

Pass this on to someone who might be interested.

Dear Sir:

As you are a student of Lenox School you are going to be interested in what is to follow. Not only will you be interested, but you will be surprised and delighted, and you will look forward to a certain date with a great deal of anticipation.

In about a month a book is going to appear in the school that will startle, delight and shock everyone that reads it. It is an account of the first two years at Lenox. AT LAST the curtain covering these early days has been pulled up and THE TRUTH IS OUT, NOW the FACTS are here. NO LONGER will you be kept in the dark. A searchlight has been TURNED ON the dark mysteries of the days of yesterday.

You will find in it amusing stories about everyone and everything. No one is spared. Even the masters and our noble prefects come in for their share.

You will read how Mr. Poll and Mr. Clark, armed with crow bars and pickers chased burglars. You will read how the record breaking trips were made, how Mr. Cummings thought he pushed someone out of bed, and many more interesting and amusing stories.

The authors will not, of course be named. Suffice to say, they are two ex-members of the school who saw the first years of the school themselves. There will be an introduction by a prominent present member of the school. The book will not cost more than thirty cents. IT WILL BE SOLD TO FIFTH AND SIXTH FORMERS ONLY.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHORS OF THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY

P.S. Watch and wait for more information.

# "RISING BELLS"

(THE FIRST YEAR OF LENOX SCHOOL.)

BY

GREY MASON

AND

NORMAN R. STURCIS, JR.

# "RISING BELLS"

(THE FIRST YEAR OF LENOX SCHOOL.)

*Without or with offence to friends or foes  
We thank the world gently as it goes*

—Byron

### *Author's Introduction*

With fear in their hearts, and quakings in their legs, the authors present this book. The gigantic task of gathering and writing up the material is over and done with; but there still remains the meeting with several students and masters, whose "write up" has not been altogether what they would wish. We are not going to use the time-worn phrase "we hope that this will be received in the same spirit that it is given," but we are going to hint as much and hope for the best.

THE AUTHORS.

## "RISING BELLS"

(THE FIRST YEAR OF LENOX SCHOOL.)

ON a certain September afternoon in 1926 the town of Lenox was treated to a rare spectacle. Probably the busy look of a certain large yellow mansion previous to this day had prepared them for something extraordinary. But when thirty odd boys (some more odd than others) suddenly swooped down in a manner quite reminiscent of the wolf on the fold that town received a severe shock.

This unsettling phenomenon might have caused the inhabitants to wear an expression of supreme distaste which was for a few days reflected in the faces of these few boys. In the case of the latter they might well have shuddered as Howland was their first glimpse of anything to do with Lenox School. Howland, the superintendent of grounds, dressed as usual in a dirty, red lumberjacket and equally dirty trousers, smoking a foul-smelling, black cigar as he waited for them to get off the train. However, we all found out that when he assigned a job to a boy that job had to be done quickly and well. Any one who has done "grounds" will stand by us here.

Arriving at the School an obliging young man ran out and took their bags. They naturally thought it quite snappy for a porter to take care of them in that way but later they found out that their porter was none other than Edwards, a third former!

L I I  
1926

The time on the train had been spent imagining a gray-haired gentleman as building the position of headmaster. It was a great surprise to see a very young looking man in knickerbockers, talking with the boys in West B. He very soon proved himself to be a most capable headmaster and the most likeable of men.

It is quite bad enough going to boarding school for the first time, but, as the case was then, most of these boys were not only making their first attempt at boarding school but the school was making its first attempt at them. It was all very disconcerting.

You may imagine their feelings when on entering the school building they could barely find room enough to get through the main hall, due to the chaotic condition of this said right of way. It was literally scattered with various blunt, sharp and indifferent implements, saws, hammers, pyramids of stepladders and not least of them all a regiment of workmen responsible for the shavings and odd bits which completely obstructed all pedestrian traffic.

Most of the boys were so stunned that only a vague recollection of having had supper in a very constrained atmosphere where the one heaven-sent topic of conversation was the weather and why if Bill Raul came from Connecticut it wouldn't be a good plan to call him the "Connecticut Yankee." Hardly brilliant conversation in whatever light it is looked at.

