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## Lookout, Volume 7, Number 9, March 1903

A. W. Manchester

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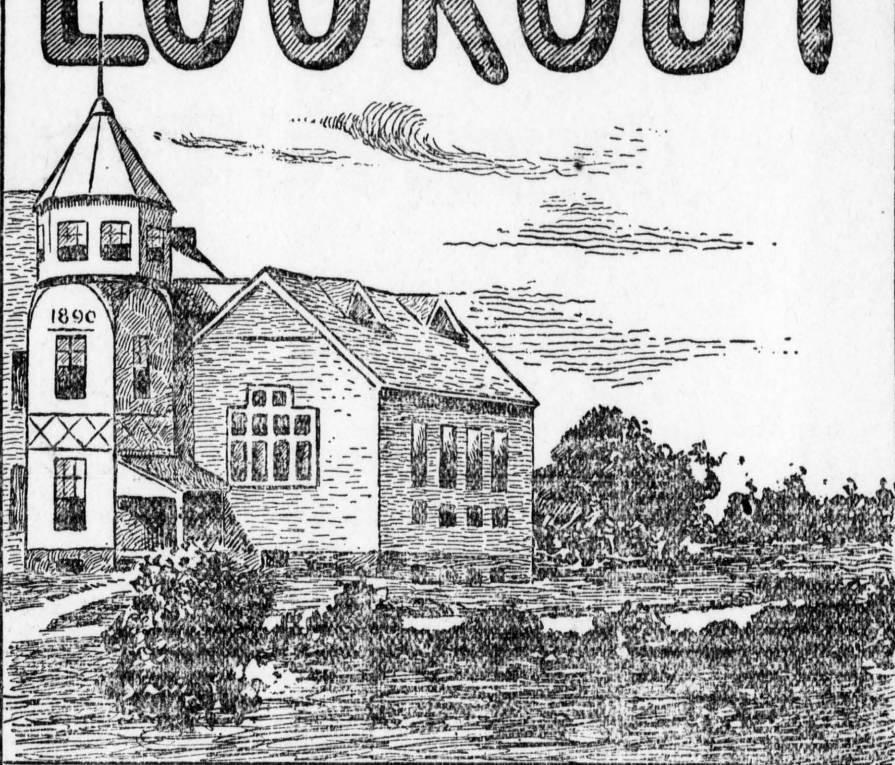
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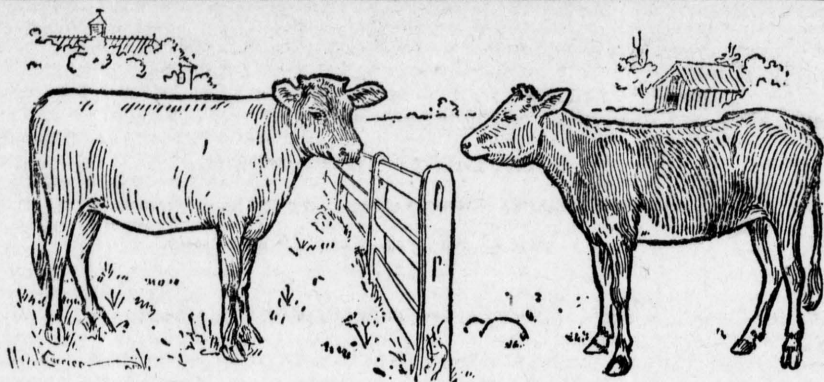
# LOOKOUT



MARCH, 1903.

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# C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL. 7.

STORRS, CONN., MARCH, 1903.

No. 9.

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*Entered as second class mail matter at the Eagleville Post Office.*

When we are perfectly healthy, when all our members perform their functions without friction we do not appreciate our bodies. Only some pain here or there makes us realize the complex nature of our physical being and causes remark. When the train runs smoothly, we think not of the perfect machine, but when we jolt along on poorly cushioned seats, we are roused to complain of bad treatment. We are apt to give the larger part of our attention to those things which annoy us. Perhaps this explains why the youth who is full of pranks is after all a favorite, while the goody-goody boy is an insipid nonentity. But such observations have been so often impressed upon us that they need no further comment.

So smoothly has the college been passing through this year that there is danger that we may ignore its achievements and successes. It may be well to call to mind a few of these before the loss of students

and the other discouraging circumstances that inevitably attend the spring term turn our attention to the darker side.

The maintenance of our numbers has been noteworthy. But very few of the large class that entered in the fall have packed their trunks and returned to the farms on the Connecticut hills. It is of course inevitable that occasionally someone should enter college, who is entirely unfit for the environment, to whom study is naught but a bugbear while he has no impelling force within himself to make him do that which is unpleasant, who, in short, is totally unable to gain from the college life. That such should leave is expected, but they seem to have been few, very few.

The good discipline of the student body has also been remarkable. Of course, now and then boy nature demands something a little out of the ordinary. At such times the surface of college life and the faces of the discipline committeemen have been

somewhat disturbed. But no outbreak has occurred for which a few hours of extra drill have not been deemed adequate punishment. The authority of the upper-classmen seems to have been sufficient to maintain quiet and attention to business during working hours. So long as the higher classes continue to uphold decency and work, there is little to fear.

Perhaps not less important, as indicating the undercurrents of student feeling, is the cleanness of our athletics this year. There has been no persistent attempt to use ringers, however strong the temptation; the observed preference has been to play fast, clean games, rather than to try to win by trickery and stealthy breaking of rules or departure from the spirit of the rules.

Criticism from without of the policy and management of the college has been noticeable for its absence. It appears inevitable that in a state institution every citizen of the state should feel competent to find fault with any of its affairs that to his casual glance seem unsatisfactory. The comparative freedom of the college from attack indicates that the public has unusual confidence in the integrity and wisdom of those at the helm.

