12-1903

Lookout, Volume 8, Number 6, December 1903

H. S. Comstock

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Sophomores, 1906—R. G. Tryon.
Freshmen, 1907—C. A. Watts.
PROF. B. F. KOONS.
The funeral of Professor B. F. Koons was held this afternoon at his home in Storrs. After prayers at the house by Rev. H. E. Starr, the body was taken to the Second Congregational Church at Storrs, where the public service was held. The bearers were graduates of the Connecticut Agricultural College and were Edward S. Weed, '87; Charles A. Wheeler, and Clarence H. Savage, '88; H. G. Manchester, '91; and W. A. Stocking, Jr., and Charles R. Green, '95. A quartet—Dr. Lehnert, Mrs. Charles A. Wheeler, Mrs. L. A. Clinton and Mr. Stoneburn—sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light." The students of the college, in uniform, acted as escort from the church to the grave in the cemetery at Storrs. Taps were sounded at the close of the committal service.

And thus "taps," echoing from the higher slopes of the hills, marked the final rest of an earnest student of science who had sought to make his attainments useful in the advancement of agricultural practice; a beloved teacher whose influence for good has been widely felt; an upright citizen; a genial and faithful friend; a gallant soldier; a Christian gentleman.

As we turn away from the beautiful hillside cemetery this stormy December afternoon, recalling the months of mental suffering so uncomplainingly borne, the first thought, perhaps, in our minds is that of rest—rest eternal—an end of weariness and languor and pain—rest nobly earned by a steadfast life, a cheerful endurance, an unflagging faith.

It has, indeed, seemed to us that this death was untimely; that before this man were yet other years of attainment and
high usefulness in his chosen field. And to him, until these last few months of fluctuating hope and fear settling gradually into the grim certainty of the end, doubtless the future seemed to hold bright prospects of work still to be done by him. Yet with no word of repining, with no clouding of his wonted cheerfulness, he faced the inevitable as steadily as in years long gone by he had faced his destiny in the battle line on the stricken field.

He was one of the men of a mighty generation—a generation that gave up more than half a million of its bravest and best, battling for an idea. Yet, to him, as to most of his fellows, war was unnatural—abhorrent to every impulse of his nature. He was, to a marked degree, a man of peace. Yet it was his fortune to come to maturity at that period when every thought, every energy of the nation was absorbed in war; and for what he conceived to be his duty, he laid aside his preparation for his chosen work, took up the life of a soldier, and serving three years, received his discharge at the close of the war—a veteran trained in the weary marches, the long watches, the fierce battles of Sheridan’s Shenandoah campaign, and the still fiercer struggles that led up to Appomattox.

Entering the army a boy of seventeen, rank could hardly come to him, beyond the promotion received at his discharge, unless tempted by a soldier’s life, he had continued in the regular army. But he was of the best type of citizenship, in that, like so many others of his time, he entered the army, not from a desire of military glory, nor yet to find a career, but solely because that way duty pointed; and when his work was done, and not before, he took up with renewed zeal, with strengthened purpose, the preparation for his chosen work in life at the point where, three years before, he had left it for no holiday service on the battlefield.

“After all,” said he on one occasion to the writer, “the army is a severe school, in which much good as well as evil may be learned;—it is a supreme test of character.” And there can be no doubt that this school of the army left enduring marks on the life of this young soldier. It is not merely that it steadied his purposes, and taught him to regard chiefly the graver issues of life, nor even that it strengthened in him the ideal of close adhesion to duty; it give him much of the cheerful optimism that was so marked a characteristic of his whole career—that made him so delightful a teacher, so charming a companion and friend. The man who had stood in the very face of the storm and stress—the crash and apparent wreck of the Union, and had consciously helped to restore it—could never be brought to “despair of the Republic.”

