

Woodstock Academy

GLEANER

Vol. 4

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1912

No. 2

CONTENTS

Editorials.....	E. R. Hall, F. F. Rockwell	1
Treasurer's Report.....	Nellie Chandler	2
Woodstock Library.....	Jessie McClellan	2
The School Year.....	E. R. Hall	3
The Reunion and Pageant.....	Constance Holt	5
The Builders.....	Rev. Frederick Lynch	6
Obituaries.....		8
Maxwell Warren Rockwell; An Appreciation.....	E. R. Hall	10
Poem.....	Witter Bynner	11
In Memory—A Poem.....	F. F. R.	11
A Winter With A Poet.....	Ethel Spaulding	11
October—A Poem.....	Miss Burleson	13
Mr. Dooley on Present-day Politics.....	F. F. Rockwell	13
Senior Class Honor Essay.....	Rilla Child	15
Ivy Ode.....	Gladys Sheldon	17
First Impression of Woodstock.....	Miss Stowell	17
Letters From Graduates.....		18
Personals of Alumni before 1888.....		29
Personals of Alumni since 1888.....		31
Morning, Noon and Night.....		37
Programs of the Year.....		39

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Editorials

Last year's issue of the GLEANER should have been numbered Vol. 4, No. 1 and this issue is Vol. 4, No. 2. There are six numbers to a volume. This then is the twentieth year that magazine has been published.

The issue of 1911 was the result largely of the generous and efficient efforts of a few untiring alumnae. The work was an onerous one, and consumed so much of strength and time in mid-summer, when teachers should be gaining strength and making preparations for the coming school year, that these alumnae were obliged to decline doing so much of the work again. Therefore it seemed, when the alumni met at the close of the graduating exercises, that nothing awaited the GLEANER beyond a decent burial. Not so. The committee appointed to attend to the obsequies found that there was too much life for a burial yet.

Here comes the 1912 issue. It is hoped that the readers will find that it brings the usual budget of interesting personals, and stirs up again the old-time school friendships and reminiscences of academy life. If the twenty-five cents which it costs, seems a large price in these days of cheap magazines, think of the amount of work every issue represents, which brings no reward to the workers except the satisfaction of having loyally served their Alma Mater.

There is about forty dollars in the treasury from 1911. This gives the publishers a sense of financial security. But such security should not be over-

estimated. The GLEANER cannot continue except as its patrons give it annual financial support. Don't fail to send at once your quarter-dollar subscription. It is only to those who pay that the GLEANER can be sent.

E. R. H.

Shall the Gleaner Live?

The committee appointed to arrange the funeral services of the Gleaner found that there was to be a "wake" instead.

Working under some difficulties the committee nevertheless decided that it would go ahead and get out the present number as best it might, and, further, devise if possible, some plan by which the perennial question, "Can we get the Gleaner out this year?" might be settled for a number of years to come. One of the Academy's staunch friends had very generously offered to pay any deficit which might be involved in getting it out. This offer, however, was not made for all time and it is squarely up to the readers of the Gleaner—yes, to each individual reader of the Gleaner, to you—to determine whether or no this shall be the last number. The advertising in the Gleaner brings in from \$25 to \$30. The sales for last year, exceptionally good on account of the reunion, were \$77.96. The only way the Gleaner can continue to bring to you each year its welcome news of old friends, its echo of old days and its note of inspiration is by your sending in your quarter for it regularly and promptly. The number of its readers is at most so few that if some drop out, through carelessness, all will be deprived of what has, we believed, proved for many years to be a splendid thing for the

old Academy and her graduates, men and women. Let us pull together, friends, and put the Gleaner permanently on a self-sustaining and permanent basis. Send in your own subscription and get after any fellow school-mate whom you know to have overlooked his or hers for the past year or more.

So much for finances. The task of getting together the editorial material for the Gleaner is no small one for a labor of love. For many years Mr. Hall devoted much of his vacation to this work: now it is but just that it should fall upon younger shoulders. The most feasible scheme which has suggested itself to the Gleaner committee is that of appointing a permanent committee of three, to which one member shall be appointed each year, by the committee, to hold office for three years. In this way the work will be divided, can be so systematized as to be greatly lessened, and will not be left at any time, as it was this year, to those unfamiliar with it. This committee of three has not yet been named, but we trust that whoever may be the first asked to take it up will consider it a duty well worth accepting. Suggestions from any of the Gleaner's readers will be gladly considered by the committee. F. F. R.

Treasurer's Report 1911-1912

RECEIVED

Balance in treasury from 1910	\$55.15
From committee after reunion	1.50
From sale of Gleaners	77.96
From advertisements	24.25
	<hr/>
	\$158.86

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaner	\$110.40
Envelopes	1.00
Stamps	6.80
Mr. Howard	.40

Bringing Gleaner from Putnam	1.00
	<hr/>
Balance in treasury	\$120.10
NELLIE D. CHANDLER, Treasurer.	\$38.76

Concerning the Library

The Woodstock Library association is so closely connected with the Academy that a brief account of the progress may not be uninteresting to readers of the Gleaner.

There are at present 4692 books on the library shelves, 2305 were taken out the past year by 180 persons, 48 being pupils of the Academy.

Adult fiction	1487
Junior fiction	193
Adult non-fiction	516
Junior non-fiction	109

The library's sources of financial supply are somewhat fluctuating. The State of Connecticut donates \$75 worth of books as long as the town votes an equal amount in money; The latter sum has to be first raised by interested friends of the library and given to the town.

We received last year from	
Lecture by Hamilton Holt	\$15.50
Bridge Party	21.50
Children's Circus at Plaine Hill	10.10
Annual Subscriptions	17.00
Fees and fines	19.95
Personal Gifts	26.50

The library expenses were	
Book Stack	\$70.00
Librarian and Assistant	49.85
Books	22.78
Insurance	15.00
Fuel and Lighting	2.00
Incidentals	13.90

The money for the new book stack was mostly donated in 1909-1910.

- 137 Books added during the year.
- 18 by purchase.
- 56 gift of State.
- 63 E. A. Bowen and others.

All residents of the town are urgently invited to attend the Annual

Library meeting on the first Thursday in July and become members of the association by paying \$10.00 for a life or \$1 00 for an annual membership, entitling the person to a vote at the Annual Meeting where officers are elected and the general policy of the library outlined. The \$1.00 fees go for ordinary expenses, \$10.00 fees are put to swell a small permanent fund now nearly \$300, the interest only of this being available.

It would seem that the 180 persons taking books more might help by becoming annual members.

The officers of the association from 1911-1912 were as follows:

President, Rev. Robert Kendall,
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss J. T. McClellan.

Executive Committee, Mr. E. R. Hall, Mr. H. W. Bowen, Miss Mary Perley, Miss F. H. Butler Miss J. T. McClellan.

Librarian, Miss M. L. Flynn.

The School Year 1911—1912

The number of students attending the Academy for the School year 1911—1912 was fifty-nine. This is the largest record of attendance since 1904. This high point was reached because of the large number in the entering class which was almost half of the entire school.

Of the twenty-eight who constituted the class, two were only twelve years old, and nine were only thirteen years old. This age is too young for Academy students except in rare cases.

At least six of the class will have to do the first year's work over again, wholly or in part. Moreover this deficiency of entering students is not so evident in the first or even the second year. The lack of maturity and of slowly developed intellectual power is more strikingly felt when the pupil comes to the more advanced

studies of the third and fourth year. Then sheer memorizing will not do the work. New subjects must be understood and grasped. In very many cases the work of the last two years of the course is poorly done and little appreciated.

It has been the custom of the Academy to admit candidates each fall without requiring recommendation or examination. The Academy has now become almost exclusively a local High School, and should have a logical, if not a legal connection with the public school system. Accordingly it has seemed best to the trustees and teachers of the Academy to require all candidates for admission to be recommended by the superintendent or by the highest officer of the board of education of the town from which they come, or be required to pass an examination proving their fitness for entering.

There is no desire on the part of the Academy to exclude from its privileges any who are truly entitled to them. Its purpose is simply to keep out those who are overhasty in leaving the public schools or overeager to become academy students. Among those entering, there is getting to be a considerable number who seem contented with merely securing promotion and graduation without much serious thought as to the value of the school work which they are imperfectly doing.

It is to be noticed that during the past school year the girls in attendance at the Academy have outnumbered the boys two to one, and the graduating class of eight consisted entirely of girls. The girls have for several years maintained the lead, but never before to such a degree. The girls too have been far more persistent in their attendance. Of the thirty-eight girls enrolled only one has fal-

len out by the way, while of the twenty-one boys enrolled four gave up before the year was over. This condition may be simply a chance result, or it may be that the education of girls is coming more decidedly to the front, while the importance of boys upon the farm is keeping them at home. Whatever may be the case it has had its effect upon the school in its social and athletic phases.

Through the generosity of two friends of the Academy, ten students have had a part of their tuition paid for them. The total amount thus given has been one hundred and twenty dollars.

There have been eight pupils in the Academy the past year who were not resident in the town of Woodstock. From Eastford, 4, from Pomfret, 3, and one from New York City. That is, over eighty-five per cent of the pupils enrolled have come from our own town.

Of the fifty-eight pupils enrolled, twenty-three took the Latin Scientific Course and one the Classical Course, that is, took Greek and Latin. This leaves thirty-four who took the English Scientific Course. It is to be noticed that thirteen of the pupils who entered in September, 1911, have taken up the study of Latin; and of the graduating class of eight, only two were from the Latin Scientific.

The question has come up during the past year as to the ability of the Academy to fit boys and girls for college, and some unfavorable criticisms have been expressed. It is of course a great mistake to think that all graduates from the Academy should be fitted for college; and it is equally true of the best secondary schools in the country that all their graduates are not fitted for college. It must also be remembered that the leading colleges do not admit candi-

ates on certificate, and that many of these colleges which have been admitting on certificate are more and more requiring examinations instead.

Moreover in the last decade the number of students entering colleges has greatly increased, and the colleges are proportionately becoming more exacting in their entrance examinations, as they find they have more applicants than they can receive.

Not over one in ten of the students who enter the Academy has any desire or purpose to enter college. It is evident that the Academy should work for the other ninety per cent rather than for this ten. Under these circumstances the Academy cannot and should not be a strictly preparation school for college. Its courses must be laid out on broader lines of study. Moreover if it were desirable to make our Academy a college-preparatory school, at least double our present income would be needed. Our equipment must be enlarged as also our corps of teachers. Nor can good teachers, unless we can find them in our own vicinity, be retained at the salary which our present conditions necessitate.

Nevertheless boys and girls can be well fitted for college at Woodstock Academy. The records of the Academy in this respect will compare favorably with the records of the ordinary high schools and academies. But that this may be done four essential things must be required. First, the student at the beginning of his course must have a fixed purpose to prepare for college and make this purpose known to the instructors. Secondly, the student must to a reasonable degree have the ability, the tastes, and the application necessary to do such work. Third, a fifth year, as the academy catalogs have always stated, must be added to the course

of study to make this preparation. Fourth, the examination should always be taken in two parts, the preliminaries a year before entering and the finals in June preceding the entrance in the fall.

Perhaps it is no more than fair to remind all who are interested that for the last twenty-four years, thirty-five students have entered college directly from the Academy without any other preparation. This number does not include those who have entered normal schools, agricultural schools, physical training schools and the like.

The graduating class gave the Academy an excellent clock for one of the recitations rooms, a very acceptable gift.

On two occasions Mr. Arthur Hardy gave the students an informal talk on the study of mathematics. Mr. Hardy's experience as professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College, and his broader experience as a cultured student made these talks very interesting and inspiring. The school also appreciated his kindly interest.

The public exercises of the school have been, it seems to us, creditable, especially the graduating exercises. Mr. Lynch's address so wholesome and clear in its lessons, and so sympathetically and inspiring given, must be ranked high among the excellent addresses, which such occasions in the years past, have given us.

On the whole the school year may be called a prosperous one. The conduct of the students has been in general good. To the quality of the work of a considerable number we may justly apply the term excellent. Whilst the work of a larger number than we wish, we must in justice estimate no higher than average. And finally we again call attention to increased attendance as it has been pointed out in our opening sentences.

E. R. HALL.

The Reunion and Pageant

Woodstock Academy held a reunion on August 12th, 1911, and as the weather was fair and a large number of the alumni were present, the day passed off most successfully. Early in the morning old scholars began to arrive, and by eleven o'clock a large crowd had assembled and were happily engaged in exchanging greetings and renewing former acquaintances. The principal feature of the day's entertainment was the Pageant; but there was also a base ball game in the morning played by former students of the Academy. This was greatly enjoyed by the spectators as well as by the combatants.

At noon a basket luncheon was served, after which a number of people made short addresses in response to the toasts master's call.

At half past two the first clarion call of the cornet announced to the assembled throng that the Pageant had begun.

A procession of over fifty people in costume, headed by a bugler, marched down the length of the common and across it to the backstop of the ball field. This latter was banked with boughs of evergreen and laurel, thus making an attractive background for the tableaux which were to follow. Great care had been taken by the committee to have these tableaux accurately represent scenes in the history of Woodstock and its vicinity. Professor Sidney Morse read a short description of each tableau before its presentation and thus enabled the audience to fully appreciate the scenes. Those who marched in the procession and took part in the tableaux were all former Academy students and in many cases were direct descendants of the people they impersonated.

Here follows a brief description of the chronicles from which the nine tableaux were taken.

1 In the early days the people of John Winthrop's Colony in Boston were starving for lack of corn. The Wabbaquasset Indians hearing of it, gathered large quantities of corn in sacks and bore them on their backs all the way to the infant settle-

ment on the Massachusetts Bay over the trail which was later known as the Old Connecticut Path. Thus the colony was saved, thanks to the red men.

2. John Eliot preached the gospel to the Indians in his tour through the wilderness which is now Connecticut. To this day the granite rock from which he preached can be seen, and is held in sacred memory by the townspeople.

3. In the coming of the first settlers from Roxbury to Woodstock, the journey was made with great difficulty. Each man brought his family and all his belongings in an ox cart with a cow and sheep tied behind, and a box of chickens, cooking utensils, and rude farm implements loaded within. Before these settlers arrived, thirteen men had gone ahead as pioneers to prepare for the coming colonists. From these a committee of seven was appointed to stake out the highways and decide on the place for the settlement. The men drew lots for the division of the land, the ceremony being conducted with great dignity and solemnity.

4. In the early days of the Indian wars the inhabitants of Woodstock often sought refuge in an old log fort. The grandmother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young belle of the village, volunteered to go out from the fort and gather vegetables for the women and children sheltered within. An Indian espied her as she was starting out, but some inclination caused him to refrain from killing her. Years afterward he returned to tell her of her escape from his tomahawk.

5. A Thanksgiving dinner in pioneer times was a more frugal affair than in our present day. At one of the early Thanksgiving dinners, while the head of the family was asking the Divine blessing on the meagre repast, the table was upset by a dog and the dinner of milk pudding destroyed. The family had to be content with bread and water instead.

6. The most notable revolutionary hero in Windham County was General Israel Putnam. When he first received news of the battle of Lexington he was out working on his farm. He immediately left his

plow in the field, called for his horse, and galloped off to the war.

7. Just after the battle when the troops from all parts of this region had departed for Cambridge, and General Samuel McClellan had ridden through South Woodstock on his way to the war, his wife in a loyal spirit of patriotism set out four memorial elms in front of her house. One died, but the other three still stand on the common in commemoration of the battle of Lexington.

8. The blue laws of Connecticut were very rigid in the first part of the nineteenth century. One of Woodstock's small boys was guilty of gathering nuts on Sunday, and being found out, was tried and sentenced to the pillory for a short period of time.

9. On July 4th, 1870, while President of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant visited Woodstock, and commemorated the event by planting an elm tree on the lawn in front of the Academy.

