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MESSENGER

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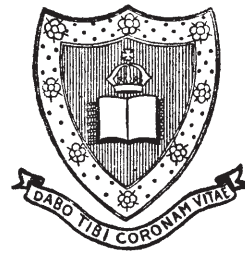
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THE MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

VOL. XXVI

No. 5



ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

FEBRUARY

THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXVI.

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Apple-Blossoms

By William A. M. Parker, '21

It was one of those warm spring afternoons of late April when little John was picking apple-blossoms for his little sister Margaret who sat in a shady bower making garlands of flowers for her mother's birthday party that afternoon. There was something very wonderful in the beams that afternoon as they played amid the branches dancing as it were from flower to flower and then on to Margaret's golden hair. Little John, when he had tired himself out picking flowers, lay down on the grass looking at the blue sky through these beautiful apple-blossoms which were pink and white. Some even seemed dark red, some pure white and they seemed to paint against the blue sky a wonderful red-white-and-blue flag—the kind of flag for which his father had fought in the Boer War. He seemed to see the whole army, as he imagined it, racing across the wilds of South Africa and his own Dad in the lead. Of course his own Dad—Colonel Harris—was in the lead for if anyone had asked Little John about the War he would have been told that, "My Daddy did most of the fighting." The little fellow had always been intensely interested in that horrible war. He thought the Boers must have been awfully brave, and yet he knew that his Daddy was very much braver.

And so he asked his little sister to play battle with him and she could be nurse. He immediately "got wounded" fighting some imaginary foe under the apple-tree, and she was the nurse. Tenderly she bound up his fictitious wound with her soft silk "hanky" and he lay looking at the wonderful shower of blossoms over his head. Thus they played—poor innocent playmates—until their mother called them in to tea and they gathered up their flowers and left the apple-blossoms to the late afternoon sun.

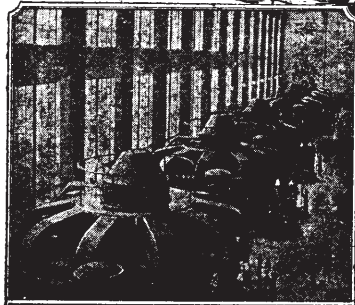
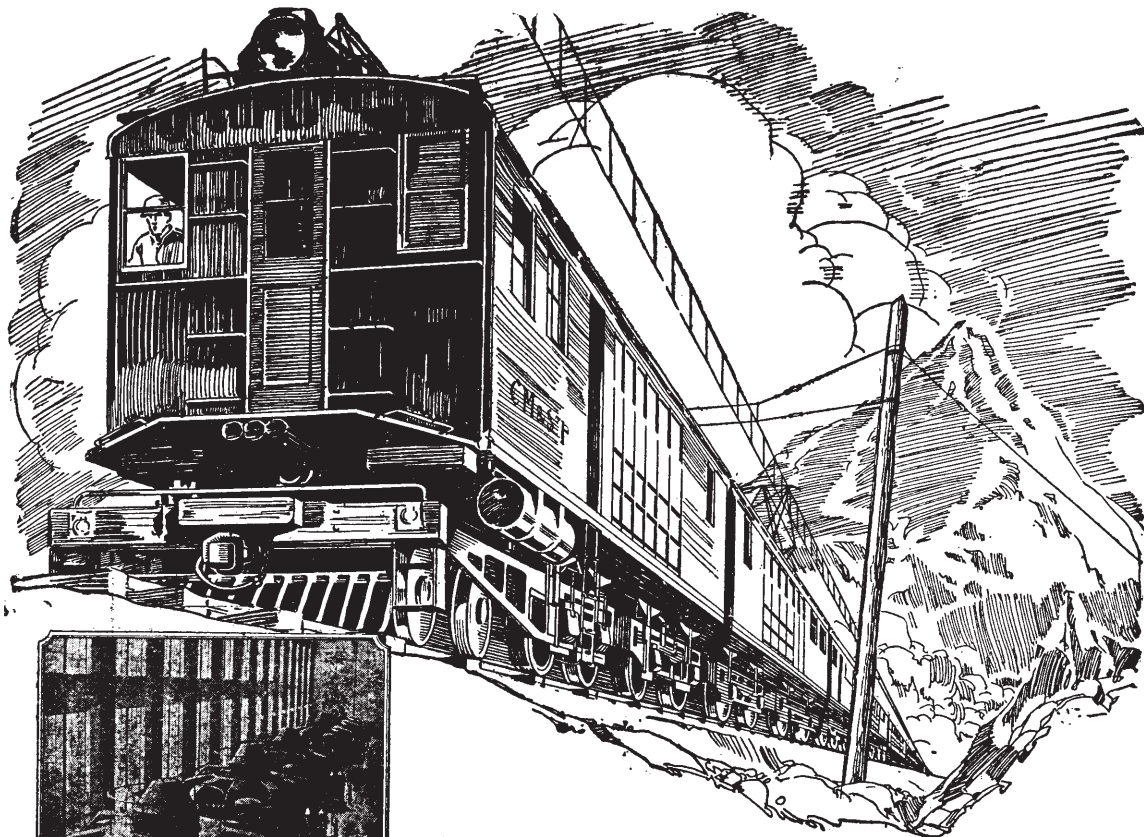
Little John often played being wounded and little Margaret was always the tender nurse

