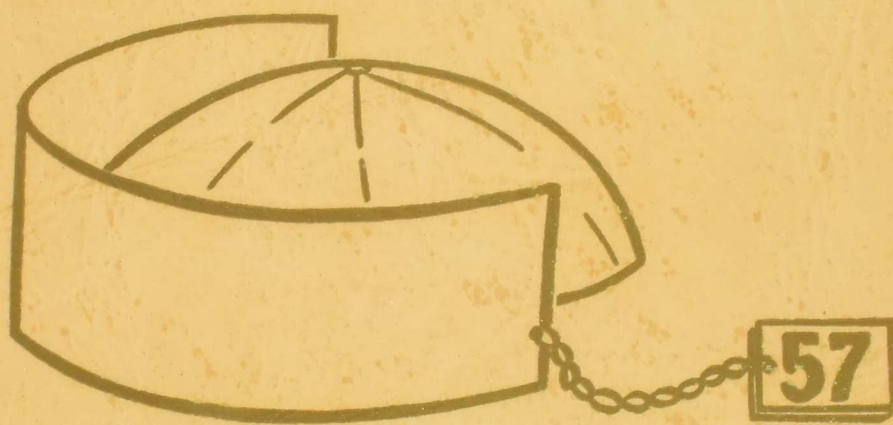


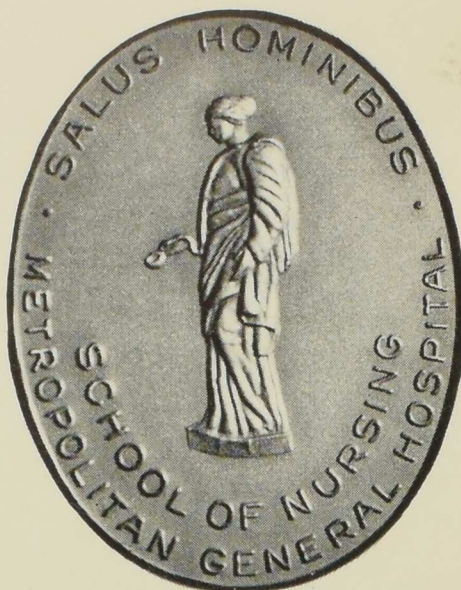
BIBS *and* BEANIES



*School of Nursing*

METROPOLITAN GENERAL HOSPITAL

WE WISH TO DEDICATE OUR  
FIRST YEAR BOOK  
to  
MISS COLQUHOUN  
and  
the future of  
OUR SCHOOL OF NURSING



### THE SCHOOL PIN

The graduate leaving our school will take with her the school pin to wear as a symbol of her purpose in life as a nurse. The central figure on the pin is Hygieia, Greek goddess of health, with the serpent of wisdom entwined about her neck and arm signifying the application of wisdom and knowledge to the promotion of health.

The words SALUS HOMINIBUS, in literal translation "health and well being for all men", suggest a wealth of meaning. Included is a concern for all matters leading to the betterment of mankind with particular emphasis on the nurse's field of the healing art which serves all, regardless of race, creed, or economic and social status.

### THE BEANIE

Inspiration for the school cap came from the skull cap, informally referred to as a beanie, worn by Jeanne Mance, the 17th century French lady who was a pioneer in Canadian nursing. First and second year students wear a navy blue skull cap with a detachable white cuff. The cap without the cuff is worn during community observations and experiences. Graduates and third year students wear a similar cap all in white.





MISS D. R. COLQUHOUN  
Director, School of Nursing

The appearance of our first Year Book is a milestone in the history of the School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital. Satisfactions in life are gained through effort and achievement not only in our work life but in our leisure pursuits. The first edition of BIBS AND BEANIES represents many hours of effort on the part of many students. It is an achievement of which all who contributed to the various aspects of its make-up may well be proud. We wish it many years of successful publication.

For the students who are leaving us in September BIBS AND BEANIES will be a memento of the three years we have spent learning and growing together—the fun and games as well as the more serious moments. We wish them God speed and good fortune. May they wear their “bibs” with dedication to the cause of human welfare and human dignity and their “beanies” with spirit and pride, and may none of us ever do a wrong or shameful thing to jeopardize that pride.

DOROTHY R. COLQUHOUN.



MR. R. B. BUCKNER  
Superintendent of Hospital

I should like to congratulate the Students responsible for getting together this first Annual Year Book of the School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital.

I know that as experience is obtained, each year this Annual Book will become more of a treasure, not only to the Students of the School, but to the former Students, in the years that lie ahead.

Again congratulations on a fine effort.

ROBERT BUCKNER,  
Superintendent.



MISS R. THOMPSON  
Director of Nursing Service

In the past the primary function of our hospital has been to give nursing care to the sick of our community. We are happy that our scope of service has widened to include preparation of young women in the field of nursing.

It has been a privilege to observe our school develop from an idea to a living reality, and in some measure to participate in the programme.

As we approach the first graduation of our school, Nursing Service Staff extends to each member of the class of 1957 our congratulations and very best wishes for your future.

RUBY THOMPSON.



### ADVISORY BOARD MEMBERS FROM 1954-1957

MR. C. C. BARRON

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MR. J. H. CHARLTON

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## FACULTY



Left to right: Miss P. O'Dwyer, Mrs. P. Sawatsky, Miss D. R. Colquhoun (Director of School of Nursing), Miss K. Arpin, Miss G. Greenhalf, Miss K. Grinyer.

## ADVISORY BOARDS OF SCHOOL OF NURSING

The members of the graduating class wish to give their sincerest thanks to the instructresses and Miss Colquhoun for the guidance, patience and understanding given to them during the past three years.

From Miss Colquhoun, Director of the School of Nursing, we learned the value of a nursing education of which we are very proud.

From Miss Arpin we learned our nursing arts and the art of being a good nurse. We followed her example and tried to develop our own characters to include more understanding and gain more pleasure from our work.

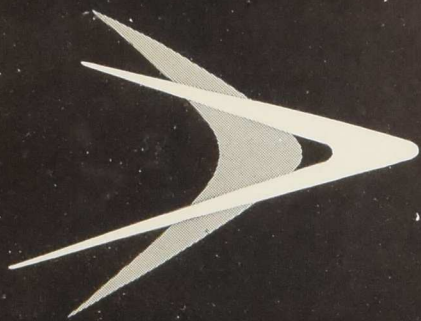
From Miss O'Dwyer, our faculty advisor, we received guidance and help with both our ward and personal problems. As clinical, surgical instructress our knowledge grew in the care of the surgical patient.

From Mrs. Sawatsky we learned to care for the Obstetrical patient. Many happy hours of teaching new mothers, caring for the newborn and assisting the doctor in the delivery-room will always be warmly remembered.

Miss Greenhalf, to whom we reported our various illnesses and who reminded us to get more sleep and more fresh air (not through a car window). Also our paediatric instructress, she gave us insight into the child's problems both physical and emotional.

Although Miss Grinyer has not been one of our instructresses she has given knowledge and advice to the students who spent part of their third year on Paediatrics.

We will never forget Miss Miller, her vibrant personality and her common, ordinary, everyday, garden-type aspirin. An enthusiastic supporter of our parties she helped to make them all a success. She will ever be remembered for her after-supper classes on bones and muscles, her patience and all-round guidance.



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years? And did you know that this same spirit has meant significant advances in truck engineering and industrial engineering as well?

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## LAMPADIAN EXECUTIVE



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 Back Row, left to right: B. Jackson, N. Parr, J. MacKinnon, M. Aylesworth, F. Josh, J. Walsh,  
 N. Ciurysek.



Senior Class  
 Executive



Intermediate Class  
 Executive



Junior Class  
 Executive

## BIBS AND BEANIES EXECUTIVE



Seated, left to right: A. M. Kiraly, W. Gibson (Editor).

Standing: P. Weary, A. Hlensky, J. Pace, P. Pickering, L. Handrigan, M. Leggett, J. Walsh, S. Vodarek.

The past three years have brought many changes into our lives. We should all be proud of these years as they have been well spent in developing our skills as nurses and our characters as mature young women. Being the first class to graduate, we have been very close and shared the fun and laughter of residence life as well as the trying times. Although each of us has her own ideals we have a common pride in our School of Nursing.

BIBS AND BEANIES was designed to capture many phases of residence and hospital life. The faculty, student executives, parties, formals, hospital work and co-workers all have their place in your year-book. It is the diary of a student nurse, but to each of us it will have a special meaning as we remember our life "at the Met."

