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

Revolution of a Profession in a Democracy

Teachers are employed for purposes "nantly great." They must teach the
existence of health with all the leisure of life, without the pay of the doctor;
they must inculcate the principles of life. In the impressive sincerity but
they must be the sectarians of the ignorant; they must be altogether more patient
than God himself, for He "gave both" when He punished
and they must invent schemes to suit human nature, and make every
good thing as weighty enticing and every bad thing as indifferently
inspiring the dullest blockhead useful, to satisfy the desire for fame and knowledge; the
tend to moderate the zeal of the too ambitious, and
incurvably uncouth and most disappointing,
and the manners of the race of the world, ignorance, and prepare
from the thousand paths that may lead to greatness and all the
infallibly all the

STATE COLLEGE

ALBANY

Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago Boston Atlanta Dallas San Fr...
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.
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. Mykkania 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.

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.
A new event came to State—Student-Faculty Teas. We reminisced with the old familiarers and swapped introductory details with the new-arrivals. In those brief moments a tradition was born—a testimony to the way we feel about our faculty and the way they feel about us.

The education professors 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...
“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 Huested we meet Dr. Clausen with Dr. Andrews who actually asked if we wanted two mid-sems; our master of mechanical advantage, Dr. Power; petite...
Dr. Scotland, connoisseur of frogs and minuets, 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; conservative Dr. Beaver, quiz kid of the faculty; Mrs. Fee who magician-like passes planes through circles, and Miss Wheeler who circumnavigates 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
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

Wanted—One elevator

The theory of education is . . .
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 S" 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."
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.
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
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

—Psalms 12
Tangent circle outside
Given circle
To Prove
“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
Inter sorority intrigues, interludes 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.
Kingston

Editorials, announcements, and Myskania!

Jeanette Cosgrave
Albany
A soprano who blushes.

Kathryn Moran Coston
Hornell
A firm believer in furloughs.

Sunna Cooper

Elizabeth Cottrell
Sea Cliff
Music mixed with French idioms.

Jeanette Cosgrave

Nora Crumm
Corning
Plays piano, plays bridge, plays . . .

Kathryn Moran Coston

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 DRALE  
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?

Elaine 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 Hyhind
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 LIEFAIRTH
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 "posted."

Mary Now
Poughkeepsie
Hockey sticks, ready humor, beauty.

Jeanne Offhouse
Poughkeepsie
High note in voice and heart.

Letty Palmateer
Schenectady
Sincerity in all things.
L. OISE PARKER
Buffalo
Assembly announcements for Inter-Varsity.

JANE PHILLIPS
Nassau
Strap hanger—charter member of Commuter’s Club.

MARGARET PIYAK
Canaseraga
Contemplative moods.

MIHIAH 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 Huested.

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
Mechanieville
Scampered to 8:10's—late.

CLAIRA 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 description of "Smitty."

Phyllis Snyder  
Port Jervis  
"Hurry up the weddin', parson!"

Ruth Sochin  
Amsterdam  
"From the halls of Montezuma"—excuse us, State.

Marion Soule  
Albany  
Milne high . . . repeat performance.

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 TLAWSKY
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.
Arlene 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 Lukowski
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

CLAARA 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
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 machines 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
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
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”!
"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
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—sophomarvelous 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.
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 relentlessness 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!
"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
Milne, of course) carried on after Dotty. Then the hull, 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 sparkling 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 Pedagogy conference. Behind the Ped scene it was agreed, “It’s been a fruitful year. Let’s hope for a commendable verdict.”
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?”
Tuesday and Wednesday nights—Berbrich and O'Neil, worried over page make-ups, and Hylind 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.
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.
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-
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-
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.
Music Council?—synonymous with cultja (my deah), could you be soo utterly bar­barous?

Reviewing by moons per “Every-month­but-one” Alden, we recollect that October offered Dr. and Mrs. Charles Stokes, violinist and pianist excellent, 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 Tetley­Kardos, 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
paraded the All Musical Concert on her arm with righteous pride.

