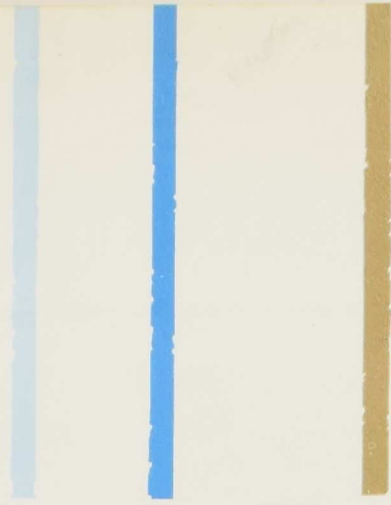


BIBS and BEANIES

1960

**School of Nursing
Metropolitan General Hospital**



Our lamp is heavy, people say,
Sometimes I think they're right;
But just one thought has gone astray—
It also can be light.

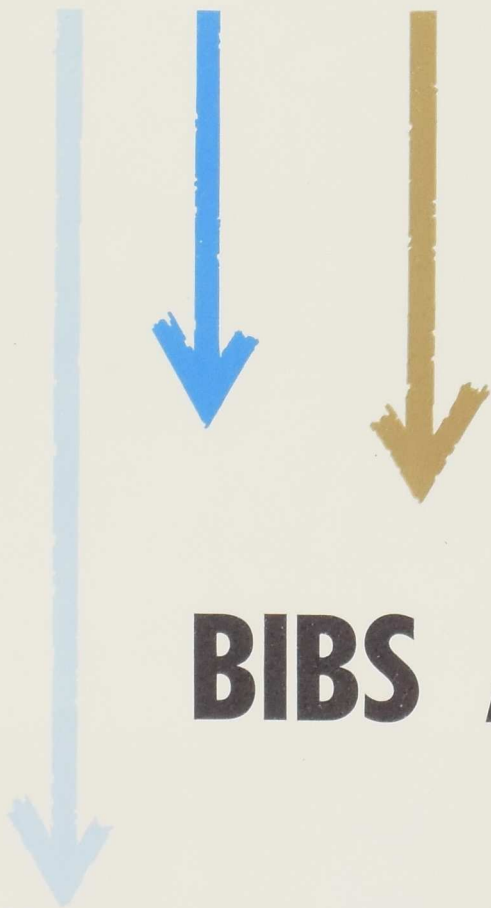
Our lamp is heavy? Yes—at times,
And help we often need—
Someone who has the strength sublime,
The strength with which to lead.

Happy moments fill our life,
They're mixed with sorrows and tears.
We need strength to face this strife
And overcome our fears.

The strength which I am speaking of
Is not in muscle tone,
But comes—descending like a dove.
We lift, but not alone.

The Lord God is my strength.

Hab. 3:19



BIBS AND BEANIES

1960

"THE BIGGEST HOUSE ON THE BLOCK"





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Dedication



Bibs and Beanies 1960 is sincerely dedicated to Miss Laura Barr, director, Metropolitan School of Nursing.

She has been a guiding light and constant source of strength and inspiration in helping us attain our goal.



Faculty

Front row, left to right:

—Miss Joan Bocking
B.Sc.N. (Sask.) Reg. N.

—Miss Benza
Certif. Teacher and Sup.
(Assumption) Reg. N.

—Miss Ruth Kells
Certif. Sup. in Psychiatric
Nursing (Toronto) Reg. N.

Back row, left to right:

—Miss Kathleen Moderwell
B.Sc.N. (Western), Reg. N.

—Miss Laura Barr
Director of Nursing,
Certif. Teach. and Sup.
(Toronto), Reg. N.

—Mrs. Sawatsky
Certif. Sup. in Obstetrics
(Toronto), Reg. N.

—Miss Katherine Grinyer
Certif. Sup. (Toronto), Reg. N.





Behind this door lie the trials, tribulations, satisfaction and achievements of a student nurse."

Metropolitan General Hospital officially opened on March 15, 1929 and at present contains 350 beds. The Social Services include X-ray, Laboratory, Pharmacy, Operating Rooms, Central Supply Room, Postoperative Recovery Room, Cystoscopic Room, Bone Bank, Psychiatric Ward, Occupational and Physiotherapy Departments, Cancer Clinic — under the auspices of the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation; Isotope and Electro-encephalogram diagnostic services.



Once again, the annual Yearbook "Bibs and Beanies" is a splendid effort, and the committee responsible is to be commended. I am sure that the students and former graduates will always keep this book as a happy reminder of their life at our School of Nursing.

Robert Buckner
Administrator

MESSAGE FROM THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

On behalf of the Board of Governors may I congratulate the Yearbook Committee of our School of Nursing for another interesting addition of Bibs and Beanies.

The various student body activities along with the excellent record of our School has resulted in more applications to our School than can be accepted. Soon our School facilities must be extended.

This yearly book will always be kept by our graduates as a reminder of the happy days at our School.

Good luck to all students.

W. R. Waddell, M.D.
Chairman, Board of Governors.

NURSING ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Mrs. M. Vaughan
Mr. R. Buckner
Dr. J. D. Stewart
Dr. J. Boley
Mrs. I. Totten
Col. D. C. O'Brien
Mr. T. Ord
Mr. J. Charlton
Miss A. Vaughan
Miss R. Thompson
Miss L. Barr



The annual yearbook "Bibs and Beanies" provides the opportunity for me to extend, on behalf of the staff of Nursing Service, good wishes to you, the students of our School of Nursing.

In these years of basic preparation through which you are now passing, the foundations of your future are established. The importance of many fundamental needs becomes evident to you—the need to be well informed, to have courage, sound judgment, consideration for others and confidence in your own capability. Through knowledge and experience, the opportunity to develop these qualities is yours.

As you have accepted the responsibilities of your student years so may you accept the responsibilities of membership in your professional association and leadership in your community.

A thought expressed by James Russell Lowell is worthy of our consideration—

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Ruby F. Thompson, Reg. N.
Director of Nursing Service

The Metropolitan Cap and Uniform

by Dorothy R. Colquhoun

In creating a uniform for a nursing school, attention must be given to aesthetics, practicality, and nursing tradition. At the same time the attitudes, feelings and experiences of the deciding group exert a considerable influence.

The phrase "neat but not gaudy" best describes the underlying idea in designing the uniform for the Metropolitan School of Nursing. We wanted a trim workmanlike job that would be suitable for community visits, without attracting undue attention, as well as practical for hospital duty. The military background of one of the group no doubt prompted the selection of the upstanding collar somewhat reminiscent of the red "monkey suit" collar of the nursing sisters of the First World War, and the choice of the two marching rows of buttons on the bodice of the uniform. These buttons also serve the useful purpose of attaching the bib and apron to the dress.

The bib and apron are strictly utilitarian in style and concept and are worn only for patient care. Originally bibs and aprons were simply for dress protection. This is still the case in the army nursing corps, in the visiting nurse associations, and in much of Britain and continental Europe. In North American nursing schools early in this century bibs and aprons ceased to have a protective function and became an essential part of the uniform — the dress underneath, held together by safety pins, could never bear exposure to the public gaze. Memories of student days when one had to eat meals in a bib and apron only recently in contact with distasteful material prompted the adoption for the Metropolitan uniform of the bib and apron as a protective device, insisting on its removal away from the ward to provide an outfit in which meals could be eaten without psychological discomfort. It is interesting to note that this fastidiousness is not shared. To a woman, our students shed their bibs and aprons upon graduation and never use them again.

Choice of colour was considered from various angles. We decided against white for students, feeling that the donning of a white uniform upon graduation is a symbol of achievement much more noticeable than the diploma (put away and rarely seen) or the school pin (relatively small and not immediately apparent except to initiated. We did not wish to duplicate a colour already in use in the hospital and we wanted one which would provide an attractive background for the largest number of young women regardless of their own colouring. We also looked for a colour which would be different from the two schools in the city. When all these factors were weighed, navy blue seemed to be the most satisfactory answer.

Consideration for community visits was the largest single factor in the design for the cap. In the field of public health nursing a more relaxed approach is sought than that signified by the stiff white starched effect of the hospital nurses' cap; but the tradition of a lady not appearing in public in the day time without a hat also remains with us. In previous nursing schools we had met with the difficulty experienced by students in finding a plain felt hat to wear when going into the community in an official capacity. These considerations prompted us to fabricate a cap which would have a dual role. In surveying the historical nursing scene we noted that Jeanne Mance, the pioneer Canadian nurse, was always shown wearing a skull cap. This seemed to be the solution — the Jeanne Mance skull cap (or beanie to use the present colloquialism) could be suitably worn outside the hospital, and, with a white turnback cuff attached, a cap not unlike the traditional nurses' headdress would be achieved. Having the skull cap in navy blue provided a uniform effect with the navy blue dress. Since no community visiting is done in the third year an all-white version of the school cap was adopted for wear during this time and as the graduate cap.

We had not originally planned to have any distinction between the different student years, wishing to discourage the idea of rank and maintaining that the difference between a first, second and third year student is one of increased skill and knowledge which should show in performance. However, students themselves expressed a strong desire to have some distinguishing mark and the following scheme was evolved: students going into their second year wear on their left sleeve a badge with the school motto and insignia in the school colours of gold and white; students going into their third year wear the all-white cap and white shoes and stockings.

A black band is not worn on the graduate cap since no significant justification could be found for it in the general history of nursing. It would appear that some schools adopted this method of distinguishing different training years and it was carried over to the graduate cap, or in earlier days when

all nurses wore grey drab the black band may have been one means of distinguishing the graduate, but this practice is by no means universal either in Canada or elsewhere. Where a cap has a wide turn-back cuff its appearance is improved by a black band but this is not so with our relatively narrow cuff. The first director of the Metropolitan Hospital School of Nursing came from a city which is inordinarily proud of two schools that have pioneered in Canadian nursing. Neither of these schools wear black bands.

Thus military and public health influences, the early history of Canadian nursing and personal experiences have all combined to produce the distinctive cap and uniform of the Metropolitan General Hospital School of Nursing.

The Pin



THE 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 Hygeia, 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 matter 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 members of our faculty have given us many wise words through the time we have been here. The following are special messages that they wish to leave with us.

The first is from Miss L. Barr who has been our Director for the year 1959-60. We are sorry to see her leave but wish her success and happiness in her future undertakings. She has left a great deal with us and we hope something from us, the students of "Met" will go with her.

June 1960, and suddenly blue is exchanged for white and our students become graduates. On Graduation day we tend to look at ourselves and wonder, how far we have come and where we are going.

The three years in school have been the basic preparation for nursing providing principles which become the reservoir for future practice. One definition of principle found in the Oxford dictionary is "a fountainhead" and fountainhead is the primary source of a stream. I hope the stream that flows from your fountainhead will by-pass the wayside pools where life is dull and stagnant. Be like the eager young stream which richly and fully flows along its course, bending and turning, as it seeks its way. By retaining its individuality and perseverance the stream eventually becomes a broad, deep, and serene river possessing limitless potential. As with the river, our experience continues to broaden and deepen and we find ourselves with unlimited opportunities to give service to others. If we accept the challenge our profession offers this original fountainhead will grow into a river filled with potential, opportunity, and fulfillment.

Suddenly, as your blue is exchanged for white, you are able to choose your course. May you enjoy a life crowned with achievement.

Laura W. Barr

The following poem was chosen by the instructresses—Miss J. Benza, Miss J. Bocking, Miss K. Moderwell, Mrs. D. Sawatsky, Miss R. Kells.