I wish to thank the BIBS AND BEANIES executive for their co-operation in working many long hours on the book. Miss Pickering deserves special credit for her ability to blend the many facets of a student's life into the articles she wrote. The students who had the task of finding advertisers for our book also deserve special credit for their constant determination and hard work. The typist, who sometimes found it difficult to decipher our writing, patiently spent her free time doing the necessary typing.

My sincerest thanks, also, to the many others who helped make the first edition of BIBS AND BEANIES a reality.

WILMA GIBSON,  
Editor.

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Secretary



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to the  
Graduating Class*

**A FRIEND**



## *The Beanie and I*

This is a true student history of Miss Hazy Hazel. Any reference to patients still living is purely coincidental.

This is Windsor—a great Metropolis. On the edge of the city lies the busy Detroit River. Our beat is South Walkerville. Our headquarters is Met. Residence. Many students enter these doors. They have ambitions in common—not to have to leave. Hazy Hazel could be anyone of these students. In truth, she is not one of them, but this does not fit the story. Hazy is an average student—6 foot one, 98 pounds—looks very trim in uniform. Although bossy, conceited and aggressive—is well-liked by all. Upon entering training, we discovered—with utmost difficulty and complicated manoeuvres (i.e., by going into her room and watching her), that Hazy Hazel kept a diary. We are pleased to reproduce excerpts of this diary from our secret files.

Sept. 7, 1954

Dear Diary:

I am here. Yes, but you know I don't feel at all "nursey". In fact I kind of miss Mom. There are lots of other girls around, but they all seem so—"different". Oh well, maybe I'll feel better tomorrow.

Oct. 7, 1954

Dear Diary:

Our uniforms still aren't here. I am really getting tired of being mistaken for a visitor in the hospital. Remember what I told you about the trouble with drawsheets? How I didn't agree with what they taught us? Well, I found out that the patient is supposed to go on top of them. Quite a bit more comfortable, I'd say.

Nov. 7, 1954

Dear Diary:

We are really progressing. Actually we do almost everything a graduate does. You know—give baths, make beds, sit around in the nursing station. My room-mate Jane—clueless I told you—gave her first injection the other day and went through her own thumb. Isn't that a riot?

Dec. 7, 1954

Dear Diary:

You know what I just found out? We have to write exams at Christmas. What a way to run things, eh? Marilyn and I usually write poems during class, because all that "technical" language is so hard to understand. Especially microbiology. And those microscopes. They keep telling me to look for "cock-eyes" but as far as I'm concerned, the whole thing is cock-eyed.

Jan. 7, 1955

Dear Diary:

Well, I guess they're going to let me stay. I had a little trouble at first because I failed quite a few "minors". But as I told them—they themselves had said that they were minor, and I can't see failing someone for unimportant details. They seemed rather confused when I finished talking to them, but then not everyone has the knack for seeing things clearly like I do. We are working 8-4 every day now—no spares or anything. Must be some kind of endurance test. Surely it can't go on for long.

March 7, 1955

Dear Diary:

It's really exciting these days you know, because we have all kinds of doctors, lecturing to us. I guess they are pretty smart, but they never seem to be able to answer my questions. Like today, I asked one if he knew any reason for all this embarrassment among cardiacs. He just stared at me and walked out shaking his head. You remember my talking about Gwen? Well, the other day, a head nurse asked her to give this man a bowl of saline, but Gwen thought she said "cereal". A natural mistake, I thought. So she fixed up a tray with milk, etc., and gave it to him. Unfortunately he was going up for surgery at 10 o'clock. Gee, did they ever get mad. No control of their temperament at all.

August 7, 1955

Dear Diary:

Well, I'm working my first term on nights. They made out a long list of what to do and when, but I have the worst time trying to keep to it. I think they should give each patient a list so they'll know that they're to be asleep at 10 etc. I suggested to the supervisor that we give out our sleeping pills before we gave our back-rubs—you know, so we could tell who really needed one. She got so upset, I finally had to give her a pill to calm her down. I've noticed other funny things she's done too. Like the time, when one of the girls was sleeping on the counter in the utility room, she called—"Oh, Florence—your lamp is out." I kept telling her the girl's name was Pat, but she didn't pay any attention.

Oct. 7, 1955

Dear Diary:

Well, just call me "Ma". No, of course, not really. It's just that I've been working in the nursery and I feel so—so—fraternal. I've never had anything to do with babies before, but they are quite human. I mean—they laugh and cry and eat—I really had a lot of trouble with them eating at first. You see they have these bottles with rubber tops and then metal ones. I finally found out that you're supposed to take the metal one off, but both the baby and I were pretty frustrated by then. Her mouth seemed a little stretched too. Oh, well, that's life.

(Continued on Page 34)

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## IN RESIDENCE---*This Is Your Life!*

Dead silence reigns the upper hall of our home, as the shades of night are drawn. Curly heads dream peacefully of far off places or toss restlessly with the subconscious knowledge that dawn and duty are drawing near.

6 a.m.—A sharp sudden ring starts off a medley of alarms. Minutes later—dead silence.

A gradual awakening seeps through as doors begin to slam and early baths are run.

The first shift for breakfast consists of students who have a mania for eating early. Perhaps there is something to this saying, "Early to bed, early to rise".

The second shift now dons uniform and cap while the third sleeps on. However, time passes quickly and even the late ones cannot ignore the hum or should we say clamour of life around them.

8 a.m.—The residence once again lies still, a quiet retreat for the lucky ill who can resume their interrupted rest. The healthy ones, meanwhile, are busy doing bed baths or learning their A and P's in the class-room.

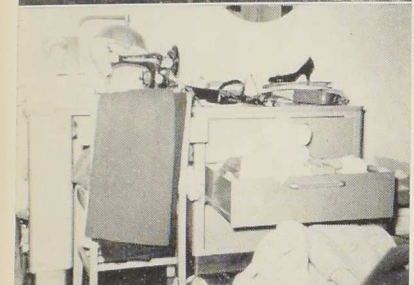
12-1 p.m.—Lunch hour, that satisfying period, when tummies are replenished, feet elevated and gossip passed on. Perhaps a hand or two of bridge, the "old man" called, another puff of that cigarette and, "I really must get back to work".

4 p.m.—Resurrection Hour. Shouts of joy resound as room-mates and friends gather together after a day of separation. Discussions turn into heated battles as varied opinions vie for first place. A resumé of day's patients and problems are started definitely ended at the supper table.

Recreation time draws near. A subdued background of twenty radio stations, each trying to outdo the other, provides the proper atmosphere for those long awaited phone calls. A game of twenty questions usually ensues, not difficult but as you can see drastically important "Which one shall I go out with?" "What on earth will I wear?" "Wonder if this one has a car or maybe I should wear my walking shoes again." A good number of steady dates keep the hostess hopping from the rotunda to our floor as the men arrive. The girls are off and normally you'd expect quiet again. Not in residence my friend. A few will study, a bevy will live it up.

9 p.m.—Quiet hour or the active hour for our monitors. Phones to be answered, quiet reminders passed out, lounge to be checked for left-over dirty dishes constitute the joys and jobs of our weekly monitor. Weekly monitor it has to be—no human could stand it for any longer period.

11 p.m.—Those lucky girls are back again, and an account of the gala evening's a must, poor room-mate. Oh, but here comes Mr. Sandman to the rescue, sprinkling the sands of sweet oblivion. A late-key trespasser clicks by in the far-off distance, as you bury yourself deeper in covers. Then once again—Dead Silence.





## SOCIAL

Man is a social creature, and although the residence houses no "man" we find this rule holds true for females also. Three years have given us many "moments to remember".—The seniors may remember in their Junior Year, the first mixed party—a group of apparent unmixables, the weiner roasts enjoyed, and the going away party for Miss Miller at Lil's Cottage

Second Year proved that the new class of girls were as ingenious, as they were gracious, by the Hallowe'en Party, which boasted a "Hall of Fame" and "Trial by Jury" (where most of the 2nd year students were "tried").

Monthly parties offering dancing, chatter and refreshments were held with varying degrees of attendance and success during all three years of our residence life.

A Moulin Rouge Party was staged in the Fall of '56 and turned out to be an affair terrifique for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd year students. The environment was conducive with candles a la bottle, red-check-

ered table-cloths, and French attire on our braver students. True blue French entertainment was provided by the Intermediates and Juniors.