who bound up the wounds. In fact, always until they went away to school they made the centre of the play around the old apple-tree, and somehow they always remembered the beautiful blossoms with the bees buzzing here and there, rather than they remembered the juicy fruit which followed the blossoms.

Often when John was trying to remember the stem of a Latin verb or the date of some uninteresting conference in history his mind would flit back to the scene underneath the apple-tree, where he would always be lying prone on the ground looking at the magnificent apple-blossoms with their glorious setting of the blue sky. He liked to remember the first time he "got wounded" and he seemed to feel his sister's soft white hands about him.

Soon after, John was in the upper fifth form and he was just commencing to wonder how long it would be before he could enter Oxford—for his father was an Oxford man—a great change came in his life. Germany was marching through Belgium, and Oxford or no Oxford John could not see how anyone could tolerate that. He flung his Latin books into his locker and as quickly as he could he packed his suit case and wished the "Head" good-bye. There were a lot of people going away—it seemed the whole school, there was excitement everywhere. The very buildings themselves did not seem the same buildings he had looked at for so long, but they seemed to him rather as things that should be left as soon as he could leave them.

It was not long before John was at Aldershot "marking time" it seemed to him, while the Germans were rushing through Belgium, but he was determined to know how to deal with such fiends when he once crossed the Channel. Soon he crossed and he wondered as he went if he would have a chance to ride for miles and miles across open country, and



Generator room of one of the hydro-electric plants which supply power to the C. M. & St. P.

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the steam engine is frozen and helpless.

Electricity is the power which drives the trains of New York City's subway and elevated systems. It operates the locks and tows the ships through the Panama Canal. It propels the Navy's latest super-dreadnaught, the *New Mexico*. Electric mine locomotives have replaced the slow-moving mule and the electric automobile has also come to do an important service.

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make gallant stands as men had in his father's regiment during the Boer War. He was sure he would make some stand against such men as the Germans were, for he had visions of what they would do if they could ever get across the Channel. What if they ravaged homes in England as they had ravaged thousands of homes in Belgium? He felt for a moment that the whole issue of the war depended entirely on him, and he alone should enforce "they shall not pass."

A few days later there was a limp and shapeless form out in "No Man's Land" far ahead of the other forms, in fact it was right up by the barbed wire of the German trenches. There was one leg missing altogether and the left arm was bent under in such a way that it must have been broken in several places. There must have been terrible pain for the shapeless form as there was yet a ray of life in it, but over the pale face there was a look of contentment—almost a smile. The fair hair was fanned by a gentle breeze and though that hair besmeared in places by blood the sun seemed to make it a crown of gold, and those two blue eyes looked straight up at the blue sky above as though trying to look beyond the earthly turmoil.

