



We, the Senior Class of North Coventry High School, in the County of Chester, State of Pennsylvania, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament in manner following, that is to say:

ETTA BAKER leaves to Ruth Bell the work of arranging magazines in the library, and collecting overdue books and fines.

HAROLD BEAN wills his ability to buy good cars to John McElroy. Remember, Mac, it isn't the paint job that counts.

MYRTLE BEAN wills her speed on the hockey field to Jenny Knauer.

JUNE RECHTEL leaves her job of setting up the teacher's bulletins to Shirley Bean, who should be capable of coping with all the "headaches" of that task.

JEAN BELMAN leaves to Phyllis Dersh her talent for playing the piano, hoping that this may improve Phyllis' version of chopsticks.

Care, and along with it an air cushion to relieve some of the jolts and jounces.

MARIAN CAMAHO bequeaths to her sister Jane her skill in sewing and her clever hand in the kitchen. How about whipping up a cake for us right now, Jane?

RODNEY CANNELL wills to Donald Kulp his athletic ability. Next June we expect to hear that Donald is a three-letter man.

LUKE CISARIK leaves his neatness in dressing to Donald Gaut, who can thus become the best-dressed young man in Norco.

FRANKLIN CLOUSER bequeaths his ability to drive a car to Joyce Miller, who has difficulty in staying in one lane of traffic.

RAYMOND COLE wills his good manners and meekness to Thomas Zerby.

MARIAN COLLINS leaves to her sister Shelia her speed and skill on the baseball field. To her sister Barbara she leaves all the wisdom on affairs of the heart that Marian has accumulated during her school years.

NOEL DAVIDHEISER leaves his interest in photography to Jane Fulmer, who wishes to take some portraits in South Pottstown.





DOROTHY EVANS wills her calmness during a football game to Ethel Bean. Ethel may need it if Mac plays.

JAMES EVANS wills his shy disposition and readiness to blush to his brother Robert, who could make excellent use of them.

DORIS FISHER leaves her task of rising at 4 a.m. on Saturday mornings to Ruth Virginia Essick. Ruth may also have Doris' place in Rhoads' stall.

ANNA MAE GIVIN leaves to Dawn Creasy the ability to obtain a diamond for the third finger of her left hand. We think Dawn is well started on this project.

WALTER HOHL wills to George Kreps his short hair cut so that he won't have to worry if the waves aren't in place.

JOAN HOPPER bequeaths her sense of humor to Frank Kazimer, whose humor is so dry that a little moistening would help.

PAUL KULP bequeaths his numerous troubles with his car to Cuthbert Nairn. The unpredictable made life interesting, so Paul said. We hope you'll agree, Cuthbert.

YVONNE KUNTZIEMAN wills her difficulties in commuting to school from the wilds of South Coventry to Jean Kulcycki.

JAMES MAUGER wills to "Pickle" Batdorf his job of coaching the junior high football team next year. Good luck, "Pickle!"

WILLIAM MAUGER wills to Phyllis Kulp his mischievous pranks, to keep things lively in the senior home room next year.

FRANKLIN METZLER leaves his strength and muscles to Robert Kochel, who may thus keep a firmer grasp on his women.

BETTY JANE MILLER wills to Stanley Tiernan her ability to get along with girls. Here's hoping Stanley gets a steady girl friend and settles down.

MAUDE MOURAR leaves to the school her brother Wayne to carry on the Mourar name for another year. She hopes he will imitate her quiet, studious ways.

MARIAN MOYER leaves her last-minute dash to school to Mary Miller. A little extra "steam" may relieve Mary of making up time.

JAME MURRAY leaves her shy, retiring disposition to her brother Charles. If you follow Sister's example, Charles you won't get into so much trouble.





GORDON NAIRN leaves his parking place under the oak tree to George Wily, Cuthbert Nairn, and any other people lucky enough to drive cars. The first man there gets the place.

FRANCIS NOBLE bequeaths his melodious bass voice to Chester Laverty; his red hair and freckles he leaves to Paul Bodolus so we can see Paul more easily.

WILLIAM RICHARDS wills his fine physique to Benny Powell. That ought to put some power behind Benny's trumpet.

JEAN SCHURR wills her happy-go-lucky moods to Joanne Kerlin to relieve Jo of some of her worries.

SHIRLEY SCHURR leaves to David Creger the honor of becoming valedictorian of the senior class.

