



5-31-1886

86 Orang-ou-tang, May 31, 1886

Senior Class

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'86 Orang-ou-tang

Published by the Senior Class.

VOL. 1.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, MAY 31, 1886.

NO. 1.

'86 CIRCUS

Motto:—*Non in actis sed in annis.*

✱Grand Performance of the '86 trained monkeys at the✱

—UNIVERSITY.—

—THE ONLY GENUINE PERFORMING MONKEYS—

.....ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE.....

The SENIOR CLASS of the University realizing the wish of the public to see their curious phenomena and witness their wonderful feats, have decided to give a show.

Admittance free, but a collection will be taken up at the close of the circus, to purchase diplomas for the class.

✱Postively Only One Performance!✱

✎ Sophs without their bibs will not be allowed on the campus, and those present will be expected to refrain from attracting the audience by any amorous demonstration.

✎ Visitors will please not excite the animals, and ladies are especially requested not to feed them orange peel.

Program will begin with a hundred yard dash by a prodigy just imported from Africa, warranted to make 10 2-5.

✎ Solo by the only living singing ape, captured in Contra Costa Co. It will be noted that he is shy and modest, and the audience should not stare at him. He is not afraid of females however, and is noted for being a terrible masher.

✎ The show will close by a grand trapez performance by Piecrust. The secret of his wonderful skill lies in his weighty mustaches which serve as a balance for the rest of his body.

Jack Limbstrong,
RING MASTER.

'86 ORANG-OU-TANG.

Class Song.

At last old Helios sheds his light
On this long wished for day,
When we must skip by moonbeams bright,
We can no longer stay.
All flunking done, all cheating past,
We have our laurels won;
We enter into life at last
Perchance to yank the bun.

CHO. O Alma Mater O! O Alma Mater O!
We're glad to leave your arms at last,
Your nurture was too slow.

We entered Learning's dismal mine
To carry off some swag,
And soon we got it down so fine
We rode upon a "nag";
The Prof. of Science laid his plans
But found they would not work;
He had a class upon his hands
Whose stronghold was to shirk.

CHO.

Professors one, professors all,
Their hands in anguish wrung,
When they beheld the cheek and gall
We to their class had brung;
We spooned and frolicked all the day
To slow our lack of sense,
And when the last farewell we say
We'll gently skip from hence.

CHO.

Class Day Items.

Beach will leave his mustache home on the piano.

Sophs that are weaned will be allowed on the campus to-day, to help the Seniors out—so it is reported.

If Murphy pull on the ends of his mustache during the exercises, the audience will pay no attention to him, as it is not a part of the program.

The audience must not be startled at any amative or osculatory demonstrations by the Sophomores. This propensity is natural and more highly developed than anything else except their feet.

Class Oration.

By the kindness of class orator Murphy, we append the class oration.

"My distracted fellow-countrymen, I have learned since entering the building, that I am to address you to-day. I am totally disprepared, nevertheless I propose to voice the sentiments of the people in a few well chosen remarks. The subject I have chosen is the Chinese question, near and dear to you all. To begin with, I will cap the climax by asking you what will become of the next previous generation. In this bold exordium, do not let me excite you to revolution or any rash act, like Mirabeau in the Irish revolution, or Napoleon on his rocky island home in the Pacific. Rather let the glorious flag of the Republic be unfurled in harmonious consanguinity till nations shall learn war no more *populi*. Let the great parenthesis of national harmony which has existed for near a quarter of a century, restore your warlike abscissions to the domestic economy of peace and prosperity *sine qua non*.

Let the glorious precepts of Hamilton and Jefferson, handed down generation after generation, both in history and tradition, carry your minds beyond this turbid crisis to the dawn of an era of peace and prognostications in the words of our beloved Virgil, let me entreat you to—

*"Et junc finis erat cum Jupiter aethere summo
despicens mare relictorum terrasque jacentis
litoraue et letos populos, sis
vertice caeli constitit."*

If justice and obliquity guide your acts, science will point the finger of scorn at you in vain, you will be wrapt in the shroud of immortal defamation and glory, like the dillustrious old bard, who, soaring to the skies, says—

*"Facturusque aperae pretium
Sic, si a primordio urbis
res populi Romani."*

In my brilliant feveration, I will endeavor to win you back to the paths of freedom, thralldom and emancipation till the stars and stripes, soiled with the blood of 1000 patriots, both living and dead, soiled with the tears of widows, orphans and homeless children, may wave over this dismolested land in peace to touch the tender chords of memory, stretching from every patriots grave in the Republic and swell the chorus of the Union till everywhere it shall be written in brazen light, *Erin go unium! E pluribus bragh!!*

CLASS POEM

Written a la Milton.

