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GLENER

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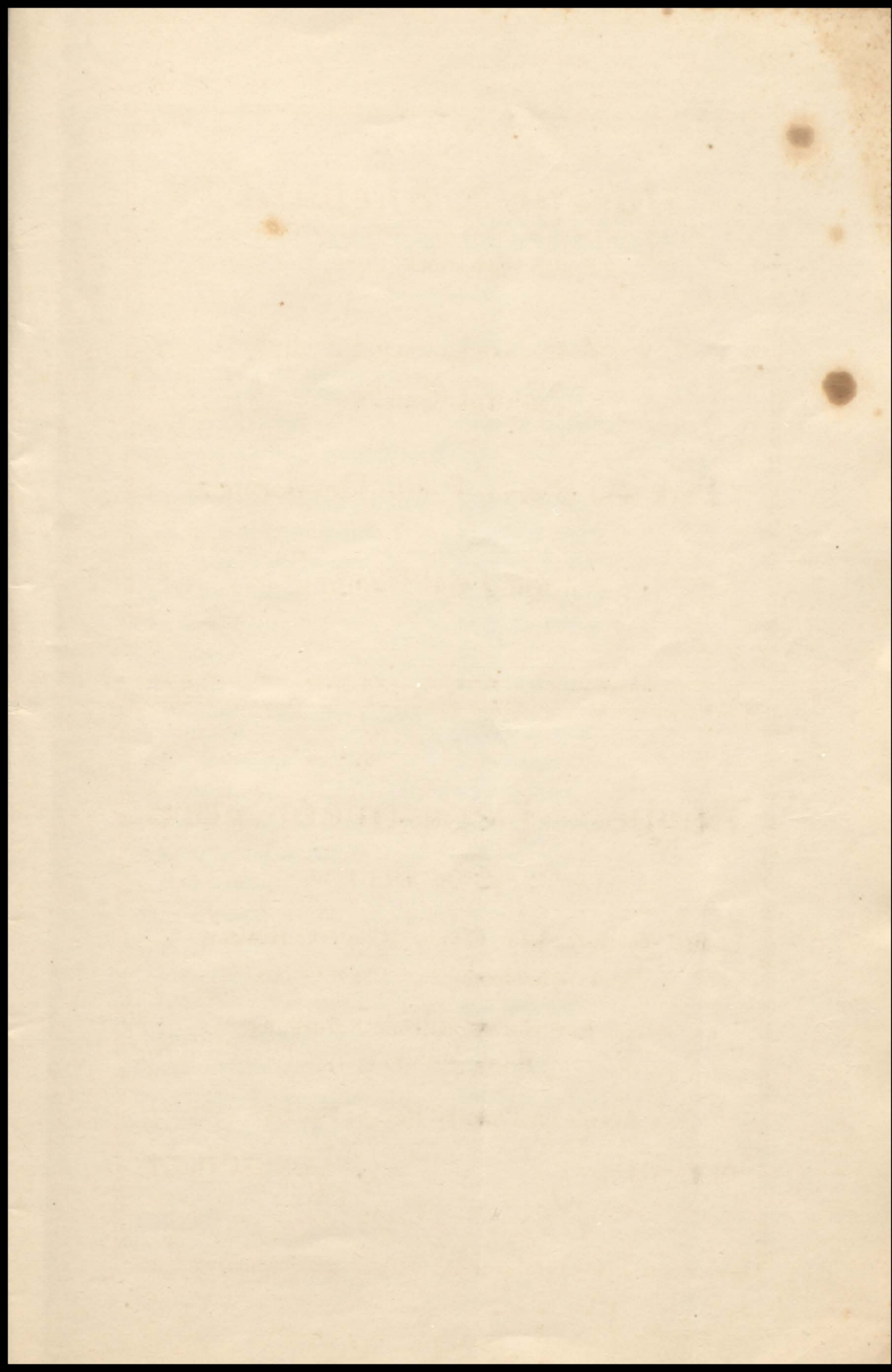
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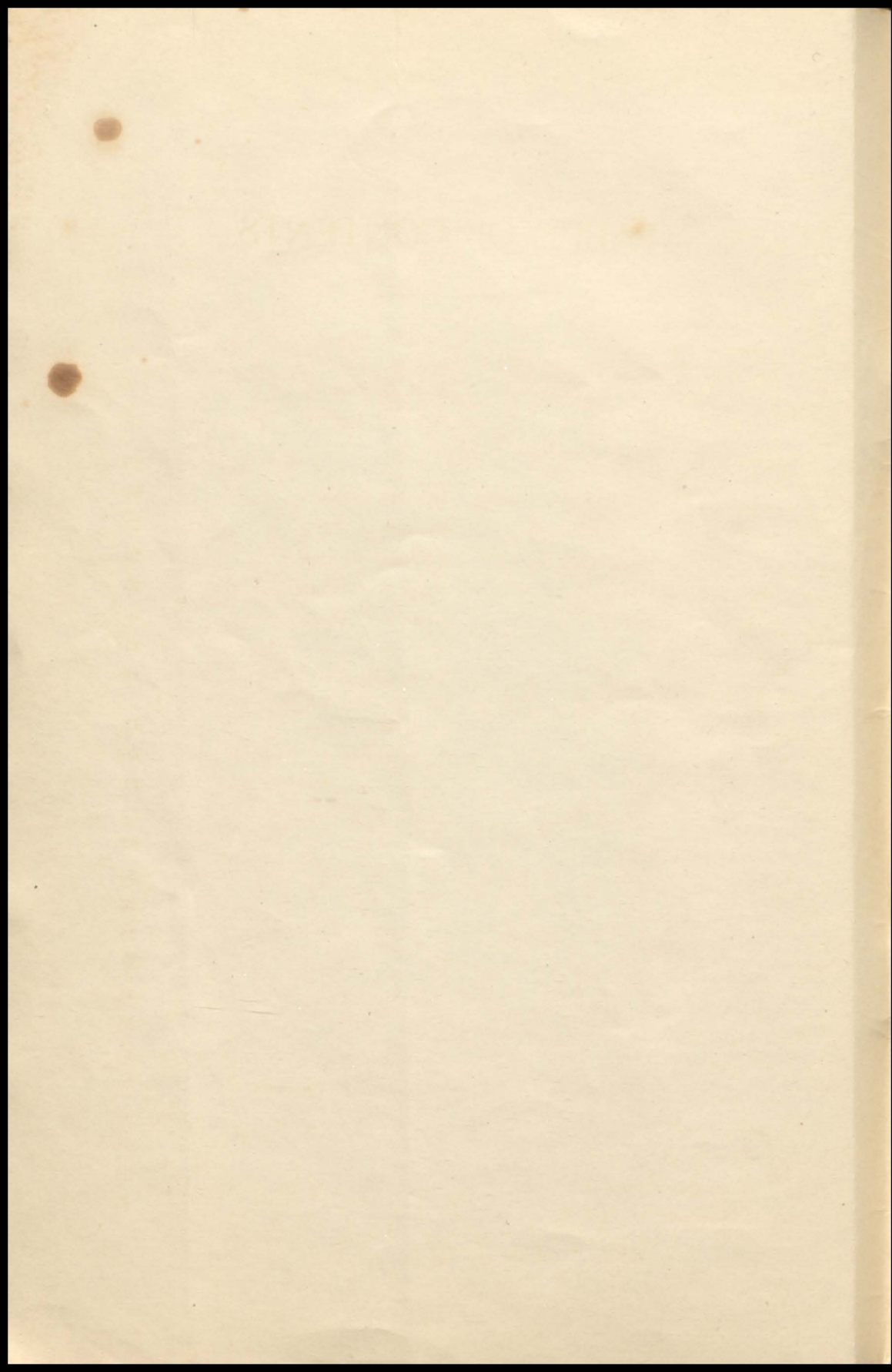


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Woodstock Academy Gleaner



Extracts from the History of Woodstock Academy

A scheme for some form of education was early in the thoughts of the pioneers of Woodstock township. During the first years the children were gathered in the different homes and taught. It was nearly fifty years before the inhabitants had increased so as to necessitate the need of a system of schools resulting in the town being apportioned into districts which have been kept to the present time. As the children grew older these schools were inadequate and the need realized of higher education. The first comers arrived in the spring of 1686.

The record of these early years is very meagre; still, we know that select schools were established in the early decades of the following century and maintained to a greater or less extent. But we have one authentic record of great interest and value of a select school taught by Thaddeus Mason in 1729. The list of scholars numbered 74 but only six were girls. One of those names was David Holmes who preserved the record and it was passed from father to son until his grandson Oliver Wendell Holmes sent it to Woodstock along with some interesting facts of his family history. David

Holmes was a man of sterling worth a good citizen, and active during the Revolutionary War.

Another name upon that record was Peter Morris who grew to be a man of intelligence and ability. Their sons Abiel Holmes and Jedidiah Morris were determined to have an education and were fitted for college at the age of 16 years. They journeyed to New Haven and entered Yale College making the journey on horseback. These boys each were distinguished. Abiel Holmes was a divine of note among the clergy of his day and pastor of the Congregational church of Cambridge, Mass., was the father of a noted writer of fiction also a physician of skill and a writer of many beautiful poems. Oliver Wendell Holmes was deeply interested in the home of his ancestors visiting the town a number of times and found interesting landmarks of his family's life. The old red house of his grandfather was gone but he drank out of the well of water which is still doubtless to be found at the home of Mrs. John Lowe. Jedidiah Morse proved to be a scholar indeed, was afterwards professor at Yale College and wrote the first Geography in this country, was called the father of Geography but his fame was eclipsed by the achievements of his son Samuel B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. A portrait painter of merit he was one of the first to perfect the art of taking daguerreotypes.

But the select schools were not formed on stable foundations and were not very satisfactory. In the year 1800 the inhabitants were fully aroused and determined to have an Academy. The idea was favored by General David Holmes and General Samuel McClellan, Priest Lyman pastor of the Congregational church for 45 years and others interested in a higher education.

In January, 1801, a meeting was held and a plan was discussed to raise money. It was proposed to find thirty-two men to give \$100 each. Priest Lyman started on horseback over the town and soon secured the money. During the following summer the farmers brought in timber of the best white oak until it was said there were enough boards to build a shed from here to Providence. A building committee was appointed and work went on. This first building was placed very near where the present one stands. Great enthusiasm was manifested at the raising, men, women and children coming from the surrounding towns. And now the building was ready to be dedicated. The exercises were held in the church in February, 1802. An occasion of addresses of lofty language and high ideals that it might be well to rehearse at this time. At the close of these exercises the key was given to the new principal, Mr. Thomas Williams, a native of Pomfret and a graduate of Yale College. He taught only three months and received the munificent sum of \$80. The scholars numbered 100 and so great was the interest all went, young and old, married and single. The town clerk Israel Williams though 35 years old went leading his oldest child.

The winter was a very severe one and the building difficult to heat and the large chimneys smoked. Mr. Wil-

liams tried every means to stop the smoke finally he rapped attention and said let us pray. He prayed most earnestly that the smoke might be stopped and it always was. Mr. Williams was afterwards a minister and lived to a bright old age. Perhaps all might be due to his habits of cleanliness, which we are told is next to godliness. We are told that his habit was to go down back of the church every morning in winter and sit on a rock and bathe his feet in the spring for half an hour. Another habit was to walk around the church at night barefooted with snow a foot deep and then slept soundly. He lived to the age of 94 years. At the time of the dedication of the present Academy building, he sent letters of congratulations and sent his photograph. Some of those pictures are still in existence.

The Academy was incorporated in 1802. This charter has received only one amendment, in 1868.

Many different principals followed only remaining a short time and not especially noteworthy. The school however was maintained until 1820 with a greater or less interest. But from that time until 1843 were the dark ages in its history. At times no school was held and Academy interests became so degenerated that the building was used for a private dwelling, but through the last years of declining interest one young man had not forgotten the old Academy and school of his youth. So when financial ability warranted he took the building in hand and put it in thorough. This youth was Hon. Henry C. Bowen, the lifelong friend and benefactor of this institution. His zeal revived the enthusiasm of the youth of the town and the school was reopened in the spring of 1844 with Mr. John Averill as principal. He proved to be an able teacher and in the fall registered 125 schol-

ars, the largest number in its history. He remained there four years. At this time it was realized that the school needed better equipment especially in the line of chemical apparatus. Mr. Bowen was interested at once and suggested the engagement of the renowned Hutchinson family to give concerts for this object. All arrangements and expenses were met by him so the proceeds were sufficient for the purchase of the needed apparatus which served its purpose well and was still in use when the old Academy was abandoned. The first catalogue was published in 1844. In 1844 James W. Patterson became principal. He was called a splendid teacher with a very attractive personality, a young man of great promise. The school flourished with 100 pupils coming from the surrounding country.

At this time Louise Chandler Moulton was numbered among the pupils, later was a noted poet both in this country and in England. She was a native of Pomfret.

Edna Dean Proctor was assistant teacher. She was also afterwards a popular writer of poetry. These teachers remained three years. Mr. Patterson was afterwards Professor at Dartmouth College and later became distinguished in the political life of his native state, New Hampshire, which was followed by his election to the halls of Congress both as representative and senator. He did not forget his Woodstock friends and returned there for a visit and on one occasion gave an address at one of the notable mass meetings of years ago. The building remained substantially the same for the next 25 years with a varied history financially and numerically. In the year 1868 Mr. Bowen conceived the idea of an endowment fund thereby placing the Academy upon a permanent basis. He made the gen-

erous offer that if \$5,000 could be raised he would give \$10,000. After strenuous effort and generous giving according to their ability by the townspeople it was secured and all things were propitious for renewed prosperity.

A large number of pupils were enrolled, at one time reaching 100. Fine work was done under the teaching of Messrs. Burnetta Cook and Davidson. During those years several young men were fitted for college and have made men of influence in the world.

After a few years it was felt that the school had outgrown the building which had seen its generations for 70 years. Again with Mr. Bowen as the generous leader a goodly fund was raised and our present commodious building was the result. Mr. Davidson was the popular teacher in the new building followed by other teachers; all men of ability well fitted to lay foundations for good citizens in the coming years.

In the process of time and upheaval of the financial world there came a period of financial depression and it was difficult to maintain the school. Another effort was made to increase the endowment fund with good results. Though still with a limited income Mr. E. R. Hall was induced to undertake the difficult task of maintaining the school. He became principal in 1888, and with wonderful ability brought good results. The school was very popular and the principal endeared himself to his pupils ever laboring for their highest good to lay the foundations for noble characters. He continued in this position for more than twenty-five years filling a large place in the community and town. During this period the Academy Gleaner was established. Mr. Hall being the editor for fully twenty years doing this with no remuneration, sending for the

Gleaner each year a paper of literary merit and interest. His long term of service gave him opportunity in the families of the townspeople's children and in a few cases even grandchildren were numbered among his pupils. He needs not the praise of men for his work is evident in the lives of many of his pupils. An enduring monument is the memory of his high ideals to be wrought out in the lives of the coming men and women.

The honor roll of our venerable institution is a long one and conclusively proves the wide influence it has extended. Literally its pupils have been scattered from Maine to California and the Islands of the sea. While we cannot and should not rest upon the achievements of others it is well to realize the extent and national reputation of some of those pupils.

