Woodstock Academy Gleaner

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Woodstock Academy

FOUNDED 1801

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See Page 35

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Editorials

Buy a post card before you read this.

A strong active Alumni Association is of vital importance to a school. Its influence is felt in the school organization and reflects strongly in the attitude of the students. Not only does the interest of former graduates foster those traditions and ideals which are the bases of real school spirit, but it proves to the student the permanent value of the school training.

The Academy is fortunate in having such loyal alumni who are seeking opportunities of proving their appreciation for the old school. Consequently at the meeting of the Association last June, when it was suggested that an alumni scholarship fund be created, the idea met with unanimous and enthusiastic approval. During the discussion the following points were advanced in favor of the plan.

It would bring the Alumni into more active association with present Academy affairs.

It would foster high ideals of scholarship and indicate to the students the active interest of the Alumni in the school.

Students would be encouraged to prepare for college.

Some worthy students would be assisted to obtain a college education.

It would be an incentive to greater effort on the part of the school.

After the discussion, the executive committee of the Association was instructed to present the matter to the Alumni by an article in The Gleaner. No doubt you consider the idea excellent, so while the matter is in mind just drop a postal to Mr. George B. Hefler, president of the Association, expressing your opinion of the plan. The postal commits you to nothing but does show your interest in the welfare of the Academy.

Many thanks are due Mrs. Edith Briggs Fitts for the design of the new cover-plate which she made for us this year.

The past year has been a very successful one with the Academy and we are glad that we can welcome back the same teachers for another year.

We wish to thank all who have contributed articles to help make this an interesting number of The Gleaner also all who so promptly sent pay for back numbers of The Gleaner.

A copy of the 1910 Gleaner is desired. Anyone having a copy they would sell, please notify the Secretary, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup, Woodstock, Conn.

Village Tales of the Past

As the students of today wander amid the peaceful and beautiful scenes which form the setting of the Academy building I wonder if they often hark back to the days when the same picturesque outlook was rendered even more picturesque by the presence of the feathered Redman with his bow and arrow; when groups of wigwams might be seen surmounted with little puffs of smoke and brightened with the blankets of moving squaws, while pappoose cradles swaying in the breeze, canoes gliding across the lake, and glowing campfires added life and warmth to the colorful picture! In those days of peril to the early settlers, because of savage traits which at times—as in Deerfield—sought vengeance in frightful massacres, a sense of fear and dread after pervaded our own little hamlet.

When this feeling was particularly intense it was deemed unsafe for the women to remain at home, while the men were at work in the fields. A place of protection for the women and children, during the day, was provided in a fort a mile or two to the westward of the village.

There they stayed in time of Indian uprisings or of special danger until their protectors came for them when the day's work was over.

Upon one such occasion hunger took possession of the occupants of the fort, and the imperative question arose how a sufficient quantity of vegetables to satisfy urgent need could be procured, in view of the fact that the vegetables grew in an exposed place, where some prowling enemy might, at any moment, cut off the return of the doer of this dangerous errand from her haven of refuge. One of the heroic women sheltered in that fort of long ago was the wife of Dr. David Holmes who was a brave captain in "the old French war" and, later, a surgeon in the Revolution and carried to his grave a bullet-scar upon his cheek. Possessed of the same courageous spirit as her husband, Mrs. Holmes volunteered to assume the task and bravely made her way through the danger zone to the field of vegetables and, having filled her basket, again safely proceeded through the intervening space where she might have proved an easy target for a lurking enemy, and delivered to her grateful friends the baskets' precious freight.

Years afterward, when an old Indian received, one day, a kindness at the hands of Mrs. Holmes, he confessed to her that two or three times, upon the eventful day described, he had his arrow aimed to lay her low when something within so strongly impelled him to desist that he refrained from acting upon his first impulse—a striking example—it would seem—of the protecting power of a kind Providence.

In the long ago when sickness prostrated some member of a family and outside help was needed, no trained nurse came in response to a telephone call, but the need was met by the presence of the kind heart and willing hands of some good neighbor.

In Whittier's Snow Bound it will be remembered a messenger, the village doctor, made his way through the drifted snows to tell the poet's mother that a poor neighbor would need her help in the sick-room that night. When a similar call of distress came from Dudley, Mass. to Mrs. Holmes and no conveyance could get through because of the drifted condition of the roads,

tradition has it that she consented to walk the intervening distance of several miles—which she did—climbing out of a second story window and holding on to a pole supported upon the shoulders of two men!

The same sweet tribute which Whittier paid his mother, accustomed to kindred errands of kindly ministration, must have been equally applicable to Mrs. Holmes!

"How many a poor man's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
whose curtain never outward swings!"

Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes—the son of these worthy parents—Dr. and Mrs. David Holmes—spent his boyhood upon a farm in South Woodstock. A thrilling incident of his life was graphically described by his distinguished son—Oliver Wendell Holmes—in a letter read at the dedication of the present Academy building.

With his portion of inheritance from his father in a purse or money bag, Abiel Holmes started out for New Haven, on horse-back, at the age of sixteen—to enter Yale College.

After he had proceeded some distance he nervously felt to make sure his precious substance was all right—only to find, to his utter dismay it was missing. In a greatly perturbed state of mind he turned his horse's head about, haunted by the terrifying thought that his hopes and fond air-castles for the future were dashed unless the precious wallet could be recovered. At length as he scanned intently the route over which he had come his gaze was rewarded by an object lying in a rut in the road. Imagine the joy and gratitude of his bounding heart when it proved to be the lost receptacle with contents untouched altho' the purse had evidently been run over and pressed deeply into the gravel by some team whose driver had probably failed to notice the precious package, around which such fond hopes centered!

It was indeed fortunate, not only for Woodstock but for the whole, great world that the Indian's hand was stayed ere the arrow left the bow, and that the keen-eyed student of sixteen recovered his chance not only to become a highly esteemed Doctor of Divinity and the author of a valuable work entitled, "Annals Of America" but also to become even more widely known as the father of the distinguished physician and poet—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Among the older stones in the southern portion of the village church yard—not far from its central driveway—may be found today the graves of Dr. and Mrs. David Holmes.

From a collection of Holmes' poems I call the following tribute to the soldier-ancestor whose resting-place is in our midst:

DR DAVID HOLMES

"On many a field he fought in wilds afar;
See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's scar!
There hangs a murderous tomahawk; beneath,
Without its blade, a knife's embroidered sheath;
Save for the stroke his trusty weapon dealt
His scalp had dangled at their owner's belt;
But not for him such fate; he lived to see
The bloodies strife that made our nation free,
To serve with willing toil, with skilful hand,
The war-worn saviors of the bleeding land,

His wasting life to others' needs he gave,—
Sought rest in home and found it in the grave—
See where the stones life's brief memorials keep,
The tablet telling where "he fell on sleep,"
Watched by a winged cherub's rayless eye,
A scroll above that says we all must die,—
Those saddening lines beneath, the "Night Thought's" lent:
So stands the Soldiers', Surgeon's monument."

By Automobile from California to Connecticut

By Auto from California to Connecticut

Dear Friends and Readers of The Gleaner:—

One year ago today, June 25, accompanied by my husband and twelve-year-old daughter, Carolyn, I left Southern California by automobile, with Boston as our goal. Had we known what sort of roads lay before us, we should have left one-half our baggage at home and have reduced our camping outfit to the barest essentials. But in spite of the fact that our Dodge car was heavily loaded, we truthfully assert that at no time was it necessary to call for other motive power than our own engine, except as we were leaving the city of Indianapolis, when clutch trouble developed, necessitating our being towed about a mile to a garage. Carolyn and I became expert assistants in changing tires, although on no one day did our blow-outs and punctures exceed five. The number of tires used on the trip was eleven. If again equipping a car for such an endurance test, we would save annoyance and expense by putting on cord tires all around at the outset.

Crossing the California and Arizona deserts had seemed to us, in imagination, the portion of the trip most to be dreaded, but by driving until eleven o'clock one night, and setting out at three the following morning, we were able to escape the burning midday heat of the desert, and in spite of the high temperature, to rest in comparative comfort through the day at Needles, traversing the remainder of the desert before noon of the third day from Los Angeles. A rather uninteresting side-trip from Williams, Arizona, took up most of one afternoon, but an evening and the greater part of the next day spent at the Grand Canyon, fully repaid us for the effort. Turn to your 1919 Gleaner and read Mrs. Paine's account of her visit to the Canyon, for I cannot attempt to equal her description. With the resolve to come again when we could remain much longer, we reluctantly broke camp in that portion of the great Tusayan Forest reserved for the use of the numerous automobile parties who camp while studying this "matchless cross-section of Earth's anatomy." It was about eight in the evening when we again reached Williams, where we had left some of our baggage at the garage, and had planned to spend the night at the Harvey House. Finding the hotel full, and no suitable camping spot available, we decided to drive the thirty-four miles to Flagstaff, where we had been told we should find another camp equalling that we had enjoyed at the Canyon,—in fact, a continuation of the same extensive pine forest, the Tusayan.

This pitching of camp in the middle of the night, holds a most interesting element of uncertainty, for one never knows what the light of morning may reveal in the way of landscape or neighbors. Several times we were surprised to find camping near us people whom we had met on other stages of our journey, but did not expect to see again. At other times unexpected animals, horses, cattle and even pigs, have turned out to be our neighbors, but not once was our camp molested in any way and our revolver was used only for an occasional shot at a prairie dog.

Second to the Grand Canyon in importance is that other wonderful treasure of Arizona, her extensive area of petrified forests. The motorist following the Old Trails Route is indeed fortunate, for all about him lie these prostrate giants of the forest some of them seemingly entire trunks of tall trees turned to onyx and agate, and broken up into sections varying in length from a few inches to several feet. In 1906, to end the depredations of vandals, Congress passed "An Act for the preservation of American Antiquities," and this area of25,625 acres embraced in the Petrified Forest of Arizona, was placed under the protection of the Government, as a National Monument, which explains why this vast open treasure house of wonderfully colored stone has not been more extensively exploited commercially. Here, in the silence of the Petrified Forest, we saw the only deer of the entire trip,—a beautiful startled fawn, on our approach, taking sudden flight.

Through Eastern Arizona and New Mexico the innumerable carcasses of cattle scattered along the roadside, dried by the hot sun and clear air, bore sad testimony to the recent severe winter, when the heavy fall of snow took its toll in livestock unable to reach food.

Just after crossing the border between Arizona and New Mexico my husband picked up a little horned toad, which we adopted as a sort of mascot, and he travelled with us as far as Charleston, West Virginia, where a small nephew was delighted to receive him. Carolyn took "Spiney" with her to the hotels and restaurants which we patronized, and he never failed to awaken the interest, and sometimes the fear or disgust of our neighbors.

The Automobile Club of Southern California has rendered an invaluable service to motorists thro its posting of the road all the way from Los Angeles to St. Louis, and its complete set of road maps, giving information as to where lodging, meals and gas can be secured, is most reassuring when one appears to be many miles from human habitation.

Our experience in crossing New Mexico was somewhat unfortunate, for the rainy season was just commencing, and on each of the four days we had to spend in that state, there was a down-pour. Tho the morning might be especially fine, by two in the afternoon, dark clouds were sure to appear, soon followed by a veritable cloud-burst. Fortunately our car had been equipped with a new top just before we started, and it was water-tight. We learned to put up the curtains with all speed, and on two occasions all three of us had to spend the entire night in the machine, which was provided with an auto bed. To Californians, who expect no rain during the summer months, these severe storms were a little disconcerting. The soil of New Mexico is a red clay, which is more skiddy when wet than

anything I have seen elsewhere. Even with chains, it was most difficult to keep on their highly-crowned roads, with a heavy rain descending. But there were many motorists on the road, and some of them continued driving in the rain, so that deep, sinuous ruts were formed by their chain-bearing wheels. On Fourth of July between Santa Fe and Las Vegas we were obliged to build up certain ruts with brush before our car would clear. We enjoyed the New Mexico scenery greatly, and usually during the mornings could make excellent time over the long stretches of level mesa, but Oh those afternoon rains! It was with a concerted shout of joy that we passed the boundary line into Colorado, nearly 9,000 feet up on that thrilling drive over the Raton Pass. A beautiful camping site beside a clear spring of coldest water had to be abandoned in order that we might reach Trinidad to have a leak in our radiator repaired. Twenty-four hours later at Granada, Volorado, we took time to remove the incrustation of red New Mexico mud from our car, and felt that our load was much lightened.

Marion, Kansas, we shall always remember as the place where our California-born daughter saw her first fireflies, and also where the mosquitoes infesting our camp outside the town, made us gladly walk late at night to a drug store to purchase something to drive away those pests of all campers. While on this midnight errand, our curiosity was aroused by the crowing of countless roosters and the cackling of a whole army of hens in a large brightly-lighted building we passed. Wondering if progressive Kansas were trying to increase the egg supply by turning night into day, we made inquiry next day, and found it was only a plant for shipping poultry, working overtime on rush orders.

