a common bond to link the past and present by memories we share—a way to keep our hopes alive and vital—an inspiration to strengthen ties of friendship and spread it far abroad—these things are ours to keep and yet to give.
the 1943 Pedagogue

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, ALBANY, N. Y.

JEAN M. TRACY—Editor-in-Chief HELEN P. OMILIN—Business Manager
To the men of State

* *

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God—

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town—

To all the men of State—those now with us and those who used to be—we dedicate this book. You were preparing for an important job—teaching children in a democracy. Now you’re working at an even more important one—preserving that democracy for those children. We liked going with you to classes, to the Commons, to the Boul, to parties, to formals. Just as the basketball team kept the name of Corporal Tom Feeney, U. S. Army, on the books as their captain, we will keep your names on our books as friends whom we liked in college and are proud of now.

* *
Just plain loafin'  

We're helping too—  

Nursie, Nursie!  

We are justly proud
that this year we have written radio scripts, bought war stamps, been Nurses Aides, given to the blood bank, sewed for the Red Cross, translated pamphlets, worked at Interceptor Command, waved good-bye to our friends—without being long-faced, without abandoning the bull sessions, the dances, the basketball, the entertainments that make life at State the fun it is.
We're going to be teachers, you know. With that in mind, here's a glance into what it takes to get us there—studying, learning to take the initiative, practicing leadership—these things we need.
He's a busy man. He's an important man. He has a lot on his mind. His job is full-time. All the dates on his calendar have shiners. But he's never in a hurry. His is a planned unacceleration. He looks up calmly and waits for the agonized shrieks to subside from the Senior section as he reads the list of Signum Laudis. He saunters through the halls. Two keen eyes peer out of the underbrush of his brows. He stops and pats little boys on the head. Dr. Sayles is quite a man. Equally at ease with a squirming Milne-mite or a tall cool collegiate who gangles. We like him.
The new dean—puts down the small stick of calcium carb and takes up the welcome mat—nope, puts that down too—and a big glass of sodium bicarb. (She won’t need the bicarb.) . . . Frosh chew the zippers off their notebooks outside His office while the Nameless One within watches with unconcerned interest a squirrel—equally nonchalant—who swagger through the open window to nibble peanuts from His hand. Why say more?
Parlez-vous français? Hable usted espanol? Ya. Of course we mean our language faculty—Senorita Dobbin, Herr Decker, Senor Childers, Monsieur Mahar, Mademoiselles Preston and Smith, and Drs. Goggin and Wallace in the classical language—but they all speak English too. Did you ever hear Childers tell jokes in Spanish? No, we didn’t get them, but two kids up in the front row nearly died laughing. And have you heard about the course Decker is giving in Military German? Might come in handy some time when you wanted to say, “Surrender or else—.” Awfully swell eggs, our faculty.
Math and Science, like ham and eggs, go together. In the Math office: DoBell and his camera; Dean Stokes; Lester, also of WAC; Beaver, tall and nonchalant; Birchenough, muttering, "There's something fishy here someplace." Among the assorted odors and test tubes: Betz, discussing her little cousin's latest escapade; Scotland, the well-dressed woman—even in her lab coat; Lanford, telling jokes—right off the cob; Douglas, excited about a spirogyra (I'll take vanilla); Clausen, the philosopher; Tieszen, mixing humor with the humidity; Power, of bowling fame; dapper Andrews, flitting through the halls; Kennedy, discoursing on his garden; and Sturm, munching annex sandwiches.
Have you tried the Commando Course? Men (?) of State jump the wall and get stiff legs—under the coaching of Mr. Hatfield. Inside Huested, Dr. Dorwaldt and Dr. ("You have only one life to live, so live it.") Croasdale take ample care of Frosh Hygiene, while Dr. Green signs excuses for people who do not practice what Dr. Croasdale preaches. Over in Page the noise and bustle of girls marching is under the direction of Miss Johnston. Miss Hitchcock keeps our little cherubs—Milne—in tow.

_Biology vs. Physics_

_Ain't doin' nothin' for nobody—notime_

_Poultry and Peru?_
Nestled away on the top floor of Draper we find the debit and credit jugglers—the Commerce Department. Overseer of activities is Professor York, of the bushy eyebrows and bright eyes. His favorite quote, "The world needs to be reminded more than it needs to be taught." Then there's Twiggy, whose Com 9 classes take (and flunk as expected) the spelling tests that Ph.D's can't pass.

And Terrill, who smiles benignly at his Com 3 classes, while the poor dears writhe in agony, trying to straighten out the books for the dumb people in the problems. And Miss Avery, who lives so far out in the country that her family can't hear the blackout signals. And the newest addition, Mr. Gemmel, who's conducting an experiment with his typing classes for his master's thesis. But he has his lighter moments too. Remember when he gave his imitation of Barton Mumaw with a handkerchief for his "white banner" at P.O.P. initiation last year? Prodigy of the department is the Commerce Club, which offers membership for fifty cents and a genuine interest in commercial affairs. Pi Omega Pi, national commerce fraternity, functioned well, too. Still in embryo stage, though, since it's just turning two this year. Nope, the Commerce Department isn't asleep even if it is way up there away from the rest of the world. And climbing all those stairs certainly keeps the tonnage down.
It's utterly de-lightful!

When good fellows get together

Mapping out the strategy
Then—"an honorary body composed of Seniors who have won places of prominence in scholarship, athletics, or other college activities, and who have capacity for leadership." Now—"a . . . body composed of Seniors . . . who have . . . places of prominence . . . in college . . . and a capacity."

D'ya know Barden? Subtle—as a brick. "Class, shut up!" State's Sara. Or Mattice—"maid of golden hair." President. Queen—Prom and Campus. Lucky Joe. Bombshell Bombard. Mr. Efficiency—has business law and Georgia on his mind.
independent cuss. Refuses to lock-step. And Hafley—“Tom is coming home!” 8:55 and back to KD for her Myskania shoes. Tom works for Uncle Sam. Came back to State with two stripes on his arm. Private Kunz pals around with Gable. Previous military training as a major-general. But they had too many. Mr. Vanas—“Kindly make your announcements as brief as possible.”
Not *mew* as in cat, but *moo* as in cow! These kids never flunked freshman history. They were the ones who gave those "bored" topics for Baker and nasty little quizzes for Hidley. But they got a B—in fact, lots of B’s. And look at ’em now. Aw, they’re not so wonderful. Didya see ’em at the party playing with D.V.’s toy trains? They even stooped to pool and ping-pong. What do you mean—professional dignity? Don’t forget the two members at large—Kunz and Feeney. That’s PGM.

Bailey, Beatrice; Bombard, Owen; Dingman, Harley; Greenberg, Solomon; Hickey, Rita; Leneker, Herbert; Levinson, Thelma; Massimilian, Lucy; Perretta, Michael; Radywonska, Mary; Scovell, Muriel; Whiting, Mae; Wood, Janet.
The top of the commerce department. And they can't balance their own budget. At least the vice-president is always worrying about finances. (A usually reliable source says "What finances?") Anyway, they're still paying for Ped pictures. (That's no lie.—Ed.) Members write to grads in service giving latest gossip. Sample—"I worked all night on my practice set and Terrill gave me a C!" But we love 'em.—They're beautifying the third floor of Draper.
KAPPA PHI KAPPA

And who are all these impressive-looking gentlemen? But of course. They’re the collegiate educational big-wigs—Kappa Phi Kappa, national educational fraternity. Good marks, pleasant personality, and just all-around good fellowship—that’s why they rate. Membership is by invitation (we hesitate to mention that ominous initiation fee) and the yearly quota of pledges proudly wear their green and white recognition ribbons. Good eggs, all of them, these men are our outstanding examples of State’s tough job well done.

