

Lt. Gov. Ballentine Will Address Atlantic Graduates

Lt. Gov. L. Y. Ballentine will be the commencement speaker at Atlantic high school at 8 o'clock Wednesday night. The lieutenant governor is running now, unopposed, for commissioner of agriculture.

His address will climax graduation activities which start off with a bang tonight with an old-time picnic at 6 o'clock in the school gymnasium. Friends and relatives of the graduates will come from Cedar Island, Sea Level, Stacy and Atlantic.

At 8 o'clock the stunt night program will begin, with pupils from all grades except 11 and 12 presenting skits.

Sunday's feature will be the baccalaureate service at 11 o'clock in the school auditorium. Dr. J. H. Bunn, pastor of the First Baptist church, Morehead City, will deliver the sermon. He will be assisted at the service by the Rev. L. C. Chandler, Davis, and the Rev. C. M. Mitchell, Atlantic.

Class night will be Tuesday. The play which the seniors will present, "The Past is Now," is under the direction of Miss Norma Mason, faculty member. At this time eighth grade certificates will also be presented.

Medals for scholastic achievement will be presented at commencement. Perfect attendance certificates and other end-of-the-year awards will be given to pupils in all grades Thursday, the last day of school.



Graduates pictured here, reading from left to right, top row, are Pauline Dixon, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Jones, Morehead City, Harry Bryan Gerock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bryan Gerock, Atlantic, Edna Louise Willis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Prudie Willis, Atlantic, Maxton Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Lewis, Stacy, Margie Lane Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis L. Mason, Atlantic. Second row, Grayden Lee Fulcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Fulcher, Stacy, Iris Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Roache, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Edward-Roache, Charlotte, North Carolina, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop Graham Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morris, Atlantic, Ruth Janice Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Smith, Atlantic, Weldon E. Fulcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Fulcher, Stacy. Third row, Edna Earle Willis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Willis, Atlantic, Edgar Braxton C. C. Edward-Roache, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Barfield, principal of Atlantic high school, and Lorna Belle Guthrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dorris Guthrie, Atlantic. Bottom row, Marjorie Lane Salter, daughter of Mrs. Grace H. Salter, Atlantic, M. R. Barfield, principal of Atlantic high school, and Lorna Belle Guthrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dorris Guthrie, Atlantic.

Senior Presents Class Picture

Collectively, the class of '48 presents an entirely different picture than they do individually. Margie Lane Mason, a member of the graduating class, presents here their unusual appearance as a single entity.

I hesitated when I was asked to prepare this picture of the Class of 1948 for your inspection. I was not an artist, and everybody knew it. Any of my teachers could tell you that I was never especially proficient in drawing anything—except attention—and could never paint anything successfully—not even my own face.

Besides, the Class of 1948 is a very lively subject for even an expert to attempt to sketch. They are never any of them twice alike, nor apt to be found twice in the same place or position. Even a snapshot could never catch them in anything better than a blur. Besides, I am only one person, of decidedly individual opinions, and could only look at my classmates through my own eyes. I cannot see them as they see themselves, nor even as you might see them if you might stand for a time in my position, and be able to look at them from my point of view.

But, as it seems my fate to be expected to hold the mirror up before these nineteen boys and girls who have been my classmates for so long and to be them that power that would, as Burns says, "The gift of a lie is as therser see us," I can only paint them in such words as appear to me to express them as I see them. This, then, dear friends, is the Class of 1948, as I see it today. (I am sure you will pardon the exact measurements, as I would make a better carpenter than I would an artist and have always been very fond of mathematical statistics. I speak in figures.)

The Class of 1948 is made up of nineteen members—eleven girls and eight boys. We range in age from Weldon Earl Fulcher's seven years, three months, and three days to Johnnie Willis' twenty years. We range in height from Lorna Belle Guthrie's five feet one inch—high heels, long hat feather and all, to Roland Lupton's six feet three inches with or without his silk stockings. We range in weight from Lorna's ninety-six pounds (feather-brain and all) to Johnnie Willis' one hundred and eighty.

Taken altogether as the one in body that we are supposed to be in spirit, we make up an individual of sufficient age to know a great deal, if he's ever going to begin to learn for he would be three hundred and thirty-seven years old—surely an age of wisdom, and power, and dignity, verging upon veneration.

Our height is one hundred nine feet ten inches, which certainly raises us far enough up in the world to allow us to tower above our enemies, and look down upon the inferior undergraduates. You can see, too, what a heavy proposition we are by the fact that taken altogether, and even giving due consideration to Lorna's dainty figure, we tip the scales at exactly twenty-seven hundred and fifty-five pounds. Someone has libelously hinted that this weight is the same, either with or without Lorna, but we think this is hardly a fair accusation, and we do not expect any of you to give it any consideration.

