

MESSENGER

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1	Laurels John Mills Gilbert
2	A Summer's Tale Baldean
6	Shadows of New York F. St. M. Caldiero
7	A Dilemma Allen G. Settle
8	After Reading Chaucer Leslie Alden Lang
11	Arrows of Water F. St. M. Caldiero
11	Ribbons of Smoke F. St. M. Caldiero
12	Romance Edgar W. Wilcock
14	Penance
17	Crucifixion Edgar W. Wilcock
18	Horae Sanctae
19	Sombulesence Baldean
20	Nightmare
21	On Holding a Lighted Match Edgar W. Wilcock
21	Murmuring Zephyrs J.H.K.
22	Henry Didn't Get an Education Baldean
22	Time John Mills Gilbert

Promenade Number.

	<i>he Annandale</i>
	<i>Stephen's</i>
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THE MESSENGER

LAURELS

An hour ago you stood here, flushed, erect,
Bright focus of the stadium's crowded tiers,
Your name on thousands' lips, in thousands' cheers,—
Spray from great waves of sound that surged unchecked.
Now, in the afterglow of retrospect,
No turn of Fate your mastery appears,
But diadem of brave determining years,
Years purposeful such triumph to project.

The track is empty, yet I see you still
Flashing to victory. Long shadows fall;
From aisle to aisle the winds' soft voices call,—
Watchers unseen the dimming spaces fill.
Here is a leaf which somehow fluttered down
And missed the honor of your laurel crown.

John Mills Gilbert '90

THE MESSENGER

A SUMMER'S TALE

Now, Son, don't try to tell me that story. Its not the reason it rumbles so in the evening over there on the hill. Did you ever notice in a summer's evening the flashes in the sky over there, too? They're both for the same reason. See, Son, I'm old and I've lived my whole life here.

In those days you couldn't see the hill there for the trees in the waste. And you couldn't cross the waste for the quicksand over where the bridge is now on the new road. But, every body knew it was there, the hill I mean, though no one had ever seen it. There weren't many people living here then—a few families and that was all. Strangers were welcome in those days, for every body could shoot, and no one knew when that shooting might come in handy. Yes Sir, every stranger was welcome then.

Now, one fine spring day the news was spread around that a whole family was at the store. They came in three wagons and each of the eight sons was big and husky—and each carried a gun. We wanted them to settle right there. We welcomed them heartily, but they hardly said a word. They just looked ugly and went on. After a bit some one yelled, "Good Riddance," and soon every body said they were glad that a family like that had moved on. But things happened to make them sorry they had said that,—sorry that they had ever seen that family and its eight sons.

Somehow they got around that wasteland there. They went way round to the west and then cut back to settle on the hill. They were the first to ever see it. They found an old cave in the rock and they built up on top of that rock. Why they should pick on such a place I don't know. Nobody knows. I guess they didn't know themselves. But the place turned out to be handy and just what they wanted.

It was quite a while before we knew that they had stopped there and started their farm on the hill. We learned about it a couple of months after they had gone through the town, when the whole family, eight sons and all, even the hired girl came over to buy some things. They loaded down their wagons with things they couldn't grow, and then went just outside

THE MESSENGER

of town for the night. The next morning they were up bright and early, washed out there in the creek and drove up in front of the church. There they sat in their wagons, for the whole three hours before the church opened, chewing, swearing, smoking, and carrying on in a way that made the minister's wife want to run them out. Church opened and in they tramped and planted themselves right in the last row and the one in front of that. They were a mob, you know. Eleven altogether and each one was bigger than a house.

Let me tell you, that caused quite a disturbance in town. Every one was in church that morning. You could see the minister approved of the large congregation, but it was evident he didn't like that family. Church over they went out to their wagons, and went. They didn't say a word all that day to any one. That was the last we saw or heard of them till the next spring.

During the winter the old hired girl must have died and they took her body and buried it down in the old cave. I guess the work was too heavy for the mother then. A farm house and nine men means a lot of trouble for a woman you know, and this one was pretty old. The work got her and she passed on. They buried her in the same cave with the hired girl, said their prayers, and went on with their work on the farm. The father went a couple of weeks after that. I guess he was lonesome for his wife and being old like her, he went too. He, they buried somewhere in the old cave too. It was a bad winter and I guess they were not the only family around here that lost it's old people.

