

Woodstock Academy
Gleaner

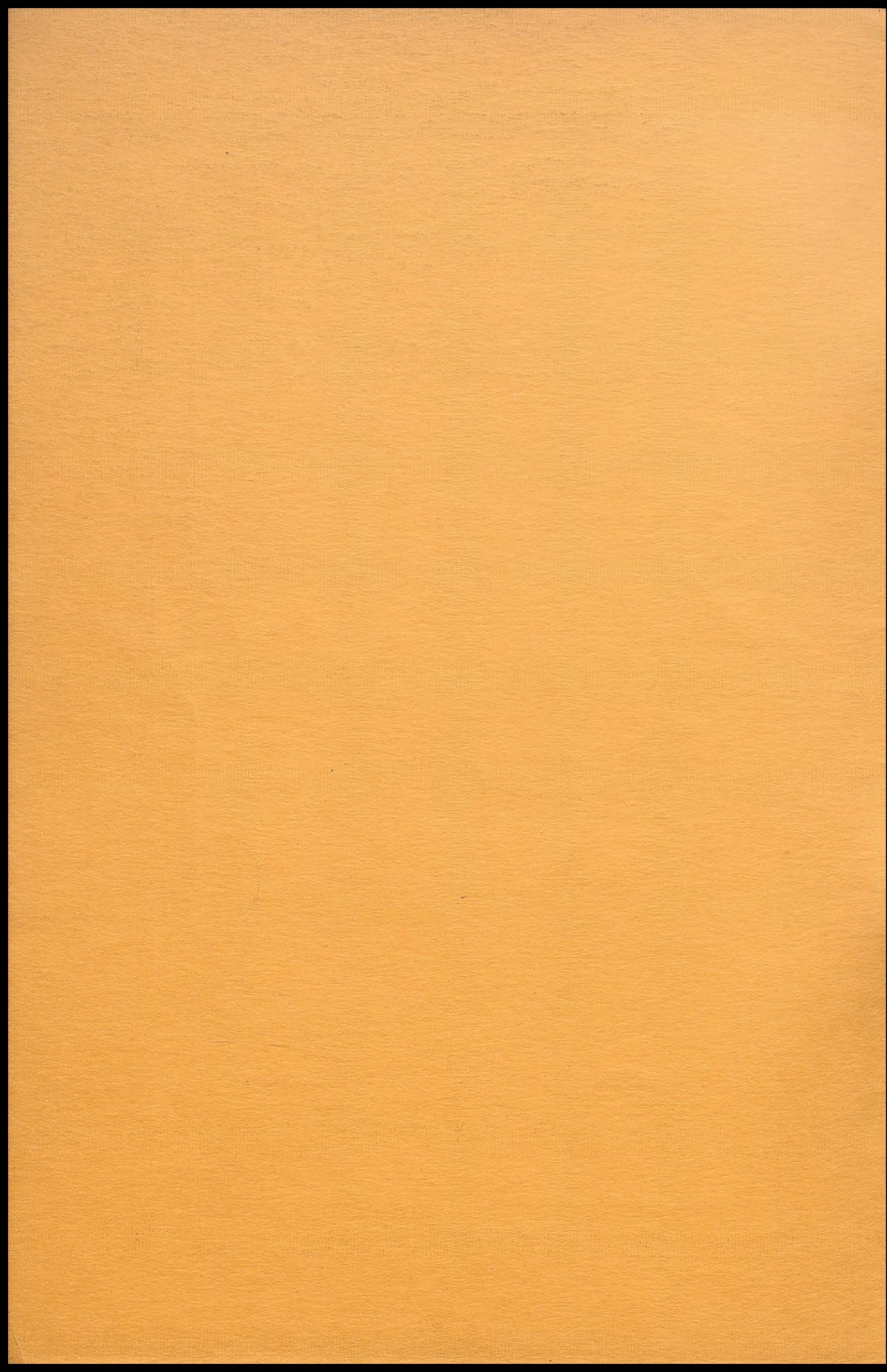


1932

Volume 2

Number 7

Price 25 Cents



DISCONTINUE THE GLEANER?

The depression and its effect on business has at last made it necessary for us to call our readers' attention to the fact that it may be necessary to discontinue publication of the Woodstock Academy Gleaner.

We call our readers' attention to the fact that it was impossible to obtain a single advertisement for this year's issue. There is no necessity to stress the situation created by the loss of advertisements, the chief means of support of the paper. Merchants claim they cannot afford to advertise.

However, after giving the matter considerable thought, the editorial staff has decided against discontinuing the paper even in the face of financial loss. We are loath to see this paper, which annually for more than fifty years has kept the alumni in touch with one another and with school affairs, go out of existence.

The only avenue left open to us is an appeal to loyal readers. Do you, as a subscriber, wish to see the Gleaner discontinued? Write and let us know what you think about the matter. Perhaps you can suggest a solution of the problem.

We are confident that Gleaner subscribers will not permit the publication to pass out of existence without doing everything in their power to continue it. One way of doing so is for every reader to send in his subscription of a quarter as promptly as possible. It will tide the Gleaner over until times are better. Those who can send in an extra donation will help more than can be imagined.

The seriousness of the situation can readily be seen. Unless subscribers come forth with whole-hearted support or can suggest other means of raising the necessary funds, the end of the Gleaner may become a reality.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Baccalaureate	Harding W. Gaylord	5
From the Annals of Woodstock		9
At Valley Forge	Nellie Burleson	12
Academy Sunday		12
Graduation Exercises		12
Class of 1931		13
Class Day Exercises		13
Prizes		13
Salutatory Address	Edna Hibbard	14
Valedictory	Dorcas Johnson	14
Tree Oration	Rose Lachapelle	15
Hopes Fulfilled and More	Ernest R. Pike	16
The Academy Evening School		17
School Activities		18
Statement of W. A. Bank		20
Alumni Association Officers		21
Treasurers' Report		21
Student Personals		21
Morning		25
Noon		25
Night		26

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

Founded In 1801

PRINCIPAL

WILLIAM A. SIMPSON

University of Maine

SCIENCE, MATHEMATICS, ATHLETIC COACH

R. D. WILLIAMSON

Colby College

ENGLISH AND HISTORY

MRS. MARJORY F. TUTTLE

University of Michigan

LATIN AND FRENCH

MISS DORIS E. KIBBE

University of Vermont

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS

MISS GLADYS BATES

Salem Normal

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

MISS DORIS GWYNN

Framingham State Normal

AGRICULTURE

HENRY J. DUNLEAVY

Connecticut Agricultural College

EIGHTH GRADE

MRS. DONALD HICKS

Board of Trustees of Woodstock Academy

ERNEST R. PIKE

President

LEONARD H. HEALEY

Vice-President

EDWARD R. ROLLINS

Secretary and Treasurer

President Emeritus

CLARENCE W. BOWEN

Honorary Trustee

HENRY T. CHILD

MRS. ARMIN E. BRUNN

HENRY C. HOLT

HENRY D. BAKER

AUSTIN T. LEVY

WILLIAM C. CHILD

GEORGE E. McCLELLAN

HAMILTON HOLT

CHANNING M. WELLS

WILLIAM S. WARREN

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

BACCALAUREATE

THREE WAYS

I would like first of all to have you think with me of two quotations. The first of them is in Matthew, the seventh chapter and the fourteenth verse, and it tells, as you will see, of just one way of life: "Narrow is the gate and straitened (or narrowed) the way, that leadeth unto life." The second quotation is from John Oxenham, and I presume it too is familiar to many of you: "To every man there openeth

A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,

And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

These words, you see, speak of three ways in life, and of three kinds of people who travel on them.

"... the high soul climbs the high way,

... the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro."

Here they are—a high way, a middle or intermediate way, and a low way. Here they are—climbers upon the high way, drifters on the middle way, and gropers on the low way.

Let us start in on the low way, where the gropers are, and work up.

I.

These gropers must want to find something or go somewhere. Otherwise they would not be groping, but just sitting around doing cross-word puzzles or twirling their thumbs. They want to find something, but it is very hard down there on that dark, low way.

Some of them are just fighting to find a fair chance to live. How many such there are in these days of depression and distress!

"When hard times come

To poverty,

It means thin food, drab, tattered clothes,

Despair drowned in cheap revelry,
Forced idleness roaming the streets,
Stalked by dread specters—misery,
Starvation, crime, low living."

"When hard times come to poverty," it means all too often the low, dark road where the gropers are.

But there are others there besides the wretched poor. There are the wretched rich.

