
Woodstock Academy

Gleaner



1923

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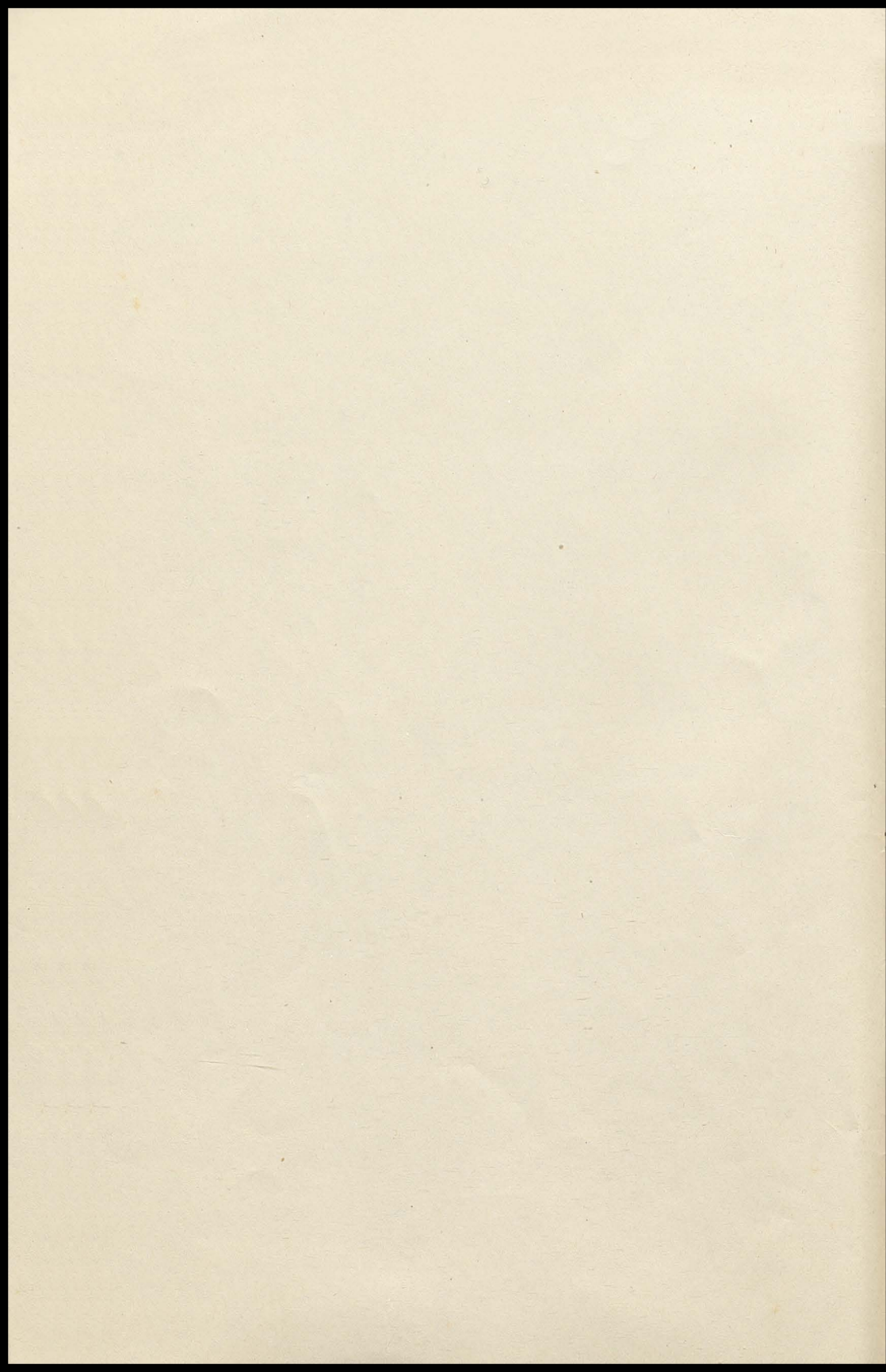


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WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

Founded in 1801

PRINCIPAL

Maurice F. Childs

Amherst College

ASSISTANTS

Miss Ethel Upham, Boston University

Miss Constance E. Grigg, Smith College

William F. Closson, Storrs College

MUSIC TEACHER

Miss Marguerite C. Burns, Boston University

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL

Catalogue on Application

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Village Tales of The Past

Reference was made in last year's Gleaner to the rounding out of the one hundred years of service of the present Church edifice on Woodstock Hill.

Some of the quaint features of the structure which preceded the present building may be of interest to those who like to keep in touch with records of primitive life in a quiet New England village.

From an unpublished pen-picture by a former pastor of the Church I cull the following:

"The house was nearly square and had three doors, one on each of three sides and two rows of windows. It was called large though its greatest dimension, probably did not exceed fifty feet. All around it ran a driveway, and at one side, conveniently set, stood a large horse-block, for the aid of the ladies in mounting and dismounting from their horses. It is believed that the house had a steeple-till rather late in its existence—the lightning partially destroyed it.

But in the steeple there was never a bell, and in the church there was never a fire-place, nor a stove, nor any artificial warmth, save what radiated feebly from the tiny foot-stones of the matrons and older women of the congregation. It was a quaint, queer pleasant enough meeting house for a Summer Sabbath day but on wind-swept Plaine Hill—through the sounding aisles of whose dim groves, in this latter day, rings the sometimes awful anthem of the Winter storm—the old meeting house stood through a hun-

dred winters; and it was a cold place—cold as a barn; cold often as an ice-palace.

The earlier structure was completed in 1720, at what was thought large expense and with some elaboration and nicety of interior ornamentation.

There was "quarter-round wainscot" work and there were "fluted pilasters"; there were mentionable pillars supporting a triple gallery: but there was no paint inside, no carpet, no plastering. There was some display all around the walls of paneled pine finishing. Overhead, huge, naked beams told of a new country's forest wealth; on the north side a double doored, high perched pulpit gave the minister a supposed valuable vantage ground for speaking; while, far above, the long, large conical sounding-board excited the wonder of the children, and doubtless of an occasional adult worshipper who happened to be a bit of a natural philosopher and had pondered the principle of acoustics.

The pews were high and square, had doors on the side next the aisle, and folding seats on the other three sides, and were carefully separated, each from every other, as if to suggest that it is right and pleasant, even in the great congregation, for the people to worship God in families. But, alas! no such suggestion was meant; for the boys and girls, youths, maidens and servants sat in the galleries, and were kept decently in order by the vigilant tything men, annually chosen for the significant and praiseworthy purpose. There was a conspicuously located, well-finished minister's pew; and down in front of the pulpit, was the deacon's seat, occupying which, the venerated men who held that office, faced the congregation.

Sabbath services in early days began at about half past nine in the morning. An ear witness has said of one of the honored pastors that "he would preach from nine o'clock as long as the daylight permitted him to see to read and would then announce that he would continue the subject on next Lords Day."

If the mercury chanced to be hovering around the zero mark during the discourse it would seem a truly heroic method of inculcating Scriptural doctrines.

An interesting incident in connection with the adoption of the Gregorian calendar by the English Parliament occurred in the First Church of Woodstock in 1752 when a meeting was called in August, to act upon the case of an "offending refractory brother" and the meeting was adjourned until a September hearing.

The English Parliament voted that Pope Gregory's method of correcting the calendar by calling the day which fell on September third of that year "September fourteenth," the omission of eleven days being deemed necessary in order to bring the Summer and Winter solstice at the proper time.

The offending brother objected when the postponed meeting was held on the ground that "the day for the hearing had elapsed."

Through his objection was over-ruled, it is interesting to note that a historical event connected with the calendar—by action of the English Parliament—had a bearing, even in those remote days, upon the Church activities in our own little village.

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM

A Glimpse of Atlanta

Darling, Penn.

Dear Gleaner:

A great problem which confronted me in 1920 was how I could leave the dear friends from whom we had re-

ceived so much consideration, and kindness through long years, and live outside of Woodstock. I can only say that time and the unceasing care of my family are helping me to find the answer.

My last two winters have been spent in Atlanta, Ga. not a typical southern city with ante bellum homes filled with old portraits and impoverished families, but an attractive up-to-date cosmopolitan city. At first one misses the historical and cultural background of older cities, but General Sherman saw to it that history was not lacking. There is shown in Atlanta today a cycloramic picture of the battle fought outside the city. An old confederate soldier who explained the pictures, told us that Gen. Sherman promised not to harm the city if the southern army did not oppose his entrance. He then marched in and proceeded to burn it. An old friend from the north, who was encamped outside in a division of Sherman's Army, writes me that "I am not to believe that yarn. General Sherman never stopped to dicker. His work was to end the war, and so thoroughly, was his work done that this northern soldier after climbing a high roof could count but thirteen chimneys left standing. An elderly gentleman in Atlanta remembers how, as a boy, of fourteen, after hearing that the Yankees were in the city started on a run down the railroad track fearing to look back lest he see the whole army at his heels. After this cruel work one can well be very lenient with those bitter memories which crop out now and then.

The people of Atlanta are determined that their dead heroes shall not be forgotten. Twenty miles from the city is a large granite boulder called Stone Mountain. On the face of this rock in heroic size, is to be carved, in relief, figures of General Lee, with several other generals, all on horseback. This bold conception is being

carried out by no less an artist—than Gutzon Borglum (of New York and Stamford). It is estimated that the work will require seven years and will cost half a million dollars. Unless the Durham tobacco millionaires or the Cocoa-Cola kings come to its support, one must wonder if it will ever be finished. There are those who feel that the sorrows of those dark days, should not be thus perpetuated. They also think that the lights and colors reflected from earth and sky, on the bare rock are more beautiful than any carving can possibly be.

The new Atlanta which has arisen from those ashes, is a large railroad center, full of enterprise, with a population of over two hundred thousand, the New York of the South. Many of its buildings are of native granite and marble. New schools are replacing unworthy old ones. Steady efforts are being made to raise the standards of schools, and so called colleges. A large Carnegie Library is a joy to visit. An Art School, patterned after the School of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, is under construction. Atlanta is a gay city, when for one week in April the metropolitan sends its best talent there for Grand Opera.

I must tell you how I found two connecting links with Woodstock Academy. First when I visited the plain rather commonplace home of Joel Chandler Harris, now preserved by a memorial association. I could distinctly hear the tones of Brer Rabbit from the Academy stage. Again as I passed the statue of Senator Grady, I heard his eloquent plea for a restored union between the north and south, words spoken not once, but several times at those memorable rhetoricals.

Atlanta is over eleven hundred feet high. Its inhabitants tell you the climate is unequalled. I almost thought so as I sat on the piazza last winter. With the exception of two or three long winter rains it is possible to be outdoors every day. Nothing could exceed in beauty the groves of beech

and oak trees surrounding our home on three sides, and which at Easter were interspersed with white dogwood blossoms. From then till June followed a quick succession of flowering shrubs. In spite of the red soil flower gardens and luxuriant roses seemed everywhere making it a city easy to love. If the Boll Weevil does not put out of commission those tall factory chimneys recently built by Rhode Island companies, (mostly in the Carolinas) one feels that this new south is bound to become a very prosperous part of our country.

As I watched the distant Blue Ridge Mountains from the windows of my train bringing me north, it was not without sincere regret.

MRS. ELY R. HALL

At The Marne in 1914.

(Given as a Fact)

The staff of Field Marshal Joffre,
Resolute, stern, and grim,
In the little room at headquarters
In council were met with him.
For Von Kluck's men were thunder-
ing
At the gates of heroic France,
And day by day unceasing
Recorded still more advance.

They were men grown gray in war-
fare
And skilled in its fearful art,
But the specter of coming surrender
In its grasp held each steadfast heart.
One only among them trusted
In a Power beyond his own,
And him did the scoffing Joffre
Retain for love's sake alone.

Maneuver after maneuver
Had failed against the Prussian
throng.
In their faces defeat was staring,
And no one could say how long.
The gallant French line was weaken-
ing,

In vain did it strive to stand
When against it the Prussian leader
Hurled the weight of the Iron Hand.

The marshal turned to his generals
A face of despair and woe,
"Can none among you suggest now
Some plan that may check our foe?"
But each man his glance averted
In anguish and sore dismay,
And only one voice made answer,
"My general, we must pray."
The bare little room at headquarters
Seemed flooded with glorious light,
As the faithful Christian pleaded
For aid in that darkest night.
Beside him the erstwhile scoffer
In humble surrender knelt
In the presence of One Whose power
Before, he had never felt.

Again the rush of the Germans
Burst in onslaught unrestrained,
But backward they reeled, defeated,
When the goal, they thought, was
gained.
For the French line held, unshrinking.
And, striking ere yet too late,
Came Foch with the aid which Joffre
Had despaired of in that long wait.

Thus gained was the first great victory
Which came like a ray of light
To pierce the gloom and the darkness
Wrapping earth in d'smal night.
But the greatest victory was numbered
On the hot September day
When the haughty Marshal Joffre
Knelt by his friend to pray.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON
Class of 1905

SOUTH AMERICA

Dear Gleaner:

Does it seem a far cry from our New England to the southern seas and the Straits of Magellan? It certainly did to me when, on the 25th of last No-

vember, I sailed from New York on the "American Legion," one of the fine boats of the Munson line, as the guest of a friend on this trip. To give you any adequate idea of its interest, its unusualness would be impossible in an article of this length, but in compliance with the request of the editor I will try to speak of a few things.

