

My favorite teacher was Mrs. Conover. She was the first grade teacher. I especially remember her at recess time in the winter; when it was very cold, we huddled around her. She had a wonderful fur coat and she smelled so pretty.

Cold winter mornings were spent in the auditorium while we waited to go to class. We did not just sit. Our music teacher, Miss Ruth Swetland, played the piano and we sang folk songs ("Billy Boy" was a favorite) and holiday carols. This page of music is from an original song book we used when I attended School No. 1. Although the song book is in fragile condition, I still play some of the old patriotic songs in it on the piano.

It was a wonderful school, and anyone over fifty who grew up in Scotch Plains attended it.

Billy Boy

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charming Bil-ly?
 in, charming Bil-ly?
 chair, charming Bil-ly?
 pie, charming Bil-ly?
 she, charming Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -

(charming Bil-ly)

joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 oat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 eight and o-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.