When I say "the wretched rich," I do not mean all the rich. I am very sure that there are some rich people who are not wretched but happy. I am very sure that there are some rich people who are good. Such people—folks who are at the same time rich and good and happy—deserve a great deal of credit and accomplish a great deal that is noble and fine. My hat is off to them.

But not all rich people are like that. Some of them are wretched in spite of their money—or partly because of it.

Once I saw a picture in a magazine that interested me very much. It interested me because it was so true. Here was a stretch of road in the open country. There were two automobiles on it—or, rather, one automobile and one car which wasn't an automobile at all: I'll come to that later. The automobile was a very elegant car—a Rolls-Royce or a Pierce-Arrow, perhaps. In it were three people. In the front seat sat a stiff chauffeur in livery who held the wheel and looked straight ahead from under the visor of his cap. In the back row were two people—a stuffy, overdressed woman who sat at one end of the seat, and a fat, over-stuffed man who sat at the extreme other end of the seat. The woman

wasn't looking at the man; and the man wasn't looking at the woman; both were glaring at the landscape. And so the grand car rolled along.

But the other car looked very different. It was a flivver, and you could almost hear the thing rattle. It looked as if it did not choose to run in 1928, but had still been kept on the job and was still giving "service with a smile," in spite of rheumatism of the universal joint and asthma of the cylinders. This car, built for five, was carrying about eight—a man and his wife and their numerous children. They were apparently going on a picnic, but some of the picnic had already begun as they clattered over the road; for all were smiling and jubilant. And so this second car roared and bumped along. This picture apparently had no title, exactly, but below it were printed these words: "Happiness is often in adverse ratio to horsepower."

It is because this is true that you will find on this low road many of the wretched rich. They have elegant cars to travel in, and fine clothes to wear as they go, and they seem to be going somewhere very definitely and very grandly. But they aren't. The stuffy, overdressed woman and the fat, over-stuffed man are really just groping their way along through life, looking vainly for happiness. They have been fooled by the tricky, deceitful idea, that if you only have an income as big as Babe Ruth's or Greta Garbo's, or can only have enough horsepower tucked away under the hood of your car, you are really going to be happy. They have made the mistake of thinking of happiness in terms of money and of motors and of other material things, and so they have joined the sad gropers on the low, dark road.

II

The second way upon which people travel is the middle or intermediate way—

"... in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro."

These drifters have a song they sing; you have heard it:

"We don't know where we're going,
But we're on our way!"

There is nothing the matter with that song if you just take it as the motive or theme for a gay afternoon's outing sometime. But the trouble with these drifters is that this is the only song they know. It is the theme or motive of their whole life. They never know where they are going. There is a very good reason for that—they aren't going anywhere. They are just drifting!

To be a drifter means to have no fixed or courageous opinion. A drifter does not face up with the controversial questions of the time if he can help it; I mean questions like prohibition and disarmament and the treatment of other races. He does not want to disagree with anybody. Instead, he just tries to find out what other people are saying, and parrot their remarks after them himself. He tries to find out what other people are doing, and where they are going, and then do those things, or go those places himself. Original, isn't he? And courageous—!

The drifter does not stop to think very often or very long. He might get a headache; his brain, if any, might get tired. So he just goes along, riding on the band wagon, keeping up with the Joneses.

There is a very interesting little animal that is called the chameleon; some of you have heard of him. The distinctive thing about him is that he changes his color to match his background. Put him on something green, and he turns green; put him on something red, and he turns red, and so on. The story is told of one chameleon that some cruel person once took and put him on a piece of plaid—and the poor creature blew up!

You smiled; but do you know that that little pleasantry of fiction represents a tragedy that is often actually enacted in human life? There are a great many human chameleons whose lives go all to smash because they are sometimes confronted with situations in which they simply have to decide, to choose and stand alone. When that time comes, they are not ready for it.

They have been so used to drifting that they cannot stay by themselves. They have become so used to being yes-men that they don't know how to say "No!" They have been so used to taking the color of their backgrounds that when they need to have a real color of their own, they haven't any. That is the tragedy of the drifter.

On this middle way you will find many sorts of people, for there are many, both young and old, both rich and poor, who travel with the drifters. But there is one group of people that will never be found here. I mean the heroes. If you had been alive in the 1770's you would not have found George Washington here. If you had been alive in the 1860's, you would not have found Abraham Lincoln here. If you had been alive, as most of you were, in the years of the World War, you would not have found Cardinal Mercier here, or Woodrow Wilson, or Edith Cavell; and in this year in which you are now alive, you do not find Jane Addams here, or Wilfred Grenfell, or Colonel Lindbergh. The heroes, however and whenever and wherever you find them, are not among the drifters. You remember how Lowell puts it:

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone."

You can take the middle way of the drifters if you want to, but you won't have the company of the heroes there.

III

We come now to the third way that Oxenham mentions—"the high soul climbs the high way." This is not so attractive as some of the other ways. The surface of the road is not smooth, white cement, and the shoulders have not been carefully manicured and oiled. "Narrow is the gate and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life." Here it is, hard, not very wide, not landscaped at the sides. But it is not how it looks that matters so much; what we care about is where it leads. And this way goes upward; it "leadeth

unto life." Those who travel it are high souls; they are climbers.

This hard, high way leads to the best things in personal life. You produce the finest sort of character upon it. It is so stiff and steep that it develops the best stuff you have. Your muscles get hard and your endurance grows long as you pit your strength against its rugged and rigorous slopes. Manhood is not developed by groping or drifting; it is developed by climbing. And on this road, which leadeth unto life, you climb.

You find up there that there are others who are climbing, too. They are seeking life—as who is not? And if all are to travel there and if all are to get along well and be treated fairly, you will find that there must be rules of the road. There are several of these, but I shall speak of only two of them.

One is the rule of law. You have heard, perhaps, that law is something that destroys a fellow's freedom or badly hampers it. That is a mistake, isn't it? Law is not a destroyer of freedom, but a protector of it. Disregard for law and refusal to obey law do not mean liberty; they mean anarchy.

You drive your car, or your dad's car, up to an intersection where there is a traffic signal. The light is with you. It shows green. But another driver, coming at right angles to you, and facing a red light, has suddenly concluded that in a free country a man ought to have a right to go where he wants to whenever he wants to, and so he has plowed ahead. So you have a crack-up—not because the law was observed, but because it was disregarded. And the violation of law has meant not the gaining of freedom, but the loss of it; to you, because your liberty to drive along the road has been interfered with; to the other fellow because when he wakes up in the hospital, he discovers that he cannot even turn over in bed without pain, to say nothing of walking somewhere. A lot of freedom he gained by flouting the law, didn't he?

But if he had respected the law, how different it would have been for you both! Then he would have waited on the red light while you crossed on the green, and both you and he would have been able to enjoy your rights because the law would have protected your freedom. That is what law does. It is therefore one of the rules of the road on this high way where the climbers are.

The second rule of the road that I would mention is the rule of peace. It is remarkable, when you stop to think of it, how much the human race has achieved in spite of the handicap of war. The time has now come when men of judgment and wisdom are seriously questioning, and seriously doubting, whether humanity can continue at all, to say nothing of climbing the high way, unless there is permanent and assured peace. It was President Hoover who said that another great war would be the cemetery of civilization.

Do you know how many people were killed in the last war—how big a start we made in cemetery-building? The latest figure that I have seen is 26,000,000, covering very properly civilians as well as soldiers—for in the last war a lot of people were killed who were just walking along the street minding their own business. Do you know how many people 26,000,000 are? Well, if you should make up that number among the commonwealths of the United States, you could do it in this way: Take all the people in New York State, about 12,500,000; add to them all the people in Michigan, about 4,840,000; and then add in all the people in the six New England States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Then you would have nearly your 26,000,000.

You know, that is a tremendous and a heavy loss to the human race. Think of the possibilities that were in those 26,000,000 lives—many of them the lives of young men. How can humanity expect to climb the high way if it allows war to destroy precious human material like that? One of the rules

of the high way if it allows war to destroy precious human material like that? One of the rules of the high way has to be the rule of peace.

Over in Danielson we had an epidemic of infantile paralysis last fall, as some of you know. Do you know the results of it? Here are some of them: two little boys in the Newton Home for Crippled Children, slowly recovering—we hope; an older boy, about the age of some of you seniors, pitifully crippled—I don't think he will ever be able to swing a baseball bat or throw a basketball again; one man dead in a very short time after the disease hit him. That's infantile paralysis, as we know it over in Danielson.

