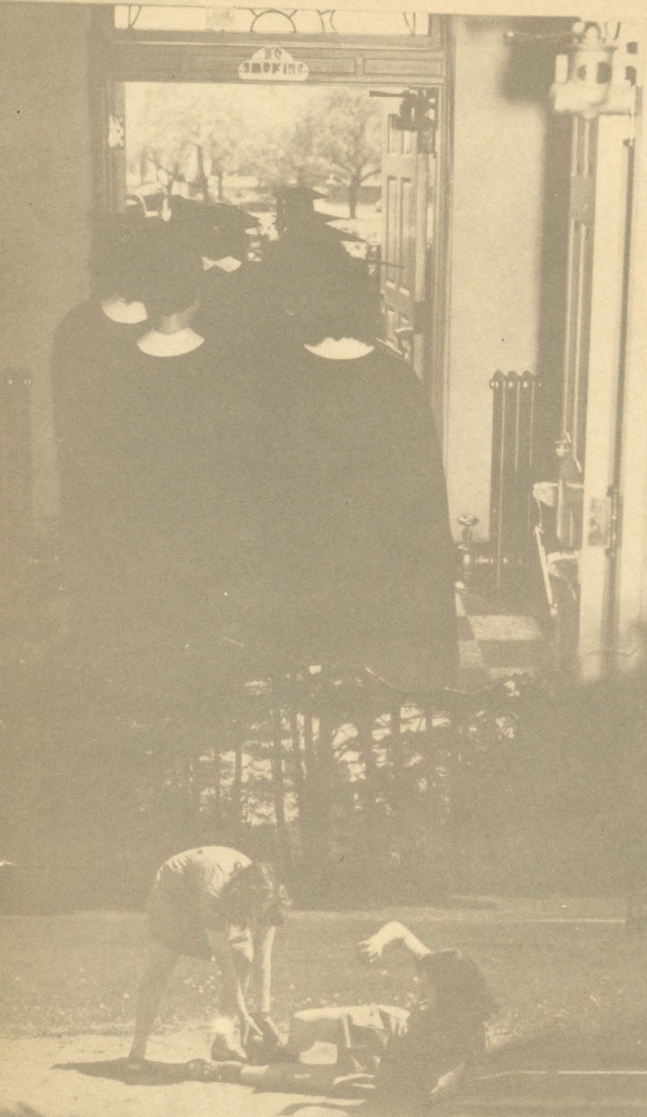


1.9.4.3  
PEDAGOGUE

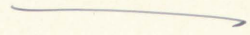
EXIT







Stoke .



# PEDAGOGUE

—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 are  
justly proud*



*We're helping too—*

*Nursie, Nursie!*





*Sittin' pretty*

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.

*Service with a smile*



*Just in case!*

*Three cheers*



BOOKS

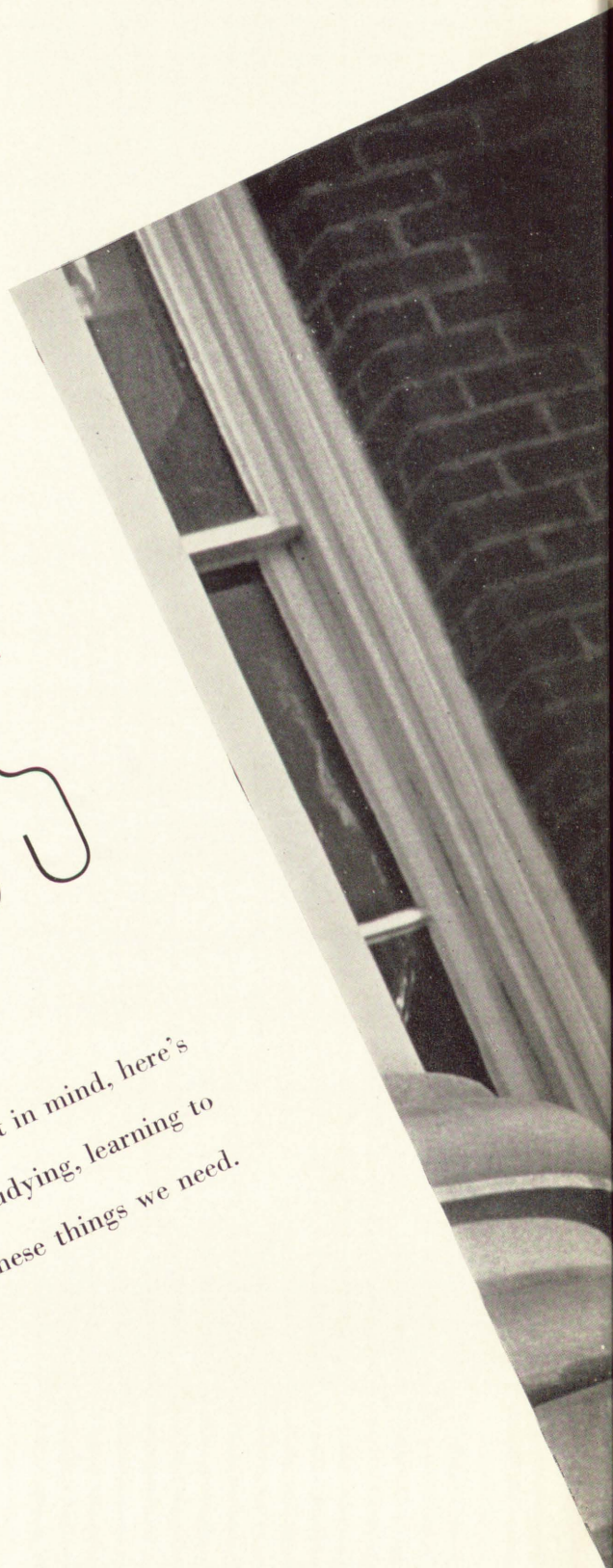
**and**

THINGS

•

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 paves the way*

## ADMINISTRATION

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 swaggers through the open window to nibble peanuts from His hand. Why say more?



*The first lady*



*At your service—*



*Gesundheit*

## FACULTY

Parlez-vous francais? 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.



*Time out before classes—*

*The eyes have it*







*Pleased?*

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.



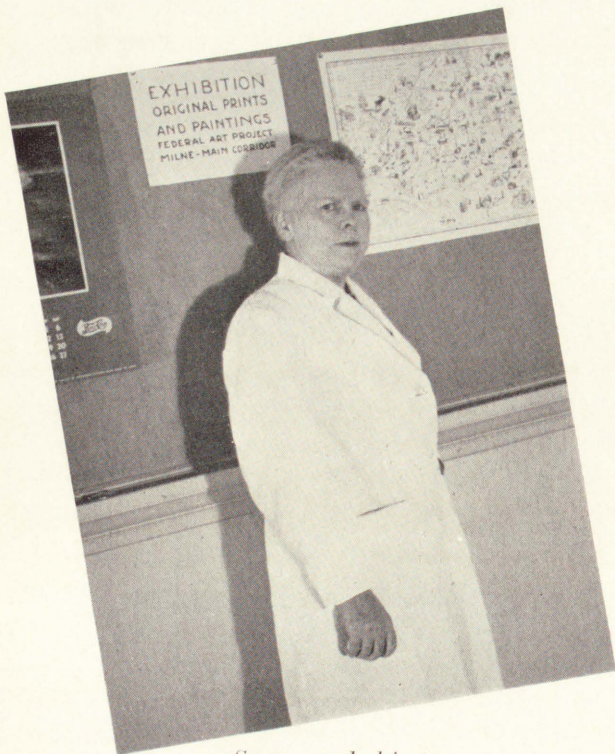
*Friends, Romans and countrymen!*



*Standard deviators*



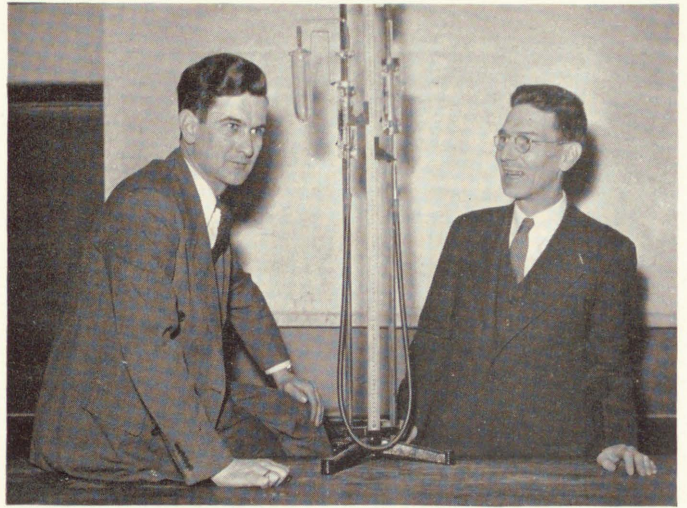
*Tall, tan and terrific*



*Sugar-coated advice*

Have you tried the Commando Course? Men (?) of State jump the wall and get stiff legs—under the coaching of Mr. Hatfield. Inside Husted, 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.

State's chief exponent of democracy—D.V. Hidley—cryptic comments and astonishing haberdashery. Affable Walker. Dynamic Rienow—down-to-earth idealist. Pan-Americana re Stewart. Mrs. Egelston and her (censored) maps. Baker—busy bringing up a new generation. Mellowed wisdom—Beik. Kenney—personal anecdotes. Orchids to newcomer Henrickson—also for *Doctor* Hayes. Cheese to Sisk's blond rodents. Hicks? He's wonderful! Morris—steel-trap mind. C.C.—a right guy.



*Biology vs. Physics*

*Ain't doin' nothin' for nobody—notime*



*Poultry and Peru?*



*Want your voice recorded?*

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.



*Now, isn't that pretty?*

*Listen, my children, and you shall hear*





*It's utterly dee-lightful!*



*Mapping out the strategy*

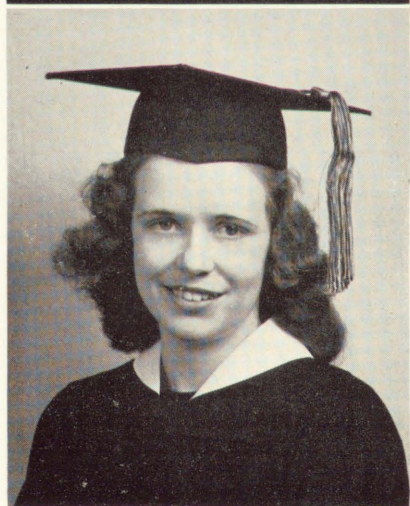
*When good fellows get together*



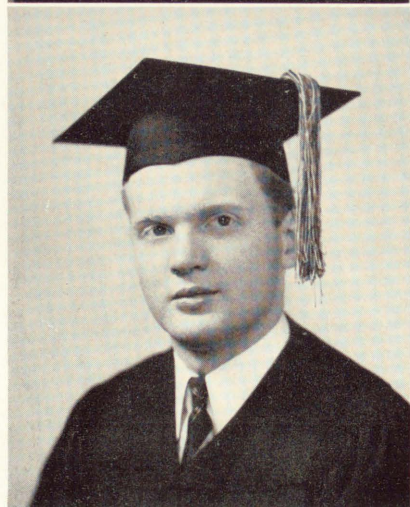
## MYSKANIA



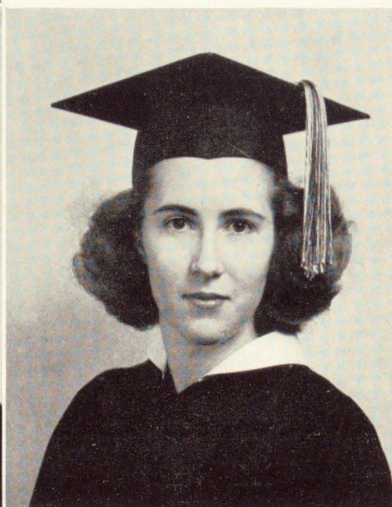
Barden,  
Elizabeth



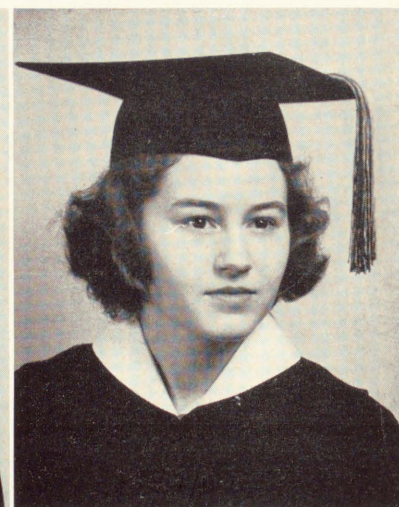
Blasiar,  
Emily



Bombard, Owen



Hafley, Lois

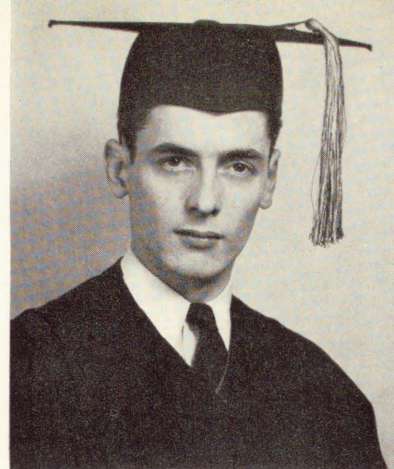


Jones, Winifred

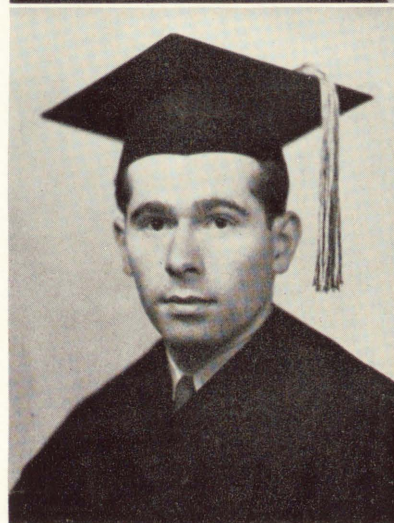
Then—"an honorary body composed of Seniors who have won places of prominence in scholarship, athletics, or other college activities, and who have capacity for leadership." Now—"a . . . body composed of Seniors . . . who have . . . places of prominence . . . in college . . . and a capacity." D'ya know 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.