DAVID STAVEROSKY wills his knack of handling women to Ted Kepner, who has so many "woman troubles". No more problems, Ted; now you will know the answers.

STEVE STAVROU bequeaths that special talent of constantly vibrating his vocal cords to Monroe Austin. We hope, however, that he won't produce the horrible sounds that Steve gives forth at noon.

ELIA THOMPSON wills her bookkeeping ability to Mrs. Shinehouse, to help keep the records of the school finances in good order.

ESTHER TYSON leaves her height and shyness to Larry Beidler.

LOUISE WEISS wills her dark tresses to Carolyn Gray, who is tired of being a blonde.

NANCY WHITECO thinks her giggles should be kept in the family and wishes them to pass on to Dorothy Staverosky.

FRED WILSON wills his recently acquired blond hair to George Churach, and with it goes Freddy's luck in attracting the opposite sex.

GEORGE YOST leaves his skill in handling a basketball and his position of forward on the team to his little brother, Leon.

The class of '47 leaves to the oncoming seniors Room 9, and charges them to carefully preserve this senior home room. The piano is yours to help fill the noon hours with music. We leave in addition a valuable collection of souvenirs, such as, broken window panes, desks crammed with papers, orange peels, rotten





apples, lost library books, bits of lipstick, pencil stubs, and chalk.

In witness thereof, we have set our seal this second day of June in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-seven.

Manualle Bean

The foregoing instrument was given in our presence, signed, sealed, and declared by the class of '47 as its last will and testament, whereupon we, the undersigned at its request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witness thereto:

Esther & clock alvin of alderfer



- 500 GG GO



			alies
Name	Alias	Likes	Dislikes
Etta Mae Baker	Etta	John	Seafood
Harold Bean	"Beanie"	My car	Early hours
Myrtle Bean	"Myzyt"	Dan	Onions
June Bechtel	June	"Bertha"	Arguments
Jean Belman	"Jeannie"	Tid	Turnips
Eleanor Brower	"Ellie"	People who smile	Sailors
Marion Camaho	"Judy"	Handsome doctors	Fuschia
Rodney Cannell	"Marcus"	Females	Work
Luke Cisarik	"Babe"	Opposite sex	Nothing
Franklin Clouser	"Frank"	Walking	Women??
Raymond Cole	"Colio"	Neut girls	Opera music
Marian Collins	"Collins"	Vince	Choir practice
Noel Davidheiser	Davy	Girls	Work
Dorothy Evans	"Dot"	Rodney	Shrimp
James Evans	"Jim"	Sports	School School
Doris Fisher	"Fish"	Driving	Men
Anna Mae Givin	"Givin"	Harry	Nicotine??
Walter Hohl	"Herky"	Cute girls	Book reports
Joan Hopper	"Joanie"	"46" Gray Plymouths	Trig
Paul Kulp	"Kulpie"	My car	Trig
Yvonne Kuntzleman	"Von"	Bob	School School
James Mauger	"Moxie IV"	Barbara	Work
William Mauger	"Moxie V"	"Goils"	P.O.D.
Frank Metaler	"Metz"	Women	School
Betty Jane Miller	"Beck"	Chevrolets	Math
Maude Mourar	"Maudie"	Joe	Doing dishes
Marian Moyer	"Moyer"	Fred	Morning awakenings
Jane Murray	"Janie"	Bucky	Doing dishes
Gordon Mairn	"Son"	Driving a Mercury	Work
Francis Noble	"Funky"	Dawn	School
William Richards	"Longie"	Motorcycles	Girls
Jeane Schurr	"Jeannie"	Shada	Homework
Shirley Schurr	"Shirl"	Dick	Chicken
David Staverosky	"Dave"	Studebakers	School
Steve Stavrou	"Crow"	Sports	Nothing
Ella Thompson	"Butch"	"A" Plymouth	Marshmallows
Esther Tyson	Esther	Bill	Work
Louise Weiss	Louise	Fun	Last minute notices
Nancy Whiteco	"Nance"	John	Dirty shrimp
Fred Wilson	"Freddie"	Jeanette	Conceited seniors
George Yost	George	Chickens	Senior girls
			O-comme





