

Woodstock Academy GLEANER

Vol. 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1911

No. 7

CONTENTS

Editorials.....	1
Can We Make Woodstock Academy a Free High School for the Town?.....	2
The Old Woodstock Academy.....	4
One Day as a Union Prisoner.....	5
A Massachusetts Message.....	8
Oberammergau as viewed in 1910.....	10
The Dells of Wisconsin.....	14
Senior Class Honor Essay.....	16
Notice of Reunion.....	18
Obituaries.....	19
September—Poem.....	23
Arma Virumque.....	24
Mr. Dooiey on Reciprocity.....	25
Treasurer's Report.....	26
The Graduating Exercises.....	27
To One Who Wrote of Nature —Poem.....	27
The Raising of the Woodstock Church.....	27
Personals of Alumni before 1888.....	28
Personals of Alumni since 1888.....	30
Greetings and Gleanings from Many States.....	36
Gleanings from Other Letters.....	41
Morning, Noon and Night.....	42
Programs of the Year.....	43

PRICE 25 CENTS

Middlesex Banking Co.

5 $\frac{0}{100}$ Real Estate Bond

These bonds are a legal investment for TRUST FUNDS in Connecticut, so states the highest authority in the State

36 years old

\$40.000.000 invested

AND NOT A DAY'S DELAY ON ITS PAYMENTS WHEN DUE.

Hon. John J. Knox formerly Comptroller of Currency says: "It stands in the first rank among institutions that lend on Bond and Mortgage."

Another Authority says: "The managers of the Middlesex are a conservative slow going set, declining all ordinary risks, but they have had many years of solid success. Other holders of Trust Funds would do well to consider the strength of this corporation."

A solid Safe Investment, paying a clear 5 per cent.

Issued in demominations of \$100, \$200, \$250 \$500
or \$1000

Geo. E. Shaw, Agent Putnam, Conn.

Nothing Appeals to the Community Like Real Worth

Ballard and Clark

like the WOODSTOCK ACADEMY endeavor to stand
first and always for what is best in their line.

Thankfully,

BALLARD & CLARK

Furniture

Hardware

Undertaking

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1911

No. 7

EDITORIALS

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association on June 23, it was unanimously voted to raise the price of the Gleaner to twenty-five cents a copy. This change was made necessary owing to the difficulty, almost impossibility, of securing advertising to the amount we have in previous years been able to get; and also owing to the small number of the recipients of the Gleaner who have paid its price.

The nineteenth number of the Gleaner, then, the first number of volume four, sails out upon its long-distance flight. We have strong hopes that, with our increased knowledge of aviation, and our improvement in mechanism, we shall experience so successful an alighting, that there will be enough left of biplane and aviators to warrant another flight in 1912.

We feel confident that we are giving our alumni an interesting number in this issue. Preparations for it were begun soon after the issue of 1910. Alumni from many States in the Union have sent greetings. Articles from older and younger alumni, although they may not be upon subjects entirely new, have all the interest of home-made products. Great pains have been taken with the personals to make them far-reaching and up to date. Here we must ask every year for prompt and hearty co-operation. There must be about a thousand alumni of Woodstock Academy living. Of these not over a hundred and fifty are accounted for in each issue of the Gleaner. How interesting it would be to hear from that other eight hundred or more! We earnestly urge every one who reads these pages to send us reports abouts himself and others. Don't be too modest. Send at once. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine want very much to hear from you.

The school year of 1910-1911 has for its chief point of commendation that it has been a year of steady, persistent work, mostly along lines previously followed. There have been forty-seven pupils enrolled. Of these, nine were graduated. All graduates of 1911 but one were from the English Scientific Course. Three of the nine were from outside of Woodstock.

Only one student in the Academy studied Greek. This seems to indicate that Greek may well be dropped from the curriculum; especially as the colleges provide for the beginning of Greek in the first year of college work. It seemed best last year also to drop United States History. This strengthens the history course by giving much more time to English and General History.

There were eighteen new students entered the Academy in the fall, and most of them from our own schools. Those who had passed the eighth grade showed decided improvement in preparation over former years. While we realize that many factors enter into the problem as to when a pupil should enter the Academy, and while we feel that it is one of the advantages of the Academy that it can somewhat adjust its requirements to the circumstances of the applicant for admission, yet we sincerely hope that, as a general thing, where the conditions of the common school are acceptable, parents will keep their children in the common schools until they have passed the eighth grade.

Through the generosity of two friends of the Academy, eleven students have had their school privileges at half rates of tuition. Four also have had their tuition wholly paid by State and town, three from Eastford and one from Pomfret. On the subject of free tuition to Woodstock pupils, we commend to our readers an article which follows in this issue.

The class of 1911 has left as its Academy memento, two relief casts, which greatly add to the artistic adornment of the main school room. They are both copies of the work of Luca della Robia, an Italian sculptor of the fifteenth century. They are called the "Boys with Trumpets" and the "Girls with Lyres." The originals adorn the organ gallery of the Cathedral of Florence. The class has made a commendable choice and deserves the thanks of all friends of the Academy.

Unavoidable delays make it uncertain when this issue of the Gleaner will reach our subscribers. We are writing in the middle of July, and from our point of time we are glad to announce that there will be a reunion of the alumni of the Academy on Aug. 12. There will be a game of ball in the morning between two picked nine of alumni on the Common. The lunch will be a basket lunch, which each one is requested to bring with him. The committee feel that this call to lunch doesn't ring with the generous sound of Woodstock hospitality; but with no hotel at hand, no caterer near, with no knowledge of how many or how few to provide for, there seemed only a choice between this kind of lunch or no reunion. Besides, it seemed to the committee that they might devote their energies to other phases of the reunion, even to the sacrifice somewhat of gastric delights. After lunch there will be a few speeches and the reunion spirit let loose. Then there will follow out of doors a procession and several tableaux, rendered by alumni, presenting scenes in the history of Woodstock. This reunion is in the hands of a competent and enthusiastic committee, who are giving much time and thought to the preparation of details. Given pleasant weather, we guarantee a delightful occasion.

CAN WE MAKE WOODSTOCK ACADEMY A FREE HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE TOWN?

It seems to us that the time is getting

riper every year for making the Academy a free school for residents of Woodstock. The possibility of securing for the Academy a wider patronage than from its own vicinity is certainly not increasing. Of the forty-three students enrolled last year, only six were from outside of Woodstock; and of these six only two came from a distance.

These are days in which a high school education is being offered free on every hand. Nor is this free gift bestowed in a grudging manner. Beautiful high school buildings are elegantly, even extravagantly, equipped. Educated and trained teachers are employed to instruct in the classics, sciences, modern languages, arts, music, business, manual training, domestic science, and athletics. Such open opportunities are urging the young people to come and receive gratuitously, what forty years or more ago many a young person paid dearly for, and struggled hard to get.

In those smaller towns where such extensive opportunities are not offered, there is, at least, a fairly well-equipped high school, or the town is in a position to avail itself of the offer of the State, and can send its children to neighboring high schools, and two-thirds of the expenses will be paid by the State. But in Woodstock, since the Academy ranks as an adequately equipped high school, students do not take advantage of the State's offer, nor does the town pay the expenses of their education.

The Academy is therefore in an anomalous position. We venture to assert that there is nothing else like it in the State of Connecticut. What is to be done about it? Is the town of Woodstock to be the only town in the State where the young people do not have the advantages of a high school free?

In view of these conditions, we find ourselves asking if it isn't possible that the stockholders of the Academy, on the one hand, and the citizens of Woodstock, on the other, can agree upon some plan by which the doors of the Academy may open free to Woodstock

youth. And we trust we are not presuming too much in suggesting the following simple plan, by which it seems to us this desirable result may be attained:

First, let the town agree to pay the tuition of all students resident in Woodstock, or else appropriate annually a fixed sum (which would need to be about a thousand dollars) for the current expenses of the Academy, securing thereby free tuition for resident pupils.

Secondly, let the stockholders of the Academy agree to appoint each year, as one of the three trustees elected annually, any citizen of Woodstock whom the town shall nominate. This would give to the town in four years the appointment of one-third of the trustees and thus give it such a proportion in the management of the Academy as its annual payment bears to the whole annual expenses.

The advantage of such measures would be, at least, two-fold. The Academy would be brought into a closer relation to the town, that is, would come nearer to being a town high school. And, secondly, a larger number of our boys and girls would get one, two, or even four years of school work beyond the common school.

Such a step as this plan proposes can hardly be expected to be brought about without decided opposition on the part of both Academy and town. Nor are the objections which will be raised without force. Indeed, these objections should be carefully considered, and if they cannot be met or the advantages shown to far outweigh them, the proposed plan should not be carried out. Let us look at these objections.

There are those who think that the education of boys and girls beyond the common branches should be the work of the parents, and not of the town. But do not the establishment and marvelous development of the free high schools throughout the United States prove that such an idea is the idea of a small minority? Free high schools are an established fact. No one needs now to justify their existence. Nor can many

be found who will attempt to prove them deserving of overthrow.

Then there are those who have already educated their children, and paid tuition to the Academy, who will feel that it is unjust that they should now be taxed to educate other people's children. Such people, as a general rule, are the larger property owners of the town, and, it seems to us, should consider the following fact: if, while they were bringing up, and educating their children, the Academy had been free by taxation, they would, by this time, have paid as much in taxes as they have already paid in tuition. They are therefore in substantially the same position as the property holder who has his children now to educate, but will have to continue paying taxes to support the free Academy, after his children have been educated.

But wouldn't such a change affect the character of the Academy? Wouldn't it tend to lessen that spirit of loyalty to the Old Academy which has always counted for so much? Not in the least, as it seems to us. As an incorporate body, the Academy remains the same. The stockholders simply agree to appoint as trustee one citizen whom the town nominates each year. This agreement may be canceled any year, if unseen obstacles arise. And the town has an equal right to decline any year to continue its side of the agreement. If the people of Woodstock maintain, as they have for so many years, the reputation of being intelligent citizens, loyal to the interests of the town, the same reasons as have always existed will hold good for cherishing a deep devotion to the old Alma Mater, if no direct tuitions are paid.

The objection, however, to increased taxation is perhaps the most serious objection that the proposed change will provoke. But let us look this straight in the face and see if it is as big a bugbear as our fears make it out to be. The taxable property of Woodstock may be approximately estimated as a million dollars. Our rate of taxation now is fifteen mills on a dollar. An increased

tax of one and a half mills would be a very generous allowance to cover all expenses of free tuition of all Woodstock pupils at the Academy, unless the school population should greatly increase. The average taxpayer of Woodstock does not pay more than twenty-five dollars a year, and this increase of rate would add two dollars and a half only to his yearly tax. And the few who pay even one hundred dollars a year would be obliged to increase this amount only ten dollars. We have no desire to belittle the burden of tax paying as it comes upon the ordinary hard-working man. But can such an increase be regarded as a burden when it brings to the town at large a privilege of free instruction in the higher branches for all its children fitted to receive it?

If this article shall enlist attention enough to provoke discussion, we would bespeak for this discussion a three-fold spirit. Let not our loyalty to the past blind us to the larger advantages of the present. Let us duly consider that the best investment which a loyal citizen can make is the payment of just taxes. And, lastly, may we not be so blind as not to see that, in the education of its youth, any community renders the noblest service, attains to the highest honor, and insures its own perpetuity.

E. R. HALL.

THE OLD WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

Some Reminiscences from Iowa.

It was from 1845 to 1848 that I first knew the Academy at South Woodstock. John P. Averill was Principal and everything was booming. Every family that wanted boarders had them, and some who did not really want them took them as a matter of accommodation rather than have them leave the school.

I can readily recall the Academy building. Why should I not, as I was one of the faculty? I rang the bell and built the fires, and they charged me no tuition. It was a plain, unpretentious building, with two school rooms on the lower floor; the entire upper floor except a small room partitioned off for

the meagre supply of apparatus, was devoted to the Academy Hall. Here the school assembled for prayers at nine in the morning and at four in the afternoon. It was an old-fashioned custom, but it helped solidify the school, and had a wholesome moral influence.

The building stood at the head of the Common, with two very tall, but very slim, poplar trees just in front of it. Elmwood Hall had not been built, and the house, which Mr. Averill called "Arnold's Mansion," served for the boarding home.

Nearly every town in the county was represented. Tom Brown came from Brooklyn; Ed Emith (a nephew of Dr. Holt's), and Ed Osgood from Pomfret; Lucy Nichols and Josiah Stiles from Thompson,—they were afterwards married and lived in Chicago until her death. North Killingly sent the Sabin girls, Abby Day and John D. Alexander, the most famous declaimer of his day. John Almy came from Brooklyn; Isaac Newton Cundall, from Danielsonville; Abby Skinner, Louise Skinner, Polly Lyon, Ed Rawson, and Henry Rawson, from Woodstock; Jane Stoddard and Seth from West Woodstock. The crowds that came to the annual exhibition used to stare in wonder to hear Ed Rawson rattle off his Latin or Greek oration. He was the only scholar who ever attempted it.

John P. Averill was a martinet in discipline. He would not brook the least infringement of the rules laid down for our government. He was an irascible, hot-tempered man, yet just in his intentions. As an instructor, he was one of the best I ever knew. The foundation of my knowledge of mathematics I gained under his tuition. Amherst College had at one time six students on its rolls, each one of whom was fitted at Woodstock Academy. I remember one incident of his reign. One Friday night the students, principally from the boarding home, were invited to spend the evening at "Col. Jim Lyons'." They did not think to ask Mr. Averill's leave, and when he found that their rooms were

deserted, he started an investigation. When he discovered their whereabouts he put on his overcoat and went after them. He walked in upon them with scant ceremony and ordered the girls to get their wraps at once. Under his escort they marched back to their boarding place, crastfallen and angry; but the experiment was not made the second time. Mr. Averill died only a few years ago at Concord, N. H. Over sixty years have passed since I knew him. Yet I am sure that the few of us left who were his pupils remember him with emotions of love and respect.

Not to be behind other schools, the larger boys organized a fraternity,—“The I. O. of B. U.” They met in the Academy Hall every Wednesday night. I was not one of the favored few. I afterwards learned that one of the members black-balled me because I laughed at his Latin pronunciation. His name has passed from my memory, but I am smiling even now as I recall his recitation in the Latin class. It was wonderful.

I recall the afternoon when Edwin Bugbee broke his leg. We were playing the old-fashioned game of football, and all went down in a heap. When Bugbee endeavored to get up he found to his surprise that he was helpless. They had to send out of town for a surgeon to repair the damages.

I have not seen Woodstock for many years. But of all the cherished pictures which hang on memory's walls, those which recall “Academy days” are among the happiest of my life.

“Oft in the stilly night,

When slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me.”

HENRY SABIN.

ONE DAY AS A UNION PRISONER

Soldiers' Home, Lafayette, Ind.,

July 14, 1911.

Dear Editor:

As a former student of the old Academy ('60-'61-'62), I am interested in everything pertaining to it. Some one

has been sending me a copy of the Gleaner every year. In it, very often, I see the names of old friends and learn of their whereabouts. For this reason I prize it very highly.

I enclose some manuscript, descriptive of one day's experience as a Union soldier in 1863. I was a member of the 18th Connecticut, and lived in the house next to the church when I enlisted.

With best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. H. SAWYER.

Late in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 17, 1863, a column of Union prisoners of war stood in ranks of fours in the road near the old town of Winchester, Va. They had just come out of the dirt fort on the high hill behind them and were waiting for the order to march. Before them, for ninety-two miles, lay the broad highway, winding up the beautifully Valley of Virginia, to the town of Staunton. Beyond that, for one hundred miles, stretched a line of railroad, through a most mountainous country. At the end of this railroad the doors of Libby Prison would open to receive the captured Yankees.

These prisoners were a part of a little army of seven thousand men that, under the command of that intense patriot and ready fighter, General R. H. Milroy, had stood in the way of that part of Lee's army, Ewell's Corps of thirty-five thousand men, then surging northward, to meet a few days later the veterans of Meade's army at Gettysburg.

All through the previous Saturday and Sunday, June 13 and 14, Milroy maneuvered and fought his little army; but the extended ranks of the enemy pressed against his front and round his flanks, till at last, Monday morning, June 15, he was surrounded and crushed. His army was destroyed, he himself barely escaping with the few who cut through the encompassing lines of gray.

