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John N. Fitts

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Glorious!

Phy.D.

John T. Curtis, Vice President; E. R. Comber, '97 Sec'y and Treas.; E. S. Mansfield, '98.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.

(A original Poem by the Girl on the Corner.)

Beautiful summer is now here,
The most delightful time of the year;
Lovers can now sit in shady bowers
And have ice cream, among the flowers.
Pretty squirrels are leaping from tree to tree,
Oh, how happy they all seem to be:
All nature is dressed in her loveliest green,
Summer in the country is a beautiful scene.

To sit in a hammock beneath a large maple tree,
Is the most enjoyable thing that ever can be;
How delightful, to watch the bright stars overhead,
You are far from wishing that you were dead.

Fourth of July and picnics, are things
That the good season of summer always brings;
Plenty of sugar with ice-cold lemonade,
Is one of the best summer drinks ever made.

Eclectic banquets, and receptions too,
We like to attend in summer, don't you?
If there is plenty of sugar passed by Mr. Lewis,
We are sure a large quantity will come in use.

Photographers are busy these warm summer days,
Especially, when they don't have to go a great ways;
They like to photograph houses with trees around,
With beds of flowers all over the ground.

Strawberry ice cream is nice this warm weather,
If four or two sit at a table together;
One thing not nice is the lightning's flash.
When the skies are dark, and the thunder's crash.

When the winds blow hard enough for a gale,
And sometimes there comes a bit of hail; Then we wish we were near Greenland's icy mountain,
Where there is ever an ice-water fountain.

Beautiful snow white lilies grow on the pond,
Of which nearly everyone is so fond:
Lucious red cherries there are on the trees,
The flowers are visited by little honey bees.

Delightful rides are taken, o'er roads shaded by trees,
And we are not afraid we are going to freeze.

Ladies are dressed in fine summer clothes,
There are no trosos to remind anyone's nose.

EIGHTH MENTEN.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript explains the origin of a familiar phrase thus: "An old-time New England expression 'getting the mitten,' meaning getting your offer of marriage rejected by your best girl, has an origin in the customs of the earlier days. One hundred years ago, gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young lady going home from singing school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mitten, he took it from her and offered to withdraw the hand the lady would remain, if he offered the right opportunity to urge his suit, but if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. "Now, the author would 'get the mitten,' but not the hand. But his explanation is quite easy and plausible, explaining, when you know what it is, but if you had not been told, the phrase would be puzzling.

Mosquitos in summer are usually plenty,
We have often seen more than twenty;
They are always little pesky things,
With that charming voice and gauzy wings.

More charms of summer I will not disclose;
Except that there is many a beautiful rose,
Booms for a young man's coat, to decorate,
If they only aim for that 'Golden Gate.'"
COLLEGE NOTES.

V. E. LUCCHINI.

The baccalauriate sermon, preached by Rev. E. J. Lewis, June 14th, was listened to by a very small audience, probably preventing a large attendance. Mr. Lewis preached a very eloquent sermon which was well appreciated by those who had the privilege of hearing it. The church, magnificently decorated with mountain laurel and ferns. As Sunday morning was rainy, many of those who were out after the privilege of enjoying a shower, free of cost.

On Sunday evening, June 14th, Dr. Farrar, a noted physician of Hartford and Boston, lectured on the subject of "Mental, Moral and Physical Hygiene." The speaker was well acquainted with his subject, which resulted in his revealing some plain and touching facts.

Class night exercises took place Tuesday evening, June 16th, in the college chapel. The chapel which was prettily decorated with bunting, flags, etc., filled with Press friends and teachers of the graduating class. One of the most enjoyed numbers on the program was a cornet solo by Mr. C. L. Waite of Middlesex. The essays delivered by the graduating class were well written and delivered. Mr. E. H. Waite's oration of the class was very witty and well rendered. The best essay of the evening was the oration delivered by Miss G. E. Blackburn. At the close of the program, the entire class formed a circle upon the platform and went out their war-whoop which resounded through the corridors of the whole building. Some people say that girls can't roller, but the fact is, that if there weren't any girls in the class of '97 theirrell would have hardly been heard. The balance of the evening was spent in dancing and other enjoyment.