Our hand is certainly large enough to get a good firm grasp upon the affairs of the world, as well as upon our own individual concerns, for we wear a one hundred and forty-one glove. Our head is of sufficient capacity to hold even the vast amount of knowledge we have been cramming into Picture of 1948.

it the past four years, for we require a hat that measures one hundred thirty-two and one-quarter.

Some say that if we do not make the success in life that we desire and expect, it will surely not be because we cannot gain a foothold upon the world's battleground, by way of our colossal understanding, for we wear a No. 140 1/2 shoe.

This is the Class of 1948 in her big moments. Then even her Class Pictures has to be taken on the installment plan. But we have not even a glimpse such a mighty sense of our vastness. Sometimes our pride sinks to a mere average capacity, when Mr. Barfield assures us we have a splendid capacity for averages. We have been investigating this line, too, but will not bore you with a recital of the resultant statistics.

We are accomplished in all things. We have often proved to you how well we can sing, dance, read, recite and perform in many entertaining ways before the public. We have all proven our prowess in athletics, and won many honors for our class and school. What we do not know has seemed to us to be scarcely worth the learning. What we do know has seemed to our teachers to be very much worth the learning. That may be one of the reasons why we know it, but we have nothing further to add along this line.

We have within our ranks, poets, musicians, actresses, preachers, statesmen, professors, judges, physicians, authors, artists and one United States president. Do not ask me to specify the which or the who. Ask me thirty years from now, and perhaps I may be better able to say, for, of course, they are still in a state of partial development, and while I can tell you what they are now, "it doth not yet appear what they shall be."

But this, friends, is a subdued picture of the Class of 1948, crudely sketched from the brilliant colors of my imagination, lest I should lay myself open to the charge of undue self-appreciation or exaggeration. Far be it from our wish to run any such risk as that!

Suffice it to say that while the career of the Class has from the very beginning been glowing with color and brightness, it is only a glimpse of the great things that are shadowed, when Life, as the master artist, mixes the shades that have been decreed by the forces of destiny for the painting of the permanent and eternal canvas. We shall last throughout the ages as the perfect and indestructible Class Picture of 1948.

23 Freshmen Began The Four-Year Trek Through High School Halls

On September 18, 1944 the doors of Atlantic High School swung open on a new school term. Twenty-three freshmen, eager and with enthusiasm, passed through, beginning a new epoch in their lives.

The following class officers were elected: Janice Smith, president; Nellie Grey Hamilton, vice-president; Esther Taylor, secretary; and Reo Hill, treasurer. It wasn't long before the Sophomore year came. We started strong by selecting officers. They were Janice Smith, president; Marjorie Lane Mason, vice-president; Marjorie Lane Mason, secretary; Marjorie Lane Mason, treasurer. That year eight boys and girls received letters in basketball and baseball. We began to take a more active part in the affairs of the school.

Weldon Earl Fulcher attracted a good deal of attention as the stars in "Six Wives on a Rampage." As a climax to the Halloween Carnival, Nellie Grey Hamilton was crowned queen. Then came our Junior year. Here are the class officers: we selected that year: Margie Lane Mason, president; Janice Smith, vice-president; Nellie Grey Hamilton, secretary; Harry Bryan Gerock, treasurer. The play we presented was "Arizona Cowboy" with practically all the class participating.

Outstanding juniors in basketball were Janice Smith, Margie Lane Mason, Edna Willis, Pauline Dixon, Lorna Guthrie, Esther Taylor, and Marjorie Salter on the girls' team. The boys were Johnnie Willis, Harry Gerock, Grayden Lee Fulcher, Weldon Fulcher, and Maxton Lewis. The girls won the county conference and tournament. The boys won the baseball championship.

At the beginning of our Senior year the following class officers were elected: Margie Lane Mason, president; Weldon E. Fulcher, vice-president; Edna Willis, secretary; Nellie Grey Hamilton, treasurer. In January the class play, "Heart Trouble," was presented with Harry Bryan Gerock stealing the show with his antics.

The captains of the basketball teams were Roland Lupton and Marjorie Lane Mason. The girls won the conference. Janice Smith, Esther Taylor, Margie Lane Mason, won all tournament medals and Braxton Mason won the sportsmanship medal at the Gold Medal tournament. The class night officers are Janice Smith, salutatorian; Harry Gerock, prophet; Pauline Dixon, poet; Margie Lane Mason, historian; Marjorie Salter, valedictorian; Margie Lane Mason, Historian.

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John Larkins, Candidate For Senate, Campaigns Here

John D. Larkins, Jr., candidate for re-election to the State senate in the 7th district, campaigned in Carteret county yesterday and Sunday.