The batch of prisoners above mentioned was the first consignment to the South. They were men from New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Ohio,

Maryland, and New Jersey. The 58th Virginia, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, surrounded them on both flanks, front and rear. When ready to start, their commander, Col. Board, riding a gray horse, moved to the centre of the line and thus addressed his men:

"Soldiers of the 58th: These Yankees have fallen into our hands by the fortune of war. I want them treated like gentlemen as long as they behave as such. If I know of any abuse or insults, it will be punished." Then, trotting to the head of column,

"Forward, M-a-r-c-h!"

Nothing could have been better than the treatment we received from these men while under their charge. It was when we arrived at Staunton and the 58th turned us over to Richmond City guards that screws were put on.

Thus, about six o'clock in the afternoon, we began the journey to the rebel capital. Passing through the silent streets of the town, we swung out upon the broad white turnpike, made famous more than a year later by Sheridan's famous ride. At first the prisoners were silent. The events of the past few days were fresh in mind. The rattle of musket firing, the crash of artillery and bursting shells were still ringing in our ears. The sight of mangled forms of comrades as they lay upon the field; the uncertain fate of others; thoughts of home and the contemplation of the probable misery awaiting us, could not produce a feeling of very great cheerfulness.

But as the cool evening breeze sprang up and the novelty of the situation was realized, a subdued conversation arose, gradually increasing in volume, then into jokes and calls, chaffing each other and even the guards. When, after a march of about ten miles, we filed to the right into a field just outside of Newtown, for the night's bivouac, a tone of cheerfulness, even hilarity, prevailed in the blue-clad ranks.

To bivouac was simply to lie down upon the dewy grass. The prisoners were packed close together to make the work of the guard safer and easier.

When we had found our places, we lay down among the little hummocks that covered that part of the field. The coron of sentinels drew closer around us, a bugle sounded "Lights out," and the thousand and half prostrated forms settled down to get what comfort they could from the situation. As most of the prisoners were thinly clad, and the nights in that climate were damp and chilly, it was hard to get much sleep.

About dawn those not already awake were brought to their senses by the rebel drum corps supposed to be beating the reveille. The orderly sergeants stepped around among the captives, shouting: "Turn out, you Yanks. Fall in lively thar!"

Long before sunrise the column was in motion, and marched steadily till about seven o'clock, when it turned into the fields. Going about a quarter of a mile, we halted in a beautiful grove, through which ran a small stream of clear, cold water. Soon the banks were lined with prisoners and guards making their morning toilets. A small ration of bacon and hardtack had been issued before we left Winchester. Making fires with little dry sticks which were scattered about, we cooked the bacon and ate breakfast. After resting here an hour or so, the column was formed, and, moving out into the road again, settled down to the long, hot day's work.

Before us lay a succession of low undulations, crossing the road at right angles, from a half to two or three miles apart. The broad, white macadamized turnpike could be seen, rising and falling over these hills, a long distance ahead. On the right, ten miles away, arose the outline of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the ruggedness of their sides concealed by a blue haze that lent enchantment to the view. The sky was deep blue; a cool breeze was blowing; all nature looked fresh and bright, and the prisoners started off in good spirits, laughing and talking. But, as the sun mounted higher the breeze fell away. The many trampling feet stirred up the white lime dust, which overhung the column in a choking cloud. Pangs

of thirst began to torment. The steady, monotonous tramp was held hour after hour. Past pleasant farm houses, through shady groves, where the cool shadows were so inviting, over the clear brooks, where there would be a short, struggling halt for water, forward the Blue and the Gray pressed on together. One short halt in the forenoon, a half hour at noon, another short rest in the afternoon, were the only breaks in the steady onward movement. At the noon halt the store of rations was consumed.

Occasionally we would meet old-fashioned stage coaches filled with rebel officers and soldiers going home on furloughs. Most of them were wounded. At other times, a squad of cavalry would appear, and, riding along on the flanks, have a good-natured talk and exchange of badinage with the Yankees. Farmers and their laborers in distant fields would leave their work and hasten to the roadside to see the passing show.

Early in the afternoon we met a battery of six twelve-pounder guns on their way to join Lee's army. This battery was a brand new outfit, fresh from a blockade runner. Everything, excepting the horses and men, was furnished by the British Government. The highly polished cannon, mounted upon elegant carriages, the fine horses in russet harness, the men in neat gray uniforms, made the best appearance of anything we had yet seen stamped with the C. S. A. brand.

The road over which we were traveling had already become historic. Advances and retreats had rolled back and forth upon it, leaving a blood stain upon every mile. Banks, Shields, Fremont, Jackson, Stewart, and Ashly had fought along this highway, in these fields, and in these beautiful groves. Yet what had gone was but a beginning to what was yet to come. All along the route the huge stone chimneys, standing amid the ruins, showed where once had been some home hearthstone. Bleaching bones and decaying remains of horses and mules lay along the roadside and in the fields. Very frequently the unsodded mounds in the fence corners or beside

the road showed where some soldier lay who had fallen exhausted, and died, deserted and alone, or had been killed in some skirmish. Several times we passed longer mounds where the dead of some little battle had been buried. The shallow trench, the bodies rolled in or dragged to the common grave with a crotched stick, a thin covering of earth and the work was done. Much of the scanty covering would be washed away by the rains, and protruding limbs, hands and feet were ghastly evidences of war's cruel work.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the white "thunder heads" appeared above the western mountains. Rising higher and higher, they changed into threatening darkness. The reverberating thunder, the swift lightning darting from cloud to cloud and from cloud to earth, showed that a storm of no ordinary power was rapidly advancing. Soon came the sound of a heavy rain in the distance, and we saw the oncoming line of the flood charging upon us. It overwhelmed us in the worst deluge of rain, wind and hail I ever experienced. About twenty minutes we stood there in the road, soaked by the rain and beaten by hail. When the fury of the storm had passed it settled into a drizzling rain. With clothing completely saturated, we resumed the march, splashing through the puddles which now covered the road, and about seven o'clock passed through the village of Strasburg.

Just beyond the village we crossed Cedar Creek on the bridge that on the memorable 19th of October, 1864, became the holocaust of death for Early's fleeing men. A little further on we rounded a point of Fisher's Hill, the scene of Sheridan's victory over Early soon after the battle of Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864.

About dusk the column turned into the fields for the night. Here, cold, wet, hungry and footsore, we bivouacked; the wet grass beneath, and the rain still falling upon us. About midnight the wagons with the rations came up, and we were routed out to receive our allow-

ance. This was a pint of flour and a small piece of bacon to each man. Then, in darkness and rain, we started fires and did our cooking the best we could, mixing the flour with water without salt or rising. Tin plates and half canteens were used as utensils. The product of this first attempt was unfit for hogs to eat, but it was all we were to have for the next twenty-four hours. The guard drew a like ration, but they had salt, baking powder and Dutch ovens—also experience.

After "supper," we lay down again to get what rest we could, the rain still gently falling.

J. H. SAWYER.

A MASSACHUSETTS MES- SAGE

In the early part of July, 1865, just after my nineteenth birthday, I was discharged from three years' service in Company B, 18th Connecticut Volunteers.

I stayed at home in the Bugbee neighborhood, helping my father and brother with the farm work, but it got rather monotonous, and as nearly all the men and boys I knew before and during the war were dead, and the remainder had moved away, I was very uneasy. I could not get accustomed to going to bed and sleeping all night, but felt that about every second or third night I had to stay up one-half or two-thirds of the night.

I was just on the point of enlisting in the Navy for five years to go to the Mediterranean, when in some way I learned that the Misses Rosa and Ellen Palmer had opened a summer school at Woodstock Academy, and I was invited, and concluded to attend.

Always having been interested in mathematics, I had often amused myself nights on picket by doing all kinds of examples in mental arithmetic, and in that way had kept my brain active as far as mathematics were concerned, but in almost everything else, I think, I had forgotten the little that I had ever learned in school.

There were about twenty in the school, and I was the only big boy, and it certainly must have been amusing for the other boys and girls to see me, big and tall as I was, come into the school room.

My diary of July 17 says, "This is my first day at school. I fell in with Miss Louisa Palmer just going up to school. I was a little late, but it was not so bad as if I had been alone, although I felt my face burn like a red-hot iron upon entering the august assembly. My studies are to be history, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, spelling, philosophy and reading."

I cannot understand why I should have happened to be late, because my training for three years had been such as to make me very prompt. At any rate, it seems I was late, and I remember it was a very hot day, and I don't suppose that any girl has ever walked up the whole length of Woodstock Hill as quickly as Louisa Palmer did that morning. However, she kept up all right.

Friday, July 21, the diary reads, "Had an examination or review of the week. I had to recite my propositions (in geometry) before the visitors, and that was worse than charging the Johnnies at Piedmont." (This was one of the battles where we lost fully one-third of our men, killed and wounded.

School closed Sept. 12. The diary says, "I graduated with high honors. Was first in my class and also last. I was very glad to have school close on some accounts, but more sorry than anything else. I have enjoyed myself very much indeed, much better than I had expected I should. We had fine times playing croquet. 'What pleasant recollections linger around our past school days.'"

It was at the Academy that I first learned to play the game of croquet, which, it seems, was introduced while I was in the Army. I was chosen captain of one of the sides, and had

great fun, and apparently became quite proficient.

These seven or eight weeks of summer school were really the beginning of my desire for study, and also the beginning of several years of study outside of my regular work.

About the 8th or 10th of October, the Academy opened for eleven weeks. Johnson A. Corbin was the Principal. My studies were reading, writing, spelling, Latin, geometry, algebra, and arithmetic. There were about twenty-eight scholars.

The second term commenced the second of January. I do not know how long it lasted, but I think until about the first of April. I remember Mr. Corbin once or twice a week gave the big boys some extra lessons in the evening in arithmetic, and we really did a lot of studying, and, I think, made very good progress. I know that I was very much interested in my studies, particularly in mathematics.

I lived about two miles from the Academy, but for me it was nothing to walk that distance two to four times a day. We used to have entertainments in the Academy Hall. These took place in the evening, and at such times we played various games, and had a splendid time. We had no regular programmes,—they were entirely informal.

There were many more girls than boys, if I remember rightly, and I used to notice that they depended quite largely on me to lead in making up the plays or finding a way for amusement.

One evening it seemed pretty dull, so Henry Hibbard and myself, after consulting Mr. Corbin, got the key of the laboratory and charged a couple of Leyden jars with electricity by turning the glass wheel by which we generated electricity for experimental purposes. At my word of command, all hands formed in a ring. There were perhaps thirty or forty, as oftentimes people came in who

were not attendants at the Academy. They commenced marching around, and I was apparently explaining some new play. Henry Hibbard and I had hold of hands, and I was very firm in my command for each one to be sure and tightly hold the hand of the other, as we wished to be sure the circuit was complete. As we circled the room and approached the laboratory door, one of the boys brought out the Leyden jar behind him, and at the right moment Henry and I let go of hands and touched the jar. Of course a slight shock instantly followed. Apparently none of them had ever experienced anything of the kind, and the little twitch at the wrist was certainly terrifying to most of the girls, for they ran screaming all around the room, not knowing what the matter was. I started toward the assembly, trying to explain, but they were certain that I was the devil that had done the trick, and they ran in all directions. It ended in uproarious laughter and a jolly good time, and we had no more dullness that evening. Later on we brought out the jars and explained how it was done, but the girls for a long time were very suspicious of me and would not allow me to come within yards of them for fear I had some other trick to play on them.

I suppose the three terms I went to Woodstock Academy were for me the most important of my life. I certainly enjoyed life to the full, and coupled with it a lot of downright hard study.

During the season of 1866 I worked and earned a little money, and in the winter of that year went to school in Worcester. I have lived in Worcester ever since. I attended a commercial school there. The Worcester Tech. was not then in existence but was being built at that time.

In April, 1867, I entered the City Engineer's office, being the first employe of that office. During the first year I was rod man, and also did a

large amount of clerical work for the Water Department. I made out all the water bills for that department, mostly during the evening. I did not confine myself to eight hours a day, but worked hard through the day and through long evenings, and kept up this practise for years. After the first year, I was in entire charge of the engineering work for the Water and Sewer Departments. In 1884 and 1885, and part of 1886, I was Water Commissioner (Superintendent of the Water Department). In May, 1886, I resigned to accept a better position in Boston.

Since coming to Boston, I have had a somewhat varied and widely extended experience in the construction of dams, reservoirs, water and sewer systems, and also considerable expert work for various commissions in the matters of appraisal of water works, water powers, and things of that kind.

I have constructed and built, or been consulted upon public works of that character, largely in each of the New England States, also in New York State, Ohio, and as far West as Lake Superior, and as far South as Texas. In a very large proportion of these enterprises I have acted as designing, constructing, or consulting engineer, and in many others have built many structures and done a great deal of work by contract, often being both engineer and contractor.

During this present year I have designed, and am constructing, as consulting engineer, a large reservoir dam. Am also president of two water companies and treasurer of a manufacturing company. With these things to attend to, I keep reasonably busy.

It is only right to say that a large measure of whatever success I have attained, professionally or otherwise, is due to the beginning made at Woodstock Academy. Every boy and girl in the town of Woodstock should attend the Academy, and I believe it should be the high or prepara-

tory school of the town.

I should like to see a memorial to the soldiers of Woodstock placed at or near the Academy. I believe that the number of soldiers that went from Woodstock, in comparasion to its population, can scarcely be exceeded anywhere. I think that more than six hundred entered the Army and Navy during the War of the Rebellion.

Woodstock Hill has a great attraction for me, as my great-grandfather who served in the Revolutionary War, four different periods, is buried in the cemetery there, and my grandfather built the Congregational Church. This was the first building known to have been raised without the use of liquor. I could write much more, but this is already too long and too personal, and I think, therefore, it should stop here.

LUCIAN A. TAYLOR.

Worcester, Mass.

OBERAMMERGAU, AS VIEWED IN 1910.

"The play is good. It is good for the players, good for the audience, good in itself. Anyone who has the opportunity to see it, and does not, loses both an intellectual stimulus and a spiritual inspiration." This is the benediction, emphatic, comprehensive, and unqualified, which a critic pronounced upon the Passion Play after his third visit. And it was this opinion which held us firm in our decision to see Oberammergau and the Passion Play in 1910.

We wrote directly to Anton Lang from Beirut in March, and later, on reaching Naples, received from him the assurance that, for the performance on June 19, he had reserved places for us in the theatre and accommodation in his home. So we considered ourselves fortunate indeed.

Formerly it was a matter of some difficulty to reach the secluded Bavarian village, about seventy miles from Munich, but each succeeding decade

has seen some of these difficulties removed, and now the journey is quite easy. The railway from Munich is convenient and comfortable, for much of the distance skirting the shores of the Stornberger See, a lake with pleasantly wooded banks. Far off, beyond the blue of the waters of the lake, rise the snow-capped hills, toward which the railroad climbs, by steep gradients. This road was not in operation at the time of our visit, a part of it being destroyed by the disastrous floods, which devastated much of the highlands from Innsbruck to Berne. Fifty houses at Oberammergau were flooded, but no lives were lost, nor was the performance of the Passion Play interrupted. Probably it was to our advantage that we were obliged to make the trip by auto, although it decided us to make Munich instead of Innsbruck our starting point.

The morning of Saturday, June 18, was one of the few cloudless ones which the exceptionally rainy season granted the traveller, and the scenic delights of the ride were all that we had anticipated. On either hand were hillsides and valleys, smiling in the sunshine, numerous well-kept villages and prosperous farms, and we enjoyed the ride thoroughly. We passed the village of Wielheim, Murnau, Oberau and soon came in sight of the monastery of Uthal, on leaving which the road passes under the high cliff of the Kapellenwand, and on the left is seen the lofty crag of the Kofel, with its guardian cross, bending over the village of Oberammergau. Little shrines are seen by the wayside and in the hollows of the rocks, some of them recording accidents, which are frequent on these mountains, among the shepherds and woodcutters.

On entering the village, we drove directly to the house of Antone Lang, and were soon most comfortably settled in his hospitable home. After a good lunch, not to lose one moment

of the precious sunshine, we started to make the tour of the place.

Oberammergau lies at an altitude of 2,745 feet, in the midst of green fields, on the banks of the shining Ammer, a swift-flowing mountain stream that, winding in from the meadows, speeds through the village and out into the meadows again. This stream has been embanked, since 1900, with the proceeds of the Passion Play, which makes it less picturesque, and still does not prevent the village from being flooded.