At our first stop east of St. Louis, we had just spread our folding camp table, and were ready to enjoy our first corn from the cob when it commenced to sprinkle, and another night of thunder, lightning and heavy rain was spent under the sheltering roof of our auto. Next morning the Illinois roads looked most uninviting but we had to take to the trail, in spite of mud and ruts, a Tennessee car, in which a large baby-cab occupied the tonneau, leading the way. We were always on the lookout for cars bearing license plates indicating them to be a long way from home, and our own, as we went further East was provocative of considerable comment, and wherever we stopped we were besieged with questions about California. In the course of the journey we saw license plates from nearly every state in the Union, so widespread has become the custom of making long tours. Throughout the West, communities have been most considerate in providing comfortably equipped camping sites for the convenience of motorists. Tho camp-stoves and firewood were often provided, we were not dependent upon them, but carried our own small folding gasoline stove for camp-cookery. Usually after a night's camp we cooked our own breakfast, but sometimes preferred to drive for an hour or two in the early morning, stopping en route to breakfast in town. But only once was it vouchsafed us to drive in three states of the union before our morning repast. This happened when we were of the union before our morning repast. This happened when we were ferried from Ohio across the river into a corner of Kentucky, then

drove a few miles on to our breakfast at Huntington, West Virginia.

The enjoyment of our whole trip was somewhat lessened by the fact that our time was so limited that we had to hurry on when often we should have liked to tarry. There were of course other occasions when we were forced to tarry against our wills. At Kansas City we were delayed for repairs three days, and at Indianapolis thirty-six hours. At such times our auto trunk had to be unpacked so that we might be presentable for hotel life after gypsying. Ten days spent visiting West Virginia relatives, removed a little of the brown from our skins. and renewed our zest for motoring, so that we started with good courage July 28th to take the rough ride over the mountains from Charlestown to White Sulphur Springs. A relative who had recently made the trip, kindly wrote out a detailed itinerary for our use. Just before we approached a portion of the road labelled by him, "Bad in dry weather; impassable in rain," the clouds that had been gathering for some time, let loose another of our fateful deluges, and we were in despair. Deciding to press on, at any hazard, we plunged into the pudding of newly-constructed roadway, and by great good fortune reached brighter skies and more solid earth before twilight fell.

At Clifton Forge, Va., repair work on the car developed, that necessitated sending to Washington for parts, but telephone and parcel post proved most speedy messengers, and outside the hot manufacturing town was a delightfully cool retreat beside a mineral spring, where we set up camp, and spent our nineteenth wedding anniversary drinking mineral water, going berrying, and recuperating generally. Next morning after the repairs had been made, we started out again, and for the first time in nearly three weeks of driving, took a wrong turn which cost us many extra miles of travel over poor roads, but it resulted in our visiting the tombs of Stonewall Jackson and General Lee, and we drove thro the beautifully green valley of the Shenandoah with the late afternoon sun adding to its charm. For the next day or two we reviewed our United States History, and felt that the Civil War meant far more to us after passing through the country where so many of its stirring scenes had been enacted.

One night and day in Washington, to show the little daughter a few of the most interesting sights of our National Capital; short stops in Philadelphia and New York; then the drive along the Hudson, and through the Berkshires to Stockbridge, where a good rest and visit at the Palmer homestead ensued before continuing to Boston and down into Connecticut. Our time was all too brief, but one afternoon at Woodstock was most happily spent in renewing old friendships.

Before leaving Connecticut we had to part company with our faithful Dodge and make our return trip by train, for the remaining days of vacation were too few to indulge in more motoring, had we been so inclined. Traveling by train seemed luxurious in contrast to motor-camping, and the heavily loaded, dusty autos we viewed from the windows awakened in our hearts no envy for their kakhi-clad occupants. We had had enough of touring for the one summer.

Viewed now from a year's perspective, and if able to profit by all the experience gained on our transcontinental motor trip, we should like to try it again. Moreover, we have a large fund of advice, and will donate it to any friends contemplating a motor

trip to California.

With all good wishes for the Gleaner and its readers.

Sincerely yours,

JESSIE BOWEN PALMER '95

The Whispering of the Pines

Deep in the dim, dark forest,
Far from the rush and roar
Of the crowded, bustling city
And the stormwaves on life's shore,
Is a vast and wonderful stillness
Unknown in cathedral shrines,
Unbroken save for the murmur
Of the whispering of the pines.

Lit by no glittering tapers,
Domed by no Gothic spires,
Echoing to no Te Deums
Chanted by vested choirs,
But arched by the blue of heaven
Where the glorious sunlight shines,
Is a hall that faintly echoes
To the whispering of the pines.

And the traveller worn and weary,
Who longeth in vain for rest,
Can turn in his hour of trial
To this shelter calm and blest.
And the aching heart finds comfort
In the peace that about it entwines,
As it lists to the message uttered
In the whispering of the pines.

There in the calm unending
Are freedom from sorrow and pain,
And relief from the weary turmoil
That striveth and seeketh in vain.
Serenity, courage, contentment,
The soul of the forest combines,
And giveth strength for life's journey
In the whispering of the pines.

Oh, weary one who hath tasted
The joys that are offered here,
Ye shall steadfastly bear your burden
Tho the pathway be hard and drear
Ye shall quaff the cup o'erbrimming
With the wildwood's pungent wines
And carry for aye the memory
Of the whispering of the pines.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON '05

A Few Reminiscences 1868-1870

My first experience and acquaintance with Woodstock Academy was though the medium of a game of baseball. In Brooklyn, between the years of 1864 and 1870, a few school boys of twelve to sixteen years of age formed a baseball club, one member of which F. S. Luther by name was destined to become well known in New England in an educational way. He entered Trinity College, Hartford, graduated therefrom, and later became Dr. Flavel S. Luther, the honored president of that institution. He was our best first baseman.

None of us were particularly well blessed with the material, the love of which is said to be the root of all evil, so we could not afford a full baseball uniform, and were obliged to content ourselves with the addition to our every day clothing of a very wide patent leather belt with the legend "Active Jr. B. B. C." painted or stenciled thereon in very conspicuous letters, and thus equipped we did battle for the baseball honors of our old town as heartily and courageously as if we had been the proud possessors of a costly suit from a first class baseball emporium in some large city. Our name, by the way, was copied from the original Active Baseball Club of New York, which, if I remember correctly, was the first champion club of

America. We emulated their example in that respect also, for we were never beaten in a game until alas we met the Woodstock Academy nine at about the end of our career as an organization, and it happened in this way.

Our reputation and prowess it seems had penetrated to the wilds of Woodstock, wherein was situated the famous Woodstock Academy, and one day we were informed by our captain that he had received a challenge from the club of the above named school to play them a match game on some convenient Saturday afternoon. Inasmuch as it was against the rules of the Academy at that time for them to play elsewhere than on their own grounds, we were asked to waive the right of the challenged club to play the game on its home field, and visit them and play it on their grounds. This, after some discussion, we decided to do.

It was quite a journey in those days from Brooklyn to Woodstock, and there being no automobiles, we were obliged to make the trip in such horse drawn vehicles as our various fathers could spare from the farmwork, and the distance of about twelve miles was made at a more or less rapid pace, depending on the speed and ability of the various nags we had been able to commandeer.

Arrived, in due course of time, we met our prospective opponents, and to our surprise and chagrin found that we, a nine of boys the oldest of whom was not over fifteen years, were to be pitted against a club of nearly full grown men averaging from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. We were game, however, and although we knew we had met our Waterloo, played the game through with all the spunk there was in us. In those days it was the privilege of the challenged club to name the umpire, but on account of the long trip and to save his transportation, we concluded to trust that we would find someone in the Academy town to officiate, and who would at least be fair. The only person who could be found qualified for the job was none other than the Academy principal, Mr. Burnette, who finally consented to act, though with protests. Of the game itself I have only a hazy recollection, and can only recall that all close decisions on the part of the umpire seemed to our minds as always giving the home nine the benefit of the doubt. Some of us, of whom the writer was one, felt that the outcome would have been different if we had brought our own umpire. We were amply repaid for our defeat, however, by the excellent supper given us, which was served by Landlord Chandler in the old hotel (Elmwood Hall). We were then given a rousing send-off for home at a little before sunset, and the only defeat of the Active Jr. B. B. C. of Brooklyn had passed into history.

Later on we played a game at the Windham County Fair with a nine from Danielson (then Danielsonville), and won a rosewood bat and the championship of the county, which were never taken from us.

I regret that I cannot recall the name of a single one of the boys who were members of the academy nine that fall, neither can I remember the year, but it must have been the fall of 1868, that being the first year, I think, of Mr. Burnette's principalship.

It was at the fall term of 1870 that I first became a student at the academy, thus becoming eligible to membership in the academy nine, which I soon joined, and had the pleasure of assisting at the walloping of a picked nine from Putnam and thus gaining a certain satisfaction for my

previous defeat.

Among the friends and acquaintances who were attendants at the Academy that fall were Harry Morse, later of minstrel fame, Ed and Arthur Chandler, Ned Childs, Louis Cleveland, Will Franklin, Nat Willliams and Frank Weaver, the four last named from my own home town of Brooklyn. Charles E. Chandler was also one of my schoolmates that fall and he is the only one with whom I have kept in touch through all the years.

E. H. Cook was principal during my attendance there, his wife being one of his assistants. James O. Averill, of Pomfret, was also an assistant during the fall term, and a Mr. Yeomans succeeded him for the spring session, which was my last.

I look back upon my days there as among the most enjoyable of my school life, and many incidents connected therewith frequently come to my mind, some of them of a humorous nature and some not so humorous I well remember when Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth visited Southbridge one day that fall, that Mr. Cook gave us all a holiday to attend it, and chaperoned thirty or forty of us, girls and boys, to the show. We rode in busses or moving vans drawn by horses, and had a most glorious time, arriving home late in the evening tired and dusty, but having enjoyed ourselves to the utmost.

He (Mr. Cook) also gave a lecture in the North Woodstock church on the sin of using tobacco, having given up the use of it himself after becoming convinced of its injurious effects upon his health. His arguments, as I recall some of them, seemed quite convincing to my youthful mind at the time. It had no special effect on the writer's habits, however, as a more convincing fact had taught him to let it alone. Long before I heard his lecture, its attempted use had always brought on a very severe atttack of nausea, and as that condition was not enjoyable, I decided discretion was the better part, and ceased making the attempt.

There were four of us boys who boarded with a couple of middle aged ladies in a house nearly opposite the old church down the common. I cannot recall their names, much to my regret, but we enjoyed their hospitality very much and they certainly did everything in their power to make it pleasant for us. Four young ladies, also students, two of whom came from Putnam I believe, boarded in a house next door to ours. There was an inflexible rule of the Academy that none of the young men students should call on any of the young ladies under any circumstances whatever, but we four concluded that rule was intended to apply to those students only who resided at the hotel. One evening, therefore, it having been intimated to us by our landladies that the aforesaid young ladies would enjoy a little song in their parlor, we all trooped over and spent a very enjoyable hour in their company, believing ourselves fortunate in having discovered a means of once in a while passing pleasantly an otherwise dull evening Imagine our surprise, therefore, the next day after a recitation, at being invited to meet the principal in his private office, and on arriving there being requested to inform him where we spent the evening of the day before. Of course we were at his mercy and had to confess to him. as stated above, that we thought the rule did not apply to those living in private houses. He disabused our minds of that supposition at once, and while advising us that were he so inclined, he could expel us from the aca-

demy, decided he would be lenient, as we evidently did not thoroughly understand this rule, and thus were the pleasant dreams of social evenings rudely shattered. It proved that Mr. Cook and his wife were calling on the neighbors in the other side of the house in which the girls were domiciled, at the same time we were enjoying ourselves in their (the girls') company.

Every second Friday afternon the students assembled in the school hall to listen to declamations and compositions in which we were all obliged to take part alternately, the school being divided into two sections. Of all the young men there, I believe Ed Chandler was considered by the students at least as the best speaker in the academy at that time, and he had such a repertoire of selections at his command that he seldom was obliged to learn a new one. He used to tell us that when he was called upon to speak he hardly ever decided what he would recite until after he had reached the platform and made his bow. On a certain occasion he chose for his declamation the Seventh Plague of Egypt, which was an account of the pleading by the leader of the Israelites to Pharoah, king of the Egyptians, to release his followers before another affliction was visited upon his subjects (the Egyptians). As narrated, his plea was unsuccessful, and Pharoah in his reply is reported as saying to the pleader, "GO, VILEST OF THE LIVING VILE, TO BUILD THE NEVER ENDING PILE." At just this stage in his recitation, Mr. Cook discovered something going on across the room which he wished to investigate in person, and started to cross in front of the speaker, who immediately seeing his chance, directed the full force of the phrase, both with words and expression of countenance, at Mr. Cook's person, whose back was partly turned toward the speaker. The effort was successful, as evidenced by the visible and audible expressions of appreciation from the audience, and Mr. Cook, quick as a flash, turned toward the platform to see what had caused the disturbance, but quick as he was, Chandler was quicker. Both his face and his voice had resumed their normal expression, and the mystery remained a mystery so far as the principal was concerned.

Another speaker the same day convulsed his schoolmates, evidently having been tutored or dared by some mischief loving student, and being of such an age and disposition as not to fear taking the chance, about thirteen years old and easily persuaded. Taking his place upon the platform with great formality, he declared,

" 'Tis sweet to court, but oh, how bitter,
To court a gal, and then not git 'er."

then proceeding to his seat amid the applause of the assembly, and with the admonition of the principal, who joined heartily in the laughter, that he be careful not to fall a victim to such a catastrophe himself. It was currently reported, however, that he too was invited to a private session with the principal and advised that "enough was as good as a feast."

