STATE MEN GET TOGETHER

AT SMOKER

Prof. Risley Makes a Hit

Last Thursday evening the Athletic Council called to the men of the faculty and student body at the first smoker of the year. A slightly representation of the faculty was on hand at 8 o'clock. About two score of all classes and faculties had the cards ready to greet them. On tables throughout the gym were packs of cards and cigarettes. Warmth and good tobacco were available.

The card sharks among the faculty and students enjoyed quiet little games, while those not so inclined found amusement in impromptu basketball games. After an hour or more of these indoor sports Dr. Power, chairman of the Athletic Council, announced the main feature of the evening, the speech program.

After being insufficiently introduced by the chairman, Prof. Risley, a national authority on football and a referee of note, gave a most interesting talk on the American College game. Besides being an expert's opinion on football, it was also a masterpiece of description. Prof. Risley must be something of a poet as well as a historian and athlete. His versatility of expression made a great hit with the fresh, History 2 people and incidently with everyone else.

Dr. Powers introduced. He expressed the ambitions of the faculty in hoping that State's prowess on the athletic field would soon spread to every place where college athletics are talked of. As president of the college he welcomed the men, especially the new men. He assured them that the whole delegation out of both and, dressed in middle and bloomers, hurried down to the dock, where for full sixty minutes, Don Duggert kept us practicing our college songs and one particular song with which we expected to win a beautiful silver loving cup. But you have not seen it! Well most reconsideration, we decided to leave it there that next year's edition might bring it home. When we were sufficiently belonged, we were permitted to go to breakfast. It was the fortunate ones at white button-down shirts, but if the lambs are, we were astonished for a half-hour trying to forget our hunger.

(Continued on page 3)

Sophomores Serve

Summons on Freshmen

Initiation to College Tradition Plan

As yet, the activities of the sophomore class toward intimidating '26 have not been remarkably noticeable. The loss of State's youngest class is still held proudly, and a good number of high school insignia adorn her person.

However, gigantean plans, the nature of which has not been revealed, are under way for the sophomore get­­-home meeting. This is scheduled to take place in the gymnasium on the evening of October 6. Miss Pierce and Miss Figgins will act as chaperons. The members of both classes are urged to avail themselves of this opportunity to show the strong class spirit and loyalty to college tradition.

Junior-Fresh Hike Proves Success

Schuyler and Yancee Doodle Houses Visited

About fifty freshmen and juniors assembled at College for their hike on Friday afternoon, September 30. After sitting half an hour for a few struggling freshmen and several lazy juniors, the hike started. After a few drinks and some talk, the hikers started for Schuyler Mansion, the house of State's oldest class, and Schuyler's Mansion is a great old residence, with a long history of college traditions. It was a relief to reach the Mansion where one could sit in the shade or wonder about the house, thrilled by the stereotyped voice of the guide saying: "And this is the room General Burgoyne occupied as a prisoner; and this nook was cut by an Indian tomahawk. Yes, girls, please notice —"

After everyone had marveled at the antiques, tried to open locked doors, handled the wool on the spinning wheel in the attic, and climbed up to the attic and the upstairs, we finally decided that we had a good time.

Dr. Clarke Addresses Student Body

Dr. Clarke, director of the State Museum, gave a talk in student assembly Monday morning on the place of scholarship in education. He explained with the help of many amusing jokes and anecdotes, the futility of trying to learn everything, and true happiness, was to accumulate all the worth-while wisdom of the post and present, and realize that one could never be satisfied with the amount of knowledge we have. The continual

(Continued on page 4)

STATE'S DELEGATES TO SILVER BAY

1922

Far up Lake George in a pleasant little cove is a spot called Silver Bay. To most folks this is merely a name, an ordinary place where tourist conventions are held; but to the seventeen girls who journeyed up there last spring and to the students and those who have gone there from other colleges, it is far more. It is rather a sacred shrine to which weary pilgrims may turn for rest after a famous day's journey, a place of fine weather, friendship and new friendships.

