

Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1947, being of sound mind and sounder constitution, do bequeath these proud, honored, and cherished possessions to those who follow in our footsteps up the ladder to commencement and to those who helped us up the rungs to the very top.

To the new sophomores we leave the feeling of exuberant exaltation of being among the first in the cafeteria at noon-time, and the glorious sophomore hop complete with labored decoration, band, and those first formals!

To the juniors, most plagued of all creatures, we leave the annual play which, after much toil and sweat and many tears and laughs, will be "the best ever," those boisterous homeroom sessions, the Junior Prom (to be followed by various amounts of rare parties), and last but not least the soul-stirring thought that the ban is almost off!

To the just turned Seniors we leave all the long envied senior privileges in hopes that now they are yours, you will be better able to understand our tenacious attitude towards them: those senior stairs, all of them, plus the use of the front door and walk, and that devil-may-care look which at once denotes the superlative position of "big-cheese senior"; the exclusive right to yell louder and longer than anybody else at all the games and many, many fond and nostalgic memories of all the plays, games, and proms, oral topics, book reports, and senior compositions, to which you have been exposed.

To Mr. Adams, we leave a new atomic machine guaranteed to disperse with all disciplinary problems within a split second of pushing a radar controlled button.

To Miss Higgins, we leave a silver plated dinner gong to be used in Senior Play rehearsals to call the cast from the many parts of the building, to which they scatter.

To Miss Pitcher, we leave an automatic adding machine which will do anything, including making money!!

To Miss Swetland, we leave enough cottas for a chorus of five hundred!

To Mr. Keller, we leave enough *Time* magazine tests for eternity and a lifetime subscription to that same magazine!

To Mr. Evans, we leave a healthy pack-horse to be employed in the transporting of his brief-case!

To Mr. Millwater, we leave a super-human robot to help him with his tasks, not only those tasks which are his job, but all the thousand and one extra things he does so cheerfully for us!

To these and all the other teachers and friends of the class of 1947, we extend our deepest thanks for all they have done to help us on our way.

Now be it known that these gifts are given by the wise and foolish alike with fond farewell to our Alma Mater, Scotch Plains High, may it be remembered by all who read this that:

Parting is no final thing.

Goodbye, no terminate end.

For, with memory on fleeting wing

We ever do contend.

Testor

Barbara Webb