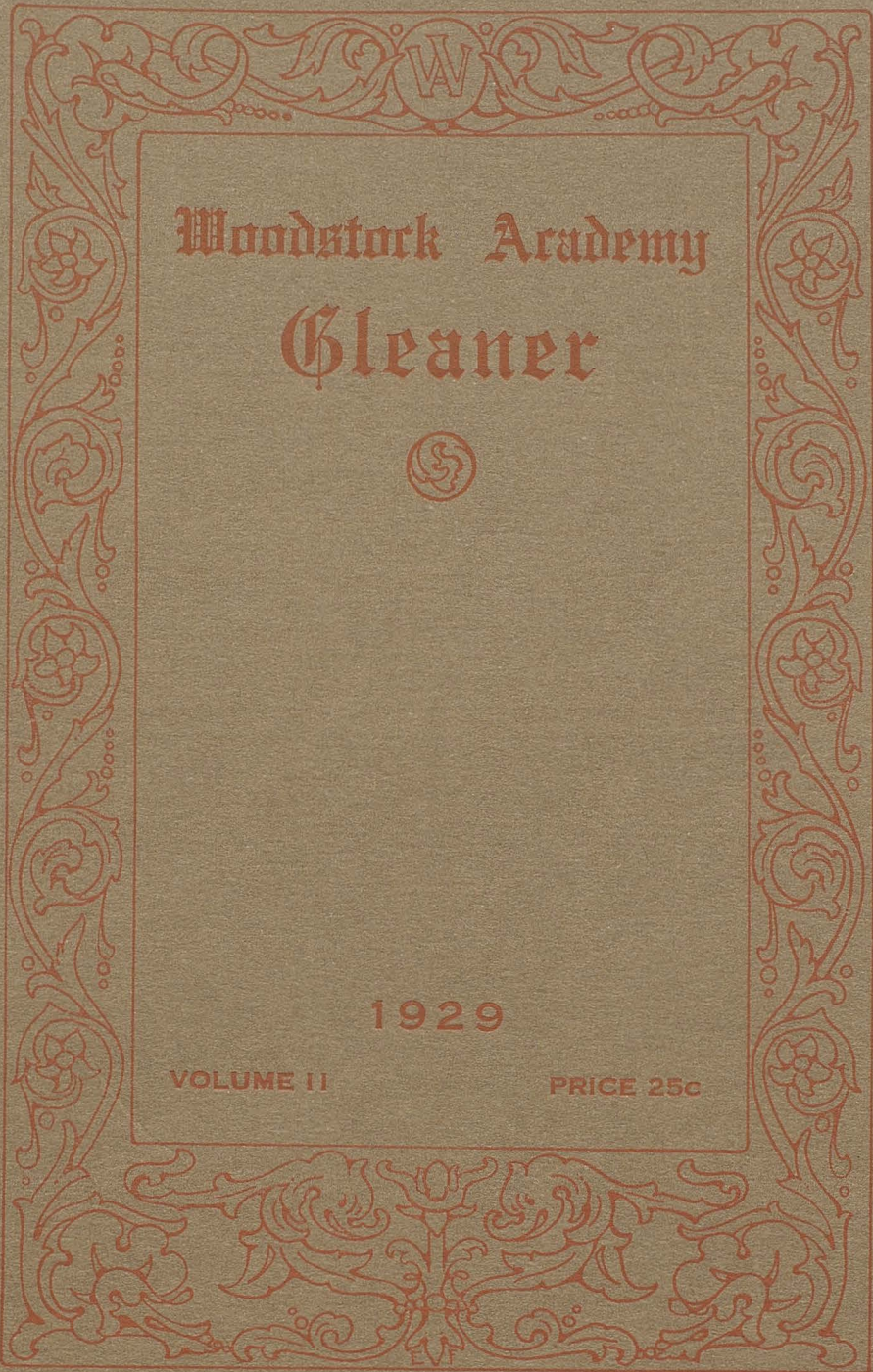




Woodstock Academy

Gleaner



1929

VOLUME II

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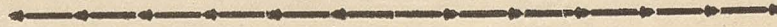
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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Baccalaureate Sermon

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Text: "But when the young man heard the saying, he went away sorrowful; for he was one that had great possessions." Matt. 19:22.

What a peculiar text for anyone to to use on an occasion of this kind! You young men and young women are putting behind you one epoch in your educational career. You have long been looking forward to this season as a time when you could draw a free breath. With a certificate of graduation from the Academy just around the corner, you have been saying, "Four years of hard work finally out of the way. No more classes. No more examinations. No more need to please teachers, or obey rules, or rush through breakfast in order to get to school on time." And as the Psalmist used to feel about the Lord's Day, so you now feel about your Commencement Day, "Let us rejoice, and be glad in it."

Certainly, then, it is no time to suggest being sorrowful. And why refer to this young man who went away from Jesus in a sorrowful frame of mind because he didn't wish to part with his great possessions? Surely you are not worrying about parting with great possessions. Many of you are probably wondering what kind of a job you had best look for to make the future secure. Your chief problem, it would seem, is not how to get rid of money, but how to earn some. And that problem, in these days when everyone wants economic independence seems to apply equally to young men and young women. What possible connection, therefore, can there be between the problem of that rich young ruler and

the situation in which you young people now find yourselves?

Before you worry about that connection, however, will you please try to get clearly in your minds a picture of this young man? You may have to exercise a little imagination, but you are gifted with imagination to some extent, and it won't be difficult for us to etch his portrait in unforgettable lines. Let us see, then, from our gospel records what kind of young man he was.

First, he was a man of good intention. He came to Jesus with this question on his lips: "Teacher, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" Now, a man with this kind of question troubling his mind is either one of two types. Either he is a rank hypocrite, seeking to create a good impression, or else he is an honestly minded person, seeking to set the whole course of his life in the right direction. And there is nothing in the story to make us suspect him of hypocrisy. He came to Jesus with the honest intention of discovering how to make his life count for the most. **Eternal life**—the key to permanent satisfaction—this was his laudable ambition.

In the second place, he was a man of good character. Jesus found that from boyhood on he had committed no very serious misdemeanor. The commandments of his people he honored and respected. But notwithstanding his commendably virtuous life, he was aware of failure and shortcoming, and he asked Jesus with becoming modesty, "What lack I yet?" I am sure he did not ask this with pious self-complacency—he really wanted counsel and direction in his quest for a more sustaining purpose.

In the third place, he was a man of good personality. There was some-

thing winsome and attractive about him. According to Mark's version of the story, Jesus "looking on him, loved him." He evidently was the sort of person who has no difficulty finding friends or winning confidence. And since Luke's account of the incident informs us that he was a ruler, this capacity for friendship had obviously carried him to a position of some responsibility.

Here, then, stands before Jesus a man of great promise. The intent of his life was **worthy**. His **conduct** had always been such that he could be **trusted**. And his personality was distinctly appealing.

And as Jesus, with keen eye and clear judgment, estimates the man before him, he thinks to himself "Here is a man I need. Here is a man God needs. He has those qualifications that would make him a valuable disciple, a great asset in carrying forward our gospel and proclaiming our faith."

And so he throws out a challenge. There were two considerations in that challenge. "If thou wouldst be perfect," he tells him, "go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." That was the first consideration. And then, "come follow me."—that was the second.

We do not know exactly what passed through that young man's mind when this challenge fell on his ears, but we can make some fairly safe guesses. He could not stand before Jesus without realizing to some extent what a privilege it would be to follow him. He had enough in common with Jesus, by way of past training and fine spirit, to see where intimate friendship with him would be a most happy experience.

But in the face of this realization, there raced through his mind a series of pictures. His leadership with those he knew so well—how quickly that would vanish if he set out on a new venture under the direction of Jesus. His friends—how they would laugh at him for being such a fool as

to give away his money and his goods. His home, and all its well-accustomed comforts—how dangerous to sacrifice a sure thing for a risky future, especially considering all the enmity that Jesus seemed to arouse among the wealthy people he knew so well.

And as these pictures stood clear before him, he could not heed that second command of Jesus, "Come, follow," for he was too much alarmed by the first demand, "Go, sell." And so, when the young man heard the saying—when it dawned upon him just what it all involved—he went away sorrowful.

Matthew tells us that he went away sorrowful because he had great possessions. I wonder. If that young man could have lifted the veil from the future, if he could have foreseen the part that Jesus was to play in changing the history of the whole world for all coming generations, would he have gone away, sorrowful? If he could have used enough imagination to see his name written eternally into the development of the finest faith the world has ever known, would those great possessions have kept him from linking his destiny with the destiny of Jesus?

He went away sorrowful not simply because he possessed wealth from which he didn't want to be separated, but mainly to see that in rejecting the challenge of Jesus, he was throwing away the supreme opportunity of a lifetime.

There he stood, on the brink of the greatest chance that ever fell across his pathway. If he had been wide awake enough to realize that opportunity, he might have entered then and there into the happiest experience he ever knew. He might have found the secret of eternal life, that he wanted Jesus to tell him. He might have come down to us as one of the great champions of the Christian faith.

But because he failed to sense that opportunity, he dropped right out of

the picture. His name might have been coupled with such names as Peter, and John, and Paul—for all eternity to know, and love, and honor. But today we do not even know his name. He went away, sorrowful, and we never hear of him again.

I want you young men and women to pause a moment and consider the greatest tragedy that can happen to any of us in the course of a life-time. And I want you to consider that, not in any sense as a shadow on this very happy occasion, but because I am praying that no great shadow will fall across your future that now stretches out so hopefully.

What is the greatest tragedy? Is it poverty? The rich young ruler was afraid it might be, and threw away his chance of finding abiding satisfaction. And in the world you are going out into, you will find that most people agree with the rich young ruler. The allurements of making a living, and filling it full of every kind of comfort is very great. And to many people it is the only allurements. But you can rest assured that it does not guarantee happiness. St. Francis of Assisi found so much misery in it that he took poverty to be his bride, and blessed the world of his day with a life of such love and sacrifice that we forever honor and revere his name. No, poverty is not the bogie that you need to fear.

Is illness the greatest tragedy? Most of you have never been face to face with great physical suffering, and cannot realize the part that pain plays in changing the course of many human lives. I know a man who is never free for a single minute from the torture of physical suffering, and I never meet him but there is a smile on his face. Pain has not ruined his life. It has changed him. And through the spirit in which he shoulders his load of discomfort he is a source of inspiration, and a well-spring of courage, to all who meet him.

Is loss of freedom the greatest tragedy? They put John Bunyan in

prison for ten years, and he gave the world "Pilgrim's Progress," which changed the thought and lifted the faith of generations. Surely he didn't consider that imprisonment the end of the road.

Is disappointed love the greatest tragedy? Surely that is a problem that can't be bothering any of you at this stage of the game. And yet, I had a very interesting conversation with a boy of sixteen at a summer conference last year. I noticed that the boy refused to take part in the activities of the group one day, that he was very moody and morose. I asked him what the trouble was, and after a good deal of hedging he finally advanced the distressing information that his girl had turned him down.

Being much concerned, I inquired if this romance had been very long-standing, if it was the break-up of a life-time acquaintance. "How long have you known the girl?" I asked. "Ever since last Tuesday," he replied. Of course, I appreciated just what a critical situation this was, but I tried to assure young Romeo that time would heal the wound, and that after a few years he would find that he had strength and courage to carry his cross of renunciation.

As you make your way through the tangles and complexities of life, you will discover that many seeming calamities are really rather trivial. You will learn to laugh at them. And laughter is a wholesome medicine for many of our misfortunes. But you will also find yourself in need of great courage and genuine faith, to see through and beyond the difficulties that are bound to come.

But I make so bold as to state that the supreme tragedy of any life is the tragedy of a lost opportunity. To stand at the gateway of a great privilege, and fail to recognize that you are standing there—there is the most unhappy fate that can possibly befall you.

There can be no disguising of the fact that you are living at a very difficult stage of human history. You go out into a world where lies every kind of chance for educational advancement. Some of you are thinking now about taking further work in college, or university, or technical school. Some of you are perhaps looking forward to specialized study beyond that.

But the grave danger that confronts you all is that of making **wrong choices**—of failing to throw your life in the direction where your special qualifications are going to count for the most. And that danger is acute simply because so many opportunities lie open, and so many of them are attractive. Plenty of wide open doors, plenty of beckoning hands, plenty of good advice,—and in the midst of all the confusion you must steer your own course, steadily and unafraid.