Now among those 26,000,000 people killed in the World War, do you suppose there may have been one shot down by an Austrian bullet or a German bullet—or an American or French or English bullet—who would have given the help we need toward the mastery of this dreaded disease? The idea, I submit, is not at all impossible or fantastic. Do you suppose there was among those 26,000,000 a twentieth-century Lincoln, or a Gladstone, a Tennyson or a Wagner or a Michelangelo?

You see, war in its human destruction deprives the race of some of its choicest and most-needed souls. It hampers tremendously its progress along the hard, high way where the climbers are. Therefore one of the rules of that way simply has to be the rule of peace.

Members of the graduating class! To you, as to everyone else, there open these three ways: the low way, where pitiable people, both rich and poor, grope pathetically for something they cannot find; the middle way, where timid, spineless people drift weakly with the crowd; the high way, where climbers walk, and where they seek to lead their fellows, observing the rule of law and the rule of peace. You are not forced or dragged into any particular one of these ways; what you

have to do is to choose which way you will take.

"Every man decideth the way his soul shall go."

You know very well which way is the best—the high, hard way. "Narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life." But life is what you want; and the high way is the way that you will take—if you have the courage to adventure and to climb!

Prayer

We thank thee, our Father, for the courage and the adventurous spirit of youth which make them eager for the finest and highest way that life offers; and we pray that these young people may so respond to the challenge of the best that they will be found among the climbers.—Amen.

Rev. Harding W. Gaylord.

From the Annals Of Woodstock

(Papers Prepared for Church Social)

The northwestern part of the present Windham County was called by the Indians Wabbaquasset, the Mat-producing Country, because of the reeds or rushes that grew in the marshes. The hills were famous for their maize and it is told that as early as 1630 a group of Indians carried bags of corn on their backs to Boston to sell to the colonists who were in great need of food.

The Massachusetts colonists who settled Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield in 1635 and 1636 passed through this Wabbaquasset country over the "Old Connecticut Path." But it was not until 1686 that a group of colonists from Roxbury settled here and called the settlement New Roxbury. In 1690 the name was changed to Woodstock. This tract of land was bought by the town of Roxbury of James Fitch, Guardian of Owaneco, the drunken son of Uncas.

Another group of Indians living in the southern section were known as the Senexets. So many arrow heads have been found in the vicinity of Stone Bridge and the Senexet Road that it is thought that the Senexet and Wabbaquasset Indians had many a battle there.

The present Woodstock Hill was doubtless the site of the first white settlement. Here was built Wabbaquasset Hall to serve as a meeting place. This hall gave the name to the "Old Hall Road"; it was situated on the left side as one goes toward the fork in the road. The right branch of the road passes Pulpit Rock where services were held in 1686, when the weather grew cold services were held in Wabbaquasset Hall. The left branch leads past Eliot Rock where John Eliot preached to the Indians.

In the home of Miss Flynn, which was built in 1778, is a chair of an even earlier date in which Miss Flynn's great-grandmother used to sit and tell stories about the Indians. One day some unfriendly Indians came to the house, went to the big fireplace, and taking the kettle of meat from the hob carried it away.

When the Indians were too troublesome the women and children were taken to the stone fort about three miles away.

At one time when the women were left alone in the fort, Mrs. Holmes, grandmother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, ventured out to the garden to gather vegetables for dinner and returned in safety. Years later an old Indian came to Mrs. Holmes's door and asked for some cider, saying that if she would give him a drink of cider he would tell her a story. He asked if she remembered the day when she left the fort for vegetables, and said that he was about to shoot her when his hand was stayed by the Great Spirit.

The story is told of the Merrybee family who had a good field of corn that had grown to be several feet high when the cattle of Deacon Lyon went through the fence and ate up

the corn. The squaw complained to the Deacon but was told that "no damage was done, in fact, it was good for the corn as it would make it grow stocky." The next Monday, while the squaw was helping at the Lyon homestead, the Merrybee cows were seen in Deacon Lyon's corn. When asked about it she replied that she knew it, but "they would not hurt the corn, it would make it grow stocky."

Soon after the Revolutionary War, Woodstock set aside one hundred acres of land at Hatchet Pond in the northwestern part of the town as an Indian Reservation. It was here that the last of Woodstock's full-blooded Indians built their rude houses. They stayed on the reservation until about 1850. On the south shore of the pond is a large rock still called Indian Rock. A few rough stones mark the burial ground of our last Indians and a few cellar holes are all that remain of their homes, while "the war-dance ring has refused to grass over." The last chieftain of the Wabbaquassetts lived and died there.

In Mr. Bowen's History of Woodstock I find this story written by Dr. Bradford concerning the Indians who formerly lived on or near Hatchet Hill. The story was told to his father by a child of the first settler near Hatchet Hill, at that time a very old woman. She said that when she was a little girl her father built a log cabin near the hill, cleared some land, and then brought his family, consisting of a wife and three small children, to live there. They were very poor and the children had no shoes to wear. In the early winter they ran out of provisions and had only a little corn meal left. Her father took a bag of corn on his back and went to the nearest mill, (quite a number of miles away), to get it ground. A heavy snow-storm came on a few hours after he left home, so that he did not get back for three days. Just after dark three Indians came to the cabin, and asked for something to eat. Her mother not daring to refuse, took all the remaining meal and made them a Johnny-

cake. The Indians ate it and then lay down before the fire-place. The mother took her three children on to a bed in the other end of the one-room cabin and anxiously guarded them until morning. When it became light one of the Indians motioned for one of the children to come to him. After some hesitation the child came. The Indian then took a roll of buckskin from his girdle, and proceeded to make the child a pair of moccasins for her naked feet. He then did the same for the other children, and the three Indians arose and quietly departed. Late in the afternoon of the same day, one of the Indians returned and deposited a dried haunch of venison within the door without saying a word. The next day he came again and left a small leather pouch of parched corn. The father reached home on the third day, and was, of course, very thankful for the assistance rendered by the Indians to his family, for whom he had been very anxious during his enforced absence. A very strong bond of friendship was established between his family and the Indians of that locality, which was never broken as long as any Indian remained. The family knew of the exact locality of the grave of the last Indian chief, but would not reveal it, having sworn not to do so, and the secret died.

We all know the McClellan Elms on the Common in South Woodstock and the well-sweep weighted by its caterpillar. The well was dug by General McClellan "for the purpose of getting good water for flip."

The first town meeting was held on March 31, 1690.

At a town meeting at North Woodstock after the Civil War, when the question of the town paying a bounty to all soldiers who enlisted from Woodstock came up, Peleg Child, a leading Democrat, strongly opposed it and used language that the moderator considered out of order and ordered Sheriff Rawson to put him out. Rawson called for help and succeeded in carrying or pushing "Squire Peleg" out. However, his friends rallied to his support and just as quickly put him back

into the room. At this point cooler heads succeeded in smoothing out the trouble.

R. H. C. AND H. P.

In considering the industries of Woodstock we find that each of its villages was the nucleus of some industry. But this fact was not true of the first mill which was built in English neighborhood late in the 17th century and was always known as Pond factory. It is said that this was a woolen mill and its products were carried by oxen to New York City taking a week for the journey and the same to return.

Later another mill was built and incorporated and several houses built. Cassimere and carpets were woven there. It is recorded that in 1823 eleven thousand yards of cassimere were manufactured. The hours of labor were from sun rise until eight o'clock in summer. Thirty men were employed. They were paid once a year. This mill was burned in 1845 and never rebuilt. Two of the houses were removed to North Woodstock and two to East Woodstock.

After the war of 1812 various small mills sprang up here and there. The cotton mill of the Muddybrook Co. was built in 1815. It was run successfully until 1834 when the dam gave way and caused so much damage that bankruptcy followed in 1837. The Arnold Mfg. Co. was organized in South Woodstock in 1817.

In 1820 there were seven grist mills and two distilleries in South Woodstock; twelve saw mills, an oil mill, fulling mill, carding machinery mill, and "Clothiers Works" in town. The new Roxbury Iron Works were established in 1760 near the outlet of Black Pond. Iron was extracted from the soil, and iron ore was taken to Stafford by oxen as late as 1820. The shoe industry brought great prosperity to the Valley and West Woodstock in 1823. The kind of shoes made in the valley

were called Stoggy, hence the term Stoggy Hollow.

It is said that the credit of starting the shoe business in Connecticut belongs to Woodstock. The Farmers Shoe Co. made shoes in West Woodstock. Also Amasa Carpenter in North Woodstock, in building recently owned by Lendall Houghton. The Leonard Dean Co. had a successful carriage manufactory in North Woodstock for a number of years. This was destroyed by fire in 1866.