They came into town again as soon as the ground dried up enough. They were only *the eight of them* this time. They bought up a lot of seed, and powder, a couple of guns and things like that and loaded up. Then they went around town looking for some girl who would hire out to do their cooking and keep house for them. But none would go. Hired girls were scarce then and even if there had been one looking for a job, she would have been slow about going out there with them. They were big fellows and young, sort of good looking, but the towns-people told some awful stories about them. So the time came for them to go back without a girl. They went up around the waste to the

THE MESSENGER

west and up to their farm and stayed there all summer.

I guess they couldn't cook as well as a woman and they got sore at each other's cooking. They decided they would have to get married. But no one would marry them. They knew they would have to go way back east to get wives in the proper way, and that would take too much time. They could not spare any from the farm and besides they wanted the women in a hurry.

Late in the fall the eight of them came riding into town again. This time they had left their wagons at home. They went to the Inn and sat and drank until nearly mid-night. Then, they went out to the creek to spend the night. They were up bright and early in the morning and rode in on horses still wet from the dew. They did not stop until they got to the church. There they got off and tied their horses to a couple of big trees.

All day long they loitered on the streets—the eight of them together all the time. They looked over everybody that passed, and it was noticed that they paid most attention to the young girls. People seemed to guess that there was some deviltry in their minds. And there was, too. In the evening they walked in on the Social at the church and they brought their guns with them. They settled in one corner and watched and watched so that the people got nervous and almost forgot the Social. Pretty soon they started in whispering and one of them stood up and said, 'Already boys?' Everything stopped right there for there were eight rifles pointed at the crowd. They stepped out, one at a time and grabbed a girl by the wrist and dragged her into the corner. Pretty soon there were eight girls there behind those rifles. Then they went out, locked and barred the door and were gone.

It was two or three hours before the towns-people managed to break that lock. The door was solid and so was the lock, for those things were made for business in those days. And when they did get out they found a covering of snow on the ground so that it would be useless to follow them out into the west and around the waste, for no one knew the way but those eight brothers. In the morning the snow was a couple of feet thick, and the trail was covered. They would have to wait for spring before they could go out to

THE MESSENGER

bring those girls back. They were mad, let me tell you, because women were valuable in those days and men would fight mighty hard to keep any one of them. The minister swore that he would shoot every last one of them should he ever get a chance. And on every Sunday, right after the sermon he would remind the congregation of the theft and pray for strength to carry out his threat.

Now as I've said before those brothers were big and handsome, and perhaps not so ugly as they were made out to be. Anyway, when the spring came and the men from the town had polished their guns and ridden out around the waste and half-way up the hill they were met by the eight women. And I'll be darned if those women didn't say they were happy and they surely did look it. Then one of them let on that they were sort of expecting somebody new up on the hill pretty soon, and that they had all been properly married, wouldn't the men put down their guns and come up on the farm and eat with them. The minister scratched his chin and finally said he would. Then everybody did. And it was funny how everybody just sort of forgot their grudges.

The women were happy and married. They all had children and the minister and the men in the town knew it and sort of suspected that if they shot the brothers then their women would want to be shot too. That's the way it was. Oh now, son, don't get impatient even if I did forget to tell you what I started to tell you, but here it is.

You remember how they buried the hired girl and the mother and then the father in the old cave. Well, that's the reason for the rumbles and lightnings over there. They were angry when they found their sons taking wives from among the people who shouted "Good Riddance" after them. That's the truth because one of those girls they stole was my sister. Some say that they were sorry they did not live long enough to see their sons wives. Others say they did not like being buried in that cave. But don't believe either of those yarns, son, for the truth is they were angry at the people who shouted after them, and at their sons for letting peace come between themselves and those people.

Now then, son, you've listened to me well, and I

THE MESSENGER

guess on a summer's evening an old man doesn't make such good company. Now does he? But see that pretty little lady over there, the one with the curls, and the gingham dress? Well, you just run along and tell her the same story I've just told you. She'll like it. I know. And son, I guess she'll make better company than an old man on a summer's evening.

Baldean.

SHADOWS OF NEW YORK

The shadow of a thoughtless youth
Who rushes onward seeking distraction
In the noise—light squares.

The shadow of a tired laborer
Heavily trudging homewards to the rest
That he so well deserves.

The shadow of a man of leisure
Pursuing the vices that money will buy
Easily satisfied, cheaply.

The shadow of a criminal
Trying to avoid that hovering shadow
Which some day will reach him.

The shadow of the dreamer moves slowly.
He perceives all these shadows awry
And futilely dreams of righting them.

