

# CLASS PROPHECY

As we enter the teeming metropolis of New York City, via the Lincoln Tunnel, for the 1966 Convention of the Y.M.A.'s, better known as Young Millionaires of America, we spy traffic cop "Milk Bottle" Luthren putting a ticket on "Walk-her" Gregory's new Coupe de Ville, parked in front of Madison Square Garden, now owned and operated by two of our more outstanding multi-millionaire Florida members, Clayton and Carroll Walter. They are predicting a bettering of the shot-put record, by "Floogie" Elks, which was set on May 28, 1956, by Sims "Liverstain" Oakman, when he put away 22 straight bourbon shots in 34 minutes flat, rest his dear departed soul.

As we stroll from the square, parking our F-86 where it may be towed away by the police department, now under the control of bigamist "Eddie My Love" Nedell and his twelve kids, we run into the downtown syndicate men, Tony "Knifer" Mauricio and Frank "Knuckles" Guzman, with their stooge "Barefoot" Bragg. We're afraid of these Cats, so we hail a taxi and find to our surprise that it is driven by Ben Brawley. The cab company is owned by Henry Coroneas and Wiley Clay, and their specialty is driving large groups to "Scrooge" Machamer's economical nudist camp.

Moving down into the Sixth Avenue subway to grab the shuttle over to Times Square, we find none other than the great mathematical genius, "Void-Brain" Allen, counting out fifteen cent tokens in the change booth. Receiving ten tokens for a dollar, we start through the new-type turnstiles, lately developed by "Dusty" Taylor. It seems that dogs have been educated to such a degree by Laurence Byrne that they have taken to riding the subway.

Waiting for our train to come in, we overhear the conversation of two jet aces, Emery Smith and Harry Ford. They are discussing the possibilities of a successful trip to the moon in the rocket ship developed by eminent astronauts Charles Collins and Charles Melzer. We also find that the pilot selected for the proposed trip is none other than "Tennessee" Chad Perry, and with him as co-pilot, engineer, and navigator, respectively, are Wayne Witter, who because of his inability to fly a straight line is still a co-pilot, Peter Kelly, who is still wishing he had stayed in the Navy, and Ed Lyda, who is only going along for the ride.

Reaching our stop, we get off the subway, and trip over a floating crap game, run by Billy "The Kid" Tharpe, who is fleecing Jake Olsen out of his last few pennies. In the corner of the station, a roulette wheel is being operated by Paul Magruder and Joe Haithcock. The sole player seems to be a sophisticated looking fellow, whom we find to be the famous movie star, Charlie B. Jones, currently starring in the new hit, "I Spent Six Years at Carlisle". It is produced by P & S Productions, owned by "Pigeon" Sirmans, and directed by Bruce Heatley, assisted by David Isaacs.

Coming out of the subway, we hear music in the distance. We pause at a small beanery for a

quick plate of Carlisle Chile, served by those incomparable chefs from Guatamala, Livio Bendana and Danubio Silva, and after bolting it down, we start toward the noise. When we reach 52nd Street, we find to our surprise that there is a jam session going on at Birdland, the Jazz Corner of the World. Charlie Stover's Quartet, featuring Tommy Winters on the sax, is working out some new arrangements for songs written by the famous composer, Roger Brown. They have the rapt attention of two bums off the street, Robert Oeffinger and George Fittz. Seen at the bar asking for a "Black Dog Special" are F.B.I. agents Norman Voorhees and Bill DeRose who are looking for jail-breakers Sam Layton and Tommy Callahan.

Since this place is not suited to our taste, we head toward Radio City, which is now owned by "Sparks" Greene. We purchase tickets for a T-V show from "Peeples" Stroman, and are ushered to our seats by two military looking guys, "Waddy" Posey and "Happy Jack" Rikard. As we are seated, the program announcer, "Bashful Beak" Wilson is just finishing a commercial promoting a new type of "Creek" whiskey, distilled by the William M. Fox Corporation. During the following newscast, roving reporters Hal White and "Obrey" McDonald give an account of how Joe Warrenfells has changed the entire Communist world into "Ivy Leaguers".

As we leave the T-V show, we hitch a ride on a milk wagon, driven by "Sot" Gibbs. After a tiring ride, we hop off at Harlem, where a reconstruction project is underway, supervised by the gold-dust twins, "Stick" Austin and "Freckles" Aydlotte. We continue up a dark alley and hear an unearthly scream. Out of a window comes "Snow-King" Slick Avery, who has finally met his match.

After these harrowing experiences, we find that the Big City is not for us, and prepare to leave. As we pass Central Park, we observe two outstanding citizens, Karl Hall and Don Parker, helping the pigeons eat their lunch of Carlisle grits. Continuing toward the tunnel, we pass the United Nations Building, where those two famous diplomats, "Sug" Schulze and Odvar Lund are trying to gain admittance for the Confederate States of America.

We get through the tunnel and are well on our way back home when we are almost run over by a new Mercury Turnpike Cruiser, driven by Brigadier General Donald Rourke. A roadside hamburger stand gains our attention, and we stop for a bite to eat. We find that it is run by 1st Sergeant Long and Wendell Smith. It takes only a sip for us to decide that the Carlisle coffee served here could be brewed only by Gerald Clifton, and that Grandma's cooking could be imitated only by Tommy Ogden.

With stomach full and the satisfactory experience of seeing old classmates, we thumb the next passing truck, and take off for points South.