

MESSENGER

Vol. 23 No. 1 November 1, 1916

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THE MESSENGER

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 '19 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 use of a few years ago by "the terror of '16." But the Sophs watched in vain, however, for on the morning of October 17, about 2 a. m., a wierd Freshman-like yell resounded 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.

When once their banner was safely hung and protected by the rules of the Student Council until the actual contest might begin, the Freshmen retired for a few hours sleep. But they reappeared on the campus about seven o'clock and, rousing the members of their rival class, invited them to look at a large white sheet with the numerals 1920 which was flying gracefully from a branch of a tree about a hundred feet west of Aspinwall. Very soon the Sophs assembled at the place which was to be the scene of action and appeared to be busily studying a plan of attack. At exactly 7:30 the signal was given to commence the onslaught. The Sophs, each one apparently having picked a man, made a concerted attack upon the Freshmen who carefully guarded the tree. But stimulated with their "superiors" the Freshmen determined to enact a like conclusion. Immediately after the clash, every man was rolling on the ground and the combat took on the appearance of a typical wrestling match. Enthusiastic and anxious as they were to become the captors of the banner, the Sophomore efforts were individually and successively repulsed. Within a few moments the fate of the Sophs was sealed. Occasionally one of them managed to free himself and make a rush for the tree but at such times the Frosh had only to direct their surplus forces whereupon the Soph was again compelled to suffer the humiliation of being sat upon.

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 action 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 H———:

Not the least exciting place in this land of crumps and wiz-bangs is the road. It is not nice going "home in the dark" in these regions. But rations, ammunition and a million and one things of Tommy's outfit nowadays 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 sling your gas helmet's over your shoulder. All booted and spurred you mount your horse and go and look for your limbers. Here they are packed with the bread, meat, vegetables, etc., for Tommy in the trenches, and don't forget the pepper and the salt. In the winter there are bags of coke, and "yo ho ho bottles of rum." Who does not like his tot of rum on a cold day in a old dugout? I am afraid the teetotaller sometimes breaks his pledge under these circumstances.

The Army Corps supply 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 friend. 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 geeups and whoas and rattle of chains you are all on the road and rumbling along towards the line.

After a time you begin to see that line mapped out with starlights, and in our part of the "thin red line of khaki" (as somebody called it) 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 E——, a favorite haunt 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 pinnacles gone! A roof battered and with a great hole gaping 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 against the horrors and cruelty of war.

We rumble along in the semi-darkness, while flitting by continually are the ghostly forms of lines of Transport returning, of odd bodies of men trudging back to their billets for a spell of rest from the dreary monotony of the line. How mysterious they seem amongst the ruined sur-

roundings! They seem like the spirits of past generations haunting the place of their previous existence.

On we go! Crash! crash! and fifty yards in front you see the flash of a volley 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 "nuff 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 Boche. A military policeman stops you and warns you against the road. "They have just been shelling at G, sir." "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 only trying to "put the wind up," (frighten you), while at the same time your 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 firemen trying to put it out. The fierce 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 horses and limber into, and it is right in the middle of the road. Can you get by? With 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 on you go. After a time the shell holes become quite common, some are large, some small, and some are medium.

Here are some cross-roads! You hurry by, 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 105th Blankshires or the 100 1st Machine Gun Company, are you there? There is much noise, the constant rattle of machine guns, the continuous pop of a hundred and one snipers, and the crash and bang of shrapnel and shells. Happily they are not in the dump tonight. So you persuade yourself, until suddenly phut! phut! phut! and you duck your head unconsciously, though probably the bullets are yards above you.

So it goes, until all the rations are unloaded and distributed, and are on their way to the line. Then you turn about, and get along home as much speed as is polite and allowable under the circumstances. Tired and "tres-

Autumn Masquerade

On Saturday evening October twenty-first, a masquerade was held in Preston Hall. In spite of the fact that number of students were away from the Campus that week end, the affair was very lively and entertaining. Some of the costumes were cleverly devised from almost nothing, while others were created from many commonplace trinkets, so that the banal became the romantic in performing its new office. Trunks were hastily ransacked, sheets torn up, curtains torn down, and, in fact, everything from shaving brushes to lamp shades came into action. Cowan as a ballet dancer made a great hit, as did Keedwell in the role of a Spanish girl, and Arnold and Mignogna as Mohammedans on a Turkish carpet. Cassius Hunt as "Lady Bracknell," Willie Parker as "a sweet girl," and Pfaffko as a cross between a Christian and a Chinese bishop, were popular. Other clever creations were, Mason and Lew as prize-fighters Keen as a negro, Kearn as a Japanese, Lyons as a divine goddess, Steele as Fatima, Dickerson and Beach as nuns, Donovan as a Cardinal, Chandley as a militant suffragist, Kitts as a German girl, and Griffin as Count de Bum of the Green Sash. Mr. Cameron in his Edward Sixth costume gave a Ruth St. Denis dance. The evening was a pleasant one, and it is hoped that another masquerade can be arranged for the mid-winter.

New Business Manager.

On Monday evening, Oct. 23, the Messenger Board elected Leonard Steele '18 to fill the vacancy in the office of Business Manager caused by the resignation of Drury L. Patchell '18.

fatigue" you drag yourself and your men and horse into your lines, unhook, attend to the horses, and tumble into your "flea bag." You toast to luck that you will be allowed to sleep soundly, and that neither bomb nor shell will find their "billet" in your billet during the night. Cheery! Oh! 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	21.00
Miss Inez Gardner	2.00
Miss Electa M. Canfield	2.00
Rev. C. M. Dunham	2.00
Mrs. James Kidd	5.00
Mr. Peter Troy	10.00

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The charges for Tuition, Furnished Room, Board, Heat, Light, commencing 1915, for new Students, will be \$425.00 a year. The College is easily reached from the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Station at Barrytown. For further information address.