The older houses are very picturesque, of the type common in the mountains, with broad projecting eaves and roofs weighted with stones, many of them surrounded by flower gardens, and decorated with bright frescoes of Biblical subjects. In the center of the village stands the church, surmounted by its small mosque-like dome; around it is the large churchyard, in which the performances of the Passion Play were given formerly. It is well cared for, and there are several monuments which attract attention, one in honor of the old priest, Daisenberger; another to Rochus Dedler, and a third, to which many turn in remembrance and sorrow, the grave of Josef Mayr, the Christus of '70, '80 and '90. The hills to the right of the village are not rocky, snow-clad heights, as those we have recently seen, but are soft slopes, clothed to the summit with the exquisitely intermingled light green of the larches and dark green of the pines.

The village wears an almost festal aspect; the peasants in their quaint Tyrolean costumes, the many visitors intent on sightseeing, and the rush of late-comers to secure rooms, interpreters or information give to the central square unwonted animation. From almost every nation the crowd is gathered, and by many and varied means of transportation it makes its approach. It was interesting to watch this transient army trooping into town on foot, on bicycles,

in wagons like the Western prairie-schooners, in two-horse carriages, or in the peculiar arrangement called "ein-spanner," in which only one horse is attached to a pole apparently intended for two. For several decades the railroad has brought its large quota, and since 1900 autos have been allowed and have been much used. At the fifty-seven performances given in 1910 it is estimated that more than a quarter of a million of people must have come to this little mountain village. How varied the motives which led the pilgrims thither! Concerning the effect of this impact with outsiders, those best qualified to judge agree that the Oberammergauers are not "commercialized;" that they still look upon their performance as the fulfillment of a religious vow and freshly dedicate themselves, from the Christus himself, to the very humblest participant, week by week and day by day. They feel that they are born for this purpose, and to it they devote their lives. The players grow into their parts and relinquish them with anguish.

We passed through the village to the theatre, which stands near the railroad station, and on to the little hill, Osterbiehl, on which is the great marble Calvary given to the village by King Ludwig. We wandered along the walks by the bank of the Ammer, past the village hospital and the Chapel of St. Gregory, to which sometimes the villagers make a procession. It contains a painting of the Passion Play of 1860. Near it is a tiny hermitage built of logs by the villagers for their priest, Daisenberger, and here he used to pray and meditate. We passed many of the homes of the principal actors in the play, many of which are filled with visitors, all being cared for by the members of the household.

On returning to the main street, we encounter the long procession of cows, each with her tinkling bell hanging from her neck, marching sedately along to the milking shed. These cows wander on the hills all day and come home at night, and the continuous tinkling of their bells fills the valley with delightful

music.

At seven o'clock, the evening before each performance, the village band marches through the streets playing stirring music; twilight comes softly on, and quiet and peace descend upon the village. "The little Ammer River murmurs its evening prayer, the village seems to listen and respond; the tower on the church lifts on high the symbol of the glorious faith that animates the dwellers of this happy valley, and from the misty mountain-tops descends a radiant benediction. All nature is hushed as if in expectation of the drama of the morrow."

At five-thirty the next morning the cannon sounded and we prepared to attend the six o'clock service in the church, "Nathaniel" acting as our guide. The church is large, decorated according to the latest expression of rococo style, has five altars with elaborate altar pieces, and a fine organ. It was filled with villagers and visitors, among which were many priests, who all deem it a privilege to celebrate at the altars of the Church of Oberammergau.

At half-past seven another cannon boom announced the opening of the doors of the theatre, and we joined the crowds hurrying in its direction. We had the day before noted the exterior decoration of the building, which is covered with buff canvas, on which are painted figures in imitation of statuary, had found which of the fourteen entrances would bring us most directly to our seats, and in the few minutes before the play began had an opportunity to view our surroundings. The stage is still uncovered, for the tradition of giving the play in the open air must in a measure be kept. In front of it is a sunken space, which contains and partly conceals the orchestra. On either side are the facades of classic palaces, presumably those of Pilate and Annas, each approached by a flight of steps, and between these houses and the central covered building, in which the tableaux are arranged and part of the action takes place, are represented the streets of Jerusalem as in Bible times, opening on

the stage by antique arches through which the throngs enter and depart. On the extreme right and left are colonnades for the use of the chorus. Above are the sky, the mountains and the flight of birds. The seats in the rear are well raised and the line of vision from every seat is direct and free, there being no pillars or supports for the roof. At the beginning of each scene the outer stage is vacant; the curtain before the central building is lowered. From each of the colonnades the chorus enters. As the halves meet in the middle of the stage, they face the audience and the scene begins. The office of the chorus, like the Greek chorus, is to explain what is to follow. The thirty-four men and women composing it are robed in tunics of soft white material, over which are worn mantles of most beautiful material and color richly embroidered with gold and arranged in graceful folds, according to the taste of the wearer. On their heads are small crowns with a cross in the center, and their feet are sandalled.

On that Sunday morning we waited in awed expectancy the appearance of this chorus, which should be the beginning of the event so fraught with mystery and power. At eight o'clock another signal gun and the drama begun. The Prologus leads the chorus to its place at the close of the soft, beautiful music from the orchestra, himself in a white robe richly embroidered with gold. Standing in the center, the chorus intones the object of the representation. The Prologus gives words of greeting and indicates the spirit of the play. Two tableaux—first, Adam and Eve driven from Paradise; second, the Adoration of the Cross—each explained by the chorus, are shown. The chorus retires and "Christ enters into Jerusalem." The first scene of a drama, the most pathetic and most tragic and surpassing any other in sublimity and power, is before us. For eight hours, with an intermission of two hours, from twelve to two o'clock, the chief events in the earthly life of the Redeemer of Mankind are enacted. But we need not tell the story of the play; the gospel

story is known by heart. To represent this story, twenty-four tableaux, the subjects of which are drawn from both the Old and the New Testaments, are shown; as many descriptions are given by the chorus; seventeen representations, each consisting of several scenes are enacted. We can only attempt the description of those scenes which appealed most strongly to us, with the advice to any one who would know the Passion Play as it is, to see it for himself. And first a word concerning those taking the principal parts. We had known the Christus in his home, had seen Nathaniel in the early morning, but had purposely avoided seeing the others until they should appear on the stage. Anton Lang has a face gentle, meek and beautiful, with no mark of weakness, set as it were in a frame of hair and beard, blond and silken, and has proved himself a worthy successor of Josef Mayr, who as Christus during three seasons received unqualified praise. Before 1900 he had been simply one of the throng, and great was his surprise when he was chosen for the highest position, and Josef Mayr pronounced the verdict, "Young man, you'll do." One can hardly speak of him as "acting." He lived the life of Him he represented. Not once through all the long day did he fall from the high ideal demanded of him. Johann Zwink takes the difficult role of Judas with splendid tragic power, and Alfred Bierling, a young man of nineteen years, well impersonates the "disciple whom Jesus loved." Among the women, Otilie Zwink, daughter of Johann, recalls the wonderful sweetness, tenderness and depth of feeling which makes Rosa Lang the ideal of all future Marys. Indeed, of all the actors, it seems as if they, by making the play their absorbing thought, their life, grow to assume the expression of those whom they so often represent. And what is true of the spirit of the players is equally true of every detail of the representation. Dignity and simplicity are the keynote. The first half of the play is more dramatic, the action is more swift and

vigorous, and there are more points of culminating interest than in the second part. The first half of the second part is rather too slow in action, the scenes of the trials are very long, and the last half, the scenes upon Calvary, are extremely solemn and intense in their import. From the opening chorus of "Hosanna" to the final "Halleluiahs" all is wonderful.

The scenes which impressed me most were "Christ and His Disciples at the institution of the Last Supper" and "Christ before Pilate."

The hush of the action in the upper rooms, where the stillness is broken only by the interpretative chorus of the angelic choir, the sincere and reverent attitude of the participants, the absence of a single false intonation, a single careless gesture, a single fall from the highest reverence, make this one scene well worth the entire trip to Oberammergau. Our own communion service will ever after have a fuller significance and a deeper meaning to me from my having seen these simple peasants represent in a manner and devotion peculiarly their own this beautiful and solemn event.

In the "Christ before Pilate" nearly six hundred are on the stage, and in grandeur, dignity and power no representation of this scene by painter or secular artist can approach the impressiveness of this living picture. The commanding figure of Pilate, standing upon his balcony surrounded by his officers, Christ in the street below held by Roman soldiers and surrounded by the rabble, still calm, dignified, submissive and ready for this great sacrifice, the voice of the people which Pilate cannot resist and which Christ will not refuse, this surely is the climax of the play, pointing directly to Calvary and the Cross. The Crucifixion, the Resurrection and Ascension follow, and with a song of hope and triumph the Passion Play closes.

The bright, beautiful June Sunday is one long to be remembered by those who during it had witnessed the most sublime spectacle ever given to the

world, and nothing but reverent appreciation of the wonderful representation was heard from our party. We walked high up toward the Kofel cross and spent the evening in quiet and meditation.

On the morrow, the rain fell in torrents, and we deferred our leave-taking till late in the day. In spite of rain, we went into most of the homes of the principal actors, talked with them about their daily occupations, and were shown specimens of their handiwork. In many a voice there were tones of sadness in speaking of the uncertainty of taking part in the performance of 1920. I asked Mary how she was trained for her part. Most simply she replied, "I am not trained. I act as I feel." Anton Lang and his wife were anticipating a visit to Palestine, and many were the questions they asked concerning that land, where in imagination they have lived for so long. I learn they were doomed to disappointment for last winter, but I hope not for always.

We left Oberammergau determined if possible again to see the Passion Play and to spend a longer time in the peaceful valley and among this devoted, consecrated mountain folk.

S. D. GORDON.

THE DELLS OF WISCONSIN

Having been detailed last September to accompany, for a special purpose, some troops on a march across the State of Wisconsin, I found the portion of the journey lying along the Wisconsin river so attractive I must give a brief description to the readers of the Gleaner.

Marching eastward we reached the river near the town of Kilbourn and crossed it at that point. It would appear that all the rock in the State had been segregated into a kind of small mountain range in this vicinity,—at least we saw but little elsewhere, while here it existed in large masses, which seem at some time or other to have been continuous, but which now the river separates and flows quietly along between precipitous walls of rock, most pic-

turesque in appearance. It is a long time since I have studied it, so I have pretty well forgotten my geology, and I cannot at present accurately account for this phenomenon. From the appearance of the gorge one could be led to believe that the river had cut its channel out by pure evasion. This view may be entirely wrong,—maybe the gorge was made by volcanic action, maybe by glaciers, I cannot say. Anyway, the rocks are all rounded and smoothed off just as though it had been done by water. In many places caverns penetrate the rock walls, sometimes to considerable distance, forming grottoes and tortuous channels both curious and interesting. This natural curiosity goes by the name of the Dells of the Wisconsin.

A dam has been built near Kilbourn and equipped with dynamos and conductors. The power of the Wisconsin is by this means transformed into electric current, carried to Milwaukee, and there utilized in running the street cars of that city. The local manager took us in the company's steamboat for a trip through the Dells, a distance of some five or six miles. We greatly enjoyed the sail. The rock walls assume strange and peculiar shapes, due to the action of the water, ice or whatever the origin was. The imagination of the native has not been dormant, and most of these curious forms have been discovered to bear some resemblance to other known objects, and have thus been named. I recall a few: The Inkstand and the Sugar Bowl, the Swallow's Nest and the Hawk's Bill, the Navy Yard, etc.

The river makes some sharp turns, one of which is called the Devil's Elbow. I believe here the water is over one hundred feet deep and less than one hundred feet wide. The turn is well toward a right angle. Our steamboat was a good sized one and seemed to about fill this narrow passage. I expected that the pilot would slow down and make this turn with great care. Nothing of the sort. He kept at full speed and wound his course about the Elbow with apparently as little trouble

as though he were on the open sea. He had been pilot on this river for something like fifty years, so I suppose he had learned how. We stopped here and there on the course, went ashore, and visited points of especial interest. At one place we walked back in the forest for a quarter of a mile or so and then came suddenly to the edge of a precipice. The vertical wall of rock having a depth of eighty or ninety feet was somewhat accentuated by its top overhanging a few feet, table rock fashion. This, I believe, is called a bathing cliff. Right in front of us rose from the ground below a column or shaft of rock about ten or fifteen feet in diameter, also capped at the top by a table rock, which was some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. This table was on the same level as that upon which we stood, had evidently at one time been connected with it, and was now separated by only some six or eight feet at its nearest point. Our guide displayed his skill and daring by leaping nimbly back and forth from the parent rock where we stood to the isolated table, which, as I have said, was some eighty or ninety feet above the ground, smooth and bare, with nothing to grasp in case of a slip. The jump itself was not a great one; probably most of us could have made it. Our guide, however, cautioned us not to try it, as people had been killed in so doing. His advice, while good, appeared superfluous. No one present indicated the slightest desire to try this jump. The columnar portion of Stand Rock, as it is called, is of a soft sand stone, and the wind has doubtless played its part as an eroding agency in shaping this column. It was doing so at the time of our visit.

Our voyage terminated in a visit to the Witches' Gulch. This is a most curious freak of nature. A long, tortuous gallery with overhanging rocky walls, in most of its distance completely shutting out the view above, and in some cases compelling us to crawl on our hands and knees to effect the passage, constituted the chief feature of

the Gulch. Along this gallery flowed a fine, cold spring stream, and the temperature of the Gulch seemed very much like that of a coal cellar on a hot day. Curious grottoes opened upon this gallery here and there along its course. One I recall particularly as the Diamond Grotto, so called from the shape of its openings rather than on account of the presence of diamonds in the form of gems. After a hundred and fifty yards, more or less, of winding and turning, the gallery finally terminated in an open chamber. This was called something or other in connection with witches, but I do not now recall what it was. A refreshment and curiosity stand now does business in this witches' chamber, and dispenses ice cream cones, photos, and rock specimens to such as desire them. I procured a collection of the photos and they were fine. I am sorry they cannot be reproduced along with this sketch. The rock specimens were also interesting, but judging from the recent report of the pure food detectives, the composition of ice cream cones would seem to render them peculiarly appropriate merchandise for a witches' chamber.

Our journey the next day led us down the valley of the Wisconsin, giving us frequent glimpses of that beautiful stream, which served in a measure to compensate for the tiresome depth of sand for which the Wisconsin Valley woods are noted. We camped that night at Portage, and here one felt himself upon historical soil. At this point Joliet and Marquette first reached the Wisconsin and entered the waters of the Mississippi Valley. A marble tablet near where we camped marks the spot. We watered our horses at that identical point. Fox River, which eventually flows into Green Bay, here comes within about a mile and a half of the Wisconsin. The explorer's course was up the Fox, carry across this distance and thence down the Wisconsin. The two rivers are now connected by a canal. In those days it was a portage, hence the name of the present town. As I gazed upon the tablet telling us that in

1673 Joliet and Marquette, the first white men to descend the Mississippi, here embarked upon the Wisconsin, I could not help but recall the words of Parkman: "On the 7th of June they reached the Mascontins and the Miamis. . . . All shared alike at the seven adventurers, marvelling that men could be found to risk an enterprise so hazardous.

"The river twisted among lakes and marshes choked with wild rice; and, but for their guides, they could scarcely have followed the perplexed and narrow channel. It brought them at last to the portage, where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin, bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither,—perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea, or the Gulf of California."

WM. F. FLYNN.

SENIOR CLASS HONOR ESSAY The Year of 1910

The year of 1910 has brought about many changes and advances in all things within the range of human endeavor. Interest centered mainly in politics and in aviation.

From the first of February until May, young and old alike were in high anticipation, awaiting the arrival of that son of New England, Edward Payson Weston, in New York, after the completion of his trip from ocean to ocean on foot in seventy-eight days. New England has much to be proud of, and the achievement of this septuagenarian has added glory to her hard won fame.

Another occurrence of interest was the reappearance of Hally's comet. Though to the average spectators who were awaiting its coming it was a disappointment, it was of great and special interest to astronomers. For seventy-five years this comet has not been in the vicinity of the earth, and as it is most probable that few of us will ever see it again, it was an object of vast

curiosity and significance.

As a consequence of the coming of the comet, disaster, drought, and, by some, the end of the world was prophesied. The thirteenth day of May was chosen as the time when the comet would be most plainly visible. As this day fell on Friday, direful events were predicted. But the combination of the comet, Friday, and the thirteenth failed to produce anything that could be construed as a calamity.

