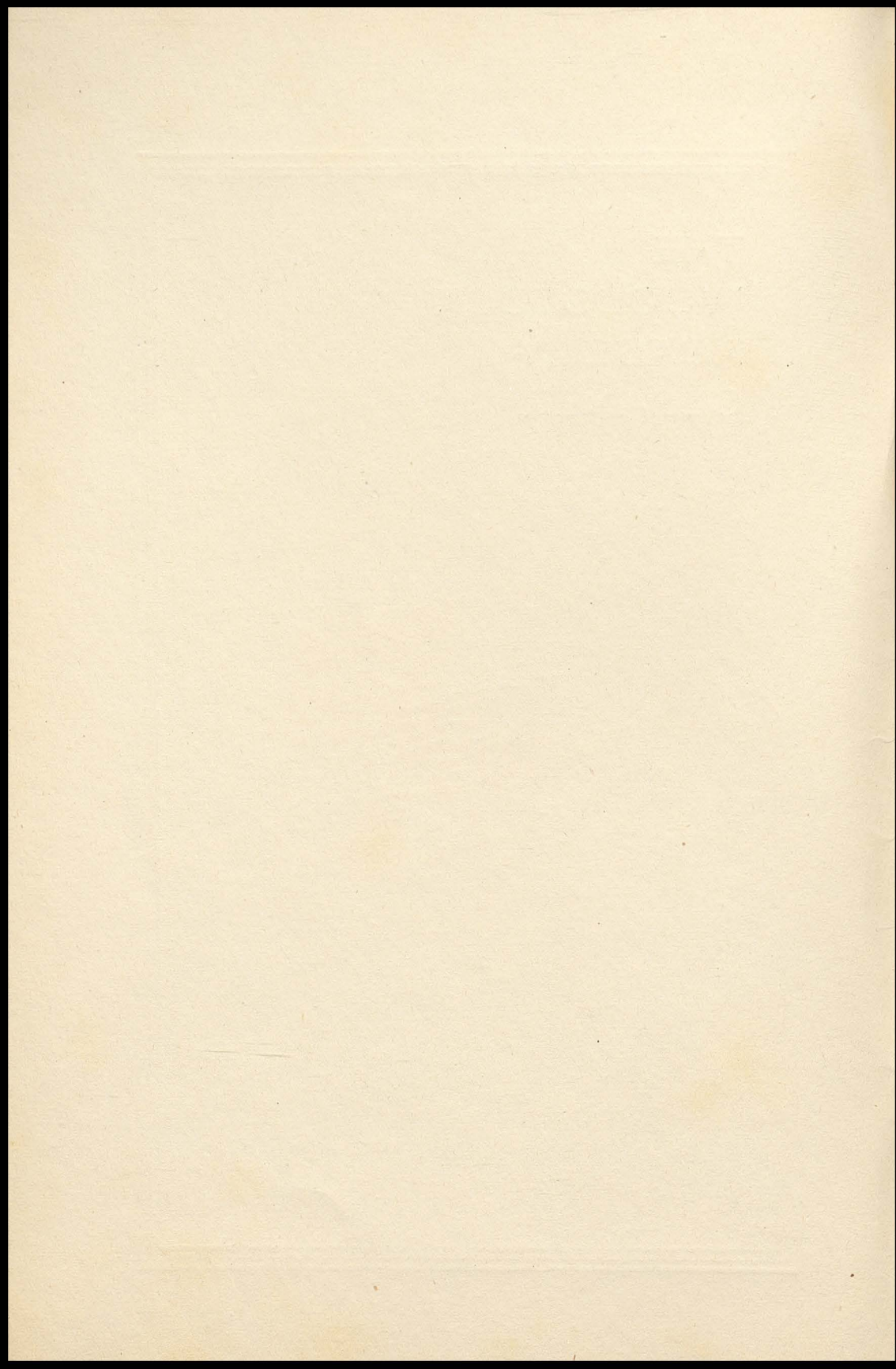


THE WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER



1943



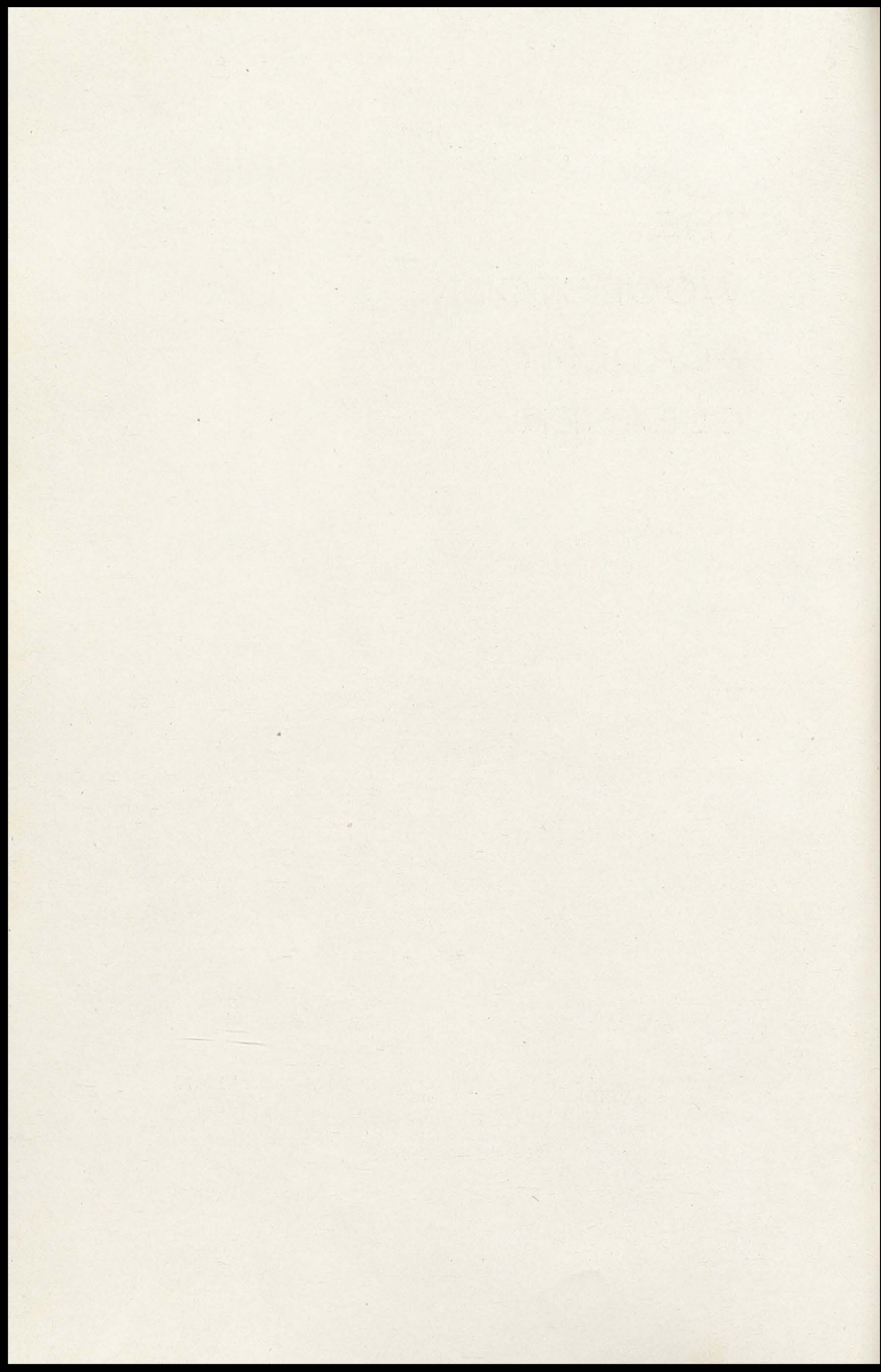
THE
WOODSTOCK
ACADEMY
GLENER



1943

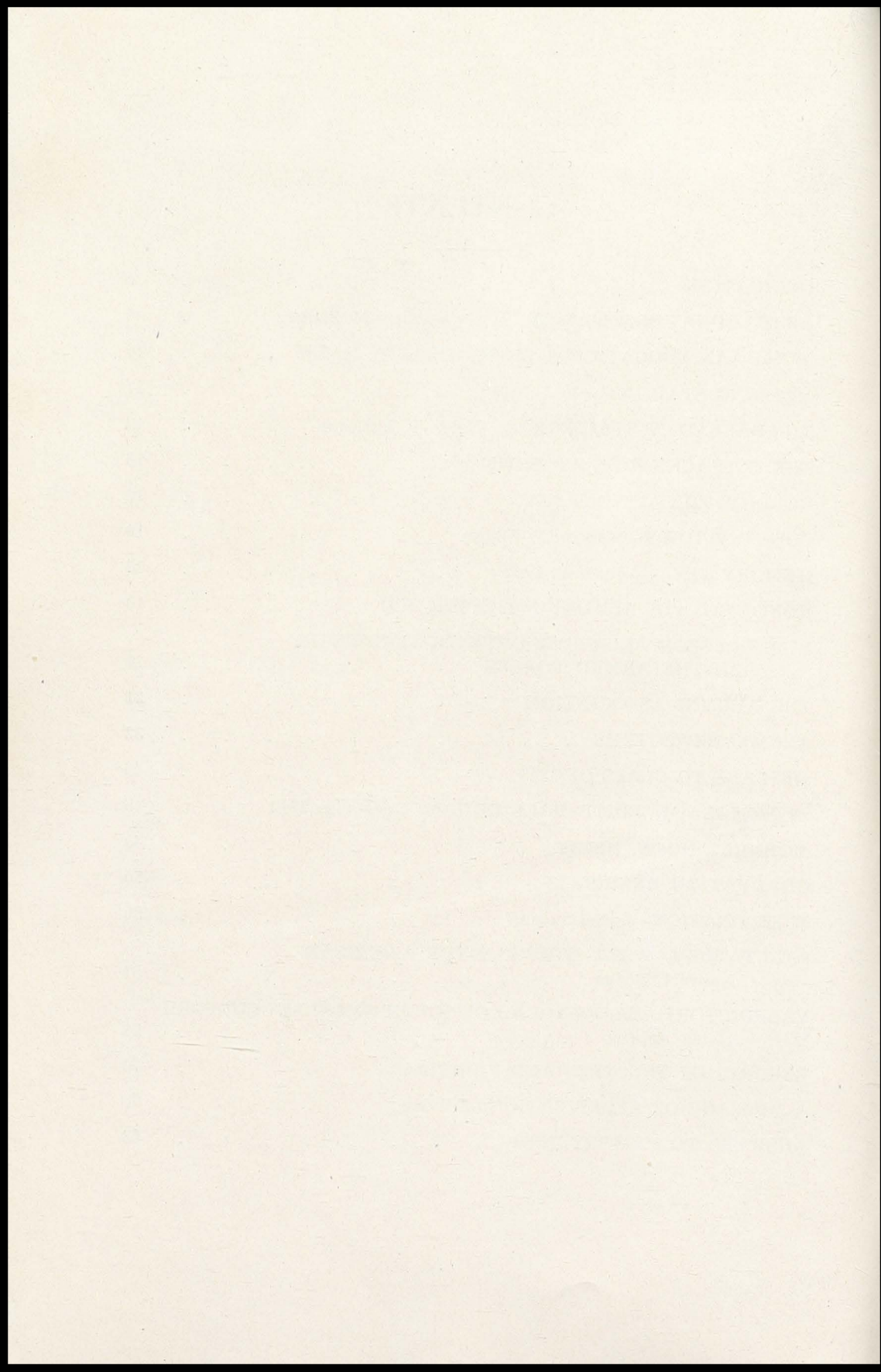


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DEDICATION

This, the fifty-first copy of "The Gleaner," is unique in many ways. As it starts the last half of a century, it will go into new parts of the world and carry letters and messages that are new to the pages of the Gleaner. True, it has gone through wars before but never before has its copies gone out into a world so torn with hate and destruction. If we pause to think we wonder what has become of all the Ideals of which we speak so freely.

Each one of us can look back upon the years we spent at Woodstock Academy and visualize "the high ideals and aspirations pure" which were set forth by the various principals. It is for those ideals we are fighting as well as those little things in life we take so much for granted: the books we choose to read, basket-ball games, picnics, church on Sunday morning, the Senior play, proms, our way of life.

A good number of our alumni are fighting to preserve these things. To these alumni this Gleaner is dedicated. In so doing, we at home resolve that we shall not lose sight of our high objectives and as the Gleaner goes forward toward the century mark, may it see a world ruled not by air-supremacy alone but by the love and understanding of men and women inspired by Christian ideals.

Two of our alumni have already made the supreme sacrifice that these ideals may live. We pray for all who are left to mourn that God will comfort them in their lonely hours. The wounds of grief heal and sorrow melts away, but memories were made for life, and somehow, God seems to bless our memories.

"Shadows shall drift o'er their resting place
Shadows of love, or hope and tears;
The while high-hearted we keep with them
Faith through the years."

AS IT LOOKS FROM WASHINGTON

by

QUENTIN M. SANGER, '24

Twenty-three years ago I stood in considerable awe with fellow townmen and friends or students of Woodstock Academy on the South end of Woodstock Common. The occasion was the dedication of the memorial to Woodstock's World War heroes. The tall, blunt, granite rock chosen to honor those heroes was one I had walked by many times when it reposed almost atop the ground in the Quasset district. Now it was the symbol of memories and hopes. I vividly remember the hopes expressed by one of the speakers, I think it was Governor Lake. After telling a few army jokes about the speed of mules and similar matters, the Governor gave expression to the central thought of the occasion. Paraphrasing Kipling he said, "Lest we forget—the lessons of this war." There, as I suppose was happening in town and city throughout America, we were making a vow that "it shall not happen again."

The League of Nations inspired by President Wilson seemed to me a little later to be a guarantee that the fight to "make the world safe for democracy" had really been won, and that war would not happen again. I did not realize as a senior at the Academy the significance of the connection between the League and the Peace Treaty when I ventured to write a little essay in praise of Woodrow Wilson, in 1924. But the fact that the League to enforce peace was tied up with an unsound peace treaty and so contained the seeds of future wars, has since become apparent to almost everyone. How wrong it seems some of my elders were whose ideas I took from their books and speeches. One grad-

uation speaker at the Academy, probably in June 1923, proclaimed that Germany was not paying the war indemnity, but that she could easily enough, and that she should be forced to do so! I wonder what that speaker and his colleagues are saying now. Undoubtedly he has reformed along with the numerous company he belonged to.

All this reminiscing makes the past seem close to us but in one sense quite remote. The names of wars change the perspective. That was the World War. This is the Global War in a world far removed from that of 1918. It is about the latter that the editor of the Gleaner has asked me to write an article, from my vantage point in Washington.

Of course the fact that one is here does not give one the privilege of knowing everything that is going on. To become omniscient by just setting foot in Washington and seeing the White House regularly is the peculiar gift of some of those people who entered the government service only after Pearl Harbor. These post-Pearl Harbor workers include those who came for adventure and relief from hometown humdrum, those who came to enjoy a little brief authority which they had never exercised before and may never again, those who saw a chance to draw unusual salaries, and the great majority group which was asked and begged to come here and did come to do a patriotic job. But it always seems to me many of these people know more about what is going on here than is possible for anyone to know unless he is in the confidence of the White House and the Chief of Staff. What I report will be what I

know personally or what I think I know after reading the commentaries and the published reports.

A great many stories get out of Washington which are true and many which are untrue. The war program from a technical administrative standpoint is not well organized, but things are far from the madhouse class. If the latter were the case Tojo would now be bombarding San Francisco and Hitler might be holding his staff conferences in the Old Academy Hall. A great deal of effective and intelligent work is being done, although some of it is being done twice and some of it is done in different ways by different people. This may be confusing if you are serving on a rationing board out in the states. But here the confusion isn't fatal because our manpower is so great, our resources so tremendous, and our accumulated expertise so far reaching, that somehow things keep going ahead.

What we might call the social picture here is interesting. I suppose the crowded housing conditions such as require four to sleep in one bed can be duplicated in other places. But the babel of tongues on the streets is something to hear. Of course the English are here in connection with various military and economic missions; they parade the streets in uniform with short sticks in their hands which look something like a policeman's billey; but they speak about the same language as we do. I am interested particularly in the groups of Turkish, Mexican, Chinese, South American and French people one sees here working in Red Cross and a variety of other uniforms. They are all busy winning the war, and as far as the French are concerned are carrying on some pretty hot arguments with reference to the relative good looks of General De Gaulle and General Giraud.

A few days ago a new committee was established for "Interracial Cooperation" which turned out to be mostly a group of Koreans. A considerable number of Kings and assorted royalty have been here from time to time, particularly to present themselves to the President, and to arouse American interest in their countries which in many cases have been occupied by the Germans or by the Italians under German supervision. Most of these royal persons whom I have seen do not appear to be especially good looking and to watch their progress around the city is somehow less impressive than to read about it in the paper. But the causes they represent are impressive and everyone hopes their thrones and power will under appropriate conditions be returned to them.

I am especially interested in the Chinese who now have quite a number of representatives in Washington. I have a Chinese friend who was close to Japanese bombs in China during the early days of the Manchurian Incident, and with whom I have spent many happy hours discussing Chinese customs, law and philosophy, along with enjoyment of real flavorful Chinese food. I have been amazed to find how closely the ideas of an educated Chinaman on the postwar world agree with the ideas advanced by some scholars in this country. We came to agree that health in its all around aspects is one value all people will favor. Another is opportunity and encouragement for some form of creative ability. We also agreed that American policy toward China after the war should take the form of sending some of our doctors, engineers, social scientists and agronomists there to teach various techniques to the Chinese so that they can develop their own resources, arts, and standard of living. Such Americans would of course be paid

high salaries, an arrangement which the Chinese would much prefer to the old system of imperialistic capital investments which do not result in the growth and development of the Chinese people themselves. My Chinese friend was kind enough to say that he would translate an article I have written for the South Atlantic Quarterly on post-war aims and organization, into Chinese, and get it circulated in China through his friends in the Chinese Embassy here. I think he may do it. The Chinese are the most friendly and courteous people. Most of us do not realize the richness of Chinese culture although we usually recognize its age. Many of the fundamentals of democracy have long existed in China, including the idea of wide distribution of property. The friendship of China should be cultivated more. She may be a valuable friend after the war and many years thereafter.

Many Gleaner readers will undoubtedly be interested in Congress, that much abused body of men to whom we owe so much. Although we must admit that our political affairs are not now best arranged to permit the requisite cooperation between the President and Congress, one who sits often in the House or Senate gallery or attends the hearings of a committee, must find a great number of able and progressive men to admire. The custom of courtesy in debate, and the mutual personal regard in which the Congressmen hold each other, are things which everyone should remember when he argues political questions at home, at the corner store, or the men's class at church. The spirit in which debate is conducted has a great deal to do with whether satisfactory agreements on policy can be reached. As long as that spirit continues government by discussion can go on. Of course some foolish speeches are made, and others are just written and inserted in

the Congressional Record. The level of argument on the floor of the House, as compared to the expert discussions and interrogation in some of the committees, is sometimes not high.

But if some staff conferences held by officials in the Executive branch of the government were reported they would also at times appear laughable and ridiculous. The people in the Executive branch do not debate publicly and their mistakes are not therefore publicized, except at times when high ranking officials take a serious administrative row to the newspapers. As to these interdepartmental disputes—I was privileged to hear what was really a defense of Mr. Wallace after he had been forced out of the Board of Economic Welfare because of his public spat with Secretary of Commerce Jones. The defense was spoken by Milo Perkins, Executive Director of the Board, who, we later learned, was also being forced out of office. Mr. Perkins intimated how bitter his own clash with Mr. Jones had been, advised the staff to "keep slugging," and in conclusion read a letter received from his son recently killed in an Army plane crash. The letter from this young Lieutenant in the Air Corps said that it was the responsibility of the older people at home to make sure that a better world resulted from the war; that those doing the fighting would not be old enough or experienced enough to direct the peace even if they returned alive from world battlefields. Mr. Perkins thus showed his paramount interest was in winning the war rather than winning his interdepartmental debate. His spirit was the same as that of patriotic Congressmen in the legislative branch. And his basic message was one that all of our soldiers might well send to the folks at home. It is our responsibility to give the boys the tools to win the war. It is also

our duty to prepare plans which will make their military victory worth its cost.

