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St. Stephen’s College
Faculty
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The following are extracts from a letter of Wilson, '19, which recently came to hand: 

"We have been on the road since Monday, traveling by train, car, or no mail, and hardly had any time for writing."

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

When we were relieved, our advance batteries were several miles ahead of the Supply Company, which was a Das-sur-Muse. Nute is rather a pretty place. It is built on both sides of the Nute, and on the right-hand side, the town is in a high cliff directly overlooking the river. Right on top of the cliff is the Church of Das-sur-Muse, which, though badly battered, is very pretty inside. Moreover, there are some fine views, 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 Bethinsielle, where we stayed one night. On the hike back, all that we could hear was "Fini la guerre." The "pulgas" were one from H. We captured a couple or mechanics of the 232d, who had been wounded and almost in an unusual luxury bath. When you remember that the only time that we were not in action since August 17th 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 a busy time of it.

So, when we left Pont-sur-Muse to begin our trip into Germany, we were spick and span, "G. I. soldiers.

The trip consumed exactly a month so I shall not name every overnight stop, but rather mention the most impressive views, and the most important towns we experienced en route.

The first town of interest and importance, because of its extensive coal and steel mines, is Bruey. We stopped there over night in a former German hospital. The main building of a large cement building of three stories, surrounded by a cement wall about fifty feet high. Within that wall both Russian (Continued on page 5)

SAINST STEPHEN'S COLLEGE
THE MESSENGER

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., MARCH, 1919

No. 4

Vol. XXV.

In The Enemy's Country

WILSON '19 DESCRIBES THE OCCUPATION.

Alumni Attention!

COMMENCEMENT—JUNE 9th-11th

It is with pleasure that the Board announces to the Alumni that Commencement this year returns to its customary place in the calendar, and is set for June 9th-11th. Judging from the failure of many of the Alumni 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.

If ever a Commencement should be successful, if there ever was one when St. Stephen's alumni ought to return to their Alma Mater, it is this June. The college lacks a football team, there is a corresponding deficiency in optimism—a plight not heretofore faulted nor entirely her own accomplishment. The presence of her former undergraduates will go far to help take a cheerful outlook for the future, and their efforts will do much toward making that cheerful outburst, a satisfying reality. To be sure, welfare or the future despair rests greatly with the Alumni. One can imagine how much they can do for their college if they will exert themselves. Surely, each Alumni is an undergraduate, felt the desire to become a loyal and enthusiastic Alma Mater—one who would do something for his college. Many, after they have gone on, find that they are not in a position to do anything big for the place, and consequently, they content themselves with doing nothing at all. Now almost every Alumni finds it possible, in June, to get back to College, if he wishes very much to do so. In some cases, to be sure, it is an absolute impossibility, but those who are comparatively rare instances. Our poor old Alma Mater might be discarded if too great an influx took place in June, so those who have not an overpowering desire to get back, leave it for the other fellow to work the ranks of Alumni representatives. And yet, what Alumni is there who, as undergraduate did not take a subtle pleasure in discordant signs of his dear old Alma Mater when he was in residence here? Might it not be a good plan to get back to the old purpose of so discordanting our kindly Mother that she could never again return to a state of dejected aspect, but would take a new lease upon active life and bloom out to the full growth of her embryonic possibilities? Alumni, it rests with you. Think about it.

A college paper has been defined as a publication to the support of which 1 per cent of the college contributes and with which the other ninety and nine per cent. find fault.

Athletic Association Meets

FLANS BASEBALL FOR THE SPRING.

The first regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Tuesday evening, March 5th. The first business was the election of officers for the current year. The following men were elected in Preston Hall: President—Alex. N. Keedwell, '19, Vice-President—Cassius H. Hunt, '20, Secretary—Otto L. Mason, '19, Treasurer—Gordon L. Kidd, '21.

The matter of the disposition of the money procured from this year's campus taxes was taken up and thoroughly discussed. It was decided to use the money in the replacing the obsolete baseball equipment which was seriously depleted by the Student's Army and the R.O.T.C. The possibility of a baseball team for inter-mural games or games with neighboring schools was thoroughly discussed. It was decided to foster the organization of a team and to that end a manager was elected, the choice falling upon Mr. Clarke '21.

