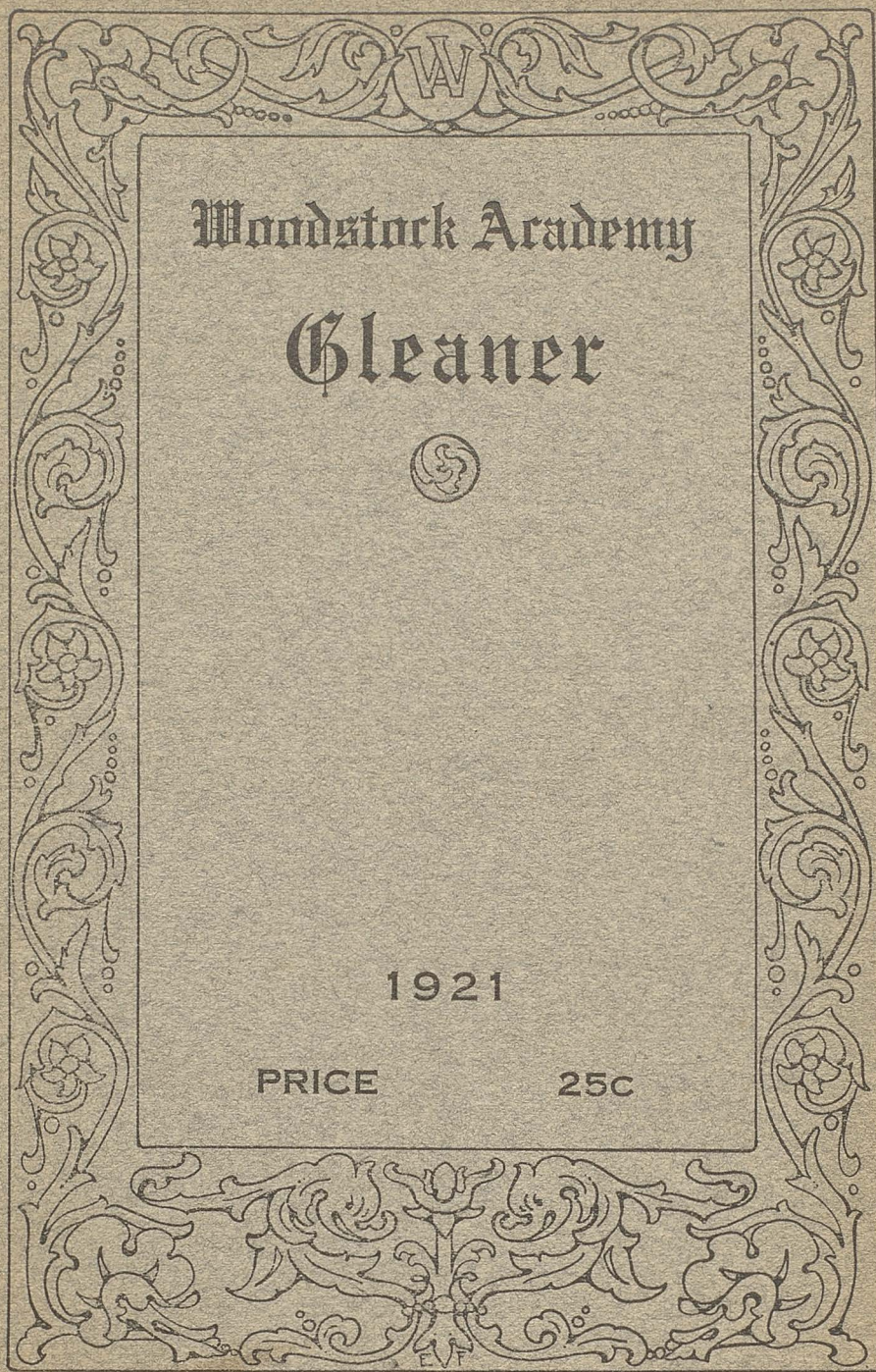




Woodstock Academy

Gleaner



1921

PRICE

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Woodstock Academy

FOUNDED 1801

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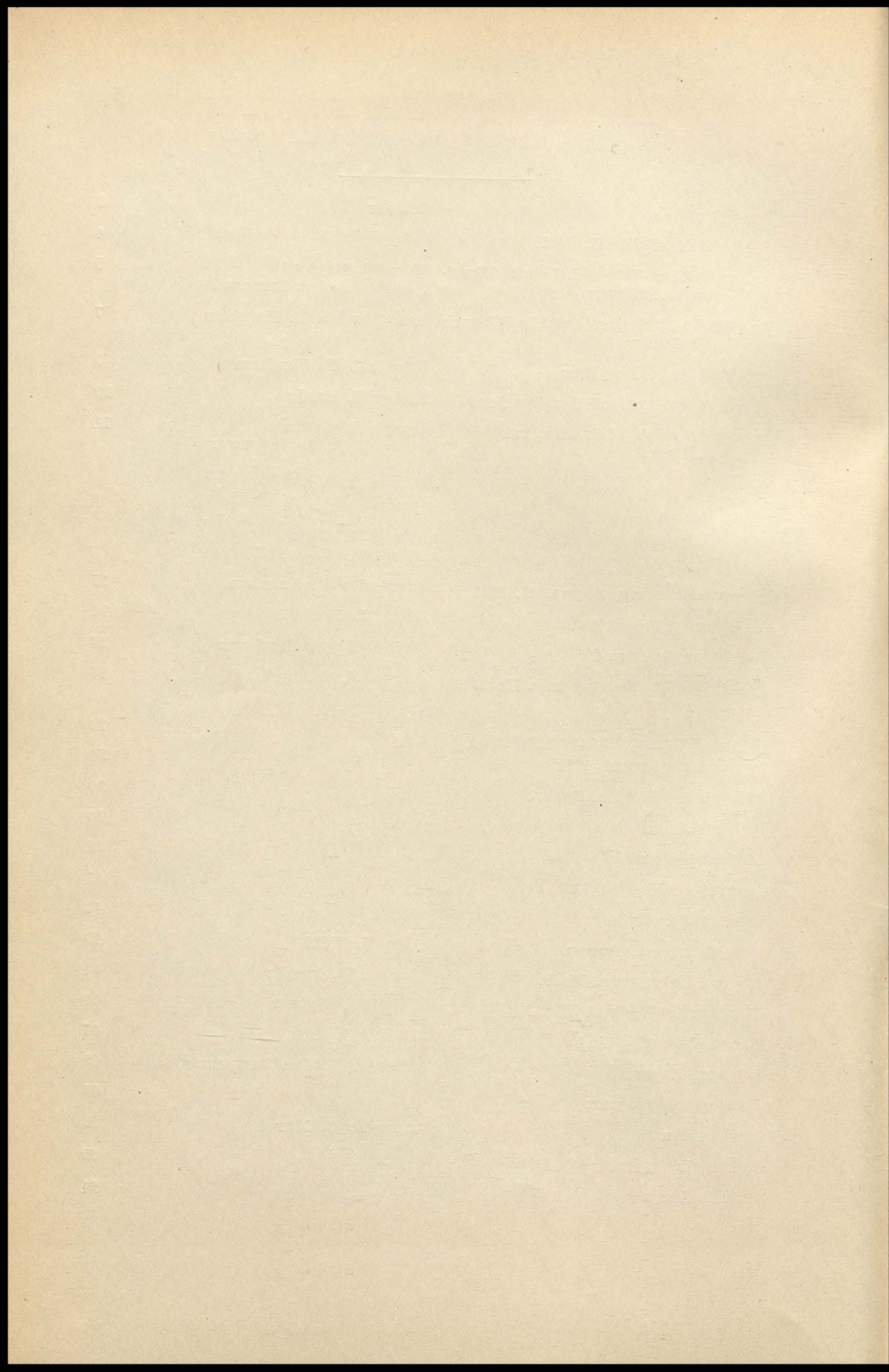
To Mrs. William M. Gallup

Woodstock, Conn.

Promptly

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Peace to the memory of a man of
worth

A man of letters and, of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always
wears

When gay good nature dresses her in
smiles

He graced a college * * and was hon-
ored, loved and wept

By more than one themselves conspic-
uous there.

Some minds are tempered, happily
and mix'd

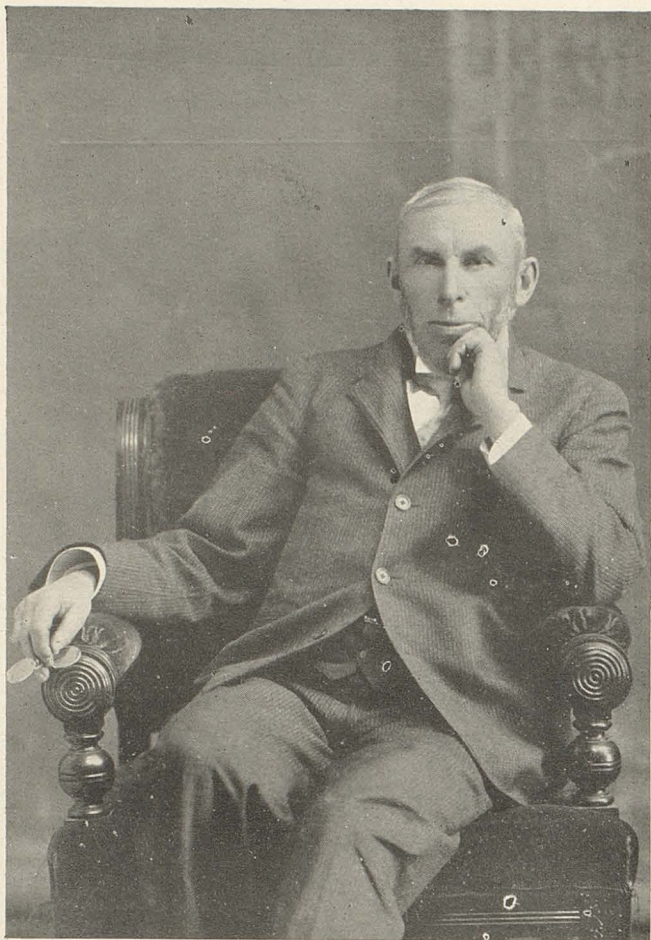
With such ingredients of good sense
and taste

Of what is excellent in man, they
thirst with such a zeal to be
what they approve

That no restraints can circumscribe
them more

Than they themselves by choice, for
Wisdom's sake.

—Cowper



ELY R. HALL

PRINCIPAL OF WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

1888-1914

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Life at

Woodstock Academy

Dear Friends and Readers of The Gleaner:

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that I recall the early days of the Academy in dear old Woodstock, where we expected to remain to the end of our days. The place we loved because it was the home of my husband's mother, the daughter of Major Davis. She attended the Academy, was graduated at eighteen in 1825, took a prize for a composition in Latin, afterwards translating her composition into English and parsing it in both languages.

Judging from the size of Miss Sarah Lyon's class in 1844 the Academy must have flourished until the time of the Civil War.

In 1885, our first year in Woodstock, the principal was Mr. George D. Lord, who is now a professor at Dartmouth College. After all these years a pupil of his says, "I have not met one more truly called to teach and inspire students, although when I attended the Academy he was then a very young man." We hoped he would remain; but when he could not and the trustees sought someone who could fill his place. Dr. Gaylord wrote his beloved friend Mr. Ely R. Hall, with whom he had taught in the Hopkins' Grammar School in New Haven. In those days as at the present time it

was considered an honor to teach there. They were both Yale men; Mr. Hall '72 and Doctor '73. My husband knew if Mr. Hall could be persuaded to become the principal he was just the man to build up the school and to inspire the people with the need of enlarging the Academy fund; with his determination there would be no turning back. He came up to Woodstock in July and was much discouraged by the conditions. There had been only a few day scholars, only one assistant, so only one recitation room was needed as the principal met all his classes in the assembly hall. In this main hall the plaster was partly off the ceiling, a leaking roof let in everything but sunshine, there were scarred double desks, cracked blackboards, and only one old worn eraser. In August he decided to come, and brought Mrs. Hall and his three children to live in the building which was so dusty from disuse and so barren it seemed impossible it could ever be homelike. But as soon as their furnishings arrived it was transformed. I shall never forget the pleasant evenings spent in that grand old living room, so comfortable and cheery. In September 1888 the unpromising work began with one assistant and sixteen pupils. There was a very inadequate laboratory which was opened at times for the chemistry class. The library was opened only on Friday and Saturday afternoon with little bright eyed Mrs. Flynn as librarian. It was really a village library at that time rather than one adapted to the needs of the students.

Before the close of the year two private pupils were secured who would make their home with the family. Through Mr. Hall as instructor our ideals of a thorough preparation for college or for life would be fulfilled. Our three nephews were day pupils; William Standish Gaylord is now Secretary of the Home Life Insurance Company in New York City; Albert and Robert are successful business men in Pasadena and Los Angeles. Our own five children would have been under the instruction of Mr. Hall if the failing health of the Doctor had not driven us to California.

After much persuasion Mr. Hall consented to remain a second year, and more private pupils came. The third year there were seven kept warm and comfortable with sixteen stoves and twenty-three kerosene lamps in the building which now has steam heat and electricity.

Many years ago when Academy Hall was to be renovated an apron sale was given there to raise some of the money and we secured aprons from every state in the Union which were sold at auction. Often Mr. Henry C. Bowen gave the proceeds of the park tables at Roseland on the Fourth of July for the Academy fund in which all were interested.

Mr. Hall's own words, uttered last year for Miss Butler come to me over and over and I must quote them as applied to him. All through the address he gave at the church his loved ones will find the phrases applicable. Mr. Hall "has completed his work here, he has gone. We have lost him. A loss which is keenly felt and must be felt for a long, long time. * * * * * But the memory of his worthy life will always be ours, in the contemplation of which we shall ever find pleas-

ure and inspiration."

Sincerely yours,

ALICE E GAYLORD

We who belong to the last decade of Academy alumni and who look back upon the building as the dwelling-place of earnest unhurried study and gracious dignity find it hard to realize that the well-poised life within it was an achievement; an art created by the persistent images of beauty in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

In 1888 life in Woodstock Academy must have required much energy, even a great deal of drudgery. Water and coals must be carried up two flights of stairs. Kerosene lamps gave dim, untidy light. In spite of these tremendous difficulties Mr. and Mrs. Hall made for private pupils a comfortable home and one rich with the amenities of cultivated intercourse. It was great good fortune which brought to the household in those early days Maggie Reilley, a woman who proved her faithfulness by helping there for eight years with continued interest and loyalty. Gradually some of the awkwardnesses of life in the Academy were corrected. Steam heat, plumbing, electric lights were installed, and outside, after the old wooden fence was removed, cement walks followed the lines of the old gravel paths.

These were material changes. They can be pointed to by any admiring alumnus. The greater inward changes in the mind and spirit of Mr. Hall's pupils are harder to indicate because one is more conscious of them, and because one dreads to bruise such precious growth with banality.

During those twenty-six years the ideal which guided all vitality in the Academy was one of life, beautiful

with an ordered beauty, rich but restrained; life measured by a stately rhythm, at once placid and vigorous. This pattern of life, the creation of an artist, was as beautifully unified and balanced as a piece of Greek sculpture. Its pure outline never sagged. It was a perfect visible sign of the inward grace which was its authors'.

