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Gleaner



1927

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Baccalaureate Sermon

THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE

Philippians, 3:12, "Not that I have already obtained or am already made perfect; but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which I also was laid hold on by Christ Jesus".

These words are the testimony of a man mature in years and experience. It is this very fact of the maturity of the writer which gives his words a strange ring. For we are prone to connect the ideas of success and attainment with the dignity of advancing years. And yet, here is this veteran missionary of the Gospel breaking forth in a frank admission of imperfection, in a humble recognition that he has not attained to the ideal which had been set for his life. It is not in any sense an arrogant spirit that prompted Paul to write to the Philippians, "Not that I have already obtained or am already made perfect". But any suggestion of disappointment that we may foster because of Paul's confession is immediately dispelled as we read on to note the grim determination that marks the words that follow, "I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus". Ah! here we have the real Paul once more. Here is the thrust of one of those sterling traits of character that have led us to admire him. Here is the man who is heeding the challenge of the goal of higher service and greater attainment for His Master, Jesus Christ.

I feel that this glimpse which Paul has given to us into the thought of his maturer years, must be correlated with the crowning experience of his early manhood, weighed as it was with such tremendous consequences for his future career. Paul everywhere

reckons with the crucial character of his conversion experience. His enthusiasm to tell of it never abated. See him as he stands before that careful diplomat of the east, King Agrippa. I know of no more dramatic picture in the New Testament, than the picture of this little old man, worn with the hardships of an exacting service, bent with the weight of prison chains, but ever alert to take advantage of every opportunity to tell his message. What an intense fervor throbs through his words as he relates his story to his royal audience. With a stirring emphasis he reaches the climax, "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Reduced to its simplest terms the story that Paul related to Agrippa is the story of a young man who was willing to face squarely the facts of life, who caught the vision of the ideal way of life in a devoted service to Jesus Christ, and then was willing to meet the challenge of such a life with an investment of life's resources. Many years later when writing to his Philippian friends, he found himself still facing that ever recurring challenge of life. I think that there is a note of rebuke in these words that he writes to these Philippians. There are various suggestions in the epistle that the Philippians were inclined to be somewhat lax in their diligence; perhaps not as responsive as they ought to have been to the impulse of Christianity as a religion that costs effort. And so to them Paul cites his own experience. In effect he says, "When a young man I had an experience which indicated to me the purpose of my Master for my life. I accepted that challenge though I fully knew that it would not be an easy way. And now though I am an old man I cannot say that I have fully achieved that purpose; I have not attained to the ideal that was set for my life. But I find

that ideal still urging me on to greater and better service. And therefore, "I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus". And that I would exhort you to do, my Philippian friends".

Life may not be spelt in such vivid and pointed experiences for us as it was for Paul. But there is an underlying principle in his experiences which characterizes life today as it did in his day. Every man or woman is at sometime or another faced by the challenge of the life that is most worth while. That urge comes with clearest notes as we stand on the mount of vision and catch a glimpse of the grandeur of our ideal. But the question that shapes itself in the mind of the practical thinker is, "How shall I meet this challenge of life?" and we answer by asking, "How did Paul meet it?"

With the guidance and the inspiration of Paul's testimony as set forth in the words of our text, I propose this morning to consider this challenge of life in its several elements. And first of all, I find that there is the challenge of imperfection. Paul found that to be true in his own life. The drab satisfaction of perfect attainment was not to be his lot. And it is quite certain that the alleged picture of an Alexander, the Great, seated on the sands of the seashore, weeping for more worlds to conquer, will find few counterparts in this world in which we live.

There is a sense in which every individual lives in two worlds,—the world without, which is the world of the social order and civilization in which he is reared, and the world within, which is the realm of will, of purposes, and of ideals. The significant thing for our thought is the fact that this challenge of imperfection strikes home in both of these worlds. At every turn of the road, both in the sphere of individual and of social effort, we are forced to contend with the contrast between things as they are and things as they ought to be.

One may see the shortcomings of the social order, in which we live, concentrated in the tremendous problems of the day which are calling out to us for some solution. It may be quite a commonplace to speak of world problems in an abstract way, but it can scarcely be denied that the problems that face this present generation loom up as some of the most vexing problems that have ever torn the heart of humanity. Their importance has been greatly increased by the complexity of our civilized life. It would naturally be too great a task to try to consider adequately all the problems we are compelled to recognize. But we shall suggest some of those which in our humble opinion are some of the most insistent problems which confront the mind of the thinking world today.

There is the problem of world disorder. If there was any illusion in the early years of the twentieth century as to the near approach of lasting peace, those hopes were blasted with the blaze of a conflict that threw millions of men and women into the throes of a world-wide struggle. Since the Great World War there has been an attitude of mind that rests complacently in the thought that the terrible havoc wrought by this past war will render impossible any immediate danger of a recurrence of such a conflict. But such reasoning is unmindful of the fact that the causes of war are laid deep into the structure of our civilization. War is essentially the result of crooked thinking. To meet the problem safely and adequately we need to straighten out our thought processes. And that means that we need to examine the motives that govern our actions. It cheers the hopeful heart to see the forward steps that have been taken in the direction of permanent world peace, by the establishment of the League of Nations. It is not necessary to wrangle over the question as to whether the League, as formulated, is the ideal plan for the ushering in of lasting peace. The United States in its refusal to co-op-

erate in the effort for organized peace has forfeited its prerogative as a leader of nations in the realm of a high internationalism. It will be to the lasting reproach of our nation that we have allowed almost nine years to slip by since the cessation of armed conflict, without having made a definite contribution to the peace of the nations. This is one of the overwhelming facts which challenges the ideals of American youth today.

Again, there is the difficulty of interpreting moral values for our age. Everywhere there are evidences of reaction to moral standards. In many circles extreme loose-living prevails. The immorality of university and college life is only one of the many examples of this fact. The situation seems to be especially urgent when a professor of one of our midwest theological seminaries can address an audience of religious leaders in Hartford and suggest that we may soon be forced to judge conduct not by a category of what is right as opposed to the wrong but a category of what is beautiful as opposed to the ugly. God pity the day when men shall find no greater impulse to do good than that presented in such suggestions. And yet, the facts challenge us to some clear consistent thinking on the subject.

And then there is the problem of race antagonism. With each added contribution of modern science the world grows smaller. The nations that were once almost strangers to each other are fast becoming next-door neighbors. A Lindbergh in his daring hop across the Atlantic makes us close neighbor to France; a Chamberlain brings Germany within the scope of a two days' journey. Since distances have dwindled the races are mingling in every continent. Friction results from the increased contacts. Dormant race-antagonisms are aroused and bitter feelings gain supremacy. There is no more stubborn problem within the bounds of our own national life than that presented in the race problem of our southern negro. The

difficulties on our own soil may only serve to show how vexing may be the situations between the nations of the world.

These are some of the problems that bring the challenge of imperfection from the world without.

And similarly we can find that challenge in the realm of the world-within. It needs but a hasty scan of our civilized life to ascertain the fact that we have become predominantly materialistic in our thinking. High altruistic motives and ideals seem to be pushed into the background. Noble purposes are thwarted by baser efforts. Happy that individual who has not succumbed in a measure to this characteristic of the age.

This challenge of a needy and imperfect world of life comes to us with intensified emphasis as we consider the many added resources that we have to help us. "The Christian Church today has at hand resources undreamed of by Paul and Peter as they struggled with their little flocks in those early days." And likewise the individual today is better fitted both in body and in mind to undertake greater enterprises than the man of previous ages. Added resources mean added responsibilities to set ourselves to the task. We are truly living "in an age on ages telling".

But this world of imperfection and need would leave us with little incentive for effort were it not for a second element I find in this challenge of life. I refer to the challenge of a compelling ideal. As we reflect back to the thought of Paul we feel that it was this factor which stirred him to renewed effort. There was that for which he "was laid hold on by Christ Jesus". In that crucial noonday experience on the road to Damascus, he had gained the conviction that the Lord had a purpose for his life; he caught a vision of the ideal that the Master had set for him. And he never relinquished his efforts to meet its challenge. The fulfillment of the ideal contemplated by Christ when he transformed him from a persecutor to

an apostle was the goal that constantly lured him on.

If the world today is to find any solution for the problems that mar its life, it must find the incentive to effort in some compelling ideal. There must rule the conviction that there is the objective of things as they ought to be which is infinitely better than the state of things as they are. And make no mistake;—the world will seek in vain for her ideal if she attempts to find it apart from the dynamic of the Christian message. I have no hesitancy in stating my conviction that the message of Christianity for the world today is the only message that can achieve her salvation. There are those who are throwing their taunts at the Christian ideal but there is little inclination to consider their gestures seriously. Until there arise a prophet with a nobler and a more vital message than that which came from the heart of the prophet of Nazareth, I am willing to stake my life on the efficacy of His cause for the world in which we live.

This conviction is strengthened because of the character of the Christian program. It is first of all redemptive. No noble cause can ever hope to triumph which does not make a definite effort to cope with the forces of evil which tend to defeat its purpose. I am aware of that prevalent school of thought which in its own superficial way seeks to throw the mantle of unreality over the fact of sin. But that was not the Master's way of meeting life's problems. He gave Christianity its redemptive character when he said, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost". And again I am willing to claim the adequacy of the Christian message for our day because it supplies the positive incentives and motives for the achievement of the highest and the best. That was the essence of Jesus' message of love and good-will; for that reason he could say, "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly".

The Master crystalized His mes-

sage in His teachings about the Kingdom of God. That Kingdom was essentially moral and spiritual in its aim. And though there are various ways of interpreting its meaning for our life, we are united in holding that the Kingdom of God represents the Master's ideal for the life of mankind. Whatever else Jesus may have included in His teaching about the reign of God in the hearts of men, He was above all concerned with teaching men how to live with their fellowmen and their God. It is at this very point that we can touch the great problems of our life at their crucial centers. For that reason the Kingdom ideal presents itself as an objective for the realm of the world-without as well as the world-within.

There are indications that we have not wholly missed the implications of Christ's teachings concerning that Kingdom. If this be not true then why are Christian nations the most wholesome places in which to live. In that sense it can truly be said, "The Kingdom is not a theory but a challenge." It comes with a tremendous challenge to every individual whose purposes rise above the level of merely keeping alive in this world. King in his book, "A New Mind for the New Age" has put the thought in forceful manner when he says, "To build a new world according to the pattern shown us in our mount of vision—that is the opportunity, "the great adventure" to which we are committed".

But the challenge of life is not completed with the realization of the compelling ideal. No great cause can hope to triumph as long as it exists as an abstract ideal. It is only as it is embodied in the hearts of consecrated and devoted lives that it moves along to fashion and shape the destinies of men. For that reason we must note the challenge to life investment.

Paul standing before King Agrippa could tell of the experiences he had, when first he faced the Master's claim on his life. But he would never have spoken so courageously and fearlessly before that king had he not been

able to say, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He knew that then and there he had invested his life in the service of his Master Jesus Christ.

Paul's life is not so unusual that it has nothing in common with the life of men in general. There is a time in the life of every young man and young woman when the question comes with almost untiring insistence, "What shall I do with my life?" It were futile to try to answer that question for any specific person. The Creator has graciously ordered that every individual shall answer that question for himself. But I do not hesitate this morning to press the Master's to your life and my life. I can find a real joy in pointing you to the ideal of life that He presented in His message of the Kingdom.

The Master suggested that we make loyalty to this world-wide Kingdom of God the guiding motive of life. And that is no extravagant suggestion. Unfortunately there has arisen a false philosophy of life which seems to maintain that loyalty to that Kingdom is limited to spheres of distinctly Christian service such as the ministry or the missionary enterprise. It is the view of life reflected in the thinking of the pious old aunt who said, "We had hoped that John would take up the Lord's work but he has gone into the soap business".

But that is an entirely mistaken conception of the Master's message. The glory of the Kingdom of God, the cause of Jesus, is the fact that it is a cause that is completely satisfying in itself, for it includes all other noble causes and offers itself to all conditions and circumstances of men. Every activity of man can be made to serve this end. The business man who has set his life to the ideal of the Kingdom, will see to it that his business is conducted honestly and fairly. The Christian lawyer will be more interested in establishing justice than in winning cases. The Christian farmer will consider himself a steward of the soil he must till and will not

abuse the privileges of his stewardship by bad farming. This wholesome view of the Christian way of life was the ideal that Jesus gave to us.

Xerxes standing at the mouth of the Hellespont cried out, "I would that I had as many soldiers as men". The real need of the cause of Christ today is for men and women who are willing to measure themselves by the divine plan. The need is for those who believe that God purposed his Kingdom for this world and are willing to stake their lives on that belief. That is the challenge of life that it is my privilege to relay to you this morning. And with it I would bring the exhortation of Paul's message, "Press on if so be you may also grip that for which you were gripped by Christ Jesus".

There are dangers involved. There is the peril of being satisfied with partial attainment. The greatness of the task may frighten us into complacency with lower objectives. It is only human to ask, "What can I do, as one individual, in the face of this astounding task?" But the true Christian ideal cannot compromise with such inferior purposes. The words of the apostle keep ever recurring, "Press on! Press on!"

And then we may hesitate in the face of the difficulty of the task. Let us face frankly the difficulty of trying to establish Christian ideals in a world that is torn by inferior motives. Let us admit that it is not an easy thing to live the Christian life today where there is every incentive to swing along with the fancy of conventions. But let us also reckon with the fact that striving for the highest and best is an undertaking that has its own rewards. Mr. Jacks, the English author, writes, "Man's record is a record of difficulties. It is precisely when his circumstances are easiest that he gives the poorest account of himself and the best when he is fighting against odds".

At no time has it been easy to live the victorious life. Dr. Foakes Jackson in commenting on early church

history notes that the world at large was living at ease in the early Christian era, things were tranquil—but there was one danger spot—the Christian church; join that and you took the risk of being thrown to the lions. As a result the church became the center of attraction for heroic souls. And there is every reason for confidence that the young manhood and womanhood of today does not lack in heroic spirit to cope with the challenge of life if once they realize the issues that are involved, if once they understand its demands. That, which Kipling wrote with reference to the "Reformer", may well be applied to the youth of our day who is willing to face this "Challenge of Life",—

"The yoke he bore shall press him still,

And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfill
The clean life, the sterner code.

Not in the camp his victory lies—

The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall
learn!"

Members of the Class of Nineteen
Twenty-Seven:—

I should like to preface my remarks to you with two practical suggestions. I would first of all urge for your thought the virtue of a true gratitude and thankfulness for the privileges that are yours. If there is any one thing which characterizes the young people in the educational institutions of our country, it is the failure to appreciate the advantages that are theirs. In many cases real sacrifices are made on the part of parents in order that the boy or girl may gain an education. But I am sure that there are a great many parents who would assume this responsibility with a more cheerful heart if they knew that their efforts were being met with a real spirit of gratitude.

And again I want to suggest that an education does not entitle a young man or young woman to any sense of

superiority that would separate the individual from the life of his fellowmen. I remember hearing sometime ago of the report in the newspaper items of a certain young lady who entertained in her home. She had just been graduated from one of the well-known finishing schools in the East. The account noted that she came home to give an "exclusive" party. What a tragedy if an education results in separating us from the bleeding heart of humanity.