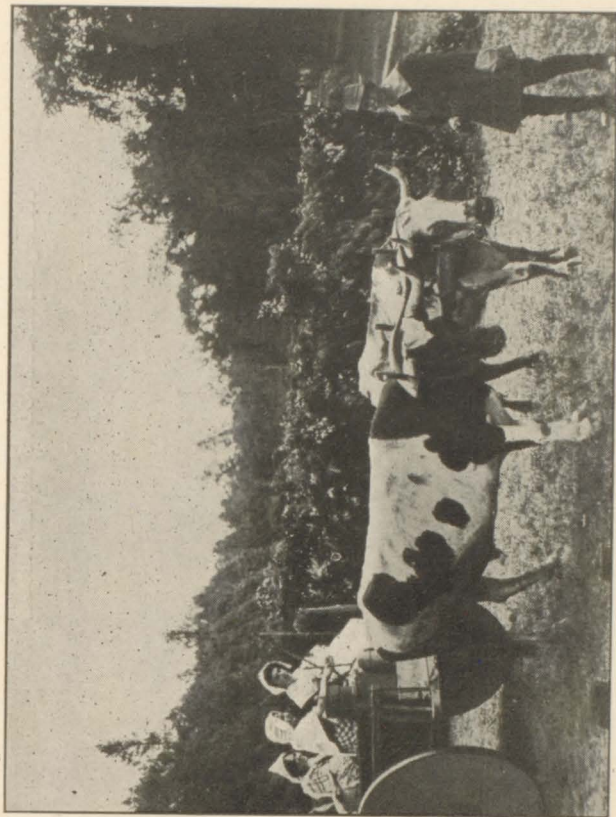
At the close of the tableaux the assembled people rose and joined together in singing "My country, 'tis of thee." It was a fitting ending to a delightful day.

It is hoped that when the next reunion comes ten years hence, there will be even a larger gathering together of the devoted sons and daughters of old Woodstock Academy.

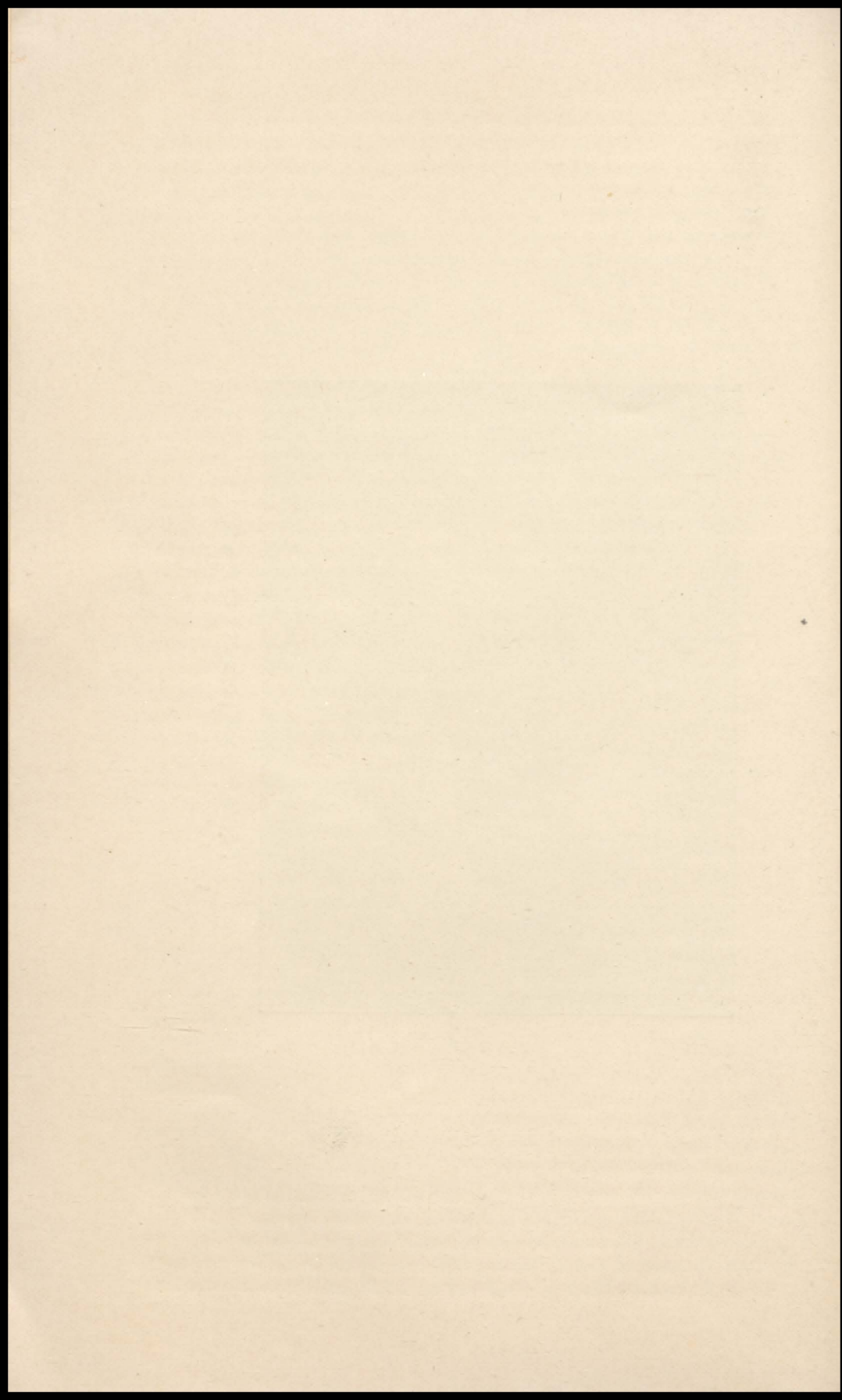
CONSTANCE HOLT.

The Builders

Man has always been a builder since he left the cave dwelling which harbored him while yet his intelligence had hardly dawned. He first built himself a tent of skins, but it was not long before he had constructed for himself a house of logs and stone, made tight with clay and roofed with thatch. Primitive indeed this structure, but it had in it the germs of the greatest castles men have built. From that time he has always built houses, and what is worth remembering, art as well as utility began to appear very early in the building of these homes.



Scene from Woodstock Pageant



Not long after man had built a house, he began to build rude furniture for his home. Then he built boats in which he fished, and in these open boats in later years he went on great expeditions as did our viking ancestors. But the *Mauretania* was in that first dug-out, or canoe, built of barks and skins. Then he began to build roads. This was the beginning of a new civilization. For when roads had been built, races, tribes and nations began to intermingle and trade. Sad to say for many centuries these roads were built largely to afford means for one nation to pillage another, as when Napoleon constructed his great rock road over the Alps. But that is changing and now we build our roads of iron or asphalt for friendly visits and interchange of trade.

Later on as the religious instinct developed man began to build temples to his gods. You will find the ruins of these ancient structures, in which man rose to wonderful artistic expression, crowning the hills of all ancient lands—Italy, Greece, Persia and India. They were perhaps the chief expression of the religious feeling, after the offering of sacrifices on the altars of the gods. When Christianity spread thruout the world the temples changed to churches, and there is probably no town in all Europe or America where he has not built a church. In some of these churches, man, as a builder, rose to his highest as in the great cathedrals of England, France and Italy. Building became prayer and worship, as at Chartres and Amiens, where pilgrims came from all over Europe bringing blocks of stone to put into the structure as their vote for God.

But it was not long after dawn of real civilization that man began to build with other materials than stones and iron and wood, and to build other

structures than these that could be seen and handled. He began to build spiritual structures with the ideas God had given him as freely as wood and stone. Aristotle took the thousand truths he found about him and built up a great temple of ethics. Plato took the ideas that were in the world and built a great temple of philosophy—a philosophy of idealism, wonderful and prophetic. Since that day men have gone on building philosophies, as Kant and Hegel and a thousand more. Or men took the truths of revelation or of religious experience—they are one—and built out of them great theologies as did Augustine, Aquinas and Calvin. Then the poets began building, and out of heroic deeds or the high imaginings of men they built Odysseys and Aeneids or Divine Comedies and Midsummer Nights Dreams. Everywhere, in all departments of life man has been a builder, ever rearing some new structure with foundations on the earth or on the hearts of men.

But long ago he realized that he had something finer to build than any of these things—wonderful as they are—namely, a perfect manhood. He was to take all material that he could find and build a structure called character. Here is where he transcends the animals. They built—but their building stops with beaver dams or pretty hanging nests in high trees, or ant hills with mazy ways. But no animal builds character. But in process of evolution this soon became man's task. So he goes to school and gets truth and out of it builds manhood. He establishes human relationships and out of them gets character. He goes to church and hears heavenly mysteries and out of them builds a soul. He reads the great books of the ages and lets their light enter into the structure. And thus

he builds his manhood, character, soul—call it what you will it is one.

This has been the chief aim of his building thru the ages. But a great teacher appeared two thousand years ago who said he had come to build a kingdom in the world, a new city on the earth, and that the highest vocation any man could choose, no matter whatever else he might be building—was to work with him, the Master Builder, in rearing this structure on the earth. And so since that time, and especially in these later days, men have seen that not only is each one called to help build some kind of kingdom, some new city of the soul, some new institution of righteousness in the earth, but that this is the noblest kind of building any man can do—ever nobler than building his own character. For in building kingdoms one builds character and thus two houses rise magically side by side. So Paul heard the call to go to Europe and build a new religion there. Luther heard the call to build a new church, and reared Protestantism on strong foundations. Lincoln heard the call to build a united nation where one was rent by great schisms. Grotius and William Ladd heard the call to build Supreme Courts of nations, to take the place of wars, and the superb palace at The Hague now rises in marble because these men first built it in visions and dreams. And so on, everywhere have men been building these kingdoms of justice, brotherhood, equality, righteousness, temperance, health, good government, above all building a society of pure, holy men waiking together in the service of God and Man.

We are writing these words thinking that perhaps some graduate of this spring may read them. If he does we want to say to him, every man is a builder by vocation. This is your

lineage in God. You will build something if you do more than simply exist. Now whatever else you build, you will never find your finest, largest, most productive, truest self unless you take some part in the building of the kingdom or city Christ designed and left for us to rear. So, find which one of these great movements of the kingdom most appeals to you, or find the one in which your talent finds fresh scope, whether it be missions, temperance, race problem, economic justice, child labor, international peace—and no matter what else you build, whether houses, businesses, books, anything as vocation, have some part in building with the great master builders of the ages, the city of God that is some day going to supplant the ugly structures sinful men have reared.

REV. FREDERICK LYNCH,
NEW YORK CITY.

Obituaries

Death, with its customarily exacting demands, has taken heavy toll from our alumni the past year. Among those who have died are two of our trustees, both men of advanced years, years filled with valuable service.

JOSEPH F. RUSSELL

Joseph F. Russell died in Woodstock May 28, 1912, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He became a trustee of the Academy in 1885 and continued in office until 1906 when he refused re-election on account of declining years. Mr. Russell was an active member of the executive committee during most of his service as trustee, and to him especially was assigned the care of the building and grounds. His mechanical ability and conservative judgment made possible the valuable service which he generously rendered the Academy.

EDWARD P. BERRIAN

Edward P. Berrian died in Los Angeles, California, March 20th, 1912, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. Ber-

rian became a trustee in 1896 and continued in office up to the time of his death. He, too, was a member of the executive committee and brought to the service of the Academy that conscientious and faithful spirit which was characteristic of him in all fields of activity. In honor of his seventieth birthday, Mr. Berrian gave the Academy a new clock for the main school room. This he carefully set up with his own hands, and that he was a man who preferred to give rather than to receive this appropriate gift is a constant reminder.

E. R. HALL,

CHARLES P. GROSVENOR
HERBERT SHARPE

Charles P. Grosvenor of Abington and Herbert Sharpe of Pomfret. In this brief tribute of respect and appreciation their names are coupled together because of their life-long acquaintance, association and similarity in their life work. Each saw the light of day for the first time in the good old town of Pomfret, born within a year of each other and as boys were pupils in this Academy. Mr. Grosvenor was enrolled as a student in the Academy during a part of the time when Mr. Hopkins was principal, which was during the days of the Civil war between the years '62 and '64. Mr. Sharpe attended the Academy a little later under the same principal.

The life record of both these men was made in Pomfret (Abington being a parish in the town) each lived upon the family homestead and belonged to a long line of honorable ancestry. Each possessed well developed habits of thrift and industry along with marked executive ability that was recognized and gave them prominent positions of trust in town affairs and won for them the respect and popularity of their townsmen and an enviable good name in the surrounding region. Each gave the best of his life for the public good and as they neared its close after a brave struggle against its vicissitudes they passed from earth within a few weeks of each other. Of either it may be said, "He lived in the house by the side of the road and was a friend to man."

E. E. C.

MRS. ELLEN WEBBER BISHOP

The death of Mrs. Ellen Webber Bishop removes another of the oldest students of the Academy. Possessing as she did a character of unusual strength and beauty, it is believed a brief sketch of her life will be timely and of interest.

She was born in Pomfret where her earliest years were spent, then removing with her family to Woodstock to become with them identified with church and Academy. She was a student in the Academy during the short time that her brother, Dr. Webber, was principal and continued in school here, being gifted with quick intelligence. She made a fine record as a scholar, with a promising outlook for the work of teacher. After completing her education in this Academy she taught in the public school on the Hill for a year then accepted a position in Norwich in a school where Mr. Bishop was principal, who later became her husband. Norwich was then her home until the death of her husband. Two sons were born to them, the oldest, Edwin, became a minister of marked ability. Her home was with him for many years and until his marriage she filled the position of pastor's wife with fidelity, and her winsome sympathy won a large place for her in his different fields of labor. When Mr. Bishop left the prominent eastern church for a home in the West the mother received many tokens of love and esteem. For many years she was permitted to share in the honors bestowed upon her oldest son and to enjoy the faithful love and care of the younger, who was a business man.

In later years her heart turned to the home of her youth and she spent much of her time with her nephew and niece at the old homestead and renewed her acquaintance with the old church home and people. Her old-time cordiality gave her many warm friends. Never strong physically, she was often a great sufferer, but her suffering she bore with the same cheerful spirit of fortitude and patience.

After a long illness she passed away in the early spring of 1912, leaving the memory of a life of faithful service wherever her lot was cast.

ELLA E. CHILD.

Maxwell Warren Rockwell An Appreciation

Maxwell Warren Rockwell died in New York City October 16th, 1911, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His death was unexpected, the news of it reaching most of his friends before they had any knowledge of his illness.

Max entered the Academy in the fall of 1889, a bright boy of twelve. The death of his father compelled the household to make Woodstock, which had been merely their summer home, their permanent residence, and Max became a student in a country academy instead of being a pupil in the public school system of the metropolis. This forced change of plans never caused the boy a single pang of regret. The fewer opportunities in the Academy curriculum and the open joyous life out of doors appealed strongly to two sides of his nature.

For Max was a natural student. Books appealed to him. He learned his lessons largely because he was interested in the subjects, not simply because he wished to prepare for recitation. The result was that he became not a made-up but a grown-up scholar. When the time came to enter college, hardly referring to his purpose, he went down to New Haven, met the enemy on their own territory, and passed his eighteen examinations with credit.

It may just as truly be said that our young friend was a devotee to out-of-door life, as that he was a book-lover by nature. He was fond of all healthful sports. A companion of boys in all the school athletics, in foot-ball and tennis he excelled. The writer, as he looks back upon those years, can hardly say which gave him the greater satisfaction, to instruct the receptive boy in his books, or wage a friendly contest with him on the tennis courts. And sometimes, yes generally, when the spring was well along, Max would, without due notice, disappear a day now and then. And when his instructor from his standpoint felt compelled to expostulate, his answer would come in the spirit, if not in the words of Henry Van Dyke,

"Who can help wishing to go a-fishing in days so full of joy as these?"

