

Senior Class Prophecy

Dreams are usually vague and easily forgotten, but the one I had Friday night keeps coming back to me over and over as if it had a message for me.

It seems I dreamed for ages, but I did not mind for the dream was of my classmates of '49, my friends.

Maybe it really was ages for the calendar says 1960, eleven years from now. That's strange, I don't ever remember dreaming that far in advance.

Wendell Bedenbaugh runs the largest store at the Circle but he isn't bragging this time. He says that he can't make ends meet. It seems he still has the old habit of giving candy to all the pretty little girls.

On my way to Bates Center by train, I see a construction company putting up a gigantic building. It looks as if it is going to be beautiful. "What's this? C. Boozer, chief engineer?" "Don't I know a C. Boozer?" Of course, Carl Boozer. My, hasn't he come far?" I haven't a chance to speak now, but maybe, later.

Well, Wilma Burkett still likes a store for she now has one of her own, The "Petite" Dress Shoppe. She is very successful, or I would think so by the looks of her store.

Reading the paper which is owned and operated by Dan Warner and Edward Shealy, I find a "Chit-Chat Sewing Club" has been organized. Reading on down I see the charter members are, as formerly known, Sallie Warren, Dorothy Swygert, Faye Bush, and Sara Amick. I just can't believe my eyes. Those four girls were always such quiet girls and now belonging to the "Chit-Chat Sewing Club."

I see, also, in this paper that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Campbell are having a house warming. Looks as if his high school sweetheart made that fortune he said she would have to have before he married her.

I see that Henry W. Vansant has published a new novel, And There Goes the Tide. I read his other two and they were very good. This one must be, too.

Dr. John Parler has found that long awaited cure of the most dreadful of diseases. I'm glad I could say "I knew him when..."

Now a building attracts my attention and upon closer observation I see that it is the hospital with Betty Lou Fallaw as head nurse. She is assisted by Frances Banks and Edna Norris. I wonder how they happen to be at the same place.

I have learned from the conductor that this train is owned by the Hare and Cockrell Company. By questioning further I find Mr. Hare is Armand Hare and Mr. Cockrell is Carrol Cockrell. They always liked to be lazy and now they can afford to be.

Getting off the train I see a tall, handsome Marine who looks familiar. Why, I believe it is Bob Lewis, It is. Gosh, he looks wonderful and an officer, too.

After I rest a while I think I'll take in a baseball game. The Yankees are playing the Pirates.

Upon arriving, I find my seat is next to an old classmate, Bob Bouknight. Bob tells me he is owner of the airport at Bates Center. For fun he says he is a test pilot. Good ole' Bobby. He always was a man of iron nerves.

The loud speaker is giving the line up and playing for the Yankees are two men I know, Pickens Riser, who is pitching, and Jimmy Simons, playing short stop. I know before the game starts who'll win, the Yankees, of course. I also learn that Pick Riser has pitched a season of no hitters.

After the game I learn that Jimmy and Peggy are married and are very happy. Peggy, of course, was Peggy Holston. Isn't that wonderful?