The Pen and Scroll

VOLUME XXIX — LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1958 — NUMBER 6

Spring Term Professional Entertainment



Members of the band before the concert—George Lewis at far left. photo by Carleton



On Stage and Ready photo by Carleton

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ CONCERT HERE

"The Sound of jazz, the sound of men communicating with each other . . . and with you." Those were the words of the Rev. Al Kirshaw which opened the George Lewis Pittsfield concert. The Rev. Mr. Kirshaw, noted jazz expert and winner in that category on the "$64,000 Question" spoke on the meaning of jazz. He said, "Jazz shows the deepest thoughts of the human soul. Here is not a music played from notes, which have no life, but a music which reflects that day's experiences in each artist. No song is ever played the same twice . . . just as no man ever thinks exactly the same thoughts any two days in a row." Thus were we prepared for an extraordinary concert. And that, we got.

Joe Robicheaux: piano, self-taught, playing for over sixty years; Joe Watkins: drums, again self-taught and with more than forty years playing experience behind him; "Slo Drag": bass, seventy-seven and playing by ear for over seventy of those years; Jim Robinson: trombone, veteran of more than thirty years in the New Orlean's jazz cellars; Al Alcorn: trumpet and newest addition to the aggregation, master of the muted horn; and finally, the greatest ragtimer since Bunk Johnson, George Lewis: clarinet, playing with never a lesson since 1908. And the music began . . . began . . . grew, and finally, rising to the roof of the auditorium carrying the spirit of every jazz fan in the hall with it, sang out the story of a people, the life of an institution. For this was the real jazz, this was the original New Orlean's style as first played by the Creole bands of the deepest Southland. The audience knew that they were hearing something rare, and responded accordingly.

"It's the greatest audience I've seen on our whole tour," said Dorothy Tait, the gracious business manager of the band. "I can feel it . . . they love us." And it was true. The building trembled as the "Slam Slam Blues" inspired tremendous spontaneous rounds of applause from the audience. And in turn the applause encouraged the artists to forget their inhibitions, shown by Joe Robicheaux's wild enthusiasm on the piano as he stood to play. But the volume wasn't all that the George Lewis Band had to offer.

"In memory, and in tribute to a friend from Japan," said George Lewis as he introduced "Over the Waves". George's wife Janet, who died three years ago, had called this particular number "the Singing Clarinet." And how that clarinet sang! It sang of the love a man can hold for another, of the trials life can bring, and of all the joys that can be had nonetheless when a life is lived in truth.

"Undoubtedly one of the greatest jazz trumpeters of our time, my good friend who showed me England last year when I was a guest of his band and who has now come to the States to accompany me on my spring tour, Ken Collier." Ken, a handsome, bearded Britisher, played and sang for an audience that gave him "the best welcome of the tour." His style—traditional; his ability—phenomenal. Ken has never had a lesson, but during the war taught himself to play on a second-hand horn with the aid of a music book he bought before shipping out in the Royal Navy. His Paladium concert of last year attested to his popularity in London where he is called "the sovereign of Jazz."

Then the climax of the concert. George, still in the process of recovery from a heart attack, let himself go, and did something that he has never before done at a jazz concert. With the second chorus of "The Saints", he turned to the microphone and sang. And the audience answered, answered and cried for "more." Four, five, six choruses, and Slo Drag lifted his bass and began the march across the stage, the curtains closed; but still the applause came, and the shouts continued. Four more choruses, and were it not for the lateness of the hour, the band wouldn't have been allowed off the stage.

Said Bill Kid, jazz critic for Pittsfield Radio Station WBRK, who was responsible in part for the excellent attendance: "You'll never hear sounds like that again, anywhere. George has come a long way since the days when he was playing with Louis Armstrong in New Orleans (1917). This was the best performance Pittsfield has ever seen, and I dare say, will see for some time to come."

George opened the Newport Festival last year, and although he is not yet slated to appear at Newport for the 1958 concert, public pressure is expected to bring him back. Surely there could be no finer expression of the art of jazz offered than the interpretations of George Lewis.



The prosecutor goes to work on Captain Queeg. photo by Gordon



The defense attorney cross-examines. photo by Gordon

MASTER PLAYERS PRESENT CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL

On Saturday evening, April 19, the masters presented "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" in the Lenox Memorial Gymnasium. The audience was composed of the students and friends of Lenox. This was the third play of the year.

The scene was set in a Navy courtroom in San Francisco where Lt. Stephen Maryk (Mr. L. Hubbard) is on trial for taking command from a superior officer without authority: mutiny. He is being defended by Lt. Barney Greenwald (Mr. Brooks Butler) who has agreed to accept the case after much persuasion on the part of the prosecutor, played by Mr. H. Fletcher.

At the beginning it seems unlikely that Greenwald will be able to win the case. His tactics seem illogical and even stupid and he seems to be letting his client fall to the dogs. He does not cross-examine any of the first few witnesses—especially Captain Queeg (Mr. D. H. Wood) who was the commanding officer of the "Caine", relieved by Maryk.

As the trial progresses, Greenwald becomes more aggressive and his legal genius begins to show. The judge (Mr. Faxon) makes a reappraisal of the defense council's ability, as he perceives that Greenwald is no fool.

The emotions and intensities that begin to appear in the courtroom make the case more and more interesting. Captain Queeg is accused of cowardice in battle, extortion and theft. And, although the psychoatrists say that Queeg is not insane, Greenwald is able to twist their testimony to suit the concerns of his client.

When the defense presents its case, only one witness is called; Captain Queeg. It soon becomes apparent that Greenwald intends to crack Queeg under the strain of constant and penetrating questions, designed to prove to the court that Queeg is not fit for command and that Maryk was in the right when he relieved him.

When Queeg finally does fall apart on the witness stand, the trial is essentially over, except for the formal verdict of an acquittal. But Greenwald's job is not yet over, since he feels that he must prosecute the real instigator of the "Caine" Mutiny, Tom Keefer (Mr. Richard Sawyer), who incited the action and then backed down when the trial came. And at the party following the trial, Greenwald denounces Keefer in the presence of all there and hurls a glass of champagne in Keefer's face.

The play was certainly one of the best in Lenox School history. Many new faces were seen on the stage for the first time including the headmaster who played the part of Captain Southard, an expert on nautical maneuvers. The entire performance was well-received and the audience was extremely pleased with the play and the players.

The scenery was excellently handled by the stage crew, which is headed by Jimmy Braim. It was set at one corner of the gymnasium, which gave an effect of authenticity.

This presentation on the part of the masters was certainly a great success and a tribute to their histrionic abilities. The case was as follows:



"Huh?!" — Junius Urban on the stand. photo by Gordon

Lt. Stephen Maryk - Leverett M. Hubbard

Lt. Barney Greenwald - F. Brooks Butler

Lt. Commander John Challee - Harold B. Fletcher, Jr.

