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Gleaner



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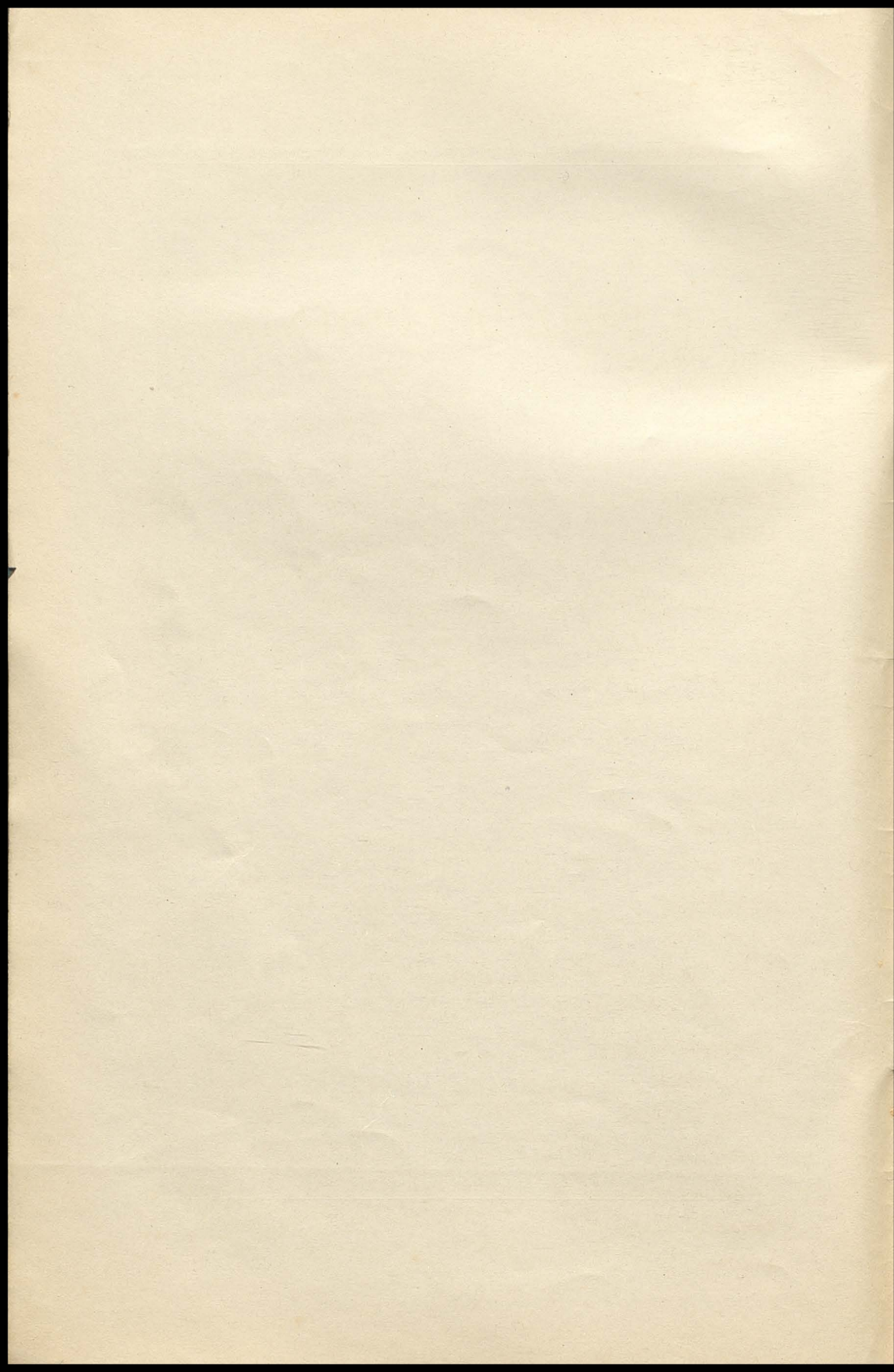


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WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

Founded in 1801

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Baccalaureate Sermon Life Equipment

Text: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Mark 10: 45

It is my privilege today to meet and welcome to this church the pupils of Woodstock Academy. That welcome I extend on behalf of all of you, who, by being present at this service, give evidence of your genuine interest in the welfare and progress of these pupils. We rejoice that Woodstock Academy may claim this service for herself, and it is our sincere desire that the memory of it may long endure—to hearten you for your work, and to strengthen you in every worthy Christian purpose.

My message is directed particularly to those of you who are just now completing your Academic work. This completion of Academic work marks a certain stage of achievement. You have finished one period of your life-training. And there is no joy comparable to that found through the experience of achieving.

You are glad to reach a new turning point, with a sense of satisfaction at what you have already gained. You are grateful for the educational advantages which have been yours for the past four years. You appreciate, to some extent, at least, the willing sacrifice and painstaking efforts of instructors who have made possible for you this period of especial privilege.

But with your gratitude for what you have gained, and your thankfulness toward those who have made possible your training, you must certainly be conscious of an underlying obligation on your own part. For your

parents and teachers have sacrificed freely of time and energy on your account, because they have faith in you. They have been willing to give you opportunity, and it is but natural that they should expect some kind of a reasonable return on the investment which they have made in your lives.

Therefore, sensing such an obligation, I do not doubt that many of you are asking yourselves at this time, "What next?" How may I justify the hopes which are set on me? What are others expecting of me? What ought I to do with my life?"

Now, I do not propose to answer in detail such questionings as these which quite normally arise in your minds. I am not a vocational expert. I cannot tell each of you in person—certainly not as a group—exactly what line you ought to select for life-investment. That is an individual question for each one of you to answer.

Some of you may be fitted to go on to college, or to some other higher institution of training, and if you are prepared and eager for such training, by all means go. You can never duplicate the chance. Others of you may be neither fitted for college, nor anxious to undertake new educational responsibilities. If such is your case, do not make the mistake of going to college, merely for the sake of going, for that would be the worst possible thing you could do. Some of you may find your next task already cut out for you, because of some peculiar duty or family obligation which you alone are able to discharge.

Therefore, I cannot predict for you your next best move in the thrilling game of life, but I shall attempt to answer two questions which every one of you must face, regardless of the circumstances of your future. And it is to a consideration of these ques-

tions that I would most earnestly direct your attention at this time.

The first question is this: **What equipment** am I going to carry through life?

If you were planning to start tomorrow morning on a camping trip of some length, you would be busy to-night considering what and how much luggage you would be obliged to carry. You would be anxious to take those things which you needed most, and yet you would not care to be loaded down with non-essentials.

I had the pleasure of spending four summers in the Canadian woods, and each time was obliged to provide my own camping outfit. Of course I first made the mistake of taking too many things which I could not possibly use, but each succeeding summer I whittled my equipment down to as narrow a margin as I could. On a camping trip one does not like the burden of carrying around a lot of extra supplies—for the most part useless—on the possible chance that some one of them may turn out to be convenient. One soon learns to carry little luggage but to make that little do double duty.

Thus, in speaking to you about life-equipment, I shall limit myself to essentials—to a consideration of the things which you **cannot do without**. And of course I do not mean physical provision—food, clothing, shelter. All of us need such provision. I mean, what are those **spiritual** assets which you **must** possess, if you are to come off victorious in your conflict with life? Let me name the most important ones.

First, no one of you can proceed to cope successfully with most of the situations which you will later be compelled to face, unless you are possessed of **dauntless courage**. That is one bit of spiritual equipment which you cannot discard.

Now, it is one thing to know that you ought to possess courage, but it is quite another matter to be **really** courageous. It is easy to sit in a comfortable chair, read a stirring novel,

and placidly imagine yourself to be the courageous hero of the action—to whom no obstacle in life appears too great to overcome—but it is quite another thing to be genuinely courageous in the serious business of living your own life.

For the business of living will be for most of you more dull and unromantic than are the novels which you read, or the lurid moving pictures which furnish you with a succession of temporary thrills. Most of your time in the future will not be occupied with startling or unusual activity. You will probably be engaged in work which involves a considerable amount of laborious detail and routine. That is bound to be the case in any decent occupation which you may select.

Now, it requires genuine courage to do the commonplace, ordinary, necessary tasks of life without murmuring or complaining, and unless you possess such courage, you will soon be saying to yourself, "Could I but change my situation, could I but find some different kind of work to do,—more suited to my peculiar temperament—then I am sure that I should be better satisfied, find greater success, and should find life far more interesting."

Such is the coward's complaint. And there are plenty of people whose time is well consumed in giving voice to it. But you may rest assured that unless your courage is such that it is sufficient for your **present** task, it will never stand by you when you change to some other kind of occupation.

And again, you will need to be equipped with dauntless courage if you would silence the many people who will be content with the second best which you have to offer. The world is selfish, and the world expects you to be selfish. And many people with whom you will have to work in the future, will try to blanket your enthusiasm and blur your finer ideals. For there are plenty of folk who have succeeded in making a mess of life, who are selfishly happy to see others fail where they themselves could not

succeed. Such people will invariably arise up early in your career, and protest to you that your ideals are too high; that you cannot succeed with life, unless you accept many of its second-rate customs and practices.

And you will need to have dauntless courage on instant tap when you face these enthusiasm-extinguishers, or they will succeed in bringing you down to the level of their own disappointed hopes. Remember that you will either warm the world, or the world will chill you. And no matter how many other people may have destroyed the possibilities of noble living, it is your glorious privilege to be true to your best and to succeed in such fidelity, you must live as courageously as you dare to think.

Then, a second item of spiritual equipment which will go far indeed through life is an honest sense of humor. Possibly you may think it strange that I should include this as a necessary item. Perhaps you think that possessing a sense of humor is of small consequence, but I am persuaded that it is of very great consequence.

For the person whose sense of humor is well developed is able to see the whole life in reasonable proportion. And it is extremely valuable to be able thus to see life. To be able to distinguish the things which are important from those which are of no account—such ability is priceless, and the person who has nourished his God-given sense of humor will not be so likely to mistake trivial incidents for real issues as will the person who takes the whole of life on a dead level of seriousness.

Some situations you will meet need the utmost seriousness and vital energy which you are able to expend. Other situations—which very many people take in earnest—are not worth losing ten minutes sleep about, and it makes a great difference whether or not you can distinguish such situations.

Have you not had the experience of seeing some friend get worked up into

a fever pitch of uncontrollable excitement over some incident of no consequence whatsoever? Heated words, hate and ill-will provoked,—and all could have been avoided if the uncontrollable offender had been possessed of a sense of humor. He would have seen how ridiculous his conduct appeared, and would have laughed the incident away instead of making a great issue of it. Many little problems of life, which loom large at the time, could be amicably disposed of forever through exercising a properly developed sense of humor.

And the third item of your spiritual equipment, which too few people to-day possess, is the power to decide. This, I insist upon, you cannot do without. The world today is full of people, who with half training and a lack of much direction, are not willing to decide great issues for themselves, even when they have the ability to determine what the great issues are.

They wait to see what will be the popular verdict, and then they cast their vote. They look hesitantly toward the local idol of the community in which they happen to live, and when that chosen idol has waved his hand, all knees go down in homage.

I warn you young people today that you will not be able to cope successfully with life, unless you are willing to make your own decisions, and take the consequences of those decisions, once they are made. Great people are not always right, and you must dare to disagree if an intelligent mind and active conscience direct you to a decision different from that reached by those who are generally acknowledged to be great. Perhaps you will often decide wrongly, but at all events, decide for yourselves, and know the reasons for your decisions.

One of the great menaces of the American commonwealth today is not an under-educated population, but an educated population which is irresolute. And thousands of young people will leave our Academies and High

Schools this year whose Academic training can never be put to good use because they lack the courage to choose for themselves in the face of popular sentiment. So I plead with you to equip yourselves with decisive minds, that you may be counted upon to lead intelligently instead of to follow blindly.

And then, may I name one more item of your spiritual equipment—the most important of all—a real love for people. You may work with machinery, or delve into arts and sciences, or spend a lifetime tilling the soil, but unless you go through life possessed of a genuine love for human personalities, as the most precious and attractive forces of creation, then you are going to miss the whole meaning of life itself, and the rest of your equipment is of slight avail.

It was armed with a great love for people that our Lord Jesus Christ went out into a morally desolate world and won a permanent following where other religious leaders could never make a lasting gain. And whatever else you may possess in life, you can never make any headway in understanding what is the purpose of living at all, unless you are impelled by a real love for the people with whom you work.

Look about, if you will, at men and women everywhere who have grown callous and indifferent to the real values of life, simply because they have lost their love for people. Once they were enthusiastic, once they entered upon life with zest, but they have since become self-absorbed, and have lost their higher loyalties to the people with whom they work.

Someone deceived them, perhaps. Some friend may have proved disappointing, something happened, at any rate, to make them cynical—and their faith in the value of human personality received a damaging blow. Therefore life has become tame and unproductive for them, where it might well have been filled with the joy of fine human relationships.

You cannot dispense with a love for

people as the most vital part of your equipment, if you are going to live a life instead of merely become a cog in the world's machine. An earnest devotion to the people with whom you work will bring to you a greater reward than you can ever count in the hard cash which your chosen occupation may chance to bring.

All the commercial success in the world cannot take the place of it. If you lose faith in people while you are working with them, if you cease to care for them because some, weaker than the rest, have disappointed you, if you cannot learn to be tolerant and sympathetic, even when those about you prove exactly the reverse, then you may never hope to find real success in life, no matter where you may look for it.

One question remains: How shall I make use of my life-equipment?

I have told you that I cannot answer this question, as regards the particular occupations which you may later choose. But I can tell you that your final choice will lie in one of two directions—and your destiny hangs upon the choice.

For there are fundamentally just two ways to dispose of your life-equipment: (1) You may use it to serve yourself, or (2) you may use it to serve others. And you cannot possibly avoid choosing one of these two ways.

Equipment of a high order will not suffice of itself to insure a successful life. You must know what to do with it, and the finest spiritual endowments in the world will count for little if you use those endowments for ignoble purposes.

Courage you may possess, and yet if your purpose in life is a wrong one, courage will turn to acts of rash and selfish folly. You may be possessed of a sense of humor such as will enable you to discriminate between real problems and trifles, and yet with a selfish purpose, that sense of humor may be viciously used, to discredit and ridicule the work of others. You may have furnished yourself a decisive

mind, and still make fiendish choices—if your fundamental purpose in life is self instead of service. And your love for people will turn to a love for what you are able to get out of people, if you have chosen to serve yourself instead of them.

Service for self—service for others. As I see you young people faced with the necessity of making that life choice, my mind turns instinctively to a contrast in the lives of two young men whom I know quite intimately. Both of them are possessed of the items of spiritual equipment which I have named for you, but they are using that equipment to tally different ends.

One young man is engaged in a business enterprise in New York City where he has made a promising start for financial success. He gives every indication of becoming more than an average business man. But when he commenced his work, he admitted in conversation one day, that his great ambition was to lay aside a comfortable fortune by the time he reaches middle life. He wants then to be able to sit back and enjoy the product of his years of industry. His actual goal is admittedly not service to others, except as that is incidental to the making of money, but service for self.

After his first three years of business, I had another conversation with this young man. He told me quite frankly that he was not happy in his work. The reason was not the business he had chosen—it was a good business, and he was interested in it. The reason was not personal disappointment—he had been meeting with unusual success. The real reason lay in the choice he had made three years before when he had determined to interest himself solely in storing up as much money as he could acquire. And in those three years he had continued to think only of swelling his bank account, instead of what he could do to enrich the lives of people. Of course he was unhappy, and he always will be—unless he some day makes the other choice.

In contrast to this young man, I cannot but think of one, who, equally well endowed, set out upon his life career from a different point of view. He was a good business man, also, and at the close of his years of training, he was offered a position which would have meant steady progress and financial security for life.

But he saw no chance for real service there. And he turned the offer down. He is now spending his energy in bringing educational advantages—such as you have just enjoyed—to several hundred young men in one of the leading centers in China, at a salary which is pitifully below the standard, even in an underpaid profession.

I have received a number of letters from this young man since he commenced his work. They are not always carefree, light-hearted letters, for they come from the pen of a man who is facing difficult problems. And he cannot always be light-hearted. He faces repeated discouragements. He meets with many a set-back to his plans for the Christian education of Chinese boys.

But always in his letters I feel an underlying sense of deep joy. When reading his account of his work there is a consciousness of being in the presence of a man who has made the right choice for life. He has accepted the responsibilities of serving others in a difficult field, and he will not flinch. He is succeeding in his work, even though his progress may appear slow, and he is using his life-equipment in ways which will endure.

Such is the contrast between two men, one of whom chose self-service; the other of whom chose self-sacrifice. Is it hard to guess which one of these two men really compels your honest admiration and respect?

Not what you have, alone, but how you make use of that which is yours. That is the question which cries out for your answer. You may think that the world is anxious to have you dazzle her with your brilliance, but you are wrong. She is anxious to have you serve her with your brains. And

you can never serve the world in a way that will count, if you are consumingly interested in serving yourself.

With the training which you have had, with the training which you will have, and with the life-equipment which you may possess, you young people today have no excuse in the world for making the wrong choice between service for self, and service for others. And if you are ever tempted to think that you have such an excuse, I ask you to pause long enough to remember the life-purpose of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

REV. DAVID P. HATCH

SONNET-MEASURES

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THE COMMONWEAL)

The purple pageantry of measured
pace;
The ritual of ancient chant and prayer;
The turquoise systole about the base
Of said Tintagel's cloven castle where
The sea still beats with dead Isolde's
heart,
Slow pulsing as she watched for Tristan's sail
Beyond the gulls that kiss the foam
and part
Screaming her anguish in their desolate wail;
These are my sonnet-sounds; the
breaking sea,
Bronze censers swinging, and majestic tread
To solemn music. Only Love can free
My feet from sonnet-measures, give
instead
Song with impulsive cadences like
birds,
And find strong wings, new melodies
for words.

HARRIET SAMPSON

The Ferns of Woodstock

The birds, and I believe, the flowers of Woodstock, have met with due recognition within the covers of the Gleaner. But I do not recall that anyone has particularly drawn attention to that family of beautiful plants which is found in magnificent growth and abundance in our town. That group that in dim ages flourished in wonderful vigor and size coincident with the very beginning of rude, crawling life upon the earth, and long before the first flowering plant "Wasted its sweetness on the desert air", or the first bird song fell upon unappreciative ears.

