

Prophecy

store. Bucettas, one of the clerks, was trying to fit "Pussy" Clark with a new sailor suit. We wandered on down past the Cole and Ulmer Camera Co., and Burch's hardware store.

We checked out of the hotel and headed deeper south. Seeing a Cub plane make a forced landing in a corn field we hurried to their assistance. It was Rogers, Bernie Wallace, and Grim. They were on their way to Florida to see Heaton who was district manager of Trans-Atlantic Air Ways. They were looking for a job.

We found out from them that Tommy Powers, Ray Parsons, and Perry were on a baseball team up north. Just then Harmon came out from a nearby farm house to chase us out of his cornfield with a shotgun.

We stopped in a small town to ask some questions and saw Poppell delivering mail. Sawyer was running a feed store and he told us some of our criminal's bootleg whiskey had been found in Orangeburg, so we went there next. When we got there we went to the Eutaw Hotel and Cannon was running the bar downstairs. We pumped him a while and he finally promised to lead us to his supply of the "stuff". We got the local sheriff, Hutchinson, and headed for Lemon Swamp to make the arrest. We shot it out for a while and then made the arrest. It hurt us to do this to our old chums, but we had to take them to jail. Holley, T., the judge gave them five years. Hobbs, H., the jailer, took them to their cell. Their mouthpiece, Creel, had failed to get them free.

We headed back north. Suddenly our peace was interrupted by a radio flash! Our culprits, with the aid of Jack Mann, had made a jailbreak. That brightened things up to know our friends were out of jail. We picked up Hydrick hitchhiking. He was a 1st Sgt. in the army. Stallings, G., was with him also. He told us he was married and lived in Savannah. Hydrick told us he had seen Vaughn who was a librarian in Miami. Amos was there too; he was managing a fighter.

We stopped back at our hotel that night and after cleaning up from the days adventure we decided to shoot some pool. Massey had a pool parlor down the street so we went there. On the way there Griffin offered us a ride in his hepped-up jalopy but it looked dangerous, so we politely declined. Brown, H., as usual was with him. He owned the motor. We changed our mind about going to the pool parlor and went to a football game instead. We arrived at the half and saw "Pete" Norton and Schoonmaker leading the band across the field. de La Viez was managing one of the teams, he had been elected All-American Manager. When the game was over we rode home with Stallings, A., and Harris. Stallings was teaching Harris to speak Spanish.

After completing our dream of the future the two of us, Blake Ellis, and Bob English, returned to our yachts and penthouses to make our second million.