---And A Man Died

By Dexter H. Teed

It may have been a beautiful day, sprinkled with bright sunshine, but they couldn't have been aware of it. They were crouched around the corner of a building, further advance stopped by a machine-gun that spat death whenever any one of them dared turn that corner.

The American army had advanced that day. The Germans had gradually fallen back. But now they couldn't go on because of that machine-gun and the men who manned it. Attempts were made but they couldn't succeed. Whenever a little raiding party dashed around that corner and down the street, the roaring rat-tat-tat of leaden death met the brave men. One by one they fell, clutching at their throats, toppling to the shell-torn street, bodies stiffening and straightening in agony. This was war.

Michael Hayes, Colgate '18, was the captain in charge of the company. Of course he had been called "Mike" as an under-graduate. His fellow students had known him as one of the finest types—an athlete of symmetrical physique who ran on the track team, a fine gentleman and a scholar. They knew without thinking about it that he was an idealist, a young man of fine purposes whose kindly, Christian attitude and thoughtful forbearance made him beloved by everybody.

When the war came, Mike Hayes went. Eventually he landed in France and came to grips with the harsh and cruel reality of modern warfare. It must have seared the soul of him, for he was by nature sensitive. But there was no turning back.

And so now, on this day, he was commanding a company that had an objective. That objective was to capture the machine-gun and make possible the advance of the American army through that war-caricature of what had once been a beautiful French village, hiding under its ivy and gay with roses and bright poppies.

Blood had flowed in the streets and America's young men had died there. Germans had died there too, fighting and killing men they did not know, men whom they had no desire to kill, except — this was war.

It was only a short distance around that corner to the machine-gun that was manned in a barricade of ruins. One might have thought that a quick rush of brave men would have resulted in its capture, but that wasn't true. The Germans operating the gun were experts. Cooly they directed their fire whenever a surge of men swept around the corner and at them.

Capt. Mike Hayes didn't like to lose; he liked to win. He liked to win when he was running on the track team and Jack Rourke could tell now of the times when he fought with every muscle straining to come from behind and win a race. There was iron in his makeup.

Enough lives had been lost in what appeared to be a futile attempt to capture the machine gun, Hayes decided. He must have decided that, for what he did proves that he was thinking of his fellow-soldiers — his fellow-men. Mike was like that.

He ordered the men in his company to cease making those sorties that ended in certain death, as the story is told by Richards Vidmer of the New York Herald-Tribune whose father commanded the regiment in which Hayes fought.

"Wait!" The order that Capt. Hayes gave must have been something like that.

The surviving men in the company must have wondered when Hayes did what he did. He crouched down there, around the corner. He took a sprinter's position, one knee resting on the ground, his hands placed in front. Perhaps they knew what he was going to do. Perhaps they didn't. But he did it. It may be that he turned his head and smiled once and his lips formed the word "Good-bye."

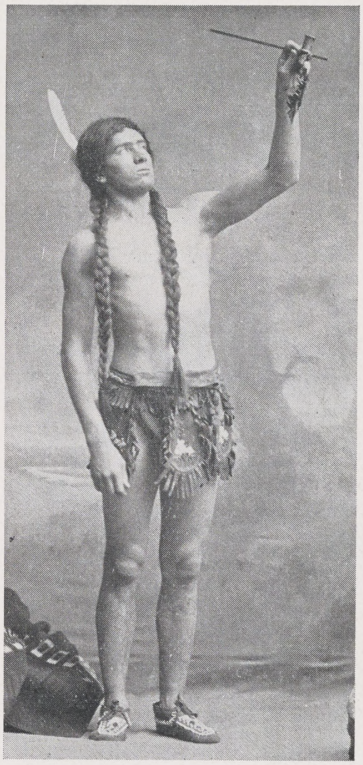
Then he was off. He leaped from the mark like a true sprinter. He wheeled around the corner at full speed — and headed straight for the machine-gun.

The machine-gun sang its requiem of death. Before he had gone ten yards his body must have been full of bullets. But Mike Hayes didn't fall. The iron in him carried on. He had an objective. He wouldn't lose his last race.

Those who dared to peer around the corner saw the finish. With a leap

Our good friend, Dex Teed '24, is perhaps ....best known for his sports articles for ..Colgate publicity. Many of our large gates at inter sectional football games are a direct result of Dex Teed's advance publicity. He usually precedes the team by a week and meets with all the sports writers of various sections and lets them in on the secrets of our current football edition. Dex is generally given credit for having given the name "Red Raiders" to the team which had been known for many years as the "Big Maroon."

Dex Teed has had considerable newspaper experience and has done many special articles for various newspaper services. For example, he was the first one to bring back, after visiting New Orleans, the real story concerning the death of the Louisiana Kingfish, Huey Long. Dex has also had some stories published with a northern New York and French-Canadian locale. This present article "— And a Man Died" has to do with Michael J. Hayes '18, who was killed in action, France, October 14, 1918.

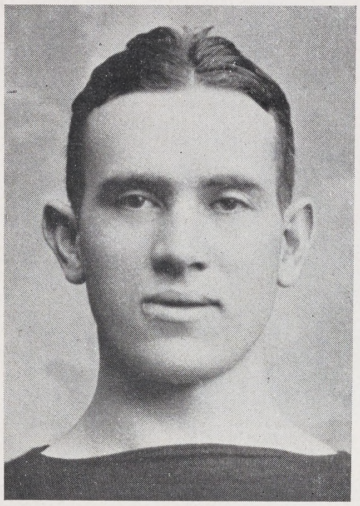


Hayes in Masque and Triangle

that must have been inspired by sheer force of will, he hurled himself on the hot muzzle of the machine-gun. It jammed. Mike Hayes had won.