Each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass,
A book of rules;
And each must make,
Ere life is flown,
A stumbling block
Or a stepping stone.

Miss Grinyer, our Pediatrics instructress for four years, is also leaving us this summer. Many memories will remain—her helping hand, her gentle scoldings for bed-sides left down, open safety pins, her beautiful red roses. Best of luck in your new venture! This is her message.

"But once
I pass this way
But once—and then the Great Iron Door
Opens, closes—and no more
I pass this way.
Thus while I may, I will assay
Sweet comfort and delight to all I meet
Upon the Pilgrim Way.
For no one travels twice the Great Highway
That leads through Darkness up to Light
Through Night to Day."

HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

The School registered its first class on September 7, 1954, and held its first graduation exercises on June 15, 1957. Although the hospital had been founded in 1929 it had not previously had its own nursing school. The school building, opened in 1948, housed until 1952, the Metropolitan School of Nursing, a demonstration school conducted by the Canadian Nurses' Association, which was discontinued at the end of its experimental period.

Aided by Dominion and Provincial grants the new hospital school was planned on the newer pattern of nursing education already in operation at the Toronto Western Hospital. Unlike the traditional hospital nursing school, which is organized as a part of nursing service, with the hospital depending on the students for staffing throughout their three-year program, the new school is organized as a separate department of the hospital with its own director. For the first two years of the student program hospital nursing service does not rely upon students for service, therefore all student experience can be arranged for its educational value. This provides much greater opportunity for patient-centered learning. Relieved of the pressures of hospital service the student has more time for study, for reflective thinking, for recreation, and much greater emphasis can be placed on experience in the wards as a situation for learning the highest quality of nursing care. Relieved too, of long periods of night duty, more opportunity is given for instructor guidance of students, and for normal community living.

At the end of the second year of the program the student, having completed her basic undergraduate work and passed her school examinations, assumes responsibilities as staff nurse in the hospital nursing service. This year's experience, still under school guidance, augments and consolidates the learnings of the first two years.

PLACEMENT OF SUBJECTS:

FIRST YEAR

FIRST TERM

Anatomy and Physiology
Chemistry
Fundamentals of Nursing
Health
Microbiology
Normal Nutrition
Psychology and
Mental Hygiene
Sociology
Professional Adjustments
Solutions and Dosage

SECOND TERM

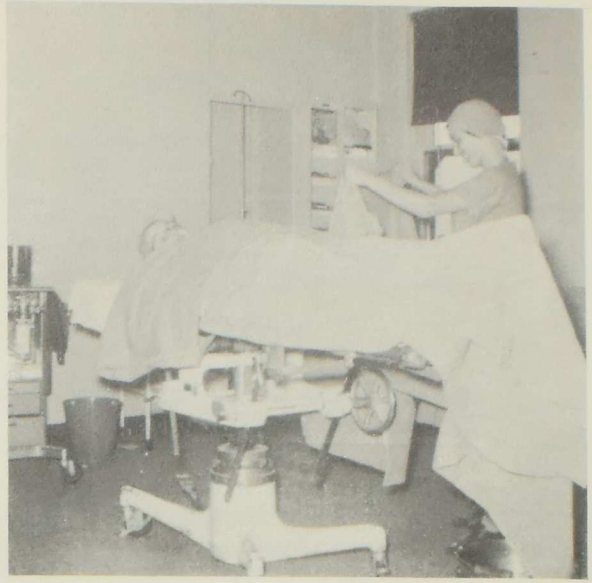
Medical-Surgical Nursing
Integrated in this course are:
Anatomy and Physiology
Diet Therapy
Pharmacology
Pathology
Socio-emotional Problems

SECOND YEAR

History of Nursing
Maternal and Child Care
Medical-Surgical Nursing
Psychiatric Nursing
Tuberculosis Nursing

THIRD YEAR

Contemporary Nursing
Medical-Surgical Nursing
Optional Nursing Experience
Senior Seminars in Nursing
Team Leadership
Ward Administration





June VanRooyen—Editor



Peggy Duquette—Ass't.

BIBS AND BEANIES



Barbara Reid—Ass't.

Another year in the history of the School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital, is almost over and with it we bring you another edition of Bibs and Beanies.

In this edition we have tried to capture some of the ideals and high standards of which we at Metropolitan are so proud. May this book be a challenge and inspiration to you to help preserve these ideals as you continue in your career.

To the Graduates — may this book help you, when time has passed, to remember your final year of accomplishment and achievement of your goal.

To the undergraduates — may you find much happiness and satisfaction in your final year and as you turn these pages, may you find a desire to continue to work and achieve the distinction of being a "Met grad."

The executive would like to thank everyone who helped make this book possible. We were pleased with the co-operation and support you gave us at our annual Fashion Show and we were especially happy about your work in our new venture, the Bake Sale, which proved to be such a success. By working together on projects such as this we can become better citizens and thus better nurses, ready ourselves to take our place in a community.

We have this year added some new things—a colour section, a Literary Section, as well as continuing with many familiar sections. We hope that you will enjoy them all.

May I present to you "Bibs and Beanies," your book of memories, 1960.

June VanRooyen
Editor

THE EXECUTIVE



Front Row: P. Duquette, J. VanRooyen, B. Reid.
Back Row: R. Ura (Sales), E. Forsander (Ads), D. Newman (Secretary), R. France (Phot.), P. Shnovsky (Literary), L. Holmes (Art).

ADVERTISING AND SALES



Front: E. Forsander, R. Ura, G. Heath.
Back: L. Carswell, P. Brown, B. Lee, V. Dzvirka.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Front: R. France, C. Morrice.
Back: C. Baker, P. Brown, J. Curley, L. Falstrem.

ART



J. Cantin, L. Holmes, M. Travis.

Student

Activities





Karen Shanks



Tammy Cohoon

Lampadian Society

Message from the Lampadian

The Lampadian Society resembles that well-worn political phrase "By the people, for the people." Its members are elected from the student body, by the students and for the students. The society attempts in every way to embody all the principles of a democratic government. The Honor System is a living, working example of our democracy.

You might say that the government of the school resembles a triangle whose base is the student body; the various committees and sub-committees form the sides and the Lampadian Society the vertex. A line is dropped from the vertex to the base and resembles the influence that the Society has on each individual in the school.

In closing I would like to thank the students and the faculty for making 1959-1960 a year to be proud of and to leave you with this thought—"Non Palma Sine Pulvere" (No leaves without the dust) or to be more explicit, No success without work.

Karen Shanks



FRONT ROW: Janet McDonald, Karen Shanks, Tammy Cohoon. BACK ROW: June VanRooyen, Sandra Batterson, Pat Dobson, Fran Corbett, Deanna Grey. ABSENT: Nancy Jackson.

PRESIDENT
Karen Shanks

SECRETARY
Janet McDonald

VICE-PRESIDENT
Tammy Cohoon

TREASURER
Nancy Jackson

HOUSE
Pat Dobson

FINANCE
Fran Corbett

SOCIAL
Sandra Batterson

BIBS AND BEANIES
June VanRooyen

CLASS PRESIDENTS

Ellen Bateman—1960
Marilyn Pyne—1961
Diane Burke—1962

METRO-MATTER
Deanna Grey



Ellen Bateman—1960
Marilyn Pyne—1961
Diane Burke—1962



Pat Dobson

House

Committee

Message from the Head of the House Committee

By establishing a system of student self-government, the Metropolitan School of Nursing has established a precedent that is hoped will be adopted by many other schools in years to come. The student body, through its representatives, rule themselves and, if necessary, carry out the consequences of misdemeanors. Practice in democracy prepares young adults to accept and responsibly carry out the duties of a Canadian citizen.

The House Committee consists of the chairman and assistant, who are two senior representatives. Each of the other two classes in the school are represented by two members. Weekly meetings are held and all relevant issues are brought before the committee and discussed freely. Justice, consistency and equal rights are the important aims of this committee and it is hoped that we have achieved this in the year of 1959-1960. Many thanks for your cooperation and support and best wishes to our successors.

Pat Dobson



FRONT ROW: Head, Pat Dobson, Assistant, Ruth France. BACK ROW: Nora McDonald, Louise Haslem, Cathy Crawford, Helen Gazo.



Sandra Batterson

Social Committee

Message of the Social Committee

The School's social activities began with a party in September for our new Junior class. The intermediates acted out skits of their experiences as juniors eg. assisting doctors, performing nursing procedures and trying to get last minute nursing care studies in. We hope the juniors enjoyed our skits. We know Miss Moderwell did.

A return party was given by the new class in October. The theme was witches, black cats and pumpkins. Such things were seen as "beats," Daisy Mae, pirates, a Roman goddess, a large pumpkin and a little old lady whom we couldn't identify.

In November we had a dance featuring a disc jockey named Pat Ruttle. Fellows from Assumption and W.O.I.T. made up a very handsome stag line.

December was a busy month with two Christmas parties given. Our Women's Auxiliary entertained us with games and in return the students sang Christmas carols. Our annual Christmas dinner was eaten by candle light with the menu being turkey with all the trimmings. Mrs. Claus appeared in red leotards and found it difficult to keep her cap on and her black leather belt from slipping to her knees. Christmas gifts were exchanged and then the students donned their uniforms and went caroling through the hospital halls. It was sad but wonderful to bring some cheer to those unable to spend Christmas at home.

To round out our activities we had our 6th Annual Ball on February 12, 1960. "Young at Heart" took us back to the days when Cinderella, our favourite story book character and all the nursery rhymes opened the doors to a world of fantasy.

Sandra Batterson



FRONT ROW: Sandra Batterson, Head; Susan Goodwin, Assistant. BACK ROW: Jo-Anne Cantin, Karen Getty, Judy Hulbert, Carolyn Baker, Marg Krause. Absent: Pat Dafoe.



Frances Corbett

Finance

Committee

Message from the Finance Committee

The Finance Committee is composed of three elected members and the Junior member is the Treasurer of the Student Association.

This year's Committee is composed of:

Frances Corbett—Head of the Committee

Pearl Vane—Senior representative

Nancy Jackson—Junior Representative

The duties of the committee are to co-ordinate, administer and obtain funds as approved by the Student Council for the Student Body.

Frances Corbett



Pearl Vane, Frances Corbett
Absent: Nancy Jackson



PEARL VANE

N.C.F.

Message from the Nurses' Christian Fellowship

N.C.F. is an organization for Christian fellowship among student nurses. It is a branch of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, a student organization which is active in High Schools, Universities, and Schools of Nursing.

The Nurses' Christian Fellowship is interdenominational in character with a common bond found in the Lord Jesus. Its basic purpose is "to aid the Christian nurse in living a consistent, steadfast life which is centred in Jesus Christ, and to help non-Christian nurses come into a personal relationship with God through Him."

Our group meets for one hour weekly from 6:15-7:15 on Wednesday evenings for planned fellowship based on Christian principles.

This year we have tried to have variety in our meetings so as to encourage interest and provide spiritual enlightenment as well as enjoyment.

In October we had our Thanksgiving meeting at which our guest, Mrs. Steves, led a Bible Study on Thanksgiving and Giving Thanks, after which refreshments were served.

Our Christmas programme and social was also a wonderful time of fellowship. The Christmas Story was read from the Bible, two of our girls played an accordion duet, a fictional story illustrating the "goodwill toward men" was read, carols were sung and refreshments served.

