

really see stars from a different angle this time. (from between the bars of a cell window.)

We pass a modern Coca-Cola plant, operated by Eugene Davis. "The plant, which is the only one of its kind, was designed by James McIlhenny, electrical engineer," explains Sara.

Who's that hanging on to that restful looking "Travel-by-Air" sign? "Why, don't you know?" exclaims Sara in awed surprise, "That's Horace Potter, distinguished president of the International Thumb-wagger's Club."

As we pass the baseball park, a huge crowd is witnessing the annual tournament between the "Swing 'Em Highs" and "Swat 'Em Lows." Claud King and Jack Kornegay are the respective captains. Whom should I see but Mitchell Baddour, millionaire playboy, drifting lazily into watch the two big league teams fight it out. "The game is to be announced by Johnny Grant, special events announcer, and Charles Magill, the chief engineer of the WGBR studios is certain to be there too," says Sara. "Even the great football coach, Glenwood Johnson, is taking time out to view this spectacular event. The GHS Band, conducted by J. R. Nickens, is furnishing the music for the occasion." The crowd is so thick that State Highway Patrolmen Billy Powell and Wilton Hollowell are struggling valiantly to maintain order, and their dignity.

Airport Activities

Arriving safe and sound we are greeted by Teeny, who urges us to hurry. I tell Sara good-bye, wish her lots of luck, etc., and proceed to look around the airport. Strolling into the waiting room, I see Toni Lupton buying a ticket from Carl Howell. So Toni has finally decided to take her feet off the ground! After several hugs and squeals of delight over our reunion, she tells me that she is being sent to Hawaii to get inspirations for drawing advertisements for Pole Pineapple Juice. She is also caught prying into the passenger list to see who else will be on the plane. Among our old school friends are: Hugh Daughtry, concert touring through the Hawaiian Islands; George Washington Lassiter, foreign minister to England on his annual vacation to Hawaii, (if he lives up to his name, he'll vanquish the dictators.); Maylon McDonald, outstanding lawyer on vacation. Julio Denning, famous boxer who recently copped the championship from Joe Louis; Gene Ham, promising young maestro; Doris Davis and Doris Turner, social workers returning to Hawaii to work among the natives; Christine Davis, housewife on vacation (wonder if her husband came too?); Forrest Simmons, cotton broker, Aliean Bedford, pianist; and Lillian Roberts and Katherine Beaman, secretaries.

Though apparently calm, Toni confesses that she's a bit nervous over her first trip through mid air, so we decide to see who the pilots of the ship will be. The first man that looks like an aviator is Leslie Davis. Immediately Toni inquires about the pilots for the Hawaii-bound Clipper. "You have nothing to worry about," he smiles. "Edward Britt, T. L. Ginn, and Tinker Heyward rank among our best pilots. You'll be there within 10 hours in the new model rocket-

plane." I agree to accompany Toni out to her plane and hold her hand until she is ready for her swift journey. Aviator Bertice May warns us to stay off the runway for a few minutes, as a squad of army planes is preparing to land for refueling.

Once the giant planes are peacefully settled on the ground, the flyers and officers stretch their tired bodies, and as they saunter into the coffee shop for a little relaxation, I recognize Jimmy Wooters, Harry Jackson, John Schmidlapp, Ed Shumate, Cliff Spruill, and Lamuel Summerlin. When we feel it is safe enough, we sally forth to board the plane. Finally, the time comes for Toni to leave so we say good-bye and I begin to look around for a way back to Goldsboro. But that's just a minor thing to worry about now. All my curls have "gone with the wind" because of the planes that have been zooming around my head for the past 30 minutes. I just must get it set before I see anyone else I know. Oops, too late. There's Borden Kornegay, Warren Hood, Warren Perkins, and Earl Montague climbing out of the plane from New York. They really do look like big shots now. Warren Perkins pipes up first and tells he he's manager of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. Borden Kornegay proudly asserts that he is in civil service, and Earl Montague says that he is a civil engineer. Warren Hood spiels off something so fast that I am left standing with my mouth open. "Pardon me," says he, "but I'm a tobacco auctioneer for the Goldsboro Tobacco Co. Right now, I'm getting tuned up for the auction this afternoon."