But both the virtue of gratitude and the grace of an understanding sympathy with our fellowmen are elements in the Christian Gospel whose challenge I have been trying to bring to you this morning. I would wish for you that one older in years might address you on this subject. I would wish that one who was maturer in experience might bring to you his testimony, projected on the background of his own life. But as a young man I can come to you with the conviction that the Christian life offers the challenge of the highest and the best that is known to man. And I harbor no reservations nor do I have any hesitation in presenting the claims of that ideal.

There is a sense in which the experience of Paul will suggest parallels to your own life. As I see the approach of youth to Christianity today I think it is essentially this. You must face the facts of life squarely. Having done that you will find that the Christian life represents the highest ideal. The challenge follows. Have you caught a vision of that ideal? Have you the courage to say to yourself and others, "I shall try to make my life conform to the measure of the ideal that is presented in the Christian life".

"O young Mariner,
Down to the Haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanish
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."

"The way of deliverance for every man will not be to listen to the voice of the crowd, but to follow the 'gleam' which God sets in each man's sky to lead him by a straight path to certain victory and peace."

JOHN H. MEENGES

A LETTER

Dear Gleaner Folks:

I have been asked to write you about the Third World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, Canada, July 26 to August 4, which I fortunately was able to attend, along with the rest of the Poultry Faculty of Massachusetts Agricultural College. It certainly was a privilege to meet with so many fine people from all over the world who were gathered together in honor of our lowly friend, the hen. It was reported that there were 5,000 delegates from 48 countries, one man coming from Australia, 16,000 miles.

114,000 entered the gates of Landsdowne Park, where there were both educational and live bird exhibits from the different countries, occupying several large buildings. King George had some pigeons there and the Prince of Wales exhibited R. I. Reds and Wyandottes. On the last day the Prince of Wales and Prince George, with Premier Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, visited the exhibit and crowds were there to see them. I was fortunate enough to be right in the front line as they entered.

The forenoons were devoted to the five sectional meetings on breeding, nutrition, disease, marketing and extension, which were held simultaneously. All were very well attended and lively discussions followed the reading of the papers. These were by people from many countries, but all were read either in English or French.

Ottawa, being the seat of government of Canada, contains the Parliament Buildings, a beautiful group up on a hill overlooking the Ottawa River. One of the auto rides that the people of Ottawa gave the delegates, ended with a tour through the buildings. In front of the main one is the beautiful Memorial Tower, with the recently installed carillon of 53 bells, weighing from fifteen pounds to ten tons. These were played several times while we were there.

Everything the Canadians could think of they did for our entertainment. There were five concerts by the National Choir of one thousand voices and the Solo Choir, and daily band concerts, mostly by the Governor General's Foot Guards Band, in their scarlet coats. At the opening meeting addresses of welcome were given by the Governor General, Viscount Willingdon, by the Prime Minister and by the Mayor of Ottawa, and one afternoon the Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture gave us a lovely garden party on the grounds of the Experimental Farm. The women delegates at an evening reception at Chateau Laurier, had the opportunity of meeting the Viscountess.

I am writing this letter from the top of Mount Washington, nestled among the boulders, in the sun and out of the wind. It is an unusually warm day up here, and I seem to be absolutely alone on top of the world; layer after layer of mountains spread out before me and clouds forming and dissolving over the various peaks and ridges. This time I came up by train, instead of on foot as usual. The trampers who stayed over night have started out along the various trails. Before long the train with its load of people will arrive and as I will be one of its return passengers, I must leave you now, wishing I might share with you all the uplift of the mountain top as we begin another year's work.

RUBY SANBORN

Woodstock Academy Memories

Could I forget the happy ways,
I used to tread in girlhood days,
Life then were only sunny rays,
 Could I forget?

The schoolmates and the friends I
 knew,
Our dear old school and teachers too,
The turnstile and the old path thru,
 Could I forget?

Sleighting parties and songs of cheer,
Merry laughter still I hear
Echoing down the bygone years,
 Could I forget?

How vividly I now recall,
An unlearned lesson-class was called
Silent—I stood appalled
 I'll not forget.

No while this fleeting life shall last,
And other scenes are round me cast,
The long ago—The happy past,
 Dear Memories.

ELIZABETH SURPLESS CHRISTY
 Springfield, Mass.

August 1, 1927.

An Alaskan Cruise

On the fascinating cruise to Alaska, we sailed via the famous Inside Passage, with only about twenty miles of open sea to traverse. Practically all the way, the route lies among the islands, their lofty mountain peaks often hidden by the clouds, or glistening white as the sunlight fell upon their snowy summits. The channels are deep, the waters green and dark and wonderfully phosphorescent at night, but quiet as an inland lake. Sometimes the water passes widen to several miles, and again they contract to a few hundred feet of narrow gorge. The inlets, which we pass in and out

of along the coast line, offers one of the greatest regions of fjord and glacier scenery to be found anywhere.

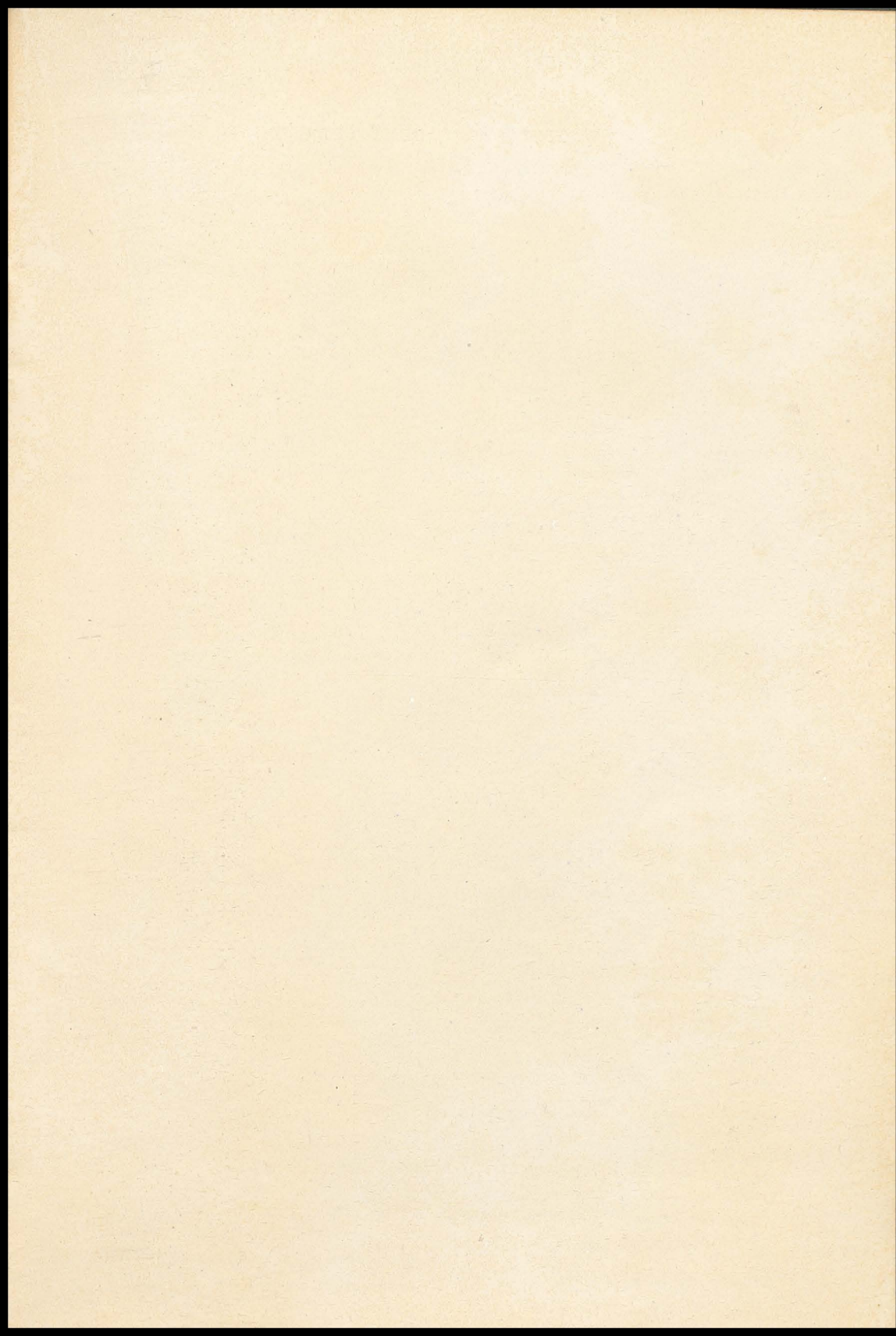
The glorious sunrises and sunsets, I will not try to describe. You just must see them. A reverence never before experienced, came over us, as we watched the sun play hide and seek with us among the snow covered mountain peaks, casting its vari-colored reflections on all sides and capping distant peaks with flaming fire. One eve, at nine o'clock just as the sun had said, "Good night," a fellow passenger and a former visitor to southern Italy exclaimed, "Look at that mountain capped with fire! A perfect Mt. Vesuvius!"

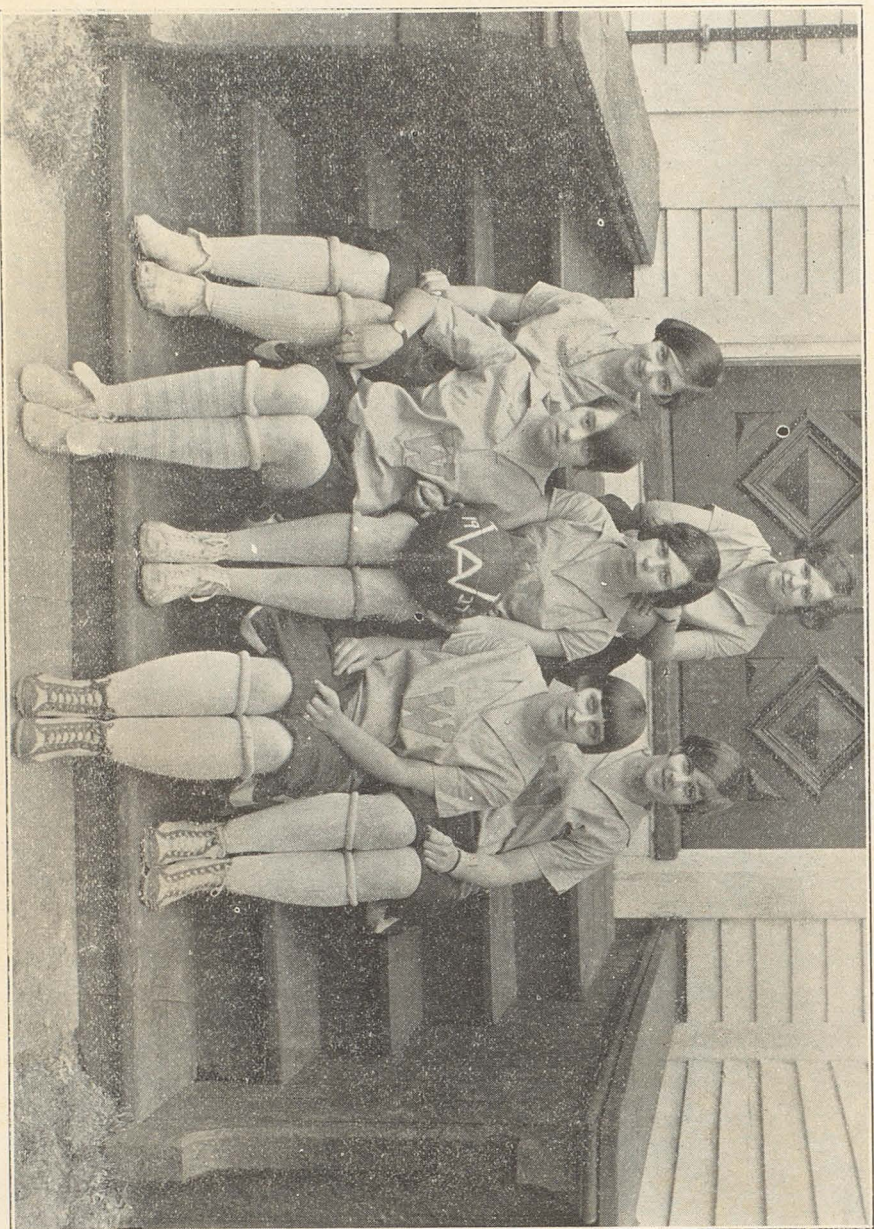
Fortunately we had chosen the week of a full moon for our cruise, so we could not afford to spend much of the night in sleep. Then Alaska is the land of the Aurora, the Northern Lights. The upright bars of light in the sky, of bright prismatic colors, march along the horizon, or a silver arc, like a gigantic rainbow, hangs motionless across the heavens. The Indians say, "The lights when the spirits dance".

In summer, Alaska is a land of sunshine and flowers. The rosy fireweed grows everywhere. The wild roses were the largest I've ever seen. Blue lupines, bluebells and wild pink peas grew in beds all along the shore. Have never seen more magnificent cultivated gardens than I saw in Skagway and Taku Arm, Alaska. Dahlias, asters, gladiolas, snapdragons, pansies and sweet peas from these cities, took first prizes at the recent Seattle Exposition.

The Coast Indians of Alaska are among the most picturesque of all American aborigines. Their totem poles, which are their heraldic shields and family trees combined, are often grotesquely carved out of a single tree. They bear at their crest the image of fox, raven, toad or other mythic creature, according to the family's affiliations.

On our cruise, we made short stops at several cities and places of inter-





GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM, 1926-1927

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est. Some of these were,—Alert Bay, where we saw unique totem poles, the Alert Bay salmon canneries and an Indian village with its queer cemetery; Prince Rupert, the Pacific Terminal of the Canadian National Railway, where there is a large floating drydock, 600 feet long, capable of lighting vessels of 20,000 tons, and also an important center for shipping halibut to Eastern Canada and the United States; Ketchikan, one of the largest and most prosperous cities in Alaska, has several fish canneries and a large cold storage plant; Wrangell, an old Russian settlement, situated near the mouth of the Stikine River and named after a former Russian Governor of Alaska; Juneau, the capital of Alaska, (pop. 3,500) with its splendid stores, curio shops, modern hotels, many beautiful residences and public buildings. Overlooking Juneau, on the side of Mt. Roberts, can be seen the mine of the Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Company, and the largest gold quartz mill in the United States or Alaska, with a capacity of 9,000 tons of ore per day.

The most interesting glacier visited was Taku which was very much alive and said to move about eight feet a day. The ice on the face of this glacier was over one hundred feet thick, approximately a mile wide and extends back into the mountains for about ninety miles. Great masses break from the towering ice front, and with a tremendous roar and splash, float off into Taku Inlet,—other icebergs.

We leave our steamer, "Princess Alice," at Skagway. We board an extraordinary railroad following the route which thousands of footsore and hungry prospectors took during the Klondike Gold Rush in 1898. Here and there in the deep abyss below us, stood little wooden crosses where the ambitious "get rich quick" traveller fell by the way, or ruins of rude shacks made for hasty homes. We pass over the Cantilever Bridge on

the Alaskan side of White Pass, which is one of the highest bridges of its kind in the world. For twenty-seven miles the railway followed the ever-winding shores of Lake Bennett, the rose-colored mountains on the opposite side rising sheer out of the water to a height of 5,000 feet or more.