At a meeting we may have a guest speaker, a game such as "Sword Drill" from which the members gain Bible knowledge, in this case, of the books of the Bible, or a Bible Study, led by one of the students, from which much is learned.

A wonderful new trio, the Metronaires, from the Intermediate class have sung at two of our meetings. Prayer is a very important part of N.C.F. and prayer meetings are held for a few minutes almost daily as much as possible, for a short time of prayer and devotion. The Lord Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matthew 18:20)

Marilyn Talbot





Janet Archambault

C.S.O.

Message from the Catholic Students' Organization

The exchange of beliefs and ideas broadens a person's scope. With this thought in mind, the Catholic Students' Organization meets once a week. With the help of Father Paquette, who generously devotes his time and effort, many problems met in the everyday life of a nurse are solved. The meetings are not restricted to Catholics and the discussions are not limited in any way to religious ones.

This year we are discussing the two books "The Moral Handbook of Nursing," and "Youth and Chastity." The nursing profession involves many ethical problems for which every conscientious Catholic nurse will strive to find a solution in accordance with both the laws of God and the laws of the Catholic Church. The Moral Handbook of Nursing helps us become familiar with the principles of ethics pertinent to our professional duties.

Any nurse who is living up to the highest ideals of her profession is rendering herself worthy to hear from the lips of Jesus Christ the consoling words "I was sick and ye visited me . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25)

Vicky Dzvirkka





Deanna Grey

Metro Matter

Message from the Metro Matter

Co-operation and lack of same seems to be a great problem in our school this year in most activities. And, so it was, with Metro Matter.

As editor of our school paper, I would like to put the point across to those who may be taking over this paper. As we all know, Metro Matter suffered greatly from lack of support which indicates lack of co-operation and perhaps interest. A school paper should be one of interest to the students and one which should boast co-operation. When we realize this fact and are willing to put forth a little extra effort, we should be able to produce a paper — one of which we are proud to be a part.

I sincerely hope that next year will be a more rewarding year for Metro Matter.

Deanna Gray



FRONT ROW: Sally Morin, Deanna Grey, Karen Booth. BACK ROW: Jill Harrison, Donna Noble.



JANET ARCHAMBAULT

Baby-Sitting Committee

Message from the Baby-Sitting Committee

This marks the second year of the Baby-Sitting Club. It was formed to aid parents in the community to find competent girls to care for their children. It also helps provide the students with some extra spending money.

Our club is expanding and we are proud of it. We are confident that we can continue to provide a superior kind of baby-sitting service to the community at reasonable rates.

This year the committee is made up of two representatives, Joyce Taylor of the Junior class and Janet Archambault of the Intermediate class.

Janet Archambault



Residence

Life





This year, something new has been added to our residence—a House Mother. This was made necessary by Miss Colquhoun's departure from the residence.

Mrs. Amlin was originally born in Wardsville, Ont. but has lived in Windsor since she was 3 years old. She has one daughter who is training to be a nurse at "another" hospital in Windsor. She likes cats, birds, travelling, embroidery and most important, girls. She has worked as a saleslady in many of the Windsor stores before coming here.

She looks after many things—keys, late leaves, the library and visiting the girls who are sick.



Expressions of appreciation and thanks go to our two cooks, Gladys Newman and Mary Riley and to the girls who help in the kitchen, Anna Goaba, Jessie Couvillion and Dorothy Nantais. The way to any nurse's heart is through her stomach and ours are very well filled.

Our thanks too, to the Housekeeping Staff, Josephine Goyeau, Janet McCrindle, and Ella Schwan who work so hard keeping our residence neat and clean. Special thanks from the Yearbook for the extra help at our Bake Sale and Fashion Show.



Our Secretary is Helen Gajewski who came to replace Gail Barnden. She also is worthy of our thanks for the many odd printing and typing jobs she has done for the Yearbook and for the essential part she plays in the smooth functioning of the school.

Women's Auxiliary

The Student Body owes a great deal to the members of the Evening and Afternoon Auxiliaries. They have contributed greatly in making our residence life more home-like and happy. They have provided us with many wonderful memories—among these the annual Christmas party and Graduation Tea. They have given us also many material things which have made our residence life more enjoyable. To them goes our sincere appreciation and gratitude.

The following is from the Corresponding Secretary of the Afternoon Auxiliary, Mrs. Mary A. Shepherd.

According to the Constitution of the Metropolitan General Hospital Auxiliary, our purpose is to assist the Metropolitan General Hospital financially and in other ways deemed advisable; the welfare of the patients being the first consideration.

The patients would not fare very well without the competent and kindly care of well-trained nurses, who are happy in their work. By doing all we can to keep the students happy and content in their surroundings at the Residence, we hope we are in some small way helping to turn out such nurses and perhaps attract more and more girls to the School.

We feel, too, a kind of kinship with the students because we spend so much time in the Residence. Our monthly business meetings, at which we are always served a delicious luncheon, are held there and also any necessary executive meetings. Our dinner, in connection with our Annual Country Fair, is held in the lounge and dining-room. At this dinner the students are always willing to help us with the serving and are very helpful in many other ways. We have also used the Residence for teas and for our first dessert bridge held in February.

In 1957 the Auxiliary installed in the kitchen an automatic dishwasher and the necessary stainless steel draining boards and other equipment to go with it. This necessitated also the installation of a new water heater. We put new lights in the library and did some painting and decorating at a total cost of \$4000.00.

In 1958, \$1532.60 was spent on blinds and draperies for the lounge and dining-room. Sixty bedspreads were purchased at a cost of \$296.40. Later, we bought thirty-eight more bedspreads and twenty-three more pairs of draperies and re-upholstered eighteen chairs for the students' bed-rooms.

In 1959 the members of the Auxiliary made thirty-five pairs of draperies themselves. We also bought an electric clothes dryer and a Baumanometer for blood pressure work. These two items came to \$290.00

We are now considering the purchase of a sound projector and a small camera for taking slides.

At Christmas time we buy the students subscriptions to six magazines of their choice. We send a poinsettia plant to add to the festive appearance of the rotunda. For the past two years we have installed full length mirrors and only a girl getting ready for an important date knows how necessary they can be.

We have set up a small emergency fund of \$25.00 so that any student who finds herself short of money for some necessity may feel free to make use of it.

Each year, along with the Evening Auxiliary, we give a reception for the graduating class, their families, and friends. We present each girl with a corsage and a white diploma case printed in gold.

In 1957 there were twenty-two graduates; in 1958 the number dropped to twenty but last year there were twenty-seven. We hope the number will continue to rise. We shall be only too happy to buy more and more diploma cases and corsages.

The next is from Mrs. B. Andrew of the Evening Auxiliary—

The Metropolitan General Hospital Evening Auxiliary was formed in 1954.

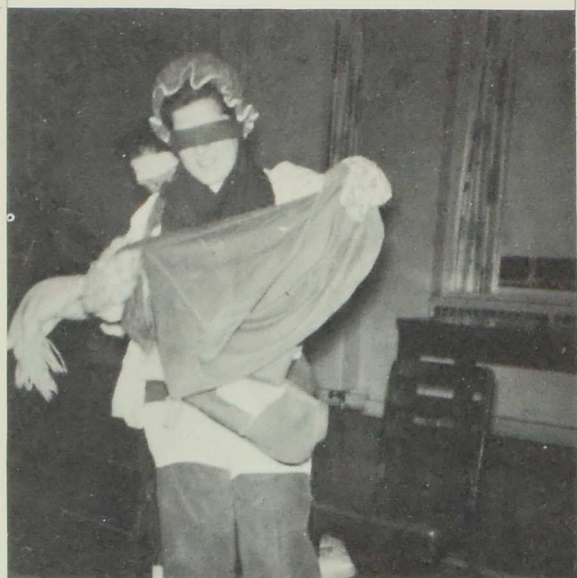
The aims of this group are to raise funds to aid and improve hospital facilities, to assist the student nurses training and recreational programmes and encourage a congenial relationship between patients and hospital staff.

A special interest of the Evening Auxiliary has been helping to fill the gap between home and residence life for the nurses in training. For several years they provided pictures from Willistead Library to brighten the lounges and dining room.

The Christmas party is an annual event with fun, refreshments and Christmas favours.

When that wonderful day of graduation arises, the Evening Auxiliary is proud to present the second and third proficiency prizes and the prize to the graduating nurse of high academic ability who has contributed most to student activities.

Each member of the graduating class is given a silver spoon representing all the treasured camaraderie, intensive study, physical labour and spiritual growth that filled three memorable years of nurses' training.



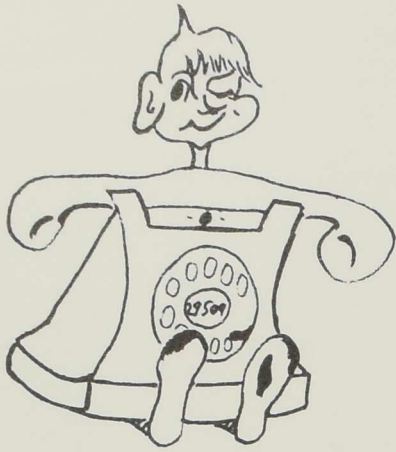


Amid flowers and decked in the finest, 10 girls modelled for the Yearbook's Annual "Medley of Fashions" held on March 27. Miss L. Barr commented on the clothes which were by Dorees, jewellery by Birks, and hats by Estelle's. Make-up was by Doraldena. Favours and Door Prizes were supplied by Doraldena and local merchants. Flowers were provided by Grace. The models were L. Haslam, D. Gray, S. Batterson, D. Burke, F. Corbett, G. Naylor, P. Shnovsky, L. Holmes, and J. Hulbert.

Many thanks to all those who helped in any way to make the Fashion Show such a success.

The Yearbook also sponsored a Bake Sale with baked goods being supplied by the students and their families, and the faculty. The sale was very successful and the Yearbook Staff extends many thanks to the hospital staff, faculty, Alumnae, Women's Auxiliary and the students for their wonderful support.





I am a black telephone. I'm sure you have all seen me or one of my brothers. I used to stay at the Bell Telephone Company. About 8 months ago I had a drastic change. I was moved to the second floor of Metropolitan General Hospital's Nurses Residence. Have you ever lived in a Nurses Residence? Boy, what an experience! Let me give you a brief outline of my day.

Everything starts at 7 a.m. The phone rings loudly and very clearly in the quiet (after all it's only 7 a.m. and nurses don't get up until 7:29 a.m.). Imagine someone calling at 7 a.m. in the morning. Oh, to be young again!

8 a.m.-12 a.m.—Everything is relatively quiet except for the occasional senior who decides to phone her boyfriend. Do these seniors ever sleep? Oh, I doubt it.

12 a.m.—Things are fairly busy but mostly Intermediates. All you hear is "Tam, Telephone". Then you hear a "bang, bang, bang," down the hall. Oh well everyone soon goes back to work and quiet reigns supreme.

4 p.m.—Everything breaks loose! Boy, do I become busy! Girls screaming and yelling—"Deanna Grey, phone—Mouse, long distance—Ginny, get up, it's Jim—Hulbert, don't run so. It's not Jack—June,—No, I don't know which boy it is—Who ordered pizza—Oh come on kids, get off the phone!"

Oh it goes until 11 p.m. and then some. Suddenly quiet again. Oh boy, now I can sleep. (Or can I). Don't let anyone kid you, I wouldn't want it any differently.