Ashworth, Harold
Bartman, Robert
Bittman, David
Bombard, Owen
Brock, Herbert
Capel, Charles
Combs, Robert
DeNike, John
Dingman, Harley
Erbstein, George
Feigenbaum, Harold
Flax, Arthur
Flax, Leo
Freedman, Ira
Gerber, Morris
Greenberg, Solomon
Gryzwacz, Walter
Guarino, Gene
Hastings, Gordan
Kensky, Harry
Levin, Joseph
Lynch, Howard
Marchetta, Peter
Marsland, William
Miller, William George
O’Conner, Thomas
O’Leary, Paul
Reed, Benjamin
Reed, Edward
Shoemaker, Frederick
Slavin, David
Tucker, William
Wesselman, Robert
Young, Richmond
A's and B's aren't just the first two letters of the alphabet to these people. Not by a long shot! Leading State College in the three R's and various other accomplishments, this high-falutin' organization is veddy, veddy exclusive. And why wouldn't it be, since it has the same basis for membership as Phi Beta Kappa? Oh well, didn't somebody say "It takes all kinds"? The near Einsteins announced first semester include: Laura (highest average) Hughes as president; Owen (MAA) Bombard; Sylvia (Pedagogue) Tefft; Muriel (News) Scovell; Marjorie (recently a Mrs.) Halstead Long; and Ellen (Student-Auditor) Delfs.
Interfraternity Ball, house rules, rushing—bids! These constitute the problems that the Greek-Letter Potentates have to mull over in their minds and ultimately solve. They’ve lots of conversation, controversy, and good jokes. Much work is accomplished, too. As all good freshmen know, offices rotate among the fraternity presidents. Headed this year by Howie Lynch, the council must “regulate rushing liberally” and keep fraternal peace at State. Guess they haven’t had much trouble this year. We haven’t seen a gray hair in the whole crowd.
Gentlemen about State are the KDR's. They've lots of fingers in lots of pies. Bombard and Leonard are of our black-robed gang. Verrey manages house affairs and KD, too. Watch what you're saying. There's that keyhole reporter, Leneker, State's official digger-upper of the dirt. They've Bortnick for basketball and Beyer for Ford and Boilermakers' Brawls. Also Terry Smyth, who came through three years of high school football without a scratch, but got hurt playing touch tackle here at State. The boys must play rough. Then there's Russ Blythe of the Ped's photography staff (plug). Plenty of what it takes—that's Kappa Delta Rho.
KAPPA DELTA RHO

Baden
Beach
Beyer
Blumel
Blythe
Bombard
DeLong
Hudson
Leneker
Leonard
McNamara
Marsland
Peretta
Pfaff
Verrey
Walker
Walsh
Wesselman

NO PICTURES

Privett
Stone
Tassoni
Vero

K Δ P
POTTER CLUB

Bartman
Brock
Combs
Cornwall
Dingman
Dooley
Evans
Lynch
McLaren
Marchetta
Mannillo

Miller
Mullin
O'Leary
Reed B.
Reed E.
Sayles
Shoemaker
Singer
Toepfer
Tucker
Young
"A E AH, Potter Club!" All wins brought these brawny boys a second successive IM football cup. Evenings in the living room bring forth sports-lover Reed's dissertations on life and the latest predictions from "Kaltenbourn" Hermanns. But Singer and Bartman have their own ideas on running the world. Lynch tries to quiet 'em and ends up starting a riot himself. Dingman provides continuous entertainment for all. And Columnist Marchetta writes his sports shorts. Apple-polishing? No. Toep just likes the faculty. Precious to the boys are the letters from Feeney, among those spreading Potter spirit in the army.

NO PICTURES

Capuano  Gipp  Kircher  Olivet  Sumberg  Williams
DuBois  Hammond  Kullman  Pangburn  Sussina  Woodworth
Duncan  Hansen  Mueller  Pape  Terho  Wurutz
Dunning  Hermans  Mould  Skavina  Vining  
Feeney  Kiley  Murphy  Skolsky  Welch

29
KAPPA BETA
Called in jest "the fraternity in exile," Kappa Beta sends forth from its headquarters at Sayles Hall many of the brighter lights on campus. Redhead Myskaia-ite Slavin, fiery little P. O. dictator, is aided and abetted on the News by "War Fronts" Feigenbaum. Looking for a leader? Greenberg's your man. "Ad in—ad out." It all adds up to Finer and Kensky. But Moose Gerber and Art Flax roll up the scores on the basketball court. From the athletic to the aesthetic—we have music-lovers Levin and Erbstein and the comi-serious dramatics of Goldstein. We'll just throw in Frosh Pres Abrams as evidence of Kappa Beta's future.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bittman</th>
<th>Flax L.</th>
<th>Kensky</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Erbstein</td>
<td>Friedman L.</td>
<td>Levin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feigenbaum</td>
<td>Gerber</td>
<td>Slavin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flax A.</td>
<td>Greenberg</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NO PICTURES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Baskin</th>
<th>Goldstein</th>
<th>Snyder</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bernhardt</td>
<td>Koblenz</td>
<td>Stolbof</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finer</td>
<td>Rabineau</td>
<td>Wagner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freedman L.</td>
<td>Savitzky</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SLS has always been noted for its talent and wackiness. This year’s crowd hasn’t hurt its reputation. Remember when Ashworth and KB’s Goldstein set a new record for length of Assembly announcements with "Der Fuehrer’s Face," Jonesie’s puppies, a robot, etc., etc.? Among others who assemble under the blue and silver banner are Student Pres Vanas, the rugged Roulier, versatile McFeeley, Maestro Snow, and ping-pong enthusiasts Okie and Guarino . . . a nice congenial bunch. While Hastings keeps the Commons crowd guessing, Oarr’s typing, Marshall’s vocalizing, and Regan in general make life interesting at the house.

Ashworth       Gray       McFeeley
Capel          Grzywacy   Oarr
DeNike         Guarino    O’Connor
Dickinson      Hastings   Regan
Ferenceik      Higgins    Swanson
Fredericks     Hippick    Vanas

NO PICTURES
Barselou       Howard     Roulier
Cappon         Kunz       Snow
Griffin         Marshall   Soderlind
With Vern Snyder swinging the gavel and Lyn Burrows recording a blow-by-blow description, how could anything go wrong at Intersorority Council meetings? Here is living proof that cooperation, while not always a sentiment, is more often than not a necessity. Under the supervision of Dean Stokes, Intersorority Council has mothered many innovations which have proved beneficial for each sorority. Its members, seven smooth bearers of good-will, make Intersorority Council what it is—a go-between, settling problems among the sororities themselves and between the sororities and the administration. Foremost on their list of objectives is a resolve to give State College the best kind of social sororities. High ideals and fair play are the watchwords of these go-getters with everybody's welfare at heart.
Other stalwarts of Intersorority are Dotty Cox, the coin-counter, and Jean Buckman, who pinch-hits for Vern. Ellen Holly, Thelma Levinson, and Eleanor Mapes contribute their sage advice. Open house, silent period, buffet supper, formal dinner, and pledge service follow on each other’s heels. These mean hard work, but when pledging day comes around, the girls exclaim, "It's worth it. But thank heavens it's over 'til next year!"
KAPPA DELTA

Telegraph, telephone, tella KD—but you can’t tell them too much. Scovell of the News, Hafley of WAA, Blasier of SCA, and Queen Millie are all on Myskania’s roll, Shirley Coddington is pres of the dorm, and Aney and Baxter vie for supremacy of the P.O. Ask a KD about the very interesting fire escape that leads to President Buckman’s room. Where to find ’em? Eastman in the Annex, Hardesty with Bombard, Shirley Long giving lectures in the dorm on “How to Get Around on Crutches,” Dot Townsend over a tall one with Ray at the Washington. And Mighty Yutzler and Brucker of the ready wit make Sunday night KP the high spot of the week.

