

BIBS AND BEANIES

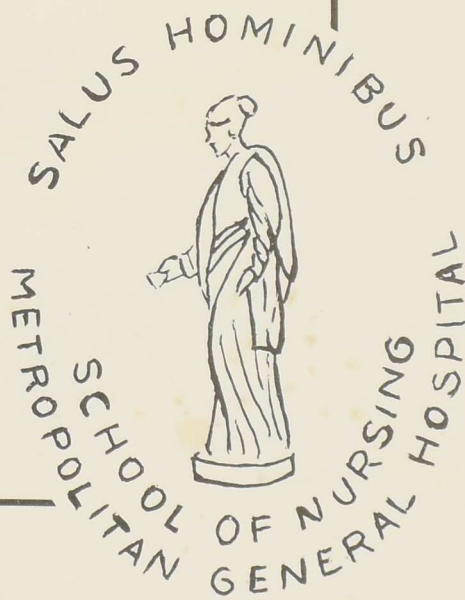
NINETEEN SIXTY FIVE



MISS KATHLEEN MODERWELL







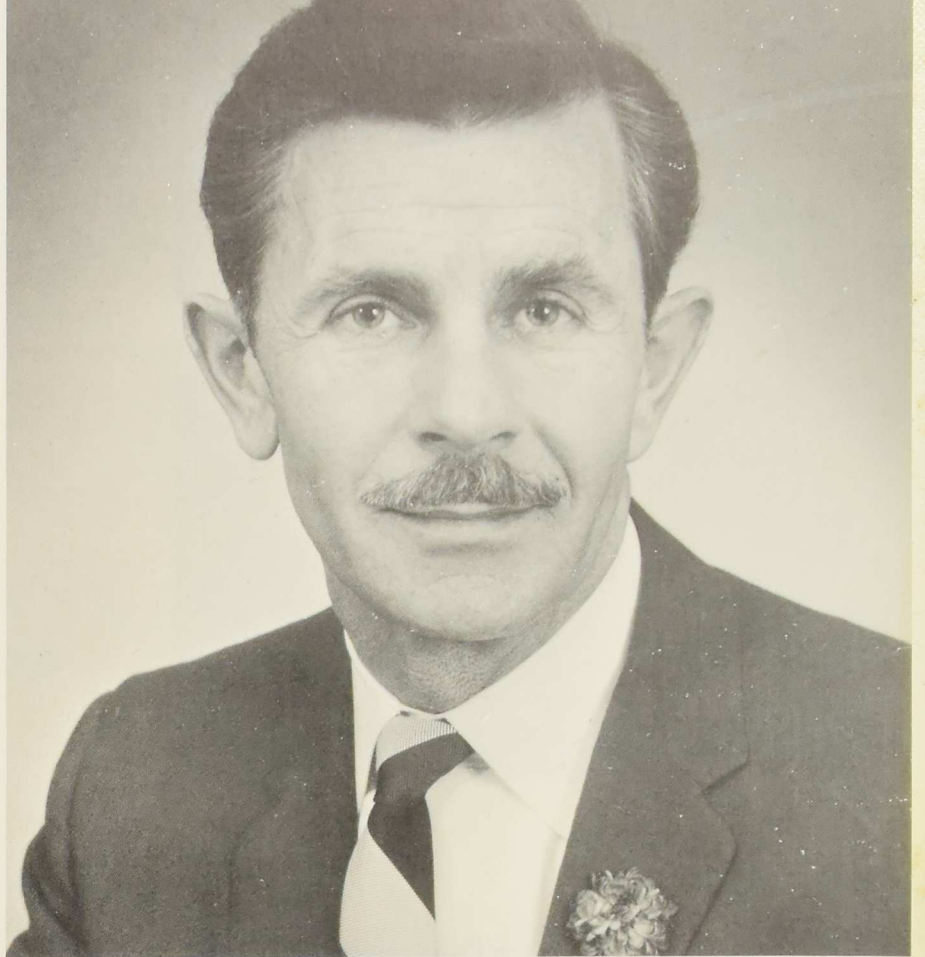
Bibs and Beanies

SCHOOL OF NURSING
METROPOLITAN GENERAL HOSPITAL
Windsor, Ontario

We gratefully dedicate Bibs and
Beanies '65 to the instructors who
helped to nourish our trees of
knowledge.



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It is a privilege for all those who receive "Bibs and Beanies" to share with you this memento of school and residence life. I know that the stories told within these covers, the friendships you have found, the loyalty and pride you have in your school and hospital, will continue long after you graduate.

My congratulations and sincere best wishes to the Class of '65 in the future that lies ahead.

Colin W. Griffiths,
A.C.H.A., M.R.S.H., A.H.A.
Administrator

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Director
of
Nursing Service

To all members of the graduating class of 1965 I wish to bring my best wishes for your future. Of each of you personally, I bear a fond remembrance. In considering what I might pass on to you which you might value, I came across this quotation:

“Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable! However, they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency made them give it up as unattainable.”

James B. Conant said: “Each honest calling, each walk of life, has its own elite, its own aristocracy based upon excellence of performance.”

Many nurses on the staff and faculty here have set high standards for others to follow. They expect and hope that you will accept this heritage.

Miss Dorothy M. Morgan

SCHOOL OF NURSING ADVISORY COMMITTEE

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Director

of

Nursing Education



To the Editor and Staff of "Bibs and Beanies", I extend my warmest congratulations for an excellent production.

To Lampadian—At the time of Sir Winston Churchill's death, the Press recalled many of the well known, emphatic and beloved quotations of this great man. One of them concerned an address he had made to a group of school boys, "Never give in. Never give in. Never, never, never, never, in nothing great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honor and good sense." The arrangement of these words is neither complicated or eloquent but the resultant message somehow typifies Churchill's life of uncompromising dignity. If we were to read these words without knowing who wrote them, we would not be quite so impressed. Coming from a man like Churchill however, we listen, we believe, and we are somehow inspired. The words were directed to a group of school boys, but they could have been just as easily directed to business men, the clergy, the armed forces, doctors, nurses, and countless others.

For all of you (especially the graduating class) I hope that those words have a personal meaning. You are approaching the time when you must accept the sole responsibility for your standards of nursing practice. You will find yourselves in situations that are "great or small, large or petty," and your conduct must be based on "convictions of honor and good sense." Failure does not necessarily imply a low score in examinations. It refers more accurately to the accepting of less than the best from yourselves—it refers to "giving in."

The influence of Sir Winston Churchill is incalculable but in your own way, your influence too will be incalculable. Regardless of what you stand for, your influence will touch the lives of all those with whom you come in contact.

Thank you for the privilege of working with you. May the future hold the very best for each of you.

Miss Kathleen Moderwell

History of the School

The Metropolitan General Hospital School of Nursing registered its first class on September 7, 1954. 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.

Our school is a separate department of the hospital with its own director. This differs from a traditional hospital nursing school in which the hospital depends on the students as staff for the full three years. In our "2 and 1" program, the first two years are spent partially in the classroom but also on the wards giving nursing care to patients under the guidance of instructors. The students are depended on for service in their third year only; therefore all student experience is arranged for its educational value, providing greater opportunity for patient-centered learning. Thus the student has more time for study, recreation and more time is available for learning the highest quality of nursing care in the ward situation. Relieved 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, she completes her basic undergraduate work, writes school exams and assumes responsibilities as a staff nurse in the hospital nursing service. This year, still under school guidance, augments and consolidates the experience of the first two years.

Ladies' Auxiliary

In January of this year, the afternoon and evening groups of the auxiliary merged to become one functioning unit. To the students of the school the auxiliary has come to have a special significance. Both at Hallowe'en and Christmas they have sponsored get-togethers at the residence for all the students and have this year donated a new automatic washing machine, a television and two new irons as Christmas gifts. Our diploma cases and corsages for graduation are also usually gifts from the auxiliary. Within the hospital their library cart and Hospitality Shop and Cart are familiar sights. The proceeds from auxiliary activities, such as the pre-Christmas Bazaar and Tea, are used to purchase equipment for the hospital as well. It was through the auxiliary that the tape recorder used in the hospital's In-service Training Program was made available.

Our Cap

Our cap is a distinctive one which had its design and origin in the very beginnings of Canadian nursing. Inspiration for the cap came from the skull cap, referred to as a beanie, worn by Jean Mance, who was one of the first Canadian nurses. First and second year students wear a navy blue skull cap with detachable white cuff. The cap without the cuff is worn during community visits. At commencement of the third year, the blue and white cap is replaced during a candle light capping ceremony with a similar cap all in white. Graduates wear the same all white cap.

