New York
State College for Teachers
at Albany

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Pedagogue...Board....
ARM IN ARM THROUGH FRIENDLY WAYS
PRESS WE ON OUR COLLEGE DAYS.
'44 Pedagoge

NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
ALBANY, NEW YORK
Mary Domann—Editor . . . Helen Scislowsky—Business Manager
COMMON BONDS WE OWE TO THEE
N.Y.S.C.T.

Joyously we sing thy story,
College of delightful ways.
Eagerly we tell the glory
Of thy splendid days.

State College, we dedicate our “Ped” to you... no, not to a group of red brick buildings surrounded by expanses of green lawn. To us you have meant much more than that. To us who know you in your hundredth year you are more than Draper and Husted and Milne, more than the Commons and the P.O., more than a stack of Ed. 10 books and a red leather diploma. That which makes you State College to us—that common bond—extends to the “Boul” and the lake in Washington Park. Our remembrance of you is linked with the Indian trails of Thatcher Park, as well as the traveled by-ways of the city, with the cold water of “Six Mile” in early June, the view from the top of the State Office Building, the long ride out to Montgomery and Ward. State College, four walls cannot contain the essence of you. That haunting quality is felt wherever groups have gathered, wherever we have worked or played. To each of us and to each of our predecessors you have had a different meaning. For the golden memories of ’44, which we have tied up in little ribbons and tucked away for future reference, we thank you, State College.
EAGER ARE WE IN THIS YOUTH

FOLLOWING WISDOMED MINDS TO TRUTH
His desk may be piled high with letters etc. that demand his attention. He may be swamped with the million and one duties that occupy a president’s time but Dr. Sayles is never too busy to talk to his students and help solve their problems. It seems that this year the students had lots of ideas and when they were presented to Dr. Sayles—presto-chango—the P.O. was revived, the Commons became a student activity center, fully equipped with a coke machine, the cafeteria was transformed into a place that made eating a pleasure. Yes, the students always come first with Dr. Sayles. Their wishes are his commands. When you sit in his office in a red plush chair he may tell you about his cook or the hotel which he runs on the side or perhaps he will ask your advice on the kind of shrubbery you think should be planted around school. But whether he’s discussing what a grand bunch Myskania is or telling you about a new book he just read, you can’t help but feel at home in his presence. He’s the most dated man in school but if you’re lucky enough to find him home, you’ll enjoy talking across that broad desk and you’ll admire the toy menagerie on the bookcase. Perhaps someday you look up from your bench in the Annex when a slow grave voice drawsl “Things weren’t like that in my day.” Then in a flash that twinkling, wordless smile breaks through. You sigh, laugh heartily and return to your Latin trot. He walks you to classes, strums the piano in the Commons, joins in the conversation in the P.O. Yes, our Dr. Sayles is a grand all around guy.
In an office one door down from Dr. Nelson we are welcomed by Dean Stokes. It seems we students aren't the only busy people in the world and if you don't believe it drop in on the faculty sometime. We may find Dean Stokes busy with war work, campus chest, Russian knitting yarn or Campused Ones. Her smile puts us at our ease and her pet question this year has been "Who got married today?" We can appreciate that question not being able to keep track so well ourselves these days. Wood carvings and bridge are hobbies but here's a warning—she doesn't appreciate bridge players who don't finesse. We vow to come back soon as we leave the inner sanctums of our first lady.

Lady of leisure—momentarily

"I don't know why in hell I took the course —pardon my French," fumes McFeeley. Dean Nelson immediately snatches up a dictionary, thumbs through it, pauses, "Sorry, my boy, it's Anglo-Saxon." What can you say to a man like that? For this keen-eyed Dean of ours with a sense of humor as sharp as his ties knows all the answers. When the answer is no, you go! Fresh get curriculum tremors in the outer office but upper classmen learn that it's merely a trick of matching high eyebrows and they drop in just to visit.
And now for the delightful crew that makes up our "Profs." When we were lowly frosh we felt sure the upperclassmen frequented their domains merely to pull that C up to a B but when we became oriented we found that we liked to wander in ourselves, for our "Profs" sure were a bunch of "right guys." After a half year in Milne we could even sympathize with them or better still admire them because they are real people, a good advertisement for the teaching profession. We appreciate the fact that it isn't in every college that students have a chance to meet and chat with the faculty. The status quo of "wisomed minds" has not remained the same any more than has that of the student body. We welcome all
the newcomers and wish a fond bon voyage to Dr. Rienow, Dr. Sisk, Dr. Baker, Dr. Lester, Coach Hatfield and others now serving Uncle Sam and, of course, our own D.V. now a full-fledged college President at Cortland State Teachers College. In making a tour of the school we drop in on the gang that tries to make us into teachers—Dr. Morris—keeps 'em awake even at 4:30 and ministers to the maladjusted; Dr. Bick—offers tried and true advice; Dr. Kenny—gives latest reports on his Milne problem children; Dr. Hendrickson—photographed our movie; Dr. Hicks—always grinning and we love it—his classes are a lesson in democracy; and Dr. Hayes and C. C. Smith—philosophy and psychology with a southern accent.
Frequenters of Page Hall are Miss Futterer—first lady of State’s stage—she molds the “green ones” into surprisingly good material and there’s Dr. Hardy—runs from his stage set to his Shakespeare class leaving a trail of nails and paint behind—now off to the Armed Forces. Then there’s Dr. Hastings—can tell a joke in that unhurried British way—we love to hear that chuckle; Dr. McIlwaine—he’s “utterly delightful”—keeps us entertained with tasty details; tolerant Dr. Jones—number one morale builder for our men in khaki and navy blue—often extends similar services at the home front—unforgettable as Santa Claus; Miss Hopkins—breath control with a sense of humor—Shakespeare with a dash; Miss Koch—“Vogue” at State; Miss Peltz—

They aim to please
Our vitamin and stretch department—the frosh meet them early in their hygiene classes—Dr. Green of the oh-so-comforting manner—whether your trouble is physical or mental she’ll help you out and Dr. Dorwaldt who beetles genially at you through his brows. Miss Johnson and Miss Foster do the Procrustes act and they’re the people we do those 8:00 o’clock calisthenics for. We ought to include here our versatile biology professors who have come from haunts of bird and beast and flower to explain the intricacies of the human skeleton: Drs. Clausen, Douglas, and Scotland. Frosh are also acquainted with Miss Betz, Mr. Sturm, and Mr. Tieszen, who inhabit the realms of test tubes and odors. Dr. Lanford and Mr. Kennedy emerge from the lab occasionally and are viewed from afar off. Things we like: Dr. Andrews smiling at us in the hall, and our bowling enthusiast Dr. Power, beaming from behind his desk. The three S’s of the Spanish department—suave Dr. Childers, sweet Miss Preston, and sophisticated Dr. Dobbin. The latter two “parlement en français” also, as colleagues of petite Dr. Smith and Dr. (French a la Ireland) Mahar. “Du, liegst mir in Herzen” is heard through the halls from Herr Decker’s class room.
A glance into the Math office would reveal even-tempered Dr. Beaver discussing the unknown quantity with Dr. Birchenough, affectionately dubbed "Birchie" or Dr. DoBell, who can really take pictures, explaining the art of photography to Mrs. Fee, the one who marks down those absences in assembly.