Although other localities may produce a greater variety, there is probably no area in New England whose topography is similar, where ferns are found in greater number and beauty than in Woodstock and nearby regions. About thirty species, besides several varieties, have been noted within the boundaries of the town, and a few others approach so closely that eventually they will probably take their places on our list of residents.

Among the most generally distributed ferns of southern New England are two members of the so called flowering fern family; the cinnamon fern (*Osmunda cinnamomea*) and the interrupted, or Clayton's fern (*O. Claytoniana*). These are the species, which, with the maiden-hair, are used so extensively for decorative purposes; and these are the ferns which many still mistakenly call brakes, a name belonging to members of another family which are decidedly dissimilar in appearance. The large and graceful fronds of the cinnamon and interrupted ferns, profusely covering the ground in suitable places, are made yet more attractive by their manner of growth; generally rising from the ground in more or less regular whorls. The cinnamon fern is

seen at its best in damp soil, while the interrupted is more often perfectly at home in drier situations. The fruiting frond of the former, that is, the spore-bearing frond (sometimes there are more than one) apparently rises in the center of the sterile circle, although the base of the stipe, or stem is really without. It is narrow and contracted, bearing but little resemblance to the broad sterile fronds. Later, when the green spores have ripened, it is like a reddish brown wand, the color giving the fern its name. In the interrupted fern, as its name implies, the spores are on the much contracted centers of the fertile blades, the upper and lower primary divisions, or pinnae, having the normal appearance of the sterile fronds. With regard to the barren fronds of both species, those of the cinnamon fern may be recognized at once by the presence of wooly tufts or dots on the reverse side; one at the base of each pinna. The fronds are also narrower and more pointed than are those of the interrupted fern, and the pinnules, or smallest segments, are less blunt and rounded.

Our other *Osmunda* (*regalis*) or royal fern, sometimes called flowering fern, has little resemblance to its relatives, or, in fact, to any of our other species. It is the largest and most magnificent of our common ferns, and though abundant enough, is restricted pretty much to shady situations near water. In such haunts it is an imposing sight; the fronds occasionally attaining a height of six feet. These are broad, often triangular in shape, light green in color, and bi-pinnate, or cut twice; once to the mid-rib or rachis, while these divisions or pinnae are in their turn cut to the mid-vein into large, elongated, blunt-tipped pinnules which are finely crenulate or serrate. The fertile frond bears at the top the clusters of greenish spores, later turning brown, which suggest racemes of very small and inconspicuous flowers.

The boulder fern (*Dennstaedtia*

punctilobula) is known in some localities as the hayscented fern, and in others as the pasture fern. It is an abundant resident of rocky pastures and dry woods, and with its light green lacy fronds girdles many a boulder and fringes many an old wall. It is beautiful in the open country and lovely in the woods, where the fronds are a deeper shade of green, and where they may reach a length of three feet. The stipe is dark, and the whole frond is hairy; it is mostly bi-pinnate, and the pinnae, which grow at right angles to the rachis, are similar in shape to the frond itself, which is rather broad near the base, and tapers gradually to the pointed tip. The pinnules are quite deeply cut and lobed. Look for the small fruit dots, or sporangia, on the backs of the fertile blades which are otherwise quite similar to the sterile fronds.

I believe that our northern lady fern (*Athyrium angustum*) and the species just described are more often confused afield than are any other of our ferns; and yet upon a closer examination they are decidedly unlike. The lady fern's fronds are not hairy, and are a deeper green in shade. The pinnae, less finely cut than in the above, are oblique to the rachis, and the lowest pairs are decidedly shorter than those above them. The fertile fronds bear sporangia in the shape of half circles or shallow crescents which often become confluent when ripe, and cover the backs of the fronds. We have no fern that is at home in such diverse environment as is the lady fern. It likes to grow along the walls and fences of the village street or in convenient corners about the house and garden, and is a dweller in the wilds as well. There are many varieties, some large, some small, some with reddish stems. But however different they may be in size, or in the cutting of the fronds, the uniform smoothness, almost glossiness of the rachis, is typical.

The sensitive fern (*Onoclea sensibilis*) is the large coarse, triangular

fern with a long stipe, that is so abundant in meadows and other damp places, though it does not disdain drier ground. The sterile blades are pinnatifid (not cut quite to the rachis) and the pinnae are broad-lobed or wavy-margined. The fertile fronds, which appear late in the season, are most in evidence through the ensuing winter and spring, when the sterile blades have long ago been cut down by the first frost, and the absence of other vegetation permits them to be seen. The long stipes with their now dried and darkened spore cases suggest clusters of tiny dark berries on long stems, and apparently have no kinship with any member of the fern family.

Thus far I have found but one colony of ostrich fern (*Pteris nodulosa*) in Woodstock; this was in an almost inaccessible region near the Connecticut-Massachusetts line. However, as it grows at least locally in neighboring towns, new stations for it should be found here. The fronds spring from the ground in circles, and often so uniformly and closely as to give them the appearance of a slender green basket with flaring side and ornamental edge. In the spring, when partly grown, the uncoiling ends of the fronds suggest ostrich plumes, hence the name. The sterile blade, with grooved stipe, is ovate, tapering quite evenly from the center toward the base and apex. It is once pinnate, although the pinnae are cut nearly to the mid-veins. The smallest divisions are for the most part smooth-margined, and are simple-veined. The last characteristic and the absence of woolly dots distinguish this species from the cinnamon fern, for which it might be mistaken. The fertile fronds are very short, grow within the sterile circle, and the narrow racemes of dried spore cases, are, like those of the sensitive fern, conspicuous in the following winter and spring. I have made acquaintance with the ostrich fern in woodland swamps, and have found that it averages about the same height as the cinnamon fern. Author-

ities state, however, that it prefers the partly shaded sandy shores of rivers, where it becomes our most imposing fern, sometimes attaining a height of eight feet.

The one Woodstock station for the dainty oak fern (*Thelypteris Dryopteris*) was discovered not far from the ostrich fern colony. I am hoping to find it in other parts of our town, but it is quite rare in southern New England, and the chances are rather negligible. The small, triangular, light green fronds suggest tiny bracken, but they are thin and delicate, and the fertile fronds are dotted on their reverse sides with the small sporangia. This species grows in moist woods.

The two beech ferns are not so common but that the discovery of new colonies always causes a pleasant thrill. The broad beech fern (*Thelypteris hexagonoptera*) is found more frequently than its sister, and in larger groups, growing in moderately dry woods. The long beech fern (*Thelypteris Phegopteris*) is an abundant fern of the rocks and banks of mountain streams in northern New England, but in this vicinity it prefers such haunts as popular fancy believes, or likes to believe, that ferns love; the shaded moss-covered rocks and margins of woodland brooks and pools, or the edge of some cool spring in the heart of the forest. Both species are unique in form, hairy beneath, and the lowest pair of pinnae are bent and thrown forward in a characteristic manner. Those of the broad beech fern, however, are much larger than the pinnae above, so that the frond is decidedly triangular, and generally broader than it is long, from which trait the name is derived. The bases of all the pinnae also extend downward on the rachis, thus forming a peculiar wing-like arrangement on either side. The long beech fern is smaller than the other, and longer than it is broad. The small fruit dots of both species are borne very near the margins of the fertile fronds.

In the meadows and along many of our lowland brooks the marsh fern (*Thelypteris palustris*) grows in great profusion, where it occasionally reaches a length of three feet. Sometimes it is a companion of the boulder fern in some rocky pasture, but in such situations, the fronds are shorter and the stipes darker. This is not a very satisfactory fern to gather, for it is not particularly attractive in form, lacks fragrance, and the stipe is long and weak. The blade is pinnate, and the pinnae, usually at right angles to the rachis, are deeply cut into segments either smooth-margined or slightly lobed. The fertile blade rolls the margins of the segments over the fruit dots, and might easily be mistaken for a withered sterile frond.

Among our most easily identified species is the New York fern (*Thelypteris noveboracensis*) for in no other of our ferns are the lower pinnae so reduced in size as to be scarcely noticeable. The light green tapering fronds, growing in rather dense colonies, are a familiar sight in dryish shady spots. Occasionally this fern, like the foregoing, shows a tendency to curl the pinnules over the small, round fruit dots, but usually these are borne in the customary way.

In deep woodland swamps, often where cedars abound, where the cinnamon fern flourishes in tall beauty, and an occasional gleam of sunshine lights up the yielding carpet of sphagnum, the Massachusetts fern (*Thelypteris simulata*) shows its delicate fronds. In some such haunt should search be made for colonies of this rare fern. The third and last of this group, it may be distinguished from the marsh fern by its simple-veined pinnules, (that is, the veins do not fork) and from the New York fern by its ordinary-sized basal pinnae.

The fruit dots of the silvery spleenwort (*Athyrium acrostichoides*) are linear, slightly curved, and placed thickly and evenly on either side of the segment mid-vein; at a certain stage they are a beautiful silvery gray. The fronds are hairy above and below, and pinnate, with pinnae

cut deeply into segments that are often somewhat lobed or crenulate. This fern is from two to four feet in length, and may be found along woodland brooks and in rich woods, although it is peculiar in that it is often missing from apparently suitable environment.

The bracken, or brake (*Pteridium latiusculum*) is the abundant, rather uninteresting fern which is so much at home in the dry soil of wood-borders and old pastures. There are three main branches to the thick-textured, broadly triangular blade, and these divisions are bi-pinnate with the smallest segments long, the lower ones being deeply cut and lobed. The fertile fronds bear the lines of sporangia under the reflexed lower edges of the ultimate divisions. This is said to be the most abundant North American species.

One of our most attractive ferns is the marginal shield fern (*Thelypteris marginalis*) and its beauty is lavished on us throughout the year, for it is evergreen. The symmetrical circles of dark green, thick-textured fronds, though somewhat reclining at that season, are a beautiful contrast to the snow covered roadside banks and white woods of winter, where they grow. In dry, rocky woods it is abundant, and probably we have no other fern, not primarily a rock species, that is so universally found on and about shaded boulders and ledges. The venation is deep, often purplish in color, and the frond is twice pinnate, with rather blunt pinnules usually smooth-margined on the upper part of the blade, but lobed near its base. The large, round fruit dots are placed so near the edges of the pinnules that they may often be seen from the front.

Another, and perhaps the most beautiful woodland species, is the spinulose shield fern (*Thelypteris spinulosa*, variety *intermedia*). In northern New England this is the preeminent fern in the valleys, and along the lower slopes of the mountains. Here it may be met with fairly frequently along woodland streams and swamps and

sometimes among shaded rocks. The fronds, from one to three feet in length, are finely cut and lacy, the pinnules with spiny-toothed segments, a characteristic which assists identification, as do also the much elongated lower pinnules on the basal pinnae.

The true spinulose fern (*Thelypteris spinulosa*) is less common, is restricted mostly to woodland swamps, and its fronds are less likely to grow in circles. The rather small, roughly rounded fruit dots of both our spinulose ferns are borne thickly and in irregular rows.

The crested fern (*Thelypteris cristata*) can not be confused with any other. It is thick in texture, prominently veined, and the tall narrow fertile fronds with their large, round fruit dots, and short, triangular pinnae, are a decided contrast to the much shorter, broader, and less upright sterile blades, which remain green through the winter. The pinnae, very broad at the base, have rounded, finely serrate lobes. This fern is rather local, and appears at its best in alder swamps, where the springy grass tussocks make treacherous footing.

Boot's fern (*Thelypteris Bootii*) is considered by many a distinct species, while others think it to be a hybrid between the spinulose and crested ferns. Certainly in my experience, its rather rare occurrence has always been in close proximity to these ferns, and it possesses points common to both.

The maidenhair fern (*Adiantum pedatum*) locally abundant in Woodstock, is so well known that I believe it needs no description here.

The Christmas fern (*Polystichum acrostichoides*) as many know, is the thick, stiff, evergreen species that is so similar to the Boston fern which is used indoors as a decorative plant. It vies with the marginal shield fern in adorning the winter woods.

Another fern of similar texture and color to the above, but smaller, is the common polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*). It is confused sometimes with the Christmas fern, but the frond is

not cut quite to the midrib, the divisions are oblong, rather blunt tipped, and mostly smooth-margined, while the extremely large, round fruit dots are an identification mark in themselves. Then it is a species restricted almost entirely to rocks and cliffs, and many a boulder is literally carpeted with communities of thickly packed fronds. It is sometimes called the rock fern.

The ebony spleenwort (*Asplenium platyneuron*) is a dainty little fern which might be mistaken for a miniature Christmas fern if it were not for its narrow, delicate blade and shiny-brown stem. It is an inhabitant of shaded, stony soil, and ledges, sometimes springing directly from the rock, but often gaining its best foothold in the stony debris at the foot of cliffs.

Our other Woodstock member of the rock spleenworts is the maidenhair spleenwort (*Asplenium Trichomanes*) an even daintier species than the above. This too, has the shiny-brown stem, but it is smaller, with rounding or ovate pinnules instead of the triangular or elongated ones of the ebony. Its circular tufts of small, fragile fronds, with the bare brown stipules of the previous season often showing amidst the green, are at home only in the crevices and crannies of shady ledges.

Since its habitat is the same, another small fern, the obtuse woodsia (*Woodsia obtusa*) is a pretty constant companion of the rock spleenworts. It prefers shade, but sometimes grows in the sun, when the fronds become yellowish green. The stipe is pale and bears scattered light brown scales which are narrow and hair-like. The rather blunt divisions are responsible for the fern's name. I have found a peculiarity of this fern to be that nearly all mature fronds are fertile.

Still another frequenter of shaded ledges, although it likes equally well the damp rocks of woodland streams, is the common, or fragile, bladder fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*). Superficially like the obtuse woodsia, it dif-

fers from it in having a long, dark stipe, and a thin fragile blade whose divisions are more acute. The common bladder fern is the first fern to appear in the spring, and among the earliest to wither away; often disappearing by late July, although fresh colonies of fronds may spring up from the old root-stocks late in the season.

We now come to the species that are not especially fern-like in form. This may certainly be said of the rattlesnake fern (*Botrychium Virginianum*). The stipe of this fern bears about midway the single, horizontal, sterile leaf, which is triangular, thin in texture, and three divided, with divisions rather finely cut. Continuing on through the center of the sterile portion the stipe terminates well above it in the small spore cluster. This fern varies greatly in size, some being only a few inches in diameter, while others measure a foot or more. It may be found in rich, shady situations in the woods, often in company with the silvery spleenwort, another fern rather particular in its choice of haunts.

Our smaller grape ferns (*Botrychiums*) with the exception of the tiny ones, might be mistaken for little rattlesnake ferns, but the spore cluster is borne on a separate stem. Then too, the sterile blade is thick, and very variable in cutting; some being very finely dissected, with coral like ramifications, while the segments of others are only slightly incised. They also persist until the following season, and in the autumn often turn a levely red-brown shade. The grape ferns are found usually in old pastures and thin woods.

I have found two of the three more common species of the small grape ferns in Woodstock. All are so insignificant in appearance that they are generally overlooked, or, if seen, are not supposed to be ferns at all. They vary from a fraction of an inch to several inches in height, and the single sterile leaf, ovate or triangular, and more or less lobed and cut, grows about midway on the stem, which con-

tinues above and terminates in the spore cluster.

The adder's tongue fern (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) is a little plant that grows in wet meadows. The ovate, smooth-margined sterile leaf and the narrow fertile spike are arranged in about the same manner, as are the corresponding parts of the my knowledge there have been only three stations for this fern located in Woodstock, but there are undoubtedly more colonies, since its choice of haunts and small size make it very small grape ferns just described. To elusive.

Ferns of Adjacent Regions

The rusty woodsia (*Woodsia ilvensis*) has been found so near Woodstock that I believe sooner or later it will be located here. It is smaller than the obtuse woodsia, and is further distinguished by the rusty appearance underneath of mature fronds, and a joint in the stipe where the old blade breaks and falls. It grows on sunny ledges or rocks, preferably large formations, and the old stipe bases may be seen among the tufts of new fronds, which are woolly when very young.

It remains to be seen whether or not the rare and local chain ferns will eventually make their appearance here. I would sooner expect to find them in some of the extensive swamps in the western part of the town. In my experience, the common chain fern (*Woodwardia Virginica*) chooses bushy swamps and grows in the water. This species suggests the cinnamon fern, but the fronds never rise in circles, the woolly dots are lacking, and the sporangia are in chain-like rows on the fertile blades.

The narrow leaved chain fern (*W. angustum*) is said to prefer similar haunts. The sterile fronds, though much smaller, resemble those of the sensitive fern, but the taller fertile fronds are distinctive. These are cut into long, narrow divisions which bear the chain like rows of sporangia partly sunken in the plant tissue.

A fern is described as smooth when it is without hairs; many ferns have scales along the stipe and lower rachis.

I would be pleased to hear from those interested, of the discovery in Woodstock of any species mentioned as rare or apparently missing.

For those who would like to study our ferns more intimately the following book is informative, concise, and up to date, "The Fern Lover's Companion", by George Henry Tilton, A. M.

The scientific nomenclature used in the article is for the most part taken from this publication.

(When I was asked to write an article on ferns for the Gleaner, I pleaded that few were interested in that division of plants, and that it would require space which might better be devoted to more personal and intimate sketches. However, my objections were overruled, as the foregoing piece shows. I only hope I was in error with regard to lack of enthusiasm for the study of ferns.

I would gladly have made the article less technical, but through lack of space, was obliged to limit myself mostly to delineation, since first place should be given to accurate descriptions.)

ALAN W. UPHAM

A LETTER

Hartford, July 1925.

Dear Gleaner:

For "Gleaner" is to me a personality, a composite of all those names passing in array at memory's call away back into the sixties, the days of the civil war.

