

Woodstock Academy GLEANER

Vol. 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1910

No. 6

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Editorials

This is the eighteenth annual issue of the Gleaner and completes the third volume. The expense of last year's issue exceeded the income by about eleven dollars. The cause of this deficit is easily discoverable. The Gleaner as an advertising medium has too many competitors in the many local publications, covering almost the same field of circulation. Merchants have come to look upon an appeal for advertising as an annual tax, if not as an attempt at blackmailing. The advertising in last year's issue amounted to forty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. In some issues it has been over sixty dollars. A second cause of the deficit is found in the fact that recipients of the Gleaner do not send their ten cents. Only about two-fifths of the Gleaners sent out were paid for last year.

In view of these facts we had concluded not to publish the Gleaner this year. This conclusion was reached, though reluctantly, by the executive committee. "Why," they said, "should a few persons, with no special benefit to themselves, be burdened during the summer months with such a load, when so large a number of those for whom the load is carried don't care a dime for it." But this conclusion, however well based, wouldn't stay put. Four or five persons, whose faith out ran the committee's logic, stirred up such a commotion among that part of the alumni which could be quickly reached, that about a hundred of them subscribed enough money to defray all the expenses of this issue, and two or three also, have taken upon themselves the largest share of the work of publication.

The school year of 1909-1910 at Woodstock Academy has been what it reasonably might be expected to be. The Academy has provided the advantages of an ordinary high school to the limited number of students in the town, and to a small number outside of the town. There have been

forty-six students enrolled, of whom eight have been from outside of Woodstock. The opening of the Tourtellotte Memorial School in Thompson drew away three or four students. There have been three graduate students doing extra work preparatory to entering college. With neither trolley nor steam railroad connections, Woodstock can expect to get only a few of the students from neighboring towns which have no High Schools. It's sphere of usefulness must be largely local. The number of students in a school, however, is not the true index either of the quality of the work done, or of the value of the school to the community in which it is located.

Is Woodstock Academy offering courses adapted to the needs of the community which it serves? Are these courses of study presented by competent teachers in a faithful and successful manner, with the necessary conditions and appliances? Is it possible for those, who wish to take advantage of these courses of study thus presented, to do so at a reasonable cost and with reasonable effort? The degree to which these three questions can be answered in the affirmative is the true index of the value of the Academy to its community. But it would hardly be possible to find any community in which all its members would agree to answer the three above questions in the affirmative.

What should be taught in our secondary schools is a question widely discussed, and answered with widely different answers. The position of the academy in the matter is a conservative one; but not so set, it is to be hoped, as not to be open to truly progressive ideas. The Academy is not so much of a leader in educational matters, as to justify it in taking the initiative in introducing new subjects or new methods in teaching. The great majority of high schools are still strongly committed to the idea that the development of mind and

character, rather than the training for earning and living, is the real function of the high school. The sciences, mathematics, history and language, are not yet ready to give place to industrial or to technical courses of study. And this is true in a special sense in the case of the Academy. The boys and girls of Woodstock hardly need to be taught the simple lessons of agriculture, mechanics and domestic science, when the life of their homes offers daily object lessons in these studies. Thorough courses in these studies, as they are given in higher institutions, or in special technical high schools, should be highly esteemed opportunities. It is also true that courses of study in the secondary schools should lead up to the work of the technical school or college. Our academy, for example, should ever keep in mind that Storrs College is a possibility for many of its students, and that this is true of other technical schools and colleges. If the courses of study in the academy unfit a boy or girl for the farm life, those courses should be radically changed. Let us remember, however, that there is a thoroughness of mental training, a breadth of knowledge, and a certain tendency to culture, which are prerequisite to the best results in every phase of life.

That the teachers in Woodstock Academy are unusually competent and devoted, and their means and methods of teaching of an unusually high order, it would be foolish to assert. As long as the funds of the Academy are so limited, and as long as the income from tuitions is so small, it can hardly be expected that experienced teachers of great ability can readily be employed. Yet it must be said that the number of pupils is so small, and cases of discipline so slight and few in the school that teachers and students come into closer contact with one another, and by this close relation raise the quality of the work.

There are two obstacles which stand in the way of bringing together the advantages which the Academy offers, and those young people who wish to avail themselves of these advantages.

The first of these is the expense.

The average expense of tuition and books is close to twenty-six dollars a year. While this is not half the charge made by neighboring high schools for students outside of the town, yet it seems a large outgo to many in a rural community. We must also remember that this is not the only expense for the parent in sending his children to the academy. A boy or girl of fourteen and upwards has an actual money value on the farm and in the household.

The second obstacle lies in the long distances to be traversed in reaching the Academy, and in the difficulty of securing board if one wishes to live near the Academy.

In the face of these obstacles a few words should be said. According to the ideas of education today Woodstock Academy ought properly to be a free school to all Woodstock children of high school age and acquisitions. But no one as yet has been able to find a way by which this can be brought about. Perhaps the future will open up the way. In it lies the success, if not the life, of the institution. For the present, however, it is encouraging to dwell upon the fact that the property owners in Woodstock who have children to educate, can get this education at the Academy at less expense than if the Academy, like the ordinary high school, were supported by taxation and there were no tuition fees. Also no worthy young person earnestly seeking the advantages of the Academy need remain away because of lack of means to pay the tuition. Through the personal gifts of a very few friends over a hundred dollars in rebate of tuition fees has been made the past school year.

Yet, when all has been said, the education of children beyond the common school courses, demands personal sacrifice on the part of parents. This sacrifice parents are morally bound to make. Children, in worthy homes, are not raised as cattle are bred, with the idea of utility, and of increasing the assets of the farm. The value of the child is rooted in the value of love, and that value is enhanced almost in exact proportion to the wise and loving sacrifice made by the parents for the child. The ques-

tion is not, "Should we educate our children?" but rather, "How far, under our circumstances, is it *possible* for us to educate our children?"

Artemus Ward, in advertising for the opening season of his great panorama, indicated the improvements which had been made by announcing that the hall had been swept and a new knob put on the door. We sometimes have not been able to announce much more than this in the annual improvements in the Academy; but the past year has made it possible for us to go far beyond Artemus Ward's idea. Fine cement walks have been laid in front of the building leading to the two front doors, and a cross walk joining them. Before September first, through the gift of Miss Frances Butler, these walks will be continued along the path to the south west, and a walk from the rear of the building will be laid to join this addition. A part of the three hundred and fifty dollars raised by the alumni for a gymnasium has, with their consent, been spent in putting electric lights into the public hall, and into the west side of the Academy. A good amount of painting has been done in the school rooms, including a thorough renovation of the blackboards. It is hoped that with the balance of the gymnasium money, a hundred new chairs may be put into the public hall and so do away entirely with the old seats. A very valuable microscope, formerly the property of the late Dr. Brunn, has been presented to the Academy by Mrs. Dr. Brunn. A large number of books of permanent value to students has been added to the public library. The class of 1910 has left a fine photograph of the Castello San Angelo, to be added to the school gallery; and the classes of 1906-1909 have placed a brass plate beneath the stained glass window which they unitedly gave to their alma mater.

An academy with more than a century of history must needs have a sad record of deaths every year. It is probable that the list is much longer than we have knowledge of. To mention only those who have died in advanced years, or have been most

prominent in the Academy's affairs, is to awaken a sense of great loss. The Hon. William T. Harris, President Abel Child, Amasa Chandler, Armin E. Brunn, receive special obituary notices elsewhere.

Mr. Edwin Hosmer, one of the trustees of Woodstock Academy for many years, will be always remembered by a wide circle of friends, by whom he was highly esteemed for his uprightness and kindliness of life.

Mrs. Polly Bowen was a student in the Academy in the good old days of Principal Averill. We find her name, Mary E. Lyon, in the catalog of 1844. Though she had spent the last years of her life with her daughter in Hanover, N. H., she had not lost her position in the friendship of the many who were deeply attached to her in Woodstock.

William W. Webber was a student in the Academy at the time that his older brother George was the principal. Mr. Webber was for many years a successful teacher in our public schools, and hardly a social gathering could be held in Woodstock, where, if he were present, he did not receive expression of esteem from his former pupils.

These are the names of some who have died since the last issue of the Gleaner. There are others, whose death, had we been thrown into intimate relations with them, would have brought to us as painful an uprooting as the death of those of whom we have spoken in greater detail.

Obituaries.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS.

William Torrey Harris died in Providence, R. I., Nov. 12, 1909, at the age of seventy-five years.

Dr. Harris, doubtless, was the most distinguished alumnus of Woodstock Academy. His biography would necessarily include a large part of the history of educational progress in his life time. This is too large a subject for the Gleaner to presume to handle. A few words, however, should be expressed, and these we are pleased and proud to record.

We find Dr. Harris' name among the students enrolled in the catalog of 1850. We also have an old program dated May

7th, 1851, on which he is recorded as the author of an essay on "The Faculties of the Mind." When we consider that some of the most valuable work of Dr. Harris has been in psychology and philosophy, we surely find evidence here of the truth of the adage, "The boy is father to the man."

Dr. Harris began his life work as a teacher and superintendent of public schools in St. Louis. He was one of the founders of the Concord School of Philosophy, in which Emerson and Alcott were his coadjutors. He was called to the honorable position of U. S. Commissioner of Education in 1880, and held this position until 1906, when he retired because he had reached the age of seventy. Upon his retirement he received a personal letter from President Roosevelt bestowing the highest praise for his most distinguished services. He was the first man to receive the annual allowance of three thousand dollars from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the largest sum which that Foundation can bestow.

Dr. Harris received honorary degrees from many universities in this country and abroad. He received decorations from the King of Italy, the Emperor of Germany, the President of the French Republic and from the Japanese Emperor.

His published works number nearly five hundred volumes. These were not the results simply of a versatile mind and ready pen, but rather the products of untiring industry and profound thinking.

What a life it is! Five years of life longer than the Psalmist's allotment! and these from earliest manhood devoted to high intellectual life, and generous public service.

E. R. HALL.

ABEL CHILD.

The year of 1910 will be memorable in the annals of the life of the Academy as recording the death, at an advanced age, of Deacon Abel Child, honored President of the Board of Trustees. An issue of the Gleaner would be incomplete without this simple record, for his death marks

the passing of the last of his generation in this vicinity. He was born in East Woodstock in 1821 and ever after his marriage and removal to "south parish" he was closely identified with every activity in connection with the church and local interests of the town. His life of service and interest for his fellowmen brought him in close contact with the growth of the Academy and her advancement ever rested nearest his heart. He sacrificed and labored that this institution might be placed upon a firm financial basis and in the furtherance of this scheme he was one of the largest donors among his fellow townsmen to the present Endowment Fund. Through good and evil report he has always been her staunch support. He was elected as Trustee on the Board of Management in 1866 and to the Presidency a little later. After an interim of a few years he again took the helm in the darkest days of the checkered history of this institution, when the financial burden was almost too heavy to be overcome, and aided largely in bringing the ship to a safe anchorage.

It has been stated that the present standing of the Academy is more largely due to his efforts than to any other one person with the exception of Mr. Henry C. Bowen.

Another interesting fact should be recorded for the benefit of generations yet to come that our present Academy building is a monument to the indefatigable efforts of these men.

In the first days of the undertaking Mr. Child and Prof. E. H. Cook canvassed this town north, south, east and west, as well as neighboring towns, soliciting funds for this new building. They were successful in securing 200 shares of stock which, together with the gifts and efforts of Hon. Henry C. Bowen, made the erection of the present commodious building possible.

For over forty years Mr. Child occupied the position of President of the Board of Trustees and through all the years of more than a quarter of a century his presence never missed a public exercise of the school save once from illness.

Truly his watchword was "Fidelity and Persistence" in every undertaking throughout a long life spent in his native town.

ELLA E. CHILD.

AMASA CHANDLER.

Born Nov. 20, 1882; Died Nov. 27, 1910.

There are not many readers of the Gleaner who have not known Mr. Amasa Chandler. Few are probably alive who went to school with him in North Woodstock, but many will remember him as their teacher there, or as the host of Elmwood hall, or in these latter days, when his white hair and beneficent presence have graced every public gathering in Woodstock.

It was just before he left Elmwood that I first made his acquaintance. Every thing in the country was then new to me and I shall never forget the magic charm of the days I spent in the open with him. He used to take me with him to the woods in winter, and while we ate our dinner together beneath snow-laden firs or rode home under a starry sky, he would recite Shakespeare or describe favorite experiments in chemistry, or sharpen my wits by suddenly putting such a question as this: "If you had to carry a live coal and had no tongs, how would you pick it up?" I couldn't tell, but felt ashamed when he told me: "By first covering your hand with ashes." A better companion it would have been hard to find, and to the end of his days I always found him such. He was never in a hurry; he enjoyed everything; he was always kindly; he was interested in everything, having by nature that "curious" mind which Sir Thomas Browne praises, a mind that loves to learn the why of natural and human affairs.

His life was simple without dramatic episodes, but all its incidents left their mark upon him. He was born in North Woodstock upon the farm which was his home until he moved to Elmwood hall. As a boy he learned to graft trees, and so absorbed did he become in this practice that whenever he was missing his family looked through the trees for him. He went to the same district school where he

afterwards taught. While a young man, he went to Brooklyn, Conn., to hear Orange Judd give a course of lectures in chemistry, which were always a source of delight to him, for later when he read of scientific inventions and discoveries (and he was well posted in them) he felt that he had made his own a little of this realm of knowledge. Another experience of his younger days to which he often referred was the part he took in a performance of Julius Caesar which was given in the Woodstock church. He married in 1851 but still continued teaching, his own children being later among his pupils. Thus passed the days until he moved to Woodstock, to take charge of Elmwood hall.

But this is not the place to relate the events of his life, besides it is not the events of his uneventful life which are the center of interest. The interest centers rather in the man himself, in his friendliness and optimism, his wide interest and complete freedom from prejudice, his openness to new ideas, his quietness of mind. And in these strenuous days when most of us are driven and anxious, we grieve for the passing of this old friend who found so much pleasure and peace in this world and had no fear for the next.

EDITH H. HALL.

MRS. POLLY BOWEN.

Mrs. Polly Lyon Bowen was a daughter of Col. James Lyon and was born in Woodstock in 1827. She married Andrew J. Bowen of the same town and spent most of her life in Woodstock. She entered the Academy about 1844 when Mr. Averill was Principal, and the school was entering upon a great season of prosperity.

The incidents told of the student life in those days have been of interest to the later generation.

Mrs. Bowen was always deeply interested in, and actively identified with the Academy, not only while her children were students, but later when she made a home for some of the instructors.

Prof. George Lord lived with her while he was Principal of the Academy, and after being connected with Dartmouth

college he returned to her home and became more intimately connected with the family by marrying her daughter, Annette.

