
The Pen and Scroll

VOL. XVIII, NO. 1

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS

August, 2008

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Letter from the Editor:

Dear Friends, Faculty and fellow Alumni of the Lenox School,

In late July, the weather in northeast Ohio is blessedly cool and damp at night and warm and pleasant during the day, in contrast to North Carolina where it is sticky-warm all day and night for six months of the year. To sum up the contrast: Northeast Ohio is lush and fecund, and North Carolina is parched and dormant.

The Gottsegens have made the move north: see our new address at the end of this letter. We have a guest apartment, so you are welcome to visit with a week's notice: call my cell phone and leave a message, or send me an email in advance of your visit.

On the Lenox School front, the October Reunion is coming soon and seems to be generating a lot of interest, as judged by the numbers of alumni who say they will attend. We are hopeful for a large turn-out, as there is a lot on the Agenda for the Association - see President Sansone's letter, following.

New items for this number include a notice that recipients of the Lenox School Service and Athletic Hall of Fame Award will be announced at the Saturday dinner. Also, we will be posting at the LSAA web site a new set of By-Laws for the Association (see the Announcement) that will be a Motion at the Business Meeting. There are also a number of well-written stories, a couple of reports, and a very nice eulogy for David Wood by the former pastor of his Nantucket church. Finally, we have attached the

Reunion schedule and sign-up page, as usual, for you to return to Bob Sansone.

I again solicit news items from the general readership: please send them by snail mail or email to the addresses given below.

With best regards,

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A Message from the President

The 2008 reunion looms ahead, and from all indications we may have a banner turnout. The more the merrier! I am really looking forward to seeing all of you back at school. I can't overstate the importance of getting your reservations made at the establishments indicated in this edition of the P&S as a record turnout will mean that hotel/motel reservations will be difficult to obtain if you wait too long. Our colleagues have arranged for LSAA members to obtain some pretty good discounts, but these have an expiration date, so please reserve now.

I want to thank several people who have made sustained and continual efforts at making LSAA a thriving organization and our reunion a special event: Paul Denzel has again stepped up for (among other things) our Lenox Club cocktail and dinner arrangements on Saturday evening; Charlie McGee has again taken extra efforts toward arranging our Friday golf as well as heading up the Lenox School Service and Athletic

Hall of Fame Committee with Dave Nathans; Allen Sloane and Jim Koether now lead our Reunion Committee ensuring that everything is choreographed, including but not limited to the Friday events, the business meeting on Saturday at Shakespeare & Co. and the hymn sing; Mark Gottsegen continues to ably handle our P&S rollouts, and of course, Ed Miller who provides an enduring, steady hand on virtually all of the LSAA issues. We are indebted to all of them for their selfless efforts on our behalf.

It appears for this reunion, we have fellow alums coming who had not previously been back to school; while we have some folks coming who had previously been listed as lost and are now returning. How great is that!?! All in all, this may turn out to be one of our largest and most active reunions.

Friday evening (for those who will be golfing or arriving on that day) we will provide a special event at Cranwell for returning alumni: a reserved room exclusively for LSAA has been arranged and will feature a fabulous dinner for anyone wishing to participate for a very special, nominal fee.

And, as a reminder, we are still seeking and accepting nominees for the LSAA Service and Athletic Hall of Fame and for the very generous Curry Scholarship provided by our anonymous donor. The parameters for these were enclosed in the last edition and are reiterated below for your review.

LSAA – *Quo Vadis?*

I do some of my best thinking while on the elliptical trainer (which has become both my friend and assailant nearly every morning over the past several years). My best thinking used to be somewhere else, but that is an entirely different story!

It was during some of these sessions that I started to contemplate where this marvelous LSAA organization we are proud to be a part of is headed. These were not original musings but prompted in part by contemplating the comments

of some of our colleagues during the previous reunions.

In considering *quo vadis* as the topic for this portion of the President's message, our able Editor rightfully warned me of the dire consequences that had befallen others who had the temerity to engage such a topic. He is probably right about this (aside from being a curmudgeon, he sometimes actually right about certain things, but I try not to let him know this too much). [A fact check reveals that Sansone is correct about the "curmudgeonly editor." Ed.]

What really started this off fervently was an e-mail I received recently. Esther Seykere, Mr. Wood's caregiver, has returned to Ghana to help start up the **David Wood Memorial Academy**. In the time that she was taking care of Mr. Wood, he was in a sense passing his legacy of service on to her. Can you imagine? Having taken care of Mr. Wood and being motivated by this encounter to start and name this school after him? Knowing David Wood, it is actually easy to contemplate how he had such an influence on her. I'll speak more about this at our reunion.

So, in my current capacity I have been looking at our LSAA operating requirements with a mind toward the future. With little exception, the future has rarely extended beyond the next reunion necessities. It is sometimes useful to focus on the horizon as a departure from looking at the landscape in front of us. When I initially got actively involved, there was some buzz going on about resurrecting the school. What a marvelous idea.

Here's the deal: The amount of money we'd need runs into the many millions of dollars (\$30M - \$50M or greater) to even initiate such a project, much less see it through. Beyond the initial financial hurdles, there would be continuing legal, personnel, staffing and other financial challenges to overcome. Would I personally like to see a new Lenox School execute a phoenix-like restoration? You bet! However, unless we have a billionaire venture capitalist

sitting in the wings, any effort right now on this is likely a triumph of hope over reason.

Then the e-mail from Esther arrives. So I start to think: where do we want this organization to head? Look what she is motivated to do after only a brief encounter with David Wood! As one of our astute colleagues pointed out, absent any action on our behalf, the actuarial tables will eventually resolve the issue as to where LSAA goes! So, in the spirit of *quo vadis*, here are some thoughts I'd like to put forth to stimulate some forward thinking:

- I believe that our motto guides us in making future choices for LSAA. Whatever it is that the LSAA does as an organization should have the concept of service as paramount. The lives and careers of some that we cherish the most have demonstrated this to us time and again.