A senator in Washington in the person of William Marcy also governor of New York. Commodore Morris of our navy was born and educated in this town. General Eaton whose bravery at the battle of Algiers and in the war of 1812 places him among the country's heroes. Our poets have been mentioned. Edna Dean Proctor returned to attend the 100th anniversary of the Academy. William T. Harris long upon the National Board of Education was once a boy in our midst. Many others may be recalled. But this story though already a long one is but an outline of the good accomplished in the 117 years of the history of this institution. Truly we have had a noble heritage and it behooves the present generation to pass it on without a blemish to those to come after.

The time came however when the limitations of the flesh compelled the resignation of Mr. Hall but the mantle of his lofty purpose and Christian character fell upon a worthy successor in the person of Mr. Perkins who pur-

sued the same course of study and general management receiving the hearty co-operation of the Board of Trustees and won for himself universal respect

Words are powerless to express the bereavement and sorrow that the school and whole community has sustained in his sudden death in the midst of his usefulness.

E. E. C.

Letter from Hawaii

Wailuku, Maui, Hawaii.

We had a great trip to the volcano—the active one—on the Island of Hawaii over the week-end of April 16th. Do let me tell about it before I forget any of it. I will not dwell upon our hurried get-away on Saturday afternoon after work, in our little Dodge and our lunch-box built for two. Also our ride to Lahaina. The moon appeared, it was all fine, as was the evening spent waiting there for the boat which came about 10 o'clock. The boats do not come in there but they anchor and send in little boats for the passengers which was a new experience but with brilliant moonlight and a smooth sea it was not half bad. We were pleased to find a better boat than we expected and also to find a man to greet us and include us on a personally conducted tour or excursion. As long as we were in the shelter of Maui we sat on deck and nothing could be more wonderful than the balmy breezes and the dazzling moonlight. Let me draw a veil over the rest of the night, for when we got out into the channel between the Islands, never have I been so seasick! It was awful and when I tho't

of having to land at 7 in the morning and ride 30 miles the first thing, I did feel sad enough. I never expected to hold up my head again. But after the boat was safely at anchor I managed to get down and eat a bit and found that there were plenty of the masculine side of the house that had also been ill and that it had been a very rough trip, and then I recovered very quickly.

Finally we were all stowed away in autos—the 15 in the party—and were taken up to see some Rainbow Falls that are very pretty and then went on our way to the crater. It was a lovely 30-mile ride, all the way climbing upward, it rained some but we were all dressed for it and did not mind, it rains a good deal on that Island. The vegetation was more tropical than we are used to over here and as we got near the top the tree ferns came up to the size of 40 feet high. Of course I do not expect you to believe that and it actually sounds better than it is for they are not so wonderful, as they have trunks just like trees and only the tufted top is like a fern, but it was novel and we found it good fun, I hope we got some good pictures of them. On the whole the country was rather barren as not so many years ago the forests in many places had been affected by lava flows and so there were many dead trees. It grew cooler all the way and when we arrived at noon we were really cold and feared that we were going to freeze before we left. We ate all we could get hold of and then I fell into unconsciousness in my room with all the blankets I could find piled on top. I slept for an hour and then the party gathered again to go out for the afternoon and evening. We went about ten miles in the auto to seeing lava formations and ex-

tinct craters and getting views of the vast expanse of the lava beds. By the way, we had a good view of the old part of the crater from the hotel, and everywhere we looked we could see little puffs of smoke and steam and we could smell sulphur. All this was very impressive but when we got over to the active crater no words can describe our feelings. We found a pit some 300 feet deep and nearly as wide and at the bottom of it was a mass of fire, boiling and making fountains and constantly changing. It was black and red, a scum of cooling lava settled over the more quiet portions and made a satiny black background for the places of boiling red where the shoots of red fire would puff up into the air, somewhat like the bubbles on the top of boiling jelly. It was fascinating to be chilled by a cold wind on your back and yet heated almost to a scorching on your face by the heat from this crater fully 300 feet away. But the guide tore us away from it and walked us for two hours over the lava beds, thro' sulphur fumes that nearly choked us and around cracks and other interesting things that were very awe inspiring. We scorched our post cards as all good tourists do and finally got back to the crater as it began to get dark and then sat down and shivered and looked for an hour or more. We were cold but we knew we might never see the like again, and no one wanted to leave. The glow of it shown in our faces as if we were sitting before a mammoth bon-fire and we could hear it boiling and as it changed every minute we could hardly take our eyes from it. We got back to the hotel about nine o'clock and the dinner we ate is worthy of mention if quantity counts for anything. The next morning after a late breakfast we went

back to Hilo on the coast, but we started out ahead of autos, Leslie and I, and walked a little way until they caught us. It was cool and we felt like doing it, very different from our weather here. We found a great quantity of raspberries along the road and we ate just as many as we could swallow as we never find wild fruit down here and it seemed so good to be picking such things.

At Hilo they took us to a very good Hotel and we had a lunch and a good rest. And then we had to go onto the boat again, I confess I had some qualms about it, but I went up on the deck and decided to stay there until we got off at Lahaina at midnight. So I did not move from 4 until 12 and I was not sick at all. I had a wonderful view of the Island for several hours and then a sunset and then a full moon to look at that was quite the finest that ever was. It was quite an experience and I enjoyed it. From Lahaina the ride around the Pali was one of the most striking I have ever taken as the moonlight was tense to say the least and the views of the ocean and the mountains were great. We go' home about 3.30 and tho't we had had as good a time as anybody could. We never expect to see another active volcano and I don't know as I care to, as this one is the biggest there is, and I am sure there could not be better. We found the people in the party very congenial, many of them were Honolulu people 'tho others were tourists. One man who was in our auto all the time was a volunteer in the Canadian army, a doctor and dentist, off on a 30 days' leave of absence from one of the big detention camps.

So much for our trip to Kilouea, the biggest active crater in the world.

HELEN HAMMOND MATHEWS

Woodstock Academy Students

In U. S. Service

Merrill Rockwell Keith
Joseph William Henriès
William Henry Richardson
Edmund G. E. Anderson
James Patrick Donlon
Max L. Conner
Raymond W. Sheldon
Herbert E. Nelson
Wallace E. Armstrong
John B. Healey
Edmund K. Gilbert
Frank W. Rockwell
Cornelius D. Haskell
Clarence R. Hall
Owen White
Theodore Cox
Donald Collins
Major William Flynn
Windsor White
Edward Lewis
James Aldrich
Ethel Barrett
Ralph Eddy
Albert M. Haskell
Cyril Paine
Wendall Bosworth
*Raymond R. Benson
Lawrence Chandler
Harold Gildersleeve
Harry Townsend
Martin Nelson
Harry Wells
Clarence Peckham
Adelbert Peckham
*Died in France

July 14, 1918.

Excerpts from a Soldier's Letters

July 12, 1918.

Home Folks:

I'm going to write you a few lines while waiting for a tender young rabbit to boil. We then fry it and together with some new French potatoes will enjoy a "rare-bit." How it all was camouflaged, I'll not relate now. We are four "in on it."

You should see my present location. I am running a small infirmary and dressing station by myself, doing the necessary work for the Supply Co., about 200 men. Have a saddle horse all my own and ride every afternoon. Rode 10 kilometers this afternoon for some supplies and while out passed through the hardest thunder shower I ever experienced. It lasted about twenty minutes and then the sun was out brighter than ever. Had a dandy big rubber poncho, so did not get wet a bit. Of course, I have to care for the horse myself and that takes time every morning. All this goes on a very, very short distance back of the front line, but we are so camouflaged, the Boche can't see a thing and he dares not send up a plane to observe, because we send five after it—and get it too (usually).

I want to tell you all that the Red Cross has been doing for us here. When my dug-out burned, they fitted me out with a dandy comfort kit, including tooth-brush, paste, soap, etc. They are nearly keeping us supplied with tobacco and on the other front they sent us a big can of cocoa for the dressing station, every evening. The boys surely appreciate it all.

Yes, it turned out just as I thought. I'm to take over Company D tomorrow for awhile and perhaps permanently. I lose my horse, Red Devil, who is full of life and has become my fast friend. He knows every time I approach the corral and you should see how he "carries on."

All about here are acres and acres of grain fields. Some have been trodden down by cattle and horses. A few old Frenchmen are working hard, trying to save all they can.

Nearer the front are vast acres of grain, over which the troops have passed as the Huns fell back in the recent drive. This Aisne valley is very fertile and I have spent some time at each important point that was really worth fighting for.

Did I tell you of a fishing trip in the old river the other day? There are some big fish there, but I had only a bent pin for a hook, so did not catch any of them. They are similar to our American white perch and taste very good. Had several swims in the Seine, Masille and Aisne rivers.

Now just a word about my very interesting work. My worst patient here has only twelve boils on his face, head and neck so it takes about an hour to dress him. An average of fifteen fellows, each day, call for pills, etc., for minor ailments. Castor oil, salts and C. C.'s are old stand-bys. Iodine has many uses in the field. We all carry it ready mixed, four per cent. solution in a small sterilized glass tube, covered with gauze. We break one end of the tube and the iodine runs out on the gauze, which is used as a swab or brush. We have a field belt with a tournaquet, individual shell bandages, adhesive tape, cotton, gauze, etc. I carry a sergeant's case, containing an assortment of 24 different medicines, set of syringes,

and a small surgical set. Can operate on the field, put the patient to sleep and dress his minor wounds, when necessary.

I like this work more and more every day. Sometimes think I'll take up that line of work when I get back to the states, even though I expect to be thirty years old then.

As ever yours,

HERBERT

Y. M. C. A. at Camp Merritt

I have not forgotten my promise to write something for The Gleaner, but little did I realize when I made my promise that I should be spending my summer in Y. M. C. A. work. Like many others, however, I have decided that the best way to take a vacation this year is by a change of work, so here I am at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, putting in good long days of service.

Camp Merritt is a camp of embarkation—a huge shovel, receiving the soldiers from training camps all over the country and after completing their equipment, throwing them on the transport for overseas service. We do not have the raw recruits here, the arduous drilling, and the many other features of training camps like Devens and Upton; the men are thoroughly trained before they reach us and merely visit us en route for Europe. This, of course, makes the work of the Y. M. C. A. quite different here from what it is in other camps. We do not have the boys right from home with their ideals high, their minds filled with home memories—enthusiastic, impressionable. We do not have the opportunity of knowing them in famil-

iar ways; they seldom become John, Carl, Tony, to us, for we have so many strange faces that we can hardly distinguish them apart. Here today, gone tomorrow. Our work here is to take the boy from other camps—the trained soldier, give him a little extra preparation for foreign life, cheer him up when he needs it, remind him of the deeper needs,—in fine, let him see that the Y. M. C. A. is his friend to the last.

The usual personelle of the Y. M. C. A. staff is well known; we have these workers—religious, social, educational, physical, etc., but in addition we have what is known as barracks workers, and as I am one of these. Let me outline briefly their work.

At six o'clock the bugle sounds reveille, which allows for a few last winks at morpheus before a mad rush for breakfast at 6.30. How the old school and college days come back to one—the fixed breakfast hour, when tardiness was penalized! And I for one have never outgrown that sense of horror when I find I have overslept. The Y. M. C. A. men for the most part eat with the privates and non-coms, for in this way we feel that we get better acquainted with them. The mess halls are long dreary shacks, three hundred feet long with two long tables, and four rows of rough board benches. I'll never forget the shock I had when I first sat down, to find not even an oilcloth covering on the table and no napkins. Strange how soon we fall back into savage ways! I now think many utensils, dishes and napkins a nuisance.

Once in the mess hall, we line up and march around to the kitchen section where we are served bountifully. Surely Uncle Sam does not believe in starving his troops! After eating, we file out and wash our own metal dish-

es in great pails provided for the purpose. There are two dish towels for several hundred men but needless to say, only the first few dozen wipe their dishes on them; the remainder prefer to let the sun do the work.

On returning to the Y. M. C. A. hut, we help "police" our rooms and the auditorium. ("Police" means sweep out and mop up.) Our staff includes five clergymen, one college professor, one lawyer and one medical student, but not one balks at the dirty work. At 7.30 comes conference when we discuss problems of camp and hut, talk over plans and have a few moments of Bible reading and prayer. Then we separate to our individual tasks.

The barracks worker goes first to the receiving barracks to see what new troops have come in during the night—for the large movements of troops are in the darkness. His work is to give the welcome of the Y. M. C. A. to the new men, to explain the new features of our work—the French classes, the opportunity to transact legal business, change money, and make final preparations for overseas. He goes equipped with a small case holding stationery, stamps, postcards, Y. M. C. A. literature, telegram blanks, pocket testaments, etc., which the men are anxious to get at once. This peddling gives the worker opportunity to get acquainted with the new men to help them feel at home, and to discover any latent talent along athletic, musical, or religious lines. A second call, after the men are located in their regular barracks affords opportunity for personal work and paves the way for Bible classes and religious services. In a group of men gathered from all over the country one often finds many who are craving religious help or who have personal problems of a most intimate nature. The other

day while giving out testaments, I found one man asked, "What is a testament?" I thought he was joking, so I joked too; but soon found he was in earnest—he did not know what most of us have known all our lives. He had been brought up in southern Arizona, had been a cow puncher from childhood, had never had a day's schooling, and knew of Christ only as seen pictured on the cross. But he was so anxious to learn! He gladly took a Testament and signed our War Roll, promising to follow the Great Leader. This is but one example of hundreds of the opportunity afforded the barracks worker. He certainly can get nearer the soldier than any other worker in camp, for he sees him when shut off from the freedom which the men have in other camps and is the last to bid him "God speed." For one of the finest services the barrack's worker has, is to visit a group of men just before departure—to "mess" with them at midnight, to do the hundred and one things which must be done at the last—take their letters, telegrams, their packages, and remind them afresh of the great task before them and their part in it, then to go with them to the railroad station or ferry, and see them safely on the transport where another Y. M. C. A. worker takes up the task.

I shall never forget the trip I had on a beautiful summer night when a large body of men marched to the Hudson and boarded the ferry-boat for Hoboken. As they reached the river the dawn came in, and the bright tints of morning glowed over the Palisades. With a fellow worker I stood on a rock beside the winding wood-road which led to the river and watched the thousands of men swing by singing and cheering.

On the beach near the dock is a little hut marked Cornwallis' Headquar-

ters, a landmark of the Revolution, and as I saw our splendid boys in khaki marching down the road singing, "Good-bye Broadway, Hello, France" or "We Won't Come Back 'Till It's Over, Over There," I couldn't help contrasting the wonderful army of today, with the little group of patriots following Washington—often half fed and half clothed—yet inspired with the same spirit of determination, and I felt that the spirit of the first president must be there wishing them God speed and assuring them of success in what we all hope will be the last great fight for liberty and Christian ideals.

One thing that impresses the visitor at Camp Merritt is the splendid courage and fixed determination of the borderes who come through the camp for overseas service. They are anxious to "get across the pond," "have a chance at Fritz," and get back as soon as possible—or as Kipling puts it—"Finish their bit and then go home to their tea." I am reminded of the story of the Westerner in France who was about to run his bayonet into a German, when Fritz cried out—"Comrade I have a wife and five children;" "Oh, no," said Sammie, "You have a widow and five orphans." No one can have a doubt as to the outcome of the war after a week at Camp Merritt and I pity the Germans when our troops get there in full force.

To be sure there are lovely, heart-sick boys who have left dear ones in need, boys who have imagination enough to see and dread the terrible scenes on the other side; but the predominant note is one of eagerness and certainty. And the Y. M. C. A. is having no small part in keeping up the fine spirit of the men. I for one rejoice in being permitted to share in this noble task.