Over the holiday season, private parties were thrown, especially by the Senior Sophisticates. March 7, 1957, saw the Intermediates celebrating their "Half-Way Mark" with a successful dinner at Chuck's Grill.

We could never forget the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, with the Student Body and Faculty in attendance—here esprit de corps reached its peak. At Christmas we will forever recall the brightly lit tree, Santa giving out the endless presents, and the nostalgic ringing of the familiar carols through the hospital corridors.

The Social life of our Residence remains active as do the students who are the source of its success . . . so remember

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you must work."



## THE PROMS

September, with a new group of students. Their first days are filled with rules and regulations but finally they are enlightened to the fact of "Residence Social Life". With great enthusiasm they are informed of the gaily decorated ballroom; the lilting music, the frivolity and all the excitement that comes with "Our Annual Prom".

December arrives and brings forth such occasional remarks as "What is the theme of the dance this year?" Which are immediately forgotten as a party of more immediate interest is discussed.

January, . . . The month of a few nervous breakdowns and general discontent causing furrowed brows and greying hairs. And amidst the bickering and bantering the social convenor reigns supreme.

February is here again. "Do you know the tickets aren't printed yet and I haven't got a date?"

Finally the big night arrives. Great anticipation gives way to relaxation as one student winks to another as if to say "You see. We did it again."

**The First Formal**—in the South Seas—with fingers tired from stringing 200 paper leis and borrowing tape to do the decorating.

**The Second**—a Mexican Hat Dance—the year the backdrop stayed up with only minor tears the first time it was hung; and the O.R. locked up all the tape two weeks before decorating began.

**The Third Annual Prom**—a romantic adventure—with ships' sails fluttering and enough pilfered tape to hang a backdrop on the back wall of the dining room.



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## CAPPING

Our school's first capping ceremony was enacted September 6, 1956.

The blue cap, a symbol of the past two years engaged in studying, learning and observing was humbly removed from our heads by Miss Thompson and replaced with the new white cap, a symbol of added responsibility.

In the darkness shone a solitary candle, an inexhaustible flame held by our Director Miss Colquhoun. From this constant and steady source, twenty-four young freshly-capped students received the light for her own candle, with the courage and confidence to conquer the unknown path ahead. Witnessed by those closest to the students, the occasion came to a close after Archdeacon Bolton asked the Blessing of God upon our voyage into the new world.



## METAMORPHOSIS

From blacks to whites;  
From dusk to dawn;  
A bright new year begun.

The last bend just rounded,  
The last year just started,  
Lo, The rising of the sun.

Hearts beating with gladness,  
Hearts weeping with sadness;  
The beginning of the end.

A bright new hope for the future,  
A brand new floating step;  
A grand new path to wend—

In our white shoes  
With matching hose;  
In new white cap  
A senior just rose.

# Graduating

19



Marie L. Downer  
Petrolia



E. Doreen Dulmage  
Melfort, Sask.



S. Wilma Gibson  
Windsor



Adeline J. Hlensky  
Amherstburg



Patricia M. Hurst  
Weston



Noreen G. Kells  
Petrolia



Mary J. Kidd  
Kincardine



Anna May Kiraly  
Amherstburg



Mary C. Kobe  
Hamilton



Sylvia E. Lacyk  
Windsor



Lydia G. Lucuta  
Windsor

# Class

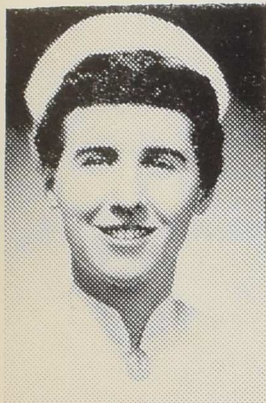
## 57



Kathleen A. MacDonald  
Windsor



Anne E. Merriam  
Port Elgin, N.B.



Gwen E. Miller  
Chatham



Nora A. Parr  
Roseland



Marilyn J. Peterson  
Windsor



Patricia R. Pickering  
Riverside



Barbara J. Rigg  
Burlington



Mary Lou Stuart  
Windsor



Jane M. Trowe  
Hamilton



Marilyn J. Wilson  
Maidstone



E. Louise Wood  
Wilkie, Sask.

## The Etiology and the Symptoms — Cure Not Known

### Mary Lou Stuart—"Stu"

- the dark-haired half of "the littlest ones."
- collector of pots and pans, Willistead and Columbia records, and admirers.
- in days before Bob, firm believer in the phrase, "I'll never get married."
- Quote, "I'll never be out of debt."

### Marilyn Peterson—"Marney"

- feminine fluff in blue jeans, planting celery seed.
- Commuter in style from Ruthven to Windsor.
- Chief hair-cutter and clothes-line rigger of the first floor.
- Quote, "I'm positive Stu's shorter than I am."

### Jane Trowe

- Pint-sized dynamo with 20 watt eyes.
- Organizer of both "Metro Matter" and "Operation Trousseau".
- Hamilton girl who found that Windsor has "Sandey" attraction.
- Quote, "Addie, don't you ever buy your own cigarettes?"

### Anna May Kiraly

- The girl with the Pepsodent smile.
- Wedded bliss on a crowded schedule—basketball, yearbook, nursing and still time for Al.
- The constant struggle with the pneumococcus.
- Quote, "Whaddya think I am—taxi-service?"

### Doreen Dulmage

- One of our Western Influences.
- Keeper of the "Keeper of the Peace".
- Congenial and conservative, yet creating chaos in current classes with apt answers.
- Quote, "I can't be too long—Ken's waiting."

### Adeline Hlensky

- "Sophisticated Sal" in white Bermudas.
- Torch Song with a Ukrainian accent.
- "Addie"—Pusher of ads . . . pushover for salesmen.
- Quote, "I like them tall, worldly, and over 25. Know where I can find one?"

### Marie Downer

- Don's girl Friday—the immovable Gibraltar of the Residence.
- Canadian interest in American property.
- Futuramic collector of money and her trousseau.
- Quote "Have the seniors got their paper yet?"

### Mary Jean Kidd—"Midge"

- strawberry blonde with peachy complexion.
- Aspiring author of, "How to keep the Lovelight Burning with a Husband in the Air Force and Me in Training."
- Kidd Horse Farms, Inc., Kincardine.
- Quote, "Anyone want to go to the apartment with me, while I do the washing?"

### Mary Kobe

- Our lover of the Arts—literature and symphonic concerts.
- Here today and gone tomorrow.
- Pursuing outdoor and "inside the door" sports, favourite word is "George".
- Quote, "Who says I'm not going to Europe?"

### Gwen Miller

- Short, sweet and to the point.
- expounder of the merits of Chatham shopping and Assumption University.
- after graduation, a few more grey hairs.
- Quote, "Well with Mary not going to Europe, that narrows it down to Addie and Me."

### Kay MacDonald

- Enigmatic and ethereal.
- In plaid shirt and tartan skirt, sipping tea at three.
- Remember the "Blind River" days?
- Quote, "Crumbs. I hope five in that back seat won't make you too crowded."

### Wilma Gibson

- Executrix with affinities for nursing and a particular kind of Rose.
- Chief whip-cracker and slave driver in the "B & B" work room.
- Boat races "On the Waterfront."
- Quote, "Now if we move that write-up to this page it gives us more room for . . . Hey, Where will we put this \$30 ad?"

### Louise Wood

- Prairie Paisan.
- Promoter of the chignon, home-made vino, and Latin-American rhythms pre-datately on Saturday nights.
- Creator Deluxe of fashions, and that fashionable "tousled look."
- Quote, "Addie, don't you ever buy your own cigarettes?"

### Nora Parr

- Curly-headed lover of kids.
- Aspiring and conscientious pianist.
- "Parr's orphanage for kids under 5 and over 21".
- Quote, "If anyone's going down to Copeland's will they pick up 50 refills for me?"

### Anne Merriam

- Lover of the Nova Scotia Tartan and a little sister's voice.
- Keeper of the Phone.
- Peanut butter sandwiches made with "borrowed" bread.
- Quote, "Rummy, anyone?"

### Patricia Hurst

- Bathtub singer in a voice that shatters glass.
- "P. Burg's" best promoter.
- Canasta crazy—cribbage for two.
- Quote, "Well, I didn't want anyone to know. I had a hard time explaining the flowers, though."

