

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY
GLEANER

1919

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Woodstock Academy

FOUNDED 1801

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner



Editorials

The Gleaner believes that the Alumni of Woodstock Academy are still interested in the Academy itself. It isn't altogether what the Academy used to be in their day, nor what their fellow students are doing today, that absorbs their attention, but the welfare of the Academy now, and its prospects for the future, are matters of deep concern to them.

The state inspector of high schools made a visit to the Academy last spring and a copy of his report to the state was sent to the trustees. His criticisms were severe, and in many particulars well founded. But it seems to us that he failed to realize the trying position in which the Academy had been placed by the death of Mr. Perkins in the midst of the school year, and by the difficulty in securing the inspector's ideal of teachers in the midst of the war period. But whatever exceptions we may take to his criticisms, it is the duty, and we are confident the purpose of all alumni and friends of the old Academy to stand by it in this crisis of its history. We are also confident that the trustees are doing

their best to employ excellent teachers at salaries commensurate with the demands of the times, and that they will furnish all equipments necessary for high order of work in the school, up to the full limit of their resources. Under these circumstances the Gleaner looks forward with high hopes for the old institution which we all love, and prophesies for it a future of prosperity.

Principal Wallace S. Hall after one year's service, and Miss Marjorie Pease, after three year's service, have withdrawn from the Academy faculty. The Gleaner extends to them its very best wishes for their success in their new fields of work, and sincerely hopes that these best wishes will be richly fulfilled.

The library affords the most contentment and gives the greatest advancement to the people, of any institution in the place. Miss Jessy T. McClellan worked hard and wisely for its interests during her life and by her will she left five hundred dollars to the permanent fund, now making it something over eight hundred dollars, the interest of which is to be used in any way the library needs.

Many valuable books have been added and the number of readers increased. Through the school supervisor groups of books have been loaned to the schools in the town, thus making the library of help to a greater number of readers.

When our alumni and friends approach the Academy Campus from the South, they may now see the large boulder with two bronze tablets on it which the town and its many subscribers have made it possible to have erected "In Honor of Those Who Served Their Country in its Struggles for Liberty, Justice, and Humanity," and "In Honor of the Men who Served in the World War."

Not only have many Alumni done "their bit" during the last two years, but many of the alumnae and their friends have been "carrying on" right within the walls of the old Academy itself. The meetings of the Red Cross were held each week during the summer and winter in the recitation rooms. Mrs. George Sampson served as president and Miss Mary Lester could always be seen running one of the four sewing machines. Mrs. B. R. Ritch,

Mrs. Melancthon Riddick, and Mrs. Carrie Taber were faithful workers. Miss Mary Lyon cut out many of the hospital garments. Miss Helen Perley had charge of the knitted goods. Miss Constance Holt assisted during the summer. Mrs. L. H. Healey had charge of the North Woodstock branch.

Others not alumnae held prominent places and many others were frequenters of these sewing rooms. as visitors found it a very pleasant place to renew friendships and pass a happy and busy afternoon. This last summer garments for French orphans have been made.

The Editors wish to thank all who so willingly and quickly responded with material for the Gleaner. All items of interest or suggestions for next year's Gleaner will be gladly accepted, also remember that prompt payment for each number insures its further publication.

A copy of the 1917 Gleaner is needed to complete the file at the Woodstock Library. Anyone having a copy they would be willing to sell, please notify the Secretary, Mrs. William M. Callup, Woodstock, Conn.

Village Tales of the Past

One of the worth-while Indian customs, in my opinion, was the practice of passing on local legends and traditions, from father to son, orally, in order that they might not be lost to posterity.

We, too, I think would do well to preserve the anecdotes and incidents of our village life of earlier days, which the friends liked to recount who have long since been gathered to their fathers. And why may not the Gleaner serve as a bird of passage to receive from time to time, and to pass on to those who come later, some of the quaint tales of primitive life and other experiences of interest, centering here, which, unless recorded, may slip into oblivion?

A vivid picture that I like to recall is one which my father said his grandmother used to describe to him when he was a small boy, of the stirring days just after the American Revolution, when she came as a bride to our old homestead.

Red-skinned neighbors were not only numerous then, but, at times, a source of fear and dread, if the protector of the house chanced to be at work in the field. On one occasion, at least, when the heavy outer door, with its quaint strap-hinges, happened to be ajar, the frightened mistress of the cottage saw to her dismay, a dusky-hued invader walk boldly in, and, with the air and assurance of an original proprietor of the soil, proceed to the big stone fireplace where her dinner was cooking in a kettle on the crane, and watched him coolly appropriate meat and kettle and walk off with it, for his own dinner while she, realizing her helplessness, was too terrified to attempt any resistance.

Another story narrated with interest by the old people of a few decades ago was the local detective tale when,

with no Pinkerton to assist, the halo of mystery was lifted which surrounded the stealthy removal of goods one night from the store of Mr. Walter P. Snow; and this mystery was quite cleverly dispelled by purely home talent.

The building from which the goods were taken was then located on the property now owned by Miss Susan Gordon. It has since been moved and made over into the dwelling adjoining our post office.

Upon the morning after the removal of the stolen goods, the only trace of the invaders which Mr. Snow could find was a seemingly unimportant souvenir left behind in the form of a "popple" stick, about two and a half inches long and an inch thick. It was found under a window. It had been freshly cut, and evidently brought along for defense but discarded when the booty was taken.

A slender clue, indeed, seemed that one stick, yet careful observation of it revealed interesting discoveries. Although but about an inch in thickness two gutters and two ridges across the end of the stick which had been cut, clearly indicated that a very unusual knife had been used in severing it from the parent stem, and the conclusion was reached that this knife must have had two bends to the right and two to the left, a unique implement and one not likely to have a duplicate.

But how was this very unusual specimen of a pocket-tool to be found?

Friends rallied to the rescue of Mr. Snow, and a volunteer detective committee comprising Mr. Rhoades Arnold, Mr. Paraclete Skinner, Dr. John McClellan, Mr. Nelson Lyon, Mr. George

Lyman, Mr. Andrew Bowen, and my father offered to follow up the different roads leading out of the village in search of the popple stump from which the stick had been recently cut.

Close scrutiny availed, and at length the search was rewarded and the top of the popple stick was found near the "John May" place in East Woodstock, which gave a substantial hint regarding the direction from which the thief or thieves had come. The next problem to meet was who, in that vicinity, might be suspected. One questionable character came to the minds of the detective committee and shrewd Mr. Arnold was the delegate appointed to pursue the matter farther. Into the yard of the suspected man he drove and after some casual remark, took from his pocket a plug of tobacco, asking in a natural sort of way if he could borrow a knife with which to cut it. The man readily complied, going to the house for it. As Mr. Arnold took the knife he speedily observed it was the tool of which he was in quest, and, holding its blade against the end of the stick, remarked to the owner of the knife, "pretty good fit!" while he regretfully, had to admit that it was. A bystander at this juncture began to retreat but was taken into custody with the knife's owner who turned "state's evidence" upon his friend and so was let off—a procedure afterward described by his wife as an "honorable discharge of the court."

The stolen goods were found hidden in the "cat rocks," where by the way, Mr. Sampson once fought three coons bare-handed.

So by close observation and combined effort amateurs in the Pinkerton's art were able to successfully follow up what seemed at the outset a "forlorn hope" by the simple process of using their ingenuity in following up the clue of a popple-stick.

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM

The Red Cross School for Blind Men

Dear Gleaner:

I have been asked to write something for your pages, and I am very glad to do this. My time for writing is very limited, however, so I shall not attempt to produce an article, but shall merely write you an informal and personal letter.

About six weeks ago I came to Baltimore to fill the position of librarian at "Evergreen", the Red Cross School for Blind Men, and ever since that time I have found the days much too short for the many things which I wanted to do for these blind ex-soldiers.

First of all I will give you an idea of "Evergreen" itself. Until recently it was run by the Army in conjunction with the Red Cross, but now it is managed entirely by the Red Cross. The blind men have been discharged from the Army and Navy and are civilians again. They are not obliged to stay at "Evergreen", but most of them are eager to do so, in order to take advantage of the training which will fit them for future work. By paying \$5.00 a week, the blind men can get board and lodging in this attractive spot, and also profit by the valuable instruction. If the blind man is married, his wife can stay at "Evergreen" at the same rate, and also take lessons so that she can later on assist her husband in his vocation.

The School buildings consist of eleven huge gray barracks, originally constructed by the Army and then turned over by them to the Red Cross. In these barracks are the men's sleeping quarters, the dining hall, all the classrooms, the gymnasium, a swimming-pool, bowling-alleys, etc. Besides these barracks there is also a charming private house which has been leased by the Red Cross as a gathering place

and home for the men. It is here that three of us preside, and hold ourselves in readiness to give the men a welcome. The hostess has charge of the drawing room. Lemonade and cookies are served there for the men every afternoon.

Across the hall from the drawing-room is an attractive reading-room, full of books, both in Braille and ordinary print, also typewriters for the use of the men, and comfortable easy chairs where they can relax and even drop off to sleep (which they very frequently do). It is in this room that another worker and I belong, but as a matter of fact, we are absent a great deal, our duties being manifold. We take turns in presiding over the library during the day time, and in the evening we are both on hand in order to take turns in reading out loud. I sometimes call myself the "circulating" or the "active" librarian, for I am so often moving about. For instance, I have escorted many groups of men to Washington who wished to straighten out their insurance matters. Several times a week my co-worker or I take the men to the doctor's office, and stay with them during their treatments. Sometimes the men must go to the hospital for serious operations, and that means a succession of visits to pay.

One of my most important duties, however, is to go shopping with the men, and help them buy their "civies". These men who have been so long in the Army, are delighted to get rid at last of their "hob-nails" and "O.D.s.". They feel a strong reaction, and launch out recklessly into buying everything from white flannel trousers to silk shirts.

At first it seemed quite a responsibility to select the right kind of clothes, but I now have more confidence in myself as a connoisseur in men's furnishings! There is great excitement

when the packages arrive from the store, and one feels as though it must be Christmas morning.

The proud man who has been shopping, then blossoms forth in his new finery and looks radiant but self-conscious while the other blind men feel him all over, and express their admiration for the quality of his suit.

When I am on duty in the library I read out loud to the men, help them with their correspondence, or play games or merely chat with them. There is always something to be done, and we librarians are at work from after breakfast until half past ten at night, with practically no let-up. But the work does not tire us. It is too absorbing and varied to be tiring.

We grow very much attached to the men. They range from eighteen years to thirty-five or more. They jokingly call themselves "Blinks", and sometimes speak of "Evergreen" as the "Zoo." At present there are about forty-five men at work. In September there will be eighty or ninety, for by that time the vacations will be over, and the harder work will commence.

Poultry raising is the most popular study. The men learn all the details of caring for an incubator, and they have practical training in attending to the hens and little chickens. By the sense of touch much can be learned concerning different sorts of fowls, and a blind man can tell a great deal about an egg, just by its temperature. A visit to the little poultry-yard is an attraction to all visitors.

