

THE SENIOR PROPHECY

Two score and nine years ago our contemporaries brought forth upon this campus a new class, conceived in the memory of hallowed traditions and dedicated to the proposition that we should all meet once again in this year, 2000 A. D.

We are the first to arrive on the campus and, as we do (we notice many changes). In the middle of the grounds we see a tall, four-story, ultra-modern classroom building surrounded by beautiful shrubbery. About one hundred yards to the left of the classrooms stands the new glass-fronted, one-million-dollar library, which holds a total of almost three hundred and fifty thousand books. At the crest of a small hill we notice four huge barracks buildings, enclosing four large quadrangles, with gently sloping ramps leading to each of the three floors. Patton Hall, where the cadets enjoy their fabulous meals, is enclosed on three sides by glass and is large enough to seat the entire cadet regiment at one time.

It looks like the Carlisle Golden Cyclones have brought back their third victory in a row from the cadets at West Point. We see smiles on the faces of the football team of 1961. Larry Bozeman, our right halfback, has come to see us from his quarterhorse ranch in Greensboro, N. C. Arthur Brabham, who was our hard-driving fullback in '61 and is now the owner of the Baltimore Colts, smiles brightly after hearing the news of the victory. The brightest smile of all comes from our '61 quarterback, Rolly Fagan. Rolly has joined us from the beaches of Florida, where he is the owner of a large pavillion at Fort Lauderdale. "Big Hersch" Herschelman, whom we remember as one of our big tackles, joins us from the Navy, where he is in command of the battleship "Hemlock." Mr. and Mrs. Ronald T. Perdue have emerged into our midst from the heart of Florida. Ronnie was our star guard in 1961. Our most athletic senior of '61, "PeeWee" Yearty, who now owns Spalding Sporting Goods Company, joins his fellow teammates of that great 1961 football season.

We notice a large Greyhound bus driven by Richard Polk pulling in from points north. Richard J. Hoffman, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, while climbing off the bus, tangles his feet in his judicial robe, causing his judicial wig to fall from his judicial head. We see James DuMars on his knees, sifting the sand with his fingers in search of his glasses which were crushed under the wheels of the bus as it pulled away. As the bus drives off we see the frantic figure of Ralph DeRentz, who is desperately trying to climb out of the back window. It seems that he was so busy beating his bongos that he forgot to get off.

A cold wind whips in from the north, and who should arrive but "Moose" Moore, wrapped in a parka, carrying a large sign advertising "Great Northwest Snowshoes." Butch is the president of the firm.

From the direction of Anderson comes Ricky Raible, a reformed Yankee, driving his latest new car. He's wrecked a total of one a year since he graduated. It seems that Rick has reorganized some sort of singing group up there—the "Debbi-tunes," or something like that.

With a screech of tires, Kenny Schlosser arrives in a Pontiac. Kenny was severely injured in his youth by a herd of termites who mistook him for a toothpick but is now doing quite well.

We walk into the library and are not surprised to see Billy Goodwin and Ward Griffin revising the history of the War Between the States. They weren't satisfied with the last outcome. Over in a corner we spy Max Ford, three-time winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for Literature, looking over all the old editions of the REBEL, still convinced that the 1961 edition was best.

Looking upward, our breath is taken away at the sight of two lone figures floating up-side down toward the earth. Buddy Shelton and Teddy Wilson seem to have gotten tangled in their parachutes while trying to get out before the satellite went into orbit. The tests for the Air Force Academy are getting rougher.

We bump into Bill Fraylick, who is dragging a huge projector by the cord and has a large bag of reels over his shoulder. We tried to tell him before that the Sunday movies had been discontinued, but he refuses to listen. Travis Johns is following close behind him. Being, also, a non-believer, he wants to keep order in the show. It should be an easy job.

Looking to our right we see a grayhaired old man wearing a Carlisle uniform. Well, if it isn't Wes Clem! We reckon that one year of post-graduate work wasn't enough for him.

Pulling up in an old pick-up are Pete DeShields and Wally Hallows, fresh from their "cracker" factory in Georgia. They've never been able to escape the Georgia characterization laid down by Erskine Caldwell.

Under the old oak tree, from time to time, we see Ken Owens sitting, history book in hand, studying and slowly doing the hambone. Oops, he missed a beat!

As we gather in the new, million dollar auditorium, we are greeted by Carlisle's Commandant of Cadets, Colonel John A. Zappitello.

But wait—late as usual, in rush the former editors of the Carlisle Bugle, Doug Kornahrens and David Smith, who have spent the past thirty-nine years roaming the vast stretches of the Gobi Desert, seeking to understand the true philosophy of life.

We are met here to decide whether this class, being so conceived and so dedicated shall long endure. We know it shall, for it is the best. So saith the prophets.

DAVID SMITH,
DOUG KORNAHRENS,
Prophets, Inc.