The Flag Scrap

A few weeks ago, after the Freshmen proved themselves victorious in a scrap with the Sophs, the student body began to conjecture as to the outcome of the forthcoming flag scrap and to wonder if little '98 would be strong enough or clever enough to avenge their defeat. So the hoisting of the flag was anticipated from day to day and with their usual alertness, the Sophs resorted to the old system of "staying up on watch" which was so faithfully made up of a few years ago by the terror of "61." But the Sophs watched in vain, however, for on the morning of October 17, about 2 a.m., a Freshman-like yell re- sounded through the stillness of the early morning. The yell heralded the fact that the Soph watchman was asleep, perhaps, and that the Freshmen had succeeded in hanging their banner. In a few minutes the whole campus was awake, and it is wonderful what we get in the house burning furiously on your door at 11 o'clock and, rousing the members of the council, says, "The scrap continued so, with spirit and enthusiasm on the part of both contestants and spectators, until the expiration of the fifteen minute time limit when the Freshmen were once more declared victorious. While there was less in fact than in past years the two rival classes are to be commended for having fought a good, clean and sportsmanlike battle.

Another Letter From The Trenches

Dear II:

Not the least exciting place in this land of crumps and win-banges is the road. It is not so close "home in the dark" in these regions. But rats, ammunition and a million and one things of Tommy's outfit ought days must go up to the line, and if you are with the Transport, you must go with it.

So about an hour before sunset you don your shrapnel helmet and sing your gas helmet's over your shoulder. All boots and spares you mount your horse and go and look for your limbers. Here they are packed with the bread, meat, vegetable, etc., for Tommy in the trenches, and don't forget the pepper and the salt. In the winter there are bags of coke, and "so he has bottles of rum." Who does not like his tot of rum on a cold day and a dancing heart. I am afraid the tear totaller sometimes breaks his pledge under these circumstances.

The Army Corp supplies all rations, and it is wonderful what we get in the most out of the way places. The French soldier opens his eyes in amazement and says, "Bon, bon! bon!" when he sees the rations issued to his British friends. But the English were always the beef-eaters of the world.

But to revert to the limbers! All ready, you give the order "walk march," and then after many groans and whoop and a few chains you are all on the road and rumbling along to the line.

After a time you begin to see that line mapped out with starlights, and the very part of the "thick of it!" as somebody called (i) you are surrounded with starlights. It always reminds me of the hunters in the wilds of Africa, who surround themselves with a circle of fire to keep off the wild beasts. Hence, wild beasts equal Huns.

Now we are passing through the village of XXI, a favorite waste of shells on rough and stormy nights. There is the ruined church standing amongst a pile of stones, and silhouetted against the sky. No east window or just a few scraps of stained glass remaining. A tower three of the four pines gone. A roof battered and with a great hole gapping in the middle of it. It is a pathetic sight, but you have no time to be sentimental. It represented a home in time of piece, but now it seems to stand and warn us of the horrors and cruelty of war.

We rumble along in the semi-darkness, while fittingly or the ghostly forms of lines of Transport returning, of odd bodies of men marching back to their dugouts. A spell of rows from the dreary monotony of the line. How mysterious they seem amongst the ruined surroundings! They seem like the spirits of generations haunting the place of their previous existence.

On we go! Crash! crash! and fifty yards in front you see the flash of shrapnel. You stop and draw into the side of the road for a brief space. Will they traverse up or down the road, or will they stick to the same place? It is a burning question. If they traverse towards you, there will probably be "snaf" said. Another volley comes, and it is further away, so you thank your lucky stars, wait until it appears to be all over, and then get on.

Here is a famous corner, famous because it is a favorite target of the Home Front military policemen and you and warns you against the road. "They have just been shelling at G!" "That's alright," you answer and rumble on. You are pleased to appear very brave and indifferent, and to imagine that after all the policeman is just trying to "put the wind up," (frighten you), while at the same time you can heart is in your mouth and your courage, if you have any, in the very depths of your shoes.

