The Pen and Scroll

VOLUME XXXI — LENOX MASSACHUSETTS, MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1960 — NUMBER 6

AWARD DINNER HONORS ATHLETES

Lenox's Great Friend, Mr. Albert Rice, Is Trustee

Lenox's growth and building are now familiar stories. We have seen St. Martin's Hall completed with the addition of the Rice Wing, and we know that chicken coops and carriage houses can become dormitories, that a barn is made into a sturdy field house, and that new science labs are built in what once was a tumbled down row of carriage sheds. We see the transformation, but many times we forget what makes it possible. The growth and building of Lenox School is due, to large degree, to men like Mr. Albert W. Rice, President of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. Rice began his education at a private school in Worcester. He attended Harvard College and received both his A. B. (cum laude) and A. M. in 1905. Admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1907, he graduated from Harvard Law School the following year. In college, Mr. Rice played lacrosse and captained the Varsity in his Senior year.

For about thirteen years, Mr. Rice lived in Boston, until he moved to Worcester, where he set up his own law practice. During World War I, Mr. Rice served as an ensign in the United States Naval Reserve.

Mr. Rice has given generously of his time in support of many cultural and educational organizations. He is a member of the council of the American Antiquarian Society, a trustee of the Worcester Art Museum, vice-president and trustee of the Worcester Natural History and the Worcester Historical Societies, and a trustee of The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquites, Inc. Mr. Rice is a director of the Worcester County Musical Association.



Mr. Albert W. Rice
photo by Carleton

Besides being a director of the Worcester County National Bank, Mr. Rice is also a director of the Worcester County Electric Company, the Boston and Albany Railroad and the Norwich and Worcester Railroad. He is a trustee of the Worcester County Institution for Saving, trustee and treasurer of the Memorial Hospital, and

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Mr. W. Stockdale Returns For 4th Year; Speaks At Dinner

Mr. Stockdale made his fourth annual appearance at the Winter Sports Night this year. Back again with his quick mind, clever wit, and spliced and fascinating films, the speaker earned an invitation for a fifth appearance in 1961.

With mussed hair, weathered face, and in an immaculate tuxedo, Mr. Stockdale started his lecture with a word about the film:

"It's Kodak No. 3-937 (or something). I wouldn't ordinarily mention the brand, but the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, New York has dropped two points on the stock market."

The lights were put out, and the screen flickered to life. The first scene was the rink at Madison Square Garden where a pretty skater showed her grace and training with precise but smooth mo-

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Winter Hockey, Skiing, Basketball, And Squash Athletes Receive Letters

The Winter Term Sports Night was one of the most enjoyable and successful ever held at Lenox. It was an affair of victory, for this year the won-lost columns stood pleasingly off balance. In over eighty contests in fencing, skiing, squash, basketball, and hockey, the school's athletes upheld well the Black and Gold, and the praise extended by the coaches during the course of the evening was well deserved. After the meal, the awards were handed out by the separate coaches, with members of Varsity teams receiving individual attention.

Mr. Pickett started off the evening by awarding letters to his undefeated fencing team. Next, squash coach Stokes gave out letters to his team, commenting that the team, though unparalleled in the school's history, was out-classed in playing so many college teams and would have had a better season had the competition been more even. Ned Forest, Mr. Temple, and Mr. Lapoint then awarded letters to the Jr. Basketball, JV Basketball, and JV Hockey teams respectively. Mr. Butler gave out the Junior Hockey Awards.

Coach Richard Sawyer spoke about the Varsity Basketball Team and said that the team, though lacking pep in the first half of the season, was able to pull through with an even season of seven wins, seven losses. The six wins at the end of the season were made possible by creating rivalry between Fifth and Sixth Form players. In his individual sketches of each player Coach Sawyer stated that all were talented, with special mention to Ron Albert, ". .a good captain and a well-rounded player."

Coach Richard Rutledge next introduced his very successful team, which skied to an 8-2 season, placing second in the Berkshire Interscholastics. The ski coach gave special mention to the "unseen" members of the squad, including Mr. Long, without whom

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The Fifth Form - 1960

Between the idleness of the lower forms and the industriousness of the upper form comes the transition period known as the Fifth Form. The Fifth Form has its share of responsibility in the school this year, and next year it will take a giant step as it elects its prefects to lead the student body.

The academic standards of the Fifth Form are very high considering that there are sixty-seven boys in the class of '61. Juniors continually place the most on the ranking list and the fewest on the blue list, percentage wise.

The Fifth Form is not just a group for the erudite, either. With the advancing of age and the augmenting of responsibility, it becomes necessary for the Juniors to take an important part in extra-curricular activities. The form is just one shy of comprising half the Glee Club, it has started the first chemistry club, it has a good debating team, it supplies the guides needed to show prospects around, it has one divisional editor and many contributors on the staff of the **Pen & Scroll**, and it does its share in the production of dramatic performances for the school.

In sports, the Fifth Form excels

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5th Form Dormitories

The character and spirit of any form can be found in its dormitories, for it is there that its members spend the greater part of their time. In the dormitory lessons are done, free time spent, friendships made, and cliques formed. To understand a form, it would be well to look at its dormitories. This we have done, and here follows a brief picture of each of the three Fifth Form Dorms:

Schermerhorn

Schermerhorn, although far away from the main building, has many advantages. It is blessed with spacious rooms which are equipped with fireplaces and wall to wall carpeting. The building is not crowded, and its extras include five bath tubs, a commons room and an unparalleled view of the Berkshires. In past years some have been fascinated with its elevation.

Schermerhorn boys are the early risers of the school, theoretically, due to the ten minute walk down to the main building. For those who fail to rise at the necessary time, 6:30, there is an invigorating sprint to the dining hall.

Schermerhorn is also known for

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Glee Club Performs Well At Northfield

On Monday night, February 29, the Glee Club gave its first actual concert of the year, at the Opera House in Dalton, sponsored by the Women of Grace Church in Dalton. This concert served, among other things, as a sort of testing ground for the Northfield concert coming later in the week. The Club had had no time to practice in the Opera House and get used to the acoustics, and there proved to be difficulty in staying with the piano, which was a good distance from the stage, the stage itself being quite high.

The Club opened the program with the familiar "God of Our Fathers", arranged by R. H. Oatley, director of the Deerfield Glee Club, followed by an arrangement of "Greensleeves" with Dick Pooler and Eddy Hilding doing one short solo together—here the difficulty in hearing the piano was especially noticeable; the "Prayer of Thanksgiving; Bach's "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee"; and Handel's "Hallelujah, Amen".