Her optimistic views of life, combined with great strength of character and a serene spirit, were rare, and she will live long in the heart of her friends.

M. L. G.

ARMIN E. BRUNN.

Armin E. Brunn died at his home in Woodstock September 29, 1909.

In the death of Mr. Brunn Woodstock lost one of its most valuable and worthy citizens. This is the almost universal utterance in every quarter of the town. The explanation of this enviable reputation is easily understood, when we consider the Doctor's equipment for life, his unselfish public service, and his charming personality.

Dr. Brunn was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1860. When a young boy he was taken to Hamburg, Germany, where he received the education of the first years of his boyhood. He then returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became a student in Adelphi Academy. From Adelphi Academy he entered Cornell University, where he completed a course of four years' study. He next took up his professional studies at the American, and also at the New York Veterinary College. Here was his educational equipment, the result of many years of study in excellent schools and colleges, involving life in Europe and in the largest cities of America. To be added to this was the equipment of more than the average financial resources, in his case a positive blessing, for they were accompanied by a spirit of generosity and habits of industry.

When Dr. Brunn entered upon his life in Woodstock as a farmer and veterinary surgeon, he at the same time entered upon the life of a public-spirited citizen. He was the school committeeman of his own district, an active member of the school board which placed our schools under one superintendent, the secretary and also the president of the Woodstock Agricultural society, a trustee of Woodstock Academy, the president and an ac-

tive member of the executive committee of the Woodstock Library association, an active member of the Day Kimball Hospital board, also its secretary and has represented his town in the State Legislature. These offices came to Dr. Brunn, he was not a seeker for office. He performed the duties of each of these positions, however, with sound judgment, with the good practical sense which comes from breadth of training and experience, with untiring zeal, and with an industry that taxed heavily his somewhat impaired physical powers.

The personality of Dr. Brunn was charming, but it was more than charming, it was vigorous. His bearing was genial and courteous; his conversation was bright, cultured, and sincere. To meet him in friendly intercourse was a rare pleasure. To work with him was an inspiration. He was a man of unusual generosity; generosity wisely directed. Many permanent improvements in Woodstock Academy and in the Public Library are due to his gifts. Many students in the Academy have had their tuition paid in part or entire, through his generosity. The church, the hospital and the public schools will miss his open purse. And all this kindness and generosity were not simply emotions but were made doubly useful by the ability and industry which accompanied them.

Dr. Brunn was a modest man. He had no itching for position, power or prominence. He was no political wire-puller. Those who knew him intimately have lost a delightful friend. The community has lost a worthy servant. These are great things to say, but we are glad to say them because we have found them to be true.

E. R. HALL.

A Tribute of Remembrance

An alumna of fifty years ago, upon receiving a copy of the WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER instinctively opens at the "Personals," and, turning page after page, lingers over the column headed "Night." Here, from year to year, are found familiar names that recall dear faces long cherished in tender memory. In the centennial year 1901, there was a memo-

rable and somewhat unusual reunion at the home of Deacon and Mrs. Amasa Chandler. On the veranda of that pleasant home, which was once the old Academy, were gathered nine old comrades—and five of them still wait—who were students in the days of John P. Averill and James Willys Patterson, fifty years or more before. They were Deacon and Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Harriet Comings Morse, Mrs. Sarah Fisher Woodward, Mrs. Polly Lyon Bowen, Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold Southworth, Mrs. Ellen Bugbee Child, Miss Sarah Lyon, and Miss Harriet Atwell of Pleasant Valley. Among the reminiscences of that delightful occasion it was noted that the Woodstock Academy of old, while upholding New England traditions and standing somewhat aggressively for the highest and best, had exemplified its educative influence in the life records of many who had not failed to reflect honor upon the teachings of their Alma Mater. So we turn to the life records of those of that group who have passed on—Mrs. Chandler in July, 1906, and Mrs. Southworth who soon followed; Deacon Chandler, Mrs. Polly Lyon Bowen, Deacon Abel Child, and others that might be mentioned, as among the shining lights of a generation past, and, from the throng of youthful memories, we pay them the tribute of appreciation and grateful remembrance.

H. G. A.

Pleasant Valley, Conn.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' LETTER.

NOTE.

Attention has been recently called to a letter from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes which was read at the dedication of the present Academy building in 1873. As it is doubtless unfamiliar to students of at least three decades, it seems desirable to have, in some convenient form for preservation, this valued testimony of the distinguished author's sincere interest in Woodstock and regard for the welfare of our time-honored institution.—Editor.

I owe my kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the new Academy building in this town to the fact that my father was a native of Woodstock. I need hardly say that I would have felt it a great privilege and

pleasure to have accepted the hospitalities offered me and to have attended these exercises, had not circumstances beyond my control obliged me to deny myself the visit which promised me so much enjoyment.

Regretting I cannot be with my friends on this occasion, I have ventured to send them this letter, which, if too long or too tedious to read, may go silently on file with such other candidates for oblivion as may be found to bear it company.

Woodstock had many young scholars within its precincts as early at least as the third decade of the last century. On a scrip of paper which I found among my father's manuscripts is the following list of names, many of which are still borne by much respected inhabitants of the town. It is probably the only record of the kind in existence, and will, I trust, be welcome at least to the local antiquaries of the neighborhood. I copy the paper with the spelling as I find it. On the back (all but the first word in my father's handwriting): "Schollers" taught at Woodstock by Thaddeus Mason, Esq, in 1728.

"Names of schollars I taught at Woodstock in ye year 1729 etc, viz: From 10th of Nov'r 1729 to 1st of April, 1730:

"John Chandler, Gardiner Chandler, Mary Chandler, Esther Chandler, Moses Lyon, Nehe'h Lyon, John May, Josh'a May, Caleb May, Steph'n May, Thos. May, Benj'n Sanger, Jno. Sanger, David Holmes, Josiah Holmes, Caleb Johnson, Pet'r Johnson, Nath'n Payson, Asa Payson, Joseph Bartholomew, Jno. Bartholomew, Sam'l Bartholomew, Jedidi'h Bartholomew, Dan'l Abbut, Jos. Abbut, Nehe'h Bugbee, Zeruiah Bugbee, Elenor Bugbee, Jos. Barnard, Sam'l Barnard, Eben'r Barnard, Abner Barnard, Edw'd Morris, Isa'c Morris, Grace Morris, Beth'h Morris, Josh'a Tucker, Benj'n Tucker, Jos. Willson, Jac'b Willson, Manasses Horsmer, Uriah Horsmer, Jos. Horsmer, Nath'l Child, Henry Child, Benj'n Child, Jesse Carpenter, Menj'n Carpenter, Jos. Carpenter, Dan'l Mascraft, Jac'b Mascraft, Darius Sessions, Josi'a Cummings, Daniel Davis, Eben'r Smith, Nath'l Kenny, Jam's Levens, Silas Bowen, Oliver Barret, Peter Morse, Nath'l Ainsworth, Isa'c Hemensway, Benj'a Thayer, Sam'l Lillie, Isaiah Tiffany, Eben'r Phillips, Eunice Draper, Nath'n Sanger."

Seventy-four scholars in all, of whom only six were girls. What will the young ladies of our academies say

of the scanty measure of learning dealt out to their great great great grand-mothers?

Opposite the name of David Holmes is written in a strong square hand which I should know among ten thousand autographs: "My honored Father, A. Holmes."

David Holmes, the Woodstock schoolboy of 1729, grew up to be a man of credit, if not of renown, in his native village. His commission as Captain in what used to be called "the old French war," is in my possession, as are or were the trophies he brought back from his campaigning; namely, a vicious looking Indian ratchet or tomahawk and a knife-sheath which once held a weapon such as Wituwamet brandished a little too bravely in the face of Captain Miles Standish. One other relic, the scar from a bullet on his cheek, he carried with him to his grave, in the church-yard, which crossed the breezy hill-top where so many of your and my ancestors are sleeping. Captain David Holmes studied medicine as they studied it in those days, probably, under the direction of some local practitioner, and joined the revolutionary army as a surgeon. Worn out by the labors and privations of the service, he died in 1759. His residence was a large house on an extensive farm near the locality now known as "Arnold's" town. He had eight children, one daughter and seven sons.

My father, Abiel Holmes, was the second in order of birth of these children. As relating to a Woodstock boy who became known in after life as a scholar, and left his mark as a sincere and diligent student of American History, a few passages from the story of his life may not be out of place at such a meeting as this of to-day. They are among the fragmentary recollections of what he told me as I sat upon his knee or walked by his side, or as he leaned upon my arm in his declining years.

My impression is that he attended school in the neighboring town of Pomfret, of which I have heard him speak as a place he often visited. The means of instruction which are brought to your very doors to-day were few and far to seek in those early times of trial and poverty. I think he must have been a conscientious child, for the gravest recollection that seems to have been left from his tender years was that one morning he got up early and went forth dragging his little wagon after him, when all at once a horror-struck neighbor reminded him

of the awful fact, which he, I need hardly say, had forgotten, that it was the Sabbath day which he was profaning, terrible with the thunders of Sinai for those who violated its sanctity, not less terrible, perhaps, with the fears of the tything-man, who could stop the Sabbath-breaking magistrate himself, on the highway, and seize little children who were disobeying the fourth commandment, and deal with them like the ogre in the story book, for aught they could tell.

He was twelve years old when the war of the Revolution broke out. Had he been born a few years earlier he might have followed Israel Putnam to Bunker's Hill and perhaps finished his career in one of its bloody trenches. One solitary relic may perhaps indicate an early impulse tending in that direction. At the age of fourteen he carved his name on a formidable ox-horn, such as carried the ammunition of the continental soldiers, and which would have held powder enough to level whole ranks of grenadiers. But if it scattered destruction it must have been among the partridges and squirrels and not among the red-coats. The gentle youth was destined for milder pursuits, and was already becoming fitted for a college education.

At sixteen years of age he set out on horseback for New Haven, where he was to present himself as a candidate for admission to Yale College. He used to tell me an incident connected with that ride which I cannot recall without interest, as it involved his probable future, and many other events, among the rest, my own existence.

His father died that same year, and his small inheritance was turned into the money required for paying his way through college. The bills that he carried in his pocket-book, in a depreciated currency, I fear, were probably all he had in the world. He had ridden some distance on his journey, when, feeling nervously for his pocket-book, he failed to find it where he expected. He tried all his pockets; they were empty. The blood left his cheeks; he looked wildly around him; he struck his forehead to wake himself if he were in a dream or a trance. He was wide awake, his horse was jogging along with him towards the place where he was destined, but he had lost his earthly all, and with it all his hope, all his future. Think what it was to this village-boy, chosen doubtless for his promise, from the children of the family, for the larger training of the scholar, to lose in one moment all he

had been living and longing for! He returned upon his path, looking for his lost treasure as he went, with what tremblings and palpitations you can imagine, better than I can tell. I have often tried to picture to myself his feelings on that dreadful return ride. If his search is in vain, what shall he, what can he do? Go back to the old homestead and the widowed mother, tell his piteous story and resign himself to live henceforth the rustic larva life, out of which he seemed to be just passing into the winged liberty of the scholar? No more for him the welcome to the academic halls, the smiles of the learned President and the approving glance of monumental Professors, the four tranquil years of study, the weighty lessons of theologians, the right hand of fellowship of grave and reverend divines, the solemn consecration to the holy office, the investment of gown and bands, the putting on that more than regal authority, which ascends the pulpit as its throne and proclaims the edicts of the Eternal, recorded in the mighty folio which the preacher spreads before him, feeling as he turns every leaf that he is the ambassador of Heaven!

With thoughts like these, with many a prayer that he may be directed in his agonizing search, he retraced his journey along the high-road. Presently—what is that? It cannot be—yes, it is—it is! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel! There lies the pocket-book in one of the ruts before him! Emptied of its contents, perhaps, after all. As he comes nearer, he sees that it is pressed deep into the gravel of the road; a cart, a wagon, some vehicle or other has passed over it. But the driver was not thinking of treasures to be picked up for nothing in the way; some old man, very likely, with a son in the continental army, about whom his thoughts were busy; and as the youth opens the pocket-book he finds his money untouched, and his future saved.

The Woodstock boy was kindly received at New Haven. He soon found himself in the company of good friends; James Kent, in whose quiet college chamber he was often privileged to study, little dreaming of the time when his own grandson would be editing the renowned Commentaries of his afterwards distinguished friend; John Cotton Smith, in later days the honored Governor of Connecticut, and Ezra Stiles, the much knowing, largely discoursing President of the College, whose memory he cherished through life with the warmest affection and the highest reverence.

For fifty years this son of Woodstock was a preacher of the Gospel, mighty in Scripture, sound in doctrine, according to the standards of his church and time. Of a life and conversation not unworthy of the honest race and the virgin soil from which he sprang. He is more generally remembered as the author of the "Annals of America," a work which has given him a good name among scholars, and won the praise of more ambitious writers who have followed in the path he trod, now a great highway of history.

Another name will have attracted your notice in the list of Master Mason's scholars. Peter Morse was probably an ancestor of Jedidiah Morse, who left Woodstock for College at about the same time with my father. He became afterwards well known as a clergyman, and far more widely noted as the author of geographical works, which were introduced most extensively into the schools. But there is no corner of the civilized earth which the name which he made distinguished is not held illustrious as borne by his son, whose fame is indissolubly associated with the almost miraculous history of the electric telegraph. The two children of Woodstock who left it nearly a century ago, furnish illustrations of the familiar fact which we may hope this institution will show again and again to new generations, that the farms of New England are the breeding places where the scholarship and the manly virtues which distinguish her people, get that first start which enables them to grow steadily and broadly, when transferred from the wholesome turf to the dangerous pavement.

I might stop here, and perhaps I ought to do so, but I have fallen into the prolix ways of story-telling, and I wish to beg your indulgence while I say something of my several pilgrimages to the birth-place of my father and his ancestors. The first of these was when I was a mere child, and if I may tell the homely truth, I can recall little more than the cake at the taverns where we stopped on our way, and the mansion of a relative, which, if I remember correctly, was red of hue and unaspiring in altitude. All else is gone. The consciousness of a child at an early age floats on the ripple of ever moving sensations which are constantly effaced and replaced by others as transitory. I see myself in retrospect, a little boy looking out of the window of an old carriage, not unlike that of My Lady Bountiful in Little King Pippin's memorable history. To him, as to Emerson's bee,

"All was picture as he passed."

The bee remembered the colored flower and its honey; the boy remembered the red-hued farm-house and the dainties, or what seemed such to ever-hungry juvenescence, of the village caravan-seras.

On the 23d of May, 1866, I made my second visit, and on the 20th of June of the same year, my third and last. I will tell only a few incidents of these visits, without trying to separate them in my brief narrative.

