

5-1902

# Lookout, Volume 7, Number 1, May 1902

A. W. Manchester

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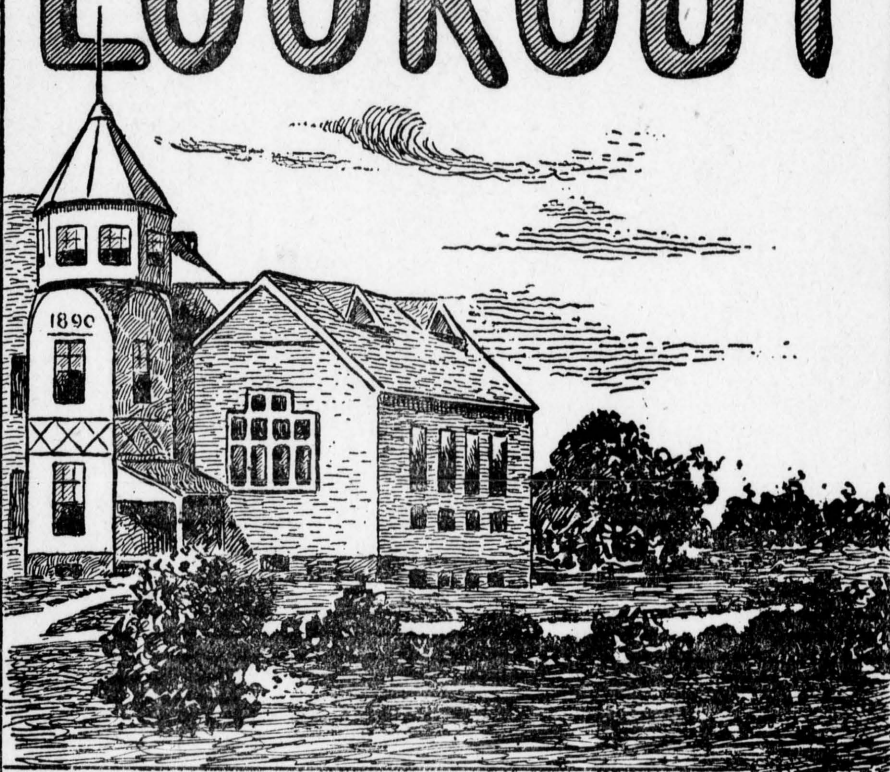
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THE

# LOOKOUT



MAY, 1902

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Missouri College of Agriculture.

COLUMBIA, MO., Oct. 30, 1901.

The machine (U. S.) did excellent work and as a rule I believe it skimmed a little closer than the others we had in use; The record was invariably .02 of 1 per cent. or lower, sometimes a mere trace of fat in the skimmilk.

C. L. WILLOUGHBY,  
Instructor, 1901.

Illinois College of Agriculture.

URBANA, ILL., June 29, 1901.

Enclosed find records of work done with your 3 cream separators (U. S.) at the Dairy School. These are very creditable records and we think any Cream Separator Co. can feel proud of them. Your machines have not given us the slightest trouble during the semester.

OSCAR ERF,  
Prof. Dairy Husbandry.

### Record at the Pan-American Model Dairy.

De Laval average skimmilk test,	.0172
United States average skimmilk test,	.0138

Difference in favor of the United States,	.0034
---	-------

DeLaval average buttermilk test,	.121
United States average buttermilk test,	.109

The above shows that the DeLaval Separator left 25 per cent more butter fat in the skimmilk than the United States. An immense waste that amounts to a very large sum of money upon the dairy products of the world. Enough to pay for a United States Separator to replace every DeLaval Separator now in use.

Prof. Spillman, Director Washington Experiment Station, in Ranch and Range, Seattle, Aug. 15, 1901, reports the following tests of skimmilk from Dairymen using the United States Separator:—

.00,	.00,	.01,	.01,	.04
------	------	------	------	-----

Mississippi Agr'l and Mech'l College.

Agricultural College, Miss., Dec. 13, 1901.

The Separator (U. S.) has done perfect work.

