

CLASS HISTORY

One warm September day in 1958 we, the class of '62, entered that hallowed institution, Scotch Plains-Fanwood High School. The bewildered look on our faces earmarked us as Freshmen, but in time we, too, became a real part of the student body. We say a part—actually the student body was divided into two distinct groups—the Freshmen and Upperclassmen. Even so we gave them our undying devotion in return for directions to the cafeteria or our English rooms.

Would you like to spend "An Evening in Central Park"? We did and enjoyed every minute of it. Just a little wiser we departed to return again next fall.

This time around, however, we had managed to advance a rung on the ladder, for we comprised the Sophomore Class. No longer the objects of unmitigated scorn we were able to lift our heads a little and take notice of what was going on around us. As is traditional for Sophomores, we looked down from our newly acquired throne upon the new Freshmen. Were we really that bad last year? It was hard for us to believe. Before we knew it, our Sophomore Hop, the "Enchanted Sea" had passed and we had already ordered our class rings. Another summer and—

We were Juniors, upperclassmen at last! We had long ago given up admiring the Seniors. After all, a Junior is nothing to be frowned upon. That long-awaited day came and now we too could sport a S.P.F.H.S. class ring. The subjects got tougher, the teachers more critical, and the tempo quite a bit faster. However, we found that in some way we managed to live up to all our requirements.

Our first theatrical production, "Clementine", was a smashing success, and "Carousel", our first prom fell into the same category. Before long the annual awards assembly was upon us and much to our amazement, we officially became Seniors! We tested our new power walking through the Senior Door a few times and firmly decided, like our predecessors, that this was the life.

What we had been eagerly awaiting for years had finally materialized. We had achieved the height of our high school career. As a class we have many memories—the Senior card section, Senior Court and our own lunch tables. And who will ever forget our contribution to drama, "Tammy, Tell Me True." Our Senior year proved to be one filled with hope and expectations as college and job applications passed in and out of the Guidance Office. They say that when you are enjoying yourself the time flies and it certainly seemed this way to us for before we knew it our prom, the greatest social event of the year, had arrived. Only as graduation neared did we as a class fully appreciate our "Alma Mater." Now amid tears and the memories of four wonderful years, we lay aside those blue and white gowns for the last time.