I recall one other incident that may amuse your readers, though I feel that they must be getting tired of this kind of anecdote, so I will not trespass on their time much further. It happened one rainy day late in the term that an itinerant umbrella mender appeared at the hotel and found a few jobs of work at his trade, and while busy with his hands, also his tongue, said to one of his customers,

"I suppose you are attending the cemetery here, are you not?" I leave it to you to imagine the reply, but to the rest of us he did not act like an attendant at that kind of a place.

At one of our lyceum meetings one evening, the editor of our school was reading the various items of interest which he had been fortunate enough to collect, among which was a column of short anecdotes concerning various celebrities of the school and town, which column was headed with the title "Brev-i-ties". Mr. Editor unconsciously passed over it by announcing "Bre-vites", and immediately discovering his mistake and flushing to the roots of his very black hair, he hesitated, then corected it, of course making a bad matter worse but showing that he was not ignorant of the proper pronunciation.

You have probably by this time decided that the writer was impressed only by the most frivolous of the incidents occuring during his course at the academy. Such I can assure you was not the case. My sojourn there undoubtedly marked the beginnng of my life's work, for though I failed in my mark, which was Sheffield Scientific School, on acount of over study and a consequent break down in health, yet what I learned there served as a foundation for what I have done in succeeding years. I have always believed in the old saying that.,

" A little laughter now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

and although these few aneddotea may not and probably will not appeal to your readers with the same amusing quality as they did to me, and as they do even now when I think of them, they all formed a part of our student life and served to make the daily grind a little more interesting and perhaps less tiresome.

ALFRED E. MARTIN

A Unique Fourth

The request that I write something about my European trip for the Gleaner and have it in Woodstock by the latter part of July limits me somewhat as we do not reach Europe until July 12. It is obvious that whatever is written must be written en voyage and mailed as soon as we debark. At the present moment we are between the Azores and Gibraltar, and due to see the coast of Spain tomorow.

By far the most unusual event since we left New York was the celebration of Independence Day. To celebrate an American National holiday on a French liner in mid-Atlantic ocean is not quite the same as celebrating it in Woodstock. As only about 100 of the 1300 people on board the "Canada" are Americans we had anticipated a quiet Fourth. But that was not Captain Marcantetti's idea of hospitality toward his American "guests". When we emerged from our staterooms Sunday morning we were immediately aware of the date (something easily forgotten on shipboard) for our French friends had lavishly decorated the ship with the national colors of England, France, Italy and America, the American flag predominating. Liberty bells of crepe paper were much in evidence. Quite an elaboate program for the day had been planned and we who came from New England had some qualms of conscience about celebrating the occcasion in the manner our Catholic friends were so enthusiastic about, as it was not in keeping with our idea of Sabbath day activities.

In the morning a Catrolic service was held by the second class passengers who had a priest in their midst and we hunted up a Congregational minister and a Baptist deacon in the first class and had a Protestant service at which the minister prayed, the deacon preached and the rest of us sung hymns, including "America".

At luncheon everyone was given a little silk American flag to wear.

In the afternoon the time was given over to a round of sports, such as potato races, pillow fights. etc., ending with a tug-of-war between Europe and America, in which America won,, of course.

The climax came in the evening when the captain gave a dinner where everybody appeared in full dress. The captain made a patriotic speech recounting the history of our independence, etc., and a toast was drunk to America. Mr. Bailey, the leader of our party, gave a toast to France and then all joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise.

After dinner there was a concert, there being several musicians among the passengers . One of them is Senor Gennaro Curci, the brother-in-law of Galli-Curci.

Fireworks and dancing finished the program. Our French friends certainly spared no pains to give us a "Glorious Fourth", one that will not soon pass from our memories. Incidentally it was my first experience with a typically Continental Sunday.

JESSIE WITHEY

"On Old Possessions"

It was the dauby sign "12 books for $1.00" hitched to a rack on the sidewalk that stopped me. Eager for a "find" I stooped over it; Mrs. Hemans, something on agriculture, Will Carleton. Won't do, I thought, and half rose. What was that lean book in rusty black beneath the robust beauties of Henry Kirk White? "Chuzzlewit" (without the Martin) was printed along the slender back. "Illustrations by 'Phiz' " said the title page, and the date "1844." I fumbled about in chronology. 1844: Wasn't that the year Dickens published the book? It seemed likely, but I couldn't be sure. I hurried to the doorway.

Within, the proprietor was sorting old periodicals.

"T h a t 'Martin Chuzzelwit' out there," I asked, "is it a first edition?"

"No, ma'am, it is not," came the answer.

The shop was a dirty little place, clogged with the musty odor which came from the quantity of books that papered the sides and rose in walls at the rear. I peered into the dusky alleys, variously labelled "Classics," 'French," "Poetry." When after half an hour I emerged, the proprietor was out, and a girl in a thin green blouse could not tell me the prices of a chunky little "Trivia" in good leather, and an insignificant Cowper, which, in spite of its faded cover was printed in large type of a nice blackness.

On the whole, I felt a sense of disenchantment. The "Chuzzelwit" hope had proved false, and as for the other books, the majority of them, the favorites of two centuries ago, were now by literary edict discarded. Of those old enough to have the charm of antiquity I had found none.

By the door, shelves upon shelves of jolly reds and greens and yellows announced themselves as modern fiction. Beside these, more somber in coloring, were what I had missed before the essays.

Carlyle? Yes, but in print too fine for careful reading. What I should like to find would be eighteenth century books, their thick leather covers with gilt tooling worn off a trifle at the corners, and best of all, inscribed with the names of former owners; at least enough personal touch to start one's fancy.

Then it was I saw the sort of book for which I was searching, a little group of them, side by each, and tumbled above and behind one another. I seized upon them and spelled out SPECTATOR on the backs. What could be more delightful! The stained pages, the long ss, the quotation marks repeated at the beginning of each line, the word at the bottom of the page the first word of the page to come; every indication of a past time I welcomed. Why these must be very old! I thought as I turned to the title page:

"The Eleventh Edition
LONDON

Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's -Head, over-against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1733."

Eleventh edition, nothing remarkable, of course, I made myself realize, but still how enticing!

"Is the shop-keeper still out?" I inquired.

The green bloused girl jerked her head.

"He went a little ways down street. He'll be back in about an hour or so."

"But I have to go!" I exclaimed. "I don't live in town and must find out about these books immediately."

The green bloused girl tumbled over the fourth volume and obligingly started forth in search of her employer, who, for all I know, might be in a barber shop or a bowling alley.

The rest of the books lay near me. Such treasures! Seven in all! Then suddenly a doubt arose; could I afford them? My pocketbook held a five-dollar bill and some change amounting to another dollar; I would give it all gladly, but would that be enough? In another richer and more carefully tended shop I had seen a 1793 three-volume Dryden's Virgil for twelve dollars. By computation that would make this set twenty-eight dollars. These were not in as good condition I knew, but they had the added value of sixty years. Too expensive, I decided, but oh! how I wanted them!

The girl strolled in.

"How much?"

"A dollar for the seven."

The books that evening lay spread upon my desk while on a scratch pad I wrote and rewrote my signature, trying to achieve something appropriate to the quality, age, and former owners of my new possessions. The spirit of convention was upon me, and I wished to stamp these as mine, that through me the continuity of recorded ownership might not be broken.

Tight in the marginal corner of the title page Joseph Kilourn Jun. had written his name and the date 1781 with a wide-spreading quill pen. There was economy in the smaliness of space he took and the shortness of his letters, even the great J. Joseph, I presume did not give himself to show, nor did he waste pens with too much mending.

A member of the family, Lucinda, probably a daughter, had chosen the fly leaf for her name. On a faint pencilled line she had written the letters with greatest care, especially the extra curls in the capitals. A whole tangle of delicate flourishes, varied a little in each volume inclosed the date, 1816, beneath. The spirit of the age excused her fondness for osten-

tation, and I was quite ready to accept her past possession with good grace.

But how those precious old "Spectators" passed from her hands in 1847 to those of Charles B. Kendall I could only wonder. The rather undistinguished name, characterized in a large firm hand across the middle of the leaf did not attract me. The business-like abbreviation was an incongruity not to be excused. Joseph may have been penurious, but this Charles was arrogant, and one should not be arrogant with a "Spectator" of 1733.

I did not like the way this owner had claimed his books, nor did I approve of the way he disposed of them. I suspected him of actually selling them; for were not gift books likely to have been marked? Had they passed from merchant to merchant until they finally sailed across the Atlantic? Or had the man himself been a Yankee who brought over these books from London and sold them, or perhaps merely left them in his library to be scattered at his death? Such books were worthy to be willed!

And what had they suffered during these two generations, poor things! The covers of volume one which had once been secured by a row of neat stitches, of Lucinda's, let us say, are wrenched apart. I have my suspicions of Chas.

And now wth solemn resolution I lift my fountain pen. I am about to sign the deed of my possession.

HARRIET GORDON SAMPSON '20

Horrible! What a scrawl! Letters catching at each other, stretching on tiptoe, hanging by their heads and dangling their heels! Wretched slipshodness! Indication of the twentieth century when one cannot even write one's name with precision! Mr. Chas. B. Kendall I humbly beg your pardon! The misfortunes of these friends of ours came through no indifference on your part. I would exonerate you to future possessors by inserting a revision of my opinion, but I need not. All the indications of disgrace will not bring blame hereafter to you, but to that heedless irreverent owner of 1920.

HARRIET GORDON SAMPSON

Recollections of Woodstock Academy

The annual arrival of a copy of The Gleaner is always eagerly anticipated by every loyal son and daughter of Woodstock Academy. The Gleaner has served and is continuing to serve as a strong link uniting and blending pleasant memories of the past with the activities of the present and a hopeful outlook for the future.

Principal Cook was accustomed to insist upon the importance of studying the English derivatives of Latin roots. One day the word homunculus occurred in the lesson in Harkness' Latin Grammar. "Ned" Child, now Dr. Edward M. Child of Brooklyn, N. Y., asked Mr. Cook if monkey was derived from munculus.

Mr. Cook replied "That depends whether you accept the doctrine of evolution. But from my own observations of the antics of some of the younger specimens of the genus homo I am thoroughly convinced that Darwin is right in his theory that man descended from the monkey."

"Ned' made his usual reply by saying, "Yes, now that is just what I have always thought."

In the winter and spring of 1871, Mr. Cook's assistant was Mr. Yeoman,

a dapper little man from Bowdoin College. Mr. Yeoman was not very proficient in baseball but this deficiency was partly made up by his talent for telling amusing stories to the boys One of the professors at Bowdoin was addicted to the use of sesquipedalian words. It happened on a certain holiday that the aforesaid professor wante dto go to Bath. So he invited one of the students to accompany him in the capacity of a Jehu. There was an unusual demand for teams that morning and all that the livery man had left in the stable was a decrepit horse and a rickety, ramshackle old buggy. It was simply a case of Hobson's choice and the professor accompanied by his young friend started on his journey. After they had gone a little more than half way to Bath the old nag fell down and broke one of the shafts. Just in the nick of time or to use a strictly up to date expression, "at the psychological moment" a kind hearted farmer came to the rescue, helped the aged steed to his feet, and mended the broken shaft. After the necessary repairs had been completed the professor asked the farmer the following question:

After mature deliberation, do you consider that this mechanical device which you have so skillfully applied with such surprising manual dexterity to this antiquated, superannuated and dilapidated vehicle will continue to render us service until we approach the environs of yonder municipality?

The much puzzled tiller of the soil replied, "I dunno ez I exactly know what you are talking abeout."

The student then served as an interpreter by saying, "The professor wants to know if you think that you have fixed up this darned old wagon so it will hang together till we get down to Bath."

JAMES W. INGALLS.

An Attempted Theft

Editor of The Gleaner:

It is seldom that one in later years will tell much about any of his juvenile fruit stealing scrapes, since events of that nature are not the kind that one need be very proud of, but occasionally a story about such a misdemeanor may be a trifling interesting to the reading public of Woodstock since this event took place something less than a mile from the old Academy.

By the way, it seems perfectly natural for many boys in the country to enjoy "hooking" fruit. Let the average youth in a country village or on a farm have all of it at his home that he cares for, he would much rather go off into some neighboring orchard or a melon patch with other boys and help himself, even if the fruit there is much inferior to that at his own home, and he will sometimes go even at the risk of the consequences.

The writer of this took part in such a scrape, during the time of which things looked "mighty skeery" for a little while, but eventually panned out fairly well, and no thanks to the owners of the fruit either.

It was one of those affairs
In which no fruit was taken,
For the Mrs. saved her pears
And we "just saved our bacon."

Not to excuse our offence, nor to encourage other humans to steal more than they do now—since more than an elegant sufficiency of that kind of business is already carried on—but really, it seems that Nature herself has a regular system of thievery and robbery. For instance, animals, birds, vermin, and about everything, both animate and inanimate, around him are continually stealing more or less from man. Rats, mice,

bi ds and insects his grain; moths, from his clothes; mosquitoes and other blood-thirsty insects, the very life current from his veins. Even the elements are continually stealing from him. Rainstorms and floods washing away his crops, his fences, and his land Winds blowing the soil from off his land, the shingles from his roof, and even the hat (and wig sometimes) from off his head.