To multiply examples would be useless. "Straws tell which way the wind blows."

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We are always pleased to put upon our pages thoughts so pertinent to our conditions as those which Mr. Greene transmits to us in the following letter:

"Editor of the LOOKOUT:

"Dear Sir:—During a recent visit to the college it was my pleasure to attend the meeting of the Eclectic Literary Society, being held that Saturday evening, in a room in the old Valentine homestead.

For some unknown reason, perhaps to amuse the boys at my expense or in recognition of the fact that I was one of the earlier members of the club, the presiding officer saw fit to call upon me for a few words. In my desire to acquit myself with ordinary respect I called to mind the idea so grandly expressed by the late John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, and embodied in his lines called 'Opportunity.' I endeavored to impress upon the minds of the students gathered that Saturday night, the greatness of that sentiment so finely expressed, and the imperativeness of its application in their everyday life at Storrs.

"Now that I have a copy of those beautiful lines, I wish to give them again to the Eclectic Society; to all the students; in fact, all the readers of the C. A. C. 'LOOKOUT.' I hope that a careful study of them will be of some inspiration to many boys and girls. Thanking you for the courtesy of your columns I am,

"Respectfully,

"CHARLES R. GREENE, '95."

OPPORTUNITY.

"Master of human destinies am I!

Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,

And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.

I answer not, and I return no more."

—JOHN JAMES INGALLS.



### Alumni Notes.

'85. Mr. Horace S. Eaton is removing from Fairfax, Vt., to Windham, Conn., where he will reside on his new farm.

'90. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lane, February the eleventh, 1903, at New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Lane is assistant in the New Jersey Agriculture Experiment Station.

'91. Mr. H. G. Manchester delivered an address to the Grange at Middletown, March tenth, '03.

'93. Mr. Walter A. Warren, who has for many years been assistant at the greenhouse is going to leave us. He is to take charge of a farm in South Windsor, Conn. Without doubt our worthy friend, G. H. Hollister, '02, will take his place as assistant in the greenhouse.

'95. Mr. A. J. Pierpont has had an attack of the measles.

'97. Mr. Robert D. Beardsley has also been severely ill with the measles, but has now recovered.

'97. Mr. F. F. Bushnell has been suffering from a severe case of blood-poisoning in the hand, but has recovered.

'97. Francis Comber has accepted a position as farm superintendent at the Arthur Memorial Home for Boys at Vineland, New Jersey.

'99. Mr. Arthur F. Green has recently been elected worthy lecturer of the Middlebury Grange, No. 139.

'00. Mr. H. D. Emmons was present at the basket ball game in Thomaston, Conn., between C. A. C. and Thomaston.

'01. Mr. Edwin P. Brown left college after the military ball, and, by mistake, he

took with him one of McLean's shoes. The shoe was returned to the college and we hope that by this time the owner has recovered it.

'02. Miss Laura J. Wheeler is managing a confectionery store for her uncle in Trumbull, Conn.

'02. Messrs. Harvey and Lampson have been afflicted with that greivous disease, the measles.

'02. It is reported that Miss J. M. Olin entertained a visitor from the college, at her home in Springfield, Mass., a few weeks ago.

Ex. '00. Mr. Charles Fitts has been spending a few days at the college with J. N. Fitts, '97.

It is with pleasure that we announce the engagement of Mr. Fred F. Bushnell, '97, to Miss Anna C. Jacobson, '00.

Once more we are pleased to note a gathering of Storrs people. On the evening of January 4th, a few members of our Alumni Association, and some others, who were present at the convention of the Connecticut Pomological Society, gathered at Habenstein's restaurant, Hartford, Conn., for an informal meeting and supper. Following is a list of those present: President, Rufus W. Stimson; Prof. A. G. Gulley; Prof. L. A. Clinton; E. R. Bennett; S. W. Hayes, '86; C. H. Savage, '88; F. A. McKenzie, '89; A. R. Yale, '91; H. E. French, '92; M. M. Frisbie, '95; C. R. Green, '95; S. W. Eddy, Ex., '96; Stancliff Hale, Ex., '96; O. F. King, '96; V. E. Lucchini, '97; F. R. Comber, '97; Katherine R. Lucchini, '99; E. F. Manchester, '99; R. H. Gardner, '99; Lena E. Latimer, '00; Gertrude E. Grant, '00; H. D. Ed-

mond, '00; G. H. Hollister, '02, and Miss Addie L. Barnes, Lewis High School, '93.

We commend to those of the alumni, who have gone into business the examples of Messrs. Gardner and Downing, who are advertising in the LOOKOUT.

### College Notes.

Here's to our Alma Mater,  
Long may she live and rise!  
Exalted be her banners  
Until they reach the skies.  
Then while we live  
We'll always give  
Our efforts strong and true  
To the praise of dear Connecticut  
And her glorious white and blue.

The snow has again disappeared, and the weather gives the deceptive appearance of coming spring; and the delusion is further fostered by the sudden and unheralded presence upon the campus, of blue birds, robins and baseball players. They are welcome, even if premature; and when the green grass is dotted with dandelions, and sprinkled over with white ducks and tripping girls, we shall be glad to awaken to a new appreciation of gentle spring, and to a sense of relief that we have survived the winter blasts and the warring elements of another winter at Storrs.

Miss Marjory Monteith has been confined to her room for several days on account of injuries received by falling on the ice-covered slope that has for some time constituted the approach to the entrance of the main building. It is thought that the future of the Cottage basket ball team depends in large measure upon her recovery. We notice, too, that Miss Conger has been ill some little time. She, too, is one of the

members of the Cottage team whose absence would be severely felt in a hotly contested game.

