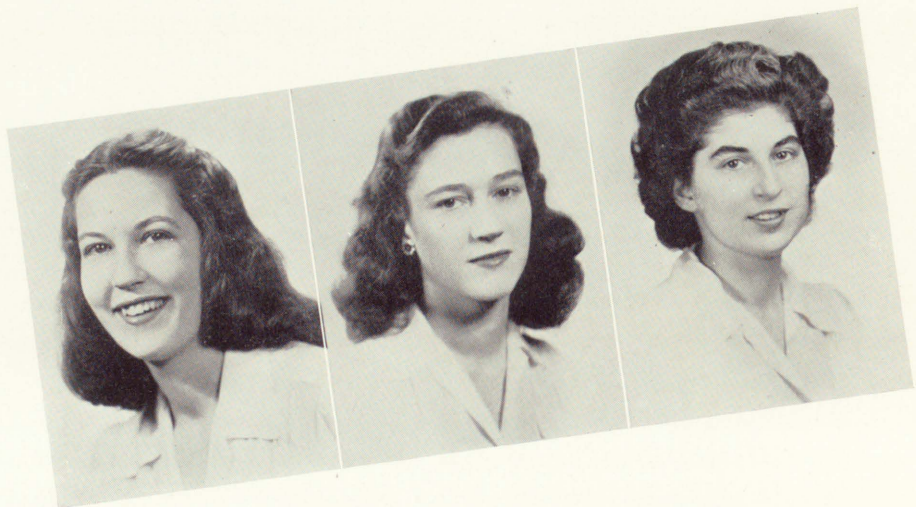
Newark

An effervescent editor.

YEFKIN DER BEDROSIAN

Troy

Test tubes, formulas, and scalpels.





LORRAINE DE SEVE

West Albany

*"Sweet Lorraine"—smiling,
friendly, and so petite.*

HILDA DEYO

Altona

*A cute grin plus the scientific
spirit.*

ANNA MAY DILLON

Monticello

*Look out for that razor—
hair's flying!*

RUTH DONOVAN

Cohoes

... and a ring on her finger.

DOROTHY DRALLE

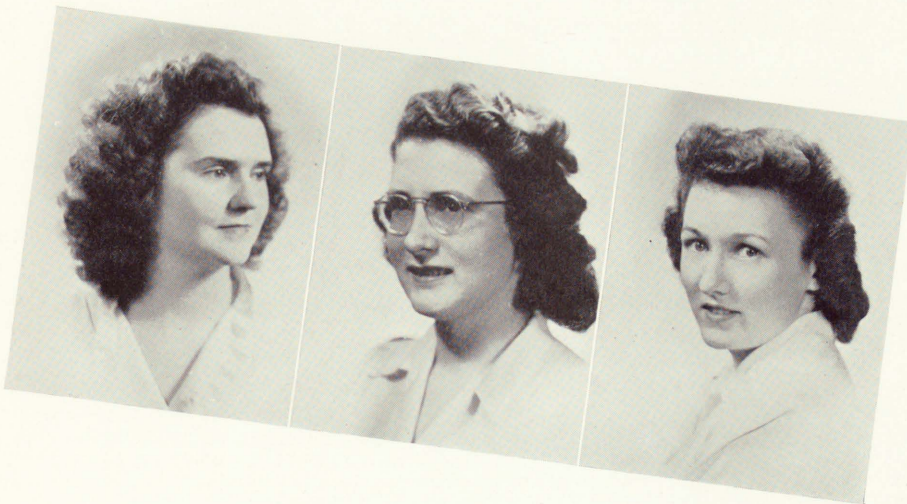
Watervliet

*The gal with the Mexican
accent.*

VIRGINIA DRISCOLL

Albany

She's the Navy's pin up girl.





ELAINE DROOZ

Albany

Long to be remembered as Mrs. Orcutt.

LOIS DRURY

Poughkeepsie

*Good form and technique—
in bowling?*

MARION DUFFY

Albany

*Gardenia-like delicacy,
light blond hair.*

MARILYN EBER

Rochester

*Willing to share her supply
of knowledge.*

DOROTHY FALK

Port Chester

*"Ped" business interspersed
with an infectious laugh.*

ANITA FEINSTEIN

Port Chester

*Property woman deluxe—
mainstay of '45.*





MURIEL FELDMAN

Monticello

"Could I please say something?"

GRACE FIELDER

Hawthorne

Makes good coffee—ask Newman's Study Club.

JEANNE FILLMAN

Rochester

Can play a sax or balance chemical equations.

RUTH FINE

Mount Vernon

Writer of the best seller in 1950.

AGNES FITZPATRICK

Peekskill

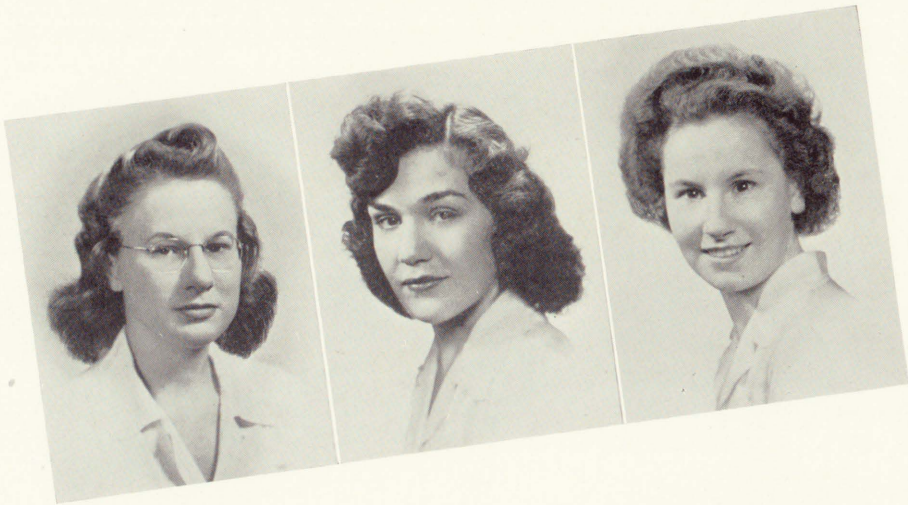
Just call me "Fitz."

DORIS FLEISHMAN

Albany

Varied interests—political discussions—U.S.O. dances.





ADELAIDE MANG FRANKLIN

Fine View

A daily letter to Walt.

ANNE FRITZ

Yonkers

*Photogenic coffee-drinker of
S.C.A.'s First Cabinet.*

HELEN FRITZ

Watervliet

*Parlez-vous Francaise?—
Helen does, and well.*

DULCIE GALE

Phoenicia

*Read novels before exams—
and still got A's.*

MARTHA GARDINER

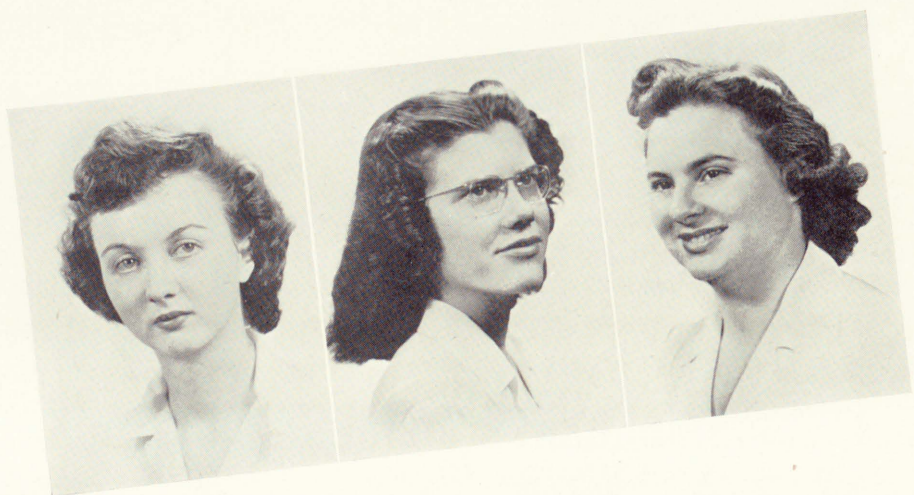
Westerlo

*Square dance?—Name 'em,
she'll call 'em.*

FLORENCE GARFALL

Johnstown

Roosevelt had nothing on her.





LUCILLE GERG

Albany

She put life into deadlines.

M. ISABELLE GERRITY

Elmira

Silence is golden.

CECILE GOLDBERGER

Woodside

State's shot in the arm.

JANET GOULD

Watervliet

She's engaged . . . you know the rest.

FLORENCE GRAHAM

Schenectady

Faced zero weather with her trusty heater.

ELIZABETH GRENNELL

Northville

Reads all the news that's fit to print.





MARALYN GUY
Elsmere

How about a date for roller skating?

EI LAINE HARRIS
Schenectady

Low musical voice and dark expressive eyes.

CAROLINE HASBROUCK
Albany

Pi Gamma Mu's prexy—she's pretty too.

ELEANOR HAYESLIP
Albany

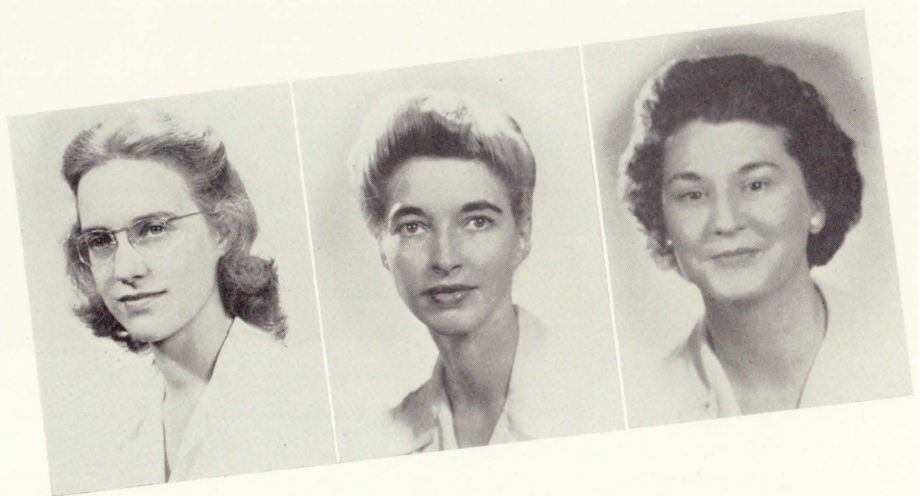
Everything is "jake" with her.

IRENE HECK
Schenectady

The hysterical "Mr. Bones" of our Big 8.

EILEEN HEINIG
Vernon

She did homework and still got sleep.





ELIZABETH HOWELL

Lynbrook

*Clever fingers for sketching
and writing.*

MARIE HUNTER

Chester

*Noted for her original hats
and shoes.*

JOAN HYLIND

Lynbrook

*Letters for Hank in between
sport views.*

GERTRUDE JACOBSEN

Cohoes

*In between class chats . . . a
hasty cigarette*

MARTHA JOYCE

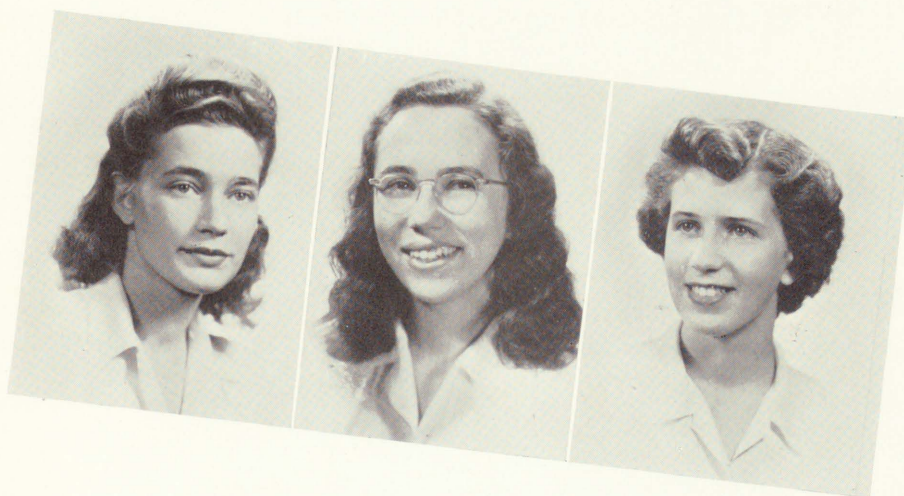
Albany

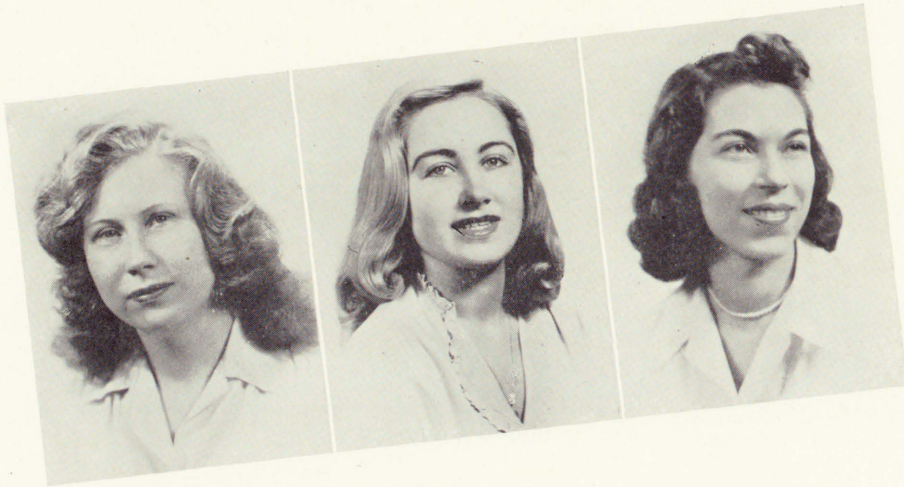
*The girl with a deep blue
voice.*

ANN KEEHLE

Sauquoit

She of the charm and poise.





ROSALIND KEMMERER

Adams Center

*As good as a Baedeker for
New York State.*

LUCILLE KENNY

Albany

She "dyed" for the play.

PAULINE KLEINE

Hempstead

*Pedagogy with an accent
from "Vogue."*

MARIAN KLOCK

St. Johnsville

The bells are ringing . . .

ESTELLE KONTOLEON

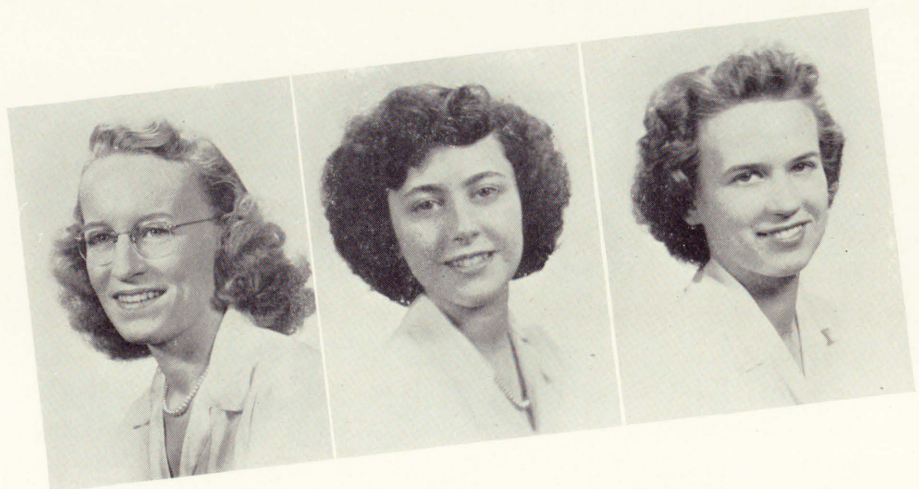
Gloversville

*Drew artistic diagrams for
science classes.*

VERA KOZAK

Gowanda

Kept us on the front pages.





ELEANOR LAWTON

Northville

She put her best "foote" forward.

DAVID LEHMAN

Scotia

He audited the books at State.

ANITA LEONE

Utica

Forceful—with opinions about grass skirts!

JEAN LINEHART

Newburgh

Not a blush—sunburn.