A resident of Trenton in Jones county, Mr. Larkins served in the senate in 1936, 1938, 1940 and 1942. The senate elected him president pro tem in 1941.

He resigned his senatorship in 1944 to enlist in the army. As state chairman of the cancer drive he has had a large part in raising more than \$200,000 for the fund.

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CLASS POEM

Now that our high school work is ended,
and our books are laid aside,
And our teachers have graded our papers,
and all harsh words have died,
We shall rest, for truly we've earned it,
rest for an hour or two,
Till the world outside shall call us and
tell us what to do.

There are those who have made good in high school; they shall find a place to abide;
They will profit by lessons they have learned here, by leaders they shall sit side by side;
They will find new fields of labor; they will heed their country's call;
They will succeed in their chosen profession; and never complain at all.

And all the world shall praise them, and none shall try to blame;
For they will work for the good of humanity, and not for the joy of fame,
And each shall remember when he's aged,
and unable to work anymore,
The lessons he learned here in high school, have repaid him o'er and o'er.

(Apologies to Kipling's L'Envoi)

Seniors Rate High In State Examination

Atlantic's seniors made a splendid showing in the recent state-wide examination given to seniors by the department of public instruction, M. R. Barfield, principal reported yesterday.

Twenty-two thousand seniors throughout the state took part and 50 per cent of the Atlantic class stood in the top 25 per cent of the entire state, 23 per cent were rated in the top 6 per cent and one senior, Janice Smith was among the top 2 per cent.

So It Goes, How Mistakes Get There, Nobody Knows!

The Carteret News-Times got off to a flying start Tuesday. We put Theodore Phillips, Morehead City insurance man in the men-had-business, which probably pleased neither Theodore Phillips nor the Phillips brothers, Orlando, Jasper, and Lewellyn, who are building two large shad boats on Evans street, and we reported that Walter Moore, of Harkers Island, who lost his life while serving with the army in North Africa, was killed in the invasion of North Carolina.

We extend apologies to all concerned.—Ed.

New York Hospital Starts New Cancer Care

NEW YORK (AP)—Hope for the homeless and a measure of happiness for the final months of life has been provided by a new hospital home care program for cancer patients. Success of the program, which has been tried out in New York by Montefiore Hospital for a year, is described by Dr. Martin Cherkasky, supervisor, who predicts it will provide a model for other communities all over the country.

After patients have derived all possible benefit from hospital care, says Dr. Cherkasky, it has been found that home environment often gives new hope and comfort to both patient and family. He explains:

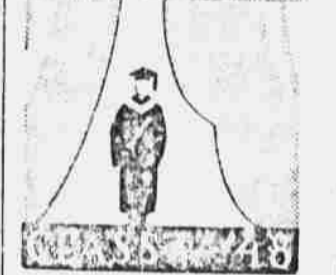
"The service provides all the services of the hospital in the home. This includes medical and nursing care, services of specialists, house-keeping service, medication, hospital equipment and physical therapy. Often it is more important to keep the spirit alive than it is to provide routine treatment in the hospital. Our experiment has proved the truth of the saying—'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

Experts say that most accidents happen in the kitchen, but wise husbands eat them anyway.

Farewell Song

Tune: "Till the End of Time"
Now we say farewell,—
Time has come when we must part
This one thing we know, where'er
we go
We'll still be missing you.
Now we say farewell,—
Long as there is night and day—
Our time spent here will grow
sweeter with every passing year.
When our day is done—
And our work is laid aside—
We will think of you, and wish for
you
Through quiet eventide.
So face thee well our dearest class-
mates
And tenderly know that
You're the ones we'll miss and
wish for
When we say farewell.

COMPLIMENTS



TAKE A BOW!

Stand up, Graduates of 1948, and take a bow! We're all clapping for you, cheering and whistling! You've done it, and we're mighty proud of all of you. Now! We say that we wish you all the luck in the world!

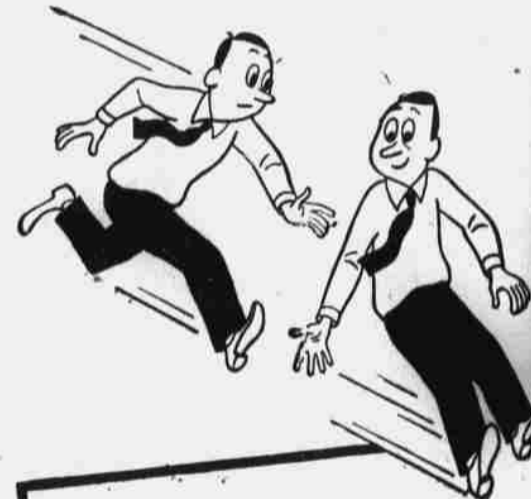
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