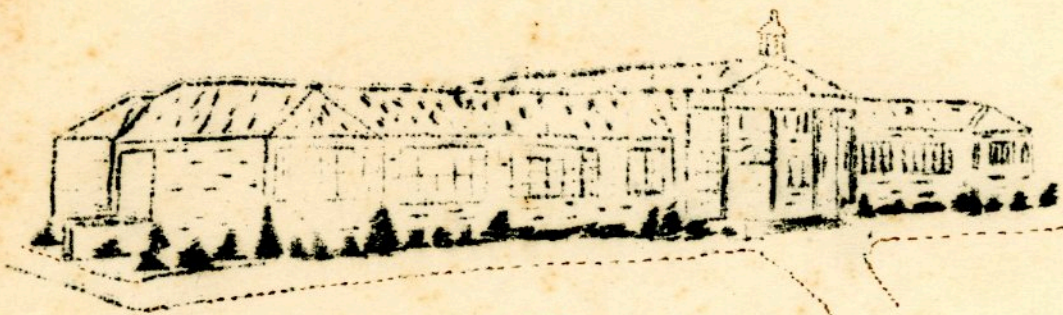


SNOW-HILL HIGH SCHOOL



1933

GRADUATION NUMBER

FACULTY

O. Perry Simmons
E. Franklyn Griffin
Lurah D. Collins
Grace H. Jones
Luther Bromley
Elizabeth Will
W. Franklin Beauchamp
James R. Ward
Walter Uhrbrock
Ethel Shockley
Wilbur Jones

PRINTED BY
Marion E. Pettit

BUSINESS STAFF

Elwyn Cooper
James Hancock
Aubrey Gibbons
Herbert Harris
Charles Dickerson
Julia Rae Carter

*STAFF

Sarah M. Hayward
Anna L. Strickland
Lillian Tilghman
Audrey Outten
Albert Hickman
Alton Stagg
Ethel Tilghman
Jean Nock
Carolyn Tirmans
Mabel Perdue

Con'l. Dept.
Louis G. Sick

Gertrude H. Pruitt ✓
Albert H. Hickman ✓
Charles Dickason ✓
Marie Eley ✓
Frances Carey ✓
Marshall Maime ✓
Ethel Tilghman ✓
Altm. Stagg ✓
Anna L. Strickland ✓
Kathryn E. Shockley ✓
Nellie Riley ✓
James W. Hancock, Jr. ✓
S. Grace Higgins ✓
Hazel Jackson ✓
Mary Elizabeth Jones ✓
Audrey H. Dutton ✓
John Louis McNamee ✓
Ethel Watson. ✓
Sara Joseph Hayward ✓
Herbert Harris ✓
Anthony L. Hibbons ✓

John O. Eley 3rd ✓
Margaret E. Evans ✓
Violet M. Ellis ✓
Alice Escher Aydelotte ✓
Kathryn Mae Aydelotte ✓
Antoinette Belle Applebaugh ✓
Hannah Miller Bremer ✓
Clifford Brown ✓
Naomi A. Bunting ✓
Virginia Carter ✓
Lillian Tilghman ✓
Evelyn B. Choper ✓
Julia Rae Carter ✓?

C L A S S H I S T O R Y
* * * * *

The sun on the morning of September 3rd. 1922 cast its beams on the bright, cheerful faces of fourteen small tots, all making their way, accompanied by loving parents, toward the Primary School, to start their career which was to bind them so closely together during the coming eleven years. When all were seated on the recitation benches in the front of the room we looked to be a very promising group. These small tots proved to be none other than Marshall Mariner, Grace Higgins, Alton Stagg, Sara Moore Hayward, James Hancock, Mary Elizabeth Jones, John Quinton Perdue, Audrey Outten, Charles Dickerson, Frances Carey, Herbert Harris, Margaret Evans, Elwyn Cooper, and Virginia Carter. After becoming acquainted with our teacher, Miss Louise Powell, our love increased for her as the year passed. The sandpile and its attractions will remain foremost in our memories of this grade, also the huge Arithmetic Assignments that we had to struggle through nightly. Miss Powell's favorite punishment (Can you imagine the Seniors misbehaving?) was to make one stand in the corner and before many days had elapsed each member of the class had to struggle through the ordeal. Time sped by and before we noticed, vacation time had come. We bid each other goodbye reluctantly, until September should again bring us together.