His artist powers and tastes displayed themselves early in his school life. His text books abounded in sketches, not the defacements of restless idleness, but skilful portrayals of scenes suggested by the books themselves, or by incidents of school life. These were often done in water colors, and showed his power to grasp and portray the striking features of an incident with due emphasis, and often with an over emphasis which made them delightfully humorous.

Near the close of his senior year in Yale, Rockwell enlisted in the Yale Artillery Company to serve in the Spanish War. This Company after some months of camping and drilling were just on the point of being sent to Cuba when the war was brought to a close, and he was mustered out of service, an honorably discharged soldier, and a graduate of Yale college.

After his graduation Max spent a year studying in Paris and then returned to this country to follow his profession as an artist. His work was done during winters in New York City but during the summers generally in Woodstock. It is not in the power of the writer to pass judgment upon the works of an artist but our young friend soon found his hands filled with work, and this could not have been possible if his productions had not been of high artistic value. Magazine covers, illustrations in magazines and books published by leading houses, and several years of contributions to "Life" were the fields of his activity where he rendered high service and won the approval of his fellow workers, some expression of which will be found in the Gleaner.

Apart from his professional life Max was deeply interested in socialistic questions and activities. He was for several years an active member of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. But whatever were his socialistic tendencies they did not spring from a spirit of lawlessness and violence, but were the deep convictions of one who loved his fellow men, and keenly felt the

injustice of existing social conditions.

Sad as it is to feel that he was permitted to live out only half of the years usually allotted man, and that we must go on without the helpfulness and companionship of his manly life, we may reasonably take cheer in the thought that preeminently in a human life, quality outweighs quantity, that character and spirit count for far more than length of years

E. R. HALL.

Warren Rockwell

He longed to live a little while
In Italy and France,
To work there for the love of it,
And waited for a chance.

And he was bound to have his way,
So patient and so kind
Were all his hopes and all his deeds,
Until I have divined

That in fair corners of the heart
He wrought indelibly
The works of love that he had planned
For France and Italy.

WITTER BYNNER.

In Memory

Fare forth, true heart, athwart that
troubled sea

Whose far crests break upon no earthly
shore,

Out of the Here-and-Now, to the unknown
To-be,

"Ave atque vale," we who see no more.

We have no fears to face, no knell to toll.

Fair shone in fall the inland hill, in
spring the homely hollow:

But to those freer levels where the soul
Follows the white gull's flight, our
dimmed eyes may not follow.

Unto the Night, inevitable and calm, we
leave

The silver riddle of the wheeling stars.
Unfurl! Fare forth: nor fear that we may
grieve

For hands shall clasp again beyond
strange harbor bars!

F. F. R.

A Winter with a Poet

A poet is a miserable person to live with as a rule, especially if he likes to have you criticize his poetry. However, there is always something interesting to be found in the poorest poet. When I entered the Poet's house I knew at once that something more than the writing of poems had kept the wolf from the door; there was a splendid, parsimonious wife possessed with genuine New England gumption who fought the wolf well. Hesitatingly I inquired if there was a room for another guest—Turkish rugs, stacks of books, Italian vases, and classic pictures do not typify a boarding house. There was a room, high in price and stories, but I would accept anything to be privileged to live in the house of the Poet.

We spent many hours together, the Poet's wife and I, trying to patch up some old garment, or make a worn article hang on for another year. Those were most pleasant hours filled with discourses on the right and wrong of things,—dancing, woman's rights, the necessity of work, the purpose of life. The Poet often interrupted our conversations (he was too deaf to join our talks) to read us a letter from a former pupil or a new admirer. These were always interesting as I could get two points of view at once,—the admirer's and the Poet's. When the letters were finished, he folded them and slipped them back into the envelopes breathing a "Dear Soul" upon each one. The next day I would hear the wife typewriting a reply to the admirer at the Poet's dictation.

Early every morning the Poet was up to greet the paper boy; and before an open fire of shavings, which required constant feeding, he pored over the news that the city had created in a day's time. He read of the great disasters at sea; and the horror of the suffering was terribly fixed in his imagination. When he retold the incidents his forehead expressed agitation by its innumerable wrinkles; his voice hoarsened to a tremendous volume; and the very picture of suffering seemed focused in his deep-set eyes.

The library was the Poet's corner. We always found him there seated close beside the radiator before a music rack which supported a huge volume,—American Anthology or The Diary of Gideon Welles. Here he read and napped by the hour. About him were rows and rows of books quite encircling the long room. A table heaped high with magazines made you long to browse. A picture of Daniel Webster was conspicuous. If you asked him his opinion of this American statesmen he sought a chance to read you his ode which he informed you began thus:

Ye see him truly, now:

Their hour and power is past

Who fain had shamed that brow.

It wears its crown at last.

It was a long poem, hundreds of lines, so it was always necessary to avoid everything that might suggest the reading of a poem if you were eager to be off.

Delightful hours were spent at the table. There were ten of us during the winter. The Poet and his wife sat at the head. He wrapped himself in a red steamer rug and rested his feet on a soap stone. He Fletcherized and meditated while his wife served. His deafness separated him from the merry talk. We could say little to him except as his wife wrote at our dictation on a piece of paper. His deafness was a source of great aggravation to him; he was eager to join in the conversation. He was fond of "deaf jokes" and often related the story of the postman's morning speech:

It was a snowy morning, cold and windy. The Poet and the postman had met in the vestibule of the Poet's house. The former had recently supplied himself with an ear trumpet, and, as human nature often acts, he could hear nothing without the assistance of the new purchase. In a loud voice the postman greeted him with a cordial "Good morning."

"What did you say?" questioned the Poet. "I didn't hear."

"Good morning," repeated the postman.

"Just wait a minute," the Poet hastened to say, "until I get my trumpet." Into the library the old man hurried, assuring

the postman of his hasty return. After much jostling of magazines he came back with the sought treasure to hear the third merry "Good morning" poured into his ear.

"Oh ho!" he laughed, "that reminds me of a story. A young lady was entrusted with the entertainment of a celebrated bachelor at a fashionable dinner party. A lull in the conversation forced the young lady to summon her courage and say something. She launched the conversation safely, so she thought, by asking the question, 'Do you like bananas?'"

The bachelor, who was quite deaf, asked her in a surprised tone to repeat her question. The young lady delighted in having thus gained his attention, clearly enunciated the words again, "Do you like bananas?"

Greatly embarrassed and alarmed the deaf bachelor hesitatingly told her that he really preferred the old-fashioned night shirt."

One would naturally expect to find a poet constantly writing, but such is not the case. Evidently the Poet spent little time actually writing. MS however, passed out of the house weekly to New York publishers. How much of it was returned it was not for me to know.

Distinguished guests frequented the Poet's house—college presidents, authors, critics, publishers. Often they prolonged their stay to the dinner hour and we were privileged to get a glimpse of another life outside the student's. At such times the memory and the imagination of The Poet brilliantly exhibited itself. Poetry came as easily from his lips as recipes from a housewife's.

Every afternoon after the good wife had finished the morning tasks, the two set out together to do the shopping and marketing on a street three blocks away. If you chanced upon them you found the wife intent upon writing as she walked. Like two children they went down the streets one quite far behind the other, he reading what she had written.

The Poet hated vice and evil. When his child misstepped he arose and like a Hebrew prophet denounced her to the

world. When his children desired to dance, he, hating the recreation as a sin, took the question before the Church and abode by the decision of the Church, which was contrary to his beliefs. So violently did he hate evil that he wrote an essay entitled "Hating as a Duty" for which he selected the following quotation from Pope:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

ETHEL SPAULDING

October

Crisp and keen the morning air,
Nuts are falling everywhere,
Squirrels chattering loud and shrill,
Noontide haze on every hill.

Every forest clad in gold,
Crimson, purple, scarlet bold;
Songsters to the Southland fly,
Summer whispereth low, "Good-bye."

Earlier sinks the sun to rest
In the glowing, far-off west,
Hunter's moon on hill and vale,
Flooding night with ghost light pale.

On the threshold now we stand
Of a palace wondrous grand,
King October ruleth here,
Royal monarch of the year.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON,
Class of 1905.

Mr. Dooley on Present Day Politics

"Sure 'tis upset I am entirely over th way things do be goin' these days," ex claimed Mr. Hennisey, putting down his paper and proceeding to fill his pipe. "Who ar' we goin' t' vote f'r? That's what I'd like t' know. I think mesilf that all th' candidates has their good pints, but ye can't vote f'r thim all. Father Hogan says they're all good, dacint rayspectible men. Not wan iv thim has ever been caught hutin' a frind in th' brck, beatin' his wife, or votin' th' Socialist ticket, he says. Who'll ye vote f'r, Martin?"

"Faith Jawn, d'ye think I have no more

regar-rd for me business thin to be tellin that in public at this airly date," replied Mr. Dooley. "Sure th' number iv parties they're puttin in th' field this year is enough to start a dozen new saloons in every districht in th' city, as it is. Ye'd have but t' hang out yer sign, 'Jawn Hinnisy's Place—Headquarters f'r th' Methodist Suffragettes' Free-Trade Wilson' League,' an' ye'd be sure to attract a small but enthusiastic an' paying clientell, that wud keep yer place full from now till November. But an old ringer like me has to be careful. If I'd put out any declaration iv faith such as that I'd be apt to lose half me thrade, to say nothin' iv me social standing', me political future, an' maybe half th' back iv me head. I tell ye Jawn, the way this counthry is bein' rent and sundered be th' so called politics iv th' presint day is gettin' t' be serious. 'Tis no longer we have th' beautiful an' harmless spectacle iv th' two old parties battin' each ither over th' heads with a bladder full iv super-heated air, an' no wan really hurt after its all over. 'Tis indeed a revolution has taken place. In th' good old days, 'twas you and me 'ud be watchin' f'r each other wid half a brick in our pocket, because we intended—an' made no concealment iv th' dastardly fact—we intended to cast our votes different: while th' bosses at th' top 'ud say 'Sick 'em boys; chew 'em up alive'—an' all th' time they'd be fixin' up their deals behind our backs. Now 'tis th' other way entirely. Here's you an' me, calm and quiet as a Sundah mornin' in th' ould counthry, watching the battle 'iv th' candidates as peaceable as if we had tickets to a Christian Endeavor boxin' match, knowin' nawthin' about how each other will vote and carin' a dam sight less. 'Tis a strange pass things has come to. Sure a plain, honest politician can no longer make a dacint livin' at the game,—he's got t' be a college president, an editor, or at laste a judge besides his regular callin'.

"An' look at th' things they're discussin' these days. 'Tis no longer 'four years more iv th' full dinner pail,' but 'Can th' workin' man live on two meals a day,—an'

who is in th' balloon attached to the cost iv livin'.' It is not, 'Do our infant industries still need protection,'—but such revolutionary and incinanderary questions as 'do we shill need th' infants that is runnin' our industhries (fr a consideration iv many billhons a year) or can we run thim oursilves an' be better off? It is not 'Wud ye rather carry wan gold coin or 16 silver ones around in your jeans,—but how'll ye git the jeans at all at all if the price iv steak and buther don's go down?' It is not, 'shall we call th' so-called trust a trust or a giant corporation,' but 'shall th' trusts own th' nation or th' nation own th' trusts?' It is not 'Shall we stop wastin' part iv our limited amount iv higher education on wimmin?' but 'shall we give thim th' vote,—or wait a few years more till they take it?' An' so it goes.

An' natusally all th's terrible argumint has had its blastin' effect on th' personalities iv th' candidates. Look at th' frindship iv Taft an' Teddy. Four years ago ye could not pry them apart wid a pick handle. This year, 'tis tho same—but its f'r different reasons tney would at get each ither now. Says Taft, 'I have been a man iv sthraw long enough.' Says Teddy, 'I agree wid ye fully, me frind, an' if they'd only lave me at ye f'r a few minutes I'd punch th' straw stuffin' clean out'—but at this point Lyman Abbott reaches forth from th' Outlook door, an' grabbing Teddy be th' red bandana knoted around his neck, pulls him back under his desk to finish that article on 'Why th' Gintle Prisine iv Woman is Needed in Polyticks.' But shure I don't blame Teddy f'r gettin' mad. So wud you, Hinnisey, if f'r eight long years you'd kept th' stheam-roller in perfect workin' order, painted, greased, steam-tight an' under cover, an' than have yer earst.while frind back it out iv th' shed and run it over yer bran new hat. Sure ye'd yell "Stop thief!" yerself, or so wud I, or any other man, thryin' to rayform, an' caught wid th' goods iv former adventures still in yer old coat-pockets.

"But who," interrupted Hennisey, "who is this man th' Democrats put up at Baltimore! Calleran was tellin' me yesterdah

he's a nephew iv old man Bryan's—not that I'd vote f'r him anyway,—I shwore long ago I'd never vote th' democratic ticket again as long as I lived."

"There ye go," replied Mr. Dooley warmly, "showin' how far behind th' times ye ar-re. 'Tis no longer th' fashion to vote that way. Ye should not vote be blind prejudice and experience; ye shud wait till the last minit, consult th' woman,—whose got time to follow these things more closely than ye have, and go out an' vote on th' impulse iv th' moment:—Then if ye don't like what ye've done, on soberin' up, ye go out next wake—an' recall it." But to come back to th' Democratic candidate—I can't think iv his name just now, but it makes no difference anyway. 'twill probably never be heard iv after November—Calleran was wrong, as he always is,—when he told you he was Bryan's nephew. He's only an adopted son. Th' old man seen he could niver live t' get into th' White House nimsilf, so he thought he'd like to be relayted to it in th' closest way he cud. So he made overtures to Roosevelt, but too late, alas! Teddy was already adopted be me old friend an' fellow humanitarian, George Perkins—wid th' heart iv solid gold. Far be it from me to criticize this man Woodrow—I have his name at last—this finished project iv th' effete East. 'Tis not th' place iv common laborers like oursilves to question any man who wears glasses an' a chin like those. We could not understand his wor rds, any more than he could understand ours. You wud say to him, "Hello, Profissor, I have here a little problem in political economy to which I wud fain find th' answer?"

"Well, me good man," says th' Profissor, "I'm very busy with me new class in practical politics this morning, but I'll thry to help ye; what is it?"

"'Tis this," says you, "if wages has gone up 15 per cint, and th' cost iv livin' has gone up 42 per cint, and th' same is throe in England where they have free trade, where does th' workin' man an' the farmer git off at, an' what are th' democrats goin' t' do about it."

"'Tis a nice quistion, 'though somewhat too practical," says th' Profissor, "I will take it to me labratory, where I can sub ject it to th' exact an' unprejudiced analy sis iv me micrometer an' me table iv loga rathims," says he. "An' I will thin give ye th' answer—after election. Good day."

"But how ar-re ye goin' t' vote yerself," persisted Mr. Hennisey. "Spake to me as frind to frind, Martin. I'll tell no wan."

"Sure, I don't know, Jawm. I was thinkin' iv votin' fr Debs—th' Socialists put up a fine administhratoin in Milwau- kee—but I don't know. I think their plat- form is too unexcitin' an' consarvative,— that is, what ther'll be left iv it after Woodrow an' Bryan an' Teddy git through borrowin' from thim. Sure, I don't know I'm thinkin iv sthartin' a party iv me own, —if I can find th' right woman t' run on th' ticket with me."

F. F. ROCKWELL.

Senior Class Honor Essay

(The honor for the best essay written by a member of the Senior Class was dividid between Miss Helen Perley and Miss Rilla Child. Owing to lack of space, but one of the essays could be used in the Gleaner."—ED.)

Is the English People better under- stood through its History or its Literature?

The history and literature of the English people are so closely connected that it is difficult to determine which of them aids the more in making the people better understood.

Let us assume that it is the literature rather than the history that exerts the greater influence, and mention some of the most important literary works showing their power to make the people better known.

A well known author has said: "It is the object of the study of all literature to make us better acquainted with men—not simply with their deeds, which is the function of history, but with dreams and ideals which underlie all their actions."

In studying Beowulf, the earliest and one of the greatest epics of the English

language, scholars are able to get a very faint idea of the life of the people at a period before history began.