Mr. Martin Leach, who drove me over from the town of Putnam on both occasions, was little acquainted except in a general way with the different parts of Woodstock, and I was obliged to trust to what I could learn by enquiring of those I met in the road or at the houses I passed. The first place I visited was the burial-ground. There I found myself at once in the midst of names which I had often heard mentioned, as belonging to townsmen and neighbors, by my father. Presently I came upon the stones which marked the graves of my more immediate relatives. I recognized at once my father's pious care in the inscriptions to their memory. His mother was particularly given to the reading of Young's Night-thoughts, a poem more congenial to the habitual half-melancholy of rural life than to the brisker tone of the city sidewalk. When the scholars of this rising institution stray among the hillocks and grave-stones of the old cemetery they will find on several of these humble tablets passages from the poet of the Night-thoughts, in which, I have no doubt, my father's hand is to be traced. He inherited his mother's taste for poetry and wrote a good many pieces of verse in his younger days, one of which, printed with many others in a little volume, entitled "The Family Tablet," is worthy of note for the somewhat peculiar arrangement of its rhyme, being the same as that which was made familiar half a century later by Tennyson in his "In Memoriam."

I was, of course, on the look out for aged persons of whom I might make enquiries relating to those early times in which I was interested. I think, if you have patience to hear or read me through, you will agree that I was singularly fortunate in my accidental meetings.

While I was in the cemetery, an old gentleman and his daughter stopped in their wagon in the road leading by it. He had come, on that beautiful morning—his daughter told me—to mark out

with his staff the place where he was to be laid to sleep with his fathers. His age, she told me, was eighty-eight years, and his name was Jacob Lyon. He answered my questions, put in a loud voice, clearly enough, though always after a considerable interval of silence, during which the response was working its way through the worn and rusted mental machinery. The wagon with the old gentleman and his daughter led the way to the place where formerly stood the house in which my father was born. It had been taken down years ago, and in its place was standing the neat residence occupied by Mr. Oliver H. Perry. The hour I spent there was one of the most interesting of my life. There were the fields through which he had strayed when a boy—barefoot, I hope, though his children never were allowed the luxury of unshod soles. There was the landscape, beautiful with woods and water, which went with him in imagination through all his earthly pilgrimage; there, at the foot of a steep bank ran the brook which murmured through all the dreams of his after. I saw niches in its steep sides, where he might have formed the pulpit from which in his childhood he used to preach to a congregation of whispering wavelets; (there was an ancient appletree, which he may well have climbed to its topmost bough—for I once heard it told by an early schoolmate, long since gathered to his fathers, that he had something of the acrobat among his boyish gifts)—there was the old well, from which he and his fathers had drawn the sparkling water, as I on that day, standing uncovered at its edge, and filling the cup as if it had been sacramental wine.

Near my father's birth-place lived a family of the same name as those who dwelt there in his boyhood, descendants in the third or fourth generation from his old neighbors. I remember among his papers some notes of a singular malady with which some of them were afflicted, of which it is probable that traditions may remain in the family to this day. I enjoyed a brief conversation with the church dignitary which I found living on the old estate, and turned my enquiries to the village of Muddy-brook, in another part of the town of Woodstock.

Here I found an ancient citizen, bearing one of the well-known local names, sitting in the sunshine and engaged in the pleasing, useful, though not very lucrative office of removing the mortar from bricks which had formed part of some building. He confirmed the statements of my other informants, but his

memory, or his power of expression was at fault. He was conscious of his deficiencies. "I am not very flippant," he said, upon hearing which statement I smiled and left him to his architectural labors.

Revisiting the hill where the church and the burial-ground are situated, I met near his own door another old gentleman to whom I introduced myself, and who informed me that he was a physician, Daniel Lyman by name, eighty-two years of age, son of the late venerable Eliphalet Lyman, the minister of Woodstock in my father's and my father's father's time. I shall never forget the kindly greeting I received from him and his daughter when they learned my name and errand. He asked me into his house and informed me of many interesting details relating to my father's family. One incident which he mentioned is not out of place here.

My father's oldest brother, Gen. David Holmes, was, he said, a man of forcible character, who, as he thought, would have distinguished himself if he had lived in times like these we have been passing through. When the steeple of the old Academy building was in the process of being raised, there was a dangerous hitch somewhere, as you may remember there was—to compare small things with great—when the obelisk was erected in front of St. Peter's, at Rome. In this emergency, the daring and adroitness of David Holmes came into play, and the village engineers looked on with admiration while he by his skill and strength saved the rising structure from disaster.

Many other interesting things good old Dr. Lyman told me, and ended by telling me that he had several books which were once the property of my grandfather, Dr. David Holmes. So saying, he went up stairs and brought down and presented to me a copy of Swan's Sydenham, an excellent edition of an admirable book, in which my grandfather had written his name, beneath which I considered myself most fortunate and happy in being able to write my own, with an inscription relating the memorable accidental circumstances which brought it into my possession.

I cannot say of myself what my old friend the cleaner of bricks, at Muddy Brook, said, no doubt in modest sincerity. I am afraid I have at least been garrulous, if not 'flippant.' You, my friends, were innocently betrayed into all this long suffering. I had something which, like the Ancient Mariner, I must tell, even if stopped the wedding guest

to make him listen. You asked me for a trifle, you thought you were touching a match to the string of a firecracker; you have found out now that you were firing a train that led to a magazine of reminiscences all ready for explosion. Forgive me. Remember my uncle David's services in raising the steeple of the first Academy, and if I have trifled with your patience, deal gently with the grandson of Woodstock, who sends today his warmest wishes for the welfare of its teachers and its scholars, for the prosperity of all that dwell within the precincts of a town ever dear to him as the birth-place of a father whom he loved and honored.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Nahant, Aug. 17th, 1873.

Treasurer's Report.

1909-1910.

RECEIVED.

Balance in treasury	\$ 7.43
From sale of Gleaners	37.24
From advertisements	45.25
	<hr/>
	\$89.92

PAID.

For publishing Gleaner	\$82 80
For postage	8.60
	<hr/>
	\$91.40
Deficit	\$1.48

NELLIE D. CHANDLER.

Public Rhetoricals

The annual Public Rhetoricals of Woodstock Academy were held Thursday evening, March 24th. The weather bureau was considerate of the best interests of the entertainment, and as a special and very unusual favor furnished good weather and good traveling.

Principal Hall has not been assisted by an elocution teacher this year, but proved himself equal to the work as he has so many times before, and the result of his drill and the students' efforts was a successful and very enjoyable entertainment. A good selection of pieces, well adapted to the speakers, proved a prominent feature of the occasion. So satisfactory was the rendering throughout the whole evening that special mention of some speakers might seem to do injustice to others whose efforts were also commendable.

Good music was furnished by an or-

chestra under the direction of Burton E. Leavitt, and the chorus singing reflected much credit also on Mr. Leavitt, who had been their instructor. The final number, "Woodstock Academy," with words composed by F. F. Rockwell, and music by B. E. Leavitt was of special interest. The hall was tastefully decorated and was full of interested listeners. The loyalty of former students to these exercises is unabated.

The Silent Harp-strings.

There's a story, quaint and olden,
That beside the castled Rhine
Stood two towers, between whose turrets
Lengths of slenderest wire entwine.
And the master builder proudly
Thought, "When gentle breezes blow
These fine strings shall give forth music
Never equaled, sweet and and low."

Springtime's zephyrs whispered softly
O'er the fields so green and fair;
Summer's breath of south wind balmy
Filled the plain with sweetness rare;
Autumn's cool and freshening breezes
Brought the sweetness of the vine;
All around the harvests ripened,
In the country of the Rhine.

But the slender, shining harp-strings
In mysterious silence deep
Hung against the blue of heaven,
Wrapped in an unbroken sleep.
Never once a chord they uttered,
Never once a silvery tone,
Nor a glorious note of triumph,
Nor a wail like sorrow's moan.

And the master builder sadly
Gazed upon them: thus he spake,
"In the hurricanes of winter
Surely these frail wires must break,
I have failed; my plan was mighty;
I have striven all in vain,
Not a note has ever sounded,
Neither joy's nor sorrow's strain."

Ah! that night a mighty tempest,
Sweeping down with cruel blast,
Caught the harp-strings, smote them
fiercely,
In exultant power vast.
Lo! the peasants, shuddering, awe-struck
Heard, as lulled the storm's mad roar,
Strains of music soft and tender,
Which they'd never known before.

Thus some souls are tuned to singing,
Thus they're waked from dull despair;
Deaf to calls of mirth and gladness,
Blind to scenes of beauty rare,
Still they lie in silence dreary,
Like those harp-strings long ago,

Heedless of the joys around them,
Till the winds of sorrow blow.

Then they sing in faltering accents
Gentle notes so pure and sweet
That the throng about them pauses,
Listening as the chords repeat.
True, "the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain,"
And fierce grief will soften many
When love's gentleness was vain.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON.

Graduation Exercises

Friday, June 24th, was one of the rarest of June days and the bright sunshine and clear atmosphere were hailed with delight by the Woodstock Academy graduating class of 1910, who had during their course of study had this day in anticipation. The attractive hall, which was decorated with a profusion of blossoms of the state flower, was filled with interested friends, a goodly proportion of whom are personally indebted to this time-honored institution for an impetus in life received within her walls. The fact that one hundred and fifty-three students have been graduated under Principal Hall's guidance is indicative of the academy's influence. At 2.30 o'clock the students and teachers marched into the hall, the senior class of eleven members took their places and the graduating exercises began. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. F. Waters of Woodstock, and Mr. Hall most happily introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Gerald H. Beard, Ph. D., of Bridgeport, Conn. After getting in touch with his audience by various pleasantries he announced his subject as "The Triunal Aim of Education and Life," the three divisions being "self development, social use to society, and personal relations to the supreme power in the universe whom faith calls God." These truths were made clear and each thought clinched by both illustration and logic. In the personal address to the graduates the urgent appeal was "Respect yourself, know yourself, develop yourself." Dr. Beard said to the young people "Your hour has come" and congratulated them upon completing their academy course at a time of so great opportunity, and closed his address with the following quotation,

"We are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age of ages telling
 To be living is sublime.
 Oh! let all the soul within you
 For the Truth's sake go abroad,
 Strike, let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God."

Hon. Frederic W. Hinrichs of New York was introduced, as one who had returned to the country and now as a farmer of Woodstock would present the diplomas. With characteristic ease of expression and clearness of thought he spoke briefly of life's friendships as connected with home, school and church and urged upon the young people the importance of becoming familiar with their "friends on the book shelves," thus availing themselves of the possibilities of companionship in all moods and circumstances. Diplomas were then presented to the graduating class 1910:

Latin Scientific Course

Mary Elizabeth Flynn
 Alice Roxana Wilbur
 Adolph William Lawson
 Raymond Wilmot Sheldon

English Scientific Course

Flora Belle Allton
 Edith Allen Eddy
 Louise Fillmore Howard
 Wallace Edgar Armstrong
 Lyman Richmond Fitts
 Leonard Holmes Healey, Jr.
 Herbert Emanuel Nelson

Mr. Hall received for the academy the gift from the class, a beautiful picture, the Castle of St. Angelo with St. Peter's in the distance. The audience was then invited to the east lawn of the academy where the class ivy was planted and the ivy essay read by Miss Mary Flynn, who gave a summary of events of world wide interest during the past four years, especially mentioning personal loss to the institution by the burning of Elmwood Hall and death of the president of the board of trustees. "Fair Woodstock" and "Woodstock Academy" were sung by students and alumni, the class received their friends, class songs were sung and the graduating exercises of 1910 were an item of history. Excellent music was furnished during the afternoon by Morse's

orchestra and the singing led by B. E. Leavitt of Putnam. The class reception followed in the evening and was well attended.

The Class poem was by Miss Alice Wilbur, Class history by Lyman Fitts, Class prophecy by Leonard Healey, Jr., Class will by Miss Edith Eddy. Music was by Walter E. Dodge. Marching and refreshments filled the program. The patronesses were Mrs. Dr. Gildersleeve, Mrs. W. W. Sheldon, Mrs. L. H. Healey.

The annual meeting of the alumni association was held at the close of the graduation exercises, and the following officers elected:

President—E. R. Hall.

Secretary and treasurer—Miss Nellie D. Chandler.

Other officers and committees were re-elected.

It was voted to continue the publication of the Gleaner, and personal items of interest were earnestly solicited. The treasurer's report showed a small financial deficit, and brought to light the fact that of about 600 people to whom Gleaners were sent, less than 200 remembered to send the dime which pays for the publication, to the treasurer.

Academy Bird Observers.

What monstrous creature of the air without wings flew over the Academy during the last graduation exercises? You reply that it was a dirigible balloon from the Springfield Aero Club, and you add with positive emphasis that in the near future biplanes, actually equipped with wings, will be seen from the Hill passing from place to place on flights for business or pleasure. It is with enthusiasm that you refer to these novel soars, but I fear with languid interest you follow the movements of the typical flyers that were working for us when the corner-stone of the Academy was laid, and unobtrusively serving us before machines heavier than air were even dreamed of.

Of course there are reforms birdwise in this school, as in sister academies. In my first stay at Elmwood Hall many years ago, I went in to an Academy ante-

room and saw that the girls' hats were bright with feather decoration. Though there were no birds of paradise and no aigrettes from the white herons of the Everglades, there were bluebirds, redstarts, goldfinches, tanagers, orioles and grosbeaks, tiny owls, wings of native terns and gulls, and exotic plumes. On a visit to the same rooms last year, I found that flowers, laces and many-hued ribbons had replaced the old-time bird ornaments. This is well, and in the present light of bird knowledge—obligatory.

