



## Class Prophecy

It was a hot, summer afternoon as we travelled west over the New Mexico Desert. All had gone fine on our trip so far; but, suddenly, just as we were entering a small, sun-baked town, the bus stopped running and would not start. A careful inspection by the driver revealed that a new fuel injector was needed.

"Driver, how soon will this broken-down bus start again?" inquired an eager young prospector.

"It will probably be three or four hours before a replacement fuel injector will get here. Then we will set out again for Los Angeles," replied the driver of the public conveyance.

"Well," answered Joe Agostinelli, "that's too long to wait. I've got to get to California. I have a good hunch on a new gold discovery." And with that he picked up his small pack and started walking toward the setting sun.

Here in the town of Carthelm, New Mexico, sat the broken-down bus and its occupants, waiting for the replacement part to fix the vehicle. Carthelm had a population of 780 people, at least that is what the sign at the end of the town said.

We settled back in our seat for an afternoon nap when we were suddenly aroused by the unfamiliar strains from Beethoven's Fifth. We turned our heads to learn that the canary voice belonged to Carol Wensel. The two uniformed ladies sitting across the aisle were not paying much attention to this classical throbbing. Lois Moore, a Wave, and Norma Jean Thompson, a feminine Marine, had fears of the guardhouse for returning late from their first leave.

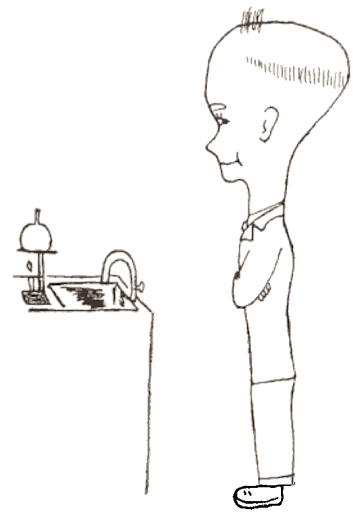
"At bat for the Chicago Savages is Howard Kinch," blared a portable radio up the aisle. "Ball one. Here comes the pitch. It's a hit into center field. There goes Short-stop James Heasley under the ball. He makes a spectacular catch and saves the day for the Pittsburgh Prowlers. And now we interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin from the Associated Press—Cairo, Egypt—As the result of a bloody revolution, Chuck Alexander has replaced Cleopas as pharaoh of Egypt."

By us just now went a shiny black hearse from Fred Smith's "Friendly Undertaking Service"! The hearse stopped in front of a doctor's office, and while the medical receptionist, Donna Davis, held the door open, two husky gentlemen, Fred Myers and Ray McKissick, carried out one of Dr. Max Ketner's mistakes feet first.

A low muttering draws our attention to the left where we see a portly gentleman obviously engaged in a tough problem. On each of his five briefcases is engraved, "D. Martin Ericson, Chemical Engineer." By listening a little longer we gather that his perplexities center around the incongruent disassociation of the electrons of the ribidium atom in a basic solution.

We next decide to take a walk through this pleasant looking town. As we cross the street from the bus, Ralph McNutt, driving a Buick Dynaflo, nearly runs us down after just missing the fire hydrant and Dean Summerville's new Cadillac. Robert Brooks is putting the roof on a new ranch style house for William Hannold, a local philanthropist.

In this rich residential section of town, we also notice the old brick residence of the millionaire Bill Gathers. There goes Ronald Crowe, another well-to-do man up town. He still prefers motor bikes to automobiles. The business section is presently ahead of us. One of the first offices we pass is that of George Henderson, accountant. Beside it is the local clinic. A scanning of the roster reveals Dr. Verna Winwood, her secretary, Patty Smith and Elizabeth Gruebele, physical therapist. While we are standing there, two nurses come out of the door. Estelle Stringfellow continues walking down town, while Vera Wagner climbs into a cab driven by James Callihan. The next building houses the Tabard Inn. We step into this small



restaurant to the swing of Edith Kiser's newest song hit. At a table are four secretaries, Donna Kriebel, Phyllis Mapes, Wava Smith, and Kathryn Varner. The playboy, Bill Helmtoller, sitting at the next table is making eyes at these efficient office girls, while they are enjoying their afternoon coffee. In the park we notice two men, whose only ambition in high school was to graduate, sitting on a bench reminiscing about their past years.

"And", remarked James Stewart, "remember the time I poured water on your seat in Physics class."

"Yes," replied Lowell Newell, "and I thought that it was sulphuric acid."

A little farther down the street we notice four ladies playing bridge. They are the town's prominent housewives. Shirley Evans, Jeannine Fox, Alda Space, and Joyce Wilson. One of the ladies remarked that she had just received a letter from Julia Jane Davis, who is now working in Oil City.

We have time yet, so let's go into the shoe store. "But, I know a size nine will fit me," insisted Delores Stauffer, a secretary, Marlene McCamant, the clerk, goes for a size ten, while Joan Randolph, also a secretary sits back and smiles.

"Kindel's Kattle Korner" says the bright sign on the corner stock yard.

We were getting hungry so into the Texas Hot Dog Shop.

"Mustard on mine," replied Joan Kiser, a local customer. Next Virginia Gross, the clerk, takes our order. That hot-dog surely hit the spot!

In front of the library we notice the librarian, Marilyn McEntire, discussing Rosalyn Wein's latest novel with Virginia Patton, a town literary critic.

While passing the telephone office, we are greeted by the smiling face of Betty Slater, an operator. A strange lingo attracts our attention backward. There is Marvis Sterrett speaking Japanese to her cousin, Lois Sterrett, an airline hostess. Marvis is spending a short vacation in the states before returning to her home in Japan.

Bang! The door is slammed shut on the lawyer's office and out rushes his secretary, Leanore Barlett, taking last-minute notes on the case now in court.

What are all those girls doing, running about the school yard? It's the school's hockey team coached by athletic Marsue Mortland. We stop under a school window and listen to Sheldon Logan, professor of physics, explain to a sleepy class the Wheatstone bridge.

Buzz-z-z-z. There is George Russell overhead doing the barrell-roll in his airplane.

"Watch out, George," shouted Ann Reed from her kitchen window, "you almost hit the trees that time."

About a block from the decrepit bus we met Clayton Harriger. This aeronautical engineer explains to us that we should have come west in the new flying wing, rather than risk delays in a bus.

We get back in the bus just in time to start rolling again. It is nice to be on the way again; however, we did enjoy our short stay in the desert town of Carthelm.

Written by an unpredictable iconoclast  
Marvin Clark