At Carcross, the end of the railroad, we boarded a small steamer. "Tutshi," (pronounced too shy), for West Taku Arm, to visit "Ben-My-Chree" and meet Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, now eighty-five and ninety years young, who have lived in this remote corner of the north for about forty years. They met our boat and were the most delightful of hosts. We were served delicious rhubarb wine, tea, coffee, English sandwiches as thin as a leaf and perfection sponge cake. Then Mrs. Partridge played "America", "God Save The King" and some well-known hymns on an old-fashioned organ while the crowd of about one hundred sang. We were then shown flower and vegetable gardens, the like of which I've never seen. All plants in the flower garden were staked and pansy plants grew three feet tall; all other plants in comparison, due to intensive cultivation and long days of sunshine in summer. After about two hours spent amidst the beauties of "Ben-My-Chree", we all admit that this visit was a most unique experience and return to the steamer filled with amazement at what we have seen and heard.

We now wend our way back again, over practically the same route we came, but see all scenes from another angle, making the trip seem like an entirely different one.

Small wonder that the late John Muir, who has travelled much in Alaska and written several books about its glaciers, mountains and life, wrote: "I care to live only to entice people to look at Nature's loveliness."

ANNA ELIZABETH NELSON

Our Educational Mistake

Since the elective system was first instituted college education has become popularized by leaps and bounds. Today we are educating nearly everyone with some specialized type of knowledge which is supposed to fit one to think intelligently on divers and complicated social problems. We are thus approaching the peak of mass education. But before we reach that peak and impale our potential educative powers thereon, it seems proper to stop and consider whether this dangerous but highly approved system of wholesaling intelligence, is really educating the public mind as it is intended to do.

The intellectual limitations of the individual American's mind must be well known to everyone who has ever studied the workings of public opinion. They are amply shown by his indifference to the facts about contemporary politics, his emotional rather than reasoned attitude toward our international relations and his unconcerned feeling toward the domestic issues and movements of the day which vitally relate to his own welfare and that of the nation. The reasons for this are, I believe only the natural consequences of mass education. The student trained by this system usually has a great deal of profound and diversified knowledge systematically pigeon-holed away in his sponge-like brain. He is well informed on many difficult and comprehensive subjects. But he has crammed fact after fact into his mind so rapidly and mechanically that he has had no time to discuss or consider their interrelations. He is not a true scholar because he has never tried to relate the facts in his mind to general problems outside of his own particular profusion. His mind is so trained that in great political or social crises like the recent Sacco Vanzetti case he is often victimized by the intellectual follies of the uneducated. For he does not know

how to bring his knowledge to bear convincingly on complex public problems. Hence he does not have an enlightening effect on the public mind but becomes a part of its passions and hysteria.

The agency which really causes such social misfortunes is undoubtedly the over-emphasized idea of popular education. It is now believed in supposedly enlightened circles that the fine associations, the learned atmosphere and the cultural background of a college course have a beneficial and elevating influence upon anyone who has the time and money to put into it. In accordance with this belief the notably poor student goes to college with the genius and almost everyone, regardless of his innate intellectual capacity, industry or love of study helps to throng what were formerly "halls of learning." Consequently our Bachelor of Arts has definitely become a machine made product, and his kin are turned out as rapidly as college presidents can distribute diplomas and mumble the words of presentation.

For three years I have been watching this mass production of intelligence, and although I am thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of educating people to use their democratic privileges intelligently, this standardized type of education, for persons who are much unlike in ability and temperament, does not seem the right method of doing it. For there are in our institutions of liberal arts a great many poor or mediocre students who are quite unadapted to the mental discipline they are receiving. They take a very casual interest in everything except extra-curricula activities. They are the ones who have numerous conferences with the Dean and take up the time of the collegiate board. It is they whose athletic activities have gone far to help commercialize modern collegiate sports. Among them are the leaders of those wild fraternity carousals which the public thinks of as the real college life. From this it follows that the

public is kept misinformed as to the true aims of the college and therefore hostile to them, and the university is transformed into a socio-athletic institution rather than a place intended to give one a well rounded culture. But the worst specific effect of all is that inferior scholarship prevents ample class discussion, thus imposing the greater emphasis on taking notes and memorizing facts. Consequently the development of reasoning power can be given very little attention.

It has thus become a truism that culture cannot be obtained by this rightly called "factory method". So the question arises, what can we do about it? Apparently there is only one fair and sensible thing to do, namely, to carefully limit the enrollment of our colleges to students having genuine scholastic ability, i.e., to those ranking in the upper third of their high school classes. But such a radical statement needs qualification. Some of those students, not included in the upper third can profitably pursue a technical college course, as statistics and the opinions of our best education have proved. Moreover it is well known that industrial chemists and all kinds of engineers have many opportunities in these comparatively open fields today. But even here a limit must be made. As President Faunce of Brown University said several years ago "We must send some of our secondary students directly into business". The truth of this statement becomes more evident when we realize that half of our college graduates have to enter business anyway in order to earn a respectable living. Another important factor is the low esteem in which the college man is held by modern captains of business. Most of these consider a four year academic course as a superfluous and useless preparation for the business career that is to follow.

Yet there is a real problem in effecting these restrictions on popular education. Since everyone will desire recognition of his own talents there must

be a gradual departure from standardized types of teaching and training. A system of adaptation regulated by the natural abilities and temperaments of the individual is the most progressive change that contemporary public opinion will sanction. I am convinced, nevertheless, that natural scholars alone can ever become educated in the true sense of being able to think intelligently on political and social problems, and that public opinion will ultimately be led to think likewise.

To such a broad conception of education there is of course some really powerful opposition, especially from the technical classes. In this machine age they often control public opinion because the unspecialized public respects, technical reasoning which it cannot understand. To them the aim of education is to acquire the mastery of a technique. They desire the greatest possible mechanical speed and efficiency, and they discipline their minds that they may better manipulate natural forces. Through their industry and brains society has attained to greater prosperity and leisure. But society does not make the right use of this leisure and thus nullifies its possibilities of adding to popular culture. It does not indulge this leisure in broad intellectual occupations. Whereas the more skilled technicians do a great deal of thinking on routine matters they think very little about the doings of Congress, our relations with other countries or about matters which, if misunderstood or maladministered, would create considerable social damage.

But it is in the nature of things that this desired reform of technicians to an interest in public affairs is bound up with those influences which mold thought such as magazines and newspaper. The latter reflect public opinion, are financed by the public and therefore cannot be reformed. We must look for enlightenment elsewhere. One of the best existing ways is through the recently formed book guilds which are trying to make the

best books written easily available each month to busy technical and professional men. And confidence in such fine enterprises can only be effected by the radical change in education which I have mentioned.

It is only by selecting our best scholars to continue their education that the college graduate will ever rise to his rightful position of influential leadership in a democracy. There is at present too great a lack of faith in the knowledge and opinions of college men. The practical man, for example, without a college degree, cannot understand why his opinion on philosophical, political or social matters is not just as good as any man's. And well may he take such a position. For the recent decline in the college's intellectual standards has led psychologically to the attitude of individual intellectual infallibility among laymen. Instead of an ideal social system wherein the college man learns all the facts and promulgates them to the uneducated for their enlightenment, we have an order wherein the pretending man of culture does much partial and unscholarly research on current matters. It is just and natural that the public should not believe and assimilate the opinions conceived from this shallow and unscholarly kind of scholastic endeavor.

The unfortunate result of all this is that the public distrust has spread to the genuine man of culture. The layman swallows by gulps what he reads in the newspapers but he seldom reads the sound and unbiased articles found in our enlightened publications such as *The Nation*, *The New Republic* or the *Atlantic Monthly*. These articles do not reflect public opinion and so they shock the minds of laymen whose opinions reflect their own prejudice. It should be known therefore that these articles are based on the facts of keen and comprehensive study, that they are written by men who know how to relate their knowledge to a philosophy of life, and men who can interpret facts so that their existence becomes vital and useful to in-

telligent conclusion. These are the genuine men of culture whose literature should be heeded and mandates obeyed.

But the large body of the American people does not make these magazines its literature. It prefers the newspapers whose statements are limited in scope, influenced by partisanship and commercialized by the owners. That the layman's mind should be guided almost entirely by this despicable form of information bureau is the most tragical result of our present educational system. Our fiction takes the attractive form of quarterly murder stories told with all the necessary interest, mystery, dramatic force and detail which we find in contemporary "best sellers". It may surprise the reader to learn that nine hundred and eighty-six full newspaper pages covered on both sides were written, telegraphed and phoned by our immense and wonderfully organized press in the Hall-Mills murder case. Nor is our non-fiction much better. Its critical faculties are so paralyzed that for the past four years the Republican administration has received almost nothing but landation, encomium, panegyric and praise. Except for the weekly enlightened remarks of "The Nation" and *The New Republic* we have been kept in the dark about Mr. Coolidge's foreign policy. We have been excitedly told that we should not allow confiscation in Mexico, but the facts show that in nine times out of ten a court of international law would even deny its existence there in the case at issue. Then again, our troops have supposedly been in Nicaragua to protect American lives and property, but our critical searchlight now spots them as the implements of American imperialism. It is by doing away with such glaring bits of press misinformation that the public can begin to think with intelligence and discernment. And this can only be effected by so changing our educational system that the college graduate will really inspire public confidence.

Although it has many practical faults the change which I have outlined will perhaps provoke more thought on modern education by Gleaner readers. The writer has tried to get at the facts and has cast no intentional slurs at any particular kind of educational training. In view of these facts, however, it seems that no less radical things than the foregoing can be said concerning the present outlook for higher education.

QUINTIN M. SANGER '24.

Memories of California

As I look back over my five years in southern California I find that the memories of our mountain trips are freshest. How often Saturday afternoons we put a few "eats" into our knapsacks, donned our hiking clothes and, after driving to the foot of the trail, hiked five miles or more to cook a belated supper over a camp stove and spend the night on a hard old bunk. But the stillness and peace of the night and the glory of the sunrise repaid us. Then, after another meal we would start hiking down through canyons hundreds of feet deep, finally getting home tired and lame but satisfied with our lot in life and ready for another week. There are hundreds of camps in the mountains a few miles from Los Angeles, some of which can be reached by automobile, others only by hiking the trail or riding the pack mule or burro. I have no first hand information as to the ease and comfort of the last mentioned means of travel, but after observing the countenances of riders met on various trails, decided that hoofing it was less thrilling and more comfortable in the end.

One year we spent our vacation in Ice House Canyon on Mt. Baldy, which is approximately one mile above sea level, and can be reached by machine. Last Memorial Day we drove to Big Bear Lake for the week-end. Leaving

Santa Monica soon after noon, we drove through Los Angeles and out over the San Diego highway to San Bernardino on the edge of the desert. Then up and up, twisting and turning, for about twenty-eight miles of mountain road, reaching camp about ten that evening. Once again we heard the wind whispering in the pines and in the morning saw snow the first in five years. To be sure, it was miles away on the mountain peaks, but it looked near enough to be reached in a few minutes walk. After three wonderful days we drove down the mountain side in a regular parade of cars, the camps having had capacity crowds that holiday.

And we spent many delightful evenings and Sunday afternoons driving through the canyons and foothills near Los Angeles.

Then there are the splendid beaches, year round places of amusement. And Catalina, the "Magic Isle", owned by Wrigley, the chewing gum man, and spring training camp of the Chicago Cubs, Avalon, the only settlement on the island, is a tiny city of hotels, restaurants and souvenir shops. High upon the mountain side is Jane Grey's home and over across the harbor is Mr. Wrigley's palatial house. Cosily nestling down in the valley is the house where Gene Stratton Porter lived at one time. The island is almost barren, consisting of rocky mountains and crags where thousands of sheep run wild. We stayed in Villa City, called the largest one floor hotel in the world. There are about seven hundred tiny cabins in this city and every one was filled when we were there. Imagine the noise! The cabins are built of plaster board and canvas and cannot be called sound proof by any stretch of imagination.

One could spend months in the wonderful old missions. We visited the Mission Inn at Riverside, the San Fernando and the San Gabriel missions, and I deeply regret that we didn't spend more time in these places, full of the history of early California and

representing the high courage and faith of the padres who built them.

Because it seems so far beyond my poor power of description, I haven't mentioned Los Angeles, with its great churches, hotels, magnificent theatres, restaurants, and so on. Nor Hollywood, the city of moving picture fame. Nor Pasadena known as the city of millionaire homes, and famous for its annual tournament of roses held on New Years. Nor Long Beach affectionately called "little Iowa", with its Pike along the beach front its wonderful flowers and its thousands of oil wells. All these and many others are points of interest in southern California.

Aside from the many interesting places to be visited, there is the wonderful ease of daily life. Rarely is there an uncomfortable night in summer and while the sun is almost unbearably brilliant and scorching, if

one can stay under cover the days are not too hot. To be sure, the days are not always fair, and during the rainy season, the rivers become raging torrents, and often the streets are flooded. During our six winters in California, I remember but one frost which came the night before Christmas in 1924, killing the poinsettias and all the other flowers. This was indeed most unusual as all the boosters assured the newcomers.

It has often been said that having lived in California one is never content elsewhere. We are wondering if this will prove true with us. We get mighty homesick now for the balmy days and cool nights, for the luscious fruits and countless other things. But if our new business venture proves successful, we shall no doubt find compensation.

MARY FLYNN BLAKESLEE

A Question of Today

The future of the Chinese nation? 'Tis a question
O'er which the seers and sages ponder all in vain.
Shall stability emerge from dreary chaos,
And Liberty in highest truth yet reign?
Or down to deepest ruin shall this mighty
Land of centuries age-old despairing sink,
Falling prey to anarchy and fire and slaughter
While we, breathless, watch her struggles on the brink?

The future of the Chinese nation? Back in history
England's island lay by bitter conflict torn,
While the Cavalier and Cromwell strove for mastery
And it seemed as if of power she must be shorn.
Yet from that scene of Civil Wars and bloodshed
Rose the Empire "on whose boundaries the sun
Never sinks," and by whose "thin red lines of heroes"
"Dominion over palm and pine" is won.

The future of the Chinese nation? Is it darker
Than that which threatened France in long past years?
But today "They Shall Not Pass", the Verdun slogan
Rings in our memories, and unbidden tears
Of pride spring to our eyes, as we recall the
Honored names of Foch, of Joffre, of Petain.
And of the unknown ranks who fell in triumph
And purged their country's name of every stain.

The future of the Chinese nation? From the darkness
Russia's serfs are struggling upward to the light,
And across the line another strife is waging
As a waking people strive to gain the Right.
Hopeless? Never since the world began its history
Has the banner of the Truth trailed in the dust,
For when the cause seemed lost in woe and darkness
Then came the triumph of the armies just.

The future of the Chinese nation? A great drama
Is passing now before our watching eyes,
And from its stormy scenes of conflagration
In God's good time, the Light of dawn shall rise.
The smoke shall fade, the war-guns cease to thunder,
A mighty Purpose be to man revealed.
The future of the Chinese nation! Down the vistas
Of coming years, its might shall be unsealed.