Captain Blakely - George Faxon

Lt. Commander Philip Queeg - David H. Wood

Lt. Thomas Keefer - Richard D. Sawyer

Signalman Junius Urban - John E. Smith

Lt. (JG) Willis S. Keith - William Rousseau

Captain Randolph Southard - Robert L. Curry

Dr. Forest Lundeen - William Buchanan

Dr. Bird - David Southworth

Stenographer - David Clark

Orderly - David Smith

Members of the Court - Harold Fletcher, Jr., Stanton Roberts, Spencer Kennard, Richard Rutledge, Riker Ramsbotham, Frank D. Baker

Naval Officers at Party - Larry Gill, Langdon Wait, David Foote.

Headmaster's Column

As we come into the home stretch of the school year, we find that we have scaled some new "highs" and experienced some unusual "lows". Upon reflection I am sure that we will say it was all part of a growing and expanding community which has its eye set upon greater things stretching out into the future; and as it strives to achieve, it is not without growing pains for the community is always made of "all sorts and conditions of men."

It has been exhilarating to see the school go from one high point to another as the weeks fly along. With our first National Merit Scholar for 1958-59, and the best set of college boards we have ever seen as a result of the March series, we have reached a new "high" in academic achievement. Then as the college acceptances started to come in, we saw that it was going to be a "higher-placed" form than we have known in years, and now the scholarship awards being made to sixth formers indicate that the total amount will reach a new record.

We made our first try to bring something "big" into the area in the George Lewis Jazz Band—this was a deep plunge and while the Lenox School friends, parents and students supported it well and we had an evening of great enjoyment, we didn't "sell" this first attempt to the general community.

The first major production of the Master Players was an outstanding success and performance and one of the best nights of drama ever seen in the school. I have never seen anything better in the county in summer stock or community players.

The glee club has now reached its climax after weeks and months of practice, and the musical evening a week ago was another "high" point in the history of the school in this area of the arts.

Peaks also produce lows, for we cannot always live on the high planes, and there are those who as yet have no desire to go up on the mountain tops, so while most of the school is living in a "heady" atmosphere, enough unusual events have taken place to bring us down to earth with a bang and keep us reminded that "original sin" has not disappeared from the face of the earth, and that the kingdom is still to be won for God. It will probably be said come June that this was a year in which more people were dismissed from the school for violation of school rules than ever before—too many have gone, and it is never easy to see a boy leave no matter how often you have to do it, and the tragedy is all the greater when you know that these boys have a fine potential and could be doing honor work and engaging in extra-curricular activity of a positive nature, rather than trying to be individuals outside the bounds of community rules and regulations.

Much time is now being given to working on plans for next fall. We have engaged three new masters, and the remaining new ones should be under contract before the end of the spring term. Those we have seen bode well for the standards of the faculty for next year, and the program should be stronger than ever.

The fund drive is now over its organizational phase and dinners and solicitations have started—the last dinner and the largest will be in New York City on May 16.

The general activity of the school is hitting on all cylinders when weather permits. Many are busy with term papers, the yearbook, the play to be given at graduation time, the glee club, athletics, etc. Fifth Form elections are just ahead and soon the changeover in leadership of the student body will be made.

It is about this time of year when I agree with the person who said that there were three great things about schoolmastering: June, July, and August! I hope to see many of you at alumni day and graduation on June 7-8.

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LENOX SCHOOL,
LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS

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United Fellowship

In Lenox, as in most Northern schools, integration is an accepted part of the academic and social life. Being one of the Negroes in this Christian community, I enjoy the advantages of living and working with my fellow students without any racial discrimination.

During the fall and winter terms I had the experience of living in segregated and integrated communities as I traveled back and forth between here and the South. The integrated community definitely has its advantages over the other, and the decree which the Supreme Court handed down in 1954 seems to be working out very well up here.

This is the first time that I have been in an integrated community

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Point And Counterpoint

Please note before proceeding: The following are extracts from my diary, kept over a three-year sojourn here at uhhhh, ummmm, uh, ah, (psssst! mmmmmmm. Oh yeh!) uhhh, here at Lenox School. Certain omissions cannot be helped, as occasionally I wouldn't be feeling extremely chipper and would write things which only my diary and I should know about. On other days I would make a quick note on a shirt-cuff or washroom wall, only to forget exactly where it was, and thus some brilliant bit of satire would be lost forever. Thus this diary is not completely accurate, but, I assure you, most candid.

September 20, 1955 - Today I arrived on campus. I looked at the Berkshire Hills, resplendent in the eerie half-light which perpetually gleams through the pall of rain . . . they took my breath away. The food that night completed the job . . . it took my appetite away. From the beginning I was a normal student . . . I wanted to go home.

September 29, 1955 - I have been here at Lenox for one week and two days. Today I attended Math, French, English, History and Work Squad.

October 12, 1955 - My History teacher, Mr. Rams-something or other, told the class that this was a very important day in history. We were to have our first unfair test. It was very difficult for me. We had to list the last three weeks' punchlines.

November 12, 1955 - My birthday. One day after peace had been declared in Europe, war began at home. My parents had the terrible habit of picking on me. "Hey you" (they never were good at remembering names) "pick-up your clothes, be sure and come home tonight, let Grandma use the bottle opener . . . that's hard on her gums," all the time picking on me. They'll be happy to know that the masters have carried on where they left off.

January 15, 1956 - Skating party tonight. Mr. Gleason was on hand to observe the girls' fancy figures in his capacity as hockey coach.

February 22, 1956 - One of the boys was admitted to the infirmary with a sprained ankle . . . The doctor taped-up his right ankle, and told him that it would be good as new in a week. "In fact," continued the doc, "you should be driving right up the ice in the first line, aiming for a goal in another two weeks."

"Boy, are you ever a great doctor," exclaimed the boy. "Mr. Gleason told me that I wasn't good enough to make the J. V. squad just yesterday."

March 2, 1956 - Sunday. The whole service confused me terribly. Take for instance, the offertory anthem. All the while they were passing the plate in front of me, the choir kept singing "Steal Away, Steal Away."

April 8, 1956 - The final term of the year has begun. All the spring sports are out . . . Mr. Rutledge, Mr. Wood, Mr. Baker.

April 10, 1956 - Baseball season ended today. When asked to explain why we had such a short season, Mr. Ramsbothem had this to say: "Somebody hit the ball into the nurse's garden, and she won't give it back."

May 15, 1956 - The Foxhollow dance was called off. It seems that Miss Farrell had a transportation difficulty . . . couldn't rent enough brooms.

