1981

Saga 1981

Senior Class of SUNY Brockport

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From yesterday, we walked into tomorrow where it all begins.
New Beginning

SAGA 1981

Brockport State College
Brockport, New York

We have a new thing.
In which to enjoy.
It holds many promises.
Many dreams.

It has a life.
A feeling of its own.
A small sailing.

Let it grow.
Let it reach.
To its fullest blossom.
Giving off new life.
The theme of Brockport's 1980 Homecoming was Days of Future Past which in essence is today. The alumni memories of yesterday and the students dreams of tomorrow; give hope for the future.

This year's Homecoming was the best Brockport has seen in nearly a decade. It was sponsored by BSG, BARC, FSA, The Alumni Association and Residential Life. Homecoming '80 was coordinated by Pete Neville, associate director of the college Union and student activities.

Brockport staged its first pep rally/bonfire in a decade, the night before the Homecoming Football Game. In attendance was the Brockport Golden Football team and Cheerleading squad and the Brockport Golden Eagle Marching Band who made their debut performance earlier that week at the Panorama Concert featuring music from all the bands of the college.

The victory flag rose on Sat., Oct. 11, as the Eagles trounced the Red Dragons of Cortland State, 41-26. Not only did this cap off a successful week of events, but it also set a record for the most points scored in a game. They finished the season with a respectable 5-4-1 record.

The tremendous fan support at the Homecoming Game was one of the big reasons the Eagles performed so well. This year's crowd was the largest in Brockport's History - 3,350 people were in attendance. It's amazing what a little support and encouragement can do.

The Barge Canal is a great place for recreation. In the winter there's ice skating and snowmobiling. In spring there's canoeing and walks by the canal. In the summer there's swimming - if you dare. But in the fall there's the Float-a-thon and life by the canal is even more exciting.
Anticipation filled the air towards the closing of Homecoming Week. After all the lectures, shows, concerts and competitions, we were ready for the climax—the Homecoming Parade and Football Game.

One of the most successful parades, it started at the fire house and down Main, to Adams St., to Campus Drive and finally to the Special Olympic Stadium to meet the Cortland Red Dragons. Townspeople as well as students came out for this event.

Students from various dorms and Stage XVI, along with Brockport Alumni, assembled themselves and their floats with the theme of Days of Future Past in mind. Bobby sockers and spacemen filled the streets and they waved their banners proclaiming their allegiance to Good Old Brockport State.

This is the first year a Brockport State Band marched in the parade. The Brockport Golden Eagle Marching Band, headed by Ira Schwarz of the music department came in uniform, complete with drum majorette, riflemen and a victory song which was sung at the Stadium.

For those who participated in Homecoming '80 this year will be much remembered. The nostalgia of tomorrow is created in each today and the memories sown this year will be cherished in our future days ahead.
We are people,
That have entered
Through different worlds
To emerge into one.

We all have purposes
Goals and desires
That we can share.

We have come to learn,
Experience and grow
In the wonders of new friends.

We share dreams
Of peace and calm
That has added another
Dimension to our lives.

We all begin to know
And feel that there is
Something to see and
Be a part of.

So when we part
We know we carry
Some of everyone with us,
Both good and bad influences that
Make us old.

We have become one
In a spiritual sense.
Fun and Adventure
A smile opens many doors,
It increases our awareness
To new things around us.

A smile says hello,
How are you,
Care to share a thought,
A word?

Pleasant

A smile is the beginning,
An introduction
To new ideas
And perspectives.

Smiles

It adds definition
To the character
Meaning for the soul.

A smile inspires life
And brings it
To its fullest
Blossom.
We live with friends
Through many times
And light.

We live through
Good and bad experiences
Always growing
In each other.

We live
In both the
Heart and mind
In the every day world.