As we passed into the 2nd grade room we looked back with an air of superiority on the small children just entering the 1st. grade. (These were none other than the present jolly Juniors.) After being seated we soon discovered that an additional member had joined our class. This little girl gave her name as Ethel

Watson and soon she was enjoying our childish pranks along with the rest of us. We shall never forget our teacher, Miss Emma Jones, who with her winning ways, endeared herself to the hearts of the entire class. How we enjoyed working on plays, and making pictures, etc. with her. The social activities really began in this class for on Halloween afternoon we were surprised to entering the room to find the curtains drawn, and every surprising indication that there was to be a party. There were ghosts and spooks moving around and candy and peanuts hidden for us to find. Hilarious laughter and talking was the result of the many games we played and we left school that afternoon with refreshments galore in our pockets, eating and talking on the way home. At the end of the year we held a picnic in the school yard and you could'nt imagine such a lay out of good things to eat. Everyone dreaded to leave this grade and Miss Jones especially. But on the last day of school when we received our report cards and saw the almost fatal word Passed written at the bottom we knew we would have to go.

Summer days passed quickly and soon we were back at our tasks again, this time in the 3rd. grade with Miss Nan Brimer as our friend and teacher. Miss Nan readily replaced Miss Jones' position in our hearts and we looked forward to the coming year with pleasure. Two new members came in our class this year, Naomi Bunting and Hazel Jackson swelling our number to 17. Very lively additions these girls proved to be and we often wondered how we had passed two years without them. Talking seemed to be-

come our adopted motto and for punishment Miss Nan would either whack our hands or cheeks or if the party proved to be a girl and boy, they were told to sit together. At our age then, the latter proved to be the most amusing to the rest of the class, but to the guilty couple it seemed torture. Before we realized it another successful school year had passed and we were ready, after a few months rest for the 4th. Grade.

We were now the highest class in the Primary Building and were reminded often by our teacher Miss Lillie Howard that we should set an example for the rest of the classes. The morning assemblies which were held daily will never be forgotten and also the abundance of golden rod and blue bottles which bloomed in the school lot, and which proved to be a never ending worry to our teacher. Two new members Kathryne Shockley, and Gertrude Truitt who entered our class at this time were among the ring leaders in this mischief. As our class always has been lovers of Music it was our great delight to bang happily, with Miss Howard's approval, on the piano which was in the room. Examinations soon came and were passed and we were the proud owners of certificates denoting four years of hard labor.

When September returned we were ready for the High School Building and with admonitions from Miss Lillie we started our Grand March to the 5th. Grade. Miss Kathryne Dale met us at the door and welcomed us to the High School Building. The merits and demerits which were awarded will always be remembered. The pleasant year seemed to pass almost too quickly for us, but the next

September found us marching in the 6th. Grade under the guidance of Miss Mary Warren. We found John Exley, Marie Exley, Dorothy Aydelotte and Hannah Brimer waiting for us, thus swelling our number to 24. Measles and mumps seemed to be the malady of the year and before we realized we were ready to start another school year. This time in the 7th. Grade with Miss Elizabeth Richardson as our teacher. Nellie Riley and Alice Aydelotte joined us here. Due to the large enrollment the class was divided and some sent over to the White House with Miss Ethel McAllister now (Mrs. Avery Perdue) as the teacher. Our history exhibit which was on display will always be remembered and last but not least our 7th. Grade Commencement. No actors or actresses in Hollywood were ever more thrilled and proud than we were when on May 1929 we presented The Gypsy Festival, our class operetta. A few nights later came Commencement and, the girls dressed in white and the boys in blue, we responded to our names when called by Mr. Humphreys and stepped forward to receive our certificates. We felt just as important as any College Graduate would on such an occasion. Summer scarcely could pass quick enough so that we might have the opportunity to get an insight into High School life. With much trepidation we marched with heads erect up the creaking step to the 8th. Grade and were met by Miss Julie F. Bratten who reminded us that we were no longer to act as grade children but as High School students. We heard this statement more than one time during the coming year. As we glanced around we saw five new friendly faces smiling at us. These additions proved to be none other than Anna Strickland,