The enormity of our failure to do the latter can scarcely be exaggerated. People generally cannot do it. Leaders here in the center of things must do it. The prospect that the people of the world may have to revert to cave dwelling to avoid bombs in another global war places the issue now in its most realistic terms. We may think of punishing this war's criminals. We may picture Mr. Hitler in a circus cage being exhibited around the country with Gargantua, and Mussolini being compelled to do the *Passo Romano* on the vaudeville circuit after the war, for our amusement. But revenge on the people of the Axis countries or the imputing of war guilt to them will not prevent another war.

While looking toward the peace we of course have to remember that obviously the war is not won. In my work here we are picking out bombing objectives in the Axis countries. We try to help the armed forces by determining what things can be bombed with the greatest resulting damage to the enemy's war economy. Scientific bombing based on these studies has caused tremendous damage in Germany and Italy both to vital factories and to morale. Perhaps the key issue of the war now is whether we shall try to defeat Japan and Germany at the same time. There are those who feel that if we defeat Germany first and still have our hands full in the Pacific, the Russians will take advantage of the opportunity to spread undemocratic ideas in Europe. That is why our greatest task both in winning the war and winning the peace is to establish war aims which will permit greater collaboration and mutual understanding with Russia. There is still plenty of chance for this ball to be fumbled. Maybe somebody here has the answer, but,

if so, he has kept it strictly to himself and has not even inspired a commentator.

Meanwhile, between spells of serious thinking, it will be well to keep our sense of humor. I have been impressed here by the grabbing for power by assorted pipsqueaks in some offices and the excessive solemnity of many things generally. These two things go together. Even the *New York Times* says humor is decreasing. However, I hope it will not sink so low that jokes cannot still be made about the President, the Congress, the bureaucrats, and Army life.

So as unofficial Congressman from the Second Connecticut District, I would like to propose two plans for winning the war and the peace. I propose first, that representatives of labor unions, farm cooperatives, druggists, teachers, clergymen, porters, barbers, actors, fraternal societies, Rotary clubs, chambers of commerce, and all other organizations and groups in the nation, come to Washington and sit down around the table for a conference to settle the problem of rationing, gas control, manpower and aid to the farmer in the democratic way. I propose second, that in drawing up the peace Premier Stalin, Prime Minister Churchill, Fuhrer Hitler, Ex-Duce Mussolini, Admiral Tojo, President Roosevelt, Queen Wilhelmina, and Mahatma Gandhi, be placed on a large rubber boat with supplies enough for thirty days; and that they be left in the middle of the Pacific to arrange a settlement. That would create one of the most earnest and presumably most learned debates of all history as each man expounds and explains what is nearest his heart. The result of the debate or other action which might take place can be left to the imagination. But it would probably result in the conclusion that we must all work together as one world to survive.

MUSIC—AN EDUCATIONAL MUST

by

LOUISE P. JORDAN

One of the greatest problems with which we are confronted is the trend which our education shall take. This was no problem in Ancient Rome. There the child belonged to the State and his education from cradle to grave consisted entirely in preparing himself for the service of the State. We in America today are not quite sure for what our education shall prepare our children. We have an idea we ought to prepare boys and girls for constructive, helpful citizenship in a democracy. But just what is our democracy? Democracy is not simply a system of government; democracy is not a social condition. I believe that democracy is the condition of expecting great things from just common ordinary folks; and our democracy must inevitably consist in expecting great things from common ordinary boys and girls; and what right have we in America today to expect great things from ordinary boys and girls when equality of opportunity is but a myth and dream?

The thought I most wish to express is that the curriculum of the public schools should offer to all children of the nation an equality of opportunity in the development of their tastes and talents in the field of music. To achieve this desirable result music must be placed on a par in every phase of administration and study with other subjects. Adequate time should be allotted so that it will be possible within the life of the average child in the elementary school to acquire the fundamentals of music, to be able to read music, to participate in various forms of music, and to enjoy music. To make the work in music most effective and to give it the prestige to

which it is entitled in every community in the country competent experts in the field of music should be provided to give general direction to this vital field, to arouse interest generally, and to stimulate teachers in giving adequate attention to it.

M. B. Bradby in her book on psychoanalysis and plans for life says, "Every human being needs an outlet for his emotions either his own art or someone else's, either poetry, music, or the plastic arts."

Evidence points to music as one of the earliest arts influencing child life. Young children show joyous appreciation of bright and shining objects and brilliant colors, but long before such responses can be expected very young infants may be soothed, quieted, comforted or stimulated to unquestioned manifestations of pleasure by rhythmical patting, swaying or singing. With the exception of acquiring food, music is our oldest instinct.

Act becomes custom and custom becomes habit, and habit becomes instinct, and instinct has created a desire and capacity that can be satisfied only through study, understanding, appreciation, and creation of music. The higher this order of study, understanding, appreciation and creation, the better music and the nobler being. To this ancient instinct for rhythm there must be a response, and this response is the love of music. There can be no real education without it; for this instinct is the real essence of the human being and the drawing out of this essential is education. The highest aspirations of our soul can never come into our active consciousness until music brings them out.

The greatness of music lies in its lastingness and its power to absorb

newer and richer meaning with every hearing. All that man ever was is latent in every human being. Music is the power to draw it out.

"Activity," "learn by doing"—these have been the slogans of modern education. In glee club, in band or orchestra, in operetta or concert—where else can we learn cooperative activity as we do in music? There is more real education in a year's orchestra work or a session of choral singing than in a thousand pages of Latin memorized. The foundation of good choral or orchestral work is laid in the first years of school—in the singing of rote songs—the reading of music just as the foundation of all study is laid on the ability to read, the study of which is begun in the first grade, not in the first year of high school.

The child loves to sing and to play. It is his own activity which brings the glow of satisfaction from within. The music a child makes by singing and playing is his own reward for his efforts, and no one can

estimate the extent of inward satisfaction. It has been said that the musically lucky people are those who are not professionals but who love music made by their own hands and voices.

The chief concern of school music should be to make every child a cultivated amateur—a thinking, loving, music-making amateur. If we discover a genius, something will come of it in proportion to his efforts, but his life is well-rounded to begin with. Music has been a part of his general education, through which his talents have been identified.

Our school music is thus a proving ground, out of which genius may emerge. But to the one who is not a genius, school music brings the greatest reward. It gives him a life-interest, a never-failing self-resource. Let us not then, parents of ordinary boys and girls, cheat them out of this reward, and of a life-interest and never-failing self-resource.

MORNING STAR

Morning Star
Crystaled in a lovely sky
Of velvet blue,
Alone at dawn—you shine on high.
I question not your presence there,
But I would like to climb afar
And find a stair—leading to your door
And find therein your secret,
Morning Star.
Symbol of another day—
Disappearing with the dawning—
I watch you fade away.
But on the morrow you'll be there
A brilliant beacon, shining unrelentless,
What changes God hath wrought
Upon this earth—you know the impress
Of His handiwork,
O Morning Star!

By MABELLE J. NELSON
Printed in the Hartford Courant.

THE BALLAD OF STALINGRAD

Where the mighty river Volga rolls its billow to the sea
Stands a city that forever shall in history honored be.
Stalingrad, the pride of Russia, key to all its boundless store,
To its enemies in defiance reared its head on Volga's shore.

Adolf Hitler, greedy-hearted, gazed on it with envious eye,
To his war-torn German Army what would not its wealth supply?
So he sent his panzer legions to attack the city's walls.
While the world looked on and whispered, "Now, alas, must Russia fall?"

Backward reeled the brave defenders striving desperately to check
That mad onslaught of the demons that of Europe had made wreck.
Nearer, nearer, drew the furies that had wrought such frightful woes,
Yet o'er the beleaguered city never once the white flag rose.

Then at last flashed word from Moscow, "Not another mile to yield,
Hold the line and check the foeman, tho' each man died in the field."
But the Nazi troops were thundering at the city's very gate,
Claimed the rivers Don and Donets, Russia now must meet her fate.

But the Soviets, all undaunted, flung pontoons across the Don,
Would not own they were defeated, day by day kept fighting on.
Charging, charging, counter-charging, storming at each Nazi wave,
And a frightful toll exacting for each rod they slowly gave.

Till the Generals of Hitler felt their hearts grow cold with fear.
Was the victory from them slipping? Was their hour of downfall near?
Had their fuerher's intuitions failed him in this final hour?
Yes, a miracle of warfare was achieved by Russian power.

Stalingrad today lies battered, wrecked and torn by shot and shell,
Bearing witness to the ruin wrought by hate inspired in hell.
But ere long up from its ashes freedom shall like Phoenix rise
And a new and glorious city shall stand forth against the skies.

Laud the Yankees, cheer the British, praise Giraud's heroic ranks
But with reverence name the martyrs on the Volga's bloodstained banks.
Once an outcast, once a pariah, crown her now with wreaths of fame,
For in balking Adolf Hitler, Russia has redeemed her name.

NELLIE T. BURLESON, 1905.

THE COSSACKS RIDE AT DAWN

From the far-flung towns of Russia—
Across the dim-lit plains war-torn
They come riding in their glory—
The Cossacks ride at dawn!

Silhouetted against the sunrise—
Riding fearless with the dawn,
Clothed with armature for battle
The Cossacks ride at dawn

See their sabres bare and glittering,
Hear their throaty, peon song,
Swelling with the sound of hoofbeats—
For the Cossacks ride at dawn!

They'll fight the fight for freedom—
For their homes, their lands are shorn
Of the things they love and cherish—
So the Cossacks ride at dawn!

By MABELLE J. NELSON
Printed in the Hartford Courant.

GOLD OF AUTUMN SKY

The gold of autumn streaks the sky,
Is etched upon the wooden hills,
Is mingled with the red and green and bronze,
And mottled is the pattern on the rills.

Autumn's gold has touched the pumpkins
And the mounds of ripened corn.
Fields of oats and rye and barley are
Golden waves, dew kissed each morn.

The gold of autumn is a prelude
To the time when nature sleeps—
When winter with its ice and snow
Has a rendezvous it keeps!

By MABELLE J. NELSON
Printed in the Hartford Courant.

COUNTRY TOWN

When winter leaves a cold caress
And nature pauses for its timely rest,
How long the night 'til dawn awakens
To a world by winter humbly blest.
Then upon your broad and rolling shoulders
Snowflakes fall into drifts of down.
Your lakes and streams are brushed with silver
Each silent tree a snow-white crown.

Spring awakens all your valleys;
Shimmering green is the carpet laid;
Nature's breath is full of rapture when
Deep and brown are the furrows made;
Flowers beckon from the meadows
Awakened by the robin's urgent call;
Life in spring is adolescent,
Full of hope and faith for all.

Summer's open doorway beckons
To forests, fields and lakes and hills;
Summer's train is strewn with flowers,
Rich the promise it fulfills;
Pearly dew at dawn are laden with
The scent of roses, lilies, new-mown hay.
As this season in her glory unsurpassed,
Briefly loiters, then hastens on her way.

When wooded hills are etched in color
And the gold of autumn paints the skies,
Fall in all her deep-toned beauty
Lingers wistfully, then dies;
Faithful gleaners gather in the harvest;
Empty bins are filled and overflow.
Rich the crop the farmer gathers
In the fields where he did sow.

Lovely are your winding roadways
That weave past field and wooded vale;
Cherished are your rolling valleys
Where contentment and a peace prevails;
Founded by our thrifty forbears
Who carved your fields from forests great.
Destined was your future long ago,
To be a tranquil country town sedate.

Friendships here are deeply rooted,
 Like the stalwart, age-old trees,
 Interlaced by family ties, the sorrows
 That are part of life's decree;
 Known is every happiness or tribulation,
 Shared bereavement, disappointment, pain;
 Ne'er forgotten are the carefree moments
 Stamped upon life's counterpane.

Your church spires, white, immortal,
 Towering high above the sleepy elms,
 Are symbolic of the peace and freedom
 So cherished in this tiny realm.
 May the seasons pass in their rotation,
 May the friendly ties be severed nevermore,
 Tradition and the fate of all be guarded,
 And stilled the battle's distant roar.

May our heritage of freedom be e'erlasting
 In the uncrowned centuries to come—
 May old glory still be proudly waving
 When the last and final battle is won;
 May our boys march bravely home—
 Proud, victorious as of yore,
 Freedom's bell to ring throughout millenium
 Across the world from shore to shore.

MABELLE J. NELSON.

QUESTIONS

By Ruth C. Leary

1. What does the word Khaki mean?
2. Give the last six words of the Gettysburg Address.
3. What was the earliest metal used by man?
4. Distinguish between (A) Flying Fortress; (B) Flying Buttress; (C) Flying Dutchman.
5. Which State has no counties?
6. Was Victor Herbert an Irishman, an Englishman, or an American?
7. What is a Grilse?
8. What is an ONYCHOPHAGIST?
9. Is black used for mourning all over the world?
10. What is the difference between FELLY and FELLOE?

Test your memory, then turn to another page for the answers.

HONOR ROLL OF ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

Francis Rockwell
 Vernon T. Wetherell
 Franklin S. Wetherell
 Harry Rutishauser
 Raymond Hibbard
 Carl Ranta
 Homer Johnson
 Howard D. Johnson
 Joseph P. Spalding
 Presley Wetherell
 Norman L. Skinner
 Laurence K. Foote, Jr.
 Elmer Fairfield
 Charles Sandison
 Sidney Bell
 Henry Latham
 John McWilliam
 John Kiuru
 Dudley Gifford
 Harold Goldman
 Max Marcy
 Walter Potter
 Geoffrey H. Beames
 Herman Fersenheim
 Caro Piecyk
 Arthur Newth—
 Honorably discharged.
 Frederick Clair
 James Child
 John Hinrichs
 Slater Black
 Harmon Marvin
 Edward Bellerive—
 Prisoner of war.
 Herbert Lyon
 James Maitland
 Honorably discharged.
 Nelson Lemaire
 Rudolph Kempain
 William Richardson—
 Honorably discharged.
 Raymond Summers
 Spencer Bowen
 Charles Place
 Wilbur Peterson
 Albin Swenson—
 Enlisted reserve.
 James Potter—
 Honorably discharged.
 Windsor Gleason
 Stephen K. Morse

William Floeting
 George A. Willis
 Christopher Williams
 Russell Foote
 Albert Logee
 George Howlett
 Albert Todd
 George Bell
 Michael Fromm
 Russell Andrews
 Morris Scott Petersen
 Sumner Spence
 Dr. Hazen Calhoun
 Francis H. Logee
 Proctor B. Foote
 Joseph M. Morse
 Thurston Eddy
 Albert Morgan
 Frederick Wilcox
 Luke White
 Stuart Dodge
 George Staveski
 George W. Neely
 Wayne Bunnell
 Sherwood Baldwin Bauer
 Christopher Halloway
 Joseph Charron
 Robert Froehlich
 William Shisko
 William Hughes
 Henry W. Johnson
 Richard Gobin
 Robert Lemaire
 Clarence A. Gobin
 Peter Leverich
 Solomon Andert
 Ewald Ratasep
 Marcus Johnson
 Albert Durrin
 Robert Goldman
 Merrill Keith
 Lewis Morse
 Eugene Halloway
 Joseph Green
 Malcolm Jones
 Lillian Salling
 Laura Rutanen
 Joyce Townsend
 Lillian Kuper
 Jane Johnson

IN MEMORIAM

John Andrew Meehan

Died in Army Camp Feb., 1943.

Robert Lowe Flugel

Died at Sea Aug 5, 1943.

"There's an open gate at the end of
the road
Through which each must go
alone,
And therein by a light we cannot
see
Our Father claims His own;
Beyond the gate our loved ones
Find happiness and rest,
And there is comfort in the thought
That a Loving God knows best."

Brooklyn, New York
U.S.C.G., M.B.T.S.
Company 37.

Bridgeport, Conn.,
12 August, 1943.

Dear Gleaner Friends:

I have been asked to write to the "Gleaner" about what I have been doing lately. Well, to start with I'm just about ready to shove off, destination unknown. So by the time you get this I will have a new address.

I came into the Coast Guard last January 27, and have been here at Manhattan Beach ever since. It was a pretty hectic life we led here the first week or so but then we got settled down into the old routine. Boot camp was tough but proved to be interesting. I put in about three months in boot camp and then I got a chance to go to the seamanship school they have here at the base. I've just finished my three months of school. It was pretty hard but very interesting and it gives a fellow a chance to work his way up.

I hope to go to sea now but I won't know till I get to my new station. I've been very lucky, being stationed near home, so I have been able to keep in touch with many of my friends and I hope to see many more of them when and if I get a leave. Until then I remain,

As ever,
SEAMAN 1/c AL. DURRIN.

Dear Mrs. Clark:

Received your note of last week but have been slow in answering because I have been quite busy. I like the work here very well although I am on duty 24 hours of the day except on time off. I suppose I have been very fortunate in staying in Bridgeport for over a year but most of the boys here as well as myself would like to see a little action. Right now it seems as if we will get our wish as we all expect to get shipped out at any time.

As for the information you asked for, it is—my rate is Chief Specialist and I am located at the U. S. Coast Guard, Black Rock Barracks, Bridgeport, Conn. For the past six months I have been Master-at-Arms of the Barracks which is a large mansion located in Black Rock overlooking Long Island Sound and originally cost \$450,000. It certainly is a grand place.

I guess that this is all the news that I can write at this time.

Yours truly,

MARCUS E. JOHNSON, C.S.P.

Atlantic Beach, Fla.
August 30, 1943.

Dear Annette:

I received your card and will do my best to outline what I have been doing since I entered the service. I was inducted April 1, 1942, sent to Fort Devens for processing. I stayed there two days and was shipped to Fort Terry, N. Y., where I received my basic training as a Coast Artilleryman. While there, I was assigned to the Plotting Section and attended school for six weeks, after which I was classified as a plotter. After spending about four months at Fort Terry in the 242nd Regiment I was shipped to Camp Pendleton, Virginia, where the 53rd Regiment was being formed. There I received advanced training—six weeks in all, after which we were sent here to Atlantic Beach. This was last October and I'm still here, with not even as much as a good rumor. Since we have been here we have been more or less a training outfit for recruits. During the training periods, I have had the job of instructing the men to become plotters.

Recently I took an examination for Staff Sergeant Plotter and having passed that satisfactorily, I was placed on the eligibility list. So, now, I am patiently waiting for an opening. It may be months before I get a break, so perhaps you had better save that for next year's Gleaner. I hope by that time, or sooner than that, the 53rd will be in the fight.

Now, you'll probably wonder what a plotter is. Well, I'll try to explain, briefly, without exposing any military secrets—I hope! The plotting section works in conjunction with the observers whose job is to furnish the plotting room with the necessary data to locate and track the successive positions of the targets by means of a plotting board, representing the surrounding water areas. The plotter does the actual plotting of the course, figuring the

range and direction by means of scales. In addition to the plotting board itself there are five other instruments used to complete the data before it is sent to the guns. That will give some idea of what it's all about.