Under skies, vivid blue by day and crowded, crowded with stars by night, we sailed south through constantly warmer waters, crossed the equator where King Neptune came on board with his suite and we all, with appropriate ceremonies became his loyal subjects—and after thirteen perfect days anchored in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Rio the beautiful—with all its tropical life; its wonderful royal palms, its background of green covered mountains and the curving shores of its sparkling sunlit bay—as worthy to be sung in song and story as far famed Naples of the Old World. Here we stayed a month instead of two weeks as we at first intended, and you will want me to speak of the World Exposition, being held there.

We went with the idea of Chicago and Buffalo in our minds and were distinctly disappointed when we found it to be purely industrial. But when we realized the need of the development of Brazil along just these lines we knew this was exactly as it should be. Brazil is a land of wonderful resources and possibilities. Gems of wonderful variety and beauty, mines, water supply and land are all there waiting for brains and hands to bring them to their fullest development. But the racial characteristics of the South American are very different from those of the North American and I feel that the United States has a real duty toward our southern neighbor. She needs just the lessons in push, determination and perseverance which we can give her. Let us show her these things—how to make use of them, not in a spirit of greed but

of real kindness and brotherliness and both continents will be richly repaid.

The exposition is built on made land. They have washed down into the ocean one of the hills in the city to build it on and the hill they have taken down is the one most closely connected with the early history of Brazil—the spot upon which the stand was made against Dom Pedro I when he came to conquer the country.

Only one of the buildings of the exposition will be permanent—that of our own country, which is to be the seat of our ambassador and a more beautiful setting could not well be imagined.

From Rio we went to Montevideo and Buenos Aires. One is at once conscious of a difference in the races as he touches the south temperate zone. There is less mixture of blood, whiter skins, less inertia.

In Uruguay there is no fuel except a very small quantity of wood—All fuel is imported. But there is very beautiful marble. The capitol of Argentine at Buenos Aires—a smaller replica of our own at Washington—is built of it, as are the countless and wonderful statues and monuments for which this city is famous. I was told that a mountain about which I asked, lying south of Montevideo, was one half pure marble—the other half pure granite.

While in Buenos Aires my friend decided to go around through the Straits of Magellan, instead of over the Andes, to Valparaiso, as was our first intention. Only small boats can go through parts of the Straits, so we took a small steamer of the Royal Mail line of England. We went first to the Falkland Islands. On these little islands of rock with a thin covering of soil left there through the ages by wind and water, there is a little English settlement of a few thousand people. These people get mail once in three months, sometimes six weeks—we took them sixty or seventy sacks. There are men and women here, 60 years old, who have never been off the islands. Yet they seem contented.

They have a good library and a fine little museum. The climate is bleak and cold and windy for we are getting well down toward the South Pole. They burn peat which is dug on the islands and the industry is raising wool. Indeed sheep and cattle raising is about the only industry in all the southern part of this continent.

It is these little islands, you may remember, which in the war the German fleet thought to surprise and blow out of the water but were themselves surprised to find the English fleet waiting for them and only one German, I believe, escaped.

Now—into the Straits—and our only stop is at Punta Arenas, a little city of 3000 souls and the southernmost city in the world. The only bits of humanity south of us are a part of one tribe of the Tierra del Fuego Indians. But here—looking out upon the passage of water which he discovered and explored stands a marvellous statue of Magellan made of the beautiful marble and granite which has been mentioned. The statue is alive—One said, "Why, the wind is blowing his coat." All the vision and faith and determination which filled his soul shows in his face as with his head uplifted he gazes out across the waters into the future.

From here on the channel narrows—bleak walls of rock, now and then a glacier, always cold and leaden skies, but withal a consciousness of something which grips and holds you.

Finally we steam out into the Pacific, where the meeting of the two ocean currents gives us rough seas, on up the west coast of the continent until we anchor at Valparaiso sixteen days after leaving Montevideo.

Here we change again to an American steamer of the Grace line but quite different from the palatial line of the east coast.

There is not time to tell you of the wonderful water life of these southern seas—nor of the life of the air, fishes and birds; neither of the sail up the whole length of the western shore of

the continent,—touching at various towns here and there.

We stayed at Lima two weeks. Here is a university one hundred years older than Harvard but the city struck me as more foreign and of a lower grade of civilization than any large city we had visited.

Then home through the Panama Canal. Of this you have all read too much for me to write anything more—except one thing which interested me exceedingly. As you know Uncle Sam owns the ten mile strip through which the Canal passes but he does not own the cities of Panama or Colon. These belong to the Panama Republic, except that the United States has complete control over all sanitation and health regulations in both cities. We changed that whole area from disease and death breeding swamps to one of the healthiest places in the world and we could not take any chances of letting old conditions return.

The last days of March, and we are steaming back toward New York with a throb of exultation in our hearts.

I did not feel quite like the man of whom I heard who had been pretty homesick and who, when he came in sight of the Statue of Liberty which you know faces oceanward, said—"Well, Old Lady, if you ever see me again you'll have to face t'other way"—but I did feel gratefully proud of our Statue of Liberty and all it means—glad that I am a citizen of these United States, and very thankful that I am an Anglo-Saxon and not a Latin-American.

CHARLOTTE GARDINER

Baccalaureate Sermon

Life's Response to Earnest Effort

"Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, handling

aright the word of truth."

There is a Latin sentence cast into the metal of the bell of Phillips Exeter Academy which contains the words "Huc venite pueri ut viri sitis." Translated into the English it reads, "Come here boys to become men." These words might well be cast into the bell of every academy and school of higher learning in this or any other country. For when they ring they sound a challenge to every boy and every girl to come and become men and women.

Thomas Carlyle said that the true meaning of life is to unfold one's self. Education might be defined as a process of unfolding or a process of becoming. Kant defines it as the process, "By which man becomes man." To be educated, or to be in the process of an education, means that you are never quite what you were yesterday, nor yet what you will be tomorrow. It means that you are continually growing away from what you were and are becoming what you are to be.

If education is to be thought of as a process of becoming, there are two or three questions which are immediately suggested to the mind. If it is to be a continuous process the question arises as to where it is to end. Life for us is measured by its ends as well as by its beginnings. Our drives are always measured by our objectives. That which does not offer us an end as well as a means is of little concern to us. We follow any given course because it has a goal. In our definition of education as a process of becoming, becoming what?, always challenges the word becoming. If education, as Kant defined it, is the process of becoming a man, we ask ourselves immediately,—becoming what kind of a man?

It is as necessary to erect standards of true and false in the realm of education as in any other field. There are dangers and pitfalls in an education as well as blessings.

There is the danger of becoming an

intellectual pharisee. It is surprising in this connection how a little learning can become a dangerous thing, and how quickly in some instances "expansion of the head leads to "contraction" of the heart. Early opportunities and environments undeniably set some men above their fellows. But for such, larger opportunities should mean larger responsibilities. It certainly gives them no license to play the part of educated snobs.

Another danger is the danger of becoming an intellectual miser. An education, like money, can be stored up. Like the miser with his money, a person can find a selfish gratification in keeping his knowledge to himself and turning it over only in his own mind. Education like money was meant for circulation. A penny in circulation means more to the world than several times the same amount stored away in some misers strong box. A man of modest learning who gives his fellows the benefit of what he has, means more to the world than the doctor of philosophy who keeps his knowledge to himself.

Over against the danger of becoming an intellectual miser is the danger of becoming an intellectual prodigal. The prodigal is a waster. A person can waste an education just as any other precious heritage of life can be wasted. I doubt if there are many persons who stop to realize how much of a purely economic investment they represent. A child a year old easily represents an investment of several hundred dollars. With the advance of the years that investment climbs until it mounts into the thousands. I think I am making a very conservative estimate when I say that the average high school graduate represents an investment of fifteen thousand dollars, and the average college graduate an investment of twenty-five thousand dollars. And yet in spite of the price which has been paid for their education, a large number both of high school and college graduates each year, permit the values they have re-

ceived in the schools to slip away from them as carelessly as another type of prodigal lets slip from him an inherited fortune of money.

There is another danger which I shall mention, and that is the danger of becoming an intellectual hobo. A hobo is a wanderer. He is never satisfied for long with any one clime. He grows restless if confined over long in any one place. He never settles upon any one thing definitely. His course is an aimless one. The great highways of learning which the opportunity of an education open to a person may be to him either an advantage or a disadvantage. They will be an advantage if he chooses some few along which he will travel and come to know thoroughly. They will be a disadvantage to him if they arouse in him the hobo instinct to wander, so that he follows first one path and then another, and never arrives anywhere definitely. To be educated does not mean to know all that there is to know, but it means to know some few things well. It means being familiar with, and having a working knowledge of, some few of the many realms of intellectual life and endeavor.

Education is something more than the matter of filling the head with more or less useful and enjoyable information. Education is a matter of character building. Character has to be built. It cannot be borrowed. Education is not merely a matter of becoming a man, it is a matter of becoming a man of sterling character. It is not so much matter of knowing as it is a matter of being. "Education," said Ruskin, "Does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." An education is a right kind of knowledge in action. It is truth embodied in personality. It is a person making for himself or herself a life; a life that is to have an eternal significance.

In spite of all the investment that is made for the education of youth and the equipment that is furnished, all

the education that a person gets he will get for himself. An education cannot be poured into the head through a funnel as gasoline is poured into the tank of an engine. It must be worked in through hours of study and endeavor.

There are certain things in life which I cannot do. I cannot change the natural color of my skin. Caucasian I am and Caucasian until the end of my days I will remain. I cannot be other than human. I can sink to the level of the beast, I can degrade myself in every way, yet I will still belong to the species homo. I cannot be other than man. I cannot change my powers of perception. I cannot see sounds, hear pictures, taste smoothness, or touch odor. There are many things in life for which I am not responsible. I am not responsible, in more than a very limited degree, for my environment. I am not responsible for the fact that trees grow, tides come, flowers bloom, rivers flow, and winds blow. I am not responsible for the fact that instincts and emotion arise in me and waves of passion sweep over me.

There are, on the other hand, some things which I can do. I can say under ordinary conditions whether I will travel east or west. I can say whether I will work for a living or beg. I can say whether I will give my employer the best of my ability or merely enough of it to hold my job and draw my pay. Most assuredly I can say under all circumstances whether I will be guided by a good or an evil will. It is placed in my hands to make choices with regard to my personal conduct. This is one thing I can do. I can make a choice. And for the choices which I make I am responsible. A person's education is, in a final analysis, a matter of his own choice. He can go to school for a lifetime and if he does not choose of himself to get an education he will never get one. An education is every person's own battle, and if he wins it, he will win it by his own strategy.

We have been saying that an education is a passing from that which is least to that which is greatest; that it is a climb upward from our yesterdays to our tomorrows; that the climb is beset with many dangers; that it is a matter of our own choice whether or not we climb; that the responsibility for the results of the choice rests upon us individually; and, that we attain or not according to the skill we attain in climbing. If such heavy responsibilities are placed upon us in the matter of education we may well ask ourselves what promises are held out to us and what assurances we may have, that, having made the choice, having accepted the responsibility; and having set about the task; we shall not fail. The answer is suggested in the motto of this graduating class, "Semper Paratus," "Always Prepared," which means always prepared to give the very best to the task of making a life. It is to be found in the wording of our subject, for life does respond to earnest effort.

It might clarify our thinking if, at this point we were to put to ourselves a few questions. We are speaking of life's response to earnest effort.

We might ask ourselves first what we mean by "Life." Certainly we cannot define life with the pessimist as a poisonous vapor; an unstable bubble; a series of evil blasts, where "every blast brings forth a fear, and every fear a death"; an incurable and contagious disease; a fraud to our hopes; and a maze without a plan. Surely life means more to us than a place where every man is:

"Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot."

When we speak of life's response to earnest effort we are thinking of life in the complex. We are thinking of the person and all that the person experiences. We are thinking of persons and we are thinking of things. A man is life. His friend is life. The tree is life, the mountain, and the garden,

Anything that is at all, is life.

We might ask in the second place what we mean by response. How does life; this great, seething mass about us, respond? The process is very simple. I break the ground in my garden and plant a seed. It is my challenge to life. The rains descend and the winds blow. The rain is followed by sunshine. The seed bursts and sends a stalk up through the earth toward the sun. I cultivate it and it grows. By and by it bears fruit. That is life's response to my effort.

Again, I conceive in my mind the idea of an engine. I go into the mountain and find a substance which looks very much like chunks of half hardened red paint. It is iron ore. I heat it, drive off the impurities and it becomes a liquid. I pour it into molds and it cools into a solid. I put my moulded pieces together and I have an engine. I put water into the boiler and coal into the fire box. I ignite the coal and it releases heat. The heat changes the water into steam. The steam gives me pressure. And pressure gives me power. I have challenged life to produce power for me, and I have put forth effort to that end, and life responds by producing power. Life is so constituted that it responds to the touch of man.

Here is another type of response. As I walk along the street I meet a friend. I smile in greeting and I get a smile in return. That smile of my friend is one of life's responses. It may be a response to earnest effort, for sometimes when things are going against us it takes an effort even to smile.

So whether it be as a gardener, an engineer, a teacher, a mother, or a friend, that we approach life, life responds to the claims that we make upon it.