NELLIE T. BURLESON
1905

A LETTER

Dear Gleaner:—

Perhaps you will be interested to hear of a wonderfully fine motor tour I took this spring from Mentone to Turin across the mountains. It is a magnificent trip scenically but quite terrifying to the nerves as the road is very steep and has many hair-pin curves winding over the mountains.

We started from Mentone on the French riviera at nine o'clock one lovely May morning. Our route lay first along a lovely valley past olive groves and well-tilled vineyards. After about an hour's run, we started to climb, our road winding higher and higher, passing through a superb gorge and merging out on the upper ridge with glorious views of the valleys below and the far Mediterranean sea beyond. Our road ran along the side of the mountains with rocky crags above us and a 2,000 foot chasm below. The picturesque little town of Sospel lay just over the crest, and from there on, our road sloped down again in a long gradual decline. Upon reaching the lower valley we ran for about twenty kilometers before arriving at the Italian frontier. There we made a quarter of an hour's stop to have our baggage and passports examined, and soon started on again, entering a wild gorge for a short run and emerging into the small village of Teuda where we stopped for luncheon at a little Italian Inn on the edge of a mountain stream. Trout caught from the veranda of the Inn and cooked to a turn, served to appease our hunger, together with spaghetti, a cheese omelet and a bottle of Chianti. We spent an hour there resting from the morning's drive and gaining courage for what was to come:—for before us lay the steepest and most difficult road to climb in all Europe (so we were told). The Colle di Tenda had to be crossed before we could reach Turin, and we looked up at the snow-capped peak where the Maritime Alps end and the

Ligurian Alps begin, and wondered if our car would have the power to reach the top. It was a thrilling experience but I confess to moments of fear. As we swerved around dizzy angles and sharp corners growing steeper and higher every moment. I was forced to close my eyes several times as I could not look either ahead or behind without a shudder. We only had about a foot of terra firma between our wheels and the edge of the precipice. The excitement did not last long as this perilous bit of road is only four kilometers in length, and we reached the summit (6145 feet) in safety and with great relief. Then we motored through the tunnel two miles in length, which cuts through the last bit of the Peak. Coming out into the daylight on the other side, we coasted down the long gentle incline into the fertile green plains of Piedmont and reached Turin the lovely old city and ancient Capital of the Sardinian Kingdom in the late afternoon.

The day's trip was a wonderful experience and I wish all my readers could have taken it too; but I do not feel like renewing the experience too often!

With affectionate greetings to all.

CONSTANCE HOLT

Library Notes

The library reports a busy year and from the standpoint of circulation a successful one, since the number of volumes circulated exceeds that of previous years.

One hundred and twenty-one new books were added during the year. A book carrier was purchased and added to the library equipment.

The library is in receipt of a beautiful new clock, the gift of Mrs. Clarence W. Bowen. Another gift is a collection of valuable Indian relics. This collection was begun by the late George Austin Bowen M. D. and con-

tinued by the late Oliver A. Hiscox and by his request presented to the Woodstock Library. These relics are of especial interest to the people of Woodstock because nearly all of the specimens were found in or near Woodstock. Plans are being made for their classification and arrangement in a suitable cabinet.

Academy Sunday Service

Woodstock, Connecticut

June 12, 1927

Processional—March in C

Edouard Batiste

Holy, Holy, Holy

Invocation

Hymn No. 369—

Forward! Be Our Watchword

Responsive Reading

Gloria Patri

Aria—The Lord Is My Light Allitsen

Scripture Lesson

Violin Solo—Ave Maria Schubert

Prayer

Soprano Solo—The Light of Heaven

With Violin Obligato

Gounod

Notices

Hymn No. 439—

Lead On, Oh King Eternal

Sermon

Mr. John H. Meengs

Hymn No. 642—

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

Benediction

Recessional—Alla Marcia in D

Mansfield

(The Congregation Seated)

Mrs. Adelaide Merritt Organist

Miss Louise M. Lawton Soloist

Miss Esther Rouse Violinist

Graduation Exercises

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Seven

Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Connecticut, Friday, June 17, 1927 at two-thirty o'clock p. m.

Commencement March

Orchestra

Prayer

Rev. Henry D. Baker

Chorus—"A Love Dream"

Liszt

Commencement Address

Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D.,

L. L. D. of Yale Divinity School

Chorus, "Old Ironsides"

Charles P. Scott

Overture

Orchestra

Presentation of Diplomas

Honorable Richard P. Freeman, L.L.B.

Congressman of the Second District

of Connecticut

Fair Woodstock

Announcements

Recessional

Orchestra

Class of 1927

"Finimus Coepturi"

Latin Scientific Course

*Walter Chrzan

English Scientific Course

†Vera Maren Cross

Einar Hansen

General Course

Pearle Mildred Cady

Dorothy Lillibridge

Elizabeth Lowe

Constance Louise Williams

George Cornelius Smith

*Highest Honors in Scholarship.

†Second Honors in Scholarship.

Class Day Exercises

June 16 at 2:00 p. m.

Salutatory

Vera Maren Cross

History

Dorothy Lillibridge

Statistics

Constance Williams and Elizabeth Lowe

Will

George Cornelius Smith

Prophecy

Pearle Mildred Cady

Valedictory

Walter Chrzan

Tree Oration

Einar Hansen

Song—"Woodstock Academy"

PRIZES AWARDED

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Those entitled to the prize offer of Judge Holt, a copy of "The Oxford Book of English Verse" and two dollars for committing to memory selections from the following poems, Lyerdac, Lines to Mary, Elegy, Highland Mary, Ode to a Nightingale, The Arsenal, The Concord Hymn, The Bridge of Sighs, were: Kenneth Pike, Elizabeth Lowe, Gertrude Gobin, Ruth Palmer, Vera Cross, Constance Wetherell, Florence Child, Pearle Cady, Doris Basto, Beatrice Child, Constance Williams, Roxana Child, Dorothy Lillibridge, John Meehan.

Other prizes given by Judge Holt were:

English, Ruth Palmer, five dollars, Elsie Hibbard, three dollars, John Meehan, two dollars.

French, John Mæehan, five dollars, Ellen Carlson, three dollars, Cedric Child, two dollars.

The following prizes of gold were awarded:

Law Scholarships—

U. S. History, Cedric Child, ten dollars.

English I, Ruth Palmer, ten dollars.

English II, John Meehan, ten dollars.

Algebra, Eunice Pike, ten dollars.

Spelling contest, Elsie Johnson, five dollars.

Mrs. Ely R. Hall prize of five dollars for the best English essay during the present year, Vera Cross.

Dr. Charles D. Alton prizes of five dollars each to the boy and girl who showed the most conscientious effort in their school year preceding their graduation, Pearle Cady, Einar Hansen.

Miss Constance Holt gives a prize of ten dollars in memory of Mr. Ely R. Hall to that undergraduate of the Academy who shall during the year attain the highest rank in Latin. Ruth Palmer.

Woodstock Academy is renowned for the great men and women that it has graduated. The education secured here enabled these people to rise to their positions of fame. The great poetess, Edna Proctor, was a teacher in this institute. William C. Coilar, writer of text books, and Louise Moulton, the novelist, were pupils here.

William L. Marcy was educated here and here he laid the foundation upon which he built to become Governor of New York, United States Senator, and Secretary of State. Charles Morris became a Commodore in the United States Navy. William Harris rose to the position of Commissioner of Education in the United States. Both of these were educated here. Jedidiah Morse, the famous writer of geography, also attended the Academy. His son, Samuel F. B. Morse, became famous by inventing the telegraph. George Doane, the writer of hymns, received his education here, as well as Hamilton Holt, lecturer, and President of Rollins College, and many members of the well-known McClellan family. There are many more names that could be mentioned if time were not lacking.

As Woodstock Academy has served these people then, so it serves the people today. It is the center of Woodstock's activity, and all the people are justly proud of it. Without it what would Woodstock be? This Academy has been in existence for over a century and a quarter, and all the traditions of Woodstock are closely linked with this venerable building. Of all the Academies which abounded in Connecticut, this is the sole survivor of time; all others have perished.

Each year a new class leaves this institute, and goes out into the world, where new laurels are won and new honors are gained for its Alma Mater. Now the day has come when another class bids you farewell. Our days of happiness and close intimacy with you

are at an end. The busy world calls us. We must go. We are now to enter the turmoil of life, where we will strive to make a name for our Alma Mater. We shall always cherish you in our hearts, and your name will never fade from our memory.

During the years that we spent with you, our greatest ambition was to reach this day; but now that the goal is gained, its luster has departed. However, the days that we spent here with you will never be forgotten. Our spirit will remain here together with that of all former classes, attempting to make your fame mount higher and higher. And so we leave you with this great desire, that you may be justly proud of us. Our aim can be best expressed by quoting from Tennyson:

"That which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but
strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield."

WALTER CHRZAN

TREE ORATION

Four short years have passed since we were welcomed into this Academy as students. During that time we have learned to love and honor this glorious old institution, established more than a century and a quarter ago, for the purpose of sending out into the world men and women of high ideals and the inspiration to serve others. By so doing it will make life more worth living. We came here to build a foundation for our future, and it is our sincerest hope that it will be found invincible.

This day marks the end of our High School career. A day looked forward to by us all, and yet deep in our hearts there is a regret that we must leave behind our schoolmates and devoted teachers. It is only fitting that we should plant here, a tree, as a lasting remembrance of our love for Woodstock Academy.

You, Oh Tree, are one of God's greatest handiworks. May we profit by your example and in future years be able to give comfort to others as you give rest and shade to those who lie beneath your spreading branches. As your roots dig deeply into the soil, so may we become deeply implanted in the hearts of our friends. As your branches steadily grow outward, may we strive towards the accomplishments of our goal. As your branches grow upward, may we grow to seek the higher things of life.

As the years go by and we have become men and women, may we rejoice in coming back to dear old Woodstock and find this tree grown big and wonderful, as we hope to have grown in character. The poem, "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer, expresses best my idea of a tree:

"I think I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet-flowing
breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

So, farewell schoolmates. But to your happy friendships we cannot bid farewell because they will always remain with us wherever we go. The good times we have shared with you can never be forgotten.

We bid farewell to our teachers. It is by their untiring efforts that we have attained knowledge, inspiration, and encouragement to face life without flinching.

And, last of all, farewell Alma Mater! Farewell to all thy cares and never to be forgotten joys. May thy name be ever carried on and may your sons and daughters be an honor to you, as they have in the past.

EINAR HANSEN

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

The first social event of the year was an illustrated lecture, "Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man" by William Webster Ellsworth. It was through Mr. Clarence W. Bowen's generosity that we had this very interesting and instructive evening.

On Thanksgiving Eve the Senior class presented a short program of musical selections and readings which had involved more fun than work in the arranging. But if the program wasn't entirely successful, it was soon forgotten when Lester Gallup's "Collegiate Ramblers" of W. P. I. took the stage. After having danced until midnight, the people went home though a moon-lit, wind-swept night.

Miss Drake soon began work on "Mr. Bob," the school play. The cast was chosen from all four classes and they did very good work. The play was presented twice, under the auspices of the Hall Memorial Fund. December 16, 1926, was the date of the first performance and it was repeated on December 29, 1926. The second time it was given a band and orchestra, led by Vernon Wetherell afforded further very enjoyable entertainment.

The Junior Prom came early on the evening of March 11, 1927. The hall was decorated with crepe paper of many colors with a lowered ceiling and soft light effect. The patron and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wyeth, Mrs. William M. Gallup, Mrs. William C. Child and Miss Priscilla Drake. Music for dancing was furnished by Lester Gallup's orchestra from W. P. I.

The Operetta, "The Belle of Barcelona" was presented to a large audience on the evening of April twenty-ninth. Miss MacDonald had directed and coached it and Miss Macomber was the pianist. Vera Cross was Margarita de Montero, the Belle of Barcelona and Lieutenant "Hal" Wright of the U. S. A. was Cedric Child. Sir Patrick Malone, Gregory Kempf, was undoubtedly the most popular person that evening. He did justice to a comic solo, "Woman Divine" and as soon as the audience was quieted after one of his jokes, he was ready with another.

The Palmer Memorial Hall was opened for the annual Junior Play, "The Adventures of Grandpa" was presented to an appreciative audience on May 13, 1927. By dint of much hard work on the whole class and excellent coaching by Miss Drake it was a performance characterized by good acting and much "pep". Robert Pike was "Grandpa", the principal character. All the other parts were equally difficult and equally well taken. Players of previous Junior Plays declared: "You did splendidly, Juniors of '28—almost as well as we did" and that is right royal tribute for, of course, each class considers its own the best ever.

The Seniors, having considered carefully, "profit and loss" from the operetta were discussing ways and means of making more money, and soon tickets were on sale for "Mrs. Tubbs of Shanty Town," a play given by Worcester players in Academy Hall, on May twenty-seventh. It was a performance of jolly good fun and very good acting. Among the musicians who come with the players to give further entertainment was Mrs. Ida Masters who gave us a delightful solo. This evening's entertainment had been arranged through the efforts of the class President, Dorothy Lillibridge.

The usual last week of school rush prevailed again but amid the rush there was time for a great deal of en-

joyment. Several groups in the school had picnics if they could find a pleasant day and others planned picnics which the weather did not permit them to have.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyeth gave the Seniors a party on Monday evening of Commencement week. Perhaps if people could have heard the joyous accounts of that party which were given to friends of the class the next day, that would be a more efficient way of telling what a lovely time they had than for me to write it here. Mr. and Mrs. Wyeth certainly had been very thoughtful and generous and the Seniors appreciated it very much.

Class Day, the afternoon before Commencement was Fun Day. Vera Cross as Salutatorian opened the program with a short speech of welcome. Then followed a program, in which each member of the class of 1927 had a part, which was ended by a valedictory address by Walter Chrzan. The Class Prophecy, Statistics and History by Pearle Cady, Constance Williams, Elizabeth Lowe, and Dorothy Lillibridge were full of good jokes and interesting facts and I'm sure the Juniors were pleased with the will which was read by the Secretary, George C. Smith. Einar Hansen gave the tree oration. Though this part of the program held nothing funny and he stated no definite facts of history. I know that that part of the program will be remembered when the rest is all forgotten. The class tree was a tiny oak, not more than a foot high, which had grown from an acorn brought from Woodstock, England by Mr. Clarence Bowen. At the close of the Senior program, which had been delivered out on the lawn between the back door of the Academy and the Library where the little oak tree was planted, the whole assembly sang "Fair Woodstock." On Commencement afternoon, June seventeenth, the Academy Hall was once more packed with friends and alumni. The commencement address was delivered by Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D., LLD

and the diplomas were presented by Congressman Richard P. Freeman.

The Juniors had prepared a lovely reception for the Seniors. While Mrs. Wyeth, Miss Chandler and Mrs. Smith and the Seniors received friends, Lester Gallup's "Collegiate Ramblers" of W. P. I. played some wonderful concert music. The grand march was led by the officers of the class of 1927, Dorothy Lillibridge, Einar Hansen, Elizabeth Lowe and George Smith. At midnight came the end of the school year of 1926-27.

VERA M. CROSS

A Review of The Year

Woodstock Academy opened her doors for her one hundred twenty-sixth year as an educational institution with an enrollment of fifty-seven students. The staff was almost completely changed for Mr. Closson was the only one of the former teachers to return. The new teachers were experienced so that the year's work began promptly in pleasant surroundings for the walk of the corridors had been painted and the efforts of an efficient janitor had made the building and grounds clean and attractive.

