“Nothing is built except on a dream....”

Autumn, 1964. We had arrived. Just another group of apprehensive faces. We knew we’d be lost in the halls; we’d forget our locker numbers, we’d mispronounce teachers’ names. And we did. Enthusiastically, we’d talk about the pill and the pill and the pill. In order to get to the floor and receive a yearbook, each of you must pay $2.00 dues. Wonder how our class officers will be held next Tuesday. 

The class needs you to sell candy after school. For $1.00 per car, elephants will be paraded. Maybe it was the crowds at football games, the gristly, the gristly, the gristly dance, or ordering our class rings, but somehow we changed, without knowing it, from onlookers to participants, from grey cemented, seminal people, to jubilant ones.

Another autumn, 1965. We returned. Now we knew the ropes, the routines. We had grown taller in the estimation of both parents and upperclassmen. Hey’s the limit, the sponsors said. Tony’s gone made;flake, business. We’re a steady rain on the Junior Class; candy. Some worked in the candy; sundays, pouring hot dogs, carrying pretzels, raking leaves, selling tickets. At first our goal was worrying. “We need all the money we can get for class projects.” Then we worked because it felt good to be involved and we got a kick out of being together. We grew prouder of Upper Merion, prouder of the Spanish basketball team. A few hardy ones dripped to the Penn Relays for luck, and we all went with them in spirit at least. We had plans. The best of course was the Prom. The social culmination of the year. Suddenly everyone thought about hair cuts, and headdresses and Tiki masks and the beauties of a Prom queen. Tahiti was created, magically, from long hours of hard work. We were enchanted, and a little tired. The best Prom at Upper Merion ever, they said.

1966, the last autumn. Suddenly we were Seniors, returning from jobs and trips to pictures for the yearbook, and the same old friends, and favorite teachers, and long-established friendships. One more beginning. We were old time veterans. The spirit was now a Viking spirit; we went glory with the charge. We cheered in the Burger King; we cheered ourselves hoarse in the halls. We saw the new Viking grinning at us from posters that covered the walls. Marching what has now become the present grew sharper than ever before; conferences with Guidance, studies became secondary—trips to colleges, rallies and games. Work, work, work—energy and enthusiasm and energy that came from who knows where. Enthusiasm for everything, for anything, for all the rubber bands—wondering why the last name of a teacher is a mystery. We held on to the present and reached for what was to come. We found that the merger of the two schools, Bridgeton and A.M., was no problem, that the new Spanish tennis teams were a new breed. We were always cheered to receive a standing ovation at our first games. We never got used to the idea of school after-school jobs. We compiled a yearbook, put on a play. We held another Prom, then a Senior Banquet, then a Senior Prom. Graduation, of course, held much importance. We wondered, were we going to the shore? will I ever see her again? Austin? And then...Where did the three years go?
During this year, Student Council has found itself immersed in change, and in becoming and forming the instruments for change... There was a change to be met in the Bridgeport-Upper Merion merger: Combined elections, combined ideas, new policies. Robert's Rules dominated, and brought a new organization to meetings. There was a growing outlook, a new look inward at mechanisms that seemed outgrown. While regular Council activities — the Scholarship Tea, the yearly Open House — were carried out, plans for a new, more vital role were being laid... The Constitutional Committee discussed and drafted provisions for a Stronger Council... And a foundation for growth was laid.
computer
club

Computer club activities focus on a blinking, clicking metal brain, the group's most pampered member. Students learn to speak its language, mastering the use of teletype for transition into the mechanical eloquence of chains of digits — and discovering the art of properly programming so the right answers are produced for problems as various as checker strategy, Spanish translation, and Trig identities. For members, the computer is the beginning of a clearer view into the fascination of mathematics.

Since the beginning of physical growth has been internal growth. We can as in the yearly outward signs, reaching of a tree, but have always been, unable to measure the growth that lies beneath. Upper Merion a great deal during the year that ends in June of 1967. We can see this growth recorded in iron and concrete, but we can only wonder at what it has: the unfathomable minds.