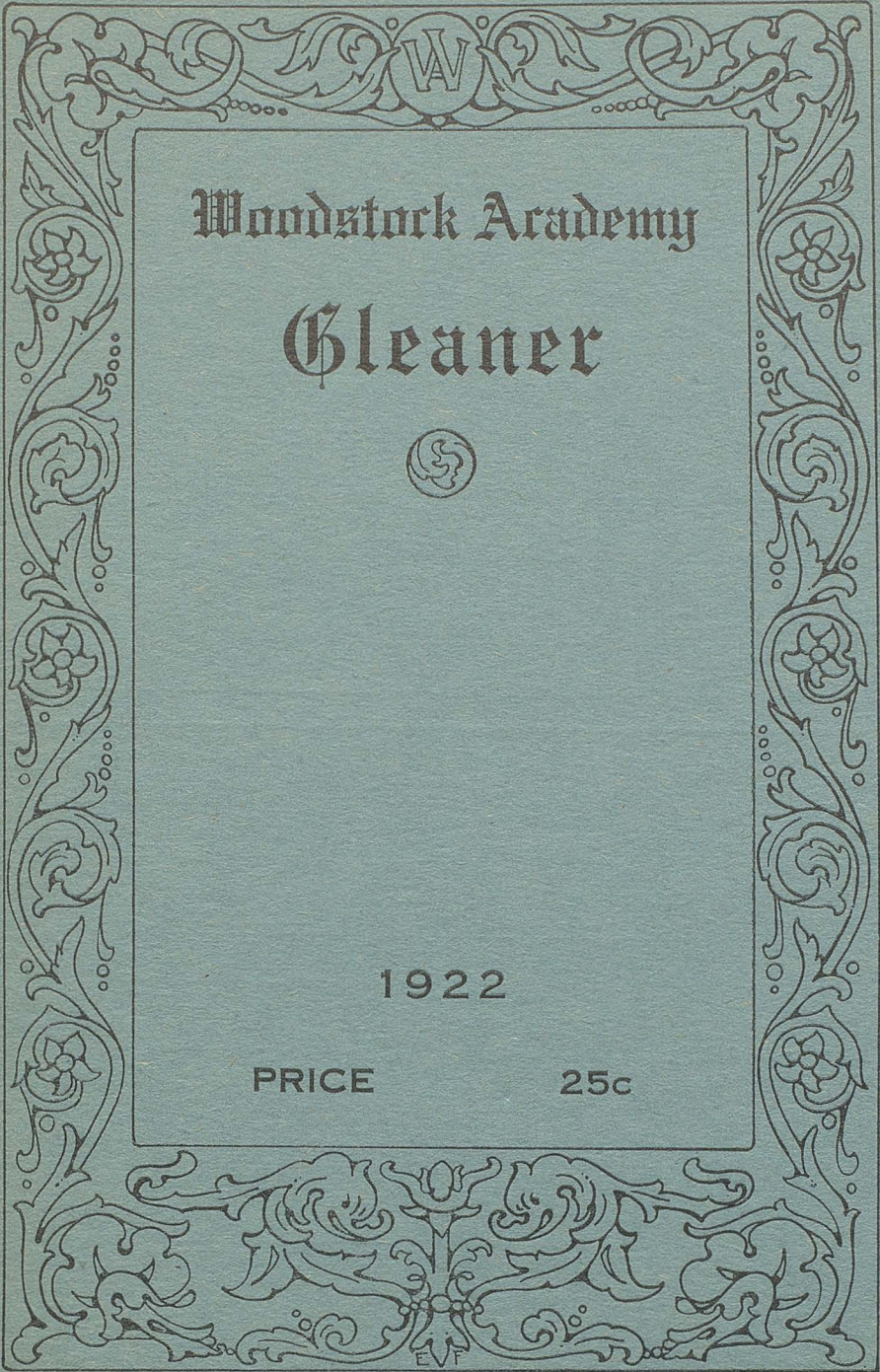




Woodstock Academy

Gleaner



1922

PRICE

25c

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Woodstock Academy

FOUNDED 1801

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Pennsylvania State College

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GLEANER

To Mrs. William M. Gallup

Woodstock, Conn.

Promptly

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Village Tales of The Past

On the eleventh of July, one hundred years ago, an event of unusual importance in this place occurred, as at that time the present church edifice was dedicated. The large undertaking of building had involved much effort and struggle ere it was accomplished.

The frame-work of the building was brought from Templeton, Mass., forty miles away. A sea captain named Babcock came up from Norwich to superintend the raising which took place in August of 1821. On August 22nd of that date, in the early morning, Rev. Mr. Lyman, then pastor of the church offered a prayer that the important enterprise might be successful and the work was begun. A sentinel or week-day tything-man was appointed to keep the boys at a respectful distance and a quiet, resembling that of Sunday was maintained except for the sharp commands of the imported director of the important task. An amusing incident occurred during the raising when one short but ambitious helper named Jacob Parsons, who was carrying a very heavy timber tripped and fell under his burden. With rare quickness of wit a fellow-worker, named Luther Lyon, instantly called out in Scripture phraseology, "By whom shall Jacob arise for he is small?"

That the workers were stimulated in their task by "spirit" procured from the lowest bidder is a matter of record and in keeping with the custom of the times. Antique toddy glasses and sticks, still to be found in the parish, have doubtless in the early days served the purpose of helping to enliven the minister's call, at the

period previous to the enforcement of prohibition. That the "spirit" imbibed on the occasion of the raising stimulated the strength and cheer of the volunteer workers is to be inferred as the work progressed steadily and with no serious accident, culminating at noon of the second day.

A prayer of thanksgiving was then offered for the preservation of life and limb during the difficult undertaking.

As the process of completing the structure went on new difficulties had to be met, not the least of which was the providing of funds to finance the undertaking. As the supply of available money gave out entirely early in 1822 it was voted in January of that year that "as the project to build had proved a failure" the house in its unfinished state should be sold at auction to the "highest bidder." Records show that this vote was carried into effect but the following month a reaction of feeling evidently became so strong that the society voted to repurchase the meeting house from Mr. Wm. K. Greene who was undoubtedly the "highest bidder." Funds must have been in some way secured as the work was carried to a successful completion. As a dedicatory text the passage of Scripture chosen to emphasize the joyousness of the occasion was this: "The time of the singing of the birds has come." Singing by the choir was augmented in those days by violin, bass viol and flute and special efforts were made for an acceptable musical performance at the memorable service of dedication one hundred years ago. In the memory of most of us the church interior has undergone changes, but the well-proportioned belfry and the shapely steeple still bear unchanging evidence of the wisdom and good taste of the forefathers who labored that posterity might enter in-

to their labors. Once, at least, since the completion of the structure it narrowly escaped destruction by fire. On a memorable Fourth of July, when an important celebration in Brooklyn, Ct., had attracted there nearly every man in the village some mischievous boys climbed up into the church belfry. Intending undoubtedly to ring out a patriotic peal from the church bell they continued the observance of the day by lighting fire crackers and throwing them out upon the roof. As it was a dry season the fire crackers ignited the shingles and a dire dilemma ensued because of the shortage of men in the village. Old Mr. Paraclete Skinner and my father, who was lame had happened to remain at home. They two, with a group of anxious women rallied to the scene of danger. Mr. Skinner hurriedly gave directions. Father somehow managed to climb to the ridge pole. The women formed a bucket brigade and from "Priest" Lyman's well on the property now owned by Mr. Hinrichs, water found its way to the ridge pole and burning roof. Fortunately the flames were gotten under control and the structure which had cost the forefathers such sacrifice and toil was saved much to the relief of the little handful of people, who, in the absence of others, had felt a great weight of responsibility resting upon them.

If the old church steeple had voice how many changes it might reveal that it has outlived! When we consider that every person present at the dedicatory exercises has since passed away, we are impressed anew with the brevity of human existence and, like a silent sentinel the suggestion of uplift and stability of the Heavenward pointing steeple of the old First Church.

E. F. B.

A Letter

Woodstock, Aug 27, 1922

Dear Gleaner:—

Here I am in Denmark, thoroughly

enjoying the hospitality of Copenhagen. My brother, Hamilton, was appointed delegate to the Conference of the World Alliance for promoting peace and friendship through the churches, and that Conference has just ended, after a most successful and inspiring session. We arrived here last Sunday, the opening day, and I wish I could send back home an adequate description of it all. The conference opened Sunday morning with a service in the Copenhagen Cathedral. Places for the 225 delegates, representing every christian nation, were reserved in front, and the rest of the church was packed to the doors by the citizens of the city. Dr. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York preached the sermon, which was translated into Danish by an interpreter, sentence by sentence. In the afternoon there was an informal meeting in the large Council Hall, with speeches by eight different delegates. Afterwards there was a tea and informal reception for all the delegates to become acquainted. There was another church service in the evening, at which the Bishop of Oxford, England and Mr. John R. Mott of the Y. M. C. A. spoke, besides speeches from the French, German, and Danish delegates.

Monday morning was the first official day of the conference which lasted through Thursday. The sessions began at ten o'clock and lasted until one o'clock. Then all adjourned to the dining hall for luncheon, and then the sessions re-opened at three o'clock and closed at 5 o'clock.

The speakers were all limited to five minutes but as every speech was translated into French, and then into German, it meant fifteen minutes for every speech. It was a privilege to be present at such a gathering together of representatives from all over the world, and to sing together the familiar hymns, during the fifteen-minute devotional exercises at the close of each day. It sounded very thrilling when 225 people all sang, "Work for the night is coming," in every lan-

guage represented. And I assure you the rafters fairly rang, such was the lung power of that vast assembly. The Danish committee arranged for one afternoon of sightseeing and took all the delegates by a special train out to Roskilde, a town about twenty miles distant, where we visited the mediaeval cathedral containing the tombs of Denmark's most famous kings. The people of Roskilde had decorated the town with flags as a welcome and the streets were lined with people to see us upon our arrival.

After seeing the beautiful cathedral and walking through the lovely garden of the Dean's house, and standing in a group to have the local newspaper take a number of photographs the party then proceeded to the public square, where fifty automobiles, loaned by the people of Copenhagen were waiting to take us for a twenty mile drive through the surrounding country. It was a beautiful region, rich and fertile, and we made a fine showing, all motoring along in a lengthy procession. Peasants waved to us from every house we passed and they looked very healthy, happy, and prosperous. We all stopped at a refreshment pavilion where we were served tea and cakes as guests of the mayor. He stood at the entrance, and made a short address of welcome which was responded to by the Metropolitan of the Greek church in Asia Minor. We all then proceeded to the hotel where an elaborate banquet was provided for us. The head of the Danish committee acted as toastmaster, and called upon three men to speak. My brother, Hamilton was called upon to speak in English, Mr. Choisy of Switzerland to speak in French and Mrs. Hobert of Austria to speak in German. At the close of the evening we returned to Copenhagen by train, having had a most delightful excursion.

The last day of the conference was the best, as they summed up all the work of the preceding days. Many resolutions were adopted and the Alliance felt that a spirit of peace and friendship between the nations had been more closely fostered than ever

before. The conference closed with the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," each one singing the words in his own language, and the benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Sweden. I wish all readers of the Gleaner might have had this wonderful experience. I must not close without saying a word in praise of the beautiful city of Copenhagen, which abounds in lovely parks and beautiful public buildings. The situation is unusually fine, as it is right on the water and commands a sweeping view of the sea. It is a great shipping center and the harbor is filled with vessels of all kinds. The Danes are delightful people, happy, prosperous and courteous, and we have had nothing but the greatest hospitality during our stay here. The shops are attractive to the eye and reasonable to the purse, and the foreigner is easily tempted by the alluring display in every window. It is very cold here, unusually so even for Denmark we are told, and we are very glad of our heavy wraps especially at night. We go from here to Sweden, and then to Switzerland and Italy, and return to America the last part of September. The best of greetings to all readers of the Gleaner.

