

=====WOODSTOCK=====

Academy Gleaner

VOLUME FOUR

NUMBER SIX

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Founded 1801

W. A. Perkins, Principal

Woodstock Academy

Calendar for 1916-1917

Fall Term begins Monday, Sept. 11th

Winter Term begins Monday, Dec. 4th

Spring Term begins Monday, April 2nd

Catalogue on Application

FOR FINE

DIAMONDS



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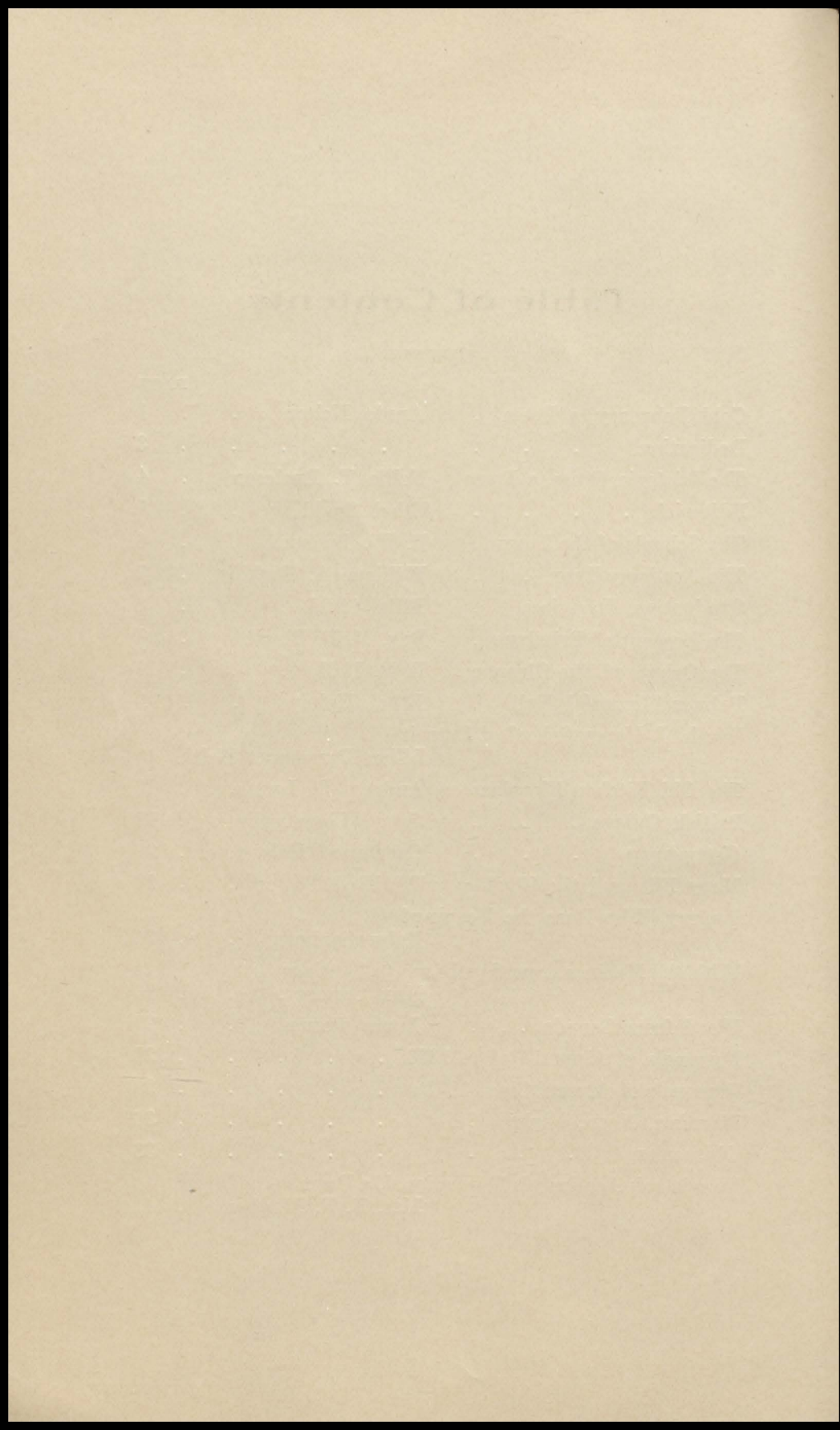
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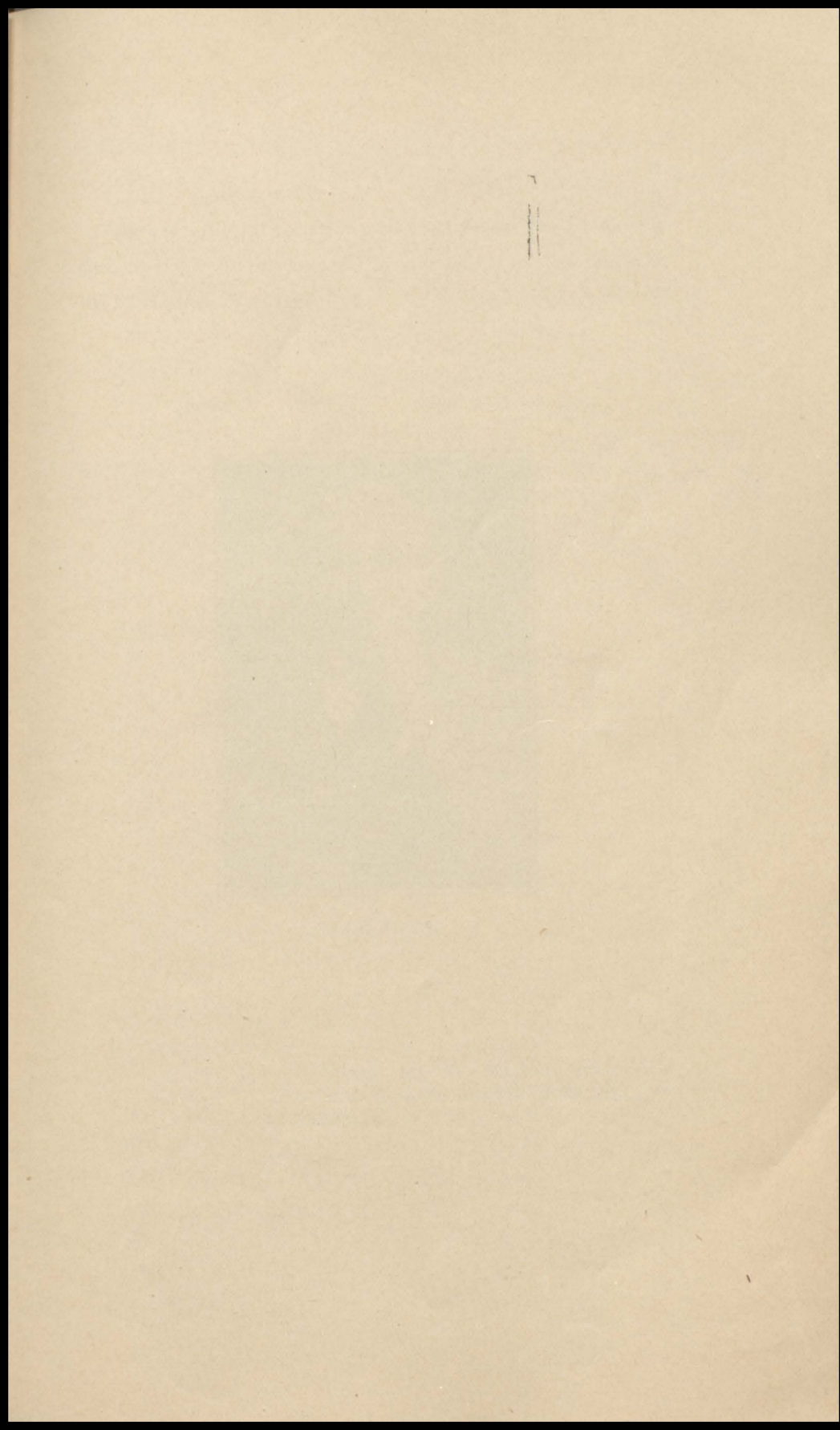
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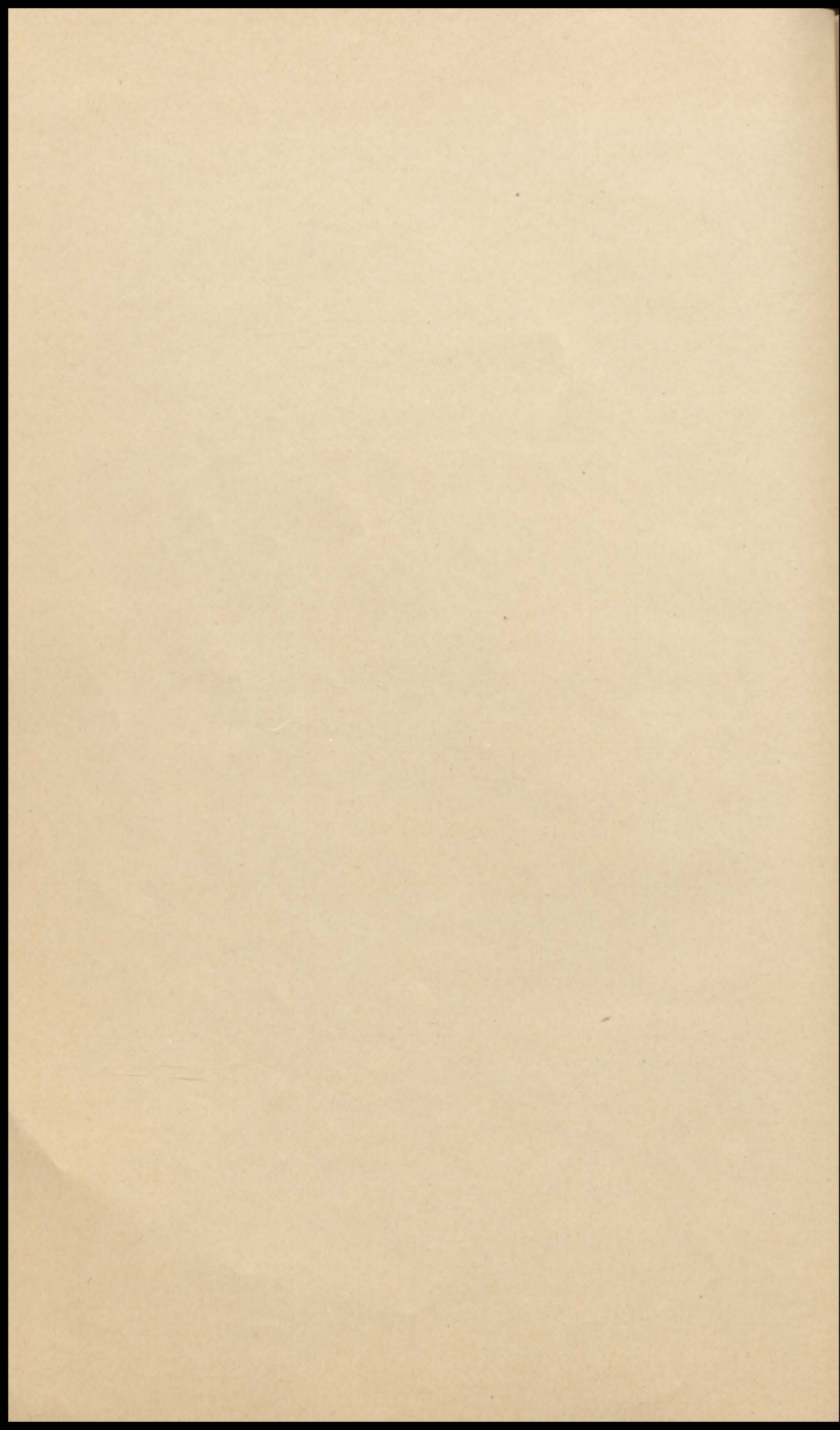
ENGAGEMENT RINGS A SPECIALTY

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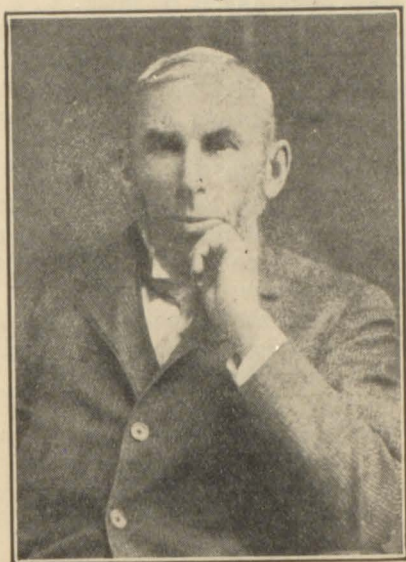
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In grateful appreciation this number of The Gleaner is dedicated to our teacher, the former editor of The Gleaner, Eli R. Hall, A. B., (Yale '72).



ELI R. HALL

"Many are the mighty things but
nought is more mighty than man."—
Antigone.

The Victoria Cross

Calmly he walked his daily round of duty
Without complaint, nor sigh for days of yore.
And to the chance observer seemed to bury
All of the past, recalling it no more.
But when the labors of the day were over,
And twilight wrapped earth in its dusky fold,
To those who paused to give a kindly greeting,
With kindling eyes, strange tales the old man told.

Tales of adventure in the far-off jungle;
Of thrilling charge upon the yelling throng;
Of British squares that faced grim death unshrinking;
Of hunger, thirst; of marches hard and long;
But most of all was wont to linger fondly
Upon the day which should not suffer loss,
When from the regiment the general called him
And granted to him the Victoria Cross.

And they who heard the story listened kindly,
Yet with a hidden thrill of inward scorn,
Half pitying, half sneering, they passed onward,
Forgetful of the speaker old and worn,
Yet day by day the romance he repeated,
To all who turned to him a listening ear,
Until men looked on him as but a dreamer,
Nor spoke his name but with a scoff and jeer.