And the feat of Weston is not New England's only or her greatest cause for pride. With the end of the year of 1910 there ended, with the death of one of the noblest of women, Julia Ward Howe, a long life of love and service. Scholar, reformer, preacher, champion of the oppressed, and author of the deathless "Battle Hymn," she left to us the ideal of a true woman of America. In the studio of John Elliott at Rome is his famous painting of Julia Ward Howe. When Queen Margherita saw it she voiced the sentiment of all in the comment: "It is a portrait not merely of a beautiful old woman, but of old age as it ought to be."

In no short sketch can the well-known works of this wonderful woman be done justice. The whole inspiration of her sweet and noble life was the desire to be of service to others.

The past year was the witness of a radical change in politics. The beginning of this change was made by Maine when she went Democratic. That in itself aroused little excitement, but when, two months later, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey elected Democratic Governors to succeed Republican Governors, it looked as though it had been the overshadowing of a general landslide, as far as political affairs were concerned.

In Maine, as a consequence of the complaints in regard to the high costs of living, a revolt against Republican domination was predicted, and came to pass in the election of Colonel Frederick W. Plaisted for Governor. This was an important event in history, because it was the first time for half a century and

more that a Democratic Governor was elected on a straight ticket by popular vote.

But the year brought memorable occurrences for other countries besides our own. In France, toward the latter part of January, the Seine, swollen by incessant rains, exceeded the high water mark in Paris. All traffic was suspended. Homes and lives were endangered. Great suffering prevailed throughout the city. People were driven from their homes, and, as in some places the tracks were covered by thirty-six inches of water, boats were necessary for their removal. But at last the rising of the water was checked by the cessation of rain. Over nine square miles were inundated. The total loss was estimated at over two million dollars.

On the Fourth of July, at Reno, an event took place which perhaps held as world-wide interest as any of the year. This was the contest between the pugilists, James Jeffries and Jack Johnson, for the heavy weight championship of the world. When, in the fifteenth round, Jeffries was knocked out, a feeling of disappointment settled on the hearts of all true children of America. They were moved not so much by the fact that Jeffries was beaten as by the fact that he was beaten by a negro. Then—Jeffries retired to lead the quiet life. And Johnson retired? No, indeed! He declared that he had not yet reached the height of his ambition, that to be the champion pugilist was not the greatest goal that a man could aspire to, and accordingly he entered his name in the automobile racing contest. But on account of the objections not only of Jim Chevorlet, but also of many others, he was not allowed to compete.

And as regards automobile, men have not been idle. Last October, for the second time in succession, Harry Grant won the Vanderbilt cup race in his one hundred and twenty horse-power Alco, in four hours, fifteen minutes, and fifty-eight seconds. This year's race proved disastrous to many of the spectators, as well as participants. As a result, the Long Island course will not be used

again for the Vanderbilt race.

August of the past year will be remembered on account of the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor, while aboard the ocean liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse by James Gallagher, a discharged city employee. Gallagher gave for the reason of the shooting that by the new rule he had been deprived of the means of earning his daily bread. It was the Mayor's wish that the would-be assassin should go unpunished.

Of course everyone has read the accounts of Colonel Roosevelt's sojourn in Africa and of his wonderful adventures in the jungles, and everyone has seen his photographs of the wild animals in their native homes. The Smithsonian Institute was the recipient of many of the beasts which fell before the guns of Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit.

When the vessel bringing home the distinguished traveller reached her pier a great crowd of enthusiastic citizens were waiting to greet their beloved Colonel. Among them were two boys, not yet in their teens, who had ridden all the way from Texas on their cow ponies to welcome home "our Roosevelt."

Nineteen hundred and ten witnessed the first international aviation meet on a large scale ever held in this country. It brought together the most famous birdmen of the world. Mayor Fitzgerald was an enthusiastic supporter of the proposal, which originated with the Harvard Aeronautical Society.

Of all the entrants, Graham-White was the most popular, and here began his series of successful flights that has made his name a familiar one throughout America. He won the Boston light flight, with a record of thirty-three miles in thirty-four minutes, and won the first prize in the bomb-dropping contest, which is of special interest in view of its usefulness in future warfare.

Ralph Johnstone made the American record for duration of flight and also for distance. He made the world's record,—the only world's record made—for accuracy. He gained many more honors at Belmont Park in October, and in November, at the meet at Denver, fell from

his aeroplane and was instantly killed.

But while men were making records, a woman, Bessica Raich, was trying her hand at aviation, and in the fall of the year, with no previous experience, never having taken a lesson in aviation, or made a flight in an aeroplane, took her first trip skyward, and returned to earth without a mishap, which is the essential in the Icarus stunt. By the Aeronautical Society she was presented with a gold medal, representing an aeroplane between the wings of Victory, and bearing the inscription, "To the First Woman Aviator of America."

Aviation has been the one great underlying thought throughout all the year. Of course other occurrences have taken place to turn our minds for awhile from the flying game, but they have ever come back to that ever-present unrest, to the longing for something new.

But when we take into consideration the aviation fatalities of 1910, the death of Ralph Johnstone at Denver, and that of Cecil Grace, drowned in the English Channel, and of Delegrange in France, of LeBeon, Chavez, and Lieutenant Selfridge, and, on the last day of the old year, of Arch Hoxsey in Los Angeles, and of John B. Moissant in New Orleans, we wonder, is it really worth while?

DOROTHY V. COX.

References:

Human Life,
Boston Post.

NOTICE OF REUNION

At a banquet of the younger alumni, held in Putnam in June, 1910, it was voted that, inasmuch as the banquets had not been well attended, there should be a reunion in 1911 of a somewhat different nature, and the following committee was chosen to have charge of the reunion: Arthur Morse, Edith Hall, Constance Holt, Fred Rockwell, and Harry Wells.

The committee have, with the consent of the officers of the Alumni Association, decided to hold a general reunion of all the alumni, and at the same time observe the 110th anniversary of the

founding of the Academy. This will be held on the Academy grounds Saturday, Aug. 12, 1911. If the weather is stormy the reunion will be held in the Academy Hall.

The programme for the day is as follows:

11 a. m.—Ball Game.

1 p. m.—Basket Lunch, at which each furnishes his own lunch.

2 p. m.—Speeches by some of the alumni.

3 p. m.—A series of Tableaux, illustrating historic scenes in the history of Woodstock and the Academy.

Come and meet your old friends and schoolmates.

OBITUARIES

DONALD PERLEY

The death of Donald Perley cut off at the beginning of its usefulness a life full of promise. He was born in Cherokee, Iowa, Nov. 17, 1890. When he was ten years old the family removed to Virginia, where he attended the public schools.

In 1903 they came to Woodstock and in the fall Donald entered the Academy. He was quiet and studious, and his even temper and unvarying cheerfulness won the respect and good will of all his associates. He graduated in the class of 1907 and the same year entered Clarke University. Here his faithful work was rewarded when he took the Bachelor of Arts degree with honors in 1910. Economics was his specialty, and he had made arrangements to return to Clarke for the year 1910-1911 as assistant to the Professor of Economics and at the same time to continue his study for the Master's degree.

Immediately after his graduation he went to Quebec, Canada, where he expected to work during the summer, but he had been there only four weeks when ill health made his return home necessary. The foundations of the disease had probably been laid while he was still in college, and after lingering all summer he died on Sept.

16, in spite of all the efforts of the physicians to save him.

Little can be said of such a life, cut off before the fulfillment of its hopes, but we are confident that Donald's high ambitions, combined with his steadfastness of purpose and manly character, would have made for him a successful and honorable career.

LYLE W. TURNER.

DR. GEORGE AUSTIN BOWEN

In the death of Dr. George Austin Bowen, which occurred Oct. 31, 1910, Woodstock was called to part with one of its most public-spirited citizens, and Woodstock Academy suffered the loss of a loyal friend.

A direct descendant of one of the first settlers of the town, Dr. Bowen inherited a deep affection for the home of his fathers. When, after several years spent as a practicing physician in New York City, his health demanded a change, his heart turned instinctively to Woodstock and the scenes of his boyhood.

This son of Woodstock, so gladly welcomed back to the old homestead, soon became prominently identified with matters of town and state—particularly in its agricultural interests—and held various offices of responsibility and trust. At one time he was nominated for the position of Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, and during Governor Coffin's term of office he served upon his staff.

Located as was his home almost in the shadow of the Academy building, the welfare of the institution—at which the doctor had been enrolled as a student—continued to be near his heart. This interest was still further manifested by his election to a position on the Academic Board of Trustees.

With a rich vein of fun and humor and a genuine interest in young people and their sports, Dr. Bowen proved a cheery neighbor to confront when a student's stray ball chanced to fall upon his property. And many an optimistic dose of good cheer, on

the doctor's rounds, supplemented and strengthened the value of his other prescriptions.

Possessed of large heart, kindly nature and genial presence, Dr. Bowen made for himself a host of friends. A royal welcome it was his wont to bestow upon the summer guests who ventured to seek the charming view which his private grounds afforded, for in his demeanor he ever exemplified Lowell's beautiful lines:

"Not what we give, but what we share,

The gift without the giver is bare."

And whether with characteristic cheer and kindness our friend ministered to the needs of a sufferer in the sick-room, or whether he rendered a neighborly service, it was always with the courtesy and grace of "one who bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

Dr. Bowen had to a marked degree a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature. It was to him a panorama of unwearying interest to witness the magnificent view from his hill-top change from the delicate tint of springtime to summer's deeper hue, and again to the richness and glory of the autumnal coloring. It seemed indeed fitting, as some one suggested at the time of his going, that the genial doctor was allowed to linger until the leaves had fallen and the bright tints of autumn had begun to fade, when his kindly spirit slipped away, ere chilling frosts had come to mar the fair picture so dear to his heart.

E. F. B.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. BOWEN FROM HOLYOKE, MASS.

A tribute would I bring,
Sincere and kind,
To him physician, neighbor, friend
Who lived his life among us to the end.

A native of our town so fair,
A loyal son was he,
Her hills and streams and wooded
dells
He loved most faithfully!

A little lad, he roamed these hills—
In youth forgot them not;
And when, in manhood's later life,
He chose this quiet spot,

And with his household gods came
back

To his ancestral hall,
His father's fathers' friends bestowed
A hearty welcome all.

In town and state with dignity
And right good will he worked;
With cheerfulness each task he met;
His duty never shirked.

In gentle ministrations,
To him all life was dear;
Each day from house to house he
went
With comfort and good cheer—

All doors were opened wide to let
him in.
He gave himself, his time, his
talents, all;
In homes where sorrow and dull care
held sway,
He aided friends and neighbors at
their call.

For rest and recreation, from the
wear and strain
Of sleepless nights and days o'er
full of care,
He had his home, his hills, his cattle
and his sheep,
A never failing source of pleasure
rare—

His fields he loved, and revelled in
the glow
Of sunset fair and early dawn;
The rocks and trees he knew as
friends,
And had a story fitting every one.

So passed the days and years of our
good friend,
Filled to the brim with service
large and small;
Until at last the time for rest had
come—
Long days of rest that come unto
us all.

With windows open to the east and
south,
That nothing should shut out one
hill—
He held communion with those
scenes of youth,
And gentle breezes fanned his
brow at will.

'Twas thus he went to sleep—
With friends beloved and kindred

nigh,
With birds and flowers and trees all
round—

Just as he would have wished—he
said good-bye!

ANNIE LYON KELTON.

Holyoke, Mass., July 12, 1911.

JAMES HARRISON LYON

James Harrison Lyon was born in Woodstock Dec. 28, 1839, and died in Central Falls, R. I., on Feb. 19th of the present year.

A tribute of respect should be paid Mr. Lyon as one of Woodstock's most worthy sons, and also because of his connection with our Academy as a pupil. When Mr. Averill was Principal here Mr. Lyon partially fitted for college, completing his preparatory course at Williamstown. He received his degree at Williams College in 1861 and later graduated from Alleghany Theological Seminary at Pennsylvania. He commenced his work as a preacher of the gospel in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Later he returned to his native town and supplied the pulpit of his home church for more than a year, greatly endearing himself to his early friends. In 1867 he received and accepted a call to the First Congregational Church in Central Falls, R. I. Here began the long and effective service of forty-four years, which ended only with his death.

Mr. Lyon early began to make his mark in the community and built up a strong and influential church. For a number of years he also conducted religious services in a neighboring village, and was always ready to lend a hand in every good cause. He found a great call to duty in the public welfare. He had at heart the interests of public schools, and for fifteen years they were under his personal supervision. He also held many positions of trust in connection with the Congregational Church, being Secretary of the Home Missionary Society of Rhode Island for a long term of years, and was active as a corporate member of the American Board. He

possessed a genial nature in all his social relations, and made many friends among all classes of people, hence his continued popularity.

He was a charming companion and fond of a good story and jest. During the Civil War Mr. Lyon manifested his patriotism by going to the front as a member of the Christian Commission. His patriotic spirit was evident throughout his life by his connection with and active interest in the G. A. R.

Enthusiastic services were held by his church upon the event of the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate. Meetings were held for several days, and church, city and state vied to do him honor. In his address at that time Mr. Lyon facetiously remarked he hoped he wouldn't have to buy a new hat after the anniversary days were over, for he had been enabled to wear the same size for forty years. Among the telling anecdotes of that address we quote the following: "A brother minister resented being called doctor, declaring his theology was not sick. That," said Mr. Lyon, "is probably the reason why I have never been doctored, though I am frequently so called, whether on suspicion or otherwise I will not say." At that time he compared his pastorate to a long journey, saying he had reached the forty years station and that his ticket was good for as long as he decided to use it. Then he should be obliged to take a side-track. He was, however, spared this trial. Though subjected to long intervals of weakness, he kept the position of active pastor and preached only three weeks before his death.

A letter written by Mr. Lyon for the Gleaner of last year is recalled at this time and reads like a benediction, as he speaks of the "Divine radiance" growing "brighter with the passing years."

His death, Feb. 19, resulted from an attack of grippe. His funeral was attended in his dearly loved church. A large concourse of people were

present—his spiritual children unto the third generation gathered to do him honor. In accordance with his oft expressed wish, no eulogy was spoken. There was but a simple service of affection shared by the neighboring clergy. Later a memorial service was held. A devoted people, many of whom had known no other pastor, felt that such a record ought not to be closed without some public testimonial to the esteem in which Mr. Lyon had been held, not only by his own people, but by the community at large and other churches.

ELLA E. CHILD.

ELLEN MATILDA CHILD

In the quiet valley of Elmvale in the town of Woodstock, on the morning of June 5, 1911, Ellen Matilda (Bugbee) Child, widow of Deacon Abel Child, passed without warning from the scenes of her earthly life into those of the heavenly. Seldom are we called to memorialize a life which was filled with so much that is beautiful and blessed. She was favored in her ancestry, having been descended from the sturdy band of pilgrims who came out from Roxbury in 1686 and settled in what was then the unbroken wilderness of Woodstock. Domestic in her tastes and habits, she passed her life on the site where she was born, and where eight generations of her family have continuously resided. She combined in her character, in a rare degree, the qualities of strength and beauty. Wanting in her early life many of the advantages possessed by young women of the present day, inured to the hardships of what was then really pioneer life, and engrossed with domestic cares, yet her natural aptitude and untiring persistence developed in her a personal culture of no ordinary kind. Her educational advantages were limited to the common schools until fourteen years of age, and four years in Woodstock Academy, with some necessary interruptions, under the principalship of John

P. Averill. At nineteen years of age she married, and, realizing with her husband the necessity of educational advantages for the coming generations of a higher order than those of the common schools, together they gave themselves heart and hand to the work of upbuilding the Academy. The story of their toils in behalf of this institution is the story of its history for nearly half a century. The present commodious building, the endowment fund, and the raising of the money for deficiencies when the income fell short of the expenditures, which was a frequent occurrence, were in no small degree due to their generosity and persistency.

One of her noteworthy characteristics was a well-stored mind and a fine literary taste. There was no more constant patron of the public library, and the books for which she called were of a high order. Her memory was unusually retentive, enabling her, before the days of her infirmities, to repeat almost verbatim a sermon or lecture in which she was interested. She was a charming story-teller, and was never wanting in an anecdote or incident to enliven her conversation. There was withal a poetic strain in her thoughts, inherited no doubt from a family line which produced such a poet as Oliver Wendell Holmes, which found expression in her fondness for poetry, and creditable efforts of her own along this line.

