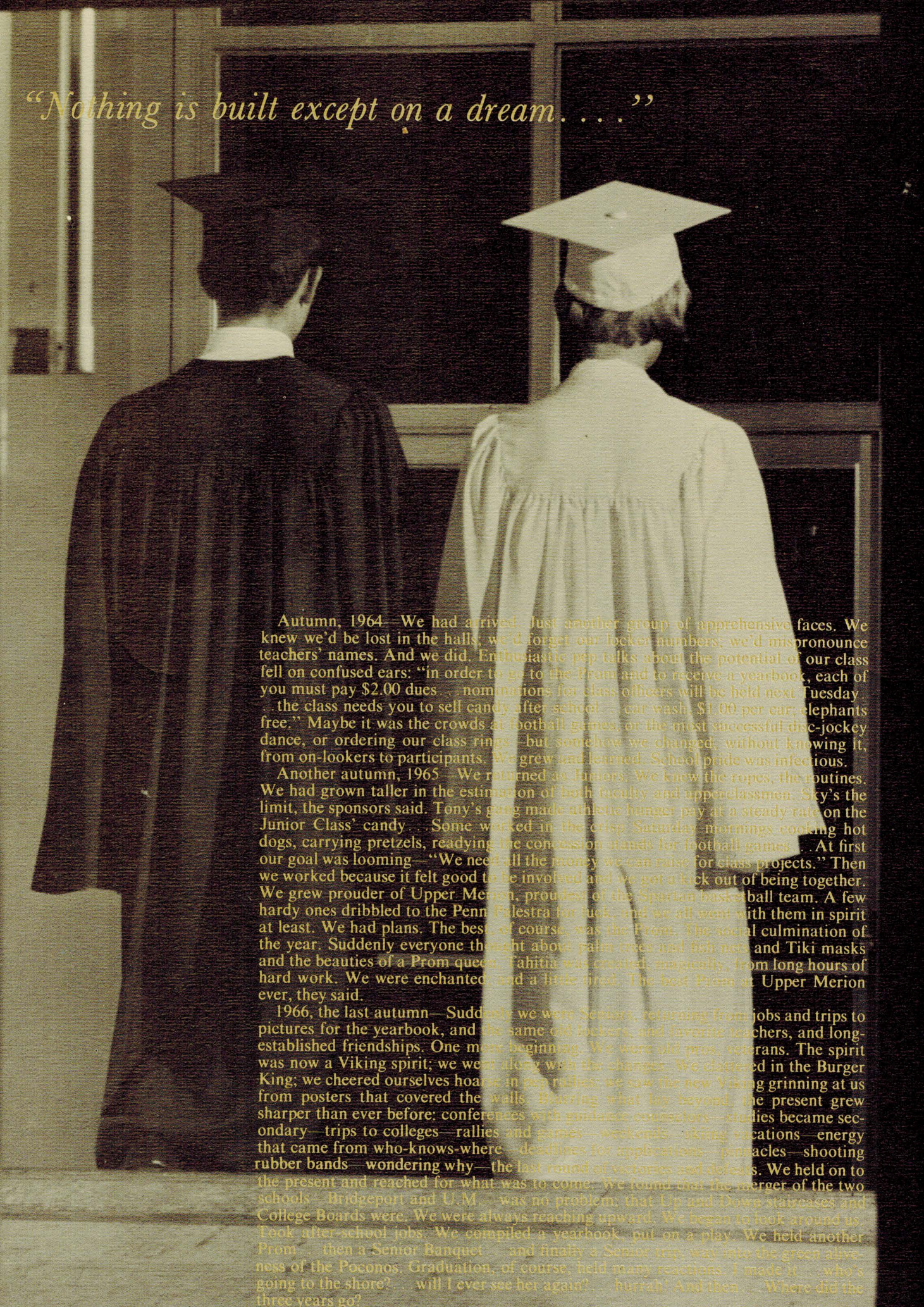


*"Nothing is built except on a dream. . . ."*



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. Enthusiastic pep talks about the potential of our class fell on confused ears: "in order to go to the Prom and to receive a yearbook, each of you must pay \$2.00 dues. . . nominations for class officers will be held next Tuesday. . . the class needs you to sell candy after school. . . car wash, \$1.00 per car; elephants free." Maybe it was the crowds at football games, or the most successful disc-jockey dance, or ordering our class rings—but somehow we changed, without knowing it, from on-lookers to participants. We grew and learned. School pride was infectious.

