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Lookout, Volume 10, Number 3, September 1905

J. H. Barker

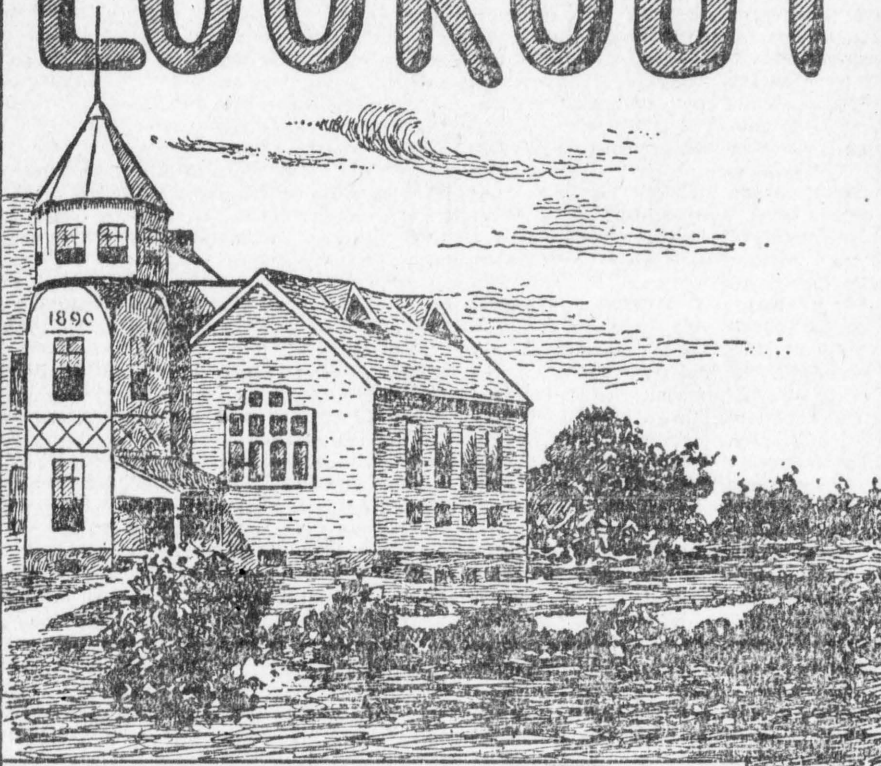
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THE

LOOKOUT



SEPTEMBER NUMBER, 1905

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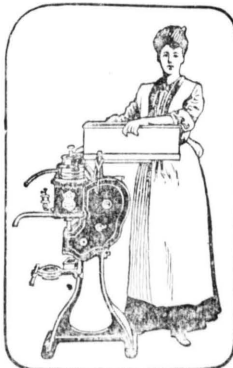
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Basketball Team.

Captain, G. M. Chapman.
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Baseball Team.

Captain, P. H. Cornwall.
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Assistant Manager, T. C. Waters.

Students' Organization.

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First Vice-President, I. W. Patterson.
Second Vice-President, M. P. Laubscher.
Secretary, H. B. Risley.
Treasurer, A. Miller.

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Seniors, 1905—G. M. Chapman, Jr.
Juniors, 1906—H. B. Risley.
Sophomores, 1907—A. Miller.
Freshmen, 1908—H. T. Dyson,

C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL. IO.

STORRS, CONN., SEPTEMBER, 1905.

No. 3.

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The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles.

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Editorials.

With the opening of the College year of 1905-'06 there are many new problems to solve. The athletic teams have lost heavily by the graduation of the class of 1905, and these vacancies must be filled. It is hoped that we may have a big haul among the new men. There seems to be a slight tendency toward a riper age upon the part of entering students, which is a fact worthy of note, inasmuch as our teams will be able to stand up against more reputable college teams. After summing up the situation it is predicted that we will have an unusually successful year, even though we have harder games on our schedules than has been our custom.

In order that all the students may have the same opportunity of earning an appointment on the editorial board of the LOOKOUT for next year we will state that

the board is chosen from the students who write as many articles as possible between now and May 1st. Therefore, it is up to all students who aspire to that honor to contribute as much material as possible before next Easter vacation. Do not make the mistake of thinking that that is a long way off and that you will have plenty of time, but start to work at once.

In the June issue we were unable to publish the graduating class records, as has been the custom, owing to the fact that the class officers failed to prepare their parts two weeks previous to commencement. While, if all the class parts were chronicled at this late time when the Commencement of 1905 is a thing of the past they might prove rather dry reading; on the other hand it certainly seems as though the records of each class should be preserved, at least to some extent. Therefore, in this number, we will set forth

the history of the class of 1905, leaving the other class day exercises to the fond recollections of those who heard them.

Pleasant echoes are heard from the summer school which was held at C. A. C. the past summer. Holding these summer schools in natural science seems to be an idea which is rapidly spreading, and the past season such a school has been inaugurated in a great many colleges throughout the country. Since the school is held at a time of year when nature can be studied to the best advantage it should prove an interesting and instructive course to any student who can devote a few weeks in the summer to study.

Commencement Notes.

The twenty-third commencement at the Connecticut Agricultural College began Sunday, June 11th, with the baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Harris E. Starr, the College Chaplain. The Congregational Church was prettily decorated for the occasion by Prof. E. A. White, assisted by the Junior class, and special music was rendered by an augmented choir under the direction of Prof. Charles A. Wheeler.

Mr. Starr took for his theme, "The Stone and the Building or the Relation of the Individual to Society," and through all his address received the closest attention of his large audience. In speaking to the graduating class specifically he told them that the object of all education, so far as this world is concerned, is to make the individual a useful member of society—the world a better place for his having lived in it. All the power he develops is to serve the happiness and welfare of his fellowmen, that a more perfect state of society may prevail. One must be mindful to do something for the world immediately around

him. He must live objectively—must contribute himself as a living stone for the Kingdom of God on this earth.

Immediately following the sermon the audience adjourned en masse to the Wild Garden, a few rods west of the church, to witness the dedication of the Koons Memorial by the graduates of the College. A description of these exercises precedes the address of Prof. L. P. Chamberlain which appears in another part of this issue.

The heavy downpour of Sunday night and Monday was rather discouraging, but the weather cleared off in time for the society affairs planned for Monday evening. The College Shakespearian Club held its gathering in the College Chapel. Irving C. Pattison, the president, made the address of welcome and presided over the exercises. The customary club paper, essay, and original story followed. Refreshments were served later, after which speechmaking was indulged in by members of the faculty and the club.