And in the human family, nearly if not quite all savage tribes and nations are sets of thieves and robbers. Civilized peoples are continually stealing from each other, either legally or otherwise; and as a novelist would have it, even a young lady has been known to steal a fellow's heart. But enough of this, and now about our event.

In a large house having a long and low ell part lived a middle-aged couple whom we will call Collins; the woman ran the whole machine, she having a big percentage of vim and "fightishness"; but her hubby in size and gumption was just the opposite o fhis buxom spouse. In other words, the weaker vessel in that family was much the stronger.

Now, close by one door of the ell part and hanging well over the roof was a very large pear tree bearing the most delicious early fruit. The house is still standing but the tree has long since disappeared. So one night ourself and two other young scapegraces—all students at the Old Academy—made up our minds to have some of those pears. The others we will call Bill and Joe.

Having waited around during the evening until we supposed the worthy coupled had retired, we sneaked up to the tree, then Joe and ourself climbed up to shake off some of the pears, leaving the other boy, Bill, at the foot to gather the fruit from the ground, and also to keep watch and give us two notice should the Collinses put in an appearance. We knew that somewhere in the house Collins had an old flint-lock musket that might possibly be loaded; but even if it was, we at first, mind you, had no great fear from that source, since we then thought that he hadn't enough grit anyway to fire off the gun, especially at any person.

We two had scarcely got well into the tree before, all of a sudden, out of the house rushed the old lady with a broomstick or a club in her hand—we couldn't well see which weapon it was—and the old man at her heels. Before he could fairly give us warning of their coming, Bill, to save his pelt, dodged around the corner of the house, and left for a safer place.

Then the couple began peering up into the tree to ascertain how many were there, and, if possible, who we were. Soon Mrs. Collins, having got sight of us, sang out, "I see you two up yonder, you good for nothing creeters. Come down this minit so's I kin find out who ye be, or I'll fetch ye down in a hurry."

Instead of obeying her command, we kept perfectly still. Soon she sang out again, "Ef you youngsters don't come down right off I'll help ye to Zeb, you jest go in an' git that gun, and we'll know whether them scamps 'll come down or not."

Away went Zeb into the house after that old flint-lock, and one had better believe that things for us around there began to look dismal.

Greed like o couple of possums up a gumtree, with a highly indignant old lady, strong enough and spunky enough to lick her own weight in wildcats, standing guard at the foot of the tree with a broomstick or a club in her hand, and an old man in

the house after his shot-gun, we can truthfully say that most awfully "creepish" feelings came over us, even to the very roots of our hair, and Joe experienced the same kinds of "pheelinks," so he afterwards said. But as we were bound not to be recognized, if possible, something had to be done, and that mighty suddenly.

So we both, at quite a risk, swung off from the tree to the roof of the ell part, crawled up to the ridge, and waited there for developments.

As soon as old Collins, having the gun, came out where his wife was, we both quickly slipped over the ridge, slid down the roof on the other side, and at the risk of breaking bones dropped to the ground which was not a long distance; then gathering ourselves up, we went as if the "old scratch" was after us across the open lot for a clump of trees beyond, just as the Collinses, having run through the house came blundering out of a doorway near where we struck the ground—the door, mighty lucky for us, it took them quite a little time to unfasten. Then he old lady screamed, "There they go, shoot quick. Zeb Collins, you old fool! Why don't you shoot? Ef you dassent, gimme the gun an' I'll shoot. Quick, quick or they'll git away!"

Just about then, and before we could get to the clumps of trees, click-flash-bang went the old flint-lock and a cahrge of shot went whistling by and rattled among the branches of the trees beyond.

whether he shot off the gun or she did, or whether it was aimed point blank at us, or whether it was aimed only in our direcion to frighten us we never knew, but mind you, none of us ever went stealing pears again around that domicile.

We managed to just save our bacon but got nary a pear.

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON

An Attractive Spot in New York

Year after year the popularity of Watkins Glen and Seneca Lake Region is growing. The country has a charm which is manifest to all who come within its reach. The tourist who lingers to gaze upon the beauties of Seneca or stops long enough to explore one single gorge is impelled to delay the trip he had planned to some distant resort.

Persons who come upon the region almost by accident frequently become regular summer residents. This is shown by the scores of cottages on the lake shores owned by persons residing in distant cities.

Lake Seneca etxends from Watkins on the south to Geneva on the north, is 36 miles long with an average of more than two miles in width. It has been well tsocked with trout and is now one of he best waters for fishing that can be found in the north. Bass and perch also abound.

This lake is remarkable for never freezing over completely. Its depth of 618 feet accounts for this surprising fact.

Watkins Glen needs no introduction to the American traveler. This famous gorge which extends into the hillside for two and one-half miles, opens directly on the Main St. A few years ago the Glen was taken over by the state and made into a state park.

Watkins has the disinction of being he only place where the healing properties of the waters are used on a large scale in the treatment of disease. Long before the white man came to this country the Indians knew

of the value of these springs. Here at the Glen Springs Hotel, Americans in their own counttry can obtain all the medical and natural advantages of the European spas.

The village of Watkins is located over one of the most profitable salt beds in the United States. Thousands of tons of fine table salt used annually are refined from brine pumped from the earth.

ELIZABETH CARR GROSS JEAN

Treasurer's Report 1920

RECEIPTS	
Cash on hand	$69.11
Sale of Gleaners	98.00
For advertisements	31.25
Interest on bank book	2.74
	$201.10

EXPENSES	
Pubishing Geaners	$61.60
Miss Healey and Mrs. Gallup editing Gleaner	30.00
Stamps and envelopes	6.60
	$98.20
Balance in Treasury	$102.90

Alumni Association Report

President, George B. Hefler.

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

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee, Principal of the Academy, Miss Rilla Child, Mr. Edmund Anderson.

Editors of The Gleaner, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup and Miss Maude E. Healey.

Faculty Items

Mr. Hefler, Miss Upham, Miss Ross, and the music teacher, Miss Burns, after a summer of work and recreation return to their school duties at the Academy.

Mrs. F. E. Burnette is living with her son, Arthur, in Manchester, N. H.

Much sympathy is expressed for Miss Annie Brooks in the death of her father this past winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall as usual are enjoying their summer in Woodstock. The past winter they spent visiting their children.

Miss Susan Gordon continues to live in Providence.

Miss Emma Allen returns for another year's work at Nashua, N. H.

Professor and Mrs. George D. Lord's daughter Marjory graduated from Smith College last June.

Miss McDonald spent a few days in Woodstock this summer. She is studying to become a doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mills, nee Mildred Foye, are loyal to Woodstock and return often to see their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney are spending the summer at their "Little Tree Camp," Brimfield, Mass. They pleasantly remember their Woodstock friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hall have purchased a home in Lynn, Mass. Mr. Hall taught in Somerville this past year.

Miss Emily F. Smith is very hapy in her work at Miss Lucy Allen's school for girls, West Newton, Mass.

Miss Aleta Prescott goes back to Middletown, Conn., another year to teach music.

Miss Lucy Dyer Reed with a teacher friend and her mother are in Whitman, Mass., this summer. Her friends sympathize with her in the loss of her

mother. She has made the house ready for tenants this fall after she returns to Watertown, Mass.

Miss Marjorie Pease tauught in Gardner, Mass., and Englewood, N. J. last year. She visited Woodstock on her way home to Amsterdam, N. Y., from Camp Beachwood, Ashfield, Mass. She will accompany friends on a trip to California this fall.

Student Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Chandler are spending the summer at their home in Gloucester, Mass. This year was the forty-fifth reunion of Mr. Chandler's class at Yale where rented a house andd invited his classmates to be his guests. We assume "the boys" had a jolly time talking over past experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Haskell (Nellie Mathewson) and daughter are planing to go to Japan on a Sunday School excursion sometime in September.

In the death af Louis R. Southworth Woodstock has lost a staunch friend for he was always interested in the Church, the Academy, and the welfare of the town. Sympathy is extended to his wife in her bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lyon (Annie Weaver) continue to care for the Woodstock post office. This spring they bought the house where they live and the office building.

Fred E. Sheldon is one of Woodstock's most successful market gardeners, making tomatoes a specialty.

Mrs. Louise Lindeman Child is occupying the Bugbee house and has been busy caring for suummer boarders.

Mr. Alfred Dennis is now living in Foxboro, Mass.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Annie Lyon Gordon is at her home again much improved in health after several weeks spent in the hospital.

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt's husband has accepted a position in Chicago where they expect to move in the fall. Mrs. Burritt is visiting her daughter and expects to come to Woodstock this fal.

Miss Clara and Miss Ada Dennis come to Woodstock frequently to renew old acquaintances.

Mr. C. E. Chandler is one of the prominent citizens of Norwich, Conn., He has just been elected president of the Chelsea Savings bank, with whom 13,000 people have deposited their savings to an amount exceeding ten million dollars.

Miss Mary Flynn spent the winter with a cousin in Kent, Conn. She and Mrs. Bingham are at their home here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Bowen are at their summer home in Woodstock. Mr. Bowen spent a few weeks abroad early in the season.

Mrs. Myrtie Chaffee Jordan and family have enjoyed a few weeks at Weekapaug, R. I. They made the trip in their auto.

Dr. Charles D. Alton wrote he might be able to dig up something while working in his garden to send for the Gleaner this year, but nothing has come so we are afraid he didn't dig deep enough. This spring he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, and his forty-fourth in the employ of the Connecticuut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Mrs. Ethel Phillips Barker and family motored from Philadelphia to South Woodstock. Mrs. Barker and son spent a efw weeks with her sister Miss Gertrude Phillips.

Miss Clara Maynard is secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Worcester, Mass. for the summer. Her plans for the winter are not made yet.

Mrs. Bessie Newton Thomas has the sympathy of all in the great sorrow that has come to her in the death of her husband, also the death of a son.

Elsie Barber is to teach another year in Passaic, N. J. She has visited friends in Woodstock this summer.

Mrs. Flora Redhead Witter and son have gone back to their farm and we wish them success.

Mrs. Agnes C. Wood spent part of the winter in Putnam with Mrs. Lottie H. May, and this spring Mrs. Wood bought a place in Putnam. Mrs. May is making her home with Mrs. Wood and they will be glad to have their friends call to see them at 70 Grove street.

Mrs. E. E Gaylord keeps her interest in Woodstock friends. She writes that her daughter Florence is married and her son William's little Edith is a great comfort to her.

Mrs. Lizzie Surplus Christie visited her old home in Woodstock this summer and called on friends.

Dorothy Richardson is enjoying a rest this summer at her home. She greatly enjoyed her work with the blind soldiers and one of her most treasured possessions is a loving cup presented her by the "blind boys."

Adrianna Hutchins is bookkeeper at the Putnam Inn, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Johanna Lindeman Halstead and husband have spent three months visiting relatives from California to Connecticut.

Leroy Davenport and family are now residing in Harrisburg, Pa., where Mr. Davenport is manager of his brother's restaurant.

Nellie D.. Chandler had a most delightful trip to Texas and California the past winter and visited several places of interest en route. Two weeks were spent visiting Mrs. Lottie Gardner, Emporia, Kansas.

William Crowell and family of New Britain, Conn., called on friends in Woodstock this past summer.

Mr. Amos Sanders was called upon by Mr. Clarence Bowen this past winter and seemed to be in good health, and very cheerful, but not long after that he died.

Herbert C. Leavitt has a position in the laboratory of the Middle West Refining Company, Casper, Wyoming. His son Wallace is superintendent and Kenneth is inspector of the same company. Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Wallace Leavitt spent several weeks this summer back in New England with relatives.

Gardner Richardson will be in Vienna, Austria this next year, as Chief of the Austrian Mission for Child feeding under the American Relief Administration.

As usual Andrew Lincoln Lyon is spending his summer vacation at his cottage Bresh Hut-Oakledge. He has favored us with an article in this number.

Henry Bannister's family spent a few weeks at their place in East Woodstock. Business kept Mr. Bannister in Webster except for week ends.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage, nee Sara A. Bowen, called on friends in Woodstock this past summer. Mrs. Gage is very much interested in the work on her farm. A farmerette, a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College has charge of the dairy.

1890

Nothing has been heard from John Boyden since last year.

Agnes Childe Paine leads an active life at her home in Thompson, Conn.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt finds the care of her home and family keeps her busy most of the time.

We can learn nothing of Mary Goodwin Bliss.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Anne Hall Gaylord lives at 57 Briercliffe Road, Atlanta, Georgia Her son Warner enters Amherst this fall.

We are sorry not to be able to report anything concerning A. D. Merwin and Charles G. Burd this year.