We are sorry to note the sudden losses in the freshman class. Messrs. Andrews, Cornelis, Gibney, Jennings and Welton have left the ranks for one reason and another. We hope that the departure of none of these young gentlemen from the windy hill at Storrs has been taken under circumstances similar to those referred to in a poem in the last issue.

A youth of the junior class telephoned to Grove Cottage, asking permission for the young ladies to dance. Presently Miss Geer answered the call, and on learning the nature of the request replied, "Wait a moment; Miss Thomas wants to think it over." She then hung up the receiver; some hours later the youth was still awaiting the desired answer. Who says now that perseverance always has its reward?

It would not be matter of surprise if the junior class should decide to send a bill to Professor Smith for shoe leather. These young men—for the offending feminine contingent was beyond the reach of the irate professor—as they sorrowfully paced their allotted posts and hours thought mournfully on the following lines of Scott. We don't think the Scott they thought of was Sir Walter; more probably it was the Scott known as Great Scott.

"The drill was long, the wind was cold;  
Our shoes they were infirm and old."

Mr. Emmons, to the basket ball team before the game at Thomaston:

"Gentlemen, you have got to win or I lose my reputation!"

Rather than ruin so excellent a man—we won. So mote it be.

Mr. Dewell who constitutes a not inconsiderable part of the junior class remarked recently that the editor of this column had a special grudge against him; and that this was shown in every issue of the LOOKOUT. We hasten to assure the worthy young gentleman in question that he is mistaken; if somewhat frequent mention is made of him, 'tis only the penalty that greatness must pay for its existence. But as our attention has thus been called to him, we will mention the fact that we have heard the question raised whether one of the professors is likely to take in a boarder in the near future. In proof of the affirmative of this question some of the dwellers in the new dormitory have been heard to say that their evening hours of study have been disturbed of late by constant conversation, consisting mostly of a monologue by the able talker named above, and that this conversation was traced to an origin in the residence part of the building; some have thought that he was busy explaining that if it had not been for the weather, we should have seen, when a certain young lady fell on the walk, another hundred yard dash to the rescue.

It has also been remarked of the young man whom his classmates call Casey, that on patrol he much resembles a city policeman; he is at his best when he is engaged in pushing a baby carriage up hill.

We take great pleasure in introducing to the public our new commissary, Mr. Proudman.

The ever graceful and enterprising Mr. Comstock has succeeded in underbidding Mr. Crowell for the lucrative office of janitor at the church. He has thus secured the coveted job.

Roy Gulley has been sick with the whooping cough for some time.

A strike is threatened among the waiters and scrapers in the dining room. A certain steam pipe leading to a radiator in one of the apartments above seems to be the chief source of trouble. P. S. On showing this item to the chairman of the discipline committee, we are informed that in his opinion there will be no strike; he thinks that all thought of striking has been laid aside.

Mr. Bennett of the Experiment Station has changed his place of abode to the bachelor side of "Faculty Row" in the Old Dorm, that "Home of the culprit and place for reform."

Pictures of the basket ball team are now on sale at the home office of J. N. Fitts, main building, third floor. Prof. Smith's dog is the mascot, and perhaps the principal feature.

The members of the senior class recently took supper with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Starr, and spent a very enjoyable evening with their hosts.

The hammock carelessly swinging between two large shade trees of the grove, in the rear of the new dormitory reminds us of the "Good old summer time," so fast approaching.

Considerable misunderstanding exists about the campus as to the proper interpretation of a telegram recently received by our Professor of Poultry, which reads: "Hold Lilley a few days."

A six-foot wire fence has lately been erected along the walk leading to Grove Cottage; it is hoped that this will assist in keeping the inhabitants off the pasture until



the ground is well settled, as sharp hoofs cut and injure the turf.

The basket ball team celebrated their safe and not inglorious return from the Williston game at Easthampton by appearing in hats of a scarlet hue. We understand that they are not disposed to regard with favor the wearing of this startling headgear by other members of the college.

The new catalogue is out, and in good season. There is much matter that is new and interesting, and that marks the fact that a distinct advance is being made in all lines of work. The catalogue is neatly and attractively gotten up.

A local telephone has been placed in the Experiment Station building. Call—five short.

The college has recently been visited by the Legislative Committee on Agriculture. Every opportunity was given them to make an exhaustive examination into the work of all the departments.

The annual report of the Experiment Station is at hand. The director will be glad to send it to any address upon application.

At the hearing before the Committee on Appropriations held on the tenth of the current month, President Stimson, Chief Clerk Proudman, Profs. Gulley, Stoneburn and White of the faculty, appeared in behalf of the college. Of the trustees, Mr. Hall, Hon. E. Stevens Henry, Prof. Jenkins, Vice-President of the Board, and B. F. Patterson were present. A strong, and it is hoped, convincing presentation of the needs of the college was made.

The college has been recently flushed with "Shakesperian oranges" which were sent in by a graduate belonging to that fraternity.

On Sale—One peanut stand on the corner by Grove Cottage—a relic of war. For further information, and for terms of sale, apply to the Military Department.

### Basket Ball.

VARSITY, 22. ALUMNI, 19.

A very interesting game with a team, representing the alumni was played in College hall, Friday evening, February 6, 1903. One thing that gave a peculiar interest to part of the audience were the umpires, time-keepers and referee who were, one and all, of the gentler sex. The fouls called were not many, although someone was heard to say that "the game fowls were playing a fowl game." Rosenfield hurt his knee in the second half and Shurtleff took his place.

