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Plans Baseball for the Spring
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Ensign Koch also here to Complete his Course

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The Mail Box
[“Why should we throw away our traditions?”]
William A.M. Parker

St. Stephen’s College
Faculty
Under the Lyre Tree
I Wonder:
The S.A.T.C.
Fortune’s Favorite
What Else Could Happen
Easter Vacation Shortened
In The Enemy's Country

By Wilson

It is with pleasure that the Board announces to the Alumni that this Commencement year returns to its customary place in the calendar, and is set for June 9th-11th. Judging from the failure of many of the class to return to Annandale last year (due to the early date of Commencement), a large majority of the "old boys" should grace the campus this June.

Freshmen Dance

1922 PROVES CAPABLE HOST

Huts were taken off to the Class of 1922 on the evening of February 28th, after they had very satisfactorily entertained the college at the annual Freshman Dance. The affair was of course remarkable in many ways, but chiefly because it was the product of an overnight growth, as it was, for the organization of the Class had taken but a few days to become a success. And the resulting dance was a mark of good team-work and efficiency.

In accordance with tradition, the affair was held in Ludlow. The class had chosen as colors, blue and white, and the decorations were carried out on that scheme. In addition to blue and white streamers and paper decorations, frazzling and class banners were pressed into service, and the Freshmen succeeded in presenting the college aspect of the event, while, at the same time retaining the individuality of 1922.

Music was furnished by Schotttag of Kingston. Refreshments were served during the intermission, and the reluctance with which the dancers retired at 2:30 was proof enough of success.

The patronesses were Miss Cruger, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Upson, Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Kallenbach, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Kidd.

HUNT RETURNS TO COLLEGE

Ensign Koch also here to Complete his Course

Cassius H. Hunt, one of the first St. Stephen's undergraduates to enter the service, returned to the college on February 26th. Considered as our first "hero," he was welcomed by the faculty and the representatives of the undergraduates present, and was accorded with a "Long St. Stephen's" from the assembled undergraduate body and proceeds immediately to his quarters in Aspinwall Hall.

Joining the Presbyterian Hospital Unit this year, under our declaration of war, Hunt went to France and later was transferred to a Mobile Hospital and saw service at Kretat, at Sjuipes on the Champagne Front with the 42d Division which is cited for bravery during this offensive, at the Chateau-Thierry sector, at the St. Mihiel drive and near Verdun in the Argonne offensives. He later went to Germany with the Army of Occupation, and sailed from Breton Bay on January 6th.

Arthur K. Koch, who also enlisted at the outbreak of the war, returned to College on March 6th and will

(Continued on page 5)
THE MESSENGER

ALEXANDER N. KEEDWELL, '19

E. S. DONNON, '20

WILLIAM A. M. PARKER, '21

WILLIAM MURDOCH, '21

W. F. CHANDLEY, '22

J. G. HIBBY, SP.

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With this issue of the MESSENGER the Editorial Board makes its last bow before the faltering and regrettably futile retries. The curtain falls upon the final scene of our journalistic life here and we are left with feeling of approval or disapproval—glad or sorry that we have appeared on the Editorial stage for the last time. Surely it is not necessary for us to assure you that we have done our best; that we have employed our every effort toward making the MESSENGER a comprehensive and impartial vehicle of college news. Can you but agree with us when we say that our road has not been a bed of roses; that our year has been fraught with problems and conditions (by-products of the war) which, we venture to say, no other class has had to contend with, but we have tried to look at everything from the “silver lining” standpoint and if at times we have failed, we ask your indulgence.

We have tried to give you a paper newsy and interesting, without being too serious. We have endeavored to show that there are real problems facing Saint Stephen’s and that their solution lies almost entirely within our own hands, and in “our,” we include Alumni. Former Students and Undergraduates. For the retiring Board of Editors feels that the importance of the Alumni cannot be too greatly stressed. They may not always have in their hands the key to the situation, but if they will only acquaint themselves with the conditions of the lock, they will soon be able to find a locksmith who can forge a key that will open the door to haler life for Saint Stephen’s.

