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MESSENGER

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The Flag Scrap

A few weeks ago, after the Freshmen proved themselves victorious in a scrap with the Sophs, the student body began to conjecture as to the outcome of the forthcoming flag scrap and to wonder if little '19 would be strong enough or clever enough to avenge their defeat. So the hoisting of the flag was anticipated from day to day and with their usual alacrity, the Sophs rejoiced to old system of "staying up on watch" which was so faithfully made one of a few years ago by the terror of "16." But the Sophs watched in vain, however, for on the morning of October 17, about 2 a.m., a ward Freshman-like yell resounded through the stillness of the early morning. The yell heralded the fact that the Soph watchman was asleep, perhaps, and that the Freshmen had succeeded in hanging their banner.

When once their banner was safely hung and protected by the rules of the Student Body, all the actual contest might begin, the Freshmen retired for a few hours sleep. But they reappeared on the campus about seven o'clock and, rossing the members of their rival class, invited them to look at a large white sheet with the numerals 1920 which was flying gracefully from a branch of a tree about a hundred feet west of Asylum Hall. Very soon the Sophs assembled at the place which was to be the scene of action and appeared to be busily studying a plan of attack. At exactly 7:30 the signal was given to commence the onslaught. The Sophs, each one appar- ently under the impression that the attack would be concentrated upon the Freshmen who carefully guarded the tree. But students, "superior" than the Freshmen determined to exact a like conclusion. Immediately after the clash, every man was rolling on the ground and the combat took on the appearance of a typical wrestling match. Enthusiastic and anxious as they were to become the captors of the banner, the Sophomore efforts were individually and successively re- pealed. Within a few moments the fate of the Sophs was sealed. Occa- sionally one of them managed to free himself and make a rush for the tree but at each such time the Frosh had only to direct their surprise forces whereupon the Sophs was again compelled to suffer the humiliation of being sat upon.

The scrap continued so, with spirit and enthusiasm on the part of both contestants and spectators, until the expiration of the fifteen minute time limit when the Freshmen were once more declared victorious. While there was less action than in past years, the two rival classes are to be commended for having fought a good, clean and sportmanlike battle.

Another Letter

From The Trenches

Dear II——:

Not the least exciting place in this land of crumps and win-banges is the road. It is not nis also going "home in the dark" in these regions. But ra- tions, ammunition and a million and one things of Tommy's outfit one day, it seems as though you go up to the line, if you are with the Transport, you must go up with it.

In the morning before sunset you den your shrapnel helmet and sling your gas helmet over your shoulder. All bottled and spurred you mount your horse and go and look for your limbers. Here they are packed with the brush, bread, meat, vegetables, etc., for Tommy in the trenches, and don't forget the pepper and the salt. In the winter there are bags of coke, and "yo ho ho bottles of rum." Who does not like his lot of rum on a cold day? And also "goddamn Becky!" I am afraid the trench totaller sometimes breaks his pledge under these circumstances.

The Army Corp 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 friends. But the English were always the best cooks-of the world.

But to revert to the limbers! All ready, you give the order "walk march," and then after many grunts and groans and rattle of chains you are all on the road and rumbling along to the line. After a time you begin to see things lined mapped out with starlings, and many part of the "this way to the khaht" (as somebody called it) you are surrounded with starlings. It also seems impossible if the hunter in the wilds of Africa, who who surround themselves with a circle of fire to keep off the wild beasts. Hence, wild beasts equal Huns.

Now we are passing through the village of X——, a favorite place of shells on rough and stormy nights. There is the ruined church standing amongst a pile of stones, and bull- hased against the sky. Now east window or just a few scraps of stained glass remaining, a tower three of the four pinnacles gone, a roof battered and with a great hole gaping in the middle of it. It is a pathetic sight, but you have no time to be sentimen- talized. It represented a home in time of piece, but now it seems to stand and warn us of the horrors and cruelty of war.

