

# CLASS HISTORY

The Class of '56 first became one group in the sixth grade when School 4 students joined the students at School 1. After completing grammar school and Junior High, the survivors became freshmen and were officially recognized as The Class of '56. We were then important enough to pay class dues of \$1.00 apiece and elect officers to lead us through the year. Jack Fowler was our president. Every noon we danced in the gym and were able, with some struggling, to learn the 2-step by the time the Freshman Dance rolled around. It is doubtful though that we had any more fun at our dance than we had at the swimming party and picnic at the end of the year.

All at once we were sophomores. We were really privileged characters then. Not only did we move into the high school, but we had to attend school only half a day. As sophomores our first job was to elect new class officers, and we chose John Roglieri for president. Again we collected dues to finance our first semi-formal, Cupid's Ball.

Juniors! Finally everyone was beginning to notice the "Class of '56"! We certainly worked hard on our play, "Quiet Summer", and when the big night arrived, we found that our work was not in vain for the play was a success. Our attempts at dramatics weren't over though. Who will ever forget the Shakespearean actors in their wonderful, but comical interpretation of "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream"? Dave Truitt, our class president, made the cutest girl!

Outside of school the girls entertained themselves with numerous pajama parties. Oh, those sleepy-looking eyes on Monday morning!

As our junior year came to a close, we anticipated with joy our Junior Prom, "Hawaii". Many boys had gotten their long-awaited drivers' licenses and were proud to dress in their "tuxes" and drive their girls to the prom. With the cute Hawaiian dolls and leis, everyone was able to take home a souvenir of a memorable night.

When we took over senior seats at the end of the year we were sort of sorry our first years at S.P.H.S. had gone so quickly, but we realized we still had our greatest year of all to look forward to.

September 1955 came. Was it true that at last we were really the seniors in S.P.H.S. — the ones all the underclassmen supposedly looked up to? We didn't feel any older, and our teachers were quick to inform us that we didn't act any older either. All of us knew that only one year remained, and we determined to make the most of it. Those long-looked-for senior privileges were finally ours, even if some of them couldn't be enforced. It wasn't our fault though, if we didn't rule as much as possible. The first session of Senior Court proved to the underclassmen that we intended to hold the upper hand.

With our "iron-clad rules" set up and our "power" known to all, we proceeded to more serious things. Our officers had been elected at the beginning of the year, and John Roglieri again held the class presidency. Ray Weigle was his able vice-president, and Jean Iaione capably performed the duties of secretary. Jay Snyder was our treasurer, but something was missing there, for our treasury was "almost nuttin' ". It was evident we had to get money from somewhere. Moans and groans soon discouraged the proposition of raising class dues to seven or eight dollars. Why, some of us still owed a dollar from past years! So before we knew exactly how it had come about, every senior was selling magazine subscriptions to earn his dues. The drive was a big success, and we had passed the first hurdle—that of finances.

Christmas was then just around the corner, and it was convenient that it was. Both teachers and seniors needed a rest. But seniors probably got less sleep during those Christmas vacations than they had had in the months before. Parties, holiday jobs, and shopping took up almost every minute. The few moments left were used either preparing for more parties or recuperating from the last one.

All too soon we were back in school again. The weeks following were principally devoted to "sweating" the *Culmen*. Problems concerning that innocent looking little book popped up from every direction. "How are we going to pay for everything? How does Jacquelyn Hassenpfeffer spell her name? Why can't he be there to have his picture taken? Can't someone sell an ad to fill this space?"