PRESTON HALL SCENE OF SENTIMENTAL TRAVEL.

Potter Bulletin Losses Case Against Newton and Goodfellow

The sensational trial of the Potter Bulletin versus Moors, Newton and Goodfellow was held in Preston Hall on Sunday evening, February 23rd.

The court room was packed with spectators and the bailiff had difficulty maintaining order during the proceedings. The accused entered the court room with their lawyers, Moors, Stretch and Lanneau some minutes before the trial began. Mr. Moors was noticeably jovial and greeted his friends with a smile. Mr. Goodfellow, a tripe perturbed, nervously sought his place close beside that of his fellow-accused. Mr. Pfaffiko, who represented the Potter Bulletin, breezed in smoking a "44" and noiselessly set to work arranging his evidence. Mr. Turney-High was Clerk of the Court and his House Judge Keedwell, present.

After the customary preliminary speeches had been made and the jaws had been awash in, the first witness was called, Mr. Chandler. His evidence was unsatisfactory, but he was noticeably disturbed at the proceedings and had much difficulty in evading the questions put to him. The second witness Mr. Dickerson had more difficulty, and finally confessed his guilt and that of Mr. Chandler whereupon the case was thrown out of court and Moors, Newton and Goodfellow publicly exonerated.

The trial centred about the disappearance of the Potter Bulletin Board and its subsequent destruction.

Music was furnished by Schottgen, of Kingston. Refreshments were served during the intermission, and the audience were so treated at 2:30 was proof enough of success.

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

HUNTS RETURN TO COLLEGE.

Ensign Koch also here to Complete his Course

Cassius H. Hunt, one of the first St. Stephen's undergraduates to enter our college after the outbreak of the war, returned to college on February 24th. Considered as our first "hero," he was welcomed with much cordiality. The representatives of the undergraduates presented 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 received with a "Long St. Stephen's" from the assembled undergraduate body and proceeded immediately to his quarters in Aspinwall Hall.

Joining the Presbyteral Hospital at this last, upon the declaration of war, Hunt went to France and later was transferred to a Mobile Hospital and saw service at Kretatat, at Sipiess on the Champagne front with the 42nd Division which was cited for bravery during this offensive, at the Chateau-Thierry sector, 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 on January 4th.

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

(Continued on page 3)
THE MESSENGER

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WILLIAM A. PARKER, '21

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The Messenger is published twice a month during the time College is in session. Subscriptions and other business correspondence should be addressed to the Business Manager.

All subscriptions over 1 year will be discontinued.

Price of subscription, in advance: $1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents.

Entered at the Post Office at Amuda-nelle-on-Hudson, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.

With this issue of the Messenger the Editorial Board makes its last bow before the foglights and regretfully retires. The curtain falls upon the final scene of our journalistic life here and you 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 was beset by problems and conditions (by-products of the war) which, we venture to say, no other race 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 newspaperly 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 Alumners, Former Students and Undergraduates. For the retiring Board of Editors feels that the importance of the Alumners 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 furnish a locksmith who can forge a key that will open the door to a happier life for Saint Stephen's.

We believe that all those who by criticism or contributions have shown an interest in the publication. Naturally, we prefer the contributions, but our advice is not necessarily welcome if they are constructive. For the destructive critics and fault-finders we have only the kindliest sympathy. It must be distressing to have such a 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 press into your view 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. Farewell.

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 twinking star is pinned high in the sky A signal to dismiss the lingering light So loath to part. The peasant folk withdraw to peasant courts, And lights grow dim in barnyard and in mart. All France is dark. And quiet reigns supreme For one brief spell. The interval "twist heated stray of day Now its champagne 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 growl beneath their load. Loose limbers rattle and the horses shake Upon the flinty street. And men and horses stumble With dust and sparks "nothe 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 past Night after night, the transports roll Night after night, those big guns roar smart, Each night some valiant men pay toll. Why think it strange that gentle ladies And valiant men can strive 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!" There when all hearts beat as one heart That love is more than life or death. So fret not that the 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. Keen, France, July 8, 1918.