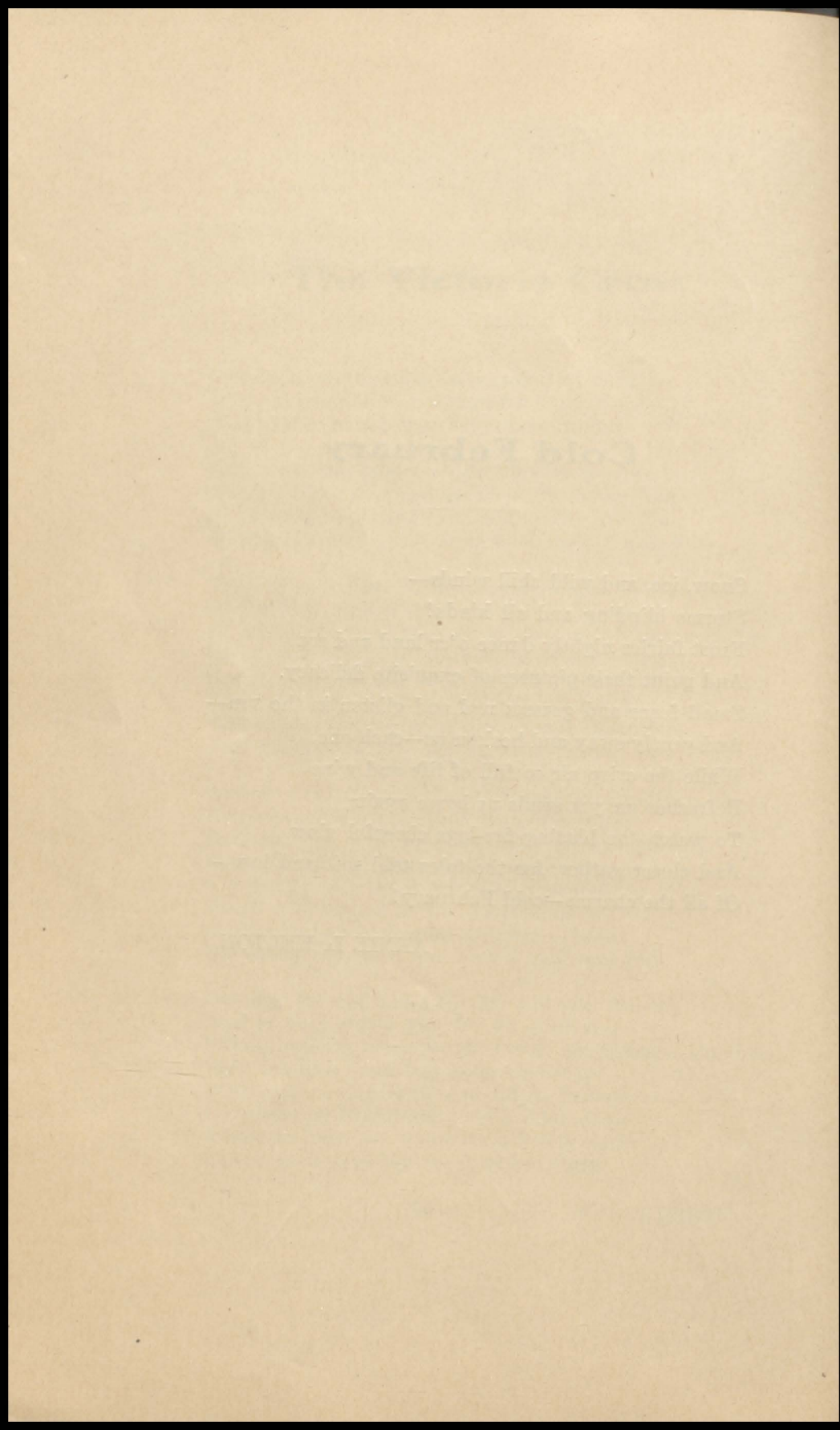
One day the old man's earthly toil was ended,
And as they robed him for his final rest
Where nothing more should break his peaceful slumber,
They found a rusty bag upon his breast.
With curious fingers they undid its fastenings—
Lo, gleaming bright amid the sodden dross,
A star to light the wanderer's lonely pathway,
Before their eyes lay the Victoria Cross.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON

Cold February

Snow, ice, and wild chill winds—
Storms blinding and all kinds!
Frost fairies nightly dance o'er land and sea
And paint their pictures of exquisite delicacy.
Small ferns and grasses nod and glisten in the sun—
And gently sway and beckon us—each one,
While the crisp air so full of life and wine
Refreshes us, yet sends us home again
To watch the blazing fire-logs cheerful glow
And closer gather, for the tales told soft and low—
Of all the charms—cold February!

ANNIE L. KELTON



Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 4

Woodstock, Conn., September 1916.

No. 6

EDITORIALS

The question was asked in last year's Gleaner, "Shall the Gleaner be Discontinued?" So earnestly was an answer sought that a form was printed in the back of the book by which a decision could be easily registered. To this appeal for advice replies to the number of twenty-eight were made, all in the affirmative. There were no negative replies. There are many alumni, no doubt, who like the Gleaner, who feel that it is a publication that should be continued. They have not entered their votes. Things that we become used to we expect and there is no murmur until the regularity is broken. The old book hobbles forth again, this time on one leg for its former editor has withdrawn his support. Lame as it may be, welcome it as an old friend who has recovered from a threatened death.

This number closes another volume of the Gleaner. Many kind friends have expressed a hope that next year will begin a new volume and that the Gleaner will continue as long as they live. One alumnus has sent two dollars telling us not to let the Gleaner die. "Call the doctor in to make one more visit," he urges.

The Public Library of Woodstock is made up of a few more than five thousand books. These books are kept on the shelves of the west rooms of the Academy building. The year's circulation of 1,068 books among seventy-six families represents an inter-

est that is making a growing demand upon limited support. During the year the Library Association has been able to add, through purchase and gift, books to the number of sixty-eight.

The expenses for the year were \$107.33, considerably more than the income of the association. It is necessary, therefore, that \$125.00 be raised in anticipation of the next year's needs. The splendid spirit of the nineteen present at the Library Association meeting in July evidenced an assurance of help in the cause of the library.

There are milestones all along the way for nearly every individual but there are few which are hallowed by groups of boys and girls with more tender sentiment than those milestones made emphatic by the planting of ivies. Woodstock Academy has had the pleasant custom of planting an ivy at the outgoing of its graduating class. So long has the custom endured that the Academy building, on three sides, is quite green about its base. The west side of the building, however, is in need of new ivy plants. Those planted by the classes of '99, '00, '02 and '03 are dead and need to be replaced. Some of the ivies on the more sheltered side of the building are luxuriant in foliage adding much to the appearance of the Academy.

The alumni meeting of 1916, held immediately after the graduation exercises at the Academy, proved disap-

pointing in its attendance. In '93, we read in an old Gleaner, "the alumni, one hundred and fifty strong gathered in Academy Hall for a business meeting." Twenty-four years from that date the alumni assembled less than twenty strong. The younger alumni—where are they? They are needed to replenish the spirit of '93.

The business attended to resulted in the re-election of the following officers: President of the Alumni Association, Mr. E. R. Hall; Vice-Presidents, Mr. L. H. Healey, Mrs. E. F. Bingham, Mr. F. F. Rockwell, Mrs. H. E. Wells, Miss Ethel Upham; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Nellie D. Chandler; Executive Committee, Mr. Clarence H. Child, Miss Jessie McClellan, Mrs. B. F. Ritch.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts

Cash on hand	\$28.44
Sale of Gleaners	37.10
Advertisements	34.00
	<hr/>
	\$99.54

Expenses

Publishing Gleaners	\$44.42
Stamps	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$49.42
Balance in Treasury	\$50.12

NELLIE D. CHANDLER, Treas.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE TOWN

F. W. BARBER

There is no single period in the life of boys and girls so important nor so rich in opportunities for development as the period when they are placed in the care of the schools. We well may tremble at the greatness of the responsibility which is ours since it demands breadth of experience, richness of training, and perfection

of knowledge very rarely found, if the work of soul building is to be efficiently accomplished. This is why we need the co-operation of all the forces, parents, teachers, pastors, friends working in harmony, with the one great purpose,—that of the efficient training of the most precious heritage possessed by any community, the boys and girls.

Because of this wholesome helpfulness on the part of the people of the town it has been possible to make gratifying advancement in the schools this year. Pupils have been interested and earnest in their work; teachers have been faithful and untiring in their efforts; and, in the several communities, parents and friends have responded loyally to the calls for help in the great work.

The old idea that the three "R's" constituted the work of the schools has long since passed and in its place has come the belief that the well trained pupil must have a broad experience touching life in its many phases. The pupil must learn to be self-reliant; he must develop power to do things himself; he must learn to be of use in the world; he should grow to be kind and helpful to those with whom he lives; he should acquire a taste for the beautiful, the good, the true; he should be taught thrift, cleanliness, order, the rules for health, and right living; in short, the whole boy should be developed harmoniously with the vision that one day he will become an efficient member of the world in which he lives.

The schools this year have done many splendid things which have pointed clearly toward the splendid deal feebly hinted at in this paper. Music has been regularly taught and with it has come a greater refinement and a keener enjoyment in the beautiful. The whole tone of the

schools has been raised by the work which has been done in music and on all sides deep satisfaction has been felt in this forward step. There has been a splendid move toward better heating conditions and the teachers, heartily backed by the people, have purchased jacketed stoves for eight of the schools, more than half of the schools in town, with the result that during the cold months the pupils are kept comfortable and their health is conserved. In many cases the school grounds have been made very attractive and there has been a steady effort on the part of the teachers and pupils to keep the school buildings and grounds in a wholesome and neat condition.

Plans are under way which, it is believed, will still more increase the efficiency of the schools. With the delightful spirit of helpfulness which exists in the town there is nothing too good to attempt for the betterment of school conditions. We know that our boys and girls deserve the best and it is the combined purpose of all to provide it for them.

THE ACADEMY YEAR

WILLIAM A. PERKINS

The past year has been one of quiet progress. In one sense great progress is next to impossible. That part of the school that has received the most in education—the senior class—is dismissed, and in the fall a new set of beginners comes in, and the school begins where it began the year before. During the past year, however, some improvements have been introduced and a beginning has been made in securing the advantages to be derived from an increased endowment. Experience was secured for one department of the work and a good beginning was made during the latter two-

thirds of the school year in regular instruction in singing. Only a beginning could be made, for the work that can be done in music in the Academy must depend upon the training received in the lower schools, so that it will take several years to realize here the full benefit of musical instruction in the town; but enough was accomplished to help us appreciate the value of such training.

The course of study has been somewhat altered. An important change has been the giving to pupils taking Latin of the choice between sciences and modern languages during the last three years of the course. This enables pupils preparing for college to confine their attention more strictly to studies required for admission to college.

The course in English composition and literature has been enlarged, and our hope and expectation is that under a teacher of experience it will become a means of both valuable training and delightful study.

More laboratory work was done in chemistry than during the preceding year. The regular physics work was postponed until next year in order that pupils might have the advantage of the physics apparatus that is being purchased by the trustees this summer. Additional apparatus will be provided not only for the illustration of principles by the instructor but also for individual laboratory work by the pupils themselves. This will be a much needed and important addition to our equipment.

Substantial repairs and improvements have been made in the Academy building, which have added to comfort and convenience.

Athletic interests have, on the whole, been well sustained. Success is not to be judged merely by the number of games won, as most of the schools with which our boys have contests are larger than our own. The

girls have had games of their own and have taken considerable interest in them. Yet there is much to be desired on the side of physical training in order to promote a more erect carriage and a better self-command on the part of both boys and girls.

The social life of the school has been helped by the usual number of Academy socials. In connection with these and in addition to them the school and the community have been favored with several good concerts and lectures.

A good spirit has prevailed throughout the year. The inertia due to timidity and laziness has not been altogether overcome, and we are conscious of many short-comings, but it has been a good year in Woodstock Academy.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

RILLA CHILD

The cloudy skies of June, 1916, were not sufficiently threatening to prevent the relatives and friends of the Woodstock Academy graduating class and the loyal supporters of the institution from assembling in sufficient numbers to fill Academy Hall.

The stage was made most attractive, the rear being banked with green and the Academy colors of blue and gold being in evidence in the floral decorations. "Forward", the class motto, was prominent upon the curtain.

Music was furnished by an orchestra and by the school. The chorus work under the efficient leadership of Miss Aleta Prescott, the musical director, was most acceptable.

After the seniors were escorted to their seats by students and teachers, prayer was offered by Rev. T. A. Turner, of East Woodstock. Principal Perkins then introduced as the speaker of the afternoon, a friend

and former classmate, Edward H. Chandler, secretary of the Twentieth Century Club, of Boston. Woodstock knows him as the son of the late Rev. John Chandler, a valuable contribution to mission work in India. His theme was, "The New Citizenship." He was able to view life from a young person's standpoint and was most happy in thought and expression, his illustrations being especially forceful. He sought to impress the young people with the fact that their aim should not be to see how much they could take from their surrounding people but how much they could give by way of service to others.

Diplomas were presented by Arthur S. Hardy, acting president of the board of trustees. The thought was emphasized by him that the best things in life come through sacrifice. His recommendation was, "Choose, count the cost, pay the price."

The class ivy was planted on the east side of the Academy building. The ivy essay was given by Miss Bernice Sanger.

"Fair Woodstock" and "Woodstock Academy" were sung and the company assembled as usual upon the front lawn for the singing of class songs. A pleasant feature was the presence of Mr. Hall who seems a principal emeritus to the institution. The hearty response when "Here's to Mr. Hall", was sung was indicative of the place he holds in Woodstock.

The gift of the class to their Alma Mater was a clock for one of the recitation rooms.

The class reception in the evening was enjoyed by a large number of invited guests. Patronesses were Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Riddick and Miss McClellan.

Class statistics were given by Lyman Hibbard. Merrill Keith read the class will. Miss Ethel Whitney was class prophet, and Miss Marion

Perkins was class poet.

Marching, dancing, and the singing of class songs, together with the serving of refreshments, made up the evening's program.

PROGRAM

MUSIC

PRAYER Rev. Tell A. Turner

MUSIC—"Morning Invitation" G. A. Veazie The School

ADDRESS—"The New Citizenship" Edward H. Chandler

Secretary of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston

MUSIC

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Hon. Arthur S. Hardy

MUSIC—"We'll Go Gleaning"

Franz Abt

The School

MUSIC

Graduating Class 1916

"Forward"

Latin Scientific Course

MARION ALICE PERKINS

English Scientific Course

BERNICE ANGEENE SANGER

ETHEL BURTON WHITNEY

JOSEPH WILLIAM HENRIES

LYMAN EMERSON HIBBARD

WENTWORTH ALFRED JOHNSON

MERRILL ROCKWOOD KEITH

THE DESCENT OF PRIVILEGE

REV. M. R. PLUMB

An abstract of the sermon preached at Woodstock, Conn., June 11, 1916, by Rev. M. Raymond Plumb, pastor of the First Congregational church of Windham, Connecticut:

A study of Luke 9: 28-43 reveals two great experiences from the life of Jesus Christ in close juxtaposition,—his transfiguration on a mountain summit, followed by his healing of an epileptic boy at the mountain's foot. It is not the intention of this

abstract to linger over the details of either of these experiences, but rather to emphasize their sequence. Moved by the tremendous emotion stirred up in them by the transfiguration and feeling that "it is good for us to be here," the disciples with Jesus wish to remain on the height of privilege. But the Master does not accept the suggestion. He has come away from a field of toil; to that field he must now return. Therefore they turn and descend from the high place; they go down again into the lower levels of common life. It is this order of life which is significant for us. Life at its best does not build tabernacles at the mountain top that it may dwell securely apart from the world's pain and grief, but it gathers to itself the full strength to be gained in such places and then comes down. It descends from that higher level where it prayed until the face shone and the soul was exalted with the sense of privilege, that it may heal the hurts along the dusty highway at the foot of the mountain. It is made plain for us here that every hour of high privilege must lead to an expression of that privilege in some form of humane service. The mountain inspiration must be followed by loving service.