As one of the chief agents in the foundation of this college, and as its first president, he labored toward an end that was very dear to him; an end, in the utility of which he firmly believed. Even if in some cases prejudice was enlisted in opposition, no one ever questioned the sincerity of his purpose. And in the long history of his connection with the institution, his character, his instruction, his influence upon the students have had wide and permanent results for good. He believed that the agricultural interests of this state had need of an institution of this kind. And as we look over what has already been accomplished, and turn to the future we may feel that his belief was fully justified.

His was, after all, not a long life; the allotted threescore years and ten were denied him; yet how full was that life of achievement, how ready was he to meet all its issues, how he bound his friends to
him with cords that cannot be loosed. The war of which he was a soldier ended almost forty years ago; the interval is filled with wonderful changes; yet through all these, a part of all these, keeping abreast of the best thought of the day, he retained to the last moment of conscious life, the simple faith of his childhood. And to this scholar, friend, Christian, while “taps” still sound in our ears, we say, “Vale, vale; in aeternum, vale.”

H. R. M.

[From the Hartford Courant of Dec. 19th, 1903.]

Professor B. F. Koons, B. A., Ph. D., of the Connecticut Agricultural College, died at his home in Storrs at 10 o’clock Thursday night. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion due to cancer of the throat. In December of last year Professor Koons suffered a little from throat trouble. The difficulty appeared in aggravated form last June and he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., for X-ray treatment by his brother, a noted specialist of that place. No apparent benefit resulted and Professor Koons returned to Storrs several weeks ago satisfied that all had been done that could be done to help him.

Benjamin Franklin Koons was born September 10, 1844, at Sulphur Springs, Crawford County, O., the son of Abrah...
columns of “The Courant,” both as a correspondent and as an authority upon entomological and botanical subjects.

Professor Koons was a member of Francis S. Long Post, No. 30, G. A. R., of Willimantic, and was always active with the G. A. R. people of Tolland and Windham Counties. It has been his custom of late years to deplore the perverted use of Memorial Day, believing that May 30 was consecrated to the defenders of the Union and not to athletic carnivals.

In all his associations Professor Koons was a kind hearted and generous man. For twenty-two years he was a servant of the state of Connecticut, and he served the commonwealth with the strictest integrity and adherence to duty. Growing up as it were with the Agricultural College of his adopted state he made a large number of friends who admired his character and who will mourn his death.

Prof. B. F. Koons.

On December 17th, 1903, our college was called upon to mourn the untimely death of one of its best beloved instructors, Benjamin Franklin Koons. Professor Koons had not been well for over a year, but the serious nature of his complaint was not discovered until July. New York specialists used X-ray treatment and for a while there was hope of his recovery; but his malady had reached too advanced a stage to respond, and early in November he returned to his home in Storrs, there to await the inevitable end.

Professor Koons was born September eighth, 1844, at Sulphur Springs, Ohio. He was one of a large family of children and early in life started out to win his own way. At the age of seventeen he became a volunteer in the 123rd regiment of Ohio, in which he served till the close of the Civil War. During this time he took part in seventeen engagements, some of the most famous of which were Winchester, Cedar Creek, and Appomattox.

Like many others of our best and bravest soldiers, Mr. Koons was above all a modest man, and it was only with those with whom he felt a bond of sympathy that he could be persuaded to fight his battles o’er again. None of those, however, who have been privileged thus to listen to him will ever forget his vivid recital of the deeds of his well-loved regiment. That it was always well to the front, we may know from so reliable an authority as Grant himself. In his “Personal Memoirs” he thus speaks of its bravery at High Bridge, one of the closing engagements of the war. It was detailed, together with one other regiment, the two forming about six hundred men, to intercept Washburn on his way to reinforce Lee. To quote: “This little band inflicted a loss upon the enemy more than equal to their entire number; and at the close of the conflict nearly every officer of the command, and most of the rank and file, had been either killed or wounded; . . . so that this gallant band of six hundred had checked the progress of a strong detachment of the Confederate army.” Mr. Koons was one of this “noble six hundred,” and it was here that he was captured and held as prisoner until Lee’s surrender. That he had served his country bravely and faithfully, not only in this engagement, but throughout the war, we may know by the fact that he was one of the Guard of Honor chosen to watch over Lincoln’s remains as they lay in state at the capitol in Columbus, Ohio. It is also known for a fact that he would have received promotion if it had not been for his extreme youth. As it was, he was mustered out
as a sergeant. Professor Koons was a member of the Francis S. Long Post, No. 30, G. A. R., of Willimantic, and has always had an active interest in all proceedings of that organization. In the summer of 1899 he was the orator of the day at the unveiling of a monument to his regiment at Winchester, and in other less conspicuous, but fully as important addresses, he has often testified to his love of country.