CONSTANCE HOLT '97

To The Trees

When the summer wind sings softly
 through the trees,
 In the quiet beauty of the morn,
 Little think we, as we sit at ease,
 Of the wild, sad havoc of the storm.
 The trees we've loved from childhood's
 earliest days,
 Stand in their stately beauty on the
 hill;
 Their strong arms sheltered us at play
 While birds built nests and reared
 their young at will.
 Then on a winter's day, the North
 Wind raised his voice

In groans and moans, 'mid snow and
ice and rain;
The fierceness of the storm made him
rejoice,
He revelled in the fury that gave pain.
Our poor trees bent their heads, but
all in vain,
The storm grew wilder, as the day ad-
vanced;
And as they struggled through the bit-
ting cold there came,
Loud crashing, writhing sounds of
limb and branch.
The North Wind ran his course of
ruin with great greed,
He spared no strength to make his
work complete;
Our lovely, friendly trees were torn
and bruised, like seeds,
Their beauty marred, almost destroyed
by sleet.
Calm came at last, and North Wind
vanished quite;
The South Wind breathed upon the
ice and snow,
And softly kissed the glittering crys-
tals bright;
But for the tortured trees, no healing
could bestow.

A. L. KELTON

AUG. 9, 1922

Any one living in Woodstock or
who visited the Hill after the terrible
ice storm in November 1921, will es-
pecially appreciate this poem.

A Trip to Honolulu

It is impossible to give to the read-
ers of the Gleaner a comprehensive
picture of beautiful Honolulu with its
tropical setting. I may however en-
thuse some with a desire to go and
see for oneself.

"A Paradise of the Pacific:" six
days sail from San Francisco; six
thousand and eighty miles.

The lure of Honolulu lies in her
marvelous out of doors. The ever
green grass and foliage, the tempera-

ture ranging between 55 and 85 de-
grees the year round. The clear at-
mosphere, no fogs, the soft breeze,
the flowers, trees and shrubs of the
tropics.

Swimming and surf riding every day
in the year, and moonlight nights, no
undertow, the beach is protected from
the ocean proper by a coral reef.

Mark Twain said, "The cocoanut
tree with its slanting trunk outlined
against the skyline, looked like a
feather duster struck by lightning"
surely the avenues of straight royal
palms present a more dignified appear-
ance.

Honolulu is a thoroughly up to date
progressive American city, with its
many miles of electric railways thou-
sands of automobiles, automatic tele-
phones, well equipped banks etc.

The Associated Press news is re-
ceived daily by one of the largest ra-
dio stations in the world. Its messages
have been heard in Alaska and Europe

The daily papers compare favorably
with the best in the states.

Of the two hundred churches on the
islands one half are Brahmin Temples
or Shinto Shrines.

The membership of the union church
consists of Presbyterians, Congrega-
tionalists and Methodists. Rev. Al-
bert W. Palmer is a Yale graduate.

Rev. Akaiko Akana, a Chinese Ha-
waiian, pastor of the largest native
church was graduated from Hartford
Theological Seminary.

Hawaii has been described as an
"Ethnological museum and Sociologi-
cal Laboratory." Mr. Palmer says
"The process of fusing all these dif-
ferent races together into a common
Christian community is one of the
most interesting social spectacles in
the world. It needs to be seen to be
understood."

The motto on their coat of arms
means "The Life of the Land is in
Righteousness" and the Girl Scouts'
motto, "For a Better Womanhood."

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.
buildings are large and equipped with
all modern improvements.

The islands have a progressive pub

lic school system. In a recent survey of the schools in the U. S. it was stated that the Territory of Hawaii surpassed twenty-seven states.

The Ohaii College, now called Pernahon School, founded seventy years ago is the outgrowth of the boarding school established for the children of missionaries. It is 90 per cent. Caucasian. The Orientals often lead in scholarship.

The stone wall enclosing the grounds is covered with the wonderful night blooming Cereres.

The kindergartens are over crowded the children are eager to learn and well behaved. There are a number of night schools attended by aliens, who are anxious to learn the English language.

In the Hawaiian alphabet there are only twelve letters. The language is very musical.

Our "Gibraltar of the Pacific" is strangely fortified. Pearl Harbor is one of the most important naval bases in the country.

Prior to the mobilizing Scofield Barracks was the largest U. S. army post in existence.

The Army Service club has recently acquired the beautiful home of J. B. Castle and the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. was formerly the Old Royal Hawaiian Hotel now one of the finest club houses in the world for the men of the service.

Honolulu has a population of 83,000 more than half the population of all the islands is Japanese, many Chinese Portugese, Korean, Porto Ricans, Spanish and other races.

Some of the oriental women wear their native dress. The Mother Hubbard has been the national costume of the Hawaiian women since the coming of the missionaries over a hundred years ago. Both men and women are often seen with a feather band around the hat.

During the Press Congress Convention the islands sustained their world famed reputation for friendliness and hospitality. One feels the "Spirit of the Islands."

All nationalities were represented in Armistice Day parade. The little children who usually wear American clothes were very attractive in their native costumes.

A Historical Pageant was staged for the entertainment of the Press delegates. The Hawaiians representing the Chiefs of earlier days, wore helmets and long capes closely resembling those we saw in the museum, made of red and yellow bird feathers a work of years and very reliable.

About fifty tourists experienced the novelty of a Hawaiian "Luau" (feast). We were given chairs but were expected to eat with our fingers. I hesitated when it came to "poi" the national food, the consistency of corn meal mush. The pig, chicken, sweet potatoes, bananas, and fish, tied in a "ti" leaf were cooked together in an oven in the ground. Some side dishes were too complex to describe. Fortunately there was here and there a finger-bowl to be used in common. After removing the few dishes, the table was quickly cleared by rolling up the covering with the decorations and refuse inside. Then a Hawaiian woman sitting on the floor, sang and kept time for the Hula-Hula dancers by pounding on a gourd with her hand.

It is a very unique and picturesque sight when the steamer is about to leave the dock. A gaily dressed throng on the wharf, native men and women with baskets, arms, and neck laden with "leis" (wreaths of flowers or crepe paper) that they have strung and hope to sell. It is the pretty custom for friends to throw these around the neck of departing guests as they say "Aloha" (good-bye until we meet again). As the steamer pulls out from dock to the sweet notes of the ukelele and the musical voices of the singers, the passengers throw back streamers of colored paper.

A trip to Honolulu would not be complete without a sight of the active volcano "Kilauea," on the island of Hawaii.

The steamer left Honolulu at 5 p. m. and we arrived at Hilo at 7 a. m. the next morning. After a long auto

ride and a walk of nearly a mile over the hardened lava, and across a steam crack, hot enough to scorch cards, we stood on the rim of the active pit. Two hundred feet below, the black crust broke into seven pools of liquid fire, occasionally it burst into a fountain, a weird but fascinating sight.

The molten lava varies from several hundred feet below, to a point where it rises above the rim and overflows down the mountain side.

The pit is about twelve hundred feet in diameter.

From observation made night and day for a month during a period of great activity, Dr. Jaggar has demonstrated a tidal movement like that of the sea.

One of the delegates to the Press Congress said, "A special verse should be added to 'My Country 'tis of Thee,' 'My Country's islands blest, Joining the East and West In friendship's might. May they forever be Stars of fraternity, Shedding o'er all the sea Their kindly light.'"

NELLIE D. CHANDLER

The Oil Fields of Salt Creek, Wyoming

The request has come that I should write for the Gleaner, something of our life here in this great oil field. We have found it most interesting although it is so very different from anything we have ever experienced.

Salt Creek is said to be one of the largest producing oil fields in the world. At the present time it is estimated that we have four hundred and fifty producing wells with one hundred and forty others drilling. The largest well ever brought in here was eight thousand barrels a day but a

well that produces from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred barrels a day is considered a very good well. The greater number of wells however produce two hundred to four hundred barrels. The field itself is about thirteen miles long and six miles wide and is dotted with rigs and camps.

When I speak of camps some of my readers will probably picture a typical mining town inhabited by a foreign population, while as a matter of fact our camps are very nice little villages and we have a splendid class of people

The camps are usually named for the company who owns them. We live in the oldest and largest camp which is called the Midwest Home Camp. When a company has more than one camp they call their first and main camp the home camp.

There are about two thousand people living in our camp. We have a fine hotel, a large general store, an amusement hall, two garages, ware houses and the like owned by the company besides a drug store, cleaning establishment and bakery owned by private concerns.

The houses are all owned by the company. We have a very comfortable modern four room house and have all the natural gas and electricity we care to use.

We are forty-five miles from Casper, our nearest railroad point, but in this country of great distances we think little of it. We often drive in to Casper for dinner and back the same evening. A truck brings our mail out once a day and a stage, which resembles the sight seeing buses one sees in the cities, leaves for Casper at eight in the morning and at three in the afternoon. Just this month a company established an air route to Casper, the planes making the trip three times a week. They can make this trip in about thirty minutes.

The Big Horn mountains are sixty miles away and in the summer we find very good trout fishing there.

We miss the grass and trees very much but the hills and rock formations are very beautiful. I think no

where are the sunsets more beautiful than in Wyoming. At night the field is very pretty with the lights of the rigs and of the camps. When a rig is working it is always lighted at night. There is one light on top of the tower then four or five lower down. When one sees hundreds of these scattered over the field it is quite spectacular.

There are many other phases of our life here in Salt Creek but I fear I have already taken more than my allotted space so these must be omitted.

SARAH HERRINGTON FROYD

In Woodstock—A Bit of

Description

by

Henry Ward Beecher, August 1851

(Note:—After somewhat extensive advertising and a long period of patient search, Prof. Sidney N. Morse was able a few years ago through the kind assistance of Miss Grace Child of the Hartford Public Library, to secure a copy of *Star Papers*. This book of 359 pages is made up of articles, written by Mr. Beecher at Elmwood Hall during the vacations of three summers, which appeared in the columns of the *N. Y. Independent* over the signature of a star, and having been familiarly called the *Star Articles* by way of designation, they became in book form *Star Papers*.)

The *Gleaner* can express no kinder wish for those who may read the following extracts from a reply letter to Dr. Richard S. Stors at Newport, R. I. entitled *Inland vs. Seashore*, than that they may be half as happy in reading them as Beecher doubtless was among the scenes which gave the letter birth.)

"Indeed, this is quite a wonder of a village to all who love quiet and a beautiful prospect. Its like I do not know anywhere. It is a miniature Mt. Holyoke, and its prospect, the Connecticut in miniature. It is placidly spread upon a hill-top so high up that dust, sound and insects have forsaken it, or never found their way hither. It is marvelous how a village can exist without any apparent trade. But as far as I can perceive there are no occupations here of any sort. There is a blacksmith's shop, which never makes a noise, and that is all. No carpenter's shop, no cabinet-makers, nor turners; no hatters, saddlers, watchmaker or shoemaker, that I can see. No houses are building; we hear no trowel clinking, muffled hammer-stroke; there is no mortar-making no piles of brick or lumber. The town was finished long ago; and all workmen of every sort seem to have gone off and left dear old Woodstock all to itself. Even travelers leave our solitude unbroken. There is no tavern on the street; and the two little tranquil stores might plant corn up to their very door steps without much fear of its being trodden down. Once in a while, toward evening, a farmer's wagon skirts along the edge of the green. Such a sight brings us to the windows. But it is a short and headlong drive, as if the rider felt guilty for disturbing the peace or raising a dust, even for a moment. Some twenty houses, white and yard-inclosed, stand modestly apart and back from the long, broad village green which they inclose but do not shut in. This village green is neither a circle, square, parallelogram, nor polygon, but a space sloping chiefly from north to south, in some places eastward and westward, with no shape at all, but coming nearer than to anything else to the form of an elongated flat-iron. For a long time, seeing no people in the street, no one going in or coming out of the doors, no persons in the windows, or even smoke in the chimneys, neither babies, boys, nor maidens being anywhere discern-

ible, I supposed for the first week, that only old people lived here, wise, tidy, quiet old people, such as I saw on Sundays keeping themselves awake in church by nibbling fennel or caraway. I was mistaken. Familiarity has enabled me to detect signs of life in all its varieties. But the habit of the place is to be quiet. I wonder whether the children cry or not? I wonder if the sober, tranquil people ever made a noise in their life? How long is it since they subsided and tranquilized?