Aney  Buckman  Crumm  Herdman  Long  Scovell
Baxter  Buyck  Eastman  Hines  McGowan  Smith J.
Blasier  Clough  Hafley  Howell  Marston  Sprenger
Brown  CoddingtonS.  Hample  Kenny  Mattice  Taylor
Brucker  Crants  Hardesty  Leet  Sanderson  Townsend

NO PICTURES

Baird  Duffy  Mason  Roe  Winyall
Carlson  Gale  Reed  Smith K.  Wood
Coddington  Lively  Richards  Southwick  Yutzler
Have you ever had a camera clicking in your face constantly, or a solicitor for posters continually dogging your footsteps? Ask the Psi Gams—they know! President Lyn Burrows just about keeps the Kodak Company in business. The girls can’t even sprawl in peace! D and A Barden is forever needing posters and, armed with paper and paints, goes forth to seek recruits. The bowling trophy holds a place of honor. Who was high scorer in ’42? Sure, Win Jones. A day at Psi Gamma is not complete without gab sessions over textbooks, midnight snacks, and at least one night hawk tripping over the beds in the darkened dorm upstairs.

Bailie
Bantham
Barden
Beard
Beckerle A.
Beckerle H.
Burkhard
Burrows
Carmeny
Clark

Devine
Driscoll
Drury
Fisher
Gaspary
Gibson
Hall
Hennessy
Jones
Mather

Now
Ott
Pickert
Schlott
Semple
Stengel
Tymeson
Underwood
Weeks

NO PICTURES

Fitzpatrick
Forbes
Giavelli
Matthews
Studley
For sorority girls, the most important part of college life is the sorority. Girls from the Catholic sorority, Chi Sigma Theta, know that from 7:30 on every Monday night all contentions come to the fore, parties are discussed and teas planned. The Chi Sig House is a friendly place. Who doesn’t smile at Pat Latimer’s cheery welcome, Margh Curran’s jitter-bugging, Jean Tracy’s singing, Nodie Davis’ house “prez-ing”? A house party after State’s formals is a familiar occurrence. All lucky males know Chi Sig’s Christmas party is one of their best, for the newly pledged freshmen may go. Come over any time—to 678—Chi Sigma Theta!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bailey</th>
<th>DeChene</th>
<th>Garfall</th>
<th>Latimer</th>
<th>Sundstrum</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Berry</td>
<td>Dee M.</td>
<td>Gerg</td>
<td>McCann</td>
<td>Tracy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bostwick</td>
<td>Dee R.</td>
<td>Grogan</td>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>Vrooman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox</td>
<td>DeSeve</td>
<td>Hoffman</td>
<td>Shannon</td>
<td>Walsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curran</td>
<td>DiRubbo</td>
<td>Hylind</td>
<td>Smith D.</td>
<td>Wurz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis</td>
<td>Domann</td>
<td>Kelly</td>
<td>Smith J.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NO PICTURES

Frank   McManus   Rameroff  Sovik
Gravelle Quinn   Rappleyea Willett
"Call the police!" And Trudy gambols excitedly in her peppermint-stick pj's. "Pauline saw a prowler at the window!" Ah—the life at AEPhi! What's the attraction? Glamorpuss "Wiry" with the midnight hair? Does he want to raid the icebox for Mrs. Bain's chocolate cake? Would he kidnap the worms Adele brought back from lab? "Grace," alias Kirsh, who is mopping the floor, offers to douse him with a pail of water. The AEPhi's gather in the Charm-room to while away the hours breaking Japanese ashtrays as policemen swarm over the premises—Levinson still clutching her lesson plans; Stern shrieking, "Anybody wanna make a fourth at bridge?"

Balsham  Palatsky
Cohen   Pasternack
Drooz   Raymon
Falk    Savitzky
Feldman Slote
Fine    Sochin
Friedman Stern
Friedman Swire
Gross   Tein
Kirshenblum Tischler
Kleine  Yanowitz
Levinson
Meltzer

NO PICTURES

Lewis  Swartz  Weissblum
GAMMA KAPPA PHI

Aungst  Irwin  Rice
Baccari  Losurdo  Ryan
Cheney  McGrath  Schoen
Crouch  Mapes  Shaw
Der Bedrosian  Munsen  Smith
Fabrizio  Omilin  Swartout
Hartz  Peabody  Washinko
Heath  Ravelle

NO PICTURES

Moran  Quinn  Serabian  Studebaker
Friendly's the word for the Glamour Kaps. From Little Hell to the Mexican Room, Fun reigns queen. Jukebox Jamborees and sleigh rides, apache parties and weiner roasts, bull sessions and engagement rings, a super-abundance of letters to and from servicemen, Monday meetings when Maisie presides, talent for any occasion by dancing house pres Dodie, Rhona and Studie of A. D., artist Honey with her individualistic signature on posters, cheerleader Carm, musician Swartout, Omilin, business manager of our pride and joy, Pinkie, Janet L., and Kate—bowlers supreme . . . that's Gamma Kap. And you just can't beat Mrs. R's cooking.
BETAZETA

B Z

Bailey
Blake
Brunnm
Bushnell
Churchill
Everett
Fairchild
Frey
Hashbrouck
Holly
Hughes
Huyck
Klock
Leggett
McAllister
MacKay
Merhoff
Offhouse
Putnam
Shay
Sinclair
Soule
Stitt
Wilcox

46
"Beta Zeta, the tie of our friendship." There must be something to stick together a bunch of unusual people. Something more than the thrilling gustatory delights, i.e. food, that Mama Rand concocts. Something more than the charming personality of the houseboy. Must be something stupid like friendship. "One heart."

"I pass."

"Whatcha got in trumps?" They're friends—at bridge. They're extracurricular in other ways too. The voices of McAllister and Soule are part of State. Huyck represents BZ at large. Nancy has done a neat bit of directing. Outside of that, they're even studious. Huh, Mary Kate? Tie that!

**NO PICTURES**

Cosgrave    Hayeslip    LaSalle    Rooth    Smith
PHI DELTA

Alden
Baker
Booras
Boughton
Bromley
Burton
Davis
Edmunds
Gould
Harris
Lawton E.

Lawton H.
Ludington
Marsh
Moschak
Mosher
Myers
Sayles
Smith
Snyder
Stuart
Westphall
Gad, the noise at 551 Myrtle Avenue! Mrs. Mac, you have your hands full. But what's a "wreck"-room for? Anyway, the med students next door seem to like noise, or something—huh, Jinny? What’s fun is singing around the piano, Shirley assisting at the bench. When do Phi Delts study? Nobody knows; those little yellow notes from the Dean weren’t invitations to a pink tea. But mygosh, you've gotta live! Did you ever watch Stuart bowl? Or think of the troubles of Intersority President Verna? Or hear Breunig rehearsing for AD in the living-room? No kidding, a lot goes on "beneath the banner of the black and gold."