Simpson Skyscraper

I accept their offer to breeze me into town in Warren Perkins' new, streamlined convertible, the first one of its kind to be run by perpetual motion. Because the car can't ever be completely stopped it slows up at the corner and I make a wild leap for the sidewalk. In an effort to maintain my balance, I knock the hat off a dignified personality standing near me who turns out to be our former SA president, George Simpson. Surprised and flustered I apologize. "Oh that's all right," he laughs; "this always happens on account of those perpetual motion cars." After a few minutes conversation with George, I learn that he is owner of the skyscraper towering above us. "Several members of the Class of '40 have offices in the Simpson Building," explains George proudly. "Let's see, there are architects, contractors, artists, and a prominent beauty shop." My ears caught the last two words. Exactly what I had been looking for. Accepting his offer to conduct me over to the building, we step into a little compartment which shoots upward so fast and lands with such a terrific jerk on the 102nd floor that I practically had to walk back down stairs to find my stomach. As we tour the building, we see the name plates of familiar classmates printed on their office doors. Alvin Edgerton contractor with Sibyl Blalock, Mary Elizabeth Hallow, Louise Culbreth, and Ruth Herring, secretaries; Paul Garrison, commercial artists; Floyd Morse, electrician; Sara Jeffreys, photographer; Leonard Staton, carpenter; Ray Rouse and Harold Montague, architects, with Ethel Anderson, Leah Daughtry, Des-

sie Bradshaw, Ann Johnson, and Helen McClenny, secretaries; Edward West, architect, with Marie Davis, Lucile Edwards, and Ruth Moye, stenographers; Martha Best, commercial artist, and Willie Rogers, musical advertising association manager.

Noticing the modernistic statues placed in every little cubby hole, I inquire about these and learn that David Hill, woodcraftsman, is responsible for these curious looking ornaments. Ah, well, this is 1955 and things have certainly changed since the good ole days! Just can't stand my hair this way another minute so I pull George over to our elevator. "The beauty parlor, owned by Louise Langston, Lorraine Britt, and Marie Gentry, is on the 150th floor," states George. That's just about 145 stories too high for me. Undaunted, I am led to our waiting elevator. Or rather it was our waiting elevator, for, as we use the special television system, we see four familiar faces. They are Elsie Hooks, Mary Whiting, Sarah Joyner, and Shirley Pearsall who as George explains, are his efficient secretaries. The old boy certainly must be a busy man to employ so many secretaries. Might as well take the next elevator car. In we step and fly upward so quickly that I have time only to inhale (the exhale comes one second later when we reach our destination.)

"Now this is where I leave you," smiles George. "No men allowed." With many thanks I bid him farewell, and march into the shop to have my hair "recurred."

Chase Chatters

When I open the door, the first person that I see is Chase Johnson, face red and hair screwed up, parked under a dryer. (if you don't know why her face was so red, try sitting under a dryer sometimes and you'll find out.) She must be getting fixed up for a special occasion. After I talk to her for a minute (girls, you can actually hear under the new 1955 dryers, I learn that Chase is vice president of "Snuff's Swank" department store on 5th Avenue. Lola Casey is also working there as manager of the dress department. From Chase I hear all the latest! James Bass, home on vacation from Africa where he is doing missionary work, is showing a movie of his accomplishments. (Chase is getting ready to go) She tells me the members of the class of '40 that are now teachers. Billy Massey, principal, Virginia Lee, school secretary; Eleanor Griffin, kindergarten teacher; Annie Deans, basketball coach; Susan Bizzell and Elizabeth Spruill, home economics teachers; Christine Percise, music teacher; and Catherine Smith, commercial teacher, are now installed in that great institution of learning.

Lorice Fields, beauty operator, interrupts our conversation and offers to resettle my stray locks. I am comfortably relaxed in the Knee Action Shampoo Chair as she begins to massage my cranium. Soon I loose all consciousness for what seemed to be only a few minutes. Gradually I awake to hear the voice of the same old fortune teller droning monotonously in my ears. Although I am unable to believe what I have seen and heard, I pay the old crone and make my departure, wondering.