The Eclectic Literary Society held its twelfth annual reunion and banquet in Grove Cottage, the parlors of which were handsomely decorated with ferns and wild honeysuckle. After the literary programme, which was presided over by President Ohlweiler, the company adjourned to the dining-room where a menu was served under the direction of Caterer Beebe. Prof. W. A. Stocking, Jr., '95, was toastmaster during the speechmaking and jollification which followed.

Dame Nature smiled her prettiest Tuesday morning and everything planned for was carried out without interruption. Of course the College team defeated the Alumni at the annual game of baseball, but not until after some of the finest sport of the year on the College diamond. Averill pitched for the graduate team and would

have won out but for the poor support given him. The final score was 12 to 6.

The Class Day exercises in the prettily decorated chapel were attended by a large gathering of friends of the graduating class and townspeople. The Schubert Trio, Miss Isabel G. Monteith, violin, Miss Lulu M. Sackett, piano, and Frank Brooks, 'cello, furnished splendid music for this and later occasions. The full programme follows:

Trio—"Allegro Animato," Jensen
P. W. Graff, "Address of Welcome."
S. P. Hollister, "Class History."
C. W. Dewey, "Class Poem."
P. H. Cornwall, "Statistics."
Trio—"A Day in Venice," Nevin.
W. W. Ohlweiler, "Prophecy."
C. H. Welton, "Class Will."
G. M. Chapman, Jr., "Farewell Address."
Trio—"Faust," Gounod.

In the evening the class dance was largely attended and much enjoyed, the only drawback being the early closing hour regulation which prevailed despite the protest of the devotees of the Terpsichorean art.

The annual Commencement exercises were held Wednesday, June 14th, under a large tent erected on the College campus. These exercises were in two parts, as has been the custom the past few years. In the morning, members of the graduating class delivered their theses, and in the afternoon came the Commencement address by the Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt of the Willimantic Congregational Church, the conferring of diplomas and the award of prizes. The nature of the structure under which the exercises were held permitted of little or no decoration, but the spirit of the occasion was manifested by the large number of students, graduates, friends and relatives of the members of the graduating class, and people who drove here in all

sorts of vehicles, more than made up for the absence of flowers and bunting. The programme for the entire day follows:

MORNING EXERCISES, 10 A. M.

Music.
Prayer by the Rev. Harris E. Starr.
Music.
George Merwin Chapman, Jr., "The Working of Iron and Steel."
Paul Weidemeyer Graff, "The Laurel."
"Instruction in Home Economics in Rural Schools"—Anna Eliza Clark, "Food." Elizabeth Donovan, "Sanitation." Laura Adelia Hatch, "Clothing."
Music.
Sherman Preston Hollister, "Opportunities for the Horticulturist."
Fred Koenig, "Dairying as a Source of Farm Fertility."
Stephen Miller Crowell, "The American Chestnut."
Clark Hubbard Welton, "Government Meat Inspection."
Oliver Dibble Tuller, "Oleomargarine Legislation."
Charles Wheeler Dewey, "The Booming of Nitro-Culture."
Music.
Albert Ernest Moss, "Connecticut in War."
William Woodward Ohlweiler, "Connecticut in Literature."
Frank Seymour Hornbeck, "The Aim of the Agricultural College."
Perry Hamlin Cornwall, "The Growth of Labor Unions."
Irving Wooster Patterson, "The Present Position of New England Industry."
Music.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES, 2.30 P. M.

Music.
Commencement Address by the Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, "The Individual, Law, and Liberty."
Music.
Conferring of Diplomas.
Awarding of Prizes.
Music.
Fourth Year Graduates—George Merwin Chapman, Jr., Anna Eliza Clark, Perry Hamlin Cornwall, Charles Wheeler Dewey, Elizabeth Donovan, Paul Weidemeyer Graff, Sherman Preston Hollister, Frank Seymour Hornbeck, Fred

Koenig, Albert Ernest Moss, William Woodward Ohlweiler, Irving Wooster Patterson, Oliver Dibble Tuller, Clark Hubbard Welton.

Bachelor of Science—Stephen Miller Crowell.

Class Colors—Blue and Gray.

Class Motto—En Avant.

Music by Tucker's Orchestra.

The essays of the graduates were for the most part on themes closely connected with their class room work, and were brief, clear and to the point, and well delivered.

After lunch had been served to the hungry multitude in the College dining-room under the efficient direction of Steward Hogan, the crowds re-assembled for the address of the day by the Rev. Mr. Leavitt. He spoke with force and fervor, and his remarks were well received and appreciated by the audience. It is to be hoped that some day the College authorities will make some provision for the printing, and so make permanent these gems given to us at Commencement time. We have been especially favored in years gone by with having splendid Commencement day addresses by men of great ability, and yet no effort has been made to preserve them to us and those who come after. It seems that productions of so fine a character and upon such occasions should become a vital part of the proceedings and records kept concerning every Commencement. This thought leads on to another, namely, the preservation of the things that go to record the history of our Alma Mater. Too little is done in that direction at Storrs. I hope to see the time when the trustees will see to the compilation of historical data of the institution. That compilation should include the records of every graduate—living and dead; every instructor from the very beginning; photographs of the campus, its buildings, and changes in landscape; ordinary newspaper clippings; a bibliography

of members of the faculty and the graduates; and numerous things that would suggest themselves to those interested or engaged in the work. May the time soon come when our efficient board of trustees will look into this matter.

The announcement of prizes after the address was as follows: Military appointments for the next school year: Cadet captain, H. B. Risley; cadet 1st lieutenant, R. G. Tryon; 2d lieutenant, C. J. Grant; 1st sergeant, F. A. Miller.

The White sophomore botany prizes for neatness, accuracy and representative specimens as follows: 1st, Eugene B. Leonard, \$5.00; 2d, Lena M. Hurlburt, \$3.00.

The Ratcliffe Hicks prizes for reading and declamation were awarded as follows: 1st, J. Harry Barker, '06, \$10.00; 2d, Lena M. Hurlburt, '07, \$5.00; 3d, M. H. Griswold, '08, \$3.00. Honorable mention, Thomas H. Desmond. Composition and public delivery: 1st, Charles W. Dewey, \$30.00; 2d, William W. Ohlweiler, \$20.00.

Alumni practical agriculture prize: 1st, Sherman P. Hollister, \$10.00; 2d, Oliver D. Tuller, \$5.00.