We might ask ourselves in the last place what we mean by earnest effort. Effort is an attempt on our part to lay hold of life; to lay hold of some portion of life and mold it to a pattern we have in mind. It is an attempt on our

part to shape some portion of life to our will; to compel life to work to our advantage. It is an attempt on our part to cooperate with the universe, and He who guides the universe in its way; to bring about some result we desire; or some result which we believe God desires. For we believe that there are some things which God cannot accomplish without our cooperation. Eckhart, the mystic, puts it in these words, "God can as little do without us, as we without Him." This is not as far fetched a statement as it might at first seem. There are some things that God cannot do unless men think. He never makes the truth of life so plain that men can come by it without thinking. There are many truths, even about the physical universe, that God does not reveal to men until they have made their brains weary with much thinking. And there are some things that God cannot do unless men work. "God", says Dr. Fosdick, "Stores the hills with marble, but he never built a Parthenon; He fills the mountains with ore, but He never made a needle or a locomotive. Only when men work can such things be done." The whole idea of effort as a matter of cooperation with God is given us in the words of Stradivarius, maker of violins, as he is interpreted by George Eliot;

"When any master holds
Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the
best.

.....For while God gives them
skill

I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him.....

.....If my hand slacked,
I should rob God, since He is fullest
good,

Leaving a blank instead of violins.

.....He could not make

Antonio Stradivari's violins

Without Antonio."

Earnest effort is, in the first place, honest effort. An honest man is most truly "The noblest work of God." One of the most discussed questions of the

ancient world was the question, "What is the highest good?" Men are eagerly seeking in answer to that question today. A person's answer to that question gives the key to his whole character. By his answer the entire philosophy of his life is to be judged. Many answers are given to the question. Those who follow the Epicurean philosophy of ancient Greece answer that pleasure is the highest good. Those who lean toward the Stoic school of philosophy find the highest good in a bloodless indifference to the ever occurring consequences of life. Others will answer that power is the highest good. Napoleon has his staunch admirers even in this day. One reason why he has so swayed the imaginations of men is to be found in the fact that his career visualizes for them the idol of power before which they bow down and worship. For others wealth is the highest good. Not that they would admit it in so many words, but that their whole life of devotion to its pursuit declares it. Still others see in fame the highest good and spend their lives in a mad endeavor to find a place among the immortals.

What is the highest good? There is no one thing that can be called the highest good. But near the top of the list of that which man is to consider as the highest good must be written the word honesty. There is no true success which is not the success of honest effort. Many years ago when England was making the stupendous blunder of crippling her child life through the employment of child labor in her cotton industry, "grim old Thomas Carlyle", cried, "If you have to take the devil into partnership in the cotton business, you had better give up the cotton business." It is a good motto to follow in any business. In the business of life it is better to collapse than to compromise. Earnest effort should be honest effort, not because "Honesty is the best policy", but because honesty is honesty, and honesty is right!

Earnest effort ought, in the second

place, to be constant effort. If you were making a journey from here to Chicago it would seem like a queer sort of journey to you to be whisked along for a mile at the rate of a mile a minute only to stop very suddenly and wait without motion for five minutes. Then to be jerked on, and stopped on, on. It would seem like a strange sort of existence to you if by some mysterious power you should suddenly be taken from your home and carried off into space—and after a half an hour as suddenly returned and to have the process repeated through the day. It was my privilege a little over a year ago to make some study of the problem of dual personality under the direction of Dr. Brightman of Boston University. It is not a pleasant thing for a person subject to this disorder to drop, seemingly, out of existence, and appear again after an hour, or a day, or a week, to take up the thread of life, knowing that during that period of silence, another personality has directed the activities of the physical organism. When you take a journey you want that journey to be continuous. You want your coming and going and the course of your life to be constant and unbroken. The person who applies himself to his task for an hour and then gives it up and later goes at it again only to give it up the second time does not know the meaning of earnest effort. Earnest effort is constant effort. It is that kind of effort that sticks at a task doggedly and determinedly until the thing is done.

Earnest effort, in the third place, means purposeful effort. Most of the tragedies of life are due, not to crushing circumstances, but to a lack of direction. To have a great purpose does not mean that a person will not make mistakes. Every person will make mistakes, but we are always to remember that, "The man who never made any mistakes, never made anything else." Oliver Goldsmith, in the preface to his book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," said, "A book may be amusing

with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity." It is possible for a person to make many mistakes and still be useful to society. On the other hand, it is possible for one to be passively perfect in conduct and yet never earn his own bread and butter. The man with a purpose measures his life by his goal. If he falls he gets up again for he is going somewhere. If there are obstacles in his way he generally overcomes them, for 'The world stands aside for the man who knows where he is going.'

We are asking ourselves the question these days, What is the secret of success? Many answers to the question are given. Some say that talent is the secret of success. The person who is successful is accused of having special talent. But talent alone does not account for success. There is no normal person without some talent and ability. "God Almighty has no time to make nobodies," Spurgeon is reported to have said. And yet not all persons are successful. It sometimes happens that the most talented persons are the least successful. Many a very talented person is behind prison bars. Some say that originality is the secret of success. To be sure originality makes its contribution to success. But a great deal of originality is never put upon the market. Others find in confidence the secret of success. The author of "Ecce Homo", attributes the success of Jesus to his originality and his confidence. But confidence alone is not the secret of success. Confidence, unless there is something else to go with it is often nothing more than chestiness. Mark Twain tells of steamboats on the Mississippi that exhaust all their steam in blowing the whistle. There's a whole lot of confidence which is just like that. The true secret of success is to be found in giving a proper place, along with the other factors we have mentioned, to earnest effort. No one of the factors we have mentioned, but all of them, are instrumental in success. Talent, originality, confidence, earnest effort are the stepping stones to suc-

cess. And the greatest of these is earnest effort. Without earnest effort the others are meaningless. Through it they may be acquired; Talent may be born, originality generated, and confidence inspired.

Let us catch up the thread of our thinking here before we proceed to our conclusion. An education, we have said, is a matter of broadening horizons. It is a climb from the valley of ignorance toward the shining mountain peak of knowledge. We climb because we choose to climb. If we succeed it is because we combine skill with earnest effort. The question is to be asked here as to what is to be the nature of our success. All success is not true success. A person may be a successful thief. He may win personal success by sacrificing his friends and neighbors. A person might be a successful anarchist. Success like the person who wins it must be possessed of character.

True success is both liberal and unselfish. Goldsmith speaks of Burke in the following words.

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up, what was meant for Mankind."

Someone else speaks of those persons who are "Like a needle, just as sharp and just as narrow." True success is never wholly personal. It is always shared. Its greatness is judged by the number of persons it benefits. It is never selfish. Selfishness and success may begin with the same letter but they are not otherwise related.

True success takes account of values. It takes account of intellectual values. It finds greater value above the chin than below it. Dr. Frank Crane gives some interesting data in this connection. "From your chin down" he says; "You are worth about \$2.50 a day. From your chin up you are worth anything. There is no limit. Without your headpiece you are just an animal, and about as valuable as a horse, may be. You have a mistaken idea. You think you are paid for your work. You are not. You are paid for what

you think while you work. It's the kinds of brains that directs your hands that gives you your rating. And what causes you the most concern, the contents of your skull, or the mass below the collar-bone? You exercise your body, you keep your arms strong, and your legs limber, and your waist line supple, but do you regularly exercise your cerebrum? Are your thoughts flabby, uncontrolled, wayward, and useless, though you are an expert in tennis and golf? Is your thinker as keen, alert, disciplined, accurate and dependable as your hands? Where do you get your pleasure? From the chin down? Is it all dancing for your feet, and meat for your body, and clothes for your back? And, is all your fun in the cellar? Don't you ever have any fun in the attic? What interests you most, books or beer? What pains you most, a stomach ache or a lie? How are you pulled? To what part of you is the cable-tow fastened, to your loins or to your forehead? Suppose it were possible to live after the head had been severed from the body; which part would you rather be, the head part or the meat part? What are you anyway, an animal pestered with a mind, or a soul, prisoned in a body? Do you know that the gist of culture consists in transferring one's habitual amusements from below to above the nose?"

True success takes account of spiritual values. It never leaves God out of life. The person who is in a search true success gives diligent attention to his spiritual life in order that he may present himself for God's approval, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth."

True success is yours if you have the courage and faith to reach out and take it. For life is so constituted that it responds to earnest effort. But true success has its price. It is never cheap. Its greatest price is earnest effort. Two paths lie before you. One is the path of indolence. To follow it

means to lose your "Capacity for enthusiasm," your "Appetite for spiritual things," your "Ability to see visions", "The energy of toil, the unselfish spirit of sacrifice, all these the finest flowers on earth wither and die", they are never brought to fruitage. The other path is the path of earnest effort. To follow it means that life will eventually be crowned with true success. To follow it means the building of such a character that every Iago of your acquaintance will say of you:

"He hath a daily beauty to his life
That makes me ugly."

REV. SIMEON E. COZAD

A LETTER

Hornell, N. Y.

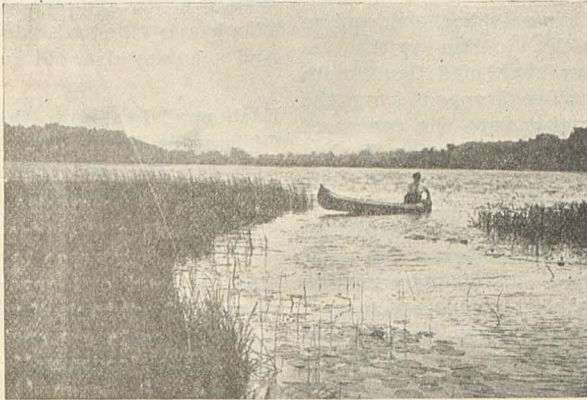
Dear Gleaner:

After nearly 20 years' absence from Woodstock it is very flattering to be allowed space in your resumé of has beens, especially to one who never had the honor of graduating from the Academy. Since our days of wandering in Hawaii there has been little of the unusual of which to write. The wonderfully rich and productive hills of western New York State have furnished us plenty of scenery and occupation for several years—you have heard of the "Valley of Opportunity" where the Endicott-Johnson Co. makes something over 100,000 pairs of shoes every day, and of the fame they have brought to Binghamton and vicinity. The last year has found us at Hornell where our "Daddy" has Headquarters for the Boy Scouts of Steuben County. We are hard by the Liberty Highway and you are cordially urged to stop at the square, brick house, with white pillars, on the right hand side. You'll find us all waiting for you. Baby Hugh can only say "hulloa" as yet but his six year old brother will entertain with tales of our recent drive to

Conn. to visit grandmother. He may make a jumble of West Point, Storm King Highway and the Catskills but if it is Friday father may take you off to Rotary Club luncheon or if it is

Saturday mother will try to have baked beans so you will not pine for New England. Anyway you will be heartily welcomed. Please come soon.

HELEN HAMMOND MATHEWS



A Vacation Memory

There are many to whom the sight of a State Policeman brings unpleasant memories, but it always reminds me of an amusing and rather exciting incident which took place during our trip by motor from Providence to Nova Scotia. Have you ever seen one of the New Brunswick Constabulary? They wear a uniform somewhat similar to that of our State Police but with rather more of a military cut—and another point of similarity—they seem ever present when least expected and desired.

While passing thru a section of New Brunswick abounding in small streams which promised excellent trout fishing, we yielded to their silent invitation and paused in a small town to purchase hooks, lines and sinkers, while in the next woods we cut rods and dug bait. Instantly the brooks which had appeared to be so numerous when we were unprepared, seemed to vanish, and for many miles we drove on without pausing. About four o'clock in

the afternoon, however, we slowed down by a large pond fed by a good sized brook. At last! My brother, getting out to reconnoiter, found a small footbridge under which he could see the fish darting to and fro—but nailed to a tree nearby was a discouraging sign: "Fishing Prohibited."

However—the sign was old and dilapidated—the fishing looked good—there was no one in sight—and the temptation was great—so after several cautious glances around, we all got out, and, standing close to the car, began preparing our lines. We had not actually begun to fish, but were very evidently intending to do so immediately, when something—a breaking twig, or our guilty consciences perhaps, made us turn just in time to observe a khaki-clad policeman emerge from a footpath along the brook. Breathlessly we watched him cross the road wondering whether he would go on and let us fish, or not. Our answer came when he paused suggestive beneath the dilapidated sign, turned around and deliberately surveyed us. Crestfallen, we climbed back into the car and started on.

A few miles farther came the town of Dorchester, chiefly famous for the penitentiary which is situated there—an imposing granite mass surrounded by high walls on which we could see the armed guards. On the other side of the town, about a mile out, we came upon one of the covered-in bridges common in that neighborhood, and as we rolled up the incline to the entrance another khaki-clad figure with rifle on shoulder stepped from the shadowy depths into the center of the road. Instantly a question flashed to our minds: "Is the evidence of intention of fishing where it is prohibited punishable by arrest in New Brunswick?" Our faces must have betrayed our consternation for the officer smiled an instant as he stepped alongside the automobile. But there was no such amiable expression on his face when he commanded us to remove our goggles, nor when he looked carefully into the car and under the rear seat. Instead he seemed determined to find out just who we were, and just what we had in the car. To our queries concerning the reason for the "hold-up", he only shook his head and waved us forward. We were utterly mystified until, that same evening we secured a local newspaper which announced in black headlines that a notorious murderer had escaped from Dorchester that morning. Consequently all roads leading from the town were being carefully guarded, while all vehicles were being stopped and searched for the fugitive.