Again to the delight of the students Mr. Frederick W. Hinrichs gave a series of talks every Wednesday morning during the fall. His topic "The Constitution" interested every boy and girl and the subject was of particular value to the students of the American History class. The school is deeply indebted to Mr. Hinrichs for his willingness to share his fund of knowledge about subjects that are of vital importance to its students.

The Academy Y group was begun under the leadership of the Reverend David P. Hatch. Even though it was known that Mr. Hatch could not carry on as leader through the entire year, the boys were anxious to have a Hi-Y club at the Academy. After Mr. Hatch assumed his new pastorate the club was promoted by the county leader

Mr. Edwin Hill and Cedric Child the president of the club. The Club voted to maintain itself as a discussion group where problems of interest to boys might be considered thoughtfully and intelligently.

With the realization that people universally have a tendency to dramatize situations in every day life an effort was made to give more students the opportunity of taking part in a play. Two dramatic presentations were made during the year under the direction of Miss Drake of the English Department. "Mr. Bob" was given by a cast chosen from the entire school. Later the same play was repeated during the Christmas vacation. The Junior class presented as their play, "The Adventures of Grandpa" a three act comedy. Miss Drake deserves praise for giving so generously of her time for the preparation of these plays.

Of those in the class of 1927 Walter Chrzan gained the highest mark in scholarship. This honor is a notable one when it is known that this student carried six subjects in his senior year and completed his course in three years. Ruth Palmer won the English prize for Freshmen under the Law Scholarship, the English prize donated by Judge Holt and the Latin prize given by Miss Constance Holt. The last two prizes were open to any member of the Academy. Vera Cross was awarded second honors in scholarship.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Wyeth international correspondence has been introduced this year. Fifteen boys and girls of the Academy are corresponding with boys and girls of similar ages in England, Scotland, Australia, South Africa, Czecho-Slovakia, and France. The object of this correspondence is to promote world friendship.

The following letter was received by Ruth Palmer from a 13 year old English girl.

10 Queen's Road,

June 20, 1927.

Dear Ruth:—

Thank you for your letter and photo. What glorious trees those apple trees are. They seem all blossoms and no leaves. I have never seen such big ones in England. You do seem to have lovely scenery round your house but that is one of the advantages of living in the country. Bradford, alas, is a very prosaic town. It is very old but there are hardly any old buildings left in it, though you can tell which are the old streets because they end in "gate". Ivgate is one of the oldest streets. I like it. It is ever so steep and narrow and you can just imagine it being defended step by step. There used to be an old prison at the top but it is not there now. Bradford Beck runs right under Market Street but you would never guess it. Bradford was a Puritan town during the Civil Wars and it was besieged by the Cavaliers and the Puritans hung sacks of wool on the Cathedral to prevent it being damaged and in the part of the town which was besieged there is still King Charles Street and Cavalier Street. Lord Newcastle was besieging it and during the siege he slept at Bolling Hall and they say that a ghost came to him in the night, a woman in white, wringing her hands and saying "Pity poor Bradford, Pity poor Bradford." The church is still standing. It was then only the Parish church but it is now a Cathedral. My grandmother was married there. I have not been to Bolling Hall but my sister has and she has seen the bed in which Lord Newcastle slept. The ghost is still supposed to be there but I don't think anyone has seen it. We have got to Charles I's execution now in history and our class had a long debate as to whether they were right to kill him. There are 32 girls in our class, I and five others were for the King and all the rest were Roundheads. We argued hotly for two lessons (an hour and a half) but when the vote was taken the Roundheads won. We Cavaliers remained loyal to Charles and refused to be convinced. I have always been a Cavalier and I greatly dislike Cromwell.

The only Roundhead I like is Sir Thomas Fairfax. He was a York-shireman and when the Roundheads wanted to smash all our precious glass in York Minister he would not let them. York is a glorious old town. Miss Whiting took us to see it on a history excursion. It is absolutely old, nearly all the streets end in "gate". There are all the old bars still standing. A bar is a big gate. The walls run all round the town and you can walk on them. They have Roman foundations. York was a Roman town. It was called Eboracum. They have made excavations and found lots of Roman things. In one museum there is a coil of hair with jet pins in which belonged to a Roman lady. It is dark red and she must have had piles of it. The narrowest street is the Shambles. All Americans go there. You can about shake hands across the street. It is called the Shambles because all the butchers shops are there. The Minster is the loveliest place though. It celebrates its thirteen hundredth birthday this year and you can see its stately grey towers long before you get to York as the town is very flat. They took all the most valuable glass out during the war and buried it deep down in the ground. One night a zeppelin passed right over the Minster but it was so dark they could not see it or they would certainly have bombed it. The Five Sister's window is one of the loveliest windows. It was worked on tapestry by five sisters and then done in glass. If you see it from a certain direction you see it framed in a double Gothic arch. It is all a glorious green glass but when you look at it close to it is really all colors. It was cleaned and restored by the women of the Empire. I could go on describing York for hours but I think I had better stop.

We are going from school to see the eclipse on June 29th. We start off for Hartlepool at two o'clock in the morning. It will be most exciting. By the time you get this letter it will be over and done with so I will tell you about it next time. It is nice to be-

long to a big public school as you go to so many places. We go to see one of the Shakespeare plays when Sir Frank Benson or Henry Baynton come and we went to see Pavlova too. Do you like going to the pictures? I do, but not those silly society pictures but nice historical pictures and exploration pictures. We went to see the Epic of Everest. It was ripping, all glacier and ice and things and you could see all the storm-clouds coming up terribly quickly on to Mt. Everest. The Great White Silence was ripping too. That was about Scott and the South Pole and was so pathetic at the end when they found them in the tent only eleven miles from the depot where there was food.

I will send you some postcards of York. Also a postcard in our quaint Yorkshire dialect. You will have some fun over it as I don't expect you will understand a word of it.

Much love from

VIOLET

ATHLETICS

There was no football team at Woodstock Academy in 1926. With but seventeen boys in the enrollment, it was found to be impossible to get eleven capable of making a team, though the boys practised during their gymnasium periods, and plan to have a team as soon as possible.

The basketball team, captained by George Smith, played a complete schedule. They won no games but scores with the Trade School and Plainfield from the first. The team had little experienced material, no strong man for forward, and no coach. In spite of the handicaps, two or three very good games were played, where the spirit was high and the playing good.

In baseball nothing was accomplished, the boys devoting most of the Spring season to track. No meets were participated in, but several new men

got training this Spring and the outlook for next year is better.

The girls, with more material, and with Miss Drake as coach, had a more successful athletic season in 1926-27.

In basketball they played several games. They were defeated by Plainfield this year, but the Putnam game was a tie. They defeated the Connecticut Aggie Freshman team 26-17 at Storrs. Beatrice Child and Rebecca Hibbard were forwards, and Dorothy Lillibridge and Florence Child played center. Constance Wetherell was captain and played right guard, with Elsie Hibbard at left.

The girls did very well in track athletics. With Miss Drake's help, they built a good track team from green material, and won the girl's meet at Brooklyn, Conn. Woodstock got twenty-eight and one-half points and Putnam was next with nineteen.

Woodstock got the following first: Constance Wetherell, in the standing broad jump; Elsie Hibbard, in the basketball throw; Rebecca Hibbard in the baseball throw and Florence Johnson and Elsie Hibbard in the three-legged race. Our relay team, composed of Florence Child, Rebecca Hibbard, Doris Basto and Constance Wetherell got first place. Constance Wetherell, with six and one-half won the most points.

The girls lose only one member of the basketball team by graduation this year, and no member of the track team. They have reason to anticipate, with conscientious practice, a successful season next year in both the sports.

WILLIAM F. CLOSSON

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

The girls' basket ball team this past year played some good games, as all but one returned again this Fall we are looking for many victories this year.

First row, Dorothy Lillibridge (graduate) daughter of Charles Sabin and Ruby Lillibridge Spalding.

Elsie Hibbard, daughter of Albert H. and Lew Cox Hibbard.

Second row, Beatrice Child, daughter of the late Spencer H. and Mabel Whittaker Child.

Constance Wetherell, daughter of George A. and Flora Steere Wetherell. Rebecca Hibbard, sister of Elsie.

Florence A. Child, daughter of William C. and Lucy Healey Child.

Athletic Association Report

Receipts

Cash on hand	\$ 5.01
Candy	131.30
Dues	22.70
Magazines	59.50
Guarantees	73.00
Admission to games	83.65
Ellsworth entertainment	12.50
Total receipts	\$387.66
Total expenditures	\$321.46
Balance	\$ 66.20

Expenditures

Athletic equipment (purchased 1925-26)	\$ 52.19
Printing (1925-26)	2.25
Return of loan by Mr. Childs (1925-26)	25.00
Candy	89.80
Athletic equipment (1926-27)	30.97
Incidentals for B. B. games	.25
Guarantees	63.00
Transportation	18.00
Referees	38.00
Telephone	2.00
Total expenditures	\$321.46

Respectfully submitted,

VERA M. CROSS,

Treasurer

Alumni Association Report

President, Willard H. Wyeth.

Vice Presidents, Ethel Upham, Beatrice Healey, Mrs. William Closson, Miriam Ware.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee, Principal of land Conservatory of Music. Boston, Woodstock Academy, Rilla Child, Albert Williams, Clayton Peckham. Editor, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Treasurer's Report

Cash on hand June 1926	\$111.64
Sale of Gleaners	59.50
Advertisements	95.25
Interest on Bank Book	1.69
Balance from Alumni Reunion	42.15
Cash on hand	16.00
	<hr/>
	\$326.23
	<hr/>
Expenses	
Publishing Gleaner	\$ 80.00
Editor	30.00
Stamps	8.55
Two cuts	19.00
Mr. Rollins Pictures	1.00
Adv. in Putnam Patriot for Fair Booth	1.50
Postal cards and clips for reunion	21.83
Hall Gymnasium Fund	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$211.88
Balance on hand June 1927	\$114.35

MRS. RUTH W. GALLUP,
Treasurer

Woodstock, Conn.

FACULTY ITEMS

Principal Willard H. Wyeth and family after a pleasant vacation, have for a second year taken up their duties at W. A.

William F. Closson returns this year as Assistant Principal.

Miss Priscilla Drake and Miss Ellen Macomber also are with us again this year.

Our new music teacher is Miss Louise Pike, of Exeter, New Hampshire. She is a graduate of the New Eng-

land Conservatory of Music. Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel Upham remains at home but does substitute work at the Academy when needed.

The following teachers have visited Woodstock this past Summer but report nothing new: Mrs. William Mill nee Mildred Foye, Miss Marjorie Pease, Miss Lucy Reed and Miss Constance Grigg.

Miss Elizabeth J. Ross lives in Hartford and continues to teach at the West Hartford High school.

Mrs. William E. Bawden nee Esther Rouse lives in Missoula, Montana. Last year she had charge of the music in the school of Poplar, Montana and Mr. Bawden was teacher of mathematics and physics also director of athletics at the Poplar High school.

Mr. Maurice F. Childs and daughter Florence called on friends here as they were going through to Boston. Mrs. Childs and Lois were well.

Miss Susan D. Gordon makes her home at 194 Angell St., Providence, R. I. She has spent some time in Woodstock this Summer.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Bingham, who has just completed her twentieth year in the White School of Springfield, has been for more than fifteen years demonstrating what parent-teacher co-operation may do.

"For fully fifteen years," Mrs. Bingham says, "we have been blessed at the White Street School with the hearty co-operation of the parents; first through the influence of an efficient Mothers' Club, which was later merged into a Parent-Teacher Association. We have learned by experience what it means to have the home and school brought into friendly and sympathetic relations.

"After serving twice as vice-president, I accepted the position of president for one year. Soon after the expiration of my term of service, the opportunity came to assist the Council."

Mrs. Bingham was elected chairman of the Springfield City Council of Parent-Teacher Associations, which was organized with a membership of

six associations. Soon after the Council was formed, several new associations were organized, and some unaffiliated groups joined the state, in order to be eligible to membership in the Council. At the close of the year, the Council numbered twenty-three associations.

Last year Mrs. Bingham, with another White Street School teacher, entered a contest conducted by the Savings Banks of America, offering prizes for the six best outlines on how Thrift might be taught in all the grades of the High School. Three of the prizes were captured by Massachusetts teachers, of which three Mrs. Bingham was one.

As a sequence to this work, the three prize-winners collaborated in a text-book on "The Value and Use of Money," which they expect will be introduced to the schools, since it has already been authorized to be included in Arithmetic Outlines, and which they hope will have a strong influence in stimulating children towards good habits in the use of money.

With all her school work and duties as chairman of the Council, Mrs. Bingham found time to write and personally direct a charming playlet or pageant which was given at the Annual State Convention of the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association held in Pittsfield October 20 to 22, 1927.

STUDENT PERSONALS

In the Casper, Wyoming Daily Tribune, we find this interesting article:

A pleasant oasis in a dry and thirsty land is the H. C. Leavitt homestead at the foot of Casper Mountain, and home of the famous Hill Crest spring. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt are New Englanders who came out nearly twenty years ago from Connecticut, following their sons, Wallace and Kenneth, who preceded them to the high and dry country of the health-giving plains. When Mr. Leavitt picked out his mountain

home, with a view of Casper in the distance, the place had just one flaw, and that was later to become its most valuable asset. On the crest of a hill was a seeming bog that extended down the hillside, and became a menace to livestock, who occasionally mired there in efforts to get a drink. To make this a safe watering place for stock it was tile drained, and in excavating a channel a beautiful flowing spring was uncovered, its clear cold water attracting the attention of all who tasted it. A sample was tested at the chemical laboratory at the refinery by Dr. Loy, who declared it to be perfectly pure. The state chemist afterwards reported mist favorably upon it, and it has since become popular with thousands of Casper people who prefer mountain spring water to the city product. The Hill Crest Water company is too well known to require a story but the spring, housed under tight cover, and no longer an open drinking pool is a place of interest, though not more so than the pretty and profitable little ranch, with its trees and green lawn, its garden and straw berry patch, all irrigated with pure Hill Crest water.

Fifty-Third Anniversary

In August Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Leavitt celebrated their fifty-third wedding anniversary. Few married couples reach this distinction and retain more vivacity, humor, and social qualities than Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt. A varied and lively experience including travel, public entertaining, and wide interests may be partly responsible for so gracefully attaining the fifty-third milestone in married life. As musicians and soloists, well connected with some of New England's best, life has never been dull for this successful couple. Reversal and bereavement have been heroically met, and declining years are faced with the calm fortitude of those whose lives have been well spent. From the comfortable rustic cabin under the trees on the mountain side they view Casper in the hazy distance like a gem on the landscape, and at night a bowl of

light. Modern conveniences with country privileges are combined here in the mountains.

John H. Williams is a machinist in Derby, Conn. His postoffice address is Shelton, Conn. Both he and his wife have a prominent part in church work there. They have a lively son, John Howard, Jr.

Miss Ida Sanger enjoyed an automobile trip to Canada, this summer.

Adeline Sumner Bosworth is kept busy at home in Eastford.

Jennie Bosworth Tatem is busy as ever in her home village, Eastford.