VARSITY.	POSITIONS.	ALUMNI.
Manchester.....	r. f..	(Capt.) Blakeslee
(Capt.) Pierpont....	l. f.....	Downing
Averill.....	c.....	Twing
Rosenfield, Shurtleff	.l. g.....	Crowell
Comstock.....	r. g.....	Jones

Time—Two twenty-minute halves.

Referee—Miss Monteith.

Umpires—Miss Conger and Miss Dimock.

Time-keepers—Miss Spaulding and Miss Stockwell.

Baskets—Varsity: Averill 4; Manchester, 2; Pierpont, 3; Rosenfield, 1; Comstock, 1. Alumni: Twing, 2; Downing, 4; Crowell, 1; Blakeslee, 1.

Fouls shot—Blakeslee, 1.

C.A.C., 24. TORRINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, 8.

The home game played Saturday night of the 14th was quite a valentine for the Varsity team. The Torrington boys were active and muscular, but lacked the en-

duration which characterizes the college team.

C. A. C.	POSITIONS.	T. H. S.
(Capt.) Averill.....	c.....	Kilmartin
Manchester.....	r. f.....	Jones
Pierpont.....	l. f.....	(Capt.) Brimble
Comstock.....	r. g.....	Noland
Crowell.....	l. g.....	Delano

Baskets—C. A. C.: Pierpont, 4; Averill, 1; Crowell, 2; Manchester, 2; Comstock, 2. T. H. S.: Brimble, 4.

Fouls—Averill, 2.

Score—First half, 7 to 0. Second half, 24 to 8.

Time—Two twenty-minute halves.

Referee—Blakeslee.

Umpire—C. H. Welton.

Time-keeper and score-keeper—Ford.

#### THE TORRINGTON GAME.

Reported by F. Koenig.

The return game with Torrington High School was the occasion of a very rough and exciting game on the afternoon of February 27.

The game was played in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and on account of the small size of the hall most of the regular rules were suspended. There was no "out of bounds" on three sides of the room and most of the Connecticut men, not knowing this, would hold the ball against the wall, waiting for the referee to call the ball out. The first half, nevertheless, ended in our favor, with a score of 10 to 8.

In the second half everyone forgot that there were any rules at all, and used heads, fists and feet most of the time. After twenty minutes of such playing the game

ended, leaving the T. H. S. "cock of the walk." Score, 22 to 14.

C. A. C.	LINE UP.	T. H. S.
Manchester.....	forwards.....	Jonas
Pierpont.....	forwards.....	Huke
Averill.....	center.....	Brimble
Crowell.....	guards.....	Noland
Comstock.....	guards.....	Ellis

Umpires—Koenig and Welden.

Referee—Kilmartin.

Baskets for C. A. C.: Pierpont, 1; Averill, 1; Crowell, 3. T. H. S.: Brimble, 4; Jones, 4.

Fouls—Averill, 4; Brimble, 5; Jones, 1.

C. A. C., 22. GROVE A. C., 12.

We extract the following from the "Thomaston Express," of March 6:

"The G. A. C. basket ball team suffered their second defeat of the season on the local floor, last Friday night, at the hands of a brisk, broad shouldered lot of young farmers from the state college. The story of the game can be told in a few words—superior physical condition and superior knowledge of the game's finer points. Notwithstanding the long railroad trip and the hard game of the afternoon, the visitors were playing just as hard and fast at the end of the forty minutes as during the first five, while the local teams played up to their usual speed only in spots and few and far between at that. Saum, of Thomaston, and Comstock, of Storrs, did all the scoring during the first ten minutes, Saum securing 3 and Comstock 4, but during the rest of the half, all the visitors took a hand and the period closed with the score of 16 to 8 in favor of Storrs, Welton having added one basket for Thomaston. The second half was much closer and only hard luck in shooting prevented a more even score,

the final result being C. A. C., 22; G. A. C., 12. The game was remarkably free from fouls and rough play. Line up:

G. A. C.	C. A. C.
Rossitter.....r. f.....	Manchester
Anderson.....l. f.....	Pierpont
Saum.....c.....	Averill
Stubbs.....r. g.....	Comstock
Welton.....l. g.....	Koenig

Goals from field—Saum, 3; Stubbs, 1; Welton, 1; Comstock, 5; Manchester, 2; Koenig, 2; Averill, 1; Pierpont, 1.

Umpire—Brown, of Thomaston.

Referee—Crowell, of Storrs."

#### THE WILLISTON GAME.

On the eighth of March our team was defeated by the crack team of the Williston Academy which has defeated Princeton, U. of P., and Amherst this year. The game was played at the Academy.

C. A. C.	LINE UP.	WILLISTON.
Manchester.....r. f.....		Ensign
Pierpont.....l. f.....		Villagelin
Averill.....c.....		Miles
Comstock.....r. g.....		Cox
Crowell.....l. g.....		Clough

Baskets—C. A. C.: Manchester, 1; Crowell, 1; Comstock, 1. Williston: Ensign, 2; Villagelin, 2; Miles, 7; Cox, 3; Clough, 7.

Fouls gained—C. A. C.: Averill, 2. Williston: Miles, 2.

#### C. A. C. GIRLS VS. B. H. S. GIRLS.

Again, and this time more conclusively than ever, has our girls' basket ball team proved its ability to cope with anything the state can produce in the way of lady basket throwers.

On March 7, Bristol High School sent its representative team of girls to Storrs.

They came full of confidence inspired by their excellent record—nine games played and eight won.