The air breathes as if it were iced sherbet. You have a distinct luxury in each particular breath. You halt involuntarily and cultivate inspiration. The sun that rages in the valley below, and wilts down the crowds in the sweltering cities, here walks in cool brightness through the heavens, tempering the air to that delicious point at which the chill is lost, but heat is not begun. Your coolness is all imported. You are hot in that pent-up, narrow-streeted rackety Newport, and cooled only by the sea breeze. Coolness with you is a thing inserted. But here it is indigenous. It belongs to the very texture of the air. You may have the sea shore, waves and surf, storms once in a while, bathing and fishing—all, except the last boisterous. Beside you have the buzzing enthusiasm of thousands around you. Your pulse never goes down, your eye never cools. Why, my dear fellow, you see persons from the city every day! You get the papers the very day of their publication! Do you call that the country?

As for me, if I please to bathe, I have a little lake down yonder. Just now there is not a ripple on its surface—a falling insect here and there dimples it, and a fish, in taking in the petty Jonah, increases the dimple to a circlet. When wading on the silver sand, I at length have depth to plunge, the ripple runs half across to yonder shore. Fishing? Yes, I go down with great possessions of various tackle, but the perch are small, pickerel scarce, and pout only go out

at dusk; so that one forgets his line, and falls off into a dream, or rows about the tranquil river along the fringe of bushes, then among the lily pads, then toward the mouth of the inlet, then along the shaded edge, where deep dark pine woods forever murmur. Now and then a fish leaps up and falls back with a plash. Or your oar, poised for a second, sheds musical pearls into the pure lake, or the crashing of sticks tells you that a cow breaks through the thicket to drink—two cows evidently in the water, one drinking upward and the other downward, lip to lip! These are our bathings and fishings. By the way, those white pond-lillies! exquisitely beautiful! The rare form of its elongated cup, the interior coronet of stamens and pistils, delicately gold-colored, the green and pink-edged petals, its delicious fragrance, make it a very queen. It chooses some nook or bay along the lake's edge, spreads out its large shield-like leaf, and floats its snow-white blossom on the surface

Flowers growing from the soil are full beautiful, but flowers growing out of crystal water are beyond all words of beauty.

In the morning, look out eastward. A vale with every conceivable undulation stretches full thirty miles from west to south. It lies almost under you. It is so near that you see the farm-houses, the orchards, the groups of trees, the corn-fields, the yellow rye and the now half-ripe oats. It is not an even, level valley, but a collection of wide swells or rolls of land setting in on the north, and but half commingling when they reach the lake right over opposite to us. Indeed, so broken and stony are the features that it would not be a valley at all if it were not for the hills that shut it in on either side. And these hills are made up of multitudes of little hills piled together in every way that is beautiful. The little stream that finds its course through the valley among mounds and rounds and hillocks, seems uncertain of its way, and sets trees and bushes along its banks, for

fear of forgetting where to flow. The brook has fairly reflected itself in the air—for see that film of silver mist thin as gauze, hanging above the stream, close down to the lake.

O, see the lake! or, rather, see the robes of mist that hide it! The sun is at them. They are wreathing, moving, lifting up, and moving off, sun-colored in their depths, but silver-edged! Now the water reflects the morning. At noon it will be breezy, and whitish, or steel-gray. At night it will be black as ink. In the early part of the day the lakelet speaks of life; but at twilight it seems to think of death.

"But what," you ask, "do you do for amusement?" Why, sir we do not receive company, or make calls, or ride about among a caravan of dandy vehicles, or go with the multitude that implies excitement or company. Be it known, however, that we have here a select few to whom quiet is enjoyment. We look at the picture gallery of God in the heavens, with never two days' pictures alike; we sit down with our books on the brow of the breezy hill, under an old chestnut tree, and read sometimes the books, sometimes the landscape, sometimes the highland clouds; we wait till the evening sun begins to emit rose-colored light, and then we take rides along the edges of woods, upon unfrequented roads, across suspicious bridges along forest paths leading to one knows where, and coming out just at the very spot we did not expect. In this perilous journey we often breathe our horse while we collect flowers, leaves, mosses and grasses; and we get home at the most urgent moment of sunset, just in time to go up into the observatory and see the wide and wonderful glory of which for a moment we utter exclamations—"Look at that islet of fire," and that deep crimson bank," and that exquisite blue between those rifts of fire," and that dove-colored cloud with a bronze-colored molding and fringe!" But the words are foolish. And we sink away to silence, and only gaze and think! I have it in my heart to tell you

of our experiences in country thunderstorms; of sunsets gorgeously following storms; of moonlight scenery; of village scenes and country customs, awakening in us that were country bred, thousands of dear recollections of youth and home. But I spare you. I trust that you sinned in your enthusiasm for Newport through ignorance. I should be loath to think you so hardened in your desire to build there three tabernacles of the time-editorship of *The Independent*. I will therefore wait to see if you recant your theses of heresy. But if you again shall declare them, and post them on the broadside of *The Independent*, as Luther did his on the church-door, it will then be time to bring up these other forces.

But, good-bye, my dear friend! May I live to see you again and grasp your hand in fellowship of our common work.

P. S. At length I have discovered a cabinet-maker's shop! but there was nothing going on therein."

Rangers Discover Trapper's Camp

Hey! where's this lake? Rangers do have imaginations.

Paddling up the long narrow lake in early morning was certainly a pleasing occupation. There was no wind or sound to disturb the absolute peace and quiet.

As we rounded one of the many twists and turns in the shore line of this beautiful lake there appeared before our eyes, on the shore, a small white tent with a structure that stood beside it made of birch poles with tar paper stretched around them.

"What does this mean," I thought.

To satisfy our curiosity we turned our canoe in to shore.

"A trapper's camp," we ejaculated simultaneously.

In about a foot of water near the bank were two large moose hides soaking (evidently being prepared for moc casins) held down with stones.

We landed and drew our canoe out of the water and then walked up the bank to have a peek and get our rising curiosity satisfied.

On a jack pine near the tent was hung a hind quarter of a moose; also there leaned against a tree a bear skin on a stretcher. The skin was a small one, probably from a two-year-old. Around on the ground were strewn peltless carcasses of various fur bearers.

We next looked into the tent; it wasn't a very inviting place; covering the ground was a large black leather hide which served for a floor. Aside from this the tent was vacant, there were no blankets or supplies of any kind inside. Possibly the trappers had gone on a side trip and taken all such articles with them.

In the paper structure we found a large collection of mink and marten skins with now and then a beaver or muskrat pelt thrown in. In one corner was a small pile of canned goods, only a dozen cans or so. How small the variety of the trappers' fare must be.

Our curiosity being fully satisfied we proceeded on our trip up the lake, hoping that in a few days we might have the good fortune to see these men of the wilderness.

OTTO PIKE

In New York State College of Forestry
News Letter

Somewhere in France

Amid the thunder of the German cannon,

Amid the shot and shell,

They held the line, forced back, yet not defeated,

Where earth was hell.

Unshrinking, undismayed, they faced the demons

Who in their mad advance

Defied all power of earth and heaven to check them,

Somewhere in France.

The gas that wrapped them in death-dealing shroudings,

The hidden nests whence sped

The deadly mitrailleuse, the bursting shrapnel,

To them no dread

Could bear whose eyes beheld before them shining,

Like famed Crusader's lance,

The light that led to victory His chosen

Somewhere in France.

For God and Empire fearlessly they battled

'Gainst hosts of Wrong and Shame

And though they sleep in graves unmarked, unhonored,

They left a name

That, while the world shall stand and still shall struggle

Shall sound the Grand Advance

In ears of those who strive for ideals blazoned

Somewhere in France.

For not alone without are ranks of evil;

The wily hosts of sin

The citadels of Right each day are storming

The soul within.

But when the dark foes, Doubt and Fear assail thee,

Face them with steadfast glance,

Or fall as fell the heroes of the Black Watch

Somewhere in France.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON
1905

At Cuttyhunk

The writer chuckles with reminiscent glee as she mentally sees the faces of those who fall afoul of this title. She too once said, "Oh, yes, it's

near—" then vaguely hovered between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and ended by wondering faintly if the name wasn't really a joke on the speaker's part. Indeed, no! Cuttyhunk is a real place, the last of the long line of Elizabeth Islands that run southerly from Cape Cod, between Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound.

To reach the island, one goes to New Bedford. In spite of its miles of factories stretching along the waterfront and a great reputation as a leader in the industrial race, New Bedford possesses an old-time atmosphere of leisurely charm that still hovers about the tree-lined streets and stately old homes with their great cupolas, or "whale walks." It seems loth to desert the memories of the old days when the valiant townsmen went down to the sea in whaling ships and brought back these brave, patrician-like houses and flowery gardens from the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans. One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea." So at least says Herman Melville, who himself started out from this very port on his famous year quest of the elusive "Moby Dick." His spirit returning would pause joyfully in front of the Public Library, before Bela Pratt's great statue of the Harpooner, whose motto engraved behind, "A dead whale or a stove boat" voices the spirit of the youthful figure who stands in the bow with harpoon raised to throw.

The evening of our arrival we went out to one of the lovely garden-filled suburbs, the home of the local yacht club, Padanaram. "That's an Indian name, you know," the stranger lady sweetly explained to us at supper. Just as though Isaac and the Patriarchs were not!

But no loitering on the way to Cuttyhunk! Next morning we sought and found a trim little steamer, and after a two-hour sail down the bay past Naushon Pasque, and Nashawena, we saw our island "off the starboard bow"

Cuttyhunk is all necks and knobs. Its shape is not unlike the lobsters which form so substantial a part of

its menu. We sailed in between the "claws" to a little land-locked cove, called locally "the pond." Above us on the slope was the tiny village of Gosnold, which boasts but one street, Broadway. The other houses are set higgledy-piggledy in a charming, inconsequential fashion. We boarded at the home of the postmistress, whose postoffice, a trifle larger than the girls' cloak room at the Academy, opened off the kitchen. We fared royally, but eating is the least of the island's charms.

Who of you can place Bartholomew Gosnold? No? Nor can most New Englanders, I fancy. And yet, this valorous English explorer with his companions landed here on this tiny islet in 1602, built a hut and spent the winter, the first English habitation in New England. From a passage in Gosnold's own account and from one in the play, it is supposed, according to Edward Everett Hale, that Shakespeare had Cuttyhunk in mind as the original of the island in the *Tempest*.

The island boasts two fresh water ponds, in one of which rises a high grassy island. On this spot Gosnold built his cabin, and here two hundred years later, was erected a stone tower to his memory. That, and the light-house near by, where eight little children enliven the loneliness, are places of pilgrimage. The way thither is very lovely, up grassy hills and down, past marshes filled on one side with pond lillies, on the other with cotton grass and rose-pink calopogon. Always there is the sound of the sea and great stretches of blue filling the openings among the hillocks, where steamers and sailing ships creep on their slow way to Boston or New York.

It is these same ships that give reason for the presence of the Coast Guards who patrol day and night the high cliffs on the south. Their watch leads also to the lookout hut on the highest peak of the island, whither the visitors climb to watch the sunsets that make radiant sky and sea. Penikese Island lies not far away; the ruddy cliffs of Gay Head show across the strait; in the clearest weather

they say, Block Island can be seen, but we were not there in the clearest weather.

A modern Prospero in the person of a great wool magnate, who has bought up seven-eighths of the island has had laid out broad cement walks and lovely walled gardens. His is the large mansion which dwarfs the clustering cottages on the slopes below.

The bitter winds from the sea beat hard on the cultivated gardens in early spring, they told us—"Blew every leaf off my string beans twice last May," declared our host. But Nature is a shrewd gardener. In their own hardness she contrives a protection for her wild plants that is stronger than stone walls. In this little tract of land less than two square miles, one hundred and three varieties of wild flowers were found in July. Other seasons must yield theirs in turn, hardy to resist their sea-beaten environment. One "find" was made on the last morning of our stay. In a hollow among little hills lay a round pool, filled to the very edge with giant spikes of vivid blue pickerel weed, over which yellow butterflies were holding carnival in the sun.