This poem was written by Lieutenant Keen about two months before his death, which resulted in his life. 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 was 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.

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

Donnon Strong, '20 visited the Campus March 8th and 9th. Uncle Sam thinks him an indigent case to be sent to Camp Upton and "Don" does not expect to return to College until next semester.

Herbert A. Donovan, Sp., spent the week-end of March 9th with Hunt and Mason. At present he is taking some work at the Virginia Theological Seminary, but expects to return to St. 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 St. 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 34 years of age, and had been in Holy Orders three and one half years. He was a Special student at St. Stephen's 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

14.—Rev. Henry Glasser is in Amundale recuperating from a severe attack of pleural pneumonia.
15.—Clay H. Himpens has a position teaching in the Asheville High School, Asheville, N. C.
16.—Frank M. Heil is instructor in Science and History at the Wilmonton High School, Wilmington, N. C.

JUNIOR BANQUET.

Large Party Dines Alone.

After much heralding by the late Potter Bulletin and after great preparations by the "permissions," there was, commanding the attention of all entering Preston Hall, on the evening of February 28th, the gorgeous red and white banner of 1920. Below the banner was a small table decorated with ivy and roses. It was not a funeral, however, it was the convivial board of an extra-egregious banquet for only one chair was placed there.

The first duty of the Walter was to turn on the bright lights—that is to light the candles. This seemed to foretell that the bridgework was arriving, and sure enough into the spacious and temporarily hushed edifice of Preston Hall walked "Lord Would-he-could be Puffyso" dressed up even to the silk hat. The waiter who had meanwhile been snoozing some place in the castle, suddenly realizing he must "be on the job" took the cloak, cane and hat, also the following in a fashion which even the Biltmore or Commodore might envy.

The feasting being seated, the courses were one by one served to him, and July first being still some months distant the modern epicurean drank—well we'd rather not say how much. There was a silent toast drunk (very nobly), after which the wealthy diner handed out 45s. (?) to the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

Whether the "class" went home in a taxi or not has been the subject of much doubt, but we feel we must congratulate the organization for its appearance en mass the following morning.

CHAPEL NOTES.


The Rev. L. 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 Sylvia Jones of Philadelphia, and Miss Lenore Heiblert of New York both by the costly table, suddenly exhibiting much skill in their playing.

On the following afternoon Miss Jones gave a recital in the chapel from 4:30 p.m. until 5:30, when she was accompanied on the organ by the Rev. Catbth Fowler.

Cuth must be working on a cash basis, it is awkwardly hard to get credit from him!
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 evicted about a week be
tore our arrival. (I might say here,
too, that there are many Russian sol
diers wandering about France—men
without a country.) On the spot
the Germans had chosen for evacu-
tion it, the prisoners 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.
They could see the usual ma
chine-like goon-step beating the col-
corridors. So, they immediately pro-
cceeded 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-
perience. Of course the French, 20
miles nearer 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
Huyingen, in Lorraine, which has,
no doubt, been under German rule
since 1871. We entered the town in
the afternoon and t children of
whom there were "beauccoups," ran
and fell in with dismayed Mounts.
They persistently asked for bread and
beer. The youngsters over here
smoke more than even our New York
fords. It was there that we spent our
Thanksgiving, and had our
dessert-turkey (canned salmon).
We really enjoyed the week's stop-
over.

* * *

We had been climbing stea-
dily all day, when, at noon, we came
to the top of a mountain and
received orders to stop for lunch.
Just as that order came, we
found ourselves on a road and
began to eat.

In a chapter labeled "Prigion," in A. F. Russell's "In a Club Corner," appears the following sentence, which will be interesting to all
newspapermen, including amateurs.

"Eating 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 eating,
that I had just picked up the old
Spectator, which was always new
and interesting to me. "Yes,"
said the lady, "my father sub-
scribed for a copy when it first came
out." Not knowing that the precious
book was published in London a
century before his father was born, and
at the slow rate of a number a day."
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