After the war Mr. Koons went south, where he taught for several years, at one time being principal of the Emerson Institute for the colored, in Mobile, Alabama. There he met Miss Jennie Stevenson, a teacher in the same school, whom he subsequently married.

Later, feeling the need of a broader education, he went to Oberlin, Ohio, where he entered college and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1874. Oberlin gave then, as now, great prominence to its musical department, and the Musical Union Association is one of the oldest and most important organizations of the college. As business manager of the Union, Mr. Koons not only came into most pleasant relationship with many of the instructors in the Conservatory of Music, forming friendships which lasted throughout his life, but was able to pay the expenses of his college course. He graduated well forward among the first men of his class, and soon after came East, where, he reasoned, he would have better opportunities to specialize.

In 1881 he received the degree of Ph. D. from Yale—Sheffield Scientific School. During the time of his study here, through the influence of Professor Dana of Yale, his summers were spent in the work of the United States Fish Commission, and in their laboratories at Woods Holl. Professor Koons often spoke in after years of these summers as being among the most pleasant and profitable of his life, and it was a great regret to him when his increasing duties at the college put an end to them.

In the fall of 1881 he was appointed Professor of Natural History at the Storrs Agricultural School, the institution being then in its first year, and in 1883 was promoted to the principalship. When in 1893 the school was changed to the Agricultural College, Professor Koons remained with it as its president. He continued in the office until 1898, and when succeeded by George W. Flint, was retained upon the faculty as Professor of Natural History and Curator of the Museum. No one can follow Professor Koons' course of action, even casually, during these twenty odd years with which he was connected with our college, without feeling how much his life was bound up in the best good of the institution, and without realizing how much he accomplished for it, especially during its early struggling years. His method of work was quiet, but none the less effective. Each step of progress was sure, and he always knew in advance where the next was to be. He was excellent in judgment, and cool under criticism; one who would, if necessary, "swear to his own hurt and change not;" above all, a man of perfect integrity and justice.

Mr. Koons was a widely-traveled man in his own country. I have heard him say that he had been in every state east of the Mississippi, and in most of those west. His war experience led him into many states, his teaching into others, and several trips were taken solely in the interest of his scientific work. His trip to Yellowstone Park, as the guest of one of his former pupils, he enjoyed like a boy, though he worked like a man. He
spent the summer of 1898 in Alaska, studying the glaciers of that region, from whence he brought home much valuable material. His last extensive trip was to the Grand Canyons of the Colorado and the Yosemite Valley, during the summer of 1903. The experiences of this journey must, however, remain a closed book, as disease had already begun to set its seal upon his lips upon his return. It is a characteristic trait, however, that he remembered his college through, we know not, what pain and anxiety, and brought back home several valuable specimens for her museum.

The letters which have poured in from old students all over the state during his fatal illness are mostly of too intimate and personal a nature to bear quotations, but they all testify to his value as an instructor, and to his influence as a friend. "Anything that you taught carried with it a charm that still remains, and the knowledge itself remained," said one. "It was impossible to go out from your classes without learning something," said another. "He understood me better than my own father," remarked a third. And so we might multiply cases indefinitely. It is no exaggeration to say that his method of instruction in the class-room possessed a charm equalled by few. His manner was winning, as of one who would say, "Come, let us learn this together;" but his knowledge was sure, and his spirit of research untiring. During the last years of his teaching he came much less into contact with the students, his lectures being fewer and his work more specialized, and most of his time was spent in his laboratory classifying and mounting specimens for the museum. No one can enter these rooms, which his personality has pervaded for so long a time, without wondering at his energy, his diligence, his faithfulness unto death, and his service not as a men-pleaser, but a true follower of the "stern daughter of the voice of God."