Alfred T. Child goes back to Terre Haute, Indiana this fall as assistant professor in applied chemistry.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

The year 1920 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation from Woodstock Academy. Some of us had hoped that a reunion would be possible; Burton Fitts wrote about it to Alice Sharpe Johnson, and others of the class who met discussed the possibilities of the plan. But the unlucky fact loomed large that Jessie Palmer (see article) was on from the West in 1919 instead of 1920. By the way, thanks to the hospitality of Ruth Gallup. Three members of '95, Sara Colvin, Jessie Palmer and Alice Johnson met at Ruth's one day last summer together with Louise Grosvenor van der Laan, so that three members of our class, at least, have had a reunion. Others of the class also have met. Ned Child and Sara Colvin of course see each other in Worcester, and Edith Hall Dohan who spent five weeks in Woodstock last summer, spent Fourth of July at Valleyside bungalow and saw Ned Child. A larger reunion of the class was deemed impossible when we heard that Sara Colvin had been obliged to undergo an operation and was at a hospital. We all send her our best sympathy. Stella Tompkins Waterbury writes Ruth Gallup that California is grand, and the frequent visits she has with Jessie are much enjoyed. Sometime she hopes she and her family can come to Woodstock and see all her old friends. The Gleaner is much appreciated as it brings news from many she never hears from.

If we cannot all see each other this year, we can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that every member of our class is alive and well (or getting well) and doing our bit in the world. Here's to a reunion in 1925.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Mary Bowen Keith attended Summer Normal School at New Haven and will teach in the East Hill School of Eastford this year where she has taught for two years. Her oldest boy enters Putnam High School this fall.

Sympathy is expressed Clarence Weaver in the death of his mother this past winter.

Ruth A. Cahoone keeps the same position as last year and is much interested in Grange work.

Joseph Sheppard has made extensive improvements to his home in South Woodstock. He is busy with his landscape gardening work.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

A Lloyd Cooper continues to reside

in Alexandria, Va. He has had an exceedingly successful year and has been advanced in his line of business. His son is a junior in the High school.

Louise Grosvenor van der Laan has opened Mashamoquet Inn in Pomfret for the season.

Ralph H. Sabin is located at Dravosburg, Pa., the same as last year. His engineering work takes him over a wide range, almost to the borderline of Ohio.

Constance Holt spent two weeks in Florida last winter.

Arthur O. Williams has sold his farm at North Scituate, R. I., and has moved with his family back to East Providence, R. I.

Ruth Williamson Gallup is at home on Woodstock Hill. Her son has completed his first year at Woodstock Academy.

Fred J. Fitts is making a success at farming extending his lines yearly. He entertained his brother Burton and family over the Fourth.

Mowry Ross employed in the engineering department of the Campbell Soup Co., Camden N. J.

Joe and Esther Catlin have recently moved to Bridgeport, Conn., where Joe is manager of the motor department of the new General Electric Co.'s factory there. They live at 60 Brookview Ave. and hope that any friends travelling that way will look them up.

Howard M. Frost continues in the same business as last year. His family have spent several weeks in West Woodstock this summer and he has enjoyed week-ends with them.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERE"

The class of '98 in addition to the above motto has, with few exceptions, taken another, viz. "As You Were," as the following annals show.

Flora Steere Wetherell remains at home in East Woodstock.

Not even the breezes of the windy city suffice to blow Sydney Upham out of the even tenor of his way at 3872 Lake Park Ave., Chicago.

Maria Elizabeth Chandler shows the effect of her tarry of western ozone, She has done something different. She has changed from one school to another in Glendale, Cal., much more to her liking and nearer home.

Dr. James Howard Hutchins this year has varied the simple life in Abington by working with the state survey testing for tuberculosis in cattle.

Emma Elizabeth Allen returns in September to begin her seventh year in Nashua. Report declares the new High School building there to be quite the finest in the state.

Albert Williams radiates energy from Woodstock into the mill at home, his store in Putnam, and into church and Sunday School work all over town.

Emily B. Ross remains a notable example of the "stick-to-the-farm" doctrine.

Edna Frost Tobias lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., as heretofore with an occasional brief sojourn in West Woodstock in the summer.

Leslie Harris of New Rochelle has experienced the common fate of city dwellers the past year—that of buying a house as the price of living in the city. This summer he took his eleven year old daughter to a girl's camp in Vermont.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Ruby Sanborn has just completed her second year of assisting the Research Biologist of the Poultry Department of Massachusetts Agricultural College, the work being under the

experiment station. She expects to spend her three weeks vacation at Jasckson, N. H., with her mother, sister and husband, (Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Brainard).

Florence Warren Latham lives in Eastford. Her small daughter is growing and developing as all good babies should. "See Morning." All her friends sympathize with her in the loss of her mother.

Frank Skinner is to be found at Fabyan, Conn.

May Gifford Jordan lives in Webster, Mass.

Olah Withey Whelpley has moved to Beloit, Wis. Quite recently she took a trip through Wisconsin and among other places visited Madison, the capitol.

Bessie Barber Williams still lives in Sprucedale, where she is busily engaged in training three children to become intelligent, useful citizens.

William C. Child is one of the prosperous farmers of Woodstock. Valleyside now boasts a new milking machine and also a large Atlas truck.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

Lafayette Evans with his family spent his vacation with his parents in Norwich, Conn. His home is in Bridgeport.

Frederick F. Rockwell is in the same work as last year. His address is New City, N. Y.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee is busy with his church work the same as last year.

We are sorry we can report nothing about Dr. John C. Paine.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse continue to live on the farm.

Irving Frost came back to the Federal Reserve bank in New York the first of April.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDET"

Mary Aldrich Hopkins reports "nothing new." She keeps very busy at housekeeping on the home place.

Ethel Spalding Silberberg has purchased a new home, with the adjoining houselots, at 45 Holland Road. Worcester. For further good news see "Morning."

Phoebe Randall Pray lives on Main St., East Hartford.

Olive Paine is still in Rochester, N. Y., where she is engaged as principal of a grammar school.

Sabin Spalding is living in Woodstock. An additional report appears in "Morning."

Frank Davenport is carrying on a prospering business in Harrisburg, Pa. During the year he has opened a new lunch room.

Ewart Brunn is working with the same firm as last year.

Herbert Slye lives in Stafford Springs, Conn., and is in the same business as last year.

Herman B. Chandler has made no change from last year. He and his family attended graduation in June.

Ernest G. Williamson continues to remain with Mr. Huie. He makes frequent visits to Woodstock.

1902

"NIHIL SINE LABORE"

Jessie Withey has been spending the summer of 1920 in Europe. Elsewhere in the Gleaner she speaks for herself of her experiences. Her return home is expected in September when she will continue her work in Cleveland as private secretary of Mr. Bailey.

Mary Frost Ross is now residing in New Jersey. Her home address is 2967 Puckahoe Road, Camden. She has been spending some time this summer

at her old home in West Woodstock.

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

Florence Barber Washburn reports that she and her family are all well at Auburn, Me.

Gertrude Taber Howard we see occasionally when she brings her small sons to Woodstock for a visit at her old home. She still resides in Hartford, Conn.

Jessie Hibbard is now working as district nurse in Belchertown, Mass.

James V. Perrin continues in the same work in Canada. He and his family motored to Woodstock for a visit at his parent's this summer.

Harry Child is filling the same position for the Barret Manufacturing Co.

Lotta Stackpole and Ellen Cox Hibbard are the only members of the class that report themselves as residents of Woodstock.

Of Ermond Brunn nothing new has been heard since last year when he was in business with his brother in New York.

Rose Lowden Gilbertson has spent a short time in Woodstock the past two summers. Much sympathy is felt for her in the loss of her oldest daughter this past winter.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Grace Sumner Davis is happily located in Putnam, Conn. See Morning.

Allan W. Upham taught music in Boston the past year. He spends his vacation with his parents and also teaches music in his home town during that time.

Helen L. Chandler has a splendid position in the Court House in Los Angeles, Cal. She lives with her parents in Glendale, Cal.

Clarence R. Hall as an attorney at law, is located in the Security Building, Bridgeport, Conn. He is chairman of the Service Division of the local post of The American Legion.

Alice Steere Farrar is living in Healy, Kansas.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood is in the Woodstock telephone division although she is over the line in East Thompson.

Grace Church White does not forget her friends in her school days. She visited them in August as she was around here on a trip by automobile from her home in Portland, Me.

Frank W. Rockwell continues with his work on the U. S. S. Utah.

Cornelius Haskell is Vice President of the Live Stock National Bank in Sioux City, Iowa.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Annie Shippee is with the Traveller's Insurance Company in Hartford doing supervision work.

Blanche Shippee is at home in South Woodstock helping out where she is needed.

Anna Nelson took a position as teacher in the West Middle School, Hartford, last year and will return this fall.

William Nelson was in the High School in Goffstown, N. H., last year. His plans for next year are not definite. See Noon.

Pearle Allton Gifford is a busy housewife and society lady of Quinebaug, Conn.

Florence Safford Keyes is living at Milnar, N. D.

Edgar Whitney is boss farmer for the Grosvenordale Co. See Noon.

Bernice Leavitt taught first grade in Torrington last year and will return this September.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Frederick W. Howard is with the United States Rubber Co. in Hartford. He is assistant foreman in the room where he has been employed the past two years.

Nellie T. Burleson considers that her enlistment in the food army has not yet expired. She is busily fighting weeds, bug pests, and whatever else endangers a thriving vegetable garden, besides engaging in other duties of the farm.

Ethel A. Rawson has been spending the summer in North Woodstock where she comes each year as soon as her school closes in Providence.

Nothing has been heard from Edmund K. Gilbert, but we think he is with Stevens and Fitch, electrical contractors of New Haven.

Harry E. Wells is the only member of the class who may be found in Woodstock most of the year. He keeps himself busy driving his automobile and helping others with theirs.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Ethel Upham returns in September for a third year of teaching at Woodstock Academy.

Carl Morse and family are at home in East Woodstock.

Lottie Howard Spalding is another member who is glad to welcome any of her old schoolmates at her home on Woodstock Hill.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean writes elsewhere in the Geaner of the beautiful lake where she camps in summer and the village where they are to move into a large new home this fall.

Maude Andrews Washburn has been in Woodstock once this summer, coming from her home in Dorchester, Mass.

Maude Healey has spent the summer at her home in North Woodstock. She has a fifth grade at the Lincoln School in Bridgeport.

Florence Welsh Armstrong writes enthusiastically of her new home which is at 3437 Fourth Ave., Sioux City, Iowa. She is spending much of her time this summer at her home in Wayne, Nebraska.

Sarah Herrington Froyd and her husband are also settled in a new home, a bungalow at 1049 St. Paul St., Denver, Colorado. Mr. Froyd's work is with the Midwest Refining Co. Mr. and Mrs. Froyd's short visit in Woodstock last fall was greatly enjoyed by themselves and by all the old friends who had an opportunity to meet them.

Mable Rich has had a very successful winter in Brooklyn, N. Y., and will continue her oratorio and concert work there this year. She is spending the month of August as a guest of musical friends at Merriewold Park, N. Y., where she is also studying and entertaining.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mabel Eddy Morse continues to live in East Woodstock.

Herbert Shippee finds plenty to help him busy on the home farm.

Henry Baker still keeps up his preaching and garage work.

Mary Nelson is dietitian for the Visiting Nurse Association in New Have, Conn.

NIGHT

June 1, 1920, Mrs. Lucy Ames Danielson, Danielson, Conn.

1908

"GEDULD"

Louise Fitts White with her husband and two children will return to

Central Falls where her husband teaches.

Hazel Davenport Lewis plans to be in Hartford the coming year. See Morning.

Winifred Potter has been teaching in Chelsea, Mass. Her plans for next year are incomplete. This summer she has enjoyed driving her new Ford touring car.

John B. Healey has been with the State Highway Department and lived in Woodtsock for the past year. This next year he will be with a Boston contractor, who has given him the supervision of a new road to be built in Coumbia, Conn.

Mildred Brown Townsend lives in North Woodstock. See Noon.

Hattie Nelson is in Hartford in charge of the hospital at the Arrow Electric Co.

Gladys and Robert Whiting have not been able to make their annual pilgrimage this summer. They are experiencing a very hot season in Geneva and think of Woodstock very often.

1909

"NITENTES"

Lyle W. Turner is in the employ of the government with headquarters at Greenville, S. C. All are glad to know that she has fully recovered from her serious illness.

Louis K. Miller is at Portland, Me., where he runs the Palace Garage. He is so confined to business that his visits to Woodstock are necesasrily very short.

Bernice Bates Marshall has her home in Stamford, Conn. She and her two children spent sometime with her parents during the summer. See Morning.

Edith Briggs Fitts has been staying during the greater part of the summer in Pomfret. As always, she is much interested in art, and last spring took a course in "Wood Block Printing" at Wentworth Institute, Boston.

Marion Smith Watson is at her home in Pomfret Center, and is always glad to welcome her old schoomates.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Flora Allton Danielson has accepted a position in Thompson the coming year. She taught in East Woodstock last year.

Mary E. Flynn is still stationed at the Norwich plant of Marlin-Rockwell Corp. being a stenographer in the Salvage Division of the Ordnance Department U. S. A.

Lyman R. Fitts graduated from the Hawley Electrical School in June, and this summer The Mack Motor Co., has sent him to New York for a three months' course to train as Service Manager.

Edith A. Eddy will continue to teach in Stafford the coming year. She has been in Worcester this summer.

Roxanna Wilbur Slye is still living on Grand Ave., Stafford Springs.

