

REMEMBER WHEN

. . .we were underclassmen

We, the class of '51, have done loads of silly things. We have always gotten into more scrapes and predicaments than our teachers like to be reminded of. However, since we never were little angels and never pretended to be, let's look back on the funny things that happened to us with a good laugh!

In eighth grade Miss Mingle "volunteered" Bill Keller to carry the flag in assembly one Friday. Come assembly time, Bill and three other boys all slicked up in their Boy Scout uniforms and shaking nervously, performed the flag ceremony well. As they crossed the stage to put the flag in its stand, Bill's assistant was to tighten the stand to hold it. The boy failing to do this, Bill bent down to help and in doing so his pants ripped. The flag stood in its stand and Bill walked off the stage with a very red face and a promise never to volunteer for anything again.

As Carol Ann entered the ninth grade general science class one day, she went to her desk and started to catch up on the week's news with Betty. Mr. Remcho called the class to order but Carol Ann and Betty kept right on talking until they were hauled up in front of the class. They laughed and looked meekly at Mr. Remcho who turned a generator, handed Betty a piece of wire and told her to hold Carol Ann's hand. The two of them got the shock and embarrassment of their lives!

While we were busy little freshmen in S.P.H.S., Sonny Carri was at Plainfield High. One of his favorite classes was swimming class. To cut down dressing time, the boys wore their street socks in place of sweat socks down to the pool. On the way back, they carried their socks wrapped in a towel to their lockers. One day as Sonny unravelled his towel he found only one sock. It was too late to go back to the pool, so he had to wear one sock for the remainder of the day. In the next few hours a bewildered freshman found out how many people notice your socks, especially when one is missing.

When he was a sophomore, Don Egan worked a starting position for the first J.V. basketball game of the year. He was so nervous that he could hardly hold the ball. When the game started, he began running around like a chicken with its head cut off. The coach saw he was doing no good and placed Don on the traditional bench for some time. Suddenly, near the end of the game, the coach put him back in. He didn't even know which basket we were shooting at because he had been watching the cheerleaders. He soon found out, though, and made the winning basket of the game.

When Jack went to Roselle High, the school had fine spirit but sported teams with losing records. Jack found he was to move to Scotch Plains and rejoiced because we had fine winning teams. The afternoon Jack moved here we played and lost the Bernardsville game. This was the only game we lost that season but it seemed to forecast things to come. During the basketball season Jack boasted that Roselle would come up and show our fellows how to play ball. Roselle came, was conquered, went home and Jack got a lot of kidding from Scotch Plains. By his junior year Jack was converted to root for us. Our team tied Roselle in football. Jack's Roselle friends gave him a hard time over that. We beat Roselle in basketball and he gained a little prestige. He hoped the next year would see us beat Roselle on the gridiron. Instead they slaughtered us to the tune of 25-0. That was the pay-off! Who are you rooting for now, Jack, the Red Sox?

When Dave Sweet was a junior, his mother decided he should take out the girl next door visiting from Cuba. She made a date for Dave to go with the girl to the Christmas dance at school. As luck would have it, Dave had forgotten how to dance. The last time he had danced had been in seventh grade and he just couldn't move his feet. The night of the dance came and Dave was nervous and afraid he would step all over the girl. To make a long story short, he did until about the third dance when the steps started to come back to him. The rest of the evening turned out well and they had a good time. Although Dave never found out the girl's side of the story, that's the last date his mother will ever fix for him and also one dance neither he nor the girl will forget.

During one chemistry lab period dealing with the use of phosphorus, Mr. Tilley carefully explained that a piece of the chemical the size of a split pea should be used. It also had to be kept under water or it would burst into flame. Ed Hatfield and Allen Weldon got ready to do the experiment. Ed was carrying a piece of phosphorus the size of a large marble in a spoon and was just rounding the desk in the front of the room by Mr. Tilley's cabinet when the phosphorus burst into flame. Ed aimed for the water trough, threw the stuff and missed. It landed on the floor and filled the room with smoke through which Mr. Tilley yelled. The smoke got thicker, Mr. Tilley continued yelling and the class was in hysterics. Ed attempted to put the fire out by stamping on it but his shoe promptly caught on fire. He took it off and handed it to Russ who dunked it in some water. Tommy threw more water on the floor and extinguished the fire. In five minutes everything was back to normal except for the fact that Ed had detention. Oh well, someone has to pay for the so-called best years of our lives.

When John Goltra was a junior he played J.V. basketball. However, the Varsity needed three players and John became one of them. John spent so much time on the bench that his pants collected those things commonly called varsity splinters. In the alumni game he got his chance. In the game went John, knees knocking, teeth chattering, really embarrassed and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When the ball came his way he ducked. When he threw it, it went out of bounds. If he shot, he missed by a mile. After the best exhibition ever seen on a United States basketball court for poor playing, he was told to stand in the corner of the court and that's all. After three miserable games, he was deported back to the J.V. squad. Even so, as a senior John got a better chance at those varsity splinters!

After the Cranford game in the 1950 football season, Louise Dawe was standing by Harold Hill's car talking. As someone called to her, she turned to leave. There was one hitch though, quite a big one I'd say, for Louise's dungarees didn't leave the fender but parted in a foot and a half-long rip. Louise turned purple while everyone laughed. This just added to general good humor which was roaring through S.P.H.S. after our one victory of the season.

It seems characteristic of our class that we repeat some of our escapades. That is why this story began with a rip and ended with a bigger one! Anyway, we the class of '51 want to wish our successors as many happy times as he had and more!