Some of the men are taking up massage and anatomy, and also carpentering, auto-mechanics, typewriting, Braille (embossed letters for the blind), basketry and hammock making. A blind man is instructor of music, and he has successfully organized a little orchestra among the "Blinks." A few nights ago this little orchestra gave

its first performance in the gymnasium, and was enthusiastically applauded by all. It consisted of three violins, two saxaphones, a guitar, a mandolin, and a drum. The blind instructor played the piano, and a sighted musical instructor assisted with a Jazz instrument. We clapped our hands until they were red hot, and we felt very proud of our "Evergreen" orchestra.

Dances are given in the gymnasium twice a week, and this form of amusement is extremely popular here. Men who never dreamed of dancing before, are now expert in the one-step and fox trot. One becomes so accustomed to dancing with the blind, that it seems just as natural as to be dancing with a sighted person. The gymnasium floor has a slight upward incline at the four sides, and this prevents the men from bumping into the walls. There is one blind girl at "Evergreen" who teaches Braille, and I have seen her dancing merrily with one of the blind men. Occasionally they would bump into another couple, laugh about it and keep right on dancing. That is the spirit of "Evergreen"—to laugh at blunders and go ahead just the same.

The men are very proud of their new rooms as arranged by the Red Cross. The barracks have been divided up into little rooms for two, and at last the men have real furniture in which to keep their belongings instead of using a barracks' bag. One of the men told me that he was very anxious to make his room look attractive, and begged me to tack some nice pictures on his wall. He had saved a few illustrations from magazines, and I found some colored newspaper supplements to add to the collection. I described the pictures in detail, and then decorated the room with them. And some people think that a blind man doesn't get any pleasure from pictures! Just the other day one of the blind lieutenants said that he very much wanted a

good copy of Raphael's "Granduca" Madonna.

Many of the blind men are getting engaged and married. In some cases they have never seen the girls. Here is a question for debate: Is a blind man in a stronger position than the sighted man to judge the true worth of a girl? Are not sighted people sometimes too much influenced by outward and unimportant details of the appearance?

Our dining-hall is very large and very much crowded every day with the blind men, all the teachers and workers. A few blind men sit with a few sighted people at little tables for six. When necessary we help the blind men with their food, but they do not need much assistance. Instead of using napkin-rings, each man has a clothes-pin which is marked with a Braille number, consisting of tiny tacks which he can feel. This clothes-pin is then snapped onto the napkin and each man knows that he can identify his own.

On the whole the men keep cheerful—outwardly, at least. Some of them have told me that they are gradually growing accustomed to blindness, and that they feel much more contented than when I first met them in France. One of my friends said: "I don't mind being blind as much as I used to. Sometimes I have a good cry, and then I am all right again." A little while later he said: "There is something which keeps saying to me all the time, 'You are blind, you are blind.' " Although the men make the best of things and try to be philosophical, one hears these remarks which prove that blindness cannot be forgotten. It is ever-present.

That is why I am happy in my work. It gives me the opportunity to be of service to these young men who look forward to years of blackness. Every day seems spent to some good purpose, and brings true joy with it. Much as

I regret missing a whole summer in Woodstock, I feel that this is where I belong, and I would not have things otherwise.

Will you please, dear Gleaner, give my best wishes and remembrances to my friends in Woodstock?

Your faithful reader,

DOROTHY H. RICHARDSON

P. S. A blind sailor from Pomfret has asked me to add that he is on the lookout for a pretty wife. After all, I am inclined to think that the blind are more exacting than the sighted!

Lines from a Conductorette in New York City

Dear Mrs. Gallup:—

Your letter received and I hasten to reply. In regard to writing an article on the life of a conductor I regret I have not the leisure to do so at such short notice, for I'm very busy and when off duty I just relax completely.

However, I'm glad to give you a few facts on the matter and if you wish to use them in The Gleaner you are quite welcome to do so.

Because of so many employees being called to the colors two of the several street railway companies in New York City decided to try the experiment of putting women on as conductors. It was very successful, the Company finding women as a rule were more courteous to the traveling public and more honest than the men. It was also found that accidents on the rear end of the cars decreased 50 per cent. due to caution in loading and unloading passengers. Now that the war has ended, male employees are being given back their old positions, yet such women who wish to continue permanently are being retained. There is work enough for both sexes. Women conductors are also employed on certain car lines in Brooklyn and New Jer-

sey, as well as ticket agents and choppers in the subways and on the elevated railways in New York, although not in such a large proportion as during the war.

Teachers, nurses, masseuses, stenographers and book-keepers as well as those from the common walks of life took up the work of conductor partly because of the outdoor life and complete change as well as the attractive wages. Personally, I had followed nursing for ten years and had become somewhat weary, therefore, I welcomed a change of occupation and came to New York to engage in it until such time as I should desire to return to my profession. As to the nature of the work it is very strenuous, long hours and seven days a week usually. One has to deal with all classes and I know of no better place to observe human nature than from the rear platform of a car. Owing to congested traffic conditions and the fact that New Yorkers for the most part are the most nervous, rushing people in the world, the conductors have to be on the alert every second, particularly during rush hours when people are going to and from work and it requires no small amount of watchfulness to avoid accidents as well as tact to deal with the different dispositions manifested by passengers.

Just a word as to the style of cars and uniforms worn. The cars are Pay-As-You-Enter type, some having entrance and exit doors which are operated by a lever and others which are open in the rear. The uniforms are khaki consisting of cap, coat, short skirt and leggings. If desired, bloomers and puttees may be substituted for the skirt and leggings.

Although I attended Woodstock Academy only two years I remember a good number of the students.

Very sincerely yours,

HATTIE L. DEANS

Impressions of a Soldier

When I promised to write a short account of my experiences overseas I did not realize what a job I was undertaking. A mere outline of the last two years would require far more space than that to which I am entitled, so I shall only give a few of my impressions.

They have been very full, those two years, and immensely worth while. Of course there have been some "hard knocks," but most of us have come back none the worse, and enriched by an experience that can be had in no other way. Some of our best have paid supremely for their convictions, but would they, in their true American hearts, have had it otherwise?

War is a great leveller in some respects, but more than all it is a winnower. We were afraid of it, and what it would show us, a few years ago. America doubted her own integrity. Now after it is over we see ourselves more clearly. We are neither what some of us feared, nor what the most of us liked to believe. It is true the nation did not come through one hundred per cent American, but a few evaders are inevitable in any crisis. The great majority did their duty unselfishly.

But we are not what many of us liked to believe. Our achievements and our sacrifices fade pitifully beside those of our Allies, especially France and Belgium. Suppose the war with immediate invasion by the best drilled and equipped army the world has ever seen had burst upon us as it did upon the French and the Belgians in 1914, when the "Poilus" with empty cartridge-belts went out with their bayonets to face the German machine guns. Very few of the British "Contemptibles" lived to see the triumph of the cause they fought for.

It has been said by some that America turned the tide of victory, but I believe that we merely shortened the war. Democracy had to win eventually. And after all, he who turns the tide does it by being the last one in. In a clear cut case of right and wrong, we need not be proud of our tardiness.

I have come back with a new conception of patriotism. I have no use for the eagle-screaming type of orator, nor for any one else whose patriotism is confined to talking about the glory of our country. I do not need to be told about it, for I know that I would rather be an American than anything else.

We are beginning to see that it is what we do for America that counts. The old American histories are out of date. The patriotism they taught inspired more boasting than work. They make a school-boy believe that one American can whip a dozen Englishmen, all because the Colonial Army defeated the German soldiers hired by a German king who then happened to be ruler of England.

We must fill the years ahead of us with real work. May we find the strength and the courage to do it.

EDMUND G. E. ANDERSON

The General's Prayer

The whole wide world lay shrouded deep
 In blackest night as yet e'er known,
 Clouds veiled the sky with darkness drear,
 And through the gloom no bright ray shone;
 While anxious faces, blanched and white,
 In horror gazed on brute-wrought wrong,
 And voices rose from bleeding hearts,
 Moaning, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

But daily in the little church
 Beside the chancel rail there knelt
 A general whose deep-lined brow
 Bore witness to the anguish felt
 By the great heart that bore the load
 Of care and sorrow, undismayed;
 Here from the throng withdrawn a
 while,
 In simple faith the leader prayed.

Not for his own renown and fame,
 Not for the conqueror's lands and
 gold,
 Not for the plaudits of the world,
 Not for revenge for crimes untold;
 But to redeem his land from shame,
 For wisdom, mercy, he implored;
 Then strengthened for the fray, went
 forth,
 Serene, unmoved, while warclouds
 lowered.

And when the tide of battle turned,
 And murderous cowards fled in fear
 Before the armies of the right
 Once more the altar he drew near,
 And day by day his thanks arose
 For power on him by Heaven be-
 stowed
 To check the craven hordes of wrong
 And lift from France her crushing
 load.

Field Marshal Foch! While stands the
 world,
 On Freedom's honor roll of fame
 In blazoned letters burnished bright
 The hosts to come shall read your
 name,
 The soldier of humanity
 Who in dark hours the wine press
 trod,
 Who led the way to light and peace,
 Nor yet forsook his faith in God.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON

Class of 1905

Teaching as a Vocation

Dear Friends of the Gleaner:—

As I read the request for a short letter on the above subject, a conversation between our superintendent and myself, came to me. We had been talking about the difficulties and various problems of teaching. As he turned to leave, I said, "But were I to begin again, I would choose this same work." And he quickly replied, "So would I."

There is great need of good teachers. The agencies are calling for them, and superintendents are continually seeking them, and placing them in acceptable positions. The past few years have been discouraging as regards salary, but the teaching profession is being recognized as never before, and the time of poorly paid teachers is passing.

There are, of course, other openings to be considered, more lucrative, more exciting to the restless disposition, and less confining. There are vocations that reach the maximum salary sooner, and the young girl graduate, impatient to be earning her living, soon finds herself commanding a good salary. But for one who loves children, teaching is very interesting, very human, and very gratifying. Next to the mother, and often more than the mother, the loving teacher can reach the heart of the child, and when you have done that, the rest follows without effort.

It may seem to the inexperienced teacher that little is accomplished day after day. There are so many ways to turn and so many questions to be answered. The weeks and months slip by. Then the years can be counted, for it is the same story over and over again, and yet it is not ever just the same, and that is one interesting side of the work.

But when, after ten, fifteen, or twenty years, a tall fellow meets you, and heartily shakes your hand, eagerly scanning your face, meanwhile, to see if you recognize him, and tells you how well he remembers the year in your room, and how he wishes that he had done better, adding—"I don't see how you could have been so patient with us." You know that each day of faithful, whole-souled work counted. Such appreciation is a teacher's highest reward.

Teaching calls for much self-denial in many directions. One must be willing to begin with a small salary. The evening party must often be set aside if one would go into the school-room fresh and happy. We should give our best to our children. That is what we demand of them.

Take a good vacation every year, if possible. It will refresh you in body and spirit, and give you new courage to begin all over again. A Saturday free from care is a surprisingly good tonic for tired nerves.