At half-past two, a well-filled hall cheered the teams as they lined up for the contest. Smiling Bristol chose to shoot for the east basket; C. A. C. somewhat nervous over the absence of their regular coach, was nevertheless delighted at the chance to bombard the west basket and the audience at the outset.

From the toss-up the pace was fast and furious. Up and down the hall they surged until suddenly the ball popped into C. A. C.'s basket, just one minute and a half from the game's beginning. Soon after this, Bristol threw a goal from the foul line.

During the remainder of the half, C. A. C. increased its lead by three field goals and one from the foul line. Clever passing and shooting by the home team was being nearly as cleverly blocked by Bristol who, however, got no chance to score.

Score at end of first half, C. A. C., 9; B. H. S., 1.

Bristol appeared with a slight change of line-up for the second half.

After a few minutes of warm work the home team scored again, and as the rapid play began to tell on the visitors, two more pretty goals were thrown. Individually, Bristol struggled heroically, but with their much vaunted team work, not the least bit in evidence, they were putting up a weaker and weaker opposition to our team's excellent game, when the whistle put an end to it all.

Though out-played and out-lasted by our team, the Bristol girls were such noticeable centers of attraction, among the C. A. C. Cadets at the reception following



the game, that surely their trip to Storrs could not have been altogether dissatisfying.

BRISTOL.	LINE UP.	C. A. C.
Miss Lane, Miss Tolan..c..	Miss Monteith	
Miss Harper.....r. f.....	Miss Conger	
Miss Tolan, Miss Lane.l. f..	Miss Dimock	
Miss Hyland.....r. g.....	Miss Donovan	
Miss Richards.....l g.....	Miss Waters	

Score—C. A. C., 15; B. H. S., 1.

Goals from field—C. A. C., 7; B. H. S., 0.

Goals from foul line—C. A. C., 1; B. H. S., 1.

Time—Two fifteen-minute periods.

Referee—Blakeslee, Storrs.

Umpires—Casey, Bristol; and Welton, Storrs.

### Jethro Tull.

If there is anyone who deserves to be remembered for what he has done for agriculture, it is Jethro Tull who lived in England during the first part of the eighteenth century. With him originated our modern application of scientific methods to agriculture. He practiced and taught a system of treatment of land, which, in most particulars, is accepted by every good farmer; the worth of which grows in appreciation as we come to understand more fully the value of thorough tillage.

In 1731 he published a book entitled "Horse Hoeing Husbandry," of which Prof. Bailey says, "If only one book of all the thousands which have been written on agriculture and rural affairs were to be preserved to future generations, I should want the honor conferred on Tull's 'Horse Hoeing Husbandry.'" His methods as stated in this book constituted the first real attempt

at agricultural progress in modern times. Other writers gave details of farming and methods thought to be worthy of adoption and condemned the practice of others. Tull struck out into new fields of investigation and invented methods of culture far in advance of his time. Not only this but he advocated a theory of fertility and plant nourishment which was true in the main. If he made mistakes, it must be remembered, that he worked in a time before chemistry and geology had made known the elements of soil and plants, and before botany had shown how plants received their support and nourishment. His theory was briefly this: that the food of plants consists of minute particles of soil taken in by the rootlets.

Working on this theory he practiced the thorough breaking up of the soil particles by cultivation to increase the "pasture" (as he called it) to which the roots had access. "The use of manure," he said, "is to divide the earth and dissolve this terrestrial matter which affords nutriment to the mouths of vegetable roots."

He began as early as 1701 to drill in his seed instead of sowing it broadcast. This method permitted the hoeing and plowing of the intervals between the rows which Tull kept up until the crop nearly reached maturity. This was the first step in our modern introcultural tillage.

His practice in drilling in seed was to lay the land in ridges five or six feet apart, and put two or three rows a few inches apart on the ridges. The distance between the ridges he called intervals and in them he kept the soil constantly stirred, thus favoring nitrification. He changed the position of the ridges from year to year.

His ingeniousness is shown by his in-

vention of drills, some of them curious design. One of these machines sowed several rows at various depths and with different kinds of seed at the same time. Afterwards he destroyed these implements as he says, "in their full perfection as a vain curiosity, the drift, and use being contrary to the true principles and practice of horse hoeing." He evidently did not believe in mixed crops.

His practice of thorough cultivation was certainly correct, even if his theory was slightly wrong. It was not until thirty years after his death that his methods came into general use in England, and not until within the last fifty years has their full value been appreciated.

The most hopeful sign of the progress that we have made in agriculture is when we, with our improved plows and reapers, can disagree with the noble words written by Tull: "Men of the greatest learning have spent their time in contriving instruments to measure the immense distance of the stars, and in finding out the dimensions, and even weight of the planets; they think it more eligible to study the art of plowing the sea with ships, than of tilling the land with plows; they bestow the utmost of their skill, learnedly, to prevent the natural use of all the elements for destruction of their own species, by the bloody art of war. Some waste their whole lives in studying how to arm death with new engines of horror, and inventing an infinite variety of slaughter; but think it beneath men of learning (who only are capable of doing it) to employ their learned labors in the invention of new (or even improving the old) instruments for increasing of bread."

H. D. EDMOND.

### From Texas to the Northland.

We are taught to think of the South as the land of perpetual summer, and with the summer time we associate singing birds, beautiful flowers and ripening fruits. Summer conditions are very different in our southern states from what they are in the North. By July, the southern harvest is past, and during the following two months there is little that is attractive in the parched, barren prairies.

After two trips across country by rail from Texas to New England, during the hot summer season, the prospect of an ocean voyage was welcomed with pleasant anticipations, and the trip proved all that could be desired. The excellent steamer accommodations, without the hurry and worry of railroad connections, the absence of dust and dirt, and the chance for rest and recuperation, far offset the advantages of more rapid transit.