Having slept in only one dormitory that night, one of the authors can state that not a wink was slept by

any one due partly no doubt to a wave of homesickness, but mostly due to the more material reason that a certain Phil Cooke, who doubtless for the best of reasons, insisted on raining spit balls on all within that large room.

Came the dawn and with it a very sleepy looking school to breakfast. Some of you who have not had the pleasure of rising before nine o'clock A. M. will laugh mirthlessly and say "There is no such hour," but we can truthfully state that this was the time and place. The school has been running now for four years and this seems to be the only original ritual that remains unchanged. We who have left the school sincerely hope that this last trace of the old days will be a permanent tradition.

That morning was spent by the masters trying to find where to begin. Although we thought at the time that everything went off without a hitch we realize now it must have been pretty tough sledding. The first afternoon is famous for the long walk cross country, led by Mr. Monks. It is impossible to find any one who remembers where the walk went or who was there! The following afternoon the entire school was told to report to that part of the football field not infested with tractors for a game of touch-football.

Early in October the school was dedicated by Bishop Davies in the presence of Dr. William Greenough Thayer, the founder of the school and President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Monks, the masters, Mrs. Alden and relatives and friends of the boys.

The school might not have had anything better than a "Touch-football team" for that year had it not been for Mrs. Baker who very kindly let us use her lawn (which was untruthfully termed a field) for real football. It is needless to say that after having dug goal post holes and then running over it in cleated boots it resembled more the battlefields of France in 1918.

The first game played by Lenox was against the Berkshire Midgets, at Berkshire. Even at the thought low giggles can be heard from some mysterious source. Our score in that game was six and theirs was quite easily six times that. George Willis can claim the honor of having made Lenox's first touchdown. Even that was technically known as a "fluke," as the ball was fumbled by persons unknown and Willis with great presence of mind, or perhaps having stumbled over a boulder, fell on it.

The season went off without a serious injury in spite of the fact that Maurice Bonissol played without a helmet. One of the most outstanding games of the fall was with Salisbury. Perhaps it should be said that the novelty of tea after this game caused the above sentence to appear in print.

The final game of the 1926 season started admirably with a journey to Kent where by means of utilizing the infirmary the team spent Friday night. On Saturday morning they rudely interrupted several classes by playing ping-pong outside the class room. In the afternoon, the climax of the season, the game with South Kent was

lost, but the score showed an appreciable improvement in the team.

At the end of the football season, an inexact replica of Tap Day at Yale was held. No Eli man would recognize it as such. Before any boys could be tapped it was obvious that some clubs would have to be thought of into which boys could be elected. After apparently lightning-like work on the part of the masters the two clubs, Thayer and Griswold came into existence. The excitement that exists at Yale around Tap Day is intense. Lenoxians, however, experienced no such thrill for suddenly out of a blue sky there appeared on the bulletin board the names of the whole school divided into two columns. At the head of one was Thayer and at the other was Griswold. In fact no one even understood what it meant until we were told by Mr. Monks that this simple notice meant that from then on the school was divided athletically into two bloodthirsty rivals.

To further this feeling football games were started between the two and after the first game (won by Griswold) the rivalry was certainly intense and has been ever since.

After it grew too cold for football the first hare and hounds were held. Many of the people living within a radius of ten miles could have sued the "hares" for violating signs concerning the illegal practice of dumping refuse on private property.

On Thanksgiving Day those living within a radius of fifty miles were permitted a leave of absence to the ex-

## FALL TERM

tent of one day. The others were invited to Mrs. Baker's. Contemporary reports have stated in no uncertain terms that it was an uncomperably enjoyable day for the latter.

The first term of Lenox School closed in the usual manner by examining the fruits of the past three months. It is to be understood that in spite of all the happenings mentioned in the pages above, studying remained in vogue all morning and for those not inclined to study at that time certain afternoon sessions were held. As this would be quite boring if told at length we have saved the high spots of morning life for a later chapter.

## WINTER TERM

To the tune of "Moonlight on the Ganges" and similar popular airs of that winter, the school returned to Lenox to recover from a strenuous holiday. Those who had not spent such a hectic vacation found time immediately to make use of the snow which had fallen during their absence.