September 23, 1956 - Another summer passed. The first thing nine of us did today was go see the swimming pool we had bought during the summer. (Nice color)

October 6, 1956 - Simple Simon the Town Talk Pieman was here today delivering his wares to the candy store. On the way back, he got too near where the workmen were pouring cement for the new wing. Simon is as much a part of this school as anyone ever will be.

November 2, 1956 - Election day. Mr. Hinman was up with the crack of dawn to, as he put it, "vote early and often." (Republican naturally.)

November 28, 1956 - Thanksgiving Day. Today a group of us went hunting. We bagged two squirrels, a rabbit, and the tail-end of Mr. Curry's dog.

January 9, 1957 - A new year, a new work squad. I tried-out for it. I got the part of the second shovel from the right.

February 9, 1957 - Three week marks came out today . . . so did the nasty side of the masters.

March 3, 1957 - Harmless pranks have a way of backfiring. For instance: I unplugged all the lights in my dormmaster's room tonight. Unfortunately, he had been to a long, high tea with Mr. Hinman that afternoon and evening, and when he attempted to remedy the situation, not being too steady, he plugged himself into the wall. (I was shocked to hear of it, but in all probability, nowhere near as jolted as he.)

April 16, 1957 - Mr. Ramsbotham bought a new dog today. He said it is to guard his house against his world history class.

April 17, 1957 - I wish to report that Mr. Ramsbotham made an excellent selection of watch dog. It watched him coming all the way up the path and then flattened him at the proper moment. No amount of "down boying, easy fellering", or "now Trixing" could convince the dog that he wasn't an intruder. Consequently, he spent the night under the bleachers on the football field.

May 7, 1957 - Mr. Buchanan

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Letter To The Editor

Gentlemen:

I have a copy of your fine, interesting March 4th issue and I want to compliment you on it.

I would like to point out one fact which we, as advertisers, notice but which we doubt you are aware of: all your advertisers are independent merchants.

Not one chain store is represented in your advertising columns.

We wonder whether you think this has any importance; but those of us who are in the fury of the current of what really amounts to a retailing revolution think it is significant because the huge chains are vultures, feeding on the prosperity of the areas where they set up store, and contributing nothing to the social, cultural, and educational development of which your fine school is a prime exhibit.

If the chains continue to grow and expand in the ratio now in effect all over the country, and the independents consequently diminish in numbers, who will support your paper? Can it continue to exist? Who will support all the many worthwhile projects upon which the American system of organization is based, such as our Community Chest, drives for worthy projects for health and youth development, etc.

Respectfully,
Jay C. Rosenfeld

Extra Curricular Learning

The new boys may not be fully aware of one good thing we have noticed recently. Tremendous progress has been made even since the beginning of this year concerning the cultural life of the school. This is the first year we have had two such entertaining and interesting lectures especially within such a short time. The movies this year have surpassed anything of previous years in quality and enjoyment. The reading, debating, and play have indicated to us that Lenox is capable of turning out the finest caliber acting, poise, and intelligent variety. And so it is in every field of study and recreation.

As Lenox grows, its ability to have learned outsiders grows also. Part of a good school is extra-curricular education on an organized basis. There are many people in this immediate area who have something to say from which we can learn. We should like to hear a historian and to be able to ask questions of a politician. There are a number of each here in Lenox during at least some part of the year.

Let's show our appreciation of these newly acquired privileges (expense has limited us in the past) and as we do we will find more and more of it coming our way steadily. Go to voluntary lectures, ask questions, and you might learn something.

New Job System

Since the timely coming of Mrs. Portass to Lenox as the new house mother, a vast number of changes have been brought about in the old and antique job system that has been in effect since the school was founded. And as anyone can see, the school looks 100 per cent cleaner.

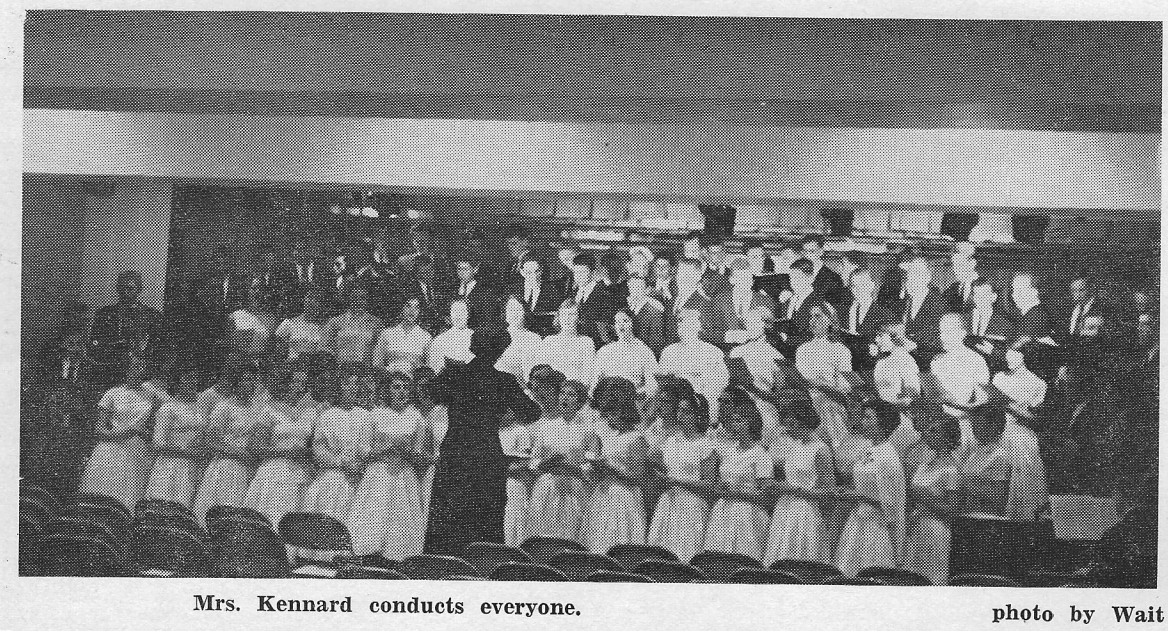
A feeling of teamwork and importance was never instilled in the student, and to him it was just another job—something that had to be done or marks would be given. If the student did a good job, nothing would be said: if he didn't, he'd hear plenty. Now, this has been greatly changed. Notices are constantly being placed on the bulletin board praising a job well done, and this has boosted the spirit and drive of those who do their jobs well to refreshing new heights.

The going has not all been smooth. The advocates of the new and streamlined job system have locked horns with the standpat Old Guard and characters who wouldn't do their jobs well if their lives depended on it. But after a long and bitter struggle, the plan was inaugurated and things began to change.

The biggest deterrent to a good job system, loneliness, was eliminated when more people were put on the details. A new feeling of team spirit and positive constructiveness pervaded the new system as it went into effect. And as people began to perceive that their jobs were important and their labors appreciated, the school took on a new look that it never had before.