Mason's Tannery in East Woodstock supplied leather for the numerous shoe shops in town. Twine and cotton batting were manufactured in South Woodstock. A Tub and Pail factory was built in South Woodstock, the only one of its kind in Eastern Connecticut. In 1845 John Lake turned out six thousand wooden pails. Pottery making was carried on in Quassett. This industry was given up after the death of Tommy Bugbee Jr.

There were four cotton mills in South Woodstock and Daniel Warner, encouraged by the boom in cotton goods, built a large dam for increase of power, but in 1866 the force of ice and water destroyed the dam and demolished the mills, a fatal blow to manufacturing in South Woodstock.

Harrisville factory was built for making cotton and later cloth. In 1885 this water privilege was sold to Putnam Water Company. After pottery making was given up in Quassett the manufacturing of satinets took its place. For this purpose a stone mill was erected in 1844 and the old Baptist church converted into a factory.

I wish to acknowledge, in the preparation of this article, my indebtedness to the History of Woodstock and to Miss Mary Potter, who obtained the record of the merger of Pond Factory with the Hamilton Co., Southbridge, Mass., as well as many interesting facts of its history.

E. E. CHILD.

At Valley Forge

The north wind moaning thro the firs,
The starlight on the snow,
The scene before me clearly lies,
Lit by the camp-fire's glow.

Around the blaze a gathered troop
Of soldiers, weary, worn,
Seeking a few hours' needed sleep
Before the day shall dawn.

Withdrawn a little space apart,
Behind a spreading bay,
In the calm quiet of the night
A figure kneels to pray.

With face uplifted to the skies,
Hands clasped imploring there,
Up to his Maker's kingly throne
He sends an earnest prayer.

A plea for people crushed, oppressed,
Beneath a tyrant's rod,
Struggling in vain for Freedom's
cause,
Is rising to his God.

Ah, hopeless looked the struggle then
The dreary night seemed long,
But now the bitter, anguished cries
Are changed to triumph-song.

The prayer was heard; a nation firm
Our country stands today,
Delivered from the cruel power
Of crowned tyrants' sway.

The hero's work is ended now,
His battles all are won;
Ye people, hold his memory dear,
Revere our Washington.

Doth it not still sound in your ears,
A shield against all doom,
The prayer uprising to the skies
From Valley Forge's gloom?

Years roll by swiftly, one by one;
Our country standeth fair,
Secure from storm and tempest shock,
A nation built on prayer.

Nellie Towne Burleson.

Academy Sunday

First Congregational church, Woodstock, Conn., Sunday, June 12th, 1932,
2.30 o'clock p. m.

Processional, "Tannhauser March"

Richard Wagner

Miss Constance Williams, Organist
Doxology

Invocation

Rev. Donald MacNeil

Quartette, "Rock of Ages"

Clarence C. Robinson

Misses Geneva Cross, Dorcas Johnson,

Edna Hibbard and Ida Sheldon

Responsive Reading, No. 13

Gloria Patri

Scripture Lesson, Romans 12:1-2, 9-21
Prayer

Rev. Henry D. Baker

Hymn No. 642, "Duke Street" Hatton

Sermon, "Three Ways"

Rev. Harding W. Gaylord

Hymn No. 647, "God of Our Fathers"

Warren

Benediction

Rev. Alfred Liljestrand

Recessional, "March of the Noble"

Frederick Keats

(Congregation will please remain
seated during the Recessional).

Graduation Exercises

March Organ and Violin

Miss Constance Williams, Organist

Miss Martha Ashworth, Violinist

Prayer Reverend Donald MacNeil

Academy Chorus

"Hail Smiling Morn" Spofforth

"Dear Land of Home" Sibelius

Salutatory Edna Hibbard

Selection, "Variation of a Theme"

Organ and Violin

Address

Dr. Hamilton Holt, LL.D., Litt.D., Lh.D.

President, Rollins College

Vocal Trio, "Minuet"

Beethoven

Misses Evelyn Basto, Geneva Cross,

Dorcas Johnson

Valedictory Dorcas Johnson
 Presentation of Diplomas
 Mr. Channing M. Wells
 Trustee, Woodstock Academy
 Presentation of Yale Honor Cups
 Laurence McWilliam
 Katherine Foskett

Announcements
 "Fair Woodstock" Hall-Childs
 March Violin and Organ
 Meeting of the Alumni Association
 in the Chapel.

Honors: Highest Honors in Scholarship, Dorcas Johnson; Second Honors in Scholarship, Edna Hibbard; Third Honors in Scholarship, Rosalma Lachapelle.

Graduating Class of 1932

Classical Course: Edna Lucy Hibbard, Dorcas Esther Virginia Johnson, Florence Elizabeth Neely, Sarah Zipkin.

General Course: Katherine Foskett.

Scientific Course: Elizabeth Alton Gifford, Evelyn Cecelia Morgan, Donald Spencer Child, Dudley Morton Gifford, Frederick Laurence McWilliam.

Commercial Course: Geneva Clausen Cross, Frieda Kuper, Rosalma Lachapelle, Ida Isabelle Sheldon.

Class Motto: "Ever Forward."

Class Officers: President, F. Laurence McWilliam; Vice-President, Geneva Cross; Treasurer, Dorcas Johnson; Secretary, Florence Neely.

Class Day Exercises

Song, "Woodstock Academy"

Leavitt-Rockwell

Greeting

By Mr. Laurence McWilliam
 President of the Class of 1932

Class History

Frieda Kuper and Ida Sheldon

Statistics

Evelyn Morgan and Donald Child
 Senior Class Quartette

"Woodstock Academy, Staunch and Strong"

L. A. Meredith

Misses Dorcas Johnson, Geneva Cross,
 Edna Hibbard and Ida Sheldon

Class Will

Katherine Foskett, Laurence
 McWilliam

Class Prophecy

Dudley Gifford and Florence Neely

Presentation of Class Gift

Laurence McWilliam

Acceptance of Class Gift, Henry Child

Awarding of Prizes The Principal

Announcements

Tree Oration Rosalma Lachapelle

(Audience will please assemble on
 the south side of the gymnasium for
 the Tree Oration).

Prizes

American History, Donor, Law Memorial Fund, Winner, Esther Collins.

English I, Law Memorial Fund, Raymond Anderson.

English II, Law Memorial Fund, Mary Meehan.

Mathematics I, Law Memorial Fund, Raymond Anderson.

Best Speller, Law Memorial Fund, Katherine Lancaster.

Best Latin Scholar, Miss Constance Holt, Mary Meehan.

(This prize is given in memory of
 Mr. Ely Hall, a beloved principal of
 Woodstock Academy).

Latin Improvement Prize, Virginia Beames.

French Improvement Prize, Beulah McWilliam.

Typewriting Accuracy Contest: First Prize, Elizabeth Kallgren; Second Prize, Dorcas Johnson.

Shorthand Dictation Contest: First Prize, Helen Morris; Second Prize, Frieda Kuper.

Balfour Key, A. G. Balfour, Rosalma Lachapelle.

National Athletic Scholarship Award, Laurence McWilliam.

Perfect Attendance, Elizabeth Kallgren, Olga Kallgren, Miriam Child.

Salutatory

We, the graduating class of 1932, welcome you, the friends of Woodstock Academy, here today. This is a fitting time when you are all present for us to express our appreciation for all that you have done for us.

One day during the past week while my thoughts were quite naturally turning toward our coming commencement, I sat alone looking into the past as we all sometimes do. I seemed to see Woodstock Academy as I saw it on a September morning four years ago. It stood a stranger to me, such a change from those Grammar school days. First, there was the main room where were gathered the members of various classes. The older scholars looked upon this Academy as home, while we, the Freshmen, thought of it only as a school. We wondered if we could ever have that same deep feeling for Woodstock Academy as the Seniors then seemed to have.

There were the four teachers seated before us. Those teachers were then just a group of individuals there to teach us what we had come to learn.

The bell rang for classes. The main room was left empty with the exception of the Freshmen, who kept together like a flock of frightened sheep.

At last, someone showed us the way to our respective classrooms. The great door had finally opened, giving us all an equal chance toward another step in our education.

The next two years passed quickly and with each year our feeling for our school grew stronger. We were no longer strangers within its walls. Other Freshmen had come to take our places.

Now that our goal is reached we look back over our last year at this institution. Our Senior year has meant much to us for we have at last found that deep feeling of love and pride for our school. From that group of strangers, as the student body first appeared to us, we have formed many strong and valued friendships. The

attachments will in many cases be continued throughout our lives. The teachers that seemed mere individuals four years ago have been discovered to be friends willing to help us socially as well as scholastically. Just as we have really become acquainted with them we have to part, to start again in a new environment.