But how many of you students in the humblest way help along the cause of the birds? In the failure of crops and in the increase of noxious insect life, bird study will be a fixed science by and by, and every crumb of information be of value. Record afield the spring and fall migrations. Keep tab in black and white of the arrival and departure of the commonest species at your door. Note the increase or decrease of any one species in your three years' stay at this institution. How many nests have you found this season? What peculiarity of nesting, what new song that you have never heard before, what oddity, what straggler from the South, what boreal bird in the breeding season, what strange environment, what peculiar domestic relations, what change of habit for which you can assign a cause? All notes on these points, and scraps of information on feeding habits should be sent to the state ornithologist, or to specialists at the National Museum. Can you find a tanager or grosbeak when you come again together in early September, or a single oriole or bobolink? If not here at the Fall migration, can you tell us where these birds are and why they disappear so early in August? Yet cuckoos, the last to arrive, are the first to leave us. Where are the sandswallows that made the holes in the bank near Roseland Park? Do you know of any community of Republican swallows in Woodstock? When we know of only half a dozen nesting-boxes of tree swallows, where do the long rows of this species come from that now cover the local telephone wires? In my boyhood

days purple martins were common around the Academy, but I know of no colony here this year. In halcyon days when English sparrows were unknown here, house wrens bred in every orchard and in nearly all dooryards; but how many do you hear in summer around the Hill nowadays? Tell us, if you can, why kingbirds have grown rare, when only a few fall to the beekeeper's gun? How do you account for the scarcity of the crested flycatcher, when its protective coloring has always kept it immune from the raids of the milliner. The whip-poorwill's plaint is still commonly heard at Elmwood, but the nighthawk is a rara avis indeed today in this township. Since the last standing timber was cut off the slopes of the Hill, are the large hawks still in evidence? Be on the qui vive for an occasional orchard oriole which are plentiful near tidewater in New London County. If the mowing machine has sadly reduced the number of meadow larks, is it not also a factor in the unequal distribution of quail in our four parishes? There are a few quail on these slopes of the Hill, notably in the Bugbee Neighborhood, and a fair sprinkling in East Woodstock. On a drive the second week in July from the Common by Roseland to Quinebaug, I heard eleven whistling cocks, and on a morning walk July 16th along the shore of Webster Lake from Bates Grove to Beacon Park, I marked down seven bobwhites. But we are without our share of these useful birds in the English Neighborhood.

The Quail Trap was named from the many coveys that used to patrol the walls, make weather reports on the barways and use all high rocks as signal stations. We await your explanation of this change of local habitat. Tell us also if the occasionally late appearance this season of insect plague, was due in part to bird surveillance.

Keep a blackboard or slate record, if you have no passbook. A farmer's barn door record is better than none, and has often been of service to the collector. In short, tell us all you know or can pick up about the summer birds of passage

and the winter stay at-homes, in whose cause you must enlist. You should realize that it is of greater moment to help increase the number of birds, than to spend your time in learning to acquire the latest Parisian accent.

THE QUAIL TRAP.

Aug. 1, 1910.

A Year of New Experience

There is one year of my life so utterly different from any other, so full of experiences which were entirely new and which I shall probably never have again, that I think I shall always remember every bit of it. More than that, all my memories will be pleasant ones.

Of course my greatest and most important new experience was teaching school, sitting on the platform instead of at a desk, originating questions instead of answers, keeping order instead of aiding and abetting disorder, putting down marks in the record-book instead of craning my neck to see what was put down, in short, seeing exactly the opposite side to that which I had always known. As to my emotions on all these points, they were too mingled, varied and varying to be at all clearly described. But of all the seeing-the-other-side-of-the-shield experiences connected with teaching, there is one that stands out clear from all the rest, overtopping and overshadowing them all. It is exams. For the two weeks preceding their appearance I anticipated them. Anticipated, with its association with pleasant things is not altogether the fitting word although the dictionary says nothing about the emotion with which we "take before." First, what should I ask, which out of the many things possible? Then, were the questions clear, could they think I meant something other than I did? Pupils are very clever at thinking up unusual meanings to questions, especially when they don't happen to be entirely certain on the subject of the obvious answer. And were the questions fair, was there anything I couldn't reasonably expect them to know? And worst of all, were there too few or too many questions, how long ought it to take them to answer all, would they have to hurry or would

they have a lot of time to bother other people? It is hard to judge things by standards you have never used, and I had never had high school exams. But whether these questions were answered satisfactorily or not, the day when those exams must be ready approached with inexorable steadiness. and after two or three evenings of copying ink and duplicators the exams were put away leaving always one trace of their existence,—a trace visible to others in fingers deep-dyed in shades of violet and purple, and apparent to myself in the frequent and frantic encounters between said fingers and the pumice stone. With the papers ready I could rest in peace for a while—how long, depending on how forehanded I had been. It was not usually long. Then came the giving out of the papers and the watching of the expressions of despair, blankness and bewilderment with here and there a hopeful gleam in the way of a smile or a pen going busily to work. But worse far than all this was the marking of all the papers. If only they might all be as easily done as the algebra papers! But, alas, it is only with experience that one learns to ask questions which combine the qualities of good questions with that of questions whose answers are easily corrected.

But to speak of some of my heretofore unexperienced sensations not so closely connected with the school. First in time and, perhaps, in importance is the Fair. I had never been to a real country fair,—to a fair where the people really sent their finest apples and their biggest squashes and their handsomest calves. and where they had loaves of cake, and loaves of bread, and jellies and bedquilts, all marked with red and blue tickets to tell who got the prizes, and where every one was glad to see every one else, even myself. And in the afternoon they had horse races, and a balloon went up and a man came down in a parachute, and I sat on the grand stand and ate popcorn and watched it all, and was introduced to more people with whom I have since formed pleasant friendships than I had ever met before in a week.

Disputing first place in importance with the Fair is Rhetoricals. Need I

tell of the racking of brains months before to think of suitable pieces, of the rehearsals for the singing, of the excitement as the time approached over the probabilities of this piece or that, and, as the time approached nearer, over the decorating and the dresses and the flowers. And when it really came, there was the marching in and up the aisle and on to the platform. I had sat on a platform before as one in a class, but never had I sat on a platform as a member—even though the least—of a Faculty. And never before had I prompted any one, which lack of experience I fear was only too apparent.

Perhaps it is not strange to think that these things were all so new to me, but if I mention a few lesser things it will perhaps show my true character—my deep ignorance of all the things which to many are everyday occurrences. I had never seen a cornfield with the corn stacked and pumpkins on the ground as they should be according to all pictures. I had never seen houses where they had door-knockers for use instead of ornament. I had never seen a peach orchard. I had never seen a chicken hatch. I had never chaperoned a sleigh-ride. I had never hung a May basket. I had never been to a Grange meeting. But more than any or all of these, I had never seen Woodstock or known any of the people of Woodstock. For all my new experiences I am glad, but for the last two my life will be, I know, the richer to myself, and, I trust, the more helpful to others.

ADELINE M. WARE.

From Three to Twelve

I envy the New England mother her hornbook. No "problem of education" for her! One hornbook was enough for her eight little children. When they had mastered its intricacies, they were ready for the big children's classes. We present day mothers do not get off so well—another case of the "good old times."

What we are teaching our children, or suffering them to be taught, is largely a matter of surroundings, which, simmered down, means school. We put them in the best school there is in our town, sparing what time we can to them ourselves out of school,

and having them given extra lessons in music, drawing, or dancing. The magazines are full of the discussion of the curriculum of early childhood, always from the point of view of the school.

Let us forget the school for once, and let us young (by your leave) and inexperienced mothers of the Gleaner talk over together what we would like to see our little children studying before the age of, say, twelve years old, regardless of school, expense, or our own lack of time. For even if such dreams of ideal education as we foster in our enthusiastic, baby-loving minds may never come true to our own children, who may say that the dreamer dreameth in vain?

It goes without saying that somewhere in those twelve years our baby must learn the *tools* of an education. To read, to write, to spell, to figure, are only the mechanical means to an end. A child who can do all these well has—not a good start, but the chance to make a good start. That does not mean that these tools are of slight value—they are indispensable; neither does it mean that they can be easily acquired—there must be much plodding of tiny feet, much cramping of fat fingers, before the child is master of his tools. And yet tools they are and ever must remain to the child who has all space and time to learn of. And neither is it necessary to fill all the first twelve years with the mastering of the three Rs. Some of them might be placed nearer the end of this period than the schools place them—the number work, for instance, might well be postponed till the child is eight or nine years old; others might better be learned while the child is still younger than the school age—reading can, for example, in very many instances, if not most, be begun while the child is four years old.

But, aside from the matter of the three Rs, there are certain traits of a child's mind which, in developing, point plainly to the child's mental needs. These traits or habits of mind, we might class as of three kinds:

1. The child's curiosity about the physical world.
2. His interest in people and hu-

man events.

3. His eagerness to learn language.

The first suggests a world of possibilities to us. The school is making great strides in this direction by the nature work it has introduced into the class room and by the matter about nature incorporated in almost every Reader. But while the success attained is commendable, it is not satisfactory. Days upon days spent in the still sunshine of summer fields, or the deep cool of the woods, hours spent by the brook or the pool, are the requirements for the satisfying of that natural craving on the child's part to know and investigate what he sees of wild life. This curiosity comes very early to him; it may be satisfied or it may be destroyed by his surroundings. Of course to know intimately the secrets of nature is the work of a lifetime—and more, but this much our children might know before they are twelve years old: the names and appearance of all our common trees; the names and habitats of all our common wild flowers; the habits and appearance of the familiar wood animals and birds; and a familiarity of the relative positions of the sun, the earth and the moon, and the constellations of stars, at least the winter stars which even the littlest child has a chance to look at before bed time.

Under our second demand of the child mind, his interest in people and human events, we have our great opportunity in early education. Here is where our story telling and reading come in. Here is the chance to teach the great essential moral lessons. An inexhaustible field lies before us, from the dramatic stories of the Old Testament to the latest magazine full of the pictures of airships. Two hours a day would be none too much (ask your boy if it is) for reading and talking over what has been read. The time spent in this way is the marrow and the pith of an education and may be begun when the child is three years old and continued as long as he is under your roof. Dear mothers, have we zeal enough to carry through such an heaven-sent task as this? Upon this reading and thinking, more than upon anything else, will depend our child's growth of mind, his man-

hood's attitude toward life, the position he assumes toward the great duties and opportunities of living.

And last of all our baby is interested in words. He mouths them over and rolls them upon his tongue. He tries a new one every day and, according to the silence or the laughter of his elders, knows he has done well or ill. He will learn and handle two or even three languages as well as one. A knowledge of German and of French is a part of the best education. To read these languages well is another tool that will be used in later years. Its acquirement, however, may best occur in these early years. German may, I believe, be read at ten and French at twelve, or the order might be reversed, without any strained effort on the child's part—without half the effort of learning to read them in his college days. As more difficult English is understood and read by the child, the German or French or both may be increased in difficulty. So our children may come to be like my neighbor's son, a boy of 19, who is taking a walking trip through Germany this summer, writing his home letters and keeping his journal in German. His mother taught him his German, he says, but when he does not know.

Does this all seem like shooting an arrow into the air? Perhaps there is an invisible goal somewhere above our heads where our arrow may find its resting place. If not—well, at least, one arrow wasted is not much.

ANNE H. GAYLORD.

The Gleaner's Financial Prospects

Practical Suggestions

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood leads on to
fortune."

The deficit in the Gleaner's treasury, as elsewhere reported, makes necessary some new plan of action if our publication is to continue to live. A few of the most loyal supporters of the Gleaner have been asked to make brief suggestions relative to its future maintenance. These friends reply as follows:

To the Editor:

In reply to the inquiry as to the best method of conducting the financial side of the Gleaner, I would say, that personally, I have no preference—any plan deemed advisable by the committee in charge is satisfactory. As it seems best to adopt new ways, why not try the subscription plan, requiring payment in advance, at increased price per copy?

Each year I look forward eagerly for my copy of the dear old paper, and read, with greatest interest, everything from cover to cover. I am confident I am only one of many. Any lack to respond to the little reminder that has greeted us as we opened our paper has not been intentional, I am sure, but simply an oversight, and anything that will lighten the burden of those who do the work, should be welcomed by the Alumni who enjoy the fruit of their labors.

Very cordially,

ANNIE LYON KELTON

Holyoke, Mass., August 11, 1910.

To the Editor of the Gleaner:

During my school days at the Academy, this paper was published with great regularity once a month or at least once in two months during the school year, and formed an important feature of the lyceums which were held sometimes in what is now known as Grange Hall and sometimes in the large schoolroom in the Academy.

Since my graduation, I have received the paper occasionally and read it with a great deal of interest, but have not known just how often or by whom it was published, but think for a number of years it continued to be prepared and read in connection with the regular meetings of the lyceum, and that for the last fifteen or twenty years it has been published but once a year but in a much larger and nicer form. I have also known in a general way that the burden both of editing the paper and the expense of publishing it has fallen in recent years upon a few, and have lately been informed that the future of the paper is altogether uncertain unless some plan

can be devised for shifting or distributing this burden, and especially the expense, to other shoulders, and have been asked, as one interested in continuing its publication, to offer some suggestion as to how this burden can be divided up so that its weight will not fall so heavily upon any one and the future of the paper insured.

In compliance with this request, I have given considerable thought to the matter, for I should be sorry indeed to think that no more Gleaners were to be issued, as they furnish from year to year a great deal of information about my classmates and friends and help to bind us more closely together.

I feel that we should all unite as far as possible in furnishing the necessary funds, and the only question is as to the best way to accomplish the desired funds. This year a request was sent out to some of us to subscribe one dollar, and I understand the response was so prompt and hearty that nearly ninety dollars have already been raised, which insures the publication of the paper this year. I should be willing to continue such subscription and should advise the adoption of this plan as long as it continues to work well, and, if there is any more money paid in than is needed from year to year, it can either be laid by as a surplus for future publications or turned over to the principal of the academy or the trustees for the general uses of the institution. I do not believe in crossing any bridges until I come to them, and the plan adopted this year may work so well that nothing more will be required, but if it should fail at any time to bring in the amount needed, I should be glad, for the sake of having the old-time school paper continued, to aid as far as I am able by money or suggestions, or both.

FRANK F. RUSSELL,

Class of 1880.

Putnam, Conn., August 12th, 1910.

To the Editor:

Perhaps a government postal card with a picture of the Academy printed upon it, (from the cut owned by the school, to make it inexpensive) could be sent out

early asking that each patron desiring a copy of the Gleaner should reply before a certain date, enclosing pay for same. In that way some idea of the needed size of the edition could be obtained and possibly more money for the treasury.

F. C. PAINE.

My dear Editor:

The Gleaner should be a yearly publication. It is just as easy to collect twenty-five cents as ten, and perhaps easier. But I think the dollar-a-year fund is the most practicable. Collecting small subscriptions is heart-breaking.

Sincerely yours,

L. R. SOUTHWORTH.

To the Editor:

As the publication of the Gleaner requires much labor and thought on the part of a few individuals, as the sum of ten cents is not a fair equivalent for value received, and also in view of the fact that one seldom appreciates that which has little financial value, and requires no personal effort to obtain, I would suggest that each person desiring a copy of the Gleaner send an order for the same to the treasurer, Miss Nellie Chandler, accompanying said order with twenty-five cents.

If a sufficient amount is received to warrant its publication, let the Gleaner be published. Otherwise, the money, minus the postage, should be returned by the treasurer to the sender.

Under this plan, should more money be received than would cover the cost of publication and mailing, let the surplus be retained in the treasury as a Gleaner fund for future use. Subscriptions should be received not later than July first.

MRS. HENRY J. POTTER.

I would recommend that an attractive post card be issued in advance of the Gleaner, stating "Upon receipt of twenty-five cents the current number of the Gleaner will be sent you," which method would insure the receipts, as well as show the interest in the Gleaner. A committee might be appointed, under the direction of the

president, taking different departments of the work in preparation, which would distribute the burden, and create a broader interest.