Literary Section

This year, something has been added that is quite new to our yearbook—a Literary Section. We have many talented girls in our school, and to add a little more impetus, we held a Literary Contest. Some of the entries are seen throughout the book. The three winning entries were by Deanna Grey, Marilyn Talbot, and Tamara Cohoon.

To all of those who have helped with this section and contributed in any way, we say "Thank You".

To Student Nurses—

A Heavy Lamp Made Light

A Winner

So young and bright, and eager, too,
A student in your right,
Determined to achieve your goal,
No matter what the plight.

Your eyes are set beyond the stars,
And yet, you know 'tis true,
That though the task be long and hard,
This will not hinder you.

You'll be a nurse, a good one too;
Careful and kind you'll be;
The patient always first of all,
In thought and word, you'll see!

But this takes practice, this takes time,
You'll find as you progress;
Beams still that goal, and close it is,
When you'll achieve success.

May God go with you, as you go,
And will you think on this?
That Him you must not push aside;
With Him you cannot miss.

A nurse with Christ within her heart,
Like stars that shine at night,
Will take her lamp where e're she goes,
And He will make it Light.

Marilyn Talbot

THE PESSIMIST

A Winner

They say, "Things could be worse"
But I say, "They could be better"

They say, "Brighter days are ahead"
But I say, "Those days are long gone—"

They say, "Life is just a bowl of cherries,"
But I say, "You got to take it serious."

They say, "Far away pastures look greener"
But I say, "They probably are"

They say, "Don't live in the past"
But I say, "It's better than the future"

They say, "You're wanted on the telephone—"
And I say, "Oops, did I hear you correctly—me—on the telephone?
Hello—yes, I'd love to go to the dance—8 o'clock—Fine!
Oh yes, things couldn't be better, for those brighter days are here!"

The Old Refrain!

—but I've never written a thing in my life (that wasn't absolutely necessary)—
You're asking ME to write an article for the Yearbook—but—but—an article—Why
don't you ask someone else? Oh! They said the same thing, eh?—Well, what do you
think would make a good topic?—No, I couldn't tell about that—Mother might read
it—How about my first day in the O.R.? No, everyone knows about my garter breaking
after I was scrubbed and my classmate asked the doctor to fix it!—No, that doctor
just might read about it—and you know—well he'd be embarrassed and have to tell
his wife and then—! Say, what do you think if I gave my first impressions of
residence?—You say I'd have too many enemies if that were printed?—Well, I could
always tell about myself but everyone already knows how wonderful I am—Maybe
they'd like to read about my first delivery of a real live baby—No, silly, I didn't have
a baby! I mean the first time I saw one!—You say everyone has seen a delivery?—
Well, that's that!—I could always write a poem—but you know—someone might
discover me and make me famous and I don't want that to happen—You say, Why?—
'cause I have to finish training first, stupid—I could write about one of the instruc-
tresses—Oh, that's right, I have to finish training!—See I told you, there's nothing
to write about and anyway I've never written a thing in my life (that wasn't absolutely
necessary)

Deanna Grey

THE PASSIVE GENERATION

A Winner

Observation, cautious waiting,
A few resort to meditating,
Passive action is our creed
Conform to rules—do not lead!
One aim in life—security,
A radical ends in obscurity.
The masses become a stereotype
Every intellect smokes a pipe!
Follow the leader, a child's game,
He falls in a chasm—you do the same.
Everyone lives in a split-level home,
Life becomes a syndrome!
Oh youth of today, rise to the call
If we are to have any future at all!

Tammy Cohoon

A Nursing Care Study

Patient; ?

Doctor; Dr. J. T. Woods

Case History

Early Symptoms

April 25, 1959—sudden heart lurch—beginning of peculiar warmth towards a certain young man named Tim. As time went on, condition heightened—quicken- ing of heartbeat and extremely high pulse rate noted. Swelling of heart caused by love apparent.

July 1st.—Heart filled to bursting—patient in dangerous state of excess joy and exuberance. No distress evident—patient seemed doomed to continual and per- petual state of dizziness, warmth, and extreme happiness. Probable cause of condi- tion—lovitis.

Late Symptoms

September 8—Patient admitted to nursing with evidence of extreme heartache— condition grew worse—general appearance, lonely and forlorn—heart still ex- panded with love—only relief seemed evident when Dr. Woods was near—state of near deliriousness present during visit—afterwards patient regressed—severe depression with signs of increased heartbeat, high pulse rate, and high blood pres- sure—eyes watery—patient restless during night—tosses and turns continually— throbbing of heart with pain caused by removal of stimulant. Condition steadily worse when letters were late—short state of happiness when letters arrived. Condi- tion aggravated by serious homesickness, a distance of 200 miles, a lack of warm kisses and pressure of strong arms.

Diagnosis

Patient in critical state of lovesickness, complicated by distance, homesickness.

Prescription

Tender loving care from Dr. Woods when in town and prompt letters when not
Full recovery hoped for eventually.

Donna Noble

PICKLES WE GOT INTO

Each class has its own favorite faux-pas that the girls perform. This year brought out some sour ones—which we can laugh at now!

Who went through a big procedure to obtain a sterile specimen and then threw it out?

What favorite, tall brownette enjoys having her back scratched by Dr. Cantelon (she thought it was Barb all the time)?

Who gave an enema without a rectal tube?

What two students were caught eating Arrowroots in the kitchen?

What student went to C.S.R. for a Fallopian tube?

Who picked up a contaminated needle with sterile gloves and when she couldn't think where to put it, put it on the sterile operating room table?

What nurse forgot to close the door of the bedpan flusher before turning on the water and steam?

Who dropped a bottle of Ethyl Chloride which exploded in an Operating Room? You should have seen those nurses and doctors jump!

Who was the student who dropped—not one—but 17 thermometers all at once?

Who was the student who pushed the button for ice-water and then couldn't get it stopped?

Who lost her shoes and found them full of wet dressings?

Who gave the "Magnesia Cocktail" in two glasses?

Who stuffed an orderlie's shoes with shredded paper and then discovered that he wore another pair home?

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Try our catch-all bedpans
They never stick; they never slide;
But fit so well to your back-side.
State preference as to hot or cold,
Your choice of silver or of white
Available both day and night.
We give them fast, we give them slow,
You just supply the go, go, go!

Capping



CAPPING CEREMONY

Sept. 9, 1959.

The coveted white cap and shoes with the glowing light of a candle—Twenty-five young women stood on the threshold of a new horizon.

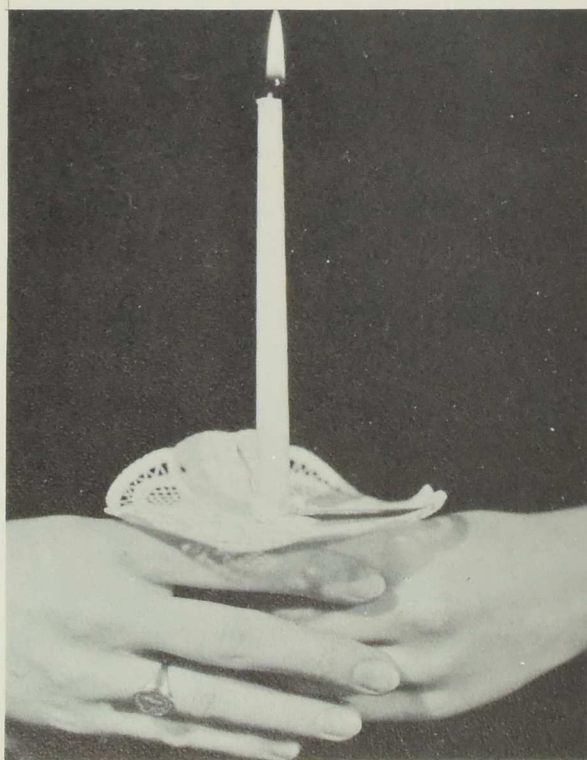
The Metropolitan School of Nursing, patterned on the two and one type of programme, holds its capping ceremony at the beginning of the final year of training. The white cap, a symbol of knowledge and responsibility, is earned after two years spent in study and ward experience.

With proud parents and friends in attendance our blue caps were removed and replaced by a white one, by Miss Thompson. From a candle held by Miss Colquhoun, each girl lit her candle and took her place on the stage. Twenty-five candles shone, signifying twenty-five newly capped nurses.

Father Paquette asked the blessing for us, on this occasion. Following the ceremony a reception was held in the recreation room for the seniors and their guests. Tea and cookies were served by the intermediate students.

Truly, capping is an impressive and thrilling event in the life of a student nurse.

Sally Morin



Graduation



"Thy Eternal Providence has appointed me to watch over the life and health of Thy creatures. May the love for my art actuate me at all times; may neither avarice, nor miserliness, nor the thirst for glory nor for a great reputation engage my mind; for the enemies of truth and philanthropy could easily deceive me and make me forgetful of my lofty aim of doing good to Thy children. May I never see in the patient anything but a fellow creature in pain. Grant me strength, time, and opportunity always to correct what I have acquired, always to extend its domain; for knowledge is immense, and the spirit of man can extend infinitely to enrich itself daily with new requirements. Today he can discover his errors of yesterday and tomorrow he may obtain a new light on what he thinks himself sure of today.

O God, Thou hast appointed me to watch over the life and death of Thy Creatures; here I am ready for my vocation."

*..... from the Oath and Prayer of Maimonides,
Jewish Physician of the 12th Century.*



DOROTHY MABEL BASTON

River Canard, Ontario
A.—We'd like to know!
D.—Marriage to some lucky man.
F.S.—That darn car wouldn't start.
A willing worker and good nurse.



ELLEN BATEMAN

Leamington, Ontario
A.—Marriage.
D.—Raising little Moores.
F.S.—"Will you kids please be quiet."
A quiet responsible leader.

A.—Ambition
D.—Destiny
F.S.—Favorite Saying



JOAN MARILYN CURLY

Windsor, Ontario
A.—To revise the R.C.A.F.
D.—Winnipeg.
F.S.—Got a letter from Henry.
A co-operative and willing worker.



PATRICIA LORAIN DOBSON

Windsor, Ontario
A.—To have 1 week with no
infringements.
D.—Running Cupid's Corner.
F.S.—"You know what I mean."
A willing worker and a helpful friend.



MARGARET ROSE DUQUETTE
 Ridgetown, Ontario
 A.—An O.R. Nurse.
 D.—Manager of Slenderella.
 F.S.—"Did you hear ——"
 An ambitious, energetic nurse.



NANCY CAROL FERRIS
 Harrow, Ontario
 A.—Marriage.
 D.—Marriage (to a lawyer).
 F.S.—"That's Mike (in answer to a
 ringing telephone).
 Quiet and reserved.

A.—Ambition
 D.—Destiny
 F.S.—Favorite Saying



RUTH ANN FRANCE
 Harrow, Ontario
 A.—To get a man.
 D.—She'll get one!
 F.S.—"You kids."
 An understanding, sympathetic nurse



VIRGINIA ARLENE HEATH
 Kingsville, Ontario
 A.—To get married.
 D.—Selling stock on Kildare and
 Tecumseh
 F.S.—"Sweetie."
 A conscientious nurse and sparkling
 personality.



MARION EVELYN "Lynne" HOLMES
 Windsor, Ontario
 A.—Travel
 D.—Marriage.
 F.S.—"Oh Robert."
 Vivacious, friendly.



JUDITH ANNE HULBERT
 Newmarket, Ontario
 A.—To be on time.
 D.—Late again!
 F.S.—Let's go to the Bel Aire.
 A quiet friend to all.

