

# THE CONCORDIENSIS

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Monday, October 6, 1919

## To the Freshmen

"A word to the freshmen" is always a timely and favorite theme for the upperclassman, who desires to show something of the superficial result of his years of residence at college. There has been no dearth of such advice and information for the neophyte in the past two weeks, much of it contradictory, and this because different pedagogues endeavor to exemplify in their lives different phases of the value and purpose of a college education.

There is the type of student, as you will find, who devotes all his time to his books; at any rate, he devotes his time to nothing else. He aims at scholarship only, and having achieved it, is satisfied. If you seek his advice, he will tell you that the purpose of college is an intensive study of the several courses prescribed in the curriculum; only that, and nothing more. Remember his words.

Then there is the other type, who tells you that the fourth grade diploma is as satisfactory as the first grade one, and that the man who studies all of his time misses a lot of things which will be of more use to him in the future than a particular day's lesson. He'll tell you that there's a lot of knowledge not contained in books. He will doubtless subordinate the fame of the classroom to the fame of the gridiron, and place greater emphasis upon gaining the admiration of the student body than that of your class committeeman. Remember his words, also.

Everybody loves to give advice and you'll get lots of it. Some will tell you that you've lived your whole life wrong. They will assail your views of religion, of ethics, of every conceivable principle in your life, and try to convince you that heretofore you have been in error. Ponder their words, but don't act on the spur of the moment.

Whether or not you have realized it, your life to the present time has been controlled by certain momentous principles, which you will do well to adhere to until you find yourself. These laws, which have controlled you until now have not all been wrong; remember that. They were probably laid down for you by your parents, and a few short years of college cannot generate a mind capable of propounding a moral code of equal value with that one, which they have taught you is right.

Remember all you hear and see, and remember also that nothing comes of chaos. Don't be too quick to revolutionize yourself; perhaps there is no need of it. Observe what men of prominence are doing and see what bearing their daily demeanor has upon their success. If you are finally convinced that a change in one of your principles will be beneficial, then it is a moral duty for you to make that change. But don't try to remake yourself in a week. Your self-reliance will doubtless win more for you anyway than you will lose by non-conformation, and

while you may enjoy the safety of familiar ground.

As to the extremists mentioned above, neither is the ideal undergraduate. A prominent alumnus of Union College in an address to the students last year uttered one phrase, which it will be well for anyone to consider. He said, "Don't miss anything." It's pretty good advice. The men, who have risen to prominence in the world were men, who lived every minute of their lives. The students who "get things" in college are the students, who attend their classes regularly, who join clubs, get into athletics, and what not.

The student, who tells you that you must study all of the time is insulting the capacity of your headpiece. There is time for any student to get into college activities without detriment to his studies, and it is not alone his privilege, but his duty, to share in the burden of creating that mutable and visionary something known as college life. Yet your life here is a real life, and a regretably short one. If you want it to be one of present happiness and future satisfaction, live it right!

## Another S. A. T. C.?

It is not strikingly remarkable that one who knows or does not know would be led by observation to make the following statement, which appeared in a current magazine:

"No one familiar with college life is blind to the fact that college students waste the greater part of their time; this is true even if one admit what an important benefit of college life is the social contact established with other men of one's age." In continuing his argument for military training in colleges, the author concludes that "army life \* \* \* provides for every soldier a finer system of training than athletes generally submit themselves to in time of peace. A student in perfect health will make greater progress and waste less time in idleness than the average college boy as we know him."

That was precisely what every one believed a little over a year ago, and we take the liberty to state now that no one familiar with the S. A. T. C. is blind to the fact that it was a monstrous failure. Army life in itself is good training and for the average man it is more beneficial than college athletics. And it is generally admitted that despite the hours he wastes in idleness, a college education is beneficial to most men. Why a combination of the scholastic and military training shouldn't work out is pretty hard to disprove by logic, but the momentous fact remains that it didn't.

Doubtless the S. A. T. C. did turn out some good men, somewhere; but the very hint that it was to be reinstated at Union would turn out an infinitely larger number. The same opinion seems to prevail in all higher schools of training where the Student Corps were established, namely,

ly, that a motion to revive the system would be met by a unanimous "nay" from both students and instructors.