If you get past the exhibits (art) on second floor Draper and our charming Miss Hutchins, you'll discover our Commerce department tucked away on third floor—Mr. Gemmell spending his leisure time writing a book; cheerful Dr. York and ambitious Dr. Cooper busy with the students' finances; Mr. Terwilliger entertaining with his anecdotes; Mr. Terrill and his sense of humor; and Miss Avery, our horticulturist.
Continuing our tour we give the Social Studies department a going over or vice versa. There are plenty of new-comers here, first of all Miss Acomb.

Also new is Dr. Forsythe, who has already won us over and whose Poly Sci classes and “milk bottle” speech have made dinner-table-conversation fame.

Next debonair Dr. Standing and Lieutenant Rice, State’s loss and Navy’s gain. Oh those ties! Dr. Stewart—historical dates with a cultural dash. Dr. Hidley—dry humor and flashy suits. Mrs. Egelston—twiddling the window shade and speaking over her shoulder to an entranced class.

The tour isn’t complete without taking notice of the building on the end. Those stained glass windows and paintings on the walls are so familiar by now. Of course, we are ever thankful to our decipherers of the Dewey decimal system, the Misses Cobb, Kirkpatrick and James.
STUNTS AND SINGS AND RAMBLY WALKS

FROLICS, DANCES, WEIGHTY TALKS
Bewildered and bewitched frosh basking in the warm friendliness of upper-classmen—sorority against sorority for luncheon dates with those newcomers—lower Draper breathing of rivalry—in the “Boul,” the seven gavel-swingers of each sorority genially discussing rules for rushing, silent period, formal week-end. Who are these masters of diplomacy who keep the sorority life of the campus on an even keel? Blonde-bombshell Brucker synchronizes things—let’s not say “greases the skids”, with Jan Smith adding the momentous decisions to her little book, and Lil Gross at the budget.
Ginny, Nan, Jane, and Honey comprise the rest of this snappy gang who really know what they’re talking about when it comes to getting the girls what they want. And so, safely through another year—watching the freshmen—not doing Poli Sci, but lingering instead over a ham sandwich at Peter’s or a pack of cigarettes in the Annex—dying to say “Hi”—but not daring—making Open House fun for all in spite of hurried house cleaning—and formal dinner the best ever—Hell Week the worst—saying that it’s an awful headache, but State must go on!
“It’s haunted” Aney will tell you. And the spook slaps wet wash clothes around. But that Quasamodo-like head swathed in towels is only Sandy with a cold. The wreath of pictures haunting Brucker as she looks in the mirror is merely Southwick’s Hansen. Never a dull moment but Smith sits brooding—how to get even with the guy who doesn’t do his dishes. Maybe it’s the ghost.

KAPPA DELTA

Aney  Carlson  Gale  McGowan, E.  Southwick
Baird  Carpenter  Griffin  Reed  Sprenger
Baxter  Clough  Hansen  Richards  Verrey
Bombard  Crants  Howel!  Sanderson  Wilson
Brinkman  Crumm  Kenny  Scudder  Winyall
Brown  Duffy  Kramer  Shoup  
Brucker  Elgie  Lively  Skinner  
Buyck  Ford  McGowan, A.  Smith  

NO PICTURES:

Crump  Harper  Mason  
Haight  Hines  Wood  

K  Δ
Bantham  Carey  Fitzpatrick  Malloy  Sabatini  
Beard  Carmany  Giavelli  Mather, J.  Schlott  
Beckerle, A.  Clark  Hennessy  Melville  Siraco  
Beckerle, H.  Cramer  Keehle  Now  Stengel  
Brumm  Driscoll  Kendall  Pallotta  Tymeson  
Bullock  Drury  Lulkowski  Pickert  Wolff  
Burkhard  

NO PICTURES

Fear  Hatheway  LoFaro  Mauersberger  Pohl  Skavina  

Crime Incorporated—Carmany, Lois, and  
Now—making life “hot” for the rest of the  
house—Slote and Bets dueting at the piano  
—Hope’s mystifying male menagerie—pin-  
up men—“Melville you glamour puss!”—  
Nora and Nat on sports’ sprees—bikes and  
bowling with the Chi Sigs (ask Flo)—  

Siraco’s Union claims that led to open houses  
—Wolfe on a diet replete with exercises—  
gavel-giving Pickert planning, pledging,  
plugging Psi Gamma—and who has a passion  
for Ty Power? “Of all the Greeks in our fair  
town—it’s Psi Gamma for I.”
CHI SIGMA THETA

X Σ O
Ethereal faces? "That's the Sinatra influence," sigh Smith Hylind and DeChene. There's O'Brien who plays all requests and cherubic Grog, "the Chaperon," dusky headed Curran with her six phone calls per night, plus the bejean ed and victorious football team starred by Abbie's streamlined passes. "To the hilt!" booms spark-plug Bostwick, sword in hand, till Latimer and Garfall toss her under the dresser. Dee and McGrath yell "Hey! The bedspreads,"—masterpieces of that elite and campuswide sewing bee. Lucky guy to be with this lovable, elfish crew who like most being merry.

Bostwick  DiRubbo  Groden  Leahy  Ramroth
Byrne    Domann  Hayes    Liebl    Smith, D.
Curran   Frank    Hoffman  MacDonald  Smith, E.
DeChene  Garfall  Hylind  McFerran  Smith, J.
Dee      Gerg     Kelly    McGrath, E. I.  Walsh
DeSeve  Gravelle  Latimer  Nolan  Willet

NO PICTURES
Beidl  Mather  O'Brien
Henk   McGrath, E. J.  Rappleyea
       Moody

25
“Puff!” went the oil burner and “flit” went Cohen after the mailman. At four in the morning the phone would ring and “Feldie” would chatter “Hello” to be answered by “What track does the 6:30 train leave on?” For A E Phi is Union Station with one number camouflaged. Specialties: Raymon’s snappy Lindy, Meltzer’s too-many-men-trouble, Teddy and Trudy’s “Little Menagerie,” PK’s two letters a day to Joe. “Malaprop Midgie” can coin words like a miniature mint and Kirsh can cash in on fire insurance. They’ll burn that place down yet!

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**NO PICTURES**

Sochin    Swartz   Swyer

A E Φ
GAMMA KAPPA PHI
Over Lake, over dale, we will hit the route to Quail, for there live those super Gamma Kaps. Whether it's dancing with jitterbug Ozzie, listening to President Honey on Monday nights, looking at house-president Dodie's wedding album in newly decorated "Little Hell," spouting Spanish or French with Smith and Rice, embroidering the next name on the traditional bedspread, or even giving 100% to Campus Chest—everything's fun at Gamma Kap. Point-permeated Heath mixing vitamins with menus and loving it—Gen's zoot-suit jackets—no need to "shake well before knowing."