A.—Ambition
 D.—Destiny
 F.S.—Favorite Saying



MARGARET ANN KRAUSE
 Muirkirk, Ontario
 A.—Who knows!
 D.—Wedding Bells.
 F.S.—"If you don't clean up this
 room, Sal."
 Full of fun and energy.



LAURA DOREEN LaPORTE
 Riverside, Ontario
 A.—To go to California.
 D.—Taking patients to X-Ray.
 F.S.—20 years old and haven't got a man.
 Full of energy and fun.



BEVERLY GAIL MacLEAN
Windsor, Ontario
A.—Homemaker.
D.—Mrs. Bereza.
F.S.—Ed's picking me up tonight
after work.
Energetic and good-natured.



JUDITH LOUISE McNEIL
Windsor, Ontario
A.—To own a new Cadillac.
D.—At the Esso station with her
'51 Chev.
F.S.—Oh no!
Always bright and cheerful.

A.—Ambition
D.—Destiny.
F.S.—Favorite Saying



EDNA SALLY MORIN
Harrow, Ontario
A.—Teaching tap dancing at
Arthur Murray's.
D.—Reading poetry to Beatniks.
F.S.—"Morning Miss" at 6 a.m.
A bubbly personality.



CAROL ANN MORRICE
Kingsville, Ontario
A.—Marriage.
D.—Selling fish.
F.S.—Richard! */*!
Talkative and good-hearted.



ATSUKO NAKASHIMA

Kingsville, Ontario

A.—Travel.

D.—Working in Leamington on Pediatrics.

F.S.—Is that right?

Always a true friend.



SYLVIA ELAINE SCRATCH

Blytheswood, Ontario

A.—Nursing with the R.C.M.P.

D.—She'll get her man!

F.S.—I just don't know.

Blue-eyed and carefree.

A.—Ambition

D.—Destiny

F.S.—Favorite Saying



KAREN SHANKS BONE

Onaping, Ontario

A.—Achieved (Mrs.).

D.—To live happily ever after.

F.S.—What do you kids think?

Generous and good-hearted,
always eager to be helpful.



CAROL ANNE STEVENS

Windsor, Ontario

A.—To be able to buy gas for her Fury.

D.—Modelling for Vogue.

F.S.—When Al and I get married—

A pleasing personality with a ready smile.



ANNE JOSEPHINE STIPSKY
Northwood, Ontario
A.—Airline hostess.
D.—Selling Second Candies.
F.S.—I'll think about it.
A petite shy miss.



CHARLENE ELIZABETH TERON
Windsor, Ontario
A.—Travel.
D.—Sange.
F.S.—"Gad!"
Ambitious and adventurous.

A.—Ambition
D.—Destiny
F.S.—Favorite Saying



PEARL ELISE VANE
Stockton, Manitoba
A.—Working in Missions.
A.—Cottam, Ontario
F.S.—Oh, My!
A devoted Christian nurse.



MARALYN JUNE VanROOYEN
Wyoming, Ontario
A.—Pediatrics Instructor
D.—Editor of "Kiddies Kapers."
F.S.—Wait'll you hear what happened.
A tactful manager.



ULIANA ANNA YAWORSKY
Windsor, Ontario
A.—To get rich quick.
D.—Buying the Brooklyn Bridge.
F.S.—“Really.”
Quiet and shy.

TO THE GRADUATE—

Long years of struggling, striving, hoping, saving,
For goals that seem remote and far away,
Long years you've tried to quench that urgent craving,
And so, went on to reach this brighter day.
Yes, and many times you were discouraged;
In many tasks you failed to do your best;
But, there were many times you were encouraged
By the fact that you had passed the test.
And now, at last, your big day has arrived;
The goal for which you aimed has been attained;
The type of work for which you've longed and strived,
Is yours, and in its skills you now are trained.
May God go with you as you go your way,
For this has been your Graduation Day.

—M. Talbot.



Sally Morin

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

June 4, 1960—the closing door of three years of striving, learning and adapting; the opening of a door to continued learning, achievement and fulfillment. Today we are graduating—the fourth graduating class of the Metropolitan School of Nursing. Three years sounded like an eternity when we entered the school and now we are reluctant to leave.

Does it seem so long ago since we first walked up the steps to the residence which was to be our home for three years? How strange it seemed with new faces on every side of us. How would we ever learn to feel at home here? The first days were spent in acquainting ourselves with this new way of life. Soon this strangeness disappeared and we found ourselves with a home, away from home, at 2240 Kildare Road.

Within a few days of our arrival at the school, we were given the opportunity to meet someone else, who felt uncomfortable in his environment—the patient. He too was surrounded by new friends, sleeping in a strange bed, eating different food and attempting to adapt himself to a new routine of daily living. How early we learned of this fundamental need to be comfortable.

We soon found, through instruction, that to give intelligent patient care we needed an understanding of the structure and function of the human body, chemistry, microbiology and nutrition. What a vast realm of knowledge was opened to us. Then came the news that we were to study psychology as well. How much did one have to learn to become a nurse? At this point, it was difficult to understand the full application of these principles.

By our first Christmas vacation we had gained new knowledge, 24 new friends, and went home happy. The challenge of nursing was apparent to us as we returned and entered our second term. A week at Riverview Hospital gave us our first contact with one of the special areas of nursing—the care of the chronically ill and the aged. Our first year was completed by a term of evening and night duty. How different the hospital seemed at night and how important and needed we felt.

Our second year—new studies, new techniques and every day a challenge. The family being the unit of society was the basis on which we began our study of maternal and child care. We visited local Nursery Schools and observed the normal growth and development of the pre-school child. Through the co-operation of Community agencies such as the Red Cross, Victorian Order of Nurses and the Board of Health, it was possible for us to see nurses in action in the community, as we visited the patients in their homes.

March, 1959—our half-way party at the Metropole. What fun it was to celebrate this day with each other and share every golden minute of this past year and a half. How quickly time flies!

We went on to care for sick children; to experience the hustle and tension of the operating room and emergency departments; these were no less fascinating than the Delivery Room where we witnessed the miracle of birth. Will we ever forget our first delivery when we were so engrossed in watching that the doctor played two roles—nurse and physician! Affiliation at the Essex County Sanatorium broadened our knowledge and enlarged our circle of friends from other schools.

Our capping—the exchange of blue for white—brought us to our third and final year. Seniors at last! Dining out with our little sisters and having the privilege of paying the bill with our first cheque. In our new role as members of the Nursing Service team we were more aware of hospital administration and realized how important it is to work as a team for the good of the all important person—the patient. Our two weeks experience as assistant head nurse helped us realize that there is much more for us to learn.

During this final year we have gained a measure of independence and confidence. No stone has been left unturned to acquaint us with every phase of Nursing—we must now decide which field of this profession we prefer. In so doing, it is our objective to be a credit to our families, our school and our profession.

On our graduation day, let us not forget those to whom we owe so much. To our parents and families who have stood behind us and encouraged us when we were blue and were always there with money for a new dress or shoes for the dances. Thank you Mom and Dad for your support and love, not only during these past three years but all through our lives. To our instructors who gave unselfishly of their time and talents to guide us in our work and to assist us with our problems. To our directors, Miss Colquhoun and Miss Barr for all their help and discipline when we needed it.

Also the staff of the hospital and the doctors who took time and cared enough to explain the mysteries we did not quite understand. There are others we should mention—those who cooked for us, laundered our uniforms and cleaned our rooms. In particular we acknowledge our administrator, Mr. Buckner, and the Board of Governors of the Metropolitan Hospital for making it possible for us to have this kind of preparation for nursing.

With graduation, comes a realization that in a few months we will be going our separate ways. This makes us sad but we will always be together in thought. We have memories that will never be forgotten. Branching out into the many opportunities of nursing, we carry with us the proud name of Metropolitan School of Nursing. To us who have attained the "magic of white" and to those who are aspiring to it, I would like to leave this inspiration. I chose this poem, author unknown, because I think it sums up how one girl affects another in residence life where there is so close a contact with each other.

There's a comforting thought at the close of the day
When I'm weary and lonely and sad
That sort of grips hold of this crusty old heart
And bids it be merry and glad.
It gets in my soul, and it drives out the blues,
And finally thrills through and through.
It's just a sweet memory that chants the refrain,
"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you."
Did you know you were brave, did you know you were strong,
Did you know there was one leaning hard,
Did you know that I listened and waited and prayed
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face
For the sound of your voice ringing true,
Did you know I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?
I am glad that I live; that I battle and strive
For the place that I know I must fill;
I may not have wealth, I may not be great
But I know I shall always be true,
For I have in my life that courage you gave,
When I once touched shoulders with you.

Alumni

On behalf of the Alumnae I wish to extend heartfelt congratulations to members of the graduating class of 1960. May all your nursing career days be carried through with inspiration, enthusiasm and with pride of being from the School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital.

We welcome you to the alumnae and hope you will enjoy being a part of the group. May you find satisfaction in working with us to achieve our goals. One of our objectives is to strengthen the bonds between the alumnae and the School of Nursing by supporting all student activities.

At the present time we are contributing to the Graduation activities by feting the students at an annual dinner in their honour and also with a small remembrance.

Some of the hopeful aspirations of this alumnae are to provide scholarships to enable worthy students to continue higher learning in Nursing fields.

A programme which we are going to initiate is the stimulation of interest in other nursing fields. Guest Speakers from other branches will speak at our meetings to broaden our knowledge and give us a deeper understanding of fields of nursing other than our own.

Through your support, you, the class of 1960, we will achieve these goals.

WHO'S WHERE

- M. Aylesworth Metropolitan General Hospital—Supervisor
J. (Bateman) Dittrich Sarnia General Hospital
J. Bouvier Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan
P (Cooke) Gazo Toronto
E. Costescu Saskatoon
M. (Coupland) Tye Toronto
C. (Haswell) Mihalik Metropolitan—Maternity Leave
M. Hill Toronto
S. Hyatt Metropolitan General Hospital
V. Ilnicki Metropolitan General Hospital—Pediatrics
B. (Jackson) Baker Toronto Western Hospital—Maternity Leave
J. (Jensen) Kennedy Leamington
C. (Kipps) Primeau Metropolitan General Hospital
B. (Lenson) Cantelon Metropolitan General Hospital—Maternity Leave
J. (MacMillan) Fox Detroit
O. Martyniuk Hamilton
C. Menzies Toronto
J. Mills Regina
M. (Moore) Baldinelli Metropolitan General Hospital
E. (Porter) Gross Metropolitan General Hospital
M. Prociuk Toronto
A. (Rahm) Phibbs Leamington
D. Shuster Leamington
E. (Santos) Mergl Metropolitan General Hospital
S. (Soutar) Plante Metropolitan General Hospital—O.R.—Maternity Leave
J. (Walsh) Saunders Queen's University—a Mother
P. Weary Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto

GRADUATION DAY 1960

Bright sunlight streams into the windows of 2240 Kildare Road, but the occupants of the house have not waited for the glistening rays to arouse them. The pangs of excitement served as an effective alarm as we, the graduates, began our long-awaited day. The place was a hive of activity — dresses being pressed, shoes being polished, rooms tidied, hair appointments being kept. Graduation Day had finally arrived at Metropolitan School of Nursing.

Gone were hours of trials and tribulations, the successes and failures of the arduous days of training. Here before us was the culmination of all our dreams.

Our frenzied minds were striving vainly to recall each detail of the program that so recently we had practised. Would we keep in step? Would we miss our cue? Everything must be perfect for the day.