- At the same time, I think we need to recognize the very human desire to establish a record for posterity of Lenox's and LSAA's existence. From this perspective (and until something else offers a better opportunity) we need to get a location established for our memorabilia wherein we can also tell the story of Lenox, its founders, the faculty, the staff, and its alumni. I take this as a personal goal to accomplish.

- Let's address the actuarial table issue. If we do nothing, the LSAA as an organization will eventually cease to be. It is a mathematical certainty. I am personally not satisfied with that as an outcome for the organization. However, what options do we have to alter this?

- Here is one consideration: if we believe that our purpose extends beyond our time (as I believe Rev. Curry, Mr. Wood, and others demonstrated) we should consider creating a longer and stronger legacy through the introduction of children and grandchildren of alumni and faculty as part of LSAA, to carry on the mission. What better gift to bestow upon our children than the flame of Lenox's motto and dedication to service. If this is feasible, then the legacy of service can live on.

- Consistent with our motto, I believe we need to increase our current scholarship activity (both the number and the amount). In order to do this, we need to generate more funding for us to continue the work of affording education to those deserving students who might not otherwise be able to afford the opportunities.

- Our LSAA membership has been phenomenally generous in supporting what we have done to date regarding scholarships. However, if we wish to expand this, we really need to initiate an effort to augment our traditional fund raising through our membership by seeking outside donations.

- To do this, we need to leverage our 501(c) 3 status and seek the support of entities that are actually looking for responsible conduits for their philanthropy. It is my personal belief that this will be the best and most effective use of our efforts going forward in living to the spirit of our motto. Who knows, in the process of seeking these funds from the outside, maybe we'll bump into that billionaire venture capitalist that gets the Lenox meaning and has the ability, desire and financial wherewithal to harness our enthusiasm and initiate an ambitious restoration/resurrection of the New Lenox School? Until then though, I believe that funding of scholarships is the order of the day.

- We have a marvelous story to be told about Lenox and LSAA. We need to distill this into something that can be delivered to those philanthropic individuals and organizations so they can see their way to provide us with the funds to continue and expand our efforts.

I can hear Mark counseling me now about this *Quo Vadis*, so I am going to leave it at this point and look forward to some of your thoughts, either by e-mail or when we get together this fall. Until then, stay well and safe travels until I see you back at school.

Very Best Regards,
Bob Sansone (Sealsans@aol.com)

Special Announcement

The Reverend Robert L. Curry Scholarship Fund

We have been offered an anonymous donation in the amount of \$5,000 per year to create a scholarship in the honor and memory of Reverend Robert L. Curry (the "Curry Scholarship"). We plan to announce our first recipient at the 2008 reunion. Nominees should be forwarded to the chairman of the scholarship committee and include the following required information:

- Name of person sponsoring the nomination for scholarship
- Name of student being nominated
- Age of student
- Address of student
- Name of current school attended or where scholarship is to be applied
- Specific details and examples of why this person meets the criteria of proven excellence and leadership abilities in the community and classroom and on the athletic field, and whose capacity to lead and inspire his or her classmates significantly enhances the school community. Include specific examples of how this person meets the spirit of the Lenox School motto.
- The financial needs of the nominee.

The Curry Scholarship will be awarded as a single scholarship to a specific named individual. Nominees will be considered from among students who are entering the 9th grade up to those entering their senior year of high school.

Our anonymous donor will fund the award for the first year (2008). Each year thereafter our donor will make up any shortfall between the amount made available through funding by LSAA and \$5,000. In so doing, our donor hopes to inspire LSAA to fund the Curry Scholarship fully.
Lenox, MA 01240

In this regard, donations are sought for this specific activity from LSAA members.

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NOTICE

If you are attending the Reunion in October, be sure to look at the proposed Association By-laws at the LSAA website. At the annual business meeting of the Association there will be a Motion to accept them. If the Motion is seconded, there will be Discussion and a Vote.

Letters to the Editor

June 2, 2008
To the Editor,

I was greatly saddened to read of the recent passing of David H Wood. He was my English teacher at Lenox and he had a profound effect on me – as did many staff at Lenox in the early 1960s. I moved to the Berkshires from England in 1963, before then my education at a traditional English grammar school was a dispiriting experience where I performed way below my potential, at that time I was not motivated to work. David Wood introduced me to a fascinating array of literature that ignited in me a love of reading for pure pleasure. I well remember the atmosphere in the classroom as we came to end of reading 'The Lottery' by Shirley Jackson. I thought little of poetry until I read e.e.cummings' poems; in fact 'buffalo bill's defunct' is the only poem I can recite by heart!!

David Wood's style of teaching was open, expansive and inclusive, he always invited constructive comment from his students and this helped them to reflect creatively on many events that were to emerge in the exhilarating but

fraught 1960s. (Do YOU remember where you were when President Kennedy was assassinated?)

Back in England I have spent over 30 years teaching Math to thousands of pupils and I have enjoyed just about every minute of it, in many ways David Wood was a mentor to me as I tried to emulate aspects of his teaching style into my classroom. This time, my pupils really did reach their potential as they moved on to their careers.

With best wishes
Adam Thorne '65

* * *

To the Editor,

I want to express my thanks to Ed Ockenden for the fine description of our school's origins [in the last P&S]. I was particularly glad that he noted the special influence of Father Sill in promoting the self-help concept. I should have remembered all of that. My older brother went to Kent, and my great-uncle, James Otis Sargent Huntington, was father superior of the Order of the Holy Cross when Kent was founded, and worked with Sill in that effort. They were able to raise only \$300 in start-up funds, but signed up three masters and seventeen boys anyway, and opened the school in 1906. It is said that the boys slept on mattresses on the floor, until they could acquire beds, and that Sill himself did the cooking, during those first few days. The self-help system, which Kent pioneered, was doubtless considered useful in character-building, as well as essential in keeping tuition lower than most other private schools at that time, and it made it possible for people like me to attend Lenox.