As a member of the faculty, a neighbor and a friend, he was respected by all and loved the best by those who had known him longest. Undemonstrative and quiet among strangers or mere acquaintances, with his friends he was one of the most genial and magnetic of men, and no one ever went to him in trouble without receiving strength and comfort. It was one of the rules of his life to "speak no slander no, nor listen to it," and one felt instinctively that his hearty laugh and the grasp of his hand were true.

It was fitting that the last weeks of this brave, strong life should be in keeping with his character. As courageously and unalteringly as the beloved general whose name he always honored, he fought his last battle. The calmness with which he looked into the future, the patience with which he bore his intense sufferings, and the thoughtfulness which he showed to the very last for those around him, will never be forgotten. "So passed the strong, heroic soul away;" and I believe it to be true that not only was he the beloved instructor of many, but if questioned as to what was their first source of inspiration towards honorable success, they might reply, as one was once said to have done on a former occasion, "I had a friend."
three score years exemplified the best qualities of mind and heart with which human nature is endowed.

A graduate of Oberlin and a post-graduate of Yale, he was thoroughly equipped for his life work as an instructor. For more than twenty years he had been connected with the institution at Storrs, first known as the Storrs Agricultural School, but more recently as the Connecticut Agricultural College. I think it is true that the college owes its present existence to his tact and energy during its early history when the public regarded it as a doubtful experiment and our legislators refused it more than a scanty support. Prof. Koons, however, never lost his faith in its future success and usefulness, and he lived to enjoy the realization of his best anticipations. Through all his early discouragements, he was always hopeful and cheerful. If clouds intervened to-day to darken the prospect, he predicted a brighter to-morrow. His whole life was beautiful and sanctified by his abounding cheerfulness, whether at home, in the class-room, or in his association with others as a citizen.

His life was a truly strenuous one, for literally, he found no time to spend in selfish gratification, or to waste in idleness. I never knew him to be unemployed for a single hour of working time. His recreations were simply changes of employment. As a student, his later years bear their testimony to his untiring love of study and research in the wide field of nature, and his familiarity with scientific facts proved him to be a scientist worthy of a high rank among the few who are known to fame.

In the performance of every duty he was prompt and efficient. Never demonstrative, he was courageous and met every obligation, no matter how unpleasant, with the firmness that is born of a true sense of duty.

His methods were always quiet, but in them there was no lack or waste of efficiency. But little beyond the prime of a life devoted supremely to trust and duty, his steps have faltered. His work is done and he has left us to mourn his departure. But ours is not an unmixed grief. The record of his life, its ceaseless activity, its thorough devotion to the good and true in scholarship and in citizenship, and its adornment by what is best in human character are our example and our inspiration.

Prof. Koons will long hold an honored place in the wide community where he is known, personally or professionally, in the church he served so long and so faithfully, and in the memory of the many hundreds of students who now mourn his loss as a wise and faithful instructor. Surely, "A good man has fallen."

L. P. Chamberlain.
West Hartford, December 20, 1903.

Address Delivered by Rev. H. E. Starr
AT THE FUNERAL OF BENJAMIN F. KOOKS, DECEMBER 20, 1903.