Let me tell you something about the place in general. We have access to some of the finest beaches in the country. In fact there are five in all, including Atlantic Beach, Fla. The others are Seminole, Neptune, Jacksonville and Ponte Vedra. Swimming is almost a regular routine and super sun tans are a dime a dozen. Then, of course, with the beaches go all the amusements anyone could ask for. Then, too, Jacksonville is only 20 miles from here, offering a swell variety of shows, dances, and other entertainment. Of course we do have to work once in a while, too—honestly! And we also have our troubles battling mosquitos during the hot weather.

The people down here are swell to service men, too. Many times I have been invited out to a good old Southern fried chicken dinner on Sunday. That home atmosphere is truly wonderful, for a change. As you may know I was home in March on furlough. It seemed grand to get back to good old Woodstock for a few days and to see my Mother and Dad and some of my friends.

Please remember me to everyone with best regards.

Sincerely,

NORM.

* * * *

621 N. 6th Ave.

Tucson, Arizona

August 23, 1943.

Dear Annette:

Please excuse the delay in answering your letter. I have little to say. I am stationed at Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona. I am instructing in 39th Bomb Group Gunnery School.

I hope this will reach you in time.

Sincerely,

S/Sgt. STEPHEN K. MORSE.

Naval Construction
Replacement Group
Casualty Draft 2013,
Platoon 5

Dear Mrs. Anderson:

It was a pleasure to receive your letter and have it bring back memories of a carefree period that ended rather abruptly with the last world war.

You ask for reactions and experiences; they are many and varied. As you may know I enlisted in the Seabees last January and was called a month later. "Boot" and advanced training was at Camp Peary, Va., which I believe is one of the largest of the Seabee camps. It was not an easy training by any means yet not particularly hard for me as I had been getting ready for it for several months. I would not recommend this service for any of my friends who are not physically fit to take strenuous exercise before they come in. The training is thorough and one comes out of it in excellent physical condition. Personally I dropped from 200 to 185 pounds, with a decrease of six inches in my waist line.

Everyone was happy after their advanced and technical training was over and we were given Embarkation Leave early in June. It was soon over for they broke the Battalion up, and the B company, the one I am in, was sent to Camp LeJeune to get more training with the Marines. The whole company is going to schools of various types, and then maybe we'll shove off for the big push.

The heat here in North Carolina has been something to talk about, yet not much worse than your real hot spells at home.

A few weeks ago I was made Company clerk. I am rated as a carpenter but I think I make a better office man, although the hours are much longer; from 15.30 until at least 21.00 almost every day.

This is not much of a letter. Maybe the outfit I am in is undoubtedly

doing its bit where we are, but we all are anxious to get out of the States for some action somewhere and no one will be really happy until that day comes. In the end we will probably see all we want if we go with the Marines, for the Seabees saved the day for them at Guadalcanal and will again somewhere else.

With best regards to all my old acquaintances,

Sincerely,

MERRILL R. KEITH, CM 2/c,
Class of 1916.

* * * *

Attu, Alaska
September 8, 1943.

Dear Gladys:

I'll try to tell you as much as I can, but the censor may have something to say about it.

As you know, I am stationed in Attu with an anti-aircraft battery. The weather is most generally bad. There is a lot of rain and fog and now that fall is coming on, considerable wind. There are no trees or shrubs of any kind. Nothing but swamp grass and moss saturated with water. I guess that takes in the appearance of this isolated piece of land.

Living quarters and food are fine. That is one thing I'm glad of, other than that it's a rather rough life.

In the middle of summer here we have to wear what you wear for winter at home. I often wonder what winter is going to be like.

You will probably find most of this cut out; I hope not though. Thanks a million for the letter. It's swell to get them from home. The more the better. I guess that's about all I can think of right now. Lots of luck in your work with the Gleaner.

Sincerely,

WAYNE J. BUNNELL, S 1/c,
Ord. Dept., N. A. F.
Attu, Alaska
c/o Fleet P. O., Seattle, Wash.

2553 34th Street
Astoria (3), Long Island
September 5, 1943.

Dear Annette Clark:

Yes, I am a bit ashamed of myself! I won't go into any long excuse of the why's and wherefor's of this delay, but will you read between the lines?

Frankly, I have been thinking and, as per usual, I just haven't been able to find anything appropos to write about. Probably by now it would be too late to offer a literary contribution to the dear old Gleaner. If it isn't then I would appreciate it if you could insert a message of "hello" to all my friends in Woodstock from a proud daughter of Woodstock Academy. Would that the very happy days spent at the "hill" and in pre-war times were here and we all pray they will soon return. "Memories dear are clustered here within these ancient halls"—those words never fail to take me back the sweet and sad way to the past. But those are just the happy chapters of the book of life that serve as a wonderful introduction to the present and as a guide to the future. Many and many a thank I can also give to the Navy, too! Belonging to an organization like this brings one closer to the unsolved problems of these tragic days and makes one feel a vital part in helping to bring back those happy days comparable to those all of us "lucky" alumni remember. There isn't a class that has gone through those four years together that couldn't "mull over" together for hours on end the times they had, is there?

I wish you all the luck and success in handling the pleasant—but sometimes painful (especially when people don't "come across")—task of editing the Gleaner.

Very sincerely,

Y 3/c JOY TOWNSEND
U. S. N. R.

Camp Haan, California
August 13, 1943.

Fellow Alumni:

I am now stationed at Camp Haan, California, and I like it here. I am in an Anti-Aircraft unit and it is very interesting.

This summer I was out on the Mojave Desert on field problems and I saw a lot of the desert. I got a lot of experience there which I feel will be of great value in the future.

I have finished my basic training and I am now on advanced training.

Sincerely,

PVT. JOHN KIURU
Auto W.P.N.S. BN. M.L.B.
D. Bry, 463 A.A.A.
Camp Haan, California.

* * * *

August 12, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Anderson:

I received your note asking me to write something for the "Gleaner." I am in the Coast Artillery in Hawaii. I have been over here now for over a year and in that time the only one I have seen here from Woodstock is Marcus Basto. I saw him last February or March. I work in a garage over here so I am doing the same work I did in Woodstock. The weather is perfect over here—not too hot or too cold but I would much rather be back in Connecticut. Letter writing is hard work overseas because of the Military restrictions so there is little I can tell you now but I hope the "Gleaner" is a success this year as it always has been. I will be looking forward to a copy.

Yours truly,

CPL. CARL RANTA

A.S.N. 31102734

Baty. H. 41 C. A.

A.P.O. 952 c/o P. M.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Wright Field,
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Gladys:

I am sure that the boys overseas would really have some interesting experiences to write about and it is too bad that you won't be able to hear from them all in time.

My experiences have all been in training and nothing exciting happens there.

After being assigned to the Air Corps we were sent to Miami Beach for our basic training. Miami Beach is a beautiful vacation land and beautiful too as a training ground but plenty tough even though we were quartered in the best hotels on the beach. Our training ground was one of Miami Beach's Golf Clubs. While at the beach we were given tests to find what we were best fitted for. I was sent to an Airplane Mechanics School at Amarillo, Texas.

We think our New England weather is unpredictable but it certainly has nothing on Texas weather. One day it will be about eighty degrees and before the next morning a blizzard will be blowing. Two days later what little snow did fall will be entirely gone. The people of Texas are very cordial and kind to soldiers. The U.S.O. Clubs are all any soldier could wish.

In school we were taught the complete maintenance of airplanes from tail to propeller. Of course the engine is the most important part of the plane and more instruction is given on that phase but the plane itself must be carefully inspected after each flight to make sure that there are no defects. We were given practical experience as well as theory so we could put our theory into practice. The course was highly concentrated and required a good deal of study with very little time off, but we didn't mind because we knew that we had to gain all the knowledge possible in the shortest time possible. From

Amarillo some of us were sent to Chanute Field, Illinois, for an advanced course. There again we were given a highly concentrated course for six weeks. From Chanute I was sent here to Wright Field.

Wright Field is the center for all Air Force experiments. Here we are putting into practice all the things we have learned, and are learning new things that only an old experienced man can teach us. It is a very interesting place to work because we see at first hand all the experiments that will later be used on fighting planes all over the world.

A number of experiments are being carried on for post-war flying especially on the glider. Even now four and five gliders can be towed fully loaded and dropped off at their destination without the tow plane having to land at all.

Aviation will experience an unbelievable boom after the war and will be as common as automobiles and trucks are now.

Sincerely yours,

CORP. JOHN McWILLIAM

Hdq. Sqd. Material Com.

Sec. C, B 417

Wright Field, Dayton, O.

* * * *

Squantum, Mass.,

August 12, 1943.

Dear Annette:

I'm writing as I promised but find it hard to find anything to write about.

At present I'm stationed within seven miles from Boston. We're doing our bit here by combatting the submarine menace on this side of the Atlantic. Here's hoping that within the next few months victory will be ours and that we will all be back to good old Woodstock.

Sincerely,

GEORGE NEELY A.R.M. 2/c

F.A.W.-9

Headquarters Squantum Del.

N. A. S., Squantum, Mass.

Pvt. H. W. Rutishauser
A. S. N. 35327515
355 Fighter Group
357 Fighter Squadron
A.P.O. 637
c/o Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y.
England, Aug. 13, 1943.

Dear Gladys:

I think that you must have a drag with the mailman, as your letter, dated July 28th, was delivered on Aug. 5th. It is very seldom that regular mail comes through as quickly as that.

So, I am contacted, but in reply, I am afraid that I cannot do much more than to elaborate upon the heading.

I was busted from Sergeant the first of this month, as a result of returning back to camp late, a few days before we came over, the latter part of June. That was the last time that I got into New York City. I never realized how expensive it was to "take in the sights" until then.

The trip over was uneventful. Not even a case of seasickness that I know of. And on the way to this base we passed through Glasgow and Edinburgh. Scotland certainly is beautiful country, and if I ever get a furlough, I would like to go to Scotland.

There is not much that I can say about England, as I have not been far from the base as yet. Have been to Cambridge, the nearest city of any size, a few times, but there is not much of interest there. The University buildings are very impressive, but very little can be found in the way of recreation. However, I imagine that conditions would be very different during peace times. At present, because of rationing, our pay certainly holds up remarkably well, compared to the free time we spent in Philly and N. Y. However, I am looking forward to getting to London later in the month, to meet a fellow that was inducted the same time that I was.

Tell Harriet that I received her

letter and that I will write to her soon. Had over 30 letters last week. All my back mail caught up to me, so I have plenty of letters to answer.

Sunday afternoon. Meant to have finished and mailed this a couple of days ago, but I guess that I am as lazy, when it comes to answering letters, as I always have been.

Today is just another day for us, but I will get a day off during the week. So in that respect we fare better than we did before we came over.

When we first arrived, it was light until 11:00 P. M., but now it gets dark about 10:30, and last night we set the clocks back an hour, shortening the evenings to 9:30. Wouldn't those long evenings be something to enjoy in Woodstock; or wouldn't they? Perhaps it would be a case of being worked to death if it was daylight until 11:00 o'clock during the haying season. At least, I do not suppose that a fellow could drive down to the golf links and enjoy a couple of rounds.

With best wishes—as always,
HARRY.

* * * *

To The Gleaner:

August 4, 1942, I joined the Navy. I completed my boot training on October 2, 1942, at Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois. I started Service School there on Nov. 9, 1942, and completed on March 2, 1943. From there I had a trip west to Bremerton, Washington, to the receiving ship. I was there for nine weeks and from there I was sent to Astoria, Oregon, on board of Y-T324 as a seaman, 2/c. I am now seaman first class. I think that is all there is to say except that I like the Navy and its ways.

Sincerely,
FREDERICK W. WILCOX.

Fort Custer, Michigan
October 6, 1943.

Dear Annette

Much has transpired since my note to you last month. At that time I surely thought I would see you and give you whatever information you might want. However, my furlough was changed, and even when I did get home it was for three days only. Upon my return to Harvard I was transferred to Fort Custer and confusion reigned in the interim of transfer.

I hope that this will not be too late for you to use in the Gleaner. True, I haven't much to say, but whatever you can sift out of this, why go ahead and sift.

From July until November of 1942 I was stationed at Camp Niantic, Connecticut, where I received my basic training in a Military Police Battalion. In November, the unit moved to Rocky Hill, Connecticut, where we were quartered in the state's new and palatial Veterans' Home. Nothing important happened while stationed there, except the "brass hats" deemed it advisable that I become what is known as a Technician 5th Grade, or otherwise termed a Corporal, which raised me from the lowly (but honorable!) rank of Private.

In the latter part of April 1943, I qualified for training in the Army Specialized Training Program (A. S. T. P.) and was sent first to the University of New Hampshire for one month. After the month there, I was sent to Harvard University to study the whys and wherefores of Personal Psychology. For three months, which brings me up to the first of September, I sweated out various courses of study connected with personnel work, but apparently the War Department didn't think I was such a fleet psychologist for I was transferred to my present post, Fort Custer, Michigan, to attend the

Military Government School at this Fort.

Within the next two weeks, I will begin an eight weeks course of study which will prepare me to help govern occupied territory. This Military Government School is connected with the much publicized arm of the services known as the A.M.G.O. T. or A.M.G. (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory). The latter promises to be most interesting, and I hope exciting, for I feel that after my eight weeks of study are finished, I shall be taking a nice long boat ride for parts unknown (and I do get sea-sick so easily!)

Truly, I do want to get overseas as quickly as I can. All my "soldiering" now is just repetition, and I am quite satisfied with not being a "school boy" soldier much longer.

Now, if there is any question you would like clarified, or if you want further information please write and I will comply most promptly, I assure you. Hope this is not too late and you can use some of it.

Incidentally, while at Rocky Hill, I directed a twelve piece dance orchestra made up of enlisted men from my outfit and while at Harvard I organized and conducted a glee club of thirty-five voices from the men in my unit there. All the music used was contributed by the Harvard Glee Club Library, which gave me full swing of all types of "choral music from Bach to Casey Jones." Even though I say it who shouldn't, the Glee Club was really superb! All the men had had considerable college experience previous to landing at Harvard.

My best to all the other "alumni" in the service, via the Gleaner.

Sincerely,

PRES. WETHERELL.

October 4, 1943.

Dear Annette:

I received your letter a day or two ago, and was very glad to hear from you. It took quite a while to get here. You really have to use V mail or air mail if you want any kind of results.

Well, now, I don't know just what to say in reply to your request for material for the Gleaner. I am far from being an author, so I guess all I can do is to tell you what I can about myself and let you word it any way you like for me. We are not allowed to say too much anyway, but here goes. I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps Reserves on May 21, 1942. I went through my preliminary training, better known as "Boot camp," at Parris Island, South Carolina. Upon completion of that period I was transferred to Field Music School at the same base, where I became a bugler. In September, I received my Field Music warrant and later on, at Camp Pendleton, California, I was promoted to Field Music First Class, which rank I still hold. After graduating from Music School, I was transferred to New River, North Carolina, where I joined the Twenty-First Marine Regiment. I have been with this outfit ever since, as Field Music for D Company.

From New River, we went to Camp Elliott, California, and later Camp Pendleton, California. All this time we were training, of course, for the combat we knew was ahead. Finally, the day came when we left the United States with a tinge of regret naturally, but with a firm determination to avenge ourselves for the treachery inflicted on our country by Japan.

We spent several months in a country, the name of which I cannot reveal. And now, we are on a tropical island in the South Pacific, midst coconut groves, jungles, parrots and lizards. We have constructed fox holes for shelter in

case of raids, and of course have had ample opportunity to use them. We have a fine outfit, noted as one of the best trained regiments over here and we are ready for anything. The morale of the men is high, made possible by letters from home, shows provided for us by the U.S.O., religious services on Sundays, moving pictures and shows made up of talent among the fellows here. Of course, we are all anxious for the day to come when we may return to "God's Country." With all due respect to the Army and Navy, I still maintain that the United States Marine Corps is the finest aggregation of fighting men on the face of the earth.

I must close now and sound evening chow call. There are a lot of hungry Marines around here.

Just because I am a bugler, don't get the idea I have a lot of talent. I'm no great musician, although I love music.

Sincerely,

HENRY JOHNSON.

* * * *

New York City, New York
September 6, 1943.

Dear Annette:

I hope this reaches you in time. I am sorry to be so late with my reply. I am stationed here in New York aboard the "Prairie State," which is a training ship for midshipmen. The activity includes Columbia University and ten surrounding Medical Colleges. I am in supply work. I reported for duty here last March. My family is here with me, which makes it nice.

Sincerely,

LIEUT. (J.G.) JOS. M. MORSE.

164th Co., W. A. C.
Det. D. T. C.
N. Camp Hood, Texas
August 1, 1943.

Dear Gladys:

Greetings to you and fellow alumni of Woodstock Academy. This year even more so than the others I am looking forward to the Gleaner.

Seven months ago today, I arrived in Fort Des Moines, Iowa, for my basic training in the W. A. C. A common question put to us girls was, "Why did you join?" There are countless ways of working for the war effort. President Roosevelt stated a great need for women in this branch of service to relieve men for combat duty. All this was conceived by brilliant folks who knew what was needed. I felt it my duty as a Christian and Patriot to join.

After completing basic training at the Fort, I attended administrative school for W. A. A. C. at Drake University. While in Des Moines I had the pleasure of being in a parade for Mrs. Roosevelt and Col. Hobby. I met Governor Hickenlooper at the beautiful State Capitol in Des Moines. One time I attended the final high school basketball game at Drake. After the game the basketball was auctioned off and sold for \$10,000 in a war bond.

Upon completing administrative school, I was sent here to Camp Hood, Texas. It is an interesting place covering some 160,000 square acres. The tank destroyer shoulder insignia depicts a black panther devouring a tank. The mission of this force is to destroy enemy tanks by accurate gun fire from stealthily occupied positions.

I work in Personnel Headquarters doing stenographical work which comprises the consolidation of morning reports and various statistics. Aside from my work I have had the fun of riding jeeps, a M-10 tank destroyer and most recently rode en

route home for a furlough from a near-by air-field to St. Louis, Mo., in an army plane.

The most impressive part of the day I find is at retreat when a band plays several stirring selections, the color is sounded, a round is fired from a 75mm. cannon, and finally the Star Spangled Banner is played as we salute in attention and the flag is lowered.

Best wishes to my friends in Woodstock and elsewhere.

Yours for Victory,

Sincerely,

CORP. LILLIAN SALLING
Personal Hq. Strength Sec.
T. D. R. T. C.,
North Camp Hood, Texas .

* * * *

Camp Blanding, Florida.

Hello Everyone—

This is Private Robert Wilcox from Camp Blanding, Florida. I have found out that the Army life is a great life to live and the boys down here feel the same. I saw many interesting things on my way down here, especially the Washington Monument and the White House.

The work I have to do is quite easy and I like it. Every night I have to take care of my machine gun and see that it is kept clean. I have learned quite a bit about the ways to fight in combat and how to find my way by compass at night.

The things I dislike most are K.P. duty, when I have to scrub the floors, walls, sinks, dishes, and pans and when I have to peel potatoes.

I certainly like the work with firearms, learning to assemble and disassemble them. The best firearm of all is the machine gun because it is so fast and accurate.

It is time for "lights out" so I will close.

Sincerely,

ROBERT WILCOX.

313th Fighter Squadron
Leesburg Army Air Field
Leesburg, Florida
September, 1943.

Dear Fellow Alumni:

I've been down here in Florida now for the past ten months with the 313th Fighter Squadron. Our part in this war has been strictly training so far, but we never know what the future has in store for us. Our squadron, a member of the famous 50th Fighter Group, is a vital part of the Post Graduate School for army airmen. In the next few paragraphs I would like to tell you about this school.

It is called AAFSAT—"Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics." AAFSAT is more than a school, it is an entire theater of operation and a complete air force. It embraces not only a school at Orlando, but sprawls over a large section of Florida, just west of the Atlantic Ocean and westward into the Gulf of Mexico. In this vast area are located many airports and landing strips, auxiliary airdromes and supply depots, swamps, rivers, lakes, rolling hills and dense jungles.