Every day was full of good things. The official rising bell rang at seven o'clock, but when Vic Peterson's alarm went off at six, Vic and Bill Kinney routed the whole crowd. The knee of State's youngest class is still held proudly, and a good number of high school insignia adorn her person.

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(Continued on page 4)

Y. W. WELCOMES 1926

Unusual Stunts a Feature

Y. W. received the Class of '20 on Friday evening, September 29, and what a splendid reception it was! Never did the freshman have so much fun and their junior sisters were not far behind. Y. W. surprised herself as a most charming hostess and as an entertainer—she is par excellence. Everything went off just right, and everybody enjoyed everybody else—of course, the Y. W. affair help in no small degree.

We did not mind the receiving line a bit. In fact it was a great hit to greet Dean Pierce and a few smiling faces of the faculty, of the rest of the freshman class and of the old-timers, and what could be more satisfying than bread and handshakes with old friends?

To make us more fully realize the "esprit de corps" of the evening Dorothy Haverstock, '23, entertained us with some music and who knows—real music! Music of the classical type, which was appreciated to such an extent that all synchedropics were absolutely forgotten for the time.

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(Continued on page 4)
At the receptions lately, when timid freshmen have pointed out an attractive senior and asked her junior sister, "Who is that?" they have been baffled by the reply, "Why, that's Grace Fox; she's on Myskania." Or when they come running back to a waiting junior to proclaim "I just met Betty Renner; isn't she nice?" they hear again, "Of course she is; she's on Myskania." In the hall they hear vague comments—"Dot has a new chain for her Myskania key," or "There goes May Wood—Myskania member." And naturally the freshmen wonder just what Myskania means.

Myskania, dear freshmen, is an honor society comprised of not more than eleven and not more than thirteen seniors chosen annually for high scholarship, leadership, college spirit, and general popularity. From the day they enter college these students have stood out for sincere effort in raising the standards of State College in any and every way. On Moving-up Day, when juniors become seniors, the new Myskania is chosen from the new senior class. It is in one of its highest rites, and every student is tense and still while the old Myskania members, one by one, choose their successors. And when Myskania has been chosen, it becomes a great and quietly active force in our college world. No one gathers its influence directly, but one always feels it when greater scholarships rise; when athletics, sports, and social events stand out particularly fine, clean, and happy; when college publications become truly literary; and when the spirit of sincere friendliness is most evident.

Myskania is not limited to any one fraternity. It appears at assembly, arrayed on the platform in cap and gown, with the Myskania key, symbol of the honor due, gleaming against the black gown. And when they appear before us we realize most deeply the pride of sincere friendliness is most evident.

S sometimes Myskania appears in assembly, arrayed on the platform in cap and gown, with the Myskania key, symbol of the honor due, gleaming against the black gown. And when they appear before us we realize most deeply the extent of their silent influence. We like to see them there. We would like to see them there every Friday morning. Why not? Let's ask them to come in cap and gown and sit on the platform every week this year.

MYSKANIA

Have you noticed Ulrich Nonner's (26) new hair cut? We hear that he was in such a hurry Friday that some friends trimmed him so that he would not have to wait in a barber shop. How about it, Neuter, more sued, less hair.

Father—"Are you sure he loves you? That isn't your money?"
Daughter—"He swore he worshipped me since he first saw me."

"Where was that?"
"At the beach last summer."
"Were you in a latching suit?"
"Yes, yes."
"It's after your money,"—Carneigie Puppet.

In days of old, when nights were cold,
A girl, whose eyes were a fetler,
If she had same, wondle boldy his band;
And think she was a heller.

"The cutest men—in fur coats!"
"The electric lamp."—Michigan Garnet.

"What if he did try to hold me?"
"He'll never notice it, dearie."
"She said you told her he told me?"
"Who is the cute one in front?"
"What If he did try to hold me?"
"We have to put on a stint,"—Arkansas.
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"

"Where are your Fine Arts notes?"
"I made my eyes look all teary—"
"Who is the eule one in front?"
"Who is the cutest one in front?"

