Another Letter From The Trenches

Dear H——:

Not the least exciting place on earth is a shell hole, with a few things going “home in the dark” in these regions. But rations, ammunition and a million and one things of Tommey’s morning 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 sling your gas helmet over your shoulder. All hands and spurred you mount your horse and go look for your limbers. Here they are packed with the bread, meat, vegetables, etc., for Tommey 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”. Does not like this, to rum of a cold day or cold dusk? I am afraid the few tots sometime 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 a pious and whose rattle of chains you are all on the road and rumbling along towards the line.

After a time you begin to see that your map is gone, with starlings, and in our part of the “line of khaki” (as somebody called it) you are surrounded with starlings. It always reminds me of the hunkers in the wilds of Africa, who surround themselves with a circle of fire to keep off the wild beasts. Hence, wild beasts equal Huns. So you get by! signal was given to commence the advance, and it is right in the midst 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, and 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 are on them, white to see at the cross-roads. At last you reach the dump where you are to drop your A. D. and forth or left, while at the same time your heart is in your mouth, and you suffer, perhaps, that you have any, in the very depths of your shoes.

You turn the corner; there is a shell hole 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, and you go. After a time the shell holes become quite common, some are large, some small, and some are medium.

Fatigue! you drag yourself and your men and horse into your lines, unhook, attend to the horses, and tumble into your “flea bag”. You coast to luck that you will be allowed to sleep soundly, and that neither bomb nor shell will find their “billlet” in your billet during the night. Cheers! Oh! A. D. PHOENIX.

Mr. Peter Troy ........... $105.00

No. 2

Vol. XXIII

ANNADELL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., NOVEMBER 1, 1916.

AUTUMN MASQUERADE

On Saturday evening October twenty-first, a masquerade was held in Preston Hall. In spite of the fact that number of students from the campus that week end, the affair was very lively and entertaining. None of the costumes were very elaborately 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 swaddled, shoes torn up, certain 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, full of pride and dignity, and Mohammed on their Turkish carpet. Cassius Hunt as “Lady Bracknell,” Willie Parker as “a sweet girl,” and Piafro as a cross between a Christian and a Chinese bishop, were popular. Other clever creations were Mason and Lew as prize-fighters seen as a negro, and women. Kearn as a Jake girl, Lyons as a divine goddess, Sible as Fatima, Dicker- son and Beach as nuns, Denovan as a Cardinal, Channley as a militant suffragist, Kitts as a German girl, and Girvin as Count Dracula.

The women's masquerade was the pleasant one, and it is hoped that another masquerade can be arranged for the mid-winter.

New Business Manager

On Monday evening, Oct. 29th, the Messenger Board elected Leonard Steel ’18 to fill the vacancy in the office of Business Manager caused by the resignation of Drury L. Patchell ’18.
St. Stephen's College Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

Incorporated 1860. A Church College which gives a sound education in Liberal Arts, and in a beautiful, moral, and physical surroundings, prepares young men for their life work. The curriculum is arranged to meet modern conditions and requirements. The woodworking is "thoroughness."

Faculty

The REV. WILLIAM C. BODGERS, S. M. A. Cantab., D. D., President.


JOHN C. ROBERTSON, M. A., University of Virginia, Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, Hoffman Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

EDWIN CARLETON UPTON, B. S., University of Maine; M. A. Columbia; Litt. D., St. Stephen's. Professor of English Language and Literature.

ROBERT GILCHRIST ROBB, B. S., M. A., University of Virginia; D. D., St. Stephen's. Professor of Mathematics and Science.

HAROLD LESLIE GIBBS, M. A. (Brown), Acting Professor of History and Sociology.

The charges for Tuition, furnished, rooming, and board, amounting to $650 a year. The College is easily reached from the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station at Barrytown. For further information address THE REV. W. C. BODGERS, D. D., President's House, St. Stephen's College.

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 afford."

Picture Stories

"See the sixth floor of that office building!" "Yep."

"That girl is waving her handkerchief at me."

"Come on, you unsung hero. That's a man cleaning windows!"

Nothing Flirtatious

"The kind with 14 teeth!"

"Yes."

"It's a Dutch treat!"

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

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 Ethio­pean Vulcan and the winged goddess of the Chase.

We are informed by the silence on the top floor of Potter that Al{{Dim­nich'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-print or a class in print­ing????

1st Stude.—"Did you go to the Progressive Bats in 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!"

G. W. Veach. Phone 37-F-12

Economy Garage

Raymond's Art Shop

When in Poughkeepsie

Buy Furnishings At

Lucky, Platt & Co.'s

MEN'S OWN SHOP

Corner Main and Academy

Right from the Street into this Department.
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 fugitives that had braved with half naked 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 from their homes 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, Khashagh, 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; 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 forced to watch 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 habits, 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 they have never seen. Their sufferings 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. 75 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!!

Almost six feet in diameter. It made the utmost effort to get away but the mud was too much for it and it was put down into a shoe and the mud was put in around it. The same thing happened with the last shoe.

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LAMENT FOR O'CONNELL

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

Ah! Barrytown, Irish in name and in flavor,
How cheerless thy avenues are, and how cold,
Where he that we mourn grieved 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 purse, of his mind,
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 solely did Nature with Fortune combine,
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 over a song or a lyric he anathesized;
For Dan was a misrel and a poet at heart.

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.

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

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 the vicious
And drove over genius its deadly machines.
- And happy the lot of a spirited woman,
Whom missing all riches, all happiness found;
Who took to his bosom a like-minded woman,
And dwelt where the songs of the thrumming resound.

X
'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.

XI
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.

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

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

XIV
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 Stuteville 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 good.

Tentative 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—Norwich University.
May 25—At Potsdam—Clarkson Tech.
June 2—Open.
June 8—Open.

This schedule may be changed before Spring.

When you see a merchant's Ad in THE MESSENGER, it means that he is a man of honest goods and measure. Patronize him and by so doing help yourself and THE MESSENGER.