

What Deerfield Has Meant to Me

Immediately following Commencement, a group of the class of 1965, selected at random, were asked to comment on their experience at Deerfield and what they believed it meant to them. The term "memorable highlights" was used in eliciting their comments. We have been pleased with and proud of the letters which they have written. We think they will interest all those who as parents, alumni or friends have shared in the Deerfield experience.



Dear Mr. Conklin:

I would like to begin with my freshman year and touch upon the highlights as I progressed on into the senior class.

Like many other of my classmates I greeted Deerfield with a little foreboding, as this was my first experience away from home for a prolonged period. Lost in the rush to make new friends, and the confrontation with hard work, I managed to make the unpardonable mistake of mistaking my table proctor for a master. As the year progressed the foreboding changed to a ready acceptance of all that Deerfield offered. My most memorable experiences of that year came in the winter term with the futile raid on the Senior Bank, successive overtime losses in hockey, the record-breaking swimming team, as well as the dismantling of benches after basketball games. Who can forget Burton's superb performance as Lorraine in "The Man Who Came to Dinner?"

As a sophomore I could scorn the incoming freshmen and boast a fuller knowledge of the school. The notable recollections of this year are the hike to the "Rock," swimming in the Deerfield River, the narrow swimming victory over Harvard, and the basketball games with the roly-poly referee. But above all I don't want to forget the sweet taste of victory over Mount Hermon in football.



Junior year brought the burdensome pressure of college admissions. That year's answer to the problem was having the right hobby—like making tin soldiers. This was the year when Mr. Boyden modernized and began making his appearances in a golf cart in place of the accustomed horse and buggy. My class got its first taste of the social life at Deerfield as we attended our first mixer with Miss Hall's. Many would-be scientists found their aspirations dashed to the ground in the interesting but morale-breaking physics course. Towards the end of the year many of the boys began looking forward to the last year at Deerfield and to graduating, but they just couldn't understand why that year's senior class was so adamant about leaving.

If college pressure was tough junior year it was unbearable in the senior year. The fall term presented itself as the last chance for the student to prove himself capable to the college admissions teams. Soon the autumn months dwindled into winter and the seniors began to let up a little on their studies and to appreciate the campus. The spring term brought with it practices for the "Mikado" as well as results from the colleges. There were bets being made around the school to the effect that the Gilbert and Sullivan production would never come off successfully due to lack of time; but in the fine tradition of so many things at Deerfield the performances were highly successful. For the seniors this was the most important term of the year because it involved not only heated debates over the selection of a class gift but also the election of class officers. Then came Commencement with the sorrow of breaking ties with classmates as well as the school. Nostalgia swept the class immediately after graduation as they realized just what an experience they had had over the past years. I will never forget singing the "Even Song" on the steps of the Memorial Building on the last night.

Before concluding I would like to list a few experiences which continued from year to year and some which I left out in the above. Among these are: Paul Hurley's superb hockey playing, the tremendous banquets put on by the Academy, the road-runner cartoons of Saturday evenings, the Symposiums of junior and senior years, and the marching to the Choate and Hermon football games.



All of the above have contributed to the Deerfield experience in my estimation. As the years go on more will undoubtedly be realized as significant factors in my development.

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Dear Mr. Conklin:

Whenever I try to think out something before I write it down, I always get involved in horrible confusing webs of rhetoric and repetition, so I'm just going to bang out pretty much what comes into my head. I'm not sure whether you want a series of quotable quotes, or careful meanings and evaluations, or just ideas for pictures. I could repeat all the standard Spring Day phrases—"character-building," "enduring relationships," "sympathetic masters," "community spirit," "broadening extra-curriculars"—which would all be broadly true, but would glance off my actual feelings about the school and my life there.

