

LOOKING AHEAD With The College

I was sitting in class not too long ago, thinking about nothing in particular, when I fell asleep. I must have been dreaming, for I saw eleven women sitting around a campfire, eating hot dogs and drinking cokes. I wondered who they were, for they looked vaguely familiar—and then it dawned on me! Those girls were the Senior College girls of 1947. No wonder I didn't recognize them! Father Time had done his work well. Come with me back to that dream and let's see what had happened to those girls during the many years they have been away from Montreat.

You can guess what happened to Millie Bailey if you notice how she is kept busy trying to prevent any of her eight children from falling into that stream. She should have left some of them home with Tony. And there's Azielee Kepley, Millie's college room-mate. She told us she and Albert finally tied the knot and they have been living in that puppet these many years. She said they never could save enough to build a house. And there's Jo Gregg. She and Bill are too busy running their own private school to know what's going on in the outside world. Dot Jean Sandefer doesn't say much (?) but we know she's a famous pianist,—some say as great as Frankie Carl. She's appearing with Spike Jones, Jr., and his City Slickers, who are playing for the 1970 Junior-Senior. Barbara Stephenson—we don't dare call her "Steve" any more—succeeded Dr. Spencer as Dean at Montreat University. Sue Burney seems to be doing quite well as a model for the famous Mr. Powers. She's known quite well on Esquire covers, but she's still unmarried. Mary Catherine Hall is a butcher's wife down in Raleigh, North Carolina. She said the life of an old-maid school teacher was not for her. "Jo" Clyburn is as gay and talkative as ever. And doesn't she look cute in that farmerette outfit? She said she had to dress that way to look like her farmer husband. Their five sons will make up a big part of the "Future Farmers of America." Sara McGill keeps up a steady flow of chatter, telling all about the pupils she is teaching out in Texas. She even has that Texas drawl now. Vivian Mabe is not the old-maid she thought she was going to be. Through her Bible work she met

a preacher who settled her ideas along that line. We find her teaching the Bible to a whole troop of little kids. Could they all be her own? Let's not forget the eleventh member of the group, Miss Branche. She was the sponsor of that '47 class. Remember what a time she had? She has beautiful grey hair now, and she just told us that she is getting married in a week. This makes her fourth husband. We never would have believed it when we knew her.

Ding-dong-ding-dong!

Say, there goes the bell. I must have slept through that whole class. But what a wonderful time I had being with our class again, like it was in the "good ole days."

With The High School

"Another day on this mail route. This postman's life really isn't so hot. Guess I'll have to start reading some of this mail to keep from being bored. It's not often that we get a letter from China even in the year 1957, but I guess I'll have to deliver it unopened. Certainly would be nice to know how Elizabeth Womeldorf's getting along, though."

(Knocks on door of school:)

"Mail for Miss Emerson from China. Must be about Elizabeth's orphanage there. Have you been having any trouble with your pupils lately, especially Nancy Allison's five boys? I understand that Dr. Stillman had to use therapy to get Cootie's youngest boy's back in place after he was in a fight yesterday. Must be going—I have to stop at the Morris Rest Home for Troubled Old Maids on my way to the hospital."

(Walks on and encounters a policeman with prisoner:)

"Good morning! I see you finally caught up with that chemist, Jane Turner, who started those terrible explosions from atomic

power last week. Certainly was lucky that surgeon Hawkins was on hand. She and her faithful nurse, Faye Ruth Philips, are national heroines now. Oh, hello, Miss Britt, isn't it rather early for you to be getting home from Barfield's party? You're certainly both carrying out your ambitions of having a heck of a big time. Oops—what's that? Oh, Fomby! How's life in the gutter today? Your pigs seem to be doing nicely.

"Ah—mail for the Cronin Kennels. Harriet raises such sweet cocker spaniels. Too bad she never married.

"Listen! Such pretty music,—it's that famous contralto Roslyn Clary, accompanied by Nell Sugg. Too bad that accomplished pianist, Louise Peterson can't be here, but she had a previous engagement in Carnegie Hall.

"These are attractive advertisements; they certainly have established Marion Oglesby's reputation as an artist.

"Almost forgot to stop in this office and deliver mail to those excellent secretaries, Midge Brill and Marjorie Brown. Too bad they're both in love with their boss.

"At last, here's the hospital. Harriette Seely and Dot Jones really run that place, but they're the best doctors in town. Mary Anne Edwards, Estelle Brown and Anne Cooper really shine in the nursing line there; but rumors have it that Anne will give up her job soon since little Bobby is taking so much of her time.

"Don't have much mail for the Hollywood Shoppe today. Ah, here's Annette Folmar, chief buyer for the store. Oh, hello, Fern, and Tillie. You all look like your work as medical technicians is really getting you down. Better try the Morris Rest Home."

(Newsboy: "Extra! Extra!")

"Here, I'll take a paper. Oh, heavens, what won't they do next? A rocket ship with Humphrey Amrinstead as pilot and

Emilita Rodriguez and Lila Pittman as hostesses just returned from a twenty-four hours' trip to Mars.

"Oh, here's a meeting of the married women's club at the home of Betty Scarborough, never can remember her married name. Have a lot of mail for them if they can stop their gossip long enough to listen. Let's see, here's some for Betty Brinson, Anne Elliot, Jane Hubbard, and Mary Yealey. Heavens! There's one from Anne Sherrill. I understand that she's Dean of Women at Meredith College now.

"Chinky Liddell is Physical Education instructor at Alabama University, and Mary Bryce is her capable assistant.

"Here comes Edoleen Curry. Have to call her that because I just can't remember her sixteenth husband's name. She has almost fulfilled her ambition of seventeen marriages.

"Betty Epting and Norma Williams look like they're having a pretty good time. I believe they wanted a happy life back in '47. They surely are having one.

"Why, hello, Miss Holt!" How's your biological work coming along? You've won so many scientific awards now that if I were you I'd retire and start counting them.

"Ouch—watch where you're going! Oh, it's you, Sue Bell. Your church work really keeps you in a rush these days, doesn't it? If you wouldn't rush so fast I'd give you this letter from Jean Weddle at Maryland U. Poor kid! She'd have been out of there long ago if it wasn't for that stiff course in Home Ec. she's taking from Sarah Medlin.

"Well, that's the end of my route for this morning. Guess I'll just drop in here and gossip awhile with the boys. Sure the wife don't mind if it's just for a min—Clarisa! Put down that rolling pin! I'm coming!"

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