NO PICTURES

Breunig          Franse          Morris
Demos           Jacobson        Stubing
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Organization</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Ackley</td>
<td>Ripley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Bailey</td>
<td>Chi Sigma Theta</td>
<td>Mount Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Barden</td>
<td>Psi Gamma</td>
<td>Watertown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Benzal</td>
<td>Middle Grove</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma Baccari</td>
<td>Gamma Kappa Phi</td>
<td>Ossining</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie Bailie</td>
<td>Psi Gamma</td>
<td>Albany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Bartman</td>
<td>EEP</td>
<td>East Greenbush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Berry</td>
<td>Chi Sigma Theta</td>
<td>Obernburg</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Elizabeth Bigsbee
Guilderland

Emily Blasier
KD
Port Jervis

Anne Booras
Phi Delta
Watertown

Barbara Bowker
Albany

David Bittman
KB
Binghamton

Owen Bombard
KDR
Au Sable Forks

Frances Bourgeois
Oneonta

Frances Boyle
Copenhagen
MARY FRANCES COOK  
Highland Falls

DOROTHY COX  
Chi Sigma Theta  
Whitesboro

GERTRUDE DAMM  
Niagara Falls

LENORA DAVIS  
Chi Sigma Theta  
Cazenovia

KATHERINE COUSINS  
Newburgh

MARY E. CROUCH  
Gamma Kappa Phi  
Newark

HELEN DANN  
Hamden

RUTH DEE  
Chi Sigma Theta  
Newark
ELLEN DELFS
Albany

JUNE DIXON
Morris

JANE EDMUNDS
Phi Delta
Albany

MARJORIE EVERETT
BZ
Malone

Harley Dingman
EEP
West Carthage

Shirley Eastman
KD
Deansboro

Norma Enea
Akron

Mary Fairchild
BZ
Lowville
Harold Feigenbaum
KB
Poughkeepsie

Dorothea Fisher
Psi Gamma
Ogdensburg

Arthur Flax
KB
Schenectady

Leo Flax
KB
Schenectady

Ruth Foskit
Albany

Ira Freedman
KB
White Plains

Flora Gaspany
Psi Gamma
Albany

Morris Gerber
KB
Liberty
PATRICIA GIBSON  
Psi Gamma  
Albany

SOLOMON GREENBERG  
KB  
Albany

EUGENE GUARINO  
SLS  
Rochester

MARJORIE HALSTEAD  
Albany

JULIA GORMAN  
Ashville

WALTER GRZYWACZ  
SLS  
Utica

LOIS HAFLEY  
KD  
Delmar

MARIE HART  
Poughkeepsie
Gordon Hastings
SLS
Redwood

Rita Hickey
Albany

Ellen Holly
BZ
Fulton

George Hudson
KDR
Southampton

Laura Hughes
Johnstown

Dorothy Huyck
BZ
Ilion

Shirley Jennings
Schenectady

Alma Jewell
Albany
Winifred Jones  
*Psi Gamma*  
Lowville

Harry Kensky  
*KB*  
Peckskill

Barbara Kerlin  
Elmira

Janet Leet  
*KD*  
Binghamton

Ruth Leggett  
*BZ*  
Chestertown

Herbert Leneker  
*KDR*  
Canastota

Robert Leonard  
*KDR*  
Rochester

Joseph Levin  
*KB*  
Albany
Thelma Levinson  
_A E Phi_  
Newburgh

Shirley Long  
_KD_  
Kingston

Marie Lubarda  
Rome

Karlene Luff  
Johnstown

Howard Lynch  
_EEP_  
Woodmere

Jean McAllister  
_BZ_  
Saratoga Springs

Mary McCann  
_Chi Sigma Theta_  
Hudson Falls

Eleanor Mapes  
_Gamma Kappa Phi_  
Mount Vernon
Thomas O'Connor
SLS
Troy

Helen Omilim
Gamma Kappa Phi
Cohoes

Ruth O'Neill
Auburn

Shirley Ott
Psi Gamma
Oneida

Beverly Palatsky
A E Phi
Brooklyn

Elizabeth Peabody
Gamma Kappa Phi
Lynbrook

Michael Perretta
KDR
Canastota

Florence Pinkham
Huntington
MARY RADYWONSKA
Cohoes

EDWARD REED
EEP
Hudson Falls

REGINA ROTH
Yonkers

EVELYN SAVITZKY
A E Phi
Yonkers

DORIS SAYLES
Phi Delta
Schenectady

MARIE SCOFIELD
Downsville

MURIEL SCOVELL
KD
Lewiston

JUNE SEMPLE
Psi Gamma
Corning
Ruth Shanley
Binghamton

Jacqueline Shaw
Gamma Kappa Phi
Tupper Lake

Harold Singer
EEP
Albany

David Slavin
KB
Mount Vernon

Ann Shannon
Chi Sigma Theta
Rome

Margaret Sinclair
BZ
Glen Cove

Paul Skerritt
New Hartford

Mary Smith
Cohoes
VERNA SNYDER
Phi Delta
Utica

MARIE SOULE
BZ
Herkimer

ROSE STERN
A E Phi
Port Chester

LORETTA SUNDSTROM
Chi Sigma Theta
Goshen

CLIFFORD SWANSON
SLS
Elmira

ELLEN SWARTOUT
Gamma Kappa Phi
Ithaca

LOUISE SWIRE
A E Phi
Albany

BETTY TAYLOR
KD
Buffalo
SYLVIA TeFFT
Rensselaer

ESTHER TeiN
A E Phi
Rochester

ROLF TOEPFER
EEP
Rochester

ETHELMAy TOZIER
Warsaw

JEAN TRACY
Chi Sigma Theta
Ballston Spa

UNA UNDERWOOD
Psi Gamma
Albany

JEANNE URE
Central Square

DON VANAS
SLS
Rochester
Jane Walsh
Peekskill

Frances Welch
Mechanicville

Lillian Westphal
Phi Delta
Great Neck

Robert Wesselman
KDR
Dolgeville

Mae Whiting
Glens Falls

Shirley Wurz
Chi Sigma Theta
Utica

Clarice Weeks
Psi Gamma
Athens
Margaret Zalvis
Waterville

Names without Faces

Harry Bora
Barbara Clark
Jane Greenmun
Richard Hisgen
Mary McManus

Ida Rosen
Dorothy Roth
Elsie Roth
Mildred Studley
James Waller
This is the way we like us best—full of pep, ready to take what comes in our stride. It's the complement to study, the play that follows work. No one can tell us we're ignorant of the fun in life.
STUDENT COUNCIL...

Best in many ways
Here we have the official executive organization of the college. In their weekly meetings, with President Don at the helm, they make plans to carry out the will of the student body. It is their duty to appoint leaders and committees for the activities which do not receive Student Association funds. Popular Tom Feeney was succeeded as Senior Class President by Millie and Shoemaker rose from the Junior Vice-Presidency to fill the place vacated by Rich Young. Joe Roulier's spot in the limelight was forfeited to Peggy Dee when the six-footer joined the marching columns. Leaders all . . .
Freshman
Class

United we stand!
If anyone is feeling sorry for the young greenhorns, he can save his sympathies for a more appropriate time. In spite of the fact that many traditional things, such as Frosh camp, WAA picnic and banner rivalry had to be dispensed with, the high-spirited Frosh, under Stan's able leadership have made the most of what State has had to offer. The coveted rivalry cup proved to be beyond their grasp. However, they did succeed in outdoing the Sophs in the pushball game and led by the swing and sway rhythm of Peggy Casey, they won the sing to garner two and a half points in rivalry. The Frosh weren't to be outdone when it came to social life either. They did the unprecedented thing of holding a Frosh Hop and turned out en masse to make it most successful. Even some of the upperclassmen were wary of undertaking a like venture. The field of athletics can hardly be overlooked. They had Shoup and Slack tossing miraculous shots through the hoops to make basketball exciting and Georgette Dunn slugging them out at home plate during the all-too-short softball season. If you still think these young 'uns are only verdant Frosh, gaze upon glamor gals, Scudder, Wolfe and McGrath, and in the opposite corner, the suave Bortnick and good-looking Bob Sullivan. What more could anyone ask for???
Sophomore
Class