This truth is illustrated by the whole life course of Jesus. It is impressive to note how often Jesus departs from human companionship to renew his strength in communion with God; but more impressive than this is his quick return to the patient fulfillment of his human task. "The religion of Jesus is at every point an applied religion." He illustrates no climb of character which leaves one on the mount. His source of power is above, but his use of power is below. Whatever effort it may have cost to find the upward way makes it easier for him to follow the

same path downward. As someone, I think it is Dr. Peabody, has said, "A slow ascent of duty to the horizon of God, a quick glance, a long breath, a far-away look, and the descent of faith to the plains of human need—such is the picture of the life of Jesus."

The Master's own career furnishes the pattern of the experience which he cherishes for all his followers. The life of a human being is meant to be well-rounded and full-orbed, beginning in the impression of emotion and intellect, and coming to its consummation in the expression of will and character. Jesus was constantly calling men to partake of a Christian experience. His words were first an invitation. For instance, he said to men, "Come"; and the acceptance of that invitation meant an introduction to the highest and best that is known to human experience.

Again he called men to "Follow" him. This word was another invitation, and it carried with it the promise of enlarging vision and steady advance and greater effectiveness in life.

Another of his invitations is the word, "Abide." It seems to indicate the climax of the two former appeals by pointing to a vital and permanent union between the Master and his disciples.

These three words form an ever-deepening appeal to us. They are like guides to lead us up and away from low levels of life to the high ground of spiritual experience. They are able to lift us into privileges such as we never dream of until we ascend with Christ. They open our eyes to a transfigured way of life that is the best possible for us. When we let them lead us along these higher paths of privilege we are apt to feel the profound impression of it all and then, in the emotional joy of this sense of uplift, to cry out with Peter,

"Lord, it is good for us to be here." We seem to have reached the highest possibility of life, beyond which we can ask for nothing more. We would make this ecstasy and joy to last forever!

But there is another word which Jesus was wont to speak. It is the word, "Go." It was on his lips full as oft as the words, "Come" and "Follow" and "Abide"; and it seems to indicate that all those finer experiences which these words impress upon us are to find expression in far-reaching action. That manner of living which has been deepened, enriched, and matured by coming to him; which has been further developed by following him; which has been steadied and re-assured by abiding in him,—is now to find fuller expression by moving out upon all the fields of service it may adequately cover; it is to "go." This final word indicates that every life must round out its development by finding expression in useful activity. It points again to the truth that we may not be content with lingering on the mountain top of privilege. Rather must we take the clean pure air and the broadened vision and the mountain inspiration down among the common ways of men, and there apply in loyal service the strength of the towering heights.

Surely, I have said enough now for you to perceive the one main point that I would have you remember, and it only remains for you to apply the principle of the descent of privilege to your own situation and purposes. All of you today stand upon a summit of privilege. These are mountain moments when you feel the winds of inspiration playing upon you, and your very faces are shining by reason of the emotions that are roused within you. You have a right to feel proud at such a time. As you stand on this height of privilege at the end of your

course in this Academy it is undoubtedly your thought that "it is good for us to be here." If it were possible you would like to enjoy this happiness forever and to remain on this inspiring height of feeling.

But that is not the true order of life. That would be a misuse of your privilege. I am sure your teachers and friends would be ashamed of you if you should go out from these halls without ever making practical serviceable use of the powers you have acquired here. This is the question for you to answer: Have your splendid privileges been heaped upon you in vain, or will you put them to the use that awaits them? What will you do with the strength and the inspiration that your years at school and these final momentous experiences have brought you? Having made the ascent of opportunity, will you now begin the descent of privilege? Having responded to the appeals of this institution to come and follow and abide, are you now ready to go? Do you understand that this is the only true and noble order of life? Will you commit yourselves to service in the fields and among the valley paths of human life? Into whatever field your path may take you, remember that that is the field for the application of the powers you have gained; in that field, however humble it may seem, the inspiration which has been given you must find expression in out-reaching service. Go then! Go back to your homes; go to your fields of labor; go down from these high experiences of privilege, your faces shining and your countenances transfigured because all your being is consecrated to the cause of human need.

It is not an easy thing to do. It is not a comfortable smooth path that beckons you. Flowers will not always bloom at your feet. There are dangers in the way, and there are dangers in your own selves, against

which you must be on your guard. Let me caution you against two of them as our time draws to a close.

You must keep yourselves from pride. There is always danger that a person of superior training or talent will become puffed up with a consciousness of his superiority. Privilege is apt to walk with head high. As you go back to your communities see that you do not feel above others because of your culture and privilege. How much better to forget pride and humbly seek what good you may do! Share your blessings with the unprivileged. Be like the man in Sam Walter Foss' poem, "The House by the Side of the Road." You remember how he said,—

"Let me live in a house by the side
of the road

Where the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they
are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish; so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorn-
er's seat

Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of
the road

And be a friend to man."

Let this be your way. Then the people will bless you because you have been in the mount of privilege. Then they will remember that your face was shining as you came down from the heights. Then you will appreciate your privilege the more; you will find your inspiration growing in your heart, and your power for good made sure and increasing.

You must also avoid all selfishness. The very privilege which you have is yours through the unselfishness of others. I do not doubt that for many of you your mother and father have toiled and friends have sacrificed that you might receive training and culture. And I am perfectly sure that the men and the women who

have been your teachers have labored most unselfishly and poured out their strength that you might profit therefrom. The very institution which you attend is a monument to pioneers and officers and builders and teachers who have given their lives in noble unselfish service for your advantage. Every privilege you have is a gift of others, a heritage into which you have entered. It were a shame if you failed to appreciate this. It were unworthy of you if you failed to catch this altruistic spirit of those from whose planting you have reaped. The world is looking for men with broad minds and big hearts, with open hands and willing feet, men and women of unselfishness, men and women who know that true greatness is service, men and women who remember the words of the Lord Jesus Christ that he who keepeth his life shall lose it but he who loseth his life in unselfish service shall find it and keep it unto life eternal. Wherever you go, this is the highest type of life that you can contribute. Do not fail of your high calling. You are in the world, not to get all you can out of it but to give all you can to it, not to extract but to contribute, not selfishly to seek your own happiness but to make your community better for your being in it. Unselfishness must be your constant motive; selfishness you must shun as you would a poison.

Thus avoiding pride and selfishness and whatever other danger may beset you, may you be true to the vision of service all your days. You have been transfigured on the mount; now you are to descend into the valleys. Your eyes have been in heaven; now your feet are to tread firm earth. Hours of trial will come; testing times are before you. These seasons of temptations are those in which so many of us fail. How we forget our vision when the fog closes in upon us!

How slightly do we serve when we are caught in the mad rush of the world! What we need is steadfastness of heart, that resolute fixity of purpose, that unmoveable adherence to duty which turns an obstinate face against temptation and refuses to compromise with wrong. This persistence is the final quality which you must bring to the descent of privilege. The secret of power is constancy to your ideals; success and happiness come from forever following your vision. You may not accomplish all you set out to do; there may be many tasks you cannot fulfill, many cases of need where you cannot minister. But this is not the main question. The chief matter is that you remain true to your duty, that you always cultivate the impulse to do good, that your privilege is always ready to be used in service. Years hence, when you look back upon the transfiguring experiences of your earlier life, you will rejoice with honest joy if you have continued through the long years to exert your power to serve your fellowmen. Be true all the way, even down to old age, even unto death. You remember when John Eliot of this very colony lay dying, the watchers peered cautiously within the hut where the great preacher to the Indians was stretched on his cot, and they found him with his spent breath and his ebbing strength teaching the English alphabet to an ignorant untrained Indian maid. He was serving with his privilege to the very end. It seems to me that a man could ask nothing better of death than that when he comes to die he may die in harness. To die fighting, to die at the post of duty, to die serving—what better way? It may not be our lot in the physical sense, but it may be for all of us in the spiritual sense. In the closing years may our usefulness increase; in the last days may we be increasingly esteemed helpful and

loving; down to the last moments may our privilege be for the blessings of others; and then, at the end, may we die, may we die, and be mourned because we served, remembered because we shared, blessed of God because we climbed the steep ascent of character and then completed it in the full descent of privilege!

ORIGIN OF THE GLEANER

E. R. HALL

Sometime in 1892 a call went out from the Academy for a meeting of its Alumni. The response to the call was large and enthusiastic. After the meeting had been organized a few definite things were agreed upon with hearty unanimity.

First an organization to be called the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association was started, and a constitution and by-laws adopted. All students who had ever attended the Academy, all teachers, and all officers, together with their husbands or wives constituted the Alumni.

The purpose of the Association was to keep alive, by means of organizing, the old associations and friendships of academy life, and to further in anyway possible the interests of the institution itself.

Two ways were suggested by which it was thought this purpose could be carried out. First by having, from time to time, reunions of the Alumni at the Academy; secondly by publishing annually a magazine which should be a means of exchanging items of personal interest, a channel for the expression of ideas and opinions upon the life of the Alma Mater, and an opportunity for the development of any talent in writing on the part of the younger or older alumni.

Here then was the birth of the Gleaner. Louis Southworth was godfather to the offspring, and at his

suggestion it was christened the "Gleaner" from the name of a paper written by the students of the Academy in his day, and read before the school on the afternoon of special exercises in composition and speaking.

The first printed issue of the Gleaner was in August 1893. A copy was sent to every alumnus whose address could be gotten. No price was fixed, but each one who received a copy was asked to send at least ten cents to defray the expense of publication.

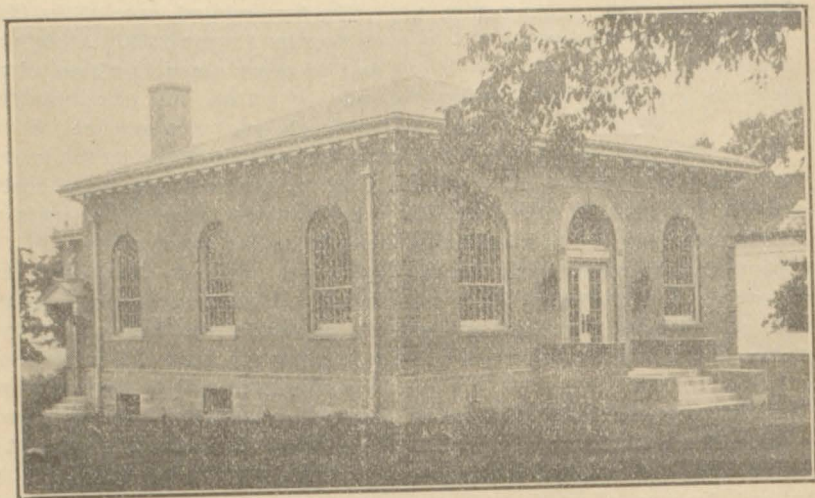
In 1898, the price of ten cents was printed on the cover, and in 1911, the price was raised to twenty-five cents in order to meet expenses. Soon after the magazine had become a regular publication it was found necessary to send copies only to those who paid for them in advance or upon delivery; and today the Gleaner could not be published were it not for the generous overpayment of many who receive it.

The money cost is not, however, the greatest obstacle in the way of publishing the Gleaner. Such a magazine calls for a group of efficient and painstaking workers, with a responsible editor at their head. It calls for a responsive body of contributors, who will furnish articles of value carefully written and alive with vital personality. It calls for a number of interested persons who will hunt up personal items about alumni and write them up with spice enough to lift them out of a mere catalogue of names and addresses into a real record of news items. It calls too for a committee with a leader who will keep a fresh and accurate list of paying subscribers, and do the drudgery of mailing the magazine and collecting the dues.

This is the twenty-fourth number of the Gleaner. For twenty-four years then, this work has been done by the enthusiastic earnest efforts

of a comparatively limited number of the Alumni. The almost universal opinion, as far as it has been expressed, is one of hearty approval of the magazine. If its publication is to

continue new volunteers must come forward to fill the depleted ranks of the old company of workers, and they must bring enthusiastic love for their Alma Mater, and a wisely directed energy adequate to the effort.



PALMER MEMORIAL HALL

PALMER MEMORIAL HALL

ETHEL E. UPHAM

The beauty of Woodstock's main street has been increased by the erection, during the past year, of Palmer Memorial Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dean of Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts.

Palmer Memorial Hall is a one-story building of yellow brick. It has a sloping floor and seats for the accommodation of an audience of about two hundred persons. The inside of the hall, as well as the outside, with its smooth lawn set with shrubs, presents an appearance of neatness and simplicity. The hall stands just south of Mr. William Lindeman's, on land belonging to the Russell property, which was purchased by Mrs. Dean a few years ago.

Minnie Palmer Dean was an inhabitant of Woodstock during a part of her youth, living with her parents and sisters at the Palmer Homestead, the birthplace of her father, in Elm-vale. The house is now occupied by Mrs. Dean's nephew, Philip Dean, and his family.

It is Mrs. Dean's intention to present Palmer Memorial Hall to the town, with certain conditions and restrictions. She does not wish it to interfere in any way with the churches or Academy Hall. It is hoped that it may furnish a place for lectures or entertainments for which the other public buildings are less conveniently arranged.

The hall was first opened to the public on May the second. There was a short religious dedicatory service at which Mrs. Dean and relatives from Boston and Woodstock were present.

This was followed by an illustrated lecture on the subject, "The Lure of the Colonial New England Period," by Collins Van den Berg. Two weeks later Dr. Edward Howard Griggs, of Boston, lectured on "The World War and Ethics."

It is a privilege for Woodstock people to have entertainments of such a high class brought into their midst, and the building of Palmer Memorial Hall is worthy of high appreciation.

THE L. J. MARCY SCHOOL OF DETROIT

LILIAN DAVENPORT KEITH

Mankind often feels the need of reassurance as to the qualities of human nature, especially does one feel the needs of gratitude. The following story of appreciation may be encouragement in general. It particularly belongs to Woodstock Hill and the Academy.

In 1852, Lorenzo James Marcy, son of Dr. Lorenzo Marcy, whose home for many years was the second house south of the church on the Hill, went with his bride just after their marriage, to Detroit, Michigan, to become the principal of the Barstow school. For fifteen years he continued there as principal, Mrs. Marcy teaching with him as first assistant. Many methods of teaching which have been brought out as new experiments in the last twenty-five years were applied during that period in the Barstow school. There the flag was hoisted over the schoolbuilding—it probably being the first instance in our country—to indicate patriotism; there nature study was stimulated; there ingenious methods were used to make the pupils think independently instead of simply memorizing; the magic lantern was introduced to make the natural sciences clearer by pictures, and to familiarize with dis-

tant scenes; and there, above all, was the effort to develop character. Leaving Detroit after fifteen years, it was always the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Marcy to revisit the scene of their labors, but the development from the magic lantern of the sciopicon, its manufacture and distribution in America and abroad, kept Mr. Marcy too busy, and when he could leave his business the call of the Connecticut home was too strong for him to go westward, so an occasional call from an old pupil at their home in Philadelphia and correspondence with a few were all the communications kept up.

