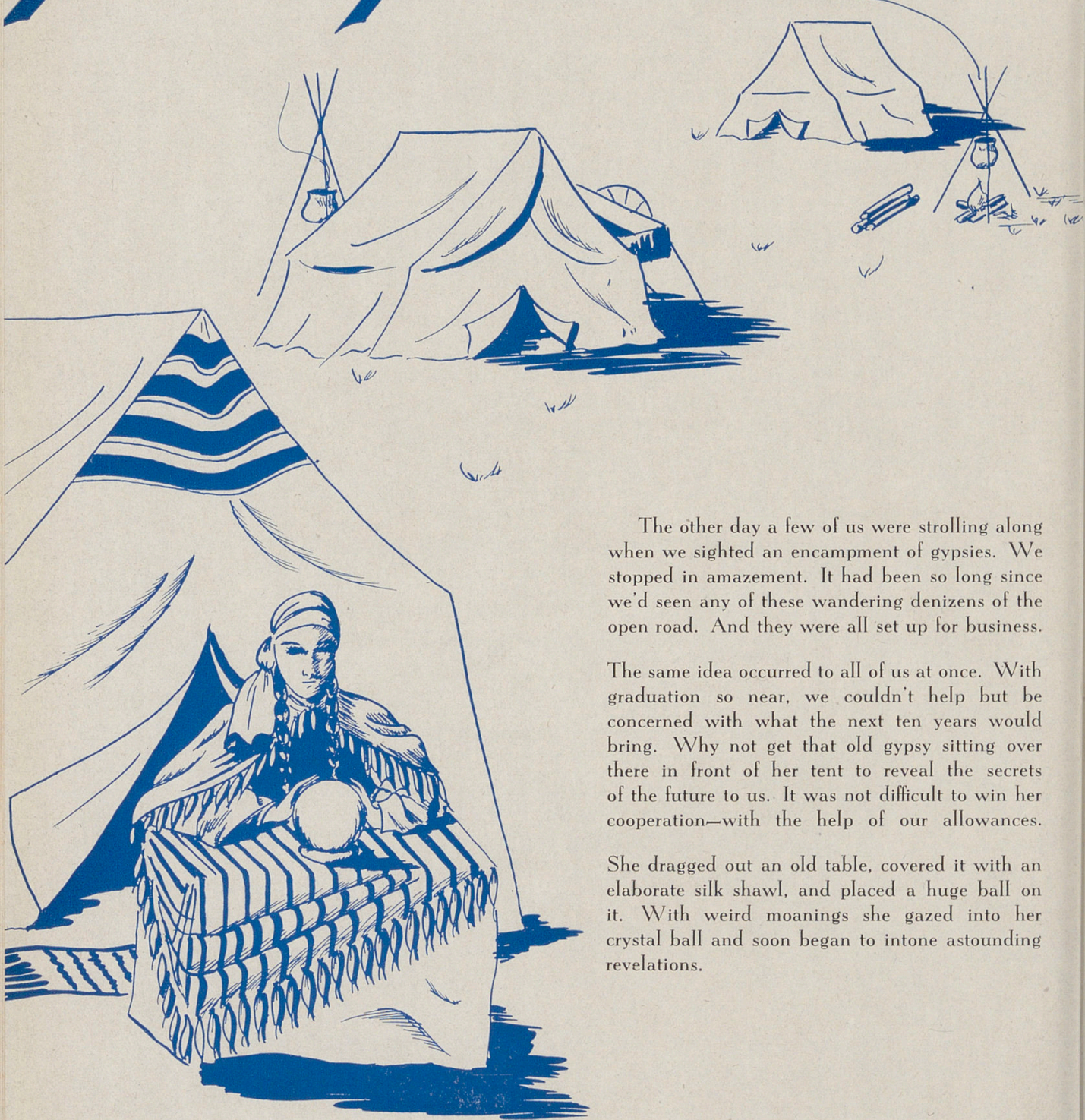


prophecy



The other day a few of us were strolling along when we sighted an encampment of gypsies. We stopped in amazement. It had been so long since we'd seen any of these wandering denizens of the open road. And they were all set up for business.

The same idea occurred to all of us at once. With graduation so near, we couldn't help but be concerned with what the next ten years would bring. Why not get that old gypsy sitting over there in front of her tent to reveal the secrets of the future to us. It was not difficult to win her cooperation—with the help of our allowances.

She dragged out an old table, covered it with an elaborate silk shawl, and placed a huge ball on it. With weird moanings she gazed into her crystal ball and soon began to intone astounding revelations.