Earlier [in June] I went back to Cambridge to attend the 60th reunion of my Harvard class of '48. I had earned my master's degree at Harvard as well, and spent another four years in administrative posts there, so it was a return to old friends and the surroundings in which I had spent nearly a decade in my younger days.

A high point of my return was breakfast

one morning with Woody Hastings - J. Woodland Hastings, Lenox '44. Not only were Woody and I classmates at Lenox, but we had also been together before that at the Cathedral Choir School in New York. After Lenox, Woody went to Swarthmore in the Navy V-12 program, earned his master's degree and doctorate at Princeton, then taught at several other universities before Harvard, where he is the Paul C. Mangelsdorf Professor of Natural Sciences. He is an eminent molecular biologist, elected to the National Academy of Sciences among other honors. We had not seen each other in 64 years.

I hope the LSAA gathering in October draws a good crowd, and that a few alumni of my vintage will be able to attend. My thanks to you, Mark, and to the other alumni who are doing so much to keep our school's name alive.

Regards to all,
David M. G. Huntington '44

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To the Editor,

Hello Mark. If P&S is going to carry an obit for Bob Seamans, Lenox '36, you may want to use the *NY Times*' July 14, 2008 edition as a guide. For your convenience, I reproduce it here:

"An aeronautics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the 1950s, Dr. Robert Seamans joined the newly formed National Aeronautics and Space Administration in 1960 and played a pivotal role in the race to put a man on the moon. NASA's deputy administrator from 1965 to 1968, Seamans showed an ability to overcome technical and logistical hurdles and helped set in motion the mission that put Neil Armstrong on the lunar face in 1969. Seamans returned to MIT to head the school of engineering, but a NASA spokesman said, 'He will be remembered as one of the great pioneers and leaders of America's space program.' He was 89."

At an alumni reunion several years ago, Seamans told of receiving punishment

from Headmaster Gardner Monks for some infraction or other. His sentence was to take a shovel and perform some sort of improvement on the banks of the hockey pond; in those days, we played hockey outdoors. He said, and I must paraphrase this, "I got a shovel and headed down there, accompanied by another man with a spade. It was the Headmaster, himself."

Tells you something about life under Headmaster Monks, doesn't it? If you want more info about Seamans, you might want to call one of his brothers, Peter and Don, listed in our address books.

Best wishes.
Ed Ockenden, '43

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Space-filling Trivia Question

What was the White Queen?

This question has been asked and unanswered for the last five editions of the *Pen & Scroll*. You afraid of something? Take your best shot!

In Memoriam

Received as of July, 2008

[Submitted by Alan Lefkowitz '68, who refers us to an appreciation of life, written by Mr. Jobson, while at Lenox School circa 1938, previously reprinted in the P&S. He found this article serendipitously, while going through trash. [See the reprint, below. Ed.]

"Thomas W. Jobson, longtime Asbury Park press editor, dead at 82

"NEPTUNE, N.J. (AP) , May 24, 2007. Thomas W. Jobson, a former managing editor of the Asbury Park *Press* who led the newsroom for nearly 27 years, died Tuesday at his home in North Fort Myers, Fla., after a long battle with cancer, his family said. He was 82.

"Jobson retired in 1987 after a 35-year career with the *Press*. As managing editor, he helped to broaden and modernize the *Press*' news operations.

"Tom Jobson hired a whole generation of Watergate-era inspired reporters at the *Press*, and used their energy to transform a sleepy Monmouth County newspaper into a prominent regional newspaper with statewide influence,' Gary Schoening, now the *Press* managing editor, told the newspaper. 'Tom set the bar high for us. He expected professionalism in every task.'"

"He became managing editor in 1961 after working his way up through the newsroom.

"He set the stage for what I think was the *Press*' greatest era of growth, in the 1980s,' said E. Donald Lass, former editor and publisher who used to co-own the *Press*. 'He was responsible for hiring some great people, and really brought the *Press* into this modern era.'"

"Jobson's wife, Helyn, a retired high school teacher, died in February. Three children survive him: Ginger Mosher of Cincinnati; James Jobson of Boulder, Colo.; and Gary Jobson of Annapolis, Md."

Submitted by Bob Lawrence, '47

Alex C. Welling

"WELLING, ALEX C., 79, of Louisville, died Sunday, July 13, 2008, at Brownsboro Hills Nursing Home. Born in Jackson Heights, NY, he was an Army veteran of the Korean War and was retired. He was preceded in death by his parents; and his beloved grandson, Christopher West. He is survived by his wife, Betty Sue (Perrone) Welling; children, Kenneth Welling, Kathryn Parks, Andrew Welling (Matthew) and Judith Vernon (Jim); and two granddaughters, Amy and Elizabeth. His memorial service will be held 6 p.m. Wednesday at Highlands Funeral Home, 3331 Taylorsville Road, with burial of ashes in St. Martin's-in-the-Wood Cemetery, Shediac Cape, and New Brunswick, Canada. His memorial visitation will be held 26 p.m. Wednesday at the funeral home. Expressions of sympathy may be

made to the National Wildlife Federation. “
[Published in *The Courier-Journal* on July 15,
2008.]

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... SPECIAL FEATURE ...

Editor's note: The following article appeared in the Asbury Park Press/Sun., on Nov. 20, 1983. It was later submitted for publication in the Pen and Scroll. It was originally printed there in November 2003 (Vol. XII, No.3, p.12). Alan Lefkowitz '68 forwarded it to the P&S.