On the other hand, to sum it up by citing memories of a day at the river or highjinks in the corridor is catchy but really irrelevant. I've always thought that the business of "contribution" works two ways, and that the proper way to judge Deerfield is by what it's done for me. I happen to know that I've changed tremendously from what I was four years ago, and that the change started about the time I went away to school and has been accelerating ever since. How much Deerfield specifically had to do with this, I'm not quite sure, but here are some guesses in the form of experiences which I think must have contributed to my mental makeup now.

1. At Deerfield you have a chance to be your own master. It sounds paradoxical, but I always felt more independent in school than at home. True, there are a great many ivory-tower limitations, but Deerfield is a microcosm in which you are allowed, or forced, to come to terms with yourself and to master a specific environment without the distraction or protection of your previous outside life. I think this is important.

2. You are forced into constant contact with a great many fairly extraordinary people. I remember particularly working with tremendously *capable* people, who made me feel good and inferior and gave me some personal marks to shoot for.



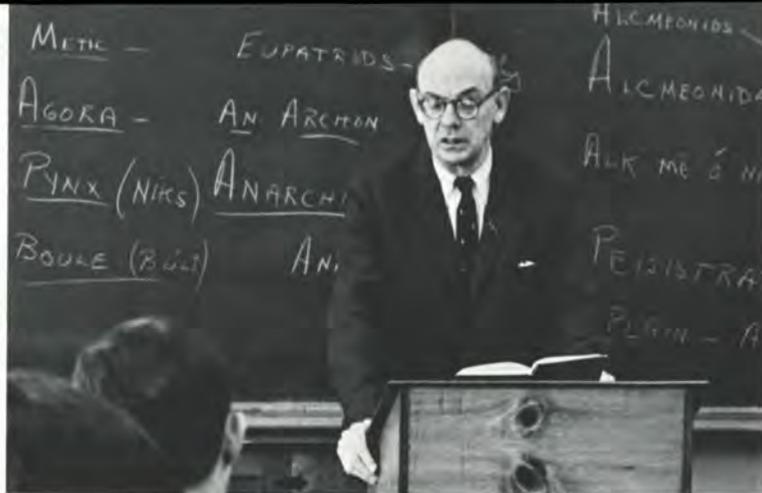
3. I think I can say flatly that Deerfield taught me to welcome *difficulty*, rather than avoiding any but easy or pleasant experiences, which had been my unconscious tendency, and still is if I don't watch myself. Also to respect achievement above everything. Most important for this were cross-country and *The Scroll*.

4. Intellectual awakening. This would probably have happened anyway, but I know it happened BIG at Deerfield. I can still remember Mr. Williams' Ancient History freshman year, which, while it didn't seem revolutionary at the time, opened up the whole world of history and classicism, which in turn led directly or indirectly to most of my present interests.

5. Of course I don't have to point out the less important but very pervasive influence of the school's environment ("atmosphere") both natural (excepting perhaps December-March) and historical (even, I think, to non-American Studies members). I don't think you can pin the influence down specifically, but it certainly makes things pleasanter, and contributed a great deal to my affection for the school.

6. Moving into a more general area, one of the things I thought was best about Deerfield was the personal touch on the part of the Head and everybody else—the feeling that what we did was not governed by rules, but by responsible judgments on each matter, and that if it was really important to what you were doing to break the ordinary routine, those in command were sympathetic enough to let you do it. This is of great value to students trying to do things on their own, and *most important of all*, produces the student feeling that the school is a co-operating whole and avoids the distinction or antagonism between students and "Administration" which is often reflected in other school papers.

7. To me, the biggest thing about Deerfield this year, other than what I think I personally got out of it (items 1-4) was the beginning of the fund campaign. I, for one, am tremendously hopeful about what it can do for the school: if carefully planned and vigorously carried out, I think it can revolutionize the school and really make us great. I'm thinking particularly about the Library and the new scholastic set-up and improvements, because I've always thought the emphasis at Deerfield could stand being a little





more scholastic. I also like the idea of the whole school working together toward this definite goal. Based on what I've seen as a student, however, I'd like to make a plea that the campaign not be allowed to interfere too much with the operation of the school as a school, first because I think that campaigning and public relations should never be treated as more than a means to an end, and second because I think that the most effective way to conduct public relations is to channel the school's energy not toward impressions or special effects, but into steady, dynamic improvements in everyday school goals and operation. Anyway, when I'm a crotchety old alumnus, that's the kind of thing that will impress me the most.