CHARLES G. BURD

Word from Washington, D. C.

Your request for a letter, just received, has started me thinking of the "good old days." Do you suppose that "Alice Sharpe," who sent the request to me without regard to the consequences, remembers the time that the writer, when a very young but very important adjunct to Academy activities, allowed the head of his croquet mallet to collide with the less solid head of—was it "Myrtie Chaffee" or someone else?—rendering her more or less oblivious to current events? I well recall the removal of a rather limp girl to my mother's couch, from the West Academy lawn, and the application of restoratives!

Has the advisability of publishing The Gleaner as a semi-alumni and a semi-school publication been considered? Perhaps a committee of three from the graduating class could co-operate in the work, and the paper be issued on graduation day—the alumni of course keeping the control of it all. Would such an arrangement increase the burden now borne by a few, or would the load be more distributed and the interest in the paper be increased?

But perhaps instead of such talk you'd prefer a word from the Ordnance Department at Washington. Early last December I entered the service as a First Lieutenant, Ordnance Reserve Corps, and am on duty in the Contract Section of the Procurement Division. In the Trench Warfare Section of that Division I have just discovered the presence of Lieutenant Ermond Brunn. The work of the Contract Section is very interesting. We have drawn about 11,000 contracts for all kinds of Ordnance material,

and now am going it faster than ever. In three days of this week the twelve men whose work I am in charge of prepared about two hundred and fifty contracts, a record which probably would never be duplicated in a private law office of the same size. You see the war is teaching something even to lawyers. We work on the third floor of a temporary office building, with only a "pasteboard" ceiling between us and the flat roof. Visitors with cool drinks are always welcome.

Did you ever hear of "Government Red Tape?" It's a very handy expression to use if you've tried to do something in Washington without first finding out how it should be done.

Many of the younger men in the ordnance are hoping for a more active form of service before the war is over and some of us have been encouraged to think that as soon as we can be spared we will be given a chance at it. In the meantime let us recall the words of the glorious Aeneas, uttered as he threw the tawny lion's skin on his shoulder, tossed dear papa Anchises on top of said tawny lion's skin, and strutted forth from burning Troy, thus accomplishing the first "strategic retreat" of history,—words, I say, which were learned in that Virgil class while the stern teacher on the platform was ruthlessly recording our attempts to unravel the red tape of Latin syntax: "Forsan et haec olim meminisse inabit."

Yours sincerely,

CLARENCE R. HALL

P. S. The above Latin, quoted so fluently, has been edited by that "stern teacher."

C. R. H.

The Hostess House

The Hostess House of The National War Work Council, Y. W. C. A., an unknown quantity until Plattsburg de-

monstrated its practical use in the camp, is now as naturally a training camp activity as the Y units. By the tens of thousands, soldier hearts here and "over there" thrill at the name. In the trenches the remembrance of it brings a tender salute and a ready smile.

In the midst of khaki, barracks, drill and all other tragic insignia of strife, it stands to the men for a near substitute for the home left behind. During the tiresome monotony of those training months, the soldier finds it a sure antidote for homesickness, an attractive spot in which to meet his relatives, also, the comfort of it who can tell you but the soldier himself!—a place where his food is served "separate," accompanied by silver and a napkin, and served by smiling "mothers" or "sisters".

A man feels the atmosphere of loving welcome the moment his war clad foot crosses the Hostess House threshold. He will stand in a two hundred man cafetera line for twenty minutes and not be weary, simply because he is "at home" in a house of cheer and because he knows the motherly women who make the home care for his welfare with a great sincerity. He eats with them, finds his friends in camp through their agency. They give his friends from somewhere, come a thousand miles to see him, a royal welcome.

He feels the kindly freedom of the place, the broad verandas with easy chairs, the shaded lights, fine victrola records and piano, the writing table, with free stationery, all his when he wants and needs them most.

Like a steadying, comforting hand it holds these thousands of new made soldiers to their ideals, through the trying transition from civil to military habit, tying up the broken thread of existence understandingly, until the new ones are spun.

Officers and men alike (for there is no rank in these houses), turn to it, and many is the man who testifies that it is the safest place in the world to air an army grouch and get it out of the system, the surest place by far to get back one's first joy of enlistment.

Seventy Hostess Houses are now in operation in the training camps. To quote from a "hostess letter in a recent copy of a Camp Johnston "French and Camp."

CLARA E. MAYNARD

The Snow Storm

All morning long the chilly wind
Had fitfully chased the scurrying
leaves
About the yard. A few of these
Found rest, close up, beneath the
eaves.
The sun, tho clear when it arose,
Ere long, its brilliance softly checked
Shone dimly through a thin grey veil.
But, for amends, it was bedecked
With circle bright, by those same
clouds,
The lofty cirro-stratus, drown.
The vane upon the old grey barn
A small arc only nervous swung
It faced the north or north northeast,
And in that stormy quarter hung.
At noon the farmer loosed the cows,
And, sipping hurriedly at the trough,
They hastened to the stairway door
To wait for entrance. Nothing loth
To stand again within their stalls
And munch their hay in cozy warmth.
The ancient maples by the road,
Swayed by the ever increasing wind,
Gave forth a deep melodious roar,
Now loud, now soft. By a fanciful
mind
The organ tones could plain be heard;
A prelude, beautiful and grand

Of the storm, whose blue-gray herald
clouds

Now 'spread the sky and gloomed the
land

The farmer's wife stirred up the fire,
And close around the family sat.

Now dancing flakes began to fall,
Soon tiny drifts began to make
Around the doorstep, by the fence,
Their airy, graceful, wreathing shape,
Thru all the wintry afternoon
The storm and gale did fast increase
But in the cheery sitting-room
Were shelter, warmth, good cheer and
peace

The neighbor's house was but a myth
Hid by a driving blind of snow.

No decrescendo now was heard
From the maples 'swinging gale-swept
boughs.

One steady, sullen forte played.
Thus nature, often hard to rouse,
Had loosed the Norther from his lair
And o'er the land he wildly swept,
And 'fore his breath the snow did drive
Old Boreas his mastery kept.
The snowdrifts, grown to lordly size,
The windows climbed. Familiar ob-
jects

In the yard, the well, the woodpile,
Clothes-post, fence, no more were
seen.

Eut mounds of billowry, swirling snow
Fantastic rose where they had been.
At dusk, which came so soon that day,
The chores were done. No need to
brave

The raging storm. Backroom and shed
A pathway to the barn these gave.
Soon the patient cows were milked,
The horses fed. And work complete,
The men folks to the house returned.
And after supper one and all
About the fire their places took,
And talked about the great snowfall,
And listened to the howling wind,
The drifting snow against the pane.
So, sheltered from the biting cold,
From bluff old winter's frosty reign,

The evening passed. While out of doors

The blizzard made the night its own.

ALAN W. UPHAM

The writer of this poem had no intention of emulating Whittier's "Snowbound" nor could he if he had so wished. The only parallel which might be drawn between the two is that both paint a New England snowstorm with a farm as the observation point. The writer has not followed the lines of "Snowbound," since he did so in a very painstaking manner when Mr. Hall assigned it as dictation at one time during the author's attendance at the Academy. As a poem, perhaps the less said about the "Snowstorm" the better. As a description of a winter's storm from its incipience to its culmination, it is hoped that the verses will find favor.

AUTHOR

A Memory

A lane leading from the quiet country road to a one-story old-fashioned brick house on a slight knoll facing the south. At the back of the house and extending on the eastern side an apple orchard, in the springtime a glory of pink and white bloom with a fragrance that only an apple orchard in May can impart. In the wide doorway clumps of creamy white, pink and crimson roses, and close by the old well curb, a large lilac bush, covered in its season with masses of heavy, odorous bloom. The small paned windows in the kitchen, a large room where the family gathered every day, faced toward the south, and it seemed to me that the sun never shone so brightly as through those windows. There was ever such a sense of peace pervading the room, I think now, it

was because there was space; nothing seemed crowded, to be sure the walls were unadorned, the high mantle above the stove always held the brass candlesticks and one or two small lamps, but no "bric a brac" to gather dust and be cared for daily.

Grandmother in clean print working dress her hair smoothly combed and black as a crow's wing even in her seventies, never seemed hurried, and I never recall her work as in confusion. All seemed in keeping with the peaceful spirit that brooded over the home. No Women's Rights meetings, clubs or organizations to attend, her social life was that of attending church, the occasional gathering of the sewing circle, and the frequent calls of her neighbors who "dropped in" for a little neighborly chat. Do you say gossip? That depends on what to you, constitutes gossip, but if the sweet confidences of the home life exchanged, many a word of kindness and cheer spoken to comfort another's heart may be termed gossip—it was. I look back on those days with a yearning for that peacefulness of life, which is lacking in the strenuous activities of today, and question whether life was not as fully and really lived there as now. At any rate the happiest memories of my childhood, girlhood and young womanhood are of those quiet days passed in the old homestead, where the hours were spent in useful labor, quiet thought, earnest talks, and at eventide the words of thanksgiving for daily bread and daily strength, petitions for help in all the perplexities of life, and expression of joy in service ascended to the Heavenly Father's throne, from the lips and heart of one who lived a devout consecrated life and whose walk with God brought the sense of peace, deep and lasting, which pervaded the home. Will the children and grandchildren of to-

day, look back after more than three score years and recall the beauty of such lives and homes?

War Reveries

Beyond the gloom of the war-cloud
 which saddens all hearts this year,
 May a comforting, heartening vision
 like a guiding star shine clear—
 Against tempestuous background, may
 it paint for team-dimmed eyes,
 Strife's afterglow of Freedom—illum-
 ining the skies.

Beyond the breaking war-clouds, in
 vision may we see
 The Allies' cause triumphant—a glor-
 ious Victory!

With a beckoning trail as of white
 posts,

Which on "No Man's Land" appear
 The guide* of the "walking wounded"

May we trace our path, this year.
 Back from the smoke of conflict,

As the soldier feels his way,
 Staggering blindly in his weakness,

So may we grope for that day
 When the reign of the tyrant is over,

The clash of arms shall cease;
 And the gleaming trail before us leads
 To victory, home and peace.

E. F. BINGHAM

Impartiality of Our Great Mother Nature

So much is said about Nature's be-
 ing partial to man in comparison to
 other animals—in-as-much as she has
 endowed him with high mental facul-
 ties, while to the others only instinct
 is given—that it may be a trifle inter-
 esting if one should try to look into

the matter, to find out if possible
 whether those assertions are anyway
 true. Now, whether the advantages
 that humanity has in the one direc-
 tion any more than compensate for
 those that the rest of the animal world
 have in other ways, is a profound
 question. To us it seems that the
 Good Dame manages her affairs in
 such a way as to be impartial to every
 link in the great chain of animate be-
 ings, from the highest to the lowest;
 but if there is a slight partiality shown
 for either, sometimes it looks to us to
 be in favor of the other orders rather
 than humanity.

Of course it is known that Nature
 provides the animal world with the ma-
 terials for food, covering and shelter.
 By most of the wild animals the food,
 seemingly, is easily and abundantly
 obtained. One doesn't believe they
 generally go very hungry or half starv-
 ed by the thousands, or very often
 wholly so, as is the case with humans
 in big cities and in many other places;
 and in regard to covering, to mammals
 and birds the thickness of the coat or
 dress is adjusted in relation to the sea-
 sons, without any extra effort on their
 part, and in most cases their shelter is
 found or made by them instinctively,
 and with but a little, if any, worri-
 ment about the matter; while man has
 to hustle from the word go to get the
 three essentials that nature gives out
 and out to the other orders.

The internal arrangements of one's
 think shop in many cases have to buzz
 continually faster than any steam
 sawmill to concoct ways for getting
 enough feed, duffet and shelter for
 one's self and his dependents, and
 even with all of that buzzing, the three
 aforesaid essentials will often pan out
 with him most decidedly slim.

Supposing we make other compar-
 isons between the advantages that
 mankind has and the ones the other

animals have. Take it in the line of shelter, even the bear or his plantigrade relative, the raccoon—clothed in a nice warm coat of fur provided for it, as one might say, gratuitously (fur that humans would give a big pile to get hold of)—can have a first-class domicile in a hollow tree or else in a cave, with no fear of a magistrate poking around and trying to serve a writ of ejectment for non-payment of rent, or else trying to foreclose a mortgage on the premises. True, occasionally, some hunter might succeed in getting a whack at Bruin or his Coonship, but that is a side issue, a sort of a digression, at it were.

A little more as to dress. Now the feathered tribes will beat the human family ten to one in the gorgeousness of their dresses. "Even Solomon in all his glory," couldn't hold a candle to scarcely any one of our birds. Why the richest robed Fifth Avenue belle, or any other gorgeously attired feminine, in all of her wealth of toggery, can't begin to make as charming a showing as our dear little scarlet tanager, Baltimore oriole or blue jay, or even the average butterfly can, to say nothing of the hundreds of species of still more beautifully-plumed tropical birds and bright-colored insects.

Again, in the line of bodily strength, man is proportionately far behind nearly all other animals. Some where among our omnivorous readings, we recollect of seeing the following: "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." Now, while we are in the considering business about ants, let a person observe what a big load one of those tiny insects will take away on its back! If a human being had as much lifting and carrying power in proportion to its size as an ant has, when moving time came around, he not only could carry all of his furniture and other personal ef-

fects away at one back load, but he could take the house along too.

Now, as to the toughness of other animals in comparison with man. Not long since, while strolling through the woods in one of the southern states, we saw a couple of gray squirrels playing among the branches of a large walnut tree, forty feet or such a matter from the ground, when one of those rodents missing his footing, came down, kerplunk, to the ground. Not hurt in the least, seemingly, it quickly jumped up, frisked up the trunk of the tree, and was again playing with its fellows as if nothing had happened. If a person had fallen from a proportionate height—which would be some five or six hundred feet—and had struck on the hard ground what kind of a looking object would one suppose he would then be?

Again, in the line of swimming, nature is much more partial to all of the other orders than to mankind, for there is scarcely an animate thing excepting man but what can swim instinctively. Pitch a lot of men overboard into the sea who have never learned to swim, and at least ninety-nine out of every hundred would drown in less than twenty minutes, while every other animal whether accustomed to the water or not, could easily manage to keep afloat.

Still again, should anyone wish to go on a journey to Florida, for instance, he would have to work steadily and economize like fury for at least a whole year to get the needed cash to pay his fare and his other expenses; or if one went in an aircraft he would have to work half of his lifetime to get the cash to buy the cheapest machine while a bird one of the long-winged swimmers, could easily get there in less than twenty-four hours and have all of the rest of the time to loaf around in that delightful section, be-

sides, the bird, while on its journey, could vary the program by an occasionally plunge and a jolly good swim in the sea.

Now as to the power of his voice, man proportionately is far behind many of the other orders in that respect. If the average person had a voice in proportion to a frog's croaking, the most powerful foghorn would be almost a whisper compared with it. Should a politician have such a sonorous delivery—which we are mighty thankful is not so—he could stand on an eminence somewhere near the middle of any state, and stump the whole commonwealth at one lick!

Also, in regard to singing, how much greater volume has a bird's voice comparatively than a human's! If one of our noted songstresses had as loud and as clear a voice proportionately as a hermit thrush or a red-winged blackbird has, she could take a position on the top of some skyscraper, the Woolworth building, for instance, and charm the whole population of greater New York with her vocal music and not half try.