ROSE LOCKWOOD

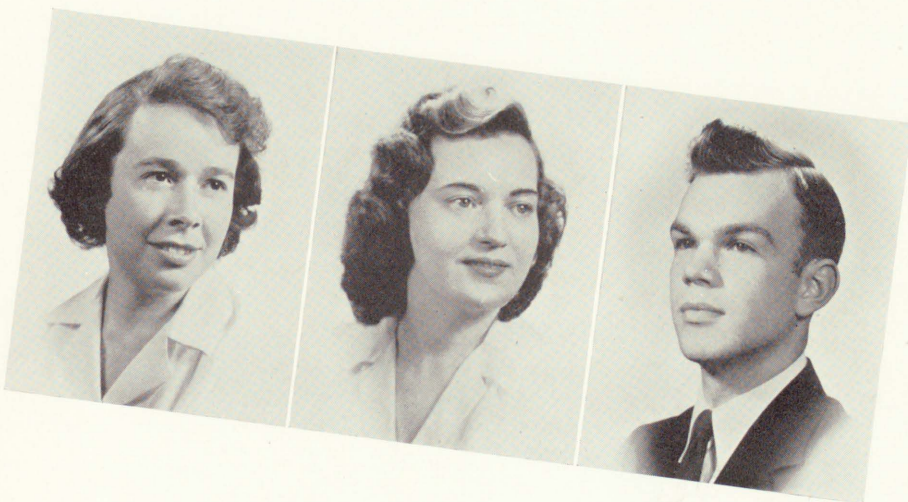
Warnerville

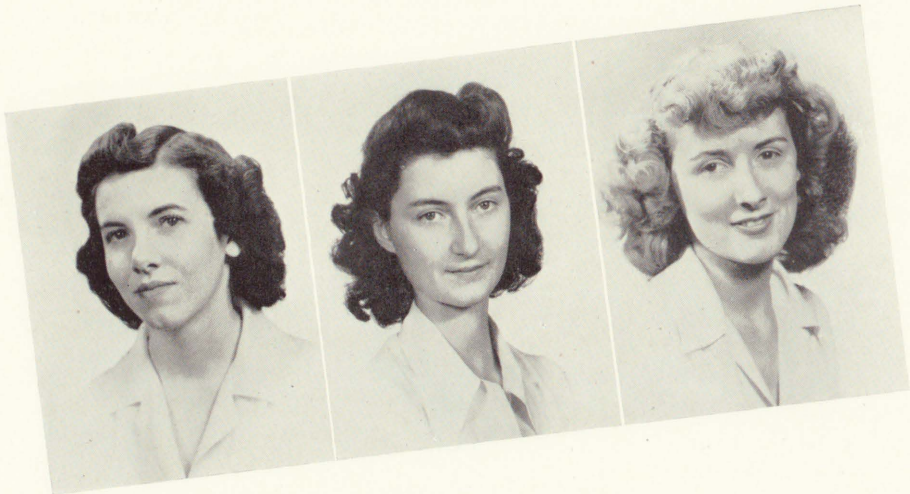
Cooks, crochets, cuts up cats!

ROBERT LOUCKS

Adams Center

Maurice Evans of State.





MARGARET LOUGHLIN

Herkimer

Profession—teaching or dancing?

MARION MACCALLUM

Binghamton

Soft spoken, precise.

EDNA MARSH

Elmira

*Expressive hands and eyes
... capability.*

SHIRLEY MASON

Wallington

*With test tube in hand and
Venus' touch.*

JANET MATHER

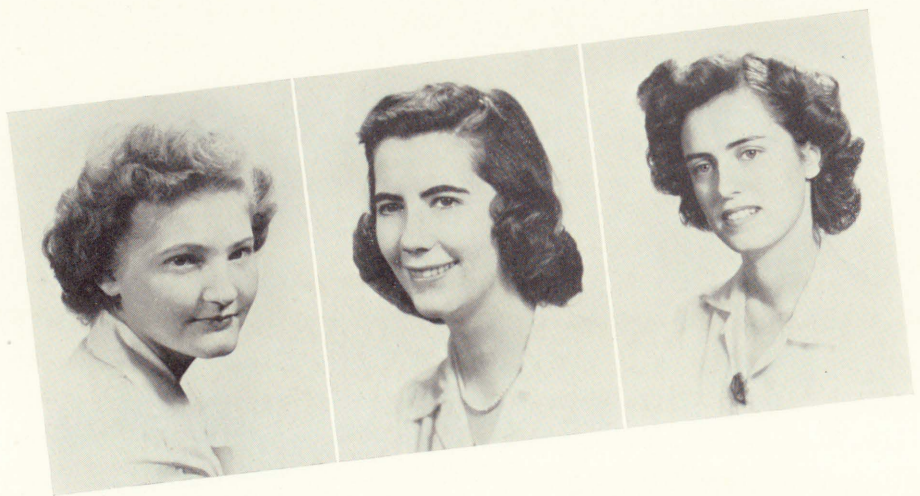
Scotia

*8:10's for Canterbury and
Commerce.*

DOROTHY MEYERS

Narrowsburg

Printer's ink in her veins.





BEATRICE MONES

Kingston

Intellectual look and a warm smile.

JACQUELINE MONTGOMERY

Painted Post

Jackie—conscientious and cautious.

MARION MUNZER

Catskill

Kept State "posterred."

MARY NOW

Poughkeepsie

Hockey sticks, ready humor, beauty.

JEANNE OFFHOUSE

Poughkeepsie

High note in voice and heart.

LETTY PALMATEER

Schenectady

Sincerity in all things.





LOUISE PARKER

Buffalo

Assembly announcements for Inter-Varsity.

JANE PHILLIPS

Nassau

Strap hanger—charter member of Commuter's Club.

MARGARET PIYAK

Canaseraga

Contemplative moods.

MIRIAM QUINLAN

Albany

Cultured tones add to her stage presence.

JOAN QUINN

Troy

"When Irish eyes are smiling."

HELEN RAMROTH

Troy

Poetry material—those light blue eyes.





KATHLEEN RAPPLEYEA

Poughkeepsie

She sees "red."

ALICE RAYNOR

Bridgehampton

President . . . Sayles!

HAZEL REVELLE

Watertown

Wait for me, Willie.

HELEN RHODE

Amsterdam

Always greets you with a smile.

HELEN ROMANOWSKY

Rensselaer

Held sway in Husted.

JANE Rooth

Wellsville

*Debate . . . Myskania . . .
"Pedagogue" — everything's
"Rosie."*





DOLORES ROPKE

Narrowsburg

Chic . . . efficient . . . giver of Senior hours.

MARGUERITE ROUCHAUD

Watertown

Petite, brown-eyed, musical—a friend.

KATHRYN RYAN

Mechanicville

Scampered to 8:10's—late.

CLARA MAE RYDER

Eastport

Holder of an A.B. and an M.R.S.

MARY SANDERSON

Pavilion

Sandy, most athletic—even moves furniture.

MARGARET SCHLOTT

Bolton Landing

Knitted . . . directed plays . . . helped others.





MARGARET SEYFFERT

Schenectady

*Loves Latin. Why not?—
she's good!*

GRACE SHULTS

Avoca

Versatility personified.

JOSEPHINE SIMON

Binghamton

*She has a joke for every
occasion.*

IONA SKINNER

Fort Ann

Lovely hair; lovely to know.

REGINA SLAWSKI

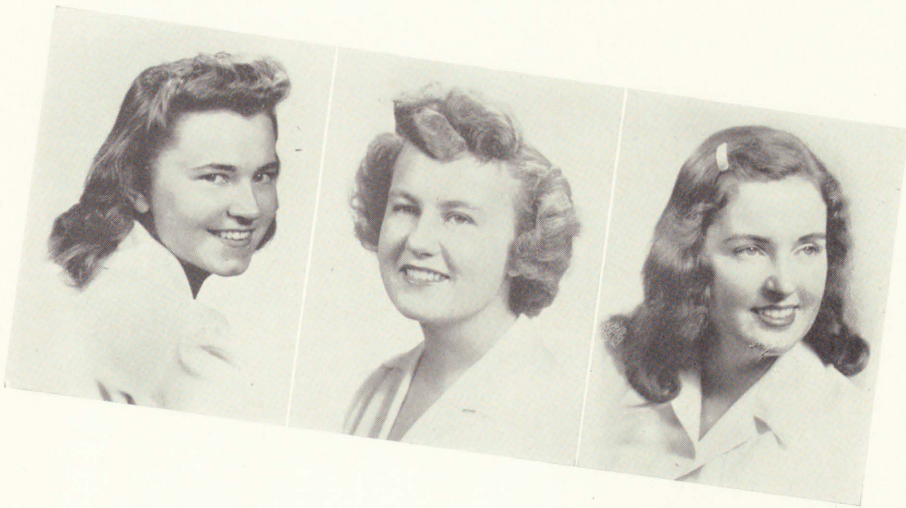
New Hyde Park

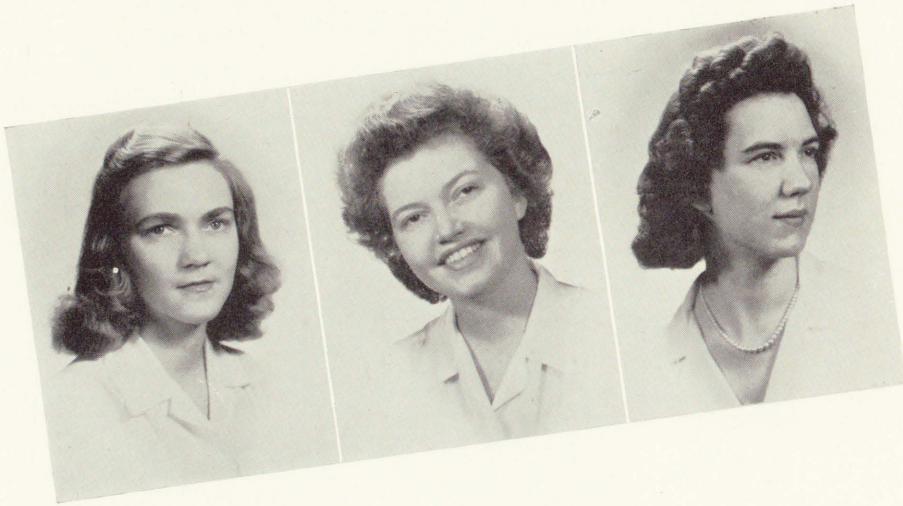
*"Reg" rates with the Post
Office.*

DOROTHEA SMITH

Troy

*Charm plus sophistication
and beauty.*





EUNICE SMITH

Harrison

*Bridge . . . athletics . . .
Math.*

JOAN SMITH

Freeport

*Popular—a one word de-
scription of "Smitty."*

PHYLLIS SNYDER

Port Jervis

*"Hurry up the weddin', par-
son!"*

RUTH SOCHIN

Amsterdam

*"From the halls of Monte-
zuma"—excuse us, State.*

MARION SOULE

Albany

*Milne high . . . repeat per-
formance.*

MARTHA SPRENGER

Schenectady

*D and A with a musical
touch.*





LOUISE STONE

Wittenberg

*Friendly, and ready to lend
a helpful hand.*

HELEN STUART

Schenectady

*Her dignity and poise go well
together.*

MAYOLA THAYER

Moriah

*"Come share a dream with
me."*

LEAH TISCHLER

Leeds

*Who's marshal and artist?
Why, "Tish"!*

ROSARIA TRUSSO

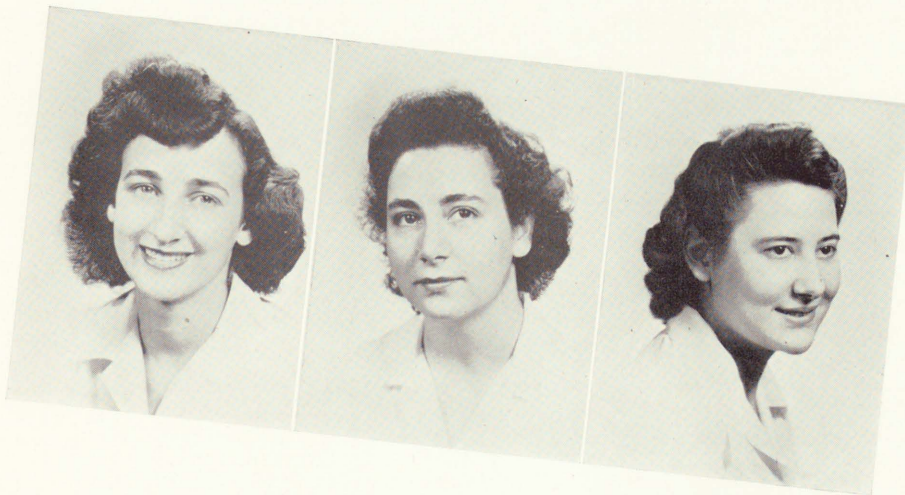
Jamestown

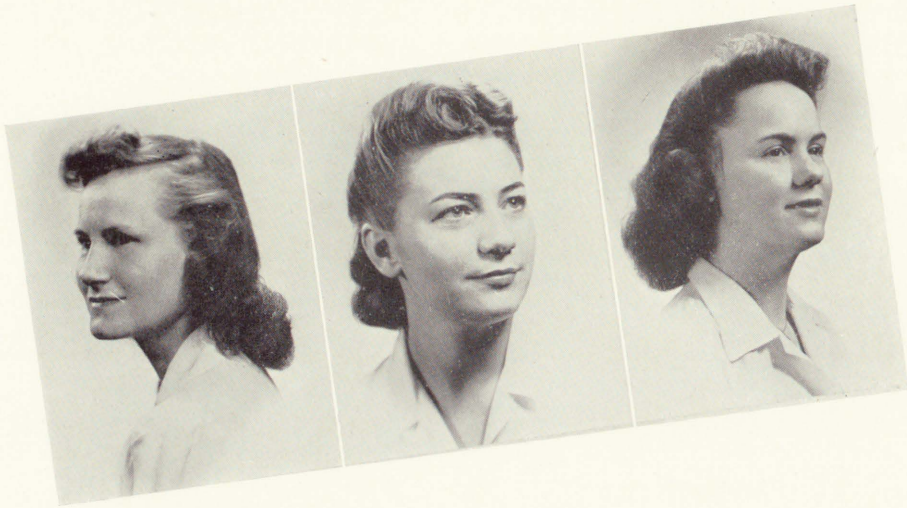
*Have you formulated your
opinion?*

FLORENCE TYLAVSKY

Auburn

Quiet, but friendly.





MILDRED TYMESON

Troy

Looking for a "fourth"?

JOSEPHINE VALENTE

Long Beach

A life-saver—in school and outside too.

JANE WALDBILLIG

Albany

She doesn't need a course in Home "Ec."

MARGARET WALES

Oswego

You should know "Moon-glow."

BETTY KAY WALSH

Troy

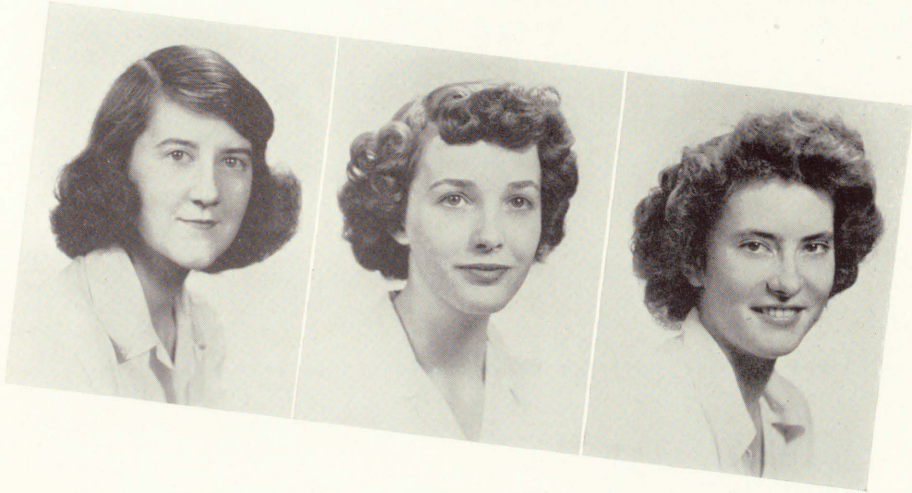
Subtlety . . . friendliness . . . a sense of humor.

BEATRICE WHEELER

Constableville

She has a grin a mile wide.





ELSIE WHIPPLE

Cooperstown

Sharp with words and pen.

AGNES WILLETT

Whitehall

She takes humor wherever she goes.

JEAN WINYALL

Albany

*Jolly . . . Energetic . . . Able
. . . Neat.*

GERTRUDE YANOWITZ

Malone

*Who said beauty and brains
don't mix?*

ANITA ZEIGLER

Mahopac

Sophistication or elfishness?



CAMERA SHY

EDWARD BAKER

SADIE BONANNO

MARY ELLA DAILEY

MARIAN McCABE

TERESE McGINNIS

MILDRED MILLER

PATRICIA MULCAHY

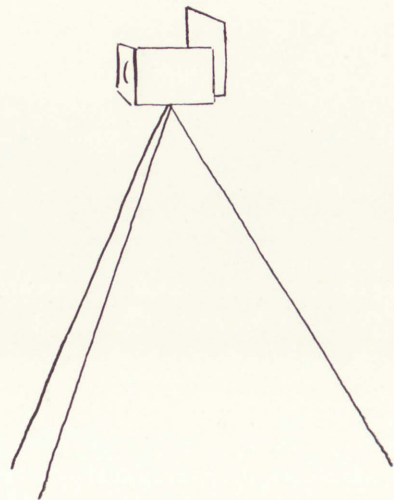
STEPHEN SIDEBOTHAM

ROBERT SPENSLEY

MARIE TRAPASSO

GEORGE YAMIN

BURTON ZHE



Acc - Accs

They've lived through three summer sessions,

And even practice teaching;

Now, ahead of schedule,

Hard won goals, they're reaching.