The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hall always valued the symbol, today makes our recollection of the Academy home something tangible. The tea-hour, the burning of school papers in the Franklin stove, the pleasant hands of Five Hundred, the summer evening singing on the West steps interrupted by informal astronomy lessons are all touched with significance. So indeed is the school-life. Of the real scholarship there I say nothing; it deserves mention by itself. But of the self-reliance and charm which Mr. Hall emphasized in his curriculum, as well as the classics, one need speak only of the poise of the students at Public Rhetoricals who used to address the crowded Academy Hall. The Rhetoricals was an institution which originated with Mr. Hall and remains in our memories as peculiarly his. As for the commencement, Mr. Hall was likewise the founder of tradition. Academy Sunday's sermon and annual hymn

"O God, beneath whose guiding hand
Our Pilgrim Fathers crossed the sea,"
were the results of his desire for the suitable expression of the unseen beauty of Academy-life. So, too, were the dignified graduation exercises with the many addresses from the class of '72. It was due to his and Mrs. Hall's good taste that at this time of year each class made so appropriate and beautiful a gift to her Alma Mater,

The impression of this ordered beauty is permanent in the hearts of Mr. Hall's pupils. At the end of his twenty-fifth year in Woodstock we tried to give it expression by the loving-cup with its sip of gold. We would doubtless have given further voice had his boys not been called upon so soon to carry that sad burden from his house to the Academy, and from the Academy to the graveyard. We cannot forget the extreme loyalty of Mr. Hall's last act. It is significant of his life in its entirety, which he would have us remember rather. And although that is gone we will no more forget it than we would forget some masterpiece of the world even though it is before us no longer. For Mr. Hall's life was formed by the inspiration and toil of an artist of the greatest of all arts, and the remembrance of it is a symbol, to those whom he called friend, of the pure beauty and truth that were the guide of his spirit.

HARRIET GORDON SAMPSON

Mr. Hall's Relation to His Church and Pastor

"The narrow stream of death is altogether too shallow to overwhelm a great soul. Try as hard as we will it is impossible to imagine them as dead. They heard the sunset gun, rested a little on their arms, but at sunrise were again marching on refreshed and renewed to the service and victories of a brighter day." This, written of another teacher, applies equally to Mr. Hall. We think of him only as marching on with his face

toward the morning. It was this spirit that made his influence so heartening and uplifting wherever and whenever one met him. It made his presence, his prayers, his words like a refreshing breeze from the northwest.

His was a sincere and strong spiritual personality. Everything he did was the expression of his inner life. The church stands for the spiritual life of the community; and Mr. Hall just naturally took his place, there, voluntarily doing all he could. He has told me that the evening of the day he arrived in Woodstock with his family, he attended prayer meeting in the Academy building, and, there being no one present to lead in the singing, he took the lead and started the hymns. That was the beginning of those years of faithful, splendid service to this church which he evidently considered from the start as his church. Soon after this, meeting Mr. Bingham one day, he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, "Have you any objection to my uniting with the church?" And he joined.

He at once became identified with all its activities and work. He was leader of the choir for a long time. Some of us remember the delightful paper he read on the history of our choir, in which he told of the time when he with his children sang in the choir and were called upon to sing the anthem in which the words come, "There they stand those halls of Zion." Happy the church and blessed the minister that has such Halls of Zion! But his service to the church was not confined to singing in the choir. His work in the Bible School as counselor and teacher was marked by the utmost thoroughness and faithfulness. Some of us are benefiting today from his leadership of our teacher's meeting. One statement from a

talk he gave on the duty of a Bible School teacher reveals his attitude toward his responsibilities to his church and Bible school. He said, "Nothing but a teacher's own funeral is sufficient excuse for being absent from a class." The same faithfulness was shown on church and society committees. He gave to them all the best he had to give.

Mr. Hall came to church to worship God. He felt the need as well as the duty of such worship. There must have been at times much that grated on his fine sense of the fitness of things, and his good taste in things intellectual and spiritual; nevertheless, he got much out of each service because he brought much. How much he brought may not easily be estimated; but one pastor testifies that to him at least it was always a very great deal.

It is an experience in every way fitted to inspire and at the same time keep very humble one privileged to be the pastor of a church with such a layman. Coming, as was often necessary under the circumstances, to my Sunday morning service physically weary and imperfectly prepared, I was always sure of the deepest sympathy and understanding from Mr. Hall's pew. And however imperfect the presentation of the thought might be, or out of harmony with his own clear thinking the utmost kindness and sympathy were never failing. Over and over again, at the close of a busy Sunday, the little gathering in the chapel, where Mr. Hall, by his beautiful prayer and his clear concise statement of some spiritual truth bore us into the Presence, has been like an oasis to one tired minister. And then at times to walk across the common with him to his home, where it was possible to speak as one man may to another where there is mu-

tual sympathy and understanding, golden glow of his own garden dear was indeed heartening. One was always sure with Mr. Hall that there would be nothing but absolute honesty in the expression of his opinion; no fulsome attempt to comfort but true friendliness and sympathy. Because of this his home was a refuge of peace, comfort and inspiration. This was one of his ways of helping his pastor and so serving his church.

Mr. Hall's relation to his church was the result of his own sincere and strong inner life—an inner life broad and deep and kindly. His daily life and his church life were of one piece.

REV. FOSDICK B. HARRISON

Mr. Hall as a Neighbor

Someone has made the distinction "There are folks an real folks."

It is equally true there are neighbors and real neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Hall belong notably in the latter class. When the time came for a well-earned recess from pedagogical labors, with characteristic zeal Mr. Hall took possession of his new home.

As he had entered heart and soul into the task of stimulating, strengthening and broadening in every possible way the trust previously committed to his care, so his heart reached out in kindly interest and his hands in willing ministration to meet the needs of his new environment. His active nature was not content to indulge in prolonged idleness; his heart and soul were too big to dwell merely in the confines of one spot or to be absorbed only in the welfare of his immediate family. Nor alone were the Canterbury bells, fox gloves and

golden glow of his own garden dear to his heart.

The hollyhocks in the ancient garden across the way as they nodded in the afternoon sunlight appeared to be, to his generous soul, an equally interesting field for his observations.

His sympathetic interest too, in the welfare of those who dwelt near him often found voice. If the task over the way was strenuous or the day was hot, with words of kindly caution he would call across, "You have worked long enough!"

With the same energy and painstaking care with which it was ever his wont to attack his work-a-day problems, Mr. Hall attacked the lawn, garden and driveway of his new domains. Wary indeed was a weed that escaped his keen eye or tool of destruction and 'neath his diligent care the fruits of his garden were so responsive and so abundant as to spill over not infrequently into the possession of grateful neighbors.

The little pleasantries, clever sayings and pithy remarks of our opposite neighbor like the gladsome flow of some ever bubbling stream added mirth and merriment to many a quiet day. A characteristic challenge made one day over the telephone from the Hall house is recalled: "If you'll name the strange bird in our garden you may have a box of strawberries!"

With alacrity the opportunity was heeded and when the "Witchery, witchery, witchery," bright throat and black mask of the Maryland yellow throat made his identity no longer a mystery the reward was promptly forth coming and a box of luscious berries borne home by the proud possessor.

Mr. Hall's methodical nature was indicated not only in the careful way in which he always sowed his

newspaper but also in the care of his velvet lawn which was made ready for its perfect Sunday appearance with as much precision as are children whose Saturday night scubbing is a not anticipated but wholly unavoidable feature of the week. The quiet enjoyment of his restful Sabbath was I believe, intensified to Mr. Hall by his love of order and the degree of beauty attained in his own door-yard by the sweat of his brow.

Possessed of a great love of literature himself, our thoughtful neighbor frequently shared his periodicals with us, heralding his approach after the manner of street urchins and with prolonged inflection upon the words, "Paper boy!"

Nuggets of sound common sense were intermingled with flashes of wit when one watched the sun-sets' afterglow from the Hall piazza. Sometimes snatches of an amusing college song enlivened the company as the evening shadows fell and again a merry tune, whistled when darkness enveloped the landscape-carried its message of cheer across the way.

At the Summer festival of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's wedding anniversary when a few neighbors were favored guests, the hospitable Hall home seemed to radiate special joy and brightness. As the glow of candles reflected some delicious treat on the attractive table, the arrangement of which always bore proof of Mrs. Hall's artistic skill, a feast of reason and flow of wit accompanied and supplemented the other feast provided, and the guests counted themselves fortunate neighbors in being able to participate in the happy celebrations commemorating the tying of that true lovers' knot—so many years ago.

It was once said of a noted educator connected with Williams College,

"To sit on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other was a liberal education."

To live almost in the shadow of the dwelling place of our highly esteemed Woodstock educator was a privilege and inspiration, and now that he has entered into the larger life the memory of contact with his genial enriching personality is today in countless hearts and lives a lingering benediction.

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM

The Appreciation of The Trustees

I have been asked to say a few words on behalf of the Trustees of Woodstock Academy in memory of Mr. Hall. The services Mr. Hall rendered the Academy during his long principalship are so well known to the community that they need no enumeration. That they were inspired by a sense of duty, by a very exceptional conscientiousness in the discharge of that duty in the smaller, even the menial, aspects under which it faced him, we who have sought to fill the vacancy created by his death know only too well. Knowing this, and realizing the devotion which characterized his services of every nature, services by no means confined to the strictly professional side of his position, something more than mere duty or conscience is necessary to explain the uncomplaining self-consecration with which he met the daily task. That 'something more,' I think, is found in his love for his work and for the Academy. That love is the fin-

al key which explains both his work and character. When inspired and transformed by love duty acquired a new meaning. So inspired, it loses all its sternness. Mr. Hall loved his profession and the Academy. Trustee, assistant teacher and pupil all knew it and felt it. It was that love which enabled him to accept cheerfully responsibilities not commonly falling to the position he occupied, which made him friend as well as Master for his pupils. If I were asked to indicate the lesson his life among us has most emphasized, I should say unhesitatingly-disinterestedness. Duty sometimes compromises with self-seeking. Love never does.

To recognize only the faithful discharge of duty in Mr. Hall's services to Woodstock Academy would be an inadequate tribute. He gave that service with a liberality unknown to mere duty—the liberality of a genuine love for his profession and for the institution to which practically his entire life was devoted and in the defence of whose interests he was stricken down by the hand of the great teacher.

ARTHUR S. HARDY

Appreciation by Scholars and Teachers

Nearly thirty years ago, my uncle Judge Catlin hitched up his fiery steeds and delivered me at the Academy. It was early winter, everything looked cold and cheerless as we drove along until I encountered Mr. Hall's smile. That first smile changed the face of the world. After an interview with both Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the

Judge took me to the home of Dr. McClellan where I boarded the first year receiving much kindly assistance from Miss Jessie McClellan. The remaining three years, I boarded in Mr. Hall's family in the academy building.

From my first seeing Mr. Hall up to the last time I saw him two years ago working in his flower garden in Woodstock, I have always admired and respected him.

Mr. Hall took a personal interest in each student, not only in his studies but also in the recreation and play. Some of my dearest memories of him are his interest in our skating and sliding in winter and water sports in summer. Can't you see him playing with us in tennis and baseball? The only time I ever saw Mr. Hall angry was while watching a close game of football which we were playing out of town and by a flagrant disregard of rules and ethics the opposing team scored on us and the referee would not recall the play.

Our teacher used to say I was the most mischievous boy in school but had one redeeming feature—that I never lied to him. This recalls his superb sense of justice which is reflected in his son, Judge Clarence Hall. The Judge is my neighbor here in Bridgeport. To see Clarence grown up to such dignity makes me look for the gray hairs—I admit to a few.

Mr. Hall used to tell us about his early business years when he worked in a foundry in Bridgeport. This foundry is only a few doors from my office.

I owe a great debt to Mr. and Mrs. Hall. The four years that I was fortunate to spend under their guidance will never be forgotten.

Two years ago, my wife and I motored to Woodstock to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Hall. They had not seen us

for fifteen years or more and did not know we were coming. We drove up to the gate of their cottage. Before we had time to get out of our car, he looked up from his book and smiled and said, "Why here are Joe and Esther" As we walked with him among his flowers and later sat on the vine covered porch, we wondered whether the law of compensation has reached its fulfillment but his smile of contentment and serenity assured us.

His life was well spent, and was an illustration that giving is better than receiving.

JOSEPH P. CATLIN

In every community we find, from time to time, a man with the rare combination of high ideals and the courage to work and fight for them. It is in the very nature of things that such men will have a maximum of hard work and a minimum of material reward. They deliberately reject the easy way, because they know that it never produced anything worth while. Their religion is that of unselfish service; the only religion taught by the Master so many years ago that it has been practically forgotten, or so buried beneath theological dogma that in many cases Christianity has become a mere "profession of faith," involving obligations of no more importance than that they can be completely disregarded and then cleared up by occasional fits of repentance. There is a wide difference between the desire to be useful, and the ambition to get into heaven.

A vigorous, unselfish interest in the welfare of his fellowmen is the noblest trait a human being can have. All true leaders have it. Such a leader was Mr. Hall. I had the privilege of working with him, I learned more than ever before or since to appreciate those qualities that will make him

live longer in our hearts than any memorial or monument ever can.

EDMUND G. E. ANDERSON

For a period of ten years I was intimately associated with Mr. Hall, first as a pupil and later as a teacher, and of both relations I have only the pleasantest memories.

The influence of a fine, forceful character like his upon the child of fourteen through those active, impressionable years to womanhood is not lightly forgotten or unappreciated. His kindly care and interest as I passed from the pupil stage to that of teacher was unfailing. Through all that time he was to me as a kind, guiding parent, a wise and loyal friend. His sense of fairness and justice, his dislike of anything which approached snobbishness, his high standards in character as well as scholarship—his pupils will always recall these with gratitude.

I count it a privilege to have studied and worked with him.

AGNES CHILDE PAINE

"Those of us who went to Woodstock Academy in the nineties realize how much Mr. Hall's influence was felt in the school. The teaching was of the highest order, due to Mr. Hall's great natural ability, which amounted almost to genius. His personality dominated the social and religious life of the school. Football, baseball, tennis, skating and all outdoor sports were encouraged by Mr. Hall, both because he thought they were a benefit to the school and because he was genuinely interested in them. His personal interest kept these sports on a far higher level than would have been the case if they had been left entirely to us who naturally

were more interested in winning than Mr. Hall, and less interested in the general benefits to be derived from the exercise. Altogether Woodstock Academy, at that time, was the kind of school which Mr. Hall might be expected to have had. I don't know of any other kind of school which I would substitute for it."

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. HOLT

To speak of Mr. Hall as I knew him is a loving and grateful task, because his teaching and example have been a potent influence for good all my life. I came to him a rather raw country boy. He taught me habits of study and constantly held before me high ideals. He encouraged me to work toward a college training and in every way to make the most of myself. When I first met Mr. Hall he had only recently come to the Academy. He had just finished drawing up new courses of study, a difficult and arduous task, and little appreciated by his students at that time. He was using all his splendid energies to build up the school and increase its usefulness in the community. As time went on, Mr. Hall's influence was felt in all the affairs of the town, but when I knew him most intimately he was absorbed mainly in the activities of his school.

Mr. Hall possessed a vital and vigorous personality. He was endowed with rare natural gifts as a teacher. He loved his work and he loved to watch his pupils as they developed. In the class room he was a keen disciplinarian, but always held our love and respect. He abhorred mental laziness or any other kind for that matter. He had the keenest sense of humor. Many a page of dry Latin text was cheered by a humorous story, his grey eyes snapping with fun all the while. He joined in our sports with

boyish enthusiasm. Especially he loved tennis. Through him I learned the game and have loved it ever since.

Woodstock Academy was wonderfully fortunate to secure Mr. Hall's services as a teacher. I never realized how fortunate we were until years of contact with other teachers made me appreciate his work at the Academy. When he came to the Academy, he saw at once that it badly needed a general housecleaning. He set himself to the task with characteristic vigor. As I have already said, his first big task was the drawing up of much needed new courses of study. This work placed the Academy on a firm foundation and in a position to fit its students for the leading colleges and technical schools. He instituted special work in public speaking and started the well known "Public Rhetoricals" in which so many of us gained our first experience on a public platform. He arranged with many of the colleges to accept the certificate of the Academy in lieu of entrance examinations. Stimulated by his enthusiasm, a large percentage of my class went on to college and professional school. Thus he strove to build up the Academy and it grew and flourished.

The best memorial of such a teacher as Mr. Hall is found in the grateful appreciation of his former students. Through his efforts we absorbed higher ideals and a higher standard of loving. For this loving work we shall always bear him in tender memory.

ALFRED THURSTON CHILD

To write my appreciation of Mr. Hall is in one respect a difficult task, because I do not feel that my command of the English language is equal to an adequate expression of my feelings.