It was an autumn night;
The heavens bespangled bright,
Upon the earth below their radiance shed;
All nature was at rest,
From off the landscape's breast
Each sound of busy, day-born life had fled.
E'en Page's mule, his awful note
Had hidden deeply in the recess of his throat.
The moon gazed mildly down,
And shed her radiance round,
Venus had set behind the mountain's crest,
Through dissipated gloom,
Arose a rich perfume
And soon the air with fragrance was opprest;
The felines round the Boarding Hall,
For lack of breath had ceased their caterwaul.

But hark! the sound of strife
Wakes echoes into life,
To frown the gazing heavens then began,
The class of Eighty Six
Were in a dreadful fix,
And struggling like the mighty o-ee-an,
We met the Juniors in the fray
And conquered though we numbered more by
eight than they.

Oh! how we flew around
And wiped up all the ground,
As on our backs we held the Juniors down;
And put one in the ditch
The doing so of which
Entitles us to boast of our renown,
Three Seniors in the water lay
They pulled the Junior in and thus we won
the day.

Minerva soon appears
And rescuing her dears,
We straightway from the water did arise;
And homeward took our way,
Resolving there to stay,
And ne'er the peaceful Juniors to despise.
Please drop a tear of pity o'er our tale
And remember that our plugs are now FOR SALE.

'86 ORANG-OU-TANG.

'86 Marching Song.

Tune, "Hold the Fort."

Clear the track for eighty-sixes,
Don't you see us scowl.
We're the pride of Alma Mater
Hear us when we howl.

CHO. Clear the track for we are coming,
Armstrong leading on,
Soph'mores quickly round us rally
'Ere our plugs are gone.

We're the *creme de creme* of seniors
Ough as any owl,
What care we for fifty Juniors,
Hear us when we howl. CHO.

Do not try to fool the Juniors
They will cook our fowl, [goose]
You would be an "it,"
We can only howl. CHO.

Tree Song.

If the Juniors Stay Away.

Tune, "Polly-wolly-doodle."

We're going out to plant our tree,
If the ugly, meanzley Juniors stay away;
Oh how delightful it will be,
If the ugly, meanzley Juniors stay away.

CHO. Crowd around, crowd around,
Crowd around dear eighty-eight;
If you keep a little nearer
You'll be a little dearer,
Oh save us from our sad impending fate.

Our shining plugs you soon will see,
If the ugly, meanzley Juniors stay away;
And from our minds all care will flee,
If the ugly, meanzley Juniors stay away.

CHO.

Alas! alas! they onward come,
Oh pretty little Juniors stay away;
With inward terror we are dumb,
Please excellent, noble, kind hearted, etc.,
Juniors stay away.

CHO. Crowd around, crowd around,
Crowd around dear eighty-eight
We'll never plant another,
If we escape to mother;
And live our awful trials to relate.

To Whom it May Concern.

Some surprise having been expressed that the Senior Class should publish an annual, when by all college precedent, that pleasure belongs to the Juniors, we feel called upon to explain.

In the first place we heard that the Juniors fully intended to publish an annual, and knowing that they possess a monopoly of literary talent as evinced by the history of journalism at the U. P., we were unwilling that the first annual should eclipse those of other classes which should be less fortunate. To carry out this idea, as soon as this plan was matured, we "bounced" what literary and journalistic ability we did possess, and the result has been all that could be desired—a production that as far as our *own* literary work is concerned, even the Freshmen Class could have little difficulty in surpassing.

The principle reason, however, is that there were certain facts in our history that would never bear to see the light clad in garbs of truth. Especially is this the case in regard to the famed night of Sept. 4th. It would never do to have it known that after countermanding the order of the Juniors for carryalls that the '87's "got there all the same" by other carryalls, leaving us to settle the bills

with the engaged owner, who by our efforts "got left"; that after paying eleven dollars for conveyances we did not need, we followed the Juniors six miles into the country, where we wired up a gate (not in use) and our brave band of fourteen fell in with an investigation committee of six Juniors, and after a severe struggle in which Piecrust went into a ditch up to his ankles (head down) and two other Seniors were cooled off in a similar manner, we showed the white feather when reinforcements arrived for the Juniors, and after some desultory yelling retired from the field. It would never do to divulge that our only victory consisted in dragging the smallest Junior into the ditch; that L. L. D., when he saw one of the Juniors struggling with two of our most powerful men under each arm, mustered up courage enough to lend a hand, only to be met with a left hander that made his proboscis of a redder hue than the customary color of his cheeks when confronted by a belligerent co-ed; that our losses consisted of soiled clothes, contents of pockets and a new 50-cent Derby. All this must only see light after it had filtered through the metamorphoses of hyperbolic exaggeration in our comatose intellects.