### Marilyn Wilson—"Lyn"

- High and straight with ideals that match.
- Leader of women.
- Usually occupied in seeking-out and disposing of offending shoes, or closing windows, after an absent-minded roommate.
- Quote, "I'm sleeping Ayleswhere."

### Noreen Kells

- What every nurse should be—"calm, cool and collected".
- Clear blue eyes gazing Petrolia-wards.
- Exhibitor of amazing calm through a surprise engagement.
- Quote, "Marie won't like this, but . . ."

### Lydia Lucuta—"Lovable Lil"

- the type of friendly human usually found in Nora's room.
- Driver of a Plymouth and a hard bargain.
- Sport minded—bowling in Detroit, skating in La Salle, and racing time.
- Quote, "If you guys think that's bad, wait'll you hear this."

### Sylvia Lacyk—Laughing Syl

- hostessing the most famous pre-dance party of all time.
- Possessor of Ukrainian good looks, and interest in an Italian Fiat and its owner.
- Clothes-horse . . . with horse-sense.
- Quote, "Anyone got a match?"

### Pat Pickering

- A French coquette.
- Unattached but not unwanted.
- Author of the current best seller "Bibs and Beanies" soon to be released.
- Quote, "Honestly, I'll have them all finished by Friday."

## GRADUATION

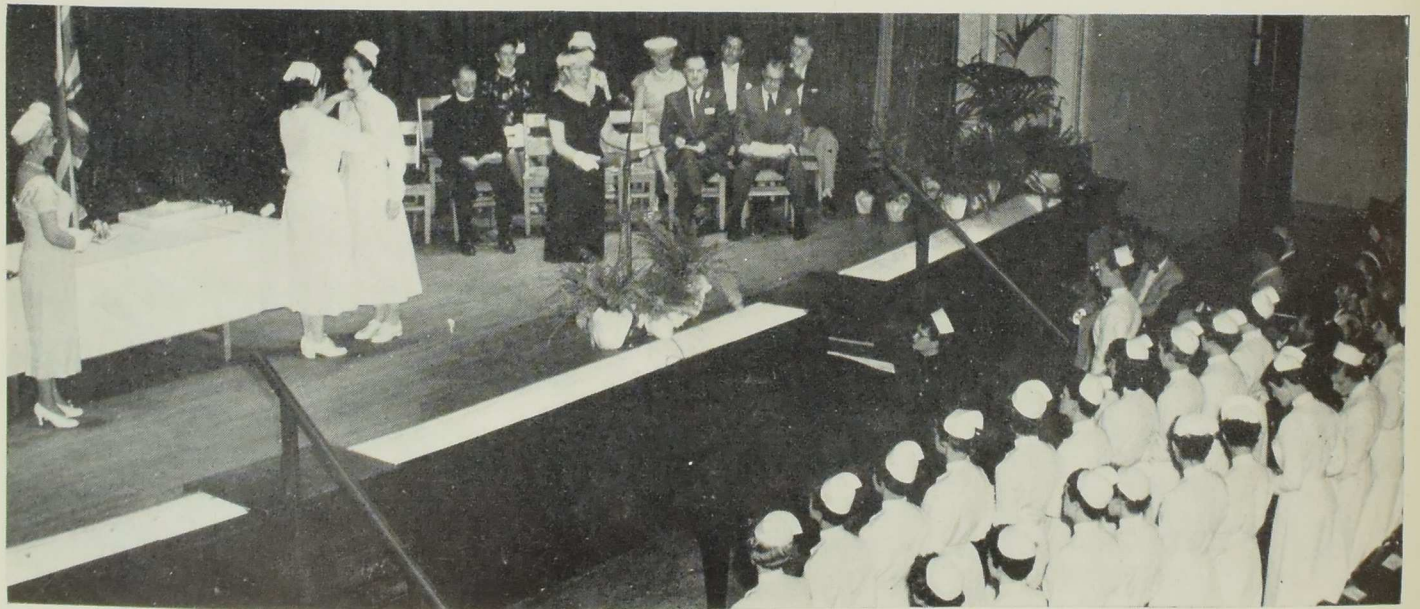


They came—each alone,  
Green saplings unbent, but straining—  
Eager to reach the sky of life.  
Many shapes, many forms—each proclaiming  
The magnificent concept of one's own qualities.  
Fresh, proud, they learned and emerged slowly.  
Bitter, brash, bold, they challenged the established traditions,  
“Learned the hard way”; strengthened their roots.  
Laughing and crying in groups, grouping together,  
Together they stayed and steadily gained stature  
They came and struggled to achieve the light of accomplishment so far above;

They left—all together,  
Fully matured, yet the skins of other years, not yet peeling,  
Waiting to grow as experience would allow.  
Touching limb to limb with their companions, feeling  
The fresh breath of life in their lungs,  
They urged other young striplings.  
Confident, conservative, concerned, they became the established—  
Flexible yet patterned in their way of living,  
Emerging above the forest, at last—classically tall—  
With hands of healing, profession-bound. Then, eager to move,  
They left, and came upon forests of even taller trees.



GRADUATION PICTURES



The first Graduation Exercises of the School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital will be held on Saturday, June 15th, 1957.

Since September 1st, 1954, our Students have been undergoing a new type of Nursing training designated by the Provincial and Federal Governments, as pilot project nursing training No. 2.

We believe that our training programme will become the accepted programme throughout the country. The members of our School have established an excellent reputation not only in their studies but their courtesy and understanding in the care of patients. Added to this they have blended in very well with the Nursing staff.

We offer our congratulations to the first class to graduate and we look forward to each class reaching the final stage of their training at our Annual Graduation Exercises.

We are proud of your record and know that you will contribute a great deal to the Nursing profession of our country.

JOHN H. CHARLTON,  
Chairman, Board of Governors.

# VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

The task of a valedictorian is both happy and sad: happy because we have reached an important goal, and sad because these are the formal words of farewell to those with whom we have been so closely associated in the past three years—classmates with whom we have shared many a laugh and a tear; intermediate and junior students with whom we thoroughly enjoyed working; the instructors who gave us security and confidence just knowing they could be depended upon when problems arose; the kitchen staff who patiently listened to our complaints and tried to please each and every one of us, a well nigh impossible job; the housekeeping staff who impressed upon us the domestic side of life which is an important part of living; the school secretary who sorted our mail and did many other favours. Now the time is approaching when we must leave this warm secure home in search of our future. Whether it be bedside nursing, teaching, supervision, public health, or marriage, we will cherish the learning and knowledge passed on to us and will endeavor to increase this knowledge as the years go on.

One of the most memorable and exciting days of our lives was September 7, 1954, when we arrived at 2240 Kildare Road to enter the School of Nursing at the Metropolitan General Hospital. We were indeed an unusual and unique group because we were the **First** class in this new Nursing School. Ours was the responsibility for laying the foundation for those who were to follow. We were somewhat surprised to discover that our responsibilities extended considerably beyond that of acquiring a nursing education and one of the first tasks that we were given was, under the guidance of Miss Colquhoun, to organize a Student Association and to formulate its constitution, by-laws and regulations.

These were busy days as we were introduced to the mysteries of anatomy and physiology, microbiology, psychology, and sociology. But nursing was the main course of study and we developed many new skills, practising them in the hospital wards under the watchful eyes of Miss Arpin and Miss Miller.

Our first vacation came at Christmas when we went home with our heads spinning with all the new things we had learned and had a short breathing space to sort out all our new ideas.

We had hardly returned for our second term when one cold wintery morning we bundled into a bus for Riverview Hospital where we were given the opportunity to take care of patients with long-term illness, and to see rehabilitation at work.

How happy we were to see the familiar faces of patients whom we had cared for in our own hospital, and we greeted them and they greeted us like long-lost friends. We appreciated the kindness and interest shown by Miss Hoy and her staff.

On our return to our own hospital we really began to see what nursing was all about as we engaged in the study and practice of the main core of nursing, that of the care of the medical and surgical patient.

Our nursing course was set up to provide a balance between work, study, and recreation, and the importance of maintaining a satisfying social life was emphasized. Membership in the Y.W.C.A. enabled us to take part in swimming, dancing, tennis, basketball and gym. The Student Association organized monthly parties, and our first annual formal dance. Social life was encouraged to keep us in contact with people outside the hospital world, to broaden our experiences, and as a means of relaxation, all of which would help to make us more interesting people and therefore better nurses. We remember our first Christmas dinner by candlelight, arranged so thoughtfully by Miss O'Flynn, and the party which followed, complete with a somewhat time-worn Santa Claus.

