



CLASS

It was a fall day in 1969 that I boarded the Washington, D. C.-Winnsboro Super Helicopter. At last I had gotten away from my pressing duties at the White House long enough to see the annual Mt. Zion-Chester football game. Just as the helicopter was loading up I bought a paper from the airport's newsstand, which was run by *Tal Boulware* and *Lawrence Poston*, and then hurried to my seat on the plane. As I began to read "The News and Herald", and now the leading daily of the South, edited by *Elizabeth Traylor*, I was startled by the familiar voice of *John Gibson* at my elbow. John, who is now a French professor at Harvard University, was also going to Winnsboro, and we began to talk of old times at high school. John told me that *Ted Woodward* was playing the rôle of "Hamlet" in Boston that fall, and that *Bettysue Brabham* was a leading opera singer in New England. He seemed surprised when I told him that *Merlyn Cooper* was a fashion model in Washington.

When I returned to my paper and the sports section, I read the column "Lookin' Out From Under the Bleachers", by "Slick" *Herndon*, sports editor. His article was mostly about the approaching game, and it reported that Chester had a strong team coached by none other than *Grady Branham*. On turning the page, I found an article on the new Cannon Molecular Theory, which was proposed by the nationally known physicist, *Mary Babb Cannon*. As I was just recovering from the shock of my latest knowledge and was just reading of the wedding of *Miss Tweedie Timms* to a famous movie star, our helicopter gave a sudden lurch and landed right-side-up at the Richmond, Va. airport. The hostesses *Allie McFadden* and *Betty Surratt* explained that *Albert Edenfield*, our pilot, had forgotten to put in any gas. While our plane was filling up Albert told me that his sister, *Pearl Edenfield*, was now the head matron at the Mooney-Looney Rest Home in California. Soon I saw the big industrialist, *Clifford Powell*, at the airport. He had come to meet his European agent for Powell Perpetual Motion Machines, *Simmy Plyler*.

The airship was almost up in the air again when we were stopped by a plump lady, her runt of a husband, and five kids who were also going to Winnsboro. When we took them on board I was surprised to find that the very stout lady was *Dinny McMaster*. Dinny told me that *Puggy Boulware Hofstaser* lived near her in Virginia. Puggy it seems was married to a millionaire and employed *Earline Varnadore* as a governess for her two sons.

Ten minutes after we left Richmond, our helicopter was sailing over the North Carolina countryside, and I turned on my portable radio to hear "Joyce Bass Speaks". Instead all I could get was two stations going at once (FM had gone out of style back in 1956) and could hear *Mme. LaVerne Geddings de La Grande*, the famous singer mixed in with the Killette Razor Sports' announcer, *Jerry Bennett*. To hear their voices at the same time reminded me of our classes together at the Institute. I guess everything is different at Mt. Zion now since *Dr. Alan Shedd*, Ph.D., is superintendent, and *Miss Beck Starnes* is principal. *Bonnie Sue Pate*, another helicopter hostess, made me cut off my radio since it disturbed the famous painter, *Madame Betty Enloe von Frankfurter*, who was at work on board our ship.

The helicopter, in another fifteen minutes, was over Fairfield County and a large building was below us, with big red letters on top: KIRKPATRICK STOCKYARDS. No doubt *Bennett* is still "shootin' the bull". When we landed a big brass band was on hand. I soon found out that the band, under the direction of *Walter Taylor*, had mixed our helicopter with that of Governor *Revonne Hunt*, and his staff, which was due shortly from the new State House at Ridgeway. Among Governor Hunt's party was to be the new head of the state penitentiary, *Gene Pate*, and the Speaker of the House, *Luther Gunter*.

"If you can look
And say which grain will grow