Shadows of New York.

F. St. M. Caldiero '31

THE MESSENGER

A DILEMMA

He was a student worthy of the name and a clever fellow, too. This is a story of his cleverness, so let us beware, for a man possessing the rare combination of studious ability and practical dexterity is one to be regarded with awe, yea verily amazement.

There came a time in this young man's life when it was imperative that he chose a profession. Like many students this young man was exceedingly poor, tho he did live in the day when Athens flourished. He applied at the door of one of the greatest judiciaries of that day and asked that he might be enrolled as an apprentice. And this judiciary was a sympathetic soul and listened to the young man's pecuniary lament with great interest. "Very well", said the judge. "You may pay me half of the fee now and the remainder when you have successfully pleaded and won your first case."

Eight years went by. The student had long since gained his certificate of proficiency in the venerable and honored profession of law. His old professor who had met with grave misfortunes in politics and consequently was reduced to a very meagre existance, yearned for the other half of the student's fee. But the student who had become a sly and wicked rogue had gone thru some clever logic. "If I do not practice law," he thought, "I will never win a case and hence will not be forced to pay the remainder of my tuition." So he took up real estate.

The old professor was not check-mated. He brought suit. Let it be known that in old Athens each man had to plead his own case, personally. Where-upon the student, who had set about to win his case with all the zest of youth, suddenly was stricken with a sad and perplexing thought. If he should plead the case and win it he would be forced to pay the debt by the terms of the old contract. If he should plead the case and lose it he would be forced to pay by decree of law. This frightful state of affairs proved to be the student's undoing. Weeks later he was gored to death while charging a two-horned Dionysian bull.

Allen G. Settle, '29.

THE MESSENGER

AFTER READING CHAUCER

To attempt an estimate of a man's character or of his work is a dangerous task. And the danger lies in our inability to understand a human soul. The roots of all that one is, or all that one has done, lie deeply buried in a place which is inaccessible to the eyes of one's fellows. One must begin with the understanding that it is almost impossible to catch even the faintest gleam of what a man is in his innermost self—what he is ultimately—without passing a judgment which is ill-founded and unjust. All this writing of biography and summing up of character smacks so much of modernity, with its fingerprints and card indexes, its psychological tests and charts. The race is fast becoming pigeon-holed.

So it is with fear and reverence that one sets about making an interpretation of such a person as Geoffry Chaucer. Chaucer was not a **maker** of history; he was not the moulder of an era. He was an **interpreter** of an age which found in him its clear and true expression.

Among other forces, environment plays an enormous part in determining the course of life. Chaucer lived amongst events which were varied and tragic. His birth took place at the dawn of modern English history, when England was passing out of the spirit and manners of mediievaldom into the light and glamour of a new age. She had been supreme on land and sea, and a French king had been captive in one of her prisons. Her name was terrible. Then a pestilence had visited itself upon her, bringing with it an increase of economic interest and power, and a peasant revolution. A new age brought new difficulties. Big business with its consequent dishonesty and extravagance filled the air.

So we have the worldly monk, the dishonest man-iple, the pirate-shipman, and the thieving miller of the **Canterbury Tales**. In many places the Church was in a state of corruption and rottenness, with a pope, "captive," not at Rome but in Avignon. Chaucer had a close view of his times. They were times of restlessness, of the self-assertiveness and blind groping of new life. An age of Faith was giving way to an age of skepticism. Old ideals were perishing, ushering in many new **ideas**. Chaucer was born into one of England's great transition periods.

THE MESSENGER

The effect of this world of events upon Chaucer was exceedingly great. In every sense he was the child of a changing age. He could look back with his contemporaries upon the decaying institutions which had once flowered. He took part in the resulting skepticism and search of new knowledge. He closely followed the children of the Renaissance, the Italian poets. Neither the idea of arrangement, nor the substance of his work is original. His very philosophy is that of a by-gone age, and may be attributed in the main to Boethius. His method and his style are frankly borrowed from the French. If all this—and it would seem as if this were all—is Chaucer's inheritance from the past, wherein lies his claim to originality? But here, originality takes on a different meaning. Chaucer's claim to originality is the way in which he has adapted this great inheritance from the past to the people of his time, expressing thereby all the tendencies, and the very spirit of his own time. And he has expressed it with a grace and a charm, an artistry and a cogency, an originality in the ultimate sense, which are lacking in the work of his predecessors. If it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, and if it be agreed that ideals and beliefs, having become one's philosophy of life, are one's own, then Chaucer was as original as it is possible for a human being to be. In his poetry the method and the philosophy of his predecessors does not force itself upon the reader. It is Chaucer's artistry, Chaucer's curiosity about the world surrounding him, his open-mindedness, and his subtle humor, which forever shine out above all else. It is interesting to note how little the tragedy of the times, the corruption and the breakdown of the religious faith are revealed in Chaucer's poetry. When he does make any slight allusion to them, he always veils them with delightful humour and mild satire. He was no reformer; he was a conservative. Two reasons may be given for this. In the first place Chaucer, amidst all his contacts with the world about him, lived yet in a world of his own—a universe of fantasy. He lived in the world successively and successfully as soldier, diplomat, collector of customs, and servant of the king. From all that we may learn, he performed his work faithfully and efficiently. Yet he was not of the world,

