

CHARLES LEGRAND is the franchised dealer for "Satellite Put-Puts." BONNIE SHORT and KAYE BLACKWELL are sales ladies to give you a demonstration ride in your new "Put-Put."

Right next to this establishment is an assembly line for red Impalas. I see HARRIET McMASTER is production manager, having had much experience with this type of automobile during high school.

JUDY CHAPPELL and JOHNNIE CARROLL own a sweet's shop on the planet Mars; selling only Mars candy bars, moon pies, and sundrops.

I see a sign hanging in front of a little shop across the Milky Way. "Hats for every occasion - ladies of distinction buy their space helmets at MARY JO BURLEY'S Helmet Shoppe."

Next I see SARA WALLACE BRICE, who refused a career as an actress to become a psychology teacher. FLORRIE BLUME, BOBBY BROWN, and LINDA RAMSEY are sitting in on her classes trying to catch something they may have missed at dear, ole Winnsboro High.

Big businessmen, RAY FULLER and WAYNE McLENDON, seem to be showing quite a profit in their manufacture of sky hooks!

Singing sensation of the Space Age is "The Peake Boys," HERMAN and BOBBY with their hit recording of "There's an Earth Out Tonight."

They said it couldn't be done, but here are WILLIE LONG and REGGIE BYRD showing VIRGIL RABON and JOHNNY RAGS-DALE how to dribble a meteor.

At Mars Hill University, the girls debating team, composed of ESTHER PEACH, SANDRA McLENDON, LINDA PERRY, and BETTY JO PLYLER, is thrashing out the question, "Are Mars' two-headed men more intelligent than Earth's one-headed men?" This, of course, puts judges JERRY SPENCER SMITH and JOE HENNESSEE on the spot.

CAROL GUNTER, AUDINE BOONE, and BARBARA BROWN are sitting patiently out in space waiting for their ships to come in.

And what do you think JOHNNIE BRIGMAN and BARNEY BAGGOTT are doing in outer space? Nothing!!!

But I see a group of girls, KAY BEAM, MARY JEAN COLLINS, CHRISTINE LEITNER, ANNE LITTLETON, MIRIAM PEAY, and GAY TIMMS have formed a jiving sextet, conducted by WALLACE BOULWARE.

Bringing us back to Earth again, our crystal ball cites a few more scenes for us, but we must hurry for the fog is closing in.

HAROLD BRYANT, now an excellent vocalist, recently won first place in a hog calling contest at the State Fair. His prize was an entire fishing outfit with all equipment. Everyone knows HAROLD doesn't like to fish, so what is he going to do?

It seems as if those letters that CAROL ANN MORRIS, DARLENE PORTER, and ANN WILLIAMS were always writing in high school must have paid off. All are happily married.

JIMMY ROBINSON and BUDDY McFADDEN have been shipwrecked on a South Sea Island inhabited by beautiful native girls and all they can say is "Bali H'ai."

EMILY CASTLES and ANDREA DOVE are now advertising agents for a large cigarette industry. It appears that both are excellent saleswomen.

Working as a typist in the main office of a large insurance agency, MARY LYNN BROWN states that she has at last thrown out the touch system, which she had never mastered, and is now using with fair success the reliable old "hunt and peck."

NELLIE WILSON, who has recently composed a slang dictionary and completed the rule book on "How to Play Twenty-one," is to be married next week to her long, lost soldier boy returning from Russia.

BILLY REID is now at the head of Fairview and also runs a column in a local paper entitled "Alcoholics Anonymous."

JEANNE STEWART'S contribution to humanity is a self-guiding automobile. She says that her reason for inventing this was that she simply couldn't stand to watch the road while driving.

The model wife of a nearby town, JOETTE SPIRES, has nothing to offer but this helpful bit of housewifely advice: "Don't sweep your house; let a cyclone pass through it. If you can't get a cyclone, just whistle up a storm. Same results guaranteed."

GLORIA WHITE is living on a turkey farm with a long-time favorite friend who is now her husband.

JOE ALBERT and MITCHELL CARTER, now thriving dairymen who furnish schools with milk, inform us that they have solved the dairyman's problem of how to produce the most milk at the least expense. Their solution is simply to treat the cows with a little of "Beer Barrel Polka."

The crystal becomes clear and the vision fades - the year 1961 is still with us. So the jesters push the crystal aside with the sincere hope that the class of '61 will find the past years but stepping stones to higher things.