The story is told of a man who was an expert in repairing Church organs. And he was one time called by a certain Church to locate the trouble in the pipe organ used by that Church. He spent about an hour going over the instrument, and finally located some bad adjustment in one of the flutes. He gave it a little tap with his hammer, and that put an end to the trouble. The organ was in working condition again. But when the Church got a bill for seventy-five dollars for his services, there was consternation abroad among that fellowship of good Christians, and the finance committee sent a very belligerent letter to the organ repair man. They demanded that he send an itemized bill for the services he had rendered. And when he complied with their demand, the bill he turned in read as follows

"For striking organ flute with hammer, one blow, one dollar.

For knowing where to strike, seventy-four dollars."

The secret of success in the education that you **have** gotten, are getting, and will get, lies not so much

in the information you acquire, valuable as it is. But it lies rather in knowing **how** and **when** to apply that education to the situations in life that God intends you to face. And because this is true, I repeat that there is nothing more tragic than to face some crisis where clear judgment and quick decision are needed, and not know that you are facing a crisis at all.

In my preparatory school days I roomed with a boy who won great distinction as a wrestler. He used to practice various holds on me, and so I learned quite a little through sad experience. But I never missed a chance to watch him perform whenever a wrestling meet was scheduled, and I never once saw him thrown. Sometimes he got his man down very quickly, but often he faced wrestlers who were more experienced and who seemed stronger than he. And those were the times I stood breathless, wondering if he could possibly hold out against them. And the miraculous part of it to me was that he always did hold out. Sometimes they won a decision against him, but never did they put him down.

Why? Because he had an uncanny sense of knowing what was coming next. Just when his opponent was on the verge of slipping him into a dangerous hold, he changed his tactics like a flash, and got into a safe defensive position. He always knew when a crisis was coming, and prepared himself to meet it. And in consequence, he earned the title of champion in that school.

Of course I do not know into what channels you young people will steer your lives, what championships will come to you, what crisis you will be forced to meet, what types of service you are best fitted to render. But this I do know. No sadder words can ever be spoken than these,—**"I did not realize, until it was too late."**

There is an old Chinese proverb that reads, **"Know thy opportunity,"**

And before I bid you farewell, I want to emphasize very briefly three things that will help you to know that opportunity when it comes to you.

First...., keep a clear head. That's difficult to do, when people all the time are trying to turn it. You will get a good deal of praise for things you don't deserve. You will likewise be blamed many times unjustly, for sticking to decisions that you know are right. Remember the first lines of Kipling's familiar poem, "If."

"If you can keep your head, while all about you are losing theirs, and blaming it on you," Its no simple task to sail past the danger zones of false flattery on the one side, and unmerited criticism on the other, and come through unscathed. To keep a clear head—this is the first essential if you are to face any kind of crisis with confidence.

And the second is this—**keep an even temper.** Our world today is running in high gear. And the faster it runs, the greater the need for steady discipline of our motions. You cannot know your opportunity, you cannot safely face any crisis, if your disposition is running wild. Someone has well remarked that when you are right you don't need to lose your temper, and when you are wrong, you can't afford to!

I recall a cartoon I saw some time ago, picturing an irate motorist who has been crowded a bit too far to the left in passing a truck. In his anger he turns around and shakes his fist at the truck driver, yelling "Why don't you look where you're going." And even while he is yelling, his own car is crashing over an embankment into a river.

Of course, he didn't realize—temper got him, and then it was too late! Temper is a great servant, but a bad master, and will spoil all kinds of opportunities for you if you give it free reign.

And the third essential is this—keep a pure heart. The motto chosen by this graduating class is a splendid one—"Veritas vos liberabit." If my

Latin does not fail me, that means, "The truth will liberate you—the truth will set you free." That was the motto of Jesus, the pole-star by which He shaped His destiny. It led Him to a shameful death on the cross, but through it He made possible the realizing of a new faith for our world.

Have you not already found that you cannot know the truth, save as you have a pure heart? Jesus said that the pure in heart are blessed, happy, because they see God. And he never spoke a more true word. When your life is unclouded with evil desires, unwholesome ambitions, then you do see God—you see the part he wants you to play, the opportunity He expects you to meet. But when your heart is set on some selfish, grasping goal, when it is poisoned by impure thinking, you can't see God. You can't know the truth. You can't be set free. And every fine opportunity slips from your grasp before you realize it.

An artist and a timber merchant stood one day watching a beautiful sunset throw its light over a forest clad in the colors of autumn, and after a few moments of silence, the artist said, "It's glorious, isn't it?" To which the timber merchant replied, "Yes, that's great timber. I reckon that allowing for felling and transportation it ought to work out to about eighty cents a foot!"

So long had that merchant's mind been engrossed in the details of his business, so absorbing was his passion for gain, that the beauty of a woodland scene simply did not exist for him. All he could see was a dollar sign written across the horizon, and it crowded out the truth of everything else.

Just so is truth crowded out of your life, unless your heart be pure. You cannot see the things God wants you to see, nor take the road he points out for you to take, unless the motives of your life are clean.

A clear head, an even temper, and

a pure heart. Pray God for grace that you may cultivate these day by day, and you need have no fear wherever the future may lead you. There is a saying which I believe originated in the Orient—"You came into this world crying, while all about you were smiling. So live that you will go out of the world smiling, while all about you are weeping."

So to live, that your life will be a constant blessing and benediction to others, means that you must ever be alive to those opportunities for service that a God set you here to discover. With His help you will discover them. Without His help, you will turn away sorrowful. And it is my prayer for you that you will ever seek His help throughout the coming days.

Extracts From The Casket and Old Gleaners

There is Room in the Upper Story

Not many days ago I went with a friend in search of rooms. It was a cheery bright morning and we sauntered leisurely along the streets up the busy metropolitan city observing our fellow travelers and especially looking about us for the familiar placard with the words "Rooms To Let." We soon saw one of these in the window of a fine house on a busy street and rang at the door. Our inquiry was answered by some one who told us the rooms which were pleasant ones on the first floor had just been let to a previous applicant.

We were directed to a house a few blocks below, where rooms were advertised. At this place on inquiry we found the first floor all let, but in the third story a pleasant suite of rooms was vacant. It was not until after several more attempts that we found some lower rooms unoccupied, and then set about deciding whether we preferred lower or higher rooms and we wondered why it was that the latter were in such small demand.

The low rooms, we thought, are easy of access our friends will be more apt to run in and see us informally.

We can watch the passersby and mingle more in the busy every day life around us than we could otherwise.

Then we thought of those lovely rooms in the third story, from whose windows we could command a view of the most beautiful part of the city, and beyond that the calm bay, the green fields between and a distant glimpse of a lighthouse and a rocky coast. Our friends might not visit us as often but we could feel sure if they did come that they wanted to see us.

The air would be pure up there and we should be removed from many annoyances to which those in the lower rooms would be subject. Which rooms we chose I need not say but that morning's experience led me to wonder if there wasn't in life in the conflicting interests and ambitious strivings of mankind a truth very like the conclusion we then reached. There is Room in the Upper Story. Plenty of occupants, brisk demand for lower places, but few to take the higher ones.

Especially true perhaps in professional life yet perfectly applicable to every sphere.

Enough and more than enough third rate lawyers and doctors they sit in their offices from morning till night unmolested, content with the lower rooms, those rooms must be ever crowded. Not so in the upper rooms, the few who reach there need fear no crowding. They are the busiest men in the world, no time for idling and waiting, work is ready at hand.

They are indeed few. Has the world had too many Daniel Webster's or Patrick Henry's!

The men whose words of wisdom have rung down through the ages stirring like strains of martial music the latent fires of ambition in humbler souls have all been upper story men.

In the realm of literature what do we see? Writers are numerous. Far too much ink is wasted in the writing of trash novels, short lived destined to a transient popularity, to have their praises sounded by railroad newsdealers and sold in paper covers.

What is the life of such books, if they can be said to live, compared with the immortality of the works of Homer, Cicero or Milton and Shakespeare, the artists for a sight of whose works men cross the ocean. The Raphaels, Thorwaldsons, Rubens of the world have all been men who lived in the upper rooms of the vast temple of art. There is an objection here which many will offer that these men who have been held up as examples in their respective departments were each born with genius and could hardly fail of being great. They indeed were all this, but to very few I may say none, does pre-eminence come unsought and rarely without strenuous and untiring effort.

There is an upper story in every apartment of life, the humblest as well as the loftiest.

There are upper story book-keepers, carpenters, masons as well as lawyers and physicians.

To the young, so many of whom are now called upon to decide where in the busy bustling world there is room for you, we would say seek for a high place, the upper rooms are waiting for applicants. The lower rooms are already full, don't swell the ranks.

Fears of failure must not hinder your eager strivings. An old writer has said, "He shoots higher who threatens the moon, than he who aims at a tree."

The injunction of Emerson is familiar "Harness your chariot to a star." You or your friend yonder may not have in you the possibility of making a first-class lawyer or physician but look to the place for which you seem best fitted. It may be farming or mechanics and far better be first there than third or fourth in a higher

sphere. Wherever and whatever you are be an upper story man.

ACROSTIC

Woodstock Academy ancient and honored

On the hills of old Woodstock it stands

O many a day, have the clouds o'er it lowered

Dark and ominous seeming to number its sands.

So many obstacles blocking its path 't was strange that it lived surmounting all,

O no not strange for a kind Providence hath

Contrived to make every barrier fall; Know ye not its history one and all?

A mighty host of the gifted and learned,

Crowned with honors all worthily won

Away in all lands though their paths be turned

Do not forget where their work was begun.

Ere down to the latest of future time May Hubbard or Topliffe or other good men,

Youth ever lead into wisdom's mine.

The Story of Lincoln

The following story about President Lincoln is certainly characteristic: Soon after he went to Washington he attended the Foundry Church occupying a seat within the altar while Bishop Simpson preached a missionary sermon. After the collection at the close of the sermon and as the congregation was about to be dismissed, an impressible brother rose and proposed to be one of a given number to raise \$100 to make President Lincoln a life director of the missionary society. The proposition was put and Brothers A. B. and C. responded glibly. But the inevita-

ble pause finally came, part of the money was wanting. When the Bishop announced "Who will take the balance the pause became oppressive. Then the long form of Lincoln was seen to rise, a long, bony arm extended imploringly, and he said: "Bishop this is the first time I have ever been placed on an auction block, please let me pay the balance myself and take me down."

THANKSGIVING PSALM

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Thanksgiving is an empty dream!
That the students cannot mingle,
And turkeys are not what they seem.

Cakes are real. Chickens earnest!
Has been said from pole to pole
Eat thou must ere thou returnest
Was not spoken of this school.

Not mince pies, not plum puddings
Are our destined end or way
But to eat that each tomorrow
Finds us better than today.
Terms are long, though time is fleet-
ing

Still our hearts are stout and brave
Though "Societies" are treading
Their funeral marches to the grave,
Trust no Phils however pleasant
Or no Club however dear
Cease—oh cease now in the present
Ere demerits greet your ear.

But these lines do now remind us
That we are mourning for the dead.
And we now will leave behind us.
All the paths which we have tread.

Let us then be up and eating
With a will for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to eat both long and late.

A Mid-Winter Cruise

On a late January afternoon the Panama Mail Steamship Guatemala is guided out of New York harbor by two very efficient little tugboats.

We are carrying about one hundred passengers and much interesting freight and mail for South and Central America. We wrap heavy coats about us, watch the lights of Atlantic City fade and are glad to go in to the warmth and cheer of the lounge.

The cold and gale of the following night are succeeded by a calm blue sea and a delightful suggestion of warmth the third day out. The air is gradually getting very soft and balmy and we are ready to discard wraps and wear summer clothing. Deck sports are in order every day, the swimming pool becomes very popular and time slips away with amazing swiftness. Our first sight of land is on the fourth day when we pass San Salvador, the small island where Columbus first landed—a barren looking place with white coral beach, a light-house and small settlement.

The following day we pass Haiti, its high mountains beautifully blue in the distance. The flying-fish, silvery white in the bright sunshine, appear to be performing just for our amusement; porpoises are jumping high from the water and a shark is seen close by. We have entered the Caribbean Sea; the air seems softer, the water bluer, often with wonderful opalescent colors. There are glorious sunsets, lovely twilights with Venus and Jupiter dominating the western sky. Eastward a shimmering path of light on the sea leads to the full moon appearing huge and near in the clear tropical air.

