

Moving Day

Mr. Baron's honors journalism class

March 3, 2003

What This Is

One of the small pleasures of my week is picking up the latest New Yorker and turning to the "Talk of the Town" section – the series of eclectic, short sketches that begin the magazine. Some are funny, some thought-provoking, some not terribly memorable; taken together, though, they paint a portrait of what everyday life is like in a given moment. As we got ready for the first big uproot of this building project, it occurred to me that this moment was in danger of getting lost – that people years in the future would be able to see the results of the construction, but any sense of what life was like for the people who lived with it would have been lost. In response, I sent my honors journalism class out on the last block of the day before vacation to record what was going on. Each student was to come back with a short, specific anecdote that they picked up around the building that day. You hold the results of that endeavor in your hands. The pieces are quite different from each other in tone and structure (I've also included a couple that were written after the fact from students who were absent). Taken as a whole I hope they give some small sense of what that day was like for Newton South High School. Enjoy.

— Brian Baron

Finishing Touches

By Jonah Leshin

French teacher Ina Rubin leads me to her new room, saying that she has moved everything she was required to. Once inside the room, she asks me my opinion of it, and small talk about the new wing ensues. Rubin, wearing a cream colored sweater, blue jeans, and brown shoes with a thin coating of dust on the bottom that the glistening sun illuminates through the massive windows, stands in the center of the room. She contemplatively tours the nearly empty room with her eyes as she tells me about the enormity of all the things she either threw away or gave to her students.

In the midst of our conversation, a student unknown to Rubin comes jogging into her classroom to deliver a recycling bin. After giving the student flack about coming in uninvited, the self-proclaimed compulsive teacher storms into the room next door to report the crime to the student's teacher.

"Mrs. Munson, we have a break in," Rubin jocularly says to the Spanish teacher, who is fruitlessly trying to get her DVD player to work.

Munson mumbles something along the lines of "uh-huh, ok," clearly not amused.

"Press the circle,"

says Rubin, having picked up on the fact that Munson's focus is elsewhere. "The large disc in the middle, press it."

"I did, but..." says Munson as her voice trails off, still perplexed by the machine.

After a few more unsuccessful suggestions, Rubin walks back through the doorway adjoining the two rooms. I follow her as she begins to measure distances between furniture and walls, in search of the perfect spot for the movers to install her bookcase.

"The bookcase has to go between two outlets, and yes I do have to say it out loud," says Rubin. "Or else my tiny little brain won't remember it."

Content with her work, Rubin leaves the room, claiming she needs to label some furniture in her old room.

We pass by Munson's room. "It's almost vacation, stop working," Rubin rhetorically says to Munson, who is still sedulously working on the DVD player.

"Oh my god," Rubin says, frenetically searching for something. "Never mind, my keys were right in my hand."

It is definitely time for a vacation.

Goldrick- the Venture into New Territory

By Dana Rosenberg

Three juniors, a redheaded male in a puffy black coat, a small Asian girl in a comfortable pair of navy sweats, and a long-haired blonde sat at the entrance to the new wing. Within three seconds of sitting on the large, new, and unpolished L-shaped bench, Goodwin housemaster Gina Healy caught the culprits and asked that they move to their designated commons rooms.

"We are allowed to sit here aren't we? I mean, why else would there be a bench here?" said the blonde at the corner of the bench.

"No, you are not allowed to sit there. The placement of that bench was an

architectural flaw. So please return to the commons rooms," Healy said.

The students had no choice but to leave and reluctantly sit in the commons rooms on the above floor. As they arrived they saw another group of three juniors sitting comfortably in the cushioned seats, enjoying their first free block in the new wing. As the redhead pulled a coke out of his bag and opened the cap, a teacher asked him to leave with his drink and head towards the cafeteria.

"What kind of a commons room is this if we can't even eat here, drink here or even talk in loud voices? We

might as well not have commons rooms and just all go back to the cafeteria," said the angered boy at the far left chair.

"Totally. I mean the only reason they built these commons rooms is so we could be closer to teachers and they can supervise us and make sure we don't do anything bad and stuff. It's crazy," said the blonde sitting beside the window.

"Hey, did you guys see some of the new cafeteria?" said the redhead

"Nah, let's go. I'd rather be there right now than here." The blonde headed out of the commons rooms and the other five followed.