No one knows how sorrowful I felt at the conclusion of my sophomore year, when if I remember correctly, there was considerable talk of Mr. Hall's leaving Woodstock; nor how relieved I was when I learned he was to stay with us; and, I am sure every scholar felt as I did.

I deeply respected and admired Mr. Hall and tried to gain his approval, although there were many more times than I wish there had been that I failed in my lessons or conduct, but Mr. Hall's quiet encouragement or reprimand was always enough to make one strive harder and aim higher.

In the passing of Mr. Hall the family of course have by far the greatest sorrow to bear, but his loss has been deeply felt not only in all the activities of Woodstock but by a host of friends and by every scholar and graduate who had the privilege of attending school under his guidance.

Mr. Hall gave the very best of his life and strength to Woodstock Academy and her pupils and may each and every one of us endeavor to do all in our power to keep good old Woodstock Academy up to his high standard.

ERNEST G. WILLIAMSON

Readers of the GLEANER may remember an article that appeared in it a few years ago on "The Essentials of an Efficient Teacher." It was written by Mr. Hall and in every line revealed that fine essence in him which made him so gifted an instructor. "We have tried briefly," he said in conclusion, "to present the requisites of an efficient teacher as we conceive them. He must be in love with his occupation, fond of study, devoted to work. His personality must be aggressive, reasonable, and controlled. He must be equipped with broad culture and technical training. As com-

panions of these he will have a practical common sense and an un wavering hopefulness."

This terse and vigorous characterization conjures up the real Principal as his assistant teachers knew him, yet only as the printed recipe does the finished viand. Those who were privileged to teach under him will never forget but will despair of describing that combination of sanity, humor, sound intellect, that zeal to impart instruction, and nobly to influence character, that were daily manifest in Mr. Hall.

The independence he so dearly loved he shared freely with his assistants. He never interfered. Having chosen his teachers, he showed the problem and left them free to get results. He had always a spirit of fairness and co-operation which won from his associates a feeling of enthusiastic loyalty to him and to the school. He had no "teachers meetings." So much was the school a part of his life that school matters were discussed as simply and naturally as morning greetings were given or the news of the day talked over. One caught from him not methods but the spirit of the thing—to deal with pupils courteously and fairly, to appeal to their sense of reasonableness, to teach with ardor, as one who was sharing a gift that was precious yet intended for everybody.

He conveyed many a practical lesson by relating anecdotes from his wide experience. "C—W— told me yesterday that he would not bring his excuse. His people knew about it and there was no need of it. I was busy and annoyed by his attitude, and I wanted to tell him, 'Bring that excuse or leave school.' But instead I made myself say: 'If I excuse you I must excuse others, and it is a needful rule in the majority of cases to re-

quire an excuse.' W—saw the point, and this morning"—the waiting smile grew broader—"I got the excuse."

It has often occurred to the writer that one secret of the success of those forty-odd years of teaching lay in that clear, resonant voice that without effort reached every corner of the room. He gave of his best to the pupils, and his confidence that they would give their best to their work had in many cases a surprising effect on character. Someone once said: "Education in Great Britain teaches a man either to look up or down; education in America teaches a man to look his fellows straight in the eye." Education under Mr. Hall taught one to stand a little more erect, to discover that the horizon was wide, and to look even beyond that, or to understand that there was a beyond; moreover, to realize that life every day was very much worth while.

He was a reserved man, yet he liked to have people carry on their work where he was. Drudgery was not so bad when all the "staff" worked together in the main room over the dreaded monthly exams, with a comforting feeling of rivalry to hasten the happy moment of completion. A burst of glee often heralded a moment of relaxation over some ludicrous bit of student misinformation. "How's this for the reward of my labors in teaching English History?" He once asked with comic ruefulness. "(Darwin's Theory of Evolution means that to the survivest belong the fittest.' There's the modern version for you."

In a certain respect he was like the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, of whom it was said that he constantly read and studied, in order that his boys in class might not find his mind a dry spring. The restless, intellectual

scholar's mind sought constant stimulus among the best books; and he was never so happy as when imparting to others his progress in the volume of the moment. Privileged as the teachers were to live in the Principal's family, we heard at table or in long walks after school, interesting bits from Macaulay's *Essays* or it might be *Pepys' Diary*. We heard of Cavour's struggles to achieve a united Italy, of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, of Phineas Finn, and the "Parliamentary Novels;" in short, the truth and the fiction that instruct and entertain a keen and active mind.

The good salt of his humor gave zest to the day. "Oh, Mr. Hall," cried a bird enthusiast to him one April afternoon, "I've seen thirty-nine birds this spring already."

"I've seen forty," he retorted, "All English sparrows."

Upon his return one evening from the weekly prayer meeting, he scandalized the household by protesting that he had objected to the election of Mr. B— as deacon. "Certainly I did," he declared. "I told them that the Bible says that a deacon should be the husband of one wife, and Mr. B— is a bachelor."

He even dreamed jokes. "I taught school last night and asked a class in American History to give me fourteen reasons for the Revolutionary War. None of them could do it, but there I had them—the thirteen original colonies and the mother country!"

He was a thorough-going baseball "fan." Even to feminine obtuseness he never wearied of telling the standing of the leagues, or of descanting upon the glories of former heroes of the diamond; and if the mood were just right, he might tell of his famous hit when the ball lodged high in the branches of a campus elm, he made

a home run, and the umpire—oh, always the umpire!—wouldn't let him have it! Happy the evening when the stories went back to the famous Class of '72, and he sang the college songs.

Reminiscences such as these must needs seek pardon for being fragmentary and inconsequential. Recollections flit from memory to memory—the pleasant, orderly schoolroom with the class intent on a demonstration from Geometry. The bright group gathered on the Academy lawn, singing

"Here's to Mr. Hall

As he smiles upon us all."

The sight of a solitary figure pacing the walks in a November twilight—and last of all comes the recollection of a whimsical smile as Mr. Hall is saying, "I've decided on my own epitaph, and you'll agree that it's appropriate for a schoolmaster.

"School's out. Gore on the Long Vacation."

EMMA E. ALLEN

I really feel so incapable of doing justice to the task of expressing the ideals and influences which were so indelibly impressed on me by our beloved Mr. Hall while I was under his instruction and guidance, that I have more than hesitated in answering your kind letter.

It would certainly take a more experienced pen than mine to begin to tell what benefits have been derived from his careful tutelage, his kindly and sympathetic advice, his fatherly attention, and above all, from that fine example of straight forward and clean living which he continually kept before us.

Someone has said, "He that will not be counselled cannot be helped." But this did not obtain in the old days at the Academy when Professor Hall was in the saddle. Pupils who by na-

ture hated their tasks in the classroom, and for this reason, unthinkingly held a grudge against the "Prof." could not refrain from liking and admiring the man who, during the noon hour, came down to the diamond, the gridiron, or the basketball court, and there put into force all the highest qualities of fair dealing, square decisions, manliness, and virility that can make our American sports such a great help in character building.

And now that we look back on those schooldays in which he was the dominating influence, we forget the raw spots which were due to our forgetting some phrase in Latin or rule in Algebra, and remember only the kindly touches here and there that kept us in the straight road and urged us to do better by the proper appeal to reason rather than by the lash of derision or unsatisfactory reports. We remember him as the umpire who always gave the square decisions, as the man who gave us the straight talks on personal matters, as the advisor who took us into his confidence and always helped us out of our difficulties, as the teacher who always knew more than we did (although he never "rubbed it in"), in short, we remember him as a personality which embodied all that was good and nothing that was evil.

One more quality, the worth of which was brought home to all of us so forcibly during the Great War, and which he continually kept before us, was—cheerfulness. Will any who knew him ever forget the smile with which he rode down every obstacle? Will any of us ever forget the enjoyment that he found in every task he undertook, and the cheerful energy that remained with him to the very last, when,—even as he himself would have wished it—he reached the end

of his long journey, in full harness!

All who knew him, loved him. All who knew him were bettered by his influence, which still remains with us as an everlasting tribute to his worth, and I shall always consider it as one of my life's greatest privileges to have been—one of "his pupils."

FRANK W. ROCKWELL

Memorial Sermon

Aug. 21, 1921

When I was asked to come here for this memorial occasion, your pastor used these words about Mr. Hall. "The staunch, faithful member of this church, and our noblest, finest citizen" as great a tribute as any man could ask for in his memory. With such words as my text, no mere eulogy is needed, but if I can help interpret the significance of such a life in continuing influence, or bring such a high spirit down to our consciences, and up to our hearts; that were a message worthy to be enforced on such an occasion. With this object in mind I recalled a record in the Gospels where it is said that Jesus, at a discouraging moment of his life, went away beyond Jordan where John did his work as Christ's fore-runner, and there we read the abode. The people over there it is recorded began to talk to Jesus about John the Baptist as they remembered him. "John," said they, "did no sign (or miracle) but all that he said about you, Master, we now see is true." And we read, as a very natural result, how there many came to Jesus, and that many believed on him there. This was some time af-

ter John had passed away, but he had left not only fragrant memories of himself, but better yet, had borne testimony to his Lord. That is, the posthumous influence of that good man **was still working on**, to bring men to believe in, and to follow his Friend and Master.

We meet today at a time and place beyond the Jordan of our engrossing lives, to recall the possible posthumous influence of another good man in himself and in his testimony to his Lord. John, like my friend Ely Hall, was the last man who would ever expect such a recognition; and would have stopped it if he could. He, like John, had not been living in the limelight of the great Jerusalem. Even those who knew him best over the Jordan did not claim that he was a wonder worker.

John, like your friend and mine, was a plain man, a very humble minded man, a man simply clad, not living in king's houses, fared plainly and thought highly, called himself only a "Voice in the wilderness," saw that he might gladly decline if only his friend Jesus might increase in repute and power, caught the vision of One Mightier, the latchet of whose shoes he thought himself unworthy to unloose. But later on in Christ's life the same Lord made of his humble minded friend beyond Jordan, that astonishing estimate, "Among those who are born of women none hath arisen greater than he," That is, Christ's conception of a great and successful life was that it be somewhat like John's.

Now your pastor from a more intimate and local friendship has interpreted to you what the friends and neighbors over the Jordan thought of their fellow citizen John. Be it my part to go a little further afield, and say some few things about the sig-

nificance of such a life along common and John-like lines, which will make him inimitable in our own day and generation, in Woodstock and elsewhere. I had hoped to see my friend at our fiftieth Yale reunion next year. I have thus known him longer than any one here. I can therefore see him in the perspective of college and hill-top both. I can contrast in my mind his career and that of other classmates, and say something perhaps the fairer as to wherein his success and greatness lay.

Now in speaking today of the continuing influence of the man you honor, let me say first some things he was not, as well as somethings he was. These personal qualities do not make him aloof or inaccessible to any one here today; for any help from this life lies in downright truth in measurement of values; anything else or more fulsome would be false to the predominant trait of his character, namely, plain, common honesty. If he had a mole on his face, like Cromwell, he would bid the painter, as Cromwell did, to put it in the portrait. For example, you will never understand the true achievements of this life, if you forget that in his person and his presence, his face and his figure, he had none of the physical attractions that count for so much in the power and success of some men. He was far from the Apollo or Adonis type; but who ever thought of that in the plain presence of his dignity. There was that within which transformed all outside, and what he was always conquered how he looked. When we say just "Ely Hall," we mean that he was "all right there," his own true self, and honored for just what he was.

Nor are we speaking today of an extraordinarily gifted man. True, he was an excellent scholar, but not one

to astonish the college world, nor since he came here as far as I have heard.

Moreover, he was not an eloquent man in any but Emerson's great sense when he says that some men in themselves speak so loud that you do not care to hear what they say.

Moreover, he was not a man of Academic or other degrees, nor did he have any civic office in this or any other community as far as I know. His name was not in the Red Book called "Who's Who," that Westminster Abbey of aspiring Americans. It might well be there.

Very many in our class at college have made greater fame. Few made less money. Ten to this one perhaps, have spent their lives in larger communities, and very many have held more conspicuous positions. And so why do we hold a memorial service about him months after he has gone? That is done very seldom even for public men counted far greater than he. Now I say all this frankly in honor of Ely Hall's own honest, humble spirit, for that is just about the measure he had of himself.

When I was teaching in the Hartford High school years ago, the greatest head that school ever had, (Principal Capron died, and such a spontaneous public outburst of love and honor came from all classes of people in Hartford, as I have seldom seen in my life. Nothing would have surprised him more; but Mr. Capron though one of the most truly great men I have ever met, was just about the most humble minded man I ever saw. Once he said to me, speaking of a very poor school janitor who vexed his soul, "I have always wished that I could be a janitor. I know that I could have done that job well." And yet, though Ely Hall would be as much surprised as Mr. Capron at such

a testimony as we give today, yet I wish to repeat publicly here what I have often thought, and have before this said to others, that very few, if any, of my college friends or any other acquaintances, have had so truly a successful life, or have been so fully master and servant both, in Christ's sense, of a chosen field in life. And what can a man want more than that. Now it is just because this man did not have some of the more brilliant and conventional elements of greatness, and yet did have certain very common and familiar virtues, but raised to their highest power, by their potent blend in his every day character; for this reason Ely Hall was a far more helpful man to us than the exceptional genius could ever be, the more remote highnesses we generally call great leaders.

What he was you and I can measurably become if we have his secret. The secret of this life, and his prime lesson to us is that if somehow we can get his humility and yet keep his fire; his enthusiasm yet his patience; his consecration blended with his common sense; his love for his fellowmen and his respect for childhood; his self-poised content with his job, and yet his vision over his duties; his pastoral touch in the pedagogical arena, and yet his dignity in every sphere—I say if we had, or would work to get, something like his blend of common and average graces, raised to their highest power as far as we know how, with God's help, to blend and raise them, this would make us all possible candidates for his honors and measurably his peers as church members and citizens of Woodstock. And what is true of the man himself is true also of his leadership. Mr. Hall had discovered what we all know and yet do not quite like to acknowledge, that the average man is the world's

moral test. There are more common people than any other kind. How far have they gone? What sort of men and Christians are they? Princes and proletarians are little segments of the body politic. The special saints are not very numerous, but the utterly incompetent and the very wicked are also a small fraction. People who see visions and people who try hard to believe that they are atheists, are equally infrequent. Now the real leader takes the great simple common traits and tries to raise them to their highest power in his leadership of men. Even Jesus struck the middle keynote. He did not satisfy at once every philosophical query of the intellectual class, nor sweep away every burning sin of the criminal class, but "the common people heard Him gladly." It is comparatively easy, from conscious heights of complacency, to go down to the slums, or to send our pocket books around the dismal worlds of want; but to clasp hands with, or touch pen for the average citizens of our town or street, that is hard and disagreeable. To soar with the rhapsodist or truckle with the charlatan is cheap and easy, but to take hold just where we live, that is the real test of abiding influence in leadership. The real and tangible fruit of Christian principles is not to be judged by the utopian's dream or the pessimist's wail, but by the concrete actualities which mark the deepening common sentiments of men. The true leader in himself is a high blend of common things. The man who perhaps does not know that he is leading, or care whether he is called a leader, is the man who somehow strikes the common chords of life, and blends common every day graces with grace which comes from God, and lifts in himself and in others common every day morals by the mo-

tive of indwelling grace and truth. Such a man was Ely Hall.

Let us test the truth of this idea of greatness and leadership by a few standards. I have recently been reading Margot Asquith's much discussed book. She had met nearly all the best men and women of Great Britain. In one of her letters she tries to set forth her idea of a truly great man. She says the first element of greatness is fundamental humility, not servility she adds. The second is freedom from self, meaning not getting away from self; that is impossible; but making self not so much a center as a circumference of fuller life; third, intrepid courage, which taken in its widest interpretation generally goes with truth she says; and fourth, the power to love, which is the rarest of all she thinks. Three of these elements at least are manifest in Mr. Hall. His humility, his unselfishness, and his power to love. I do not know that he had to show much courage here, (the third element above); but I do know that a humble man, free from self, fixed to the pole of truth and with power to love, could also fight if he had to, and fight to win because he loved, and everybody knew he loved even when he hit.