When Alfred became king of England the country was in a very unsettled state. King Alfred will be remembered as one who overcame the Danes and subdued other intruders; but he will still longer be remembered as the first writer of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and as the translator of "The Gospel of St. John," and other Latin and Greek books. It is through these that at the present day we can to some extent understand the condition of the people in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Historically the fourteenth century is noted for the decline of feudalism and the growth of national spirit. But it is through the influence of Chaucer's works that all the people of England adopted one dialect. Chaucer is called "The Father of English Poetry." In his "Canterbury Tales" he pictures the characters not as great heroes but as real men and women.

The Elizabethan Age is known in his- tory as the time when the whole country was aroused by the Reformation, the Re- naissance, and discoveries in the New World. It was also in this age that the full glory of the English drama burst forth in the writings of William Shakespeare. It has been said: "The drama is the looking glass in which we see the hideousness of vice and the beauties of virtue. "This was especially true at this time for Shake- speare was able to make his plays so alive they showed the characteristics of the people just as they were. At the present time scholars have been able to get a more vivid picture of the manners and customs of that time by reading his leading plays than from any history.

In Shakespeare's historical plays such as Julius Caesar and Richard III he repre- sented the characters as he imagined he would have been himself with their sur- roundings. It has often been found that his views were correct, although they were not always considered as such in his day. It is thought that even if he had not writ- ten any plays he would have been given,

through his poems, a leading place among the literary men of the Elizabethan Age. So wide was the limit of his work that he has been styled "the universal poet." Goethe has said: "I do not remember that any book or person or event in my life ever made so great an impression upon me as the plays of Shakespeare."

William J. Long in speaking of Shakespeare says; "His influence upon our own language and thought is beyond calculation." Shakespeare and the King James Bible are the two great conservators of the English speech; and one who habitually reads them finds himself possessed of a style and vocabulary that are beyond criticism."

In the first half of the seventeenth century, Francis Bacon's "Novum Organum" was published. In this the author showed "that in the study of nature, or in the study of the action of the human mind; men ought, first, to notice how nature and the mind worked, and from this knowledge to derive general laws."

His reasoning is called the inductive method, and it is according to his system that so much progress has been made in laws, in commerce, and in science.

The history of the Puritan Age is one great conflict. First the struggling of the Puritans for religious liberty; then the beheading of Charles I, and the accession of Charles II to the throne after Oliver Cromwell's rule of a few years. While in literature this period will always be remembered by scholars as the time in which John Milton wrote his immortal poems. It is of this poet that Wordsworth wrote. "That mighty orb of song, the divine Milton,"

During the Commonwealth and Protectorate Milton was Cromwell's Latin secretary and a pamphlet was issued in behalf of the Royalists. Three years later Milton finished his "Defense of the English People." It was due to the strenuous labor exerted in preparation for this that he sacrificed his eyesight. Many are the discouraged people who have been comforted by the last line of the sonnet which he wrote on his blindness. "They also

serve who only stand and wait." He attained the height of his talent in "Paradise Lost," which was soon followed by "Paradise Regained." As poetry "Paradise Lost" has never been surpassed in all literature.

When Charles II returned to England in 1660 he had many of the dissenters put into prison, among whom was a poor tinker, John Bunyan. While in prison Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." In this he describes his own religious feelings and thus people have gained an insight of the struggles which many of the people of that day passed through. This book has probably been read more than any other book in our language except the Bible, and it has been translated into seventy-five languages and dialects. Thousands of people, in doubt as to what was right, have been helped and inspired by reading this book.

The period between the war of the American Revolution and the accession of Victoria is called the Age of Revolution.

The triumph of democracy in government was then obtained and this was accompanied in literature by several of the best romances ever written.

Sir Walter Scott in his novels was able to arouse many people to understand the delights of literature which they had never before realized. He was the writer of the first historical novel and in these he has given us a new conception of history. It shows that in the early days the people were just as real as they are to-day; and we can get a very vivid picture of the times.

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest poet of the Victorian Age expressed the troubles, and the triumphs of his country. In his poetry he suggests to us the qualities of the greatest of English Poets. Tennyson was greatly loved by his countrymen and probably among English poets none have, through their poems, given more pleasure and comfort to people of all classes, especially to those in sorrow.

Thomas Babington Macaulay is famous in literature for his "History of England" and his essays. His history is very accurate, but he did not live to complete it. In

the essays a very idea of the leading men and the movements of the day are found. "History and Literature properly belong together, and Macaulay was one of the first writers to explain the historical conditions which partly account for a writer's work and influence."

We can express Robert Browning's thought in the Anglo Saxon words, "I can and I will." He has been one of of the greatest teachers of men in English literature. His poems are not as entertaining as those of Tennyson, but after studying them it is learned that Browning wrote strong words of faith to doubting ones. In a closer comparison of the influences exerted by Tennyson and Browning it will be well to quote from a good authority, "while youth delights in Tennyson, manhood is better satisfied with Browning."

The message of Thomas Carlyle was a plea for earnest labor; that of John Ruskin was to share the pleasures of art and literature with both rich and poor, and to work with a purpose.

We admire Charles Dickens, the centennial of whose birth was recently celebrated, not only as a novelist but as a man of deep religious character. In his novels he showed to England the condition of her wretched poor. He thus did more for the discouraged than all of Great Britain's statesmen had accomplished.

It will be fitting to close with this quotation from Whipple. "From the hour of the invention of printing, books, not kings, were to rule the world. Weapons forged in a mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-axe."

RILLA H. CHILD.

Ivy Poem—Class of 1912

Here we plant thee, little Ivy,
As an emblem, fond and true,
Of the love borne by the followers
Of the dear old gold and blue.

As to-day we cleave the greensward
And imbed thee in the soil,
May we take thee as our symbol,—
Learn to labor and to toil.

Learn to find that each endeavor
Feeble though it be, and small
Leads us onward, forward, upward,
As we move on toward the goal.

* * * * *

We shall not forget thee, Ivy,
Though we may be far away,
Still, the class of twelve shall cherish
Fondest love for thee alway.

And as thou art watched and tended
By our Heavenly Father's care,
So shall we be guided safely
And given strength our tasks to bear.

G. C. SHELDON.

A First Impression of Woodstock

A hot July sun was beating down mercilessly as the tired horses pulled around the last curve and started up the last slope leading to the group of houses on the crest of the hill. The road along which we had been driving was dusty and dry, the horses at every step kicking up clouds of the brown powder which settled gradually back to earth again in the calmness of the noon-day atmosphere. The bushes and grasses by the roadside showed scarcely a hint of green under their heavy coating of dust and the scanty trees, back from the banking, themselves dingy and colorless, gave but little relief from the glaring heat; while the fields, stretching away on either side, shorn of their late crop, were an expanse of brown, stubby ends, with here and there groups of high yellow buttercups, drooping languidly, with their hot faces turned away from the scorching sun.

Scarcely a sound, except the regular breathing of the horses broke the deadly quiet of mid-day, though once a shrill, hoarse, rasping cry attracted attention to a cricket as he flashed across the road ahead of us and disappeared into the distance. The eye followed him in his flight to the north, for there, in a break between the hills, one caught a beautiful glimpse of rolling blue highlands, dim and misty and hazy in the distance, a grateful contrast to the desolate brown-

ness and grayness at our feet. On the horizon two irregular columns of smoke were piled up—denoting the situation of busy towns, seeming far away, indeed, from the quiet inactivity of the immediate surroundings.

Lying placidly in the direction which the cricket had taken was a small, compact sheet of water, dark and cool and unruffled, settled in a curve of the rounded hill of pines behind it. Flag poles, emerging from the tree tops, showed the presence of summer cottages and camps, but not a sound broke the even quiet of the noon hour.

As we reached the top of the rise which we had been climbing, the distant blue hills and blue little lake were lost to view and in their places there stretched a long main street over which the hanging branches of the trees, with their dense foliage met, making a perfect covering of green. Now, instead of the glaring brilliance of the sunlight on a dusty brown road, there lay before us a cool shadowed way with only here and there a spot of light filtering through to remind us of the brightness and heat behind us. Here the grass bordering the side of the street was green and plentiful and the shrubs with graceful curves broke the straight outlines of the grass plots. For the most part the houses, quiet and dignified, were set back from the stretches of green lawn. Vines and shrubs and trees in many cases were clustered about the houses and occasionally a group of blossoms gave a touch of color to the scene.

So on we drove under the cover of the green, past the quiet houses, having always before us the sight of more trees, more shade, more coolness, more peace, more sweet silence.

C. H. STOWELL.

Letters from Graduates

Office of Inspector of Machinery, U. S. Navy, New York Ship Building Company, Camden, New Jersey.

The following effusion being written by request, I make no apology for this sudden burst into print. However it is my hope that it may be of general interest to some few of the Gleaner's readers al-

though it is bound to be more or less personal in its character.

It is a common saying that the life of a Naval officer is "either a feast or a famine," and I must say that I have found this to be pretty true. A year ago this month I was working from daylight till dark,—and then some,—making only two shore liberties in as many months, while at present I am ashore all the time and keeping very easy hours.

The Perkins left the New York Navy Yard about the middle of last July, and joined the Atlantic Torpedo Fleet in Gardiner's Bay for maneuvers off Block Island in conjunction with the Atlantic Battleship Fleet. These maneuvers lasted a week, the torpedo boats, assisted by the vessels of the Naval Reserves, acting as a defense of Newport and Block Island, while the battleships simulated an attack of a foreign fleet in an attempt to establish a base on the mainland. The battleships, having the advantage of making the attack at any time they chose, disappeared completely for three days, and tried to wear out the defense by forcing them to keep up a continuous day and night patrol, and I must confess that it was a pretty tired bunch of officers and men that finally sighted the "enemy" at about four o'clock on the morning of the fourth day. They were discovered, however, by the outer line of the patrol, and their movements accurately reported by wireless to the Reserve Fleet, which steamed out to meet them just off Block Island and the decision was in favor of the defense. After a day or two at Newport for repairs the Torpedo Fleet went to Provincetown, Mass., where we spent the next six weeks in preparing for torpedo practice during the day, and enlivening the nights by making attacks on the Battleship Fleet both at anchor and underway.

The early part of September we spent at Gardiner's Bay, again, holding torpedo practice, and as this consisted of night firing, entirely, and as it was necessary for the officers of one ship to umpire for other ships on the range, it was the old story of "no rest for the weary." After this we went to Hampton Roads, and

after a week of preparation held our gun practice—also by night, but it was all over in three nights, and then we made a full power steaming competition run to New York. This was indeed a pretty sight as it was practically a scratch race between sixteen destroyers, and I will leave it to the reader to judge whether or not we were anxious to get to New York, when I say that we left Hampton Roads at eight in the morning and tied up at the Brooklyn Navy Yard that same evening. After a month of repair work we all went out into the North River for the Naval Review, and at that time I was transferred to the U. S. S. Mississippi.

I was on the Mississippi, however, for a little over a month, only, during which time we manoeuvred with the Fleet between Hampton Roads and Newport, for when she went to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for her repair period, I went to the Naval Hospital with typhoid fever. While there, however, I had a good opportunity to observe the efficiency of our hospitals where they have women nurses on duty. Any man, I think, no matter how much of a "woman hater" he may be while in good health, will agree with me in saying that the swish of a skirt in a sick room will do him more good than all the "dope" a doctor can force down his unwilling throat. A hospital apprentice may be a good man and know his duties thoroughly, but it is impossible for him to fill the place that woman is intended to fill in time of sickness. It was not until the middle of February that I was able to leave the hospital and then I was given two months' sick leave. I gave up the last half of this, however, in order to go to the Naval Academy as assistant coach of the crew, this line of work being just what I needed while regaining my strength. We had a very successful season but were greatly disappointed in not being able to enter the crew for the Poughkeepsie Regatta, as we had hoped to. On being detached from the Naval Academy I had expected to go to sea again but I was ordered here to the works of the New York Shipbuilding Company, for inspection duty on the U. S. S. Jarvis—a torpedo boat destroyer of 750 tons,

very similar to the Perkins—and to duty on board when she goes into commission, which will probably not be before the middle of October. The development of a ship under construction is truly as wonderful as the growth of a delicate flower; the designing of the hundreds of thousands of detailed parts in the drafting room on paper; their separate construction in the pattern shops and moulding rooms; their preliminary fitting and testing in the erecting lofts; and finally their welding and riveting into the almost living body of the ship itself, each part fitting in exactly with every other part, to the thousandth part of an inch—all this is one of the most interesting studies with which I have ever come into contact, and I think that the finished product, as exemplified in the Arkansas which is nearing completion here, is one of the greatest achievements of the modern age, and I can say this with all candor as I have had no more to do with her construction than you have.

I am looking forward to the issue of the Gleaner with a great deal of interest, as I always have, as it is sure to bring news of all those from whom I have been so far separated, and I hope that there will never again be any question as to the continuance of its publication. Let us not forget to give it our heartiest support at the time when it is so needed.

F. W. ROCKWELL.

July 25th, 1912.

Dear Gleaner:

You have asked me to write you something about the very interesting work we are doing at The Housekeeping Experiment Station. I am very glad to do this for I know all your readers will be as interested in this work as I was when I came to understand the full import of the new "Homemaking Profession."

Housekeeping has always interested me from the time when I used to cut out doughnuts from bits of dough my mother gave me to keep me from under her feet. When I came to have a home of my own, I took just as much interest in Mrs. Child's first experiment at lemon pies as in my own work in the chemical laboratory. We have marvelled as we have

gone from house to house in our travels at the poorly arranged and poorly equipped kitchens that it has been our fate to use in preparing meals. So it has been our usual task on entering a new house to go through a regular program of putting up shelves in places where no shelves were but ought to be and rails for clothes hangers in closets ingeniously devised to accommodate the fewest possible number of clothes.

Mrs. Child is an indefatigable investigator with the advantage of a business training. So she has visited many of the domestic science schools and laboratories in search of a solution for her own home problems. We found that all were studying them from a laboratory point of view, with little or no effort to co-ordinate processes to reduce work in the daily home operations.

About a year ago she visited Mr. Barnard's Housekeeping Experiment Station and came back filled with the new ideas that his work had suggested. Mr. Barnard had carried out the novel idea of making his home a working laboratory and, by applying scientific principles and appliances, reduced the home work to a minimum. The life in their home was charming and the impression one gained from a visit there was most refreshing. Here was an old couple who had made a cosy nest for themselves, and carried on their own home processes with the least unnecessary work and the maximum amount of comfort and happiness. Mr. Barnard's work attracted remarkable attention from the press, and when we met him the volume of the work was becoming too great for his failing strength. He offered Mrs. Child and myself the opportunity of taking up the work with him. It seemed a remarkable opening. We decided to accept.

We found that Mr. Barnard had carried on the Station from the point of view of a literary man, giving his results to the public through bulletins. We believed that now was the time to make these new processes practical and available to housekeepers by establishing a new profession we decided to call "housekeeping experts."

Most housekeepers cannot spare the time to go to school again and many do not want to wade through many books to find a few ideas here and there to guide them. We believed that they could incorporate the new ideas into their homes by consultation at our Station or by our visiting them and suggesting such changes in arrangement and equipment that we believed drudgery would be banished.

Our homes are feeling the effect of the great economic changes that are at work everywhere. If they are to become the places of rest and inspiration that they should be, a new point of view is the first thing required. More co-operation among the members of the household and a resolution to throw over the dump the worn out ideas and processes that are no longer suited to our present needs.

We have tried to make our home a working exposition of the new ideas. By chance we are just the economic family, two grown-ups and three kiddies. We can do our own work and carry on our profession single-handed, if necessary. We are constantly trying out new appliances and trying new arrangements of kitchen to make work lighter. This is where we differ from other experiment stations, for we make our tests under conditions of every day life.

It is an immensely interesting work and we are trying to bring to the housekeeper a message of inspiration and hope for better things to come. With best wishes to all your readers.