Considering this Commencement season in its entirety it must be conceded that this one just passed was one of the most noteworthy in the history of the College. The splendid sermon by the Rev. Mr. Starr; the dedication of the Koons Memorial, with Prof. Chamberlain's fine address; the work of the graduates in their class day and graduation day programmes; the Rev. Mr. Leavitt's address; the goodly number of graduates who returned for the occasion and the treatment accorded them by the College management; all stand out in the record of a very enjoyable, profitable, and successful Commencement season. It seems that the general public is becoming

ing more and more interested in the College and its work, and it is to be hoped that further cultivation of this interest will continue.

G., '95.

History of the Class of 1905.

In this short paper I have only just mentioned in passing a few of the more important events which have occurred during our stay here. It would be impossible to go into detail for it would take several volumes to hold all the doings of our class. We have had our failings of course, but I dare say we have conducted ourselves in a way which will bring no dishonor to the class as a whole or any of its members.

The rope rush which annually takes place between the Freshmen and the Sophomores was originated by our class in the fall of 1901. Being the first rush, no formulated rules were in force, and it was a scrap to the finish. It ended up over in a potato patch back of the buildings. Dewell, Shurtleff, and Miller were dragged around the field until a coating of earth made them look like the Murphys in the hill. They were then released and allowed to sneak home. Professor Phelps had remarked the day before that the field needed dragging, but in the morning it was all done, and in places looked as though it had been rolled by some large body.

The class of 1905 is peculiar in that the president's chair has been very hard to fill or keep full. The first president was Miss Reed, who stayed only a few weeks, then there was a long campaign before Koenig was finally persuaded to accept the great honor. In the Junior year, Patterson resigned for private reasons; whether it is modesty on the part of the members or whether they refuse the presidency be-

cause of the great responsibility, cannot be learned.

The whole class was never hauled up before the discipline committee but once, and that was only for some little trivial thing of no consequence, but it offered an excuse to the committee to get us up and scare us. Evidently they go by the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," or as they interpreted it, a minute scaring a freshman, may save us much valuable time later. Perhaps they may have reaped some results from this practice, but taking the class as a whole, the committee has had plenty of material to practice their scientific research upon.

Who says the class of 1905 did not develop skill, was not present at the rope rush, in the fall of 1902, when we as Sophomores literally dragged the Freshmen off the campus. The class of 1904 had a grudge against us because of the way they were treated the year before, and so coached the Freshman, but without any apparent result. We were fewer in numbers, but so thorough was our work that a strip from the flag pole down across the campus was swept clean, and all rubbish piled up against the stone wall; but by morning part of it had crawled, limped, or was assisted to the dormitories.

The class grove which was planted in the fall of 1902, has done well from the first; the different trees seem to thrive in company with others. We are not at all superstitious, or we should think we were to come to a terrible end. Our class has three times planted a tree, but each time it has died; whether it is the case where too many cooks spoil the broth, we do not know.

We have not carved our name in the sands of time, nor written it in conspicuous places; but a memorial was left in the minds of those who attended the

Junior-Senior banquet in 1903. We do not say it was an odor pleasing to the olfactory senses of society, but chemists, and especially young ones, are always wishing to share their secrets with someone else.

In the spring of 1903, we went over to Bolton on a botany trip, and the specimens brought back by some of the members would almost fill a whole herbarium, if it was a *very* small one. It was at this time that we painted our numerals on a high, over-hanging ledge.

The banquet which we made for the class of 1904 passed off pleasantly. Once we heard the intruding steps of an uninvited guest, but they soon died away in the distance.

The double-ripper which the class of 1903 gave us has proved a blessing as well as a source of pleasure to us. How could we better spend our recreation period in the winter than by coasting? What if now and then we did tumble off and slide on our trousers? The president cautioned us once about using our trousers for runners; that our parents did not buy them for that purpose; but there are affairs in the lives of men, which cannot be guided by human hand; and how else could we go when the board we sat upon slipped out from under us. There is only one accident which can be laid up against the ripper, but it was a person outside the class who was hurt; other than class members must take their own risks.

The yearly trip to Bolton, which of past years has been granted to the senior class, was not forthcoming this year. We were all ready and making preparations for going, had the day all set in fact, when the statement saying we could not go reached us. As a class we do not see why the trip should be withheld. It has always been a trip for nature study, and with the In-

structor of Natural Sciences with us, it would have proved a most valuable trip. Anyone can go and look at a cliff, or a curious stone, but what would it mean or signify, if there was no one to explain it all.

Our little cannon, which the class of 1903 gave into our keeping to be held for two years and then passed down to the class of the odd numbers below us, is still with us. We have laboriously dragged it up in front of the main building, and pointing the muzzle to the eastward, awoke the College from its slumbers by the mighty blasts. Then massing around the gun, we awaited an attack which never came. At last we became bold, and wheeled it into position by the flag-pole and fired a volley during the noon hour, but even in broad daylight we took it away in peace. It has spoken for the last time to the class of 1905.

Nothing could have been more pleasant to the class than the Junior-Senior banquet, this spring. No banquet of its nature was ever given when there was a better feeling between the two classes. This was most forcibly brought to one's mind during the toasts by the two class presidents. Perhaps it is the abolishing of the horse rush, which has had something to do with it, but that cannot be all. Let the Freshmen and Sophomores scrap, but do not let class feeling separate the Juniors and Seniors.

Never in the last seven years has any class had as few class meetings as we. We have had enough meetings to do any business that came up, but we did not call a class meeting every day or so. It was surprising how much business and the number of meetings required to transact this business last year in the Senior class. Did any of you ever notice the number usually appointed for a committee? A fel-

low and a girl, and neither of them enemies. Funny how things will just seem to happen, isn't it?

The class has cause to be proud of some of its members along literature lines. Snow secured one prize for speaking in 1903. Patterson and Koons won both Hicks' essay prizes last year; and Ohlweiler, Dewey, and Hollister tried for them this year. Among those who have won distinction on the stage are Cornwall, Chapman, Nash, and Patterson. As a second-hand clothes dealer, Cornwall could not be beaten.

We have furnished as many men for the athletic teams as any class which has been here. Our first-class athletic contest was with the Sophomores in our Freshman year, in a game of basket ball. We were skinned unmercifully by the time-keeper and because of this, lost the game. It was in this game that Koenig first became notorious as a basket ball player; he was up against Dewell and we will not mention how many times the skilled Dewell rolled across the floor. Fritz did not realize that he was rough, and he has always wondered why he could not make regular on the team all the time.