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**NO PICTURES**

Earing     Ferris     Quinn
Chattering in the Commons, racing downstairs for their midnight snack, singing the songs that "Blakie" writes for every occasion, or clustering around Nan's chair on Monday nights, they're one in spirit. After vacations crowding into the little room on third listening to Stitt effervesce about how wonderful Christmas is—gathering on the sidelines to root for Gette and Leda and the rest of the team, they're one in enthusiasm.

Painting “Speed Limit” signs for formal week-end's Greenwich Village—laughingly approving of Rosie's blank verse and the delightful dance duo, Put and Del—the phone constantly ringing for Merhoff or Shay—Whitney and Casey's ardor over open houses—the whole crew's visitations to the U. S. O.—all these and more make the Beta Zeta shield the symbol of a friendly way of life.

Bailey
Blake
Brumm
Bushnell
Casey
Cornell
Cosgrave
Dunn
Fisk
Frey
Gale
Hasbrouck
Hayeslip
Hughes
Jens
Klock
LaSalle
MacKay
Merhoff
Offhouse
Shay
Smith, B.
Smith, E.
Sprague
Stitt
VanAllen
Weske
Whitney
Wilcox

NO PICTURES

Kranz
Lovecky
Putnam
Rooth
Ropke

B Z
PHI DELTA

Φ Δ

NO PICTURES

Barnhart
Davis, M.
France

Gould
Hill
Jacobsen
Lawton, E.

Meyers
Stepp
Vernoy
"I pass. How about you, old thing?"

Whoops! Card sharks Ludington, Myers, Boughton and Smith are at it again. What's this I hear? The sound of footsteps—future Phi Delts running pledge duties looking so cute in their little black beanies. We have midnight snacks a la Boughton and Smith—Ludington's case of the kidnapped kitten—Kippy's capers with piano and song to hysterie them—don't mind the jestures, she's just rehearsing for A.D.—not to mention Myers' prowess with pen, Elaine and Betty the house jitterbugs, eyeful Irene and glamorous Ginny, the room-mate presidents with priorities on Union and portable vics, bowler Hill and Helterline, cum laude—so stands Phi Delta's femmes. Lucky fellows those Med students.

Albright
Alden
Boughton
Breunig
Burton
Cleven
Davis, B.
Demos
Hamilton
Harris
Helterline
Jobson

Lawton, H.
Ludington
Marsh
Moschak
Myers
Reiff
Seymour
Smith, P.
Stryker
Stuart
Werner
Worsley

33
The chosen few

PIERCE HALL

Midnight snack
In order to get to Pierce Hall go up Western past Rice’s, past Wagar’s (unless it’s Sunday night) past the W.T. (hmm, too bad). Turn right at Ontario and there set back from the street is our beautiful colonial (well, it has pillars) abode. No, that isn’t the slaves’ quarters on the other side of the old plantation (Greek Theatre), that’s Sayles Hall. Come on inside and be entertained. Let’s go down this way to the Ingle and dance for awhile. What’ll it be—rhumba, waltz? Or do you want to relax and watch the struggle? If it’s bridge or ping-pong you enjoy the Ingle has it these days. The reek that greets you here is from time was when life was gay and only heads were visible. Perhaps you’d like to join the softball game in the big field between the dorms. “Come up and see my room.” It’s nice—bed, bed, desk, desk, chair, chair, etc. etc. All the comforts of home but don’t spill those ashes or you’ll pay with your life. “Sorry you have to go.” You can walk bravely down the front walk now. Times have changed.

“Every girl”

Workin’ up an appetite
A way to consume hours
"Strictly for the duration"—but in a feminine way, please. Oh yes, Sayles Hall Annex men dine there and McGlynn and O'Grady tempt lots of males to become admirers of the Nelson Room, but the glee club on third and Connie Zumba's matin serenades prove the femmes are here to stay—if only for the duration. But they’ve adopted one masculine element, a woman’s football team with Daly captaining and Coach Fancher as instructor. Who will ever forget that day when the Sayles Hall eleven, barely recognizable under thicknesses of shoulder pads, trotted onto the field to meet the Chi Sig team. Who ever saw a more exciting game—spectators non-plussed at the actual resemblance to football—cheer-leaders, water boys and Rosie Brock making flashy end runs plus gals being knocked out. Yes, it was a great game and lots of fun and we hope there’s more of them. Smythe and persistent Whipple scrape pencils to produce the twice monthly Saylesman, Jean Russell monopolizes the stooge room, talented Trop scatters her bright sayings about—
This is the group with frosh spirit that starts things—flu and chickenpox tops on the list. Twenty-four poor lonely upperclassmen try to keep things under control. Rivalry takes its place among the jitterbugs—Doctor, Cramer, Seymour and Brown “Lindy-ing” at the sing—Gordon and Gross putting heart and soul into the dance—Torchies Silvernail and Telian crooning to “Kitten on the Keys” with Boyer’s accompaniment—Pres. Roe expounding on “How to Keep the Dorm Quiet” to Tischler and Cooper who execute the orders along with “Santa Claus” Serabian. Who says women can’t keep things rolling, even if it is “strictly for the duration”?