Very cordially yours,

ALFRED CHILD.

The Housekeeping Experiment Station,
Cedar Gate, Darien, Conn.

56 Butman St., Beverly, Mass.

Dear Gleaner Friends,

Did you all, as our class did, study Snow Bound while you were at the Academy? We have just visited Whittier's home at Amesbury, where we saw the desk on which that poem and others were written. Snow Bound describes the life at Haverhill, the birthplace of the poet and where he lived for twenty-nine years; but most of his life was spent at

Amesbury and the majority of his poems were written there.

The Amesbury house was originally very small but has been added to several times, till now it is quite large. Several of the rooms are open to the public.

In the parlor are portraits of Whittier's mother and brother and of his beautiful sister Elizabeth; his last poem and two of his earliest ones in his own handwriting; an album containing photographs of many noteworthy people who were his friends; and many other things of much interest. Some of his books are there, some in what was originally the kitchen but was used most of the time as the dining room, and still others in the "garden room."

It was in this room that most of his writing was done, and the room is left just as it was,—the same carpet and wall-paper, the lounge with his folded shawl lying on it, his hats hanging in the closet, the rocking chair which was his favorite, and his desk near the door opening onto the side porch. The upper part of the door is glass and there hang the fringed gentians, arranged as a transparency, that suggested his poem "The Pressed Gentian."

There is a picture given him by James T. Fields, several painted and given by Lucy Larcom (who was born here in Beverly), and two given by Bayard Taylor, one of which called out the poem "The Rock in El Ghor." The house contains some family heirlooms, one mirror being at least two hundred years old.

There is nothing pretentious about the house; on the contrary it is very plain and many of the things show long wear. But one feels there the kindly spirit of the poet who lives in the hearts of the people and one is glad to have made the pilgrim-age.

We finished that day by going out to Hampton Beach, a beautiful broad beach more than a mile long, where the fine sand is packed hard by the waves rolling in. Two of us enjoyed the surf bathing.

During the spring vacation one of the other Beverly High school teachers, who enjoys walking, and I walked through Wenham and Topsfield to Boxford, to

Alice Freeman Palmer's home. Another day we walked up north through Hamiltonton, Ipswich and Rawley to Newburyport. At Ipswich we climbed Town Hill, from which there is an extended view around three-fourths of the horizon, including wide sweeps of land and water, with Plum Island just off the coast. Most of that day we were on the old Bay Road which dates back to 1640.

Salem, Danvers, Marblehead and many other places full of interest are easily accessible, but I have mentioned just a few of more recent excursions that have been especially pleasurable.

With love for dear Woodstock and the Academy and kind wishes for all its friends,

RUBY SANBORN, '99.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 12, 1912.

I have learned that there exists a request that I write for the Gleaner a reminiscence of school life at the Academy when I was an assistant teacher there, or else an article descriptive of this sunny Southwest.

As to the former subject, I am a dweller not so much in the halls of Memory's picture gallery as in the living-room of the Present, from the windows of which I am expectantly gazing into the unending vista of the wonderful Future.

Yet it is generally assumed that persons in their life's afternoon are much addicted to retrospection, but I may be an exception to this.

The remembrance of fair Woodstock is very pleasant to me, but I presume that no special interest of pre-eminent importance could be connected with my serene recollections of that lovely hill-top village in "Old New England."

Life in California is very pleasant in this delightful climate, and the City of the Angels is beautiful and growing phenomenally. This halting pen is entirely inadequate to the merits of my subject. Among numerous topics of prominent importance, how can I select those which should be stated in this article?

Many beautiful residences of notably various styles of architecture, fine boulevards, pretty parks, attractive suburbs

and near-by mountains, all make Los Angeles a charming place. The record of buildings erected here during the month of June surpasses that of any previous month of her history.

The bank clearings of our city during 1911 were over 942 million dollars.

The improvement of our harbor at San Pedro, now a part of Greater Los Angeles, also the construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct are facts which are probably not unknown to most eastern people. This aqueduct will convey to our city water from a river that rises in the snows of the Sierras about 250 miles away, and is the greatest enterprise of any city in this country except New York. Besides the water supply needed, a surplus is to be sold for irrigation in the country north of us, and electric power developed for manufacturing, street lighting, street railways, etc.

In respect to electric railways, Los Angeles leads American cities, having 1220 miles of trackage and more than 1420 trains daily, being the foremost city of the U. S. in its street and interurban railway lines. On July 4th about 100,000 people went from our city to one of our many interesting seaside resorts. The population, rapidly increasing, is now beyond the 400,000 mark.

Our many clubs, societies, conventions, etc., furnish the most enchanting facilities for mental advancement; and the educational opportunities offered by our fine schools are quoted as superior, plans having been lately adopted by the Board of Education that elevate our school system to a universally acknowledged high plane of excellence. Enrollment in public schools is now about 60,000. The Manual Arts High school, Agricultural High, our grand Polytechnic, besides the regular High schools, might surprise many readers of the Gleaner.

We have a University comprising nine colleges, we have numerous music and art studios, colleges of Fine Arts and Music, Occidental college, our splendid Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the largest organizations of their kind in the world, —all showing the remarkable progress that has been made by the old pueblo

from the times of the Franciscan fathers to the present metropolitan city.

Among the mountains along the north-eastern horizon is Mt. Wilson, where is situated the Carnegie solar observatory, for which the largest telescopic lens that has ever been made is now being prepared, and which is one of the world's foci of astronomical interest.

Time fails me to tell of our great noble churches and their grand work of extension at home and abroad. The First Congregational church, to which I belong, with its splendid Bible school, Y. P. S. C. E. societies managed by our new Director of Religious Education, Boys' brigade, Men's brotherhood, Women's societies for missionary and church work, has in the main body and in its Chinese, Japanese and Armenian branches, more than 2000 members, which ranks it third among the Congregational churches of our country in point of membership. Its latest notable feature is a vacation daily Bible school continuing about two weeks, in which are many up-to-date, unique attractions. The church supports several missionaries in Japan, China and Turkey, and is active in civic betterment and Southern California good work.

The agricultural, manufacturing and mining resources of Southern California are well represented in the pamphlets issued by our enterprising Chamber of Commerce, that sends to many foreign countries agents equipped with their literature published in foreign languages, also in Esperanto. Our lately enlarged municipality advancing most progressively in its mode of government, our Juvenile court, Bethlehem institutions, extension of suffrage to the women of this great state,—all these show that we are not marking time, but marching in mighty magnificence.

Looming large along our western horizon arise immense Oriental shapes that cast their ever-lengthening shadows of coming events toward us across the domain of the monarch of waters; and the vast possibilities attendant upon the opening of the Panama Canal will attract much of the world's thought and action to the Pacific coast.

MARY D. ISAACS.

Eastford, Conn

Dear Gleaner,

There are many interesting things that might be mentioned about life and living in the "Sunny South." Sunny it is when you are on the south side of the house, but step across the hall and the north side seems like the frigid zone in comparison.

March and April were the most beautiful months in the region of Spartanburg, S. C., where I taught. April, like our June, is the time of roses and magnolias and flowers in abundance. The warm weather comes on with a rush, there are really but two seasons, winter and summer. You can "spring out" as they say, in muslin dresses directly from your winter suit. The hot weather begins in May usually, and continues without many drops in temperature until the last of September.

I remember how eagerly I looked for the first cotton fields, in North Carolina, and how pretty they were, that October morning, all covered with the white balls of cotton. The corn fields made me homesick, in that section the corn stalks are not cut down, but the negroes go through and pick the corn and strip off the leaves, which they bind for fodder. The stalks are left standing all winter and when part of them are broken by the winds the fields have a very mournful and forsaken look.

The scenery below Washington is very different from New England. There are no stone-walls and but few fences (perhaps a garden will be fenced in) and a very little grass except where it is cultivated. The soil is a yellowish-red and doesn't look rich enough to grow anything, but fine cotton crops are raised.

The farm houses become more scattered and many little negro cabins are everywhere, these are usually of one or two rooms and are set up on stilts, or corner posts. None of the houses have cellars and one can look all under the house, where sometimes the chickens are kept. All the houses are built with a hall through the center and many of the old plantation houses have beautiful porches with large pillars in front. The bunga-

low seems to be a great favorite with the modern builders but I liked the old houses best.

The thing that impressed me the most, at first, was the great number of mules and negroes. They were everywhere. A long, flap-eared mule with a darkey riding in a most dilapidated wagon behind him was a very amusing sight. You know the saying that "God made the mule and then had to make a negro to drive him," but they are both very useful in the South where it is too hot for a white man and horse to do the farm work.

One year I came home by boat from Charleston to New York, which is a most delightful trip, that I wish all my friends might take some time.

Yours very cordially,

S. FLORENCE WARREN.

A Personal

Mr. William Howard Doane, whose eightieth birthday was widely honored last February, was an alumnus of Woodstock Academy. While enrolled as a student about 1846, his conversion took place and as a leader of the Academy choir Mr. Doane early gave evidence of rare musical gifts, destined to render his name world renowned, as he afterwards became the composer of many familiar tunes.

Mr. Doane has also achieved distinction in other directions. Because of his inventions he has been decorated with the cross of the "Legion of Honor" by France, a tribute bestowed upon but few foreigners. A rare degree of success has also characterized Mr. Doane's business career, while his sphere of influence has been far-reaching in various forms of church work, in evangelistic fields and as a philanthropist.

The following extracts are from a personal letter from Mr. Doane to a friend of The Gleaner:

Watch Hill, R. I.

I shall never forget my first month's experience in Woodstock and making the acquaintance of Mr. Edward C. Bowen, Mr. Jonah Morse, Dr. Curtis, and Mr. Frank

Flynn. I was invited to sing with the tenors in the [village church choir, and a little later asked to organize and conduct a choir in the Academy.

I little thought at that time that I would live to one day write devotional music which would be used over the whole world. I owe very much to the Christian example and teachings of those connected with dear old Woodstock, also to the many dear friends and acquaintances formed while there, amongst them Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Asa Childs, Lewis Tappan, H. C. Bowen, and others.

In Mr. Frank Flynn I found a very congenial friend, socially and musically. It was while at Woodstock that Mr. Flynn and myself attended a musical concert at Dudley, where I first heard a large chorus of more than a hundred singers under a trained musician and composer, B. F. Baker of Boston, render church music. To me it was a wonderful revelation and gave an entirely different conception of the power of sacred music.

I have always felt that attending the concert and convention at Dudley was the turning point in my musical life, and had it not been for Mr. Flynn I could not have gone, as the cost of a horse and carriage was more than I could afford, and Mr. J. Willis Patterson, the beloved Principal, a man of high literary attainments and splendid personality, who left his impress for good on every student, and who afterwards was president of Dartmouth college, and later United States senator from New Hampshire, would not have consented to my going alone. When I told Mr. Flynn about it, he said, "I would like to go myself, and will take my horse and take you along."

The dear Master has been better to me than I ever deserved, and I cannot thank Him enough for all His goodness, and also for the kindness of the good people of old Woodstock.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. DOANE.

Leslieville, Alta, Can., July 10, 1912.

Dear Gleaner: I enclose a small sum which will partly pay for my subscription

to the Gleaner. I am sorry that I have put this off so long, and I assure you I will be more prompt in the future. I am looking forward with interest for the Gleaner this year.

An article in the Gleaner of last year by Mr. Taylor was of especial interest to me as Mr. Taylor and my father were boyhood friends. It recalls to my mind a story my father once told me when I was a youngster, about two boys running away from home one night. They proceeded as far as the town of Thompson, but there homesickness overtook them. They were both back home in bed before daylight. The boys were Mr. Taylor and my father.

As you see by this letter I am still in Canada. Have located on a homestead and am leading the simple life.

We had a very interesting celebration planned for the first of July, but owing to rain several events had to be called off. The schedule called for two ball games, running, jumping, bronco bucking, log burling, and minor events, with a dance in the evening.

We homesteaders have organized a lively nine, and if our pitcher holds out we will shut Leslieville out without a run on the 20th of this month.

Fearing this kind of material will tire you, I will close. Hoping you are well and enjoying the best of health, I am

Respectfully yours,

ALEX J. HIBBARD.

Carthage, South Dakota.

To the Gleaner: I appreciate being asked to write a little account of myself for the Gleaner, not because I think the account will be particularly full of wit, literary value, or interest, but because it makes me stop a little and think of Woodstock and the Academy. I like to think of my two years and a half at the Academy, and sometimes when my brother and I are together, we go over again the times when we were together there,—the baseball games we played, the dances at North and East Woodstock, trips to Webster with Spenie Child, Sterling Child and his trombone solos, and a hundred other things that went to make up our good times there.

We do think also at times of the evening study hours with Mr. Hall and I think we appreciate now, and indeed we have appreciated ever since we no longer had the opportunity of using it, Mr. Hall's helpful and interested guidance in the things that were necessary to prepare us for college and for life. I sometimes wonder whether Mr. Hall has any idea of the influence that he has upon the boys who are with him and of their sincere appreciation of his interest when they come to a realization of it.

What have I been doing this past year? The first part of the year I spent at Wakefield in my father's bank, the Farmer's National, and at Gregory in the First National Bank. In February of this year I came to Carthage, where I intend to make my home. Carthage is a town of about 700 people in the central part of eastern South Dakota, in Miner County to be more exact. It is located in a splendid farming country and from the farms the town draws its main business. Like many of the middle western towns it is a progressive and enterprising little town with a first rate electric lighting plant, good water system—we draw our water from artesian wells—fine sewer system, good schools, and best of all a very nice class of enterprising and harmonious citizens. Perhaps due allowance should be made for the fact that I am now a Carthaginian and possibly for that reason a little biased and yet I think that all of you would agree with me that Carthage is a very pleasant little town if you knew it as well as I do.

I am in the State Bank of Carthage and have been busy enough since I came here to keep out of mischief and to keep me in good humour, for I think that work is as necessary to happiness as any other one thing. Another thing which has added to our good humour here is the fact that we have every prospect of an excellent crop this year. We have been very fortunate with our rains and have had no serious hail, hot wind, or other crop troubles. Unless some entirely unexpected calamity comes we shall have forty bushels to the acre of oats, forty bushels to the

acre of barley and eighteen bushels to the acre of wheat. Our corn crop, though backward looks very good and we have hopes of a fine crop of corn.

With all best wishes to the "Gleaner" and with a warm greeting to those of my friends who read it,

Very sincerely,

ALBERT M. HASKELL

Academy Days

My Dear Gleaner: Your request to furnish an article for the Gleaner is at hand. While I write, before me lies the Centennial number of the Gleaner of August, 1901.

Mr. Wm. E. Davidson, A. B., had been engaged as Principal in 1871 for a term of three years. Under this contract he served during the first year 1873-1874 in the new building. His assistants during the three years were the Misses Elizabeth R. Beach, M. Jennie Atwood, Mary E. Langdon, Anna Berrian, Emily Clemens, Susan Gordon and Mr. J. Astor Broad.