The end of our first year brought the challenging new experience of evening and night duty; this arranged by the fates to take place during the hottest spell of a hot summer.

To mark the completion of a year of nursing education, we received a monogram for the left sleeve of our uniform. Now we were intermediates and an interesting year lay ahead which was to provide us with insight into many different branches of nursing practice. On the obstetric ward we watched our first delivery as excited as the mother, and experienced the unforgettable thrill of the first cry of the newborn. Here Mrs. Sawatsky, Mrs. Boomer and Miss Carter helped us to adjust to the many new experiences we were undergoing.

In the pediatric department, Miss Greenhalf guided us in our care of sick children. We tried to imagine what good nursing care means through the eyes of a child, and we learned that the colour of a uniform, be it brown, blue or white has no real significance. A nurse to Joey is the kind face of a woman with a warm smile and tender arms; the one who takes time to comfort him when in tears, reads and plays with him when lonely, and brings him cookies when hungry between meals. What can be more rewarding than the outstretched arms and loving smile of a child?

Our field work included going into the home with the Victorian Order of Nurses and observing her skill in giving care, offering words of encouragement, and teaching health to families. We visited well-baby clinics with the Board of Health Nurse and went with her as she did health teaching in home and in the schools. At the Red Cross we watched handicapped children struggling to work, learn and play like other children and asking for no sympathy. Here we discovered there is no such word as **can't**. Attending Nursery School gave us the opportunity to observe the normal behaviour and take part in the work and play activities of lively preschoolers.

In the operating room where tension runs high and drama is the order of the day, we felt we had really become a nurse as we assisted with our first operation, enveloped from head to foot in the soft green which has become the trade mark of the O.R., with Mrs. Mascara standing by to see that nothing went wrong. In the emergency room we learned to react quickly, and in the recovery room, Mrs. Balfour helped us to develop the close observation, and skilled and speedy efficiency necessary for the care of the patient immediately following surgery.

It was in our second year that we spent four weeks at the Essex County Sanatorium where Miss Black and Miss Murray and all the San staff co-operated to provide us with learning experiences in still another facet of nursing. Here we welcomed the opportunity to work and play with students from the other nursing schools in the city.

Our third year brought the privilege of living out and there was much packing and shuffling about as many students returned to their own homes. On September 6, 1956, progress into our third year was marked by a beautiful and impressive capping ceremony. Each student removed her blue cap to have it replaced by Miss Thompson with a white cap. Miss Colquhoun lit a candle for each one, signifying the enlightenment of service by knowledge and education. Miss Colquhoun placed the senior class under the supervision of Nursing Service Administration since we had completed our basic nursing education and the emphasis would now be on nursing service. Miss Thompson accepted us onto her staff and the ceremony concluded with the gleam of many candles lighting up the dark.

Now we had to assume a great deal more responsibility for our own nursing activities as we faced the realities of nursing service demands on evening and night duty as well as during the day. Now we were presented with opportunities for developing judgment, maintaining standards of nursing care in the face of many pressures, and organizing our work to meet the needs of many patients.

Mrs. Echlin guided us through the experiences of learning to work on the team and as team leaders.

A new and challenging aspect of nursing care was presented as we spent eight weeks in the hospital's attractive new psychiatric ward.

On behalf of the class I would like to extend our thanks to the instructors who not only taught us and supervised our ward work, but gave of themselves by staying after hours to help us review for examinations, to assist us in planning and decorating for our formal and other residence parties, to listen to our personal and residence problems and offer comfort when we needed it most.

A grateful thank-you is given to the hospital staff for the way they adjusted to and co-operated with our presence in the hospital. We benefited by the interest they showed in our progress and the help and supervision they gave.

We will never forget the wonderful people for whom we cared and their understanding and patience. Our job was to reassure them but many times it was they who encouraged us.

We would like to acknowledge the sustaining affection given by our parents; the delicious meals awaiting us on our days off; the weekly allowance we were always grateful for. When we forgot what Miss Colquhoun had told us about learning beginning with a state of disequilibrium and mistook this feeling of temporary discomfort for discouragement, our parents listened to us tactfully and helped us to go on; and for the out-of-town students there were the many letters from home to let them share in the family activities.

*Congratulations*  
*to the*  
*Graduating Class*  
*of "57"*



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## INTERMEDIATE CLASS '58



Front Row, left to right: E. Frew, D. O'Neill, N. Ciurysek, F. Josh, P. Molnar, J. Saumure, S. Vodarek, S. Oliver.  
 Back Row, left to right: J. MacKinnon, J. Atkinson, M. Leggett, G. Penman, J. Pace, M. Simmons, L. Handrigan, I. Urban, J. Morris, E. Tkachuk.

## JUNIOR CLASS OF '59



Front Row, left to right: M. Hill, C. Haswell, M. Moore, E. Costescu, B. Jackson, C. Kipps, P. Cooke.  
 Middle Row, left to right: P. Weary, J. Bateman, J. Walsh, J. Bouvier, J. Mills, C. Menzies, O. Martyniuk, M. Prociuk, E. Santo, M. Coupland.  
 Back Row, left to right: S. Hyatt, A. Rahm, D. Shuster, V. Ilnicki, S. Horton, J. MacMillan, E. Porter, M. Aylesworth, J. Jensen, S. Soutar.



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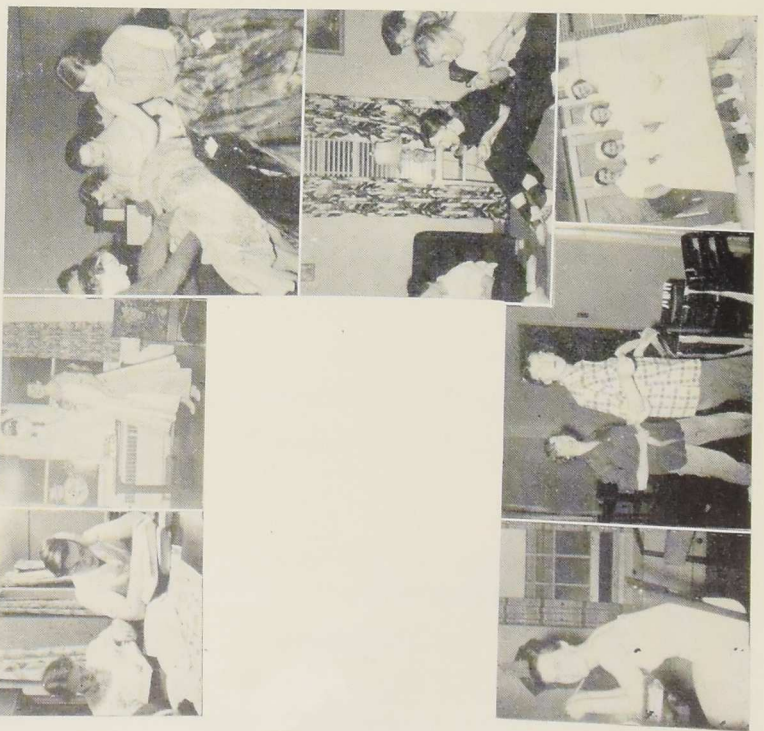
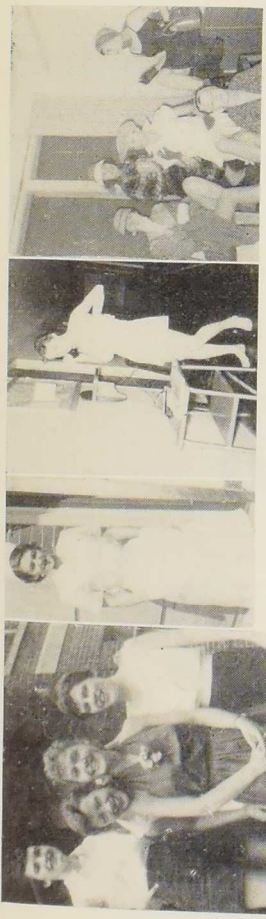
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## SANITORIUM

Many large buildings on beautiful grounds,  
The Essex San still stands.  
Place of underground tunnels, squirrels and students  
And patients, who soon became friends.  
Coffee parties at night, homesickness, too,  
While on wards and in classes we learned  
These soon hastened the weeks of required stay  
And we left, bearing knowledge we'd earned.