ELIZABETH J. ROSS

VISIONS

Everyone has a secret idol
 Locked away with extremest care,
 Yet brought to light, and viewed serenely,
 At the merest mention, unaware.
 The pet of all my thoughts has been,

While dwelling on the days gone by,
 To wander through the old school-rooms
 And bring back scenes to my mind's eye.

The main school room in W. A.
 Way back in eighteen-ninety-two,
 Was nearly filled with desks and seats
 And scholars also, old and new.

Each pupil bent unto the task
 Of learning Latin, French or Greek.
 Principal Hall sat at his desk
 Disbursing knowledge, weird and deep.

Miss William's room, across the hall,
 Contained more wisdom all its own.
 But freely given to each one;
 And soundest judgment seeds were sown.

The Library had its followers,
 And clubs were formed within those walls.
 But I dwell most on the memory of
 Our Friday night "Rhetoricals".

I never shall forget the time,
 When after they had coached me daily,
 I stood upon the platform wide,
 And delivered praise to "Mother Bailey".

I could write a piece a whole mile long
 Recalling names and incidents—
 Sports—lawn tennis—baseball games
 Even vaulting o'er the fence!!

School mates—class mates, seat mates, all
 Have gone their ways—there is no trace—
 Except, where paged through memory's vault,
 Some face appears time can't erase.

My mind still wanders up the path
 Across the common, smooth and green.

In the twilight's gathering gloom
The Academy silhouette is seen.

The sturdy elms, with their leafy
branches
Swaying gently, like some huge fan.
And the vines by kind hands planted—
Twining, clinging, where e'er they
can.

Let us not forget our school days
No matter where our journey leads;
For W. A. our futures molded,
Guiding thoughts, and words and
deeds.

RUTH A. CAHOONE

BIRDS

From Bird Lore

In leaving New England's bird-haunts of roadside thicket and neglected pastures, and coming to Georgia, with its washing red clay soil, sparse grass, and oak and pine groves that seem scanty and open beside the Northern woods, I felt I had left behind all chances of bird study. I eyed without hope the oak grove next to the home that was to be ours for had they not told me that there were not even robins in Georgia, except as they passed through and beyond to lovelier places? But newcomers have much to learn, and before the year was over, I realized that my new home was in the path of the great Spring and Fall migrations, and that even such uncommon birds as the oven bird and the Cape May warbler did not despise my city woods.

Our home is in the suburbs of the city of Atlanta, in a section opened within the last ten years as a residential district. The homes here have ample grounds, and among them small pieces of the original woods have been left. Such a piece lying

next our home, I adopted as my own. The city clatters by its front line, houses surround it, but within its small recess it is cool and quiet, a safe retreat, where wood thrush and cat birds and cardinals build unmolested, where a hooded warbler has raised his family, and where many a migrant rests for an hour. This bit of woods measures 250 feet on the sidewalk and runs back to a depth of 400 feet. On its rear end it touches an open piece of ground planted with ornamental shrubbery. The whole has fortunately been neglected, so that honeysuckle lacing together the brambles and low bushes, has made there almost impenetrable thickets, while young oaks and dogwoods have filled in the spaces between the high old oak trees, walnuts, and tulips. If a sprig or tiny "branch" had been in the midst of this spot, no better city bird home could have been found. But in spite of this lack, I have seen here, within four miles of the city's shopping district, during the last fifteen months, seventy-six varieties of birds.

Of these, eleven have lived here the year round. I should like to think that the same individuals had remained during that time, becoming my permanent neighbors, but such is probably not the case, for the thrashers that spent Christmas with me very likely raised their families in the foothills of North Georgia, while those whose babies I have been watching this summer will winter close to the Gulf. Be that as it may, I have been able to see almost every day in the year the brown thrasher, cardinal, towhee, English sparrow, mockingbird, flicker, blue jay, tufted titmouse, Carolina wren, red-headed woodpecker, and very often the bluebird who finally, when spring had come, ranged her family of three for my inspection along an old oak limb close to the house.

Next to these faithful, well loved birds, come the three winter residents that my woods have sheltered; one hermit thrush, who has run along over

the dead leaves ahead of me, showing not fear but a kind of resentment in his bright black eye, and who left me on the 20th of March; the white-throated sparrows, who came about November 1st in a great flock, and who made the bare woods cheerful all winter with their Peabody song, and their high pitched chirp, and who stayed with me until April 25th; and the ruby-crowned kinglet, whom I found first on Christmas Day, a warm mellow day full of golden sunshine, and who was from then on until April 24th an almost daily companion, beginning on March 20th to sing his wonderfully melodious and complex little song.

The birds that have come from the South to summer with me and raise their families in my woods are the hooded warbler, who reiterated his "Where in the world is he?" from morning till night during late April and early May, the wood thrush, most beautiful of the summer singers, the catbird, red-eyed vireo, orchard oriole, crested flycatcher, and wood pewee.

Aside from these twenty-one birds, my guests have been either transients or migrants. Thirty varieties that nest within the state have visited me, sometimes once, sometimes repeatedly. The tiny Carolina chickadee comes often, the mourning dove joins the woodthrush in early song, and the barn swallow circles at twilight over the oak tops. A red-shouldered hawk swooped down one day and in spite of his good reputation for preferring rodents to feathered prey, grabbed one of my tufted titmice, and, perching on a high branch, tore him to pieces before my very eyes, throwing the head and feathers down to me as a proof of his indifference to my opinions, as well as his contempt for the five jays that were trying noisily to drive him off. The downy woodpecker often comes during the summer and winter and the field sparrow has been a visitor during the spring and summer.

Occasional visitors have been the

screech owl, quail, summer tanager, yellow-billed cuckoo, humming bird, blue-grey gnat catcher, most alluring of tiny birds, with his dashing ways, angrily snapping bill, and sweet, faint song. Brer Turkey Buzzard has often wheeled overhead, but Jim Crow has come only once. The white-breasted nuthatch has tried half a dozen trees and left, the red-cockaded and the red-bellied woodpeckers have each made one memorable visit. The yellow-throated, the white-eyed, and the warbling vireos have each spent a week-end with their red eyed cousin, who lives with me during the summer while the robins, loved of New Englanders, came between February 23rd and March 15th, in flocks of from twenty-five to fifty, spending the night in my woods, and giving me their hearty-flute-like caroling before they flew away toward the north and northeast. I have seen robins during the summer in other parts of the city, but none built in my woods.

Of the warblers that nest in Georgia, there have visited me often the Parula (Southern variety) and the yellow-throated, and occasionally the pine, the black-throated-green, the prairie, the golden winged and the blue winged. I have seen the black and white warbler three times in April, three times in June after the eleventh, and repeatedly in August and September. The Redstart, I have seen three times in April, six times in May, once in June, twice in July, once in August and repeatedly in September, so that he seems to be a reasonably close neighbor.

Of the migrating birds whose nesting site lies north of Georgia there have come to my city woods twenty-five kinds. Of the warblers, the myrtle, the yellow, the worm-eating, the black-poll, the Maryland yellow throat, the Cape May, the chestnut-sided, the Canada, the Magnolia, the black-throated-blue, the Blackburnian, the palm, the Tennessee, and in the fall migration the oven bird, making a total of twenty-four warblers, count-

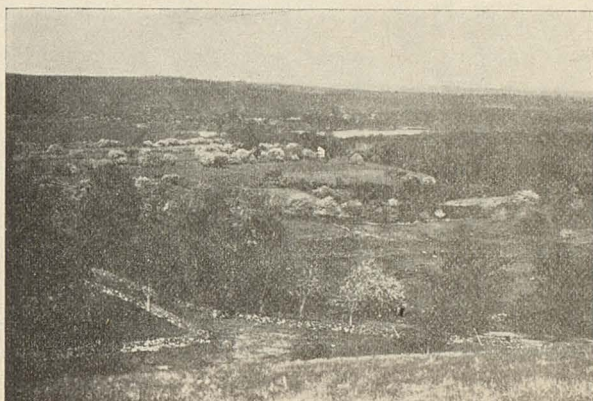
ing the hooded warbler that nested here. And of other migrating birds, aside from warblers, there have visited me the goldfinch, the brown creeper, the bronzed grackle, the song and vesper sparrows, the junco, the meadow lark, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the indigo bunting, the pine siskin, and, perhaps most dramatically, the cedar waxwing.

At the rear of my woods is a persimmon tree standing alone, several feet from any other tree. This has seemed the favorite goal of migrating waxwings. I counted eighty-one in the first flock that I saw, looking like gilded birds in the strong morning sunlight, their musical twitter faintly filling the air, while they sat quietly enough for me to count them three times before they rose suddenly, as one bird, into the air, and wheeled, in a small compact body, away toward the north. After this, I saw eleven flocks in the same tree and in the shrubbery nearby, during February

and March, and the first half of April. Had they chosen my persimmon tree as an assembling place for Georgia-wintering waxwings, or were they resting during migration from a more southerly point, attracted by the heavy crop of privet berries all about them? Probably the latter, for with the exception of one flock, they were here only a few hours each time.

Since I have begun to write this account of my city birds, a band of negroes has come into my woods and "cleared them up". With axe and brush fire, they have spoiled and civilized this wild neglected place. I can now nod to my neighbor across the scarred and empty space. I hope she does not notice the lack of enthusiasm in my greeting. Gone are Thrush Thicket, Cardinal Cover and Catbird Glade! Next season I shall have to see how many birds will make me formal calls in the high old oaks.

ANNE HALL GAYLORD



Amid The Hollyhocks

—From the Springfield Republican

Like old time ladies, daintily attired
In charming costumes of a silken
sheen,

In stately grandeur how they courtesy,

As if the breeze bears message from
a queen.

And when the merry sunbeams dance
and play,

Amid these nodding ladies of rare
grace,

A brightening smile illumines every one,
And richer hues adorn our garden
space.

Dear old time flowers that link us
to the past—

When decorous damsels danced the
minuet,

Thy presence adds both dignity and
charm,—

Emblems of earlier joys—"lest we forget"!

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM



Amid The Hollyhocks

Graduation Program

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Connecticut, Friday afternoon, June 22, 1923 at two-thirty o'clock.

Program

Commencement March

Roberta Hudson

Juanita Orchestra

2. Prayer

Rev. Frank Hoffnagel Bigelow

3. The Beautiful Blue Danube

Johann Strauss

Chorus

4. Address

Elon Huntington Hooker, Ph.D.

5. The Glory of the Lord Handel

Chorus

6. Overture, "Caliph of Bagdad"

A. Boieldieu

Juanita Orchestra

7. Presentation of Diplomas

Reverend Frank Hoffnagel Bigelow

8. Cantata, "Barbara Frietchie"

Jules Jordan

9. Announcements

10. Recessional Roberta Hudson

Juanita Orchestra

Motto

"Semper Paratus"

Graduating Class

Latin Course—

Elsa Sophia Johnson

Doris Harriet Lindeman

Latin Scientific Course—

Lester Williamson Gallup

General Course—

Caroline Alice Cross

Judith Sylvia Johnson

English Scientific Course—

Harold David Carpenter

Carl Gustave Feiler

Reginald Pike

Hazel Phoebe Sheldon

Ilo Louise Sullard

Miriam Estelle Ware

Luke Edward White

Highest Honors in Scholarship, average 91 per cent. went to Miriam Estelle Ware

Second Honors in Scholarship, average 89 per cent. went to Judith Sylvia Johnson.

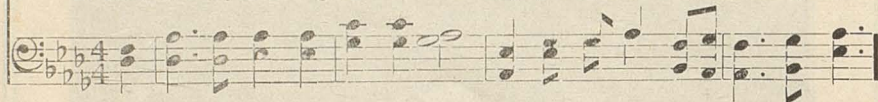
CLASS OF 1923

ILO L. SULLARD

MIRIAM E. WARE



1. As we thro' life our pathways wend, Loy-al to thee our hearts shall bend,
2. New ev-ery morn-ing shall we find Thy precepts and thy teach-ing bind



Nor false nor faith-less can we be, The class of nine-teen twen-ty-three.
Our love and rev-er-ence to thee, The class of nine-teen twen-ty-three.



Review of The School Year

It has been suggested that an article be written on the "Progress of the Academy," during the past year. It is by no means an impossible subject, for I heartily believe that the Academy is progressing, and that its one hundred and twenty-second year of existence was a highly successful one.

We started the year with a banner number of pupils, namely 75. During the year we lost 9 pupils and gained 2, making the number at the close of the year 68. We graduated twelve pupils, the largest class since 1902. We shall feel the loss of this class greatly next year, for many of its members were especially talented in music, several were numbered among the best students in school, and hardly a member was without special ability along some line. I am glad to say that nearly every member of the class is planning for higher education in some form or another, though two of them are unable to proceed immediately with their studies.

The number of teachers was enlarged this year to three giving full time service and one on half-time. This increase in faculty was essential because of the large number of pupils, and I am glad to say that the coming year will see another increase, making four full-time teachers.

In the past the Academy, like other schools of its class, has had to put up with frequent changes in its faculty. In this respect, and in this respect alone, to my mind our school is inferior to larger schools. We suffered from this disadvantage to a considerable extent last year. In September our new teacher was Miss Ruth Congdon, A. B. Wellesley. Miss Congdon was an excellent teacher and possessed a pleasing personality. She had traveled abroad, had studied extensively, and was altogether a great asset to the school. But her health was

not of the best, and in November she tendered her resignation.