Music, maestro, pub-lease

Exams are coming, tra la
Newman Hall—State Fair’s winner of a “Roaring Twenties” revue. “It’s okay—Joe sent me.” “Temptation” Lo Faro, vivacious ballerina Elsen, all contributing to a grand evening’s entertainment. Newman, the hall of no councilors, only Pres. Byrne and Donohue with the checkbook to keep peace and harmony. It’s the hall where the Frosh do all the work: “Any letters to be mailed?” “May I take your book back to the library for you?” “Hey, get me a pint of chocolate at the Sweet Shop will you?” That old home atmosphere prevails with the Irish maids and Mrs. “Van” preparing food. Sylvo, the janitor, always pops up at just the right time to adjust the heat in the room with the bay windows and to save Smithling and Johnson from an icy death.
Why, oh why do we all love BJ’s room? Could it be the full-length mirror or the McGrath-Straub entertainment that intrigues? There’s Taub and Olsen dancing after dinner, Viv and Sally raising the ceiling above Miss Dalton’s room, Sullivan’s and Dunlay’s attempts to revive Soph spirit, Moody of A. D. fame, Maggio and Coluzzi supplementing the singing Friday nights at dinner, bridge games with Fitzpatrick, Keele, and O’Neil, la nouvelle, always seeking a partner. No wonder the “Terrible Thirteen” enlarged its membership to include some of this peppy bunch. And last, to round out the old Newman spirit is Father Cahill, religious advisor and friend to all. Thus we have Newman Hall.
"Now look kids, menus must be in by Friday, and you can't have carrots again because we had them yesterday." Such is the life of Murph, house manager. There's something about the cooperative spirit that reaches down inside you. Ask any of the girls about that minstrel show when the whole house put on a black face. Things like Harper's "St. Louis Blues" and Walshie's "Shortnin' Bread" are classic now. A bunch of girls with an idea can put their heads together and acquire a piano and Lilienfeld and Waldron can play it. No, that girl isn't an Indian. She's just carrying a blanket up to the roof for a sun bath. The back yard is for picnics, easy suppers when the cooks can whip up a simple potato salad and iced tea and there you are. Or rather, there they are—thirty-five future teachers in shorts and slacks on a co-op picnic.
If you should happen to be touring down South Lake Avenue, past abandoned fraternity houses and the quiet park the sound of gaiety may unexpectedly reach your ear. Bring out your specks and peer to your left. There is a huge, rambling house and it doesn’t take long to discover that many girls inhabit it. That’s Wren Hall, in case you don’t go to college and can’t read the sign swinging over the porch. The spaciousness of the house affords the girls plenty of room to dance and have parties. That piano downstairs is an inducement to many a song fest. The girls chose Marge Worsley as their president. “Fun” is their password and slogan.
Yes, there's glamour in a mansion and Farrell House has it and more. Massive lawns for sunning come June, second and third floor landings with window seats for group hangouts, parties at any hour and any night, informality to the nth degree, chatty teas every Thursday from four to five, a president who emotes with "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams," and most important, the house nearest the school—all that's Farrell. It has added distinction as the only classical house, for its walls shelter the "Vestal Virgins" of State. Others like Haines, Carpy and Milne bring it up to date, with Snyder as mediator. The good representation of grads lends an impressive air to this topsy-turvy whirlpool of enthusiasts. Farrell is only in its Sophomore year at State. It's still the beautiful dwelling of former years but, after only two years at State, it has that look of belonging as all Sophomores do. Superfluous addition—under one roof—"Little Joe," "Leatherneck Laller," and "Handsome hunk" Crandall.
Gone are the days when 495 State Street echoed with the masculine yells of Potter Club members. Gone are the fraternity brothers but all is not silent within the house, and the Washington Park lilacs are still enjoyed. The co-op house into which Potter has been metamorphosed is manned by girls. It has an entirely different look and atmosphere but we wonder if the sedate activities of Stokes can ever efface completely the memory of things—like the hilarious baby parties of yesterday. We wonder.

NELSON HOUSE

Nelson House has entered the neighborhood of Moreland, and a very nice neighborhood it is. Both houses share the big vacant lot for softball games. Near the end of the year Nelson must have been a little tired of enthusiastic Morelanders bursting in to borrow the ball. Places where people were found studying—the back steps and the little Juliet balcony overlooking Madison Ave. Nelson also boasts a unique sound proof music room where it’s safe to play the piano without shouts of “Quiet hours!”
“Hillel welcomes Frosh.” “Hillel plans farewell party for Dr. Bamberger.” “Hillel sponsors salvage drive.” “Hillel—picnic.” “A variety of activities and a strong group” —Hillel’s goal and gain. Yes, this group of go-getters has really shown college a lot this year. Determination and ambition were the keys to the door of greater deeds deftly turned by President Ada. The door first opened with Frosh Reception when Phil Lashinsky gave his premier demonstration of double partner dancing. Many successful meetings followed with all the Jewish holidays celebrated in festive spirit. Opening wider the door revealed an installation banquet and a picnic with Hillel as the host of the Youth Federation of Albany which it helped to form. To open their door for all of State’s enjoyment and participation Hillel brought an assembly speaker, Rabbi Olan.

He was thoroughly appreciated by all the students and we remember “Obedience to law is liberty.” Yes, it was a busy year and an initial year for it marked the first steps in the rise of another strong, campus organization.
I got religion—you kids ain't

Frosh Club helps the new ones get started. At Frosh Frolic they’re loosened up with games—and coke. S.C.A. Chorus gets them in the mood for State College Sunday and the Christmas Pageant. S.C.A. services at noon have become a part of college life for us all.

S.C.A.

We’ve bolted sandwiches in the Annex and waded through snow to spend thirty peaceful minutes in the little red brick chapel. A highlight this year was the lecture given by Emily Kimbrough, co-author of Our Hearts Were Young and Gay. “Great Moments in Great Lives”—culture in a sugar-coated dose. Aftermath—lines of souvenir hunters anticipating autographs—and punch. Discussions between R.P.I. cadets and State women were arranged which proved very educational. Remember fast-talking, dynamic Captain Witherspoon, Chaplain on the Wasp? In March S.C.A. introduced a seven weeks series on comparative religions with Dr. Forsythe as first guest speaker. You know—Hinduism. You’ll find officers Baird, Frey, Hayeslip and Casey hard at work in the office, which boasts the only couch in the Commons.

Business minds
She’s got classes too

The pause that refreshes

NEWMAN CLUB

Square dancing and study clubs, Frosh tea and smoker and an Irish shin-dig, blood doning and printing a News (Hylind will say the latter two are the same thing!) and if we turn gremlin and burrow into a meeting we’d see Bostwick’s poker face adorning the head table (a brief respite from the bridge table) while De Chene reads hastily scrawled notes about Sister Mary Peter’s adventures in the Lounge. We’d hear Miss Goggin’s lively chatter on “Travel in Greece,” or Mr. Mahar’s “How the Irish Discovered America.”

Advisor and friend
At extra special times we might see Slackie auctioning gypsy ware and hankies while Sullivan outbid for all plaid ties. Or we might learn how many little gremlins to raise and how to bring them up. Are you a weenie roast gremlin who ummmms over plaid shirts, a yellow camp fire in the dark, smoke and warm songs? Remember the October picnic and Frosh bellowing "Life is Very Different" between swallows of coke in Newman's back yard—and the May picnic with Pat and Flo leading the "little puff puffs" song. And if you're susceptible to blarney you heard Bostwick say before March 17th, "Cream ale will be served Saturday night," and you rushed to buy a ticket to Harp's Riot and cut the Friday 4:30 rendezvous. Disillusioned? No. A drop of green theme had even fused through the beverage—Peg Dee wiped into the last musical chair, Flo knocked the L out of Kelly and all Irish eyes were smilin’—oh, you take life seriously? Then there was the Assembly speaker who taught us how to speak Chinese in one easy lesson and used Myskania and Dr. Sayles as back-drops for "the Arts." Then there is the kindly advice of Father Cahill and prayers in the silent, golden chapel. Any sensible gremlin would be tickled by Curran's remark, "Think we're wacky? Nooo sir. Basically we're serious."

Newman Club Council
The old order changeth giving place to the new P.O. in pale green, decorated by isolated bits of femininity. The News goes on. “I am just an everyday alley cat who wants to be peaceful what this place needs is a bloody revolution—kamerad.” Who hasn’t rushed to the rotunda of a Friday morn to see what turn the feud has taken. “To the Werie Dearies I should like to say that at least we have enough guts to sign our names to the crud we write.” “We’re feeling frivolous this week which, despite all rumors is the natural state of the above pictured femme fatale.” “Having been gazing more of late upon the posterior regions of ball number 8 rather than into the old crystal ball, we have gotten slightly out of touch with the infinite.”
Smoke never clears but underneath we know it’s the same old P.O. The News creates new memories despite: “Methinks at midnight, when all is dark and quiet, many a pensive shade must gather here to relive the old, gay, mad times in ghostly orgies. If there could just be one more orgy!”

