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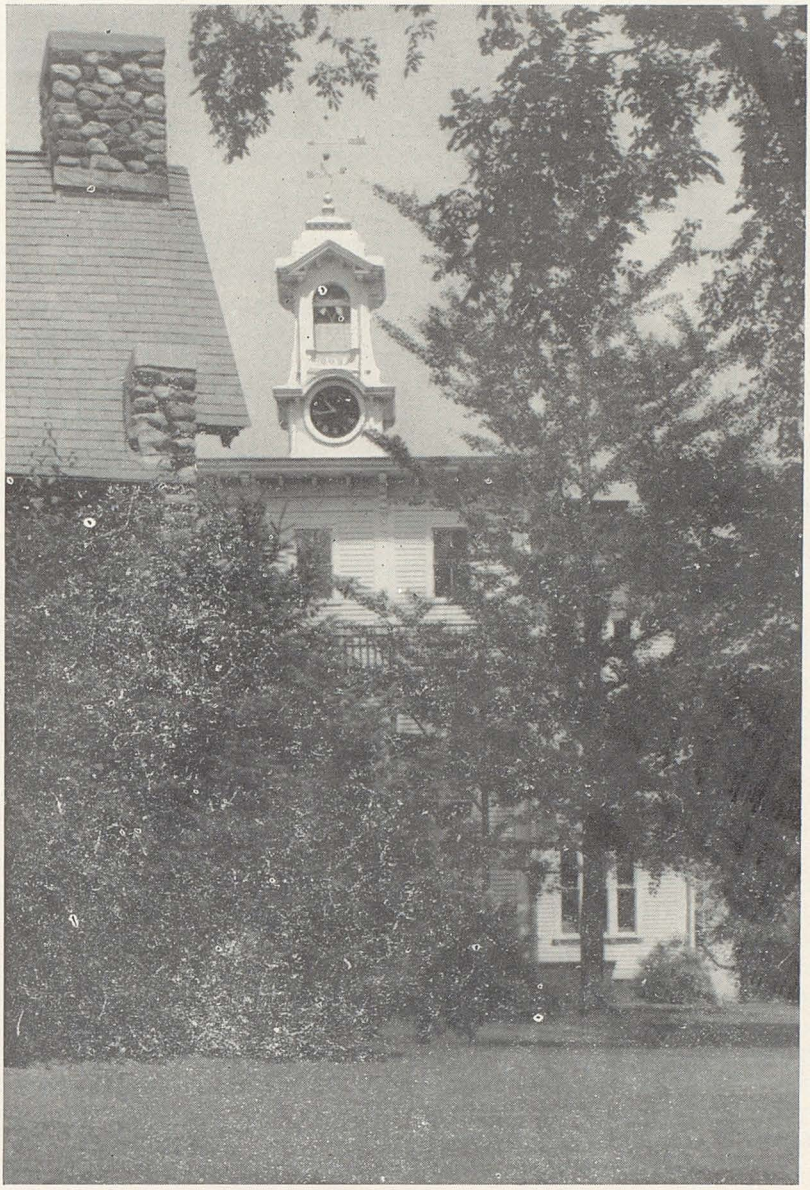


THE GLEANER AND ITS PREDECESSORS

After a careful perusal of all available material we find that in the history of the Academy there were times when education waned and times when, according to Miss Harriet Atwell, "moral, intellectual and Christian culture came to be the atmosphere of the school." Such a period was during the principalship of James Willis Patterson, about 1848. It was at that time that the first school paper of which we could find any record was edited. It was called the "Myrtle". The cultural influence at this time was not due alone to Mr. Patterson but also to his assistant teachers, a Miss Lucy Foster and Edna Dean Proctor, later widely known as a poetess and author.

In the 1860's the Elmwood Gazette was edited by the Academy students. A copy of this paper, dated in 1862, has been given to the Academy by Mrs. Tillinghast.

During the years 1868 to 1870, while Mr. F. E. Burnette was principal, the Lyceum was started. This was held fortnightly during the winter and was conducted according to Cushing's Manual. During this time a paper was published but we find no record of its name. This paper was a feature of the Lyceum and may possibly have been the "Casket" which we know was published during the years from 1870 to 1872 when Mr. Cook was principal. By this time the Lyceum had been changed to the Utopian Society and its official organ was the "Casket". This paper was a literary periodical, published semi-monthly by the members of the Utopian Society. The terms were a semi-monthly contribution to its columns. How much the pupils thought of their paper was expressed in the words of one student named "Christina"—"Oh, may this our own little paper 'Casket,' receive naught save the purest gems, naught save so sweet, holy, and elevating thoughts as shall be received with pleasure and gratitude in that Day when the King shall make up His Jewels." Names we find closely connected with the Casket were Chandler, Armes, Carroll, Comings, Flynn, Whipple and Peckham.

With the coming of William Davidson as principal in 1874, the Utopian Society became the Philomatheon Society and the Casket became the Gleaner. The first copy of volume one of the Gleaner was dated about December 1872. The purposes of the Gleaner were to furnish a means for giving to the Alumni and friends of the Academy an annual presentation of the life and needs of the institution; to call forth and cultivate the powers of English Composition in young and older alumni and friends; to offer an opportunity of expressing appreciation or criticism of the Academy; to maintain a history of doings of the alumni. The Gleaner was entirely in charge of the students and apparently no subject proved too difficult for them as we found compositions entitled, "Mental Improvement," "Self Discipline," "Skepticism," "Home," "Happiness" and "When Not to Laugh." These articles were written in such perfect style and with such keen understanding of the subject, it could not help but be an inspiration to anyone to read them now.

There were always two editors, a boy and a girl, appointed to edit the

Gleaner. They were selected a term in advance or appointed by the executive committee. The editors invited their classmates to contribute essays, poems, stories, squibs, jokes, fake "ads" and conundrums. The first copies were written in long hand on large sheets of composition paper which had to be tied with bright colored ribbons before the paper could become an official copy. These bits of ribbon still keep together the pages of those old Gleaners and although many are faded and well-worn we noticed that the blue and gold were favorite colors even in the early days of the Academy.

Some of the most interesting and entertaining articles which appeared in both the Casket and the Gleaner, were the "Chronicles" written by Annie L. Comings, who certainly was very skillful in this mode of writing.

An object of the Philomatheon Society was improvement in Argument, Eloquence, and English Composition, so at each meeting a debate was conducted, essays and addresses were given and the Gleaner was read by the editors, who had rehearsed reading the paper aloud, as their elocution, enunciation, emphasis and accent must be perfect on the night it was read at the meeting.

Prominent contributors and editors of the first Gleaners were, Annie L. Comings, Susie E. Morse, A. D. Chandler, Prudence Phillips, Louis Southworth, Louis A. Chandler, Nellie D. Chandler, Clarence H. Child, Florence A. Child, E. Lizzie Carroll, Willie O. Armes, Alice C. Chandler, Wallace P. Dick, Susie D. Gordon, John A. Morse and Thomas Milligan.

In so far as we could find from the records, there were no papers edited at the Academy from about 1880 to 1892. Perhaps these were lost as we did find an article stating that early copies of the Gleaner were burned in the fire which destroyed the Patriot Office in Putnam in 1882. The editor of the Patriot at that time was Mr. Stone and the Gleaners were in his possession at the time.

In 1892, when Mr. Ely R. Hall was principal, a large group of the alumni gathered at the Academy in answer to a call for a meeting of former students and teachers of the school. The purpose of this meeting was to organize an alumni association and by this means to keep alive friendships formed at Woodstock Academy and to create more interest in the school. The group decided upon two ways of doing this. First, they would hold reunions of the alumni at the Academy and secondly, they would edit a magazine each year. As Mr. Hall wrote in a previous Gleaner, "This magazine should be a means of exchanging items of personal interest, a channel for the expression of ideas and opinions upon the life of the Alma Mater, and an opportunity for the development of any talent in writing on the part of the younger or older alumni". Louis Southworth was influential in the beginning of this new paper and it was his suggestion that it be called the Gleaner after the old Gleaner edited in his days at the Academy.

The first printed copy of the new Gleaner appeared in August 1893. Each alumnus was sent a copy, and, as no price was fixed for the magazine each one was asked to pay at least ten cents to help defray expenses. Later, in 1898, the price became ten cents, this being printed on the cover. In 1911, the price was advanced to twenty-five cents as expenses had become

greater. It became necessary to send copies only to those who paid in advance or upon receiving the Gleaner. As Mr. Hall mentioned in his article, "money is not the only obstacle in the way of publishing the Gleaner. Such a magazine calls for a group of efficient and painstaking workers with a responsible editor at their head. It calls for a responsive body of contributors who will furnish articles of value, carefully written. It calls for interested persons who will hunt up personal items about alumni."

And so the work has been done and the Gleaner has been published down through the years since 1892. We are sorry we cannot give a complete list of the editors but we found no records of the editors until 1916 when Ethel Spalding (Silberberg) was elected to this office. In 1919 Mrs. Alice Johnson and Miss Edith Briggs were the co-editors. In 1920 we find Miss Maude Healey and Mrs. Ruth Gallup doing the editor's work. In 1921, Mrs. Gallup and Miss Healey were again appointed. From that year until 1934, Mrs. Gallup, as editor, worked diligently and untiringly for the Gleaner. In 1934 Mrs. Gallup felt she must give up the work and so Miss Ethel Upham was appointed to fill the vacancy. Miss Upham is still our editor and as a true friend and former student of the Academy she is making every effort to have the Gleaner fulfill the purpose for which it was started fifty years ago.

"The Blue and Gold Echo" is edited by the Academy students now attending the Academy. It is merely a school publication but nevertheless it is always interesting to the public and alumni as well as to the student body who enjoy their class items, the jokes and stories written by their own schoolmates.

In closing, let us say that it has been a source of much pleasure and inspiration to read and study these old records and manuscripts. Some were rather amusing while others gave cause for deep thought, but all showed the great interest and loyalty each and every student had for his school, his home and his community.

ANNETTE MAY CLARK
GLADYS YOUNG ANDERSON

One of our friends on being asked to favor us with some music this evening, reluctantly consented, remarking at the same time, that he hoped their classic music wouldn't make the music class-sick.

From the older "Gleaner."

LE LAC DES BUTTES DE MORT

Upward to the morning sun the mists are drawn
Forming rain drops that fall again to the sod,
To mingle once more with the earth,
Merging at last into the ocean, as the spirit returns to God.

In the morning of life the sun was bright,
There were no clouds in our sky;
The waters shimmered and sparkled in light,
Eager were we life's adventure to try
When first we met near the Lake of the Hills of Death.

We sought pleasure and good fortune
In other places that were far away;
We were happy, and with each other in tune
As life passed along, and we were gay
With no thought ever to come back to the hills of the dead.

Then ere long came the night, but love lit the way,
And the afternoon was pleasant; so we staid
To recall joys and sorrows, but not the end of day.
In leisure we hoped to live and were unafraid;
But, instead, we shall sleep by the Lake of the Hills of Death.

Drops of water trickle down the pane,
They mingle together and return to the ocean again.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

TO MY FATHER

Yet live through me, O dear unroving ghost,
For I, indeed your nature's parallel,
Feel with your senses what you loved the most:
The hillside brook, the Sabbath morning bell,
Brown-tasseled corn fields, and the noonday breeze
Shuffling the pines, and orchards bending low
With gold and crimson harvest. Know all these
Richly again through me—if you may know.
And know yet more, whatever I have learned
Or seen beyond your fields, your trees, your hill;
These be my gifts to you, for when I yearned
For wider destiny it was your will.
Take the fulfillment of your life through me;
For you I covet immortality.

HARRIET SAMPSON
The New York Times.

CORNER LIGHT

'Tis nice to live by a corner light,
For then I always know,
However dark and drear the night,
My room will always glow.

The corner light an artist is,
A weaver of tapestry;
A lovely pattern he weaves on my pane
From every bush and tree.

And when the hours seem very long
And I wake the whole night through,
I know my faithful corner light
Is watching with me, too.

So I'm glad I live by a corner light,
That weaver of tapestry,
Using each frond and flower and tree
In wonderful artistry.

CLARA A. MAYNARD

TO AN INVALID

Throughout the days you lie upon your bed,
With legs and arms that will respond no more
To your commands. The fun and joy and lore
Of life is felt by you through things you've read
That other people do. Your thoughts are fed
By acts you might have done, had not the door
Been closed to you. Full life has passed you o'er
You ask the purpose of the life you've led.
The suffering that you have had to bear,
The long and dreary hours you've spent alone
Have given to you the traits today so rare.
I'll tell you how I feel: how much I care.
My life with yours I would not dare compare.
You shadow anyone I have ever known.

VIRGINIA DUTEMPLE.

THE McCLELLAN ELMS

In writing about the McClellan Elms I will try to give you a brief picture of Woodstock prior to the planting of these historic trees.

The first settlers who came here in 1686 were pioneers from Roxbury. It was only natural that Woodstock in its earliest days was called New Roxbury. In the spring of 1690 the inhabitants petitioned the court to have the name of this township changed from New Roxbury to Woodstock. On March 12th of that same year their request was granted.

The early settlers who braved the perils of traveling in those precarious days were hardy pioneers, self-reliant and very brave. They needed to be, for this new land, although rich in forest and fertility of soil, was a land teeming with unfriendly Indians that were forever on the war-path.

The hardest days were during the French and Indian Wars, and Woodstock sent many of her men to fight. From 1700 to 1705 three hundred men were on duty night and day guarding the eastern part of Connecticut. It was during this time that the women and children were kept in the fort on the hill and there was hardly a man left in the town to care for the crops and do the many other things that needed to be done.

In 1775 Woodstock was still a small town, but there was a feeling of good fellowship among the townspeople. There were three churches here then. One was in the west parish, one in the east, and one on the hill. Besides the church meetings, occasionally town meetings were held, while for social life there were carding parties and in the fall the ever popular husking and apple-paring bees.

But along with the good times and hard work that went into the making of this town there was much unrest among the people. Not only Woodstock, but all of the colonies felt the brunt of over-taxation.

We all know about the Boston Tea Party and its result! And so in the spring of 1775 Woodstock found herself, along with other towns, training her men in preparation for war with the mother country.

The semi-annual trainings which took place on the Hill on the very spot where present-day Academy boys and girls play hockey and soft-ball and near to the place where the only powder-house in town was located, were gala events in those days.

When the news of the fighting at Lexington was received Woodstock gathered five companies, comprising about one hundred and forty men exclusive of the horse troops that were under the command of McClellan, and all left for Cambridge.

It was on April 12th, 1775, that Mrs. Samuel McClellan planted these famous elms to commemorate the departure of her husband and his men. The trees were brought from her former home in Windham by Mrs. McClellan herself. The journey was made on horseback, and the saplings were tied up in an apron for easier carrying. These latter facts were told me in a letter from Mrs. Emily Osgood Butler, whose grandmother (or great-grandmother) was a friend of Mrs. McClellan.

The old Inn that is seen in the background of the picture was a tavern and was built in 1769. It was a stopping-place for weary travelers, who often put up there for the night before going on to Boston or New York. Their horses got a night's rest, too, or were changed for fresh ones.

The old stage-coach road, part of which is still in use, was then the direct road from Boston to New York and passed in front of the Inn at the northern tip of the common. What remains of the present "Rocky Hill" road, and the road that runs eastward towards the outlet of Roseland Lake across Stone Bridge, are all that remain of it here in Woodstock. The road comes to an end in the Thompson woods, and all traces of that part of it are now practically obliterated, for it was discontinued many years ago.

The Inn itself has been kept in excellent repair, and within its walls are priceless pieces of old-time furniture that have been well preserved and cared for. The late Louis R. Southworth and his wife took great pride in the old Inn. Visitors were shown every courtesy and hundreds were escorted through the many rooms.

The house boasts a small bar that has been remodeled into an open dish closet. I remember in particular one drinking mug that bore the date 1620. The old brick oven, although partly concealed, is still intact. This is where baking on a large scale was done in those earlier days.

In many of the rooms the original wall paper is still on and in good condition. Upstairs there are canopy beds, built-in-the-wall chests, and massive highboys. I remember a wall safe that was very cleverly concealed in one of the chimneys.

In Bowen's History of Woodstock there is mention of a store that was run by Samuel McClellan, but I do not know in which part of the house this w s located.

The old well-sweep between the two elms, with its huge striped cater-

pillar, was a town novelty for many years. I can't seem to remember just when that was taken down, but it has been missing from the common for the past few years.

In September, 1938, the never-to-be-forgotten hurricane came sweeping in from the Atlantic, bringing with it death and untold destruction. It seemed remarkable to us when it was all over that the old elms were still standing. Perhaps their venerable age and the consequent fewness of their limbs and lightness of their foliage saved them. Thus, Nature, even in fierce mood, seemed kinder to them than Man.

It was in December, 1941, that I saw men on the common opposite our home planning for the cutting of the elms. I was deeply moved and tried to express some of my feelings in the verses shown below.

Ironically enough, it was on one of our national holidays, Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, 1942, that these trees of historical interest were cut down. And with their passing another page of the story of our country has been turned.

These age-old elms have stood
Upon our common here,
Like giant, weary sentinels,
Watching through the years.

They've seen the years unfurl
Since back in 1775,
Perhaps kind fate has lent a hand
In keeping them alive.

They saw the Indians go—
The stage-coach passed them by—
They saw the pioneers that came
Build homes—to live and die.

The horse-and-buggy days have gone;
Now cars and planes whir past;
So many things these trees have seen
As the many years have passed.

Great giants now—but oh, so old,
Their withered limbs unfit;
The villagers now hurry past
In fear of being hit.

They've weathered every storm,
As hundreds of seasons came,
Each summer, fall, and spring,
And now winter once again.

A lump arises in my throat—
With spring these trees must die!
The woodchopper's axe must cut
To make the common safe for you and I.

MABELLE J. NELSON.

SPRING SONG

By FRED E. HOSMER

(An invitation to his brother, Albert)

Today I've been ploughin' the field for corn,
Up near the line where the hick'ries be,
An' the ploughin' was rough, as sure's yer born;
Better come here tomorrow, along with me.

Did ye ever follow the plough around,
With the heavin' sod an' the shinin' blade
A-cutttin' the furrers foot-deep in the ground,
Just missin' a stone Dame Nature has laid?

It's sport, I can tell yer, an' sweet smellin', too,
The fresh black earth. An' the worms that there be
Go squirmin' away to hide from the view
Of just the two hosses, the plough—an' me.

Ye jest travel the field, around an' around,
Each trip a bit shorter, each furrer the same,
'Til, fust thing yer know, jest an island of ground
Is left in the centre—it's sort of a game!

Wal, I like to foller the plough all day,
Where the sunbeams dance with the birds on wing,
Where the woodchuck peeps from his hole at bay
'Neath the old stone wall, near the bubblin' spring.

The Boston Post.

COUNTRY WORDS

These words are like the stones in walls,
This speech a steady line of stone,
A single phrase abruptly falls
A boulder jostled out alone.

Seen now and touched, these rocks were yet
Dug from the earth where dark things stir;
And old as hills, like them, are set
As boundary, as barrier.

HARRIET SAMPSON

Voices.

A LETTER

My dear Woodstock Friends:

Little did I think when I attended that wonderful reunion a year ago that I should have so many exciting experiences before another year rolled away. In September I left for the west coast en route to Honolulu to spend the winter, as my son is stationed at Wheeler Field there. I visited several friends as I went west and stopped over to see Boulder Dam, which in itself would be worth a trip.

When I reached San Francisco where my passage was booked on the "Lurline" the 16th of October, I called at Ewart Brunn's office and was received with a royal welcome. It was delightful to have a Woodstock friend to bid me Bon Voyage. The trip out was a disappointment to me for the "Pacific roll" laid me low as no violent Atlantic storm has ever been able to do. However I was up to enjoy the last of the trip and the captain's dinner.

Words fail me when I try to describe the beauty of the Islands as one glimpses them when rounding Diamond Head. The Pacific is unbelievably blue—just the color of undiluted bluing—striped with gorgeous greens as one reaches the shallower water by the Hawaiian shores. The Royal Hawaiian Band playing on the dock, the cheerful, smiling faces and the fragrant leis that are thrown around the neck of the tourist make the newcomer feel as if he were walking right into a dream. The color of the water, the flowers, brilliant green foliage that is resplendent even in the rain, is exactly like a Maxfield Parrish painting come to life.

Before December 7th life on the Islands was perfect. The people are so friendly and charming and no race problem seemed to vex them. All shades of brown are seen among them. The pure Hawaiians, who are rare now, are Polynesian and a high class people, gracious and lovely. And some of the finest of the Honoluans are Chinese. I have the greatest respect and admiration for Chinese acquaintances I made there. One lovely little lady, the proprietor of a wonderful art store there, was so afraid that that there might be a scarcity of food on the island and that our army boys might be cut down on their rations that she herself was eating only one meal a day, with tea for breakfast and supper. She had been in Shanghai during the worst of the Japanese bombings and knew from bitter experience what hardships might be facing us.

I was at Waikiki Beach and was awakened from my Sunday morning nap by the bombs on the fatal 7th of December. At first I thought it was practice shooting from the nearby Fort, but soon found out my error. Waikiki is twenty-five miles from Pearl Harbor, eight miles from the shipping section of Honolulu. But stray bombs fell very near us; one of the house boys was killed just in back of my room. It was a terrible experience and yet, as I recall it, I remember most vividly the wonderful co-operation, the kindness and helpfulness of everyone. You all have read tales of the bravery of our boys, but I heard many a story of heroism that will never be recorded for the world at large which made me glad and proud to be an American. I saw many broken-hearted people, but no one who

was afraid, or thinking of anything but doing their utmost to avenge the cowardly attack on our boys.

Our friend, Admiral Rockwell, was in Honolulu changing to the China Clipper en route to the Philippines. I did not know of this until I read it in the Honolulu paper and it was too late to get down to see the plane. But I felt very proud to have been his schoolmate, especially so after the glorious defense of the Islands. I saw the Pan American fliers when they arrived from Wake. They came into the Hotel clad only in the briefest kind of shorts and their shoes. There were bullet holes in their plane that fortunately did not hit a vital spot. And many other people came there, refugees from different places. Especially vivid in my mind are the hundred-odd people who were picked up by one of our navy boats from life boats in the Pacific after the torpedoing of their ship. They were British subjects and waited at the Hotel for a ship to take them to Vancouver.

On Christmas Day I had dinner with my son and bade him goodbye, as I had to board ship to return home. It was a navy transport and we were under heavy convoy that was augmented as we neared the coast of California. The trip will never be forgotten by any of us. Everyone did his or her best to keep up the general morale and the navy officers were more than courteous and did everything in their power to make things as comfortable as possible, although as the captain said, it "was not a pleasure trip". But we all tried to make as much of a joke as possible of our "sea corsets", or life preservers, and get what fun we could out of the situation.

I landed in San Francisco on December 31st. Never shall I forget the wonderful help of the Red Cross when we arrived cold, tired and worn out on that dock in San Francisco.

I had New Year's dinner with Ewart and his wife. They were wonderful to me and saw me off for home the next evening. From Hawaii's perfect climate to the cold wave in New York City was a violent change to make in two short weeks. But New England never looked better to me, even with its frost and cold and "samples of weather", as Mark Twain used to call them.

I am truly grateful to be at home. But I am thankful for my experience. Only one who has known first hand a little taste of what war means can really appreciate what it means to be an American, what a wonderful lot of men are our army and navy boys, and what a heartfelt thrill it is to see the stars and stripes still flying from a boat half submerged in the sea. All I can say is my best *aloha* to you all and "Keep 'em Flying".

PHOEBE WARD (RANDALL) PRAY.

"GOING WEST"

Out of the roar of the tempest,
Out of the billows of woe,
Into the hush and the stillness,
Into the bright after-glow;
Out of the gloom and the darkness,
Into the light of the blest,
Out of the turmoil and horror
Into the calm—"Going West."

Out of the toil and the heartache
Out of the unending grief,
Into the comfort He granteth,
Into His blessed relief;
Out of the partings heartrending
Into reunion and rest,
Out of the sorrow that crushes
Into the joy—"Going West."

Out of the shadows unlighted
Out of the path hard and drear,
Out of this life's fiercest conflicts,
Out of the dread and the fear;
There in the springtime unfading,
Ever to lean on His breast,
Out of the sin and the suffering
Into the peace—"Going West."