The average student does not get much rigid discipline, and might not be the worse for more. However, he does seem to receive a few lessons in self-reliance, which the bureaucracy of army life prohibits. Instead of a "thou shalt" or "thou shalt not," he is merely assigned. He may do it or not do it. He may spend his nights in study or in riotous living. No one is always watching him to prevent his delicate physical and mental mechanism from overwork or corrosion. As a result either may occur. No one will put him in the guard house, at any rate.

Loose and volitional as the modern plan of college life may be, as a training in the after-life for the great majority of men it seems to be better than the more rigid military discipline. The New York Times lately contained a list of officers, most of them generals, who left the service at the close of the Civil War and who, with one or two exceptions, were disastrous failures. Whether or not psychology could offer an explanation or not, it is useless to dispute. The facts are sufficient.

The facts are also sufficient to show that Union College is a much better college, a much more orderly college, and a much happier college under the leadership of its faculty, than it ever was under the command of military officers.

## THE MAIL BAG

### Self-Reliance

Men are gauged by others according to the estimate they have of themselves. There is that about the man, who believes he will win out, something in his very appearance, that gains half the battle, before a blow is struck. Obstacles that yep at the heels of the negative, doubting person, causing him to stumble at every move, fly out of the way of the energetic, confident, affirmative man.

Everywhere in the world, we see people of splendid ability performing the tasks of the mediocre, while in many instances the most brilliant successes are won by the men of only average capabilities. What is the reason? The former have not the faith in themselves; the fear of possible failure overcomes ambition, and the golden opportunity drifts on to the next fellow.

Meekness to a certain degree is a laudable trait. But meekness carried to the extent of self-depreciation, self-effacement is weakening; it is suicidal.

If you constantly think, "I am too insignificant for such a task; I am not as good as my neighbor; I haven't the talent to hold the position," you will lower your standard and your abilities and aspirations will stagnate.

The down-trodden masses in Russia and China are to an extent excusable for being imbued with the idea that they were not intended to have the best there is in this world, or that the beautiful things of life were reserved for those especially favored. For generations, they have been educated to believe that, and have grown up to feel themselves inferior to their more fortunate brothers or masters. In this condition of inferiority, they will remain until they are taught to realize that they may make themselves superior. However, in this country of unlimited possibilities, countless men and women, who are living mediocre lives could exalt themselves to positions of dignity, power, rank and wealth if they would but demand enough of themselves. Their foolish conceptions of inefficiency handicap them.

If you've lost faith in yourself, not a soul on earth can help you until your attitude has changed. Just try the experiment yourself, next time opportunity comes knocking at your door, and remember that a show of "brass" now and then speaks as loud as a show of gold.

## FRESHMEN

Follow the Sophomores and Upper Classmen to

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"In battle or business, whatever the game,  
In war or in love, it's ever the same,  
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto, 'Rely on yourself.'"

—Exchange.

## DEAR "ROSE"

(With apologies to "Dere Mable")

The Hotel Mohawk,  
Schenectady, N. Y.,  
September 20, 1919.

Dear Rose:

At last I'm a college man! I registered today. You always said you just adored college boys, they were so different; well, you'll see a great change in me when I come home for Christmas, girlie. I'll have a frat pin for you then, of course. I haven't quite decided just which frat I'll join yet—they are lots of them here, and I guess they all are darned good, and they all want good men. Since I was valedictorian of the graduating class last year at C. H. S.—I guess you haven't forgotten my oration on "The League of Nations?"—and a good all-round athlete, I'll have to watch my step or I'll be hooked before I know which one is best. I was talking to a senior yesterday, and asked him what he thought of the fraternity problem. He said if it were him, he'd go either Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Si. So I went up on the campus to look at their houses, but I couldn't find either one—everybody I met gave me different directions. But I'm going back tomorrow and look again—I want to be sure to pick the best house.

