

## Senior Class Prophecy



It is indeed a remarkable privilege, and experience long to be remembered, to be taken into the confidence of the immortal Gods of fate. If mankind could only gaze into the distant future, and see what happiness, success, and joy awaits him there, he would cease to be pessimistic about the boll weevil, and the pinch of hard times; and would on the other hand be overjoyed at the thought of traveling into that glorious future that awaits him. I have often thought what a revelation it would be for the class of '22 to see themselves as others will see them twenty years hence. Many times I have wished that it might fall my lot to be able to foretell their future. I have been made particularly happy by the realization of this hearts desire, by having been taken behind the mystic veil of the fates, and, there, having unfolded to me the glorious future of my beloved classmates. Let me hasten to add, my reader, that this experience is not fiction but solemn truth.

It was during one of those continuous rains that we remember in the early Spring, when we had been denied, by the steady downpour the privilege of enjoying our usual Friday afternoon leave; As you know it is on Friday that we enjoy from our box seats the superb attractions that are offered to us by the Richie Rowell's picture show, and mingle with the teeming thousands that walk the streets of Bamberg. Being thus shut in by the rain, I was compelled to sit by the fire, and listen to the patter of the raindrops on the roof, and study Captain Stabler's French. However easy French may be to some, it has always had a soothing and confusing effect on me, and on several occasions I have lulled myself to sleep trying to learn it.

On this particular Friday afternoon, the first seemed uncommonly warm and cozy, and, as I sat there with my feet before the warm blaze, puffing at my fifth consecutive pipe of strong tobacco, blowing one cloud of smoke after another, my French book soon became a confused jumble, before my unseeing eyes, and my thoughts went drifting far away.

I seemed to grow more and more drowsy, and forgetful of everything around me, and my French book dropped from my hands; I was at last in the hands of forgetfulness.

Twenty years seemed to have elapsed since we received our diplomas as Carlisle, and said goodbye to our classmates.

I boarded the Southern train, number 3031, for Bamberg, S. C. to attend the Class reunion of the glorious class of '22; and as I boarded the train a very prominent voice shouted "ticket." Looking up I noticed a man coming toward me literally covered with brass buttons. This distinguished looking man was none other than the conductor, Milton Hawes. I was greatly pleased to see Milton and he informed me that he and Chief of Police Buddin would be on hand for the reunion in due time for the banquet.

Suddenly I felt a joyous, but very painful, slap on the shoulder; looking up I found that the man who had slapped me was my old class mate, Joe Cantey, who sat down with me, and informed me that he was the father of fourteen children, a two horse farm and the proud owner of a large pumpkin patch. Soon, as Joe and I sat talking and feeling the need of a smoke, we made our way back into the smoker, and who should we see in the midst of a hot argument about the price of perfumes but "Sis" Gallman, and Walter Fanning. After we had chatted for a few moments about old times, we learned that Gallman was a wholesale merchant for perfumes, poodle dogs, and ladies' ready to wear, and that Fanning was one of the leading Surgeons of Midway, S. C. The "General" informed us that he had just performed an operation on a man by cutting off his "Probasis"; he said that the operation was a success but that the patient died. Picking up a copy of the "Ehrhardt Blade" we learned that Prof. I. W. Goodwin had been elected third assistant to Lieut. Col. Bill Watson who had become too grayheaded to teach all the science of Carlisle School. In the same paper we noticed a very prominent advertisement which read "Bonnette Brothers Undertaking Establishment. "We Guarantee Satisfaction." Glancing up at the top of the editorial page, we noticed that the formidable editor of that great Ehrhardt news paper was none other than Ralph Durham, the beloved fat boy of the class of '22. Dr. Fanning informed us that this paper was by common consent, the hardest fighting paper in the state for clean politics and prohibition. Dr. Fanning told us also that "Little Boy" fatty had been a strong supporter of Mayor Ponto Spell, who had been elected Mayor of Ehrhardt by a close vote of 14 to 13. In the same paper we noticed that Summersett's band of 80 pieces would give a concert in the metropolitan Opera House at Walterboro, S. C. It seemed that Summersett had pushed Sousa completely out of the musical world, and it was indeed hard to believe that this was the same "Rastus" Summersett who used to toot the baritone horn at Carlisle. Soon the train gave two sharp blasts, and the conductor informed us that we