J. S. MOORE, Acting Professor.

### A Few 1901 Experiment Station Records.

Vermont, Jan.-Feb., Av'g. of 33 tests,	.03
Cornell, N. Y., Jan.-March, 27 "	.025
Massachusetts, Jan.-Feb. 14 "	.024
New Hampshire, Jan.-Feb. 11 "	.027
Kansas, Jan.-March, 8 "	.02
Wisconsin, January, 8 "	.015
St. Hyacinthe, Jan.-Feb. 5 "	.017
Average of 106 tests of skimmilk,	.024

The above are only a few of the many proofs that in thoroughness of Separation,

***The U. S. Separator stands without a Peer.***

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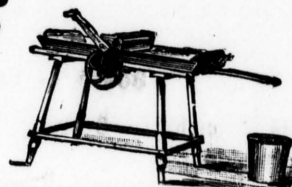
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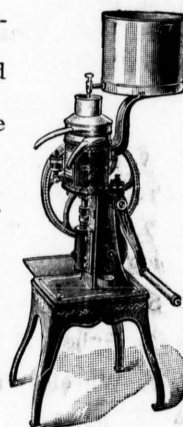
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Vice-President, H. L. Bushnell.  
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Juniors, 1903—President, R. J. Averill.  
Sophomores, 1904—President, R. T. Dewell.  
Freshmen, 1905—President, W. Koenig.

# C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL. 7.

STORRS, CONN., MAY, 1902.

NO. 1.

Published monthly during the college year, by the Students of Connecticut Agricultural College  
The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles.

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*Entered as second class mail matter at the Eagleville Post Office June 22, 1901.*

With this issue, a new board of editors takes control of the "LOOKOUT." We do not enter lightly upon our duties but believe that we appreciate the serious nature of the work intrusted to us.

We believe that the "LOOKOUT" is the principal means, through which the alumni may keep in touch with each other, as well as with their alma mater; that it is the most natural medium through which the public may become acquainted with the inside of the student life at this institution and with the work being carried on here; and that it is already valuable to every student here, and may be made even more so. It may be added in passing, that our subscription lists do not indicate an appreciation of the opportunities offered the public by the "LOOKOUT."

We feel that this critical period in the life of the college is also a critical period in the life of this publication, that as the college emerges from the sea of troubles

which have more or less hidden it and climbs towards its highest field of usefulness, the "LOOKOUT" must keep pace with it, or fail to fulfill its purpose.

It is fitting at this time to express our appreciation of the high quality of work done by our predecessors. The limited fields in which a college paper may browse have been carefully gone over and the character of the literary work has been such that it has reflected credit upon the college as well as winning new friends for itself.

The "LOOKOUT" comes to us in a much improved financial condition, the business managers by their persistent work and careful management, have reduced the former threatening debt to about one-fourth the proportion it assumed at the beginning of the year.

It gives us pleasure to speak of the appointment of Mr W. H. Hall of South

Willington as a trustee of the college, succeeding the late Mr. Holman.

We have confidence in Mr. Hall, not only on account of his own qualities as a collegian and business man, but especially because of his long personal acquaintance with C. A. C. and his interest, so often manifested by visits at the college. No student can fail to be pleased by the appointment of one who can officiate as acceptably at a ball game as did Mr. Hall in our first game this season.

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During the recent rhetoricals, the freshman at last felt impelled to pause in the mad career over the course of wild Indian pranks, childish amusements and special evening studies, which he seems to consider an essential part of his year's work, and to pass a few moments in quiet reflection. Apparently his thoughts have born fruit, for strange have been his downittings and his upittings and mighty have been his tremblings.

Nevertheless, he has acquitted himself quite creditably, showing marked improvement in the uniform quality of the parts. While the horrible sufferings of the freshman as he once more harrows the sensibilities of his audience with the burning of poor John Maynard (how continually that man is tortured!) may not produce elocutionists, it is certainly valuable to the freshman in accustoming him to standing on his feet before assemblies and beneficial to the audience in the practice of endurance.

---

The prizes offered the three lower classes, for speaking should induce the earnest effort of every student eligible for competition. The small number of

special awards, granted by the college, for excellence in different departments, is, at present justified by the lack of interest manifested in those now presented. Whether the cause for existing conditions shall remain must be decided by us. Shall we continue to allow the monster of laziness to keep us from the golden apples.

The invitations to the annual banquets of different literary societies bring into prominence these organizations, which are carrying on their quiet work throughout the year. These societies are typical of the advantages, not on the schedule, which a student may enjoy if he will and which may be made to contribute much to what he gains here. Each one must decide for himself how much time he can afford to spend in pursuits not directly connected with his regular routine, but it may safely be said that no one will ever have cause to regret enthusiastic support of our literary societies.