Besides, I saw by the catalog that most all the profs belong to either one or the other, most of them to Phi Beta Kappa—even "Prexy" does. You see that's what we fellows call President Richmond. If I join the same crowd as "Prexy" and all the profs belong to, I ought to stand in mighty good with them all, and it pays to stand in with your profs, Rose. But, Rose, don't think by that that I mean that you'd better too much; things are different in college than they are in high school, and I want you to keep away from that new French prof I hear they're going to have in C. H. S. this year. It don't pay to get too familiar with your profs, Rose.

I'm going out for football right away. We ought to have a darned good team this year. I'll probably play quarterback, though I can play fullback just as good. "Hal" Wittner isn't bad—he's played quarter for us last year—but he's getting old, while I am still young and full of pep. So by Thanksgiving I'll have a big garnet sweater with a big white "U" on the front of it—I'll let you wear it while I'm home, Rose. Would you like to?

I'll have a new address next time I write, for I'm just staying here at the Mohawk until I pick out my fraternity house. A letter sent to me addressed to Mr. Egbert W. Smythe, Phi Beta Kappa House, Union College, Schenectady, New York, will reach me all right, for I guess I'll go to Phi Kappa after all, since "Prexy" belongs to it.

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Patient men endure this while you can,  
For some of these are bad, but most are worse,  
No Milton of monumental fame,  
But mere prolific writers of bad verse.

#### TO THE FRESHMEN

Welcome, frosh, into our college,  
Treasure house of all the knowledge  
Of the World.  
Draw your breath and square your  
shoulders,  
For your path is full of boulders,  
Throught the gate.

Now our wisdom are we sharing  
That you soon may gain the bearing  
Of true men.

When at times of sophomore scrapping  
They believe they'll catch you napping,  
Tackle hard.

When for track or field they rally,  
Do not stop to talk and dally,  
Play your part.

If fair maids with smiles send you  
Luring offers to befriend you,  
Steal your heart.  
Spread your deepest books to bind you,  
After midnight let them find you  
Hard at work.

When they talk of Union's story,  
Mention not the high school glory  
Of your youth.

Men, don't judge by what's behind you,  
Show your worth.

He ought to know. It pays to stand in  
good, Rose.  
Be good, and don't do anything I  
wouldn't do.

Your loving friend,

EGBERT.

P. S.—About four hundred freshmen registered here today, so now I am in more ways than one a member of the 400. Ha, ha! Do you get it?

—E.

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### CLASSES SHOW ARDOR IN SCRAPS

*Frosh Win Idol, But the Other Honors Go to '22*

#### AIR ATTACK

*By Sophs Novel Feature; Police Interrupt Riotous Frolic*

The Union College freshman class succeeded in winning the annual Idol Scrap, which was held last Tuesday afternoon. The sophomores, however, succeeded in winning the cane rush and also the Salt and Tomato fight. The Tuesday scraps were the "grand finale" to a week of direful strife and combat in the streets of Schenectady and on the college campus.

The freshman class started the ball of combat rolling on Sunday evening, September 14th, when a small expeditionary party of future collegians effectively painted their numerals on the streets of the city, much to the wrath of the city officials, especially the janitors of the high school and library, two favorite points of attack. On Thursday of that week the sophomores started their campaign by organizing a punitive expedition. Two embryo freshmen were caught and put through a few of the usual stunts which the sophomore classes always delight in having.

On Friday night the war broke out in full earnest. The freshmen placated the town red with huge "23" signs. Later in the evening (or rather in the morning) the sophomore posters made their appearance in the form of fourteen points which the freshmen must obey to a man. On Saturday the sophomores were busy all day collecting their two "bits" campaign tax from all whom Mr. Dewey left with so much wealth.