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—Chicago Phinix.

SPECIAL CLASS IN INTER-MEDIERATE ALGEBRA

A special class in Intermediate Algebra for students who are conditioned in that subject will be held on Mondays and Fridays, in Room 201, at 3:55 P. M. The first meeting will be on Monday, October 9. The fee for the course will be $10. Students who wish to enroll must obtain their names to the Registrar at once and report at the class room at the time and place designated.

STUDY HOURS IN A SORORITY HOUSE

"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hair nets are not selling well."
"When I said that you really were here he sat down."
"He said that you weren't quite so swell."

"Mave and the sleeves are in."
"The co-ed has really some rights!"
"Just as we got in the den a"

"Tipped over right in the snow!"
"For the women's building, you know—"
"Honest her eyes were all blurry."

"Tipped over right in the snow!"
"Tipped over right in the snow!"
"Tipped over right in the snow!"

"We have to put on a stint,"—Arkansas.
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"

"The electric lamp."—Michigan Garnet.

"What If he did try to hold me?"
"Who is the cute one in front?"
"What If he did try to hold me?"

"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"

"Who is the eule one in front?"
"Who is the cutest one in front?"
"Who is the cutest one in front?"

"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"
"Hence we derive this theory—"
ROUND THE COLLEGE

The class in H. E. & Home Nursing, visited the wards and laboratories of the Alliany Hospital Thursday morning as a basis for further study of equipment in nursing.

Sydney Hall house organization elected the following officers for the year: President, Gladys Mersereau; vice-president, Joyce Dwyer; secretary, Madeline Piwo; treasurer, Adelaide Gruebouch. There are twenty-seven girls living at the house this year, under the supervision of Mrs. Slade, who is the social director.

Winifred Wemple, '20, was a guest at the Psi Gamma home, Wednesday evening.

Psi Gamma has as house girls this year Ruth Tefft, Mabel Jacobi, Queene Hanan, Glenam Rasmussen, May Wood, Clarissa Huyck, Katherine Shipman.


B. W. W. (Bill) Roper
Princeton Coach

Twenty-five years of football as player, fan and coach—and I am not sure which description fits me now—have convinced me that football is a mass game. It is not played by the eleven men on the field alone. Hour by hour, or thousand—by the whole student and graduate body of the institution, large or small, which those eleven men represent.

I shall never forget one of my early coaching engagements in which I found a college where the football atmosphere did not exist, and where I undertook to get along without it. Once was quite enough.

I do not like to remember what happened to that team, although as far material went I ought to have had a splendid season. There was from the first game to the last a clearly perceptible defect, which I can only describe as a masslessness. Although it was something less tangible than that: a failure, rather, to give the last ounce, to fight for the last inch, which was and still is an absolute necessity for a winning football team.

I have become convinced that it is a stark impossibility to develop a winning combination on the field unless there is or there developed a winning atmosphere in the institution.

Football demands courage, heart and lightning intelligence, but even these requisites will fail unless there is a winning combination on the field unless be keeps bis body clean and his lungs sound. But—let me whisper it so that perhaps next year we may have a better sleep than that night than on any other.

And then try to imagine the feelings of fifteen weary girls anxious to retire when they discovered bedsteads sans blankets, sans mattresses, sans pillows, in fact sans everything but a mattress and a spread. Two of our numbers had comforted all our comforts. But—let us whisper it so that perhaps next year we may have a better sleep than that night than on any other.

And so the days sped by, each one richer and fuller than the day before, until the last midnight came, when we discovered that there were so many places we had meant to visit, so many nooks that had become dear to us that we hated to leave them. But we comforted ourselves with the hope that perhaps next year we may all be permitted to go again to Silver Bay, and we are hoping that we may be permitted to take You with us.

PEARL KNIPE, '24.