Those of us who were so fortunate as to be at all acquainted with Benjamin F. Koons are well aware that he would be the last man in the world to desire a eulogy spoken over him. He was not one of those who love to pray standing on the corners of the streets. It was not his habit to anoint his countenance with the oil of piety. Seldom did his left hand know of the good deeds his right performed. So distasteful to him was display of any kind that his influence was of the quieter sort, and for that reason, perhaps more constant and none the less effective. For longer than twenty years the young have been coming to these hills and going away with this man's mark upon them. Some are here to-day to testify that the mark
made was sure and lasting. If any came and did not through him feel the power of sweetness, of purity, of devotion to duty, of faith, of Christlikeness, it was because their unsensitive natures could not be touched by what is best in humanity. He served his country in one of the hottest hells of war modern times have seen; he served his Divine Master, not only with heart and hand, but also with his mind—as a scientist, making clear to men the truths of God; the best years of his life he gave to the interests of this state. But he would be no friend of his who should here enlarge upon his courage, his faithfulness to duty, his uncomplaining spirit and charitableness in days of criticism, his patience through months of suffering the end of which he could clearly foresee:

“A stainless, gallant gentleman,
So glad of life, he gave no trace,
No hint he ever once beheld
The Spectre peering in his face.
But gay and modest held the road,
Nor feared the Shadow of the Dust;
And saw the whole world rich with joy,
As every valiant farer must.”

As we pass through this life, happy are we when we meet with those who make us feel the beauty of righteousness. God knoweth our frame that it is dust! Yes, and we know it ourselves. We cannot but be conscious how weak we are. The treasure that moth and rust corrupts, how dear to us it is! For after all moth and rust sometimes for long delay their coming. The tinsel and the glitter attract us much. Our shortsightedness with difficulty pierces through to the realities. Not easily do we fix our hearts where true joys are to be found. God knows, and we know how strong surrounding conditions are to keep us from what experience has taught men is best. The roadway of life over which we travel is noisy with cries of passion, and replete with scenes of sordidness and selfishness. The indifferent, the foolish, the vicious hurry past us. Indeed it is not easy to be calm, to be brave, to be pure, to be charitable. The fire of faith sometimes burns low.

We need thank God, therefore, for those men who help us to believe in mankind; who help us to believe in ourselves. We need thank God for those who strengthen our faith in the divine possibilities that slumber within us. In this world of self-assertion and self-advertisement, we need thank God when we come across the flower of modesty in full bloom, for thereby we are taught that our lives are not so sterile that they cannot produce the same. We need thank God when we see daily cheerfulness, uninterrupted patience, and undaunted courage. We need thank God in an age of doubt for a vision of unshaken faith. When one whose life has born such fruit passes from us we are reminded of the words of Matthew Arnold written in tribute to his noble father:

“What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink—
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl’d in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish; and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell’d,
Foam’d for a moment, and gone.’

“But) through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honour’d and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seem’d but a dream of the heart
Seem’d but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived 
Others like thee in the past, 
Not like the men of the crowd 
Who all round me to-day 
Bluster or cringe, and make life 
Hideous, and arid, and vile; 
But souls temper’d with fire, 
Vercnt, heroic, and good, 
Helpers and friends of mankind.

“Ye move through the ranks, recall 
The stragglers, refresh the outworn, 
Praise, re-inspire the brave! 
Order, courage, return. 
Eyes rekindling, and prayers, 
Follow your steps as ye go. 
Ye fill up the gaps in our files, 
Strengthen the wavering line, 
Stablish, continue our march, 
On to the bounds of the waste, 
On to the city of God.”

Perhaps the greatest good that men can do to us is to make the beauty of righteousness clear, to make us believe in our own ability to attain, to persuade us that we are the sons of God. May there not be at this time, therefore, though the spirit of the hour must needs be sad, an accompanying spirit of thanksgiving that we have been strengthened by acquaintance with one who fought a good fight, who endured hardship like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who kept the faith, in whom Christ’s spirit abode. One of God’s sons has gone home to his Father. Long had he realized what birthright was his, and lived as it became him to live. To-day he has entered the Eternal Life which here his faith laid hold upon. Once he believed; now he sees.

Letters of Sympathy.