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This may be getting pretty boring to read, and I think I've said most of what I want to say. I've been trying to answer your question "what is the essence of Deerfield?" by giving a perspective on what I feel about the school after four years, which includes what I liked about it, what I think can be improved, and what I think its value was for me. This may not help much, but I hope it does some. If there's anything else I can do to help, please let me know.

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Dear Mr. Conklin:

I have been thinking about the aspects of Deerfield which meant the most to me, and there are several that I think I should mention. The most outstanding and memorable highlight of my life at Deerfield was the swimming season. Among the other memories of my life at Deerfield are the following outstanding occasions: graduation, Mr. McGlynn's English class, life at the river, *The Mikado*, Glee Club, Memorial Day ceremonies, Spring Day, cross-country season, Choate football games, the 1965 undefeated baseball team, and the many "bull sessions" with friends.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

These are the things, not necessarily events, which I shall remember foremost when I think of my two years at Deerfield:

When I think about my first fall term and adjusting myself to Deerfield life, it is the



weekly *Saturday night movie* which comes first to mind. It was heaven to sit in the M.B. and relax after a hard football practice. The traditional removal of jackets was also impressive.

The *Recessional*, when sung by the whole school at sings or church, never failed to shake me. It's really great as Mr. Suitor plays it.

Both *Mount Hermon* football games I saw rank as the most spirited football I have seen.

Sunrise at the ski jump speaks for itself.

Tennis at 6 a.m. on a spring morning.

Those illegal *bull sessions* at 2 a.m. when we solved all the world's problems and some concerning ourselves.

"*Waiting on*," as underlings of Mr. Sullivan dash up and down the aisles—and when some, like me, trip with full trays.

Up in the northeast corner of the M.S.B. in a dark-little-beam-laden-windowless-room was where our *combo* practiced. Though other school activities overshadowed this in the eyes of many people—well, anyway, that place means more to me than any school room I have ever been in or ever shall be in.

More than anything, though, Deerfield, to me, means people. The *faculty*, who were so eager to help any boy in any way they could, who gave the *feeds* which are ever remembered, who have given me the best education I can get anywhere and thanks to which I'll be attending college, are the greatest. The *students*, my friends especially of the senior class; we are all indelibly bound by the strong school spirit which is so characteristic of Deerfield.

The last *meeting* with the Boydens, on the eve of Commencement (after Graduation is what I'm trying to say) was the high point of my school life as a part of the class of '65. It was only then that the full import of the whole thing hit me. Lots of the guys I was with then I would never see again—they'd be heading for their respective homes all over the country and beyond, and we, who had shared so much for my two years, would never share as much again as we shared that night when Mr. and Mrs. Boyden bade us farewell, the most moving farewell I'm sure I shall ever be a party to. It was when Mrs. Boyden was giving her little speech that I sort of felt like I hated to be graduating and leaving her, her husband, my fellow graduates, the faculty, and the greatest educational institution anywhere.





Dear Mr. Conklin:

Some of my highlights:

1. Graduation.
2. Choate rally.
3. Senior picnic.
4. Spring Day
5. The Mikado.
6. The U.N. Delegation visit.
7. Undefeated 1965 baseball season.
8. Mrs. Boyden's chemistry classes.
9. The Fall Rally.
10. The Senior play.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

I'd like to make an observation before I cite any specific occurrences that I consider particularly significant. Of course the most important part of any school is its faculty and Deerfield is no exception. To become a master at Deerfield is really extremely difficult. Not only does he have to be able to teach, but he must also get along with the student on the corridor and playing field, and this is no easy task.