On Saturday night State Street thought the "devil dogs" were showing how they captured the Belleau Woods. A grand battle, almost surpassing the massacre of 1690 and the grand melee of the Schenectady waiting room in the fall of 1917, occurred on the old canal bed. The filling in of the old Erie Canal furnished the underclassmen with a stampede ground which the upperclassmen never had the good fortune to have. A grand melee took place. At first the freshmen were rather timid in becoming better acquainted with the gravel and black dirt between State and Liberty Streets, but by force and their own overpowering desires this fear soon wore off. In a short time the spectators saw what appeared to be a battle crazed and shell shocked mass of Ethiopians rolling on the canal bed along side of Proctor's Theatre. But the struggle was short lived. The Schenectady bluecoats, led by Patrolman No. 18, took it into their heads that the combatants were disturbing the peace of this, our fair city, and, as usual, the riot squad had its way. The freshmen, especially, did not seem to possess any desire of spending the evening in a certain spot on Jay Street, so they boarded their truck with a few

sophomore prisoners and drove up State Street at full speed. The sophomores, who had had the previous honor of meeting the local police justice, were not so fearful. As a result they started in pursuit of the freshman truck, but a few blows of the dreaded nightsticks persuaded them of the virtue of a glorious retreat. So they proceeded on their way with their four first-year prisoners.

But alas, the dove of peace was not yet in sight, and the armistice of "Ambrose and company" was short lived. For the sophomores proceeded to the college grounds, where the rule of the "billie," made famous by Mack Sennett, is not so absolute, and where brute force is sometimes allowed to settle disputes which may arise among the underclasses. The sophomores decided that the "Old Gym" would be a good substitute for the Bastille, which had the poor fortune to be in Paris; so they took their victims thither. But their clippers failed to perform the object for which they were purchased, so the freshmen remained unshorned.

But if the second year men thought they would have undisputed sway over the campus, they were due for a surprise. For the freshmen, emboldened by the success, decided that they could force the embattlements of sophomoreism. An attack upon the walls of the bulwark of second year strength was greeted by an enthusiastic volley of tennis rackets, hot water, and the contents of fire extinguishers, which made a fair substitute for liquid fire, poison gas, and dum dum bullets, and other contraband of war. This failed to daunt the first year braves, although their numbers were beginning to thin. A mad rush and two of the sophomores defenders were in the hands of the green capped youngsters. But the battle was not allowed to come to a finish, worthy of its start. A few upperclassmen intervened in behalf of fair play and the code of underclass battles, which made the "Gym" a neutralized country (whose neutrality generally meets with the same respect as that of Belgium). The strife was over and an exchange of prisoners was held, and then both sides departed—in different directions, however.

Quiet then reigned on the campus until Tuesday. Of course, there were a few outbreaks of enthusiasm, but these amounted to little. Every one was too busy buying books and attending classes to bother with such "minor" details as the battles for which Union is famous. Classes were not even bolted, for the first time in the history of this institution.

But on Tuesday noon all armistices and other documents of the lily white dove of peace were abandoned in favor of the ruthless might of Ares and Pallas Athena. War was on. Any stray member of either of the two underclasses was dealt with summarily if he chanced to fall into the clutches of his rivals to the death.

At three o'clock the two antagonized classes were assembled on the college pasture with the blood of battle in their eyes. Both sides had a look of confidence; that of the sophomores arising

from experience; that of the freshmen from superior numbers. The whistle blew and hostilities began. The rivals met in middle field and went at one another with fury. But the age, born of experience, had the upper hand and the salt of the blase sophomores overcame the tomatoes of the youths fresh from the glory of high schools, and bucolic revels.

Captain Hanley of the football team leaped into the limelight, and his baseball bat became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." The bat flew up in the air and landed—sad to say—in sophomore territory. After a minute of furious struggle, the motley mass above the "cane" was pulled apart and the sophomores were seen to have twelve hands on the bat, while two was all that the first year men could boast. This gave the sophomores permission to carry an official cane during their last two years in college, for they had been sadly worsted the previous fall in the same battle royal.

Then the freshmen rushed for the Idol, the Chinese god which presides over the destinies of Union College, and receives as many coats of paint each year as the proverbial coat of Joseph had colors. The first year men took no chances, but immediately painted the god a brilliant red, which flaming color the second year men were unable to remove during the fight over its poshship still shines a gaudy red, which color it will bear until next Moving-Up Day, when another battle will take place for its dominance.