Our Uniforms

Basically military in style and colour, the dress part of the uniform is navy with a double breasted row of white buttons and upstanding collar. It is a complete unit in itself and is worn without apron and bib for all classes, community visits and at meal times. The bib and apron, which button onto the dress, are strictly utilitarian in style and concept and are worn only for patient care. They are simply a means of dress protection.

Many people wonder how they can tell the difference between Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors. At first, it was not planned to have any distinction between the different years, in order to discourage the idea of rank and to maintain the difference as one of increased skill and knowledge. The students expressed the desire to have a distinguishing mark. Students going into their second year wear a badge on their left sleeve with the school motto and colours on it. Students going into their third year wear all white shoes and stockings as well as white cap.

Our Insignia

Our insignia appears on our crest, school pin and ring. The figure represents Hygenia, 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 motto "Salus Hominibus" in literal translation means "health and well-being for all men".

Alumnae

Composed of graduates of the school, members of the alumnae meet monthly in the residence. Their activities this year included a "toy raising" campaign at Christmas for needy children and the Metro Ball held in February. It is usually the alumnae also who sponsor a graduation banquet in June at which the graduates are presented with year pins. The students of the school are both proud of and grateful for the backing of the alumnae.



The Faculty

Mrs. Jean Echlin, Reg. N., D.N.Ed.

Instructor in Medical-Surgical Nursing

Miss Patricia Lord, Reg. N., B.Sc.N.

Instructor in Health Education and Medical-Surgical Nursing

Miss Jean Armitage, Reg. N.

Junior Clinical Instructor in Medical-Surgical Nursing

Miss Patricia McGee, Reg. N., B.Sc.N.

Instructor in Fundamentals of Nursing and Medical-Surgical Nursing

Miss Clasina Stokvis, Reg. N., S.C.M., M.T.D.

Instructor in Maternal and Child Care (Obstetrical Nursing)

Miss Patricia Rogers, Reg. N.

Clinical Instructor in Operating Room Technique

Mrs. Lyla Hubbs, Reg. N., D.N.Ed.

Instructor in Maternal and Child Care (Paediatric Nursing)

Miss Kathleen Moderwell, Reg. N., B.Sc.N.

Director, School of Nursing

Instructor in Sociology, History of Nursing
and Contemporary Nursing

Miss Anne Sawchuk, Reg. N., D.N.Ed.

Instructor in Psychiatric Nursing

..... In Off Duty Hours



Graduation Preparations



Getting dressed . . .



Receiving cuff links from her granddaughter.



Don't stick me!



In the "Gray Room".



Ready at last.



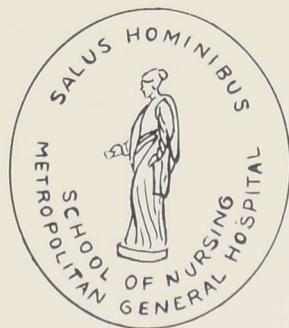
SCHOOL OF NURSING

METROPOLITAN GENERAL

HOSPITAL

GRADUATION

1965



CHAIRMAN **Mr. Colin W. Griffiths,**
A.C.H.A., M.R.S.H., A.H.A.
 Administrator

INVOCATION **Rev. Gordon W. Butt, B.A.**
 Victoria United Church

WELCOME **Mr. W. R. Mitchell, B.Sc.C.E., P.Eng.**
 Chairman, Board of Governors

CITY OF WINDSOR **Mayor John Wheelton, B.A., Q.C.**

CONFERRING OF PINS AND DIPLOMAS

Presentation of Class **Miss Dorothy M. Morgan,**
B.A., Reg.N., B.Sc.N., M.B.A.,
 Director, Nursing Service

Conferring of Pins **Miss Kathleen Moderwell,**
Reg.N., B.Sc.N.,
 Director, School of Nursing

Conferring of Diplomas **Mrs. A. T. Dickenson,**
 (Case, Gift of Auxiliary) President, Metropolitan General
 Hospital Auxiliary

Special Gift by Auxiliary **Mrs. C. T. Ledgley,**
 Student Adviser, Metropolitan General
 Hospital Auxiliary

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

ADDRESS **Miss Margaret McLean, Reg.N., B.Sc.N.A.M.,**
 Consultant, Hospital Nursing Department
 National Health and Welfare

VALEDICTORY **Miss Joan Ellis**

O CANA

USHERS — SCHOOL OF NURSING

AWARDS

BOARD OF GOVERNORS' MEDAL Miss Sharon Fee
Awarded for General Proficiency
Presented by Mr. W. R. Mitchell, B.Sc.C.E., P.Eng.

JEAN WINDELER AWARD Miss Marion Carrell
Awarded for High Academic Achievement
and Nursing Practice, and Jointly
Sponsored by Dr. E. C. H. Windeler
and the Women's Auxiliary
Presented by Mrs. S. S. Black
Past President, Metropolitan General
Hospital Auxiliary

METROPOLITAN GENERAL HOSPITAL
AUXILIARY AWARD Miss Joan Butcher
Awarded for Post-Graduate Study
Presentation by Mrs. A. T. Dickenson

SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNAE AWARD Miss Joan Butcher
Awarded for Post-Graduate Study
Presentation by Mrs. J. Pacuta, Reg.N.,
President, Alumnae Association

SENIOR MARY GRANT SOCIETY
Ada Lackner Scholarship for General
Proficiency in Maternal and Child Care Miss Elizabeth Scott
Presentation by Mrs. Charles McGinty
President, Senior Mary Grant Society

MEDICAL STAFF AWARD Miss Mary Gibb
Bursary for Post-Graduate Study
Presentation by G. H. Sheperd, B.A., M.D.,
Chief of Medical Staff

NURSING ALUMNAE



DONNA MAXINE MARIE BAILLIE
Chibougamau, Quebec

"Behind those sleepy eyes,
A head full of ideas."



CAROL JOYCE BURBRIDGE
Riverside, Ontario

"A true friend, far
more precious than
gold."



ELAINE JOAN BUTCHER
Oldcastle, Ontario

"Quiet in manner but steadfast
in spirit."

MARION JESSIE CARRELL
Windsor, Ontario

"Oh, for a day with twenty-
six hours in it."



SHARON ELIZABETH CLARK
Windsor, Ontario

"Woe would be life without
a man."



MARGARET MAY (NELSON) DUNN
Brampton, Ontario

"The best things in life
are found in pairs."



MARY JOAN ELLIS
Essex, Ontario

"All is possible to those
who seek."



FAITH CAROLINE ENNS
Maidstone, Ontario

"To love and be loved is the
greatest gift of all."



SHARON LESLEY FEE
Greenwood, Nova Scotia

"Experience is not what happens
to you; it is what you do with
what happens to you."

ANNA FERBER
Windsor, Ontario

"All things come to those
who wait."



MARY GRACE GIBB
Windsor, Ontario

"Watch that sparkle in her eyes —
It may kindle a fire!"



MARGO LYNNE HAGER
Windsor, Ontario

"Happiness is going out tonight
and a day off tomorrow."



JEAN MARIE JETHS
River Canard, Ontario

"Life is like a sea on which we sail —
A storm is always followed by a calm."



JOAN ELIZABETH KISSNER
Kingsville, Ontario

"Is it true that blondes
have more fun?"



SHEILA MAY KRATZ
Kingsville, Ontario

"Mighty people come in
small packages."

SHARON SUE KROKOS
Windsor, Ontario

"God bless the man who
invented weekends."



JUANITA ANNIE LOZINSKI
Windsor, Ontario

"Live, love and be gay,
For tomorrow is a working
day!"



BARBARA ANN MACKEIGAN
Windsor, Ontario

"Nothing under the sky is quite
as fascinating as a man — unless
it's two men!"



SANDRA JANE MACKENZIE
Windsor, Ontario

"Laughter is the best medicine."



MARGARET ANN MARCHAND
Windsor, Ontario

"Anything but temptation is easy
to resist!"



ANNA ROSE MATES
Harrow, Ontario

"Hath she not the innocent
look?"

MARGRETH NEUFELD
Wheatley, Ontario

"It is better to burn the candle at both ends and in the middle, too, than to put it away in the closet and let the mice eat it."



SHIRLEY ANNE NEUMAN
Kingsville, Ontario

"There can be no happiness if the things we believe in are different from the things we do."

MARY MARGARET RODIE
Windsor, Ontario

"A little bit of nonsense brightens even the rainiest day."





ELIZABETH EVELYN SCOTT
Windsor, Ontario

"To live is good. To live vividly
is better. To live vividly together
is best."

PENNELOPE JANE SELLON
Leamington, Ontario

"Footsteps in the sands of time
Were never made by sitting down."



