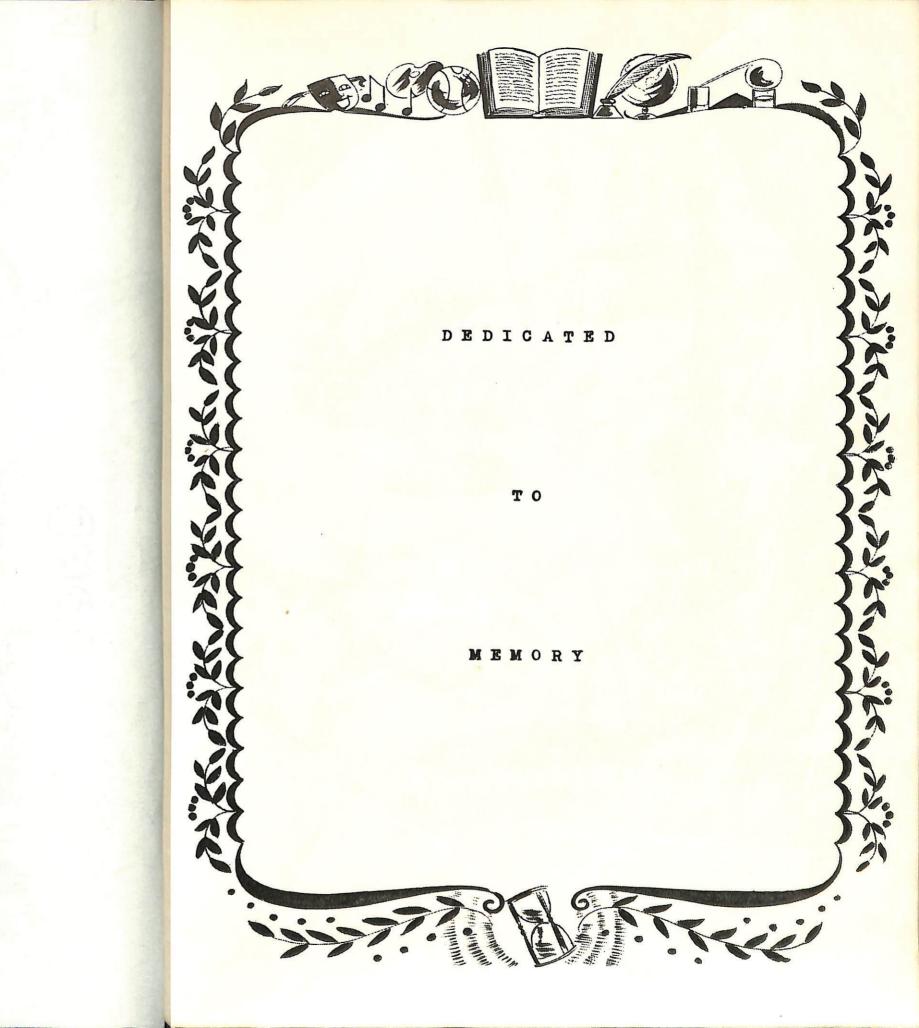
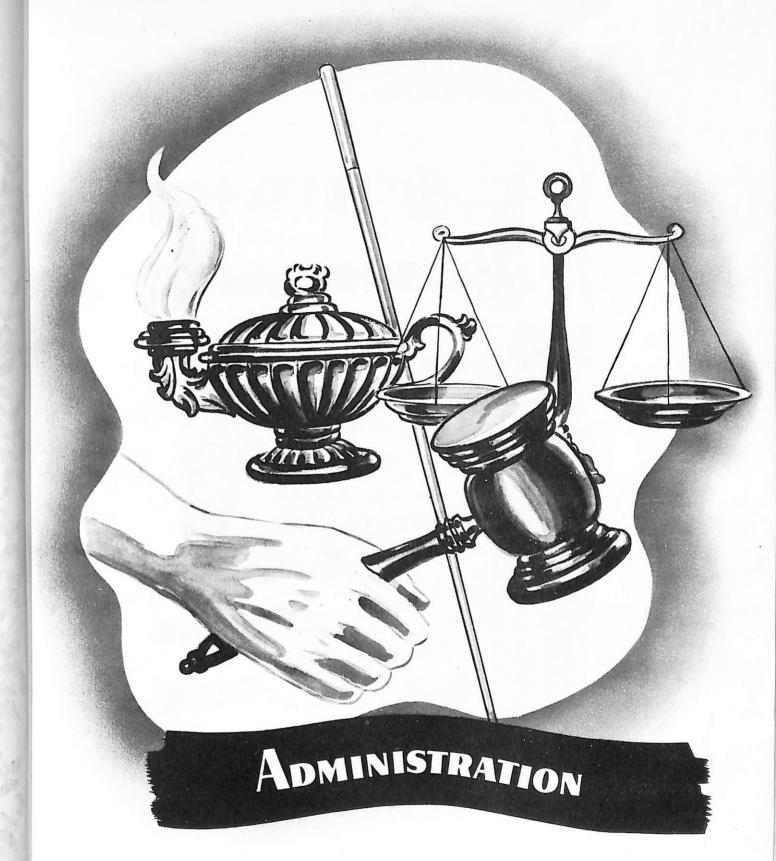
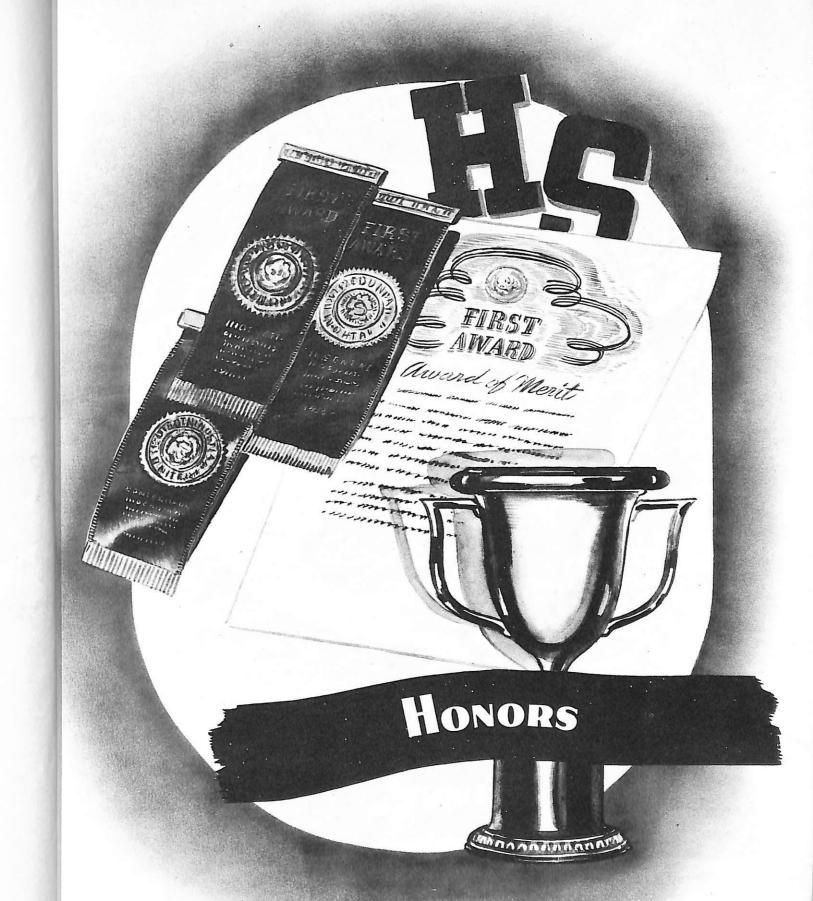
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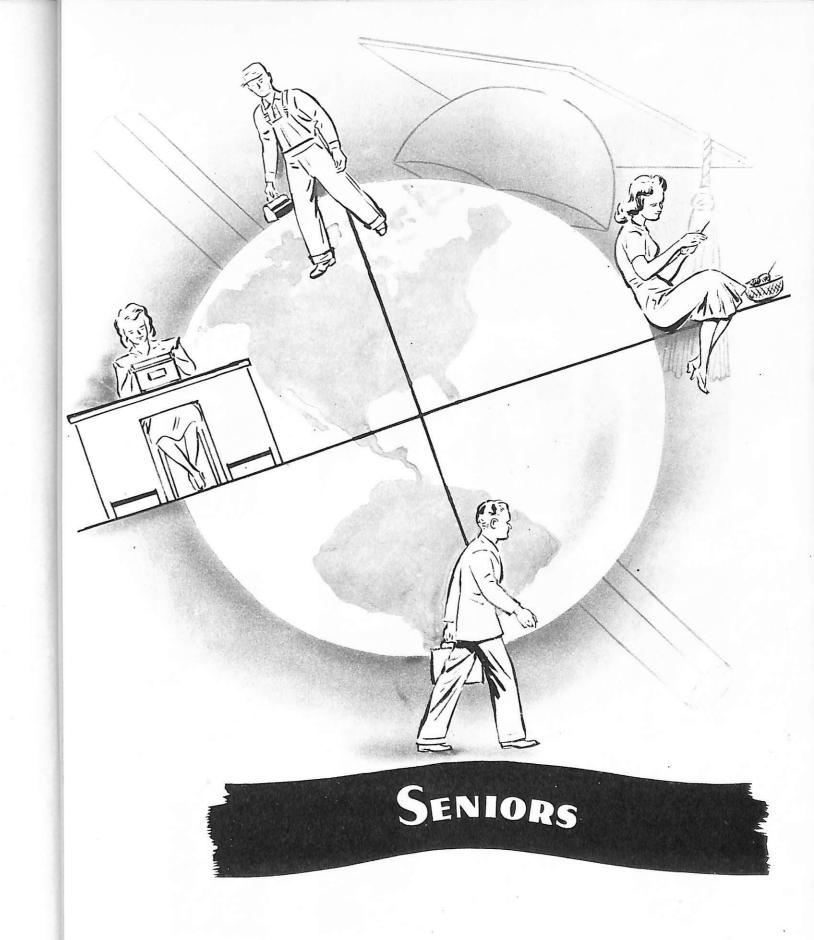