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#### COLLEGE NOTES.

The new editor will try and keep all interested in the college acquainted with the occurrences at our beloved institution, in order that his efforts may be successful, he requests each student to consider himself an associate editor and contribute any articles or notes of interest.

Encumbered as they are with serious duties, the board of editors yet has one day set apart for their especial enjoyment. This is the day when their pictures are taken, in Willimantic. "A high old time," expresses the occurrence to perfection. The picture of the retiring board was taken on April 16.



Prof. Gulley recently gave the Juniors laboratory work in shipping some of his nursery orders, of which he has had a large number. Being near the residence of Prof. Koons, the Juniors felt that when they were in Rome they must do as the Romans do, so finding some charred sticks, they were soon "Coons." We have not space to express their feelings, when they attempted to carry out their wish that their "color would fade."

One of our poetic geniuses, inspired by the appearance of some maple syrup on the table, contributes the following:

Goo ! Goo ! limpid Goo !  
A glad farewell I say to you;  
For, though you seem to stick so well,  
This syrup sounds your funeral knell.

A blaze appearing to come from Mr. Green's house, caused a deceptive fire alarm to be sent through the dormitories and over the campus, a few nights ago.

The hatless, breathless and frightened students used the language, reported as current in Holland, when they stopped after a half-mile run, and watched Joe King burn brush. However they found the oil of joy for mourning in a walk back with the young ladies. A run of a mile more would even have been an object.

Happenings such as the above will not take place again however, as fire extinguishers have been purchased and distributed about the buildings, and not even a stroll with a young lady by the flickering light of a burning brush heap, would compensate for the toil involved in carrying a fifty pound fire extinguisher.

Under the direction of Prof. Raymond, a large number of improvements

have been made on the college campus. The path from the Valentine house to the main building has been turfed over. We wish to express our sympathy to the semi-bachelor inhabitant of the Valentine house as he plods along the circuitous way from his abode to his meals.

Our large, fair-weather flag has at last become worn out by the many salutes played to it, and has found it necessary to resign. A new one has been purchased to take its place.

The new target is nearly complete and the military company will soon take up practical work in hort. in trimming the peach orchard from a distance.

Several of the lower classmen have become so studious, that they have formed a special evening class, meeting in room 3.

The three-seater at the horse barn is being transformed into a wagonette. The members of athletic teams are joyfully anticipating the time when they no longer will be forced to hang suspended over the tail board as they return from their games.

A study hour, extending from 7:30 till bed time, has been established. Each student is required to be in his own room during this time. This rule falls rather heavily upon him, who for nearly four years has enjoyed the privilege of "hoeing down" in the hall or "shaking" his neighbor. But "de world do move" and we must accept its backward as well as its forward motions.

H. L. Bushnell spent a few days at his home in Danielson recently for the purpose of recuperating from the effects of excessive study.

Wild duck shooting (?) has been enjoyed by some of the faculty and students. They assert that they have been very successful and it is even rumored that they bagged a duck. The fact is not generally known that Prof. Stoneburn is looking for a missing waterfowl.

A new base ball diamond is nearly completed. This field appears to be much of an improvement over the old one, being level, smooth and well drained. It is situated in the same lot as our present field, with home plate near Prof. Koon's house.

To prevent the veterinary hospital walking off, the specimens for dissection have been removed.

All the college buildings are receiving a new coat of paint. The color has been chosen as emblematic of the fact that here is to be found the cream (or rather butter) of modern education.

The local telephone system has been repaired and is now in excellent working condition. We only regret that the phones at the cottage and old dormitory have been discontinued.

The breakfast hour has been changed from 7 o'clock to 6.30. Many object to this midnight lunch. However the change is principally nominal, as the dining room is open till about 7:30.

The special students, who were here during the winter term are much missed by their many friends.

The girls have been letting their light shine so late at night, that in order to prevent undue brilliancy they are no longer allowed to let it shine at basketball.

A word of warning is needed by our cooks. They have been frittering away a large part of their time.

(ADAPTED BY BUSINESS MANAGER.)

He, who cheats the LOOKOUT  
Out of a single cent.  
Will never go, I surely know,  
To where good Elijah went.  
But, when this life is over,  
This life of toil and woe.  
He'll surely go to another place,  
Where they never shovel snow.

The bathing facilities of the new dormitory are being much improved, the practise of the students assisting one another with massage and other treatments is to be commended.