Let us live and share
Love, happiness
And sorrows
As friends of
The now and coming future.
Individuals

All with diversities of backgrounds and mind, blending together in the shaping of a future.
In winning
In losing
We learn
To overcome
All odds.
To Farm
Better
team
Unity
Understanding
And Spirit.
In practice, in play,
We develop
The skills
Toward perfection.
In the active moment of play, we find warriors, statists and perfectionists always ready and willing to perform.
BACK: Bill Miller, Carl Miller, Tim Etienne, Kurt Jaklisch, Ron Cappellazzo, Rich Mohr, Bill Mascato, Jon Endriz.
MIDDLE: Noel Pâgitan (Mgr.), Dave Decker, Brian Overacker, Franklin Ritz, Dan Orboz, Steve Gregg, Charles Remisky, Rich Buisanovets, Sean Boland, David Emmerson (Coach).
FRONT: Tom Finnegan, Mike Schlutsky, Ed DeGuzman, Larry Zuccheri, Pete LePore, Steve Sovetta, Walt Kopcik (Coach).
There is no mountain too high, no river too wide, no star too far when you have an attainable goal. Through practice, dedication and sacrifice, we have climbed that mountain, swam that river, gone beyond that star.
In extending effort,
To put forth our best,
We can not help but
Achieve our final goal.
Each challenge is met with enthusiasm, in both victory and defeat which aspires us toward greater heights of accomplishments.
People come and go,
Throughout our lives.
Some rather quickly,
While others linger.

They give us new
Perspectives,
Shape our habits, thinking
And personalities.

They add definition
To the character
Meaning for the soul.

Both good and bad influences
That make us bold.
People inspire life
And bring it to its
Fullest blossom.
In this memory,
We always smile
In knowing that
We had the chance
To belong.

For in life,
We experience
The experiences
We learn.

The opportunity
Is much appreciated
Being remembered
With special Love,
Tenderness and attention.
Days come and go,
Nights retreat into
The distance.
Some where in-between,
New friendships
Are formed.

Once that will hopefully
Remain forever,
New friends,
Offer the chance
to grow and learn.

They provide
New meanings,
Ideas and goals,
Forever broadening our minds.

They are a calming force,
Until we learn to laugh,
Work, cry, sing and
Play together.

New friends become old,
But those early moments
Are treasured,
Many days since gone.
We have traveled a short distance,
Our spirits have been freed,
Dreams, thoughts and horizons
Are as limitless as the stars,
We begin to feel strong,
Energy vibrates from within.

Limited and definite shapes,
Move in a realm of uncertainty,
We rule our destiny,
We search for knowledge,
That will make our world complete.

Complete with confidence,
To start a foundation
That will weather
Any storm.
We open our eyes, Heart and mind to New things around us. We expand upon our Dreams by realization.

That life does have Things to offer. No matter the race.

We have to be willing To accept and take it. The door has been Opened and a foot is Through.

Our lives have An undefined purpose, We have the opportunity. To shape and make it.

... To bring untold Happiness to a River of destruction. We are the key of life, That brings forth Our own existence.

We are a force, Human beings, We will mature And gain status.

Never forgetting From where we came, Understanding that Others soon shall Follow.

We'll blaze a path For others and Help the best we can.
In years ahead,
We begin to look back,
At pleasant times.

Those friends and feelings
Have helped us to grow
And experience,
To make us mature and sure.

To sing,
To laugh,
To cry,
To feel.

Filled with many good
Friends and feelings,
That provide smiles
In lonely times.

They provide us with
An assured past,
In which to build
Our future endeavors.

Is what it really
Is all about,
That’s right,
What it’s all about

Being together
With those
In the higher
Order of human
Expression.
Dreams of the future,
Have given way to a
Present reality.

Adjusting to this reality,
Is of the utmost importance.

We are offered a new challenge
In each of our lives,
How well we weather
The storm of our inhibitions,
Ignorances and stubborness
Willingly a role in how
Well we succeed.

Open eyes, heart and mind
Add a special something
That gives one a little
Extra to get over.
A person's world,
Has many doors,
Through which
Hundreds will Travel.
They will raise one's
Conscious level.