I've been to a commencement at the Academy and the years have fallen from my shoulders. I'm again struggling with a pupil's problems based on the "Three R's". The old Academy was a rather rickety,

draughty building, now moved down the street, but memory holds the charm the boys and girls of those early days wove around its student life. Those were the Academy's struggling days and Principal Hopkins was up against it. How simple and primitive were our methods in those far off years. To a little grove of evergreens I was permitted to go that I might master "Shall" and "Will". I fear I failed to master them there, their correct use coming only by ear and practice. The great days for some of us were composition days and when we "spoke our piece". To this day I can see myself on the platform and, after an awkward bow, the lines of this civil war poem.

"Nations must be regenerate as men, they by the sword are tried as gold by fire, that purges out their baser dross and then they rise up from the dust and mire of their corruption to once more aspire to power and glory". And dear Grand-Aunt Mary gave me her praise. What an inspiration was that dear old soul, cheering me over the hard places, commending the successes and stimulating an ambition for achievement.

One composition was of foreign travel, a summary from geography and history. We sailed between the Pillars of Hercules, passed the boyhood home of "The Little Corporal", landed at the birthplace of Columbus and then, after a long journey across the Steppes, heard the great bell near the Kremlin, and so on around the world. On the second reading the school guessed or guessed at places visited. It was great fun. "Woodstock Pond" was our delight. Its shores were silent. From the bow of a little skiff I dove unmolested into the clear water or there I sat and fished and, now and then, took the girls boating, yes, I was a "human" boy. One day we left our boat and crossed a field, a bull came tearing down the hill. "Girls, walk slowly to the road, don't run", was my command. I faced his majesty with oars across my throbbing breast, I backed

away, he followed, the girls slipped through the bars, in due time I followed. At the moment the Hero, (capital H), was the bravest of the brave in the eyes of my two companions and I've no doubt several inches were added to my stature but as I look back from this long distance I conclude that old Taurus was a friendly sort of brute just inspired by curiosity after all—and such is romance.

It is a pity the new timber along the pond shuts out its beauty in the view as it was from the windows of Elmwood Hall. In my day it lay like a silver mirror in the dark green setting of its surrounding forest, which on its hither side was low and unobstructing and where the whippersnappers chanted their mournful cadence scaring a certain small boy on his homeward way after nightfall.

What lovely "Porter" apples grew in the corner of that orchard sufficiently distant from the owner's house on my way from school, and the black snakes, coiled asleep on the flat boulders amid field, startled by my stick and with head erect challenged attack, they were not disappointed but they decorated the next road with their four foot length stretched across the wheel track. Why? Oh, boy like, just to scare the horses.

I am still rejoicing in the revival of youth last June's commencement gave me and if any old grads have become old fogies just tell them to go to the next commencement and they will have found what Ponce de Leon searched for.

Yours in the bonds of W. A.

CHARLES D. ALTON

The Shadow Army

There is a shadow army .
Marching with silent tread,
Unseen by human vision,
The army of the dead.
To every scene of conflict
Where in just cause Right bleeds,

An unguessed reinforcement,
The shadow army speeds.

There is a shadow army
On every battle-field
That knows no real surrender
Till Wrong to Right shall yield.
And when the day is ended,
Amid the evening damps,
Comrades in unseen bivouacs
The shadow army camps.

There is a shadow army
At each triumphal march,
Where earthly heroes gather
'Neath Honor's royal arch.
No bands for them are playing,
No banner o'er them shines
But in a rank unswerving
The shadow army lines.

There is a shadow army,
Recruited since the day
Of the first mighty struggle
Of Right and Wrong's affray.
Unseen, unheard, unhonored,
Still falls their silent tread,
Shoulder to shoulder marching,
The living and the dead.
NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON, '1905'

Recollections of Woodstock Hill

On this beautiful September afternoon of the present year, I find myself stepping from a car and standing upon the soft grass of Woodstock Hill. Two score years have passed since I have seen this place, the home of my youth. In all these years my mind has often turned to those happy days. In my mental vision I have often seen the faces of my neighbors, schoolmates, and comrades associated with the old home in the by-gone days.

Here is the cemetery, close by. I will go into it and see what is going on. I used to like to walk among the graves on a summer Sunday afternoon and read the inscriptions, especially those upon the slate stones in the old part in the southern side. Some of them leaned one way and some another.

er, and many lay flat, partially covered by the coarse wild grass. The most of them had been inscribed when the century began with 17. There were one or two that began with 16. Now, they all are standing upright in orderly and well kept ranks. I move from grave to grave and from family plot to family plot. I see the names of many,—relatives, neighbors, school-mates, comrades, that have been added to the roll of the sleepers here since I have been away. Each name brings a mental picture of the person as I used to see them on earth. I stand for a moment to look upon the beautiful scene spread out before me, from north to south and to the distant Rhode Island hills. I pass out through the gate but not without a final look at this sacred spot, now so carefully and efficiently cared for.

Thence, I go to view my old home, now, the parsonage, in which a happy part of my life, from 14 to 24, was passed. I walk around the premises; they look as of yore excepting that a portion of the long ell part has been cut off, and the thick, low arbor-vitae hedge that once almost surrounded the house, has been removed. I am invited into the house by the pastor's wife, who kindly conducts me through the familiar rooms. Though a little changed, they are to me, so full of the association of my family life. Especially is this so as I stand in the sitting room and recall to mind the day, when, in this room, I parted from my mother the last time I visited home, after I had put on the blue. Mrs. Hatch even led me, or let me go, as I already know the way, up to my old sleeping room in the attic in the east end of the house. Fifty-six years have passed over my head since I slept in this room. I step to the window to look again upon the broad extensive view I used so much to like to see. But how changed it is. What were then open cultivated fields, extending far from right to left, are now covered with a growth of young woods with here and there a branch alight with autumn flame. Of the lake, then visi-

ble from end to end and from side to side, only a little strip on the eastern side can be seen.

A few days after this, while visiting at "Valleyside", with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Child and family, I was taken to church on the Hill, and sat in the same old "meeting house", that in the old days I had charge of as janitor and bell ringer. Those were the days when the bell was rung at noon every day excepting Sundays—from the first of April to first of November, and tolled at deaths and funerals. I do not think I got much benefit from the pastor's good sermon, for, as I sit in the pew, the present fades away and I see other things and hear other voices. The forms of Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Corning and other former pastors arise in the pulpit. I see a boy, up in the gallery, who, after he has rung the "last bell, takes a seat and soon after the sermon begins, leans forward, rests his head on his arms on the railing, falls into a comatose condition, only to be aroused when the minister ceases to speak. Over in the corner on the north side were the side seats, facing south. The back pew next the wall was occupied by my family—Father, mother and two sisters,—all now no more in mortal life. While listening to the organ and the choir, I think of that other choir standing in the gallery facing the pulpit, Mr. Jonah Morse leading, and Mr. William Webber playing the little melodeon.

Going out into the village street I see that it is much changed. The tall trees and the shrubbery have contracted the space. The "Common" looks small. The company of infantry, in command of Capt. Alex Warner, and the troop of horsemen, Col. Horace Sabin, commanding, would have no room for their parading now, as they did that 4th of July, 1861.

The fine academy building is nothing to me in association. The old one is in my memory with Mr. John Manning and Mr. Geo. O. Hopkins as principals. I miss Elmwood Hall. The dwellings standing along either side

of the shady street are remodeled and occupied by strangers. In one case the location of a familiar building is changed. Old faces are gone. Only a few remain. The "Bowen boys", as known then, sons of Mr. Henry C. Bowen are yet here,—Herbert, Clarence, Edward and Frank. Grown into maturity with wide experience in life, they too would pass unknown to me if I should meet them unawares. But I have met them, since my arrival, and with them, and my old time friend, Andrew Lyon, passed a delightful hour of reminiscence at "Bald Hill," in my day, a bare pasture; now a magnificent estate. And after all, I am told that I too have changed.

Woodstock Hill has always held a warm place in my heart. I believe I would be content to end my days amid its beauty and peace.

JAMES H. SAWYER

On A Cruise

Only a few more years and all will be over but the shouting. We had a wonderful cruise on the New York this summer, especially its ending, which is so extraordinary in my mind that I think it worthy of mention.

One late Saturday afternoon in August the New York may have been seen plunging along in a flowing sea at the lazy gait of ten knots, slowly making her way toward a goal—the twin capes of the Chesapeake.

All on board were contented and in high spirits at the thought that our cruise was practically at an end, that within a fortnight we would be experiencing the realization of September Leave. Even nature's elements seemed jibed with the happiness which prevailed everywhere.

The situation on board, as well as being happy, was tense, due to the nearness of the climax of a war game in which the New York, as one of the Black Fleet, figuratively speaking, was to slip into Norfolk unobserved and destroy shipping. For days on the

tedious home stretch up from the Panama Canal the Midshipmen's Practice Squadron as an attacking force of battle cruisers, had been maneuvering in such a manner as would see them safely past the area combed by a defending fleet. Some six hundred miles south of Charleston, S. C., the four ships had scattered, each having as her objective some port of importance on the Atlantic seaboard. We, having sunk a scouting destroyer on the day mentioned and having successfully evaded all other signs of the enemy, had a scant two hundred miles to cover before our part in the game might be termed successful.

The Captain, sitting at his desk reading despatches, was well content with the state of affairs and the progress of his problem.

Suddenly the tranquility of the scene, save for the distant throbbing of the pulsating engines, was rudely interrupted by a hurried and startled exclamation in the voice tube from the bridge. "Captain's cabin!" "Yes" was the reply. "Sir, the Shenandoah has been sighted flying low about three miles on our port quarter—directly in the moon-path". "Sound general quarters", returned the Captain as he hurriedly grabbed his cap and made his way to the navigating bridge.

Instantly bells and gongs all over the ship were sounding the General Alarm. Out on deck Midshipmen, officers and sailormen could be seen running with great alacrity to their appointed battle stations. Some were going below to man their broadside batteries, turret crews were scampering into turrets while others might be seen climbing to the "after defense" or hustling up the cranes to the sky guns.

There in the illumined glory of the night, a few miles distant, floated the tremendous hulk of the Shenandoah—a giant, silver-wrapped cigar in the whiteness of the sky—the cause of all the excitement which prevailed.

For a moment all hands stood awe-struck in the beauty of the spectacle,

but in another instant all was activity—the training and elevating motors of the turrets sounded ominously as they wielded their weapons into position: the hoarse steady voices of the turret officers could be heard transmitting to the pointers and trainers the range as it came from the fire control stations and then such phrases as "Up two five double O, scale five two," reverberated from those under the guns.

As the great airship closed in upon us, gradually crossing our stern and attacking from the starboard quarter, the sub-calibers on the fourteen-inch guns barked out a defiance at the air monster, while the hundreds of flashes from the sub-calibers of the broad-side guns and the anti-aircraft jabbed the semi-darkness—a scene fascinating to watch.

After an hour, during which "the mistress of the air" had come very close, indeed as if to show herself off to us, this novel encounter closed with the New York theoretically a victor. Seemingly proud of her night's lark, the Shenandoah gracefully made a ninety degree turn and in a ghost-like fashion flew into the darkness, disappearing toward the distant shores of America.

I ask you if this was not a most fitting close of a successful cruise. The superness of the night for such an attack; the surprise and wonderment caused by the most untimely appearance of our visitor; the thrill of all hands at the glory of it all; the sham battle with its general commotion; the swift but silent departure of our guest are all things that are dear to me; that are seared into my memory. Only those who actually saw the affair can realize what a wonderful event it was.

Within gray walls to be enfolded

From our far flung homes we come
Within gray walls we strive as brothers

'Til our history's song is sung.

From every state and distant portion
Our Country sends us, striving,
learning,

Daily service, whole-hearted service,
From neither great nor small part
turning.

Not all may win, but he who serveth
With all his talents our Maker's
gifts—

Who can blame or so condemn him
Should failure lose him from our
ship?

Within gray walls from Graduation
A Service ours to Nation, God.
May right be ours, forever, Justice—
Profane not decks heroes have trod.

Within gray walls, the last gun silent
May we our final haven find
A fair fought fight for God, our Maker;
Serving Country and Him Divine.

LUKE E. WHITE,
Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy

Hall Memorial Gymnasium

Woodstock Friends of Mr. Ely R. Hall and of Woodstock Academy are interested and working hard to see this gymnasium built because of their love for Mr. Hall as a teacher and friend and we realize how much the boys and girls of our Academy do need the gym with the necessary equipment. We know every Alumnus is interested for the same reasons and will want to add something to this growing fund which is \$3927.05 so below we are giving a list of those who have already contributed. Others have pledged to give something soon. Entertainments have been given to increase the sum already in the bank; others are being planned for the coming winter. Also for three years we have had a booth at the Woodstock Fair and elaborate plans are being made for the booth next year. If any contribution has been omitted please excuse the mistake. Please don't forget to send something if only a small amount to

REV. HENRY D. BAKER, Treasurer
East Woodstock, Conn.

Contributors giving from \$100 to \$200—Mr. Edward A. Bowen, Mr. Clarence W. Bowen, Mrs. Armin E. Brunn, Mr. Joseph P. Catlin, Miss Nellie D. Chandler, Mr. Frank E. Davenport, Mr. Henry H. Davenport, Mrs. Joseph Dohan, Mr. Howard M. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gaylord, Mrs. Ely R. Hall, Mr. William W. Mathewson, Dr. Albert G. Paine, Miss Mary G. Perley.

\$50 to \$100—Mr. Edward L. Child, Mr. Richard L. Child, Mr. C. E. Chandler, Mr. Joseph Dohan, Mrs. Arthur S. Hardy, Miss Constance Holt, Mrs. Helen James, Mr. Robert Whiting, Mr. George M. Sampson, Mrs. George M. Sampson.

\$25 to \$50—Mr. Edmund Anderson, Mr. William H. Arnold, Mr. George Hamilton, Mr. George Holt, Mr. Frank Jordan Estate, Dr. Paine, Miss Ethel Upham, Mrs. Grace C. White.

\$1 to \$25—Dr. Charles D. Alton, Mr. Arthur Anderson, Mrs. Charles Anderson, Mrs. Elizabeth Bingham, Mrs. Mary B. Bishop, Miss Ruth Bjornberg, Mrs. Edgar Bosworth, Mrs. Edna Bradford, Miss Dorothy Bundy, Mrs. D. F. Burritt, Mr. Winthrop C. Butts, Mrs. Elizabeth Caulkins, Mr. J. Richard Carpenter, Mr. Henry T. Child, Mr. Alfred T. Child, Miss Rilla Child, Mrs. Louise Child, Mr. Harry F. Child, Mrs. Elizabeth Christy, Mrs. Louise H. Clark, Mr. Lloyd Cooper, Miss Dorothy Cox, Miss E. Carolyn Cox, Mrs. Clara E. Cox, Mrs. Hazel W. Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Danielson, Mrs. Archibald Davis, Mr. Philip Deane, Miss Florence Evans, Mrs. Edith B. Pitts, Miss Mary L. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gifford, Mrs. Mary E. Green, Mrs. Charles B. Grosvenor, Mrs. Alice M. Hammond, Mr. Cornelius Haskell, Mr. Albert Haskell, Mr. F. W. Hinrichs, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hibbard, Mrs. Mabel R. Hill, Miss A. Estelle Ingraham, Mr. Henry Joy, Mrs. May G. Jordan, Mrs. Alice Johnson, Mrs. F. U. Johnstone, Mrs. Anna S. Kelton, Miss Florence Lawson, Miss Eleanor Lindeman, Miss Louise Lindeman, Miss Ethel Lowe, Mr. Andrew Lowe, Mrs. Ada C. Lyon, Miss Sarah T. Lyon, Mr. George Lyon, Mr. Andrew L. Lyon, Miss Bertha Macomber, Mr. Albert Mathewson, Mr. H. S. Mathewson, Mr. Chester May, Dr. McGuire, Mrs. William Mill, Mrs. Mabel E. Morse, Mr. Sidney Morse, Miss Anna Nelson, Miss Marie Nelson, Miss Harriet Nelson, Mr. Herbert Nelson, Mrs. J. M. Paine, Miss Olive Paine, Mr. Amos Paine, Dr. R. C. Paine, Mrs. C. F. Palmer, Mr. James V. Perrin, Miss Helen Perley, Mr. Otto Pike, Mr. Henry Potter, Miss Nellie Pratt, Mr. William Richardson, Mr. E. R. Rollins, Miss Ruby Sanborn, Mr. Harris Sanger, Miss Harriet G. Sampson, Mrs. Louis Southworth, Mr. Raymond Sheldon, Mr. Joseph Sheppard, Mrs. Gretchen Sprenger, Mrs. Edith E. Sullivan, Mr. E. S. Swan, Mrs. A. J. Tillinghast, Miss Lyle Turner, Mr. Alan Upham, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams, Miss Jessie Withey, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Williams, Mr. Harry Wells, Miss Olive Whitney, William C. Child.

Graduation Address

By William C. Child

Before I begin to try to make a few remarks, I wish to publicly thank Mr. Bowen and others for this opportunity.

And I also wish, in fairness to Mr. Bowen, to tell you that when he extended the invitation he had never heard me make a single remark, in public or in private, so whatever you have to bear from me, please do not lay it up against Mr. Bowen.

It is certainly a pleasure to be here today, because the years, portions of which I spent at this Academy, were pleasant and profitable.

At first it was my idea to speak of myself as an antique, as an excuse for speaking at all, and tell how many ages ago I was a student here, but remembering that there are quite a number of people who were in my classes, and who might be here today, I began to doubt the wisdom of the idea,

When I also remembered that some of them are ladies, the matter began to appear serious, and when it further occurred to me that one of my favorite teachers was a lady and is still a single lady, I made up my mind to avoid any suggestions of antiquity, —except my personal appearance.

As long ago as I remember going anywhere, I used to go to Woodstock from Pomfret to listen to distinguished men from all over the United States, brought to Woodstock by Mr. Bowen's father.

You will soon discover, if you have not already done so, that I did not learn from those men how to make an address.

Blank years ago I lived in the Gary District in Pomfret, and one day I saw Deacon Abel Child of Woodstock go into a field where my father was working and solicit money toward the expense of making Woodstock Academy more useful to the Children of Woodstock and other towns. His efforts were successful and his son and my father's son attended Woodstock Academy together. The Deacon's son became a Judge and is now a Senator, and my father's son is neither.