WANTED—Two young ladies at the Junior table.

Dave Copeland has been accused of tying a kitten by the tail, to a window of the cottage during an evening English class. The kitten evidently enjoyed the position and sang a solo, thoroughly appreciated by all in attendance.

The young ladies have resorted to a lantern to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of gentlemen escorts from Sunday evening service. Whether they were attempting to rival the moon or encourage their erstwhile companions, travelling solemnly in the rear, is an unsolved problem.

#### THE MUSIC OF A DAY.

Almost before "Aurora shows her brightening face," and "The long light shakes across the lakes," comes the first music of the day. It is the bugler practicing reveille, much to the disgust of his neighbors, who, as they roll in their beds, vow dire vengeance on him.

Hardly have the eyes reclosed for their "beauty sleep," when a rude arousal is effected by some inspired soul, appropriately wailing "Good morning, Carrie."

One then decides that it is time for the scene to change, and begins to prepare for breakfast. Just as he has shown a comb to his hair, and is hauling on his coat, preparatory to running across to the dining room, in bursts a friend with the valuable information, "I've got mine, boys, I've got mine," presumably referring to his breakfast.

So it continues throughout the day. First, one bewails the fate that made him a "Coon, coon, coon." Then, another unreels with marvelous facility an appalling string of deaths, and vociferously announces that which possesses the most terrors for him. Next, a cornet murders in cold blood one's favorite hymn, so that, rather than witness such slaughter one must flee to the campus. Even here he is not entirely free from these overwhelming sounds, for, on the wings of the breeze floats "I'm in love with a Junior boy."

After supper he returns to his room, determined to "plug." Down comes a geometry, and all his energy is concentrated on a hard problem, when in from the hall come the echoes of a whole chorus, sadly bidding farewell to "Dolly Gray."

In despair he looks about for some retreat where he may be safe from these constant distractions. There lies the cottage, quiet and peaceful. Surely, there is a refuge. Yes, it is better to brave the dangers of that place than attempt to survive as at present. But, just as he prepares to flee thither, from

its windows comes the cool invitation, "Honey, just stay in your own back yard."

From these few hints, it must be apparent that anyone with a desire for music may have his æsthetic tastes gratified. As the music(?) ranges all the way from "Nearer, My God, to Thee," on the mandolin, to the "Tune that the old cow died on," played on that instrument yet to be named, conjured from an empty tin can, a piece of string, and a lump of rosin, every taste may, presumably, be pleased. "He that ears to hear, let him hear."

ROBERT TREAT DEWELL, '04.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'85. Mr. C. H. Savage has severely injured his hand with an axe, recently, and consequently has been obliged to secure some of the students to perform his work. His speedy recovery is expected.

'88. Mr. Wesley R. Coe is assistant professor of Comparative Anatomy at Yale University.

'95. The class of '95 recently made a present to Master John Bliss Stocking, the first son of "old '95," of a beautiful silver cup on which was engraved the Seal of the State, the young man's name, and the inscription "Our Class Boy." Accompanying the cup was a box of lovely roses for the mother, and a letter to the son stating that the class would disown his father until commencement as a punishment for not immediately telegraphing to each member of the class the news of the child's birth.

'98. The "New England Home-



stead" contains an article on Stock Feeding by J. W. Pincus.

'99. Mr. W. W. James is employed in surveying the proposed trolley route which is to run from Willimantic to Southbridge, Mass.

'01. Mr. J. H. Vallett made a short visit to his friends at the College the last part of April. Mr. Vallett is seriously contemplating returning to the College next fall and taking a special course in Veterinary Science.

Ex-'01. Mr. Robert Buell recently made a visit to Prof. Beach. It is greatly regretted by the students that he did not come around and see them. He would certainly have been welcome.

'01. Mr. E. P. Brown has returned from New York, and is now employed on his father's farm.

Ex-'03. Mr. F. S. G. McLean made a short visit with friend(s) at the college, recently. He has decided to remain near the center of his interests and play ball with Springfield the coming season. Utah is too far away, if one must go alone.

---

#### EXCHANGES.

The "M. H. Aerolith" contains a large amount of German literature, which we recommend to all interested in that language.

A pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
And in less than a jiffy  
They looked like this.

—*Tahoma.*

The green cover on the "Rocky Mountain Collegian" appears to have been imported from the land of the shamrock, but is, we suppose, typical

of the freshness and life of the material to be found within.