Forever forward
One will move.
To take his place
Among mortal men.
Always moving onward,
Stopping briefly,
To marvel at
What he has done.
Extend the bounds of a relationship, be brave, reach out.

To probe, is to say I'm willing to keep things going.

Unusual doings, and sayings make it even more worthwhile.

Relationships give peace of mind, attention and safety.

Never remain stagnant, always look to extend in new and deeper ways.

Surprises give warm feelings. The unexpected brings us closer.

Always grow in each other, to reach new heights.

They test bad times, weather both ignorance and inhibitions. Which will make them both strong.
Let us share
Love, Life, Happiness
And Sorrows
As friends of
The now and
Coming future.
GOOD DAYS

Good days,
Holidays
Special days
And those ordinary
Days in-between.

All add something extra,
To lives willing to learn.

Special friends
Unique people
Those odd balls
In-between
Give forth
Many experiences.

Looking Forward

Reality has found a place
In our existence
Things that need be will
Become.

We strive for achievement
Of goals and realities.
We strive to become
Known and respected.

We look forward to great
Expectations,
In future years ahead.

We know no failure,
A true veteran of the arts.
One can only see
Pleasant times ahead.
Being with long time friends can make all the difference between obscurity and one's sanity. They give one a pleasant reflection back into his past. They offer us a place of security and well being.

We can remember innocent times, filled with laughter and happiness. We can remember a time when caring and sharing were in the utmost part of our minds.

May friends of fond memories of long ago continue to warm our hearts in times of loneliness and fatigue.

**Feel Free**

We have begun our journey into a restful heaven. Peace of mind has been rewarded to us.

We feel free to soar like a bird in flight. We feel free to express our opinions on life.

We feel free to write the words we choose. We feel free to sing about our mornin blues.

We have a free spirit that roams where it pleases so free it has limitless horizons and goals.
Through the support
Of clubs and organizations,
We can hope to gain
A complete education
Of our college experiences.
Through interaction of
Personal messages
And contact.

In this way,
We can claim never to be
Ignorant of human involvement
Or self expression.

CLUBS
HEALTH SCIENCE

CLUB

FRONT: Kathy Arman, Adam Tyson, Yvonne Ass. Faculty Advisor.
BACK: John O'Neill, Cindy Grinn - Pres.


DANCE CLUB
LYING DOWN: Geoffrey Gross.
FRONT: Arthur R. Edocia, Sarah A. Stabile, Marilyn Cummingi, Kevin Hicks.
MID: Maureen Pleffier, Harry Goldberg, Marshall Chase, Barry Gilbert, Marvin L. Johnson, Ev Tupo, Nancy Casazza, Dante Johnson.
BACK: Warren Kozierski, Joel Simon, Chuck Higbie, Tom Bennett, Debbie Cantor, David Kalmowitz.
ABSENT: John A. Heisner.

WBSU
YOUR NEW RADIO
ALTERNATIVE

FOREIGN LANGUAGES ASSOCIATION

FRONT: Sandy Pinson — Treasurer, Sergio Vasile, Tony Aporta, Kathleen Sommers.
BACK: Deirdre Boller, Beth Campagno, Gordon Salow.
INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS ASSOCIATION
HISTORY FORUM

STANDING: Andy Zweig

ALTERNATE COLLEGE

FRONT: Harji Juna, David Bascome.
THE

STYLUS
TAU SIGMA PI
FRATERNITIES
SIGMA PHI RHO

ALPHA SIGMA ALPHO
SORORITIES
PSI BETA CHI
WE have soared to new heights,  
New dreams . . .

Only our future years, will determine  
How well we succeed.
One leg of our journey
Has passed,
We are now more able
To cope with the
Changing world...
These years have helped me to grow on the inside...

... Now we must learn to grow on the outside.
The experiences and Memories, will travel With us many days Since gone, both the Good and happy Times, that have helped Us to grow old.