THE MESSENGER

because he was a poet. He was able to live in the world of great events, to understand them, and yet not to allow them to inflict themselves upon the perfect expression of his art. Secondly, as has often been pointed out, Chaucer was a Catholic. Now the Catholic is by nature a traditionalist. He would have things remain as they were in times past. Neither the Church's corruption, which he readily admits, nor the growing spirit of reform which was in the air, disturbed Chaucer's essentially Catholic nature. Catholics, those in spirit and in name, are subservient to the past; they are too humble to be reformers. Chaucer did not reform, but he put new life and color into the forces with which he dealt.

It is because he was no reformer, nor engrossed in the political or social conditions of his day that he was the better able to accomplish his purpose. He had no judgment to pass, no moral to teach, no new movement to instigate, no new philosophy to express, and much less, any political opinions to offer. His one object was the expression of the poetic ideal—poetry for poetry's sake. Incidentally, he amused and interested others, and was a crystal mirror reflecting the life of his time. He writes about life and men. He expresses reality, leaving out none of its degradations and failings, but with all its beauty and brilliance. He is eternally the poet of life and health and of Spring. With him it is always April with its cool showers and sweetly-smelling, newly-ploughed earth, or May with its apple blossoms and singing birds. He is the everlasting youth who gives comfort to them that sit in old age.

To speak again of accomplishments, for lack of a better word, we remember Chaucer primarily as the creator of English poetry. He took it, crude and awkward as it was, yet beautifully sincere, and through a long and careful study of the technique of versification he was able to infuse into it the grace and delicacy of the French,—and all this into his own native Kentish English. And although here again we must look away from Chaucer for origins, yet it was his own skill which could adapt Italian and Classical variations and French style and manner to the portrayal, with charm and originality, of a picture of English contemporary life.

THE MESSENGER

His foundation was his own genius, upon which he built with what he had "borrowed."

Long years of scholarly research have not brought forth much new light on Chaucer's character. Our primary source of information and inspiration is his own poetry. He spent a long and varied life in business and service, but his chief interest and delight was to please others. He moved from one mood to another in order that his readers might not become bored. He was a jolly man yet grave. His work reveals a sobriety, a subtle sense of humour, and a nature which was calmly-moving and simple.

In a last word, it is a joy to read the poetry of Chaucer. It causes no one heart-searching, no brain-racking. One is charmed into the atmosphere of peace, of delightful humour, and one sees that perfect expression of beauty which poetry is.

Leslie Alden Lang '30

ARROWS OF WATER

Like a million arrows from a bow
The rain pounds away at my window to-night.
Sibilant and seething
I hear it blatantly hammering at my heart,—
So full of sadness, yet so purifying.

F. St. M. Caldiero '31

RIBBONS OF SMOKE

Slowly with unassuming ease,
One blue—the other gray—
Two thin ribbon—like streams of smoke
Undisturbed drift upward
From a glowing cigarette.
The smoker absently sits by
Hypnotically held by the rhythm
Of those two ribbons of smoke.

F. St. M. Caldiero '31

THE MESSENGER

ROMANCE

The house was about twelve feet from the main road, and the facade, which was painted a barn-red, was a story-and-a-half higher than the back. The other sides of the house were not painted. They were not weathered a beautiful grey, as are the colonial cottages of the well-to-do, but were nasty, streaky, and dirty. I have been in the house only once. I entered the front hall, very small, and climbed steep stairs to the most wretched kitchen I have ever seen. There were no rugs on the unpainted wide-board floor. Madame was scraping the leavings from the dinner table into a tin bowl for the dog. Two girls, quite pretty things, were in dresses much too large and long for them. Their stockingless feet were in great muddy boots.