Commencement day was one of excitement as well as of pleasure. The morning exercises were preceded by the orchestra. The trustees and intimate friends of the college sat on the platform. Prof. Koons presided. The program of the morning was as follows, beginning at 10:30:


COLLEGE COURSE.

Howard G. Barber, Union.
Grace E. Snow, Storrs.

Albert F. Cole, Rockfall.
"Iceland, It's People and It's Literature." Olive N. Clark, Saybrook.
Ethel Freeman, Spring Hill.
Ernest H. Waite, Middletown.
"Entomology." Grace E. Blackburn, Oronoque.

SHORT COURSE.

(Excused from Reading.)

Emma L. Fuller, Mansfield.
"Cooking in Health and Disease." Ralph D. Gilbert.
"Our Native Birds." Albert C. Gilbert.
"Nitrification." Odcott F. King.
"Ditch Draining."

The exhibition drill, by the military company was omitted as it raised, making it inconvenient.

The afternoon exercises began at 2:30 o'clock with trustee Hubbard acting as chairman. The first number on the program being the annual address by Prof. Wm. M. Simonds, a trustee of the college. He imparted some good advice to the graduating class, or in fact to any who might heed it. He said: "I have some particular line of work you wish to follow out, why put all of your might into the direction, but not the one that the faculty and given to the students about a month before commencement. A committee of interested persons is chosen to examine and decide on the high quality of the candidates which was written on this time was "Some Important Elements of an Education." The first prize of $30 was awarded to Miss G. E. Blackburn by Mr. Howard Barber was the winner of the $30. Mr. Atwater, director of the experiment station at Middletown, spoke of the interests derived from the college and its branches. Mr. Henry of Rockville, a trustee of the college, awarded the diplomas and in doing so made a few remarks of advice to the outgoing class. Mr. Fuller, master of the State Grange and the afternoon exercises with a very interesting speech.

The athletic contest between the alumni and college which was to take place in the morning was carried out in the afternoon at the college, the same as the commencement exercises. It took place down in front of Prof. Peebles. Everyone seemed scrawly as to who would win the silver cup, but after the first or 4 events it was plain that the alumni were out of it. A full account of the events will be found under "Athletics."

The work in the horticulture class this term is mostly outside work which consists of examining and noting the chief characteristic of different species of plants as they come in their season.

Summer school began Tuesday, June 30th, when 13 of the class of '97 gathered with a showing if they would. Most of those taking the short course certified failed to return, Prof. O. F. King. He expects to return next fall.

L. M. Tucker, '96, who did not take the summer course last year returned and made up his work with the class of '97.

Willis Hawley, '98, and George Smith, '86, are working for Prof. Chamberlain during the summer vacation. Mr. J. H. Evans, '96, is working for the horticultural department.

The first to start in on the "glorious swamp" to finish laying of the drain which was started last year were Messers. Sibley, Johnson and Litchfield. There are about 8 acres to be drained. The swamp will be the main source of work for the summer, and if that gives out, Prof. Guiley expects to clean out the bottom which usually needs some work. Now, the weeds and undergrowth being in some places up out of the water. The chief out-side pleasure, in which the class of '97 indigales is butterfly chasse, a literature and microscope.

Those working for Prof. Phelps during the summer are A. C. and R. D. Gilbert and J. E. Fitzs.

Stocking expects to resign from his position of superintendent of the experiment station this fall as he expects to enter Cornell University this coming fall. Mr. Penticoast Amherst graduate, to take his place. Prof. Patterson has the house in which Deacon King used to live fixed up in good shape. He is moving his family into it very soon.