You turn the corner; there is a house burning furiously on your right, and there are no freemen trying to put it out. The force red glow is visible for miles and makes you realize that there is a war on.

Hello! What is that? Up goes your hand, (the signal to halt) and the limbers cease their rumbling while you go forward to investigate. It is a shell hole which is big enough and deep enough to get your horse and limber into, and it is right in the middle of the road. Can you get by? It is much jolting and rattling you drag your limber round the extreme right edge, with the right side wheels in the ditch, and the left side wheels on the edge of the crater. But you are, by and by, on your way again. After a time the holes become quite common, some are large, some small, and some are medium.

Here are some cross-roads! You hurry up, for it is never safe to stand at some cross-road at night in these times. There is often dirty work at the cross-roads. At last you reach the dump where you are to drop your rations. The 10th Blanksire or the 101st Machine Gun Company, are you there? There is much noise, the constant rattle of machine guns, the ominous pop of a hundred, one snipers, and the crash and bang of shrapnel and shells. Happily they are not in the dump tonight. You look around you, and you are surrounded, and you live and you fight and you go on. In the morning you are out on the lines, and you fight and you fight, and you fight. Fatigue! you drag yourself and your men and horses into your lines, unhock, attend to the horses, and tumble into your "dug" hole. You hop to heck that you will be allowed to sleep soundly, and that neither bomb nor shell will find your "billet" in your billet during the night. Chou-yi! Oi.

A. D. PHOENIX.
B. E. F.—France.

HOPSON MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM FUND

We acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions to date—October 28:

Student subscriptions ...... $63.50
Faculty subscriptions ...... 2.00
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Miss Electa M. Canfield ...... 2.00
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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

FOOTBALL PETITION REJECTED

On October 19, a petition for the revival of inter-collegiate football was presented to the Board of Control. The supporters of the petition hoped to secure two games, one at home and one away, to be played after three weeks or so, and rejected the petition. The Board of Control found no further information and rejected the petition.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has gotten some new music and is now meeting regularly on Wednesday evenings for rehearsals under the conductors of Prof. Fowler. The Band of Directors is planning a series of concerts to be given in nearby towns during the winter and next spring.

Mr. Miller has a new Plicher of 1917 model. His brood of "bugs" is growing. When asked why he bought this style machine, Mr. Miller replied, "It's the only kind I can get a Ford."

Nothing Flirtatious.

"See the sixth floor of that office building?"?

"Yes."

"That girl is waving her handkerchief at me."

"Come on, you uneducated chump. That's a man cleaning windows."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

UNDER THE LyrB TREE

What are these which are arrayed in white? and whence came they? Even so. The St. Vitus' Guild of Servants meets three times a day in Preston Hall and there serves the Ethiopian Vulcan and the winged goddess of the Chase.

We are informed by the silence on the top floor of Potter that A. D. Dimick's photognaph has not yet arrived.

Did someone swipe Prof. Gibb's jug of cider, No. How vulgar to swipe! But be that as it may, both jug and cider are still missing. May we suggest thumb-print or a class in printing?

1st Stude.—"Did you go to the Progressive Busta the other night?"

2nd Stude.—"No. I'm a Democrat."

Echoes from Commons.

"How did you like the golden soup we had for dinner?"

"Golden soup!"

"Yes. The kind with 14 carrots."

Correct!

"What is a Dutch treat?"

"To get out of the war zone into Holland."

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Children by the hundred were cast into rivers by their parents to save them from mortal suffering. A United States Consul reported that he saw refugees brained with clubs because they, when starving, clawed their guards for food.

Armenian professors in American colleges, with university degrees from European and American Universities, were tortured by pulling out their hair and beard and their finger nails, by hanging them up by the arms for hours and by beating. They were afterwards killed.

Comely women and girls have been in great numbers forcibly taken into Mohammedan harems. Jostles, towns have been driven to accept Islam to save themselves from death.