This work deals with the highest beings God has created. If you can choose it honestly, and take it up prayerfully, you need not hesitate to follow teaching as your vocation.

Hearty greetings to you all.

ALICE L. HOSMER

Sudbury, Mass.

In Brest and Calais

While doing guard duty on board ship on the morning of May 23, I saw several sail boats to our port side. After 14 tiresome days at sea we were at last within a short distance of land. At 8 o'clock I could see some green hills and a city. By 11 o'clock our ship was safely anchored in the harbor of Brest. Small boats sailed around us and airplanes hovered over our ships.

Men were calling to each other in a strange language. All that day I remained on the upper deck and watched the busy harbor scenes. How little I knew that in seven months I should leave this same place on a hospital ship.

The next morning we disembarked. Groups of German prisoners working under French guards gazed at us indifferently. Hungry French children ran along beside us, begging for food and souvenirs from "Les Americains". I was surprised to find that I could talk with them in a limited way. We marched on up a hill and through the streets of Brest. The stone houses seemed as old as the hills on which they stood. There were no automobiles in the narrow cobble-stoned streets. There were a few carts and one little street car painfully rattled past. No young men were to be seen anywhere. It seemed like a deserted town at this hour.

Our camping ground was near an old Napoleonic fort. Here we rested for a week and were comfortable in the warm sunny climate. Our Company went on daily hikes through Brest. We became well acquainted with the principal streets of this quaint city. I was most deeply impressed by the high massive walls which extended for many kilometers around the city. They were often 50 feet high and in some places were 8 or 10 feet thick. Built for protection years ago they appeared to be in excellent condition and will not crumble for hundreds of years. What a tremendous amount of wasted human energy these walls represent! They would be useless for protection now. While in Brest I passed through an extensive factory where they manufacture guns and ammunition which would easily ruin these walls.

On May 29 we took the train for the North. We rode through a beautiful

country, intensively cultivated. We saw some fine wheat fields. On May 31 we arrived in Calais and immediately went to a large English concentration camp outside the city. Here I had clear evidence that there was a war raging in France. The tents and barracks were banked with sand bags. All the high buildings were equipped with anti-aircraft guns in preparation for air raids. That night this place was bombed but no one was hurt. An English soldier told me that attacks were frequent but that casualties were rare. I saw some church towers down town which had been damaged. On Sunday our company marched out to another camp. We were issued gas masks and ammunition. While at this camp the company went through the first gas drill. Our full field equipment now consisted of what we could carry and weighed 70 pounds. I felt as if I was getting ready for a real war!

After leaving Calais, our Division trained with the English at a small village seven miles from Samer. We were in audible distance of the heavy artillery at the front, and German planes whirled and buzzed over our head at night. The Germans did not bother to bomb this small place. They had not discovered that Americans were training in this particular spot.

I was not destined to stay with the British and suffer slow starvation. I was privileged to take a part with a few other Americans in the Second Battle of the Marne in July 1918. But the next few weeks were filled with hardships and dangers and pains that seemed at times almost unendurable.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Some Experiences at Sea During the Recent War

I find that the people back home, due, I suppose to the strict censor-

ship, often have very wrong ideas as to just what our Navy did during the war, and of the duties which were required of its personnel and material.

I was on duty at the Naval Academy when Germany declared her intention of using her submarines in an unrestricted warfare on all shipping, and most of us received orders to be ready to proceed on twenty-four hour's notice for sea duty, according to the mobilization order which had already been published. My orders to the New Jersey were followed almost immediately by the declaration of war and I stepped behind the veil of censorship which did not permit me to tell even my wife where I was or where I was going.

The first six or eight months were months of drudgery. Of course, at first, all was excitement and enthusiasm,—especially our first run from New York to Hampton Roads when it seemed as though every wave hid a submarine and every rain squall was masking the whole German fleet. But the steady grind of training men, and of training officers to train men, combined with the heat of a midsummer in lower Chesapeake Bay, soon began to tell on every one. The weeks wore on, with no relief from the heat, and no relief from the steady stream of men that came to the battleships straight from the farm or city, and were passed on after a short period of "intensive" (save the word!) training, to the armed guard crews, transports, converted yachts, destroyers, subchasers, and all the other thousand and one jobs that had to be filled, and filled quick.

One after another the regular officers were being detached and sent out to newly commissioned ships or other important details, their places being taken by Naval Militia, Reserves from the merchant marine, and youngsters who had been graduated a year ahead

of time from the Naval Academy. On the last trip I made at sea on the New Jersey, I was filling the place of, and trying to do the duty of, three officers. We were getting results, all right, though they were no more apparent on our own ship, where the "rookies" were ever present, than is the speed of the ship apparent to the sweating fireman who shovels coal from the bunker to the furnace.

As I had seen much more service on destroyers than on battleships I had been keenly disappointed at the outbreak of the war, on being sent to one of the old type of battleship, instead of to one of the destroyers, which we all knew would see immediate foreign service. In December, however, I received orders detaching me from the New Jersey, and directing me to proceed the same day for Liverpool, and to duty with the destroyers at Queenstown, Ireland.

I had hoped to spend a last Christmas with my family, but my orders admitted of no delay, and on Christmas Eve, I entered the War Zone, the destroyer escort having joined us the day before. It was a Christmas I shall never forget, for many reasons. The following day while going up the Irish Sea we fired on a submarine (my first) which bobbed up astern, and on the morning of December 27 we docked at Liverpool. The following day we disembarked and left that night for Ireland, crossing during the night on one of the fast Royal Mail steamers, arriving at Queenstown the next afternoon.

I was assigned to the Cushing as a "make-you-learn" skipper—that is, after a few trips at sea to catch onto the local conditions existing in the war zone, the system of allied communications, the various duties required of destroyers, etc.: I would be qualified to the command of a destroyer of my own. Our first duty, (and we went

to sea on New Year's Eve) was to patrol a part of the Irish Sea, and to escort the same Mail steamer that I had crossed on a few nights before. This was one of the meanest and most dangerous duties that we had, for these boats made the crossing at night and at high speed, steering the zig-zag course always, and always without a ray of light showing from the time she left the breakwater at Holyhead, until she got inside the harbor at Kingstown. If you want to ride a bicycle down the middle of a steep country road on a rainy winter's night you will get a little idea of what it was to make this crossing, only beside your own neck, you were responsible for your own ship and crew, as well as that of the other fellow.

In the day time we cruised around on constant lookout for submarines, answered any S. O. S. calls in that vicinity, (which were often numerous) and escorted any merchant ships that passed through. And I may say here, that for constant rain and fog, for constant high winds and heavy seas, and for strong and variable tidal currents, I have yet to hear of any body of water that can touch the Irish Sea and Channel. In addition to this, the sun set at four o'clock in the afternoon, and did not rise till after nine in the morning.

After a week of this duty, we went back to Queenstown, and our next trip was to escort one of the fast liners from Liverpool out to the edge of the War Zone. A submarine made an unsuccessful attack in the Channel, and we had the usual heavy weather with rain and fog.

The next trip we went out (light) with seven other destroyers, and met an inbound convoy of nineteen merchant ships from Sidney, taking them part way up the English Channel where we turned them over to some British destroyers.

At the end of six weeks, I was transferred to the Winslow, but we continued on the same kind of duty until June, when the troop transports began coming in to France so fast that they had to send more destroyers to Brest, and the Winslow was one of those transferred to the new base. We hoped that we had left most of the rain and fog behind but we soon discovered that if there were one place on the globe that could match Queenstown, then that place was Brest.

The duty here was a little different, in that there was little or no independent patrol or hunting work to do, for every destroyer was needed in the heavy escort given to every troop convoy that came in—and they certainly came in fast! In the two months of May and June alone, the Winslow steamed nearly 15,000 miles. These trips lasted from three to seven days and we were given from one to five days in port for rest and repair—very little of either being available at sea. Some of the trips held little of interest, while others were filled with hard work and excitement. We then held the submarine menace by the throat and were gradually choking the life out of it, but there were often times of intense activity in the Bay of Biscay that kept us on the jump; for instance, I recall one Sunday in which we had four successive attacks on one convoy.

It was hard work for the men who drove the boats to the limit, and hard work for the boats that were driven, night and day, week in and week out, through head seas that staggered them with blows which they never would have been called on to take in time of peace, until, loaded down as they were with tons of water forward, and tons of depth charges aft, they recoiled and quivered like human flesh beneath the lash. Men came back to port with broken legs and broken limbs from having lost their footing on the pitch-

ing decks—the boats came back with broken frames, with torn plating and open seams, with thirty feet of bow cut off clean in collision, with sixty feet of stem blown off by depth charges or torpedoes, with bottoms torn out and compartments flooded, with masts whipped out and boats smashed in, but all but two of them came back to these United States, and they have written a page in our history that we can all be mighty proud of.

And so it went until the signing of the Armistice. I happened to be one of three boats convoying the Aquitania into Brest, at a speed of twenty-three knots, and what a relief it was to see the red and green side lights of a west bound steamer that night!—the first lights we had seen at sea for a year and more. However, even lights will never make the sea entirely safe, for when I finally left Brest on Christmas day, a homeward bound passenger on the Northern Pacific, didn't she go and pile up on the beach at Fire Island, so that after having covered some 70,000 miles in the War Zone I found myself ignominiously wrecked within fifty miles of New York City!

I would like to tell more of the experiences we had but I reckon I have already written a great deal more than you will welcome. Reading the Gleaner is one of my annual treats, and I wish you all success in the forthcoming issue.

FRANK W. ROCKWELL

Farm Life in the Yakima Valley Washington

Forty years ago we entered Woodstock Academy, with a feeling which, for lack of a better name, we will term awe, an awe inspired not so much by the extent of the vista of knowledge

opening before us, as by an unacknowledged dread of meeting the teachers and entering a different school. But the days slipped by merging into three years when we took our leave of the Academy. How well we can remember and how we like to look back on those days, yes, even on the Friday "rhetoricals" which, strangely, have become less important with the passing of the years' Through the Gleaner we have been able to keep in touch with the widely separated members of the Academy thus retaining the link between what has come to be the old and the new.

For the past ten years we have been living on a fruit and alfalfa farm situated in the Yakima Valley. The Yakima river, winding its placid way through the valley, which in the place where we live, is about five miles in width, furnishes the water which is so absolutely necessary in this land of clear sky and sunshine.

The Rattlesnake Hills on one side and the Horse Heaven Hills on the other form the sides of the valley. From the summit of the Horse Heaven Hills, whose base lies about a quarter of a mile from our farm, one may have a wonderful view of the valley below. Here and there lies a space of green alfalfa surrounding a house which looks like a diminutive bungalow; close to it is an orchard tract with its dark foliage and clean cut rows. Again a cornfield or a pasture where sheep or cattle or horses browse contentedly attracts the eye.

All this greenness has been brought in to succeed the loneliness of the sage brush desert. The white man with the aid of irrigation has turned the resources of this country to good advantage and driven the Indian and the coyote with its lonely cries away.