Although today marks the close of our high school life, it does not mean the end of those friendships which we have formed with both teachers and schoolmates. No matter where our ways may lead us those friendships will ever remain with us and our days here at Woodstock Academy will be remembered as among the happiest of our lives.

EDNA L. HIBBARD.

Valedictory

Honorable guests, parents, friends and classmates: We of the class of 1932 have reached our last days as students of Woodstock Academy. Four years is a long time and much can happen as we pass along the way. But just as others have won their goal before us, so we too have reached ours.

I wish I might find words to express my feelings and those of my classmates on this day of days. This week has found us all happier than ever before, and today the sun shines brighter on us than it has done at any time in the last four years.

How fitting that commencement days should be celebrated with parents, teachers, friends, without whose help and sacrifice this great joy of ours would never have been realized. For each of us owe all that we have today to those whose love and interest have brought us to our present position.

We of the farm country see much of animal life. Our pets and friends of the barnyard attain maturity at an early age. A few weeks finds them quite grown up and able to care for themselves. But we, the children of

the highest species, require constant care, help, supervision, guidance, not for weeks, not for months, but for years. We are barely able to get around at the age of a year. We're two or three before we can use enough words to make ourselves understood by anyone but mother. Our parents point to us with pride if we show unusual aptness at four or five. We're six before we can be trusted away from mother long enough to stay at school a few hours each day.

Then starts the long, hard task of drilling into us first the elementals and later the special knowledge that is to make us competent for what lies before us, and whatever success we make of our lives we shall attribute largely to our Alma Mater. The laws of our state require that we attend school to the age of 16. What happens beyond that depends entirely upon circumstances and the interest of those most concerned with our welfare.

We who are today to be graduated from Woodstock Academy have been more fortunate than many boys and girls of equal age. We have had the privilege of four years of instruction beyond the requirements of law. We have been fortunate enough to enjoy four wonderful years under the sympathetic eyes of a group of teachers whose interest in us has ever urged us forward. The generosity of parents, town, and state has combined to better fit us to meet the problems of life.

I have heard it said that "a child should be well bred, well fed, and well read." Four years on the Academy greens with my classmates leads me to stamp each member of the class of 1932 a genuine thoroughbred. As for the second: the wholesome products of field and dairy, which constitute the rural child's basic fare, cannot, to my mind, be improved upon. For the third: reading has been the foremost test throughout our course. The reading which we have done has both equipped us for special tasks and enriched our lives for future living.

As pupils in a rural district, all this has been more important to us than to the child of the large cities. High school commencement for some will mark the transition from learners to earners. For if we are to judge by the past, few of us will find in this community sufficient opportunity to support ourselves. In all probability most of us will be leaving home to find employment in larger centers. We will be thrown on our own, and the extent of our success will depend entirely upon how we have been bred, fed and read. Our teachers at Woodstock Academy seem to have had this in mind. All their efforts seem to have pointed toward making us better thinkers, better planners, better doers.

We wish to thank you, our parents and teachers, for what you have done for us. Needless to say, we shall carry with us the lessons we have learned at home and at school. The fondest memories of Woodstock days shall go with us through the years. And when occasion presents itself in later years, we shall gather again at Alma Mater to re-live the many pleasant hours spent there.

DORCAS JOHNSON
COATNEY HILL

Tree Oration

Four years ago we entered Woodstock Academy with hopes of improving our education and looking forward to receiving our diplomas. Now these four years have passed and as we are gathered here for the last time, as students of Woodstock Academy, we can not help but think of the happy days we have spent here. As the years have rolled by, our love for this old institution has grown more and more.

We are unwilling to depart from this Academy which we have been a part of for the past four years without leaving some token of our love. Therefore we are planting these two trees as a growing remembrance of the class of 1932. They represent the

spirit of our class. Little trees as you grow day by day, striving to become noticed on this campus, so may we grow day by day, striving to become noticed in the great world. May we continue to grow mentally and spiritually until we take our place among men.

Teachers, we appreciate the help you have given us during our days here. It will be of great value to us in our future years. You have dealt with us with kindness and patience and ever urged us forward. "May the seeds you have sown in us bring forth rich fruits."

Schoolmates, we have enjoyed being with you during our happy days here and we cannot but part from you with some feeling of sadness. May you ever remember to keep high the standards of your school.

Classmates, we have worked here together for the past four years at the same tasks, taking parts in the same sports and in the same events and we are now about to receive the same reward, our diplomas.

The receiving of our diplomas must not mark a finishing but rather a beginning of our life's work. We must now start forth on our own, well fostered by our Alma Mater, and let us ever attempt to prove ourselves worthy of her. Let us not lay down our books and our tools and say we are through, but rather pick them up anew with greater zest and effort and push forward until we can carry on in this world as every able citizen should do. Let these trees therefore symbolize our growing spirit.

With this challenge in mind I ask you to bid farewell to Woodstock Academy, your teachers and fellow-students.

Rosalma Lachapelle.

Hopes Fulfilled And More

In last year's Gleaner, the hope of adding a course in home economics and of making more repairs and improvements on the buildings was expressed. We have done this and notably more. We have done this in the face of real difficulties and the fears and uncertainties of the "depression." It is done because the faith and courage of the people of Woodstock supported the trustees.

Channel irons supported by iron lally columns under the whole main building have replaced the rotting wooden posts. The two rooms formerly used for the library have been thrown into one room and equipped as the home of the eighth grade. The principal's rooms on the second floor are now equipped for the use of the home economics course. The third floor rooms over these are occupied by the agricultural course. The third floor rooms at the east end have been made into a satisfactory tenement for the janitor's family. Minor changes in the plumbing have so improved the steam circulation that the formerly cold laboratory rooms are now as warm as the rest of the building.

The house owned by Dr. Florence Dean, next to Palmer Memorial Hall, has been rented for the use of the academy principal. This is a very important improvement which we had not dared to hope for so soon.

The academy is now furnishing all text-books and stationery for the pupils above the eighth grade.

By an arrangement between the trustees and the school board, the eighth grade is affiliated with the academy. The academy provides the room and janitor's service and heat. The town pays for the teacher's salary and the text-books. There is exchange of subjects between the eighth grade teacher and the academy teachers. This arrangement gives to the eighth grade

pupils the advantage of mingling with the older pupils, of having specialized teachers, and of being more smoothly fitted into the academy program. Their teachers have time for the eighth grade subjects. The grade schools are relieved of overcrowding and their teachers have more time for the lower grades.

Mr. George B. Westhaver resigned as principal and has been succeeded by Mr. William A. Simpson. Mr. Simpson's training and experience qualify him exceptionally well for leadership in a rural high school. He was graduated in agriculture from Maine State College and has taken post-graduate courses in education. He has had nine years' experience as principal of high schools. He comes to us from Milton, Vt., where he was supervising principal. Further acquaintance with him reveals a sense of humor, a sympathetic understanding of young people, a knowledge of his job, and ability to handle difficult situations. We are very fortunate to have him with us.

The teacher of the new course in home economics is Miss Doris M. Gwynn. She was graduated from the four year home economics course at the State Normal School at Framingham, Mass. She had one year's experience in the schools of Norwood, Mass. She is proving a competent, popular, hard-working teacher.

The other teachers are the same as before with an added year of experience and wisdom except that the music course is omitted for the present. This was done because the school board omitted music from the public schools for economy and we employed the same teacher.

Text-books, new courses with equipment and teachers all cost money. The income from our fund was seriously curtailed. We expected that the salary of the home economics teacher would be paid by the state and federal government from the fund provided by the Smith-Hughes act. To our serious disappointment, we found that fund to be exhausted. Mr. Frost, supervisor of schools for Woodstock, Eastford,

and other towns, recommended Eastford to send their high school pupils to Woodstock Academy. After a thorough investigation, Eastford school board decided to do this provided the academy would install a home economics course. The first year only the freshman and sophomore classes would come, the next year three classes, and the next year four classes. The trustees estimated that ninety dollars per pupil would not meet the expense but that ninety-five dollars would do so. Therefore with the approval of the school board and the board of finance, the tuition was fixed at ninety-five dollars.

There is now being planned a new charter and by-laws for the academy which will put the control of the academy into the hands of the alumni and stockholders. The coming session of the General Assembly will be asked to grant the amended charter.

ERNEST R. PIKE,
President of the Trustees.

The Academy Evening School

At the suggestion of Mr. George B. Westhaver, principal of the Academy, an invitation was issued in the fall of 1931 to any member of the community over high school age to join an evening school, to be held weekly in the Academy building. Three classes were formed: Farm Accounting, conducted by Mr. Westhaver; Dairying, under Mr. Henry Dunleavy; and a discussion of Significant Trends in Modern American Literature, led by Mr. Edward H. Chandler. Nearly forty members were enrolled and the school was held for fifteen weeks, closing with a social held at the Chandlers'.