Away at Thanksgiving: Homesick for Chickens

A story by Thomas W. Jobson

The year 1938 saw Detroit Tiger's Hank Greenberg hit 58 home runs, still the third highest total in baseball history. The New York Yankees defeated the Chicago Cubs four straight in the World Series that autumn. Earlier in the year, California beat Alabama in the Rose Bowl, and Henry Armstrong took the welterweight title from Barney Ross. Don Budge and Helen Wills Moody owned the tennis world in 1938. "You Can't Take it With You" won the Academy Award for best picture, with Oscars going to Spencer Tracy for his role in "Boys' Town" and Bette Davis for her part in "Jezebel."

Among the entertainers born in 1938 were Connie Francis, Evel Knievel, Jean Seberg, Dick Smothers, Jon Voight and Nicol Williamson. Celebrating their 13th birthday in 1938 were Dick Van Dyke, Paul Newman, Kim Stanley, George Kennedy, Arnold Stang, Rock Hudson, Maureen Stapleton, Gwenn Verdon, Dina Merrill and Jonathan Winters. And in September 1938, a hurricane ripped along the New Jersey shore, crossed Long Island and devastated New England. The death toll reached 600. The damage was estimated at \$50 million.

Lenox School for Boys was established in 1926 on 60 acres of rolling estate and farmland along Route 7, just below Lenox, Mass., 140 miles Lenox, MA 01240

north of New York City. The Episcopal Church sponsored the school and retained strong church orientation until mounting financial problems closed its doors in 1971.

Three manors and their various support buildings formed the nucleus of the preparatory school until the fall of 1938, when St. Martin's Hall was opened. The three-story building with one wing was built without steel and became the focal point of the institution, housing dormitories, classrooms, and quarters for masters, administration offices and a storage room in the basement for skis.

Other rambling structures on the property included Thayer Hall, where the dining room and chapel were located: Griswold Hall, then falling into disrepair, and South Cottage. There were an infirmary, the headmaster's home, barns and chicken coops, all put to some use. Prefects were students assigned to the dormitories in the various buildings to oversee law and order.

I cried the day I left home for Lenox in September 1938. Left behind were my bike, my Big Little Books, my soldiers, our dog Spotty, our cat Boots, and a dozen of my beloved chickens. The drive from Montvale, in northern New Jersey, toward the Berkshire Hills and Lenox in western Massachusetts became increasingly difficult for my father, as he continually had to avoid branches and downed electrical and telephone wires left in the wake of the hurricane. It was dark when we reached St. Martin's Hall. The area was a sea of mud and would remain that way for some weeks. Farewells were said, however. An entirely new wardrobe ~ complete with nametags for every garment ~ was stashed in the brightly painted new quarters in the top floor of St. Martin's.

The fall term got under way. I joined 11 other classmates in the Second Form, the lowest of five class levels. It soon became apparent that discipline was a priority. We rose early, tended assigned chores ~ from sweeping to waiting on tables to washing dishes, and, eventually, to shoveling great quantities of snow ~ and attended

classes in Latin, history, algebra, history of art, English and science. There was a smattering of religion as well. Daily chapel was mandatory and no one ~ repeat, no one ~ would dare miss services at Trinity Church in the town of Lenox on Sunday morning.

Letters written home survived from that period, words painfully splashing out a need for this and that. Two overriding themes dominated each: Take care of my chickens, Mother, and please, please, Daddy, let me drop Latin. (She did; he didn't.) This was to be a subject that would haunt me for four years. At Lenox, the master seemed to delight in clutching a piece of chalk in his hand and driving it down on the top of my head. "Why don't you study, Jobson?" he would shout, as the chalk would splinter through my hair, and other classmates would bury their faces in the dreaded text.

Lower profiles tended to survive. The declension of tenses and the welts on my head eventually drove me to complain to the headmaster about the Latin master's questionable method of teaching. The headmaster, a stern Episcopal minister, after listening to my plight, pointed to a whip hanging on the wall. Should I ever appear before him again about the situation, he said, he intended to use it. On me. From then on, if I didn't learn much Latin, I learned how to cope with problems not always under my control.

But the letters home, abounding with misspellings and convoluted sentences, formed a pattern after several weeks. As I apparently got into the routine of prep school life, the letters became more informative, as opposed to listings of complaints. Everyone had to participate in athletics at Lenox. Thus, there was a team for everyone. Competition in football, hockey and baseball had its rewards. That tended to allay my homesickness, as well as did the availability of some of the best desserts ever served at Thayer Hall. Warm gingerbread and whipped cream became the favorite.

The student body was somewhat isolated

from the outside world at Lenox. Although the town was within walking distance, you spent little time there, except for church and a Saturday visit to the several tearooms. "Townies" lurked about, and you would do well to avoid them. We traveled in packs to bolster our confidence and defenses. But Lenox School kept its 89 students busy and generally out of trouble. Aside from the work schedule and demands on studies, there were the athletics. Hockey, understandably, was the big sport for that clime. Too, a number of clubs were active. There were the St. Martin's Society, Craftsmen's Club, Dramatic Club ("Yellow Jack" was the big event of the school year), Glee Club, Student Council (which addressed the "smoking question" from time to time) and the Beefeaters, a clandestine organization of selected students ~ in general, the jocks of the day.

These were the days of nicknames. Lenox had them all: Spook, Monk, Igloo, Inch, Wop, Boit, Doc, Cholly, Puz-Wuz, Amza, Coggie, Chorj, Whip, Jake, Father, Stony, Stooze, Duke, and on and on and on ... Social graces were closely watched. (Getting caught putting salt in your neighbor's milk at mealtime was worth a thrashing.) Perhaps that is why we were encouraged to use our full names and most had three: Charles Duncan Miller, Edward Townsend Preston, Anthony Blanchard Townsend, Richard Gilder Cholmeley-Jones, Robert Winthrop Coggins, Robert Thayer Compton, Thomas Wootten Jobson.

Several had four names, John King McLanahan Stevens, Edward Henry Leighton Smith Jr., and Samuel Bowman Wheeler Kennedy. The latter would die in World War II, as would one of my second-form classmates from the Philippines, George Amburn Wilner.