ARLINE BELKIN
Lake Placid

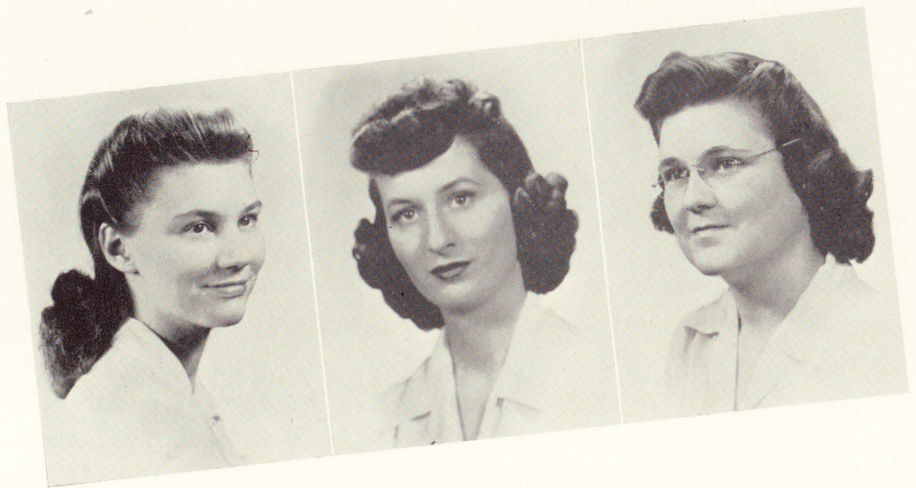
FLORENCE BENDER
Williston Park

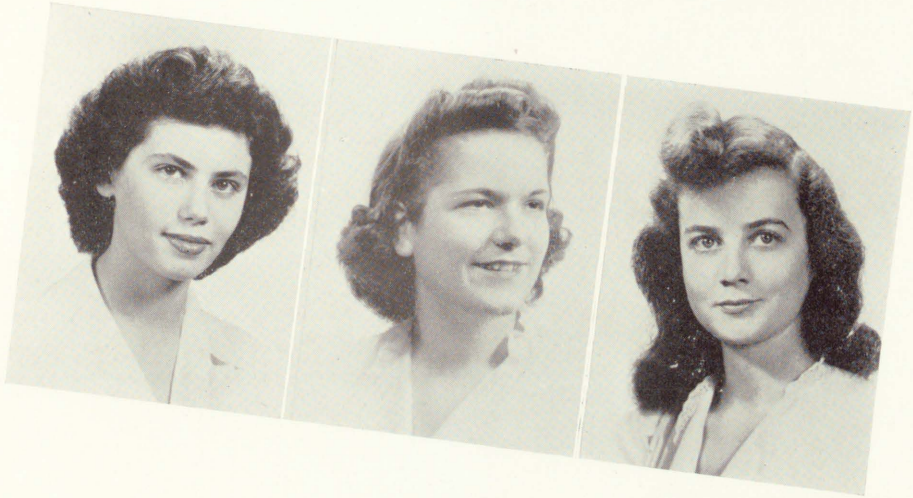
HELEN BURCZAK
Binghamton

AILEEN BYRNE
Mt. Vernon

RUTH CASSAVANT
Delmar

ELEANOR CHAMBERS
Heuvelton





HELEN COLUZZI
Ithaca

RUTH COLVIN
Hartford

MARJORIE CRONIN
Albany

PATRICIA DUNN
Albany

MARY FENWICK
Ilion

JEAN FLINN
Albany





ROSALIND GINSBURG
Albany

HARRIET GREENBERG
Albany

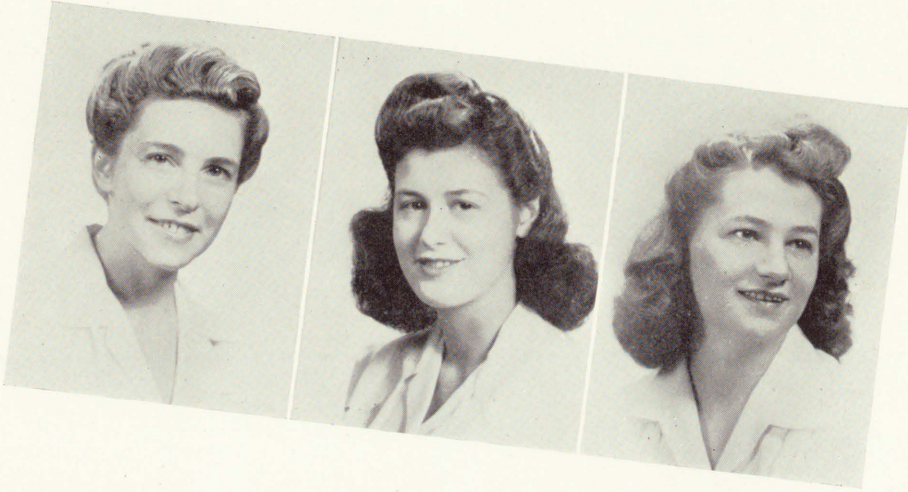
JEAN GRODEN
Glenwood Landing

MARY HENK
Rensselaer

AUDREY JOHNSTON
East Islip

SONYA KADISH
Tarrytown





MARGE KRIKKER
Albany

LORE KUHN
Maspeth

WINIFRED LULKOWSKI
Binghamton

MARY MAHONEY
Chestertown

ISABEL MALLOY
Rye

NAOMI MARTIN
Cohoes





HELENE NICHOLS
Smiths Basin

BETTY ROSE
Seneca Falls

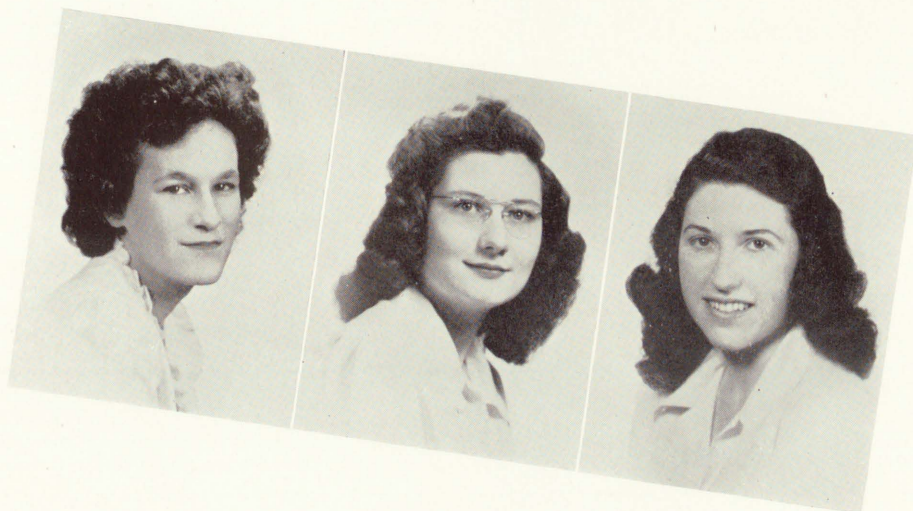
JEANNE ROSET
Shrub Oak

JEAN SIVERS
Cambridge

CLARA SKAVINA
Albany

ABBIE SWYER
Albany





SYLVIA TROP
Granville

ROSEMARY WESKE
Oswego

GAIL WILLIAMS
Cohoes

SUSAN YAGER
Albany



NAMES WITHOUT PICTURES

ELIZABETH DORMAN

THERESA GLEASON

GLORIA MARCANTONIO

PHYLLIS O'CONNOR

ELIZABETH O'NEIL



*Nothing is more tiresome
than a superannuated pedagogue.*

—ADAMS





STUDENT COUNCIL

Our "Guff"

Council of '44, a progressive group, saw loopholes in the old system. Came the revolution and a bigger and better legislative body was born—four representatives plus the president from each class and the student association officers.

Wednesday nights, the Lounge's rafters reechoed with talk of motions, amendments, constitutions and committees for any activity from scheduling rivalry to discussing the installation of cigarette rolling ma-

chines in the Commons. The plans for Council's pet castle, the "Union," (which didn't crumble) grew and grew. At the open meetings, Dr. Sayles' slides brought "ooh's" and "ah's;" the case was presented to the student body and a sincere determination for State's glorious future was born.

Our "Guff"—the girl with the gavel and sayer of "Please make your announcements as concise as possible," has guided the Council over the rough spots with Vice-

President Sully, the Smilin' Irishman and only male on the stage, watching the funds, and the Younger Smith, who has all the prerequisites of a good secretary and more, minding the minutes. Not one of the twenty-three members will forget the sparkling smatterings of Slack-Talk, or Brophy's good-humored grin—even when "B.J." skirmished for Sophomore rights in rivalry rules. They'll remember too—that all-important meeting when beauty measuring sticks were used to appraise attendants for Queen Mary on Campus Night, and how hard it was to keep the precious secret—"Sparkie," Bolles, and Miner always dashing for comfortable chairs before roll call—Navy or Telian tinkling out a tune on the piano—Axelrod, Cooper and Bentley knitting—Christmas presents, no doubt—Capable "Cis" challenging her constitution committee to a conclave—Dee and Harris planning a noon meeting for the next day—choosing Winsome Winyall to fill Put's

place—lovely Lynn, last year's secretary pinch-hitting with the pen on occasion—always cheerful Collier—Joan, one of the Smith sisters, official senior gavel-swinger and "Twink" Bernhardt Prindle, another campus night celebrity, completing the cast.

They've had fun? Sure! But more than that: they have had enthusiasm and willingness to work. They have known that with the little gold key goes responsibility to self, to class, to State. Last year's foresight has proved its full worth.

Congratulations, Council, carry on!

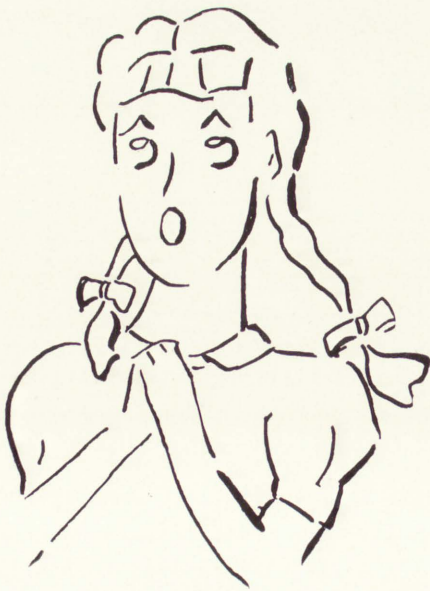
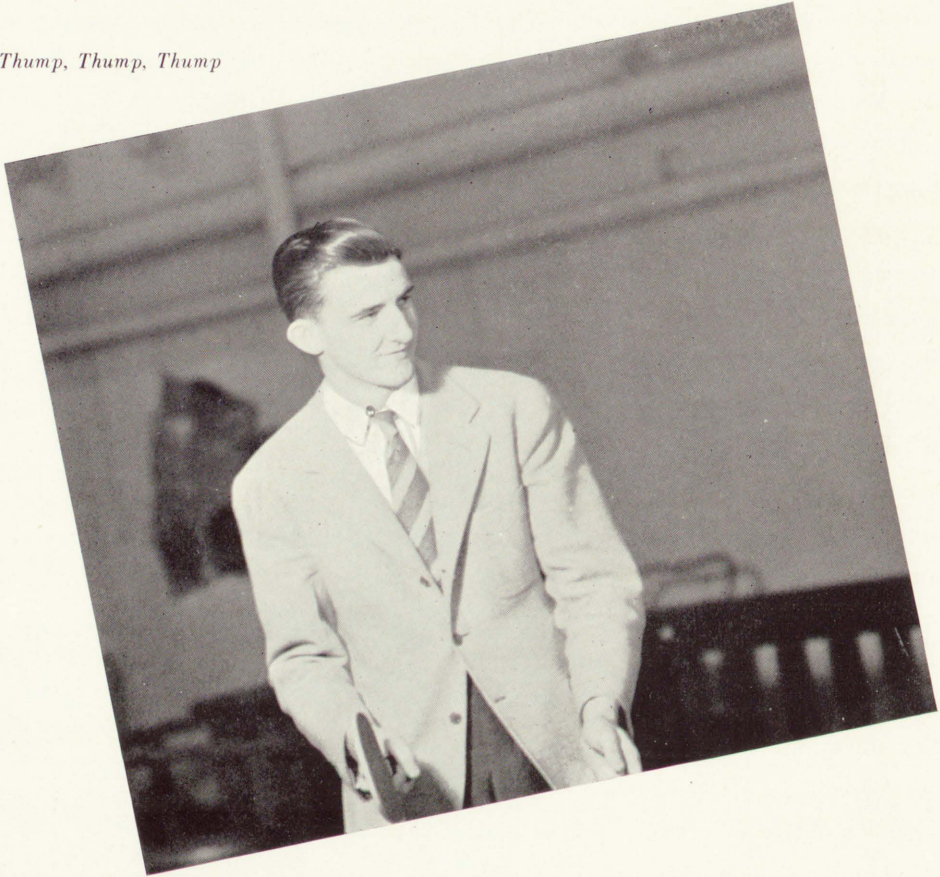


Representing us



Senior Councillors

Thump, Thump, Thump

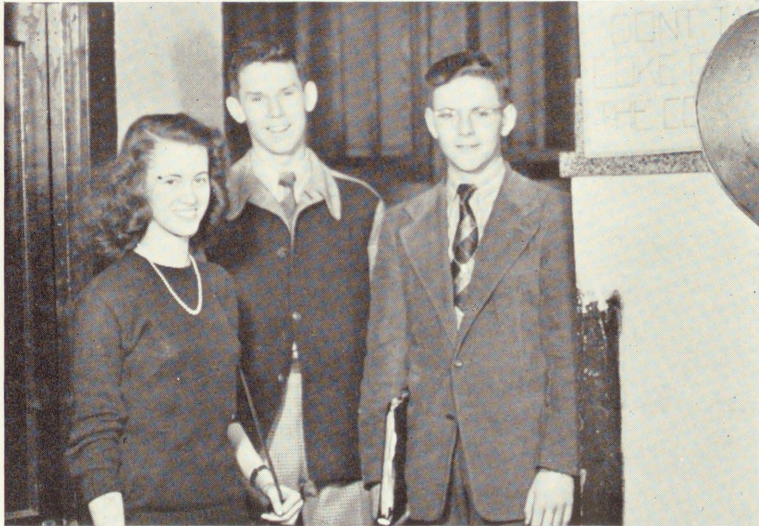


The class of **1948**

This year's crop of Frosh, not unlike Frosh from time immemorial, began their careers at "that week-end" by being properly awed, inspired, and bewildered.

Timid politeness soon passed and they were united against the first onslaughts of the Sophomores—the shower parties, the re-arranged rooms, the greased door knobs—all this, and more, they took in their stride.

They weren't perfect. They preceded upperclassmen through doors, sat in the



Verdant frosh

Rotunda, trod into the P. O. as if it weren't sacred territory, bought mail boxes on Activities Day, signed up to guard Minerva, and became life-long members of Myskania.

Election time found them head-over-heels in the most spirited campaign seen in many years. The victors at the polls: Popular Brophy, Sorenson, Schoonmaker and Felder.

At the rivalry sing, their beautiful and touching "Ode to the Sophomores" brought down the house.

Friend weather cried at their banner hunt and rehunt but they found their banner!

They made their bid in the legitimate theater when Prindle and Brady won parts in "The Damask Cheek."

The Commons resounded with the strains of "Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia Tech"—their newly organized band was beating it out for those who bought war stamps.

'48 may not be the oldest class at State but ask anyone—they've got "it"!



Sing long and loud

The class of 1947



Keeping an eye on things

"We're '47, hear us sing"! We heard all right. "Spike" led them to victory with their stirring Alma Mater. Tommy More's rafters shook with hill-billy hilarity the night of their barn dance in their bid for the thirteen War Activities points. Sophmen harmonized on "We Never Left State" in the winning

Campus Day skit. The Soph's even ate Dick Smith's cocoa and fudge at the party in the Commons after the banner hunt.

They showed staunch spirit, shouting their newest cheers for the ping pong game and cheers for Phil "You gotta accentuate the second beat." Phil also accentuated his



Soph representatives

assembly announcements.

Clever cheerleading and a thrilling score marked the rivalry game. There were empty seats in Page that Friday they explored Albany for the yellow banner. President B. J. received a Christmas gift from Santa (if only that banner had been the real thing).

'47 presented a bang-up Big 8, bouquets going to Kunz, War Activities Chairman. War Activities also included mornings at the stamp booth—sophomarmarvelous selling.

Clyde controlled the cash, and publicity was by Alverson and her crew. Cheers like "Beat 'em fair, Beat 'em square, but Beat 'em" came from Brennan. Hilt offered a helping hand as secretary, and vivacious Maloney was right behind the president. W.A.A. wizards Margot and Sweeney were the speed-demons of the court. '47 was represented on Student Council by Axelrod, Bentley, Collier, and Telian.

We heard '47 singing, at the dorms, in the

gym, at Frosh Camp, even in the pouring rain of Campus Day, and through the spectacle of their second Moving-Up Day.

Dance with a dolly





Sure, it's Slackie

From the triumphant heights of rivalry victory over '47 came the Juniors, undaunted, unbeatable, unsurpassed. Popular opinion may have it that "with rivalry goes youth" but not so with these. Spirit and enthusiasm—plus kept them up in the front lines of State activities. Big Eight, WAC program—blood



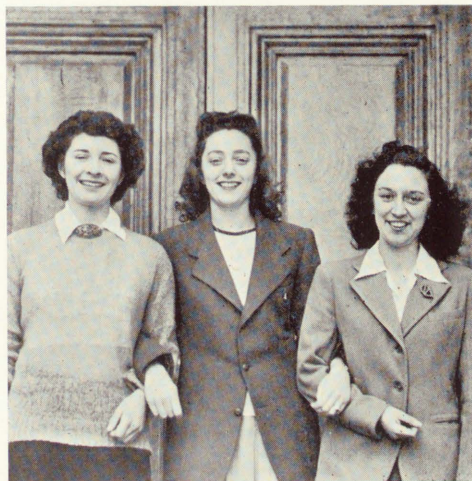
The class of **1946**

bank campaigns, stamp selling, old clothes drives, all felt the push of the class of '46.