In 1904, about eight years after the death of Mr. Marcy, Mrs. Marcy received a copy of a Detroit paper. Upon opening it she was surprised to see pictures of herself and Mr. Marcy from daguerreotypes taken in the early 50's. The head-lines "Marcy's Boys", preceded a full account of a reunion of about forty pupils. At this reunion occurred the formation of a "Marcy-Barstow" association. Many anecdotes of the old days were told, and many warm tributes were paid to the teachers and their work. These reunions have been held annually since, and Mrs. Marcy upon her birthday receives showers of cards and letters from the old pupils, many more of whom have been found and have joined the association. In 1911 it was hoped that she might go out there in a private car provided by the pupils, but she was unable. She did visit Detroit, however, in the summer of 1904, and enjoyed being the guest of the solid citizens, who were once her Barstow School pupils. The use of the old Barstow School building was discontinued some time ago. In 1913, Mrs. Marcy received on her birthday, in January, a telegram from Detroit reading as follows:

"Mrs. Sarah E. Marcy, 53 Washington street, Newport, R. I. The in-

spectors of the Detroit Board of Education congratulate you heartily upon the completion of your eighty-fourth year. May you live to celebrate many additional birthdays. The name Marcy is perpetuated in Detroit school circles by naming one of our new buildings in honor and memory of your husband's distinguished services as principal of the Barstow School.

(Signed) Inspectors of the Board of Education."

These many evidences of appreciation and the revival of old friendships have done much to brighten Mrs. Marcy's declining years, her one regret being that her husband is not here to share the pleasure. The graduation of classes in the L. J. Marcy School has been made to take place upon her birthday, and the school celebrates with a cake. One Barstow teacher of that time is still living in Detroit and writes to her of the birthday parties. It has given an added interest of incalculable value to her life.

If all would realize the joy that an expression of appreciation of honest, unselfish work can bring, perhaps there would be more such pleasant happenings to record.

THE OLD KITCHEN FIRE-PLACE—A REMINISCENCE

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON

In these days of ranges, furnaces, and steam-heated apartments how many persons, especially the younger ones, have ever seen a fireplace, or more especially enjoyed seeing an open fire in one? Not any of those diminutive $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet fireplaces that one often sees in modern up-to-date houses, with the pair of little highly polished brass andirons about the size suitable for a doll's play-house, and on the andirons a pile of

gas-logs emitting pale, sickly and lifeless jets of flame; or perhaps in place of gas-logs, a short-lived fire made of broken up boxes or barrel staves, but a real old-fashioned fireplace of ample proportions and capable of taking in a big pile of wood; say one four feet by five and some three feet in depth with a flue large enough for a person to crawl through.

Just such an ample fireplace was in the kitchen at my boyhood's home, that is in the old Lyon mansion on the hill a mile or so northwest of the Academy.

Although the house is a very large two-story one, the kitchen was often used, and especially during the winter, as a family sitting room. The fireplace was not only the place for the family gathering, but was made for utility also, for all of the cooking for our large family, with the exception of that done in the great old-fashioned brick oven on each Saturday, was done by its fire as well.

It had a long, stout crane hinged to one side, with a half dozen pot-hooks—we called them "cranehooks"—of different lengths strung along on it for the purpose of hanging pots and kettles over the fire. The two andirons were not pretty little brass affairs, but were heavy and made for business, out of wrought iron by some village blacksmith. A large flat, wrought iron shovel and a stout pair of tongs—also made by some blacksmith—always stood near.

At the close of a winter's day, when the farm work was over and supper disposed of, the fire was fixed up for the evening thus: A large log some three and one-half feet in length, called the back-log, was first placed upon the andirons and pushed against the back of the fireplace, then another, a trifle smaller called the fore-stick, was placed in front of the back-log, then other still smaller logs and wood were piled upon the other two.

Chips or brush were put under the heap of wood to start it going and the evening fire was ready. So one can see that it took no small quantity of wood to keep the big fire ablaze.

Getting the wood from the forest, cutting it into suitable lengths, and bringing it into the house, altogether made quite an item of labor; and had we had that wood to buy, the expense would have been considerable, but on the home farm with a big acreage and an almost unlimited supply of oak, shell-bark hickory, sweet birch and other kinds of hardwood, there was no need of our being at all economical in the use of even the best of it.

Early in the evening, our large family, with friends and callers gathered around the fire, the adult members in a semi-circle, and the girls and boys—"youngsters" as we were called—between them and the fire, either seated on stools, or on the big hearth or floor, or else reclining in easy positions before the blaze.

At the left of the family half-circle sat old "Jim Injun" as he was always called—an old Narragansett Indian, who made his home with us. While sitting there, he was very taciturn, seldom speaking unless spoken to. All Indians are that way.

At the proper time some couple with a lighted candle (let me here remark that home-made tallow candles were the only lights we then used) would take the big pitcher and a pan or a basket and repair to the cellar after the evening's supply of cider and apples. There was no stinting in the supply of either. Then hickory nuts, butternuts and chestnuts in ample quantities were brought forth and the evening's enjoyment commenced.

There was always in evidence a thick white mug of coarse ware with a handle on one side and holding perhaps a quart. This mug was specially for the old Indian's use and it was called "Jim's mug." It was filled with

cider as his allowance for the evening. How well do I remember the way he would carefully set that mug of cider near the fire, reach for the tongs, and take one of the hooks from the crane and place it among the live coals. When it was suitably heated he would again take the tongs, lift the hook and carefully drop it endwise into the mug. Then how the cider would bubble and foam, and how old Jim's eyes would sparkle with delight as he took long draughts of the foaming liquid. It seemed to be just the right article going just to the right place.

In due time nuts were cracked, then they, with the cider and apples, were disposed of in the jolliest possible manner, and chestnuts and apples were roasted, and tin cups of cider were heated before the blazing fire by us youngsters, while the freezing blasts of a New England winter night whistled mournfully around the corners of the house and piled the snow in huge drifts around.

One who has never experienced any such pleasures as we had during those winter evenings can scarcely have an idea of the enjoyment we had. Then when the evening's jollity was over, when the friends and neighbors had left, and the rest of the family had retired, some one of the older ones would "bank" the fire for the night. It was done in this way: All of the ashes were scraped with the shovel from a space between the andirons, then the firebrands and large live coals were taken with the tongs and carefully placed there together and the ashes piled thickly over them with the shovel. Next morning the ashes were taken off and there was a splendid bed of live coal with which to start a fire for cooking breakfast.

In these later years, when in a reminiscent mood, my thoughts often wander with pleasure to those scenes, and to the happy times we had by

the great roaring fire in that big kitchen fireplace on those cold winter evenings away back in the long ago.

BRITISH GUIANA

GRACE CHAMBERLIN

Fully twenty-four hours before I reached its shores, I had formed an unfavorable impression of British Guiana, for instead of the "deep blue ocean" which the poet entreats to "roll on," the seas were a most disgustingly muddy brown and I wondered if thousands of the natives might not have utilized the Atlantic for a bath tub and their Creator had neglected to use a fast black dye. I later learned that "little drops of water and little grains of sand" can make "a nasty puddle" in the nice clean water as well as on "the nice clean land," and that the mighty Amazon and Orinoco empty their waters with such force into the ocean as to, with the aid of the currents, roll it for hundreds of miles along the coast. (I trust the typesetter may not mistake wholly inadequate to express the effect upon the water).

I have never been in the least enthusiastic over British Guiana and I have wondered why this low, flat, palm-tree country resembling a brown door-mat with tiny feather dusters sticking in it should have been such a bone of contention as it once was among the European countries.

The story of Guiana is one of colonization under difficulties, of trading ventures, experiments, failures, quarrels and wars. The name is derived from an Indian word meaning "water." Sometimes, when the trade winds die out and the heat and glare of the tropical sun seem merciless, I feel that Gehenna might have been equally appropriate. The Dutch, so accustomed to fighting the seas in

their native Netherlands, seemingly for the sake of "auld lang syne," emigrated to Guiana and began the struggle with the waves which is by no means ended, after centuries of effort, as an American construction company has just tendered a bid to the government here of a million and a half dollars for additional sea defence purposes.

The whole of the coast land for some sixty miles back is at or below sea level and I have seen during the rainy season at high tide the main streets of Georgetown turned into lakes and the natives wading to their knees to reach their homes. Toward the Venezulean border (over which Ex-President Cleveland gave the British lion a smart slap in defence of the Monroe Doctrine) there is a range of mountains, Roraima being the highest, and reaching to some eighty-seven hundred feet, but these mountains, which might afford such a sorely needed change of climate to the inhabitants of the colony, are practically inaccessible. There is no railway into the hinterland and the many rivers (the largest of which is the Essequibo, six hundred miles in length and fourteen wide at its estuary) are navigable only some sixty or seventy miles.

British Guiana, lying between latitudes nine degrees and one degree north, has a total area of over ninety thousand square miles, of which quite ninety-nine per cent. are undeveloped, a coast line of some two hundred and fifty miles, and it extends inland to a depth of nearly six hundred miles. The present population is about three hundred and twelve thousand, of a most cosmopolitan character, the greater portion being East Indians and Negroes. The Portuguese come next in numbers, followed by the English (mostly Government officials and very pleasant to live among), the Chinese and less than fifty Americans. O. Hen-

ry in on of his books writes "of all shades of tropical population from a patent leather shine to a new meersch-chaum pipe." Mr. Slosson, of the New York Independent, with which paper Woodstock people are undoubtedly familiar, says that he can always distinguish an East Indian from a Negro, as the former wears a shirt without pants and the latter the trousers without the shirt. And these two races are quite as unlike in temperament as in costume, the East Indian or "coolie" being keener of intellect and sometimes quarrelsome, while with the Negro—sufficient unto the day are the shrimps and mangoes thereof. One of our servants once made a characteristic remark—"We eats and we eats and we does feel so good." As I see dusky forms moving about me in the house and others on the streets carrying bundles on their heads varying from fruit trays to coffins (and by the way, that is practically the only use some of them do make of their heads) I often wonder if I am real or whether I have gotten mixed with the ten spot of spades in a deck of cards. Domestic servants present the same difficult problem here as in other countries, especially to the new comer. Evidently some scriptural lesson on "having all things in common" has been impressive, and "I was a stranger and they took me in." Not for long, however, and my Diogenes-like search for honesty has apparently been rewarded, although for a few weeks, I felt that the only way a lady could deal with some of the servants here (and be a lady) was to keep a parrot, thoroughly trained by some frank, outspoken sea-captain, to express her feelings for her.

Although near the Equator, the trade winds which blow almost constantly during the day keep the temperature down to a bearable degree, the thermometer usually standing at about eighty-five and rarely varying

more than eight or ten degrees during the summer and winter months. The long rainy season extends from the middle of April to August, the short rainy season through December and January, the average rainfall being some hundred inches annually. A few years ago the dry weather continued from August until April and the drought brought much hardship to the colony. During the first year of our stay here I counted but nine days when the sun was not visible during some part of the day. And right here let me say that the day begins very promptly at six o'clock in the morning and ends at the same hour in the evening. The twilight is very short.

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;

At one stride comes the dark."

But when it does rain here it is not necessary to flatten our noses against the window pane to ascertain what the weather is, for it cometh not down like Portia's "gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." That "it never rains but it pours" is true in the tropics.

Despite the medium temperature the climate on account of the moisture is most trying, and I have wondered how Sir Walter Raleigh in his heavy coat of mail enjoyed his visit here. I have been told that in Berbice, another county in the colony, there stands an old tombstone erected by a Dutchman whose wife and children had died within a year. Instead of the usual consolatory text, Mynheer had relieved his sorrow and disgust at the climate by the startling inscription "Gott vordamn Berbice!"

One of the dreadful consequences of the climate which depressed me as a new comer is the necessity for almost immediate burial after death. No corpse can be retained in a house for more than twenty-four hours and

in the earlier days when yellow fever was prevalent immediate interment was necessary.

The drinking water of the colony depends wholly upon the rain. Each house erects a private reservoir for storing rain water and upon the size of these tanks depends the comfort or discomfort of the householder in the matter of satisfying thirst, as far as water is used for that purpose. Among the natives the supply is soon exhausted in the dry season and they are compelled to drink the polluted water which flows or stands in trenches each side of nearly every street. With the sea pouring in at high tide, I think of the Ancient Mariner's wail—"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

The principal export of the colony is sugar of which a hundred and seventeen thousand tons were shipped away last year. Among other products are centipedes, scorpions, tarantula spiders, mosquitoes (the houses are not screened) sand flies and bete rouge. Nor must I neglect to give honorable mention to the cockroaches against which I waged relentless warfare during my early housekeeping days here. Many of my victims have been over three inches long. Things do grow so huge here that I often feel like Alice in Wonderland.

Most of the articles of food are insipid and tasteless as compared with those of New England. We have nearly all varieties of tropical fruits but I have yet found no satisfactory substitute for the peaches, pears, grapes and apples of my native state. We shall do well to follow Mark Twain's example when, in his "A Tramp Abroad" he sent home by preceding steamer a list of the different articles of food he wished prepared for him on his arrival.

There is a renowned dish here called the "Pepperpot" which seems to be somewhat of an heirloom, as it

is kept from year to year without being emptied, cassareep, pepper and black sugar being added as required. Henry Kirke in his "Twenty-Five Years in British Guiana" writes: "In one of the country households the pepperpot was never absent from the breakfast table and the host prided himself upon its antiquity. One day he was explaining to an English traveller that it was the characteristic dish in the colony, the householder's blessing, one never knowing what the spoon would bring up—wild or tame, ox or pig. 'For instance', he added, 'what is this?' His butler regarded it for a moment and exclaimed 'Wal done, sah! if that aint Miss Gerty's kitten. Oh, me Lard, sah, I is well glad that kitten is done found at last!'"

The houses of British Guiana are extremely comfortable and cool, at least those occupied by white people, although the East Indians and Negroes, especially in the country places, live in almost any sort of hut that will afford the least protection, mud, thatch or decayed wood. Our home is surrounded by spacious grounds, has hardwood floors, both shower and plunge bath, electric lights and telephone. As a protection from dampness the buildings are raised upon brick pillars from eight to ten feet high.

Georgetown has a population of some fifty-four thousand inhabitants, with one really beautiful street. The shopping district affords very good stores especially since the war has demoralized European markets and merchants are stocking American goods. There are electric street railways, the ubiquitous moving picture theatres, a church or street gathering for nearly every religion and schism from the stately Anglican cathedral to the squatty mosque of the Mohammedan and Buddhist, and "I care not where His islands lift

their fronded palms in air

I only know I cannot drift beyond"
a Carnegie Free Library.

I do not feel that Woodstock Academy has cause to be jealous of the Georgetown schools. The teachers, I am told, receive a salary (if so it may be designated) of from three to eight dollars per month, and the pupils study aloud. As there is a schoolhouse some five hundred feet from our house and the windows are always open, I can testify to a sound education in some respects. The little Negro children are often cunning and as they pour out of the schoolhouse they remind me (excepting possibly the aroma) of an over-turned five-pound box of chocolates.