It was John—he had done his part, and more than his part. He knew he would never see home again. He knew he would never lie again under—but that thought stopped. He saw the beautiful shower of apple-blossoms over him, and he saw the glorious blue sky beyond, he even imagined he saw the bees buzzing from flower to flower, and he felt the fresh green grass under him instead of the war-worn battlefield. A soft white hand seemed to touch his burning brow and a ray of sunshine lit up a golden head bending over him. It was Margaret, there she was once more doing up his wounds; there they were, once more under the old apple tree with the beautiful blossoms as they used to be. He was young once more, he was happy, very happy, yes; it seemed like heaven to him, he felt his wound no more, he was free from pain—back once more under that beautiful sky, in that beautiful land of eternal apple-blossoms.

1923 Dance

DEBUT OF FROSH VERY SUCCESSFUL

THE Freshman Dance which took place on Friday, February 13th, proved to be a very exquisite occasion. It is but an old story to say it was a very pleasant affair, but all who attended this dance will agree that of all former Freshmen achievements this was the most successful and the most enjoyable. The weather, we regret to say, prevented some from attending, but it surely was a real treat for those who were lucky enough to be there.

The dance was held in Ludlow and Willink Hall which was very attractively decorated for the occasion. The Trustees' Room was very stunningly adorned with the class colors—orange and black. There was a "false ceiling" made with these two colors—lattice wise—and the room was lighted with a warm and soft orange glow. At the south end of the room was a big banner of the class—orange numerals on a black background and from this banner were radiated rays of orange and black. There was a beautiful contrast in colors and yet a wonderful harmony between the decorations and the carved woodwork of the room.

The other rooms were decorated as "class" and fraternity rooms respectively. From each class banner there were streamers of the colors of that class, and couches were prettily arranged in the corners.

The refreshments, during the intermission, were exceedingly good, and the punch, in spite of its prohibition ingredients, was exceptionally tasty.

Perhaps the best part of the dance, however, was the music. Zita's orchestra of Albany played, from nine to two, the best music ever heard perhaps in Ludlow Hall. It was snappy and yet dignified and seemed to harmonize, as it were, with the environment. The programmes were very neat, being white with gold 1923 on the the cover.

The dance throughout was a huge success, and showed the results of efficient planning on the part of the "Frosh." There was complete cooperation in preparing for the event,

and the Freshmen are certainly to be congratulated on their achievements. St. Stephen's, this year, seems to have a Freshmen class full of ideas and originality, and surely this dance seems to show that 1923 is the most promising class which ever came to Annandale.

Among the patronesses were Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Williams, Miss Southern and Miss Rollins. The other guests were, The Misses Gould of Hunter College, New York City, Miss Alice Ford, Oneonta, N. Y., Miss Catherine Hoffman, of Red Hook, Miss Helen Curtis, Miss Dorothy Harper, Miss Katherine Shootie and Miss Edith Albrecht, of Red Hook, N. Y., Miss Helen Anderson and Miss Marie Kennedy of Skidmore School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Miss Helen Simillie, Rhinebeck, N. Y., Miss Lila Philips, Kingston, N. Y., Miss Elizabeth DuFlon, Kingston, N. Y., and Miss Marjorie Rollins, Barrytown, N. Y., the Misses Burres, Elizabethtown, N. Y., and Miss Kelly, of Newburgh, N. Y.

Leap Year "Bunk"

An idea arose many years in the past,
That man, selfish being, should be brought to task,
And explain why he should monopolize
The right and privilege of asking the maid
That she come and share the home he had made.

A life of connubal bliss, this,

Then came the custom known as Leap Year,
A stop-over privilege of three-sixty-six days,
During which time the damsel may
Take the hand of the man and ask that he leave

Dear mother at home, so to him she may cleave.

A life of connubial—, well.

In the former, the reason the woman says, 'Yes'

Is Bachelor Girls those days were not considered good taste,

So the man the maid could select without haste;

In the latter, the man when asked couldn't refuse

For he'd kidded the girl into such a state
That his manly qualities would not permit him hesitate.

As time advanced to this modern epoch,
We find the monopoly of man disappear
And in the hands of the Fair Sex appear.
Leap Year no more a thing for the Maids
For every year now is Leap Year to the Maid.
Amazing—Horrible—Awful!