Mr. Bowen wrote me that he would ask me to say something regarding my experience as a student at Woodstock Academy.

After I had attended the Academy quite a while Mr. Cook, the principal, asked me to meet him in the hall over the brick store, to rehearse a declamation.

After the rehearsal he said that I was not very strong—that outdoor work would be good for my health—that I was good at figures—and on these accounts he advised me to take up Civil Engineering and surveying.

That put me on the track, and I am still on the rails and have never wanted to get off.

I feel thankful to Mr. Cook for that advice, and also for his weekly mental arithmetic class and his "spelling for the head" class, which were interesting, profitable, and even exciting.

One of the most delightful of my experiences at the Academy was that

of being taught by Miss Beach. The only thing that marred this delight was the time limit for recitations. We hated to move on and give the other classes a chance.

The ability to command the love and respect of students seems to me to be one of the most important qualifications of a teacher.

But no experience at Woodstock Academy was more profitable or pleasurable than that of being a member of Miss Jennie Atwood's geometry class.

At the end of our first recitation Miss Atwood pleasantly said, "We will have the same lesson tomorrow." We thought this rather strange. At the end of the lesson next day the same statement was made in the same calm and pleasant manner.

This made us sit up and take notice! We discussed the matter among ourselves and decided that an emergency existed that must be met. We met it!

The plan and practice in conducting the recitations was to send one student to the blackboard with orders to draw a certain diagram. Every student was entitled to criticise the drawing and we exercised that right. When the diagram was properly accomplished another student was directed to demonstrate the theorem subject to the criticism of the other members of the class. Miss Atwood had no book before her. She had little to say. She was the umpire if occasion required, but the whole thing was mutually profitable and enjoyable.

After Mr. Bowen had written asking me to make a few remarks on this occasion, and before I had replied, I read in the Putnam Patriot that I was to make an address on this occasion. Now I have read the Putnam Patriot ever since its first issue, and I did not want to place it in the position of having stated an untruth. To avoid this, I had to attempt to make a few remarks.

I wrote Miss Atwood about the matter, and she promptly wrote me as follows:

"183 Summer St.
Bristol, Conn.

June 16, 1925

Dear Pupil of the old days:

Among my pleasantest memories of about sixty years ago are those of my pupils and friends in connection with Woodstock Academy.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

M. JENNIE ATWOOD

P. S. This time of roses reminds me of the most attractive photo you sent me of yourself several years ago, taken beneath an arch of roses, and which I have just been looking at.

In return, I will send you a left-over Christmas card which will explain itself.

My friends make me very happy on that day with greetings, cards, and lovely flowers. So I had a picture taken to please them and sent each one at Christmas time. M. J. A"

Accompanying this letter was a nice photo of Miss Atwood, standing surrounded by the flowers her friends had sent her. On the back of the card appears

80th birthday, Nov. 30, 1844-1924

M. Jennie Atwood

Christmas Greetings, Dec. 25, 1924

I shall be pleased to show the photo to any one present who wishes to see it.

I am glad to be able to state that all the living members of that Geometry class are present here today. Nathaniel G. Williams of Brooklyn is the other member.

The Lyceums held at the Academy were entertaining and useful. Each meeting had its President, Secretary, Affirmative and Negative debate leaders, declaimers, essayists and editors of the Academy paper, called the "Casket." Among the Resolutions debated were the following:

Resolved: That political parties are an injury to Society. Ought women be allowed to vote? Ought the Bible to be read in Common Schools?"

Being one of the editors of the "Casket" was a part that I much enjoyed. Annie Comings was one of the young-

est girls in the Class of '72, and it was my good fortune to be associate editor with her on more than one occasion. I still have in my possession the "Casket" we edited together February 22, 1872. In addition to the editorials and small items, there were thirteen articles by different students, about 50 pages altogether.

I did not meet Annie Comings for 38 years after we edited the "Casket" together. After this 38 years had elapsed, I was attending a Convention of Engineers at Holyoke, Mass. Some time during the Convention I rang the bell at her residence. She came to the door. I asked, "Does Mrs. Kelton live here?" "She does," was the answer. "Is she at home?" "She is and this is Charlie Chandler," was her reply.

CHARLES E. CHANDLER

LIBRARY NOTES

The new Howard Webster Bracken Memorial Library was formally opened to its patrons and friends on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20, 1924, with a tea at which the wives of the Trustees of the Academy were hostesses. Many people from the Woodstocks and vicinity availed themselves of this opportunity to see the new library. All expressed their pleasure and delight in this valued gift.

Previous to the opening of the library the worn books to the number of 109 were sent away to be rebound, shelf list made, and books counted. Total number of books transferred to the new library 4837.

The two sections of shelves near the fireplace were selected by the committee to be called the Founders Shelves and a bronze tablet has been placed there as a memorial to the founders of the library.

The library owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn Bingham for the appropriate and beautifully designed book-plates to be placed in the books on the Founders Shelves, the handsomely bound copy of "Brief Out-

line of the History of Woodstock Library" written by her, and the ancient note book containing the minutes of the first library meeting, also for her interest in keeping fresh flowers in the library during the summer.

The students of the Academy and many others have enjoyed the reading rooms and the library is grateful to those friends who loan or give of their current magazines for the reading table. Members of the Alumni will be interested to know that the library has a complete file, to date, of the W. A. Gleaner, bound in three volumes:

The grounds around the building have been beautified by grading and setting of shrubs.

The record of circulation of books, and the number of booktakers, for the past year, has been the largest in its history. Two thousand five hundred ninety-seven books were issued to one hundred sixty-eight booktakers. This does not include the circulation of books supplied to seven schools.

One hundred fifteen books were added during the year.

It is with pleasure that we learn from the Trustees that the library will be open two days each week through the whole year. During the past year it was kept open twice each week during the winter through the generosity of Mr. Clarence Bowen.

With this first year in its new home as a beginning, the library hopes to be of still greater usefulness the coming year; but it can be so, only, as the people, themselves, realize what it has to give them.

The library is the power house and the measure of service and helpfulness you receive from it, will be in proportion to the amount of contact you have with it.

MRS. LOUISE CHILD, Librarian

Academy Sunday Service

Woodstock, Connecticut

June 14, 1925

Processional—March of the Crusaders
Liszt

Holy, Holy, Holy

Invocation

Hymn No. 113—Forth in Thy Name,

O Lord, I go

Responsive Reading

Gloria Patri

Solo—Fear Not Ye O Israel

Dudley Buck

Scripture Lesson

Violin Solo—Andantino in D Flat

Edwin H. LeMare

Prayer

Solo—Come Ye Blessed of My Father

J. H. Maunder

Notices

Hymn No. 249—Ye Servants of God,

Your Master Proclaim

Sermon, The Reverend David P. Hatch

Hymn No. 642—O God, Beneath Thy

Guiding Hand

Benediction

Recessional—Sortie-Marche

Th. Dubois

(The Congregation Seated)

Mr. Fred C. Lawton Organist

Miss Louise M. Lawton Solist

Mrs. Katherine S. Lown Pianist

Mr. Joseph M. Belair Violinist

Graduation Exercises

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn., Friday, June 19, 1925, at two-thirty o'clock P. M.

Program

Processional March Walter Wolfe

Prayer

The Reverend David Phillips Hatch

Oh Italia, Italia, Beloved Donizetti

Academy Chorus

Address

Mr. Charles E. Chandler

of Norwich, Connecticut

The Lord is My Shepherd Koschat

Academy Chorus

Overture

Address and Presentation of Diplomas

Horace D. Taft, L. H. D.

of Watertown, Connecticut

Carmena

Wilson

Academy Chorus

Announcements

Recessional March Walter Wolfe

Tree Exercises

Song, "Woodstock Academy"

Music by B. E. Leavitt

Words by F. F. Rockwell

Class Oration

Gerald Eugene Phaneuf

Class Poem

Arnold Frederick Johnston

Tree Oration

Clara Lucinda Baker

Class Songs

Alma Mater, "Fair Woodstock"

Music by Agnes Childe

Words by A. H. Hall

Motto Class of 1925

"Finimus ut incipimus"

Classical Course—

Gladys Estella Harrington

*Sarah Comfort Pike

†Marion Alida Stahl

English Scientific Course—

Walter Hugo Anderson

Clara Lucinda Baker

Arnold Frederick Johnston

Gerald Eugene Phaneuf

Harry Webber Rutishauser

Henry Blackmar Safford

Donald Barber Williams

*Highest Honors in Scholarship.

†Second Honors in Scholarship.

In the 1924 Gleaner second honors in scholarship should have been credited to Quintin Marcellus Sanger.

Walter Chrzan won the \$10 prize given by the Ladies' Benevolent Society to the one having the highest average for the year.

Vera Cross won the \$5 prize given by Mrs. Ely R. Hall to the one writing the best essay.

CLASS POEM

Upon this hill for many a year,
Our dear Academy has stood,
Calling to us from far and near,
To come and join in brotherhood.

So we have listened to thy plea,
And faithfully have come and sought
The truths which hidden lie in thee,
That better may our life be wrought.

We've come to love to be a Blue
Or Gold, to be beneath these trees,
To see the pleasant landscape view,
The distant, wooded hills and leas.

But now the closing hour has come
And we from brotherhood must part,
Because that swinging pendulum
Now swings for us again to start.

Now we shall hear no more the peals
Of our dear old Academy bell,
As through the calm night-air it steals,
And to the world the hour does spell.

No longer will these names we hear—
These names familiar to us all—
Nor will these faces reappear,
Within thy long and oft-trod hall.

Nor shall we hear those voices clear,
As they do mingle joyfully,
And as we one another cheer,
Amid the cries of victory.

Now, since the four short years are
o'er,

We are to leave thine aged walls,
And grasp the handle of the door
Of opportunity, which calls.

Upon that portal with a hand
Unfaltering and strong we knock,
So we may not upon the strand
Be caught, but stand like solid rock.

At first no answer may arrive,
Still we unshaken will remain,
And we unceasingly shall strive,
Until the entrance we do gain.

And then, the faith that we have
made

In ourselves shall make us under-
stand

T'was through the guidance and the
aid

Of our Academy's dear hand.

As vines upon a wall do spread,
And take a strong hold as they grow,
So we about the world will tread,
Spreading thy name where'er we go.

And as along in years we creep,
We shall recall the place where
passed

Our youthful days, to learn to keep
A growing friendship to the last.

ARNOLD JOHNSTON '25

TREE ORATION

We, the Class of 1925, are met for the last time as students of Woodstock Academy. We have been together for four years enjoying the same success and the occasional failure. The keeping of the Blue and Gold has taught us to be fair in our competitions and keep the high ideals of our Alma Mater which have been taught to us all. We owe our thanks to the faculty whose untiring efforts and unselfish work has lead us successfully through our task. In all our activities, whether social or athletic, we have striven to uphold the name of Woodstock Academy, and to honor her. In daily contact with teachers we have learned what a true school spirit is, a spirit based on service to others. We have had moulded into our lives that spirit which has helped us through long hours of labor and difficult problems and which has taught us by fair play to be victorious both in the classroom and on the athletic field. In all that we have undertaken we have been able to feel the assurance and guidance of our friend and principal, Mr. Childs, who has always given his whole self to the life of W. A.

We find ourselves today amid a great body of friends and alumni who have stood loyal to us at all times. We have thought of the occasion as one of enjoyment until now when a feeling of sadness creeps over us. We realize that we are leaving our class and beloved hilltop.

We shall all be separated, all face different occupations in life. Some will be successful, others may meet failure, but still those high ideals of our Academy will bind us forever.

But, before parting we wish to dedicate this tree to you, Miss Griggs, to you who have been our honorary member and guide for four years and whose patience and help have inspired in us a loyal admiration. As this tree which we have planted here, will grow stronger and stretch its roots deeper year by year, so will your influence, that of honorary member and friend, become more and more clearly expressed through the fine spirit of Woodstock Academy.

In many ways we have failed to appreciate this guidance and have perhaps disappointed you by not living up to the hopes and expectations which you have held for us. Although we have here finished our career as a class, may we go out into the future, which is before us, and there fulfill your aspirations for us. And you, oh tree, we leave here, dedicated as a pledge of our sincere purpose to make real in our lives the noble qualities and ideals of our teacher, Miss Grigg, who exemplified so well the spirit of Woodstock Academy.

CLARA L. BAKER

Class Oration of 1924

(Through an oversight the 1924 Class Oration was omitted. The 1925 Oration was asked for but the writer Gerald Phaneuf, has either mislaid or destroyed it by mistake.)

We, the class of 1924, have completed four years of school life. In many ways the experience of one of us has been the experience of all. We have attended an institution which we believe to be great and honorable. During this experience each of us has been under the same careful and loving guidance of the one faculty; that faculty to whom we owe all thanks for their hard and unselfish work in

our behalf. In athletic activities the thrills, whether of defeat or victory, have been the same for all. The same problems have confronted us. We have all been puzzled by the same irregular verb the same chemical symbols, the same mathematical formulae. The lofty ideals of Woodstock Academy taught to one of us have been taught to all. As a united whole we have striven to uphold, in her social activities, the name of our Alma Mater. Gold and blue we have stood shoulder to shoulder in a common effort to reach ourselves, and to help elevate, her high scholastic standard. All this must change.

The present brief moment, the greatest in our lives till now, is one of rejoicing. We are honored by the presence of this great and distinguished body of alumni and friends. We have had honor conferred by the presentation of diplomas. In a different sense, however, it is a sad occasion. We are assembled here as the graduating class of 1924, never as students to see again our beloved teachers and the walls of dear old W. A. We are leaving behind us the good times, the basket ball games, and all. We are face to face with the future.

Bound Together Forever

The great change of the present moment is this, that here our paths separate, scenes change, occupations will be different, degrees of success, as the world measures, whether it be money or the esteem of mankind, will vary. Some of us will possibly be thousands of miles from others, thousands of miles from our cherished Academy. But is everything from this time forth to be separation? After four years of experiences which are identical, is there possible a complete isolation? Classmates, we know well that although scenes and occupations change, yet the deeper of these experiences of the past are common property for a lifetime of earthly existence and for more than a lifetime of influence. In these we shall never be separated. The same high ideals gained from this noble school

will bind us forever.

With that deep-seated and fervent loyalty to Woodstock Academy, so well merited, let us highly resolve to be good alumni; to cooperate in every good project; specifically to stand ready with all possible assistance to the cause of the Hall Memorial Gymnasium. Let us further resolve to realize fully the highest significance of our diplomas, not as mere pieces of parchment, but as a means of unifying for life our own names with our school; to live so that our lives may raise not lower, may honor, not debase, the great and noble name of Woodstock.

ROBERT SCRANTON

Social Activities

The past year has been an unusually busy one at W. A., socially. Events began early in the year with a surprise party given to Mr. Childs on his birthday.

The Athletic Association soon began plans for increasing its funds. During the year it sponsored a series of three entertainments provided by the White Entertainment Bureau. The first of the series, October 24, was a varied entertainment given by Thompson Blood. The second consisted mostly of musical selections of all sorts and readings, both humorous and serious. The last on January 9, was given by the Blanchards.

According to the usual custom the Seniors gave a Halloween Social on October 31. The hall was very artistically decorated with black and orange paper, black cats and such. A program occupied some of the time of the evening and the remainder was devoted to dancing.

One event which was of great importance socially if not financially was the staging of the play, "The Ghost Between." It was presented by Broadway players under the auspices of the Senior Class.

On March 31, the school presented its annual operetta under the direction of Miss Burns. "The Gypsy Rover" was a huge success and even warranted a second performance.

The Juniors also played an important role in the social activities. On May 22, they put through a very successful "prom". The hall was beautifully decorated and the whole affair was a credit to the Class of '26.

On June 5, the Juniors staged a play, "Nothing But the Truth". The cast was comprised of members of the class including Mr. Childs, the Honorary Member.

Affairs for the benefit of the school were not the only ones held in the old hall. On December 5, the Glee Club from Worcester Tech gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Alumni Association. Another interesting entertainment was sponsored by the Alumni when on May 29, the Connecticut Players presented four excellent plays.

The last yet most important event of the year took place June 19, when a crowd of some three hundred people witnessed the graduation of the Class of '25. Mr. Charles E. Chandler gave the address and Mr. Horace D. Taft presented the diplomas. The Reception in the evening made a very happy ending for the day as well as the year.

GLADYS YOUNG

A Review of the Year

Woodstock Academy began her one hundred twenty-fourth year of service, in readiness. Vacation preparations had been thorough, and class room work commenced in circumstances suggested by the words of the ancient chronicle, "there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house." All members of the preceding year's faculty had returned, and with two exceptions every undergraduate pupil of the preceding June was in his place.

Evidence of community support and

interest appeared on the opening day in an announcement that Mr. Frederick Hinrichs would again give a series of readings and talks on English Literature. Mr. Hinrichs came on Friday mornings throughout the fall. His talks claimed the attention and interest of all the school and were a valuable contribution to the work of the English Department.

Generously responding to an invitation of the principal, The Reverend David Hatch came on Wednesdays during the entire year to conduct chapel exercises. In these talks Mr. Hatch gave evidence of a keen appreciation of the problems of youth, and demonstrated unusual ability in presenting truths to young persons in an inspiring and uplifting way. Through his connection with the football team, as coach, Mr. Hatch secured a special hold on the interest and esteem of the boys, and was by unanimous accord asked to assume leadership of the Academy-Y group. In this capacity with the assistance of Arnold Johnston, president, he carried the club through a successful season.

Early in the fall a fire place was built in what was formerly known as the principal's room on the first floor. Lighting the first fire was an act of solemnization by Camp fire groups from East Woodstock and Woodstock Hill. The fire, laid in beautiful ritualistic form, was lighted by the two Guardians, Mrs. Ruth McAllister and Miss Constance Grigg.

Perfect Attendance for the year was the attainment of three Seniors, Gladys Harrington and Marion Stahl, both of whom had been neither absent nor tardy for three years, and Arnold Johnston, who has the honor of perfect attendance for his entire four-year course. In view of the fact that there is at the present time no material prize or reward for such regularity, it seems desirable to take full advantage of the present opportunity. The names of these pupils are thus brought to the attention of the alumni in recognition and appreciation of the spirit shown by pupils and parents

who make this special effort to meet the requirements of a successful school program.