Then in regard to running and leaping. There is scarcely an animal, aside from a snail, but what can beat man out of his boots in those exercises—that is, taking into consideration the differences in size and weight.

If one could run as swiftly as the majority of other animate things wheels and autos would be useless articles. Supposing an athlete were capable of making a succession of leaps of fifty feet each he could fill Madison Square Garden with spectators night after night from floor to ceiling. Now there are lots of our common wild quadrupeds that can double that distance proportionately, and keep up that gait for a long time.

Another illustration: If in proportion to his size and weight, one could

leap or jump as far as a common flea can, why, goodness gracious, if he, facing west, stood in one of our Eastern states and commenced leaping, about ten jumps would land him over on the other side of the Rocky Mountains!

And we sometimes have wondered whether poor, sickly, bald-headed, spectacled, toothless, or semi-toothless humanity wouldn't be willing, or even glad to part with a few of its highly strung mental faculties in exchange for the bounding health, the heads as well thatched, the teeth as sound and as pearly white, and the senses as acute as those of the average mammal.

But why continue this any further? If one will but notice, he will find that our great mother nature is no more partial to man—even if she has endowed him with a superior mind—than to any one of the other orders of her animate children.

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON

A Trip to Canada

The most interesting part of our trip to Canada really began when the Citadel of Quebec—with its imposing front—and the chateau Frontenac at one side came into view. The city of Quebec has long been known to tourists, and now to its many attractions the bridge is added and shown with pride to the visitor. This bridge spanning the St. Lawrence river is one of the longest known. Three attempts were made before the central span stood the test. The third trial was successful—and the great engineering feat accomplished. The man who finally succeeded in this construction was knighted for his brilliant achievement and this is high honor.

It is said that the custom of bestowing titles in Canada is soon to be abolished as a result of the leveling, democratic influence of the war. The Province of Quebec stands apart from the rest of the dominion in many points. Largely populated by French Catholics many of their old customs are still continued, and the warmhearted simple people are contented to work their farms and raise large families who marry early and settle there. The question of farm labor does not trouble them as women and children till the fields together—and their bank accounts, owing to high prices, are growing to such an extent that nearly every farmer is buying new farm machinery, and takes his family to church on Sunday in a Ford car. This refers to the farming communities. In Riviere du Loup which was our destination, and which is our up-to-date wealthy little city, a difference exists. The people are well educated and intelligent. The better class speak both English and French and with their courteous manners and attractive personalities they are most charming. Riviere du Loup is picturesquely situated on a hill sloping down to the St. Lawrence. The river is twenty miles wide here and often the air is so clear that the rocks and crevices of the Laurentian Mountains on the opposite shore can be plainly seen.

By far the most important industry is the paper pulp. Many thousand cords of spruce and balsam are shipped annually—this being a railroad center. The process by which the wood is taken from the forests and converted into paper is an interesting one and would make a long story itself.

Murray Bay where Ex-President Taft has a summer home is just across the river here, also the Saguenay riv-

er joins the St. Lawrence at this point. Beautiful residences owned by wealthy Montreal and other city people are seen along the shore for miles. It is a lovely spot. The big steamers (now camouflaged in all sorts of ways) sail by on their way to far off ports—amid smaller craft. The government built roads offer attractions to the automobilist, and rides along the river or into the country are of great charm.

The war has hit the people of Quebec as in our own country, and disabled soldiers, and men in uniform, about to leave for the front are often seen. The people speak in admiration of the United States and the way they have entered the great struggle for democracy—and it seems as if this common cause is uniting the two countries in a bond of even greater friendship than ever before.

N. P. PERRIN

An Appreciation

In responding to an invitation to contribute to the Gleaner, I find no subject appeals to me more than Woodstock.

The other afternoon when going over the Academy, I realized more than ever what my coming to Woodstock had meant to me.

The Academy building has changed very little since the morning when I found myself in the position of the "new teacher."

Of the teachers who were with me, I count them among my best friends.

The pupils—here surely I find many changes. Varied experiences have come to them. The teachers of Woodstock Academy have always had many reasons to be proud of their pupils. Each copy of the Gleaner calls attention to the worthy work being done by them in the world. This year the Acad-

omy Service Flag with its stars, thirty-three blue and one gold, brings home very strongly the fact that pupils of Woodstock Academy always stand ready to render service. It has always been a great pleasure to me that my early pupils have become my friends.

Then as I have come back to Woodstock, which I have done each year, I have not only come to know my old pupils better, but also have become more acquainted with the homes of Woodstock. As the years go by, and my friendships grow stronger, I appreciate more and more the privilege of knowing Woodstock.

LUCY DYER REED

The Great Out-doors

Have you listened to the outdoors in the early days of springtime?

Have you watched the meadow slowly don its robe of living green?

Has the south wind whispered in your ear the message of the ocean?

Have you seen the rosy glow enfold the boughs so bare and lean?

Do the songsters home returning chant to you their hymns of gladness?

Does the river thrill your spirit as you gaze upon its blue?

If you read and hear these messages, your heart is true to nature,

And the great outdoors is calling, calling you.

Have you gazed upon the outdoors in the sultry noon of summer,

When all the land lies scorching in the silent, glaring rays?

Do you watch the insects skimming on the surface of the river,

And the goldenrod make glorious the winding, dusty ways?

From the time of blossom to the days of ripened, sun-kissed fruitage

And when grainfields bow their heads before your view,

If your spirit feels the miracle that silent lies before you,

Then the great outdoors is calling, calling you.

Have your eyes beheld the outdoors in the glory of the Autumn

When the woods are decked in orange, scarlet, gold?

When the apples burn like living coals among the withering foliage

And the quail is piping in the forest old?

When the frost each morning decks the fields with robes of silvery whiteness

And November sums through branches bare to browning earth peep through,

If the drowsy hush falls softly on your mind in reverence watching,

Then the great outdoors is calling, calling you.

Have you stood upon the threshold of the outdoors in the winter,

When the fields and hills are wrapped in shrouds of snow?

Does the azure arch of Heaven fill your soul with awe and wonder

As you gaze upon the blue above and white expanse below?

When the laurel and the fir trees boldly stand on the horizon

And the glistening plains on every hand are spread before your view,

If you see and recognize the mighty nature panorama,

Then the great outdoors is calling calling you.

Oh, every day and every hour in the never-ending cycle

Some mystery too deep for words is spread before your sight,

Be it springtime's green, or summer's
 heat, or autumn's gorgeous
 splendor,
 Or the silence and the whiteness of
 the bitter winter night.
 And if your mind and heart and soul
 are tuned to catch the whis-
 pers,
 And your eyes behold the scenes that
 pass, unchanged, yet ever new,
 Then from sorrow, toil, and weariness
 to you relief is granted,
 And the great outdoors is calling, call-
 ing you.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON
 Class of 1905.

Treasurer's Report 1918

RECEIPTS

Sale of Gleaners	\$130.21
For advertisements	31.25
Interest at Bank	.85
	<hr/>
	\$162.31

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	\$71.00
Miss Ethel Spalding for editing Gleaner	20.00
Stamps and envelopes	8.38
Mailing list	2.00
	<hr/>
	\$101.38

Balance in Treasury \$60.93

MRS. RUTH W. GALLUP.

Treasurer.

Item of Interest

Many readers of The Gleaner will remember pleasantly Dr. E. E. Gaylord who left Woodstock about 1890 to find a home in Pasadena, California. Since his death Mrs. Gaylord and her family have removed to Berkeley. A recent letter to a Woodstock friend sealed with two service stars. One

is for her son Charles who is in the infantry at Camp Lewis, California, and one for Robert, the nephew and ward of Dr. Gaylord, who is in the engineers' corps at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Gaylord speaks of attending the wedding of her son William, Yale 1907, who has been for some time a teacher in the Thatcher school at Nordhof, Colorado.

The "little girls" Cora, Florence and Mary are now college graduates, engaged in teaching. The niece, Johanna Gaylord of Mt. Holyoke, is taking a course at Riverside and her sister, Mrs. Mary Frick, is now a widow. After spending some time with her brother William at Summit, New Jersey, she is again teaching at St. Agatha's school, New York. Mrs. Gaylord often longs to see her old friends here and to "look again at the green grass and the green hills of dear old Woodstock."

Faculty Briefs

Mrs. F. E. Burnette is at her Putnam home on Grove street. "Johnnie" is in an officer's training camp at Georgia.

Mr. H. P. Topliff has his home in Wauregan, Conn.

Miss Susan Gordon lives in Providence with her aunt.

Mr. E. R. Hall continues to have an active interest in Woodstock Academy. He and Mrs. Hall live in Woodstock spending the winters with their children.

Mrs. Elsie Bates Saunders lives in Westfield, Mass. She has three children.

Miss Emma Allen is teacher of history in the High school at Nashua, N. H.

The last heard of Mrs. J. W. Pierce nee Mary Langdon, she was in Washington, Kansas.

Mrs. Faith Sanborn Brainard's home is in Hartford. Last winter during her husband's illness she substituted in the Hartford High school.

Miss Beulah Johnston taught last year in the High school at Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Bertha Page Smith with her husband and son live in Portland, Me.

Miss Smith has spent the past year in Newton Highlands teaching and tutoring.

Miss Margaret Cochran is to teach mathematics in Norwell, Mass., the coming year.

Miss Lucy D. Reed has gone to Washington, D. C., to fill a position in the Civilian Personnel Department.

Miss Jennie Atwood writes this from Bristol, Conn.:

These few words I will write in response to the personal inquiry of a member of a favorite class of mine during my first term of teaching at Woodstock, that during my thirteen years of teaching at the State Normal school in New Britain, which began a few years later, no group of young women of the hundreds who passed through my hands in my classes in mathematics began to compare in interest with my class of four boys, or should I say young men, who made up my class in geometry at the Academy at Woodstock. Of this class Mr. Charles Chandler was one, and it is pleasant for me to know that he thinks "my teaching helped him to become a civil engineer."

I can see him now at the blackboard, demonstrating to my delight, with logical clearness whatever problem or proposition was assigned to him.

Soon after my retirement from the Normal school the brief illness and death of my mother made it seem best for me to join the ranks of the "Home Makers." This to me most interesting of occupations, in connection with

church, missionary, patriotic, literary and social activities incident to life in a large town, have made the years pass very quickly, and now when I might well be taking life more easily every patriotic impulse urges me to put forth every effort, and to avail myself of all possible opportunities that I may do my small share toward helping to bring this war to a righteous end. An impulse which I know I do but share with each and all other loyal American women of whatever age.

1890

John Boyden is still in Southbridge, Mass.

Mrs. Robert Paine is always very glad to greet her friends at her home in Thompson.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Alfred Child is working in Westport, Conn. He is doing experimental work in the chemical laboratory testing ores in order to lessen mechanical work.

Anne Hall has been elected a member of the school board in Anchorage, Kentucky.

Charles G. Burd gives a very interesting report of himself elsewhere in The Gleaner.

Everyone is very sorry to know that Edward Boyden is still ill at his home in Southbridge, Mass.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Jessie Bowen Palmer still resides in South Pasadena.

Sara Hale Colvin is spending the summer at Buttonwoods, R. I.

Edward L. Child is still with the firm of Barnard and Sumner of Worcester.

Estella Tompkins Waterbury is still living in the same place.

Burton S. Fitts is still employed by the Gorham Co. of Providence.

Edith Hall Dohan is again to be found in the "morning" column.

Alice Sharpe Johnson still lives in Pomfret and is interested in the work of the Art Shop connected with The Pomfret Neighborhood Association.

Everett Upham is in the employ of Harlow, Breed and Cooley, wool merchants of Boston. He spent several weeks in the spring on a buying trip in Kentucky and Ohio.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Ruth Cahoon is in the same place as last year, with the Waite Thresher Co. of Providence. She is again lecturer of the Old Warwick grange.

Joseph Shepard is living at his home in South Woodstock. His advertisement will be found in this book.

Clarence Weaver is as last year in the employ of the "Central of Georgia Railroad," as "Engineer Maintenance of Way" with headquarters at Savannah, Georgia.

Mary Bowen Keith is still living in Eastford.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Joseph and Esther Catlin visited Woodstock for a few hours this summer, taking the trip from their home in Pittsfield by motor.

Constance Holt and Ruth Williamson Gallup report that all is well with them.

Ralph H. Sabin has been employed in Pittsburg, Pa., during the past year.

Arthur O. Williams has resigned his position in the Merchants' National Bank of Providence and has bought a farm in North Scituate, R. I.

Fred J. Fitts was last heard from as living at his home in Ashford, Conn.

A. Lloyd Cooper has a government position in the department of commerce, Washington, D. C.

Mowry Ross is in the employ of the Burpee Seed Co. in Doylestown, Pa.

Howard M. Frost holds the same position as last year, in the Royal Indemnity Co., New York City.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Maria Elizabeth Chandler has achieved the unique distinction in this class of steady habits of doing something really different—for six weeks. That portion of her vacation she is spending at a hospital, taking a course in nursing, a completion of other courses which she took during the winter. She is still devoted to her kindergarten and to California, though she confesses to an occasional longing for New York, so that she might feel "a little nearer to the great struggle," made the more vital to her because of her brother Lawrence's enlistment.

The class extends deep sympathy to Edna Frost Tobias for the severe operation she has undergone the last year, and for her continued illness.

Dr. James Howard Hutchins marks the change of each year by a different car. This year it's a new Buick roadster.

Emily Burlingame Ross is "doing her bit" by slaying the garden Huns of the insect variety, and helping to lower the H. C. of L. by raising much produce for the Southbridge market.

Flora Steere Wetherell can from experience give anyone expert advice on how to run a farm, raise chickens, succeed in home management, and train five small children for useful citizenship. Presley Hyde, her fourth son and fifth child was born last February.

Sydney Upham worthily upholds the class tradition continuing to stay in Chicago, working for the same firm, and living at the same address, 3872 Lake Park avenue.

Emma Elizabeth Allen begins her fifth year in Nashua High next September. During the past winter she took one of the Harvard Extension courses in Boston, given by Professor Dallas Lore Sharpe of Boston University.

Albert Williams is going on with "business as usual"—only more of it at his attractive home in South Woodstock.

The scribe has by proxy dragged Leslie Harris from his favorite obscurity. He's still in New Rochelle. He has added fire insurance and brokerage to his real estate business, and he comes to Woodstock summers in his car. The class is indeed glad to hear of his well-earned success.

 1899

"IN TIMINE"

Our President, Ruby Sanborn, has completed a year as teacher at a private school in Winchester, Mass. Her plans for next year are not made as yet.

Olah Withey Whiple, Bessie Barber Williams, and May Gifford Jordan are living in the same places as reported in last year's Gleaner; Wellesley Hills, Woodstock and Webster.

Frank Skinner is filling the position of assistant superintendent of Fabyan Mills and makes his home in Quinebaug.

For special news of Florence Warren see Noon. She still continues in the work for blind children in New York City.

William C. Child still continues his work at Valleyside..

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

Frederick Rockwell resides in Doylestown, Pa. He is in the employment of the Atlee Burpee Seed Company.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee is located in North Ashford where he is pastor of the Baptist church.

Lafayette Evans has the past year been employed by the City of Bridgeport, as civil engineer. He is now First Lieutenant in 1st Company at the Engineers' Officers Training Camp at Camp Humphrey, Va.