We regret to have had to reduce our publication to one issue per month. This has been due mainly to our small numbers and the greatly increased cost of printing. With the advent of a large class next year and the return of our men from service, the Messenger ought to become again a semi-monthly publication. But even as we make our last bow and the curtain is being lowered upon our final appearance, it is only for a shifting of scenery for the new and younger editors who are to assume our roles and present to you their interpretation of what Saint Stephen’s College paper ought to be. They have our hearty good will and sympathy. May their discouragements be few and may they find favor in your eyes. For the rest—the curtain has fallen. Faurde.

NIGHT.

The purple robe of night so fringed with gold is lowered over France and me. The brilliant roofs grow dim, and chalk-white roads Which gleared at noon, Are softened by the gentle touch of night. A twinkling star is pinned high in the sky to dim the lingering light so that to part. The faintest footfall from peasant cots, and lights grow dim in barnyard and in mart. All France is dark. And quiet reigns supreme For one brief spell. The interval ’twixt heated strife of day and night’s clandestine tryst.

Then comes the long black line of troopers, weighed down with packs and guns. Their heads are bowed beneath the weight, and from their brows the hot sweat runs. Night after night, these men march past for months. Night after night, the transports roll. Night after night, those big guns are heard. Each night some valiant men pay toll. Why think it strange that gentle ladies and valiant men can stride ondure, and suffer hardships, toil and pain? That loved ones may be safe and pure? ‘Tis love of God and home and friends That makes them “faithful unto death.”

Tia when all hearts beat as one heart That love is more than life or death. So fret not that then that war goes on. From battle there is no release. Keep up that love and trust and prayer— Thus victory comes with lasting peace.

—Lieut. Lester W. Keenan, France, July 8, 1918.

This poem was written by Lieuten­ant Kearns about two months before his death. He had never intended it for publication in its present form but had expected to edit and revise it upon his return.

CAMPUS NOTES

The Dean announced in Commons the other evening that the school would be on vacation on the basis of which schol­arships would be awarded for the next year would be that of the Second Semester.

Ensign Arthur E. Koch who has been in Transport service, has fully dis­charged and has returned to College. A signal to dismiss the lingering light was given by Fr. Kaltenbach.

ALUMNI NOTES

14.—Rev. Henry Glaeser is at Am­herst recuperating from a severe attack of pleural pneumonia. He is already much better.

15.—Claud H. Humphreys has a position teaching in the Asheville High School, Asheville, N. C.

16.—Frank M. Heald is instructor in English and History at the Wilim­ington High School, Wilmington, N. C.

JUNIORITY BANQUET.

Large Party Dines Alone.

After much heralding by the late Potter Bulletin and after great prepa­rations by the “preps,” there was, commanding the attention of all entering Preston Hall, on the evening of February 20th, the gorous red and white banner of 1920. Below the banner was a small table decorated with flowers. It was not a funeral, however, it was the convivial board of an extra­grant banquet for only one chair was placed there.

The first duty of the waiter was to turn on the bright lights—that is to light the candles. This seemed to forecast that the bridgework was ar­riving, and sure enough into the spacious and temporarily hushed edifice of Preston Hall walked “Lord Would-he-could be Puffin” dressed up even to the silk hat. The waiter who had meanwhile been snoozing some­where was woken up and in a fashion which even the Biltmore or Commodore might envy. The feast being seated, the courses were one by one served to him, and July first being still some months distant the modern epicurean was well we&’d rather not say much. There was a silent toast drunk (very noinly), after which the wealthy diner handed out 44 & (7) to the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

Whether the “class” went home in a taxi or not has not been clearly stated, but we must we congratulate the organization for its appear­ance en masse the following morning.

CHAPEL NOTES.


The Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, D. D. of Trinity School, New York, will give an address in the College Chapel on Thursday, April 10th.