An eye witness of the atrocities states: "The shortest method for disposing of the women and children concentrated in the various camps was to burn them. Fire was set to large wooden sheds in Alildjan, Megrokan, Khachcheg and other Armenian villages, and these absolutely helpless women and children were roasted to death. Many went mad and threw their children away; some knelt down and prayed amidst the flames in which their bodies were burning, now shrieked and cried for help which came from nowhere. And the executioners, who seem to have been unnumbcred by this unparalleled savagery, grasped the infants by one leg and hurled them into the fire calling out to the burning mothers, "Here are your lions." Turkish prisoners who had apparently witnessed some of these scenes, were horrified and madly denounced at remembering the sight. They told the Russians that the stench of the burning human flesh permeated the air for many days afterwards.

"Everywhere comes the cry of cold and hungry people, mostly women and children. Stoves, you may say, there are none. All are half-naked. Mothers despair have put aside their babies, unwilling to look upon their pale, livid limbs. Tears have dried as they and their children were set on fire. Stoves, you may say, there are none. All are half-naked. Mothers despair have put aside their babies, unwilling to look upon their pale, livid limbs. Tears have dried as they and their children were set on fire."

Many of these exiles have been deported into the country which has been exterminated by the half savage Infidel Turks. The following is a short account from the report of the American Board.

"Of the two million Armenians in Turkey one year ago, at least one million have been killed, driven from the country, forced into exile, have perished on the way to exile or been deported to northern Arabia. The Armenians in the army were first brutally put to death; then followed those who had purchased exemption and nearly all able-bodied males above twelve years of age, were forced out from their homes with little preparation for the journey and with no shelter from the storms or protection from the cold or heat. A man following one of these caravans for twenty-five miles reported to a United States Consul that he counted over five hundred dead bodies on the road.

Armenia

Of all the distress in the Eastern hemisphere consequent upon the great war, there is perhaps none to equal that of the Armenian Christians at the hands of the Moslems. The Armenians, that ancient Christian race, is being exterminated by the half savage Moslem troops. Their suffering as illustrated in the above quotation, is intense. What are we as Americans going to do to alleviate this condition? An American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has been organized with headquarters at No. 79 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Messenger does not make a direct appeal to you for help, but it asks you, the reader, to consider the question, "Am I not my brother's keeper?" and answer it as you see fit.

"A Dollar Will Keep One Person Alive for One Month!!"

The alumni and friends of St. Stephen's who know and love the pleasing setting of our chapel. It was a monster of its kind, the stump, its branches some twenty-five miles reported to the American Board. It made aiful struggle for life this last summer and put out a few encouraging branches from its base, but these soon died and what had once been a thing of beauty on the campus, now an eyesore. Its rotten condition made it a menace to the passers-by and it was decided to cut it down.

The loss of this tree goes to emphasize the need of putting some new ones in. Some of the classes who have planted class trees in past years have refused to give up their trees. Those whose trees have died will do well to send funds for a new tree to Dr. Rodgers and so place a living memorial of their academic life where it would do some real good.

THE NEW GYM.

Fellow Students:

Are you backing the campaign in any way that you should? Are you making this campaign something which you are vitally interested in, something for the good of St. Stephen's? Is it for you? If you are not, you are not doing your duty by your college. The campaign is from the Hopson Memorial Gymnasium is not going to be a gymnasium for St. Stephen's Guild but for the entire student body.

We are glad to say that half of the student body realize this and have made their contribution. How many more have pledged that sum to be paid on a certain date? Still there are some who have neither pledged nor paid their subscriptions. Is this the right college spirit? This campaign will start in earnest this week when we begin to send out the Alumni letters in which we state that we have $106 on hand, which the students and faculty have given. We have the first hundred dollars safely deposited in the bank and we believe that the shortage of six dollars will be received before the end of the week. It will help the committee considerably if you will do your share and give us your list of names now.

The Hopson Memorial Gymnasium is something that we can make a reality if we all get in line and do our share. It cannot be a failure. The fact that the campaign is from the undergraduates, shows the world that they are alive and striving to do something for themselves. We are sure that by the next Commencement ground will be broken for the Hopson Memorial Gymnasium. Enthusiastically yours, THE COMMITTEE.

LOOKIN' BLUE.