Madame was a large woman, entirely large, both tall, and broad, and thick. She wore no stays to keep her bulky waist in the conventional form. Above her large middle, her bosom expanded in another bulge. Her hair was cut short, in a straight line, with neither curl nor fluff. She moved solidly from one side to the other, quite top-heavy. Several hairs protruded from the corners of her mouth. The two girls stared, madame scraped the leavings from the dinner table. Her husband sat in a corner.

Across lots there is a still dirtier house. Not even the facade is painted. There are great rocks sticking up in the dirt yard! There are washing tubs around the back door, and the water from the kitchen sink flows through a trough into a hole in the back yard.

Old Mr. John lives there, with his wife and several, at least five, children. The youngest is about eight, and swears like a trooper. The oldest, Young John, is about twenty-four. He is small, muscular, with a red face such as farmers and woodsmen get. He has small eyes, and people round about say he looks like a weasel. The old man raises potatoes, and young John chops wood in the forest, and works on the state roads. He is an ugly person, and they say he threatened his father once when the old man tried to interfere with a certain affair. We shall hear more of the affair later.

The village post-office is combined with the village

THE MESSENGER

store. It is not one of those large general-stores so common in the country, but a mere cubby-hole of a place. The post-mistress is tall, quite thin, and has a very shrill voice. Her lips are thin, and her chin a negation. They are all sitting in the store, waiting for the mail to come in. I knew beforehand who would be there. They are always there, an old lady, every speck of eighty-three, who comes a half-hour beforetime, a young overgrown girl from the village, and two men.

The old woman is talking. The two men grin, while the girl looks scared, and interested. The post-mistress leans against the counter, eager for any gossip.

"They say," begins the old woman, "that Grace" (horrors! That's the stout lady I told you about, who lives in the dirty house!) "that Grace has left her husband!" The old woman chuckles. You can see she's enjoying her bit of news. "Yes, Grace has plumb left her husband, and guess who she's run away with. Young John!" The others in the post office fairly gasp. "And now", continues the old gossip, "I guess there's some hope for me, even though I be eighty-three. Ha!"

They say her husband, the man who stayed in the corner in the dirty house when I called, came down to the village, and wept right in the street. He pleaded with her mother to go get her back again.

A few days later he went over to the town where they were living together and brought her back home. Next morning she had gone back to young John.

As I was driving past the house the other day, I saw the two girls, dressed very neatly, waiting for their father to get the Ford out of the barn. I waved to them, but they did not see me. They looked quite dignified, standing there, waiting.

- Edgar W. Wilcock. '30

THE MESSENGER

"PENANCE"

The boat rolled gently as Marie strolled down the long white deck of the coast liner. The low rhythmic swell of the Pacific soothed somewhat the turbulent spirit of her mind, quieting the fears she had so vainly tried to put behind her, fears that she would come to regret the step she was about to take. The lonely, restless expanse of blue water beckoned to her, offering forgetfulness—and perhaps happiness—in the chimera of new places, new people and new adventures. She would see a great deal of the water from now on. Life would begin anew, and the hopelessly tangled strands would be nothing but a little knot in the threat of her life. The boat would reach San Francisco at noon the next day. By evening she would be Mrs. Rollins, wife of the captain of the Calcutta, passenger-freighter, American steamer. They would sail at five the next morning for the Phillipines, Japan, India—happiness.

On the eve of such a momentous event, her mind drifted back to the time of her first marriage. How different from this was her mad infatuation for Jim. A hasty marriage despite the warnings of all her friends had led quickly from feverish happiness to disillusionment. Jim as a lover, buoyant and fun-loving, had swept her off her feet, but Jim as a husband had killed in her her faith in men. Even yet she felt his charm, responded deep within her to his effervescent good-spirits. She would never quit loving him altogether. His faults were few, but how deadly they were to one of her temperament. He would always be a boy, undependable, thoughtless, at times inconsiderate. "Lazy and shiftless," her friends characterized him. Yes, she could see it now, and yet—he could have been so much.

A year of it had been too much. Beyond a mad passion there was nothing in common between them. Even passion could not subsist on the poverty that soon overwhelmed them. A dozen times he had begged her to give him one last chance, he contrite and penitent, she loving and forgiving. Then came the breaking point. She had told him very matter-of-factly that she was leaving. Jim had taken it stoically, but she could see that it was breaking his heart. The hurt, appealing look in his eyes had almost drawn the soul out of her

THE MESSENGER

body, and only with difficulty did she restrain an impulse to catch his dear head to her breast and forever surrender herself as a martyr to her passion. She had steeled herself to the encounter, though, and she broke away, carrying with her only the memory of eyes that tried ineffectually to mask a mortal wound.