The eighth day just at sunrise we enter the harbor of Puerto Colombia, South America. Every berth in the big dock is occupied, but a Dutch freighter pulls out, making a place for us—our privilege as a mail-carrying boat. Puerto Colombia is the port for Baranquilla a great center for coffee exportation. In a long train of mixed freight and passenger cars we are trundled and jerked the twenty miles along the Magdalena river to Baranquilla. Beautiful tropical flow-

ers and vines everywhere. In the small villages which we pass through, the burro is the means of transportation, but in the city along with these are plenty of American automobiles of all makes. We have luncheon at a German hotel, visit the huge marketplace built on the bank of the river and take an interesting motor ride about the city. The business district is cramped and dusty; no paved streets, Spanish spoken everywhere. On higher ground is the newer residential part of the city developed largely by two ambitious Iowans. Here is a lovely view of the country with newly built streets, fine houses and a country-club not unlike those in the States.

It is getting very warm and we are glad to go back in early evening to our good ship with its friendly officers, courteous Filipino stewards and the well-served dinner which we much prefer to South American fare. The sewing-machines, automobiles, steel, wire and cement are finally unloaded from our boat and replaced with many tons of coffee. This we were to see in every port and it was of never-failing interest—the workings of the huge derricks and the lithe brown figures of the natives away down in the holds of the ship packing away the big bags of coffee.

Leaving early in the morning, a sail of about five hours brings us to the marvellously beautiful harbor of Cartagena. Again the opal colors of the sea, lines of cocoanut palms on the shore and among them the picturesque little houses of soft pastel colors.

Cartagena was the scene of many raids when pirates roamed the Caribbean. Wandering about the city that lovely February afternoon we almost imagine we are in old Spain. There are huge fortification walls, ruins of old forts built four centuries ago, beautiful old cathedrals, narrow streets with overhanging balconies, interesting market-places, automobiles, donkey carts and everywhere—

color. A ten hour sail brings us to the Panama Canal the next evening and we are under the U. S. flag again. The great docks at Cristobal are immensely interesting; freight and people from every corner of the world. We have two days for sight-seeing and browsing in the fascinating shops of Colon.

It is a joy to hear the English language again and see everywhere evidence of Uncle Sam's efficiency. We drive to the Gatun dam and watch the passing of big ships through the locks; see the silent workings of the immense wheels underground which open and close the great gates. The passage through the canal is interesting beyond description. Luncheon is served on the upper deck so the passengers miss none of the experience. Several delightful hours are spent in Panama City and Balboa at the Pacific end of the Canal. Balboa charms us with its fine streets, beautiful hills and trees and the government building where all the Canal Zone affairs are administered by a staff of four thousand people. It is a strange contrast to step across an invisible line from the dirt and age, yet undeniable fascination, of old Panama to the order, cleanliness, fine buildings, homes, hospitals, etc. of Ancon and Balboa in the Zone, on U. S. soil.

Our next stop is at Corinto, port of Nicaragua, a fine harbor with picturesque mountains and extinct volcanoes overlooking it. The little town—is hot and dusty. The burros of South America have been superseded by big oxen drawing carts with wheels of solid wood. Native women are carrying large flat baskets on their heads to and from the markets and the little children which swarm the streets are contentedly eating oranges or drinking the milk from a freshly broken cocoanut. A United States army truck is seen and an occasional marine, but most of these are at Managua, some miles inland.

Two days later we anchor off La Libertad, San Salvador. The swell

of the sea is such here that large ships can not dock, so, four or five at a time, we get into the big "basket" and are lowered by the derricks into the lighter waiting for us—a new and rather exciting stunt. Upon reaching shore we motor about fifteen miles over good roads through beautiful mountainous country to the capital city, two thousand feet above sea level. On every side is something of interest; bread-fruit, papaya and banana trees, sugar and coffee plantations, gorgeous flowers and always the rather startling heights and depths close to the highway. We meet the natives driving their ox-carts and carrying the formidable machete, equally useful for cutting sugar cane or as a weapon of defense.

The city itself is clean and prosperous looking and the people have the air of being busy and contented. There is a stop of a day at Guatemala City high up in the mountains. Then five or six days of perfect weather, smooth seas and most gorgeous sunsets—colors in sea and sky almost unbelievable. Mazatlan, with its beautiful rock-guarded harbor. Again we land by means of "basket" and lighter and spend a very interesting day in this enterprising Mexican city. Next day, San Jose del Cabo on the southernmost point of Lower California, the tiny village like an oasis set in palms with huge mountains rising eight thousand feet behind it. We anchor some distance from the shore and the natives bring out in small boats ten thousand cases of tomatoes to be delivered in San Francisco. Late afternoon we are off again, the usual calm sea and balmy air continuing.

Three days later we sight "Old Baldy", snow-capped, in the California Sierras, then the oil derricks of Long Beach appear and we realize that we are at the end of our cruise. After twenty-eight days of unmarred pleasure and interest we say good-bye to the very delightful ship-board companions and are happy to greet familiar faces on the pier at Los Angeles.

AGNES CHILDE PAINE

At The Call of Liberty

(To Independence Bell)

What did you see in '76.

Famed old bell of the long ago?
Swinging between the earth and sky,
Hymning a chant that shall never die,
I saw a nation arise to life
Fearless of danger, sorrow, and strife,
Steadfast and sure as the years
should go,

At the call of Liberty."

What did you see in 1812,

Stern old bell of those trying days?
"Seeking for naught but the justice
due,

I saw that nation its strength renew
Against oppression, and undismayed
Stand for the freedom for which was
laid

The cornerstone in a chant of praise,
At the call of Liberty."

What did you see in '61,

Sad old bell of that dismal hour?
"I saw the gloom of a civil strife
In which was endangered that na-
tion's life;

Brother 'gainst brother, with up-
raised hand,
Standing enranked at the stern com-
mand

To banish the yoke of Slavery's
power

At the call of Liberty."

What did you see in '98,

Grim old bell of avenging might?
"I saw that nation spring to right
The glaring wrong of a tyrant's spite,
To aid the weak, the hungry to feed,
The naked to clothe, to banish the
greed

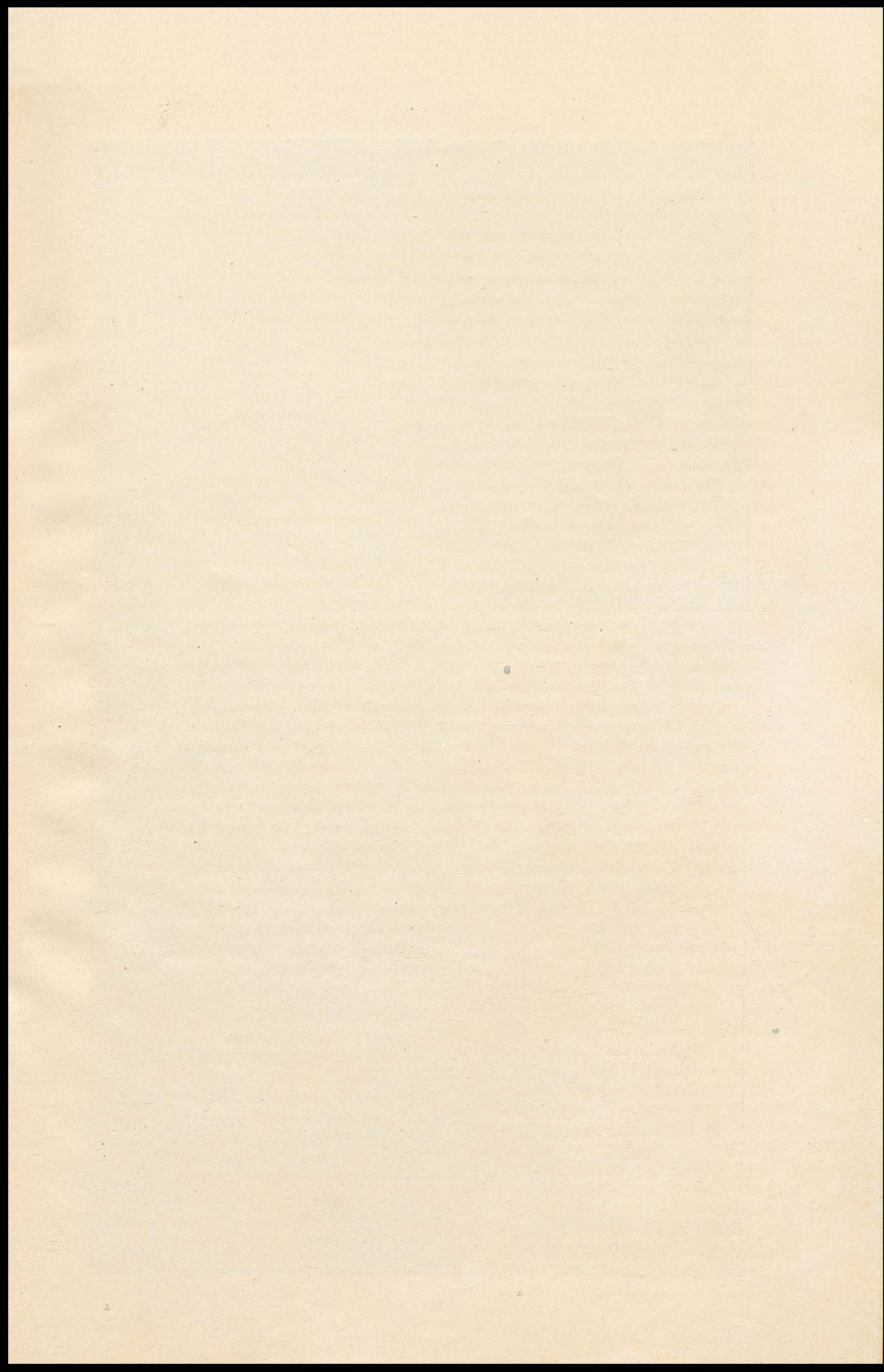
Which from darkened shores had
withheld the light,

At the call of Liberty."

What did you see in '17,

Proud old bell of those darkest
years?

"To save the world from ruin untold,
I saw that nation pour out its gold,
Its flower of youth, its resources vast,





A rock in a desert, a shield from the
blast
Of the scorching war-flame that blis-
ters and sears,
At the call of Liberty."

What do you see this day and hour,
Grand old bell of the ages past?
"I see as a strength that shall never
decay
That nation born on that long-past
day,
Standing a beacon to lead and guide
The world into paths as yet untried,
In a glory that ne'er shall be overcast,
At the call of Liberty.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON

Class of 1905

Dedication of The Hall Memorial Gymnasium

The picture on the opposite page gives you a good idea of the exterior of our new gymnasium and its location east of the Academy and just east of the site of Elmwood Hall. The dedication of this new building was on Tuesday afternoon, November 13, 1928, after six years of untiring effort on the part of the committees to erect this memorial to the former beloved principal of Woodstock Academy, Ely Ransom Hall.

Could he in whose memory the gymnasium was dedicated, have been present on this occasion, his joy would have been unbounded. None would have appreciated the fine building more than he. Not as it reflected a fondness for himself, a tribute to his years of service, but as it was to benefit the pupils of the school.

The wonderful spirit that made the fine memorial possible, the fondness of the alumni for their alma mater, the united purpose of the people of the town, the close fellowship of the citizens, the high ideals of the community, and above all the deep

affection for the former principal, made itself evident in the very atmosphere, even to the stranger within the building. Outstanding was that marked tribute of respect, esteem and fond memory for the man, the citizen, and the educator. More pronounced, more impressive than the words of the speakers, highly eulogistic though they were, was that moment of solemn silence, a tribute to the memory of Mr. Hall. It was an act of reverence for one dearly beloved. There were many tear dimmed eyes when the silence was broken. The occasion was a most impressive mixture of sadness and feelings of joy. Sadness for the years and association that will never return. Joy at the realization of a determination to erect a memorial that, if he can look back to this earth, must fill with gratification the soul of this man who gave so much, so many years of his life, in devoted service to the boys and girls of Woodstock.

The inside of the building is tinted in white and gray. The floor is of fine matched maple. Around the sides are the tiers of benches for spectators. Overhead are twelve electric lights. The locker rooms and baths are in a separate part of the building.

On the east wall is a tablet in black and bronze. It is inscribed to make known that the building is a memorial building, and to whom it is a memorial. The inscription reads: "This Gymnasium is Dedicated to Ely Ransom Hall, Principal of This Academy from 1888 to 1914, Given by His Friends and the Woodstock Academy Alumni."

