

Prophecy

I am not a prophet nor a son of a prophet, but join me in my guess of the future. The time is '66, and the place could be anywhere.

The two of us, agents of the great Robert Scheetz Detective Agency, were on the trail of "Red" Snowden and "Decon" Jones, who had a big moonshine business down in South Carolina, the state of our old Alma Mater.

We started out the next morning in our new Cadillac Spitball. On our way down from Washington we stopped in to see our old boss McAbee who was the proud owner of a modest horse ranch in Greenville. We saw two more of our old chums there also. Fenters was a jockey, and Boylston who was one of the trainers. Watson was keeping books of the winnings.

We left the farm and traveled further south. When we reached Columbia we decided to spend the night there. When we reached the hotel we checked in with the desk clerk who was Hinson. The bellhop, Green, carried our bags up to the room. We got settled and began to wash up, but to our dismay no water. We called the manager, who was Coleman, and he sent up Howard to fix the plumbing. This was soon done and we decided to make a night of it and see if we could find some more old friends. We knew that Garrett owned a night spot called "The Fiery Furnace". We arrived just in time to hear "Stardust", the theme of "Hotlips" Harden and his fine orchestra. Cuevas, O., Duc, and Arnold were also members of this hot band, while they starred Crosby on the vocals. Bell and John Jackson were out on the floor cutting a rug. Some of the boys were throwing a party for Roy Coffey to celebrate his fifth wedding, Cubbedge was to be the best man. Test was there too, he was trying to tell Roy all about married women.

There was a fanfare from the stage and out came Jimbo du Fief and his stooge, Doubleday. Their blackface act went over well. We stopped by the bar on the way out and the bartender, Dorsey, mixed us two swell cocktails.

We got a good nights sleep at the hotel and then decided to look around a bit more before we again picked up the trail of our bootleggers. After buying a paper, we noticed an article written by Bill Dunwoody about the fine work being done by the Columbia Moral Society. Their president, Henry Eddy, had just been elected. There was also an ad for the Frank Martin laundry service. We read Joe Foley's comic strip of "Junior G-Men", it was pretty good. After reading our paper we went to a restaurant where "Daddy" Jarvis took our order in fine style. He said that he had just recently been promoted to head waiter.

When we had finished our meal, we began to walk down Main street and who do you think waved at us from a beauty parlor but Tison—he was trying a new hair-do. We passed Castelloe's radio shop and then went into Newton's clothing