This first session seemed to indicate that the school met a genuine demand. A second session was therefore organized, with the approval of the Academy trustees, to begin on No-

vember 7, 1932, and continue for twenty weeks. The school is held on Monday evenings, in two periods of an hour each. During the first period, beginning at 7.45 o'clock, four groups meet. Miss Gladys Bates is teaching a class of ten to operate typewriters, using the Academy machines; Miss Doris Gwynn is conducting a group of women in the study of textiles and home decoration; Mr. Dunleavy is teaching a class in poultry raising; and Mr. Clinton Taylor has a group in the discussion of the problems of political economy. During the second period, beginning at 8.45, Mr. Chandler is leading a discussion of various world problems, political and social. These groups are open to all who are interested and visitors are always welcome. The attendance this season has been slightly larger than last year. More and more the importance of opportunities for continued adult education is being generally recognized. A school like this can well find a place in Woodstock and expand in future in accordance with such demand as may become evident. Miss Elizabeth Rollins is the secretary and will gladly furnish further information.

School Activities

Hallowe'en Dance

On October 30, 1931, the Senior Class held their annual Hallowe'en Social in the form of a dance. The Gym was skillfully decorated with orange and black crepe paper, skeletons, pumpkins and corn stalks.

Refreshments consisting of cider and doughnuts were served.

New Year's Dance

The Seniors started something new in entertainment this year. On New Year's Eve, a dance was scheduled at the Hall Memorial Gymnasium. The Gym was decorated with red and green crepe paper and evergreen. A Christ-

mas tree lighted with colored lights stood at one end of the Gym. Everyone present reported a "swell" time.

The Junior Play

Lady Lilac, a mystery play, was presented at Woodstock Academy Hall, on April 1, 1932, by the class of 1933. The main plot concerned the murder of Captain Lane, proprietor of Lilac Inn, on the Canadian border, and the efforts of Miss Smith, a detective, to solve the mystery. The only clue, a faint scent of lilac perfume about the body, pointed to Lady Lilac, internationally-known criminal. A more famous criminal even than Lady Lilac, Cat O' Nine Tails complicated the plot still further, smuggling contraband silks and jewels across the border; a group of young people, guests at the inn, added to the fun, and the play came to a smashing climax when Miss Smith identified Lady Lilac in a totally unexpected manner.

The Cast:

Miss Smith	Sophie Chrzan
Hi Periwinkle	Homer Johnson
Richard Lane	Arthur Baker
Emery Potter	George Davis
Speedy	George Neely
Horace Hathaway	Henry Child
Maybelle Mason	Dorothy Chapman
Josephine Bonaparte	Ella Sheldon
Florabelle Williamsburg	
	Dorothy Williams
Mrs. Ware	Edith Tourtellotte

Junior Promenade

On May 6, 1932, the annual Junior Promenade took place in the Hall Memorial Gymnasium. The hall was decorated with a lattice work of pale blue and yellow streamers, and two large baskets filled with yellow forsythia, opportunely blooming. Instead of the last years' balloon dance, confetti was thrown, as the decorations didn't seem to afford any place where balloons could be concealed.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Westhaver, Mrs. Tourtellotte, Miss Bates, and Mrs. Lancaster.

Elsworth Lecture

Mr. Elsworth, through the kindness of Mr. Clarence Bowen, gave another of his annual lectures at the Academy. His topic was a very appropriate one, "George Washington." The following morning Mr. Elsworth spoke on an interesting subject before the school.

Senior Play

A three-act comedy, "Here Comes Patricia," was presented in December by the Senior Class. Jim Child playing the part of Tim Hopper, and Kat Foskett as owner of a gasoline station, a mere society girl, and the governor's daughter, all three, furnished plenty of amusement during the evening.

Sophomore Entertainment

The Sophomores presented something new in the line of entertainment last year. A card party was held in the Gym, games of all sorts being added for those who didn't play whist or bridge. Dancing and refreshments were added features.

Card Party

The boys with the help of Mr. Williamson sponsored a card party for the benefit of the A. A. last spring. Games of all descriptions were enjoyed.

School Picnic

The annual school picnic was held at Roseland Lake toward the close of school. Many athletic events were enjoyed by those wishing to compete.

Senior Reception

On June 17, a selected company gathered for the Seniors' last fling. The Gym was prettily decorated by the Juniors and their class advisor, Miss Bates, carrying out the color scheme of yellow and orchid. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served during intermission.

ATHLETICS

Field Hockey

The Woodstock Academy Field Hockey team went through a season gaining five victories and only one defeat. After two weeks of practice Miss Kibbe, our coach, selected the following line-up:

Left wing, Esther Collins.
Left inside, Sophie Chrzan.
Center, Katherine Foskett.
Right wing, Marion Vredenburg.
Right inside, Veronica Hibbard.
Left halfback, Dorcas Johnson.
Center-halfback, Geneva Cross.
Right halfback, Dorothy Chapman.
Left fullback, Capt. Edith Tourtellotte.

Right-fullback, Elizabeth Rawson.

Goal, Evelyn Morgan.

Substitutes: Katherine Lancaster, Evelyn Basto, Rosalma Lachappelle, Bertha Tourtellotte.

The team started the season by defeating Tourtellotte. The score was 2-0. Manager Dorothy Chapman arranged the following schedule:

	O.	W.A.
Sept. 30, Tourtellotte, home	0	2
Oct. 7, Storrs, away	0	4
Oct. 27, Shrewsbury, away	1	0
Oct. 30, Storrs, home	0	3
Nov. 7, Worcester, home	0	1
Nov. 14, Tourtellotte, home	0	1

We were always sure of our goal keeper, Morgan, and the fullbacks defended so well that Shrewsbury was the only team that scored. The forward line was a speedy one, and the half-backs were behind them every minute.

At the end a meeting was held to elect a new captain and manager. Edith Tourtellotte was elected captain again, and Bertha Tourtellotte was elected manager for 1933. Katherine Foskett was awarded a prize for being the most necessary member of the team.

Report of the 1931 Soccer Season

The Woodstock Academy Soccer Team enjoyed a fairly successful sea-

son after losing three strong defense men and a center forward. However, after a few practice sessions Coach Williamson declared the following line-up:

Left wing, D. Gifford.
Left inside, B. Scoville.
Center, L. McWilliam.
Right inside, H. Child.
Right wing, G. Davis.
Left halfback, L. Williams.
Center halfback, F. Hunter.
Right halfback, F. Young.
Left fullback, A. Baker.
Right fullback, J. Child.
Goal, Capt. D. Child.

Substitutes: G. Neely, B. Sumner, H. Johnson, W. Lawrence.

The season started with a practice game with T. M. H. S. in which W. A. easily defeated the Tourtellotte boys by a score of 6-2. The official schedule was as follows:

Oct. 8,	C. A. C. 3 W. A. 0
Oct. 14,	P. T. S. 2 W. A. 5
Oct. 20,	T. H. S. 1 W. A. 5
Oct. 22,	K. H. S. 5 W. A. 2
Oct. 28,	P. T. S. 1 W. A. 5
Nov. 2,	C. H. S. 5 W. A. 1
Nov. 6,	K. H. S. 4 W. A. 1
Nov. 10,	T. H. S. 0 W. A. 0
Nov. 16,	C. H. S. 7 W. A. 0

Capt. Childs played well in the goal. Hunter, a new man, played a good defensive game, aided by Jim Child and A. Baker. The veteran lineman, Gifford, McWilliam and Davis, worked well on offensive plays. Gifford was out after the Oct. 28th game with a sprained knee and stayed out for the remainder of the season.

George Davis was elected Captain for the coming soccer season.