This positive approach to the job system is making it more efficient and profitable. There are those who condemn it, but they are the ones who would never be satisfied with any system. The work will be done in any case, but now it is pleasant.

Glee Club Has Fine Season



Mrs. Kennard conducts everyone. photo by Wait

Lenox Glee Club Goes To MacDuffie

On April 19th the Glee Club traveled to Springfield for a joint concert with MacDuffie School. The program was as follows:

O Rejoice, Ye Christians, Loudly — Bach

Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee — Bach

Combined Glee Clubs

Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones — 17th Century

O Filii et Filiae — Leisring

The Trumpet Song — Purcell

Lenox Glee Club

I gave my Love a Ring

Summer Evening

Is it Raining, Little Flower?
(Solo by Yvonne Hammond)
MacDuffie Glee Club

A Group by the Barons

Drink to me only with thine Eyes — Anon.

A-Rovin' — Chanty

Men of Harlech — Welsh

Collegium Musicum — English

Good Night, Ladies — Traditional

Lenox Glee Club

I Heard a Forest Praying

All The Things you Are

Wunderbar

MacDuffie Glee Club

America Our Heritage

Combined Clubs

The MacDuffie Club was conducted by Mr. Roy W. Marvin, while Mrs. Kennard conducted the Lenox Club. Bruce Beardsley, Earl McClenney, and Ronnie Albert provided music for the dance afterwards. The whole evening was a great success, and we look forward to having the MacDuffie Glee Club here next year.



The Barons and friend photo by Wait

Lenox Glee Club Goes To Town

On Saturday, May 3rd, the school and friends of Lenox gathered in the Gymnasium for what proved to be one of the most memorable musical presentations they have ever heard. The Lenox Glee Club and the Barons presented "home" vocalism. Assorted instrumentalists from the school performed. Invited from Windsor Mountain School were their exceptional Madrigal Singers under the direction of Mr. George Bayley.

The Lenox School Glee Club sang "Men of Harlech", "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes", and two sea chanteys: "A-Rovin' " and Hoodah-Day". Later in the program they sang a second group: the clever "Collegium Musicum" of Robert English, which was a kind of epitomized history of music; "Student Logic" and "The Berkshires".

The Madrigal Singers gave remarkable interpretations of "Lift Thine Eyes", "My Shepherd Will Supply My Need," "Greensleeves", "My Bonny Lass", "younger Generation" (this one is by Aron Copland, (who summers in Lenox), "Not in Anger, Mighty God," "Carnations Grew in my Garden", "Spring, the Sweet Spring", and "On the Street Where you Live" from "My Fair Lady."

John Gordon gave a very sensitive interpretation of Mozart's "Rondo in D Major". James Russ was the other piano soloist, giving an exciting interpretation of Grieg's romantic "Sonata in E Minor."

Seth Vagenheim, flute; Alan Wilkins, violin; and James Russ, piano, gave an artful interpretation of a Teleman Trio-Sonata. Seth Vagenheim and Mrs. Kennard, flutists, Alan Wilkins, violinist, and Mr. Buchanan, pianist, performed a Scarlatti Quartet.

A group of eight Sixth formers, a double quartet, sang four songs. Their natural ease obviously is the result of hard work, and their voices blended well.

The progress of the Glee Club, even since the beginning of the year, is evident. It was something of a feat to be able to present instrumental instruction or practice time. The beautifully trained girls' voices of the Madrigal Singers were not only a joy to hear but added variety to the well-balanced program—the first of its kind we have had at the School, but we trust, not the last.

SOME BECOME PREACHERS

On every Thursday of the spring term, some sixth formers are chosen to give chapel talks. This year the anticipation of them was so great that Public Speaking for the entire sixth form, with the exception of those giving talks, was dismissed. Four speakers have given their sermons: Charles Britton, Robert Hardman, Michael Lawton, and James Russ.

Charles "Skip" Britton led off the year with a fine talk, taking his text from Ezekiel: "I sat where they sat." He said, "How many of us have really tried to understand another person? . . . If we sit where they sit, we must have faith. Doubt breeds doubt. Not until we have faith in our fellow creatures can we have a sense of security in the community in which we live . . . (Christ) took on the form of man; He lived as we do . . . Let us make this a habit and the grace of understanding will be ours." The sermon was well received and all looked forward eagerly to the next one.

Bob Hardman gave an impassioned sermon on the next Thursday. He took as his lesson the beautiful words of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me . . . I am the way and the light and the life." In his speech he said, "only today we crucify Him in the modern way . . . We are atheists, gang worshippers . . . His voice says 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' We must hang on to something; we must believe in someone. Our souls cry out for the security of eternal life. The Master . . . is our way, our truth and our life . . . The Christian Church is the strongest place in the world. Christ's church is indestructive because it is built on faith." The fervor with which this was given influenced even some of the most deaf.

The third speech was decidedly different. Mike Lawton, known for leading off without the formalities, this time seemed to be delivering a good old fire-eating harangue. "You are scum . . . The Lord's wrath will wreak havoc upon you . . . Avoid baseness and brimstone and REPENT, ye sinners, REPENT!!!" At this point, one of his colleagues roared out, HALLELUJAH! whereupon Mike came back with "Thank you, brother." This brought down the house, and gathered the audience's full attention. He went on to talk about the studied lassitude of many of the congregation, using the Bible, Mister Roberts, William James, Shakespeare, and Calvin Coolidge to support him. However, his own ideas were lucid, entertaining; they commanded respect and belief.

James Russ gave the fourth sermon. Serious, slightly shy-voiced but in full command, he preached his doctrine of "Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" He went on to relate this gospel from Matthew to the Lenox students. "Let us define eternal life as a timeless existence in which worldly matters are non-existent . . . The qualities of this everlasting life can be envisaged through unselfish acts on earth . . . Love is the key word . . . Each time the vicarious act is performed, the same thrill of eternity is obtained . . . You and I merely have to heed Christ's knockings and callings. Each one of us has the choice of either running to the cellar where you can't hear the door bell, or flinging the door wide open and letting the light of life come in."

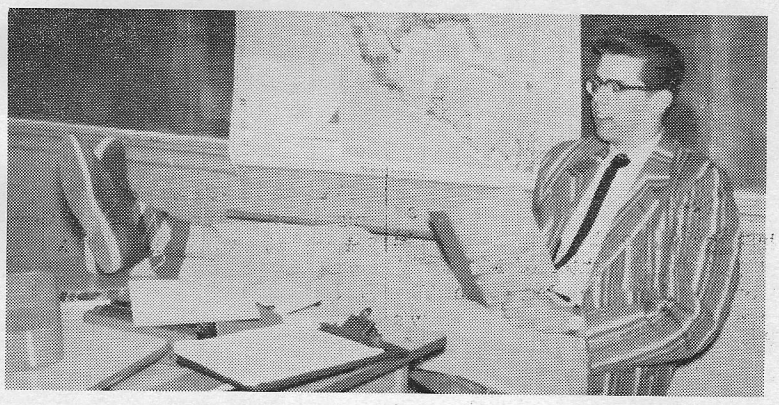
So far, sixth form chapel sermons have been excellent. The next four are looked forward to eagerly by everyone.