In this large area, thousands of men are alerted the same as they would be near the front lines of battle. The majority of subsidiary airdromes are expertly camouflaged. The men themselves work constantly in full battle dress, are completely armed and equipped to repel an invading hostile air force. This demonstration air force, the first of its kind ever assembled in the nation, is not made up of a few units or groups. Its completeness is rather amazing.

Like each individual air force of the Army Air Forces, it is composed of four distinct commands: Air Defense, Bombardment, Air Support, and Air Service. These four commands enable such an air force to operate as an entity. These departments are headed by experienced combat pilots, administrators, and executives who have seen plenty of

active service in this war. Many have served months or years in India against the Japs, or in Britain and Tunisia against the Germans. Some of the officers are aces with many Jap and Nazi planes to their credit. There is hardly a doubt that AAFSAT has in Florida the most concentrated group of experienced combat air force officers anywhere in the United States.

The purpose of AAFSAT is not merely to give selected key personnel of the air forces and other branches of the service some thumb-rule guides before they go into combat. Rather its essential function is to give the men simulated battle conditions in an actual theater of operations and again, to co-ordinate their activities into blows that will punch fast and hard.

Beginning June 1, AAFSAT became an integral part of the newly-created Army-Navy Staff College, located at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. The new program will select command and staff officers from the army ground forces, from the air forces, from the navy, and marines. Those selected will attend a month each at the Naval War College, the Command and Staff School and AAFSAT. After their training the selected officer will then enroll at the Army-Navy Staff College at Georgetown for two months. Their method will guarantee co-ordination not only within one arm of the service, but among all of them.

The problems given the men at AAFSAT are as complex and as tough as they'll get in any actual combat areas. Bombing missions are much the same as those carried out in the actual theater of war, they're long and tedious, they weary pilots and tax their capabilities to the utmost. The nearness to the Atlantic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico give them over-ocean flying experience.

Many of the problems worked out

by the men who will eventually go overseas, are simulated combat problems from the current war, of battles that have not yet begun, or are underway at the present time. Only death and bloodshed are simulated at AAFSAT. The whole theory of the school is designed to save men and equipment, and to hasten victory.

Under Air Support comes cargo planes and troop and equipment-carrying gliders. AAFSAT has both, in order to round out Air Support training. Air Service of supply is set up exactly as is in actual combat. Air Service maintains a general depot, from whence comes all supplies of every notion and kind necessary to keep an air force operating successfully and completely. The general depot receives aviation gas and oil, chemical warfare items such as gas, and anti-gas clothing and masks, ordnance and every item required by an Air Force.

The Bombardment Command of AAFSAT, as of every Air Force, is one of the most important components. The bombers often go on 1500 mile missions into the Gulf of Mexico when they will bomb an aluminum slick, on their way there and back, dozens of our own squadron's P-47 Thunderbolts, and other fighter air craft will attempt to intercept them. Returning bomber pilots often say actual combat conditions are, if anything, a little easier and more simple than the simulated conditions they find at AAFSAT.

The School of Applied Tactics there, is in reality, exactly what its name implies, a school for training key personnel to apply the latest battle tactics and other developments to their combat work. In this manner, units and groups going overseas are already trained in fighting when they reach the combat areas, instead of having to do it the hard way with the attendant cost and casualties.

I sincerely hope that you find this letter of interest and extend my best wishes to all of you. Let's all continue to stick together and this world turmoil should soon be ironed out.

Sincerely,

LAURENCE K. FOOTE, JR.,
1st Lieut. Ord. Dept.
Class of 1937.

Dear Mrs. Anderson:

As an alumna, I am contributing a little information in regard to my activities of the past year.

I left my job as an aircraft engine inspector at Thunderbird Field in Phoenix, Arizona, in January of 1943 and enlisted in the W. A. C.

After five weeks of basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, I was sent out to the field and have been a postal clerk here at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, up to the present time.

In spite of the military discipline and army routine, I have enjoyed my career in the service and expect to continue it for the duration. We have a big job to do and I feel that we must all do our utmost to bring the victory closer.

For relaxation, we have frequent three day passes on which I am able to visit home about once a month.

Recently I returned from a fourteen day furlough which I spent at Long Beach, California, Phoenix, Arizona, and Memphis, Tenn. I made the trip via plane, therefore I had a chance to visit home for two days before returning to the post.

My heartiest wishes to all the alumni and the very best of luck to all my comrades serving their country.

Sincerely yours,

P.F.C. LAURA RUTANEN
Army Postal Service
Fort Belvoir, Virginia

Somewhere in Sicily,
September 4, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Clark:

I received your letter dated August 12, and was very glad to hear from you. A letter from the people back home is the best thing a fellow can get when he is over here. You asked in your letter if I would write and tell you about myself and work. I can tell you about myself, but about my work, it won't be very much because of the Army censors. They sure like to cut letters up if you say too much about certain things.

I belong to an anti-aircraft unit, which made the invasion of Africa and was in every major battle until the end of the campaign. We all had some very narrow escapes, but we came through the campaign with flying colors. We have the best record of any anti-aircraft unit in the African campaign. Our job was protecting field artillery from enemy bombing and strafing. After the campaign we had two months rest.

On July 10th, we again took part in another invasion, this time Sicily. Our job was the same as in Africa, protecting field artillery. This time we had very little work to do because of the lack of enemy planes in the skies. Our air force did a very good job of protecting the ground forces, also from the air. We were under shell fire some, but very little compared with Africa.

In Africa I was in such cities as Casablanca, Rabat, Algiers, and Tunis. In Sicily I have been in all the principal cities, but I can't name them in this letter. During all the time I have been overseas I haven't been sick and have enjoyed the best of health. At the present time we are in rest camp in Sicily. We are on duty a few hours each day, searching the skies for enemy planes that may try to slip in.

Sicily and Africa are very mountainous and the climate is very warm. Of all I have seen over

here, I would rather be in good old U. S. A. all the time. But if some other country tries to take the freedom from America, the American people will rise to defend that freedom, and that's just what we fellows are doing over here. But this time it isn't just America, it's the whole world. Whether I come through this all right or not, I am proud as all the other fellows are over here, to fight for that freedom and to be an American Soldier.

I hope you can get enough out of this to put in the Gleaner. I will close for this time.

Sincerely,

CORP. SIDNEY F. BELL,
Bat'y A. 443rd Sep. C.A. Bn.
A.P.O., 303
c/o Postmaster, New York.

* * * *

August 16, 1943.

Dear Friends:

It is a rather great responsibility which you have given me, that is, to convey my sentiments about military life. I say this because I think my impressions are seldom like those of other people and less often the people's ideal.

The Navy V-12 unit stationed at Yale is not a chosen branch of the service unless it be chosen for especially difficult work. The Yale man of today is not an aristocrat, nor a playboy, nor a governor's son; the Yale man is any farmer or mill-hand or student who has a fair degree of intelligence and is more than willing to use it. For this reason I do thoroughly enjoy the fellowship although I have a great deal of criticism to offer concerning the University.

Our physical training program approaches the average "boot" camp as witnessed by many sufferers. The College Course is, in the main, engineering and better developed than in peacetime. The discipline is very strict in regard to personal beha-

vior and care of property. Confusion is inevitable at the outset of this undertaking but it usually is absorbed by the chief specialists. I enjoy the type of life except for a few minor grievances. It will be a long time before we are commissioned and each and every one of us is anxious to see action. That was our purpose in going to war and also too many of our friends have already suffered for it.

I think that should suffice for my personal impression of military life. All the little troublesome things are the things which everyone must expect today and that is a good thing for most of us. I am now, more than ever before, impressed with Woodstock. Perspective has made it more beautiful and a great deal more friendly. It is the greatest little home town in the world and I'm sorry that all my shipmates on the S. S. Yale can't say the same.

Sincerely yours,

STEWART C. DODGE,
App. S., U. S. N. R.,
Box 1315, Yale Station
New Haven, Conn.

* * * *

Aug. 31, 1943.

Dear Mrs. Anderson:

I received your letter last week requesting something for the Woodstock Academy Gleaner and will try to write something of interest.

Within another month I will have passed the two-year mark in the Army. After crossing the States and the Pacific I find myself having spent 15 months overseas.

I have been in New Zealand and liked their moderate climate. It is

wonderful farming country and I saw lots of excellent sheep and cattle. I visited Auckland, the largest city, and it seemed to me very much like San Francisco though not as large a city. The New Zealand people were very sociable and entertained us in their homes, also showed us some interesting things of the city.

Here everything is much different. The days are hot but cool nights. The natives are friendly and come for our laundry and we get them to put in bamboo floors and sides for our tents. There has been a considerable amount of missionary work done with them so we find it easy to understand one another.

Farming is 50 to 100 years behind the times. Oxen are used mainly although there are plenty of horses apparently running wild. Coconuts, bananas and other tropical fruits are plentiful.

The South Sea waters are very warm and fine for swimming.

We have two or three movies a week and a good library of late books. We can also buy magazines at the post exchange. Air-mail service has been very good.

I was pleased when I received last year's "Gleaner" and believe that the coming one will be very interesting.

I am looking forward to the time when I return to Woodstock and may that be in the near future for all that are in the Armed Forces.

My best wishes for a successful "Gleaner."

Sincerely,

RAYMOND F. HIBBARD.

Headquarters Halloran
General Hospital,
Staten Island, New York,
September 29, 1943.

Dear Annette:

I'm sorry that I've delayed writing an answer to your request for Gleaner news, but I've been concerned about it all along anyway.

I don't seem to be able to squirm away from this place to get into some overseas theatre again. I'm in my eleventh month here, though it doesn't seem that long. My nine months stay at Devens in 1941 seemed like years. Next February will round out three years of active duty in this fracas, which is the same period that I stayed in Maryland 'way back when—. I believe that I was the first one to leave Woodstock in this emergency, Admiral Rockwell and Francis Logee seemingly having chosen the Navy as their careers previous to the start of hostilities.

Much of my time, spare of course, is spent in writing V mail overseas, also to fellows in this country, too. About every three weeks I get out a dozen V mail letters written to all theatres, nearly all to Woodstock men. I know what it means to get mail on foreign soil, so I put to and crowd all the writing I can into my program.

At the hospital here I'm tied up with responsibilities involving the Motor Pool (Garage), Clothing and Equipment warehousing, storage and issue; and Salvage department; and in general all phases of Quartermaster work. I needn't go into detail about the hospital itself, for Life and the screen and press do well by us on that score. I believe.

Sincerely,

VERNON.

Halsey Weaver writes: "I spent the past winter in St. Petersburg as usual. As you probably have heard when one once gets the Florida sand in his shoes it is almost impossible to endure the New England winters.

My son, H. A. Jr., is Captain of Engineers, Co. B, 822 Eng. Battalion, somewhere in the South Pacific. His wife and twenty months old son are in Manchester, N. H."

He contributed a poem which was written by a Spanish War Veteran and which was read at their National Convention in Boston recently and which he considers apropos to the times.

Dedicated to the memory of General Arthur MacArthur, father of our present war hero, Douglas MacArthur, by Percy N. Garrett of Danville, Illinois:

* * * *

We'd Have To Whip The Japs

While serving in the Philippines
With Doug. MacArthur's dad,
In well-remembered instances
And all the tilts we had:
He predicted forty years ago
One evening just at taps
There'd come a time some day
We'd have to whip the Japs.

I wonder if he ever thought
In his days of pride and joy,
The man assigned to do that job
Would be his Doug., his boy.
I wish Doug's dad were still alive
To see, and hear perhaps,
Just how true his predictions were—
We'd have to whip the Japs.

To all the boys that soldiered
Under Doug. MacArthur's dad
I know we'd like to go again,
But were too old, it's sad;
We'd like to be on the firing line
When Doug. comes home and raps,
And makes his old dad's words ring
true—

We'd have to whip the Japs.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was not held this year owing to the gasoline situation. The present officers agreed to have no election this year but carry on for another year. We have not been able to increase our funds this year for the war effort seems to take everything we have and I know it is the best for all concerned. We will try and do something this year if possible.

MARTIN A. NELSON,
President of the Association.

GLEANER TREASURY REPORT June 14, 1942, to July 13, 1943

Receipts

Cash on hand June 14, 1942	\$385.59
Sale of Gleaners	123.50
Contributions	125.50
Dues of Sustaining Members	11.00
Advertisements	34.00
The Trustees	50.00
Interest on Permanent Fund	14.05
Miscellaneous	1.11

Total Receipts \$744.75

Disbursements

Cost of Material and Printing of Gleaner	\$189.40
Pictures in Gleaner	55.30
Editing Gleaner	50.00
Stationery and Postage	11.35
Miscellaneous	.60

Total Disbursements \$306.65

Balance on hand July 13, 1943 438.10

\$744.75

ETHEL E. UPHAM,
Treasurer.

You will note that the above report covers one month more than a year. As no annual meeting of the

Association was held this June, owing to difficulties of transportation, the report was delayed. It makes little difference except for the sum credited to interest, which is larger than usual, since an extra interest payment is included. It is a pleasure to submit such an encouraging report. It shows that the alumni are standing by their publication splendidly and that their effort was last year increased to make possible the publication of a larger and more expensive Gleaner in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the magazine. Although the present number of sustaining members, that is, those who have promised to pay annually a certain sum for a fixed number of years, is smaller than during the first five-year period of this plan's operation, many former pledgers continue to send their annual contribution just the same. To those who feel they cannot give each year we recommend the later plan of asking alumni who are celebrating their fifth anniversary of graduation or any multiple of it to make a special gift to the Gleaner. If classes can act as groups, and if they can raise the money instead of simply giving it, so much the better, but individual gifts will still be appreciated. The interesting possibilities of this plan seem practically endless, and when it once gets under way, it will almost run itself. Are you keeping this plan in mind this year, members of the -three and -eight classes?

Alumni will remember that a part of each contribution goes into the permanent fund. You will be pleased, as we who have the financing of the Gleaner in charge are, to know that at the time of the above report the fund had reached the sum of \$425.00. Its income is beginning to be a real, though a comparatively small help in the expenses of publication.

ALUMNI NEWS ITEMS

FACULTY ITEMS

Ethel Upham's increasing secretarial duties at Clark University in Worcester, added to housekeeping responsibilities when she is at home, has effectively prevented her usual Gleaner activities.

Mr. and Mrs. **William P. Dutemple** continue to reside in Whitinsville. Their daughter Barbara has graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio and plans to work for her Master's degree in Psychology at Columbia during the coming year. She will also spend part of her time in the teaching of deaf persons. Virginia has had a year of study at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs. Both girls are spending the summer in war work at the Whitin Machine Works. The family camp, on a lake two miles from their home, offers Mr. Dutemple the joys of boating, canoeing, swimming, hunting (woodchucks), gardening, and acting the part of general handyman. Unfortunately, Mrs. Dutemple's arthritis keeps her from these activities which she formerly enjoyed so much.

Constance Grigg continues with her school duties in Whitinsville. One of these duties is the supervision of the school paper. In connection with this work she accompanied four of her students to the school press convention held last March at Columbia University. While in New York she had the pleasure of an evening spent with Mr. and Mrs. **Maurice Childs**. The latter report as items of family news the graduation of their daughter Florence from Smith College and her engagement. The second daughter, Lois, is a student at Mt. Holyoke. Her engagement to Mr. Walter W. Meyer of Mount Vernon was announced recently. Mr. Childs is vice-principal of A. B. Davis High School in Mount Vernon.

In September, **Mr. Richard Wil-**

liamson became principal of Milford High School in Milford, Conn.

Mr. William Robbins is training as an aviation cadet at a camp in Texas.

Mr. John W. Powell has forsaken the teaching profession for the present and is now working for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He and Mrs. Powell have been in the south during the past year, but are now in New Jersey.

Mrs. Marcia Lachapelle resigned her position as teacher of music at the Academy. She is living in Putnam and teaching music in the Eastford schools.

Mrs. Louise Pike Jordan is taking Mrs. Lachapelle's place at the Academy and is also teaching in the grade schools of Woodstock.

PERSONALS

Miss Nellie D. Chandler has spent the past winter at the Chandler Home" in San Antonio, Texas. This home was founded and endowed by her brother, Edward B. Chandler. Miss Chandler has been ill and was not well enough to come North this summer.

Hattie L. Dean writes from 24 Beulah Street, San Francisco, California, that she very much likes the Golden Gate City. Partly because of war conditions she has not been able to take any long bus or auto trips this year.

Mrs. Charles Blake (nee Mary E. Burdick) attended Woodstock Academy about 1875. On August 3rd, 1943, Mr. and Mrs. Blake celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Blake passed away on Thursday, August 12th, at her home in Brooklyn at the age of eighty-four years and six months. She is survived by her husband, Charles H. Blake of Brooklyn, by a son Charles of West Hartford, Conn., two daughters, Florence M. and Dor-

othy K. Blake of Brooklyn, and two grandsons, Lieut. Chapin Blake and Pvt. John Burdick Blake, both serving their country in the armed forces. The funeral was held at her home in Brooklyn on Sunday, August 15th, with the Venerable John Rees Jones, Rector of Trinity Church Brooklyn, officiating, and burial was in the South Cemetery.

Ellen Mathewson Haskell sends cordial greetings to the Gleaner. She says in part: The Academy has for me many associations, for my grandmother was a student there, then my father and I followed and my two sons, Cornelius and Albert, came later while Mr. Hall was principal. Both were in the last war as was my daughter and now Cornelius' oldest son, John DeForest, is with a bombing crew—the pilot—in North Africa. Besides leading the crew of men he is squadron commander of seven ships. Albert's youngest son, barely nineteen, has been in a camp in Oklahoma for eight months.

Albert McClellan Mathewson passed away at his home in New Haven in September. Judge Mathewson practiced law in Putnam from 1884 to 1888 and then went to New Haven. From April, 1905, until October, 1911, he was Judge of the City Court. He gave up his practice in October, 1934, after fifty years of active work and spent his later years in research work. Judge Mathewson will always be remembered as the man under whose auspices boys in New Haven were permitted to see the Yale-Brown game. It began with five hundred boys in 1905 and in 1925 when the project ended, between twelve and fifteen thousand boys saw the game.

Putnam, Conn., Aug. 20, 1943.

Dear Friends:

I graduated from Woodstock Academy 63 years ago last June and was the only graduate at the close of that year. I entered Trinity Col-

lege, Hartford, the following September, which has been a very congenial class and held reunions every year at college, and I am hoping to go back next June for a reunion with the very few members still living to celebrate the 60th anniversary of our graduation.

For quite a long time years ago I knew most of the people in the Town of Woodstock, and kept in touch with the Academy and knew many of the students, but times have changed during the years and now I know very few in Woodstock, and none of the students and only the principal of the Academy.

I have been receiving the Gleaner for years, and you can send me one copy, although it is not quite as interesting to me now as it was when I knew the students.

Hoping you will succeed in getting out a good Gleaner this year, and in sending a copy as you plan to all the members of the Academy now in the war, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Frank F. Russell.

Jessie Bowen Palmer writes: Sorry I haven't news of more interest for the Gleaner. Our vacation has been spent at home doing much Victory Gardening, canning, some Red Cross work and making two or three brief visits at nearby beaches. My husband has retired from school work in Los Angeles and is devoting much time to South Pasadena gardens in an advisory capacity.

Albert M. Haskell of Huron, South Dakota, tells us that his son, Albert McClellan Haskell, Jr., has finished his basic training in Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He is now in Battery C, 86th Division, Camp Howze, Texas. Mr. Haskell's son-in-law, John C. R. Tompkins, is finishing flying training in C. A. A. War Training Service at West Virginia.

935 Indian Hill Blvd.
Claremont, Calif.

Dec. 16, 1942.