The Juniors had a real personality president in "Slackie," the girl with the heart all for Bob. Doubtless much of their relentless-ness came from their regular meals on Friday when starving Sophs and Seniors were convening at after-assembly class meetings. Hayes, McFerran, and Hamilton helped spread "Junior Joy" to "Sophomore evading" Frosh.

Their abilities are many—from Buetow vaudeville productions with Lillian Russell (Big 8) to helping the janitor open at 8:10 and close at 4:30.

State bows before the spunk and vitality of a worthy offspring, the *Class of '46!*



Relaxing from duties



That 3:30 class

Pedagogue

Editor-in-chief



Business Manager



“What a difference a night made,” especially Wednesday night in the Commons—no beating it out, no grand slam bidding. For there, sprawled over organization desks and ping-pong tables were found the “responsibles,” working to meet a deadline.

Typewriters were clicking, interrupted by explosions of “Where’s that Sayles copy?” “Think of something clever for Flo.” “Did we get the proofs of the faculty snaps?”

Five heads were bending over the *Ped* office desk. The hearty Falk laugh rang out and the heads came up for a restful intermission. Dotty, Debits and Credit Editor, started off on a familiar topic—red and white bed spreads. Jane Cheney, blond advertising executive, always eager for an opportunity to discuss “her kids” (In



Literary Editor



Advertising Manager

Photography Editor

Milne, of course) carried on after Dotty. Then the lull, broken by the one-and-only Howell giggle. Betty, Slasher of the trite adjective and Mistress of the witty remark, also penciled the sketches, a 1945 *Ped* innovation. Lucille Kenny, who lent the dramatic touch to a *Ped* snap, was always a spark-plug of enthusiasm. Editor of Editors Gerg smiled encouragement to her chicks, always mindful of the inevitable deadline. Lucille's sparkling eyes and determined step were all the inspiration needed for considerate cooperation from cover to cover.



Fervent staff members Rooth, Shults, and Walsh figured ably in every *Pedagogue* conference. Behind the *Ped* scene it was agreed, "It's been a fruitful year. Let's hope for a commendable verdict."



State College News

Editor-in-Chief

Associates Berbrich and O'Neil

Need a place to hang your hat? Cigarette? Sure. No shortage here. (Buetow's hoarding a pack in that lower drawer.) Good old P.O.! No, verdant Frosh, it isn't the post office. It's the home of our *State College News*.

Stacked and staffed by editor Dottie Meyers, the silent one who knows all and tells naught, associates Kippy Marsh, singer of riotous songs and Sunna Cooper, lover of elongated metaphors; Lois Drury, always muttering "There's something wrong with this budget," and Dottie Smith, who constantly is asked, "Why didn't I get a *News*?"





Co-Managers Marsh and Cooper

Tuesday and Wednesday nights—Berbrich and O'Neil, worried over page make-ups, and Hyland wonders how many difficulties she will have to patch up when the issue is made public.

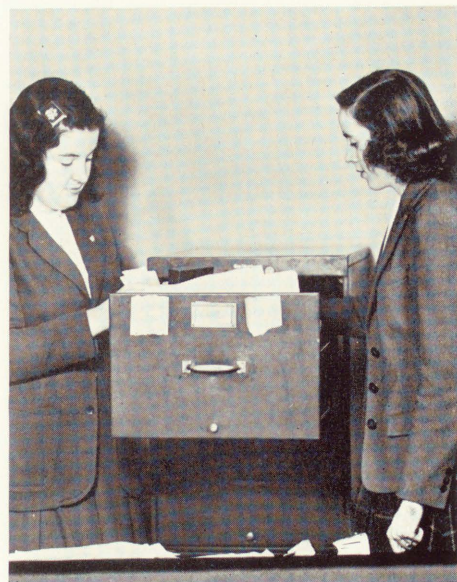
The *News* specials can not be forgotten—the Moving-Up Day issue, announcing the honored ones—Myskania, the “eye-opener” copy edited by the Juniors, and the Soph news with Haggerty in command.

Routine for the day—Seniors exchange Milne bright sayings, rub their toes and slip into loafers and the practice teaching hatchet is buried (until another day). Eutopia of State's elite lounging conversationalists and the workshop of her coke-inspired journalists, source of words of wisdom, printable and unprintable—P.O. we abide in your memories.

Business Manager



Circulation and Sports



THE PRIMER



Lovely lady

An eerie whisper echoes through Draper: "The 1945 *Primer* awaits your approval." And the shadowy barker with the light-heartedness of Cummings and the timid soul of Robinson slips back into promise of things to come again.

It's gay, it's light, it's heavy, it's tragic. It's the poetic wit and versatility of editor Teddy Fine, it's Malloy, it's Feehan, it's Buetow. But most of all it's State College—at its literary best, at the height of its originality—the formal expression of its own aesthetic spirit.



... And able assistants



"Bright and Rosie"

table discussion before the Castleton Kiwanis Club. State met Wells in a radio debate at Auburn. Trips to Cornell and Clark closed the year.

Council's desk in the Commons holds numerous manuals and files of 3 by 5 cards—reminders of searching hours spent in the State Library. It's there that a full session bridge game complete with cokes was always in sway.

Groden tried to inveigle Union into a meet and Arlene Polsky Belkin studied the budget's lines.

Through Debate great orators from little freshmen grew.

DEBATE COUNCIL

Third floor Richardson every other Friday at 3:30 held a crew of enthusiastic Frosh giving forth in weighty debates. Criticism came from faculty advisor Miss Jewitt and president, Jane Rooth. Council members Groden and Trusso kept socialized medicine a vital subject. Weinberg offered startling statistics and Marianne Davis suggested finesse.

Saint Rose took the decision on the Dumbarton Oaks debate. Inter-class debates and student faculty talks led up to the Rivalry meet in assembly on March 2. Juvenile delinquency found its opening in a round-

Council checks up



President deluxe



Dramatics and Art Council

D & A? Well, I swan (no advertisement intended)! Just like the real thing. I mean that thar Noo Yawk stuff, actors 'n mouth paint 'n everything.

State stepped on her annual flyer into the world of make-believe, guided by sure-footed Marty and the Council. Reconsidering . . .

Ruth Draper, inexhaustible personality artist, master of the quick change, versatile mama or immigrant, Vive La France!

The very clever, deliciously risqué *Damask Cheek*, College Playhouse version, under Sprenger's directing featured Kenny's clipped accent and surrounded by Mike's dream-house staging.

ED produced her annual triplets, behaving like Futterer's well-raised children should.

Collier's across the fence neighbor (where else but Pawling?) Baron Von Der Elst extolled art the Belgian way.

1945 State blessed the '44 case of mumps hung on Josie because it saved *The Pot Boilers* in all its hilariousness for AD-less playgoers.

D & A Councillors off stage were rumpus-raisin' "Calla" McGrath of the big black eyeshades, Liebl of the weighty, nature inspired dissertations with the Amsterdam special, "Shatterbrain" Lulkowski juggling two and two and what's more making five, "Bette Davis" Cronin of the long, long hair, Clyde Cook with pleas for advertising from local merchants "just this once," "memos to Marty" signed Collier, Dube drowning in India ink, sweating out posters nonethe-



We, the Council, like it

less, Alverson, whose sleek new formal served double duty for ushering, Mike Buetow remembered for inimitable quips and Margaret Sullivan bangs, assisted Marty with the novel play production class, and Marty, a first-class combination of executive and

dramatist. These Councillors outdid themselves doing up D & A real brown and proper-like.

Line up gang. Curtain call: D & A did it again.



You're not kidding us

MUSIC COUNCIL



With a song in my heart

Music Council?—synonymous with cultja (my deah), could you *be* soo utterly barbarous?

Reviewing by moons per “Every-month-but-one” Alden, we recollect that October offered Dr. and Mrs. Charles Stokes, violinist and pianist *excellente*, November and the English Duo *Waltzing Matilda*, friendly, delightful Aussies both; December—time out to catch your breath, and January

turned up with handsome Richard Tetley-Kardos, his “Ritual Fire Dance” still haunting our dreams, and our super Chorus. February brought State’s first student concert by Fred Wolinsky. The gala operetta, “Chimes of Normandy,” (Not Gilbert and Sullivan signed M.D.A.) marched in, led by Aggie Young, Vern Marshall, Croonin’ Jim, and Mary D. herself. April did herself proud on account of Mr. Nelson Sabin, and May



Coming attraction

paraded the All Musical Concert on her arm with righteous pride.

Music Councillors—witty Janet Inglehart, arm-waving Peg Casey, happy-go-lucky Drooz, sweet Mary Alice, sultry Brummy, pert Jean Fillman, stick-waving

Roz, twenty fingers of melody Crumm and Navy—kept busy with picnics, banquets with alums, dreaming up a real official looking seal, tearing the constitution apart, brought another glorious year of music to a grateful State.



Practicing for the big night

WOMEN'S



Honor Council

With a swish, thud, crack—the call of “volley” and the yell of “run for second!” in the first bewildered days of Frosh camp, W.A.A. began its sports packed life at State for the 1944-45 season. Under the leader-

ship of Campus Queen Now and Referee-on-occasion Sanderson, President and Vice-President respectively, athletics were featured from the hockey days of September to the “Bat ’er up” days of April.

Athletic Association

Tea with an extra dash of the spice of Slackie's experiences in the world of sports was offered to the frosh and Bostwick and Axelrod displayed the right technique in fencing with cries of "en garde" for atmosphere.

The dorm field suffered under the blows of hockey sticks—"Shoupie" and Margot were leading their teams to victory. Climax—"News" announcement that Sophs shut out Frosh in 2-0 hockey win. "They had all the

breaks," said the frosh pointing to Diehl, Rand, Quinn, and Harris with pride.

The broken bones of Day and Mastrangelo were scarcely mended, when on came those ever-refreshing breezes so well known to us on the hill. Double-crossed by the elements, the girls headed indoors. Basketball with those closely contended sorority group house games, bowling, and even the lazy man's tennis, ping pong, were tops on the list of "What to do instead of homework." Swim-

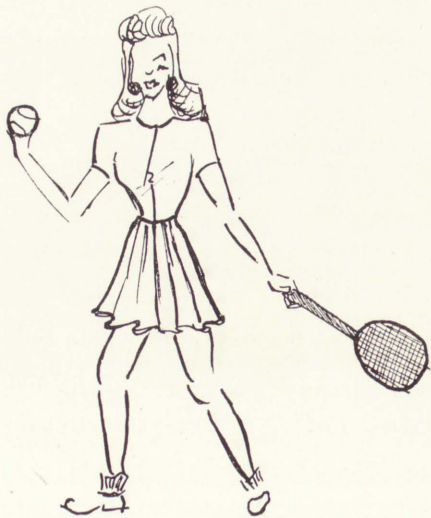


Getting away from those rugged sports



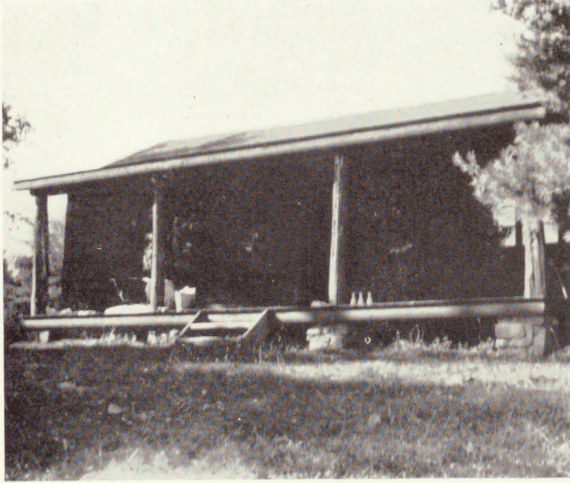


Keep it, slackie



ming, initiated as a rivalry sport last year continued in popularity and Public Bath No. 3 resounded with shrieks in the feminine. Bullock a la Esther Williams demonstrated how to save a life in the water for the more advanced in the art of the dog paddle and the less talented attended—just for the exercise. Skiing and skating in Washington Park among the wolves was in full waltz time. And who'll forget that sleigh ride—which didn't happen.

The Lottabunkes experienced life in the raw at Camp Johnston—just the place for



That hideout in the hills



A strike for sure



that tired out feeling. All was peace until one dark night when two males knocked on the door. From then on—bolts were in fashion.

When the Spring thaws set in and Father Sun dried up the puddles, tennis enthusiasts went over the bridge and through the park.

The graceful form of Giavelli was missed but Simon and Now were hitting them high over the net. Softball and the more graceful pastime of archery ran close seconds—and there were a few battles with the bird too (badminton to you).

The gals with the muscles who subbed for Now and Sanderson—Dunn, Baker, Seymour, Warshaw, Bostwick, Bushnell, Bullock, Shoupie, Sweeney, Margot, Diehl and Shapiro. Just twelve good reasons why the A's important in W.A.A. Brawn—and brains!



Match this smile

STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

From the first moments of Frosh Frolic, S. C. A. was seen, heard, and enjoyed this year. Everyone remembers the Christmas "Eight," the impressive candlelight service, the general meetings in the Ingle. "Madison Avenue Pres" opened its doors to us again for State College Sunday, and our Hayeslip "did us proud."

Those quiet spring Sunday afternoon talks at the sorority houses; inspired and inspiring. More of the much-in-demand meetings with R. P. I. materialized, and Julius Thomas won thunderous applause that Friday morning. A good year, and let's not forget Alverson, Brinky, Bushnell, and Griffin who helped to steer S. C. A. to success.



Cozy confab

Expansion, participation, ambition—all big words in the Hillel vocabulary. “She’s for that job”—description meant only for important President Harriet. Advisor Rabbi Moseman was also a Hillel favorite. Their horizons were broad, but well covered—anything from sponsoring a Jewish Youth Conference to bringing a speaker to assembly.

“Drama” was not the least of their accomplishments—proved by their presentation in the Christmas Big Eight, Palevsky oratorical power being no small factor. They were a busy bunch with special study groups on Jewish history, customs, traditions, and folklore. “Playing and working together meant a lot”—the consensure of Hillel opinion.

HILLEL



Profile and Posters



Planning big things



Bombs away Bostwick

NEWMAN CLUB

“Buzzie” Collins presenting original and humorous reviews of books like “Razor’s Edge” and “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.” Another phase of literature was well taken care of by Miss Catherine Peltz whose interpretation of Cardinal Newman’s poetry was inspiring. The field of medicine had an able representative in Dr. Clement J. Handron whose talk gave the Catholic viewpoint in medical history.

McDonald faced Father Cahill with delicate questions in the Marriage Study Club so he would think Tini was shy. The Com-muter’s Study Club would invariably get

The September reception for freshmen, Thursday night meetings with guest speakers, picnics, and auctions put Newman Club at the head of Catholic activity at State.

There was a novena for peace and for the servicemen, Benediction before meetings, Masses, a spring retreat, and Communion Breakfasts—all an integral part of the Catholic student of State.

Attendance at Thursday night meetings was excellent, and no wonder, with such speakers as Dr. Louis Jones giving vivid excerpts from his unpublished folklore book (Contributions by Garfall and former Newman Club president, Lt. Bill Tucker) and





Advice from the padre

stirred up into a controversy when Kearney and Feehan held forth.

On the seventeenth of March all members and non-members too, donned traditional shamrocks, green sweaters, and kissed the Blarney Stone at Harp's Riot.

Other memorable events: the fall picnic attended by so many students that the square dancing turned into an imitation of

the "boomps-a-daisy"; the auction where auctioneer Slackie sold all the plaid ties to Sullivan and where, incredible as it may sound, *cigarettes* were sold.

Bombastic Bostwick kept things moving in that nest in the Commons which housed McGrath, Sullivan, and Straub, too, while each searched her mind for ideas to further the religious attitude of State.



Newman's Negotiators

Break for the president



Where's our coke?

CANTERBURY CLUB

Who doesn't like to roller skate once in awhile? Who doesn't like taffy pulls? Can anyone resist a sleighride? Canterbury Club does all these!

The twenty-five active members of Canterbury Club enjoyed their monthly meetings after the Communion breakfast (every third Sunday). They enjoyed hearing the two Marine sergeant members (female) talk about their life back in Montana and Ohio! They all liked working together—remember the Candy Booth at the State Fair—their part for War Activities!

Glamour gals like O'Grady, blond Ginnie Young, and brunette Bette Cavanaugh made successes on committees appointed by Janet Mather, president. Dorothy Knapp was always ready to take over presidential duties, while treasurer Jean Henry kept things well-balanced. And then there's Reverend Findlay—just the best advisor of any Canterbury Club!

Religious as well as social—State students know their Canterbury Club.

Lax with your tax? Not if these taxesses, alias, Student Board of Finance had their say. Audit, check, plan, budget, appropriate—working words up on third floor Draper, and doubly so every Wednesday noon when the Board met in solemn session. Headaches a-plenty were the lot of these money-minders, but they managed doubtful debits and cheering credits like the Steady-Bettys they could be.

Dr. Cooper, Treasurer, and Faculty Advisor, York led off the Board Personnel—aided and abetted by sage seniors Falk, Gerg, and Moran-Coston. The Junior element, a McGrath-Slack combination, was dynamite to fussy figures. Penciling the notes, Ann Dillon kept the records as well as the dollars for State.