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON.

(Written in the early summer of 1918, but seemingly appropriate now).

A SILHOUETTE

Outlined against the western sky
Stands the frame of a mighty oak;
Worn by age it rises high,
Symbolic of a monarch's hope.

In years long past,
In times forgotten now by all,
It reared its branches to the sky
And stood up straight and tall.

Now robbed of all its limbs,
It still is beautiful to see
As it reflects in the crimson clouds
A picture of simplicity.

FLORENCE JOHNSON DODGE

THE LURE OF PROBATE RECORDS

When I was asked to write something of interest for the fiftieth issue of the Gleaner, I was pleased, for while I know few whose names appear in it, I read it from cover to cover.

I am going to tell you a little about my great interest in the kind of work I have been doing for fourteen years for a Providence Title Company. I was never trained for business. Club work was my particular hobby for many years, but when this opportunity came, I knew I should love this rather unusual work and I still do. The legal side of the records is of great value to the title searcher, but the human angle is appealing to me.

If you have searched these old records only occasionally you cannot understand how, by constant association with them, one comes to love them, and how much human interest one finds. When a man who has played a prominent part in the town's affairs dies, I feel sorry, although the death may have occurred a hundred years or more ago. I have discovered this—that human nature has not changed a bit; generosity and greed play the same part then as now, and the sins of today were those of yesterday. I have assembled the probate records in nine towns in southern Rhode Island, and I add whatever data I can find in cemetery records and family Bibles.

My earliest records begin in 1692; the early books are small and the paper very thin, the ink pale, and I might add, "the pens poor". A magnifying glass is needed as the lines are very near together and there is little margin, for paper was scarce. The spelling is unusual, too.

When the middle of the book is reached, the writing appears upside down and I turn the book over and begin the Council Records, which must also be read, for sometimes bits of probate appear here. Evidently these books were expensive, as seventeen pounds was allowed a man who brought two from Boston.

Here is an incident which shows how lightly one town clerk valued these precious records. The Council discovered that he kept them in a meal chest in a room in his house that was always unlocked; he was asked to be more careful but he paid no heed. At last, a committee went to visit him; he saw them coming and threw the books into the fireplace. They were rescued, but some of the pages were burned off and the books show marks of the flame today.

Nearly all men and some women made wills and spent much time in writing the very solemn prologues. In these the testator stated that it was his desire to arrange his affairs while still blessed with sense and reason, recommending his soul into the hands of God who gave it and his body to the earth, believing that he would again receive it at the resurrection. He expressed the wish to be interred in the cemetery of "my family and ancestors".

An attempt seems to have been made to be fair in the distribution of worldly goods, which are mentioned in great detail. The real estate was given the sons, and many men died leaving farms enough so that each son could have one. The homestead went to the eldest son and the house was

referred to as "my mansion house". The daughters were given household goods and silver spoons (oh, so many of them!) and the privilege of remaining in the home until they married. But the plight of the widow always seemed pathetic; although she had been queen over the whole house, she was now given the use of two or three rooms which were carefully designated, such as "the great room," "the northeast bedroom," "the stove bedroom" (referring, probably, to the room near the fireplace), the privilege of washing and baking in the kitchen; sometimes half of the fireplace is allowed. Wood enough for one fire was granted her, to be provided by the son; she was often given the use of a cow and a riding beast and a plush saddle; a corner of the cellar in which to store vegetables, and a place for a garden; the right to pass and repass over the stairs and out the front and back doors, "doing as little damage as possible to the property of the other family." One man gave his wife all the water that ran off the wash house roof; another ordered his son to provide for his widow a barrel of beer and a barrel of cider yearly.

The widow was often given all the goods she brought when she married. Sometimes she was given a very little money, but if she should marry, she would lose all these bequests. She could have the use of the well, but sometimes must pay a third of the expense of repairs.

When the husband died intestate, the widow asked that a part of the household goods be given to her, and the few articles she asked for were pitiful; for instance, "a jar of butter, a bureau, four sheets, a counterpain, an ax, a milk pail, a fry dish, a wash boiler, a rolling pin and some dried apples." After having copied many hundreds of wills, I can almost sense the attitude of the members of the families toward one another. Here is an example: "I give to the grandsons of my husband one dollar each; to my granddaughters, I give to one my gold beads and to the other, my plush coat."

Here is a very human will: "My widow is to have twenty dollars a month provided she does not go to lawsuit. As I had to work every day in my life, I don't want foolish expenses done. I want my wife to have enough to support her as long as she is my widow but I don't want other man to have a good time out of my hard labor".

The course of true love did not run smoothly back in 1728 for these young people. The will of Benjamin Morey reads, "I give to my four sisters —Abigail, Hannah, Mary and Elizabeth, the real estate given me by my uncle Benjamin, to be equally divided unless my sister Mary marries with John Jones, I mean the John Jones that lives with Sam Slocum; if she does she shall have but four shillings." After several months, I found the will of John Jones: "I give to my friend Mary Morey all my estate and I appoint her Executor."

The inventories are full of curious items—feather beds, pillows in great abundance, chany cups and sassers, tooth drawers, under beds, warming pans, coverlids (later, coverlets) and all sorts of farming tools. I have never seen mentioned foot stoves; I am proud to own one, which, I think, was used in the Woodstock Hill church by my great grandmother.

The town council kept a close watch over the townspeople and they brought to this council all sorts of complaints. As every person entering a

town to live must have a "sertifiket" from the town where he lived last, this matter occupies much space in the records. It is recorded that a certain man wished to move to a new town, but as he had but one ear he hesitated about asking for this necessary recommendation, for he was afraid the people would think his ear had been cut off as a punishment; he explained that he got into a fight when he was a sailor and the man with whom he was fighting bit off the ear.

If the council did not approve of the newcomer, fearing he might deprave the townspeople, he was asked to "depart this town immediately". Often he did not depart and then he was whipped and again told to go. For the flogging the town sergeant would receive a few shillings.

Then there are complaints of cattle running loose in the highway; people omitting to close the gates of the driftways; a tavern keeper entertaining Negroes and Indians; boys playing ball in the streets; someone reported that a transient man was very sick, and the council ordered a cold "barth" at the expense of the town, soon after which a coffin was ordered for the poor man. To all these complaints the council listened and relief was soon in sight.

From the number of petitions to sell strong and spirituous liquors, it would seem that every person drank. One man remarked when I said this that if the people had not drunk rum they would all have frozen, as there was so little heat anywhere. All the same, being a drunkard was frowned upon, and the man's name was posted in all public places in his own town and in adjoining towns. Many women, too, sold liquor, and to offset this, one woman applied for a license to keep a temperance tavern.

There seems to have been much poverty, and the paupers were auctioned off to the lowest bidders, some for as little as seventy-five cents a week. Occasionally a committee would be appointed to visit these people and see how they were being cared for. Invariably they reported, "No complaint".

About 1770 the smallpox raged in all these towns. The people seemed petrified and the council was very busy trying to work out some plan of action. A complaint would be made that a person had a suspicious illness and the council would appoint a man to investigate. If he had smallpox, his house would be used as the pesthouse and others would be brought there. A man and woman who were immune would be sent to care for the sick and someone appointed to carry food. All paths leading to this house would be fenced off; cats and dogs would be killed. One town built a high fence, I supposed to keep the sick in, but it was to keep the friends out. One woman was reported to be "very obstrepolous" and refused to stay in the pesthouse; whereupon, the council ordered the sergeant to make her stay there; how, we are not informed. In time, vaccination came and one town gave to the doctor twenty-five dollars to vaccinate all the inhabitants. Another town, however, voted that the people "shall not have smallpox by vaccination or any other way".

In the beginnings of these towns there were no insane asylums where persons mentally ill could be placed, so all such persons had to be cared for at home or boarded out. I became very much interested in the case of one Sarah W., a pauper, the dower from her husband's estate having been

exhausted. Month after month the council voted money to pay her board, and I began to wonder why she was changed from one place to another so often. At last the council ordered that the blacksmith forge a strong chain with which to bind Sarah; than I knew she was insane. After several months there was an order that the chain be taken off and a nice warm blanket and petticoat be made for her; then there came a time when she was not mentioned and I was curious. A man came to the office and asked if I had become acquainted with Sarah. I told him I had, but that I missed her at that time. He said I would find her later when I copied the records of a town that was set off from the original town, since Sarah then lived in the new town. Sure enough, I found her. The new town tried to shift the burden but could not do so. For several years she was provided with clothing and each month with tobacco. Then came the account of the expense of her funeral, the chief items being a coffin costing four dollars and a gallon of rum. By all accounts, the latter was as necessary as the former.

All the early towns have books containing records of ear marks for cattle, since they were all put in the common land together and needed these distinguishing marks. Only recently a man went to a town to inquire if a relative had ever lived there; long search through the records failed to reveal his name, but finally it was discovered in the book of ear marks.

There are many instances where the council gave permission for various forms of entertainment, such as a walking match to begin Friday night and end Saturday night; permission to show a woolly calf; to exhibit wild animals, wax works and elephants. Several times the circus is mentioned, and as early as 1829 there was held an exhibit of animals with a ventriloquist as a sideline.

Boundaries are often very strange and sometimes rather uncertain, as in this case. "Beginning at a heap of stones in the sand, running to a stake in the swamp, thence westerly to the middle of the brook to a cedar tree on the bank and back to the beginning."

Perhaps *this* is an easy way to solve the problem of marriages by those incapable of supporting a wife. "William C. is about to marry a woman by the name of Mary Ann F., said William is not able to care for himself and marriage would add a burden to the town; voted to appoint a guardian over said William."

The following expression is full of meaning and is frequently used: The family of J. S. being destitute "threw themselves on the town".

Now, I do hope I have not bored you too much. I wish some of my readers could become interested enough in town records to search them. I am sure you would be rewarded.

MARY TAYLOR WHITNEY.

FIRST CHRONICLES

From "The Casket."
The writer was Annie Comings

And it came to pass in the year in which Nathaniel, the elder, had ministered unto the people who dwell in the place called Woodstock that the people bethought themselves how good Nathaniel had been unto them, and that they might make him to be more happy by bringing him of the good things of which they had great plenty. So, on the twenty-sixth day of the first month the people came unto the house of Nathaniel, bringing unto him meats and fruits and many other things necessary to his household. Many came while it was yet day and others came after it was night.

And it made the heart of Nathaniel glad to see the love which his people did bear toward him. And Nathaniel and Elizabeth, his daughter, made a feast and set it before the people and they did eat thereof and were filled.

And Nathaniel read of the Scriptures and Josiah, whose surname is Armes, a goodly man, did make prayer unto God. And Ella, daughter of Jonah, did make sweet music and the people sang hymns of praise unto God.

And so great were the number of people that the lower rooms of the house were filled to overflowing. And many of the children who had been brought thither by their parents did go into an upper room and there played games and made merry. And among the smaller of these were John and Henry, children of Jonah and Henry son of Josiah and Willard, son of Barker whose surname is Peckham.

Now Nathaniel had been very good unto the youths and maidens who were taught by William, the pedagogue.

So it had come to pass that Henry, son of Jonah and Annie, daughter of Amos did ask the youths and maidens who were taught by William to give some pieces of money that a present might be made unto Nathaniel. And the money was sent unto a far city and some fine books were bought which a great and good man had written concerning the Holy Scripture. And the number of them was four.

And when the youths and maidens were gathered together in one room, Nathaniel was called and William put the books in the hands of Nathaniel, saying, that they were a sign of the love that the youths and maidens and those who taught them did bear unto him.

And Nathaniel took them and he thanked William and the youths and maidens who were taught by him and blessed them.

And about the tenth hour the people departed and they were happy.

THE OLD CONNECTICUT PATH

This was the name given to the Indian path from the beaches around Boston Bay to the Connecticut River. For ages before the white man came the Indians had traveled it, as they went back and forth to their favorite fishing and hunting places. It passed by many lakes and the falls of streams, which supplied them with a large part of their living.

Some writers have pictured the Connecticut Path as through a difficult and hideous wilderness, but in reality it was an easy way. The Indians used to burn over the undergrowth in the forests, leaving them open, with grassy intervals. Their trails were laid along the easiest courses for foot travel, crossing streams where the water was shallowest. They knew the good camping places, and where and how to get food. Many Indian towns were along this path. Even white travelers often lodged in Indian wigwams, and could buy venison and corn from the Indians. The path was direct as well as easy. The airline distance from Boston to Hartford is 90 miles, by this path 99 miles, by the present highway 107 miles.

In 1631 an embassy of Indians from the Connecticut River valley, led by Wahginnacut, went to Boston to invite the Englishmen to settle in their country. They made the journey by this path in five days. In the same year Acquitamaug and other Indians from Wabaquasset (Woodstock) carried corn on their backs to relieve the starving white men in Boston.

In 1645 John Winthrop Jr. traveled the Path, on his way to Nameaug (New London). At the great lake Chaubunagungamaug he missed the trail southward, so went on to Agawam (Springfield). His diary of this trip, written partly in Latin, has been translated recently. He had a horse and a man with him. It was in December and the weather was cold and stormy, yet he suffered no harm.

The Connecticut Path was followed by Thomas Hooker and his company in 1636 when they went to found Hartford, and by other parties before and after.

John Eliot established his missions, or "praying towns", along this path from the eastern end as far as Woodstock, and used it continually as he visited them. He made his last journey in 1674, in company with Capt. Gookin. Eliot Rock on the old Hall Road was his pulpit, as he taught the Indians. The next year the Indian missions were all swept away by the outbreak of King Philip's War.

The pioneers of Woodstock traveled this way with their families and possessions in 1686.

The Old Connecticut Path left the Boston area by two branches, one north of the Charles River, the other south. They united west of Cochituate Lake in Framingham. The path led in a general southwesterly direction through the present Ashland and Hopkinton, the latter with the old trail now its main street. Going westward, the path passed Whitehall Lake. The Blackstone River was forded near Farnumsville. Here was Hassanamesit, one of Eliot's praying towns. Another ford of the Blackstone, farther south, was used more by the English travelers. The path then

passed the Whitinsville Lakes, and came to Manchaug Lake, where another praying town was located.

Five miles farther is Chaubunagungamaug, which is half way between Boston and Hartford. East of the lake is the Douglas Forest. This region was a boundary country for several Indian tribes; the forest and lake formed a hunting and fishing preserve for them all. This was the abode of The Great Father, a sort of paradise for them. Chabunagungamaug, meaning "neutral or boundary fishing place", is the ancient Indian name of the lake. The long name, Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug, came into use in the nineteenth century. It means "Englishmen at Monuhchogok at the Boundary Fishing Place". The English had taken away the sacred preserve from the Indians. The path crossed the lake at the northern Narrows, where points of land come close together, making narrow water and a shallow ford. The water there is deeper now by several feet because of the dam at Webster. At the north end of the lake was another praying town.

West of the lake the path divided, one branch going to Agawam (Springfield), in its western portion called the Bay Path, the other forming the Connecticut Path. The latter crossed the Maanexit (French) River, at or near Webster, then the Quinebaug River, probably at Fabyan, and entered the fertile Wabaquasset country, now Woodstock. This country was important and well populated, having a number of Indian settlements, one no doubt being by Wabaquasset Lake. Eliot's last praying town was here. During King Philip's War there was reported at Wabaquasset "great quantities of special good corn and beans, and stately wigwams, as I never saw the like"; also, "a fort and forty acres of growing corn". Eliot's assistant reported the Sagamore's wigwam at Wabaquasset to be "about sixty feet in length and twenty feet in width", and that their corn grew "forty bushels to the acre". The Wabaquassets were a friendly people. For many years their town was a hospitable stopping place for overland travelers.

Some of the present roads in Woodstock coincide with the Connecticut Path. It came down from Fabyan (New Boston), crossed Muddy Brook at Elmvale, went up the hill to the present village, turned west, passed Pulpit Rock, and continued to Crystal Lake.

In Ashford on some of the old farms are landmarks of the Indian and pioneer path: a fordway of boulders across a river, flat stepping stones across a wet meadow, parts of mowing fields that have been always left unplowed, and other evidences. Some members of the Chism family have explored and studied these landmarks, and have made a map showing the path as they traced it eastward to the south side of Crystal Lake and westward to Moose Meadow and the ford of the Willimantic River. The path passed near Tolland village, led across the outlet of Shenipsit Lake at Rockville, and through Vernon over the lowlands to the old Bissell's ferry in Windsor. Crossing the Connecticut River here, travelers passed southward to Hartford.

As the English settlers used the trail, it gradually became a bridle path. It had been smooth and comfortable when only Indians used it; but

horses and cattle cut up the ground and made miry places, so the path often had to be mended. Later it was made wide enough for carts, but was spoken of as a "wretched old gangway to Boston". About 1790 the turnpike era began, and the course of the old Connecticut Path was adopted for the Hartford and Boston turnpike. It was not directly on the trail, but close to it. In the course of progress, railroads have come, and the automobile has brought state and federal highways. The old Indian paths have been almost forgotten.

Some people, however, have been interested enough to study old records, and make local explorations. Notable among these is Mr. Harral Ayres, who has recently published a book called "The Great Trail of New England". By the use of old maps, records and writings, coupled with great sagacity in interpreting them and a thorough knowledge of the country, Mr. Ayres has given a clear picture of the old Connecticut Path. Much of the material in this article comes from his book.

FAITH SANBORN BRAINARD.

SOUTH WIND

The South Wind is passing,
And every treetop sings;
The carillon of Nature,
The South Wind softly rings.

The tall pines are baritones,
The oaks a deep-toned bass;
The lovely fringed plumosa
Is saying silent grace.

Her dreaming plume a-waving
Her daintiness complete,
Wakes the South Wind's admiration—
"Oh, sweet!" he cries, "my sweet!"

The touch of the South Wind
Is on every tree and flower
The orange blossoms' fragrance
Breathes sweetness hour by hour.

While the mocking birds a-lilting,
Their glad wings lifted high,
Tell all the world the story
That the South Wind passes by.

CLARA E MAYNARD.

CHILD ASLEEP

The restless child that would not rest
But cried because she could not cease
Lies curled upon her mother's breast
At last at peace.

She would not sleep and yet she lies
Unconscious of her wayward will.
The tears that glistened in her eyes
Are on her eyelids still.

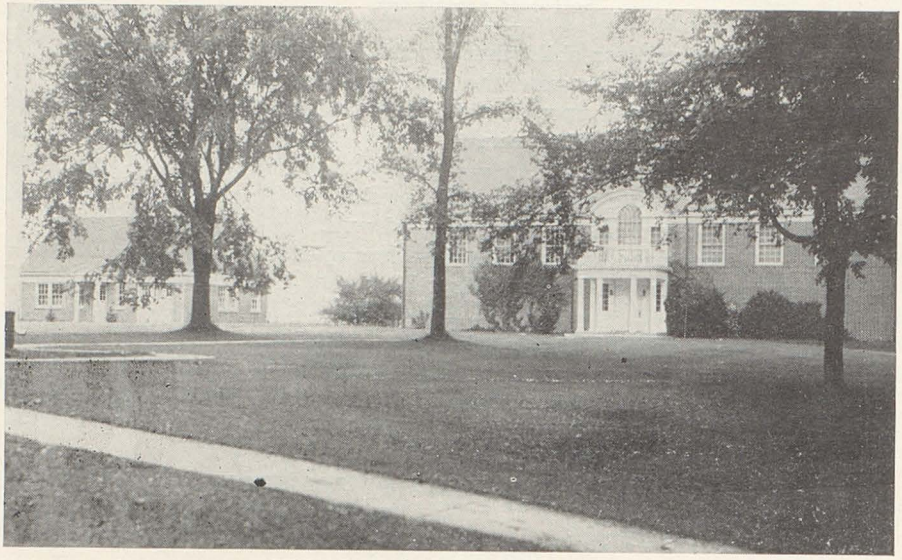
She does not know when she was blest
Or who caresses her fretted brow.
She does not know she is at rest
And smiling now.

HARRIET SAMPSON
The Commonweal.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

Once upon a time there was a beautiful garden. Originally the place had been a barren waste of infertile soil, but under the loving care of a watchful gardener it had been transformed into a scene of beauty. It was by consecrated endeavor through many years and despite discouragements and oft-repeated failures that the effort had at last been rewarded with a measure of success. But the gardener could not endure forever. Her strength failed and she could work no more. Her task was still unfinished when presently she went away for a long and distant journey from which never to return. Deprived of her attentions the garden became a picture of neglect and desolation. The weeds grew up and smothered the flowers. Passers-by said, "What a pity," but saw no purpose in preserving the beauty that was. They might regret the passing but accepted the loss without sorrow. The flowers that once might have bloomed would have withered and died except that another, who also had a vision, chose to devote herself to the preservation of what had become hallowed ground. It cannot be sacrilege for some one else to take up and perpetuate the work which another had not yet completed. Not yet had the race been won nor the goal quite attained, and the acceptance of such a task would surely not need to imply light forgetfulness or disloyalty. Flowers might be transplanted or transferred to the care of another attendant and continue to give joy and inspire happiness. Also the star which once lit the way on earth has become a beacon leading heavenward, and it still gleams through the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A WOODSTOCK STUDENT OF THE EIGHTEEN EIGHTIES.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The annual business meeting of the Association was held on the evening of June 13. The attendance was small, and the only business accomplished was the hearing of reports and the re-election of all the officers. The customary supper and social gathering were omitted because of wartime conditions.

The treasury of the Association was pretty well depleted by the expenses of last summer's reunion. However, thanks to the efforts of the Finance Committee, it is no longer in the red and there is even a small balance remaining to its credit in the savings bank.

The following are officers of the Association for the coming year:

President, Martin Nelson.

Vice-Presidents, Cedric Child, Eleanor Lewis, Arthur Morse, Jr., Florence C. Young.

Secretary, Editor, and Treasurer of the Gleaner Fund, Ethel Upham.

Treasurer, Gladys Harrington.

Executive Committee, Myrtie C. Jordan, Gladys Y. Anderson, Chandler Hibbard, William Child, Helen Perley.

Finance Committee, Martha K. Cozzens, Roxana C. Williams, Harry Wells, Bob Joy, Annette M. Clark.

The Gleaner Fund Treasury Report

Receipts

Cash on hand June 14, 1941	$335.39
Dues	34.00
Contributions	56.93
Gifts of special anniversary classes and individuals	13.00
Advertisements	41.00
Sale of Gleaners	44.50
The Trustees	35.00
Raised by the Association's Finance Committee	17.47
Interest on bank deposit	8.11
Miscellaneous	.45
Total Receipts	$585.85

Expenditures	
Printing the 1941 Gleaner	$125.61
Editing the 1941 Gleaner	50.00
Other printing	5.00
Photographs	5.00
Envelopes and Postage	14.05
Miscellaneous	.60
Total Expenditures	$200.26
Balance on hand June 13, 1942	385.59
	$585.85

Ethel E. Upham,
Treasurer.

At the time of the annual meeting the permanent fund amounted to $351. Since that time it has increased considerably, as the response to the circular letters mailed in June has been good. After deducting the price of the Gleaner (fifty cents this year) from each money contribution, the remainder is divided equally between the Fund and current expenses. The Gleaner acknowledges the special help of the following persons, from whom gifts have been received since the 1941 Gleaner went to press:

Arthur Anderson
Henry Young
Mary Chamberlin
Lucy A. Wyman
Harold Johnston
Arthur Williams
Helen Perley
Mrs. Amelia Tillinghast
Gardner Richardson
Rev. Welles Partridge
Hamilton Holt
Henry Holt
Edith H. Dohan
Mr. E. R. Rollins
Maurice F. Childs
Miss Nellie Chandler
William H. Allen
Mrs. Alice S. Hammond
Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Sumner
H. C. Buxton
Anne H. Gaylord
Mrs. Ellen M. Haskell
Grace C. White
Francis W. Rockwell
Ruth C. Leary
Mrs. Mary B. Evans
Mrs. Dwight Burritt
Constance Holt
Milton P. Stone
Halsey Weaver
Class of 1921
William D. Goodwin
Henry J. Potter
Edith Bemis
Harriet Sampson
Mrs. George Heyworth
Myrtie C. Jordan
Blanche Shippey
Byron R. Barber
James Hutchins
Helen C. Wallace
Olive A. Paine
Myrtle Anderson
Mary Todd
Albert Todd
Marjorie Newth
Sara C. Passmore
Mrs. E. H. Whitney
Phoebe R. Pray
Doris L. Burbank
Elsie L. Barber
Pearle A. Gifford
Elizabeth Gifford
Burton T. Fitts
Lois H. Place
Mowry and Mary Ross
Class of 1906
Ruth C. Leary
Kenneth W. Leavitt
Albert Hosmer
Laura C. Pringle
Agnes White Stone
Marion Perkins Macdonald
Mrs. Ella F. Child
Edward Child
John H. Williams
Blanche P. Bosworth
Eleanor K. Lewis
Clarence R. Hall
Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Paine
Mr. Frank F. Russell
Ermond F. Brunn
Harriet N. Jones
Marie N. Goss
Anna Chernushek
Bertha H. Bannister
Clifford Stoddard
Gladys S. Prescott
James V. Perrin

Ruby Sanborn
Marion M. Hopkins
M. Elizabeth Chandler
Fred J. Fitts
Albert M. Haskell
Miss Anne Brooks
Mrs. Alice Swan
Spencer Jordan
Anna Floeting Frost
Estella T. Waterbury

These names include all who have sent a sum which is more than sufficient to pay for the Gleaner or Gleaners they have ordered. Your contributions have been more numerous and more generous than usual this year, a fact which is greatly appreciated.