You asked me in your letter, "What things seem to be truly significant—what is the essence of Deerfield?" This is certainly not the easiest of assignments, but we'll see what we can do.

Much of Deerfield of course, is a carefully developed image. The Headmaster has been meticulous in maintaining this image, and it is the prime ingredient in his success. No matter how much we groaned about marching around the upper level, we all felt a great deal of pride marching to the football games and saying in effect, "This is Deerfield. Try as you will, you'll never beat it." And they knew it, too.

No matter how many problems we had within the school this year, that pride always showed when we faced the outside. In particular, I'll never forget this year's glee club concert in Hartford. When Deerfield came on, you could sense the difference. Every boy in that club was bursting with pride and putting out one hundred per cent. If there's anything I look forward to this year, it's to see the school march at a football game and to see the glee club sing at Bushnell. It'll give me a great deal of pleasure to say, "That's my school."

Of course, with my connection with the Rocketry and Astronomy Club, I'll certainly never forget our trip to Florida. I'll probably remember even longer, however, the circumstances under which it came about. Certainly no one could really give us any encouragement. Mr. Hindle, whom we approached first, thought it was a great idea, but it would probably never get through the headmaster. Mr. Hammond kind of thought we were crazy, but, re-examining the situation, assumed it was about par for me. Without your help, however, the project would have indeed been hopeless.

One afternoon meeting especially stands out in my mind. The headmaster had called in the whole group, but was late himself in arriving. While waiting, we were speculating what the purpose of the meeting was. Mr. Hammond was sure that it was all over. It was ridiculous to think that the school would pay for a week's vacation in Florida. Mr. Boyden then came in. "Well, boys, would you like to go to Florida, or is there some other place you'd rather see?" Mr. Hammond had already left on his trip. He had either gone through the floor or the ceiling, although to this day I'm not sure which. All in all, it was quite an experience, which I'll long remember.

I sincerely hope, though, that others will remember. We had a highly successful Spring Day exhibit and a fine year in general. Chris Monkhouse, after many months of work, got the support of the school and put forth one of the most unusual and highly successful exhibits that any group of this age has ever undertaken. Bruce Zuckerman and Tony Aeck, expending more time and effort than I think most people realize, put forth a long-play record. I just wish that the student body knew how much the school is willing to support projects such as





these. There's a great deal of talent in that student body of five hundred. Deerfield should instill a new motto in them. "There's no harm done in trying."

Deerfield life in general will long stand out in my mind. I believe that the most memorable events at Deerfield are the everyday things, for we have done them so many times that we could never forget them.

Well, this about sums up my comments. Although I can never tell what the next four years might bring, I right now look forward to coming back to Deerfield. There's an awful lot I'd like to do. Thanks.

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Dear Mr. Conklin:

You said that we should write as soon as possible so that the memories would be fresh in our minds. If I had done so I am sure that my remarks would have been of a nostalgic quality, and you probably received such letters from others.

The thing that is uppermost in my thoughts is Mrs. Boyden's speech at the last class meeting. She has wonderful ideals and lives a kind, generous life every day. I sincerely feel that she is one of the finest people that I will ever meet.

I recall also how whenever the headmaster was going to tell a story he would grasp his lapels closely around his neck. I believe that in a way that simple action typifies the relaxation that exists between him and Deerfield students. You might complete that picture in remembering how he walked about the school contemplating the ground in front of him, his head down, his hands in his pockets.

I recall also such moments as the lights dimming during the evening sing, Mr. Merriam followed by his children, and Mr. Sullivan saying grace.

Really you have asked a difficult question because I can recall so many incidents at Deerfield which subtly changed me. My first days as a sophomore, stranded without a friend, and then again the start of the junior year hoping that I would not have that lonely feeling again. I have mentioned small incidents which are hard to record. I am leading a totally new life. It's a worthwhile follow-up to my protected Deerfield days which, as secure as they may have been, taught me to accept what I would find later on.