A feud—words at twenty paces
September '43 and the Ped board has its first meeting. "We'll get the pictures taken early this year. 'Sign up by Thursday and don't forget to come'. How about a theme? Everybody think hard. Now here's one. Gee, that's wonderful! We've got to keep it secret remember. Nobody squeal. Dummy, dummy, who's got the—. Now there's a little job that we'll get out of the way fast."

All of you uninitiated who read this probably never feel a twinge. You wonder why you didn't get your Ped in June. Do you know there's a war on and people are starving in Greece? They're turning out guns and tanks on the old assembly line and the Russians are advancing on all fronts. That's what they told me in the shoe store when I tried to buy a pair of red loafers. How does the dummy fit in here? Well anyway it was important. And the ads... Boy, would we like to say to some of those stores, "Sir, State College will take its business elsewhere."

That would ruin 'em alright. But we haven't got the heart. Let 'em keep their old store. Maybe you think it's easy to take pictures. Did you ever try to get six people on the same spot within twenty minutes? Try it sometime. We dare you. And the copy, yeah. We call up the president of the Easyhour Club.

*Must be the Ped's out*
"What have you done this year?" "Why we really haven't got organized yet, (it's April) but why don't you call Mary Doakes. She's third assistant vice-manager and knows more about it than I do." Think we're kiddin'. The year draws to a close and before Moving-Up-Day the Ped board gathers in a murky recess and five heads meet over five pleasantly clinking glasses. Propagation of the species. Time bringeth all things. We see you in lower Draper fighting to get at the paper bound bundles of '44 Peds. As you sit on the peristyle thumbing through the pages we hope you'll feel that the Ped has captured many precious moments.
PRIMER

You kids never heard of "The Echo" or "The Lion." You probably don’t even remember the "Statesman." All three in turn attempted to be State’s "Pup." All three were condemned as failures and dropped in favor of the "Primer." You who have known only the war years of State look up some old musty issues and get a thrill out of what we like to call the grand old years of State College.

Therefore, the "Primer" is not new. It is carrying on a great tradition. It embodies the skilled artistry of State’s potential writers and we’re proud of it. We feel it could take its place beside any collection of its kind in the country. Humor—sure! Pathos—you bet! And poetry—of course.

You will find everything from fiction to non-fiction in the "Primer"—our literary annual. Under the guiding pen of Editor-in-chief Ryan it’s come a long way since it was created in 1942. All of you future Saroyans and Hemingways please take note!
And here are the kids who argue for exercise. "A heated debate filled with vital issues makes theories real and human and education becomes a part of life rather than a formal section of knowledge in the Ed. 10 book." (News, Feb. '44) Debate Council has been around, representing State at various colleges. Few opportunities were passed up this year in spite of worries about transportation difficulties. Observe closely. There were trips to St. Rose, Syracuse, Keuka, Hobart, Middlebury, Cornell, Union, plus some we've overlooked. There was a farewell party for Dr. Hardy.

**DEBATE COUNCIL**

His influence is missed far beyond the circle of Debate. Then there was a little self-sacrifice in March when Debate Council gave up its assembly program to the discussion of Student Council. It's been an active bunch this year who've upheld State's honor on the rostrum and those of us who attended debates here at school were amazed to find ourselves learning things in a most interesting way. Merhoff was head gal with Daly, Marsh and Rooth as fellow officers.

*One moment please*
D and A history may go down in Trece’s scrapbook in black letters but we’re interested in the “small print.” Here we commemorate a few Cuba Libres, Schoen’s butterfly net, Trece’s “slight of sleeve,” and Jan’s Navy attendant of all presentations. For instance, page one may say: “D and A presents the Ostas and the South American Way”—but we add the incident of the unstaged piano with radical Emilio demanding “Just get ten or twelve State men to lift it up.” Aftermath—The Ten Eyck—Hines added a few jive steps to Emilio’s vocabulary—Teresita sang “Under the Bamboo Tree,” Spanish variety. While waving good-bye from the train, a sudden lurch cast Emilio between life and death—or Putnam and Sprenger—for a last graceful gesture.
Page two: "D and A brings Louis Undermeyer." Punctually at 8:25 Louis strolled in and Aney cancelled the call to the riot squad. Afterwards a rendezvous at the WT where "He Asked Me for a Kiss" floated over glasses of milk. Page three: "D and A cooperated on the Christmas pageant." But we remember Liz and the temperamental light bulb—little hell in the midst of little heaven—. Page four: "Meeting notes—8:00 at the Boul, 12:00 in the Commons." Madame Crudface’s harem is where all salaam or eat paint brushes! Honey mouthes telling "Paglers" and Aney draws up miniature "Ultimatums." It isn’t the facts that count in history, it’s the personalities—queer or otherwise.
Music Council started out bravely this year with our popular Dr. Goggin and completed a very successful first semester. In February Dr. Stokes entered the Music Department and has been on twenty-four hour duty since. It’s not easy to remember all the things that Music Council has done this year, but we’ll try. There was the oh-so-charming Conrad Thibault, who sang encore after encore to an enthusiastic audience. Later in the year John Jacob Niles, male alto, stroked his dulcimer and sang “The Hangman” and “Barbary Allen.” Ros Ginsburg took over the orchestra and whipped things into shape for a spring concert.
Wolinsky's spectacular activity at the piano was a high spot of the concert as well as other evenings. The two hours of classical recordings in the Lounge were greatly appreciated public service features carried over from last year—State's haven for tense nerves. Do you know that we may expect a State song book next year with a really complete set of our favorites? One of Music Council's biggest accomplishments was a darned good production of "The Mikado"—return engagement of Dave Cronin as Poohbah. Marsh and Drooz directed—Snow, Turcotte and Alden starred. Gossip has it that the cast remained in convulsions during rehearsals. Could be Charlie. Good spot—Simon as umbrella carrier. Hot spot—television broadcast. For the first time in college history the orchestra accompanied the chorus and was enhanced by the presence of Dr. Merkel and his magic violin. The chorus managed to get in under the wire at graduation—in time to speed the parting ones. For us on that memorable day it was—well, soothing. Those responsible for all this activity—Wilcox, the efficient Prez who copped many more honors than Signum Laudis—Southwick, Alden, Snow, Drooz, Casey, Ginsburg and Wood. Music Council entertained us royally this year. It was a full program and it was enjoyed by all.
The women. God bless 'em. And W.A.A. tries to keep them in tip-top shape. It does too, in one way or another. If you bowl, your right arm swells to twice its normal size whereas, if you play basketball, you get knotty legs, and if you go in for tennis, you develop a permanent squint. That is to say—the tendency is there. It doesn’t happen to us because we know how to go about preventing these things. Perhaps our money gives out just in the nick of time (our team was tied for second too).