HOROSCOPE

Pastime

Expression

At home Mac s Ramble Inn Queen Street In a DeSota Typing room At home Kenilworth Pottstown Home All over Fenstermacher's A and P South Pottstown Home In the garage Boyortown Binder's With Beck Any place Roaming around South Pottstown Sheep Hill Y.M.C.A. Station wagon Pottstown Roaming around Norristown Home Kenilworth Red Corner Here and there Around Ramble Inn Abbie's Red Corner Almost anywhere Home All over York Street With Grow & Metz

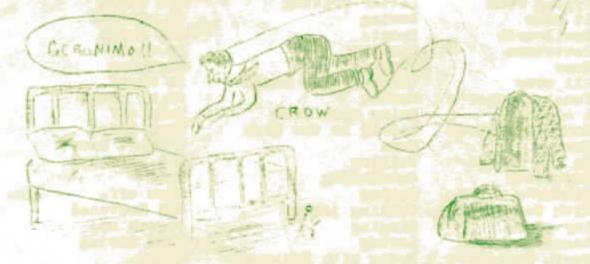
Reading Cowboying Riding in the "Chevy" Being with Bill Playing plano Letter-writing Sewing Sports Sports Sleeping Listening to music Movies Being with Fred Riding in the Nash None Talking Osculating Eating Telling jokes Singing Loving Being with Barbara Loafing Weight lifting Wasting gas Dancing Sleeping Letter-writing Sleeping Necking Farming Sleeping Sports Testing thunderbolts Loafing Socking Etta Playing piano Roaming around Singing Driving my car

And so--I don't know. Darn it. Ch, heck! Gee! You dope. Oh, fudge! Oh! Yeah! So what? Anything So what? Ch, my gosh! Take off Hey, kids! I don't know Oh! Baloney! Huh 1 Show off. Oh! Heavens! Search me. Hey! Givin! What! Drop dead. Is that right? Ch, honestly! Gee whiz1 Darn it. Golly! Could fool me! Jerkst I'll be darned! Honest. Oh! Fine! Well, I'll tell you. It's all in the game. Good grief! Oh, my goshi I don't know! Chi Darni Imagine that! Working at chicken farm The bitter and the sweet.





BOPOVOL



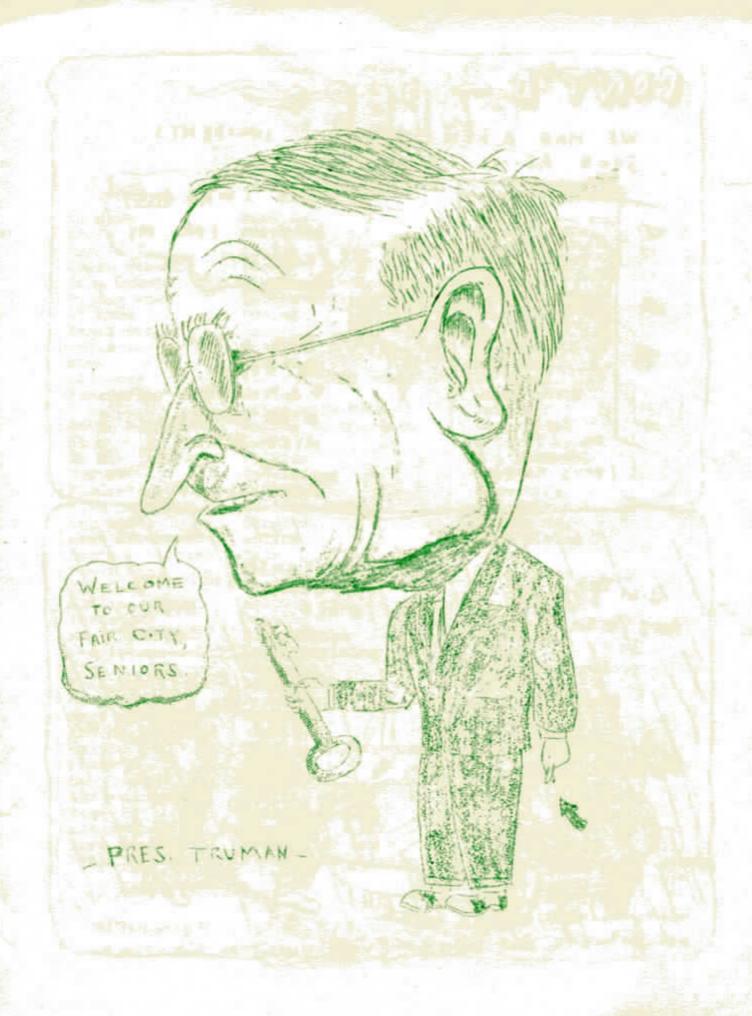
MIGHTY SOMEOUTABLE !!!