Win—of the white jacket. High heels for Milne, moccasins for State. Howie—the mysterious man who does mysterious things . . . Myskania knows. “Two-beer” Slavin. Goes around wanting to expedite everything. He does, too. Then Emily—tall, cool and very swish. Thinks alphabetically—SCA and WAC. Scovell—small package—but Dean’s List, Signum Laudis. Leonard— 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—“Kindlymakeyourannouncementsasbriefaspossible.”

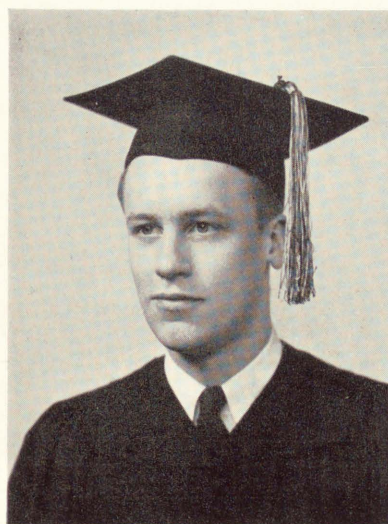
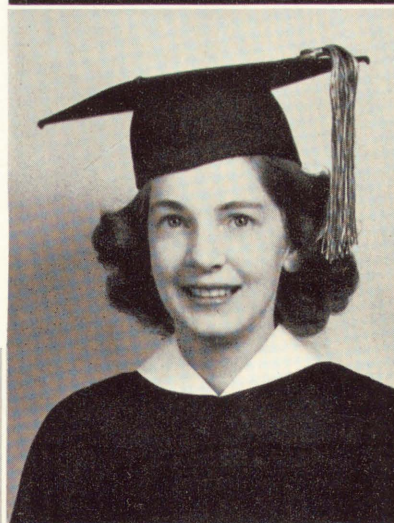
Vanas,  
Donald



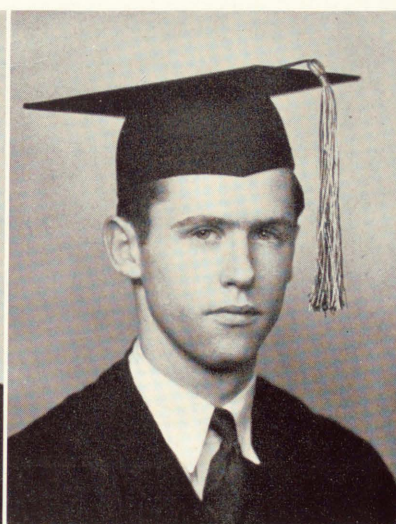
Slavin,  
David



Scovell,  
Muriel

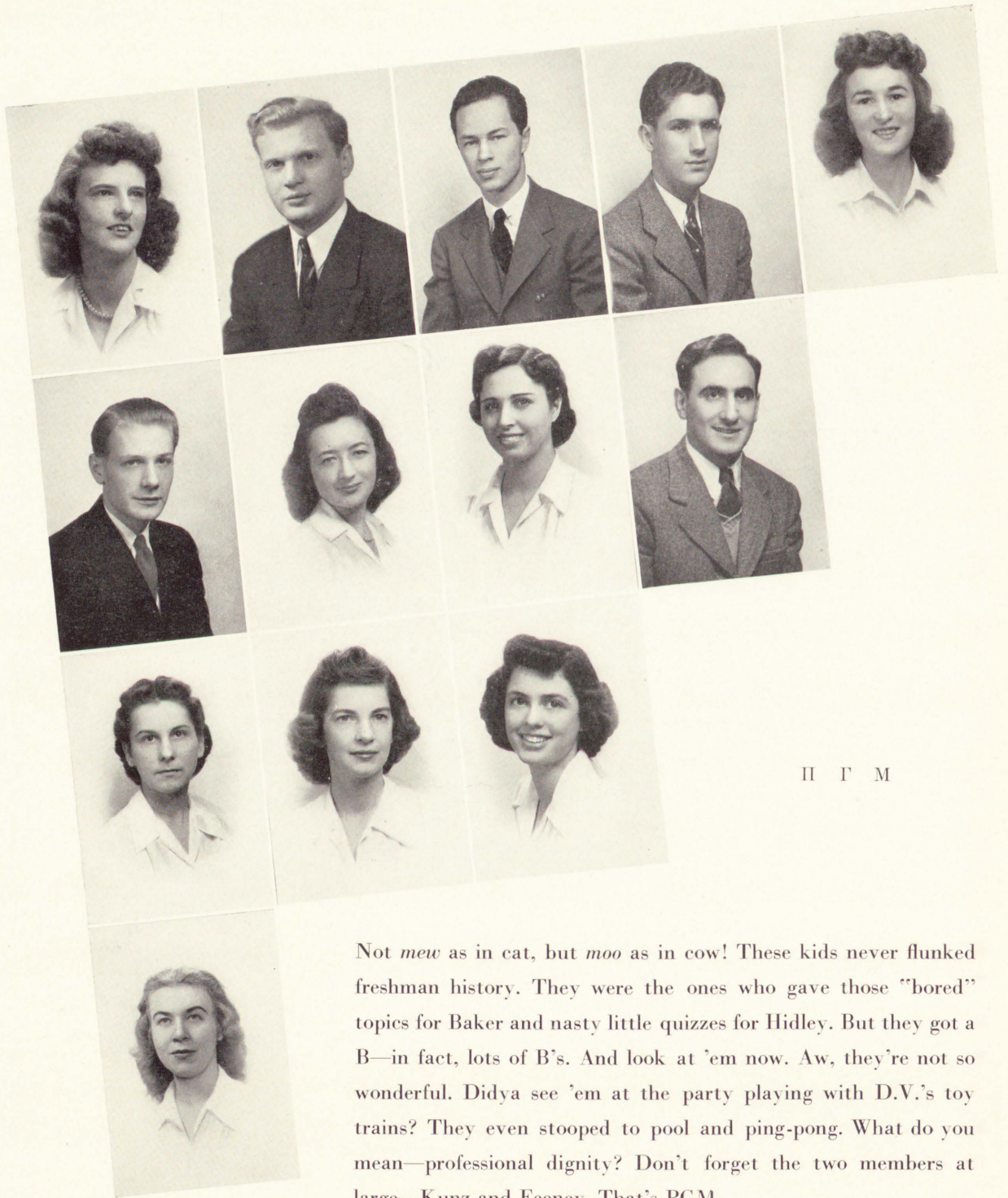


Leonard, Robert



Lynch, Howard

Mattice, Mildred



Π Γ Μ

PI GAMMA MU

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.

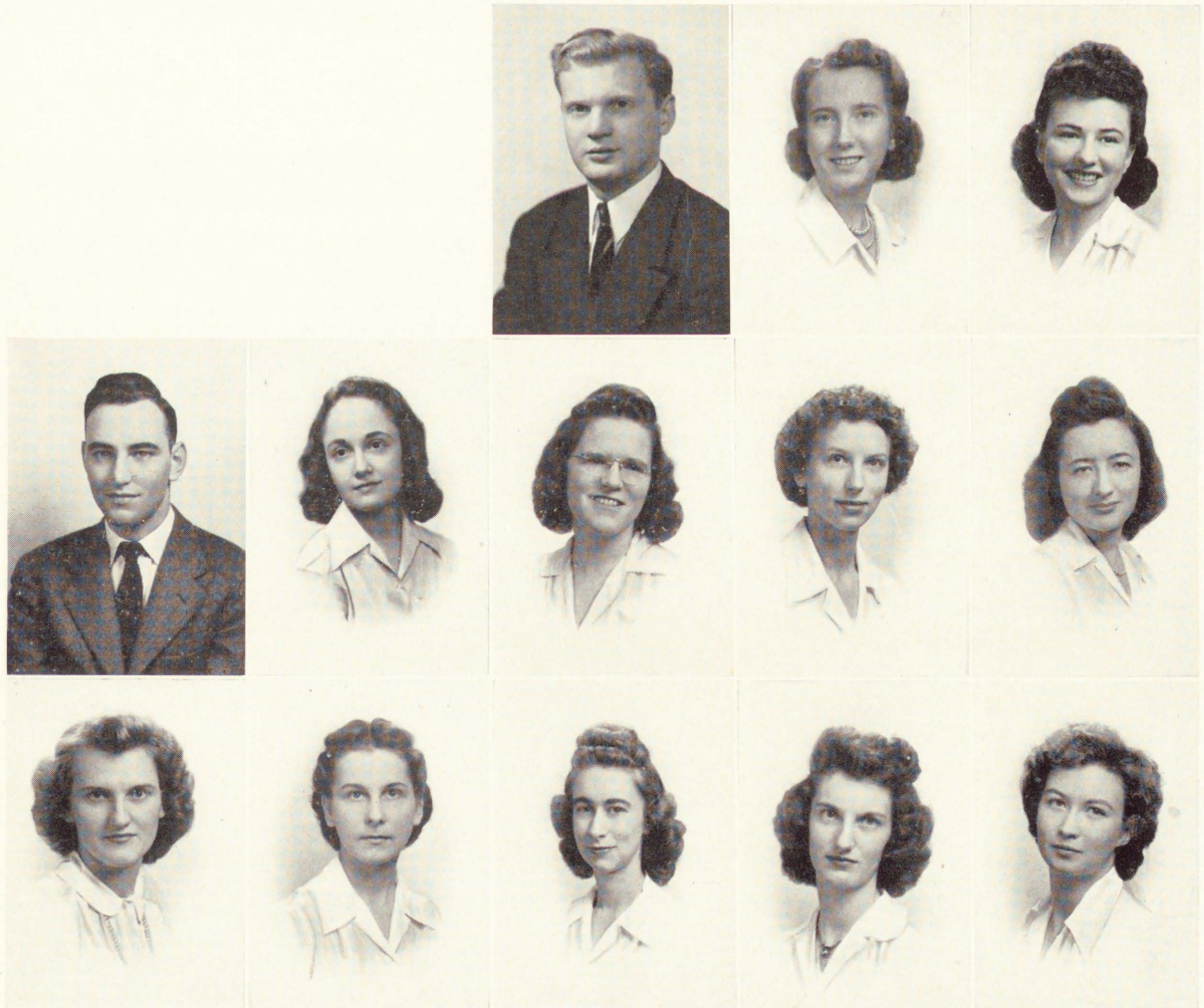


## PI OMEGA PI

Bombard, Owen; Bromley, Ann; Delfs, Ellen; Flax, Leo; Halstead, Marjorie; Hart, Marie; Jewell, Alma; Levinson, Thelma; Luberda, Marie; Radywonska, Mary; Roth, Regina; Sayles, Doris; Tefft, Sylvia.

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.

Π Ω Π

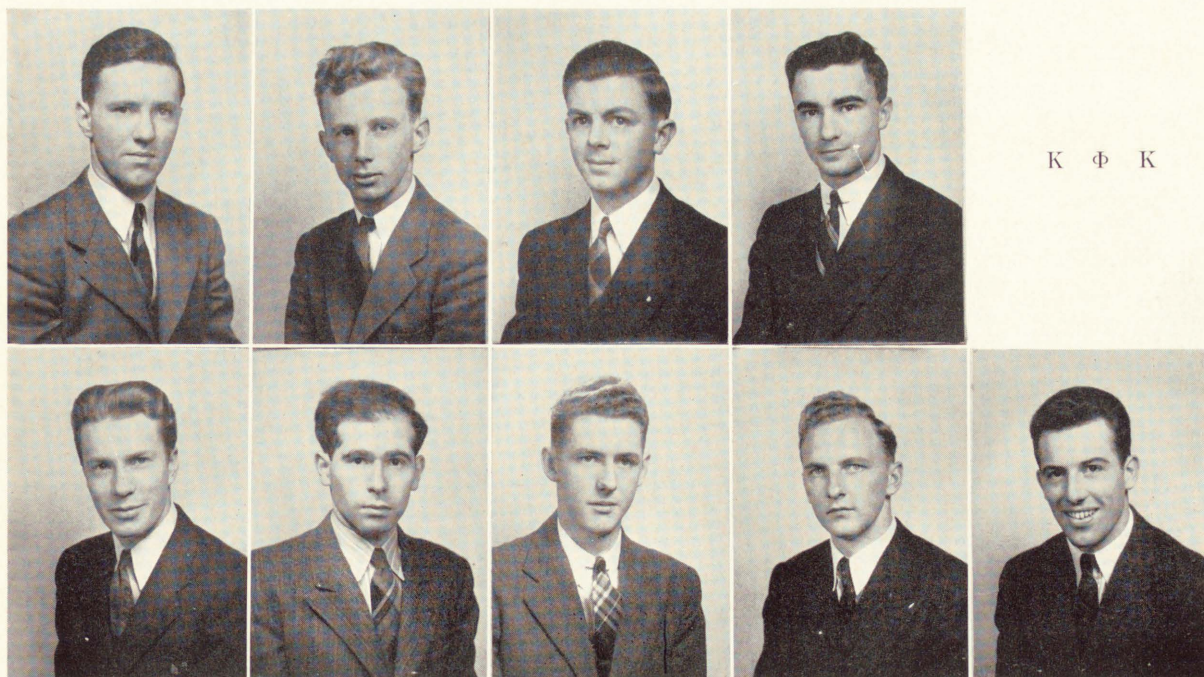




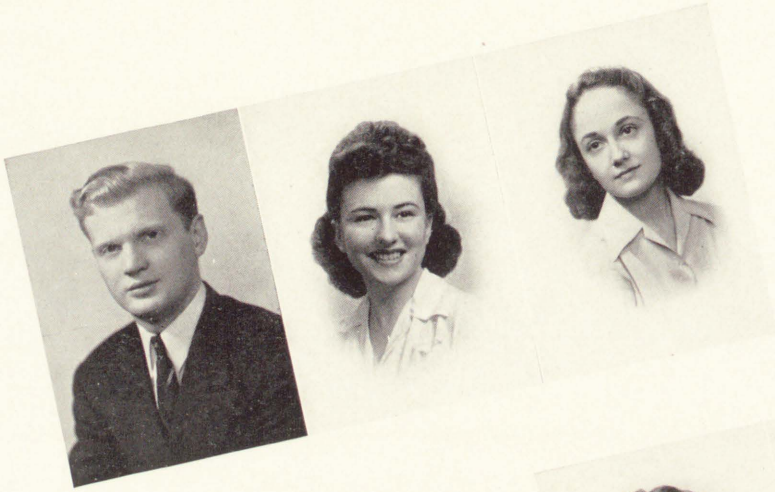
## KAPPA PHI KAPPA

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	Erbstein, George	Hastings, Gordan	Reed, Benjamin
Bartman, Robert	Feigenbaum, Harold	Kensky, Harry	Reed, Edward
Bittman, David	Flax, Arthur	Levin, Joseph	Shoemaker, Frederick
Bombard, Owen	Flax, Leo	Lynch, Howard	Slavin, David
Brock, Herbert	Freedman, Ira	Marchetta, Peter	Tucker, William
Capel, Charles	Gerber, Morris	Marsland, William	Wesselman, Robert
Combs, Robert	Greenberg, Solomon	Miller, William George	Young, Richmond
DeNike, John	Gryzwacz, Walter	O'Conner, Thomas	
Dingman, Harley	Guarino, Gene	O'Leary, Paul	



