



SENIOR WEEK ACTIVITIES





RICHARD ANDERSON

PRESIDENT

CLASS OF 1959

WELCOME — CLASS DAY

Parents, Teachers, and Friends:

It is with pleasure that we, the Class of 1959, welcome you to these, our Class Day exercises. We are glad to have this opportunity to thank you for making possible the excellent education we have acquired during the past twelve years. This education will help us to make our way in the years to come. I am sure we shall be better citizens of tomorrow because of the advantages you have provided us.

WELCOME — CLASS DAY

Parents, Teachers, and Friends:

It is with pleasure that we welcome you to Natick High School and these Commencement Exercises. We wish to thank our parents, our teachers, and all those who have helped us attain our goal, our graduation from high school. You have completed your part; it remains for us to do ours. We must use this education wisely. We are confident that with your continued support we shall become progressive, responsible adults.



BUSINESS
AWARDS

INDUSTRIAL
ARTS
AWARD



CLASS HISTORY

By

ANN STEWART



We, the class of 1959, have come to the end of our high school education. Before we leave these hallowed halls, let us review our four years at Natick High School.

Beginning with our freshman year we have always looked for students with qualities of leadership and responsibility for our class officers through the exciting, but serious business of campaigns and elections. We chose Richard Anderson, President; Julie Hersey, Vice President; Joanna Drowne, Secretary; and Temmy Siegel, Treasurer. We also elected our first Executive Board which was under the able leadership of our class advisors, Mrs. Gray and Mr. Colombo. As sophomores, we chose as our leaders, Allen Loane, President; John Stevens, Vice President; Karen Kugell, Secretary; and Judy Kinnear, Treasurer. Our junior class officers were Karen Moore, Nancy Sullivan, and Judy Kinnear. We realized the important responsibilities which our senior class officers would have and chose them wisely. When the ballots were counted, we had elected Richard Anderson, President; Sandra Chamberlain, Vice President; Karen Moore, Secretary; and Judy Kinnear, Treasurer.

Throughout our four years at Natick High our athletic teams have continued Natick's reputation as "the Home of Champions." Our freshman teams were very successful and showed great promise for the future. In our sophomore and junior years our boys played on the various junior varsity teams and helped them on to victorious seasons. The athletic accomplishments of our boys as seniors were many. The football team, under the direction of Coach Bennett and Captain Dean Webb enjoyed a successful season with only one loss and one tie. The basketball team, coached by Mr. Carey and captained by Allen Loane and Dick Wells, was one of the shortest in the league. Nevertheless, it won the Bay State League Championship and went on to play in the Tech Tourney. The hockey team, under Coach Bell and Captain Vito Capizzo, won the Eastern Massachusetts League Championship and went on to further competition in the State Tournament. Our track, baseball, tennis, and golf teams also worked very hard, and their victorious seasons were a credit to the school. The teams were helped on to victory by our talented and ambitious cheerleaders, captained by Jean Ghilani.

The scholastic achievements of members of our class have been as outstanding as our athletic achievements. In May of our junior year Geoffrey Belisle, David Brown, Patricia Harcourt, Irene Hillis, Nancy Hunt, Judy Kinnear, Elizabeth Lee, Alice Martin, Mary Pierce, Mary Purcell, Robert Robinson, Harold Wright, and Ann Stewart were elected to the National Honor Society. This is the largest group of juniors that has ever been elected. Two more groups of students were elected to the Honor Society as seniors. Nancy Hunt and Robert Robinson were finalists in the National Merit Scholarship examination, and Nancy Hunt, Mary Purcell, and Robert Robinson reached the finals in the examination for the National Honor Society Scholarships. Robert Robinson brought honors to our school and to our class by being one of the forty winners from all over the country in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search.

Members of our class have won many awards at Science

Fairs. In our junior year Karen Alice Moore and David Lehan won first prizes at our fair and went on to win prizes at the Massachusetts State Science Fair. Gail Phillips also went on to further competition in the Worcester Regional Fair. As seniors, Karen Alice Moore, Bunky Hunter, and Bruce Schernig participated in the Worcester Regional Fair. Gail Phillips and Ronald MacKenzie went on to the Massachusetts State Science Fair after winning first prizes at our fair.

The social activities which we have sponsored have been successful and unforgettable affairs. Our sophomore dance was a Spring Carnival at which Karen Moore was chosen carnival queen. During our junior year months of planning went into the Junior Prom-Senior Reception. The theme was "Seventh Heaven," and the many elaborate decorations included a golden gate and a rainbow with a pot of gold. As seniors we held the traditional Christmas Cotillion. We decided to establish the custom of crowning a queen of the cotillion, and our class was honored when Marilyn Mitchell was selected Yuletide Queen.

The dramatic presentations in which we have participated have been as successful as our social activities. Tryouts for the Senior Play, "Dear Ruth" began early in our senior year. The cast, including . . . Irene Hillis, Ronald MacKenzie, Simone LeRoux, Karen Kugell, Peter Ranney, Judith Mosman, Irwin Fischer, Mardell Pease, David Brown, and Richard Brown, was finally selected and began long hours of rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Garnett and Miss Heagney. The class got behind "Dear Ruth" when about one hundred and fifty of us paraded with umbrellas from the Common to the school to advertize the play. When "Dear Ruth" was presented in November, the praise was unanimous. Without a doubt our Senior Play was the most hilarious one ever presented at Natick High School.

In March of our Senior year many of us participated in Natick High's first musical comedy, "The Colonel Comes to Kansas." Members of our class in the musical included: Marilyn Mitchell, Barbara Montgomery, Nancy Hunt, Mary Pierce, Sandra Chamberlain, Roberta Rogers, David Brown, David Lehan, Beverly Ward, Patricia Harcourt, Peter Ranney. This new and different type of entertainment was well received by everyone.

During our junior and senior years several outstanding members of our class were chosen for special honors. Peggy Kilroy was elected to represent us at Girls' State, and George Williams and Richard Anderson were chosen to be our delegates to Boys' State. The D. A. R. Good Citizenship Award was won by Sandra Chamberlain, and Vito Capizzo was chosen to receive the Brotherhood Award. Our Good Government Committee, headed by Richard Anderson included Peggy Kilroy, Allen Loane, Vito Capizzo, James McClosky.