New Room, Same Sound

By Adi Nochur

Monday, Feb. 24, was a big day of change for Newton South, as the long-awaited move to the new Goldrick building finally took place after being delayed for months. Veteran teachers became rookies on the job, seniors became freshmen again, and feelings of confusion and excitement prevailed as faculty and students alike navigated the unfamiliar hallways of the brand new space. It was like the first day of school all over again.

For music department head Gordon Duckel, however, Feb. 24 was just another day on the job. When school let out for winter break Feb. 14, Duckel had

already been stationed in Goldrick House for two weeks. "I like it a lot here – the light, the openness of the place," he said.

On the 14th, before the move had really seized South's collective consciousness, Duckel's classroom already looked like it had been inhabited for quite some time: the central cluster of computers, cables, keyboards, and other equipment reminded me of the old electronic music classroom. However, the counters, sinks, and scores of wall cabinets spread about the room were clear signs that Duckel is not quite at home yet – he is currently stationed in a science classroom.

By next year, South's current cafeteria will have been converted into a brand new arts wing, where Duckel's electronic music classes will have a permanent home. As a result, Duckel's move to Goldrick is only temporary. "That's why I'm not unpacking everything," he said.

I had noticed Duckel frequenting his old classroom on several occasions even after it had been cleared out. Curious, I asked him about this. "I have no internet or phone access [in the new wing]," he responded. "Hopefully, I'll have it by March.

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Spinning Ahead

By Greg Contente

“This year we’ve been moved from room 7109 to 5107 to 9102 back to 5107 to 9101 and now to 1206,” explained Corinne Milley, an English teacher, as she prepared herself for what she hoped to be her final room change of the year. The Friday before vacation, Milley’s role as a homeroom teacher was to collect the locks from the now-desolate lockers, although a few were still filled.

Goodwin housemaster Gina Healy had given Milley a master list with the combinations to all of the locks, but two lockers, unused by her students, were reassigned to other students who needed

lockers. These two remained full, and Milley opened them to check if they contained discardable objects.

“I can do a cartwheel,” Milley said.

She was instructed to remove all valuables and place them into a box in Goodwin house office.

“It would be unethical to keep the stuff inside,” said Milley while opening a locker. She found “photo negatives and mysterious pills...hmmm...” Her attention quickly shifted. A student scribbled “’04 RULES!!!” on the wall right in front of her. The housemaster had directed Milley not to allow this, and Milley asked the boy to stop writing. Without turning his head, the student said, “Wait one sec,” and he finished tagging another slogan.

At this sign of powerlessness, Milley threw her arms in the air and sighed. “I can do a cartwheel.”

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It’s a pain in the butt – I can’t conduct online classes, and I’m all over the place. You can’t move this much people and equipment without something happening.”

Ironically, Duckel relocated to Goldrick earlier than the rest of the school did because of the great deal of equipment he had to move for his electronic music classes. Having barely settled down in the new building, he will have to pack up and move again in the near future. “I don’t know what the new space will be like,” he said. “But for now, I like this one.”

F-Block Frenzy

By Adam Katz

“Does anyone know where One-to-One is?” senior Lior Brinn asked to no one in particular. He put his hand on his hip from apparent fatigue and peered down the hall, looking for the mysterious room.

“Sorry, I’m looking for my own class, and I have no clue where it is, either,” fellow senior Andrew Pava responded, assuming Brinn’s question had been directed at him.

Brinn and Pava had just left their second-floor Goldrick House honors journalism class

and had proceeded all of seven and a half (eight for Pava) steps down the hall. They were now completely lost. They were like two young wild dogs that were also completely lost.

The two started to move their feet in one direction, towards the science wing, but then immediately pulled a 180, clueless as to where their new places of learning actually were.

Around them other

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New Building

Goldrick Brings Contrast

By Luke Beardslee

Standing in the corridor which connects the old building with the new wing, I am reminded of a crowded street in the Back Bay, near the Boston Common, where the old brick and brownstone structures of years past stand in contrast to the newer steel buildings with bright lights and huge parking garages. As I peer down the hall I can see the sparkling floor tiles in the new building set against the old and cracking tiles of the old.

From the entrance to the new building, kids are

constantly walking past carrying boxes and chairs. Everyone who walks by looks happy and excited. As math teacher David Deutsch says; “A new beginning is very very exciting.”

People are holding heavy-looking brown cardboard boxes; earlier in the day one kid came careening down the hall on a swivel chair. “Boys will be boys,” one of the girls in his class commented.