(The treasurer regrets that she failed to note the identity of the giver of one contribution, received during the activities of the reunion, and hence cannot here place the name of the donor).

A VOICE FROM THE SOLDIER DEAD

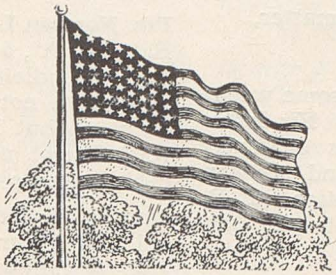
As America pauses at our graves today
Where for years we have rested in peace,
And pays tribute and homage to us who fought
And died, to protect our belief
That liberty and justice for all everywhere
Would redeem the sacrifice made by us then—
The God of War, with power and threats,
Holds the world in his grip again.

Disturbing indeed are these thoughts and facts,
And our spirit restlessly ponders:—
"Were our efforts in vain, is our sacrifice lost,
Was it all a mistake—we wonder?"
We search our spirit, and hear a voice,
A voice from the soldier dead:—
"The flag of our country, the flag of our choice,
Was worth following, wherever it led!"

Therefore, our brothers, sons and friends,
This message we give you today:—
"Protect and defend the flag of the free,
No price is too great to pay.
Stand fast and firm in the hour of need,
From slavery's threat bring release,
Then shall America and liberty live,
And we shall still rest in peace."

GLADYS SHELDON PRESCOTT.
May 30, 1942

IN THE SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY



Rear Admiral Francis W. Rockwell
Commandant of 16th Naval District
Cavite, Philippine Islands

We strongly suspect that the above address is not up to date, but it is the latest we have. If you write to Frank, perhaps some kind soul along the way will switch his mail to Australia and not deliver it into the hands of the Japs. All of us who saw Captain Rockwell at the reunion last August have followed his career since that date with interest, as much of it, that is, as could be learned from the meager newspaper reports. We rejoiced at his promotion to the rank of Rear Admiral, and knew that he deserved that honor. We were thrilled to learn of his narrow escape from death by bombing in the Philippines and thankful that his life was spared. Then we heard of his safe arrival in Australia. What we did not know until very recently is that, according to the Baltimore papers, it was our friend Frank who engineered the escape of General MacArthur to Australia. We know well that he is doing his honest share of the great things which are to be done in that far-away arena of the war, where he is fighting our battles and the world's. For our sakes, his family's, and his own we wish him safety and success! Mrs. Rockwell and their daughters are living in Washington.

Sgt. Vernon T. Wetherell
Q. M. Off. Cand. Sch.
Camp Lee, Virginia

Vernon is leaving for Camp Lee this week, and this is as much of his future address as he can give at present. He surprised his family recently by returning unexpectedly from Greenland, where he has been stationed during the last half year. He expects to attend the officers' candidate school for two or three months.

Pvt. Harry Rutishauser
Class 41, Roosevelt Field
Long Island, New York

Harry has recently been transferred from Keesler Field, Mississippi, to the above address. His training is that of an airplane mechanic.

Sgt. Franklin S. Wetherell
Headquarters Company
305th Infantry, A.P.O. 77
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

It seems likely that Franklin may soon be transferred, but the army's plans for him are indefinite, or at least unknown.

1st Lieut. Howard D. Johnson
A. P. O. 1221
Care of Postmaster, New York City
0-364359

Howard has been in the service for nearly a year. He is in the air corps, and has just been transferred to active service in Africa.

Pvt. James Child
Battery C 85th C. A. (A.A.)
General Delivery
Norfolk, Virginia

We believe that James is one of the men who will keep our coast free of enemy airplanes. His people are rather expecting him home soon on furlough.

Pfc. Raymond F. Hibbard
Co. A, 637th T. D. Bn.
A. P. O. 37, Care of Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.
31052900

Ray left San Francisco some weeks ago for parts unknown. His latest letter received here was evidently written on shipboard, and we can only guess at his destination. T. D. Bn. stands for Tank Destroyer Battalion.

Pvt. Carl M. Ranta
A. S. N. 31102734
A. P. O. 1843
Care of Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

When last heard from, Carl was expecting to leave soon for overseas.

Pvt. Morris Scott Petersen
56th General Hospital
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

Scott is much interested in his work as an X-ray technician.

George W. Neely
Naval Training School (Radio)
Section Q
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Perhaps his address explains as well as any words could just what branch of the service George is in. He has completed his period as apprentice seaman, and we do not know his present rank.

Pfc. Homer P. Johnson
Medical Detachment
Keesler Field
Biloxi, Mississippi

Homer graduated from Simmons General Hospital in Denver after nearly a year in the service. He is a surgical technician in the air corps.

Sgt. Joseph P. Spalding
Medical Detachment
49th Armored Infantry Regiment
A. P. O. 258
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Joseph has recently been transferred from the veterinary detachment of a cavalry regiment to the medical detachment of an infantry regiment. From horses to humans seems like a step up, Joseph.

Pfc. Norman L. Skinner
Battery "A", 53rd C. A.
Camp Pendleton, Virginia

Norman not only has practice in gunnery, but is attending the Plotters' School, and learning the intricacies of map-making.

Presley H. Wetherell

Presley completed his course at Rollins College this year. In July he was inducted into the army. His first address was Fort Devens.

Pvt. Stephen K. Morse
764 P. S. S. F-519
Buckley Field
Colorado

Stephen enlisted on December 8th last. He is attending Officers' Training School at the above address.

Off. Cand. Laurence K. Foote, Jr.
Co. H, Ord. Off. Cand. Sch.
Aberdeen Proving Ground
Maryland

Laurence has been in the service since a year ago last June. He spent several months at Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., and now is at the above address. In September it seems likely that he may be sent into active service.

Machinist's Mate Francis H. Logee
Division 6, S. S. Vulcan
Care of Postmaster, New York City

It is now nearly three years since Francis joined the Navy. The S. S. Vulcan is a repair ship, and was long stationed at Iceland. It has recently been undergoing repairs at the Charlestown Navy Yard and Francis was at home quite a few times during the spring and early summer. Now he and his shipmates are off again for an as yet unknown destination.

Pfc. Elmer A. Fairfield
Battery F, 8th C. A.
Fort Leavitt, Maine

Elmer has recently been transferred from Fort McKinley, also in Maine.

Pvt. Henry W. Johnson
Box 308, Field Music School
U. S. Marine Corps
Parris Island, South Carolina

Having finished the routine of "boot-camp" training, Henry elected to study music, and is specializing in the drums and the bugle.

Pvt. Charles A. Sandison
Processing Squadron
Ellington Field
Houston, Texas

We believe that it is for the post of airplane mechanic that Charles is training.

Pvt. Sidney F. Bell
Bty. A, 443rd S. E. P. A. Bn.
Fort Sheridan, Illinois

We hope the above is Sidney's correct address. We are not sure just what his training consists of at present.

Pvt. Clarence H. Gobin
U. S. Marine Corps, Div. 17-2
U. S. Naval Training Station
Toledo, Ohio

We have no details as to Harvey's special training at this time.

Apprentice Seaman Proctor B. Foote
6th Battalion, Co. 622
Naval Training School
Newport, Rhode Island

Proctor enlisted in the Navy in July. By the time the Gleaner is out, his six weeks of training as apprentice seaman will be finished.

Malcolm S. Jones
Sorel, Prov. Quebec
Canada

Malcolm is a member of the Canadian Royal Air Force. We do not know his rank. The above is his home address, and mail sent there will be forwarded to him.

George A. Willis, Jr.
Fort Bragg, North Carolina
Pope Field. Tow Target Det.

George entered the service by enlistment in May. At first he was stationed near home, but two days before his diploma from Woodstock Academy was to be awarded to him, he was obliged to depart for a more distant camp. As the Academy's youngest member of the armed service, his fellow-alumni wish him the best of luck.

George is training to be an electrician on airplanes; he is in Engineering Training, having passed his examination July 25th.

Our best wishes go out to all these boys in their country's service. This year the number of them that are serving overseas is small; what will another year bring? If a letter from some friend back home will bring a pleasant moment into their lives, let's send the letter. It is for that reason that their addresses have been included. No doubt there are mistakes in these addresses, but they are the best we could do. No doubt, also, the names of some alumni serving in our army or navy have been omitted; the omission was not intentional, we assure them. We believe all of Woodstock's sons will play a brave and honorable part in this mighty struggle for world democracy in which we are all engaged.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

SCHOOL HISTORY, 1891-1892

by

MABELLE HAMMOND

(Read after the Rhetoricals)

Once again as a school we are assembled here to enjoy ourselves. Before us lie the pleasures of vacation, behind us the Public Rhetoricals. There is visible a general feeling of relief, I think, when the ordeal of these exercises is over, though we look back with some pleasure upon the busy days of preparation and the excitement which pervaded the school, as we anticipated our probable successes or failures and dreamed of crowded halls and many faces with eyes intently fixed upon us; we heard sounds of discord and music, or a trembling voice followed by the thundering applause of the admiring audience. But these were only dreams; now we know the reality.

Let us look back this evening and recall some of the many pleasures and interesting incidents which have occurred since all met here a year ago at the close of the winter term of 1891. The number of students during the spring term was exceedingly small, especially on the west side of our schoolroom (the boys' side). Whether it was the Public Rhetoricals and hard study that wore them out or whether it was the returning flowers and bluebirds that called them to the potato and the corn fields, I cannot say. But I remember on the first day of our return to school how many vacant seats there were and how much less noise. The spring term seems a long one for it is hard to study on these warm bright days. Of course the boys have pleasant outdoor sports, while the girls sit on the steps in the sunshine, entertained by the scenes on the common. The schoolroom during the recreation hours is usually vacated, except perchance for some solitary girl at the piano, playing a pensive air as she listens to the tumult on the baseball grounds, or hears the wild shouts of enjoyment from the boys on the tennis court. As June advances and the weather becomes warmer vacation is gladly welcomed. Our school closed on June 26, and re-commenced on August 31, with a much larger attendance than before. The autumn passed pleasantly, and after the holidays at Thanksgiving, the winter term began, which is the longest and pleasantest of the year. At this time many more boys enter the school, probably the same ones who played truant in the spring; and now, with twenty or thirty young men among us, what a difference there is in the general deportment! Many of them appear to be troubled still by the awkwardness of extreme youth; they tip over or break their seats at unexpected moments; at the first stroke of the bell, they rush to their recitations, endangering the safety of any who may be so unfortunate as to get in their way. There are some who feel they must perpetrate worn out jokes, who put matches on the floor for unsuspecting people to step on, or who find great amusement in throwing *shot.* There are also poets and artists among them who spend their

study hours for the amusement of their friends, which shows the generosity of their natures. Once annually occurs the album craze and teachers and new students find themselves surrounded by albums of various sizes and colors.

On the cold stormy days of winter outdoor sports must be given up and our recreation hour is spent inside. The schoolroom at such a time presents an animated scene. First and above all sounds the piano half smothered by a crowd of girls singing Juanita or The Spanish Cavalier. Here is a group of young men deeply absorbed in a game of ring toss, bean bag, sometimes "Tiddle-de-winks" or "Oklahoma Boomers". Blind Man's Buff used to be the popular game of the school, but as the boys grew older, it was regarded as being too rough for them; and now they occupy the time and the floor in performing wonderful feats of strength, no doubt imagining themselves the admired of all admirers, as with purple faces, eyes starting from their sockets and coats from their backs they strive to pull each other off the floor. It is for this that the innocent pastimes of the girls are interfered with and their melodious singing drowned by uproarious applauding. . . .

Occasionally there are concerts or other entertainments given in the Academy. The pupils of Woodstock Academy must be an enterprising set of young people, for it has been noticed that no weather however severe can prevent them from attending a place of entertainment. Let the night be ever so stormy, winds blow and blizzards rage, our young people *make arrangements* to go. As soon as night falls, dark forms enveloped in huge overcoats may be seen stealing from the doors of their dwellings, and shortly afterward one-seated carriages forcing their way through the tempest. As the hour approaches for the concert to begin, here and there solitary couples appear, and though it is a hard night for A Child to be out, there seems to be one in that couple in the rear. Still the snow falls steadily and not a Star can be seen, except one, and that one struggles through the clouds with Paine. They are all assembled now and no doubt enjoy the concert.

Thus, with amusements like these, combined with school tasks and pleasures, the winter has passed. May future ones be as happy, and when our school days here are over, may we look back upon them with pleasant memories and with a loyal regard for the Blue and Gold.

PUBLIC RHETORICALS

by

RUTH CAHOONE LEARY

Back fifty years when I started in at W. A. our social activities were quite limited, but one outstanding event started about that time, or at least the earliest one I now know of was held on Thursday evening, March 22nd, 1894, commencing at 7:30 p. m., by the students of W. A. in Academy Hall, and called "Public Rhetoricals".

I wasn't chosen to participate in the program that year, but in my imagination I followed the efforts of those who were. As we had very little opportunity to study music in those days, and as I had undeveloped musi-

cal tastes, the piano selections by the then Misses Ruth Williamson and Anne Hall, and the violin renditions by the then Ethel Phillips, held me spellbound, while in my mind's eye I still vision Ralph Pike's Adams apple as he nervously rendered his dramatic selection.

The 1894 program had sixteen numbers, while the 1895 one was longer, with twenty-two numbers. I was chosen to fill the number nine space, and was thrilled when I was able to show mastery of such words as appeared in "The Philosopher's Scales":

"A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain.
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours."
etc., etc.

The full program follows:

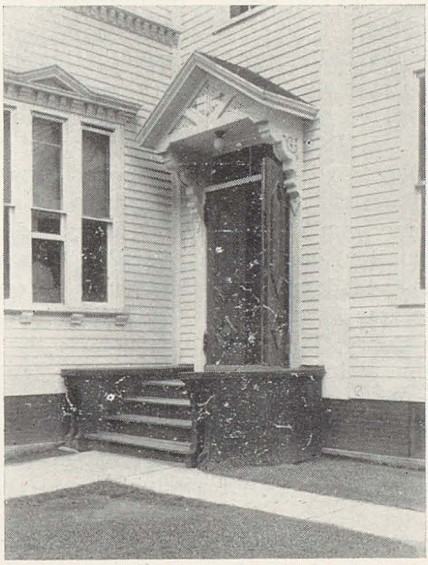
PUBLIC RHETORICALS
given by
THE STUDENTS OF WOODSTOCK ACADEMY
Woodstock, Conn.
Friday Evening, March 22d, 1895
Commencing at 7:30 p. m.

1.	Chorus—Greeting Song	E. P. Hidden
2.	Recitation—The Mosque of the Caliph	Austin Dobson
	Constance Holt	
3.	Declamation—Preservation of Old South Church	Phillips
	James J. Meehan	
4.	Recitation—De Tar Baby	Joel Chandler Harris
	Joseph P. Catlin	
5.	Piano Solo—Gavotte in B Flat	Handel
	Ruth L. Williamson	
6.	Declamation—The New Goddess	Chester Robie
	Ralph A. Pike	
7.	Recitation—The Forsaken Merman	Matthew Arnold
	Esther H. Trowbridge	
8.	Male Quartet—O, I Am a Merry Sailor Lad	I. B. Woodbury
9.	Recitation—The Philosopher's Scales	Jane Taylor
	Ruth A. Cahoone	
10.	Declamation—Pulpit Patriots and the War	E. C. Bolles
	Clarence E. Weaver	
11.	Chorus—We Hail Thee, Glorious Spring	L. O. Emerson
12.	Recitation—The Song of the Cossack to His Horse	Berange
	Jessie L. Bowen	
13.	Recitation—The Leper	N. P. Willis
	Evelyn L. Dean	
14.	Piano Duet—Suites Modern, Nos. I and IV	W. Goldner
	Miss Lucy G. Ames and Miss Mary E. Boyden	
15.	Declamation—Abraham Lincoln	J. M. Thurston
	Burton T. Fitts	

16. Recitation—The Jackdaw of Rheims — R. H. Barham
Estella M. Tompkins
17. Declamation—Spartacus to the Roman Gladiators — E. Kellogg
Edith H. Hall
18. Violin Solo—Faust, Opera de Ch. Gounod — J. B. Singelee
Ethel C. Phillips
19. Recitation—Fra Luige's Marriage — Helen Hunt Jackson
Sara H. Colvin
20. Declamation—The Pilot's Story — W. D. Howells
Everett L. Upham
21. Recitation—The Broomstick Train — O. W. Holmes
Edward L. Child
22. Treble Quartet—Good Night — John C. Warren

The 1896 program brought most of my classmates into the limelight, and of that class, but two are now living—Mary Bowen Keith and myself—and many others who stood upon the platform that night have had their names in the "Night" column of the Gleaner. Many times since that night words from "Mother Bailey", who was the subject of my recitation on that occasion, have come to me, and in these trying times we might well quote:

"From her brave deed learn this lesson
Do at once the thing that's nearest;
Fold not helpless hands in silence
While the storm cloud lowers above you.
Sit not dumbly while the current
All around you swirls and eddies.
Act, and *speak,* like Mother Bailey,
Give your petticoat if need be—"



FIFTY YEARS AND MORE

by

REVEREND WELLES M. PARTRIDGE

Now, I am really not in the "Fiftieth Class", for I started in as a pupil in the fall of 1884, fifty-*eight* years ago, and this is "how come".

My mother's brother, Judge L. A. Catlin, with whom we had lived since my father's death in France some years before, had retired as Secretary of the Illinois Central Railroad and moved to Woodstock, largely because so many Yale friends were there. That fall because of a call from Prof. George D. Lord, the Principal, and Capt. Joseph McClellan, I was enrolled at the Academy, at the age of twelve years.

It was my great privilege to spend my week-days (and nights) at the McClellan home, together with Hamilton Holt and George McClellan, who had not yet entered Yale. I shall never forget those days with old Dr. McClellan, kind Mrs. McClellan, "Miss Jessie" and Captain Joseph, to say nothing of Hamilton and George.

Professor Lord was very young but very bright, and his assistant, Miss Mary Dwight, was a very good teacher and considerably older. When Mr. Lord wrote to ask her age before she came it is said she gave it as "thirty plus" and that is as far as any one got! She once wrote in my album, "Your name is forever engraven on my memory." Perhaps this was because she once gave me a rating of *five* in Latin on a basis of one hundred! (Instead of studying my own lessons I usually enjoyed listening to an older class in Chemistry with the above result.)

Sidney Butler was one of our remarkable students then, for he always wore such a stiffly starched white shirt that he could almost play a tune on its bosom for our edification and delight by thumping it with his fist when Mr. Lord was not looking.

Of course we played ball, mostly baseball, though we used to kick around a football some evenings; but modern football had not then become popular. We used a piece of gravestone for a home plate, and it was touching to see Hamilton Holt slide home on "Sacred to the Memory"—. Mr. Lord frequently played with the boys and was very popular.

There were no "Boarders" at the Academy in those days, but if I remember correctly some pupils boarded at Elmwood Hall with "Uncle Amasa" (Deacon Chandler) and "Aunt Sarilly" (his nine-tenths). The beautiful old place burned down many years ago to our great regret. It stood about where the new Gym is now. Two other houses stand out in my memory, one was the Henry C. Bowen house next to the McClellans', which was painted then as now in "Crushed Strawberry and Cream", and the other the Miss Emily Bowen house near the Academy and next the cemetery—a very scary site to my young mind. You may imagine my astonishment when years afterward I learned that the house was built much over a century ago by my great-grandfather Partridge and that my grandfather was born there.

Our main winter diversions were straw-rides. We would all contribute and hire a two-horse pung from George Sampson or some other good-

natured owner of horses and ride over to Webster for an oyster stew, whistling going and coming to keep up our courage as we tried to keep warm in the straw.

Of course some were fortunate enough to get hold of a single sleigh, and then one could invite his favorite girl to share the single sleigh with him. It is said that one boy invited a girl a little older than himself one time, and when he tried to protect her from the cold blasts of winter wind and from falling out by putting his arm around her she was so shocked that she sat right up straight all the way home—they say it is different now!

Some of the girls were very charming; there were, to mention but a few that come to mind, Sadie Bowen, Alice Child, Bertha Hibbard, Daisy Amsden. I imagined I was in love with most of them but found it was only indigestion, as is usually the case with the young—and older ones too, sometimes.

Justin Greene sat back of me and I guess we gave Mr. Lord more trouble than any two others, for we were always whispering; unless it was Fred Williamson, who one day got set in a chair on the platform for some monkey shines and was so affected that he burst into tears, to the great delight of the rest of us.

Much water has run under the bridge since those days. A number of years later I took a special course (the oldest student present) under dear Professor Hall, a Man of God, to prepare me for M. I. T.

After some two and a half years at Tech I spent three years in Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut (now in New Haven), and went in 1898 as a missionary to Sitka, Alaska, then a thousand miles from a railroad or a telegraph, and handled all the convicts in Alaska in the Government Prison. Then three years ago I went to Alaska for the third time (I had returned in 1899) as Personal Chaplain to the late Bishop Rowe of Alaska, and travelled through the interior, up the mighty Yukon to above the Arctic Circle, thousands of miles.

Through my ministry I have had a number of parishes for rather long pastorates, and some ten years ago started out throughout the country on a series of "roadside" mission journeys from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to Florida, preaching in hospitals, prisons, Government camps, in the deserts and the mountains, in cathedrals and churches of different denominations and by the roadside. So I am known now as "The Old Priest of the Highways".

For several years I have been so incapacitated in health that I have not been physically able to carry on this mission work and am now trying to get agile and strong enough to take it up again if it is God's will—but I am over seventy now and must not expect too much.

In closing let me wish the dear old Academy renewed life and usefulness as the years go by.

A man left to his grandchildren a sum of money in trust—expenses to be paid, and added "if there is any 'overplush' etc., etc." I have never seen this word before; maybe that is where we get our slang for an overamount, "just velvet."

M. T. W.

ALUMNI NEWS ITEMS

FACULTY ITEMS

Miss Anne Brooks, teacher in the early 1900's, sends a brief note from her home in Athol, Massachusetts. She does not give any news about herself; perhaps she will repair that omission in a future letter.

Faith Sanborn Brainard's letter, enclosed with her article on "The Old Connecticut Path", gives no special news of herself or her sister, **Ruby Sanborn.** She wishes that they could see more of their Woodstock friends and cordially invites any who may be in the vicinity of their home in Amherst to come and see them.

Mr. and Mrs. **William P. Dutemple** should be happy because of the literary ability of both their daughters. You will remember the interesting "Log of the West Island", written by Barbara Dutemple, in a past issue. This year we have an appealing little poem by Virginia, which interests us not only for its quality, but because it is undoubtedly meant as a feeling tribute to the author's invalid mother. It is a well-deserved tribute; Mrs. Dutemple's sincerity of character gained many friends for her when she was living in Woodstock. Barbara, we believe, is a student at Smith College; Virginia recently graduated from Northbridge High School, and her present activities are unknown to us; Mr. Dutemple, so far as we know, still continues his association with the Whitinsville Spinning-Ring Company.