But even as we stood there we could see coming in the little steamer that was to carry us away from our island heaven. The tiny village above the cliffs with its quiet kindly people, the pleasant summer acquaintances, the gardens, the hidden wealth of wild flowers, the hilltop with its view of sky and sea, we thought happily of them all as we looked back, two hours later from the steamer rail, watching the island swiftly diminishing behind us.

E. E. ALLEN

A Daughter of the Academy

The only baby so far as known who can claim as a birthplace our Academy building is little Priscilla Kendrick. Her Christian name is a fitting reminder of her natal month which commemorated the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

Priscilla is the daughter of a former principal and aside from the distinction of her historic birthplace. Her coming was attended by such exquisite hues in the sky that they suggested the following lines:

Tell me little Winter baby
Coming in the early morn,
Did you bring the wondrous color
That o'erspread the sky at dawn?
Did you note the flush of roses
And the sun-rise all aglow
With air tints of gold and crimson
Mirrored in the gleaming snow?
Did you blink your eyes from brightness
At the jewels on the trees
And the rainbows in the pendants
Swaying in the morning breeze?
Were you dazzled at the beauty
Angels painted in the sky?
Did your little forehead wrinkle
As you tried to question why?
Let me tell you, Sunrise Baby,
Nature's glory at your birth,
Was to camouflage the secret
That you'd slipped from Heaven
to earth!

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM

THE PROGRESS OF THE HALL MEMORIAL FUND

Two years ago as the Gleaner was going to press a great sorrow came to all sons and daughters of Woodstock Academy in the death of Mr. Hall. Word of this sorrow was printed on slips and inserted in each Gleaner as it was mailed. This paper also suggested what had occurred to many of Mr. Hall's friends, that is, that some permanent memorial to his life among us be given to Academy students.

Last year's Gleaner was in the nature of an "In Memoriam" issue to Mr. Hall. In it alumni learned more of the hopes of the Hall Memorial Fund; that the imperative need of the Academy for an adequate gymnasium also a library had caused the committee to believe that the erection of a gymnasium and library building would be of greatest advantage to the Academy, and would be using the Fund as Mr. Hall would have liked it used. Those of us who watch the school in session realize not only how hampered the students are by having no suitable place for indoor sports; but also how the persistent rough landing in basket-ball is destroying our hall as a place for assembly and evening entertainment.

These facts are familiar to all alumni through notices issued by the chairman of the committee, William Child. But perhaps it does no harm to re-

peat them especially if by vividly realizing the nature and need of the Fund some may voluntarily increase their pledges of last year, and others, who have been forced to deny themselves the privilege of aiding the Fund, may, in the better season of 1922-1923 have a share in this work which we all wish to encourage.

There is no cause for discouragement in the sum already pledged which adds up to about \$1700. But the difference between this figure and that necessary to build a gymnasium is apparent, and we want the help of every loyal alumnus.

The past summer has yielded much in general interest we hope, and certainly it has added something to the treasury. A concert arranged by Mrs. Ida Spalding Masters and Harriet Sampson contributed about \$60. At the Fair, a booth under the direction of Mrs. Myrtie Chaffee Jordan, which offered for sale fruit and vegetables, canned and fresh, was exceedingly successful. Its proceeds were very generously raised to the hundred mark by Miss Nellie Chandler and Miss Mary Perley. Whispers from committee meeting indicate that plans for further social events and benefits for the Fund are under consideration. Graduates at home are working hard; can't those out of town form some scheme of their own to help, or at least be prompt with their annual pledge payments?

Treasurer's Report 1922

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand	\$71.38
Sale of Gleaners	34.65
For advertisements	48.75

	\$214.78

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	\$99.00
Photo Plate	7.74
Editor	30.00
Circulars	5.00
Stamped Envelopes for Ely R. Hall	
Memorial	27.40
Stamps and Envelopes	7.05

	\$171.19

Balance in Treasury \$43.59

Alumni Association Report

President, William C. Child.

Vice Presidents, Miss Harriet Sampson, Miss Ethel Upham, Miss Emma Allen, and Edmond Anderson.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

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

Editor of Gleaner, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Faculty Items

Principal and Mrs. William P. Du Temple spent most of the summer at their cottage at Shawomet Beach, R. I.

Miss Constance Grigg enjoyed her vacation at her home in Woburn, Mass.

Miss Ethel Upham made good use of her auto in taking some enjoyable trips.

Miss Marguerite Burns comes back again this year and we are looking forward to another "Operetta," which in past years have been much enjoyed.

Miss Margaret Cochrane was one of a party of young ladies to take an auto trip early in the summer to attend a convention in Chicago.

Wallace Hall is teaching in the Somerville, Mass., High School.

Miss Lucy D. Reed spent some time at Echo Farm, North Woodstock this summer. Her home is in Watertown, Mass.

Miss Beulah Johnson is still teaching at the English High School, Lynn, Mass. She is living in Cambridge, Mass. where she has an apartment with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mill nee Mildred Foye are frequent visitors in Woodstock.

Miss Elizabeth J. Ross had a wonderful summer at her home in Nova Scotia. She teaches again this year in West Hartford High school.

Mrs. Ely R. Hall was unable to make her usual visit to Woodstock this summer. While at her daughters' in Atlanta, Georgia she had a fall and fractured her leg so was obliged to stay in Atlanta. Her many friends are glad to know that she is gaining and able to get about some.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Brainard (Faith Sanborn) spent the month of August at Jackson, N. H. While there they took a three days hike over the Presidential Range.

Miss Aleta Prescott has been abroad all summer visiting England, Scotland, France and many other places of interest.

Miss Emma Allen elsewhere in this Gleaner tells us of a pleasant trip she had this summer.

Miss Marjorie Pease is doing Secretary work for the Red Cross at Astoria, Oregon. She has an auto and her work takes her over quite a large territory.

Mrs. F. E. Burnette's home is with her son Dr. Arthur Burnette in Winsted, Conn.

Student Personals

1890

We suppose John Boyden continues to live in Rochester, New York.

Agnes Child Paine's daughter Prudence enters Holyoke College this fall.

1893

If anyone knows anything about Mary Goodwin Bliss send the item for next year's Gleaner.

Florence Morse Dartt is busy with her home duties in Quinebaug, Conn.

1894

We are glad to report Albert Merwin is much better now after a long illness this past winter.

Anne Gayford may be found in Atlanta Georgia. Both her boys are in Amherst this year.

Charles G. Burd no doubt finds plenty to do as there are many duties connected with a large church.

Alfred T. Child is connected with the Rose Polytechnic school of Terre Haute, Indiana. The school is moving into a fine new building this year.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Everett L. Upham continues in the wool business although business has been dull for three of four years.

Sara Hale Colvin with her daughter came to graduation this last June. Her son is doing good work at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Alice Sharpe Johnson keeps hustling all the time with home duties and the many interests she has in town betterment.

Jessie Bowen Palmer and family had a delightful camping trip into the High Sierras and spent two weeks in Yosemite during their summer vacation. The daughter is a Junior in High school.

Estelia Tompkins, Waterbury, we are sorry to say, has made no reply to a letter asking for news.

Edward L. Child frequently visits his parents at Valleyside, Woodstock.

Edith Hall Dolhan leads a very busy life with her home and outside duties. Last winter she gave several lectures at the Museum in Philadelphia.

Burton T. Fitts continues with the Gorham Company in Providence, R. I.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Ruth A. Cahoon continues to work for the Waite Thresher Co., and this is her eighth year as lecturer of the Grange.

Joseph Sheppard has been improving the grounds about his home, also enlarging his house at South Woodstock.

Clarence A. Weaver, we wish we might hear from him.

Mary Bowen Keith lives in Putnam and her older boy is doing good work in High School.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

We tried to have a one hundred per cent. reunion this last June but with the class so scattered we realize now that it was impossible. Howard Frost, Arthur Williams, Ruth Gallup, and their families and Constance Holt a few other schoolmates and some friends did have a picnic at Roseland Park and a most enjoyable time resulted. We felt sorry the others had to

miss the fun. Joe and Esther Catlin planned to come but business at the last minute changed their plans. Louise van de Laan we suppose was too busy caring for her summer guests Sabin, Ross, and Cooper would have been there we know if the distance hadn't been so far, but where was Fred Fitts who lives only a few miles away?

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

The Woodstock friends of Sidney Upham who is living at 818 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., were glad to welcome Mrs. Upham during the past summer, and anticipate her husband's return another year.

Maria Chandler is still in California but news of her comes to us through her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Chandler, who, this summer have been renewing old acquaintances in the East.

Flora Steere Wetherell at her home in East Woodstock is busily engaged with the task of bringing up five children 'in the way they should go.'

Dr. James Hutchins remains in Pomfret, dividing his time between his wide practice and work with the state survey in tuberculin testing cattle.

Albert Williams of South Woodstock while pursuing his farm and business life, maintains an activity in the civic and religious work of the community.

Emily B. Ross's present address, as heretofore, is West Woodstock, Ct.

The past season, Edna Frost Tobias of Brooklyn, N. Y. passed her vacation in Pittsfield, Mass., while her son Ellsworth joined a Boys' Camp near Norwich, Conn.

From New Rochelle, Leslie Harris sent for a month's vacation with his parents in West Woodstock, his daughter Hazel, who entered high school in September.

Emma Allen is continuing teaching English in the North High school of Worcester, Mass., and spends summers in Abington, Conn.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Olah Withey Whelpley and children in the early summer spent several weeks with her mother in East Woodstock.

May Gifford Jordan continues to live in Webster, Mass. We extend our sympathy to her in the death of her mother.

William C. Child with all the work he has on the farm finds time to help with the Hall Memorial and other things of benefit to the place.

Bessie Barber Williams reports nothing new but we find she is always ready to give a helping hand where needed.

Ruby Sanborn spent the month of August at Jackson, N. H. and took a three day hike over the Presidential Range. Her title now is, Investigator in Poultry Husbandry at Mass. Agricultural College, Amherst.

Frank D. Skinner lives in Quinebaug Conn.

Florence Warren Latham is busy caring for her two little girls.

1900

"VINCET QUI SE VINCET"

Irving Frost is in the Federal Bank of N. Y. He was unable to visit Woodstock this summer.

Dr. John C. Paine continues to live in Exeter California. His cousin, Dr. Norman Paine, of Chicago recently came to Exeter to help him in his large and growing practice.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee is preaching at Westford Hill and Warrenville.

Arthur Morse and his wife, Mary Alton are busy bringing up five hustling boys. See Morning.

This summer Captain Lafayette E. Evans was in command of the National Guard of Bridgeport stationed at Fort Wright, Fishers Island, for two weeks. Captain Evans is the highest commissioned officer for Connecticut of the coast artillery.

Frederick F. Rockwell is working Springfield, Mass., or phone Walnut on the Seabrook Farm, Bridgeton, N. 4613.
J.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDET"

Few if any changes have been reported for the class of 1901 but, as we wish our friends and school-mates to know that we are still active along the same lines of work, we hope a few words about each will be acceptable to the readers of the Gleaner:

Ethel Spalding Silberberg and Phoebe Randall Pray report that they are so busy caring for their homes and families, that the old time pleasures and recreation have to be forgotten for the present; while Mary Aldrich Hopkins though busy in her home and attending to her poultry, does find time to enjoy her new Ford Coupe. Olive Paine's position is the same as last year. She drove her new Buick Touring car, from Rochester N. Y. to North Woodstock, Conn., where she thoroughly enjoyed the summer.

Herman Chandler, as Salesman for Bigelow and Dowse Co., Wholesale Hardware Dealers of Springfield, Mass covers many miles by auto each week while Herbert Slye as Sales Manager for the Hudson Garage Co., lives in Stafford Springs, Conn., where that company is located.

Frank Davenport and his associates have just returned from California where they purchased twenty-two lunch rooms. They certainly must be serving good "eats."

Sabin Spalding along with his other work, picked many quarts of strawberries this last season from his ever-bearing plants raised on the Lindeman place which he purchased last year. We are glad Sabin has settled down in Woodstock.