## SIGNUM LAUDIS



Bombard, Owen  
Delfs, Ellen  
Halstead, Marjorie



Hughes, Laura  
Scovell, Muriel  
Tefft, Sylvia

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 COUNCIL

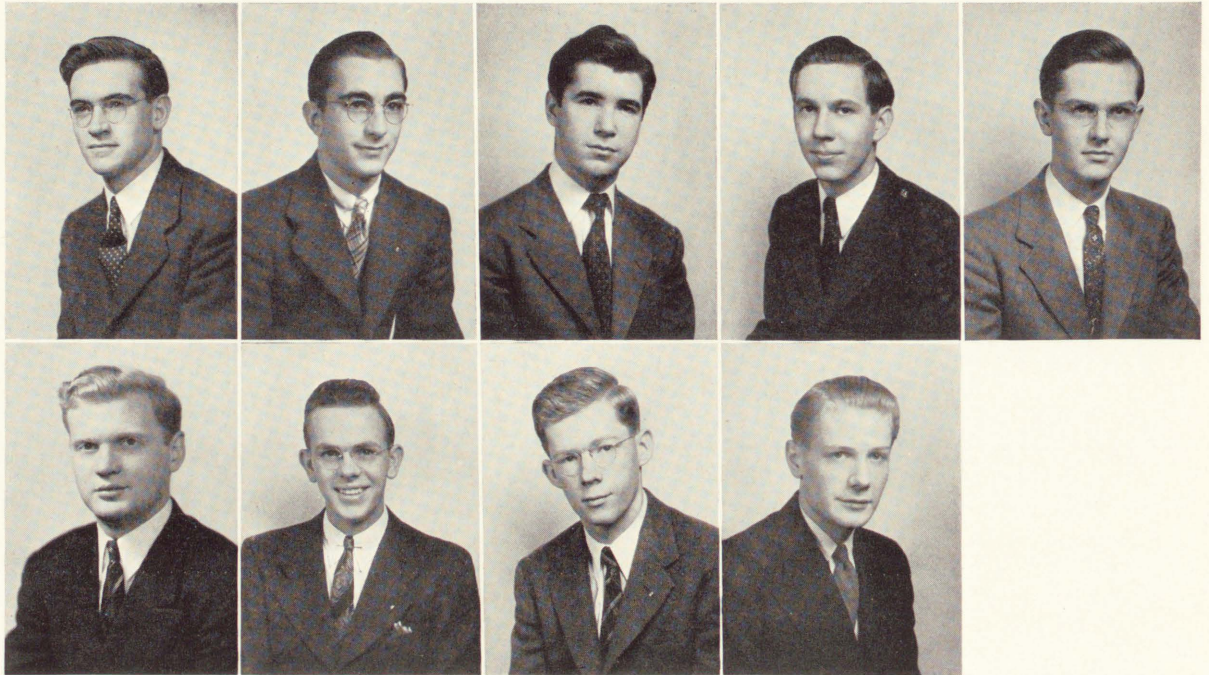
*Looking toward the future*

*Best Interfraternity Ball ever!*

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.

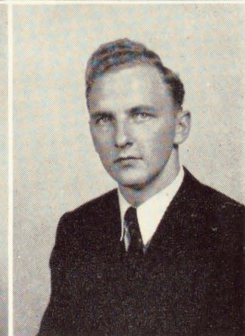
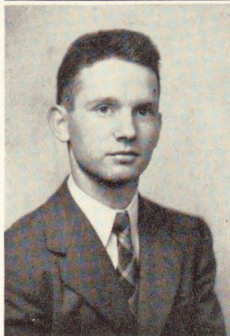
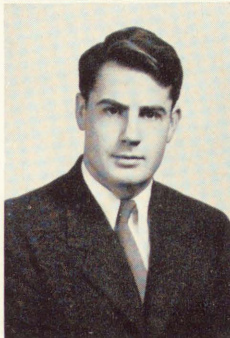
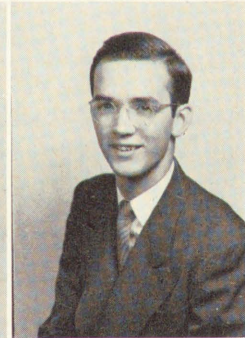
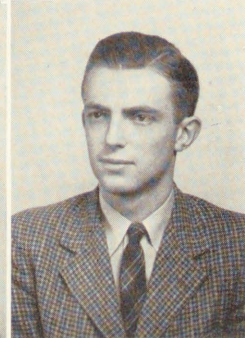
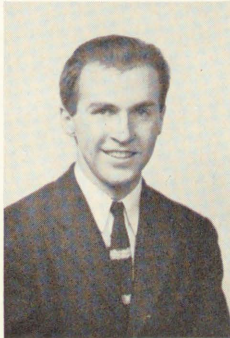
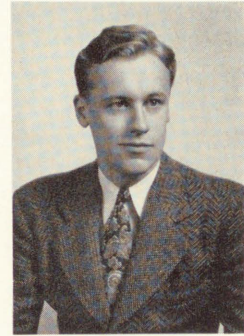
# KAPPA DELTA RHO

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

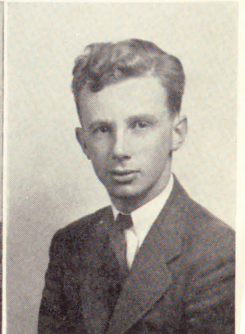
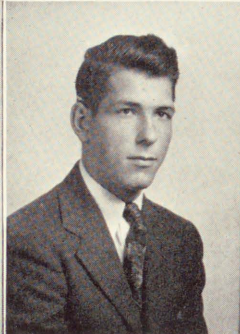
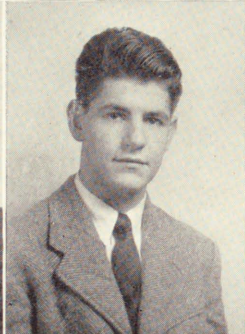
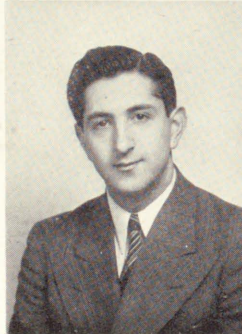
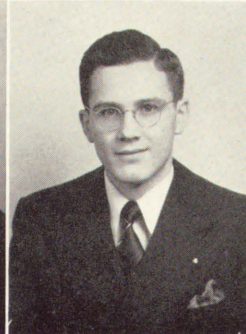
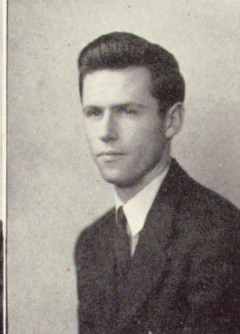
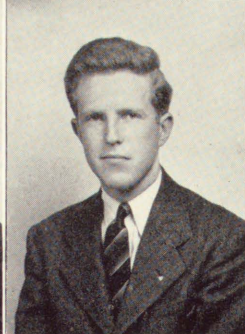
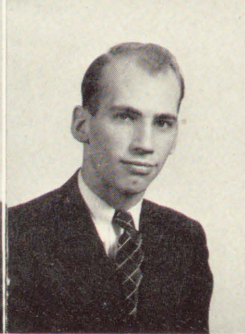
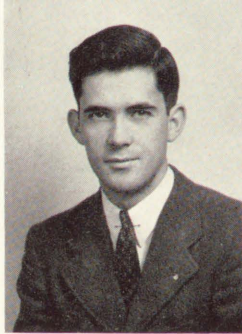
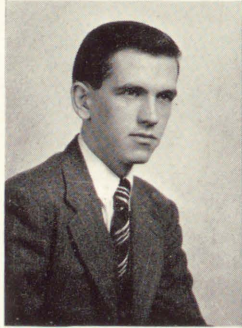
## NO PICTURES

Privett  
Stone  
Tassoni  
Vero

K Δ P



# POTTER CLUB



- |           |           |
|-----------|-----------|
| Bartman   | Miller    |
| Brock     | Mullin    |
| Combs     | O'Leary   |
| Cornwall  | Reed B.   |
| Dingman   | Reed E.   |
| Dooley    | Sayles    |
| Evans     | Shoemaker |
| Lynch     | Singer    |
| McLaren   | Toepler   |
| Marchetta | Tucker    |
| Mannillo  | 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 Feeny, among those spreading Potter spirit in the army.

NO PICTURES

Capuano  
DuBois  
Duncan  
Dunning  
Feeny

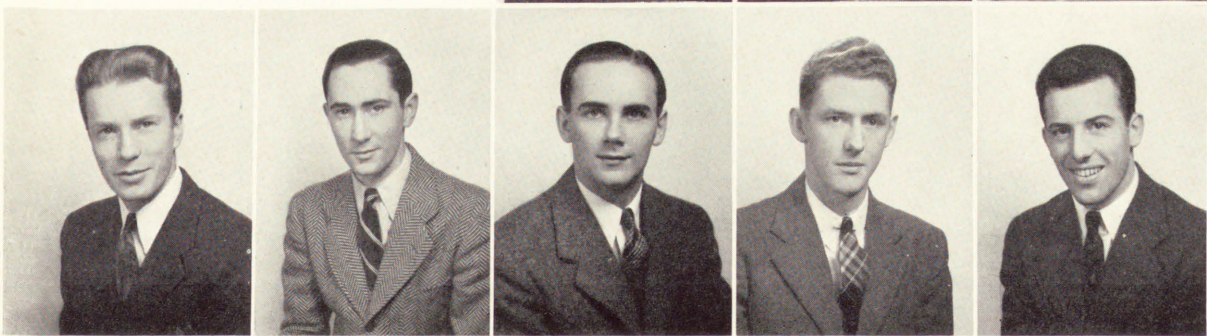
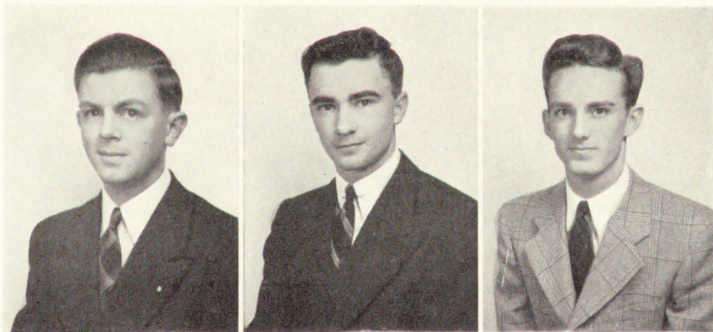
Gipp  
Hammond  
Hansen  
Hermans  
Kiley

Kircher  
Kullman  
Mueller  
Mould  
Murphy

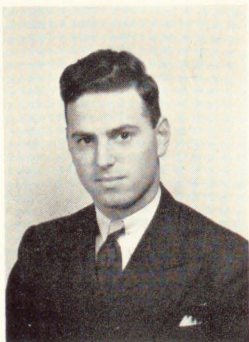
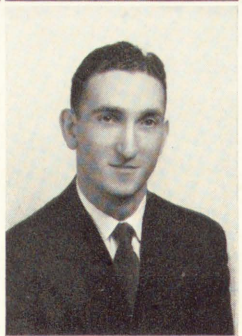
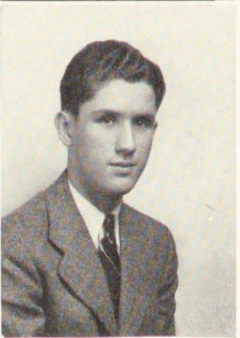
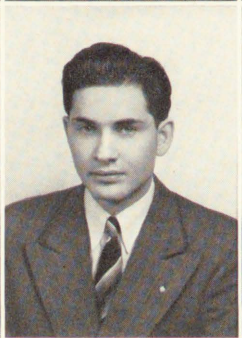
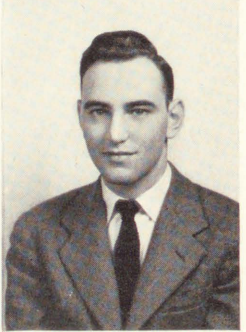
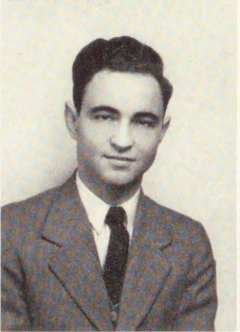
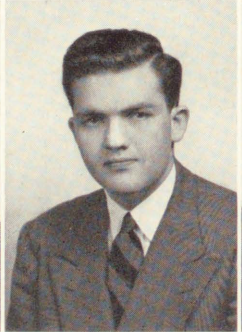
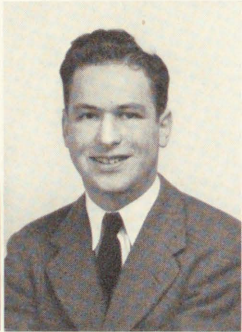
Olivet  
Pangburn  
Pape  
Skavina  
Skolsky

Sumberg  
Sussina  
Terho  
Vining  
Welch

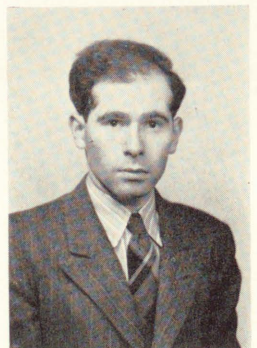
Williams  
Woodworth  
Wurtz



KAPPA BETA



K B



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 Myskania-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.

