

Class Prophecy

Grace Swanson, '12.

After graduating from the Northwest School of Agriculture the author of this prophecy attended the State University in view of becoming a Domestic Science teacher. After finishing there, her prospects for the future were grand.

All went well until the death of her rich uncle, who left everything to her, including a vast sum of money and an aeroplane. The machine was in perfect order and the will stated that the money was to be spent in travel. So there was nothing to do but to fly!

It was not long until an extended flight was planned. Everything was in readiness and on March 21st, 1942, thirty years after graduation, we left St. Paul for the Atlantic coast, from thence round the world.

While going over part of the city of Chicago we were sailing so low the ropes became entangled in one of the tall church steeples. We were immediately lowered and while waiting for repairs we attended a lecture on "Woman Suffrage" given by Hannah Gulseth, the politician of the Class of 1912.

After this lecture as we were on our way to a hotel, we heard a familiar voice from within a large gymnasium. It was a woman coaching a girls' basket ball team, and oh! those familiar rules and signals! Signals which one can only learn by spending sleepless nights. It was Dora Wurden, our old C. S. A. captain, teaching such signals as had never been known to the world before.

While flying over New York state we decided to take a side flight to Yale College. We found there, to our surprise, Jay Wilder, professor of Greek in that great institution.

In New York City we attended a grand opera, and who was the most important actress on the stage? No one but Elizabeth Burkhardt, acting a star part in a Broadway drama.

The next morning at seven, we started for Paris. We arrived there in the afternoon at three, and while going to one of the famous cathedrals of Paris we heard a low, sweet voice from an adjoining room. If we had not seen the face of Bertha Bjoin, we never would have recognized the voice. It was so changed from that of former years at C. S. A.

While sightseeing in the city, our guide showed us the world's most famous chemical laboratory. There was Harry Miller. He had worked among the same bottles and chemicals and on the same solution for many years. Indeed, he was growing old, working along the same lines of investigation, which was to discover a solution of how to grow tall.

From Paris we journeyed toward the Alps and, nestled down in the quiet, lonely, little valley, we saw a shack from whose chimney the smoke was rising. A short distance from the house a man was seen plowing. Oh! that walk! so slow and steady. It was none other than Edward Osterloh. After talking with him a few minutes, he asked us to dine with him and, nearing the house, we were doubly surprised to see another old classmate, Alfred Nelson. Leap year had had no effect on them. They had "batched" it for some years and had been living a happy contented life.

We then left Europe and were soon sailing over the fertile plains of Ceylon. Agriculture, in a crude manner, had been carried on there for some time. While spending the first night in this unknown land, we heard some one talking about an agricultural school. We at once started to investigate the matter and found to our great surprise that it was