Conveniently near Mrs. Alexandre's lawn made an excellent "winter playground" and it was turned into a veritable St. Moritz. Those attempting to master the art of skiing found Mrs. Alexandre's lawn invaluable. No doubt the small hill has sunk considerably due to the thorough pounding of falling bodies it received that winter.

However, the school was not completely supplied with novices, in fact there were several first-class exponents of the art of skiing. These few, led by Mr. Pell could be seen quite often scaling the heights of Bald Head and then skiing down the other side with a good deal of speed. Although all were ardent skiers not all could resist the law of gravitation and could be seen either finishing the slide in a sitting position or more often lodged comfortably and cozily in snowdrifts scattered profusely along the hill.

It was at this time that Mrs. Field kindly came to the fore and offered her swimming pool as a hockey rink for the school. Once again athletics were resumed due to the thoughtfulness of summer sojourners in Lenox. Although no school hockey team was organized, Thayer and Griswold called forward all those able to skate and

organized teams. The battle for supremacy in hockey was then on with the average of three games a week, Griswold keeping the lead which had been gained in football and holding it through the winter.

On the days that no games were scheduled the call of the ice proved too strong for several members of the school and often they would have to walk the three miles to Mrs. Fields for half an hour of skating and then walk back, often being too late to put themselves outside some hot supper. Sometimes they would be fortunate enough to be picked up by some kind motorist and be given a lift back to school, where they requested the driver to leave them where the South Cottage is now so as not to be seen arriving at the school in a car. A fairly subtle crowd of boys.

An experience long to be remembered by the hockey teams of Moyer and Griswold was the serving of hot chocolate to them by Mrs. Field after a particularly hard fought game.

During that winter, the now extinct form of punishment was in vogue, namely "running around the circle." Apparently *any* misdemeanor was punishable by taking from ten to twenty-five laps. To the uninitiated this sounds quite reasonable, but listen:

In one dormitory, West C. poker was the *only* game and it should be played only between the hours of nine-thirty and twelve P. M. They always started quietly and with small bets. Along about eleven P. M. the noise had grown gradually to that of the Stock Exchange where

large financial transactions were taking place. Mr. Pell, occupying the master's room on this floor accompanied by Mr. Moxley, Mr. Clark and Mr. Cummings would at this period stage a spectacular raid seizing candles, cards and chips and order the offenders to take twenty-five laps.

On came the trousers over pajamas and then a pair of boots and sweaters and down the stairs they'd trundle. Out in the snowy night, the road covered with icy ruts the laps would start. Mr. Pell, the picture of comfort, sitting in his window, smoking a pipe, would call out after every five laps, "Walk a lap" after the twenty-five had been run off they'd all trod back, up the stairs with loud yells, waking the entire school and then climb back into a cold bed, thinking perhaps that no poker after this would be advantageous.

The climax of the social season at Lenox was the formal tea given by Grey Mason, Kenneth Edwards and Charles Smith in the beautiful home East A. Any one who mattered was there. After sending out engraved invitations (by Mason, Edwards and Smith) to the boys and masters of the school these three valiants searched the town for fitting delicacies to serve. As a result the table was laden with oranges, bananas and National Biscuit Company products. Although there was a shortage of Masters, every one else came and had a great deal to eat.

On days when even the enthusiastic "King of the Great Outdoors" admitted that a little indoor exercise would



be about what the doctor ordered, the boys managed to find two recreations that filled the bill. The first one, Mr. Pell, heartily endorsed, but the second was hardly his favorite.

The first, handball, found eager enthusiasts in all the masters and quite a few of the boys. The Lenox Brotherhood offered its handball courts to the school and suiting the action to the word flung open its doors. The courts were soon to be found full of their quota of players with a respectable gallery cheering on the winners in order to have their turn. Mr. Monks, Mr. Clark, Bonisol and Tracy waged a continual war as to the better of their two teams (memory fails to supply the partnership that existed). The entire school was able to learn from the winners themselves just how they had done it, the next night when the other team won the boys were also given a vivid word picture, accompanied by gestures, of their sly tactics.