ELEANOR MARGARET SPICER
Chatham, Ontario

"A Scotsman is her heart's desire."



CONSTANCE JOAN WALPER
Windsor, Ontario

“Life is the art of drawing
without an eraser.”



GWENDOLYN CAROL WHITE
Windsor, Ontario

“ ’Tis love they say that makes
the world go round.”



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I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown", and he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God—that shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way."

Remember When?

Graduating Class In 1962

Top: R. Behr, G. Blaauw, M. Nelson, P. Sellon, E. Spicer, M. Carrell, C. Burbridge, S. MacKenzie, E. Scott, G. White, J. Jeths, J. Lozinski, S. Krokos, M. Baillie. **Middle:** C. Walper, A. Mates, C. McKeon, S. Clark, S. Neuman, M. Neufeld, J. Ellis, M. Rodie. **Bottom:** F. Enns, M. Gibb, S. Fee, A. Ferber, B. MacKeigan, J. Kissner, M. Marchand, M. Hager, J. Butcher.



Having completed her two years of basic study, the student now faces her third, or internship, year. This transition and the assumption of greater responsibility, is symbolized by the candle light capping ceremony in which the blue and white cap is relinquished for the all white cap.

She comes alone from the darkness into the light of the taper. Standing momentarily, she removes her blue cap as Miss Morgan, Director of Nursing Service, replaces it with the white cap. From the flame of the candle held by Miss Moderwell, Director of the School, she lights her candle. As she takes her place in line, twenty-nine candles burn brightly. To each comes a moment when responsibility is felt, purpose is realized and ambition relived. Armed with the knowledge and love of service, each is confident of fulfilling her task.



Valedictory Address

Graduation at last! In the eleven year history of this Metropolitan School of Nursing, there have been many graduations. Each one was special to only a few, but this particular one seems not only special but a momentous occasion to us, the graduating class of 1965. Today, on behalf of the graduates, I have the rather difficult task of saying farewell, to the faculty, doctors, nursing staff, and students of our school—this school which has been the centre of our lives for three years.

How well we remember that day—September 4, 1962, when we came to this school of nursing, some from distant places—Quebec and Nova Scotia—some from the bordering towns of Chatham, Essex, Kingsville, Leamington, Amherstburg, and Harrow to join our classmates in this new home at 2240 Kildare Road. Some of us mounted those front steps of the residence with the picture in our minds of the nurse in a crisp white uniform and with a confident bearing, one whom we thought did nothing more than soothe the fevered brows of the ill. How disillusioned we were to become. We did not realize that in the three years ahead there would be times of such complete frustration that we would long for home and the feeling of security we had always found there. But how thankful we are today for our school and the new nursing and educational outlook we have received under Miss Moderwell as its director. How valuable now, we know, were those early days of study, learning the highest quality of nursing care in ward situations. How interesting were those lectures in classroom, studying microbiology, pharmacology, psychology, anatomy and physiology and other subjects. We wrote down every word that was given, until our notes seemed to be as inexhaustible as the Encyclopedia Britannica itself. Under the careful guidance and instruction of our teachers, we learned to recognize and care for the physical, emotional, and spiritual needs of our patients. We later learned to accept responsibility in dealing with medications and treatments. We will never forget our first day on the wards. There we saw the true side of nursing and had to do our utmost to correlate theory and practice. With larger enthusiasm and growing interest we could see the great field of nursing opening to us.

That second year was also interesting, as we had the opportunity to observe Community Health and Welfare services, the Victorian Order of Nurses work, Public Health Nursing in the Schools, various clinics, and Red Cross work. We spent sometime that year also in specialized fields—Obstetrics, Pediatrics, and in the Psychiatric ward where we gained that deeper insight into the nurse-patient relationship with the mentally ill. Then we remember that first day in the Operating Room of the hospital where we saw the dramatic world and skills of the surgeons.

To most of us our final year has been our most challenging year. At last we wore white shoes! Now the vision of the white caps became a reality. How well we remember that ceremony when Miss Morgan placed on our heads our new white caps, symbolizing and accepting us into nursing service. We lighted our candle, from that of our director—Miss Moderwell symbolizing the knowledge we had received in the past two years, and lighting our way to the

interning year. This third year gave us the opportunity to develop judgment, to bear real responsibility and to organize work to meet the total ward situation. How proud we were to accept the title "Assistant Head Nurse" even briefly.

With this Graduation, we find our three years drawing to a close. As we look back over the experiences, many memories stand out—our first bed bath, our first injection, the joy of encouraging the first faltering steps of a polio patient, the lump in our throats as we carolled through the hospital wards at Christmas time, the thrill of capping—all preparing us for this, our graduation day. These are some of the things we will never forget.

And now in gratitude to all those who have made this day possible, we would give a special word of tribute to the doctors for the many times you paused from your work to explain what you were doing and why; to the hospital staff who have helped us change from timid students to young graduates in the nursing profession we offer a grateful "Thank You".

We recognize a great indebtedness to our instructors especially, whose talents and energies prepared us for this, the culmination of our nursing education. To them we extend our most sincere thanks.

We would acknowledge today the debt we owe to our parents, who have so unselfishly made sacrifices in order to help us. Without their love too, in words and letters, these years could not have been possible, and so, we offer our sincere thanks and trust that we will be worthy of your faith in us.

A word to the Junior Class of 1967. This is your first graduation and you will never forget it. Hold fast to the vision before you. It is close within your reach. In Matthew, Chapter 17, Verse 20, remember it is written—"If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing shall be impossible unto you".

To the Intermediate Class of 1966—"Our Little Sisters", "to those who come after". Remember that one day someone said to us "to those who come after" and now here we are! Do your best to continue on to reach the goal.

Now to my classmates—we have been so close, closer than friends, not only have we worked and played, laughed and cried together, but we have grown up together and that makes us more like sisters. Today we see again the vision of the ideal nurse. We are now wearing the crisp white uniforms and caps, and we, I trust, feel confident to face the future. Today as we pause and look at the road ahead, we see a widening horizon with many out-branching roads. This signifies, no doubt, separation from each other. But let us keep before us one of the first facts we learned in nursing—"Nursing is a service to the individual". So, let us go forth with a high purpose in our hearts to lighten the burdens of those whom we meet on the pathway of life. Demands, we know will be made upon us—physical, emotional, and spiritual, but if meeting and answering these to the best of our ability and with strength and power from God, we know that our lives will be worthwhile. Let us ever uphold the dignity and prestige of the Nursing Profession.

Miss Joan Ellis

Whom Do You Recognize?

Turn to page 68 for names.







Class Prophecy

The residence had changed little in appearance in the five years since I had last seen it. Now the class of '65 had returned for a day to see old friends and talk over the happenings of the past few years. There had been many letters sent and plans made to make possible this reunion and we were all quite excited about the idea.

Barely had I opened the front door, than I was met by Gwen and Margie Marchand, both of whom had helped organize our day. Margie told me she was working presently at I.O.D.E. Hospital and since graduation had married a fellow she had known for several years. Gwen, too, was married and kept a household of two preschoolers and two poodles. We continued into the Grey Room where I found Sharon Clark, now Mrs. Stan Dunn, and Sandy Mackenzie. Sharon, it turned out had recently returned to Windsor from Hamilton and was in the process of redecorating their new home. Sandy also was on a home decorating spree. She had met an interesting, tall engineer while in London and was planning a fall wedding. It wasn't long before other members of the class began to arrive and the Grey room began to buzz with animated conversation. In talking with Joan Kissner, I learned that she had settled happily in Windsor with a high school teacher whom she had met on a mid-winter Bermuda. Carol joined us, looking as if motherhood was made for her. Montreal also agreed with her it seemed and she enjoyed living there with her banker-husband. As I turned to talk with several others who had just come in, I barely missed hitting Anne. Anne was living in Chatham where her husband was employed with a land survey firm and she was working two days a week at the hospital there.

Arrangements had been made for a buffet supper to be served downstairs and with the announcement that all was ready, we began to vacate the Grey Room. Over the meal, which was delicious, I sat talking with Juanita, Mary, Sharon Krokos and Eleanor. Mary had graduated from the University of Windsor and had migrated west to Calgary where she became a supervisor in the O.R. She also admitted an interest in a certain well-to-do oilman who had appeared on the scene. Juanita meanwhile was living it up in Montreal with several eligible dates but not yet ready to decide on anyone special. At present Sharon was living with her husband Don and three children in Fort Worth, Texas, after having just returned from a two year tour of the Middle East where Don had been stationed. Eleanor, now also married and living in Windsor, was planning her second trip to Scotland and was understandably excited.