Nothing had happened since then. Years had passed, five of them, dull and dreary periods of time that found her alternately satisfied with her work in a girl's school or regretting the intolerance of an idealistic nature that had prompted her to throw away a love so completely satisfying. She had met Captain Rollins who was guardian to one of her favorite girls at the school. He was much older than Marie, but they found many things in common. In her self-decreed exile from men, she found him charming. Very unobtrusively he had led her to talk about herself and divining her fear of a dependent old age, had proposed marriage. Very simply had he put it, saying only that he wanted to show her the places she had been so interested in. She had demurred, but he told her the offer would be good any time she wanted to accept it. That had been two years ago, and their friendship had continued. Gradually she had learned to look forward to his visits with something more than the usual pleasure until finally she came to consider the proposal seriously. Captain Rollins was just the opposite of Jim but in many ways he was just as lovable. He would be dependable, and life with him would be as pleasant as the one with Jim had been disappointing. Life as a school teacher, though pleasant enough now, would become barren and empty, and she owed it to herself to prepare for the future. Captain Rollins had been overjoyed, and his enthusiasm had brought back some of the expectancy that makes youth worth while. They had planned a simple ceremony, to be held on the captain's next trip to the states, and would make the ensuing trip a honeymoon.

The following weeks were busy ones for Marie. She was still legally Jim's wife—something must be done about that. Few reports had come about Jim. One letter had found her at the school, a letter written a year after they had parted, saying that he was sorry, that things were going all right with him and that if she hadn't already gotten a divorce she could get one easily

THE MESSENGER

by going to a lawyer friend of his in Los Angeles who could arrange things without any trouble. She hadn't bothered about getting it, hardly knowing why she didn't. Then had come a report of his death. One of the few old friends who still wrote her occasionally had seen his name among the listed dead in a shipwreck. She had not tried to verify the report, preferring doubt to the knowledge that he was gone forever. Something had to be done, though, and so she had written to the U. S. Shipping Board for information concerning him. The return answer had stated that Jim Copeland, seaman, age twenty-nine, had been drowned in the Caribbean Sea on September the fifth, nineteen twenty-five, when the ship, Angiera, had sunk during a tropical hurricane. Then she was free. Nothing remained but to buy a few necessary clothes and await the arrival of her husband-to-be.

Then had come a telegram. The ship was to be in port only a few days, and Captain Rollins was tied up with business matters. Would she come down to San Francisco to meet him? She had been glad of that. It was better than being married at the school. She preferred the overnight boat trip down rather than the train. It seemed symbolic of her life-to-be.

Thus Marie mused as she strolled up and down the deck. Water such as stretched before her gaze had snuffed the life out of Jim; water such as this would be her home with Captain Rollins. The shadows were lengthening and she drew her cloak about her more closely. She paused at the rail of the after deck, looking at the foamy wake of the ship. She, herself, was a ship on the sea of life, leaving behind a ruffled, disturbed wake, plunging ahead into peaceful, gentle swells of content. A seaman coiling rope below her attracted her attention. Abstractedly, she watched the deft movements as he swung each coil into place. Unaware of her presence, he whistled softly, a low, dreamy tune that Jim used to whistle. Something vaguely familiar about the figure riveted her attention. The broad back, the lines of the neck, the shape of the head, the close-cropped, brown hair—The seaman half-turned, looking out over the water, still not seeing her. The face—God—it was Jim—

For a moment she swayed, uncertain. Then, turning,

THE MESSENGER

she stumbled to a companionway and went down to the sailor's deck. As she approached, he turned and looked at her. His hands clenched, dropped lifelessly to his side. His eyes, sadder, older eyes, lighted up a moment in delighted recognition, then became appealing, apologetic.

"Jim?" Her voice sounded miles away.

"Yes, Marie," It was the same voice, the same loving and beloved expression.