To the Editor of the Woodstock Academy Gleaner:

I have been reading the copy of the Gleaner found in the home of the late **Mrs. Isaacs**, who would be known as Mary Dwight to your older readers, and have talked with my neighbor and boyhood friend, Arthur Babcock, her nephew, who has lived here in Claremont for some years. I have recently retired from the 25 year pastorate of the Congregational Church in Redlands and am now living here. Mr. Babcock and I, who grew up in Dudley together and attended Nichols Academy together and played football against your team in those days, felt that you might perhaps like to have a little fuller account of his aunt than anyone else might give you. So he has supplied the necessary gaps in my own knowledge and I am writing this, in case it may be interesting to you in giving some account of her life when your next issue comes out.

Mrs. Isaacs always kept a keen interest in the affairs of Woodstock Academy and prized the copies of the Gleaner. As her old friends will remember, she was a woman of keen intelligence and great interest in cultural and religious concern. She lived to the great age of 94 years and four and one-half months, but retained her interest and her mental powers until near the last, when increasing deafness shut her off from normal contacts.

She was born in Dudley, the daughter of Daniel Dwight, in the first house that had been built in that town in 1729, in which the early town meetings and church services were held, and which was used as a tavern for the half-way point for the stages between Boston and Hartford. It was known as the William Carter place.

She attended Nichols Academy and studied with private teachers, though never graduating from college. She was noted as a fine scholar and a remarkable teacher, especially of Latin and German. She taught at a number of institutions, notable among them, aside from your own institution, were Fisk University, The Illinois Female Seminary, and a school in Seattle.

Soon after the turn of the century she married William Harry Isaacs in Evansville, Indiana, and after a few years there they moved to California. He died a few years ago and she spent the last years of her life in the home of one of her step-children, Mrs. Paul Phillips of Los Angeles, where she died Nov. 13, 1942.

In Los Angeles she became a member of the First Congregational Church, now the largest Congregational church in America, and was deeply interested in its varied activities.

Aside from the four children of her husband's first marriage, she leaves a brother, Daniel H. Dwight, former mayor of Spokane, and a nephew, Arthur Babcock of Claremont, a teacher of music and former professor in Pomona College in Claremont.

In the hope that some of the above data may be of interest, I am

Cordially yours,

Herbert C. Ide.

Richard L. Child is Electrical Inspector of Ship Construction in U. S. Navy Dept. at the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Kearney, N. J. Federal is the largest builder of destroyers on the east coast. He writes: I had the pleasure of accompanying the U. S. S. Schroeder (DD501) to the Navy Yard. This was a real event as I had watched the construction all the way from keel to delivery. I also had a close-up view of the Battle-

ship Iowa—next to the largest in any Navy.” Richard Child Jr. received his B. S. in Electrical Engineering from N. Y. University and has completed his fourth year with the Sperry Gyroscope Co. He is now an engineer in the Research Dept., Garden City, Long Island.

Frances Child has taken a course at Pace Institute in Accounting and is an accountant with the Church Pension Fund. She is taking an active part in the U.S.O. work at the Fort Hamilton Y. M. C. A.

Alfred Child is now employed in the Inspecting Controls Laboratory of the Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, New York. This company manufactures the famous pursuit plane P147—now doing splendid work in escorting the great bombing planes on their mission into France and Germany. In June, Alfred attended his forty-fifth reunion at Amherst. About thirty of the class were back for the reunion.

Alfred T. Child Jr. is Superintendent of Education for the island of St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

Eunice Child is the head of the Athletic Department of Miss Bird's School, Orange, New Jersey.

Margaret Child Freeland has two sons. Her husband, Harry M. Freeland, is a statistician for the City Services Company. The Freelands have recently purchased a home at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

Louise Child is secretary for Crolli-Reynolds, a chemical engineering firm in New York City.

Albert Hosmer and wife are staying in Florida through the summer, but do not mind the heat, since their home, “La Casa, By the Bay,” is cooled by sea breezes. Mr. Hosmer continues to sing and last spring his St. Augustine neighbors were privileged to hear him in recital.

The following article was sent to your editors by Florence Armes Hosmer of Boston:

“Outstanding Recital Is Presented

by Albert Edwin Hosmer, Baritone, and Lorenzo Pratt Ovicett, Pianist.

“One of the finest recitals given here in some time was presented last evening by Albert Edwin Hosmer, baritone, and Lorenzo Pratt Ovicett, pianist and accompanist, at the Memorial Presbyterian Church House.”

The above headlines and first paragraph of an article that appeared in the Society Column of the St. Augustine (Florida) Record, Friday, March 26, this year, shows us that “Burt” is “still going strong”! His many friends who go south better attend this large and popular church for he is a frequent soloist there.

A letter from **Arnold Dumont Merwin** of Jensen, Florida, states that his father, Arnold Merwin, passed away in September, 1942, and his mother, Mabelle Hammond, passed away in January, 1943.

David Dohan, son of the late Edith Hall Dohan, finished Officers' Candidate School at Camp Barkeley, Texas, on Sept. 14. He is serving in the Medical Administration Corps.

Lydia Scranton Carpenter writes from her home in South Sudbury that her sons, Thomas and Asa, are in the service and are located at present in Tennessee and at the Newport Naval Training Station.

Mrs. Ruth Gallup writes from Riverside, R. I.: I was working in Norwich, Conn., this past winter. Since April have spent most of my time with Lester and family.

Sarah Herrington Froyd, Class of '06, sends her annual contribution and says: “I am so glad the Gleaner isn't to be discontinued this year. I always look forward to receiving it for it brings back happy memories of my two years in the Academy.”

From **Mary Myers Graham** comes the word that she still is teaching Grade 3 in the Nathan Hale School in Moodus. Two of her sons, Victor and Harold, are working in defense factories. Julian was promoted to First Lieutenant in April. He was

an instructor in the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Monmouth for the past year. At present he is attending the Radio School at Fort Monmouth.

Virginia Beames Maple. Living in Washington with her husband, who is employed by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Her address is 201 8th St. N. E., Washington, D. C. She would be delighted to see any of her classmates that may happen to be in that region.

Doris Beames Boyd. Married September 6, 1943, to Frederick Jamieson Boyd of Boston. Her address is 160 Strathmore Road, Brighton, Mass.

Geoffrey H. Beames. Received his Master of Science degree from R. I. State College May, 1942. He entered the Army as a private and served with the 86th division Rangers at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. After completing basic training at that camp, he was sent to O. C. S. at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, receiving a commission as second lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Service. He is now with the 44th

chemical laboratory company at Camp Sibert, Alabama. He wants the Woodstock boys to look him up.

Lulu Johnson has returned to the nursing service and is working at the Day Kimball Hospital.

Carl Johnson is employed for the Buick Motors in Flint, Michigan. His son Robert is in the service.

Mrs. Grace E. Myers, class of 1912, has been caring for her mother and grandson John, the past year. Her daughter Grace was employed in Boston until April, when she returned to Woodstock. She is employed at the Optical Works in Southbridge. The other daughter, Mary, was married to William White on Nov. 17, 1942, at Dorchester, Mass. Mr. White is with the Marines in southern states.

Max L. Conner, class of 1911, writes of his experience "bossing a job building and running a plane shop on the Red Sea," returning to the United States in May, 1943. At present he is a United States Government Inspector, passing on engines for Flying Fortresses in South Bend, Indiana.

ANNIVERSARY CLASSES

CLASS OF 1893

Mrs. Florence Morse Dartt would be glad to see any of her friends at her home in Quinebaug.

CLASS OF 1903

Dear Grace:

Yes, it's been forty years all right since we planted our ivy. It doesn't seem possible, but it's true. I am sure I don't know what to write that will help you any.

It has been unusually hot here this summer. It's always hot in Kansas in the summer but this was a "stem winder." We had a fairly good wheat harvest and have had for the last three years, but there were seven years before that there was very

little wheat cut right around here. It's time to drill wheat but it is so dry we can't.

My husband farms a section and a half but in this country we summer fallow half the land every year and plant the other half.

I went stone blind in 1940 because of cataracts. From 1933 to July 15, 1940, I couldn't read. That was a long time. Thanks to a good doctor in Wichita, Kansas, I can read, drive the car, or do anything now. It certainly seems good after so long a time.

I had a letter from Frank Rockwell in the middle of July. I picked up our morning paper one day just after we took Attu, and there was his picture. I cut it out and sent it to him with a few lines but I never

expected him to write. He did, and of course I was pleased.

We are both well and I do hope to come East if this war is ever over. I hope to see some of my classmates anyway. Have been canning a lot. Decided if we were going to eat this winter I had better can.

Love to you,

Alice Steere Faris.

Dear Grace:

It was very pleasant to have a breath of Woodstock which your letter brought.

Relative to our family will say that we have four children all married and four grandchildren who have to keep us on our toes. We have one of our boys flying a bomber in Africa and at last reports he had been on twenty-two trips so we are hoping he may complete his required number and be home by Christmas.

Margaret and I are trying to produce beef and pork for the country and ourselves, but with labor difficulties, machinery shortages, feed regulation and bureaucrats in Washington, I think we are going to have to furnish you corn flakes and oatmeal instead of steaks and spare ribs.

From your address presume that you are experiencing some of the same difficulties. Trusting this finds you and your family well and when this war is over we may have the pleasure of seeing you again in Woodstock, I am

Sincerely yours,

Neal Haskell.

Grace Sumner Davis tells us that she has little to say about herself but is very proud of her son, S/Sgt. Sumner Davis, who enlisted in the Army Air Corps in October, 1941. He is now Flight Chief at Moody Field, Valdosta, Georgia.

From **Clarence R. Hall** of 56 Senior Place, Bridgeport, comes this mes-

sage to his friends: I continue as assistant clerk of the Superior Court here, my main work being the preparation of printed records on appeals from our county to the Supreme Court at Hartford. On the side we keep busy, Mrs. Hall as Junior Superintendent and I as General Superintendent of our church school. Incidentally, we take pride in the yellow Jubilee tomatoes, recommended by the Fred Rockwell's in their new home magazine, "The Home Garden." They're grand to eat—weigh about a pound apiece at their best.

One daughter, Mary Jane, continues in the office of the Nursery Training School in Boston. Our other daughter, Anne, graduated from Smith last May, spent the summer in Student Summer Service work in Alabama, and plans to enter the Yale Divinity School this Fall.

Alan W. Upham keeps busy at his home in East Woodstock. He continues to teach piano music to students in Woodstock and nearby towns. His love of nature and the outdoors is still very apparent for he has recently completed a book on ferns found in this section of the country.

Grace Church White of Diamond Hill, R. I., writes: "Our daughter Nancy was married in February to Lieutenant Robert Simpson, a Maine Paratrooper, who is now in the South Pacific, so the war comes pretty close to us."

Mrs. White may well be very proud of her son, Lieutenant Kenneth White. While a member of the ill-fated carrier Hornet's dive-bombing squadron he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for action at Midway and later was decorated by Secretary of the Navy Knox for further conspicuous gallantry. The latter decoration was the Air Medal presented to him for helping destroy twelve Japanese seaplanes in the South Pacific area.

We are sorry we have no word from the other members of this

class, **Helen Chandler Wallace, Florence Isabel Hibbard Lockwood and Frank Rockwell.**

When last heard from **Frank Rockwell** was stationed in the Aleutians where he was recently awarded a medal for distinguished service.

CLASS OF 1908

Dear Gleaner:

Winifred Potter Wiltsie and her husband David send greetings from Pittsfield, Mass. We are still in the floor covering and furniture business but together with most small business people sometimes wonder what will happen to us!

We day dream about retiring and going to California, but we are not quite ready to leave New England as yet.

This summer we had the pleasure of entertaining **Arlene Starr, W. A. 1946.** We learned all the Woodstock news and her visit was a rare treat.

Best wishes to all 1908.

Winifred Potter Wiltsie.

Dear Mildred:

Your card requesting a personal item for our class group has reached me so let's see what's what.

In March, 1941, when a call came for retired and inactive nurses to rally and get back in service so that more of the younger nurses could be released for Army and Navy duty, I got out my uniform and equipment and went to work at the Hartford Hospital from three to eleven P. M. The work is strenuous but most interesting.

While Mr. Jones has been busily occupied managing the Cary Teachers Agency (and candidates for teaching positions are hard to find) we have been able to care for a Victory Garden. The garden has yielded a goodly supply of table vegetables this summer as well as some extras which we have put into jars for winter use.

With the Hospital work, garden

and home duties, I don't have to be concerned with leisure hours. They are in the minority group.

Trust that all goes well with you and your family, Mildred. I shall be looking forward to news of you all in the next issue of the Gleaner.

Affectionately,

Harriet Nelson Jones.

No word was received from the other members of the class.

CLASS OF 1913

Dear Classmates:

Thirty years ago we were facing the future. Have they seemed a long time in passing? No, I think you will agree with me that they have not. Only my gray hairs, my two granddaughters, and the fact that I am starting my twenty-eighth year of teaching, warns me that the years are slipping by. How are you and what are you doing? Won't you reply through the Gleaner?

With best wishes to each one,

Eleanor Keith Lewis.

Apparently this is scheduled to be one of the most eventful years of my life. Red-letter days seem to have fallen on the second of several months. In February I left New England snow and ice to accompany my husband on a business trip through the South. We left Worcester one morning at 8 A. M. and arrived in Charlotte, N. C., the following noon—851 miles in 28 hours. My husband was quite tired from such continuous driving, but since it was my first trip into that part of the country, I was ready to "paint the town."

In the course of our travel we passed many historic battlefields and other places of interest including Duke University. As you may know "Duke" was founded by James Duke, the wealthy tobacco magnate,

at a cost in excess of \$50,000,000.

On May 8th by little grandson, Richard Arthur Masters, arrived.

On June 2d I attended my daughter's graduation from Oberlin College. It might be of further interest for me to say that an honorary degree was conferred upon Wendell Willkie, making him a member of the same graduating class.

On July 2d my son left for the U. S. Naval Training School at Newport, R. I., where he is now stationed.

Kind regards to all,

Ida Spalding Masters

I have just finished my twentieth year in the laboratory of the Charles V. Chapin Hospital. Originally planned for communicable diseases only the hospital has expanded over the years and now, in addition to increased facilities for its original purpose, has two wards for mental patients. The laboratory staff has grown from four part-time men to fourteen full-time men and women.

The past two years have brought blackouts, first aid training, an epidemic of meningitis, another of polio, victory gardens, and shortage of help, but we manage to carry on I have no definite plans for the future. The Army and I have been looking each other over, with not too much enthusiasm on either side.

Best wishes to all,

Edmund G. E. Anderson.

I am starting my twentieth year with the Chicago Post Office. Life with me seems quite uneventful as the years swiftly pass. I usually return to Woodstock every year or two either by train or auto for a vacation.

Best wishes to all,

Wm. H. Richardson.

CLASS OF 1918

Although most of the members of the class of 1918 have not traveled far away from Woodstock in the last quarter of a century, they seldom meet. It is interesting, however, to learn where they are at least once in five years.

Carolyn Cox Foster's home is at 29 Beach Street, Hartford. Her seven-year-old son John will be in the second grade at the West Middle School this fall.

Julia Johnson, with her husband and daughter Carol, occasionally calls on relatives and friends in Woodstock. Carol is eleven years old. Julia's address is 23 Park Villa Avenue, Worcester.

Paul E. Ringdahl is one of Woodstock's busy farmers. You can usually find him right at the Ringdahl homestead when he isn't marketing his produce in Worcester. His son Wesley will enter the first grade this year.

Marguerite Bosworth May still resides in East Woodstock. Wesley, age seventeen, is anxious to get into the service of his country but as yet he is employed at the Stillwater Company. Richard, age thirteen, is in the eighth grade. Sandra is four years of age.

Ellen Swenson keeps busy at home. Joan is eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

Andrew H. Lowe now lives in Pomfret and commutes to East Hartford for his defense work at the Pratt Whitney Company. He has five children to introduce to his classmates sometime.

Agnes Peterson has nothing new to report. She remains at home in Woodstock.

Hazel Wood Coburn spent nearly three months in a Hanover Hospital this spring, having two major operations. We don't understand how she does it but she is home again carrying on her post office duties in West Fairlee, Vermont. We suspect

she knows what is going on in her husband's store and sawmill too. Her twins, Ruth and Russell, are fourteen in September. Hazel dreads having them both away this year in high school. They will board in Bradford and be home weekends. Ruth is a sophomore and Russell a freshman.

Not only to **Hazel Coburn** but also to **George P. Swenson** (whose home is 84 Tanner Street, Manchester, Connecticut) do the classmates extend best wishes for complete and speedy recovery. George has had a very difficult time with arthritis. He has been unable to carry on his work at Colt's in Hartford since May. He has been in Boston several times for treatment and is a patient at the New England Baptist Hospital at the present time. His older daughter Barbara, age fifteen, enjoyed her freshman year at Woodstock Academy so much that she is planning to return for her sophomore year this fall. Thelma, who will be twelve in October, attends school in Manchester.

Helen Bjornberg continues to teach and study in Hartford. Summers and many weekends are spent in North Woodstock.

Jean McClellan Whitney's home is at Stephen's Landing, New York. She and her husband are busy in New York City on the magazine, "Interiors." Jean has a son, George McClellan Whitney.

Otto L. Pike evidently likes Puerto Rico for he has been there a good many years. His home is at Arecibo (Box 836). His son Galen, eighteen, has attended Woodstock Academy three years. This summer he went to Puerto Rico to visit his family. He expected to return this fall and enter the service, but he has been unable to obtain passage. He will attend High School in Arecibo with his sister Grace, who is also a senior. There is another young Pike—James, who is thirteen and in the seventh grade in school. Otto writes, "I have done a great deal of

surveying but now my farm and flower business take all of my time. I grow a bit of coffee, 12 acres of sea island cotton for parachutes, 20 acres of vegetables, and my farm produced 311,986 pounds of sugar this year. Most of the sugar is in a warehouse, waiting for boats north. On the other hand we were eight months without potatoes, months without butter, and I haven't seen an apple in over a year. All this is due to Germany's submarines. I'd like to swap an apple with you for a bag of sugar. I wish my sugar were TNT dropping over Berlin!"

The Gleaner has helped us to become better acquainted with one another in spite of time, distance, and gasoline rationing.

CLASS OF 1923

Semper Paratus

Harold Carpenter keeps busy at home on his farm in Eastford, and with occasional saw mill work.

Alice Cross Heminway and her husband spent a week in Woodstock this summer. Alice writes, "My fondest greetings to my classmates. I still keep house in "Nine Acre Corner," Concord, using my spare time for Red Cross knitting and sewing and church work. If any of you ever come to Concord do look me up. In spite of ration points, etc., we can always have a cup of tea or coffee or a glass of milk and a friendly chat."

Carl Feller says he isn't doing anything important but he is a busy citizen of Woodstock. He doesn't consider being chairman of the town Bond Drive, assessor, registrar of voters, or driving the school bus important work.

Elsa Johnson continues to work in the office of The Leon J. Barrett Company, Worcester, and spends the week-ends at her home in the Center District.

Ilo Sullard has returned to Braintree, Mass., for another year of teaching.

Lester Gallup continues as Superintendent of the R. I. Tool Company. In April he and his family moved into a home of their own on Narragansett Terrace, in Riverside, R. I.

Luke White—See Service Men's news.

The following have not sent in any news items:

Judith Johnson, 15 Adelaide St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Doris Lindeman Burbank, Bedford Hills, New York.

Reginald Pike, Box 546, Welch, West Virginia.

In Memoriam:

Miriam Ware Huffmann

Hazel Sheldon Frost

CLASS OF 1928

Warren Peckham writes for the class of '28:

Am making my home here in Moultonboro, N. H., for the time being as I expect to be called for induction into service the 1st of February. Since late in August I have been employed by the Forest Trading Co. of Fryeburg, Maine, as a lumber grader. About ninety-five per cent of the commodity has gone for defense purposes and mills are operating to full capacity. I only hope that I can contribute my part toward getting this terrible war over and bringing back the day when old friends can meet again without the thought of depriving someone on the fighting front of gasoline or other necessities.