Mr. Smith Comes To Lenox

On April 12th, a movie was shown in Thayer Hall that put to a severe test any that have been shown here before. It was "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington", and it was received enthusiastically. The plot concerned a young man, a combination of Babe Ruth and Abraham Lincoln, who loved boys and had started a camp for them. By a perverse twist of fate, he became appointed a U. S. Senator, a cat's paw for a ruthless and crooked state political machine. The pure honesty that this young man utilized in trying to do an unfamiliar and unsuspecting job, was strikingly contrasted with the transparency of the machine, and was so realistic that there were no cynical remarks from the Lenox School audience.

This young Mr. Smith becomes further involved in the enmeshing folds of evil when he begins to discover that he is potentially a member of the crooked gang. Aided by a young and fetchingly disillusioned secretary and a happy-go-lucky Irish reporter, he finally manages to become really embroiled in a fight against this homestate graft. At the climax of the movie he has gotten himself involved in a classic filibuster as he attempts to clear his name of slanderous charges brought against him. He collapses, but the crooked senator, who had been a beloved mentor, was so moved by the spectacle as to exonerate the young man.

Jimmy Stewart turned in a fine performance as Thomas Jefferson Smith, and was aided by Jean Arthur, Edward Robinson, and Claude Rains. The value of the movie cannot be overestimated, for with its vivid picture of the essence of America and what it can not tolerate, it presented an invaluable lesson.



Mike at work photo by Gordon

National Merit Scholar

In the first time in the existence of the National Merit Scholarship program, Lenox School has succeeded in having one of its students receive this great honor. Michael Lawton, who has been here for two years, by virtue of his extremely high scores on the National Merit Qualifying Test, the aptitude college boards, and hard work and high honors in his years of school, was made a National Merit Scholar on the 20th of April, though the news release was not allowed until May 1st. Mike is the only student in Berkshire County to be awarded in this way.

The people here at Lenox know Mike to be a tall boy with glasses and a perpetual smile. He is Editor of the school paper, the Pen and Scroll, influential in the Yearbook Committee meetings, leading his form, and generally relaxing. People complain that they rarely see him working, but he seems to turn out a fine performance anyway. In spite of these literary leanings, Mike intends to be a scientist and will enter M. I. T. in the fall.

This year, the third one that the National Merit program has been in existence, has seen the number of winners increase to more than one thousand, a jump of seven hundred over the first time. However, this honor carries with it a certain entrance, "a solid gold ticket," to the college of your choice. The program, started by the Ford Foundation, and supplied also with funds by industries around the country, gives scholarships for four years, or until the recipient graduates. A minimum of $100 per year is given to every winner, but a careful tabulation of the participant's need is taken and sometimes yields as much as $2500 per year. The average award, however, is about $650 per year.

Alumni Notes

1936

WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, JR. of Westport, Connecticut, Associate Professor of English at Connecticut College, New London, was recently the recipient of an award for some of his poetry. He has had three volumes of poetry published, the latest being "The Open Sea and Other Poems" (Knopf). (Unfortunately the clipping we received from another alumnus did not contain information on the nature of the present award.)

1943

JAMES PATTERSON writes a welcome bit of news about himself from Kansas City, Missouri, where he is employed in the seemingly incongruous position of Marine Supervisor for the Boston Insurance Company, in charge of their business in Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. He has a wife and daughter, Linda Catherine (5). His home address, a new one in our file, is 9041 Holly Street, Kansas City 14.

JOHN JANSING is also out in Kansas City, or very near it, at Tomahawk Road, Overland Park. He is Manufacturer's Representative for Chatanooga Royal, has two boys.

CHARLES FARRAR, who has been on the faculty at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, is planning to enter seminary in the fall.

1947

THOMAS D. FERGUSON has a new address: Deepwood Lane, South Norwalk, Connecticut.

LEWIS RANDOLPH WATSON III is working for the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles, California. With his wife and daughter he makes his home at 17837 Benwood Street, Covina, California.

1948

FRANK GABRON was married last month to the former Mildred E. Hobson, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Hobson of Manchester, Conn. The Rev. Alfred Williams of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Manchester, officiated. Mr. Gabron is an engineer at United Aircraft Corporation in East Hartford. He graduated from the University of Rhode Island in 1952 and took his master's degree in mechanical engineering at Pennsylvania State University in 1955.

1949

JAMES NEFF, who graduated from Princeton last year, is working for The Bank of New York. He visited the School briefly in March on his way north for a skiing trip—which ended unfortunately in a broken ankle.

PETER HODGES writes to us announcing the birth of a son, Jonathan David, on April 4th. Pete's home address is 301 West 21st Street, New York 11, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. PERKINS was married on the 29th of March to Miss Eleanor Erway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Harold Erway, of Gold, Pennsylvania.

1950

GEORGE NORRIS WATSON is with the law firm of Stathers and Cantrall in Clarksburg, West Virginia. His home address is 329 Rosemont Avenue, Clarksburg.

1951

MR. and MRS. RICHARD A. MITCHELL, of Newton, Connecticut, announced the birth of a daughter, Karen Andrea, on Feb. 4th.

1953

STUART S. TULLER is engaged to marry Miss Ann Worthington Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Howard of Wrentham, Massachusetts. Miss Howard graduated last year from Wellesley College and is currently on the faculty of the National School Washington, D. C. Mr. Tuller is at Virginia Theological Seminary at Alexandria.

GEORGE SHIPPEY will be employed by the Berkshire Trust Company of Pittsfield following his graduation from Babson in June.

1955

ALF HEGGOY was recently elected to membership in the Eta Chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity, at Randolph-Macon College.

GORDON T. McFARLAND was married on the 5th of April to Miss JEANNE LORRANNE MILLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Miller, at Cave Creek, Arizona.

1956

ALLEN JORSEY tells us that he is engaged to be married in the near future to Miss Lynanne Johnson of Kensington, Conn.

DAVID SHIPPEY will graduate this month from Guided Missile School at Fort Bliss, Texas. He will then be stationed at Milford, Conn.

1957

PHILIP WITT writes from Cornell that he made the Dean's List for the first term there. He played soccer during the fall and made first string halfback.

GEORGE LOMNITZER was elected chaplain of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity at Randolph-Macon College.