As yet, we have no word from Ewart Brunn. We would like to hear from you, Ewart.

For news of Ernest G. Williamson please call at 20 Massachusetts Ave.,

This seems to be an appropriate time to remind the class of our twenty-fifth reunion in 1926, four years hence to be sure, but we ought to begin to prepare for a big time.

1902

"NIHIL SINE LABORE"

There are few changes since last year to be reported. The "settled" state of middle age is about reached for most of us for nearly all when asked for information answer, "Nothing new," or "about the same."

We are indeed saddened by the death of our class-mate, Jessie Withey. After months of suffering, she passed away last winter in Cleveland where she had been for a number of years as private secretary of Mr. Bailey at the School of Art. We recall her ready smile, her kind word, and helping hand and her high ideals and rare ability in her work, and feel that we miss her indeed.

Gertrude Taber Howard was visiting in Woodstock in May. Her home is in Hartford, Conn., as for a number of years.

Mary Frost Ross is living in Camden, N. J., as last year. Because her younger daughter has not reached the travelling age, we did not see her in Woodstock this summer.

Rose Lowdon Gilbertson is another New Jersey resident. We have had no direct news from her recently.

Harry Child continues with the Barrett Manufacturing Co., with headquarters in Boston. He is travelling through New England Territory, mainly Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

Herbert Johnson when called on phone at his home in Putnam reported "all's well" as usual.

James V. Perrin makes occasional visits to his old home, motoring from Canada, where he continues with the Berlin Construction Co.

Jessie M. Hibbard at last reports was still at South Hadley, Mass., continuing her work as school and community nurse.

Florence Barber Washburn is residing at Auburn, Maine, as reported last year.

Lotta Stackpole and Lew Cox Hibbard are the two Woodstock residents of the class.

Ermond Brunn's name, we hear, should be followed by the words "see Noon," but as no one is absolutely sure, we cannot report further.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Allan W. Upham spent the last year teaching in Elmvale, Woodstock.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood makes her home in East Thompson.

Grace Sumner Davis is living in the Gary District, Putnam, Conn. See Morning.

Alice Steere Farrar is still to be found in Healy, Kansas.

(Grace Church White) and family have moved to Providence, R. I. where Mr. White has entered the real estate business with the Willis H. White and Sons Corporation. They have bought a house at 33 Hillside Ave. and will give all old friends a hearty welcome at any time.

Clarence R. Hall and family have spent some time this summer at their cabin in the White Mountains.

Frank W. Rockwell is an instructor at Annapolis, Maryland.

Helen Chandler is doing clerical work in the Hall of Records in the Government Employ, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cornelius Haskell as last year holds a responsible position in the bank at Sioux City, Iowa.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Pearle Allton Gifford lives in Quinebaug, Conn. She is spending the summer at the shore.

Blanche Shippey is at home on Shippey Farm.

Annie Shippey is with Travellers Insurance Co., Hartford, doing supervision work.

Anna Nelson taught in the West Middle school, Hartford last year and returns this fall.

William Nelson is to be supervisor of schools in Wentworth, N. H.

Florence Safford Keyes has moved to Long Beach, Calif.

George Edgar Whitney continues as manager of a farm for the Grosvenordale Co.

Bernice Leavitt will teach in West Hartford Center this year.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Nellie Towne Burleson has spent the past year in Union, Conn., where she is engaged in house-keeping.

Esther Rawson Morgan will be pleased to welcome her Woodstock friends in her home at Warwick Neck, R. I. For further news see Noon.

Frederic W. Howard continues to hold the position of assistant foreman in the U. S. Rubber Co., of Hartford, where he has been employed for several years. His address is 721 Wethersfield Ave.

Harry E. Wells prefers not to desert his native Woodstock as the rest of his class have done but devotes his winters to the lumber mill and his summers to farming.

Edmund K. Gilbert is engaged in the hardware business in New Haven, Conn.

Z

1906

"TEMPORE ULTIMUR"

Seven of the nine members of our class have been in Woodstock this summer.

Carl Morse is one of the class who stays quite near his old haunts in East Woodstock all the year.

Ethel Upham has spent several

years here now, having been one of the faculty of the Academy. This year she will teach French only, as she finds it necessary to assist in the home duties. She spent her vacation on a motor trip to New Hampshire.

Lottie Howard Spalding lives nearer the Academy than any other member. She is bringing up a daughter and two sons to follow in her footsteps some day. She and her family hope to move into their new home on the Gordon place soon, where extensive repairs are being made. See Morning.

Maude Healey always spends most of the summer at Echo Farm. She was in Maine a week and attended the National Educational association convention in Boston on her way back to Woodstock. She and another teacher enjoy their little apartment in Bridgeport, Conn., very much.

Elizabeth Carr GrosJean and her two boys spent several weeks in Woodstock this summer. It is quite a trip from Watkins, N. Y. so she does not come every year.

Maude Andrews Washburn was at her mother's for a couple of weeks in July. Her husband motored here with her from Dorchester, Mass.

Mabel Ritch was the last to arrive for a visit at her father's before the fall work in music began. She makes her home at 519 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. and spends most of her time in oratorio and concert work in New York city.

The other two members are settled in homes of their own in the West.

Sadie was here last year but Florence has never returned. We hope she will sometime.

Florence Welsh Armstrong writes "Home is the best ever," since Ruth Anne arrived. Sioux City, Iowa is less than fifty miles from Wayne, Nehr, so she isn't far from her old home. See Morning.

Sarah Herrington Froyd and her husband sold their bungalow in Denver, Colorado and have a home in Salt Creek, Wyoming. Mr. Froyd enjoys his geological work there so much

and Sadie says they like Salt Creek better all the time. An article which shows us that we are not forgotten, she has written for the Gleaner although so far away.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mabel Eddy Morse is a busy mother at her home in East Woodstock.

Herbert F. Shippey is busy on the home farm in Sprucedale.

Henry Baker is pastor of the East Woodstock Congregational church. In August Mr. and Mrs. Baker chaperoned a party of young people who were camping at Webster Lake.

Mary Nelson is dietitian for the visiting nurse association in New Haven. She spent her vacation at her home in Woodstock.

Mary Myers Graham spent the summer at her home in Elmvale. She taught last year at Moodus, Conn., and returns again this year.

1908

Louise Fitts White is living in Pawtucket, as last year.

Winifred Potter returns again this year to the Crosby High school, Waterbury, Conn.

Harriet Nelson, after taking several months for a very much needed rest has returned to her Industrial Nursing with the Arrow Electric Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.

Robert Whiting has been abroad on a business trip. Gladys and her children spent some time this summer at Allum Pond, Sturbridge, Mass.

John Healey continues in the Insurance business. He and his family spent their vacation with his parents.

Mildred Brown Townsend has plenty to do, living on a farm and caring for two little daughters. See morning

Hazel Davenport Lewis lives with her parents in Pomfret. Her husband comes for week-ends. See Morning.

1909

"NITENTES"

Edith Briggs Fitts and her husband on their vacation took a trip over the Mohawk Trail and to Lake Champlain. Lyle W. Turner lives in Buffalo, N. Y. and is private secretary to the President of the Lord and Taylor stores.

Bernice Bates Marshall and husband have a new bungalow. They are going into the poultry business quite extensively.

Louis K. Miller continues in the Garage business in Maine.

Marion Smith Watson with her home duties finds time to do Grange work. Her husband is master of the Abington Grange.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Edith A. Eddy will return to West Stafford in the fall to resume teaching. Her engagement to Robert Sullivan of Stafford Springs has recently been announced.

Roxanna Wilbur Slye continues to reside in Stafford Springs on Grant Ave.

Mary Flynn Blakeslee liked California so well she decided to make her home there. See Noon.

Louise Howard Clark and her husband have moved to 255 Woodstock Ave. Putnam, where Mr. Clark is operating a dairy farm. The past season they enjoyed an auto trip through the Berkshires up to Lake Champlain.

Flora Alten Danielson, besides her usual home duties has a little daughter to care for. See Morning.

Raymond W. Sheldon is permanently located in Webster, Mass., having recently acquired a majority interest in the Times Publishing Co., publishers of the Webster Times. Mr. Sheldon is actively engaged in his business.

Herbert E. Nelson remains in the Groc. Co., Asylum street, Hartford.

Wallace E. Armstrong holds the same position with U. S. Geol. Survey

as last year. His address is 46 Westland Ave. Boston, Mass.

Lyman R. Fitts is located with the Mack Motor Co., of Cambridge, Mass.

Leonard H. Healey, Jr., no doubt has to hustle these days. See Morning.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Esther Johnson Dreher's home is in Westfield, Conn.

Maude E. Milligan is at home.

Dorothy V. Cox will continue teaching in Miss Wheeler's school, Hartford.

Esther E. Nelson returns to Plainville for another year.

Blanche Perry Bosworth is at home in Pomfret.

Martin A. Nelson is living in South Woodstock. See Morning.

James Donlon is with the Travellers Insurance Co., Hartford.

Harris May lives in New London.

Max Connor is in New York with the same firm as last year.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Rilla Child expects to be in Woodstock the coming year.

Carrie Barrett Frink on account of the ill health of her sister has been obliged to give up her home in Williamantic and now is in North Woodstock.

Grace Myers is living in Woodstock.

Jarda Carlson Linde's address remains the same, 154 Villa Ave. Bridgeport.

Helen Perley has been at home the past year with the exception of a few weeks' visit in Philadelphia early in the spring.

Gladys Sheldon Prescott still lives in Webster, Mass.

Olive A. Whitney remains with the H. K. H. Silk Co., Putnam, doing office work.

Nothing new has been learned from Sophie Barrett.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Edmund Anderson has been attending summer school at Cambridge. This coming year he is studying again at Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Eleanor Keith Lewis continues as teacher in the grammar school of Eastford.

Ida Spalding Masters leads a busy life, caring for her family and giving music lessons. She conducted a most successful singing school connected with the church this past winter.

William Richardson graduated from New York University last May.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Grace Hawkins Healey with her husband and little daughter, Sarah Caroline, spent their vacation in Woodstock. Their home is in Woodhaven, L. I.

Rolfe N. Lyon will continue to teach in Berlin, Connecticut, this year.

Leslie L. Sumner expects to spend the coming year at home.

Agnes White Cox has been spending a number of weeks at the home of her parents in East Woodstock, this summer. She expects to return to her home in Stafford this fall, where she will teach in the grammar school. See Morning.

Ruth E. Bjornberg will teach in Rocky Hill the coming year.

Carl O. Johnson is employed in Flint Mich. He surprised his classmates and friends by his marriage on February twelfth to Miss Lillian Havlin.

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

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

Olive Johnson has been at home most of the time this year. Her plans for the future are undetermined.

The plans of Arthur R. Anderson are undecided for the future, though this summer he has been employed at Valleyside.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Clara Eddy Cox will continue to teach in Stafford the coming year. See Noon.

Florence E. Lawson remains in Hartford.

George M. Wilcox is to be found at Pomfret, Conn.

Mabel Richardson Hill's home is in Middletown, Conn.

Gretchen Rutishauser Sprenger's address is Romeo, Michigan. See Morning and Night.

After teaching two years in Miss Bennett's school in Millbrook, New York, Harriett G. Sampson has accepted a position as teacher in the English and Literary department of Miss Spence's school for girls in New York city. Her address will be, 30 West 55th street and 5th avenue, New York.

Mildred L. May is at home in East Woodstock.

Mary E. Chamberlin keeps very busy at Elmvale.

Estella Frink Barrett welcomes her friends at her home in the Chandler district. See Morning.

Ruth Bates Keith is making her home in Danielson. See Morning.

Catharn Perry Goodnes lives at Glenn Falls, N. Y.

1916

"FORWARD"

Marion A. Perkins holds a position in the Sanborn Laboratory at the Boston City hospital, Boston, Mass.

Bernice Sanger's plans for the coming year are undecided.

Merrill R. Keith received an appointment to the State Police Force and is working with the Motor Vehicle department.

Lyman E. Hibbard is very progressive on his home farm at North Woodstock.

Joseph Henries resides in Cambridge, Mass. His trade is plumbing.

