

# Page From 1955 Diary Gives Preview of Seniors' Future

Dear Diary,

Last night was rainy. I—a gay old bachelor who wasn't that way on purpose—not having anything else to do, decided to take in a movie. Naturally I had to do my bit of house cleaning before I went, not being able to as yet afford a house boy. As my hands sank into the velvety white suds of the Ivory (and greasy dishes), I wished I could meet up with Mary Eleanor Taylor, Rebecca Collins, Elizabeth Gophert, or Gaynell Odom, who all had had the ambition to get married. I wish that I were satisfied to remain single as does the well-to-do bachelor, Dr. Benton.

As I unfolded the paper left by the carrier, George Stenhouse, Jr., the farmer's son, I saw that he had left a note for me to be sure to pay my bill or he would have to go to his lawyer, Tom Parker, for collection. Upon opening the pages I saw that he had left the wrong paper, *The Longest Gossip Sheet*. Then I noticed that Hilda had hired Sally Sanborn and Dolores West to supply the dirt. The headlines screamed out that Letha Carter was getting rid of her tenth husband on the charge of mental cruelty. Then, down in the left hand corner, I saw a little statement that the war was still going on with Benito running harder than ever to get away from the U. S. airmen, Robert Rountree and Donald Herring, the famous transport pilots who had been drafted. The army had added on air stewardesses to the army planes and Virginia Stith, Gertrude Sandford, and Virginia Strickland had gotten the first appointments. Hitler was playing hide-and-seek down in the South Sea Islands with Admiral of the Navy, Tom Dameron, and his men, Charlie Wiggins, Clyde Swinson, Bill Triplett, Burgess Radford and Claud Rutledge. I was surprised to see a newspaper praising the work of radio commentator, Luke Montz, and engineer, Billy Brown, for their excellent coverage of the recent floods. Up on the second page I saw a picture of John Holmes, furnished by courtesy of Life photographer, William Futrelle, saying that he had gotten six lessons from Adam Lazonga. These famous models, Betty Michaux and Ellen Lee Lovelace, said that he's easily Adam's equal in wooing Dog Patch style.

When looking at the advertisements, I saw that I could get a facial at Majorie Smith's beauty salon which would just tear the lines right out of my face, as it would be administered by Julia Thompson, Jeanne Denmark, Ellen Summerlin Smith, or Shirley Holland. The rival beauty shop across the street, owned by Miss Alice Toler, said it would tear around to give you prompt service and that the famous hair dresser, Louise McDowell, and beautician, Christine Smith, would make you look as you had never

looked before. Alma Prince and Samuel Bass, rival florists said "to say it with *better* flowers." At last I came to the entertainment section and found that William Wallace announced the opening of his new Underjippers Theatre with a double feature. I knew that I couldn't afford the Dizzy nightclub, run by that playboy, Izzy Ormond, whose many girls were managed by John Roberts (he got the needed experience with his "femmes" (plural) in high school.) Like James Jeffreys, who has amassed a fortune in real estate, I was all for saving my kail; so I dashed out the front door to hail a bus.

On the way down town I passed Andrew Smith's new wholesale grocery and saw him out front being pestered by Bob Mooring, who is the best implement salesman in the world; and can he wear you down. Thomas Thigpen's picture was plastered in front of the Navy recruiting station as the sailor who had *really* seen the world; and it had caught the attention of J. B. Garris, the traveling salesman, who is beginning to want to travel out of the U.S.A. In the slums district, on one of her errands of mercy as a social worker, Bertha Shaver was instructing some men how to take furniture (which I hope had been purchased from John Little) into a tenement. I also passed the respective offices of the ophthalmologists, John Faison and Henry Stenhouse. When we stopped at the hospital corner crowds of nurses piled in. Among them were some of my old classmates, Hilda Smith, Lula Mae Van Hoyt, Ethel Massey, Kathleen Grimes, Elizabeth Willis, Mabel Selby and Grace Jennette. Feeling the need for some cheery songs, to the discomfort of the other passengers, they blended (?) their voices to one of the nation's latest song hits, which had been written for Tommy Dorsey by Bobbie Helms. Thankful that I could see the theatre's light, I piled out and nearly bumped into a lamppost. I was thinking up some choice expletives when Robert Denmark, the best highway patrolman in the state, nearly ran me down.

Strange to say, I safely arrived in the lobby and was buying my ticket from that mathematical genius (ask Mr. Freeman if he's still tottering around), Kathleen Davis, when I saw Norwood Rouse arrive with about 20 telephones he had just sold to that manager (they were Southern Bell Norwood said to tell you.) I had heard that he was "that" way about a certain telephone operator. I knew though it couldn't be Hilda Jennette, Doris Mae Benton, or Virginia Rose, as they were still going with their "steadies." When I opened the door of the theatre I saw the Wallace touch as six beautiful girl ushers were inside in formation, and shorts, ruled by their captain, Martha Zealey. She looked hard at them and I smiled my beautiful smile to persuade someone to help me to a seat, but would you believe it? Not a one of the group, composed of Evelyn Ginn, Helen Rogers,

Betsy Modlin, Hortense Liles, Juanita Buck, and Mable James, would help me—until the manager came walking in. It was an awful humiliation a few minutes later to see them all fight to escort the big league ball players, Vernon Southerland and Willie Rogers who came with their coaches Russell Nickens and David McCormick. There wasn't quite so big a fuss over the famous football coaches, Thomas Edgerton and Shoeball McClenny, but I guess that was because football was out of season. It being Sunday night and not quite 9:00, the movies had not yet begun, which gave me time to look around. I saw two teachers from the high school, Edith Massengill and Elizabeth Mayo, and I wondered if they had succeeded in becoming like their ideals, Mrs. White and Mr. Freeman respectively. I remember thinking that Lillian Jenkins, the interior decorator, had done herself proud with this theatre, and Buddy Crone's commercial art pictures drawn all over the walls as an oddity weren't half bad! I heard some beautiful music, transcribed of course, with Dot Harris' orchestra. The warblers were Annie Mae Duke, Gwen Malpass, Marjorie James, Evelyn Denning, Thomas Bland, and George Williams. A recording by Susan Mooring, metropolitan opera singer, brought down the house. The audience began to get restless and wonder if anything was wrong after waiting about a half-hour for the picture to begin, but they were calmed by the electrician, Ray Carr, who said there was a little trouble but that the machine would be fixed in just a minute.

When the news reel finally began I received quite a shock to see that it had been filmed by Norris Sutton. Approximately the whole thing was on national defense, and among the government workers in Washington I recognized Doris Wilson, Minnie Stith, Christine Quinn, Margaret Waters, Ida Bell Benton, and Olivia Shumate. I knew that Deane Powell and Shirley Lancaster were stenographers in Washington, but I wasn't sure whether it was they I saw in the government office or not. Speeches were given by three skilled laborers: Spencer Rackley, Royal Typewriter repairman; Lenwood Benton, ship fitter; and Billy Spiron, naval machinist; on how many more men were needed to work with their hands. Special recognition was given Raymond Bradshaw, the contractor, for his splendid record on army construction jobs. Three army physical ed teachers, Elizabeth Hawley, Dorothy Grant, and Hope Pate, stated that the U. S. as a whole still needed to watch their vitamin "P's and Q's." The next scene showed a great tragedy which had struck the city. The large 5 & 10 owned by Buddy Boykin and managed by Walter Jackson had caught fire and burned completely up. Shelton Elks, one of the directors of the board, said that a great deal of help in caring for the injured had been given by James Ken-

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