"But Jim—how came you here? I—I thought—I thought—They told me—"

"Yes, I know. I wanted you to think that. I'm alive enough, but Jim Copeland was lost at sea several years ago. After I'd made such a mess of things, I thought I'd cash in all my chips and call it quits—but I didn't have the nerve. Still a coward, you see. I wanted you to be free of me and I hoped you'd get a divorce but I knew how opposed you were to them. It preyed on my mind a lot, thinking about how I'd ruined your life and I wanted to kinda make up for it somehow. Finally the solution came to me, a solution that didn't take nerve. I was in a shipwreck but I managed to lash myself to a spar and floated around till I was picked up. I thought of you a great deal while I was in the water, cursing myself for not letting go and ending things then and there. Finally I was picked up, more dead than alive by a small fishing vessel. It was weeks before I got back to any kind of civilization, and heard that the ship had gone down and all were lost. It wasn't till then that I conceived the idea of staying dead. I took another name and stayed clear of the old haunts. I hoped you'd get the report and think that you were rid of me for good."

"But Jim, it's not right. You're not dead. It means that I'm still your wife. Within twenty-four hours I would have committed bigamy. I'm on my way now to marry a man who has been more than kind to me, who wants to take care of me, who—" Her voice trailed off into silence.

"Listen Marie, you go ahead and do what you've planned to do. I won't be in your way again. No one knows me here. I'm registered under the name of Mullins from New York."

"But I can't do that. It would be wrong, Jim. The

THE MESSENGER

fact that people don't know won't make it right."

"But you must, Marie. I tell you I won't be in your way again. I'm sorry as hell I've made things so hard for you. I did love you, I've always loved you—the only woman I've ever loved. You must go on as you've planned, and I won't be in your way at all." His earnestness took the heart out of her.

"I'm going in now, Jim. I must think. Can't I see you early in the morning? Before the others get up."

"Yes."

Marie got back to her room somehow. The encounter had unnerved her. She understood now the premonitions that had been worrying her. It was woman's intuition trying to tell her that Jim was still alive. Things were in an awful jam. She could never go ahead as Jim had begged her to do. It would have to be a divorce—that after the relief she'd felt at not having to get one. Why was life so unkind, and why was Jim, loving and lovable as he was, always the agent of its maliciousness? She slept fitfully through the night.

Early the next morning, she was on deck. As she made her way to the after deck, she met an under-officer who tipped his cap respectfully. She tried to pass on by, but he seemed determined to engage her in conversation. As he fell into stride with her, he said

"A funny thing happened last night. A man fell overboard and not a word was heard about it—no outcry or anything. The captain has a room in the stern and saw some dark, heavy object hurtle past his porthole. He looked out and heard a big splash but saw nothing. We investigated and found one of the seamen missing and concluded that it must have been him. New man, but a good worker—sorta quiet and steady—fellow by the name of Mullins—"

CRUCIFIXION

I leaped into the sky, and grasped two stars.
They burnt my hands.
Thoughts of an earth-bound philosopher
Tore the flesh of my feet.
A point of the crescent moon
Pierced my side.

E. W. W.

HORAE SANCTAE

"Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star."

Thompson.

Crimson and gold, purple and scarlet, black blues and
mauve bedeck the western sky. Through the still air
come the solemn notes of the angelus:

"Ave Maria, gratia plena!"

The campus wakes to life, and gowned figures hasten
to the House of God. But I, a wanderer, solitary stand
amid the towering oaks and elms in the dim light of
the fading day. Then comes to my ear the sound of
solemn chant and hymn. Alone I stand, then wander
on. The gloomy road grows darker; pale stars increase
their sheen against the blackening sky.

The hours pass, and I return. One by one the lights
go out; sounds of music, laughter, friendly scuffle die
away. I walk alone with God. In the sighing and
moaning of the wind I hear His voice, in fleeting
shadows from the racing clouds I see His form, in
silent noises of the night I sense His footsteps. And
hours of blessedness pass on! In silent yet tumultuous
night my restless soul finds rest. I sit, pondering on
the wonder and mystery of Life; thoughtless, senseless
of the still voices of the night. And lo! A miracle!
From the lightening East the Sun, his face a faint
roseate memory of his setting, looms on the horizon.
Laved in the pale beauty of the dawn, my soul finds
surcease from its toil. And peace, and joy, and in-
finite beauty are within me. In the Blessed Hours, I
am with God. The dawn-hymns of the birds echo
in my heart. The hills appear misty and beautiful in
the distance. Day is come.

THE MESSENGER

SOMBULESENCE

Stage: Room in college dormitory, bare walls, no carpet, bed in one corner, desk in another, trunk next to desk, dressing table in third corner and a row of suits, coats, and trousers hang in the fourth corner. Room in a general jumble with socks, shoes, shirts, papers, books, letters and cigarette-butts strewn over everything. A few wooden chairs arranged in no order. One door, exact center, back.