Now the Barons came on and made a hit with "Erie Canal"; "Ride the Chariot"; a novelty number entitled "Who Did?", dealing with Jonah and the whale; and "Jamaica Farewell", of Belafonte fame. Bruce Beardsley then busied himself at the piano while somebody went downstairs to get the music he had to use to accompany Dave Freidell and Cort Van Rooten in their performance of seven selections from Lerner and Loewe's "My Fair Lady". Beardsley then followed at the piano with, on the classical side, "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum" from Claude Debussy's "Children's Corner"; and his own Fugue and Variations on the "St. Louis Blues"

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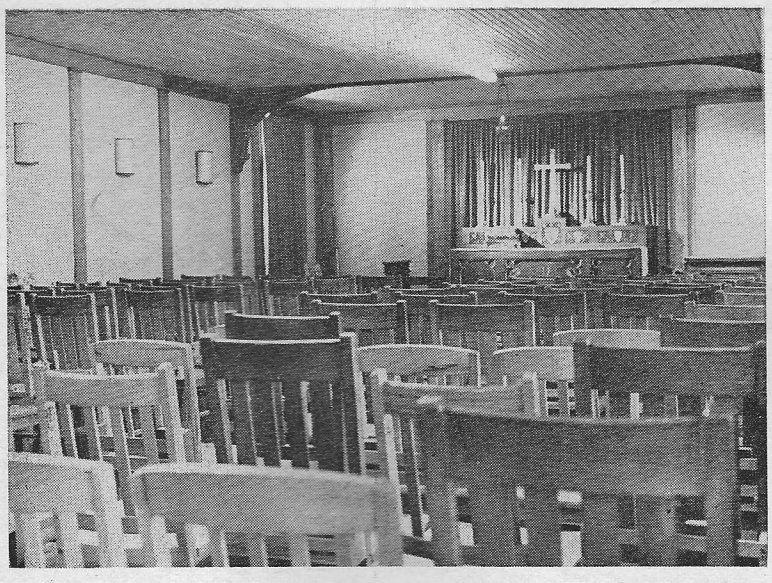
Thayer Hall Is School's Oldest Building



Old Chapel at Thayer Hall
photo by Miller

Thayer Hall, today gleaming brightly under a fresh coat of yellow paint, has had a long and eventful history. Originally the carriage house of a large estate, it, together with the now demolished Griswold Hall, was one of the original buildings of the school. The upper floors housed masters and students. On the first floor were the dining room and kitchen, which were capable of serving one hundred-fifty persons. The dining hall at Thayer was used for twenty years until the construction of the Rice Wing four years ago. In the basement is the old chapel, which, although remodeled twice, finally proved to be too small this year, and the school now holds regular chapel services at Trinity Church.

Today the upper floors of Thayer Hall house some of the kitchen staff, including Chef Roberts, and the family of one of the grounds crew. The old dining hall is used for rehearsals by the Glee Club, the Barons, and the band, and the Fifth Form has weekly public speaking meetings there at Thayer. The chapel is still used for early services on Sundays and Wednesdays.

Thayer Hall, although a part of ancient history of the school, still gives valuable service. That new coat of paint, besides holding it together, gives proof that many things are still expected of it.



Fifth Formers at Mr. Curry's Table
photo by Carleton

Pen And Scroll

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Dis-Integration

by Tom Mitchell '61

The public schools of Charlottesville, Virginia, were scheduled to open on September 2nd for the fall term of 1958. Three Negro boys had been accepted into previously all-white Lane High School. However, Governor Almond's "massive resistance" laws which had been prepared for such a circumstance, were immediately put into action... the School's opening was postponed until September 15th, then until the 22nd, and finally it was declared that the School wouldn't open at all. Nearly 1,000 students had been out of school for almost a month. Something needed to be done.

Throughout the city, many buildings had been offered for use as classrooms. Seven churches, a men's club, a hotel, a restaurant, a country club, the Medical Arts building, and the laboratories of the Institute of Textile Technology were among these organizations offering space. Finally, on the 23rd of September an emergency school program organized by a parents' committee working together with a group of high school teachers was started with the registration of the senior class, followed shortly after by the registration of the remaining classes.

Since there were no lunch facilities or book lockers in these emergency quarters, and since the buildings in which the classes met were so widely scattered, it was decided that classes should be held only in the mornings, and only one class each day. We had classes six days a week from eight-o'-clock until one each day. The individual schedule cards, made out during the summer for each student, were still in effect, the days of the week being substituted for the periods of the school day. There being no study halls, we were given automatic "study-out", and we did what we pleased during this time. My schedule, which was typical, went like this: Monday-French, First Baptist Church; Tuesday-English, First Methodist Church; Wednesday-Biology, Greek Orthodox Church; Thursday-algebra, First Methodist Church; Friday-History, the Elk's Club; Saturday-Driver Training, University Baptist Church.

With the school officially "padlocked" and classes widely scattered, there were no central places

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What Is Wrong With Humanism?

by John Kostick '60

Humanism, as we are occassionally told, is wrong. Before any consideration of this question can be made, it should be made clear what humanism basically is. Some of the essential contentions of Humanism are that man is free to improve his lot on earth, that he is basically good and not hampered by "original sin", and that he is not obligated to do penance for such natural enemies. As far as morals and social codes are concerned, there is no striking difference between Humanism and Christianity. The main distinction seems to be that Humanism rejects the idea of original sin; and that it has no written creeds, ritual or dogma which one is obliged to follow. This is one of the fallacies of the movement, as seen by many outstanding Christian leaders. Another point of discrepancy seems to be the non-committal or agnostic tendencies of Humanism concerning the existence or nature of God. We are told that in order for a philosophy or religion to be successful, it must have a firm belief in a divine being, and it must have dogma and written codes in support of this belief. This is the foundation, the backbone of all religion.

Perhaps this is true. The majority of people do need something which offers an explanation for that which is beyond their knowledge. Since the beginning of time, men have always speculated on the great void of their ignorance, and attributed that which was beyond comprehension to a divine being. Most people also need a strong religious institution to explain what they are not able to, and provide answers for the void. There are some, however, who think such speculations futile, that man should devote his time to conquering ignorance and filling in the void, rather than blindly follow speculations which may be true, but may be misleading. These are the humanists, those who need no dogma constantly to remind them of what they believe or what they know to be true. These are the people who work that their children may come closer to the truth than they were able to, rather than idly accepting the speculations of another person and being satisfied to live accordingly. Their chief fault seems to be that they have strong enough faith in man and what his future will bring that they do not

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. . . From The Faculty

by Riker L. Ramsbotham

This is the year of the Frozen Smile—the Eternal Grin—The Big Gamble. This is a Presidential Election year.

There is something unique and exciting about electing the President of the United States. At its best it is a dramatic and impressive example of democracy in operation. However, there are other less impressive, and to-day, even dangerous aspects. The danger lies not so much with the system by which the President is elected, but by the manner in which the American people go about it.

Since the days of Andrew Jackson there has always been an element of ballyhoo in the election of our Presidents. Television, radio, and Madison Avenue have pretty much replaced the torch light procession and the whistle-stop addresses, but the circus atmosphere remains. If anyone doubts this, watch a nominating convention in action. The convention goes about the serious business of nominating a candidate for President of the United States with all the decorum of the annual celebration of the Sons of Levity.

In the old days, if the public got what it often deserved, a mediocre President, as the end result of all these antics, it was not fatal, or even necessarily vital. To-day our choice of President could mean the difference between war and world peace, between life and death for each of us. Yet, upon what basis will the average citizen make his choice? Will it be upon the basis of merit, of ability, experience, integrity, courage? John Quincy Adams had all of these qualifications, but to-day it is extremely doubtful if John Quincy Adams could be elected dog-catcher in the average American community. John Quincy Adams would refuse to wear the eternal grin which is the mask of any serious candidate for the Presidency. It should be noted here that by some strange paradox the candidate is not so supposed to indulge in humor. This would indicate a lack of seriousness. Mr. Lincoln was severely criticized for this sort of nonsense, and it may have been fatal to Adlai Stevenson. The grin does disappear on certain solemn occasions, such as when the candidate is adopted by an Indian tribe, a must for any successful candidate. Have you ever seen a picture of Calvin Coolidge in an Indian headress?

