

Captains of industry — Woodward has produced a bumper crop — engineers who by their superior ability have become owners of our country's largest and most important industries — HAROLD SHEPHERD, JOE TELECSAN, GEORGE THOMAS, THEODORE ZUKOR, FELIX MITCHELL, COLUMBUS BALL, WILLIAM RUSSELL. Their "Girls Friday" — EVELYN BALDWIN, HELEN COOMER, VIRGINIA SLATER, BERTHA INGRAM, MILDRED HAWES. And where would they be without the bookkeeping genius of BOB REYNOLDS; the blueprints of PAUL ROTH, DONALD FISCHER, and JAMES MASTERS; the advertising of JACOB SMITH, using the photographs taken by ROY SUCKLING, and art work of DOROTHY PATTON, JARVIS GRAHAM, JAMES PEARSON, and OLLIE HANNAH.

Woodward graduates have not neglected the professions — RONALD SMITH and MAX MENDEL — future justices of the Supreme Court; BERDINE PERKINS, RUSSELL GREEN, CALVIN CHOICE, HAROLD McCOY, HERMAN TERRELL — famous doctors and surgeons; FRED BARRON — mortician, who'll take care of the mistakes of our doctors. Some of the graduates will be successful as teachers and will give to the younger generation the same valuable guidance and instruction that their own teachers at Woodward gave them — THOMAS HANLON, MARGUERITE AUSBY, JEANNETTE DI TULLIO (I want to be just like Miss Eppinger), RACHEL KINLEY, RUTH JOHNSON, NONDAS RICE, RAE ANN RICE. And ministers, too — ALBERT TYSON and BAILEY DICKERSON.

I see REGINA BALLINGER, successor to Eleanor Holmes; LORRAINE BRADFORD, head of Cincinnati's largest department store; MINNIE CARMICHAEL, feminine lead in a Broadway musical; HILDRETH CHERNEK, author of the 1962 Pulitzer Prize Novel; KENNETH BAIRD, gentleman farmer; CLYDE BASS, mechanic and inventor; SHIRLEY DAWSON, designing clothes in Hollywood; LORRAINE ELMORE, wife of a sailor waiting for her ship to come in; ALBERT CLARKSON, C. P. A. making out HARRY FORBES' mountainous income tax; FREEMON OWENS, a famous artist; REBECCA FOUNTAS, mannequin in an exclusive dress shop and LOUISE VANDERVLIT, a Powers model; FRANCES GOODALL and ANNA ROGERS, air stewardesses on T. W. A.; GLADYS REEL, writing a column for the lovelorn; and DOROTHY SHERRILL, a feminine Walter Winchell. There SIDNEY FREEMAN, back from Broadway, another Irving Berlin; JULIA GIORDANO, singing with Dorsey Glenn's orchestra; DOROTHY ODER, the season's leading comedienne; GEORGE HURDLE, fresh from a Wall Street "clean-up". Out to Hollywood — and I see OLGA ENGENO, Fred Astaire's dancing partner; CORNELIA GASTON, "jitterbug queen"; DICK PIKE, another Bing Crosby; and ELEANOR AUFDERHEIDE, private secretary to the "Quiz Kids".

The light is fading, my crystal ball is getting cloudy. I see many other Woodward graduates successful in many undertakings but I cannot distinguish their faces. It is getting darker — darker — all is gone. This session must come to a close. I will return when you call me. I am always willing and eager to oblige old friends. Until you summon me "Adieu".

