

Prophecy of Class of '27

White clad figures all around, pungent odors assailing my nostrils, queer, panicky thoughts rushing through my mind. How strange it seemed. I bit my tongue. I wanted to be sure it was I, blinked my eyes--but the scene didn't change, oh well I had watched others, it seemed easy--yes it had been easy to watch others, but now it was myself, the reciprocant of all this unwelcome attention.

Whispering, crusting--why didn't they hurry, and now my face was covered--how could I see, how could I breathe, what was I breathing, wasn't very nice, had to have it though--funny feeling creeping all over me.

Some one was speaking: "Where's Miss Ford?" "She'll be here presently doctor, she was at a class reunion when called, but is coming immediately."

Miss Ford--Marie Ford--oh yes, she was president of the class of '27. I was a junior then, let's see--ten years ago, and now she was assistant of this famous surgeon.

Why did they smother me so--beastly feeling--more, more, and more. I was drifting away. Thoughts rushed and crowded in my brain like a swarm of bees. Queer, disconnected thoughts.

Class of '27--wonder where they all were--couldn't think much longer--couldn't seem to think at all--too tired. Oh well I could sleep--blessed unconsciousness!

Soft music floated thru the air rising and falling increasing in splendor. A bridal march and someone was singing--why it was Helen Devlin, world known prima donna, singing at the wedding of Edward, Prince of Wales. But who was the bride? Her face was strangely familiar. Surely none other than Elizabeth Kenning, but who would scarce recognize the slender Bess of old in this buxom bride, weighing no less than 195 lbs.

The music grew softer--the couple marched on and on. Then I seemed to be sailing on the waters blue, across the atlantic. Strolling down the deck I spied a ship nurse entertaining a group of children, and as she turned to greet me, I recognized Beatrice Lyons. She informed me someone was calling me and turning, I was amazed to find Mary Carney, tat was, but now the wife of a prominent naval officer. She was just returning from a little run over to Paris to get the little ones some new clothes.

The ship sailed on and left me in a drizzling rain in New York. The bright lights of Broadway laughed defiantly at the rain. At one of the theatres nearby was being played a much talked of picture--it was "Where Is My Wondering Boy Tonight" featuring Adelaide Johnson, the vamp supreme.

Walking down the street I came to an office building, and on the directory I found the names, M. Jordan, physician & Surgeon, and E. Weline, Chiropractor. On a table nearby I found a New York Times, and on the front page was Margaret Gorman's picture and the heading: "Miss Gorman heads drive over U.S. for benefit of the underpaid movie stars."

Leaving the building I boarded a west bound train for Iowa. Enroute I made several stops. In a small Ohio town I found a throng of spectators watching amazedly the antics and acrobatic stunts of a famous circus queen, Teresa Caffery.

Boarding the train again, I discovered my seat occupied I assembled an awful frown on my countenance, but soon changed it to a smile when I found the occupant to be Blanche Bales. After a few minutes conversation I learned that she was traveling saleslady for non-parkable chewing gum.

We both stopped in Chicago and she took me with her to the place of her largest sales. It was an Orphan Asylum--the very largest in Chicago and as its supervisor, was Irma Heineman, very dignified and impressive in her responsible position.

From Chicago to Des Moines--and here I landed in the midst of election. Going to the polls I was prepared to cast my vote as usual for the Democratic party, but this time I had a change of heart and instead cast it in favor of Margaret Herbert, running for governor on the Non-Partisan ticket.

In a small town outside of Des Moines, I found in a palatial country residence, Esther Volz, married and now the mother of two pairs of twins and four other children. Esther was discussing with the visiting county nurse--Lillian Pearson--the epidemic of mumps against which Miss Pearson was waging a successful battle with her well known Pearson anti toxin for mumps. Returning to Des Moines, I went to visit my old training school at Mercy Hospital. Going to the office of Supt of Nurses I was greeted by a sweet faced nun, formerly Agatha McCoy. She summoned in the Supervisor of the floors and there appeared Ann Kirvin, now very precise and prime in her long rustling skirts and her hair now straight, and pinned neatly at the back of her head. As she peered at me over her gold rimmed spectacles I felt very queer and shaky--as in a daze things became hazy--distant. I could not distinguish objects very plainly--people were moving about me I knew--who or why, I didn't care. The smell of ether was overpowering. I knew now I was in bed--it was all over. I had been on a long, long trip and I was very tired. I wished they'd leave me alone. I want to go back to that happy land of unreality.

---Maxine McEvoy