Our high school years are drawing to a close. With the passage of the long-awaited Senior Week we approach the most important event in our lives thus far — our high school graduation. We are going on to further education, to the business world, or to make our own homes, but we shall never forget our four years at Natick High School.

CLASS PROPHECY

By

NANCY HUNT, MARY PIERCE
AND DAVID BROWN



"Yes, it was tragic. He was only two years old, you know. She's really broken-hearted. Oh! Excuse me. We didn't mean to leave you in the dark. You see, one of the most famous zoologists, Nancy Hunt, has just lost her dearest possession, her pet platypus. We, David Brown, Nancy's psychoanalyst, and Mary Pierce, her chief chemist in search for the "Philosopher's Stone", are letting Nancy write about a trip she is going to take to attempt to fill the abyss left by her pet's untimely departure."

Boston, hub of New England, is the center of art and learning in the northeastern part of the United States. As such, I feel it is a good place to start an extensive trip in search for a lost part of my heart. The business district first caught our interest (I'm traveling with two very dear friends) and whom do we discover but an old school friend, Richard Casaly, now president of the John Hancock Insurance Company. His private secretary, Judy Buckler, knowing of my condition, very kindly gave us three tickets to the ballet starring the world famous, Debra Greenberg. On the way to the ballet, we have a slight accident with a taxi driven by former racer, Kevin Keane. His passengers are none other than the stars of the opera for this evening, Marilyn Anderson and Andy Parker (they've changed their names, of course.) Since there is some damage from the crash, we have to have some minor repairs. The mechanics in Ray's Garage (Ray Kent, that is) are Richard Reynolds and Fred Munro. Fred says that Madeline Barnicle, is now a hair stylist in Jane Hammond's exclusive beauty salon. Jane's three other stylists are Gloria Jones, Lois Cohen, and the fabulous Ken Barnes, made famous by his "flying swoop" creation. Oh! The car is ready! Well, off to the ballet!

We finally reach the theater without any more detours, and, fortunately, we are not late. Look, there's Ronald Zicko! He's an usher. Here comes Richard Wright. Is he going to talk to us? Yes. He tells us that he is now the president of the Write Right Pen Company, and his vice president is Robert Thompson. We can't talk long; the ballet is about to start . . .

What? Intermission already? There's Barb Simons. You know, she teaches the second grade in the same school where Cathy Quirk teaches music. Funny, a lot of the girls have become teachers. Peggy Trundy, Mary Knowles, and Janice Wignot teach high school, and Cynthia Wilburger, Suzanne Winner, Margaret Stromberg, Virginia Brown, Judy Malone, and Pat Kirby teach the elementary grades. Some of the boys became gym teachers: Robert Shaffer, Daniel Bellefontaine, Dan Campbell, and Clifford Stone. I never would have thought it. Oh, intermission is over . . .

Well, last night was lovely. Debbie certainly has made a name for herself. Now we are on our way to the world amateur tennis championship matches where both Frank Hess and Joe Vay are trying for the cup. We're taking the bus because we are still a little shaken up over our accident last night. Say, isn't our bus driver Frank Walton? Oh, here we are. What a crowd! Look, there are three empty seats beside . . . Judy Davis, world famous Chinese auctioneer, and Natalie Fernald, vice president of the Fernald Furnace Company (her father is still president). Two rows behind us are a small group of WAVE's, Sheila Sullivan, Anna Thompson, Mary Travaglini, Jane Roberts, Helen McLaughlin, and Jean Tessier. My, haven't they got chic uniforms.

We heard today that Richard Anderson is in Boston on his presidential campaign. His chief engineer (train, that is) is Ronald Savilonis whose right-hand man is George Westcott. With him are traveling the candidates for Secretary of State, Paul Saponaro; Secretary of Defense, Kenneth Sheldon; and the recently-elected Governor of Massachusetts, Robert Wallace. Thomas Young, campaign manager, asks us if we would like to go along on the campaign. Naturally, we accept and begin following Richard Anderson on his cross-country campaign for the presidency of the State of Happiness. Traveling with him is his publicity agent, Gretchen Polhemus. Famed meteorologists, Barry Anderson and David Lehan, travel with the train to predict the weather so candidate Anderson's wife will not ruin her new hat. Commencing his whistle-stop campaign in Boston, he is greeted by crowds of old friends — among them Tim Anderson, Harvard University Professor of Comparative Analysis; Dr. Robert Robinson, research physicist; Marcia Burke, olympic ski champ; Sandy Chamberlain, head nurse at Mass. General; John Dowst, Vice president of Liberty Mutual; Robert Franciose, builder of the new Boston sewer system; Diane Montgomery, banker; James Pickering, manufacturer of Guber Pickles; Aldo Pagliarulo, vice president of Slumberland Mattress Company; and Janet Murphy, his secretary.

His next stop is Natick, the old home town. From the high school come Sandra Skeans, math teacher, and Ann Phinney, gym instructor. Carol Savilonis, secretary to the principal, brings his felicitations. Ronald Muise, director of the B. B. Band, meets him at the station. Richard Nelson, car salesman, lends Dick a Cadillac for the day. He visits the Friendly Grill to pass out campaign stickers to Sheldon Langmead, Leonard Megliola, John Wall, Peter Bell, and Ronald Curtis.

Traveling westward, the Anderson train reaches New York. While touring the city, we find Karen Kugell, outfitted with beret and pink poodle, the newly-elected mayor of Greenwich Village; Charles Jones, top-notch sportscaster drops in on his way to Florida to report on spring training. Jim Andrews comes to call — we notice that he has come up in the world — he is now Police Chief of New York City. Dick stops at the French Embassy to see Mary Purcell, and hears that Dave Buckingham, gentleman farmer from Virginia, has just left for Paris. We visit the Bronx gym and find Tom Balducci refereeing a wrestling match, Jim Fallon lifting weights, and Russell Barber taking a steam bath.