Raymond W. Sheldon is working in the purchasing department of the Merrimac Chemical Co., of Boston.

Louisa Howard Clark will be glad to welcome her friends at her home in South Woodstock.

Wallace E. Armstrong is at present empolyed by the Vermont Marble Co. at their Mibblebury plant as Assistant Superintendent.

Leonard H. Healey Jr. is located at Richmond Hill, Long Island, as a manufacturer's agent.

Herbert E. Nelson resides at 9 Clinton St., Hartford, being employed by the retail and wholesale candy and grocers company, of Newton Robertson.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Blanche Perry Bosworth lives in Pomfret now.

Esther E. Nelson expects to teach again this year but has not yet decided upon the place.

Esther Johnson's engagement to Mr. Elmer Baker Dreher of Westfield, Conn., has been announced. She is principal of a school in Westfield where she also teaches the grammar grades.

Dorothy V. Cox returns to Miss Wheeler's school in Hartford, Conn.

Maude E. Milligan is still "Postmistress" in North Woodstock.

Max L. Conner is located with the Balfour, Williamson & Co., in New York where he is manager of the Oriental and South American Produce Department. See Morning.

Martin A. Nelson works at R. K. Safford's grocery store in South Woodstock.

James P. Lonlon continues with the Traveler's Insurance Co. of Hartford.

Harris S. May is employed by the Electric Boat Co. in New London.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Carrie Barrett McGregor is keeping house for her uncle in North Woodstock.

Jarda Carlson Linde is living in Bridgeport, Conn.

Helen Perley is at home in Woodstock.

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

Killa Child is at her home in Woodstock. In addition to her duties there she is actively interested in town and church affairs.

Sophie Barrett has been transferred from the New Haven General Hospital to a hospital in Orange, N. J., where she will finish her course.

Gladys Sheldon, who has been with the Observer Co. in Putnam for several years, will take up housekeeping in Webster, Mass., in December.

Grace Myers and family spent the winter in Florida.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Edmund Anderson graduated from Clark University in June. He has accepted a position as instructor in chemistry in the University of Vermont.

Eleanor Keith Lewis has been attending the New Haven summer school. She expects to teach in Eastford this coming year.

William Richardson was discharged from the Walter Reed hospital in Washington last March. He hopes to enter New York University this fall.

Ida Spalding Masters has been teaching music in the Civic Federation in Worcester, Mass. She planned to take a special course in music at the Boston University this summer but has been suffering from neuritis and will have to postpone her work there until next year.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Carl O. Johnson is in Flint, Michigan, with the Buick Company.

Agnes White Cox expects to keep house in Stafford. See "Noon."

Ruth E. Bjornberg will teach the fifth grade in the Washington school, South Manchester, Conn.

Arthur R. Anderson has been employed on a farm in Newington. His plans for the future are undecided.

Susan S. Sumner returned to Bristol where she will teach the fourth grade in Federal Hill School.

Ruth E. Witter will be in the office of the Quinebaug Mills, where she has been the past year.

Grace Hawkins Healey has been in Woodstock this year. See "Morning."

Rolfe N. Lyon has given up teaching as an unpaying proposition, and has taken over his father's farm in Eastford.

Leslie L. Sumner will be at home, as usual the coming year.

Olive A. Johnson has been working in Worcester, but at present is at home keeping house for her father.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Clara F. Eddy resigned her position in Woodstock to teach the intermediate grades in Staffordville, this year.

Catharn Perry Goodness is making her home in Putnam for the present.

Mary E. Chamberlin is very busy at home this year.

Florence E. Lawson is sitll employed in Hartford.

For news of Mabel Richardson Hill see "Noon." Her address is Mrs. Fred B. Hill, Middletown, Conn.

Gretchen E. Rutishauser will continue her work as a nurse. She has been practicing at the sanitarium in Clifton Springs, N. Y., this past year.

Mildred L. May keeps very busy at home helping with the houswork. Her specialty is canning.

Harriet G. Sampson has completed her course in Wellesley and has accepted a position to teach English this next year in the Bennett School of Liberal and Applied Acts in Millbrook, New York.

Ruth Bates Keith will teach in Killingly this next year. For further particulars see "Noon."

Estella G. Frink has completed her course at Wellesley and is at home for the present.

George M. Wilcox is carrying on his farm in Pomfret.

1916

"FORWARD"

Marion A. Perkins received her A. B. degree from Mount Holyoke College in June. She specialized along the lines of bacteriology and physiology and was offered a position in a bacteriological laboratory in Cleveland but declined to go West. After a month's vacation at home and in New Hampshire she accepted a position in the American Red Cross N. S. Public Health Service Hospital, East Norfolk, Mass.

Merrill R. Keith has been employed at the Quinebaug Mills in Danielson the past year. See "Noon."

Bernice A. Sanger is typist in the Registry of Probate Office in the Court House Block, Worcester, Mass. She held this same position last year.

Lyman E. Hibbard is very busy on his home farm in North Woodstock.

Joseph Henries when heard from last was residing in Cambridge, Mass. His trade is plumbing.

Wentworth A. Johnson is spending the summer at home. Last year he worked for the M. C. R. R. in Detroit, Mich.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen White was appointed a substitute clerk in the Putnam post office during the rush seasons, meanwhile during the rush seaosns, meanwhile staying at home.

Theodore Perkins is learning the machiinst's trade with The Brown Hoisting Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

M. Eleanor Lindeman completed her year of teaching in Woodstock. Her plans for the coming year are undecided.

For news of Eleanor Williams Young see "Noon."

Lois Harrington will be a senior at Wheaton College this fall.

1918

"CARRY ON"

Julia M. Johnson will enter Becker's Business College in Worcester this fall.

Hazel G. Wood returns to Westfield, Conn., where she teaches the primary grades.

Otto Pike hopes to enter Clark College in Worcester this year.

Marguerite Bosworth helps in her brother's store, in East Woodstock.

Andrew H. Lowe drove a rural mail route part of the year. He is at home on the farm this year.

George and Ellen Swenson and Agnes Peterson expect to continue their work in Worcester.

Carolyn Cox will rmain at home for the present.

Helen V. Bjornberg attended Summer School at Yale. She has been transferred from the Center to the Hill School.

Jean C. McClellan completed her two years at Miss Wheeler's School and will enter Smith College in North Hampton this fall.

Paul Ringdahl is at home but expects to go away this fall.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

Louise Lindeman will begin her second year at the Connecticut College for Women in New London this fall.

Wallace Frink makes himself useful on the farm at home. His specialty is chickens.

Hobart Sanger is not sure what he will do this year.

Bertha Myers will teach in the same schooi as last year.

Walker White is to enter Northeastern College in Boston to take the Civil Engineering course.

Ethel Lowe finds it necessary to help at home.

Galen Pike is soon to start for New Mexico.

Merrill Healey took a course in carpentering at the Putnam Trade School last winter. When not working on the farm he finds plenty to do carpentering in the vicinity.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

Harold Johnston hopes to enter Brown University next fall.

Myrtle Ware, Sylvia May and Signe Anderson attended the Summer Normal school at Yale and will teach in town next year. Myrtle takes the Center, Sylvia, North Village, and Signe, the Chandler District school.

Ruth Sheppard enters Willimantic Norma lSchool in September.

Newton Carpenter has no definite plans for the coming year.

Louise Lawton has returned to Detroit. She has not fully made up her mind for next fall but if it is possible she intends to take up some special work at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor along with her music at the School of Music out there.

Olga Erikson is undecided in her plans.

Frank Harrington is planning to enter Northeastern College, Boston.

Mabell Johnston remains at home this year.

Dorothy Bundy will enter the Woman's College in Brown University next September.

Morning

September 12, 1919, a daughter, Lena May, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis Young, South Woodstock, Conn.

September 29, 1919, a son, William Burt, to Mr. and Mrs. Burt Cox, Stafford Springs, Conn.

October 20, 1919, a daugther, Josephine Annette, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Silberberg, nee Ethel Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

November 11, 1919, a son, Sumner Howe, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Davis, nee Grace Sumner, Putnam, Conn.

November 22, 1919, a son, Paul Swan, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sabin Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

December 24, 1919, a daughter, Susan Johns to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. Latham, nee Florence Warren, Eastford, Conn.

December 26, 1919, a son, Frederick Albert, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Marshall, nee Bernice Bates, Stamford, Conn.

January 19, 1920, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Johnson, Putnam, Conn.

February 1920, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cady, Dayville, Conn.

February 15, 1920, a son, Allen Gifford, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slye, South Woodstock, Conn.

March 27, 1920, a son, Robert Carroll, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen, Hartford, Conn.

April 15, 1920, a son, Cyrus Riddick Young, to Mr. and Mrs. Maximillian L. Conner, New York City.

April 16, 1920, a son, Leroy Davenport, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lewis, nee Hazel Davenport, Pomfret, Conn.

May 1, 1920, a daughter, Sarah Caroline, to Mr. and Mrs. John Healey, Woodstock, Conn.

June 30, 1920, a son, Carlton Murray, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Hibbard, West Woodstock, Conn.

Noon

Miss Gladys C. Sheldon was married September 14, 1920, to John Palmer Prescott of Webster, Mass.

September 20, 1919, Dr. J. Arthur Gage and Sara A. Bowen, Worcester, Mass.

October 20, 1919, Henry C. Holt and Margaret S. Carson, New York, N. Y.

October 22, 1919, Edgar Whitney and Ruby Clark, Canterbury, Conn.

November 3, 1919, Wendell Bosworth and Christine Paine, North Woodstock, Conn.

December 10, 1919, Frederick B. Hill and Mabel Richardson, Middletown, Conn.

December 24, 1919, Harry Townsend and Mildred Brown, Woodstock, Conn.

December 26, 1919, Theodore Cox and Agnes White, Springfield, Mass.

June 28, 1920, William J. Nelson and Mary S. Parker, Manchester, N. H.

August 4, 1920, Harry L. Tatem and Floy Charlotte Meacham, Eastford, Conn.

August 7, 1920, Merrill Keith and Ruth Bates, West Woodstock, Conn.

August 7, 1920, Raymond E. Young and Eleanor L. Williams, West Woodstock, Conn.

Night

April 19, 1914, Mr. Thomas Dresser Holmes, Barrington, R. I.

August 25, 1919, Mrs. Louisa Olney Flynn, Woodstock, Conn.

September 9, 1919, Mr. Irving W. Chapman, Brooklyn, Conn.

September 16, 1919, Mrs. Lena F. Young, wife of H. Lewis Young, South Woodstock, Conn.

September 22, 1919, Mr. Frank H. Thomas, husband of Bessie Newton, Highwood, Conn.

September 26, 1919, Mrs. Carrie Slade Child, Woodstock, Conn.

November 30, 1919, Mr. Louis A. Southworth, South Woodstock, Conn.

December 31, 1919, Miss Mary Dexter, Danielson, Conn.

1920, Mr. Amos Sanders, Oakland, California.

1920, Mr. Lewis N. Gilbert, Ware, Mass.

February 3, 1920, Mr. Henry Clay Spencer, Quinebaug, Conn.

February 28, 1920, Miss Sarah T. Lyon, Woodstock, Conn.

February, 1920, Mrs. Laura H. Bowen, wife of Mr. Charles A. Bowen, New Bedford, Mass.

April 8, 1920, Mr. Henry T. Bugbee, Putnam, Conn.

June 3, 1920, Miss Francis H. Butler, Woodstock, Conn.

July 16, 1920, Mr. Charles F. Reynolds, Norwich, Conn.

July, 1920, Dorothy, daugther of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Larson, nee Hattie Johnson, Woonsocket, R. I.

An Appreciation

The following article was an appreciation given by Mr. Hall at a service in memory of Miss Frances H. Butler, June 27th, 1920, in the First Congregational church.

It seems very fitting that in the closing hours of this beautiful June afternoon, in this consecrated place, rich in tender associations, we should meet in memory, not of the death, but of the life of a very dear friend, in memory of the life of one of this community's most generous philanthropists, in memory of the life of a most worthy christian woman.

The occasion is not an unpleasant one, nor should it be burdensome to us, save that we may well be careful lest anything be said or done here that is not in harmony with the genuine, but unostentatious life of her whom we are remembering.

We know little of a certainty of the early life of Frances Henrietta Butler. She was born in Branford, Conn. in 1838, and was therefore eighty-two years old at the time of her death. Her mother died when she was very young. Her father, a sea captain, left her to the care of her grandparents. It is certain that in early life serious responsibilities rested upon her. She was homemaker for father or grandfather. She had largely the care of her half sister and half brother, the latter of whom she sent through Yale College, the former and this sister's children are the only relatives who survive Miss Butler. During the first half of her long life she resided in Branford, Guilford and New Haven. Some forty years ago she came to Woodstock for a three weeks' rest in the country, and boarded with Dr. and Mrs. Bowen. She soon became so much attached to the place, and so devotedly fond of Mrs. Bowen that she made Woodstock her home until her death, the second day of the present month. It is this second half of Miss Butler's life which we know so well and of which we wish to speak.

We know men and women mostly by the means which they adopt of their own free choice, to give expression to their inner life, their personality. What people voluntarily do reveals what they really are. Let us then recall together some of the means by which our dear friend gave expres-

sion to her personality.