Helen Foster Lowe, accompanied by her husband, Oliver H. Lowe, and son Merrill, makes occasional visits to Woodstock.

Carl P. Nelson is busy on the home farm and is much interested in strawberry growing and pure bred chickens.

Freeman R. Nelson continues his duties as the popular mail carrier on Route No. 2, Pomfret Center, besides attending to many duties in both Woodstock and Pomfret. He was best man at the Wells-Johnson wedding, July 2, 1927.

Maude Scranton Kitson now and then makes flying visits to her old home in South Woodstock.

Olive Moore Basto and husband are conducting the Basto farm, Clover Crest, South Woodstock.

Raymond K. Safford is successfully conducting the store formerly owned by his father.

Hazen A. Calhoun has completed a year's work at Tuft's College.

Evelyn H. Calhoun has graduated from Bryant and Stratton's Business College and is at present employed in the office of The Putnam Light and Power Company.

Henry E. Bannister of Webster is now located on Main street next to the Liberty Theatre. In 1924 he was burned out and had to locate on a side street. Mr. Bannister would be very glad to welcome all friends in this new location.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Williamson have purchased the Clinton Williams

place in West Woodstock and with their son Paul they plan before very long to make it their home. On August 6, their daughter Eunice was married to Vine R. Parmelee a lawyer in Hartford. They have their home in Windsor.

Lois A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bannister nee Bertha L. Hibbard, Smith '24 after teaching two years in Concord, N. H., spent last year in study at Clark University, Worcester receiving her M. A., in June. She already had her B. A. This year she is teaching at Packer School in Brooklyn, N. Y. Dexter their son graduated from Bartlett High school in June.

Mrs. Susie Morse Williams has sold her place in Brooklyn, Conn., and is pleasantly located in Danielson.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine and Mrs. Annie Comings Kelton spent a delightful week in Woodstock visiting together and with old friends.

Relatives of Rev. George Hibbard of Bradford, N. H., have received announcements of his third marriage. The bride is a New Hampshire lady who has been a teacher in Boston.

Miss Nettie Phillips, teaches in Thompsonville, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wyman nee Lucy Allen of Somerville, Mass., spend their vacation on Allen Hill, Kenyonville.

Mrs. Alice Hibbard Hayward and daughter Elizabeth spend considerable time at their summer home in West Woodstock.

In a letter dated September 15, 1927 William D. Johnson of Hartford writes:

"I usually forget to send you any news in time for publication, but will say that I am the oldest practicing architect in years of practice in Hartford, having started here in 1891, and have planned over 1100 buildings covering nearly every type of building. The alterations to the Second Congregational church in Putnam, and the Parish House and alterations to the Westfield Congregational Church in Danielson, are local church-

es that I have been Architect for."

Mrs. Lottie Chandler May has moved to North Woodstock to make her home with Mrs. N. D. Skinner.

Albert McClellan Mathewson and wife of New Haven stopped at the Ben Grosvenor in Pomfret in August and enjoyed motoring about the country and seeing their friends.

Anthony M. Tourtellotte is a wholesale commission merchant of fruit and produce on Canal Street, Providence.

We hear that Sidney R. Turner is in some way connected with Mr. Tourtellotte in this wholesale business.

Sidney Butler expects his work will take him to California this winter. His daughter Alice is in Abbott Academy, Andover and his son Aldis is a freshman at South Kent.

On July 2, Pauline W. Lyon, daughter of the late Fred H. Lyons and Mrs. Lyon was married to Dr. Howard A. Lanphear of Hartford, Conn.

Eric H. Johnson of Putnam in June attended the fiftieth reunion of his class at Yale college and at the same time his son Donald attended the sixth reunion of his class. On August 17, Donald was married to Frances S. Hyde of Benson, Vermont.

Friends of Mrs. Bessie Newton Thomas have received cards from her from England. We hope she is having a nice trip.

Alanson Colvin, son of Everett and Alma Phillips Colvin of Danielson, Conn., is much interested in aviation and we hear is taking up passengers.

On September 3rd Albert S. Pratt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Pratt, nee Allena Sanger of Pomfret was married to Caroline D. Ruggles, Milton, Mass.

Sidney N. Morse closed his active classroom teaching at Williston Academy last June and in the Williston Bulletin Principal Galbrath says "Though others may have surpassed him in length of service, no one has surpassed him in quality of teaching, in breadth of sympathy, or in devotion to his chosen work. He will con-

tinue, for many years we hope, his work as alumni secretary.

1894

Charles G. Burd has not been heard from. He is probably too busy, tending his "flock" to write.

Albert D. Merwin and wife, Mabelle Hammond spent their vacation in Providence and called on some of their Woodstock friends.

Anne Hall Gaylord and husband are motoring through all the interesting beautiful places of Southern California, making their headquarters at Santa Monica. She has studied the Spanish and Indian architecture there and is captivated by the desert flowers which draw many tourists.

Alfred T. Child continues his work as Associate Professor of Chemical Engineering at Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, Ind.

He is very much interested in smoke abatement work and is President of the Terre Haute Smoke Abatement League. Smoke abatement is very much needed in the middle western cities where soft coal is the usual fuel both in homes and industrial plants. Mrs. Child with her sister is bringing out a new cook book with entirely novel treatment of the subject matter.

Alfred Thurston Jr. graduated from Harvard last Spring with honor. Eunice is studying physical education at the University of Michigan. She graduates next Spring. Margaret graduates from Radcliffe next Spring. She has taken a prominent part in the dramatic work of the college. During the past summer Louise successfully passed the Junior Red Cross life saving test at Camp Neshove, South Fairlie, Vermont.

1895

Estella Tompkins Waterbury, we would like to see in Woodstock.

Jessie Bowen Palmer's daughter graduates from Pomona College next June.

Edward L. Child and Everett L. Upham are in the same business and

come to Woodstock often to visit their parents. motors to Woodstock to see his brother.

Edith Hall Dohan is not lecturing at Bryn Mawr this year but keeps busy about the home. We wish to express our sympathy to Edith in the loss of her mother. Constance Holt with her father and sister will spend another winter abroad. Read her letter on another page.

Sara Colvin Williamson's daughter Amey is a Freshman at Brown. Howard M. Frost's twin daughters Josephine and Adelaide entered Mt. Holyoke College this Fall and Howard Marshall Jr. is a Freshman at the Polytechnic School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is the same busy lady.

Burton T. Fitts' address is 27 Ferncrest Ave., Edgewood, R. I.

Ralph H. Sabin has been in Pomfret several times of late, being called there because of the death of his uncle.

Mowry Ross and family spent their vacation with Mowry's parents in West Woodstock.

Ruth Williamson Gallup is always busy but not too busy to be glad to see any of her friends.

Fred J. Fitts writes he has been to Woodstock only once in 29 years. Might find a welcome if he came again.

A Lloyd Cooper is an expert accountant for a firm in Washington, D. C. He was given the accounts between United States and Roumania to settle. His one son is forging ahead in Washington University and was a social manager in a summer hotel in N. H. during the summer.

1896

DO YE NEXT THYNGE

Clarence Weaver still holds the position of chief engineer of the Central Georgia railroad. His residence is at Savannah, Georgia. He has two children, a son, twenty-one who has just begun his third year at the State University of Georgia and a daughter of fourteen who spent five weeks of her summer vacation in Woodstock with an aunt, Mrs. George Lyon.

Ruth Cahoon Leary resides at 173 Linwood Ave., Providence, R. I. She still holds her position with Waite, Thrasher Co., wholesale jewelry manufacturers. She drives to South Woodstock very often to see her sister, Mrs. George Young.

Joseph Shepard lives at 28 Prospect St., Putnam, Conn. He is secretary for Louis Ream of Thompson, Conn. He has two boys aged twelve and sixteen years. The older one, Leonard is a Junior in Putnam High School.

Mary Bowen Keith would be pleased to receive calls from her friends at 186 Grove street, Putnam, Conn. Her son Lawrence was one of this year's graduates from Putnam High School.

1897

ALTA PETENS

Joseph and Esther Trowbridge Catlin, we hear were in Woodstock this Summer, probably looking old-fashioned furniture as we hear they are buying and selling.

Arthur O. Williams occasionally

1898

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

Several in this class have not been heard from, the rest have nothing of special interest to give us. In case you have something for us next year write to the Editor of The Gleaner, Woodstock, Conn.

1899

IN LIMINE

May Gifford Jordan visits Woodstock occasionally. She resides in Webster.

Ruby Santorn continues her work at Massachusetts Agricultural College. but now lives with a college classmate who teaches at M. A. C. and has purchased a little house at 25 Fearing St.,

Amherst, Mass. This summer she attended the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, Canada, and from there went to Jackson, N. H., for the balance of her vacation.

Be sure to read her interesting letter published in this issue of The Gleaner.

Olah Withey Whelpley, with her husband and two children, motored from St. Louis, Mo., to Woodstock this summer, and spent several weeks visiting her mother and old friends. Her home is located in Columbus, Ohio.

Bessie Barber Williams is still living in Sprucedale. Two of her children have been graduated from Woodstock Academy. This summer, she and her husband and children took a motor trip visiting Plymouth, Provincetown and other points of interest on Cape Cod.

William C. Child keeps up his reputation of being of service to his community. This past year finds him serving as chairman of Woodstock's school board and as president of Woodstock Agricultural Society.

Florence Warren Latham leads a busy life in Eastford. She has three interesting children and finds life far from being dull but this did not prevent her being elected Town Clerk, Treasurer and Agent of Town Deposit Funds of Eastford, Conn.

Frank D. Skinner is living on Dudley Hill. His oldest boy is in High School.

1900

VINCET QUI SE VINCET

In this class are:

Dr. John C. Paine

Arthur and Mary Alton Morse

Lafayette E. Evans

Bertram C. Bugbee

Irving Frost

Fritz Rockwell

And so far as we know, they continue to preach, minister to the sick and care for their families each in his own way.

1901

ESSE QUAM VIDET

Mary Aldrich Hopkins in the Spring went as D. A. R. Regent alternate to the 36th Continental Congress held in Washington, D. C. Recently she has been elected Vice Regent of the D. A. R., Elizabeth Porter Putnam Chapter.

Sabin Spalding's line of work is market gardening and raising baby chicks for himself and others.

Ewart Brunn, Herman Chandler and Phoebe Randall Pray have not been heard from of late.

Ernest G. Williamson is agent for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Worcester, Mass.

Herbert Slye, Olive A. Paine and Ethel Spalding Silberberg continue the same as last year.

Frank F. Davenport has recently been chosen president of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce. He is president of the Welfare Federation, a former chairman of the Community Chest Fund, a director of the Polyclinic Hospital and is a member of the Harrisburg Shade Tree Commission. He is also the recipient of the medal awarded for the most distinguished community service.

1902

NIHIL SINE LABORE

Harry Child's work is in Florida but he likes to get back home frequently.

Lew Cox Hibbard is busily occupied with home and church work also as secretary of the Hall Gymnasium Fund.

Mary Frost Ross and family visited in West Woodstock this Fall.

James V. Perrin, Gertrude Taber, Howard, Jessie Hibbard Lamb, Rose Lowden, Gilbertson, Florence Barber Washburn and Herbert Johnson so far as we know keep on in the same old way.

Next year just write something and send to the Editor of the Gleaner.

1903

ALTIOR

Grace Sumner Davis' children and home keep her busy.

Clarence R. Hall aside from his office work has many outside activities.

Grace Church White thinks nothing of motoring from Providence to North Woodstock to see relatives.

Alan W. Upham finds life a busy one with all his music pupils and hunting the wild flowers in this section of the state.

Alice Steere Farris is anticipating a visit from her mother and aunt this winter.

Frank W. Rockwell was last heard from in California.

Helen Chandler, we would like to hear from.

Cornelius Haskell continues to farm it.

1904

VERITAS VINCET

Florence Safford Keyes is still living at Long Beach, California.

Pearl Alton Gifford continues to reside in Quinebaug. She manages to keep busy and happy with home and social duties.

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

William J. Nelson continues as school supervisor in Wentworth, N. H. See Morning.

Bernice Leavitt has been spending the summer at California. She continues teaching at West Hartford.

George E. Whitney is farm manager for the Grosvenordale Co. He spends some time, as always, in hunting and fishing.

Annie M. Shippey is with the Traveler's Insurance Co. She spent her annual vacation in Woodstock.

Anna E. Nelson teaches in Hartford again this year. This summer she enjoyed a trip through the western states and Alaska.

1905

SEMPER PARATUS

Ethel Rawson Morgan continues to live in Providence, and with her fam-

ily makes occasional visits to Woodstock.

No especial news comes from Fred Howard, so we infer that he is pursuing the usual even tenor of his way.

As yet, we are unsuccessful in locating Edmund Gilbert. If any reader has information concerning his whereabouts and occupation, said information will be thankfully received by Class of 1905.

Nellie Burleson has spent a good part of the year in caring for the sick.

For interesting news concerning Harry Wells, see "Noon". Congratulations and all good wishes to Harry!

1906

TEMPORE UTAMUR

We still consider Sadie Harrington Froyd and Florence Welch Armstrong "in our class" and are sorry to have no word from them.

Mabel Ritch can not spare the time from charming audiences to tell us where she is or what she is doing, but we know we can sometimes find her at her apartment at 175 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

During the past year Maude E. Healey studied at Columbia University. Her major subject was mathematics, which she will teach in Lincoln Junior High School, Bridgeport, Conn. This year she will live at 329 Maplewood Ave., with three other teachers as she has done for several years.

Of Ethel E. Upham we might say, "Once a student always a student", for she manages to find time for reading and study while keeping her father's home in East Woodstock.

Carl Morse may usually be found in East Woodstock. He is too busy to tell us anything about himself.

Maud Andrews Washburn and husband frequently drive to Woodstock. They have a new bungalow at 8 Howe Street, East Milton, Mass.

Lottie Howard Spalding will divide her time between caring for her three children and teaching the South Woodstock School. The class extends its sympathy to Lottie in the death of her husband. See Night.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean with her two sons paid a brief visit to Woodstock this summer after having spent the greater part of the season at their cottage on Seneca Lake. Her address is 205 Seventh Street, Watkins Glen, New York.

1907

ALTA PETENS

Herbert F. Shippey finds nothing excitingly new working on the farm.

Henry D. Baker and Mary Myers Tracey have nothing new to report.

The class extend sympathy to Mabel Eddy Morse in the death of her father.

Mary Nelson went with her sister Anna on a trip this last summer to California and as far as Alaska.

1908

GEDULD

Louise Fitts White's home is in Providence.

John Healey and family visited Woodstock over Labor Day.

Hazel Davenport Lewis spent the summer at Crescent Beach, Conn.

Mildred Brown Townsend lives near North Woodstock and is helpful in the community.

Gladys Wilson Whiting has had three serious major operations in the last twelve months but is much better now.

Harriet Nelson is school nurse in Hartford, Conn.

Winifred Potter has again returned to her school in Waterbury, Conn.

In a letter dated September 18, Robert A. Whiting writes "I cannot help but realize how time flies. Last Monday we took our oldest boy away to school. He is fourteen and attending St. John's Military School at Manlius, N. Y. I was just fourteen when I came to Woodstock and under that marvelous influence of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. What a beautiful impression I have of it all and the pleasant sensations that go with it. Mrs. W. and I very often speak of it. My only hope is that our boys can come under some

influence near to ours. I don't think it possible to come under an influence generally as good as they were at Woodstock from 1904-08. It is indeed a bright spot in our lives.