Mr. Adams would not have used make-up on television (or any place else). He would have spurned the sage advice of Madison Avenue or Hollywood in his public appearances. He would have felt it beneath the dignity of a candidate to kiss grimy babies for the votes of adoring mothers, and he would have felt that the patting of prize cows at country fairs has very little to do with a candidate's qualifications for the Presidency.

Irving Stone in his history of unsuccessful Presidential candidates, called "They Also Ran", concludes on the basis of historical retrospect that the defeated candidate in a majority of Presidential elections was better qualified for the office than the victor.

The giants in American politics from Jackson's day to the pre-Civil War years were Webster, Clay and Calhoun. They all wanted to be President—all three tried. None made it. They were Sena-

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Criticism

by William Kostick '60

Criticism is universal, certainly. We discover it everywhere; in fact, sometimes it seems simply to fester its growth off the succulence of everyday society. At times it is inconspicuous and quite innocuous, but more often it dominates the conversation and becomes offensively injurious. There are three separate types of criticism, which are individual but can interlock at will: shallow, reciprical, and ameliorative.

Shallow Criticism

Because this species of criticism is most popular it rightly deserves being given the vanguard position. Its favorite playground is on the surface of personalities, and its pet objective is the underdog. Students especially enjoy this sport of shallow criticism, for it is easily mastered and requires no practice: it comes naturally and is the perfect pastime for the lazy sportsman. It does not present much of a challenge, but it has the characteristics of enthralling primitive warfare, where one caveman creeps up behind the back of another and smashes the stars out of him with a brutal club.

One objective of this pastime is accomplishing the game without letting the enemy become aware that you are operating behind his back (it's a lot safer), and the other is to be positive that the club comes down as hard as possible, for the harder he falls the higher skies the evaluation of the sportsman. With no ground rules and plenty of room to practice, the game is rapidly mastered to the pinnacle of proficiency. There are, however, drawbacks; if practiced too frequently, the game ceases to be exciting, loses its sport, and becomes habit forming.

If this predominant breed of criticism is permitted to grow freely, as is its nature, it maliciously fosters evil and then hatred. It must be checked before it scores damage, just as the enemy hockey player racing for the cage must be checked.

Reciprocal Criticism

Now we leave the field of the sportsman and enter the area of the Christian. Reciprocal criticism is not malign, as is its primitive predecessor, but instead attempts a balance. This balance is not a balance of power such as restrains two mighty nations from offensively stabbing at one another; it is a balance which reciprocates between two persons. It is the exchanging of ideas, of constructive ideas. The idea or piece of advice is not a blow to be returned: it is council which is pondered and justly evaluated.

Within this sphere of reciprocal criticism is the admittance of

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Headmaster's Column

I often find myself asking this question: Why is it that people get so tangled up in their personal relationships?

One of the answers which has become clearer to me with the passing of time is this one—we haven't learned how to listen.

We live in a noisy era when all kinds of voices, music, and just plain confusion come at us from many different directions, and our system, in order not to be shattered and splintered by so much sound, defends itself by not listening.

We learn to hear what we want to hear, and too much that we ought to hear we have been able to tune out of our consciousness, and thus we become deaf to much of learning and knowledge which could help us in this matter of living and finding our place in society.

No boy who has been up for discipline can plead "ignorance of the law." We talk constantly about how vital it is to be honest, to be fair to all men and not play favorites, to not take advantage of your position if you have one of authority, or being watchful of others and their sensitivities. However, disciplinary cases may plead that they didn't hear or listen, because they were too intent on getting what they wanted, of doing that which brought them momentary pleasure, or thinking that they were the ones who were different and wouldn't get caught, or that it didn't matter what others thought or believed.

Education should certainly include the art of learning how to listen. We need to cultivate silence and quietness—of being able to sit still, of being alert to what others have to say. Education also includes the ability of being able to separate the "wheat from the chaff" of what we do hear.

The Berkshire Music Center has just announced that one of its new departments this summer will be

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Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

The space given Mrs. Emerson's obituary was generous but might have been better if it contained a little more of her as a person rather than a "Who's Who" listing. She was a vivacious, forceful lady with a real and lively interest in everything and everyone with whom she came in contact.

She donated the use of her beautifully grassed lawns for a football field that first year when our regular field was rock covered desert. I remember the game in October when it snowed-wet, slushy, and cold. I played for just the few minutes necessary to get wet, then sat on the bench and froze. When the final whistle blew, Mrs. Emerson's chauffeur drove up in a station wagon with five gallons of hot chocolate.

The Vanderbilt boys were day students and often invited boys from the school to their house for an evening. I was lucky enough to get such an invitation. Twelve years old, standing alone in the library, a thousand miles from home, suddenly faced with the fabulous Mrs. Vanderbilt for the first time, I stammered something, offering a rather limp handshake.

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ALUMNI NOTES

'41 **STANLEY LOOMIS** was married to Virginia Lindsley Gignoux of New York City. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Halsted Lindsley and the late Mr. Lindsley of New York. Mrs. Loomis attended Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield, Mass. Stanley is the author of the recent best selling biography "DuBarry".

'44 **RUSSELL STURGIS** has returned from Greece with his wife the former Miss Ecaterim Satolia. They have a daughter Christine born in September.

'48 **PAUL WIGGIN** has completed a year Longy School of Music in Cambridge. Should you be in the area you can hear Paul sing on Sundays at the Union Church in Woban. Paul is now in real estate in Lexington.

'53 **GEORGE SHIPPEY** now living at 16 Summit Street, Newton Corner, Mass.

'55 **RICHARD BELL** now out of the Army and taking courses at Salem Teachers College, Salem, Mass.

'58 **JAMES CANNING** writes from St. Lawrence that he plans to visit Europe this summer and may study art in Florence, Italy.

'58 **LANGDON WAITE** now in the four-year Business Administration Course at Nichols College.

'59 **RICHARD DOW** was pledged to Kappa Delta Rho national fraternity at Colgate University.

'59 **CHARLES J. MINIFIE,** a major in English, has matriculated at Trinity College.

'59 **ALMUS THORPE** was named to the Dean's list for academic achievement at Amherst.

Mr. Bockmann Speaks On Norway



Mr. Bockmann
photo by Creasy

On Saturday, February 21st, Mr. Ingolf V. Bockmann came to Lenox and spoke on "Everyday Life in Norway—Winter Wonderland." Mr. Bockmann was educated in Norway and England prior to 1905 and after that continued his studies at Boston and Harvard Universities. He later taught for thirty-eight years at Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass. Among other positions, Mr. Bockmann was Commissioner of the Cambridge Council of Boy Scouts of America.

Recently Mr. Bockmann was sent to the Scandinavian countries to lecture to his countrymen about his fifty years in the United States. He was sent to deflect some of the pro-communist, anti-United States propaganda which is constantly sent from Russia. He showed in Norway travelogues of New England. He found that many people were disillusioned as a result of the impression of America that is created by the Hollywood movie industry.

Through the windows of an electric-powered train, we saw, in Mr. Bockmann's color film, mammoth frozen waterfalls, a grade with an inclination of 1 foot per 18, and a beautiful scarlet over snow-capped mountains.

Whereas in this country thousands flock to see the World Series, in Norway enormous crowds see the world-famous Holmenkollen Competitions, where skiers of international fame vie for awards. In Norway children begin their ski training at the kindergarten level to prepare for the three story ski jump at this competition. Before a ski-jumper leaves the jump he is travelling at 60 m.p.h. As a result of the Nordic summer, skiers Easter-time ski in their bathing suits.