To Fellow Classmates of 1928 and Alumnae, let me say it's great to recall the memories of dear old Woodstock Academy, the swell teachers who gave so freely of their time between classes and after closing time, the old auditorium where each of us was so proud to receive the reward for our endeavors, the athletic field on which body was built as well as mind. I regret that I have not been able to keep in touch with all or

much that has indeed made Woodstock Academy a better institution, but feel sure that some day a most sincere effort will make that possible.

Let's get together by mail, classmates, if we can't in person! I would be glad to receive a line from anyone who cares to write.

Constance Wetherell is with the Military and Naval Welfare Service of the American Red Cross.

Rebecca Hibbard Weber has been working at the Quincy Hospital for the past five years. She writes of her marriage to E. Reuel Weber on March 12, in Milton, Mass., where she now resides at 40 Blue Hill Avenue.

Cedric Child is A. C. P. County assistant involving work in many of the Agricultural programs. He is chairman of the ration board in Woodstock and for the past six years has been on the school board, serving as chairman for three years. He lives at Elmlawn and has two sons, Clarence and Frederick.

Esther Hicks Larkin is living in Unionville, Conn., where she is kept busy with household duties. She has two daughters.

Ellen Carlson Kallgren is keeping busy at her home in North Woodstock caring for her husband and daughter.

Florence Child Young finds her time well taken up caring for her family. Henry and Florence have three children, Harriet in the eighth grade, Dexter in the fourth grade, and Charlotte, who has just reached the age of one year.

Robert Pike is United States inspector in a cement plant in Riverside, California, to assure the quality of material that the Government receives.

Kenneth Pike is with the Wycliffe Bible Translators and has been studying the Mixteco language of Southwestern Mexico, translating the New Testament into it. For the past year he has been loaned to the English Language Institute of the

University of Michigan to aid in the War Effort. They are preparing textbooks for teaching English to Latin-Americans and Kenneth has been writing the sections on pronunciations. His temporary address is American Bible Society, Park Avenue and 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Esther Johnson Norman keeps busy caring for her home and family in Woodstock.

CLASS OF 1938

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

Elmer Fairfield is stationed at Fort McKinley, Maine, in the Coast Artillery.

Chandler Hibbard, who is working at the Stillwater Worsted Mill and assisting his father on the farm, is engaged and plans to be married shortly. See Noon.

M.M. 1st Class Francis Logee was married recently to **Margaret Bosworth**. They are living in Norfolk, Va., where he is attending diesel school.

Joyce Townsend, Yeoman Third Class, completed her basic training in the WAVES at Stillwater, Oklahoma, and is now stationed in New York at the Fleet Post Office.

Sybil Joy Morse is living in East Woodstock. Her news will be found in the Morning Column.

Sylvia Townsend Sandison, who was married on Easter Sunday, is living in East Woodstock and keeps the Postman busy with letters to and from Texas.

Elizabeth "Wiggins" Cox returns to Mary Washington College this fall for her fourth and final year. She anticipates attending Tufts Medical School after graduating.

Rene Bosworth Foote and son, Gary, are living with her parents as Russ is training for an Aviation Cadet.

Cay Cox Saltonstall is at home with her husband and two children, Craig and Charlene.

Frances Latham was at home for the summer from her teaching position in Plainville, Connecticut.

Pearl Barlow Wicks is living in Eastford and working in the American Optical Co.

Hazel Barrington was married to Donald Chappell, August 14th.

Mary Rosyar Navratil is living in Willington and working at Storrs in the creamery.

Margaretha Bennett Bellerive is living with her family in Danielson.

Carla Carpenter McLaughlin is living in Manchester with her family.

Clarice Hall Sumner is keeping house in Eastford.

Irene Lachapelle McMenemy is living in Northboro, Mass., with her family.

Myrtle Johnson is a teacher of Art in Oswego High School in Oswego, New York.

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

Anna Kiuru has completed her nurses's training at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York.

Beatrice Arvidson is working in Providence and living in Riverside, R. I.

Katherine Meehan is working at the American Optical Co. in Southbridge and living at home.

Helen Peterson is employed at the Airport in Pomfret reporting the weather conditions.

We have no news of **Ruth Gurwitz**, **Marie Carlage**, **Pauline Warhol** or **Anna Chernushek**.

CLASS OF 1939

Clarence Fairfield and **Ruby Creapo** are employed at the Stillwater Worsted Mill in East Woodstock.

Ruth Johnson is working at the Woodstock town clerk's office.

Harold Dodge is chef at Goodhall's Restaurant in Eastford.

Marion Hopkins is at home.

Alice Potter is working in a Defense Plant in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Carolyn Piecyk will graduate from Willimantic Normal School in December.

Mary Todd graduated from the University of Connecticut and will teach at Ellsworth High School in South Windsor.

Harvey Gobin of the U. S. Marine Corps is somewhere in the Pacific.

Cpl. Sidney Bell has last been reported in Africa.

Alfred Sheldon is working at home on the farm.

Mitchell Vaida graduated from the University of Connecticut and is at the present working at home on the farm.

Mildred Bosworth is working at home.

Barbara Cooley is working at Pratt and Whitney in Hartford.

Lottie Colburn Amberg is living in Eastford with her two children while her husband is stationed in England.

Louise Roy Champney is at home with her young daughter while her husband is serving in the Army.

Pfc. William Floeting is at Scott Field, Ill., specializing in radio.

Alice Hunter Irwin is working in Boston.

Alexander Fabian is living in Phoenixville with his wife and two children while working in Hartford.

Alexander Smoolca is working for the Electric Boat Company in Groton.

Marguerite Marvin is reported to be teaching at the University of New York.

CLASS OF 1940

Dorothy Saltonstall Carpenter is employed at the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock. For further news about Dot see "Noon."

Frances Laukevich is working at the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Anna Mae Goodhall is working at the Johnson Memorial Hospital in Stafford Springs. Anna Mae is one

of the Laboratory and X-ray Technicians there.

Priscilla Spence graduated from Lasell Junior College this spring and has taken a part-time position in a doctor's office. I believe Prissy has a part-time job in a hospital also in Boston.

Anna Johnson is living in Norwood, Mass., with her aunt and uncle. She has a position with the Plimpton Press.

Gwendolyn Withers Potter is still employed at the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock. Her husband has been serving overseas now for several months.

Gladys Withers Ekman is working at the Stillwater Mill and also has more information in "Noon."

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

Marjorie Newth is assisting her parents at home on the farm. Sympathy is extended to Marjorie at the loss of her father this summer.

Ruth Ranta has been employed in Putnam for quite some time. At this time Ruth is at home having left her position in Putnam.

Frances Williams is employed in Charlestown, Mass. She manages to keep busy with her husband and two children.

Aleda Williams Socher is working in Willimantic. Aleda also has news for her classmates in "Noon."

Proctor B. Foote, now serving in the U. S. Naval Reserve, is aboard the U.S.S. Humboldt. Proctor is a seaman first class.

Pvt. Henry Latham, serving in the U. S. Army, is now attending Stamford University in California.

William Spaulding is in Long Beach, California. He is studying drafting at a Douglas Aircraft School.

Dorothy Nelson is employed at the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock.

Albert Morgan, third class petty officer in the U. S. Naval Reserve, is somewhere in the South Pacific.

Clement Barlow, who is a senior at the University of Connecticut, attended summer school there this year.

Malcolm Jones of the R.C.A.F. is now a pilot officer. Malcolm received his wings recently.

Bob Joy is still working on his father's farm. Poultry, apples and drawing grain keeps Bob pretty busy.

CLASS OF 1941

Dorothy Hopkins and **Virginia Cole** are both in nurses training—Virginia at the Deaconess in Boston and Dorothy at the Worcester Memorial Hospital. When Dorothy has completed her training here she will enter the U. S. Cadet Nursing Corps.

Margaret Bosworth Logee is at home, having completed her studies at Lasell College in May. She recently returned from a visit with her husband in Ohio.

Elva Keith is with the L. H. Fuller Insurance Agency in Putnam.

Helen Rosyar is working for Rosen Brothers Department Store in Willimantic.

Barbara Barrett is employed by Pratt and Whitney in Willimantic, **Bertha Johnson** by the A. O. in Southbridge, **Marilyn Shead** by Stillwater Worsted, and **Emily Young** by the Safety Equipment Service Company in Putnam.

Grace Johnson is attending secretarial school in New York.

Esther Meehan Hall, **Antoinette Rathbone Mrakovich** and **Rita Roy Cutler** are at their respective homes caring for their children.

Jane Danielson and **Doris Bosworth** are at their homes at present.

Ida Zipkin is in Providence, but there is no news as to what she is doing.

There is no news from **Frances Sullivan**.

John Rooke is still attending Trade School.

Raymond Herrick hasn't been

heard from since moving to Norwich.

In another part of the Gleaner you will find news directly from our members in the service:

U. S. Army—**Caro Piecyk**, **John Kiuru**.

U. S. Army Air Corps—**Albert Logee**, **Albert Todd**.

U. S. Marines—**Richard Gobin**.

U. S. Navy—**Frederick Wilcox**.

U. S. Coast Guard—**Albert Durrin**.

U. S. Merchant Marine—**Solomon Andert**.

CLASS OF 1942

George Barrett is working on the home farm in East Woodstock.

Eva Broughton has continued to work at Belding Heminway in Putnam.

Wayne Bunnell, S 2/c, is stationed at present, on the Island of Attu in the Aleutians.

Juliette Collins has joined the U. S. Cadet Nurses Corps and entered the Hahnemann Hospital in Worcester the first of September.

Phyllis Racine, now Mrs. Arthur Cooper, is employed by the Stillwater Worsted Mill in East Woodstock.

Thurston Eddy, S 2/c, is now stationed in New Orleans and expects to enter radio work.

Private George Howlett of the Glider Field Artillery is stationed at Camp Mackall, N. C. See Noon.

Evelyn Johnson is doing clerical work at the Union Station in Worcester.

David Joy is now working in Putnam but expects to be employed by the American Airlines in Hartford in the near future. He was best man for his classmate, George Howlett, when he was married to Jean Adams of West Palm Beach, Florida.

Nonie Witter, now Mrs. Albert Logee, is also employed by the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock.

Eileen Marcy is making parachutes at the Wellington Curtain Company in Putnam.

Dorothy Place is working at the Safety Equipment Service Company in Putnam.

Ewald Ratesep recently joined the Merchant Marine and is now stationed in New York.

Oliva Roy is working in Pomfret on Raymond Wing's farm.

Beatrice Townsend is now at home helping her father on the farm.

Ina Witter is doing clerical work at the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Private George Willis, the first member of the class of '43 to enter the service, is now stationed somewhere in England.

CLASS OF 1943

Hester Carpenter is employed at the Electric Motor Company in Wilmantic.

Elizabeth Frink has a position in the office of the American Optical Company in Southbridge.

Loretta Herre has entered the employ of the Putnam Woolen Company.

Carlton Hibbard is doing his share on the "home front," by helping on his father's farm in the English Neighborhood.

Helen Ratasep and **Jean Trepal** are continuing their education by attending the University of Connecticut.

Ruth Sundstrom hopes to start work in the American Optical in Southbridge. At present she is employed at the Woolworth Store in Putnam.

Ernest Freelove and **George Staveski** are employed at the Stillwater Worsted Company in East Woodstock.

In August, **Isabel Lazur** began her nurses training at the Hartford Hospital.

Irene Mason and **Edna West** are two more of the class who have entered the employ of the American

Optical Company. **Edna** recently announced her engagement to **Leonard Belair** of Putnam.

Marjorie Withers has been assisting Mrs. Sara Pedersen at her "rest home," Sunny Acres. At present she is working at the Stillwater Worsted Mill.

Arline Marvin is working at the Stillwater Mill in East Woodstock.

Robert Johnson is another of our members helping on the farm. He is employed at Valleside. In September his engagement to **Beatrice Townsend** was announced.

Two of our number are in the armed forces. **Stuart Dodge** is attending the Navy Officers Training School at Yale. **Frederick Clair** has entered the Cavalry division in the Army forces.

CLASS OF 1898 and CLASS OF 1933

We regret to say we received no items from these two classes although they are two of the anniversary classes.

October 5, 1943.

To the President and Members of the Class of 1943:

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Woodstock Academy it was voted that the secretary send you a letter of thanks for the gift you so generously made. At future graduations an award will be made to the member of the three lower classes who, in the judgment of the faculty, has done the most for the good of the Academy during that year. This is in accordance with the wishes of the class.

During your senior year your hopes and aspirations received many a shock due to the regulations of the O.D.T. and O.P.A. The Trustees feel that the manner in which you met these adversities reflect the fine qualities of manhood and wom-

anhood which you have attained. They congratulate you on the decisions you made to cooperate so graciously with the authorities of the school and local and national governments. This spirit of cooperation is the true democracy for

which so many men and women of this country are giving their all.

Very truly yours,

E. R. ROLLINS,
Secretary

IN MEMORIAM

EDITH HALL DOHAN
Born Decmber 31st, 1877
Died July 14th, 1943

Edith Hall Dohan was born in New Haven, Connecticut, where her father was teaching in the Hopkins Grammar School. A few years later the family moved to New London; and from there Mr. Hall accepted the call to become Principal of Woodstock Academy.

Edith at this time was about 12 years old. One of her unusual characteristics was her interest and devotion to old people. She quickly made friends with the older residents of Woodstock, preferring their society to those of her own age. She was especially fond of Deacon Amasa Chandler and spent much time with him. Edith was not very strong at this time and her parents wished her to be out of doors as much as possible to build up her health. She took long tramps across country, and often went off on all-day excursions to the woods with Deacon Chandler in midwinter on a two-horse sledge. They would cut, load, and bring back the wood, no matter how cold the weather might be. These were fine days for them both. Edith was always an excellent student and stood very high in her classes at the Academy, graduating from there in 1895. She entered Smith College the following autumn and was graduated four years later, having received the Phi Beta Kappa key for high scholarship. She was also made a member of the semi-secret and semi-honorary Society of Alpha.

After leaving college she spent several years teaching in the Shepley and Baldwin schools for girls near Philadelphia. Then she pursued her studies at Bryn Mawr College where she subsequently received the degree of Ph.D. While she was studying for this degree she figured conspicuously in the Denby Hall fire which occurred at night. Edith climbed a ladder in her nightgown to rescue the thesis of another girl who was about to get her Ph.D., and brought the thesis to the ground in safety. The fire destroyed all her own clothing and other possessions in the dormitory and she returned to Woodstock arrayed in borrowed clothes from the wives of Bryn Mawr Professors; a short Sewing Bee with her mother and Miss Mary Reilley replenished her wardrobe.

Next came her trip to Greece. She spent several years in Athens studying at the American School of Archeology and after completing the

course there, she decided to do excavating herself. At this time the University of Pennsylvania Museum sponsored the expedition to Crete consisting of Edith, Miss Harriet Boyd and Mr. Richard Seager. The recent November number of the National Geographic Magazine gives an interesting account of these Cretan excavations. An unusual incident occurred while Edith was in Crete. A Cretan woman was in immediate need of an operation, but as no local doctor was available Miss Boyd performed the operation and Edith was the surgical nurse and sole attendant. The improvised hospital was in a hut barred off from the curiosity of the crowds of villagers waiting outside. I believe the operation was a success!

Edith loved Greece and never failed to take every opportunity to chat in Greek with proprietors of fruit stores and shoe shops in this country to keep up her practice in that language.

She was curator of classical antiquities in the University of Pennsylvania Museum from the time she first went to Philadelphia until a year before her death when she resigned her position; but she still kept her office there and continued to work and study. It was there that she was stricken with a heart attack and died almost immediately.

She married Joseph H. Dohan of Philadelphia some years after the Cretan expedition, and his death occurred after their happy marriage of about twenty years. She leaves a son David, now in the armed forces, and a daughter, Mrs. Denys Page, living in England.

She was deeply religious and was always a loyal supporter of the church. For a long time she was active in maintaining the work of a Day Nursery in Philadelphia.

But it is not for her brilliant career that her friends and schoolmates loved her most; it is more for her noble character, her lasting friendships treasured through the years, her sane outlook on life, her breadth of vision, and most of all for her loving heart which gave joy to all whom her life touched.

She was laid to rest in the Woodstock Hill Cemetery which she loved, near the old pine tree under which she and I often sat together on Sunday afternoon during our school days.

CONSTANCE HOLT.

MORNING

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered,
Birds and blossoms many numbered.

Longfellow.

August 1942, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Morse of Coventry, Conn.

Sept. 10, 1942, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pasay (Eleanor Mulligan) of Southbridge.

Sept. 16, 1942, a son, Asa Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Robert Scranton of South Woodstock.

Sept. 29, 1942, a son, Richard Lester, to Sigurd and Augusta Starr Swanberg of Woodstock.

Oct. 20, 1942, a son, George Irving, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Walling (Lydia Taber) of Woodstock.

Oct. 20, 1942, a son, Gary Montgomery, to Russell and Irene Bosworth Foote of Claremont, New Hampshire.

Oct. 24, 1942, a daughter, Charlotte Child, to Henry and Florence Child Young of Woodstock.

Nov. 12, 1942, a daughter, Sara Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williamson of New Milford.

Nov. 30, 1942, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawton (Eleanor Peterson) of Putnam.

Dec. 1, 1942, a daughter, Jeanne, to Keith and Ruth Young Lewis of Eastford.

Jan. 15, 1943, a son, Frederick, to

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Child of Woodstock.

Feb. 9, 1943, a daughter, Deborah Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pascoe (Wilma Taylor) of Pascoag, R. I.

Feb. 27, 1943, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hutcheson (Beatrice Booth) of Woodstock Valley.

March 2, 1943, a daughter, Stephanie Mary, to Denys L. and Katherine Dohan Page at Great Brickhill, England. Katherine is the daughter of Edith Hall Dohan.

March 18, 1943, a son, David Warner, to Frank and Marjory Brink at Cheyney, Penn. Marjory is the daughter of Anne Hall Gaylord.

May 8, 1943, a son, Douglas Saltonstall, to Mr. and Mrs. Roger Child of East Woodstock.

May 20, 1943, a daughter, Mary Ann, to Frank and Anita Klausen Young of South Woodstock.

August, 1943, a daughter, Jane Alice, to Elmer and Geneva Cross White of Thompson.

Aug. 12, 1943, a son, Alton Kingsley, to Arthur and Sybil Joy Morse of East Woodstock.

Aug. 31, 1943, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Child, 2nd, of New Jersey.

NOON

Who findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favour
of the Lord. Bible.

Aug. 10, 1942, Corp. Stephen K. Morse and Miss Vera Shaughnessy of Fairfield, Conn., in Denver, Colorado.

Sept. 6, 1942, Doris M. Beames and Mr. Frederick J. Boyd.

Oct. 14, 1942, Antoinette G. Rathbone and Mr. Joseph Paul Mrakovich.

Oct. 24, 1942, Dorothy Evelyn Chapman and George Alfred Wethrell, Jr.

Nov. 28, 1942, Stewart Meacham Tatem and Miss Gladys Ettell.

Jan. 16, 1943, Alice Louise Hunter and Private Norman Pershing Irwin.

April 25, 1943, Nonie Witter and Albert Eugene Logee.

June 1, 1943, Phyllis Racine and Arthur Kuper.

June 6, 1943, Aleda Williams to Victor Sochor, Jr.

June 20, 1943, Edith Carolyn Nelson and Mr. Karl Edward Colburn.

June 26, 1943, Arthur Williams and Annie Shippee.