The new building is pristine, untouched by anyone. The classrooms have tile floors

and ceiling mounted projectors, every wall has a clock and a phone console, which has three big buttons in a row on the lower right hand side.

The bathrooms don’t have chipping paint or writing on the wall; instead of being faded, the tiles shine with a glistening white texture. “Let’s sum it up: in the old building the bathrooms sucked. It was cold in the winter and hot in the summer; over here there’s A/C and heating and the bathrooms are like a hotel or a cruise ship,” senior Dan Attia says.

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students found themselves in total disarray. The time was 1:45 on Monday afternoon, and although five periods had already taken place in the new building, Southies were still struggling through the halls of Goldrick en route to their F block classes.

“Look at the lounge. It’s supposed to be for kids to hang out, but it only has a few couches,” Pava said. The dynamic duo had now meandered about eight feet down the hall, with just as much confusion as to where they needed to go.

Brinn nodded his head in agreement, and again pondered aloud where his One-to-One classroom was. All of a sudden, his eyes lit up. Brinn had spotted a classmate of his, and now he was saved from the stress and torment that accompanies a lost student. “Such, man, you know where One-to-One meets? It starts in like, well, three minutes ago.”

“Wait, you don’t know where it is either? Um, that’s not good,” senior Andrew “Such” Sucher-Jacobson responded. He was simply another amongst the masses of students lost in this

never-ending maze. “It’s gotta be here somewhere; we should check down the hall,” Such said.

Such’s plan was simple, like my cousin-in-law Paul. But unlike Paul, this plan just might work.

“Ok, later Pava,” Brinn said, as he and Such searched down the hallway for their class.

“This new building is quite tricky, and it’s far from the rest of the school,” Such said.

“Yeah. I just don’t go to class in Cutler anymore,” Brinn said, and with that he disappeared into yet another barely tracked hallway.

Moving Out

By Jeff Wehrwein

"Wow, it really is a modern building!" exclaims French teacher Ina Rubin as she stands in the middle of her new room, still mostly empty and awaiting furniture. She is just one of many teachers who have spent most of the week preparing to move from Goodwin and Wheeler houses to the brand new wing.

"Let's see... desk here, desk there... bookcase here, file cabinets here," she says to herself, imagining her furniture in the new room. "I have to leave directions for the movers for the furniture, where to put those big hulks of desks," she explains as she measures a wall to see if her file cabinets will fit.

She has already brought many of her belongings, such as her recycling bin, supplies, and other teaching materials to the room, assisted by her G-block class. She spent much of the week cleaning out her room, compacting everything into bundles to be moved and throwing a lot out.

"I threw out more stuff, and I gave away lots of

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Feeling At Home

By Josh Hirshfeld

The halls are crowded and I am wedged alongside Theodore Dalicandro and Barbara. Harkins, both special education teachers. Dalicandro is wheeling an orange office chair stacked with textbooks, bookends, and a game of Scrabble to the new special ed. classroom in the new wing. The chair rattles annoyingly.

"I'm not sure if I'm making enough noise," Dalicandro says to Harkins, who is carrying a slatted, wooden, green object.

The three of us push through the double doors into the new wing, leaving the clamor of the hallway behind. Light pours in through giant windows flanking the entrance. We squeeze into the elevator. I ask Harkins what she's holding. She says that it's a bookcase. "That's what that is?" asks Dalicandro. Leaving the elevator, we round a corner and find ourselves in the new classroom. Two walls are covered in large windows. "Our old room wasn't as bright," says Harkins, nodding towards the two walls of windows. Pacing around the spacious room, she adds, "Oh, it's so nice." Dalicandro puts aside his chair and Harkins her bookcase.

Dalicandro gathers together a group of wheeled

tables and tries to push them together. "Stay together pals. Work with me," he says. Then looking up, he adds, "This is poetry in motion." Later, he confides, "This will be called Area 51."

He and Harkins carry their standard-issue teacher carousels - compact desk modules — over to the wall by the electrical outlets. "I like it," says Dalicandro, a hint of excitement in his voice. "We're starting to shape it up, Barbara."

Suddenly, Gene Swerling, the driver's education instructor, sweeps into the room.

"I'm right next to you," he announces, heading for the side entrance to the adjacent room.

But then he realizes it is not his room and he leaves. A minute later, Swerling returns and informs us that his real room is locked. He leaves again, only to come back with an armful of supplies. "I'll come in Monday to get it," he says, placing his things in the room next door. Then, he leaves for good.

