

# THE SENIOR PROPHECY

The year is 1978, the time is early afternoon, the place is my beloved Alma Mater, Carlisle Military School. As I look around, I see that numerous changes have taken place since I last gazed upon the campus, way back in '68.

I see that where Guilds Hall once stood, there is now a modern, ten story building, constructed of native granite and stainless steel. This marvel of contemporary architecture was conceived by John Smith and Robert Buckland, who are owners of a lumber camp near Tenino, Washington and deal in construction work on the side.

At the rear of the building is the Carlisle Faculty and Alumnus Bar and Grill. This is located in the spot where the canteen once stood. As I entered and my eyes became accustomed to the dim lights and smoke, I immediately recognized some old classmates. The Senior Army Instructor and part-time bartender is Alex Stewart, across the bar was Bo Brooks, chairman of the board of directors for West End-Coburg, Inc. He was rapidly downing a buttermilk sling.

Further down, I see Paul Williams. Paul is a champion NASCAR driver, and next to him are Warren Adams and Gene Gohagan, his mechanics. In the corner I see Tom Jones, George Ballantine, and Butch Fogle. They are members of the Carlisle Faculty, and have only recently been hired. Tom is the commandant of cadets with George as his assistant. Butch is the head English and literature instructor. Their jobs were held previously by Glen Lewis, Bob Lemaster and Robert Allison. Hank Lee, Winky DeWitt, and Edgar Cancel are in charge of the maintenance crew.

As I walk into the club room, I see Arvin Day, Wade Bedingfield, and James Bible, all of whom are professional gamblers in Las Vegas, Nevada. Rodney Hurst has the same occupation until he was shot twelve times when he dropped a deuce and picked up an ace.

When I sat down to order a drink, who do I see but Dr. John Spigner, a neurosurgeon at Bamberg County Hospital. His specialty is transplanting fingernails. John told me that Bear Tindal and Arthur Merry couldn't make it to the reunion, but are both prospering as professors of surfing at the University of Hawaii.

Another of our classmates who is a physician is Stanley Adcock. He is a specialist in the transplanting of facial features and intelligence.

Just this moment, in comes Layton Lamb, Raymond Pase, and David Rigsby. Layton is the president of Union Industries, a company that manufactures warning lights and sirens for law enforcement vehicles. Raymond is president of the Royal Crown-Shurley Corporation, a manufacturer of hair care products. David is a U. S. Army medic, serving in Antarctica.

I suddenly realize that it is almost time for the kickoff of the Carlisle-Camden football game, a highlight of the day for all of us. As I make my way to the field, I recognize Art Magruder and Jerry Zapp. Art is a professor of mathematics and handball coach at The Citadel. Jerry is assistant coach and first aid man for the Carlisle Golden Cyclones, specializing in cuts that require stitches.

When I reached my seat in the pressbox, who do I see but Jacob Garrick, head disc jockey for the CBS radio network. I turned around and there was Jimmy Godwin, volunteer fireman and band director of Bamberg High School.

Just as the game is about to start, a yell of "Hi Yo, Silver!", is heard and there stands a five ton amphibious land rover with Tasmanian license plates. Disemberking from this vehicle are Jerry Pugh, Tommy Gnann, and Randy Thomas. Tommy, Jerry, and Randy are hunters and trainers of the rare, almost extinct Tasmanian Devils. Just in case the reader doesn't know what a Tasmanian Devil can be trained to do, he needn't feel alone, as I haven't the slightest idea myself. But they are apparently good for something because five ton amphibious land rovers don't come cheap.

Any way, back to the game. Carlisle scored twice in the first half and the half time show was highlighted by a rendition of the Carlisle Alma Mater by the U. S. Marine Corps band, the director of which is Bruce Hiller. Another highlight of the show was a baton twirling exhibition by Cliff Harper and Mathew England.

After this great half time show, I decided to visit the refreshment stand to get a drink. (Non-alcoholic of course, a Carlisle graduate must maintain a high standard of sobriety.) To my surprise, I was served by Tom Britton and Jere Ginn who have just finished the blueprints for the Carson M. Sturgeon Memorial Language Center. David Johns is the proposed president of this institution.

In the second half, Carlisle really beat Camden soundly. At the end of the game, not a sound was heard from the Camden side except for the confused shouts of Wally Alicea and Bill Kennedy, who got on the wrong side of the field. Both Wally and Bill are Head-Start workers in New York City.

As the crowd moved out of the field, I see Walter Lankait, Vance McCollum, and Joe Mauldin tearing down the goal posts. Walter is the president of an organization for the persecution of German-Americans. Vance is his assistant. Joe Mauldin is police chief of Seneca, S. C., and is unique in the fact that the only weapon he carries is a derby hat with a steel brim. His deputy is Mike Goodyear.

John Rinehart and Mike Schick also showed up at this time. Both are apprentice chemistry teachers at Vorhees Institute. Albert Slone and Val Tavel are both employed on a shrimp boat out of Edisto Beach that smuggles guns into Wilmington, N. C.

Just as I was leaving for home, Joe Vestal and Lynn Vickery ran up to my car, asking what time the game started. I hastily replied: "Maybe next year, fellows!" and made my getaway. I really hated to leave so abruptly, but I had to get back to an important assignment that had been given to me by the CIA. I had to guard Phoenix City, Alabama, against attack from North Vietnamese submarines.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish my classmates success in their endeavors, whatever those might be.

—TOM TUCKER.