In the spring of 1902 there was a little money in the treasury, and the male members of the class decided to get some athletic goods, they therefore used all the money and procured the necessary supplies. This has been the only time when a question has been raised by any other members of the class in regard to expenditures. The girls were indignant about it. We played the Sophomores in baseball and defeated them by a large score. Patterson showed himself quite a catcher.

In the football field we have gained a reputation by the number and quality of men we have furnished for the Col-

lege team. Snow kept Shurtleff hustling for a couple of years to keep his position. Welton has played here three seasons, and in that time has become so well-known to all visiting teams that they are beginning to ask how much longer he is going to stay. There are many who will not vouch for the softness of his white hands, or the compactness of his knees. Did anyone ever notice how often "Dube" would be on the outside of the pile pushing another fellow on, instead of down in the writhing mass of legs and bodies. But he might have had private reasons for not wanting to be under the heap.

Nearly everyone in the class has played football more or less. Even Nash, who does not get out among the boys, forsook his whipped-dog-kind-of-an-expression long enough to play. He certainly showed himself quite a player, but in the last game he played, for some reason or other, became hot-headed and went up in the air, and when he came down struck on his shoulder, thus putting an end to his football career.

Chapman was the player who struck terror to the hearts of his opponents. When they saw his giant form leap forward with mighty bounds, clearing the path before him, and then speed down the field with only one man between him and a goal, they thought him a demon. This poor fellow would give one heart-rending yell and throw himself at Kaimo's feet, but with no success, nothing seemed to check his mad flight except victory. Last fall Hartford High decided to protect their players from being maltreated, pounded to a jelly, and so they had Kaimo removed for slugging. It was a little fellow, weighing not over three hundred pounds and over six feet high, who was hit, but by whom? Think how Kaimo must have felt; he had to suffer for the offence of some-

one else; it would have been bad enough if he had been using his fists, but to be put out before having lifted a finger was too much for even Kaimo, and from that moment his football tactics changed; he took David Harum's version of the golden rule, "Do unto others as they would like to do to you, only do it first."

Even on the diamond we have not been slow in spoiling our share of balls or smashing bats. With Moss in the box and Chapman behind the plate, was it any wonder that so many fellows cut the air in frantic endeavors to hit the ball. How could the batter feel anything but nervous, when Eben went through his terrible convulsions before delivering the ball, and all the while Kaimo was making the most unkind remarks about the color of the batter's hair or the cut of his undershirt. Welton is also at home on the diamond; the first year he played short stop, and it was wonderful the number of grand-stand plays he could make. Last year he endeavored to hold down second, but it frequently got away from him, and this year he is handling the ball on first in a way no one thought he could. It is somewhat hard for him to pick up grounders with his heels together, and owing to his make-up, this must be overlooked.

Cornwall and Chapman are the boys with the stick, but in base running Kaimo has everyone skinned; if it is a three-bagger he does not mind about touching first or second, but simply goes near enough to knock over the baseman; the umpire is busy watching the ball and does not see but what he runs all around. Patterson has the baseball fever at irregular intervals. Early this spring he took Eben to the wilds of Daleville and there put him through a series of most rugged training lessons. Rising at four o'clock in the morning with the thermometer at the

freezing point, Eb was obliged to limber up his right arm, by pitching to Pat who used a pillow for a mit. Eben was not hampered by his clothing, in fact his dress was more on the style of full dress, or such as the Indians wore. To develop batting practice, he was permitted to chop enough wood to last all day. No wonder Eben is thin, but he can run bases all the better. Recently Patterson ran Kaimo out of a job, and caught during a whole game.

Basket ball has been indulged in by every member of the class whether boy or girl. To the girls it is far more important than to the boys, for it is their only sport, generally speaking. Miss Donovan has been a member of the team for three years, and did herself credit, but I wonder what her opponents called her after the game. We usually think of her as being a very quiet girl, but during an exciting moment in the game, Miss Donovan usually frees herself from her opponent even at the cost of a few scratches to the other fellow. One girl was heard to remark, "I can't hold the little 'spit fire,' she fights like a cat." Miss Clark was a tower of strength to the team, but it was pretty well weighted down; as a guard Miss Eddy could swing her arms, and, accidentally of course, use them to the best advantage in knocking anyone else out of the way. It is these quiet, unsuspecting players, who require the most watching; she never hurt anyone seriously but once, and that was when she struck a red-haired fellow in the audience—in the heart. He has never recovered from it, and she has not been the same since.

As a whole, this class has kept pretty shy of the cottage, but with us, as in every other class, there are a few who cannot resist the attractions of the fairer sex. Cupid is very busy here at Storrs, and having so much to do, it is a wonder that more arrows do not find their mark.

Ohlweiler has travelled that winding walk ever since he came in the fall of 1903, but last winter he had to refrain from his customary walk. He was seriously affected with heart trouble and Dr. Johnson ordered a nurse from Derby for him, and he certainly improved while she was here. One day was enough to put him on his feet, and he swore (under his breath), when she forsook him for our stately commandant. "Olie" swears that all girls are fickle; nevertheless he goes to the Cottage, as of yore, but does not trust himself to follow the curved walk, but stalks straight to the Cottage, and, forgetting that he was once cut out, endeavors to get another fellow's girl.

Who would ever think Eben was one of those fellows who cast longing eyes toward the "mansion of aching hearts?" It will probably be a surprise to many of you to know that "Paradise" has sheltered a senior who has unconsciously made herself very agreeable to our lanky pitcher; he may deny the charge, but note the guilty flush on his face.

I don't know whom to call the leader among our girls in the Cottage. Miss Eddy would start out bravely early in the evening and endeavor to divide her attention equally among several boys, but in a short time her partiality would get the better of her and the other fellows would be obliged to amuse themselves. Miss Clark has fared much the same way, except that she usually took two fellows. With Miss Hatch comes a novel way of solving the problem; she gave all her time for a week or more to one fellow; and then dropped him and took someone else; having been the rounds she begins over again.

For one short winter Chapman, our dusky classmate, groomed his hair as it was never groomed before. It was prac-

tically impossible to see him alone for a minute at a time. Between classes they were walking up and down the halls, sitting on the radiators, or just around the corner. After class you would have seen him down to the Cottage, out skating, or almost anywhere; but there was a sudden end to all this; Kaimo became troubled by a new disease, known as "Sauer heart;" it affected him very much, and the medicine which every day arrived in the mail did not seem to help him any. He is practically cured now, but only after the most strenuous use of his will power.