That evening, we decided to patronize the arts. At the opera, June Breda is performing; Diann Uhlin is dancing at Carnegie Hall; Barbara Montgomery is playing a concert in Town Hall; Pete Ranney stars in another picture at the Roxy where he gets all the girls. We choose the theater, and there we see fashionable Peggy Burt, wife of the governor of New York. Leaving the theater, we nearly knock the top hat off the head of Boyd Edmonston, U. S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Boyd tells us that tomorrow he leaves for a diplomatic tour of Western Europe. He invites us to accompany him. We accept.

After saying goodbye to the folks back home via Vito Capizzo's Early Morning Show, T. V. of course, we proceed to Idlewild. Imagine our surprise when we realized that our lovely stewardess is none other than Linda Bremner, and that our pilot is Ken Poole, whom we remember for his earlier flying.



Across the aisle and down two seats we recognize Pat Hubbard, the well-known fashion model. Pat tells us she is traveling to Paris to see Kris Kerr, world famous couturiere. Our flight is relatively uneventful. Boyd is met in London by Harold Roey, expert on Russian affairs, and Irwin Fischer of the foreign service, who will serve as Boyd's advisors.

We bid the three a hasty good-by and nearly run smack into Don Bergonzone, Paul Callahan, Jim (Bub) Condlin, and Dick Donovan who all look like generals in their service uniforms.

As we tour London, we see the sign of Richard Brown, C.P.A. Down by the Thames, Paul "Smily" Rogers is fishing from London Bridge. Looking up, we notice Alfred Byrnes repairing Big Ben. Sea captain Steve Crampton guides his ship toward the Channel. We're almost late for our ride. The crossing is fine, and, much to our pleasure, we discover Sandy Buswell, secretary to the Parisian exporter, returning from an errand which took her to England. We arrive in Paris in time to use the tickets Boyd gave us to see Pat Harcourt, who teaches in a French elementary school in the daytime, dance at the Folies Bergere. Afterwards, we stop for a four course snack at Chez Simone (restaurant of the inimitable Simone LeRoux). There we see Keith Gould, Lynn Bartley, and Harold Wright stuffing themselves with goodies francais. Jim Teague, famous hot-rodder, has retired to the position of Paris taxi driver. Since we recognize him, we give him an extra big tip.

Bright and early the next morning, we leave by train for Geneva, Switzerland, home of exiles and anarchists. Rod Wallace, famous philosopher, greets us at the station. He tells us of an international ski meet near Geneva, in which Bruce Schernig and Dick Halberg are favorites to win prizes. An exciting moment comes when Pat Arena falls down the ski slope and Alvin MacKenzie, doctor who vacations yearly in Geneva, rushes to her assistance.

Jim Bradford, American advisor to the Swiss Navy, put in an appearance at the ski meet and Wes Peoples, sports car designer, showed up for a while. Dick "Pug" Powers came running up, out of breath, waving his world champion's poker trophy and green eye shade. Dick has taken time from his busy schedule at Cal Tech as a theoretical mathematician. We ask him to join us on a jaunt to Italy. He agrees; on condition that we travel back to California with him.

On the flight to Rome, Gloria Brown is our hospitable hostess. At the airport, we are met by John Calzini, customs agent. First of all we are hungry, so we go to Piorro's Pizza Place, and who feeds us but Cyn and Gige. Frank Indelicato is a waiter, while Laura Sanborn is a waitress. Strolling through St. Peter's square, we see Diane Campisi, designer, and her models, Linda Torti and Toni McKeen, followed by Dick Soby, world famous casanova. We find that Carol Bellefatto has invented several new devices: one for drilling holes in macaroni and another for twisting spaghetti.

After eating our fill, Pug shepherds us onto a California-bound jet clipper, and in no time we arrived at San Francisco. First thing we hear from Dick Wells is that he is playing baseball for the San Francisco Giants. He introduces us to an old friend, Christy Adams, an elementary school gym instructor. At a baseball game, blushing Brad Leavitt, first baseman for the Milwaukee Braves, wags to us from the infield. Sitting in boxes near ours, we spy Jeff Belisle, educational advisor to the governor of California, and sports reporter, Dick Cox.

Traveling towards China Town, we pass a building with a sign which exhibits a familiar name — Danny McGee,

lawyer. On leave from the Navy in China Town, we see admiral-of-the-fleet, Charles LePage, and crew, Lee Curtis, Paul Kelly, Dennis Lawless, and Richard Voner.

Anthony "Butch" Stromberg, barber to the stars, Dean Webb, coach of the San Francisco '49 ers, and George Williams, president of Columbia Pictures, are some of the celebrities we meet in San Francisco. George invites us to visit his studios in Hollywood. There we meet Maureen Bliss, wardrobe mistress for many famous actresses, Kathy Owens, and Kathy O'Brien, make-up directors for Columbia Studios, and Mardell Pease, character actress.

Wandering through a set for the musical "The Colonel Comes to Kansas" (which they finally took to Hollywood), we meet Dick Stanley, camera man, and Marilyn Mitchell, who was asked to star in the movie as well as the stage play. Allen Ross portrays the genial farm hand. Lorraine Mitchell and Bev Long design sets for the production.

We pay one last visit to Pug at Cal Tech. There we find Jim Walters, consultant to business firms bothered by smog, and Russ Whittemore, electrical engineer.

Saying good-by to Pug, we leave for Detroit, to purchase a new car. Leslie Davis, secretary to John Boyington, president of General Motors, takes us for a spin in a new '84 Cadillac. We nearly run over John Soule and Ronald Therieau, firemen in a hurry. Back at the showroom, Ray Stackpole and Ralph Williams tune up the car for the next customer. John Woish has an establishment down the street — The Woishing Car Wash. We imagine he must make a mint.

For entertainment that evening, we attend the Detroit Tigers baseball game to see Hallett "Scoop" Jones pitch. We hear that John Stevens is playing football for the Detroit Lions. Natick has enriched the sports world by giving it additional champions.