Dalicandro looks around the room, which has begun to resemble a real classroom, and says, "We're starting to make it feel like home. I'm starting to cozy up to this place."

Stuck In Time

By Alexander S. Yellen

The water fountains work, the lockers are large, and most impressively, the bathrooms are clean. So far, Goldrick House is everything Newton officials could have hoped for – assuming you brought your watch with you.

Walking from room to room, figuring out the time is impossible. Unlike the old buildings where every room had a different time, the new building's clocks only display two times – all the time – 7:17 and 8:16, depending on the location in the building.

According to Principal

Michael Welch, a piece is missing from the technology hub, rendering the clocks useless.

“‘I’m convinced this school was designed to fight obesity,’ said junior Shawna George.

To some, this is just an annoyance and an expected

glitch associated with construction. To others, it is a reminder that even in a new building, it's still Newton South.

Although nobody knows what time it is, classes are still going on without a hitch. Students seem to have figured out how to navigate the new wing, and despite the long walks to get from lunch or gym to, well, anywhere, students are still enjoying the clean-feel the new wing has...for the most

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stuff like newspapers and comic books. I threw out two blue barrels full of recycling,” she says. She then fit all her books, remaining travel, tourist, and comic books, into five boxes. Her G-block class then helped her move her much-reduced belongings to the new room. “Every kid grabbed something and I carried the keys,” she says.

“The lights are great! You can’t even tell they’re off,” she marvels at the bright new room. There are sprinklers and fire alarms in every room, as

well as built-in cabinets for teachers’ belongings.

“The rooms are different than the old ones – they’re more wide and square,” Rubin says. “The color scheme is a little weird – I don’t like yellow, but I like the green.” She says she is especially excited about all the whiteboard space in the new rooms, and the new metal bookcases that are due to arrive over vacation.

In the next room over, Spanish teacher Jennifer Munson has brought her class to her new room. The projector in her room starts playing something, and Rubin goes to the door between the two

rooms. Munson is trying to figure out how the projector, which hangs from the ceiling and projects onto the wall, works. Rubin tries to be helpful, to no avail, as the projector continues to play the same thing over and over again.

“Don’t play with the projector unless you know how to work it,” she offers. Munson continues to press buttons, and Rubin goes back into her own room. She shouts back to Munson, “It’s almost vacation! Stop working!”

She sits down in her new swivel chair, and spins around. “Oh, this is excellent. Wee, this is fun!”

Cleaning Out Memories

By David DeVaughn

It is the last block of the last day before February vacation and the procrastinators with Goodwin lockers are just arriving to clean out their belongings before their house is turned into rubble.

Ervina Topalli and friend Nadia Fermin, two seniors, appear down the hall, moving quickly towards Topalli's locker. They stop to talk to English teacher Corinne Milley, who has been walking up and down a stretch of lockers since the start of the block.

"I know which students haven't cleaned out their lockers, but should I wait or go through and throw everything out," said Milley.

Milley seemed to want to take on her role of power and throw out others belongings with an uncaring efficiency, but instead did not and waited for last minute students.

"Ervina! I've been

wondering where who've been. Now I don't have to take that nice Walkman," said Milley. "Mrs. Milley! You went into my locker," said Topalli, half serious.

Topalli began her task by opening her locker and exposing piles of possessions and books to sort through. She and Nadia spread everything out on the floor and made reminiscent comments to each item recognized.

"Ohhh, my mom gave me this bag from Albania when I was like two years old, I've been looking for this forever," said Topalli.

Nadia finds a Channel makeup compact and hands it to Ervina but she pushes it back to Nadia. "I only use it when I need to and I never need to. You can have it," said Topalli.

A girl walks down the hall and observes Fermin helping Topalli cleanout her locker, stops for a second and

screams, "Sh!t, I need to cleanout my locker!"

Topalli and Fermin continue to sort by throwing things in a garbage barrel and things they want to keep in a clear trash bag. Topalli picks up a camera, a battery and decides to take a picture of herself Fermin and another friend in front of Topalli's locker.

They go back to sorting and Topalli seems to be slowing down, "I'm tired," she says.

Topalli finds a bunch of student newspapers in the bottom of her locker and tries to coax Fermin to take one. "Take this newspaper, it's our last newspaper," said Topalli. "We're not graduating," said Fermin.