On the north side of the building is another memorial. This a drinking fountain. On a tablet similar to that on the east side is inscribed: "This Fountain Erected in Memory of Eleanor Howard Palmer by Her Daughter, Minnie P. Dean."

The dedicatory exercises began promptly at half past two o'clock. Clarence W. Bowen, president of the board of trustees, presided and in-

roduced the speakers most happily. After the "Desert Song," played by the orchestra, Rev. Thomas Benjamin Powell of Woodstock offered prayer.

Rev. Henry Dwight Baker formally presented the drinking fountain to the building committee. He said that he stood in the place of one of the best known alumni of Woodstock Academy, Judge F. F. Russell, who was unable to be present.

Mr. Baker told of the money provided for the fountain and said that some years ago the town of Woodstock appointed a committee to determine a suitable place to erect it. One of the committee was Albert Williams, who suggested that it might be placed in the memorial building. This was accomplished. It was all made possible by a girl who had lived in Woodstock, her memory preserved by a building further down the street, (The Palmer Memorial Building) and now by this further memorial. It is inscribed in her memory and given by her daughter. "In behalf of the executors I present to the Alumni Association this fountain," Mr. Baker concluded.

Mr. Bowen then introduced the chairman of the building committee saying that six years ago the alumni of Woodstock Academy determined to put up a gymnasium in memory of Mr. Hall, principal of the academy over twenty-five years, and the committee went diligently to work to get subscriptions, some small, some larger, but with an ever increasing fund. "The chairman of the building committee, whom we all know, all honor and all love is with us today, Mr. W. C. Child," said Mr. Bowen.

Mr. Child said that the occasion was pretty nearly the happiest of his life. In 1921 good-bye was said to Mr. Hall. Since that time money has been raised. It was at first purposed to use it as a fund to help worthy pupils through the academy but, remembering how Mr. Hall used to wrinkle his face as the boys came into the schoolroom covered with perspiration, after engaging in sport,

it was felt that Mr. Hall would have appreciated a place where there were shower baths. This thought changed the plan and instead of a fund to assist pupils a gymnasium was determined upon as a memorial, to be called the Hall Memorial Gymnasium.

The committee worked very hard. The building committee, Mr. Sampson, Dr. Pike and Mr. Peckham; also Henry Baker, Albert Williams and W. C. Child for the Alumni. Mrs. Albert Hibbard acted as secretary and Mr. Sampson as treasurer. Mr. Williams was active in grading.

"On behalf of the Alumni Building Committee, and friends, I now turn the building over to the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association," said Mr. Child

The president of the Alumni Association, S. Howard Peckham, made the speech of acceptance. He said that he accepted the building and the report of the building committee. He expressed thanks and appreciation to the committee, whose hard work had been a large factor in making the building a reality. He also thanked Mr. Bowen for the many ways in which he had rendered assistance that helped make the building possible. In closing he expressed the thanks of the association to all who, in any way, had assisted in bringing about such a successful culmination of a worthy project resulting in a fine memorial to Mr. Hall. He then turned the building over to the trustees.

Mr. Bowen, as chairman of the trustees, accepted the building with sincere pleasure. He said he was grateful for all the work that had been done to make the building possible as a memorial to one who was so faithful to the Academy, and worked so hard for the institution.

As Mr. Bowen concluded his words of acceptance the pupils of the Academy seated in the rear of the room, gave the school cheer for the president of the board of trustees.

Following another number by the orchestra, Mr. Bowen said: "We all loved Mr. Hall; we all loved Mrs. Hall. While Mrs. Hall was not connected with the Academy she filled a place in this community almost as important as that of her husband. We have with us today a member of the Hall family, Mrs. Joseph M. Dohan of Philadelphia, who was Miss Edith Hall of Woodstock."

Mrs. Dohan said that she read in the Putnam Patriot that she was to be on the program. "I read that paper from cover to cover," she said, but as this was all the information she obtained on the matter she thought it must be a mistake.

"In behalf of my family I wish to express our deep appreciation for this wonderful memorial building."

Mrs. Dohan then went on to say that there are the old style and the new in such a service as has been rendered in the erection of the building. In the old days the farmers left their farms and went out to help others just as they have worked for this building and came to the building today. It is a more picturesque service though not more valuable than such a service as rendered by Mr. Bowen. He can conjure money out of people's pockets. This is developing into a science and soon we will have no money to put into our pockets. But past and present the "begging business" has to be done. She said she was engaged in a community chest campaign at the time she left home.

Mrs. Dohan said she knew that her father would be the first to approve of the new building. He would want to do away with the speaking program and get the boys out on the basketball floor. She said that Woodstock is full of traditions of one kind and another and referred to a letter written by General George Washington to the pastor of the Woodstock church of that time thanking him for the good work he did at Valley Forge. She spoke of going to the

home of Mr. McClellan in her girlhood, of his courtly bow before her that so impressed her; and the accompanying nosegay he was wont to present. "Woodstock is full of all these sweet memories so fast passing out of American life," she said.

One of the greatest sins as viewed by the Greeks was "Satisfaction." One should never lose himself in self satisfaction. He should keep on, never be self satisfied. "Formulate new ideas, in any realm of thought. Carry them out. That's the way to keep on," she concluded.

In introducing the next speaker, Christopher Lafarge of New York, member of the firm of architects, Lafarge, Warren & Clark, Mr. Bowen said the firm built the Morgan Memorial in Hartford, well known to many of the audience, and that the speaker's father had to do with the erection of the Cathedral of St. John The Divine, in New York.

Mr. Lafarge grouped his remarks under three points. First he alluded to his pleasantly delightful association with the building committee. Second there has been put into the building one thing that no architect can provide nor possibly achieve—Love of craftsmanship, for which all must be grateful to Mr. Boulais. Thirdly he said that the architect has ideas which seem almost perfect but when a building is completed he is the first to discover the small defects. He asked that all suspend judgment on the building until it had been used by people. It is such use that constitutes the life of a building. "Then may I hope it will achieve the distinction of the view that made it possible, he said.

The last to speak was Dr. William Beach Olmsted, headmaster of Pomfret School, who made a most excellent, though all too short, address.

Dr. Olmsted first alluded to his profound regard for the people of Woodstock. He said if they had the same regard for him he was doubly satisfied.

He told of hearing Joseph Choate and General Horace Porter on a speaking program. The general spoke first. Then the witty Mr. Choate arose to speak and said that he was delighted to be the last speaker for the value of a speaker became like numbers in arithmetic, "because the cyphers, which increase the number, come last."

Dr. Olmsted spoke of the development of the lengths, breadths and heights of men. A good brain, a developed body and a clean heart are the greatest foundation. "The development of young people is the whole thing" he said. "Life is not so easy; it is no great joke." He spoke of possible false standards of the previous generation as an example to the young and urged, "Get away from the pessimistic idea that everything is wrong."

"Get away from this pessimism. The whole world is full of don'ts and do's. Let them stand up and take their blows." He said a man went to the captain of a football team that had been losing games most consistently and asked what was the matter. The reply was they did not have enough kickers. "They are all among the alumni," said Dr. Olmsted, and there was laughter.

He alluded to the struggle of the young for growth. Their being turned aside if they did not have fifteen points. Many who can get but ten or twelve points will later be the men of one thousand points. Perfection is not what is being sought. Be strong for advancement.

Dr. Olmsted eulogized Mr. Hall as sensible, strong and willing to sacrifice himself. Some must stand second. There must be a second line of defense. There are too many not willing to be second. He devoted his life to the welfare of the young men and women of the community. The speaker defied any one to give a better example of a worthy life. "And now this building is erected in honor of his memory," he said. "May God

bless this place and all connected with it," he concluded.

Followed the singing of "Fair Woodstock," the audience standing, L. H. Healey then moved that a rising vote of thanks be given the speakers. This was complied with and it was then that Mr. Bowen said there would be a moment's silence out of respect for the memory of Mr. Hall. There was not a sound. Even from without the building and in the nearby highway all was silent. Through the windows streamed the bright afternoon sunshine as a solemn benediction while the audience stood with bowed heads.

The orchestra, Miss Gertrude Warner, Mrs. Dorothy Prince and Mrs. Katherine Lown, then played the final number on the program, "High Jinks."

In the building at eight o'clock in the evening there was an entertainment by the Mardelia Duo of Boston until 9.30 o'clock. This was followed by dancing until midnight. Dr. Sharpe's orchestra furnishing the music.

Clarence W. Bowen, chairman of the board of trustees of the Academy, has received two letters in connection with the dedication. Both go back over half a century ago and are here reproduced.

Mrs. John M. Allen (Sarah M. Briggs), aged 92, widow of Rev. John M. Allen of Woodstock and daughter-in-law of William Allen, President of Bowdoin College, writes:

"My connection with Woodstock Academy was early in the fifties, but I cannot be sure as to date. Professor Louis Ganoux was principal. Miss Susan P. Hammond, daughter of Dr. Hammond of Dayville, and Miss Lucia Jenks of Dayville or Danielsonville were among the out-of-town students at the time." I never lost my interest or regard for Woodstock Academy. Woodstock was my home, and my birthplace, November 21st, 1836."

Frank Adelbert Hopkins, one of the oldest living graduates, writes:—

"Your letter of October 31st carries me back in memory sixty-six years, to the spring of 1862, at which time I was a student at Woodstock Academy, under Principal Manning.

Among my memories is one very distinct, of the difficulty I had in committing to memory the first proposition in geometry. I also recall the old Greenleaf's Higher Arithmetic and wonder if students now-a-days have anything as thorough. I can see Mr. Manning as in class one morning he gave out the following problems: 'What is the greatest number of hills of corn that can be planted on an acre, the hills to be 2 1-2 feet apart?' I said I could show how it could be done, and was told to put it on the board the next day. If anyone present should care to try to ascertain the answer, I will repeat what I told Mr. Manning, that the greatest number could be found by putting in the hills in the form of a triangle. This method of solution appeared to be a new one to the rest of the class.

As usual in those days, an exhibition was given at the close of the year, and I recall the following as taking part: Misses Sibley and Lizzie Green, Hiram Grant, Albert Wells and myself. I remember that I played the piano for the singing of the farewell song, composed by Mrs. Manning, the following three stanzas of which still remain in memory.

Farewell, Farewell, is a lonely word,
And always brings a sigh—
But give to me when loved ones part
That sweet old word, Good-Bye.

CHORUS

We part from friends and teachers,
too,
We love them one and all,
Though life be long we'll ne'er forget
Days spent at Elmwood Hall.

We part, perchance, forever now,
In distant homes to dwell.
Our teachers, friends and schoolmates
dear,

God bless you all, Farewell.

It seems probable that I am the oldest living student, and as such I congratulate you on completing the gymnasium and wish for Woodstock Academy many, many years of usefulness."

Reminiscences of Old Woodstock in the Early Eighteen Twenties

By Lucian B. Kendall

It is pleasant sometimes to look back to the days of childhood and live over again scenes that never can be forgotten, for the impressions then formed are forever fixed.

I well remember the old meeting house that stood where the one now stands. It was a venerable old building; it required some courage to pass by it after nightfall. It had a west door and a south side door. It had no steeple but plenty of windows, no place for fire, although surrounded by words not far distant.

The old fashioned pews, four square, very high, seats on three sides, a high pulpit so the minister could see all the people.

Probably a good deal he said went over their heads, as it did not seem to hit.

I well remember how the Rev. Mr. Lyman used to look as he passed up the aisle, dressed in short breeches, large silver buckles on his knees, and shoes, his venerable form and solemn countenance were very impressive; in fact we boys were sometimes afraid of him. I don't remember that I ever saw him smile. I think he preached there some 45 years. He was a good man.

In the spring of 1921 they tore down the old house and prepared to build the new.

The meetings were held in the

Academy and it was there, with my brother and two others, that I was christened by Mr. Lyman.

Mr. Flynn was the chorister, and for many years, with his peculiarly sweet voice, he led this part of the service with great satisfaction. The old Academy had a steeple—it stood on eight posts above the belfry. One evening I saw several men up there. I went to see what was going on, and found that they had a rope attached to the top, and a man was sawing off the posts. When already the men below hauled away and down it came.

The old rooster, which had so faithfully pointed the way of the wind to more than one generation, was thrown upon the ground with great violence, but he uttered not a word.

The bats flew about our heads and one man was bitten. I must tell you a little about the resident inhabitants and their houses upon the street—now all dead, every one.

The first house on the lower end of the street was occupied by Mr. Silsby—he made hats. The next to the north on the west side of the road, an old hip roofed house was owned by Mr. William Bowen. One thing I remember was a hole in the door for the convenience of the cat—This I think is one of the lost arts.