Irving Frost comes to West Woodstock occasionally.

Dr. John C. Paine has enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps and when last heard from was stationed at San Francisco, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse are living in East Woodstock—see Morning.

 1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

For good news of Ethel Spalding Silberberg see "Noon." Her address is 29 Hitchcock Road, Worcester, Mass.

Frank Davenport is still in Harrisburg, Pa., where he is proprietor of the "Davenport Lunch." He has two boys. See "Morning."

Herbert Slye has made no change from last year. He is employed in a garage in Stafford Springs, Conn.

Ernest Williamson has spent the last year at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hine, 20 Massachusetts Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Phoebe Randall Pray has moved from Hartford, Conn., to Vernon Center, Conn.

The class rejoices in the recovery to health of Louise Grosvenor van der Laan.

Ewart Brunn of the firm Heyemeyer and Brunn, 82 Beaver St., New York, has been anticipating a trip to South America this year. The war conditions however have made it impossible for the present.

Charles Sabin Spalding spent last winter in Sanford, Florida, raising vegetables.

Mary Aldrich Hopkins will be happy to see any of her old schoolmates at her home in North Woodstock, Conn.

Olive Paine secured at Easter time leave of absence from the Rochester High school to take up government work in the Food Administration Building at Washington, D. C.

Herman Chandler when last heard from was in Holyoke, Mass., with J. Russell Co., hardware dealers.

1902

"NIL SINE LABORE"

Jessie Withey has been in Woodstock for a short stay this summer. She returns to Cleveland this Fall to continue her work there.

James V. Perrin is occupying the same position as local manager for the Berlin Construction Co. at River Du Loup, Canada. His daughter, Barbara, was born October 11, 1917.

Harry Child is finding business brisk in these days. He is assistant superintendent and manager of the Tarvia department of the Barrett Manufacturing Co.

Jessie Hibbard is busy following her chosen profession of nursing. She spent a part of the year at Day Kimball Hospital and is now doing private nursing in Greenfield.

Gertrude Howard (nee Tabor) is still in Hartford but has changed her address to 13 Olds Place.

Ermond Brunn has enlisted. He is in the Ordnance Department in the War Department at Washington, D. C., ranking as second lieutenant.

Florence Washburn (nee Barber) still lives at Winnegance, Maine. She visited in Danielson at the home of her parents and at her sister's in Woodstock this year.

Lotta Stackpole may be found at her home in Woodstock.

Herbert Johnson is still connected with the post office at Putnam. His home is on Grove street.

Mary Frost Ross is now making her home in Doylestown, Pa., where Mr. Ross has a position on a large farm. She and her little daughter are spending the summer at West Woodstock.

Ellen Cox Hibbard has spent the year at her home in East Woodstock.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Allan Upham taught music near Boston the past year.

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

Alice Steere Farrer's home is in Healy, Kansas. Her husband has a large stock ranch there.

Clarence Hall is a member of the legal branch of the Ordnance Department at Washington. He is planning to go across soon as first lieutenant.

Helen Chandler is in Glendale, Cal. She is studying to be a Red Cross nurse.

Grace Church White is living in Portland, Maine. Her husband is manager of the Farm Bureau of the state of Maine. They are spending the summer at South Portland beach.

Frank Rockwell is commanding the U. S. S. Winslow operating in foreign waters. See "Morning."

1904

"VERITAS VINCIT"

Florence Safford Keyes is very happy with her family, on their ranch at Milnor, North Dakota.

Annie Shippey is still with the Travelers' Insurance Co., Hartford.

Blanche Shippey has spent the past year at home.

Bernice Leavitt has been with the National Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford, and did substitute work in the West Hartford schools. She is to teach a fourth grade in West Hartford, the coming year and keep house with a girl friend as a side-line diversion.

Pearle Alton Gifford is enjoying life at Quinebaug, Conn.

Anna Nelson has taught the Hill Model school the past year but plans to spend the next year at home as "farmerette."

William J. Nelson has been principal of the Goffstown High school, New Hampshire, the past year and plans to return this fall.

George Edgar Whitney is busily engaged with the Grosvenor-Dale Co.

Spencer Child is doing his share at "Elmlawn" to help win the war. See "Morning."

1905

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ethel Rawson continues her work as a teacher in Providence, R. I. She and her mother are spending the summer in Woodstock.

Nellie T. Burleson has lived in Union the past year. She has devoted her energies to the cultivation of a thriving "war garden," which, she says, "has succeeded beyond her wildest expectations."

Edmund K. Gilbert is in government service, and when last heard from was at Camp Upton, L. I.

Harry E. Wells is at the University of Maine, Orono, and expects to study in the mechanical department.

Fred Howard has the same position as last year, with the United States Rubber Co., Hartford.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Mabel Ritch has been spending the year in study and singing in and about New York City.

Lottie Howard Spaulding reports in "Morning."

Maud Andrews Washburn is still living in Dorchester. She and her husband have purchased an automobile.

Maud Healey will return in September to the Lincoln school, Bridgeport.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean's address is the same as in former years.

Florence Welch Armstrong is living in Sioux City, Iowa.

Sarah Herrington Froyd writes from Chillicothe, Ohio. Her husband, Major Froyd, now at Camp Sherman, commands the third battalion of the 353rd regiment, Infantry. This division will probably soon go overseas.

Carl Morse and family are living in East Woodstock.

Ethel Upham will begin work in September as assistant teacher at Woodstock Academy.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Myers Graham lives, as last year, in Pitcher, N. Y.

Mabel Eddy Morse is living in East Woodstock.

Henry Baker has a pastorate in South Woodstock. Besides, he has a good sized garage, and does automobile repairing.

For news of Edith Williams Morton, see "Morning."

Mary Nelson is Home Economics demonstrator for the city of New Haven, and expects to be located there this coming year.

1908

"GEDULD"

After attending an officers' school at Plattsburg last summer, John Healy

was given a lieutenant's commission. He has been stationed at different camps and is at present at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia. He became a benedict on July 2nd when he and Grace Hawkins were married on Long Island.

Louise Fitts White moves the first of September to Central Falls, R. I.

Winifred Potter has been teaching school but this summer is taking a commercial course at Simmons' College in Boston.

Hattie Nelson has been nursing for the past year in Hartford. She expects to enlist soon in the nurse's service for overseas.

Gladys and Robert Whiting are still in Geneva. Robert is working on glass to be used in aeroplanes.

Mildred Brown is at her home in Woodstock but her plans for next year are not formulated.

Hazel Davenport Lewis will return to her school in Hartford for the coming year. For further news see "Noon."

1909

"NITENTES"

Marion Smith Watson and her husband are still living in Pomfret Center at the home of the former's parents.

Lyle W. Turner has been secretary to the Director of the Women's Education and Industrial Union, for part of the past year. She is now in Washington, in the office of the Ordnance Department, which handles all promotions, transfers, and resignations of civilian employees. She enjoys her work, and says Washington life is very interesting.

Edith S. Briggs has completed one year at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. She took a special course in design, which consisted of Arts and Crafts, and Interior Decoration.

Louis K. Miller is living in Portland, Maine where he is head of the City Garage.

Mrs. Bernice Bates Marshall is living at 43 Clark's Hill Ave., Stamford, Conn. For further news see "Morning."

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Mary E. Flynn spent the summer at the Connecticut Agricultural College.

Louise F. Howard is to return to the South Woodstock school this fall.

Edith H. Eddy is working in the clerical department of the Phelps Publishing Co. Springfield, Mass.

Roxana Wilbur Slye is living in Stafford Springs.

Raymond W. Sheldon is in an Officer's Training Camp at Camp Lee, Virginia.

Herbert Nelson is "somewhere in France."

Wallace E. Armstrong has received his lieutenant's commission, and is located in a southern camp. See "Noon."

Leonard H. Healey is foreman at the Simsbury Fruit Farm, in Simsbury, Conn.

Lyman R. Fitts has been taking a short wireless course at the Eastern Radio Institute, in Boston, Mass.

Flora B. Danielson expects to teach in East Woodstock this fall. See "Noon."

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Maude E. Milligan will be at her home in North Woodstock this year.

Esther Johnson has completed her course at New Britain Normal school and has accepted a position as principal of a school in Westfield, Conn.

Max L. Connor when last heard of was at Spartansburg, South Carolina. For further particulars see "Noon."

Blanche Perry Bosworth of Eastford reports nothing new.

Esther E. Nelson expects to teach in Newington, Conn., this year.

Dorothy O. Cox will teach in Miss Wheeler's school, Hartford.

Martin Nelson is at present at Camp Devens.

Harris S. May, who has been in Boston, connected with the launching of destroyers has returned to New London, where he is engaged in ship and engine work.

James P. Donlon is in "the service."

1912

"EN AVANT"

Carrie Barrett McGregor and family have spent the summer at her old home in North Woodstock.

Gladys C. Sheldon is still in the employ of The Observer Co., Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Irving Myers nee Grace Myers with her husband and young daughter Grace are living in Quincy, Mass.

Sophie R. Barrett has entered the New Haven General Hospital for a three year course.

Helen Perley is the only member of the class who remains in Woodstock to welcome her classmates as they return.

Rilla H. Child graduated from the New Britain Normal school in June. She will teach in the Farm Hill school in Middletown the coming year.

Jarda Carlson is still in Worcester.

Olive Whitney has attended the Summer Normal School at Danbury this year and her future plans are not complete.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Edmund Anderson has been in France since June 9, 1917. He is no longer serving as ambulance driver in the medical corps but is employed as

a mechanic in a garage near the front.

Eleanor Johnson has been teaching in South Woodstock during the past year. On account of ill health she is now resting at the Norwich sanatorium. Her friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Eleanor Keith Lewis will not resume her teaching in Thompson in September but will devote her time to her home in Putnam.

William Richardson left for France on May 8th of this year. He is in Company L, 47th Infantry. We await news from him eagerly.

Ida Spalding Masters has been studying at the Utica Conservatory of Music during the past year. She moved to Worcester, Mass., in April where she has been making her home with her sister at 29 Hitchcock Road. She expects to continue her music in Worcester next year.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Agnes C. White will return to Suffield for her second year of teaching, there, and will also continue her study of music.

Rolfe N. Lyon has been teaching the past year, and, though his plans are subject to change, owing to the war, he expects to follow the same line another year.

Olive A. Johnson is working in the office of a slipper factory in Worcester.

Ruth E. Bjornberg has completed her second year of teaching in Elmvale, and this year will teach in a graded school near Norwich.

Arthur R. Anderson's plans for the year are necessarily indefinite, because of the war.

Ruth E. Witter is with the American Optical Works, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

Leslie L. Sumner is as usual, "doing her bit" at home.

Grace Hawkins Healey has been with her husband at Camp Gordan, Georgia. For further news see "Noon."

Susan S. Sumner will return to Federal Hill School, Bristol, Connecticut, where she teaches the fifth grade.

Carl O. Johnson is another of our class whose plans for the year are undecided because of the war. The past year he has been working in the Milot-Rockwell Machine Gun Factory.

Merrill Keith would be pleased to hear from any of his friends. His address is Battery D, 56 Reg. Artillery, C A. C. American Expeditionary Forces, France. Army P. O. 723.

Marion Perkins will return to Mt. Holyoke next September as a junior.

Bernice Sanger attended Becker's Business College during the past year.

Ethel Whitney expects to be at home the coming year.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Harriet Sampson and Estella Frink will return to Wellesley in the fall.

Florence Lawson is still employed by the Traveler's Insurance Co. of Hartford.

Ruth Bates has been teaching the past year in Quadic and will return in the fall.

Mabel Richardson is employed on Government work at Middletown.

Gretchen Rutishauser will graduate from Clifton Springs Sanitarium in March and intends to go to France if possible.

Mildred May will be at home this year.

Mary Chamberlin's plans for the future are undecided.

George Wilcox, after being in a Naval Hospital for six months, has been honorably discharged from the service.

Kate Perry was last heard from in Philadelphia.

Clara Eddy will teach in one of the Thompson schools the coming year.

1916

"FORWARD"

Wentworth Johnson and Lyman Hibbard will remain at home next year.

Joseph Henries expects to be in the service of his country.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen J. White entered Clark College last September and the following May enlisted in the services of his country, in the Marines. His address is Co. 98, U. S. M. Co. Barracks, Paris Island, South Carolina.

Lois Harrington has been taking a post graduate course at the Academy the past year preparing for Wheaton college which she will enter this fall.

After attending the Danbury summer school, Eleanor Williams will teach in West Woodstock.

Eleanor Lindeman expects to enter New Britain State Normal school this fall.

The plans of Theodore Perkins are not yet determined. He did college preparatory work last year. His address is 67 Washington St., Waltham, Mass.

1918

"CARRY ON"

Helen V. Bjornberg, having taken a short course at Danbury. this summer, is going to teach at District 6 this year.

Marguerite Bosworth will be at home this coming year.

E. Carolyn Cox is studying music under the supervision of Mrs. Silverburg, of Worcester.

Andrew H. Lowe will be at home for a year.

Julia M. Johnson, who also took a short course at Danbury, is to teach in the English Neighborhood school next year.

Jean C. McClellan will probably go away to school next year.

Agnes Peterson is yet undecided, but hopes to attend business college next winter.

Otto L. Pike will remain at home a year. Then he hopes to be able to go to Philadelphia preparatory school, to prepare for Maine University. He passed seven out of nine college entrance examinations.

Paul E. Ringdahl is studying drawing at home this year. He expects to become a carpenter.

Ellen H. Swenson is planning to teach this year.

George P. Swenson will stay at home for a year. His future plans are not formulated.

Hazel G. Wood is going to teach in Elmvale school this year.

Student Personals

Mrs. Minnie Cofran Perry who died recently in Worcester was among the oldest Academy students.

Frank Chandler of California has one son Lawrence in the United States army.

J. B. Tripp writes from South Dakota. He represented his town in the state legislature last year.

Dr. James Ingalls of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former student, with his wife has been spending several weeks in Woodstock Valley, Conn.

Edward B. Chandler is much interested in war work and last winter did efficient work as chairman of finance committee who raised \$40,000 for a community house to be used as a club-house for soldiers in San Antonio.

Dr. and Mrs. (Louisa Wells) James Randall live in Johnson City, Tenn., where "Jim" has a large medical practice.

Henry M. Morse and his wife now have their home in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Serena Medbury Burns has a permanent home in Detroit, Michigan.

Arthur D. Chandler is superintendent of a Co-operative Boys' School Farm in Allaire, New Jersey, where boys on parole from the Reform school are cared for and trained.

Major William Flynn is professor of military science and tactics in Harvard College and commandant of the Harvard unit. This summer he is commandant of an officer's training corps at Camp Thayer in Lancaster, Mass.

Willard Armes has two sons in his country's service and his daughter has charge of a Hostess House in Paris, France.

Miss Clara Maynard has been doing her country service the past year in Y. W. C. A. work. She has had present charge of Hostess House in New Haven where soldiers and sailors are entertained.

Rev. Herbert Armes of Slatersville, R. I., has sent his only son into army life.

Mrs. Lottie Lyon Gardner has spent part of the past year with Mrs. Prudence Phillips Hyde in Brunswick, Maine. Mrs. Hyde spent the month of July at the Brookline home of her son who is a Boston lawyer. He has two little children.

Mrs. Addie Chandler Wright whose home is in Pomfret goes with her husband to Florida to spend the winters.