We also had some old scores to pay to Profs. who had attempted to train us. The idea that they could teach us anything. Why what we don't know about running this school would not clog a mosquito's brain.

Narajado Board.

'86 Class Meeting—Minutes.

Moved and seconded that we wear our plugs on class day. Quickly squelched—Juniors too strong.

Moved and seconded that we have a willow for a class tree—lost.

Moved and seconded that a committee of three be appointed to go to the hills and try and find an infant oak. Carried unanimously.

Loco Items.

The janitor says that the cows have given more milk since the seniors went home.

"Babes in arms will not be admitted"—Prof. Allen of the Normal School last week. The Seniors wisely stayed home.

Don't fail to see the '86 class tree. Follow the newly made path and you cannot miss it.

"The hoax tree was a cutting once and on the campus grew. The Sophs and Seniors nourished it etc."

The Senior class tree has no roots, but Mack says as it belongs to the oaks family, it will grow without roots.

All plugs that are left after Class Day will be sold at public auction at 10 A. M. Thursday

Why do the Seniors smoke Rinaldo's cigars? Because they are the best in the market.

Why didn't the Seniors get their outfits made at Quilty's? Because he doesn't keep inferior goods.

Analysis of a mineral found on University campus.—Form, mashive; structure, amorphous; color, green; hardness, 1; streak, 10 2-5; taste, cabbagey; odor, ?; fracture, cracked; Before blowpipe, turns red and fuses; magnetism, strongly attracted by females; result As_2 (a two s's)—common name, Senior.

'86 ORANG-OU-TANG.

Police Court News.

An unusual number of prisoners were brought before Judge Fisker Saturday.

First on the docket was Lady Loving Dynamite, arrested for malicious assault on a Chinaman named Ah Foo, who had offered to purchase his side boards for the purpose of making a cue. He was found guilty and compelled to trim them.

A. F. Mc was charged with throwing rocks at the telegraph wires to see if they would ring. Fined \$5 in default of which he went to jail over night.

A little Lonnie was brought to the Police Court last night for being out on a Lark after 8 o'clock. He was returned to his folks, cor. 2nd and 3rd. By request his name will not be given.

H. Male was arrested Sunday for running in the park above ten miles an hour. Excused on the ground of temporary insanity.

C. Beryl was brought up for stealing the "PHAROS" from the Univ. library. He was convicted and made to subscribe for it.

Jacchus Mills was convicted of taking off his shoes inside of the town limits.

Tom Sampkins was charged by the Proprietor of the St. James with eating soup with his fingers convicted and compelled to abstain from female society for one month.

"Lies."

The Juniors say that we bought our oak cutting at Fox's nursery. 'Tis a lie. We found it up in the mountains when we were off on our picnic.

It is said the '86 treasury is minus.

The Senior boys and girls have kissed and made up—for protection.

The boys say Piecrust is gone! Its a lie. He is here yet.

Sampkins and Piecrust are going to have a duel.

Its a lie that Fanning has put in a bid for the Senior plugs.

Its a lie the Juniors captured our class songs.

MUSTACHES!

Moustache Elixir, warranted to produce a Mustache in ten days. Also manufactory of

FALSE - MUSTACHES.

WARRANTED UNDETECTABLE.

TESTAMONIALS:—

Prop. Mustache Elixir. Sirs:—I have tried your elixir with wonderful effects. I have used but two bottles and have a vigorous white mustache. The girls are all gone on me, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all my suffering friends.
Yours Gratefully, J. B. MURPHY.

Man'f. False Mustaches. Sirs:—I purchased one of your patent undetectable mustaches a year or so ago, and it gives perfect satisfaction; not even my best friends have ever detected the difference. Please do not mention my full name.
Yours Truly, JEDADIAH.

QUILTY THE TAILOR

STILL - Stands - in - With - the - BOYS!

....Don't forget him if you want....

A Fashionable Suit, and a Perfect Fit.

....GO TO....

McCABE THE HATTER,

FOR YOUR HATS.

T. RINALDO.

S. RINALDO.

RINALDO BROS.

— MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF —

CIGARS - AND - TOBACCO.

306, 308 FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE.

SMOKE SILVER CROWN, N. O. 5 CENT CIGARS.