Although handball had a fairly good following, some of the best of the athletes spent the stormy afternoons wielding the racquet against a defenseless globe of celluloid. On such days the dining room tables were converted into ping-pong courts, and though a trifle on the small side were completely adequate for revenging anything from an insult to a defeat in yesterday's game. One might almost have heard, "Ping-Pong racquets for two, at sunrise." The noble sport thrived until one day, when Mr. Cummings' table was badly marred by contact with an infuriated racquet, the season was suddenly

closed. To this day odd racquets and nets may be found in several obscure closets and settees!

On Washington's birthday two events of historical importance took place. The first was the immense drag ride. Much to the driver's disgust toboggans were attached to the rear of the sleigh and it seems a miracle that the ones in the toboggans are still here. While swaying wildly around a corner we escaped by two inches the rear fender of a passing car. It provoked much laughter at the time but now we think of it with a thankful prayer.

It would be useless to try and describe the ride, it was perfect except for one thing. Hubbard was unable to be present.

We shall probably be called a tabloid paper for printing this, but here is the truth and also the other event. The present Senior Prefect threw a "stink bomb" behind the radiator. Whether influenced by the birthday which was being celebrated or by a guilty conscience will never be known, but as he could not tell a lie, he fessed up. As a result the privilege and pleasure of the drag ride were forbidden to him and in spite of the whole school rising in his defense the verdict held. However, his toboggan went along and, incidentally, was smashed beyond recognition. Such irony in life!

## SPRING TERM

The school had hardly returned for the last term before one of the most unfortunate things happened. Two boys came down with scarlet fever. Mr. Monks had everything done in an attempt to stop it there. The boys were sent to the House of Mercy Hospital and the entire school was inoculated as well as having a test taken to find out who were carriers, but in spite of all precautions there were several more cases and of necessity the school was closed for almost two weeks. When the school reopened the boys carried on with redoubled efforts to make up for the time lost.

Mr. Giraud Foster very kindly let the school use one of his fields as a baseball diamond. After a swift meeting of the masters the two original clubs were forgotten for the time being and three baseball clubs first saw the light. All the New Yorkers were put under a club named after their city. The Bostonians were likewise dealt with and the remaining boys were put under "miscellaneous" or Philadelphia. Fortunately these were short lived and soon Thayer and Griswold came back into their own.

The tennis enthusiasts were soon recruited for the task of making a court. In spite of the fact that their enthusiasm was for playing the game rather than making the "where-with-all" to play it on, they dug in with vigor in the hope of having it done in time for a little tennis. Even though they worked madly whenever they could get a chance the court was not finished until the following year. Since then it has been the scene of battle at almost any time during the day.

## SPRING TERM

Swimming became very popular in spite of the fact that the nearest water was a good four miles away. On the very hot days some master would take a few boys to Stockbridge Bowl and after a long walk the water felt about ten times better than if it had been at the front door. It wasn't quite so good when it came time to go back with that long walk staring you in the face.

We have been telling this from the point of view of those who escaped scarlet fever. Those who got it and the unfortunate carriers who were isolated half the term would have quite a different story to tell. We have decided to cut this chapter because of the confliction which will ensue, also because of the lack of material aside from scarlet fever. As the epidemic is over with we see no reason for discussing it.

However, before ending this chapter let us say that in our belief if the school had been without the help of the invaluable Mrs. Alden, the Spring Term would have been unable to click as well as it did.

As we hinted at the end of the first chapter that a few amusing things happened during the morning hours, we have chosen a famous answer, made by a boy with more body than brains, to Mr. Cummings for our beginning:

On being asked who Mary, Queen of Scots was, he replied without the semblance of a smile, "The Queen of Roumania." This threatens to become the school motto!

The first *faux pas* was made at lunch on the day that the school opened. The school's first idea was to have the floors kept like a skating rink, one mass of slipperiness (the idea was abandoned on the fourth day!) and unfortunately the dining room was no exception. To quote the unlucky youth's own words, "Naturally I wanted to make a good impression on Mr. Cummings so I volunteered to get the dessert." He broke down after that so we continue. The dessert was the old favorite, canned peaches. On entering the dining room he slipped on the floor and, we hate to tell it, the entire dessert slid down Mr. Cummings' neck!