* * *

MR. ROBERT B. SHIRLEY, who was a member of the Lenox School faculty from 1952 to 1955, has been appointed Director of Admissions at Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y. Mr. Shirley was formerly Assistant Director of Student Aid.

MR. PAUL VOYDA-SZABO, a member of the Lenox faculty in 1953 and 1954, has written that he has received his final U. S. citizenship papers. Mr. Szabo is currently on the faculty of Saint Vincent College at Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

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Point & Counterpoint . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 4

went sailing today. There was a minor mishap. The Wee Scot in which the Wee Scot was seated capsized. Everyone either sank, or swam to shore . . . excepting Mr. Buchanan. He calmly climbed onto the overturned hull and continued where he had left off in his book of Ghandi's philosophies. Quipped he, upon returning to shore, "I think Ghandi's all wet."

May 24, 1957 - Mr. Sawyer spent another day trying to give his dog Susie away. He has done this so much that the poor dog is beginning to get a complex. For instance, the other day Mrs. Kennard's cat barked at her and sent Susie scampering off for the French room.

October 28, 1957 - The Fund Drive was touched-off this morning, the barn this evening. The Lenox Fire Department, bless their poker playing hearts, dropped their cards and dashed right down. One of them went back for the truck later. Lenoxdale also came for the occasion, but most of them couldn't participate as they didn't have their rubbers with them.

December 11, 1957 - Mr. Hubbard wrote a letter to Santa Claus today asking if he wouldn't mind departing from tradition this Yuletide, and wear a blue and white suit instead of that horrible crimson jobbie that some disgruntled math teacher kept bragging about.

December 19, 1957 - Liberation Day. Everybody crowded into the washroom very early, so as to get ready to make their exit directly after breakfast. There must have been twenty fellows in that one room. I hurriedly brushed my teeth, washed my face, combed my hair. Boy was it crowded! I ran downstairs! I dashed back up! I was a wreck! I'd combed somebody else's head.

January 17, 1958 - A fuse burned out today. We're in luck however. Such matters, Mr. Wood assured us, are being taken care of in the Fund Drive's Five Year Plan.

January 30, 1958 - I took my college entrance blanks to the office today to have them processed. I was told that I'd have to bring them back later, it was coffee break. I returned this afternoon. Still no luck . . . tea-time.

February 14, 1958 - Valentine's Day. The Headmaster sent Gramps a valentine today. It read:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
The Furnace isn't working,
And neither are you.

March 1, 1958 - March came in like a lamb today . . . but the kitchen boy assures me that it was only stew beef with a double portion of tenderizer. (I'm certain he wasn't lion.)

April 28, 1958 - This morning, the notices read as follows: "I have had a complaint reach my desk that someone has been tampering with the mails. This is to stop immediately, if not sooner. And would whomever took the copy of "Zorro" from the masters' cloakroom please return it."

May 16, 1958 - A holiday was declared today. I was wandering around the countryside and happened to hear this conversation between a wealthy Lenoxite and her new chauffeur:

"What is your name?"

"Thomas, Ma'am."

"I never call my chauffeurs by their first names," she informed him with a touch of asperity, "what is your last name?"

"Darling, Ma'am."

"Drive on, Thomas."

June 8, 1958 - This date is not yet recorded in the diary. However, I have noted on my wall calendar, that it is the same day as when the Romans left Cesaria (They had a lot of Gaul); the mice left the U. S. S. Gen. Harry S. Taylor after it collided with the Weehawken Ferry, and Grant took Richmond's wallet when he wasn't looking. As you can see, it is certainly a day of history, and I entertain few doubts that on this June 8th, with our release

Continued on Page 5, Col. 1

IN MEMORIAM
Gladys Best Chase
1890 - 1958

To the hundreds of boys who attended Lenox School between 1936 and 1945 the name of Gladys Chase will recall to mind succulent layer cakes, cookies, tea and cocoa served at countless birthday parties, and on countless other occasions which required no further raison d'etre than a chilly winter afternoon. Others may recall that she had things to do with laundry bills and unbalanced checkbooks.

For nearly a decade Mrs. Chase not only presided almost daily over the tea table, but also controlled those formidable black volumes that recorded the financial history of the school. She wore out countless typewriter ribbons on the headmaster's voluminous correspondence, and somehow found time to mend the torn trousers, restore missing buttons, and keep the masters supplied with clean linen.

On April the 12th God wrote out the final trial balance on the earthly life of Gladys Chase and reduced by an appreciable percentage the amount of good will diffused among the mortals of this chaotic planet. She died "with her boots on", as she always said she wanted to. Although hospitalized briefly during the winter with pneumonia, she had fully recovered and was back on the job again as housemother at the Bishop Memorial Training School for Nurses at Pittsfield General Hospital. She visited Lenox on Easter Sunday for the service at Trinity Church.

A 1911 graduate of Wellesley College, Mrs. Chase had been private secretary to a number of prominent businessmen. Just prior to her coming to Lenox, she was social and financial secretary to Mrs. W. H. Porter, whose husband was a J. P. Morgan partner. After "retiring" from the exacting role at Lenox, Mrs. Chase served for several years as the executive secretary of the Russell Sage College Alumnae Association and as director of the Russell Sage Alumnae House in Troy. In the fall of 1956 she came to Pittsfield and took up her duties as housemother at the nurses' residence hall. On her "days off" she often came over to Lenox.

The funeral service at Trinity Church was anything but funereal. The church was filled with a large group of her friends and a sizeable representation from Lenox School—although the present generation of students knew Gladys Chase only as an occasional visitor. However, they sang the hymns as though the headmaster had just given them a full holiday. The Reverend Bob Whitman officiated, and the pall-bearers included Messrs. Howland, Hinman, Kennard, Wood, and Baker. As someone remarked, it couldn't have been a more fitting finale if Gladys had written the libretto and score herself.

SPK

Spring Sports

Lacrosse Begins First Season

As the snow finally left the ground by mid-May here in the Berkshires, a group of boys moved onto the lower field with little knowledge of the sport they were getting into. A few days later, fully equipped, we began arduous calesthenics and drill, Captain Dave Foote leading. Despite our lack of experience working as an organized group, we were able to put together a team that represented Lenox well at Kingswood. Our lack of depth proved to be our foible as we lost to a well trained squad 6-1. The starting team was: Rick Middleton (who scored the goal), Bill Willis and Sandy Purdon; at midfield, Billy Morrison, Eric Anderson, and Roger Howard; and at defense Dave Clark, Dave Foote and Billy Butler; Paul Henderson in the goal.

Before meeting Williston, we paid more attention to scrimmage and drills, and consequently looked very good up to half time. Then an injury to Morrison left the center midfield wide open. We lost our second game to a hard checking Williston team, 8-1 (Roger Howard scored the goal).