Music Councillors—witty Janet Inghart, 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.
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 leadership 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.
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
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, Bulkock, Shoupie, Sweeney, Margot, Diehl and Shapiro. Just twelve good reasons why the A's important in W.A.A. Brawn—and brains!
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.
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 consensue of Hillel opinion.
“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 Commuter’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
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 “booms-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.
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 taxes lasses, 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
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

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

Atoms vs. ions

CHEMISTRY CLUB

MATHEMATICS CLUB
"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
There are smiles

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-paced, 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!
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.
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.
Campus Commission—originator of State Slogans and plugger 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.
“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, Hylind and Whipple, with Maggio in purse-position and “Vistula” with the notes.
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 unfailing 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
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!
SIGNUM LAUDIS

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.
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.

BABETTE DAVIS
MARGARET DEE
ANNA MAY DILLON
MARILYN EBER
ELIZABETH GRENNELL

CECILIE GOLDBERGER
CAROLINE HASBROUCK
ELEANOR HAYESLIP
ANITA LEONE
DOROTHY METERS

MARION MUNZER
HELEN RAMROTH
DOLORES ROPE
GRACE SHULTS
MARIE TRAPASSO

ROSARIA TRUSSO
MILDRED TYMESON
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 ΩΠ 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 Psi honorary commerce fraternity in Chicago on December 27-29. Its purpose is to promote business education and conventions among students.

New Signum Laudis Announced By Sayles

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 percent of the entire group which is made up of the seniors who rank among the highest ten percent of their class in academic grades. The organization holds its nomination twice a year, one in November and again in February at which time if remaining six percent is added to the organization.

Marilyn H. Eber, who achieved the highest rank in scholastic automatically becomes president of Signum Laudis for 1944-45, succeeding Nancy Jean Wilcox who held the office 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. Walt Stewart, Professor of Social Studies, and faculty advisor of the organization.

Carolyn Hasbrouck, 45, president, announced that the big meeting speakers in attendance. Prominent

In Scholarship

Per cent just nominal members of Pi Gamma Mu this year will be open to all social studies students and anyone else interested in attending. Prominent

Myskania Plans V-Day Service

In preparation for V-Day, Myskania has released a plan for a special service to be held on the day victory in Germany is announced. Since other plans can only be tentative, the plan is as follows. If any school day plans are ready, the page will be made at night, the service held at A.M. and the next morning, held true for the following Monday and the order of the service is as follows:

Pray for...  Pray for...  Pray for...  Pray for...  Pray for...  Pray for...  Pray for...

- Invocation: Margarette Bost
- America Prayer: Eleanor H.
- Lord's Prayer: Mary V.
- Dorothy Allen
- Address: John S.
- Sermon: October 8
- God Bless America: Harriet Greensboro
- Benediction: Harriet Greensboro

95
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather

—Swinburne
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
'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.

Ingle interlude

Just for a change

A pretty girl...
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.
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.
NEWMAN HALL

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-pons 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-outs Pat Sheehan; historian Marie Trepaso; and frosh representative Jarmela Janecek.
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
"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.
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 housemother. Every dorm on campus bowed in homage when the snow flew—none could match the white-crested majesty of Farrell.
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.”

Millions of steps from the “lofty” elements of Huested—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.
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 bookshelves—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 sleeping on the pool-table—all while good-natured “Red,” association president, puffed his pipe and smiled.
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 declaring, “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
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
“Oops!”—“Brinky’n Bob,” “Shovel that coal, huh, Jim?”—both were Kappa Delta verbal standbys on first floor.

In the upper reaches of 380, Buyck and Mrs. J.K.B.K. knocked themselves out “Spitting in the Ocean” and helping Smitty shuffle plans for faculty teas, “G.P. ” McGowan, 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.
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.
ALPHA EPSILON PHI
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

Γ Κ Φ
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!
BETA ZETA

B Z

123
PHI DELTA

Φ Δ
Phi Delta 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.
CAMPUS NIGHT
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.
"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 pushball 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...

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 Dickerson
John Dooley
Paul DerOhanesian
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
Donald Sayles
Samuel Scott
Albert Skavina
Lewis Sumberg
John Sussina
Joseph Tassoni
Basilio Triscari
James Van Detta
Pierre Vining
Paul Wagner
Donald Walsh
Fay Welch
Dante Zaccanini

*Killed in action
WE

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