"Your son is a very deep student."

"Yes. He is always at the foot of his class,"—*Premier.*

The "M. A. C. Record" is a very good paper for its size. Its campus notes appear to be carefully collected and are quite interesting. It gains interest with us, from the fact that our professor of horticulture is a graduate of that college.

Small Boy—"Say, Pa, when Lot's wife turned to salt what did he do?"

Father—"Began looking for a fresh one, I suppose."—*Ex.*

The editors of the "New Hampshire College Monthly" must all be very clever poets, as a large part of that paper is poetry.

It will certainly pay all who expect soon to be married to read the story of "A Rustic Wedding" in the "Premier."

From the large number of dreams recorded many of the contributors to the "Signal" would appear to be in a trance.

We hope to secure a much larger number of exchanges, as we believe that much which is of value, may be gained from this source.

---

#### THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

One evening, the Society for the "Investigation of Symbolic Expressions" chosen as a topic the most transcendental of mathematical subject "The Fourth Dimension."

The circle had been squared and the angle trisected and these operations I readily understood, but when Max Merden suggested that the theory of

the Fourth Dimension was plausible, and started to prove the fact, I rebelled.

"See here: it is possible to draw a line perpendicular or at right angle to another line and the line at right angle to both of these, but how you make out that another line at right angle to all three of these can be drawn, I fail to understand. A line perpendicular to any two would coincide with the third."

"But" answered Max, "suppose for instance that such a line could exist, do you think that you, with eyes of a third dimension being could see what was meant only for those of a being of the fourth dimension?"

"O! bosh. Do you expect me to believe there could exist any such miraculous beings?"

Then a curious thing happened: the room, its furniture and my friends seemed blurred and distorted, as if out of focus, the effect was to cause me involuntarily to close my eyes. When I opened them my friend sat the other side of the table as before, his elbows on the table his head resting on his hands. There was a strange glitter in his eyes as he spoke.

"Unbeliever, believe! you are at present in the land of Four Dimensions where it is given few mortals to be. Although it is all about us, its inhabitants are invisible unless they choose to show themselves to us at times. Men call them ghosts. The people of the land of Four Dimensions can move about in and perform things in the Fourth Dimension seemingly miraculous to a person living in the Third Dimension or space."

With these words he took a cut glass caraffe and a wine glass and without

removing the glass stopper, transferred the wine glass to the inside of the bottle. To all appearances it was in there for good for the neck of the caraffe was too small to accommodate its exit, but with a quick motion I hardly perceived, Max removed the wine glass and placed it on the table.

He got up and walked over to me. He then made a few passes, the entire length of my body, with his hands. The sensation I felt was as if I were a pack of cards being shuffled. Still I did not feel any different from my ordinary self. He then requested me to look in a mirror.

Heavens! What I saw there made me turn pale; my hair was parted on the right and I had a distinct remembrance of parting it on the left that afternoon. I looked at my hands; my ring was on the right instead of the left hand. Taking out my watch I found it to be quarter to 12 instead of 15 minutes after 12. Everything about my person was reversed. I opened a book which I held; the letters were all printed from the right to the left.

Another pass and the floor seemed to fall from under me and I found myself on the sidewalk. From the window my friend looked on. Before I had time to look about me, I was back in the room again, breathing hard, not from exertion but excitement, I ejaculated, "wonderful."

Quickly coming towards me and laying his hands heavily on my shoulders, he said, looking through me; "Why I could turn you inside out!"

At these words I had a feeling of nausea, my heart rose in my throat and every thing grew black.

\* \* \*

Reaching out suddenly I saved myself from falling from my chair.

Max was sitting in his characteristic attitude and was saying, "Of course we have no proof that such beings could exist but for the sake of the argument." I picked up the book which lay on the floor; the letters appeared turned round and I burst out "why, this is proof."

"Proof of nothing, that is an Islandic dictionary."

But I am a believer now, nevertheless.

### ATHLETIC NOTES.

C. A. C. 12, W. H. S. 1.

On Saturday, May 3rd, Willimantic High School played the varsity team on the college field. Although the air was damp the ground wet, and the day generally disagreeable good work was done by the college team. The nines were as follows.