Her industry:—To those who knew her only casually, or only in her later years, it may seem exceedingly inaccurate to say that Miss Butler was habitually and persistently industricus. But those of us who knew her in the eighties and nineties as well as in these later years of the new century, remember how frequently she was seen working at the Academy, at the Cemetery, at the Church, at the Chapel, at the Parsonage, working laboriously with her own hands. Then too, during all these forty years of her life in Woodstock, her sewing and knitting have brought needed help to homes in the far west, to laborers in the missionary fields, to homes of friends in our more immediate vicinity. There are various motives that make people industrious; many of them, if not most of them, are self-centered. By far the largest part of Miss Butler's industry had for its motive unselfish service to others. With no money element in it, save as she spent money freely from her own purse, our benevolent friend gave expression of her personality through unselfish industry.

Love of Nature is another channel through which comes to us a revelation of Miss Butler's personality. She passionately loved the grasses of the field, the trees and shrubs of the parks, the flowers of the meadow and the garden, the birds on wing and in the foliage, the heavens above speaking to her day and night of beauty and deity. The birds and the flowers she knew intimately, and, like the good shepherd, called them all by name. Her's was not the scientific knowledge of the astronomer, the botanist, the ornithologist. She knew because she loved and patiently observed and studied. Through this passionate devotion to the beauties of nature, we discover one of the finest characteristics of this gentle woman's personality.

We know another very interesting side of Miss Butler's personailty through her friendships. Not all whom she knew, though she knew them for years, became her friends. Her real friends were a chosen few, kindred spirits, to whom she had an attachment, demonstrative, deep, and abiding. Their mere presence was a joy to her. With them she loved to talk over the affairs of the community with no unwholesome gossip, with no bitter spirit of criticism. Wide political and social problems interested her in only a very general way. But what we were doing that was good here in Woodstock, and how we could remedy that which is not good, these were the subjects that she loved to talk over with these intimate friends.

But to most of the people of the community the personality of Miss Butler has been revealed by her generous giving, her philanthropy. True as this is, yet it has been but partly understood, but partly appreciated. A full enumeration of her gifts, public and private would surprise us all. And while such an enumeration would be far from the tastes and wishes of this diffident and unostentatious woman yet the occasion demands that some general mention of these gifts be made, that we who knew most about them may be quickened in our appreciation, and that they who have known little about them may realize what a blessing it has been to our community to have had in our midst for forty years such a queenly giver of good gifts. When, some thirty years ago, the interior of this church was remodeled at the expense of about four thousand dollars, Miss Butler gave freely one-fourth of that sum. When the Academy reached the point where it must do away with its fifteen

stoves, and seek a simpler and more effective mode of heating, it was largely through the generosity of this same lady that steam heat was put into the building. When the Academy Hall with its dilapidated ceiling and its besmeared walls was no longer endurable she gave her usual large share to meet the expense of the fine wood ceiling and decorated walls, and for the chairs which have most welcomely taken the place of the heavy iron supported benches.

The case of beautifully mounted native birds, the chart used in teaching physiology, the century dictionary and its case, the encyclopedia Americana in sixteen volumes, the typewriter, the hot air engine in the cellar, the concrete walks on the Academy grounds, and many other things are reminders to us of the generous interest of this lady in the Academy.

The fence in front of the cemetery and the care of the cemetery for years are to be credited to the same unloosened purse strings. During her residence here Miss Butler bought six different places with houses upon all but one, this not for the purpose of paying investments, but that she might have a controlling voice in determining what class of people should have the privilege of living on this Hill which she loved.

When the chapel was built Miss Butler gave her generous share, and alone gave the seats and many other of the interior furnishing. When the church or the parsonage needed painting she would commonly say to the other members of the society's committee, "You see that it is done and I'll pay the bills. "For several years Miss Butler paid the rent, two hundred dollars a year, for the present parsonage, before the church owned it. and then gave from this same open purse, two thousand dollars, by far the largest part of the purchasing price that it might become the absolute property of the church. Such are some of the public benefactions of our worthy friend. Of her private gifts we have little definite information. We know, however, that they were very many and generous and we surmise, not without good reasoon, that, when her papers are examined, there will be found some unpaid loans made to those who were urgent to ask, but not so eager to pay.

These benevolences were not made out of so large an income that their loss was never felt by the donor. Miss Butler was not a woman of great wealth. She had money to give away, because she spent so little money on herself. No journeys to the south to avoid the cold of a New England winter, no trips to Europe, no travelling across our own continent to enjoy its natural beauties which would have meant so much to her, no array of servants, no horses, no autos, no costly furnishings of the home, no extravagance of dress, none of these made great inroads upon her income. It was largely by going without herself that she was able to give so generously to others.

Her Religion—Most of the activities of Miss Butler's life were actuated by religious motives. What she did was permeated by a deep sense of religious duty. It may be truly said, in a general way, that her life was her religion. But as a foundation for all this life she cherished and fostered a deep personal religion, for the maintenance of which she ever looked to the religious services of the church, and to her own private devotions. Through this inner spirituality, Miss Butler revealed admirable features of her personality. Just before coming to Woodstock she was an active member of St. Paul's church in New Ha-

ven, an Episcopal church. Mr. Lines, the rector of that church, now Bishop Lines of Newark, N. J., was a classmate of ours in college. Often at our reunions he would ask after Miss Butler with interest, speaking of her as one of his highly esteemed parishioners. But Miss Butler's religion was her own not the churches; so that when she came to Woodstock she at once identified herself with the work and welfare of this church though it was a congregational church and after a few years became one of its members.

Here was catholicity of spirit. If more of us only had such easily opened gate-ways, in the rigid fences of our denominationalism, church union would not be a dream of the distant future, but a reality near at hand. Yet Miss Butler always loved the Episcopal church. Nor does it seem to us strange that she did. Its reverence for form and place, its ancient and beautiful ritual, its dignified service appealed strongly to this orderly worshipful, conservative christian woman. The Prayer Book and the Hymnal were her daily helpers in her private devotions. The photograph of Philips Brooks always stood on her book-case, and some of his writings were within ready reach. Somewhat in contrast to this breadth of spirit and vision which made her, an episcopalian, become a member of a congregational church, stood certain strong personal religious convictions. Sunday was a sacred day to her and religiously observed. The Bible was a book for devotion not a field for study and investigation. The church building was a consecrated place and was to be used only for religious purposes, for worship; for Miss Butler didn't simply attend church, she came to church for religious instruction and for worship.

Thus in her religion this christian woman has revealed to us a sincere, strong, spiritual personality.

But Miss Butler has completed her long left here. She has gone. We have lost her. A loss which is keenly felt, and must be felt for a long, long, time. We shall miss her kindly friendship, her generous helping heart and hand But the memory of her worthy life will always be ours, in the contemplation of which we shall ever find pleasure and inspiration. It is true she shared with us in human frailties. For this we are even glad. The purely idealistic and heroic people we wonder at and admire; it is only those who have a wholesome human side, that we love.

What shall we do then with this precious memory, this priceless inheritance. We will cherish it in our affections. We will speak of it to those who are to come after us. It shall exalt our daily industry. May it teach us such a love for nature that the mad chase for pleasure that merely excite and leaves us hurrying for more, shall find no place in our well ordered lives. May it make us capable of warm sincere friendships. May it make us ashamed of our meager benevolences. May it inspire in us a religious life which while wide in vision rests upon deep convictions and unwavering faith. Thus shall we uplift ourselves and honor the memory of our departed friend.

ELY R HALL.

Carrie S. Child

1858-1919

In connection with this issue of The Gleaner we are reminded that one who was deeply interested in and connected with its publication is no longer with us except in spirit, for

year ago at this time the summons came to Mrs. Carrie S. Child that she must give up her loved work of ministration. With a submissive spirit she said someone else must do the work that I am laying down. From the first number of The Gleaner issued more than twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Child has been its staunch supporter. Probably no one person has done more in collecting items of interest and making valuable suggestions for its success. Several times when it seemed difficult to go on with the publication her enthusiasm and persevering efforts were largely instrumental in its continuance. This interest was maintained through all the years of her life. The love for our Academy began in the student days of Mrs. Child when she was enrolled as a pupil in the Academy in 1876 when Mr. F. E. Burnette was principal. Her record as a scholar was a fine one excelling beyond her fellows in mathematics. She was also interested in all the activities of school life.

Later she was a successful teacher and in course of time the Pomfret girl Carrie Slade became the wife of Clarence H. Child and from that time her life was spent in Woodstock. All the interests and activities of her adopted home were a part of her daily life. While she labored diligently with her hands, her children were faithfully guided along the path of spiritual and intellectual growth. Yet she always found time for thought of others, ever ready to lend a hand wherever needed, either in church, the surrounding community, or Academy.

She was called upon to pass through peculiar sorrows one after another and still her brave spirit took up the added burden of love with never a murmur. Even in the last weeks of her life she could still plan for the life of her loved ones with the same courageous spirit. We have indeed the memory of her untiring service in the cause of righteousness, education and general upbuilding of public sentiment. Her firm convictions of right were typical of the hills which surrounded the home of her birth that left their impress upon a wide circle of friends.

As we close this meager memorial (with a tinge of sadness) let us thank God for the precious memories that are ours, and gain fresh courage for the still unfinished tasks before us.

ELLA E. CHILD

Sarah T. Lyon

1832-1920

Last February there went away from us into a yet larger life, one whose impress upon those who knew her was of combined strength and gentle sweetness. Forgetful of self to a rare degree, she lived her nearly eighty-nine years actively and joyously, retaining to the very end her faculties unimpaired.

Refinement and cordiality bespoke a mind of the finer type, acquisitive and persistent in its eagerness for good reading. One of the dominant notes of her character was her lively interest in family and town life which she followed with keen perception.

Woodstock was the birthplace of Miss Lyon and, although she had traveled in her younger days, the greater part of her life was spent in her native town. Three generations under the ancestral roof have known the inspiration of her life, and to these three generations have the stories of old Academy days been told and retold and listened to always with renewed interest. For Woodstock Academy was

very dear to Miss Lyon's heart and she was one whose financial and moral support helped to hold the institution together during the trying days of its financial history.

At the age of twelve she entered the Academy, where, among other branches, she began her study of Latin under the guidance of the principal, Mr. Averill and later under Mr. Patterson. It was at that time also that Miss Proctor taught at the Academy, her rare charm and literary ability making itself felt deeply in the after lives of her pupils. The school was then benefitting from a revival which had been brought about through the effort of Mr. Henry C. Bowen, and Miss Lyon's student years there were among the best in the history of the Academy. In that year, 1844, the first catalogue was issued and the school numbered 125. Out of the long list of names, so far as is known, only one survives, Mrs. Sarah Fisher Woodward who is 94 years of age, who with her bright eyes and keen mind has a hearty welcome for her friends, old and young.

The following is a list of the members of Miss Lyon's class, many of whom the older alumnae will remember:

Caroline A. Payson, Sarah A. Fisher, Jane Kilton, Harriet Cummins, Polly A. Lyon, Caroline Lyman, Maria Lyman, Lucy Lyman, Abby A. Rockwood, Sarah A. Larned, Catherine Rockwood, Harriet L. Payson, Sarah T. Lyon, Mary Paine, Ellen Bugbee, Adaline Perry, Jane Burchard, Abby Skinner, Louisa Skinner, Mary Averill, Henrietta Burlingham, Adaline Chaffee, Ellen Marcy, Harriet Lyon.

Closinda Allard, Louise Sanger, Mary Arnold, Elizabeth Arnold, Frances Julia Lyon, Sarah Whitaker, Eliza Olmstead, Elizabeth Wells, Mary Perry, Edward Rawson, Edward Fowler, Edwin Bugbee, John Lyon, William Mathewson, James Lyman, Edwin Lyon, Henry Cumins, Henry Bugbee, Edward Rockwood, Francis Perry, Alexander Warner, William Palmer, Lyman Snow.

To us who knew and loved Miss Lyon there comes a sense of deep personal loss, softened only by the realization that a life of rich fulfilment never dies, but endures in hearts left behind.

Just as the Academy left its early imprint upon her life, so has her noble living and devoted loyalty to the best interests, of the institution left its inspiration, a heritage to the life of the Academy in all the coming years.

FLORENCE E. GREENE BASS

Louisa Olney Flynn

1836-1919

In the year 1852 one of the names enrolled in the list of students attending Woodstock Academy was that of Louisa Olney, aged 16. She became known at once as the best speller of the countryside, who invariably "spelled down" all rivals. Doubtless because of this ability she was appointed teacher of District No. 1 and went to board a year or two later in the home of Major Flynn, that celebrated man of Woodstock who led the choir in the village church for more than forty years. The other members of his household at the time were his son, Mr. Frank Flynn, who played the bass viol in church, and an unmarried daughter. The son was already considered a settled bachelor but into his home and heart the pretty young schoolteacher brought such sunshine and life, that in 1857 she became Mrs.

Frank Flynn. A picture of her in her wedding bonnet and gown, which is still shown at "Century Old Cottage" makes us approve Mr. Flynn's judgment.