Over to one side of the room Mickey was entertaining with her version of some of her students first reactions to hospital situations. After postgraduate study, she had gone into teaching and was presently on the staff of a Detroit hospital. Barb had several amusing incidents to relate about her experiences on the male surgical units where she had worked prior to her marriage to a newspaperman. Betty told us about some of the places she had lived in the past few years. Having landed herself one of the tall, handsome Ontario Provincial Policemen, Betty had moved from Windsor to Sudbury and Timmins and was now living just outside Toronto. Working part time on a pediatric unit there and taking care of her three small sons at home kept her quite busy. Joan Butcher filled us in on some of the aspects of V.O.N. work as well as her forthcoming marriage. Sarnia, it seems, hadn't been too far after all!

Over coffee I learned from Joan Ellis that she was at present employed by the Department of Health and Welfare in the remoter areas of northern Ontario and Manitoba, as a travelling midwife. It was, she admitted, a rewarding but physically exhausting role. Sheila was working at Grace Hospital here in Windsor and, it was rumoured, had her eye on a certain eligible interne there. Despite her being the mother of two preschoolers, Marion managed to look as calm and unhurried as ever. Once her children started school, she said that she planned on resuming work on a part time basis but at present had enough at home to keep her well occupied. Also adapting well to the housewife-mother role, was Marie. She and Terry, along with their three daughters and a dog and cat, were visiting for a few days in the Windsor area and would be shortly returning to their home in Hamilton.

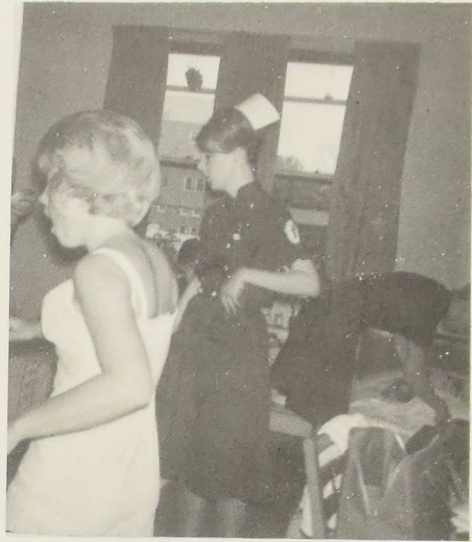
Faith and Connie were busily discussing the pros and cons of building their own homes. Both were quite tired of apartment living—Faith with her growing family and Connie just newly married. Anna was enjoying her position as a staff nurse in one of the large Chicago hospitals and seemed as animated as ever, Margo, now married to a business manager, told us about her new home in Barrie, where she had moved shortly after graduation. It sounded wonderful. Shirley was another of the class who had left the Windsor area—she was living in Kitchener and enjoying every minute of it.

Several of the girls had brought snapshots with them. Marg Neufeld proudly displayed her small but growing family as well as of her new home in Toronto. Marg Dunn showed us photos of her set of twins. She and her husband had recently moved to Vancouver and were enjoying the change. Sharon Fee also had pictures of the west coast where she had spent the past two years in one of the semi-isolated outpost hospitals. Jean had travelled widely as a ship's nurse on several cruise ships but was now planning on settling down near Ottawa with an accountant whom she had met in the Caribbean.

Almost before we realized it, the evening had gone and it was time again for us to be heading our separate ways. Just as I was about to go, whom should I see but Penny. True to her word she had remained single—that is, up until now, for the sparkle on the finger of her left hand told the rest. It was a day that I'm sure none of us would forget and perhaps sometime in the future we would be given the chance for another reunion. The stories then might be even more interesting!



After work



I did not!



It could be . . .



The circulating nurse?



I always do it this way.



What'y mean?



Well, you see . . .



Bell's invention.



Remember that Feb. snow?



Ready for inspection!

What They're Famous For

Marie Baillie	washing her hair
Carol Burbridge	selling yearbook ads to doctors
Joan Butcher	a great interest in Sarnia
Marion Carrell	an unhurried manner
Sharon Clark	shopping in Detroit
Joan Ellis	impersonations
Faith Enns	only how many more days?
Sharon Fee	"submarines" (sandwiches), hit the spot
Anna Ferber	a long bus ride to work
Mary Gibb	saving money
Margo Hager	trips to the C.N.I.B. canteen
Jean Jeths	apartment living is the life
Joan Kissner	But I don't have anything to wear!
Sheila Kratz	Tst! They did!
Sharon Krokos	only her hairdresser knows for sure
Juanita Lozinski	a well trained eyebrow
Barbara MacKeigan	What's it to you?
Sandy Mackenzie	her "dippy" duck
Marg Marchand	"Cindy"
Anne Mates	"Can't you hear my heart beat?"
Marg (Nelson) Dunn	from the Marines, with love
Marg Neufeld	"As tears go by"
Shirley Neuman	oil paintings
Mickel Rodie	hairdos
Penny Sellon	batting her eyelashes
Betty Scott	wanted by the O.P.P.
Eleanor Spicer	a trip to Scotland
Connie Walper	George and giggles
Gwen White	"I'll never find another you"



"Last fling" party.



I need both!



Trying to sleep?



Capping



Lunch in the change room



Aw, you guys!



Whad'y mean I can't!



Grand daughters and little sisters



Day off



Achievement



Smiley



Move over, Beethoven!



Living out?



I give up!

Last Will and Testament

Marie Baillie: The pleasures of living out.
Carol Burbridge: One crash diet.
Joan Butcher: A dog named "hormone".
Marion Carrell: One can of hair spray.
Sharon Clark: Trips to Toronto.
Marg (Nelson) Dunn: Supper for two.
Joan Ellis: An art gallery.
Faith Enns: Extension 307 at the "Y".
Sharon Fee: Long trips home.
Anna Ferber: One piano and lessons.
Mary Gibb: A sterile field.
Margo Hager: Empty Coke bottles.
Jean Jeths: Secrets.
Joan Kissner: 12 dozen gold matches.
Sheila Kratz: N.H.L. ticket stubs.
Sharon Krokos: Tipped hair.
Juanita Lozinski: Feather comforters.
Barb MacKeigan: One cold hot water bottle.
Sandy MacKenzie: Hootenannies and singing in the bathtub.
Marg Marchand: Cardboard boxes.
Anne Mates: An empty cookie jar.
Shirley Neuman: '53 blue Pontiac.
Marg Neufeld: Calorie counters.
Mickey Rodie: One "wig".
Penny Sellon: One backyard swing.
Betty Scott: A Florida vacation.
Eleanor Spicer: A trip to Scotland.
Connie Walper: Her frilly mirror.
Gwen White: "Bees."

Remember These ?



Campus weekend



Impromptu class meeting



Half way party



1964 fashion show



Variety show



Hallowe'en party

The following song was sung at the "last fling" party by the Junior class and holds a special place in our memories.

LINGER

Mmm I want to linger
Mmm a little longer
Mmm a little longer with you.

Mmm it's such a perfect night
Mmm it doesn't seem quite right
Mmm that it should be my last with you.

Mmm and come September
Mmm I will remember
Mmm our nursing days and friendships true.

Mmm and as the years go by
Mmm I'll think of you and sigh
Mmm this is good-night and not good-bye.

Mmm I want to linger
Mmm a little longer
Mmm a little longer with you.



Janet Baker: I've got another hive!

Judy Bennet: Which one is on the phone this time?

Mary Bezaire: Wheee!

Rita Braun: If it's soft and cuddly—it must be a cat.

Wendy Burbridge: Oh, that's really nice!

Judy Burns: Didn't I get a letter? That stupid mailman!

Marg Carriere: Another assignment?

Marjorie Charron: Where's the sagital suture?

Linda Elgar: Whoop, whoop, whoop!

Sally Young: Long distance



Class

of

'66

Cheryl Foubert: Anybody got a cigarette?

Sue Jin: I don't know!

Kathy Kelly: Please never mention packing!

Judy Konopaski: So soft spoken.

Ellen Metcalfe: My name's Ellen Metcalfe and I'm here to cause trouble.

Karen Moody: Anybody seen Sharon?

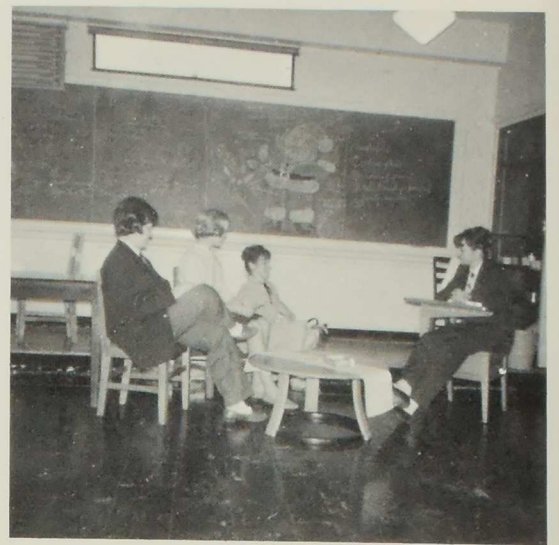
Sharon Nussio: My hair's thicker!