Well aware that girls played a large role in the life of teen-age boys, the school arranged exchange supper-dances with some frequency. It was your introduction to punch and cookies, dancing with someone wearing white gloves and vying to get your name on the card of a

particularly fetching young thing from St. Agnes School in Albany or Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield or Miss Hill's School in Great Barrington. Being somewhat adept at the Lindy Hop, Shag and Big Apple overcame my disadvantage at being one of the youngest, if not the smallest, at these functions.

The Second Form had an added attraction to make our home away from home more attractive. She was called the Duchess, and her apartment was in St. Martin's Hall, where she played den mother and confidante to the entire student body. But Second-Formers were invited to her quarters each Sunday afternoon. We listened to the weekly Philharmonic concert and "The Shadow" in the dark while sipping tea and eating cookies.

Jackets and ties were worn at chapel, church services and meals at Lenox. For this reason, Brooks Brothers was a frequent advertiser in the school paper, The Pen and Scroll, with suits for juniors selling from \$42 to \$47. I always seemed to be running out of socks, according to my letters. They either were dirty or en route to or from home in the brown mailing laundry containers so popular in those days.

I was scheduled to join my sister for Thanksgiving at nearby Great Barrington where she attended finishing school. Her classmates included Jayne and Audrey Meadows. She boarded with our great uncle and aunt, Frank and Mary Pope. They lived in a huge Victorian mansion smack in the middle of Great Barrington, and I liked to visit there because of the many adventures possible on the estate. (It took me some time to figure out how the maid would respond to my desire for a second helping at the dinner table. My Aunt Mary had a buzzer in the carpet under her foot, I finally discovered.)

For some reason, my invitation to Thanksgiving dinner at the Pope home was canceled, possibly because Lenox planned to have its own feast. It was my first time away from home on Thanksgiving, and while I can't recall it directly, I know I was homesick and anxious for

my chickens. They all had names. For several years, their eggs supplied me with tidy amounts of spending money.

Thanksgiving dinner that year turned out to be hearty, indeed, with a roast turkey on each table. Soon, however, thoughts would be directed toward Christmas vacation and my letters already had started lobbying actively for skis. I wasn't disappointed. It was a thrill, striding toward the train in Grand Central Station with your skis, poles and ski boots on your shoulder, as the holiday ended. Maturity had arrived at last.

Studies and snow occupied the next several months until baseball season arrived. I was skilled enough to make junior varsity. We won two and lost three, but it did not matter. School would soon be over and I looked forward to tending my chickens, riding my bike and playing with Spotty and Boots over the summer before returning to my new pals at Lenox.

But in August, my father said I would not be going back. It was something to do with money. Even at 14, more tears. Despite Latin, Lenox School for Boys had become the center of my universe. Now it was behind me.

Remembering David Wood

Eulogy

By Joel Ives, a former Rector of St. Paul's, Nantucket.

David was fond of saying that whenever a person dies, a library is destroyed. Thus one could say that last February as David H. Wood breathed his last, there was one hell of a ten-alarm library fire in Nantucket. Great tongues of fire rushing heavenward as volumes upon volumes within that remarkable mind were lost forever. Gosh, how we miss him so terribly, don't we; yet I'm sure you'll agree the library that was David H Wood commenced burning well before he died. Both the onslaught of advanced years and that violent independent streak, always so much a part of the man began to erode his capacity to enjoy

the pleasures of life. And we who loved him and desired to help could only watch as the vigorous elder statesman melted like September's blue hydrangea into February's shrunken blooms and bare stump. Happens to all of us eventually I suppose, but David's solitary insistence on going it alone reminds me of William Butler Yeats prose that David would surely have known:

An aged man is but a paltry thing
A tattered coat upon a stick unless
Soul clap its hands and sing and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress

And oh, what volumes were held in that beautiful library crowned by wild wisps of combed over hair. I will always cherish the stories he told, even when I heard them over and over for they gave insight into his being. Here's a gem; you may not realize that back in the 1950's a bewildered movie usher once kicked David out of a Western Massachusetts movie theater for laughing too loudly during a Danny Kaye movie called 'Harem Scarem.' I can't remember why David told me this but it made perfect sense. His voice was part brass pump foghorn. The kind of voice politicians once used to give speeches from the back of train cars. Then there was his singing. The Navy Hymn descant was a favorite. Looking out at the congregation from behind the altar each Memorial Day, I could see visitors wincing and staring him in curiosity as he bayed "Eternal Faaaaatherr strrronnnng to saveeee!" David didn't mind. It was St. Paul's Church legend that one summer, a retired CEO notorious for having fired hundreds, abandoned the 8am service on Sunday whimpering 'I can't take it-no matter what pew I use that little man stands behind me singing so loudly, I.I can't hear myself think!"

There was so much that David did for Nantucket. The NHA and St. Paul's Church to name just two. Then there's the mainland. The Lenox School, the Rockwell museum. The lives he touched were countless. Yet what always captivated me was the wild spirit that lurked

within him that at times he could barely contain. Here's an example from the Wood library; During his teaching years David once awoke at two am drove 45 minutes to an old cemetery with nothing but yellowy flashlight and tromped around tombs and yew trees until he located Robert Frost's grave. As he told the story, David ran his fingers across the letters on the stone, stood there in the freezing darkness for a while and then drove home. Couldn't explain why he'd done it, just said 'he *had* to.' That was it about David - he was a lover of things and souls, an almost manically sensitive man who could weep in telling the simplest story and express smoldering outrage at the sting of social injustice. Perhaps that's why he was never married, he loved so much, so intensely as if he lacked a kind of protective filter the rest of us possess.