To the nursing profession, Natick has made many contributions: Lynn Woods, Jean Holland, Irene Hillis, Ann Bryan, Mary Grady, Lorrilyn Sellar, Marie Raftery, and Judy Hicks, Alice Ward, lab technician, assists Bill Hawkes, a naturalist at the University of Michigan. We hear that at the Great Lakes Army Base there are Doug Dunn, Charlie Fritz, Bill Gour, Peter Horning, John Kenney, and Roland Morris.

Driving back towards Boston, we stop at Monmouth, Illinois, where we find Ann Stewart busily administrating affairs at her alma mater. In a nearby community, Nancy Sullivan teaches school.

After spending two wonderful days in Monmouth, we leave once more. In Philadelphia, we stop in at the American Bandstand show to see that famous disc jockey, Joe Fahey. The show is quite exciting, especially when the biggest singing group in the nation drop in to sing their latest hit "Sunset on Sturn". The group consists of Pat Morgan, Linda Lee, Charlene Pinkham, Carol Hackett, and Judy Mosman. We spend the evening at the beautiful Macabo where the fabulous comedian Robert Roth is breaking all records. We understand his managers Charlie Winterson and Bill Whelan are having a hard time keeping night club owners away — everyone wants Bob.

The trip from Philadelphia to New York took only a few hours, and we finally arrive in New York City. The town has been buzzing about the great new hit comedy by Fred Rogers entitled "Who Has To Be Shot" adapted from Vladimick Liene's last book "What Has To Be Done". The part of Vladimick is played by Larry McCarthy who does a superb job. After the show, we rushed back stage to meet the cast and we find that the director of the play was none other than Jim Mc-



Closky; publicity was handled by Anne Hassard. We learned that Jim has just returned from Hollywood where he directed the Academy Award winner, "You Bet You Owe Me Money", starring the wonderful Mary Morrill and Dick Lofgren.

After pushing our way out of the theater, we decide to see the New York Ranger-Boston Bruin Hockey game. Jim Linton, we hear, is the outstanding scorer and Jerry Hall is making the headlines as one of the great defensemen in the league.

The morning following the hockey game, we go sight-seeing. The windows at Macy's are beautifully decorated and there in the window, adding a few last touches, is Donna Pryor. Her boss, Bruce Peterson, motions for us to come in and shows us through his office. His two private secretaries, Eileen O'Connell and Diane Dixon, wave to us as we go by.

We manage to see the spring fashion show before we leave and there is the beautiful Carol Bellefontaine modeling a new Edwina Mallek suit. The vice president of Macy's Judy Kinnear, invites us to lunch at the exclusive restaurant run by Virginia Hines. After a scrumptious French meal, we leave for the New York Museum of Art. A wonderful demonstration by the internationally known artist, Gail Phillips, was going on. At the museum, we see two of the great automobile men in the nation, Ronald (General Motors) Harlow and his assistant vice president, David Hughes. As we are going out, we see a crowd around some person. Yes, why it's Barbara Ligon, the great Metropolitan Opera Star! Watch out, Mary, oh — no! She trips over a roller skate. We take her to Mercy General Hospital. She is well cared for by nurses Stephanie Martin and Elizabeth Lee. After a few hours we leave the hospital for New York University to hear a lecture by the prominent economist Robert Graham.

On our way through the math wing of the university, we see professor Peggy Kilroy giving a lecture in trigonometry. In the next room Dr. Karen Alice Moore is teaching a class in integral calculus. We learn from Dr. Moore that the faculty chief gym instructor at the women's school is Beverly "Bunky" Hunter. The president of the university, Herbert Mingace, shows us the laboratory and who do you think is giving a lecture? Dr. Ronald Oldfield.

From New York University, we go to Idlewild airport for our plane to Boston. Flight 810 for Boston is ready to take off. We have to hurry! The pilot for our flight is William Egan, and co-pilot is Bill Curtis. We talk over old times with them and then board the plane. The stewardess Carol Hawkins sees to it that we fasten our safety belts, and — we are off. Sitting behind us are three favorite singers of the day, Georgene Knott, Doris Henry, and Janice Bitzer. They tell us that business is wonderful. While they were appearing in Florida,

they heard that Allen Loane and Lee Richards were showing the baseball world what good rookies could do.

We are shown around the plane and learn that our navigator is Phil Rierdan, and the chef is Warren Mason. As we move back to our seats, we recognize Joe McDonald, the famous jockey. He is going to be in the Kentucky Derby this year. Music begins to flow over the P. A. system and we recognize Karen Alger Moore. She was voted the most popular women singer last year. In the front seat we discovered a great actress of the day, Roberta Rogers. She told us to watch for a new movie "When the Chips Are Down" starring Cynthia Paul. It is a satire on Las Vegas gambling. She also told us to watch out for a new star Pat McClosky who is making her debut in the picture.

Right behind Roberta, we see Karen Loomis who is the head buyer for Jordan Marsh. She is sitting with her assistant, Beverly Clark. They are returning from a trip to San Francisco where they vied for a contract with a number of companies, one of which was Gilchrist's of Texas. Paul Gilchrist is the president down there and his vice president, Susan Johnson. Chief dress designer is Carol Coan.

We hear on the radio that a fire has broken out in Hartford, Conn. Fire chief Ronald Graham and his staff, Paul Gelly and Joseph Geneseo, with their crew of 250 men battled the blaze for eleven hours . . . Jo Drowne, an elementary school teacher from Boston, has won a \$100,000,000 contest.

As we took a nap in the afternoon, someone tapped Mary on the shoulder. It was Alice Martin, who had been vacationing in Miami with her assistant, Diane Hesek. She is currently an executive for Ann Starr's of Boston. She tells us that Mary Daly and Diane DeCosta help her, while Theresa Gately runs the Waltham store. It is just announced that we are having trouble with our right engine and we must land in Hartford.

After landing, we find that there will be a four hour delay. Well, we might as well eat. Alden Nelson owns a supper club and is kind enough to serve us personally. He tells us that Mary Johnson and Jean Ghilani have combined talent, and set up a dancing school. Two of the teachers are Jackie Higgins and Ruthann Meagher. We talk a while longer and then realize that the four hours are almost up. We must leave for the plane.