Here and there about a mile from the foot of the hills may be seen a small expanse of the sparkling water

of the river, almost hidden between its banks of willows and brush. Looking west up the river one sees a broad expanse of the entire river, mirroring in its water the houses which lie along its banks. Far in the west where the setting sun may touch its snow with an amethyst and golden tint are the peaks, Mt. Adams and Mt. Ranier, the latter towering to a height of fourteen thousand feet.

Turning from the view of the valley and looking over the broad plateau a rolling brown wheat land stretches for hundreds of acres under the burning sky. The solitude is broken only by an occasional farm home and perhaps a well—that oasis in the desert.

The Yakima River is a favorite fishing ground for the Indians who come in the spring and camp for days, catching the "big salmon" as they hurl themselves over the dam. Ten years ago the Indians rode white-faced cayuses, and were trailed by a multitude of cogs. They still have the dogs, but the cayuse is slowly yielding to the white man's car which the Indian can drive as well as the white man. The Indians used to like to come here on this farm and renew old acquaintance by buying a "quarter's worth of hay" and a watermelon.

Our farm is about two miles from the town of Prosser. We are half a mile from an excellent road, part of the State Highway, which runs along the bank of the river, a little distance from the Northern Pacific Railway which passes through the town. We raise fine peaches, pears, apples, and cherries. One man across the river, sold the bulk of his fifty tons of cherries for twelve and one-half cents a pound. We get three cuttings of hay from our alfalfa field during the summer. We have very warm weather here, but the coolness of the nights makes the heat of the day endurable.

Prosser is two hundred miles from Seattle which is the seat of Washington State College. We are about seventy-five miles from Ellensburg which has a good Normal school. Prosser has good schools both as to teachers and buildings. There are six or seven busses, part of them auto, which carry the country children to and from the school.

In spite of the busy life led here, we find time to look across the lapse of years and distance of miles to dear old Woodstock. We wish it prosperity and its people contentment.

MR. AND MRS. H. C. BUXTON
By Edith Buxton

From Coast to Coast and Return

Many things of interest and charm present themselves to the traveller who surrenders himself to the pleasures and monotony of the sunny days and moonlight nights between Chicago and Los Angeles. The seemingly endless prairies of Kansas, a corner of Colorado with its mining towns, Raton tunnel high up in the mountains, the wonderful cliff formations in New Mexico, beautiful in color and outline, the Indian villages with their adobe houses and queer clay ovens suggesting bee-hives.

Now you are in Arizona nearing the Grand Canyon, having left the main line of the Santa Fe at Williams, fifty miles to the south. There is some snow and a growth of good sized fir trees. At nine o'clock you leave the train and walk up a few steps to El Tovar, the fine hotel which the Santa Fe road has built here; still there is nothing unusual in the scenery—nothing to suggest that you are within a stone's throw of one of earth's greatest marvels. You eat a hurried breakfast, wondering all the while if you are going to be disappointed at your first

sight. And then, as you walk down the path from the Inn, on the opposite side from where you entered, you see—and are silent before it! Words are so utterly futile, inadequate, irritating! Such spaces, forms, colorings!

You are powerless to calculate distance; across to the other rim—twelve miles. Looking down, those little white specks you can just see, are revealed through the telescope as little houses set among green gardens. In the afternoon you drive along the rim to Hermit's Rest, a distance of four or five miles. You catch glimpses of the Colorado river hundreds of feet below—a mere ribbon it appears. The western sun brings out the beautiful reds and the blue shadows; the wonderful forms—temples of some Titans—to what else can you liken them? Back to the cheering warmth of the open fires at El Tovar and once more before you take the train again at nine o'clock, a last look at the Canyon in the light of a full February moon—a sight so impressive and awful, you draw back from the edge oppressed with fear and an overpowering sense of your own littleness.

The next morning is a long one; sand plains and cactus, with little else to relieve the monotony. The "Jackie" who is riding on the platform of the observation car with half a dozen other travellers, says he likes it—but he is coming home to California after a year or more in South Carolina. He is a true Californian and did not transfer his loyalty to the East during his months of service there. "O. no I did not like the East very well," he says, "You feel so shut in now here," with a sweep of his arm toward the vast, unbroken stretches of sand, "you don't feel at all cramped." No indeed, nothing shut in or cramped about these endless miles of desert!

Toward the middle of the day a gradual changing from sandy plain,

and cactus to cultivated oases where irrigation has made homes and huge alfalfa fields possible. Now you are winding through the San Bernadino mountain range and suddenly the beauty of southern California is upon you! How well staged is this entrance to the Land of Sunshine! After hours of desert sands—orange and lemon groves aglow with their fruit, olive orchards, grape vineyards and a riot of flowers and vines of every description. So much to delight the eye on every side.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in her "Recollections of a Writer," speaks of "that intoxication of Italian sun in winter which turns our northern heads." Is it not equally true of that sun which greets you as you step off the California Limited at Pasadena? The charm of that city is quite irresistible; its wide clean streets bordered with the graceful pepper trees, the fragrant acacias or not infrequently the tall eucalyptus, which, as a New Englander, you at first dislike and later learn to tolerate and even to admire. It is truly a city of beautiful homes. Orange Grove Avenue has been described as "a street a hundred feet wide and a mile long bordered on each side by palms, palmettos and plutocrats." But there are charming homes in great variety among the more modest bungalows and flowers, roses, vines everywhere. The Sierra Madre mountains to the northeast are always a large part of Pasadena's charm. Of course you ascend Mt. Lowe, a mile high, and experience all sorts of thrills as you swing around the curves in mid air on the most reckless trolley car you ever rode in and are carried up the inclined railway in a tram-car from Rubio canyon, a terrific grade. The view from the top is very beautiful, one can hardly imagine a lovelier picture.

At San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, you first view the Pacific. You take the steamer for Santa Catalina, a most picturesque island, with high, rocky coasts on either side of the beautiful harbor of Avalon. A little way inland are deep canyons, green valleys and a profusion of blossoms and vines rioting over the houses. Through glass bottom boats you see the fascinating marine gardens which border the shores.

From Southern California your route is inland, crossing the Coast Range Mountains, then down into the San Joaquin valley, beautiful to look upon and exceedingly rich and fruitful. Citrus fruits, grapes—acres—miles of them! At a charming home in Exeter you are facing the majestic Sierra Nevada mountains, their snow-clad tops a marked contrast to the beautiful country at their feet brilliant with yellow poppies and flowers of exquisite blue.

From Oakland you have chosen the Western Pacific route through the gold mining region and winding for hours in the Feather River canyon; a day never to be forgotten. You are not captivated by Nevada or Utah though you are interested in the salt plains of the latter and begin to realize the source of some of our wool supply as you pass thousands of sheep on the Nevada plains.

Again you are entering Colorado. Up, up past mining camps and along the sides of mountains till you reach the Tennessee Pass, ten thousand feet above sea level. The Rockies—and always the clear, stimulating air and the bluest of skies. The Royal Gorge, that wonderful slit in the rocks through which the Arkansas river flows. Pueblo, Denver, then the less interesting but remarkable fields of Nebraska and Iowa. Chicago again, and still facing eastward, a day at Niagara. So many delightful memories!

And after all you rejoice to see again the clear, rushing brooks of Connecticut, the stately elms and maples, the graceful ferns along the roadside—even the old stone walls, and you are glad to have reached New England in time to welcome Summer.

AGNES CHILDE PAINE

Treasurer's Report 1919

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand	\$60.93
Sale of Gleaners	63.25
For advertisements	36.25
Interest on bank book	3.43
	<hr/>
	\$163.86

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaner	\$57.50
Mrs. Alice Johnson and Edith S. Briggs editing Gleaner	30.00
Stamps and envelopes	7.25
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	\$94.75
Balance in Treasury	\$69.11
MRS. RUTH W. GALLUP, Treasurer	

Alumni Association Report

President, Mr. E. R. Hall.

Vice-Presidents. Mr. William C. Child, Miss Emma E. Allen, Miss Ethel Upham, Miss Harriet Sampson.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee, Principal of W. A., Miss Rilla Child, Mr. Edmund Anderson; Editor, Miss Helen Perley, (resigned); Editors appointed, Maude E. Healey, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Faculty Items

Prof. George D. Lord still holds the chair of Greek Archaeology in Dart-

mouth College. His daughter, Miss Margery, is now a senior in Smith College. She received the honor of a Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year.

Miss Emily F. Smith has been spending the summer in Woodstock. She teaches in Miss Lucy Allen's school for girls, West Newton, Mass. Her home address is Newton Highlands, Mass.

Miss Emma Allen returns to the High school at Nashua, N. H.

Miss Susan Gordon spent a few weeks in Woodstock in the early summer.

Mrs. F. E. Burnette continues to reside on Grove street, Putnam, Conn.

Miss Margaret Cochran again returns to her school work in Norwell, Mass.

Mr. Kinney resumed his teaching last year at Hitchcock Academy, Brimfield, Mass.

A letter from Mrs. J. W. Pierce, nee Mary Langdon, said she had lived in Washington, Kansas, for thirty-six years but was much interested to read about her old friends in the Gleaner. Her two sons were in the army and her two daughters were married and happy mothers.

Miss Annie Brooks keeps in touch with her friends through the Gleaner. Home duties keep her in Athol, Mass.

Mrs. William Mills, nee Mildred Foye lives in Worcester. After her husband's discharge from the service they spent several weeks in Woodstock.

Mr. E. R. Hall is having a busy summer gardening, tutoring and performing his duties as a trustee of the Academy.

Miss Beulah Johnson and her sister live in Lynn, Mass., now, where Miss Johnson teaches. She wishes to be remembered to all Woodstock friends.

Miss Lucy Dyer Reed made her annual visit at Echo Farm in July. This fall she returns to Watertown, Mass.

Miss Marjorie Pease has been spending her vacation at Camp Beachwood, Ashfield, Mass. She resigned her position in June at Woodstock Academy, where she has taught three years, and in September becomes an instructor of English and French in Gardner, Mass.

Student Personals

Charles D. Alton, M. D. of Hartford, Conn., although a student of the Academy in 1863, he likes to keep in touch with his old friends.

Mr. Charles E. Chandler writes that he is always interested in the Gleaner and looks forward to finding more about his old schoolmates. After forty-seven years' experience in civil engineering he feels he is yet a learner.

Mr. Albert Hosmer has been teaching music this past year at Alma College, Michigan.

Mayor and Mrs. Allie W. Marcy (Mary Clark) of Putnam have recently purchased a new home and Mr. Marcy is enlarging his factory to accommodate his increasing business.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowe (May Randall) have sold their place in South Woodstock and gone to the state of Washington to live.

Dr. and Mrs. James Randall (Louise Wells) continue to live in Johnson City, Tenn.

Hattie Deans is a nurse on a floating hospital for children in New York harbor. She tells of an interesting experience on another page.

Prof. S. P. Butler and family are spending the summer at their home in West Woodstock.

Mrs. Arthur Calkins (Lizzie Perrin) works in the office of the Palmer Mills at Three Rivers, Mass. She has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation with Woodstock friends.