For thousands of years Norway was covered with snow. As this has melted, fjords have been form-

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MOVIE REVIEW

In recent years there has been much said about the lost identity of the American business man. Willy Loman, the tragic figure in Arthur Miller's now-famous play, is a tragic organizational man, but with a great deal more depth than the usual. The play was made into a movie by that same name starring Frederic March. On Saturday, January 30th, about forty-five Lenox students saw the movie at Thayer Hall.

As Willy looked out of his house in one of the poorer sections of New York City, he dejectedly remarked "there ought to be a law against bricks and fences, fences and bricks." This is one of the slight indications we have of Willy's true awareness of his situation. To his family, Linda, Biff, and Happy, he preferred to breeze over his status of just an ordinary salesman, and pretend that he was, in other cities, a great, respected salesman. Willy's tragedy in the movie is that he is unwilling to face reality. Willy constantly dreamed, contrary to Linda. It takes the boys some time, some living with the outer world, to achieve Linda's own ability to see truth. In the statement, "Your hair is gray mom," to which Linda responded, "I've just stopped dying it, that's all," much of the characters of Linda and the boys is shown. The boys had suddenly seen the gray. Linda had realized its presence all along.

Willy Loman's belief in the futility of his existence caused his suicide. Biff said of him in the final line of the play, "He never knew who he was." It was typical that the house should be paid for just after Willy's death. Willy said about the payments on appliances, "They time those things

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The Fifth Form . . .

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both in ability and sportsmanship. Not counting the Fifth form captains elect, there are three Juniors who this year are captains of Varsity sports. In the new sports this year, the form has adapted itself readily. It had some of the fastest men on the cross country team, and it comprised three-fourths of the school's undefeated fencing team. Juniors' support was also valued in Varsity Hockey and Basketball. Three out of four Lenox skiers on the All-Berkshire Ski Team are in the Fifth Form. It can readily be seen that the Fifth Form contributes much in athletics to Lenox.

The Fifth Form is a steady and dependable group in the midst becoming unified and taking on responsibility.

THAYER FLAG FLIES PROUDLY AFTER CLOSE OF WINTER INTRAMURALS

In the annual Thayer-Griswold Varsity hockey game played on Feb. 24, the Griswold team emerged as victors 3-2 on a goal in a "sudden death" overtime period.

The Thayer team dominated the first period as they grabbed a 2-0 lead. Jay Arnoldus, a student in the regular season, opened the scoring as he shot from a scramble in front of the goal. Minutes later George Hill, who played for the J. V. team, tallied Thayer's second goal.

As the second period opened, a rare incident occurred. The game was started while the Griswold team was off the ice. Thayer scored; but after a protest from the Griswold team, Mr. Putnam, the referee, ruled the score 2-0. In this period Griswold closed the gap as Bill Throenson scored on a long shot from the blue line.

With twenty-four seconds remaining in the third period, Tom Walker tied the score for Griswold on a slap shot from the left corner. The regulation game ended in a tie thus meriting the overtime period. Sandy Purdon tallied the winning goal, giving Griswold the victory and five points towards the Thayer-Griswold Cup.

On Wednesday, Feb. 24, the J. V. Thayer-Griswold hockey game was played with the Thayer team winning 3-1.

Thayer got off to a fast start, and Griswold was unable to catch up. Ed Bradbury started the scoring for Thayer. Minutes later he passed to Bill Hungerford who tallied Thayer's second goal.

In the second period Hungerford scored again, his second goal of the game. The Griswold team started pressing in the third period. They managed to score one goal as Ted Friel took a pass from Eric Purdon. The goal was not

What Is Wrong . . .

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need continual reminders of their position.

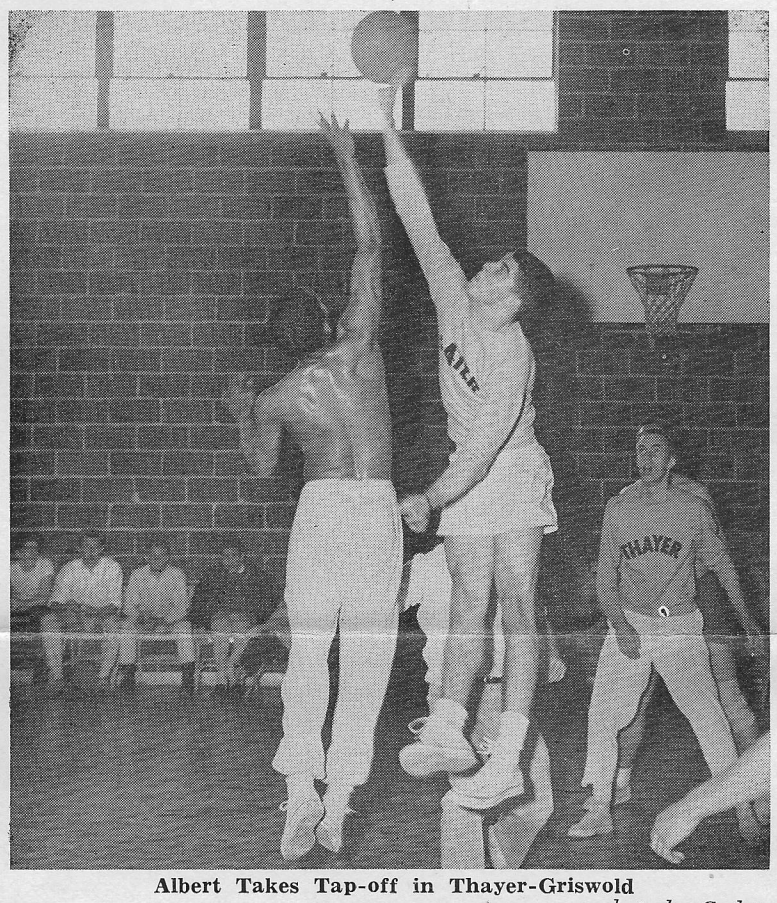
What does this prove? We cannot draw any far reaching conclusions, no deep philosphical truths from a few paragraphs. We can only say that it is not fair completely to reject the humanistic point of view simply on the grounds that it does not follow written codes, or that it is not strong enough to be an effective substitute for thought for the majority of people.

enough, as Thayer defeated Griswold 3-1.

The Thayer team gained its first victory in a varsity sport in the winter competition when it defeated the Griswold team in basketball on Wednesday, Feb. 26.

Thayer grabbed a quick lead of two baskets, but the Griswold team retaliated and took a commanding lead. The quarter ended with Griswold ahead 12-4. During the second quarter Griswold faltered while Thayer began moving, as they outscored their opponents by seven points. The score at half-time read 19-18 in favor of Griswold.

The third quarter marked the beginning of Ron Albert's dazzling performance as he scored 22 points and grabbed many rebounds, leading his team to victory. Griswold was unable to defend against his



Albert Takes Tap-off in Thayer-Griswold
photo by Carleton

driving shots, as the final score was 44-38.

On Monday, March 7, the annual Thayer-Griswold skiing meet was held on the Lenox School course. In the cross country, Paul Hart, of Griswold, placed first with Bob Brownlee of Thayer placing second. Third place was captured by Cris Oakman of Griswold, and Paul Maffei of Thayer was fourth.