MARY BUGBEE MEDBURY.

My dear Editor:

I am proud and feel honored to be asked to be one of such a responsible committee, and acting in the capacity of one of the committee, I am glad to give you my advice on such an important subject.

As a practical method for conducting the management of future Gleaners, I would respectfully advise payment in advance, raise the Gleaner's price, publish but once in two years and continue the plan attempted this year, which would leave a surplus in the Academy treasury. If all of these methods are followed, I feel perfectly satisfied the Gleaner will eventually become the leading paper published in the town of Woodstock and its influence for good unlimited, provided it is universally read.

Is there to be a meeting of these directors and if so, how often and where are they to be held? It would seem to me that Boston would be a central location, although some one might suggest the vicinity of Providence where a good shore dinner might be obtained while we were discussing the problems connected with the subject for which we were appointed.

I would respectfully suggest that a subject of this importance should not be decided in great haste and a great deal of care should be used in the selection of a committee, whose minds will run in one channel and whose influence on great subjects will coincide. As I think of the difficulties surrounding this work and the danger of the disagreement which might occur in the decision of important matters and in arranging details satisfactory to every one concerned, there comes to my mind an idea that I most respectfully and modestly submit to you for your approval. How would it do to publish the Gleaner every year, obtain what money you might be able to from private subscription and

send me a bill for the deficit, if any? This would eliminate the difficulties surrounding the selection of a committee and the harmonizing work of same.

Yours very truly,

E. B. CHANDLER.

The Wanderer.

There was a road my roaming feet oft found

When I went free to wander as I willed.
It led to a green land of little sound,
Far from the valleys where the fields were tilled.

The whispering leaves shone silver in the sun,

Or sailed in Autumn on the rippled stream,

By that white way up which I used to run,
The road that winds to Fairieland beyond the Hills o' Dream.

Deep were the forests down whose aisles I went;

Vast was the quiet of those charmed domains.

Upon the golden heights my days I spent,

Far from the clanking of Toil's prison-chains.

The surging cities by the troubled seas
I left untrod beneath their shrouds of steam;

My sun-lit way led far away from these;
The road that winds to Fairieland, beyond the Hills o' Dream.

* * * * *

Perhaps again, beyond the drifted years'
Where with his white locks and his out-run glass

Time waits for those who laugh, and those in tears,

At that slim gate which only dead men pass —

Perhaps again the wandering Soul shall break

The bonds of care, and o'er that silent stream

There's no re-crossing, in new freedom take
The road that winds to Fairieland—
beyond the Hills o' Dream.

FRED. F. ROCKWELL.

Senior Honor Essay

The Capture of Troy

In classic literature, more allusions are made to the siege and fall of Troy than to any other famous event in ancient mythology. The master-pieces of the

literary productions of antiquity, the Iliad and the Odyssey, are wholly concerning the deeds and exploits of the great heroes of the Trojan war.

Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, was the immediate cause of this war. Venus had promised Paris, son of the Trojan king, Priam, the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife, because he had decided in her favor in a quarrel between herself and two other goddesses, Minerva and Juno. Hence, she granted him Helen, the wife of Menelaus, as the most beautiful woman. Paris sailed to Greece and was graciously received by Menelaus. At the palace of the latter, Paris met Helen, and, with the divine help of Venus, persuaded her to elope with him to Troy. Menelaus and the other Grecian chiefs, enraged by this serious breach of hospitality, formed a great expedition, sailed to Troy, and laid siege to its walls.

For ten long, bloody years the war had been waged around the Trojan walls with all the vicissitudes of fortune incident to warfare. Many brave heroes had fallen on both sides, but the Trojans held out manfully, and the Greeks, baffled and despondent, were still on the outside of the Trojan walls.

Finally, as a last expedient, the Greeks built a great wooden structure in the form of a horse and caused the report to be spread that it was built as an offering to Minerva, though in reality it was filled with the bravest and most fearless warriors of the Grecian armament. Then they sailed away to Tenedos, an island in the Aegean sea not far from Troy, and disembarked on its shores to await the outcome of their stratagem.

The unsuspecting Trojans, believing that the Greeks had departed for their native land, opened their gates and the city was filled with sounds of rejoicing over this unexpected turn of affairs. Great numbers gathered about the wooden horse, and, in their wonder and curiosity as to the purpose for which it had been constructed, began to dispute over what they should do with the massive structure. Some argued that it should be destroyed, whereas others contended that

it should be brought within the Trojan walls.

At this juncture, Laocoom, a priest of Apollo, came running down to where the people gathered and commanded that the horse should be destroyed, saying, "I fear the Greeks even when offering gifts."

Then, indeed, the Trojans might have followed his advice and demolished the fatal structure, when suddenly there was a stir in the crowd and some Trojan shepherds appeared, bringing a young Greek named Sinon. He had been left on the Trojan shores in order to ensure the success of the artifice to which the Greeks had resorted and to throw the Trojans off their guard by a very ingenious story.

After he had been brought, terror-stricken, before Priam, he was promised that his life should be spared if he would give truthful answers to all their questions. Sinon swore by all their sacred emblems that he would tell the truth. He informed them that he had incurred the hatred of Ulysses and that great warrior had been bent on the destruction of his enemy for a long time. Hence, when the Greeks departed for their native country, Sinon had been left on the Trojan shores through the instigation of Ulysses. As to the wooden horse, he said it had been built as an offering to Minerva to atone for a sacrilege which the Greeks had committed upon a statue of that much-feared divinity. If the Trojans offered any violence to the horse, destruction was destined to overwhelm the Trojan kingdom; but if, on the other hand, they brought it within their walls, they would presently be warring on the offensive against the Greeks. By this artful story he dispelled the fears of those who had contended that the horse should be destroyed.

When Sinon had finished speaking, the people suddenly descried a terrible sight. Two snakes were approaching side by side over the sea, gliding in great coils over the undulating waves, and darting their forked tongues with lightning-like rapidity. The people fled in all directions, terrified by the awful sight. The

snakes, as soon as they reached the shores, advanced immediately to the temple where Laocoon was offering up a sacrifice to Apollo. They first seized his two sons and twining in great coils around their bodies, crushed them to death. Then they seized the father, who was coming to his sons' aid, and though he fought and struggled for his life, he met the same fate as his sons. The snakes proceeded afterwards to the temple of Minerva and disappeared under her statue.

The Trojan people interpreted this prodigy as a sign of the displeasure of the gods toward Laocoon because he had opposed the idea of bringing the horse into the city. They tore down a part of the city walls, as the gates were not wide enough for the horse to enter, and dragged the horse into the city through the breach made in the walls. Everywhere there were evidences of joy, and boys and girls danced around the apparently harmless structure.

When night descended, Troy lay buried in sleep, overcome by the revelry and excitement of the day. As the night wore on, if the Trojans had been on guard they would have seen sails gradually becoming visible on the sea in the far distance, and presently the whole Grecian fleet approaching their shores. But the Trojans were all sleeping, wholly unconscious of the impending doom that was threatening them. Sinon cautiously made his way to the wooden horse and opened a little secret door in the side of the structure, whereupon the Grecian warriors began pouring out from their cramped hiding place. They first proceeded to the gates, cut down the guards, and opened the gates to their comrades from the ships.

Then an indescribable scene of havoc and slaughter ensued. With fire and sword the Greeks proceeded to completely demolish the great city which for so many years had bid defiance to all their efforts to capture it.

The Trojans, taken completely by surprise, were almost powerless to resist. But a few of the bravest Trojan warriors gathered some men and made their way

toward the middle of the city. Having killed some of the Greek warriors, one of the Trojans suggested that they disguise themselves in the arms of the Greeks who had been slain. Suiting his action to his word he put on the weapons of one of the vanquished Greeks whereupon the others followed his example. Then they mingled with the Greeks and killed a great number of them during the night.

This artifice of the Trojans, however, proved very disastrous to themselves. Great numbers of the desperate Trojans had fled to the flat roofs of the houses and were engaged in hurling down missiles upon the Greeks in the streets below. The disguised Trojans, believed to be Greeks, were met with showers of these missiles. While trying to prove their true identity to the people on the roofs, their nationality was discovered by the Greeks. Thereupon a terrible fight began and great numbers of the invaders rushed thither, attracted by the din. The Trojans were overpowered and only a few escaped.

At the royal palace of Priam, the combat was long and desperate. But the assailants were irresistible and the door of the palace was finally broken down. The Greeks forced an entrance and gained possession of the whole palace.

Hecuba, the wife of Priam, and her daughters fled to the altars, trusting that the Greeks would not commit the sacrilege of polluting the sacred altars with bloodshed. Priam, seized with the passion to avenge the destruction of his kingdom, put on the long disused arms of his youth, but Hecuba persuaded him to withdraw to one of the sacred altars and to rely on divine protection.

While Priam was sitting inactive at this place of refuge, suddenly his son Polytes came running, closely pursued by Pyrrhus, Polytes reached his father, fell, and expired at the very feet of Priam. The latter, incensed with anger, hurled a spear at Pyrrhus. Warding off the weapon with his shield, Pyrrhus killed Priam with his sword then and there. Thus ended the last of the powerful Trojan dynasty.

During the confusion and turmoil of

the night, large numbers of fugitives had fled to a sacred grove outside of the city. From here they fled to Mount Ida, which lies near the sea-coast, where they built a fleet and set sail under the command of the Trojan Aeneas. After traversing the seas for seven years, they finally sailed up the mouth of the Tiber in Italy, landed, and founded the city of Rome which afterwards became mistress of the world as far as it was then known.

The story of Troy is, in fact, wholly based on mythology and it is still a matter of doubt whether such a city really existed or not. Excavations have been made where the site of Troy is supposed to have been but traces of several cities have been found in the same locality. Besides, the fact that Troy is supposed to have been destroyed over thirty centuries ago renders it very difficult to ascertain whether any of the ruins correspond to the description of the Trojan city by Homer and Virgil.

ADOLPH W. LAWSON.

An Academy Sleigh-ride in 1880.

Not infrequent it was, many long years ago,
When winter reigned chill, with abundance of snow,
For a sleigh-party fever, contagious in sooth,
To attack everyone—e'en the bashfullest youth.

And while it was raging, its victims you'd know.
By minds that were "wandering"—pulses not slow.
As cure for this fever, the students would vote
The "oxygen treatment"—a strange antidote.

So this med'cine they took, inhaling the air
Neatly packed into sleighs, each one held a pair.
One youth had no trouble to find a good way,
And he was a popular escort that day.

But wishing their treatment with vigor to speed,
'Twas decided to have a spry Fox take the lead.
Urged on by a prancer he carried the Day,
Fast leading the victims to Southbridge away.

Like the Pied Piper legend they followed
his track
Like its sad sequel, too, what about com-
ing back?
As blankets are needful when patients
take air,
The snow did its best with most diligent
care.

It came thick and fast, soft and white as
a pall
It covered their leader, enveloped them
all—
It piled in huge drifts, hid roadway and
track,
And made it unsafe on that night to
come back.

No telephones then a message could
bring
That the victims were stalled by a raging
storm-king;
But that *Fox* was so useful, he conquered
the drift,
In the cloud of anxiety caused a bright
rift;

The fears of the home-hearts he managed
to still,
By wire, stage and messenger reaching
the hill,
With the tidings the victims would not
come that night
Or risk sad results of a storm's bitter
fight.

No message at home until past eight
o'clock,
Then flash of a lantern, and Principal's
knock,
Timid hearts reassured that no youths
would return,
And for them lights in windows no long-
er need burn.

The storm-bound in Southbridge, with
gay hearts and light.
Accepted with grace their imprisonment
plight.
'Tis true a few tears on a younger boy's
face
Some tact called to action, their presence
to chase.

But since *Good wins* the brothers accept-
ed their fate,
And patiently, bravely consented to wait;
While the Dresser House landlord some
reckoning had
Ere he figured it out to put *four in a bed*!

Next morning the music of shovels was
heard,
The sun peeped forth brightly, to life the
town stirred.
In excellent spirits, the crowd from "the
hill"
With breakfast and fun each one had his
fill.

Relying again on the guide of a *Fox*,
Whose keenness would always help "out
of a box,"
With shouting and laughter and health-
signs quite sure,
The victims all drank in the rest of their
cure,

Pure ozone its form, whose effects be it
said,
In sparkling eyes shone and in cheeks
rosy red.
By dint of some study our *Fox* found the
road
And the trip was not marred by a sad
episode,

Till the *Lyon* of our tribe produced a
deep roar
By spilling his mate out in front of her
door;
But remedies desperate, wise ones oft tell,
Cure desperate troubles—the plunge
found her well.

And, in fact, to this day the same crowd
looking back
Have been cured of a similar fever-
attack,—
That prescription worked well, and e'en
yet, do you know,
Warms not a few hearts with its bright
after-glow!

ONE OF THE VICTIMS, E. F. B.

Greeting from Rev. James Lyon.

In reply to a note asking for permis-
sion to print his birthday poem, the in-
quirer received the following letter:

Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 3, 1910.

My dear Friend,

I have just received your request for
my lines written to mark my seventieth
birthday, to be published in the "Glean-
er." I readily grant your wish—pro-
vided, however, that I do not pose as a
poet. The lines were written with no
thought of advertising them in print,
but only to gratify an impulse to make a
note, in this way, of my arrival at the
post of three score years and ten.

Shortly after that date I reached my
forty-third year as pastor of the Central
Falls Congregational church. But I
rounded out that period in the clutch of
muscular rheumatism. It has cut me off
from active work for several months.
Now I am beginning to get back into the
service that I love.

My people have been kind to me to the utmost. They would not let me resign. So here I am, hoping there may be some further lease on life for me in the flesh, that I may devote it to the best and the most rewardful of all callings.

My forty-three years have been very enjoyable, though they have contained the usual mixture of human experiences. Looking backward brings many regrets, but over all lives the radiance of Divine Goodness that grows brighter and more assuring with the passing years.

Among pleasant memories are the scenes of my birth-place in Woodstock, my school-days at the Academy, my early services as pastor of the Congregational church awhile, and my delightful associations with its people. I am glad to use this opportunity to say these things for dear Woodstock, especially to record the exceeding favor shown me by the people, always, and particularly while I was their minister. The prosperity of the church and the Academy has given me sincere satisfaction. I have always read the "Gleaner" with deep interest, often finding in it items of information that I desired, and, constantly, the evidences of high ideals and good work. That the future of all the uplifting activities "on the hill" may be even richer and more decisive than the past, is the earnest wish of him who writes these lines.

