

# CLASS HISTORY

Looking back now, it doesn't seem possible that just six short years ago we first crossed the threshold of Scotch Plains High School as a complete living body, the class of 1951. Then with bright worshipful eyes we gazed up at the awesome seniors and asked ourselves, "Will we ever make it?"

During our seventh and eighth grade years we followed the carefully enclosed path called the core system. We carried impressive looking notebooks and yes, believe it or not, we even did our home work. Remember all those A's and B's? Reminds one of the song, "Where Are You, Now That I Need You?"

Our freshmen year brought us a sense of freedom. We were more united under the leadership of Tom Montagna, our class president. Never will we forget our first class project, the Sadie Hawkins Day Dance. Tickets sold for 35c stag or drag and a riotous time was had by all.

With our Sophomore year came our first semi-formal, the Sophomore Hop. We spent hours cutting out bright red and white hearts and decorated the gym — only to have the decorations gracefully concede the battle and fall slowly to the floor in the middle of the dance. Despite our troubles, everyone had a good time and this evening will always remain a glowing ember in our memories.

We have set aside a special shelf in our memories for our fun-packed Junior year. The lovely smells drifting out from the chemistry room; our first attempt at dramatics, "Headed For Eden;" and the nostalgic Junior Prom. This may be the proper place to again thank our dear and very departed friend who so willingly donated the beautiful flowers that decorated the cafeteria at the Prom. Another joyous event occurred in our junior year when the first "hot rod" obtained his long-coveted driver's license.

Suddenly, before we knew it, the path, though not always clear of obstructions led us to our goal and to a new, more difficult path which we must follow. This year we have enjoyed the exclusive use of the senior stairs, the upper corridors at noon-time, and all the other greatly desired Senior Privileges. We will always remember Scotch Plains High School, Mr. Adams, our teachers, and our friends with a feeling of warmth and gratitude. No matter what the future holds in store for us we know that we, the class of 1951, can enter this bewildering world confident that —

"Time Marches On!"