Leaving College Station, Texas, during the latter part of June, the first stop was at Houston, ninety-five miles south. Houston is one of the largest railroad centers of the state; the Southern Pacific, International and Great Northern, the Santa Fe, and the East and West Texas roads all centering there. It is the central shipping point for cotton from most of the southwestern states. From Houston the railroad skirts the shores of the Gulf for twenty-five miles until it reaches Galveston. Galveston is the only seaport city of the great state of Texas; and when we consider that Texas covers an area larger than the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware combined, we can understand the rapid growth in population, and the commercial importance of this city.

It is the seaport not alone of Texas, but of the whole southwest.

Galveston will always be associated in the public mind with one of the greatest disasters the United States has ever known. Situated on an island nearly two miles from the mainland, with no place throughout its length and breadth more than six feet above high water mark, it seems almost incredible that people are willing to take the enormous risk its geographical position involves. However the United States government, recognizing the importance of this deep water harbor to the shipping interests of the southwest, has made a liberal appropriation for building a sea-wall, which will make possible the elevation of the city from one to twelve feet in various sections.

Into the peaceful daily routine of the city came that terrible storm on the evening of September 8th, 1900; and before the following morning all communication with the mainland had been swept away, most of the buildings of the city had been wrecked, and thousands of lives had been lost. Pen pictures are wholly inadequate to express the terrible havoc wrought by wind and sea. One year after the flood I visited the city, and for nearly twenty miles inland the prairie along the railroad was strewn with the wreckage of the storm; freight cars without trucks, household furniture, wrecked buildings, carcasses of animals, boats, and articles of every description. But the city was then recovering and people were fast flocking in to take up the work of those who had perished. A beautiful custom has grown out of this terrible disaster. On the evening of each anniversary of the storm the citizens go down to the Gulf at sunset and scatter roses on the

waves, in memory of those drowned during the flood.

Our passage had been booked some time before on the magnificent steamer "Denver," the largest of the Mallory Line; but an accident to the screw on the south-bound trip delayed the date of sailing. This permitted visits to many interesting parts of the city. Not quite two years after the storm, all signs of it had disappeared. Nothing was more enjoyable than bathing in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, with the huge breakers dashing about. During the larger part of the year the shore is lined after sundown with bathers. Few, however, bathe during the day, because of the hot, scorching sun.

To one unacquainted with the loading of a great ship with merchandise for ocean transportation, it is a source of immense interest to watch the cargo as it is taken aboard; to hear the shouting of the men in charge of the loading; the singing of the negroes; and the clanging of the trucks and chains. As I entered the freight shed in the evening and saw the immense amount of freight, it seemed hardly possible that this could all be aboard for the morrow's sailing; yet the splendid system of handling made this possible, and when I came on deck the next morning all was finished and the hatches secured.

Sunday noon the machinery of the great ship began to move, and it continued without a stop until the following Saturday, when the steamer was made fast to her pier in New York harbor.

At the mouth of the Galveston harbor we bid the pilot goodbye, and climbing swiftly down the side of the steamer, he was picked up by a waiting harbor tug. By two o'clock, Galveston was a mere speck



on the horizon. Then came one of those restful experiences when one seems in a different world, with none of the cares of daily duties near; nothing to do but to lie in the steamer chair, read, write, or gaze out on the calm waters of the Gulf. Never before had I realized the beauty of the changing hues of the sea. Hardly twice in succession were the same colors reflected, but all shades of blue, green and even crimson flashed from the surface of the water.

Space will not allow a detailed description of the interesting people aboard—the bride and groom from Austin; the wealthy landlady from Dallas, who kept all in a roar of laughter with her rich brogue and Irish wit; the Scotch gentleman with his good wife and three children just returning from a two years' trip around the world; and the sweet little "widow" from San Antonio. She spent most of the evenings making love to the first mate, and was met at the pier in New York by a loving husband and children two. When the boat left Galveston, none knew his neighbor; but before Key West was reached every one was acquainted, and each vied with the other to do homage to the *four* brides discovered meanwhile.

Tuesday afternoon the Dry Tortugas were sighted, but as our boat was not scheduled to stop at Key West, little could be discerned except the government coaling station. During the evening the lights of Key West were off our port bow, and in the morning the large Palm Beach Hotel could be seen on the western horizon. No more land was seen until towards night,

Thursday, when the Hatteras Light was sighted, and the sea, which had hitherto been smooth and calm, suddenly became rough. Many of the passengers leaned heavily over the steamer rail, evidently admiring the beauties of the "deep, blue sea"; and many sought to "cast their bread upon the waters."

All day Saturday we were off the Jersey coast, passing Cape May, Atlantic City, and many other summer resorts. Towards sundown we passed through the Narrows, and dropped anchor at the Quarantine Station.

Having arrived just before six o'clock, we were allowed to proceed to the pier; and just as the sun dropped behind the New York sky scrapers, the trip was ended. At quarantine the mail for the passengers and a daily paper were taken aboard. Unless one has been deprived of newspapers for some time, he can hardly realize the eagerness with which even a New York Journal is scanned by the homcomer.

Back in Old New England again after two years in the sunny South! Never seen the grass so fresh and green, the woods, with the song birds, so attractive, and nature in all her moods so lovely. In our New England valleys, surrounded by the wooded hills, the Texan feels shut in, and longs for the rolling, open prairies, the ranch, and the bronco. To the New Englander these southern scenes are but dreary, barren wastes, not to be compared to his native hills, mountains and valleys. Truly there is no place like that hallowed by childhood associations—home!