Marvelwood was our next foe, and we met them head-on in a well-fought game. Dave Foote, Rick Middleton, Billy Morrison, and Bill Willis scored goals. It was our first win in the short history of lacrosse at Lenox.

We next encountered Mount Hermon, a team of superior depth and skill. The pre-game jitters culminated in a rather shaky first half which ended 4-0. We dominated much of the second half, with remarkable play by the second line of Hal Gill, Jim Canning and Mike Bauman. Bauman and Foote scored goals, giving us a final score of 6-2.

Our final games with Choate, Darrow, and Williston should prove the progress of the team. Though we lack depth and experience, we have been ably taught by Mr. Butler, who took over Mr. Barnes' position. We are duly grateful for his services as coach and we hope to give him a team to be proud of in the future.

Too Many Skippers

The Lenox School Sailing Team got off to a good start by getting the boats in the water a week after school started. This was a record! This year more than ever before the team has many skippers. Houston H. Stokes, Captain, returns from last year along with Jeff Aberg, Fargo Rousseau, and Stan Brinster. Dave Rogers, new this year, seems to have potential.

The first meet brought a win to the Black and Gold when Nichols Junior College was beaten 30-23. Houston Stokes, Stan Brinster, Fargo Rousseau, Dave Rogers, and Jeff Aberg sailed the winning team's boats. The second meet was at The Schools' Sailing Club in Medford. Here the team raced in unfamiliar boats against some of the best sailors in New England schools. Here bad luck dogged us and we beat only Pomfret. All the team enjoyed the good ride over to Boston and gained from the experience.

The third meet was raced against Williston under the most adverse conditions. There was a heavy rain and some of the team said they saw snow! Lenox was even with Williston at the end of the second race. In the third race one of the Lenox boats was disqualified through a technicality. If it were not for this, we would have won.

From now on Lenox races in home waters. Here we know the boats and the future looks good!

LATE NEWS - The triangular meet at the Mahkeenac Boating Club with Lenox, Williston, and Nichols Junior College participating was taken by Lenox. Houston, Stokes, the captain of the Lenox School sailing team, did a magnificent job, as they won handily. Lenox had 42½, Williston 40¾, and Nichols Junior College had 27¼.

Tennis Team Has Perfect Record So Far

The Lenox School tennis team for the first time in several years has started its season with unusual brilliance, having won all three of its matches to date. Defeating Wooster in the season's opener by the close margin of one match. it went on to defeat a strong Darrow team by the same score, 3-2. The varsity then competed with Windsor Mountain, emerging victorious with a comfortable 4-1 score.

Since the tennis team lost five of its six varsity men through graduation last year, it was suspected that this year's team would be quite weak, concentrating more on rehabilitation than on victories. However, the increase in this year's enrollment seems to have dealt generously with the sport, contributing six fine players to form a team of seven, with one returning player, Al Thorp. Also, the addition to the coaching staff of Mr. George Faxon, a one-time "champion" himself, has increased the team's opportunity to receive instruction. While Mr. Faxon has been helping the varsity with his "pro" pointers, Mr. Baker, who coached the team last year, has busied himself with those boys that are potential varsity candidates. The two men have combined to constitute a very effective system of leadership.

Much of this year's initial success may be attributed to the fact that the team was able to practice more before its opening match. Also a court, generously offered for the school's use by the New England Theological School, has proven an asset. Three new courts, besides the two clay ones already on the school's property, are under construction at present and should be completed in time to be of some great use for both matches and practice.

The entire tennis team is young. There are no sixth formers on it and only two from the fifth form. This means that all players will see action again next season with one whole year of playing experience under their belts.

There are five matches left in this season. The team is confident and, with the continuation of the ability shown to date, the varsity should have a superb season. Win or lose, however, I am sure that all the players will put forth a supreme effort. This year's team includes the following seven in descending order of position: Robin Ros, Jack Braim, Al Thorp (captain), Tod Lloyd, Jim Davis, Pete Thorp, and Bob Clark.

Junior Varsity Baseball Team Gets Wet

As this edition of the Pen and Scroll goes to press, the Junior Varsity Baseball team has played three games and won one of them. Although the record may appear discouraging at first glance, noted improvement in the calibre of team play has transpired since the initial encounter. When the team took the field for its first test of the season against Berkshire, not one of last year's first line operatives was in evidence. This breaking in of entirely new player personnel is only one of Coach Hubbard's problems. Several rainy days this spring have not only forced the curtailment of practice sessions but also the cancellation of three games which if played would have given the team badly needed experience.

The Berkshire game was lost by a score of 14-12. Although Lenox came up with a goodly share of hits in this contest, the fielding was shoddy as is most always the case in opening junior varsity games. John Taft started on the mound but had to be relieved in the first inning after walking six men. Ted Friel took over from there and proved effective in limiting the opposition to few hits. However, he fell the victim of poor support when we committed six errors in one inning.

Williamstown High School, our next opponent, managed to edge us by a 2-0 score in a brilliant pitcher's duel. We only managed two hits off their twirler but were guilty of only one miscue in the field. This error proved costly, however, in allowing one of their two runs to score. Friel went all the way on the mound, striking out seven.

Lenox finally broke into the victory column in its first home game in defeating Forman, 4-2. Once again Friel went the distance in a sparkling mound performance. We were only able to garner three hits in this game, but by sandwiching them around a couple of Forman errors in the second inning we came up with all of our runs which proved to be sufficient.

Since last year's junior varsity nine has been scattered to the winds, the task of moulding a group of new and untried personnel into a winning outfit has been no easy job. Friel and Taft have been sharing the pitching responsibilities to date as well as being capable shortstops. Dick Vincent appears to have the edge over Jake Arnoldus thus far because of more experience behind the plate. Ronnie Albert holds down first base with Don Matthews at third. Chip Shannon has been doing a creditable job at second in spite of weak hitting, while Gordon Mason rounds out the infield as a capable utility man. The outfield numbers Pete Stokes, Bruce McCullough, Stan Shulman, Dan Goff, Stuart Howitt, Dave Johns, and Mike Alsterlund among its operatives with speed being the decision lacking feature. Goff appears to be the more experienced with the others showing little to choose among them.

Varsity Baseball Team Shows Tremendous Drive, Season

Varsity baseball started off well this year as the team took their first three games. The field was in wet condition, as always after a hard winter, and the boys had only three days to prepare for their first game. In spite of such a short practice time, the team looked eager and ready to play.

The first contest was on Wednesday, April 16, playing at home against Hoosac. This was won by a score of 9 to 6. The Lenox nine played well in the first five innings but fell apart in the end. Still, they came up with the victory. The following Saturday they played Greer School and won 9 to 8. Again they played well with the exception of one bafflingly poor inning.