Dear Mr. Conklin:

It is so difficult to communicate the uniqueness of "the Deerfield experience," which to me seems so intangible.

MEMORABLE HIGHLIGHTS: (No intended order)

1. The Glee Club concert at Hartford. I was glad that so large an audience could be impressed with Deerfield's thoroughness and poise.
2. Symposia: U.N. (particularly Jed Dietz's talk, Mr. Wintermanns') panel discussions during the Class of '40 reunion; the political meeting last year.
3. Notable visitors, valuable because they communicated at great length with the boys: Charles Percy, Donna de Varona, John McPhee.
4. I'll always be amazed to think of the accomplishments of several student groups active in our senior year; they testify to the school's diversification and soundness: American Studies Group, Rocketry and Astronomy Club, Collegium Musicum, the "Sounds of Deerfield."
5. *The Mikado* was magnificent in every respect, but was largely unheralded because of the concern on everyone's part with Commencement.
6. Seniors discovering that, after all, they really hated to leave: the last class meeting after the Academy Dinner where yearbooks were signed until the last possible moment; the Baccalaureate had a strangely sobering effect on everyone.
7. Many moments in all areas of athletics and the pride of the school in watching an outstanding performance: particularly the Cheshire football game, where, in spite of bitter and disappointing defeat, the students showed tremendous enthusiasm, unity of spirit, and support for the team; the feeling we had watching hockey down big Andover is indescribable.
8. One gets a greater appreciation for the Academy by displaying it to parents trying to select a school, girls at a "home" dance, or to incoming freshmen; their wonder at the beauty, expansiveness, and spotlessness of the campus is most memorable.
9. The closeness and dedication of the faculty members and their wives. Breakfast on a





- Sunday morning with a favorite teacher and his family.
10. The remoteness and character of the community itself.
 11. Journeys to the Rock or a spring afternoon down by the river.
 12. A feed in a corridor master's apartment, a post-lights bull session, a good color movie on the coldest Saturday night of the year after watching the hockey team win.
 13. Debating: the Senior Council debates.
 14. Walking to the store with a close friend, mostly for conversation and companionship.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

It is very hard to limit my memorable experiences while at Deerfield, but I have given it some thought, and this is what I have come up with:

1. Mrs. Boyden's talk to the Senior Class the last night.
2. Playing football under Mr. Smith for two years.
3. Beating Andover and Exeter two years in football.
4. Graduation and Baccalaureate.
5. Spring Day 1965.
6. The "Mikado."
7. First Glee Club concert—Hartford 1964.
8. First Meeting as a new boy—1963.
9. First hockey game I had ever seen—1964.
10. Beating Choate—1964 (football).
11. Making Varsity Lacrosse—1965.
12. Biggest *disappointment*: losing to Mt. Hermon—1964 (football).
13. First time I was called into Mr. Merriam's office for doing something wrong!
14. April 15th, 1965! !

I guess that is the sum total of my highlights while at Deerfield. Anytime that I can be of any help in the future, please be sure to write.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

Here are a few of the great, positive influences of Deerfield for me, for what they're worth. (These are not in order of importance.)

1. Obviously, Mr. Boyden.
2. Members of the faculty who particularly influenced me:—Mr. Sullivan, Mrs. Boyden,

Mr. McGlynn, Mr. Hindle, Mr. Merriam, Mr. Hirth, Mr. Crow, and Mr. Conklin.

3. Working on the yearbook. Obviously this was a unique experience, but the task of working with *and against* people is pretty universal.

4. Some of the discipline we all complained bitterly against—basketball games, study halls, etc. These were good for all of us, even if we did evade most of them!

5. Athletics. Even though I was a complete duffer, and hated them some of the time, they brought me some of my best experiences.