The most exclusive table, then, was Mr. Cummings'. Members of this table were the most ruthless in the entire school. While waiting for Mr. Monks' table to finish their lunch (Mr. Cummings' table was notoriously fast) a vote was held nearly every week as to who should remain and who should leave the table. Without any scruples whatsoever the vote was taken. We shall take Charlie Smith as an example, as he never stayed at the

table for any length of time but was constantly being voted in and then right out again. If it was desired to have him elsewhere all those in favor raised their hands and if he did not leave immediately he was sent by force. One day a certain boy was voted out and one of the perennials at the table said in a firm and clear voice "You may finish this meal here but never come back again." The poor boy just managed to live under the stare of those wicked eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles.

It is unfortunate that only a few of you have had the pleasure of knowing the aforementioned admirer of the Queen of Roumania. He is a horse of the largest description and make. All those who at one time or another have been privileged to go hungry at meals when he is at the table will testify that he eats enough to keep several animals of the large capacity in healthy condition for a week. From the first day of school he undoubtedly broke all existing records for the consuming of food at one sitting. It was not until he had really got into his swing that he broke even his own record. After a month of intensive training he had the honor to be voted into Mr. Cummings' table. By general agreement beforehand no one was to touch his own salad. He started with his regulation two helpings of meat and salad. As this was considered too little for one of his calibre the boy next to him offered him his salad which was lost to view immediately. It is too gruesome to relate the entire meal but by the time it was over he

had eaten *vise* salads without any outward sign of emotion. Perhaps inwardly—but who can tell. We expect an interview from Ripley very shortly.

The top floor of the main building—pardon me, Griswold Hall—was, and probably still is, infested with mice. East A was evidently their headquarters, for mice abounded there. No mouse traps being available one night, an ingenious way of catching them was devised.

A Shredded Wheat box, obtained from Mrs. Hubert, was filled with cookie scraps and laid down on the floor. A piece of string was attached to the upper part and when a mouse was heard partaking of this repast the box was quickly pulled up. The next question was what to do with the mouse. Drowning seemed the best fate for the poor creature, so he was carried into the washroom. Other members of the school were awakened in order that they might witness this execution, but with mumbled words about being roused from a bed at two o'clock in the morning to see a mouse drowned, they turned over and went back to sleep. Some mice may like drowning but this one didn't. He scampered up and down the slippery sides of the wash basin with pathetic little squeaks. But at last he succumbed and was thrown out of the window to join Red Smith, who, at the directions of Mr. Pell was making his nightly run around the circle.

In case you don't know it, Mr. Clark and Mr. Pell are brave men. They aren't afraid of anything—even burglars. At least they weren't afraid when they thought

they discovered one early in the fall term of the first year. It happened thus:

One dark night one of the boys—never mind who—got into trouble with Mr. Clark. Losing his temper he started to tell this master a thing or three. Mr. Clark, with righteous anger told him a thing or two, also and they parted not any way near the best of friends. But the student did not go up to bed as he certainly should, but instead, muttering vengeance, he went outside in front of Mr. Clark's room. But, shining like a lighthouse on a stormy night was Mr. Clark's window. That meant that the occupant of the room was awake and his door probably open. So there was nothing to do but to sneak up the fire escape and try to get up that way. So he tried it. But it seems that Mr. Clark has a habit of gazing out in the darkness, thinking over life in general and, perhaps, how many logs he is going to assign the next day. Anyway, he saw, creeping through the bushes a dark figure. Perhaps Mr. Clark had been reading a composition about a burglar, for he at once made up his mind that this strange figure was one. Running up to Mr. Pell's room he summoned aid. On the way he picked up handy bits of iron, brooms, and whatnots. Mr. Pell grasped a thick iron poker and out they went, quite the most terrible pair, but no burglar could they find, for the student, making the most of his opportunity had fled to his room. A search through the bushes revealed nothing, so back to their rooms the burglar hunters went. Perhaps they were

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disappointed. Perhaps they weren't. Anyway, they certainly kept quiet about it.