Downhill was held on the following day at Beartown. John Smith, of Thayer, placed first and Paul Hart second. Chris Oakman

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Seasonal Outlook

by Chip Shannon

What are the ingredients of a good team in any sport? Some will say skill, others drive and spirit; but this year's hockey team had both. Turning in one of the best records of any team in the school's history, the team showed a perfect blend of both. Constant drill and practice of the important art of skating put them one step ahead of many of the teams that they faced. As a team, they outskated and outfought everybody on the schedule, but one thing that this team showed that was not seen last year, was a great desire to put the puck in the opposition's goal.

The first line, made up of Sandy Purdon centering Larry Wight and Jake Arnoldus, had one of the best passing attacks ever seen. It was backed up by Tom Walker, who played both line and defence because of his outstanding ability as a skater and stick handler, at one defensive position, and Captain Jack Braim, whose excellent stick handling broke up the opposition's offensive many times, at the other. The Power Team was always putting pressure on the opposition. They would open every period with a powerful offensive to try and get that first goal which turned out to be so important.

Why did the first line do so well? There was nothing that Purdon and Wight liked better than setting up a scoring play, and Arnoldus liked nothing better than slapping the puck past the opposing goalie. On some occasions he put the goalie into the cage along with the puck. This playmaking ability and desire to score spelled one thing: goals.

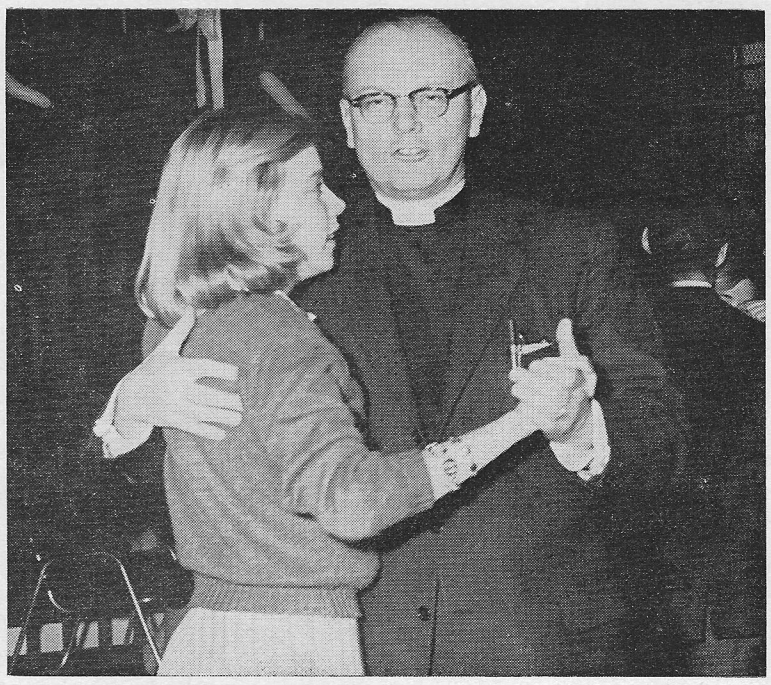
Of course this team couldn't play the whole game, but that problem was licked before it cropped up. There was a fine sup-

Continued on Page 5, Col. 5

Flag Given To History Dept.

Mrs. Frank J. Pope of Great Barrington has given the history department a 45 star flag of rather large room size dimensions. The flag is 35 feet by 12 feet and now hangs on the wall in room D of St. Martin's. It was manufactured before 1907 when the Oklahoma Territory was admitted as the 26th state of the Union.

The flag is in excellent condition (for its age) and Mr. Ramsbotham intends to keep it that way. One of his pet peeves is to keep leaning students off the wall on which the flag now hangs.



"Eight Signed Up"
photo by Carleton

Destiny -- Fact Or Fiction ?

By T. B. Boyd '62

"Among you boys you have a game: you stand a row of bricks on end a few inches apart, you push a brick, it knocks its neighbor over, the neighbor knocks over the next brick—and so on 'till all the row is prostrate. That is human life."

Is human life like a row of bricks? Is man's whole life just a puppet held by God? If man is destined, can he change his destiny?

In many respects human life is similar to a row of bricks. Or, in other words, one has a destined life. But, one's life is not destined by God. God does not say first that this will happen and then that. It is the person's own actions that destine his life. Here is an illustration showing that my belief is similar to Mark Twain's in the above quotation.

Joe did not get the job that he wanted. Why? He was late to the interview. Why? He missed the bus. Why? He overslept. Why? He stayed up too late the night before reading a book. Why? A friend recommended it to him. Why did he know this friend? He met him in childhood, and so on. So, that simple fact of meeting a friend in childhood brought about Joe's not getting the job of his choice.

But this does not mean that one cannot change his life. For instance, if Joe had simply gotten up a little earlier he would have been able to catch the bus and would not have missed his appointment.

". . . If at any time—say in boyhood—Columbus had skipped the triflingest little link in the chain of acts projected and made inevitable by his first childish act, it would have changed his whole subsequent life, and he might have become a priest and died obscure in an Italian village, and America would not have been discovered for two centuries afterward. I know this . . ."

Mark Twain was, in my mind, obviously right when he used the simple word "if", for the reason that one cannot skip an act in his life. By skipping an act, one creates an act because the skipping of the act is an act in itself.

Was Middleton right when he said, " 'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny."? Let us now assume that he was justified in saying this. Then why should I be writing this article? Why should man try to improve himself? If everything is already completely planned for us, then what is the sense of living? Now let us assume that life is destined and everyone knows it. No one would work and the whole race would die of starvation. This is the reason that I do not believe in destiny; and also because if there was a destiny, man would let his "destiny" do all his work for him, which, of course, would never be accomplished. Therefore, a destiny cannot, in any way, exist.

Continued on Page 5, Col. 4

IDEAS

By Kenneth Hunter '60

All the thoughts and ideas of man combined with his highest aspirations are worth nothing. Only when given life by action do they become meaningful. For example, a candle can give off light only when it is consuming itself, and the same holds true for man. Without this consuming, or the giving of one's own light, we do not live, we vegetate, and what has been referred to as life becomes mere existence. As further proof, no life would be possible if the sun were not consuming itself.

I believe that the present alone is eternity. The past is as a dream, and over it we hold no influence. If we must put our trust in something, it should be the future—which is but a continuance of the present. Our faith should be in the ability of man to look beyond himself, and towards a growing unity with his fellow humans. While we are to some extent limited by the past, the future is ours, and through the use of knowledge and reason, made flesh through courageous action, mankind can mould its own fate and shape its own destiny.

In order that our lives should not stagnate, we must move ahead. In my opinion this growth should not be motivated by thoughts of future bliss in an after-life, but by a genuine concern for the welfare and happiness of others. Reason also tells me that this is our one life, and that it is enough. Some say, "Do good while on earth and thus you will be rewarded in heaven." Reason says, "After death it will be much the same as before you were born; therefore live every minute, for this is your sole chance to improve humanity or yourself."

In religion, I believe that man

Continued on Pagt 5, Col. 5

Headmaster's Column . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 5

one of "Listening and Analysis"—the department will be open to the amateur who wants to learn how to listen to music, what to listen for in composition, in order that the listener may have a greater appreciation of what the composers of music have to say.

We need a department of "listening and analysis" in the school community, in our family center, our towns and cities, and in our national life. We need to develop this as individuals, yet it calls for self-discipline to do it, for we are so used to noise, talk, loudly played records, etc.