We rumble along in the semi-dark- ness, while fitting by continually are the ghostly forms of lines of Trans- port returning, of odd bodies of men trudging back to their lines and the spell of roses from the dreary monoton- y of the line. How mysterious they seem amongst the ruined sur- roundings! They seem like the spir- its of some generations haunting the place of their previous existence.

On we go! Crash! crush! and fifty yards in front you see the flash of a volley of shrapnel. You stop and draw into the side of the road for a brief space. Will they traverse up or down the road, or will they stick to the same place? It is a burning question. If they traverse towards you, there will probably be "seal said!" Another volley comes, and, it is further away, so you thank your lucky stars, wait until it appears to be over and, then get on.

Here is a famous corner, famous be- cause it is a favorite target of the Breechloading military policeman and you and warn you against the road. They have just been shelling it at G——. "That's alright," you answer and rumble on. You are pleased to appear very brave and indifferent, and to imagine that after all the policeman it's only trying to "put the wind up," (frighten you), while at the same time your heart is in your mouth and your courage, if you have any, in the very depth of your shoes.

You turn the corner; there is a house burning furiously on your right and there are no firemen trying to put it out. The force 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 mid- dle of the road. Can you get by? It is too much jolling and rattling you drag your limber round the extreme right edge, with the right side wheels (in the ditch), and the left side wheels on the edge of the crater. But you are, by and on you. After a time the holes become quite common, some are large, some small, and some are medium.

Here are some cross-roads! You hurry up, for it is never safe to stand at some cross-road at night in these times. There is often dirty work at the cross-roads. At last you reach the dump where you are to drop your rations. The 105th Blankshires or the 101st Machine Gun Company, are you there? There is much noise, the constant rattle of machine guns, the occasional pop of a hundred, one snipers, and the crash and bang of shrapnel and shells. Happily they are not in the dump tonight. In case you persuade yourself, until suddenly plout! plout! plout! and you duck your head unconsciousness, though probably the bullets are yards above you.

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

Autumn Masquerade

On Saturday evening October twenty-first, a masquerade was held in Atlanta Hall. In fact that number of students were away from the Campus that week end, the affair was very lively and entertaining. Some of the costumes were cleverly devised from almost nothing, while others were created from many commonplace trinkets, so that the ballroom was a strange and wonderful, and, in fact, every- thing from shaving brushes to lamp shades came into action. Cowan as a ballet dancer made a great hit, as did Keedwell in the role of a Spanish girl, and Arnold and McIlvania as Mohammedans on a Turkish carpet. Cassius Hunt as "Lady Bracknell," Willie Parker as "a real girl," and Pfaff, as a cross between a Christian and a Chinene, were also popular. Other clever creations were Mason and Law as prime-keepers Kent as a negro, Kearn as a jazz girl, with a di- vine goddess, Silas as Fatima, Dickerson and Beach as men, Donovan as a Cardinal, Chaylley as a millitant soldier, Kirtus and Griffin as Count de Rum of the Green Sash. Mr. Cameron in his Edward St. Denis dress was a pleasant one, and it is hoped that another masquerade can be arranged for the mid-winter.

New Business Manager.

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

Hopson Memorial Gymnasium Fund

We acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions to date—October 22.

Student subscriptions $63.50
Facility subscriptions 21.00
Ben includes 5.00
Miss Electa M. Canfield 2.00
Rev. C. M. Durham 2.00
MRS. James Kiehl 5.00
Mr. Peter Troy 10.00

TOTAL $105.50
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The REV. W. C. RODGERS, D. D., President's House.
St. Stephen's College.
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

READ THIS.

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

"GUTS"

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

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

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

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

FOOTBALL PETITION REJECTED.

On October 19, a petition for the revival of inter-colleigate 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 facts 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 Plicher 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."

Nothing Flirtatious.

"See the sixth floor of that office building?" "Yes.”

"That girl is waving her handkerchief at me.”

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

UNDER THE LYRE TREE.

What are these which are arrayed in white? and whose 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.

They are informed by the silence on the top floor of Potter that Alcémnic's photograph has not yet arrived.