E. A. WHITE.



### Bibliography.

(Apology to Kingsley.)

The Juniors roamed 'round in the library  
stacks,  
Around in the stacks as the sun went down,  
Each searched for the books which would  
help him best,  
While the Sophomores looked on with an  
anxious frown,  
For Juniors must their bibliography make  
Though hearts be heavy and heads may  
ache,  
And the class be full of moaning.

The Sophs sat up in the library, late,  
And waded through Poole's in frantic woe;  
They looked at the cards, they looked at  
the shelves,  
But couldn't make numbers and volumes  
go;  
For Sophs must learn how to use their  
books,  
Though sad their faces and grim their looks,  
And the class be full of moaning.

The victims lay out on the library floor  
In the morning gloom as the bell struck  
eight,  
And the students are weeping and wringing  
their hands  
For those who toiled too hard and too late.  
But Juniors must work and Sophomores  
grind,  
For Professors will sometimes be unkind,  
So goodbye to the class and its moaning.

E. M. WHITNEY.

### Inspection.

What means this great commotion? Out  
of the windows boxes, bottles and papers

are flying, while the dust rolls in clouds,  
giving the impression that the building is  
on fire. It is the weekly cleaning up time.  
For on Sunday the rooms must be free from  
dirt and dust that is within reach of white  
gloves and black eyes.

Sunday morning dawns bright and clear,  
too clear for all the sunlight to enter some  
fellow's room. The students are up long  
before the breakfast bell rings, giving the  
rooms the last touches before the in-  
spection.

What is that, the first call? Hurry up  
with that dust brush. Where are my  
gloves? Have you got my cap? Did you  
dust the books? These are a few of the  
many questions which one would hear if  
he were around.

Look out! there they come. Rap! Rap!  
and they enter without even being asked  
to come in. Think of it, enter your room,  
look under your bed, into your closet, and  
even at your face to see if it is clean and  
fresh.

After the rooms have been inspected  
enough to suit the inspector, he comes up  
and offers his hand as if he wished to  
shake hands, but instead of doing so you  
give him your musket, to be wiped out,  
while you stand there watching him soil  
his white gloves.

While all these proceedings are going on  
the captain moves around trying to look  
meek and sober, but strange to say his face  
twitches now and then. The First Ser-  
geant, just outside the door, seems to be in  
great agony, at least his actions indicate  
internal troubles. At last the door closes  
behind them, and for one week we can live  
in peace and dirt.

S. P. HOLLISTER, '05.

### **Mt. Tom, Connecticut.**

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No doubt most of you are familiar with Mt. Tom in Massachusetts, having either visited or read about it, but how many of my readers even know that there is such a place as Mt. Tom, Connecticut? This little mountain is situated in the town of Washington in the western part of the state and can be reached with but little difficulty. As one journeys along the road which leads up to its top, he is sure to notice the evergreen trees which overshadow the path and protect the traveller from the hot rays of the sun. Gaining the highest point, he sees a tower, and at once begins to ascend the winding stairs, till at last he reaches the top. Seating himself he begins to admire the beautiful scenery about him. To the north and east he looks upon the towns of Bantam and Litchfield, and at the foot is a beautiful pond which affords good fishing for anyone who cares to try his luck, a pond, the bottom of which has never been reached. To the south he may look upon the villages of Washington and Romford, and if the day is very clear he can see the salt water of the sound, with his naked eye. Just at the foot of this mountain, on its southern side, lie the Shepaug River and the Litchfield branch of the Consolidated railroad, with its numerous curves, so familiar to all who has ever traveled it. To the west he overlooks the little village of Woodville, and along the far distant horizon the blue outline of the Catskill Mountains can be seen.

This mountain is a place of much interest to people in the western part of the state, and is visited by large numbers during the summer months. It is known to the people

near it as the farthest inland point from which a signal can be seen from the ocean.

F. J. FORD, '04.

### **The Reformation.**

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Don't prepare yourself for a treatise on the famous religious movement, but instead read this simple story of the reformation of a fresh and frivolous underclassman into a staid and steady upperclassman.

When the junior thinks of the time when he stole out at night, captured an innocent young porker and placed him in the chapel, much to the discomfort of the attendants the next morning, he realizes what a loss of time and energy he incurred for so little gain. But Freshmen will be Freshmen, and will ring door bells, throw snowballs, play football in the halls, and do other similar innocent stunts until boys are no more. Experience teaches that it takes just so much extra drill and judicious cold water treatment to teach them their place, and make them understand their duties to themselves and their fellows. About the spring term of his first year the student commences to wonder if he has not been just a trifle fresh and foolish. As time passes, this small wondering grows into a conviction, and the Freshman decides to reform when he is a Sophomore.

When the second year man comes back in the fall he sees the new men running about in the same fix as he was in a year before, and as he thinks of his superior attainments he is apt to catch the worst of all diseases, the "swelled head." In this condition, the sufferer is in danger of becoming addicted to rushes and a superior and a magnificently swaggering walk, and in spite of all that the wise and kindly



juniors can do to prevent the calamity the Freshman may get his bumps.

As the junior year dawns the student gives up his life of frivolity, and seeing the folly of his first years of college life becomes an earnest worker, especially at the cottage. He has changed from a fresh, green young being into a typical college man. This change is caused by the example and precept of his predecessors, and by the knowledge of the fact that he himself is now an example to his satellites. Of course, he does not wish to prove unfaithful to his position and honestly does his best.

I cannot say how it feels to be a senior because I have not experienced the sensations and can only give a description of the ordinary man as he appears during his first three years in college.

R. T. DEWELL, 1904.

## The Nanrantsouack Massacre.

A TRUE STORY.