Rev. Fred Sumner is president of Talladega College, Talladega, Alabama. He and Mrs. Sumner hire a cottage at Pond Point near New Haven for their summer vacation.

Mrs. Lizzie Surpluss Christie is making her home with her married daughter in Springfield. Her husband died a few years ago.

Much sympathy is felt for Harold Briggs in the loss of his right eye. He was unable to work for eight weeks but is now back in the electrical department of the Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hosmer and daughter Lois have been guests of Mrs. Louise Grosvenor van der Laan and renewed many of their old acquaintances.

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt is now living in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She is the proud grandmother of David Way Fairfield.

Harry Hicks was a recent caller on Woodstock friends. He continues to work for Uncle Sam in the mail service.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Sumner (Eva Jackson) live in Willimantic, where Mr. Sumner runs a garage. They spend their vacation at Pleasant View, R. I.

Alfred E. Martin of Springfield, Mass., writes that he occasionally drives through Woodstock and thinks about his school-boy days. Another year we hope he will write us a letter of reminiscences.

The engagement of Miss Sara Bowen was announced early in the spring to Dr. Arthur Gage of Lowell, Mass. The marriage is fixed for October and is to be in All Saints Church, Worcester, Mass. Miss Bowen as superintendent of Springfield Hospital, has made a large place for herself and leaves a host of friends who deeply regret her resignation. Her home will be upon a farm near Lowell, Mass., a gift from Dr. Gage to be called Bury Head from

the Bowen ancestral home in England. There she hopes to carry out a pet scheme of general farming while Dr. Gage will continue his practice as a physician in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Jones (Josephine Baker) is now living in Uxbridge, Mass.

Mrs. Harry E. Wyman (Lucy Allen) is living in West Hartford, Conn., and her many friends will be glad to see her this way again.

Prof. B. W. Child the Veteran Health expert is secretary and manager of the Paradise Health school, Alhambra, California.

Willard O. Armes is the proud grandfather of twin boys. one bears his name, the children of Lieut. Roland Armes who has been stationed in Washington since early in the war, having had charge of all the army tractors both in this country and abroad. Since the close of the war he is still connected with the ordnance department.

Lyman, the son of Rev. Herbert Armes, of Slatersville, R. I., has been married within the year and was in the aviation service during the war.

Dr. Robert Paine of Thompson, Connecticut, has been in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps since November 1st. He is now in the United States Hospital, No. 41, on Staten Island, N. Y. He hopes to get his discharge soon.

Adrianna M. Hutchins works in the office of the Slater Mills, Slaterville, R. I. She frequently spends week-ends at her home in Abington, Conn.

Mrs. Dora Linderman Clark has spent two winters in Florida but Woodstock looks good to her in the spring.

Mrs. Everett Colvin, Alma Phillips, is pleasantly situated in Danielson, Conn.

Mrs. David E. Chism, Daisy Amsden, lives at 63 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass. Friends regret to hear that

her son Ellery, aged 17 years, died in France February 10th, 1918. He was the first soldier killed in the 104th regiment.

Miss Nellie Chandler and Mrs. Agnes Wood are enjoying the summer in Woodstock. They are undecided as to their plans for the coming winter.

Mrs. William Gaylord nee Etta Bowen lives in Claremont, Cal. One of her daughters has just graduated with high honors from Pomona College.

Lieut. Col. William F. Flynn was cordially greeted by his friends when he came to present the diplomas to the 1919 W. A. graduates. He is now living on his farm in Westboro, Mass.

We are always pleased to hear from Mrs. Dr. E. E. Gaylord. The readers will be interested to learn that her son William is teacher of English in the High school at Oakland, Cal., and at present is rejoicing in the birth of a little daughter, Edith.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bannister may be found in Webster, Mass., as formerly. Mrs. Bannister and son, Dexter, spent their vacation in East Woodstock.

Mr. Everett E. Barnes is one of Preston City's up-to-date farmers. He was in Woodstock recently hunting for pure-bred sheep.

Mr. Ernest M. Butler is associated with the Gutchess Business College of Bridgeport, Conn.

Since the armistice, Capt. Gardner Richardson has been in charge of feeding the refugees in Northern France. He has recently been detailed for work in Austria with headquarters at Vienna. He is Field Director of feeding the children there. He received decorations from the French Government for American Field Service and was honored by the King of Belgium with the Order of the Crown.

For two years Miss Edith Bemis has been associated with the Worcester

Board of Health and was supervisor of the Clean Milk Station. Since last fall she has given her time wholly to tuberculosis nursing. Her address is 39 William St., Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Safford nee May Blackmar live in South Woodstock where Mr. Safford owns the grocery store. All his friends sympathize with him in the death of his father.

1890

John Boyden lives in Rochester, New York.

Mrs. Robert Paine is back at her home in Thompson after a delightful trip to California. Her son accompanied her.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt continues to live in Quinebaug, Conn.

Mary Goodwin Bliss when heard from last was living in Sussex, New Jersey.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Alfred T. Child has been pursuing a course in chemistry in the summer school at Columbia University. His home continues to be in Stamford, Conn.

Anne Hall Gaylord has been spending the summer as usual at Chautauqua, New York. In the Fall she expects to move to Atlanta, Georgia.

Charles G. Burd writes, "Back at work again in the First Congregational church, Montclair, New Jersey, spending the summer in the Berkshire Hills, Mass."

A. D. Merwin is interested in the fish business in Rye, Florida. He lives in Eden, Florida.

The untimely death of Ed. Boyden comes as a shock to his classmates.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Jessie Bowen Palmer is making the trip East from California in an automobile. It is hoped Jessie will write an account of her trip for next year's Gleaner.

Sara Hale Colvin continues to live in Worcester. Her old friends were glad to greet her in Woodstock for a few days this summer.

Edward L. Child pursues his old occupation of buying and selling goods for the firm of Barnard Sumner & Putnam Co. of Worcester.

A letter written to Estella Tompkins Waterbury some time ago brought no reply. It is to be hoped she has not forgotten her friends in Woodstock.

Edith Hall Dohan was in Woodstock for a few days in June.

Burton T. Fitts has completed twenty years of service for the Gorham Co. of Providence.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is secretary of the Town School committee and is also interested in the work of the Art Shop connected with the Pomfret Neighborhood association.

Everett L. Upham with his family spent the Fourth of July at his old home in Woodstock.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Ruth A. Cahoon frequently journeys from Providence, where she is employed with the Waite Thresher Co., to visit her sister in South Woodstock.

Joseph Shepard during the winter has been doing grading work for the government. This summer he is living at Ocean Beach, New London, Conn., and drives a public service car.

Clarence Weaver has had an extremely busy year in the employ of the "Central of Georgia Railroad," located at Savannah, Ga.

Mary Bowen Keith teaches in Eastford and has attended the summer school at Danbury, Conn.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Louise Grosvenor Van der Laan spent the past winter in Cambridge, Mass.

Ruth Williamson Gallup and Constance Holt are residing as usual on Woodstock Hill.

Joseph and Esther Catlin continue to be prominent citizens of Pittsfield, Mass.

A. Lloyd Cooper is now residing in Alexandria, Va. He goes to Washington, D. C. every day as his business is located there.

Arthur O. Williams is still living at North Scituate, R. I.

Mowry Ross continues in his electrical work at Doylestown, Pa.

Howard M. Frost is now employed in the United State Branch of the Norwegian Globe Insurance Co. of Christiania, Norway with offices at 80 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Ralph H. Sabin is constructing concrete bridges near Pittsburg. His home is at Dravosburg, Pa.

Fred J. Fitts is successful and making good at farming in Ashford, Conn. Poultry is his specialty. His little daughter of eight years old, went from the first grade to the third grade at the Warrenville school in June.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERE"

Emily B. Ross still "carries on" in West Woodstock. We confess a keen desire to see that garden and berry patch which absorb so much of her time and energies.

Edna Frost Tobias, we are glad to note, has regained her health. She

made her annual visit to West Woodstock this summer.

Leslie Harris of New Rochelle has advanced the real estate business to that point of prosperity which yields two vacations a year where one grew before. The first, or "early June variety," took the form of an auto trip with his wife and little girl to Lake George, thence to Woodstock via the Mohawk Trail. The second, or October species, has doubtless similar pleasures in store.

Emma Elizabeth Allen returns to Nashua in September. The High school there opens this fall in a new building, one of the finest in New Hampshire. In July she took a trip to northern Vermont.

Albert H. Williams of South Woodstock keeps three lines of business running, the yarn mill, Milot and Williams store in Putnam, to say nothing of the farm at home, where he and Bessie Barber of '99 with their three children live, in their "little house by the side of the road."

Dr. James Howard Hutchins keeps up his practice in Abington. The chronicler learns with regret from trustworthy witnesses that the tonsorial artist now must perforce exercise his skill on the Doctor's beaming countenance instead of on his cranium, as formerly.

Maria Elizabeth Chandler was at last writing at Glendale, California. She enjoys very much the pleasure of running her new automobile.

Flora Steere Wetherell, among other reasons for pride, has a son who enters Woodstock Academy in the fall. Remember the days when we entered? Verily, Tempus fugit! Here's success to him, and hopes that he'll mean as much to the school as did his mother before him in the good old days when '98 frolicked and studied happily through W. A.

Sidney Upham is assistant cashier in the Foreign Exchange Department of the American Express Co. His address is 23 West Monroe St., Chicago.

He has three children. See "Morning."

Ruby Sanborn and her mother have been spending a few days at Beverly, Mass., on their way to Christmas Cove, Maine, for a vacation.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Olah Withey Whelpley and daughter Dorothy spent last winter with her mother in East Woodstock. In the spring they left for their new home in the "West" where Mr. Whelpley's business is now located. She is now living at 1240 Oak Ave., Evanston, Ill., and writes that Evanston is a beautiful residential city about ten miles out of Chicago. Her home is within ten minutes walk of Lake Michigan where she and Dorothy spend many happy hours on the beach.

May Gifford Jordan may be found at 4 Negus St., Webster, Mass.

Florence Warren Latham is living a very happy life on a farm in Eastford, Conn. Her husband, Lieut. Latham attended Officers' training school at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and received his commission from there. He was discharged from the service December 12, '18 and then came to Eastford to live. Florence says they have about decided to make it their permanent home.

William C. Child is living a happy, useful life at Valleyside. Besides his regular farm duties, he has served as agent for the Woodstock Farmers' Association. The success of this organization may be attributed in a large measure to his efficient management; the past year being its banner year. He has a very attractive family of three daughters and one son. See "morning."

Bessie Barber Williams continues living at the same place in Sprucedale.

Frank Skinner is assistant superintendent of the mills at Fabyan, Conn.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

Dr. John C. Paine is still in Exeter, California, where he has a very large practice.

Irving Frost is in Washington, D. C., working for the Federal Bank of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Morse as usual find a plenty to do on the farm.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee has just completed the tenth year of his pastorate over the Warrenville church and seven years over the Ashford Center Congregational church.

Lafayette Evans at present is at his home in Bridgeport, Conn. It was a great disappointment to him not to get across to do his bit while in the service.