Up in the clouds

What form

One, two, three, lunge
Maybe we have a big helping of brain work that ties us up for the semi-finals, or else the courts are flooded for the last five weeks of the season. So, in the long run, we get our exercise in moderate, sensible amounts... just enough to keep us in that perfect physical condition for which State College women are noted. Good line that. You can almost roll it on your tongue. But why stand here rolling it on our tongues. We’ve got to start from the beginning and do this thing right. A certain columnist once said in her column, and it isn’t bad, “It’s a mystery to us anyway why it should be necessary to urge anyone to have fun. We just love having fun ourselves, but in the beginning one does let little things like sports whiz by. Our advice to you is to get into the game immediately.” Immediately would mean starting from the beginning in the fall. W.A.A. offers several sports employing things to be hit at this time—hockey, soccer, tennis, golf, badminton. Needless to say, each game is managed by a different set of rules and those who are really well acquainted with the above sports know also that the object which is to be hit varies in size and shape according to the game. At this time riding is also offered, which requires a horse, and archery employing bows and arrows (as in William Tell). (The apple not to be confused with the things to be hit in the above mentioned sports). Surprisingly enough the mixed tennis tournament was won by the men of State. Football reared its helmeted head this year among the female ranks and captured much enthusiasm. The Chi Sigs, most of whom learned the game in one night, won. We’ve neglected to mention Camp Johnston which has been such a restful haven for the girls, far far from the maddening crowd.

Athletic Association
Here a perfect myriad of activities is carried on. Not only hiking, skiing, bridge, skating, and baseball but the great sport of eating (no credits) is carried to its extreme point—that of gustatory delight. But to go on with our tale—W.A.A.'s winter sports consisted of basketball, swimming, lifesaving (note the order) bowling, badminton, ping-pong (snatched from M.A.A.), volleyball, fencing. In fencing the girls were foiled. Don't give us credit for that. Everybody says it. Cute though isn't it? Bowling was fun. Everybody bowled and Phi Delta copped the coveted trophy. Those who didn't bowl themselves loaned money to the rest of the team. This activity had a most enjoyable climax. Several weeks after the league games had been lost by your house you were sitting in the library trying to jingle an empty jeans pocket. You were mysteriously approached and handed ninety-six cents refund. Food! Lunch at the Boul! Life again! Last of all dawns the spring season. Come April and new sports are launched upon the balmy air. (Roll that on your tongue) Hiking, golf, softball, archery, riding (bike) (advocated especially for those of flowing locks), badminton, tennis, volleyball, riding(horse). Contests of strength were waged in basketball and softball between the men and women. Oddly enough both were won by the men.
The basketball game was poorly judged. Although the girls had undoubted superiority over the fellows on several points—that is to say, although they had unquestionably won an intellectual, aesthetic and moral victory—because of a slight discrepancy in the score, whereby the girls were a mite behind, the game was judged as won by the men. This year each group house also had a girls' basketball team and it was after a bruising and battering season that the Chi Sig team emerged victorious. The softball league, made up of interclass competition, was won by the Seniors. Thus ends a year in W.A.A. Men may come and men may go but W.A.A. still aims to preserve itself as exquisite specimens of womanhood, hoping that its efforts may not be in vain.
"Treasurers of all student organizations will please hand in their books by noon Monday to be audited"—so goes that well known bi-monthly announcement in assembly and so begins the long headache for auditor, Jan Shay, one of that group which manages State's purse. Secretary Lucille Gerg does a good bit of holding the purse strings aided by Professor York and Dr. Cooper. Solemn sessions of the board are convened every Wednesday noon to approve expenditures and discuss finances.
Math Club—the group of wizards who play nonchalantly with numbers. How can we who are completely outside the sacred circle know what goes on within? We can’t even speak the language. They are probably the kind of people who sit at the breakfast table and work out the puzzles on the cereal package. You who would mingle in a rarified atmosphere, seek out the fun-with-numbers club with Mary Kate presiding.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On bended knee amateur Einsteins murmur the oath of allegiance to “The Idol.” Initiation ceremonies require sharp noses. “Breathe deeply; identify this compound or pass on.” The tender nosed usually end up with a spasm of coughing and rainbowed fingertips as symbols of their failure. After this taste of Chem Hades old and new members gather in the Annex Cafeteria for the yearly banquet—lectures on photomicrographs, snowflakes, or “Sensemann Abroad”—State Fair House of Magic—explosives and excitement—Ev Smith calling meetings in the compound atmosphere of Huested—a mixture of universal laws and S.C.T. fun.

MATH CLUB

You figure it out
Fun and fundamentals for the fingers that fly over the typewriter keys and the minds that never miss in accounting—a rousing reception for the frosh—Cassavant weeping wildly and winning the suit—$250 no less—witnesses N. O. Good and Precious Stone testifying tactfully—the riot on roller-skates—and the miles of marching before a bus was spotted—enthralling evenings at the Capitol—court and congressmen the points of interest—business meetings under brisk Bucci—take a letter, Miss Falk—Dailey, a most suitable sub when Pres. Adelia can’t make it—a bang-up banquet in April—all year ’round frisky frolics for future faculty.

My dear, you haven’t taken Spanish? Why don’t you know that anybody who is anybody has had two years?—Pan-Americanism, Good Neighbor Policy and all that sort of thing. I prefer to take lessons via Cugat myself but there are those who find relaxation in Spanish Club especially during the showing of “The Wave” and Dr. Childer’s films plus talks by the ever-charming Dr. Stewart.
PRESS BUREAU

Always on the dash with a flash for a splash when another hometown kid makes good. Here's the gang which makes you famous, whether you make Dean's List, land a job, get chosen for Myskania, or just break an ankle. They're a quiet but efficient little dozen in their beehive office at the end of the balcony in the Commons. So, better keep your press card up to date and become acquainted with Director Adelia Bucci, Ass't Director Angela Wierzbowski, and Secretary Eugenia La Chanse.

"Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques, dormez-vous, dormez-vous?" Of course not—not during the snappy little get-togethers in the lounge—records of modern melodies en Francais—"Deep Purple" a la Boyer—Serabian, our "Maitre"—the Fighting French in films—Misurelli awing the frosh with her adept accent—La Chanse as Vice Pres.—refreshments too—ask treasurer Titterington—was that hall dark?—how about it Connie?—tangling tunes and tricky tongue twisters with los espanoles, and what's Noel in Mexico?—DeCostanzo wielding the pen—classic carols at Christmas—laughs and lively loquacity for linguists l'avenir.
“Let State remain unscathed though institutions fall before reforming, feminine hands.” You probably remember this plea from one of the men of ’44. However, one couldn’t exactly say that State has remained the same in any respect. Some of the differences are subtle ones involving personal conflicts and the uncertainties of a life founded on memories of other days. Most of the changes have been enforced ones brought

*Good things don’t always come in tiny packages*
formation of Student Council. This year's council was headed by President Pat, the second woman president in the history of the school. We will long remember many exciting assemblies with Pat wielding the sturdy gavel and spouting "Robert's Rules of Order" at necessary intervals. Hats off to a "prez" who really knew her stuff. Pat's colleagues, Wolfe, Putnam and the four class presidents made up the rest of the council. Next year, because the students desired greater representation, this group will be enlarged and given more power. For further information the class of '48 is advised to peruse the March issues of the '44 News. Student Council is our responsibility and our own personal association with the ideal of democracy.

about by worldly situations. Others are the result of direct plans put forth by the students in an attempt to make their college more perfect. Such was the source of the re-

Be it resolved that...
Freshman Class

Supervisory position

Oh my, that ratio!
The class of ’47—a great bunch. We from our dizzy, erudite height look upon the gay life you’ve led at State and sadly shake our weighted heads. “When we were Frosh—.”