July 3, 1943, Constance, daughter of Everett L. Upham of Newtonville, Mass., and Mr. Norman Holmes Deane.

July 24, 1943, Ada Carlson and Normand W. Sprague.

July 25, 1943, Margaret Bosworth and Francis Logee.

July, 1943, Gladys Withers and Kenneth Ekman.

Aug. 2, 1943, Dorothy Saltonstall and George Carpenter.

Aug. 14, 1943, Hazel Barrington and Donald Chappell.

Sept. 16, 1943, George Howlett and Jean Adams.

Oct. 14, 1943, Asa Chandler Hibbard and Mildred Mason.

NIGHT

"God's finger touched them, and they slipped away
From earth's dark shadows to a brighter day."

Sept. 7, 1942, Mrs. Mary Eva Fener Hayworth of Providence.

Sept., 1942, Arnold Dumont Merwin in Jensen, Florida.

Oct. 15, 1942, Raymond W. Sheldon of Webster.

Oct. 22, 1942, Mrs. Amelia Williams Tillinghast, aged 98, of Danielson.

Nov. 13, 1942, Mrs. Mary Dwight Isaacs, aged 94 years, of Los Angeles, California.

Nov. 17, 1942, Mrs. Annette Bowen Lord of Hanover, N. H.

Nov. 30, 1942, at her home in Southbridge, Mass., Mrs. Frank Everett Randall (Mary Elizabeth Hopkins), aged 87 years, 5 months and 24 days.

Jan. 2, 1943, Miss Susan D. Gordon, in Providence.

Jan., 1943, Mrs. Mabelle Hammond Merwin in Jensen, Florida.

Feb. 26, 1943, Private John Andrew Meehan of Woodstock.

March, 1943, Harry Wyman, hus-of Brooklyn, N. Y.

band of Lucy Allen Wyman of Somerville, Mass., and Eastford, Conn.

April 18, 1943, Mrs. Carrie Blackmer Healey of Woodstock.

April 29, 1943, Perry B. Moffitt of Pomfret.

May 7, 1943, Mr. Dwight Burritt, husband of Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt.

May 31, 1943, Lawrence Chandler of Glendale, California.

June 29, 1943, Bertrand Andrews of Putnam.

July 14, 1943, Edith Hall Dohan.

July, 1943, Edward Chamberlin of Woodstock.

Aug. 12, 1943, Mary Burdick Blake of Brooklyn, Conn.

Aug. 5, 1943, Robert L. Flugel, U. S. Navy.

Sept., 1943, Judge Albert Mathewson of New Haven.

Oct. 1, 1943, Grace Louise Brunn

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Academy Sunday service was held at the First Congregational Church on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. Miss Constance Williams, organist, played the Processional March by Verne, the Invocation was by Rev. Douglas Pierce of North Woodstock. The Academy Choir sang two Anthems, "Prayer Perfect" by Stenson and "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," by Ivanof. Stewart Dodge, a member of the graduating class, sang a solo, "Blessing," by Curran.

Rev. Henry Baker of East Woodstock led the Responsive Reading; Rev. Helge Johnson of the Swedish Church read the Scripture; Rev. David Pitt, D. D., offered the prayer. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Harold Crow of Danielson, who preached on "Christianity in a World of Conflict. The Benediction was pronounced by Rev. George Reese of Eastford.

Graduation exercises followed the Sunday service. There were seventeen in the graduating class as follows: College Course—Isabel Lazur, Helen Ratasep, Jean Trepal; Commercial Course—Elizabeth Frink, Irene Mason, Edna West, Marjorie Withers; General Course—Hester Carpenter, Frederick Clair, Jr., Stewart Dodge, Ernest Frelove, Loretta Herre, Carlton Hibbard, Robert Johnson, Arline Marvin, Albert Staveski, Ruth Sundstrom.

The program was as follows: Song, Woodstock Academy; Salutatory, "Walt Whitman, the American," by Stewart Dodge; Song, "The Yanks Are Coming," by the school; Valedictory, "Backgrounds of South American Culture," by Helen Ratasep; Presentation of Class Gift, by Robert Johnson, and Acceptance of Class Gift, by Phyllis Johnson; Presentation of Diplomas, by Mrs. Eleanor K. Lewis; Presentation of Yale Honor Cups to Isabel Lazur and

Stewart Dodge. Awarding of Prizes by William Simpson, Principal: English I, Edith Stahl; English II, Arlene Karhu; Mathematics I, Louise Shea, Best Speller, Elsie Flooting; American History, Juanita Todd; Best Latin Scholar, Gloria Dumas; Most Patriotic, Isabel Lazur and Stewart Dodge; Scholarship prize by Readers' Digest of subscription for one year, Helen Ratasep; Connecticut Youth Award in Agriculture, Robert Johnson. The tree dedication was given by Isabel Lazur and the exercises closed with the singing of "Fair Woodstock."

TREE ORATION

We, the Class of nineteen hundred and forty-three, dedicate our tree as a memorial to our student days at the Academy.

Like its roots, our base was formed in the education we received in Grammar School. The trunk forms our most vital backbone which gradually took form at the Academy through the help of our teachers whom we thank for their goodness in overlooking our faults and their labor spent in developing the good that is in us.

Soon we shall advance upon our journey in this wide world, each taking a different path; soon we shall spread out, as growing branches, reaching for the highest points in life with the sky as our limit. Even as our tree will meet the challenge of nature, we shall equally and with well established base and purpose, meet the challenge of life.

May our tree be a living memorial of our happy days at Woodstock Academy.

ISABEL LAZUR.

WALT WHITMAN — THE AMERICAN

SALUTATORY ESSAY

by

STEWART DODGE

I. INTRODUCTION

A.

To a Certain Civilian

Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me?

Did you seek the civilian's peaceful and languishing rhymes?

Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow?

Why I was not singing erewhile for you to follow, to understand—nor am I now;

(I have been born of the same as the war was born,

The drum-corps' rattle is ever to me sweet music, I love well the martial dirge,

Wits slow wail and convulsive throb leading the Officer's funeral);

What to lull yourself with what you can understand, and with piano tunes, For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me.

This verse expresses my wish, one dear to Walt Whitman's own heart. I shall attempt to have you understand Walt's full-throated songs, but in so doing I shall seek to lull nobody.

You will find in his verses no adherence to meter or rhythm but if you dare to feel the passion of this great American—if you dare to imagine yourselves each a great American, you will discover the key to the cathedral of life as his principal idea.

II. BODY.

A. Early misfortunes and successes as a journalist.

1. From 1819 to 1848, a stalwart young man was growing up on Long Island and about Manhattan. He spent his time moving from one journalist's position to another and considerably more time going swimming and riding up and down the Broadway horse-car—his only vice.

Young Walt Whitman, though lazy, was a clean and gracious figure—everyone liked him.

For two years after he reached the age of 27 he was editor of the Eagle—a Brooklyn sheet. When the owners could reach no truce with Walt, a Free-Soil Democrat, about the slavery question he lost his job again.

These first years produced nothing but some sentimental verses and a desire to enjoy life in every shade of activity. Walt was beginning to sense the unfathomed depths in all mankind and especially himself.

One of his later songs best expresses this thought.

2. "One's Self I Sing"

One's-self I sing, a simple, separate person,
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.
 Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
 Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse, I say the
 Form complete is worthier far,
 The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
 Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
 The Modern Man I sing.

B. The Love of a Woman

1. A month after Walt Whitman left the Eagle he was contracted as editor of the New Orleans Crescent.

Two experiences begotten from this interval furnished the spark which ignited the flame of his immortal message.

The trip to New Orleans opened the poet's eyes to a growing America—mule teams, river boats, pioneers, great pulsing railroads. Here Walt consecrated himself to the task of writing the spirit of America into the hearts of all people everywhere.

In sultry New Orleans his great heart felt the love of a charming Creole woman. This love unbound his innermost emotion, pure, free, and child-like. For the first time in literary history he translated this ruling passion into verse for men to understand.

2. "Once I Passed Through a Populous City"

Once I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain for future use
 with its show, architecture, customs, traditions,
 Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman casually met there
 who detained me for love of me,
 Day by day and night by night we were together—all else has long been
 forgotten by me,
 I remember I say only that woman who passionately clung to me,
 I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous.
 Again we wander, we love, we separate again,
 Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go.

The next selection proves the inspiration of Whitman's love.

3. "Sometimes With One I Love"

Sometimes with one I love I fill myself with rage for fear I effuse un-
 returned love,
 But now I think there is no unreturned love, the pay is certain one way or
 another,
 (I loved a certain person ardently and my love was not returned,
 Yet out of that I have written these songs).

C. A Common American

1. Upon his return from New Orleans Walt Whitman donned the clothes of a working man, the baggy pants, open shirt front, and slouch hat which

typified him till the end of his life. This was partly due to necessity as he was a carpenter at the time.

From then on Walt threw back his majestic head and loudly chanted the joy and pride of every American.

In the following selections you will feel the strength of workingmen and the freedom of all blended into an intelligent, melodious psalm.

2. From the "Song Of The Broad Axe"

The log at the wood pile, the axe supported by it,
The sylvan hut, the vine over the doorway, the space cleared for the garden,
The irregular tapping of rain down on the leaves after the storm is lulled,
The wailing and moaning at intervals, the thought of the sea,
The thought of ships struck in the storm and put on their beam ends, and
the cutting away of masts,
The sentiment of the huge timbers of old-fashion'd houses and barns.

These few lines represent to me the unbounded spirit of America and the Americans.

3. "Song of the Open Road"

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

E. The Patriot—A Nurse and Admirer of Lincoln.

1. It was after the battle of Fredericksburg in the Civil War that Walt Whitman came to Washington in search of a wounded brother, George. He found part-time work as a clerk and as a copyist but lost each job because he was the author of a small volume of poems, "Leaves of Grass," which was termed vulgar.

Each day in Washington he became increasingly interested in the row upon row of soldiers in the crowded hospitals. Before long this big, blowzy man was seen daily with a haversack slung on his shoulder passing from man to man among the wounded. Walt doled out his meager gifts, cheered the wounded, and wrote letters to sweethearts and wives. His fresh, woman-like face passed close to those who suffered and, in his own words, "Many a soldier's kiss dwelt on those bearded lips."

2. "The Wound Dresser"

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hands to dress wounds,
I am firm with each; the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never knew you.
Yet I think I could not refuse you this moment to die for you, if that would save you.

3. By Walt's references to Lincoln we might suspect that they were intimate friends but, in truth, they never met. Walt's great respect and

admiration for Lincoln gave birth to the tenderly beautiful songs which express our own respect and admiration for the "great emancipator."

"O Captain, My Captain"

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
The arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

F.

The Old Man

1. After two years spent in Washington because of his tremendous effort at the sickbeds of countless soldiers, Walt Whitman was struck by paralysis. The added shock of his mother's death soon afterwards sent him to live with his brother in Camden, N. J.

There, in a cheap, gray tenement, he spent the remaining years of his wonderful life writing, re-writing, and editing "Leaves of Grass," his now famous volume of free verse.

Walt felt that the seeds of his unbounded optimism and love of life had found root. The adjusting interval had passed and we witness everywhere today the fulfillment of this prophecy.

2.

"To Thee Old Cause"

To Thee old cause!

Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands,
After a strange sad war, great war for thee.

(I think all war though time was really fought, and ever will be really fought, for thee).

These chants for thee, the eternal march of thee.

(A war, O soldiers, not for itself alone,
Far, far more stood silently waiting behind, now to advance in this book).

G.

A Message For Today

1. It follows that the "Poet of America" should also be the "Prophet of America." Walt Whitman deserves the title of both.

Walt's patient and generous soul would have wept with joy to hear in Churchill's recent address to the House of Commons, reporting a great victory, he used Whitman's own admonition to the American republic—"Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

Thus, with the burden of another and larger struggle upon our shoulders, Walt's philosophical message of purpose and courage rings out across the intervening years:

2.

Long, Too Long, America

Long, too long, America,

Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learned from joys and prosperity only,

But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,

And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are,

(For who except myself has yet conceived what your children really are?)

H.

CONCLUSION

1. The strength of the true America, Walt's message marches on, gathering impetus and body like the waters of a tidal wave. His, the spirit that defeats Hitler's, his, the curiosity that makes science, his, the love and understanding beneath democracy. Face life, be strong, and love everyone and everything and you will know Walt Whitman.

2,

"I Hear America Singing"

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,

The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,

The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,

The boatman—singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,

The wood-cutter's song, the plough boy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown.

The delicious singing of the mother or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,

Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,

The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,

Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

BACKGROUND OF SOUTH AMERICAN CULTURE

VALEDICTORY ESSAY

by

HELEN RATASEP

South America, a developing country, but still backward in its social status, was really one of the earliest civilized countries of the world. The original natives of South America had developed a culture of their own, which might have flourished into a civilization greater than that of the Europeans, had it not been so short-lived.

In my study, therefore, I shall try to trace for you this culture which has made South America outstanding today in economic, political, and social circles.

There were more than seven cultural areas on the continent, of which the most advanced were first, the Mayas of the northern section of the country; second, the Aztecs of Central America; third, the Incas of the western coast, which is now Peru and Equador; and finally, the Chibchas of Columbia.

The Maya civilization began as early as the first or second century of The Christian era. Their culture was revealed particularly in architecture. By 600 A. D. they had built many magnificent cities, temples, and shrines, beautifully trimmed with gold and silver. Their temples were built on pyramids about eighty feet high, with large, broad steps leading to the top. The interiors were lavishly decorated with figurines of the divinities. Highly advanced in mathematics as well, they could figure into millions, and had developed a calendar of their own. A literary people, too, they gave permanent form to their history, philosophy, and poetry. Continually progressing, their culture might have flourished into a truly great civilization, had not the Spaniards brought it crashing to the ground.

The characteristic attainments of the Aztecs were much the same as the Mayas; probably having been largely influenced by the latter. The main difference in the two cultures was in religion. Both, or rather, all the Indians worshipped divinities, but the Aztecs were the only ones making human sacrifices. Their belief in sacrificial ceremonies went to such an extent that they invaded and captured neighboring tribes for the sole purpose of sacrificing them by the thousands—every man, woman, and child. This religious ceremony made them naturally a very belicose tribe, the hardest for the Spanish to overcome.

The Incas were mostly an agricultural nation, hence their social status did not rise to the height of the Mayas or Aztecs. However, they had a thorough knowledge of fertilizers, built aqueducts and irrigation ditches, and domesticated the llama and alpaca. They had agricultural tools of polished stone, copper, and even bronze, though they lacked the convenience of round wheels. They also excelled in the practical arts such as spinning, weaving, manufacture of pottery, stone working, and metallurgy of gold and silver as well as other metals. Lacking the knowledge of science they

had no system of writing, no numerical system, nor any method for counting days.

Had it not been for their isolation and inability to assimilate with other tribes, their civilization might have advanced on a larger scale.

Influenced by the Incas, the culture of the Chibchas was much the same as that of their neighbors. Since the civilization of the two tribes are so closely related, there is no need of repeating the social attainments, and deficiencies of the Chibcha culture.

When Columbus, representative of the Spaniards, discovered the new world, fabulous tales of South American riches and adventure reached Spain, and immediately the warrior, seeking riches, and the priest, seeking the salvation of souls, set out for this wonderful new land. These settlers were not disposed towards the tilling of the soil as were the Pilgrims of Plymouth Bay Colony, but they were, rather, military adventurers seeking excitement. So when the Spaniards first landed on the shores of South America from their huge boats, carrying firearms and other things miraculous to the Indians, they were taken to be gods sent by their sun divinity. The native emperors came to see the Spaniards in person, bearing many gifts of fabulous price. These rich offerings as well as the emperors were seized, and held for a heavy ransom—the only method of tribe subjugation. Thus, with the leaders gone, the people willingly followed the Spaniards; their lands were seized, and they were sold into slavery.

Since all the Spaniards were bound by the same religion, and were obedient subjects of one government, uniformity, not diversity, was their common characteristic. As they plundered the Indians, conquering the lands, Spain soon came to own a large empire. It extended from west of the Mississippi in our own country, to the boundaries of what is now Brazil, in South America. By 1545 the Spanish conquest of the continent was practically complete, and Spain owned the largest empire in the world.

With these warriors following their expansion, came the priest with his desire to convert the heathen tribes to Christianity, and to spread the Catholic religion. Preaching, praying, and converting went side by side with the conquests, and through patience and kindness the Indians were soon converted to Christianity. The missionaries soon set up schools and churches, in which the education was controlled by the church. Because Catholicism was the only religion represented at the time, it planted its roots in the soil of South America and held firmly. Catholicism has remained to the present day the major religion in South America.

The introduction of negro slavery dates back to about 1502. Although Indian slaves were countless, the government encouraged the negro slave trade because it believed in sparing the Indian rather than the Negro. Used to hard labor under the tropical sun, the negro was much more efficient than the Indian. The result of this introduction was the formation of two half-breed races; the Zambos, mixture of Indian and negro, (a union discouraged by the government) and the Mulattos, mixture of white and negro. Today then, in South America there are not only the pure whites, negroes and Indians, but also the Zambos, Mullatos, and Mestizos, a mixture of white and Indians.

As Spain's power declined after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in

1655, she clung more desperately to her colonies, and enforced stronger, more harmful laws. The result was a smouldering discontent, further deepened by writings of French philosophers. This paved the way for the acceptance of the ideas of the French revolution, and started the Spanish American wars for independence. Despite the unity of language, religion, and customs, the colonies broke away from the mother country in 1810.

Once the empire found itself free from the influence of Spain, it split into small sections, warring among themselves. After several years of conflict, a number of independent republics were established, which, amid this chaos and turmoil, easily gave way to dictatorship.

Though Spain lost the control over her empire, her influence remained strong, and her contribution to the culture of South America has been great—in language, literature, art, sculpture, and music.

The Spanish immigrants brought with them, and planted permanently in the new world, the fine arts of Spain, as developed by the church. Hence the paintings, literature, and sculpture dealt with religious subjects. This phase of their culture, however, is unsettled, and is continually changing with modern times.

The presence of old Spain can be seen today in the architecture, as one walks along the boulevards of any South American city. The plaza of the city, as well as the public buildings, cathedrals, and private residences are Spanish in style. The Spanish language has remained the universal language throughout the continent.

Since the discovery of South America, both the English and French sought the riches that were to be found there, but Spain already held the trade monopoly, and strictly forbade any foreign interference. This resulted in the organization of pirate fleets which preyed on Spanish commerce. When Spain lost power over her dominion, she immediately looked to France for support, for it was mostly France who had influenced South America to fight the wars for independence. The wealthy class sent their intellectually-minded students who, on their return, brought with them new ideas for government as well as painting, sculpture, and literature. This is the reason that French instead of Spanish is spoken in the upper classes, and that French books are to be found in every cultured home.

Great Britain and Germany as well as France have contributed to the growth of South America. Because the country was so unstable, the wealthy class sent their capital to be invested abroad especially to Great Britain since it was, at the time, the greatest industrial and commercial center of the world. Great Britain with its boundless resources, in return, invested in South America; building roads and miles of rail, establishing banks, setting up industries, starting huge ranches and meat-packing centers.

These economical improvements did a great deal to raise the living standards, of the people, and to promote moral conditions.

Soon Germany took an interest in the new world, and established large enterprises there. Argentina and Brazil were fast growing in importance, and Germany helped the republics financially; for which they have always remained grateful. Germany established factories, and gave Great Britain strong competition, not only in industry, but also in trade. Selling goods

of the same value at less expense to the people, and showing a real, live interest in the progress of their nation, she soon became an ally as well as a benefactor of the citizens. This helps to explain the strong bond of friendship between the South American nations and Germany, a bond which has existed to the present day.