Statement Of Woodstock Academy Bank

JUNE 17, 1932

Cash on hand, October 19, 1931

Student Organizations:

W. A. A. A.	\$ 54.34
Class of 1932	118.72

Class of 1933	58.83
Class of 1934	19.27

\$251.16

Book Fund \$118.75

Paper Fund 2.93

\$121.78

Other Funds:

Community Basketball

League \$1.50

"Quivver" 4.32

Grammar School

League 6.15

Special Funds .84

12.81

\$385.75

Deficits, October 19, 1932

Ring Account 6.40

Net Balance on Hand, October 19, 1931

\$379.35

Student Organizations:

W. A. A. A. \$510.60

Class of 1932 295.64

Class of 1933 238.05

Class of 1934 29.60

Class of 1935 15.00

\$1,088.89

Book Fund 203.70

Other Funds:

Special Funds \$15.78

Ring Account 97.85

Sanitary Machine 5.85

\$119.48

Total Receipts \$1,412.07

Balances and Receipts \$1,791.42

Expenditures for Period

Student Organization:

W. A. A. A. \$556.46

Class of 1932 414.36

Class of 1933 228.61

Class of 1934 3.55

Class of 1935 1.10

\$1,204.08

Book Fund \$354.55

Paper Fund 2.93

\$357.48

Other Funds:

Community Basketball

League	\$ 1.50
"Quivver"	4.32
Grammar School	
League	6.15
Special Funds	13.24
Ring Account	91.45
Sanitary Machine	14.00

\$130.66

\$1,692.22

Balances on Hand, June 17, 1932

Student Organizations:

W. A. A. A.	\$ 8.48*
Class of 1933	68.27
Class of 1934	45.32
Class of 1935	13.90

\$135.97

Other Funds:

Special Funds	3.38
---------------	------

\$139.35

Deficits, June 17, 1932

Book Fund	\$32.00**
Sanitary Machine	8.15***

\$40.15

99.20

Total Expenditures and

Balances	\$1,791.42
----------	------------

Balances Deposited in Banks as follows:

Citizens National Bank,	
Checking, Putnam	\$49.20

Citizens National Bank.

Savings, Putnam	32.00
Putnam Savings Bank	18.00

\$99.20

Interest on Savings Accounts 18.53

Net Balance on Hand \$117.73

*The A. A. owes a note of \$35.00 to the Class of 1933.

**The Deficit in the Book Account is covered by an inventory of books.

***The Deficit in the Sanitary Machine Account is partly covered by an inventory.

Alumni Association Officers

President, Cedric Child.

Vice-Presidents, Jane Lyon, Louise Lawton, Reginald Pike, Charles Peckham.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee, The Principal, Susan Sumner, Rev. Henry Baker, Elizabeth Rollins.

Editor, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

TREASURER'S REPORT

June, 1932

Receipts

Cash on hand June, 1931	\$72.22
Sale of Gleaners	67.42
Advertisements	64.75
Interest on money in bank	3.23
Gifts toward reunion deficit	6.00

\$213.62

Expenses

Publishing Gleaners	\$89.60
Editor	50.00
Envelopes	3.50
Postage	4.34
Stenographer's copy of Reunion	3.00
Reunion expenses	13.25

\$163.69

Cash on hand June 17, 1932 \$49.93

PERSONALS

Mr. William A. Simpson, our new principal, is a native of Marlboro, Mass., and a graduate of the University of Maine. He has taught in Bridgeton and Washington, Maine. He and his family are occupying Dr. Dean's cottage, perhaps better known as the Russell cottage.

The following teachers have returned for another year: Mr. Williamson,

Science; Mrs. Tuttle, English; Miss Kibbe, Latin and French; Miss Bates, Commercial, and Mr. Dunleavy, Agriculture. Miss Doris Gwynn of Framingham, Mass., is the Domestic Science teacher, a new course being put on this year.

In February Miss Louise Pike sang over the radio from WTAG, Worcester. She received many letters of congratulation.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Westhaver and daughter, Sally Ann, frequently visit their Woodstock friends.

Mr. Maurice Childs and family made their annual visit to Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Closson and three children were entertained this summer by Mrs. Closson's brother, Rev. Henry Baker.

Miss Constance Grigg, Miss Marjorie Pease and Miss Lucy Reed were summer visitors to Woodstock.

Harry Rutishauser, with his mother, visited his sister Gretchen in Port Clinton, Ohio.

John Killam is spending the winter in California and Florida.

Station W. A., No. 1905 announcing.

Hello, schoolmates and those who have come after us. Here we are once more to account for ourselves. Nothing very spectacular from any of us, but we don't want to miss the annual opportunity to line up and announce again our loyalty to the old school and our determination to shape our daily lives by the motto we chose in solemn conclave twenty-seven years ago, *Semper Paratus*.

Signed:

Edmund Kingsland Gilbert

Frederick William Howard

Harry Erastus Wells

Nellie Town Burleson

Ethel Almira (Rawson) Morgan

Goodby till 1933.

If one member of each class would write of their class as Nellie Burleson does for 1905 we would not lack for class news.

As usual many W. A. students make short visits in Woodstock.

Miss Bertha McComber visited her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Upham, son and daughter, also Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Upham, with Mr. Upham's sister and brother, East Woodstock, and Miss Nettie Phillips with her brother George.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Chandler and daughter Dorothy were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra May.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha McGuire, nee Sarah Guile, with friends in the Valley.

E. T. Perrin, with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Calkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams at his brother's.

Mrs. Mary Boyden Hosmer spent a week at Roseland with Miss Constance Holt.

Miss Anna and Harriet Nelson spent the summer at their home, Mrs. Harry Goss, nee Marie Nelson, spending a few days with them.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn Bingham at "Century Old Cottage."

Maurice Childs and family as usual spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. George Wetherell.

Eleanor Lindeman, also Louise Landres and Doris Burbank, with their families, have been guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lindeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry May with Mr. May's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Whelpley (nee Olah Withey) and son called on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Johnstone visited his father and sister on their return from a trip to Germany and Greece.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Linde, nee Jar-da Carlson, with Mrs. Linde's parents.

Taken from the March Putnam Patriot:

Henry M. (Harry M.) Morse of Lowell, Mass., formerly of Woodstock and Putnam, is a contributor to this month's issue of "The Billboard," a theatrical publication. It is to be regretted that the veteran actor only

reminisces on his connection with minstrelsy. While he appeared in Union Hall with Thatcher, Primrose & West minstrels, he is best remembered in his character role of "Zeb Hardy," teamster, in Richard Golden's "Old Jed Prouty." This pastoral drama was produced annually in Putnam for several years. It is also recalled that Mr. Morse was the "Giant" in "Jack and the Bean Stalk," which had a long metropolitan run.

Mr. Morse is a Woodstock boy. He is a brother of John Morse, Putnam violin maker. He is now engaged in running a theatrical hotel in Lowell. He comes to Putnam at least once a year and goes to the cemetery on Woodstock Hill, where Mrs. Morse, his wife and stage partner for many years, is buried.

His last appearance on the stage was in vaudeville in a skit called "The Glorious Fourth." He appeared with Mrs. Morse and a young lady who, when but a child, took the part of "Tretty" in Old Jed Prouty. He is also remembered for staging several amateur minstrel shows in Putnam for the old Arcanum Club. But why go further. Mr. Morse needs no identification in this city and is known to all except the younger generation. Herewith is his contribution to the March issue of "The Billboard":

Minstrel Memorial

Editor "The Billboard":

I have been quite interested of late reading about "The Master of Ceremonies" in present-day organizations. Probably there is no one living today that has had the experience or worked with as many noted comedians as master of ceremonies; in other words, interlocutor, as the writer.

In 1880 I joined Haverly's Mastodons as interlocutor and stage manager. In 1882 Sam Hague's Minstrels came over from England and toured the country with disastrous results, and Haverly took the show over, sending me to act as master of ceremonies with Kit Clark as manager. We played forty-two weeks of one night stands with no matinees. The following year I joined Thatcher, Primrose & West's Min-

strels, acting in the same capacity as with the Haverly Shows, working with the following array of talent: George Thatcher, George Primrose, Barney Fagan, Carl Rankin, Banks Winter and Chauncey Olcott. Olcott in those days sang his ballad, little dreaming, I presume, of the artistic success he was to obtain in later years in Irish plays. Another noted character was on the bill in the olio, William Muldoon, in tableau representations of ancient and modern statuary. You all know where he is located now.

This company had the reputation of playing to the largest receipts ever attained by any minstrel organization, either in this country or Europe, in one week at the Boston Theatre—\$14,188.50. At least that was sworn to by Henry J. Sayers, who was treasurer of the show at that time. In 1885 I joined McNish, Johnson & Stavins' Minstrels, remaining with that show four years, with William S. Cleveland as manager, touring the country from Maine to California each year. Charlie Mitchell, the English pugilist, as well as Muldoon, was with that organization.

My next venture was with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, acting in the same capacity as with previous shows.