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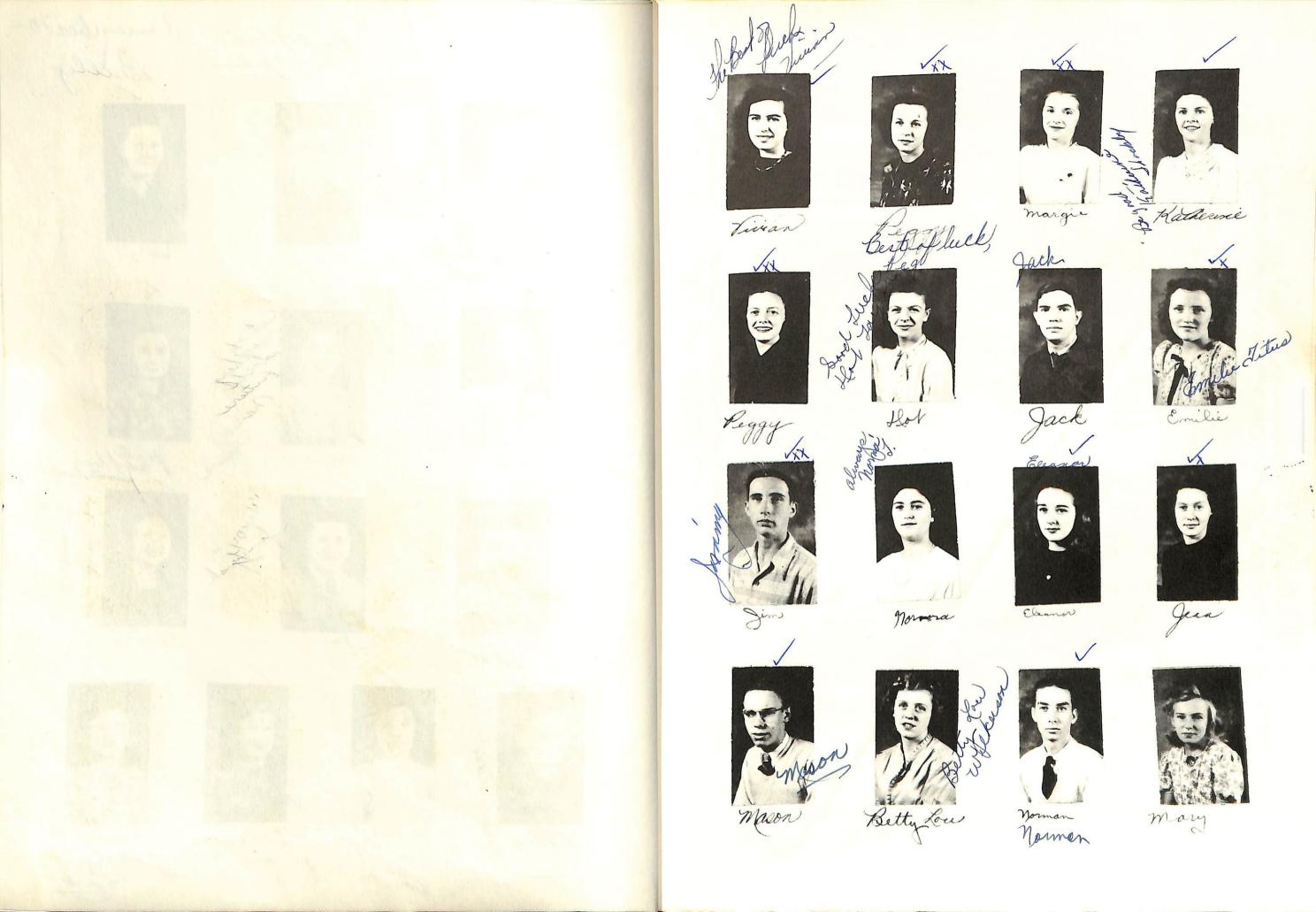
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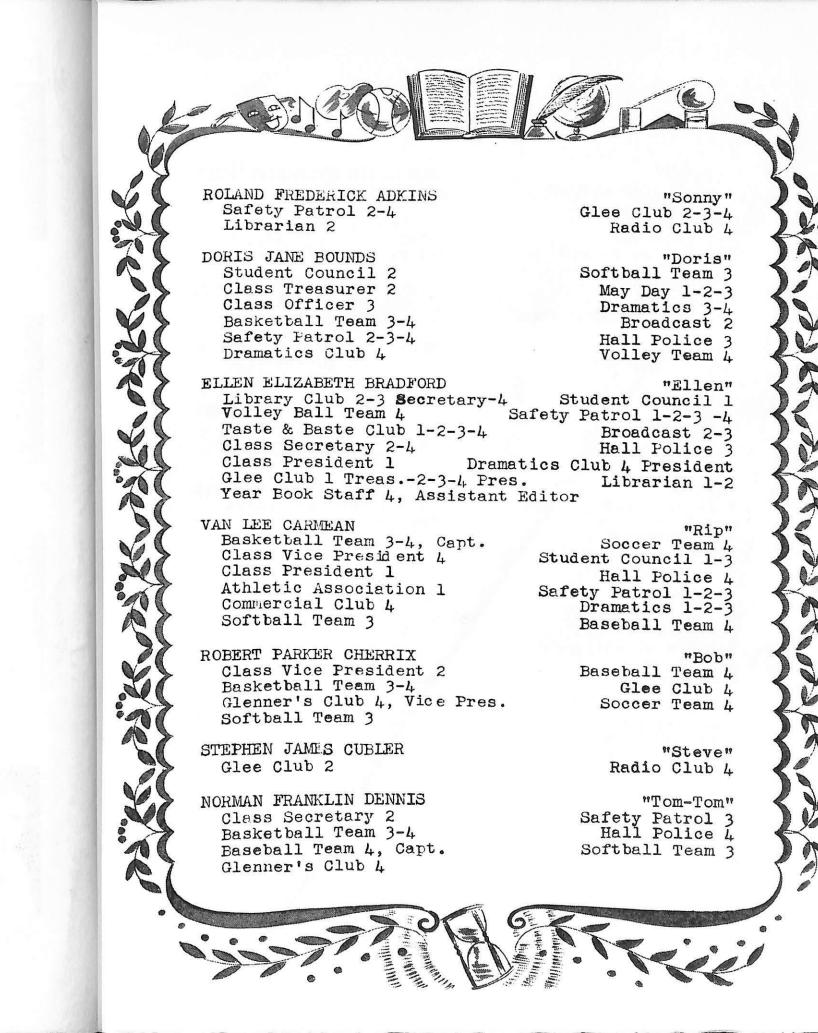