And the moods: We all knew them. "I shook the hand that shook the hand of Abraham Lincoln" David loved to tell me. Seems his grandfather had met President Lincoln when he was a boy. I often wondered if perhaps 'Honest Abe's' notorious melancholy had somehow passed in that long ago handshake down to David. We'd watch it creep in each year like June fog. Predictably toward end of summer, David would grow sullen and long about the mouth. David wouldn't drop by church events much during those times- but when he did his pervasive gloom could melt a popsicle, it had a tangibility that could stop conversations. "Is David okay?" folks would ask me. I'd talk to him about it but he never said much, perhaps a vague reference to town affairs or the President or the horrific state of the world. But one knew better. It was just David wrestling with an internal melancholy as much a part of his core as Squam Swamp is to the Island. Perhaps that's why he was so drawn to literature: Melville and Byron and Thoreau those men who loved intensely and knew well the mucky terrain of inner turmoil and sadness. Then, as quickly as it descended upon him, the sadness would lift, joy would get the upper hand again and David would return to town, church.

When it came to the island and politics, David was either for you or against you but often it was a little of both. His passion for what he thought was right could make him a wily adversary should you happen to be on the opposing side of an issue. I remember hiring a guy to refinish the chapel floor, a vast improvement, but David found the finish to be entirely too bright. For weeks after I'd find him in the chapel, furrow browed before the cross staring at the floor slowly intoning psalm-like 'this-floor-sets-my-teeth-on-edge.' His occasional letters to the Inky Editorial page were legendary and served as improvised explosive devices for more than a few projects he deemed 'simply not Nantucket'. David had considerable influence in the community. He was highly respected by friends and adversaries alike because they knew his love of the island transcended the social or political. Even folks who were completely thwarted or infuriated by him would just sort of howl "That David Wood! Oh I could just strangle him right now!" But then would come the inevitable shake of the head and a smile. You couldn't help but love him even if you didn't always like what he did because his stands were so heartfelt, so part of who he was.

David could also laugh at himself. He locked up the church each night for the better part of a decade and once told me that one particularly windy night an eerie light hovered above him in the church rafters. The more he stared at it the more it would dart and wiggle away. David said he became a bit panicked and like a dog practically spun in circles trying to avoid the bizarre light when suddenly he realized the flashlight in his back pocket...it was turned on. He said he collapsed in a pew he laughed so hard.

There's one story from the David Wood library that I hold close when I think of his final hours at the Cottage Hospital. Years ago, David was driving out of Manhattan quite late when he noticed a tremendously drunken sailor attempting to hitchhike. 'Damn fool's going to be killed' he thought. So, against his better judgment he

pulled over and poured the staggering sailor into his car. David began driving. 'Where are you headed?' he asked, but no reply from the sailor, just a long deep snore. David drove on for an hour, unable to awaken this stranger, wondering, like the old sea shanty, 'what to do with a drunken sailor' at such an ungodly hour. New York City was far behind when David finally exited into a small town unknown to him. The streets were all dark. 'What was I to do?' Eventually, he noticed one small house ahead with a light on. Desperate, David pulled into the driveway and knocked on the door. (When David told you the story, he would always get weepy when he got to the part where the front door opened) for there stood a worried looking man in pajamas. David blurted out 'I'm terribly sorry to disturb you sir, but I've picked up a hitchhiking sailor and he's passed out drunk in my car...I really think I need to call the police.' The man's eyes widened "Does he have a tattoo on his hand?" David was stunned 'Why, why yes I believe he does'. The man walked out to the car and said 'I don't believe it. It's my brother-his ship just arrived in port and we've been worried to death about him. I, I just can't thank you enough for bringing him home.' "Bringing him home?!" David used to bellow "I had no idea where I was even driving to, let alone what door I was knocking on." I think that was David's all time favorite story because it was a place where both coincidence and God's hand merged flawlessly. I think David's entire life was a story about always seeking that place where God's hand, coincidence and grace merged perfectly.

In this very same way I believe this past February, that God came and gently took David by the hand and led him through the dark, cold night of death safely back to his one true home. And there he was reunited with his beloved parents, sister, the Rockwells and so many others—all in the fullness of the Resurrection that's been promised to us and that David so deeply believed. Yes, the library that was David Wood is now gone from this earth and how we miss it but make no

mistake his soul lives on. And his soul will clap its hands and sing and louder sing for every tatter in its mortal dress. For he is now completely healed and whole and strong.

David H Wood, your life here among us was a song and we thank you for the grace with which you sang it. We will see you with Christ and hear your beautiful and utterly unique decants once again.

Comments about David H. Wood made by John Schneider, at the memorial service.

My name is John Schneider. I am here on behalf of the Alumni of Lenox School.

Lenox School was a small private independent boarding school in the Berkshire Hills in Lenox that was run under the auspices of The Episcopalian Archdiocese of Massachusetts. The motto of the school pretty much said it all. "Non Ministrare, sed ministrari": "To serve, not to be served."

Mr. Wood was the Assistant Headmaster of Lenox School. He personified the motto, but he was much more than the assistant headmaster to the young men that attended the school.

The Alumni from around the world have asked that I try to let you know how much we all appreciated what we learned from David Wood and how he helped us to grow.

In addition to his administrative duties, Mr. Wood taught English and was also the driving force behind the Theatre program at the school.

The school closed in 1971, and even though the school had closed, those of us that were lucky enough to have been exposed to Mr. Wood's focus, drive and his confidence in our abilities continue to reap the benefits.

David had the knack of demanding discipline through kindness. David was able to demonstrate creativity with focus. David taught us that there was nothing that we couldn't accomplish if we had a plan.

He did all of this with humor and sensitivity. When I hear a pun, I immediately think of David, as he was the master of the obscure and excruciating pun. I'll steal from George Cleveland, another alumnus of the school who is here today. George points out that it made sense that David's birthday occurred on the only day of the year that was naturally a pun... March 4th...!