Bittman	Flax L.	Kensky
Erbstein	Friedman I.	Levin
Feigenbaum	Gerber	Slavin
Flax A.	Greenberg	

#### NO PICTURES

Baskin	Goldstein	Snyder
Bernhardt	Koblenz	Stolbof
Finer	Rabineau	Wagner
Freedman L.	Savitzky	



SIGMA LAMBDA SIGMA

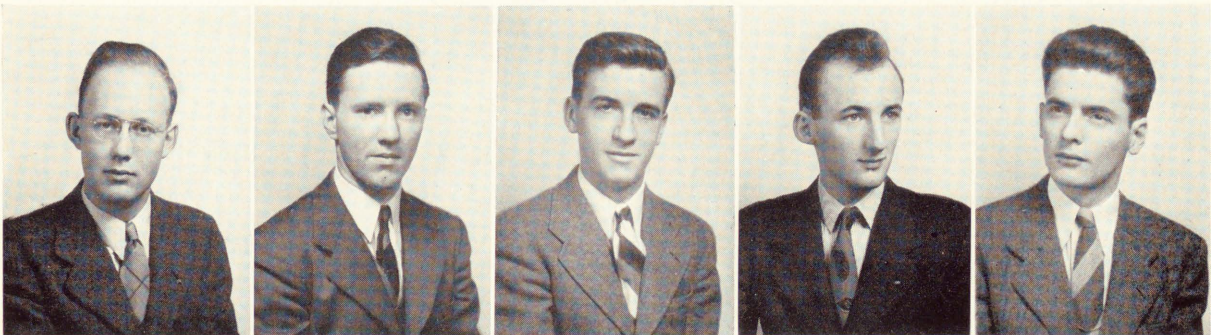
Σ Λ Σ

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
Ferencik	Higgins	Swanson
Fredericks	Hippick	Vanas
	Lubey	

#### NO PICTURES

Barselou	Howard	Roulier
Cappon	Kunz	Snow
Griffin	Marshall	Soderlind



## INTERSORORITY COUNCIL



*Lovely to look at*

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.



*Just gazing*

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!"



*Information please!*



K Δ



## KAPPA DELTA

Telegraph, telephone, tella KD—but you can't tell them too much. Scovell of the *News*, Hafley of WAA, Blasiar 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.
Blasiar	Clough	Hafley	Howell	Marston	Sprenger
Brown	Coddington S.	Hample	Kenny	Mattice	Taylor
Brucker	Crants	Hardesty	Leet	Sanderson	Townsend

### NO PICTURES

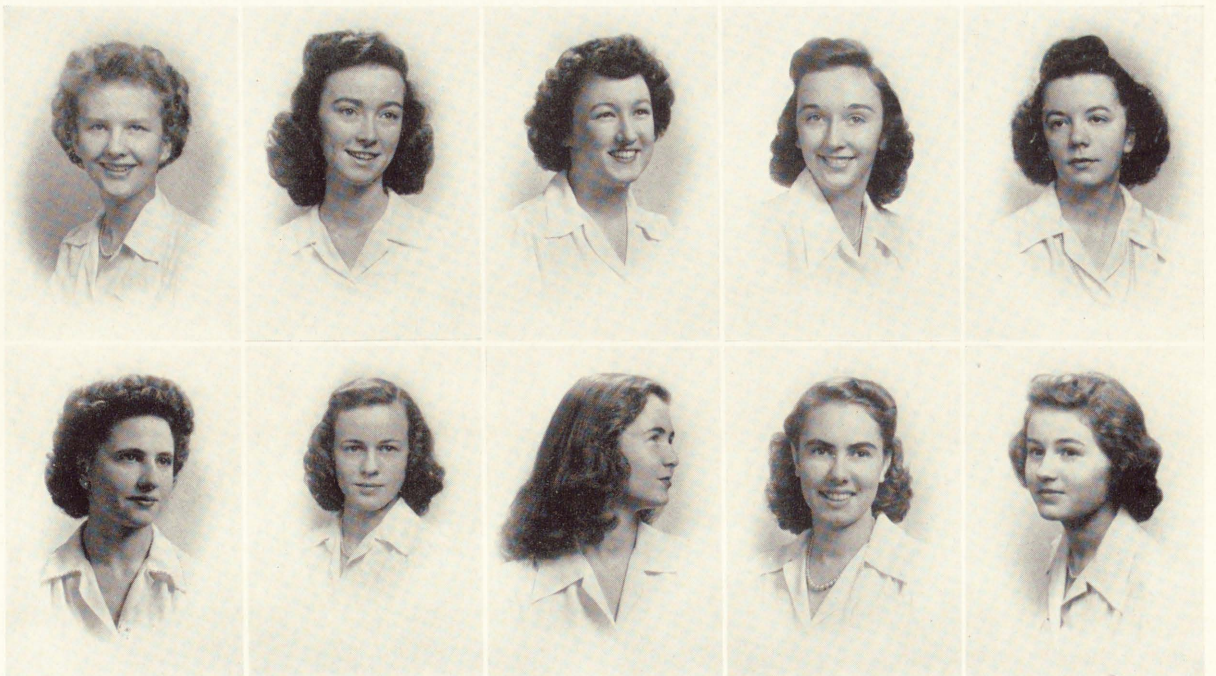
Baird	Duffy	Mason	Roe	Winyall
Carlson	Gale	Reed	Smith K.	Wood
Coddington	Lively	Richards	Southwick	Yutzler





Ψ Γ

## PSI GAMMA



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	Devine	Now
Bantham	Driscoll	Ott
Barden	Drury	Pickert
Beard	Fisher	Schlott
Beckerle A.	Gasparly	Semple
Beckerle H.	Gibson	Stengel
Burkhard	Hall	Tymeson
Burrows	Hennessy	Underwood
Carmeny	Jones	Weeks
Clark	Mather	

NO PICTURES

Fitzpatrick      Forbes      Giavelli      Matthews      Studley





CHI SIGMA THETA

X Σ Θ

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!

Bailey	DeChene	Garfall	Latimer	Sundstrum
Berry	Dee M.	Gerg	McCann	Tracy
Bostwick	Dee R.	Grogan	Martin	Vrooman
Cox	DeSeve	Hoffman	Shannon	Walsh
Curran	DiRubbo	Hyland	Smith D.	Wurz
Davis	Domann	Kelly	Smith J.	

NO PICTURES

Frank	McManus	Rameroff	Sovik
Gravelle	Quinn	Rappleyea	Willett





Α Ε Φ



## ALPHA EPSILON PHI

"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

Cohen

Drooz

Falk

Feldman

Fine

Friedman

Gross

Kirshenblum

Kleine

Levinson

Meltzer

Palatsky

Pasternack

Raymon

Savitzky

Slote

Sochin

Stern

Swire

Tein

Tischler

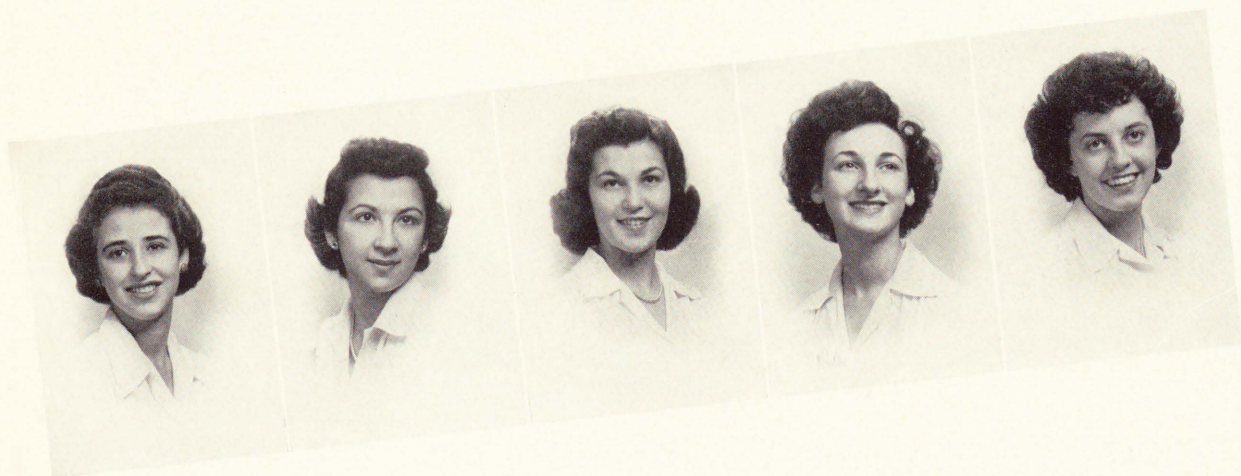
Yanowitz

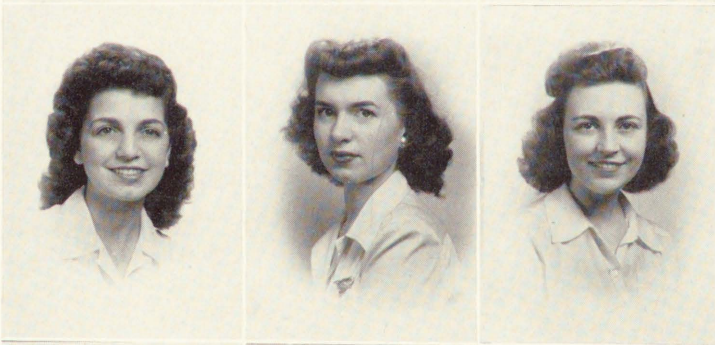
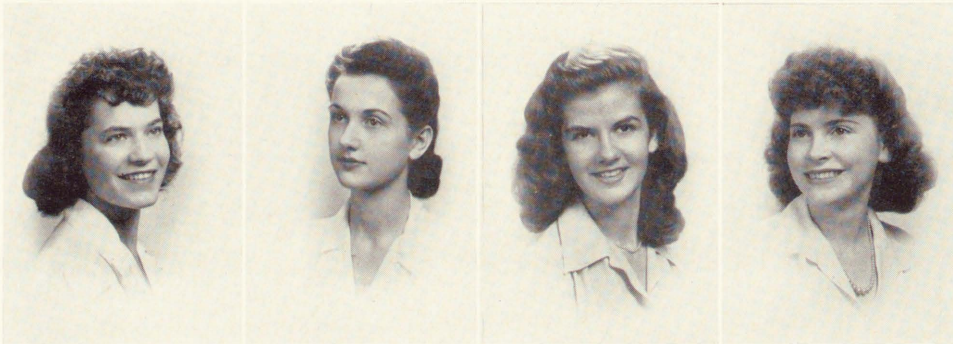
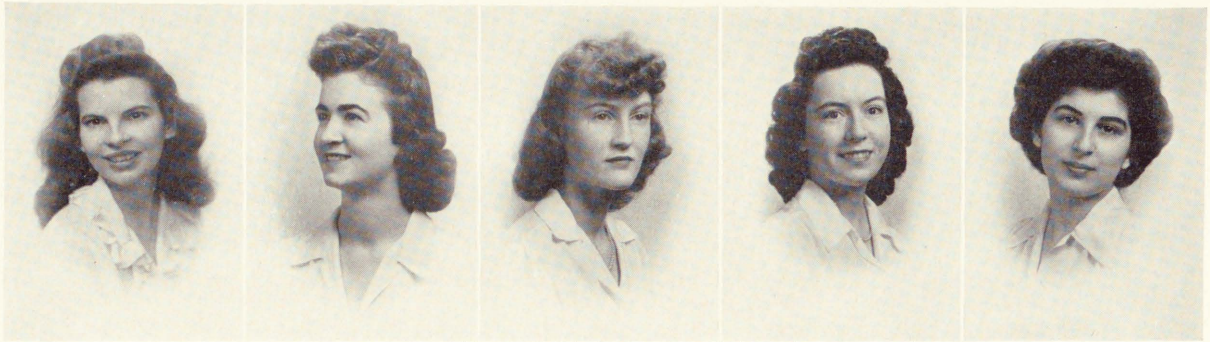
### NO PICTURES

Lewis

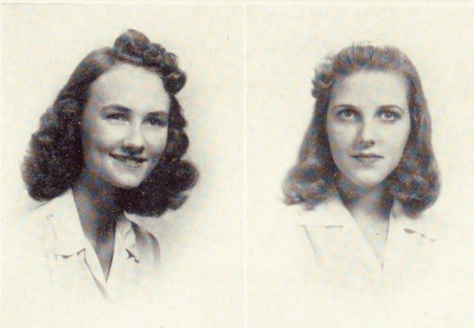
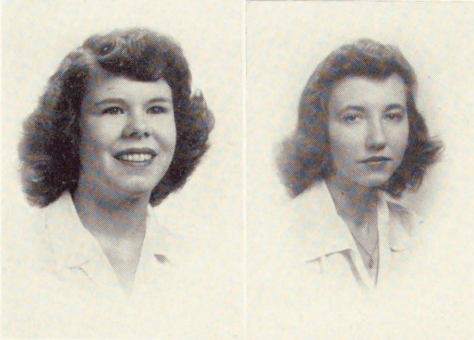
Swartz

Weissblum





Γ Κ Φ



## GAMMA KAPPA PHI

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

NO PICTURES

Moran	Quinn	Serabian	Studebaker
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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.