We were fortunate in securing at once the services of Mr. Maurice F. Childs, A. B. Amherst who was personally well-known to us, as he had been connected with the Eastford School at South Woodstock, and also had also given a course of lectures at the Academy on the subject of the Panama Canal. Again, at Christmas, Mr. Childs was able to save us from a more severe disturbance by being at hand to slip into the office of principal made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Dutemple. Mr. Dutemple had been our principal for nearly a year and a half, and had acquitted himself in so thoroughly a business-like manner that it was not a great surprise to us to hear that he had resigned in order to take up a position in the business world. The community was sorry to lose the Dutemple family, as they had been favorites socially and had been of assistance in the church and other organizations.

Our new teacher was Mr. Charles H. Perry, A. B. Williams. During the six months he was with us he was conspicuous for his kindly interest in each individual pupil that came in contact with him. As well as carrying on his school work, Mr. Perry supplied the pulpit in North Woodstock, thus coming into closer relationship with the community at large.

Miss Constance Grigg, returned for her second year at Woodstock and it is a matter for congratulation to those who work with her, as fellow teachers or pupils, as well as to her many friends outside the school that she will be with us again during the coming year.

The recital of so many changes has made the faculty news cover much more space than it is fitting for one who is herself a member of the faculty, to make it. But if I may speak personally. I have seen so many ups and downs in the Academy life, due directly to the influence of good or in-

ferior teachers, especially principals, that, after all, I believe the space devoted to the faculty is not too much. In the future there will be fewer changes. The increased number of pupils means larger funds. The Academy is more prosperous financially than it has been for years. I believe the policy from now on will be to secure good teachers, and to use every fair means to keep them.

Elsewhere will be found accounts of the social life and sports of the year, both of which should be classed as part of the years' work. Our musical programs have been up to our former standard, and we are glad to know that our able supervisor, Miss Burns, will continue to work with us next year. The Junior play showed a fine bit of work on the part of that class, and their coach, Mrs. Perry. Blue and Gold contests, in work and in sports, have helped to keep interest and enthusiasm at a high pitch. Gymnasium work has been carried on regularly with both boys and girls. It was hoped that the latter might have an exhibition day, but with the necessity of both boys and girls using the hall on alternate gym days, their practice was too much broken to make for a finished production. So we contented ourselves with giving a general invitation to our friends to come in at any time and see what we were trying to do. The chest-weights which for years had been in the hall on the third floor were moved to a more convenient place and more than half the girls in school took daily exercise with them for a considerable number of weeks.

Woodstock Academy has not fallen below its standard in scholarship. It can, and does, prepare for college in four years, and is sending a member of the class of twenty-three to Brown University this fall, who is to be admitted by certificate. The time will probably come when a commercial course will be added to our curriculum but that cannot be at once. A course in book-keeping will be offered next

year.

This article would not be complete without a word of appreciation of those earnest, hard-working students who have, by their progress, made possible the progress of their school. To speak personally again, it has been a delight to me in my several years of teaching at the Academy, to watch these boys and girls develop, to see them change, over the summer, from Sophomores to Juniors, or from Juniors to Seniors, with just that much more of added dignity and seriousness. Most of these young people come here to get what the Academy offers them, an education, and we who are closely connected with the school cannot help but take up our task each year with courage and high purpose, for when we see our boys and girls going out to meet their duties in the world as men and women we know that we are building for eternity.

ETHEL E. UPHAM

SPEAKING CONTEST

Prizes were offered by Mr. Arthur S. Hardy to the amount of twenty-five dollars. The contest took place Friday evening April 20th, 1923 with the following contestants.

Program

1. Doris Harriet Lindeman 1923
"Rhyme of the Dutchess May"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
2. Burton Harrison 1926
"The Last of the Roman Tribunes"
Lord Lytton
3. Marion A. Stahl 1925
"The Pied Piper"
Robert Browning
4. Franklin Wetherell 1925
Selection from Henry V
5. Ezra Jewett Pike 1926
"Satan's Soliloquy"
Paradise Lost—John Milton
6. Elizabeth Rollins 1924
"Merchant of Venice"—Act III—A
part of scene II.
Shakespeare

The judges were Mr. Eric H. Johnson of Putnam (Yale '77), Mr. John L. Wright of Pomfret (Mass. Agl. College), Mr. Seymour Kling of New York (Columbia University). Mr. Johnson in awarding the prizes spoke of his being an alumnus of Woodstock Academy and speaking from the same platform fifty-two years earlier. After other remarks in a reminiscent vein he announced that the first prize had been awarded to Elizabeth Rollins, the second to Burton Harrison, and the third to Doris H. Lindeman.

Woodstock Library Association

The Annual meeting of the Woodstock Library Association held at the Academy in August was more fully attended than last year and with the larger attendance more interest was shown. For several months the people of Woodstock have been extremely eager to have the report verified, that the town was to receive the offer of a Library Building. At this meeting, Mr. Arthur Hardy, the Pres. of Woodstock Academy trustees made public the proposal of Mrs. Pratt. The following is the trustees' announcement.

"Mrs. Frank Wright Pratt, formerly of Hopedale, Mass., now of Deerfield and Richmond, Va., is to erect a memorial library building on Woodstock Hill. The building will be located west of the Academy, facing the state road and the road to the post-office, construction to begin early next spring with a view to occupancy before the winter. The present library consists of about 5,000 volumes, and in its new home will be for the use of the town of Woodstock as well as for the Academy. The prospect of a suitable home for a collection so long inadequately housed in the Academy building is naturally a source of great rejoicing."

Will Add to Town Structures

The new library will add distinctly

to the many features which already make Woodstock one of the most pleasant of all the towns in the county in which to live. Near to its site on Woodstock Hill stands the Academy, while a little way down the street is the Palmer Memorial, the scene this summer of a number of interesting events. Further away is Roseland Park beside the lake, one of the most ideal pleasure spots in this section of New England.

Those working for and interested in the Library well know that this is a great gift. "The greatest that Woodstock has received" is the opinion of one of the Library's staunch friends.

The present quarters of the books is much too small, and it has long been a problem what could be done to give back the much needed rooms and find a suitable place for the books.

The solution has come! The vision of years is being realized! and in this public manner the Library Association extends to Mrs. Pratt its grateful appreciation of her most noble tribute in this memorial library.

With the prospect of such a handsome building for our use we hope the public will give more time and care to the selection and condition of the books that are to be placed in it. The book committee is anxious to have lists of desirable books handed them, that they may be purchased when the funds will allow.

From the report of the Librarian read at the Annual Meeting we learn that during the past year 98 families, representing 142 booktakers, have patronized the library. The total circulation for the year is 1576 books. Adult department fiction 842. Non fiction 398 total 1240. In the juvenile department fiction 195, non fiction 141, total 336.

Work with the schools, that is loaning of boxes of books, was carried on as usual during the year but this part of the work was somewhat hindered by the severe storms and difficult trav-

elling.

Thanks are due the Academy pupils and others who assisted in transporting the books to and from the schools. The financial condition of the library is much better than last year, and with the incentive which we have, for building up a large and valuable library we feel there is before us a year of unusual progress and prosperity.

SARAH GORDON SAMPSON

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

The busy months of last year were brightened by social activities of the pleasantest sort. Although a full impression would be hard to convey by words, a brief mention of the different events is given here.

The first social was given by the Seniors on October 20th. There were several musical selections and Mr. Hinrichs recited from Shakespeare. Only those who have been privileged to hear Mr. Hinrichs can appreciate his talent and the inimitable style in which he presents Shakespeare.

In November the Juniors presented a most unique and delightful entertainment in the form of a "Railroad Social." The scene was so well staged that one could easily imagine that he was journeying far from home and visiting some point of interest such as a famous art gallery in Boston, or going to see the Paris fashions, or hear some great violinist.

As Christmas drew near the students all looked forward to what has become the annual event of the season, the Christmas entertainment. The distribution of gifts by Mr. Childs, as Santa Claus, caused much merriment.

In the middle of January a rare treat was planned by Miss Upham, for the French classes, in the form of a theatre party. Alexandre Dumas' famous romance, "Monte Cristo", was pictured at the Bradley theatre in Put-

nam.

A very pleasing program was carried out February 9th when the musical comedy called "College Life" was presented. This was under the direction of Miss Burns.

We take it for granted that every family in Woodstock has been solicited for a subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal. Can we easily forget the enthusiasm shown by the Blues and the Golds in their endeavor to raise money for bleachers?

In March a large attendance of townspeople gathered in Academy Hall for the annual Speaking Contest. The prizes of fifteen, seven and three dollars, donated by Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, were awarded to Elizabeth Rollins, '24, Burton Harrison '26, and Doris Lindeman '23 respectively.

The following evening the Seniors gave a Social; the main feature of which was moving pictures. This was followed by dancing.

Later in the month the Juniors presented a play, "The Deacon's Second Wife", which was very ably coached by Mrs. Perry. The cast was well chosen and the play was considered one of the most successful events in the year's activities.

On May 25th the "Junior Affair" was given and met with great success. The hall was very attractively decorated in red and white, the class colors, and all present enjoyed a pleasant evening.

The Operetta, which has won such marked distinction and been so enthusiastically received in previous years, has now become the outstanding feature of the social life of Woodstock Academy.

This year the pupils starred in "The Bells of Beaujolais." The soloists were in fine voice and all parts were well sustained as was evinced by the enthusiasm of the large audience. Much credit is due Miss Burns for her untiring efforts to make this affair a success.

As June approached and the closing days of our school year drew near there was the usual bustle and excite-

ment. On June 8th the annual Field Day was held at Roseland Park, with exciting races and contests in which the Golds won the cup. This was followed by Academy Sunday, with the church prettily decorated with maiden hair ferns and lilies. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. Simeon E. Cozad of Putnam whose powerful discourse will long be remembered. This led up to the closing event of the year, graduation, which was held in Academy Hall on the afternoon of Friday, June 22nd. Mr. Clarence W. Bowen, of Woodstock, in a very pleasing manner, introduced the speaker of the day, Elon Huntington

Hooker Ph. D., also the Rev. Frank H. Bigelow, who spoke briefly and helpfully before presenting the diplomas to the graduating class.

The Senior Reception in the evening closed the commencement festivities and mingled with our joy there was a feeling of sadness as the Class of 1923 realized that those were our last days together under our Alma Mater. In the coming years as they swiftly fly,

These scenes we will oft recall,
For there hangs in memories' gallery
A picture of them all.

ILO LOUISE SULLARD



BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1922-1923 will be long remembered for two outstanding features: the consistently excellent work of Captain Gallup's team, and the splendid support accorded by the rest of the school. If numbers and hearty cheering can help win games, no little credit for last season's success should go to those in the bleachers, led by cheer-leader Burton Harrison and his corps of assistants.

While all games of the series were

well-fought and interesting, the following two which were played on the home floor are believed by many to have been epoch-making in Woodstock's athletic history. The Plainfield game, ending with the score of thirty-two to thirty-one in Woodstock's favor, was considered a thrilling contest until the encounter with Killingly High School threw everything else into the shade. At close of the fourth quarter of this game, with the score a tie, an additional five minutes of play was called for. The enthusiasm of Woodstock's well-packed bleachers reached a degree of wildness hitherto unknown. Successive points were added to both scores, but necessity for

additional overtime playing was cut short, and the game won by a field goal from White. The final score stood thirty-three to thirty-one.

The season's players were: Luke White, r. f.; Reginald Pike, l. f.; Lester Gallup (captain), c.; Vernon Wetherell, r. g.; Richard Johnson, l. g.; Walter Anderson, s. f.; Henry Safford, s. g.; Robert Scranton, s. g.

The individual totals for the year's games show eighty field goals, and fifty-five free throws made by Gallup, totalling two hundred and thirty-one points. Pike had second place, with a total of one hundred and seventeen points. To Johnson, the only freshman on the team, should be accorded special commendation for his effective work as guard.

The girls' team, like the boys', owes much of its season's success to its captain. That position was held by Hazel Sheldon, a skillful and aggressive player as well as successful leader. A number of hard-fought games were played. Greatest satisfaction was derived from a victory over Southbridge, with the close score of fourteen to thirteen.

The regular players were: Annie Miligan, r. f.; Doris Lindeman, l. f.; Hazel Sheldon (captain) c.; Judith Johnson, r. g.; Lilly Skoogberg, l. g.

It is believed by the faculty that the excellent morale of the school was due in no small measure to these games, furnishing as they did such an excellent opportunity for cooperative endeavor, and the exercise of loyalty to Alma Mater.

CONSTANCE E. GRIGG

FACULTY ITEMS

Principal and Mrs. Maurice F. Childs spent one week of the summer vacation at Camp Woodstock, the rest of the time Mr. Childs was working hard to make this a prosperous year

for the Academy.

Miss Constance E. Grigg took a course in summer school at Harvard, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Ethel E. Upham busied herself with home duties except for an occasional auto trip during the vacation.

Mr. William F. Closson, a graduate of Storrs College comes with a good recommend for his work during the school year.

Miss Marguerite Burns is welcomed back as music teacher at the Academy also the district schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Perry have been at their summer home in Acworth, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Dutemple were at Camp Woodstock for a time where Mr. Dutemple was swimming instructor.

Mrs. Ely R. Hall divides her time with her three children. We are always glad to hear from Mrs. Hall and will enjoy reading a letter from her on another page of this Gleaner.