Mr. Maurice Childs extends to Woodstock friends a cordial invitation from Mrs. Childs and himself to visit them at their Mount Vernon, N. Y., home. Of the children he writes, "Florence goes to Smith for her senior year, and Lois becomes a freshman at Mount Holyoke. At the same time, June will be going through orientation processes here at senior high school. Maurice, Jr., goes on in the long routine of elementary work at the milestone five-two. Little Susan . . . is just an endeared hindrance to the typewriting of this letter."

Mrs. John Griffin, the former **Miss Marion Spring,** is living in Willimantic. She now has a little son.

Miss Evelyn Johnson has continued to teach in the Putnam High School since leaving Woodstock Academy.

Mrs. Howard Johnson, formerly **Miss Ruth Chaffin** of the Academy faculty, is with her parents in Worcester this summer, while Lieut. Johnson is overseas in the service. We presume Mrs. Johnson will continue her teaching in Deep River in the fall.

Miss Mildred Keirns has left her position at the Academy to take a similar one in New Jersey. She will be missed as Senior Adviser here.

Mr. William Robbins has resigned from his position at the Academy. When he left, he was expecting soon to enter the service.

STUDENT ITEMS

The Academy's nonagenarian alumni now number four.

When one gets to be ninety-eight, one doesn't usually get about much, and this is the case with **Mrs. Amelia Tillinghast.** She is mostly confined to her home in Danielson, and often to her bed. However, her yearly contribution to the Gleaner arrived on schedule, though transmitted by her daughter, and we believe that she still has an interest in its success and enjoys its contents. Her memories of her schooldays at the Academy, long ago as they were, are pleasant ones. We wish for her in these advanced years comfortable health, and that all her memories may be happy ones.

Mrs. Caroline Way Taber comes next on our list, and very capable

she is for a woman of ninety-one. Aside from a little help in the heavier work from her granddaughter, **Lydia Walling,** she manages the housework for herself and her son **Clarence,** and keeps up her former interest in the church and town life about her, as well as in the Gleaner and its news of the few schoolmates who remain.

Birthdays during the past year brought two more alumni into the ninety-year old class. These two were our honored guests at last year's reunion, **Mrs. Ella Fitts Child** and **Mrs. Alice Sharpe Hammond.** Mrs. Child, though no longer taking charge of the many duties of the housewife at Valleyside Farm, still has her smaller responsibilities, which her good health usually permits her to fulfill. Nor is her usefulness confined to the home. Your editor, as well as many another of Mrs. Child's friends, has good reason to appreciate her experience and historical knowledge, which makes us often say, when some question about the past has come up, "Ask Mrs. Henry T. Child."

Mrs. Hammond of Hampton passed her milestone in the spring. She writes, "I remember with pleasure the reunion of last year, though we did drive fourteen miles in a real thunder shower." Mrs. Hammond was unfortunate enough to have to relinquish her usual activities because of illness for a few weeks in the early summer, but her letter to the Gleaner has been written since that time, and we expect she is her usual active self again.

Mrs. Frank E. Randall (Mary Elizabeth Hopkins) observed her eighty-seventh birthday early in June. She has been an invalid for the past twelve years.

Mrs. Sarah Gordon Sampson lives quietly at her home near the Academy. Her daughter **Harriet** is a frequent visitor.

Miss Nellie Pratt was happy to receive a shower of cards on the occasion of her eighty-fifth birthday in August.

Mrs. Mary Fenner Heyworth of Providence, as usual, did not fail to send the Gleaner her annual note of greeting.

Miss Nellie Chandler followed her usual itinerary, spending the winter in San Antonio and her summer here in Woodstock.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine has been at home in her apartment in Danielson most of the year. She comes occasionally to Woodstock, and has made her usual summer visit at Valleyside and with other friends here.

It was a great disappointment to **Judge Albert Mathewson** to have an urgent matter of business come up at the last moment and prevent him from coming to last year's reunion. He paid a visit to Woodstock later in the fall. We were sorry to learn of his illness during the winter, and hope that his health by now is much improved.

A letter from **Mrs. Mary Barney Evans,** received last November after a silence of some years, was welcome. Mrs. Evans spends a long summer at Middlefield, Massachusetts, each year and has lately spent the winters in Bradenton, Florida.

Each year new names of older alumni are found in the Gleaner's "Night" column. This year we are called upon to mourn the passing of several of these: **Miss Minnie Wells** and **Frank E. Barrett, Mrs. Lucy Mason Morse** and **Miss Mary Flynn.** These last two were born on the same day and were close friends from their schooldays. Each of these whose passing the Gleaner notes deserves the sincere tribute of our columns. Mrs. Morse was for many years a resident of Easthampton, and thus was less known by Woodstock people. Her husband, the late **Sidney Morse,** was better known, perhaps only because his life as a teacher naturally brought him into greater prominence. Miss Minnie

Wells endeared herself to the many who knew her while she lived in South Woodstock, and made new friends during the short time she was a resident of the east village. Perhaps Mr. Barrett was to North Woodstock what Miss Mary Flynn was to the Hill. He was a well-known figure, and it was to him that all the townspeople went for information about the happenings of the past. As Town Clerk for many years, his knowledge of town affairs was great, and his mild and gentle nature made him liked by all with whom he came in contact. As for Miss Flynn, it is not she alone who is gone; with her passing the Flynn family, long resident at "Century-Old Cottage", comes to an end. To be sure there are nephews and nieces, but the little house is now empty and closed, and the presence of the two sisters who seem so much a part of the atmosphere of the place is sadly missed.

It would not do to fill the columns of the Gleaner with obituary notices and tributes to the dead—Miss Mary would be the last to desire it; we must look forward, not back. But the tributes to her published in the local papers were so sincere and so truthful, revealing her nature as it really was, that one, at least, must be included. Here it is.

"Her quiet unobtrusive life was chiefly lived on Woodstock Hill. That life was one of cheer and ready wit and kindly interest which made everyone her friend throughout her long life of more than eighty years. Her sense of neighborliness was a marked characteristic often manifested by dropping in for a friendly chat.

"Her death removes another from the group of 'girls' whose friendship began when they were students of Woodstock Academy in the early seventies. Though living in various parts of the country they have alalways kept in touch with each other and frequently were able to meet together for a reunion. Not only will she be missed by this close circle of friends but by all who came in contact with her cheery personality."

And there are others who have gone, not quite so old as these we have mentioned, but among the older ones at that; **Mr. Alfred Briggs** of Pomfret, **Mr. George Moore** of Worcester. The editor has reason to know how much the Gleaner meant to Mr. Moore during the last years of his life, when he was ill.

A well-known citizen of Woodstock, known to alumni, though not himself an alumnus, was Mr. George Frink. And then there was **Mr. Charles Snow,** at one time a student, how many years ago we do not know. All these will be missed for the qualities that most endeared them to their friends. They have passed out of death into life.

Mrs. Alice Wells Swan must at times feel lonely since the recent passing of her brother and sister. But living, as she does, in the home of her nephew and niece, **Harry** and **Julia Wells,** and their son John, who is now old enough to be entering the Academy in the fall, her mind is sure to be actively interested in a variety of things, and thus to have small opportunity for dwelling in the past.

The *Brighton-Pittsford Post* says of **Mr. William Allen:** "Top honors for energy go to Landing Road's William Henry Allen, who takes on projects which would do credit to WPA, if the latter could work as fast as he does. Pouring cement, laying bricks, gardening or farming is all in a day's run-of-the-mill program for him. While most men of his years would be using a cane, he still prefers a shovel, pick, saw, or some creative utensil, and for diversion he wields a deft brush for oil-paintings. At half his age, it would all be an achievement for a husky man."

This is all very good, but why not make mention of the pen, which Mr. Allen has often wielded for the ben-

efit of this same *Brighton-Pittsford Post* as well as for the GLEANER!

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt has been a resident of Woodstock for some time now, staying at the home of **Sarah Healey Pedersen.**

Mrs. Ellen Mathewson Haskell wishes she could furnish something for the pages of the Gleaner, and she does so by giving us news of her sons and their families. Her annual letters, with her words of appreciation for the Gleaner and its contents and her good wishes for its future are always gratefully received.

Judge Frank F. Russell writes, "I was the only member of the Senior Class in 1880 and the only one to graduate that year, so there was no one to find fault with the oration I delivered and no others to compare it with." Mr. Russell's years at the Academy were rather extended, for he says his first year was in the old building. He relates that on alternate falls, when the big yield of apples took place, he stayed away from school to help his father with the harvesting of the crop, and this was one reason for the fact that his attendance was over a period of so many years.

We believe that mention of the death of Mrs. Minnie Prentice Goodwin, wife of **Mr. William Goodwin,** should have been made in last year's Gleaner, but only lately did it come to our knowledge. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin lived in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, until the former's retirement from teaching a few years ago. They then spent a period in travel and were staying with a daughter in Los Angeles when Mrs. Goodwin died. Mr. Goodwin sends us this year his annual contribution from Pittsfield, so we conclude he is back at his old home.

Mrs. Mary Taylor Whitney continues to pursue her hobby of the searching of old records and shares with us on another page some of the interesting things she has discovered.

Mrs. Carrie Blackmar Healey now makes her home with her daughter **Sarah,** at Sunny Acres. This summer Sarah's home is the family gathering place, for the older daughter, **Maude,** is also making it her headquarters, and the Healy home on the Hill is closed. Mrs. Healey has not fully recovered from her illness of a year ago, but can get out some in the car to see her friends.

Sidney Butler, having reached the age of retirement, in accordance with the new Connecticut banking laws, is no longer connected with the Connecticut Savings Bank in New Haven, but spends much of his time at his West Woodstock home.

Albert Hosmer and Mrs. Hosmer have purchased a home at La Casa By the Bay, 166 Bay Street, St. Augustine, Florida, where they will be glad to welcome friends when they are in the South. At present, as usual during the summer, they are in Sudbury.

Clara Maynard of St. Cloud, Florida, writes that, as a result of illness suffered last year, she is no longer able to do the landscape painting which used to be for her a source of delight and some financial profit. She has therefore taken up the writing of short stories and verse, and sends us some of the latter. Miss Maynard was pleased to have Mr. Hosmer call upon her recently. Why shouldn't Florida alumni get together frequently, and form a Florida Woodstock Academy Club! We sincerely wish for Miss Maynard improvement in health.

Edith Bemis recently spent a vacation in New Orleans, visiting a friend of long standing, a roommate during the days when she was training for her nursing career.

Bessie Newton Thomas has traveled quite extensively the past few years, taking a western trip in addition to her semi-annual journeys to and from Florida. She plans to spend next winter in the North.

Florence Hosmer is busy with her painting. She has recently painted a portrait which we should all like

to see. It is entitled "Before the Concert", and its subjects are the children (now quite grown-up) of **Ethel Spalding Silberberg,** with their instruments.

Edith Hall Dohan writes of her son and daughter. David hopes to get into the service in some capacity, though the army has rejected him because of defective eyes. Katharine is living "in a little thatched cottage in Great Brickhill near Bletchley, England", which "seems to be a charming friendly village like Woodstock." Edith finds that frequent association with little Patricia Brink, **Anne Gaylord's** granddaughter, helps to console her for her inability to watch the development of her own little granddaughter so far away.

Edward and Mary Bowen Keith have nothing new to tell us, except that the passing of another year has brought their small grandson to kindergarten age.

Ruth Cahoone Leary's work week consists of six days, from five in the morning to eight at night, including the housekeeping. With this full schedule it was good of her to snatch time for writing the interesting reminiscences which are to be found on another page.

An alumnus whom we do not often see is **Leslie Harris** of New Rochelle, New York, who attended the reunion of last August.

Sidney Upham and wife spent last winter in St. Petersburg, Florida, and because of the present difficulties in the way of traveling by auto, decided to make that city their headquarters during this summer season, too.

Frank Skinner is now employed in counting and packing airplane parts at the Pratt and Whitney plant, and making the trip to and from Hartford daily.

A letter from **Kenneth W. Leavitt** reveals the fact that he is now located in Denver. He writes of the large number of munitions plants situated in Colorado and neighboring states. He is employed by a firm of architectural engineers, and helps to supervise construction of war plants and see that they are built according to Government specifications. The hugeness of the number of certain war supplies turned out by the factories of which he has personal knowledge is naturally a military secret, but the plants are continually expanding, and the general feeling seems to be that their products will be in demand for at least another two years.

Henry J. Potter writes of his daughter Janice, whom those of us who attended the reunion will remember as his companion on that occasion. Janice graduated from high school this spring as joint salutatorian of her class. Because she is working most of the summer, the family has been able to spend only a week at their summer cottage at Black Point Beach. War time conditions have rather taken the pleasure away from shore activities. In fact, Henry doubts if "we older people" (?) will ever again be able to live what we have heretofore considered to be normal lives.

Hattie L. Deans is living at present in San Francisco. Last year she was in Denver, and in the interim she has had an interesting trip through Yellowstone Park.

Phoebe Randall Pray tells elsewhere in the Gleaner of her experience of the past year. At present she is working hard in the office of the Sub Depot Supply at Windsor Locks, doing her part toward a victory over the enemy responsible for the terrible, but thrilling adventure which she describes.

Sometimes we think that the work of a diplomat must be about as difficult and dangerous as that of a soldier or sailor in time of war. **Gardner Richardson,** after a few months on furlough spent largely at his mother's home in Woodstock, was ordered to Berlin, Germany, to the post of First Secretary of the U. S. Embassy. But before he reached his destination, war was declared.

His orders then transferred him to Berne, Switzerland, where he still is, in the capacity of First Secretary to the legation there.

Grace Church White has a new granddaughter and a new grandson. This makes the grandchildren equal in number to her children, that is, five. It is now a year since she has seen her son Kenneth, who is a dive-bomber stationed on the Airplane Carrier *Hornet* somewhere in the Pacific. We wish him luck!

Clarence Hall sends a brief, but breezy letter from a camp at Lake Winnipesaukee, in which he asks to be remembered to all his friends in Woodstock.

Cornelius Haskell's oldest son is a successful flyer in California, doing many hours of solo work each day.

Paul and Pearle Gifford are residing at 86 South Main St., Uxbridge, Mass. Their youngest son, John Parker, has enlisted in the Armored Division of the U. S. Army, and is located at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Albert M. Haskell of Huron, South Dakota, writes of the graduation of his son Mac from St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin. His older son, George Paine Haskell, is married and has a little daughter named Sheila.

Harriet Nelson Jones has recently been busy with activities in line with her former work, nursing. She took a "Refresher Course" and has since done duty at the Hartford Hospital, has substituted for industrial nurses, and has helped to prepare materials for casualty stations. In view of the present shortage of nurses, she is conscientiously trying to follow suggestions recommended to graduate nurses. These deal with the persuading of capable young women to enter nursing, urging former nurses to brush up on their work and take their places again in active service, recruiting nurses for Red Cross work, and recruiting non-nurses for nurses' aids, First Aid and Home Nursing classes. The Gleaner is glad to bring these suggestions to the attention of its readers.

Raymond W. Sheldon is still operating, and is publisher of the Webster Times, Webster, Massachusetts. The Times has received an award for the second consecutive year, first prize for general excellence among weekly papers, and second prize for the best special edition in a national contest. He is also proprietor of Sheldon Press Company, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Mary Chamberlin has been nursing most of the time. She recently visited **Marion Perkins Macdonald** in Salem, whose oldest son is to enter Massachusetts Institution of Technology.

Theodore Perkins is employed in a tool factory in Lawrence.

"Busier than usual if that could be possible" is **Eleanor Keith Lewis'** verdict concerning herself. The reason is that she has added haying, airplane spotting and first aid to her usual activities. "But then," she says, "we are all in the same box."

Harriet Sampson is one of those who have put much effort into war work for the last year or two. Through 1941 she was a volunteer worker for the Committee for Overseas Children of the English-Speaking Union. Among other things, she organized a camp for 135 British children at Wellesley College and found places for older children in American camps. She writes that hers was a full-time and over-time job. This year she is less busy with that work and has been able to give some time to her favorite research. However, she still spends her Sunday afternoons helping with the weekly parties held for men in the service at the rooms of the New York Wellesley College Club.

Estella Frink Barrett has managed her farm since the untimely death of her husband last fall. Her son **George,** having completed his studies at the Academy, will henceforth bear a large share of the responsibility.

Hobart and **Evelyn Calhoun Sanger** and their two youngsters continue to live in Harrisville. Hobart's work is in Danielson.

Myrtle Ware Anderson spent a fortnight in Denver early in the summer, going as a delegate to the National Education Association convention held in that city.

Doris Lindeman Burbank writes from Bedford Hills that she and her husband and two sons are very busy doing the everyday things and so grateful that they can do them in these hectic times. The company with which Mr. Burbank is associated is busy with defense work. Doris is church organist and choir leader, and this work takes much of her time.

Edith Harris continues nursing in New London. She has held the position of head night nurse at the Home Memorial Hospital for some time.

Lydia Taber Walling is holding the fort and managing the store at home, while her husband is employed in Hartford.

Laura Cross Pringle writes that her two boys keep her guessing. The older has reached the second grade in school. Laura continues to be active in Eastern Star and church work. She helped to organize a nursery department in the Sunday School, to which she devotes much time and thought.

Kenneth L. Pike has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Horace H. Rackham School of Graduate Studies of the University of Michigan, for his work in linguistics. During the summer he is teaching at Camp Wycliffe, a language school now located at the University of Oklahoma. Later he will return to his work in Mexico.

Anna and **Selma Johnson** were victims of a serious auto accident recently. Selma escaped with a shaking-up which kept her from work only a few days, but Anna received injuries which will keep her in a cast and entirely inactive for a much longer period. Anna has been living at her home in the Center and doing private nursing. Selma, too, has been at home, but is now nursing again at the Day Kimball Hospital, where, as elsewhere, the shortage of nurses is felt.

Elinor Perrin has been employed for some time now at the plant of the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Eunice Pike was able to spend several weeks with her parents in East Woodstock this spring. She then went to the University of Oklahoma, where she, like her brother Kenneth, is a teacher at the language school. She will return to her missionary work in Mexico, where she and her brother have been engaged in reducing the language of the native Indians to writing. A part of the Bible has already been translated into this Indian tongue.

Thelma Johnson Ryerson is living in Litchfield.

Florence Johnson Dodge and her little daughter remain at home in West Woodstock while Mr. Dodge is away through the week, working for the Electric Boat Company in Groton. **Walter Johnson** is also employed by the same company.

Anna Johnson is spending the summer at home and will return to her teaching in New Britain in September.

Anna Petersen Mellen worked for some months as a nurse at the Orthopedic Hospital in Orange, New Jersey. In June her marriage took place. Immediately after the honeymoon trip, Mr. Mellen entered the service, going to Keesler Field, Mississippi, and Anna decided to remain with her parents. However, good nurses like Anna are too much in demand to remain idle these days, and she was soon called back to her old job at the Harrington Memorial Hospital in Southbridge.

Alice Johnson's venture, the Woodstock Beauty Shop, has met with good success during its first year of operation. A glance at our adver-

tising section will give you more details about it.

While felling trees last fall **Donald Williams** had the misfortune to sustain a bad break in his thighbone. Recovery was a slow process, but he is now practically well. While he was in the hospital, Mrs. Williams, formerly **Hope Williams,** teacher at W. A., secured employment in Southbridge and has since continued her work there.

Laurence McWilliam is busy with defense work at Leland Gifford's in Worcester. **Dorothy Ernst McWilliam,** former Commercial teacher at the Academy, remains at home in Woodstock looking after baby Joan.

Ella Skinner Ilsley is a very busy housewife and mother at her home in Southbridge. See "Morning".

Jane Johnson spent part of the year at the Sydenham Hospital in Baltimore, where her sister Dorcas is located. While there she took a special course at Johns Hopkins, and now has returned to the Hahnemann Hospital in Worcester to take a superior position.

Anna Kallgren is taking a nurses' training course of fourteen months at Evangeline Booth Hospital in Boston. Her training will be completed in a few months.

Lilian Reese is a comptometer operator for the Colt Manufacturing Company in Hartford.

Elisabeth Perrin is still employed by the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford. She has been advanced to the position of receptionist to the president and vice-president of the company.

May Neely Trifone and her little daughter Kathleen spent some time with her sisters in East Woodstock while her husband, victim of a serious automobile accident, was in the hospital. After several months of convalescence Mr. Trifone hopes to be able to return to his work soon.

Grace Myers Holbrook has been ill, but plans to return to work as soon as she is able. She has spent some time with her mother and grandmother and little son in Woodstock.

THE ANNIVERSARY CLASSES

Anniversary classes are those who are celebrating their fifth, tenth, fifteenth, and so on, anniversaries of graduation. Some years ago we inaugurated the custom of attempting to secure detailed news of every member of these classes. This year someone suggested that the news be gathered by means of "Round Robin" letters. It seemed an excellent idea, and we attempted to put it into practice. However, it has been only half successful. Special effort was made to secure a full list of correct addresses, and the letters were duly launched. In many cases they have failed to complete the round and return to the editor. Therein lies a real disappointment, we know, for many of you anniversary class members. You may have written your letter and sent it on, only to have it stalled somewhere along the way. The older classes have seemed to respond better than the younger ones. The best the editor can do is to print her list of addresses in lieu of the missing letters, and add a perfunctory item of news if she can hastily secure one at this late moment.

There were no graduates in 1892, but we have some news from non-graduate students of that date.

Cora Wetherell
(Mrs. C. F. Thompson)
2 Autumn St.
Worcester, Mass.

Fifty years ago! Yes, a student at Woodstock Academy. Driving every

day ("Spotted Bonnie") I had as company **Mabel Vinton, Agnes Child,** or **Everett Upham,** who delighted in making me laugh when about to meet or pass friends on our homeward way. Terrible Everett!

My "bone of contention" in arithmetic was **Halsey Weaver.** He was very good but I still believe I was far better ? ? ? ?

Welles Partridge, by asking many questions in English Composition, added several points to my reports, which otherwise would not have been to Miss Stanley's credit.

Myrtie Chaffee Jordan
East Woodstock, Conn.

The highlights of life at the Academy were, to my shame, not what I learned in English, literature and physics or what I didn't learn in Latin. Instead pleasant memories of skating on the cranberry bog with Fred Lester, Harold Morse passing candy through the clover leaf openings in the back of the settee while in bookkeeping class, Mr. Hall on finding autographs in the singing books telling us that "Fools' names and fools' faces are oftenmost seen in public places." And, this for the benefit of the younger generation, his insisting that all our social affairs end at ten o'clock. (We didn't like it but it didn't hurt us).

The Round Robin went next to **Grace Carpenter Marcy** and **Alice Hibbard Hayward,** but neither felt she had any news worth relating, a fact which will be regretted by their schoolmates.

Louise Lindeman
(Mrs. Chauncey Child)
Woodstock, Conn.

When I see two school busses pass my house each morning and afternoon transporting pupils to and from school, I am reminded of the changes since the days I attended Woodstock Academy.

Do you remember that for a year or two I was the only girl walking from my direction? Later **Gertrude Hibbard** attended. Think of the miles some of the boys walked—**Winfield Hibbard, Halsey Bixby, Rob Paine, Frank Thompson, Frank** and **Bert Andrews.**

My brothers **Henry** and **John** would join this group at our house and farther "up the hill" would be **Alfred** and **Ned Child.**

When there was coasting the "double-rip" was the means of transportation down the hill, nearly a mile long. If someone's lunch box cover flew off, or a piece of mail was dropped en route it was a good excuse for the group on that sled to return to pick up the missing article and have another slide.

The fifty years, in spite of many changes, have passed quickly. What will the next fifty bring? I trust it will be peace and the American way of living.

Rev. Welles Partridge
Syosset, N. Y.
Permanent address:
1409 Albemarle Road
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Care of Mrs. D. P. Ellsworth

The reader is referred to Reverend Father Partridge's article on another page, especially the latter part of it, for an account of the writer's activities during the years since he was an Academy student. One activity which he does not mention there is the writing of a little booklet entitled, "Did Henry the VIII Found the Church of England?" There is not space to quote from this booklet, but it proves emphatically, in the author's own breezy style, yet with complete authenticity, that that "remarkable and much-married . . . person" did *not* found the Church of England.

Anthony M. Tourtellot
85 Adelaide Ave.
Providence, R. I.