Averill	Pitcher	Cole
Pattison	Catcher	Potter
Carpenter	1st Baseman	Looney
Crowell	2nd Baseman	Cowley
Harvey	3rd Baseman	Light
Lamson	Short Stop	Alpaugh
Shurtleff, Mallard	Right Field	Robinson
Smith	Center Field	Knox
Twing	Left Field	Horton

C. A. C. FRESHMEN 5, SO. COVENTRY 18.

Saturday afternoon, May 3, the class team of '05 C. A. C. went to South Coventry to play a game of base ball. There is some dispute as who they were to play, and as some say they played the wrong team. The story goes that when the '05 men reach the ball grounds, the infants congregated there to play them, got so affrighted at the brilliant blue and grey class jerseys and the manly forms under them that they repaired to

the houses of several national league players and hired them to act as substitutes. Anyhow one of the players was over 40 years old and the pitcher filled the air with snakes. Except for a little fracas which Herr Koenig had with the pitcher, the game passed off very smooth with the score 18 to 5 in favor of the South Coventry team.

C. A. C. 4, EAGLEVILLE 19.

On May 10th Eagleville got back at Storrs for the game of April 19th. The game was played at Eagleville. Several misfortunes combined with a general off day to bring about the score.

Pattison	Catcher	Prue
Averill	Pitcher	Potter
Carpenter	1st Baseman	Vinton
Crowell	2nd Baseman	Murphy
Harvey	3rd Baseman	Worden
Smith	Short Stop	Clark
Twing	Right Field	McCullough
Shurtleff, Comstock	Center Field	Morley
Mallard	Left Field	Thompson

Bases on Ball, C. A. C. 3, Eagleville 7. Struck Out C. A. C. 2, Eagleville 1. Wild Pitches, C. A. C. 1.

C. A. C. FRESHMEN 26, ST. MARY'S 8.

Nine little under graduates beat a kids nine from St. Mary's parish, So. Coventry, in the afternoon of May 10. How did they do it? This is a secret. Three sophomores played on the '05 team. O why can't college men play college men and let children play "One old cat" in peace.

### SOPHISMS FROM THE SOPHOMORES.

IN REGARD TO NEFARIOUS PRACTICES USED IN AROUSING FELLOW STUDENTS.

Of these tortures the mildest type is the simple calling and shaking, which usually fails even to ruffle the dreamer's calm repose. The next form is the application of cold water.



This is very effective—especially if the sleeper is of a vigorous physique and wakes before his tormentor has time to withdraw. In this list of torments, the broom straw stands high; for it is wildly tantalizing to the slumberer, while the performer gayly laughs at the frantic efforts, on the part of his semi-conscious friend to avoid or destroy the cause of his annoyance. Last, but not least, is the freeze-out method, recommended for heavy sleepers, but applicable only in cold weather. It consists of removing all covering from the victim, then rolling him off the mattress on to the cold wire springs; then, suddenly opening all the doors and windows, allowing the cold air to circulate freely and giving the sleeper the impression that he has reached the farthest north and discovered the Pole.

Torture has gone out of general use in many places, but it is still practiced in certain uncivilized localities, among which colleges may be mentioned.

#### RELATING TO HOUSEKEEPING.

The preparation for the important event, known as "hoeing out," is the making up of the mind for action. Next you fish out your broom, dust-pan and various other implements of war and commence. You pick up all the stray clothing, separating your own from some else's, hanging up your own and throwing the other fellow's out into the hall. After attending to these details, you pull all the furniture into one corner and playfully toss the rugs out on the head of some beloved friends, who chance to be passing beneath the window. It is now proper to rest before trying to clean. When you have recuperated from your strenuous exertions,

you propel the broom and brush the dust about in the atmosphere and into your own lungs. Then replace the rugs, rearrange the furniture and the episode is over.

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#### A FLIGHT IN VERSE.

##### THE GULLS.

The boat was on the lake,  
No cloud was in the sky :  
And long we sat in silence there  
To see the gulls go by.

They did not seem to fear,  
Nor did they turn aside,  
When they beheld our boat adrift  
Slow rocking on the tide.

Their wings were tipped with white,  
As we could plainly see.  
Oh, such a joy it was to know  
These birds were wild and free.

---

#### FOUND HEADLESS.

The sun was just about to make her exit, shedding rays of light on the pine forests. The wind sighed as it blew gently through the branches, and the night bird, thankful for the appearance of its young, gave vent to her joy in sweet song.