The most interesting discussion is as to who will have the room which will be made vacant by Prof. Patterson's moving. It is a good room, situated on the south side, and will probably be given to one of the students as soon as he moves out. The boys have fixed up the old tennis court which has been lying idle all summer. This will probably be where a large amount of the spare time is spent.

Prof. Guiley expects to grade off the old court this fall and fix up a couple of others about the campus somewhere.

The animals and birds of Messrs. King's men are getting along nicely. The hen hawk which he allowed to roam about for itself has flown away, probably for good. The fox is growing rapidly and is at about the age where he could make a good pet, but he took his first nap out of it. The Gilbert brothers are the only ones who have their hair cut pompadour this summer.

J. H. Evans, '96, has a horse out here which he will rent to special persons. He won't tell who those persons are.

Messrs. Wm. Stocking, Walter Shults, Stancliff Hall, Jack Evans and Ernest Waite expect to enter Cornell University the coming fall and take the four years' course. This will make quite a show ing for Storrs, and it is sincerely wished by their many friends here that they will occasionally think of their dear old Storrs.

The yoke of oxen recently brought in from Massachusetts was tested at the other evening by Dr. Waterman for tuberculosis. They did not respond in the least to the test which shows that they are perfectly free from the disease.

Dr. Waterman gave a very touching talk to the class of '97 on the evening of the 30th, which seems to forecast for the future, where he will spend a part of his vacation. He reminded us of the tendencies which are liable to drag us down, asked us to appeal to our manhood and in that he is under a suffer from the dangerous pass. If any one has a friend among the boys it is Dr. Waterman and we all wish him and his wife a happy recreation from their college duties.

Prof. Phelps' new house is completed, everything being now ready for the frame work.

Prof. Guiley, on account of the death of one of his relatives, was called away just as the summer term opened.

Pres. Koons went to Hartford July 1st with the monthly alls and other college business.

We do not know who is to take Mr. Shults' place as superintendent of the horticultural department when he leaves for Cornell, any further than that, it is a very serious problem.

The state is putting up a house on the knob in back of the parsonage. It is to be a two story structure 54x31 ft., having cupboard up to the second floor.

Prof. P. E. Perry, who has charge of the young ladies' cottage is to have complete control of building it as he estimates it's cost below those of contractors who have figures in their figures.

The new coupley of Prof. Peebles what now resides in the parsonage.

Prof. Lewis is spending his summer in the glorious west. It is stated that he will occupy the parsonage when he returns which seems to indicate that he will not come alone.

Mr. Mungle has given up his position as junior for the college, we know not why, but it is said that he is to be married. Mr. Johnson, '96, will fill the vacancy until the full term begins when Clarence Hawley will fill the position.

Barrow & Bailey's circus was in Willimantic, July 2nd, which of course aroused the idea of having a day off so that we might attend. We asked for a holiday and it was granted, so we all went to the morning train. Messrs. Forbush and Bushnell played base ball at Norwich, July 1st, with the Exagellites. They missed the train which was to bring them back in the evening so they had to stay in Norwich over night.

I don't know how it was they happened to get let; probably Mr. Bushnell had too much rhum. Just as we were started for the circus we met them walking up from Eastegleyville, but they were not to be
This is the end of the extract.
groh. Hain's had nun sech sence I wuz ter the Pres'dent's ception.' And before Car'line Amely could interpose, a black scam of a boy had snatched the bag from the bed and was making off with it. Quick as thought he darted after him and he, seeing her anger, gracefully re-
turned the prize saying, "Tanky, tanky, Car'line Amely, but I dun et so much bress I dun no apperite for sech flummery.

"You dar, Ceph, yo' good-for-nuffin nigger, w'at's dat pinch o' tea I dun sen you for?"

"Sho' yo' bawn, grannie, de folks say how they didn't w'ant no sech or'inary lim' ar'kin' fer em, so I hain't focht yer nun.