A feature, both novel and entertaining, was introduced into the scraps this year. This was the sophomore aerial bombardment of the college pasture with their fourteen points. These fell continually during the scraps in the lower part of the college grounds. A rain of salt also took place at the same time, but the salt evidently evaporated before it reached terra firma, as no damage was done by its deluge. It is to be predicted that aeroplane attacks will play an important part in the future attacks upon the unnamed god of Union College.

### FROSH TO MEET MANLIUS ON FOREIGN SOIL

Under the efficient tutoring of "Tubby" Rosecrans, the freshman eleven is rapidly rounding into condition. Every afternoon sees the huskies of 1923 working out behind the bleachers on Alexander Field. Tuesday afternoon, however, "Sol" Metzger had the Varsity lined up against them, and they offered mighty good opposition to the Garnet team. Although the line is light, it has splendid fight and they kept the Varsity on their toes from the whistle. Welles Winters, playing halfback for the frosh, made successive gains through the line, while Carpenter carried the pigskin up around the ends. Roger Patterson seems to be an end of exceptional calibre, as he smeared everything that had a semblance of coming around his end. "Win" Sherwood is working hard to get the frosh a good schedule, and to date he has secured games with Manlius, Troy High, and has good prospects of games with the Williams frosh and Mining School of Tarrytown. Other games are expected and a schedule published as soon as it is definitely settled. The squad is large and although there is room for much improvement, the boys of '23 have the fighting spirit that wins. The squad: Palmer, Read, MacBurney, Maccaig, Barrett, Adams, Reynolds, Howe, Friedman, Grupe, Gidley, Carpenter, Kintner, Hawks, Welling, Patterson, Mitchell, Gilson, Walford, Sanderson, Bartlett, Thomas.

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On Friday night the war broke out in full earnest. The freshmen placated the town red with huge "23" signs. Later in the evening (or rather in the morning) the sophomore posters made their appearance in the form of fourteen points which the freshmen must obey to a man. On Saturday the sophomores were busy all day collecting their two "bits" campaign tax from all whom Mr. Dewey left with so much wealth.

On Saturday night State Street thought the "devil dogs" were showing how they captured the Belleau Woods. A grand battle, almost surpassing the massacre of 1690 and the grand melee of the Schenectady waiting room in the fall of 1917, occurred on the old canal bed. The filling in of the old Erie Canal furnished the underclassmen with a stampede ground which the upperclassmen never had the good fortune to have. A grand melee took place. At first the freshmen were rather timid in becoming better acquainted with the gravel and black dirt between State and Liberty Streets, but by force and their own overpowering desires this fear soon wore off. In a short time the spectators saw what appeared to be a battle crazed and shell shocked mass of Ethiopians rolling on the canal bed along side of Proctor's Theatre. But the struggle was short lived. The Schenectady bluecoats, led by Patrolman No. 18, took it into their heads that the combatants were disturbing the peace of this, our fair city, and, as usual, the riot squad had its way. The freshmen, especially, did not seem to possess any desire of spending the evening in a certain spot on Jay Street, so they boarded their truck with a few

sophomore prisoners and drove up State Street at full speed. The sophomores, who had had the previous honor of meeting the local police justice, were not so fearful. As a result they started in pursuit of the freshman truck, but a few blows of the dreaded nightsticks persuaded them of the virtue of a glorious retreat. So they proceeded on their way with their four first-year prisoners.

But alas, the dove of peace was not yet in sight, and the armistice of "Ambrose and company" was short lived. For the sophomores proceeded to the college grounds, where the rule of the "billie," made famous by Mack Sennett, is not so absolute, and where brute force is sometimes allowed to settle disputes which may arise among the underclasses. The sophomores decided that the "Old Gym" would be a good substitute for the Bastille, which had the poor fortune to be in Paris; so they took their victims thither. But their clippers failed to perform the object for which they were purchased, so the freshmen remained unshorned.