## NURSERY SCHOOL

For two short weeks we bravely sought,  
To live and learn from thirty tots.  
Sat on the floor with long legs crossed,  
After fourteen days—another Playtex lost!  
Each child so different, we soon discovered  
Not yet one nurse that has recovered!  
But such fun!



## PSYCHIATRY

"Keep cool," the nurses always said  
"And **never** lose your student head."  
"Be calm and give confidence all the while."  
"Treat patients as persons—offer a smile."  
But how can one be reserved at such an hour  
When your partner has just gone and trumped your  
right bower.



## COMMUNITY NURSING

In beanies blue, we went in lots  
To see new mothers and their tots.  
Health teaching was our common goal,  
"Prevention" was our basic rule.  
By V.O.N. and P.H. Staffs  
We were tolerated with many laughs.

## RED CROSS

The cerebral palsied children:  
Pity they wanted not; love was greatly sought.  
Independence their cherished goal, with optimism  
in their soul.  
Exercises they bore—although young muscles were  
sore.  
To live like others  
Playing with brothers  
Differences—love smothers.



## THE BEANIE AND I

(Continued from Page 11)

March 7, 1956

Dear Diary:

You know where I am now? The operating room. They must have great plans for me, because they've assigned one graduate, just "to watch me at all times". You wouldn't think she'd learn much from me, would you? However, she left me to have her coffee the other day and while she was gone, a doctor asked me to get him some sutures. When I came back to them he said, "Are these 10 or 20 day sutures? I told him that I didn't know how old they were and did he ever laugh. What a funny sense of humour, eh? He's changeable though, because later he asked me to get him some local anaesthetic. I couldn't find any so I went back and told him that I didn't think any company in Windsor manufactured it—just out of town places—definitely not local. What a fit he pulled then.

Sept. 7, 1956

Dear Diary:

Well, I'm in my last year and right now I'm working on the psychiatric ward. I think this is where I'll specialize. I seem to understand my patients so well and I feel right at home here. They appear to like me too, because several have offered me their beds and the use of their doctor. Generous, eh?

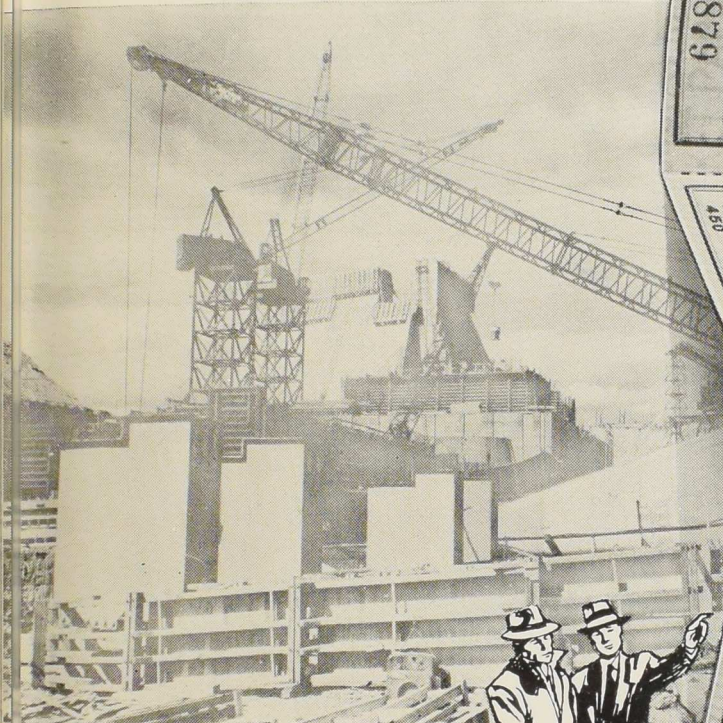
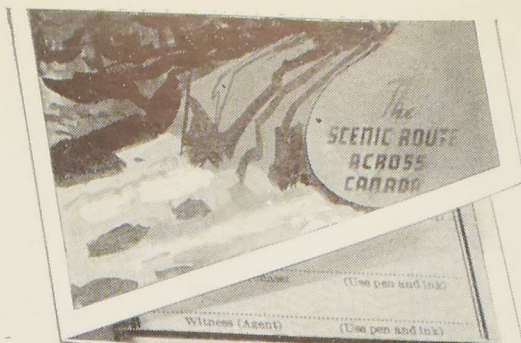
June 14, 1957

Well, diary, tomorrow is graduation day. I'm so excited—all my family is coming to see my "big moment". I wouldn't tell this to anyone else—but you know—I still don't feel very "nurse". Oh, well, I imagine the white uniform will make all the difference.

So—as some great writer put it—"On and on and on I go—where I'll stop—nobody knows."

HAZY HAZEL.

# Write your own ticket!



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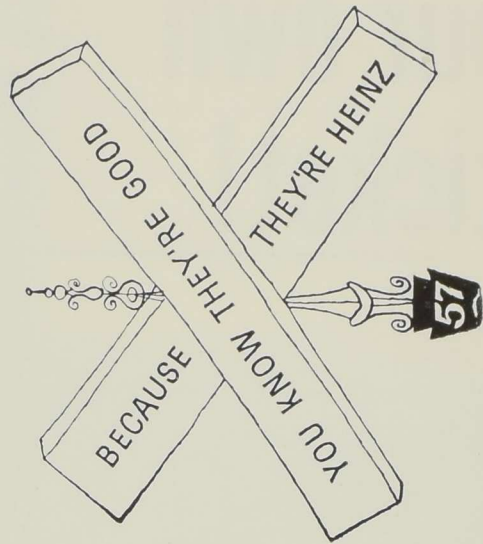
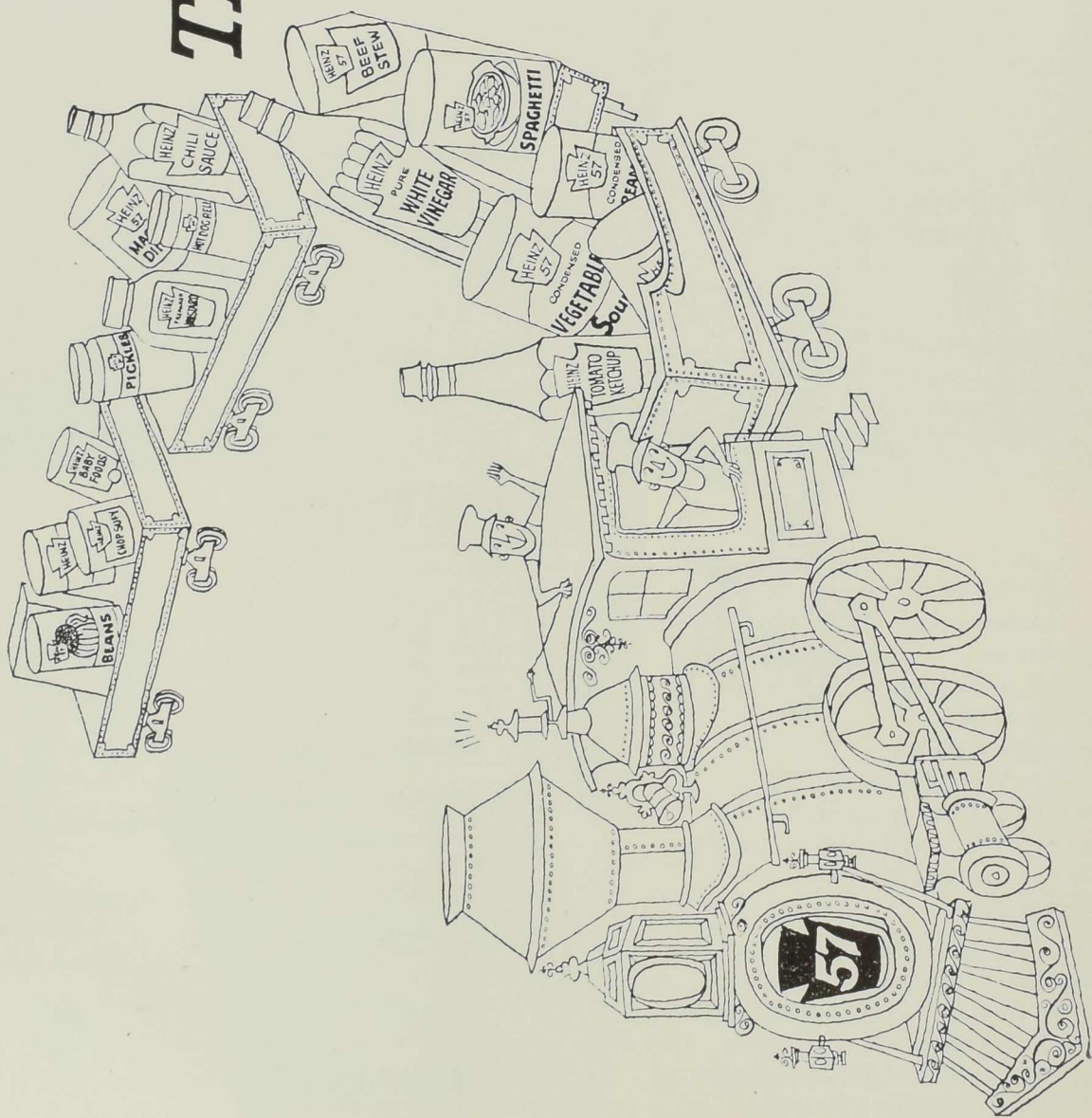


