In The Enemy's Country

WILSON '19 DESCRIBES THE OCCUPATION.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Wilson, '19, which recently came to hand.

"... We have been on the road since November 15th, receiving no mail, and having very little time for writing."

We had been anxiously awaiting the good news, for we knew German evacuees had passed through the lines. So, when on November 11th, word came that the armistice had been signed, you can imagine our joy. The night before, our batteries had sent over a hot but random barrage, just as a farewell to Fritz, and that morning we were relieved. Then began an exceedingly long trek.

When we were relieved, our advance batteries were several miles ahead of the Supply Company, which was a Dun-sur-Meuse. Dun is rather a pretty place. It is built on both sides of the Meuse, and on the right hand side, the town is on a high cliff directly overlooking the river. Right on top of the cliff is the Church of Dun-sur-Meuse, which, though badly battered, was very pretty确实. Among the pews, and almost in the center of the church, lay a large American shell-unexploded. From the front of the church one could look down upon the "Lower Dun" and the Meuse Valley—a wonderful sight to behold.

From Dun we hiked back to a wood near Bethainville, where we stayed busy. On the hike back, all that we could hear was "Finl la guerre." The "pussies" were tired; we were excited. From B. we commenced a couple of days marching to Pont-sur-Meuse, where we were equipped, chauked, and indulged in an unusual luxury—a bath. When you remember that the only time that we were not in action since August 7th was when we changed from the Chateau-Thierry front to the St. Mihiel front, and thence to the Argonne, you can see there was little time for making one's toilet. Truly we had had a busy time of it.

So, when we left Pont-sur-Meuse to begin our trip into Germany, we were quiet and upon, "G.I. soldiers." But now, after a week's rest, we were back among our fellow men, and we once more found ourselves in the midst of a war.

Freshmen Dance

1922 PROVES CAPABLE HOST

Hats were taken off to the Class of 1922 on the evening of February 26th, after they had very successfully entertained the college at the annual Freshmen Dance. The affair was remarkable in many ways, but chiefly because it was the product of an overnight growth, as it were, for the organization of the Class had taken place but two weeks previously, 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, fraternity and class banners were pressed into service, and the Freshmen succeeded in presenting the collegiate aspect of the event, while, at the same time retaining the individuality of 1922.

Mrs. Mallory furnished by Schontag, of Kingston. Refreshments were served during the intermission, and the confidence with which the dancers retired at 2:30 was proof enough of success.

The patronesses were Miss Cruger, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Up\-\son, Mrs. Van Waggoner, 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 en- list at the outbreak of the war, returned to college on February 26th. Considered as our first "hero," he was welcomed with a hero's reception. Representatives of the undergraduates greeted him upon his arrival at the railroad station and the automobile which conveyed him and his escort to the campus was decorated with the flags of the Allies. Hunt was receiv- ed with a "Long St. Stephen's" from the assembled undergraduate body and proceeded immediately to his quarters in Aspinwall Hall.

Joining the Presbyterian Hospital Unit within a few weeks after our declaration of war, Hunt went to France and later was transferred to Mobile Hospital, and now serves at Etrebat, at St. Puispe on the Champagne front with the 42nd Division which was cited for bravery during this off-ensive, at the Chateau-Thierry sec- tor, at the St. Mihiel drive and near Verdun in the Argonne offensive. He later went to Germany with the Army of Occupation, and sailed from Brest to New York on January 26th.

Arthur E. Koch who also enlisted at the outbreak of the war, returned to College on March 6th and will fin-
THE MESSENGER

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With this issue of the Messenger the Editorial Board makes its last bow before the footlights and regrets that the curtain falls upon 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 life. Can you but guess with us when we say that our road has been a beset with problems and conditions (by-products of the war) which, we venture to say, no other Board 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, new 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 they will only acquiesce themselves with the conditions of the lock, they will soon be able to find the latch which can forge a key that will open the door to larger life for Saint Stephen's.

We want to thank all those who by contributions or criticisms have shown an interest in the publication. Naturally, we prefer the contributions, but criticisms are not unwelcome if they are constructive. For the destructive critics and fault-finders we have only the kindest sympathy. It must be distressing to have such a disgruntled disposition. 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 your 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. Plaudite.

NIGHT.

The purple robe of night so fringed with gold is lowered over Ceres and me. The brilliant roofs grow dim, and chalk-white roads which glared at noon, Are softened by the gentle touch of night. A twinkling star is pinned high in the sky.

A signal to dismiss the lingering light So loath to part. The pleasant folk withdraw to pleasant cots, And lights grow dim in barnyard and in stable. All France is dark. And quiet reigns supreme For one brief spell. The interval 'twixt heated strife of day And night's clandestine toil— At twilight bell. Now comes the boom and roar of heavy guns The French artillery up the road. And great long transports rumble past And creak and grown beneath their load. Loose limbers rattle and the lorries shake Upon the flinty street. And men and horses stumble On dust and sparks 'neath hoofs and feet. Then comes the long black line of troops, Who trudge, 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 with giant gait. Night after night, the transports roll. Night after night, those big guns snarl, Each night some valiant men fall.