Aubrey Gibbons, Violet Ellis, Antionette Applebaugh and Albert Hickman. The class was soon divided. Those taking Latin were sent to Mr. Bromley's room and those taking History remained in Miss Julia's room. It was in this year that we attended our first High School Party and we certainly saw to it that we received our share of the refreshments. We entered into the extra curricular activities with vim and made a splendid showing. Vacation time came sooner than we expected and after three months of recreation we returned to enter the 9th. Grade under the domain of Miss Grace Jones. But this time there was a big change for we were occupying our New High School Building and our class has the distinction of being the 1st. Sophomore Class to enroll in the present building. Miss Jones was a very popular teacher and parties seemed to become the order of the day. Two new members joined our ranks in this year, Elliot Brown and Ethel Tilghman. They readily proved their ability to the rest and were accepted cheerfully. The struggle through Caesar will never be forgotten. At the close of the year we held a wienie roast at Public Landing, after which we had to bid each other goodbye until our vacation should end.

Autumn returned again and found us this time seated in the Junior Room again under the leadership of Mr. Bromley. There were never a bunch of more Jolly Juniors in High School than our class proved to be. Worry never seemed to come our way. After Christmas we started our plans for the Annual Junior-Senior banquet. Every one in the class liiked toward one goal--to make

this the best banquet ever had, and truly it was, for on Friday evening, May 13th, we dressed in evening attire smilingly greeted the Seniors on their arrival. A sumptuous banquet had been prepared and was served by members of the Sophomore class. Toasts and speeches followed and then dancing became the main feature of the evening. We felt well repaid when everyone agreed it was the best banquet ever had. Again we held a wienie roast as a means of farewell at Public Landing. Swimming, games and bowling were enjoyed by all and at a late hour we left for home with farewells ringing in our ears. Another year had ended and we looked foreward to our last stretch--the 11th. Grade. As Seniors we again entered the doors of S. H. H. S. Everyone seemed to realize that this would be the last time that September's sunny days would find us returning to the scenes we loved to well. We were warmly greeted by Miss Lurah D. Collins who was to act as our fræend and advisor during this last year. We elected the staff of the Representative with much thought and consideration. How proud we were when our 1st. issue returned from the press. And how we noticed each monthe just a little speck of improvement over the previous issue. A gay round of parties, etc. have occupied most of our liesure time and will remain long in our memories. The Junior-Senior Banquet will be held as a treasure also. Memories of Senior "Problems of American Democracy" with Mr. Griffin as instructor will never fade.

We have passed through four stages of High School. Green Freshies, Silly Sophs, Jolly Juniors and last but not least Dig-

nified Seniors. We have personified each stage in turn. Clouds have also been visioned during this time but we clung together trying to smile and cheer the fellow that was down. During these four years we have been fortunate in having the wise council and friendly guidance of Mr. O. Perry Simmons, the principal of our school. He has held for us a banner that stands for high ideals, truth, honor, and fair play at all times. May we never forget this banner. We are soon to separate probably for life. As we pass through the door on Commencement night, we will be Alumni of S. H. H. S. The class of '33 will never sit together again as an entirety. We now leave to our capable successors, the Juniors, the Management of the Representative and Student Council. We believe that no class has ever gone forth from S. H. H. S. with a finer or clearer record than has been made by the class of '33. Some may seek the path to fame. Others will lead simple quiet lives.

The curtain is going down on the History of the Class of 1933, but in reality the Big Parade is just commencing. The bugle calls--forward march!

THE CLASS WILL

* * * * *

We, the Senior Class of '33 of Snow Hill High School, being of sound mind and good disposition and considering it very well settled that we are to graduate this year, do hereby devise, give and bequeath our several belongings to be executed by the Junior Class of 1933.

To:

Mr. Simmons, our esteemed principal, we leave more authority and many years to exercise it, at Snow Hill High School.

Miss Jones, we leave a French class always prepared.

Miss Collins, we leave a senior class that will not talk against her wishes.

Mr. Griffin, we bequeath a lot of quiet and a lot of work.
Thank you.

Mr. Bromley, we leave two new members for his baseball team next year, Edward Davis and James Mason.

Mr. Jones, we leave an electric "elevator" to save him from climbing the stairs to the Laboratory when he grows old.

Mr. Beauchamp, we leave many more post graduates to worry him during the coming year.

Mr. Ward, we leave several chickens for his portable chicken house.

Mr. Uhrbrock, we bequeath a nickle's worth of jelly beans and a bunch of locker keys.

