

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The rain beat a strange melody on the metal roof of the patrol car. It was a cold rainy night in February. The metallic hum of the atomic turbine in our new '67 Ultrabile in combination with the rain was beginning to tell on our nerves. Suddenly our thoughts were interrupted by the blare of the short-wave receiver as the dispatcher, "A. Y. W." HICKLIN gave us our orders.

"Proceed to 1955 Carlisle Street to investigate a disturbances at the Black Dog Ballroom." As we pulled up we noticed renowned lawyer and crooked politician R. R. HAIR mourning soulfully over the wreckage of his new Crown Victoria. We screeched to a halt in front of the club and went down a flight of stairs to the entrance. The door was suddenly thrown open and out came ZEMP and FRANKLIN forcibly ejected by bouncer BILLY JOE WILSON for calling Chef "BOOT-SNOOT" STRAWHECKER's muffins "grease balls." We crossed over the threshold into the dingy dump.

Now that the disturbance was cleared up we decided to have a nightcap before going home. Headwaiter DON BARGER led us to a table over in the corner. As we sat down we heard a loud yelp. Someone had just stepped on JIM BERRY's hand as he was conducting a crap game under the table with BARTON, TOBIN, and CRAWFORD. We came to the conclusion that this place was something more than just a run of the mill speak-easy. At the table next to us were WHITNEY CUNNINGHAM, well known physicist, and English professor ROY SHARP, discussing the educational aspects of a two-headed man. As we nursed our drinks along STEED came over to our table and tried to interest us in buying some reefers which he and AUSTIN were now manufacturing. At the bar BILL ELIOPOULOS poured CARL JOHNSON another drink as he gazed into the mirror behind the bar at his shining scalp and whimpered softly, "Oh my long lost hair." Standing at the cash register we saw bookkeeper JACK STONE paying off bootleggers BOLTIN, CHEATHAM, RAY, and TROWELL for their last load of moonshine.

Wearing a black eye and with his arm in a sling we noticed Private Eye SAM "KELVANEY" RICHARDSON enter the joint with his partner "SNOOPER" MCNEIL. They were on the trail of "SPOT" WALL whose wife was still trying to get the goods on him. Con Man "SLY SYL" ELLIOTT sauntered over to the table and tried to interest us in some new oil stocks he was selling, followed closely by used car dealer "CONSCIENTIOUS CLAUDE" HORTON and his partner HARLEY trying to peddle off a couple of stolen cars sold to them by ROGER FLYNN and JOE CROSBY. On the other side of the dance floor we noticed an intellectual discussion taking place

between big game hunter JACK MAJOR and noted dental surgeon LESLIE RABON.

As we prepared to depart we were approached by "HARDROCK HARVEY" WEARMOUTH who invited us to join him in the back room. We walked back around the check room to a small door. After a coded knock the door was opened and we were ushered to another door by guards "ROD" McELWANNEY, "MUGGER" RODRIGUEZ, and "TRIGGER HAPPY" TOOLE. As we entered this closely guarded gambling casino we were greeted by its owner and operator "BIG JIM" GUIRADO and his right hand man "LEFTY" SMITH. Standing beside these two were their bodyguards JIM BRANTLEY and CARSWELL RAHN. This was quite a setup. The first thing to catch our eye was the poker table where the dealer for the house "FAST FINGERS" FINCHER was dealing the cards out to several big shots including Probation Officer LAMAR ELLIS, Public Safety Director GEORGE NILES and waterfront bosses TERRY HEFFRON and "O'B" O'BRIEN. Local bookie WES FERNS was standing in front of a large blackboard taking bets on coming basketball games while BRANNOCK, FINLEY, KING, and MANGELS tried to perk up business by seemingly placing bets themselves, but it was a losing proposition because by now it had become known that star players for Eastern State, JULIAN BYRD and ARCHIE "THE ATHLETE" LAMONTAGNE had been throwing games. We ambled on through the rows and rows of one armed bandits to where "FISH" GARRETT was operating a roulette wheel for the benefit of his sole customer, "DUMB DON" ECKHOLDT. We had arrived at the conclusion by now that something must be done about all this so we headed for the door to call the squad. We were then accosted by panhandler GEORGE MARTIN who had just been refused thirty cents for a can of brew by the Casino's cashier, GORDON CARSCADDEN.

As we finally reached the outside we tripped over HAROLD TYREE and JOHNNY WADE having a friendly pinochle game in the gutter. Just as we got to a telephone we were overtaken by two of the gunmen from the casino, LITTLEJOHN and WOOD, but we slapped them under arrest and tossed them aside for the paddy wagon. We called headquarters and they sent driver BENNY OUTEN over with the wagon along with a troop of guards consisting of WALLACE, EXLEY, WASH, and ZEIGLER.

Upon their arrival we departed from the scene and returned to headquarters to make out our report on the evening's activities.