Elma Toews: If you **Don't** mind!

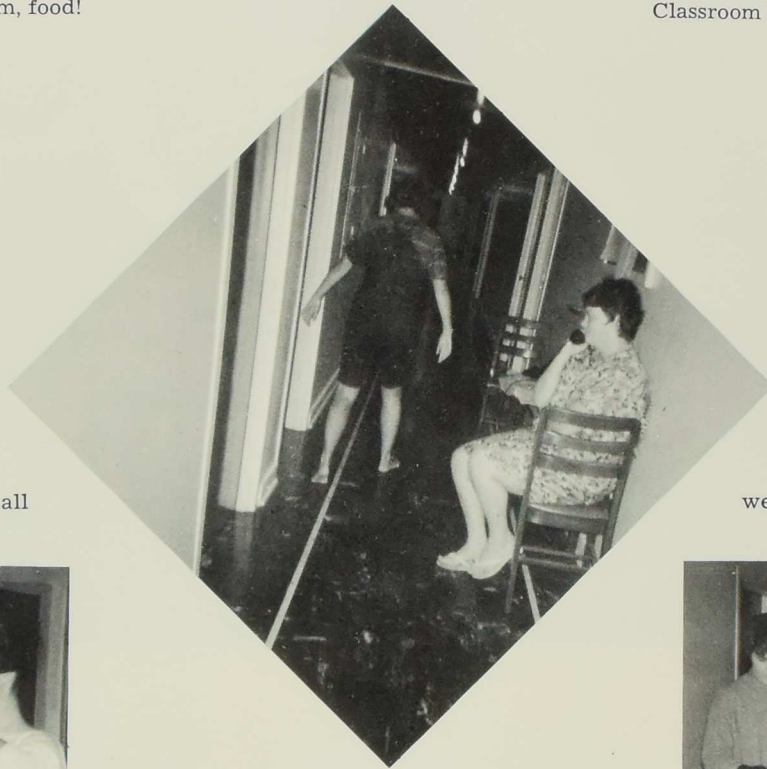
Mary Wojtowicz: I'm not going—I don't have to.



Mmm, food!



Classroom learning?



I'm all

wet!



For appearance's sake.



After hours . . .



Stepping out.



Smoke gets in your eyes . . .



I know I left it here somewhere.



Oh, no!



Pookie . . .



and owner.



And then she said . . .



An evening out.



Relaxing



Impromptu dance lesson.



Bottoms

up!



And so to bed.



Hey, you guys!



And the party went on . . .



I don't want my picture taken!



Grandmothers



Smile pretty



Caught you this time!



That important call.



Chew much tobacco?

“WHERE”

Beyond the wards,
Between the walls,
It shakes the boards,
It echoes in the hall:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

The day breaks through,
The night recalls
The top that blew
And the rumble in the hall:
 It's laughter noise and song.

In the morning walk
The eyes are dim,
Moans and groans are talk
But all you hear within:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

The thoughts of the morning
Come flashing so new,
Of the teachers' warnings
And all of the work that we have to do:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

The meals so cheerful
Are always eaten,
The cooks have an earful
And gravy train can't be beaten:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

Through all of the messes
And all the mistakes,
We face all the stresses
But stand firm in our place:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

The evening comes gradually
And all is released,
The lights dim eventually
And then finally—peace:
 It's laughter, noise and song.

Who causes the laughter
And makes all the noise,
Where the song flows after
And all are interested in boys,
Where the spirit needs renewing
And work needs to be done,
Where food is worth chewing
And there's always some fun?

Well,
When worst comes to worst
You can always depend,
On Met Student Nurses
For a means to an end.

Rita Braun



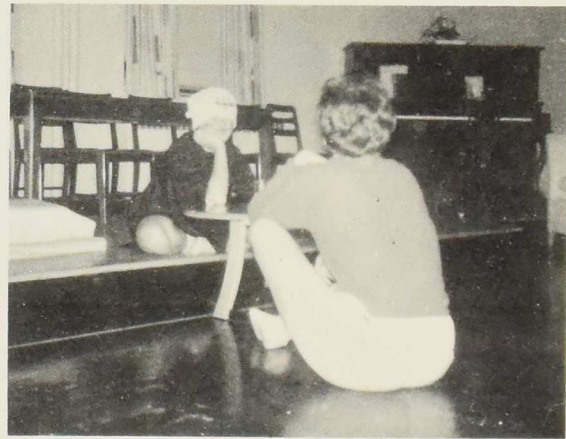
Seniors' first pay cheque



Bet you couldn't do it, either!



That's right!



I see in your future . . .



The well dressed intermediate



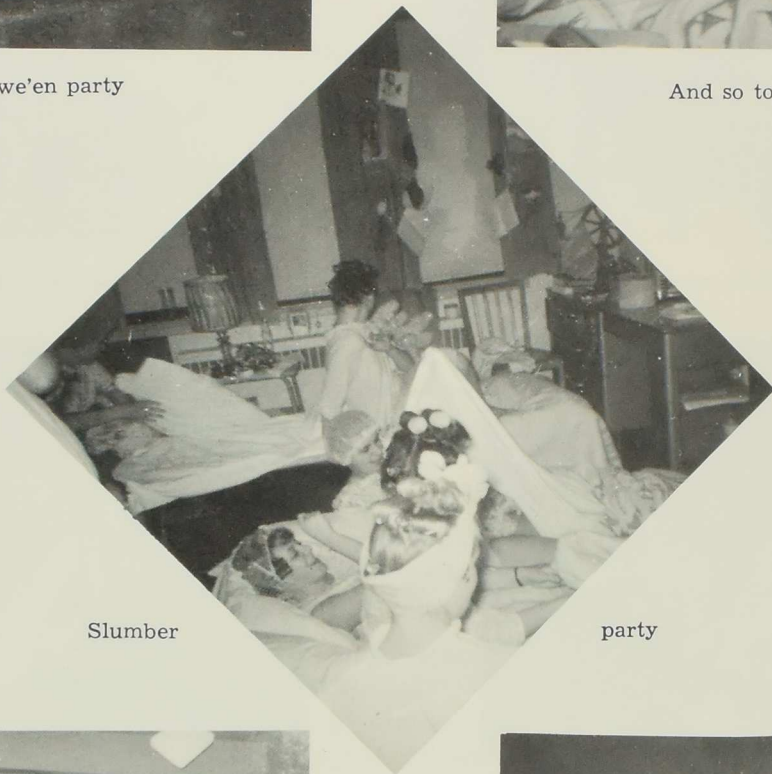
Well, now . . .



Hallowe'en party



And so to sleep . . .



Slumber

party



Classroom learning?



Student nurses are neat, etc.

Class of '67

REMEMBRANCE DAYS

Do you remember when we were high school students involved in making the decision of our life? All of us, after varying degrees of thought and effort, became a part of this great institution.

It was September 10, 1964 when we all arrived porting luggage and worried faces. Moving in was painless and we met our new "big sisters". Together we became adjusted to our new home and we began to become a part of each other. By giving and taking, by working and playing, friendships began to form on the base of inner knowledge. Through the various entertainment nights, we learned to accept others as they are in fun as well as in seriousness.

October 21 brought the long awaited packages from the uniform manufacturer. With the stampede of feet and the tearing of boxes, our uniforms stared at us, once again bringing our challenge to light. After all alterations were done, all of us worshipped together at our annual corporate church service.

November showed us the real picture of nursing. We all saw it and thought it very expressive and worth our energies. Together we worked, studied, lived and played as our friendships grew deeper.

No one will ever forget our Christmas party with our rendition of "Rudolf, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, deer, deer, deer". As the new year evolved, we lost a very cherished teacher, friend and counsellor. She will never be forgotten as her words of wisdom and guidance are constantly drawn on.

Social life became active in the year of '65. The monthly dances were enjoyed by those who attended and March 12 provided a warm, semi-formal prom entitled "Fantasia". Amidst the marine decor, none could help but enjoy themselves. Interschool sports activities were begun and heralded the evolution of a new bond of co-operation. Co-operation was displayed in another way during the big snowfall. Then real team work provided a calm and friendly abode for weary workers.