Shut in for many years by her infirmities to her home, and to what she once said was almost the silence of the dead, she yet lost no interest in the events of the day. She was well informed upon current topics, both local and national. Among her last efforts were two closely written pages upon the topics, "The Resources of the United States as to the Possibilities of Labor," and "The Commercial Significance of the Isthmian Canal"—copied from writers of authority upon these subjects. And Dr. Edith Hall tells us that no person in Woodstock was more deeply inter-

ested in her explorations and discoveries abroad, or asked more intelligent questions concerning them, than she.

The quality which gladdened and beautified her life was her Christian experience. She was a sincere and devout Christian. Her insight into the truths of God's word was penetrating and deep, and her knowledge of these truths found expression in a lovely, devoted life. She united with the church at ten years of age, and for three-score and ten years she was ripening under the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Her unflinching cheerfulness was not the result of favoring circumstances, which were often far otherwise than favoring, but of the indwelling Christ. The last public service which she attended was one of rare occurrence. It was the occasion of the baptism of her great-grandson, when four generations of her family were present.

The closing words of the tribute paid to her memory at her funeral service are in point here: "There is a place in this world for such lives. They may not figure on great occasions. They may fill no place in the conspicuous movements of the times. But they go to add to those silent forces, which, after all, are the real forces in nature and in grace. They help to leaven society with the leaven of purity and truth. Their departure may not be noted in striking headlines or long obituaries, but it is felt in the loss of those influences in the home, in the church, and in the community, which are lifting the world out of its selfishness and sordidness into the love and light of God."

GEO. F. WATERS.

WILLIAM MAY

William May died at Brattleboro, Vermont, July 16, 1911. He was born in East Woodstock, Connecticut, May 14, 1837, and was educated at Woodstock Academy. At the age of twenty-four he enlisted, serving with the Eighteenth Connecticut Volun-

teers. After his return from the war he remained at the old homestead in East Woodstock for a short time and then went to Boston, where he engaged in the flour business. He was identified with this business until some five years ago, when failing health compelled his retirement. He was one of the oldest members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. In 1863 he married Anna M. May of Woodstock, Connecticut, and to them were born five children. Mr. May is survived by his widow, a sister, Mrs. Fred Perkins of Oswego, Kansas; four sons, Edward Porter, Ernest Silas, William Thomas, and George Henry. He was buried in the family lot at East Woodstock, Connecticut, the funeral services being held at the Congregational Church on the morning of July 18.

J. M.

SEPTEMBER

A wizard passed along the way
As summer was growing old;
He was wrapped in a cloak of somber
gray
And carried a wand of gold,
And he waved that wand from left to
right
Wherever he passed, and—O wonder-
ful sight—
A wondrous tale was told.

The maple bloomed in a scarlet gown
In place of her robe of green;
The fair elm tree wore a golden
crown
And glittered in golden sheen;
And in purple the royal oak was clad,
A monarch no grander robe e'er had
Than in the forest was seen.

Beside the path roamed a gypsy maid,
The sumach in crimson drest,
Through forest and pasture she
wildly strayed,
And upon her dainty breast
Blossoms of deep red hue she wore,
Weaving them gaily o'er and o'er
Till she wearily sank to rest.

The apples in orchards to the light
Their smiling faces raised,
They blushed in a bashful, sweet de-
light
And the wizard's wand they
praised,
For it brought them tints of yellow
and red,
And through their juices the sunshine

spread,
As up to the sky they gazed.
The wizard gazed on the smiling
land,
And spake in a joyful tone,
"Rejoice, rejoice, ye happy band,
For though the summer hath flown,
Ye shall smile in joy 'neath autumn
skies,
Colored throughout by magic dyes."
Then arose a low, sad moan.

Low at his feet two brown-clad
weeds
Crouched in a trembling dread;
"Too trifling are we for thy mighty
deeds,"
In quivering tones they said.
"We see the glory on every side,
Into the distance, far and wide
As eye can see, 'tis spread."

A smile spread over the wizard's face,
And he waved his glittering wand,
Behold! with almost majestic grace
He saw them before him stand
In deepest gold and in royal blue
Clad, in the fairest, richest hue
Ever seen throughout the land.

September's the wizard! He comes
each year
And brings in his magic train
Glorious colors and skies so clear,
And the dry fields glow again,
For over the parching, sun-browned
sod
Bloom deep blue aster and goldenrod
When summer is on the wane.
NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON.

ARMA VIRUMQUE

The opportunities offered in Woodstock and Woodstock Academy for physical development and training are unusually good. The healthful "ozone" of Windham County, the outdoor country life, and in the Academy the outdoor and indoor sports, have produced boys and men developed much more perfectly physically, I believe, than the average man or boy.

However, good as our results have proved, they are not perfect. The average boy or man brought up on a farm is entirely undeveloped in his frontal muscles, such as the thorax, and abdomen, and waist. Strong, husky backs they have, and powerful limbs. And their organic functions

are especially well perfected. But the backs and limbs are often overdeveloped, resulting in cumbersomeness if not awkwardness.

Nor is the Academy's athletic equipment anything wonderful to behold at present. From personal observation the writer can testify that it consists of a basketball, with screens and protectors; a baseball, an old mask, two old gloves, and a ten-cent bat; also some Indian clubs and dumb-bells—not to mention the backstop on the Common. He well remembers the baseball games in which it was his privilege to play, and how the visiting team and the home team thought nothing of stripping their reeking togs of a June afternoon, donning their regular costume, without the application of good old H₂O and Ivory interposed, and sauntering forth on an unsuspecting world with a rakish brush or two of their abundant locks. And as he happened to be the incumbent of the position of janitor at that time, he can vividly recall the dressing room on the morning after.

The writer, therefore, could he have his wish, would see two changes in the Academy's athletic system:

(1) For our dressing room, substitute a locker room, with fifteen lockers and a shower bath. The cost of this equipment is not great, once given a water supply.

(2) An organization of the boys themselves, run by themselves, with the co-operation of a committee of resident graduates and alumni, to promote physical development and athletics. The organization might be along the lines of, and a part of the Boy Scouts of America. Why not see the boys doing cross-country runs to and from school right through the winter? Why should they not take class exercises on the Common twice a week, under their own leadership, developing undeveloped muscles and acquiring agility and bodily control? The committee of graduate

and alumni would find their duties light when once the idea was started. And the very organization of the boys, the meetings and business conducted would be a large source of training and pleasure. The athletic teams would improve wonderfully.

Let one man give the water supply. Another the galvanized iron shower. Two more the lockers. Or, better yet, have the boys organize, get their advisory committee, build their own lockers, make their own shower—out on the roof if nowhere else—and exclude forever all alumni except their committee from their room and shower.

The writer has enjoyed his smoke and nap thoroughly.

C. H., Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. DOOLEY ON RECIPROCITY

"I tell ye what," said Mr. Hennessy, taking a chocolate colored cigar from between his lips and looking over the top of a rumpled Record-Herald, "Taft is a gr-reat man. Whatever he sets his back to is goin' through!"

"Sure, Jawn," responded Mr. Dooley, "even if it was a double-spring bed. 'Tis lucky f'r us he never set them broad shoulder-rs agin th' tariff wall: 'twould have give way an' swamped us all in a flood iv cheap European projects. 'Competition is th' live iv thrade,' but our Infant Industries have grown so fat that we must let him take life aisy—no mather how *we* hav' to take it. But what has th' Fat Wan been doin' now, that's called forth yer pathriotic remar-rks?"

"Why, this here recess-ciprocity bill," said Mr. Hennessy. "He's goin' to put that through in spite iv all th' Canadians can do t' stop him. He's a gr-reat man."

Mr. Dooley removed his glasses and rubbed them thoughtfully with a not newly laundered handkerchief.

"Shure he is, shure he is," he remarked slowly. "But don't think that ye ar-re th' Christopher Columbus in that discovery, Jawn Hennessy. Why, man, his tailor knew it years ago. An'

r-right ye ar-re; I'm thinkin' it would take a big man f'r to get us reciprocity with Canada. A small man couldn't hide th' issue well enough f'r to fool us all. But what is this Reciprocity? Can ye tell me that?"

Contrary to his custom Mr. Dooley paused for an answer to his question. Mr. Hennessy looked injured, as tho his friend were taking an unfair advantage.

"Why, it's—it's—well, it's swappin' even," he said at length.

"Shure it is; an' sight unseen, too," said Mr. Dooley. "Swappin' even an ox-cart f'r an automobile! Shure we're gettin' wan iv th' foinest fifth-rate mar-rkets in th' wor-rld, an' all we're-re givin' thim in raytur-rn is th' biggest market anywhere in th' wor-rld."

"This here pa-aper says," protested Mr. Hennessy, "this here pa-aper says 'twill be a gr-reat thing f'r the American farmers."

"So it will," assented Mr. Dooley, removing the short clay from between his teeth, and with the stem of it gently rubbing a small spot back of his right ear. "It will be a gr-reat thing f'r th' American farmers—that is, f'r th' several thousand iv thim th't has moved to Canada. I'm not so shure about th' rest. If it was *everything* free it might be so. But it won't be that way. Now th' American farmer is a prosperous, self-relyin' cuss, with several million dollars in th' savin's bank,—if ye cud only appreciate th' value iv statist'ics I'd tell ye just how many—an' iv coorse he can stand havin' th' things simil'ar to what he produces come in free—f'r, as I said befure, competition is th' life iv trade. But 'tis not so with th' Infant Industries. They're still in their swaddlin' clothes, an' need help. So th' Meat-Packer baby an' th' Milling Industry baby an' a lot more iv them from th' National Nursery at Wall sthreet, they toddle down to th' White House in their little pink pajamas an' worstered shoes (all knit i'r them be their baby sister, th' American Woolen Company), an' they says t' th' officer on guard, Private - Detective - Plains - Clothes - Se-

cret-Service Gendarme No. 98,372,—they whisper, 'Please, mister, can we see th' Fat Wan?'

"Give th' pass-wor-rd,' says he.

"Competition is th' live iv thrade,' says they.

"An' th' counter-wor-rd?' says th' guard, sheathin' his drawn sword an' wavin' back th' rayporters.

"Ha! ha! says they in chorus. An' he lets thim in.

"An' at th' inner door—which has been cut out extra wide since 1908—they ar-re stopped agin by th' National Campaign Manager.

"Halt!' says he. 'Th' wor'rd?'

"Four years more iv th' full campaign barrel,' says they.

"Right,' says he; 'only whisper it, please; there's a Socialist around here now. Pass in. Don't mind th' tired lookin' gent wid th' chin whiskers waitin' in th' ante-room,' says he, 'he's only th' spokesman iv th' American farmers,' he says. 'He's been hangin' round here about eight months now, but he'll have to go home to help get in th' crops pretty soon. Pass right in: his majesty 'll grant ye an audience—an' about anything else ye want.'

"So thim Infant Industhries pass in. Hennessy, to th' very throne.

"Hello, Bo!' says they. 'Greetings from J. P. M.'

"Hush!' says th' Fat Wan, lookin' around wid anxiety. 'Th' Insurgents have long ears—longer than th' donkey's. What can I do f'r ye?'

"About this here reciprocity,' says they, 'we're afraid.'

"Afraid iv what?' says th' gr-reatest Golfer.

"Afraid th' workers 'll get too fat—fat workers is not good—present company always excepted,' says they.

"Well, we got t' do something,' says he. 'There's an awful howl about th' high cost in livin'. We got t' do something.'

"Leave it to us,' says they. 'Put th' Recip. game thru,' says they; 'let th' raw materials come in free; free cattle, protected canned goods; free wheat,

protected flour; free wool, protected cloth,—that's th' ticket,' says they.

"But what will th' farmers say?' says th' Heavyweight, fannin' himself wid a golf-stick, an' thinkin' iv th' next year's crop iv farmers' votes. 'I hate to treat th' agricultural gentlemen that way.'

"That's all right,' says th' Infant Industhries; 'they'll stand for it. Look at th' workin'men—they've stood f'r free trade in labor f'r years. Th' farmers fall f'r it; they'll have to. But, now, yer majesty, we must be goin'. Our little legs grows weary an' our little footsies tired. Bye-bye. Give us th' wor-rd to take back to the King.'

"Competition's th' life—iv—thrade—f'r workmen an' farmers,' says th' Fat Wan, fallin' back limp on his golden throne. 'Raymimber me whin th' campaign hat goes round.'

"We will,' says they, an' retires."

* * * * *

"Tis strange," said Mr. Hennessy, "I niver seen nawthin' about all that in th' pa-pers."

"Never ye mind, Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, turning to a newly entered customer, "it has a dom sight more truth to it than many av th' things ye do see there, just th' same."

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

TREASURER'S REPORT

1910-1911.

RECEIVED.

From contributions and sale of	
Gleaners,	\$148.15
From advertisements,	15.50
	<hr/>
	\$163.65

EXPENSES.

Publishing Gleaners,	\$96.00
Envelopes,	2.50
Stamps,	8.12
Mr. Howard,	40
Deficit from last year,	1.48
	<hr/>
	\$108.50
Balance in treasury,	\$55.15

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES

The graduation exercises of the Academy were held on June 23, and as usual the weather was fine and the audience large. It was a pleasure to find that the new seats now extended to the rear of the hall and that the Academy's guests could all be comfortably seated. The decorations of laurel and green with maidenhair fern and pond lilies on the reserved seats gave the hall a festive look, which was increased, when the pupils arrived, by the white dresses of the girls. The speaker of the day was the Rev. William Beard of Willimantic, a classmate at Yale of Mr. Hamilton Holt, who presented the diplomas. Mr. Beard's subject was "The Investment of a Life." "The choice of a profession," he said, "is subservient to the main issue of constructing selves, of growing souls. All the past has placed its attainments in our hands. Not only pictures and books, but the furrowed faces and roughened hands of our own fathers and mothers show the sacrifices that have been made for us. This and the fact that no two lives ever have been or can be alike should impress us with a sense of the importance of the investment of our lives. Any investment should be made where returns are sure. The returns from investments in human lives are always sure. All the time and effort expended upon them pays, whether the work of our lives be exalted or humble."

The presentation of the diplomas by Mr. Hamilton Holt was the occasion for several good stories and jokes which were enjoyed by all. The music, it should be added, was exceptionally good and helped greatly in making the exercises a success. There was more music later on the lawn before and after the planting of the ivy and the reading of the ivy oration. A full program of the exercises is given later.

E. H. H.

TO ONE WHO WROTE OF NATURE

New York, 1909.

Comrade, we have taken foot and followed out into the wilds with you,
 Across fresh fields alight with living flowers,
 And shadow-checked beneath the gray cloud towers,
 By long white roads and green byways all day till purple even and the dew.

Oh you in truth have found the treasure not of gold and never spent,
 Caught us the deep-sea mumurings,
 Of scented pines, the laugh of silver springs,
 And given us rest upon the silent hills, under the arching stars—the primal tent.

* * * * *

As the worn sewer sees a tree new-leaved in spring across her street,
 Straightens a moment from her task, and dreams,
 And sighs, rebending over her endless seams;
 So are we wakened by thy glad green world who dwell forever in the roar of wheels and tramp of feet.

FRED J. ROCKWELL.

Putnam, Conn.

THE RAISING OF THE WOODSTOCK CHURCH

Note—Upon request Mr. Taylor has supplemented his article with the following bit of history.—Editor.

My grandfather, John Truesdell, lived for many years in Woodstock and built the present Congregational Church, I think, in 1828. The building of the steeple of that church brought him great renown, as it was quite beyond the ability of the then ordinary carpenter or builder, and he was prevailed upon to go to Rhode Island and put a steeple on the church already built in Chepachet, and at the same time he built a great many other houses and buildings there. He lived for a long time in Harrisville, part of Woodstock, and

while there he, with two other men, built the small brick school house that has been standing there for so many years. I have always understood this was never paid for, either by the town or the school district.

The shingles on the roof of the Congregational Church, I think, lasted upwards of forty years. They were hand-shaved cedar brought from a long distance,—I have forgotten what State.

There is quite an interesting story connected with the raising of the Woodstock Congregational Church. At that time every one used liquor, and it was the commonest and most proper thing when the minister called to serve him with toddy. My grandfather did not use liquor, and I suppose in the employment of men saw its bad effects, and he determined at the raising of the frame of the church that no liquor would be used, and it was so given out and soon became noised abroad. Every one, of course, predicted that the raising would be a failure. No one would ever go to a raising unless they had new rum and old cider to drink. Grandfather was approached in the matter and was told it would be impossible to get any one to come and help at the raising.