Wentworth A. Johnson spent the past winter in Florida and is contemplating another trip.

Agnes Peterson did substitute work in teaching during the past winter. She has now attended the summer normal school in New Haven and expects to teach in Eastford.

Otto L. Pike graduated from the New York State Ranger school, a branch of Syracuse University in December. He is now in the upper part of Michigan with the Great Lakes Forest Survey Co., but he is planning to go to Porto Rico in November to continue the same work there for a year.

Paul E. Ringdall remains at home in Woodstock.

Hazel G. Wood has resigned her position as teacher in the primary department at the Westfield school and is spending part of the summer at Fairlee Lake, Vermont.

Jean C. McClellan is spending her vacation at home and will return to Smith College for her Junior year.

Julia M. Johnson continues her stenographic work at the Royal Worcester Co. in Worcester.

Helen V. Bjornberg will teach the fourth grade in Rocky Hill, Conn.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen J. White has spent a very pleasant and successful summer at Yale Summer school. This fall he expects to take the principalship of the Newington school in Newington, Conn.

Theodore Perkins is at home in Waltham, Mass., where he is getting experience in his engineering work in Waltham Watch factory. He is going to return to Cleveland, Ohio soon.

Eleanor Lindeman will continue her school work in Willimantic, Conn., this year.

Eleanor Williams Young finds her home duties in West Woodstock very pleasant.

Lois Harrington Place is living in Webster, Mass. Her husband is agent for the Ford and Lois is enjoying many rides this summer.

1918

"CARRY ON"

Andrew H. Lowe is helping on the farm at home.

George Swenson is employed at the Marcy Tool Works in Putnam.

Carolyn Cox plans to be at home.

Marguerite Bosworth continues to assist her brother in the store in East Woodstock.

At present Ellen Swenson is at home. She has been working in Putnam but her plans for this fall are indefinite.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

Bertha Myers attended summer school and will teach the third and fourth grades in the town of Glastonbury Conn. the coming year.

Hobart Sanger is employed in the accounting and payroll department of the M. J. Whitall Associates, Worcester, Mass.

Merrill Healey expects to be working at his trade as carpenter during the coming year.

Louise Lindeman, who has been working in Stillman, N. Y. during the past summer will complete her college work the coming year.

Walker White who spent part of the summer at his home in East Woodstock has not made definite plans for the coming year.

Galen Pike is continuing to work at the New York State Ranger school.

Ethel Lowe has been at home during the summer months and expects to be working in Newark, N. J. the coming year.

Wallace Frink is kept hustling with the usual duties on a farm.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

As we have no word from Harold Johnston, we conclude that he must be "buried" somewhere in Cheshire, Conn., where we last heard from him.

Myrtle Miller, nee Myrtle Ware sends greetings from her "love nest" on Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

After completing her course at the New England Conservatory of Music Ruth Sheppard has decided to train for a nurse at the Brooklyn City hospital.

We congratulate Sylvia May on her engagement to Winsor White. She will keep her school in Thompson this coming year.

Mabell Nelson, nee Mabell Johnston is comfortably settled in her "bird's nest," where she is busy caring for her Martin and her little daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth.

Brown University will welcome back Dorothy Bundy as a Junior next year.

Signe Anderson will continue teaching in Woodstock.

"Lakeside" has kept Olga Erikson so busy this summer that she has not had time to fully develop her plans. During the past winter she took vocal and piano lessons.

Newton Carpenter's address is: Down on the farm, Eastford.

This September Louise Lawton entered for three months probation, the Brooklyn hospital, from which we expect her to emerge—a graduate nurse.

As usual Frank Harrington hasn't much to say about himself. He is pursuing his studies further at Northeastern College.

1921

"EN AVANT"

John McClellan commences his second year at Andover this fall.

Annette May teaches in the Chandler district school this coming year.

Spencer Jordan and Marvin Barrett will be at home this fall.

1922

Edwin Wilcox has spent the summer on the farm. He is planning to go on further in school but has not yet decided where he is going.

Helen Johnson expects to attend Willimantic Normal school.

Julia Swenson has completed a course in New Haven summer normal. She is planning to teach somewhere in town this year.

Beatrice Healey leaves for Boston this fall where she is entering Sargent's school for Physical Education.

Dr. Albert G. Paine of Pasadena, California, and Lyman M. Paine of Chicago were in Amherst in June attending college commencement and the reunion of the class of '72. Last winter Dr. Paine remembered his native state and county by sending \$1000 to the Day Kimball hospital.

Miss Hattie Dean is enjoying a trip West and later will return to her work as a nurse in a Boston hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lyon nee Annie Weaver are enjoying their Ford

Albert E. Hosmer has bought a home in Evanston, Illinois. He and his wife have been East this summer visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Gertrude May Burritt spent several weeks this summer with her daughter in Needham, Mass., and a week in Woodstock.

Dr. Harry Beckwith, a practicing physician in New Haven, was recently in Woodstock.

A very happy social event occurred in July at the hospitable home of Miss Chandler when a reunion of stu-

dents at the Academy in the seventies and eighties was held. Scattered school mates of former years gladly renewed the ties of friendship and Academy reminiscences helped to intensify the joy of the rare occasion. A bountiful repast was served, graced with charming souvenirs from Honolulu. The delightful gathering will be long and gratefully remembered by the favored participants.

Mrs. Helen Hammond Mathews is living in Holwell, New York. Her husband is Scout organizer for Steuben Co.

Lawrence Chandler has completed his course in electrical engineering with the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburg, Penn. He has returned to California and has a fine position with the Southern Electrical Engineering Co.

Mrs. Emma Fisher Este's daughter was married early in the summer and they have spent some time at their cottage at Lord's Point, Conn.

Mrs. Lillie Davenport Keith and family attended church one Sunday this summer and saw many old friends.

Mrs. Lottie Chandler May has rented Dr. Spalding's little cottage and will move in soon.

Much sympathy is extended Mrs. J. E. Burleson nee Luella Towne in the recent death of her husband. She and her daughter plan later to move to South Woodstock.

Mrs. John Nichols, nee Anna Herick is located in Ellington Conn., where her husband is pastor of the Congregational church.

Henry J. Potter of Windsor, Conn., although he seldom gets to Woodstock these days, is interested in his friends there and the Academy. For many years he has been in the inspection department of insurance companies. Just recently he was appointed to the position of Superintendent of the Inspection department of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity company.

Eliza Dean Snow lives in Fall River Mass. Her husband is salesman for the Atlantic Refining Co., and has his headquarters in Providence, R. I.

We all sympathize with Mrs. Snow in the death of her mother, Mrs. W. N. F. Dean, this last spring.

Miss Nellie D. Chandler spent several weeks with Mrs. Lottie Gardner early in the spring. Read her article in this number telling about her trip to Honolulu.

Morning

September 27, 1921, a daughter, Marguerite Jane to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis, nee Grace Sumner, Putnam, Conn.

October 3, 1921, a son, Lewis Sidney, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse, nee Mary Alton, East Woodstock, Ct.

November 15, 1921, a daughter, Marjorie Bates, to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Keith nee Ruth Bates, Danielson, Conn.

December 30, 1921, a daughter, Vivienne Ardelie, to Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox, nee Mildred Wells, Pomfret, Conn.

December 31, 1921, a daughter, Joyce, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Townsend, nee Mildred Brown, North Woodstock, Conn.

January 12, 1922, a daughter, Mary Ludentia to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lewis nee Hazel Davenport, Pomfret, Conn.

February 2, 1922, a son, Edward Lewis, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Healey, Jr. Richmond Hill, New York.

February 4, 1922, a daughter, Ruth Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Armstrong, nee Florence Welsh, Sioux City, Iowa.

February 11, 1922, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cox, nee Agnes White, Stafford Springs, Conn.

February 16, 1922, a son, Hugh Hammond, to Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, nee Helen Hammond, Howell, New York.

March 23, 1922, a daughter, Patricia to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Sprenger, nee Gretchen Rutishauser, Romeo, Michigan.

March 31, 1922, a son, Stuart Meachum, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tatem, Eastford, Conn.

April 12, 1922, a son, William How-

ard, to Mr. and Mrs. George Spalding nee Lottie Howard, Woodstock.

July 7, 1922, a daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Nelson, nee Mabel Johnston, South Woodstock, Conn.

August 24, 1922, a daughter, Jane Alton, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Danielson nee Flora Alton, East Woodstock, Conn.

August 31, 1922, a daughter, Barbara Lois, to Mr. and Mrs. Ethel Barrett, nee Estella Frink, East Woodstock, Conn.

September 29, 1922 a daughter, Eileen Eleanor to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Young, nee Eleanor Williams, West Woodstock, Conn.

Noon

September 20, 1921, George H. Andrews and Camille Euvrard, Pomfret, Conn.

September 22, 1921, Wallace L. Frink and Frances Gordon, North Woodstock, Conn.

October 21, 1921, Martin A. Johnson and Mabella L. Johnston, South Woodstock, Conn.

October 22, 1921, Forrest B. Morgan and Ethel A. Rawson, Warwick, R. I.

February 12, 1922, Carl O. Johnson and Lillian Havlin, Flint, Michigan.

February, 1922, Elmer Armstrong and Marion Williams, Southbridge, Mass.

May 27, 1922, Bandreth Symonds Jr. and Beatrice Holt, Woodstock, Conn.

June 8, 1922, Ralph Blakeslee and Mary E. Flynn, Huntington Park, California.

June 28, 1922, Dewitt H. Miller and Myrtle Ware, West Warwick, Conn.

June 30, 1922, Ralph Eddy and Nina Gordon, North Woodstock, Conn.

July 6, 1922, Benjamin M. Cox and Clara F. Eddy, East Woodstock, Conn.

Night

November 28, 1921, Clara M. Myers, Woodstock, Conn.

December 17, 1921, Clara Perrin Rawson, Providence, R. I.

February 16, 1922, Jessie Withey, Cleveland, Ohio.

February 21, 1922, Alfred E. Martin, Springfield, Mass.

March 28, 1922, Patricia, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Sprenger, Romeo, Michigan.

April 3, 1922, James A. McAllep, Chihuahua, Mexico.

April 6, 1922, Mrs. Annie E. (Hill) Gifford, Webster, Mass.

May 11, 1922, Carlton Hibbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashely Hibbard, West Woodstock, Conn.

June 10, 1922, John E. Burleson, husband of Luella Towne, Putnam, Conn.

July 22, 1922, Wendell H. Phillips, Woodstock.

September 27, 1922, Dr. James Warren Ingalls, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Year's Work at W. A.

The year 1921-1922 started with great enthusiasm under the guidance of the new principal, Mr. William P. Dutemple. Many of the alumni and friends of the school were especially pleased to learn that almost sixty pupils were in attendance, more than there had been for several years. The lack of transportation to school, the removal of their families and sickness necessitated six leaving during the school year.

It was the aim of the faculty throughout the year to keep a high academic standard before the pupils and to help them to attain it. Different methods were tried to drive the naturally negligent students, to encourage the slower pupils and to keep up the spirit and enthusiasm of the brilliant ones.

The below-grade and honor roll boards were started on a basis of rivalry for points between the Blues and the Golds. Later in the year it seem-

ed advisable to discontinue the below-grade board but the names of the honor pupils were still published on the board in the main school room and in the Putnam Patriot each week.

As there are periods at which business is at a low ebb, so in the Academy, at about the middle of the year, the students showed a marked slump in their work. It is true that this was in the basket-ball season, but it does not seem that this activity alone could have caused the downward trend. With several pupils it was a combination of outside activities which took too large a proportion of their time and strength so that school work was neglected, while with some it was poor health, due in large part to the epidemic of severe colds or grippe which so unfortunately fell upon Woodstock. However, although some did not succeed, the majority took hold with renewed vigor and won out at the end.