6. The problems of too much work, and the struggle to fit everything in.

7. The companionship of a few people like myself whom I could never have met except at a prep school like Deerfield.

These are all broad areas of school life, the most salient of Deerfield's. As for specific events (which I think is what you have in mind), the following stand out:

1. Fall sports rallies—indicative of our tremendous school spirit.

2. The two symposiums we have had.

3. The Collegium Musicum concert and the American Studies group exhibit—indicative of what students *can* accomplish, more or less on their own.

4. The River, Senior Slump, and Spring Term, and skipping out of study halls to lie in the sun! These are memories which are small in themselves, but all together make up a picture of Deerfield.

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Dear Mr. Conklin:

My two years at Deerfield were certainly very rewarding. Since the atmosphere of Deerfield is intensely personal, the student may easily establish a close and meaningful rapport with his teachers and fellow students. Therefore, Deerfield's education is not only one of books, but also one of people.

Probably the best way to answer your request would be in terms of how Deerfield has been different from the other schools I have attended or might have attended. What has made my short stay at Deerfield the unique experience that it was?

First of all, (1) the 7:10 meetings and (2) the Sunday Evening Sings provided a release from the rigors of studying, while also establish-





ing a chance for the entire student body to participate together.

As stated above, (3) the close student-teacher relationship, which ultimately prevented regular classes from becoming too pedantic, was surpassed only by (4) the close student-student relationship. Indispensable to this latter affiliation were (5) athletics and (6) meals in the dining hall, both of which gave the student a chance to see his classmates in a new and more intimate light—ultimately to discover another's capabilities and ideas and, therefore, realize his own.

Forever prominent in the student's mind are (7) Spring Day, when the campus is invaded by scrutinizing, but proud parents, and (8) the three-week vacations. Interspersed between nine weeks of stringent academics, these so-called periods of rest provide the student with sufficient time to begin or diligently continue a creative project of his own liking.

As an admirer of aestheticism, I can truthfully say that Deerfield became a second home because of (9) the beauty of its campus; some of the more salient features being the Rock, the river, and historic Main Street. Musically speaking, however, my only salvation at Deerfield was (10) the concerts. I doubt that I will have larger or more responsive audiences in the near future.

In most public high schools, one seldom finds with any consistency (11) the calibre of teacher or student found at Deerfield. For the most part, the members of Deerfield's faculty were helpful, knowledgeable, and sincere, while the students seemed to be industrious, intelligent, and respectable.

Paradoxically, two of my most vivid memories are (12) the tea on the very first afternoon of school two years ago, at which I received an introductory talk on prep school life from Mr. John Boyden, and (13) graduation, which I thought was an especially moving and lovely ceremony.

Notwithstanding the generalities which I have so far presented, I would like to mention (14) the American Studies Group project and (15) endowment and fund-raising plan. One gave me faith in Deerfield's system, the other in the school's future. Also extremely exciting and unique were (16) the two symposiums, (17) such speakers as Charles Percy,

and Norman Thomas, and (18) the concert given by the Harvard-Radcliffe Symphony Orchestra.

Finally, this list would not be complete without the addition of (19) Mr. Boyden. Just being able to study under him is a privilege; but to actually "study" him is an education in itself.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

You have asked a next-to-impossible question. I just don't know what the essence of Deerfield is; that is a question which has puzzled educators all over this country. How can a school with such an obvious shortage of Ph.D.s consistently produce such fine scholars? How can a school which seems to be run by no rules be run so efficiently? The list of questions continues along that line. Mr. John Boyden once told me that what he thought separated Deerfield from the other independent schools was heart—that is as close as I can come to answering your query as to what is the essence of Deerfield.

But, you have given me an escape by asking to point out twelve to twenty events which seemed significant to me. I am sure I have made omissions I will regret as soon as the envelope is sealed.