I have found, this term, one of the better parts of the day has been the ten minutes before chapel begins—it is quiet, and I have a chance to listen. I have learned to listen at student council meetings as to what others think about persons and situations. I have listened to the disciplinary committee, the heads of departments, to the masters in meeting, and to parents in interviews and through their letters, and much which develops as policy and decision comes from listening.

I never used to listen much to the "nature sights and sounds of earth and air", but this winter we set up bird feeding stations, and I have heard new sounds of harmony and song I never paid any attention to previously, and it has added to the goodness of life.

Each of us needs to take our lives and carve some small part out of twenty-four hours to listen—to be quiet—for after all, God comes to many in the "still small voice", and if we are attuned only to the racket and blare of life, we will miss much of what is deep and eternal.

Ranking List

VI FORM

Ehart	82
Kostick	83

V FORM

Dillard	81
Friel	81
LaBarre	81
McAuley	82
Michell, J.	81
Mitchell, T.	84
Tracy	84
Weaver	80

IV FORM

Hill	83
Mitnik	85
Nitabach	81

III FORM

Hall	83
Hodgson	82

I FORM

Perault	80
Young, P.	80

Mr. Bockmann . . .

Continued from Page 3, Col. 1

ed. Agriculture is Norway's chief economic support; boat-building and fishing are also prevalent. Education is compulsory from the ages of seven to sixteen.

Bergen, the former capital of Norway, and Mr. Bockmann's home town, is nestled between seven mountains in the heart of fjord country. Edvard Grieg, pianist and composer of the 19th century, came from Bergen.

Glee Club . . .

Continued from Page 1, Col. 5

with touches of Gershwin and Ahmad Jamal thrown in.

The Glee Club now returned to the stage, having moved the piano closer to it, and sang Mr. Ames' own arrangement of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Bach's "My Chosen King is Christ the Lord"; Jean Sibelius' "On Great Lone Hills" ("Finlandia"); and, finally, the spiritual "Elijah, Rock", made famous around here by the St. Paul's College Choir and arranged for the Lenox club by Mr. Ames.

About 150 attended the concert; although those within the Glee Club were disappointed with the performance, rumor has it that the club will be asked back to Dalton again next year, in a newer auditorium.

This concert began a very busy week for the Glee Club: on Ash Wednesday, March 2, the club participated in the Ash Wednesday Choral Eucharist at St. Stephen's Church in Pittsfield, singing again the Handel "Hallelujah, Amen" as the anthem; and on Saturday the fifth the group traveled to Northfield School, where, after an afternoon of dancing and an excellent supper, it appeared in the ninth annual six-school Glee Club Festival. Well over 2000 attended the concert, which opened with the combined glee clubs, numbering about 350 voices, in the traditional opening number, the Dutch "Prayer of Thanksgiving"; Sibelius' "On Great Lone Hills"; and the Russian "Sing Praise to God, the Almighty"—all directed by the Deerfield Director Ralph Herrick Oatley, and accompanied this year not only by the piano but also, along with it, a new Estey two-manual pipe organ, making its performance debut.

In the order of performance this year, Vermont Academy, Williston Academy, Deerfield, and Kimball Union—Vermont and Kimball especially turning in their best performances ever—preceded Lenox on the program.

Lenox, in its turn, sang once again Mr. Ames' arrangement of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Thomas Scott's arrangement of "Greensleeves", with Mr. Buchanan at the piano; Mr. Ames' arrangement of "Elijah, Rock"; and Handel's "Hallelujah, Amen", with Bruce Beardsley at the organ—Lenox proved to be the only school to use a student organist in its individual appearance. The general concensus after the concert was that all four numbers were by far the finest performance the club has ever turned in.

Lenox was followed on the program by the Mount Hermon Glee Club, acting as hosts; and

Continued on Page 5, Col. 2



Friel receives letter during Sports Night

photo by Carleton

Award Dinner . . .

Continued from Page 1, Col. 5

meets and races could not have been run. He gave credit to all the members of the competing teams with special credit to Captain Paul Hart, a Varsity skier for five years.

The climax of the evening came with the awards to the Varsity Hockey team, which had a 12-1-1 record, its only defeat being by a college team. Coach Edward Gleason, six years with Varsity Hockey, said that this year's team had been his best, both in spirit and in skill. Mr. Gleason praised the team because it played well the type of hockey Lenox strives for: individual ability directed towards team unity and play, with the skill of team the end result. With the end of the Hockey awards, the first part of the evening was brought to a close, the second being given over to a speaker.

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Bagpipes skirl
Lovers meeting
Hearts a-whirl
Busy, bustling city
Thronged Princes Street
Flower decked gardens
Visitors to greet
Peaceful, quiet city
Sunset's rosy glow
Shrine of Memory
The river Forth below.
Night shaded city
Stars reappear
O'er the whole city
So lovely, so dear.
Sweet, Scotia's city
May she ever be
Safely protected
Oh God, by Thee.

Mr. William Stockdale . . .

Continued from Page 1, Col. 3

tions of the figure skating. Then out West to witness a rodeo. Another change of scene and the powerful cars of Tompson Race Course in Connecticut flashed across the screen, the sleek racing cars being paced by a Volkswagen.

A highlight of the film was the showing of the newest American sport, parachute jumping. All were enticed with the jumper's thrill at a free fall before the parachute opened, the chute's colorful and graceful descent, and at last the hard landing.

The camera next shifted to a local place of interest, the ski area at Otis, Massachusetts. Complete with rescue tobaggan ominously appearing in every shot, the film showed skiers of all sorts from experts to beginner, attending the weekend ski-school. Another winter sport Mr. Stockdale's camera recorded was the auto racing on a frozen lake in New England. There every Saturday, proud drivers race their ancient, reconverted cars, skidding around corners in graceful clouds of snow, receiving no prize except that of the thrill of the race.

Water skiing, sport of the outboard motor, was next on the agenda. Giving a brief history of this fastest growing pastime, the speaker told of its invention from a split hydroplane, and of its indebtedness to the outboard motor. Then there were shots of an expert water skier, a girl, the methods of teaching water skiing, a girl, the skillful jumpers, a girl, and finally the champion slalom skiers of the East.

He ended the film as he had begun it, with graceful skaters in Madison Square Garden. Mr. Stockdale's clever narration, good photography, and caustic comments made an enjoyable conclusion to Winter Sports Night, 1960.

Dis-Integration . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 2

for club meetings. Consequently many of the school activities were abandoned. The school newspaper, however, continued publication, its name being changed from **Lane-time** to **Lane Time-Out.** The band continued practicing, and the football team played an all-away schedule in order to avert demonstrations. On February 2nd the high school opened at last, still segregated but resuming on the condition that arrangements would be made to integrate in the fall of 1959, and a normal spring semester concluded the extraordinary year.

Surprisingly, the system worked quite well considering the difficulties. In fact, there were certain advantages. With the entire afternoon free, we could get jobs, go out for athletics, or study. The five-hour class was a distinct advantage in the sciences; there was time to do a very thorough job of an experiment. With less emphasis placed on extra-curricular activities, we found there was more time for study. Finally, with less time in the classroom and more time for individual pursuit of learning, we found that this system was preparing us for college, in form if not in content.

Obviously, though, the system's many disadvantages by far outweighed its advantages. There was a great lack of facilities . . . no library, no reference books easily accessible, no blackboards, desks, adequate lighting, and occassionally not even adequate heat, and even the absence of things usually taken for granted, such as pencil sharpeners. There was a total absence of school spirit, caused in part by the fact that the entire student body never gathered together, and in part by the discontinuance of home athletic games. The classes themselves, each meeting only once a week, suffered

Continued on Page 6, Col. 3

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Fifth Form Dorms . . .