Yeah, when we were Frosh. We’re not going into that now so be nice and listen while we mumble through our beards. From our distance we think of you collectively as the Freshmen. You basked in the back-yard of the dorm for a week-end. That softened you up for your entrance into college life. Then you swarmed into the group houses and everything you touched became peculiarly your own. There’s nothing like the room of a Frosh. Nowhere else in the world is there such internationality of taste. Not only in the faces of the “boys back home” and the banners, but your lavender bed spread and maroon rug. Watching you succumb to class spirit made the old glint come back into our own battle weared eyes. Your life isn’t easy and we don’t mean the Soph battering or the hair clipping. You have come to State at a time when its traditions are being preserved with more determination than enthusiasm. We’ve bored you with our stories of “the old days” but we like your stuff and ask only that you keep the ball rolling.

Now you tell one
Sophomore Class

Ace Down in the Hole

Three little maids at school are we
Scintillating, sincere, successful—Sophs. Want proof? Take a look at these excerpts from the diary of Susie Sophomore. October '43—“I went to a rehearsal for the Campus Day skit tonight—Mark Blunt yelling about the music and Sophs turning out in great style.” November '43—“‘Little Joey’ (frosh President) was almost scalped by the Terrible Thirteen and Peggy Casey had a narrow escape.” November '43—“We had an auction dance expecting a minute supply of males. Imagine our surprise when there were more men than women!” April '44—“We had our banquet tonight with C.C. talking on “How to be Popular by Playing the Autoharp.” April '44—“We gave our Big Ten musical ‘Till We Meet Again’ a tearful success with orchids going to Mike, Toni, Mickey and Liz. We made money too.” May '44—“Now we’re Juniors and we’ve got the rivalry cup. Those Frosh didn’t stand a chance. This year’s been swell—not all horseplay and hilarity either. We originated the Soph blood bank—remember Slackie’s ‘We don’t want your money. We don’t want your time. We only want your blood’?” June '44—“Here we are the Sophomores, here we are!” And they’re here to stay for a bigger and better Junior year.
Junior Class

Always on top

The draft board and wedding bells have narrowed the surge of the Crimson Tide. Co-ed is a word of yesteryear. Our dear Hinsie has exchanged college attire for khaki; Slote, Heath and Hall have turned in frat pins for wedding rings and headed South. But the numeral ’45 stands strong and sturdy as it moves up toward its last

Looking down on the world
place with Flo still perched on top.

Still we temper drowsy 8:10 Methods with a nine o'clock cup of coffee in the Boul and 3:30 Ed. 10 with a foam capped "tower" of brisk brew in the Mural Room. Still it's a majority of Juniors found amid casual gatherings in the Commons or smoky politics in the P.O. Though the days when the boys gathered around the mail-boxes to talk about "that last basket" are past, we have our memories. We are the class of the critical stage. We've lounged on the KDR bar of a Saturday eve, we've sung the famous ditties of SLS, and we've known and felt the indomitable buoyant spirit of old EEP. We've said "Good luck" and watched them go. We've seen them come back and rushed to shake their hands—found a steadier grip and a more mature gaze above the khaki or navy blue than above the old S of purple and gold. Another Moving Up Day, another Myskania—and we approach the thrill of being a Senior here. For now, after three years, "On '45" has become a part of us.

A Fellow on a Furlough
Campus Night

Another year, another Campus Queen
The school’s choice—Queen Pat
Beauty, brains and popularity
State picked an all around winner.
Seniors Aney, Herdman
Serbian and Wirosoff runners-up
Excitement and suspense for all
'44s year, '44s Campus Queen.
STRONG OLD ELMS

WILL SHIELD NO MORE
"And now the college is in the throes of another war. And Saturday another service flag will be dedicated. This flag will represent 499 service men and also 4 gold stars."
There was a star for all the fellows who would have graduated with the class of '44. It was a funny graduation without you. Who would have thought in the fall of 1940 that that wild bunch of frosh who stamped through classes and rivalry would ever finish up staid and respectable? Learning to correct a stack of homework papers without screaming is staid and getting a B in teaching is respectable. You know, we really were a wonderful class. Maybe it was our enthusiasm for living that put a golden shine on everything we did. You know, we were awfully lucky. We have such wonderful memories. We found State at its best and for two years college offered us everything to make life rich and good. In two years time our milk bottle minds really began to fill.
Maybe you can’t remember those Freshman History classes where you sat in the back row and slept, or Futterer’s Oral English and the empty feeling of facing thirty or forty grinning classmates. Just being at college was an adventure. It didn’t take much hunting to discover the Boul, Herbert’s, the Sweet Shop, Jack’s, Burt’s, or the fifth floor of the State Ed. Building, did it? Our Sophomore year was even better. We returned to college to renew friendships which were ties stronger and more compelling than all others. We sat tense and quiet in Page and listened to our country’s declaration of war. College shriveled to unimportance. From that day you began to drift off one by one. Does it mean anything now that we won rivalry? Look, maybe these old emotions seem trivial now but they aren’t to be despised because they have been replaced by bigger feelings. Don’t be ashamed of that old pride that sneaks into you when you remember how we yelled ourselves hoarse on Moving-Up-Day. A lot of you missed out on the 8:10 Methods classes and Ed. 10 at 3:30 on Friday.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE ERBSTEIN
PRIVATE MALCOLM EVANS
LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN HANSEN
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM MARSLAND
SERGEANT GEORGE MILLER
It took a lot of working over but they got us into shape for Milne. We came back to State last fall with unholy anticipation. You fellows should have been here. Facing an angry machine gun is bad but facing an angry bunch of little muscleheads ain't good. We wish you could have had the strange but wonderful experience of teaching. This year passed and we wrote you letters and waited for your furloughs. The News printed your name and latest address occasionally. If we dug up some of these old notices they would sound like this: “A line from Bill Mott who is still plodding along in French at Pomona College in California says that Rod Fraser is about 40 miles away and they get a chance to get together occasionally.” “In spite of our determination not to make this column ‘Who’s Who at the Altar’ people insist on keeping up the bourgeois custom of getting married. Jean Chapman and Earle Snow have joined the ranks.” “Stolbof, Erbstein and Terho left Seymour Johnson and are now at Yale.” “Paul Ferencik will graduate shortly and sport a little bar.”
"Ensign Hal Ashworth arrived to spend a well earned vacation after his graduation. A/C Bob Combs is at Shaw Field, Sumter, S.C." "Ray Verrey led Dot Townsend to the altar at Madison Presbyterian." "Verne Marshall at Albany Med—Bob White at Western Maryland College under A.S.T.P." Well, we graduated this June. It was funny without you. Those caps and gowns were all wool and darned hot. When we walked back to our seat clenching the old "sheep-skin" we exchanged weak grins. It was all over and not so bad. We thought of our class—255 in 1940, 122 in '44. Look fellows, you know we've missed you. We've told you what we've done while you were gone. We'd like to tell you what we've been thinking. Dr. Louis Jones told you that once, at Christmas, in a way that includes us all. Maybe you still have your copy but here it is anyway for us as well as you.
To all you who fly the skies, sail grey ships on greyer seas, who stand the watch in muddy fields,

To all you who do the dull, the thankless jobs at arms—

To all: greetings.