Growing up in Canada is a trip to opportunity! No doubt about it—the opportunities this country offers you are as boundless, as diverse, as exciting as Canada itself. But whether you go far or stop short depends on *you*—and it's *not* a free ride. We're a big, rich country—but our greatest single need is the right kind of people, with the right kind of training, to develop our riches, to transform our bigness into true greatness.

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## AROUND THE MET IN SIX MINUTES

### FIRST MAIN

Although the smallest ward in our hospital, excitement is never lacking on First Main. Since the majority of the patients are elderly, the students are referred to and regarded as "Young Whipper Snappers". Switchboard is forever getting visitors from First Main—patients who ease their long days by engaging in conversation, any visitor or hospital worker in the Rotunda! Original home of the bedrail, First Main remains the Junior student's Waterloo!

### FIRST WEST

Sometimes referred to as First Wing, there is a never-ceasing hustle and bustle on this mainly medical ward. People coming and going; carts, wheelchairs, your patient's overbed table, stray dinner trays and other equipment are always hiding or being hidden; and the hall floor is recovered over the path worn by the new Juniors who travel back and forth from the patient's room to the utility room to get articles they have forgotten. The nursing station abounds with medical literature, doctors, nurses and students fingering the current best-seller "Ward Procedure Book".

### SECOND WEST

- a surgical floor,
- with sides too sore,
- green painted walls
- another hypo calls.
- the majority males—
- a catheter trails,
- a lively staff
- with lively laugh.
- excellent floor . . .
- but sides, so sore!

### SECOND MAIN

Alas, not one of the newer floors, Second Main lacks certain modern conveniences, yet is never lacking in interesting patients or interested staff. The seniors will not soon forget 205, the sunroom, where most of their Junior year was spent. The kitchen, from where a student was always bound to bump into someone carrying a tray; the utility rooms where the ice wasn't, Rooms 16A and B which remained a puzzlement even after you'd been on the floor a month, and the nursing station which the patients in 224 called the "noisiest spot in the place," are all facets of the gem of a floor which remains second home to us all.

### SECOND EAST

Home of the "Luxury Room" and private patients, team nursing, new bed pan flushers in the private bathrooms, and laundry chute at the other end of the floor from where you expected, Second East has now been accepted as "part of the hospital". Since it is a new floor it still requires some adjustment on the part of the students—now, without searching, tall vases for tall flowers!

Second East, you're so new, you don't seem "lived in," yet, but we think you're here to stay.

### THIRD WEST

No-Man's-Land situated on Third West is the floor with the Piercing Pink Walls. Why are males excluded from these upper boudoirs? Because female emancipation has outmoded the peacock's plumage? Not at all, for we are post-Victorians and so we say,

"What is life without a wife,  
And what is love without a man?"

This lonely omission of Homofortis on Third West exists because this is primarily the Gynecological floor and men have evolved their half of the species with such fortitude that their gynecological problems have virtually ceased to exist!



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## A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



### We say:

- (1) I'll be back in a couple of minutes to rub your back.
- (2) Did I **ever** work hard today.
- (3) What, **no** phone calls for me tonight?
- (4) Your graduation picture is really beautiful.
- (5) Miss Jones had a good night.
- (6) Mr. Brown slept all night.
- (7) What's for lunch today?
- (8) "Students from all three years will assemble in the classroom at 6:30 p.m."
- (9) I think I'm getting a cold, Miss Greenhalf.
- (10) I don't remember caring for any gastrectomy patient, Miss Arpin.

### We mean:

- I'm going for coffee now.
- The elevator's broken and I work on Paediatrics.
- I guess he's still mad.
- What a good touch-up job.
- She didn't ring once for a bedpan.
- I didn't have time to wake him up for A.M. care.
- It's just about time we had hot-dogs again.
- What did we do now?
- I've been out late the last few nights and need the extra sleep.
- I haven't done that nursing care plan yet.

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## THE "A-Z" WINS AGAIN, OR "ODE TO A MULTI-MULTIP".

From the day you arrive, till the day you depart,  
The bedpan, the scrub and the fetal heart—  
Bottles on warming, babies are wet.  
"Premies" with routines you just can't forget.

Teach formula-making to mothers of five  
Show how to bathe babies, and constantly strive  
To impress the importance of our Dr. Spock.  
This is obstetrics, where no season is slack.

The patient arrives — the procedure begins.  
(The doctor had told her that she'd have twins)  
Two fetal hearts just wait to be found,  
By a student in blue who can't hear the sound.

Time marches on — the Big Moment is near.

Your knees begin shaking till footsteps you hear . . . .  
"Well, I made it, skinny." (There's nothing to fear!)  
The instruments handy, the baby cot ready  
For Mary and Susie, or Peter and Freddy.

Then, the first lusty cry of a pink little boy—  
A perfect, but noisy, bundle of joy.  
Another wee redhead is on the way  
Two healthy boys, "double-header," we say.

Charting is a problem — a lot to recall,  
Times, and positions and sutures and all.  
A moment to rest, but on goes a light.  
While down in the nursery, it sounds like a fight!

Such is obstetrics — a tense anxious time,  
Until after delivery, when everything's fine;  
A floor filled with flowers, proud papa and mom.  
Case room demands quiet, caution and calm.

And the enema can rules supreme!



## FORMULA ROOM

Formula room, known also as the Baby's Brewery,  
Our headquarters for a week of learnin'  
Formulas and techniques but no tomfoolery,  
For lack of time to satisfy that yearnin'  
Of those wee tykes, so addicted to the bottle,  
One minute late could cause quite a muddle,  
And amid the screams, yourself you could throttle.

## PAEDIATRICS

### ISOLATION

In for two minutes, then scrub for ten,  
But DON'T let a mangy microbe in.  
Can't soil the chapped hands, recently clean,  
Open the door with paper, alas none seen.

Signal for help—(inside the room)  
You also need diapers, some gowns and a broom  
To sweep up the glass of the bottle just broken,  
"How to sterilize a broom?—I'll leave it a'soakin'.

You leave at four past—bottles all clean,  
Babies all dry—but why do they scream?  
"Have I done everything?" as homewards you've turned,  
Nurse, collapse on your bed. Your rest is well earned!



## MOTHERLESS GOOSE RHYMES

### Little Tommy Tucker

Little Tommy Tucker howls for his supper  
Long before he's to be fed.

Seven ounces he drains—

His pylorus strains . . .

And he whoops it all over the bed.

### Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, please don't thresh about;  
It'll make your throat sore if you scream;  
Lie flat in your bed, Mamma's hand on your head—  
And for supper you'll have some ice cream.

### Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet slipped off her tuffet,  
And in her right arm broke a bone.  
But her tears were soon dried  
When a cast was applied,  
"No more school work for me, once I'm home."



## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

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After working hours are over, Miss Metro still finds she has to arrange her time in order to fit in all the various residence activities.

Listening in as she plans her week, we hear:

**Monday**—"A Student Council Mass Meeting. Can't miss that. They're taking count of absentees now. I really shouldn't miss anyway. If the arguments get too hot, I can always knit. "Basketball game with Central United—Anna May wants as many as possible out to the game. After all, "It's not whether we win or lose, but how we play the game." Our morale sure needs lifting though.