Comparing British Guiana with stately, restful England, there is so much that is squalid and so little that is attractive that I daily wonder why English people make permanent homes here. But after all

"In the mud and scum of things
Something lovely always sings."

and each morning the gardener brings me a great armful of roses which do brighten the day wonderfully. Every month is June to them and they blossom all the year around. And the moonlight nights—they are gorgeous. The flowers always seem to be more fragrant in the evening, and away to the southward is the Southern Cross which, as Mark Twain says, "looks more like a kite than a cross." Being in the heavens it would seem more appropriate to have called it the Southern Kite as the earth is supposed to be the place for crosses—of one kind or another.

Could some of the Woodstock people have been with me I could have entertained them well certainly for one afternoon. The death rate among the native infants has been so high that the Governor's wife has established what is known as "The Baby

Saving League." To keep the mothers interested she provides an annual fete on the Government House grounds and I, with some thirty other ladies, was asked to assist her with the refreshments. By two o'clock in the afternoon the crowd began to gather outside the Government House grounds and when the gates were opened at four over seventeen hundred Negro and East Indian women poured in, clad in from next to nothing to raiment that would have shamed Solomon's glory. They charged in close formation upon the refreshment tables where, as the tables were roped off, we were able to hold them in check temporarily, but the half ton of cake, crackers and fancy biscuit, the twenty-five hundred bottles of ginger ale and the gallons and gallons of lemonade and tea which Lady Eger-ton had supplied withstood the assault less than half an hour. Tempers arose with the decline in refreshments and the women fell to quarrelling among themselves over the spoils. I saw one Negress dealt a small blow on the head with an umbrella for presuming to suggest that her neighbor had exceeded her share of the cake. When the refreshments had wholly surrendered "the guests" began "some of the new steps" on His Excellency's well kept lawn. At the end of the afternoon I truthfully said that the occasion had been one of rare entertainment for me.

I am sure that this is sufficient from this land of roses and palms, plantations and negroes, swamps and alligators, and I will merely add that should any of the readers of the Gleaner chance to visit British Guiana it will doubtless look more attractive to them from the stern of the boat than from the bow.

As for me, Mr. Chamberlin and I are hoping that our "Uncle" with the starry vest will permit us to visit New England in October. It is almost five

years since I watched the shores of the homeland recede and those words of Van Dyke's are so frequently in my mind:

"Home again, home again,
America for me,
My heart is turning home again
To God's country;
To the land of light and freedom
Across the ocean bars
Where the air is full of sunshine
And the flag is full of stars."

GETTYSBURG

—
CONSTANCE HOLT

Gettysburg is one of the few famous places which is hard to reach by rail. The motorist can reach it easily over the Lincoln Highway but, as it is on a branch line of the railroad, one must change cars several times before arriving there. It is a quaint old town rather southern in aspect, and although the population is increasing, the outward appearance of the place remains practically the same as at the time of the great battle.

We spent an entire day seeing the battlefield. Starting out by carriage with a guide at nine in the morning, we continued our sight-seeing until six in the afternoon, with an hour's halt for luncheon. It was only possible to get a very general idea of the battlefield in that short space of time, but, as the ground is studded with monuments and columns every few yards, we could follow the line of fighting with comparative ease. The United States government has built a splendid macadam driveway all around the battlegrounds and has erected imposing columns with descriptive bronze tablets indicating the movements and positions of the opposing armies. It is said to be the most perfectly mapped out battlefield in the world. Besides the government monuments, the different states have

erected beautiful columns and shafts to their men who fought there, and not one regiment has been forgotten. On the crest of Cemetery Hill stands a beautiful equestrian statue of General Meade, and opposite, on the crest of Seminary Ridge, a colossal statue of General Lee is in the process of being erected by the State of Virginia. When completed, the two opposing generals will be facing each other across the peaceful fields once made bloody by Pickett's famous charge.

Every monument has beauty and every monument speaks in loving and loyal tribute to the regiment it commemorates; but the largest and perhaps most striking of all is the one recently erected by the state of Pennsylvania in memory of all the regiments it sent to Gettysburg. It is a most beautiful and elaborate structure reached by imposing flights of steps. Colossal statues of Abraham Lincoln and the principal Union generals surround the base, and the name of every officer and private from Pennsylvania, who fought in the battle is inscribed on bronze tablets set into the stone. The famous Gettysburg address is inscribed below Lincoln's statue. It is also inscribed on the new Lincoln Memorial and on the Soldier's Monument in the National cemetery.

The countryside looks green and fertile like our own Connecticut fields; the woods are dark and lovely with a profusion of ferns and violets carpeting the ground; Rock Creek, once the scene of such frightful slaughter, still winds peacefully through the woods and meadows; and above it all towers little Round Top, the hill General Warren seized with his artillery at the close of the second day's fighting. A statue of him now stands on this hill.

A living, happy spot is Gettysburg today; but everywhere stand solemn reminders of the past. No one could

visit the place without experiencing a thrill of pride and patriotism at the thought of the valiant heroes who made Gettysburg a place of lasting fame.

MARY ELLA AND THE CLOCK

WINIFRED S. POTTER

Through the Courtesy of The Springfield Sunday Republican

Mary Ella, stiff and unhappy, sat in the straight-backed, old-fashioned chair and gazed moodily at the placid-faced clock. She had braced her short legs against the rounds of the chair to prevent her fat body from slipping off the haircloth seat and at intervals she dug her heels viciously into the unoffending legs of the chair. At each recurring rattle of feet her Aunt Mary turned crossly and said, "Mary Ella, when I was young, children were seen and not heard, now can't you be still?"

"There's nothin' to do," muttered Mary Ella, "I wanta go home." The hostess, gentle Miss Mehitable, who was unused to calls from the younger generation, hastened to interpose: "Little girl, you just keep your eye on that clock and pretty soon you'll see something." The women then resumed their gossip, with such remarks as, "Too bad his turnin' out so poor, his ma was a real nice woman, do you remember?" etc.

Mary Ella had been watching the clock for nearly an hour but nothing had disturbed its serene calm as yet. To be sure, at the half-hour a hoarse "ding" had sounded from its inner mechanism, but since then the pendulum had swung "tick-tock, tick-tock," and the minute hand had moved with a spasmodic "hitchy-hitch," at five-minute intervals. It was nearly three o'clock. "Tick-tock" went the pendulum, "hitch-hitch" went the hand, until with a last jerk it rested above the numeral 12. Then all of a sudden,

from a little door at the top of the clock, hitherto unobserved by Mary Ella, darted a really truly little bird, which nodded straight at Mary Ella, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" Then snap went the door. Mary Ella was so surprised that she fell back against the chair. Her eyes had blinked so rapidly at each sharp "cuckoo" that she hadn't half seen the dear little bird. Now she sat up in excitement and squealed, "What is he? Where has he gone?"

"Why, back in the clock, child," said her Aunt Mary reprovingly. "Don't jump around so in Miss Mehitable's best chair. When I was a child children were composed and sat quietly and didn't stir."

Unabashed, Mary Ella persisted. "I wanta see him again; when can I?"

"When the clock strikes again," replied Aunt Mehitable. "You jest set right still and watch and bime by you'll see him."

"Will we be here at 4 o'clock?" persisted Mary Ella.

"Oh my, no," said Aunt Mary. "I oughter be goin' now for I promised your ma I'd make some of them cream drop cakes o' mine for supper."

"Oh suz, then," said Miss Mehitable, "you must come right upstairs and see the pretty tidies Niece Grace has sent me for my 'whatnot' and a photo of little Grace as pretty as a picture."

The two old women bustled out and did not notice that their troublesome charge remained in the sittingroom. Mary Ella waited by the door until she heard them mount the stairs, then she darted to the chair she had left. Seizing it, she dragged it across to the clock; clutching the spindled back she pulled herself upon the bumpy haircloth surface; then balancing precariously, she stood erect. As she clung with one hand to the chairback, she hesitatingly placed the other on the little door. At her touch it slowly swung open, and advancing to meet

her came the little bird. She waited expectantly for its cheery greeting but none came, and then she timidly put one pudgy finger on his head. He was cold and stiff, she had killed him!

The frightened child pushed back the chair and sat trembling until the women returned.

"Hurry on your things, Mary Ella," said Aunt Mary. "We must go." The old friends pecked each other on the cheek as a farewell kiss, and the guilty Mary Ella scuttled out the door.

For some days Mary Ella was very much subdued. She was so good, so obedient that mother would have thought her ill, but there was no fever on the plump cheeks. Even father exclaimed in surprise when she voluntarily offered to accompany her Aunt Mary on some calls. "You've turned over a new leaf, haven't you, Mary Ella?" he said. Mary Ella made no reply but dropped her head over her plate and devoted herself to bread pudding. "I'm glad to have you go," said mother, who didn't like to have Aunt Mary go out alone.

Quarter of three found Mary Ella and her aunt approaching Miss Mehitable's. Mary Ella's heart beat like a trip-hammer and threatened to burst from her little breast. She could only mumble a faint "Hello" to Aunt Mehitable's greeting. "Mercy," said Aunt Mary, "when I was young children made pretty 'curtsy's" and said, 'Very well, thank ye,' when spoken to."

They went into the sitting-room. Mary Ella's eyes darted to the clock. It was still there, its calm moon face undisturbed. The pendulum was going "tick-tock," the hand, "hitchy-hitch," as usual.

Mary Ella groaned within: could it be possible Miss Mehitable hadn't discovered the dead bird? She didn't say anything about it, perhaps she felt too bad, but she seemed as cheery as ever. Mary Ella sat down on the haircloth chair and surveyed

the clock sadly. It was approaching the hour. "Tick-tock," went the pendulum, "hitch-hitch" went the hand. Mary Ella leaned forward with sharp intake of breath. Then—open flew the door, out popped the bird! "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." He bowed right at Mary Ella and snap went the door.

Little beads of sweat stood on Mary Ella's brow and inside her pique collar. She trembled so with relief that she remained with difficulty in her chair. Perhaps cuckoo birds were always cold and stiff except when the hour came. Gayly she swung her heels against the carved chair legs.

"Can't you be still, Mary Ella?" sputtered Aunt Mary.

POULTRY—WHO DOES THE KEEPING

RUBY SANBORN

When came the request for an article on poultry raising to be published in *The Gleaner*, my answering thought was, "Impossible"; for writing always has been, and doubtless always will be, entirely outside my line. But if the rest of Woodstock Academy alumni are as interested as I am in the doings of the others, perhaps even the most poorly written notes about my present work will be of a little interest to some.

Yes, I am keeping hens, but still hoping that soon the tables will be turned and the hens will keep me. They keep me busy all right, and are succeeding in keeping me in good health, much better than school teaching did. Since that was the chief reason for my going into this new business, I suppose I ought not to be discouraged; and I'm not very often. The fate of all beginners has been mine, in having all known and many unknown causes of trouble, from the ever-ready lice to a peculiar sound inside a dear baby chick like the going off of a pack-

of miniature firecrackers. But such joy as I have had this spring in my beautiful, fluffy, bright-eyed little babies! And I should be proud and happy to show you all today my hundred slick-feathered White Wyandotte chickens.

Since the babies arrived, my last winter's pets have been rather neglected. Until then they laid in trap nests, from which they had to be let out every hour or two. So much handling kept them tame, and we have had many pleasant times together in the big, airy henhouse, talking and playing. One little pullet especially delighted to pull out my hat pin and run off with it. Using trap nests added much interest to the work, and, I believe, paid for the extra labor. I expect to continue their use this fall.

Would I advise others to go into the business? If you love out-of-doors, and don't mind being out in all weathers, nor getting your hands dirty, if you love all animals, and if your sense of touch is acute and it gives you pleasure to feel of soft and smooth things, you will enjoy the work. Then, too, you must have a soft, clean cat and playful kittens to amuse you, for where there is chicken feed there are rats and mice.

I cannot refrain from mentioning also my colony of bees, now two colonies; but will not enlarge upon that most entertaining subject. What time is left from these and other minor pursuits and a little housework, is spent in coloring postcards. Then, for fear I might have some idle moments, I was persuaded to become guardian of the Camp Fire Girls of Southbury—another big and intensely interesting subject outside the topic assigned me.

Returning to that, I simply add that this first year I have learned many lessons from that remarkable teacher, Experience, and perhaps after a few more years you may hear from me again as rolling in wealth and endow-

ing The Gleaner, that the question of its continuance may never be raised again! Long may it live!

WITH THE MARINES FROM SAN DIEGO TO SANTIAGO IN THIRTY DAYS

MAX CONNER

The Fourth Regiment of United States Marines had been stationed at San Diego since July 6, 1914. From then until June 1916, they had made four expeditions down the coast of Mexico, but had never landed. So when assembly was sounded on the bugle in the afternoon of Saturday, June the third, and a telegram was read to us ordering us to Santo Domingo, many were the expressions of hope at last we'd "see some action," for we knew that the Second Regiment had been having some excitement in Haiti,—which is on the same island as is Santo Domingo. Our hopes were fulfilled.

We were ready to leave Sunday morning, but it was not until Tuesday night, the sixth, that the Santa Fe railroad was able to furnish transportation for the regiment, which meant 700 men, four three-inch field guns, two motor trucks, a caterpillar, tentage, and other things for the men. Also, over a million rounds of ammunition were taken. The transportation required three long trains.

We arrived in New Orleans on June 10, and sailed out on the United States Navy Transport, Hancock, on June 12 at eleven o'clock at night.

We first stopped at the port of Santo Domingo, and took orders from Admiral Capertowne, on board the flagship, Memphis. From there, we sailed to Monte Christi and landed with all our equipment on June 22.

Four days later, the regiment, together with the 6th, 8th, and 13th Companies took up the march to San-

tiago, the stronghold of the Rebels, a very strongly fortified city. The road lay through eighty-four miles of cactus and jungle, with very little water along the route.

The inhabitants are a mixture of Spaniard and Negro, and the combination is a tall, straight, well-built race of people, usually very docile and lazy. They live in simple wood and mud huts making their food mostly from fruits, though razorback swine and goats abound.

The first day the regiment had marched about fifteen miles, when the advance guard was fired upon by the outpost of a Rebel stronghold, some two miles farther on. Camp was made, and the night was spent in the woods by the roadside.

The next morning, advance was made against the position which was held by probably one hundred and fifty Rebels entrenched on a low hill. The hill had never been successfully attacked since the Dominicans took it from Spain and gained their independence. The place fell in twenty-six minutes, and the Marines lost one killed and two wounded.

After this almost every mile of the road was contested, and night alarms were so frequent as to become a nuisance. After the first five or six, most of us never paid any attention to them, not that it was any trouble to get up. "Getting up" is a much more simple and literal process than one would suppose. All you do is to stand up, and you're up. Then when it is bedtime again, you pick out the highest and softest piece of ground you can find, lie down on it, and you are in bed.

On June 30, the Thirty-first Company had quite a small battle "on their own hook." They suffered a loss of one man killed.

Our most serious engagement was on July 3. The object of our attack was a series of trenches on two hills,

one on each side of the road. The jungle all around was so dense as to greatly impede the movement of troops, except by the road, which was covered by the fire from the Rebel trenches. About two hundred yards from the nearest trench, a log had been thrown across the road as a trap for the Marines. The enemy had the range and figured they could pick us off easily, behind that log, from their trenches.