1909

NITENTES

Bernice Bates Marshall is still in Stamford, Connecticut, where she has a position as substitute teacher. Her two boys are both in school.

Edith Briggs Fitts, with Lyman and their small son, comes to Pomfret for vacations. They are living in Portland, Maine.

Lyle Turner, according to last report was in Buffalo, N. Y. Her friends would be very glad to hear from her.

Marion Smith Watson is at her old home in Pomfret, and would enjoy receiving some calls from classmates and friends.

Louise Miller works for the Oliver M. Dean Company of Worcester, Mass.

1910

PRODEAMUS

Edith Eddy Sullivan, Louise Howard Clark, Leonard Healey and Roxanna Wilbur Slye have nothing new for us.

Raymond Sheldon would be pleased to have you look at "Morning".

Mary Flynn Blakeslee has come to Indianapolis, Indiana to live. See article on another page.

Lyman Fitts and family spent their vacation in Pomfret.

Flora Alton Danielson has spent most of the summer in East Woodstock.

Herbert Nelson works in a chain store in Hartford, Conn.

Wallace E. Armstrong, civil engineer, is in the service of the Water Survey Bureau of the U. S. Government, which in turn, co-operates with the Texas State Water Survey. His headquarters are at Austin, Texas, Federal Building. His work is in the field of surveys of potential water power sites, hydro-electric plants, and dams for irrigation purposes. Favorable locations are plotted measurements made, estimates tabled which

are filed for the benefit of the public. All this contributes to legitimate national and state advertising.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong recently visited N. E., making the round trip in their Studebaker, containing a complete camping outfit. They left Austin, July 31. After spending two weeks in Burlington and Waterville, Vt., the home of Mrs. Armstrong, they turned their faces southward, calling on Woodstock friends. Sunday, August 28, not having once on the entire trip, touched hammer or wrench to their perduring and faithful roadster, expecting again to be in Austin, September 12.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Dorothy Valentine Cox Archer will live in Hartford. Mrs. Archer was married in June.

Esther Johnson Dreher is occupied with her household duties and the care of her young daughter, Esther Florence.

James Donlon is employed by the Travelers' Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Blanche Perry Bosworth keeps busy in her home in Pomfret, Conn.

Martin A. Nelson is found in his store at South Woodstock, Conn.

Harris S. May continues with the United States Ship and Engine Company, New London.

Max Connor's address is 30 Seaman Ave., New York City.

Esther E. Nelson continues her teaching in Plainville, Conn.

1912

EN AVANT

Carrie Barrett Frink and family have moved to Norwich.

Grace Myers with her two small daughters went back to Florida last winter and have remained there the rest of the year.

Gladys Sheldon Prescott still makes her home in Webster, Mass.

Sophie Barrett Norton is very happy in her new home in West Fairlee, Vt. See Noon.

Jarda Carlson Linde lives in Bridgeport.

Olive Whitney remains in the employ of the Belding Heminway Company in Putnam.

Helen Perley and Rilla Child report "no change."

1913

FACTA NON VERBA

William Richardson with his mother lives in Chicago where he continues to work in the Post Office.

Ida Spalding Masters sings in the Little Bethany Church, Worcester.

Edmund Anderson is doing laboratory work in the City Hospital, Providence, R. I.

Eleanor Keith Lewis continues teaching in the Eastford grammar school and helping in their store at North Ashford.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Grace Hawkins Healey lives in Queens, Long Is. This summer she, her husband and Sarah Caroline made a short visit in Woodstock.

Agnes White Cox teaches in the Junior High School in Bloomfield, Conn.

Arthur Anderson is the only member of the class who seems to have any real "news" for us. His engagement to Miss Mary Shennings, Woodstock, has recently been announced.

Leslie L. Sumner makes herself useful at home. This summer she and her sister had a delightful motor trip to Lubec, Maine, following the coast most of the way.

Carl O. Johnson is in Flint, Michigan, employed in an automobile factory.

Ruth Witter Healey reports "nothing new". This summer, however, she found that entertaining "Overnight guests" was not only interesting but remunerative as well.

Susan S. Sumner is having her vacation extended until February when she plans to resume teaching in Bristol, Conn.

Ruth E. Bjornberg is in New Haven,

connected with the training department of the Normal School.

Rolfe N. Lyon is busy on his father's farm in Eastford. His friends were glad to greet him at Woodstock Fair.

1915

NON NOBIS SOLUM

Ruth Bates Keith lives in Northbridge, Mass. Her small daughter, Marjorie, enters school this fall.

Gretchen Rutishauser Sprenger is in Port Clinton, Ohio. She and her son visited Woodstock this fall coming on by auto with her father and mother.

Catharn Perry Goodness expects to move into a new bungalow this fall to which she will welcome friends and classmates.

Stella Frink Barrett finds her time well occupied with her two children and serving the town as a member of the School Board.

Mildred May and Mary Chamberlain are at their home in Woodstock.

George Wilcox remains in Abington, Conn.

Florence Lawson Cline resides in Los Angeles, California.

Mabel Richardson Hill is living in Middletown, Conn. She, with her two children, Marjorie and Fred Jr. visited Woodstock this summer.

Clara Eddy Cox will continue to teach in Stafford Springs, Conn.

Harriet Sampson has spent the past winter in travel. She landed in Naples early in November and soon went up to Florence where she lived in a delightful fourteenth century house until after Christmas. A few days in Milan during the Scala season preceded Sicily and a week of motoring about extinct volcanos and Greek temples. A visit to Egypt included a leisurely trip up the Nile as far as the second cataract. Back in Cairo plans were made to go farther east and see Palestine (where unfortunately a blizzard was in session) and Constantinople. Three weeks in Greece was perhaps the apex of the journey, certainly the climb up Pentelicon was the

highest point reached on foot. Back to Italy, Rome and a Papal audience, the hill-towns, more Florence, Venice and northern Italy, and up to Paris. An interlude for England; meeting some literary people in London and seeing Sussex in typical English spring, hawthorn, laburnum and harebells. Back to Paris for final arrangements and home by June sixth. The travelling was in company with Miss Ottman, a New York friend.

1916

FORWARD

Marion Perkins McDonald for all we know continues to live in Herkimer, N. Y.

Lyman E. Hibbard makes himself generally useful at home, in the community and playing in the East Woodstock Band.

Bernice Sanger Graves lives in Worcester. See Morning.

Merrill Keith, Joseph Henries and Wentworth Johnson continue in the same business.

1917

PRO PATRIA

Owen J. White is surveying for the State Highways through Windham County.

Lois Harrington Place's husband has a Ford Garage in Putnam, Conn., also Webster, Mass.

Eleanor Lindeman is a supervisor of the 6th grade training in the Normal School at Trenton, N. J.

Theodore Perkins the last heard from was working in Herkimer, N. Y., and living with his sister, Marion.

Eleanor Williams Young has moved to Amston, Conn.

1918

CARRY ON

Jean McClellan took a Secretarial Course in New York last year and now is private secretary to the President of the International Studios in that city. She enjoys her work very much.

Ellen Swenson was at home the past year and her plans for the future are

not complete as yet.

Gertrude Swenson was married last spring and now lives at 3 Park Place Putnam. He is employed at the Marcy Tool Works, Inc. See noon.

Hazel Wood Coburn writes from West Fairlee, Vermont, that she passed civil service examinations last fall and since January 1st has been postmistress of the postoffice which is located in her husband's store. In addition to this she keeps the books of the store and creamery and cares for her home.

Helen Bjornberg graduated from the New Britain Normal School last spring. She is to teach at the Holcombe Street School in Hartford.

Marguerite Bosworth May reports nothing new. She is to be found keeping house for her husband and son in East Woodstock.

Otto Pike is now at Barceloneta, Porto Rico, as manager of the Barceloneta Fruit Ranch, on which oranges and grapefruit are the chief crops. He enjoys his new work very much as it permits his having a permanent home for his wife and two children while up to this time he has been travelling over the island surveying, with his headquarters at San Juan about forty miles from where he is now situated. See Morning.

Julia Johnson continues to live at 20 Everard Street, Worcester. She and her husband have the sympathy of their friends in the loss of their infant son last December. See morning and Night.

Agnes Peterson and Carolyn Cox expect to be at their respective homes the coming year.

Andrew Lowe and Paul Ringdahl both stay in Woodstock and find plenty of work to keep them busy on their farms.

1919

PLUS HAUT

Merrill Healey and wife are frequent visitors to Woodstock.

Wallace Frink has raised many baby chicks this last year for himself and others.

We know of nothing new to report about Ethel Lowe, Hobart Sanger and Bertha Myers Williams.

Galen Pike recently visited his parents after several years' absence in the West where he graduated with honors from the University of Idaho. Galen has entered Yale College for a year's study, having won a scholarship which pays all his expenses for a year.

Louise A. Lindeman is a Psychiatric Social Worker for the State Hospital of New Jersey.

1920

"PER GRADUS"

Dorothy (Bundy) Healy is at home in Hartford after two successful years as instructor of mathematics in the William H. Hall High School in West Hartford.

Newton Carpenter is employed at home, in Eastford.

Olga Erikson has our sympathy in her late bereavement. During the past year she was secretary to the assistant manager of the Bellumoid Company of Worcester. Her plans for this year are undecided.

Harold Johnston lives in Waterbury and holds the same position.

Mabelle (Johnston) Nelson is busy with duties at Havacone and in her home. She also takes an active part in the social life of the village.

Ruth (Sheppard) McAlister is now in Suffield, Conn., where her husband is superintendent of schools. She would enjoy calls from Woodstock friends.

Signe (Anderson) Hagstrom of Thompson, is busy with the demands of tiny Robert Henry. See Morning.

Louise Lawton also has our sympathy in her bereavement. She will continue her studies in music.

Sylvia (May) White extends a welcome to any classmate at her home in East Woodstock.

Frank Harrington works for the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburg.

1921

EN AVANT

Marvin A. Barrett lives at 125 Washington street, Hartford, Conn. He works for the Royal Typewriter Co. See Noon.

Annette C. May has resumed her duties as teacher of the Elmvale school.

Spencer P. Jordan is studying designing at the Stillwater Worsted Mills in Harrisville, R. I.

This is John McClellan's senior year at Yale.

public speeches for which he is becoming famous.

Lester W. Gallup returns to Worcester Tech this fall. He is leader of the "Collegiate Ramblers" orchestra of Worcester.

Elsa S. Johnson has accepted a position as teacher of the "Westford School" in the town of Ashford, Conn.

Judith Johnson remains in Worcester at the Y. W. C. A. She is in the employ of the Lyseth Thread Co.

Doris Lindeman Burbank is living in Bedford Hills, N. Y. She and her husband Everett Burbank are living in a pretty little home built by the latter. See Noon.

Reginald Pike works for the Vesta Coal Co. in Vestaburg, Pennsylvania.

Hazel Sheldon Frost is with the Studebaker Company of Worcester. Hazel and her husband Charles Frost are living on Canton St. See Noon.

Ilo L. Sullard has a school in the town of Montville, Conn.

Miriam E. Ware, a graduate of Brown University '27 has accepted a position as instructor of Geometry and Biology in the Stevens High School of Claremont, N. H.

Luke E. White is a book-keeper in the John Hancock Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn. He has received several advances and likes his work, "no end".

1922

ALLONS

Edwin Wilcox still has his position with Howarth and Snyder in Port Chester, New York. See Morning.

Julia Swenson has resumed her teaching in the Paine district, Thompson, Conn. She enjoyed her vacation at home and with friends.

Beatrice Healey expects to complete her college course in February. She has not yet decided whether she will spend the remainder of the year doing research and graduate work or will accept a position in some phase of Home Economics in which she will have her B. S. degree.

Helen Johnson plans to stay at home for the present.

1924

VINCIT QUI LABORAT

Charles Peckham expects to remain home, assisting on the farm.

Gladys Young is teaching school in North Stonington, Connecticut.

Reuben Swanson is now a clerk in Safford's Store, South Woodstock.

Robert Scranton has a position in the Electrical Engineering department of the Brooklyn Edison Company, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lydia Taber still holds her position in Providence as a secretary in the Duval Rubber Company.

Vernon Wetherell intends to remain at home for the present; but he will also continue his musical studies in Providence.

Elizabeth Rollins is in Brooklyn,

1923

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Harold Carpenter is in the lumber business. At the time this is written he is with a mill near New London. He reports that New London is a fine place to be near and that he is enjoying life as much as ever.

Alice Cross remains in Concord, Mass., but has changed her occupation. She is in the employ of Judge and Mrs. Keyes. She has just announced her engagement to Willard A. Hemingway of Concord, Mass.

West Woodstock has one of our classmates for twelve months of the year. Carl Feiler is at home most of the time, although it is rumored that some of his time is taken up with

N. Y., continuing her Kindergarten Training course at the Flatbush Teacher Training School.

Eric Erickson will be at home for the present.

Alfred Carpenter expects to remain on his father's farm in Eastford.

Quintin M. Sanger has been awarded the Jonas G. Clark scholarship from Clark University, which is annually granted to the seniors ranking highest in scholastic attainment. Quintin has something of interest for us on another page.

1925

FINIMUS UT INCIPIAMUS

Gladys Harrington, Walter Anderson, Harry Rutishauser, Henry Safford, Arnold Johnston and Sarah Pike have all returned to their school work.

Marion Stahl has a good position in Worcester.

Gerald Phaneuf, after spending a part of the summer at home, returned to Detroit, Michigan.

Donald Williams plans to be at home for the present.

Clara Baker Closson is busy caring for her family.

1926

FORWARD REGARDLESS

Edith Johnson is in the employment of the Norton Company, Worcester, Mass.

Edith Nelson entered Becker's Business College this fall.

Sarah Healey is training at the Hartford Hospital. Sally has her cap now.

Eleanor Peterson has also gone to take a nurses training. She is in the Memorial Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

Irene Esterbrook returned for her second year at Willimantic Normal School.

Jeanie Davies has nearly completed her course at Becker's Business College.

Selma Johnson is another of our

classmates who is training for a nurse.

Elizabeth Kempf is attending Fairchild's Office School, Worcester, Mass. Xils Shennings, Ernest Peckham, Os-Nils Speck, Richard Johnson, Harold Esterbrooks, and Raymond Anderson have not as yet made any definite plans for the future.

Stewart Morse returned again this Fall to Williston Academy, Easthampton, Mass.

Christopher Williams is attending Becker's Business College.

George Mower, when last heard from, was expecting his pilots license within a few days. Dinty may be flying over us at any time.

Laura Cross has a position caring for two children in Hartford.

1927

FINIMUS COEPTURI

Pearle Cady and Einar Hanson are employed at the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock.

Walter Chrzan, valedictorian of the class, is now a student at Storrs College.

Vera Cross, salutatorian of the class is taking a P. G. course at Woodstock Academy this year. Later she expects to enter some college.

Dorothy Lillibridge is training at Willimantic Normal School.

Elizabeth Lowe is undecided as to what she will do this winter. She is now at home learning the art of housekeeping.

George Smith will undoubtedly accept a position in Hartford. He is now in Southbridge.