Behind Nanrantsouack the autumnal sun was slowly sinking, now and then casting a ray of gold through the pines and across the treacherous waters of the Kennebec, to the Flats where the nodding maize completed a picture of beauty and wildness. But for one fact it would require little imagination to believe oneself in peaceful Arcadia, where "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks stand like druids of old." A noise like the bellowing of a thousand bulls strikes the ear with a force almost great enough to burst the ear-drums. It is the swollen Kennebec rushing around the bend at Nanrantsouack and crashing over the treacherous Rips. The sounds drown the bark of a dog in the Indian village. The village of Nanrantsouack occupies a promontory in the bend of the river and overlooks the Kennebec on three sides. Within the stockade are about twenty-four lodges and a log church, for these Indians are converts. Father Sebastian Rale, in

the doorway of the church, is calling his little flock for evening prayers. They come from the hunt and the field at his summons. Across the troubled waters of the Kennebec, a canoe is being skillfully directed. Na-hating-chook and her lord and master, Bombazine, the young chief of the Norridge-wock tribe of Abenakis, are returning from their labors in the cornfields. Above them, coming around the bend, they see a dark object swiftly moving on the river. The canoe holds only one person and he is incapable of guiding the boat through the jutting rocks called by the Indians "The Rips." Crack! goes his paddle and he is helpless. Around and around goes the canoe, at last cutting a hole in the bottom, on a sharp rock and at the same time causing the canoeist to strike his head on another rock. He would have drowned if the young chief had not come to the rescue. As they drew the unconscious form into the boat they saw that he was French and not one of the hated English.

They took him to the priest, Râle, who recognized him as the son of one of his many French friends. They nursed him with all the skill of the French priest, and the Indian herb doctor, but he remained in a delirious state. For five days he continued thus, and then happened the catastrophe which Jacques Renier, of all people, could have prevented if he had been conscious.

It was forenoon and the Indians had gone to their work, some to the cornfields on the flats, across the river, others on the hunt, and others up the river to the fishing grounds. Only women, children and the old men were left at the stockade. Father Râle was ministering to the sick boy. Soon they heard guns in the direction of the flats where most of the fighting men of the village were. At this moment the sick lad opened his eyes and Father Râle saw the lights of reason there. His lips moved and the priest heard him murmur, "Ils viennent, les Anglais," and then he fell asleep again.

Râle climbed to the roof of the church, and turned his eyes in the direction of the cornfields. A few more shots were heard and then all was still. Then, on the further edge of the field, a smoke was seen. This spread out into a long, thin line, which grew

every second. Now there appeared on the sandy shore a hundred or more men whom he took for English on account of their dress. With anxious eyes Râle saw them embark in the canoes which, that morning had carried the unarmed workers to the fields. Now they were lying dead and the burning cornstalks formed their funeral pyre.

In contrast to the English laboriously moving across the river, the canoes bearing the fishing party, began to arrive at the other side of the promontory. The fishers hearing the firing had raced for the village to protect their wives and children, and their beloved Râle. They quickly landed and climbed the hill to the village and reached the stockade where they made things secure and hastened to arm themselves. But all this was useless. What could twenty men, primitively armed, do against one hundred armed with guns? When the English arrived at the plain in front of the village they were assailed by arrows, but they quickly formed a plan and executed it. They surrounded the stockade and thus prevented the Indians from massing their force. In spite of arrows from the men and stones from the women and children, the English made ladders and scaled the wall. As soon as this was accomplished the unequal battle was practically won. The English entered the village and massacred everyone, sparing neither the babe in arms or the hoary patriarch. Father Râle died, crucifix raised to heaven, with full twenty bullets in his body.

The massacre of these peaceful people accomplished, the English burned the village and church and then departed for the English settlements.

The Norridgewock tribe of the Abenakis nation was totally destroyed. Those of the braves who had been hunting, that fateful morning, and who had not been able to return in time to save their homes, joined a neighboring tribe of Abenakis. A monument has been erected to Father Sebastian Râle, apostle to the Indians, upon the spot where he died.

I have stood on the promontory and pictured in my mind the simple and peaceful life of these aboriginal Christians, and tried to understand the excuse of the Eng-

lish that "Râle was stirring up the Indians against the English." To me, their massacre and the martyrdom of Father Râle must even remain a blot on the escutcheon of England. "ATHOS," Fourth year, B. S.

### Concerning Athletics.

It was very pleasing to some of the alumni that the basket ball team made a trip to the western section of the State. Most of the athletic games, between the Connecticut Agricultural College and other institutions, are played in the eastern portion and this gives the graduates of the college, living west of Hartford, little opportunity to observe the work of the teams, and to keep in touch with the athletic interests of the college. No doubt if the managers of the various teams would decide to play part of their games in the western portion, they would be recompensed by the increased interest taken in the teams, which would mean more and larger contributions toward their support.

Besides this, the college would become better known, where now its work is but little understood, except in a few localities. Naturally if the Connecticut Agricultural College basket ball team or baseball team is announced to play in a town those interested in sports inquire concerning the team. This would serve to spread the name of our college. Perhaps many young men would be filled with an ambition to equal the deeds of our young athletes and this would aid in bringing us more new students.

And also, as the aims and objects of our college became better known, a good deal of the opposition that now exists—due chiefly to ignorance—would disappear. None but good words were spoken in regard to the representatives of the college who played in Thomaston recently, and their gentlemanly conduct won the goodwill of all who witnessed the game. Such things may seem to be of but little importance, but they have their influence.

By all means, let us, who reside west of Hartford, see more of the athletic teams of the college.

H. P. D. EMMONS,  
C. A. C., 1900.

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