The Cottage held much in store for Nash when he first came, or at least he thought it did; he was happy, light hearted and gay, but suddenly a "Bill" was thrust in, and he felt his foothold slipping; he made one final effort to regain his former position, but she waved him back. Now he goes to the Cottage only to be consoled or seek advice.

Who would ever think of Graff as being anything but a quiet, studious person? But after having roomed in the new dormitory you will see that appearances are very deceiving. Many a time has he joined Hornbeck and Dewey and marched up and down the halls making an unearthly noise in the middle of the night. These things are especially annoying to Welton and Chapman when they have been out late on a secret foraging trip.

In a recent issue of the LOOKOUT there was quite an account of the silk industry which once flourished at Hanks Hill. There was no name signed to the article, and we have wondered to whom we are indebted for the information. In my mind everything seems to point to Tuller; he has been making weekly visits there for some time; but why should he continue his visits now unless there is some other attraction there? Perhaps he is getting ma-

terial to write another article on some of its people, especially one young lady.

Speak of Moss and you think of that tall, rather easy going fellow, soft of voice and slow of speech; but mention Eben and at once there flashes across your mind a picture of a tall, sinewy youth, long in limb and body, but graceful as an Indian. Eben is a great hunter and fisher, and in fish stories, none can beat him. It has always been a question in our minds whether he has caught the "old settler" or not.

Who would have thought four years ago that Patterson would have changed from that bashful little boy in short pants, to the mighty orator, wearing kilts instead of pants, and whose voice when let loose, plays a tattoo on your ear drums. As a singer he has made a hit here at Storrs, and with a few years of cultivating, to get the snarls out, he would make a name for himself.

Hornbeck does not always mean what he says. A short time ago in speaking to one of the young ladies, he said, "Have you any more charter members now? A while ago I knew you only had five in your club." Nor does he always say what he means; as, "You can't turn me out of the dining-room for I am a senior."

In looking at a picture of Webster do we not feel some awe caused by the stern countenance, the steel blue eyes which seem to penetrate to one's very soul, the high and massive brow, which pens back the greatest of all things, the human mind. Was it a feeling something like this which passed through the hearts of those freshmen in our first-class meeting, when Koenig was elected president; it might have been, but I doubt it.

There have been numerous changes in the courses in the last two years, and it has broken up our class into numerous

fragments. The first two years we were all together except the girls when they had cooking or sewing; and right here let me ask, why should sewing not be included in the freshman year for the boys, too? It would save many a wreck from going to the ash can. In the Junior year we made our first big split; the Agricultural Course, and the General Science. Why so many chose the Agricultural that year, had better not be answered here before so many of the faculty.

Until the Summer School, last year, Nash was expecting to come back and take up horticulture, but a little "Minor" began to work upon his heart, and he decided it was easier to swipe mushmelons, and eat them at two o'clock in the morning, than to grow them. He took the special Mechanical course. Chapman was another of those who was going to study horticulture, but after getting up at five o'clock for several mornings to kill curculio on the peaches, he decided it would not be all fun growing fruit. He took the Mechanical course, and for practical labor, the past year, has repaired bread-boards for the cooks, and broken chairs for the students; but have you seen any he fixed? No; and I guess no one else has either. As a side issue he has taken up babies when they cried, especially when their parents were busy. Welton was undecided which course to choose, both had their drawbacks; but finally he took the Agricultural.

As the class now stands, Agricultural: Dewey, Koenig, Tuller, and Welton. Horticultural: Graff, Hollister, Hornbeck, and Ohlweiler. Domestic Science: Miss Clark, Miss Donovan, and Miss Eddy. General Science: Cornwall, Miss Hatch, Moss, and Patterson. Mechanical: Chapman.

As we have no one to take up our absentees, I will only just mention them.

Bassett was one who worked harder for his class than any other freshman, and everyone was sorry he was unable to come back the second year. Andrews could never tell two stories alike, and the Faculty thought he had better study English some where else. Miss Champlin was so heavy, she simply fell through. Bass, Miss Reed, Davis, and Hibbard could not keep the pace set by the others. Those who did not return for the Junior year were Miss Coleman, who is now at her home. Miss Witt is at her home in Stafford Springs. Garlick, tiring of college life, decided to go into business; he is working for a lumber company in Bridgeport. Jennings said he didn't like the place up here for it was too far from home. Pearl stopped and took up the carpenter's trade. Miller had a little misunderstanding with some of the faculty, and he decided not to return; at present he is a hard-working farmer; how he must have changed. Gulley left us in the spring of the Junior year, and went to St. Louis; in the fall he entered the Michigan Agricultural College. Hall and Snow left just before Gulley, to go to work. Vinton is taking up work with the Juniors. Nash took up special mechanical work here at the College, the past year. Koons is attending school in Topeka, Kansas.

Our class had only six members when it entered in the fall of 1901, but only three of those six are graduating; Miss Donovan, Koenig, and Patterson. Thus ends the eventful history.

S. P. HOLLISTER,

(Historian).

Alumni Notes.

Sunday, June 11th, the tablet erected by the Alumni in memory of Professor Koons, the first president of the Connecti-

cut Agricultural College, was unveiled. Prof. Chamberlain, of West Hartford, delivered the address, which will be published in another column.

A complete list of all the subscribers to the Koons Memorial will be printed in the October issue of the LOOKOUT. The publication of this list will mark the final chapter of the proceedings through which the graduates of the College have performed a labor of love for one who was for so long a time intensely interested in and closely connected with our Alma Mater.

Among those present at commencement exercises were: '86—Selden W. Hayes; '88—Clarence H. Savage, Charles A. Wheeler; '90—Charles B. Pomeroy, Jr.; '91—Harry G. Manchester; '92—Charles G. Allen and Henry E. French; '93—Walter A. Warren; '94—Hobart J. Brockett; '95—Charles R. Green, George R. Hall, W. A. R. Hanley, A. J. Pierpont, A. E. Shedd, W. A. Stocking, Jr.; '96—Mrs. Grace E. Eddy, John H. Evans; '97—Francis Comber, John N. Fitts; '98—Charles S. Francis, H. L. Garrigus, Herbert Kerkpatrick, Herman F. Onthrup; '99—E. F. Manchester, Willis M. Nettleton, Bertha Garrigus; '00—H. D. Edmond, Gertrude E. Grant, Christie J. Mason, Horace G. Williams; '01—E. P. Brown, W. W. Dimock, T. F. Downing; '02—H. L. Bushnell, S. M. Crowell, Vera Freeman, Lester Harvey, G. H. Hollister; '03—R. J. Averill, M. E. Pierpont; '04—D. D. Shurtleff, H. S. Comstock.