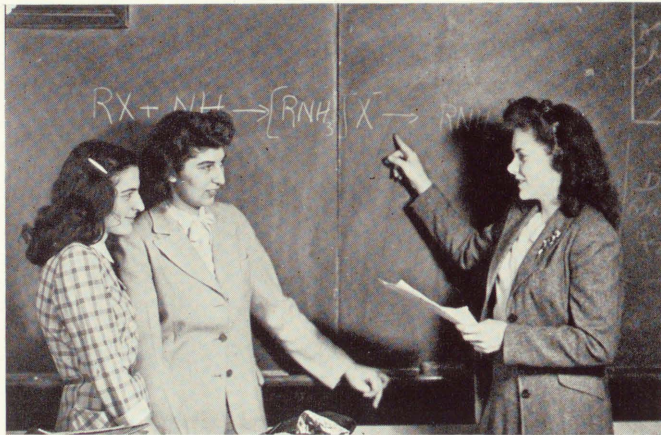
These Budgeteurs surveyed all organization books—even held the purse strings tighter by changing their official title—State's interest was their interest.

STUDENT BOARD OF FINANCE

What's the balance?



*We'll take all
you have*



CHEMISTRY CLUB

Atoms vs. ions

Whphtt, boom, and the slow gurgle, gurgle of a revolutionary concoction makes the only sound in the shock-bound lab. Chemistry Club's "more active" members are enjoying themselves at a typical "business meeting."

In good clean initiation fun, aspiring

entrees sniffed bottles of deadly content, literally went around in circles, and trustingly exposed precious fingers to a mixture so permanent they were stuck for the night.

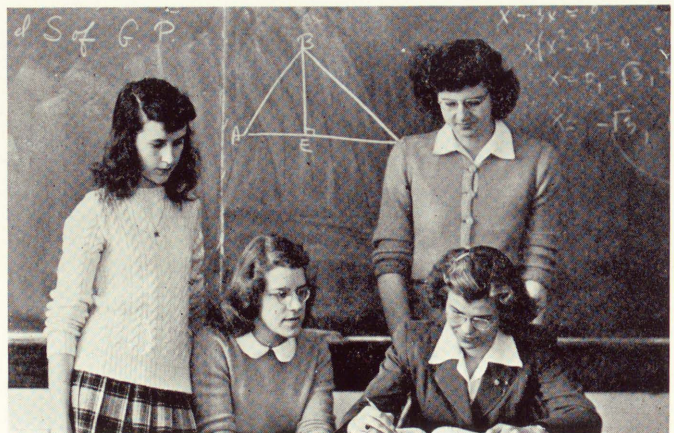
All to no avail—chemistry enthusiasts will be exclusive and blow themselves up together.

These are the brave ones for whom Math 21 wasn't enough! These are the few who spend their leisure hours in trisecting a right angle and proving that one is equal to two. They are the wizards of the slide rule who spout co-efficients and square roots with a

facility that is jaw-dropping to the uninitiated. Math Club meets every two weeks with Helen Stuart wielding the gavel and Dr. Beaver helping to prove that ABCD equals EFGH!

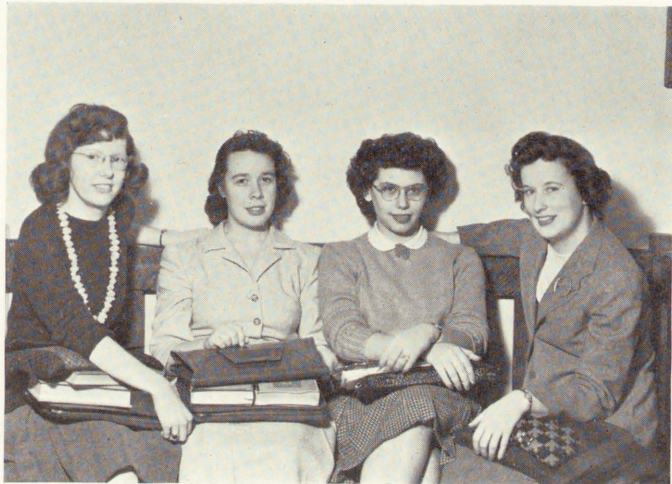
Analytical Analysis

MATHEMATICS CLUB



COMMERCE CLUB

Journals with jive



“A—S—D—F . . . what comes after that?” queried a States-man or -woman apathetically taking typewriting lessons. It was the “something new that’s been added” to Commerce Club’s busy program. Then too, there were annual trips to City Court

and the legislature, and the mock trial with thousands of bogus dollars at stake! And, roller skating at Hoffman’s where one returned via the thumb, or waited hours for the bus. It was commerce come to life under President Ann Dillon. Everybody had fun.

~ “Yo te quiero mucho”—no rumba session, just a Spanish Club get-together. What with talks by charming Dr. Childers, movies of our good neighbors, and records of modern music a la Espanola, these amiable amigos have finished with a flourish. French and

Classical Clubs joined in for Christmas: Noche de Paz was their gift to the gaiety. Top-man “Jo” Valente is proud of the bang-up banquet, and of her fellow officers, Tropp, Roset, and Colvin.



Una tertulia simpatica

PAN AMIGOS



Keeping State on the map

PRESS BUREAU

"Tom Brown, Senior, Reads First Book in Life."

"Mary Jones Empties Coke Machine."

"Jane Smith Defaults Exams—Hari-Kari Victim."

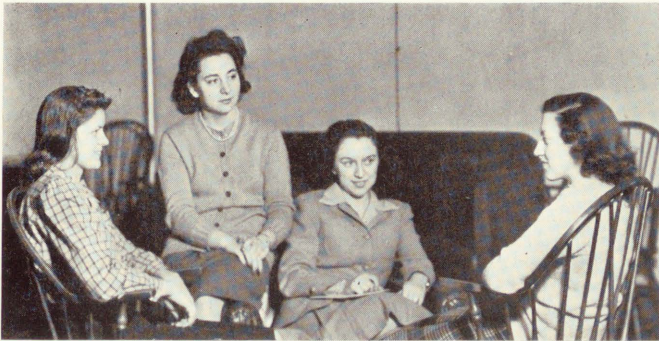
Whatever your claim to Fame, rest assured that Press Bureau will seize upon it as rich material for furthering State's campaign in "foreign" territories, and, incidentally, to keep the hometown folks posted on the dazzling notoriety and constant blinding successes of their fair-haired offsprings with the immediate result of placing State first in their hearts alongside all of you.

Without a doubt, you know there that file-packed, note crammed office of biography nestles, and in spite of your worries your latest exploits rest safely at the top of the list for publication.

Don't stop, Kozak, we love us!



There are smiles



Battle of the politics



Bus bound?

FORUM

Beauteous belles of State who wanted to keep up the morale of some alumnus in the service got the necessary A.P.O. numbers from—no, not A Lonely Hearts Club—but Forum. It was successful too. Ask any of the correspondents—male or female.

They've done other things too. Who'll forget the Election Party on "the" night and the near riots the campaign speeches provoked—the Friday morning editions of the "Soap Box" edited by speaker Rosario Trusso and Jean Groden, or those timely discussions on current problems? Intellectual, industrious, and illuminating—that's Forum.

COMMUTERS CLUB

Flash! Commuters Club has first advisors, namely, Dr. Scotland and Dr. Hicks! What fun for the faculty, especially with the February dance in the Commons and the party. How about the marvelous stamp booth sales and the State Fair Concession? Can't say Jane Phillips and her officers aren't on the ball.

Secretary Graves has the pencil and paper job and Ruth Donovan balances the treasury figures.

"What about a house?" has been the commuters' cry of late. "Just a place to stay overnight so we can attend college functions, too!"

Success to you, Commuters! You're doing a grand job!

"Come weeth mee to thee Casbah . . ." (or something to that effect!) breathed the French equivalent of Van Johnson, and French Club members swooned—in French, of course. This year, French Club presented a full-length movie in French as well as shorter films about Paris and Free France. Then, there was the annual Christmas party—this year held jointly with Spanish Club and Classical Club where everybody got all mixed up sprouting French, Spanish and even Latin at the same time. Wonderful evenings in the lounge with Miss Smith and Miss Dobbin, and President Connie Titterington conducting meetings en francais.

They don't have any old clothes. The Greeks and Russians are wearing them. Some members substituted togas—as did Sibyl Booth at the tri-club Christmas party. They had fun with the radio antics at the annual banquet—"Scoopus" Snyder broadcasting all the latest Roman gossip—Brinky, Russell, and Inglehart crooning *Longam Viam*—Consul "Moonglow" Wales bubbling with laughter that led all the cheers just as her clever ideas led all members to those afternoons of philosophy a la Wallace and excavations a la Goggin. Griffin subbed on the rostrum while Bush and Bently completed the official staff.

FRENCH CLUB

CLASSICAL CLUB



Planning a meeting

"Moonglow" and assistants





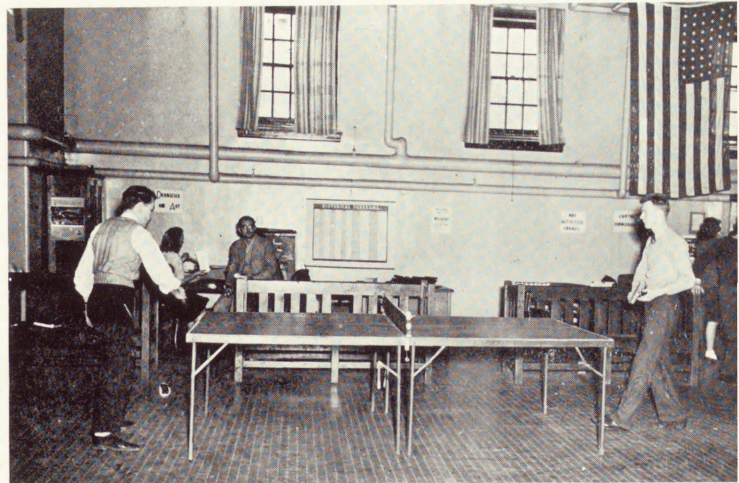
Managerial conference

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

"Hey, guys, let's have a football team!"—and so they did. They had a cheering section, too, and victory over "Med" and Sienna, with "Sparky" sparking the attack. Zippin and Kaufman battled it out across the table and manager Art became our ping-pong champ!

A strike! A spare! The bowling team, assistant Hess for one, were rolling winners. One, two, three strikes! One by one they swung, connected, caught flies, slid to second—safe! Win or lose, as they gathered in the W.T. to talk it over, they pronounced it great. The men are outnumbered, but not outdone.

Keep it going, fellows



CAMPUS COMMISSION

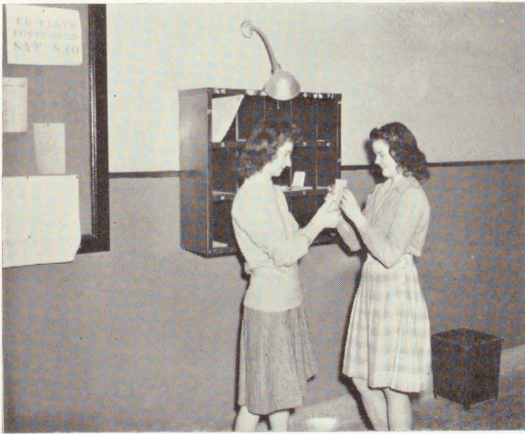


Grand Marshal "Tisch"



Campus Commission—originator of State Slogans and pluggers of rules and regulations. "Let's Have No Butts About" and "Grow Up and Put Your Bottles Away" are all part of the clean-up job to keep State the way we want.

"Make Your Notes 2 x 4"—offenders, sad to state, make the famous Honorary Black-List via the unerring ruler. "Gold's Mined" at Lost and Found Auctions with Judy Dube, Barker-in-chief. "Take it easy" and "Don't fence me in": the vic machine is a pleasant problem child for these kids.



Is it the right size?



These posters are o.k.

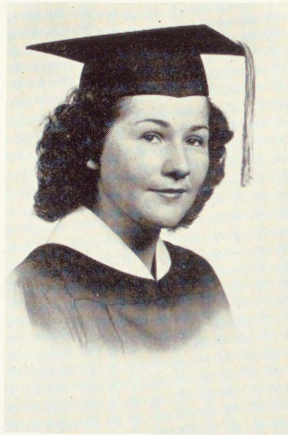
“Seniors Go Out Of Assembly First” and the marshals still are rushed and crushed into oblivion every Friday morning. “Posters On and Above College Level”—a prerequisite to the official stamp—“Approved By Campus Commission.”

Those kids picking up crumbs in the annex, “ruling” the notes, and putting coke bottles back in the cases aren’t suffering from examinitis—they’re trying out for one of those responsible for “State Beautiful.”

Grand Marshal Tisch, Boss Lady on Moving-Up Day—Checker of the Checkers, is always ready with that helping hand and an ever-present sense of humor—even wins poster contests in her spare time. Her senior colleagues are Curran, Hyland and Whipple, with Maggio in purse-position and “Vistula” with the notes.

Just routine work

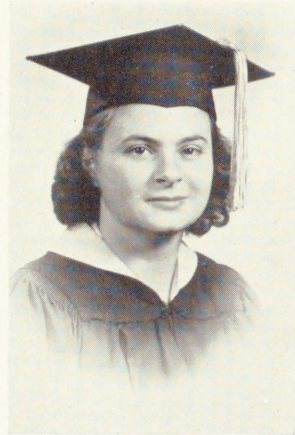




MARY DUNN NOW



SUNNA ESTHER COOPER



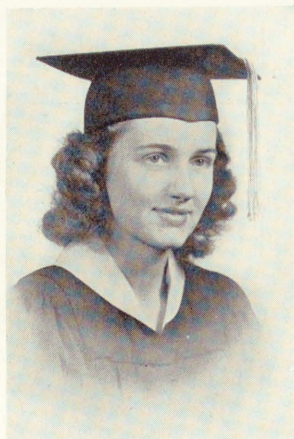
FLORENCE THERESA GARFALL

MYSKANIA

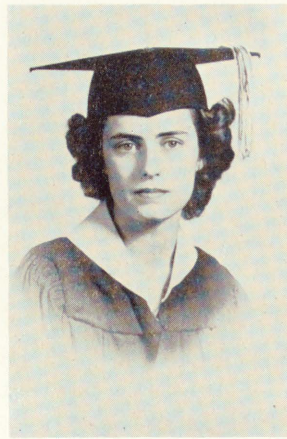
If there were witchcraft there couldn't be twelve more eager beavers. A mixture of Kippy's curt comments, Cooper's belated wit, Lucy's profound thoughts, Flo's un-failing judgment—all this stirred thoroughly turned out well. Add a dash of Mary's vitality, Marty and Rosie at Frosh meetings, Joan's calculating glances over stencils, Bostwick's, "Maybe I'm a sentimentalist,"

and you have the finished product.

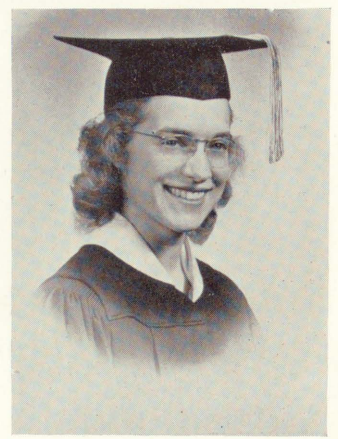
It was hard at first to combine personalities and concentrate their efforts to guard tradition. Original outlooks on the daily news bulletin, furthering student-faculty relations with teas, chaperoning, public apologies, challenged basketball games, V-Day service plans, "Santas" to orphans, and redecorated recovery room—all this, and



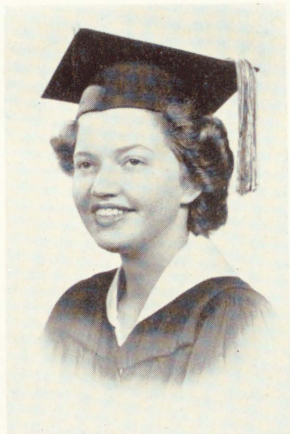
MARTHA ELIZABETH SPRENGER



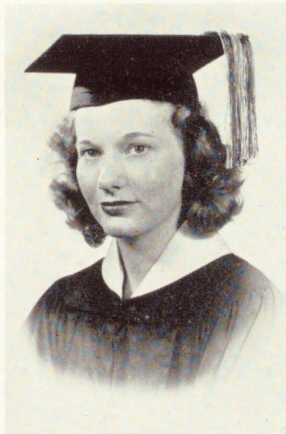
DOROTHY MARION MEYERS



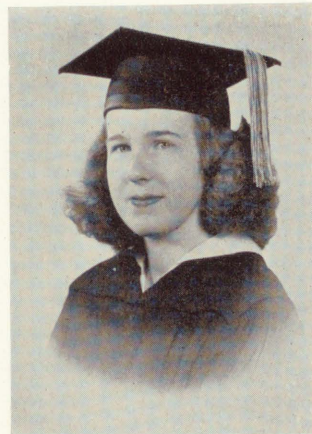
ELEANOR MARY HAYESLIP



JOAN ELIZABETH SMITH



MARY DOROTHY ALDEN



JANE KATHRYN ROOTH

MYSKANIA

Moving-Up Day too!

It was fun to alter robes, especially for fuming Bostwick. Caps were problems for twelve heads too. What difficulties to overcome—walking in step on Fridays at 11, stopping the pipes from leaking, choosing food for Hayeslip's delicate appetite.

Calling him Uncle John was easy after

that first 4:30 meeting when Dr. Sayles proved his interest in the students. Mary D., Dot, and Kippy attempted an open house; memorable jaunts to Camp Johnston displayed hidden culinary arts.

