

alumnae were entertained by a luncheon.

Lastly, on the day of Commencement, we part, but as a result of our two years in Montreat, we carry into the world our ideals which will help us render service to all mankind!

--Hilda Grant

CLASS PROPHECY

Firelessly we had trudged over the earth. Soon it would be time for the prophecy to be fulfilled, not predicted. We could not let the class down; we must find out their futures.

We passed dozens of seasick days, followed by desert treks and jungle journeys. Then we reached Greece. We were told to consult the oracle of Delphi. Then we remembered the oracle had told who was not to be Queen of Hearts at Montreat. Surely it could tell us our class prophecy.

An ancient, wizened old man directed us to the cave. When we reached the entrance, he departed, leaving us to find the oracle. We cautiously entered the cold, damp cave. Bats struck the sides of the eerie cavern in an attempt to escape the tiny beam of our lights.

We stood close together. Had it not been for our dear old Seniors, we would have left. But with a thought of our class glory, we pushed on.

Then we came to a huge pile of rocks in the shape of an altar. There we knelt and called for the oracle. Slowly the smoke arose and enveloped the altar. A voice, low and moaning spoke:

"The oracle of Delphi will tell all truths. What will you

the distance I can make out what appears to be Lois Rector slowly but surely losing her mind trying to make her pet lizard obey her instructions when placed on dotted swiss.

We now turn our course and head for Virginia. Upon arriving I see that our two little Virginia girls are back in the home state. As was expected, Nelo married a horse doctor and is now comfortably housed over the stables, while Mae after chasing all over the globe, at last caught her a man and is now teaching the little ones her technique of eating in class and getting by with it. We now skip down to Georgia to see Betty Pegram who is still a member of the Agnes Scott Student Body. But give her time; she's young. As we sail on, I see Mary Wallace's ambition to be an ambassador has collapsed, and she is now a saleslady for a birdseed company. Many of our class, I see, reach New York, over which we are now flying. Polly Rhodes is tangling up spaghetti for an Italian restaurant, while Mary Pasley is doing research work on the termite question in regard to wooden heads. The animal world has no stronger defender than Dorothy Godwin, who is president of the U.T.A.A., United Tailwaggers Association of America. We are now sailing out over New York harbor, heading for various places her and yon. Janet Marson, Carolyn Hughes and Page Lancaster are three of our members who have found fame and fortune abroad. Janet, still trying to decide whether to cut her graying locks, is the United State's correspondent to the North Pole. Carolyn is stationed at the Mexican border, armed with a sling shot to kill all yellow fever mosquitoes as they cross the boundary. Page had returned