Why think it strange that gentle ladies And valiant men can strife endure, 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." Tis when all hearts beat as one heart. That love is more than life or death. So fret not 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. —Liest. W. Kearn, France, July 8, 1918.

This poem was written by Lieutenant Kearn about two months before he took up the post which resulted in 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 scholastic standing on the basis of which scholarships would be awarded for next year would be that of the Second Semester.

Ensign Arthur E. Koch who has been in Transport service, was recently discharged and has returned to College.

Professor Wood, '19 is with us again determined on a degree in June. "Splinter" is already much better and rapidly improving.

Donnon Strong, '20 visited the Campus March 5th and 6th. Uncle Sam thinks an indispensible item to set Camp Upton and "Don" does not expect to return to College until next fall.

Herbert A. Donovan, Sp., spent the week-end of March 9th with Hunt and Mason. At present he is beginning some work at the Virginia Theological Seminary, but expects to return to Saint Stephen's next year.

Harold A. Clark, recently discharged from the Aviation Naval Reserve, has entered St. Stephen's as a member of the Class of 1921. He spent his Freshman year at Saint Lawrence University.

Mrs. Upton has recently recovered from a rather severe attack of pleurisy. She was taken ill while spending a week end on the campus and was confined to her room for a week.

DEATH OF REV. C. D. FAIRMAN.

The Rev. Charles David Fairman, rector of St. Mary's Church, Northfield, Vermont, died on February 28, after a few days illness of double pneumonia. Mr. Fairman was 54 years of age and had been in Holy Orders three and one half years. He was a Special student at St. Stephen's and was completing his course in 1912. He went to Northfield a little over a year ago. He leaves a widow and a step-child. Mr. Fairman had been very active in caring for the sick during the influenza epidemic.

ALUMNI NOTES

1914—Rev. Henry Glasser is in Annapolis recuperating from a severe attack of pleural pneumonia.

1915—Claus H. Humphreys has completed his post in teaching in the Asheville High School, Asheville, N. C.

1916—Frank M. Heil is instructor in Physics and History at the Wilm­ington High School, Wilmington, N. C.

JUNIOR BANQUET.

Large Party Dines Alone. After much heralding by the late Potter Bulletin and after great pre­ parations by the "parties" concerned, there was, commanding the attention of all entering Preston Hall, on the evening of Preston Hall's gorgeous 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 extra­ aggrandized banqueter 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 forestall that the bridegroom was arriving, and sure enough into the spacious and temporarily hushed edifice of Preston Hall walked "Lord WOULD-HAVE-HE-COULD-HE-FAUSTO" dressed up even to the silk hat. The waiter who had meanwhile been moseying somewhere in the costly table, suddenly realizing he must "be on the job" took the cloak, cane and hat, and also the flowers—left in a formatory, even to the billmore or Commodore might envy.

The feaster being seated, the courses were one by one served, and July first being still some months distant the modern epicurean "brink—to be-it-would-not-be-so-much. There was a silent toast (very noisily), after which the whitebaity dinner handed out 44 (*1) even to the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

Whether the "class" went home in a taxi or not has to some extent rationalized, but in spite of all the praise, the Junior Banquet was attended by the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

Dear Miss Jones,

Thank you for your letter of April 27. I enclose a check for $25.00 which will be applied to your account at the College.

Very truly yours,

[Signature]
IN THE ENEMY’S COUNTRY.

(Continued from page 1)

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 that there are many Russian soldiers wandering about France—men without a country.) On the night the Germans had chosen for evacuating B, the prisoners were ordered to bed early—nothing unusual. They complied with the order without confusion and without suspecting the impending event. The next morning—no harsh Hun sentinel awoke them—nor could they detect the usual machine-like goose-step beating the cell corridors. So, they immediately proceeded to make good their escape. They found that all the German soldiers had left the vicinity, leaving nothing at all for the prisoners to eat. Of course the French, being near home, were not so badly off, but the poor Russians were starved pretty badly.

From the French inhabitants we all 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 Briey, we proceeded to Hayingen, in Lorraine, which has, naturally, been under German rule since 1871. We entered the town in the afternoon and I he children of whom there were “beauoirs,” ran hand in hand with disconsolate men. They persistently asked for bread and tobacco. The youngsters over here smother more than even our New York fellows.

* * * There it was that we spent our Thanksgiving, and had our deep-sea-turkey (canned salmon). We really enjoyed the week’s stopover.

* * * We had been climbing steadily all day, when, at noon, we came practically 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- estein 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 mountain, a view past description, lay before us. The road wound round like a horsehoe, making the valley resemble the pit of a huge amphitheatre, the background of which was made up of myriads of grape vines. Before us lay a beautiful river, flowing toward Constructions and the Rhine. To our right, and far below, lay a city from which a bridge spanned the river. We beheld the Moselle River Valley, rich in wine and beauty. From the height, we slowly wound down into the narrow streets of the Luxembourg town, across the Moselle, and soon turned off into the mountains again. * * * Triers 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 being the slaughtering place of 40,000 Christians in the year 68 A. D. Just on the outskirts of the town is a large German barracks, now parzell by American troops. The only entrance we could find were five or six pretty postal cards, I might say, too, that the cards have more utility, practically, than those of the Moselle Valley.