The machine guns were placed there, and except for an interval when the automatics ran short of ammunition, the Rebels were able to do little. During this one interval of about a minute, one of our men was killed, and four were wounded. Things looked pretty gloomy for a short time, and I was beginning to figure my chances of seeing the States again, when our forces at last succeeded in penetrating the jungle. Charging the hills, we took the position.

We lost two killed and about fifteen wounded, but we killed the chief Rebel general, and his forces were so demoralized that the rest of the way was perfectly open to us, and peace negotiations resulted successfully.

The American forces marched peacefully into Santiago and took possession of it on July the sixth at about four in the afternoon.

* * *

Most of us are established in an old Spanish fort here in Santiago. Routine prevails, and, except for a stray shot now and then, all is quiet. The Federals are establishing a party, and we are all hoping that the "war" is over and that we'll soon be back in the States.

Of course, this campaign of ours was nothing as compared to a war, but those few moments behind that log with my friends dropping around me convinced me that the only trouble with General Sherman's comment on war was that he didn't put it half

strong enough. It was a great experience, but one can get enough of anything. Hereafter, one, at least, of the sons of old Woodstock, is a firm peace advocate.

WORD FROM CANADA

J. V. PERRIN, 1902.

At about the time I am writing this, here in the white-washed village of St. Epiphane, Quebec, the graduating class of nineteen hundred and sixteen, is planting its ivy at Woodstock, and going through the ceremony that has taken place—let me count—fourteen times since I was a student at the Academy. It would please me to be there now, shaking hands with the many alumni, who are certainly back, exchanging notes and getting news of those who are not within reach, and watching another group of graduates striking out into what the valedictorian will call the waiting world. It does not wait, but no matter.

I have been asked to write something for the Gleaner—"something vital and to the point, with personal interest not omitted." It takes a London to make the wanderings of a forer interesting. Without rhetorical trimmings and romantic additions, life in the bush as it really is does not make exciting, or even (to the average) interesting narrative.

There are mountains in British Columbia, the summits of which are never free from snow, and trees so large that one makes lumber enough to build a church. There are hills in Quebec, with never a peak higher than three thousand feet, and trees so small that it takes twenty to yield a cord of pulpwood. There is gorgeous scenery in the Canadian Rockies, wonderful views of a quieter sort along the St. Lawrence, and vast areas of flat burn and muskeg—the most desolate country one can meet. For further details

descriptive of the beautiful, consult the Canadian Pacific, or any other Canadian railroad pamphlet, and for the burn and muskeg story, go to any engineer, who has done time on construction work for the Transcontinental in the north. A forest-mapper and estimator gets all of this; and, probably I no more than the average who has had wild scenery as a steady diet, have half appreciated the splendid country into which my work has led me. But to condense these trips, or parts of them, into a tabloid novel—that is out of my line.

Now, however, we have temporarily "settled down." (I say "we", for if there isn't an explanatory note in the Noon column, there ought to be.) We are engaged in purchasing and operating timberlands along the River Verte, The spruce and balsam pulpwood we cut and peel in the woods and drive, in four-foot lengths, down the river to the Intercolonial railroad, where it is loaded into cars by steam-operated chain conveyors and shipped to our paper mills in Berlin, New Hampshire.

Outside the stirring and varied work called for by the ins and outs of this business, there is much of interest in this section of Quebec. It was originally settled by the French about the time when our English ancestors were arriving in New England. These people have retained as many of the old French customs as the hardships of colonizing rugged country in a cold climate would permit. They have kept their language and religion in spite of the fact that Canada was wrested away from the French by the English over one hundred and fifty years ago, when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham and "added an empire to a kingdom." Canada has ever since been a British colony, now practically self-governing, and a loyal one at that, as the enlistment during the present war shows.

Undoubtedly the ignorance in which these people are kept, or from which they have not been lifted by compulsory education, twice voted down by the provincial legislature, has retarded their progress to a great extent. It strikes a stranger that they are far from the self-reliant, thinking farmers that one sees in New England, in Ontario, in the West, or in any country of equal-aged settlement. Yet a more contented people than these inhabitants, with their large families, small houses and easily satisfied wants, cannot be found.

Besides the lumber and pulpwood industries, there are summer butter and cheese factories. Hay, oats, and potatoes are raised in quantities more than sufficient for local needs. There might be other crops if the extremely long and cold winters (which no Canadian will ever admit) would give the fairly fertile soil of this valley a chance.

There is one good way to be recommended to Gleaner readers by which they can get a correct idea of quaint Quebec, the fabled Canadian forests, the wonderful St. Lawrence scenery, and the picturesque inhabitants at first hand. That is, come up and see us. We shall be glad to see you.

I should like to say in ending that I think congratulations and thanks are due for the manner in which the Gleaner's last issues have been gotten out by the efforts of those who have stoutly refused to consider the possibility of its being discontinued. May it always be the same interesting sheet, welcome to all of us each fall, as it has been in the past.

PERSONALS BEFORE 1888

Theodore B. Stowell is still president of the Bryant and Stratton Business College, Providence. His health has been poor the past year.

Mrs. Serena Medbury Burns spent the past winter in Los Angeles, California. She is now at her home in Illinois.

Miss Nellie Pratt is at her home in East Woodstock having spent the winter in Dudley, Mass.

The friends of Lilian Davenport Keith will be interested to know of the marriage in Peacedale, R. I., of her eldest son, Elmer Davenport Keith. His home is in Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Agnes Chandler Wood and Miss Nellie Chandler spent the winter in Hartford.

Mrs. Florence May Burton is a farmer's wife in Washington state. She is slowly recovering from a critical illness.

Mrs. Dora Lindeman Clark spent a few months in California last fall, attending both expositions. She visited her sister in San Leandro and relatives in Kansas.

Mrs. Prudence Phillips Hyde is much improved in health. She and her family have spent the summer at Hancock Point, Maine.

Mrs. Hetty Boutelle Paine is in very poor health at her home in Ludlow, Mass.

The home of Susie Medbury Horton is in Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine and her husband spent about six months of the past year in California sight-seeing and visiting relatives. They spent some time at the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions.

Charles Tucker and wife live in Pascoag, R. I., where he is a painter.

Mr. John Jencks Holmes '56, is now a retired business man in the city of Providence, R. I. His address is 93 Evergreen Street.

Mr. Cornelius P. White '56, is in the real estate business near the City Hall in Worcester, Mass. His residence is 399 Chandler Avenue.

Andrew Lincoln Lyon '58, lives part of the year at 313 Bond Street,

Asbury Park, N. J. During the rest of the year—mostly during the summer—he lives, dwells, or stays (please take your choice) in Woodstock, at Oakledge, in the Little Bresh Hut.

'Tis a little shebang hid among the green birches,

As nobby a hut as one ever could strike;

If one should start out he would make many searches

Ere he'd be successful in finding its like.

This unique little hut stands alone in its glory

On a tract called Oakledge where there's lots of small game,

Rough-looking, wood-colored, and only one-story,

'Tis a cabin well-built, Little Bresh is its name.

Rev. James Brown, who was in the Academy in the late seventies, is a Baptist clergyman in California.

The Gleaner has been held a little overtime hoping for the arrival of an article from South America. Mrs. Grace Chamberlin is no longer in Ireland but in Georgetown, British Guiana. Address her American Consulate, 208 Camp Street.

A letter from Daisy Amsden Chism '88, Springfield, Mass., last October states that the Gleaner received a welcome in her home. She, as have many others, scanned the "Night" column and found listed the names of school-mates and friends. She takes comfort in four children.

Mrs. Alice White Child expects to teach in North Woodstock the coming year.

Edward Swain boards in Pomfret. A married son is a Providence lawyer; one son is studying in the Institute of Technology in Boston; and his youngest son is studying music.

John Lindeman is engaged in tobacco raising in Windsor, Conn.

The Gleaner contains a letter from Mrs. Lilian Davenport Keith descrip-

tive of the L. J. Marcy School of Detroit. It will be of interest to some to know that Mrs. Keith is the niece of Mr. L. J. Marcy, who as a boy of eight came to reside in Woodstock.

B. C. Bugbee writes from Warrenville, Conn.

PERSONALS SINCE 1888

1892

As this Gleaner goes to press we are able to find no change in the addresses of John A. Boyden and Mrs. Robert C. Paine (Agnes Child). A good friend reports the former as being in the employ of the Carron Company, automobile glove makers. Mrs. Paine is enjoying an outing at the Isle of Shoals, N. H. She has a boy, Hamilton, ready for High School this September.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt is more at home in Quinebaug, Conn., this year than ever for she has bought a home in that town and is enjoying the pleasures of repairing.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Alfred T. Child writes from The Housekeeping Experiment Station, 28 Hoyt street, Stamford, Conn., as follows: "In the fall we expect to organize again and we shall try to publish a book that will be a sequel to The Efficient Kitchen. We shall continue to carry on the regular consultation work by mail and personal appointments with those who wish our advice in equipping their kitchens".

Anne Hall Gaylord has moved from Pewee Valley to Anchorage, Kentucky, a town five miles nearer Louisville. This will make easier her son's attendance at the Louisville High School. Mrs. Gaylord and family are spending eight weeks of the summer at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Edward S. Boyden is with the American Optical Works, Southbridge, Mass.

Regarding Albert Merwin we can say nothing except "no news".

Charles Burd is acting as assistant pastor in the largest Congregational church in Montclair, N. J.

Henry Holt has been very ill in New York but is recuperating in Woodstock.

Freeman Spalding and wife took a trip to California last fall enjoying on their return a visit at Mr. Spalding's old home in Indiana.

Walter Child is a farmer in Rolandville, Maryland.

Richard S. Child is still with the Barrett Roofing Company. He spends his days as electrician in Philadelphia and New York.

Albert Haskell is now the proud father of two children. He is still in Carthage, South Dakota.

Gardner Richardson has been in the Belgian Relief work this year. We had hoped for an article for the Gleaner regarding his life in the war zone but censorship demands a wait of another year.

Arthur Needham writes from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. He is still engaged in farming. He complains of hot weather but rejoices in a heavy hay crop.

Henry Johnson has his home in Bellingham, Washington.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Edward L. Child is at this writing enjoying an outing at Martha's Vineyard. He is still with Barnard-Sumner and Putnam, Worcester, as head of the lace department.

Sarah H. Colvin has sold her house and, with her two children, has moved to 24 Franconia street, Worcester, Mass.

We notice in the papers that Alice Sharpe Johnson has interests in the

arts and crafts work of Pomfret.

Estella Tompkins Waterbury is enjoying a new house in Tonica, Illinois. She is the mother of two children.

Everett L. Upham has just completed his fourteenth year with Brown and Adams, Wool Commission Merchants, Boston. He has a pleasant home at 181 Mt. Vernon street, West Newton, with land sufficient for the raising of flowers, shrubs, and vegetables. His son has finished his second year in the primary school. His little girl will enter school in the fall.

Edith Hall Dohan is living at 3715½ Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Jessie Bowen Palmer is living in South Pasadena in a very attractive bungalow. She is reported as being a charming woman. Her husband is superintendent of the agricultural department in the schools of Los Angeles.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Ruth A. Cahoon is still employed in the gold department of the Waite-Thresher Jewelry Company of Providence, R. I. This year she has been lecturer of the Old Warwick Grange.

Mary Bowen Keith still resides in Eastford, Conn.

Joseph Sheppard holds the position of superintendent of Hudson Park, Jersey City.

Clarence Weaver still resides in New Orleans, La. He holds the position of district superintendent on the Illinois Central.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Joseph and Esther Catlin will welcome any of their friends at their home in Pittsfield, Mass.

For news of Arthur O. Williams, see "Morning".

Howard M. Frost is still employed in the Royal Indemnity Company of New York. He expects to spend the sum

mer with his family at Quogue, Long Island.

For news of Louise P. Grosvenor, see "NOC".

Ralph H. Sabin still resides in Pulxatawny, Pa. He has his office there, and travels constantly to and from Clarion, Pa.

For news of Mowry Ross, see "Morning".

Constance Holt visited the battlefields of Gettysburg and Antietam in May.

Ruth Gallup resides on Woodstock Hill.

The class wishes to express its sympathy for A. Lloyd Cooper in the death of his little daughter.

Fred J. Fitts is at home in Ashford, Conn.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Emma Allen expects to return to Nashua, N. H., for the third year after a busy summer at Columbia University.

Maria Chandler reports a delightful vacation at Camp Baldy, Upland, California, at an elevation of thirty-five hundred feet. She was in the company of thirty-five young women, Helen being one of them.

Leslie Harris and Edna Frost Tobias return to West Woodstock occasionally. The former is located at New Rochelle, N. Y.

James Hutchins is still in Abington, Conn.

Sidney Upham is no longer with the Slater Company in Webster. He is making his home now in Chicago, Illinois, being engaged in work with a lithographic company of that city.

Albert Williams, Emily Ross, and Flora Steere Wetherell are at their old stands in South, West, and East Woodstock respectively. Mr. Williams has opened up the mill which gives employment to a dozen or so.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Ruby Sanborn is still continuing her poultry business. Further notice of her work will be found elsewhere in The Gleaner.

Florence Warren is still with the Department for Blind Children at the Board of Education in New York City.

Olah Withey Whepley is living on a newly purchased farm. Her address is 150 Cedar street, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Bessie Barber Williams and May Gifford Jordan are living in their respective homes at Woodstock and Webster.

Frank Skinner is still living in North Woodstock.

William C. Child has taken up this past year the work of purchasing agent for the Farmers' Co-operative Association.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

John C. Paine is making good as a physician and surgeon in Pasadena, California. See "Morning" for further details.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee and wife have been traveling through the West this summer.

Irving Frost frequently comes to Woodstock during the summer.

LaFayette Evans is located in Bridgeport, being employed as clerk in the office of the city engineer. Last year's Gleaner offered a prize for information regarding him. This prize has been won by our friend, Clarence Hall, who made the discovery of "Lafe's" whereabouts.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Mary Aldrich Hopkins has returned to her old home in North Woodstock. Mr. Hopkins will interest himself in the farm work. We bid them welcome.

Ewart Brunn is to be congratulated on his rise to the sole membership of the firm formerly known as Hagemeyer and Brunn. Ermond will fight alongside in the strife at Produce Exchange Annex, 9 Stone street, New York.

Phoebe Randall Pray is known as a splendid housekeeper at 9 Wethersfield avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Herbert Slye has changed his residence to Stafford Springs, Conn.

During the winter Ernest Williamson moved with Mr. and Mrs. Huie to 20 Massachusetts avenue, Springfield, Mass.

1902

"NIL SINE LABORE"

James V. Perrin is still with the Berlin Construction Company. He and Mrs. Perrin have their home in St. Epiphane, Temiscouta County, P. Q., Canada. See "Noon".

Jessie Hibbard is still busy at her chosen vocation of nursing with headquarters at Greenfield, Mass.

Gertrude Taber Howard is now living in Hartford, Conn., at 2 Franklin Place. She has two interesting boys to care for.

Ermond Brunn has given up his work at Patchogue, L. I., to assist his brother Ewart at Produce Exchange Annex, 9 Stone street, New York.