Lookin' blue keeps sunshine out. T'wears your life from inside out. Never 'elps mankind a bit. Don't you think you'd better quit? Give yourself a better place. Show the world a smiling face, Then you will soon feel it too; That the world 'as smiles for you.

Taint no use o'lookin' blue; Others folks 'as troubles too.

Taint no use o'lookin' blue; Others are worse off than you;
LAMENT FOR O'CONNELL

I
There's gloom in the village; there's grief at the station,
Black sorrow is hung in the air like a pall,
For each habitation has lost a relation,—
O'Connell, the friend and the helper of all.

II
Ah! Barrytown, Irish in name and in flavor,
How cheerfully the avenues stand and how cold,
Where he that we mourn greeted each with a favor
The meek and the wealthy, the young and the old.

O'Connell the brother, friend, father, adviser,
Who gave of his heart, of his mind, of his soul,
Has left us all kinder and stronger and wiser
And warm with the blessing his life leaves behind.

So happy a star on his birthday was burning,
So nicely did Nature with Winter's combing,
They made of his character, talents and learning
A glow that on Barrytown ever will shine.

I see him the school boy, on grammars and speeches
At work with old Stillman to give him a start.
And ever a song or a lyric he snatches;
For Dan was a minstrel and a poet at heart.

Ah! school of the country-side, hope of the nation,
Small temple of Liberty, well spring of truth.
Here learned from the Fathers and taught to the Youth.

What names on thy blackboard must History's finger
In loving remembrance forever trace,
While the echoes of genius and eloquence linger
On young declamations that bellow the place.

O'Connell! The name has a generous thunder;
It rolled up and down in the ears of our Dan
He pondered his nameake's career; and no wonder!
O'Connell and liberty made him a man.

I see him the citizen, young and ambitious,
Yes, handomelv and versatile, steady and keen;
In the age before bards, the vicious
And drove over genius its deadly machine.

And happy the lot of a spirit so human,
Who missing all riches, all happiness found;
Who took to his bosom a motherless woman
And dwelt where the songs of the thrushes resound.

Tis joy in the cottage that lightens the labor;
This couple with babies of their own to be fed
Adopted the motherless child of a neighbor
And shared with the stranger the family bread.

Then Dan, all the trammels of business disdaining,
Established a primary school in his den;
The pride of his life were the boys of his training
Who passed through his office and grew to be men.

The Protestant, Jew or Italian, he'd take him,
And turn him towards decency, honor and truth
What 'ere he was born, he'd improve and remake him;
For Dan was the natural teacher of youth.

He sized with the courage that never fursook him;
The love for humanity glowed in his breast;
And thus in the world he set his feet;
And on the sweet hillside we laid him to rest.

The landscape laments, him, the mountains, the river,
The paths where in boyhood he wandered alone
Repeat in their beautiful language forever
He's gone to the land that was ever his own.

(Signed) JOHN JAY CRAPMAN.
Barrytown, N. Y., October 10, 1816.

BASE BALL

For the first time in the history of the institution St. Stephen's is going to have an Inter-collegiate Baseball team. Inter-collegiate baseball has been talked of for many years but the Spring of 1917 will be the first season to see a team backed by St. Stephen's men in the baseball field. Already a manager has been elected and is planning out a schedule which is to consist of all college games.

Coach Sialaire arrived on the campus this Fall full of enthusiasm. About a week after college opened he had called out the baseball men and was instructing them in various parts of the game. Sliding, fielding and batting practices were taken up in earnest. A fair number of men were out each day and from the way they worked the prospects of a good team next Spring are very hopeful.

Testative Schedule for the Season of 1917.
April 21—Open.
April 25—At home—Conn. Agricultural.
May 5—Open.
May 11—At home—St. Lawrence.
May 12—Open.
May 18—At Middlebury—Middlebury College.
May 19—At Burlington—U. of Vermont.
May 22—At home—Nerwich University.
May 25—At Potsdam—Clarkson Tech.
June 2—Open.
June 8—Open.
This schedule may be changed before Spring.

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