One of the worst offences in study hall is mangling gum. At first this was punished by the master of the week saying in a loud voice, "Will Bilge kindly retire from the room and return without the gum." This invariably called forth loud cheers from those who were also chewing but had been more subtle by not moving the jaws the while. This method was used all during the fall term but when winter came accompanied with the thought of circle running it was found more to the point to shorten the accusation to the mere, "Bilge, take twenty-five laps." This happened first to a notorious chewer who obediently "took" twenty-five laps but being of an absent-minded disposition, he quite forgot the object of the discipline and one can imagine the master's horror and his own surprise when, on returning it was discovered that he was still masticating the same piece of gum. He was promptly given fifty laps which continued far into the night.

The most amusing joke in the entire first year was had at the expense of one of the masters. The third form was bored to death. Nothing of interest had happened for ages and they were in the mood for something pretty daring. While discussing this sad state of affairs in East B dormitory (where the majority of juicy schemes were cooked up) there came, to an inmate of this dormitory an idea from heaven, quite similar in substance to Joan of Arc's inspiration. While Joan had

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it definitely proposed to her that it was a ripe time to plant the crown on the king's head our hero exclaimed in no uncertain terms the following project:

In the middle of study hall that night he would sneak up behind the master of the week's chair and firmly pull a Lenox toque completely over that master's face. Undoubtedly heaven sent (the idea not the face).

The atmosphere in the third form quarter of study hall was electrified that night. When study hall was almost half over he arose from his seat and took a pencil to the sharpener in order to procure the toque which had been left beside it. He then crept up behind the chair in which the master was improving each shiving hour. The whole third form was holding on to their seats to keep from jumping up and screaming with anticipation. It was all over far too soon. The nervous hands grasping the toque came swiftly down on either side of the learned head and the cranium was no longer visible. The expected look of wrath was completely missing from his countenance as he pulled the toque off and he only said "I'd like to see you in my room afterwards." What happened after that has always been a secret!!

"One-two-three, one-two-three," counted Mr. Cummings one Sunday morning. He was, of course, doing his "exercises." The sun streamed into his window, and everything was right with the world. But suddenly, much to his surprise, he felt a drop of water, then another drop, and finally a whole stream coming down from above. Still the sun shone into his window and

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still there was not a cloud in the sky. There was only one answer to this phenomenon. Some one in East C was throwing water on the Senior Master as he took his morning exercises! With a bound Mr. Cummings reached his door, and gave a sharp pull. Another phenomenon. It wouldn't open. With muttered remarks the door was again pulled, and still again, but to no avail. **SOME ONE HAD TIED THE DOOR TO THE BALCONY OF THE STAIRWAY!** Back to his window flew Mr. Cummings and bellowing out of his window he demanded the meaning of this outrage. While he was doing this some one untied his door and rushing back again Mr. Cummings threw it open. But the evil culprit had departed, leaving no sign of his presence. So once more the exercises were begun. "One-two-three, one-two-three," counted Mr. Cummings. But *this* time the window was closed.

One of the lowest forms of amusement on Saturday afternoons was to fish for an invitation to go with either George or Alfred Vanderbilt to their home to hear football games.

One afternoon B--- was invited with several other boys to hear the Yale-Princeton game. He managed to endure the first quarter, but having heard rumors from other boys that sarsaparilla and cream were served between the halves at Mrs. Baker's, the temptation grew too much and he quietly slipped into the pantry. At the end of the half the rest of the boys, escorted by Vanderbilt, sallied forth to said pantry and

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much to their dismay found B--- practically inside the refrigerator consuming all the ingredients within reach. He was rather confused.

We regret the necessity of omitting a few of the names but the reason for doing so is quite obvious. However, for the benefit of those who recognize themselves the following information is supplied:

The authors are fortunately leaving immediately for parts unknown and the year of their return is most indefinite.

We come to the last chapter of our booklet with mingled feelings. We are thankful that the end is in sight and also our sleepless nights worrying over the exactness of some statements and the date of important events. But at the same time we are thinking of what excuses we shall have for morbid moods and hasty tempers. We shall no longer hear whispered remarks such as, "Just let him alone, he's in one of his moods, it's that hook, you know."

It is perhaps a little early to say that this is the end as the following chapter is perhaps one of the hardest. We might almost advise our readers to obtain the original description of the school sent out in the summer of 1926 to the families of prospective students and by interposing the chapters bearing on the "school building" and "grounds" with their exact opposites you would have a rough idea of how the school has changed.