Jessie Withey is still the busy bee as secretary to Mr. Henry Turner Bailey at Scituate, Mass.

Harry Child is at Everett, Mass., being connected with the Barrett Roofing Company.

Lotta Stackpole is living quietly at home with her mother.

Rose Lowdon Gilbertson, of whom no recent news could be gained, was, according to latest information, living in Bayonne, N. J.

Lew Cox Hibbard is at home in East Woodstock.

For news of Mary Frost Ross and Florence Barber Washburn, see

"Morning".

Herbert Johnson is still in the post office at Putnam.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Alice Steere Faris is visiting relatives and friends in Woodstock this summer. Mr. Faris expects to join her later. Alice is very enthusiastic about western life. She will spend the winter on a ranch in the western part of Kansas.

Grace Sumner still leads a busy teacher's life.

Alan Upham has been teaching piano in Boston and vicinity the past year.

Grace Church White writes, "We are still in North Uxbridge. Mr. White is manager of the Worcester County Farm Bureau in Worcester, but we live here on the farm for the sake of our three healthy children. Heartiest greetings to my classmates".

Florence Hibbard Lockwood is to be found in Chepachet, R. I.

Clarence Hall has been plugging away in Bridgeport practicing law during the year. He has had the privilege of acting as secretary of the Commission for the new city charter.

Frank Rockwell is an instructor in the Academy at Annapolis. He is at present on the mid-summer cruise at Provincetown. He has been in Cuba and Florida. We regret that we have not the name and date of his little girl's birth.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Blanche L. Shippey has been teaching grades three and four at the Pinney Grammar school in Stafford. She will continue in the same position.

Annie M. Shippey is still faithful to the Liability Department of the Traveller's Insurance Company, Hartford.

Bernice Leavitt has spent a most interesting year teaching at Campbell Cascer, Wyoming.

Anna Nelson has taught the Woodstock Model school during the past year. She expects to continue there the coming year.

William J. Nelson has finished his third year as physics teacher in the New Britain High school. He will return to resume the work in September.

George Edgar Whitney, manager of the Grosvenordale Farm, is enjoying an Overland car.

Florence Safford Keyes is located on a ranch at Milnor, N. D., for the summer. She plans to spend the winter at Long Beach, Cal. See "Noon".

Spencer Child is working hard on his farm in Woodstock. See "Morning".

Pearle Alton Gifford is located in Quinebaug, Conn., where her husband is superintendent of a mill. See "Morning".

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Nellie T. Burleson spent part of the year teaching in the Paine district. She has been in Union, Conn., during the summer and late spring.

Frederic W. Howard is acting as night instructor to tire makers in the United States Rubber Company, Hartford, Conn. He has changed his residence from Glastonbury to 2 Franklin Place, Hartford, Conn.

Edmund Gilbert is reported as being with the Marlin Arms Company, Meriden, Conn.

1906

"TEMPORE UTAMUR"

Mabel Ritch is continuing her vocal work in Brooklyn. She is the contralto soloist in the Washington Heights Baptist church in New York City.

Ethel Upham has accepted a position as teacher of Latin and French

at Leicester Academy, Mass. She made a specialty of languages while at Boston University.

Elizabeth Carr GrosJean, Maude Andrews Washburn, Lottie Howard Spalding, and Sarah Herrington Froyd are still leading happy and busy lives at their respective homes. Their addresses remain unchanged. Sarah writes from Springfield, Illinois, that she and Mr. Froyd are planning to go to California for their fall vacation.

Maude Healey returns to her school duties in Bridgeport in September. Two weeks of her summer vacation she spent with Elizabeth Carr GrosJean who is with her family at their summer home at Seneca Lake. Maude stopped on her way home at the Whiting's in Geneva.

Florence Welch has had a very successful year teaching primary department, second grade, in Wayne, Neb. She is going to give up teaching, for a while at least, and this fall expects to take up domestic science.

For news of Carl Morse see "Noon". He and his bride have been traveling in the West this summer. They are at Denver, Colorado, at this writing.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Nelson has been supervisor at the American School for the Deaf during the past year. She expects to take a course in domestic science at Boston this coming year.

Herbert Shippey is much interested in his poultry plant in Woodstock. He may be seen on the road in his Ford during his leisure hours.

Edith Williams Morton has the sympathy of her class in the loss of her only daughter.

Henry D. Baker is pastor of the Baptist churches in West and South Woodstock. He has a new Metz touring car which he finds useful in his work. See "Morning".

Mabel Eddy Morse is spending her

honeymoon touring in the West. See "Noon".

Mary Myers Graham is still at Pitcher, N. Y.

1908

"GEDULD"

Hattie Nelson expects to graduate from the training course in the Hartford Hospital in June, 1917.

Louise Fitts White and family are reported very happy at their Bedford home.

Hazel Davenport will teach in New Britain the coming year.

John Healey will continue in the same line of work under the state construction system.

Mildred Brown will return to her school work in the Chandler district.

Winifred Potter will teach in Bacon Academy at Colchester, Conn.

Robert Whiting is superintendent of the Optical Works at Geneva, N. Y.

Gladys Wilson Whiting is the mother of two boys.

1909

"NITENTES"

After recovering from a serious operation Lyle W. Turner is spending the summer in Boston, Mass. This coming year she will study at Simmons.

Early in the last school year Bernice Bates resigned her position as teacher in Rockville to go to Stamford, Conn. This next year she will continue to teach there in the seventh grade.

Marion Smith Watson and Mrs. Smith conduct a very cosy tea-room at Rest Cottage.

Louis K. Miller holds a very responsible position in a garage in Westboro, Mass. See "Noon".

Edith Briggs taught drawing in the Norwich Art school during the past year and also pursued a general course. She expects to return for another year.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Leonard Healey is manager of the Simsbury Fruit Company, Simsbury, Conn. He recently received his B. S. degree from Storrs Agricultural College.

Mary Flynn is still working in the office of the Norwich State Hospital.

Edith Eddy spent part of the summer at Prince Edward Island. Her plans for the coming year are not definite.

Raymond Sheldon is one of the clerical force of the Merrimac Chemical Company, Woburn, Mass.

Herbert Nelson is now one of the agents for the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

Lyman Fitts is at home for the present.

Louise Howard has been an attendant in the Massachusetts Hospital school at Canton, Mass., this summer. This fall she will resume her work in the South Woodstock school.

Wallace Armstrong graduated from Vermont University in June, receiving the degree of B. S.

Roxana Wilbur Slye is living in Stafford Springs. Her friends express sympathy for her in the loss of her mother on July 28, 1916.

Flora B. Alton will teach in the Paine district, Thompson, this fall.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Esther Johnson has been a successful teacher for the past few years in the Quasset district.

Esther Nelson is planning to teach in Unionville, Conn., this year.

Martin Nelson will remain in the employ of R. K. Safford, South Woodstock.

Dorothy Cox gave up her work as teacher early in the spring because of sickness. She will remain at home this year. Maude Milligan, and Blanche Perry Bosworth, too, will re-

main at home. Blanche has been a substitute teacher in Eastford during the year.

A letter from Max Conner is to be found in The Gleaner this year. Address 27th Company, 4th Regiment, U. S., U. S. Marine Barracks, San Diego, Cal.

Harris May, who planned to fill a position at Eddystone, was called with the Yale Battalion. The best wishes of the class go with him. The latest report states that the battalion has been ordered to Honolulu for garrison duty.

James Donlon still lives in Hartford.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Gladys Sheldon is now in Putnam in the employ of The Observer Printing Company.

Jarda Carlson is still in the Boston and Maine station, Worcester, Mass.

Helen Perley spent the winter in Woodstock.

Rilla Child taught the North Woodstock school during the past year. In September she expects to enter the New Britain Normal School.

Olive Whitney finished out the school year at Harrisville. She will be in the same school during the next year.

Carrie Barrett McGregor's address remains the same, Dayville, Conn.

Sophie Barrett has announced her engagement to Harris May. She is now living in Maplewood, N. J.

Grace Myers lives in Woodstock. She helps to care for the sick.

1910

"FACTA NON VERBA"

William Richardson has been working in Bristol, Conn., this summer. He will continue his work at Yale in September.

For news of Ida Spalding Masters, see "Morning". Address 19 Johnson Park, Utica, N. Y.

Edmund Anderson will re-enter Clark College in Worcester in the fall. He is working in a shop in that city this summer.

Mrs. Darwin Lewis will teach in Wilsonville this coming year.

Eleanor Johnson will teach in the grammar school in South Woodstock, the next year.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Grace Hawkins gave up her school work in the Harrisville school in the late winter to take up the study of vocal music in New York. She hopes to continue her study this coming year.

Rolfe Lyon taught in Huntington last year, but expects to make a change for the better this year.

Ruth Bjornberg graduated from the New Britain Normal school in June. She will teach the Elmvale school this year.

Carl O. Johnson is working in Bridgeport.

Agnes White, Ruth Witter, Leslie Sumner, and Olive Johnson will be in their respective homes during the coming year.

Susan Sumner will teach the fifth grade in the Federal Hill school, Bristol, Conn.

Arthur R. Anderson will be in the employ of Mr. C. W. Bowen until the fall.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ruth A. Bates has spent the past year in training at the Woodstock Model school. She expects to teach this year in Woodstock.

Florence Lawson was graduated from a one year's course of domestic science at the Campbell school, Windsor, Conn. This year her address will be Hartford.

The past year George A. Wilcox has been in Woodstock. He intends to

remain in Woodstock the coming year.

Estella G. Frink after a year's study was graduated from Dana Hall. She will enter Wellesley in September.

Clara Eddy has taught one of the Woodstock schools the past winter. She will probably remain at home the coming year.

Mildred May the past year has been proving herself efficient in her home.

Mabel G. Richardson will return to New Britain Normal school for the last year of her two year's course.

Mary Chamberlain has been at home the past year but is undecided in regard to plans for the coming year.

Last March Gretchen E. Rutishauser entered upon a three years' course of nursing at Clifton Springs, N. Y. From a recent letter we learn that she has been accepted and finds the work pleasant.

Catharn Perry has been teaching during the past year in North Ashford. Her plans for the future are undecided.

Harriet G. Sampson graduated from Dana Hall in June. She expects to enter Wellesley in September.

1916

"FORWARD"

Bernice A. Sanger intends to enter some college this fall, probably the Connecticut Agricultural College; but her plans are as yet undecided.

Ethel Whitney will remain at home this coming year.

Merrill R. Keith is working in the Remington Arms Company, Bridgeport, with a view to becoming a machinist.

Wentworth A. Johnson, Lyman E. Hibbard, and Joseph Henries will be at home next year.

Marion A. Perkins expects to enter Mount Holyoke College in September.

"MORNING"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

God's hand hath taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.

She never was a child to us,

We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

August 2, 1915, a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Mowry Ross, West Woodstock, Conn.

September 4, 1915, a son, Everett Loring, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller, Worcester, Mass.

December 29, 1915, a son, George Oliver, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan, Haverhill, Mass.

January 14, 1916, a son, Clarence, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Hibbard, West Woodstock, Conn.

January 11, 1916, a daughter, Ada Irons, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Dennis, Johnstown, Pa.

February 5, 1916, a son, Frank Orlo, to Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Morton, South Woodstock, Conn.

March 2, 1916, a son, Wilson Winfield, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whiting, Geneva, N. Y.

March 20, 1916, a daughter, Barbara Cunningham, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gifford, Quinebaug, Conn.

March 28, 1916, a son, Van Zandt, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams, Providence, R. I.

May 4, 1916, a daughter, Evelyn Mabel, to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Child, Woodstock, Conn.

May 5, a son, John Anthony, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowe, South Woodstock, Conn.

May 23, 1916, a son, Judson Elliott, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wright, South Woodstock, Conn.

May 30, 1916, a son, Arthur Daniel, to Rev. and Mrs. Henry Baker, West

Woodstock, Conn.

June 8, 1916, a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, Beverly, Mass.

July 15, 1916, a daughter, Loraine, to Mr. and Mrs. Allison Potter, Southbridge, Mass.

June 17, 1916, a daughter, Marjorie Charlotte, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, Shrewsbury, Mass.

July 1, 1916, a son, Howard, to Mr. and Mrs. John Paine, South Pasadena, California.

July 19, 1916, a son, John Arthur, to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Masters, nee Ida Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

July 27, 1916, a son, Henry Thurston, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

July 31, 1916, a daughter, Faith McClellan, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Haskell.

"NOON"

—
KIPLING

Eyes of gray—a sodden quay,

Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea

In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—

"Love like ours can never die!"

October 26, 1915, Harry Bosworth and Alice J. Carpenter, Eastford, Conn.

November 28, 1915, Louis Miller, of Woodstock, and Helen Achorn, of Pullman, Maine.

February 14, 1916, Darwin W. Keyes, of Milnor, North Dakota, and Florence Safford, of South Woodstock, Conn.

March 7, 1916, William van der Laan, of The Hague, Holland, and Miss Louise P. Grosvenor, of Pomfret, Conn.

March 8, 1916, James Perrin, of North Woodstock, and Ruth Potter, of Worcester, Mass.

April 22, 1916, Albert E. Barber and Gladys L. Foster, of Wakefield, R. I.

May 8, 1916, Carl C. Morse and Mabel E. Eddy, of East Woodstock, Conn.

May 27, 1916, Henry Lindeman and Eva Caroline Franklin, of Moosup, Conn.

June 10, 1916, Elmer Davenport Keith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Susan Bacon, of Peacedale, R. I.

Mabel Foster, of Wakefield, R. I., and Louis Marco, of Worcester, Mass.,
August 14, 1916.

"NIGHT"

—
SHELLEY

Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory—

Odours, when sweet violets sicken,

Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed,

And so thy thoughts when thou are
gone,

Love itself shall slumber on.

October 14, 1915, Mrs. Jennie Sawyer, in Worcester, Mass.

October 24, 1915, Judge Lynde A. Catlin, in Woodstock, Conn.

November 9, 1915, Mrs. John Jenckes, of Newport, R. I.

December 18, 1915, Kathleen Leavitt Linn, in Casper, Wyoming.

December 3, 1915, Mrs. Anna B. Kingsbury, in Wethersfield, Mass.

December 24, 1915, William H. Doane, of Cincinnati, Ohio, in South Orange, N. J.

January 31, 1916, Mrs. Edward Allen, nee Ella Davenport, in the Norwich Hospital, Norwich, Conn.

February 8, 1916, Mrs. Harriet F. Child May in East Woodstock, Conn.

February 1916, William C. Collar, of Roxbury, Mass.

February 9, 1916, J. Marcus Greene, in Worcester, Mass.

February 26, 1916, Louis A. Chandler, of Boston, in the Brooks Hospi-

tal, Brookline.

March 14, 1916, Charles E. Taber, of Woodstock, Conn.

March 16, 1916, Ruth Hope, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Morton (Edith Williams)

April 19, 1916, John A. Paine, in Danielson, Conn.

May 18, 1916, John M. Paine, in East Woodstock, Conn.

June 3, 1916, Percy McClellan in Haverhill, Mass.

June 4, 1916, Sanford Fisher, in Noroton, Conn.