The morning sped by with wings. One o'clock found the residence populated by an unfamiliar group of girls, dressed in immaculate white, waiting in the Grey Room for the buses that would take them to their long-awaited moment.

At last the buses arrived and we filed out and stood in the aisle of the bus—no resting weary feet today — today we must stand so as not to wrinkle the starched white uniforms of which we were so proud.

The ride to Herman Collegiate is made shorter by 25 nervous voices, singing old songs together, perhaps for the last time as an entire group.

At the school, the auditorium is quickly being filled by our friends and relatives. We take our places in the corridors and wait for the notes of the organ, all the while snatching glances through the doors at the audience.

A hush settles in the auditorium, the music begins and the first graduate takes her first steps down the seemingly endless aisle to her place at the front. Behind her come her 24 classmates.

The program opens with O Canada and the Rev. Mr. M. R. McLuhan gave the Invocation. Words of welcome and congratulations were brought to us by the Mayor of Windsor, and the Board of Governors.

Then, with a lump in her throat, but with her head held high, each graduate, in turn, was called up to the platform where she was pinned by Miss L. Barr with the bright shining gold school pin, handed her diploma in a white leather case, a bright yellow rose corsage, congratulated and given a gift by a member of the Women's Auxiliary. What a proud moment this is and what thoughts are going through our minds as all these best wishes are bestowed upon us, on this, our Graduation Day.

An inspiring message was given to us by Dr. R. W. I. Urquhart, M.A., LL.D., Chairman, Ontario Hospital Services Commission. Then our Valedictorian, Sally Morin, expressed aloud for all of us, the thoughts we all would have liked to convey to everyone. She spoke of our training days, the time which would be, perhaps, the most memorable three years of our lives.

The ceremony so quickly over, we proudly marched out into the sunshine of the bright spring day where we met with friends and relatives who added to our happiness by showering us with best wishes. After much picture-taking we drove back with our families to the residence where members of the Women's Auxiliary gave us a reception. Many of the new graduates were honoured hostesses at their own receptions later that day. Another highlight of this perfect day was our Graduation Ball at the Masonic Temple. We danced away the night to the music of Bill Richardson, then met at the Canton Lounge for something to eat. Still the celebrating continued — for many at the home of Ellen Bateman for breakfast at 6 a.m.

Then it was over, our long-awaited day and we are left with only wonderful memories.



BACK ROW, left to right: Pat Brown, Elizabeth McLean, Susan Goodwin, Delores Newman, Gail Naylor, Gail Cummings, Sandra Batterson, Pat Dafoe.

SECOND ROW: Ruth Ura, Mary Mates, Barbara Reid, Pearl Shnovsky, Elsa Forsander, Helen Gazo, Shirley Howie, Linda Falstrem, Karen Getty, Lana Kotovich.

FIRST ROW: Marylin Pyne, Louise Haslam, Janet McDonald, Deanna Grey, Janet Archambault, Rosetta Brown, Marilyn Talbot, Karen Booth, Fran Corbett.

MISSING: Tamara Cohoon.

CLASS OF 1961

GIFTS FOR THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS

J. Archambault	—A sheep to make her own wool
S. Batterson	—A foot-long French roll
K. Booth	—A book: Grade 13 Made Easy
R. Brown	—The Jones Boy
T. Cohoon	—A 5 day weekend
F. Corbett	—Her own hospital
G. Cummings	—An extra 20 pounds
P. Dafoe	—A Camera bug
L. Falstrem	—A telephone with a direct line to New Jersey
E. Forsander	—A gallon-sized jar of Instant Coffee
H. Gazo	—A bottle of Do-it-yourself room cleaner
K. Getty	—Economy sized stationery
S. Goodwin	—A book: 77 ways to make Pizza
D. Grey	—A jar of "Skippy" peanut butter
L. Haslam	—A Glen Grey Album
S. Howie	—An Instant Home-Making Set
L. Kotovitch	—Paying Customers
M. Mates	—Her own doctor
J. MacDonald	—A new zipper for Pierre (her stuffed poodle)
E. McLean	—Jet Service from residence to Detroit
G. Naylor	—Every weekend off in Guelph
D. Newman	—An automatic Nursing Care Study machine
M. Pyne	—A "sandy" beach
B. Reid	—An indestructable small car that hits the big ones back
P. Shnovsky	—An Escort Service
M. Talbot	—A two hour lunch period
R. Ura	—An extended stay at the Sanatorium

A STUDENT'S IMPRESSION OF HER INTERMEDIATE YEAR

September: back from vacation—just think, an Intermediate now! Pediatrics—"Mommy, I want to go home"—uniforms covered with formula, etc. Pediatric Studies!

October: Nursery School—jig-saw puzzles, playing games—Red Cross—seeing those wonderful kids trying so hard—V.O.N.—seeing how the other side lives—Diaries and more Diaries! Classes and assignments! I feel swamped! I feel like quitting!

November: Obstetrics—Seeing the Mother's face as she holds her baby for the first time—sitz baths, ice bags, heat lamps and Nursing Care Plans.

December: Formula Room—there's more to feeding babies than just pouring milk in a bottle. Another Diary! Premature Nursery—the joy of seeing a little one grow before your eyes. Christmas Vacation—at last!

January: The Operating Room at last!—getting up at 6-o'clock.

February: Recovery Room—temperatures, pulses and Blood Pressures. Assignments! Remember the one that woke up saying, "I love my wife". Emergency—Not another one. Cleaning Cupboards—Diary again.

March: Psychiatric Ward—learning the true meaning of Mental Illness and amusing the patients and nurses.

April: Pediatrics again—crying babies, worried mothers, T & A's—More Pediatric Studies. I really feel like quitting!

May: More Psychiatric nursing—got those studies done. Feel better now.

June: Out to the San., talks with Mrs. Grey, meeting new, interesting people.

July: Obstetrics again—admissions, the thrill of seeing a baby born—Oh, so very hard to describe the wonderful feeling. Pulses, fetal hearts, worried sleepy fathers. Clinics to prepare.

August: VACATION—Believe it or not, I made it! See you in September—as a Senior!



BACK ROW, left to right: Betty Lee, Gail Tripp, Beverly Dumouchelle, Eve Livingstone, Dianne Burke, Carolyn Brundage, Jill Harrison, June Zimmerman, Ruth Ann McPhail.
SECOND ROW: Hope Weary, Nora McDonald, Elizabeth McKnight, Catherine Crawford, Lois Carswell, Barbara Jean Leonard, Caroline Baker, Donna Noble, Nancy Cree, Elaine Lewsaw.
FIRST ROW: Joan Langlois, Mara Travis, Blanche Doidge, Carolyn Durocher, Sandra Backer, Nancy Jackson, Patricia Goodison, Victoria Dzvirka, Jo-Anne Cantin, Joyce Taylor.

CLASS OF 1962

OUR CLASS OF '62

A class of laughter, a class of glee,
With 28 pupils including me.
Betty in class is quite an ace,
But she and Sandy don't try to race.
Nancy is truly a silent lass,
While Ruth is just the riot of the class.
Eve and Jo-Anne are quite the pals,
Even if they aren't the best of gals.
Barb has feet that are real cool,
And Pat does always abide by the rule.
Baker still wishes that she could raise chickens
And Joyce keeps hoping she won't get the dickens.
Brundage is real long and tall,
While Vicky is so short and small.
Elaine's sense of humor makes her real funny,
She'd be a perfect partner for "Bugs Bunny."
Bev thinks quite a lot of Vic
But Crawford, she is just a hick.

And Lois sings just like a lark,
But when Joan tries it, it's just like a bark.
Hope and Blanche come from afar,
And Nora is always up to par.
Jackson is famous for her party,
At which Donna proved a smarty.
Carolyn is trying to be a good nurse
And Gail feels that life couldn't be worse
Liz always hunts for boys with good looks,
Instead of sticking to her books.
Jill's thoughts are in B.C.
Where she wishes she could be.
Whether their hair is straight or in curls,
Mara and June are still swell girls.
Diane, our president, quite a feat—
But, as you know, makes our class complete.
So to your life we add something new
The wonderful class of '62.

THE JUNIOR NURSE

What is a Junior Nurse? A Junior Nurse is a funny mixture of ideals, problems, worry, boundless energy (for anything but classwork), mistakes, eagerness, crooked caps, and perhaps—a little bit of mischief. Instructors are exasperated with her, (who else has the ability to argue as vehemently in Sociology!); patients love her (she has time to sit and chat awhile); and head nurses groan when they see her sprinting around the corner, one hand doing up the last button on her apron and the other holding her cap in place, (although I can't help thinking we must be of "some help!")

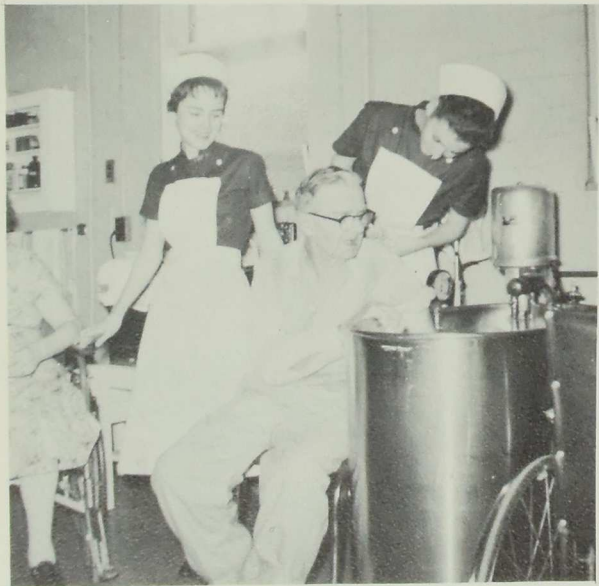
The Junior Nurse is going to reform the world (well, at least the world around the hospital). She'll solve the "Old Age Problem" and the "Executive Nurse Problem". Her zeal for the promotion of better nursing care and the renaissance of society (Society is a MESS!) are abundant and intense. When is it that this fire begins to die down, leaving only a spark in the spirit of most of those senior to her, (or is it that they have "adjusted" to their surroundings and "accepted" the behavior of the people around them?)

Is there anyone quite as candid and as anxious to do the correct thing as a Junior on "wards"? She talks to her patient as she would to her best friend. (Is this perhaps why they like to see her approach?) Somehow it's kind of sad to think of these qualities being muffled by the cloak of professional dignity she must learn to wear (even then it might not fit just right.)

A Junior Nurse possesses a natural talent for fun and mischief. The residence is often plagued by epidemics of "missing mattresses", "bed clothes deficiency", and other numerous afflictions. The sufferer usually recovers sufficiently enough to carry the "disease" elsewhere. I wonder if anyone could possibly develop an immunity to "Junior Fun".

In spite of all her obvious shortcomings the Junior Nurse manages to pass and climb the step to the next plateau—the world of the Intermediate.

Field Work



Excerpts from the Diary of An Intermediate

Dear Diary:

Today I went to Nursery School. At last I've found my own level. The teacher welcomed us and helped us off with our beanies and boots. She showed us how to do some of the puzzles. My, but they were difficult to do — little Georgie and Pearl Shnovsky kept hiding the pieces. Then I became a "choo-choo" train and spent the next half an hour chugging around the floor on my knees. Ricky was the Caboose but he kept hitting the Coal Car until the teacher found it necessary to uncouple them completely. Stringing beads and making snowmen out of plasticine were loads of fun. Painting time! I never realized that we had so many budding modern artists! Pretty soon, everybody sat at tables (those little chairs were a long way down) and all the little girls and boys had cookies and milk. After the tables, floor and Susan had been cleaned up we all sat on cushions, in a circle and played Drop the Hankie very enthusiastically. Sheila, however, was having trouble adapting herself to group activity and it was necessary to remove her from the social situation. After a final rousing singing session we all donned our mittens and scarves and skipped all the way home.