Mrs. **Anthony Tourtellot** writes for her husband, to say he is still in the wholesale fresh fruit and vegetable business. His days begin at three-thirty in the morning, which is perhaps a good excuse for letting

Mrs. T. do the writing. She says, "The old adage about 'early to bed and early to rise' doesn't seem to be working out because he doesn't get any healthier working so hard and so long, and with all the innumerable taxes there's no chance of getting wealthy, so I guess he just gets wiser and wiser." They own a farm where are raised some of the fruits and vegetables which Mr. Tourtellot sells. It is on Route 101, in Foster, R. I., and the latchstring is out for any old school friends. The Tourtellots have four granddaughters, one of whom is ready for college. Mention is made of the two sons of the late **Florence Tourtellot Freese,** one of whom is in the army and the other at last reports engaged in defense work.

Halsey A. Weaver
26 Channing St.
Wollaston, Mass.

Certainly when I read your letter . . . I felt I was almost a patriarch, as my last attendance at the Academy was the spring term of 1892. And fifty years is a long time in anyone's language. I was all the more convinced of the fact as I became a grand-dad on Jan. 6th of this year for the first time. H. A. Jr. is a First Lieutenant in the Eng. Corps, U. S. Army and now located at Eglin Field, Ft. Walton, Fla., and expects to be sent "over there" at any time now. I spent my winter as usual in St. Petersburg, but will probably have to endure the winter in the North this year on account of my lack of pull with the Rationing Board for tires and gasoline. I wish this year's edition of the Gleaner success.

Bertrand Andrews
Putnam, Conn.

Had the "Round Robin" got as far as Bert, whose name was well down on the list, we know that he would have responded willingly. He spent the winter in Florida, as usual. Both he and Mrs. Andrews have been ill this past year, and we do not have the latest in regard to them.

Sidney Turner
34 Shore Road
Riverside, R. I.

A letter of inquiry sent to this address brought a reply from Mrs. Turner, which told of her husband's death in 1931.

Other persons whose names have been suggested as pupils of a half-century ago follow. No doubt the list is far from complete.

Prescott A. Lyon
Coldwater
Rochester, N. Y.

Ernest Butler
Butler School
State Street
Bridgeport, Conn.

CLASS OF 1897

Arthur O. Williams
79 Blanding Road
East Providence, R. I.

On February 1 1 completed twenty years service with the Providence Gas Co. as "Chief Clerk".

On May 27th my wife, Elizabeth G. Williams, passed away after five years of suffering from injuries received in an auto accident.

My elder son, Arthur O. Williams, has recently been elected Assistant Professor of Physics in Brown University. During the previous four years he was an instructor and later Assistant Professor at the University of Maine.

June 16th, a daughter, Frances Jean, was born to Arthur O., Jr., and his wife, Jean Frances White.

My younger son, Van Zandt, received his Ph.D. from Princeton last year and is doing research work with the Infra-Red Ray for the American Cyanimid Chemical Co. in Stamford, Conn. Last September he married Mary Bridgeman of New York and they are living in Old Greenwich, Conn.

Mowry Ross
532 North St.
Meadville, Pa.

I am on another job of factory

construction work, a kind of work I have followed intermittently since 1920. My work is in the engineering department of the Frazer Brace Eng. Co. of Meadville. I joined this company a year ago last May. Construction work from pillar to post is not so fascinating in old age. While they wouldn't let me have a rifle I have undertaken the job of making T.N.T.

A. Lloyd Cooper
610 So. 26th St.
Arlington, Va.

For many years I have been working at public accounting in Washington, which is now a busy and crowded city. We live across the Potomac in Arlington, near the huge new War Department building which will soon house some 30,000 employees. The traffic situation is a good deal of a problem here, even in these days of gasoline and tire shortage. Our son is a physician, living in Durham, N. C. He has recently recovered from an attack of tuberculosis which kept him on his back for nearly two years—otherwise the army would no doubt have had him before now. I would be glad to hear from any old acquaintances who are in this vicinity — have not seen any Woodstock people for a long, long time.

Joseph P. Catlin
501 5th Ave.
New York City

Esther Trowbridge
(Mrs. Joseph Catlin)
81 Marion St.
Brookline, Mass.

Joseph P. Catlin is Vice-President of the Wood Newspaper Mach. Corp. whose plant is at Plainfield, New Jersey. The factory is now given over to war-work, and Joe is at Washington much of the time—a very busy man.

Esther Catlin has an antique shop in Boston. Their son Joseph Catlin, Jr., is with the G. E. Co. at Lynn. He and his wife live in Swampscott.

Ruth Williamson
(Mrs. William Gallup)

The past year I have been with Miss Hazel Fox in Putnam, Conn., and it has been a very happy year for me. We spent two and one half months of the winter in Wethersfield. Went into Hartford quite often and had a chance to meet old friends. I hope to spend some time with my son and family in Seekonk, Mass., and enjoy my two grand-daughters, before taking a new housekeeping position.

Constance Holt
Woodstock, Conn.

There is nothing new to write about me this year.

Fred Fitts, whose address is 29 Robin Road, West Hartford, Conn., sent us a nice check, but reported simply, "No news."

So far we have not been able to locate **Ralph Sabin.**

CLASS OF 1902

Herbert A. Johnson,
66 Grove St.,
Putnam, Conn.

Not much of interest except that I am still at the Putnam Post Office. Thirty-seven years of it last February.

Two children. My boy graduated from the University of New Hampshire in 1940, and is now in the U. S. Army, where he has served for two years. His rank is First Lieutenant. My daughter graduated from Worcester City Hospital as a nurse, is now married and is living in Cranston, R. I.

Harry F. Child,
Woodstock, Conn.
also Worcester, Mass.

No change. Just trying to sell Roads when we can get releases from the Government to do same.

James V. Perrin,
20 Learmonth Avenue,
Quebec, Prov. Quebec, Canada

Same address, same wife, same

daughter and son-in-law, same job, and same pleasant fiction of retiring one day and spending our declining years in the land of our forebears.

The arrival of a grandson, James DeWitt Van Buren, on January 23rd, provides a break in the routine. He is already showing signs of becoming a better tackler than was his grandfather back in the days when we used to practice foot-ball instead of eating lunch during the Academy noon-hour, and wear our grass-stained uniforms during afternoon sessions to save minutes between dismissal and chore-time. And you can't call this boasting.

I wish success for the fiftieth issue of the Gleaner, in which I hope to read interesting news of the diminishing number of the older—and much more important—alumni.

Gertrude Taber
(Mrs. Fred Howard)
32 Fairview St.,
West Hartford, Conn.

Everything as usual, and still living in the same house, with nothing interesting to report except that I have a grandson. My son, Harvey, is still in Detroit, and Fred is very busy with his work in Springfield. I am glad to be able to do quite a bit of Red Cross work these days.

Florence Barber
(Mrs. Charles J. Washburn)
56 Maywood St.,
Worcester, Mass.

Truly a long train of thought started when the mailman brought me this morning that big official envelope. So forty years have passed since we graduated! It has gone so quickly!

There have been losses to our number. The class of 1902 had fifteen members, which was a large class for those days. We have happy memories of those who have passed on.

My life since 1912 has been that of a minister's wife and the mother of five children. Our pastorates have been in Connecticut, Maine and Massachusetts. This spring we moved from Cambridge to Worcester and now feel quite at home in this beautiful city. I am not weary of life in a parsonage. I enjoy it.

As I look back over the years I think my children are the best expression of what I have tried to do. I will tell you about them briefly. Marian received the degree of M.A. at Boston University and now is teaching in Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa, Idaho. Calvin is employed in Boston and also studying at Boston University. He is married and has two children, Nancy and Robert. Sarah graduated from the New England Deaconess Hospital. She is now married, mother of a charming baby, and living in Columbus, Ohio. Esther married after four years in the home office of John Hancock Life Insurance Co. Her home is in Cambridge. The last, Alma, is at home with us. She is a junior in high school and interested in music.

These facts are just the outline. There are many stories—some humorous, some pathetic, some tragic—between the lines. That is life.

I like the idea of the "Round Robin" letter. What a thrill to see your handwriting again and to find that I remembered the once familiar quirks!

Mary Frost
(Mrs. Mowry Ross)
Star Route
Putnam, Conn.

I am still living in West Woodstock, and have very little of interest to report to the Gleaner.

Much of the time during the past year I have been alone, as Mowry has been employed too far from home to return very frequently.

Our married daughter, Margaret, is living in New Jersey, taking good care of our grandson. Edna, our younger daughter, is doing secretarial work in New York City, so is not too far distant to visit me often.

I am looking forward with much pleasure to the special issue of 1942

Ermond F. Brunn
2001 Sacramento Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Yes, it is the fortieth anniversary of my graduation from the Academy, and I have not fogotten it, even though I have been away from Woodstock ever since then.

Due to my long and continued ill health, there is really nothing that I can write about which might be of interest to my classmates of the Academy. However, I would very much like to convey my very best wishes to them all through the Gleaner.

For the present at least, I am visiting my brother here in San Francisco, and although I have been here in California before and consider it a marvelous State, I am not yet ready to concede that it tops either New York or Connecticut.

One Sunday about two years ago, I was motoring with a friend through Connecticut, and we made a specially long detour in order that I might get another glimpse of Woodstock and the Academy. I was terribly disappointed in noting that the Academy was painted white. To me, the picturesque setting and appearance of years ago had vanished. Only fond recollections and memories visualized for me the Academy of old, where our beloved Mr. Ely R. Hall presided over us youngsters as principal.

I wish years of continued success to the Academy, its Alumni Association, and to the Gleaner.

A letter has been sent to **Rose Lowden** (Mrs. J. F. Gilbertson), at the address in Bayonne, New Jersey, which is on the Gleaner list. No reply has been received as yet, neither has our letter been returned. We hope to hear from her before the Gleaner goes to press.

Seven members of this class are no longer living, a large percentage of a class whose other members are still in the prime of life. Those who have passed away are **Ellen Cox Hibbard, Jessie Hibbard, Lotta Stackpole, Jessie Withey, Chauncey Child, Reuben Fitts,** and **Alexander Hibbard.**

John H. Williams, of Walnut Street, Shelton, Conn., who believes he is an ex-member of the class of 1902, continues his interest in the Academy, even though he did not graduate. For the past year he has been putting in sixty-three hours weekly at his work as finisher and supervisor at the O-K Tool Company, which is engaged one hundred percent in defense work. Aircraft manufactories, especially Pratt Whitney, as well as the Nation's Ordnance and Arsenal departments, use the products of this company. In addition to his long work-week, Mr. Williams manages to find time to care for quite a large victory garden.

CLASS OF 1907

Marie Nelson
(Mrs. Harry Goss)
865 Tower Ave.,
Hartford, Conn.

How quickly the years since 1907 have slipped by and what fun it would be to meet at dear W. A. to exchange experiences!

I am sure we are all happy that the Academy has grown and prospered and still remains the outstanding landmark in Woodstock. Even though it has not been possible for me to attend many alumni meetings, the old farm at South Woodstock is still our family gathering place, and while driving through there, I often recall our pleasant Academy days.

After my graduation I studied Home Economics. After working for twelve years at New Haven Visiting Nurse Association as a nutritionist, I got married. My happy four years of married life terminated with the death of my husband. For the past six years I have been Home Management Supervisor for the Farm Security Administration. This work is most interesting and deals with Connecticut farmers.

By means of the "Round Robin" letter I hope to hear from each member of the 1907 class.

Mary Myers
(Mrs. Graham)
East Haddam, Conn.

The "Round Robin" letters will be read by each of us with great interest.

Some of the dreams which I had when I was in the Academy have been realized, others are still beyond my grasp. On the whole life has been very kind to me. It has given me a nice home overlooking the Connecticut River, three sons of whom any mother might be proud, and a job to do that makes me feel that the world through which I am passing may be a little brighter for some who have been under my care.

I am teaching the third grade in the Nathan Hale School of East Haddam. I have completed twenty-four years of teaching. My eldest son, Harold, lives at home with me. My second son, **Victor,** who attended Woodstock Academy at one time, lives in Paterson, N. J. He is married. He is an engineer in the Wright Aeronautical Corporation in Paterson. My youngest son, Julian, is a lieutenant in the United States Army and is an instructor in the Candidate School for Officers in Fort Monmouth, N. J.

I might add that we are all busy and happy in our work.

We regret that **Mabel Eddy** (Mrs. Carl Morse) of Brewster, Mass., did not send us any news about herself or her children.

Herbert Shippey
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #3

Since graduation I have made my home in my native town of Woodstock. At first I worked with my father doing general farm work. Since his death I have been engaged in the poultry business.

Although I have been very busy these past years, through the Gleaner I have kept in close touch with Woodstock Academy.

Henry D. Baker
East Woodstock, Conn.

I can add but little to the items found in previous Gleaners. I have preached in Woodstock for thirty years; was appointed Chaplain of the House of Representatives at Hartford for the year 1939. Also I have been a Trustee of the Academy for a number of years.

CLASS OF 1912

Rilla H. Child
Woodstock, Conn.

Rilla has returned to Woodstock for the present, after living in Norwichtown for a considerable period. She is staying now with her nephew, Donald Child, and family.

Jarda Carlson
(Mrs. Ernest Linde)
432 Villa Ave.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Jarda Carlson Linde is connected with the Anaylsis Department of The First National Bank and Trust Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Olive Whitney
215 South Main St.
Putnam, Conn.

Olive A. Whitney is Accounts Payable Clerk in the Bookkeeping Department at the Main Office of Powdrell & Alexander, Inc., Danielson, Conn.

Gladys Sheldon
(Mrs. Prescott)
416 School St.
Webster, Mass.

Gladys Sheldon Prescott is employed in her brother's newspaper and printing business, The Webster Times, Webster, Mass. Her son, Sheldon Prescott, is a member of the U. S. Army Air Forces, at present in the Officers' Training School at Miami Beach, Florida.

Grace Myers
(Mrs. Grace Myers)
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Grace remains at home with her

mother. Not only does she give her time and thought to the older generation, but she also has the care of her small grandson, while his mother is away working. Her daughter, Grace Holbrook, did practical nursing part of the year. She spent a month visiting friends in New Hampshire and is now visiting her mother and son. Mary Myers is a waitress and living in Dorchester, Mass.

Carrie Barrett
(Mrs. Nelson Frink)
North Woodstock, Conn.

Mrs. Carrie Barrett Frink is at home in North Woodstock, assisting her husband in the paint and wallpaper business. They have a store adjoining their residence and do general contracting. Her married daughter at present resides in Putnam and her son Barrett enters the sixth grade this fall.

Helen Perley
Woodstock, Conn.

Helen Perley is busy with her duties as Town Clerk and Judge of Probate. Her office is a center of much activity at present. Helen was the first to learn of the death of Sophie Barrett Norton, after a tragic illness of long duration.

Sophie Barrett
(Mrs. Ralph Norton)
Strafford, Vermont

We regret that her name must be placed this year in the "Night" column.

CLASS OF 1917

Lois Harrington
(Mrs. George Place)
35 Nelson St.
Webster, Mass.

Many things have happened in our individual lives since we stood together as a class of five about to embark on our life's journey. Yet we were facing many of the same problems then as we are today. Nothing seems more heartbreaking than to see our young people leaving us to fight for justice. Twenty-five years ago these partings (to me at least) were anticipations of adventure into which we were willing to plunge if asked. Today we think of our many crippled and injured companions who returned in 1919, and cringe to think that we did not profit sufficiently by that experience; still our youth is just as anxious for the thrill as we were then. May we grow in courage and strength and foresight, so that our posterity will not have to endure another conflict like this.

In reviewing my endeavors since we separated, I think **Oliver Bowen,** though not one of the parting five, has followed more nearly the same activities as I have. Our common need for automobile parts has brought us together occasionally on the telephone. Alumni reunions have been my only contacts with any of the rest of the class.

Since gasoline, tires and time caused the cancellation of this year's reunion, I think it would be grand if we all made an effort to return to the next reunion 100% strong.

Eleanor Williams
(Mrs. Raymond Young)
Putnam, Conn.
Star Route

The year 1942 marks the twenty-fifth year since our graduation from Woodstock Academy. Some of us had hoped a reunion would be possible this year. If we cannot all see each other this year, we can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that every member of our class is alive and well and doing his or her bit in the world of terror and strife. Here's to a happy reunion in 1947!

Eleanor Lindeman
Woodstock, Conn., also
State Teachers' College
Hillwood Lakes
Trenton, New Jersey

You will be interested in receiving greetings from my little home close to the Academy—the Lyon place when we were Academy students. You will remember the post

office where we went at noon hour to get our nickel's worth of candy.

Here in Woodstock I usually spend my summers with my father and mother. We have had fun moving the old post office into the garden behind the house and changing it into a summer house or "overflow house" when our family is very large. We have made a new garden and have been busy entertaining my sisters and our friends and relatives.

Here in Woodstock I get the rest and inspiration that only Woodstock can give. It is a beautiful place at all times, but its spirit is best of all. To come back each year, to feel this spirit, to wander over the quiet hills and to renew acquaintances is in some way to be changed for the better and inspired by this same spirit so beautifully expressed in the words of the dearly loved Academy song, "Fair Woodstock".

In September I am ready to go back to Trenton, N. J., to the Teachers' College there; to Allen House, a dormitory of sixty girls with whom I live as adviser; to my classes in a college of now less than eight hundred students; and to the many activities and responsibilities that seem to be a part of every college program. Today we have the additional problems of helping to win the war and the peace. Our proximity to Fort Dix has given us many opportunities to help there.

I love my work and am very proud of the beautiful campus with its new buildings only twelve years old. But most of all am I proud of and loyal to the splendid students, the fine boys and girls with whom I work. My deepest concern—that of every teacher, is to strengthen their courage and develop their resources for the perilous times ahead of them. I am sure that any values gleaned from their association with me come from the fundamental principles and simple truths that I learned first in Woodstock and tested and proved in the experiences of the years that followed—and that are renewed each summer during my vacation on the quiet Hill among the genuine, friendly people.

I wish that this glimpse of my life and thought might be followed by a visit with you and any friend of Academy days, either here on Woodstock Hill or at S.T.C. in Trenton.

Theodore Perkins
Care of Mrs. Macdonald
33 Summit Ave.
Salem, Mass.

Theodore is employed in a tool factory in Lawrence. The only address we have for him is in care of his sister.

Owen White
273 Washington St.
Norwich, Conn.

I am glad to add my bit to the experiences and reminiscences of other alumni of Woodstock Academy. It certainly does not seem possible that the Class of 1917 is celebrating this year the 25th anniversary of graduation, but lapse of time does not belie the fact.

Just imagine, 25 years ago we were at war, and this year finds us again in the conflict, and against the same foe. We, who actively participated in the last one, thought we ended it for all time, only to find the dreaded germ and deceit come upon us again.

I well remember the crowning social and solemn events of high school graduation week in 1917 as though they happened yesterday, and this June brought them back to me more forcibly because my oldest child, Barbara, graduated from grammar school. Wish I were back in that stage!

Whereas I had four long dreary miles to walk to and from the Academy each day during my four year attendance, my children now have only one-half mile to travel. How I have envied them, or have I? Perhaps not, as I realize that my education throughout was secured the hard way, both as to distance to

school and sacrifices of my parents. I regret no part of having had to endure the numerous hardships of those days.

When one reminisces and remembers the facilities which were ours at the Academy in interscholastic sports and compares them with those available today, I wonder we ever won a game. With outdoor basketball court until the Christmas holiday recess, so the Academy Hall would not be marred with wire netting at stage and windows; with bats, balls, and uniforms bought by ourselves; with sleigh rides to Thompson, Southbridge and Putnam during basketball season; with dilemmas as to what to have for a program for the next social; with Saturdays entirely occupied by myself in cleaning the classrooms; one wonders how we ever managed to do as well as we did. But doing all of those things the hard way, didn't we have loads of fun?

Still being employed as Assistant Engineer with the Connecticut State Highway Department, it remains my fond privilege to wander and ride through roads of Woodstock occasionally. To realize that many of the miles of recently improved road in the town of my childhood have been engineered and constructed under my supervision is a tremendous satisfaction and repayment in part for all the town's people did for me during my twelve years spent in their schools.

My family's auto rides have always been through Woodstock occasionally, as we all feel none is more of a lure. The destruction of the Mathewson pine forest on the Senexet Road in 1938 by the hurricane was a distinct loss to us brought up in that neighborhood.

I rejoice in the high standard set in the past by the Gleaner's staff in endeavoring to bring together the alumni through reunions and other means, and trust the facilities will always be available to continue this practice.

CLASS OF 1922

Helen Johnson
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

I have taught grades one and two at the South School the past year and served as School Site Administrator for Government Rationing.

Beatrice Healey
(Mrs. Randolph Whaples)
1654 Main St.
Glastonbury, Conn.

We still live in Glastonbury, and I find my time quite filled up keeping three boys out of mischief. This summer we have an extra large garden and animals that we are getting ready for our winter food supply.

Julia Swenson
East Woodstock, Conn.

The past year I taught grades four and five in the Fabyan School and expect to do the same the coming year.

Edwin Wilcox
94 Eastern Ave.
Springfield, Mass.

We regret that these letters have come back to the editor on the very last day before it will be too late to add more copy for the Gleaner, and that thus there is no time to send them to Edwin. We are told that Edwin is conducting a store of his own in Springfield, and we hope we may hear about it from him before next year.

CLASS OF 1927

Vera Cross
(Mrs. Harry Taylor)
Andover, Conn.

We know that Vera and her family are very happy in their new home in Andover.

Walter Chrzan
South Windham, Conn.

Walter has been located in South Windham for quite a few years now. He is married.

George Smith
62 Crescent St.
Hartford, Conn.
Dorothy Lillibridge
(Mrs. Maro Chappell)
53 Spring St.
Willimantic, Conn.
Elizabeth Lowe
(Mrs. James Haberlin)
Hotel Richmond
Augusta, Georgia
Pearl Cady
Mrs. Harold Butson)
West Kingston, R. I.
Constance Williams
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #3

Constance continues to be well occupied with her varied duties as librarian, church organist, and teacher of piano.

Einar Hansen
East Woodstock, Conn.

Einar and his family, consisting of his wife and two sons, continue to reside at his home here in the village.

CLASS OF 1932

We know that 1932's letter got off to a good start, but after it left this vicinity we lost track of it.

Edna Hibbard
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Edna still works at the Stillwater Worsted mill. She and her sister **Louise** are faithful airplane spotters for two hours each week, and Edna is studying First Aid. Sorry we haven't her letter, so she could speak for herself.

Frieda Kuper
(Mrs. Victor Nisi)
63 Farrar Ave.
Worcester, Mass.

A letter containing an order for a Gleaner was received from Frieda. We suspect it was due to the fact that the "Round Robin" had reached her, and so she was particularly anxious to see news of her classmates in print. She did not volunteer any information about herself and it looks as though news of this class would have to wait until another year.

Sarah Zipkin
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Sarah is also an airplane spotter and a student of First Aid. She works hard at home, besides, helping on the farm, which is short of manpower this season.

Evelyn Morgan
(Mrs. Arthur Weimann)
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Evelyn seems perfectly happy at her home on Senexet Road, with her husband and two healthy, lively sons.

Geneva Cross
(Mrs. Elmer White)
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #4

Had the busy editor time to make a telephone call, she might learn more of Geneva's doings. She lives in East Thompson, in spite of her Putnam address.

Ida Sheldon
(Mrs. Leodore Lepierce)
Pleasant St.
Plainfield, Conn.

Elizabeth Gifford
86 South Main St.
Uxbridge, Mass.

Elizabeth is Assistant Librarian at the Thayer Memorial Library in Uxbridge.

Dudley Gifford

The above address, his parents' and sister's, is the only one we have for Dudley, and we do not know what he is doing now.

Katherine Foskett
(Mrs. Leroy Lawrence)
22 Oaks St.
Southbridge, Mass.

Rosalma Lachapelle
(Mrs. Russell Bates)
Springfield, Mass.

We do not know Rosalma's address, but we do know that she has a little son, whose birth is noted in "Morning."

Dorcas Johnson
Sydenham Hospital
Baltimore, Md.

Dorcas has met with success in her new field of nursing.

Donald Child
Woodstock, Conn.

Donald and **Edith** Child have purchased the Clark place below the Hill, and have been living there since last fall.

Laurence McWilliam
South Woodstock, Conn.

It is necessary to refer the reader to page 47 for a brief item concerning Laurence and his family.