Did someone swipe Prof. Gibb's jug of cider, No. How vulgar to swipe! But be that as it may, both jug and cider are still missing. May we suggest thumb-prints or a class in printing?

1st Stude. — "Did you go to the Progressive Busta the other night?"

2nd Stude. — "No. I'm a Democrat."

Echos 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

G. E. Smith

PHOTO S-128

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Armenia

Of all the distress in the Eastern hemisphere consequent upon the great war, there is perhaps none to equal that of the Armenian Christians at the hands of the Mohammedans. The Armenians, that ancient Christian race, is being exterminated by the half savage Infidel Turks. The following is a short account from the report of the American Board.

"Of the two million Armenians in Turkey one year ago, at least one million have been killed, driven from the country, forced into Islam, have perished on the way to exile or been deported to northern Asia. The Armenians in the army were first brutally put to death; then followed those who had purchased exemption and nearly all able-bodied males above twelve years of age. After this the remaining men, women and children were sent out upon a journey of months, mostly on foot, to the arid regions of Syria and northern Armenia.

These helpless, hopeless fugitives were forced out from their homes with little preparation for the journey and with no shelter from the storms or protection from the cold or heat. A man following one of these caravans for twenty-five miles reported to a United States Council that he counted over five hundred dead bodies on the road.

Children by the hundred were cast into rivers by their parents to save them from mortal suffering. At a United States Consul reported that he saw refugees brained with clubs because they, when starving, crowded their guards for food.

Armenian professors in American colleges, with university degrees from European and American Universities, were tortured by pulling out their hair and beard and the fingernails, 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. Jostles, towns have been driven to accept Islam to save themselves from death.

An eye witness of the atrocities states: "The shortest method for disposing of the women and children concentrated in the various camps was to burn them. Fire was set to large wooden sheds in Alaljan, Megrokan, Kheirgog 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, other shrieked and cried for help which came from nowhere. And the executioners, who seem to have been unable to induce this unparalleled savagery, grasped the infants by one leg and hurled them into the fire calling out to the burning mothers, "Help you and your lions." Turkish prisoners who had apparently witnessed some of these scenes, were horrified and mad 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. Moth- ers despair to find meat for their babies, unwilling to look upon their pale, livid limbs. Tears have dried from their eyes and words of complaint silenced from their lips."

Many of these exiles have been deported into the country which has fallen into the hands of the Russian troops. Their sufferings as illustrated in the above quotation, is intense. What are we as Americans doing to alleviate this condition? An American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has been organized with headquarters at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Messenger does not make a direct appeal to you for help, but it asks that you think seriously about the question, "Am I my brother's keeper or am I his enemy?" and answer it as you see fit. A Dollar Will Keep One Person Alive for One Month!!

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LAMENT FOR O'CONNELL

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

II
Ah! Barrytown, Irish in name and in flavor,
How cheerfully the avenues stood and how cold,
Where he that we mourned greeted 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 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 sweetly did Nature with him 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 Millman to give him a start.
And ever a song or a lyre he anathes;
For Dan was a mistrel 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.

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

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

I see him the citizen, young and ambitious,
Yes, handomous and versatile, steady and keen;
In the age before the great, the vicious
And drove ever genius its deadly machine.

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

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

Then Dan, all the trimmings 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.

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

X
He sighed with the courage that never forsuck him;
The love for humanity glowed in his breast;
And thus in the days of his steady look him,
And on the sweet hillside we laid him to rest.

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 Skaire 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
Bathing practices was taken up in earnest.
A fair number of men were out each day and from the way they
worked the prospects of a good team next Spring are very hopeful.

Tentative Schedule for the Season of 1917.
April 21—Open.
April 25—At home—Conn. Agricultural.
May 5—Open.
May 11—At home—St. Lawrence.
May 12—Open.
May 18—At Middlebury—Middle-
May 19—At Burlington—U. of Vermont.
May 22—At home—Nerwich
University.
May 25—At Potsdam—Clarkson
Tech.
June 2—Open.
June 5—Open.
This schedule will be changed before Spring.

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