It was at the first term in the new Academy under the above named corps of teachers that I spent some of the eventful days of my life. It was eventful, for here I learned the lessons, not only those assigned each day for recitation, but lessons through many little experiences that have lingered in memory for the years that have followed; again for acquaintances made, associations and friendships formed that always bring fond recollections to mind during the later days that are so filled with cares and responsibilities. As I turn the pages of my autograph album and read the names of Mary Flynn, Clara Perrin, Annie C. Payne, Susie A. Leavitt, Annie L. Comings, Sadie Gordon, Mary E. Hopkins, Wallace P. Dick, Frank Randall, Benjamin S. Warner, Luther J. Leavitt, George L. Perrin, Frank Perrin, Prudence Phillips, Eva St. Clair Chamberlain, Mary J. Snow, Mary Myers, Josie and Jennie Ross, Annie Law, James Randall, Albert Mc. Mathew-

son, and others of the old arithmetic class, it calls to mind how we used to retire from the school room proper to the recitation room after the devotional exercises in the morning. While we were interested in our lessons and as I remember had them well prepared, there was lurking back of it the little tricks of school days, one of which was to slyly get the desired place on the recitation bench, for the girls occupied the front seat and the boys the back rows, and if the right boy sat back of the right girl the lesson was of course recited more perfectly. Those who roomed in the Academy building or boarded at Elmwood had the privilege of studying at these places instead of being obliged to remain in the schoolroom. There too were a few favorite places, as on the piazza or on the settees under the shade of the trees. Then again the chums accidentally came together for study and—how they did study! "Unknown by all, guess if you can, third story with fire out." Where are the two people who could solve the meaning of this? The home of one is in Putnam I am told, the other I cannot tell. I have not known for years her whereabouts, even though for a part of the time she was my roommate. I can recall the names and faces of a hundred—I think one hundred and four—who attended the fall of '73, scattered now. I remember well one day late in the fall, Mr. Henry C. Bowen came at the afternoon session and told the pupils that "in all probability there would be a heavy frost that night which would ruin the many plants in his gardens, and he very much desired that those who were fond of flowers should go and help themselves to any or all blossoms. You may rest assured that a long line of us wended our way to Roseland and gathered all we could carry of those beautiful and choice flowers, decorating our rooms, desks, and tables, with bouquets. The thoughtfulness of Mr. Bowen, the pleasure afforded by the privilege of being able to help ourselves, the beauty of the flowers, have all come to mind with pleasant thoughts many times during the years that have followed.

EMMAGENE MCCOMBER MCKINSTRY

AN INTERESTING DRINKING FOUNTAIN

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the "Gleaner" especially those whose are identified with the society of the D. A. R.'s to know that here in Alexandria, Va., which is so full of memories—there has recently been presented to the town by the Daughters of the American Revolution a public drinking fountain which is the accomplishment of a long cherished purpose. Almost every city and town has its drinking fountain, but this is of unusual interest as it was designed for the Mt. Vernon Chapter. The granite base is of Alexandrian workmanship, the central column, through which the water is conducted to the top of the fountain, consists of an ancient cannon, believed to have been abandoned by Gen. Braddock's forces, after the unfortunate expedition against the French and Indians. The bowl at the top of the fountain bears the insignia of the National society of the D. A. R.'s—the spinning wheel and distaff. On the opposite side is an inscription, stating that it is commemorative of Colonial and Revolutionary events and times in Alexandria. The location of the fountain is also a happy one at the intersection of Royal and Cameron Sts., chiefly, because of historic associations. In Colonial and Revolutionary times the life of the town centered here. There is scarcely an old building in the vicinity that is without legends of the wonderful past. Not far from the fountain is the famous Carlisle House where Gen. Braddock was entertained before going on his fatal and disastrous expedition, and where Washington was given commission as Colonel in the British army. Near here was the Masonic Lodge which boasts the great Washington as its favorite master. Just here on the Market Square, stood the old Court House, where Gen. Washington and George Mason, with others, drew up resolutions of resistance to British tyranny. Gadsby's Tavern was here, when Lafayette and Paul Jones first met, and here Gen. Washington delivered his farewell address to the citizens of Alexandria. This is why we are so proud of this fountain and as it sends up every minute of the day its pure waters, so out of the heart of an old friend I send this by way of Greeting to those who may still remember.

F. J. E.

West Woodstock, July 29.

My dear friends of the "Gleaner:"

Mrs. Sampson has asked me to write a few lines for the next issue of the "Gleaner."

It is with so much interest that I learn from year to year through its pages of the welfare of my academy pupils, that I take pleasure in complying with her request.

My interest in our home academy and its students must necessarily be stronger than for any other school, however pleasant the associations.

The last fourteen years, as perhaps you know, I have been teaching in the high school at Southbridge, and it is not unmixed with regret that I have carried out my plan of some years' standing to give up teaching and return to the old home in West Woodstock where I shall be glad to welcome any of my former pupils, and none will be more welcome than those of Woodstock Academy.

Sincerely yours,

LAURA B. WILLIAMS.

East Hartford, Conn., July 22, 1912.
Dear Gleaner:

In response to request for a letter just a few reminiscences of the Academy can be given.

Mr. Jesse R. Davenport of blessed memory was principal, Miss Hendricks teacher of French and Music and Miss Marcy gave lessons in drawing. The original building was standing looking older than its years. There were two rooms on first floor, a hall for special occasions and a small room on the second floor.

Some of the text books in use were Day's Algebra, Comstock's Natural Philosophy, Hitchcock's Physiology and Andrew's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar.

A few of the names recalled are Hannah Averill, Elizabeth Holmes, Ellen Sessions, Elizabeth Wells, Delia Fisher, Emma Lyon, Susan Hammond, William Collar, James Lyon, Asa Lyman, Arthur Mathewson, William May, Jerome Alton, John Hibbard. Picnics, boating on the lake and occasional socials were the diversions. The great event of the year was the Exhibition, at the close of the fall term, consisting of music, declamations and a drama. The

church would be crowded for there were few public entertainments.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls presided over Elmwood Hall. As Mr. Ingalls and his son Henry went overland to California in the memorable '49 and had but recently returned their narratives of adventures were a constant source of interest. At that time there were a few vacant rooms but there were many traditions of a golden age of the Academy under Principal Averill when Elmwood was overcrowded and rooms were taken in private families.

The view from the cupola of Elmwood was extensive and while lessons from books are forgotten the pleasures of watching the play of sunshine and shadow on Woodstock hills is remembered.

With good wishes for the continued prosperity of the Gleaner I am

Very sincerely yours,

MARY M. OSGOOD.

TOLEDO

We spent but a short day in Toledo—that ancient lonely city set upon a rocky promontory and almost surrounded by the river Tagus. Baedeker quotes that is almost useless to try to get about Toledo without a guide, but during our travels in the other countries we had been "guided" quite enough, and we were weary of being shown "all there was to see" and of being told about places according to presented rules and indifferent to the amount of time we had to spend in a place. So when one of our party guaranteed to find at least the most noteworthy places we cheerfully agreed to follow him, feeling confident we should see all the important sights and best of all, could roam or loiter at will without being hurried on because there was "still as much to be seen." The Baedeker gentleman might not have been satisfied with our method but when at 5:20 our day was over and we, returning to Madrid, scoured our list of "places in Toledo that should be seen" we decided that our progressive third party had done well by us and little time had been lost by its absence of a more official but possi-

bly less efficient guide than our fellow traveller proved.

To find ones' way about the streets was indeed a problem, for no two by any chance seemed to run in the same direction. Many of them were steep—all were narrow, roughly paved and irregular, though oriental in character and often reminding one of the streets of Algiers and Jerusalem. They differ widely in one delightful particular—they are clean. Quaint are the houses with their iron balconies, heavy doors studded with enormous nails and a portiere or curtain hung before them. The day we spent there being mild the doors were all open and many of the curtains drawn so we caught glimpses of the little patios or courts inside the living rooms of the people in pleasant weather—comfortable enough they looked too. In some parts of the city the houses have practically no windows on the street side—this is for protection against winter winds and summer heat. Dreary enough the sheetless streets must look with door and curtains closed and drawn; but in another section of the city we found houses with window boxes filled with brilliant flowers that made fascinating vistas as we wandered down the torturous, uncomfortable streets. One reads that the city is little changed in appearance since the time of the Moors—except that where once was life and gaiety all is now silence and discretion. Toledo thrived and flourished till Philip the Second's time. He found the arrogance of the clergy who had been in the ascendants so long that they feared neither Pope nor King—so intolerable that he removed the court to Madrid. Since then it has been a city of "palaces without nobles, churches without congregations and walks without people."

The Cathedral, the chief point of interest to strangers, rises in the center of the city. It is of Gothic—Renaissance architecture—but unfortunately is so crowded in among numerous other churches and convents, most of which are deserted that no satisfactory view can be had of its exterior. The large tower contains a set of bells hung in tiers and groups—One group of eleven holds one bell weighing two tons, which can be heard as far as Madrid, 47 miles. The Cathedral has two large rose windows and many fine stained glass ones. We returned to the Ca-

thedral in the afternoon and then saw them in their splendor with the sunlight streaming through them, and pouring a wealth of radiant color down upon us.

Of the many chapels, three are curiously interesting. The Capilla Mayor containing the town of the ancient Kings, and that of the "high born prelate," Cardinal Mendoza. The Capilla Ildefonso interesting because of a pillar to the left of the entrance in which is a piece of marble from the column of the Virgin. On this column which we saw when in Saragossa, the Virgin appeared (?) to St. James, when on his missionary journey through Spain. In both cities the relic is unusually surrounded by worshippers. In the Mozarabic chapel, service is held daily; at 8.30 a. m., in summer and 9.30 in winter according to the Mozarabic ritual. This ritual was the oldest in Christendom and the Christians were allowed to follow it under the rule of the Moors for 400 years. Under Alphonso VI and Christian dominance however, the Pope's legate decreed that the Gregorian ritual should be used. This caused general dissatisfaction and it was decided to settle the matter by combat. The champion of the Mozarabic cause was successful but this not suiting the King and Queen they ordered a trial by fire. The copy of the ritual that remained unsearched was to be "Heavens' choice." Prayers were offered, altars were raised and crowds assembled to await the result. The Mozarabic copy withstood fire and flame but curiously enough, after all this controversy, the service soon fell in to disuse and was not revised again until the 15th Century.

At the church of San Juan de Los Reyes we spent but little time our interest there being mostly in the curiously decorated exterior, which is orange color and hung with chains taken from Christian captives liberated at the Conquest of Granada, and also in the beautiful cloisters of the convent with their windows and arches filled with exquisite tracery of rare delicacy.

From the site of San Juan we looked down again upon the flowing river and, there caught sight of the bath called "La Cava" where the beautiful but ill-fated Florinda was first seen by Roderick the Goth and whose story Irving tells in his "Conquest of Granada. Just below them

both is the Puente De San Martino. This is a rather imposing bridge of fine arches and a gate tower at either end. A rather amusing story is told of the building of this bridge somewhere in the 13th century. The architect while work was going on, discovered that when the centers were removed the bridge would collapse. He confided his trouble to his wife who with woman's wit set fire to the centers and when the bridge fell the calamity was attributed to the fire. The bridge was rebuilt and when completed the woman confessed her action to the archbishop, who, neither blaming her nor fining her husband, complimented him instead upon his clever wife.

The Alcazar stands upon the highest ground in the city. Except for a fine view from one of the terraces there is nothing to cause one to linger here in spite of the fact that once it was the Citadel of the Visigoths and, at a later period, the residence of the Cid. Kings and Archbishops during hundreds of years rebuilt, remodeled and altered it according to their various tastes and whims yet now it is used only as a cadet academy of no particular note. I have not spoken of the Aleantara bridge, the hospital of Santa Cruz—with its beautiful portal, the old City Hall, the Zocodover or market place and the "focus of city life"—as well as an erstwhile home of Cervantes. Neither have I mentioned the Santa Maria la Blavea—an ancient synagogue which Mr. W. D. Howells in a delightful article on Toledo in Harper's magazine for August refers to most interestingly. All these places we saw more or less hurriedly but each has added a touch of his own to the fascinating recollections we have brought home with us of an alluring, picturesque and rather pathetic little big city of the past.

MRS. BRUNN.

PERSONALS BEFORE 1888

1840—1850

A figure often seen in the social life of the Hill is that of Mrs. Sarah Fisher Woodward, who resides still, eighty-six years young, in Woodstock.

Mrs. Jonah Morse, who lives in Putnam with her son, enjoys excellent health.

Mrs. Harriet Mathewson Day also resides in Putnam at 90 Grove street, where she makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Douty.

Mr. Amos Saunders lives in Oakland, California.

Mr. Henry and Mr. John Sabin of Des Moines, Iowa, continue their loyal support of the Gleaner.

Miss Sarah Lyon has recovered from her severe illness of last winter.

Mrs. Everett Osgood of 700 Westminster Street, Providence, although 78 years old, made last winter an eighty day tour in South America, during which she crossed the Andes. A few years ago she made a journey around the world.

1850—1860

Darius Mathewson and wife, of Norfolk, Nebraska, have visited Pomfret this summer.

Friends of Cassius Child of Rowlandsville, Maryland, will regret to learn that he is in poor health.

Dr. William Palmer is with his nephew, Hezekiah Hibbard in North Woodstock.

Mrs. Katie Wight Leland, a classmate of William T. Harris is living in Gardena, a suburb of Los Angeles. Her daughter, Miss Anna Leland is the teacher of Household Economies in the High School there.

William C. Collar is living at Waban, Mass. He is interesting himself in a larger fund for Roxbury Latin School of which he was head master for so many years.

Mary M. Osgood is living in East Hartford. She is engaged in historical work.

Mr. James Sawyer is in the Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, Ind.

1860—1870

J. Frank Chandler left East Woodstock in June to join his wife and son in Glendale, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Leavitt have taken up government land, and have built a bungalow on their ranch in Casper, Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bosworth of

Eastford have sold the farm to two of their sons and have moved to the village.

Miss Minnie Wells has gone to Attleboro, Mass., where she expects to remain for an indefinite time.

Mr. Herbert Hicks, of 159 Lincoln Street., Boston, has been with the American Thread company, for over thirty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarimon Hunt nee Lilly Pike, moved to a residence in Providence last August. The Gleaner extends sympathy to Mrs. Hunt for the loss of her husband who died the September following.

Mrs. Charlotte Lyon Gardiner, after a winter spent in Brunswick, Me., has returned to Emporia, Kansas.

Miss Ellen Osgood of East Hartford is spending the summer in Maine. Her winter work is giving lecture courses in Literature.

Mr. Jencks of Newport spent a few months in South America the past winter travelling.

Dr. H. Windsor Wade, son of Anna Mann Wade, is a recent graduate of Tulane University in New Orleans, and is to be demonstrator of bacteriology and pathology in that institution.

1870—1880

On July 21st, Rev. A. Herbert Armes resigned his pastorate at North Middleboro, Mass., to take effect October 1st. His future plans are not yet definitely determined. His only son was graduated last June from Dartmouth with honor, having one of the Senior orations at commencement.

Edward Swain, whose wife died last fall, spent the winter in Providence. He and his son are spending the summer with Judge Thompson of Pomfret.

Edward Carpenter, who was a druggist in Collingwood, Canada, for a number of years, but is now retired from business, called on friends in Woodstock, his boyhood home, the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Southworth took a trip to the Bermudas last winter.

Major William Flynn after a military life of thirty-three years has retired from the service and purchased a farm in Westboro, Mass.

Addie Chandler Wright and her husband spent some weeks in their winter home in Florida.

George L. Fitts is in the employ of the Lewando Dye Co., of Providence, R. I.

Fred J. Williamson is still in business in Hartford. He has recently purchased a home on Girard avenue.

Miss Clara Maynard is General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peckham celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, April 13, 1912. Among the guests were Academy school-mates, who recalled many incidents in their school life.

Byron Dennis is busy fighting the gypsy moth in Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Clara Dennis lives in Foxboro, Mass, and Miss Ada Dennis is a business woman in Boston, where she sells typewriting supplies.

Mr. John A. Morse of Putnam has finished making his 131st violin. Mr. Morse's oldest son was married in November to Miss Mary Pettie of Natick. Their home is in Worcester.

Mr. Charles Bowen has so far regained his health as to be in business in New Bedford. His daughter Marguerite is a teacher in Fond-du-lac, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabin Carpenter of Putnam observed their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary the past year. The family consists of two sons and a daughter.

William Chandler and Arthur Frizzell of South Woodstock are in Bellingham, Washington.

Many sincere thanks are due Miss Nellie Chandler for the years of her faithful and painstaking work on the Gleaner. Through the vicissitudes of sickness and loss she has been constantly on the alert for material to supply its columns with the facts so eagerly looked for. For some months past she has been in Dr. Jackson's sanitorium at Dansville, N. Y. Her return to Woodstock this summer in better health is anticipated.