Until the beginning of the first world war, the United States had taken little interest in South America. With the diversion in Great Britain and Germany to war production, and no interest in South America, the American capitalist seized upon the opportunity for industrial contact with the republics. Because the South Americans needed the manufactured goods once supplied by Great Britain and Germany, they willingly agreed to the development of a trade between the twin continents superseding any previously known to them.

After the war, the South American governments gradually began to beautify their cities, drain swamps, build roads, electrify their towns, and undertake immense sanitation programs. All this required capital, and both Great Britain and Germany were well extracted. Once again they turned to the United States. Up until now we had merely traded with them; now we invested our capital there.

A movement known as "continentalism" was begun as early as 1810, when the Spanish wars for independence were fought. Much was made of the spiritual bond for freedom that bound the two Americas. This feeling was strengthened by the Monroe Doctrine and as a measure of defense against any tyranny on the part of Europe.

The first serious blow to Continentalism came with the Mexican war, and then a number of incidents followed. A distrust of the United States grew up in South America which has lasted until the present day. Our desire to displace force with peaceful arbitration in quarrels arising between the South American countries has been misunderstood for the desire to interfere with their policy. This misunderstanding has only tended to deepen their distrust for us. Branding us "the Colossus of the North," they were in continual fear of invasion by us.

The "good-neighbor" policy started by President Hoover and further developed by President Roosevelt, is an attempt to revive the old continental movement. So far it has borne good fruit. We have succeeded to some degree in convincing South America of our good intentions, that we have no desire to dominate, but merely to cooperate with them.

The result of our foreign capital investment and feeling of brotherhood has been one of remarkable improvement. The important resources of the countries have been developed; the countries themselves are no longer isolated, but united with every part of the world through cable, telegraph, radio, and telephone; the airplane, steamship, and railroad not only bind the South American countries together with each other but with the whole world.

I thoroughly believe that it is the duty of every American to know and understand more about South America, because it is a nation still in its infancy. We have proven that two continents can work with each other, bound by a mutual sympathetic understanding and a trusting, loyal friendship. This feeling can only be strengthened, however, by the willing cooperation of the citizens of both continents.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRUSTEES

The war has brought difficulties and problems in managing both the finances and the internal affairs of the school. State of mind has a large influence on both teachers and pupils. Perhaps it reaches to the parents also.

Opportunities for work in industry at higher wages or chance to transfer to other schools at higher salary make teachers more easily dissatisfied with conditions. Boys so soon to be eighteen cannot help thinking of the coming draft and discussing what branch of the armed service they would prefer or whether to enlist in the navy at seventeen. For both boys and girls there is always the question whether they should stay out to help on the farm or go to work in the mill at high wages.

Gas rationing made it necessary to omit the Junior prom, interschool athletics, the Washington trip, and the Senior reception. Graduation Day exercises were disrupted. There was no guest speaker. The other exercises were conducted and diplomas given after the baccalaureate sermon. For two years pupils have been permitted to leave school in May to enter defense work without losing any standing in their classes. Teachers have tried to manage so that neither those staying out or those remaining in school suffer too much inconvenience. Nobody can be perfectly satisfied. Is it any wonder that pupils are restless, that there have been more rumors of disorder than in any previous year since Mr. Simpson has been with us?

The president of the trustees assumed the responsibility to direct

the principal to grant a "war" diploma to one boy who was soon to be inducted to the armed services, though he had not completed the requirements. There were special reasons which seemed to justify this. So it need not be made a precedent for repeating the act.

What shall we do next year? Such conditions will be worse instead of better. It seems to your president that it is not time to relax on school discipline, yet that severe penalties would be out of order. Principal and teachers need to exercise much ingenuity and to give unsparingly of themselves to devise new interests and to maintain scholarship.

The trustees voted to increase all teachers' salaries except the principal's by a five per cent raise plus a five per cent bonus. (It is assumed that the principal is above discontent). This was found not to be enough to secure a needed new teacher. So the executive committee added \$530.00 to the salary budget divided in the usual proportion among the teachers. We have agreed to pay \$1,300.00 to an inexperienced teacher. To meet the increased expense, the towns have been asked to pay as follows: Woodstock, \$9,691.00; Eastford, \$2,733.40. That does not include the last increase of \$530.00 in teachers' salaries. We shall try to absorb that for this year by spending less than was planned on repairs. The buildings have been brought into such good condition that there are no immediate large "must be done's" in sight.

We much regret the loss of two trustees this year, namely, Mr. H. Lefferts by resignation, and Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan by death. These two vacancies are to be filled.

ERNEST R. PIKE.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

For the year ending Sept. 4, 1943

Submitted to the members and trustees by the Treasurer,
Edward R. Rollins.

OPERATING STATEMENT

RECEIPTS

Dividends on Stocks and Interest on Bonds		\$5,247.36
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Tuition

Town of Woodstock	\$9,400.00	
Town of Eastford	2,350.00	
	<hr/>	11,750.00

Other Receipts

State of Conn., acct. Homemaking Dept.	548.75	
Rent of Eighth Grade Room	150.00	
Pumping of Water, Holt and Sampson	28.98	
Sale of Supplies	1.50	
Other Rent and Sundries	18.00	
	<hr/>	747.23

Total Operating Receipts		<hr/> \$17,744.59
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EXPENDITURES

Instruction

Teachers	\$9,915.00	
Textbooks	414.76	
General Educational Supplies	346.95	
Homemaking Supplies	37.80	
Homemaking Transportation	8.00	
Agricultural Supplies	98.73	
Graduation	76.25	
	<hr/>	\$10,897.49

Operation

Janitor and Janitor's Helpers	1,605.05	
Janitor's Supplies	315.86	
Telephone	46.20	
Electric Light and Power	356.36	
Fuel	290.18	
	<hr/>	2,613.65

Maintenance

Repairs on Buildings	188.04	
Reserve for Postponed Repairs	811.96	1,000.00
Fire Insurance		497.93
Liability Insurance		58.62

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

War Risk Insurance	91.35	
Furniture and Equipment	391.69	
	<hr/>	2,039.59

Administration

Executives' Salaries and Care of Invested Funds	400.00	400.00
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Auxiliary Agencies

Librarian, Library Supplies	279.11	
Gleaner	50.00	
Sundry Expenses	42.60	
	<hr/>	371.71

Total Operating Expenses		\$16,322.44
Balance Available for Non-operating Expenses and Liabilities		1,422.15

STATEMENT OF CASH ACCOUNT

Bank Balance, Aug. 15, 1942	\$1,416.53	
Balance available from Operating Expenses	1,422.15	
Sidney L. Morse Fund	500.00	
Sale of Mortgage Certificate	566.41	
	<hr/>	\$3,905.09

Expenses

Payment on Loan from Endowment Fund	1,000.00	
Income on Centennial Fund transferred to Society		
For Savings	167.64	
Purchase of U. S. Series G Bonds	2,400.00	
	<hr/>	3,567.64

Bank Balance, Aug. 15, 1943		\$1,757.92
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STATEMENT OF ASSETS, LIABILITY AND ENDOWMENT FUNDS
ASSETS**Stocks, Bonds, Real Estate Mortgage Certificates, Nebraska Real Estate, and Cash (Quotations, Aug. 1, 1943)**

440 shares Chase National Bank, par \$13.55 @ 34½	\$15,180.00
390 shares Chemical Bank & Trust Co., par 10 @ 44	17,160.00
203 shares Central Hanover Bank & Trust Co., par 20 @ 92½	18,777.50
416 shares Bank of The Manhattan Co., par 10 @ 19	7,904.00
5 shares Bank of New York, par 100 @ 360	1,800.00
430 shares Irving Trust Co., par 10 @ 13	5,590.00
55 shares Continental Insurance Co., par 2.50 @ 46¾	2,550.63
20 shares Aetna Life Insurance Co., par 10 @ 34	680.00
5 shares Conn. General Life Insurance Co., par 10 @ 37	185.00
15 shares American Tel. & Tel. Co., par 100 @ 154½	2,317.50
11 shares Dow Chemical Co., Common, no par, @ 140½	1,545.50
\$5000 American Tel. & Tel. Co. 3¼ % Debenture Bonds @ 110	5,500.00
\$5000 Brooklyn Edison Co., Inc. Consolidated Mtg. Bonds @ 110¼	5,512.50
\$4000 Narragansett Electric Co. First Mtg. 3½ % Bonds @ 110¾	4,430.00

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

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\$5000 Cincinnati Union Terminal First Mtg. 3¼% Bonds @ 110	5,500.00
200 American Tel. & Tel. Co. Conv. Deb. @ 114	228.00
\$7400 U. S. A. 2½% Savings Bonds, Series G	7,400.00
\$25,103.49 Real Estate Mortgage Certificates	11,676.56
1/9 Interest in Nebraska Real Estate	300.00

\$114,237.19

Cargill Trust Savings Acct.	811.96
Norwich Savings Society	1,025.15
Putnam Savings Bank (including Tennis Court Fund)	2,427.60
Society for Savings	1,200.87
	<hr/>
	5,465.58

Cash:

Special Interest Accounts	5,465.58
Cargill Trust Co. Checking Acct.	1,757.92

ASSETS, not including Land and Buildings	\$121,460.69
Land (at cost) Academy Lot acquired 1866	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
	<hr/>
	\$106,575.32

GROSS ASSETS

\$228,036.01

CAPITAL LIABILITIES

Tennis Court Fund	\$ 989.91
Loan made from Endowment Fund to complete	
Agricultural Building	2,800.00
Reserve for postponed repairs and other contingencies	811.96
	<hr/>
	4,601.87

NET ASSETS

\$223,434.14

Comparative Value of Assets		Comparative Income from	
Not including land or buildings		Securities	
1940	\$ 74,880.63	1940	\$3,743.00
1941	118,081.46	1941	4,669.04
1942	102,779.59	1942	4,882.35
1943	121,460.69	1943	5,247.36

SUMMARY OF FUNDS

Centennial Fund	\$2,635.87
Library Fund	1,560.04

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

Tennis Court Fund	989.91
Law Scholarship Fund	1,011.95
S. L. Morse Fund	500.00
Class of 1943 Fund	100.00

LIBRARY FUNDS HELD BY THE ACADEMY

George A. Bowen Fund, 10 shares Bank of The Manhattan Co.

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) 28.52

Available Funds in Putnam Savings Bank 397.52 426.04

Value of Securities 1,134.00

Total Library Funds \$1,560.04

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WOODSTOCK LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Receipts	Expenses
Balance on hand Aug. 15, 1942 \$80.16	Books \$192.52
Membership Fees 46.00	Magazines 13.50
Fines 45.00	Cataloging and Supplies (paid by Academy) 25.36
Interest on Holt Memorial Fund 7.20	Librarian (paid by Academy) 253.75
Town of Woodstock, Appro. 100.00	Librarian (paid by Association) 18.00
Income from Funds 35.00	Fuel (paid by Academy) 49.15
Paid by the Academy in excess of other receipts 293.26	Balance on hand Aug. 15, 1943 54.34
\$606.62	\$606.62

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
Agricultural 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.

C. LEONARD ANDERSON

HENRY T. JOHNSON

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

To the Alumni and Trustees of The Woodstock Academy:

This is my eleventh annual report. The school year began September 9, 1942, and ended June 25, 1943. It consisted of 181 days. The enrollment was as follows:

	F.	S.	J.	S.	Ttl.
Woodstock	22	23	17	14	76
Eastford	9	3	6	3	21
Total	31	26	23	17	97

There were no other pupils enrolled.

Faculty

Miss Mildred F. Keirns, who had been Senior teacher for four years, resigned to accept a position where she could live with her sister in New Jersey. Her place was filled by the election of Miss Helen E. O'Connor of Newton, Mass. Miss O'Connor is a graduate of Emanuel College in Boston, Mass., and has taught in Chelsea, Mass.

Mr. William P. Robbins, athletic coach and teacher of mathematics and science for three years, resigned to enlist in the U. S. Army Air Corps. His position was taken by Mr. Chalmer C. Swift of Edinboro, Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of Edinboro State Teachers College and has had teaching experience in that state.

Miss Aune E. Heino, commercial teacher for one year, resigned to accept a similar position in Hampton, New Hampshire. She taught until October 1st when the services of Mrs. Harold Carpenter of Eastford were secured on a substitute basis. Illness forced her resignation on June 1st. Mrs. Lawrence McWilliam returned and assisted in closing the year.

Teaching assignments were as follows:

Mr. William A. Simpson, Princi-

pal, eleventh year, mathematics.

Mr. Chalmer C. Swift, first year, science, mathematics, boys' athletics.

Miss Helen E. O'Connor, Senior Adviser, first year, English, Problems of Democracy, and French.

Miss Eunice L. Thompson, Junior Adviser, third year, English, History, and Latin.

Mrs. Lela J. Carpenter, Sophomore Adviser, first year, Commercial subjects.

Miss Elizabeth Wright, Freshman Adviser, second year, Vocational Homemaking, biology, girls' sports.

Mr. Thomas Michelson, hired by the Town of Woodstock as eighth grade teacher, first year, Freshman English and Social Study.

Mr. Henry J. Dunleavy, hired by the State of Connecticut, twelfth year, Vocational Agriculture.

Mrs. Marcia C. Lachapelle, fifth year, Music.

Work of the Year

School work has been influenced greatly by the war. Much new work was brought into the curriculum and other activities were eliminated.

In cooperation with the State Trade School, Juniors and Seniors were given the opportunity to substitute Friday at the Academy for the day at Trade School in electricity and drafting. Several junior boys took advantage of the offer but the senior boys were employed afternoons and could not participate. Later several boys enrolled in evening classes in radio at the trade school.

A series of assemblies were held for the instruction of the whole school in Civilian Defense activities. Duties of the Aircraft Warning Observer, the Air Raid Warden, the Fire Watcher, the Messenger, and others were taught.

The largest Forest Fire Fighting Service school in the state was conducted in a series of weekly assemblies by Mr. Bunnell of the

State Forestry Department.

Mr. Swift conducted classes in Morse Code.

On April 2 the Army and Navy Cadet examinations were given. Two seniors participated. Stewart Dodge was successful and is in training at Yale University.

By borrowing projectors, sound pictures on war time activities were shown to the school. In May the Student Government purchased a used Bell & Howell sound projector and had a few programs before school closed.

Rifle practice for both boys and girls was continued through the year. Some very good targets were fired.

Gasoline rationing and O. D. T. regulations forced the cancellation of all interscholastic competition in athletics and later the ban on pleasure driving prohibited the Junior Prom and Senior Reception. Class Day was omitted and Graduation took place in connection with the Academy Sunday services at the Hill Church. The four-day trip of the seniors was replaced by a two-day trip to Boston.

As was done last year, pupils were excused from attendance at school to go to work in war industry or on farms during May and June.

All these changes, while essential to war time education, brought problems. The time honored subjects were overshadowed by new activities. The stimulation of athletics and other extra curricular activities was lost. Pupils who remained in school often failed to understand why they should do school work when others were excused from school. Woodstock Academy, like other secondary schools, felt the impact of the war as evidenced by a lack of interest in school work. Discipline was difficult and often times not as well maintained as

might be desired. However, when measured by accepted standards of success in college, or in services rendered to the nation at war and the civilian defense organization, or to the industries and agriculture, the year's work was successful.

Woodstock Academy graduates, enrolled at the University of Connecticut, continued their good work. Not a single failing semester grade was given to any students from this school.

The senior class has established a new graduation prize. When they gave up the usual reception and dance a financial adjustment became necessary. They decided to leave one hundred dollars in the hands of the trustees. The income of this money is to be given at each following graduation to the member of the three lower classes who, as determined by the faculty, has done the most for the academy during that year. This prize is to be known as the Class of 1943 Memorial Prize.

The school has supported various war agencies financially. A Junior Red Cross membership drive was held in the fall. The junior class gave all the proceeds of its play program to the Red Cross. This amounted to seventy dollars. The senior class donated to the Red Cross and also voted that any balance left in its treasury after all bills are paid be given to the Red Cross. Mr. Carl Feiler sold stamps and bonds in the school each week. I am afraid the weekly sales were not large but I hope a more aggressive campaign may be undertaken next year.

Plans For Next Year

As the nation is yet at war, the Academy must continue to stress pre-induction training, physical fitness programs, civilian defense education, as well as the usual curricula. At the same time the school must cooperate with the farmers and industry in excusing pupils for part

time labor. Just how all this is to be accomplished is a problem of major proportions.

I hope arrangements can be made with the Trade School for pre-induction training similar to that done last year. The last two periods of each day will be utilized for physical fitness and civilian defense programs, assemblies and special pre-induction classes.

A representative from the Department of Agriculture has asked what the school can do to help the farmers in harvesting their crops. He had a letter from the Commissioner of Education stating that pupils might be excused from school fifteen days per semester to work on farms. This is a question that might be discussed at a trustees meeting as it appears to set a maximum of excuses for outside work.

Changes in the Faculty

Miss Angela Latorella of Dorchester, Mass., a graduate of State Teachers College, Salem, Mass., has been elected Sophomore Adviser and teacher of commercial subjects. She has held no teaching position but has done much work with young people.

Miss Thompson and Miss Wright have resigned their positions. No successors have been chosen at this date.

Appreciation

I take this opportunity to express my thanks to all who have helped to make the year 1942-43 successful.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM A. SIMPSON,
Principal.

August 16, 1943.

IN MEMORIAM

The trustees of Woodstock Academy, having learned with sorrow of the passing of one of their number, Mrs. Edith Hall Dohan, are resolved to enter upon their records this brief tribute to her personality, and therewith to express their sympathy for her bereaved family and friends. In Mrs. Dohan the trustees have found one who has been sincerely interested in the welfare of the Academy. Her effort to attend occasionally the meetings of the Board although she lived far distant from Woodstock, has been greatly appreciated, and her presence at future meetings will be missed. Moreover, those of the trustees who treasure the memory of the years during which she and other members of the Hall family were doing so much to found worth-while traditions which still endure in the Academy have

felt that she contributed also something of the spirit of those cherished years.

The trustees extend heartfelt sympathy to the sister and brother who remain, and to the son and daughter of later years, whom Woodstock never has known.

Our human minds cannot perceive the reason why persons endowed with the splendid qualities of character and intellect which Mrs. Dohan possessed must be taken from life at an age when they still have much to give to their fellowmen. If the Academy trustees feel her loss so keenly, when their personal association with her has been so rare, how much more must those closer friends miss her, who have on so many occasions experienced the help and inspiration of her presence.

A MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation to each and everyone who has helped in any way in the editing of this number of the Gleaner. We especially thank the following who were kind enough to gather their class items for us: Mildred Townsend, Eleanor Lewis, Grace Church White, Helen Bjornberg, Florence Young, Elsa Johnson, Sylvia T. Sandison, Emily Young, Mary Todd, Dorothy Nelson, Ina Witter and Isabel Lazur. To Louisa Clark we extend our appreciation for helping us prepare the copies of the form letters.

We hoped to be able to print personal messages from each of the alumni in the service, but apparently many of them were too busy to write, but to those who did answer our request we say, "Thank you."

To all those who contributed literary material we are deeply appreciative, for without this material your editors would have had a difficult task before them.

The money contributions have been extremely gratifying, especially from the anniversary classes.

We sincerely hope that this number of the Gleaner will be as interesting to its readers as it has been in years past.

THE EDITORS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. It is Hindu, meaning Earth-like.
2. Shall not perish from the earth.
3. Tin.
4. (A) A Bomber; (B) A Building Arch; (C) A Mythical Ship.
5. Louisiana. It has parishes.
6. Irishman.
7. A young salmon
8. A nail-biter.
9. No—In Persia the light brown of withered leaves is used; in Ethiopia a grayish brown; in Armenia sky blue, and a deep blue in Central Asia; Turkey uses violet; China uses white, while Egypt and Burma both use yellow.
10. Both mean the outer wooden rim of a wheel.

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