In years ahead, We will look upon Such memories in Hard and lonely Times, that will Help to bring a Smile back to our Hearts.
The years I have
Shared with these
New found friends,
Will last beyond
This day and the
Next, providing
Me with the needed
Support in troubled
times, that will surely
Be ahead.

Through friends,
Through strangers,
We learn to cope
With the many things
Of life.
Thank you dear
Friends and strangers
For helping me to grow.
The key to my future, Exists within myself. I must take charge of My own life, And do the very best Job that I can.
Let our dreams become realities . . .

. . . Striving forever upward and toward the stars.
Yesterday I was a small child, waiting for knowledge . . .
I am a sun, that shall bring untold...
Our only limit in our lives, . . .
My foundation has been placed...

... It shall be my stepping stone.
Let's enjoy our last days...

... for tomorrow we go our separate ways.
The will and desire to succeed . . .

... Motorvates me in a never ending spiral upward.
Yesterday, we had simple dreams,  
We were mere children,  
Looking up at the adult world,  
With very wide eyes.

Today, those dreams are real,  
We are not those same children,  
We have become part of that adult world,  
With a very broad mind.

Tomorrow we begin our next life,  
As men and women  
Taking our places in the mature world  
With a self styled confidence  
All of our own.

In future years,  
We will be thankful  
For the times spent here,  
That have helped us to grow  
In our lives ahead.
OH!
THESE PLACES,

THE MEMORIES THEY SHALL PROVIDE!
Those are Many faces
In the crowd,
Strangers,
Friends,
Companions
All combining
Into one

FACES
Through faces,
We can view the
Changes of the
World through
Both smiles and
Looks of deep
Concern
There are many faces,
In the crowd.
All coming from different
Places,
Many races.

From these faces,
There is no place
We cannot go,
No sorrow or joy
We cannot see,
Nor any sensations
We cannot feel.

Faces are,
The world in view
Providing strange vibrations
Moving the soul within.

Faces become reflections
Of our own invisible
Past,
Giving us,
A looking glass self.
Open your eyes and mind,
The fortune you seek
Is contained
Within each of us...

... The memories you seek,
Are also locked within.
Use this book as a key
To years since gone.
SPECIAL THANKS:

The picture and word book for 1981 is complete. There is no more picture taking, cropping, pasting, editing etc. Saga 81, becomes past history. With this conclusion of Saga "81," this editor would first like to thank the students. Those that had the opportunity to buy one and those that had their picture taken to go into the yearbook. It was a long merry-go-round, but somehow it all got done.

The next group of people that this editor would like to thank is BSG. First the secretaries, who answered many phone calls and left many messages for me. Next year you will be better informed. I also would like to thank Bruce Seigel for all of his fine help and a very special and sincere thanks and apology to Tom Burns for putting up with this editor.

—The Editor

MORE THANKS:

This page has been set aside for all those people that helped in various ways to help make this yearbook happen. The first is Terry Hauer, who put me on the right track. The second is Norm Frisch, my yearbook advisor who will be even a bigger help next year.

Special mention: Photographers — Greg Jenkins, who contributed many fine photographs to this year's yearbook, Marlene Goldstein, a good worker and friend: Pete Milano, Gary Chichester, Nancy Casazza, Stephanie Barton, the Stylus, Alex Johnson and the many others that contributed to this yearbook.

There are countless others that have done a fine job for the yearbook, one in particular; Laurel Avery (I hope we can work together again) To all of you, a fine job.

Special thanks to Varden Studios, for taking all Senior and club photographs.

—The Editor
LAST COMMENT:

There is nothing more to be said, written, or photographed. A yearbook is created with and for dreams and high ideals. It has a special enthusiasm all of its own. It is ours to keep forever. Till this time and the next. Treasure these memories always.

— It would not have been possible for this book to exist, without the good work of Taylor Publishing Co. and the unique and special friendship of Steve Conners. Next year, this editor will go all out for you.

— The Editor