The next house was occupied by Mr. Bowen himself. In the rear of the house was a splendid pear tree—very large. We boys were very good neighbors when the pears were ripe; always asked for them. "Yes if you can find any on the ground". If we did not we found a way to get them on the ground. Wicked boys were we not?

The next house was called the "Governor Cooke House". Here lived my father, Chester Kendall—afterwards Oliver Saunders, the shoemaker. The next house was occupied by Mr. Calvin Rawson; He was deputy Sheriff. We were a little afraid of him.

In the next again resided Dr. Carroll; he was a jolly man and furnished all the calomel and jalap that we needed. If his funny jokes did not cure us his pills would.

The next house was occupied by Mr. Daniel Lyon, the father of Jasper and Schuyler. Then an orchard intervened, and a small building, one part being used as an apothecary shop,—the other was the pastor's study.

Then came the Rev. Mr. Lyman's house, it was a very large one, and had a gambrel roof, the only roof of that kind on the street. The next was the tavern kept by Wm. K. Greene; he kept a store also. The next was the residence of Mr. Dorence. It was built the same year the meeting-house was.

This and the Jasper Lyon house were the only ones built about that time. Esquire McClellan's house followed next, but was afterwards burned. Across the road we next came to Mr. Amos Paine's house followed next on the east by Mr. Flynn's.

He was very fond of a good joke. He told me that very few persons died at his age, from the fact that they never reached it.

One day, Governor William Marcy of New York, who went to school in Woodstock when a boy, visited the old town.

He called on Mr. Flynn supposing that he was forgotten, as his hair was gray, so he walked into the shop.

The Major looked at him a minute --The Governor said "I guess you don't know me? "Yes I do it's Bill Marcy."

Following the house of Mr. Flynn was Mr. George Bowen's who kept the tavern for many years also a very fine store.

The next building was the old Academy. For a while as there was no school there it was used for a dwelling house by Mr. Luther Lyon. It caught fire one windy day and

came very near going up. But fortunately Dr. Marcy was near by and he went into the house and told Mrs. Lyon the house was on fire, saying "Get me a pail and I guess I can put it out." She ran into nearly every room before she could find one, she was so alarmed so the story runs.

The next was the Patridge house, so called. I think Miss Bowen owns it now. The Rev. Mr. Crampton lived there at one time; he was the pastor for a short period.

I remember one day in winter Mr. Crampton went around the street and gave us boys a very cordial invitation to come to his house that evening and partake of some of his nice apples and cider. We all liked apples and some of us liked cider pretty well. So you may be sure we were on hand dressed in our best. We had not seen the programme, and knew not what the order of exercises were, but we soon found out.

Out in the yard was a tremendous pile of wood. "There boys I want you to carry this wood into the woodhouse and then we will have the apples and cider." That word was moved in a hurry. I think if ministers would saw a little more wood they would not have so much dyspepsia.

The next dwelling below the meeting-house Mr. Jasper Lyon built, and the next the old Hammond house, Dr. Lyman occupied; The next and last was Capt. Joseph Lyman's. These I have named were all the houses standing on the street at that time. The Dorrance house and Jasper Lyon house I saw built; the Silsby the Hammond, the Cooke, and the pastor's house have all been torn down.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The house just south of the Carroll place owned by Calvin Rawson, later by Rev. James H. Lyon was on the site of the house now occupied by Mr. L. H. Healey.

The Silsby house stood in the orchard at the end of the street on land now owned by Mr. C. W. Bowen and has always carried on the name by being called the Silsby lot.

The house awarded by Mr. William Bowen was the small house located on the grounds of Mrs. Herbert Bowen. The next house was the house now occupied by Mrs. Herbert Bowen. The next house whose history we know is the one which stood where Mr. L. H. Healy lives. The Dr. Carroll house is owned by Mrs. B. R. Ritch, a noteworthy fact it has always been crowned by his descendants.

The Lyon house stood where Mr. Adelard Gobin now lives.

The tavern is the house owned by Miss Stoutenberg.

The Amos Paine house was the one owned by Dr. Joseph Spalding.

The George Bowen house (the original structure) is owned by a descendant, Dr. Hamilton Holt.

The Patridge house is the one now occupied by Mr. George M. Sampson.

The house below the meeting-house is the same dwelling now occupied by Mr. William J. Lindeman.

The Hammond house was what is known as the Russell house.

The next house once owned by the Lymans stands on another location and is occupied by Mr. Fred W. Hinrichs.

Library Notes

Officers of Woodstock Library Association:—

President, Edward H. Chandler.

Vice-President, Mrs. George M. Sampson.

Secretary, Mrs. Leonard H. Healey.

Treasurer, William M. Gallup.

Librarian, Louise L. Child.

HOWARD BRACKEN MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The library has been open the usual number of days throughout the year and was opened to out-of-town visitors on a few special occasions.

More books were circulated than in any previous year. Good selections of the newest books were purchased at intervals and placed on the shelves.

The library is grateful to its friends for donations of books. At present writing, it is in receipt of a valuable little book entitled, "Mr. Leonard's Thanksgiving Sermon" presented by Mrs. Ellen Perrin Green of Royalston, Vermont. The book is a printed sermon delivered at Woodstock November 19, 1767 by Abiel Leonard A. M. at that time "Pastor of the church in the first Society in said Town." Inscribed on the title page is "Asa Perrin, His Book December the 18th, A. D. 1785."

Mrs. Green is the great-granddaughter of Asa Perrin who was a resident of Woodstock.

Academy Sunday Service

Academy Sunday Service at Woodstock, Connecticut, June 9, 1929, at 2:00 p. m.:

Processional—Triumphal March, Loud Invocation

Rev. Thomas E. Powell Gounod
"Ave Maria"

String Quartette

Responsive Reading

Gloria Patri

Scripture Lesson

Soprano Solo—Hear Ye Israel

Mendelssohn
Miss Louise Pike

Prayer

Rev. Henry D. Baker Gounne
"Extase"

String Quartet
Hymn—No. 97—One Day Hansen

Sermon

Rev. David P. Hatch
Hymn—No. 642—Duke Street, Hatton

Benediction

Recessional

(The Congregation Seated)

Mr. Walter E. Dodge, Organist.

Miss Louise Pike, Soloist.

Mrs. Katharine Lown, Piano.
Mrs. Dorothy Prince, Violin.
Miss Eleanor Irving, Violin.
Miss Gertrude Warner, 'Cello.

Graduation Exercises

Commencement March Fulton
Woodstock Orchestra

Prayer

The Reverend Henry D. Baker
Chorus, The Woodland Stream
W. T. Wrighton
Girls' Chorus

Address,

Dr. Clarence E. Partch, Ed. D.
Dean of the School of Education
Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

Chorus, There's Music in the Air
G. F. Root

Overture, Determination Hayes
Woodstock Orchestra

Presentation of Diplomas,
Dr. Charles DeLancey Alton, M. D.
Woodstock Academy, '64
Hartford, Conn.

Announcements

Fair Woodstock

Recessional, Paragon Bennett
Woodstock Orchestra

CLASS OF 1929
VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT

Latin Scientific Course

†Wallace Holmes Child
Samuel Zipkin

English Scientific Course

Beatrice Ellen Child
Henry Dexter Young

Latin Course

*John Andrew Meehan

General Course

§Doris Priscilla Basto
Evelyn Francelia Butts
Agnes Leo Davies
Gertrude Mary Mathilda Gobin
Elsie Ingeborg Johnson
John Franklin McWilliam
Ralph Richardson Tourtellotte
Viola May Williams

- *Highest Honors in Scholarship.
- §Second Highest Honors in Scholarship.
- ‡Third Highest Honors in Scholarship.

Class Day Exercises

Graduation Exercises, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine, Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn., Friday, June 14, 1929 at 2.30 o'clock, Daylight Saving time.

Class Day Exercises, June 13 at 2:30 p. m. (D. S. T.):

Song, "Woodstock Academy"

Music by B E. Leavitt. Words by F. F. Rockwell

Salutatory

Doris Priscilla Basto

Class History,

Evelyn Francelia Butts

Class Prophecy

Beatrice Ellen Child

Class Will

Elsie Ingeborg Johnson

Statistics Henry Dexter Young

Valedictory

John Meehan

Tree Oration

Wallace Holmes Child

Alma Mater, "Fair Woodstock"

Music by Agnes Childe. Words by A. H. Hall

Law scholarship prizes, American history, Viola Williams, \$10; English I, Dorcas Johnson, \$10; English II, Thelma Johnson, \$10; Math I, Lawrence McWilliam, \$10; best spell-er, Irene Johnson, \$5.

Dr. Alton improvement prizes, Henry Young for boys, \$5; Beatrice Child for girls, \$5.

Flag Essay contest, John Meehan and Doris Basto, first prize medal; honorable mention, Henry Young, Wallace Child, Eva Langlois, Eleanor Starr.

Blue and Gold contest, Gold, 664; Blue, 483.

Highest number of points for Headmaster trophy, Elsie Hibbard, 46.

Best Latin scholar, Ruth Palmer. Miss C. Holt prize, memory of E. R. Hall, \$10.

Honor Roll for the year, Gold pins, Ruth Palmer, Martha Kuper, Elsie Hibbard, John Meehan, Thelma Johnson.

Silver pins, Axel Johnson, Viola Williams, Dorcas Johnson, Anna Johnson, Freda Kuper, Eunice Pike, Eva Langlois, Elsie Erickson.

Bronze pins, Florence Neeley, Sylvia Collins, Elsie Hibbard. (The pins are donated by Albert Tremain of Bridgeport).

Perfect in attendance, Beatrice Child, Martha Kuper, Florence Neeley, Wallace C. Child, Donald French, John McWilliam, Alfred Wetherell.

Honors and Prizes

Honors and prizes were awarded as follows: Judge G. C. Holt prize for learning poems, Gertrude Gobin, Freda Kuper, Joseph Morse, Elsie Hibbard, Martha Kuper, Ruth Palmer, Rosealma LaChapelle. English prize, first, \$5, Ruth Palmer; second, \$3, Thelma Johnson; third, \$2, Dorcas Johnson. French prize, first, \$5, Ruth Palmer; second, \$3, Thelma Johnson; third, \$2, Elsie Hibbard. (These are also Judge Holt prizes).

Oratory prize, \$5, Ralph Tourtelotte.

Salutatory Address

Parents, instructors, schoolmates, and friends: We take great pleasure in welcoming you to our Class Day exercises. After four years of study we gather here today to extend our greetings and appreciation to you who have helped us gain a foundation for our future.

Here our lives have been shaped through the untiring guidance of our parents and teachers. This philosophy of our lives is now partly formulated due to the environment of Woodstock Academy.

"We are the handicap we must face. then, is my motto for life, 'Truth will set you free.' "

our place.

We must say where we want to go— old man's philosophy, and asked him How much we will study, the truth his identity.

to know. "Well," he replied, "I was a young God has equipped us for life, and He man of title, and I became dissatisfied with the strife connected with Lets us decide what we want to be." my rank, so decided to disguise myself as a beggar and learn the meaning of life."

These great truths recall to mind a visit I once made to an old shrine. Here, standing apart from the others, I noticed an old gray-headed man. He appeared to be a beggar, so I placed some small change in his hand. In return for this kindness he began telling me about his experiences, from which I learned many valuable truths.

"In my observations of human nature and life," he began, "I have learned that most material things are superficial, and the things that men lay the most stress on are not so important in the end. This is especially true of power, wealth, and luxury. If men would stop and reflect on the struggles of life, perhaps they would ask themselves, 'Am I strong for the right thing?' Remember the Tower of Rome—it crushed; the wealth of ancient kings and the luxury of Egypt—all there is now to show for that display is dust and crumbling ruins. Earthly beauty fades, and worldly goods diminish. What should one strive for?"

"Ah! There are more worth-while things in life. Perhaps the most important of these is truth, which is gained by knowledge; knowledge of the past and present, of nature and God and one's fellow-men. Truth is immortal, and no one can be free without it.

"Another thing to gain in life is love and friendship. Life is but a barren desert without these. Love is paid in full for all the kindness we do to others, and is one of the worth-while things gained in life without struggle and strife.

"Beauty is also an important factor in one's happiness. Not the mere beauty gained by wealth, but the beauty of the soul and mind, gained by right living and thinking. This,

As I turned to thank him for his kind philosophy he had vanished. On inquiry I could learn nothing of such a character, and although I do not believe in miracles, I often wonder if he was not someone sent to give me the right idea of life. I have decided to accept his motto as my guidance, "Truth will set you free."