Florence Neely
(Mrs. William Mulligan)
East Woodstock, Conn.

Florence and **William** Mulligan continue to live in East Woodstock. Their family has been increased by a new little son.

CLASS OF 1937

The Class of 1937 consists of twenty-four members, twelve girls and twelve boys. Since we thought a "Round Robin" would never get around so large a class, we divided it into two, but that didn't succeed either. We had great hopes of the boys' letter, for several of them are in the service.

Laura Rutanen
Star Route
Putnam, Conn.

Laura is at present in Arizona, we believe.

Helen Ranta
61 West Ninth St.
New York City

Susan Latham
(Mrs. Donald Clark)
Pines Lake, R. F. D.
Paterson, New Jersey

Frances Piecyk
Chaplin, Conn.

Gladys Willis
Chaplin, Conn.

The latest from Gladys is the fact that she was obliged to undergo an operation early in August. Good health to you, Gladys!

Jennie Shishko
Eastford, Conn.

Anna Floeting
(Mrs. Everett Frost)
34 Wells Ave.
East Hartford, Conn.

Doris Beames
Box 528
Falmouth, Mass.

This is Doris' home address. The last we knew she was working in Providence.

Norine Durrin
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Norine is still working in Putnam.

Anna Young
South Woodstock, Conn.

Anna continues to work at the Stillwater Worsted mill.

Geneva Lemanski
(Mrs. Daigle)
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #3
(Address not certain).

Marjorie Brown
Campton, N. H.

It was to Campton that Marjorie moved when she left Pomfret, but a letter of inquiry has brought no reply from her.

Off. Cand. Laurence K. Foote, Jr.
Pvt. Henry W. Johnson
Pvt. Stephen K. Morse
Pvt. Charles A. Sandison

The addresses and what news we have of these four are given under the title, "In the Service of Our Country".

Robert Goldman
National Farm School
Bucks County, Pa.

Russell Foote
2 Prospect St.
Claremont, N. H.

George Chilkott
Eastford, Conn.

Herman Barlow
Eastford, Conn.

Arthur Newth
Eastford, Conn.

Paul Spalding
Putnam, Conn.
R. F. D. #2

Farm work and construction, with college for Arthur, are ways in which the four last-named 1937-ers are helping in the war effort.

Charles Saltonstall
East Woodstock, Conn.

Charles' family now numbers four, and he keeps busily at work in the Worsted Mill to keep up with them.

Warner Gardner
Southbridge, Mass.
R. F. D. #2

We believe Warner did not quite pass the army's physical test, and consequently he is working and not training.

CLASS OF 1938

Helen Peterson is at present employed at Mrs. Richardson's on Woodstock Hill.

Frances Latham has a teacher's position in Plainfield, Conn. She graduated from the University of Connecticut in June.

Mary Rosyar Navratil is married and living in Willington, and is also doing office work at Storrs.

Hazel Barrington is working at Potzin's Beauty Parlor in Willimantic.

Carla Carpenter McLaughlin is living in Windsor Locks with her family.

Clarice Hall Sumner is keeping house in Hartford.

Irene Lachapelle McMenemy has news in "Morning". Irene is now living in Northboro, Mass.

Margaretha Bennett Bellerive is living in Danielson with her family. Her husband was recently injured seriously in an airplane accident.

Myrtle Johnson graduated from Pratt Institute and has accepted a position as teacher of Art in Oswego High School in New York.

Beatrice Arvidson is employed in the office of the American Optical Company.

Frank Vaida, Franklyn Buell and **Conrad Collins** are working at their respective homes.

Pearl Barlow Wicks is married and keeping house in South Windham.

Pauline Warchol is at home.

Marie Carlage is working for the American Optical Company as is **Katherine Meehan.**

Eleanor Wallen Strand is keeping house and working in Stillwater Worsted.

Sybil Joy Morse is living in East Woodstock and is at present teaching Nursery School on the Hill.

Chandler Hibbard is working in Stillwater Worsted and also assisting his father on the farm.

Sylvia Townsend is working in Stillwater Worsted.

Catherine Cox Saltonstall is keeping house for her family in East Woodstock. Cay has news in "Morning".

Francis Logee is with the Navy. He was recently home on a furlough and is looking fine. We are proud of our boys in the Service.

Rene Bosworth Foote is now living in Claremont, New Hampshire, where her husband is employed.

Elmer Fairfield is with the coast Guard and is stationed at Fort McKinley, Maine. The Class of '38 is for you, Elmer!

Betty Cox is attending Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Joyce Townsend graduated from Becker College and is now a secretary in Worcester.

Anna Chernushek completed her course at Hartford Trade School and now has a position as head cook in a private hospital in Hartford.

Anna Kiuru completed a short course of training at Montisiore Hospital in New York and is now continuing her training at Mt. Sinai Hospital. At present her work is with mental cases.

We have no news about **Ruth Gurwitz.**

CLASS OF 1939

Ruby Creapo and **Clarence Fairfield** are working for the Stillwater Worsted Company in East Woodstock.

Sidney Bell is in the United States Army and is stationed in Illinois.

Mildred Bosworth and **Marion Hopkins** are working at their homes.

Alexander Fabian is employed at the Hamilton Propellor Plant in East Hartford.

Mary Todd and **Mitchell Vaida** will return to the University of Connecticut in the fall. Mary was elected to membership in the Senior honorary society, "The Laurels," and was later made president of the society for the coming year.

Lottie Colburn Amberg is living at home with her daughter while Mr. Amberg is serving with the United States Army.

Alexander Smoolca is working for the Electric Boat Works in Groton, Connecticut.

Ruth Johnson is employed as clerk for the selectmen on Woodstock Hill.

Carolyn Piecyk plans to return to the Willimantic State Teachers' College in the fall.

Alfred Sheldon is working at home.

Harvey Gobin is serving with the United States Marine Corps.

Alice Potter is working at the Grafton Hospital in Massachusetts.

William Floeting is employed at the Colt Firearm Plant in Hartford.

Louise Roy is working for the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Barbara Cooley is employed at the home of Roscoe Stevenson.

Harold Dodge is employed as an inspector at the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Alice Hunter is employed in Boston.

We have no news of **Marguerite Marvin.**

CLASS OF 1940

Anna Johnson is working at the Stillwater Worsted Mill and is planning to attend North Park College in Chicago this fall.

Clement Barlow attended the University of Connecticut last year and expects to return there again this fall.

Dorothy Saltonstall attended the Rhode Island School of Design the past year and is now working in the Stillwater Worsted Mill.

Ruth Ranta has been employed in Dr. Gray's office in Putnam this year.

Frances Neely Williams is at her home, and she has another little son.

Arline Young is still employed at the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Marjorie Newth is at home with her parents.

Dorothy Nelson graduated from the Wilson School in Boston this year and is planning to work at the Day Kimball Hospital.

Henry Latham is now employed at Pratt and Whitney in Hartford.

Henry Joy, Jr., is at home helping his father on the farm.

Anna Mae Goodhall graduated from the Wilson School in Boston.

Proctor Foote has been working in New Hampshire, but is now in the Navy.

Priscilla Spence attended Lasell Business School the past year.

Frances Laukevich is employed in the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Gladys and Gwendolyn Withers are both working at the Stillwater Worsted Mill in East Woodstock.

William Spalding attended Purdue University the past year.

Albert Morgan is working for the Western Electric in Willimantic.

Aleda Williams graduated from Becker Business College and is now employed in the Cashier's office of the American Optical Company.

Malcolm Jones has been working for the British Ordnance in New York and is now in the R. C. A. F. in Quebec.

CLASS OF 1941

"Work, Wait and Win"

Solomon Andert attended the Vermont State Agricultural College from which he graduated as valedictorian. He is now at the State Agricultural Experimental Station in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Barbara Barrett and **Marilyn Shead** are employed at the Stillwater Worsted mill.

Doris Bosworth is at home and has no special plans for the future.

Margaret Bosworth attended Lasell Junior College last year, and as far as the roving reporter knows has no definite plans for the future—other than Naval interests.

Virginia Cole has been working in the A.O. in Southbridge. She plans for a five-weeks summer school course at Storrs, which will be preliminary to her entrance into a nurses' training course at New England Deaconess Hospital in Boston.

Jane Danielson's nurse's training course at the Backus Hospital in Norwich was interrupted by an operation for appendicitis. Since the doctors do not advise her return to training at present, her plans for the fall are indefinite.

Albert Durrin is working in the Stillwater Worsted Mill in East Woodstock. His plans for the future seem to be in Oxford, Mass.

Richard Gobin attended Becker's Business College in Worcester, Mass., the past year, and expects to return there in the fall.

Raymond Herrick we believe was to attend the Putnam Trade School, being enrolled in the drafting course.

Dorothy Hopkins worked at the A.O. in Southbridge until February, when she enrolled for training in the Worcester City Hospital.

Bertha Johnson works at the American Optical Company plant.

Grace Johnson is working in the office of the Stillwater Worsted Company. She plans to attend the Oswego branch of the Rochester Business Institute in the fall and live with her sister, who is to teach in that city.

Elva Keith has a secretarial position in Putnam and we understand that she has her own car now.

We believe **Rosalie Kempain** is in the employ of the Stillwater Worsted Company.

John Kiuru is at home and has no definite plans for the future.

Albert Logee has worked both for the American Optical and the Stillwater Worsted at different times during the year, but at present finds plenty of employment at home on the farm. His plans for the fall are not quite complete, but he is interested either in a radio school or in training for the Merchant Marine.

Esther Meehan Hall is with the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Caro Piecyk, as far as we have heard, is at Phoenixville Garage, but possibly in Willimantic.

John Rooke Jr. has moved to Danielson, Conn. He attended the Putnam Trade School last year and this summer plans to continue his work as counselor at Camp Woodstock and also at Keemasahbe in Woodstock Valley.

Antoinette Rathbone won the competitive voice scholarship at the Hartford School of Music where she studied all year and at the present time is a receptionist in a Photography Studio in Hartford. She plans to continue her voice training in the fall.

We do not know about **Helen Rosyar** and her plans for the future.

Rita Roy Cutler resides happily with her husband in Sprucedale.

Frances Sullivan, we understand, has a secretarial position in New London, Conn.

Albert Todd attended Becker Business College in Worcester for a while, then decided to continue next fall at Connecticut University.

Frederick Wilcox has not been heard of for some time.

Emily Young is one more class-

mate who is employed by the Stillwater Worsted Company.

Ida Zipkin is working in a hardware store in Providence, R. I.

CLASS OF 1942

Eva Broughton is employed at the Belding Heminway Company in Putnam, and has been there since May.

Nonie Witter and **Beatrice Townsend,** who have also been working since May, plan to remain at the East Woodstock Stillwater Worsted mill.

Oliva Roy, recently employed at the American Optical Company in Southbridge, has made plans to work in the Stillwater Worsted mill.

Thurston Eddy plans to attend the Radio School in Boston, Massachusetts, this fall.

Dorothy Place's ambition is to be a dietitian. She may, however, work as a telephone operator before going into training.

Laura Reynolds has been working all summer as a typist for the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Insurance Company. She wants to go into Nurses' Training in the fall.

David Joy and **Evelyn Johnson** are the two who plan to attend Becker College in Worcester this fall.

Ewald Ratasep is home in Eastford working on the farm, and is taking care of 3,400 chickens.

Pvt. George Willis is the first of our boys to enlist in the service of our country, and is in the army.

George Howlett is working with his father in Waterbury, Connecticut, besides taking care of the farm, and expects to be employed in that way indefinitely.

George Barrett is at home, taking care of the farm.

Wayne Bunnell has been employed at Pratt and Whitney in Hartford since May.

Julie Collins is another one of our girls who wants to go into Nurses' Training.

Eileen Marcy is working in her father's garage as a bookkeeper.

Ina Witter has been working at home this summer. She is undecided about her plans for the future, but would like to go to college.

Phyllis Racine is undecided as to her plans for the fall.

RATS !

There's rumors goin' round the school
That Mr. Simpson's gunnin'—
Now don't get scared, you girls and boys,
It's rats he's got a'runnin'.

He's heard they're in the Senior room
In each and every nook—
But most of all he's heard that they
Are eating up our books.

So immediately he gets his gun
(A twenty-two at that)
And stalks into the cellar
To search out every rat.

The Seniors wouldn't mind a bit
If he had let it pass—
But regardless of the "ate-up" books
We still had history class.

Now all the rats in school are gone
The gun is laid away—
And Mr. Simpson "shore" feels sure
That he has saved the day.

—Bebe Townsend

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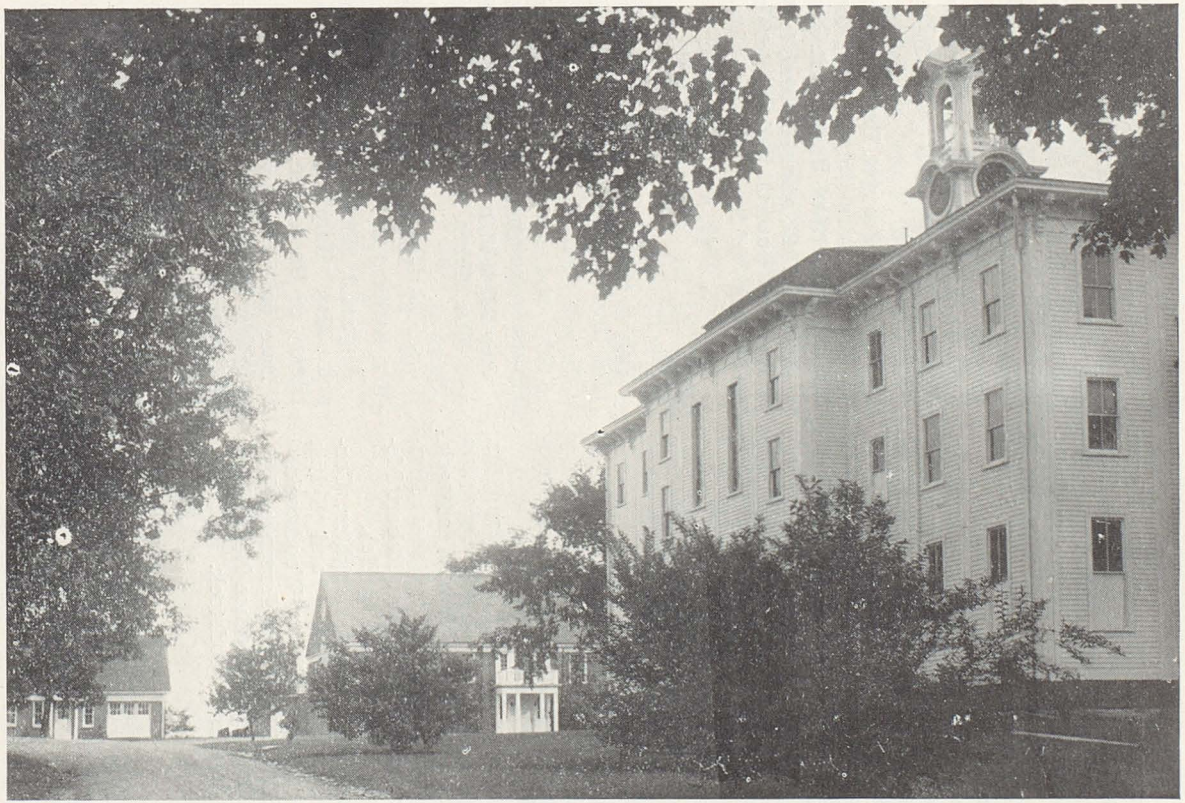
1. If a bull swallowed a bomb what adjective would describe the bull?

Ans. Abominable.

2. Now the bomb burst. What adjective would describe the bull now?

Ans. Noble.

From *The Blue and Gold Echo.*



MORNING

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength . . .
Psalms 8:2.

September 1, 1941, a son, Myron Thom, to Mr. and Mrs. Galen Pike of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

October 10, 1941, a daughter, Catherine Mildred, to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Apte (Margaret Scranton) of Southbridge.

November 21, 1941, a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William Ilsley (Ella Skinner) of Southbridge.

December, 1941, a son, Alexander, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Fabian of Phoenixville.

December 10, 1941, a daughter, Dorinda Katherine, to Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Dodge (Florence Johnson) of West Woodstock.

January 6, 1942, a son, William Halsey, to Mr. and Mrs. Halsey A. Weaver, Jr.

January 30, 1942, a daughter, Charlotte Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Amberg (Lottie Colburn) of Phoenixville.

February 2, 1942, a daughter, Charlene, to Charles and Catherine Cox Saltonstall of East Woodstock.

March 11, 1942, a son, Robert Henry, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMenemy (Irene Lachapelle).

March 16, 1942, a daughter, Corinne Freya, to Ellery and Sylvia Collins Marcy of West Woodstock.

April 21, 1942, a son,Terrence Neal, to William and Florence Neely Mulligan of East Woodstock.

April 22, 1942, a son, John Tyler, to Milton and Priscilla Powell Perrin of Worcester.

May 1, 1942, a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Newton Potter, son and daughter-in-law of Henry J. Potter.

May 11, 1942, a daughter, Joan Faye, to Laurence and Dorothy Ernst McWilliam.

May 22, 1942, a son, Bradford Ross, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Downs (Clara Walker) of Bridgeport.

June 14, 1942, a son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bates (Rosalma Lachapelle) of Springfield.

June 15, 1942, a daughter, Frances Jean, to Dr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams, Jr.

July 2, 1942, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John McClellan of Woodstock.

July 2, 1942, a son, David Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Williams (Frances Neely) of Charlton, Mass.

July 23, 1942, a son, John C., to Dr. and Mrs. Hazen A. Calhoun of Middletown.

July 27, 1942, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Neal (Hilda Kuper).

August 5, 1942, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Larkin (Esther Hicks) of Unionville.

Date unknown, twin grandsons to Frank F. Davenport. They are sons of Henry Haskell Davenport, III.

NOON

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.
The Song of Solomon, 6: 3.

August 16, 1941, Eleanor Louise Wallen and Mr. Roland Strand.

August 29, 1941, Esther Collins and Clarence Fairfield.

September 19, 1941, Dr. Van Zandt Williams, son of Arthur O. Williams, and Miss Mary Bridgeman.

September 27, 1941, Mary Rosyar and Mr. Martin F. Navratil.

October 4, 1941, Eleanor Mulligan and Mr. Joseph Pasay.

November 27, 1941, Rita Roy and Mr. Raymond Cutler.

December 20, 1941, Thelma Ingred Amelia Johnson and Mr. Frederick Raymond Ryerson.

December 27, 1941, Franklin S. Wetherell and Miss Harriet Marie Trowbridge.

December 27, 1941, Esther Meehan and Mr. James R. Hall.

January 11, 1942, Nellie M. Lowe and Mr. Louis Perkins.

February 22, 1942, Mr. William Robbins and Miss Dorothy Cain.

February 28, 1942, Miriam Holmes Child and Mr. Henry Harold Bachand.

February 28, 1942, William H. Allen and Miss Esther M. Byrnes.

March 7, 1942, Joseph Spalding and Miss Maxine Gidcomb of West Los Angeles, California.

March 18, 1942, Raymond Anderson and Miss Martha Sue Dilliad of Atlanta, Georgia.

April 18, 1942, Sybil Pomeroy Joy and Arthur George Morse, Jr.

May 5, 1942, Pearl Julia Barlow and Mr. Walter Wicks of Windham.

May 23, 1942, Anita Klausen and Frank W. Young.

June 6, 1942, Miss Ruth E. Chaffin and Lieut. Howard D. Johnson.

June 25, 1942, Anna Petersen and Mr. Richard Mellen, in Westfield, New Jersey.

August 15, 1942, Gwendolyn Withers and Richard Potter of the U. S. Army.

NIGHT

. . . we have passed out of death into life . . .
I John 3: 14.

August 27, 1941, Ethal Barrett of East Woodstock.

November 17, 1941, Miss Mary Louise Flynn of Woodstock.

November 30, 1941, Alfred Briggs of Pomfret and Woodstock.

January 15, 1942, Frank E. Barrett of North Woodstock.

January 27, 1942, George E. Moore of Worcester.

February 12, 1942, Miss Minnie Wells of East Woodstock.

February 24, 1942, Charles F. Snow of Fabyan.

April 6, 1942, Deborah, aged six, daughter of Milton and Priscilla Powell Perrin.

April 11, 1942, Mrs. Lucy Mason Morse of Easthampton, Massachusetts.

April 22, 1942, Mr. George Frink of Woodstock.

May 27, 1942, Mrs. Arthur Williams of East Providence, Rhode Island.

July 11, 1942, Sophie Barrett Norton of Strafford, Vermont.

EXERCISES OF GRADUATION WEEK

The Academy Sunday service was held on the afternoon of Sunday, June 14, as usual in the Hill church. Music was by Miss Constance Williams, organist, and a choir of ten Academy girls, under the direction of their music instructor, Mrs. Lachapelle, who gave a pleasing rendition of the two well-known selections, "Come Unto Him," by Handel, and "Lift Thine Eyes," by Mendelssohn.

Local ministers assisted in the service, and the sermon was delivered by Reverend Ralph Lee Woodward, Assistant Dean of Yale University Divinity School.

His subject was "Faith and Dreams." He made it clear that faith has its origin in dreams and that it is the result of continued allegiance to those dreams. Faith of the right sort of people in the right sort of things can bring about a new era of happiness and world union after the destruction brought about by the present conflict.

Religion is a matter of dreams. Dr. Woodward advised the graduates, henceforth to be regarded as adults, to identify themselves with the religious life of the communities which they might enter. He counseled his hearers to dwell upon the positive elements of their faith, saying that we all have many positive beliefs, if we will take the time to enumerate them. Positive beliefs, not negative ones, are the ones that count.

Finally Dr. Woodward cited a certain dairyman's creed: "God first, family second, milk third," and said that that order of preference was one which would not throw one's life out of joint.

CLASS DAY

The Class Day exercises, the program of which is printed below, passed off well. The Seniors always seem to have a very good time presenting this program, which is the product of their own ingenuity and which furnishes scope for school jokes and other bits of humor.

Processional Selected
Mrs. Alvin Lachapelle
Song—Woodstock Academy
Leavitt-Rockwell
An Afternoon with the Blue and Gold Echo
Greetings—Thurston Eddy, Acting Editor-in-Chief
Class History—(Snapshots of Yesterday), Phyllis Racine, Laura Reynolds, Eileen Marcy.
Class Prophecy—(Gossip Column), Evelyn Johnson, Dorothy Place.
Song—Little David, Play On Yo' Harp Negro Spiritual
Woodstock Academy Glee Club
Class Gifts — (Lost and Found), Thurston Eddy, Juliette Collins.
Class Will—(Probate Notices), Ina Witter, Beatrice Townsend, Nonie Witter.
Song—Song of the Night Verdi
Woodstock Academy Glee Club
Recessional
Mrs. Alvin Lachapelle
Tree Dedication — (Third Honor Speech)
Nonie Witter

GRADUATION

The Graduation Day address was given by Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, D.D., of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who is always welcomed by Woodstock audiences. His subject was "An All-Time, All-Round Education," The address, as the speaker himself admitted, was in reality a sermon, but it was one so filled with good sense and so enlivened by humor that it must have made a deep impression on the graduates, as it did on its other hearers. The text was, "And Jesus advanced in

wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

Dr. Potter showed that the word "advanced" as employed in this quotation from the Revised Version has more meaning than is ordinarily attached to the word. The vanguard of an army uses tools, rather than weapons, and just as its duty is to *hew out* a way in which the army may follow, likewise did Jesus hew His way to wisdom, to physical fitness, and to favor with God and man. It is that kind of advancing which is referred to in the text.

Christ's diligent search for truth, of which His early experience in the temple is a witness, brought Him wisdom. Today, Dr. Potter said, we need more than ever to seek for truth, and we have desperate need of wisdom that we may know what to do with the knowledge we have acquired. Jesus was physically fit—He must have been to do the things He did and to possess the personal charm which kept men and women and little children always about Him. In this present age the young and healthy have no excuse for not keeping physically well. Finally, Jesus advanced in favor with God and man. The two go together, and Service is the password to both.

The speaker went on to say that the words of Lincoln can be placed alongside those of Jesus: "With malice toward none, with charity to all." Lincoln was sincere when he spoke those words.

Now we are confronted with three questions:

How did we lose our peace?

How can we get it back?