Miss Will, we leave many new ideas concerning the care of babies for her future senior classes.

Miss Shockley, we leave those horrible memories of this year's Operetta.

The General Faculty, we leave the credit for training the future presidents and engineers of the United States.

Mr. Trader, we bequeath two new handles for the showers in the boy's locker room.

To the Juniors, we leave a splendid example to follow next year.

To the Sophmores, we leave the task of procuring the mythical tennis courts, so long promised us.

To the Freshman, we leave our class picture for their inspiration when the way seems long and hard.

Alton Stagg leaves two horse-laughes and a dirty smile to Kathryn Mc Grath.

Audrey Outten leaves her art of hair-dressing to Lillian Covington.

Alice Aydellotte leaves her knowledge of the care of babies to Belle Scarborough.

Hannah Brimer leaves the world and all that is in it to Grace Perdue.

Anna Strickland bequeaths her athletic ability to Willard Stevens.

Elwyn Cooper leaves a bunch of dime-novels and detective stories to Jarell Simmons.

Herbert Harris leaves his basket ball shoes to Douglas Carmean.

John Exley leaves his undying love and friendship to Lillian Disharoon.

Marshall Mariner leaves a hymn book to Earl Grey.

Charles Dickerson leaves his baseball bat to William Sturgis.

James Hancock leaves a "rooster" to Esther Wilson.

Aubrey Gibbons leaves a clown suit to Percy Shockley.

John Perdue leaves a book called "Why Girls Leave Home" to Irving West.

Mary E. Jones leaves her ability to play basket-ball to Esther Richardson.

Frances Carey leaves her ability to "Yodel" to Lee Walker.

Naomi Bunting leaves her uncanny photograph to James Parsons.

Elliott Brown leaves his uncanny ability to eat nails, screws, tacks etc. to Edith Chandler.

Albert Hickman leaves his "way with women" to Walton Layfield.

Lillian Tilghman leaves her ability to break men's hearts to Lillian Disharoon.

Ethel Watson bequeaths her permanent wave to Louise Mason.

Ethel Tilghman leaves her knowledge of an antique shop to whomever it may concern.

Antionette Applebaugh leaves her job of Librarian to Lee Dickerson.

Dorothy Aydellotte leaves her love for Bookkeeping to Graham Carmean.

Virginia Carter bequeaths her position as Garbo's double to Rachel White.

Violet Ellis leaves a book called "How to reduce" to Jane Riley.

Margaret Evans leaves a Joke book to Delmarva Tarr.

Sara Hayward bequeaths her dramatic ability to Walter Truitt.

Grace Higgins bequeaths her giggle to Ellen Godfrey.
Marie Exley leaves her excess fat to Dorothy Atkinson.
Nellie Riley leaves her feminine charms to Jean Nock.
Hazel Jackson leaves her undying love to Gaither Aydelotte.
Gertrude Truitt leaves her job of boarding teachers to
Virginia Smith.

Kathryn Schokkley leaves her dark curly hair to Betty
Richardson.

Signed and sealed this 19th day of May in the year of our
Lord, Ninteen Hundred and Thirty-three.

Senior Class 1933 (SEAL)

C L A S S P R O P H E C Y

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Crash! Bang, and the shrill yells of women and children were still ringing in my ears as I was riding in an ambulance on my way to the hospital. I was a little unconscious but I soon came out of it, to realize the fact that who ever was driving that ambulance was stepping on the gas, we rode on for at least a couple of blocks as fast as ever, and when they were taking me into the Hospital I raised up a little to see who the driver could be, and who to my great surprise should I see but Albert Hickman, well! well! I had expected Hick to wind up in a job like this because he always drove fast at school.

Before I knew it I was in the hospital in a fine room with a nurse that some how had a familiar look, and I wondered where I had seen her before. I looked at her a moment then listened to her voice a while, but some how I just couldn't think. Soon I heard a familiar laugh outside in the hall, something must be funny, but when the nurse returned again I recognized the voice. It was Virginia Carter's laugh. I raised up to look around and across the hall I saw another familiar face, well if there wasn't Violet Ellis in there surrounded by babies. I had an idea she would choose the baby ward. And who was this on the right of me, with jaws all bandaged up. I gave a cry of astonishment when I recognized the big set fellow to be Aubrey Gibbons. I was anxious to know how he had been injured, he soon told me that he had his jaw knocked out of joint while boxing for the world championship.