I think my father worked for him at that time and he knew father could be depended upon, and said, "Then Jared (my father) and I will raise it alone."

During the construction of the frame grandfather was especially careful that there should be no mistake made in any mortise or tenon, or length of stick, as he knew if there was a mistake made it would subject him to great ridicule, and shortly before the frame was finished he went carefully over every stick of timber from start to finish.

The evening before the raising he was so uneasy he visited the place where his timbers were, and discovered that one timber was missing.

He got my father out with a yoke of oxen and they went over to the Thompson woods, three miles or more distant, and cut down a tree, hewed the stick of timber and put it back in place before daylight.

The day for the raising came, and everybody in that part of the country came to see whether anybody else would come or not. The consequence was there was a larger number present than had ever been to a raising, but nothing to drink. The entire frame of the end of the building was put together and put up at once, as was the custom. My grandfather got up and rode on it as it was raised in the air.

Owing to the extreme care used, the raising was a great success, and no building ever went together with so little delay as that. Nothing was ever said about the missing timber by my grandfather or any one else, and he never knew who played the trick upon him, and so far as I know it has never been mentioned, but such is the fact. I suppose some of the practical jokers in the neighborhood took the timber away to embarrass my grandfather, and ordinarily, of course, it would not have been discovered until too late.

LUCIAN TAYLOR.

PERSONALS OF ALUMNI BEFORE 1888

About 1852

Dr. William Henry Palmer is with his son, Granville Palmer, at 249 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

1854

Mrs. Mary Gofran Perry, a student under Principal Wolcott, resides with her daughter, Mrs. Rufus B. Dodge, 10 Massachusetts Avenue, Worcester, Mass. While attending at Woodstock Academy she lived with Rev. and Mrs. Jonathan Curtis in the house now owned by Professor Rufus Richardson. Mr. Curtis was a successful pastor of the church, and Mrs. Curtis taught French in the Academy.

They are both buried in the Woodstock Cemetery.

Mrs. Harriet A. Huntington, one of our oldest alumnae, kindly remembered the Gleaner by sending us recently a copy of the Academy Catalogue of 1850, at which date she was one of the students of the Academy.

Mr. Andrew Lincoln Lyon has retired from active service as a teacher in New Jersey after forty years spent in pedagogic work. It is a record rarely attained and one of which Mr. Lyon may justly feel proud.

About 1860

Dr. Edward M. Harris, resides at 4 Bell Street, Providence, R. I. He is, during the summer, occupying his home at Putnam Heights.

Mrs. George Cofran, nee Jennie Palmer, of Woodstock, Conn., resides at Suncook, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Charles A. Dean, nee Minnie Palmer, occupies her summer home at Wellesley Farms, Mass.

Mrs. Amelia Besse Stanton of Syracuse, N. Y., who was a student at the Academy 1851-52, pronounces it "the happiest year" of her life. The ambitious undertaking of a French play was one of the events of that school year.

Mr. James Sawyer, to whom we are indebted in this issue for a description of life as a Union prisoner, leaves us with a desire to hear how his freedom was secured. Will he not tell us in the Gleaner of 1912?

Dr. Albert Paine and wife of Chicago are at Mr. John M. Paine's for the summer.

Dr. Brainard W. Child of Pasadena, Cal., is editor and publisher of the Natural Health Science Magazine. He is also a professor of hygiene in the College of Electro-Mechano-Therapy of California.

Mrs. Clarimon Kent, nee Lillian Pike, resides in North Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Pike is a manufacturing jeweler.

Byron W. Carpenter resides in Somerville, Mass. He is connected with a hotel in Boston.

Mrs. Elmore A. Evans, nee Mary R. Barney, resides at 76 Seymour Avenue, Derby, Conn. Mr. Evans is connected with the Griffin Button Company of Shelton, Conn. Of their two daughters, the elder, Miss Helen, received her A. M. from Radcliffe College in June, and Miss Ruth is a Junior at Mount Holyoke College.

To Mr. Sidney Morse, who has recently been doubly bereaved in the loss of both father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Morse of North Woodstock—we extend our sympathy. Mr. Nelson Morse has served the Academy on the Board of Trustees. He was one of the oldest citizens of the town, and a member of the Morse family, one representative of which invented the electric telegraph.

Miss Clara Maynard spent the winter teaching in one of the schools of North Carolina. She is now at Cambridge, Mass., and contemplates taking up Young Women's Christian Association work.

It is gratifying to hear that Mrs. Carrie Godell Pope of Berlin, Mass., treasures very pleasant memories of her life at the Academy. We hope she will attend the reunion and permit her friends to compare notes with her concerning some of the Woodstock Academy history lessons which proved most enjoyable. An interesting case of "evolution" is that of the "old Academy" building. Like the institution itself, this is keeping abreast of the times. Modern equipments and recent extensive improvements have made the pleasant dwelling place still more attractive. It is the home of Miss Nellie D. Chandler.

Miss Mary I. Lester visited Detroit, Mich., in June, witnessing there the graduation, with honors, of her nephew, Henry Way Burritt, from the Detroit High School.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs.

Agnes Chandler Wood in the bereavement which has come to her in the death of her husband. Mrs. Wood will continue to make her home in Danielson.

The honor conferred upon Mr. Hamilton Holt by the Japanese Emperor because of his influence in helping to promote friendly relations between the United States and Japan, has already been reported in the Gleaner.

With the President of the Japan Society of New York, his wife and Mrs. Holt, Mr. Holt expects soon to make an important trip to Japan under unusually favorable conditions, visiting various portions of the Empire. He will deliver lectures at the different universities and will make a study of Japanese customs and problems, gathering material and slides for future lectures about Japan.

Dr. George E. McClellan has recently made a trip to Canada in the interests of the New York Life Insurance Company, with which he is connected.

Mrs. Armin E. Brunn has been chosen a trustee of the Academy. Her generous gift to the Academy of a new piano was very timely, and is greatly appreciated.

1881

Miss Alice Hosmer is Principal of the graded school in Weston, Mass. She resides in Sudbury.

Mrs. Edward Hersey Whitney, nee Mary L. Tylor, resides at 116 Hamilton Street, Providence, R. I.

Arrangements will be made for the croquet players of '65 to distinguish themselves again at the reunion of August 12.

It is with regret that we go to press without replies from not a few solicited for brief greetings. Prompt responses are much appreciated by those who shoulder the work of the Gleaner in mid-summer, as a labor of love.

After our obituary notices have been sent to the printer news comes

of the death of a former Principal of the Academy, Mr. John Manning, whose funeral services were held in Taunton, Mass., July 26. Mr. Manning had charge of the Academy in the years 1959-60 and 61. He leaves a son, who is a professor in Brown University; a daughter, who is a missionary in Burmah; another daughter, who was graduated from Brown and is now a trained nurse. Mr. Manning lost one son—James—who made a brilliant record at Johns Hopkins University.

PERSONALS SINCE 1888

It may be of interest to readers of the Gleaner to know that there is now attending the Academy a daughter of a former student of Mr. Hall's. The student's name is Ruth Witter. Her mother, Mrs. F. T. Witter, was Miss Flora Redhead. Mr. Hall's term of teaching thus covers now two generations.

Fred Hosmer is now in real estate business for himself in Geneva, N. Y.

Halsey Weaver is a division superintendent of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. His home is at New Rochelle.

LeRoy Davenport is in the insurance business at Cozad, Nebraska. For further news see "Morning."

Miss Beulah Johnson went abroad last summer in a party conducted by Katharine Lee Bates. They spent the first four weeks in England, driving through the George Eliot and Shakespeare country. She then toured the chateau towns of France by automobile, and moved on to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

Miss Annie Brooks spent a day in Woodstock in June. She is still teaching in Summit, New Jersey, and is thoroughly enjoying her work.

Florence Hosmer has made a studio out of two rooms in the old-fashioned house in Sudbury in which her family lives.

Miss Adeline Ware and Miss Lucy

Reed both came back to Woodstock to attend the graduation exercises.

Miss Helen Hammond is now second assistant pastor in one of the Boston churches.

Henry A. Lindeman left the employ of C. C. Reynolds, Slocum, R. I., where he has been the past nine years, to be with his brother, Louis, of East Woodstock, at artesian well drilling.

Charles T. Lindeman is employed by the city of Hartford as sexton of the Old North Cemetery.

Mrs. R. (Minnie) Goodwin's address is changed to Londonderry, N. H.

1892

Mrs. Agnes Childe Paine, with her sister, Mrs. White, her brother-in-law, Mr. White, and her brother, Mr. John Childe, furnished the music for the Academy Sunday service which was held on Sunday, June 18.

John Boyden is now working at Rochester, N. Y., in the office of E. F. Townsend, a dealer in office supplies and typewriters. He paid a visit to Woodstock this summer.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt has moved to a different house in Quinebaug, which is nearer the store which Mr. Dartt has recently bought.

1894

"Gradatim"

Max Rockwell has illustrated a book called "Plupy," by Henry Shute, and has ready illustrations for a forthcoming book by Channing Pollock. His work may also be found in Life and in Cosmopolitan. He is to pay a visit to Ernest Haskell this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul P. Gaylord spent a month on a Kansas ranch last autumn.

Edward Boyden is still in Southbridge. We expect him to renew his youth by pitching in the ball-game to be held in connection with the reunion on August 12.

Alfred Child is Assistant Superin-

tendent of the American Smelting and Refining Co. He has sung in one or two cantatas which were given during the past winter by the Presbyterian Church of Perth Amboy.

Charles G. Burd is teaching in the Hill School, Potsdam, Penn. Mr. Burd has our sincere sympathy in the affliction which has come to him in the death of his wife.

1895

"Non Nobis Solum"

Edward Child spent two weeks in Bermuda the past winter. He and his brothers have built a bungalow on the hill behind "Valleside;" we hope it may bring him to Woodstock more frequently.

Burton Fitts, after a long absence from Woodstock, appeared at the Academy on last Labor Day, looking very much the same as he used to, and bringing good reports of his work in Providence.

Sara Hale Colvin will spend the summer with her family at West Boylston, an attractive suburb of Worcester.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is still assisting Louise Grosvenor in her leather work. In July she made a trip to York Beach to visit Miss Grosvenor and learn the latest fashions in her work.

Jessie Bowen Palmer is still living at Pasadena. Her husband has recently bought a small ranch there. They are raising ducks and chickens.

Edith Hall hopes to go again to Crete in the spring of 1912.

A recent visitor to the home of Stella Tompkins, Waterbury, reports that she has a pretty house and a fine baby boy.

1896

"Do Ye Next Thyne"

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sheppard are living in Pomfret, where Jo is employed as assistant manager of the Hoppin place.

We are sorry to hear that Ralph Pike has broken down and that he has been obliged to give up work

this spring. The Gleaner wishes him a speedy recovery.

Mary Bowen Keith attended the graduation exercises in June and reported that all was well with her and her family in Eastford.

Clarence Weaver is now living in New Orleans, where he has a post as Division Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad.

1897

"Alta Petens"

Constance Holt is spending the summer at Woodstock. She is serving on the committee which is arranging for the reunion on August 12.

Joseph P. Catlin is manager of the Clayton & Craig Co., Incorporated, (Electrical Engineers). His office is at 161 Summer Street, Boston.

Esther T. Catlin is active in Associated Charity and Vacation School work in Lynn. She is an enthusiastic worker in an Art and Craft Club, and member of the Lynn Woman's Club. Her chief interest, however, is a small son, one year old. Address 50 Redington Street, Swampscott, Mass. She and Joe paid a visit to Woodstock early in July.

Louise Grosvenor made another trip to Europe this spring, partly for business, partly for rest. She spent only two days in Pomfret and then went on to York Beach, Maine. Her leather business is now entirely wholesale.

Arthur Williams is with the same bank—The Merchants' National—in Providence. He visited Woodstock in July.

Ralph H. Sabin is now living with his wife and little boy at Brookville, Jefferson County, Penn., where he continues his work as a railroad engineer for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Howard Frost is now with the Royal Indemnity Co. of New York. He lives, as before, at 809 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mowry Ross has built up a considerable garage business in West Woodstock.

1898

"Esse Quam Videri"

Emma Elizabeth Allen has completed another year of teaching at Woodstock Academy. She spends Sundays during the winter at Abington, and is interested in improving old apple orchards and in raising bees.

Maria Chandler is still doing kindergarten work in the public schools of Brooklyn, New York. With another teacher she has charge of thirty children, many of them Italians, in the morning, and of thirty more in the afternoon. She is also interested in the mothers' club, which meets once a week.

Sidney Upham is still in the employ of the New England Telephone Co., and lives at Revere, Mass. He has spent his summer vacation this year in visiting his wife's family in northern New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams are in South Woodstock as usual.

Flora Steere Wetherell is still living at West View Farm, East Woodstock. For further news, see "Morning."

James Hutchins has now a large veterinary practice, not only in Abington, but throughout the country.

Edna Frost Tobias's address is 60 East 17th Street, Flatbush, N. Y. Her husband is in the Kings County Trust Company.

Emily Ross is leading a busy life in West Woodstock. In addition to helping run the farm, she is assistant postmistress, and is employed by her brother-in-law, Mr. Franklin P. Walker, at his store in West Woodstock. Her health is excellent in spite of all this work.

Lolie Harris is still with Thill & Bodine, a real estate brokerage company of New Rochelle.

1899

"In Limine"

Ruby Sanborn has completed another year of teaching biology in the high school at Beverly, Mass.

Florence Warren took a course at the Teachers' College during the winter, but later returned to her former work at the South Carolina Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. Her plans for next year are uncertain.

William Child is busy with farm work at Valleyside, and with the many duties which devolve upon the citizens of Woodstock. For further news see "Morning."

Olah Withey is still with Ginn & Co., Boston.

1900

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit"

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse are serving on the committee which is arranging for the reunion on August 12.

John Paine is practicing medicine in South Pasadena, Cal. Most of his time has been given to the special care of an invalid cousin. In June he put himself on the invalid list by running his automobile with three wheels instead of four, and landing, as a result, head first in a barb wire fence.

Fritz Rockwell is editor of the garden department in "The Home and Garden" magazine. He has published one book, called "Home Vegetable Gardening," and is shortly to issue a second, "Home Gardening Under Glass."

Irving Frost is still with the Queens County Trust Co. of New York, and visits West Woodstock in the summer.

Lafayette Evans paid a visit to Woodstock this spring.

1901

"Non Nobis Solum"

Charles Sabin Spalding continues to pepper the hill of Woodstock and other hills in Windham County with artesian wells.

Frank Davenport is now managing a restaurant, one of the "White House Lunches," in Washington, D. C. In the autumn he plans to start similar restaurants in other cities.

Ewart Brunn is partner in the firm of Heyemeyer & Brunn, New York City.

Ernest Williamson is now demonstrator for the Knox Automobile Co., and lives at 1483 State Street, Springfield.

Phoebe Randall is private secretary to an agent of the Phoenix Insurance Co. of Hartford.

The death of Thomas A. Louby has been only very recently reported to us. How could the class of 1901 let so sad a piece of news escape their notice or fail to report it to the Gleaner?

Ethel Spalding has completed another year of teaching in Norwich Free Academy. She has been awarded a graduate scholarship at the University of Chicago, and will begin graduate studies in history there next October.

Olive Paine is to study next year at Illinois University. We are glad that two members of this good class are to study further. Good luck to them.

1902

"Nil Sine Labore"

Mary Frost is to be found in West Woodstock in the summer, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the winter.

James Perrin is employed by Clark & Lyford of Montreal. He has been spending part of the present summer in surveying and in estimating lumber on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Alexander Hibbard was in Woodstock last summer. Since then he has been engaged in various adventures, in firing on a steam shovel in Washington State, and in cooking at a lumberman's camp. He is now in Canada.

Florence Barber has completed another year of teaching in Tolland, Conn. Her plans for next year are uncertain.

Lotta Stackpole is at home in Woodstock. She has been trying her hand at taking boarders this summer.

Ermond Brunn is still engaged in

the electrical business in Patchogue, L. I.

Harry Child is still superintending the plant of the Patterson Manufacturing Co. of Montreal, Can.

Lew Cox Hibbard attended the graduating exercises of the Academy and reported that all was well with her and her family at East Woodstock.

Gertrude Taber Howard has been suffering from a severe illness this summer. The Gleaner wishes her a speedy recovery.