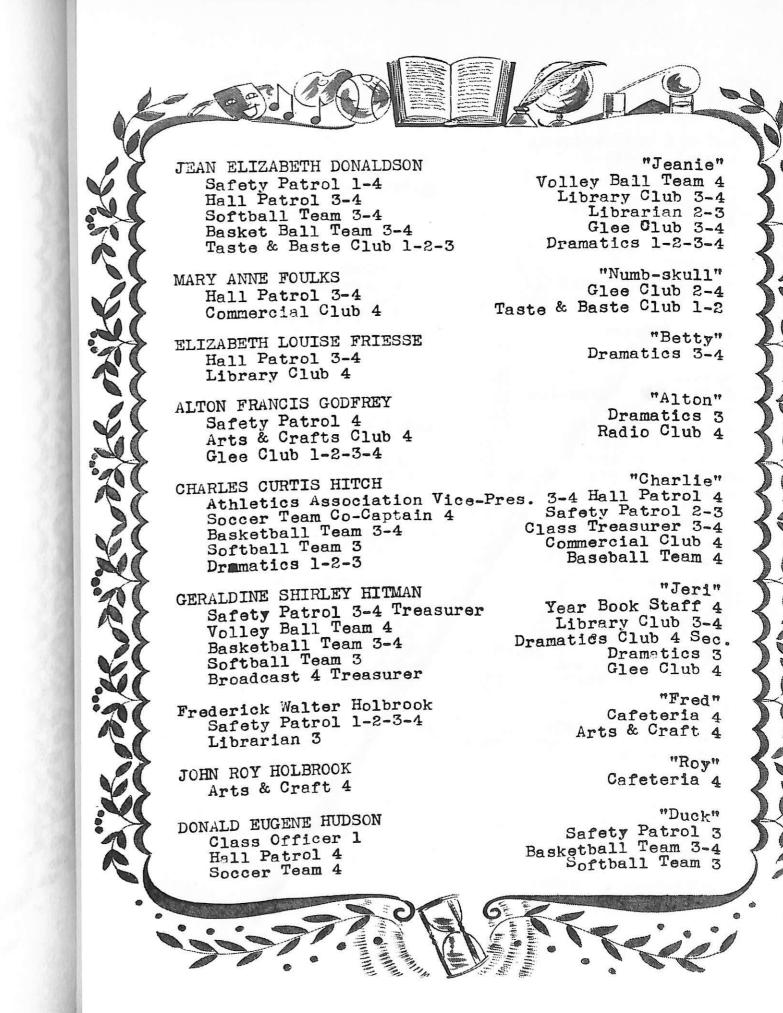


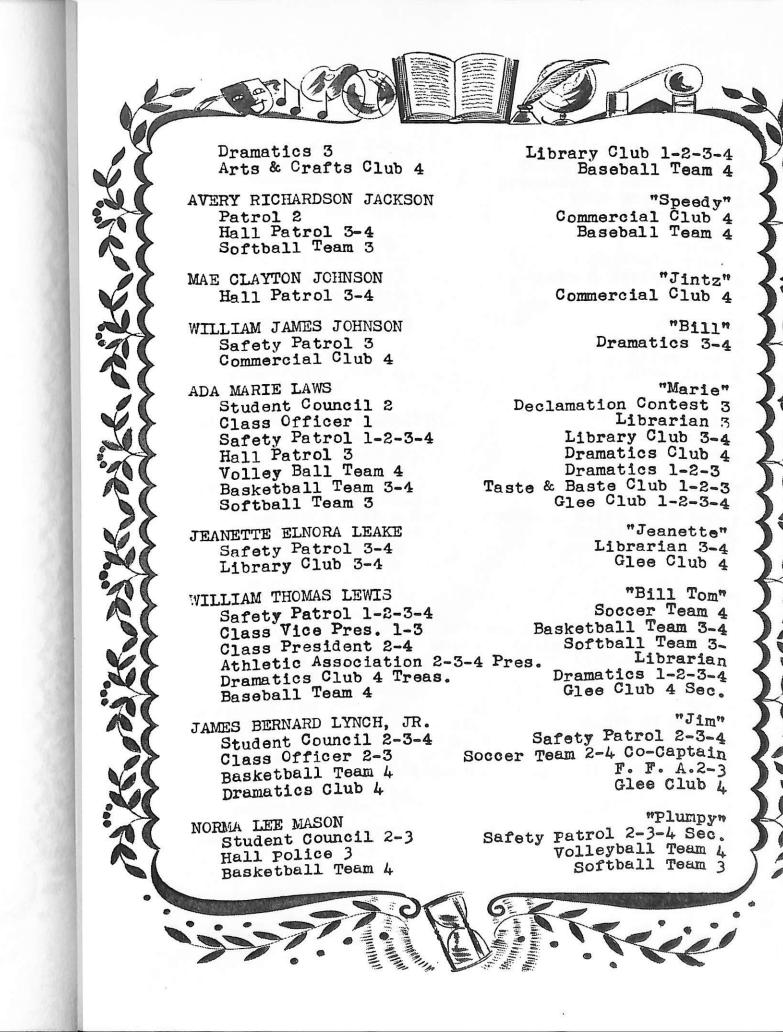


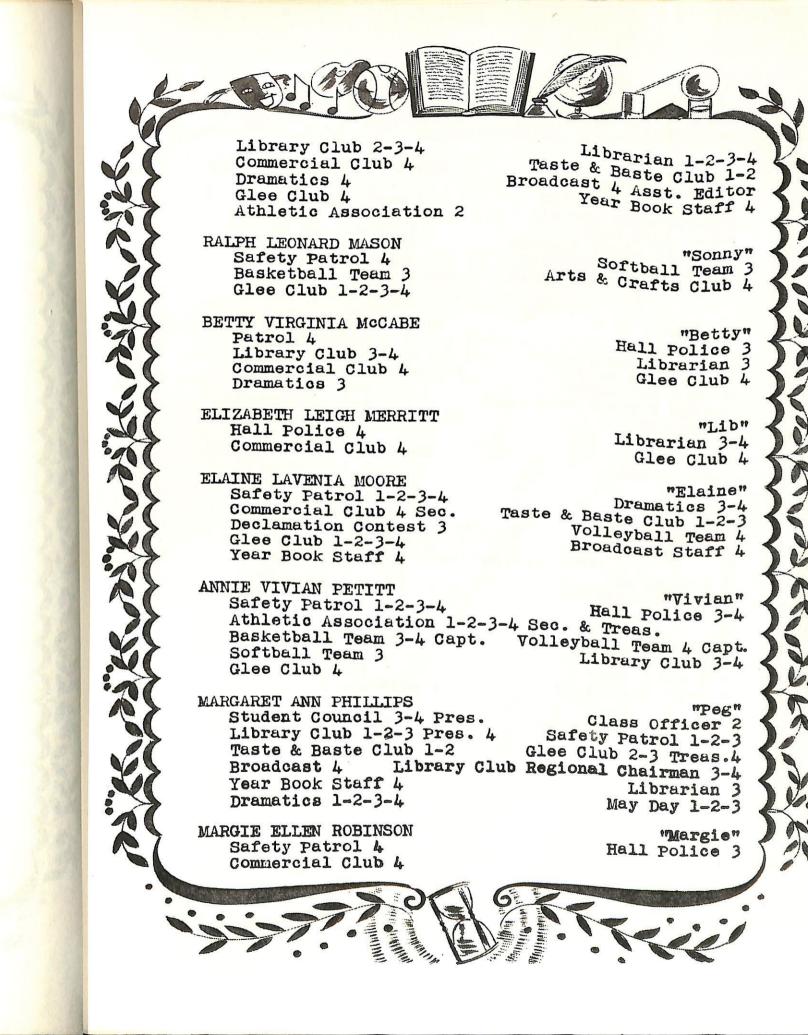


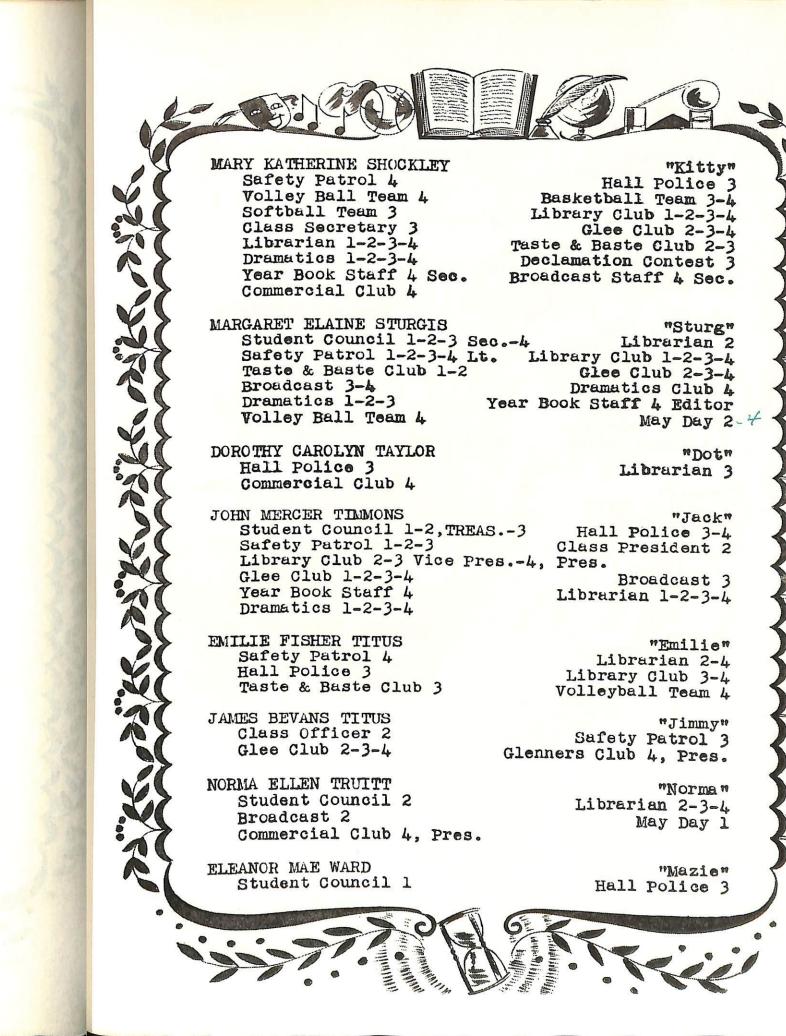


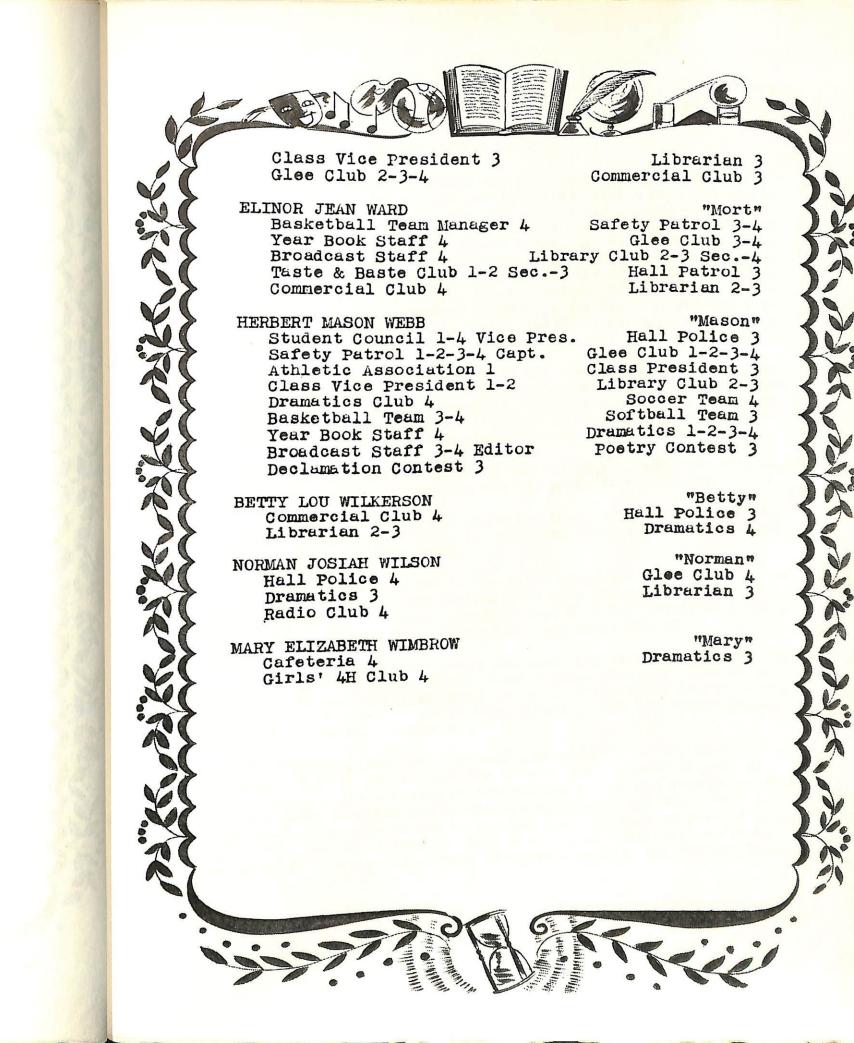


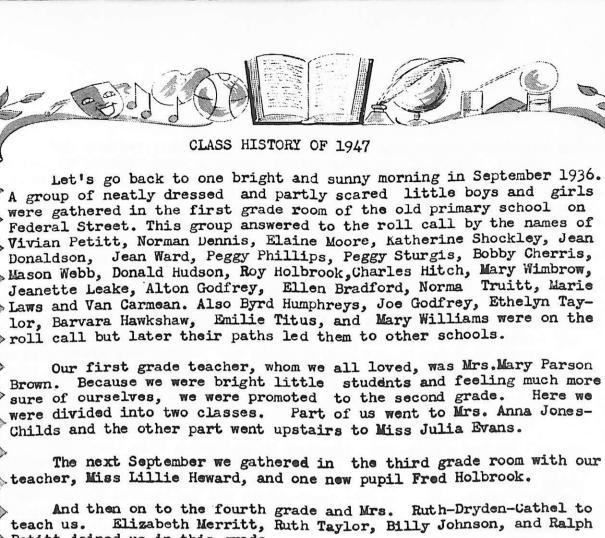












The next September we gathered in the third grade room with our

And then on to the fourth grade and Mrs. Ruth-Dryden-Cathel to teach us. Elizabeth Merritt, Ruth Taylor, Billy Johnson, and Ralph Petitt joined us in this grade.