I was just about to try and rest awhile when I was told I would be carried to the operating room. On first glance around the room I saw another familiar face, and who should it be but Hertert Harris another of my school mates, but he had reached the height of his ambition, so it was Dr. Harris now. Before I knew it the ether had taken effect and I knew nothing for a long time.

In a few days I was up and around in my rolling chair, while rolling down the hall one day I saw two well dressed men talking with the superintendent. I rolled up closer to see who they were, and one good look told me they were John Perdue and Marshall Mariner. I soon inquired as to what they were doing now, they informed me that John was a funeral director and was just inquiring

if any one was dead that business was dull during the depression. Marshall told me that he was a preacher and always preached the sermon to funerals that John conducted. With this information I asked them to come down to my room and tell me about all of our school mates that they knew anything about. John informed me that Grace Higgins was assistant Librarian at Wilson College and was delighted with her position. Gertrude Truitt has secured a position as a stenographer in Wilmington. Mary Jones was in the P. A. L. association and had found it just the thing for her athletic ability. Antionette Applebaugh had finally told Taylor yes, and they were now in Honolulu on their Honeymoon. Marshall told me that John Exley had become a famous mechanic. Sara Hayward was teaching music in public schools. Margaret Evans was a secretary in a Doctors office at Philadelphia. Kathryn Schokley had become a fine teacher in the Snow Hill Grammar Grades. Ethel Watson was a nurse on a large steamer that ran from England to the U. S. Anna Strickland had become a great Artist and had made lots of money. With this information I thanked them and rolled on down the hall where I could day dream for the rest of the day about what I had just heard.

The next day was one of much pleasure to me, for the Doctor told me that I was well enough to return home. As my car was a complete wreck from the accident I had to return to Chicago by train. I was riding along, with the thoughts of what had happened while I was at the Hospital when I found myself gazing at the back of some man's head. I gave another look, where had I seen that curly head before? I did not have to think long before I

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recognized the cars and they soon told me that the curly headed gentlemen was Elwyn Cooper and what was that rolled up in his hand, one glance, something told me it was a dime detective story magazine, "Coop" hadn't changed a bit for it sure did bring back memories of History class. He told me that he was a Private Detective and was headed for Chicago. I told him of my accident and the things I had learned about our class mates since they had left school. He was as interested as I had been, and as soon as I had finished talking he soon took up the conversation with those that he knew anything about. He told me that Dorothy Aydelotte had settled down to a long married life at Box Iron, and the lucky man was Marion Pettit. Hazel Jackson had also marched to the altar and was now residing at Furnace Ville with her husband Oswald Gordy. Alice Aydelotte had changed her mind about the problem of matrimony and was an old maid now residing at Furnace Ville near Mr. and Mrs. Gordy. Naomi Bunting was married to Bill Brimer and was residing at Box Iron. Nellie Riley was a nurse at Wilmington but was thinking strongly of coming back to Bishopville to settle down to house keeping. Well, "Coop" sure was up to date on the married couples as well as the others. He was just about to continue when the train stopped and two very nice looking gentlemen stepped on. The men were coming toward us "Coop" judged me and asked if they weren't James Hancock and Alton Stagg, sure enough that's who they were, and how they had changed I hardly knew them. They sat down in front of us and "Coop" and I were soon listening to the interesting occupations of each of them. Alton was now the "King of Jazz", as he was the leader of the best

Jazz orchestra in America. James was a great lawyer and was now going to Chicago to fight a great case and help in the next court session. From Jim and Pete we learned of the rest of our classmates. Ethel Tilghman was a teacher at a mountain school out west and spent her leisure time horse back riding. Elliott Brown was a teacher of Mathematics at Columbia University. Marie Exley and Frances Carey were first class stenographers for a firm in New York. Lillian Tilghman had become a chorus dancer on Broadway. Hannah Brimer had become a private secretary for the president of the U. S. Charles Dickerson had become a fine barber in the city of Snow Hill. With the information about all of our former classmates we were very pleased and were having a fine conversation when the train stopped for Chicago. This was the end of the trip for all of us, for each must take a different way. "Coop" left us in search of the Private Detectives office. Jim left in search of a hotel until Court week. Pete left to go to the studio for it was nearly time for him to Broadcast and that left me on the street with nothing but my thoughts to accompany me. So I decided to return to my apartment on East Main St.