The next week Wednesday's game with Suffield was cancelled because of bad weather, and some needed extra practice was put in. On April 26th, the next Saturday, the game with Viewpoint was held and Lenox won 4 to 1, everybody playing an excellent game. But on the following Wednesday, our growing hopes were dashed to the ground as Williston steamrollered the home nine with a massive score of 24 to 6. Once more, Lenox lost the game because of a poorly played single inning, and this time it was really costly. The amazing fact about this game is that Lenox outscored the Williston team in the last four innings of play.

Since then, two more games have been cancelled due to rainy weather: a game with Wooster on Saturday, May 3, and one with Watkinson on May 7. As soon as the rain stops, the Lenox team is hoping to get out there and beat everybody in sight. Mr. Ramsbotham, the coach, and several members of the team are piteously wondering why it couldn't have rained on April 30.

LATE NEWS - Record now 4-1 victory over Avon Old Farms 9-2.

United Fellowship . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 2

for more than two months. The advantages of this community help to strengthen my personal regard for fellow students and help me to attain higher goals in life. I think there is no better place for a boy to become a well-rounded individual than an integrated Christian community. This type of community strengthens relationships between the students, and therefore they become a united body and not rugged individualists with only mutual friendships and animosities.

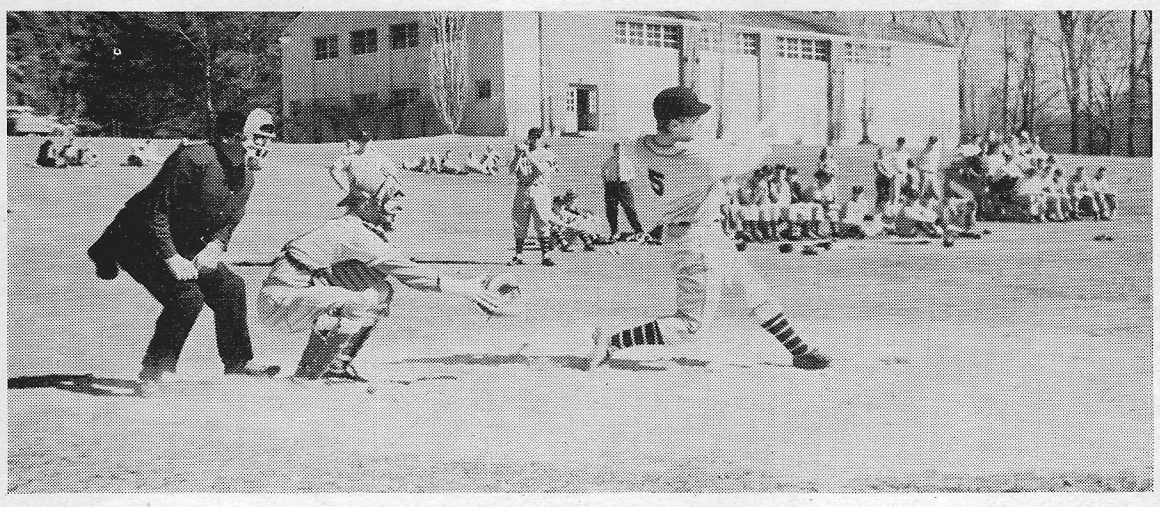
Point & Counterpoint . . .

Continued from Page 4, Col. 5

from bondage, history will be set back roughly twenty years as we attempt to forget all we have been subjected to in the last three years.

Seriously, for only a moment, this is it for Point and Counterpoint. I'm leaving Lenox (at the insistence of the sheriff) and whether the column will continue next year is, at this writing, doubtful. Any interested journalists with warped senses of humor should apply at Room fifteen—Old Wing. Faith and may happiness be in your house, Ma'am.

Squidlet



Seely hits one in Greer game. **photo by Carleton**

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Looking Backward

One of the alumni has written me a long letter expressing his concern over the seeming indifference of many of the older alumni toward the present progress and needs of their school. He thinks that too many of them look only backward with nostalgic glances to the dear old days of Griswold Hall and a Lenox School of 70 boys.

True, there was a homelike atmosphere and an informality about the School in those days; but I wonder if it really has been lost? I believe that it is only the people and the buildings that have changed and that much of the atmosphere which made Lenox attractive to boys in the '30s still prevails. The proof of this is that we constantly hear present day students and alumni refer to it. Masters as well as boys have recently been attracted to Lenox because of the friendly atmosphere which they say prevails.

No one ever expected Griswold and Thayer Halls to be permanent parts of the School plant. When one comes up Route Seven today, one is struck by the genuine charm of the School's main building. The new wing has at last provided the symmetry that it lacked for eighteen years, and today it presents, against the backdrop of the purple hills, as attractive an architectural group as one could find anywhere. The boys at McKim, Mead and White were not asleep when they put St. Martin's Hall on the boards. Schermerhorn Hall has perhaps brought back a good deal of the victorian elegance of Griswold Hall, but in a far more substantial form. One does not have the feeling that it might suddenly collapse in a January blizzard. The bannister of the main staircase could be used as an elephant slide; there are no spindly pieces to get broken. The great coils of fire hose in the corridors give a feeling of security that never seemed present in the knotted rope ladders of the Griswold dormitories.

I believe that most of the things that have been replaced at Lenox School have needed replacing. The School is growng to maturity; it would be absurd for it to cling to its infancy. The alumni should grow along wth it, take pride in its development. If the old backstop is missing, so what? The new one is probably much better. We now can get two rinks on an enlarged hockey pond. There will be five tennis courts this spring instead of two. The study hall now has a sound-absorbent ceiling. Basketball does not have to be played up in the old town hall. If it is no longer possible to lift up a board in the dormitory floor and sweep the dirt into the hole, it is easier to clean the modern tiled floor. If you miss the grain that used to spill out of the walls in Thayer, rejoice in the beauty of the new dining hall. There are, for the die-hards, a few oases of antiquity. The cellar beams in South Cottage still bear the branded names of the class of '34. North Cottage is still equipped with a coal furnace. The driveway still has craters in it. But hurry back, friends, because even these shall pass away—we hope! Lenox School is growng rapidly toward a top position among the nation's college preparatory institutions. Don't stay away because it's no longer just the same as you once knew it. Help to keep the old spirit alive in the new environment!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Much credit is due Geishi Tachibana, a Japanese student here at Lenox for his assistance in the writing of the article, "New Orleans Jazz Concert Here." Geishi has long been a fan of George Lewis and in his home near Tokyo, is president of a fan club. The article, written by Dick Currie, expresses most candidly the views of one foreigner concerning a purely American institution. The members of the band, in turn, while dining here at school, found Geishi to be their most avid fan and collector of every recording they had ever made.