Herbert Kingsbury is employed in the auditors' department of the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford.

Ernest Miller audits payrolls for the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford.

The Hosmer sisters have their home in Sudbury, Mass. Miss Alice is grade school principal in Weston, Mass., and Miss Florence is portrait painter.

Harold Briggs is on the electrical force of the Johnson and Johnson Co. at Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Emma Spencer is time-keeper at Brown and Sharpe's, Providence, R. I.

Ivy Ode

Little Ivy, we plant you to-day as a symbol of our love and gratitude to Woodstock Academy. You represent our lives here; the friendships we have made, the battles we have fought, the knowledge we have received, the ideals we have been given and the joys and sorrows we have experienced.

As we leave this dear old Academy today, and go out into the world, our hearts are full of gratitude for the preparation we have received here. We thank our teachers who have helped us so well and patiently all through these four years, and have encouraged us to make greater efforts, showing us the way through so many difficulties. We are proud of the fact that we are Mr. Perkin's class; the first class he would have graduated from this school and we sincerely hope that we may fulfill his desires, and may profit by the energy he exerted for us.

So before we say good-bye to this school which has become so dear to every one of us, we want to leave some token of our respect and love; something alive and beautiful, something that will be symbolic of our love for the Academy. This token is the ivy which we have just planted. As it will grow, little by little, and daily climb higher and higher toward the sun, so may we strive to reach the

highest and best in life. As it will cling and fasten itself to the walls of this Academy, so may the influence of this same Academy serve as a background for our lives and ambitions. As it will put forth branches and become bigger and more beautiful, so may our ideals become broader and our lives richer and more influential. As it will do its part to cover and protect this building with the fresh, bright beauty of its leaves, so may we try to do our little bit in life with all our hearts and all our minds.

But, in spite of the thrill and wonder of this moment, a feeling of sorrow dominates.

The time has come to say farewell. We are here for the last time as pupils of the Academy, and although some of us may go on to bigger institutions, we realize that a certain period in our lives is about to end. We are assembled here to say good-bye to all that has been nearest and dearest to us for the past four years.

Farewell then, Woodstock Academy, farewell schoolmates and friends; farewell teachers and helpers, and lastly—farewell to the classmates of 1918.

JEAN McCLELLAN

(Delivered by Miss Hazel Wood)

Morning

May 31, 1917, a daughter, Virginia May, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bosworth nee Adeline Sumner, Eastford Conn.

May 12, 1917, a son, Burr to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mathews nee Helen Hammond, Wailuku Maui, Hawaii.

August 25, 1917, a son, James Robert to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Slye nee Roxanna Wilbur, Stafford Springs, Conn.

September 1, 1917, a son, Henry Haskell 3rd to Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Davenport, Harrisburg, Pa.

September 6, 1917, a daughter, Beatrice Evelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Morton, nee Edith Williams, South Woodstock, Conn.

September 13, 1917, a daughter, Constance to Mr. and Mrs. John Grosvenor, Pomfret, Conn.

October 17, 1917, a daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Perrin.

January 2, 1918, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Starr, nee Stella Gage North Woodstock, Conn.

March 5, 1918, a daughter, Katherine Elizabeth to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dohan, Philadelphia, Pa.

March 21, 1918, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rockwell.

April 11, 1918, a daughter, Lois Elizabeth to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

May 5, 1918, a son, Stephen Kingsley to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse, East Woodstock, Conn.

May 13, 1918, a daughter, Miriam Holmes to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Child, Woodstock, Conn.

May 27, a daughter, Nancy to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White, nee Grace Church.

June 6, 1918, a daughter, Louise Caroline to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hibbard nee Maud Peckham.

June 6, 1918, a son, Richard Lyon Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Child, Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 25, 1918, a daughter, Ruth Oella to Mr. and Mrs. F. Albert Marshall nee Bernice Bates, Stamford, Conn.

September 1, 1918, a daughter, Elizabeth Davis to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Slye nee Roxanna Wilbur.

Noon

August 11, 1917, Harry Morton Armstrong and Florence Welch at Sioux City, Iowa.

August 29, 1917, Harry Davis and Grace Sumner, West Woodstock, Connecticut.

October 20, 1917, Kenneth Leavitt, and Laura M. Herzberger, in Casper, Wyoming.

October 28, 1917, Ebenezer Bishop, and Mrs. Mary Bugbee Medbury, in Boston, Mass.

November 17, 1917, Maxamillian L. Conner and Mary Christiana Young of Leonia, N. J., at New Haven, Conn.

November 17, 1917, William Mills and Mildred Foye, Worcester Mass.

December 29, 1917, Ernest Wyman and Carrie E. Randall, in Seattle, Washington.

January 1, 1918, Leon Silverberg of Worcester and Ethel May Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

January 1, 1918, Sergeant Hugh Lewis of Rockville, Conn., and Hazel E. Davenport at Richmond, Va.

January 9, 1918, Lieut. Wallace E. Armstrong, and Lena Maude Darrah, Waterville, Vermont.

February 26, 1918, Sergeant Oliver Latham and Susan Florence Warren in New York City.

July 2, 1918, Lieut. John B. Healey and Grace Hawkins at Woodhaven, Long Island.

August 10, 1918, Carl Danielson and Flora B. Alton, East Woodstock, Connecticut.

Night

January 8, 1917, Benjamin Sydney Dennis, Providence, R. I., W. A. '71.

March 22, 1917, Hon. Henry Sabin, Chula Vista, Cal.

October 24, 1917, James Robert Slye, Stafford Springs, Conn.

October 1, 1917, Edward Swain, Pomfret, Conn.

November 8, 1917, Jennie Phillips, Woodstock, Conn.

December 3, 1917, May Stone Chamberlin, Woodstock, Conn.

January 17, 1918, Benjamin F. Chandler, Detroit, Mich.

January 31, 1918, William A. Perkins, Woodstock, Conn.

March 17, 1918, Izette Marcha, wife of Freeman Spalding.

May 25, 1918, Marshman Fitts and Warner Richmond, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold nee Harriet M. Fitts, Pomfret.

June 11, 1918, Raymond Benson in France.

June 30, 1918, Jessie McClellan, Woodstock, Conn.

July 5, 1918, Laura B. Williams, Hartford, Conn.

July 8, 1918, Frank E. Wright, husband of Mildred Wells Wright, Putnam, Conn.

September 1, 1918, Newton Greene; husband of Mary Lizzie Child Greene, Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Caroline Payson Lippincott, Charlottesville, Va., age 93.

Mrs. Minnie Cocoran Perry, Worcester, Mass.

Principal Perkins

An Appreciation

William Abbott Perkins died at the Academy January 31st, 1918, after a brief illness resulting from a severe attack of pneumonia. This, as far as is known, is the first death of a principal in the Academy since its foundation in 1801. Nor has the Academy ever received a severer blow than was this sudden death of Mr. Perkins.

The Academy's loss may be measured by the direct service which Mr.

Perkins was rendering as its principal, and also by the indirect service coming from his personality.

The former was visible and tangible. Few people realized to what a great extent, the successful working of an institution like the Academy depends upon the thought, the inspiring power, and the working energy of the principal. In his mind must be stored a large group of facts, of conditions, and of plans. His enthusiasm and resourcefulness must even give life to these facts and conditions and plans, and adjust them to the immediate circumstances of the present. A record of these things cannot be kept, so that another can take up the work, and carry it on in uninterrupted sequence. The trustees came to realize this, and found themselves facing an almost unsolvable problem. Mr. Kenny realized it, and saw that no man doing his best could continue Mr. Perkin's work, but must discover for himself the facts and conditions, and form his own plans. We can see then the great direct loss the Academy sustained in the untimely death of Mr. Perkins.

To estimate those more subtle services which are rendered through personal character is a more difficult task; indeed an impossible one to any degree of completeness. But let us make an approximate estimate by considering what Mr. Perkins was by education and experience, by inheritance and acquired temperament.

Mr. Perkins was born in Brewer, Maine, November twenty-sixth, eighteen hundred sixty-one. His father was a graduate of Bowdoin, a graduate student at Yale, and professor at Robert College, Constantinople. The family was related to the Abbotts of Maine, some of them widely known, fifty years ago, as writers of history and of books for young people. Mr. Perkins was related therefore to Lyman Abbott famous today at home and

abroad as preacher, lecturer and editor.

When William was a little less than a year old the family moved to Constantinople where he spent his young childhood in an environment highly cultured both religiously and intellectually.

We next find him back in Maine preparing for entrance to Bowdoin College, which he entered about 1880, although he was thought to require another year for preparation. In his Freshman year, he took a \$300 prize in mathematics, and, when his course was complete was graduated at the head of his class. From September 1885 to January 1886 he was a student of theology at Yale, and in 1888 was graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary. The year 1892 and 1893 he spent as a graduate student of mathematics and physics at Harvard.

It was Mr. Perkins' love of study, and his eagerness in search for truth that led him to the study of theology. He had no desire to preach. So we find him now after all this preparation entering upon his career as a teacher. After teaching short periods in several schools he taught three years in Beloit College Academy and ten years in the Classical High school at Lynn. In 1904 he became principal of Westford Academy, Mass., and held that position for four years. In 1908 he became principal of the Grafton High school, and remained there until, in 1913, he accepted the position at the head of the Mathematical department of the Bridgeport High school. From there we secured his services as principal of Woodstock Academy in 1914.

Mr. Perkins was a man of a quiet, even temperament. A full sense of duty possessed him. He was not a man that spared himself, but was a continuously hard worker; and this

not that he might gain an increased advantage for himself, but that he might render higher service to the Academy. He was something more than a faithful devotee to duty. He possessed in a high degree those fine qualities that go to make a gentleman. Courtesy, gentleness and a refined demeanor marked his daily conduct. His fondness for music and his skill in music both instrumental and vocal gave evidence of an esthetic side to his nature.

With such breadth of education, with such richness of experience, with such fine personality, Mr. Perkins, in mature years, came into the service of the Academy. It is no wonder that his pupils loved him, that the community respected him, and the trustees highly valued his work.

And more than this should be said. Mr. Perkins' life in the school and in the community was more highly appreciated because of the fine family of which he was the head. Many years will not efface from the memory of Woodstock people the pleasant recollection of Mr. Perkins' principalship and the picture of his refined and kindly-spirited household.

E. R. HALL.

Jessy Trumbull McClellan

Many readers of The Gleaner will be saddened to hear of the death of Miss Jessy McClellan which, after a long illness, occurred at the home of her brother upon July first of the present year.

Miss McClellan's honored ancestry include Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, the friend and counsellor of Washington, and Gen. Samuel McClellan who led a troop of minute-men from Woodstock when that famous shot was fired at

Lexington, "heard round the world." Like those of her forefathers, Miss McClellan's interests in the welfare of her community and country were deep and abiding. Possessed of a strong character, an unselfish nature, a charming personality and an ardent love of literature and art she was admirably adapted to grace and to serve well any office to which she was elected. The Gleaner of last year was dedicated to her as a tribute of affection to an able teacher. She was equally well qualified to further the welfare of the Academy in the capacity of a member of the Board of Trustees. Miss McClellan's lively interest in the Woodstock Library Association attended that organization from its infancy, and in plans for its usefulness and development she was an untiring worker. Proof of her earnest hope that a broader and ever out-reaching influence might emanate from the library was given expression in her will in which the organization was remembered with a bequest. It would seem fitting that this gift might be known as the Jessy Trumbull McClellan fund. Another suggestion is modestly offered. If upon August twenty-ninth of each year—Miss McClellan's birthday—at a library tea or at some other appropriate function, offerings for the further increase of this fund might be received, should we not be helping to "carry on", at least in a small way, the labor of love which our friend has laid down, while at the same time we should be thus enabled to gain comfort and inspiration in perpetuating with this yearly increasing gift the name of one, endeared to us all, who from her rich equipment of talent, ever cheerfully gave of her best, and whose going leaves a sad void in many hearts and homes in this community.

"Oh say not where mine ear may hear
the words,
"She died!" There is no death!
When she went forth,
Her spirit, brave and strong,
Its outworn case
Of prisoning clay broke grandly
through, and rose
On wings of joy, unto that life where-
in
No pain or grief or night can come,
It was her birthday in a happier
world!
And it may be; with vision clearer
grown,
She sees more fully all our lives' deep
needs.
And with a tender love,
E'en as of yore,
Gives to us still her faithful minis-
try,—
A Guardian Angel
As in Holy Writ."

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM.

Miss Laura B. Williams

Miss Laura B. Williams died at her home in Hartford, July 5, after an illness of several years. The funeral was from her old home in West Woodstock, Monday, July 8, and the burial was in the family lot in that place.

Miss Williams was of old New England ancestry, and was directly descended from the Rev. John Williams, the first minister of Deerfield, who when that town was attacked by Indians in 1754, was carried captive with several of his children to Canada.

Teaching was her life work, having taught for over forty years. A graduate of the Normal school at Salem, Mass., and the Boston University.

She began her work in the schools of Irvington and Wyack-on-the-Hudson. From there she went to Southbridge, Mass., coming from there to

the Academy where she remained several years; returning to Southbridge in 1899 she continued in that position for about 13 years, when, to the regret of all, she resigned to live at home with her sister Miss Ellen Williams.

Since then the sisters have passed their winters in Hartford and their summers at the old home, until failing health of Miss Laura altered their plans and brought her long months of invalidism patiently endured.

The boys and girls were fortunate who came under the influence of so gracious and refined a personality as hers. She was at the same time a thorough and efficient teacher, devoted to her work and successful in it. Her many friends will remember her as a woman of fine character wide culture, perhaps best described by that old-fashioned term a "gentlewoman."

Raymond R. Benson

The war was brought nearer home to us all than ever before when on July third we heard the sad news of the death of our friend and classmate Raymond R. Benson.

He was born in Vermont, June 22nd, 1896 but later moved to North Woodstock where he attended the district school.

We first knew Raymond when he entered the Academy in the fall of 1910. He soon became a great favorite not only among his teachers and classmates but with all with whom he came in contact. He had a happy disposition and was willing and courteous. He was popular at all social gatherings and his presence was always desired.

The class of 1914 is proud to claim him as one of its members for three years. He did not come back to the Academy his senior year but went to Southbridge where he worked as a machinist.

In the fall of 1914 he became a student at Williston Seminary. There he took an active part in the school life, being secretary of the Y. M. C. A., member of two debating societies and a member of the Glee Club. He was fond of athletic sports especially basketball and baseball as he had been at the Academy. He was elected to a fraternity that stood first among the six groups in average scholarship rank. He remained at Williston nearly two years when he became a clerk in the Shawmut National Bank, Boston. Here he was employed when he enlisted his services for his country. The fact that his position there would have been open to him had he returned at the close of the war shows that he was appreciated.

Raymond was one of the first Woodstock boys to enlist. He joined the Marine Corps and was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, for his training. There, we heard from one of his comrades, he was the best loved boy in camp.

In January he went over seas and we all know what heroic work the Marines did there. Raymond did his part and died in France June 11th from wounds received a few days before.

We all feel the truth of the sentiments expressed by the Principal of Williston; "While our world is the poorer for the loss of his personality, it is made richer for many of us by the memory he has left."

S. S. S.

Graduating Exercises

The graduation exercises of the class of 1918 were marked with the simplicity characteristic of Academy graduations. The hall was decorated with its usual mass of foliage, and the class motto was prominent upon the stage curtain.

