



Soap Bubble Fantasy

Can you imagine seniors blowing soap bubbles? Well, sometimes they do — and a group of this year's seniors did!!! Someone suggested it at a "little kids" party we attended. One of the girls claimed she could see signs of the future in the bubbles as they rose and hung suspended in the air. And were we excited, because all through the year our thoughts had been about the future. We were soon to leave school, and quite naturally, we were eager and expectant about the niches we would find for ourselves as we took our places as citizens of the world. In our dreams we saw a better world, a world of peace — as fruit of the war in which many of our classmates were already participating and in which many more would serve. Of course, all were eager to know what their prescient classmate could see in the bubbles which floated upward and onward, catching the light to gleam with brilliant colors. We persuaded her to tell the secrets of the future which she saw!

She began her narration. As she waxed to her subject, she seemed transcendent — above and beyond us, and we strained to hear her every word. She intoned —

"I see a gleaming city — tall white buildings on wide boulevards. It's a beautiful city. On Success Street is a magnificent office building. Let us enter. There's JACK ELMORE, more handsome than ever with his hair tinged grey at the temples, dictating to his private secretary, RUTH NEAL. The other girls in the office look familiar. Why yes, there are secretaries KATHLEEN BAIRD, LA VEEDA BARKELOO, and RUTH RISSEL, very busy typing and looking very efficient in their smart tailored business suits. How well