Continued from Page 1, Col. 4

its selection of music—from Chuck Berry to the Kingston Trio, and from clarinets to guitars and bongos. On Saturday mornings the sweet sounds of rock 'n roll roll down the wide stairs to greet prospects. And occasionally one may hear the sweet music of a master's voice floating back up those same stairs, demanding that the phonographs be turned down.

Schermerhorn's muscles reign above all. One can constantly hear the clank of weights as another ninety-five pound weakling fails at pressing twenty pounds. But this boy is only an amateur, for some of the "pros" can press forty-five with both hands tied behind their stomachs. Even though McAuley's Muscle Beach was closed down for a while through confiscation, the valiant muscle seekers continue to build for the future when they too will be Sixth Formers.

Rice Wing

With cheerfully painted walls, new floors, and acoustic tiled ceilings, the Rice Wing dormitory is the most comfortable of all the dorms in St. Martin's Hall. A compact unit, it offers its eleven inhabitants convenient access to the dining hall and classrooms, and a long walk to chapel.

In charge of the dorm are Steve Rich, prefect, and Mr. Bemis, master. Mr. Bemis can often be seen sitting at his desk confronted by a high stack of papers, with "Music" rolling in from the dorm. A sharp command and the volume drops to a murmur, only to rise again shortly.

Besides being "music" fans, the inhabitants of the Rice Wing are hockey players, soccer players, track and baseball stars, and actors. They indulge in much hacking and are seemingly a carefree bunch, but contribute much to the school. The Rice Wing Dormitory contains a small, well-knit group, who can live together happily, but at the same time get a goodly amount of work done.

Clipston Grange

Clipston Grange, thirty years the home of Florence Sturges, was donated to Lenox in her memory by her husband in 1927. Originally the home of the Rev. Monks, the first headmaster of the school, it has been a dormitory containing various forms for the past few years. Today Clipston's worn walls and sagging floors watch over thirteen of Lenox's finest boys.

This smooth running dorm is under the supervision of Mr. Richard Rutledge and prefect Davy Roberts. It is the home of many athletes and scholars. Surprisingly enough, the boys of the dorm claim to be the world's greatest lovers, storytellers, and athletes.

What a place Clipston is to study! One has the opportunity to meditate with the mood music of four guitars, bongo drums, and the one and only "Duane Eddy." Our much used commons room is the birthplace of true enjoyment, for where there is smoke there is fun at Clipston.

However, from this dorm of thirteen boys come representatives in every sport and almost every extra-curricular activity. This dorm alone contributes much to the Lenox School life. Clipston has definitely proved its worth in school life and continues to produce a good record.

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Glee Club . . .

Continued from Page 4, Col. 4

the program ended with the combined clubs singing Robert Barrow's arrangement of the 15th Century English "Agincourt Song", and the majestic "God of Our Fathers", arranged by the Director, Mr. Oatley of Deerfield, and accompanied by piano, full organ, and a brass choir of three trumpets and three trombones contributed by Deerfield.

This concert was considered by all connected with it the finest of the nine which have been held at Northfield.

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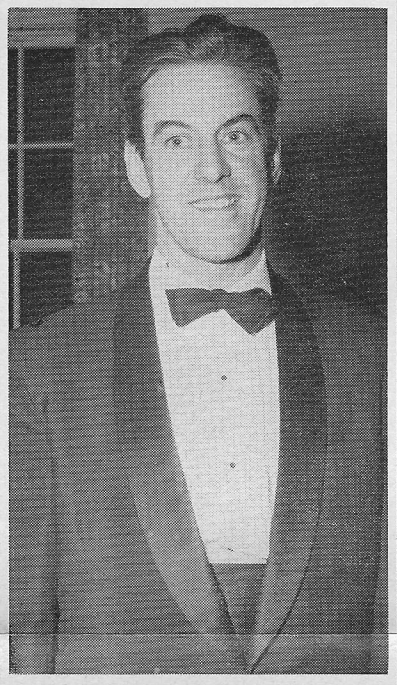

Mr. William Stockdale

Mr. Albert Rice . . .

Continued from Page 1, Col. 2

president of the trustees of Rural Cemetery.

Active in the affairs of All Saints Church in Worcester, Mr. Rice has served 44 years: 25 as a vestryman and 19 as a warden.

At Lenox, Mr. Rice has many years been a trustee and the chairman of the board for the last two years. The new wing added recently to St. Martins, which contains the dining room, kitchen, classrooms, a study hall, and a dormitory, was built largely through his generosity, and it bears his name. He has always been outstanding among the trustees for his loyalty and goodwill. The school is grateful to him, and its growth is a tribute to men such as Mr. Rice.

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Destiny . . .

Continued from Page 4, Col. 2

If God created the human race, he created a reasoning people, not a group of machines of which he holds the control box. There would be no point in doing this, except for his own enjoyment, and many preachers have told me He is a higher being than this.

Therefore, in conclusion, I strongly agree with Mark Twain in his belief that one act leads to another. God does not destine man's life, but each creates his own future by his previous acts, and each can change and improve his own life by working harder, and if he wishes, he may add to the common life of humanity.

Thayer Flag . . .

Continued from Page 3, Col. 4

and Bob Brownlee tied for third. Griswold, however, won the first two events.

On Wednesday, the slalom event was also run at Beartown. Smith was first for Thayer again. Bob Mitnik of Griswold was second in the race. William Brownlee was third for Thayer. Thayer won this event.

Jumping, the last event, was held on Thursday. Paul Hart placed first for Griswold. Maffei and Oakman placed second and third, respectively. Griswold won the jumping and the meet.

On Tuesday, March 8th, six members of the Fencing Club met for the first Thayer Griswold contest in this sport. Dick Koss, a Thayer, fenced the first bout with Mike Ryan, a Griswold, and trounced him 5-0. Court van Rooten, a Thayer, fenced the second bout with Bob Parker, a Griswold, and won only by the close margin of 5-4. The third bout was between Steve Zanieski, a Griswold, and Pete Dillard, a Thayer. Zanieski won with a score of 5-3. This was the deciding event in this term's Thayer-Griswold contests, and it put Thayer ahead by the necessary 3 points.

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Seasonal Look . . .

Continued from Page 3, Col. 5

porting cast of hard fighting hockey players who were right in there scoring almost as much as the first line. This group was largely made up of underformers, but there was no need for worry when they went in. The Rush, Tracy, Walker line had a good experience year this season, and will all be returning next year. Defenceman T. B. Boyd, one of the lightest men on the ice, has shown as much promise as anyone can imagine. Senior defenceman Pete Stokes, who scored his first and the winning goal against Mount Hermon, was noted for his ability at breaking up plays with his hard checking. For this he sometimes visited the penalty box, but he never went there in vain.

Lastly, I must mention the Penalty Killers: those men who came out onto the ice when we were a man short. It wasn't until the last period of the last game that a goal was scored on them. Much of the success can be attributed to Mike Gottsegan who ended the season with a 9.2 record (9.2 shots to make a goal on him.) Mike came through with some great clutch hockey, smashing breaks that looked like sure goals, and stopping impossible shots.

I have pointed out some of the outstanding points of the team, but you must not forget that they are only single points. These parts drilled and worked together to form a precision team where everyone's part was important to the result. This was the best year the school has ever known: 12-1-1!