Night began to gather rapidly, and still I continued my lonely walk. Hour after hour, I wandered aimless, trying to solve in my own head the problem of life, the greatest inventions of the day, the future generations, until my weary brain became confused. For a moment I stopped, at a loss which way to turn or what to do. I looked about me.

The sun was just about to set behind a distant hill, the frogs began to croak, and one by one the birds ceased their song.

I threw my light jacket closer about me for the night was growing cold.

I started homeward with rapid gait, across the path through the woods which would save me a long walk.

I was soon again lost in deep meditation, and my thoughts wandered from the mysteries of the planets, to the great sciences solved by human beings, and wondering what else nature contained and held back as a mystery from man. Would it be ages before he could solve the great problems, or—suddenly I was aroused from my deep reveries by a ghastly sight which still haunts my memory.

There in the middle of the path headless, mangled almost beyond recognition lay a body.

I drew back in horror, a cold hand seemed to be laid over my heart, I wished to cry out, but the words froze on my lips, I was rooted to the spot; my eyes fixed upon the body.

The head lay two feet from the body, eyes staring upwards to heaven as if beseeching for vengeance. And there far from friends, never more to know earthly pleasures, lay a dead mosquito.

I could stand the shock no longer, my limbs gave way beneath me, and I sank upon the ground in a heap.—

The tall pines shook their heads; the whip-poor-will began his song, and one by one the stars came out to see and be silent.

D. H. ROSENFELD, '04.

#### EXTRACTS FROM CLASS HISTORY.

The four years just passed have been a period of great and decisive events in the history of the Connecticut Agricultural College. Valuable buildings have been constructed and equipment greatly increased; the college has been, at the same time, widely advertised and nearly wiped out of existence by the press of the state; the administration has been changed, the faculty made

stronger, new studies and courses introduced, popularity restored and "harmony" prevails. But more important than all this is the coming and going of the class of nineteen hundred and two.

No other class at Storrs has started with the advantages which were ours. Out of an entry class of twenty-eight, one-half was sifted into a "Pup." class and the cream of the number was the beginning of the class of 1902 on its glorious career. Ten of our number have been together four solid years and the three other members entered together only a year behind.

We promptly as Freshmen held a class meeting and elected a lean, lank but sensible looking six-footer, by the name of Saterlee, as our first president. Unfortunately, however, he was stricken, and fatally, with the malady common to Freshman, leaving Harvey to captain our Freshmen course. We were soon photographed (these photographs are now priceless), and calmly passed a year of diligent study under the motto: "Honesty and Truthfulness in Everything."

Important additions replaced the missing as we opened our Sophomore year, one among them being a relative of Admiral Dewey. Our present class colors, orange and black, were chosen early in this year and have ever since floated high on this breezy hill. As time went on we became a more and more potent factor on the college campus. Professor Wheeler took us on a delightful trip to Norwich; this year we were allowed to hold the plow while the Freshmen picked the stones and pulled the weeds. We actually did some good plowing that spring, though it was not appreciated by "Prof." Stocking who ruthlessly remarked that "it did us more good than it did the land." Our class tree, a Norway maple, was set out in the spring near Dr. Mayo's house and we later spent a delightful evening in honor of the event in the house of

the Doctor. At our rhetorical we astounded the community and our Longfellow recital under the management of Miss Barbour won us a reputation on the stage.

As we pass the half-way mark in our course four more were counted among our absentees, four from the top of our measure. Having firmly impressed on our characters the qualities of "Honesty and Truthfulness" and seeing other qualities essential to success, we selected a new motto, "We Sow for Ourselves, we Reap for Ourselves." Five members of our class participated in Tommy Knowl's famous oo' foot ball team, which among other things, held Trinity down to 6 to 0.

When in the winter term the Senior class, which had won a wide reputation in putting a Jersey bull up in the top of the main building, marched out with their "Charlie Sliver," we as brave soldiers would, attacked them as they were making the bend at the cove, dismounted their rider and checked their advance in a fierce bloody battle which "Dock's" mercy and threats finally brought to an indecisive end. The Seniors went back to the barn as exhausted as they were humiliated when they so obediently brought the bull back down the stairs and up again to the place where they got him.

