

so were we. Uncle Louie met us. In the center of the room was a large machine, so complicated that it overwhelmed us. Wires and great black dynamos were everywhere. In the middle of the cabinet was a screen, and Uncle Louie explained to us that on that screen he could picture for us the happenings of any day in the future. We said we would like to see what the 1948 Woodward graduates would be doing in June, 1958. The prospect startled us because it didn't seem quite right to spy, as it were, on the boys and girls whom we would be seeing again in a short time in the present. Uncle Louie turned the dial and pictures began to flash on the screen. Not only did we see pictures but we also heard voices! We recognized the voice of Mr. Fulks even before the picture cleared. He was talking to BILLY GORE who we realized was now a successful newspaper editor. As the picture and voices became clearer, this is what we heard.

"Yes, the graduates of 1948 were truly outstanding. Such a vast array of successful individuals — successful in so many different fields. Yes, you could write a very interesting editorial on this topic. Now, there's JOE JILES, famous for his daily comic strip published in hundreds of papers throughout the country; EUGENE GAMBLE, CHARLES CADLE, DAVID WILLIAMS, and JAMES BURKE, outstanding engineers; MARY HILDEBRAND, one of the few feminine judges in the country; ASHLEY BAKER, leader of his own band; NANCY FARMER, just chosen outstanding model of the year; ROOSEVELT BERRY, head chef at the Plaza Terrace; and HELEN YEE, the modern Madame Curie. Some of the '48 graduates have even come back to Woodward to teach. Shall we stroll around the school for old times' sake and you can see for yourself. There's GILBERTA BOND, our new psychologist — we could have used her back in '48; MARCELLA GRIGSBY and PAT BYRD are athletic instructors in the girls' department where PAT specializes in the teaching of Judo — dare we say she learned it back in '48 — there were so many wolves in the class; while DONALD McFINLEY is in the boys' physical education department. Oh, here's 207, still the nursery for the Bulldog. That's where you got your start, isn't it, BILLY? VIRGINIA REUSING is the journalism teacher now — a second Mrs. Walker! CONNIE SANTORO is teaching geometry. Amazing, isn't it? Oh, here's the office of MARGIE DOERR, truant officer. She's very good — knows all the angles of absenteeism. DeLOIS DAGLEY is an English teacher and EILEEN MOSS is teaching typing while marking time until she finds a millionaire husband! EMMA GROB teaches singing with time out periodically for a concert tour. We're very enlightened here at Woodward these days!"

As BILLY left Woodward, he headed for his office in Cincinnati's newest skyscraper, located at Fifth and Walnut. As he walked down Walnut Street, he greeted FRANK ALLISON, now a big-time operator, dressed in the very latest of masculine fashions, and JAMES JACKSON who looked quite dapper himself; JANE WETTERICH, famous as a bubble gum tester (as we watched she blew a giant bubble right there on the street!); and JUANITA STALLINGS, the social worker, walking with her sailor husband. Farther on he met GEORGIA WATSON with an even half dozen children. Along came MATTIE YEBY, with her four sets of twins, hurrying to the Nursery School conducted by ALBERTA MILES, who is meanwhile waiting for her rich uncle to die!

As he entered his office building, he met reporter ETTA DELANEY and they stopped to glance at the directory in the lobby, right next to CAROL SCHENEIDER'S elevator. Here we left them and the next picture which flashed on the screen was a busy office on the 36th floor. It was the establishment of TED ADKINS, millionaire importer. In the reception room where JOAN JASPERS and JEANNIE GREGG, receptionists, and at a switch board, IMOGENE FLINCHEM was plugging away. There was a crew of stenographers and typists at work. ANN DANSBERRY, JO ANN EDWARDS, HELEN SUSONG, EVELYN GELLMAN, MAY THORNHILL, JEAN REUCKERT, and MARY ANN SANTEN. Book-keeper FUNG CHOW was hard at work, while ROSE EPPERSON and MELBA HALBERSTADT worked busily at their comptometers. File clerk BETTY WILSON, who insists on filing the names of possible husbands for herself in among company papers to the confusion of her fellow workers, worked happily away.