Yet look at the advantages to us poor men,
No more need a man a 'No' fear when he asks
In a meek, humble voice, 'Be mine to the last.'
A few illustrations will, I think, suffice
This change to-day in our modern life
In producing the affiliation of man and wife.

John visits his sweet-heart and soon Mother says,

'Oh, by the way, do you happen to know, yesterday,

Geraldine became engaged to the chap 'cross the way?'

'Did you notice, to-day, in the Annandale Times

The wedding of Sue Johnson to Ethelbert Hines?'

'Nuf Sed' thinks John as he leaves.

Nor time for him the hint to forget
As sweetheart before the Jeweler's window steps,

The day after when they take a stroll,
And admiringly stares at a ring—How droll!
How can a real, live, sympathetic man resist
A real, nice, wide-awake, twentieth-century girl like this?

Please girls, and men who idolize the opposite sex,

Judge me not too harshly, and be not vexed,
For I, too, worship the Fair Sex, and have been 'henpecked';

Have walked miles to indulge in their gracious disposition;

And while under the spell of their indescribable fascinations,

How many meals have I sacrificed!

And I'm only mad,

Because I've never had—a proposal.

—Arthur G. W. Pfaffko, '20.

THE MESSENGER

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It is almost inevitable, in the course of things, that when the glitter and newness of things wear off, and what was novelty becomes the common-place every-day, that dissatisfaction should set in. Dissatisfaction and fault-finding are quite well-known to the guiding spirits of any journalistic enterprise, and from these evils the MESSENGER has not been immune.

Doubtless to many of our readers it may seem highly amusing that the Editor of the MESSENGER should presume to class themselves as the "guiding spirits of a journalistic enterprise," but technically we are such. If our readers have any serious objections to our styling ourselves with the pretentious title above, let them ask themselves the question "What is an Editor?" According to Webster, an editor is "one who prepares the work of another for publication."

In view of this fact, the Editors must shame-facedly admit that they are not worthy of the name—they do not prepare the works of others for publication, or at any rate, such occasions are quite rare. But the reason is obvious,—there are no contributions

from anyone outside the staff, and each of the Editors must perforce play the dual role of contributor and editor, with perhaps the periodical privilege (?) of proof-reader.

At the beginning of the first semester, we stated the policy of the MESSENGER,—that it was essentially the student publication. Apparently the majority of the student body hold the opinion that the MESSENGER is an instrument for the self-expression and the self-glorification of the Editors. The readers seem to feel that their only duty is to sit back in comfort and read the finished product, when, in the course of time, it makes its appearance on the campus; and then, when its perusal has been accomplished, comes the inevitable "crabbing,"—"too preachy," "what the MESSENGER needs," "what a college paper ought to be" etc., ad infinitum. It happens, however, that those who are ever ready with adverse criticism do little or nothing toward the bettering of existing conditions. They continue to expect great things of the Editors, and they continue to be disappointed. They still delude themselves into thinking that the Editors can casually seat themselves at their desks and that the flow of literature will be commensurate with the flow of ink from the several editorials pens,—that the Editors can, on the spur of the moment, call into being short stories, dramas, poems and jokes.

Now we come down to the basic question "Is there any real literary talent among the men here at St. Stephen's?" We are of the opinion that there is. There is no reason for believing that a college of this type can produce nothing worthy of printing but if there is any gift, it is painfully latent. It is imperative that we raise the standard of our college paper. It must be something more than a mere collection of bits of campus gossip. It must contain articles that will be of interest in later years.

Men of St. Stephen's, let us snatch away the napkins from our buried talents and let them shine for our fellows. Let us devote more attention to the development of the cultural side of our life here and thus uphold the traditions of our Alma Mater.

An Appeal TO OUR READERS

DO you have athletics in your college or university?

Of course you do, and when you could you backed them up as much as possible. You were proud of your college's showing on the football field or the diamond.

St. Stephen's Athletic Association, to-day, is appealing for funds to continue her athletic schedule. The association needs five hundred dollars to make the athletic side of the campus life here at Annandale worthwhile.