As her last act in Goodwin, Topalli and friends write "Erica! Biata! Varvara! Mila! Hi Ervina." To warnings about writing on the wall, "What are they gonna do? Throw me out?" said Topalli.

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part.

"I'm convinced this school was designed to fight obesity," said junior Shawna George after she walked into her third-floor French class partially out of breath. "The café is so far away; it takes 10

minutes to get there. We have five minutes to eat, and then it takes 10 minutes to get back."

It's a small price to pay for having water fountains that has water that actually tastes like water, though.

"I wouldn't go that far," said junior Sam Kaitz. "It's

cold and there's water pressure, but I'm not sure it tastes like water. It doesn't taste like rust, though." Kaitz follows up his comment with a brief chuckle.

It will take some getting used to, but being stuck at 7:17 – or 8:16 – is a sacrifice that cleanliness and technology might just compensate for.

Saying Goodbye to an Old Friend

By Josh Lerner

He poked his head out of the classroom to look around. The words of his teacher sounded behind him, but he was oblivious to her. He wore a greensweatshirt and blue jeans. His shirt was the first to exit the room. It flopped off his torso and into the hallway; his shoes followed and then finally the rest of his body. Another student was quick to follow him outside. The second student was overcome with glee.

"Hey, wouldn't it be cool if we wrote our names on the door?" said the second student to his compadre.

"Yeah, let's do it," replied the first. The two were clogging the doorway and preventing the rest of the students from exiting the room, but it did not concern them. They were focused, determined and anxious to say an appropriate goodbye to an old friend.

The first student threw his backpack down from his shoulder and reached in to find a large green marker. The color

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Last Day, First Day

By Dan Beardslee

The new building is teeming with teachers and students. "Where are we heading?" Chris Russell asks English teacher Robert Jampol. "Just right here, to the Wheeler House office." Jampol points to a nondescript room in the long, first floor hallway of the new wing. "Just drop the boxes here and we'll head up to our room from here." The class does as they are told, and then makes their way up the hanging staircase to another floor.

Soon, another class pads along the hall, rolling chairs and carrying big, heavy dictionaries. "Ugh, where is this one going? Is this our classroom here? Oh it is, YES!" exclaims Donna DeVaughn. She stops in front of another room, this one dark and void still of any chairs for students. But, the new wing, with clean cabinet tops and whiteboards, seems organized enough and the class piles into the room, eagerly looking at the shiny floors and technology hanging from the ceiling.

More students mill about as they have their last block free. Lara Sinicropi-Yao moves around the foyer of the new building. "What's that guy doing in the commons room? He's just sitting there. Oh well, I guess that's what it's for. Oh, come look at this." She runs over to the benches right below the hanging

staircase. "This is going to be the freshmen shaft. I can just imagine all of them here right now." Sinicropi-Yao then continues on, pressing elevator buttons and testing out the new water fountains.

The final long, snaking line of the day weaves its way through the corridors. David Deutsch's A/B calculus class is bringing their stuff in, some students carrying numerous boxes down the halls, some carrying nothing at all.

Deutsch seems eager to rejoin the math department, as he has been relegated to an isolated classroom for much of the year. David Crowe, one of Deutsch's students, said that the new building was "big enough to hold even Lior Brinn's magnitude."

Finally entering is Gene Swerling, the driver's education teacher, who looks a little out of his normal ordered world. Climbing the stairs, he stares out at the blazing sun streaming in through the wide-open windows. Swerling peeks his head into Deutsch's room. "I'm right next door," he says. A few minutes later he pokes his head in again. "Actually, I'm not right next door, I'm a little ways down." He comes back for a third time. His room has apparently been locked for the week and he's going to leave his stuff in Deutsch's room until he can get into his.

First Impressions

By Lindsey Wiesel

The light pours through the three-story-high window, casting a warming shadow on my left cheek. I turn my attention from the person talking next to me, who keeps his stare straight ahead as he rambles on about the teacher in his last class, and face the mass of confused children who aimlessly walk down the hall.

"Somebody is going to get thrown down these stairs," one boy says to his friend walking next to him as he holds onto the railing, as if he is going to be the first one to go.

"Tell me about it," the clenching boy says. "They were not very smart. They should know what kids do."

I turn my attention back to my friend, who had continued his monologue through my period of distraction, finally finishing and turning to me.

"Don't you agree?" he says. I nod my head, obviously not knowing what I am agreeing to.