The REV. W. C. RODGERS, D. D., President's House,
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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

READ THIS.

The following was cut from "The Rio Grande Rattler," published weekly at any old place in Texas, by the N. Y. Division, United States Army. The copy was sent us by MacLiesh (Larson) Sp.

"GUTS"

The thing of all things that has carried more individuals to success and more hosts to victory is that quality known vulgarly, but expressively as "guts." It is not mere enthusiasm, nor courage, nor persistency, nor valor nor bravery. It partakes of all these things but it differs in some respects from all of them. It is the quality that took the ten thousand Greek mercenaries, hundreds of miles through a strange and hostile country and made them sing and beat their shields as they fought and conquered a five fold enemy at the gates of Babylon. The intangible something that works sharply the distinction between men and mere human organisms, between kickers and backbiters and soldiers.

To the man with "guts" the transition from a pen to a pick is an incident; from a bed to a 'dobe bunk an adventure; from a walk on the avenue to a hike in the cactus, a pleasure; from a tea car to a mess tin, a picnic.

This life here breeds "guts" and red blood! Smile—and take hold as if you were here forever! "Guts"—is a consummation that never failed man nor organization of men.

And let us add, that this idea of "guts" is just as applicable in college or in your business as it is in the daily life on the Mexican Border.

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 of practice. About half of the old men and the greater part of the new students signed the petition. The Board of Control found no new factors of importance in the matter, the whole case for and against football being essentially the same as in the spring, 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 conductorship of Prof. Fowler. The Board 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 Fliver 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 a Ford."

Nothing Flirtatious.

"See the sixth floor of that office building?"

"Yep."

"That girl is waving her handkerchief at me."

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

UNDER THE LYRE TREE.

What are these which are arrayed in white? and whence came they? Even so. The St. Vitus' Guild of Servers 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 Abe Dimmick's phonograph 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-prints or a class in printing?

1st Stude.—"Did you go to the Progressive Busts 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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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 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 Islam, 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. After this the remaining men, women and children were sent out upon a journey of months, mostly on foot, to the arid regions of Syria and northern Arabia.

These helpless, hopeless refugees 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.

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, crowded 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. Entire 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 Alidjan, Megrokam, Khaskegh 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 amid the flames in which their bodies were burning; others shrieked and cried for help which came from nowhere. And the executioners, who seem to have been unmoved 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 maddened 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 in despair have put aside their babies, unwilling to look upon their pale, livid limbs. Tears have dried from their eyes and words of complaint been silenced from their lips."

Many of these exiles have been deported into the country which has since fallen into the hands of the Russian 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. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Messenger does not make a direct appeal to you for help, but it asks that you think seriously about the question, "Am I 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 scenic beauty of the campus will be sorry to hear that the huge chestnut tree that stood in front of the sacristy door along the chapel path, has been cut down. This venerable patriarch of our tree family was perhaps a hundred years old and had always seemed an integral part of the pleasing setting of our chapel. It was a monster of its' kind, the stump, where it was cut through, measuring

almost six feet in diameter. It made one fitful struggle for life this last summer and put out a few encouraging branches from its base. These however soon died and what had once been a thing of beauty on the campus, became 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 and whose trees have died would 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 the way that you should? Are you making this campaign something which you are vitally interested in, something for the good of St. Stephen's? If you are not, you are not doing your duty by your college. The gymnasium is something for us all, which will help St. Stephen's grow and therefore something for you to be interested in.

This campaign is being conducted by St. Vincent's Guild but just because you are not a member of that body is no reason why you should not do your share. The Hopson Memorial Gymnasium is not going to be a gymnasium for St. Vincent'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 of \$2.00. 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 showing the right college spirit?

The 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.
 Dwarfs 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 soon will 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;

Keep your troubles out o'sight.
 Other folk 'ain't got no right,
 To be injured with yer groan;
 They 'as troubles of their own.

Lookin' blue won't 'elp you 'igher;
 Lookin' blue will not inspire;
 Lookin' blue shuts up the scroll,
 Hides the music in your soul.
 Lookin' blue is awful rot
 Makes you want, what you 'aint got.

Just look 'round a bit and see
 Blessings shower'd on you and me
 All the world will smile on you.
 Aint you 'shamed o' lookin' blue?

Voice—Is this the weather bureau?
 How about a shower to-night?
 Prophet—Don't ask me. If you
 need one, take it.—Stanford Chaparal.

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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 cheerless thy 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.

III

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

IV

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

V

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 mistrel and a poet at heart.

VI

Ah! school of the country-side, hope of the nation,
Small temple of Liberty,—well spring of truth,
Where our ancient traditions with proud veneration
Here learned from the Fathers and taught to the Youth.

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

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

X

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

XI

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

XII

Then Dan, all the trammels of business disdain,
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.

XIII

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.

XIV

He toiled with the courage that never forsook him;
The love for humanity glowed in his breast;
And thus in the midst of labors God took him,
And on the sweet hillside we laid him to rest.

XV

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 CHAPMAN.
Barrytown, N. Y., October 10, 1916.

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 Sistaire 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 practice was 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.

Tentative Schedule for the Season of 1917.

April 21—Open.
April 26—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—Norwich University.
May 25—At Potsdam—Clarkson Tech.
June 2—Open.
June 5—Open.
This schedule may be changed before Spring.

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