Dear Diary:

What a wonderful experience today! My classmate and I walked (yes, that's right) walked down to the Red Cross from the residence. After we had been revived, we joined the children in the school. It was fascinating to watch Jo-Ann work at her electrically-operated typewriter. She is a victim of Cerebral Palsy as are many of the children who attend the school. We met Crystal, trying out her crutches for the first time; Claire and Laura, two cute little sisters; Danny, who gave us his famous grin; and Jackie, who was the biggest 6 year old flirt I've ever seen. We met many more on our travels through the Physio Therapy Department with its exercises, heat treatments, pulleys and ropes, parallel bars and the so very patient therapists; the Occupational Therapy Department where every toy and activity has a specific purpose; the Swimming Pool where the children enjoy the pleasures of a normal child in splashing and playing in the specially heated water. A sing-song and then lunch before we knew it.

There were many other departments to visit — Speech Therapy, the Blood Bank, the Cerebral Palsy Association's Department and the many other services supplied by our versatile Red Cross. At 3 o'clock we went on the familiar blue bus that takes all the children home. It takes over an hour to deliver them all over the city, on all kinds of roads. We couldn't sit down for a week!

Dear Diary:

I registered at the residence of the Essex County Sanatorium today and was very impressed with the lovely buildings and rooms — a sink in every room and a light in all the closets! It took me quite a while to get settled in my room this afternoon but I met the students from Grace and Hotel Dieu who were also affiliating at the San.

They gave us an orientation address the next morning and explained the residence rules very carefully. It was stressed that we should be very careful not to lock ourselves out of our rooms because the spare key was kept at the switchboard of the hospital and inconvenient to get at night — especially if pajamas were one's sole attire. I wonder who would ever do such a silly thing as that and then yell "Oh no, I've done it now!" and wake everyone up to share her plight.

The lectures and educational films were very interesting and informative. The ward work was rewarding as the patients were very friendly and apparently anxious to meet each new set of students. The ward life is very leisurely and conducive to the recovery of tuberculosis patients. We become expert bed-makers and enjoyed many friendly conversations with the patients.

Diary: It's quite funny — today we have five red heads in our group. Do you suppose they got ducked in the same can of red paint?

It snowed last night and we went out to make a snowman but it looked more like a Chinese temple. What a figure! Who didn't have boots and wore plastic bags over their shoes so that they could join in the fun? We had a lot of colds after that snowy night. I wonder why?

Leather work and knitting seem to be the order of the day. Conversation might lend itself to something like this — "How's your wallet today? Laced yet?"

The kids wanted to have a farewell party at a nice restaurant but since finances were not up to par we drank coffee and watched television in the recreation room.

One thing about the San., it certainly was different from the Operating Room!

Dear Diary:

Today I went with Miss McManus, a Public Health Nurse, to visit a local family, four members of which are victims of Cerebral Palsy. Three of these children attend the Red Cross where I had already met them. It was wonderful to meet their mother and see how she overcame her great handicap with help from the Public Health Nurse. I hadn't realized before, the diversified role of the Public Health Nurse.

Dear Diary:

If I ever become a nurse in a doctor's office, I'll certainly invest in a pair of roller skates and some tranquilizers! I spent one afternoon *only* there and it took me a day to recover. I don't know how the doctors do it. It was very interesting to see a plan of Prenatal Care in action.

Dear Diary:

I learned today about another aspect of nursing — the V.O.N. and their many, many services to the community. I could certainly see that their job was never dull or monotonous and they all seemed to love their independent, active life. In one day we changed dressings, gave insulin, weighed a baby, gave a bath, cut a diabetic's toenails, put on an elastic bandage, and did a great deal of health teaching.

Riverview

Dear Diary:

Nature seemed against us. There was about a foot of snow on the ground. However we bundled up and carrying our caps and aprons, we plowed our way to the bus and to Riverview. I was nervous and excited at the same time. What new experience would this week at another hospital bring? Soon we were there.

The director, Mrs. Whiteside, welcomed us and explained the setup of the hospital. After I had taken care of my patients, I went down to the Physio and Occupational Therapy Departments. Here patients worked and played while they regained the function of impaired muscles. In the afternoon the head nurse took us for a tour of the entire hospital, telling us about each ward. Later we were left on our own to explore. I went and talked to some of the patients. It was easy to see that they were quite happy because they were busy doing useful things. Soon it was time to go.

When we plowed our way back to the residence, I found myself eagerly awaiting each new experience that the next few days at Riverview would be sure to bring.

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is YESTERDAY with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. YESTERDAY has passed forever beyond our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back YESTERDAY. We cannot undo a single act we performed, we cannot erase a single word we said. YESTERDAY is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is TOMORROW with its possible adversities, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance. TOMORROW is also beyond our immediate control.

TOMORROW'S sun will rise, either in splendour or behind a mask of clouds. . . . but it will rise. Until it does we have no stake in TOMORROW for it is yet unborn.

This leaves only one day—TODAY. Anyone can fight the battles of one day. It is only when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities . . . YESTERDAY and TOMORROW . . . that we break down.

It is not the experience of TODAY that drives men mad its the remorse or bitterness for something that happened YESTERDAY and the dread of what TOMORROW may bring.

Let us therefore, live but one day at a time.

God grant me the serenity
To accept things I cannot change,
Courage to change things I can,
And wisdom to know the difference.



Hospital

Life





I EAST

Cribbage, Scrabble, euchre too,
 Keeping busy with lots to do,
 The patients here, are sweet and kind
 With various problems on their mind.
 Mental rest from work and such,
 Soon to go home—which means so much.

I MAIN

"Bed Pan Alley" is the name
 That's been given to First Main.
 Where older folk with many ills
 Admire nurses with their skills.
 Catheters, I.V.'s and Levines too,
 Add to the care to start anew.
 So very sweet and grateful they are— —
 And soon discharge that once was so far.



I WEST

This is the floor where work is plenty
 Here we learned to share the load;
 First Mrs. Forbes and now Miss Porter
 Helped us along our nurse's road.



II WEST

Second West is smoothly run,
Mrs. Blank is commander here.
Pre- and post-op routines are the rule
Another phase of our career.

II MAIN

This is the floor that makes a nurse
Here you'll find most anything,
Miss Skulte makes us toe the mark,
And learn rewards good nursing brings.



II EAST

Quiet, unruffled, usually serene,
This is our most modern ward;
Miss Kangro keeps us busy learning
We don't have a chance to be bored.



OBSTETRICS

"Baby is on the way!"
 (Oh no! another busy day)
 Patient wants you down the hall—
 Got to hurry, mustn't stall.
 "Scrub nurse wanted" is the key—
 (Oh dear, they must mean me!)
 Dropped the drape and sutures too,
 Oh no, the baby is turning blue;
 Suction babe, make him cry too.
 It's okay now, and everyone's cheery—
 So it goes, no one is ever dreary.
 A happy floor, with plenty of smiles
 A reward for walking so many miles.

III WEST

Third West is where you find the women,
 Enemas, douches, catheters galore;
 Mrs. Hillman rules the roost
 On our Gynecological floor.



OPERATING ROOM



We'll never forget—

—the orange merthiolate and blood on my new white shoes.

—scrubbing with brushes (wire brushes) for 10 minutes, only to find we didn't have our masks on.

—our raw arms at the end of our second scrub.

—the race with the Doctor to get the first gown.

—trying to put the right hand glove on the Doctor's left hand.

—trying to circulate in 3 rooms at one time.

—those 5 min. coffee breaks at 8:30 a.m. and those 15 min. lunches at 2 p.m.

—cutting through, instead of above the knot of the last neatly tied suture.

—those endless "Pent" trays to be done at 2:55 p.m.

—contaminating the last, much needed hemostat.

—trying to keep those stray ends of hair under the cap that never seems to fit.

—those repetitious words—"Nurse, drop that drape! ! It's contaminated!"

—wishing on the last day that it was the first day again!

PEDIATRICS

Hurry, Nurse, those pants are wet—
What! you haven't fed him yet!
Watch that bedside—you left it down—
Put it up, then hurry to avoid a frown.
Bathe that baby, comb his hair,
Get in that room the Doctor's there.
Day after day, the same story goes,
Someone's there to keep us on our toes.





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3. Orderlies
4. Kitchen
5. Office
6. Admitting
7. Switchboard





1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.

- 1. Laboratory
- 2. Formula Room
- 3. Occupational Therapy
- 4. Physio-Therapy
- 5. Recovery Room
- 6. Cystoscopy
- 7. Pharmacy
- 8. C.S.R.

1.



4.



2.



5.



- 1. Blood Bank
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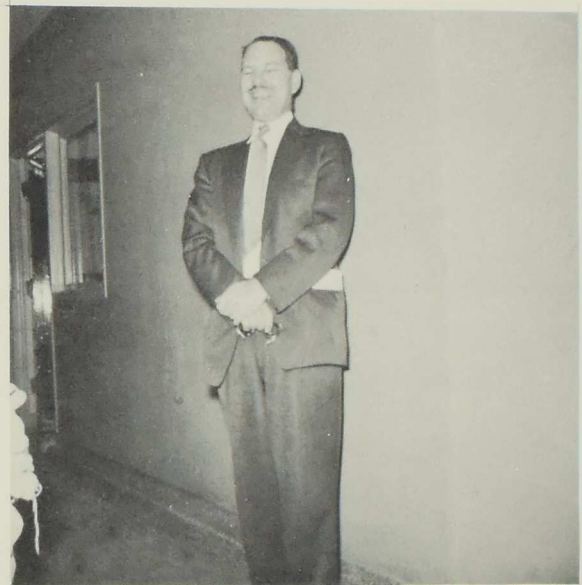
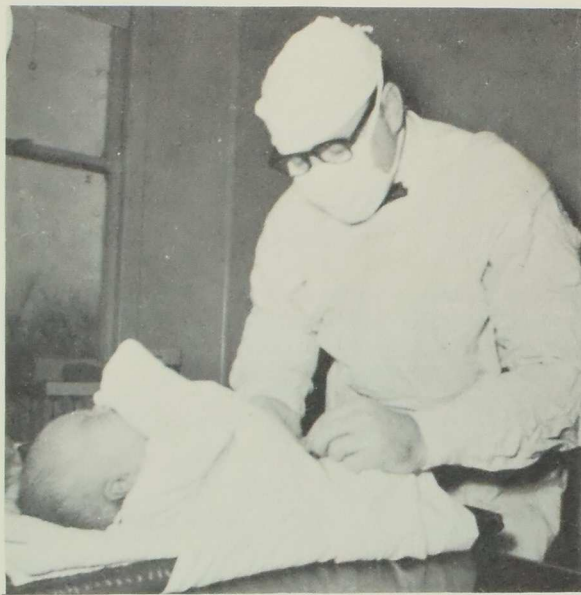
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Sir William Osler