Working together was the magic to make dreams come true—dreams for the future of State. To Myskania, To them all!



LUCILLE HELEN GERG



EDNA MAY MARSH



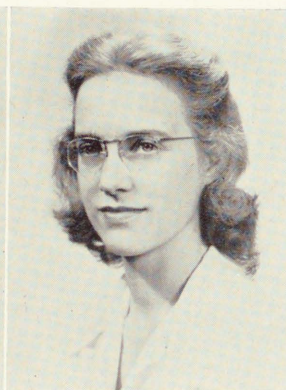
MARGUERITE DWYER BOSTWICK



MARILYN EBER



CLARA RYDER



ELEANOR HAYESLIP

SIGNUM LAUDIS



DOLORES ROPKE



GRACE SHULTS

Serious minded—well, those A's are evidence. But they had fun too. Want proof? Remember those diamonds on third finger left hand of Shults and Hayeslip and recipes and math books of "Mrs." Ryder. Or think of Gale tap dancing and singing or Ropke giving late permissions and still keeping lesson plans up-to-date, Snyder never needing a Latin trot, Yanowitz, the little girl with big ideas, and President Eber—highest of the high.



PHYLLIS SNYDER



DULCIE GALE



GERTRUDE YANOWITZ

PI GAMMA MU



Prexy Hasbrouck handed out constitutions, introducing Dr. Corey and nominating Marion Munzer for the poster committee—no dissenting votes there. Betty Grennell taught a period of History 2. Grace Shults (worst writer in the world, she says) took notes and pinned ribbons on new members. “Cooky” Trapasso counted the dues and planned picnics. Dillon of the short brown hair offered solutions for problems and Cis originated a program for everything. All this and those Social Studies whizzes, too, equaled Pi Gamma Mu. For them, dates held no horror.

Π Γ Μ

BABETTE DAVIS
MARGARET DEE
ANNA MAY DILLON
MARILYN EBER
ELIZABETH GRENNEILL

CECILE GOLDBERGER
CAROLINE HASBROUCK
ELEANOR HAYESLIP
ANITA LEONE
DOROTHY MEYERS

MARION MUNZER
HELEN RAMROTH
DOLORES ROPKE
GRACE SHULTS
MARIE TRAPASSO

ROSARIA TRUSSO
MILDRED TYMESON

PI OMEGA PI



MARION E. DAVIS
 ANNA MAY DILLON
 RUTH DONOVAN
 DOROTHY FALK
 FLORENCE GARFALL
 FLORENCE GRAHAM
 MARALYN GUY
 MARIE HUNTER
 ANN KEEHLE
 JANET MATHER
 JOAN QUINN
 HELEN RAMROTH
 HAZEL REVELLE

1 Ω II

Sure, you know what Pi Omega Pi is! It's the National Honorary Fraternity for Business Education Teachers. In other words, they are the cream of the Commerce Department.

Did you hear about the stupendous trip that certain members made to Chicago? Quinn, Dillon and Graham will never forget

it. Yes, there was a national ΠΩΠ convention in Chicago at the time, but, you know . . .

The meetings are most interesting: Dr. Cooper keeping order, Helen Ramroth keeping the minutes and guest speakers keeping them *all* informed about important affairs in commerce.

Attend Convention

Florence Graham, Ann Dillon, and Joan Quinn, Seniors, will attend the National Convention of Pi Omega Pi, honorary commerce fraternity, in Chicago on December 27-29. Its purpose is to promote business education and conventions among students.



Myskania Warns Frost For Second Offense
New Signum Laudis Announced By Sayles

Paul Vaughn, '48, has been elected twice to Myskania by the Sophomore class for the door before an upper Tradition 3, which stands for two or more students rank enter a building of a building at deference must be classmen.

Dr. John M. Sayles, President of the College, announced in last Friday's assembly the names of students nominated for Signum Laudis, honorary scholastic fraternity. Seven of the Seniors are Magna Cum Laude.

Those chosen now constitute four per cent of the entire group which is made up of the Seniors who rank among the highest ten per cent of their class in academic grades. The organization holds its nomination twice a year, once in November, and again in February at which time the remaining six per cent is added to the organization.

Marilyn H. Eber, who achieved the highest rank in scholarship, automatically becomes president of Signum Laudis for 1944-45, succeeding Nancy Jean Wilcox who held last year.

Pi Gamma Mu Plans To Sponsor Name Lecturers

A meeting of the officers of Pi Gamma Mu, honorary social studies society, was held on Wednesday, October 3. Plans for the semester's activities were made with the help of Dr. Watt Stewart, Professor of Social Studies, and faculty advisor Carolyn Hasbrouck, '45, president.

It was announced that one big meeting a semester would be open to all social studies students and anyone else interested in attending. Prominent speakers in the social studies field will lecture during the year.

Cecile Goldberger, '45, is in charge of Foreign Policy membership and will be at a table in the lower hall of Draper next week to collect money and sign up those who want to join the Foreign Policy Association. Further explanation of this will be made by Miss Goldberger in Assembly this morning.

Miss Hasbrouck also revealed that Pi Gamma Mu members will act as substitute teachers in freshman history classes and, after mid-semester examinations, will tutor those freshmen having difficulty with history.

Members of the society have planned a wiener roast for Sunday afternoon, October 8.

Myskania Plans V-Day Service



In preparation for V-Day, Myskania has released a plan for a service to be held on the day victory over Germany is announced. Since such plans can only be tentative, only the service itself is definite. However, the plans thus far are as follows. If the news comes before 5 P. M. on any school day, students should assemble in Page Hall auditorium. If the announcement should be made at night, the service will be held at 9 A. M. the next morning. If the news should come over a weekend, the same directions will hold true for the following Monday morning.

The order of the service is as follows:

- Invocation—Marguerite Bostwick
- Invocation—Marguerite Bostwick
- General Prayer—Eleanor H. America
- Lord's Prayer—Malotte
- Address—Dr. John M. Alden
- Onward Christian Soldiers
- God Bless America
- Benediction—Harriet Greenberg

In Scholarship

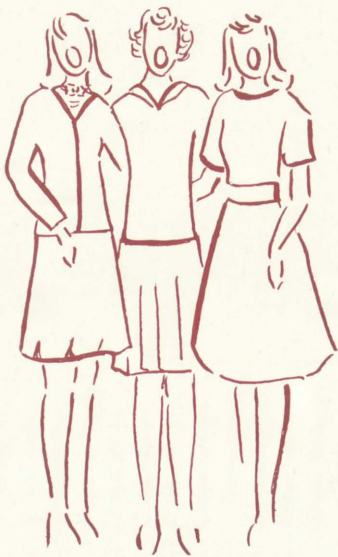
per cent just nominated the highest group members of Sigma Chi according to Mr. Clardy, Faculty Secretary.

List of those members of their class: Cyn H. Eber, Hayeslip, Ropke, and Vale.

of Draper next week to collect money and sign up those who want to join the Foreign Policy Association. Further explanation of this will be made by Miss Goldberger in Assembly this morning.

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*Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather*

—SWINBURNE



PIERCE HALL



A word from the wise

Opening the white front door with a hearty pull we were directly in front of the Green Room, where might have been found anything from a sailor waiting for his date (of an evening), to a group of be-kerchiefed girls playing "I see a bar" (of a Saturday morning). Down the hall to the left, the Pine Room with the fireplace that proved its worth the night the furnace broke down. Up the stairs to second floor, where reside the TGIFers and a greater part of the "Katte Klub," and then to third, the home of the

Food for thought



PIERCE HALL

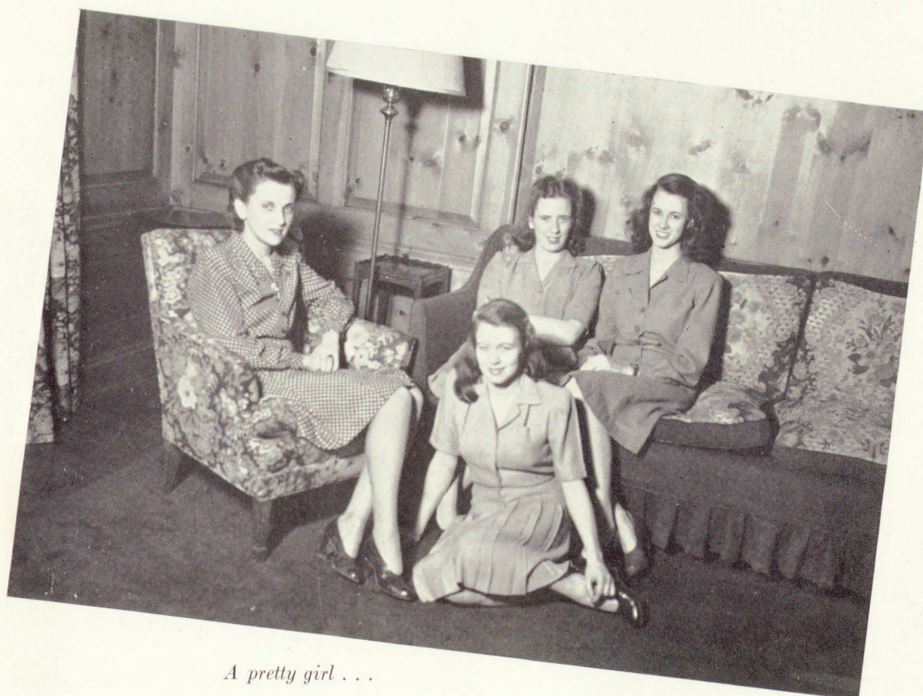




Ingle interlude

'48ers and President Ropke—the first one in line in the bucket brigade. Back to the ground floor, for the Ingle—the unforgettable room with the dance floor like heaven, cocoa-at-9:30-during-exam week, blue jeans, p.j.parties, after-dinner dancing and the Statesman formal. As the white door closed softly behind, it sounded echoes of comfort, culture, and caprice.

Just for a change



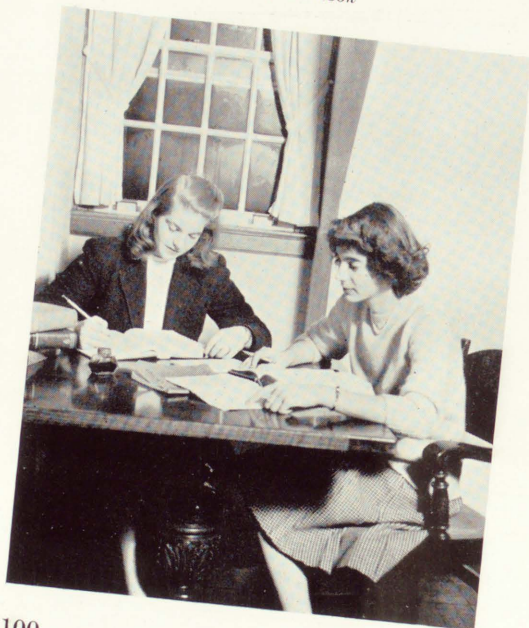
A pretty girl . . .

SAYLES HALL



Shall I read you a story?

In a quiet nook



"Hello—Sayles Heaven—To which angel would you like to speak?" So said the very feminine Stateswoman whose abode is the large red-brick structure on Partridge Street. They strenuously objected to having it called "that masculine dorm," although a few of the above-mentioned male did appear at meal-time.

Sayles Hallers wanted everyone to know that it possessed the most comfortable beds on campus, private mail-boxes and a gym for daily work-outs.



Marathon

Sayles Hall, we were told was not a dull place in which to live, considering the exciting and conversation-consuming robbery, the troop of visiting soldiers which the girls entertained, and their successful open houses.

The Partridge Street residents were proud of their skillful basketball team; and of the many ping-pong artists which the game room had developed.

From sleepy gatherings on the stairs for seven o'clock breakfast to lively third floor water fights, Sayles presented synthesis of work and play.



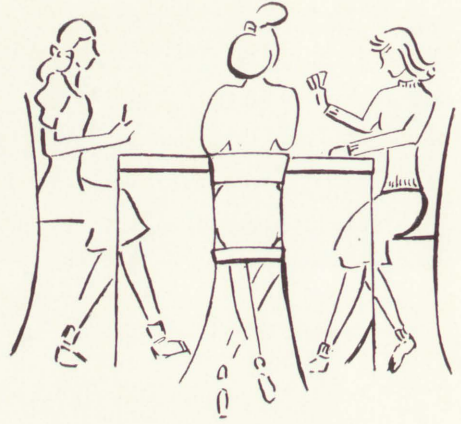
The bread line



Official pose



For domestic tranquillity



NEWMAN HALL



The happy hour

The neighbors, we are told, oft remark, via the telephone, concerning the unscholarly voices emanating from the stolid, solemn walls of 741 Madison. The confusion, it is said, has as its nucleus the third floor of the house, ably assisted by the frequent gab and fun fests in B. J. McGrath's and Straubie's room. A standing cue for much hilarity is the Soph First Lady's many calls from the frosh gift to Newman, "Sparky"—the piano sings after dinner with Coluzzi at the keys—the ping-pongs in the "rec."

The kids at Newman are really proud of their house, or they wouldn't sport those sharp T-shirts with Newman, NYSCT, in a bold circle across the front. Or maybe they

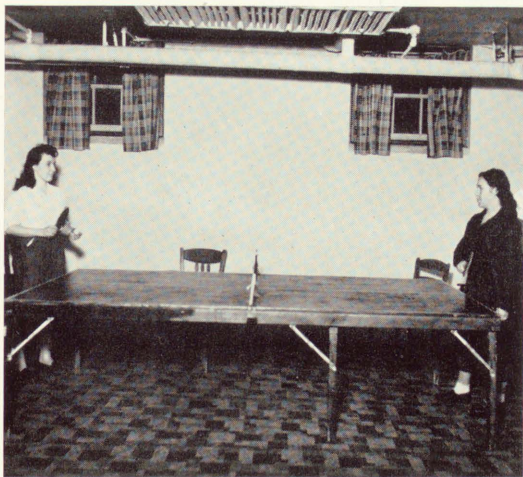
mean team support, and that Newman team was easily supported this year with such stars as Maggio and Russo to spur on to a basket.

Besides seeing to the leisure time activities of its inmates, Newman provides Mass every Wednesday and First Friday in the small and beautiful chapel.

The food, we are told emphatically "s wonderful!" Father Cahill, too, could accentuate the positive, seeing he is a bi-weekly beneficiary of Newman's hospitality and Miss Kady's cooking.

Newmanites should have no problems, considering their able president, Agnes Fitzpatrick, and the guidance of Father Cahill. Agnes is assisted by her vice, Mary Straub; correspondence-keeping Mary Liz Sullivan; account straightener-outer Pat Sheehan; historian Marie Trepasso; and frosh representative Jarmela Janecek.

Hit or miss



Now I'll tell one

And one illiterate





Stairway to the stars

Ladies of leisure for five weeks out of eight—that was, of course, if they weren't whizzing around on the basketball court, rolling strikes, or dramatizing in Page Hall. The other three weeks they could be found practicing the culinary arts "way up on Madison." These co-op girls supported the "shift" theory of home management and everyone had a hand in it. The Moreland girl, living far from school, exemplified State's athletic type—gulping down a glass of milk at eight-o-eight AM and breaking all records in a dash for an eight-ten class—only ten minutes late!

MORELAND HALL



Cooks' conference



A Wren-dition

Smile pretty

WREN HALL

“Will someone *please* answer that phone?” was constantly heard in Wren Hall, State’s group house on South Lake Avenue. Coleman, unfortunately situated near the telephone, usually got the job. Wren was also well known for its nickel shortage, caused by the active coke machine in the game room, which supplied the liquid refreshment for those delicious midnight snacks. Playing songs for the square dances on the piano, Elaine Michael added a lot of fun and frolic for all the Wrenettes. Polly Peterson, president of the house, had the capables, Bender, Glod, and McManus assisting her.





Farrell femmes

FARRELL HOUSE



Executives are we

The house with "a touch of the Old South" has blinked its eyes many times at changes in its lifetime, but it has never seen anything quite like these. In its youth it was a governor's mansion and now it houses Stateswomen. Home of the "C.D.N.P—13's" and the short-sized girls with long-sized jackets, bow ties, and Eton caps; home of Ecto—her surrealist painting and ballet dancing; home of Thursday afternoon teas. It also boasted of an English prof for a house-mother. Every dorm on campus bowed in homage when the snow flew—none could match the white-crested majesty of Farrell.

STOKES HALL

E. E. P. was never like this



A block from school and they were always late—"Won't someone please go home for the mail?"—Of an evening, Davis made with the dance and passers-by caught the echoes of a boogey beat. Come Spring, Stokes' smoothies took to the park, study-bound. Who'll ever forget the scramble for rooms,

the inevitable gab-gatherings—thirteen-year-old Doug, alternately idol and enemy—Grennell, McConnell, Pooler, and Burdick—active and administrative—Old orders changed but 495 State never lost the amiable atmosphere that is "Stokes."



NELSON HALL

Time out for a picture

Millions of steps from the "lofty" elements of Husted—way, way up at 1002 Madison there was another element—a Frosh element to be exact, alias Nelson House with its myriad of lovely faces and ambitious hands. Harmony in work and play—an unspoken motto. "Be hep to pep!"

the order of the day, every day. Mirth, spark-plugging by Hillier, Williams, and the Fishers. Lil Abraham giving the "Junior viewpoint" to frolicsome Frosh. State Fair, good movie, just homework—nothing caught Nelson napping.