Upon our return, we see that the Hartford police chief, George Lambert, and the district attorney, George Mabardy, have come aboard. They tell us they are going to Boston for the New England Conference for the Prevention of Crime. The president of the conference is Ed Lombard. We chat for a while and then see the blue light on the John Hancock Building. We are home!!! My goodness — I must try to get a new Platypus.



By

Robert Robinson

In America, when we think of education, we usually think of a preparation for a career, attending school for a certain length of time, and doing the prescribed assignments. The important part of education, however, is not the body of knowledge one attains, but how one learns to think about this body of knowledge.

A man who is well educated in the narrow sense of the word, and has a large store of knowledge at his disposal, cannot use his knowledge if he does not know how to think. He is no more useful than a tape recorder. The ability to think constructively involves relating one's knowledge to the events and situations that occur around him.

The thinking individual is the only truly creative individual. Only a truly creative individual can contribute anything new, even in the context of older methods or ideas.

Also, one must be able to think creatively in order to live, rather than merely exist. One can exist with a certain amount of food, water, air, and shelter. To live, however, one must be alert to what is around him. One must look deeper into his surroundings than a camera can, and try to understand what is going on.

Thinking is an ability that comes only with long practice. It is an ability which needs to be encouraged by an individual's parents, teachers, and society, and by the individual himself.

Education is not, I think, supported enough by the public. Too many people score the man who teaches, reads, enjoys learning. In America there is no widespread respect for the well-educated individual, no generally recognized place in society for him.

There is no general love of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, rather than for the sake of results. Many parents are less interested in what their sons and daughters have learned in school than in what grades they received.

Also, the public has no desire to understand a thing once it can be controlled. Not many people are curious about how their car battery works, as long as it starts the car in the morning.

Atomic weapons, on the other hand, are a good example of an invention which we think we control, because we can produce it. Our control is only superficial, however, because not enough people understand the implications of their use. Atomic weapons stand as a threat to the whole of society, because of the ignorance of a great part of society.

The present shortage of scientists and technicians is an excellent example of popular misconception of education. The U. S. has never been outstanding in the field of basic

research. We have had good engineers, though we need more right now, but the emphasis on practicality has kept our contribution in pure science to a minimum. Most of the outstanding figures in basic research, even recently, have been from Europe. Now we find ourselves in a struggle with the U. S. S. R. to produce our own science.

Recently a lag in technology, in the field of missiles, brought public attention to bear on the need for more scientists. There is a clamor for quick results which betrays the ignorance on the part of the public of the nature of the problem. First of all, what is needed are creative scientists, who can produce new things and new ideas. A creative scientist must have an environment conducive to creative activity. A love of knowledge for its own sake, and a definite respect for good scientists and for good artists are parts of the ideal environment.

The demand for quick results is self-defeating. If only those aspects of education and research which promise quick returns are supported, no work will be done on new ideas. To be new, an idea must be unknown; its potential value is of necessity unknown until it is investigated. The unknown must be investigated if there is to be progress.

Learning to think is as important to the scientist's ability to produce useful results as it is to any man's ability to live. One of the things that distinguishes a creative scientist from a technician is that the technician can be produced by the American method of mass production if necessary. Russia has exhibited the possibility of such a course quite graphically. A creative scientist, on the other hand, must have the proper general atmosphere. The subject matter of the education of a successful scientist does not by any means consist entirely of mathematics and the science of his concentration. The most productive scientists are, in fact, those who have had extensive contact with the humanities. A thinker cannot consider only a part of his environment in isolation from the rest. A thinker must consider the whole environment. A scientist cannot be familiar only with his specialty or his thinking will lack scope. An artist cannot be totally ignorant of science, or his art will lack the force of being based on reality.

To be a true thinker, the scientist, the artist, the statesman, the businessman, must be aware of what is being done in areas seemingly unrelated to his individual interests. Our educational system must produce men competent in their own fields, and at the same time more of the broad context which makes their work meaningful.

Robert Robinson

CLASS WILL

By

MARCIA BURKE



We, the illustrious Class of 1959, whose world-shaking accomplishments, unsurpassed spirit, and renowned scholastic achievements unquestionably make us the most distinguished class ever to graduate from Natick High, do leave this our Last Will and Testament.

To Mr. Hennigar and Mr. Bartnick, we leave our hearty congratulations for having most successfully completed their first year as our new principal and vice-principal.

To our advisors, Mrs. Gray and Mr. Columbo, we leave our appreciation for all their kind encouragement, and we are glad they were the ones fortunate enough to have us to advise.

To Miss Shannon, we leave four life-sized robots to lug around the huge stacks of Senior English workbooks just before college-boards time.

To Miss Hamm, we leave the book, "How to Repair a Recording Machine" (tout en francais.)

To Mr. Francis Carey, we leave hopes for some unprejudiced referees with glasses.

To Miss Nutt, we leave our sincere thanks for her never-ending kindness and understanding, especially around report card time.

To Mr. Bachini and Mr. LoPresti, we leave each a pair of thick ear-muffs which they will probably find very useful inside the school.

To Mr. Garnett, we leave the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of directing our extremely talented cast of our great Senior Play.

To Miss Hope, we leave a giant-sized watering can for her plants, so that she won't have to make more than one trip a week.

To Mr. Cronan, we leave a large box of free coupons for as many ice-cream sandwiches as he could ever wish for.

To Mr. Shea, we leave a new insurance policy for his car.

To the honorable Honor Society, we leave a game of three-dimensional tic-tac-toe for much-needed brain exercise.

To the Juniors, we leave the long-awaited privilege of being respected by all, especially when it comes to sneaking into the lunch line.

To the Sophomores, we leave our special permission

to say in assemblies and rallies, the outstanding name of John Woish-sh-sh!!

To the Freshmen, we leave this encouraging thought: that in only 1,095 days, you, too, will graduate!

I, Dean Webb, leave my ability to charm the feminine population of Natick High, with smiles and wiles, to Sandy Wilson.

I, Mary Purcell, leave my king-sized Renault, to Jon Padover, another mad bomber.

I, David Lehan, leave my crystal ball and carbon-copy paper for forecasting the weather, to Bob Stacy, another very accurate prophet.