Miss Elizabeth J. Ross again goes back to the West Hartford High school after a vacation spent with her parents in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mill, nee Mildred Foye think there is no place like Woodstock for a few days' outing.

Miss Martha Woodruff welcomes her friends at her home in Northampton, Mass.

Miss Beulah P. Johnson spent a part of her vacation at Casco Bay, Maine. This September she will return to her position at the English High school, Lynn, Mass., where she is a teacher of English.

Miss Lucy D. Reed spent three weeks in the White Mountains before coming to Woodstock for a six weeks' visit at Echo Farm. She will continue her work this year in Watertown, Mass., where she teaches Practical Arts.

Miss Emma Allen returns to her teaching in Worcester and with a friend has taken an apartment for the year.

Miss Marjorie Pease at present is at

her home in Amsterdam, N. Y. She was called home in January from her work in Oregon by the illness of her mother who died in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Brainard nee Faith Sanborn as usual spent some time at Jackson, N. H.

Miss Aleta Prescott attended Harvard summer school and is back at her work in Middletown, Conn.

Miss Margaret Cochrane, teacher in Somerville, Mass. This Summer she took an auto trip into Canada.

Mrs. F. E. Burnette lives with her son Arthur in Winsted, Conn., but enjoys Woodstock news.

Miss Jennie Atwood of Bristol, Connecticut, wrote a friend she would love to see dear old Woodstock.

still with the Gorham Co. of Providence, but lives in Arlington.

He writes that he has a young boy and girl both in their senior year at High School. His younger son is in his last year in Grammar School.

Sara Colvin Williamson still makes Worcester her home. She spends the summer months at her place in Buttenwoods. Her daughter Amey has been enjoying outdoor life at a Girls Camp in New Hampshire. Her son Kenneth is Campaign Department Manager of Worcester County for the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner. See Noon.

Everett Upham is in business for himself in Boston. He writes that Everett Jr. commences his second year in Newton High School this fall. His daughter, Constance, has one more year in Grammar School. He and his family motor frequently to Woodstock, so keep in touch with their friends in the home town.

Stella Tompkins Waterbury writes an interesting letter from Monrovia, California. She tells of their happy family life. Her husband is in the real estate business. She has a son sixteen years old and a daughter nine.

Edith Hall Dohan, makes her home in Philadelphia. Her summers are spent at Hamanassett, Darling, Pa. In July she and Mr. Dohan visited several of the old seaport towns of New England and found them very interesting. This year Edith is to act as temporary professor of Archaeology at Bryn Mawr. She has a son David, aged 7 and a daughter, Katharine, aged 5.

Ned Child continues in the same business in Worcester. He spent three weeks of August at his Camp at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard Island.

Alice Sharpe Johnson has served on the Pomfret School Board during the past year. She is also interested in an Arts and Crafts Shop. Alice has a daughter Muriel, nine years old.

Jessie Bowen Palmer has been playing the part of nurse this summer. A serious accident to her husband has confined him much of the time to his bed. Mr. Palmer is much better now and expects to continue his school

Student Personals

1894

"GRADATIM"

Alfred Child and family came East this summer. He is looking for a prosperous year in the new and well equipped school. His son enters college this fall at DePauw University, Green Castle, Indiana.

Anne Hall Gaylord and family have moved to good old New England and Anne will be glad to see her friends at 8 Gardner Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Albert Merwin continues to live at Eden, Florida. Mrs. Merwin has recently been home, called here by the serious illness of her mother.

Charles G. Burd writes he is still in Montclair, N. J. in the First Congregational Church.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Burton Fitts was elected last May to the position of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Rhode Island. He is

work this fall.

Jessie writes that she still plays a good game of tennis. Her daughter Carolyn is a senior in the High School.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Mary Bowen Keith we find at 166 School St., Putnam, where her son Herbert is entering his senior year at Putnam High School, and her younger son, Lawrence is to enter the State Trade School in September.

Clarence Weaver, who is Engineer Maintenance of Way of the Central Georgia R. R. Co. at Savannah, Ga., is too busy to write much but sends his best regards to the class and all other friends.

Joseph Sheppard has moved to Putnam, Conn. for the Winter where he is building up a Landscape Engineering business. His son Leonard enters the Co-operative course at the State Trade School and James still struggles with the difficulties of Grade 4.

Ruth A. Cahoon for 10 years has been employed as bookkeeper and cost clerk for The Waite Thresher Co. Manufacturing Jewelers of Providence R. I. She lives in Warwick and for 8 years has been Lecturer of the Old Warwick Grange.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Ralph H. Sabin is occupied in building a railroad along the Susquehanna river. His home, however, is in Wilton, Maine.

Louise Grosvenor van der Laan kept the Mashamoquet Inn open all Winter. Constance Holt spent the Winter there.

Arthur O. Williams continues to reside at 600 Taunton avenue, East Providence, R. I.

Ruth Williamson Gallup spent the past year at her home in Woodstock. Her son graduated from the Academy in June.

Fred J. Fitts is still running his farm in Ashford, Conn.

Mowry Ross visited his old home in West Woodstock during the summer.

Howard M. Frost took a trip abroad in July and August. He visited England, France, and Switzerland, and reports a fine time.

Joseph and Esther Catlin are now living in Plainfield, New Jersey. Joe has left the General Electric Co. and is managing the factory of the Wood Newspaper Machinery Manufacturing Corporation in that city. He finds the work very interesting. At present the Company is building the largest printing press in the world for the Philadelphia "Inquirer". They have bought their own home at 210 West 8th street and would be happy to see any of their old friends there. Their thirteen-year-old son, Priestly, will enter Wardlaw Preparatory School in the Fall.

The last news heard from Lloyd Cooper was that he still resides in Alexandria, Va.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERE"

Maria Elizabeth Chandler is still teaching in Glendale, California. The past year she has dabbled a bit in the real estate business, buying house lots and building a house to sell; but finding it wholly to her liking, she changed her mind and is now living in it.

Flora Steere Wetherell actively conjugates the verb "ago" on her Sabine farm in East Woodstock. She has two children in the Academy.

Sidney Upham made a long visit home this summer. He continues with the American Express in Chicago, where he lives at 818 Oakwood Boulevard.

Albert Williams, in addition to his many private concerns, never fails to find time to transact much needful public business as well. This year he was elected Secretary-treasurer of

the East Woodstock local of the N. E. M. P. A. also first selectman of Woodstock.

Dr. James H. Hutchins represented the town of Pomfret in the state legislature at its last session.

Emma Eilzabeth Allen returns to Worcester in September to begin her third year in the North High School.

Emily Burlingame Ross continues to do her share toward supplying the Southbridge demand for homegrown vegetables. She has recently bought an auto.

Leslie Harris has made several trips to West Woodstock this summer from his home in New Rochelle. He notes the flight of time by the fact that his daughter is a Sophomore in high school.

Edna Frost Tobias lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her son Ellsworth has spent three summers at the Y. M. C. A. Camp at Gardner's Lake near Norwich, Conn.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Ruby Sanborn writes that she is just finishing her month's vacation spent among the White Mountains and that she expects the same work for the coming year.

William C. Child is one of our busy, progressive farmers. Valleyside was one of the model farms visited on the Windham County Farmer's Field Trip. "Will" certainly gets results from his labors.

Olah Withey Whelpey's home is located at 672 Kellogg St., Grand Rapids Michigan.

Florence Warren Latham reports that the event of most importance this past year was the birth of a son, William Henry, on June 30. She lives a busy life caring for her three children.

Bessie Barber Williams still lives in Sprucedale. Two of her children will attend the Academy this coming year.

May Gifford Jordan lives at 4 Negus Street, Webster, Mass. It is reported

that she is very enthusiastic over the game of golf.

Frank D. Skinner has moved his family to Webster, Mass., where he has purchased a home. His work remains the same at Fabyan, Conn.

1900

"VINCET QUI SE VINCET"

LaFayette E. Evans is Assistant Division Engineer for the State Highway Commission. As a side line he is in the National Guard, is Major of the Coast Artillery, Bridgeport Battalion.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee has just finished 14 years work with the Baptist Church, Ashford, Conn.

Dr. John C. Paine continues to practice in Exeter, California. He spent his vacation at a camp in the Mountains.

Congratulations to Irving Frost. See morning.

Arthur Morse and his wife Mary Alton are at home on the farm. Their oldest son is an academy student.

Frederick F. Rockwell continues to work on the Seabrook Farm, Bridge-ton, N. J.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDET"

Olive Paine has opened a tea-room in North Woodstock this summer. Even tho' a busy lady, she has time to welcome her old friends. The past year has been spent in Rochester, N. Y., where she has been principal of the grammar school, and to which position she returns this year.

Sabin Spaulding is engaged extensively in raising vegetables and chickens on his farm in Elmvale.

Herbert Slye with his interesting family lives in Stafford Springs, where he is Sales Manager for the Hudson Garage Co.

Phoebe Randall Pray resides in Vernon Center, Conn. Her husband commutes to his business in Hartford. She

has a son four years old.

Frank F. Davenport continues to reside in Harrisburg, Pa. where he is in the lunch business.

Ernest Williamson is the only member of the class that has "something new" for the Gleaner. He was married in Worcester, Mass., March 10, 1923 to Sara Hale Colvin. They are living in Worcester, where Ernest is a representative of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. Congratulations.

Ethel Spalding Silberberg is a busy mother of four delightful little girls. The oldest enters kindergarten this fall. Her address is 45 Holland Road, Worcester, Mass. The class sympathizes with her in the loss of her father, Dr. Joseph Spalding.

Mary Aldrich Hopkins continues to live in Woodstock and is busy with household duties and her poultry. She has been elected a member of the town school committee for the coming year.

Any news concerning Ewart Brunn would be very welcome to the class of "Naughty One".

Hermon B. Chandler is a traveling salesman for a hardware company and his home is in Holyoke, Mass.

1902-

"NIHIL SINE LABORE"

We are again saddened by the death of one more of our class-mates, Lotta M. Stackpole who passed away after a short illness July 20. We will miss her the more as she has always remained in Woodstock since her graduation.

Gertrude Taber Howard still lives in Hartford, Conn. As for a number of years she makes occasional visits to her home in Woodstock.

Mary Frost Ross lives in Camden, N. J. She with her two children visited in Woodstock early this spring.

Rose Lowden Gilbertson still lives somewhere in "New Jersey". We have heard nothing from her during the past year.

Harry Child continues with the Barrett Mfg. Co. of Boston, Mass. He travels for this concern through northern New Hampshire and Vermont.

Herbert Johnson is at the same old post rounding out seventeen years at the Putnam P. O.

James V. Perrin continues with the Berlin Construction Co. of Quebec, Canada. Early this spring he motored to Vancouver and Seattle, Wash, and from there to his home at North Woodstock, Conn.

Jessie M. Hibbard continues with her work as School and Community nurse in South Hadley, Mass. She is assisted in her work by riding around in a new Ford Coupe.

Florence Barber Washburn is now living in New Bedford, Mass.

Lew Cox Hibbard is the only one of this class who keeps her address Woodstock, Conn.

Ermond Brunn is living in Brooklyn, N. Y. but cannot get any direct news from him.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Grace Sumner Davis is busy caring for her family at her home in Putnam, Conn.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood continues to make her home at East Thompson, Conn.

Alan W. Upham taught last year in Elmvale school, Woodstock, Conn.

Clarence R. Hall lives in Bridgeport, Conn. During the past year he drafted two proposed city charters, one for Milford, and one for Bridgeport.

Alice Steere Farrar reports nothing new, just busy and happy.

Grace Church White was greeted by many of her friends at the Woodstock Fair. She motors up from Providence frequently.

Frank W. Rockwell is commander of the U. S. S. Tennessee in Pacific waters.

Helen Chandler remains in Cali-

fornia.

Cornelius Haskell has given up his banking in Sioux City, Iowa and has gone to farming.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Florence Safford Keyes is much interested in real estate at Long Beach, California, having bought several house lots and at latest reports was building a home on one of these.

George Edgar Whitney continues as farm manager for the Grosvenordale Co. See morning.

William J. Nelson continues as supervisor of four New Hampshire towns. He had an exciting time last year, travelling over the hills by auto and horse and sleigh.

Anna E. Nelson will teach in Hartford the coming year. During the summer, she and her brother Freeman spent a week in N. H., seeing places of interest in the White Mountains.

Bernice Leavitt will teach in the Center School in West Hartford again. She and Leslie Sumner spent two interesting weeks at Quonochontaug, R. I.

Blanche L. Shippey is at her home in Woodstock and enjoys helping out in church and community work.

Annie M. Shippey continues with the Travellers' Insurance Co. of Hartford. She and Blanche spent their vacation camping at Thasse Pond, Union, Conn.

Pearl Alton Gifford is kept busy in Quinebaug, Conn. with her four children. See morning.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Edmund K. Gilbert is reported as still busy at the same old hardware stand in New Haven, Conn.

Frederick W. Howard may be found at 721 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn., and continues to hold the po-

sition of assistant foreman in the U. S. Rubber Co. of Hartford.

Ethel Rawson Morgan, with her husband and other relatives, sailed for Europe early in June, and at last reports was viewing the wonders of Rome. Hers will doubtless be the broadest horizon of the class of 1905.

When a helping hand is needed, those seeking aid call on Harry E. Wells, who is always in Woodstock and glad to perform any duty to his home and community.

After eleven years absence, Nellie T. Burleson returned to South Woodstock last November, and happily tells all inquirers that after all, there is no place like home.