The early years of Mrs. Flynn's married life were occupied with her four children, but when they were grown her active mind turned to other interests. A group of young people in Woodstock had already formed a society of "Busy Bees," that held stated meetings, worked cardboard mottoes and match-safes, and served apples for refreshments. At baseball games they sold candy and cake and in one way or another got enough money together to buy a cabinet organ to replace the old melodian in the church. It was due to the instigation of Mrs. John McClellan and Mrs. Frank Flynn that, this Herculean task accomplished, they next undertook to start a circulating library. Books were donated, and kept in a small bookcase behind the front door of Mrs. Flynn's house. Borrowers paid five cents a book, and when enough nickels were collected the first purchase was made, "Life and Times of Sir Philip Sydney." Miss Mary Flynn was librarian in charge, but when she left Woodstock for a time, her mother took her place and thus began Mrs. Flynn's career as librarian.

It is thus we remember her. Early Friday afternoons a fire was started in the little wood stove in No. 10 at the Academy, and when we marched out of school most of us stopped in the library to get a book for Sunday. Mrs Flynn was always there in her little black bonnet, her smiling face and cheery voice full of greeting and pleasure in the task of helping us select a book. She had read them all, for in those days when knitting was not fashionable as it is now, Mrs. Flynn could read and knit, her nimble fingers flying while her eyes followed the page, and before new books were catalogued Mrs. Flynn read them at home. To her dying day she took much pleasure in reading book reviews and speculating as to whether or not the books would make good purchases for the library.

Such was the Mrs. Flynn whom we of a younger generation knew. Those who knew her better than we testified to her unfailing cheerfulness which never broke down, to the kindness of her judgments, to her sympathy with young people and her unselfish consideration of others. Another of that older generation is gone which we of the younger will do well to emulate.

EDITH HALL DOHAN

Review of the Year's Work

The Academy holds a unique position in the affections of Woodstock people. Its ideals and traditions are as well established and characteristic as those of much larger institutions. As a new-comer it seemed advisable to accept the established as far as possible and to absorb the school atmosphere for a time rather than to attempt any radical changes of school policy without knowledge of local conditions.

Some changes were imperative however, for one reason or another. For example, the curriculum was modified to conform more closely to the state recommendations. At the same time the college preparatory courses were strengthened and extended to such a degree that we can, I believe, prepare students for entrance to every college in the country with one exception.

Possibly the most important action

during the year was securing the approval of the College Entrance Certificate Board so that graduates of high standing are enabled to enter many colleges without examination. This influences positively all departments of school activity and reacts favorably upon the school work in general. If the high standards required for this privilege are maintained, Academy graduates in the future will be enabled to enter college without the extra expense of an additional year of preparation.

The general school work has been of a high grade largely due to the unstinted efforts of the teachers. Irregular attendance during the severe winter weather threatened the success of the work. However, on the whole, attendance was excellent, much better than was expected. Only three or four sessions were omitted during even the most severe weather as it was felt advisable to preserve the continuity of the work and time lost in this manner is rarely made up. Parents and students are to be congratulated for their perseverance under the unusual difficulties of the past Winter.

The science courses have been extended and interest and enthusiasm stimulated by work in milk testing and wireless. Several of the boys became proficient enough with the Babcock tester to carry out a milk test without supervision. Farmers are solicited to send in samples of milk for testing as it adds materially to the interest of the work to have real tests. A Radio Club has been organized with enthusiasm enough if it could be transformed into electrical energy, to signal Mars. Nothing appeals more to the modern pupil than strong science courses and the interest aroused is carried into the other class rooms. The energy expended in this way brings tangible results.

Thanks to an able and energetic supervisor excellent work was done in music. Unusual interest was aroused early in the year and when the supervisor was appointed the work progressed rapidly with visible results. The operetta gave the public an opportunity to see the value of this work.

The library has proved very helpful and has been used freely by the teachers for reference work in English, history and science. As an effective means of developing the use of the library a list of books has been prepared and pupils are required to read a certain number as part of the English work for the year.

Two periods each week were allowed for physical training. This consisted of marching, setting up exercises, drills and games. The girls benefited particularly from this work. Whether we approve of it or not it is a fact that the proper development of the body is coming to be considered of the same importance to the public welfare as the training of the mind. It will not be surprising if the next important development in educational ideas is along this line. There is indeed, little question of the real merit of some systematic training.

Another important work was the development of a systematic course of study. This has been added work for the teachers but it is hoped that it will result in a well defined, though elastic, outline of the work to be accomplished. It will be of value when courses are organized in the future.

Gratifying progress has been made in school equipment. New toilets have been installed to comply with state regulations while the new heating system at present under construction will add much to the efficiency of the school plant. Of course some things

still remain to be done but these will be met in due time and at present serve only as incentives to careful thought for the future.

Although the regular school work received the greatest attention, the social side and athletics were not neglected. The usual number of socials were held and the programs, under the supervision of the assistant teachers, were of a high order of merit. League basketball was played with benefit to the boys, though not successful from the viewpoint of games won. However the girls' team won a notable victory over Putnam.

No summary of the year's work would be complete without reference to the Blues and Golds which added so much zest to the school activities. Early in the year the school was divided into two sections, one called the Blue and the other the Gold. These teams completed in games, spelling matches, in attendance and scholarship, in monitor work and in other ways. A good natured rivalry arose which developed into a cheerful attitude towards the school and aided in creating an active, helpful school spirit. This rivalry culminated in a Field Day held in June. About thirty track and field events were held and ribbons awarded to point winners in each event. Medals were also awarded the two highest point winners,--both boys and girls, and a silver cup is at present decorated with a significant gold ribbon.

On the whole the year's work has seemed successful. The attitude of the pupils has been inspiring and with energetic and helpful teachers we could not fail some degree of accomplishment. Both assistants plan to return next fall and conditions promise a year of effort worthy of the traditions of the old Academy.

GEORGE B. HEFLER.

Social Activities

The old adage, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," is well known to the Academy students and no one can accuse them of being dull. You may remember that the rest of the rhyme says—"All play and no work, makes Jack a mere toy." This part is just as well known to the teachers and thus the pendulum of school life is kept from swinging to either extreme.

Our first social was a Hallowe'en affair with the students, also some of the guests, masked. The varied costumes and peculiar masks caused much speculation and when it came time to unmask it was surprising to note how completely disguised some of the people had been. Miss Rose was in charge of the entertainment and the witches Dance, also the Ghost scene from Hamlet were very ably given.

The next entertainment was in the form of a French play given by the French classes and coached by Miss Upham. This was most successful and after watching the antics of Harold Johnston as the French papa the audience decided that Woodstock has considerable talent in the theatrical line.

Christmas drew near and a surprise party for the whole school was planned. Each class with the help of one of the teachers was to arrange part of the entertainment. Vows of secrecy were sworn and as a result the party was a complete success as a surprise. The Seniors enacted their future ten years hence—the Juniors gave a little farce entitled "Pass it along"—the Sophomores gave a successful "Tinpanny Orchestra" and the Freshmen pulled off a real football game where hot air and the ability to blow hard were the chief essen-

tials. After the program, the Christmas gifts were distributed and as they were principally jokes—good humor reigned. In January, Louise Lawton, one of the Seniors left to go to her home in Detroit and a farewell party was given bythe Seniors and Juniors. But the Academy has a very firm clasp upon its pupils and after a couple of weeks Louise arranged to come back and finish the year at Woodstock.

Later, Lawrence Driggs left for New York and was given a farewell party by the entire school. This plan had been such a success in bringing Louise back that it was decided to see if the scheme, would work with Lawrence and sure eonugh in less than two weeks Lawrence returned to finish the year here also. These instances speak for themselves of the love of the students for their Alma Mater.

In April a play was presented by the Senior class coached by Miss Ross. The Play, "The Masonic Ring" was of the ordinary—laugh provoking variety, but what made it unusual was the sensational exit of Sylvia May, hand over hand down a rope extending, supposedly, from the attic window to the ground. Sylvia, in the role of a 14-year-old tomboy won a good deal of applause after her realistic performance and when, later on, Harold Johnson tried to die,—the audience felt the price of admission was all too low.

Those privileged to be present at the Operetta given in May will never foget the magic that had been worked on the stage. We were in a Chinese garden—the wistaria clambered over the lattice, the friendly cherry blossoms nodded from a tree at one side—and best of all a real pagoda lighted by quaint lanterns and over run with flowers, was occupied by a dainty Chinese Princess.

We held our breath lest the Juggler Maid lose her little ball perched so precariously on the end of a slender wand while dancing and singing melodiously. When, like a real magician she produced flowers and confetti from her sleeves our highest hopes were realized. The costumes blended so well that, as the chorus sang and swayed, it seemed as though a flower garden had come to life and was bending and nodding in the breeze.

Miss Burns had given many hours of drill and it was undoubtedly owing to her careful training that the Operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns" proved to be such a success.

Later in May, the Operetta was repeated in Quinebaug under the management of the Dudley Woman's Club, adding yet more honors to the Academy's full store.

As the 18th of June drew near, one event followed another—Academy Sunday—the church beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers, the white robed procession marching across the campus, the fine sermon delivered by Rev. Voorhees of Pomfret, Field Day, at Roseland Park, with its hotly contested races and feats of strength and endurance, the Senior Class Barquet given at Olga Erickson's with the Junior girls as waitresses, the Faculty as guests and courtly Mr. Hinrichs for Toast-Master; all these and many more parties and dances in honor of the graduates given by parents and friends served to make the time pass in a busy happy way until the final event, that of graduation on June 18th.

Arthur S. Hardy, President of the Board of Trustees fittingly introduced the speakers. Gen. Tillman of West Point delivered the graduation address and Admiral Bowles presented the diplomas. The chorus singing by

the school was particularly good "The Viking Song" and "Forget Me Not" being the selections.

As the sky was overcast and rain in the air, the ivy exercises were held in the hall, Dorothy Bundy delivering the ivy oration, followed by the Senior Singing.

In the evening the Senior Reception was held in the Academy Hall and during the evening there were pauses between dances when the Will, Statistics and Prophecy were read by different members of the graduating class. The hall was prettily decorated with wild flowers and ferns,—the class motto, "Per Gradus," worked in daisies upon the curtain over the stage. The orchestra was unusually good, and after a grand march led by Harold Johnston as Senior Class President the dancing began.

Thus happily the Class of 1920 passed on and a new group of boys and girls have been added to the Academy Alumni. May their memories of the pleasant years at the Academy bring them back often to Woodstock in the coming years and may the bonds between Students and Alumni grow closer and dearer as time goes by.

RACHEL ARNOLD HEFLER

Graduation Program

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn., Friday, June 18, 1920, at two-thirty o'clock p. m.

Program

1. Music Orchestra
2. Prayer
3. Viking Song C. Taylor
4. Address
   General Samuel E. Tillman, U. S. A.
5. Music Orchestra
6. Farewell to the Forest
   Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
   Double Quartette
7. Presentation of Diplomas
   Admiral Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N.
8. Forget-Me-Not T. Giese
9. Music Orchestra

Ivy Exercises

Dorothy Angell Bundy, Ivy Orator

Motto

"Per Gradus"

Graduates

Latin Course—

Signe Elizabeth Anderson
Dorothy Angell Bundy
Sylvia May
Myrtle Helene Ware

English Scientific Course—

Olga Walfrida Erickson
Mabell Leonora Johnston
Louise Maxcy Lawton
Ruth Douglas Sheppard
Newton Lawson Carpenter
Frank Chapman Harrington
Harold Frank Johnston

Academy Sunday

June 13th, 1920

Sermon by Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees at the Woodstock Congregational church at eleven o'clock a. m.

Ivy Oration

Four years have passed since we entered the Academy; four years of effort, good times and accomplishment for four years this institution has been first in our hearts. It has been our gathering place where we have come in snow and rain, on bright days and cloudy. Much has been accomplished and a great deal learned, we hope, for by our work here we feel better able to seek new fields of life, new paths of service.

Today, we are met for the last time as students of Woodstock Academy. We are leaving this old building its sunny classrooms the green campus with all its associations, and as we go forth, it is fitting that we should plant the Ivy as a lasting remembrance. Little Ivy, you represent the spirit of our class; the high ideals and knowledge we have gleaned here our efforts, failures and successes. As you grow her day after day, putting forth your leaves and climbing upward inch by inch, so may we, in our daily work, exerting our best energy, advance, step by step, towards the accomplishment of our aims and ideals. When, in our varied walks of life, we think of you doing your bit to beautify our Alma Mater, may the thought inspire us to greater achievements.

Teachers, we appreciate what you have done for us. We shall value it greatly in our future years. Though we may have caused you annoyances, they were unintentional and we hope you have overlooked them. May the seeds you have sown in us bring forth rich fruits.

Schoolmates, we have enjoyed your pleasant comradeship. May it ever be found among the classes. Keep high the standard of school spirit and remember, "the game's in the playing."

Classmates, our life has been pleasant here although we have had some misunderstandings. We have worked at the same tasks, participated in the same sports, and received the same reward, the diploma. Though our future work takes us into far removed places, still may we return each year, "to rekindle friendship's flame."

"The years here have quickly fled away,
The work and pleasures all are passed
And now we part,
But every heart
In love to thee's bound fast.
Old Woodstock, we can ne'er forget thy name—
As long as life shall last."

DOROTHY ANGELL BUNDY

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