On Ash Wednesday in addition to the 7:15 Eucharist there was a mid­day service in the Chapel, consisting of morning prayer, litany and peni­tential office. A short address was given by Fr. Kutenbach.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Miss Sylva Jones of Philadelphia, and Miss Lenore Heilbut of New York both by the costly tribute, suddenly realizing he must “be on the job” took the clock, cane and hat, also the following: At the organ by the Biltmore or Commodore might envy. The feast being seated, the courses were one by one served to him, and July first being still some months distant the modern epicurean was well we&’d rather not say much. There was a silent toast drunk (very noinly), after which the wealthy diner handed out 44 & (7) to the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

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and French prisoners suffered many tortures. * * * From the Russian prisoners who were left there by the Germans, with nothing but what they had on, we learned of how the Hun soldiers evacuated about a week before our arrival. (I might say here, too, that there are many Russian soldiers wandering about France—men without a country.) On the 20th, the Germans had chosen for evacuation were ordered to bed early—nothing unusual. They complied with the order without con- fusion and without suspecting the im- pending event. The next morning, no harsh Hun sentinel awoke them who could they detect the usual ma- chine-like, goosesteeped beating the col- liders. So, they immediately pro- ceeded to make good their escape. They found that all the German sol- diers had left the vicinity, leaving nothing at all for the prisoners to ex- ist. Of course the French, living near home, were not so badly off, but the poor Russians were stranded pret- ty badly.

From the French inhabitants we al- so learned that the Hun is a hard taskmaster. They had imposed many punishments upon the civilians and had not hesitated to violate the young women. One absurd demand that they made was that, among other things, the owners of chickens had to turn over to the German authorities each day a given number of eggs—regardless of whether chickens and conditions favored such a number.

After leaving Brissy, we proceeded to Hayching, in Lorraine, which has, naturally, been under German rule since 1871. We entered the town in the afternoon and t children of whom there were “beaucaire,” ran hand in hand with dismounted men. They persistently asked for bread and the audience over here, smoke more than even our New York fends. That it was we spent our Thanksgiving, and had our deep—heaven-turkey (canned salmon). We really enjoyed the week's stop-

* * * We had been climbing steady- all day. When, at noon, we came prudently to the top of a mountain and received orders to stop for lunch. Just as that order came, we rounded a curve, and before us lay a huge valley. In the valley lay a quiet little German town, and for miles around the mountain sides were covered with vineyards. We were told that they were the famous Val- custein Vineyards. However, that view was not our greatest surprise by any means, for when we had started out again, and had rounded the summit of the moun- tain, a view, past description, lay be- fore us. The road wound round like a horseback, making the valley recog- nite the pit of a huge amphitheatre, audience of which was made up of myriads of grape vines. Before us lay a beautiful river, flowing toward Coblenz and the Rhine. To our right, and far below, lay a city from which a bridge spanned the river. We beheld from the mountain-top, the Moselle River Valley, rich in vineyards and beauty. From the height, we slowly wound down into the narrow streets of the Luxenburger town, across the Moselle, and soon turned off into the mountains again. * * * Trier is quite a large city, and is supposed to be the oldest in Europe. Its buildings date back two and three hundred years before Christ. One old amphitheatre has the record of be- ing the slaughtering place of 40,000 soldiers, in the year 66 A.D. Just on the outskirts of the town is a large German barracks, now occupied by American troops. The only souvenirs I could obtain of Trier, were five or six pretty postal cards; I might say, too, that the cards were above and below, especially those of the Moselle Valley.