Encore
"Gay, noisy, and full o' pep, that's us! Just like our Flo!" And that is very so. After all, who can laugh louder than Buyck at Bostwick's jokes? Who is gayer than Giavelli and Now, and who has more pep den Goldstein, eh? Though they have the most pitiful ratio of all, they beat the pants off the frosh in rivalry via a bunch of pigtails, hardy voices (did ya' see Dr. Candlyn wince?) and gals who handle a basketball the way Sandy can. "Food," said Howell at the soph banquet. (She is one of those hungry Dormites). Meanwhile, the fellows enjoyed the Hawaiian music, and the girls oogled at the waiters. Yes, that was a memorable day.
Junior Class

Two bees and a honey
Those rumors to the effect that the Juniors aren’t an unusual class don’t even dent the surface of that carefully acquired polish. They know better, what with a tradition-breaking Freshman year and the sophisticated whirl of Sophomore life now thoroughly tempered by the awe-inspiring prestige of Juniorhood. They’ve taken the rigors of 3:30 Ed. 10 and 8:10 Methods classes with inherent poise and dignity. If you don’t believe it, ask a Junior—he’ll tell you. What with two years of coping with life at State, a shift from normal to a war-time basis was baby’s play. They staged a Prom—”the last for the duration”—they took rationing—all kinds—in their stride—wrote letters instead of having dates. They watched their masculine quota dwindle and sighed for the days when there was still a ratio. Young surrendered presidential presiding to Shoemaker—Marsland and Combs left the basketball court for more serious business—Skolsky left the News to its feminine fate. ’44 carries on, without the sophistry of Beyer, the dramatic wizardry of Soderlind and Barcelou, the quips of Verrey, ”George” Miller’s geniality and Evans’ red hair. Up through sisterly aid to the Frosh, observations in Milne—up to their Senior year. A Junior’s average day is slightly different this year. A typical example: 8:10 Methods class, more classes, lunch at the Boul, observation, more classes, the library, bridge in the Commons, home to eat, study and maybe a little party—”just us girls,” bed . . . ho, hum. Tomorrow, that appointment at the blood bank and don’t forget that letter to Joe . . . State College Junior, vintage 1943. And they’ll still sing ”We’re the Class of ’44” with the same gusto, and brag about their rivalry prowess, and be breathless over Moving-Up Day . . . It takes a lot to ruffle a Junior’s serenity. Looks like the species is here to stay!!!
The unique class of N.Y.S.C.T.
Only class in history to have
two presidents, two
vice-presidents, two treasurers and
two Senior banquets in one year.

Minerva, we pledge to thee
Most Seniors say their goodbyes all at once, but we’ve been saying them all year. Only fifteen men left in our class now.

We miss the kids who’ve gone. We’ll miss the rest after graduation.

Our freshman interviews seem just a few days ago. It’s been a good four years. We’re glad we came.
The News office, hub of State, of crushed cigarette butts, latest jokes, weirdest philosophy, hangout of the maddest people. Who can top Studebaker and McFeeley? The little heavers (soph staff) keep their sanity and nose for news, bringing in the neatly typed reports of college life each week. You've seen Heath or Cooper running around with pad in hand and pencil on ear, interviewing the intelligentsia of the college. But Tuesday and Wednesday evenings are always cluttered with potato chips and coke bottles, inspirational to the word-weary reporter, especially when the junior editors are "out" watching the AD plays. And the sports staff—"Will ya type this for me, will ya?" says Marchetta. "No, I'm John," says Sussina. Gipp grins and keeps on hunting and pecking.

"The State College News will not tolerate . . ."

For whom the bell tolls—

Heirs to the throne
Yes, memorable events took place among those plastered walls. Who can forget Slavin's startling vocabulary, Baxter's dissertations on morality (and her "One Little Carstairs and Coke"), Skolsky's sense of humor, Baskin's kisses, Kippy's romances, Heath's lost shoes, and Bombard's jokes? Nobody ever entered without reading everybody else's business scrawled on the board or without bumping into Dingman and Betty. And the Maladjusted Club—starring Ryan, Aney, Dodie, Hampel, McFeeley, and Studebaker. The unignorables! State College sitting lop-legged on a desk, State College unmasked, that's the News office. Hey, Yutzler, can I bum a cigarette?

*Please send my "News"*
Another year's work on the Ped... As Trace would say, "It's been
fun, kids—but, oh, what a life!" She'll also swear to the fact that even
this year worries aren't rationed. Trace wouldn't say "Hats off" to
herself, but you can bet your picas, that's what we want to get across.

Penny for your thoughts
We all sort of liked the idea of
having plenty of time to go crazy.
They're making thorns without
roses these days so we wonder
just who got stuck. Sylvia
going writer's cramp, Mapesie
with spots in front of her eyes
(from flash bulbs, of course),
and Omilin with the furrowed brow.
Trouble was, we missed Mickey.
DRAMATICS AND ART COUNCIL

 Escorts to the drama!
Stars over Hollywood? Guess again. It's stars over State College, and D. and A. Council is responsible for inviting all kinds of guest artists here. If you're one of the "arty" set, or just a plain apple-polisher like the rest of us, you'll find something to your taste in any D. and A. production. Take illustrator Hogner, Mady Christians, the E D plays, Futterer's (we don't think she'll ever surpass it) "Ladies in Retirement," or Miss Hutchins' original painting exhibits. Talent, what? And all these free to the lucky holders of a student tax ticket. President Barden persuasively cracks the supervising whip. Right-hand woman Huyck takes care of the printing and ticket angles. The juniors lend their charm along with morsels of work. Chief money-handler is Aney who keeps from going mad over E.D., A.D., and D. and A. accounts by quoting from the Bible. Schoen produces those "Wake Up—is coming to State" posters along with sundry items of so-called art. Publicity department is the remarkable Shay who can get space in almost any newspaper with little or no copy. Sophomores Hines, Putnam, and Sprenger shine when it comes to getting try-outs to try-out. Put it all together and you've got—you guessed it—D. and A.!
This department hasn’t done so badly for itself or for State College this year. The operetta, the Don Cossacks and Percy Grainger were tops with all of us and the rest of Albany, too. The first concert of the year was given in cooperation with the orchestra. The biggest number on the whole program (we think) was the transcription of Caesar Franck’s “Panis Angelicus” directed by you-know-who.

We can’t forget the Don Cossacks swinging on to the stage in perfect rhythm. Throughout their songs, State was spellbound listening to war songs, lullabies, surprisingly tender and sonorous hymns. There was an enchantment from the music of these men that isn’t soon forgotten. And of course, at the end of the program, that anxiously awaited execution of the Russian dance. No one even feigns superiority.
Music Council has blazed a trail in the what-to-do-when-the-men-are-all-gone problem. They used women. And we must say that they did a very good job, too. The cast of the "Gondoliers" persisted in laughing at their own jokes right up to the last minute—no one else would. But when the curtain went up, State saw one of the best performances in many a moon. We hand Nan a lot of credit and appreciation for doing a marvelous job against terrific odds. Fraser had bit of a time with his costume, at first, but that was the only real mishap—unless you count the Alden-McAllister bumping of heads at the television broadcast. Let’s see more, kids!