For news of Chauncey Child, see "Morning."

Jessie Hibbard's headquarters are still Greenfield, Mass.

Jessie Withey has completed her seventh year with the Wm. H. Gallison Co., Boston.

1903 "Altior"

Helen Chandler is now secretary to the Superintendent of the Visitation Department of the Lyman School, an industrial and reform school for boys, in Westboro.

Clarence Hall is working in the office of Messrs. Hill and Boardman, 4 Sanford Building, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell spent a part of July in Woodstock. He says there are 1500 people and 75 automobiles in the hustling little town of Gregory, South Dakota, where they live.

Frank Rockwell is now on the destroyer Perkins. He has several times acted as captain, and himself brought the Perkins up from Hampton Roads to the Navy Yard in Brooklyn. He will go on the Perkins to the manouvres off Provincetown this summer.

Grace Sumner has completed another year of teaching in Pomfret, and will return to the same work in the autumn.

Allen Upham has given music lessons this year in Dedham, Revere, and Woodstock.

Alice Steere is working for Mr.

Matthew Darrt in Quinebaug.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood is now living in Chepachet, R. I.

Grace Church White is still at North Amherst, Mass.

1904 "Veritas Vincet"

Annie Nelson taught in Quasset the past year, and expects to have the same position this year.

William Nelson finished his course at Trinity in June, and has accepted a position at Windham High School, Willimantic, as instructor in mathematics and athletics.

Edgar Whitney still keeps his position with the Grosvenordale Company, Grosvenordale, Conn.

Blanche Shippey is teaching the primary grades in Stafford, Conn.

Annie Shippee has a position as stenographer in the Travellers' Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Florence Safford is still in California, working for her uncle.

Pearle Allton is employed as book-keeper by Mr. B. E. Eddy, East Woodstock, Conn.

Bernice Leavitt will teach the primary grades in Newington, Conn., next year.

Spencer Child holds the same position as landscape gardener in Lancaster, Mass.

1905 "Semper Paratus"

Harry Wells is working this summer on Mr. Clarence Bowen's place.

Nellie Burleson taught this last year at Union. She reports a pleasant year, and intends to return next autumn.

Fred Howard is busy with his farm in Woodstock.

Edmund Gilbert is still employed in the electrical works of New Haven.

Ethel Rawson has taught again in Providence this last year.

1906 "Tempore Utamur"

Carl Morse spent the past winter in Florida. This summer he is at

Highside Inn, Bethlehem, N. H., in the employ of L. T. Clawson, who is proprietor of several hotels in different parts of the country.

Lottie Howard is attending summer school at Danbury. In the fall she expects to resume teaching in West Woodstock.

Florence Welch completed the primary course at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, in June. She also studied music through the year. She expects to teach in the fall.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean is enjoying housekeeping in her new home at Watkins, N. Y.

Maude Andrews Washburn is living at 59 Clifton Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Marvin Hyde is one of Woodstock's prosperous farmers. He has recently added to his opportunities by the purchase of a considerable tract of land. His responsibilities also have been considerably increased. See "Morning."

Mabel Ritch has been a supervisor of sewing in the public schools of Yonkers, N. Y., the past year, and expects to return to the same position.

Sarah Herrington graduated from the Nebraska University in June, and is spending the summer on the Pacific coast.

Maude Healey has taught the past year at Woodstock. Next fall she expects to teach the sixth grade in one of the model schools connected with the Danbury Normal School.

Ethel Upham has resigned her position as teacher in the Paine District, Thompson, where she has taught for the past four years. Her plans for the coming year are as yet indefinite.

1907

"Alta Petens"

Mabel Eddy is at home, where she has taken one or two cases of nursing.

Mary Nelson is still engaged in kindergarten work in connection with the Hartford Orphan Asylum.

Herbert Shippee has spent the

year at home on the farm.

Henry Baker has been in the employ of the Maxwell-Brisco Motor Co., Tarrytown, N. Y.

1908

"Geduld"

Mildred Brown is as yet undecided as to her plans for next year.

Louise Fitts expects to teach during the coming year.

John Healey will return to Storrs this autumn, where he will graduate in June, 1912.

Hazel Davenport has not yet decided what she will do next year.

Hattie Nelson is at Pleasant View, R. I., this summer. She expects to be at home during the coming year.

Robert Whiting graduated from Clark College in June, and was voted the handsomest man in his class and the best athlete. He is going into business this fall.

Winifred Potter will return to Mount Holyoke to enter upon her Sophomore year.

1909

"Nitentes"

Lyle Turner has been studying at the Mt. Ida School for Girls in Newton, where she has finished her preparation for Wellesley College, which she intends to enter this autumn.

Bernice Bates has finished a year at the Worcester Normal School, and next year will study at the Willimantic Normal School.

Edith Briggs has been helping Louise Grosvenor in her leather work. In July she went to York Beach, where she will remain through the autumn, working in Miss Grosvenor's studio.

Lewis Miller is busy on his father's farm in Woodstock.

Marion Smith has spent the year at home in Pomfret.

1910

"Prodeamus"

Roxanna Wilbur has been at home the past year, but expects to teach in the fall.

Raymond Sheldon has been suffer-

ing from several severe accidents, but has now returned to his duties in Southbridge.

Flora Allton has recently attended the summer school at Storrs and will continue her work as teacher in her home town.

Louisa Howard expects to remain at home for the coming year.

Wallace Armstrong has been studying at Williston, and will return in the fall.

Leonard Healey has been at home the past year, but expects to study agriculture at Amherst this year.

Edith Eddy finishes her business course in Worcester this summer, and will remain there to work.

Lyman Fitts expects to enter an electrical shop in the fall.

Hurbert Nelson will remain at home for another year.

Adolph Lawson expects to enter Trinity College this fall.

1911

"Pas a Pas"

Blanche M. Perry intends to enter the Willimantic Normal School in September.

Max L. Conner is to begin his career as clerk in the office of the American Trading Company in Japan.

Harry S. May intends studying further at the Academy, with a view to entering a scientific school in 1912.

The other members of the class are either to remain at home or have not yet decided definitely enough to report in the Gleaner.

GREETINGS AND GLEANINGS FROM MANY STATES

(Tribute of Remembrance from a Resident of New Jersey.)

Well do I remember the first day that I ever attended school. It was years and years ago, away back in the spring of 1846. The school house, the one below Dr. Spaulding's, was much smaller then than now. My age was six years, and the teacher, Miss Terns, placed me in the seat beside a fair-haired little boy of about

my own age, and from that time on that little boy, Georgie, and I became fast friends.

During term after term in that school, both winter and summer, we were seatmates, playmates, and friends. After Miss Terns, our teachers were Miss Webster—niece of Rev. Jonathan Curtis—Mr. Allen, Miss Emily Bowen, Edward Rawson, Miss Sarah Kelton, Mr. Griggs, Miss Sarah Lyon, Miss Sarah Fisher, Miss Abbie Skinner, and the last one that taught then during the winter term when we were together was Henry Manning.

Georgie, like myself, was always full of mischief, and what one wouldn't think of in that line the other was sure to. During the school children's bickerings and squabbles we would always champion each other, and had we any misunderstandings between us they were soon adjusted and we were as fast friends as ever. He was always open hearted, manly, and truthful.

Then during the next fall—1851—we attended the old Academy. Louis Gano was Principal—called Preceptor then—and then and there Georgie and I were seatmates for the last time, since his parents soon after moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he attended the city schools; studied medicine, obtained his degree, and became an M. D.

Each year with scarcely an exception from the time of his leaving for the city to the time of his death, and more especially since I have been spending a part of each summer at "Oakledge," we would often meet and spend hours in reviewing our past lives, and living over again the old days of long ago, when we as boys were engaged in some such pastimes as "hooking" apples, robbing bumblebees' nests, and other doings that boys often call fun; and also of our boating, swimming, camping and fishing scrapes that we had later on in life at Woodstock Lake and

other places.

A short time since, while sorrowfully standing alone by his grave, I thought and could have truthfully said, "Here lies one who during life was the soul of honor, and to me was one of the very best of companions and a true friend."

Even now, when thoughts of him come to my mind, I as often think of him as "Georgie," the little playmate and friend of my childhood and youth, as Dr. George Austin Bowen, the eminent physician, well-known and respected public citizen, and man of the world.

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON.

Fort Stanton, New Mexico,

July 19, 1911.

Editor of the Gleaner:

It is a far cry longitudinally and vertically from Woodstock at six hundred feet to Fort Stanton at six thousand feet above sea level, but the Gleaner makes the trip annually and it is very welcome. Life in the arid Southwest is interesting by way of variety, the most interesting variant here being the cattle ranch belonging to the Government Sanatorium, of which I am in charge. Imagine a farm a few thousand acres larger than the town of Pomfret and your nearest neighbor five miles distant. The outside fence measures thirty-five miles measured on a purely imaginary flat surface; in reality it runs over ridges and through canyons which make "riding the fence" a joy forever. The ranch produced thirty-eight thousand gallons of milk and seventy-eight thousand pounds of beef last year. If any good Gleaner reader wanders as far afield as Fort Stanton he or she will be given a hearty welcome and allowed to pick a "saddler" from the bunch; beyond the latter Western hospitality cannot go.

Sincerely yours,

H. S. MATHEWSON.

Wakefield, Nebraska.

Dear Editor:

For so many years the Gleaner has

been carrying its kindly greetings over our land, it seems a very fitting response that a return message should go from those who have borne none of the burdens of its making.

I wonder if the burden bearers know how sincerely their efforts are appreciated, and if the "subscribers" ever tell them so?

Perhaps the far-away readers are those whose hands are stretched out most eagerly as August brings memories of earlier numbers. Every word is read—but forgive the old, old Alumnus if the old, old personals are read first and oftenest.

I shall watch for the National Greeting and wonder how widespread are the students of old Woodstock. I know of but seven in Nebraska, and were the other six with me now I am sure they would join most heartily in my "All Hail."

E. T. HASKELL.

Wilmington, Delaware.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Woodstock, Conn.:

Fifty years ago (in 1861) I was a pupil of Woodstock Academy, and now, when I receive a letter postmarked "Woodstock, Conn.," those beautiful hills and valleys, the old homestead, and the associations of my boyhood days recur to my mind as vividly as if it were yesterday. I live them over again, and am really fifty years younger than the calendar shows. Could I pen all my thoughts in connection with those days, the Gleaner would have no space for others. I have a very warm place in my heart for Dear Old Woodstock and all its interests, and this being an eventful anniversary for me personally, I would be most glad to be among the number who will attend and enjoy your reunion on the 12th of August. I dare say, however, the change in personnel would be so great I would be a stranger, though not in a strange land. In the event of being unable to be with you, I most heartily wish for Woodstock Academy and all who are interested in its wel-

fare, a continuance of the greatest success possible, and that its name may have its deserving place in history among the honored institutions of this country.

CASSIUS M. CHILD.

July 31, 1911.

Rowlandsville, Maryland.

Dear Editor:

It gives me much pleasure to send a word from Maryland. I look back with fond recollections upon the happy days spent as a student at Woodstock Academy, and much regret that my course was never completed at that institution, for if I could say I was a graduate of old Woodstock, I should feel proud. Wishing the old Academy the greatest success, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

WALTER S. CHILDS.

Goldsboro, North Carolina.

It is always a pleasure to look over the pages of the Gleaner, to learn of the prosperity of the old Academy, and of the whereabouts of schoolmates of the long ago, for "befo de war," when we were there, is a long time to look back upon.

We have found North Carolina a pleasant and happy abiding place (especially since the early Reconstruction days), and our children, who are afar, subscribe heartily to the popular sentiment conveyed in a toast to North Carolina:

"Here's to the Land of the Long-leaf Pine,
The summer land, where the sun doth shine,
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great,
Here's to 'Down Home,' the old North State."

Very truly yours,

MAJ. AND MRS. H. L. GRANT.

Pasadena, California.

My Dear Editor:

I was so glad to see the postmark "Woodstock" on your request for a greeting, that I felt like transposing the

California song of our State University to "My dear old Woodstock, I love to sing of thee." I do indeed wish I could attend the reunion August 12.

My nephews are still employed in taking electrical contracts, the former in Pasadena in the firm of Gaylord & Vose, and the latter in Los Angeles under the name of Faulkes, Gaylord Co., having his office in the Security Building.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Gaylord (nee Etta Bowen) have two daughters entering the high school this year.

Joanna Gaylord, after the close of the school year in Newark, N. J., has gone to Camp Runoia, North Belgrade, Me., for the summer. Her brother, Wm. Standish Gaylord, is living at 15 Waldron Avenue, Summit, N. J. Mrs. David Chism (nee Daisy Amsden), with her four children, is at Camp Wildwood, Petersham, Mass.

My oldest son, William, is teaching in a summer school at Atchison, Kansas. My oldest daughter, Florence, has just graduated from the State Normal School of Manual Arts and Home Economics in Santa Barbara. She is to teach sewing and cooking to high and grammar school pupils this summer. At present the other four of my family are at home, tho' I do wish that my youngest son, Charles, was fitting for college under Mr. Hall instead of going to his work every day in Los Angeles. I would like so much to have him breathe the atmosphere of the country life, see the brooks, the meadows, the fields, and the woods, of which we know nothing in this land. With kind remembrances to friends.

ALICE E. GAYLORD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(From Mrs. George Pillsbury Cofran.)

You don't know how glad I was to hear from Woodstock and to find I was not forgotten entirely by Woodstock friends. If I were young and well, I would surely come to your reunion.

As to Woodstock Academy, I went to Professor Frank E. Burnette and his

assistant, Mr. Leonard Brown, who married a Miss Ida Meach, from Grosvenordale, one of the pupils. I was then seventeen, and I am now sixty-one; it must have been in years 1867-68.

Professor Burnette was a fine singer, and Mrs. Burnette was a beautiful lady. She was then taking painting lessons of Mr. J. J. Sawyer.

I have always hoped to go to Woodstock some Memorial Day, but sickness and cares with my little family of six children, two of whom are living, have kept me here. I may never see the town again, but I cherish many pleasant remembrances of Woodstock and Woodstock Academy.

Will you send me a copy of the Gleaner, and any expense there is, I will gladly refund.

If I should ever come to Woodstock, I will surely call on my old friends, if only to shake hands, and if any one inquires, for me, please tell them I always have pleasantest remembrances of them.

Sincerely yours,

JENNIE (PALMER) COFRAN.

Suncook, N. H., July 26, 1911.

FROM ILLINOIS

The Gleaner asks for a word from Illinois. There was a time when her great metropolis was accused of too much speaking, even of puerile boasting. To-day her well-earned fame has gone into all the earth. Like Massachusetts, in the words of Daniel Webster, "she needs no encomium." However that matter stands, the writer of these lines is ever thankful that he can escape her multitudinous clamor and feast his soul in dear old Woodstock, where "long since his boyhood sang its matin song." To-day the song is not so boisterous, but is more "A Presence which is not to be put by." I hear the "Song of the Stone Wall" and feel the truth of Emerson's lines: "Even in the mud and scum of things There's something always, always sings."

A. G. PAINE, '63.

FROM ONE WHO WINTERS IN A YACHT ON THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA

How glad I am to hear of a Woodstock Reunion!

I remember the summer of 1865 very well, when my sister, Rosa, assisted by my sisters, Ellen and Louise, kept a summer or vacation school in the "Old Academy," which seemed to be a real school after all, for we really studied well. We had a most charming set of boys and girls and gave real exhibitions of our ability to speak pieces, render Shakespeare scenes, etc. I was sorry when the summer term ended. Sister Rosa introduced the game of croquet to the town of Woodstock, having come from her New York teaching armed with a book giving full directions for the game, even to the making of balls, mallets, and wickets. Accordingly she engaged Uncle Charles Palmer to turn out the balls and mallets in his shop, and went to Worcester to get the wickets from the Washburn & Moen Wire Co. When finished the game was to be tried on the "Green" or Common at recess. It was most interesting, but lengthened our recess to over three-quarters of an hour. I remember Charles Bugbee felt quite slighted if no one hit his ball. Well, those were very pleasant days, long to be remembered! I think sometimes that pleasant little incidents are recalled sooner than the great ones. A picture comes to me as I write of a bright-faced, happy boy who had run home at recess to forage, coming back with a French white buttered roll which he shared with me. The taste so delicious is in my mouth now!