With the graduation of the class of 1901 we became characters looked up to by all others on the campus, and "never before had a Senior class promised to turn out so well as this one." The events of our Senior year have been so numerous that only the more important ones can be cited, and these with brevity. We started our summer term with a picnic to Lake Wamgumbog. Then came our summer's term of bachelorhood, the young ladies, sad to relate, not taking this term's work. We immediately cleaned out the "Old Dom" and took possession, which we hold to this day, and established there a system of gov-

ernment of the purest Democracy. Another will tell in detail of the Summer term, how we labored and perfected our collections of bugs, weeds, and grasses: how we pondered for some noble deed to perform; how fatigue from hard study with circumstances, unpleasant and heartrendering, over which we had no control nor could longer endure, brought about the event of the Summer term which gave us the great popularity we enjoyed in the press of the country; of the midnight scene of a ragged, footsore company heavily-laden, climbing the hills in darkness of the night on a journey of which none knew of save the Lord and ourselves; how the next morning saw the sun rise in its proper place and the professors in their chairs as usual, of the sensational reports and the speculations as to the mysterious disappearance of the Senior class at Storrs; and how, after three days of feasting and fasting, of comfort and discomfort, we came back to earth again and answered "Yes" to "Bennie's" question, "Boys, are you ready for work?"

In the fall every member returned to graduate. We selected our courses, seven choosing the non-mathematical, Agricultural course, five the Scientific and two the Horticultural. With Professor Beach we christened the new Agricultural Hall. We selected a new class motto, "*Honore et labore*," and put on our class rings. On one Friday evening we took possession of Beebe's store and enjoyed a bountiful feast while the gramophone sang us merry tunes. When the Juniors became a little fresh we proceeded to their quarters, "took possession" of their reception hall and spent a jolly hour by the fireside unmolested. Among the good times of the year was the annual Geological trip to Bolton where we placed the numerals, 1902, far above those of any other class. The great disappointment of our course came on a day in March.



The male portion of the class spent a memorable night in the horse barn, expecting the Juniors would be looking for a certain horse to hire. In the morning we branded our subject and gave him appropriate decorations for the war-path. Two Juniors were kidnapped and locked for a couple of hours in the oat bin. After dinner as has been the custom, we started out to escort "Joe the Vet" on a tour about the campus and, if possible, back to the place of departure. We marched up to the main building as bravely as did old "vet" himself, but to our utter disappointment and disgust and to the astonishment of the numerous spectators, the annual event which decides who is the stronger of the two upper classes passed by with not a drop of blood to soil the freshly fallen snow and not a scratch to heal. The dissection and the evening wakes that followed, so much enjoyed by ourselves, and honored guests and the final party given by "Dock" in memory of our martyr will linger long in our memories. The success of our year's Democracy in the "Old Dom" must have a word. The system was similar to that of the early colonists under Captain John Smith, but in this case it has proved a complete success. Matches, tobacco and pipes, neckties, oil and the like, were property in common. All-salted peanuts, candy and cake were equally distributed, and several times a day did we sing together and talk over private matters in our reception hall. This with our intimate relations with the young ladies of the class at the table has bound the class together with bonds of lasting friendship and respect.

We are not naturally inclined to be boastful and with all due modesty it is with the greatest of self-satisfaction that we look back over the last four laborious and almost blameless years of our lives. We have done many of those things which we ought to have done, we have left undone many of those things

which we ought not to have done, and our health is unimpaired. True some peaches have mysteriously disappeared since 1898, not all of the grapes have been picked Professor Galley; we may have searched a little too diligently for insects in the strawberry bed, the muskmelon crops have been short and the watermelon crop has never turned out as well as expected. And seasons cannot be blamed for it all.

Our health has failed us many times when their would have been greater failures had we attended classes. Yet when we think of the compliments the faculty has paid us, of the number of times the photographer has chased us, of the attainments we have achieved, and more than all of the eagerness with which two of our beloved professors have searched for the canvas (as a souvenir, no doubt) which gave us protection when on our expedition last summer, we cannot hesitate to believe that the college will ever be most proud of this full batch of thirteen as it parades the state bearing the title of B. Agr. which she is to confer upon its members.

But seriously. Only a day and a new chapter in our history will commence. We have spent four years—the most valuable in our times on this campus. They might have been spent elsewhere, but we believe not more happily nor more profitably. Our social life in this "little community" has bound all its members closely together as in a family. We depart from this adopted home with many regrets, but with the highest gratitude toward our instructors, those here now and those that have gone, for the examples they have set us and the many manly qualities they have implanted in our characters. We will rejoice with our college in every success she meets and with glad eyes will we look upon classes graduating with histories more brilliant than ours.

A. B. CLARK, Historian.

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