The men in his company followed. It was simple to capture the "nest" then. But they couldn't cheer. There were too many eyes full of tears and too many throats tensely tight and choking. The American army advanced.

"In Flanders fields where poppies bloom—" are there any heroes greater than Mike Hayes?



Mike Hayes was one of the most popular of Colgate men while on the campus. He had the following honors: Class President 1; Class Football 1, 2; Class Track 1, 2; Mercury Committee 1, 2; Mask and Triangle 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball 2; Varsity Relay Team 2, Varsity Track Team 2; Underclassman Wrestling Champion 2; Second Kingsford Declamation Prize 2; Captain, Varsity Hockey 2, 3; Varsity Football 3; Students' Advisory Board 3; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 3; Executive Committee, Outing Club 3; Salmagundi 3; Readers and Critics 3; Biological Society 3; Press Club 3; Manager, Coffin 3; Reader, Musical Clubs 3.

MEET IN UTAH AFTER 24 YEARS

"Bob" Ingraham '13 lives in Providence, R. I., and except on rare occasions remains in the East. "Bill" Wilkinson '12, is in Los Angeles, and while he travels about more, rarely sees people from the mentioned seaboard state. "Heinie" Schradieck '12, is ordinarily five thousand miles away in the Philippines. (Helping to keep Standard Oil out there in a prosperous condition.)

But Heinie was on a vacation trip to the States, and stopped one night in the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City. The same night who should check in at the same hotel but Bill Wilkinson — and quite by accident met Heinie. Far into the night they talked of Colgate — and met next morning for breakfast. In the dining room were "Bob" Ingraham and his wife — but it was Mrs. Ingraham who first recognized "Heinie"— and a second reunion took place.

Heinie and Bill from their respective view points, Manila and Los Angeles, of course assumed that Bob in Providence, being right near by, (a little matter of 300 miles) should have all the first hand "dope." Bob, however, wished longingly of having someone from the campus on hand as a prompter. Anyway, from all reports the conversation lasted for hours, and was all concerned with the one subject they had in common — Colgate.

To appreciate this odd reunion you must know that it was the first time in 24 years that any had seen either of the others. From the way they enjoyed it we hope it won't be 24 years more before they meet again. (How many classmates do you have, whom you last recall, attired in cap and gown, receiving their diploma, and being congratulated by President Smith, Merrill, or Bryan or Cutten? And — wouldn't you like to run in to them unexpectedly?)

COLGATEANA

Once again the college library calls upon loyal alumni for assistance in completing its files of Colgateana. These files are not only indispensable for the college historian but also very useful for classes having reunions, fraternities and other campus groups. They may be consulted at any time and the library will arrange displays of items gladly on suitable occasions.

After checking over the files this summer it was discovered that the following material is missing:

Madisonensian (predecessor of *Madisonensis*), practically all issues.

Colgate Alumni Quarterly, issues of volume III published in 1914 or 1915.

Colgate Alumni Maroon, all issues to 1924.

Student Handbooks, editions for 1900-1901, 1919-1920, and any published before 1900.

Handbooks for Students of Colgate Academy.

Student Directories, any published before 1913.

Minutes of the 91st annual meeting of the Baptist Education Society of the State of N. Y., June 1908.

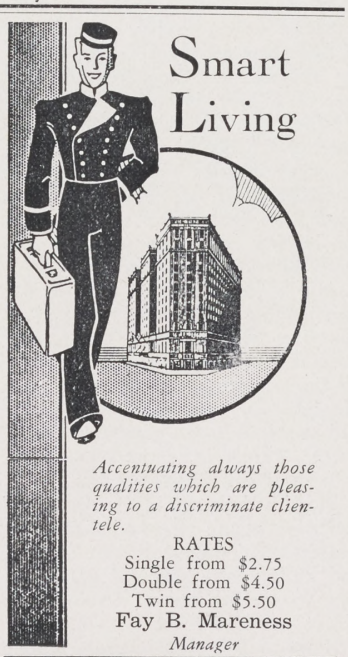
Banter, certain issues between Vol. 1, No. 1, May 1920, and Vol XI, No. 6, March 1929 are needed.

Any of these items which you may be able to find among the mementoes of your college days that you are willing to contribute may be sent to Dr. Charles W. Spencer, the College Librarian. All gifts will be appreciated greatly.

CALENDAR—NOVEMBER

Wed. 4 Chapel: Amory H. Waite, Jr.—"With Admiral Byrd at Little America."
Sat. 7 Varsity Football—Holy Cross at Worcester, Cross Country at Alfred, Soccer at R.P.I., Frosh Football at Syracuse.
Tues. 10 Varsity Soccer at Syracuse.
Wed.11 Round Table Discussion—Debate Club.
Thurs.12 Cross Country—Hamilton, here.
Fri. 13 Chapel Speech — Mrs. Margaret Sanger.
Sat. 14 Varsity Soccer—Syracuse at Hamilton.
Mon. 16 Chapel: President J. L. McConaughy of Wesleyan University.
Thurs.19 Lewis Prize Oration Due.
Sat. 21 Varsity Football — Syracuse at Syracuse.
Wed. 25 Thanksgiving recess begins, 11:-40 A. M.
Thurs.26 Varsity Football—Brown at Providence.
Mon. 30 Thanksgiving recess ends, 7:50 A. M.

December 1
Concert and Lecture Series—George E. Vincent, Lecturer.



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