The highest mark in scholarship for the year was reached by Walter Chrzan of the class of 1928. He was awarded the prize of ten dollars offered by the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Hill Church. Of the Senior class Sarah Pike of East Woodstock received first place in scholarship for the four-year course. Marion Stahl of Woodstock Valley was awarded second honors. An achievement worthy of note was that of Walter Anderson, of South Woodstock, who received third honors in scholarship while carrying a total of eighteen subjects, three more than are required for graduation.

The programs of commencement week appear elsewhere in the Gleaner. Some idea of the calibre of the class lost from the student group by the graduation of 1925 may be gained from the fact that of the ten members, eight are continuing their education. The writer chooses to close this brief review with an expression of his assurance that the ranks of Woodstock alumni have been strengthened by the addition of an eminently worthy and loyal group.

MAURICE F. CHILDS

ATHLETICS

Woodstock Academy's 1924 football season, the second in twenty years, was most successful. The previous year but four games were played, all away from home. No victories were won, but the team scored twice, which was to its credit.

I now quote the Putnam Patriot, "This season the boys won three, and lost three, games, and tied one. Woodstock scored in every game and on two occasions held their opponents without a score.

"Every member of the team de-

serves mention for doing creditable work, but Captain Speck played the stellar game of the season. His end running and neat tackling won the admiration of everyone who saw him in action, and he led in scoring. Mower, fullback, could be depended on to plough through the line at any time, and he kicked for all the extra points. Johnston, halfback, made many long gains and was responsible for three touchdowns. Hughes, at center, received signals most efficiently and could be depended on at all times. Morse, guard, has developed into a very good player and made a number of spectacular tackles. Goodell's tackles were of the quality not soon forgotten, and the following men did their share in making up Woodstock's stonewall defense, Anderson, Andrews, Maitland, Phaneuf, Safford, Shennings and Smith.

"Woodstock Academy has an enrollment of less than seventy and deserves great credit for putting out a winning team, and a share of this credit goes to Rev. David P. Hatch. Mr. Hatch has shown a deep interest in the boys of the school and, as a self-elected coach, has worked regularly with the players and has done much to make the past season successful.

"Too much can not be said in praise of the spirit shown by the boys this fall who have practiced diligently on the field. Though hampered by a great dearth of material and lack of much past experience, they worked hard and made good."

Two of the victories were over Killingly, Woodstock holding its opponent scoreless in one of the games. The Woodstock team is the only team that held Putnam High scoreless in a game this season. The tie was with Southbridge when our team, without its captain, held back a line much heavier than its own. In the last game of the season, Woodstock lost to Putnam by an uneven score, but it was in this game that Captain Speck ran 103 yards through the entire Putnam team from a point five yards behind the goal, and was downed two yards

from the Putnam goal, thanks to an injured ankle. Mower scored in the next play.

The basket-ball team won ten of its fifteen encounters, and because of this remarkable record was one of the ten teams of C and D class of Connecticut invited to the basketball tournament in March at the Connecticut State College at Storrs. One other team from this vicinity was represented.

Walter Anderson was captain of the 1924-25 basketball team, was the star forward, and the chief point-getter throughout the season. Raymond Anderson was left forward, with Henry Safford as substitute, and both played well in this position. George Mower, at center, had the jump on most of his opponents and did his share of the scoring. Gerald Phaneuf and Richard Johnson were guards, and, as such, interfered with and broke up the opposing forwards' plans in a most efficient manner.

Again a Woodstock Academy basketball quintet has developed itself into a formidable team, entirely through their own efforts, and without a coach. And again they have brought laurels to their Alma Mater in what is, based on games won, the most successful season the school has had.

The Junior Y. M. C. A. basket-ball team of Woodstock Academy, composed of three undergraduates and two alumni, won the State Championship. An article giving an account of this team may be found elsewhere in this Gleaner.

The girls' basketball team was captained by Gladys Harrington. Marion Stahl was manager and played guard. The other regular players were Edith Nelson, Edith Johnson, Edith Carlson, Irene Esterbrook, Constance Wetherell and Rebecca Hibbard. The girls found it necessary to learn to play both girls' and boys' rules in order to complete a schedule. The team owes much to Miss Ames of Putnam, who, without recompense, coached them regularly throughout most of the season. The girls broke even, winning

three of their six games.

Little attempt was made this year to organize a baseball team. A few games were played, but with little success, partly because the activities were pointed to track and field events, and partly because some of the best baseball material was unable to play for school reasons. It is obviously impossible to run both baseball and track successfully in a school of about thirty boys, hardly twenty of whom are active participants in athletics.

The record of the track team makes the most interesting and successful chapter of the athletic history of this year. I am taking the following article from the Webster Evening Times: ".....here was a grind from the start, hard, patient, incessant work, that could not show results until the meets were held months away from the cold, dreary days of last January. It is an example of determination that might well stand as a model for any school or any group of athletes.

Principal Maurice F. Childs, probably the proudest of all in what has been accomplished, admits that he didn't coach them because he didn't know how. And there was nobody else. Occasionally somebody who had done something in that line gave them a word of advice or direction, and helped them along. But as for any regular coaching or professional direction, Woodstock Academy had neither.

"But if they lacked in coaching, they were never short in encouragement, nor in the urge to keep at it, to work hard, live right and by assistance in every way possible in the hard grind of training. And those who are at all familiar with sports know that training for track events is the most arduous of all, with none of the thrills or excitement of 'practice games' that features other preliminary work in other branches of athletics.

"All this Principal Childs provided and the boys who brought the unusual honors to Woodstock Academy

will tell you that it was largely his inspiration and encouragement that spurred them on when the dull round of training grew so monotonous and when everybody felt the 'what's the use' depression so strong that the urge to quit was overpowering.

"That in brief is the story of what took place at Woodstock Academy, but there are some other interesting features. The boys of the school built a board track, about 40 yards long, and throughout the winter, kept the track clear of snow, and practiced here four days a week. They practiced "form" and from some of the most discouraging 'material' there grew a team of balanced and smooth young athletes.

"But there was a 'speck' of promise on the team, and that was Oscar Speck, a newcomer to the school, a boy who had some previous running experience at his home in New Haven. He was the moving spirit of the team, whose lead was followed by the others and who by personal example, developed the runners and jumpers that have centered the attention of the entire state.

"Speck, who knew something about running, was made captain of the team, and if there is anything in example, Capt. Speck imbued his team with the capacity for hard work that followed during the days of last winter and early spring.

"Boys who had never ran a step in competition went into training and they never quit. Throughout the cold days of last winter they were busy practicing starts, the proper form, strides, etc., and all the minor technique of the runner. And the miracle of this is that they had no coach or trainer to keep them at work; they did it all willingly and faithfully.

"Some of the boys live three and four miles from the school, and it was no small task that these boys imposed upon themselves to be there at every practice. Some of them at their homes erected standards for the pole vault and jumps; they practiced at home and said nothing about it. It

was dull, drab work, and the coming of spring, with a chance to run on a dirt track was perhaps, the only event out of the ordinary in the routine.

"Slowly but surely, results were being obtained. Beginners in the sport were emulating the 'form' of Capt. Speck and Capt. Speck was himself improving wonderfully.

"When spring arrived the boys had learned the fundamentals and were weeks ahead of those who waited until that time to start training.

"The first opportunity came at the indoor track meet in Meriden held on April 18, and it was far from an auspicious start. Speck won second place in the broad jump, and that was about the extent of Woodstock's showing here.

"At the meet held by the Putnam Rotary club in Putnam, May 2, the boys began to show the form that comes with an excellently balanced team. Against Putnam and Thompson schools, they made almost a clean sweep of the events, winning three firsts in the 100 yards, senior intermediate and junior; first and second in the broad jump for seniors; first in the broad jump for juniors and intermediates, and first in the baseball throw for all classes.

"They won 63 points in this meet, so many more than the other two teams that there was practically no contest about the meet.

"At Brooklyn, April 16, Woodstock won the county championship against Putnam, Tourtellotte, Plainfield, Killingly and Brooklyn.

"In the 75 yard run for juniors, Woodstock won all three places with S. Phillips 1st; W. Chrzan 2d, and G. Kempf 3rd. The time was 9 1-4.

"Kempf won the baseball throw in this division. Woodstock won the junior relay, with a team composed of Kempf, Phillips, Chrzan and Young and Chrzan won the running broad jump.

"In the Intermediate division, S. Morse was second in the 100 yard run; first in the running broad jump with a distance of 16 feet, 4 inches

and G. Smith took second place in putting the 8-pound shot.

"In the senior division, Speck not only won two firsts, but both were county records. He covered the 100 yards in 10 2-5, and he leaped 19 feet 9 1-2 inches in the running broad jump.

"Here it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all concerned that Woodstock had not only a splendid group of athletes, but a well balanced team in all three departments.

"The crowning glory came at Wesleyan university, where the state events were held, and it was here that Speck broke the two records that he had previously lowered at the County meet in Brooklyn. Woodstock entered as a part of the Windham county division, but they were the particular stars of that division.

"The relay team won the half mile, coming within 1-5 of a second of equaling the record, making 1.40 3-5 as their time.

"Speck then won the 100 yard senior race in 20 1-5 and he won the senior running broad jump with a distance of 20 feet 9 1-4 inches.

"Phillips was second in the junior 75 yard dash and Chrzan was third in this event. Morse of Woodstock was a member of the relay team that won the 440 yards in record time.

"Three of the junior relay teams that broke the record for this event were from Woodstock.

"That was the record of the state meet, won by Windham county with 73 points, and 25 of these were won by Woodstock. Fairfield county was second with 33 points, and five other counties divided the remaining 54 points.

"The point winners during the season in the track events include Oscar Speck, Franklin Wetherell, Stewart Morse, Chester Goodell, George Mower, George Smith, Schuyler Phillips, Walter Chrzan, Gregory Kempf, Henry Safford, Gerald Phaneuf and Henry Young."—(end of quotation from Webster Evening Times)

Athletics at Woodstock were put on a higher level last March when Woodstock Academy joined the Connecticut Interscholastic Athletic Conference.

In closing it is not necessary to state that the year as a whole has been a successful one, for the activities recorded, separately and together, spell success. And we of the faculty feel that the spirit of the Academy has risen steadily throughout the year, and the same spirit in the future, plus the experience and training of this year will add even more brilliant annals to the history of athletics at Woodstock Academy.

WILLIAM F. CLOSSON

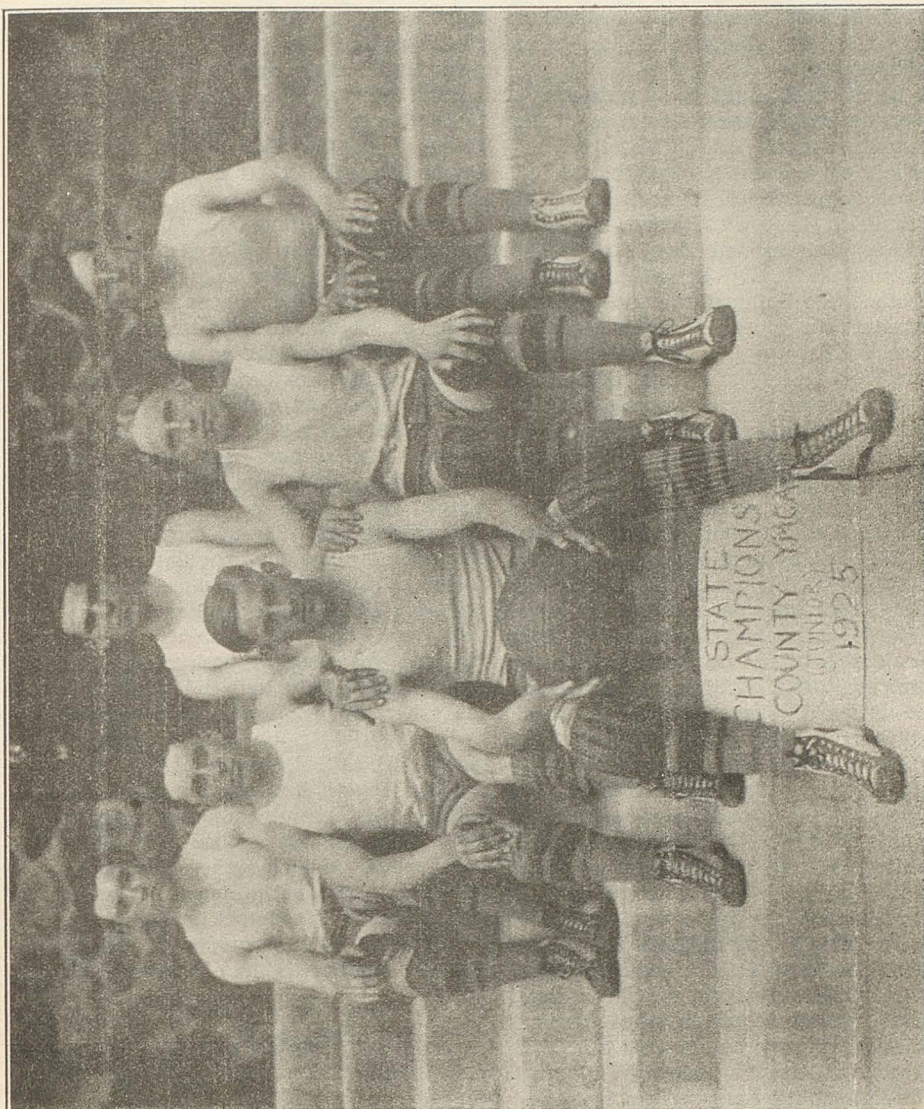
Hi-Y Basketball Tournament

State-wide attention was attracted, and considerable credit reflected upon the Academy by a basket ball team organized last year from members of the Academy Y. M. C. A. In a succession of four tournament victories the team became champions of Windham county, North-East Connecticut, Eastern Connecticut, and then Connecticut. The tournament, arranged by the Connecticut County Amateur Athletic Association, included teams from all Hi-Y and other Y. M. C. A. groups under County control.

The first round was a series of contests to determine championships in the eight counties of the state. The Windham tournament was held in the Putnam Armory with entries from Putnam, Killingly, Thompson and Woodstock. Woodstock was matched by lot against Killingly, and Putnam against Thompson. Both games were close. In the Woodstock-Killingly game the leading score passed frequently from one side to the other, finally registering 27-25 in favor of Woodstock. Putnam's exciting contest and victory over Thompson brought her face to face with Woodstock for the finals of the evening. The Woodstock boys were unused to the slippery floor, which was home

FOOTBALL LEADERSHIP CIRCUIT

The football team of the University of California, Berkeley, is the champion of the nation. The team was on the field for the first time in the history of the game. The team was composed of the following players: [illegible names]. The team was coached by [illegible name]. The team was the first to win the championship. The team was the first to win the championship. The team was the first to win the championship.



territory for their opponents. This, however, had little effect on the quality of basketball displayed, or the exciting nature of the game. At the close the score stood tied at 25-25, and a five minute overtime period was announced. This ended in a decided victory for Woodstock with the score 31-26.

In the next round county champions were paired for the elimination of four teams on April 7th. Woodstock, representing Windham, met the Tolland team on the Y. M. C. A. floor at Willimantic. Before the game had started, it was learned that the Tolland team were ineligible, all but one of the players being above the age limit of nineteen years. In spite of this it was decided to play the game. Among the Woodstock youngsters, Lester Gallup at center played a remarkably accurate and aggressive game, easily excelling his opponents in all departments of the sport. Noble work was done by the guards, Vernon Wetherell, Gerald Phaneuf, and Henry Saford. At forward, Richard Johnson displayed his unusual ability as sleight-of-hand performer, by some unseen power passing the ball from the hands of the opponent to his own almost at will. Walter Anderson, also at forward, showed such all-around ability that his work was watched with approval and not unselfish interest by certain college officials who attended the game. The team as a whole impressed the spectators with their fast and clean brand of sport. The final score was 48-16, a ratio of three to one in favor of Woodstock.

On Monday, April 13th, the Academy Y. basketball team commenced the pilgrimage to Meriden where semi-final and final games were destined to reward all previous efforts.

A short distance below Willimantic the automobile carrying the team, substitutes, and the effects of all, broke down. As there was no time to lose, the efforts to reach Meriden were hasty and somewhat unusual. The whole process makes a story the details of which need not appear in this

article. The team were on the floor, ready, when the first whistle blew.

In the afternoon game Woodstock was matched with the Essex team of Middlesex county which had defeated New London County in the previous week. Victory in this game assured the boys that they would at least appear in the state finals. It was with considerable interest that they settled down to watch the game between Hartford and Fairfield counties which would determine their evening opponent.

The evening game, the final of the tournament, was played between Woodstock and New Canaan of Fairfield County. The suspense and excitement, which had been keen enough at the opening of the game, were not greatly reduced at the end of the first half when the score stood 21 to 20, the very slight margin in favor of Woodstock. The second half commenced with hopes high and determination dogged on both sides. The long floor was somewhat different from the little hall at home, but the latter as a training ground had been used to its utmost. Plays were broken up, baskets were caged, an occasional technical foul was shot, by both sides. The score advanced for one side, then for the other, but soon showed a tendency to accelerate on the Woodstock board. The third quarter ended 28-36, and the fourth had not advanced far before it became obvious that nothing short of a miraculous rally by Fairfield would endanger the team from the hills. The rally, when it came, was made by Woodstock and a decisive score of 51-30 brought the championship banner to the old Academy.

Faculty Items

Principal and Mrs. Maurice F. Childs we are glad to say, are to be with us this next year. Some of their vacation was spent in Woodstock and Mr. Childs again acted as instructor at Camp Woodstock.

Miss Constance E. Grigg spent most of her vacation at her home in Woodbury, Mass.

Mr. William F. Closson was mail carrier in Branford, Conn. during the summer. Instead of living at the Academy this year he and Mrs. Closson are in their own home. See noon.

Mr. Richard B. White is a new teacher for W. A. this year.

Miss Ethel E. Upham keeps up her interest in W. A. but home duties would not permit her teaching this year.