Neil O'Brien, to my way of thinking the greatest portrayer of the Southern Negro, was a member of that show, as well as John King, whose imitation of the tough wench of Mobile was never duplicated. My last venture in minstrelsy was master of ceremonies with Cohan & Harris' Minstrels, with George (Honey Boy) Evans at the head of an organization consisting of 108 men, with two bands on street parade and forty-two picked musicians in the orchestra. Such noted performers as Julian Eltinge, Eddie Leonard, John King, Rice and Provost, Waterbury Bros., and Tenny, Frank Morrell, Mat Keefe, Doyle and Dixon, Boyle and Brazill, together with the lavish expenditure in stage effects, made this the most stupendous minstrel entertainment ever produced.

HARRY M. MORSE.

Lowell, Massachusetts.

Miss Annette May, captain of the Poppy Troop, Girl Scouts, spent two weeks at Camp Edith Macy, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., from a scholarship received from her work with the troop since she assumed charge.

Miss Mary Potter of Hartford, Junior Supervisor of Adult Education, broadcast over the radio, WTIC, December 6th, at 10.30 a. m. The subject of her talk was her work in Connecticut, with the foreign born. This was sponsored by the Parent-Teachers' Association and arranged by Mrs. Helen Hammond Matthews, who will be remembered as a former pupil of Woodstock Academy from Hampton.

A letter received from Henry C. Brown in Honolulu tells of recently meeting some one from North Woodstock. He had been told there was a Woodstock Academy graduate in that vicinity at Wairi Ri. At a dinner at the Pan Pacific Club, of which he is a member, he was introduced to Wallace Armstrong and his wife. Mr. Armstrong's home was in the English Neighborhood, where Mr. George Lyon now lives, but for four years he has been in the U. S. Geological Survey, and lives in Wairi Ri a short distance from Mr. Brown.

Miss Elsie Erickson of South Woodstock, has completed a Stenographic-Secretarial Course at the Becker Business College at Worcester, Mass.

Donald French of Pomfret won the F. Grosvenor Goodrich Memorial golf cup last Sunday by defeating Freeman Nelson, also of Pomfret, in an eighteen hole playoff at the Pomfret Golf course, five up and four to play.

George Moore of Worcester enjoyed a day's outing at the Woodstock Fair.

Mrs. Myrtie Chaffee Jordan spent a month in Illinois visiting relatives. The trip was made by bus.

Willis W. Wells and family of Watsonville, California, on the shore of the Bay of Monterey, surprised their friends and relatives this summer. The trip east was made by auto, and many changes were found after an absence of twenty-four years.

Dr. Florence F. Dean of Putnam spent the month of June travelling in Europe.

Miss Eunice Pike is teaching in Pomfret Landing.

Miss Miriam Ware again returned to Claremont High, N. H.

Miss Susan Johnstone is a student at Vassar College.

Cedric Child has been at home the greater part of the summer since graduating from Connecticut Agricultural College in June.

Friday, Sept. 18, Alexander Warner and wife and Mrs. Amy Warner Hayne called on Mrs. Belle Young and Henry T. Wells and family.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins, nee Mary Aldrich, has been accepted as a member by the Connecticut Society of Mayflower Descendants. She is ninth in lineage from Governor William Bradford, also from John Alden.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams, nee Bessie Barber, enjoyed their summer vacation motoring in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Windsor Clark, nee Louise Howard, spent their vacation in Maine.

Mary Myers Tracy writes she is still teaching in her home town, East Had-dam. Her youngest son, Julian, graduated from high school at fifteen with high honors, and this fall entered Gettysburg College.

Franklin S. Wetherell represented Florida Alpha Chapter of Theta Kappa Nu, National social fraternity of Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., at the National Convention of that organization at Kansas City, Mo., from June 28th to July 2nd.

Wallace H. Child, Woodstock, has recently been elected to membership of Omicron Delta Kappa, an honorary fraternity that recognizes a high standard of efficiency in extra-curricular activities as the basis of membership within its ranks, in its annual Spring call, it is announced, Child has been a member of the varsity football team at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., for the past two years. In the recent student elections at the college he was made business manager of

"The Tomokan," the Rollins year book, and president of his fraternity, Delta Rho Gamma.

The last of August a chimney fire destroyed the old Hibbard homestead in North Woodstock occupied by Lyman Hibbard. Friends helped to remove much of the furniture, and now Mr. Hibbard has a new house fast nearing completion.

On April 11th at a D. A. R. meeting in Putnam, Mrs. E. H. Whitney, nee Mary Louise Taylor, was the guest speaker. Her subject was "Traits and Portraits of Early Rhode Islanders."

Mrs. Clara Green Wheeler Jones, member of the National Society of Craftsmen, is the instructor of Manual Arts at the Putnam School, Wallingford, Conn.

MORNING

January 14, 1932, a daughter, Ruth Agatha, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Feiler, South Manchester, Conn.

January 19, 1932, a daughter, Charlotte Althea, to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Peckam, East Woodstock, Conn.

January 25, 1932, a daughter, Barbara Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Lester W. Gallup, Worcester, Mass.

February 20, 1932, a daughter, Sally Ann, to Principal and Mrs. George B. Westhaver, Boston, Mass.

March 1, 1932, a daughter, Edith Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bowen, Eastford, Conn.

March 19, 1932, a son, Herbert Alfred, to Mr. and Mrs. Evon Erickson, nee Caroline Andrews, East Woodstock, Conn.

April 4, 1932, a son, Willard Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hemingway, nee Alice Cross, Concord, Mass.

May 13, 1932, a son, Maurice Frederick Jr., to Former Principal and Mrs. Maurice F. Childs, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

June 1, 1932, a daughter, Constance Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Healey, Jr., Jamaica, L. I.

June 15, 1932, a daughter, Carolyn May, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Peckham, Woodstock, Conn.

June 23, 1932, a son, Richard Gustave, to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Hagstrom, nee Signe Anderson, East Woodstock, Conn.

August 14, 1932, a daughter, Harriet, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Landres, nee Louise Lindeman, Woodhaven, L. I.

August 17, 1932, a daughter, Dorothy Esther, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norman, nee Esther Johnson, Woodstock, Conn.

September 26, 1932, a son, Philip Joel, to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Butts, South Woodstock, Conn.

October 13, 1932, a daughter, Ruth Alden, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Putnam, nee Helen Woodbury, Mt. Tom, Mass.

October 14, 1932, a daughter, Elizabeth Ann Hope, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Flugel, nee Edith Lowe, South Woodstock, Conn.

NOON

April 2, 1932, John E. Holt, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt, and Dorothy G. Ayres, Montclair, N. J.

July 28, 1932, Theodore B. Parker and Leslie L. Sumner, Dover, N. H.

July 30, 1932, Bradley Wheaton and Lillian Esterbrooks, Putnam, Conn.

August 20, 1932, Warren Peckham and Eurania Perkins, East Woodstock, Conn.

August 25, 1932, Stanley F. Ellsworth and Adelaide Frost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Frost, West Woodstock, Conn.

August 29, 1932, Rolfe N. Lyon and Miss Clara Barton, Eastford, Conn.

September 17, 1932, Michael L. White and Bertha C. Clark, Putnam, Conn.

September 9, 1932, William Hughes and Hilda Elizabeth Grandenn, Quincy, Mass.

October 20, 1932, George C. Foster and E. Carolyn Cox, Hartford, Conn.

December 2, 1932, Luke E. White and Leila Carter, Auburn, N. Y.

NIGHT

September 20, 1931, Robert H. Mathewson, Wakefield, Nebraska.

November 11, 1931, Amy Miller, wife of Charles Clark, Eastford, Conn.

February 14, 1932, Florence May, wife of H. Clayton Buxton, Kent, Washington.

March 9, 1932, Harriet Morgan, wife of George C. Place, West Woodstock, Conn.

March 21, 1932, Miss Emily A. Sabbin, Pomfret, Conn.

March 23, 1923, John M. Perrin, Jr., West Woodstock, Conn.

March, 1932, Abbie Lyon, widow of Fred Lyon, formerly of Pomfret, Conn.

April 5, 1932, Henry J. Lowdon, Seattle, Washington.

April 6, 1932, Willard Jr., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hemingway, nee Alice Cross, Concord, Mass.

April 26, 1932, George H. Sumner, West Woodstock, Conn.

June 9, 1932, Prudence Phillips, widow of Prof. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, Wellesley, Mass.

August 11, 1932, Mrs. Francis E. Burnett, widow of former Principal F. E. Burnett, Pomfret, Conn.

August 22, 1932, Edward E. Fuller, Hartford, Conn.

September 27, 1932, Dorothy, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel William F. Flynn and Mrs. Flynn, New York City.

November 8, 1932, George H. Gallup, Ekonk, Conn.

November, 1932, Carolyn May, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Peckham, Woodstock, Conn.

December 22, 1932, Charles Lindeman, Hartford, Conn.