What can you do to help? Won't you as one who is enthusiastically interested in athletics do your part to help St. Stephen's athletics?

The athletic side of a college education is almost as important as the scholastic side. Will you not help St. Stephen's develop these two lines together, in order that she may keep her present rate of progress? You can in this way help St. Stephen's College.

[Kindly address all communications to the Athletic Association Committee.]

ST. STEPHEN'S RECOGNIZED BY THE PROVINCE

The formal recognition of St. Stephen's College by the Province of New York and New Jersey, the result of two years' efforts, was completed at a meeting in Newark on January 27th, thus making St. Stephen's strictly a college of the Province and giving her an official relationship with the Church. This is largely a result of the efforts of Bishop Brent, Mr. William J. Tully, Mr. Alanson Houghton and Mr. William Harison.

At the January meeting, the following men were elected members of the Board of Trustees to represent the Province: the Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, rector of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn; Mr. Stewart Lansing, of Watertown, N. Y.; and Mr. Henry Young, of Newark and Bernardsville, N. J. They will take their seats as soon as the revised charter is passed by the legislature at Albany.

THE first semester of the year 1919-1920 is now a thing of the past. How we fought through it and looked forward to its results! And what were the results? To the older men of the College, they were perhaps somewhat disappointing; to some of the new men, very much so. To be sure, the unsettled conditions here at Annandale, as well as in the rest of the country, the new regime and the higher standards set for scholarship, were distracting agencies. Evidently, many of us have not learned the art of adapting ourselves to our environment. Yet we must learn to do so. We must learn to cope with outside conditions in such a way that they will not detract from our studies. Paradoxical as it may seem, there are apparently a few men on the campus who valiantly tried to carry out the fictitious stories, read with much enjoyment in youth, of college life as a grand four-year vacation, free from the toils and cares of life. Fortunately this group is small; and, furthermore, the reaction of the first semester's escapade has given life and light to those who were blinded by such insane presumptions.

There is a reason to believe that the standard of scholarship in the College taken as a whole, is exceedingly good. But, there is still room for improvement, and it is just this improvement that we expect to see during the second semester. Now that our lazy dwellers have been impressively awakened, we expect them to show their real worth. In winter months the ordinary distractions are few and far between. They who missed the mark must now get down to hard work, and thus not only do themselves justice but help institute a competition that will cause us all to do our best and make us regard our best as the only thing worth while. It is by so doing that we can meet face to face the higher standard of scholarship demanded of us, and give fame to our college for its academic standard.

Otto Simmonds, '23, who left college in October on account of illness, has returned for the second semester.

Fraternity Notes.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

The New York Sigma-Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity on Wednesday evening, February 11th, celebrated its Jubilee with an initiation and banquet immediately following in Preston Hall. Notwithstanding the recent heavy snow-falls, sixteen Alumni braved the conditions and helped make the occasion one of the most successful the Chapter has ever experienced of this kind in mid-winter.

McVickar Dormitory, occupied by the Sigs was brightly adorned with College and Fraternity banners, and a large flag of the Nation. Above the entrance to the building were the numerals displayed, 1870-1895-1920. The local Sigma Phi was founded in 1870, and after twenty-five years struggling onward during the critical times through which the College passed, the Society succeeded in procuring a Charter from the National Fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, in 1895.

One of the largest initiations of the Chapter since pre-war days took place in the early evening when eight new men were admitted to the bonds. Immediately after the banquet, at which the President and Faculty of the College were invited, commenced. The tables were beautifully decorated with purple baskets containing flowers in color resembling gold, which combination displayed the Fraternity colors, purple and gold. The Fraternity flower, the violet, was in evidence at frequent intervals along the tables. The entire arrangement, with a dainty touch here and there, produced an effect truly delightful. The caterers, Smith Brothers of Poughkeepsie, lived up to their good reputation. After the repast, the toasts were conducted, Brother Gardner, being toastmaster. At intervals various Fraternity songs were rendered, and occasional hilarity enjoyed over jokes and funny stories to which many were contributed by the Faculty. The festivities came to a close shortly after midnight by singing "Good-night Brothers" and the "Alma Mater."