For an artist with a frank, direct manner, and one able to command the immediate sympathy of his audience, State selects Percy Grainger. His program was not too intellectual for us intellectuals, but stiff enough. We liked the Chopin "Polonaise" and his own "English Dance." But it was some of those encores that we really went for. The chorus sang Mr. Grainger’s popular "Country Gardens." We did notice at Dr. Candlyn’s tea that Percy (we call him that, you know) doesn’t look much like his picture. Whereupon, numerous hearts started fluttering anew. Oh, to be a celebrity! Anyway, the concert was a welcome addition to the Moving Up Day program, yes?
What a life MAA led this year. The boys never knew from one meeting to the next who was going to be still in school and who was going to be in Miami or Atlantic City or elsewhere, reporting to the Army, Navy, and Marines. They struggled along, though and we want to congratulate them right now for doing a darn good job. There was much discussion in the fall about the wisdom of continuing varsity basketball. Finally, everybody decided it was a good idea, so we played R.P.I., B.P.I., and various other schools. Of course, we only won one game, but that was against R.P.I. on their own dainty little court. Result: we aren’t as downhearted as we might be. Besides the fact that the fellows on the varsity lived in daily expectation of having their Reserve called up, we had three coaches this year. We started out with Hatfield, per usual, but early in January, the Navy decided they needed him more than we did. Now he teaches deep-knee bending to some young hopefuls down south. Milne’s coach Grogan took over, and then one night when Milne also had a game on, Paul Bulger sat on the bench as pinch-hitter. It must have confused our opponents a bit, too. Another emergency measure was the substitution of a junior varsity for the customary freshman team. They did a good job of wiping up the floor with many opponents. MAA will be among the missing for the duration. Hurry up and get the war over with, fellows. It won’t seem right without you on campus.
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

They also serve—

Fantasia
Low man on a totem pole

The look of eagles
Intramural was not too hard hit by the war until spring. They had their usual freshman tennis tournament, their football league, and basketball. An intramural meet, first ever held at State, was run off with contestants from the I.M. football teams. Gene Guarino was the speediest man; Joe Tassoni the best place-kicker and longest passer; Rich Young the best sprinter; and Fay Welch discouraged the other fellows when he tossed the ball right into the basket in the most accurate passing contest. The Thomas Moore boys of last year turned into the Finks this year. To quote the News, which said it was quoting Webster, "a fink is a night howler with a rovin' eye for his best friend's little bundle of sweetness." Evidently their rovin' eyes didn't help much in football, cause they ended up next to the bottom of the list. Never mind, boys, your overalls were very pretty. Moose Gerber and Terry Smythe (pronounced Smith, please) got a little banged up and spent a few weeks in the hospital trying to make the pretty nurses feel properly sympathetic. The result of their accidents was a resolution introduced by MAA president Bombard, which provided for an assistance fund to cover injuries sustained by MAA and WAA players—just in case. Student Association, mellowed by Gerber's and Terry's injuries, passed the motion with none of the usual arguing. What-a-man Kiley took the place of both Miller and Marsland on the MAA Council. And so ends another year.

Stop the stallin'
As Win Jones says, "Every time WAA planned something this year, it rained." We know all about that, Win. Now we can sympathize with Noah. The only consolation is that we don't have to live with a menagerie. A tennis tournament was planned but it was rained out. A new softball trophy was bought but . . . guess what?
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

WAA didn’t escape the effects of the war either. The traditional WAA-MAA Play Day turned into a hen party this year. Reason? MAA was a mere shadow of its former self when spring came. So the "wee war widows" of WAA had fun all by themselves back of Pierce Hall. "Bring your own food if you want to eat," said Giavelli. After the girls got back from Camp Johnston where they had to hike in to Chatham for their groceries every day (gas rationing, you know), they decided to learn more about the art of putting one foot down and then the other. They hiked around Albany, and then some of the more ambitious walked over to Rensselaer and toured that fair city. One afternoon some of the hikers decided to find out what Lois Hafley’s home town looked like. They collapsed where they stood when they learned they’d walked fifteen miles.

Red Cross Life Saving classes were another new feature of WAA this year. And the "Flashes" twice a month kept the girls posted on WAA activities.

Haven in the Berkshires

The last mile
SCA

SCA certainly didn’t let the war, or even that little accident in their office slow them down this year. Under Emily Blasiar’s direction, they sponsored all their usual activities plus some new ones. Their regular Frosh program helped to unbewilder the class of ’46. Services were held at Christmas and Easter, with a Christmas pageant as a high-spot. Worship services all during Lent were one of the innovations we were telling you about. Various Albany ministers conducted a Bible Study series of lectures and discussions. In addition, SCA brought four speakers to the college this year. Our own Crosbie spoke on marriage, that ever-popular topic of conversation. There were two speakers on the post-war world, another important topic. Mrs. New, the president of Ginling University at Nanking, spoke on China’s place in the world of today. Miss Seabury brought us back to our own dreams—teaching and taking our places in the community. Then for the people who couldn’t attend evening meetings, SCA, Hillel, and Newman jointly sponsored an assembly talk on interracial problems by Lester Granger. And that’s just a brief summary of things this year. The SCA cabinet must be exhausted after all this activity. We’re tired from just writing about it. But, more power to them, we’re glad they’re on campus.

Weighty talk
State's most active religious group—that's Newman Club. Under the guidance of Father Cahill and the leadership of Bill Tucker, the meetings are educational, thought provoking, interesting and well-attended, too. Newman Club does its job well—means much to the Catholics of State. Socially, the Club is on the beam. Harp's Riot rivals the traditional all-collegiate good time. Burned rations equal the annual steak roast. The clubbers reveal a slogan—faith and fun for everyone!
STUDENT FINANCE BOARD

It was nice this year. People didn’t get so mad at us when we mentioned budget cuts. This is the year too when we got talked about in assembly and it wasn’t the budget meeting either. In fact, we were so popular they drew up two resolutions about us at the same time. We got our name changed too. Next year we’re the Board of Audit and Control, you know. Ain’t it impressive-soundin’? Any time you frosh want advice on how to juggle a budget just come around. We’ve had experience. We’ve got what it takes and we’ll take what you’ve got. Everything you have is ours.
DEBATE COUNCIL

This year Debate Council has gone all-out for the war effort. All trips were cancelled. They stayed home, but that didn’t stop them from talking. They had some pretty good arguments concerning the post-war world with R.P.I., Colgate, Hamilton, Rochester, Skidmore, Vermont, and Hobart — on home ground. The war has called forth two more sacrifices, on a lend-lease basis—Sovik and Higgins. Several of our assembly speakers were sponsored by the Council. Remember the lady of the slit toga, and Major Ditton who recounted the Dieppe raid, and Mr. Dorzias with his movies?
PRESS BOARD

If State is on the map, it’s in great part due to Press Bureau. Pictures in the paper, write-ups for the hometowns—that’s the reason you’ve seen Bourgeois, Bucci, Long, Leet, McGowan, and many others typing away until bleary-eyed. Those kids really worked! Out of that little corner of the P.O., the office with the chair—has come a steady stream of news all about you and me. The reason P.B.’s comparatively unknown—well, it’s all work and that’s that. They’re just about tops in efficiency, too. Glad they’re getting a little more appreciation, aren’t you?

FORUM

See those posters, Bud? That means Forum is having another clambake in the Lounge. Might be almost anything they’re discussing—war, marriage, chickens. Dr. Rienow has been guiding star with Shirley Wurz and Rhona Ryan as chief satellites. No wonder things have been happening right and left. It’s Forum that started the Soap Box, sponsored the clothes drive for Russian War Relief. So, you see, they do lots besides just talking.

Unsung heroes
SPANISH CLUB

Every so often in assembly, Ira Friedman gets up and spouts something in Spanish. It usually means, "Come on, gang, there's going to be a meeting of Spanish Club." Palatsky keeps the books, and we've been waiting anxiously to hear her accent. Really, though, Spanish Club is common ground for the increasing number of romantic language fans, and we're willing to bet that cake and ice cream taste just as good in Spanish as they do in English.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

You've heard about liquid air, photons, electrons, and—oh, yes—Nylon. Could be you even knew how to spell them—but Chem Club is the organization that has tried to keep you up-to-date about the chemistry of today. For this, there has been little praise. Yet these embryonic scientists are learning the fundamentals of the many new fields of chemical knowledge. Just think of those post-war Nylons, kids, and get in the chemical swing of things.