It is not always the case that a teacher may know the real esteem in which he is held by his associates, by his pupils, and by those who from his training have long gone out into the world. It was the happy fortune of Professor Koons to receive abundant assurance that his chosen work had not been in vain. If “the downward road to death” can indeed be smoothed by the cheer of sympathy and kindly words of appreciation, this consolation came to him in unstinted measure. Loving friends, both here and at a distance were thoughtful of his hours of languor and of pain, and daily, by mail or by the hand of messenger, came not only the anxious inquiry but the loving remembrance of flowers to brighten the sick room.

Some of these letters to him and to his family, together with a few of those received since his death, we print as showing more clearly than we could do, the measure of love given to him as a reward for faithful service.

Hartford, Conn.,
December 4, 1903.

My Dear Prof. Koons:

I have been thinking of you very often during the last few days since Porter was here, with sorrow for the trouble you are having, and sincere sympathy for you all. So many pleasant recollections come of the two years at Storrs, and of the things you taught us there, that I enjoy going over again in mind the events of those years. Perhaps you have forgotten many of the kindly things you did for me, just as you were always doing things constantly for the good of the students who were fortunate enough to come under your teaching, but I have never forgotten and never expect to forget or lose them from my own mind, and I am only one of the many whom you have started on the road to an education.

I remember the day you showed me your wonderful laboratory and collection, and another day when you gave me the privilege of examining your special library, when “Noah Porter’s Mental Philosophy”
seemed very attractive. Then another time your copy of "Tom Moore" found its way to my room, to be read with a delight that often comes back to me. I regret now that I let go by several opportunities for tramps abroad with you on geological excursions, but the bird and insect studies, the botany and geology, and, indeed, anything that you taught, carried with it a charm that still remains, and the knowledge itself has remained. Hardly a day passes that some question does not arise to be solved by something learned at Storrs under Professor Koons.

If you could know how permanent an impression you made upon all of us who came under your instruction, both upon mind and character, you would find your work going on, continuing itself in a quiet way, but surely and permanently. It has not been lost and will never be lost, and we all have much to be thankful for in having been under your influence and instruction. A teacher never can know how much his pupils think of him or how widely his influence extends. It is like the lines in "Lucile" which, by the way, I read at Storrs, which say:

"No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere;
No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Again let me assure you of my most hearty sympathy for you all, and please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Koons.

Yours sincerely,

J. LINCOLN FENN.

Winsted, Conn.,
November 11, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Koons:—

In yesterday's Courant I read with much regret the note concerning Professor Koons and his painful illness. I hardly know how to express my sorrow for him and sympathy for his family. I only wish that his serious case might turn out to be something curable and that he might come out of it all right.

Mr. Koons is a rare person and I have much to be thankful for that I was under him while he was in charge at Storrs.

The most interesting teacher I ever had, full of sympathy and sincerity and with a desire to help, thus making everybody better who came in contact with him. He is one of the few men in whose life I had implicit confidence. Men of his character are rare, and he has made an indelible impression for good on the lives of a great many young men with whom he has been associated.

I trust that he will be spared for many years of influence to the world and companionship for his family.

If possible, kindly express to him my sympathy and tell him the "boys" don't forget him and that he has done them all good.

Sincerely yours,

H. G. MANCHESTER.

38 Main Street,
West Hartford, Conn., Dec. 6.

Dear Prof. B. F. Koons:—

Mr. Porter called on us for a little time on Friday last, while on his way from Storrs to Unionville. I was glad to meet him, but chiefly from the fact that he had been with you, and could inform us particularly of you present condition. We had known something of your illness, of its nature and its increasing severity, from Professor Monteith, Mr. Starr, and other friends at Storrs; enough so that thoughts of your suffering came to me like great waves of sadness.

Human sympathy has its limitations. If it hadn't, if it could share with you the suffering you have endured, and still en-
dure, I can assure you that many hours, yes, days of relief, would have gladly been offered you, by those of us who are your friends. I hardly need to tell you of the universal sympathy for you in your great affliction. You hold an honored place in the wide community where you are known professionally and personally, in the history of the college, in the church you have served so long and faithfully, and in the memory of those you have instructed during all the years. And now, my dear friend, may "God be with you until we meet again." Good bye.