Those in attendance were of the Faculty, Dean Davidson, and Professors Upton, Cook, Williams, McDonald, Kaltenbach and Fowler; of the Alumni, Very Reverend Oscar F. Trender, Reverend Messrs. Gardner, Probst, Simmonds, Spear, Mullen, Rice and Bridgeman, and Messrs. Coffin, Sidman, Curtis, Hartzell, Stretch, Gresham, Castleman and Lounsbury; Fourteen members of the active Chapter, and five Pledge-men.

Edwin W. Ely, '14, visited the campus the week-end of February 9th.

The Rev. Charles E. McAllister, '14, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Hyattsville, Maryland, was a guest the week of January 25th.

On February 7th, Simmonds, '23, and Kroll '23, were pledged to S. A. E.

The following men were initiated on February 11th: John B. Lyte, Lynn, Mass.; John M. Cleveland, New York City; Edward W. Cowling, Jr., Eastville, Va.; Burton F. White, Jr., New York City; Herbert S. Craig, Lynn, Mass.; Samuel H. Sayre, Hampton, Va.; Norman S. Howell, Ballston Spa, N. Y.; W. Leo Vincent, Bloomington, Ill.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Friday, February 6th, marks the occurrence of the Kappa Gamma Chi initiation and banquet. Despite the fact of an unlooked-for blizzard, the four newly "Kapped," with oldsters and Alumni, who visited the college for the occasion, made way to Barrytown aboard a two-horse sleigh. The banquet took place in a private dining-room of the Nelson House at Poughkeepsie. The initiates were: Howard Everhard Koch, Walter Hugh McNeeley, Archibald Fitz-Randolph, and John Marshall Wilson. The Alumni were represented by the Rev. Cuthbert Fowler, '01, Alexander N. Keedwell '19, and Kirtley Lewis, Sp.

A thoroughly pleasant evening was rendered the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity by Mrs. William E. Cahalien on Tuesday, January 27. The Rev. Professor McDonald, of ghost-story fame about the Campus, enlivened the evening to no small degree. There were present, besides the active chapter: Mrs. Bernard Iddings Bell, Miss Mary T. Southern, Miss

Bessie Lewis, and the alumni members, The Rev. Mr. Fowler and Kirtley Lewis. Light refreshments were served.

The Rev. Henry Glaeser '14, visited college from Saturday, February 7th, through the following Thursday. Through Lent, Mr. Glaeser will be associated with the Rev. Wallace J. Gardner, St. Paul's Parish, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y., and should be so addressed.

EULEXIAN

It had been planned this year to have the annual initiation banquet at the Stuyvesant Hotel in Kingston but due to bad weather conditions and the resulting difficulty in transportation this scheme had to be abandoned at the eleventh hour.

On Thursday evening, February 5, 1920, all of the carefully laid plans for the initiation banquet, which had been scheduled to take place on the following day, seemed bound not to materialize. The storm by this time had assumed the proportions of a blizzard, making roads impassable. It was an anxious period for the members present.

About this time telegrams and telephone calls began to arrive from all directions from alumni members stating their regret at not being able to come on account of the storm.

The tension of the situation was somewhat relieved, however, on Friday noon at lunch time when a good candidate, Mr. Royal O. Fisher, garbed in a dress of purest white, stepped out onto the balcony of the refectory while another one, Mr. John B. Libby, arrayed in the style of days long passed, made his appearance below. The famous balcony scene from Romeo and Juliette ensued, and if one may judge from the applause rendered after it had been enacted, Brother Fisher made a very sweet and adorable Juliette and Brother Libby a debonair Romeo.

Brother Pierre McD. Bleecker '76 arrived Friday afternoon. He was the only Eulexian alumnus to reach the college, although a couple of others made the attempt but wisely decided to return upon reaching Barrytown,

being unable to remain over the week-end as Brother Bleecker did.

Four new members were initiated at the appointed time. They are: Mr. Royal O. Fisher, Mr. John B. Libby, Mr. Frank C. Hubbs.

