

of the matter lay with both of us. I was thinking what I would ask the head librarian and he was reading a book and walking at the same time. We had to sit down and talk—of course. He's a stock-broker—Wall Street. He's still rather quiet, brilliant, though. He always was.

Do you realize that our class has quite a few politicians among its members? Actually. But there is no need to tell you about Congressman Joseph Bennett. He finally got that anti-lynching bill passed, you know. Eldon McLean—he was our class president—is the American Minister to Haiti. Something to be proud of, isn't it?

Let me see, that's almost half of the class I have accounted for, isn't it? I didn't stay in Chicago so very long. Jennie Baird and Prettlophine Simmons are there. They are stylists—working together. Jennie seems anxious to go back South.

I didn't find anyone I knew very well when I came to the extreme west coast and so I worked fervently on my job. I did a bit of sightseeing, of course. You know—all things you read about. I listed them while I was riding, and fortunately was able to see at one time or another everything I had listed.

I came back on the Southern route partly in order to see St. Aug. and partly because I had seen so many St. Aug. graduates and was interested in seeing if I could discover the whereabouts of some others. I ran into Vermay Battle in Mississippi. She is Dean of Women at Rust College. I spent a very enjoyable afternoon with Rose Huggins in Greenville. She's personnel work at home there. I always knew she'd be a social worker or a dietitian. She seemed

inclined that way. John Henry is practicing medicine in South Carolina. He's married and is very prosperous.

St. Aug. hasn't changed much. The students seem older than we did when we were there. They were so short then, you know. They're taller—much more mature. Nannie Farrar is matron in the Thomas Building and Rosa Hall is librarian. Rosa, they tell me, is very set in her ways. Oh—and Vanya is getting along nicely. But I always thought she'd be a nurse.

I stayed at St. Aug. about three days. Funny thing—do you know what the students had for breakfast yesterday? Do you remember what we had ever day—ten years ago? My dear, St. Aug. is still St. Aug.

In Washington I found or at least heard about the remaining members of the Class of 1940. Richard Horsley is there—a critic on World Affairs. A high-class reporter. He called me up and we had lunch together. He's terribly busy but we talked for about an hour. He told me that Peree Harris is studying piano in Germany under some great musician. I'm afraid I've forgotten his name. I probably couldn't spell it if I could remember. Ada Simpkins is doing missionary work in China. I was glad to know that. Rose did not know where I could find Ada. She said when I was in South Carolina that she hadn't the vaguest notion Daniel Summers is chef at the White House, if you please.

I made no more stops between Washington and home. On the train, while thinking about everything, I discovered that I had not found Walter Durham. I bought an Afro in Richmond and my