The decennial reunion of the class of '95 was held in Grove Cottage on Tuesday evening of commencement week. The banquet in the dining hall was arranged by President Stocking, who was ably assisted by Mrs. Clarence H. Savage and Mrs.

Savage from Berlin. Those who sat down to the handsomely decorated table were President W. A. Stocking, Jr., and Mrs. Stocking; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hall and daughter, Dorothy; Mr. A. J. Pierpont and Mrs. Eddy; W. A. R. Hawley and Miss Lena Hurlburt; Charles R. Green and Miss Olive Antoinette Eddy; Arthur E. Shedd and Hobart J. Brockett. After due justice had been paid to the splendid things prepared for the inner man, cigars and coffee served to alleviate circumstances, and all present indulged in reminiscent vein, telling of the experiences of the past ten years. Each graduate present told of the principal individual happenings since leaving Storrs in '95—one even telling how many proposals for marriage he had made. A splendid time it was for all concerned, the only drawback to the occasion being the absence of Frank A. Bartlett, who was too ill to attend, and Martin M. Frisbie, who was unable to be present. At this time it might be appropriate to say that six of the class are married, and that seven children have been born to them, four boys and three girls, the latest addition being the second daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Pierpont, born July 30th, 1905.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Agricultural Hall immediately after the awarding of prizes at the close of the afternoon exercises. About forty graduates were present. C. P. Pomeroy, Jr., made a report in favor of the strengthening of the agricultural side of the instruction given the students. Alumni Trustee, A. B. Pierpont, '95, made a report; but little business of importance was transacted.

In the evening the alumni reception was held in the College Chapel. During the

intermission, light refreshments were served by Caterer Beebe, followed by speeches by members of the association and some of the faculty. A quartette composed of Professors Wheeler and Putnam, C. J. Grant and John Fitts, sang during the banquet in splendid manner. The Shubert Trio furnished music in an enjoyable style for the dancing, which continued until midnight. Miss Lulu Sackett, of Springfield, sang two selections in good voice, one from the comic opera, "Fantana," and another by Nevin.

'90. Clarence B. Lane, Assistant Chief Dairy Division, United States Department of Agriculture, had an interesting article in the June *Cosmopolitan* on the "Butter, Cheese and Condensed Milk as Factory Products" in the United States.

'90. C. B. Pomeroy, Jr., was at Storrs Sunday, July 23d, looking for a young teacher.

The Dairymen's Field Meeting held at A. J. Pierpont's, '95, and M. E. Pierpont's, '03, Friday, September first, was attended by several of the alumni. Among the speakers were A. J. Pierpont, '95; C. B. Pomeroy, '90; H. G. Manchester, '91. Those present were Lucchini, '97; Fitts, '97; Garrigus, '98; E. F. Manchester, '99; Baldwin, '05; Pomeroy, '90; Allen Manchester, '03; H. G. Manchester, '91; A. J. Pierpont, '95; M. E. Pierpont, '03; I. W. Patterson, '05.

'98. Herman F. Onthrup graduated from Wesleyan University in June. He spent the summer working in Canada.

'97-'98. J. N. Fitts and H. L. Garrigus went to Waterbury in their automobile Friday, September first.

'00. Gertrude Grant was married January 27, 1905, to A. M. Knight, of Chaplin.

Ex. '00. R. C. Eddy, graduated from West Point in June, received his appointment and command in July. His address is Lieut. R. C. Eddy, Ft. Totten, L. I.

'01. W. W. Dimock, graduated from Cornell, received his degree D. V. S. He expects to start practicing this fall.

'02. J. B. Twing has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., in Meriden, 79 Crown Street.

'02. H. L. Bushnell is working for the Prudential Insurance Co., in Westerly, R. I.

'02. G. H. Lamson was graduated from Yale last June. He was offered a position under Prof. Agassiz but declined.

'02. J. S. Carpenter has nearly recovered his health and expects to be able to go to work this September. The Legislature of 1905 passed a bill appropriating him \$400 to defray expenses due to his sickness brought on during military duty.

'02. S. M. Crowell spent the summer working at forestry in Canada.

'03-'04. Ruth A. Holcomb and Wilbur F. Stocking were married in Chicago, June, 1905.

'04. R. T. Dewell is working in the freight depot at New Haven, the work, however, is nothing more strenuous than correcting way bills.

'05. G. M. Chapman has accepted a position in the Farrel Foundry, Tarrytown, N. Y.

'05. W. W. Ohlweiler, P. W. Graff, C. H. Welton, Annie E. Clark and Bessie Donovan return to Storrs this fall to take up post-graduate work.

The Memorial to Prof. Koons.

The dedication of the Alumni Memorial to the late President Benjamin Franklin Koons, took place at Storrs Sunday afternoon, June 11th. The memorial is the result of a movement taken up by the Alumni Association of the College, a year or two ago. Prof. Koons, who had been an instructor at the institution for twenty-one years, and who died December 18, 1903, had endeared himself to a great many of his former pupils. In the endeavor to suitably express the appreciation which all felt for their instructor, and wishing to perpetuate his record, the present memorial assumed definite proportions. It consists of a bronze tablet, 20 by 24 inches, the work of the Stephen Maslen Corporation, of Hartford, fastened to the sloping face of an immense granite boulder, situated in the Wild Garden.

In Memory of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KOONS

B. A. Ph. D.

1844—1903

Instructor at Storrs

1881—1903

First President of the College

Erected June 11, 1905, by the Graduates

The appropriateness of the granite boulder and its location seems especially fitting when it is recalled that geology was one of Prof. Koons's most delightful studies, and that his love and knowledge of the rocks of Mansfield was unlimited. And then, too, the Wild Garden was a creature of his mind, if we are not very much mistaken. It was his idea to reserve that triangular piece of ground just back

of the church for the planting of specimen trees and shrubs, leaving all the trees, shrubs and boulders and irregularities in the native condition. To-day that plot of ground has become one of the most important parts of the College Campus.