Your affectionate friend,

L. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

December 21, 1903.

Dear President Stimson:—

The news you send me of Professor Koons' death, although not unexpected, is most saddening. I had known Professor Koons for nearly twenty years, and learned to love and esteem him for sincere, kind Christian gentleman he was.

The institution with which he was so long connected owes much to his earnest efforts and intelligent, energetic labors.

The numbers of young men who were favored with his instruction and example had before them at all times a model worthy of imitation, whose conscientious, faithful teachings cannot have failed to influence and inspire many lives to higher ideals, and nobler deeds. The importance of the work accomplished by such a man cannot now be estimated and does not end with his passing from earthly scenes, but goes on and on in the life work of all with whom he came in contact.

While lamenting his loss to the Connecticut Agricultural College, my heart-felt sympathies are most of all extended to the bereaved family, whose loss of husband and father are irreparable, and only understood by "Him who doeth all things well."

E. STEVENS HENRY.

Willimantic, Conn.,

December 3, 1903.

Prof. B. F. Koons:—

My dear sir: I am very sorry to learn of your very serious illness. May I say to you that I believe your life has been a benediction to all who have felt its influence, and that the world is distinctly better because of what you have done. And above all, you have exemplified the one thing in life most worth attaining—a clean, noble character.

Sincerely your friend,

ALLEN B. LINCOLN.

[From the Hartford Courant of Dec. 25th, 1903.]

My mail of today brings me a request from a graduate of the Connecticut Agricultural College to send you a "few words expressing our feeling for the man," a request I cannot refuse. I speak as long time a trustee of the college, and from familiar acquaintance with his work. Beginning as an instructor in the early days of the school (1881) he was retained in service longer than any other person, from his success as a teacher and his deep interest in the development and prosperity of the institution, and the affectionate regard of his pupils. As principal of the school, president of the college and continuously professor of natural history, he holds a place in the kindly memory of his pupils who will remember his faithful service with friendly admonitions and encouragement.

In behalf of his many friends our sympathy is offered to his bereaved wife, who by her deeds of loving kindness will always retain a place in our hearts.

T. S. GOLD.
Resolutions.

Secretary's Office,
Wallingford, January 7, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Koons:—

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Hartford last Monday, the secretary of the board was instructed to prepare suitable resolutions upon the painful and untimely death of our most efficient and faithful servant and friend, Professor Koons; also to forward a copy to you, a copy for preservation on our records, and one for publication in the State press.

The enclosed but feebly expresses my own feelings in regard to him, and will, I believe, but feebly express the sentiments of the board. Will you please accept the enclosed as meaning all which would be expressed by one more capable.

Let me assure you that no one had a higher appreciation of your husband's efficiency and worth, and no one valued his friendship more than I. We well remember the visit he paid us, and the interest shown by him in my then little daughter's work in botany, and the kindly gift he sent her in the shape of Gray's Manual. Wishing you the highest success in the future, I am 

Sincerely yours,

Geo. A. Hopson.

Secretary's Office
Wallingford, January 6, 1904.

Whereas, The report has reached us of the painful sickness and untimely death of Benjamin Franklin Koons, Ph. D., for some years Principal of The Storrs Agricultural School, afterwards President of The Storrs Agricultural College (now known as The Connecticut Agricultural College) and for many years Professor of Natural History at this institution and Curator of its Museum; be it, therefore

Resolved, That we, the Board of Trust-
every good work and word; and to the corps of instructors, of which both in his official and in his personal relations, he was a valued and beloved member.

Resolved, That this resolution be placed in the minutes of the faculty, and that a copy of the same, together with the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in this grievous affliction, be sent to his family.

E. O. Smith,
Secretary.

Shakespearean Club.

