

## CLASS PROPHECY

Written by Bette Virginia Banner

10 Oakwod Drive  
Marblehead, Massachusetts  
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Dear Margaret,

I simply had to take time out and write you. I've been so busy since I returned from my inspection of the leading libraries of the country—compiling, checking and all that sort of thing — that I haven't a moment I could call my own.

The trip was grand, and although I could only snatch at pleasure here and there, I really enjoyed myself. I met quite a few of my classmates. You know I haven't thought very much about St. Aug. since I graduated in 1940 and haven't kept nearly as good a check on my classmates as I might have. Some I thought I'd never see again but this trip gave me a fine chance to meet some of the distinguished personages of our race—and of my class. Our class was not so very large—some twenty-nine of us including Audrey Gibson and Ellen Williams who graduated at mid-term, you remember. John Speight Simpkins is a radio technician for W E E I up here. I see him quite often. I see Frances Henderson most every day, too. She's been married and divorced twice, you know. I don't know who her first husband was, but her second one was William Jackson—"Smiling Jack." He's an undertaker. Frances probably was disturbed by the dead. She was always the nervous type. Mary Boley is still around, to. No, she isn't married. She suddenly became interested in club work. I know you've seen her pic-

ture dozens of times in the Afro and the Journal and Guide. "Miss Mary Boley, prominent Boston Socialite . . ."

I heard from Spencer the other day. She writes once in a blue moon but lovely letters when she does write. She's married and has the sweetest little boy. She sent me his picture. She's very busy these days—still very prominent in church work. Wasn't she president of the Junior Women's Auxiliary? That's what I say about early training. Who do you think her family doctor is? J. A. Heartley, M. D. Jeremiah! Imagine. I wonder is he as full of fun as ever. I bet he makes a good doctor. You never know a person's possibilities. Maycie Copeland is his secretary.

When I was in New York, I tried to look up Bobby Tillman. He has a long line of degrees tacked on his name. He's down around the Caribbean trying to breed a new type of snail. Charles Howell has taken Dr. Miller's place at St. Augustine's Church in New York. I always knew Charles would be a minister. Speaking of ministers, Ellis Johnson is one, too. His church is small but progressive. It's in Alabama. He always was a homey boy.

I found Melvin McDowell in Detroit. Doesn't that suggest something to you? He's among the rank of dentists. He always wanted to be one, despite his athletic ego. It's always encouraging to see someone follow his aims and hopes.

I forgot to tell you about Gilbert Wilson. He bumped into me in the 135th St. Library. I guess the fault