How can we keep it when it has been recovered?

We lost our peace because of the malice in men's minds. There seems no way of recovering it except by violence. We can keep it when won only by the exercise of good will.

Vice-President Wallace expressed a similar thought when he said, "Our aim is to secure a just, charitable, and enduring peace."

It will be the duty of the generation to which the graduates belong to *hew* a way for the army of God.

Diplomas were presented by Honorable Asa R. Scranton, Jr., a resident of Woodstock, an alumnus of the Academy, and at present serving his home district as State Senator. Mr. Scranton's special message to the graduates was the thought contained in one of the stanzas of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "If."

PRIZES

George Willis of the graduating class was unable to receive his diploma in person. Having already entered the service of his country it had been his misfortune to be transferred two days earlier to a rather distant post.

Because he was thus a member of our armed forces, Mr. Willis was readily chosen as the recipient of the special prize of a defense bond donated by the Misses Holt to the most patriotic boy and girl in the school. The other bond was presented to Miss Phyllis Racine of the graduating class, since the faculty, in whose charge the awarding of these prizes was placed, felt that she best exemplified the ideal of service.

The Latin prize, given yearly by Miss Constance Holt, was presented to Aileen Karhu, while the Law Memorial Fund awards were made as follows: English I, Aileen Karhu; English II, Phyllis Johnson; Mathematics I, Robert Merrill; Best Speller, David Joy; American History, Helen Ratasep.

The coveted Yale Honor Cups awarded annually to Seniors who are judged the most outstanding in scholarship, leadership, and sportsmanship, were borne away by Nonie Witter and Thurston Eddy.

The following girls and boys received diplomas:

George William Barrett, East Woodstock.

Eva Catherine Broughton, Harrisville.
Wayne Jasperson Bunnell, Phoenixville.
Juliette Marie Collins, South Woodstock.
Thurston Gordon Eddy, East Woodstock.
George Emner Howlett, Phoenixville.
Evelyn Mildred Johnson, North Woodstock.
David Pomeroy Joy, Woodstock.
Elinor Eileen Marcy, South Woodstock.
Dorothy Eva Place, South Woodstock.
Phyllis Maude Racine, North Woodstock.
Ewald Ratasep, Phoenixville.
Laura Tucker Reynolds, West Woodstock.
Oliva Edward Roy, Harrisville.
Beatrice Estelle Townsend, East Woodstock.
George Albert Willis, Jr., Phoenixville.
Ina Eleanor Witter, East Woodstock.
Nonie Witter, East Woodstock.

Class Officers

President, Wayne Jasperson Bunnell.
Vice-President, George Emner Howlett.
Secretary, Evelyn Mildred Johnson.
Treasurer, Phyllis Maude Racine.
Motto, "Ever On and Upward."
Class Flower, White Carnation.
Class Color, Green.

Two events were lacking in what has been the graduation week program during late years: the tea usually given the Seniors by the Misses Constance and Sylvia Holt, and the annual supper at which the members of the class have been guests of the Alumni Association.

The Senior reception and dance took place as usual, ending the graduates' week of activities in gala fashion. Patronesses for this event were Mrs. Cedric Child, Mrs. William Simpson, Mrs. Elton Witter, Mrs. Ralph Bunnell, and Miss Mildred Keirns.

TREE DEDICATION

Nonie Witter.

On behalf of the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and forty-two I dedicate this tree as a living symbol of our love and duty to Woodstock Academy.

In this war-torn world our future may be uncertain, but our faith will remain firm. Like the branches of this little tree our hopes and ambitions will live and grow "ever onward and upward". As the soil of Woodstock will nourish the roots of this tree, so has our life at Woodstock Academy been enriched by our friends and classmates. Perhaps some day we may be reunited in the shade of our larger tree, our ambitions for a happier world achieved.

CLARA BARTON AND THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

SALUTATORY ESSAY

by

JULIETTE MARIE COLLINS

On the night of March 16, 1882, a lady, slender, gray and slight of stature, stood by a window and looked out on the city of Washington. Her eyes were brimming with tears of joy and her stout little heart was singing, for in her hand she held a note from the United States Senate stating that at last the Geneva treaty had been signed. This was the birth of the American Red Cross and the lady was Clara Barton.

To appreciate fully the difficulties involved in the founding of the American Red Cross, we should review the life of its founder, Clara Barton.

Clarissa Harlowe Barton was born on Christmas Day, 1830, in a little village right near here, Oxford, Massachusetts. As a child she was timid and shy. To give her self-confidence, her parents persuaded her to teach in the neighborhood school. Clara passed the examinations with flying colors and soon, at the early age of fifteen, she became the beloved teacher of forty pupils.

When she was thirty, Clara gave up teaching and became a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington. Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, she resigned her position and volunteered her services as a nurse on the battlefield and in army hospitals. Here, at last, Clara forgot her timidity and threw herself wholeheartedly into her work. Three years later, because of her skill and devotion, Clara was appointed Superintendent of Nurses of the Army of the James. Many a wounded soldier knew the courageous figure of Miss Barton, bending over an army cot in the flickering candlelight or binding up the wounds of suffering men on the battlefield. It mattered not to Clara whether the soldiers whom she cared for wore the blue or the gray uniform. To her they were just men who were sick and lonesome and she endured the hardships of army life to bring comfort and joy to the boys she loved.

On April 3, 1865, Richmond surrendered. This was the end of the Civil War but not the end of Miss Barton's work. She was immediately put in charge of the search for missing men of the Union armies by President Lincoln. At the close of this work, Clara fell sick from sheer physical exhaustion. By the order of her doctor, Clara sailed to Europe for a much needed rest.

While staying at Geneva, Switzerland, Clara met Dr. Appia, leader of the International Convention of Geneva. Mr. Appia was surprised that the United States had refused to sign the Geneva treaty whose object was to organize in all the countries groups of volunteers to aid the wounded in time of war without distinction of nationality.

At Geneva in 1862, the fundamental idea of the Red Cross society was seen as the result of a booklet written by Henri Dunant. At his request several members had met at Geneva to study methods of relief work. A

year later, 1863, the Red Cross was organized at the first Geneva Convention which had met to draw up an agreement concerning relief of the wounded on the battlefield. In 1864 the second Convention had been held and the international pact had been adopted by fourteen nations. The United States had not been represented for at that time, America was in the midst of the Civil War. Washington probably overlooked the Geneva treaty and it lay forgotten in some government file. Clara Barton realized that the treaty embodied her dreams for nursing wounded soldiers and she vowed that upon her return to America, she would plead that it be ratified by the United States.

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War broke out. This was not the time for Clara to be idle. At the request of the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, Clara joined the hundreds of Red Cross workers. After the siege of Strasburg in 1871, she superintended the relief work among the poor and a year later followed the Prussian troops to Paris to do a like work. At the close of the war, Clara was decorated with the Golden Cross of Baden, the Iron Cross of Germany, and the Jewel of the Red Cross.

Again broken in health, Clara returned to America and lived a few months in a sanatorium in Dansville, New York. Though not completely recovered, Clara determined to win America's support of the Geneva treaty. She wrote to Dr. Appia, telling him of her plans and asked permission of the Convention to form an American branch of the International Red Cross. In writing a pamphlet "What the Red Cross Is," Clara set forth the provisions of the Geneva treaty but added a clause of her own which provided that in peace time the Red Cross should aid sufferers of national calamities such as plagues, fires, floods, railway disasters, and other catastrophies.

But Clara's pleadings were in vain, for President Hayes opposed the treaty. He believed that the treaty was contrary to the Monroe Doctrine and felt that war in this country was a remote possibility. Clara was disappointed but she did not give up easily.

It wasn't long before President Hayes's term of office ended and James Garfield became president. Garfield wholeheartedly approved the treaty, but before he was able to sign it, he was shot. For two months the President lay hovering between life and death. On September 19, 1881, he died and the Geneva treaty was still unsigned.

It was a slightly grayer Clara Barton that visited the new president two months later. President Arthur was in favor of the treaty and signed it but he warned her that many months would elapse before the necessary ratification of the Senate could be secured.

A long and dreary winter followed and even the brave heart of Miss Barton despaired that the Geneva treaty would ever be ratified by the Senate. But the very night that her heart was the heaviest she received a note from the Senate Chamber. With trembling fingers she tore the note open, her heart pounding so she could scarcely breathe. "The Geneva treaty has been ratified" . . . Clara read the precious words with tear-dimmed eyes. The American Red Cross had become a reality and the valiant life of Clara Barton had reached its triumphant climax.

Immediately after its founding, Clara was chosen president of the

American Red Cross and before long this new organization had its first test. The Ohio River was in full flood. It swept over crops and carried away houses and possessions, leaving death and destruction in its wake. Congress called for help. Clara and a few volunteers hastened to Cincinnati. Chartering the steamer, "Josh V. Throop", Clara and her crew patrolled the river, saving lives, salvaging property, and giving out medicine, food, clothing and money to the victims of the flood. The American Red Cross had passed through its first trial successfully.

A few months later, the Secretary of State informed Miss Barton that she had been chosen to represent America at the International Convention of the Red Cross at Geneva. As she entered the hall at the opening session of the Convention, Clara was greeted with shouts, "Vive Les Etats-Unis!" The quiet, modest little lady stepped forward and curtsied. She symbolized America's acceptance of the responsibilities of membership in the Red Cross. Later at the Convention, the International Red Cross adopted Clara Barton's American Amendment providing for peace-time relief.

During the Spanish-American War, Clara assisted the Red Cross in relief work in Cuba. After the declaration of peace, Miss Barton resigned as president of the Red Cross and William Howard Taft, Secretary of War, succeeded her. Her work was over and Clara was content. On a spring morning April 12, 1912, at the age of eighty-two, the greatest little lady in America, weary from her labors, closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep. Clara Barton had passed away, but the memory of her still remained in the hearts of the American people.

The personality and character of Miss Barton typify the ideals of the Red Cross. Both exemplify steadfastness and devotion, deep understanding and desire to help the unfortunate, and constancy and readiness for any emergency. In the event of floods, tornadoes, fires, plagues, hurricanes or epidemics, the Red Cross is prepared.

In 1939 the Second World War started. Even though the war is beyond our territorial borders, the American Red Cross has sprung into action. Let me cite just a few examples of the recent work of this mighty organization: Since 1939 it has helped 15,000,000 refugees both in Asia and Europe. In Portugal the American Red Cross has taken scores of stranded Americans under its wing, while in France it has aided refugees and prisoners of war from many warring nations. It has followed the British, Imperial, and Free French troops far into Syria to distribute food to the half-starved Arabs. The Red Cross workers have gone to Abyssinia, risking their very lives among the superstitious natives to bring food and medical aid into the heart of Haile Selassie's country. In Egypt the Red Cross workers have also found their way. There they have set up mobile kitchens and brought food, clothing, and medicine to 175,000 refugees who had fled in blind terror from air raids on Alexandria.

When on December 7, 1941, the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor and Manila, the Red Cross workers were at their posts within a few minutes. Motor Corps helped remove 3,000 refugees from danger zones near the harbor and airfields. Food, clothing and lodging were provided for rescue workers and homeless families. Doctors and nurses worked feverishly

giving first aid and blood transfusions to the wounded. Emergency hospitals were set up.

It has been said by President Roosevelt that "the Red Cross is an auxiliary of the armed forces." The Red Cross has been attending conferences together with Army and Navy officials and has accepted new responsibilities in the war effort. Recently the sole contact we have had with prisoners of war in Japan has been through the Red Cross.

The basic attitude of the Red Cross is still that of mercy and its first duty is to alleviate human suffering. It is working beside Uncle Sam to help win the victory and to help create a new world where all people may live together in happiness, peace and security.

WOMEN IN DEFENSE

VALEDICTORY ESSAY
by
INA ELEANOR WITTER

In "ye olde days," when a warrior rode off to war he left his lady love leaning, pale and wan, on the parapet watching his departure. Today John Doe, draftee, leaves a "girl friend" behind, yes, but she just rolls up her sleeves and pitches in to do her share in the war effort.

Little things like a shortage of sugar, rubber, or gas do not daunt the modern woman. She is too intent on going to work on the farms, in the factory, in the laboratory, in the home, or in some Civilian Defense project. Never before in the history of America has the importance of women attained the level it has in today's crisis—World War II.

In the Detroit defense plants alone, there have been betwen four and five thousand women employed in the past winter. Their sensitive fingers are capable of turning out very speedy and careful work.

Women in defense plants ask no favors and receive none. They take night shifts, work overtime, wear coveralls, and carry their lunches as do the men. We see women in positions which require brain as well as brawn. They handle delicate work such as reading blueprints and they operate intricate machines which even experienced men regard in awe. In one Naval Aircraft factory, the superintendent said that the girls run punch presses, that slam down ten, twenty or one hundred tons pressure, as nonchalantly as they would operate sewing machines.

This year high school girls all over the country have been graduated earlier than usual so that they can take mechanical courses in trade schools or enter defense plants immediately to help produce air planes, the modern knight's sword.

Women with scientific training are being urged by the Civil Service Commission to register, for when Uncle Sam crooks his finger and says, "I want you," he excludes no one, not even chemists. In this war, women scientists will carry on with the wonders of chemistry to make vast war supplies and medicines for victory with a capital "V".

Metals are vital in war but without chemistry their supplies would be far less and sometimes non-existent. Oil, for example, would be worthless without a chemical process to refine the gasoline for our aviation fuels. Rubber, a very essential war supply, must be supplied by chemistry since our principal natural resources are in the hands of the enemy.

Chemistry can cure as well as kill. Not too long ago in a place well known to us, Honolulu, Dr. Pinkerton talked about the possibilities of air raids and the necessity of blood donations. The authorities just laughed at him.

Then on December seventh, at seven fifty-four A. M., came the Pearl Harbor attack. The hospitals were crowded with casualties and there was no plasma from blood donations on hand. Presently trucks rolled in carrying the precious fluid from Dr. Pinkerton's scattered banks. This careful doctor, with great foresight, had foreseen just this possibility. And yet his contribution of plasma banks would not have been possible had it not been for the generosity of hundreds of patriotic office workers, actresses, waitresses and models. In this case women's blood made for the sinews of war.

And it is not only behind the lines that women workers are needed. There is an ever-increasing demand for women nearer the front. Just listen to your radio and you will realize that there is a drastic shortage of war nurses. Twenty-one thousand are needed for an army of three and a half million men. If this Army and Navy requirement is satisfied there will be a shortage in other nursing fields. As the army increases there will be an even greater demand for experienced nurses. Where are they to come from? From new recruits into the nursing field, but especially from the older nurses who have retired from active duty. All who have skilled knowledge are urged to take refresher courses. Get back into step, veteran nurses.

Again at the front is a Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps which is being made possible by an Act of Congress. Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, wife of a former governor of Texas, was made director of the W.A.A.C. last month by Secretary of War Stimson. This much is practically assured now: these women will be assigned as typists, clerks, dental hygienists, chauffeurs, and they may work as cooks and bakers in special corps. Two companies will be assigned to the Air Corps and some may be sent to overseas duty. This corps will release man power for actual combat duty.

Wars are won by man power and war supplies but most of all by food. The nation with the best fed men will naturally be most capable of withstanding the tragic ordeals of war. Many farmers have been called into service by Uncle Sam, so the women have become soldiers in overalls. They are growing food for themselves and their countrymen. They plant in the spring and harvest and can their crops in the fall. They are raising livestock on large farms and growing victory gardens in back yards.

In the armed forces as well as in the home, "best-fed" does not mean "over-fed." Every housewife should plan her meals according to calories, vitamins, and minerals in order to keep her family healthy and happy.

Women have a social obligation in this war, too. Various U. S. O.'s have been organized by women in all sections of our country to entertain boys on leave who have nothing to do while off duty. It means a lot to the

boys to be greeted at the station by fifty pretty girls handing out cigarettes. Together they can go to an armory, clubhouse or private home. Their favorite recreation is dancing, but barbecues, outdoor games and picnics are also very popular. As long as this war lasts there will always be women who will provide home comforts for boys away from home.

Hundreds of American women have signed up for Civilian Defense. We need go no farther than our own locality to see the willing cooperation of women in the Aircraft Warning Service. They are unpaid volunteers both at the posts and the Filter Board where the reports are sent.

The A.W.S. is the first line of defense because it spots, reports, and stops the flight of enemy planes before any damage can be done. Many air-raid wardens, too, are women whose job it is to see that no careless glow will guide the enemy to its destination.

If we take Woodstock as a cross section of our country, we can see the magnitude of the women's work in Red Cross. Under the direction of the Holt Sisters, groups meet in every section of Woodstock to prepare surgical dressings. By actual count, under their able leadership too, over four thousand garments have been knit.

And Woodstock Academy is doing its share. In cooperation with the Girl Scouts, First Aid and Home Nursing courses have been given. During the last two weeks of May, many Woodstock Academy girls visited the homes in their neighborhood as active canvassers in the pledge campaign.

Our women and, yes, we students too, are proud and thankful that we are able to work shoulder to shoulder with our men for the health and safety of our country. The American woman is needed to win this war. She is giving her time fully and freely with an unlimited amount of sacrifice so that the man at the front can rest assured that his girl is doing her bit and best wherever she may be. At any rate she is "mooning" on no castle parapet.

I should like to conclude with a poem I wrote this year entitled "History Repeats."

Long, long ago in the days of old,
When ladies were fair and knights were bold,
Duels were fought with a loss of life,
With shouts and laughter all mid the strife.

Now lives are lost in that same bloody way,
But the whole world waits for the coming day,
When peace shall rule on this war-torn earth,
And the skies again will ring with mirth.

REPORTS OF TRUSTEES AND FACULTY

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUSTEES

We look forward to the coming year feeling that the Academy is prepared for conditions to come as well as may be.

There is coal in the cellar nearly enough for two years. The new roof will protect us from rain. There are no extensive absolutely necessary repairs in sight. We have war insurance on the buildings and have made the advised arrangements to protect the children from bombing raids.

Like everyone else, we have to pay higher salaries for teachers and higher prices for suppplies. At the same time, a decrease in the number of pupils from other towns has lessened our income from outside Woodstock.

The recent additions to our endowment from the estates of Mr. Bowen and Mr. Hardy help to meet the new needs. We used a part of that principal to take up the note of indebtedness for the agricultural building. We shall repay it to the fund in installments.

ERNEST R. PIKE.

REPORT OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE

As the years roll around there seem to be many repairs and possibly improvements which have to be repeated each year, so the reports of the House Committee often seem to be repetitious.

The much needed painting in the dressing-rooms and shower-rooms surely shows a great improvement; and the one coat of paint on most of the Academy building makes the building look very well.

The removal of the old woodhouse back of the Academy building has greatly improved the appearance of the grounds, and as we enter the Academy grounds from the West we are greeted by a well kept lawn, where some beautiful young oak trees, presented us by Mr. Clarence Bowen, have gotten a fine start. These trees were started by Mr. Bowen from some acorns he picked up in Woodstock, England.

The new roof on the Academy building which was finished this past year, we hope will last a long time.

The work of furnishing the school with new seats will be finished this summer. The two East rooms which have been made into one room called the Junior Room, will have the side walls redecorated and a new floor before school begins in September.

Like most custodians of public buildings we have prepared them for air raids and bombing but we hope we shall not have to test the efficiency of our work in that line.

Our baseball fans will be interested to know that the backstop has been re-covered with wire.

We have been trying to bring the condition of the Academy building up to a point where we could call a recess on repairs for a while. We feel now that things are in very good shape, and for the duration will do no more repair work than is absolutely necessary.

W. C. CHILD,
Chairman.

Following are the results of the elections at the annual meeting of the Members and Trustees of the Woodstock Academy on August 30, 1941:

President Emeritus, Dr. George E. McClellan.

President, Dr. Ernest R. Pike.

Vice-President, William C. Child.

Secretary-Treasurer, Edward R. Rollins.

Assistant Secretary, Bert J. Johnson.

Alumni Trustees—Mrs. Eleanor K. Lewis, 1 year; Martin A. Nelson, 2 years; Vernon T. Wetherell, 3 years; John McClellan, 4 years; Miss Ethel Upham, 5 years; Mrs. Leslie S. Parker, 6 years.

Trustees at Large—William C. Child and Henry D. Baker, 1 year; Ernest R. Pike and Hamilton Holt, 2 years; Albert H. Williams and Halleck Lefferts, 3 years; Edward R. Rollins and Luther S. Place, 4 years; William S. Warren and Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan, 5 years; Bert J. Johnson and Henry C. Holt, 6 years.

Ex-Officio Trustees—Cedric Child and William S. Warren.

Honorary Trustees—Dr. G. E. McClellan and Mrs. A. E. Brunn.

ANNUAL REPORT of the TREASURER of THE WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

For the Year Ending Aug. 15, 1942
Submitted to the members and trustees by the Treasurer,
Edward R. Rollins.

OPERATING STATEMENT

RECEIPTS

Dividends on Stocks and Interest on Bonds		$4,882.35
Tuition		
Town of Woodstock	$9,030.00	
Town of Eastford	2,330.00	
		11,360.00
Other Receipts		
State of Conn., acct. Home Making Dept.	490.76	
Rent of Eighth Grade Room	150.00	
Pumping of Water, Holt and Sampson	49.10	
Sale of Supplies	42.03	
Other Rent and Sundries	12.40	
		744.29
Total Operating Receipts		$16,986.64

EXENDITURES

Instruction		
Teachers	$9,535.25	
Textbooks	346.00	
General Educational Supplies	568.12	
Home Making Supplies	16.10	
Home Making Transportation	10.95	
Agricultural Supplies	114.06	
Graduation	62.50	
		10,652.98
Operation		
Janitor and Janitor's Helpers	1,218.85	
Janitor's Supplies	286.95	
Telephone	31.30	
Electric Light and Power	325.90	

Coal and Coke	523.03	
Power Lawn Mower	351.59	
		2,737.62
Maintenance		
Repairs to Buildings	1,654.55	
Fire Insurance	544.82	
Liability Insurance	61.06	
War Risk Insurance	91.35	
Furniture and Equipment	205.74	
Air Raid Precautions	79.50	
		2,637.02
Administration		
Executives' Salaries and Care of Invested Funds	400.00	400.00
Auxiliary Agencies		
Librarian, Library Supplies	249.75	
Gleaner	35.00	
Sundry Expenses	34.82	
		319.57
Total Operating Expenses		$16,747.19
Balance available for non-operating expenses and liabilities		239.68

STATEMENT OF CASH ACCOUNT

Bank Balance, Aug. 15, 1941	$1,336.15	
Balance available from operating expenses	239.68	
Proceeds of loan from Cargill Trust Co.	750.00	
Principal in Savings Acct., Cargill Trust Co.	132.73	
		2,458.56
Expenses		
Interest on Loan	13.37	
Payment on Bank Loan	750.00	
Income on Centennial Fund transferred to Society For Savings	78.66	
Purchase Am. Tel. & Tel. Debentures	200.00	
		1,042.03
Bank Balance, Aug. 15, 1942		1,416.53

STATEMENT OF ASSETS, LIABILITY AND ENDOWMENT FUNDS

ASSETS

Stocks, Bonds, Real Estate Mortgage Certificates, Nebraska Real Estate, and Cash (Quotations Aug. 1, 1942)

440 shares	Chase National Bank, par 13.55 @ 23¾	$10,450.00
390 shares	Chemical Bank & Trust Co., par 10 @ 36¾	14,332.50
203 shares	Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., par 20 @ 70⅜	14,286.13
416 shares	Bank of The Manhattan Co., par 10 at 13¾	5,720.00
5 shares	Bank of New York, par 100 @ 265	1,325.00
430 shares	Irving Trust Co., par 10 @ 9¾	4,192.50

55 shares Continental Insurance Co., par 2.50 @ 38⅞		2,138.13
20 shares Aetna Life Insurance Co. par 10 @ 27⅜		547.50
5 shares Conn. General Life Insurance Co., par 10 @ 25		125.00
15 shares American Tel. & Tel. Co., par 100 at 117		1,755.00
11 shares Dow Chemical Co., common, no par @ 111¼		1,223.75
$5000 American Tel. & Tel. Co. 3½% Debenture Bonds @ 107¾		5,387.50
$5000 Brooklyn Edison Co. Inc. Consolidated Mtg. Bonds @ 108¼		5,412.50
$4000 Narragansett Electric Co. First Mortgage 3½% Bonds @ 109		4,360.00
$5000 Cincinnati Union Terminal 1st mtg. 3¼% Bonds @ 110		5,550.00
200 American Tel. & Tel. Co. Conv. Deb. 107½		215.00
$5000 U. S. A. 2½% Savings Bonds Series G ($100 was gift of Misses Holt).		5,100.00
$25,103.49 Real Estate Mortgage Certificates		14,180.59
1/9 Interest in Nebraska Real Estate		600.00
Cargill Trust Co. Savings Acct.	103.12	
Norwich Savings Society	1,000.00	
Putnam Savings Bank (including Tennis Court Fund)	2,400.62	
Society For Savings	1,008.22	
	4,511.96	
Cash:		
Cargill Trust Co. Checking Acct.		1,416.53
Special Interest Accounts		4,511.96
Assets, not Including Land and Buildings		$102,779.59
Land (at cost) Academy lot acquired 1868	$ 500.00	
Elmwood Hall Lot acquired 1921	2,000.00	
Buildings (at cost)		
Academy, built 1872	24,605.27	
Library, built 1924 (Estimated)	30,000.00	
Gymnasium, built 1926	45,190.97	
Agriculture, built 1939	4,279.08	
		106,575.32
Gross Assets		$209,354.91
CAPITAL LIABILITIES		
Tennis Court Fund	$ 968.01	
Loan made from Endowment Fund to complete Agricultural Building	3,800.00	
		4,768.01
Net Assets		$204,586.90

Comparative Value of Assets
Not including land or buildings.

