

CLASS HISTORY

On the first day of school in September of 1946, a group of very frightened "up and coming" seventh graders waited to be admitted to a new world.

We adjusted ourselves quite well. As I remember, we were Miss Mingle's "darlings." She even started a dancing class for those of us who wished to become "wise in worldly ways." (It lasted for about three weeks.)

Those Junior High years were impressive ones. We were quite studious, and on report cards "A's" and "B's" were routine things. Ah, but all good things must end:

In 1948 we became Freshmen! The "big deal" that year was our "Gypsy Caravan" (our Freshmen Dance). It was a gay affair! Thirty-five people carried in dead leaves and green shrubs for several hours to help create a gypsy atmosphere. John DiCuollo and Pete Schmidt played haunting gypsy tunes on their violins, and we even had a gypsy fortune teller, Mrs. Fromm. We overspent our allowance for the dance by about twenty dollars, but President Sandra Durkin led us through with the courage and foresight that typified our class. (?)

And then we were Sophomores. (Even then we spelled it "Sophmores," but we were progressing.) It was in that year that we held our "Sophomore Showboat." It included a twenty-five foot showboat mural, and a REAL gangplank that we lugged all the way from Snuffy's Meat Market. The girls tripped all night in their unfamiliar gowns, but the dance was a great success. President Eddie Bugle led the class through a tremendous year and then:

We were Juniors! What a year! Our play, "Mother Was a Freshman," starring Greta Linde, Beatrice Roberts, and Dick Groeneveld was a great success even though leading man Dick got sick three days before, and Van Towle took over for the Friday night performance. The Prom was a memorable occasion too. Our "penthouse" looked really authentic. (Another mural helped create atmosphere.) And with the tables we brought in the gym looked more like a very popular "night spot" than anything else. John DiCuollo was president of our Junior Class (still playing his violin).

Our Senior year is one we will never forget. With Van Towle leading us, we now are masters at pronouncing "oral" and "gaseous"; we realize that "Father Time" is more than a fictional character; we know that "Dear Ruth" is not just a salutation; we believe that Senior privileges are quite wonderful and necessary; and we are certain that no other class - ever - can have the memories that we, the Class of '52, have of S.P.H.S.!!!