Three score and ten I am today,
If old tradition has its say,
And hoary head, where 'tis not bare,
Gives witness that the years are there.
Still other signs conspire with these
Which show I've come, by slow degrees,
From station eighteen thirty-nine
On to this goal of nineteen nine.
So here I am, still quite a lad
In spite of all that some call bad.
At heart it's Spring, tho' Winter snows
Are on my head, and outside blows
I dare not, as I once did, face,
Nor keep I still youth's rapid pace.
However, here I am to prove
The constancy of God's great love,
And that His spirit, ever true,
The source of ev'ry good we do,
Has moved a multitude of hearts
To practice on me the fine arts
Of goodness, kindness, friendship sweet,
That still unstinted they repeat.
Blessing on all who send good cheer

That I at seventy am still here.
I'm looking up in faith and hope,
Expecting more of good to come,
Till shadows flee, and day has come
That finds me in the blessed home,
With all I've known and loved safe
there

Or, coming. Let this be the share
Of each and ev'ry one at last
With fears and tears forever past.

Dec. 28, 1909.

JAMES H. LYON.

A Reminiscence in Principal Cook's Time.

If we remembered our lessons as clearly as we recall certain incidents of our school life we should all be considered well educated; but lessons have a way of becoming hazy memories, and, therefore, most of us know less about arithmetic, history, Latin and Greek at forty than we knew at fourteen. What we remember best of our school life is generally something funny, pathetic, dramatic, or of more personal interest to us than the Rule of Three, the date of the death of Charlemagne, the genitive of *Spes*, or the peculiarities of the Greek aorist.

I ought to be ashamed, I suppose, to state that my most distinct recollections of my days at the Academy are not those commonly associated with the acquisition of culture, but are, first, the embarrassment I felt in being obliged to read aloud before a sedate audience of "parents and friends" a long and sonorous selection from the English Classics; second, my despair at never being able to pass Susie Gordon in the spelling matches. She always headed the line, and, although I got to her side on various occasions, she unblushingly spelt every word correctly, and never moved down; and third, the punishment I received from Principal Cook for being inattentive during the Latin lesson. He took my right ear caressingly in his hand, and gave it a twist. I need hardly confess that always thereafter in the classroom *he had my ear*. Probably that was the best lesson I ever learned in the Academy. One can not begin too early to concentrate one's mind on one's duties. I may be wrong, but I certainly believe that a twist of the ear helps.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.

Woodstock, Aug. 9, 1910.

A Message from Iowa

MY DEAR EDITOR: Your letter requesting me to write an article for the Gleaner was duly forwarded, and I will try to give you a brief account of my year in Iowa.

I remember that my year's residence in Woodstock taught me a great deal concerning the Connecticut farmer. To me the fact that the Iowa farmer makes more money yearly, with less effort, than does the New England farmer, does not make him a more desirable citizen. In fact it has an opposite effect. The New England farmer cannot boast of his income and hence takes pride in his family, in his social standing, in his intelligence, and in his church. All these features produce the charming little New England villages and towns. The Iowa farmer can only talk of the price of corn, or of lands and of money. This produces a state of unrest and of discontent, which is shown in the politics of the State.

Iowa, however, is one of the greatest states in the Union. In fact, I believe that it has a greater future before it than the people in the East realize. It only lacks populated manufacturing cities and capital. These are bound to come. The population of Des Moines, the capital, since the census of 1900 has increased from 60,000 to 100,000. Des Moines is easily the best advertised city in the United States. This is largely due to its rapid growth and to its commission form of government, which, under the name of "boasting," has in a large measure attracted the eyes of the nation to Des Moines. Anything that will advertise the city receives attention. For example, in order to assist the base ball team, which did not make money last year, the city council remitted the taxes upon the ball park. One of the boasting organizations also sold five thousand twenty-five cent admission tickets at one dollar apiece. Special inducements are made to manufacturers to locate in the city.

The geographical position of Des Moines and the fact that it is the largest city in the state have made it a great commercial center. Its Coliseum, seating ten thousand people, attracts numerous conventions. Many

of the Iowa farmers come into town in automobiles and spend money freely. Hence the city can boast of department stores and other mercantile houses which would do credit to a city twice the size.

One of the largest and most important kinds of business of Des Moines is insurance. It has, in fact, been called the "Hartford of the West," and is destined to become the greatest insurance center of the country. Insurance companies, alone, would make Des Moines a big financial center, for they represent millions of dollars of capital and securities.

Altho' my one year in Des Moines has not been as pleasant as the one year which I spent in Woodstock, still I am glad to have had the opportunity of living in the middle West. I leave shortly for the East to take a position in Worcester.

With all good wishes for a successful Gleaner and a prosperous year for the Academy,

Sincerely yours,

WALDO PARKER.

Athletics for the School Year 1909—1910

During the past year Woodstock Academy has had, without a doubt, one of its most successful years in Athletics. Basket ball and base ball have been the predominant features of the year as far as Athletics were concerned. The young ladies and some of the boys also, played tennis more or less during the fall and spring terms, but it was not as popular as in former years.

Toward the close of the spring term of 1909 we held a meeting and elected a captain and a manager of the basket ball team for the ensuing school year, so that when the fall term opened the team would be already organized and we could start with some good, hard practice.

The Academy team played its first game at Woodstock with Webster High School in which the Academy won by the score of 20—12. Considerably elated at our success over so strong a team, we next played Putnam High School at Woodstock, defeating them also by the score of 16—8. A little later Oxford High School challenged us to come and play them

on their own grounds, offering in return to defray our expenses. The challenge was accepted and they were defeated by the score of 30-4. Two or three days before Christmas we played a return game with Webster and lost by a score of 14-8. The return game with Putnam, however, we won in a close and exciting game by a score of 27-26. We also played two games with Quinebaug. The first game, which was played at Quinebaug, we lost by a small margin in a game which resembled a football contest more than anything else; the second game we played at Woodstock and won by a score of 41-19. Along toward the middle of the winter term Storrs College junior basket ball team offered to come up and play us a game if we would play them in return at Storrs College. We accepted the offer and won the first game by a score of 25-22 in our hardest game of the whole season. The second game we lost by a score of 28-16. A very pleasant trip was enjoyed, however, by all the students and alumni of the Academy who accompanied us.

Our next and last game of the season was with Peck School at Pomfret, but the less said about the score the better. We had not practiced for two weeks before the game as the seats had been put into the hall to prepare for Rhetoricals, and besides, to make matters worse, one of our best players was ill and unable to play, so the Peck School team "put it all over us" by a score of about 50-12.

With this unfortunate defeat our basket ball season ended. We had played ten games in all, six of which we had won. In view of the fact that there were less boys in our school than in any other school against which we played, I think that our pride in our victories is pardonable.

On account of the very early spring we had this year, the base ball enthusiasts began to practice much earlier than usual. Since we did not have nine boys in the school who were eligible for the base ball team, we were forced to have two or three "outsiders" on the team, but these always played in the outfield. This enabled the infield to practice together every day, which is very essential if a team is to be successful.

The base ball season opened with a game with Putnam High School in which we defeated our opponents by the score of 8-5. A week later we played the Peck School second team and won by the score of 7-1 in a seven inning game. Our base ball manager also endeavored to arrange a game with the Peck School first team, but for some unknown reason was unable to do so.

Our next game was with Tourtellotte Memorial School at Grosvenordale, in which our opponents won, 2-0. This was the only game we lost to a high school base ball team. To this day we have been unable to account for this defeat, and so—as most teams do when they lose a game—we simply decided that it was an "off day" for our team.

The following week we played Putnam High School at Woodstock and won by a score of 5-2. Our adversaries made two runs in the first inning but were unable to make another run during the entire game.

On Decoration Day we played two games, one in the forenoon with the Alumni, and one in the afternoon with Southbridge High School. The first game we lost by a score of 1-10, but the afternoon game at Southbridge resulted in another victory for Woodstock by the score of 5-3.

On the following Friday we played the Tourtellotte Memorial School team at Woodstock. After playing seven innings, they decided to go home: the score being 7-0 in Woodstock's favor. In this game our pitcher struck out no less than eighteen men of the twenty-one put out.

On June fifteenth we played at Woodstock our last game of the season with what was called the Southbridge Academy team. It consisted really of two or three Southbridge High school players and some of the best ball players in Southbridge. Though they gave us a pretty hard struggle, nevertheless, through our good pitching and batting, the score came out 6-4 in Woodstock's favor. This made a total of six games we had won out of the eight games that we had played. But for one or two exceptions, our games throughout the year have been clean, fair contests without any underhanded play-

ing or disputation of the decisions of the umpire or referee. Two reasons may be given for this: we always endeavored to have a clear understanding about the rules with the opposing team before a game began, and we always detested unfair play.

Fortunately for us, not a single player was seriously injured during the entire year, for the loss of one player alone would have greatly handicapped both the basket ball and the base ball team, since there were only eight boys in school who could play on either team.

Though the outlook in Athletics for the coming year is not as bright, perhaps, as it was for this past year, since five boys of the graduating class played on both the basket ball and ball team, yet let us hope that in the future Woodstock Academy will keep up her reputation in Athletics as well as in her high standard of scholarship.

ADOLPH W. LAWSON.

Reference to Reunion

At the banquet of the Graduate Alumni held in Putnam, it was decided to hold a reunion of all the alumni next year, and the writer was chosen chairman of the committee of arrangements. Although nothing definite has yet been decided upon, the reunion will be held either at the Park or at the Academy grounds, in the daytime, and will consist of an entertainment, refreshments, and plenty of time to meet old friends. An effort will be made to reach all who have attended the Academy, especially those living at a distance, giving them due notice of the reunion in ample time to make plans to be present. We hope all that read the Gleaner will bear the reunion in mind and be present.

A. G. M.

PERSONALS OF ALUMNI

BEFORE 1888.

"I depend upon the Gleaner as one of the few links in the chain which binds me to my school days. Don't let it die while I live!" wrote Mr. Sabin last year.

Mr. Henry Sabin, of Des Moines,

Iowa, is one of the oldest graduates from Woodstock Academy. He was born in Pomfret in 1829, and entered the Academy in 1846.

Mr. Sabin shows his appreciation of the Gleaner by an annual letter and by generous contributions towards its publication. To the current number he sends the following poem:—

To Henry Sabin, on His Eightieth Birthday.

'Tis good to tread so long the Open
Road,
Then halt a moment at the Bend
While comrades place anew of love a
load
To carry till the Road shall end.

Through fourscore years the Wheel of
Fate has turned;
Betimes the index seemed to rest
Where Error, Toil, or Grief deep scare
had burned;
But you no doubt or fear oppressed.

You ever knew the Master could not
err;
Unflinching walked and knew no fear.
Your vision clear no murky doubt could
blur,
For Faith and hope were ever near.

On this, the anniversary of your birth,
Your friends with joy recount the
days
In which to school and state you gave
your worth,
And earned so well the meed of praise.

No greater good can come to man than
this:
That Age shall gently on him rest;
And when Kind Nature gives the Part-
ing Kiss
Shall merit "He hath done his best."

May many milestones down the Open
Way
Await your passage, dearest friend;
May Comfort, Love and Peace attend
this day
And constant bide until the end.

—O. J. Laylander.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 23, 1909.

Among the older Alumni we record the death of Mrs. Sarah Browning early in June of the present year. Her home

was in Fall River and her body was brought to Woodstock for burial.

Andrew Lincoln Lyon of 313 Bond street, Asbury Park, N. Y., who was a student in the old Academy from 1851 to 1859, after having taught forty years in New Jersey, and in seventeen different schools in the central and southern part of that State, has now resigned, and is spending a part of the summer at his cabin—the "Little Bresh Hut"—at Oakledge, in Woodstock.

Mrs. Frank J. Russell recently received congratulations from many friends upon her eightieth birthday.

Miss Emma F. Palmer sends a picture of John M. Wolcott, Principal in 1853, for the archives of the Academy, Miss Maria Palmer being another of her teachers. She entered in the fall of 1853, boarding at Elmwood Hall through the winter. Some of the classmates she recalls are Mrs. Anna May, Mary Marcy, Mary Warner, Lottie Lowe, Miss Warren, Miss Sawyer.

Miss M. Jennie Atwood, a highly esteemed teacher in the Academy many years ago, sends a message of kindest remembrance to the old-time Woodstock friends, whose warm-hearted hospitality made her stay among them so pleasant.

Miss Atwood was associated in her work with Mr. Davidson and Miss Beach. She writes the school was then large in numbers and composed of a fine class of pupils, whom it was a pleasure to teach. Her memories of her three years at Woodstock are of the pleasantest, and she is always glad to read of Woodstock Academy's progressive spirit and of any improvements which will help it to broaden its sphere of usefulness.

Mr. F. E. Burnett, a former Principal of the Academy, is now connected with the firm of Balch Bros., Providence, and introduces "Stoddard's Lectures" in various sections of New England. His home is in Putnam.

G. C. Segur, M. D., still has an office in Hartford on Farmington avenue and a summer home at Wethersfield.

Miss Susan Gordon has traveled extensively during the past year. Sailing westward from San Francisco last September, she visited the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, India, Ceylon and the Holy Land. Starting backward by the European route, she visited Naples, availed herself of the privilege of witnessing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and later took a trip to Norway and Sweden. She expected to sail for home on the ninth of August.

Mr. Clarence W. Bowen and family

are spending the summer months in England and France.

Mr. Henry Potter has served for the past four years upon the State Board of Education. Mr. and Mrs. Potter make their headquarters in Hartford for the winter months, returning to their pleasant home in Woodstock for the vacation season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Keith (Lillian Davenport), with their two sons and Mrs. Marcy, Mrs. Keith's aunt, are traveling in Europe this summer. Their oldest son, Elmer, is to enter Oriel College, Oxford, having obtained the Rhodes Scholarship for Connecticut. Mrs. Keith in a letter to us expresses interest in the Gleaner and in its continuance.

A deep sorrow has come to the family of Willard C. Armes in the death of his daughter, Dora, the wife of Prof. E. Leon Chaffee of Cambridge, Mass.

The First Baptist Church of Grafton, Mass., of which Rev. George L. Hibbard has been pastor for more than thirteen years, has remodelled its house of worship at a cost of \$10,000. The dedication occurred June 5 and 6, 1910.

Everett Barnes of Preston, Conn., has been Master of New London Pomona Grange the past year.

Francis P. Bacheler, a student of the Academy in '79 and '80, is pastor of the Congregational Church in Talcottville, Conn. His brother, Gilbert, '85, is pastor of a church at New Lebanon, N. Y., while Miss Mary M. Bacheler resides in Norwich Town, Conn.

In acknowledging the receipt of Gleaner for 1909, Edward H. Parkhurst sends "best wishes for Old Woodstock." He is with the E. B. Sheldon Co., New Haven.

Mrs. Mary Langden Pierce expresses her appreciation of the Gleaner and says she shall ever be interested in the welfare and success of the Academy. She has four children, and lives in Washington, Kansas.