Precision counts!
FRENCH CLUB

Tozier, Fraser, Misurelli, and Shanley—all good Irish names, but they get along. At their meetings, they eat ice cream and petits gateaux and have fun. Remember the time that Allard talked about his travels in France? (We’d like to hear an off-the-record account of that.) Did you see his collection of snapshots?—simply entouré with femmes. But the explanations are in another department. Were you there when Monsieur Mosher stumped his audience? (Say "cabbage" in six different dialects.) Or the day they played records of Massenet, Ravel, and Debussy. And Nelson Eddy singing "Chanson du Toréador." The members of French Club aiment les games et les chansons trés much. It’s fun to see staid seniors romping in "le Prince de Paris a perdu son chapeau" or "Sur le pont d’Avignon." They like to quiz themselves, too, and spell each other down. The freshmen sit wide-eyed and mouthed saying only "oui" and "non," but they come again. The lounge echoes with their songs. "Madam la Marquise" is a favorite. Others include "Auprès de ma blonde," "Alouette," "Frère Jacques," "Il était un bergère," and "Au Clair de la Lune." Mm, good taste, huh?
Poor us. We're the most manless group in college except for the girls' hygiene classes. One brave male keeps us from tying with them. Probably Red would have deserted us except that he's treasurer and his greed for those 50 centses overcame his natural shyness. We had two men at our first meeting. Mr. York dropped in for a few minutes to welcome the freshmen and tell them a little about the club. Alma's president, you know. She rushes home after those 3:30 meetings to see if there's any V-Mail from Russell in England. Vice-president in charge of counting hands and ballots is Sylvia. "Babe" Palatsky is secretary. She refuses to take the minutes in shorthand . . . precaution she learned from her Milne transcription class, no doubt. Publicity Director Luberda's theme song—"Who can I get to make a poster for me? I can't do all this alone." Dodie is the idea girl. And it's not her fault they didn't work out. The war, blackout regulations, and Saturday jobs did nobly as the well-known monkey wrenches. Thelma, one of Commerce Club's old faithfuls, gives advice on how things should be done. That's us in '43. Good luck to you in '44.

COMMERCe CLuB
Preparin' for the Dorm Follies

Out'n back—front porch—kitchenette—Greek theater. All hurtling back the days when—Oz Serabian and "Clarky" led the Floradoras—and Barb Clark had Milne rehearsals—the third-floor-gangs' feeds on "Moonglows" black-market. And the spirit of '46—Liebl and Casey! Counselors pleading for "quiet hours"—Crumm and Dee vocalizing for Dr. Candlyn's final—And Brummy's profound declaration, "I'm serious!" The insuperable seniors—Cushman's fatal fascination—men. Scovell's utter fogginess and bird-like attitude. Rooms like Sandy's—The mail room at 11 A. M. Saturdays—Jo Valente's coolie coat—Frosted buns for breakfast. Friday nights at dinner with "renditions of the classics"—"For Me and My Gal"—May breakfast with President Shirley Coddington, reluctant to leave—Eunice Baird, vice-president, and as busy as a beaver—and Jane Rooth, treasurer, gladly giving up those miserable accounts. Remember when the gals of Pierce entertained the Sayles-ites who became Uncle Sam's men? And what about the dorm formal in December just before vacation when everyone looked dreamy and Bernie Collins' band played "White Christmas"—Remember the morning that Carmany, Gravelle, Myers, and "Lud" awakened us with a rousing song just so we'd get up for dry muffins and coffee. What a time we had when the rain drove us indoors with Miss Brower's picnic lunch—Connie's orchids for Easter Sunday—Del's letters to the service men—Marg Seyffert's griping about Greek
—MacAllister’s dreams of Spain—telephone duty for frosh on second—"Shirl" Jennings sketching—Brown’s violin—Kippy perched on her desk top—Tree’s tapeworm fed by Jeannie’s brown bread—waste baskets overflowing with coke bottles—Russ’s A.D. props. The Western Hall spirit—North’s gift to Shad—Fanny and Sis at South—Siddum with Dean Annie and Leda—Kerlin and "Butch"—Mrs. Hobson’s hospitality. All these memories are common to Piercettes and the cottage clan. Each girl has her own dreams wrapped in dried flowers, coasters, shriveled balloons—and even bruises from roller-skating on the front walk. And this is the Pierce Panorama.

Oh, you beautiful dolls!
SAYLES HALL

Bulging with pride

Life's like that
We hear a lot these days about democracy and how it works. Well, Sayles Hall has been well-known for its outstandingly successful House Association. Things have been accomplished there without the fuss and furor of inter-class or fraternity rivalry. Sayles Hall has contributed in a large measure to the activities of the college. Just think back on the many well-organized vic parties, the picnics, the mid-year house parties. All these indicate cooperation between the fellows living there, the Bulgers, and Mr. Hall. It means fun, too. Ask any of the dorm men, and you'll get the same answer. Next year, Sayles Hall will become the home of State College girls; but the fellows want you to know that this is strictly duration stuff. Meanwhile, the former S.I.S. house will become the Sayles Hall annex, so that the spirit and traditions already so much a part of State will be kept alive for future reference. It isn't hard to have faith in the future when you hear these men air their plans. And just by way of keeping service men in touch with all the latest news, Sayles Hall writes group letters. For these and other gestures, we say, "Hello, you guys, we're waiting for you."

Executive Council relaxes

All the comforts of home

Come and get it!

Easy does it
There's more than an even chance that you've heard about Newman Hall, passed it on a leisurely stroll down Madison Avenue, or maybe you've even lived there. Well, let's say you're a stranger in town. So, all aboard now for a tour around Newman. The first thing you'd notice is the graciousness of the living rooms—spacious, and a reminder of luxury a la old Albany. There's that definitely collegiate note in that little table to the right—familiarly known as the signing-out spot.

Now let's take a look to the left. That's the chapel. Father Cahill celebrates the Mass there. It's a haven for more than the Newman girls. And speaking of Father Cahill, he's the one who conducts discussions on religion, marriage, and almost anything that the kids ask for. These discussions aren't soon forgotten, and if we travel right on down to the dining room, we'll bet you'll hear a continuation of one of them. There, that's the dining room there—with all the little tables.
Now, we can take a short glance around the girls’ rooms. Sure, they’re cute and homey—each one with just a few different touches. It’s easy to see there’s plenty of personality here. Well, it is rather empty here now. That’s because all the kids are downstairs decorating for the party tonight. The Rec is quite the place for parties. Siena and R.P.I. seem to be very fond of it. Course the State fellows like it, too. They’re used to seeing it as it usually is—not so many frills, maybe, but a good place for a date. Ping-pong, darts, and a vic. That means an evening of fun.

Now that you’ve seen all the fun the kids have together, is it any wonder they’ve formed an Alumni association for everyone who used to live there? Millie Swain is president of that, so it should be plenty active.

Big week-end, banquet, and all the trimmings. Back in the swing of things—greeting all the old friends, remembering how it was to sleep out on the porch on hot nights, hearing Toni play the piano. That’s the kind of thing that brings back the good old daze.