I, Georgine Knott, leave my famous pony tail to anyone who likes to horse around.

I, Dave Buckingham, leave my ability to give Mr. LoPresti a hard time, to Tom Stewart.

We, Eileen O'Connell and Linda Torti, leave our positions as Mr. Plausse's secretaries, and the name "Skinny Minny" to anyone daring enough to take them.

I, Ann Stewart, leave my book, "100 Ways to Style Your Hair," to Durrie Mathews.

We, Geoffrey Belisle and Allan Ross, leave our easy-going manner to anyone who worries too much.

I, Virginia Hines, leave my 57 kinds to my brother, Larry Hines.

I, Richie Anderson, leave my position as president of Mr. Shea's fan club, to the "intellectual elite of the decadent underclassmen."

We, Peggy Kilroy and Lynne Woods, leave our book "Guide for Cadet 'Drags'" to Charlotte Lauro.

I, Christy Adams, leave my very friendly personality to John McGilvray.

I, Judy Mosman, leave to Mr. Columbo, an autographed picture of one of my less shy actions in the Senior Play.

We, Margie and Butch Stromberg, leave our detention slips for being late, to anyone who would like a few after-school studies.

I, Jane Lucy Hammond, leave my famous sweatshirt, my most prized possession, to Kathy Hand.

I, Harold Wright, leave my dashing high-top boots and my glittering baton to Mr. LoPresti.

I, Judy Kinnear, leave my famous laugh to Pat



CLASS

WILL

CONTINUED

Schavone, in the hopes that she will get a laugh out of it.

I, Bunky Hunter, leave my innumerable harrowing experiences to a certain crazy Junior girl who usually gets me into them.

I, Danny McGee, leave my unsurpassed Ivy League look to anyone who wants to look like me.

We, the Senior Six, Sandy Chamberlain, Mary Pierce, Nancy Sullivan, Mardell Pease, Kris Kerr, and Marcia Burke, leave to the Junior Jills, the earnest hope that someday, they will be almost as great as we are.

I, Judy Davis, leave my Chinese Auction to anyone who can figure out what it is.

I, Bill Hawkes, leave my broken convertible top to anyone who thinks he can fix it.

I, Bruce Schernig, leave my cool trumpet jazz to Sandy Jansson, who really digs it.

I, Jo Drowne, leave with a certain Senior boy.

We, the members of the F period International class, leave our endless supply of life-savers to next year's F period International class.

We, Diane Montgomery and Diana DeCosta, leave the duty of watching over two certain Junior boys, to Sandy Jacobs and Janice Huggard.

I, George Williams, leave my "pro" ad-libbing ability in assemblies, to next year's ring-master.

We, the Jones boys, Charlie and Scoop, leave our encouragement to anyone who wants to catch up with us Joneses.

I, Dick Cox, leave my dirty white bucks and broken shoe-laces to Richard Cox, who'd better keep up the good name.

We, Judy Hicks and Doris Henry, leave the art of keeping up a steady conversation during X period studies to Linda Fredrickson and Claire Goldrick.

I, Jim Bradford, leave to the Junior Class all the trials and tribulations of trying to graduate.

We, the Senior members of the Culture Vultures, Boyd Edmonston, Karen Kugell, Nancy Hunt, and Dick Cox, leave

all our vast cultural knowledge to the Junior members, Peter Garland and Peggy Luttrell.

I, Dick Wells, leave the 42 comic books left to me by Artie Williams, to Dennis Drugan.

I, John Boyington, leave my Oldsmobile-powered Merc to anyone who can catch it.

I, Ronald Harlow, will hold John Boyinton to his promise, because my Olds-powered Merc will walk all over his.

I, Vito Capizzo, leave my renowned accent to my brother, Gus.

I, Rob Robinson, leave my patent for the most modern interplanetary missiles, to John Hanson.

We, Jeanne Terrier, Carol Savilonis, Beverly Clark, Judy Malone and many other members of our class, leave a paint brush and paints to the Loring Studio.

I, Ronald MacKenzie, leave all my "Mad" magazines to anyone mad enough to take them.

I, Peggy Burt, leave my beautiful car "Gunion 111" to Patty Smith, and hope she can get it to go up hills.

We, Pete Ranney, Fred Rogers, and Dick Brown, leave for the moon.

I, Joe Fahey, leave nothing, because I need it all myself.

We, the Senior Cheerleaders, Peggy Kilroy, Jean Ghalani, Pat Morgan, Carol Hawkins, Charlene Pinkham, and Diane Campizi, leave our hoarse voices to next year's basketball team. (We know they'll appreciate this.)

I, Russ Whittemore, leave my duty as score-keeper to Roger Winters, who can't count either.

In closing, this is the statement of a typical Senior:

I, Jim Fallon, leave the school, to Mr. Hennigar. In witness, whereof, we, the members of the Class of 1959, have set our hand and seal hereto this fifth day of June in the year of Our Lord one thousand nineteen hundred fifty-nine, declaring this to be our Last Will and Testament.

Signed: Marcia Burke

Witnessed by:
Harry L. Garnett

FAREWELL ADDRESS

By

HAROLD WRIGHT



FAREWELL ADDRESS — 1959

Perhaps more than at any time in recent history, the nationwide class of 1959 has been affected by the trend of world affairs. With the advent of many striking scientific advances in recent years, such as the satellite programs resulting in the first "Sputnik" in early October, 1957, the United States was shocked into a rapid re-evaluation of its educational system. There have been a number of important changes made on national, state, and local levels which have had, and will continue to have marked effect on the students.

There have been many changes recommended for the improvement of secondary schools. Dr. James B. Conant, former president of Harvard University, has published a report on the condition of our high schools which points out many of the shortcomings of some American high schools and the time-tested, effective methods some schools have employed in improving various courses.

Dr. Conant feels that a science course in either physical science or biology should be required of all students in either the ninth or tenth grades. This required course would be divided into three sections of varying difficulty and students would be grouped according to ability. Then two courses should be offered in both physics and chemistry; one course in each for the student who desires a working knowledge of the subject only, the other for the student with the mathematical ability to further his study of the subjects.