Unfortunately Mr. L. Russel Anderson, who unluckily found it impossible to remain in college due to no fault of his own, was unable to get to the initiation.

Through the kindness of President Bell the banquet was held in Trustee Hall. Brother Bleecker was the only alumnus present. The brothers were prepared to entertain about 30 expected alumni guests and were very much disappointed at missing their happy faces in the gathering. But despite this they made the best of the occasion and enjoyed a very pleasant, happy evening together.

On Sunday, February 8, 1920, a little visitor arrived at the home of Brother A. J. M. Wilson '14 in Millbrook. We hope that he will follow his father some day in becoming a good St. Stephen's man and a loyal Eulexian.

Brother George E. Spitzli has entered upon a business career in Utica, N. Y.

Dragon Club

ON Wednesday evening, February 4th, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, of great prominence in educational circles, delivered a very interesting and valuable lecture under the auspices of the Dragon Club. Mrs. Mead's subject, "Some Phases of the International Problem as they Affect Education," was developed in a manner which kept the audience spell-bound. Her realistic depicting of the conditions both in this country and abroad, and her logical solutions for remedying such conditions, gave us a remarkably clear-cut picture of her message. The exhaustive manner with which she treated her subject was well shown by the lack of questions asked by the student body after her lecture.

NEW PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

We are empowered by the President of the College to announce that a new Professor of Biology has been secured, to enter upon his duties September 1st. The man appointed is Mr. Phineas W. Whiting, who has the degree of Master of Science from Harvard, and Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania. He has for the past three years been the head of the Department of Biology at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penn. Dr. Whiting, in addition to being the author of a large number of monographs on Biology, has the honor of receiving each year an annuity from the Society for the Advancement of Science. A laboratory will be prepared for him in Ludlow and Willink Hall.

Baseball Prospects

AFTER a period of four years, St. Stephen's will again place a baseball nine on the field. A canvas of the new men brought to light some promising material, including several prep and high school stars. The schedule, so far arranged, calls for the following games:

Wed., Apr. 21—Poughkeepsie H. S. at Poughkeepsie.

Sat., Apr. 24—Albany State College at Annandale.

Sat., May 1—Eastman College at Annandale.

Sat., May 8—N. Y. Military Academy at Cornwall.

Sat., May 15—N.Y. Aggies at Farmingdale.

Sat., May 22—Open.

Wed., May 26—Kent at Kent.

Sat., May 29—Albany State College at Albany.

—Geo. D. Langdon, Mgr.

Convocation Meeting

ON the evening of February 16th there was a Convocation meeting in Preston Hall at 7:45. On motion it was decided

to elect a committee to compile and revise if necessary the Constitution of Undergraduates. This committee expects to finish its work before Commencement.

Campus Notes

THE past two weeks have been very trying to the men here on account of the heavy snow storms. For several days, communication between the college and the outside world was almost entirely cut off.

Mrs. Kaltenbach, during the past month, has spent a few weeks visiting her uncle at Albion, N. Y.

Dr. Edwards has been in the Rhinebeck Hospital for some time suffering from something like the "Flu."

Mrs. Upton and children spent the week of February 15th on the campus.

Hoffman '20 has been appointed by the President to take charge of athletics for the remainder of the year.

Leopold Kroll, Jr., of Honolulu, T. H., and Henry J. Saunders, of Pittsburgh, entered college the second semester. Kroll is a son of the Rev. Leopold Kroll, '97, connected with St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu.

Under the Lyre Tree.

Few people realize that if we were perfect we would not be in college.

It seems as though tampering with the lights at a dance is liable to become a tradition.

We wonder why the dining hall clock is always ahead of everybody else's time.

If public speaking was in chapel the latter might be warm for Evensong.

Indoor sports at St. Stephen's—entertaining snow-bound lady lecturers.

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President's Page



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The College believes that there are many persons who do not wish to see Church Colleges perish, but who feel that all their gifts must now be given to or through the Nation Wide Campaign. The continuance of this Institution depends upon such persons giving in the near future designated gifts.

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