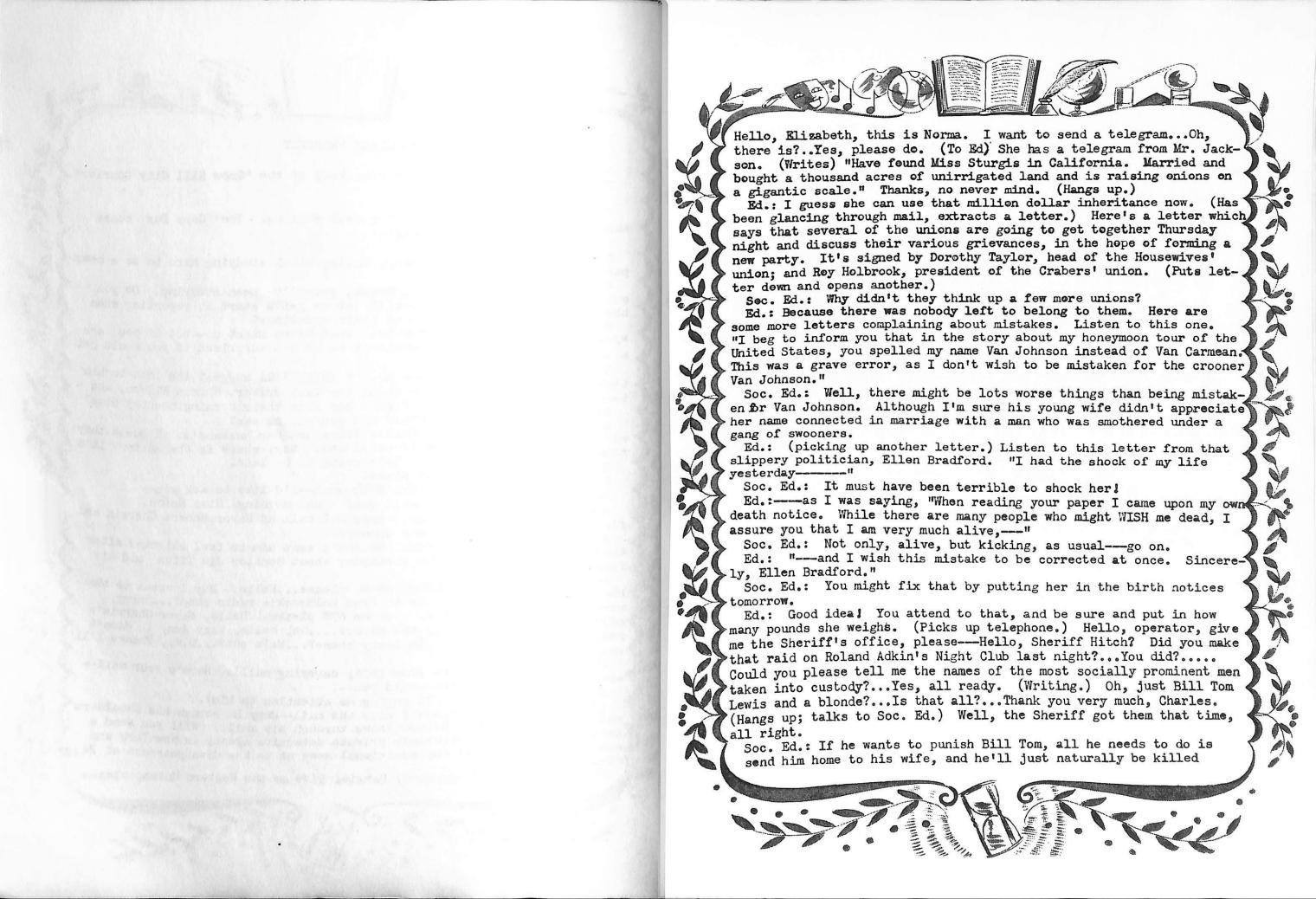
We were thence promoted to the fifth grade and were met with the cheery smile of Miss Gladys Gibbons. We were honored here with several additions to our class, namely being: Bill Tom Lewis, Bill Hall, Albert White, Maurice West, Grace Tarr, and Joyce Miller.

We were usered right through the door the next September to one teacher we all liked, Mrs. Sarah Moore Hayward-Shockley. Here we injoyed the responsibility of being the head of the Civic League as the seventh grade has been moved to High School. One new member joined our class and he was Vaughn Davis.

The following year we were again honored to be the head of the Civic League as it was decided the seventh grade should stay in Elementary school. For one week we entertained all of the seventh graders of Newark, Stockton and Girdletree and then they went back to their respective schools and we settled down for another year of school work. Alta Wheatly joined us this year and we lost quite a few by the names of Maurice West, Grace Tarr, Ruth Taylor, and Ethelyn Tay-

Our teacher this year was Mrs. Louise Adkins and under her guidance, we learned much science, social studies, English, music. and quite a lot about South America. Then came September 1943, and we were all changed around. From Newark came Betty McCabe, Avery Jackson, Ralph Mason, Doris Bounds. Mary Louise Bradford, and Sonny Adkins, and from Stockton and Girdletree came Mary Anne Foulks, Dorothy Taylor, Eleanor Ward, Mae Johnson Margie Robinson, and Betty Lou Wilkerson. Norma Lee Mason joined us from Pennsylvania and Stephen Cubler from Rhode Island. We were divided in two classes, one with Mrs. Elizabeth Shockley and the other with Mr. Wilbur A. Jones in the Lab. We finished the eighth grade and tackled the ninth with a new flourish of spirit. We were again divided this year. Some went to Mrs. Marian H. Joyner. and the others reported to Miss Grace Jones. During the year, Jimmy Titus joined Mrs. Joyner's home room and Vaughn Davis, Joe Godfrey, and Joyce Miller left us. And then with a feeling of suddenly crossing a bridge in our lives. we found ourselves Jolly Juniors. Jolly is a good title to give to the juniors because we certainly did have one jolly time planning and presenting the Junior-Senior Prom. Our class was enlarged by Betty Friesse, Jeri Hitman, Emilie Titus, and Norman Wilson. The classes this year were again broken up as the commercials joined the seniors in Mr. Beauchamp's room while the Generals and Academics went to Mrs. Lankford's home room. Now we are sophisticated seniors and with one newcomer, Jim Lynch and one withdrawal, Mary Louise Bradford, we feel that we are still not quite ready to graduate from the shelter of good old Snow Hill High School. We are sorry there is no record of the class of 47 so we may have the names of all those who have joined and then withdrawn from our class. A small percentage of those are mentioned in this history, but to the many we could not remember at the present, we want to say this: "We enjoyed having you in our class of 1947 and wish you might, each and everyone have graduated with us this year." To those of us who are graduated this year may we always remember when the way is troubled and the path is narrow and rough to go back to the hidden truth in our class motto, "We Build the Ladder by Which We Rise."