The most important change took place when Mr. Frank Sturgis gave his house and grounds to the school. Mr. and Mrs. Monks now live in the house where a different form is entertained royally every week. The gardener's house has been turned into "South Cottage," a separate building for the entire fifth form and a master.

It has been a great shock to see the memorable barn transformed into a thing of beauty. Where once the layoff sheltered the school on Hallowe'en nights, the stately sixth form now walk erect, smiling disdainfully at the smaller boys as they scampers to meals. Gone is

the garage which housed that perennial wreck, the electric automobile. (Mr. Pell was all ready to read the name of his Auburn Beauty Six!) Now the quiet place is shattered three times a day by the noise of some eighty boys trying to yell with their mouths full.

When the boys returned in 1927 they found a change which caused them to gape with astonishment. The old house by the athletic field had been moved up to settle permanently by the new dining hall. Mr. and Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Hubert at the head of the kitchen force, now live in splendor under its roof. The Howlands' old house just opposite has been turned into a first-class infirmary (office hours immediately after every meal) where Miss Tongring now aids the wounded. We must add that Miss Tongring is absolutely one of the best scouts seen for many a moon.

Even the main building has changed so much so that some of us might recognize it only by the exterior. Mr. and Mrs. Monks occupied the part of the school on the second floor which has now been made into two masters' rooms. To trespass into this part of the school was to put it mildly scarcely cricket. Only those going to early communion were allowed down the stairs which passed through their small domain. The present study hall was a considerably smaller dining room and was decorated to the ceiling with the style of the 90's. The class room now devoted to the activities of the fourth form was smaller by some fifteen or more seats. One of the few records of boys in the original third form is

preserved on the under side of the mantle piece in the present fifth form room (not gum but names). Mr. Monks' study was originally the library. The kitchen was the large room in the south end of the building which is now, as far as can be found out, the chemistry room. The second floor has not changed as much, aside from altered rooms already mentioned. What used to be Mr. and Mrs. Monks' drawing room is now the master's living room where even the sixth form, that "unreadnought" organization, knock respectfully before entering on tiptoe. The class room next to this used to be only used at odd times by Latin and French classes and occasionally for football talks. It was here also that the first French class, under Mr. Pell, learned the famous "Allobroges Valiant" which they sang on the last day of school much to the dismay of Mr. Cummings and his history class. We understand that now it is a respectable class room, used quite regularly.

Mr. Cummings' "quarters" have now been turned into Mr. Monks' study. During the first year an announcement to the effect that the boys who ran down the stairs outside this room dislodged all pictures inside, by so doing, and were requested to stop, was heard quite often.

We are overjoyed everytime we go to the dormitories upstairs to find them almost unchanged. Our eyes light up and again we feel at home when we see the familiar stain on the wall where a rather juicy orange squashed during a fight.

We have told you about the major changes and now there remains only a few minor changes, guaranteed to make some of you get a little teary when you think of how times have changed!

The old exercise chart, where every day before lunch you had to sign for either "football" or "walk," no longer resides on the table in the main hall. Perhaps one reason is because the table is no longer there.

All those who failed to sign at the requested time were given some form of exercise beneficial to themselves and the improvement of the grounds around the school. The names of those who failed to sign were read out after every lunch. After each name some one would mutter "Christensen" and invariably that some one was right.

The boys that now sweep the main hall don't realize that once this job was the most dreaded of all. After the floor had been swept it was their duty to carry the chairs from the dining room to the hall for chapel. This system was abandoned during the first year and chairs have not been used since.

Up until this year, all dramatic performances were given in the main hall. The audience was handicapped by the fact that only the first few rows were able to see anything in the nature of acting. It was here that the first two performances of the Dramatic Club were given under Mr. Cummings. Now the would-be actors of the school can flaunt their talents on a real stage in the dining room with footlights to show up subtle expres-



## "CHANGES"

sions and a curtain to stop any undue efforts on the part of the audience towards silencing the actors.

In fact we could write for days about the changes, all for the best, that have taken place. But after writing this much we are feeling pretty blue and wondering whether we are writing about the same school.