Peace in your hearts, however heavy-armed your minds,

Belief that this your task, humble or glorious, is one that must be done,

Courage, not for battles only, but for all decisions that plague the twisted life of man,

Remembrance of gentle hours, to hold close to the heart when yours is the lonely windswept time, and,

Vision that we who can lay cities waste with spreading fire and thundering bombs, can build stone upon stone a world more clean, more fair, more sure

Hope for days when the stumbling race of man shall near the hilltop, and look down upon a fair and fruitful valley—ripe with wheat and apple trees.

All through these days of war and death, I wish for you a tranquil faith
In peace and birth.
OPEN ROADS WILL
STRETCH BEFORE
Senior Class

Ain't cha comin' out

Happy New Year, Fred
“Gather near, give a cheer for the Seniors—” and you can bet that a senior will yell the loudest of all. Whatever the faults the class of ’44 may possess, false modesty was never one of ’em. No, no,—perish forbid! Through four incredibly short years at State, the Golden Horde has gone from triumph to triumph—and never forgotten a single one nor let any one else forget. And yet, perhaps, the Seniors will best remember other aspects of college, the things that gave State a different tone, more sober than the pre-war note—more significant too. We’ve watched scores of ’44-ers leave for service, scores whom we knew as friends, integral parts of the little world we’d built for ourselves. The singularity of our lot rests in the fact that we have never quite made the adjustment we were left to make, a thing that has been accomplished well by ’45 and even better by ’46 and ’47. For this adjustment we envy them. What we do not envy them are the memories we have—the early ones bound up in the careless trivialities. Nor do we envy them the memories born of this peculiar confusion, this lack of adjustment, for they are ours and ours alone. Let it be said of us that, although we never pierced the darkness completely, at least “we forgot the night.”
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Albany

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Albany

Jeannie Kafka  
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Albany

Marjorie Breunig  
*Phi Delta*  
West Berne

Herbert Brock  
Brooklyn

Helen Brucker  
*Kappa Delta*  
Utica

Adelia Bucci  
Schenectady

Margaret Byrne  
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REGIS HAMMOND
Middleport

BETTY HARPER
Lockport

SHIRLEY HARTZ
Gamma Kappa Phi
Callicoon

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Waterville

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Watervliet

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Alpha Epsilon Phi  
Troy
ANGELA WIERZBOWSKI
Amsterdam

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Beta Zeta
Unadilla Forks

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New Berlin

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
Campbell Hall

LOUISE WILLIAMS
Hancock

KATHRYN HERDMAN
Wilson
Kappa Delta
Lynbrook

MILDRED WIROSLOFF
Alpha Epsilon Phi
Stephentown

HARRY WURTZ
Albany
# NAMES WITHOUT PICTURES

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<tr>
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“And when it comes to pep and intellect you just can’t find a gosh darn si-in-gle de-
fect”—that’s the class of ’44. This year’s Myskania has followed ’44’s tradition by not just sitting on the stage every Friday morning and chaperoning every Friday night. They’ve done things for State. They’ve made Myskania an ideal to live up to—a functioning part of State from which flows an unsurpassed spirit. To them Myskania was a full time job and they have insured its worth as an honorary body at State. They’ve been efficient, enthusiastic, effervescent, entertaining (blue jeans), ebullient, efficacious—hey stop me! Kit, pert and petite, proficient with hockey stick or knitting needles—sparkling eyes outshone only by that big diamond—unique in that she is now a “Mrs.” “Queen” Pat—dear reading public, take a look at the News file and write this one yourself. So seldom a queen becomes president these days. Senior Pres. “Frankie” Shoemaker—pause for screams—can do anything—sing, sketch, blow a hot sax and ham. Trece, riveting expert—also takes emoting parts on stage—sings to—“Knock Me a Kiss.” Janet—a career girl—according to Janet—oh but Janet writes poetry and “comps” but well and shares the P.O. “Abbie” Domann—all round gal—bowls with a cannon ball but can scold Student Association without wiggling a finger. Eu-
nice—busy with S.C.A. and A.M.L. (air mail letters)—“S.C.A. women are you in-
terested in R.P.I. men?” “Cecil B.” Wilcox of Gondolier fame—one of “Tomorrow’s Teachers”—number one on Signum Laudis. Winsome but witty Stengel—editorials and mice, her dish. This was ’44’s Myskania—the tops—effulgent, ecumenical—State’s E for “Everything.”
Are these the heads that raise a thousand A's and (forgive me, I can't go on). Did you ever get an A at State? No! Sorry then you can't qualify for this elite group who has A's in the majority. The brains of State done up in pretty packages—we cheered them only once in Assembly but they don't have to wear green and gold ribbons to be identified. Who's at the other end of that curve from your C do you think? Well, here they are—the median raisers. Who would think Nan Wilcox would have time to look at anything but an opera score—she does. Evy McGowan, blond bit of brightness, obliges at the piano (Gay Nineties)... And there's Ethel, "my favorite teacher" Helterline and Jan—Dr. York's right hand. Signum Laudis' first bride this year was Ruth Friedman and some of us are expecting Mary Kate—They're a nice bunch if you like looks and books.
PI GAMMA MU

Ann Murphy tossing her dark feather cut, Morris flashing her diamond, rosy-cheeked Snyder dashing hither and yon for Hillel, and Marion chattering about her “adorable” seventh graders—these four head the “Thirteen Thinkers” of the social studies gang. They’re prepared to take over Prof’s classes when high snow keeps ’em home. Meetings are livened by chummy letters from Marine-member Ben Reed. Those gold wreathed keys are hard to get but they don’t produce any intellectual bumps. We know!

NO PICTURE
Reed
It may be a firecracker or somebody's Dad,
Or a word snatched from a Coca-Cola ad;
For they scurry about, they give advice,
And on third floor Draper add "refreshing" spice.
We of the Ped staff wish to express our appreciation to Dr. Do Bell for his help in making our '44 Ped what it is. Although he was plenty busy with his other duties he took time out to employ his skill to our advantage. We don't have to tell you which pictures are his for they speak for themselves. We can only say, "Thanks for everything. We'd have been lost without you."
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"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