But where's Tommy?

ST. THOMAS MORE HOUSE

Seventeen-odd Frosh ascended via back stairs here, the front being reserved for the three Sophomore occupants, Dunn, Dunlay and Pender.

An atmosphere of comfort, a warm fireplace and colorful book shelves—plus “Tommy More Barn,” an envied distinction.

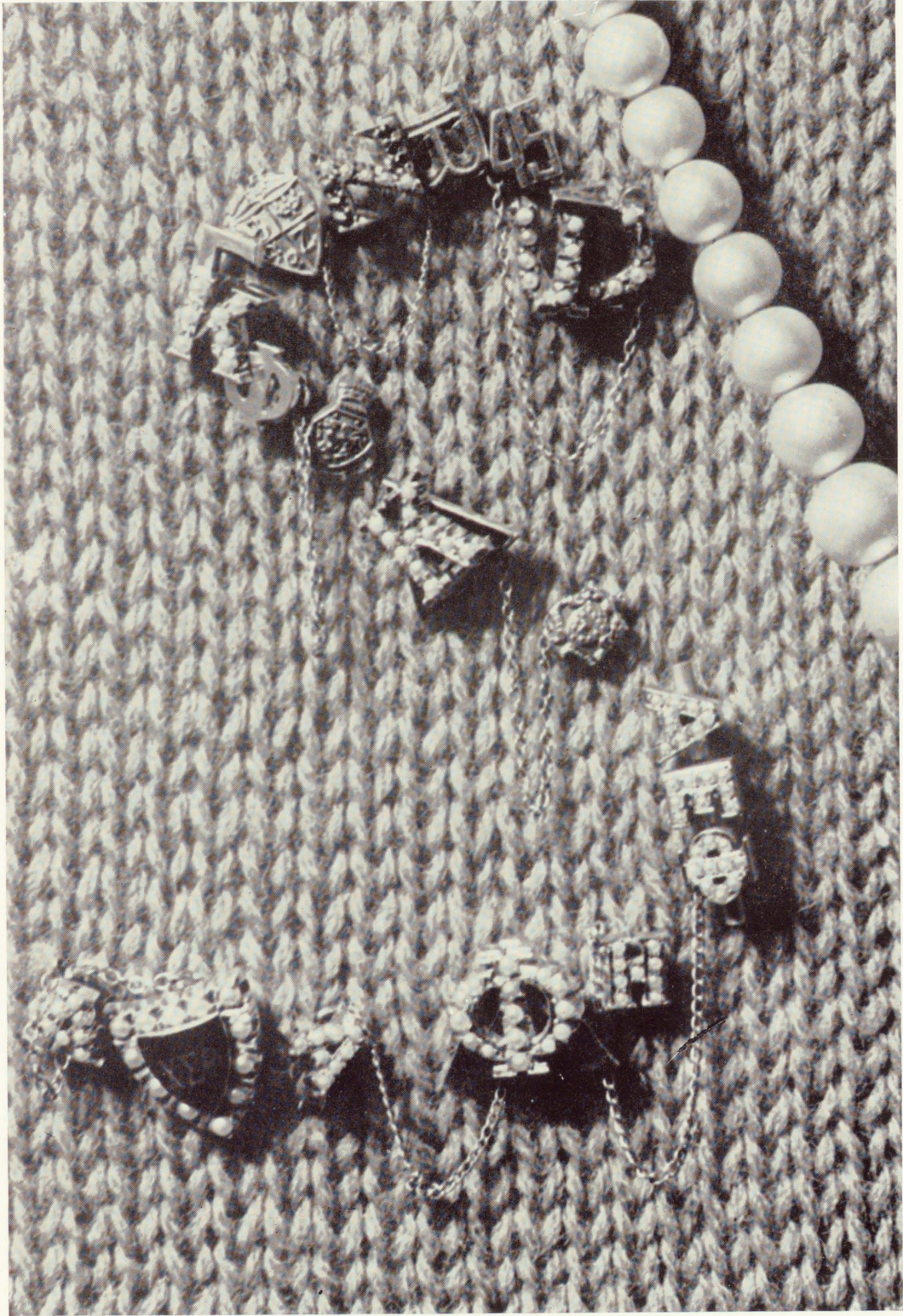
SAYLES HALL ANNEX

“Hey, you, get off that phone!” That was Sully, waiting his turn—the Annex-stamping grounds of sixteen of State’s men—Bolles beating the ivories—week-end visitors sleep-

ing on the pool-table—all while good-natured “Red,” association president, puffed his pipe and smiled.



Ahhhh





The higher-ups

INTERSORORITY COUNCIL

Gamma Kap, Psi Gam, KD, Phi Delt, Chi Sig, BZ, AE Phi, all in a whirl, rushing like they never rushed before—Taffy, Bonnie Jean, Justine, B. J., Malo, and some 90 odd ex-high school smoothies playing hard-to-get and but good—all aglow with the health of two lunches a day. Into the breach strode Intersorority Council declar-

ing, "Thou shalt not speak after seven o'clock" and later, "Thou shalt not speak, period," restricting budding friendships, putting that great invention the telephone to absolute waste, conniving to bring to the minimum inter-sorority friction.

Downright amazing how sororities managed to survive the stringent regulations

Now, the rules say . . .



they set down for themselves.

Surprisingly, Pledge Night came round on the double and full quotas of dreamy-eyed Frosh swelled the battered ranks. All could not have been in vain and especially since upperclassmen's pin-curled domes and Vogue wardrobes had been saved from a horrible death.

Events decreased in importance after the Great War. Council authorized the addition of five September Frosh and two from February's crop. Council called all sorority women to meet en masse in the Commons to introduce pledges and discuss Big Eight plans. Council named committees to push the program and put it over the top.

Top-Man Carmany wielded the needle to

Swivil-Hip Curran, "Klever-with-Klothes" Klein, dignified looking Yefkin, that soul of ambition, Smith, sweet Jen Cosgrave, Stuart, the Wizard of Math.

"Rushing" must be over



KAPPA DELTA

Joan Alverson	Mary Ellen Diener	Elizabeth Howell	Doris Raymond
Harriet Brinkman	Marian Duffy	Janet Inglehart	Patricia Russell
Jean Brown	Ruth Elgie	Gertrude Kasper	Mary Sanderson
Jeanette Buyek	Shirley Ford	Lucille Kenny	Arlene Skinner
Sue Campbell	Jean Griffin	Shirley Mason	Gertrude Smith
Phyllis Carpenter	Elizabeth Hansen	Alice McGowan	Joan Smith
Nora Crumm	Helen Honeycombe	Marjorie O'Grady	Martha Sprenger
Virginia Day			Jean Winyall

"Oops!"—"Brinky'n Bob," "Shovel that coal, huh, Jim?"—both were Kappa Delta verbal standbys on first floor.

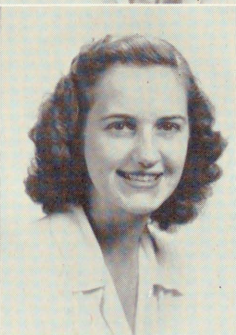
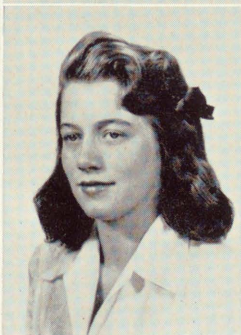
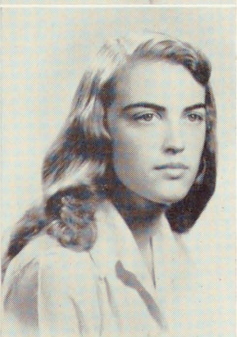
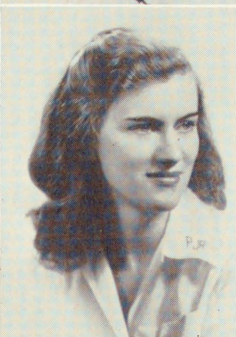
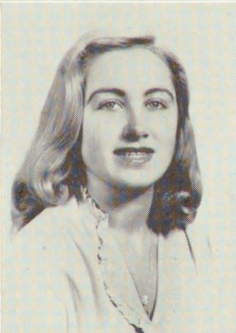
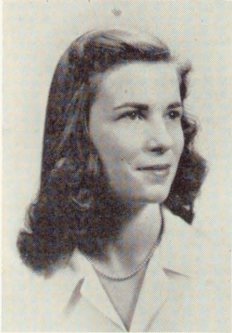
In the upper reaches of 380, Buyek and Mrs. J.K.B.K. knocked themselves out "Spitting in the Ocean" and helping Smitty shuffle plans for faculty teas, "G.P." Mc-

Gowan, Tommy and Shoupie heckled fast-talking Crumm and Hansen, while Griffin and Carpenter collaborated on Howell's male entanglements.

A rubber of bridge here, a new diamond there—life a la Kappa Delta—smooth, sophisticated, and downright fun.



K Δ





PSI GAMMA

Ψ Γ



Alma Beckerle
 Helen Bode
 Natalie Bullock
 Jeanne Burkhard
 Mary Carey
 Betty Carmany
 Avis Chamberlain
 Julie Collier
 Margery Cramer

Marjorie Cronin
 Ann Cullinan
 Virginia Driscoll
 Lois Drury
 Isabel Fear
 Agnes Fitzpatrick
 Ann Fritz
 Jean Hembury

Ann Keehle
 Ann Lucsok
 Winifred Lulkowski
 Joan Magrew
 Isabel Malloy
 Janet Mather
 Ruth McCarthy
 Mary Now

Elizabeth O'Neil
 Margaret Pohl
 Genevieve Sabatini
 Margaret Schlott
 Clara Skavina
 Mary E. Sullivan
 Edna Sweeney
 Christina Truman
 Mildred Tymeson

Lights, humor, action predominated at the South Lake mansion—Bode whirled a Dervish Lindy with Now or Tini, while card shark Carmany drew out Drury's trump as she relaxed from executive headaches. Pledges ran hither and yon trying to find out what

it was all about. "Flip" shushed Kit's and Winnie's extrovert giggles in the Slumber Chamber.

All the Psi Gams were living and loving, going to town on those open house deals, and coming up "on the top."





Found at 678 Madison—the product of those lovely madcaps who had a finger in every pie—each well-done.

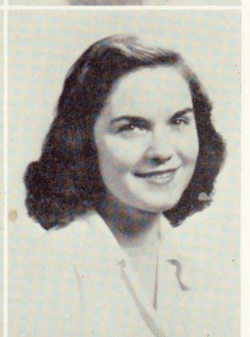
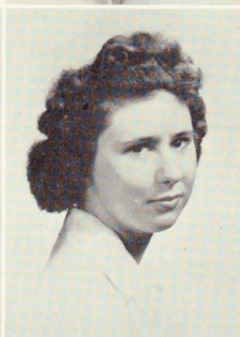
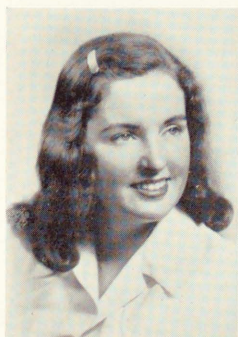
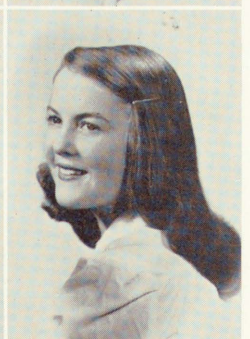
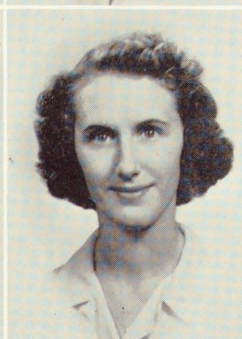
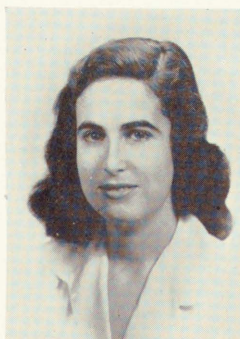
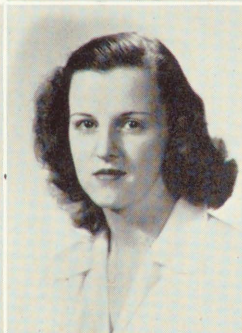
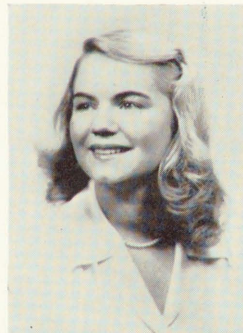
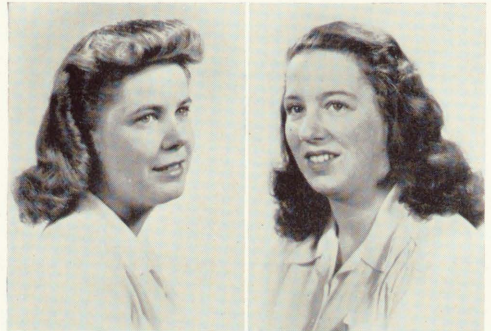
Our own “Guff” and Bostwick, occupants of the “smoothie” bedroom with competition from Mather, Dee, and Liz in the front chambre.

They wove a dynamic spell—Joyce did, at least, with her “Button Song.” Then the dining room table collapsed and Curran had to save the party by entertaining in those fascinating red sleepers. Connoisseurs of cheery capers—Chi Sig.

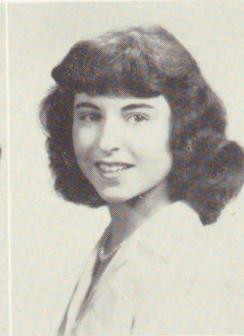
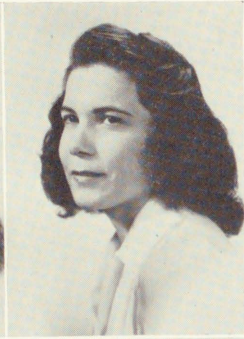
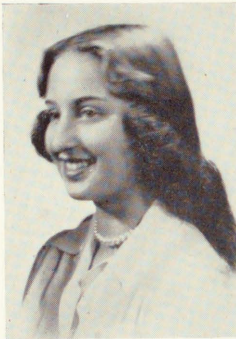
ROSE BEIDL
 BETTY JANE BITTNER
 MARGUERITE BOSTWICK
 JEANNE CAVANAUGH
 MARY CURRAN
 MARIE DECHENE
 MARGARET DEE
 LORRAINE DESEVE
 JEAN DESTEFANO
 MARTHA DUNLAY
 SALLY DUNN
 FLORENCE GARFALL
 LUCILLE GERG
 MARIETTA HANLEY
 BETTY ROSE HILT
 LOIS HOLSTEIN
 JOAN HYLIND
 SALLY JOHNSON
 MARIE LIEBL

JOAN MATHER
 JOYCE McDONALD
 GLORIA McFERRAN
 ELIZABETH I. McGRATH
 ELIZABETH J. McGRATH
 EILEEN MOODY
 MARY NOLAN
 PAULA NOSAL
 ELINOR O'BRIEN
 MARGERY PENDER
 JOAN QUINN
 HELEN RAMROTH
 KATHLEEN RAPPLEYEA
 MARY REYNOLDS
 DOROTHEA SMITH
 GENEVIEVE SMITHLING
 BETTY KAY WALSH
 AGNES WILLETT
 AGNES YOUNG

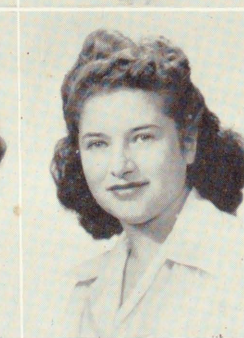
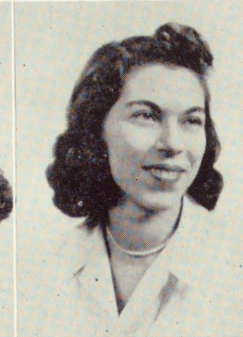
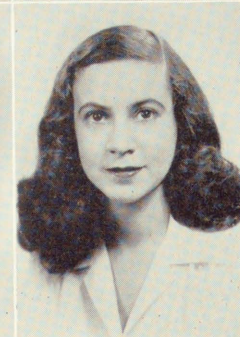
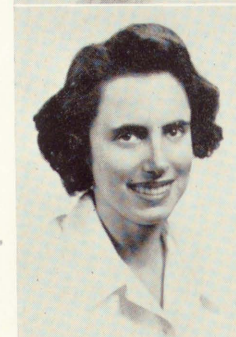
CHI SIGMA THETA



ALPHA EPSILON PHI



Α Ε Φ



Celina Axelrod
 Arline Belkin
 Carol Berg
 Julie Boxer
 Sunna Cooper
 Elaine Drooz
 Judy Dube
 Dorothy Falk

Muriel Feldman
 Ruth Fine
 Harriet Freidman
 Judith Gerofsky
 Harriet Greenberg
 Sonya Kadish
 Pauline Klein

Molly Kramer
 Selma Kreisberg
 Lore Kuhn
 Muriel Navy
 Blanche Packer
 Shirley Passow
 Muriel Rubin

Ruth Sochin
 Leila Soñtz
 Abbie Swyer
 Leah Tishler
 Ruth Trachtenberg
 Sylvia Trop
 Esther Utal
 Gertrude Yanowitz