# BETA ZETA

B Z



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



"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

Φ Δ

Alden	Lawton H.
Baker	Ludington
Booras	Marsh
Boughton	Moschak
Bromley	Mosher
Burton	Myers
Davis	Sayles
Edmunds	Smith
Gould	Snyder
Harris	Stuart
Lawton E.	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 Deltas 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 Intersorority 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

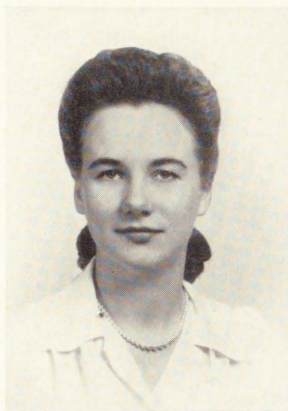
Breunig  
Demos

Franse  
Jacobson

Morris  
Stubing



MARJORIE ACKLEY  
Ripley



EMMA BACCARI  
*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Ossining



BETTY BAILEY  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Mount Morris



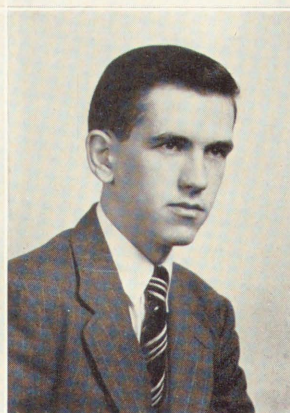
MARIE BAILIE  
*Psi Gamma*  
Albany



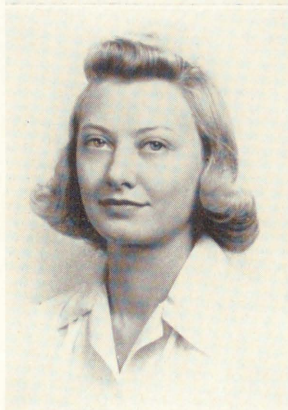
ELIZABETH BARDEN  
*Psi Gamma*  
Watertown



ROBERT BARTMAN  
*EEP*  
East Greenbush



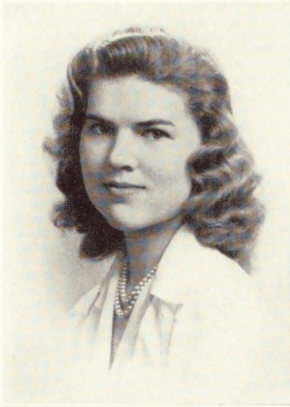
ALICE BENZAL  
Middle Grove



PATRICIA BERRY  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Oberburg

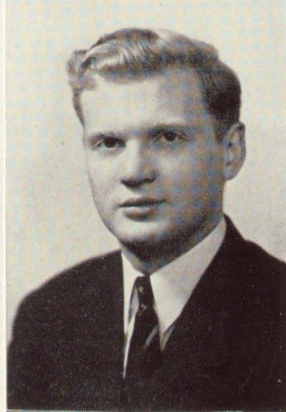


ELIZABETH BIGSBEE  
Guilderland



DAVID BITZMAN  
*KB*  
Binghamton

EMILY BLASIAK  
*KD*  
Port Jervis



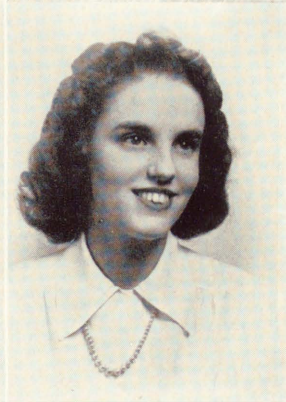
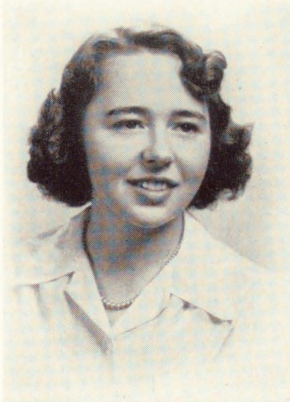
OWEN BOMBARD  
*KDR*  
Au Sable Forks

ANNE BOORAS  
*Phi Delta*  
Watertown



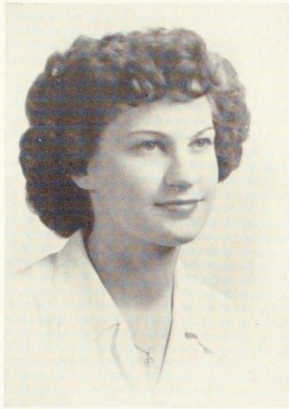
FRANCES BOURGEOIS  
Oneonta

BARBARA BOWKER  
Albany



FRANCES BOYLE  
Copenhagen

LOIS BRAUTIGAM  
Schenectady



ANN BROMLEY  
*Phi Delta*  
Watervliet



JEAN BUCKMAN  
*KD*  
Suffern



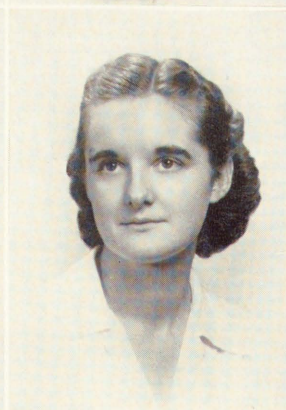
CAROLYN BURROWS  
*Psi Gamma*  
New Paltz



GLORIA CAMMAROTA  
Schenectady



FREDERICA CHURCHILL  
*BZ*  
Hancock



SHIRLEY CODDINGTON  
*KD*  
Middletown

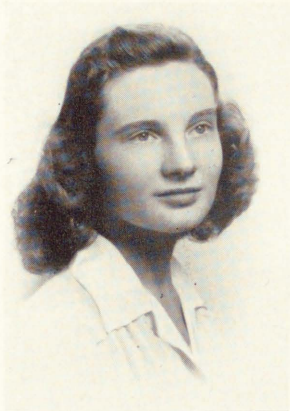


BETTY COMBS  
Romulus

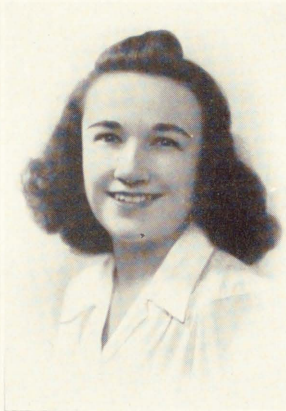




MARY FRANCES COOK  
Highland Falls



KATHERINE COUSINS  
Newburgh



DOROTHY COX  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Whitesboro



MARY E. CROUCH  
*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Newark



GERTRUDE DAMM  
Niagara Falls



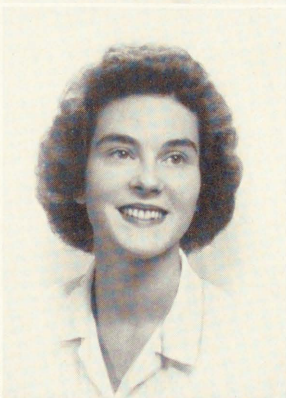
HELEN DANN  
Hamden



LENORA DAVIS  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Cazenovia



RUTH DEE  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Newark

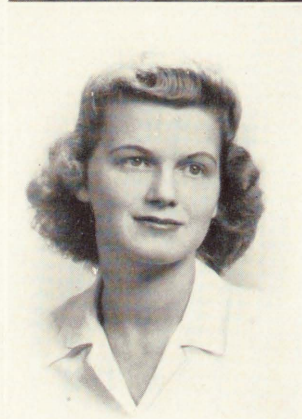
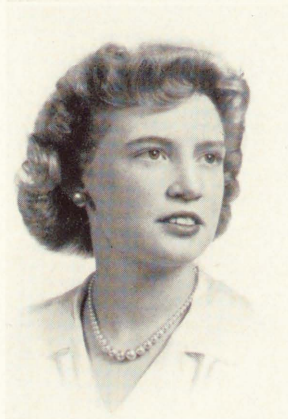


ELLEN DELFS  
Albany



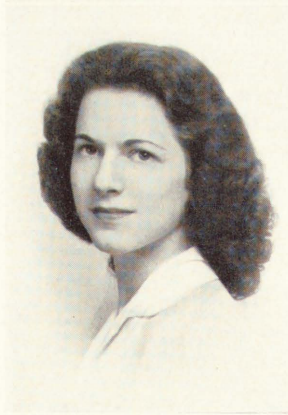
HARLEY DINGMAN  
*EEP*  
West Carthage

JUNE DIXON  
Morris



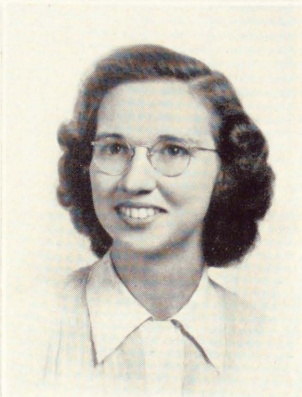
SHIRLEY EASTMAN  
*KD*  
Deansboro

JANE EDMUNDS  
*Phi Delta*  
Albany



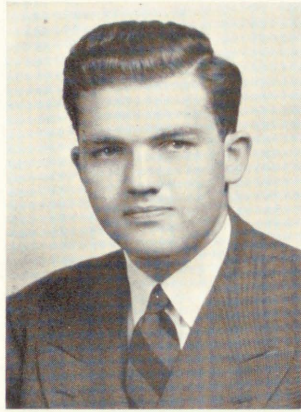
NORMA ENEA  
Akron

MARJORIE EVERETT  
*BZ*  
Malone



MARY FAIRCHILD  
*BZ*  
Lowville

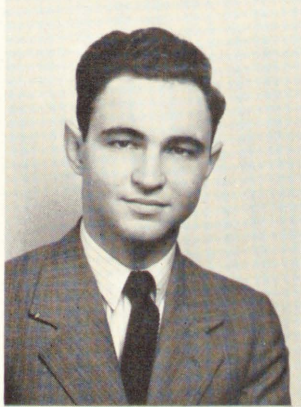
HAROLD FEIGENBAUM  
*KB*  
Poughkeepsie



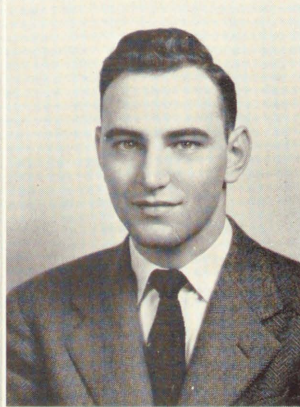
DOROTHEA FISHER  
*Psi Gamma*  
Ogdensburg



ARTHUR FLAX  
*KB*  
Schenectady



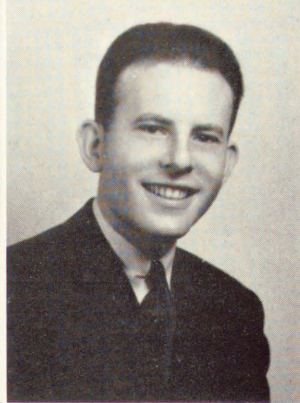
LEO FLAX  
*KB*  
Schenectady



RUTH FOSKIT  
Albany



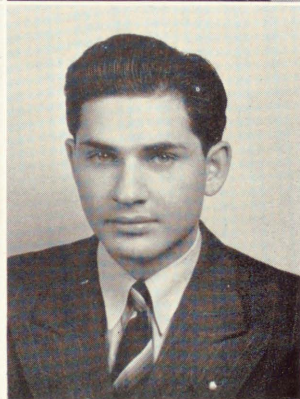
IRA FREEDMAN  
*KB*  
White Plains



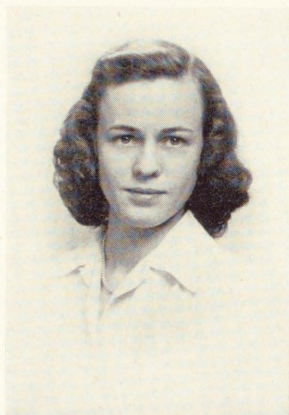
FLORA GASPARY  
*Psi Gamma*  
Albany



MORRIS GERBER  
*KB*  
Liberty

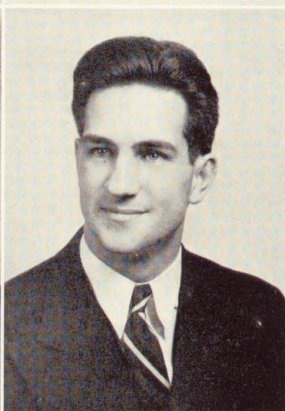
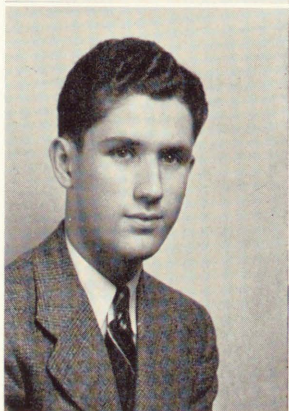


PATRICIA GIBSON  
*Psi Gamma*  
Albany



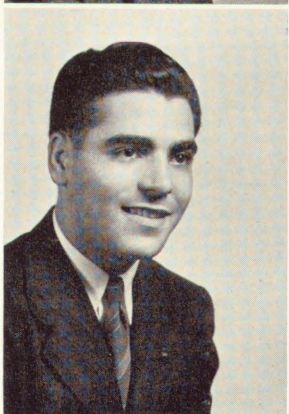
JULIA GORMAN  
Ashville

SOLOMON GREENBERG  
*KB*  
Albany



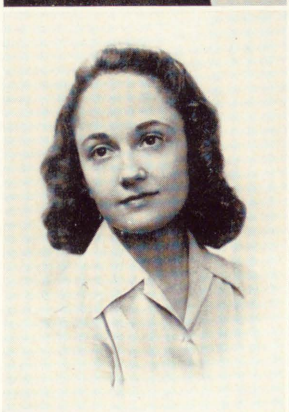
WALTER GRZYWACZ  
*SLS*  
Utica

EUGENE GUARINO  
*SLS*  
Rochester



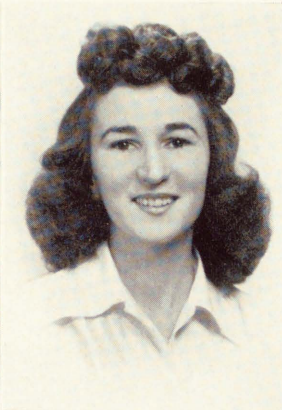
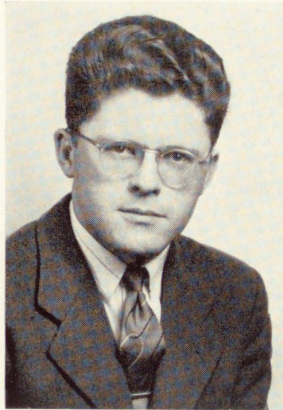
LOIS HAFLEY  
*KD*  
Delmar

MARJORIE HALSTEAD  
Albany



MARIE HART  
Poughkeepsie

GORDON HASTINGS  
*SLS*  
Redwood



RITA HICKEY  
Albany

ELLEN HOLLY  
*BZ*  
Fulton



GEORGE HUDSON  
*KDR*  
Southampton

LAURA HUGHES  
Johnstown



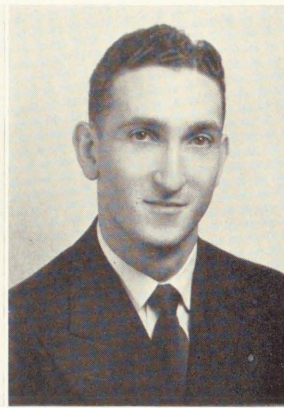
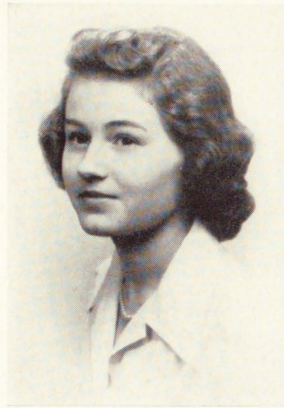
DOROTHY HUYCK  
*BZ*  
Ilion