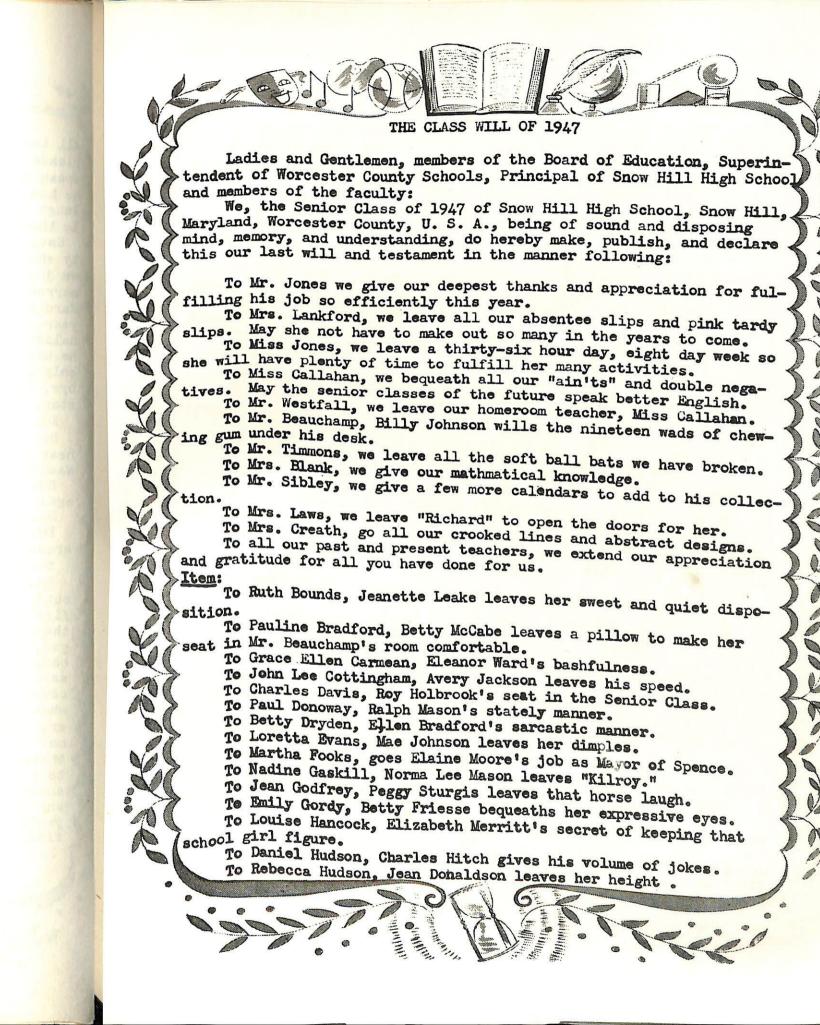


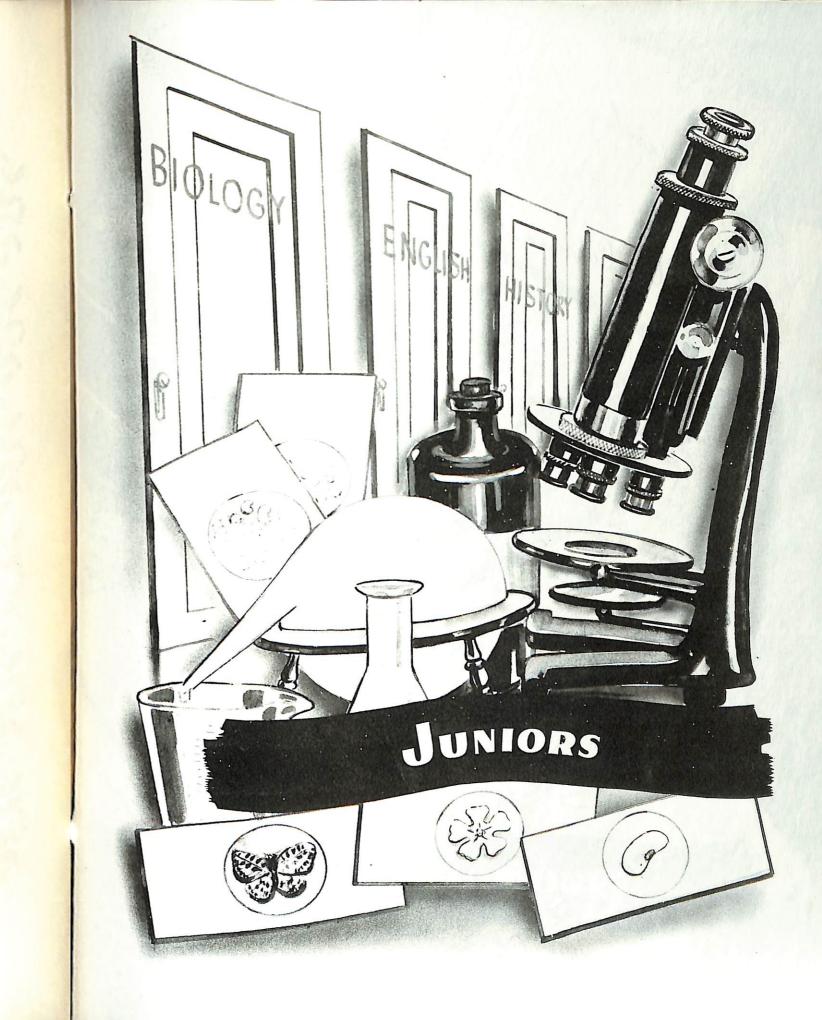


in battle. Ed.: (who has been writing and listening, now holds up his copy paper). Copy boy! Copy B.: (coming in left, taking copy, and hesitating). Uh-Mr. Webb do--you suppose--that is--I mean--(Telephone rings imperatively and Editor waves CopyB. off impatiently. He goes resignedly.) Ed.: (telephoning). Snow Hill City Courier...Airliner down?..... (Grabs paper and writes.) Five miles south on route 13... Were they all killed?...You say Pilot Alton Godfrey got out and walked to the nearest phone for help?.. Yes, and the hostess, Jean Ward, made a heroic rescue? Who was it?...Yes, you say the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bradford? ... O. K., thanks. (Hangs up.) Soc. Ed.: Isn't that the daughter of the former Betty McCabe? Ed.: That's right. (Angry) A big story, and not a reporter free to go! (To Soc. Ed.) What assignment is Miss Moore on? Soc. Ed .: I'll go and see . (Telephone rings.) Ed.: Hello..Oh, hello, Elaine, I was just wondering where you were.. Go out route 13, right away ... Huh? .. What dancer won't give you an interview? Oh, Jeri Hitman? Well, forget about her, she'll probably quit dancing when she marries that million-dollar play boy next month, anyway. Now hustle 5 miles south on route 13-there's an airliner down Yes. . Got the photographer with you? . . . Okay, hurry! Ed.: (Hangs up then takes down receiver again.) Make-up editor, please-hurry. (Looks at watch.) Copy boy! (Copy B. comes in-takes copy, but lingers.) Ed.: Hello-hello-Make-up editor?..Can you throw out the story about Sheriff Hitch raiding Adkin's Night Club and put in another one I'm sending down now?.. Too late?.. You say the forms have already gone to the sterotyper?... All right. (Hangs up with a bang. Looks at Copy B.) What! Are you still here? Copy B: I'd like a chance-- I mean, could you give me--(Telephone rings. Editor talks to Copy B. as he unhooks receiver.) Ed.: I can't be bothered-take that copy over to the copy desk. Soc. Ed.: comes in left greatly excited. What th- (she is reading from an open newspaper. She goes to the Editor's desk and lays open paper infront of him. Soc. Ed.: Look at that! Ed.: What th- (In telephone) Margie, give me the press room, quick. Press room? Stop the presses. Hold everthing. Kill the editon and stand by to make over. Operator give me the composing room. Hello? Got a paper? LOOK on page six at those two pictures -- I suppose the social light of the town, MRS. BETTY TIMMONS, would like to be called a prize cow from a farm. Well, I don't suppose we want her lawyer husband, Jack Timmons, to sue us. And look what you've done to that cow