Mr. Hall also conforms to another standard which I recently found in a novel. Of one character the author says he possessed the three great essentials of a joyous and successful life, namely; a happy childhood, religious convictions and a sense of humor. Mr. Hall must have had a happy childhood. I have never seen a man anything like him who did not have one, and who did not have as one of his highest and happiest memories some one or more significant victories at some early day, so that in the fret and toil of life he could say what David did, "The sword of Goliath

which I took when a boy in the valley of Elah. There is none like that. Give it me."

The second element or religious conviction and character has been discussed by your pastor. A high churchman once asked superciliously of an early Methodist lay preacher, "Do you sir belong to the Standing Order of the ministry?" "No," he answered, "I guess I belong to the kneeling order." Mr. Hall's piety was like that of the medieval monk, Brother Lawrence, who has furnished in his book of devotions to us modern Christians a phrase which in our own day is being taken up as a slogan for practical piety and devout leadership, namely, "Practicing the presence of God." Mr. Hall practiced the presence of God.

But he truly had the third requisite of greatness mentioned above, a sense of humor. I have had some delightful laughs over college and contemporary things with your also religious townsman. Humor does not mean wit necessarily, though he had it, but it does mean that power of seeing, and seeing kindly, the funny and incongruous side of things and people, which takes off the edge of mere criticism of others and yourself, and so makes a man charitably poised in rough and tough places. If Mr. Hall knew you all humorously yet kindly, and kept on an even keel, for thirty-three years in this community, count that a very humble virtue, but one very rare, I think; one, however, which would make Woodstock a far happier and better place if you all had Mr. Hall's sense of humor. In fact, of him we can say what Kipling says of another,

"He scarce had need to doff his
pride,

Nor slough the dross of earth.

E'en as he trod that day to God,

So walked he from his birth.
In simpleness and gentleness, in
honor and clean mirth.'

And now to bring this great and beautiful life a little closer to our hearts and consciences, let me say a second thing about Mr. Hall, that he was what most of us might be, a stalwart Biblical layman; that is, a layman, yet with the pastoral touch; a layman who yet shared the doctor's sympathetic skill; a layman, yet with the judge's level head; a lay citizen with more than a party politician's civic interest. Do you recall that certain modern, yet very sacred public men were not ministers or priests at all? Mr. Moody was never ordained, neither was Henry Drummond nor is John R. Mott.

Mr. Hall was not only a layman, but as I have said a Biblical layman. Have you ever thought that most of the Biblical characters were laymen? People get the idea that just because men and women are written about in the Bible, that therefore they are set up on a kind of elevated platform to be looked at, and judged by different standards from ordinary men; or else we get the impression that most of those who are spoken of are high priests, or prophets, or beings upon whom or by whom God wrought miracles. This is the reason why the Bible is so often an unreal book to so many people. But the truth is that the largest proportion of Biblical characters were ordinary, every day folks, full of very secular spheres of work, and sacred only as good and God-like character brings sanctity. Ruskin says of religion, that if it is good for anything it is good for everything. That is a good Biblical idea, and it is not far afield to say that each one of us is making sacred history as well as secular history every day. Every layman's life has a God side and a man

side, but they are so mixed together that our busiest and most earthly experiences and every day duties may be our most sacred record, while we may possibly never be so secular as when we go to church. So when I say that Mr. Hall was a stalwart Biblical layman I am saying the same of Biblical characters themselves. For example, David certainly was not a priest even though he wrote some of the psalms. Nehemiah was a man who built a wall to the glory of God; that was his business. Abraham was called "the friend of God," but remember that he was a rich nomadic sheik of the desert, proprietor, herdsman, (that was his lay business,) and yet he founded a great and sacred nation. Regard Moses as a sacred law-maker if you will, but it was Aaron his brother who was the priest and Moses the man of affairs. Samuel was a priest, but he had to deal with a pretty hard layman in Saul. Call Joshua a soldier, that is what he was, even in the Bible. Recall a sacerdotal act of Joseph if you can. What was he? A politician. But was not his whole secular life full of the best kind of sacredness? There is nothing merely "goody" about Daniel even though he had mysterious Biblical visions. What was he? A young prince who prayed openly at his window, and stood straight as an arrow in the market place.

Now, friends, I want you to feel, as I did, that Ely Hall made himself felt here for God and good, not by any special ordination, not just because he was head of an Academy, nor because he was elected to lead in civic interests, nor even because he was a deacon. No, he was God's man, that is all; God's layman, that is enough; sacred without a halo, and just plain Ely Hall, first citizen of Woodstock, because in his heart he was citizen

of the Kingdom of God. God-guided and God-inspired every day morals in church and state. That is the possible religious life of a layman. God guided and God inspired, with every day tone, and yet attuned to the infinite. That is the kind of layman you may become if you will follow Ely Hall.

And now let me say a third thing about Mr. Hall. He showed the power of Personal Touch. If as a layman he would not pile off responsibility in church or civic duty upon some vicarious priest or lawyer or politician; or if he did not expect all the great world's practical and ideal problems to be solved by somebody else, all the time. I say, Ely Hall bids you and me get into personal touch and interest in men. He had a certain pastoral, that is personal touch here, as he moved about all these years. He had more than most ministers the pastoral instinct, as he went about the school-room, took his place in church, or walked over your common. If he was a good teacher it was because he considered his mission fully as much a pastor's interest as a pedagogue's problem. Like a certain great man in history, he seemed to take his hat off to a boy every time he saw one, as he realized the possibilities there; and yet like the great Principal Clark of Williston Seminary years ago, he could say (such was Mr. Hall's real boyishness of nature), "that his greatest task as a teacher was not so much to make men out of boys, as to conserve the boy in the man. And so like a good teacher and pastor combined Mr. Hall never forgot that no man can long be fruitful in influence who is so deeply interested in problems, that he forgets individuals. That is what so many of us are doing today. But, in big fields or small, no man works Christ's way who is either

benumbed by great issues, or makes them soporific in effort as over against individual interest, which in the long run only can move vague problems into personal potencies. That was one secret of Mr. Hall's influence here. He knew and loved pupil or parent, teacher or citizen in all this country side.

I had him once to speak to a group of my Hartford students on "The influence of an old Academy in Community Life." Our students regarded it as one of the most inspiring things they ever heard. But was it a pedagogical lecture? Yes, perhaps Mr. Hall thought so. But what was the effect upon my students? What did they remember? That unconsciously Mr. Hall was speaking most of the time about individuals all over these hills and valleys, of lives quickened, old graduates he knew personally, hither and yon in life, here and elsewhere, fine traits in farmer's lads, and beauties in young womanhood; odd traits straightened out, and new motives given. Where was Mr. Hall's heart and brain? In Academic curriculum merely, or in money measures of a school chiefly? No, he was writing his own epitaph like that of Abou Ben Adhem as one who loved his fellow-men.

Now this was true of him away back at Yale. Nobody in our class remembered everybody of our group as he did. I never talked with him that he did not recall something about every fellow in college days and ever since. His mind was full of funny stories, and he remembered tenderly too, the traits of obscure classmates as well as the prominent; many of whom most of us had partly forgotten but not he.

And now lastly I want to say another thing of Mr. Hall in which we too can follow him. Mr. Hall spent most

of his life and gained true greatness and success in a comparatively limited sphere, as we all must. He dignified, he glorified, he raised Woodstock to its highest power. Woodstock is beautiful for situation; how Beecher loved it! How you and I glory in it! Out of its loins came the blood of Oliver Wendell Holmes. From here went out lines that have leashed and loosened both the "Independent" spirit of America. But Woodstock is a limited center though it may have a wide circumference. Woodstock is a little room even if it is a great space. It is a Nazareth, but not a Jerusalem. It is a hill town and comparatively few people in it. It has a small but venerable Academy on its brow, but no college or Acropolis. We can say of it, in these days of relative decline in population, what Plutarch said of his native Chaeronea, "As to myself, he said, I live in a little town and I choose to live there lest it should become less." And in such a place as this we may well recall the famous advice to one complaining of a country town for its lack of social privileges, and away from good society, "Go sir and make good society where you are."

Friends, this occasion gives us a great opportunity to recall ourselves to a right perspective of essentials of place and power. Like Plutarch, Ely Hall by living here helped to keep Woodstock for years from becoming less. If that were all he did, he deserved well of his town and his commonwealth; but you know that that was not all he did here. He himself grew mightily in his own soul here. How many men are starving their own souls in the bustle of the city street. He helped to make Woodstock a "city set on a hill which could not be hid." I wish the author of Main street, you all perhaps have been

reading, could come to the Woodstock of Ely Hall and then write another and a very different book.

Dorothy Canfield has measurably corrected the error of that other book. by her recent novel, "The Brimming Cup" but she conceives of a mighty fine layman as working in that town, but far short of such a man as your fellow citizen. Ely Hall challenged here on this hill, without knowing it, any great city pastorates of others of his classmates, any great surgeon's career of another, a senatorial chapter on another's brow and the Bishop's mitre of another. Why? Because true success and greatness can never be measured by bigness of field, breadth of recognition, or size of campaign. Yes, for a while others get louder plaudits, but few have memorial services of a whole community's love and loyalty long after they have died. Others in larger fields in life may have, after all, only limited specialist's sway, the segment of a "bigger pull." But in a smaller town such a man as Hall at least has possibly everything in social germ that a larger place affords in wider sweep. He can touch the real roots of life which may flower perhaps some day in the larger gardens of the state. He can have his hand on all there is to shape for social betterment. He ministers not to one type or class, but to all, even if they be relatively few, if he have the spirit of Ely Hall. He feels the personal touch and the intimate sympathy if he care to, as compared with the impersonality which is deadening industry today, and freezing up society in the icehouses of apartment and tenement.

I had in my own life for pastorates a New England village and a large western city. I have no hesitation in saying that I had more scope, though less space in the smaller field. Now I

say this, and I say it in sincerity, not in fulsomeness, and not to underestimate the larger spheres or the wider horizons of life. This trend of emphasis upon big, wide, things today is beneficent and inevitable, and we all know and throb in response to the fuller and faster pulses of our day. While we recall that the psalmist says "The strength of the hills and mountains is God's, yet, let us not forget that, right in that same Psalm, in Cranmer's version, the psalmist also says, 'In his hands are all the corners of the earth.'" It is the corners of God's world that should rightly corner us to our duty. That is what Ely Hall says to us in Woodstock today. Every one of us lives in his own corner of God's greater world, and in our particular corner after all, be it smaller or ampler, we have got to do our work, and from our corner get and give our part of power to the larger issues of our day. The sooner we see that and contentedly and sacredly do it, the sooner will we know the happy secret of this strong and lovely life spent upon this hill top; a life we should emulate, as well as should honor today. We want to influence men and measures, we want a "place in the sun" of our times, we want a public to know us and feel us, and we long for the eyes and ears of men. Well says Ely Hall, "God is my public," and says Jesus, "My meat and my drink is to do the Father's will." And beautiful yet little Nazareth on its hill, barren yet fruitful wilderness beyond Jordan, country walks about Galilee, Cross outside a city gate, were after all but corners of the earth whence even the Eternal Son of God moves humanity.

"I but open my eyes and Perfection
full fronts me,
And God is seen God in the star, in
the stone,

In the flesh, in the soul and the clod,
And thus looking within and around
me I ever renew,
By that stoop of the soul which in
bending upraises it too,
The submission of man's nothing perfect,
to God's all complete,
As by each new obedience in spirit
I climb to His feet."

(Browning)

ALEXANDER R. MERRIAM

A Cruise of the Orient

I am quite convinced that unless the writer is extremely clever, letters of travel are rarely interesting except to close friends: but when the call came from the Gleaner for a contribution I could not decline for Woodstock and Woodstock Academy holds for me many pleasant memories and the Gleaner has given me many happy hours.

On the sixteenth of August, 1920, our family of three turned our faces northward with a sigh of contentment, for the mercury had been registering uncomfortable degrees for some time. For two days we travelled northward but OLD SOL kept us company and we found Winnipeg the hottest place in Canada. Not until we reached the Canadian Rockies did we find real comfort. Our two stops here were delightful but I dare not dwell here lest there be no ocean trip. At Vancouver, we embarked on the "Empress of Asia," one of the two largest and most luxurious steamships on the Pacific. Here we settled ourselves for six weeks of ocean cruising. The Pacific travellers are quite unlike the Atlantic—a more cosmopolitan lot. We had more than a hundred mis-

sionaries, most of them returning to old fields. The present day missionary is quite unlike those I used to see; "none but the BEST need now apply." There were forty "Y" girls going out for the first time. We were attached to a Sunday school party of thirty-eight, with the objective point Tokio and the World's Convention. Beside these, there were the usual globe trotters, though not an auspicious season for them, commercial travellers, diplomatic representatives, and people wise and otherwise.

We touched first, at Yokohama for a day, a new world and a new people. Our first greeting came from the ubiquitous rickshaw boy. We never tired of this baby-carriage conveyance. It is comfortable, not too slow and we travelled scores of miles in this manner. The port cities have seen many changes in the past few years and one must needs get away from the water-front to see the really picturesque. The rice fields and lotus beds, the bamboo and cryptomeria forests, the funny little Japanese people with their exaggerated manners and the animated doll babies. The houses are quaint and flowers are everywhere. A night and a day brought us to Kobe, and here we were met by the city and provincial officials. From this time, whenever on Japanese soil, we were reminded that we were guests of Japan. Speeches and tea drinking were indulged in most intemperately. The missionary work of the American Board in Kobe is very interesting and we enjoyed the hospitality of the missionaries. A sail of rare beauty through the inland sea brought us to Nagasaki, and here we saw the most unique coaling in the world. Huge barges surrounded our steamer as soon as we dropped anchor and hundreds of men and women, in rhythmic order, passed the baskets of coal

from hand to hand to the steamer's side. In twelve hours, 3,200 tons of coal were loaded. We were taken by our Japanese hosts to see the public schools and they are marvels of efficiency and equipment.

Shanghai was our next port, and here we saw a new Oriental. No more Kimonos, but trousers for women and gowns for men, hair-dressing changed, and a different style of rickshaw. Shanghai is really more occidental than oriental but full of interest. Three days again by sea and we were in Manila, where the sight of our own "Stars and Stripes" was refreshing. After three days of sight-seeing, we could rejoice again that we were Americans for marvels have been accomplished during the twenty-one years of occupation, in schools, public buildings, hospitals, parks and sanitation. Back to China and the fascinating city of Hongkong. Here we rode in our first sedan chairs, made necessary by the steep streets. The harbor is beautiful and the drives about the island, enchanting.

On north to Kobe again, where we said goodbye to our good ship "Asia" and took train for Kyoto, famous for its shrines and cherry blossoms. A day of railroading again and at last Tokyo. Three hours before we arrived, the very beautiful convention hall was burned, but all Japanese officialdom sprang to the rescue and even the Parliament buildings were offered for use of the conventioners. I never saw such hospitality as we enjoyed in Tokyo. There were luncheons and banquets and garden parties galore, and quite the crowning thing was a luncheon, given by the leaders of both houses of Padliament at the Peers' Club. We were fortunately among the hundred invited and the toasts breathed only good-will and appreciation of America and its offer-

ings to Japan. After the Convention we left for Korea and Manchuria, and then to Pekin, the most interesting of all cities visited. As the Imperial City it has all the remnants of royalty in deserted palaces, and magnificent temples. We visited the museum, most wonderful in many ways of any in the world, and had an audience and tea with China's President. We saw the wedding and funeral processions and the ever-changing and fascinating streets.

Coming by rail South, we touched the edge of the famine district where fields were denuded of every spear of grass and trees of every leaf. The country was desolation personified. The stations were thronged with men, women and children begging a bit of money or a morsel to eat. At Shanghai again, we took steamer for Honolulu, where we spent nine wonderful weeks in this garden-spot of the world.

I have only touched a few of the high points but I fear even so, I have exceeded my time limit.

ELLEN T. HASKELL

Wakefield, Nebraska, July 27th, 1921

Old Glory Overhead

In far off France, in far-off France,
reigned darkness, gloom, and fear,
No ray of light the shadows pierced,
the end seemed drawing near,
When o'er the sea, from distant
shores, the cheering message sped.
"The khaki boys come to your aid,
Old Glory overhead."

