

CLASS PROPHECY

(Don't blame me Bart Baker wrote this!)

The year is 1980, and I have just completed a world's tour. During my travels I ran into many of my old classmates. Perhaps you would like to learn what they are doing now.

From Camanche, I caught a plane and flew to New York City. After landing, I hailed a taxi to take me to my hotel, and I discovered that my driver was none other than Dave Hovell. On the way to the hotel I spotted Larry Munksgaard's Ballet Studio, and down the street I saw a sign reading Tom McKenrick, Skateboard Instructor. We arrived at the hotel, and I was amazed to find Steve Horn as desk clerk. We talked for awhile, and then he called a bellboy; it turned out to be Gene Thomsen, who I remembered was always fond of carrying things for people.

After I freshened up, I read the New York Times and was amazed to find out that Barb Bell was editor. Thumbing through the paper, I discovered that Gloria Blazer had taken over Ann Landers' column.

I decided to turn on the T. V., and was just in time to see the Crusher wrestling none other than Roy Seymour. Just as the match started, into the ring jumped the fanatic karate expert Harry Sanders who began beating up the referee. Just then the commercial came on. It was one of those singing Doublemint commercials, with the Doublemint twins, Jimmy and Janey Heath.

Suddenly I became ill. I went down stairs for an alka-seltzer, but changed my mind when I saw that the pharmacist was Tom Stamp. I went back to my room and spent the rest of the night tossing and turning.

The next morning I boarded a plane for Washington, D. C., only to find that my pilot was Tom Huizena and my stewardesses were all old classmates--Sally McKenrick, Donna Olson, Cathy Padula, and Mary Bealer. No one can be in Washington, D. C. without taking a tour, so I hired a guide who turned out to be Terry Baldwin. First, we toured the Library of Congress and came across Arnette Hosette who was head librarian. Next we visited the Capitol Building and discovered that two of our classmates had gained Government appointments: Pete Passick was the Senate Chap-lain and Richard Huebner was the newly appointed government official in charge of painting post offices.

Suddenly I became ill again, and knew I had to get back to the hotel and lie down. After boarding a bus and discovering that Louise Payson was the bus driver, I knew that I had to get back fast.

Half-way to the hotel the bus was caught in a traffic jam caused by a Presidential motorcade. It seemed that Rick Sullivan, our newly elected President, had just appointed Robert Ryner as Secretary of State. I knew then that I was definitely sick.

Upon hearing this news, I decided to leave the country. I arrived in London just in time to see the Worlds Motorcycle Championship, featuring act drivers Mike Miller and Mike Cozzolino. I paid my last respects and then left.

I flew to Holland and there found that Linda Rose and Tom Bower had formed a partnership and were happily growing tulips and oleander bushes. I spent the night at the Windmill Inn, run by Eleanor Preston and Patti Henry.

The next day I was off to Switzerland. I arrived in Geneva and decided to explore a bit. In a quaint little shop I found Dave Maze, carving the Lord's Prayer on pinheads. I walked on. There, under the spreading chestnut tree, sat the village poet, Dave Carstensen, reading poetry.

All of a sudden I heard a God-forsaken sound above me. I glanced up and bird called William Tell got me right in the eye, I wiped out my eye and looked up again, hearing the strange noise once more. I

then saw that it was Joe Rouse yodeling across the mountains to the Pruett brothers, "DUCK!!!!"

I ran for the nearest plane and flew to Egypt. I was greeted at the airport by the famous mummy-hunter Pat Payson. That night we went to a night club featuring the Egyptian belly-dancers Barb Tyler and Cheryl Munck. Then up to our table came a fortune teller. Under all the costume I recognized Marsha O'Connors. After reading my hand, she replied, "Beware of sick birds in Switzerland."

Suddenly I became ill. On my way back to the hotel I ran into Bernie Vogel. It seemed that he had become a translator of early Egyptian writings on the pyramids. He also told me that he had five of our classmates as secretaries--Suzie Below, Linda Mertl, Joyce Schultz, Joan Strouss, and Pat Tholen. I wondered why we needed five secretaries, and after a while he confided that he needed five secretaries to translate his handwriting.

After I left Egypt, I went to visit my old friend, J. B. Straley in the Himalayas, where we fulfilled our lifetime dream of skateboarding tandem down Mt. Everest. After doing that, I heard that Donna Lievers had replaced Bob Ryner as Secretary of State, so I decided that it was safe to go back to the U. S. A.

I landed in L. A. and took in the championship badminton match starring Martha Vujovic and Jean Ytsen.

After the match, I took a drive along the coast, and I glanced out the window, I nearly drove off the road when I saw on top of a big wave Lolly Hugunin and Ron Hofer hanging ten.

Suddenly I became violently ill, and decided to go to Las Vegas and relax. The first thing I noticed was a big sign showing the way to Frog's Casino, run by none other than Gary Grimme. I pulled up a chair with Frog and watched his show featuring Billie Willits on the accordion and her chorus line consisting of Sharon Vogel, Connie Hellweg, and Donna Huizenga. After the performance I asked them, all former cheerleaders, what had happened to Lynn Marr. They told me she and Jerry Dahl had established a clinic for the deaf in Minneapolis. Lynn was the speech specialist and Jerry was a hand sign instructor.

They had just recently hired Connie Jorgensen as their nurse.

After a very enjoyable night, I left the next morning for Chicago. I went to the Merchandise Mart to see if they had anything I could use in my new home. As it turned out, I ran into Bob Goddard, who had followed in his father's footsteps, and now owned Merchandise Mart. We talked for a while, and he told me that Dan Tyler had become a bootlegger for the under-world..

I left Bob and drove for home. On the way to Camanche, I went through some of Chicago's slum districts. It was two o'clock in the morning and you can imagine my surprise when I saw Roger Wilson. I stopped and asked him if he had become a wino, but he proudly informed me that he had become a social worker.

Suddenly I became ill, and sped home.. Coming into the city limits of Camanche, I was greeted by a siren and a flashing red light. I pulled over to the side of the road, and up to the car walked none other than Chief of Police Dan Bolte.

Boy, was I sick!!!!!!!!!!!!

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Rick Sullivan
Vice President	Dan Bolte
Secretary	Barbara Tyler Volk