Frederick F. Rockwell is president of the Nurserymen's association. He is an authority on trees and shrubs, also writes many articles for magazines. His address is Haverstraw on the Hudson, New York.

1901

Ethel Spalding Silberberg continues to reside at 29 Hitchcock Road, Worcester, Mass.

For further particulars see "Morning."

Frank F. Davenport lives in Harrisburg, Pa., where he is proprietor of the "Davenport Lunch." He and his family are welcome visitors here each year.

Herbert Slye reports no change

from last year. He is employed in a garage in Stafford Springs, Conn., and with his family resides in that town.

Ewart M. Brunn is going on with "business as usual" with the firm of "Hegemeyer & Brunn," 82 Beaver St., New York. He anticipates a trip to South America this year.

Charles Sabin Spalding spends a large part of each year in Sanford, Florida, raising vegetables. The class of 1901 are glad to hear of his success.

Mary Aldrich Hopkins still lives at her old home in North Woodstock, Conn. She has interested herself the past year in poultry raising.

Olive Paine has been transferred from the Normal school in Rochester, N. Y., to the principalship of one of the large grammar schools of the city. She is always pleased to meet any of her Woodstock friends.

Phoebe Randall Pray is living in Rockville, Conn. See "Morning."

Ernest G. Williamson makes his home with Mr. H. E. Huie, 20 Massachusetts Ave., Springfield, Mass. With his regular work he is carrying on a little business in Life, Health and Accident Insurance.

Herman B. Chandler's address is 24 Allyn St., Holyoke, Mass., but he is at present travelling for the Springfield Branch of the Bigelow and Dowse Co. of Boston.

1902

"NIL SINE LABORE"

Ermond Brunn has left the service, and is at present in business with his brother, Ewart, in New York City.

Jessie Withey has given up her work on the Art Magazine, but continues as the private secretary of Mr. Bailey in Cleveland. She returns to her Woodstock home for a part of her vacation.

James V. Perrin continues in his work at River Du Loup, Canada. He and his family have been visiting his parents in Woodstock this summer.

Harry Child is assistant manager of the Tarvia Department of the Barrett Manufacturing Co.

Jessie Hibbard has not been heard from recently. The last news was that she is continuing her work in Greenfield.

Gertrude Taber Howard reports from Hartford that all her family are well.

Florence Barber Washburn has moved from Winnegance to Auburn, Me. See "Morning."

Lotta Stackpole is still living at Woodstock Center.

Herbert Johnson continues in his position in the post office at Putnam.

Mary Frost Ross is living in Doylestown, Pa., and says that she likes the country there very much. The summers, she spends at her old home in West Woodstock.

Ellen Cox Hibbard is in East Woodstock.

1903

"ALTIOR"

This is Grace Church White's second year in Portland, Me. She and her husband motored through the White Mountains this summer and made a short visit in Woodstock.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood and her husband have moved from Chepachet, R. I., and are again living in East Thompson.

Frank W. Rockwell speaks for himself elsewhere in the Gleaner of some experiences during the war. He is now Lieut. Commander of the U. S. S. Utah which at present is in Boston Harbor. He has been in Woodstock.

Allan W. Upham continues to teach music near Boston. He spends his va-

cations at his home in East Woodstock. sin, James Perrin for a visit this summer.

Nothing new is reported from Alice Steere Farrer in Healy, Kansas.

Clarence R. Hall was sent to Camp Hancock, Ga., from Washington, as first lieutenant. He received his discharge in December and with his partner is again building up their law business in Bridgeport. See "Morning."

Grace Sumner Davis and husband live in the Gary District, Putnam.

Cornelius D. Haskell has received his discharge from the army and is in Wakefield, Nebraska, at present. He was in Woodstock this summer. He is thinking of buying a ranch.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Anna Nelson has been busy the past year as "Farmerette" at her home in Woodstock.

Annie Shippey retains her position at the Travelers' Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Blanche Shippey is living at her home in Woodstock.

Edgar Whitney has been enjoying a long vacation after spending fourteen successful years with the Grosvenordale Co., Grosvenor-Dale Conn.

William Nelson has been principal in the High School at Goffstown, N. H. His engagement to Mary S. Parker has been announced.

Florence Safford Keyes is still located at Milnor, N. D. She spent several weeks at her home this last spring.

Everyone was shocked to hear of the untimely death of Mable and Spencer Child from influenza last winter.

Pearle Alton Gifford enjoys her home at Quinebaug, Conn. She can easily motor over to Woodstock.

Bernice Leavitt expects to teach in Torrington, Conn., this coming year. She returned to Canada with her cou-

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Nellie T Burleson is serving in the ranks of farmerettes and fighting weeds and other enemies of the food supply of the world, on the same old battlefield in Union.

Ethel A. Rawson has continued teaching in Providence where she has found an opportunity as all teachers have, to "do her bit." The trying months of the past year have disclosed the need of preserving loyalty and teaching patriotism in order that the citizens of the near future may be fitted to "carry on."

Frederic Howard with his family is residing in Hartford and is employed with the United States Tire and Rubber Co.

Harry E. Wells spent some time at Camp Raritan after completing his course in mechanics at the University of Maine. Later he went across and was fortunate in as much as his organization was returned shortly after the armistice was signed, making the trip in the transport George Washington. The remainder of the year he has spent in South Woodstock at his home.

Edmund K. Gilbert was sent from Camp Upton to Merritt where he was fitted out for overseas but later was called back to Upton. Since his discharge he has been at his home in New Haven and is again in the employ of Stevens and Fitch, electrical contractors.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean and family are spending the summer at Lake

Seneca as usual. Her husband has been advanced to the position of superintendent of the Glenn Works of the International Salt Co.

Ethel Upham has completed a successful year as one of the assistant teachers at Woodstock Academy. She will return there this fall.

Sarah Harrington Froyd is at Long Island this summer as Major Froyd has been stationed there since his return from France.

Maude Healey returned to Bridgeport where she is teacher of a fourth grade at the Lincoln school. She completed a third course in Columbia Extension work this winter.

For news of Carl Morse see "Morning."

Maude Andrews Washburn and husband motor to Woodstock occasionally. They still live in Dorchester.

Hazel Davenport Lewis and her husband anticipate beginning housekeeping in Hartford, Conn., this fall.

Winifred S. Potter has been teaching in Chelsea, Mass. She expects to return to her school for another year.

Harriet S. Nelson will be in Hartford another year where she will continue her work of private nursing.

Gladys and Robert Whiting are still in Geneva. They spent their vacation at the Lake in Southbridge.

Mildred L. Brown has been teaching in the Bates Grammar school at Fabyan, but is to teach in the English Neighborhood school next year.

Lieut. John B. Healey is back with the State Highway Department again. He is living in Woodstock this summer.

1909

"NITENTES"

Mrs. Albert Marschall and family live in Stamford, Conn., at 43 Clark's Hill Ave. She and infant daughter have been spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Bates in Woodstock.

Marion Smith Watson and her husband are living in Pomfret Center, Conn. Mr. Watson was in the service during a portion of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis K. Miller make their home in Portland, Me. Louis is head of his own garage business in that city.

Lyle W. Turner is working for the government in connection with the Child Labor Tax Law with headquarters at Greenville, S. C. Her work takes her through the cotton mills in the western district of South Carolina and a little territory in Georgia to interview the children and parents to try to determine their actual ages. She writes that the work is very interesting.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Myers Graham lives in Pitcher, N. Y.

Henry Baker preaches in West and South Woodstock, also has a garage where he is kept very busy.

Herbert Shippée is at home.

The class mourns the loss of Edith William Morton, who was a victim of the epidemic which raged last fall and winter.

Mary Nelson is Home Economics demonstrator for the city of New Haven. She is at present convalescing from typhoid fever.

For news of Mabel Eddy Morse see "Morning."

1908

"GEDULD"

Louise Fitts White with her family, expect to remain in Central Falls, R. I., for another year.

Edith Spencer Briggs has been head of the Art Department in the Misses Howe and Marot's School in Thompson, Conn., during the past year. A course of handicraft was introduced with graded lessons in drawing, design, leather work, basketry, toy making, and weaving. This fitted advanced students as aides in Occupational Therapy. See "Noon."

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Mary E. Flynn is stationed at the Norwich plant of the Marlin-Rockwell Corp., being a stenographer in the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army.

Louise Howard Clark has furnished a cozy home at South Woodstock, and will welcome a visit from any of her friends. See "Noon."

Edith H. Eddy resides at 202 High St., Springfield, Mass.

Roxanna Wilbur Slye will be glad to welcome her friends at her home on Grant Ave., Stafford Springs.

Raymond W. Sheldon was released from active service early in the year, and has returned to the Merrimac Chemical Co. of Boston.

Herbert E. Nelson has been discharged from the army after eighteen months' service in France with the 26th Division. For the present he is engaged in farming on the home farm.

Wallace E. Armstrong received his discharge from the U. S. Army July 16th, having spent 10 months overseas. For the coming year to work with the Northwestern Engineering Co. of Rutland, Vt. This will be construction work on a new water development project. Present address Waterville, Vt.

Leonard H. Healey Jr. is still associated with the Simsbury Fruit Farm.

Flora Alton Danielson drives an auto, is very happy, and expects to con-

tinue teaching school the coming year.

Lyman R. Fitts is foreman in the repair department of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Factory, Boston, Mass. For further particulars see "Noon."

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Maude E. Milligan is the "Post Mistress" in North Woodstock.

Esther Johnson returns to Westfield, Conn., where she is principal of a school.

Blanche Perry Bosworth is living near Putnam now.

Esther E. Nelson is to return to her school in Avon, Conn.

Dorothy V. Cox taught in Miss Wheeler's school, Hartford, Conn., the past year and expects to return for the coming year.

Martin A. Nelson is at R. K. Saford's.

Harris S. May is in New London.

James P. Donlon is with the Traveler's Insurance Co., of Hartford.

Max L. Conner, after being discharged from the service, visited Woodstock for a few days then went to New York to accept a position with Dalfour, Williamson & Co. an Old British house of exports and imports.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Olive Whitney is employed in the office of the H. K. H. Silk Co. in Putnam.

The class extends sympathy to Carrie Barrett McGregor in the death of her husband last December. Carrie is now keeping house for her uncle in North Woodstock. For further news see "Morning."

Gladys Sheldon is still with the Observer Co. in Putnam.

Jarda Carlson Linde has been in again in Hartford and continue with Worcester, Mass. She is to live in her music.
Bridgeport, Conn. See "Noon."

Grace Myers is now living at Hough Neck, Mass. Grace is mourning the death of her baby which occurred last spring.

Helen Perley is in Woodstock.

Rilla Child resigned her position in the Farm Hill school in Middletown, Conn., in order that she might be at home. Since November she has taught the Primary school in South Woodstock. The coming year she expects to teach the Woodstock Hill school.

We hear that Sophie Barrett is enjoying her work at the New Haven General Hospital.

Leslie L. Sumner will be at home in Woodstock.

Carl O. Johnson is to take a position in Flint, Michigan, with the Buick Motor Car Co.