At Seicheprey, at Seicheprey, they
met the tempest shock,

But 'gainst the hail of shot and shell,
the line held like a rock,
Until the mighty Prussian troops
shrank in unspoken dread
From the defense they could not break
—Old Glory overhead.

At Belleau Wood, at Belleau Wood,
they faced the hidden death
That lurked amid the tangled briers,
the gases' poisoned breath,
The nests whence belched the mitrail-
leuse, by fierce machine guns sped,
Nor quailed one hero soul that day—
Old Glory overhead.

Along the Marne, along the Marne,
the Crown Prince hurled his men:
On every Teuton heart today shall
fall a shudder when
Famed Chateau Thierry's name is
breathed; 'tis writ in letters red
How there the tide of battle turned—
Old Glory overhead.

At St. Mihiel, at St. Mihiel, passed
many a countless soul;
That night, amid the thinning ranks,
Death called the muster roll
Of those who in the strife for right
their lifeblood there had shed,
Nor deemed the sacrifice too great—
Old Glory overhead.

At Argonne, at Argonne, in that last
bitter strife,
The roaring guns took toll in vain or
that vast stream of life
That fought on, pausing not until the
frighted foe had fled,
To strive no more 'gainst men like
those—Old Glory overhead.

At old Sedan, at famed Sedan, was
Prussian might laid low
When Foch his terms dictated to the
sullen conquered foe,
While lifted 'gainst the arch of heav-
en, in white and blue and red,

Streamed forth the banner of the free,
Old Glory, overhead.

In days to come, in days to come,
shall fate send war or peace,
That name shall honored be for aye,
nor ever shall it cease,
To cheer the living on their way, to
honor valiant dead,
And speak of courage, truth, and light,
Old Glory, overhead.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON,
Class of 1905

Public Health Nursing in a Rural Community

Dear Gleaner:

As school and community nurse in this town my work is proving so interesting that I would like to give a little description of it to readers of The Gleaner.

For the past two years I have been engaged in this field of nursing; part of my time being devoted to sick calls and part to school work.

We have a very thorough school medical inspection here, the doctor being very co-operative, and cards are sent home to parents urging the removal of physical defects; and when necessary children are taken to free clinics in Holyoke which is just across the river.

In our examinations we found ten children with incipient tuberculosis who were not a menace to other children and were allowed to remain in the schools. They were malnourished and underweight and I gave them a mid morning lunch and a short rest period during the day and urged more

air at night. Prizes were given to this nutrition class and they were presented with their charts. They were weighed every week and were given a gold star for a gaining, a red star for lunches and a blue star for rest periods, which were put on the charts. All of them gained and were promoted in their grades when it was thought at the beginning of the year that part of them would have to go to a sanatorium.

Other work in schools consists of caring for infections, etc., and frequent talks are given which are illustrated with either charts or stereoptican slides also outdoor tooth brush drills were given to all the grades. In one building I made cocoa daily for six months for sixty children and this was served by the teachers.

Last year the Red Cross presented the school department with an excellent dental equipment; and after the dentists had completed inspection, for which cards were also sent to parents advising work to be done, they began filling teeth and at the close of the year all of the children in the first four grades received dental attention. Three half days every week were devoted to this work.

The pupils are weighed by the teachers every month and all malnourished children are investigated. Also conduct class inspection frequently to detect any disease or condition which should not exist.

A course of lectures were given in the High school on Hygiene by one of the school physicians and I conducted oral and written tests and a final examination. The drawing class of the High school drew several health posters which are used for illustrating my talks to pupils.

There are about twelve hundred children in the grades being in four school buildings and are easily accessi-

ble. The health work in the schools has been highly satisfactory.

Am having a great many sick calls and this work is gradually increasing and when school is in session, the days are very busy.

If any of the graduates or future graduates are contemplating a profession do not think lightly of the nursing profession; one of service and satisfaction because one cannot help but see results of the work.

Should any Woodstock friends pass thro' the town I would be pleased to see them.

Sincerely yours,

JESSIE M. HIBBARD

July 27, 1921, South Hadley, Mass.

Alumni Reunion of 1921

August 20th the 120th anniversary of the founding of Woodstock Academy was celebrated and a good time was enjoyed by all. The day was perfect and the Alumni spent the morning in visiting, writing their names in the register and all received a button with the reunion date on it.

At one o'clock the old Academy bell to whose call so many had responded in days gone by, now summoned all to the banquet hall on the second floor of the building. The tables were prettily decorated with golden-rod, golden-glow and banners. The Grange served a very appetizing lunch. Rev. Henry Baker asked a blessing, after this a merry good time was enjoyed.

Herbert Bowen acted as toastmaster for the afternoon. "Fair Woodstock" was sung then speeches followed. Mr. A. S. Hardy, president of the Board of Trustees told about the

financial condition of the Academy and the recent purchase of the Elmwood Hall land. He as well as others gave tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Ely R. Hall. He was followed by Edward B. Chandler who was introduced as a multi-millionaire and spoke in his jolly friendly way. Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan made a few pleasing remarks after which Miss Ruth Shepard sang, "My Old Mammy's Song" Rev. Wells Partridge, after a few remarks of his school days at Woodstock Academy spoke of his work in the late war and the kite which he invented. Prof. Sidney Morse spoke of his own High school experience, told a few well chosen stories then gave the following poem a tribute to his class:

When Dr. Holmes, the Harvard man
Who since reunions first began
Best flapp'd a reminiscent wing—
When Dr. Holmes was wont to sing
The glories of his class and flatter
His meek and honorable Alma Mater
The constant thesis of his rhymes
Was that his mates immune from
times

Claw-fingered clutch and visitation,
Look'd not a shadow older than
They look'd the day of graduation;
And this aroused his admiration;
He called it oft with coruscation,
Of lively wit and gay laudation
A matter of congratulation,
I differ from that Harvard man.

The Spring will vanish with the rose;
And Youth's sweet manuscript will
close;

Nor ours to palter or to pose.
That unlin'd brows at sixty-two
Call not for felicitation,
But charity and explanation.

Not so or those I call to mind,

When brows and cheeks are furrow- To those who know their lives have
lined; been
By marches forced to forts destruc- No guarding of the cheek's carnation,
tive No cherishing of youth within.
By ceaseless toil on farms productive, Gray with the highway's sifting dust,
By manly plea in courts judicial, Beaten by sun and wind and rain,
By work in many a line official, We bear the scars that humans must
By cares incessant in the home, Who have not passed their time in
By patient daily ministration. vain.

Here's one—long time one good Town The tools they gave us we have used,
Clerk, The challenge thrown, we met; and
Who never trifles at his work; now
He knows one birth date, mortgage With dented swords and armor bruised
loan, We come with these grown signs to
Each marriage date—except his own. show
In witness that we did not creep
Apart for forty-five years to sleep.

And this is our Lieutenant Colonel, Swift at our bidding rise and flow
Trained in the ways of war infernal. Unnumbered ghosts of long ago—
But now he seeks pursuits bucolic, Old laughter's echo in our ears—
Regarding all wars diabolic. Old jokes grow mellow with years.
Old Woodstocks farms with magic Better perhaps than silver speech,
power To leave within the heart of each,
Grow cattle, grass, grain, fruit and In golden silence unexpressed
flower; Those long lov'd memories. Let them
Sumner—MacIntosh Red to us ap- rest.
peal— For the last longing of the soul
Leslie—packed, lustrous hued, lus- Is still a floating aureole
cious, tart, non pareil. Beyond the touch of striving hands,
Beyond the uses and commands of
loss or gain.

On Bench, at Bar, see Mathewson
Russell
Learned in the law, who makes things
hustle,
Urging contentious folks to settle,
Be they noble, poor or flush with me-
tal. To each one sunset in the West
Where sleep our Islands of the Blest
Over whose reefs and glistening sands
Ripple and smile, and fades and flee,
The still waves of a shoreless sea!

Hear girls—our girls whose sunny introduced as a former "Belle of Wood-
curls stock Academy" and she made many
Fram'd faces sweet and sparkling eye, interesting comparisons of the boys
Your spirit—beauty cannot die; and girls of her class and those of the
Ring'd with a halo half divine, present day. The oldest Alumnus
Your lives devoted ever shine present, Andrew Lyon, was introduced
With radiant love and service true as one who has both the head of a
A multitudinous blessing, you, philosopher and the heart of a boy
I offer my congratulation and therefore one whom Plato would

call a sage and Shakespeare a 'merry Andrew.'

George M. Sampson made a few remarks and as chairman of the Alumni Reunion Committee thanked all for helping make the day a success. Other speakers were Judge F. F. Russell, Charles H. Potter, Henry T. Child, Leonard H. Healey, Henry J. Potter, H. H. Davenport, Dr. Robert Paine and Dr. E. R. Pike. Miss Louise Lawton sang "Who is Sylvia?" To close the afternoon all sang "Auld Lang Syne" led by Clarence R. Hall.

A reception was held in the evening and the following program given: Piano solo, Charles Swain; violin selection, Mrs. Ethel Phillips Barker; vocal solo, Miss Edith Jacobs; selections from Hamlet, Hon. F. W. Hinrichs, as Ophelia in the Mad Scene, Miss Harrison; piano solo, Charles Swain; violin solo, Mrs. Barker; song, Miss Jacobs.

All joined in singing "Fair Woodstock," the words for which were written by Mrs. Anne Hall Gaylord and the music by Mrs. Agnes Child Paine. Dancing followed, the East Woodstock orchestra furnishing the music.

Treasurer's Report 1921

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand	\$102.90
Sale of Gleaners	76.50
For advertisements	37.50
Int. on bank book	1.30
	<hr/>
	\$218.20

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	\$91.80
Extra slips for Gleaners	1.50
Photo of Miss Butler	.50
and new cover plate	13.20

Photos Plate	30.00
Editors	
Stamps and Envelopes	9.82
	<hr/>
	\$146.82
Balance in Treasury	\$71.38

Alumni Association Report

President, Edmund G. E. Anderson.
Vice Presidents, William C. Child, Miss Emma E. Allen, Miss Ethel Upham and Miss Harriet Sampson.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee, Principal of the Academy, Miss Rilla Child and Mr. Albert Williams.

Editor of Gleaner, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Faculty Items

Mrs. Ely R. Hall spent last winter visiting her three children and for a month this summer she has been in Woodstock.

Miss Annie M. Brooks of Athol, Mass., leads a busy life with her home and church duties.

Miss Margaret Cochran has taught the past three years in Norwell, Mass. and this year she goes to Somerville, Mass.

Miss Aleta Prescott has been attending Cornell Summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney are living on their farm in Brimfield, Conn. Mr. Kinney has had to give up teaching because of poor health.

Miss Elizabeth Ross goes to East Hartford High school this Fall to

teach. This summer she worked a few weeks in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.

Miss Lucy Dyer Reed spent part of her vacation at Mrs. Healey's in North Woodstock. She will return to her school duties in Watertown, Mass., this fall.

Miss Marjorie Pease taught this past year in the West. Her many friends were glad to see her at the Reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mill nee Miss Mildred Foye frequently visit Woodstock and plan this year to spend a week in September there.

Miss Marguerite Burns has been enjoying her vacation with her new Ford. After two successful years as music teacher, Woodstock is glad to have her return this Fall.

Miss Ethel Upham with her mother spent a month visiting her brother in Chicago. Woodstock Academy is glad to welcome her back another year.

Miss Emma Allen has a position as English teacher in the North High school, Worcester, Mass.

Student Personals

George M. Sampson and wife (Sarah Gordon) had a most delightful trip to Florida this past winter. They visited many places of interest in Florida and some of the other states.

Nellie D. Chandler was in East Orange last Winter, this Fall she has taken the northern route to California and expects to visit Honolulu before returning.

Much sympathy is extended to Myrtie Chaffee Jordan in the death of her husband this last Spring. Her older

boy is attending Wocester Tech, the other one will be at home and take a post graduate course at Woodstock Academy.

Mrs. Lottie May spent part of the Summer in Ellington, Conn.

Mrs. Prudence Hyde is living in an apartment in Wellesley, Mass.

Miss Ellen E. Osgood resides in East Hartford, Conn. She has spent most of the year caring for an invalid sister and for a brother, Mr. John Osgood, who passed away during the Summer.

Lawrence Chandler has secured a position with the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburg, Pa., and will spend the coming year in that city.

Harold Briggs is at Chicopee Falls as head electrician at the River Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Leavitt have sold their farm and are now living in North Woodstock. This Summer they spent a few weeks visiting in Maine.

Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Buxton, a student of Wilson Modern Business College in Seattle, Wash. won the gold medal in a contest of 300 for rapid calculating, also another gold medal for mental addition. Her mother was Miss Florence May, formerly of North Woodstock.

Much sympathy is felt for John P. Sabin and wife in the accidental death by a high voltage electric wire, of their son Ellsworth.

Elizabeth Carroll Ritch and husband spent several weeks this last Winter with Mrs. Ritch's daughter and family in Watkins, N. Y.

Mrs. Florence Tourtellotte Freese lives in Providence and this Summer she called on friends in Woodstock.

Frank A. Hopkins writes from South Scituate, R. I., of the pleasant days he spent at Woodstock Academy along in 1862. Speaking pieces and

arithmetic problems brought their most precious of my life." trials then as now.

Clarence H. Child, this past Winter, went a second time as Representative from the town of Woodsock to the State Legislature.

Miss Mary Flynn visited her brother, Major William Flynn this last winter in Westboro, Mass.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine and her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Child Green have spent some time this summer at Rockport, Mass.

Edward B. Chandler and wife came for a time to White Sulphur Springs then to Washington from which place they motored to their home in Gloucester, Mass.

Mrs. Dorothy Richardson Lincoln lives in Worcester, Mass. She and her husband frequently motor to Woodstock.

Mr. Henry T. Child has given over the care of the farm to his son William. He and Mrs. Child spent several weeks in New York this Winter sight seeing and just having a good time.

Hamilton Holt has purchased and remodeled the home once owned by his grandfather and formerly occupied by Dr. George A. Bowen.

Miss Florence Evans and her sister of Alexandria, Virginia attended the Alumni Reunion and spent some time visiting friends about Woodstock.

Frank A. Hopkins is living in South Scituate, R. I. He writes that the memory of his days at Woodstock Academy is very pleasant.

Mr. William Arnold and sister of Providence spent the winter in Florida with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Merwin.

James H. Sawyer of Lafayette, Indiana writes "I can only say that the association I made during those student years, from the Fall of 1859 to the Summer of 1862, under the instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Manning and Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, were among the

work of last year as Chief of the Austrian Mission for Child Feeding under the American Relief Administration.

Arthur E. Needham leads a farmer's life near West Allis, Wisconsin. His life is much the same there as a farmer's life is here, keeping horses, cows and pigs. This year the oat crop was not very good and the hot, dry summer has affected the corn and potato crop.

Ethel Phillips Barker very kindly played the violin for us at the Reunion. It seemed like old times to hear her play the violin.

Clifford I. Stoddard has been to Woodstock several times this Summer being interested in helping with the Hall Memorial which we all hope will be a success.

1890

John Boyden continues to live in Rochester, New York.

Agnes Child Paine with her family attended the Alumni Reunion.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt and family are enjoying their new auto. Her daughter Dorothy enters Holyoke this Fall.

We are sorry we are unable to report anything about Mary Goodwin Bliss.

1894

Alfred T. Child and family spent July at Port Jefferson, L. I., where his three children have become largely amphibious. Alfred is Associate Professor of chemistry in Rose Polytechnic Institute. He was elected a member of the American Chemical Soci-

ety this year. He has been twice the tenor soloist for the Terra Haute Choral Society, besides singing often in local churches.

In these days of change, it is a pleasure to know that Charles G. Burd is still finding himself very busy at the First Congregational church in Montclair, N. J. He is spending his vacation in the Berkshires and has just won the first medal in a handicapped golf tournament at Pittsfield.