STATE COLLEGE NEWS, OCTOBER 5, 1922

SILVER BAY

(Continued from page 1)

Breakfast over, we went to the chapel for morning worship, the most beautiful service of the whole day. You may begin to appreciate it when you hear that one girl said she loved to sit in the gallery for she could plainly see the prayers morning heavenward like smoke.

After chapel we had discussion groups followed by other meetings of various types, and then dinner. The dining hall was furnished with round tables just big enough for four, and usually two of us would hunk around until we found two girls from some other college with whom we would eat, thus making many acquaintances and hearing the news of other schools.

After dinner our time was our own and all varieties of recreation were available. Intercollegiate baseball and basketball games were staged; all the others to see which had most college spirit. State had it in abundance, but it was not easy to prove it when all the larger colleges had fifty or sixty delegates. But we had sixty next year. Then we'll show 'em!

As night came on we relaxed somewhat and all together we sang caroller day songs "Follow the Gleam" and "As we sing together heath old Sunrise Mountain. And the moon comes stealing near ever closer nearer we'll sing that cheer us.

We sing songs that cheer us, Silver Bay.

We see the moon rising over the mountain tops and gilding the calm smooth lake, and old Sunrise Mountain outlined against the sky. And we were fairly caught by the spirit of Silver Bay.

Then we flocked into the auditorium to hear some of the most able speakers in America. The messages brought to the conference by Dr. Coflin and Dr. Pasfield, both New York City, were helpful and inspiring.

After the evening meeting we had a delegation meeting in someone's bedroom or on the roof under the stars. Here Betty Remmer, our 'dele leader, passed on any bits of information she had heard at "dele leaders" meeting during the day, while the rest of the consumed ginger snaps and cheese, nabcios, cheese tidbits and any other edible thing we could buy, borrow or steal, to stave off starvation, and with blessings on the man who invented sleep, we sought rest either in the appointed rooms or on a shanty, gravel-covered roof and after some hours dropped off to dreamless slumber.

The most unique event was the dedication of a chapel in memory of Helen Hughes, daughter of Hon. Charles E. Hughes, the chapel holds only three hundred; so the girls who could not get entrance dressed in white and formed an avenue through which passed Secretary Hughes and his family, the leaders of the conference and the choir singing. "All Hail our King!" which was a beautiful and impressive ceremony that will not soon fade from our memory.

There was a humorous side to our trip as well as a serious side, imagine planning a party with your roommates, only to find all the refreshments, such appetizing things as crackers and more crackers, had been broken up and sprinkled between the sheets of your beds. Or picture, if you can, two girls, one quite tall and the other somewhat shorter, emerging from their room in one pair of slippers and one bathrobe and encountering, not a mad bull, nor a bear, but even a vino-faced matron, a huge night watchman with a manmooth spotlight.

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Don't Overlook Unpromising Men

It is of the utmost importance that the coach should certainly try to put careful and special effort on those candidates which includes every position of football players. The right football spirit in the atmosphere will bring out a squad of people—people who know a little about the surface of the game and are willing subordination of selfish motives to the cause of the team, which in reality personifies the school spirit behind it. And the coach who does not realize it is merely inviting defeat for himself and his team. But once the proper spirit is developed in the college, the job is half done.

Some of the best players ever developed were drawn from this class of candidates — men who made up the football team because of really slow development. Some fresh or sophomores were still well behind their mates in football knowledge and experience. Such men are sometimes slow to take hold on the field, and the first impulsive of a coach, overwhelmed with the distraction of trying to distinguish between a hundred strange faces, is to clarify his problem by eliminating them at once.

There could hardly be a more serious blunder. The experienced and confident player is sure of himself, while the beginner feels shy at the bit of it and needs encouragement, not only for his own sake, but for the effect on the rest of the squad and the undergraduate body behind it. No coach can afford to give any body a legitimate reason for feeling slighted. Such grievances damage the morale more effectively than anything else. Trying to pick an eleven on the first day or in the first week is impossible and unwise.