Well, guess that’s all there’s time for now. Have to dash back to class, but don’t forget to come again, will you?
The big house with the stone jugs, 35 women. 8-9057. Freshmen, answer the phone! Moreland is famous for lots of things. Only house on campus that sponsors food raids at any hour of the day or night. Sunbathing on the roof, courtesy of the bathroom window. Constitution with a by-law providing for cake and pie once a week. Square-dancing every night after supper. To say nothing of the famous Luberda Hop and the Conga a la Simon. Songs too. J'ever hear "I Used to Work in Chicago"? You haven't? Well, drop around some time.

We're not kidding about the food. The girls are talented. Who else can carve 40 slices from a T-Bone steak, or toss together a butterless, eggless, milkless cake?
FENNY COO

This is the house of the big, shady lawns where you get up at 7:45 for an 8 o'clock class. The frosh are welcomed genially in September with water fights. They usually live in the green room on third, but they might draw the "ice box." In secret, the frosh start fires in the pseudo-fireplaces with dire results. They listen in on bull sessions, dance the Virginia reel, and tan a luscious brown on the balcony. Fenny Coo has become a way of life. Cooperation is more than a word here. Everybody dug in during the May housecleaning. Concerts are given during dishes, and the houseboy is mentioned in song when there is no hot water. "Black marks" are avoided; they mean scrubbing jobs. Noodles are avoided too, especially baked. When will somebody invent something that looks like a noodle but isn't? Speaking of food, who did put the "kix" in the apple pie that time? Well, anyway, Coo's girls have been married—all before the house is 4 years old. May this record be maintained at some future date if all the men aren't in the army of occupation!

Is everybody happy?
Oh, that beautiful house! Have you ever lived in a mansion? You have? What are you doing at State? Unless, of course, you’re one of those lucky frosh who live at Farrell House. Paris-made wallpaper in the dining room costing over $1000. Curtains at $500 a pair. The latter are heavily insured and stored away. The wallpaper couldn’t be stored very handily, so the Farrell House frosh can stare at it all they want to. And there are scads of fireplaces and window seats, a huge backyard (I’m glad I don’t have to cut that grass) and a private greenhouse. Those lucky kids are getting spoiled, though, I’m afraid. Who’d be content with the ordinary teacher’s boarding house after Farrell? It’s merely a matter of adjustment, as the seniors will say as they sit in their two by fours—comes next year!
WREN HALL

Hi, kids! Sure, this is Wren Hall, the place where a bunch of smoothies hang their hats during the school year. You should try dropping around sometime. When they start playing hide and seek around the place with you, you’ll know you’re there. Intuition is what it takes to find your way around the big double house the first time—unless you carry a ball of yarn with you. It’s the house that’s had a frosh house-president this year, and from all we hear, she’s pretty good at it, too. It’ll be a second term for her next year. Things usually happen pretty fast when the gang gets together. That’s what we like—good sense of humor and plenty of it.

Happy birthday!
Oh please! !
Eyes front
MOST BEAUTIFUL

MOST HANDSOME

MOST POPULAR

MOST VERSATILE

MOST POPULAR
Elected our Favorites...

Millie, the girl of many titles. Beautiful and popular—definitely.

Can you think of a lovelier June bride?

Just take a look at Leonard, and don't bother asking why he was voted most handsome!

Ask Howie for advice on how to be popular—he'd say "Be friendly."

Versatility and vitality plus. Betty has 'em both. Watch her for proof.

Bombard is versatile, too. He dashes from M.A.A. to S.E.B. to KDR. Enough said?

Guardian of what the papers say about us, Fran did most for State.

The mighty midget, the dynamic dictator—gets things done.

DONE MOST FOR STATE
Crowned our Campus

Restlessness and excitement fill the air
Activity, anticipation, hopefulness
A sudden hush settles upon the thrilled crowd
Trumpets bid her enter
Then a vision in white appears
Queen Millie in all her regal glory
An uproarious applause follows
Next, a silent procession

The queen arrives

Followed by
Charm and beauty are personified in the court
Curran and Munson follow closely behind the Queen,
Then Wirosloff, Latimer, Barden, and Eastman
  Admiring glances follow our lovelies to stage
Duff appears, crowns our queen
Millie and escorts ascend to throne
  They promenade; then au revoir
Titled for a day, ever queen
And Danced...

Surprised?

State's lads and lasses are always in that groove
None of the strictly boning stuff for us
Remember how everyone enjoyed All-State?
A semi-formal, two bands, two dorms
A moonlight jaunt between them
Then the Greek theater—mmm!
Fun and gaiety—loads of memories
And it doesn't always rain

Fifteen minute intermission—Boy!

Chaperoning?
Prom and Latimer held the spotlight
Pat and court reigned in the Ingle
Patriotic theme and service men returned
That was Junior Prom in all its glamor
Then there was Interfraternity
Staged in a rejuvenated Commons
Music, punch, a wonderful time
A year we shall never forget

Oh, isn’t this great?
Thank You!

He knows all the tricks

PHOTOGRAPHY

There are always a lot of behind-the-scenes heartbreaks and heroes—heroes without headlines. So right now, we'd like to give you just an inkling of how much the cooperation of a fellow like Bob Wesselman has meant to us. And then, there's that master of the camera and its intricacies. To Dr. Dobell, who has given so generously of his time and abilities, the Pedagogue Board wants to say simply, "Thank you. We needed you and you were there."
LAST LICKS

We can hear you saying, "At last the Ped has come." There'll be mixed groans and giggles, we know. But, after the first reaction is over, we hope you'll think of this book as just a little part of State that's yours. We tried to make it more—ideas aren't enough. Materials for yearbooks have joined the ranks, too. What we could get, we used to the best of our ability. We feel that any attempt to represent State in this transitional period, even this small part, has been more than worthwhile. It is with pride that we have presented to you the 1943 PEDAGOGUE with this parting reminder—"C'est la guerre."
Thousands of girls are needed in business and government offices NOW. The salaries are high and the opportunities for advancement are unlimited. The quickest way to prepare for one of these good positions is to take a business course. All Business Subjects, Business Machines, and Personality Development.

MILDRED ELLEY
Secretarial School for Girls
227 QUAIL STREET
Corner Hudson Avenue  ALBANY, N. Y.
Send for Catalog and Rates
Telephone 2-1694  REGISTER NOW
SUMMER SESSION starts July 6
FALL SESSION starts September 7
Compliments of —
EMIL J. NAGINGAST
FLORIST

Compliments of —
BOULEVARD CAFETERIA

JOHN B. HAUF INC.
"The House of Quality"
FINE FURNITURE
175 CENTRAL AVE.
Albany, N. Y.

Compliments of —
CHARLES P. LOWRY
Jewelry

Compliments of
RICE BOWLING ALLEY

No matter where you go
Official College Rings
always available
GLEASON COMPANY, Inc.
683 BROADWAY
Albany, N. Y.

For Healthful Recreation
BOWL AND DINE
at
The
PLAYDIUM
ONTARIO AND PARK AVE.
Where all State students meet
We cater to parties and banquets
Phone for reservations
5-9021 8-9045

Moderne
Beauty
Shoppe

Albany’s Largest and
Most Modernistic
Beauty Shoppe
81 N. PEARL
Call 3-9454
"COORDINATION"—not a large word but a word America is becoming more conscious of every day as we bend our united might to the struggle before us and Industry keeps ponderous step with the rhythmic sweep of our Armed Forces. A small word—but it embodies a principle upon which our success depends. It means the strictest economy of Money, Materials, and Time! B J H learned to appreciate that principle a long time ago. It is for that reason that we have consistently advocated the coordination of all factors of yearbook production. We are proud to have demonstrated this principle in the production of this yearbook.

Baker, Jones, Hausauer, Inc.
Combined with the personnel and equipment of
The Whitney-Graham Company
Buffalo, New York