Scene I. Alarm clock on dresser rings and finally dies out.

Silence.

Some one in the bed rolls over and mutters something or other. Roll over again.

Silence.

Alarm clock ticks away for a long time.

Door opens; in walks a maid. She surveys everything in disgust. She sniffs the air and goes over to the bed. She sees there is someone in it and shakes it. A low grunt comes from beneath the covers. She shakes it again. Another grunt. She turns and walks toward the door. Halfway there she turns toward the bed.

Maid: It's eleven-thirty.

Voice from Bed: Mumunuum-----

Maid: To-day is Wednesday. It is eleven-thirty. She turns and goes out slamming the door after her.

Silence-----

Curtain

Baldean

THE MESSENGER

NIGHTMARE

On the brink of the earth, lies a wide dry land of charred cakes of rotting sand. The land is flat, endless and ugly; it stretches black thru endless circles of horizons. High above, where the sky hangs a biting gray, the cold rasps like the edge of a fine saw. There is venom between the stale land and the empty sky and the land cuts the sky jagged at the horizon.

There is nothing but flat land and empty sky, but that at the intense center of the land, one oak points a gigantic finger high into the biting sky. That is all of it above ground; but below, the poisoned roots jab zig-zag, far and deep, penetrating to every part of the land.

There is one who lives in the charred oak, who is dried and cracked and bent double. He hides deep in the tree and directs the forces of the land thru the twisted roots. Always, he is there; and the cracking of dry teeth against a bitter tongue penetrates into the emptiness. But he is consumed by a tearing obsession, and the roots trace an ever widening circle to make impossible the access of man.

All this I know.

Only once did a man from reality achieve to within sight of the great tree. He crossed the circle and saw it far beyond the horizon, as a great trembling mirage. And then the bent one slipped from the tree, and his nimble silhouette played ragtime on the empty sky, and his dry fingers pulled the cracked thunder out of the sky, and the thunder hid the tree and cut a wild course over the land.

That man did not return, for when the sky broke, he lay mangled across the foot of the great oak.

Louis J. Halle, Jr. '32

THE MESSENGER

ON HOLDING A LIGHTED MATCH

Match, as I hold you,
you burn with a quiet, unaffected flame,
but I must blow you out,
or you will burn my fingers.

So Convention speaks to my passions.
"Very pretty," she says,
"But I must blow you out,
or you will burn my fingers."

Thus passeth a noble passion in a wicked world.
E. W. W.

MURMURING ZEPHYRS

"Shh," said one as he tiptoed through the dark room. The other hesitated and looked back at the window, outside of which a rope could faintly be seen. They went quietly up to the doorway of a dimly-lighted room. "There he is," whispered the leader, pointing to someone sunk deeply in a chair.

Through the dark jungles of Africa two savages were tracking something. They would point to a bush or a bent twig and then urge each other on. Soon they came to a marshy place and one of them suddenly pointed to the ground ahead. In the soft mud was the print of a naked human foot. They paused a moment, exchanged a few words in their jargon, and then passed on.

"Lost—hopelessly lost," sobbed the man, collapsing upon the sand. Above him was a cloudless sky which scorched the eyes, even though they were shut. He raised himself on one elbow and looked forlornly about him.

"Oh, God!" he shrieked "why should I be treated so cruelly? What have I done? How can----"

Well----?

J. H. K. '31.

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'ENRY DIDN'T GET AN EDUCATION

"'Enry, 'ere, take this axe and go get your ma some wood."

"Aw Ma, I want to get an education."

"'Enry, me boy, with your brains. I sez, 'No', 'Ere, take this axe----"

"But Ma, education'd be good for me."

"Lord, no, 'Enry--not with your brains. You would n't leave your poor ma, would you, me child? 'Ere, take this axe--"

"But why not, Ma, ain't I got brains?"

"Shure, me son. But your brains. Why you'd go away and get educated, and you'd get to be president, and then somebody'd shoot you and--"

"Aw hell Ma, gi'me that axe."

Baldean

TIME

That bowed old man with shouldered scythe, and glass.
He is not Time,—not he.
Nay. That is Life, which somehow let Time pass
Unwittingly.

A child is Time, who plays with balls of gold,—
By day he plays,—by night.
Those who forget to play alone grow old,
And lose delight.

John Mills Gilbert '90

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