Early in the fall a one-armed man took the school for the season—Mr. Corbin, I think—and I attended until the Christmas vacation. I read Salust, and as he had no book he had to sit beside me on the front seat to look on while I translated: "Jugurtha laetens in campo venit," etc. He had

an interesting daughter, Annie, whom I thought so brave because she ran up to a cow one day and pulled her horns!

You see what trifles my "gleanings" are, but I shall be most happy to meet any old Academy pupils of the summer and fall of 1865.

MINNIE PALMER DEAN.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor of the Gleaner:

It was with great regret that I learned from the last issue of the Gleaner that the receipts had fallen short of the expenses. Looking over the suggestions made by several friends, I think the best offered is the subscription of one dollar a year till such time as the Gleaner is on a paying basis and has a sinking fund for emergencies. It would be a grievous misfortune both to the school and the town if the Gleaner should be discontinued, and I hope no such unfortunate event will happen. Enclosed find a dollar as suggested.

AMOS SAUNDERS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Most hearty greetings to the friends of the Gleaner from the Gaylords in Ohio. Are we the only representatives of the Academy in the State? Ohio is Connecticut's daughter—or stepdaughter—at any rate, and the distance between the two States in lessening every day. Since we have lived in Cleveland, there have dropped in upon us for chance calls or visits, en route to other places, Mrs. A. G. Hibbard, Mr. Ed. Boyden, Miss Florence Morse (as she was then), Mr. Clifford Stoddard, Mr. Howard Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, and the Misses Sanborn. This makes us feel in touch with those at home. I wish the list were longer. Welcome to any Woodstock friends, to whom we can show some of what we think are attractive features of our big city.

ANNE HALL GAYLORD.

Emporia, Kansas.

Dear Editor:

A few words from Kansas to assure you again—what I am sure all the Woodstock "girls" know—of my unchanging love for the dear old town upon the hill and my fidelity to the friends of those days. I do not believe I am wrong in thinking that the tie which binds the Woodstock boys and girls is unusually strong and the memories and associations of the days spent there more lasting and effective for good than those of many a larger school. Just what makes its hold so strong I cannot tell, probably not one, but many things; the beauty of the place, the strength and wisdom of the teachers, and the staunch and sturdy character of the men and women who make the homes of Woodstock. Of this I am sure, that I am only one of many who hold the old town and the school enshrined where the years can never fade the sweet memories or weaken the influence or lessen the love for the old friends.

CHARLOTTE LYON GARDINER.

Lafayette, Indiana.

Note—Owing to the crossing of communications on the way, the Gleaner secured a second greeting from Mr. Sawyer.—Editor.

"Amid the happy scenes of life,

How oft a solemn knell

Is mingled with the joyous laugh,

In the parting word, farewell.

Farewell, farewell, doth echo now,

With a sad and solemn refrain;

As schoolmates, friends, we part tonight,

We ne'er may meet again."

The above words were part of the closing song of an exhibition given by the students of Woodstock Academy, at the end of the winter term of '60-'61, under Professor John Manning. The song was composed for the occasion by the class poet, Miss Emily Sibley.

That was long years ago. How

glad I would be to know how many of those schoolmates are now alive! The most of us have never seen each others' faces since that night.

Since 1876 I have lived far away from the scenes of my youth, but my mind often goes back to that part of my life spent upon old Woodstock Hill as the happiest of my experience. I welcome the yearly visits of the Gleaner. In it I often see the names of old schoolmates or their children. Long live Woodstock Academy. May its influence for good be as far reaching in the future as it has been in the past.

J. H. SAWYER.

Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Editor:

While my pleasantest and most cherished recollections are inseparably connected with Woodstock and its Academy, my life in Detroit has been very happy.

Detroit is an ideal place in which to live. The city itself is generally conceded to be one of the most beautiful in the country. Its many wide boulevards, its extensive parks, and its situation on the Great Lakes add to its charm, and with the many opportunities afforded for delightful boat trips, make Detroit worthy of its motto, "In Detroit life is worth living."

There are six High Schools in Detroit. The Central High School, from which my son has just graduated, is the second largest in the country. Its roll numbers over three thousand. Probably commercially Detroit is best known as a producer of automobiles, although it leads the country in stoves. One-third of the automobiles of the world are manufactured within fifty miles of Detroit. On coming to Detroit one cannot but notice the many churches, and on becoming acquainted with Detroit one is pleased to find the churches well attended.

With the best of wishes for dear old Woodstock Academy,

Sincerely,

GERTURE WAY BURRITT.

GLEANINGS FROM OTHER LETTERS

Brooklyn, New York.

The Gleaner is just as much of a treat to me as the few days I spend at Woodstock every year.

RICHARD L. CHILD.

Boston, Massachusetts.

I have always enjoyed the Gleaner and have looked forward to its publication. I certainly should feel sorry if it had to be discontinued on account of lack of funds.

JESSIE WITHEY.

Garden City, South Dakota.

I would like the Gleaner very much, for by it I may get in touch with some of the boys of '71 and '72.

R. S. CARPENTER.

Providence, Rhode Island.

Enclosed find a dollar,—a small equivalent indeed for the memories that this welcome guest arouses in me of the many pleasant and profitable days spent at the Academy.

MARY FENNER HAYWORTH.

Watkins, New York.

The song "Fair Woodstock" rings in my mind as I think of the alumni and their friends gathered to recall the dear old days at Woodstock Academy, and it is with deep regret that I cannot be present at the reunion.

I shall read the Gleaner this year with keenest interest.

ELIZABETH CARR GROS JEAN.

Wauregan, Connecticut.

The Gleaner came duly to hand, and, as usual, much appreciated. I have been for over eight years superintendent of outside mill and village work, having a large force of men and teams, keeping villages in order, etc. Tho' a little more grey-headed than formerly, Mrs. Topliff and I are the same age in heart and feelings as in former Woodstock days.

With best wishes and kind regards,

H. P. TOPLIFF.

Prosser, Washington State.

Thank you very much for sending us the dear old Gleaner. How better can I keep in touch with old school friends than by reading it? I hope the paper will continue to live and gladden far-away homes.

FLORENCE MAY BUXTON.

Gardena, California.

I do hope it is going to be possible to continue the Gleaner's publication each summer. Those of us who are so far away and who rarely learn any Academy news except thro' its columns would sadly miss it.

JESSIE BOWEN PALMER.

Brunswick, Maine.

Of all the publications that come to our house, none is more heartily welcomed or more eagerly read than the Woodstock Academy Gleaner.

PRUDENCE PHILLIPS HYDE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor of the Gleaner:

In my store of reminiscences there is no period which stands out with as great a prominence or that made a greater impression on me than my year at Woodstock. There is a something in the people, in the surroundings at Woodstock which speaks for uplift, better living, and better fellowship, and I have with me always the keenest recollections of the good days spent there.

Extending my good wishes to all and expressing the hope that at no distant date I may have the pleasure of meeting you again, I am

Sincerely yours,

WALTER J. CHASE.

MORNING

Look how he laughs and stretches
out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon
thine,
To hail his father: while his little
form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk
not of pain!

The childless cherubs well might envy
thee
The pleasures of a parent.

—Byron.

BIRTHS

Sept. 8, 1910. A son, Ewart Marcelin, to Mr. and Mrs. Ewart M. Brunn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oct. 30, 1910. A daughter, Florence Augusta, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

Nov. 6, 1910. A daughter, Ruth Olive, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Tatem, Windham, Conn.

Nov. 29, 1910. A daughter, Catherine Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Tatem, Eastford, Conn.

Nov. 29, 1910. A daughter, Ellen Rebecca, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Hibbard, East Woodstock, Conn.

Dec. 21, 1910. A daughter, Beatrice Laurel, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy H. Davenport, Conrad, Neb.

March 23, 1911. A daughter, Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Upham, Boston, Mass.

March 31, 1911. A son, Cedric Louis, to Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey S. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

April 11, 1911. A son, Wallace Wetherell, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Thompson, Worcester, Mass.

April 13, 1911. A daughter, Margaret Buell, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warren, Eastford, Conn.

June 12, 1911. A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis W. Wells, Golden, Col.

June 14, 1911. A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Potter, East Woodstock, Conn.

June 15, 1911. A son, Frederick William, to Mr. and Mrs. Marvin F. Hyde, Woonstock, Conn.

July 12, 1911. A daughter, Sylvia, to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer (nee Jessie Bowen) of Eastford.

July 12, 1911. A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Elliott, Orange, N. J.

July 19, 1911. A daughter, Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Wetherell, East Woodstock, Conn.

NOON

His house she enters, there to be a
light,
Shining within when all without is
night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presid-
ing,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares
dividing!

—Rogers.

MARRIAGES

Aug. 9, 1910. Spencer H. Child of
Woodstock and Mabel E. Whitaker, in
Thompson, Conn.

Sept. 10, 1910. Harry W. Tourtelotte
of East Thompson and Carrie V. Lane,
in South Woodstock, Conn.

Sept. 5, 1910. Frederick F. Rockwell
of South Woodstock and Ethel M.
Hugham of Brooklyn, N. Y., married
at Hyannis, Mass.

Sept. 19, 1910. Mary G. Randall and
Morgan Strong, both of Vernon
Center.

Sept. 21, 1910. William W. Mathew-
son of Washington, D. C., and Lucy M.
Stickney of Dublin, N. H.

Oct. 5, 1910. Evan N. Washburn of
Dorchester, Mass., and Maude B. An-
drews of Woodstock, Conn.

Oct. 12, 1910. Cornelias De F. Has-
kell of Wakefield, Neb., and Margaret
M. Tienken of Bonester, S. Dak. Home
at Gregory, S. Dak.

Oct. 19, 1910. Edward B. Killam of
Weir, Fla. (formerly of East Wood-
stock), and Flora H. Taylor of Fair-
haven, Mass.

Oct. 21, 1910. Irving C. Snow of
Fall River, Mass., and Eliza W. Dean
in Whiteley, Mass.

Dec. 24, 1910. Edith E. Williams and
Harmon L. Morton, both of South
Woodstock, Conn.

Dec. 27, 1910. Elizabeth T. Carr of
Woodstock and Leon R. Gros Jean of
Watkins, N. Y.

April 17, 1911. Grace Ames and
Charles H. Myres, both of Danielson,
Conn.

June 6, 1911. Ruth Kendall of Union,
Conn., and Harold Stone, in Brooklyn,
N. Y.

NIGHT

How well he fell asleep!
Like some proud river widening
toward the sea;
Calmly and grandly, silently and
deep,
Life joined eternity.

—S. T. Coleridge.

DEATHS

Sept. 1, 1910. Mrs. Henry Hibbard
(Maria Moffett), Woodstock, Conn.

Sept. 16, 1910. Donald Perley of
Woodstock, Conn.

Aug. 27, 1910. Infant son of Mr. and
Mrs. Oliver Lowe, South Woodstock.

Oct. 19, 1910. Mrs. Louis R. South-
worth, in South Woodstock, Conn.

Oct. 30, 1910. George Austin Bowen,
M. D., Woodstock, Conn.

Nov. 16, 1910. Mrs. Jeanette Sanger
Coldman, Southbridge, Mass.

Dec. 19, 1910. Mrs. John Witter,
Putnam, Conn.

Jan. 15, 1911. Mrs. William Chand-
ler, Thompson, Conn.

Feb. 7, 1911. Henry K. Bugbee, Wil-
liamstown, N. J.

Feb. 20, 1911. Rev. James H. Lyon,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Charles Chandler, Norwich,
Conn.

June, 1911. Mrs. E. D. Gegenheimer
(Maria Burt), Lowell, Mass.

July 5, 1911. Mrs. Abel Child (Ellen
Bugbee), Woodstock, Conn.

July 16, 1911. William May. In a
sanitarium, Brattleboro, Vt. Formerly
of Woodstock.

July 11, 1911. Mr. Nelson Morse,
North Woodstock, Conn.

July 24, 1911. Mrs. Nelson Morse,
North Woodstock, Conn.

July 23, 1911. Ora P. Lyon died in
Trenton, Col. Formerly of Pomfret.

PROGRAMS OF THE YEAR

Public Rhetoricals given by the stu-
dents of Woodstock Academy, at the
Academy Hall, Friday evening, March
24, 1911, commencing at 7:30 o'clock:

PART I
Orchestra

- 1 The Burghers of Calais,
Emily A. Braddock
Olive A. Whitney.

- 2 Thoralf and Synov,
Hjalmar Boyesen
Esther J. Johnson.

- 3 Storm Chorus.

- 4 The Enchanted Shirt, John Hay
William H. Richardson.

- 5 The Moor's Revenge, Michiewiz
Carrie Barrett

PART II

- 1 The Lady of Castlenore,
T. B. Aldrich
Maud E. Milligan.

- 2 De Circus Turkey, Ben King
Sophie R. Barrett.

- 3 Chorus—The Minute Men.

- 4 Fra Luigi's Marriage,
Helen Hunt Jackson
Blanche M. Perry.

- 5 The Walrus and the Carpenter,
"Lewis Carroll"
Gladys C. Sheldon

PART III

Orchestra

- 1 Zenobia's Defense, William Ware
Esther E. Nelson.

- 2 King John and the Abbot of
Canterbury, Old Ballade
Helen Perley.

- 3 Spinning Chorus.

- 4 Immortality of Patriotism,
James Garfield
Carl B. Danielson.

- 5 The Groom's Story, A. Conan Doyle
Maximilian L. Conner.

PART IV

- 1 Lasca, Desprez
Dorothy V. Cox.

- 2 Christian Science, Mark Twain
Harris S. May.

- 3 "Lest We Forget,"
David Starr Jordan
Martin A. Nelson.

- 4 Chorus—The Land of Destiny.

- Senior Class Honor Essay,
Dorothy V. Cox.

PROGRAM

Graduating exercises, Class of 1911,
Woodstock Academy, at Woodstock,
Conn., 2:30 o'clock p. m., Friday, June
22, 1911:

- 1 Orchestra.

- 2 Prayer, Rev. Linwood B. Curtis

- 3 Orchestra.

- 4 Address—"The Investment of a
Life,"

Rev. William S. Beard, Willimantic.

- 5 Orchestra.

- 6 Presentation of Diplomas,
Hamilton Holt, New York City.

- 7 Orchestra.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1911

"Pas a Pas"

Latin Scientific Course

Dorothy Valentine Cox.

English Scientific Course

Esther Florence Johnson, Maude
Elizabeth Milligan, Esther Emeliar
Nelson, Blanche Marion Perry, Max
Laughlin Conner, James Patrick Don-
lon, Harris Samuel May, Martin Albin
Nelson.

Academy Sunday, June 18, 1911

Sermon by Rev. Linwood B. Curtis
South Woodstock, Conn., at the Wood-
stock Congregational Church, 11 o'clock
a. m.

"The Most Important Discoveries Ever Made"

Food selection now scientific-establishing a new nutri-
tive basis. All vital or bodily energy is now known to be pro-
duced from Organic Carbon instead of from nitrogenous ele-
ments as has long been supposed. The unusable food ele-
ments are the basic cause of disease and old age. New cura-
tive methods revealed giving remarkable and satisfactory re-
sults. Send 10 cents for sample copies of a new magazine
describing discoveries and curative processes.

DR. B. W. CHILD,

Department A.

Pasadena, California

TO BE FOUND AT

BURT'S PHARMACY

— ALL KINDS OF —

Toilet Articles

Drugs

Medicines

Paints

Oils and Varnishes

Blank Books and
Stationery

H. L. BURT,
Putnam, Conn.

JOSEPH SPALDING, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
WOODSTOCK, CONN.

In constant practice for 44 years.

Office hours before 8 a. m., 12 to 1.30,
from 5 to 7 p. m.

Telephone Connection.

CHARLES CHILD GILDERSLEEVE, M. D.
East Woodstock,
Conn.

Office Hours :
1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone Connection.

FOR UP-TO-DATE

Hardware,
Crockery,
Plumbing

— CALL ON —

Chandler & Morse

Opposite the New Station, Putnam

— AGENTS FOR —

Sherwin-Williams Paints

U. S. Cream Separators

**Sterling, Household and
Quaker Ranges**

R. C. PAINE, M. D.

THOMPSON, CONN.

Office Hours

1—2 and 6—7 p. m.

Henry B. Comings

Wall Paper, Paints and Oils
Varnish and Colors

First-Class Work Done

Billings, King & Co. Marine Paints a
specialty

Telephone Connection
East Woodstock, Conn.