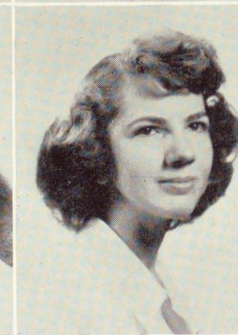
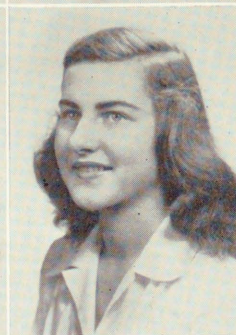
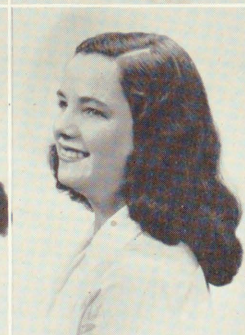
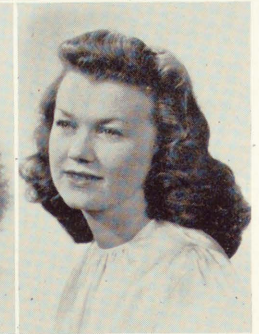
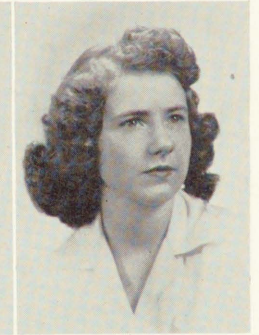
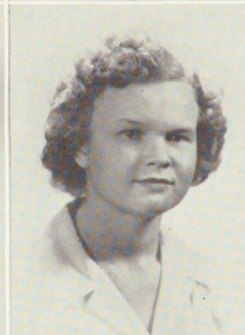
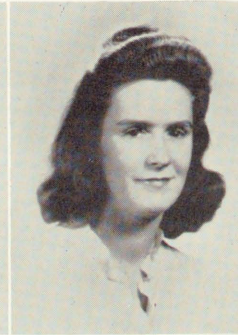
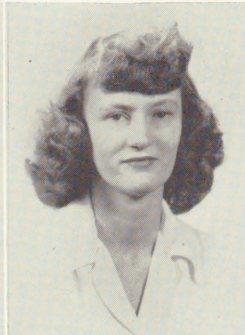
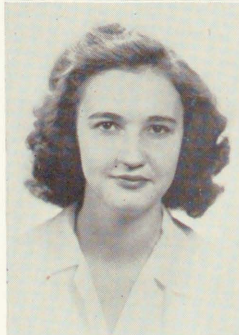
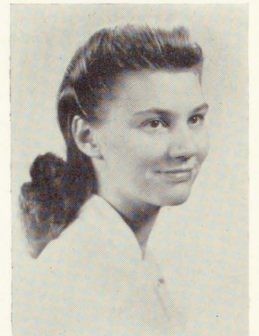
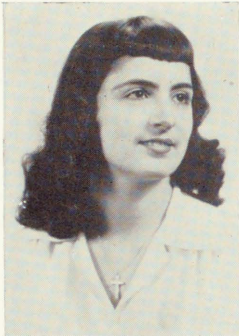
Excitement and adventure gave the A E Phi's a busy year—like the time a thief squeaked in a strained falsetto to a sleepy trio, "It's Jane, go back to sleep." There was daily routine, too—Ruthie dashing off late to class; Bea's departure and return;

Sunday night suppers; the evenings in the Charm Room; an alarm clock that rang persistently but was never heard by Lore or Sonya; Selma's appendectomy; and Mickey looking for a pledge—all went on and on.



GAMMA KAPPA PHI

Г К Ф



Gloria Breclin	Jean Ferris	Ellen Maloney	Miriam Phillips
Aileen Byrne	Catherine Glavin	Gloria Marcantonio	Hazel Revelle
Geraldine Callahan	Janice Goodrich	Irene McCormack	Genevieve Stiles
Jane Cheney	Bette Harding	Florence Melesky	Marion Vitullo
Helen Coluzzi	Audrey Johnston	Jacqueline Montgomery	Louise Winters
Kathryn Moran Coston	Jane Lafferty	Kathryn Murphy	Susan Yager
Ruth Davenport	Margaret Laughlin	Vivien Nielsen	Alice Young
Yefkin DerBedrosian	Josephine Maggio	Anita Pedisich	

A cozy confab at home or a joyful jam session on an evening out—the Gamma Kaps were always making merry together. In typical form, they burst into song whenever “Ped” entered the Commons. They cheered “Mutt” Phillips of the basketball team.

They hailed Louise “Guesty” Winters—the G.C.G. of Gamma Kap. They teased Al Young (her picture of State’s crooner adorned the Blue Room). They were proud of Vivian Neilson—blonde bombshell of the News—all full of fun.

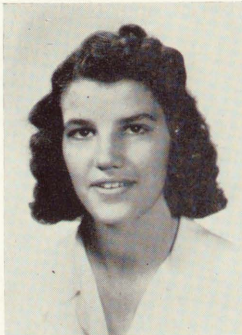


The trail to BZ was eagerly trod by seekers of advice or a delicious menu—both specialties of “Mama” Rand, with Blakie and Jennie runner-ups on the former.

Highlights—the faculty tea with Del Ropke presenting events from the founding of BZ to the present—the Christmas party

with “Gerry” Van Allen’s original version of the “Night before Christmas.” A new feature was “Moron Manor,” and Hell Week—that witch’s brew!

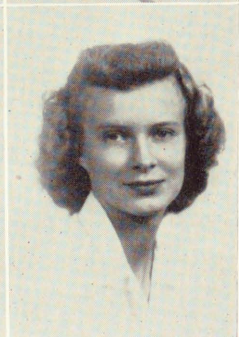
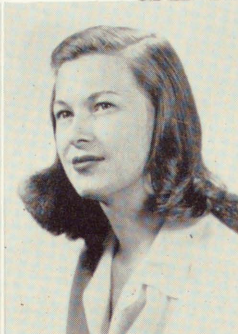
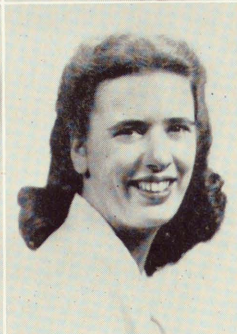
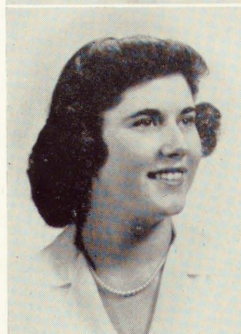
It was gay at BZ where any Greek god would do!



GLORIA BAKER
RUTH BENTLEY
RUTH BLAKE
BETTY BRENNAN
JANET BRUMM
HELEN BUSHNELL
PEGGY CASEY
CAROLYN COOPER

JEANETTE COSGRAVE
LOUISE DODGE
GEORGETTE DUNN
DULCIE GALE
LOIS HUTCHINSON
CAROLINE HASBROUCK
ELEANOR HAYESLIP
DORIS JENKS

HELEN JENNINGS
MARIAN KLOCK
ALICE KNAPP
DOROTHY KNAPP
GEORGENE LOVECKY
JEANNE OFFHOUSE
MARGARET PALMATIER
JANE ROTH
ROBERTA SMITH
JANETTE SOULE
DOROTHY TEVERIN
VIRGINIA TEVERIN
GERALDINE VAN ALLEN
JANE WALDBILLIG
SHEILA WATKINS
ROSEMARY WESKE
JEAN WHITNEY
MARGARET WINTER

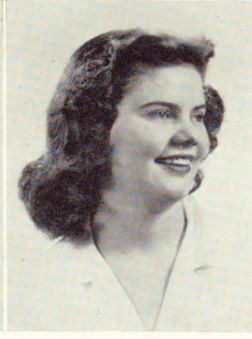
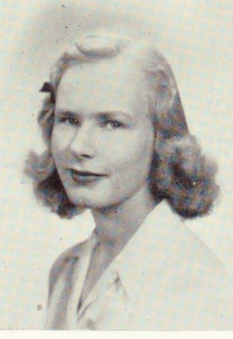
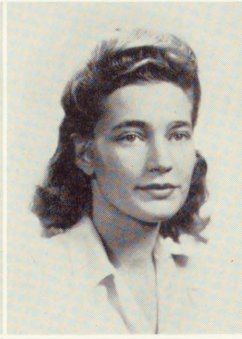
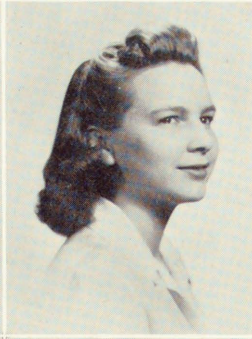
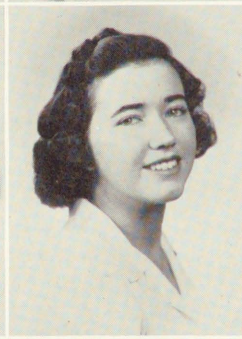
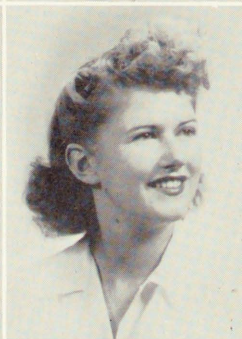
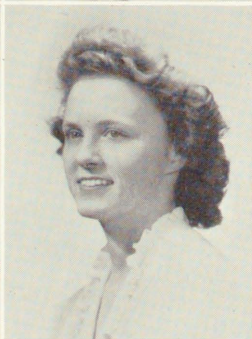
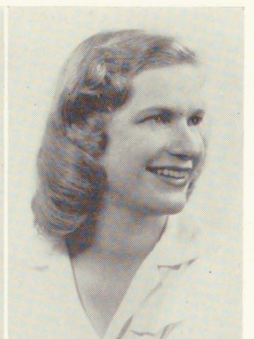
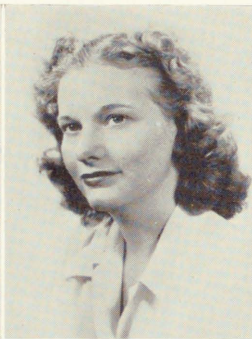




BETA ZETA

B Z





PHI DELTA

Φ Δ

Elaine Acker
 Mary D. Alden
 Marilyn Anderson
 Frances Barnhart
 Alice Beckers
 Audrey Boughton
 Doris Burton
 Pauline Clevin
 Babette Davis

Marianne Davis
 Jennie Drivas
 Eleanor Durbeck
 Jean Elting
 Janet Gould
 Elizabeth Hamilton
 Elaine Harris
 Doris Ives

Gertrude Jacobson
 Roberta Jobson
 Annette Koehn
 Lore Kunz
 Eleanor Lawton
 Edna Marsh
 Dorothy Myers
 Barbara Reiff

Mary Seymour
 Dorothea Silvernail
 Mary Striphas
 Louise Stryker
 Helen Stuart
 Margaret Van Aken
 Mary Bess Vernoy
 Norma Werner
 Marjorie Worsley

Phi Delt vied this year with "The Met" by daily presentation of their special rendition of "Asleep in the Deep" with Kippy tickling those ivory keys while Boughton joined on the base. Bridge with the Med Students next door—Stuart and Hamilton

describing those "wonderful basketball shots"—eating Mrs. Dee's super-delicious cake—the firm of Myers and Marsh "editing"—Mary Dee trilling out on those high notes—star-gazing at handsome male photos in Fran's room—all's peppy at Phi Delta.





*C*AMPUS
*N*IGHT





A hush—at last the doors opened, and a thousand voices were caught in admiration of our choice, Mary, mirthful, magnetic.

Ten other lovelies followed in her wake, and throats tightened as Princess Pat saluted State—a fitting finale for '45's shining hour.





TOP Row: Angie Fabrizio S 2/c, Lt. Dan Regan, Carr Pangburn Ph. M 3/c, Ensign Pierre Vining. BOTTOM Row: Pfc. Dante Zaccanini, Pfc. Anthony Capuano, Pvt. Ray McNamara, Ensign Stan Gipp, Pvt. Ruth Hines.

The Class of 1945

"Lest we forget"—a few years ago it was just a phrase, a phrase we heard on Memorial Day—something that reminded us of a rather remote World War I. Now, State College is again living through a war, again our fellows have left the elms and the walks of Washington Park. "Lest we forget" has a more tangible meaning. But State hasn't forgotten. We know that one gold star on the service flag is for Hal Lind—Hal, the

blond, quiet boy who sat next to us in Ancient History and Oral English. Hal—killed in action. We read their names in the *State College News*—"Jim Dunning marries Eleanor Smith," "Sgt. Dick Beach engaged to Mary Sanderson." We glance at Dr. Jones' bulletin board of pictures and point to familiar faces. We greet them when they come back because, with each figure in khaki and blue comes a part of State that was—

We remember the fraternity pledge parties, and smile as we think of Potter Club's baby party and the KDR and KB dances. "Swing your partner" becomes more than a square-dance call when we think of the SLS Firemen's Ball. We cheered at rivalry push-ball and basketball games and worried about dates for the first All-State Formal. We remember dancing in the Commons at noon and having discussions over coffee at the Boul. And we haven't forgotten the fellows—Curt Pfaff, address—Guadalcanal; Lt. Zollie

Privett, southern man of muscles, dropping bombs on Berlin; Sgt. J. Michael Hippick, ex-habitue of the P.O., writing about the spires of Oxford; "Goldie" making them laugh at the front; Lt. Eugene McLaren seeing the Taj Mahal; Lt. Don Walsh, plotting the course for the next mission; S/Sgt. Ray Howard, sporting an A.P.O. number and a mustache; Lt. Ernie Mennillo, Co-Pilot on a B-24; Lt. Fran Mullen; Merchant Marines Lt. (j.g.) Al Meschter and Ensign-to-be Carr Pangburn carrying

in the Service . . .

TOP ROW: Al Skavina, Pvt. Jim Dunning, Cpl. Dan Sayles, Lt. (j.g.) Al Meschter. BOTTOM ROW: Lt. Gene McLaren, Mary Ellen Munson S 2/c, Pvt. Harold Goldstein, Ensign Warren Kullman, s/sgt. Ray Howard.



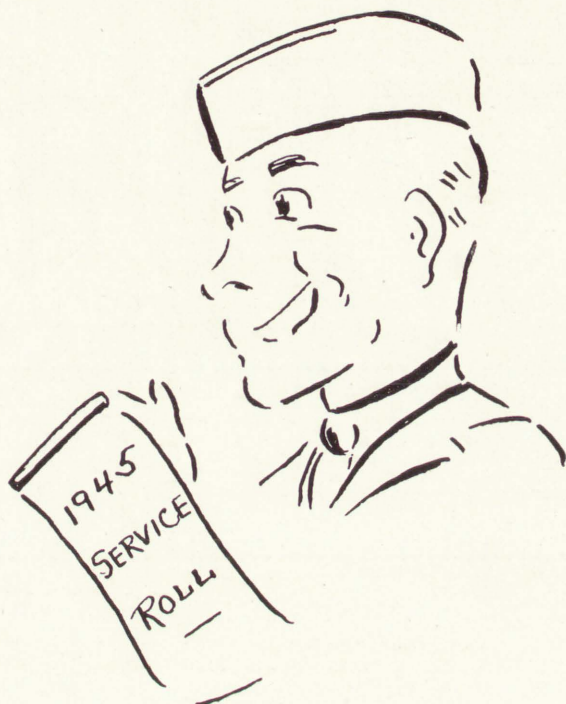


TOP ROW: *Pvt. Gordan Baskin, s/sgt. Joe Roulier, Pfc. Sam Scott, Lt. Don Walsh.* MIDDLE ROW: *Ensign Art Olivet, Lt. Ernie Menillo.* BOTTOM ROW: *Pvt. Glenn De Long, Esther Poskanzer S 2/c, Cpl. Harry Baden.*

the goods; Ensign Warren Kullman, Stan Gipp, Pierre Vining; M.P. Don Sayles wielding a club in Italy; the boys in olive drab—Dickieson, Dooley, Sussina, DeLong, Capuano, Muto, Griffin, Collins, Tassoni, Zaccanini, Baden, and McNamara; bell-bottomed trousered Murphy and Polischuk, and Woodworth (back to stay); Marine, Collin Barnett; and our girls, Pvt. Ruthie Hines, WAC, basking in the New Guinea sun; SPARS "Porky" Munson and Angie

Fabrizio, and WAVE Esther Poskanzer stationed in New York.

Men and women of State can't be forgotten. They'll be back for other Campus Nights and Moving-Up Days. They'll sing "Arm in Arm" together through the years and hand down torches of inspiration and courage to "those who will come after." Our graduation thoughts will rest on them—"Lest we forget."



Harry Baden
 Gordon Baskin
 Richard Beach
 Meyer Braun
 Anthony Capuano
 Arthur Collins
 Glenn DeLong
 Samuel Dickeison
 John Dooley
 Paul DerOhanesean
 James Dunning
 Angeline Fabrizio
 Norman Finer
 Stanley Gipp
 Harold Goldstein
 David Griffin
 Ruth Hines
 J. Michael Hippick

Raymond Howard
 Warren Kullman
 *Harold Lind
 John Lubey
 Eugene McLaren
 Raymond McNamara
 Ernest Mennillo
 Alfred Meschter
 Francis Mullen
 Mary Ellen Munson
 Nicholas Murphy
 Dominic Muto
 Arthur Olivet
 Carr Pangburn
 Robert Peters
 Curtis Pfaff
 Vincent Pickett
 John Polischuk

Esther Poskanzer
 Zollie Privett
 Luis Rabineau
 Daniel Regan
 Joseph Roulier
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