Anne H. Gaylord is always to be found engaged in one of the three following occupations: hunting birds with a field glass in the woods that surround her house; taking lessons in the "crawl" from her six foot son in the country club lake; or trying to carry out some of the ideals of a New England housekeeper in a Southern home.

Albert D. Merwin lives in Eden Florida where he and his brother have a large fish trade. He and his wife very pleasantly entertained Woodstock friends this past Winter. Bert is a very influential political man in the state.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Four members of '95 were present at the reunion, Sara Colvin, Everett Upham, Alice Sharp Johnson and Edith Hall Dohan. We hear of other members of the class holding private reunions of their own: Jessie Bowen Palmer and Stella Tompkins Waterbury now are neighbors in California and Sara Colvin and Ned Child (are they trying to keep young?) go to the same dancing club in Worcester. Barton Fitts still holds aloof in Providence where he has completed his twenty-second year with the Gorham Company.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Ruth A. Cahoon frequently visits her sister in South Woodstock which is not far from Providence where she works.

Joseph Sheppard has been doing landscape gardening work in Waterbury, Conn., this past Summer and Spring.

Clarence A. Weaver and family visited Woodstock relatives this Summer.

Mary Bowen Keith is living in Putnam and her oldest boy goes to High School.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Louise Grosvenor van der Laan and her husband took a two months' trip to Europe during March and April. They travelled in Italy and France, and then visited relatives in Holland before sailing for home. They report a delightful trip.

Fred J. Fitts continues to live at his home in Ashford, Conn.

Ruth Williamson Gallup and her husband attended Yale commencement at New Haven in June.

Constance Holt expects to take a trip out West in the early Fall.

Esther and Joseph Catlin continue to reside at 60 Brookside Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mowry Ross is still a resident of Camden, N. J. He spent his vacation in West Woodstock this summer as usual. See morning.

Arthur O. Williams is now employed in the American Cotton Oil Company of Providence. His address is East Providence, R. I.

Howard M. Frost is Vice-President of the General Casualty and Surety

Re-Insurance Corporation, New York City.

Ralph H. Sabin has moved from Dravosburg, Pa., to Newcastle, Pa.

A. Lloyd Cooper continues to make his home in Alexandria, Va. He does public accounting and auditing work in Washington, D. C.

The class will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary next June. Let us all make every effort to be present at Woodstock Academy graduation in 1922, one hundred per cent strong. Six of our class attended the Alumni Reunion August 20th.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Flora Steere Wetherell's interests range from her family to the farm, the Community Club, the Church, and women's suffrage with the same intensity and vigor as of old. She has two boys in the Academy this fall.

Maria Elizabeth Chandler reports a strenuous year. She has sought relief over the weekends by taking long hikes over the mountain trails and in camping trips. Yes, and she's a genuine devotee of that California climate! Her address is 1809 East Harvard St., Glendale, California.

Sydney Upham has postponed taking up his residence in the East again until that dim future when he retires from business. Looks as tho Chicago appreciated him.

Emily Burlingame Ross is as faithful as ever to her West Woodstock farm and the weekly trips to Southbridge.

We are glad to learn that Edna Frost Tobias is slightly gaining in health.

Leslie Harris is still at his real estate and insurance business in New Rochelle.

Dr. James Howard Hutchins is kept constantly busy with his veterinary practice and his work as state examiner for bovine tuberculosis.

Emma Elizabeth Allen admits that she has violated the tradition of the class by doing something different. After nearly seven years in Nashua, N. H., she went last February to Worcester, where she is now teaching English in the North High School.

Albert Williams is a busy man! Between his home, his mill, his store in Putnam, his various church activities, and being Selectman of Woodstock, he really must be putting his motions quite close together these days. Yet he and Mrs. Williams found plenty of time to help make the Reunion a big success.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Ruby Sanborn has been spending her vacation at Jackson, N. H. She has completed her third year as assistant to the Research Biologist of the Poultry Department of Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Frank D. Skinner holds the position of assistant superintendent in the Fabyan Mills, Fabyan, Conn.

Olah Withey Whelpley has adopted a little boy. Her home is located at North Park, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Florence Warren Latham reports the most notable event in the past year's history as that of the arrival of her second daughter, Frances Warren on April 28, 1921.

Bessie Barber Williams may be found on the job at her home in Sprucedale.

May Gifford Jordan still resides in Webster, Mass. She spends part of the Summer with her parents in East Woodstock.

William C. Child is as busy as ever

at Valleyside. He has been instrumental in getting the Hall Memorial Fund well started.

Four of the class of '99 were present at the Alumni Reunion. May Gifford Jordan, Bessie Barber Williams, Frank D. Skinner, and William C. Child.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

Irving Frost and his wife frequently come to West Woodstock during the Summer.

Dr. John Paine continues practicing medicine in Exeter, California.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee has resigned his pastorate in Warrenville, Conn.

LaFayette Evans expressed disappointment in not being able to attend the Alumni Reunion.

Arthur Morse and his wife, Mary Alton are enjoying a new Dodge car this year.

Frederick W. Rockwell and wife plan to spend a week in Woodstock sometime in September. See morning.

and her poultry.

Frank Davenport is doing a thriving restaurant business in Harrisburg. He would be glad of a call from any Woodstock Academyite and his caller would learn of a place of good things to eat.

Ernest Williamson frequently drives from his home with the Huies in Springfield to Woodstock in Mr. Huie's beautiful Winton Sedan car. He enjoys meeting his Academy friends and his visits in town are much appreciated.

Congratulations from the classmates to Ethel Spalding Silberberg upon the birth in March of her little daughter, Libbie. Ethel is further engaged in the oversight of the building of her new house in Worcester and the beautifying of her lawn.

Sabin Spalding has bought the Linderman place in the Bugbee neighborhood where he will carry on a gardening and poultry business.

Olive Paine is still located in Rochester, N. Y.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDET"

The reports of the class of 1901 show little change from last year. From several members the correspondent could get no items. We hope that next year we shall have news of each member. Those of us who attended the Reunion were sorry not to see more of our classmates. Only four of us were there. Let us all make a special effort to attend the next one. It is very much worth the exertion.

Phoebe Randall Pray came from her home in Vernon Center to attend the Reunion. Her Woodstock friends were glad to see her.

Mary Aldrich Hopkins is very busy, as usual, attending to her housework

1902

"NIHIL SINE LABORE"

Lew Cox Hibbard follows her profession of homemaker in East Woodstock where she is prominent in all activities which make for the good of the village.

Lotta Stackpole is the only member of the class who holds a record of continuous residence in Woodstock since graduation.

Mary Frost Ross makes her home in Camden, N. J., and comes for an occasional visit to Woodstock. See Morning.

Rose Lowden Gilbertson lives in New Jersey also. Her address is 125 Lexington Ave., Bayonne, where she would be pleased to hear from classmates at any time.

Harry Child occupies the same position he has held for a number of years with the Barrett Manufacturing Company.

Florence Barber Washburn lives the life of a busy housewife at Auburn, Maine.

Herbert Johnson helps Uncle Sam to carry on his work at the Putnam post office and lives at 108 Grove St.

Jessie M. Hibbard is School and Community nurse at South Hadley, Mass. Elsewhere in the Gleaner she describes her work.

James V. Perrin is still a non-resident member of the class, that is he resides in another country. He is with the Berlin Construction Company with headquarters in Canada.

Jessie Withey reports a year of inactivity due to serious ill health. She hopes to resume her secretarial duties at the School of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, in September.

Ermond Brunn maintains so profound a silence that we suspect he may have joined the recent expedition to the North Pole and is outside the Postal Union!

Gertrude Tabor Howard continues to reside in Hartford, Conn., where she is busy training two promising young men to be first class citizens of the old United States.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Allan W. Upham substituted in the East Woodstock school during the Winter and taught the Elmvale school the Spring term.

Alice Steere Farrar is at the same place Healy, Kansas.

Grace Sumner Davis continues to live in Putnam.

Cornelius Haskell holds a responsible position as vice-president of the Live Stock National Bank in Sioux City, Iowa.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood lives in East Thompson, Conn. She is glad to keep in touch with her friends through the Gleaner.

Clarence R. Hall is assistant judge of the town court of Fairfield, Conn. See Morning.

Helen Chandler is engaged in clerical work in Glendale, California.

Grace Church White continues to live in Portland, Maine.

Frank W. Rockwell's home is in Annapolis, Maryland. See Morning.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Annie Shippey continues doing supervision work with the Traveller's Insurance Company in Hartford. This Summer she spent two weeks at Hampton Beach, N. H.

Blanche Shippey is at home at South Woodstock. She is anticipating a trip to Newport, R. I.

Anna Nelson taught in the West Middle School, Hartford, last year and will return this Fall. She is at home in South Woodstock this Summer, driving a Ford, all her own.

William Nelson was principal in the High School in Goffstown, N. H., last year. Next year he goes to Andover, N. H., as principal of Proctor Academy.

Pearl Alton Gifford lives in Quinebaug. This Summer she and her family spent a month camping at Weekapaug, R. I.

Florence Safford Keyes is living at Milnor, N. D. She is planning a visit to California.

George Edgar Whitney is manager of a farm for the Grosvenor-Dale Co.

Bernice Leavitt, because of her health, resigned her position as teacher in the first grade in Torrington last fall and spent the rest of the year doing clerical work. She is spending the

Summer with Grace Church White in mother in their own home.
Portland, Maine.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Nellie Towne Burleson lives in Union, Conn. Always ready to do whatever comes to her hand to do.

Ethel A. Rawson teaches in Providence but spends her Summers in North Woodstock, Conn.

Frederic W. Howard holds the same position with the United States Rubber Co. as last year. His address is 156 Victoria Road, Hartford, Conn.

Harry E. Wells continues to saw wood to "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Edmund K. Gilbert does not respond so we have nothing to write.

Lottie Howard Spalding continues to live in Woodstock. Recently she and her husband took a trip to LaFayette, Indiana, stopping at Niagara Falls and Chicago.

Florence Weish Armstrong writes that they are enjoying their little bungalow very much and also that they have had quite a wonderful garden this year.

Sarah Herrington Froyd's address is the same as last year although since May she has been out in the great Salt Creek oil fields of Wyoming where Mr. Froyd was sent to obtain geological information. She is greatly enjoying the experience although their nearest railroad center is Casper which is fifty miles away.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Carl Morse and family reside in East Woodstock.

Ethel Upham returns to teach at Woodstock Academy this fall. This summer she and her mother are spending a few weeks with her brother in Chicago.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean is at their cottage, "Glen Eldredge" as usual for the summer. She is finding their new home in Watkins very pleasant.

Maude Healey will return to the Lincoln School in Bridgeport where she teaches the fifth grade.

Mabel Ritch is traveling with the Chautauqua this summer through the New England States and Canada. She has the leading role in "The Bohemian Girl" a light opera which they are presenting.

Maude Andrews Washburn has the sympathy of her friends in the double loss during the past year of her father in Woodstock and her husband's

"ALTA PETENS"

Mabel Eddy Morse and family live in East Woodstock.

Mary Nelson is Social Service Dietitian with the Visiting Nurse's Association of New Haven, Conn.

Herbert Shippey leads a busy life on the home farm.

Henry Baker makes his home in East Woodstock and preaches there and in West Woodstock.

Clara Meyers spent the month of June at her home in Woodstock.

Mary Myers Graham has been with her parents this Summer.

1908

"GEDULD"

Louise Fitts White is residing at the same address in Pawtucket.

Winifred Potter will teach the coming year at the Crosby High school in Waterbury, Conn.

Harriet Nelson is doing Industrial Nursing at the Arrow Electric Manu-

facturing Co. in Hartford, Conn.

Gladys and Robert Whiting are planning to build a new home next year in Geneva, New York. Robert sailed the last week in August to be gone six weeks on a business trip to England, France, Germany and Belgium.

John Healey is doing Insurance Work in New York. His address is 840 Boyd Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.

Mildred Brown Townsend expects to be in North Woodstock the coming year.

Hazel Davenport Lewis will spend the coming Winter in Pomfret.

1909

"NITENTES"

Edith Briggs Fitts is still keeping up her art work. This past year she took short courses at Wentworth Institute, and Simmons College.

Lyle W. Turner is employed by the Government with headquarters in the South.

Bernice Bates Marschall has her home in Stamford, Conn.

Louis K. Miller has charge of a garage in Portland, Maine.

Marion Smith Watson, at her home in Pomfret, has had the pleasure of receiving calls from several of her Academy friends, during the past year, and says "Come Again."

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Mary E. Flynn is in the Government service, stationed at Massachusetts Agricultural College with the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

For news of Roxanna Wilbur Slye see Morning.

Edith Eddy will continue to teach in Stafford the coming year.

Herbert E. Nelson is employed by

the retail and wholesale candy and grocers company of Newton Robertson, Hartford.

Leonard H. Healey Jr. is in the furniture business and is located at Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Raymond Sheldon is in the newspaper business in Webster, Mass.

Lyman R. Fitts is foreman in the service department of the Mack Motor Co. situated at 185 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge.

Wallace E. Armstrong is in the Civil Service, in the water research department, with headquarters at the Custom House, Boston. His home address is 46 Westland Ave., Boston.

Louisa Howard Clark lives in South Woodstock.

Flora Alton Danielson will be glad to welcome her friends at her home in East Woodstock.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Harris S. May is employed by the Thames Lumber Co. of New London. For further particulars see "Noon."

Blanche Perry Bosworth continues to reside in Pomfret, Conn.

Esther E. Nelson will return to Plainville to teach.

Martin Nelson is employed by R. K. Safford, South Woodstock. His engagement to Miss Mabelle Johnston of South Woodstock has been announced.

Maude E. Milligan is Postmistress in North Woodstock.

Max L. Connor is still with Balfour Williamson & Co., of New York.

James P. Donlon continues with the Travellers' Insurance Co. of Hartford.

Esther Johnson has resigned her position in Westfield and will be married in the Fall.

Dorothy Valentine Cox will return to Miss Wheeler's School, Hartford, Conn.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Jarda Carlson Linde continues to live in Bridgeport, Conn.

Sophie Barrett completed her nurses training course in the Spring and will practice her profession near home for a while.

For Carrie Barrett Frink see Noon.

Grace Myers is in Woodstock for the Summer. She spends the winters in Florida. See Morning.

Olive Whitney is with the H. K. H. Silk Co. in Putnam.

For Gladys Sheldon Prescott see Morning.

Helen Perley acts as Assistant Librarian of the Woodstock Library.

Rilla Child enjoyed on auto trip to Lewiston, Maine, this Summer and attended the Lecturer's Conference of New England Granges.

turned to Flint, Michigan where he is employed.

Agnes White Cox moved to Stafford Springs in the spring. See Morning.

Grace Hawkins Healey has been living in Columbia, Conn., the past year but is at present at Woodhaven, N. Y.

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

Arthur R. Anderson's plans for the year are undetermined.

Susan S. Sumner will return for another year of teaching in the Federal Hill School, Bristol.

Olive A. Johnson was in Worcester the past year. She is now at home with her father.

Ralph N. Lyon is married and both he and his wife intend to teach in this state the coming year.

Ruth E. Bjornberg will teach again in the Washington School, South Manchester, Conn.

Ruth E. Witter continues her work in the office of the Intervale Mills, Quinebaug, Conn.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Eleanor Keith Lewis has been teaching in Eastford and will continue her work there this fall.

Edmund Anderson has enjoyed a most successful year as teacher of chemistry in Vermont University. He expects to return to his work in September.

Ida Spalding Masters is building a home next to her sister's in Worcester where she will soon welcome her classmates. She expects to continue her study of music this fall.

William Richardson graduates from New York University this summer. His plans for the coming year are indefinite.

1914

"Plus Ultra"

Carl O. Johnson was at home for a few months in the winter but has re-

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ruth Bates Keith continues to make her home in Danielson at 46 Maple St.

Catharn Perry Goodness has changed her address to Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Hill, nee Mable Richardson announce the arrival of a daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth, on July 22. Their address is still Middletown, Connecticut.

Mildred May is to be busily engaged at home the coming year.

Gretchen Rutishauser Sprenger was married this summer. Dr. and Mrs. Sprenger will begin housekeeping at 1909 Virginia Park, Detroit, Michigan.