Maj. William F. Flynn has been detailed on a Board to revise the equipment of the cavalry branch of service at the United States Rock Island Arsenal. This arsenal is situated on an island of nine hundred and ninety acres in the Mississippi river. The water power at this arsenal is second only to Niagara Falls.

Rev. Herbert Armes has taken a new charge during the year and is pleasantly located at North Middleborough, Mass.

In October of 1909 Mildred, the daughter of Charles A. Bowen, was

married to Henry L. Allen in New Bedford, Mass., and is now living in Plainville, N. J., and in July of the present year the engagement of his daughter Marguerite was announced to Dr. Sparrow of Worcester, Mass. Mr. Bowen's interest in the Gleaner does not abate.

Miss Inez Lord, a former teacher in our Academy, has accepted the position as a Superintendent in the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I.

It was hoped that an article from Mr. L. H. Healy would appear in this issue of the Gleaner, but the State Grange, of which he is Master, and the State Board of Agriculture, of which he is a member, and the State Tax Collecting Association to which he belongs and the claims of Windham County, of which he is Deputy Sheriff, and the Woodstock Agricultural Fair, of which he is Secretary, and the town of Woodstock, of which he is Tax-Collector, seem to have the right of way. Incidentally, as he has only several engagements to speak at field meetings and a farm to manage, would it not seem fitting for him to avail himself of the privilege of Gleaner writing to occupy some of his *leisure moments*?

Mr. Edwin O. Sumner, formerly of Eastford, now makes his home in Wilmamantic, where he has the position of Superintendent of Streets.

Mrs. Lottie Lyon Gardiner of Kansas recently gladdened her Woodstock friends with a visit, shortly before embarking for a trip abroad. She is now enthusiastic over the charm of European travel.

Mr. Hamilton Holt has had an eventful year. After lecturing successfully before thirty-five universities, he was obliged to take a four months' vacation because of serious illness. We are very glad to be able to report his recovery and that he has accepted an invitation to visit Mexico in September with a party of American journalists and participate in the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of Mexican independence. During the past year Mr. Holt has published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a book, entitled "Commercialism and Journalism."

Mr. Asa May of Howard, R. I., has the sympathy of his Woodstock friends in the recent loss of his estimable wife.

Mrs. Annie Williams Walker has changed her place of residence from Pittsfield to New Bedford, Mass., where she has a position as stenographer with an insurance company.

Mrs. Dwight Burrill (nee Gertrude Way) has moved to Detroit, Michigan.

Her husband has received the appointment of Superintendent of the National Gas and Electric Light and Power Co. in its central division, which covers territory between New York State and the Mississippi river.

The name of a prominent alumnus of Woodstock Academy is being considered for Connecticut's Gubernatorial Chair, that of Hon. Everett J. Lake. His election to the highest office in the State would be gratifying to many former school-mates.

Louis H. Lindeman now lives in East Woodstock, where he has purchased a farm.

William J. Lindeman has spent the past year in Tarrytown, N. Y.

Justin Green and family have spent the summer in Stonington.

Mary A. C. Avery is teaching music in Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Josie Day Chandler makes her home in Cowesett, R. I.

Edw. H. Mann, formerly of Putnam, is living at San Diego, California.

Mr. Wilbur Towne and wife, with his daughter and son-in-law, now make their home in Mansfield, Conn.

Mr. Robert Mathewson of Wakefield, Nebraska, with wife and children, has been spending a portion of the summer in this vicinity.

Dr. Henry Mathewson is stationed at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, in the United States Marine Service, where he is in charge of tubercular patients.

PERSONALS SINCE 1888.

1894.

"Gradatim."

Max Rockwell is doing illustrations for Life and for the books of a Boston publishing house.

Anne Hall Gaylord's address is still 14,184 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Alfred T. Child is now assistant superintendent of the copper department of the Perth Amboy plant of the American Smelting and Refining Co.

Edward S. Boyden has a position in the office of the Southbridge Optical Works. His many Woodstock friends are glad to have him back in this vicinity.

1895.

"Non Nobis Solum."

Jessie Bowen Palmer spent the summer of 1910 in California. Her husband has recently undertaken a new post as director of agriculture in the Agricultural High School in Gardena, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Sara Colvin has been spending the summer at West Boylston with her family.

Alice Sharpe Johnson has helped Louise Grosvenor in her leather decoration and has had a small private school.

Stella Tompkins Waterbury's address is R. F. D. No. 15, Tonica, Ill. She writes that she lives in a brick house seventy years old at the top of a very steep hill, and that her hobbies are her baby, her husband, and her garden.

Edith H. Hall spent five months abroad this year in Greece, Crete and Sicily. In Crete she helped to excavate a prehistoric cemetery and afterwards began the work of clearing a large town site.

1896.

"Do Ye Next Thyng."

For news of Mary Bowen Keith, see "Morning."

Ralph Pike is now working for the Public Service Commission of New York City as designer in charge of a squad of draftsmen.

Joseph Shepard is accountant for the Bryant Electric Co. of Bridgeport, in charge of the billing department. For further news, see "Noon."

1897.

"Alta Petens."

Arthur Williams has built himself a house in East Providence.

Howard Frost's twin children with Mrs. Frost have been in West Woodstock this summer.

A. Lloyd Cooper is in the flour and feed business in Groton, N. Y.

Constance Holt took a trip to Bermuda this past winter.

Louise Grosvenor now has her studio in a separate small house which her father has built for her in the rear of his residence at Pomfret.

1898.

"Esse Quam Videri."

Every member of this class is continuing the occupation reported for him or her in the last issue of the Gleaner.

1899.

"In Limine."

Ruby Sanborn is spending her vacation in Winchester, Mass., with her mother. She has also taken a walking trip in the White Mountains with Faith Sanborn Brainard and has paid a visit to Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Child are now sharing Valleyside with his father and mother.

Florence Warren has finished her second year as physical director in the South Carolina Institute for the Deaf and Blind.

1900.

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

Frederick Rockwell has given up his

post as Circulation Manager of the American College Magazine and is devoting himself to floriculture and gardening in Woodstock. His engagement has recently been announced to Miss E. Marguerite Hugham of Brooklyn, N. Y.

John Paine has left Cobalt, Mich., where he has been practicing in the hospitals of the Copper Range Mining Co. He is at present taking the California State medical examinations and expects to begin practice in San Diego in the autumn.

Irving Frost is still with the Queens County Trust Co. of New York.

1901.

"Non Nobis Solum."

Ethel Spalding took a course in Roman history in the Harvard Summer School last summer; she returns to her former post in Norwich in the autumn.

Sabin Spalding has been busy in drilling wells in southeastern Connecticut; he generally spends his Sundays in Woodstock.

Phoebe Randall has been at home with her mother this past winter. They are shortly to move from Vernon Centre to 10 Belden street, Hartford.

Frank Davenport has visited Norfolk, Va., this past summer.

Much sympathy is felt for Herbert Slye of Pomfret in the loss of his lovely young wife, whose sudden death, after an operation at the Putnam Hospital, has saddened a wide circle of friends.

1902.

Harry F. Child is still connected with the Paterson Manufacturing Company at Montreal, Can. On January 1, 1910, he received the appointment of superintendent of the plant.

Chauncey S. Child, loyal to the ideas expressed in his Senior honor essay, is proving their truth at Elm Lawn Farm.

Rose Lowdon Gilbertson is keeping house at 101 Hobart avenue, Bayonne, N. J.

James V. Perrin is spending the summer months in Vancouver, B. C. He will take up again his work in forestry among the big trees of the Pacific coast.

L. Gertrude Taber Howard fully enjoys her Woodstock home.

Herbert A. Johnson may still be found sorting letters and fancy post cards for Uncle Sam at the Putnam Post Office. On February 16, 1910, at North Grosvenordale, he was married to Miss Lillian Johnson. Their address is 121 Grove street.

Jessie M. Hibbard has been nursing the past year near Greenfield, Mass.

Alexander J. Hibbard is in the West

doing hospital nursing.

Florence M. Barber has been teaching in Grant's Hill School, Tolland, Conn., and in the fall will return to the same position.

Lotta M. Stackpole is at home with her mother. Although her life may be a quiet one, it is none the less blessed and useful.

Jessie Withey has completed her sixth year with the Wm. H. Gallison Co., Boston, Mass., where she holds the position of stenographer and billing clerk. Jessie has ambitions and keeps one eye upon the presidency of the company.

Ermond Brunn has lately been engaged in electrical work at Patchogue, L. I.

1903. "Altioy."

Grace Sumner has been teaching the past year in Pomfret. She expects to teach in the same place next year.

Alice Steere is at present visiting relatives in Ellsworth, Kan.

Helen Chandler is clerk and stenographer at the Lyman School for Boys, Westboro.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood is living in East Thompson, Conn.

Grace Church White is now in North Amherst, Mass. Mr. White is employed in the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Clarence Hall graduated from the Yale Law School in June. He expects to practice in Bridgeport this year.

Cornelius Haskell is in Gregory, So. Dakota. He is vice-president of a bank there. This September he is to be married.

Allan Upham has been teaching music in Dedham and Revere the past year. He has also been able to give lessons to his pupils in Woodstock.

Frank Rockwell is Ensign on the United States torpedo boat Montgomery, stationed at Newport, R. I.

There have been two marriages in our class during the past year. Grace B. Church to Charles White at Douglas, Mass., January 1, 1910; Florence I. Hibbard to George Lockwood at North Woodstock, May 10, 1910.

1904. "Veritas Vincet."

Annie Nelson taught in District No. 4, Woodstock, the past year, and expects to continue her work there another year.

Blanche Shippey is still teaching school in Stafford.

Annie Shippey is employed as stenographer for the White Sewing Machine Co., Hartford.

Edgar Whitney is still with the Gros-

venordale Co., Grosvenordale, Conn.

Pearle Allton is bookkeeper for Mr. B. E. Eddy, East Woodstock, Conn.

William Nelson expects to finish his course at Trinity College this year.

Florence Safford is in Los Angeles, Cal., working as stenographer in her uncle's office for the Seste Oil Co. Her address is 519 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Spencer Child is landscape gardener for the Bayard and Thayer estate, Lancaster, Mass. For further news of him see "Noon."

1905. "Semper Paratus."

We were glad to welcome Edmund Gilbert to Woodstock once more at the graduation exercises. He has been employed in the electrical works of New Haven this last year.

Fred Howard was one of the census takers of Woodstock this spring. He is still residing on his farm.

Ethel Rawson has been teaching in Providence the past year. She attended the Woodstock Academy Alumni Banquet, and is spending the summer in North Woodstock.

Harry Wells has spent the year at home. He makes himself useful by assisting his neighbors in farming operations.

Nellie Burleson has taken a post-graduate course in the Academy.

1906. "Tempore Utamur."

Ethel Upham is to continue teaching in the Paine district, Thompson.

Lottie Howard has proved herself a very efficient helper in the home.

For the past year Maude Healey has been teacher of the district school of South Woodstock; during the coming year she will apply the experience gained at the Woodstock Hill school.

Marvin Hyde has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. See "Noon."

Elizabeth Carr has completed her year of teaching at Lakemont. She has announced her engagement to Mr. Leon Russell Gros Jean of Lakemont.

Maude Andrews has been in Woodstock this past winter, but expects to make a new home in Boston.

Mabel Ritch has completed a year of teaching at the George Junior Republic, and will, the coming year, have charge of the sewing in the public schools of Yonkers, N. J.

Sarah Herrington and Florence Welch return to Nebraska University for their second year.

1907.
"Alta Petens."

Clara Myers taught school in West Ashford the autumn term and remained at home the rest of the year.

Mary Myers Graham taught school in District No. 1 in Union.

Donald Perley was graduated in June from Clark University. If his eyes permit, he will return in the autumn to assist the professor of economics and to do some graduate work for which he has been granted a scholarship.

Edith Williams has announced her engagement to Mr. Harmon Morton. She has attended Pratt Institute this past winter.

1908.
"Geduld."

Hazel Davenport will attend school in Washington, D. C., this coming year.

Hattie Nelson expects to be at home this year.

Louise Fitts has made no decided plans for the year. She attended the summer school at Storrs for some weeks.

Winifred Potter will enter Mt. Holyoke College this autumn.

Mildred Brown will resume her studies at the Willimantic Normal School this fall.

Robert Whiting has completed his second year at Clark College and will return for his third year this autumn. He is working this summer as night clerk at The Balsams, Dixville Notch, N. H.

Gladys Wilson is assisting her father in his optical works at Geneva, N. Y. She is spending the summer at Pookooskapog Lake, Fiskdale, Mass.

1909.
"Nitentes."

Bernice Bates has taught school in town this past year. She will enter Worcester Normal School in September.

Lewis Miller has been at home in Woodstock. He expects to enter the Y. M. C. A. Automobile School in New York this autumn.

The remaining members of the class will be at home as last year.

1910.
"Prodeamus."

Lyman Fitts expects to enter Pratt Institute in the autumn, where he will study electricity.

Edith Eddy hopes to attend some school, but has not yet decided where she will put into practice the class motto, "Prodeamus."

Mary Flynn expects to teach this coming year.

Raymond Sheldon is employed as a die-maker by the American Optical Works, Southbridge, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arianna Hutchins is helping her brother in his store in Abington.

Winfield Hibbard has moved to Springfield, where he is a mail clerk.

Florence Hosmer is at present living at home with her mother.

Miss Laura Williams is still teaching in the Southbridge High School.

Bert Hosmer is professor of music in Muskingham College, New Concord, Ohio.

Charles Lindeman is superintendent of Colts Park, Hartford.

John Lindeman is in Pine Orchard, Conn.

Harry L. Tatem is a member of the firm known as the J. M. Tatem Handle Manufacturing Co. of Willimantic, Conn.

Leroy Litchfield is minister, store-keeper, and postmaster in Allyn's Mill, Me. He was married last May.

Will Hosmer is Principal of the High School in Fairhaven, Vt.

Kathleen Leavit has announced her engagement to Carl Vernon Lynn, who has a ranch in Casper, Wyo.

Elsie L. Barber graduated from the Killingly High School in June. She expects to enter the State Normal Training School at Willimantic in September.

Byron R. Barber has, during the last year, taken a scientific course at Meridian College, Miss.

Helen S. Hammond has been teaching in Nova Scotia.

Clarence Tabor is recovering slowly but surely from his severe illness of a year ago.

Miss Adeline M. Ware, who taught in the Academy last year, has resigned that she may accept a position as assistant and secretary to a professor of chemistry in Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Miss Caro H. Stowell, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College in the class of 1910, has been appointed to take her place.