1906

TEMPORE ULTAMUR

Nineteen six's motto is "Let us use our time." As nearly as we can find out, the members of the class are living up to their motto with might and main.

Florence Welch Armstrong writes, "This has been the busiest summer." She writes of visiting guests, and days spent on a Club program and first and foremost of Ruth Anne, who "becomes sweeter and dearer everyday." We hope Florence will bring little Ruth Anne East before she is quite grown up.

Elizabeth Gros Jean teaches a primary class in Sunday School, is "property man" for the class to which she belongs in conducting the "Milk Bar" at the annual fair and belongs to a Merry Go Round book club. She also writes: "All I have been doing is to help keep the family clothed, fed, and happy. That may sound simple enough but I manage to keep busy and my leisure hours are gained thru planning ahead and systematizing my work." We consider that Bess is using the time. She and her family are having a happy vacation at home this summer with golf and swimming added to their other activities. Bess and her

husband made a short visit in Woodstock last winter and hope to come again this year.

Maude Healey didn't say she was particularly busy, but she is returning to Bridgeport to preside over a sixth grade schoolroom, and any of us who have been teachers know she will not waste her time.

Ethel Upham wasn't idle last year, though teaching only a half day. She used the other half to do what she could of all the things she has been trying for years to get time to accomplish. She returns to the Academy for her sixth year of teaching, full-time service this year, and is looking forward to the busiest year she ever had.

It is not to be supposed that Carl Morse would venture to give a very extended account of himself, since he has to compete with so many classmates of the opposite sex, but we understand that he may be found almost any time occupied in his uncle's garden, or at his home in East Woodstock.

Sarah Herrington Froyd likes Salt Creek as much as ever. She reports that the little settlement is growing by leaps and bounds, having four thousand five hundred people in the field now. There's a busy place for you. Sadie wants to come to Woodstock sometime and stay a month and see everybody and everything once more, and she sends her love to all the girls she used to know.

Mabel Ritch is too busy even to answer our note of inquiry, but her parents give us news of her. She has had about fifty excellent engagements during the past season, including concert, oratorio, and more recently opera. She will now sing under the Evelyn Honner management. The Musical Courier prints Mabel's picture and quotes many flattering criticisms. We quote: "Miss Ritch has a most pleasing personality and is one of the most charming soloists Newburgh has been recently privileged to hear. She has a beautiful rich contralto voice of excellent range and flexibility."

Maude Andrews Washburn reports decisively, "No news." Apparently she is still doing the "same old thing in the same old way" and we shall have to be content without hearing the details.

Lottie Howard Spaulding has been on the move during the last year. First she moved from her little home to the Gordon place, which has since been extensively repaired. And now, since the death of her husband's father, she and her family have moved across the street to the Spaulding home. The Gordon place very attractive with its big new piazza and newly seeded lawn, is now for sale. Lottie didn't authorize us to do any advertising, but here's a chance for you alumni; come settle in Woodstock and send your children to Woodstock Academy.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mabel Eddy Morse lives in East Woodstock, Conn.

Herbert F. Shippey is one of the few who remain on the farm.

Henry Baker preaches in East and West Woodstock, making his home in East Woodstock.

Mary Nelson's work is the same as last year. Part of her vacation she spent at her home, the rest was an auto trip into New York and New Hampshire.

Mary Myers Graham spent her vacation with her parents in Woodstock. She is teaching again this year.

1908

"GEDULD"

John Healey is in an Insurance Office in New York City. This fall he and his family are moving into a new home in Bellaire, L. I.

Louise Fitts White and husband are located in Pawtucket, R. I. For further news see morning.

Hazel Davenport Lewis is with her family at Pomfret, Conn.

Mildred Brown Townsend and family may be found at the farm at Pond Factory, North Woodstock.

Hattie Nelson is returning to her position as Industrial nurse in Hartford.

Robert Whiting and wife called several times on friends in town this summer. His wife, Gladys Wilson Whitney, has been spending the summer at their cottage in Fiskdale while Robert has been touring New England on business.

Winifred Potter is teaching in Crosby High School, Waterbury, Conn.

1909

"NITENTES"

Lyle W. Turner lives in Buffalo, N. Y. and is private secretary to the President of the Lord & Taylor stores.

We are glad to say that Marion Smith Watson is slowly improving from a long and painful illness. The past year she has been actively engaged in the social affairs of the Grange, of which her husband is master.

Bernice Bates Marschall and two children have been spending their vacation in Woodstock.

Edith Briggs Fitts has moved to 149 Noyes Street, Portland, Maine. She is much interested in musical and art activities.

Louis K. Miller is located in Westford, Mass., where he is chauffeur.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Leonard Healey, Jr. and family visited his parents and attended Woodstock Fair.

We are glad to say Louise Howard Clark's husband is much better after a long and serious illness.

Lyman R. Fitts has charge of the Service Department at the Mack Truck Co.'s station in Portland, Maine.

Wallace E. Armstrong we have been unable to locate.

Mary Flynn Blakeslee lives in California. See morning.

Herbert E. Nelson's work is in Hartford, Conn. He frequently spends a week-end with his parents.

Roxanna Wilbur Slye and Flora Alton Danielson report nothing new, just caring for the family and home.

Edith Eddy Sullivan lives in Stafford Springs and continues to teach school.

Raymond W. Sheldon is publisher of the Webster Times which has recently become a daily paper.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Blanche Perry Bosworth is still living in Pomfret.

Esther E. Nelson continues her school work in Plainville, Conn.

Esther Johnson Draher is living at the same address as last year.

Dorothy V. Cox is again teaching at the Miss Wheelers' school in Hartford, Conn.

Maude E. Milligan keeps the mail in their proper boxes at North Woodstock, Conn.

Martin A. Nelson remains at the store of R. K. Safford.

Harris S. May is still doing his duty in New London, Conn.

James P. Donlon thinks that the insurance business in Hartford is a prosperous line.

Max L. Connor's business keeps him in New York most of the time. His address is the same as last year.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Carrie Barrett Frink makes her home

in North Woodstock.

Grace Myers left Woodstock early in the summer and is now living in Quincy, Mass.

Sophie Barrett is in Maplewood, N. J.

Jarda Carlson Linde is living in Bridgeport as last year.

Helen Perley has changed her residence but not her address.

Gladys Sheldon Prescott's home is in Webster.

Olive Whitney is still with the H. K. H. Silk Co., Putnam.

Rilla Child will teach the Primary School in South Woodstock this year.

in the Federal Hill School.

Ruth E. Witter is still in the office of the Intervale Mills, Quinebaug, Ct.

Olive A. Johnson has been sewing with Mrs. Joseph Sheppard and expects to continue in the fall after a summer spent at her home.

Ruth E. Bjornberg is to teach again in Rocky Hill.

Carl O. Johnson continues with the Buick Co. in Flint, Michigan. See morning.

Grace Hawkins Healey expects that her new home at Bellaire, Queens, Long Island, will be ready for occupancy this fall.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Ida Spaulding Masters has gone to Worcester, Mass. to live. She will be missed in Woodstock where she was always ready to give a helping hand.

Eleanor Keith Lewis has taken up a new line of work, keeping a store in North Asford, Conn.

William Richardson is a clerk in the Swift Packing House, Chicago, Illinois.

Edmund Anderson through the Summer did laboratory work in the Prov. City Hospital. He hopes to keep up this work this year and do post-graduate work at Brown University.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Leslie L. Sumner remains at her home in Woodstock.

Rolfe N. Lyon decided to give up teaching and is working for the Grand Union Tea Company in Middletown.

Agnes White Cox will teach in the Southbridge Junior High School this fall.

Arthur R. Anderson is employed at the American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Susan S. Sumner will return to Bristol where she will continue teaching

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ruth Bates Keith expects to teach school in Danielson this year.

Mildred L. May is at home in East Woodstock.

Mabel Richardson Hill is at home in Middletown, Conn.

Florence E. Lawson when last heard from was in California. A recent paper tells of her mother's death. Florence has our sympathy.

Harriet G. Sampson has been in Europe this summer spending most of her time in the Cathedral cities of England and Scotland. She expects to teach in Miss Spence's school for girls in New York City again this year.

Catharn Perry Goodness makes her home in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Gretchen Ratishauser Sprenger, lives in Romeo, Michigan. She and Dr. Sprenger motored to Woodstock in May to visit her parents.

George M. Wilcox lives in Pomfret, Conn. He is driving a taxi at present.

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

Clara Eddy Cox has her home in Stafford Springs. She is going to teach again this year in Stafford Springs.

Mary E. Chamberlin expects to stay at home.

1916

"FORWARD"

Marion Perkins Macdonald is working in a Hospital in Peabody, Massachusetts. See Noon.

Since September 1922 Bernice Sanger has filled a position of Billing clerk in the office of Perkins and Butler in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Merrill R. Keith is with the State Police, 5th Barracks, Danielson, Conn.

Joseph Henries resides at 555 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. He is working at his trade of plumbing.

Wentworth A. Johnson expects to spend this winter as he has his last two in Florida. He has been home summers.

Lyman E. Hibbard remains at home in North Woodstock.

Woodstock. See Noon.

Paul Ringsdahl is to be at home on the farm.

Julia Johnson is with the Royal Worcester Company in Worcester. She often spends her week-ends at her home in Woodstock.

Andrew Lowe is employed in the Wholesale Grocery business in Rochester, New York.

Hazel Wood Coburn lives in West Fairlee, Vermont. She writes, "I'm more than happy, keeping house, and assisting Cal in the store. There is no place quite like Vermont, (Unless it's dear old Woodstock!) See noon.

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

Agnes Peterson attended the New Haven Summer School and will teach in North Ashford, next year.

Otto Pike is in San Juan, engaged in surveying. As he surveys both farm and mountainous land his work takes him into all parts of Porto Rico.

Ellen Swenson taught in Union the past year and this summer she attended the New Haven Summer School. Her plans for this fall are undecided.

Carolyn Cox remains at home the coming year.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen J. White will return to Newington, Conn., this fall where he will teach in the Junior High School.

Theodore Perkins is at home in Walham, Mass. He is interested in the automobile business.

Eleanor Williams Youngs is busy keeping house in West Woodstock. Further news see Morning.

Lois Harrington Place continues to live in Webster, Mass.

M. Eleanor Lindeman will return to her school work in Willimantic, Conn in September.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

Louise Lindeman received the B. A. degree from the Connecticut College in June. At present she is doing psychological work in Rome, New York.

Bertha Myers will continue teaching the coming year in Higganum, Conn.

Ethel Lowe has the sympathy of her class in her recent illness. She intends to remain home this winter.

Hobart Sanger will continue his work in the accounting department of the Whittall Associates, manufacturers of rugs.

Merrill Healey is in Hartford. His services as carpenter are much sought after.

Galen Pike took a course in the New

1918

"CARRY ON"

Jean McClellan returns for her last year at Smith College after spending her vacation at her home in Woodstock.

Helen Bjornberg is to teach the 4th grade in Rocky Hill again this year.

Marguerite Bosworth keeps very busy in her brother's store in East

York State Rangers School. This fall he expects to enter the University of Idaho, taking up an Engineering Course.

Walker White has been kept busy this summer painting.

Wallace Frink will remain at home the coming year. General farming combined with poultry raising keeps him very busy.

Spencer P. Jordan has accepted a position in the Intervale Mills of Quinebaug.

Annette C. May taught in the Primary department at South Woodstock last year. Having completed her second year at the Summer Normal school at New Haven. She will teach in the Elmvale school of Woodstock, this year.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

Dorothy Bundy is a senior at Brown this year.

Ruth Sheppard and her mother again own a home in Woodstock and Ruth teaches at the Chandler school.

Olga Erickson is at home and her plans for the future are still undecided.

Myrtle (Ware) Miller lives in Hartford, Conn.

Louise Lawton plans to be at home in Elmvale this winter.

Mabelle (Johnston) Nelson still lives in South Woodstock, Conn.

Newton Carpenter helps his father on the home place in Eastford, Conn.

Harold Johnston is working in Waterbury, Conn.

Frank Harrington is a senior at the Northeastern University in Boston this year.

Signe Anderson continues to teach the North Woodstock School.

Sylvia May White will soon be at home to her friends in her new home in East Woodstock. See Noon.

1921

"EN AVANT"

John McClellan graduated from Andover Academy in June. He expects to return this fall for Post Graduate work.

Marvin A. Barrett has completed his second year at the Yale Summer school. He will teach at the Red-White school, Woodstock the coming year.

1922

"ALLONS"

Helen Johnson commences her second year at Willimantic Normal this fall.

Beatrice Healey has completed a course in New Haven summer normal, and expects to teach in the Hill School the coming year.

Edwin Wilcox attended the summer school at New Haven. His plans for the coming year are undecided.

Julia Swenson attended summer school at New Haven. She will teach the Paine District School in Thompson.

1923

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Miriam E. Ware is enrolled among the students of Brown University, in Providence, R. I.

Doris Lindeman has entered Potsdam Normal School at Potsdam, N. Y.

Luke E. White is assistant cashier for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. at Hartford and expects to take the entrance examinations for the U. S. Naval Academy again this winter.

Harold Carpenter is staying at home helping his father this year.

Reginald Pike is in the employ of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Co. of Providence, R. I.

Alice Cross studies music, is taking a business course and doing housework.

Ilo L. Sullard finds life a busy one at Willimantic Normal School.