As February drifted into March, the chocolate sale began and ended on a very profitable note. Our sweatshirts were selected and arrived. Now, although the newness has been washed out of them, their pride still shines through. For our grandmothers, March ended in their "last fling" party. They entertained us with songs, games and a parade of fashions. After this, we all sang our good-byes.

During our first six months, we profited from numerous classroom sessions including lectures, special speakers and projects. Here may we thank all those whom we remember in our backward glimpses; our family, friends and faculty without whose assistance we could not hope to reveal some of the future's secrets or gain our goals. Thank you for giving of yourselves.

Class of '67



Hallowe'en pranks



Deer, deer, deer

Party time



Let's sing out!



Pals



Car wash '64.



I got it tonight.



This is studying?



Taking life easy.



Surprise!



Just strummin' a song.



Slave labour.



Hiding



Getting ready.



Over you go!



Let's talk it over.



See, I found it.



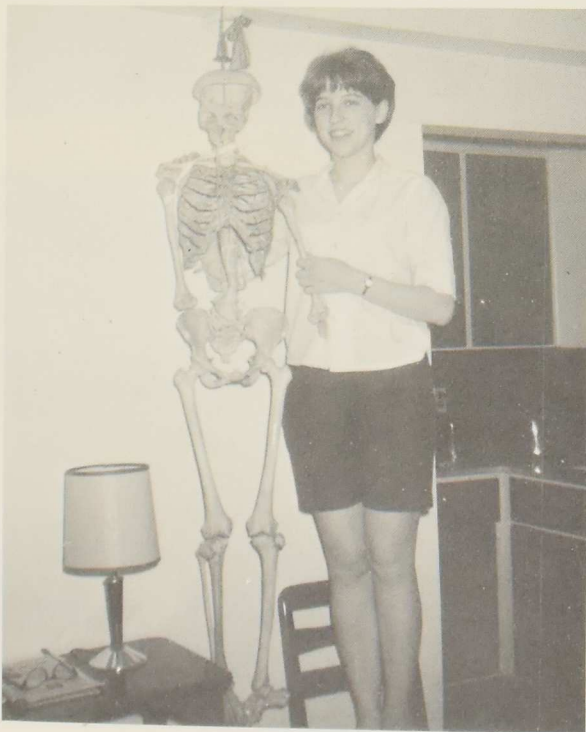
Are you measuring?



Studying



Now wait a minute!



Me and my pal.



Signing out.



The easy life.



I'll get back before you!



How many can she hold?



Serious card playing.



Taking it off or putting it on?



I'm hiding.



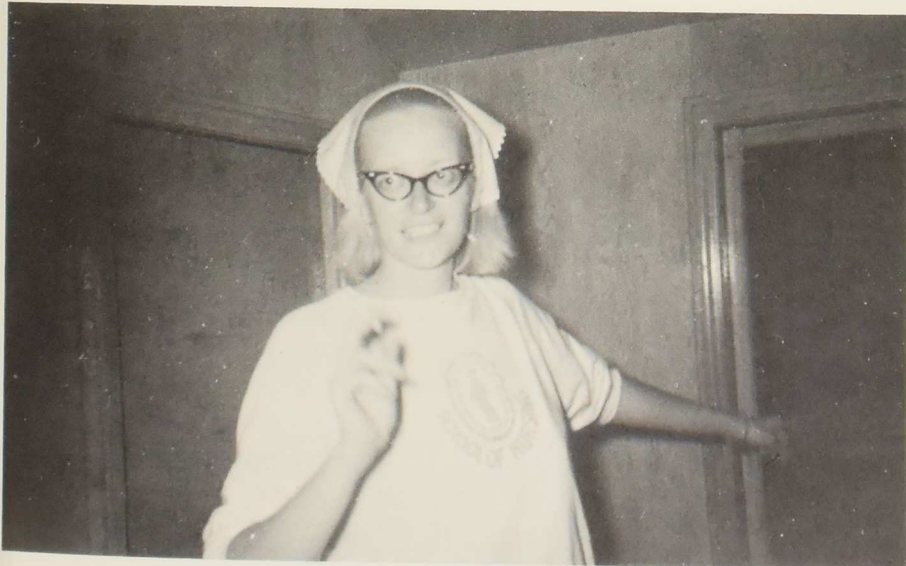
You're up to something . . .



Exercising?



So this is your roommate.



I put it in there.



Going somewhere?



Susy Ardiel: The “bunny” who learned that Dr. Schulde’s “back up” really meant “stand up”.

Katie Baker: Getting up at 7:40 to be on the wards at 7:50, after knitting all night.

Marilyn Bondy: Bleeder of the laundromat, Her laundry comes back red.

Patsy Booth: Patsy, you’re the only “girl” in my life.

June Brechow: The giant in our kitchen sink.

Laurie Bunnie: Down the hill, here she cruises, Here comes Laurie with a bunch of bruises.

Jean Dowdell: The girl who monopolizes the phone on the 1st floor.

Sharon Girling: “Sherlock” Girling, house detective.

Michelle Guittard: Her golden hill-billy tones reverberate through the halls every night at 11:00.

Gloria Hasson: Now I lay me down to sleep and from the halls I hear, “You creeps!”

Mary Lou Hickson: So quiet and shy but get her going and then—oh, my!

Elaine Humphry: I hear that Elaine does most of her studying around Riverside Drive. (Wonder what she studies?)

Marlene Jackieu: Marlene’s Jolly Roger is out of a job since she retired from the Tecumseh 500 Speedway.



Class

of

'67

Carol Jones: Who knows a lawyer who takes only pillow cases?

Marilyn Joyce: Very studious, she believes in keeping up with her work at all times—so she can date during exams.

Cathy Knuckle: Who put a little more light on the subject during a catheterization on 2nd Main?

Cheryl Langford: In the morning Langford's red, It's no wonder 'cause she fights in bed!

Marion Leslie: 1:00 a.m. — a voice shatters Marion's slumber. "Hey, are you asleep yet?" No wonder she's so quiet in class.

Mary Anne Macrow: First time through the tunnel after New Year's Eve, a pipe banged into her.

Cathy Mahaits: So enthusiastic that she dropped the light right into the catheterization tray.

Nancy McMullin: Wants her own private distillery—ferments apple juice on her window sill.

Joan Saunders: Does J. S. really think blondes have more fun?

Cathy Skeggs: Cathy doesn't bat her eyes, she sends 'em.

Linda Tilden: She rushed out of an untidy room and ran into a doctor.

Wendy Walper: I don't know why Wendy's dry—she got served at the Bali-Hi.

Metropolitan General Hospital





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1 East

Nursery



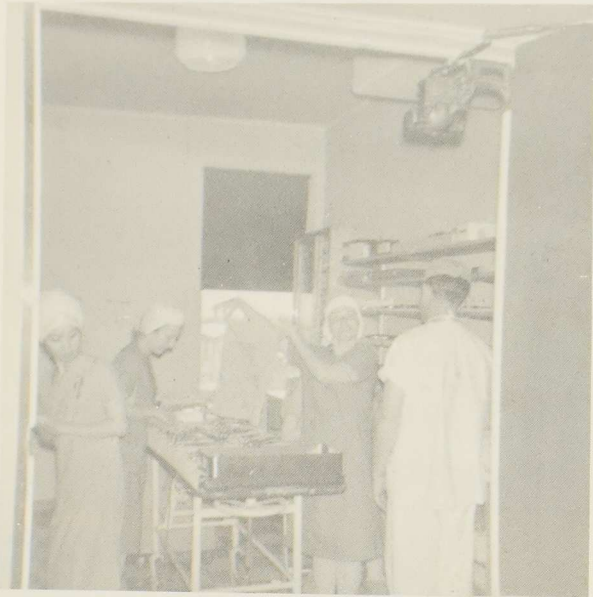
11 East



Postpartum



Case room



O.R.



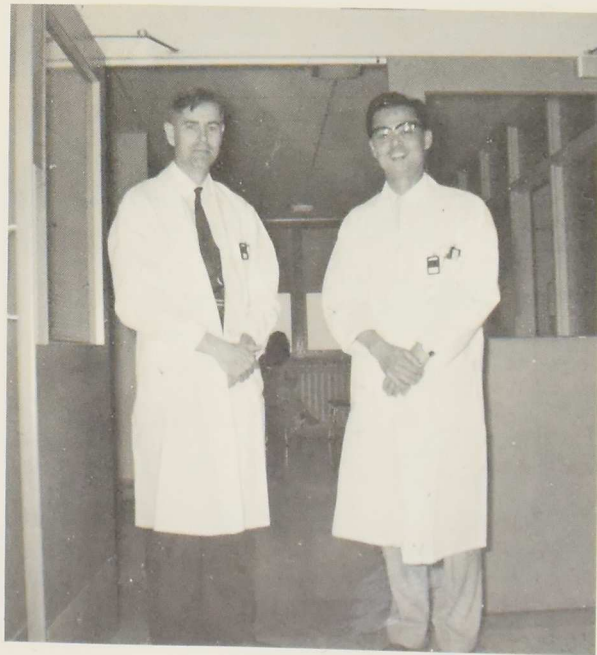
IV East



F.A.B.