1. Foremost in my mind will be the United Nations Symposium. That should stand in any pictorial account of the school as exemplary of the breadth in a Deerfield education.
2. The agony and the ecstasy of the first day in September—so much new, so much to be known.
3. Classes.
4. Athletics—last year's Cheshire and Worcester football games; the Cushing basketball game when the team came from behind; and the undefeated baseball team.
5. The Sunday night Sings.
6. Working in the kitchen with the men who never failed to feed us well.
7. Waiting on the outside banquets.
8. Preparing for Spring Day—sophomore and junior year—that entailed practicing singing, but that was no less significant than the bigger part of rehearsing for *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.





9. Being able to call myself a part of *The Mikado*.
10. McGlynn's inimitable English class—never have I felt so insignificant as when I left that class.
11. Graduation.
12. The next day when we all left.
13. The profound privilege of being able to work with the Headmaster on the Choate and Mount Hermon rallies, and the thrill of participating in the rallies themselves.
14. The always present friendliness of the men and women who did the work we usually took for granted.

All of these things, were very significant to me; there are too many more to even begin to put down.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

Just this morning I was listening to "The Sounds of Deerfield," thrilled with many familiar sounds and voices of my last two years. The sounds of the Glee Club and Mr. Boyden's voice brought back many memorable thoughts.

Entering as a new-boy junior, I was amazed at the size of Deerfield, but at the same time I felt a closeness with the student body. Deerfield has no little groups of people, everyone can fit into the team there. This was my first impression. My life certainly changed when I really started to get down to work at Deerfield. The realization that I had to study four or five hours a day to do well was shocking at first. Deerfield provided the environment in which I could accomplish my work.

The spirit and vigor of the student body at the Choate and Hermon rallies will not be forgotten soon. Seeing Mr. Boyden at every football, basketball, and baseball game throughout the year was an inspiration to all of us, I think. All of those picnics on the lower level will never be forgotten. 500 boys being fed chicken, steak, or hamburgers in an hour. That meant a lot on spring nights when we needed a little change.

I'll always remember two years of work and enjoyment in the Glee Club and band. Perhaps my own selfish highlight was being allowed to play in the "Mikado." That meant much to me, for I believe I worked hard, gained confidence, and was able to give something back to Deer-



field that I could call my best.

Fellowship and class unity especially near, and at, graduation were very much present. I'll never forget Mr. Boyden's "Unto whom much is given is much expected." Deerfield has given me much and I hope I can be worthy of it.

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Dear Mr. Conklin:

Some of my suggestions on the essence of Deerfield:

1. Deerfield is *People* (faculty + students = friends).
2. The *class* day.
3. Evening study halls (time when boy is alone).
4. Sunday Sings and Thursday morning prayer service.
5. 7:10 pm student body meetings.
6. 3 meals per day in the dining hall.
7. Dormitory meetings and feeds (frequent bull sessions).
8. Mrs. Boyden's senior dinners in the winter term.
9. Mr. Boyden's tour of each dorm during the year.
10. Athletics—home games and trips (100% participation and supporting school spirit).
11. Spontaneous fall rallies.
12. Deerfield is a singing school—weekly student body singing (Glee Club rehearsals and concerts—"Mikado").
13. Debates.
14. Activities centered around the school store—period of relaxation.
15. Class meetings.
16. Spring Day ceremonies.
17. Graduation ceremonies.
18. Deerfield's historical location.
19. Pride in being a "Son of Deerfield" for the remainder of my life.

These are but a few of the things which contribute to the essence of Deerfield.

* * *

Dear Mr. Conklin:

It would be best to start from the beginning of my Deerfield experience, which takes me back to the first time I visited Deerfield. As I roamed the Deerfield campus I ran into a man who had been a counselor at the camp I had



been to, two years before. I didn't remember his name, and he did not remember mine, but he immediately introduced himself and answered all my questions. There was no need to look further at schools, for I had a warm welcome.

My freshman year was new and strange to me. Everything was memorable, but I will have to limit myself. Not everything was heavenly at Deerfield, and there was a great deal that I had to learn; some of it the hard way. I'll never forget the beating I took from Mr. Sullivan when I let my emotions and my language get the better of me. My language may not have improved, but I am very cautious where and when I use it. As for Mr. Sullivan, I don't think I'll ever know a more honest, jovial, and fine friend. Aside from those two personal experiences, the conduct of the whole school, especially at football games, was the most amazing feature of the school. No matter what the outcome, there was never the least sign of bad sportsmanship.