There are things of interest besides the amount and character of the work with books and in the class-room. Perhaps athletics will first come into your mind. The indoor work during the winter months was not as successful as could be wished for; but what great amount can be accomplished in the short time there is left after the gymnasium periods have been divided between the girls and the boys, and the basket-ball teams have been given a few minutes to practice for their next game? The outdoor work met with great enthusiasm. In the fall the boys played soccer and the girls, cricket, while in the spring both boys and girls enjoyed baseball. Most of you have already read of the fine skill and team-work shown by the girls' and boys' basketball teams in the winter, and so I shall not dwell on it here, but merely say that they are to be commended for their glorious record. The younger boys have been faithfully practicing baseball all spring in anticipation of the time next year when they can make as fine a record for the baseball team.

Although not a great deal has been done in drama, a comedy was given

for the benefit of the Athletic association in the fall and six students presented a French play in the spring term. A great deal of the success of the productions was due to the faithful work of Mrs. Dutemple and Miss Upham, who drilled them. It might be said here that the students have shown in all extra activities a remarkable eagerness to work hard as soon as they have realized their responsibility for success.

A whole paper might well be devoted to the music of the school, for this side of the work is a vital part of the school life. The number of pupils who are talented in music is far out of proportion to that in the average school. The ability of Miss Burns as an organizer and director of school choruses could easily and admirably be seen in the Minstrel Show and the operetta, "The Maid and the Middy," as well as in the rendering of more serious music such as that of the graduation exercises. The quality of the singing by the school of "The Village Blacksmith" would do credit to a much larger and more experienced chorus. The pupils were given a chance to hear and appreciate fine music, as well as to sing, for several times during the year Mr. Dutemple played some of his victrola records to the students, explaining the compositions and telling them about the composers and artists.

Although it may seem to some that too much time is spent on sports, music and plays, they are necessary in the school life for "education is a gradual development of the individual." Since it is so complex a thing, it is a difficult matter to estimate the value of the year's work at the Academy to either the teachers or the pupils. Mistakes have been made, but these need not be a matter for discouragement, for recognizing these failings, we can profit by them and avoid them this next year. Confident that the spirit of co-operation, which this year was evidenced by the school teams in their effort to bring glory to Woodstock, will pervade the entire school

in all its activities, we look forward with expectancy to the coming year.

CONSTANCE E. GRIGG

Social Life 1921-1922

Although there has been much hard work on the part of both teachers and students the past year, there has also been time for the usual number of activities which make up the social life at Woodstock Academy.

Our first event was the Senior Social given in October. The entertainment consisted of the singing of old songs by a chorus and solos by several of the students.

Then came the play entitled, *The Deacon's Honeymoon*, given by the Athletic association and very ably coached by Mrs. Dutemple. This was a decided success as shown by the round of applause given the actors by the large audience.

The later part of December the school enjoyed the usual Christmas entertainment. Mr. Dutemple in the role of Santa Claus distributed the gifts, many of which caused a great deal of merriment.

On January 27th the school gave the Minstrel Show under the direction of Miss Burns. As the curtain went up it was a pretty picture to see the boys and girls in their orange blouses the end-men in their many colored costumes and Mr. Dutemple in his dress-suit as interlocutor. The jokes cracked by the four end-men kept the audience in continual laughter.

During the basket-ball season this year, unusually good success seems to have come to both the boys' and the girls' teams. The boys' team may well be proud of the silver cup won from Tourtellotte Memorial High school in the series of games with that school. Who can forget that exciting game with Putnam High on January 20th when we came out vic-

torious? Who can forget the merry parties which accompanied the teams to the numerous games to urge them on to greater effort to win, with cheers and yells for old Woodstock?

Our next social was in the form of a French play entitled, *L'Etincelle*. This was given by members of the French classes and was coached by Miss Upham. The play was a most successful event in the year's activities.

In March, Putnam High school challenged Woodstock to chess and checker match. As usual the Woodstock players carried off the honors.

In April came the annual speaking contest, the prizes of ten and five dollars being given by the Hill and Valley Players of Woodstock. Franklin Wetherell was awarded first prize and Doris Lindeman, second.

On May 12th the students presented the third operetta, *The Maid and the Middy*. The stage was turned into a boat house, occupied by the Lakeville Boat club. At the back of the stage were boughs of hemlock and branches of laurel intermingled with apple blossoms and iris. Around the front of the stage were plants of various kinds which gave the scene a real club-like aspect. The curtain rose on a group of maids in summer frocks, swaying to and fro in time to the music. The soloists were well chosen and choruses were very tuneful. Curiosity centered around a certain mysterious Anita, which when produced at the end of the last scene proved to be a parrot, thus causing much excitement.

Much credit for the success of the operetta is due Miss Burns, musical director at the Academy, for without her fine ability as director such a production would be impossible.

As accompanist, Miss Grigg was most efficient.

The latter part of May the Junior class gave a Prom. The hall was very prettily decorated in the class colors, silver and rose. The large number attending, enjoyed a very delightful evening.

The senior class held their last social on June 2nd. This was in the form of a June Box party.

The annual Field Day was held at Roseland Park, June 10th. The usual number of events took place, with lunch at noon and supper on the lawn near the boat house. The cup, presented three years ago by the teachers was again competed for and was won by the Gold side.

Sunday, June 18th, was observed as Academy Sunday at the Hill church. Reverend Richard T. Elliott of Abington delivered the baccalaureate sermon.

Graduation exercises were held Friday afternoon June twenty-third. The speakers of the afternoon were introduced by Dr. Hamilton Holt. Mr. John Corbin of New York delivered the address and Governor Everett J. Lake, a former Academy student, presented the diplomas to the class of four.

In the evening the Senior reception was held. Between the dances the class will, statistics, and prophecy were read by members of the graduating class.

Thus ended the activities of the class of 1922. May the class live up to its motto "Allons" and become true bearers of the Blue and Gold.

ANNETTE C. MAY

Woodstock Library Report

The history of the Woodstock Circulating Library is shared with many other village libraries which had their beginning before the Carnegie library became so popular and such a wonderful help to country towns.

The success of the first years of our library is due largely to two book lovers, Mrs. Flynn, and Miss Jessy McClellan, who regarded small beginnings as occasions for hope instead of discouragement.

We well remember the little rack of books kept in Century-Old Cottage, catalogued and cared for by Mrs. Flynn, who knew most of them by touch if not by heart, and once a week given out to a small group of readers.

Today we are grateful for her vision which is still before us, of seeing sometime a library suitably housed and worthy of the name of The Woodstock Circulating Library.

When the rather neglected Academy library was united with this small library and rooms given it at the Academy a fresh start was made and there has been steady enlargement since. The library has often received books and gifts of money from its friends showing their appreciation. The book stacks given by the late Dr. Brunn remind us of his generosity and love for this library.

The librarian's and treasurer's reports at the annual meeting of the Library Association held in July, show a successful year.

One hundred and four families have taken eighteen hundred and forty-one books during the year. This increase over last year may be due to the reading list prepared and sent out by the President of the association last September which has stimulated the taking of standard books by many during the year.

Last summer the crowded book shelves were somewhat relieved of disused books. Some given to other libraries in town and others sold bringing a little money to the treasury.

While we feel certain pride in our library, we may forget that a library cannot exert an aggressive influence and our aim must be to open more fully to our community the advantages of a public library. "It may be a great asset, but it is of no real value until it has been connected with the homes, and pours its priceless blessings into the life of the community."

What can we do to accomplish this end?

Talk books. Urge people to visit the library and meet them there. Be

come familiar with the books and helpful to others in selecting them. Get from the librarian information in regard to the books desired by the readers who frequent the library and add them to the list to be purchased when funds will allow. Try to inculcate the fact that some books must be read slowly. That while the passing novel may be read and returned in a week or less, others require months. Two or three books a year, thoughtfully read will afford many hours of pleasure and surely broaden both the mind and soul.

If you have found such books interesting and valuable, tell others of them.

The reading of books by neighbors and making them subjects of conversation is a real pleasure adding to the interest of the reader, and helping him to gather from the books the valuable and useful thoughts. And last, become a member of the Association. Take interest in all its affairs. Attend the annual meeting next July, and bring a new member with you.

SARAH GORDON SAMPSON

6. Valedictorian
Julia Swenson
- Salutatorian
Helen Johnson
7. Presentation of Diplomas
Governor Everett J. Lake
9. Cantata, The Village Blacksmith
Longfellow-Noyes
10. March
Orchestra
- Motto
"Allons"
- Graduating Class
- Latin Course—
Julia Elizabeth Swenson
Helen Johnson
- English Scientific Course—
Beatrice Child Healey
Edwin Lewin Wilcox
- Academy Sunday
June Eighteenth
- Sermon by Rev. Richard T. Elliott
at the Woodstock Congregational
church at eleven o'clock a. m.

Valedictory Address

Graduation Program

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Connecticut, Friday afternoon, June 23, 1922 at two-thirty o'clock.

Program

1. March
Orchestra
2. Prayer
Rev. Henry Dwight Baker
3. Before the Heavens Were Spread
Abroad Horatio Parker
Chorus
4. Address
Mr. John Corbin
5. Song of the Leaves
Arthur Pearson
Chorus

We have heard much of the history of Woodstock Academy but still it is a subject which is always welcomed by those who are interested in the Academy. It never fails to bring pleasant memories to all who have ever been students here.

Before the Academy was built it was the custom to have what were called select schools. As these were not formed on stable foundations they were not very satisfactory to the people, and so it was decided to establish an Academy.

In 1861 a meeting was held to plan and discuss ways of raising money for this purpose. Thirty-two men contributed one hundred dollars each toward this fund and farmers willingly furnished lumber for the building.

Thus with great enthusiasm the school was built. After the dedication of the building and after everything

was in readiness, the first school session was held in February 1802. The pupils numbered one hundred and so interested were the people, that both young and old enrolled.

The first principal was Thomas Williams. He was a native of Pomfret and a graduate of Yale College. He displayed a strong personal character and ranked high as a scholar. I read of an incident connected with his principalship. During the severe winter, it was very difficult to heat the large building and the room was filled with smoke. Mr. Williams tried every means possible to stop the smoke. Finally he rapped for attention and said, "let us pray." He prayed earnestly that the smoke might cease and the story is that this method always succeeded.

Mr. Williams was afterwards a minister and lived to an old age.

School was maintained until 1820 with great enthusiasm. But during the next twenty years or until 1843 interest in the institution decreased to such a point that no school session was held and the building was used as a dwelling house. But, at that time, Hon. Henry C. Bowen came to the rescue and put the Academy on a running basis again, by donating large sums of money. It was also at his suggestion that concerts were held to raise money to purchase modern equipment. From this time interest in the school was steadily maintained. It flourished under such able instructors as Burnetta Cook, John Averill and Frank Burnette. There may be some in this hall today who were pupils under one or more of these principals. new building was needed, Mr. Bowen again came to the aid of the Academy

Mr. William Davidson was the first principal in the new building. After him in 1848, came one who endeared himself to the Academy and to the town. I refer to Mr. Hall whose services and personality will always linger in the minds of all citizens of Woodstock whether they knew him as a teacher or merely as a fellow citizen

It would not be just to omit mention of the various Trustees who have helped to keep the Academy. Very few realize the labor, money and personal sacrifices which the Trustees such as Mr. Abel Child, Mrs. George Bowen and Miss Frances Butler have devoted to this institution.

And now today another class is graduating from this school which the friends just mentioned have made successful. There is a feeling of sadness in our hearts today as we, the class of 1922 are about to leave this Academy, our teachers and school-mates.

A great deal of our success here, whether great or small is due to the help of our teachers. We thank you, teachers for your goodness in overlooking our faults and your labor spent in developing the good that is in us. May we, in future years, show the value of your efforts by the character which you have helped to form.

We shall miss the pleasant times that we have had with our school-mates but we realize that we cannot always be students at our well-loved Academy. We must advance upon our journey in this wide world, each taking a different path.

Today, we plant no ivy, to leave as a memorial of our presence here. Instead, we wish to leave to those who will come after us the fond hope that they may profit from the good there may have been in the examples we have tried to set, and that they may learn from the mistakes we have made, so that they may come near to the perfection which should be the ideal of every student of Woodstock Academy.

JULIA E. SWENSON

Salutatory Address

Woodstock Academy welcomes you here today, everyone—her sons, her

daughters, her friends, and patrons, her helpers and her future students. She is calling you back, O you who are her children, to the happy memories of your school-days, your school-mates, the campus. She is recalling you to a realization of her devotion, her need—your duty. Always shall you love her; you can never forget her.