Miss Marguerite C. Burns teaches music in the Thompson and Eastford schools. We shall miss her at W. A. for the "Operettas" she has given have been much enjoyed by all.

Miss Esther Rouse of Putnam comes to take Miss Burns' place and we wish her success in her work.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Dutemple spent some time at their cottage at Shawomet Beach. Mr. Dutemple is Southern agent for the Whitinsville Spinning Ring Co.

Mrs. Ely R. Hall enjoyed some weeks in Woodstock again this summer.

Miss Lucy D. Reed when on her usual visit to Woodstock reported no change in her whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mill, nee McDred Foye, often motor to Woodstock from their home in Worcester Mass.

Miss Elizabeth J. Ross will teach in West Hartford again this year.

Mrs. Aleta Prescott Lindemuth is keeping house in Middletown, Conn. See Noon.

arship places him upon the Dean's list, with its well known privileges.

Eunice Child, nineteen years old, is a sophomore at Ann Arbor. She holds a fine record in athletics, and this summer was junior councilor at a girls' camp at Fairlee, Vt.

Margaret Child, eighteen years old, is a sophomore at Radcliffe. She has also attained the honor of the Dean's list.

Louise Child, ten years old, is bidding her time, and cheering her parents at home.

Margaret Burd, seventeen years old, plans to enter Mt. Holyoke in 1927. We think we should like to know her, for she plays golf, tennis, swims, drives a car, and sings.

Dumond Merwin, twenty-one years old, is taking a business course in Ft. Pierce, Florida, to prepare himself to assist his father in the real estate business. Bert has an interest in three companies and is busy eighteen hours a day in meeting the demands of the newly arrived northerners.

Warner R. Gaylord, twenty-two years old, graduated from Amherst in 1924, and is now a salesman for the Automatic Heating Co. in Detroit.

Gregory H. Gaylord, twenty years old, is a Senior at Amherst. He took a business course at Boston University this summer.

Marjory Gaylord, sixteen years old, is a senior in the Wellesley High School, and expects to enter Smith in 1926.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Burton T. Fitts, Sara Colvin Wilhamson, Alice Sharpe Johnson and Edward L. Child report nothing new, always interested in Woodstock and their W. A. classmates. Even in sunny California Estella Tompkins Waterbury leads a busy life. Her son is a Freshman at Pomona College. Estella and Jessie went to W. A. together, now their children are at Pomona together.

Jessie Bowen Palmer writes they are having a delightful vacation, the

Student Personals

1894

The old folks in this class think their record will make a better showing if they say nothing about themselves, but speak, with the modesty parents always display, about their children. So here they are, nine of them, with their ages and attainments.

Thurston Child, twenty-one years old, is a Junior at Harvard. His schol-

first summer since 1922 when they have been free from illness. Her daughter Carolyn is a student at Pomona College.

Everett L. Upham and family spent several weeks with his parents, giving a helping hand in haying time.

Edith Hall Dohan visited Woodstock in June, going to Smith for a few days to attend a reunion.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Clarence Weaver, Mary Bowen Keith and Joseph Sheppard continue their same line of work without much doing to cause a thrill.

Ruth A. Cahoon Leary has taken up housekeeping. Best wishes from her classmates. See noon.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Howard M. Frost continues in the same business as heretofore. He spends his week-ends during the summer with his family in West Woodstock.

A. Lloyd Cooper's address is 204 Washington Avenue, Aurora Hills, Alexandria, Virginia. His father died in September. He often visited Woodstock and is remembered by many. Lloyd's son Derwin has just entered the George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Ruth Williamson Gallup and Constance Holt have been at their respective homes during the past year.

Ralph H. Sabin spent a few days in Pomfret this Spring, at the time of his aunt's death.

Mowry Ross visited his old home in West Woodstock this summer. He still resides in New Jersey.

Joseph and Esther Catlin are residing in Plainfield, N. J., as last reported.

Fred J. Fitts has moved with his family to Willimantic, Conn., after the burning of his house in Ashford.

Arthur O. Williams reports nothing new for this year's Gleaner.

The Class still mourns the loss of its dearly loved member, Louise Grosvenor van der Laan, whose sudden

death was reported in last year's issue of the Gleaner.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERE"

The members of this class are Leslie Harris, Edna Frost Tobias, Dr. James Hutchins, Flora Steere Wetherell, Maria E. Chandler, Albert H. Williams, Emily B. Ross, Emma E. Allen and Sidney Upham, and so far as we know all are well and each one busy with their usual duties.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Here's another class where we find nothing new to report about them, the members are, Ruby Sanborn, May Gifford Jordan, William C. Child, Florence Warren Latham, Frank D. Skinner, Olah Withey Whelpley and Bessie Barber Williams.

1900

"VINCET QUI SE VINCET"

Bertram C. Bugbee resigned as pastor of the Warrenville Baptist church on September 3. He felt it would be to the betterment of both the parish and himself as he had been there sixteen years.

Dr. John C. Paine and Irving Frost as usual just keep busy with their everyday duties.

Hope another year to find something to report about Fritz Rockwell and LaFayette Evans.

Mary Alton Morse and her sister have gone West on a visit, probably being gone several weeks. Arthur will keep busy keeping up with their five boys.

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDET"

We have heard nothing about Herman Chandler, Pheobe Randall Pray or Ewart Brunn since last year. Ethel Spalding Silberberg, Olive Paine, Ernest G. Williamson, Sabin Spalding and Mary Aldrich Hopkins keep everlastingly pegging at the same old grind. Herbert Slye has not fully regained his strength after having a very serious operation for appendicitis.

tis. Frank F. Davenport has again been chosen chairman of the annual cruise of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce.

1902

"NIHIL SINE LABORE"

Lew Cox Hibbard, Florence Barber Washburn, Rose Lowden Gilbertson, Gertrude Taber Howard and Mary Frost Ross can be found most of the time busy in their homes.

Again we have heard nothing from Ermond Brunn.

Jessie M. Hibbard Lamb has changed her name and we certainly wish her much happiness. See Noon.

Herbert Johnson says there is just nothing to say about him but we notice Uncle Sam continues to keep him in the Putnam Post Office.

Harry Child continues to work for the Barrett Company but his territory has been changed to Florida.

James V. Perrin writes: I am with the Brown Corporation, and as manager of its Woodland Department, have had some interesting problems in helping to fill the pulpwood requirements of the Company's extensive mills from our 5,000 square miles of Canadian timberlands.

Not the least interesting job has been working out a water delivery from holdings recently acquired far down the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, the novel features of which are loading into steamers by gravity and unloading by steam cranes operating orange-peel buckets, the dual advantage of which is increased speed and decreased labor costs in handling. We are living now in Quebec City, and our daughter Barbara will soon be old enough to attend Woodstock Academy. Present indications are that she will have no difficulty in making the foot-ball team. With best wishes to the Gleaner, the next number of which we are looking forward to with interest.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Cornelius Haskell enjoys his farm life.

Helen Chandler reports nothing new.

Alice Steere Faris of Scott City, Kansas, was much pleased to have a visit from her cousins, Mrs. Arthur Morse and Mrs. Paul Gifford.

Frank W. Rockwell is commander of the U. S. S. Tennessee. His family are now living in California.

Grace Sumner Davis says she is busy as usual on the farm.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood helps care for her father as well as keeping her own home.

Alan W. Upham in an article elsewhere has given us an idea of the work he is interested in.

Clarence R. Hall, a busy lawyer in Bridgeport, recently spent a week-end in Pomfret, calling on Woodstock friends.

Grace Church White greeted old friends at the Woodstock Fair.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Florence Safford Keyes is living at Long Beach, California.

George E. Whitney continues as farm manager for the Grosvenordale Co. He manages to keep busy with three children to provide for.

William J. Nelson is supervisor of schools in four New Hampshire towns. He attended Harvard University this summer and also made a short visit in Woodstock.

Anna E. Nelson teaches in Hartford again this year. She spent part of the summer in Woodstock and with her sister Marie had an interesting trip to the Great Lakes.

Bernice Leavitt again teaches in the Center School in West Hartford. She spent most of the summer in Woodstock.

Blanche L. Shippey is living at her home in Woodstock.

Annie M. Shippey continues with the Traveler's Insurance Co. of Hartford. She spent two weeks in Woodstock this summer.

Pearl Alton Gifford still makes her home in Quinebaug, Conn. She and her family spent the month of August in East Woodstock.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Harry E. Wells is at his home and as usual, has spent the year in making himself a valued factor in the community.

Ethel A. Rawson Morgan is, we infer, enjoying the pleasures of home life, with her husband and little daughter.

As nothing has been heard from Frederic W. Howard, it is safe to suppose that he is to be found at his usual location, and, in his quiet, steadfast manner, reflecting honor on the class of 1905.

And where Edmund K. Gilbert may be, and what may be his occupation, is just what the class would like to know.

Nellie Burleson has spent the past year in Woodstock, and leads an unexciting, but busy, happy life.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Maude Healey has taken several auto trips giving different members of her family the pleasure too.

Ethel Upham has given up teaching this year as she is needed in the home.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean and her two splendid boys were greeted by many friends this summer.

We know of nothing new to report about Maude Andrews and Carl Morse.

Lottie Howard Spalding finds very little time for a change, just busy with home duties.

Hope another year to have something from Sarah Herrington Froyd and Florence Welch Armstrong.

Mabel Ritch is doing concert work and already has many engagements booked for the winter.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Nelson makes no change in her work this year. A part of her vacation was spent taking a trip to Chicago.

Mabel Eddy Morse is always glad to see her friends at her home in East Woodstock.

Herbert F. Shippey seldom leaves home as farm duties keep him busy.

Henry Baker finds preaching, in two parishes and the building of a new home (in East Woodstock) gives him no chance to be idle.

Mary Myers Tracy teaches again this year in East Haddam, Conn.

1908

"GEDULD"

Winifred Potter continues teaching and spends most of her vacations with her parents.

Robert Whiting and wife, Gladys Wilson, have just moved into a beautiful new home. Mr. Whiting has the new position of sales manager for his company. We are sorry to hear Mrs. Whiting's mother recently passed away.

Mildred Brown Townsend keeps busy with her children and the cares of a farm.

Hazel Davenport Lewis is living in Harrisburg, Penn.

Louise Fitts White's husband has accepted the position of headmaster of the elementary department at the Moses Brown school, Providence. Mr. and Mrs. White have bought, for a summer home, a part of her father's place in Pomfret, Conn.

John Healey and family spent their vacation in Woodstock and taking a trip into Canada.

1909

"NITENTES"

Lyle W. Turner is private secretary for the Hengerer Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Marion Smith Watson may be found at her home in Pomfret, Conn.

Bernice Bates Marschall and children spent the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bates. Her address now is 85 Woodside St., Stamford, Conn.

Louis K. Miller is with Oliver Dean and son, Worcester, Mass. He sells and sets up the DeLaval Separators.

Edith Briggs Fitts is the proud and happy mother of a nice baby boy. See morning.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Edith Eddy Sullivan continues her teaching in Stafford Springs.

Louise Howard Clark and husband have had a very successful summer at their store on Woodstock street. Mrs. Clark is teaching the Hill school.

Roxana Wilbur Slye lives in Stafford Springs. See morning.

Mary Flynn Blakeslee has moved to Santa Monica, California.

Raymond Sheldon has installed a radio station and gives many pleasing programs, from the Webster Times.

Leonard Healy and family spent Labor Day in Woodstock.

Lyman Fitts, for interesting news see morning.

Wallace Armstrong, we do not know where he is.

Herbert Nelson works at Newton, Robertsons, Hartford, Conn.

Flora Alton Danielson "Keeps the Home Fires Burning" while for a time her husband has work in Hartford.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Esther Johnson Dreher still lives in Westfield, Conn.

Dorothy Valentine Cox will return to Miss Wheeler's School this fall.

Blanche Perry Bosworth is always glad to see her Academy friends at Pomfret Centre, Conn.

Esther E. Nelson will return to Plainville, Conn., this year.

Martin A. Nelson is kept busy with the Post Office and "Havacone" at South Woodstock, Conn.

Max Connor is still at the same address, Arnold & Co., 21-24 State St., New York.

Harris S. May continues with the New London Ship and Engine Co.

James P. Donlon works for the Travelers' Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Sophie Barrett spent the summer as nurse in a girls' camp in Vermont.

She plans to remain in Vermont this winter.

Grace Myers and family are at present living in Florida.

We are sorry to say that Helen Perley has had to spend several weeks in a Cambridge hospital this summer.

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

There seems to be nothing different to report about the rest of "the girls".

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Edmund Anderson continues the same line of work as last year at Brown University, especially interested in his laboratory work.

Ida Spalding Masters is much improved in health although not able to go on with her singing as yet.

Eleanor Keith Lewis teaches in the Eastford Grammar School.

William Richardson spent part of his vacation in Woodstock. His work is with the Post Office Department in Chicago, Ill.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Ruth E. Bjornberg will return to Rocky Hill where she will teach the Primary grades.

Grace Hawkins Healey, with husband and little daughter, Sarah Caroline, were in Woodstock for their annual vacation, while here they took a week's motor trip to Montreal.

Carl O. Johnson is still employed by the Buick Co., Flint, Michigan.

Agnes White Cox will teach Junior High School at Fiskdale, Mass.

Arthur R. Anderson plans to continue with the American Optical Company of Southbridge, Mass., for another year.

Susan S. Sumner will go back to Bristol, Connecticut, for another year of teaching at Federal Hill School.

Ruth Witter Healey finds much to keep her busy at Echo Farm.

Leslie L. Sumner will be at home this year, during the fall she is very busy packing apples at home and elsewhere.

Rolfe N. Lyon has given up teaching and will be with his father a while having made no definite plans for this year.

Olive Johnson Erickson was married in August. She and her husband are at her home for the present. See noon.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Catharn Perry Goodness lives at Glens Falls, New York.

Clara Eddy Cox continues teaching at Stafford Springs, Conn.

Mabel Richardson Hill makes her home at Middletown, Conn. She and her little daughter spent some time in Woodstock this summer visiting friends.

Mary E. Chamberlin is at her home in Elmvale.

Ruth Bates Keith is teaching school again this year in Danielson, Conn.

George M. Wilcox lives at his farm in Pomfret, Conn.

Estella Frink Barrett keeps busy caring for her family at her home in the Chandler district.

Gretchen Rutishauser Sprenger makes her home in Michigan.

Florence Lawson Cline makes her home in California.

Mildred L. May remains at her home in East Woodstock.

Harriet G. Sampson writes, "I am back in New York for another year of work at Miss Spence's School for girls, and again I am having the fun of a part-time position. All spare time at present is occupied in getting settled in a new apartment and in visiting with friends whom I haven't seen for months, but in the middle of October I shall commence the small private class which I am instituting for Spence graduates who wish to study contemporary literature and try their hands at writing. Later still, perhaps, I shall find time to keep up with my book-reviewing and dabbling at verse". Her address is 19 West 9th St., New York City.

1916

"FORWARD"

Merrill R. Keith is often seen about Woodstock; but we hope he doesn't find much work to do as State Police.

We would be glad to hear where Joseph Henries is located, and what he is doing.

Wentworth A. Johnson works in a drug store in Florida.

Lyman E. Hibbard is faithful to home duties. For amusement he plays in the Orchestra and Band.

Marion Perkins McDonald's home is in Peabody, Mass. See morning.

Bernice Sanger Graves now makes her home in Worcester, Mass. See Morning.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Owen White was Principal of the Israel Putnam School during the past year, with here and there a touch of military life during spare moments, he being 1st Lieutenant of Infantry of the Connecticut National Guard.

Theodore Perkins still carries on with his mechanical work in or near Boston, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Lindeman has made the most of her Normal School education, being now Principal of the model school connected with the Willimantic Normal School.

Eleanor Williams Young is having the time of her life caring for her household in West Woodstock.

Lois Harrington Place is still using her wonderful mathematical mind to keep her household in twentieth century fashion. She and her husband, George Place, are living in Webster, Mass., where Mr. Place is connected with the sale of Ford motor cars.

1918

Helen Bjornberg attended summer school at Yale, and will teach in Cromwell this winter.

Marguerite Bosworth May is at home in East Woodstock. See night.

Carolyn Cox remains at home with her mother.

Julia Johnson was married last May. Her home is at 20 Everard St., Wor-

cester, Mass. See noon.

Jean McClellan resumes her work in the Princeton Theological Seminary Library, Princeton, N. J. this fall.

Agnes Peterson took a course in the Yale Summer Normal School. She expects to teach this winter.

Ellen Swenson will teach in Bridgeport this year.

Hazel Wood Coburn made her annual visit to Woodstock this September coming by auto from her home in West Fairlee, Vermont.

Andrew Lowe is working on his father's farm.

Otto Pike has located in Porto Rico. See Morning.

Paul Ringdahl remains at home on the farm. His plans for the future are undecided.

George Swenson continues with the Marcy Tool Works, Putnam, Conn.

1919

"PLUS HAUT"

Galen Pike had a fine summer surveying for the Government. In September he went back for his Sophomore year in the University of Idaho.

Hobart Sanger reports nothing new as he holds the same position as last year.

Wallace Frink has quite an extensive poultry plant. Elizabeth Lyon keeps Daddy hustling. See morning.

Merrill Healey frequently spends a week-end in Woodstock, coming from Hartford, where he is building houses.

Levi Lindeman is doing the same kind of work as last year but has her office in Newburg, N. Y.

Bertha Myers is teaching in Marthasville, Conn.

Ethel Lowe may be found at her home in South Woodstock.

Walker White, who was taken from us last November after a short illness, has been greatly missed as he was a cheerful and willing helper wherever needed.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

The Class of 1920 has again the pleasure of congratulating one of its members, Signe Anderson, upon her

engagement to Gustave Hagstrom.

Dorothy Bundy continues teaching in the William H. Hall High School in West Hartford, Conn.

Newton Carpenter is busily employed at home, in Eastford, Conn.

Frank Harrington writes that he expects to continue working as a 'tester' for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for the coming year.

Harold Johnston is in Waterbury, Connecticut, and holds the same position.

Louise Lawton is living at home, in Woodstock.

Ruth (Sheppard) McAlister has moved to New Milford, Connecticut. Her husband has accepted a position as supervisor of rural schools there. See noon.