So we traveled on, day after day, through town after town. Finally we reached Kaisersesch, a fair-sized town, forty kilometers from Cologne. In K we have been ever since. goodness knows when we shall leave. How we long for the day when we shall sail for America?

* * * We had a very good Christmas dinner, with a side-line of a cut of Tobacco, a cigar, a package of cigarette papers, and some “Chei­ sons.” * * * So far the German 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) He shipped his work at St. Stephen’s. He entered the Navy in April, 1917, being assigned to the U. S. S. “Mar­ shall” and in February of the following year entered the Ensign’s 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.

* * * “En russe,” wrote Voltaire one day, to notify Piron that he was going in to the country; Piron, to surpass the illustrious writer, replied by one word: “écrin.” which is, (neccessary to say), Latin for “go.”

In a Chapter labeled “Pretension,” in A. P. Russell’s “Is a Club Corner,” appears the following anecdotes, which will be interesting to all newspaper 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 greetings, that I had just picked up the old Spectator, which was always new and interesting to me. ‘Yes,’ responded the miss, hopefully: ‘my father subscribed 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 slow rate of a number a day.”

S. A. E. INITIATION.

On Thursday evening, February 27th, Langdon, ’22, was initiated by the New York Sigma Phi Chapter into the Sigma Alpha Epsilon. A banquet at Hoffman Inn, Red Hook, followed the initiation. The Rev. Dr. Simonds, ’07, acted as Toastmaster at the banquet, and the following guests were in attendance: Alumni Feasted with the mountain-top Watson Selvage, ’98, George Mullen, Gerald H. Lewis, ’05, John Curtis, Charles A. Moore, E., ’19, and Frank H. Simonds, ’07.

The Mail Box

To the Editor of The Messenger:

Observing the fact that The Mes­ senger is an organ through which all matters concerning the college may be discussed, may I be allowed to state a few words concerning the wearing of the caps and gowns here at St. Stephen’s?

In your last issue of the Mes­ senger you published the “col­ ored”—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 one it may be) was king of England it was the custom of the court and country to adopt the “toys of the cap and gown.” Even if the cap and gown “are simply relics of a time when education was monas­ tic and its reactors were clerics” we are not the monarchs in our realm to set the fashion of our college.

Let us look forward to the future—of St. Stephen’s! This college small as it may be, is a college; it is founded upon the very principles on which other colleges have been founded. When the school enforces the classics from many of the colleges in the country, it is not a violation; before it undermined the classic foun­ dations of St. Stephen’s. Therefore, today we are an unique institution fostering under our roofs the study of the Humanities. If this college is not so technically scientific as the majority of institutions of learning, is that any reason why it cannot still remain a college carrying on in the best possible way the aims for which it was founded?

We should not throw away our traditions. Why just because there has been a war should we be remov­ ing an entirely, I say, entirely new basis?

Let us throw away those traditions which are harmful to our advancement, but, may we not keep those which raise St. Stephen’s声誉, and fill our campus with the pride of a college and as 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 Bolsheviks, sweeping out all those things characteristic of St. Stephen’s lost when we have our “reams swept and garnished” we ad­ mit other elements which would leave us to 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 as the wearing of the cap and gown. If there is a substitute equally as worthy, let the college adopt it after sufficient discussion.

William A. M. Parker.

If the “Frosh” don’t soon dig a hole, they will have to bury grape juice instead of champagne.

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UNDER THE LYRE TREE

Judging from Father Mac's sched-
ule we see "unto him that hath shall
be given," put into effect.

I Wonder:
Where the "Potter Ball" can be!
Why Bin moved from Potter, and
why that building is now so quiet.
When the first baseball game is com-
ing off.
What these men returning from ser-
vice think of S. C. C. now.
Why we can't make this Commence-
ment the greatest ever at S. S.
Why there are not more contributions
to the Messenger.

The following clipping, taken from
a western publication, voices the sen-
timents of many a student who en-
dured the rigors of a college S. A. T. C.:

The S. A. T. C.
Students' Army Training Corps,
You sure made us awful scared;
Clumsy, tiresome, hopeless morples.
We were shot—but shed no morples—
Studied little, shook morples,
Raked the campus, scrubbed the dorps,
Played the peeler, watched a stork's
Stuck up goulash, learned to snorps,
Hid experiences galore
'Nough to make an angel snorps
Now, imposter, all is orps;
Pare you well—please shut the dorps,
Students' Army Training Corps.

Fortune's Favorite.
First Broker: "Some people are
born lucky."
Second Broker: "And the man
who is born with plain common sense
is one of them."

What Else Could Happen.
"This is a very sad case, very sad
indeed," said the doctor.
I'm not a bit surprised," answered
the husband.
She has been giving me a piece of it every day for the last
fifteen years."

Easter Vacation Shortened
The faculty has diminished the
spring vacation from the original ten
days to include from Wednesday
noon of April 16th to Tuesday morn-
ing April 22nd.

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