Those of you who are her friends, whose services will never tire, and you who have been teachers here, whose thoughts of "Fair Woodstock" will ever be fresh in your minds, to you also she extends her Sincerest Greetings.

To the children of Woodstock who are not yet enrolled as students here she offers the best of opportunities. May they take advantage of them and become worthy bearers of the Blue and Gold, fair in their play, earnest in their work. So may we with the same earnestness be torch-bearers of our motto, "Allons," and carry with us the school spirit of this Academy.

Even greater are our opportunities than theirs, for we are fast approaching the time when we must choose our own career. Our task lies before us—whether in fields that are business or educational or in professional, social or welfare work—it demands our greatest ambitions and untiring efforts. How great the advantage then of the young man or woman with an education.

Just as we shall meet this challenge and accept these opportunities we challenge you, the graduates of the schools of Woodstock, to become students of this Academy

Sometime you will be one of us. Then, as the memories of your school days come crowding back, bringing recollections of the past—the studies, the class-rooms, the good times and the happy comradeship—you will never regret that you accepted the challenge. Then you shall know what the class of '22 knows as she greets you here today, saying, "Come live again those Happy-Days."

HELEN JOHNSON

Obituaries

Dr. James Warren Ingalls

Dr. James Warren Ingalls, an eye and ear specialist of Brooklyn, N. Y. died there at his home on September 27. He was born in Ashford, August 22, 1850, and prepared for college at the Woodstock Academy and at Andover. He graduated from Yale in 1881. In 1884 he received the degree of M. D. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, and after a year as assistant physician in the Kings County Hospital at Flatbush began practice in Brooklyn. Since 1892 he had been ophthalmic surgeon to the Bushwick hospital and since 1900 consulting ophthalmic surgeon to the Bushwick and East Brooklyn Dispensary. He was also surgeon to the Brooklyn Eye and Ear hospital. He had published many articles on medical topics and during the war served as ophthalmologist on the Medical Advisory Board of Brooklyn. He was a fellow of the American College of Surgeons and a member of the American College of Surgeons and a member of the American Medical Association the New York State Medical Society, and the American Ophthalmological Society. He was married February 26, 1885, to Abbie Parker Weaver, by whom he had three sons. The two oldest sons, James A. Ingalls and Edmund E. Ingalls, graduated from Sheffield in 1910 and 1915 respectively.

Alfred E. Martin

Alfred E. Martin, a native of Brooklyn, Conn., died in Springfield, Mass., February 21, 1922, aged 69. He was superintendent of the water department, coming to Springfield from

Framingham, where he had been superintendent of the water works for 17 years. He had a wide experience in civil engineering. He was prominent in musical circles. Mrs. Martin died five years ago. The Academy and his old schoolmates always held a warm place in his heart.

James A. McAllep

James A. McAllep died in Chihuahua Mexico, April 3, 1922, aged 44. He had carried on work as a mining engineer in Idaho, British Columbia, and elsewhere in the west. Finally he went to Mexico, where he conducted operations on a large scale for himself and others until obliged to give up his work on account of the Madero revolution. At the outbreak of the World War he enlisted in the service rising from the rank of corporal to that of first lieutenant in the engineering corps. In July 1919 he returned to California for a short time and then went again to Mexico, a country which he had learned to love and in which he had property interests and many friends. Here he remained until the time of his death.

Jesse Withey

Jessie Withey died at a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, February 16, 1922, after an illness of over a year from cancer.

Graduating from the Academy in 1902 she later took a course in a business college in Boston.

She was a successful stenographer in Boston for several years.

In 1913 she became private secretary to Henry Turner Bailey of Boston who later was connected with an art school in Cleveland, where Miss Withey was associated with him in his work.

The funeral services were held in the East Woodstock chapel.

Editorials

We are grateful to all contributors to this issue of the Gleaner. It would be a great help to the Editor and we might know more about the older Alumni if they would send in something of interest about themselves. or a school-mate they have kept in touch with.

The Academy opened this year with seventy-one scholars, the largest attendance in many years. A fourth teacher was hired and the other teachers are the same as last year, also the same successful music teacher. The outlook is for a prosperous year. Many improvements have been made inside the Academy for the comfort and convenience of the teachers and scholars. The outside looks fine in its clean coat of white paint and green blinds.

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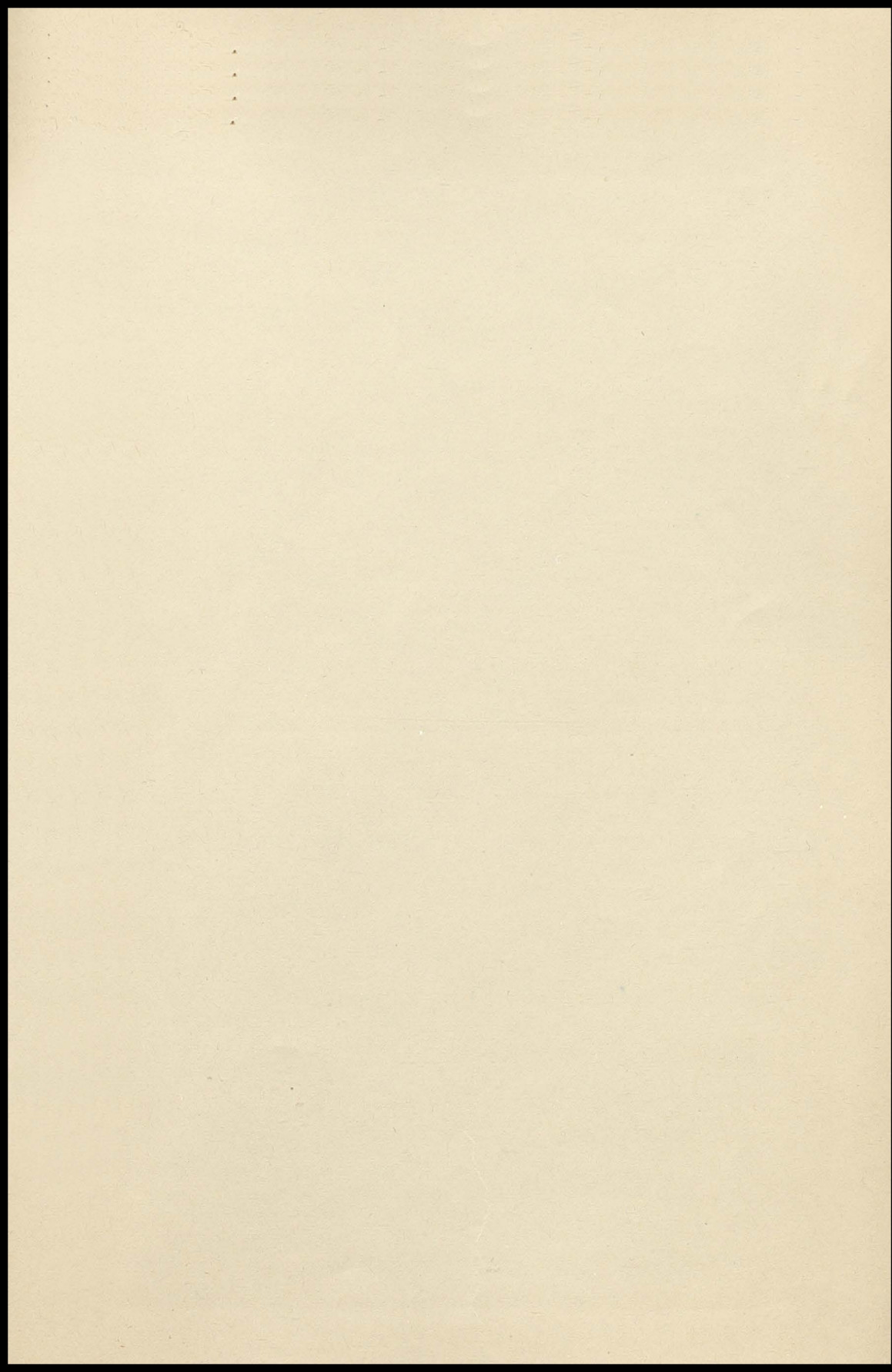
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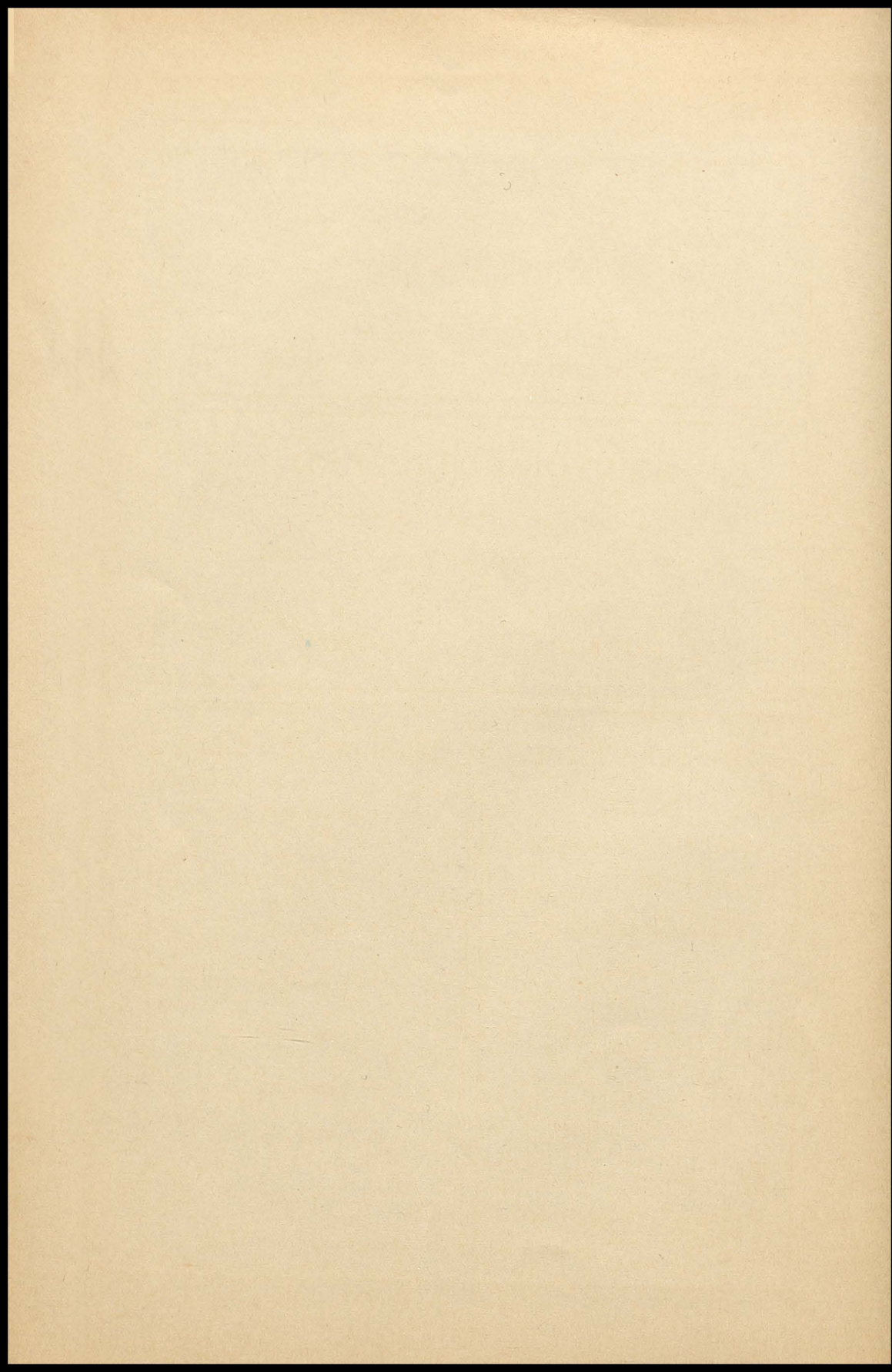
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