After the senior class marched in, the exercises were opened in prayer by Rev. Mr. Harrison.

The girls' chorus, directed by Miss Aleta Prescott, rendered Handel's "Largo", with 'cello accompaniment by Mr. Kenney.

The speaker of the afternoon was Mr. John M. Holcombe of Hartford, Conn., who spoke on "The Beginning and Progress of Education in Connecticut."

The diplomas were presented by Mr. F. W. Hinrichs.

The gift of the 1918 class to the school was a service flag which was unfurled by Mr. Arthur S. Hardy. He read the names of the graduates and students represented who are in the service.

The school chorus sang, "Forward March," and the audience joined with them in singing America.

The orchestra played the march while the seniors went to the east side of the Academy to plant the class ivy. "Woodstock Academy and Fair Woodstock" were sung, and the Ivy Ode, written by Jean McClellan was delivered by Hazel Wood. The audience and school assembled on the front lawn, for the singing of class songs, and all joined heartily in singing "Here's to Mr. Hall."

The Alumni meeting was held afterward in the main schoolroom and plans were decided upon for the continuation of publishing The Gleaner.

The class reception in the evening was enjoyed by students and invited

guests. The patronesses were Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Lucy Child, Mrs. Riddick and Mrs. Kenney.

The class statistics were given by Marguerite Bosworth.

The class prophecy was given by Carolyn Cox.

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

Friday, June 21, 1918

Two-thirty o'clock p. m.

Programme

Graduation March Walter E. Dodge

1. OVERTURE, "Northern Lights"

A. J. Weidst

2. PRAYER

Rev. Fosdick B. Harrison

3. MUSIC, "Largo" Handel

Girls' Chorus and Cello

4. ADDRESS, "Beginning and Progress of Education in Connecticut"

Mr. J. M. Holcombe, Hartford, Conn.

5. MUSIC, "Novelette"-P. Hans Flath Orchestra

6. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Mr. F. W. Hinrichs

7. MUSIC, "Forward March"

Adam Geibel

Academy Chorus

8. AMERICA

9. MUSIC

Orchestra

GRADUATING CLASS 1918

"Carry On"

LATIN COURSE

HELEN VICTORIA BJORNBERG

E CAROLYN COX Cum laude

JEAN CALHOUN McCLELLAN

PAUL E. RINGDAHL

GEORGE PAUL SWENSON

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

MARGUERITE BOSWORTH

JULIA MATHILDA JOHNSON

ANDREW HERBERT LOWE

AGNES VICTORIA PETERSON

OTTO L. PIKE

ELLEN HELEN SWENSON

HAZEL GERTRUDE WOOD

Editorial's

We wish to thank all people who have contributed to The Gleaner, or who have helped with it. It is largely through their contributions that its publication has been possible. We feel that there are a number of graduates, teachers and students of the Academy, who have no personals in this issue, and suggest that they send in their items, now, with their remittance, to the secretary, so that they will be included in the next publication.

Attendance at the Alumni Meeting of 1918 was far from gratifying. If you are interested in the life of the Gleaner, please manifest it by attending next year's meeting and help take the load from older alumnis' shoulders.

In this time of world war it is more patriotic and loyal for all to pull together. Let's resolve to make next year's meeting a banner year for attendance.

The Gleaner wishes to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Kenney its very best wishes for their future plans and work. It also expresses its keen appreciation of the trying circumstances under which they were placed during their short stay in Woodstock. Their task was well nigh impossible. We feel that they brought to the work a splendid spirit, and talents worthy of a higher calling. If conditions had been favorable we are sure their stay at Woodstock would have been a long one, and both Academy and community would have been greatly benefited by it.

Joseph Spalding, M. D.

Physician

WOODSTOCK, CONN.

Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., 12
to 1.30, from 5 to 7 p. m.

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Dr. James H. Hutchins

Veterinary

Abington, Conn.

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R. C. Paine, M. D.

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Ernest R. Pike, M. D.

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to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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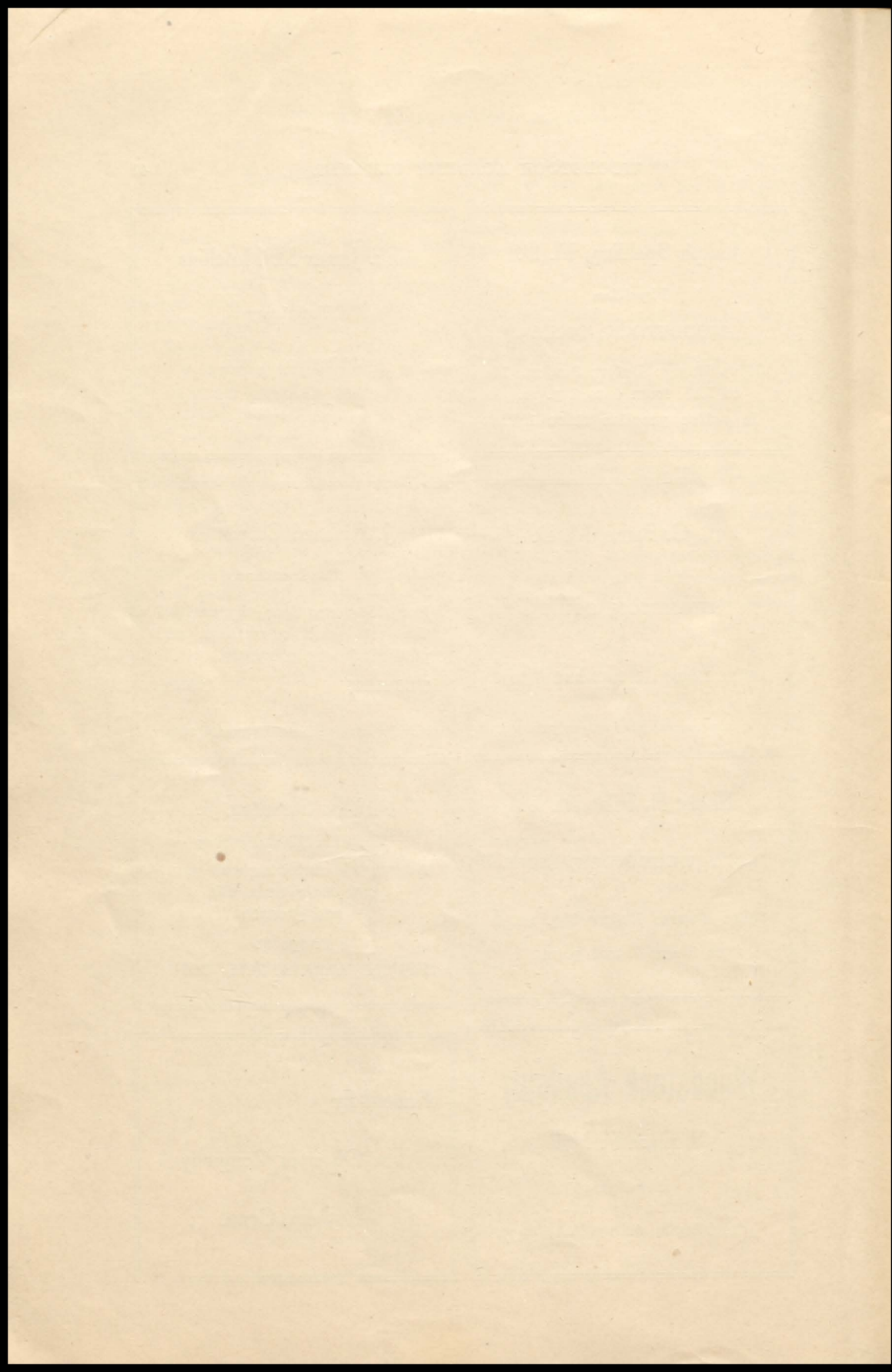
Principal

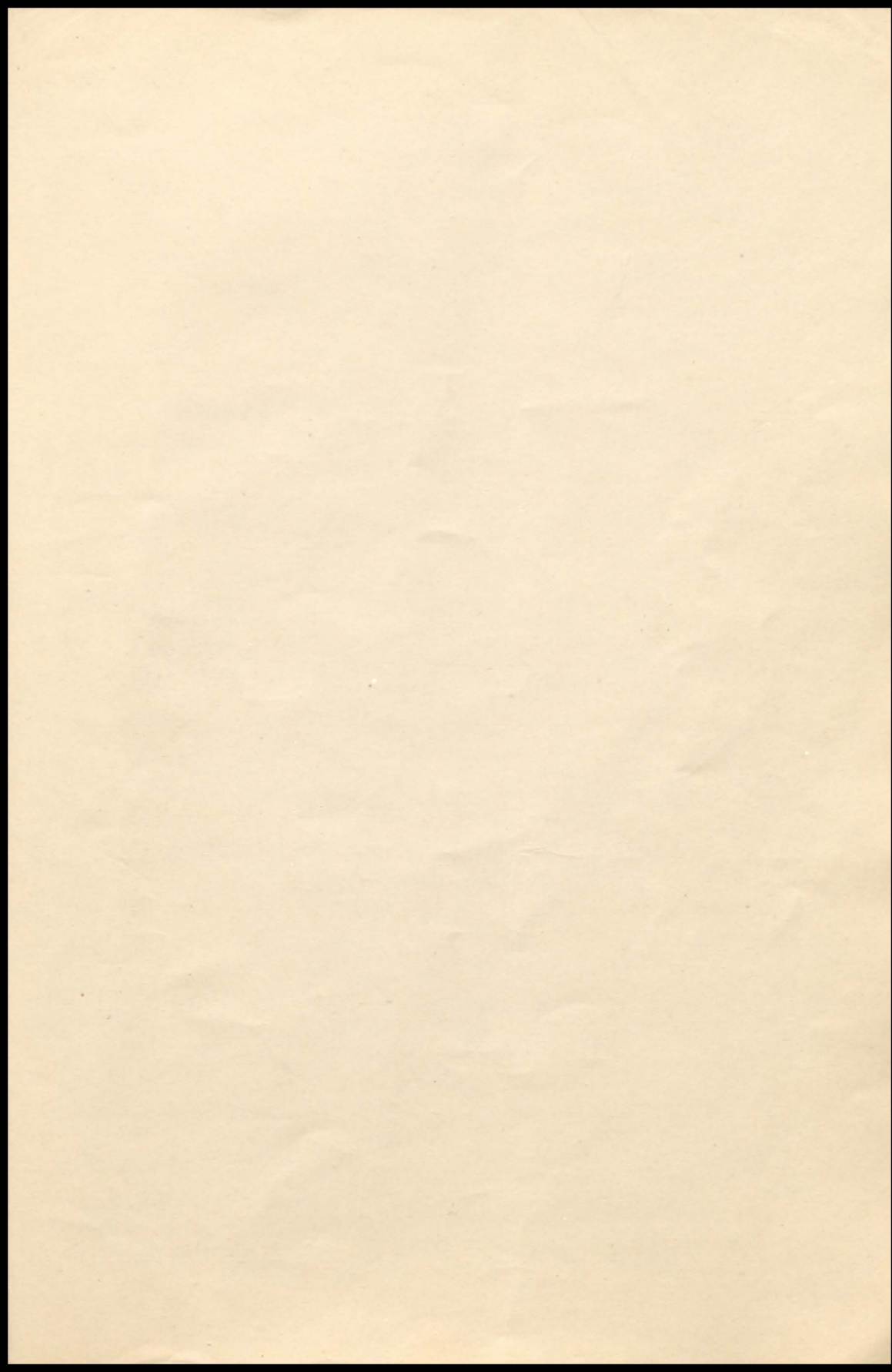
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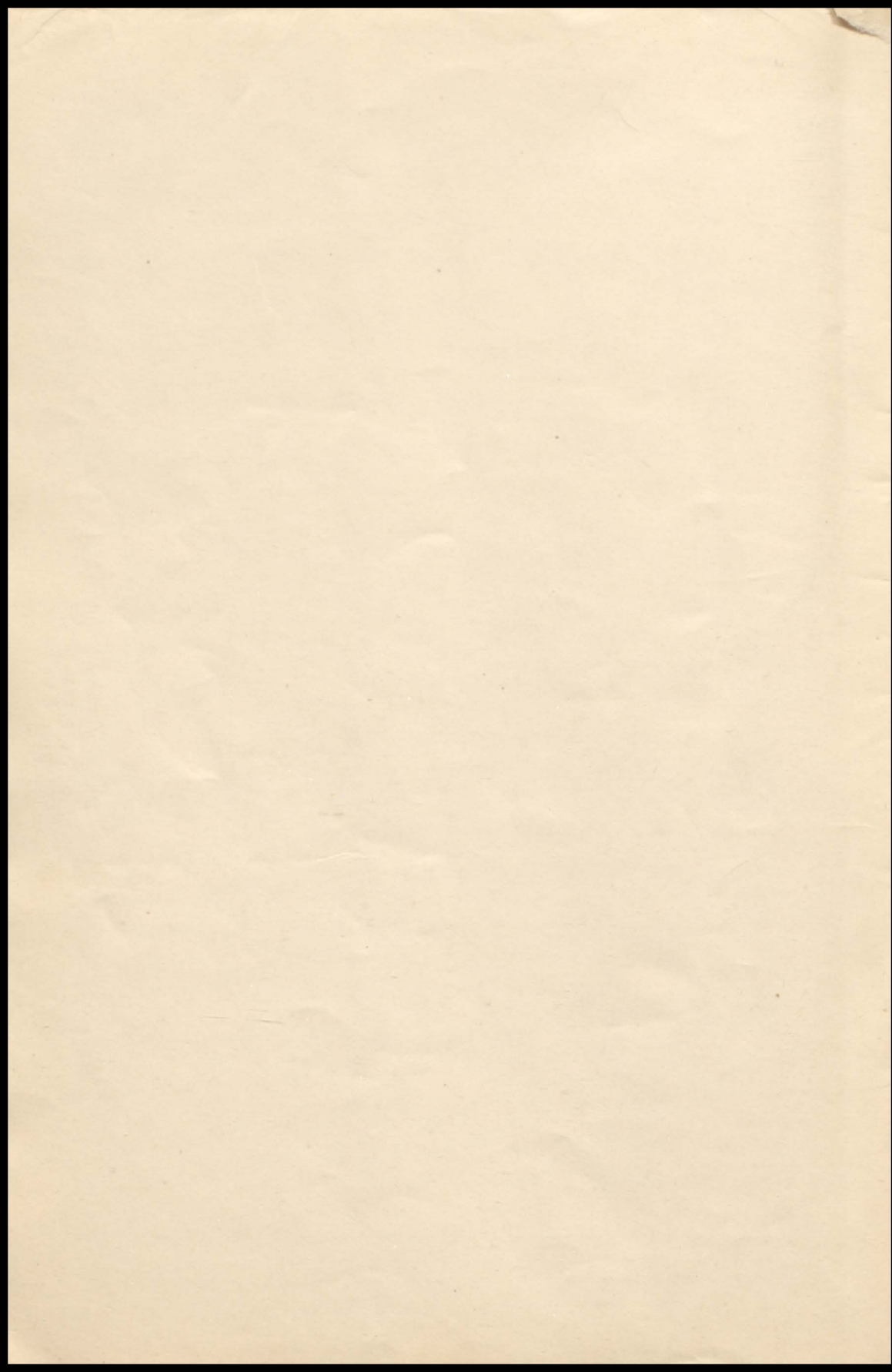
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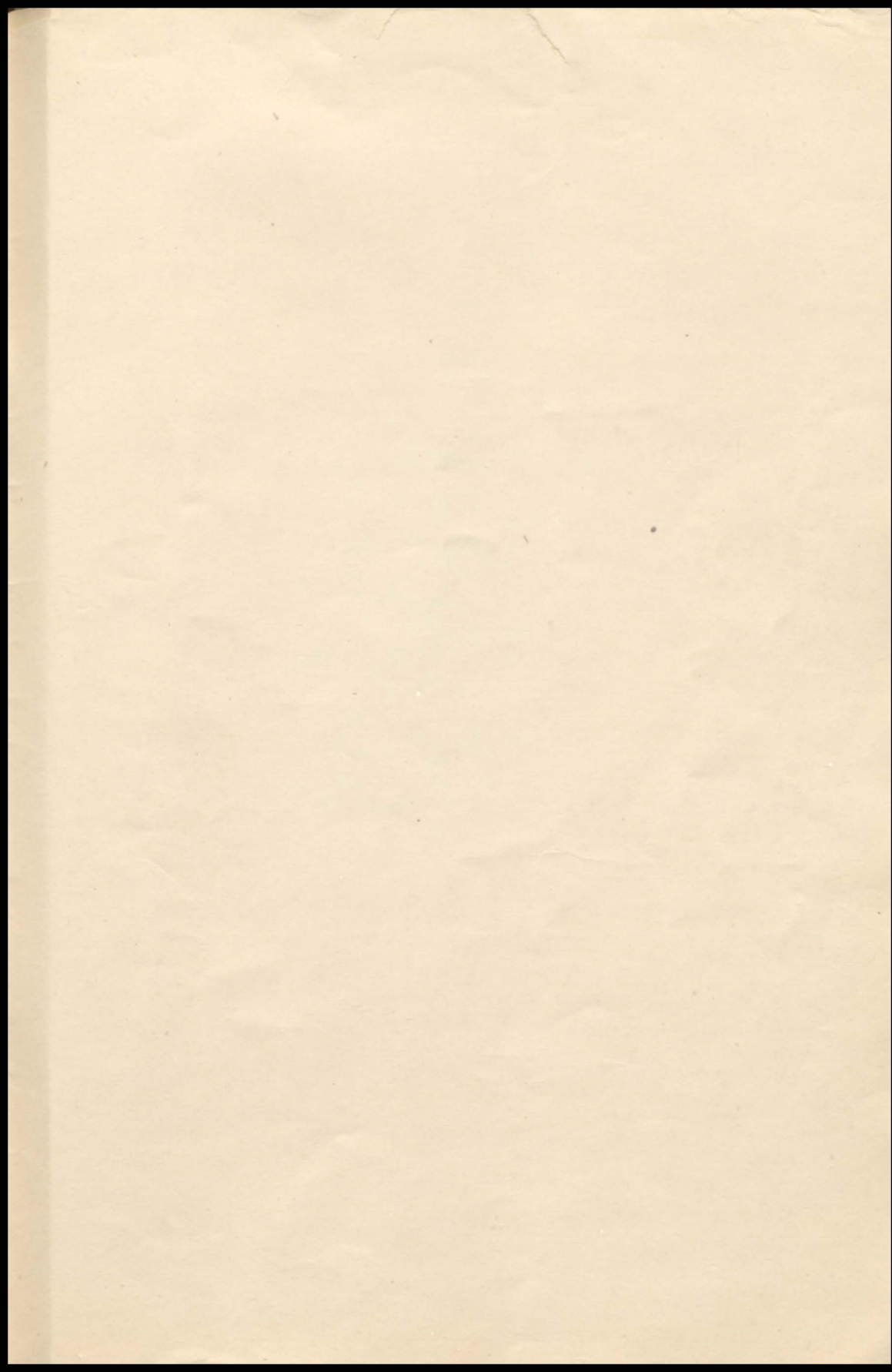
The Observer Company