Elsa S. Johnson plans to be at home for the present.

Carl Feiler and Hazel Sheldon are attending Becker's Business College, Worcester Mass.

Lester W. Gallup has entered Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass. preparatory to going to Worcester Tech next year.

Judith Johnson is employed in Pomfret, Conn. at present but her plans for the Winter are uncertain.

H. Perkins Topiliff

A former assistant teacher at the academy died in March, aged 81 years, at the home of his son in Occum, Conn. after a quarter of a century of successful teaching. a throat trouble made it necessary for him to give up this work. He went to farming and later took up insurance. He was quiet and sympathetic, a great worker in church and Sunday school and much loved by many friends and his former pupils.

Mr. James H. Sawyer one of the oldest alumni now living has recently severed his connection with the Indiana State Soldiers' Home where he had been for twenty three years and had filled several responsible positions in connection with his Army Post, as well as being commander of the Firing squad of the Home as "Taps" were sounded at the burial of the soldiers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. DeF. Haskell and Mr. and Mrs. A. McC. Mathewson spent a night at Lakeside, the former home of Mrs. Haskell and Mr. Mathewson. They were returning home from a vacation spent at Waterville Inn, Waterville Valley, New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Burritt, nee Gertrude Way, spent a few days this Fall at Atlantic City. Mrs. Burritt will spend some time with her daughter in Maryland.

Elsewhere in this number Mrs. Lot-

tie Lyon Gardner has given us an interesting article on a trip she took last Winter.

Much sympathy is extended Miss Florence J. Evans in the recent death of her sister, Mrs. O'Brien. In 1921 they spent some time in Woodstock calling on old friends.

Mrs. Prudence Phillips Hyde spent a most enjoyable week in Woodstock with Miss Nellie Chandler, calling on old schoolmates and relatives also taking several auto trips. George Hyde came for his mother taking her to Northhampton, Mass. to his home and Miss Chandler went too for a few days visit. Friends are a great blessing and we know Miss Chandler has many and they all sympathize with her in the death of her brother, Mr. Edward B. Chandler.

Henry M. Morse who now lives in Lowell, Mass. made his visit to the Woodstock Fair as is his yearly custom.

Mrs. Annie Comings Kelton and daughters called on many friends this Summer while they were visiting Mrs. Kelton's brother, Mr. Henry Comings who since the death of his wife has moved from Quinebaug back to his home in East Woodstock, Conn.

Miss Ellen Hagstrom is attending a Salvation Army Officers Training School in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Healey have bought a house on Woodstock street where they expect to move soon and their son Ewart who was recently married will run the farm.

As for several years Attorney William W. Mathewson of Washington, D. C. has spent some time in Woodstock making the journey by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lamothe and daughter Effie, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, spent a month with Mr. Lamothe's parents in Woodstock, Conn.

Many friends were glad to chat awhile with Clara Maynard this summer and she could tell interesting things about her work in Miami, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Wells of Waterville, California are the happy parents of a little girl born in March. No wonder they are happy to have a girl as they have eight boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney N. Morse as usual spent the Summer vacation at their home in North Woodstock, Conn.

One of our oldest alumni, Mrs. Emma Chaffee Palmer, aged 82, passed away at the home of her son in Wilmamantic, Conn. She always looked forward to reading the Gleaner.

Mrs. Sarah A. Woodward, who we suppose is our oldest Alumnus, aged 98, lives in Woodstock, Conn., although in failing health she is always glad to see her friends and is interested in the doings of her home town.

Mrs. Charles Blake nee Mary Burdick continues to reside in Brooklyn, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris C. Buxton nee Florence May have moved from Seattle on to a farm in Kent, Washington.

On Feb. 25th Mrs. Addie Shumara Lillibridge passed away at her home in Plainfield, where she had lived all her life.

She was a pupil in the Academy in 1867 and 1868. She always retained an interest in the Academy and attended several of the reunions of the school. Her personality was an attractive one and freely used her ability in church and public affairs.

Mrs. Greene, nee Mary Lizzie Child has passed a pleasant Summer at Attleboro, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Paine nee Agnes Child motored to Northampton, Mass. in September taking their daughter Prudence to enter her Sophomore year at Smith College.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Dartt nee Florence Morse are interested in Holyoke College where their oldest daughter is a Junior.

Grace Sumner, Putnam, Conn.

October 15, 1922, a daughter, Ethel lantha to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Silberberg, nee Ethel Spalding, Worcester, Mass.

October 25, 1922, a son, John Parker, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gifford, nee Pearle Alton, Quinebaug, Conn.

November 30, 1922, a son, Robert Lowe, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Flugel, nee Edith Lowe, Newark, N. J.

February 1923, a son, Russell Trowbridge, to Mr. and Mrs. White, nee Louise Fitts, Pawtucket, R. I.

March 9, 1923, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis Wells, Watonsville, California.

March 18, 1923, twin sons, Robert William and Donald Kurty, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. Johnson, Flint, Michigan.

April 13, 1923, a daughter, June Althea, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Edgar Whitney, Grosvenor-Dale, Conn.

May 5, 1923, a son, Roland Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Lennen Sumner, West Woodstock, Conn.

May 9, 1923, a daughter, Doris Hopkins, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bosworth nee Adeline Sumner, Eastford, Conn.

June 12, 1923, a daughter, Marion to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Blakeslee, nee Mary Flynn, Huntington Park, California.

June 30, 1923, a son, William Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Latham, nee Florence Warren, Eastford, Conn.

July 16, 1923, a daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Frost, Brooklyn, N. Y.

July 19, 1923, a daughter, Margaret Mae, to Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Bosworth, nee Christine Paine, East Woodstock, Conn.

September 7, 1923, a son, Thurston Gordon, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eddy, East Woodstock, Conn.

MORNING

October 10, 1922, a son, George Lake to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis, nee

NOON

November 14, 1922, Clarence W. Coburn and Hazel Wood, West Fairlee, Vermont.

December 23, 1922, Milton Crandall

McDonald and Marion A. Perkins.

January 3, 1923, Robert E. Sullivan and Edith A. Eddy, Stafford Springs, Conn.

August 4, 1923, Roland N. Lowe and Florence M. Morgan, South Woodstock, Conn.

October 6, 1923, Ewart G. Healy and Ruth E. Witter, East Woodstock, Conn.

October 6, 1923 Windsor N. White and Sylvia May, East Woodstock, Conn.

October 17, 1923, Stuart May and Marguerite Bosworth, East Woodstock Conn.

NIGHT

November 15, 1922, Carl Carlson, Woodstock, Conn.

January 28, 1923, Grover Cleveland only son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Talbot, nee Mary Wilcox, Springfield, Mass.

February 9, 1923, Mary Comings, wife of Henry B. Comings, East Woodstock, Conn.

February 25, 1923, Mrs. Addie Shumard Lillibridge, Plainfield, Conn.

March 11, 1923, H. Perkins Topliff, Occum, Conn.

March 26, 1923, Miss Inez C. Lord, Tyngsboro, Mass.

April 7, 1923, Benjamin Grosvenor, Pomfret Conn.

April 15, 1923, Miss Ellen Osgood, East Hartford, Conn.

April 25, 1923 Mary C. wife of Dr. Albert G. Paine, Pasadena, California.

May 20, 1923, Mrs. Louisa Wells Randall, Johnson City, Tenn.

July 9, 1923, Edward B. Chandler, Bass Point Gloucester Mass.

July 16, 1923, Dr. Joseph Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

July 17, 1923, Mrs. Emma Chaffee Palmer, Willimantic, Conn.

July 20 1923 Lotta Stackpole, Woodstock, Conn.

July 22, 1923, David Aldrich, North Woodstock, Conn.

OBITUARIES

Edward B. Chandler

To the members of the early '70 classes the death of Edward B. Chandler came as a great shock. Two years ago, at the Reunion, we saw him strong and vigorous, and we had no thought but what we should welcome him to other Reunions. As we glimpse through these two years we surely begin to realize how fast our ranks are thinning—and that we are—to the younger classes—just the few Old Grads who are left.

Way back in the Ages, there was a group of some two dozen young men in the Academy, who were nearly ready for College,—these young men, just leaving their teens, seemed quite wonderful to a little girl just entering hers,—the span was quite a long one in those days—today, there is no span—we belong in the same class,—that is one thing the years do for us!

I recall with what fascination I listened to the Geometry and Science problems of this group, in No. 1—in the old Academy—to the Latin and Greek translations that seemed to go on forever. In all these things, Ned Chandler excelled—and when we recall the frills of school, the debates, public speaking contests and plays, he was right at home. His was an alert mind with sunny disposition, in a strong, healthy body, and with his keen sense of humor and native wit, he was truly an ideal companion, whether in the Home, Classroom or on the Campus.

Always as we look back to our youth we think of the friends who accomplished things, those who achieved results in whatever they undertook,—whose aim in life was service; and who, while not despising the old, early simple things were always reaching out and grasping new ideas and modern methods.

This was Mr. Chandler's way, and the success that crowned his efforts is within the reach of all.

His early friends, his Alma Mater mourn his loss today,—but the memory pictures will remain growing ever brighter unto the end.

ANNIE L. KELTON

Ellen E. Osgood

On April 15, 1923, in East Hartford occurred the death of Miss Ellen Elizabeth Osgood, a widely known alumna of Woodstock Academy, where she studied in the late '60's in preparation for college.

Miss Osgood was born in Abington May 28, 1850, the daughter of Charles and Lucy (Holbrook) Osgood. Though much of her active and useful life was spent away from her native village, it held an unflinching place in her loyalty and interest as long as she lived. After graduating from Mt. Holyoke in 1873, she began teaching in Putnam High School, where she remained seven years. After a year abroad, she taught History and Latin for a year in Swarthmore College. In 1885 she was chosen preceptress and instructor of French at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., a position which she held with increasing honor and esteem for many years, interrupted only by a year of study or a trip abroad.

The last ten years of her life were passed in East Hartford, years spent in part in the literary, scholarly atmosphere, which was her keen delight. She was long time a member of the D. A. R., a president of the Prisoners' Chapter of the King's daughters, and one who had a host of friends and loved to serve them all; but all these activities were subservient to the devoted care required by the increasing invalidism of her elder sister. The first question that she uttered as her mind shook off the blankness of the paralytic shock that preceded her death, was for her sister's

welfare, characteristically unmindful of her own.

It is hard to say farewell to so blithe and serene a spirit, so loyal a friend. A nobly influential teacher, a very gentle and scholarly lady has gone away into rest, leaving the world the better for having known her presence.

Doctor Joseph Spalding

In 1889 Doctor Joseph Spalding returned from Lafayette, Ind. to Woodstock his boyhood home and engaged in the practice of medicine succeeding Dr. Edward Gaylord.

He at once manifested an active interest in town affairs also in the Academy which he attended when a boy.

In September of 1894 he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of this institution and in the following year was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Board, a position which he filled until his death in the spring of the current year.

His quiet unassuming and careful judgment made his advice valuable in the financial management of the Endowment Fund at a time when the need was great.

His faithful discharge of every obligation was a characteristic of his long life in this community. His death leaves a vacancy difficult to fill.

E. E. C.

Lotta M. Stackpole

Lotta M. Stackpole died at the Day Kimball Hospital in Putnam, Ct. July 20, 1923, following an operation for a tumor. Few of her friends realized the seriousness of her illness until a short time before her death.

With her passing the class of 1902 loses a loyal member. She was always ready to lend a helping hand for her

Alma Mater.

Only those who knew her best can realize the place she filled in the community.

Her funeral, which was held at her late home, was attended by a large number of schoolmates and friends.

MARY A. HOPKINS

 Louisa V. Wells Randall

In '73, my seatmate in the new Academy was Louisa V. Wells, a slender, attractive girl with bright eyes and animated expression, who mastered Mathematics with ease—I have never ceased to wonder how she did it—! She was studious and interested in her work, and a good Pal full of life and energy, and we spent many pleasant hours together taking long hikes and watching base ball games, even in those far-off days we had great need of a Gym. After she left school she was a most successful teacher in the schools of the town, until her marriage to Dr. James P. Randall, which took her far afield from Woodstock and her old friends.

Her life, I am sure, was a busy, useful one, and the sympathy of our class goes out to her husband and friends in their affliction.

ANNIE L. KELTON

 Alumni Association Report

President, William C. Child.

Vice Presidents, Ethel E. Upham, Helen Perley, Emma E. Allen, and Edmund Anderson.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

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

Editor, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

 EDITORIALS

Again we wish to thank all who have so kindly helped in any way to make this Gleaner of interest to its readers.

The merchants of Putnam have given the Gleaner a great lift this year by so many advertising. Many thanks to you all.

The Hall Memorial Fund for a Gymnasium is slowly growing. About \$200 has been added from the sale of fresh and canned fruits and vegetables, jellies, food, etc. at the Woodstock Fair. If you haven't already helped send something at once for the boys and girls need a Gymnasium.

The following numbers of the Gleaner are desired. Glad to buy them or exchange for a 1923 Gleaner—1917, 1916, 1910, 1904, 1902, 1899, 1897, 1896, 1894.

 TREASURER'S REPORT

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand	\$43.59
Sale of Gleaners	79.35
For Advertisements	45.00
	<hr/>
	\$167.94

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	\$60.90
Editor	30.00
Postage	6.00
	<hr/>
June 2 nd , 1923. Cash on hand	\$71.04

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