Catching us off guard, a classmate seems to be pushed into the hallway, turning one way, then thinking for a second

before turning back the other way, hair tousled and books slipping from under her big coat.

"A little confused there," I say as she walks beside us.

"This is ridiculous; I am a senior and I do not know where I am going, but what are you going to do? Everything new takes getting used to." She gives a quick smile and hurries down the hallway, joining the slow-moving pack of discombobulation.

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showed a remarkable resemblance to his sweatshirt. He uncapped his utensil and began to scribble some markings onto the door he had just passed by. When he was done, a series of symbols was left on the door. They were completely incomprehensible.

By this time an overwhelming crowd had assembled behind the two. The crowd pushed its way through and forced the two students the rest of the way into the hallway. They still seemed not to notice the other students. Even as their bodies were bumped, they remained on task. The first student tossed the marker over to the second. He fumbled with it briefly before letting it drop

to the floor.

"You could have just handed it to me," he remarked angrily.

"Dude...whatever." He remained relatively unfazed and went about picking up the marker. It was sandwiched between multiple pairs of legs, so he was forced to weave through the long pole-like objects. Unfortunately, it ran into three pairs of sneakers before he could finally recover it.

With a now-shaky hand he smacked the marker into the wall, engraving some letters into its wooden core. The green markings now took up a large percentage of the door's front. The door, however, kept going about its business: opening and closing.

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list of callers, deliveries, who came in to work each day, and any comments. He turns these reports in daily via e-mail, and also has a weekly meeting. He writes these reports in his office, which consists of posters, hard hats, many folders, a computer, and a fax machine. After, this he makes one of his handful of daily walks through the halls. Callahan's job ends this May, and overall says he has enjoyed his position and describes the construction of the new wing as very successful. "I think this is a darn nice building. It's one of the best projects I've worked on. I've heard no one complain... It's state of the art."

The Death of Two Houses

By Dan Schlaff

In the final period of the day, one class of sophomores took it upon themselves to make their Goodwin classroom feel a little more homey, if only for a brief period. Fueled by freshly delivered pizza, and with the permission of their teacher, Christopher Jackson (to whom they lovingly referred as “J-Dawg”), the students set about tattooing their classroom in magic marker messages of marvelous mirth.

The students’ messages ranged from humorous to nostalgic to downright frightening. Some students chose to display the Spanish-language skills they had picked up from Jackson, scrawling

messages such as “Encanto las clase de J-Dawg.” Others chose to show their South spirit, with writings such as “Go Lions!” and “South Rules!” Other bizarre phrases and cryptic messages could be seen on the walls, such as “Schlaff Nuggets!” and “Sucher 420.” Neither the students nor Jackson could explain how these came to be written on the walls.

Perhaps the best things on the walls were the helpful instructions that students left for the construction workers who will eventually renovate the old structure. Aware how confusing many of the room’s features could be, students left

a number of words and messages to help explain the purpose of the room’s many elements. Among others, “White phone” and an arrow were written next to the ivory telephone mounted by the door, and “Air Blowy Thing” was scrawled next to the thermostat.

When all had been said and done, and the students had departed for the final time, Jackson gathered up his personal belongings and headed for the door. Turning to gaze over his room one final time, the former Dickens scholar turned off the lights and shut the door. “It is a far, far better room that I go to, than I have ever taught in,” he said.

State of the Art

By David Urman

Ted Callahan sits in a future computer room in the near-complete Goldrick wing, checking the day’s schedule and looking at the punchlists. Outside of his office, workers are busy looking over construction plans, and students and teachers are walking past, visiting their future classrooms.

“My job is that the buyer gets what he paid for; to get the biggest bang for the buck,” he says. The city of Newton is the buyer, and it is paying Callahan, who is clerk of the works for Goldrick House, to oversee the construction of South’s new wing. Callahan has been working on the job since October 2001; before that, he was project manager of the team that designed the new building.

On this day, Feb. 14th, which Callahan

has described as “very uneventful,” he is conversing with workers to make sure they are completing the few last minute tasks. He walks through the hallways to ensure the safety of its visitors. In addition, Callahan has met with South Principal Michael Welch, and Vice Principal Val Cyr to talk about last-minute preparations.

Callahan says that over the next week work will be increasingly rigorous, as workers bring furniture from Goodwin and Wheeler houses to the new wing. Callahan, however, says that he does not experience stress.

“I passed that stage a long time ago,” he said.

As he does every day, Callahan is filing a daily report, which includes the weather, a

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