As the large audience adjourned at once from the baccalaureate services in the church to the ground immediately surrounding the boulder, the dedicatory exercises went on very smoothly as part of the afternoon's programme. A quartette under the direction of Prof. Wheeler sang "Peace," by Bach, and then little William Henry Wheeler unveiled the memorial by pulling away the immense American flag which draped the boulder. President Stimson spoke briefly and well on "The Significance of this Memorial," saying that it was of good significance that this memorial should be erected by us as a token of respect to this man and his achievements in that it symbolized our respect and loving memory for the departed one. Miss Anna West Brown of the faculty read from Lowell that selection about Agassiz—another lover of nature. The very admirable address of Prof. L. P. Chamberlain, of West Hartford, follows in another place. We are very glad to be able to print this in full and we appreciate Prof. Chamberlain's effort in this most important part of the programme. Past Department Commander of the State G. A. R., who came up from Willimantic with about twenty comrades, spoke feelingly of his association with Prof. Koons whom he had always found kind and helpful. The exercises closed when all joined in singing America. The committee in immediate charge was made up of Charles R. Green, '95; Prof. Charles A. Wheeler, '88, and A. B. Pierpont, '95. A great deal of assistance was rendered by Prof. H. L. Gar-

rigus, C. L. Savage, John Fitts and W. A. Stocking, Jr. Prof. Chamberlain's address follows:

Address of Professor Chamberlain.

This is a grateful service to which I have been invited to-day for I am to speak to you briefly of one whose life for almost a quarter of a century was devoted to the upbuilding of the Connecticut Agricultural College as we see it to-day, and with whom it was my privilege to be intimately associated during the majority of those years.

I could wish the time less limited and that another with a more glowing tribute to his memory might have told the story of his devotion, his tireless industry, his intense and unwavering purpose, his steadfast confidence in ultimate success and his final triumph, as the erection of yonder buildings demonstrate once more that "as a man soweth so shall he also reap."

Professor Benjamin Franklin Koons was distinguished for such a rare combination of qualities of mind and heart as I have enumerated, to which many present to-day, I am sure, would gladly bear testimony. His early years up to young manhood were spent upon the homestead farm in Ohio, and from his own lips those were years of stern effort, of continuous activity, but not to the neglect of mental and moral development. His home was a nursery of high moral and religious sentiment, of true patriotism, of unselfish loyalty to duty. No wonder then that at the sound of the first shot fired upon Sumter, at the opening of the great rebellion, he was ready to enlist for his country's defence, and brave the perils of the camp, the march, the battlefield, and the prison pen, so long as his service was needful. For a number of years succeed-

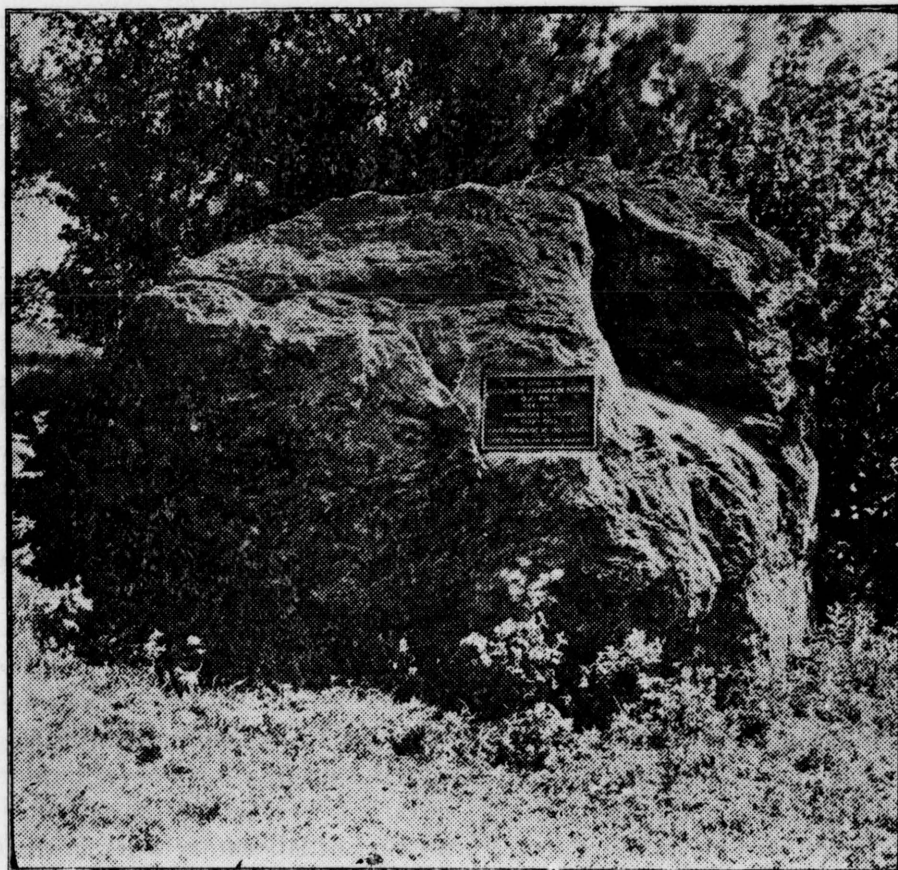
ing the close of the war he taught in colored schools at the South, but his ambition for a higher education led him to Oberlin College from which he graduated in 1874. Later he pursued a supplementary course of study at Yale and soon after his graduation during the fall of 1881 he was called to the Storrs Agricultural School as Professor of Natural History. In 1883 he became Principal of the school and continued in that position until 1898, when he was chosen the first President of the newly named College. While this bit of history may be familiar to many of you I have introduced it to show how the fibre of such a character was developed and toughened to withstand the discouragements incident to the founding of the College, of which we are all so rightfully proud to-day. Its foundations were laid deep and strong, and no adverse influences shall prevail against it.

We cannot doubt that during those formative years of toil and discouragement, when friends were few, when moral and financial aid were grudgingly bestowed, when the very purpose to educate young men in both agricultural theory and practice was almost universally decried. I say we cannot doubt that Professor Koons was "building better than he knew." If so large a result from so small a beginning as he lived to see, and as we see to-day, was projected into his anticipations, I am sure that no hint of it ever escaped from his lips. Such a stimulus is not often vouchsafed to those who pioneer the world's development. Not seldom a lifetime lies between the ideal and its accomplishment, and the toiler leaves his unfinished work for others to complete, and the world his debtor. And yet we must believe that "hope which springs eternal in the human breast" was his constant solace and support. He was ambi-