Another autumn, 1965—We returned as Juniors. We knew the ropes, the routines. We had grown taller in the estimation of both faculty and upperclassmen. Sky's the limit, the sponsors said. Tony's gang made athletic hunger pay at a steady rate on the Junior Class' candy. . . Some worked in the crisp Saturday mornings cooking hot dogs, carrying pretzels, readying the concession stands for football games. . . At first our goal was looming—"We need all the money we can raise 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 Spartan basketball team. A few hardy ones dribbled to the Penn Palestra 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 palm trees and fish nets and Tiki masks and the beauties of a Prom queen. Fabitia 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 lockers, and favorite teachers, and long-established friendships. One more beginning. We were old pros, veterans. The spirit was now a Viking spirit; we went along with the changer. We clattered in the Burger King; we cheered ourselves hoarse in pep rallies; we saw the new Viking grinning at us from posters that covered the walls. Blazing what lay beyond, the present grew sharper than ever before: conferences with guidance counselors—studies became secondary—trips to colleges—rallies and games—weekends making vacations—energy that came from who-knows-where—deadlines for applications—bunnies—shooting rubber bands—wondering why—the last round of victories and defeats. We held on to the present and reached for what was to come. We found that the merger of the two schools—Bridgeport and U.M.—was no problem; that Up and Down staircases and College Boards were. We were always reaching upward. We began to look around us. Took after-school jobs. We compiled a yearbook, put on a play. We held another Prom. . . then a Senior Banquet. . . and finally a Senior trip, way into the green aliveness of the Poconos. Graduation, of course, held many reactions. I made it. . . who's going to the shore? . . . will I ever see her again? . . . hurrah! And then. . . Where did the three years go?

# student council

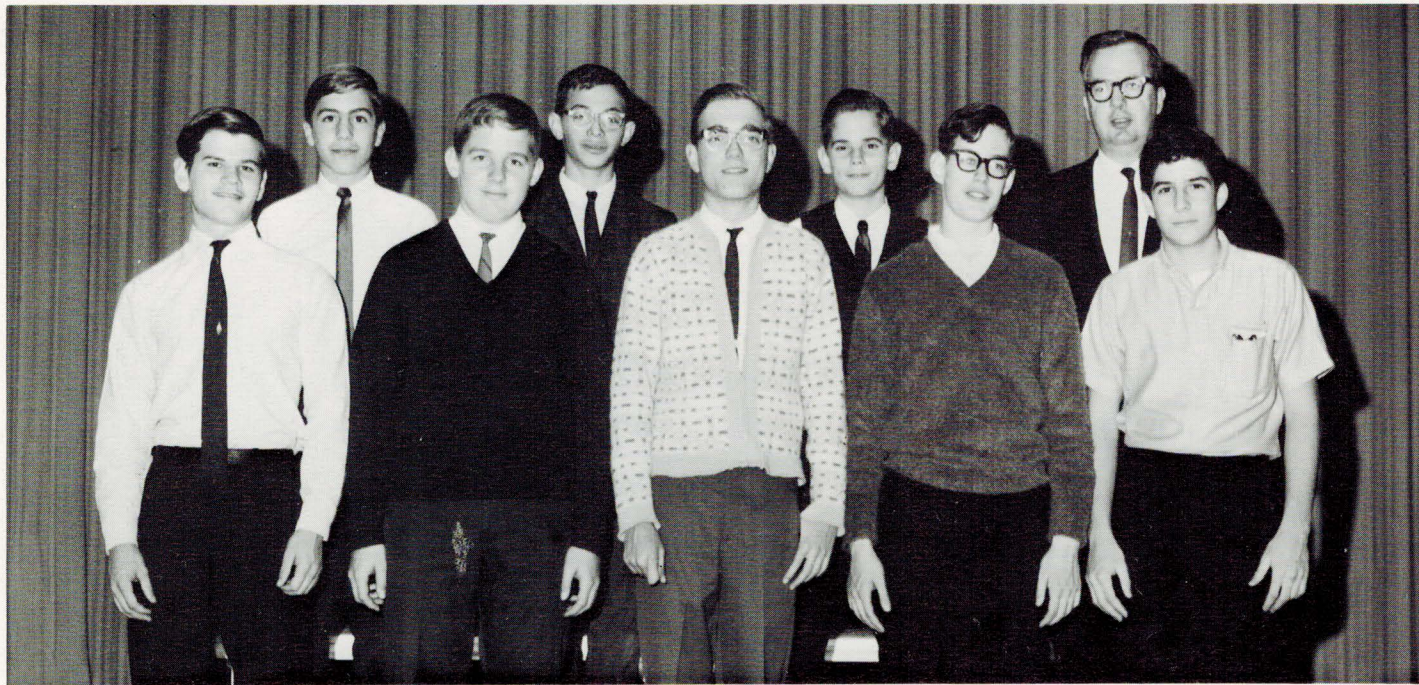


During this year, Student Council has found itself immersed in change, and in becoming and forming the instruments for change . . . There was a change to be met in the Bridgeport-Upper Merion merger: Combined elections, combined ideas, new policies. Robert's Rules dominated, and brought a new organization 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.



*Front Row:* E. Chapman, B. Crutchfield, C. Metzger, T. Cowell, D. Desmond. *Second Row:* D. Tryson, S. Reiss, P. Delaney, advisor, Mr. Guminski.



*Since the beginning of ical growth has been internal growth. We can as in the yearly out- we are, and have always the length and breadth beneath. Upper Merion a great deal during the of 1967. We can see this crete, but we can only alds: the unfathomable minds.*

*thought, external, phys- welcomed as a sign of see the outward signs, reaching of a tree, but been, unable to measure of the growth that lies High School has grown year that ends in June recorded in iron and con- wonder at what it her- progress of individual*