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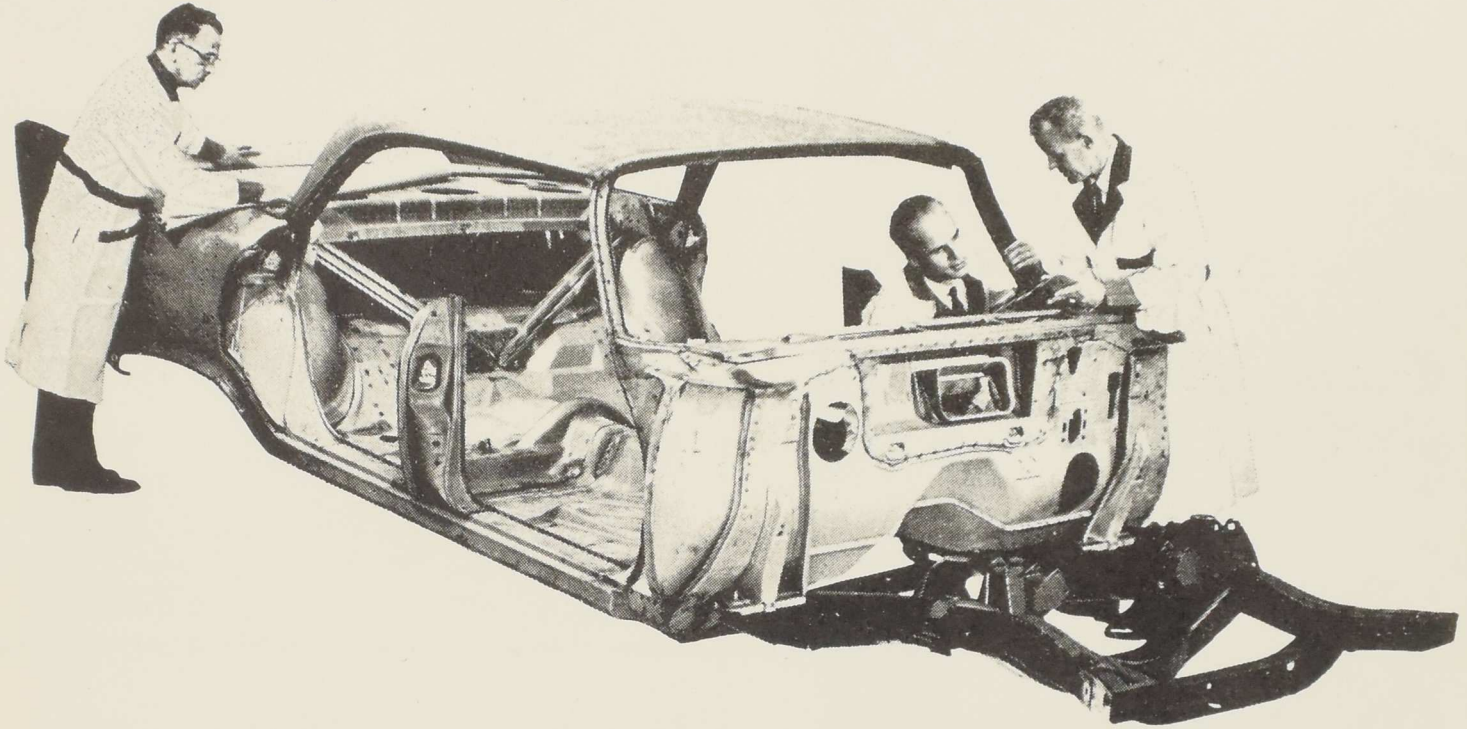
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**The Leamington Furniture
Dealers**

Beaul's Furniture
Ferguson Furniture
Jackson Furniture
K & W Furniture
Meretsky Furniture
Matties Furniture
Smith's Furniture

Compliments and Best Wishes from

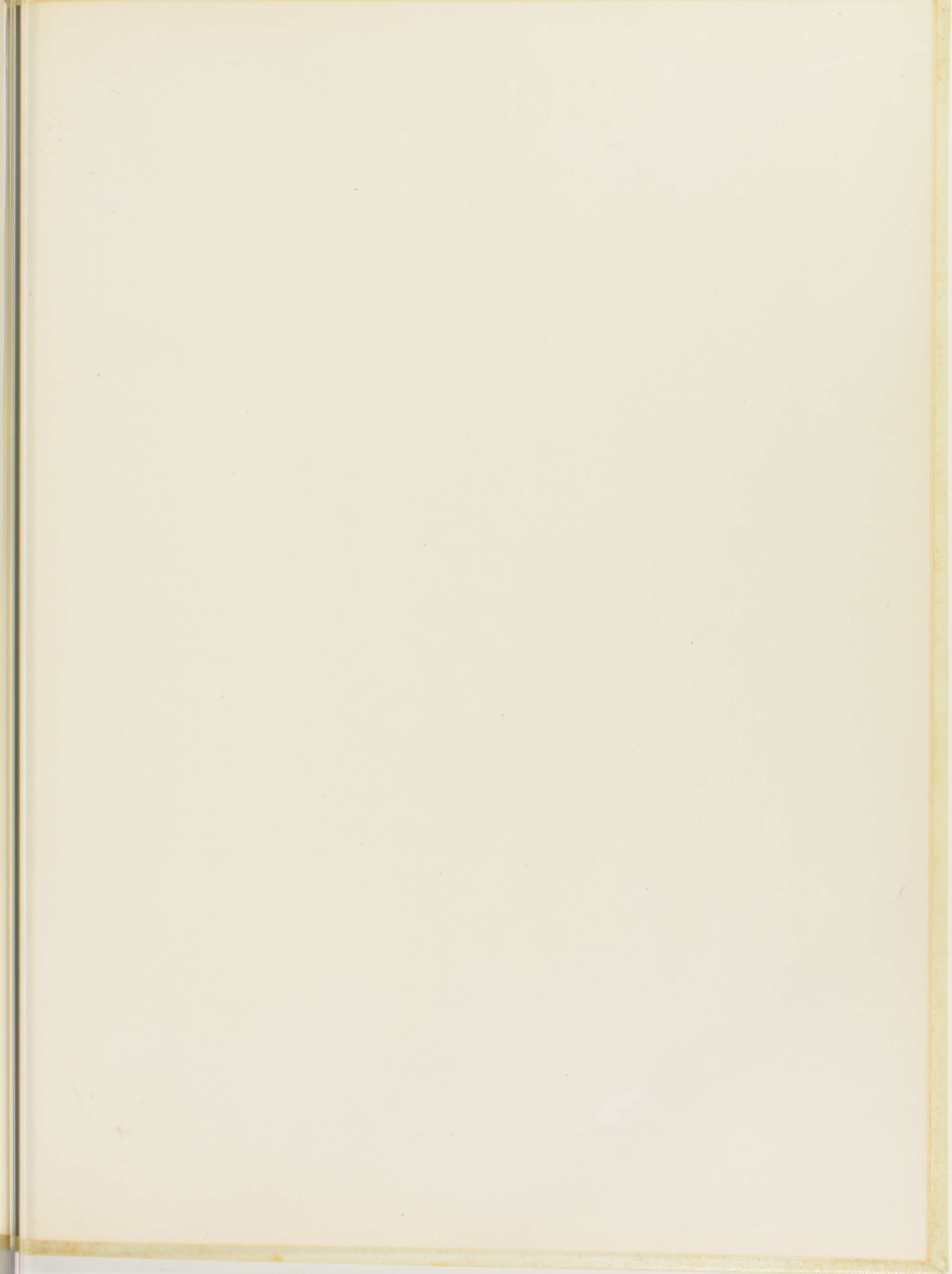
W. Clark Limited Prepared Foods

HARROW

ONTARIO



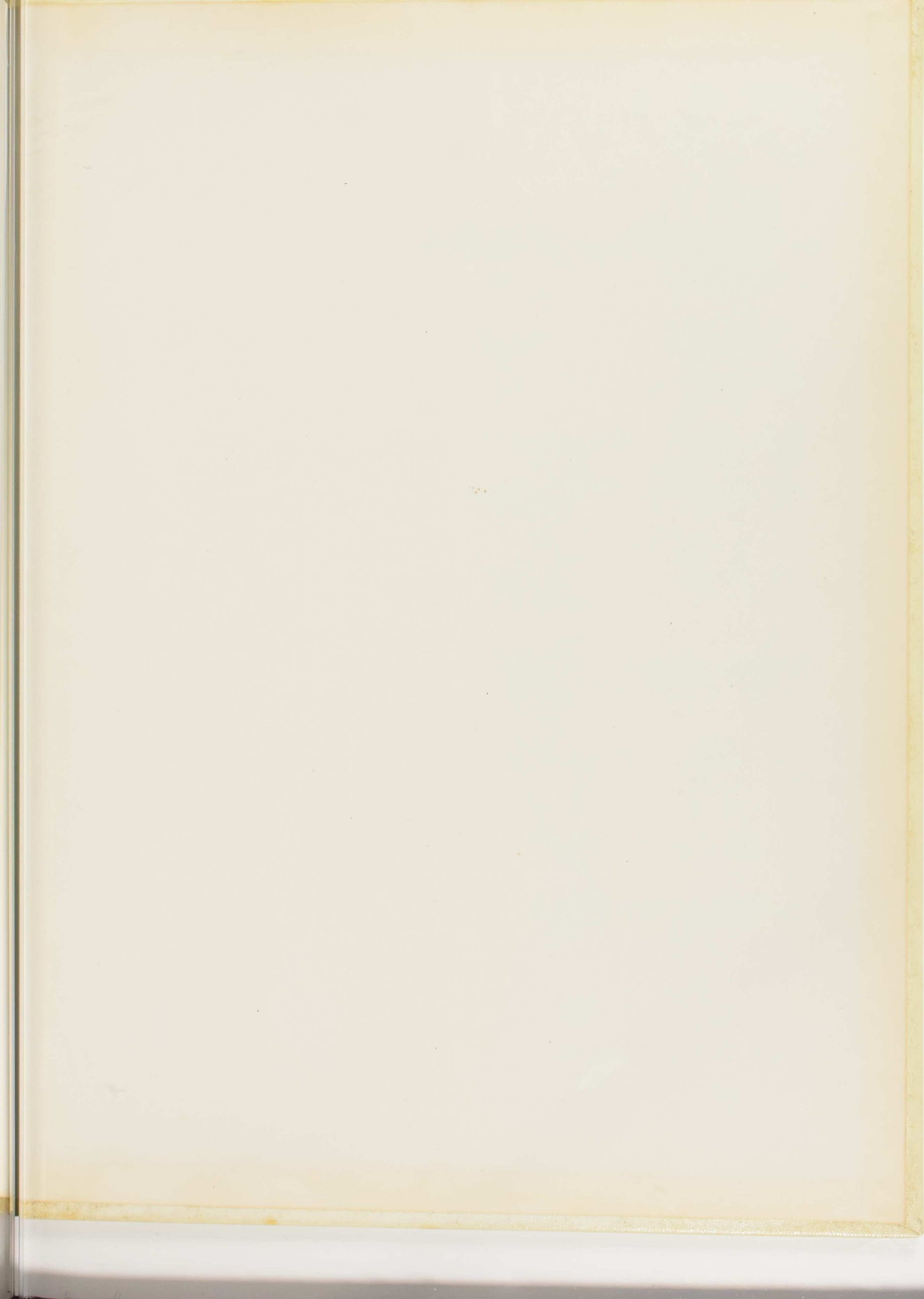
AUTOGRAPHS





KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI
TORONTO 1, ONTARIO

LITHO. IN U.S.A. BY YEARBOOK HOUSE



LEWIS & CLARK
KANSAS CITY