Constance Williams is studying music with Mr. Upham. Next Fall she will enter a music conservatory.

The Second Book of Chronicles

CHAPTER I

Now it came to pass in the eighth month of the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, in the fifth year of the reign of Calvin over the

tribes within the borders of North America, and when John whose surname is Trumbull did act as Governor in the Connecticut Colony, that great excitement prevailed among the inhabitants of the hill town where was located the ancient seat of learning known unto the people of all that region, as Woodstock Academy: for behold one Ellen Deborah did declare unto her friends and neighbors her intention to provide a feast for some of her former classmates, students with her in years long past at this Institution. Now Ellen did dwell in the house that formerly did serve the town as the Academy—and which, when the new building was completed—was sold and made into a dwelling for the abode of man—and in due course of time this old landmark became a part of Ellen's inheritance—and she did preside within its walls with grace and dignity.

Now the idea of the feast grew upon Ellen from day to day and at length she did write the names of those bidden to partake thereof, that they might be recorded in the records to serve as a reminder for future generations. The name of Julia, wife of a former Elder of the ancient Woodstock church, whose surname was Hibbard, was first accorded, for Julia was a sojourner within the gates of Ellen and did assist her with the entertaining. Now I declare unto you that the entire company bidden to the feast did number nineteen souls,—sixteen belonging to Ellen's class of the early '70 days. An early arrival was Prudence, daughter of Alpha, she, whose late husband was Wm. Dewitt surnamed Hyde, a godly man, who occupied for many years, the President's chair at Bowdoin College, in the Maine Colony. Prudence had journeyed from Wellesley, situated near Boston, in the Massachusetts Colony and the home of Wellesley College for women. She was soon followed by Susan, surnamed Williams from the hamlet of Danielson, who was accompanied by Agnes whose surname is Wood and whose home is in the near-

by city of Putnam, and who belongs to the same tribe as Ellen.

Among the company was Ellen surnamed Pratt, who came from the East hamlet of Woodstock and Sidney Nelson, surnamed Morse with Lucy his wife, from the North parish of the town. Now I declare unto you that Sidney is a man of much learning and has spent the years of his life in the work of teaching young men to fill positions of trust and responsibility; and the school over which his heart continually has yearned, is the noble institution of Williston, within the borders of Easthampton in the Massachusetts Colony. Sidney ably filled the Professor's chair for his allotted time, and still does continue to hold an important position on the Board of Management. George, surnamed Sampson and Sarah his wife, were made welcome, as also were Benjamin and his wife Emma Elizabeth who belong to the house of Ritch, and Gardiner surnamed Sumner with Anna his wife, and Mary Louise, of the house of Flynn, the mistress of Century Old Cottage,—all these belong to the hill tribes and are active in the life of the community.

Now, Verily I say unto you that there also came Florence Augusta of Killingly, sister of Henry Thurston, whose surname is Child and behold Florence was married to John Merrick surnamed Paine, a leader, until his death, of the Clans of East Parish, with her was Annie Lyon of the tribe of Cousins, who left the tent of her father's to follow her husband one Rolla Fremont of the Kelton tribe, to the banks of the Long River, where he had pitched his tent under the shadows of the mountains Holyoke and Tom, within the walls of the City of Holyoke, in the Massachusetts Colony, and where they have dwelt unto this day.

Then also came Albert McClellan, son of William, son of Rufus, of the tribe of Mathewson, and who is recognized as a judge of importance in the New Haven province in the Connecticut Colony. After Albert came

Clarence Harding, of the Child tribe, had enjoyed within her gates. And son of Abel, who was one of the early members of the Board of Trustees of Woodstock Academy. Now it came to pass that Clarence had served his time as Probate Judge and his friends besought him to allow his name to be voted upon for State Senator, and he did agree, was elected to the office and served until he retired to his holdings in the Elmvalle Valley of Woodstock.

Now, verily I say unto you, that Ellen had many friends who delighted to do her honor, and one Elizabeth, surnamed Marckwald, whose home was in the distant province of Brooklyn within the New York Colony, but who was a sojourner upon the Hill, did take baskets of blue and golden flowers and adorn the abode of Ellen with nosegays, so that the rooms were filled with the fragrance thereof; and a sister of Mary Louise, Elizabeth by name, whose husband was of the house of Bingham and formerly served as an Elder in the Hill Church, did make with great cunning, —cards of blue and gold to be placed upon the festal board—and lo! When the entire company was gathered to partake of bread and salt with Ellen, the merriment was very great and all rejoiced together.

Now I declare unto you, that after the feast, where was much laughter and merry-making—that they all with one accord did retire to the large withdrawing room of Ellen's house and there stories of the olden days were related, scenes long forgotten reviewed, pictures studied as old friendships were renewed and the evening passed in social friendliness.

But alas! The shadows did lengthen and the ninth hour had struck, before this group of old school-friends did turn their footsteps homeward. One by one, they went out into the night from Ellen's hall, where hung the banner of blue and gold—the colors of the dear old school—after they had extended to Ellen Deborah, in a spirit of great heartiness and tenderness—thanks for the happiness they

had enjoyed within her gates. And they all did agree that the hour was the end of a Perfect Day.

ANNIE L. KELTON,
Holyoke, Mass.

September 12, 1927.

Morning

October 6, 1927, a daughter Anne to Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Whiting nee Gladys Wilson, Geneva, N. Y.

October 11, 1926, a daughter, Grace Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Pike, Barceloneta, Porto Rico.

December 11, 1926, a son, Richard Perrin, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Frost, Brooklyn, N. Y.

December 21, 1926, a son, Wesley Frithof, to Mr. and Mrs. O. Frithof Johnson, nee Julia Johnson, Worcester, Mass.

December 25, 1926, a daughter, Lois Dorothea, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Peckham, Norwich, Conn.

December 28, 1926, a son, Charles Stephen, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver D. Bowen, Eastford, Conn.

February 13, 1927, a son, Raymond W. Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Sheldon, Webster, Mass.

March 1, 1927, a daughter, Elizabeth Parker, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Nelson, Plaistow, New Hampshire.

April 5, 1927, a daughter, Marion Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. William Jarvis nee Anna Chilkott, Putnam, Conn.

June 16, 1927, a son William John to Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Lindeman, Putnam, Conn.

July 5, 1927, a son, Clyde W. Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Miller, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

July 30, 1927, a daughter, Mary Lucille, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wilcox, Port Chester, N. Y.

August 2, 1927, a son, Ralph Leland, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman L. Graves, nee Bernice Sanger, Worcester, Mass.

October 7, 1927, a son, Robert Henry to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Hagstrom, nee Signe Anderson, Woodstock, Conn.

October 23, 1927, a son, Harry George Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Harry G.

Johnson, nee Annie Johnson, North Woodstock, Conn.

November 8, 1927, a daughter, June Priscilla to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice F. Childs, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Noon

December 25, 1926, Ray Eddy and Hilda Morrison, Walpole, Maine.

February 21, 1927, Charles Frost and Hazel Sheldon, Worcester, Mass.

April 16, 1927, George P. Swenson and Elsie M. Swanson, Putnam, Conn.

June 24, 1927, Francis French and Bertha O. White, Putnam, Conn.

June 25, 1927, Alfred M. Archer and Dorothy V. Cox, Suffield, Conn.

July 2, 1927, Harry E. Wells and Julia Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

August 6, 1927, Marvin Barrett and Ruth E. Murray, Hartford, Conn.

August 23, 1927, Everett Burbank and Doris H. Lindeman, East Woodstock, Conn.

August 31, 1927, William E. Bawden and Esther Rouse, Putnam, Conn.

September 10, 1927, Bert J. Johnson and Alma E. Berntson, Woodstock, Conn.

September 17, 1927, Ralph Norton and Sophie R. Barrett, West Fairlee, Vermont.

Night

December 3, 1926, Flora Killam, widow of Edward Killam, Fairhaven, Mass.

December 1927, Mary E. Low, Danielson, Conn.

December 23, 1927, Wesley Frithof infant son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Frithof Johnson, nee Julia Johnson, Worcester, Mass.

January 10, 1927, Nathaniel G. Williams, Brooklyn, Conn.

January 10, 1927, Mrs. Towne, wife of Wilbur Towne, Willimantic, Conn.

January 23, 1927, Robert K. Safford, South Woodstock, Conn.

February 3, 1927, Anna Mathewson, widow of Benjamin Grosvenor, Pomfret, Conn.

February 4, 1927, George G. Spalding, Woodstock, Conn.

March 22, 1927, Estelle Ingraham, Brookline, Mass.

April 2, 1927, Robert Grosvenor, Abington, Conn.

April 14, 1927, Charles Harris May, Worcester, Mass.

April 15, 1927, Albert E. Potter, Abington, Conn.

April 21, 1927, Ralph J. Sabin, Pomfret, Conn.

May 12, 1927, John DeForest Haskell, husband of Ellen Mathewson Haskell, Wakefield, Nebraska.

August 11, 1927, Mrs. Lottie Lyon Gardiner, Emporia, Kansas.

August 30, 1927, Mrs. Louise Pearson Robbins, Putnam, Conn.

August 31, 1927, Charles Miron, husband of Emmie Keach Miron, Putnam, Conn.

October 1, 1927, Mrs. Ely R. Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

October 15, 1927, Gardiner Hubbard Sumner, Woodstock, Conn.

October 24, 1927, Mrs. Emma Tucker Grosvenor, Pomfret, Conn.

Editorials

AN APPRECIATION

On one of the beautiful days in October there passed into the larger life our dear friend Mrs. Ely R. Hall. In our thought of her our minds go back through the long years to the summer of 1888. When Mr. and Mrs. Hall decided to undertake the seemingly impossible task of the re-organization of the Academy a more discouraging outlook it would have been difficult to find but they with a prophetic eye saw the possibilities (and with characteristic courage) soon transformed the barren rooms of the Academy into a homelike atmosphere of comfort and cheer making little of the obstacles yet to be overcome during the twenty-six years of their sojourn in the Academy. A wonderful advancement was made in the standing and

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scholarship of the school and through all the changes and improvements in the Academy building Mrs. Hall was the power behind the throne, always ready with practical advice. Mr. Hall would often remark Mrs. Hall is responsible for many of these suggestions notably the plan for the observance of Academy Sunday originated with her. It was received with general favor and we trust that it will always be remembered as a memorial of her thought for the upbuilding of high ideals by the pupils of this twice honored institution.

Yet it should be remembered that during all these strenuous years Mrs. Hall was often handicapped by physical limitations but she never failed to carry cheer to her large family circle of students. During the years since the close of her life in the Academy she has been the same loyal friend always interested in the advance in scholarship which she expressed by the gift of a prize each year.

To us who have known Mrs. Hall for the past thirty-nine years there comes a sense of loneliness and bereavement though softened by the thought that a life of rich fulfillment never dies.

Also her devotion to this institution has left an inspiration which will be the heritage of Woodstock Academy through all the years to come.

ELLA E. CHILD

LOTTIE LYON GARDINER

Lottie Lyon Gardiner attended the Academy during Mr. Burnett's second period of principalship, her home being in Abington. Her standing in scholarship was among the highest, doing faithfully and well whatever she undertook. She had a remarkable power of concentration on whatever subject she was considering.

She married Dr. Charles Gardiner then a practicing physician in Hampton, Conn. From Hampton, they moved to Emporia, Kansas where she lived until her death August 11, 1927, surviving her husband by several years.

She had been deeply interested in her husband's profession, reading with him much of the medical literature of the times.

Her letters to her many friends in the East were indicative of the sincere interest she still maintained in her old associates and also her knowledge of topics of the day. Her friends remember with pleasure the visits she had made to Woodstock especially the last one when she was en route for Kansas after a trip to South America.

GARDINER HUBBARD SUMNER

A life-long resident of Woodstock and much respected citizen died suddenly Saturday morning (October 15. Mr. Sumner had always lived on the same place and was proud of his home and farm and devoted to his family. His principal line of farming was apple raising. He was interested in the town and its welfare and especially Woodstock Academy of which he had been trustee from 1912 to the time of his death.

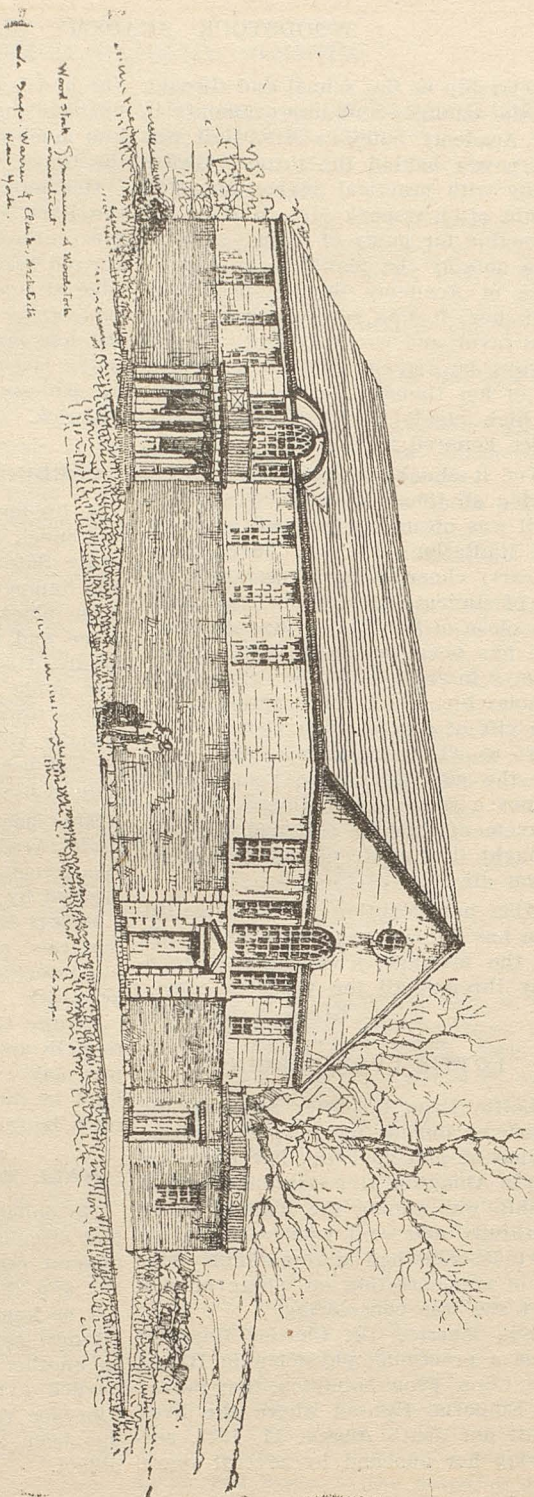
This past year death claimed two more Academy alumni, residents of Woodstock and men loved and respected by everyone.

Robert K. Safford a man of sterling qualities, a quiet home-loving man but interested and helpful in all town activities.

George G. Spalding was ever ready to help anyone in need and had a pleasant greeting at all times, was kind in the home, and interested in town betterment.

HALL MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM

No doubt you all have received the last circular sent out. Up to date the amount received is a little over \$29,000 and the amount desired \$35,000. Let us hope we have it soon. Work is already going on digging the cellar so another year will see the much needed gymnasium. Thanks to Mr. Clarence W. Bowen who the past year has been a faithful worker for this object.



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