

SENIORS PROPHECY

The year 1975 was one of peace, prosperity, and national pride following American success in gaining and maintaining freedom in 75% of the continent.

I found myself in Charleston, S. C. practicing my chosen profession, law; still single but hoping. The date June 25th and whom should I receive a letter from, but Mrs. George Benton informing me of the Class of '65-Carlisle Military School-reunion. It was to be held on the day of the annual Carlisle-Camden football clash.

No sooner had I laid the invitation aside than Bill Garbini phoned asking my plans concerning such. Now married to the former Gayle Ness, he has two daughters and is in partnership with Bob Van Ness. Bob has stayed single, preferring the louder side of life to that of family quietness.

The three of us, including Bill's Spouse and children, were off for Bamberg on the big day. Arriving at the front steps of Guilds Hall (which incidentally was still standing) we were met by the Bentons and told to drive on to Ziggies for a scheduled luncheon.

Before leaving, Irene related that several of the class would not attend. Unfortunately seven were deceased. Bob Finney and Paul Mopps were killed side by side in Saigon while reading a Playboy during a surprise air raid. Andy Straszewicz, who had returned to native Poland, shot himself in the stomach while playing with his gun collection. "Fish" Herin drowned while trying to swim the English Channel. Dud Gibson and Jim Spivey were killed in freak accidents at home. Dud died of internal injuries suffered when he fell attempting to skate down a bannister. Jim was killed when he fell out of a second story window. Rick Williams was slain by a renegade band of Zulu's while sunning on the Nile.

I was also able to learn something of the remaining nonattendants. John Scarpa was in New York, in the midst of a fund raising campaign to supply his street gang with tire chains. Brian Davies, Lindsey Schmidt, and Jack Pevser were unable to attend due to business interests. They were all head over heels in debt trying to get out. "Frog" Corley, a biologist whose life study is frogs (coincidentally), would not leave his work. Bruce Apel and Rick Thompson, gold-miners, were snowbound in Northern Alaska. Tommy Martin and Joe Johnson, navy careermen, were last heard of cruising close to the North Pole looking for a spot to surface. Earl Huggins was unable to leave his cotton patch. Dan West was too battered, following his tenth unsuccessful attempt for the S. C. Golden Gloves. Fred Branson was last seen broke still looking for a millionaires. John Bowzard, ace FBI man, was out hunting for the notorious bank robbers, Pat O'Neill and Jerry Peeler. On the other hand nobody knew the whereabouts of Buster Smith.

Several of our old classmates were already at the restaurant when we arrived. I at once started making the rounds, being anxious to talk with my old buddies. I ran across Tom Sharpe and Dozier Cook first. Both are married to Bamberg girls. Tom is a broom salesman, while Dozier sells Avon Products.

John Fischer, Earl Whatley, and Craig Rowe were seated at the next table. I learned that John keeps the stop watch on the 60-second Right Guard Commercials. Earl is in charge of picking up the paper left after New York ticker-tape parades. Craig is a Baptist missionary in Timbuktu. At this point Bob Byrd and "Daffy" Davant joined us. Both are employed by Comet, and have the difficult task of trying to find why Ajax outsells their company.

Moving on I spotted Paul Lawton, "Punk" Lewis, and Steve Lineberry laughing loudly. It seemed that Steve, who had returned to Carlisle as an English instructor (Maj. Steadman was his idol), was catching a hard time about it. Paul, after losing his shirt in the stock market, now sells fabricated tree houses. "Punk" is porter and utility man for Southern Railway.

All eyes turned to the door as Piney Hamilton, "Bup" Tyler, and Will Simmons entered. We were all most anxious to find out about these three. Piney resides in Augusta and is grounds keeper at the Masters Golf Course. He also go-kart races in his spare time. Bup is physical education director at the Florence YMCA. Will manages a red dot store, but can usually be found playing poker with his six year old son.

George entered and began the session at twelve noon. By the way he is co-owner of the Walterboro skating rink. We were given the itinerary for the day, which included the ball game, dinner, cocktails, and dancing.

Arriving in the midst of lunch were Jim McMillan, Cal Seckinger, and John Butler. Jim is in charge of the bargain basement at Belk's in Columbia. Cal has a trained flea act in one of the larger Eastern circuses. John is a promotion manager for Coppertone Sun Tan Lotions.