DORIS BASTO

Valedictory Address

Four years ago when we entered this institution, we little realized how soon this day would arrive. It seemed far distant and almost out of reach until a few weeks ago, when we suddenly realized that our lessons were almost over and that soon our high school education would be finished.

During these four years we have enjoyed many good times together which will always return to our memories during our later years and will make our high school days seem among the happiest days of our lives. Memories of social activities and athletic contests in which we have taken part will always come back to us and serve as reminders of the pleasures which we have experienced at Woodstock Academy.

Our teachers have patiently worked with us, and have helped us to establish in our minds, facts which we must make use of later, and have done their best to make clear to us, principles which will help us to make a success of life. We have striven with might and main for four years to reach this goal, graduation, and not until now have we realized that

the time has passed too quickly and that today we are together for almost the last time.

But we have also the future to think of. Graduation is only commencement. We must now get returns from the time which we have invested in our high school education, and therein lies the problem which must be solved by each one of us individually. Perhaps the greater part of us are in favor of becoming educated further and adding more knowledge to the foundation we have received here. But, whatever course we choose we will all go into it with that good Woodstock Academy spirit and try to come out on top of the heap. Many great men have graduated from this institution and have added glory to the name of their Alma Mater. Let it also be our ambition to do the same and make the class of 1929 one which will be remembered. We have worked hard so far to procure our high school education. Let us work just as hard to add to it, and let us enter into our life's career with the same ideals guiding us, the ideals which are expressed in our motto, "Veritas vos liberabit," "The truth will set you free," which is the sentiment of our class."

JOHN MEEHAN

Ivy Oration

We, the class of 1929, are gathered here today on an occasion which will remain in our memories as long as we live.

Four years ago when we entered Woodstock Academy as freshmen, it seemed as though graduation was far distant, but now that it is here at hand it seems as though the time has come only too soon. Our hearts are filled with sorrow when we think of leaving the place where for four years we have shared the same joys, participated in the same things, and worked toward the same goal.

It is, therefore, fitting that we should leave a token of our love for

the school and the many friends we have found here. This token is the ivy which has been planted beside this grand gymnasium. The building, itself, has a meaning more significant than words can express. It is a monument which exemplifies the love and devotion of the alumni of Woodstock Academy toward their Alma Mater. It is our hope that as this ivy spreads over the walls it will add something to its beauty.

May this ivy be as an example to be followed by us and by those who follow in our footsteps. As you cling to these walls, so may we cling to the ideals and principles of this institution. As you ornament this building, so may the fruits of our ambitions ornament our lives. You will help us to remember the many benefits which we have received here from our teachers and from our schoolmates. The untiring efforts of the teachers in our behalf and the cooperation and friendship of our schoolmates have been in themselves an education more valuable than we now realize.

But the time has come when we must say farewell to teachers, students, and lastly to our school. May we think of graduation not as the end of our education, but as one more step toward its completion.

So as we depart we mark this step in our progress with ivy to remain here and grow with Woodstock Academy as a living tribute of our love and gratitude for that Alma Mater.

WALLACE CHILD

Social Activities

Although there has been much hard work done on the part of both teachers and students, there has also been time for the usual activities which make up the Social Life at Woodstock Academy.

In the afternoon of November 14th, the Hall Memorial Gymnasium was dedicated to Woodstock Academy. A

fine entertainment consisting of speeches and special music was enjoyed by all. In the evening there was a Dedication dance.

A lecture by Mr. Ellsworth was given through the kindness of Mr. Clarence Bowen. The proceeds of which went to the Athletic Association.

The night before Hallowe'en the Senior Class gave a social. The entertainment consisted of two plays "Ghost Hunters" and "Three of a Kind," which were coached by Miss Upham and Mr. Ellis. Dancing followed.

Before Christmas vacation the Sophomore Class gave a very favorable play entitled, "Flinnagan's Flat" which was coached by their class adviser Mr. Closson. The leading characters were Sylvia Collins and Joseph Morse.

In the latter part of November the School gave a Minstrel Show which was very successfully supervised by Mr. Ellis. As the curtain went up the audience saw boys and girls in the background. On the sides sat the end men in attractively colored costumes, while Wallace Child sat in the center of the stage as interlocutor. Jokes and humorous songs kept the audience in continual laughter.

In March the Junior Class presented a play entitled "Apple Blossom Time" which turned out prosperously because of the fine ability of the coaches. Miss Pike and Mr. Ellis.

April 19, the Junior Class Prom was held in the new Gymnasium. The hall was artistically decorated by the class. Refreshments were served. Everyone enjoyed the music which was played by the "Gold Mask" Orchestra.

A benefit movie was shown at Woodstock Academy by the Class of 1929. The picture was "Night Flyer."

In chapel, on the morning of June 13, the Freshman Class presented a Puppet Show, Julius Caesar. Mrs. Tuttle, the English teacher, has made this play much clearer and pleasanter

to the class by using puppets which the class made.

Class Day exercises were held June 13 at 2:30 P. M. on the lawn at the Academy. The essays were read as follows:

Salutatory	Doris Basto
Class History	Evelyn Butts
Class Prophecy	Beatrice Child
Class Will	Elsie Johnson
Statistics	Henry Young
Valedictory	John Meehan
Tree Oration	Wallace Child

Graduation exercises at Woodstock Academy were held June 14 in the Academy Hall. There were fourteen in the class, Wallace Child, Henry Young, John Meehan, Doris Basto, Evelyn Butts, Agnes Davies, Gertrude Gobin, Elsie Johnson, John McWilliam, Ralph Tourtellotte, and Viola Williams. The afternoon address was given by Dr. Clarence E. Patch, Dean of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J. Dr. Charles De Lancey Alton, a graduate of Woodstock Academy in the Class of '64, presented the diplomas. Music was played by the Woodstock Orchestra. In the evening the Senior Reception was held in the Hall Gymnasium.

Thus ended the activities of the class of 1929. May the class always live up to its motto "Veritas Vos Liberabit."

MARION CADY

A Review of The Year

On September 4, 1928 Woodstock Academy began its one hundred and twenty-seventh year, with a few changes in the faculty. E. W. Ellis was the headmaster and Mrs. Marjorie Tuttle was the Head of the English Department. Miss Ethel Upham was the Head of the Language Department and Mr. William Closson was the Assistant Headmaster.

The New Gymnasium had been completed during the Summer. The grounds were leveled and graded and

the school was beginning a new Era in Physical work.

Many Men of Prominence spoke before the Assembly in the Morning. We were extremely grateful to Mr. Bowen for securing Mr. William Webster Ellsworth to speak to us again on the subject of Shakespeare and Old London. Mr. Hinrichs spoke of his travels in Italy and illustrated these by the use of our many and beautiful pictures that adorn our corridors and rooms. Some of the other speakers were Dr. Putman of the LaSalle Institute and Dr. Rudman of the Bay Path Institute of Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Florence L. C. Kitchelt spoke concerning The League of Nations and the World Court. We always enjoy Mr. Edward Chandler and his talks this year were about Oxford. Another novel talk and illustrated by means of a young lady was the talk and demonstration of the State Blind Institute. A Candy sale was held afterwards and a substantial sum realized.

The Scholastic standing of the School has individually and collectively improved. We are now in good standing of the College Entrance Certificate Board and Approved as a Merited Secondary School in the Technology Schools and Approved by Worcester Tech.

One of the outstanding things and conditions existing in the Senior Class is the desire and ambition of all the Seniors to go to some School of Higher learning.

The New Gymnasium has revolutionized the Athletic Teams at the School and we are able to not only compete with the neighboring Schools, but take our place with schools of the same number in different States.

The International correspondence is still carried on through the language department.

The Honor roll which has invigorated the scholastic department, has shown that the average number obtaining the grade for the marking periods of from 90 to 100 has been ten and the average from 85 to 90 has

been 12 and the average from 80 to 85 has been from 15 to 25. This has been an incentive to each pupil which gives an average of about two-thirds of the School at some time of the year on the Honor Roll. Honor pins were presented by one of the Friends of the Academy, Mr. A. W. Tremain of Bridgeport, Conn.

The Opening Exercises were varied through the cooperation of each class Committee in turn providing the features. Many interesting Programs, showing originality and individualism was successfully featured.

Each Senior brought before the School some Current Topic of International interest, and their short orations not only contained valuable information but were delightfully rendered.

I wish to express my sincere thanks for the kind cooperation of the Community.

E. W. ELLIS

Athletics

Due to the limited number of boys in school no attempt was made at organizing a football team this year.

Basketball practice was started early with Mr. Ellis, the principal, coaching both teams.

The boys played their first game on Thanksgiving eve with the Alumni. A full schedule was arranged for this year, playing over twenty games in all. Mr. Ellis who has had much experience in coaching was successful in producing a better team than the Academy has had for the past few years.

Much credit is due to the people in this community for the interest and cooperation which they have shown by giving their cars and time in helping transport the players.

The regular line-up for the boys' team was as follows: Ralph Tourtellotte, captain and Alfred Wetherell played forwards. Henry Young play-

ed center and Donald French and William playing left, center and right Wallace Child, manager, held down field respectively.

Donald Child was forced to stop playing in the middle of the season on account of an injured knee. Joseph Morse, Lawrence and John McWilliam and Samuel Zipkin were substitutes.

The girls had a strong team this year and had good success in winning a majority of their games.

Mr. Ellis again deserves much credit for coaching their team also and for producing one of greater strength than many of the larger schools.

The regular line-up was Beatrice Child, captain, and Katherine Foskett playing forwards, Marion Cady, center, Dorothea Powell side-center and Roxanna Child and Elsie Hibbard, manager; guards.

Florence Johnson, Viola Williams, Ruth Palmer and Anna Johnson acted as substitutes in various games.

The boys entered the Y. M. C. A. tournament this year and succeeded in getting into the finals which they lost by one point in an over-time game. This game and also one the previous week was played at Middletown. The boys got much pleasure and experience from these games.

Nothing was done toward organizing a track team this year.

The girls had gymnasium practice in the "gym" in the muddy spring weather, but when the ground was dry they had baseball games between various groups within the school.

The boys organized a baseball team this spring which lost six games and won four. We are looking forward to a better team next year which will profit from this year's experience.

The regular players in their respective positions were as follows:

Donald French, pitcher; Wallace Child, catcher; Donald Child, first base; Henry Young, second base; Joseph Morse, 3rd base; Ralph Tourtelotte, shortstop and Alfred Wetherell, Lawrence McWilliam and John Mc-

Five of the athletes from the boys' team and two from the girls' are graduating, but there is good material left in the lower classes and we are hoping Woodstock Academy will hold her place in future athletics.

WALLACE CHILD

REPORT OF 1928-29 WOODSTOCK ACADEMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Cash on Hand Sept. 1, 1928	21.92
RECEIPTS	
Admission to games	222.87
Dues	60.00
Ellsworth lecture	44.20
Magazine campaigns	60.70
Minstrel show	34.61
Collections for flowers	10.27
Sale of basketball shoes	33.01
Sale of football suits	25.00
Sale of pencils	1.15
Guarantees	70.00
	<hr/>
	\$583.73

EXPENDITURES	
Athletic equipment	\$351.37
Printing	10.91
Postage	8.56
Toll calls	12.05
Referees	65.00
Flowers	7.50
Loss on Banquet	10.60
Stationery (to sell)	10.10
Meals, girls' team	10.00
Membership Y. M. C. A. Tournament	2.00
Membership, Free Throw Contest	2.00
Transportation, Girls Team	2.00
Guarantees	85.00
Cash on Hand Aug. 19, 1929	6.64
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	\$583.73

Respectfully submitted,

IRENE JOHNSON, Treasurer

Audited and found correct, August 19, 1929.

WILLIAM F. CLOSSON,

of the faculty.

Woodstock Academy Bank

Woodstock Academy Bank has increased its usefulness this year. This year it took over, for the first time, the purchase of all school texts. All books were ordered through the Bank, all accounts with book companies kept by the Bank and all bills paid by the bank by check. All bills are paid. The Bank also sold the books to students, keeping all necessary records. There was practically no surplus of texts, all students have paid in full.

During the school year, at the request of the principal, the Bank started a Paper Fund to buy paper to sell to the students. Neither this fund nor the Book Fund are supposed to show much profit. The reason for the profit in the Paper Fund is the fact that considerable paper was on hand that had been purchased by the Academy.