Myrtle (Ware) Miller is teaching in the Redhead District School this year.

Mabelle (Johnston) Nelson keeps very busy with duties at Havacone and the Post Office.

Sylvia (May) White is very happy in her home in East Woodstock and will welcome any classmate who will come to see her. See morning.

Olga Erikson attended Becker's Business College and studied music in Worcester this past year.

1921

"EN AVANT"

Spencer Jordan, in company with two other young men, enjoyed a trip to Florida last winter. His plans for the coming year are not completed.

In September, John McClellan began his Sophomore year at Yale University, New Haven.

Annette C. May attended a fourth session at the Yale Summer Normal School New Haven and is again teaching in the Elmvale School, Woodstock.

Marvin A. Barrett has not made any definite plans for the coming year.

1922

"ALLONS"

Julia Swenson is returning this fall to her duties as teacher at the Paine District in Thompson. She enjoyed her summer very much having spent

most of it at her home in East Woodstock, rather than attending Summer School as she has for the past few years. During the latter part of the summer she motored to New York, where she visited relatives.

Our Normal Graduate, Helen Johnson, has her same position in Hanover, Connecticut, where she teaches the first four grades in the public school.

Edwin Wilcox is in Burlington, Vermont, acting as assistant manager for the Green Bros. Hardware Co.

Beatrice Healey returns to Connecticut Agricultural College where she will continue her course in Home Economics. She spent her summer in Woodstock during the first part of which she enjoyed a trip into New York State over the Storm King highway and over the new Bear Mt. bridge.

1923

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Elsa S. Johnson has completed her course at Yale Summer School. As yet her plans are not complete for the coming year.

Doris Lindeman returns for her last year at Potsdam Normal School, N. Y.

Reginald Pike is an apprentice in the General Electric Company in Lynn, Mass.

Luke E. White continues in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

Alice Cross has completed a secretarial course and is employed in the Concord National Bank, Mass.

Ilo L. Sullard graduated from Williamantic Normal School last spring and expects to teach at West Woodstock this year.

Lester W. Gallup returns to Worcester Tech for his second year.

Judith Johnson has completed her course at Becker's Business College in Worcester. As yet she has no definite plans for the coming year.

Carl G. Feiler is at his home in West Woodstock.

Miriam E. Ware returns for her junior year at Brown.

Harold Carpenter is helping at home.

Hazel P. Sheldon is employed in the Studebaker Company, Worcester.

1924

"VINCIT QUI LABORAT"

Alfred Carpenter is helping with the work at home.

Eric Erickson is sales manager, in Windham county, for the National Brush company.

Charles Peckham expects to be working at home this year.

Elistbeth Rollins has entered Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Quinten Sanger has enrolled for his second year's work in Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Robert Scranton hopes to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Reuben Swanson is studying to be an electrician in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Lydia Taber is attending the Bryant and Stratton Business College in Providence, Rhode Island.

Vernon Wetherell helps with the work at home. His spare time is spent on music.

Gladys Young attended the Summer School in New Haven. She is teaching in the Town of Union this year.

1925

"FINIMUS UT INCIPIAMUS"

Sarah C. Pike has returned to the Academy preparatory to entering college next Fall.

Clara Baker Closson will continue her residence in Woodstock. See noon.

Gladys Harrington is at Brown University.

Marion Stahl entered Becker's Business College this Summer. She is taking the Secretarial Course.

Gerald Phaneuf expects to leave in the near future for Detroit.

Donald B. Williams has entered Connecticut Agricultural College.

Harry Rutishauser will take up a course in Electrical Engineering at Northeastern University.

Henry Safford is pursuing an Agricultural Course at Connecticut Agricultural College.

Walter Anderson is registered at Wesleyan. He will specialize in History.

Arnold Johnston is taking a post-graduate course at Woodstock Academy. He anticipates entering Wesleyan in 1926.

John J. Helmes of Providence called two or three times during the Summer on Andrew L. Lyon at "Bresh Hut". They are among the older Alumni and no doubt enjoy talking over their pranks at W. A.

Rev. George L. Hibbard is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Bradford, N. H.

Leonard Anderson works on a dairy farm in Georgetown, Conn.

Walter Lindeman and wife reside in Putnam. Mr. Lindeman has the agency for the Nash and Chevrolet cars. See his Adv. in this Gleaner.

There was a pretty outdoor wedding in Thompson, Conn. this summer when, Miss Constance, daughter of Mrs. Claramon Hunt, nee Lillian Pike, became the bride of Lawrence Knight Ebbs. The ceremony, to which only the two families were invited, was at "Sunnyholm" the country home of the bride's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Decker.

Leroy Davenport, formerly of Pomfret, has moved from Harrisburg, Pa. to Baltimore, where he will have charge of several restaurants. A farewell dinner was given him by the Knockers' Club of Pittsburg and he was presented with a handsome rug.

Miss Nellie Chandler expects to spend some time this winter in Texas. She has had a pleasant summer giving enjoyment to others, either autoing or entertaining them in her own home. Among them were many old W. A. schoolmates, Mrs. Florence Paine, who has her home in Danielson, Mrs. Charlotte May and Mrs. Agnes Wood, cousins as well as schoolmates; also, Mrs. Prudence Hyde coming from her home in Wellesley Hills, Mass., and Mrs. Sidney Morse, nee Lucy Mason, who with her husband spent the month of August in North Woodstock.

Hamilton Holt has been elected

president of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

The death of John O. Fox of Putnam, at the age of sixty-three, brought sorrow to many. He was the soul of honor and honesty. No Putnam man was more widely known or highly respected. He was of a quiet and cheerful disposition, always ready to lend a helping hand, interested in the welfare of Putnam and especially the Day Kimball Hospital.

On May 5th, 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Child of Valleyside, Woodstock, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. To make the day one long to be remembered a reception was held in the afternoon and evening and over three hundred people welcomed the opportunity of extending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Child. Many were the tokens of love and esteem they received. As the children and grandchildren could not all be present at this time a family gathering to mark the event was held in August 1924. Best wishes for many more years of life together.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morse recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Their children, grandchildren and great grandchild made the day a happy one for them. Mr. Morse attended North Ashford's village school, after which for four years he walked several miles every day to go to Woodstock Academy.

Mr. C. E. Chandler of Norwich, Conn., was with us at the Graduation Exercises bringing with him an old school chum, Mr. Nathaniel Williams of Brooklyn, Conn. Be sure and read Mr. Chandler's Graduation Address.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. C. P. Grosvenor of Abington, her only daughter, Miss Eurette, having died this fall. Several winters they have spent in Worcester where they enjoyed concerts and the many advantages of a city.

Mr. William H. Arnold of Providence and Florida greeted old friends at Woodstock Fair. Most of his time is spent with his sister, Mrs. Hammond, who is in failing health. They

live with her daughter, Mrs. Merwin of Florida in the Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Safford and sons, also Mrs. L. H. Healey enjoyed a trip over the Mohawk Trail going as far north as Lake Champlain.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Sumner's son Stanley was married this Fall and their son Homer has entered Worcester Academy for two years.

Dr. Charles Alton of Hartford was chairman of a committee to direct the work of raising \$60,000 in January in Hartford and vicinity for the new church plant and community house at Storrs. He and his wife attended the graduation exercises and reception this June and had a delightful time.

Howard Foskett and cousin went by Ford to California after visiting relatives they hope to find work for the Winter.

Leonard H. Healey, former Secretary of State Board of Agriculture, has been appointed Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture.

James H. Sawyer, after many years absence, visited Woodstock this summer. You will be interested to read his article on another page.

Letters have been received from Los Angeles, Cal., from Henry H. Davenport, who had a most enjoyable auto trip out there from Pomfret, Conn., going through New York, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Oregon. He found excellent hotel accommodations and the roads in most places very good. Many acres of corn and grains and in some places beets were raised. Several side trips were taken either for business or just to see the country.

Hattie L. Deans is Registered Nurse employed at the Booth Hospital, Boston, Mass.

The Hartford division of the United States Envelope Co. at a service recognition dinner at the Hotel Bond Saturday night, April 25, celebrated the fifty-three years' service of James M. Plimpton as an employee of the firm.

Mrs. Mary Langden Pierce writes, "We, my husband and I are still in our old home where we have lived for 41 years. Children all gone to make homes of their son. One daughter and son living in Lincoln, Neb., one daughter in Lawrence, Kan., a beautiful town where is situated our State University, the other son in Seattle, Washington. We have four dear grandchildren. Our Lincoln son graduated at the Nebraska University and is an Architectural Engineer. His late work was the engineering of the great State Stadium, situated on the University grounds."

Word has just been received of the sudden death of Ernest Haskell, a famous etcher, caused by an auto accident. More about him will have to wait for next year's Gleaner.

[We would be so glad to hear from some of the older W. A. Alumni. Next August won't you please send to The Editor of the Gleaner, Woodstock, Conn., something about yourself and any other W. A. schoolmate you may know about. In this way, you can help make the Gleaner more interesting.]

MORNING

September 20, 1924, a daughter, Janice Miriam, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Potter, Windsor, Conn.

November 17, 1924, a son, Eugene Palmer, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart May, nee Marguerite Bosworth, East Woodstock, Conn.

December 16, 1924, a daughter, Caroline May to Mr. and Mrs. Windsor White nee Sylvia May, East Woodstock, Conn.

December 17, 1924, a son Clifford Austin to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Peckham, Norwich, Conn.

January 26, 1925, a daughter, Shirley, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Slye, Stafford Springs, Conn.

February 7, 1925, a son, Ellsworth Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Shei-

don, South Woodstock, Conn.

February 17, 1925, a daughter, Elizabeth Lyon, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Frink, nee Frances Gordon, Woodstock, Conn.

April 28, 1925, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Racine, nee Lillian Milligan, North Woodstock, Conn.

May 23, 1925, a son, Gilman Luther Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman L. Graves, nee Bernice Sanger, Leominster, Mass.

May 27, 1925, a son, Spencer Leavitt, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bowen, Eastford, Conn.

June 15, 1925, a son Richmond Osgood, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman R. Fitts, nee Edith Briggs, Portland, Maine.

September 8, 1925, a son, Galen Woodson, to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Pike, San Juan, Porto Rico.

NOON

December 16, 1924, John R. Lindemuth and Aleta A. Prescott, Malden, Mass.

December 20, 1924, Royce D. McAlister and Ruth Sheppard, South Woodstock, Conn.

January 1, 1925, James Aldrich and Mary Fox, Los Angeles, California.

February 4, 1925, Louis H. Lamb and Jessie M. Hibbard, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

April 8, 1925, Frank Perrin and Unabelle Sangren, Woodstock, Conn.

May 2, 1925, O. Frithiaj Johnson and Julia Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

June 18, 1925, William W. Mathewson and Mrs. Randolph Robinson McCulloch of Virginia.

July 3, 1925 William F. Closson and Clara Baker, East Woodstock, Conn.

July 3, 1925, Harold Woodward and Blanche Wilcox, Thompson, Conn.

July 9, 1925, Captain William Jarvis and Anna E. Chilkott, Putnam, Conn.

July 17, 1925, Chester Leary and Ruth A. Cahoon, Providence, R. I.

August 19, 1925, Clarence Erickson and Olive Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

October 10, 1925, Robert Herendeen and Ruth Cady, Southbridge, Mass.

NIGHT

July, 1924, H. J. Halstead, husband of Johanna Lindeman, Oakland, California.

November 10, 1924, C. Mandus Johnson, Providence, R. I.

November 17, 1924, Eugene Palmer, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart May, East Woodstock, Conn.

December 22, 1924, Mrs. Mary Lizzie Child Green, Atlantic City, N. J.

February 27, 1925, Mrs. Etta Bowen Gaylord, Claremont, California.

March 11, 1925, Harriet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child, Woodstock, Conn.

April 3, 1925, Willis A. Fenner, Providence, R. I.

June 7, 1925, Mrs. Minnie Palmer Dean, Wellesley Farms, Mass.

June 13, 1925, Mrs. Lillian Davenport Keith, New Haven, Conn.

August 1925, Sara Trowbridge, wife of Benjamin S. Warner, Marble Dale, Conn.

October 23, Mrs. Annie Lyon Gordon, North Woodstock, Conn.

October 27, 1925, John O. Fox, Putnam, Conn.

Alumni Association Report

President, Maurice F. Childs.

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, Rilla Child, Albert Williams and Edwin Wilcox.

Editor, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

It was voted to have a booth at the Woodstock Fair again in 1926, to raise money for the Hall Memorial, also to have an Alumni Reunion in August, 1926.

Treasurer's Report 1925

EDITORIALS

RECEIPTS

Cash on hand	\$84.49
Sale of Gleaners	59.09
For Advertisements	78.50
Int. on Bank Book	3.79
	<hr/>
	\$225.78

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	\$72.00
Editor	30.00
Stamps	5.70
Cut of school and library	10.00
250 Postal Cards for	
Hall Gym Fund	6.00
	<hr/>
	\$123.70
Cash on hand	\$102.68

Busy times and many delays have made the Gleaner perhaps a little late but we trust it will be enjoyed as much as ever and again we thank all who have in any way contributed to this number.

Make your plans to attend the reunion in August for which plans are started and more detailed notice will be sent out later.

1897 and 1899 Gleaners are asked for, if any one has one they do not care to keep. Please send to the Editor.