Also, on the scene were Greg Watson, Carroll Boswell, and Paul Mitchell. Greg is employed by a company that manufactures foam rubber garter belts. Carroll sells mosquito nets, door to door. Paul was the newly appointed Carlisle dietitian.

Harry Hobbs' and Bill Cogburns' families were sitting together. Harry was unemployed at that moment. Greyhound had fired him the week before for wrecking a bus and keeping it secret. Bill is the only one in the class whose residence is in a foreign country. He is sewer inspector for the Paris Dept. of Sanitation.

Just after lunch Alan Freeman and Chip Henderson strolled in. Everyone crowded around to see how the future had treated them. Alan is a state game warden working out of his native Coosawhatchie. Chip makes personalized surfboards and sharpens arrows in his leisure time.

Just before kickoff time Ray Combs and Stu Taber came bouncing up the bleachers. I didn't get to speak with them until halftime and by then others had also arrived. So I again proceeded to make the rounds.

Ray owns an alligator farm in central Florida, and Stu is the alto in a barber shop quartet working out of Beaufort. Lenny Traupel was a bugler at Fort Jackson until chapped lips caused his retirement. Walt Hazzard demonstrates the safe usage of sidewalk surfers in a Georgetown dime store. Mike Gilliam is water boy for the New York Giants. Randal Davenport hustles pool under the alias of "Carolina Fats".

Frankie Tucker, Tommy Gullede, and Lamar Cooper ambled in at the beginning of the fourth quarter. I later learned that Frankie is top singer on the Bob Poole Gospel Hour. Tommy was resting on doctor's orders following his futile attempts to put the toothpaste back in the tube. Lamar is a dancing instructor for Arthur Murray Studios.

The game ended just as Willy Sheils and Pratt Hambright drove up. Both have made military their careers. Willy has the rank of private in the Marine Corps and is stationed on the Rock of Gibraltar. Pratt, an instructor at The Citadel, holds the records for having put more cadets on report in one week than any other teacher in that school's history. Oh, yes, CMS won the game; of course!

At dinner I sat with several of the later arrivals. Danny Johnson, Early Walker, and Barry Watts all hold key posts with Metrecal Dietary Inc. Ottie Stone sells red long Johns for a living, while Charles Mitchell tests flip flops for endurance.

"Dodge" Scarborough, "Huck" Finn, and Rodney Manogue made it just in time for cocktails. Dodge is a pickle packer for the Tennessee Pickle Packing Co. Huck is a wine taster for Mogan David Wines and Rodney is a house fly swatter salesman. I, also, learned that Dan Weatherington poses for the buffalo nickel. Phil Gaudreau and Brian Johnson are co-owners of a service station. From what I hear they are still chasing the Bamberg "queens".

Before the beginning of the dance the remainder of the class had arrived. Among them were "Dog" Dawson and Donnie Carter. "Dog" works for Sergeant's Flea and Tick Spray while Donnie is employed by the Pillsbury Corp. as a flour sifter. Bill Brooks, as expected, has become one of the best known head shrinkers in the U. S. One of his prominent patients is Roger Beck, the goat of stage, screen, and television. Bill says hypnosis seems to work best on Roger.

Bill Carter, David Moore, and J. P. Watson were seated together. Bill's company is tops in topless bathing suits, David is a chicken farmer, and J. P. is a talent scout for Playboy Magazine. Fred Brown is a portrait painter and Jim Freeman is a baker, specializing in grease balls.

David Chandler is presently employed at the Carlisle Canteen. That canteen special sure must have gotten to him. John Norman works for the Canary Bird Seed Co. He is in charge of protecting the test canaries from cats. Mike Sweeney is a wholesale distributor of diamond belly buttons and other female attire.

Eddie Wright is the lazy one out of the class. He receives unemployment checks and fishes. Two others were unable to make the reunion because of last-minute delays. Bobby Smith got drunk on the way and ended up in a Nova Scotia Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. Ed Soler, roving reporter for Life Magazine, had just been sent to Outer Mongolia to find out what happened to Inner Mongolia. Buster sent us a telegram at midnight. He had joined the French Foreign Legion. (Just for Kicks.)

Our reunion ended as the night faded. However, I'm sure we are all looking forward to 1985 and our next blow out.

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FRED ZEIGLER,
Editor-in-Chief.