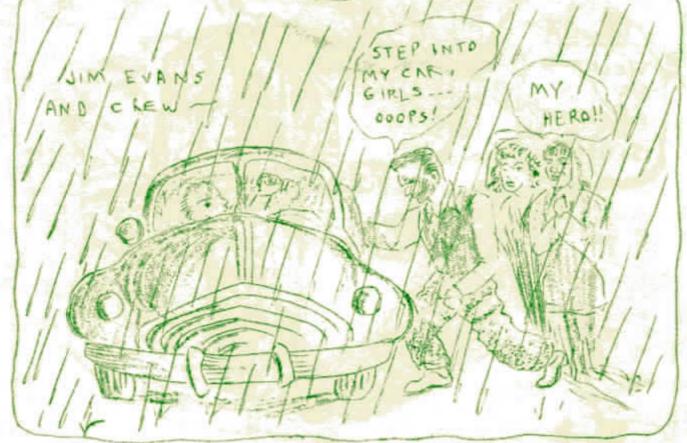
KEADY TO SEE THE SIGHTS ..



FIRST NITE - BEEDOTIFUL WASHINGTON WEATHER!









bed, and brainy Jeane Schurr discovered she had put the material on the top sheet and Dot was sleeping under it.

Perhaps it would have been best to take Jim Evans' advice: "Stay up all night."

Gordon Nairn is accustomed to early rising, so why should he object if Jim awoke him at 4:30 a.m. with a glass of water?

No girls were serenaded like those in Room 428. On Thursday night, every hour, on the hour, they received an invitation to attend a party staged by a group of gay young men next door. Louise Weiss, whose room joined that of the merrymakers, constructed a barricade across the door.

The girls in 321 could lean out and gaze right up into the handsome faces of the boys in 521. One morning Betty Jane leaned out to give a cheery good morning. Was it her voice or her attire that brought down that deluge of water? Other hotel guests enjoyed listening in on those conversations. It certainly wasn't a Morcoite who yelled, "Chaperons! Chaperons!" Everybody dashed into bed and all was quiet (for a few seconds).

We all enjoyed the little pickaninnies, who danced outside the Congressional Library, hoping to get a few coins. They liked us so well that they followed us to the bus and danced until Noel ran out of change.

When a little boy said, "Shine your shoes for a nickel?" Frank Clouser thought he had found a real bargain. He relaxed and watched his shoes begin to glow. When he paid for the job, the little fellow piped up, "Say, bud, how about fifteen cents tip?"

We pity those exhausted people who walked up the Washington Monument. On this trip Jean and Dot met several boys from Maine... the girls saw water from the windows of the Monument but the boys saw whater. Before long, our girls were teaching the boys how to speak English--Pennsylvania style.

When our bus came to a sudden stop, there would be thumpetythump as Betty Jane rolled down the sisle. She was up and down so often that Herky Hohl began to wonder if his pet ants stayed at home.

Lace-trimmed clothes may be the style, but we think Myrtle Bean is going too far when she puts big holes in her bandana with an iron!

Joan Hopper was disappointed because she couldn't find Dendy Lions at the zoo.





WITH THE SENIORS IN WASHINGTON

Those bathrooms surely were full! If they weren't full of people, they were inches deep with water. (Mrs. Shinehouse was wise in taking her "artics".) What would Room 321 have done without Nancy Whiteco's kleenex?

It's fortunate that Joan Hopper and Jean Belman don't walk in their sleep, for the maids would have been frightened out of their wits. Joan rolled up her hair in pink socks, giving a "Cocker Spaniel" effect, while Jean put her hair in vari-colored socks, with the rolls sticking out all over her head. Mud-packs would have been the crowning touch!