In the Humanities Dr. Conant recommends that there should be several courses. He has found the need for four years of English and either three or four years of social studies, including two years of history and a course in American problems and government for seniors.

In the elective Humanities he feels there should be four-year foreign language sequences offered in all schools, since students cannot acquire mastery of any foreign language in two years. He recommends that all students should include art and music in their electives for a broader cultural background.

How is Natick meeting these recommendations? To

help the student choose the courses best suited to his needs and capabilities we have a good counselling program, with one full-time counsellor for every three hundred students. The counsellor consults with students and parents in helping select sequences of subjects, required and elective, that are best suited to the interests and abilities of the individual concerned. In addition participation in extra curricular activities is encouraged.

Our school is experimenting with new courses and methods of instruction. This year, for the first time, 138 high schools in Massachusetts, including Natick High, participated a course in the Humanities, a series of television presentations for the Junior College English classes. This program was correlated with the regular English, History, and Art programs. Many students were enrolled in a new-type physics course, recommended by the Physical Science Study Committee.

The Social Studies program includes a course in International Relations, an elective which many high schools feel is too advanced for their students. Natick also provides extended language courses in Latin, French, and Spanish. The elective sequences in business training, industrial arts and mathematics enhance the "marketable skill" of these students.

In addition to prescribed courses a wide variety of courses may be offered in a school as large as ours. These cover a broad range for the gifted as well as the average student. When courses are integrated and adapted to the needs of the individual students through the efforts of counsellors, students who graduate from Natick usually have a definite goal.

Natick High graduates have, for the most part, been very successful. They are proud of the education they have received here. The constant changes and improvements in curriculum, in teaching methods, and in student interest will keep our school in the lead. We feel the Class of 1959, like those who have gone before, will be most successful.

Harold Wright



GIRLS' TENNIS

Front row: D. Mathews, A. Stewart, M. Donley, P. Miller. Back row: C. French, B. Hunter, J. Wall, M. Burke, M. Larson, J. Butler. Not in picture: A. Phinney, M. Trundy.



SOFTBALL

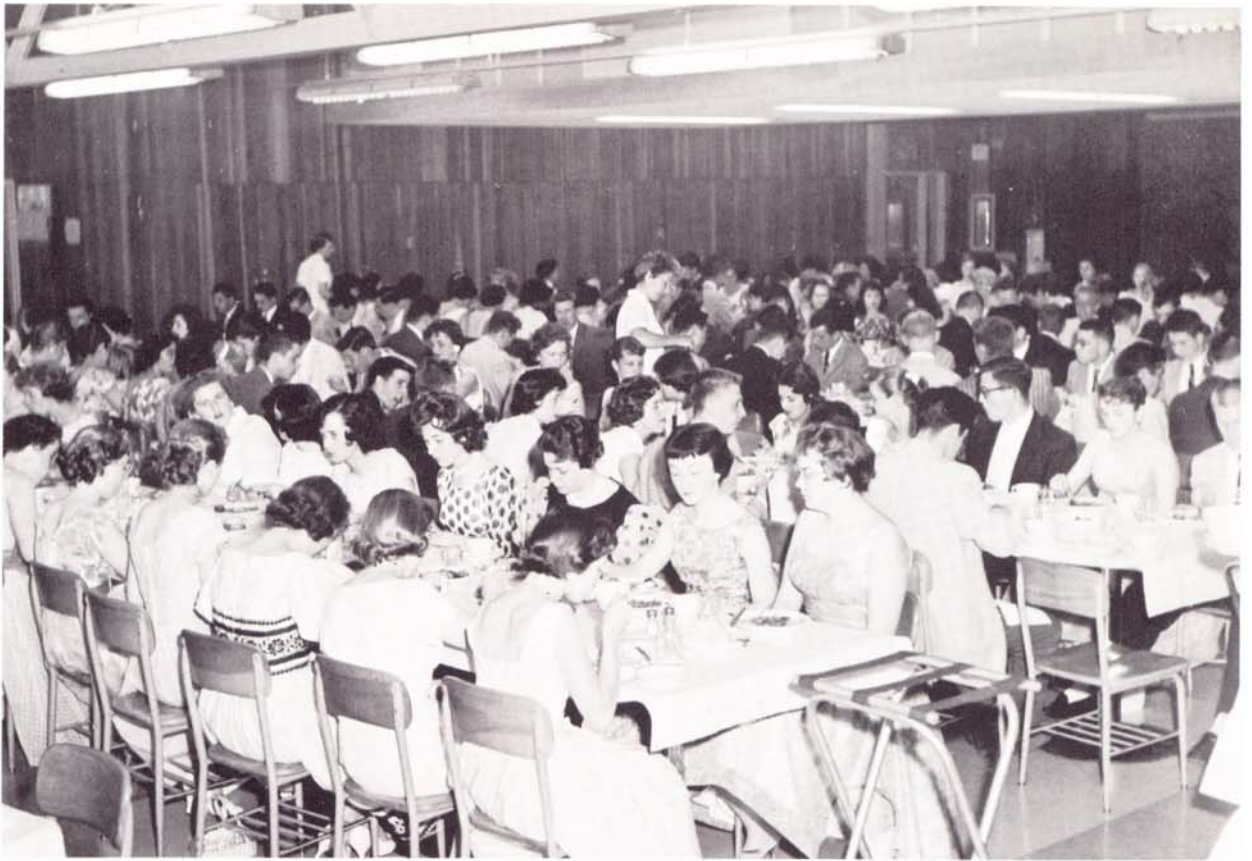
Front row: M. Schaller, S. Nickles, S. Owens, J. Wood, B. Whipp, D. Hawkes, P. Marlette. Second row: S. LeRoux, J. Cella, J. Walters, M. Matson, S. Smith, M. Maffei, M. Legge, E. Reirdan, J. Breda.