Whereas, The Shakespearean Club of the Connecticut Agricultural College owes much to the interest displayed by the late Professor B. F. Koons in the foundation and growth of their society:

And Whereas, We fully recognize the worth of Professor Koons, his work in the foundation of the institution, and his influence for good upon the students; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deplore the loss to the state and the college caused by his death, and we desire to give expression to our appreciation of the manliness and kindliness of his character, and of his services as president and professor in the Connecticut Agricultural College.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the club, and that a copy of the same be sent to his family.

Signed:

F. J. Ford,
W. R. Nash,
S. P. Hollister,
Committee on Resolutions.

Washington, D. C., November 20, 1903.

Dr. B. F. Koons, Storrs, Conn:—

My Dear Sir: At the convention of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, just adjourned, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That this association extends to Dr. B. F. Koons, a former member, and one who still retains our most cordial friendship, our sincere sympathy in his illness and express the hope and prayer that he may have a speedy recovery."

Very truly yours,

E. B. Voorhees, Sec'y.

Alumni Notes.

'84. S. Q. Porter, during his recent visit to his friends in Connecticut, found time to spend a week with Professor Koons only a short time before the death of the latter. Although it was not known to his friends here, Mr. Porter himself was at the time in ill health. His illness has since become so serious that he found himself compelled to give up active work for a time. He is at present in a sanitarium in Maryland, and it is expected that the rest and treatment will soon restore him to his usual health.

'88. C. H. Savage, in addition to his duties as assessor, fills also the office of grand juryman.

'90. C. B. Pomeroy, Jr., recently spent part of the day visiting the college and in the evening attended a lecture given by the grange.

'90. A. C. Sternberg has been in company with his father this fall building a State road between Tolland and Rockville.

'93. E. B. Fitts spent Sunday at the college recently.

'94. H. J. Brockett has been in the Adirondacks this fall deer hunting. He reports good luck.
'95. J. R. Hall has put his naphtha launch in winter quarters. This last fall he took a party of his friends and they enjoyed an outing on the Connecticut river.

'95. W. A. Hawley is in partnership in real estate and brokerage in New York. He resides at Glen Brook, Conn., going to and from his office by train.

'97. J. N. Fitts recently attended the funeral of his great aunt.

'97. R. D. Gilbert recently spent a few days at the college visiting his brother and other friends. He is studying chemistry at Yale and is also instructor in that interesting and useful science. He expects to obtain the degree of Ph. D. next June.

'98. D. J. Burgess was in town recently.

'98. For the latest patent, swivel, adjustable, noiseless, wooden cow stanchion apply to Mr. H. L. Garrigus. He reports a few sales and satisfied customers. We understand also that Mr. Garrigus would be interested in any kind of an article guaranteed to hold the head of the herd in any kind of wind, weather or circumstances.

'98. H. Kirkpatrick has recently purchased the black pacing mare Quinto, and although she has considerable speed, it is said that he will use her only in connection with his mail route.

Ex. '04. C. S. Fitts is making a success of his work in connection with the East Hartford Gazette.

'01-'02. T. F. Downing and J. B. Twing took a trip to New Jersey, visiting the home office of the Prudential Life Insurance Co.

'02. Owing to the sickness and death of his valuable cow, J. S. Carpenter was unable to see the last football game at C. A. C. as he had expected to do.

'02. Miss Vera E. Truman gave a dance to her friends Nov. 25th.

'02. Miss Elizabeth E. Goodrich was recently visited by Miss Monteith.

'02. J. B. Twing has left his position in Willimantic to take a better one in New London under the same company.

Ex. '03. Bethlehem, Connecticut, married November 22, 1903, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Smith, Miss Bertha M. Dresser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield Dresser, of Bristol, and Herbert Isadore Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. R. Lutz, of Oakville, under a floral arch made of evergreens and banked with chrysanthemums. After the ceremony the wedding lunch was served and soon after the newly married couple left amid a shower of rice and old shoes.
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