1939	$ 81,740.79
1940	74,880.63
1941	118,081.46
1942	102,779.59

Comparative Income from Securities

1939	$3,690.10
1940	3,743.00
1941	4,669.04
1942	4,882.35

SUMMARY OF FUNDS

Centennial Fund	$2,428.22
Library Fund	1,236.40
Tennis Court Fund	968.01
Law Scholarship Fund	1,015.96

LIBRARY FUNDS HELD BY THE ACADEMY

Edward A. Bowen Fund, 10 shares Bank of the Manhattan.
Jessie T. McClellan Fund, 16 shares Irving Trust Co.
George C. Holt Fund, 5 shares Conn. General Life Ins. Co.
Founders' Fund, 19 shares Irving Trust Co.
George C. Holt Memorial Fund, 16 shares Bank of the Manhattan Co.

G. C. Holt Memorial Fund (in Putnam Savings Bank)	$ 27.91
Available Funds (including Elizabeth Ritch Fund) in Putnam Savings Bank	388.74
Total Library Funds	$1,236.40

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WOODSTOCK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Receipts

Balance on hand Aug. 15, 1941	$99.80
Membership Fees	31.00
Fines	31.00
Sale of Old Books	4.00
Lists of New Books (Advertising)	20.00
Interest on Holt Memorial Fund	7.20
Town of Woodstock, Appro.	100.00
Income from funds	23.00
Paid by the Academy in excess of other receipts	292.75
	$608.75

Expenses

Books	$191.74
Magazines	3.10
Cataloging and Supplies (paid by the Academy)	14.50
Librarian (paid by the Academy)	235.25
Librarian (paid by the Association)	18.00
Fuel (paid by the Academy)	66.00
Balance on hand Aug. 15, 1942	80.16
	$608.75

Books to the value of $100 received from the state.

Insurance

Academy Building	$43,000.00
Academy Contents	6,500.00
Library Building	12,000.00
Library Contents	6,000.00
Gymnasium	10,000.00
Agriculture Building	2,000.00
Total Fire Insurance	$79,500.00
Windstorm Insurance	$85,000.00
Public Liability and Workman's Compensation Insurance	49,900.00
War Damage Insurance	$101,500.00

AUDITORS' REPORT

We have examined the Treasurer's report and find the same to be correct. Also securities and insurance in the hands of the treasurer and find them as stated in his report.

HENRY T. JOHNSON
C. LEONARD ANDERSON

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

To the Alumni and Trustees of The Woodstock Academy:

This is my tenth annual report. School opened on September 3, 1941, and closed on June 19, 1942. It was in session 182 days. The enrollment during the year was as follows:.

	F.	S.	J.	S.	Ttl.
Woodstock	25	21	17	14	77
Eastford	6	6	4	4	20
Totals	31	27	21	18	97

There were 43 boys and 54 girls enrolled with no pupils from towns other than Woodstock and Eastford, no private tuition pupils, and no post-graduates.

The Faculty

The opening of school found two changes in the teaching staff. Mrs. Dorothy McWilliam resigned to devote all her time to domestic duties. She was succeeded by Miss Aune E. Heino of Boston, Mass. Miss Heino is a graduate of Massachusetts Teachers College, Salem, Mass.

Miss Ruth E. Chaffin (now Mrs. Howard D. Johnson) resigned to accept a better paying position at Deep River, Conn. Her place was filled by the election of Miss Elizabeth Wright of Marblehead, Mass. Miss Wright is a graduate of Nasson College, Springvale, Maine.

The faculty for the year follows:

William A. Simpson, Principal, 10th year, mathematics.

William P. Robbins, Asst. Principal, 3rd year; science, mathematics, and boys' athletics.

Miss Mildred F. Keirns, Senior Adviser, 4th year; English, Problems of Democracy, and French.

Miss Eunice L. Thompson, Junior Adviser, 2nd year; English, History, and Latin.

Miss Aune E. Heino, Sophomore Adviser, 1st year; Commercial subjects.

Miss Elizabeth Wright, Freshman Adviser, 1st year; Vocational Home Making, Biology, and Girls' sports.

John W. Powell, Eighth Grade teacher, hired by the Town of Woodstock, taught two subjects and assisted in boys' athletics in exchange for similar classes taught by the academy faculty.

Henry J. Dunleavy, 11th year; Vocational Agriculture, hired by the state. He teaches a half of each day at Tourtellotte Memorial High School, North Grosvenordale.

Mrs. Marcia C. Lachapelle, 4th year; vocal and orchestral music.

Work of the Year

Evidence of satisfactory scholastic work comes to the academy in the form of reports of college grades earned by its graduates. There are six of our boys and girls at the University of Connecticut. Of all the subjects studied by these only one failing grade was reported in the first semester and during the second semester all received passing grades in all subjects. Equally good reports have come to us from other institutions of higher learning.

While class room work has progressed much as usual the war has made changes in the extra-curricular activities.

Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Junior Red Cross have been active during the year. The Boy Scouts under the leadership of Mr. Roscoe Stevenson and Mr. Powell helped in the scrap paper collection in addition to their usual work. The Girl Scouts have sponsored classes in First Aid and Home Nursing. These classes were led by Mrs. David H. Bates, R. N., and Miss Sara Kenyon, R. N. As a Junior Red Cross Unit, the girls made paper dolls to be used as tray favors in the army hospitals during the holiday season. At the same time the boys made several jig-saw puzzles of ply wood for little folks.

The radio has become a more vital part of the school life. The student body has listened to several speeches of national interest.

Owing to transportation problems, organized inter-scholastic athletics

have become impossible and intramural sports have taken a lead. By building a program of games and other activities all pupils have taken part and appear to have improved in physique and morale. The girls' work also changed. Many enjoyed more active types of dancing. The auditorium with the radio-phonograph was used much at recess and noon time as well as during the activity periods.

The Washington trip by the seniors offered an itinerary considerably different from that of previous years. Several buildings were closed to visitors but substitute trips were provided by the B. & O. railroad.

About twenty boys and girls availed themselves of the opportunity given them by the trustees to take part in the defense program by leaving school in May to work on farms and in defense plants. While most of the seniors went into factories, most of the lower classmen went onto farms. One member of the senior class enlisted in the U. S. Army.

Arrangements have been made with the State Trade School in Putnam for a Cooperative Trades Course. In this pupils will take two years at the academy and on the completion of the Trade School course will receive diplomas from both schools. At the academy these pupils will take Freshman English, Social Study, Latin or Agriculture and Algebra. In their second year they will take Junior English, American History, Geometry and Physics or Chemistry. One boy has prepared himself for entrance to the Trade School in this course this fall.

Graduation took place this year in the auditorium rather than in the gymnasium. To those who attended, I think, it was a welcome change but attendance had to be limited.

School was closed two days that teachers might act as registrars in the draft registrations. This was in accordance with instructions from the State Board of Education.

Next Year

Faculty Changes: Mr. Robbins has enlisted in the U. S. Army Aviation Cadet Corps, and Miss Keirns has resigned to accept a position in New Jersey.

Miss Helen E. O'Connor of Newton, Mass., has been engaged to take Miss Keirns' place. Miss O'Connor is a graduate of Emanuel College and has completed her work for her masters' degree at Boston University. She has also attended Hickox Secretarial School and Leland Powers School of the Theatre. She has had teaching experience in Newton, Mass.

Mr. Chalmer C. Swift of Edinboro, Penn., has been hired in the place vacated by Mr. Robbins. He is a graduate of State Teachers College, Edinboro, Penn., and has taught in Pennsylvania Military College and in Saegertown (Penn.) High School. He has also served as Y. M. C. A. Camp Counsellor at Erie, Penn., and Life Guard at Edinboro Beach.

Mr. Powell has resigned to become a teacher at Williston Academy. The town has not chosen his successor.

Plans for the Coming Year: Under existing conditions one is not able to forecast what the new year will bring. However, I expect to see things continue much as in the past year. Changes will be made as occasion demands. At present we know that intramural activities must take the place of interscholastic athletics and even these may be curtailed by war conditions. The Washington trip is improbable due to the housing shortage in that city and to federal curtailment of sightseeing tours.

No doubt various non-essential outside activities will be replaced by civilian war work. Whatever the call may be, the faculty and the student body will respond patriotically. The student government has already pur-

chased war bonds which are held in trust by the trustees.

Appreciation

In behalf of the faculty, I take this opportunity to thank all who have helped to make the year successful.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. A. SIMPSON,
Principal.

Woodstock, Conn.
August 14, 1942.

ACADEMY CALENDAR 1942-1943

First Semester begins Sept. 9, 1942, ends Jan. 29, 1943. Actual number days, 90.

School Holidays:

Teachers' Visiting Day, Oct. 9.

Columbus Day, Monday, October 12.

Teachers' Convention, Friday, Oct. 30.

Armistice Day, Wednesday, Nov. 11.

Thanksgiving Recess, Wednesday noon, Nov. 25, to Monday, Nov. 30, or otherwise if so proclaimed by the governor.

Christmas Recess, Wednesday P. M., Dec. 23, to Monday A. M., Jan. 4.

Second Semester begins Feb. 1, 1943, ends June 25, 1943. Actual number days, 92.

School Holidays:

February Recess, Friday P. M., Feb. 19, to Monday A. M., Mar. 1.

April Recess, Thursday P. M., Apr. 22, to Monday A. M., May 3.

Teachers' Institute to be arranged.

Memorial Day, Monday, May 31.

Total number of days school is actually in session, 182.

Schedule of Examinations

1st Ranking Period	Oct. 15-16
2nd Ranking Period	Nov. 23-24
3rd Ranking Period	Jan. 14-15
Mid-years	Jan. 27-28-29
4th Ranking Period	Mar. 18-19
5th Ranking Period	Apr. 21-22
6th Ranking Period	June 3-4
Seniors Finals	June 16-17-18
Finals	June 18-21-22

Special Dates

Senior Event	Oct. 23
Senior Play	Dec. 18
Christmas Party	Dec. 23
Sophomore Plays	Feb. 12
Music Department	Mar. 14
Junior Play	Apr. 16
Junior Prom	May 21
Alumni Supper	June 19
Academy Sunday	June 20
Class Day	June 24
Graduation	June 25
Senior Reception	June 25

SUBMASTER'S REPORT

Of the two subjects, Chemistry and Freshman Mathematics, which I taught, I found much interest developed on the part of the pupils through the practical application of these studies to their home life and surroundings. For example, the study of photography including the practical use of the solutions used in that work, also the study of farm and business mathematics, including silo volumes, business exchanges, checks, etc.

As to physical education and athletics, the cooperation was excellent; as to fellow workers and pupils, I can't say enough in their behalf. To show this, twenty-nine out of forty-two boys tried for the soccer team. The response in basketball was very good also. As for track, the shortage of gasoline and rubber forced us to cancel our meet only after we took five places with three boys at the University of Connecticut relays. To supplant this cancellation and to develop the boys for the war effort, we had a number of cross-country runs and many softball games between Blue and Gold.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM P. ROBBINS,
Submaster.

SENIOR NEWS

The school year 1941-42 has been a busy and successful one for this year's seniors. We have continued our integrated program of English and Problems of Democracy. The high light of the English class was a trip to Boston to see the great Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans, in his presentation of "Macbeth."

America's participation in World War II has brought our American Democracy class challenging problems. Each senior has answered these in the way best adapted to him. The trustees made it possible for seniors to receive graduation credit for their work as completed in May. Six boys and three girls took advantage of this opportunity and entered defense industries. One boy, George Willis, joined the armed forces.

All members of our class were present in April to take the annual trip to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. The educational value of this trip cannot be overestimated. It illustrates in practise what the class has studied in theory. It is a living lesson in American democracy.

Our seniors are very grateful to the parents and friends of our class who made this trip possible.

Mildred F. Keirns,
Senior Adviser.

REPORT OF JUNIOR ADVISER

The junior teacher's schedule included these subjects for the years 1941-42: Latin I and II, English II and III, World History and American History. Enrollment in these classes ranged from five to twenty-five. An unusually large Latin I class did a creditable amount of work with the Latin prize being awarded to Aileen Karhu. A fine second year class is anticipated.

Sophomore English and World History were combined in a double period as in previous years. The group worked very well in both subjects. As part of their work in English the class spent several periods at the Bracken Memorial Library, becoming familiar with the location of books and references available there. Oral reading and reports were enjoyed in the pleasant library room. Nine book reports were submitted during the school year by each sophomore. In connection with World History, frequent assignments and discussions of news of the day were given. New textbooks made possible a complete coverage of history up to the present time.

The junior subjects of English and American History were extremely pleasant and profitable with a most co-operative group of twenty juniors. This year several sophomore boys were admitted to these junior subjects in an attempt to make it possible for those who passed the course to receive diplomas after two years at the Academy and the Trade School course. In connection with English several members of the junior and senior English classes enjoyed an excellent performance of Maurice Evans' production of Macbeth at the Colonial Theater in Boston.

The usual activities of the junior class in anticipation of a class trip during the senior year were carried out profitably and enjoyably. A sale of Christmas cards opened junior class extra-curricular work in the fall. In April the juniors produced Mark Twain's immortal classic, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," for an appreciative audience. Social activities for the junior year closed with the annual Junior Prom in May. The class used flowers and cut-out birds for simple, but effective decorations.

The school year has been very pleasant and profitable.

Respectfully submitted,
Eunice L. Thompson.

HOME ECONOMICS

This year fifteen girls elected Home Economics. The group consisted of all the girls in the senior class and five of the freshman girls.

The year's work was divided into three divisions: food, clothing, and personal development. These units were included in both semesters.

In connection with the foods course the girls planned household food budgets, worked out planning and selecting of foods, and studied the special nutritional needs which are quite necessary in these times.

The clothing courses included the fundamentals of sewing and use of the sewing machine, which developed into making complicated garments.

Personal development emphasized good manners, personal grooming and the proper application of make-up. This unit was one of the most interesting to the students.

The Woodstock Fair was the first exhibit that we participated in. Our entry was based on personal grooming. We took first honors in our class.

In May the Academy entered in a foods and clothing demonstration contest among the schools of Windham County held at the Plainfield High School. The girls stood well up in the rating, although no awards were given.

We have shared the Home Economics rooms with the Mothers' Club and the Girl Scouts. The Mothers' Club gave the Home Economics department a full length mirror in appreciation of the use of the rooms.

The Scouts sponsored a Red Cross First Aid course and the Red Cross Home Nursing course open to all scouts and the students of the Academy. Many of the Home Economics girls attended both classes.

Elizabeth Wright.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This year the Girls' Physical Education was held two days a week—Tuesdays and Thursdays. During the fall soccer was the outstanding interest. When weather did not permit outdoor activity health work, stunts, and corrective exercises were carried on in the gymnasium.

In November the girls' basketball team was organized. Practices were held after school two days a week. The schedule included nine games to be played on a home and home basis. With four of the first string varsity back, the team developed into a smooth working machine under the able captaincy of Nonie Witter. An undefeated season was the well-earned reward.

Class work during the winter consisted mostly of the fundamentals of basketball to increase the knowledge of all the girls and develop them so that they will be able to compete in team activities. Blue and Gold games were numerous during the season.

In spring the girls played softball, volley ball, dodge ball and track. On several occasions the girls played mixed softball games with the boys. Victories were few. On days when outdoor work was impossible indoor dancing was enjoyed by those who wished to participate.

Elizabeth Wright.

ACADEMY BANK

June 19, 1942

Cash on Hand June 20, 1941:		
Student Organizations:		
Student Council	$285.51	
Class of 1942	309.94	
Class of 1943	105.60	
Class of 1944	50.37	
Scenery Fund	23.43	
Girl Scouts	38.40	
Boy Scouts	22.51	
		$835.76
Balance on Hand June 20, 1941		$835.76
Receipts—1941-1942:		
Student Organizations:		
Student Council	$585.41	
Class of 1942	733.13	
Washington Trip	826.04	
Class of 1943	645.33	

Class of 1944	70.61	
Class of 1945	35.10	
Agriculture	9.26	
Girl Scouts	8.35	
Boy Scouts	81.24	
Home Economics	3.00	
W Club	2.85	
		$3,000.32
Other Funds		
Sale of Supplies		3.17
Total Receipts and Balances		$3,839.25

Expenditures for School Year:

Student Organizations:		
Student Government	$ 672.64	
Class of 1942	1,043.07	
Washington Trip	826.04	
Class of 1943	438.53	
Class of 1944	16.92	
Class of 1945	3.55	
Agriculture	9.26	
Girl Scouts	14.91	
Boy Scouts	53.85	
Scenery	7.88	
		$3,086.65

Balances, June 19, 1942		$749.43
Student Organizations:		
Student Government	$198.28	
Class of 1943	321.40	
Class of 1944	104.06	
Class of 1945	31.55	
Girl Scouts	31.84	
Boy Scouts	49.90	
Scenery	15.55	
Home Economics	3.00	
W Club	2.85	
		$749.43
Balance as per checking account Citizens National Bank, Putnam		$749.43

Respectfully submitted,
Aune E. Heino,
Cashier.

Audited by
Edward R. Rollins.

Reviewing life we realize that it has existed in the past and we observe it in the present. We also confidently believe that it will continue to exist in the future. The past is gone and is no longer ours. It lingers only as a blurred memory of previous experiences. It is a fading picture, either to be treasured or regretted. The present is less than a pin point of time which vanishes before the word can be spoken. It is a momentary flash like lightning in darkness and instantly becomes as of the past.

The future is not yet ours. It is like the blank pages of an unopened volume on which the story of life is yet to be written, and what its contents may be is beyond knowing. We look forward to the future with hope or fear, but no sooner does the anticipated moment arrive than it is at once lost in the limbo of that which has been.

The mystery of what life is we cannot fathom, but that we live we know, and in times of extremity we must reconsecrate our lives to the defense of good and for the up-building of life.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

IN THE MIND OF THE EDITOR

MANY THANKS

To Myrtle Johnson, for making the very neat and beautifully executed cover design for our golden anniversary Gleaner.

To Louise Lindeman Child, for spending some of her time in research and for lending her knowledge and experience of earlier years to Annette Clark and Gladys Anderson, thereby aiding them in the writing of their article on the history of the Gleaner. Thanks go to others, also, who helped with various bits of information.

To the members of the five latest classes who gathered news of their classmates; they are Eleanor Strand and Sybil Morse, Carolyn Piecyk, Aleda Williams, Antoinette Rathbone, and Evelyn Johnson.

To the many others who have helped the busy editor in other ways.

To all alumni who responded immediately and willingly to the request for "Round Robin" letters, even though in some cases their letters have not yet been received. The fault is not theirs.

To all contributors of literary material, and to every donor of money whose name appears on the long list printed on another page. Gifts arriving too late to be mentioned in this issue will be acknowledged in 1943.

THE EDITOR'S MAILBOX

I think not since the first year of my editorship have I had so much pleasure opening my mail as this year. There was the first rush of letters, arriving soon after the circular letters went out. Then the supply began to dwindle, and I thought, with some feeling of disappointment, that there would be few others. Then they began to come again, two, three, four a day—a poem in this one, an article in that, personal news items in almost all of them. There were many, many dollar bills enclosed, as well as gifts of two ,three, five, and even ten dollars.

There are three results of this flow of letters, first, the Gleaner contains a nice variety of material, which we hope will be pleasing to all its readers; second, this unusually expensive issue is half paid for before it even goes to press; and third, the Academy alumni have again proved themselves to be a loyal group, still vitally interested in the activities of their old school and in the friends of former years.

Perhaps no letters and contributions have been received with more pleasure than those from members of the younger alumni classes; it is good to know that there is interest among those who will sometime have to take the places of the older ones. The Association must resume as soon as conditions permit, the annual suppers at which the graduates are its guests. Until that time, each new alumnus will receive a complimentary copy of the Gleaner, and we trust he will thus feel himself to be properly admitted into the membership of the Association.

"THE BOYS"

Several of you had the happy thought of sending money for an extra copy of the magazine to go to someone who might not otherwise receive one. Some of you suggested that some boy in the service be the recipient of your gift. You will be glad to know that it is our intention to mail a copy of the Gleaner to each alumnus in the service whose address we have. Many of these Gleaners have already been paid for by friends of the boys, others will be *your* gifts, and if any still remain unpaid for, the Association will gladly be the donor.

WHAT OF THE GLEANER?

The Gleaner has now rounded out a period of fifty years of publication without the omission of a single issue. My eight summers spent in preparing the magazine for publication have caused me to feel that that is a real achievement.

Dipping into past issues as I have frequently had occasion to do, I have learned that the same difficulties confronted previous editors as have confronted me. They are three in number: to finance the publication, to secure material, and to accomplish the work of preparing this material. That no single year has come when these difficulties have been allowed to win out over the efforts of the persons who have had the Gleaner in charge speaks well for the loyal service of many alumni.

In this time of war the question may be asked, as it has been before, "Can the Gleaner be continued and is it worth the effort?" Let us see how we stand at present.

Financially, the Gleaner is in good shape. Not all of this year's heavy expense can be met from cash on hand, but so large a part of it is available that I have little fear for the rest. The permanent fund has now passed the four hundred dollar mark, and the income from this principal is becoming increasingly helpful.

Material? Surely this year's magazine is more than fulfilling my wildest expectations, and if the interest of the alumni continues, it can be done again. Moreover, it seems regrettably likely that next year's Gleaner will be a war number, since another twelve months bids fair to see us more deeply involved in a war in which as yet we have hardly begun to fight. We shall want news of the increasing number of alumni who are likely to enter the service. There should be no lack of material in 1943.

As for workers, there will be loyal alumni to take up the task. I hope that the next editor will be an editor-in-chief, with at least two faithful helpers. One person's mind is not capable of handling all the many details connected with the publication of even so simple a magazine as the Gleaner, and errors and omissions are almost certain to creep in. With the example of fifty years before us, we dare not fail in willingness to serve.

But is it worth while?

In my humble opinion it is not only worth while, but almost essential, to continue this annual messenger which binds together the alumni of Woodstock Academy, and which will, in time of stress, make for sanity and hopefulness by resurrecting memories of former peaceful, happy schooldays.

It is easy these days to surrender to care and anxiety, and to feel that nothing matters now except winning the war. Win it we must, to be sure, but when it is won, we shall need some of our old peace-time activities to steady our minds and fill our hours, then happily empty of war-time activities. I earnestly hope that the Gleaner will help to do this for all of us, and that it will be needed and will be forthcoming for many future years.

Ethel E. Upham.

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Send 50 cents for each, and order from Ethel Upham, East Woodstock, by number and name as shown below. The Gleaner will keep a part of the proceeds.

1. Academy and Library, as in Frontispiece.
2. Front and East Lawns of Academy as on page 28.
3. Doorway, as on page 37.
4. Different view of door, not shown. Taken from directly in front, with door closed.
5. Rear Lawn and Drive, as on page 63.