Another wedding to be noted is that of Estella Frink Barrett's which took place on October 30, 1920. "Fairholm" formerly known as the Steer farm, is

where Mr. and Mrs. Ethal Barrett welcome all classmates and friends.

Mary Chamberlin expects to spend the coming year at home.

Clara Eddy will return to Stafford Springs in the fall to resume teaching. Her engagement to Maxwell Cox has recently been announced.

Harriet Sampson expects to continue her teaching of English at The Bennett School, Millbrook, New York.

Florence Lawson's address is 65 Bloomfield Avenue, Windsor Connecticut. She holds the same position as last year.

George Wilcox is a farmer in Pomfret.

1916

"FORWARD"

Marion A. Perkins has been teaching Biology during the past year and expects to continue this year. Her engagement to Milton Crandall MacDonald has been announced.

Bernice Sanger resigned her position at Worcester County Court House and has been employed by the M. S. Wright Co., Worcester, Massachusetts during the past year.

Wentworth Johnson who has been home during the past year is going to Detroit.

Joseph W. Henries works at his trade of plumbing. He is located in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Merrill R. Keith expects to continue his work in the Quinebaug Mills, Danielson. His address is 56 Maple Street.

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

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen J. White has secured a position for the coming year as physical

instructor and teacher of science in a private school for boys, after having taught in a grammar school a part of the last year in the town of Sterling, Connecticut.

Eleanor Williams Young is enjoying the many pleasures of housekeeping in West Woodstock.

Eleanor Lindeman is to teach in Willimantic this year, after having graduated from the Willimantic Normal School.

No news has been available from Theodore Perkins, tho' we sincerely hope that he has successfully mastered the Engineering Course which we heard he was studying the past year.

Helen Lois Harrington was married to George Luther Place of West Woodstock on June 29, 1921, and at the present time they are living in Webster where Mr. Place is agent for the Ford automobile.

1918

"CARRY ON"

Helen Bjornberg is to teach another year in the Hill School.

Hazel Wood will continue to teach under Mr. Barber.

Julia Johnson continues her work as a stenographer in the Royal Worcester Co., Worcester.

Marguerite Bosworth remains as helper in her brother's store.

Carolyn Cox will be at home.

Agnes Peterson expects to be at home.

Ellen Swenson's plans are undecided.

Jean McClellan returns to Smith College for her sophomore year.

Otto Pike goes to the New York State Ranger School.

Paul Ringdahl is to be at home.

Andrew Lowe plans to work on the farm next year. He is driving a new Studebaker car.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

Hobart Sanger graduated from the Worcester Business Institute in May and expects to study for a C. P. A. degree the coming year.

Ethel Lowe plans to take a position as a governess in New York.

Galen Pike has not made definite plans for the coming year.

Walker White will return to Northeastern University to take up mechanical engineering.

Bertha Myers is attending summer school at New Haven and will continue her work as a teacher.

The class extends its congratulations to Wallace Frink and wishes him a very successful and happy year on the farm.

Merrill Healey is kept busy with carpentering and farm work.

Louise Lindeman will begin her third year at Connecticut College in New London.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

Harold Johnston who has been working in Cheshire, Conn., this past year will enter Brown University this September.

Myrtle Ware, Signe Anderson and Sylvia May will teach again this year. Myrtle will have the Centre school again, Signe the North district and Sylvia the Paine District school in Thompson.

Dorothy Bundy greatly enjoyed her first year's work in Woman's College, Brown University and will return there in September.

Mabel Johnston announced on Apr. 1, 1920, her engagement to Martin Nelson of South Woodstock. The class extend their heartiest congratulations.

Louise Lawton who has been in Woodstock for her summer vacation

expects to continue her study of music at the University of Michigan this Winter.

Frank Harrington reports an interesting year at Northeastern College, Boston and will return there this fall.

Ruth Sheppard will attend the New England Conservatory of Music this next year.

Newton Carpenter will be at home in Eastford.

Olga Ericson spent part of last year in the South. Her plans for the coming year are indefinite.

1921

"EN AVANT"

John McClellan expects to enter Andover this Fall.

Annette May and Spencer Jordan intend to return to the Academy for a Post Graduate course.

Marvin Barrett has not made definite plans for the coming year, but thinks he may spend another year at Woodstock Academy.

Morning

September 3, 1920, a daughter, Grace Le Verne, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rich, nee Barbara Morse, in Hartford, Conn.

October 5, 1920, a son, Asa Chandler, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hibbard, nee Maud Peckham, East Woodstock, Conn.

November 30, 1920, a daughter, Catherine White, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cox, nee Agnes White, East Woodstock, Conn.

December 3, 1920, a daughter, Mary Bertha, to Mr. and Mrs. Myers, nee Grace Myers Woodstock, Conn.

December 15, 1920, a son, Lester Earl, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bemis,

Spencer, Mass.

December 29, 1920, a daughter, Priscilla to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus M. Kendrick (Principal of the Academy)

February 20, 1921, a son, John Clark, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bradford, nee Edna Clark, Putnam, Conn.

March 4, 1921, a son Richard Henry to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Slye, nee Roxanna Wilbur, Stafford Springs, Conn.

March 9, 1921, a son, Alfred Parker, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Sheldon, Woodstock, Conn.

March 16, 1921, a daughter, Libbie Delvin to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Silberberg, nee Ethel Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

March 1921, a daughter, Anne to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.

April 9, 1921, a daughter, Loretta Griffith, to Mr. and Mrs. John Masters, nee Ida Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

April 17, 1921, a daughter, Mildred Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bosworth, nee Adeline Sumner, Eastford, Conn.

April 28, 1921, a daughter, Frances Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Latham, nee Florence Warren, Eastford, Conn.

May 1921, a daughter, Evelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rockwell, Bridgeport, N. J.

June 30, 1921, a son, Sheldon, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Palmer Prescott, nee Gladys Sheldon, Webster, Mass.

June 1921, a daughter, Katherine Ferguson, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rockwell, Annapolis, Maryland.

July 22, 1921, a daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Hill, nee Mabel Richardson, Middletown, Conn.

August 3, 1921, a daughter, Edna Lillian, to Mr. and Mrs. Mowry Ross, nee Mary Frost, Camden, N. J.

August 6, 1921, a son, James Roswell, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slye, Pomfret, Conn.

Noon

September 21, 1920, Irving Perrin Frost and Maud Titus Baylis, Huntington, Long Island.

October 30, 1920, Ethal Barrett, and Estella G. Frink, Woodstock, Conn.

November 10, 1920, Harris S. May and Nellie May Smith, New London, Conn.

December 18, 1920, Nelson Frink and Mrs. Carrie Barrett McGregor, North Woodstock, Conn.

February 12, 1921, Adelbert Peckham and Bernice Sheldon, Woodstock, Conn.

May 4, 1921, Hermon F. Flutel and Edith Lowe, South Woodstock, Conn.

May 22, 1921, Ariel C. Wood and Vera I. Jackson, Jewitt City, Conn.

June 8, 1921, George Chandler Lincoln and Dorothy H. Richardson, Woodstock, Conn.

June 20, 1921, Harry Brennan and Alice Keane, Putnam, Conn.

June 29, 1921, George L. Place and H. Loise Harrington, South Woodstock, Conn.

Night

September 1920, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bowen, Eastford, Conn.

October 4, 1920, Ely R. Hall, principal for twenty-six years, Woodstock, Conn.

October 4, 1920, Charles F. Rivers, Providence, R. I.

October 12, 1920, Ellsworth Sabin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sabin, Putnam, Conn.

December 23, 1920, Ossian E. Mills, Wellesley, Mass.

December 31, 1920, Dr. Arthur Math-surroundings of church and school life
ewson, Washington, D. C.

January 3, 1921, Darius Mathewson,
Pomfret, Conn.

January 14 1921, Mrs. Mary Ellen
(Tucker) Averill, Worcester, Mass.

February 23, 1921, Dr. Edward M.
Child, Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 7, 1921, Julia D. Clark, wife
of Dr. Joseph Spalding, Woodstock,
Conn.

March 9, 1921, Lillian W. Johnson,
Woodstock, Conn.

March 16, 1921, Emma Fitts, wife of
Mr. Arthur Fitts, Pomfret, Conn.

March 18, 1921, Frank A. Jordan,
husband of Myrtie Chaffee Jordan,
Quinebaug, Conn.

March 30, 1921, Charles Dean, hus-
band of Minnie Palmer Dean, Welles-
ley Farms, Mass.

August 1, 1921, Mrs. Mary Lucy
(Keith) Morse, Southbridge, Mass.

August 27, 1921, Harry Stark, hus-
band of Selma Johnson Stark, Provi-
dence, R. I.

Edward M. Child

Edward Moses Child, M. D., passed
from earth on February 23, at his
home in Brooklyn, N. Y. Apparently
he was in usual health when the sum-
mons came and in a moment life was
extinct.

He was born in Woodstock and
was left in childhood without a fath-
er's care. His mother, however, was a
person of strong character who spared
not herself to instill firm principles
and high ideals, thus his youth was
passed in the atmosphere of a Chris-
tian home.

His happy, jolly nature made every-
one his friend, and entering into all
the sports and social Academy life
made him very popular. All these

early influenced him to be interested
in the activities of church and com-
munity, becoming a member of the
church in Woodstock in his youth.

After his graduation from the Acad-
emy he fitted himself for a doctor, be-
ing located in Meriden, Conn., for sev-
eral years then going to Brooklyn, N.
Y.

Mrs. George A. Bowen

The present issue of the Gleaner is
largely reminiscent in character and
as we consider the work of those who
are no longer with us in connection
with our honored Academy, it is well
to recall the active interest of Mrs.
George A. Bowen. Very few of this
generation have little conception of
her watchfulness in the trying days
when there was no one to care for the
building and the whole future of the
school seemed uncertain.

The same faithfulness helped to de-
vise ways to add to the income of the
institution during those days of finan-
cial weakness. Her quiet unobtrusive
interest in the pupils and success of
the school was appreciated but known
only to few. And when the outlook
was most discouraging her cheerful-
ness and ingenuity helped often to
bring order out of chaos and courage
to continue the work of supporting the
school. When the years brought to
Mrs. Bowen weakness of body and
she was forced to give up the activi-
ties of public service her interest was
unabated throughout her long life. The
memory of these days of strenuous la-
bor to maintain the school under far
greater difficulties than at present
should give fresh courage for the task
that yet remaineth.

ELLA E. CHILD

Arthur Mathewson, A. M., M. D.

1837-1920

Arthur Mathewson, son of Rufus Smith Mathewson and Faith Williams (McClellan) Mathewson was born in Brooklyn, Conn., September 11, 1837. Later the family moved to Woodstock, Conn., and subsequently the son received his preparatory training at Woodstock Academy, and graduated in 1854. Then entered Yale and graduated in 1858. Received degree of M. D. from New York University, March 1861. In July of the same year entered the Navy as Assistant Surgeon. In the examination he stood first out of 27 applicants. Served a year on the gunboat Winona in Farragut's Squadron. In June 1864, was promoted to Passed Assistant Surgeon, passing first out of 30 "survivors". In 1865, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him by Yale College. In 1867 located in Brooklyn, New York, specializing in diseases of the eye and ear. In 1868, he aided in establishing the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital and continued as Senior Surgeon for 32 years. After his resignation he was appointed Consulting Surgeon. A part of the year 1869 was spent in European hospitals. In 1876, he delivered the first course of lectures on Ophthalmology and Otology in the Yale Medical School. In 1883 was appointed Lecturer on Otology in the Long Island College Hospital. In 1886 was appointed Professor of Otology, and ten years later Professor Emeritus. For several consecutive years was President of the American Otological Society, and in 1905 was elected President of the American Ophthalmological Society. These two offices signify the highest honors which American Eye and Ear Surgeons can bestow upon one of their number.

In spite of his high reputation, both national and international, Professor Mathewson was very modest and unassuming in his manner. Or to use a colloquial phrase, "He was not a hot air artist." He hated shams and frauds, and was strong in his likes and dislikes. He was a great lover of nature, an excellent botanist, and an enthusiast regarding forestry.

His strong sturdy nature always reminded me of an oak tree. And when the news of his death was received, the exclamation came to my lips, "A noble oak has fallen."

JAMES W. INGALLS

The Year's Work at W. A.

It hardly seems to me that an account of the year's work is necessary. Inasmuch as the general plan of it has been similar to that described by Mr. Hefler in last year's issue of the Gleaner. I shall therefore make my article brief, and if the record of the social activities of the school, which follows, much longer and ever so much more interesting, many do not on that account believe that we have devoted more time and effort to the social part of the Academy life than to its academic side, for that is quite untrue.

First let me say that we have endeavored to live up to the high standard which had been reached at the time you were reading Mr. Hefler's article. At no other time has it been my good fortune to be associated with a school whose pupils showed such a fine spirit regarding their work, and such loyalty to their institution, as did the pupils of the Academy at that time. Mr. Hefler's resignation was a great disappointment to every member of the school, and after he left it looked for a few weeks as if we

were going to lose our fine spirit. But as the boys and girls began to get accustomed to the change they found habit strong upon them, and to a great extent returned to their former attitude. Now at the close of the school year, I see no reason at all for discouragement at the outlook for next year.

The scholarship rank for the year averaged high. There was a surprisingly small number of flunks. As the school's standard of scholarship is not low, and as Woodstock boys and girls are probably not above the average in mentality, this encouraging report is due simply and solely to the willingness of a majority of the pupils to work, and work hard. Such pupils deserve great credit, and their teachers, at least, do not fail to appreciate such a spirit.

It is an encouraging fact that the New England College Entrance Certificate Board has again granted us the certificate privilege. This shows that our curriculum is such as to fit pupils for college. It shows also that the pupil whom we certified last year is making good. Another of our graduates enters college this fall on certificate. I wish that every fall might find at least one graduate of the Academy entering upon a college course. At present a good many pupils take the college preparatory course, but do not go on further than the High school. That so large a proportion of pupils take this course is no doubt due in part to the fact that the Academy offers no commercial course, which is impossible with so small a force of teachers. In regard to the college question perhaps it would be fitting at this point to urge pupils or prospective pupils of the Academy who may read this article to plan their course in such a way that when the Senior year comes and a possi-

bility of entering college appears they may not have the embarrassing experience of finding themselves a point or two short for entrance.

It may be of interest to some to know just what will be taught at the Academy during the school year 1921 to 1922. The curriculum contains the following courses: four years of English, four years of Latin, three years of French, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Review Mathematics, General Science, Biology, Chemistry, early European History, and American History and Civics. In several subjects the Junior and Senior classes combine, because of the small number of teachers. We who are teachers realize what an immense advantage it would be if there were another instructor. In the first place, more courses could be offered, in the second place, the Juniors and Seniors would not need to have so many classes together, and in the third place, it would give each teacher a study-period, thereby relieving him of the necessity of preparing for all of his six classes outside of school hours.

Perhaps enough has been said about the studies to show that we are very much in earnest about that part of the work. Now for a word about Music, Gymnastics and Ethics, all of which I consider are also very important factors in school life.

We have had a very successful year in music. The operetta, "The Whole Year 'Round," which was given in April, was presented before a very large audience. There was hardly standing-room in the hall, to say nothing of seats. It was evident that the public anticipated an entertainment of a high class, nor was it disappointed. At the graduation exercises the school's rendering of a cantata, "Columbus," was one of the finest bits of musical art that Woodstock pupils

have ever presented. As the music of the cantata was quite difficult, all the more credit is due the school and the instructor, Miss Burns. As Miss Burns is to return to Woodstock for another year of teaching, we feel confident that the Academy will retain its high standard in music.

The pupils lost little of their enthusiasm for gymnastics. On gym days the marching and setting-up exercises were carried out with precision and with the snap that comes only from interest in the subject. We hoped to hold a gymnasium exhibition at some time during the year, but there seemed to be no opportunity for it because of the press of other work. The work is very valuable for both boys and girls. Much credit is due Miss Ross for her successful work along this line with the girls, and it is with the greatest regret that we learn she is not to be with us next year.