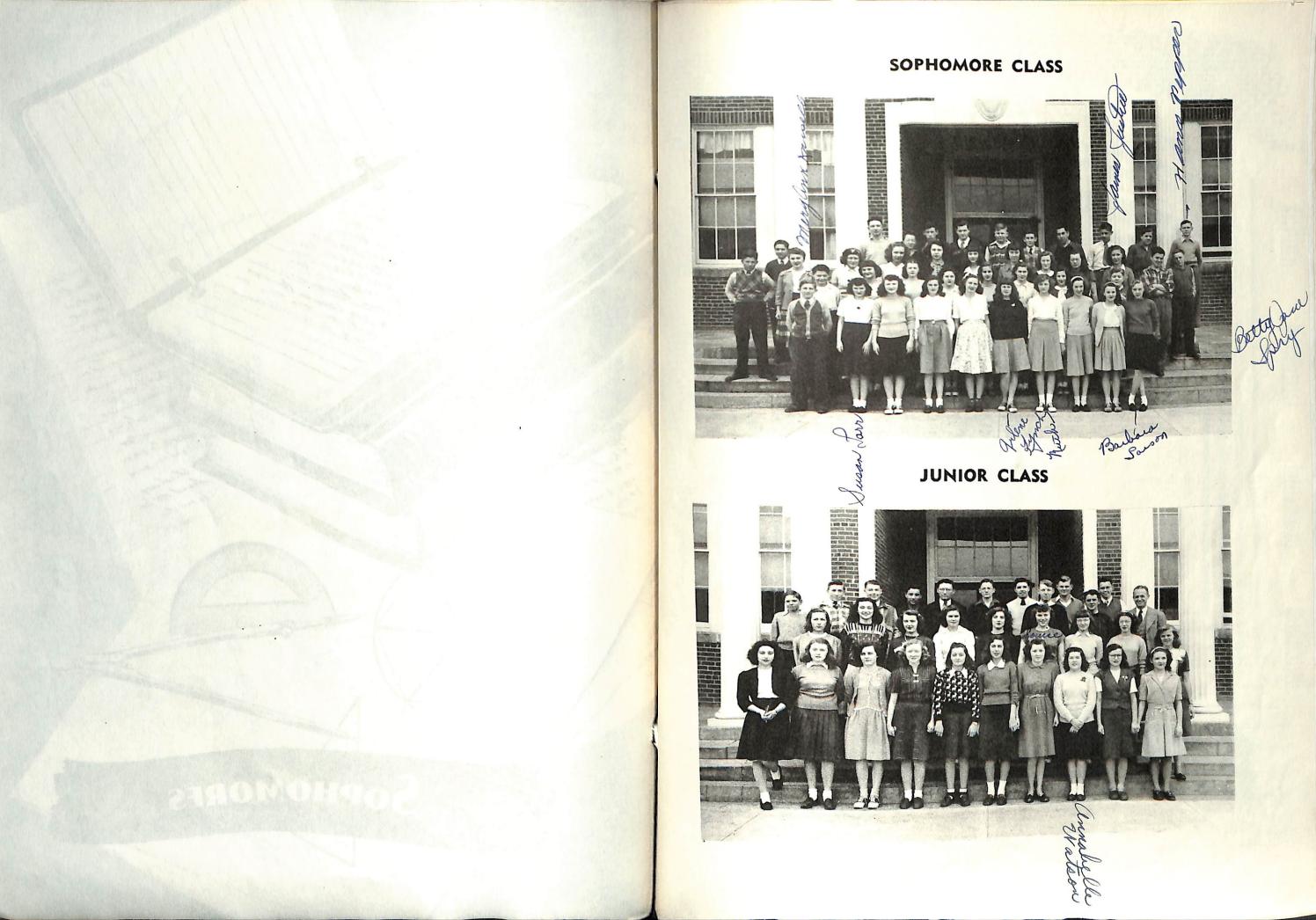
all the reporters? I'll try calling his suite. (In phone) Hello. please connect me with the President's suite.. Hurry.. Helle, may I speak to the President? .. He's busy? .. Then will you tell me whether he has been interviewed? .. Now? .. (Hangs up) Will those other papers laugh at us! For once they'll have something besides death notices in them. Well. maybe he won't tell them too much. Soc. Ed.: (telephoning) 37-J, please.. Hello, Miss Wiklerson's beauty shop?.. Betty Lou.. Say, do you know the Fresident is in town?.. Yes. we just heard? .. Yeah, say can I have a date to get my hair fixed tomorrow?..at 4?.. Thank you.. Oh, have you heard the latest? Eleanor Ward has hit Broadway. Huh, of yes, one of the best singers of the year. . Who? Stephen Cubler? . . I heard he was running a grocery store in Salisbury. Oh, yes, he's married and has five children.. And you know he used to be so afraid of the girls. You can't beat me.. I've got the only job in town that picks up gossip faster than yours. Well, goodbye, Betty Lou. See you tomorrow. (Hangs up) Oh, I forgot-the film star, Jean Donaldson, will be in town next week. Ed.: You'd better be sure to get an interview with her. Soc. Ed.: Her publicity manager, Ralph Mason, will be with her. I hear they're engaged. Maybe if I call them later at their hotel in Washington, I'll be able to find out the star's plans. Ed.: Yes, you'd better. Copy boy! (Waits a few moments and calls again impatiently.) Copy boy! (Looks around) Where is that boy? Soc. Ed .: What boy? Ed.: (exasperated.) What boy? That copy boy--Jiggs, Jinkens, Jefferson--what's his name? Soc. Ed.: He went out. Ed.: Went out! Do you mean to tell me that he deliberately walked out? Well, tell me when he gets back--if he's coming back so I can fire him. (Phone rings) Hello-hello... Billy, Billy Johnson, are you the one that just walked out of this office? .. What -- you did? Yes, yes, hurry! The president's prize poodle stolen?... Where was everybody at the time?... The attendant had just left for the moment-huhwere those reporters from the other papers there when this was discovered?.. They had just left!.. Perfect, it's a scoop!.. By the way, what were you doing there? .. You went to get an interview for the paper, because no one else was here to get it!.. But why didn't you tell me? No-no-dom't answer..Of course I wouldn't have let you. New stay there, get all you can, and phone it to me quick! .. Yes, we're going to run an extra ... And say, before you come back, can you hunt me up another copy boy?..Fired!...I'll say you're fired. I can't telerate any such irresponsible copy boys around this paper ... From now on you'll be a regular reporter -- and like it! (Hangs up looking satisfied---talking.) There--I guess that fixed him! (Quick curtain)





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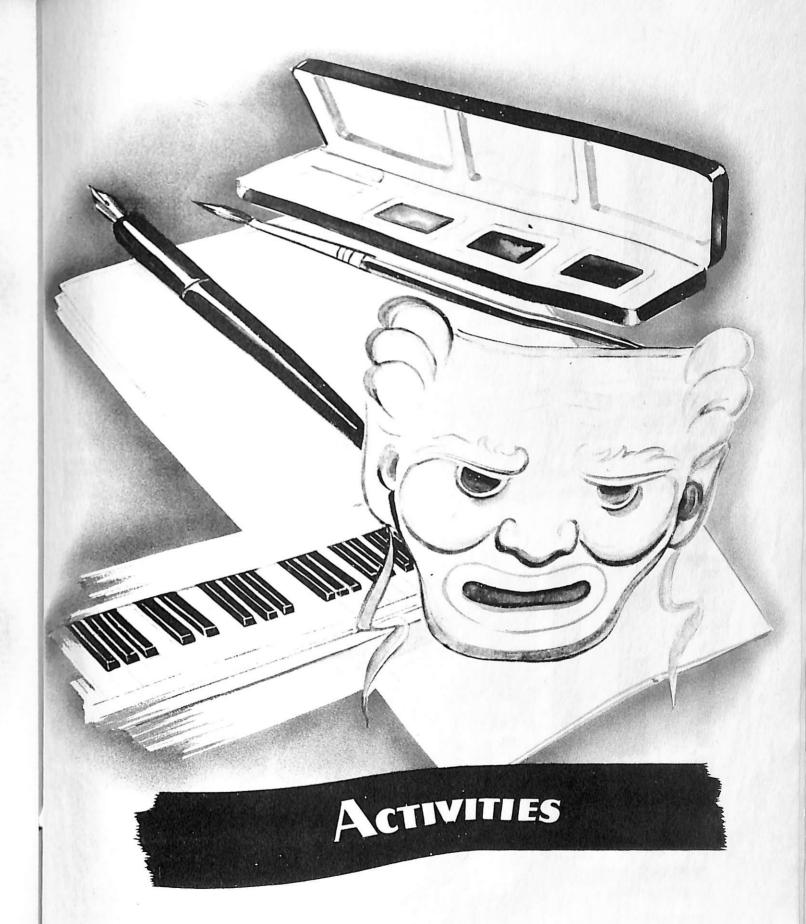
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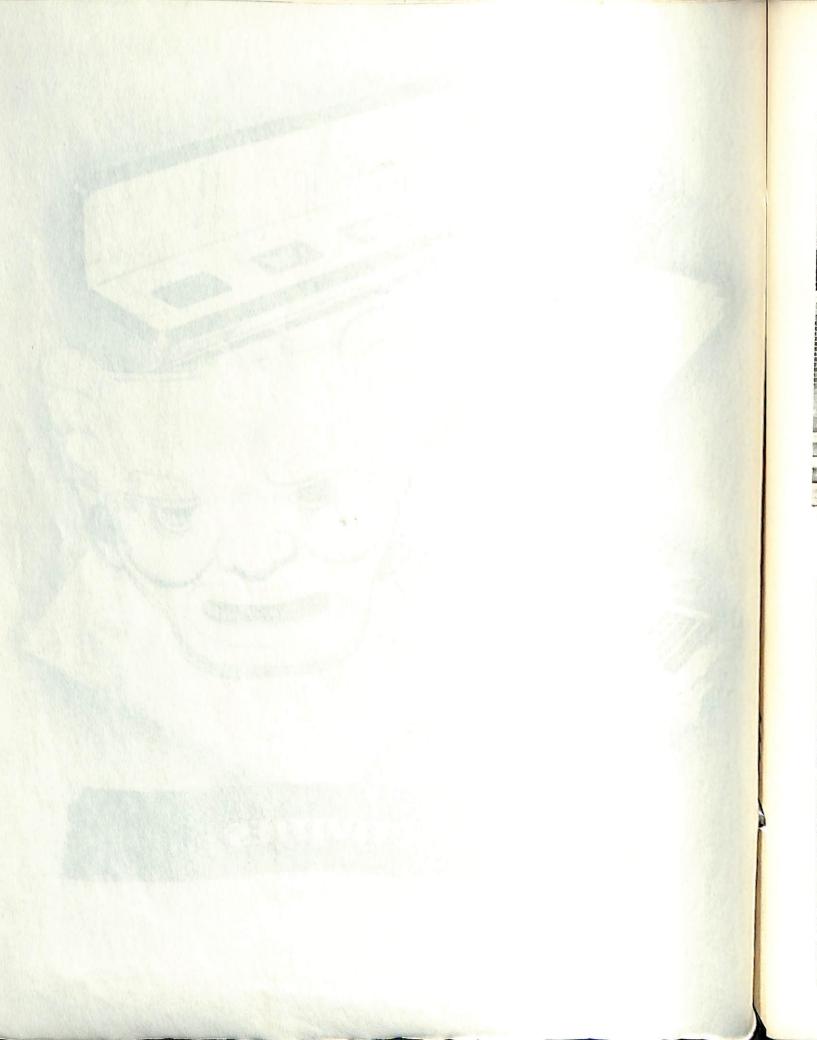