This expansion of the Bank has increased the turnover in one year from less than six hundred dollars to over two thousand.

A brief explanation of the function of the Bank in handling student organization funds may be found in last year's Gleaner.

The Woodstock Academy Bank has handled some business over a short period during the school year that is not shown in the statement below. Among these matters are the purchase and sale of class rings, and the handling of school and team photographs. None of these accounts show a balance.

A summary of the Statement of Woodstock Academy Bank for 1928-29 follows:

Cash on Hand Sept 1, 1928:—	
Student Organizations	\$110.49
Book Fund	7.42
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Total Cash on Hand Sept. 1, 1928	\$117.91
Receipts—Student Organizations	1,770.88
Receipts—Book Fund	287.20

Receipts—Paper Fund	13.70
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Total Receipts	\$2,071.78
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Grand Total	\$2,189.69
Expenditures—Student Organizations	\$1,781.41
Expenditures—Book Fund	282.03
Expenditures—Paper Fund	1.00
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Total Expenditures	\$2,064.44
Cash on Hand Aug. 19, 1929:—	
Student Organizations	99.96
Book Fund	12.59
Paper Fund	12.70
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Total Cash on Hand Aug. 19, 1929	125.25
Grand Total	\$2,189.69

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM F. CLOSSON,
Cashier

Alumni Association Officers

Alumni Association Officers

President—Mr. Howard Peckham.
Vice-Presidents, Ethel Upham, Beatrice Healey Whaples, Mrs. William Closson, Miriam Ware.
Secretary and Treasurer — Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.
Executive Committee — Principal of Woodstock Academy, Rilla Child, Albert Williams, Clayton Peckham.
Editor—Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Treasurer's Report

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June 1929	
Cash on hand June 1928	\$148.41
Sale of Gleaners	61.52
Advertisements	87.25
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	\$297.18
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Expenses	
Publishing Gleaners	\$ 64.40
Editor	50.00
Stamps and Envelopes	8.50

Picture	.40
Cut	9.00
Gymnasium Dedication	100.00
Balance on ice cream	3.40
	<hr/>
	\$235.70
Cash on hand June 14th, 1929	\$61.48

Mr. and Mrs. William Mill (Mildred Foye) are the happy parents of a little son.

Mrs. Homer Brainard (Faith Sanborn) has our sympathy in the loss of her mother.

Mrs. Herbert Nelson (Elizabeth Ross) is busy with her home duties and her school work at West Hartford High.

Miss Ethel Upham is home this year but takes an active interest in The Woman's League of Voters and the Woodstock Community Club.

Wm. P. Dutemple, former principal at Woodstock Academy has recently been elected Sales Manager and Assistant Treasurer of the Whitinsville Spinning Ring Co. Mrs. Dutemple, Barbara and Virginia are spending the summer as usual with Mr. Dutemple at Shawomet Beach, R. I. and will reside near Whitinsville hereafter, having moved up from Spartanburg, S. C.

Faculty Items

Principal Eugene W. Ellis and family are with us for another year. Mr. Ellis this summer received his M. S. degree from Rutgers University. He already had an A. B. degree from University of Vermont.

George B. Westhaver has been a director of Boys' Work at Elizabeth Peabody House. He with his bride are occupying part of the Berrian House.

Mrs. Marjorie Tuttle and son spent a restful summer at Crescent Beach, Conn.

Miss Dorothea B. Taudvin comes to us from Providence, having graduated from Brown in June.

Miss Louise Pike is not only teaching music in the schools but has several private pupils.

Mrs. Etta Hanley whose home is in New Bedford spends several days each week teaching art in the schools in the towns of Woodstock and Pomfret.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Closson and children are living in Newburg, N. Y., where Mr. Closson is teaching.

Mr. Wyeth and family are in New London, Conn., as last year we suppose.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Childs and three daughters visited Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell. Mr. Childs is principal of the Mt. Vernon High school.

Miss Susan D. Gordon has furnished rooms in the Dr. Spalding home and enjoys frequent trips up from Providence.

Miss Lucy D. Reed as usual spent several weeks with Mrs. L. H. Healey.

STUDENT PERSONALS

Many of W. A.'s Alumni have visited Woodstock during the past year.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles D. Alton of Hartford attended the graduation exercises, Dr. Alton presenting the diplomas. They were entertained over night at Mr. Clarence Bowen's.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine spent some time at her brother's, Henry T. Child.

Gardiner Richardson, wife and son are visiting his mother before taking up his new duties.

Dr. Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, who is spending the summer at his home in Woodstock, is one of three Americans nominated as honorary members of the Italian Academy of Sciences and Letters, in recognition of their efforts to bring about better cultural relations between this country and Italy. The other two men similarly honored are John L.

Gerig, professor of romance languages at Columbia University, and Dr. Leo S. Rowe of Washington, director general of the Pan-American Union.

Rev. Wells Partridge called on friends, visited the Academy and gave a short talk to the scholars.

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt and daughter motored up from Baltimore and spent a few days calling on friends.

Mrs. Mabel Hammond and son Dumond whose work is with the Backus Sign Studio doing outdoor advertising spent a day in Woodstock. Bert was visiting his mother in Miami.

Clarence W. Bowen of Woodstock is one of the members of the special committee of thirteen members which is in charge of arrangements for raising funds and completing Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive in New York City. The committee includes in its membership many prominent New York business men. More than \$400,000 is to be expended in completing the memorial according to plans of the Grant Monument Association.

The committee was appointed from the association in 1928. The improvements suggested include a base to the entire monument, an equestrian statue to be erected in front of it and arrangement of shrubs and trees on the surrounding lawns. There also are to be sculptured decorations for the pediment and panels.

At a meeting today in New York a new chairman is to be selected for the special committee, and it is expected that plans will shortly after be completed for obtaining about \$250,000, the amount still needed before the requisite \$400,000 will be available for the completion of the monument.

Quinten M. Sanger who graduated from Clark University of Worcester in 1928 left last week Thursday for New York City where he will study for his Master's Degree in Political Science at Columbia University.

He expects to do substitute teaching in History and English in connection with his graduate work.

Hattie L. Deans, a graduate nurse, is a Social Worker connected with the Salvation Army Provincial Headquarters in Boston and that during July and August she expected to have charge of the Health Unit at the S. A. Fresh Air Camp, "Wonderland" at Sharon, Mass.

Reginald Pike entered his second year at West Virginia University, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Woodstock Acad.

Sept. 28, 1863.

To Whom It May Concern:

This will certify that Mr. Geo. W. Wells has, for several weeks past, been a member of this Academy in good standing. He has been diligent and faithful in his duties as a scholar, and has sustained a high standard of moral character, and is hereby cheerfully recommended to the patronage and confidence of those who may wish for his services.

E. O. Hopkins,
Prin.

This Mr. Wells is the founder of the Wells family fortune in Southbridge.

He is said to have walked with a pack over his back when he went from Woodstock to Southbridge to seek his fortune.

William A. Paine, senior member of the firm of Paine, Webber & Co., Boston brokers, who died September 24th, left a bequest of \$2,000 to Woodstock Academy.

Mr. Paine's father, Rev. Albert Paine, was born in Woodstock and held a pastorate there. The son has maintained an interest in the town, was well known to its prominent citizens, and was a generous contributor to the Academy during his lifetime. Some three or four years ago Mr. Paine accepted an invitation to address the graduating class at the Academy.

Isaac N. Mills

Former Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York died at his home in Mount Vernon, N. Y., aged 79. Justice Mills was born on the Mills family homestead in the Brandy Hill section of the town of Thompson. While not a graduate of Woodstock Academy Justice Mills always took an interest in the Academy and a few years ago delivered the address at graduation. And Mr. Hall the principal at that time suggested that he be made an honorary graduate.

Mr. Fred W. Hinrichs, a faithful friend of the Academy gave a course of talks before the students this fall. These talks are much enjoyed by the students and are looked forward to each year.

Marie A. Nelson has completed ten years as supervisor of Home Economics work with the New Haven Visiting Nurse Association at New Haven, Conn. She has been given a year's leave of absence for study at Columbia University.

Herbert E. Nelson has had a very successful year with the Prudential Insurance Co. in Hartford, Conn.

Harriett S. Nelson is doing Health Education work at the North-West School in Hartford, Connecticut.

Freeman Nelson lives in Pomfret but is active in the affairs of Woodstock.

Carl Nelson is at the home farm in Quassett.

Anna E. Nelson continues teaching at the West Middle School in Hartford, Conn.

William J. Nelson is Supervisor of Schools in New Hampshire. He makes his home in Plaistow, N. H. His special recreation is coon hunting and raising bees.

Constance Williams is studying music, going to Providence by bus every Wednesday for her lesson.

Gladys Young is a senior at the Willimantic Normal School.

Gladys Harrington graduated from Brown in June receiving an A. B. Degree.

Frank Harrington works for the Westinghouse Electrical Company, Boston, Mass.

Robert Pike is in Pittsburg, Penn.

Galen Pike continues his forestry work for the government in South Dakota.

Kenneth Pike this Fall entered Gordon School of Theology and Missions, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Pike and family spent several weeks with Mr. Pike's parents, returning to his same work in Porto Rico.

Dorothy Lillibridge starts the first of November with Elizabeth Rollins and her parents for Florida for the Winter, going by auto.

Miss Carolyn Cox of Woodstock, who with her mother, Mrs. Ellen R. Cox, spent the month of July at Patchogue and Sea Cliff, Long Island, visited her sister, Mrs. George Chapman of Hartford and attended the state convention of the American Legion and Auxillary.

Willis Wells a former resident here, now living in Watsonville, Cal., has just completed building a new house, which is spoken of in their local paper as very attractive, being hardly surpassed in beauty and charm by any country home in Central California.

On its completion they were given a surprise party by about fifty of their friends, and were the recipients of a beautiful floor lamp and other gifts.

Mr. Wells is president of the Northern Monterey County Chamber of Commerce and active in other community organizations.

Miss Esther Johnson of Woodstock, a graduate of Woodstock Academy has entered the September class at the Middlesex Hospital Training School at Middletown.

Mrs. Edith Lowe Flugel sailed for England with friends on June 8. Her little son Robbie is spending the

summer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lowe. Mr. Dohan, Mr. Dohan

Miss Edith Harris, a former resident, graduated from the Home Memorial hospital in New London last Thursday evening. Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan, Mr. Dohan and their children have spent a part of the summer in England. Enjoying in particular visits to famous cathedrals and churches.

Miss Bertha McComber of Williamstown was among those who made of Woodstock Fair an "Old Home Day" calling on her relatives here where her girlhood days were spent. Alfred T. Child has the leave of a year's absence from Rose Polytechnic Institute Terre Haute, Ind. and with Mrs. Child is about to sail to Europe where they expect to spend the winter, and Alfred will take advantage of study along new developments in Chemistry.

Miss Catherine Tatem, the daughter of C. D. Tatem of Eastford, has entered Taylor university, at Upland, Indiana, and has joined the Philatelic literary society. Taylor's Freshman class represents nineteen states.

Miss Olive Tatem, Catherine's cousin, and daughter of H. L. Tatem has also entered Taylor university and has been pledged to the Philatelic society, which is one of the leading organizations at Taylor.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Lowe, formerly of this village, but who have been living near Everett, Washington, for the past few years will be interested to know that their seventeen year old son, H. Filman has been chosen out of 800 members of Boy Scouts of Everett, to attend the International Assembly of Boy Scouts, which meets near London, England. There are 22 Scouts going from Washington. On July 8 they meet in Spokane, Wash., for a ten days' drill, then proceed to Montreal from whence they sail for Liverpool, England. After the meeting closes, they will tour through Germany, Paris, Switzerland and Belgium, returning to New York, then proceeding to Washington, D. C., reaching their homes in Washington State about September 1. Young Lowe is a drummer boy in his troop of Scouts.

Howard Johnson, son of Harry and Anne Johnson, North Woodstock, who is a member of the Junior class of Woodstock Academy, recently attended the Springfield Exposition, for the week. He was a delegate of the 4-H Club, sent as a member of the team for judging cattle. He was a-

warded the first place in his ability for judging cattle.

Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan, Mr. Dohan and their children have spent a part of the summer in England. Enjoying in particular visits to famous cathedrals and churches.

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Sept. 26, 1929.

My Dear Mrs. Gallup:—

It is a pleasure to send greetings to W. A. friends through the Gleaner, although I am afraid that I have nothing of special interest to give to them.