Grace Hawkins Healey spent the past year in different southern camps with her husband and is now in Woodstock for the summer.

Arthur Anderson reports that he is busily employed on a large dairy farm near Hartford.

Ruth Bjornberg has been teaching in the Danbury Summer Normal school and will teach the intermediate grades in Westfield near Middletown this coming year.

Susan S. Sumner will continue teaching in Bristol at the Federal Hill school.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Ida Spalding Masters expects to continue her vocal studies during the coming year.

Eleanor Keith Lewis is now living in Eastford, Conn. See "Morning."

William Richardson is in the hospital on account of wounds received in the overseas service. He hopes to be able to return to Yale this fall.

Edmund Anderson will return to Clark College in September.

The class mourns the loss of Eleanor Johnson who died at her home in Woodstock.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Olive A. Johnson is in Woodstock keeping house for her father but her plans for another year are undecided.

Ruth E. Witter is employed in the office of the Intervale Mills at Quinebaug.

Rolfe N. Lyon plans to be principal of a High school in New York state.

Agnes C. White expects to teach

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Clara F. Eddy will teach in the Chandler district in Woodstock this year.

Catharn Perry Goodness expects to make her home in Putnam this year. See "Noon."

Estella G. Frink will complete her course at Wellesley this year.

Harriett G. Sampson will return to Wellesley this fall. She has been taking a course in French and Literature at Columbia College this summer.

Ruth A. Bates will teach the North Woodstock school this year.

Mary E. Chamberlin is making herself very useful at home.

Florence E. Lawson is still employed in Hartford.

Mabel G. Richardson is in the employ of the "Traveler's Insurance Co.," of Hartford.

Gretchen E. Rutishauser graduated from the sanitarium at Clifton Springs,

New York, in June. Her plans for the future are not made as yet.

Mildred L. May expects to be at home this year.

George M. Wilcox has not regained his health since his discharge from the Navy. At present he is carrying on a farm in Pomfret. See "Noon."

1916

"FORWARD"

Marion A. Perkins will return to Mt. Holyoke this coming year as a senior. Her home is at Waltham, Mass.

Bernice Sanger expects to do type-writing for the Worcester County Club at Worcester this next year.

Merrill Keith will be with the Connecticut Mills in Danielson.

Joseph Henriess after being at Camp Devens for six months in his country's service is back at his trade of plumbing in Cambridge, Mass.

Wentworth Johnson is in Detroit, Mich., for the present.

Lyman E. Hibbard will be at home this coming year.

The class very much regretted to hear the sad news of the death of one of its classmates. Ethel Whitney.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen J. White will be at home this year.

Lois Harrington is to return to Wheaton College this fall for her second year's work.

Theodore Perkins attended Northeastern College, Boston, last year and expects to return again in the fall.

Eleanor Williams and Eleanor Lindeman will teach in Woodstock the coming year.

1918

"CARRY ON"

Andrew H. Lowe will be at home on the farm.

Julia M. Johnson taught in English Neighborhood school during the past year but expects to be at home the coming year.

Hazel G. Wood who has taken a short summer course at Danbury has accepted a position to teach primary grades in Westfield, Connecticut.

Otto L. Pike is taking up forestry in Canada.

Marguerite Bosworth expects to remain in her brother's store in East Woodstock.

Ellen H. Swenson has been teaching in the Harrisville school but her plans for the year are undecided.

George Swenson will be in Worcester this winter.

The plans of Carolyn Cox, Agnes Peterson, and Paul Ringdahl are undecided.

Jean C. McClellan will return to Miss Wheeler's school in Providence, where she has been the past year.

Helen Bjornberg will teach in the Center school again this year.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

George Walker White expects to enter Storrs Agricultural College this fall.

Ethel A. Lowe is now planning to train for a nurse during the coming year.

Wallace L. Frink and Hobart Sanger will be at home this year.

Bertha Myers is expecting to teach school.

Merrill L. Healey, Galen W. Pike and Louise Lindeman have not yet made definite plans for next year.

Morning

July 11, 1918, a son, Joseph Pierce, to Mr. and Mrs. George G. Spalding, nee Lottie Howard, Woodstock, Conn.

October 23, 1918, a daughter, Julia Spalding, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Silberberg, nee Ethel Spalding, Worcester, Mass.

November 11, 1918, a daughter, Florence Marguerite, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wyman, nee Carrie Randall, Seattle, Washington.

November 24, 1918, a son, Maro Keith, to Mr. and Mrs. Darwin L. Lewis, nee Eleanor Keith, Eastford, Conn.

December 26, 1918, a daughter, Thelma Grace, to the late John and Mrs. McGregor, nee Carrie Barrett.

January 29, 1919, a daughter, Esther Arnold, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Washburn, nee Florence Barber, Auburn, Maine.

April 12, 1919, a son, Norman Longworth, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Skinner, Fabyan, Conn.

April 13, 1919, a daughter, Alexandra, to the late Clarence and Mrs. Peckham, Cambridge Hospital, Mass.

April 20, 1919, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Myers, nee Grace Myers.

May 4, 1919, a son, Lester Richards, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, nee Hattie Fitts, Putnam, Conn.

May 20, 1919, a daughter, Muriel, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Morse, nee Mabel Eddy, East Woodstock, Conn.

June 12, 1919, a son, Francis Ellsworth, to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sumner.

July 6, 1919, a daughter, Harriet Larned, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

July 7, 1919, a daughter, Norma Elaine, to Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox, nee Mildred Wells Wright, Harrisville, Conn.

July 25, 1919, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marshall, nee Mabel Scranton, Newport, R. I.

August 14, 1919, a daughter, Mary Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.

July 19, 1919, a son, George Randall, to Mr. and Mrs. William Pray, nee Phoebe Randall, East Hartford, Conn.

Noon

February 12, 1918, George H. Miller and Gertrude Hammond Brett, Springfield, Mass.

June 12, 1918, Clarence A. Peckham and Lempi Alexandra Syrenius, Pomfret, Conn.

July 3, 1918, Henry Goodness and Catharn L. Perry, Effington, Pa.

September 19, 1918, George M. Wilcox and Mildred Wells Wright, Harrisville, Conn.

October 15, 1918, Sumner Edward Lyon and Ada Belle Clark, Woodstock, Conn.

November 30, 1918, Windsor F. Clark and Louise F. Howard, Woodstock, Conn.

February 15, 1919, Leonard Holmes Healey and Edna Lewis, Richmond Hill, New York.

June 5, 1919, Henry Joseph Halstead and Johanna M. Lindeman, Oakland, California.

August 9, 1919, Ernest R. Linde and Jarda Isabel Carlson, Woodstock, Conn.

August 11, 1919, Clifford Bowen and Ruth Ethridge, Pomfret, Conn.

August 23, 1919, Lyman R. Fitts and Edith S. Briggs at the Congregational church, Pomfret, Conn.

August 21, 1919, Byron R. Barber and Edith Perry, Danielson, Conn.

Night

September 27, 1918, Ethel Whitney, Putnam, Conn.

September 28, 1918. Clarence A. Peckham, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

October 21, 1918, Mrs. Harmon Morton, Edith Williams, South Woodstock, Conn.

October 27, 1918. Byron W. Carpenter, at a Boston Hospital. (son of John A. Carpenter).

October 30, 1918, Edward S. Boyden, Southbridge, Mass.

November 2, 1918, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer H. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

November 28, 1918, Mrs. Lucy Mathewson, wife of William W. Mathewson, Washington, D. C.

December 12, 1918, John F. McGregor, husband of Carrie Barrett, Caspar, Wyoming.

December 26, 1918, James Gordon, Zanesville, Ohio.

January 3, 1919, Ebenezer Bishop, Brookline, Mass.

January 29, 1919, Miss Abbie L. Caldwell (a former teacher) Attleboro, Mass.

March 16, 1919, Mr. Henry L. Burt, husband of Mary Barrett, Putnam, Conn.

March 23, 1919, Eleanor Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

April, 1919, Mrs. Paine, Hattie Bou-telle, Ludlow, Mass.

April 23, 1919, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Myers, Grace Myers.

April 26, 1919, Arthur D. Chandler, East Orange, New Jersey.

May 19, 1919, Mrs. Olin Chaffee, Mattie Robbins, East Woodstock, Conn.

June 15, 1919, Henry E. Bowen, Plainfield, N. J.

June 30, 1919, William H. Hammond, husband of Alice M. Sharpe, Hampton, Conn.

July 2, 1919, Peter Mayer, husband of Lillian Stevens, Roxbury, Mass.

August 2, 1919, Frank E. Blackmar, Willimantic, Conn.

Edward S. Boyden

Edward S. Boyden was born at Oxford, Mass., in 1875, the second son of the family of three, who came, with their widowed mother to Woodstock to live when Edward was about thirteen years old. From then on, until he was nineteen years of age, and went to college he was a familiar figure in the life of Woodstock Hill. He was a likeable boy, both among the older people, and among the boys and girls of his own age. He was fortunate from the start in having the necessity laid upon him of earning to some extent his own living, and his lessons in self-reliance were early and well learned, whether in the choir on Sunday morning where he "pumped the organ" or whistling about the schoolrooms in the Academy as he swept or cleaned the blackboards. We cannot think of him during these days without a smile, for his good humor and his rather quiet wit were always uppermost then. Later on as he settled down to more serious thoughts in school, we remember him for his good Latin lessons, for the languages were always easily acquired by Edward, both the Latin at this time, and the French later on in college. At the same time, also, along with his great physical development which brought him to a man's full stature of six feet, one inch, came his first athletic successes. He pitched for the Academy team, and put the shot for the famous track team of that year, which was called by the girls "the Suevi," from its resemblance in habits to that Caesar-lesson-tribe of Teutons. Edward's pitching was of the brilliant order; after one or two innings when he would let the other team get its

men on bases, he would seemingly change his mind, and with a series of swift teasing balls would hold down the opposing score, and often bring in a victory for his own team.

As with many another thoughtless boy, the Academy laid its mark upon him, and in after years Edward returned again and again to pay his tribute to the school and the teachers to whom he owed so much.

He went to Amherst with the class of '99, and was there a year and a half, serving as one of the pitchers on the college team during that time, and as half-back on the football team, where he played a telling game.

At the end of that time he felt himself obliged to depend no longer upon his mother, but to make himself financially independent. He sought a position in the American Optical Co. in Southbridge and went to work for them in the spring of 1897. After a short service with this company he found in 1899 employment in the Coe Brass Co. of Torrington. The year 1900 found him back at his former kind of work, that of order clerk in the office of the Geneva Optical Co. of New York State. Here he served acceptably for ten years, when he was persuaded to return to his old company in Southbridge, and remained there until his death at the head of the shipping department.

His life which was cut short at the height of its usefulness at the age of 42, was a quiet and a modest one. In his business relations he was pre-eminently faithful and reliable, making himself more and more indispensable to his company. He was a devoted son, and an affectionate brother. Deprived of children of his own, which he considered his deepest misfortune, his warm-hearted nature attached itself sincerely and loyally to the members of his family, to his closest friends,

and to the wife who was the unfailing hard tender companion of his mature years. He had reached the point in his life where he was about to enjoy some of the results of those faithful and untiring years of work, and it is with deep sorrow that we see him cut off from this realization of his hopes. His friends will forever cherish the memory of the joyous companionship of his boyhood days, and of the reliable steadiness and the affectionate loyalty that marked all the years of his life.