Sophomore year is supposed to be a long and tiring one, and to be honest mine was no exception. As long and tiring as it might have been there were definitely rewarding moments. The one that stands out in my mind was Mr. Merriam's class. There were bad marks for me; many of them, as a matter of fact, but there was never a dull moment. He kidded us; he criticized us; he gave us confidence; but above all else he treated us as equals in our knowledge of English. The only other experience that stands out during my sophomore year was a terribly personal one which happened one Sunday morning in late fall. I had just learned that a very dear friend of mine and of my family had died. I had walked out into the field to be alone; to cry perhaps, but I hadn't yet. I had not gone far when Mr. and Mrs. Boyden drove up alongside of me, in their golf cart. Their infallible intuition told them something was wrong, and when I told them they understood. I cried then, not because my friend had died, but because the Boydens had come and comforted me.

Junior year was filled with college excitement, the one thing that no high school student enjoys, but in the midst of all this excitement there were times of peaceful joy. One such time was fifth period English class with Mr. Lambert. We were not equals as in Mr.

Merriam's class, but we were encouraged to argue, which we did, and we were encouraged to listen, which we couldn't help doing. Another enjoyable experience was the endlessly long, but most enjoyable feeds given by Mr. and Mrs. Merriam. We enjoyed good food, but much more important good conversation, many laughs, and good friendship. It was this year that my household first enjoyed the company of Deerfield boys for any length of time, and after we had returned my parents wrote that they never enjoyed so much having boys that age around. The reasons were simple: they were polite, interesting, and compatible.

Finally came my senior year, which was, next to freshman year, my most exciting. I was a proctor, which was most exciting in itself. There were five of us. We were governed by no rules, except the occasional reprimands of the housemaster. My fondest memories are of the conversations we held between 10:15 and 11:00 practically every evening. Then, occasionally we would have the pleasure of an illicit interloper from another dormitory, or perhaps a returning alumnus, or just a parent of one of the freshmen. As a proctor, I also had the opportunity to watch twenty young boys overcome their initial hardships and start maturing slowly as fine gentlemen. In my senior year I took on the job of a varsity manager. I have never had such a wonderful experience. It was wonderful to watch the coach accept what he had in the way of a team, and make out of them, but through their own desire, a team that would do any organization credit. What I enjoyed most, though, was sharing with them the joy of victory and the disappointment of defeat. One other instance which gave me pleasure was my acceptance to college. I do not mean the personal joy of "having made it," but the very sincere congratulations from both those who had and had not "made it." It was truly a heart-warming experience.

My final memorable instance deserves a paragraph of its own, only because it is so far removed from anything I have ever experienced. That instance was the Seniors' final night with the Boydens. It was not merely what the Boydens said, or what we said to each other, or even the voices cracked with sentiment, but all these things taken together captured in an hour and one-half what Deerfield meant to me.

Over half of the senior class members mentioned the rehearsals and performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* as one of the highlights of their days at Deerfield. Scenes from the unexpectedly moving and "professional" presentation—backstage and during the production—are presented here.





As one senior commented: “*The Mikado* was magnificent in every respect, but was largely unheralded because of the concern on everyone’s part with Commencement.” The senior class and the Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill School for Girls gave two performances under the musical direction of Dr. J. Clement Schuler and the stage direction of Mr. Thomas Herlihy, with stunning sets designed and painted by Mr. Stephen G. Maniatty.

Chairman of the Board of Trustees Henry N. Flynt and Mrs. Flynt were escorted to the first performance by Mr. Russ A. Miller, Director of Studies.







Thus ended the senior year for 175 young men graduating from their Deerfield experience, their minds and hearts filled with important memories.