SHIRLEY JENNINGS  
Schenectady



ALMA JEWELL  
Albany

WINIFRED JONES  
*Psi Gamma*  
Lowville



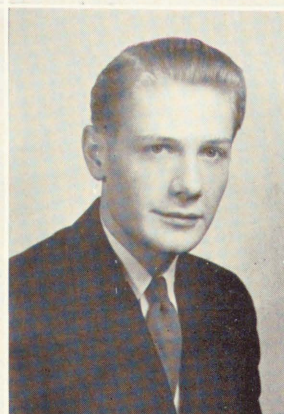
HARRY KENSKY  
*KB*  
Peekskill

BARBARA KERLIN  
Elmira



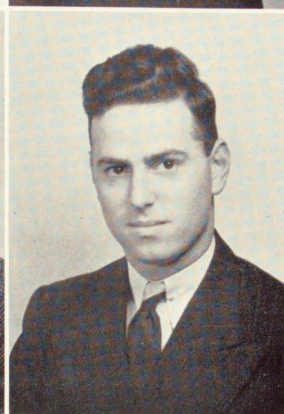
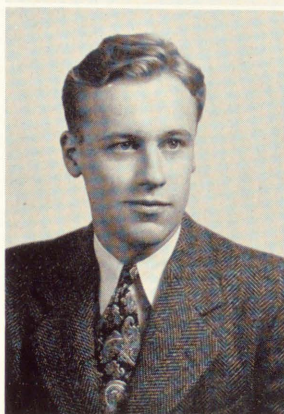
JANET LEET  
*KD*  
Binghamton

RUTH LEGGETT  
*BZ*  
Chestertown



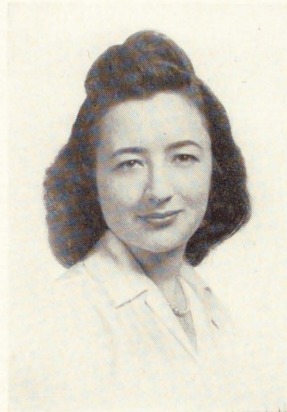
HERBERT LENEKER  
*KDR*  
Canastota

ROBERT LEONARD  
*KDR*  
Rochester

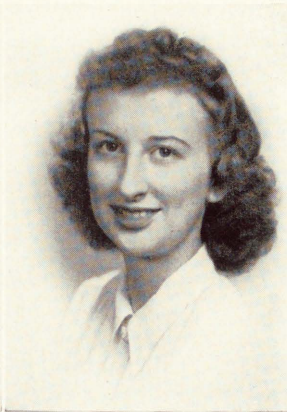


JOSEPH LEVIN  
*KB*  
Albany

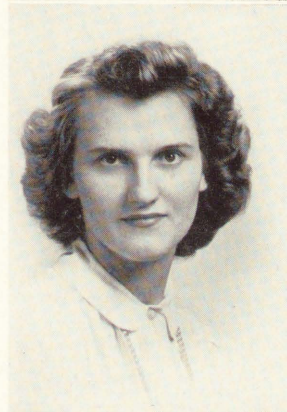
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*A E Phi*  
Newburgh



SHIRLEY LONG  
*KD*  
Kingston



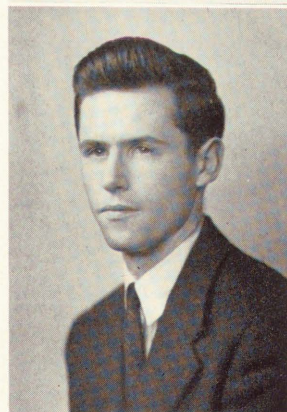
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Rome



KARLENE LUFF  
Johnstown



HOWARD LYNCH  
*EEP*  
Woodmere



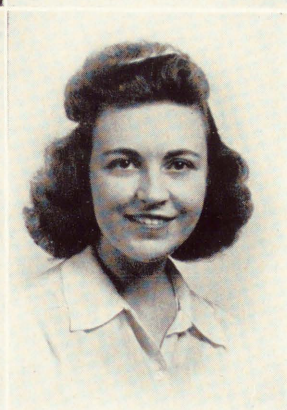
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*BZ*  
Saratoga Springs



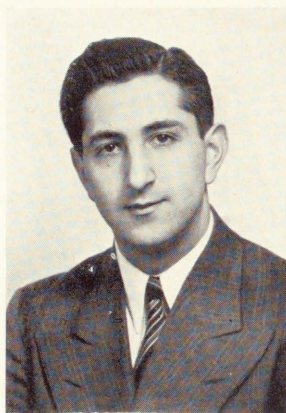
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*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Hudson Falls



ELEANOR MAPES  
*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Mount Vernon



PETER MARCHETTA  
*EEP*  
Albany



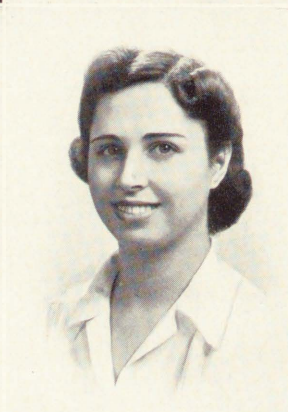
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*KD*  
Delmar



KATHLEEN MARTIN  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Utica



LUCY MASSIMILIAN  
Niagara Falls



MILDRED MATTICE  
*KD*  
Slingerlands



SHIRLEY MOSHER  
*Phi Delta*  
Rochester



ANN MUEHLECK  
Albany

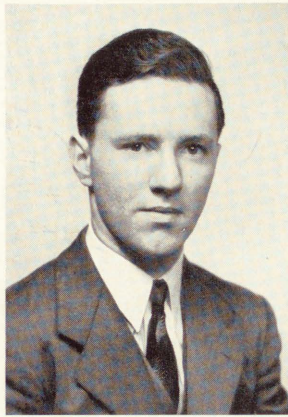


BETTY NAPORSKI  
Schenectady





THOMAS O'CONNOR  
*SLS*  
Troy



HELEN OMILIM  
*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Cohoes



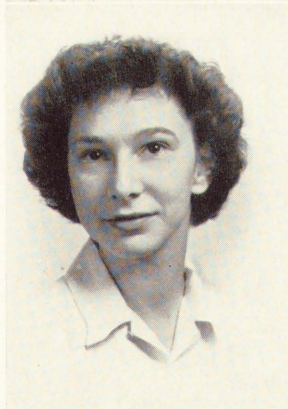
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Auburn



SHIRLEY OTT  
*Psi Gamma*  
Oneida



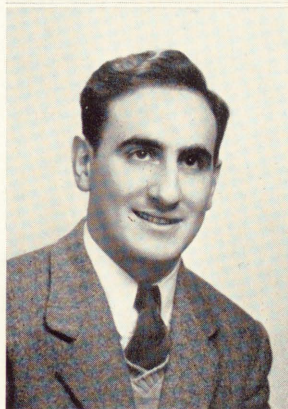
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Brooklyn



ELIZABETH PEABODY  
*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Lynbrook



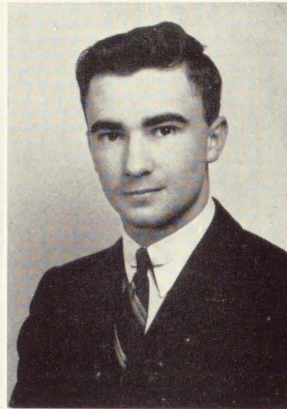
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*KDR*  
Canastota



FLORENCE PINKHAM  
Huntington



MARY RADYWONSKA  
Cohoes



EDWARD REED  
*EEP*  
Hudson Falls

REGINA ROTH  
Yonkers



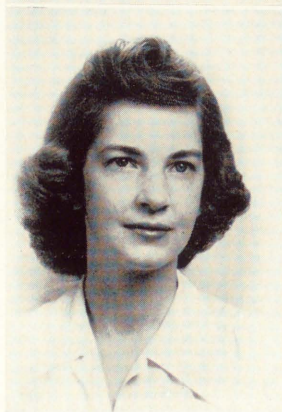
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*A E Phi*  
Yonkers

DORIS SAYLES  
*Phi Delta*  
Schenectady



MARIE SCOFIELD  
Downsville

MURIEL SCOVELL  
*KD*  
Lewiston

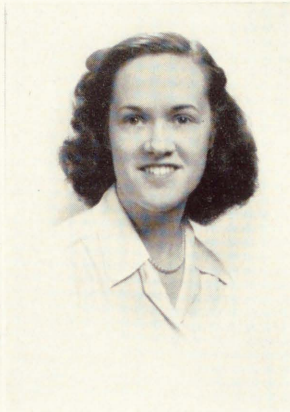


JUNE SEMPLE  
*Psi Gamma*  
Corning

RUTH SHANLEY  
Binghamton



ANN SHANNON  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Rome



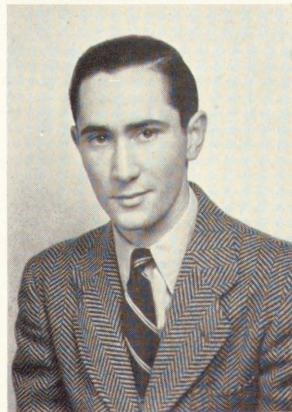
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*Gamma Kappa Phi*  
Tupper Lake



MARGARET SINCLAIR  
*BZ*  
Glen Cove



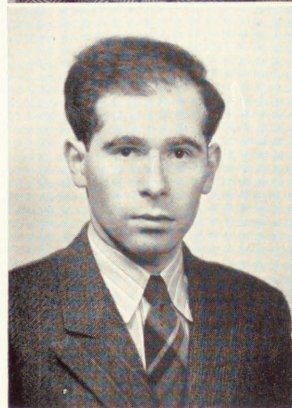
HAROLD SINGER  
*EEP*  
Albany



PAUL SKERRITT  
New Hartford



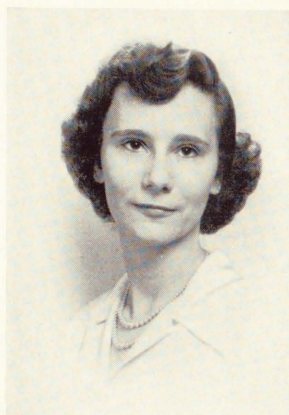
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*KB*  
Mount Vernon



MARY SMITH  
Cohoes



VERNA SNYDER  
*Phi Delta*  
Utica



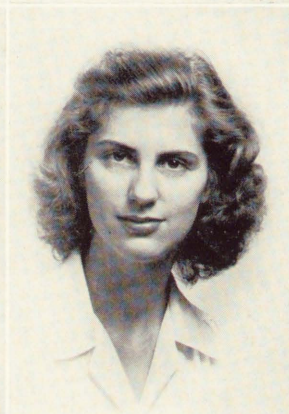
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*BZ*  
Herkimer



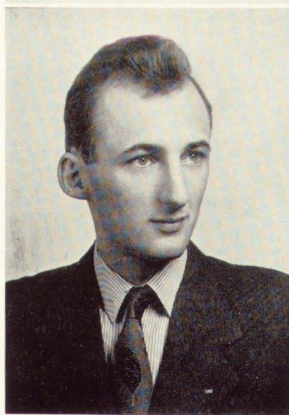
ROSE STERN  
*A E Phi*  
Port Chester



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



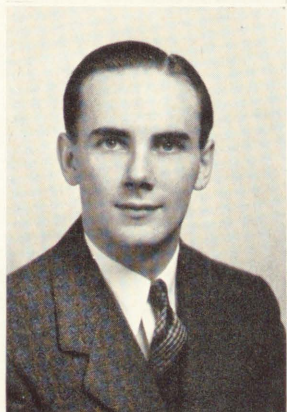
SYLVIA TEFFT  
Rensselaer



ESTHER TEIN  
*A E Phi*  
Rochester



ROLF TOEFFER  
*EEP*  
Rochester



ETHELMAY TOZIER  
Warsaw



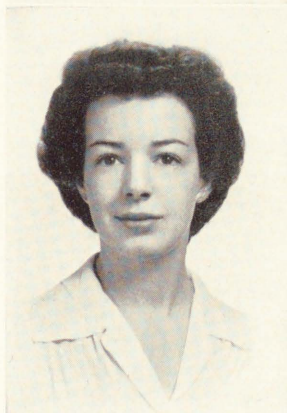
JEAN TRACY  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Ballston Spa



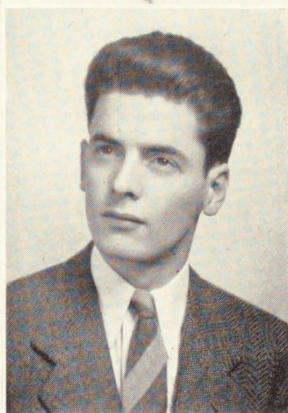
UNA UNDERWOOD  
*Psi Gamma*  
Albany



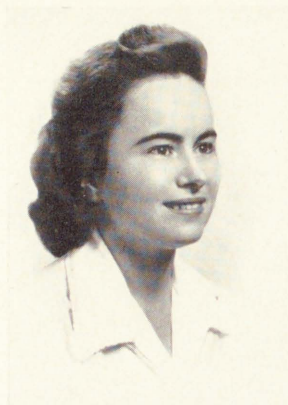
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Central Square