My primary contact with David Wood was in connection with theatrical endeavors. For many other students he instilled in them a life long love of the written word. I am amazed at the number of alumni that are authors or very involved in various aspects of the publishing business. That is not an accident.

It is not unusual for a Secondary School to do a "school play"... It is unusual, however, for that play to be "Marat/Sade" by Peter Weiss or "Royal Hunt of the Sun" by Peter Shaffer. The ambitious productions that were put together in a small school made up of 250 boys were heroic. But then, David was sure we could do them, so we did.

Four or five years after I graduated from Lenox School, I was involved with a touring company in a production of the 1937 farce "Room Service", by John Murray and Allen Boretz. Like any farce the show is very dependant on rhythm and timing. This show was directed by a fellow that had directed shows on Broadway, a fellow that had worked with many luminaries all over the Country... and yet... I found his direction to lack the focus and direction that David used when he directed the show and performed the miracles with young Men.

Fifteen years after I had left Lenox, I found myself directing a production of Edward Albee's "Zoo Story". This is a very simple, but controversial and powerful one act show with a 2-person cast that really becomes a 90-minute dialogue. I realized then, exactly how difficult it was for the Director to keep this interesting for the audience. David directed me in this show while I was at Lenox and I realized what a focused

and creative job he had done with a very difficult subject.

The life lessons that David taught us were lessons given by example, from a Man that taught us that we could do whatever we wanted to do... and what we did, must be done with grace, humor and sensitivity, but always with discipline, focus and direction.

David Wood's online book of Memories is filled with reminiscences from his former students. They reference familiar memories from the Bass Weejuns he always wore... to his lesson to one of his students that if he "needed to plagiarize, he should choose someone other than Robert Frost"...Point Made! The timbre of his voice was as memorable and distinctive as his pronounced Nantucket Accent that he wore proudly. As he led our Alumni reunion Hymn sing several years ago... The familiar sound of his voice in the familiar environment of Trinity Church in Lenox was a call to remember exactly what it was, to be a young man and to remind us what it was like to be optimistic for the future. David had that effect on all of us... We were lucky that he was a part of our lives and we are all thankful for that.



Left to right: Robert Wyatt, son-in-law of David's niece, Kristin Dunklee; Samantha Dunklee, daughter of Kristin; Chris Rodrigues; Dale Watts; David's Niece Signa's husband, Caleb Dunklee; Kristin's son and his wife Becky, and Kristin's husband Dan Dunklee. In

front left to right are my daughter Megan Wyatt; Kara Watts, my sister's daughter; Kristin Dunklee; and my Mom, Connie Wood. My Dad; Jim Wood, David's brother; Bob Sansone, '68.

The Lenox School community was well represented by Court Van Rooten '61, Allen Jenkin '59, Gil Skidmore '68, Bob Sansone '68, John Schneider '68, George Cleveland '70 and John Braim '60 & FAC.

PICKETT SCHOLARS

LSAA Scholarships Awarded

By John Schneider '68

A trip back to Lenox, regardless of how often I visit, is always filled with nostalgia. My trip there on January 30, to meet Paul Denzel '67 to present two LSAA scholarships was no different. The day was a familiar winter day and instead of the familiar walk into town, I found myself testing the anti lock brakes on my car as I worked my way down West St. to the Campus of Berkshire Country Day School.

Berkshire Country Day was founded in 1946 on the campus of Lenox School and in 1963, moved to their own campus around the corner and down West St. Jim Fawcett, a member of our faculty and his wife Eugenie are both faculty members there. Jim is Department Chair of the English Department and Eugenie is Chair of the Latin and History departments.

The connections between Lenox School and BCD are obvious when reviewing the history of BCD and the award of an LSAA Scholarship to two deserving candidates is always rewarding. We focus on our motto well known and hopefully considered by all of us in our daily activities "*Non ministrari, sed ministrare*"—"Not to be served, but to serve."

This year, the two candidates were Elizabeth Howard and Ben Paley. Elizabeth Howard joined the BCD community in preschool. During her time here she has distinguished herself as a strong student with a sense of fairness. She played soccer and lacrosse throughout middle school, and has skied every winter. She has begun her third year working with the BCD team at St. Stephen's Table soup kitchen in Pittsfield, and was a founding member of the Environmental Club last year, participating in various campus-wide community service initiatives. One of her coaches last year described her as a "true team player." Elizabeth serves on the student council, writes for the school newspaper, is co-editor of the yearbook, co-organizer of the school's support effort of a youth soccer team in Haiti, as well as a committed thespian.

Ben Paley had been a member of the BCD community for five years. During that time he has become known as a person with a moral compass. His respect for everyone, mixed with a good sense of humor, makes him truly a good friend to all. His teachers describe him as steady and grounded - one who helps to ground others. Ben has partaken of BCD's offerings, acting in several plays, playing soccer, and downhill skiing - in all of which he has been known for his positive attitude and quiet determination. He has also developed into a young man intensely interested in and knowledgeable about rock and roll music.

The presentation of the scholarship included a short history lesson for the assembled students by Jim Fawcett about Lenox School and was also significant as the Headmaster, Rob Peterson, was in his last six months as headmaster for the prior 11 years, having accepted a new position at a school in the South. The scholarships were presented to the students as the parents of both students proudly watched.

Below, left to right: Paul Denzel '67; John Schneider '68; Elizabeth Howard surrounded by her parents; Ben Paley with his father; Jim Fawcett, FAC. - Lenox School & BCDS; Rob Peterson, Headmaster BCDS.



* * *

Lenox School Service and Sports Hall of Fame

We have received a wonderful response regarding nominees for the **Lenox School Service and Sports Hall of Fame**. We will be making our final determinations as to the selected nominees in September and announcing the recipients at the Reunion dinner.

If you submit someone's name and it comes too late for us to consider for this year, we can always hold the nomination open for next year's consideration.