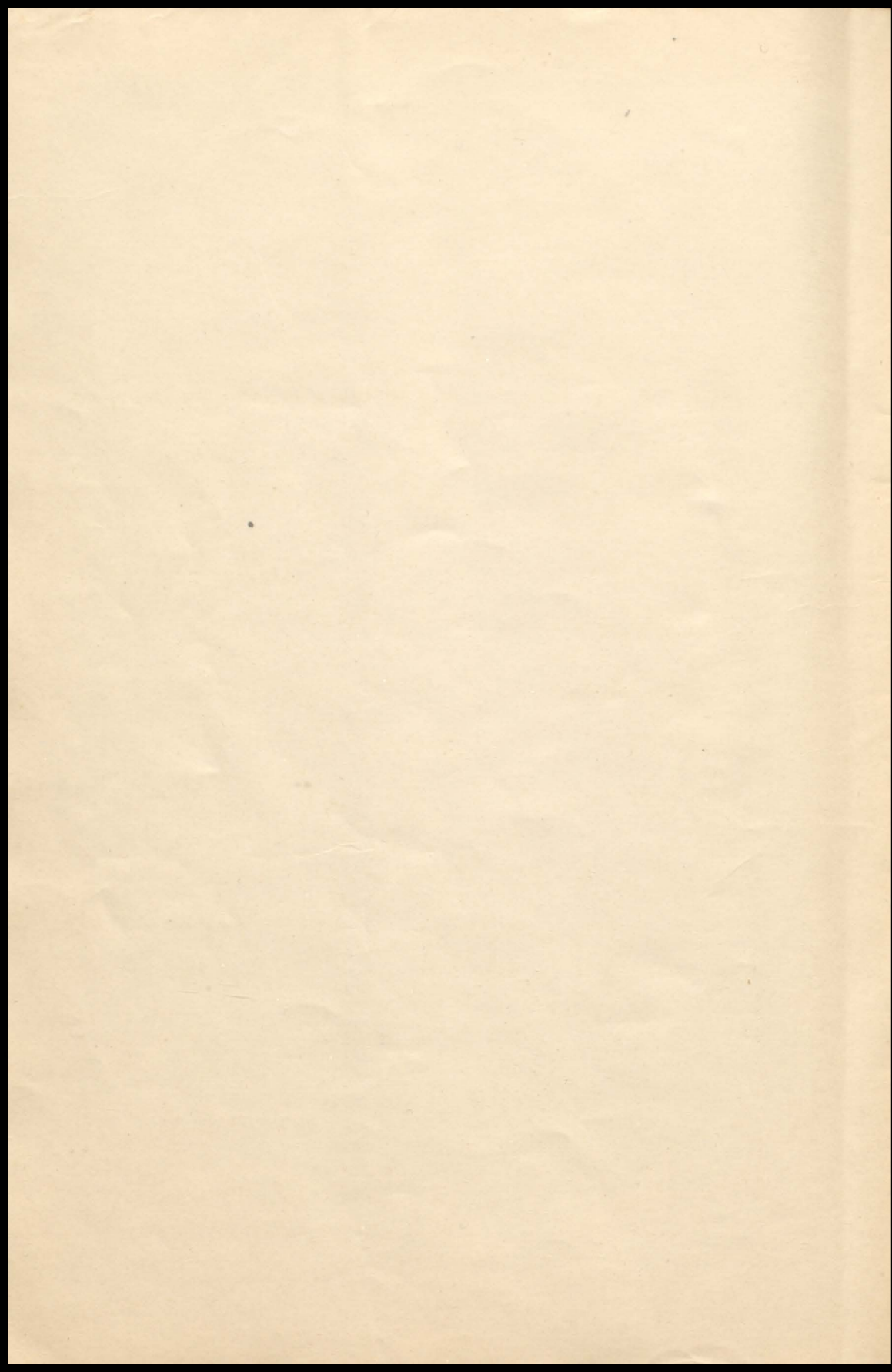
Putnam, Conn.

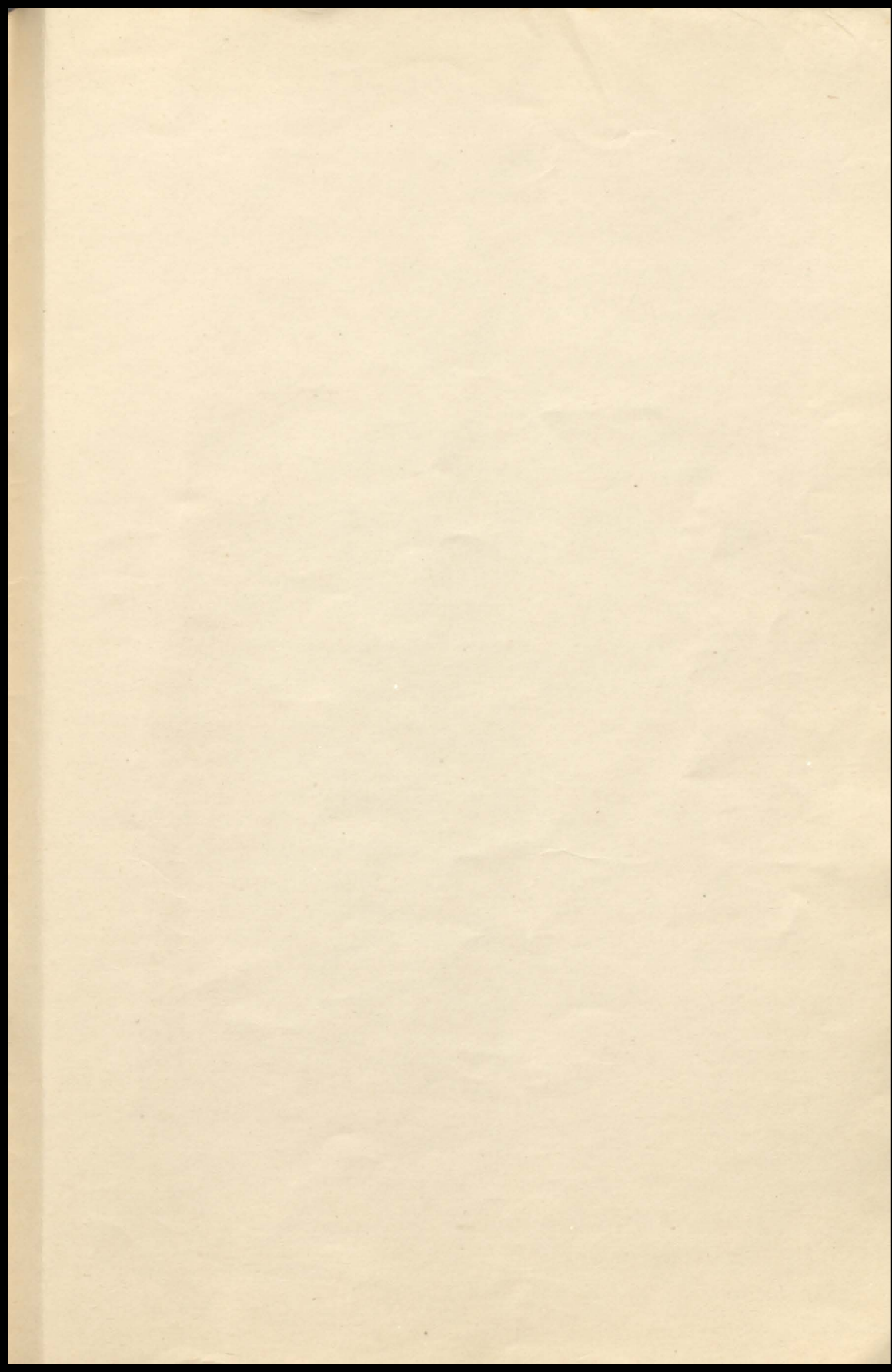


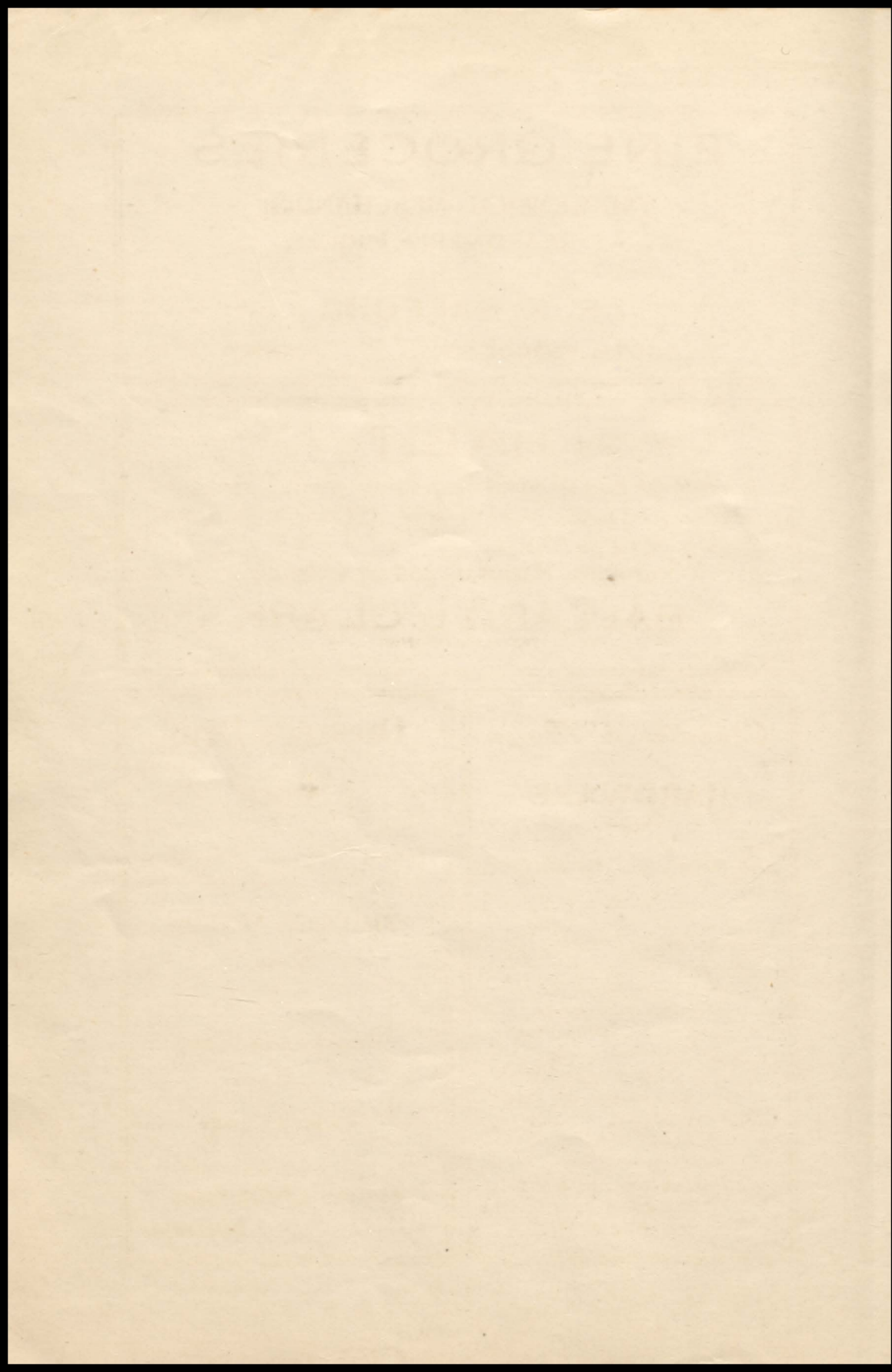












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