Granny glared at her diminutive grand-

son and reached for her cane. "You on'teelin', my gentle little nigger. N here's, yer pore ole grannie jes' lyn' ye'n 'n dy'in', all yo' car'fer's in gaddin' round the woods a-whis'lin' to the birds. Clar ole'n my sight. And with a mighty effort she hurried the cane at his retreat-
ing form. But the exertion was too great for her and she fell back groaning with "the mis'ry in her back."

Car'line Amely made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, rearranged her pillow furred with her coat, set the flowers where she could see them and, promising to return before sun-down, went her way.

Ceph, after his summary ejection, struck both hands in his ragged trousers and meditated. "Now that's gran. Wish I cud git her sum tea. Spose that grannie wouldn't give me dat teak for that bunch o' greens. He looked lak a straight one. Here goes."

Across the little valley to the forest he sped. The tall, stately trees reared their heads far above him: even the wander, which grew rank at the foot of the trees, were taller than Ceph. A pawpaw bush held out a solitary "nigger banana" to him in vain; a rattle in the leaves to the right suggested bears, though there hadn't been seen in the region for years: a shagbark threw down great thick shelled nuts, but Ceph was beguiled by none of these. Straight on he went until he came to the foot of a lofty cotton-wood whose straight, slender trunk reached a height of twenty feet before branching. Away up among its branches Ceph's keen eyes had discovered a great mass of green, lighter than the rest because there the sun didn't shine, and growing close to the channel. Very carefully he began to climb; five feet up his grasp gave way and down he tumbled.

"I can't, I jes' can't," he sobbed as he lay at the foot of the tree. But between him and failure came a vision of poor, rheumatic grannie. "Oh, I s'pose I mus." Again he started.

Up and up, an inch at a time. fifteen feet, almost exhausted,—another foot if he can only get on the limb. He makes a desperate effort and succeeds in drawing himself up. Here he resis a bit, then secures his prize. A prize indeed, a bunch of mistletoe as large as a bushel basket and each twig thickly set with waxy white berries.

Ceph chickled as he detached it from the branch. "Hi, wun't grannie get lots o' tea?" The treasure was too large and too precious to carry, so, tying it to a string, he carefully let it down. "Dar now, it's dun caught on dat trillin' wahoo. Come onn' dar." As he spoke he gave the string a jerk and in so doing lost his balance. For an instant he clutched at the branch, then, with a gasp, dropped to the ground.

Very carefully did the nain bring Ceph back to the cabin where grannie lay moan-

ing out her life. "Oh my Ceph, my boy, my boy. I didn mean no harm. Oh Ceph, my pore lil' boy. And I wuz cross, en now he's daid fer me. Oh Ceph, — You called me, didn you? Ise commin'—alone—wuth a bunch o' greens."

After the simple funeral someone hung the bunch of mistletoe in the cabin door and there, leafless and berriless, it hang and sways in every breath of wind.

ORA A. PHILPS.

THE MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE DAY WRITTEN BY GEO. E. CHEMIST. A freshman once did come to Storrs Arkansas as green could be. He went to walk in a nice white shirt To see what he could see, But when he saw the rocks that lay Scattered all over his shoes As a freshman sometimes will and said, I won't pick rocks any more CHORUS I won't pick rocks any more, I have picked for years On my father's farm and till night I won't pick rocks any more. A sophomore then did come this way And saw where he did toil, A picking rocks for one long year On this old stony soil, And then he spoke as many will and, As many have done before. I'll either grade or plant, said he; I won't pick rocks any more.

Chorus. — I won't pick etc.

A junior now we chance to see Who has been two years at work But when the ga ge picking rocks He is always sure to shirk. If at any time he gets a chance To rest his back so sore He will lie down and sing this song, I won't pick rocks any more.

Chorus. — I won't pick, etc.

A senior now we will surely meet Who looking over his course Thinks of the time spent picking rocks As either wasted or lost. And as he looks at the fields again He sees more rocks than before But he simply says, I am going to leave, I won't pick rocks any more.

Chorus. — I won't pick, etc.

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