Children's



Clinic



Admitting



Physiotherapy

Medical Records

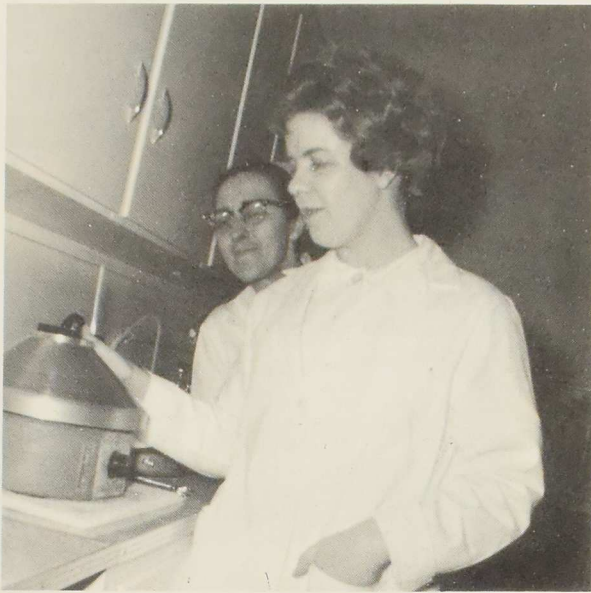


Occupational Therapy



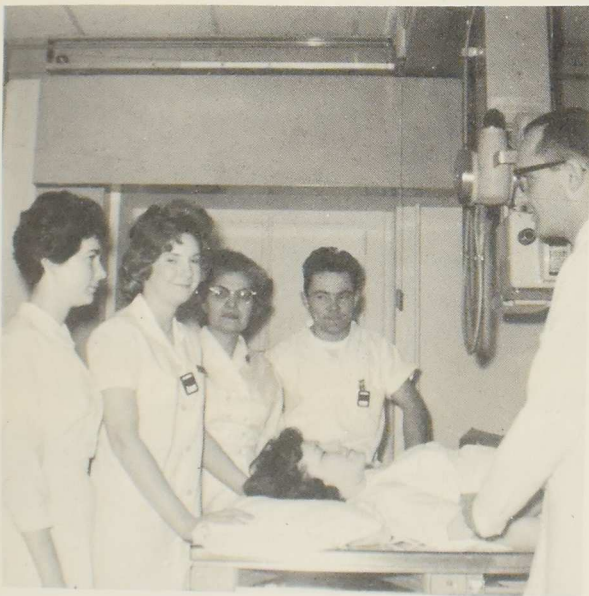
Formula Room

Blood Bank



Laboratory

Switchboard



X-Ray



Emergency





Nursing office



Laundry



Engineers



Orderlies

4-12 Supervisors

12-8 Supervisors





Stores



Dieticians



C.S.R.



Pharmacy

Business office



C.N.I.B.



Literary

TO ALL YOU GALS IN BLUE

Mrs. Jones' going home,
Now you may work with ease;
No more worry, no more frets,
No more apologies.

I tried to kid you, make you sweat,
But then, I guess you knew,
That I was only having fun,
With all you gals in blue.

I hope you realize, my pets,
It hurts me through and through
To have to tell you nice things,
Such as, "I appreciate you."

You were so very friendly,
You made me feel at ease.
I tried to put you to the test,
But still you tried to please.

I hope that all you gals in blue
Shall make your crispy white;
But please don't lose that gentle touch,
Your friendliness and smile;
'Cause colour isn't everything,
To a patient you're so much.

But here I go on gabbing,
Shush, that really isn't me.
'Cause I know you gals all know by now,
Kidding is more my type, you see.

So all you gals in blue take heed:
A nurse is born, not made,
She isn't only nursing
Because she's getting paid.

But then you all must know this
To stick it out three years.
I'm sure that when your day is done,
You shed the odd few tears.

But gosh, I can't believe it,
I think I'm going soft;
I think it's not my nature,
I can't be carried off.

I think you gals all did it,
For this you all shall pay.
So look out, gals, be on your guard,
I think today's the day.

Mrs. Jones' going home,
So now you're all at ease.

But gals in blue remember,
They will come and go by scores;
And no matter what their type may be,
You'll always love to please.

So gals in blue, this isn't much,
But yet, I had to say
The little things I felt inside,
That shortened up my day.

I'm better when I'm kidding,
My jokes are not so hot;
But then, I'm no comedian,
I'm just an old crack-pot.

I tried to write a sweet poem
And say nice things to you;
But somehow, I just felt
That type of poem won't do.

But then, I guess you gals all know,
Just what I've tried to say.
You helped make things more pleasant,
And brightened up my day.

So lookit here my gals in blue,
Although I'm leaving here,
There will always be a million
That need your friendly cheer.

Awe, come on now,
I can't believe it's true;
To think I've written nice things
To all you gals in blue.

Mrs. Jones' going home,
Now please relax my dears,
I'd never want to hurt you
And ruin your whole three years.
I only tried to scare you
Half to death with tears.

I know you are afraid of me,
I lie and cheat to you.
I can't even believe myself,
So how can you gals in blue.

O.K. this is enough
 Of slush and slop and stuff.
 Besides this poem
 Is making me short of puff.
 So long to you, my gals in blue,
 I thank you very much.
 But, please, do just one thing for me,
 And keep that gentle touch.

Although the name used in this poem is fictitious, it was originally written by a patient in this hospital. May we never forget or overlook its message.

WHOM DO YOU RECOGNIZE?

Page 28—Top: J. Lozinski, A. Mates, C. Burbridge. **Middle:** S. Kratz, M. Gibb, S. Neuman. **Bottom:** S. Clark, J. Kissner, M. Nelson.

Page 30—Top: J. Jeths, M. Baillie, M. Rodie. **Middle:** E. Spicer, J. Butcher, C. Walper, M. Carrell, M. Neufeld. **Bottom:** M. Marchand, F. Enns, S. Krokos.

Page 29—Top: S. Fee, S. Mackenzie, J. Ellis. **Middle:** A. Ferber, B. MacKeigan, M. Hager. **Bottom:** B. Scott, P. Sellon, G. White.

TO BE A NURSE?

I asked my instructor that I might grow
 In knowledge and wisdom and grace.
 Might more of what they call nursing know;
 I knew I'd have to keep pace.

I wished that in some magic hour,
 I'd learn all there was to know
 And thereby sail through those three years,
 With a fine diploma to show.

Instead of this I got to feel
 The hidden meaning of work,
 Never realizing that the trials of each day
 Would be dealt with, come what may.

"Oh, my aching feet" I miserably cried,
 "Will I never get any rest?"
 "It's all in a day", I heard them say.
 "You just keep on doing your best
 Until one day you begin to see
 The comfort and peace you bring
 To every weary and lonely soul,
 And then your own heart will sing".
 "You just keep on doing your best

So you see, my dear classmates,
We have not sojourned in vain;
For when finally we reach that glorious date
And in pure white we all graduate,
We each will go our separate way
To find our great reward some day.

Margaret Neufeld

REPARATION

One Friday on Calvary, as in a hospital ward
Three men lay dying, among them, Our Lord.
'Twas the worst case of neglect that was ever recorded—
These patients whose pain Pilate had ordered,
On three hard beds in the shape of a cross
Without pillow or blanket, no nurse would endorse.
Now the one in the centre our attention should claim,
"Jesus of Nazareth" the chart gave His Name
And cardiac condition the examiners find—
Excessive love for the whole of mankind.
Now you who are nurses just listen to this:
Unsterilized nails pierced His feet and wrists
And what about this for cruel medication?
Vinegar and gall were His lips leviation.
His back was wounded by blows and welts
Yet no soothing ointment received His hurts,
No cold compress was applied to His eyes,
The World's Greatest Lover just hangs there and dies.
Not a grain of morphine, not a tourniquet set
As Mary's Son slowly bleeds to death.
The chart then concluded as further we see
The sad Man from Nazareth died about three.
His loved ones mournfully went their way,
His Mother, Magdaline and John, so they say.
Now don't blame the Jews for this frightful neglect,
Our sins did it all, our sins do it yet.
This treatment of Christ demands reparation,
It falls to you nurses of this generation.
Whenever you see anyone in pain,
Just make believe it is Calvary again,
And do for the patient what you would have done,
For the Man in the centre—the innocent One.
It will thrill His angels, it will please Him too,
Just keep at it nurses, till life's work is through.
And when after death your soul mounts on high
God will cap you again in His Name in the sky,
And on Judgement Day, Heaven you will win,
Because by nursing your patient, you really nursed Him.