Mrs. F. A. Jordan (formerly Myrtie Chaffee) is enjoying country life, with her husband and two children, on the farm formerly owned by W. S. Steere. Extensive repairs have already been made on the buildings, and the place, which has been improved and beautified, has been appropriately named "Fairholm."

Herman Chaffee has for the past two years been in the employ of E. S. Stevens in the office of the Intervale Mills.

Morning

"What is the little one thinking about ?

Very wonderful things no doubt;

Unwritten history !

Unfathomed mystery !

Yet he chuckles and crows and nods and winks

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx !"

—Holland.

Aug. 25, 1909. A daughter, Constance Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams, South Woodstock.

Dec. 9, 1909. A son to Mr. and Mrs. Willis W. Wells in Golden, Col.

Nov. 3, 1909. Twin daughters, Josephine Jeannette and Anna Adelaide, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Frost, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 12, 1909. A son, Lawrence Bowen Rendge, to Mr. and Mrs. Keith, nee Mary Bowen.

Jan. 29, 1910. A daughter, Dorothy Christina, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, Worcester, Mass.

Feb. 2, 1910. A son, Robert Howley, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Lowden, Spokane, Washington.

Feb. 8, 1910. A son, Arthur Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowe, South Woodstock.

Feb. 23, 1910. A daughter, Amie Gilbert, to Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Eldredge of East Greenwich, R. I.

Feb. 18, 1910. A son, Oliver Lawton, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. Lowe, nee Helen Foster, South Manchester.

April 8, 1910. A daughter, Frances Moore, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Basto, South Woodstock.

May 22, 1910. A son, Merton Dwight, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Skinner, North Woodstock.

May 23, 1910. A son, Joseph Priestley, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Catlin, Swampscott, Mass.

June 27, 1910. A son, James, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan, Haverhill, Mass.

July 12, 1910. A son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, nee Hattie Fitts, Pomfret, Conn.

July 8, 1910. A son, Harold William,

to Rev. and Mrs. Hugh F. Graham, Union, Conn.

July 11, 1910. A daughter, Judith Parkhurst, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sabia, Putnam, Conn.

Aug. 12, 1910. A son to Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Flynn of Providence, R. I.

Noon

"When the universe first had its birth,

Upto love as a pledge was it given,

There's nothing more lovely on earth—

There's nothing more holy in heaven."

—Crandall.

Sept. 28, 1909. William C. Child of Woodstock and Lucy B. Healy of Dudley, Mass.

Oct. 1, 1909. Harry L. Tatem of Eastford and Margaret M. MacNeil of Williamantic, Conn.

Nov. 24, 1909. Ashley Hibbard of North Woodstock and Ada Murray of West Woodstock.

Dec. 29, 1909. Homer W. Brainard of Hartford, Conn., and Faith Sanborn of Beverly, Mass.

Dec. 29, 1909. Albert H. Hibbard of East Woodstock and Ellen Van Lew Cox of West Woodstock.

Jan. 1, 1910. Charles H. White of Uxbridge, Mass., and Grace Church of Douglas, Mass.

Feb. 2, 1910. Leroy Davenport and Miss Beulah B. Munson of Cozad, Neb., formerly of Chicago.

March, 1910. John Grosvenor of Pomfret and Miss Helen Barrows of North Attleboro.

May 10, 1910. George Lockwood of East Thompson and Florence I. Hibbard of North Woodstock.

May 18, 1910. George S. Richmond and Mary E. Treadway, both of Norwich, Conn.

June 8, 1910. Marvin F. Hyde of Woodstock and Florence P. Wilcox of Uncasville, Conn.

June 13, 1910. Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee of Warrenville, Conn., and Alice C. Tripp of Providence, R. I.

June 18, 1910. Charles T. Lindeman of Hartford and Josephine A. Clarke of Putnam, Conn.

July 9, 1910. Sidney N. Morse of Easthampton, Mass., and Lucy E. Mason of Springfield, Mass.

Night

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

—Longfellow.

Aug. 27, 1909. Mrs. Emily Clemons Merriam, Putnam, Conn.

Sept. 21, 1909. George Walker Child in East Woodstock.

Sept. 29, 1909. Dr. Armin E. Brunn, trustee, South Woodstock.

Oct. 12, 1909. William W. Webber in Woodstock.

Oct. 1909. Dr. Channing Newhall in New York city.

Nov. 5, 1909. Hon. William T. Harris in Washington, D. C., aged 75 years.

Nov. 27, 1909. Deacon Amasa Chandler in Woodstock, aged 87 years.

Nov. 28, 1909. Mrs. Albert Bannister (Mabel Wilcox), formerly of Woodstock.

Dec. 4, 1909. Deacon Abel Child in Woodstock, aged 88 years.

Dec. 14, 1909. Ida E. Wright in Pomfret, Conn.

Jan. 15, 1910. Deacon Edwin Hosmer, trustee, in Sudbury, Mass., aged 69 years.

Feb. 1, 1910. James Hunt of Westerly, R. I.

Feb. 15, 1910. Mrs. E. Reynolds (Eva A. Keach) in Putnam, Conn.

April 1, 1910. John S. Lester at Soldiers' Home, Noroton, Conn.

April 11, 1910. Mrs. Polly Lyon Bowen in Hanover, N. H., formerly of Woodstock.

May 12, 1910. Mrs. Irene Carpenter Randall in Woodstock.

May 27, 1910. Mrs. Dr. Albert G. Browning (Sarah E. Arnold) in Taunton, Mass.

July 26, 1910. Mrs. Arthur Strahan (Ada Bartholomew) in Putnam, Conn.

Aug. 12, 1910. Mrs. Herbert Slye of Pomfret, at the Day Kimball hospital.

Programs of the Year

Public Rhetoricals

given by the students of Woodstock Academy in the Academy Hall, Thursday evening, March 24, 1910, commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Overture—Miantinimah Orchestra

Part I

1 Chorus—The Old Church Bell, Leavitt

2 The Battle of Ivry, Macaulay

Martin A. Nelson

3 The Ballad of Alice Brand, Scott

Dorothy V. Cox

4 How I Edited an Agricultural Paper,

Mark Twain

Harris S. May

Druid March Orchestra

Part II

1 The Singing Leaves, Lowell

Louisa F. Howard

2 Chorus—The Lay of the Blacksmith,

Ralph D. Nichols

3 Goliath, T. B. Aldrich

Leonard H. Healey, Jr.

4 A Court Lady, Elizabeth Browning

Mary E. Flynn

The Procession Wonderful Orchestra

Part III

1 Let Us Have Peace, Carl Schurz

Wallace E. Armstrong

2 The Young Desperado, T. B. Aldrich

Flora B. Alton

3 Girls' Chorus—

The Katy-did, Philip Freneau

The Cowbells, Elizabeth D. Preston

4 Columbian Oration, Henry Waterson

Raymond W. Sheldon

5 The Rhyme of the Duchess May,

Elizabeth Browning

Alice R. Wilbur

Overture to Bell Rock Orchestra

Part IV

1 Uncle Podger, Jerome K. Jerome

Lyman R. Fitts

2 The Ballad of the East and West,

Edith A. Eddy

3 Dan Phaeton, Saxe

Adolph W. Lawson Kipling

4 On the Trial of a Murderer, Webster

Herbert E. Nelson

5 Chorus—Woodstock Academy

Rockwell Leavitt

Senior Class Honor Essay—

Adolph W. Lawson

Graduation Exercises

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten,
Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn.,
2.30 p. m., Friday, June 24, 1910:

- 1 Orchestra
- 2 Prayer
- 3 Orchestra
- 4 Address Rev. Gerald H. Beard, Ph. D.
- 5 Orchestra
- 6 Presentation of Diplomas
Hon. Frederic W. Hinricks, M. A.
- 7 Orchestra

Graduating Class, 1910

"Prodeamus"

LATIN SCIENTIFIC

Mary Elizabeth Flynn
Alice Roxana Wilbur
Adolph William Lawson
Raymond Wilnot Sheldon

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC

Flora Belle Allton
Edith Allen Bddy
Louisa Fillmore Howard
Wallace Edgar Armstrong
Lyman Richmond Fitts
Leonard Holmes Healey, Jr.
Herbert Emanuel Nelson

Academy Sunday, June 19, 1910

Sermon by Rev. John K. Moore,
Thompson, Conn., at the Woodstock
Congregational Church, 11 o'clock a. m.

Addendum.

The unwillingness of a few to let the logical decision of the Gleaner's committee "stay put," was not due to any feeling of antagonism toward any individual in any way connected with the Gleaner's publication. It seemed to them a pity for the Gleaner to cease from lack of support, when it was known to be regarded in many cases almost like a household almanac, as well as a link of loyalty to the Alma Mater and a wholesome yearly tonic to strengthen and revive treasured memories.

In justice, too, to the faithful who have *not* failed to send the small remittance, and who, naturally believing others to be equally careful, would not understand why the publication could not continue as usual;—it seemed best in behalf of these to have at least one more issue of the Gleaner in order that they might grasp the situation and understand the embarrassment felt by those who have given so much time and effort, with the cold response, last year, from *more than half the alumni*, of not even a penny in return.

Those who have volunteered to bridge over the chasm of Non-Existence for this summer, have found out by *actual experience* something of the persistent effort it has cost the Gleaner's faithful Editor for the past seventeen years and how much of his summer vacations it must have absorbed. They are now in a position to clearly understand why—*if the Gleaner is not appreciated*, its burden will be henceforth laid down.

The swan, as it floateth deathward,
Gives voice to a final song,
Whose touching and tender pathos
Remains with the list'ner long;
The Gleaner again floats outward
With its note of warning, too;
This *may be* its plaintive "swan-song,"

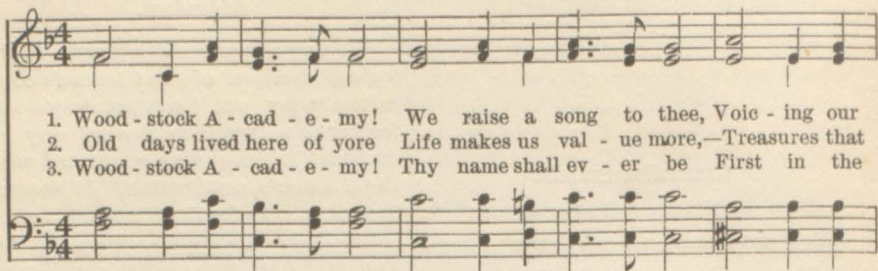
Alumni, it rests with you!

E. F. B.

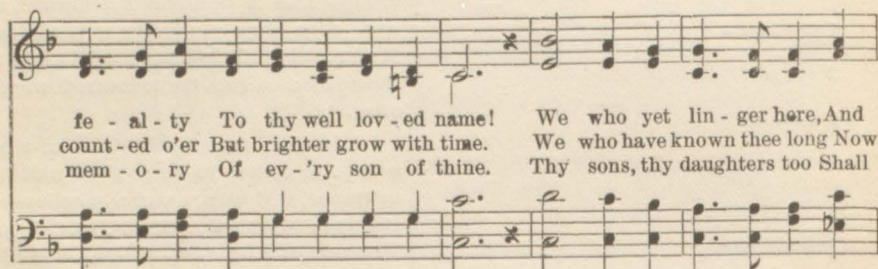
WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

F. F. ROCKWELL

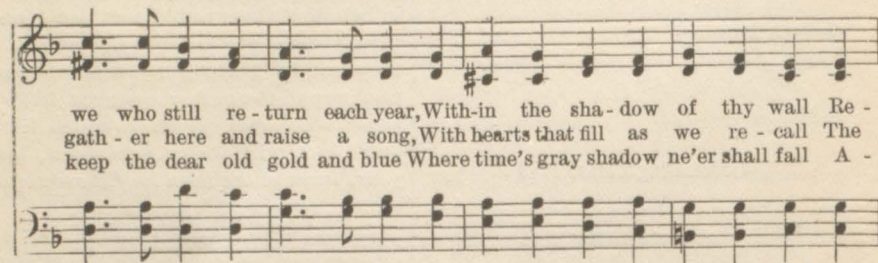
B. E. LEAVITT



1. Wood-stock A-cad-e-my! We raise a song to thee, Voic-ing our
 2. Old days lived here of yore Life makes us val-ue more,—Treasures that
 3. Wood-stock A-cad-e-my! Thy name shall ev-er be First in the

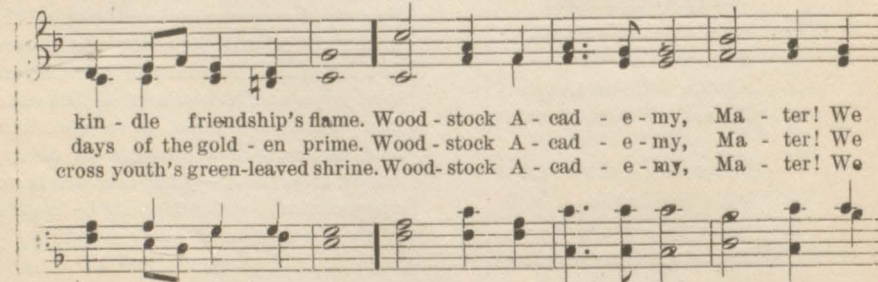


fe-al-ty To thy well lov-ed name! We who yet lin-ger here, And
 count-ed o'er But brighter grow with time. We who have known thee long Now
 mem-o-ry Of ev-'ry son of thine. Thy sons, thy daughters too Shall

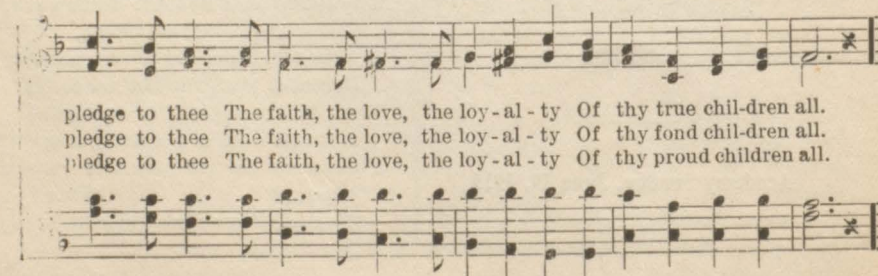


we who still re-turn each year, With-in the sha-dow of thy wall Re-gath-er here and raise a song, With hearts that fill as we re-call The keep the dear old gold and blue Where time's gray shadow ne'er shall fall A-

REFRAIN



kin-dle friendship's flame. Wood-stock A-cad-e-my, Ma-ter! We
 days of the gold-en prime. Wood-stock A-cad-e-my, Ma-ter! We
 cross youth's green-leaved shrine. Wood-stock A-cad-e-my, Ma-ter! We



pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy-al-ty Of thy true chil-dren all.
 pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy-al-ty Of thy fond chil-dren all.
 pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy-al-ty Of thy proud children all.

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