1880—1888

Prof. Sidney Morse and wife are spending the summer in North Woodstock. His services on the day of the Reunion are elsewhere noted.

Albert Banister is working for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., 28 Custom House St., Providence.

Miss Mary E. Lowe has closed her millinery business in Putnam and has accepted a position as teacher in the schools of that town.

Fred Lyon is in the employ of the Optical works in Southbridge. His

family are in their Pomfret cottage for the summer.

Alfred Dennis with his wife and two children lives in Johnstown, Penn.

Prof. George D. Lord of Dartmouth college is spending the season abroad. Mrs. Lord and daughter have spent part of the summer among the White Mountains.

Rev. George Hibbard, formerly of North Woodstock is pastor of the Newton Square Baptist church in Worcester, Mass.

Edward Sumner together with Mr. Frank Jackson, has bought an interest in the Hunt Clothing store in Wilmantic.

Mr. William D. Goodwin of 112 Appleton avenue, Pittsfield, Mass., has been elected for the twenty-fifth year teacher at Pittsfield High school, since his graduation at Amherst in 1888. All the members of his family are musicians. Of his three children the eldest Arthur P. is now a sophomore at Amherst college. His daughter, Celia R., will enter Mt. Holyoke college in September. His second son, Clarence, a sophomore in the High School, is spending his summer vacation at Camp Becket with 220 other boys, as camp bugler.

Mr. Goodwin is a prominent member and deacon of the Congregational church of Pittsfield.

Mrs. Josephine Day Chandler is living in Cowesett, R. I.

PERSONALS SINCE 1888

Mrs. Mary Goodwin Bliss of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey is the wife of Rev. A. J. Bliss, a Methodist minister. They have three daughters, Dorothea, the oldest is eight years of age and stands high in school. Besides his ministerial duties Mr. Bliss is State Commissioner of the Boy Scouts, and is now in camp with a company of them.

Bert Merwin has an oyster business in Milford, Conn., and a pineapple business in Florida, hence as he himself says, he summers south and winters north.

Mrs. Armin E. Brunn, one of the Board of Trustees, spent the winter abroad.

Winfred Houghton is in Southbridge with the American Optical Co.

Henry Johnson is proprietor of a grocery store in Bellingham, Washington.

Amid universal regret Dr. C. C. Gildersleeve and family removed last

spring to Norwich, Conn., where he entered upon a large city practice.

For some years Miss Bertha White has been principal of the graded school in the Sawyer District, Thompson, and met with increasing success.

Ralph Elliott of 132 Duane street, is working for the Marriott Elliott company a wholesale shoe concern.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Grace Chamberlin Marcy on account of the recent death of her husband, which leaves her with the care of seven sons and a daughter, all under sixteen years of age.

Mrs. Edwin Bass (nee Clara Bosworth) has just moved to Ridgeway, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Barnes lives in Sturbridge, where her husband is postmaster. They have one little girl.

Richard L. Child is general electrician for the Barrett Roofing company, in New York and New Jersey.

Clarence Lyon is dealing in cattle at his home in West Woodstock.

Roy Litchfield is married and is now preaching in Maine.

Robert and May Blackmar were given a surprise reception on their tenth wedding anniversary, last winter.

George Bosworth is in the automobile business in Southbridge, Mass.

Mrs. Ethel Phillips Barker with her husband and son, four years old, lives in Harrisburg, Penn.

Earl Bemis is in the employ of Buckingham Brothers in Waterbury Conn.

Bert Cox is working for the Electric Sign Co., in Worcester, Mass. For farther news see "Noon."

Harold Cox is in the employ of the Electric Light Co., of Worcester, Mass.

Charles Hopkins is foreman in the fitting department of the Pope-Hartford Automobile Company.

Henry Johnson is the Proprietor of a grocery store in Bellingham, Washington.

Wallace and Kenneth Leavitt and Mr. Linn, their sister's husband are connected with oil mining in Caspar, Wyoming.

Miss Eunice Hibbard has taught in Springfield, Mass., the past year.

Walter Hibbard is a railroad engineer in Boston.

Mrs. Alice Hibbard Hayward and two children have their home in Putnam, Conn.

Edward Killam with his wife and daughter is spending the summer at his father's in East Woodstock.

Carrie E. Randall is making her home in Washington, and has been attending business college there.

Henry Potter is in Hartford with the Travelers' Insurance Co. For farther news see "Morning."

Josie Shields is a successful teacher in Eastford.

Concerning Adeline Sumner see "Noon."

Barbara Morse is to continue Kindergarten work in Plainville, Conn., the coming year.

Albert Haskell is connected with a bank in Carthage, South Dakota.

Ernest Ward Miller is bookkeeper in the office of a contractor in Worcester.

Clarence and Roy Peckham are both employed in Pomfret, and enjoy running their own automobile.

Elsie Barber graduated from the Willimantic Normal school in June.

Effie Danielson has spent the past year in Providence.

Harold Basset graduated the middle of June from the Holyoke, Mass., High School.

Oscar Samuelson is an electric car coconductor in Boston.

Harry Bosworth is foreman in the cabinet department of the American Optical Works in Southbridge, Mass.

Ellen Hagstrom graduated this June from the Tourtellotte Memorial High School in North Grosvenordale.

Elmer Armstrong is at present working in Southbridge, Mass.

Percy Scribner is at his home in South Windham, and works in a factory which manufactures paper bag machines.

Hattie Johnson is employed in Providence, and this summer has spent a month at Narragansett Pier.

Carl Danielson spent the past year in Hartford, where he has been attending a business college.

Joseph Carlson is clerk in a wholesale produce store in Bristol, Conn.

Mrs. Mildred Wells Wright spent the last winter in California. See also "Morning."

Henry Allen is in Hartford, in an electrical shop.

Lawrence Chandler has started a course of study in the High school at Glendale, California.

William Mathewson has built a bungalow on his father's place on the east side of Woodstock lake.

1892

Mrs. Agnes Child Paine still resides in Thompson. Her services in the church choir are eagerly sought for.

John Boyden is still with E. F. Townsend, Rochester, N. Y.

1893

Concerning Florence Morse Dartt, see "Morning."

1894

Edward Boyden is still in the automobile business in Southbridge.

The Gleaner would be glad to hear of the whereabouts of Charles G. Burd.

Alfred Child and wife have a household experiment station in Darien, Conn.

Anne Hall Gaylord and family have moved to Louisville, Ky., where her husband has charge of the district comprising Kentucky and the southern half of Indiana for the Burroughs Adding Machine Co. They have a charming home in Pewee Valley.

The sad death of Maxwell Rockwell in New York City, on Oct. 16, 1911 is commemorated elsewhere in this issue of the Gleaner.

1895

"Non Nobis Solum."

Jessie Bowen Palmer is soon to move to Los Angeles. Her husband has accepted a position as teacher of Agriculture and Nature Study in the schools of the city.

Sara Hale Colvin will spend the summer with her family at West Boylston.

Edward L. Child is still with the firm of Barnard and Sumner of Worcester. He spent a week in Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia this spring.

Everett L. Upham is still with the same business house in Boston and lives in Dedham, Mass.

Estella Tompkins Waterbury is living in the same place.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is still assisting Louise Grosvenor in her studio, in connection with which she made a trip to Maine last fall.

Edith Haywood Hall resigned from Mt. Holyoke at the end of the first semester to accept the position of Curator of Antiquities in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In company with Miss Eleanor Rowland she went abroad in February. They traveled for a month in Egypt

before going to Crete for the excavating season. After a brief stay in Athens they return home this summer.

Burton Fitts in July ended his fourteenth year with the Gorham Manufacturing Co., of Providence. Hence it may be taken for granted that his small son was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

1896

"Do Ye Next Thing."

Mary Bowen Keith is still living in Eastford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sheppard are still living in Pomfret. This spring he entered the employ of George M. Lowry as assistant in lanscape gardening.

Clarence Weaver is still in New Orleans with the Illinois Central Railroad.

Friends of Ralph Pike will rejoice to hear of his improvement in health. He is working now in Los Angeles, California.

1897

"Alta Petens."

Louise Grosvenor has transferred her Arts and Crafts work to Pomfret where she has a large studio.

Howard M. Frost has been promoted from resident secretary to vice-president of the New England Casualty Co., Boston. His address is 55 John street, New York.

Arthur Williams is in The Merchant's National Bank, Providence. He lives in East Providence.

Constance Holt is known to fame as having served on the Pageant committee last August. In the early spring she took a six weeks tour in southern Spain.

Lloyd Cooper is doing a thriving business in the grain and feed line in Dryden, New York. He is church organist and superintendent of the Sunday School.

Ralph H. Sabin is yet in Brookville, Pa. Owing to the failure of two railroads he was deprived of the position of chief engineer. He is now in the employ of a coal company, prospecting for coal lands.

Joseph and Esther Catlin and son are now living in Beachmont.

Ruth Williamson Gallup is leading a busy and happy life in Woodstock.

Mowry Ross is employed in various capacities in the town of Woodstock. This spring he purchased a new touring car.

Fred J. Fitts is foreman in the

sales department of an automobile factory in Los Angeles. Also see "Morning."

1898

"Esse Quam Videri"

Emily B. Ross is a successful farmer in West Woodstock, with various outside activities.

Edna Frost Tobias is in West Woodstock for the summer. Her home address is 1505 East 17th St., Flatbush, New York.

Leslie Harris holds the same position in New Rochelle. He with his wife and daughter Hazel, spend their vacations in West Woodstock.

Flora Steere Wetherell still enjoys her farm life in East Woodstock.

Maria Chandler returns next September to her kindergarten in Brooklyn, N. Y. But California is calling her.

Sidney Upham is in the employ of the Forbes Lithograph Co., in Chelsea. He lives in Revere.

James H. Hutchins has been successfully following his profession of veterinary surgeon.

Emma Eliabeth Allen is spending the summer at home. She returns to Woodstock in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Williams have a pretty home at South Woodstock.

1899

"In Limine."

The history of the class of '99 is for the most part a portrayal of wedded bliss and contentment.

Bessie Barber Williams is keeping house in Sprucedale, and caring for her husband and two pretty children.

May Gifford Jordan may be found at 35 Mechanic street, Webster, Mass. Her husband is superintendent of a woolen mill.

William C. Child and his wife are living at Valleyside, with his father. He is engaged in carrying on the home farm according to the latest scientific methods. They have two little daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Skinner and son have moved to Arlington, Mass., where he is working in a store.

The latest number to join the "United Union," Mrs. Whitney Whetley, (nee Olah Withey,) writes her friends that she enjoys her new home in Detroit, Mich., very much. She has been living in a furnished apartment at 1957 Third Ave., but has now moved to a home of her own, 134 Blaine Ave. Her husband is in the electric lighting fixture business.

The other two members of the class still cling to single blessedness. Ruby Sanborn expects to continue her teaching in the Beverly, Mass., High School, and Florence Warren has been at her home in Eastford during the past year where she substituted in the village school during the spring term.

1900

"Vincit Que Se Vincit."

Irving Frost still holds the position he had last year.

Bertrand C. Bugbee is preaching in Warrenville.

For particulars of John Paine see "Noon."

Arthur Morse and Mary Alton Morse remain prominent citizens of East Woodstock.

Fred F. Rockwell has now connected with him in his business at Woodstock Mr. George Hamilton, a fellow-student of Wesleyan University. McBride, Nash & Co., bring out a second book of his this fall, and he is now working on one for Dodd, Mead & Co.

1901

"Non Nobis Solum"

Mary Aldrich Hopkins is living on Hopkins street in Hartford, Conn. She shows her interest in Woodstock by frequent visits.

"Things" with Ewart Brunn "have been running in the same old channel" at 9 Stone street, New York City.

Since the departure of Frank Chandler for California the East Woodstock store has been managed by Herman Chandler.

Frank Davenport with partners has been interested during the past year in the management of five restaurants in Philadelphia. 805 Chestnut street is his address.

A well is being drilled at present at Bald Hill by Charles Sabine Spalding.

Ernest Williamson has interested himself in a small garage of his own in Springfield, Mass.

Ethel Spalding has spent the past year at the University of Chicago doing graduate work in History. She had the privilege of studying music with Georgia Kober and playing at the spring recital.

Herbert Slye has been farming in Pomfret Center during the past year.

Hartford claims one half of the girls of the Naught One Class. "At home in Hartford in the same posi-

tion as last year, secretary to the Editor of Phoenix Life," writes Phoebe Randall.

Olive Paine has been studying at the University of Illinois during the last school year.

1902

"Nil Sine Labore"

Mary Frost contributes largely to the social life of West Woodstock summers. Her home address is 443 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

James Perrin is still with Clark and Lyford of Montreal as civil engineer. He is now surveying in the forests of Canada, where he has charge of two companies of men.

Alexander Hibbard has taken up a tract of government land in Canada.

Jessie Hibbard has been engaged in nursing the past year.

Concerning Florence Barber see "Noon."

Lotta Stackpole is at her home in Woodstock.

Ermond Brunn is with the Brunn Electrical Co., of Patchogue, L. I.

Harry Child is superintendent for the Barrett Manufacturing Co., in Montreal.

Lew Cox Hibbard has a pleasant home in East Woodstock.

Concerning Gertrude Taber Howard see "Morning."

Chauncey Child is leading a busy life in Woodstock.

Jessie Withey after seven years as stenographer with the William H. Gallison Co., of Boston, has resigned and is at home for an extended vacation. Her future plans are unsettled.

1903

"Altior"

Helen Chandler holds the same position in Westboro, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell are yet in Gregory, South Dakota. The Gleaner extends great sympathy for the loss of their little daughter in July this year.

Grace Sumner returns to Pomfret in September to begin her fourth year of teaching there.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood lives in Chepachet, R. I.

Concerning Grace Church White of North Amherst, Mass., see "Morning."

Alice Steere is working for Mr. Matthew Dartt in Quinebaug.

Allen Upham has taught music in Dedham the past year.

Clarence R. Hall has been taking vocal lessons with Prof. Schubert

the past year, and incidentally holding down his position in a law office in Bridgeport, Conn.

1904

"Veritas Vincet"

Annie Shippey still holds her position with the Travelers' Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Blanche Shippey is a teacher in the primary grades in Stafford, Conn.

Edgar Whitney is still employed in the office of the Grosvenordale Company, Grosvenordale, Conn.

Spencer Child holds the same position as landscape gardener in Lancaster, Mass. To plant forty thousand tulips is a mere incident in the day's work.

Anna Nelson has finished her fourth year as teacher of the Quasquet school, and is to return in the fall. She has attended the Danbury school this summer.

William Nelson has taught in the Windham High school, Willimantic during the past year, and is to return to the same position this fall.

Pearle Allton Gifford is now living in Webster, Mass., where her husband is employed in office work.

Florence Safford is still in Los Angeles, California. She is employed as secretary of the Leste Oil company.

Bernice Leavitt has taught the primary grades at Newington, Conn., during the past year and is to return in the autumn.

1905

"Semper Paratus"

Harry E. Wells has been in Southbridge caring for George M. Wells part of the year, and with the family enjoyed a trip to the sulphur springs of Michigan this spring.

Edmund K. Gilbert is still in New Haven. He came to attend the graduation exercises at the Academy in June.

Frederic W. Howard and family are living near Norwich. For further interesting particulars concerning Fred see "Morning."

Ethel A. Rawson continues her work as a successful teacher in Providence.

Nellie T. Burleson has moved from South Woodstock to Putnam. She is still teaching in Union.

1906

"Tempore Utamur"

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean has a little son, born Dec. 12, 1911.

Mabel Ritch, Maude Healey and

Lottie Howard expect to continue their work in Yonkers, Danbury and West Woodstock, respectively. Lottie is taking a summer course at Danbury through July.

Maude Andrews Washburn has made no change.

Ethel Upham has completed one year at Boston University, and expects to return there in the fall.

Carl Morse is in Hartford.

Marvin Hyde is employed as salesman with the firm of Davis and Savard, clothiers of New London.