**Tuesday**—"Christian Fellowship Meeting. They always have interesting speakers. Roommate is going to the Catholic Young Women's Organization meeting earlier in the evening.

**Wednesday**—"Anna May's Jaunting Club will have a meeting after the Glee Club practice. We will probably decide to jaunt to the "Bel-Air" for coffee after 9 p.m. This always has the best turnout."

**Thursday**—"Y-night."—"We'll all take our running shoes, shorts and swimming equipment down to the "Y" and endure exercise for a couple of hours. Friday we'll be stiff and vow never again to overdo it. Janie also has a meeting of the Metro Matter staff scheduled after 4 to discuss the next monthly issue."

**Friday**—"The Social Committee has a party planned. But before that Wilma and her Yearbook executive will meet in the Library. It seems we're way below our advertising goal. The exec. has to plan a 'Pep Talk' for the students."

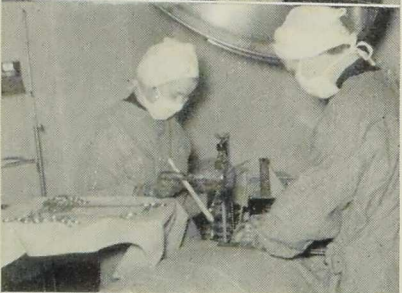
**Saturday**—"The weekend—need more be said?"

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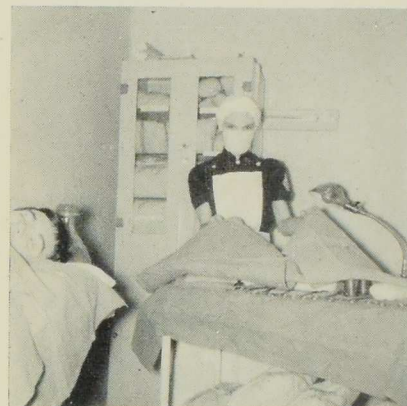




## OPERATING ROOM

Students, could you ever forget—

- Your first day in the O.R. when you scrubbed for 4 T. & A.'s and while circulating for the fifth, stood on the suction tubing?
- all the shelf-washing and instrument sorting in the afternoons; unless of course you were still scrubbed in on an 10 a.m. S.M.R.?
- the day you had half-scrubbed and discovered you didn't have a mask on? Or the race with the doctor to get **your** gown on first?
- getting a cut gloved finger from a broken suture tube; or cutting through the knot of a suture when you were assisting?
- hiding in the scrub room when an emergency came in, or hiding in the E.R. when things were hopping in the O.R.
- folding piles of towels and masks in the bundling room because the gowns and other linens were too complicated?
- the first time you got blood or merthiolate on your new white shoes?
- the day you cleaned the bone bank?
- the light lunches you served the hungry anaesthetists?
- frantically signalling to your circulating nurse for more sutures through the window of the closed door of Room 4?
- trying to put a safety pin through a penrose drain using forceps?
- opening a sterile Peri-sheet with the feet in the wrong direction?
- and could we ever forget Dr. Guest?



## EMERGENCY ROOM or "DON'T LAUGH IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU".

The Time: 10:58 P.M.

The Place: 5th Main M.G.H.

The Scene: Student nurse after setting up an E.R. kit, replacing scissors in the cold dip, wearily removes her O.R. turban (revealing hair set in pin-curls) and just opens mouth to ask permission to go off duty. When—

The Sounds: "Whir" of Elevator  
 "Slam" of Elevator door  
 "Emergency! Emergency!" of admitting nurse.  
 "Groan" of Student nurse.

The Question: What is waiting behind the closed door of the isolated room at the long end of the hall? It is a child with a lacerated forehead? An accident case, with a fractured femur? An overdose of sleeping pills? A severe burn?

The Case: Relax student. It's only your roommate who dropped her bureau drawer on her big toe. You may have to stay later, but you won't have to worry about waking her up when you get in.

## RECOVERY ROOM

My first patient. No time to waste, O.R. mask thrust over nose and mouth, B.P. cuff tightly secured and B.P. pulse, respirations quickly recorded, foot of bed elevated to its fullest, about to suction when Mrs. B. arrived on the scene. Miss P. extent of surgery?

As I slowly read—

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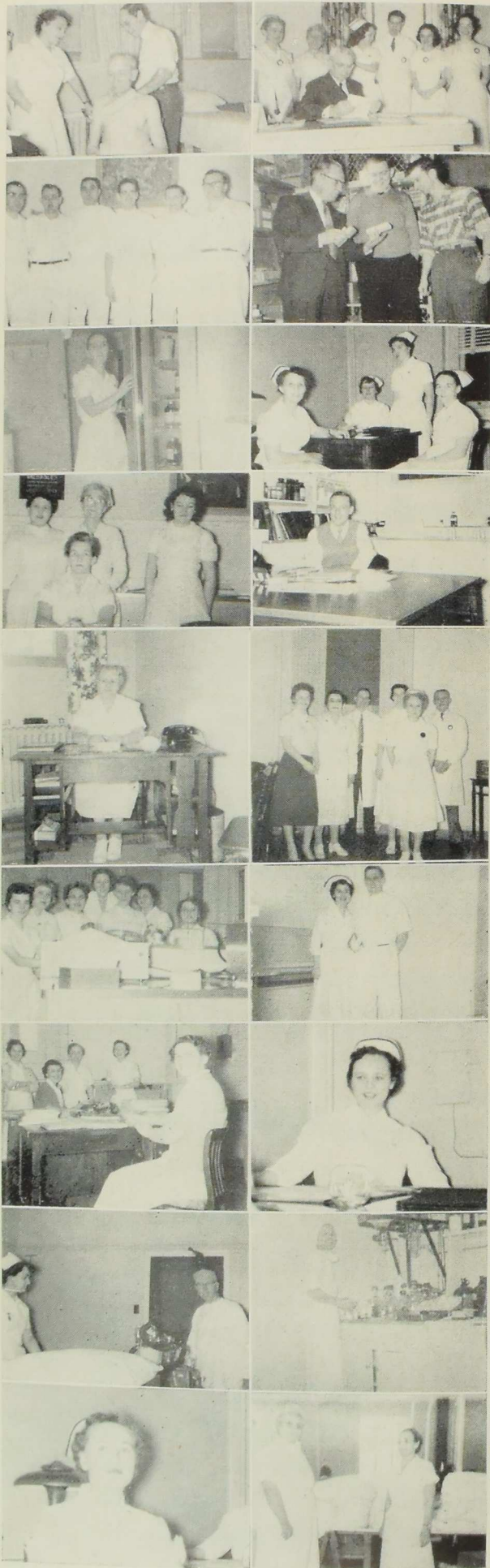
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## HOSPITAL STAFF

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1957.  
(May they rest in Peace)

- (1) To Admitting—our extra beds once we leave.
- (2) To Physiotherapy—our “acute backs” from hauling mattresses and lifting patients.
- (3) To Diet Kitchen—lemons left over from three years of patient mouth care.
- (4) To CSR—all our dirty syringes.
- (5) To X-ray—our sterile organs from excessive exposure to X-rays.
- (6) To Isolation—sterilized students left over from X-ray.
- (7) To Blood Bank—22 pints of “tired blood”.
- (8) To Cysto—fewer students with cystitis.
- (9) To Ward Staff—more seats at the nursing station.
- (10) To O.R.—adhesive tape left over from three years of prom decorating.
- (11) To Formula Room—our future potentialities as nursing mothers.
- (12) To Head Nurses—a whole new class of “assistants”.
- (13) To Recovery Room—our uniform belts to fasten armboards, I.V. poles, K basins, and blankets to the bed.
- (14) To the Lab.—22 “positive” throat cultures.
- (15) To Pharmacy—an unsigned requisition for Chloromycetin Capsules X22.
- (16) To Record Room—our calloused fingers from putting charts in order.
- (17) To the Interns—22 possible or “impossible” patients.
- (18) To the Orderlies—our blistered feet from searching for you.
- (19) To Housekeeping—our discarded blue uniforms
- (20) To the Office—some new names for the payroll.
- (21) To Stores—all the boxes and cartons borrowed in which to store our belongings.
- (22) To the Laundry—our firm belief that “nothing gets things as clean as soap.”
- (23) To Switchboard—our agreement that “Visiting Hours **Are** over.”

And to all Hospital Staff—Our Thanks.

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