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Ideas . . .

Continued from Page 4, Col. 2

should draw from all faiths that which he knows to be good and true and reasonable. He must be always open to new truth, and always ready to discard that which his reason has proven false. I have come to believe that man is a natural child of the universe (one of many), and that the same spirit which flows through him is the life-blood of the universe. That basis alone is enough to make life meaningful to me.

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From The Faculty . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 4

tors—and outstanding Senators. This meant that they had a national record of voting on important issues. During their long years of public service they necessarily stepped on many toes, certainly enough toes to defeat them on election day. The public preferred a William Henry Harrison of Log cabin and cider fame, who won the election by the process of staying home in his thirty room log cabin and keeping his mouth shut. Or in the traditional manner of Americans who abhor war but adore their generals, they elected Zachary Taylor to the highest office in the land, presumably for winning the battle of Buena Vista.

The Founding Fathers planned well in their method of selecting a President, but they did not plan on the formation of political parties. Electors, chosen by the voters in each state would select the man they considered most qualified for the office of President. Hence, the unanimous election of George Washington. However, as political parties developed, and the suffrage was extended by the states, the electors became rubber stamps, pledged before hand to a certain candidate.

The electoral system continues to operate in this manner and it is still the electoral vote which wins the election. There is nothing basically wrong with this manner of voting, other than it is possible to win a popular majority and lose the election. But this rarely happens. My quarrel is with the lack of reasoning behind the peoples' choice, the lack of logic in this most important decision. What is needed is more seriousness and less of the medicine show atmosphere.

In a recent article in the New York Times, a veteran reporter tried to sum up the traits which would be the most likely to bring victory to a candidate in this age of television. He could find only one President in history who possessed all seven of these virtues, and that was Warren G. Harding.

Adlai Stevenson, writing in "This Week", has this to say about running for the Presidency: "I've worn silly hats and eaten indigestable food; I've bitterly denounced the Japanese beetle, and fearlessly attacked the Mediterranean fruit fly. These are real problems for the people concerned, but do they really deserve so much attention from candidates for the highest temporal office on earth? ISN'T IT TIME WE GREW UP?"

Mr. Stevenson, of course, has much more to say than the above, but he concludes, "Everyone decries apathy, and agrees that it can lead to the death of democracy. I feel that television, if it follows the pattern of the past, can only increase apathy. People will "consume" TV broadcasts as they consume TV comedies, Westerns and spectaculars. They will sit back in their chairs and enjoy themselves—or they will switch to something else. Their attitude will be let the performers perform. This is apathy.

"TV requires no effort on the part of the viewer. Fifty years ago men were not apathetic toward politics, for citizenship was highly prized and made demands on them. They had to travel long distances by wagon and stand in the hot sun to hear Bryan, LaFollette or Theodore Roosevelt. Not today; a man need not even leave his living room to be entertained by Mr. X, candidate for President of the United States, the most powerful office on earth. Politics may have been "entertainment" in the old days, too, for there weren't very many distractions. But in those days people took their politics seriously and were willing to work for their entertainment."

Today we must find some means to reduce the ballyhoo in politics whereby the voter may make his choice in an atmosphere of seriousness instead of silliness.

This is our problem.

Letter To The Editor . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 5

"Young man," she said, "that is not the way to introduce yourself. I'll stay here. You come in and ask who I am, and I will show you how you should introduce yourself."

I did as I was told. She gave the demonstration, then instructed me to wait till she made another entrance. This time, when asked, I gave my name confidently and shook hands firmly. To this day, some thirty years later, no dignitary ever cows me. I simply give my name confidently, shake hands firmly, and often think of Mrs. Emerson.

The entire student body and faculty were invited to her home for Thanksgiving dinner. It was something to remember. After the dinner the boys gave her a rousing school cheer. She was noticeably pleased and after a moment replied, "Boys, I have been extended some honors and given many kinds of gifts," she said, "but this is the first time I have ever been cheered for." That evening she donated the Thayer Griswold trophy as well as several awards to be given at the end of the year.

Yes, Mr. Editor, Mrs. Emerson was quite a lady.

Niels Christensen, '30

Dis-Integration . . .

Continued from Page 5, Col. 1

from a lack of continuity and repitition. A whole week's lesson might be learned wrongly or a whole week's assignments done incorrectly; and the mastery of a language was altogether impossible. Finally, despite the short break around ten o'clock, we found it increasingly hard to concentrate as the morning wore on.

Yet, despite the many things we didn't learn, we came to realize through painful experience, several basic truths. First, we discovered that an unpromising and bleak situation can be turned to advantage and made into the "next best" thing. Secondly, we learned that the amount of reward derived from any system is directly proportional to the amount of effort put into it. We could get by with a surprisingly small amount of work; indeed, it was very easy to leave a week's assignment until the night before class. But, to our dismay, we then found ourselves woefully unprepared in class, and an entire week would have been wasted. Finally,

Criticism . . .

Continued from Page 2, Col. 4

right and of wrong. It is a difficult thing for one to give in to his pride and admit that he has erred —it requires by far more courage than is necessary to slander a victim, caveman-style. A true relationship can exist between two persons who are willing to tip the balance reciprocally and speak frankly of and to one another. Criticism in the hands of a sincere mentor is a great tool.

Ameliorative Criticism

Ameliorative criticism sits in a perilous position, for it can work constructively in hand with reciprocal criticism, and can sometimes resemble shallow criticism, To the unaware it can be mistaken for the sarcasm of shallow criticism, and to one being inveigled by shallow criticism, the insincere words can be misunderstood for the good will of ameliorative criticism. The true worth of this type of honest betterment is discovered by those who believe in it and have faith both in it and in the friend who offers the criticism. In this aspect of mutual faith we see the balance of reciprocal criticism at work, attempting to ameliorate the condition of a person, or of a situation.

The greatest enemy of this beneficiary criticism is the individual who talks himself into and convinces himself of a lie as being the right thing. It is difficult for the power of the criticism to impregnate the shell of the self-built lie, for the shell has become one of conviction. If faith is not restored, the advice will be taken in the wrong light, in the light of shallow criticism.

Ameliorative criticism is, nevertheless, perhaps the most helpful form of suggestion which we can give to another. The criticism pinpoints the difficulty, thus revealing the barb in the wound which causes the pain. We cannot see the barbs in our own flesh, but others can. Criticism, if applied properly, is the salve which erases the impediments from the area of healing.

It appears that criticism, in the over-all picture of its functioning, is only one-third detrimental and two-thirds beneficial. Statistics unfortunately do not represent the utilization of the minority third of criticism in reality. But the figures do show one thing which is correct: shallow criticism ought to be minimized into the minority.

I think we all recognized that the "inalienable right" to an education is not that at all. It is, rather, a great privilege and something that must not be taken for granted.

This fall, Lane High School admitted the three Negro boys. But in other parts of Virginia and the South, the problem remains. It is a situation which cannot be ignored, nor can it be solved by violence; unless it is faced with all the intelligence and patience at our command, it will no longer be a question of segregation or integration, but of dis-integration.

Movie Review . . .

Continued from Page 3, Col. 2

so when you finally pay for them they are used up." Linda said to the boys, "What goes through a man's mind who drives home not having earned a cent, having been with a company for thirty years." Willy wistfully remarked that he once knew a salesman who had phones all around and could call anywhere. When this salesman died, all his big brass business associates went to the impressive funeral. Willy remarked that he wanted to die the death of a salesman.

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