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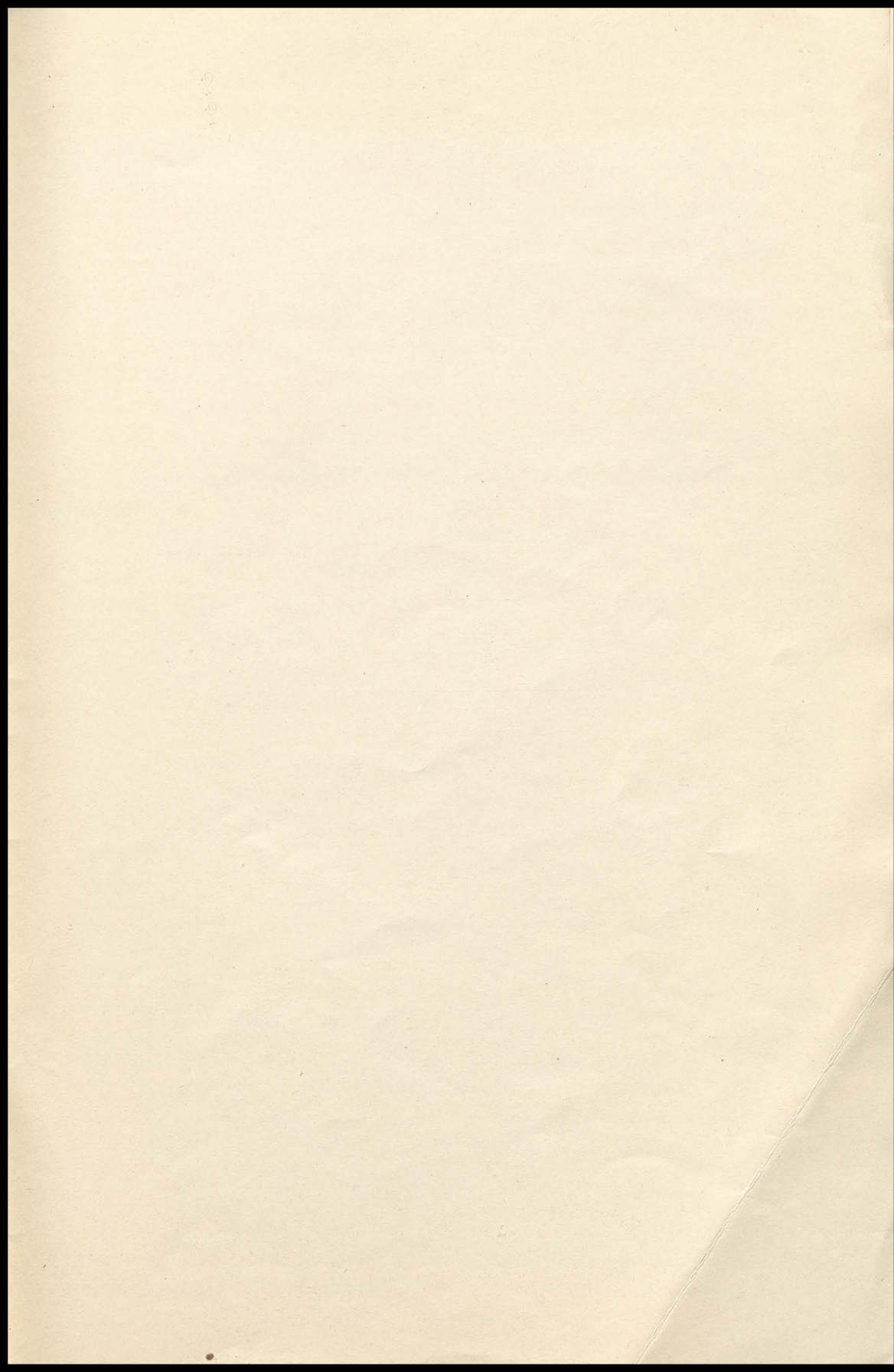
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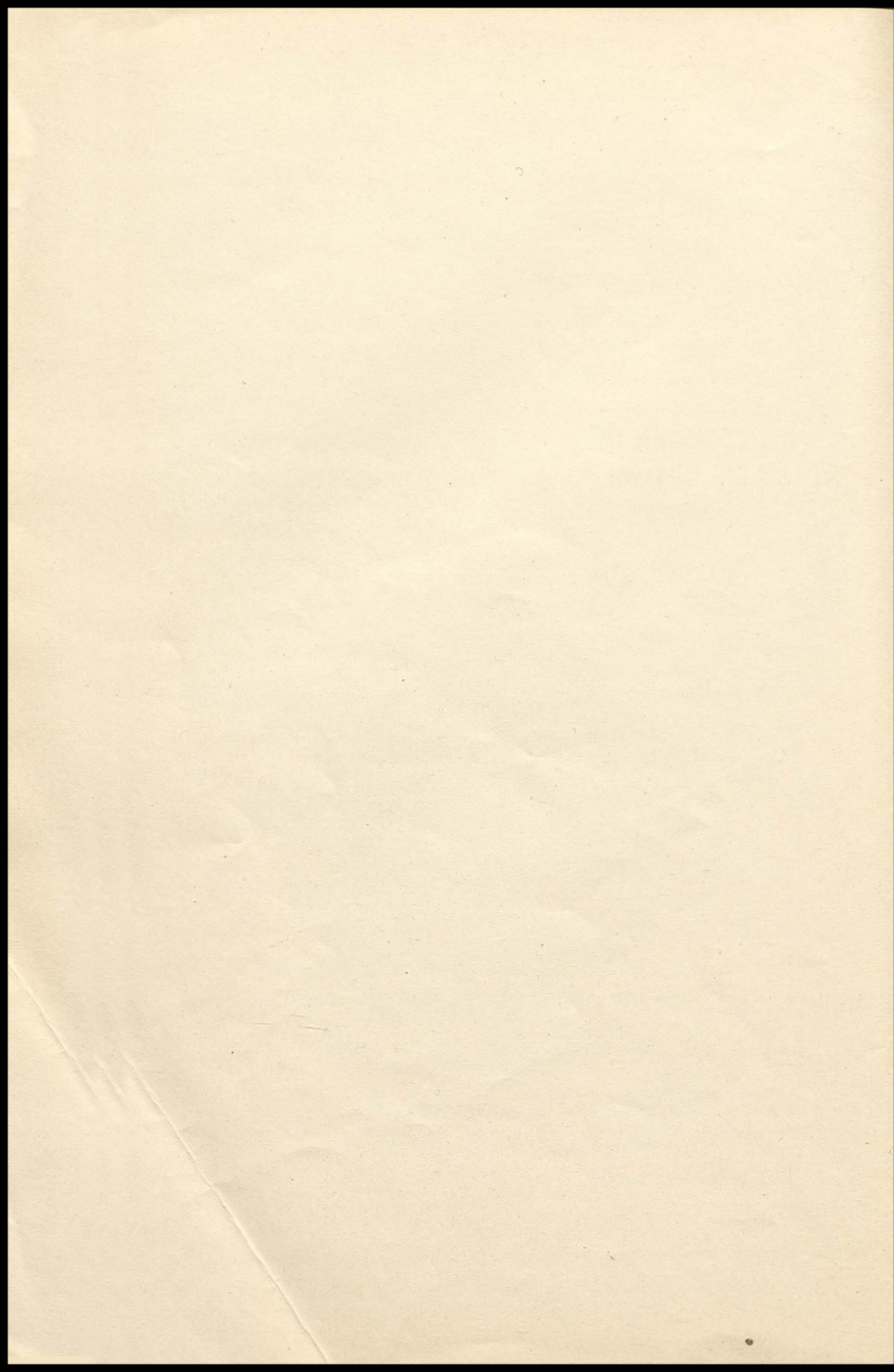
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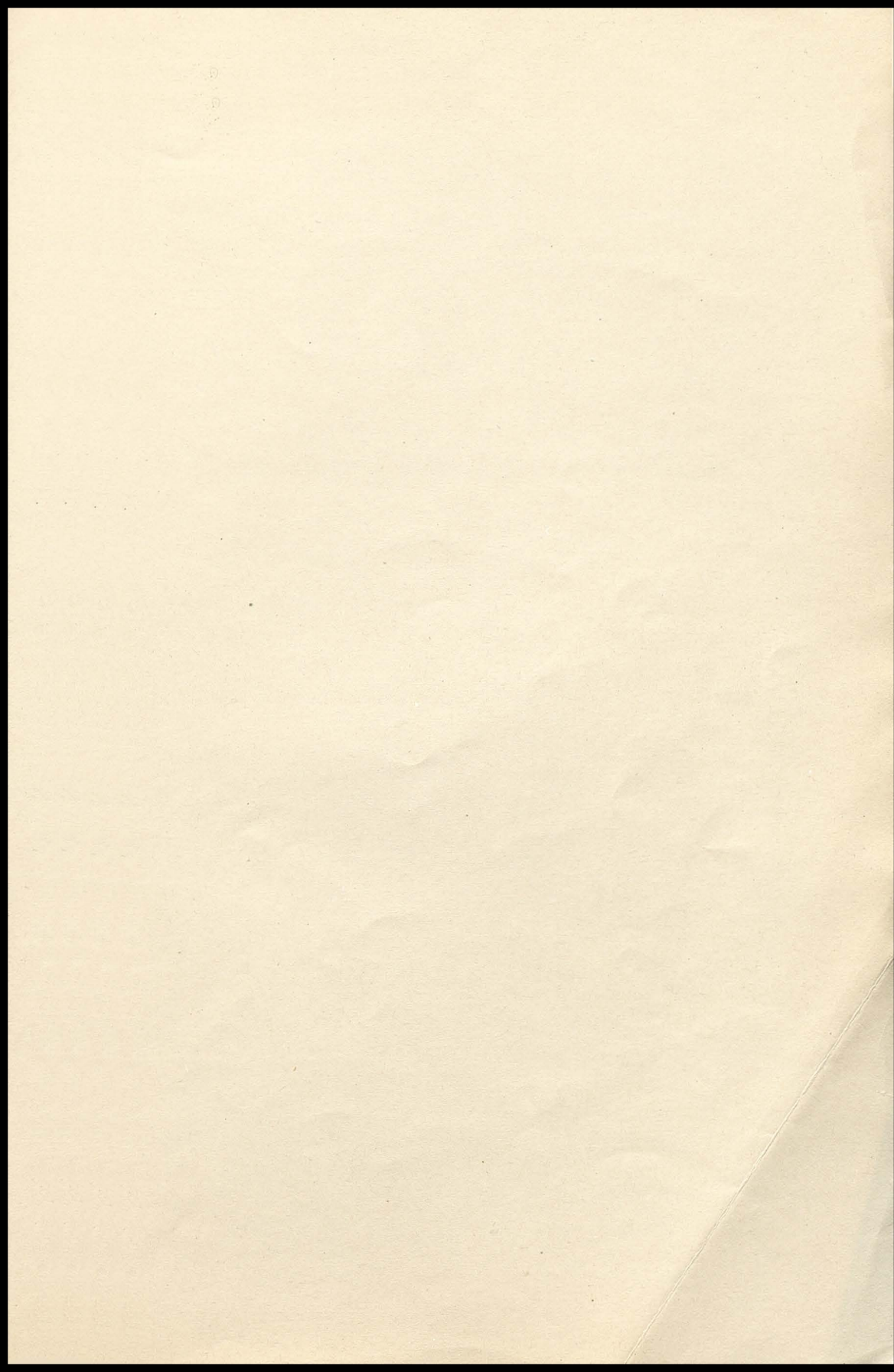
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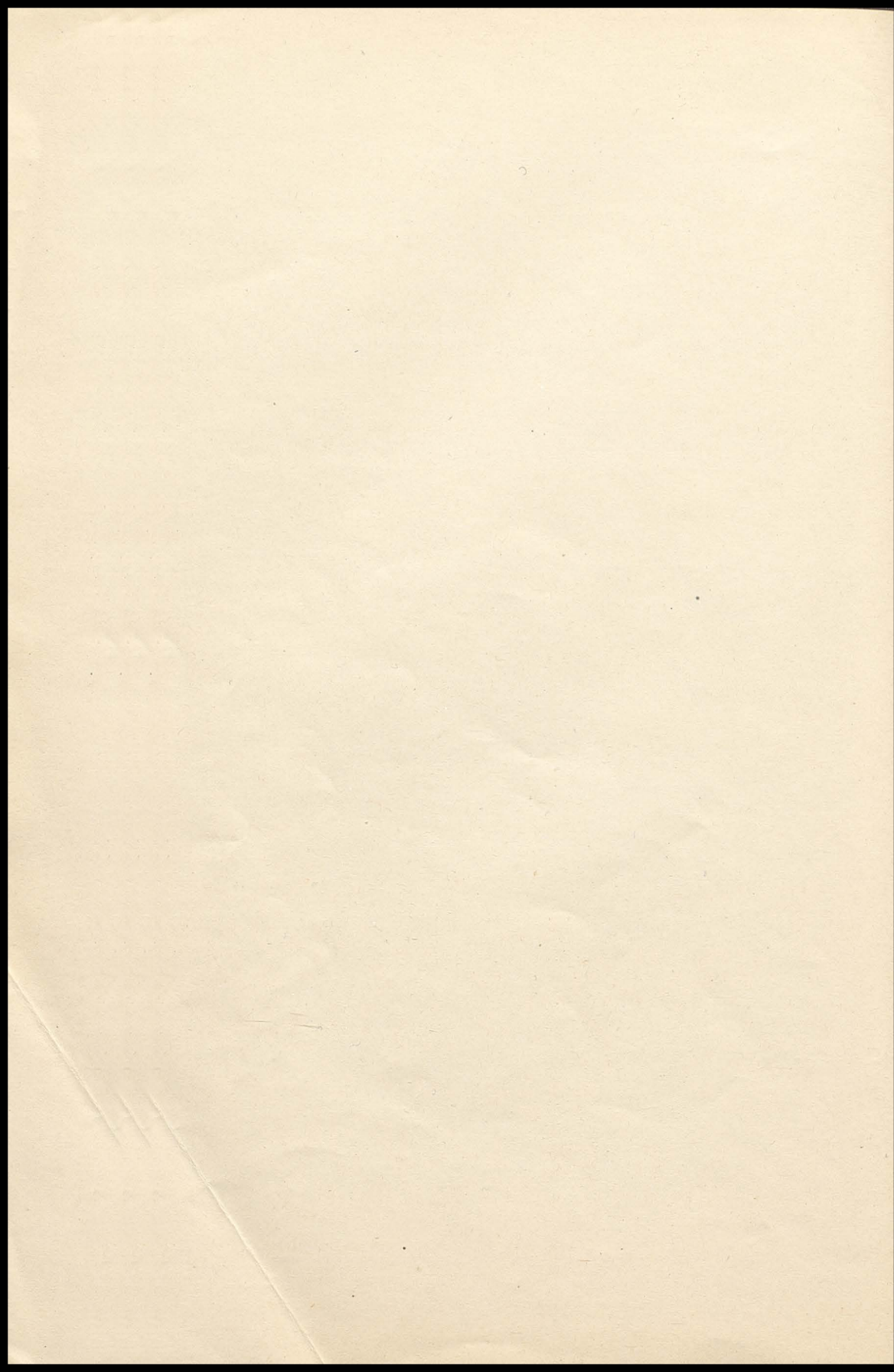
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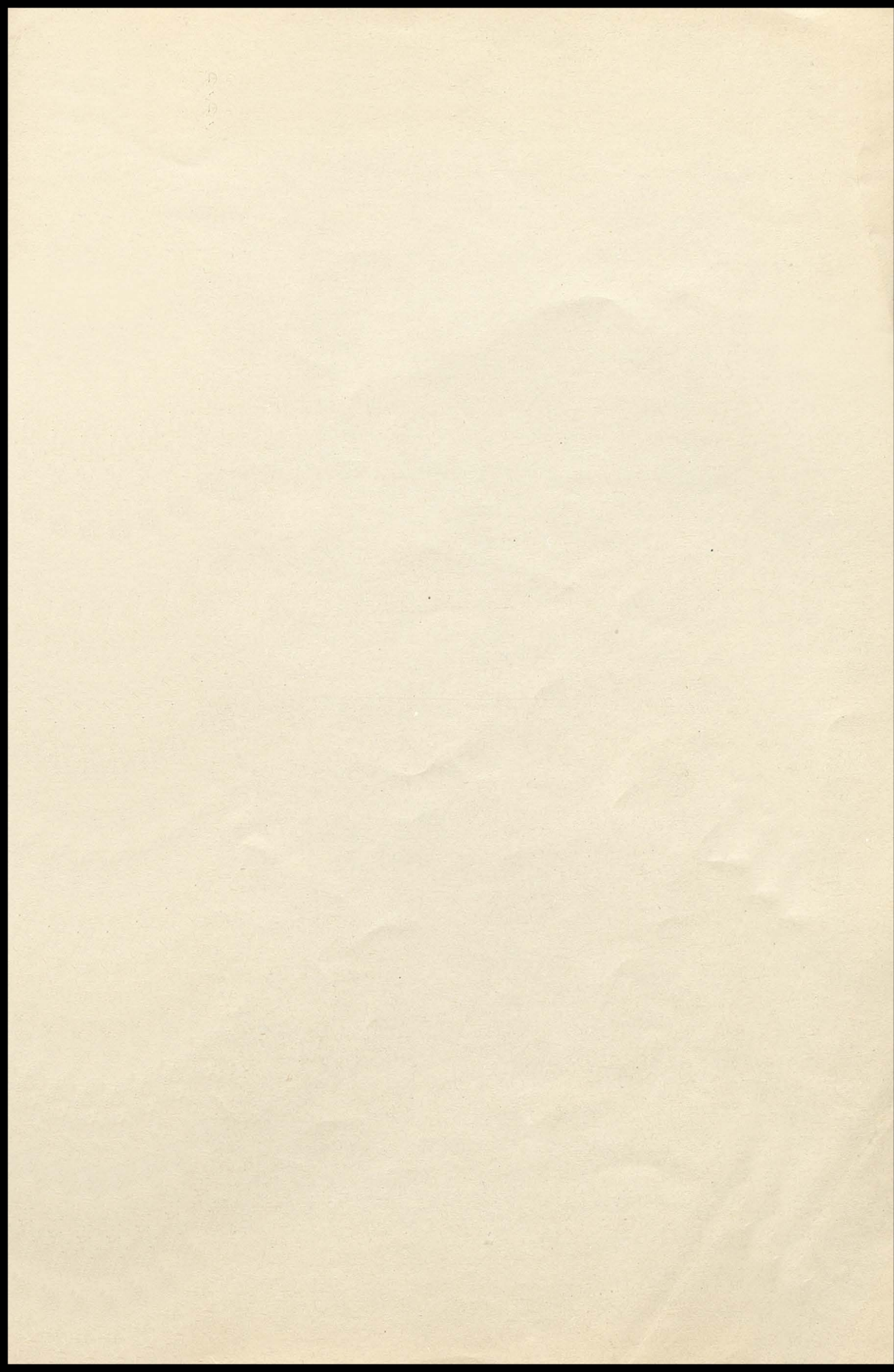
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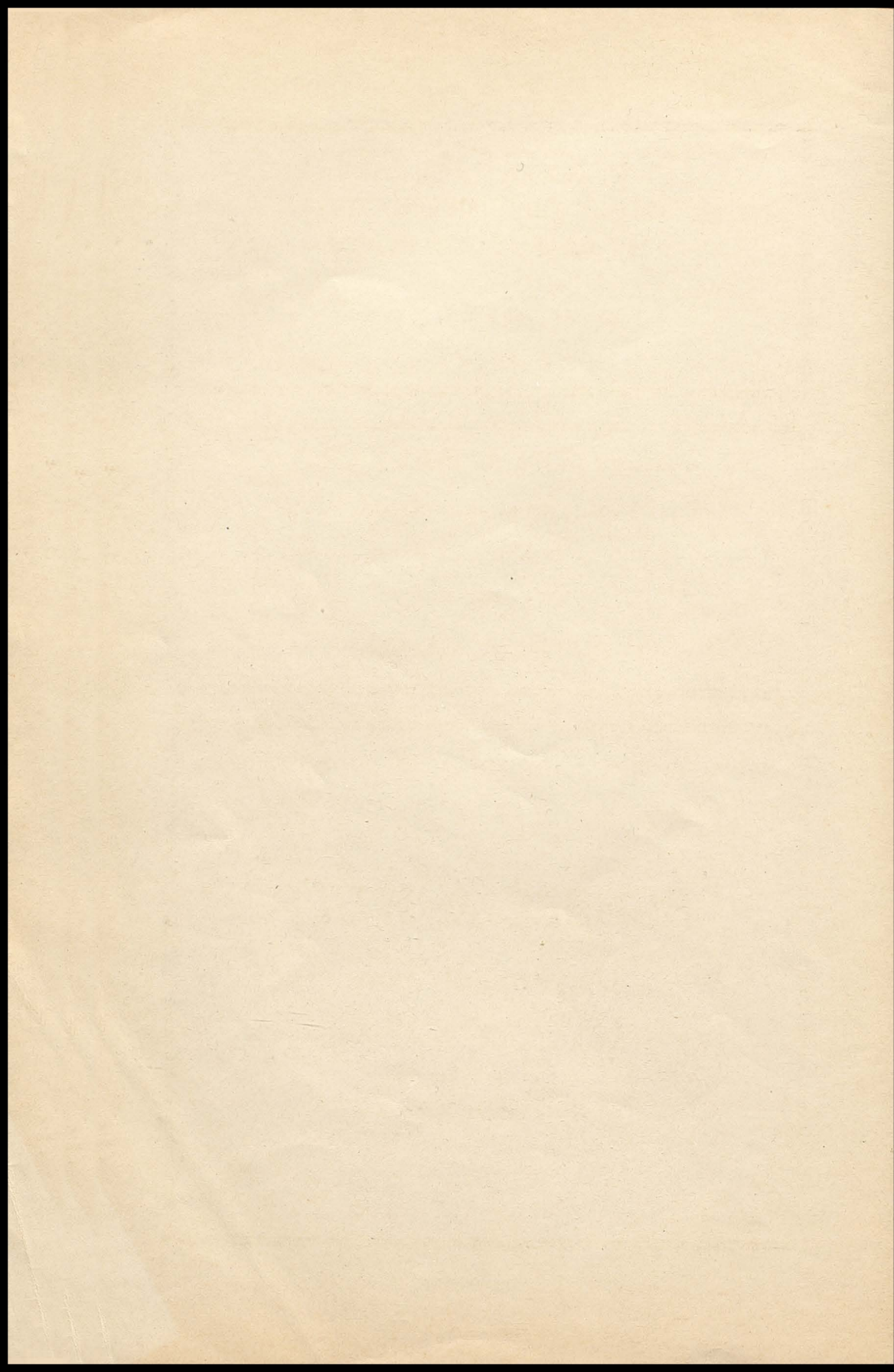












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