LYNDE ALEXANDER CATLIN

*1833-1915.

Judge Catlin became a citizen of Woodstock in 1884. His life here for more than thirty years was a life of conscientious service to this town, and to Putnam. The positions of trust which he held were positions calling for sound judgment and sterling integrity, and these qualities were never lacking in him.

Judge Catlin was a graduate of Yale College, and his interest in Yale, and especially in his class of 1853, seemed never to lose its vitality. Every June found him returning with perennial zeal to the commencement of his Alma Mater and the reunion of his class. His interest in his college was not of that demonstrative sort which characterizes to such a degree the modern college man. He valued Yale for the friends she had given him; for the value of her educational work, which had given him his early equipment for life, and was finding its fruitage in the lives of so many strong men throughout the country.

After a year of business in Brooklyn, he entered the employ of the Illinois Central railroad, at first as a clerk, afterwards as cashier, and later still as secretary of that com-

pany. This service continued for thirty years or more.

Judge Catlin entered upon a somewhat retired life upon the farm which he purchased in South Woodstock in 1884. His value as a citizen was soon discovered, and he was called to many prominent positions of service both in Putnam and Woodstock. In Putnam, he was a director of the Putnam Savings bank and on the board of managers of the Day Kimball Hospital.

He became a trustee of Woodstock Academy in 1890 and president of the Board in 1910 in which position he continued until his death.

In his civic duties, Judge Catlin was always to be depended upon to give the full measure of a worthy citizen. He served as Judge of Probate from 1890 to 1892 when he retired because he had reached the age limit. It was a very unusual thing for him to be absent from a party caucus or a town meeting, and in these meetings he very frequently acted as chairman.

In his religious life he was a faithful member of the Episcopal church. He was for many years the treasurer of the Church of the Incarnation in Brooklyn, and when he came to Woodstock to live, he became an active supporter of the Episcopal church in Putnam.

During the last year or two of his life, Judge Catlin was evidently in failing health; yet his death came suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy October 23, 1915.

Fortunate is any community which has among its citizens a man of sterling integrity, broadly educated, keenly conscientious, free from the frenzy of radical reforms, and imbued with the spirit of service. Such a citizen was Lynde A. Catlin, and so fortunate has Woodstock been in enrolling him among its townsmen.

E. R. HALL.

 PERCY WEBB McCLELLAN

Percy Webb McClellan, who died in Haverhill, June 3, 1916, was born in Woodstock, June 4, 1866, and spent there his childhood and early youth.

In 1882, he entered Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, where he remained two years. He then spent one year at General William Russell's school in New Haven, entering Yale college in 1886.

In 1887, he left college to go into business in New York but left New York after a few months to take a position in the Panama Railway Company office in Aspinwall. Here he remained until his health was affected by the climate and he returned to the United States by the Pacific Coast to California and across the continent.

He was for a time in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, and served for three years in the Pennsylvania Forestry commission, later spending a year or two in Colorado and other western states.

He then returned to Woodstock and managed his father's farm until 1904, when he was married to Frances Elizabeth Packard, of Providence, R. I., and, after about a year, bought the farm at Haverhill where he lived until his death.

He was kicked in the forehead by a horse. The injury was not, for some days, considered fatal; but, meningitis set in and his death occurred shortly after.

His body was brought back to Woodstock and rests in the cemetery of the First Congregational church. He leaves a wife and six children, the oldest, a daughter, and five sons.

 KATHLENE LEAVITT LINN

It is with deep sorrow that we, in this copy of The Gleaner, add to the list of Woodstock Academy's alumni, who have passed into the Great Be-

yond, the name of Kathlene Leavitt Linn.

Her death occurred on the morning of December 18, 1915, at Casper, Wyoming, where she had lived for several years. She always seemed to belong here in Woodstock, among the schoolmates and friends she so dearly loved. She possessed a cheerful and affectionate nature, always ready to work for the pleasure of others. She is sadly missed, both in the home circle and in the social life, where her attractive personality and cordial manner made her many friends.

Coming from a highly musical family, she inherited, in a large degree, the gift of music. Her power of expression, her exquisite touch on the violin, (the instrument she best loved) will dwell long in memory. In 1911, she was married to Carl Linn, of Casper. In Casper, the new home was made. Why it was needful that the happy married life with its hopes and plans must end so soon, we do not know, perhaps her sweet voice was needed in the heavenly choir. This we do know—the songs she sang still live in the hearts of her friends.

N. P. PERRIN.

 JOHN M. PAINE

Another of the loyal friends of the Academy has passed from our midst, a friend indeed, who with willing mind shared the burden of financial stress in the history of the institution and did not fail to share in the collection of the recent fund of \$20,000. Mr. Paine was never a student in the Academy, for in his youth the school was at a very low ebb and he attended a private school in Thompson known as Mr. Rawson's school.

He enlisted as a soldier at the early age of seventeen years, spending three and one-half years in the stern school of the Civil War giving to the service of his country the years

planned for his college education and study of medicine. After five years spent in successful business in Nebraska, he returned to Woodstock, at the call of filial duty, to the farm that had been the ancestral home for fully one hundred years.

These years were not spent in vain; good books were his intimate companions. History and poetry in particular helped in the making of him a man of broad intelligence and sterling worth, a staunch supporter of all that is highest and best in life. Mr. Paine was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1889, and served in this capacity for three years.

ELLA E. CHILD.

LOUIS A. CHANDLER

The hearts of many of the alumni will be saddened to hear of the death of Louis A. Chandler, of Boston, who died on February 26, 1916, at a Brookline hospital as a result of cancer at the base of the esophagus, death being hastened by complications. Mr. Chandler was born in North Woodstock, December 16, 1856. In boyhood, he moved with his family to Woodstock Hill and grew to manhood in Elmwood Hall. He was an academy student and his genial nature made for him many friends. He was graduated from Columbia Law School and was for years a corporation lawyer in New York, going from there to Boston where he continued in the same profession.

WILLIAM COE COLLAR

William Coe Collar, headmaster of the Roxbury Latin school for 50 years, died in February, 1916, at an advanced age in the Newton hospital after a short illness. He retired several years ago from active duties and devoted himself to study and research. He was the author of many

textbooks. He was born in Ashford, Conn., and was graduated from Amherst with the degree of B. A. He was given the degree of M. A. by Harvard many years ago. He was a member of the Boston school committee for three years and for many years was on the examining board at Harvard University. He leaves a widow, three married daughters and a son, Herbert C. Collar, a librarian, in Buffalo.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE

Dr. William Howard Doane, widely known as a writer of hymns, died December 24, 1915, at the home of a daughter in South Orange, N. J. He was born in Preston City, near Norwich, 83 years ago, and lived the greater part of his life in Cincinnati. For many years he was at the head of the J. J. Fay Company, manufacturers of machinery. In recent years, Dr. Doane lived at Watch Hill, having built one of the first cottages there, and was an active factor in the development of that resort.

Dr. Doane at one time was president of the Baptist Publication Society. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, the Mayflower Society, and the Society of Colonial Wars. He had a hobby for collecting quaint musical instruments, and several years ago donated a remarkable collection to the Cincinnati Art museum. Early in life, he became associated with the late Fanny Crosby, the blind song writer.

Dr. Doane was an alumnus of Woodstock Academy, and while enrolled as a student about 1846 his conversion took place, and as a leader of the Academy choir he early gave evidence of rare musical gifts, destined to render his name world renowned, as he afterwards became the composer of many familiar tunes.

Dr. Doane also achieved distinction

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

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY PRO- CESSIONAL

For long, long years to Woodstock's crest

Processional, has passed;
Let us review the pageant fair
This eager throng and vast.

"Preceptor" Williams at the head
The mighty company leads—
Van-guard of this processional
Of stirring word and deeds.

Upon the foremost Pilgrim garb
Is easily discerned;
Sons of brave sires within whose hearts
The fires of patriots burned.

Brave Village Fathers—schooled in arms,
In sacrifice and care;
Tho' they, themselves, may learning lack,
Yet grant their sons a share!

Among these fathers strong we note
A Holmes destined to be
The grandsire of illustrious poet—
Blessed by posterity.

A Morse to whom heredity
Rich vein of talent brings,
Whose artist-grandson will impart
To speech, the speed of wings.

A general, "minute-men" who led
When British shots were hurled—

That volley, fired at Lexington
Which echoed "round the world."

Attended by such men as these,
And fervent prayers and cheers,
The long processional sets forth
To wind adown the years.

In search of academic lore
Each early settler's son
Finds conquests quite as difficult
As those with "flint-lock gun."

Observe young Morris in that group
May we his future know
And understand why 'round his name
Fame's luster will yet glow.

Ah, later, in the famous fight
"Old Ironsides" wins at sea
This youth with comrades will not flinch
But fight courageously!

His valiant act as stepping stone,
He honor gains yet more—
Until our Alma Mater's son
Becomes a "commodore"!

Within that early throng I note
Another earnest face
Which wins, with sterling qualities
One day a shining place.

Young Marcy, he whom we observe,
Equipped with talents rare,
Which grace at length, in empire state,
The gubernatorial chair.

But others still will yet reflect
The winsome smile of fame,
And to their early promise add
The wealth of honored name.

Upon a young instructor, there,
A special radiance glows,
As he imparts to favored folk
The wealth of lore he knows.

But college halls have need of him
 This Paterson revered—
 In turn the senate claims the man
 To Woodstock hearts endeared.

That slender youth possessed of song
 What will his record be?
 An influence reaching 'round the
 world
 Hymns sung from sea to sea!

Young Harris note—the studious
 youth,
 To books so closely wed,
 Destined to serve his nation well—
 At education's head.

A poetess now passes by
 Whose mission is to teach;
 And yet 'tis hers thro' pleasing verse
 Full many a heart to reach.

She will return in later years
 To graceful tribute pay,
 When century has rounded out
 The Alma Mater's sway.

Another teacher of rare gifts
 Enshrined in many a heart,
 Stands out in rays of softened light,
 From other souls apart.

Her valued services abroad
 The French will ne'er forget;
 Tho' Lafayette they sent to us
 Will claim she paid that debt.

One enterprising student there
 Far Good Hope Cape will reach
 Enthusiastic in her work,
 Will dark-skinned pupils teach.

Mid Mormons, too, her efforts brave
 Some day she will expend;
 Association work in her
 Will find an ardent friend.

That dark-eyed maid—can she fore-
 see

As missionary's wife
 How in the heart of Africa
 She will lay down her life?

And can the other maidens fair
 And youths so fond of play,
 Picture themselves as they'll appear
 At some far distant day?

See clergymen in embryo
 And lawyers too pass by
 And editors of influence
 Their gifted pens who ply.

Doctors and nurses—yes, in view
 One superintendent there,
 Who in a city hospital
 Will shoulder weight of care!

Learned professors, lecturers,
 One college president's wife
 And many another maid prepared
 To lead inspiring life!

A Hall of learning well equipped
 For service too, we find;
 A Hall in loyal, grateful hearts
 To be long years enshrined.

Still the procession passes on
 To sightly Woodstock Hill,
 And many more advancing youths
 Some useful niche will fill.

Let us their leaders brave salute
 Acknowledging our debt,
 For the fair laurels they have won
 "Lest we"—alas—"forget!"

All hail to this processional
 Deserving of our cheers;
 Still wind adown the years!
 With relays fresh may it yet bless,

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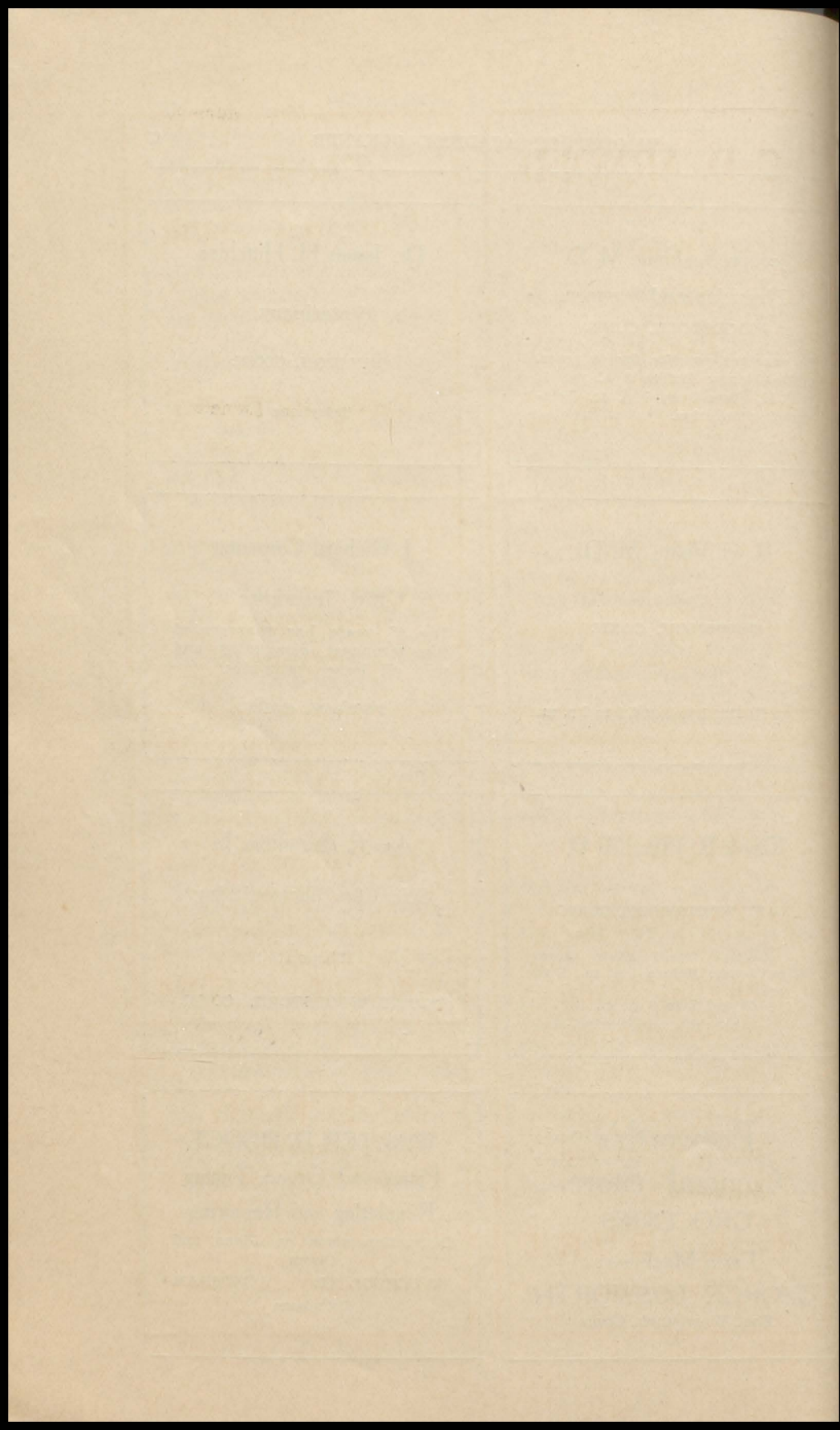
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