tious, but his ambition was directed and controlled by his native modesty. Those who knew him best will recall his patient endurance of conditions that would have defied the ambition of an enthusiast to overcome, or even to endure. But Professor Koons was not an enthusiast. Deliberation gave poise to his judgment in business affairs and made him a safe adviser. In the class room, too, it was not less conspicuous, and I distinctly recall an occasional criticism by the students of what seemed to them to be an evasive statement, or a lack of definite information, but which we all learned was a careful and habitual regard for strict accuracy of statement. The same quality marked his choice of methods and was a prime factor in all his conclusions. The unwritten record of his life as memory recalls it, reveals to us the impressive lesson—be sure you are right before you act. A safe motto for us all. But while his deference for the opinion of others was conspicuous and seemed to make him distrustful of his own, he was an original investigator, and won for himself an enviable distinction among his fellow scientists. Of especial value were his services to the National Government while with its Fish Commission, during which time he made a number of important discoveries, besides accomplishing a large amount of laboratory work in the Government Station at Wood's Holl. He also performed excellent work under the direction of the geological department at Yale, of which Professor Dana was the distinguished head. It is a sufficient compliment to his ability to have won the esteem and confidence of so eminent a geologist, but a still higher compliment that in accord with his conclusions, determined by the most laborious investigations some current geological theories were of

necessity revised. But as an entomologist perhaps Professor Koons gained greatest distinction as a scientist. This was his favorite field of observation and study, and to it he devoted much time and labor. His appointment as the State Entomologist was more than a dry compliment, or as a recognition of his official position. He had become an eminent authority and the

importance as a vital force in the formation of character. Not the false modesty that habitually disparages self-ability and so restrains from action or effort, but that which holds the scale in even balance and prompts to action, or restrains from a just sense of obligation; that subordinates impulse to duty, and self to the common good. Here we have a principal



increasing need of reliable information concerning insects injurious to vegetation demanded the service of him most competent to serve as public advisor. But to whatever position he was appointed, or to what service he committed himself, he honored the position and dignified the service. I have already alluded to his modesty as a controlling, moulding influence, but I would if possible emphasize its

factor in the highest type of citizenship. Not self-abasement but self-control. Not self-aggrandizement, but a readiness to serve whenever service is needful. The world is slow to learn the lesson that true greatness is found in ministration. Selfishness is still dominant. But the dignity of self-sacrifice enunciated nineteen centuries ago by "Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to

give His life a ransom for many," has had its living illustrations down through all these centuries, and to-day as never before the eternal principle is being recognized.

Surely I need not suggest to this audience the fitness of such reflections on this occasion for Professor Koons was a faithful representative of what is best in citizenship and a true exponent of the ideal in our social relations. He was an intense worker and found no time to spend in idleness. His relaxations were simply laying down one form of employment and taking up another. No single hour but brought to him some special task to be performed. In the class room, on the street, whether in association with others or alone, some purpose ruled the hour, to the accomplishment of which his best energies were directed. He was fond of traversing these hills and valleys of Eastern Connecticut in search of geological specimens for the college cabinet, and many a native rock is scarred by the heavy blows from his geological hammer in removing them. He loved nature most intensely and found utmost delight in studying her methods. Professor Koons was a profound naturalist and devoted much time to this department of his life-work. Indeed he was in constant communion with nature in her visible forms. Life, all life to him, was the mystery of mysteries, and he once said, "There is the end of investigation. What lies beyond no man knows, or ever can know. It is an infinite secret." Such a view makes the simplest form of life too sacred a thing to be trifled with, and only by some necessity do we gain the right to destroy it.

Professor Koons, though a graduate of Oberlin and a post-graduate of Yale, never completed his course of study. It is well-

known to many an alumnus present that he always made thorough preparation for the class room, and insisted on equal thoroughness on the part of each student. In natural order it follows that his tuition was thorough, and by this I mean that it was clear and authoritative. This quality measures the value of the instructor's work, and by this standard Professor Koons, as an instructor, ranks with those who have become prominent. Here we see him at his life-work. Back of those years of preparation and facing conditions almost insurmountable was the deep, strong, impelling purpose to acquire knowledge that he might impart it to others; to become an instructor. Let us not forget that his entire college course was a continuous effort at self-support and estimate, if we can, the strength of that fixed, determined purpose. Think, too, how such an experience qualified him to endure discouragements in after years, and to sympathize with others whose experience in gaining an education was similar to his own. To how many such lives his experience proved a benediction we shall never know. And thus it is that "no man liveth to himself alone." Each one of us is being wrought upon by others, and each of us in turn, though insensibly, is influencing some other life for good or ill. Conditions that seem to bar the way to the fulfillment of our hopes to the end of our ambitions, it may be, often become stepping stones to the realization of larger hopes and nobler ambitions.

Doubtless during his home years and later, while working his way through college, Professor Koons felt that his life was being handicapped by unfortunate conditions, but from the viewpoint of experience he saw those very conditions, like polished stones, laid in the foundation of the suc-

cess he had achieved—the good he had been enabled by them to accomplish.

Such a life, so filled with service, so beautified and adorned by those virtues that belong to true manhood and ideal citizenship, so sanctified by high moral and religious purpose and attainment, so sweetened by the amenities and courtesies of the Christian gentleman is worthy of our contemplation to-day, and of our life-long emulation. Its memories are too sacred to those of us who enjoyed its friendship to find expression in such poor words as mine.

Sooner than we thought Professor Koons finished his life-work and amid that wintry storm, and the tears of those who loved and honored him, they laid his poor, pain-racked body away in its final resting place.

Before we knew his danger disease had made such progress that there was no hope of relief from its hold. Then came weeks and months of intense suffering, but no word of complaint from his lips. I like to think that the sympathy we felt, but could not carry to him, was borne to that sick chamber by ministering spirits sent forth on such errands of love. We knew how, by letter and by visitation, great waves of tearful solicitude and kindest sympathy flooded that room of hopeless pain. We know, too, of the grateful appreciation he expressed in return, and we even dared to hope that to the narrow limit

of human aid it helped to alleviate his suffering and to delay the final hour. But when release came no terrors awaited its coming. He was glad to lay down the wearisome burden of life. It is an ancient and beautiful custom by which the living strive to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and in accord with this instinctive desire we have met to-day.

This monument which the Alumni have erected in grateful memory of their beloved instructor has been well chosen, for its permanence is proverbial. While another has spoken to you of its fuller significance, and of the gratitude and love it symbolizes, I cannot repress a single thought. The life it commemorates flows on and on in the lives of others to the end of time, and long before its full results shall have been recorded this inscription will have become illegible and the rock itself shall crumble.

Men and nations live and die, and are forgotten, but the results of human action never die. Time nor eternity can efface their influence. The life we have considered so briefly has but just begun. When the sum of its final issues is reckoned and destiny awaits its self-imposed, eternal conclusion, when the earthly life seems but a remote speck of existence, then, who can doubt from that tribunal will come the assurance of final triumph, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



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