Sssh--Sssh I kept hearing. "What is the matter I ask." "Don't talk any more" said an unknown speaker". But why? I asked. "You are very sick," replied a nurse, and have been out of your head, I went out in the garden for some flowers and while I was gone you became unconscious, I heard a part of what you were saying it must of been about your classmates for you were calling lots of names and saying to yourself what they were doing. It was very interesting but you must be quiet and rest awhile, for it will soon be time for the Doctor."

Class Organization

President	Anna Strickland
Vice-President	Andrew Gibbons
Secretary	Antoinette Applebaugh
Treasurer	Edwyna Cooper

"The Representative" Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Sara M. Hayward
Asst Editor	Anna L. Strickland
Social Editor	Lillian Lilghman
Athletic Editors	Andrew Cutton
	Albert Nickman

Humorous Editor	Alton Stagg
Exchange Editor	Ethel Lilghman
Business Manager	Edwyna Cooper
Asst Manager	James Hancock
Circulation Manager	Andrew Gibbons
Asst Circulation Manager	Herbert Harris
Official Typist	Charles Hickerson
Assistant Typist	Julia Carter
Faculty Advisor	O. Perry Simmons

Senior Class Song
S. Graw Higgins
Tune: (Londonderry Air)

Dear Senior Class,
Our days would fain grow shorter,
So friends and foes we dread to say good-bye.
But let us not a single sad word utter,
No, let it not be dimmed by e'en a sigh.
For we have reached the turning point of
 school days,
The roads lie open to the east or west,
So let us all act wisely in our
 choosing
Select the road that leads to happiness sublime.

Good times we've had
And they'll not be forgotten
Nor shall we e'er forget Maroon and Black
But we shall keep these memories in
 our thoughts for aye
When to the past our minds will wander back.
May Snow Hill High be e'er among our treasures
For we shall smile at mischief we have
 wrought
So classmates all come smiling to the future
And let the past remain a priceless
 treasure bought.

Tis May the month of roses
Of gold-en sunny hours
Of liquid bird-notes calling
The month of sun and flow'rs,
And nature's myriad voices
From field and stream repeat.
The song our hearts are singing
Commencement Day to greet.

CHOURS:

Lift then your voices clear and strong
Hope gilds the future's way
Love lights the past we've known so long
Hail to Commecement Day
Right joyfully we hail thee
O long expected day!
Yet there's a thrill of sadness
That will not pass away
For Autumn's golden weather
No more for us will tell
The hours of glad return
To scenes we've loved so well
So classmates stand together
As heartily we raise
One loyal song at parting
In alma Marter's praise
May fortune smile upon her
May men her name en-throne
And we forever cherish
Her honor as our OWN.

PROGRAMME OF SERVICES
TO GRADUATES OF SNOW HILL HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF '33
SUNDAY EVENING, MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH
CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Processional	Miss Gladys Gibbons
Hymn, No. 7, "Holy, Holy, Holy"	Congregation
Invocation	Dr. R. B. Matthews
Hymn, No. 9, "Day Is Dying in the West"	Congregation
Scripture Lesson	Rev. T. F. Beauchamp
Prayer	Dr. W. S. Kreger
Offering	
Vocal Trio	High School Trio
Sermon, "Laying Foundations for Life's Greatest Business"	W. E. Balderson
Vocal Trio	High School Trio
Hymn, No. 126, "Give of Your Best to the Master"	Congregation
Benediction	Rev. H. L. Schlinke

COMMENCEMENT
SNOW HILL HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF '33

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1933

PROCESSIONAL	Senior Class
INVOCATION	Rev. T. F. Beauchamp
MUSIC	POND LILIES- Forman Glee Club
OLD HOME PRIZE ESSAY	S. GRACE HIGGINS
LOVELY GARDENS OF THE EASTERN SHORE	
MUSIC	THE GREEN CATHEDRAL - HAHN Trio
ADDRESS	Dr. R. B. Matthews
MUSIC	SPRING Greeting - Strauss - Bliss GLEE CLUB
PRESENTATION OF Diplomas	Dr. J. L. Riley
PRESENTATION OF MEDALS	
MUSIC	COMMENCEMENT Song Senior Class
BENEDICTION	Rev. T. F. Beauchamp