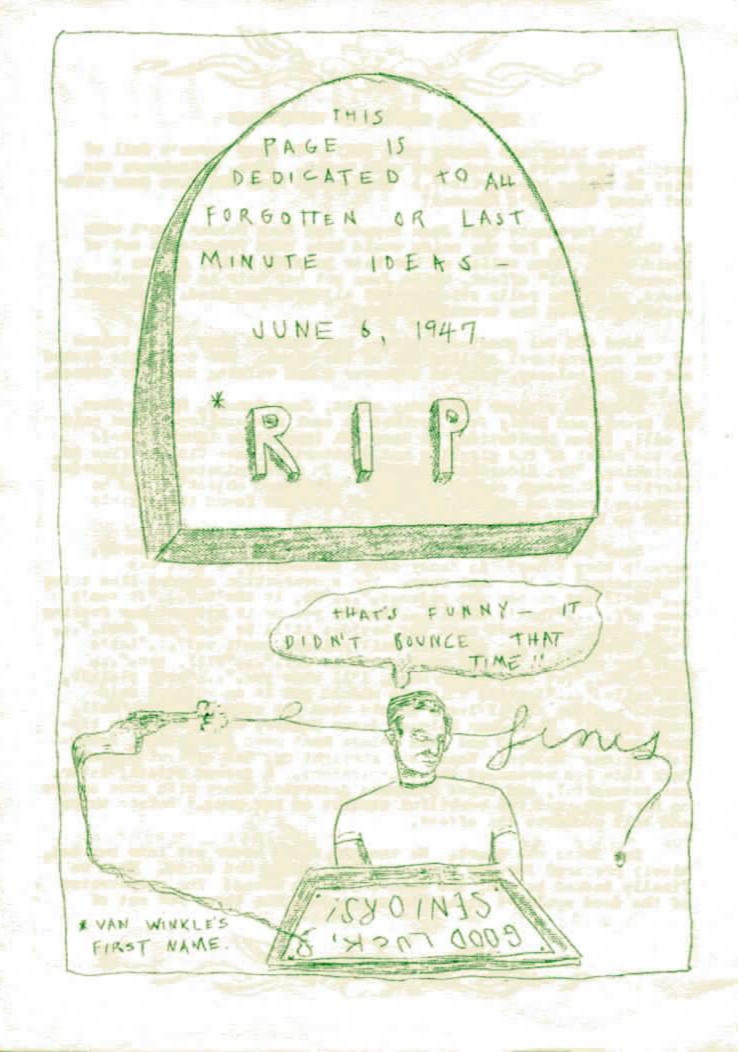
Room 428 was ghost-conscious, and thought they heard voices of the supernatural calling out of the night. The occupants dashed out on the balcony, only to discover a man walking down the street.

About 10 o'clock Wednesday night, Jean Schurr, Myrtle Bean, Dot Evans, and Betty Jane decided to seek new excitement and paid a call, (upon invitation) to Room 521 (masculine inhabitants). In the midst of the giggling and chattering, Luke Cisarik flew in, shrieking, "Mr. Alderfer's coming!" In a few minutes Mr. Alderfer started a thorough search for some "misplaced object". Was he surprised when he opened the closet door and found three girls lined up behind Betty Jane?

Some people actually slept at night, but they were sorry, weren't they Nancy? As Nancy slept peacefully, a plot was "thickening" in the next room. The conversation sounded like this:
..."It'll get on her new pajamas."..."No, it won't."..."It won't come off."..."That's okay."..."How'll you do it without her feeling it?"..."Oh, she won't wake up; besides it'll be nice and cool."...
"Say, Myrtle, we can use your nail polish, can't we?"..."Let's give her measles."..."It must not come off."..."Will, too."...
"Won't!"..."Put some on my nose, I'll show you."..."Avec plaisir, mam'selle!"..."I still think we should put it on where I said first."..."But she'll leave prints when she sits down!"..."Well, here goes!!" Then Jean Belman, Jeane Schurr, and Betty Jane tiptoed over to the bed and Jean Belman bent over the victim, ready for action. Suddenly Nancy sat straight up, her eyes wide open. Back into bed scrambled the conspirators. A second attack, later, was successful, and these schemers decorated Nancy with some smears on her back, and two beautiful streaks on her arms. Potato chips and salt added to the effect.

Dot Evans was smart. We thought she'd never get into her bed, nicely prepared for her with crackers, selt, and chips. When we finally tucked her in, she didn't utter a sound! The perpetrator of the deed couldn't stand the suspense. She threw Dot out of





CENGRAL.



STILL GOOFD

-- STEPS, STEPS, -WHAAAT ? [1? ONLY DRAW YOUR ME ? I'M NO OWH THE 100 STEP --ELEVATORES . CONCLUSIONS ... ING UP -. SLEPT PEACEFULLY-YEAH!