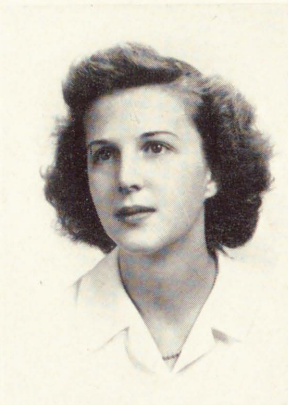
DON VANAS  
*SLS*  
Rochester



JANE WALSH  
Peekskill



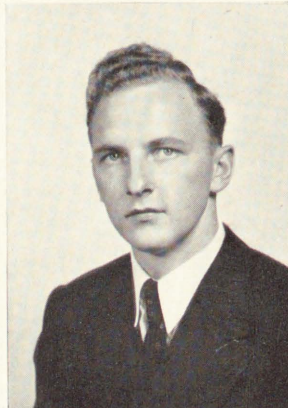
CLARICE WEEKS  
*Psi Gamma*  
Athens



FRANCES WELCH  
Mechanicville



ROBERT WESSELMAN  
*KDR*  
Dolgeville



LILLIAN WESTPHAL  
*Phi Delta*  
Great Neck



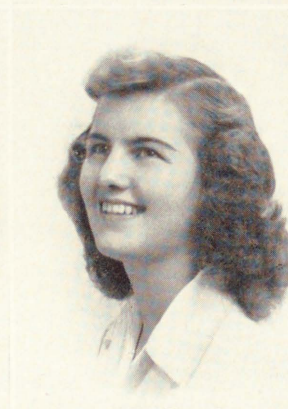
MAE WHITING  
Glens Falls



JANET WOOD  
Bay Shore



SHIRLEY WURZ  
*Chi Sigma Theta*  
Utica





MARGARET ZALVIS  
Waterville



NAMES WITHOUT FACES

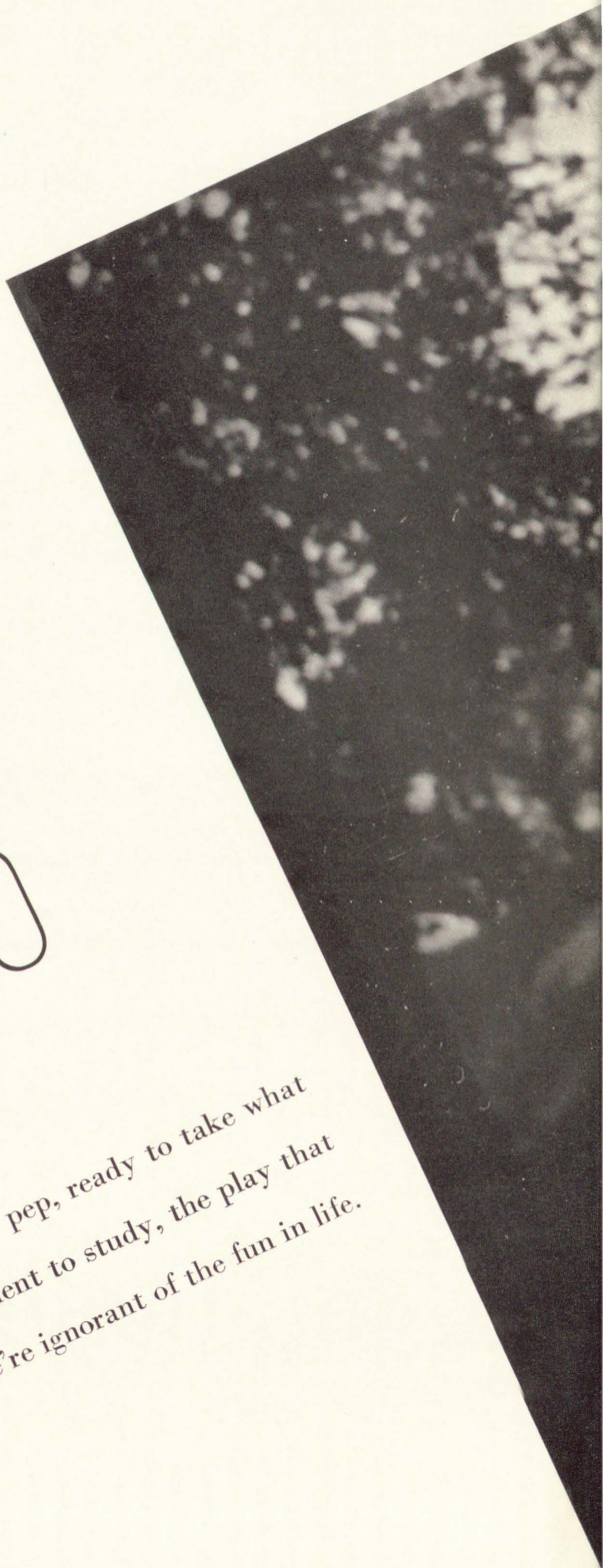
HARRY BORA  
BARBARA CLARK  
JANE GREENMUN  
RICHARD HISGEN  
MARY McMANUS

IDA ROSEN  
DOROTHY ROTH  
ELSIE ROTH  
MILDRED STUDLEY  
JAMES WALLER

JUST

IS

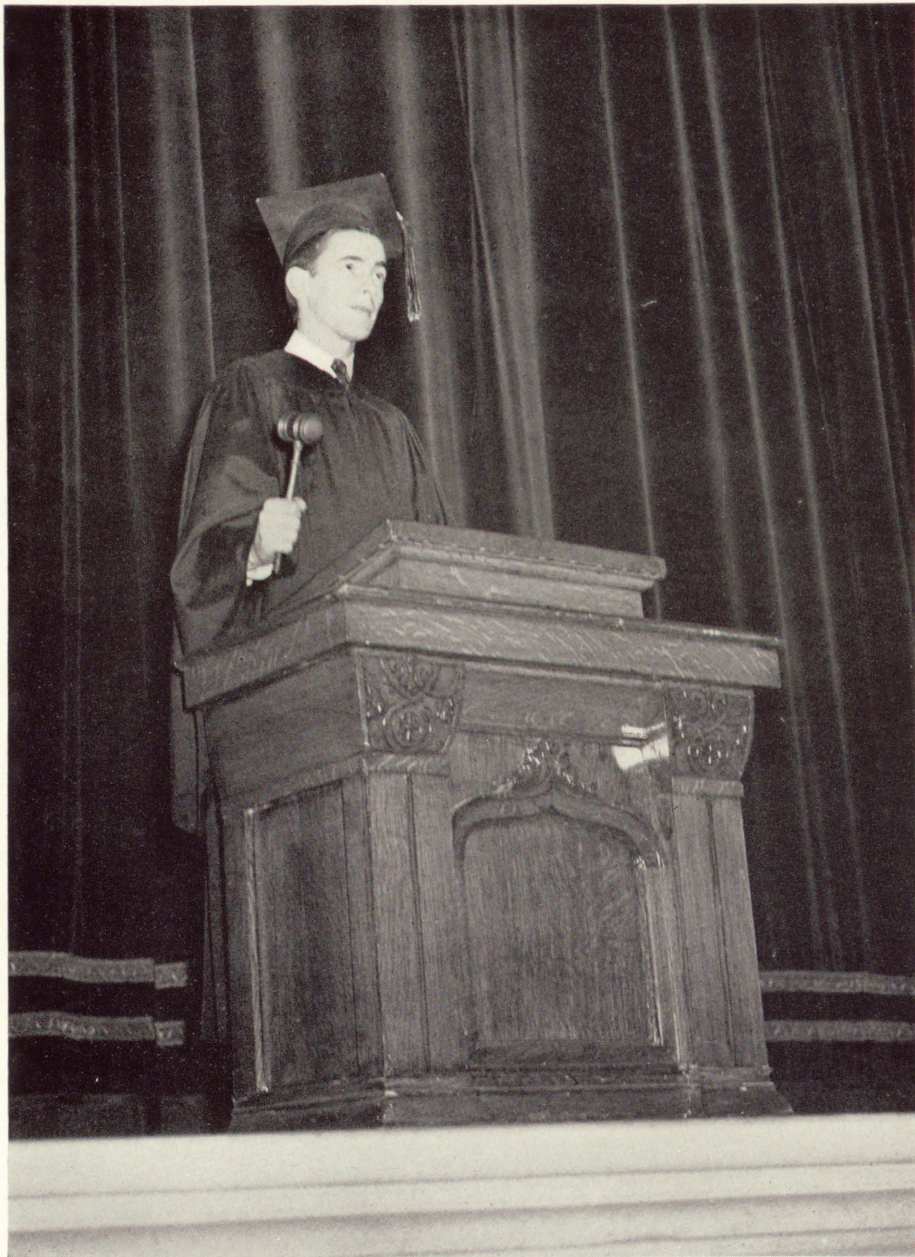
This is the way we like us best—full of pep, ready to take what comes in our stride. It's the complement to study, the play that follows work. No one can tell us we're ignorant of the fun in life.







# STUDENT COUNCIL . . .



*Best in many ways*



*Finest and fairest*

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 Feeny 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 . . .



*It says here*

# Freshman Class

*United we stand!*





*Where oh Where???*

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*



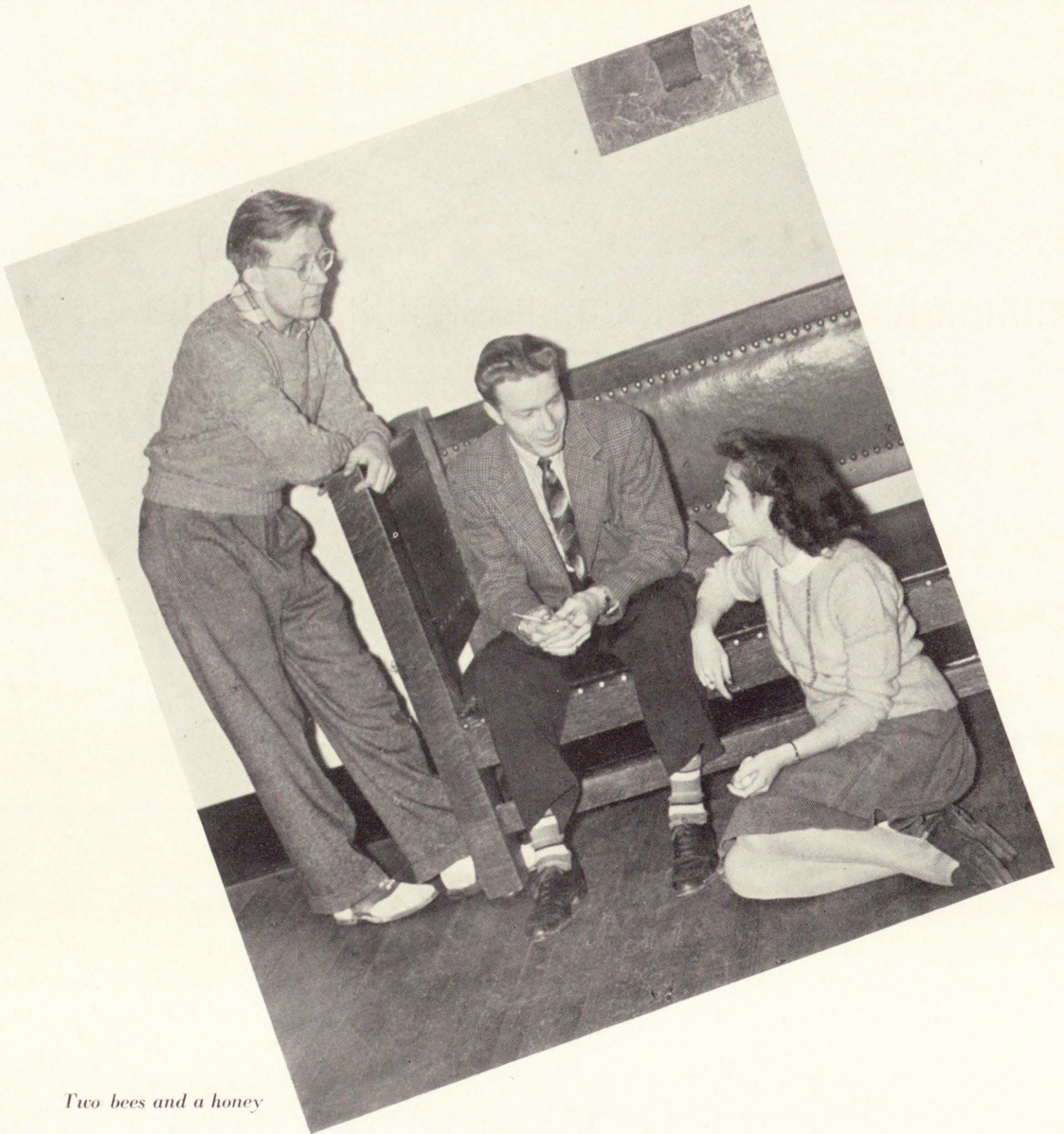
*Of scholarship and brains*

"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 pigtales, 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.



*And have you heard this one?*

# 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 normalcy 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 Barselou, 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!!!

*Boul session*



# Senior



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*



*Address: General Delivery—Podunk*

# Class

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.



*Girl of my dreams*



# NEWS...

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 beavers (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*

... F —

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?



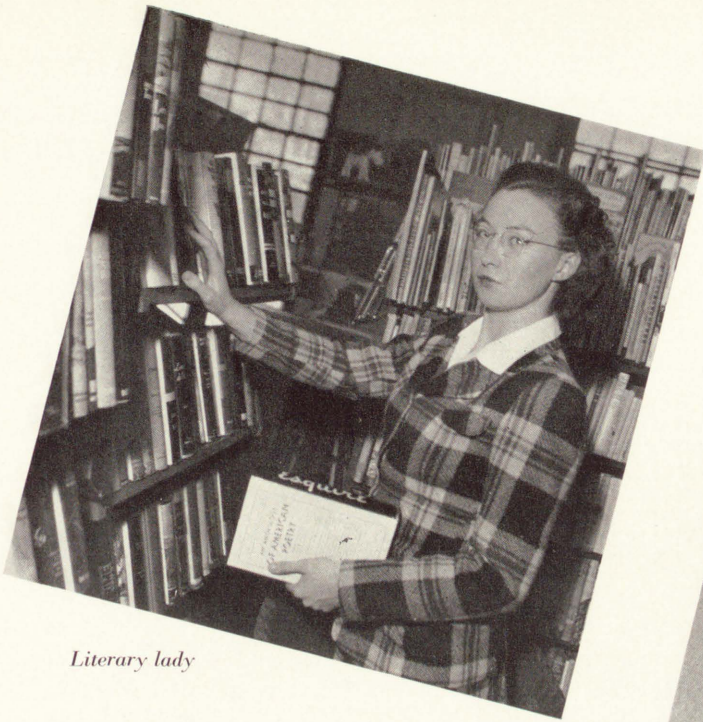
*Please send my "News"*



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*





*Literary lady*

*No more money in the bank*



*5,000 miles away*



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  
getting 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!*



*Hit of the season*



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, wot? 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.!

## MUSIC COUNCIL



*With a song in my heart*

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?

*The music makers*



# Men's . . .

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, every-

body 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.



