

CLASS PROPHECY

And then I awoke, and was afraid I would be late
And then, Oh! gee! I would miss my tete-a-tete.

So then I called a taxi. I thought the operator's voice sounded familiar and here it was Mildred Elick. At last the taxi came, and who should the polite young gentleman be who opened the door, but Harold Crumley. I didn't recognize him at first, for he had grown a mustache. He had married Emiline Blackburn. My, was I surprised! Christine Campbell was in the taxi also, and she said she had left her husband at home with the kiddies. When we arrived at the Night Club De Luxe which was owned by the Eastman Brothers (Don and Harold), I noticed a large crowd assembled in front of the place, and the first person I recognized was Babe Kitsmiller in an exquisite silver lame dinner gown. She told me that she had been modeling gowns for quite a while now, and that the dress she was wearing came from Arlene Macklin's Exclusive Dress Shop on Fifth Avenue, and had been designed by Mary Ann Thimmes.

Anita Abram came up to us then and we learned from the conversation that her college career had secured for her a husband, who was an optometrist. We all went in together, then, to the lobby where Florence Gerkin was selling cigarettes and candy at a booth. Kathryn Armstrong was directing the last minute arrangements for the place cards at the banquet table.

And then I saw a married couple whom I thought I should recognize, and later learned that they were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Benjamin Eaton (the former Marjorie Evans).

I finally found myself a wee spot in a corner where I could write my gossip column, when James Davis, a noted lawyer sauntered over my way, and on his arm, dear public, believe it or not, was the former Dorothy Bierly. After a short conversation they left, and Esther Finley and her hubby came over. They both looked well, and said they were living in their new home in Columbus next door to Martha Powers and her husband, Bob Straten. During our conversation, I noticed Bob Dowell and Jack Dudley flitting around taking candid camera shots. And did they get some good ones! One, for instance, when Clark Moore was holding Mary Louise Malloy in a friendly embrace. Now don't get excited, it was just a gesture for Bob's camera.

After all that commotion, Dick Fetters rang the gong to begin the banquet and proceeded to lead the members of the class of '39 to their seats. On the way in I noticed Hattie Bowman, Mary Brain, Jean Brenstuhl, and Helen England, whose escorts were unknown to me. Then after we were seated, I noticed someone hobbling in on a pair of crutches. I had to look twice before I realized it was Dick Hoffman who, I hear, was in an automobile accident, but he seemed to be getting along fine with the help of his wife, the former Beatrice Hunter.

My dear curious public, I must tell you that the place cards for this festive occasion were tin cans each with a graduation picture and the name of a member of the class of '39 on it. The decorations, including the tin can place cards, were made by Grace Ellen Smith, Bette Rock, Helen Redd, and Iola Solt.

For the first course in an elaborate dinner we had some strange concoction, which was prepared by the noted chef, Ned Robitzer. He called his creation "Hungarian Gulash." As the waiters, Paul Sample, Ed Scilex, Don White, and Bill Corsen, were carrying in this curious dish, there was a terrible crash, and when I looked to see what had happened, there lay Milton Smith in the middle of the Gulash. Well, after they got that mess cleaned up, (I mean the Gulash, of course), the banquet went on. I just happened to look up when I saw Warren Mizer nudge his little wife (Mary Stanhagen) and make her spill her coffee in her lap. And then the feudin' began! Well, after the war was over, I got a chance to look around a little more, and I noticed on the other side of the room Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wright (nee Lillabell Trusler.) Johnny Clark was then asked to give one of his latest poems. Boy, it sure was a honey! After he had finished, Winnie Thomas came in late, as usual, and found her place between Flora McBroom and Melba Eads.

Turning around to pick up my handkerchief, I noticed Ruth Robinson, who is now a famous accordianist, having made her debut at Carnegie Hall last week. Of course she is going to play on the floor show, so we will be able to judge for ourselves her ability to tickle the ivories. Beside her I notice her old stand-by, Betty Hilliard. And say, there is little Leone Cavinee too, who is a blues singer here in the night club. My, what years can do to a person! Oh my goodness, I almost forgot to tell you that Bob Grandstaff has turned out to be the U. S. Ski Champion! And they tell me that he got married on his way back from Switzerland. I guess the Eskimos must go for blonds there too.

Well, now that they have taken everything eatable away from me, I will have a little more time to dig up some dirt (news to you). My word, don't tell me that that is Wilbur Milligan over there! Why, sure enough, and he has grown a mustache just to please his wife, Florence Moody. I declare, they even drove their new horse and