ANNE HALL GAYLORD

Arthur D. Chandler

1854-1919

To write of Arthur Chandler in a conventional way seems futile. To say that he was born in North Woodstock in 1854, prepared for college at the Academy, and graduated from Yale in 1878 gives little clue to his character, for it was not by conventional schooling that he became the manner of man he was. Yet it is hard to say which influences upon a man's life are formative; certainly boyhood days on the farm and the drives from North Woodstock to the Academy, before the family moved to Woodstock Hill played some part in moulding his character. Formative, too, must have been the fact that an accident with a circular saw which befell him in 1873, delayed his entrance to college and took him to Europe for recuperation.

I remember distinctly the first conversation I had with Arthur Chandler. We were talking of poetry and both confessed that to our taste Wordsworth was the poet for youth in Woodstock. It was not the romantic tales of Byron, the music of Tennyson or the sweet lyrics of Keats and Shelley that absorbed his interest, but Words-

worth's poems of nature and their philosophy of the imminence of God in Nature. He loved to quote from "Tintern Abbey:"

"The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, their colors and their forms, were then to me an appetite."

And again:

"And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;

A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought.

And rolls through all things. —

Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege

Through all the years of this our life, to lead

From joy to joy; for she can so inform

The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

Is full of blessings."

A man so reared was sure to escape the pitfall of American materialism. He cared little for making money and less for the tiresome conventionalities of life. His interest in the achievements of science and the development of electricity and radium, his enjoyment of his friendship with Mr. Edison, and with other men of science with whom he came in contact in the course of his work in the publicity department of Harpers', were but the natural result of his boyhood devotion to the outdoor world of Woodstock. And when he came back to Woodstock, he enjoyed most a game of golf, a fishing trip, or better still a drive with an old horse along a country road, his eye catching every changing beauty of the roadside thicket, and his mind passing from a spider's web to Matriluck's plays, and from a floating white cloud to the marvels of electricity. His talk was desultory but never dull the talk of a mind always reaching out to understand the secrets and laws of the natural world which he began to study as a boy.

In the later years of his life, grief laid her heavy hand upon him, but his spirit, fortified by his belief in the goodness of God and his imminence in nature, became only more gentle and kindly, and he turned his entire attention to work with wayward boys. "He listened to the boys; took pains to ascertain their life histories; found out differing lines of appeal to their better natures; softened the rigor of the Sunday restrictions, making the day less dreaded; got them enthusiastically at work, in their playtime for improvements, such as a swimming pool; picked out "trustees" and trusted them, and, best of all, built up a new confidence between those in charge and their wards. It was work requiring great delicacy in handling, keen insight, common sense and human sympathy."

Through his efforts a farm for boys was established at Freehold, New Jersey, where boys who had no home might go, on their release from a house of detention. To this strenuous and exacting work all his energies were devoted until his light went out, a beautiful ending to a beautiful life.

EDITH HALL DOHAN

Spencer and Mabel Child

When, last October, the sad tidings became known that both Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Child had fallen victims of the dread influenza, upon the same day, the double bereavement cast a deep gloom over a large circle of friends.

The two-fold blow was all the more pathetic because of the fact that four little children, ranging in age from six months to six years, were thus—at a single stroke—deprived of both father and mother.

Spencer Holmes Child after finishing his course at the academy took up landscape gardening and for quite a period of time held a position of responsibility upon the beautiful Thayer estate in Lancaster, Mass. After the death of his brother, Chauncey Child, he resigned his position in order that he might share the agricultural interests and help to lighten the cares of his father, Judge Clarence Child. Making his home upon an adjoining farm he devoted himself with characteristic energy to the occupation of his choice. Here, amid the scenes of his childhood, he was exerting a helpful influence, stimulated ever by high principles and an unswerving loyalty to duty, when so suddenly called away.

Mabel Whittaker Child had endeared herself to many hearts as a successful teacher. Her years of child training in the schoolroom had admirably fitted her to become a successful home-

maker. In this sphere dear to her heart, she faithfully and devotedly gave of her best, until the inexplicable summons came which deprived Woodstock of a valued pair, whose ministrations were ever for the uplift of the community. In its life and activities they were an enriching force and their loss has been keenly felt.

E. F. BINGHAM

The First Junior Prom.

On May 16, 1919, the class of 1920 gave a Junior Promenade. It was the first social event of its kind ever given by any Junior class of the Academy, and met with a marked success. In this way the Juniors made their debut by giving a formal reception and dance to the Seniors.

The Juniors began work early in April and on April 19th gave a play, "The Rice Pudding," in Academy Hall, using the proceeds for the expenses of the Prom.

The class sent out about two hundred invitations and nearly all the guests were present.

The hall was made very attractive by a lattice work of green and gold twisted streamers (the class colors) which completely hid both ceiling and lights.

Upon the arrival of the guests the ushers escorted and introduced them to the three patronesses, Mrs. Herbert Bowen, Mrs. Wallace Hall and Mrs. L. H. Healey.

Soon after eight the orchestra began playing the grand march. This was followed by dancing throughout the evening.

During intermission punch was served in the Physics Laboratory which was decorated for the occasion.

The evening was enjoyed by all present, and the Academy's first Junior Prom was considered a great success.

The Juniors here wish to express their appreciation for the untiring efforts of their principal, Mr. Wallace Hall, and also for the generous support of Mrs. Herbert Bowen.

SYLVIA MAY

MYRTLE WARE

Graduation Exercises

The graduation exercises for the class of nineteen hundred nineteen were held in Academy Hall on the afternoon of June twentieth. The stage was effectively decorated for the occasion with a background of laurel, and edged with maidenhair fern and pansies. The class motto, "Plus Haut" was lettered with daisies upon the curtain.

Accompanied by the music of the orchestra the undergraduates entered from either side of the hall, the lines meeting and proceeding up the middle aisle in double file. At a signal the boys and girls faced the center and the Senior Class then entered and marched to its place between the two lines formed by the rest of the school.

The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Henry Baker of South Woodstock, an alumnus of the Academy.

After an orchestral selection the address of the afternoon was given by Isaac N. Mills, Esq., Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, New York.

Judge Mills first told several reasons why he was especially interested in Woodstock and its Academy. He spoke of the opportunities of living at the present time, but cautioned us against being in too much haste to enact new and important legislation, alluding to the two constitutional amendments recently passed, and finally spoke of the importance of religion in our every day life.

At the close of the address Mr. Ely R. Hall moved that Judge Mills be elected an honorary member of the Alumni Association of Woodstock Academy. The motion was carried by a rising vote of the alumni present.

The orchestra having played again, the graduates ascended the stage, and Col. William F. Flynn, U. S. A., after a brief introduction, presented the diplomas.

At the completion of the indoor part of the program the company assembled on the lawn at the southeast corner of the main building. The graduates and students marched around the lawn to their places. The marching was unusually pretty this year, as, with the exception of the graduating class, there was an equal number of boys and girls.

"Fair Woodstock" was first sung by the assembly. Louise Allen Lindeman then recited the ivy essay, after which the members of the class planted their ivy. The singing of "Woodstock Academy" completed the formal exercises.

The alumni gathered under the flag and sang the songs of all classes whose members were present.

Thus came to a close another year of Woodstock Academy's work. Those of us who are best acquainted with the graduation exercises of past and present years find a charm in their simple solemnity, and would not have them altered in any way.

Woodstock skies nearly always smile upon graduation day, and Woodstock sun and rain and winds deal gently with the ivy vines which creep over the old building, living reminders of the lives of many now gone forth to fill their places in the world.

May every June find our well-loved old institution sending forth a new group of alert, bright-eyed, splendid

young men and women to labor for the world!

ETHEL E. UPHAM

Graduation Program

Class of Nineteen Hundred and nineteen, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn., Friday, June 20, 1919. at two-thirty o'clock p. m.

Program

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1. Music | Orchestra |
| 2. Prayer | |
| 3. Music | Orchestra |
| 4. Address | |

ISAAC N. MILLS, Esq.

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, N. Y.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 5. Music | Orchestra |
| 6. Presentation of Diplomas | |
| COL. WILLIAM F. FLYNN, U. S. A. | |
| 7. Music | Orchestra |

Ivy Exercises

Louise A. Lindeman, Ivy Orator
Motto: "Plus Haut"

Graduates

LA T IN COURSE

Louise Allen Lindeman

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Ethel Alice Lowe

Bertha Margaret Myers

Wallace Lyon Frink

Merrill Loren Healey

Galen Whittlesey Pike

Hobart Leland Sheldon Sanger

George Walker White

Academy Sunday

June 15, 1919

Sermon by Rev. James H. Potter, of Putnam, at the Woodstock Congregational church at eleven o'clock, a. m.

Ivy Oration

We are gathered here today to bid farewell to our Alma Mater. As we leave this place which has become so

dear to us, it is our wish to leave some living memento of our love for Woodstock Academy and of our appreciation of what she has been to us. What can better express our deep desire than the ivy which we have just planted?

For a quarter of a century this simple ceremony which means so much to those who perform it has taken place here. Twenty-four different classes have gone forth from this Academy to the world outside and have left this ivy, which we see about us, in token of their love and loyalty to their Alma Mater. Some of these vines have grown steadily year by year; some though young have made a splendid start and bid fair to cover their share of the walls. Others have been blighted and frost bitten but still are struggling on. A few have died and only the date is left. No matter what the circumstance or condition the ivy has done its best; so may we like the ivy ever strive to do our best.

No other class leaving this Academy has spent four such eventful years as ours, the class of nineteen nineteen. We will never forget these years, nor will they ever be forgotten in the history of the world, for during the past four years the world has been through the most terrible and wonderful experience that has ever been known in the history of our nation or any other nation. Our own great United States has been one of the leading countries in a great world conflict and now is one of the great factors in the settlement of it. Not only the nation but every citizen of the nation has had a part in this world-wide struggle; so we at Woodstock Academy have tried to do our bit to help whenever we have had an opportunity.

Our service flag, the gift of the class of nineteen eighteen, will ever be a re-

mander of the service and sacrifice of the time has come for us to say our those former students who so willingly answered the call of their country. May it constantly inspire and encourage us and those who follow us that we may go on with the task which has been so nobly advanced.

But the great task is yet unfinished and we who are starting forth into the world, have before us opportunities which demand the best that is in us.

We can hardly realize that today we leave our Academy life forever, that

farewells. Farewell, teachers, who have helped us and encouraged us to higher ideals throughout our past years. Farewell, classmates and fellow-students. Farewell, Alma Mater, may the changing years bring you prosperity and new power. Last of all farewell, little ivy; may you ever grow upward and onward and be a living emblem of our motto: "Plus Haut."

LOUISE A. LINDEMAN.

Joseph Spalding, M. D.

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