*The last of the Mohicans*

# HLETIC ASSOCIATION



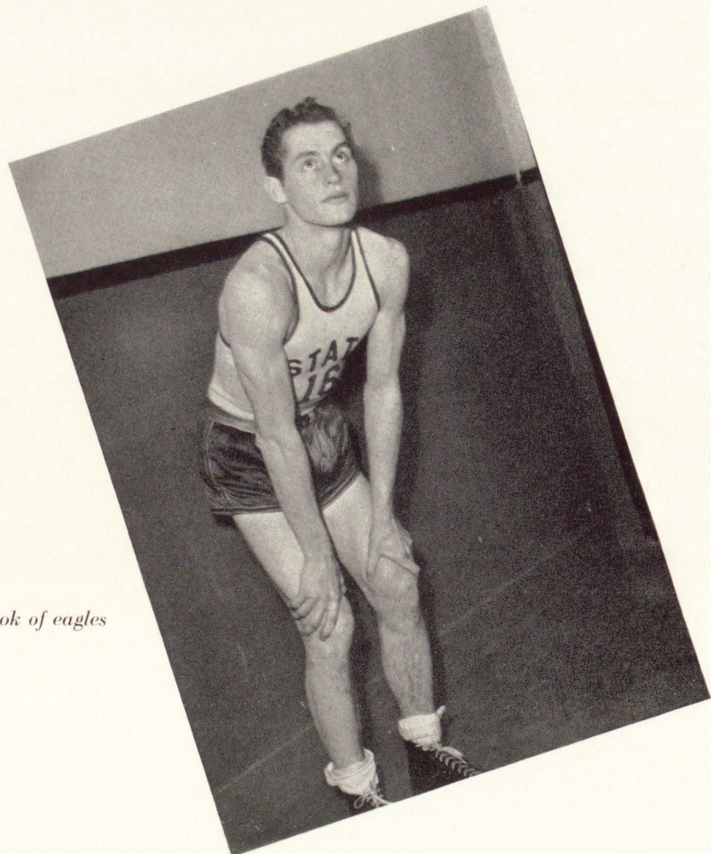
*They also serve—*



*Fantasia*



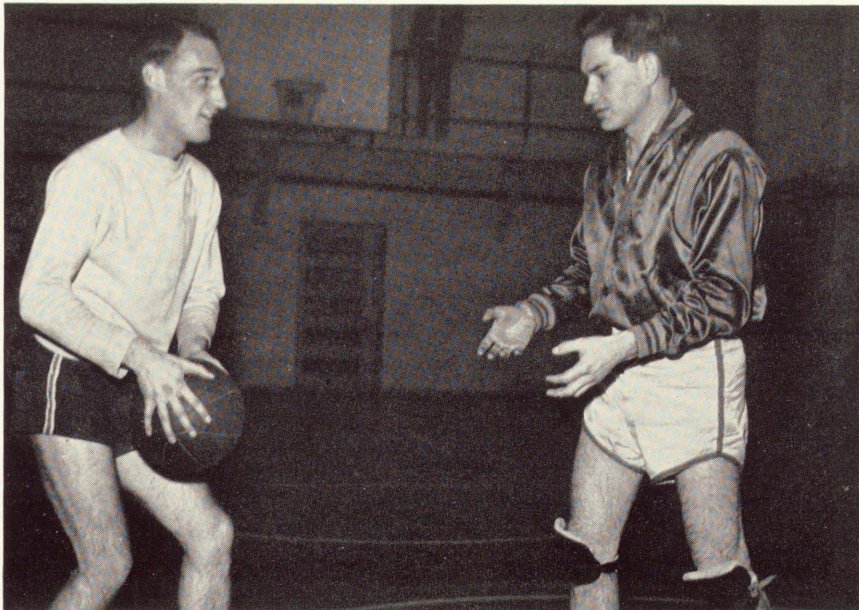
*Low man on a totem pole*



*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'*

# Women's . . .

*The spirit of good sportswomen*



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?



*Wizards at ease*



*What's today's line-up?*



# 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 Croasie 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*

# NEWMAN CLUB



*Sacro-sanct*

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!



*Eager are we—*



*To the penny!*

## 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.

*Everything you have is ours—*





*Shall we go to New York?*

## 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?



*Looking on the brighter side*



*Forum for 'em*

## 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.

## 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?

*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.

*I understand*



## 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!*



*What would Napoleon have done?*

## 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 "Chan-

son du Toréador." The members of French Club aiment les games et les chansons très 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 cents 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



*Commercial Commandeers*

## PIERCE HALL

*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—Frost-ed 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!*



*All aglow again—*



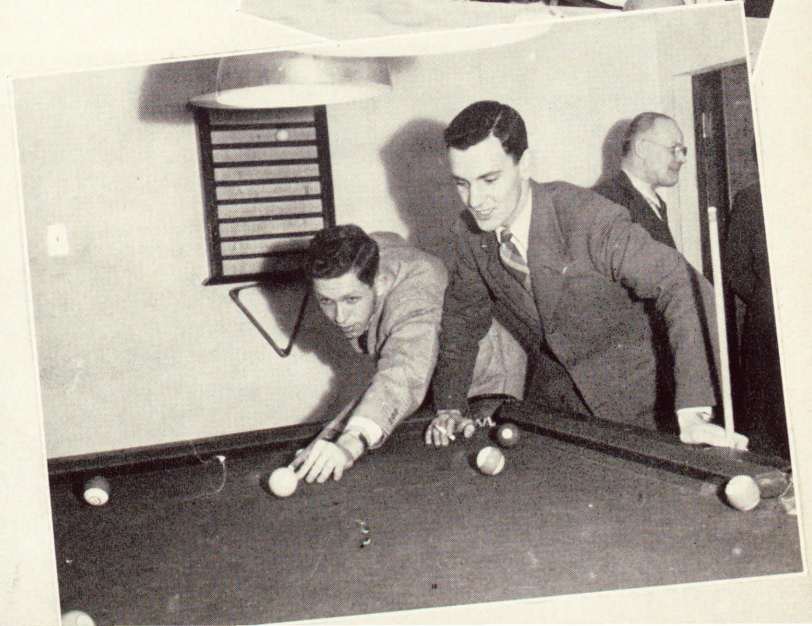
# SAYLES HALL

*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.L.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*



## NEWMAN HALL

*Lazy hours*

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—famously 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?

*Sweet Shop?*





## MORELAND HALL

*'Till the boys come home!*

*Cooperation is not a sentiment . . .*

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'vever 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 dur-

ing 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?*



*Home of State's Cinderellas*

## FARRELL HOUSE

*Waiting for Prince Charming*



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

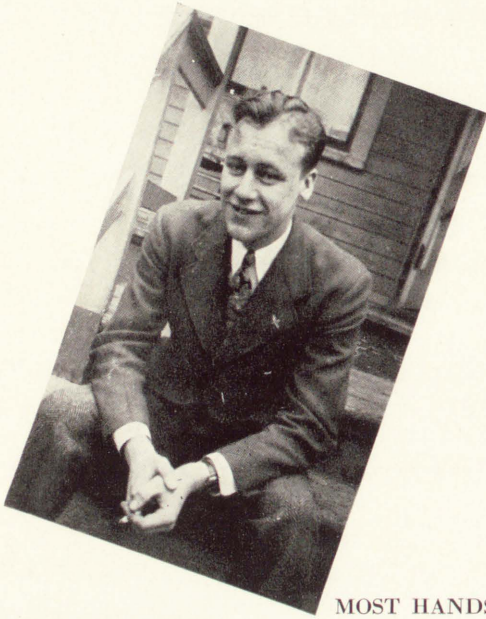
Hi, kids! Sure, this is Wren Hall, the place where a bunch of smoothies hang their hats during the school year. You should try dropping around sometime. When they start playing hide and seek around the place with you, you'll know you're there. Intuition is what it takes to find your way around the big 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 HANDSOME



MOST BEAUTIFUL

We



MOST POPULAR



MOST POPULAR



MOST VERSATILE

# 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."

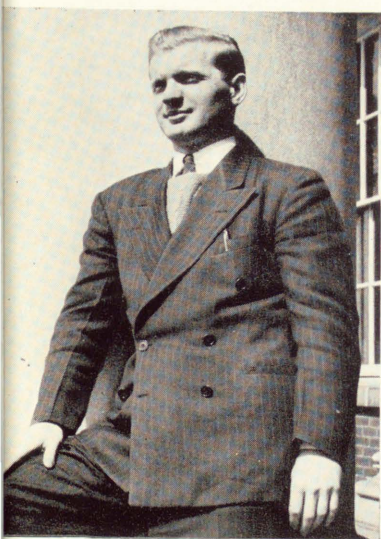
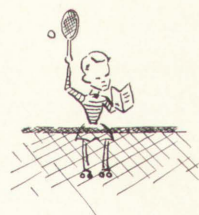
Versatility and vitality plus. Betty has 'em both. Watch her for proof.

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

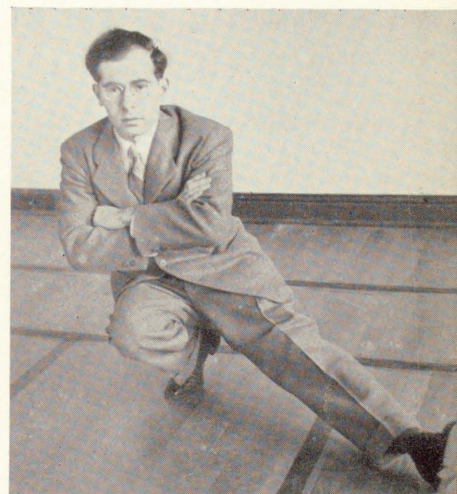
Guardian of what the papers say about us, Fran did most for State.

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

DONE MOST FOR STATE



MOST VERSATILE



DONE MOST FOR STATE

# *Crowned our Campus*



*The queen arrives*

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

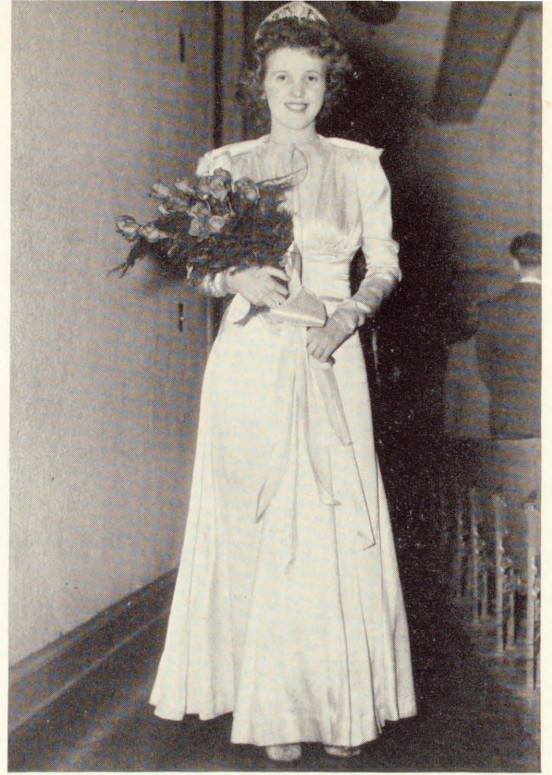
Next, a silent procession



*Followed by*

# Queen . . .

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



*Exit Queen Mildred*



*The royal family*



*On thy fair head—*

# And Danced . . .

*Surprised?*



State's lads and lassies 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



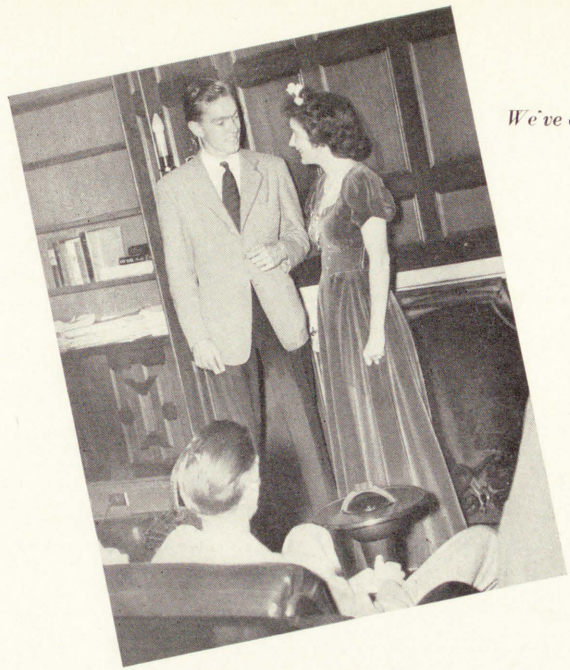
*Fifteen minute intermission—Boy!*

*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



*We've come a long way*



*Mm! What form!*

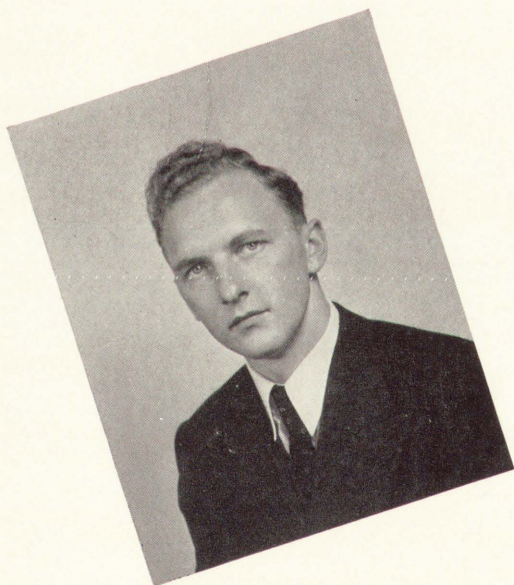


*A silent tribute*



*Oh, isn't this great?*

# Thank You!



*He knows all the tricks*



*The John Powers of State*

## PHOTOGRAPHY

There are always a lot of behind-the-scene 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."

# GUSTAVE LOREY STUDIO

*Official Photographer for the  
1943 Pedagogue*

91 State St.

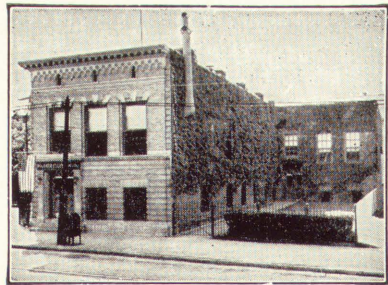
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# Coordination

"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.

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**Buffalo, New York**









EXIT