The Ethics period has been a get-together period for the entire school and as such it has proved its worth. At these periods matters of common interest are taken up, both teachers and pupils having an opportunity to express their views. Reports of monitor work are given, points for the Blues or Golds are reported, and the entire meeting is conducted according to the rules of parliamentary law. As a time for debates, celebration of special days, etc., the possibilities of the Ethics period are endless.

If I should go on to speak of senior socials, the athletic association, basket-ball, baseball, and our field day, I should still be within my subject, for all these things belong to the work of a well-rounded High school, but I fear I should be encroaching on Miss Ross' subject, which is that of the social activities of the year, so I will

bring my article, which is longer than I thought it would be to a close.

ETHEL E. UPHAM

Social Life 1920-1921

Announcement of a Woodstock Academy social foretells a really "socialable" evening,—to that I think we'll all agree, and the socials given by the class of 1921 were true to type. Perhaps the fact that there were only four may be accounted for by the number in the class. Count them—one for each social.

In October, the audience was invited to look on while a group of would-be-brave girls visited "The Haunted Gate" where they were surprised and well-nigh routed by a band of fun-loving boys bent on Hallow'een pranks. Of course it ended happily as all Woodstock Academy dramatics do. The same evening came the ghostly parade of black-cloaked figures who, in sepulchral voices, their faces lighted only by flickering candles, told the tale of "Little Orphan Annie."

Not until March did 1921 again entertain, and then the East Woodstock orchestra which had been asked to play, was greatly disturbed by an article in the local papers announcing that a rival band—the "Kazoo"—would appear the same evening. But their perturbation was untimely, for it developed that the new band had been organized for that evening only, and would disband immediately.

The next month, the finals in the speaking contest for the Hill and Valley Players prizes, were held in the form of a social. The first and second prizes—ten and five dollar gold pieces—were awarded by the judges to Beatrice Healey 1922, and Annette May 1921, respectively.

Only a week later, on April 22nd, a decidedly successful operetta, "The Whole Year 'Round," was given at this year, playing several other teams, Woodstock Academy. These musical presentations entail a tremendous amount of work in preparation but the appreciation shown by the audience more than balances that, and shows the school that its friends hope that the operetta will become an annual event at the Academy.

On April 30, the weather-man got wind of the fact that "The Whole Year Round" was to be repeated — this time at Quinebaug. and, evidently fearing that 1921 would amass too much fame and fortune, he sent a rainstorm to attend the affair. Consequently the financial success was not pronounced, but everyone had a good time.

In May—on the 28th—members of Senexet Grange provided the entertainment for the final social. Their offering was "The Port of Portico," a sketch of a farewell dinner (cabaret style) in honor of Woodstock residents returning to the United States from Portico—"Somewhere in Spain." A magician who performed the impossible by producing the absent lover of the heroine, was an amusing feature, while a few local hits added to the enjoyment of the sketch.

The spirit of cooperation shown by all classes in these socials was splendid. Everyone was willing to, and did help in every way possible and that, in a large measure, accounts for their success.

As for athletics,—our basket-ball team may not be champions of the League, but the boys play clean square game, and do their best. What more can anyone ask? The fact that the school as a whole, was much more heartily in back of the team this year than last, helped the players, and there were many times when victory

was almost ours. The girls also made an excellent showing in basket-ball at this year, playing several other teams, and winning all but two of the games. Who among those present can forget the evening of January 28 when the Tourtellotte boys and the Windham girls came to Woodstock Academy and left us jubilant over a double victory? May there be many such evenings in the school year of 1921-22!

On June 7th, the school surprised three very unsuspecting teachers, Miss Burns, Miss Upham, and Miss Ross with June boxes while they were visiting at Echo farm. The boxes were greatly appreciated and their contents helped to fill many an aching void before school the next day.

The second annual Field Day—a contest between the Blues and Golds—was held in Roseland Park on June 10th. Arrangements for the entire event were very ably made by a student-committee, and quite a number of friends of the Academy were present to cheer the victors. All day long, the prize for which each side was working, the Field Day Cup, wore two bows, a blue and a gold, but at the day's close when the totalling of points revealed the score of 84-83, the golden bow was solemnly removed and the cup presented to the Blues until next Field Day.

The year terminated with the usual reception on June 24th—a very pleasant and well-attended finale. The Academy is always sorry to lose a class but in this case it has no fear of doing so, for the majority of 1921's members have expressed their intention of carrying out their class motto. "En Avant," by coming back to Woodstock Academy as post graduates. Good luck to them and to the undergraduates in the years to come!

ELIZABETH ROSS

Library Report

The library wants to make a report. It wishes it might make an interesting and favorable one, but, to tell the truth, the library is somewhat discouraged. What's the matter with the library? Have the members of the association failed to support it? Oh! No! Has it no new books? Indeed no! One-hundred and one were added during the past year. Well, what is the matter with the library?

Briefly this: nobody visits it. Not quite nobody, of course, but statistics of the librarian show that there is a decrease this year in the circulation of the books of two-hundred and twenty-three. This is a number not to be passed over. It means that the library is not serving its purpose in this community; not through fault of its own, we believe, but merely through general lack of interest.

If you think that the library ought to continue its work in Woodstock, and of course you do, give your support by a visit now and then, and a little browsing about the shelves. There is something for everybody's taste and should you want some special book which isn't on hand at present, ask the librarian to put it on her list and very likely the state will send it to Woodstock.

HARRIET GORDON SAMPSON

Graduation Program

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Connecticut, Friday afternoon, June 24, 1921, at two-thirty o'clock.

Program

1 March

Orchestra

2. Prayer

3. Pilgrims' Chorus, Tannhauser

R. Wagner

Chorus

4. Address

Adm. Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N.

5. The Violet's Fate

Franz Abt

Chorus

6 Music

Orchestra

7. Presentation of Diplomas

Rev. Fosdick B. Harrison

8. Cantata, Columbus E. S. Hosmer

Chorus

9. March

Orchestra

Ivy Exercises

Annette Childe May, Ivy Orator

Motto

"En Avant"

Graduating Class

Latin Scientific Course—

John McClellan

English Scientific Course—

Annette Childe May

Marvin Anson Barrett

Spencer Perry Jordan

Academy Sunday

June 19th, 1921

Sermon by Rev. Boynton Merrill at the Woodstock Congregational church at eleven o'clock a. m.

Ivy Oration

Life is full of changes, of comings and goings, of greetings and farewells. While the greetings bring us much happiness and joy, the partings bring us sadness and sorrow. And that is why there is a touch of sadness in our hearts today, as we, the Class of 1921, bid farewell to this Academy and those connected with it. We will miss the pleasant days and years we have spent together in these class-rooms and on the campus. But we cannot

stay. We must ever push "Forward." As we continue along life's journey we shall meet and cope with new conditions and, though success or failure await us, our memories will turn back with great pleasure to our happy days here. For the benefits which we have received here we are truly thankful. It remains for us who have received these privileges, not only to enjoy them but to profit by them. All that we have attained during these four years, we owe to the careful guardianship and untiring efforts of our faithful teachers. We hope that individually, and as a class, we will be a credit to them in the years to come.

We can well say that our life at this Academy has been made up of changes. We venture to say that no class has ever been able to boast of having changed principals five times during its four years here.

As we come to the simple ceremony of planting our class ivy which we are leaving here as a token of our love for our Alma Mater, we think of another change that has come to this community and school. Among those gathered here today on this, the 27th anniversary of the first ivy day, we miss the one who originated the custom of planting these vines about this building.

Mr. Hall's life was spent for the good of this Academy. Not only during the twenty-six years that he was at its head but during the remainder of his life when he served as an active member of the board of trustees. Even in the last moments of his life he was working for the academy which he loved.

Clasp to thy bosom, mother Earth,
Our Ivy, brave and fair;
Yield to its tenderness, we bid,
Thy bounties rich and rare;

Among its gently fluttering leaves,
Let balmy breezes play,
And let its vigor be renewed
In every cheering ray.

And so the long, long flight of years
Shall see our Ivy here;
In strength and beauty shall it grow,
And ne'er one leaf be sere;
And when, at last, through joy and tears,

Our life's course shall be run,
The mem'ry it shall still keep green
Of the Class of 'Twenty-one.

ANNETTE C. MAY

Editorials

Letters of regret not to attend the Alumni Reunion came from Alumni from Maine to California. A goodly number were present and the interest in Woodstock Academy shown by those present as well as those absent was much appreciated by those who worked to make the gathering a success.

We wish to thank all who have so willingly helped write the material for this year's Gleaner. We have tried in every way to make this number a memorial worthy of Mr. Hall.

A gymnasium and library is a much needed addition to Woodstock Academy. The Elmwood Hall land has been purchased by friends for the Academy. Plenty of room for a good building. It has been thought best to change from the Ely R. Hall Memorial Fund to an Ely R. Hall Memorial Gymnasium and Library building. Further notices will be sent out but do not wait, just send a check now for we want this to be a success and the sooner the better. Everybody help just a little. Let us hustle so we can have another reunion in three years, perhaps less time and dedicate the building.

The school songs are printed in this not been changed. Please pay prompt-issue so all can be familiar with them ly and any extra contributions would when we meet on the school grounds be much appreciated. There are some after graduation in June. back numbers to be had, if you wish

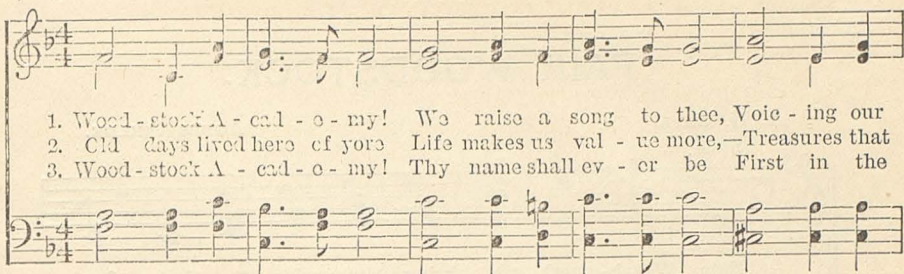
Anyone having a copy of the 1897 any number please write the Secreta-Gleaner they would sell please notify ry.
the Secretary, Mrs. William M. Gallup. The school opens this September Woodstock, Conn. with a new principal and one new as-

The last few years it has cost more sistant. We look forward to a success-to edit the Gleaner but the price has ful year.

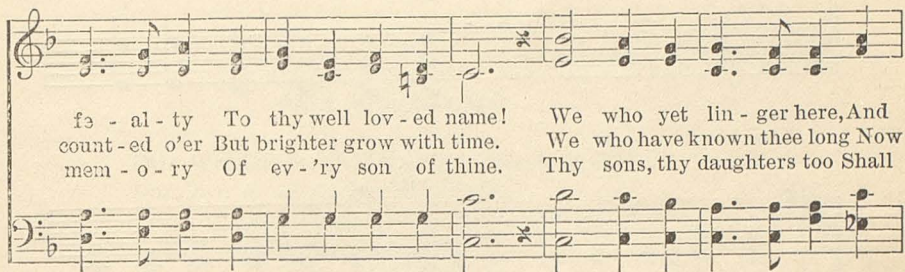
WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

F. F. ROCKWELL

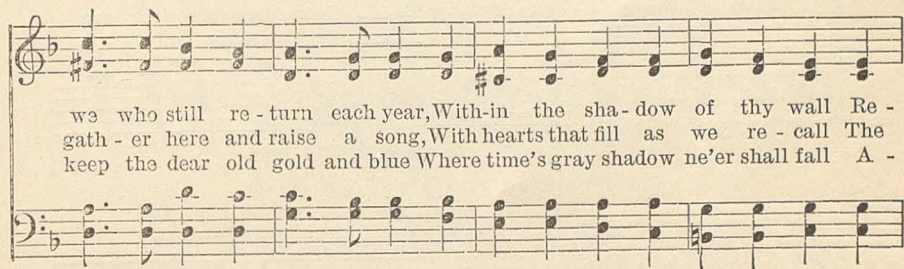
B. E. LEAVITT



1. Wood-stock A - cad - e - my! We raise a song to thee, Voic - ing our
 2. Old days lived here of yore Life makes us val - ue more, —Treasures that
 3. Wood-stock A - cad - e - my! Thy name shall ev - er be First in the

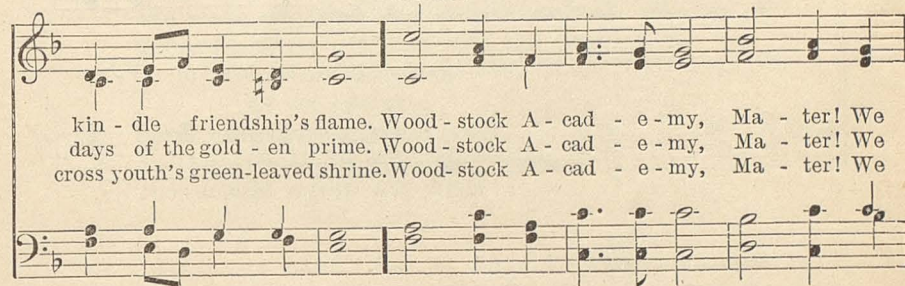


fa - al - ty To thy well lov - ed name! We who yet lin - ger here, And
 count - ed o'er But brighter grow with time. We who have known thee long Now
 mem - o - ry Of ev - 'ry son of thine. Thy sons, thy daughters too Shall

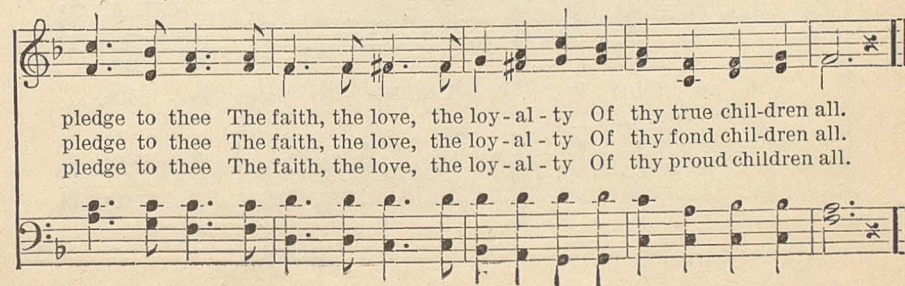


we who still re - turn each year, With - in the sha - dow of thy wall Re -
 gath - er here and raise a song, With hearts that fill as we re - call The
 keep the dear old gold and blue Where time's gray shadow ne'er shall fall A -

REFRAIN



kin - dle friendship's flame. Wood - stock A - cad - e - my, Ma - ter! We
 days of the gold - en prime. Wood - stock A - cad - e - my, Ma - ter! We
 cross youth's green-leaved shrine. Wood - stock A - cad - e - my, Ma - ter! We



pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy - al - ty Of thy true chil - dren all.
 pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy - al - ty Of thy fond chil - dren all.
 pledge to thee The faith, the love, the loy - al - ty Of thy proud children all.

FAIR WOODSTOCK.

A. H. HALL.

AGNES CHILDE.

Slow.

Fair Wood-stock, we bring our praise to thee, Our

The first system of musical notation for 'Fair Woodstock'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

love of these fa-mil-iar walls; For mem'-ries dear are

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The tempo is marked 'rit.' (ritardando) at the beginning and end of the system.

clus-tered here With-in these an-cient halls, The heart of ev-'ry

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the second system.

son of thine is full, When he thy name re-calls.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the third system.

FAIR WOODSTOCK

Fair Woodstock, we bring our praise to thee,
Our love of these familiar walls;
 For memories dear
 Are clustered here
Within these ancient halls.
The heart of every son of thine is full
When he thy name recalls.

The valleys that peaceful round thee lie,
The blue lake gleaming at thy feet,
 The clouds that rest
 Along thy crest,
Thy bird songs rare and sweet,
And every wind that sways thy proud old trees
All render praises meet.

And while we have lived these years with thee
We've found thy guidance wise and kind
 And all that's true
 Of old and new
We've learned with thee to find.
And high ideals and inspirations pure
Thou'st held before each mind.

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