But if the second year men thought they would have undisputed sway over the campus, they were due for a surprise. For the freshmen, emboldened by numbers, decided that they could force the embattlements of sophomorphism. An attack upon the walls of the bulwark of second year strength was greeted by an enthusiastic volley of tennis rackets, hot water, and the contents of fire extinguishers, which made a fair substitute for liquid fire, poison gas, and dum dum bullets, and other contraband of war. This failed to daunt the first year braves, although their numbers were beginning to thin. A mad rush and two of the sophomores defenders were in the hands of the green capped youngsters. But the battle was not allowed to come to a finish, worthy of its start. A few upperclassmen intervened in behalf of fair play and the code of underclass battles, which made the "Gym" a neutralized country (whose neutrality generally meets with the same respect as that of Belgium). The strife was over and an exchange of prisoners was held, and then both sides departed—in different directions, however.

Quiet then reigned on the campus until Tuesday. Of course, there were a few outbreaks of enthusiasm, but these amounted to little. Every one was too busy buying books and attending classes to bother with such "minor" details as the battles for which Union is famous. Classes were not even bolted, for the first time in the history of this institution.

But on Tuesday noon all armistices and other documents of the lily white dove of peace were abandoned in favor of the ruthless might of Ares and Pallas Athena. War was on. Any stray member of either of the two underclasses was dealt with summarily if he chanced to fall into the clutches of his rivals to the death.

At three o'clock the two antagonized classes were assembled on the college pasture with the blood of battle in their eyes. Both sides had a look of confidence; that of the sophomores arising

from experience; that of the freshmen from superior numbers. The whistle blew and hostilities began. The rivals met in middle field and went at one another with fury. But the age, born of experience, had the upper hand and the salt of the blase sophomores overcame the tomatoes of the youths fresh from the glory of high schools, and butcholic revels.

Captain Hanley of the football team leaped into the limelight, and his baseball bat became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." The bat flew up in the air and landed—sad to say—in sophomore territory. After a minute of furious struggle, the motley mass above the "cane" was pulled apart and the sophomores were seen to have twelve hands on the bat, while two was all that the first year men could boast. This gave the sophomores permission to carry an official cane during their last two years in college, for they had been sadly worsted the previous fall in the same battle royal.

Then the freshmen rushed for the Idol, the Chinese god which presides over the Jests of Union College, and receives as many coats of paint each year as the proverbial coat of Joseph had colors. The first year men took no chances, but immediately painted the god a brilliant red, which flaming color the second year men were unable to remove during the fight over its posh ship still shines a gaudy red, which color it will bear until next Moving-Up Day, when another battle will take place for its dominance.

A feature, both novel and entertaining, was introduced into the scraps this year. This was the sophomore aerial bombardment of the college pasture with their fourteen points. These fell continually during the scraps in the lower part of the college grounds. A rain of salt also took place at the same time, but the salt evidently evaporated before it reached terra firma, as no damage was done by its deluge. It is to be predicted that aeroplane attacks will play an important part in the future attacks upon the unnamed god of Union College.

### FROSH TO MEET MANLIUS ON FOREIGN SOIL

Under the efficient tutoring of "Tubby" Rosencrans, the freshman eleven is rapidly rounding into condition. Every afternoon sees the huskies of 1923 working out behind the bleachers on Alexander Field. Tuesday afternoon, however, "Sol" Metzger had the 'Varsity lined up against them, and they offered mighty good opposition to the Garnet team. Although the line is light, it has splendid fight and they kept the 'Varsity on their toes from the whistle. Welles Winters, playing halfback for the frosh, made successive gains through the line, while Carpenter carried the pigskin up around the ends. Roger Patterson seems to be an end of exceptional calibre, as he smeared everything that had a semblance of coming around his end. "Win" Sherwood is working hard to get the frosh a good schedule, and to date he has secured games with Manlius, Troy High, and has good prospects of games with the Williams frosh and Mining School of Tarrytown. Other games are expected and a schedule published as soon as it is definitely settled. The squad is large and although there is room for much improvement, the boys of '23 have the fighting spirit that wins. The squad: Palmer, Read, MacBurney, Maccaig, Barrett, Adams, Reynolds, Howe, Friedman, Grupe, Gidley, Carpenter, Kintner, Hawks, Welling, Patterson, Mitchell, Gilson, Walford, Sanderson, Bartlett, Thomas.

### GRADUATE COURSE IN E. E.

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