Florence Welch has been teaching in primary work the past year and will return to it in September.

Sara Harrington is to have next year free from teaching for rest and recuperation.

1907

"Alta Petens"

Henry Baker has attended the Gordon Theological School the past year and expects to return this fall.

Mary Nelson has been engaged in kindergarten work in the Hartford Orphan Asylum and will continue her work there next year.

Clara Myers is at home.

Mary Myers Graham is still living in Union where her husband is pastor.

Herbert Shippey helps his father carry on their farm.

Mabel Eddy is achieving an enviable reputation as nurse in her home town.

Edith Williams Morton lives in South Woodstock. She has a baby boy, Stephen, born last October.

1908

"Geduld"

Mildred Brown has spent a very successful year teaching in the Chandler district. She returns there in the fall after a course in the summer school at Danbury.

Hazel Davenport has put in a year of solid work at Willimantic Normal school. She returns next year.

Louise Fitts has been at home the past year. She has been taking lessons on the pipe-organ and contemplates further study in that line.

Gladys Wilson and Robert Whiting were married June 12th 1912. They will live at 427 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y. Mr. Whiting is associated in business with Mr. Wilson.

John Healey graduated from the Connecticut Agricultural College this June. His plans for next year are undecided.

Hattie Nelson last year entered The American School for the Deaf at Hartford, and returns there in the fall.

Winifred S. Potter begins in September her Junior year at Mt. Holyoke.

1909

"Nitentes"

Bernice E. Bates has finished her first year at Willimantic normal school. She is at home this summer, but expects to return to Willimantic this fall.

Marion E. Smith will be at home the coming year.

Louis K. Miller is at home studying agriculture.

Lyle W. Turner is spending the summer at Fisher's Island, N. Y. She will begin her Sophomore year at Wellesley in September.

Edith S. Briggs is at her home in Pomfret this summer. She is working for Miss Grosvenor, and expects to continue during the fall.

1910

"Prodeamus"

Louise Howard has been helping at home in Woodstock for the past year and expects to remain there this coming season.

Leonard Healey has completed his freshman year at Connecticut Agricultural College, and will return there this fall as a Sophomore.

Mary Flynn has been employed as clerk in the Boston Store in Norwich, and expects to continue there. Address Norwich State Hospital, Norwich, Conn.

Herbert Nelson has enjoyed farming at home the past year.

Strange to say Adolph Lawson has not followed Sheldon to Northampton, but has taken Lyman Fitts under his protection. They are working in Hartford, Fitts at electrical work and Lawson at the Y. M. C. A. Their address is 207 Collins street, Hartford, Conn.

Wallace Armstrong who has spent the last two years at Williston, intends to enter Vermont University in the fall.

Roxana Wilbur taught the Elmvale school in Woodstock the year past. She intends to teach in one of the Pomfret schools the coming year.

Raymond Sheldon studied for a part of the year at Williston, and expects to return in the fall.

Flora Allton taught the school at

North Woodstock and will return there another year.

Edith Eddy has been at home the year past keeping books for her father. During the spring term she substituted as teacher in Woodstock Valley, where she expects to teach the coming year. She and Miss Allton attended the summer Normal School at Danbury this summer.

1911

"Pas a Pas"

Dorothy V. Cox has taught the Center District school the past year. She expects to fill the same position this year.

Esther Johnson has been keeping house for a family in Providence. She will remain at home after August.

Maude E. Milligan has been at home the past year. She may go to a business college this fall.

Esther E. Nelson has been at home this past year.

We are sorry to hear that Blanche M. Perry was obliged to leave the Normal school on account of ill health. She was able however to teach in Eastford through the spring term and incidentally to pass all her state examinations. She expects to return to Normal to finish her training.

Max L. Connor is working in the Trading Co., of Yokohama. His address is Yokohama, Japan, Care of the cable department of the American Trading Co.

James P. Donlan has been at home the past year.

Harris S. May has completed a post-graduate course at the Academy.

Martin A. Nelson has been in the employ of Mr. R. K. Safford the past year. He may remain there this year also.

1912

"En Avant"

Gladys C. Sheldon has attended the Danbury summer school and plans to teach the coming year.

Sophie R. Barrett expects to enter Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., in the fall.

Helen Perley is to spend the coming year with her aunt in Portland, Maine.

Rilla H. Child will remain at home for the present.

The other members of the class not yet completed their plans for the future.

PERSONALS OF TEACHERS SINCE 1888

Miss Stanley of Magnolia, Mass., formerly librarian in the children's department of the Brookline library, has been called to an important position in the department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Miss Laura Williams after fourteen years service in Southbridge High School has given up teaching and retired to her home in West Woodstock. Her ability and faithfulness has been attested to by the many expressions of regret of parents and pupils, as well as the faculty, in Southbridge.

Miss Jessie T. McClellan is successfully running the McClellan farm at Woodstock. Among her many activities the library holds an important place.

Miss Anna Brooks has had a year of rest at home. She returns in September to her high school work in Summit, N. J.

For news of Miss Edith Haywood Hall see statistics of the class of 1895.

Mrs. Faith Sanborn Brainard of 88 Kenyon St., Hartford, Conn., accompanied her husband to his reunion at Harvard this June. Part of their vacation will be spent in Beverly and in Maine.

Mrs. Elsie Bates Saunders with her husband and two children, still live in Westfield, Mass.

Miss Margaret Seymour's headquarters were on last accounts, Mt. Vernon, New York.

Miss Beulah Johnson of 98 West Central St., Natick, Mass., is reported as follows:-

This past year has been her third in St. Johnsbury Academy, Vt., where she taught English only—the three upper classes—and had entire charge of the girls' dormitory. She enjoys the work thoroughly and expects to return to it next fall. She often speaks of the loyal support she receives in St. Johnsbury, but always adds that it is no more loyal and sympathetic than she received in Woodstock.

Concerning Mr. Parker see "Noon," and "Morning."

Mrs. Bertha Page Smith still resides in Portland, Maine.

Miss Reed has been teaching cooking the past year in the public schools of Watertown, and in the Allen school, Newton, Mass. She has gone this summer on an extended va-

cation trip to Montreal, Lake George, and down the Hudson.

Miss Ware is camping through the summer in New Hampshire. She returns in October to her work as laboratory assistant at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Despite her two years teaching in a strongly conservative town, Miss Stowell goes in September to teach science in the high school at Oyster Bay, L. I. The good wishes of the Gleaner follow her in her doubly dangerous undertaking of avoiding the germs in the oysters and the deadly bacilli of frenzied politics.

The latest addition to the teaching force is Miss Abby Caldwell, of North Attleboro, a graduate of Wellesley, who will begin next September. The Gleaner welcomes her to her new duties.

MORNING

"Wisdom doth live with children round her knees."—Wordsworth.

BIRTHS

Aug. 10, 1911, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Lowe of East Woodstock.

Aug. 17, 1911, a daughter Lucy, to Matthew and Florence Morse Dart of Quinebaug.

Aug. 24, 1911, a daughter, Ella Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold of Abington.

Sept. 5, 1911, a son, Philip Slade, to Frank and Hattie Fitts Arnold, of Pomfret.

Sept. 6, 1911, a son, Henry Keith, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowe of South Woodstock.

Sept. 16, 1911, a son, Russell Harkness, to Charles and Grace Church White, in North Uxbridge, Mass.

Oct. 12, 1911, a son, Stephen, to Harmon and Edith Williams Morton, of South Woodstock.

Oct. 23, 1911, a daughter, Harriet Taylor, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kilham, in Denver, Colorado.

Nov. 2, 1911, a son to Harvey and Carrie Lowe Tourtellotte in Webster.

Nov. 6, 1911, a daughter, Roxana Eaton, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child in Woodstock.

Dec. 1911, a daughter, Ruth, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Chamberlin of Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Dec. 3, 1911, a son, Francis Appleton, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan in Haverhill, Mass.

Dec. 4, 1911, a son, Austin Lincoln, to Mr. and Mrs. George Lyon in North Woodstock, Conn.

Dec. 12, 1911, a son, Paul Russell, to Leon and Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean in Watkins, New York.

Dec. 27, 1911, a son, Benjamin, to Mr. and Mrs. John Grosvenor in Pomfret.

Dec. 20, 1911, a daughter, Katherine Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius D. Haskell in Gregory, South Dakota.

Jan. 6, 1912, a son, Warner Taber, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howard in Woodstock.

Feb. 5, 1912, a son, Newton A., to Mr. and Mrs. Henry James Potter of Hartford.

Mar. 1, 1912, a son, Frank, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheldon in South Woodstock.

Mar. 11, 1911, a daughter, Josephine M., to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fitts of Los Angeles, California.

April 10, 1912, a daughter, Beatrice Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer H. Child in Lancaster, Mass.

May 9, 1912, a son, Samuel Kendall, to Harold and Ruth Kendall Stone in Brooklyn, Conn.

May 3, 1912, a son, Carlton Keith, to Mr. and Mrs. Allison Potter in North Woodstock.

May 1912, a son, Sidney Smith, to Paul and Bertha Flynn Collins of Norwich, Conn.

June 17, 1912, a son, Clifton Waldo, to Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Parker of Worcester, Mass.

July 7, 1912, a daughter, Doris E. to Frank and Mildred Wells Wright of South Woodstock.

July 3, 1912, a son, Arthur Chamberlin Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Potter of East Woodstock.

July 9, 1912, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Asa Scranton of South Woodstock.

July 11, 1911, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Burton Fitts of Providence.

NOON

"O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers."
—Tennyson.

MARRIAGES

Aug. 4, 1911, Bertha E. Flynn of South Woodstock and Paul Collins of Brewster's Neck, Conn.

Aug. 23, 1911, Harvey Johnson and Anna Johnson of Woodstock.

Aug. 20, 1911, Mildred Wells and Frank Wright, both of South Woodstock.

Aug. 23, 1911, Waldo Parker of

Worcester and Ethel M. Garbutt of Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 13, 1911, Paul Gifford and Pearl Alton both of East Woodstock.

Oct. 9, 1911, Dr. Frank T. Witter of Spokane, Wash., and Miss Lillian S. Eastman of Sydney, Australia.

Oct. 30, 1911, Olah H. Withey of East Woodstock and James W. Wheltley of Cambridge, Mass.

Dec. 1911, Mary E. Aldrich of North Woodstock and Charles Hopkins of Hartford, Conn.

Jan. 15, 1912, Louis R. Southworth of New York and Mrs. Mary E. Fitts.

Feb. 8, 1912, Florence M. Barber of Danielson and Rev. Charles J. W. Washburn of Portland, Maine.

June 5, 1912, Bert Cox and Ruby Cora Smith of West Woodstock.

June 10, 1912, Robert Whiting and Gladys Wilson in Geneva, New York.

June 20, 1912, Amy Frances Miller of West Thompson and Charles Warren Clarke of Eastford.

June 22, 1912, Charles Edward Chandler and Miss Mary Crandall, in Norwich, Conn.

June 26, 1912, Adeline Sumner of West Woodstock and Benjamin Bosworth of Eastford.

June 26, 1912, John C. Paine and Alta K. Greene in Webster City, Iowa.

NIGHT

Of have I seen, when that renewing
breath,

That binds and loosens death,
Inspir'd a quickning power through
the dead

Creatures abed,
Some drowsie silk-worm creepe

From that long sleepe,
Until at last full with the vitall Ray
She wing'd away.

Shall I then thinke such providence
will be

Lesse friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjust

Who keeps his Covenant even
with our dust.

Henry Vaughan.

DEATHS

Sept. 28, 1911, John Lowe of South Woodstock.

Oct. 16, 1911, Maxwell W. Rockwell in New York City.

Oct. 18, 1911, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Rockwell, in Brooklyn.

Dec. 2, 1911, Henry Penniman of Putnam.

Dec. 11, 1911, Austin Lincoln, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lyon of

North Woodstock.

Jan. 3, 1912, Charles P. Grosvenor, of Abington, Conn.

March 18, 1912, Thomas A. Lake in Tampa, Florida.

March 20, 1912, Dea. Edward P. Berrian (trustee) in Los Angeles, California.

March 27, 1912, Mrs. Ellen Webber Bishop in Woodstock.

April 14, 1912, Herbert Sharpe of Pomfret.

May 28, 1912, Joseph F. Russell (former trustee) in Woodstock.

July 2, 1912, Katharine Haskell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell, in Gregory, South Dakota.

Programs of the Year Public Rhetoricals

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy, in the Academy hall, Friday evening, March 29, 1912, commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Part I—Orchestra

Briar Rose Hjalmar Boyesen

Ada B. Miller

Lincoln F. G. Iglechart

Theodore Cox

Mohegan Song to the Great Spirit

The Chase Scott

Eleanor A. Johnson

Mending the Clock J. M. Barrie

Dorothy V. Shaw

Part II—Orchestra

The Union Soldier J. M. Thurston

William H. Richardson

Lady Clare Tennyson

Jarda I. Carlson

Chorus, The Skylark

The Pilot's Story W. D. Howells

Carrie Barrett

Department Store Ditty C. T. Grilley

Raymond R. Benson

Part III—Orchestra

Jacques Dufour W. W. Howe

Olive A. Whitney

Tarpeia Louise Imogen Guiney

Helen Perley

Chorus, Echo Song N. W. Leavitt

The Opportunities of the Scholar Gracy

Edmund G. Anderson

(a) Jane Jones Benjamin F. King

(b) Almost Beyond Endurance Riley

Ida L. Spalding

Part IV—Orchestra

The Sources of New England's Song and

Story Eliot

Harris S. May

Echo and the Ferry Jean Ingelow

Gladys C. Sheldon

The Punishment of Robert W. D. Nesbit

Sophie R. Barrett

Chorus, Cavalier Song

The Senior Class Honor Essayists are Rilla

H. Child and Helen Perley

Reunion

Celebrating the One Hundred and Tenth Anniversary of the founding of Woodstock Academy. Woodstock, Connecticut August 12, 1911.

PROGRAM

11.00 o'clock—Baseball game, played by former students of the Academy

1.00 o'clock—Basket luncheon

1.30 o'clock—Short speeches by alumni

2.30 o'clock—Pageant Procession from the Academy lawn to the Common, followed by a series of historic tableaux

Tableau 1—Wabbaquasset Indians carrying corn to John Winthrop's colony at Boston

Tableau 2—John Eliot preaching to the Indians

Tableau 3—The first settlers, their arrival and the division of the soil

Tableau 4—Bathsheba Holmes and the Indians

Tableau 5—The First Thanksgiving dinner partaken of in East Woodstock

Tableau 6—General Putnam receiving the news of the battle of Lexington

Tableau 7—The planting of the McClellan elms

Tableau 8—Breaking the Sabbath in 1826

Tableau 9—General Grant visiting Woodstock in 1870

Committee of arrangement—Arthur G. Morse, chairman; Edith H. Hall, Harry T. Wells, Constance Holt, Frederick F. Rockwell.

Graduating Exercises 1912

Two-thirty o'clock, p. m., Friday, June 14

PROGRAM

1. Orchestra

2. Prayer

Rev. Robert R. Kendall

3. Orchestra

4. Address—"The Builders of the Temple," Rev. Frederick Lynch, New York City

5. Orchestra

6. Presentation of diplomas

Rev. T. A. Turner

7. Orchestra

Graduating Class 1912

"En Avant"

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Rilla Harding Child

Helen Perley

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Carrie Barrett

Sophie Rindge Barrett

Jarda Isabel Carlson

Grace Ella Myers

Gladys Coldman Sheldon

Olive Agnes Whitney

Academy Sunday June 9, '12

Sermon by Rev. Robert R. Kendall, at the Woodstock Congregational church, eleven o'clock a. m.

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E. R. HALL, Principal

Woodstock Academy

Calendar for 1912-1913

Fall Term Begins

September 3rd, 1912

Winter Term Begins

December 2nd, 1912

Spring Term Begins

April 7th. 1913



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Store

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