My work as buyer of jewelry and leather goods for a department store is very active and absorbing, but leaves little time for outside hobbies. Occasionally it offers variety in a trip to a far country to search out new trinkets to catch feminine fancy.

Buffalo is a pleasant place to live—a city which has become increasingly metropolitan in the last eight years, with several new skyscrapers, hotels, apartment houses, and public buildings. We are beginning to show a real sky line. And Buffalo is the gateway to that classic distinction of the honeymooners, Niagara Falls; so when you come this way on a first, or second, or postponed honeymoon, or even a mere holiday jaunt, I shall be most happy to receive a call, either at the Wm. Hengerer Co. downtown, or at my home.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Lyle W. Turner

575 Elmwood Ave.
Buffalo, N. Y.

1905

Scene—Review of Classes. Spirit of Woodstock Academy calling the roll.

Spirit of W. A.:—

"Ethel Rawson Morgan."

Response:

I am living at my former home in Providence, where the care of my family keeps my time fully occupied.

"Nellie Burleson"

Response:

You will find me at my home in South Woodstock when I'm not nursing, which keeps me busy much of the time.

"Harry Wells"

Response:

If you want to find me don't go after me but just stand still almost anywhere and I'm pretty sure to drive by. I have a hustling year-old son who keeps me on the jump. Am proud to introduce him to my class.

"Frederick Howard"

Response:

My address is 32 Fairview Street, West Hartford. My son is in his junior year in high school and is Vice-President of his class. I am manager of the Hartford and New Haven branches of the Orthomec Company of New England at present.

"Edmund Gilbert"

And Echo answers "Where".

Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Paine had an enjoyable trip to California this winter about which Mrs. Paine tells us on another page.

Old friends were glad to greet Albert E. Hosmer this summer and hear him sing once more in the Hill Church.

Anne Hall Gaylord and husband are now occupying their new home at Anchorage, Kentucky.

We wish to express our sympathy to Leslie P. Harris in the death of his wife also his mother.

John McClellan entered Harvard Law School this Fall.

A. Robert Scranton, Connecticut Agricultural College.

Lester W. Gallup, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Elizabeth Chamberlin Barnes has added to her "Elizabeth's Food Shoppe" the serving of regular meals and lunches.

Lucy Allen Wyman and family spend many pleasant week-ends at Camp Allen, Crystal Lake.

Ruby Sanborn took a trip to California for her health but was called home by the death of her mother, Mrs. Julia K. S. Hibbard whom many of the younger alumni will remember as a loving faithful friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Holt have bought the Moffitt Place just over the line from Woodstock into Pomfret but Mr. Holt does not loose his interest in Woodstock. He has recently been elected one of the trustees of Woodstock Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chamberlain (Grace Stone) after many years' absence came on from Scotland, where Mr. Chamberlain has held the position as consul, to attend the wedding of Pearl Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. Edward Chamberlain and the late Mrs. Chamberlain (May Stone).

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bannisters (Bertha Hibbard) son, Dexter, entered Northeastern University in September 1928 and their daughter Lois is teaching at Wheaton College

Vernon T. Wetherell of the class of 1924 has secured a good deal of newspaper notoriety and credit to himself for the part he played in securing a pipe organ for the church in East Woodstock.

Born with a love for music he played various instruments in the local band and at last became its leader. After playing the organ in the church for a time he conceived the idea of a new pipe organ for the church. But those things cost money

Vernon undaunted set about raising money but it came slowly at last one day he received a letter, upon opening it he found a check for \$2500 enough to complete the fund. The organ was bought and on April 14th the new organ was dedicated, with special exercises.

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MISSING

Among those present was Vernon himself who is now a member of the 6th Field Artillery Band stationed at Port Royal, Md. This was a young man's dream realized.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ROLLA F. KELTON

It is with a distinct sense of loss that we mark the passing of another of the loyal daughters of Woodstock and of her Academy and the Gleaner also shares in this loss for many times in her busy life she expressed her interest by contributing interesting articles and original poems. We recall that at the Reunion of 1921 she was introduced as one of the former belles of Woodstock Academy and she certainly carried herself with grace and ease on that occasion and her reminiscences of her schooldays were of interest to everyone present. She was endowed with more than ordinary ability. "From her early girlhood she had a gift for recitation the form that public entertaining took at that time. She cultivated this talent by studying and graduating from Prof. Bliss' school of Elocution in Boston. She appeared often in public and always retained the gift of expression obtained by her early training."

Upon her marriage to Mr. Kelton in 1881 she removed to Holyoke, Mass., where the remainder of her life was spent. She at once identified herself with first Congregational church and through all the years has been a most devoted and faithful member of this church. For many years she was President of the Woman's Club and connected with many other organizations in their formation and growth. "She was indeed one of the leading forces in Local Philanthropic Social and Religious life."

Her last visit to Woodstock was on Memorial Day of the present year when she called upon a few of her old friends and visited the resting place of her loved ones in our cemetery. She greeted us with her old

time interest and cheer, giving little indication that in a few short weeks she would be called to enter the larger life leaving to us only the memory of a well spirit life doing with her might what her hands found to do.

Ella E. Child

MORNING

September 10, 1928, a son, Joel to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eddy, East Woodstock.

November 3, 1928, a daughter, Phyllis to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilcox, Middleton, Mass.

November 29, 1928, a son, Norman Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland N. Lowe, Woodstock.

December 3, 1928, a daughter, Barbara Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen J. White, Putnam.

January 19, 1929, a son, Robert Everett, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Burbank (Doris Lindeman) Bedford Hills, N. Y.

February 20, 1929, a son to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis Young, East Woodstock.

February 1929, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marco (Mabel Foster) Wakefield, R. I.

April 4, 1929, a daughter, Doris Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Ethal Barrett (Estella Frink) East Woodstock.

May 1, 1929, a son, William Vernon, to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon E. Swanson, Pomfret.

May 11, 1929, a son, Elbert Kingsland to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Andrews, East Woodstock.

June 25, 1929, twin sons, Robert and Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Perrin (Unabell Sangren) North Woodstock.

July 14, 1929, a son, Harvey Leroy, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey W. Tourtellotte, (Carrie Lowe) South Woodstock.

September 3, 1929, a son, William Robert 2nd to Mr. and Mrs. William Mill (Mildred Foye) Worcester.

September 9, 1929, a son, Byron Emerson, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eddy, East Woodstock.

September 12, 1929, twins, Russell David and Ruth Child to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Coburn (Hazel Wood) West Fairlee, Vt.

September 25, 1929, a daughter, Constance Priscilla, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Butson (Pearle Cady), East Woodstock.

NOON

September 5, 1928, Harold Buttson and Miss Pearle Cady, East Woodstock.

October 6, 1928, Randolph Whaples and Miss Beatrice C. Healey, Woodstock.

October 23, 1928, Clarence O. Lyon and Miss Emily Ross, West Woodstock.

December 8, 1928, William B. Lavinture and Mrs. Beatrice Holt Symonds, Brooklyn.

May 1, 1929, Lester W. Gallup and Miss Alta M. Tracy, North Haven.

August 11, 1929, Alfred C. Landres and Miss Louise A. Lindeman, East Woodstock.

August 28, 1929, Clayton L. Peckham and Miss Ruth L. Chase, Putnam.

September 5, 1929, Henry H. Davenport and Mrs. Evia A. Stone, Brooklyn, Conn.

September 14, 1929, Marshall Knox and Miss Astred Erickson, Buffalo, N. Y.

NIGHT

August 31, 1928, Mrs. Harris, wife of Leslie P. Harris, New Rochelle, N. Y.

October 2, 1928, Mrs. Bertha Paine, wife of Irving A. Paine, East Woodstock.

November 8, 1928, Mrs. Susie Morse Williams, widow of N. G. Williams, Brooklyn.

December 11, 1928, William Herbert Chandler, East Woodstock.

Samuel G. Stone, Providence, R. I. April 5, 1929, Mrs. H. H. Davenport, Clearwater, Florida.

May 10, 1929, Warren Luther Chapin, Scotland, Conn.

June 14, 1929, Carrie Roberts, daughter of Gilbert F. and Allena Sanger Pratt, Seymour, Conn.

July 14, 1929, Isaac N. Mills, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

July 23, 1929, Justin S. Green, Putnam.

July 26, 1929, Sarah Fox, wife of Herbert S. Morse, Putnam.

August 12, 1929, Luther J. Leavitt, North Woodstock.

August 16, 1929, Nellie A. Johnson, North Woodstock.

August 18, 1929, James J. Meehan, South Woodstock.

September 12, 1929, J. Irving Myers, husband of Grace E. Myers, Quincy, Mass.



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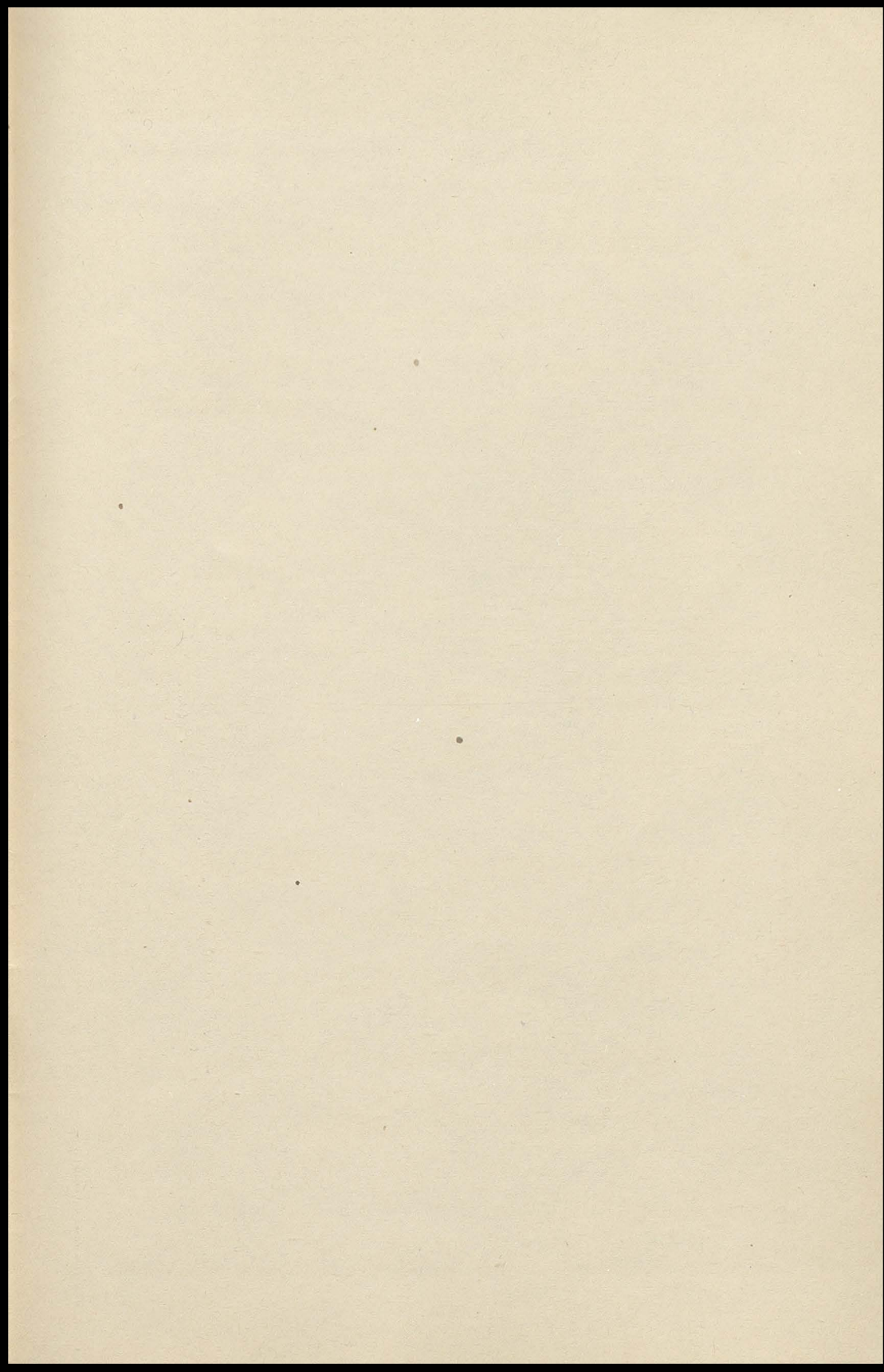
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