So we traveled on, day after day, through town after town. Finally we reached Kaiserswerth, a fair-sized town, forty kilometers from Coblenz. In K. we have been ever since, and goodness knows when we shall leave. But I hope that for the day when we shall soil for America! We had a very good Christmas dinner, with a side-line of a can of Tuxedo, a cigar, a package of cigarette papers, and some “Choi- ler.” So far the Ger- man people have treated us very well. Their hate is not so great for the Americans, as it is for the French and English. * * *

HUNT RETURNS TO COLLEGE

(Continued from page 1)

ish his work at St. Stephen's. He en- listed in the Navy in April, 1917, be- coming assigned to the U. S. S. “Mar- acid” and in February of the follow- ing year entered the Engineering School at Harvard University. Gaining his commission upon the completion of his course there, he went into Trans- port service, making five trips to the other side.

“To go,” wrote Voltaire one day, to notify Pizarro that he was going in- to the country; Pizarro, to surpass his spectacle in brutality, replied by one of “the,” which is (needless to say), Latin for “go.”

In a Chapter labelled “Prefeture,” in A. P. Russell’s “In a Club Corner,” appears the following anecdote, which will be interesting to all news- paper men, including amateurs.

“Sitting one day in the family room, reading The Spectator, a young lady of the neighborhood came in unexpectedly. To have something to say, I remarked, after pausing, that I had just picked up the old Spectator, which was always new and interesting to me. ‘Yes,’ responded the miss, lapsyly: ‘my father subscri- bined for a copy when it first came out.’” Not knowing that the precious book was published in London a century before her father was born, and at the show rate of a number a day,”

S. A. E. INITIATION

On Thursday evening, February 27th, the Sigmata Alpha Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, at the Hoffman Inn, Red Hook, followed the initiation. The Rev. Frank H. Simmonds, V, acted as Treasurer, at the banquet, and the following: Angelus fondest with the chapter: Mr. Francis Selvage, ’98, George 1. Ilows, ’05, Curtis John, Chas. A. Moore, Ex., ’19, and Frank H. Simmonds, ’97.

The Mail Box

To the Editor of The Messenger:

Observing the fact that the Messen- ger is an organ through which all questions concerning the College may be discussed, may I be allowed to state a few words concerning the wearing of the gowns here at St. Step- hern's?

In your last issue of the Messen- ger you published a section entitled "wac- oii" perhaps from the Springfield Re- publican. There are many state- ments in that column which I would like to answer but I presume if I point out a few, it will suffice to show how even the Springfield Republican may be wrong. One thing is that when Henry (whichever it one may be) was chief of the court and country to adopt the "diurnity of caps and gowns." Even a nap day and get them "simply relics of a time when education was magis- tic and its recipients were clerics" are the words. In the wording of the educational ideal we are building, the foundation on which we are built?

But let us, as our friend in "se- lected" looks forward, not look back but look forward to the future—of St. Stephen's. This college small as it may be, is a college; it is founded on the very principles on which other college have been founded. When the tide wave of science washed the classics from many of the colleges in the country, its energy was spent to undermining the classic foun- dations of St. Stephen's. Therefore, we have an unique institution fostering under our roofs the spirit of the Humanities. If then this col- lege is not so technically scientific as the majority of institutions of learning, is that any reason why it cannot still remain a college carrying out in the best possible way the aim for which it was founded?

Why should we throw away our traditions? Why just because there has been a war should we be renova- ted on an entirely, I say, entirely new basis?

Let us throw away those traditions which are harmful to us and not to our advancement, but, may we not keep those which raise St. Stephen's to a place on other colleges of her size and of which our gowns are a symbol?

This is the time for reconstruction. We want gradually to build up St. Stephen's and the way is not to turn ourselves into Bolsheviki, sweeping out all those things characteristic of St. Stephen's lost when we have our "rooms swept and polished" we ad- mit other elements which would leave us in a state "seven times worse than the first."

What is the use of trying to build castles in the air by seeing a far off vision of St. Stephen's future ad- vancement? Consider whether there is anything half so attractive in little old St. Stephen's to the outside world as what the college adopts after sufficient "reconstruction?"

—William A. M. Parker.

If the "Froho" don't sing a dol, they will have to burn grape juice instead of champagne.
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