But if you have someone you really want to have considered this year, please expedite your nomination and send to the attention of:

Bob Sansone (SEALSANS@aol.com),
Charlie McGee (cvmcgeejr@hotmail.com)

AND

David Nathans (sydco@att.net)

With a COPY to Mark Gottsegen.
(mdgottsegen@earthlink.net).

If you require a mailing address for your nomination, please use the following:

Bob Sansone
69 Mount Sumner Drive
Bolton, CT 06043

We originally planned to induct six people; the response has been such that we may well exceed this to accommodate the phenomenal nominees we have received thus far. As a reminder, criteria for induction can include a combination of service and athletic achievement, or be solely for service or athletic accomplishments.

Finally, optional financial contributions toward the awards are encouraged and will be put toward our LSAA Scholarship fund.

SAVE THE DATES:

Reunion Weekend

October 17, 18, 19, 2008

Lunch will be at 12:30 Saturday, October 18, at a location TBA

Class of 1938, 70th Reunion

Class of 1948, 60th Reunion

Class of 1958, 50th Reunion

Class of 1968, 40th Reunion

Be there, or be square.

**LSAA Business Meeting
SAT OCT 18, 2008
9:30AM**

AGENDA

- 1. Call to Order**
- 2. Introduction of Special Guests**
- 3. Review of the reunion events:**
 - Luncheon
 - Lenox Campus Tour
 - Hymn Sing & Prayer Service
 - Pre- Dinner Social
 - Dinner
- 4. Reports**
 - Financial Report
 - Scholarship/Donations Report
 - Pen and Scroll Update
 - LSAA web site
- 5. Presidents Report**
- 6. Old Business**
 - The Lenox School Service and Sports Hall of fame
 - Establishment of a memorabilia location
- 7. New Business**
 - Board positions (succession plans, new positions and vote)
 - By Law Governance issues & LSAA By Laws
 - The Curry Scholarship
 - The Lenox School alumni Hall of Fame
 - LSAA Major Fund drive
- 8. Adjourn.**



See the Schedule of Events and Sign-Up form on the next pages.

**2008 LSAA Reunion
Schedule of Events****FRIDAY, October 17, 2007**

12:30 PM: Lenox School Invitational Golf Classic (Golf's Fifth Major); Cranwell Resort, Lenox.
All players and classes invited.

6:30PM: The 19th Hole - cocktail party and buffet hosted by The Class of 1968. 6:30pm,
Cranwell Resort.

SATURDAY, October 18, 2008

9:30 – 11:30 AM: Annual LSAA business meeting: Founder's Theatre (old gym, adjacent to St. Martin's)

12:00 Noon: Luncheon: The Gateways, 51 Walker St., Lenox, across from Trinity Church (\$15 each)

2:00 – 4:00PM: Tour of Campus, courtesy of Shakespeare & Co. and possibly a tour of Schermerhorn

5:00 PM: Hymn Sing: Trinity Church. Steven Lowry '66 will be the organist.

6:00 PM: Cocktail Reception at The Lenox Club.

Special event: **Lenox Jeopardy**. 30 minutes of hilarity and trivia.

7:00 PM: Dinner at The Lenox Club, with Awards presentations and comments

SUNDAY, October 19, 2008

Services at Trinity Church: Holy Eucharist at 8:00 a.m. Holy Eucharist with Hymns at 10:15 a.m.

Recommended Hotels:

Days Inn, Routes 7 & 20; 194 Pittsfield Road, Lenox, MA (413-637-3560). Forty (40) rooms are being held until September 1 for LSAA members; a single/double room rate is @ \$109.00/night + tax. Continental breakfast is included. Ask for Laura Rollins.

EconoLodge, Routes 7 & 20; 130 Pittsfield Road, Lenox, MA (413-637-4244). Twenty-five (25) rooms are being held until September 10 for LSAA members; a single/double room rate is @ \$110.00/night + tax. Continental breakfast is included. Ask for Glen.

Response Form 2008 Lenox School Reunion Weekend (October 17 -19, 2008)

Bob: Please count me in for the following: (# of people attending in blank):

Friday, October 17, 2008

attending _____

_____ Lenox School Invitational Golf Classic (Golf's Fifth Major) (Cranwell Resort, 12:30 PM)
 _____ Friday 6:30 pm The 19th Hole - cocktail party and buffet (Hosted by The Class of 1968) \$17 per person, payable that night)

Saturday October 18, 2008

_____ 9:30 AM – 11:30 AM; **Business Meeting**, Founder's Theatre (Old gym, Campus)
 _____ 12 Noon; **Luncheon: The Gateways, 51 Walker St., Lenox**, across from Trinity Church (\$15 each, payable in advance)
 _____ 2:00 – 5:00PM; **Tour of Campus, courtesy of Shakespeare & Co.**
 _____ 5:00 PM; **Hymn Sing:** Trinity Church. Steven Lowry '66 will be the organist.
 _____ 6:00 PM **Cocktail Reception at The Lenox Club**
 _____ 7:00 PM **Buffet Dinner at The Lenox Club** (\$25.00 per person, includes tax and tip); Award presentations and comments.

Total amount from above _____

LSAA Annual Dues (2008 -2009; \$25) \$25.00

Donation (tax deductible) _____

Total Enclosed (Payable to "Lenox School Alumni Association") _____

Your Name and Class: Family member names, if attending

Address: _____

E-Mail and Phone Number: _____

Please return THIS reservation form with check before October 1, 2008 to:

Bob Sansone'68
69 Mount Sumner Drive
Bolton, CT 06043

Or if you have questions:
 Call Bob at 860-916-1467 (cell)
 E-Mail: Sealsans@aol.com

SEND YOUR NEWS TODAY!

Mark David Gottsegen, '67
7694 East Washington Street, Chagrin Falls OH 44023

or

c/o Intermuseum Conservation Association, 2915 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland OH 44113

or

mdgottsegen@earthlink.net

