

CLASS HISTORY

IN THE DIM, DARK YEAR OF 1941, the school's first war year, we, the illustrious class of '45, began our journey through the rigors of education as members of Scotch Plains Senior High School. Awkwardness, shyness, excitement, and noise predominated that day as we held our first class meeting under the Big Top with vigorous "Vince" Remcho as class advisor. It was in this year that many of us turned toward activities such as music, athletics, and "Fanscotian," all of which we pursued with undiminished enthusiasm during our remaining years at the Alma Mater.

In our sophomore year, hard as it was for us to believe, we were told that we were the noisiest class ever to appear at S.P.H.S. Incredible, yes!, but we found out we were . . . truth is stranger than fiction. It was this year that we attended our first big dance, the Sophomore Hop (those of us who did not fall victims to the measles and mumps epidemic). It was here that the boys displayed their variety of dancing techniques, the two step, the three step, and the "let's sit this one out, my feet hurt" step.

During our junior year, we laid aside our spitballs, slingshots, and paper airplanes long enough to sponsor some startling events, the first being a solid blow-out at the Plainfield Roller Skating Academy. The second was "Early to Bed, Early to Rise" (but late for school), which proved to be one of the most successful plays ever held, for we filled the auditorium with a capacity audience, each person shelling out a paltry sixty cents to see a performance unequalled in the annals of modern drama. The Junior Prom, another sharp article put on by the '45ers was attended by a throng of screaming bobby-soxers and uncomfortable looking boys wearing fish'n tails.

As the fall of 1944 rolled around we all went to football games to watch our boys butcher their opponents. Another

important phase of the activities was a Christmas party at which the seniors exchanged such gifts as cigars, baby's wearing apparel, rattles, paper dolls for those boys in the class who had nothing to do after basketball practice, and Willkie buttons. Then, of course, there were those unsung heroes of the class who spent two-thirds of the year slaving over the yearbook. (The other third of the year was spent in regaining their health.)

Another of our accomplishments was the highest scoring record of any basketball team ever seen at S.P.H.S. Every Tuesday evening industrious students put aside their beloved homework (who is kidding whom?), and ventured via car, bus, foot, or thumb to the game. We wound up our spectacular season March second when we entered the State Tournament at Elizabeth.

On March second and third, we slayed the teeming crowds of spectators with a colossal production of "The Charm School." The cast was hailed as too too utterly, and consequently invited to Hollywood for instant screen tests. (We can dream, can't we?)

With the approach of spring came also the approach of our last school activities. We busied ourselves with preparations for the club banquet, trips, and parties, and finally finished our social career in a blaze of glory at the Senior Prom. With prospects of a bright future before us we filed solemnly, if uncertainly, from Commencement exercises to new horizons and golden opportunities.