THE CLASS BANQUET





TUESDAY JUNE 2, 1959





SENIOR FRIDAY

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

On Friday evening, June 5, the Class of 1960 tendered a reception to the Class of 1959 in the Cafeteria. In an atmosphere of Greek Fantasia, Georgene Knott was chosen



RECEPTION JUNE 5, 1959

queen and Marcia Webb and Sherry Collins her attendants. A colorful Grand March, led by Stephen Haskell and Marcia Webb climaxed a memorable evening.

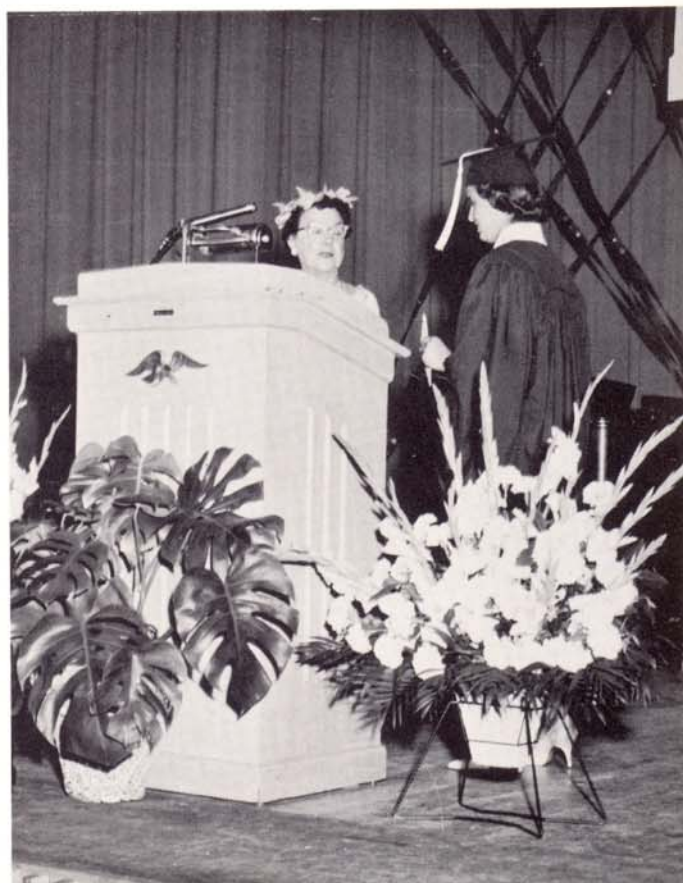




CLASS DAY



Best All-Round Athlete — Dean Webb



Carol Bellefatto — Just A Scholarship



THURSDAY JUNE 4



Rotary Scholarship — George Williams



Marcia Burke — Will

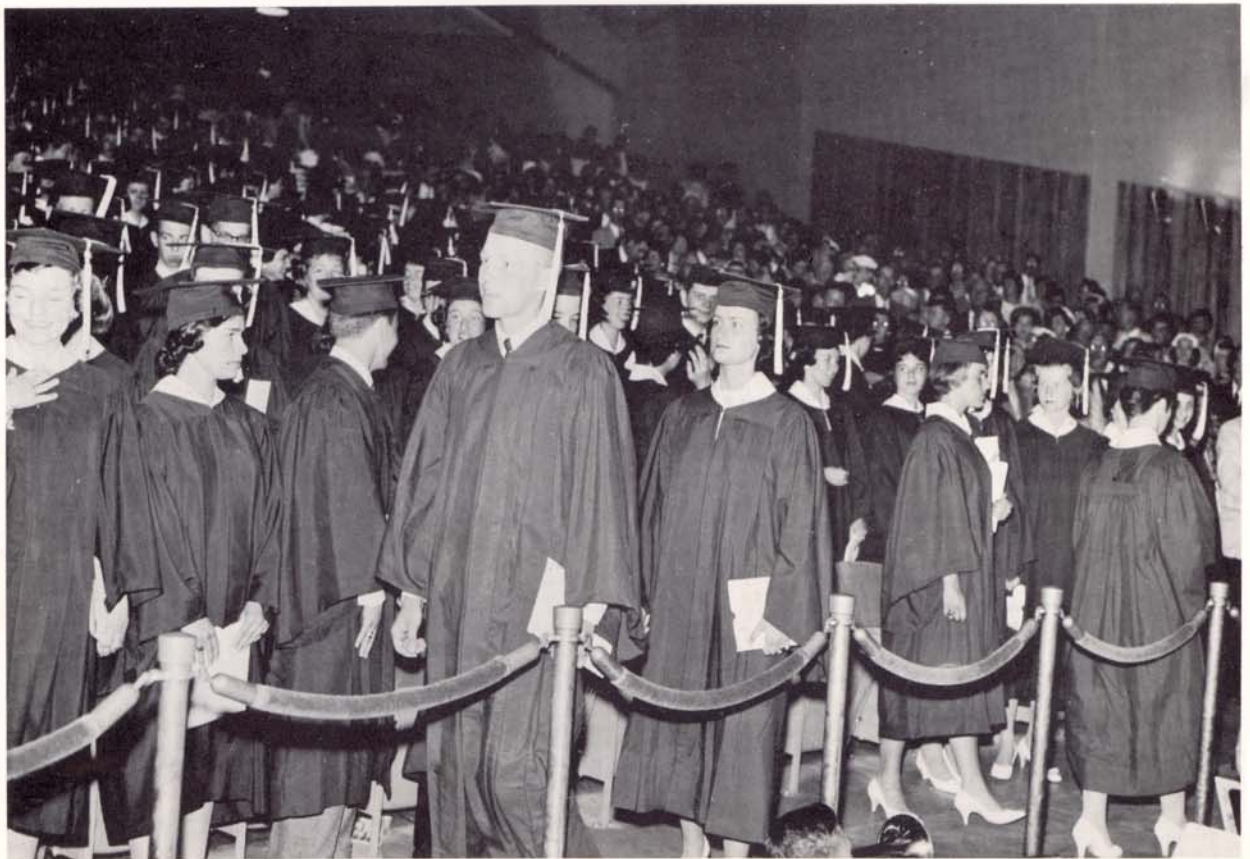


GRADUATION





JUNE 8, 1959





ON STAGE — LAST TIME



WE ARE OUT!