FRESHMEN

The state of the s

Charlotte Brittingham





DRAMATICS CLUB



STUDENT COUNCIL



YEARBOOK STAFF



NEWSPAPER STAFF



SAFETY PATROL



GLEE CLUB



LIBRARY



COMMERCIAL CLUB



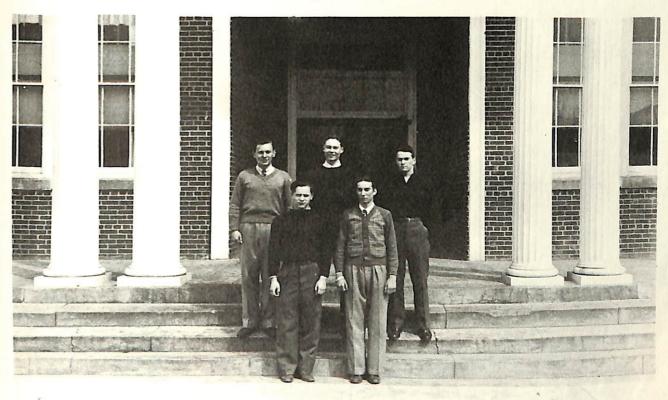
FOUR-H CLUB



FOUR-H CLUB

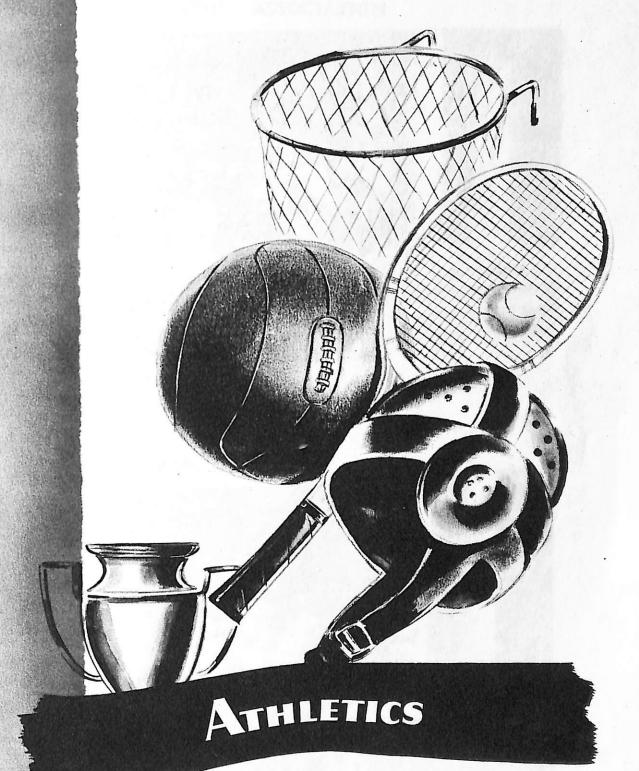


RADIO CLUB



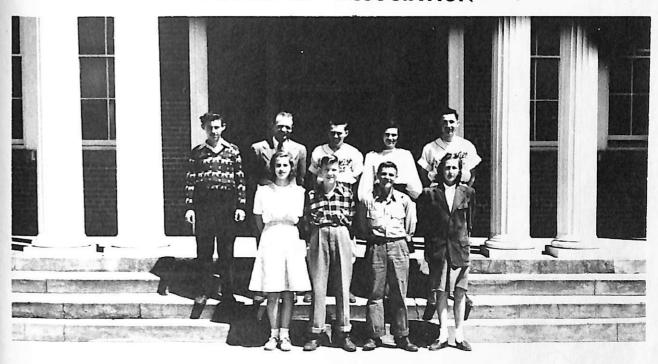
ARTS AND CRAFTS







ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



BASEBALL SQUAD



GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM



BOYS' SOCCER TEAM



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

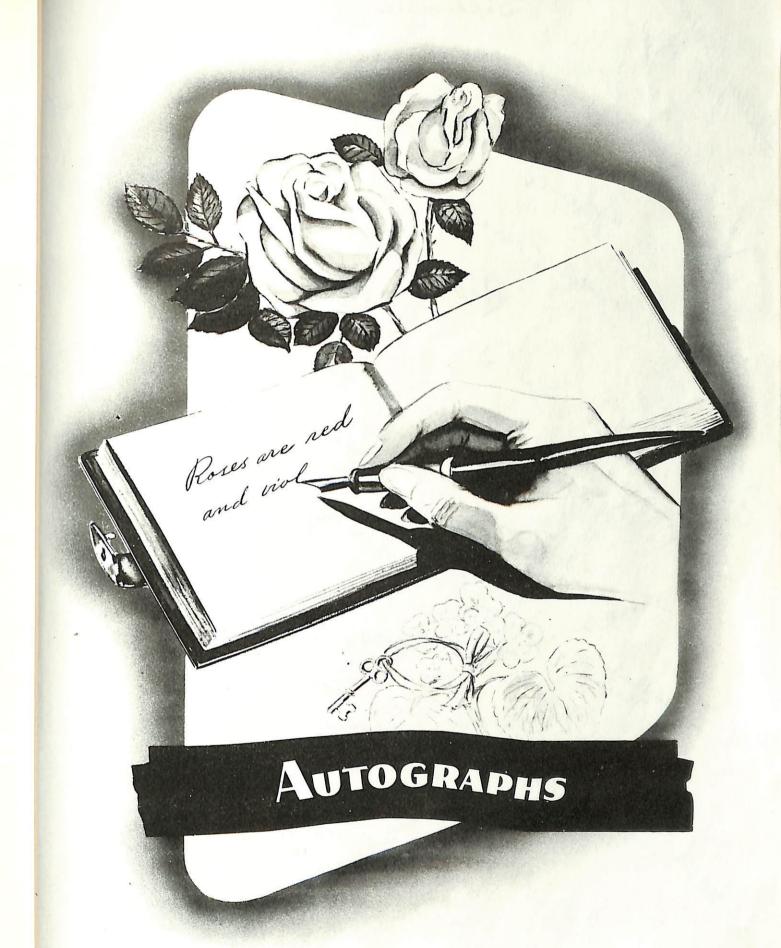


BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



SHIP LASKETBALL TRAM

MAST EMPEDIATE TYPE



The Medical Martiners. Billy ohnson In a somet have Sophomores Jack Timmons Land Rounds Exinos & adkin's

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Made In Italy

09-10 S/D

