

Class Prophecy

Now that I have made the last entries in my diary, it occurs to me that it would be interesting to jot down the hopes and ambitions of my classmates in the Senior Class. Some of them have lofty ideas as to what the future has in store for them; some can't be serious long enough to give thought to how they will earn their living! Now there's Jimmie Peppers. He wants to be a chemical engineer. Paul Oestreicher wants to be a pharmacist; Pat Byrd hopes to be a teacher; Charles Ciolino wants to be a professional football player; James Clemons, a lawyer; and Opal Covert, a telephone operator. Joe Mazzei has ambitions to be a chemist; Jane Wetterich, a C. P. A.; Edwin O'Bryan, a book-keeper; and Lee Robinson, a model. Why, here comes Uncle Louie.

"Hi, Uncle Louie."

"Whatever are you doing, child?"

"Oh, I've just been jotting down a few of the ambitions of the kids at school. I was thinking that it would be fun to be able to look back in a few years and see whether or not they achieve the ambitions they had when they were at school."

"A good idea, but how does the idea strike you to actually take a look into the future?"

"But how could that be possible?"

"It could be arranged. You know that new invention I've been working on, my Time Machine? Maybe we could try it out. Get a couple of your friends and come over to my laboratory tomorrow morning."

It has been several days since I started this, and it is good to get back and be able to record what happened at Uncle Louie's laboratory. We were filled with apprehension as we approached the huge gray building where Uncle Louie conducted his experiments. As we entered his laboratory, we were filled with a sense of awe because while we did not know exactly what to expect, we did know that the machine was supposed to transport us into the future and allow us to view the world at any time of our choice. Wouldn't you have been a bit frightened at the prospect? Well,