Author Unknown

A STORY OF LOVE

Alone
I sit with pen in hand
Writing
To one who will understand
My hopes, my fears,
My joys and tears,
My whims of living all thru the years.

Together
We stand with hand in hand,
Sharing
Together our love; and the land
Of our children and friends;
Thankfully accepting the gifts God sends;
Happily living the days He lends.

Alone
I stand, no one holds my hand,
They
Are all gone away to the promised land.
The years that are gone
Have not seemed long,
It's as amen at the end of a song.

M. Macrow

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up when the pace seems slow —
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint on the clouds of doubt;
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

A LITTLE DITTY

I like to see the nurses flitting through the wards
And hear their dainty heels aclattering on the boards.
I like to hear their laughter and see their smiling faces,
Before their loving teachers put them through their paces!

Dr. S. H. Campbell

THE NURSE

That cap the nurse on duty wears
Is costlier than the bonnets gay
Worn by the wives of millionaires
Regardless of the price they pay.
'Tis something she herself can make,
A bit of linen trimmed and turned
The right to it (for mercy's sake)
Was with three years of training earned.

That uniform of spotless white
Was costlier than a lady's gown,
'Twas bought with care by day and night
For those with illness stricken down.
The royal robes show royal birth
But every nurse's simple pin
Is emblematic of her worth;
A symbol she has toiled to win.

Oh gracious spirit, love inbred,
That can such tender care accord,
Perhaps it is, that gratitude
Must always be your best reward.
Now out of gratitude appears
This tribute, done in simple verse
Unto the dedicated years
Of all who choose to be a nurse.

Edgar A. Guest

A NURSE'S PRAYER

Lord, help me always to do my best,
To comfort and succour and cheer;
Let me not lag when a task's to be done,
Nor shy, though I fear what I see.

May I ever take pains with the fussiest one,
For her needs are greater than mine;
God, give me the strength that I need
And guide me where'er I tread.

Anonymous



*President
of
the
Student
Body*

Democracy is not only freedom but freedom with responsibility. That is why "Lampadian," the governing student organization, is so important to us all. It is not a testing ground to "try out our wings" at maturity but a realization by each one of us that we must be mature in order to carry out the rules and regulations that govern residence life.

Therefore, we can see the importance of each student in the school of nursing and their individual contributions. May I speak for the entire executive when I say that the chairman of the various committees elected by the student body are proud to serve as your voice and representation.

Thank you all, faculty and students, for your worthwhile support in the past year and may you increase in stature in the coming years.

CAROL BURBRIDGE

Yearbook

Committee



It has been my privilege this year to edit the 1965 "Bibs and Beanies". I hope that to those who chance to read these pages, there will come back memories of the fun, friendships and even the "blue" moments that all go to make up residence life. For those of us about to leave forever, may it be a lasting reminder of a rewarding three years.

To the members of the committee and the many others who willingly contributed their time and energy. I extend my sincere appreciation and congratulations. Thank you all for a job well done.

Sincerely,
Sharon Fee



COMMITTEE

MEMBERS

Top: Patsy Booth, Cheryl Langford.
Bottom: Linda Elgar, Mary Bezaire.
Absent: Betty Scott, Marg Neufeld.

House Committee



In our school we are privileged to have a system of self-government. Just as our country's government is composed of executive, legislative, and judicial bodies, so too is our school government. The House Committee is the judiciary body in our school. This committee formulates the rules and regulations for residence life and decrees the penalties for their violation—thus, the infringement! The committee is composed of six members; two representatives elected from each of the senior, intermediate and junior classes.

I wish to thank my committee for their support and to the students I extend my thanks for their co-operation this year.

Best wishes to all of you!

Sincerely,
Sandy MacKenzie
Chairman

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Top: Elaine Humphry, Linda Tilden,
Rita Braun.
Bottom: Judy Bennett, Sandy Mac-
Kenzie, Anne Mates.





Social Committee

The first social event of the year was the September welcome party in honour of the new Junior class. They in turn presented a most enjoyable Hallowe'en party for us. The annual prom was held in February with an Oriental setting. Several casual dances throughout the year helped conclude a group of social activities we hope you enjoyed.

As chairman of the social committee I would like to thank all those who worked so hard and participated so faithfully. We could not have made this year's activities as great a success as they were, had it not been for you.

Thank you all,
Janet Baker

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

S. Ardiel, M. Jackiw,
C. Foubert, C. Kelly



Nurses' Christian Fellowship

What is the place of the Nurses' Christian Fellowship in the life of a nurse?

In the concept of being a good nurse and of caring for the patient, one must consider the individual's total needs and how to meet these. This involves the spiritual as well as the physical and mental needs of the patient. Often the spiritual aspect is forgotten, probably because we are careless of our own spiritual needs.

The N.C.F. tries to meet these needs and aid us in our spiritual lives to be a witness to Christ and to lead others to a personal faith in Him, to deepen and strengthen our spiritual life by studying the Bible, by prayer and through Christian fellowship, and also to prepare some of us for the mission fields.

Perhaps you are interested in what N.C.F. has done so far to meet its purpose. We have meetings every Monday evening between six and seven o'clock, together with our sponsor Barbara Forsyth. These meetings consist of study sessions to increase and broaden our knowledge of scripture and its application to our life. We have discussion of problems which we face in our every day life. The film "Four Religions," was shown and gave us a broader outlook and better understanding of the beliefs of others. We were fortunate to have Reverend Von Keitz to speak to us about the relation of the minister, patient, and nurse meeting the spiritual needs. At Christmas, the N.C.F., with the help of the other students, gathered clothes, food and toys for a needy family. Money for the N.C.F. is raised by activities such as hot dog sales.

N.C.F. is not just a handful of people in the Metropolitan School of Nursing, but is a world wide interdenominational student organization and has been affiliated with the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

Religion is not an unimportant thing, which you can take or leave ad lib. It is a basic truth, something which you can build your life upon and grow with.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life . . ." — John 14:6.



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e*

Top: S. Girling, W. Burbridge, E. Spicer, C. Jones, E. Metcalfe. **Bottom:** S. Young, E. Toews, C. Burbridge, S. MacKenzie. **Absent:** J. Baker, S. Fee.

As a co-ordinating body, the executive plays an invaluable role in our residence life. They are concerned not only with matters involving finance, social life, yearbook, house rules and procurement of school Christmas cards and "sweat shirts", but also those many smaller details which effect the smooth functioning of our residence's democratic system of government. Members of the executive include the president of the student body, the secretary, treasurer, class presidents, and the heads of the various committees. Being an elected body, they are directly responsible to the student body. Our thanks go with them for an effective job in the past year.



Biggest house on the block



Housekeeping



Our secretary—Elizabeth



Mrs. Amlin



Kitchen staff



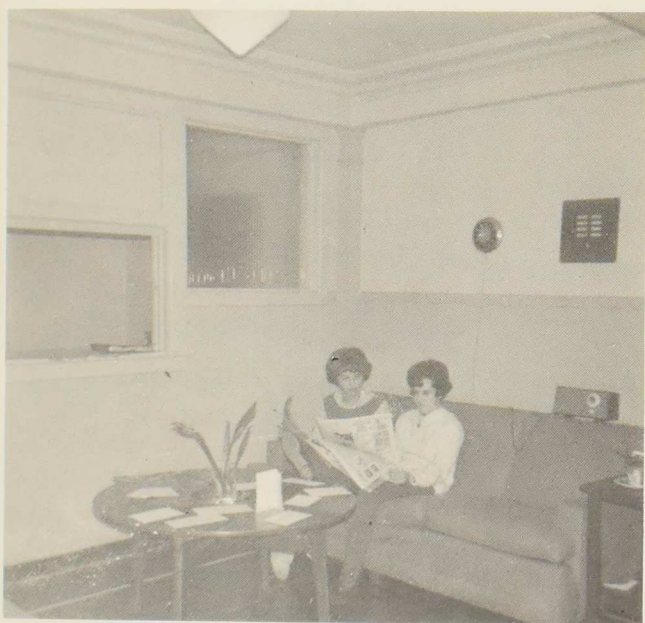
Mrs. Newman—our cook



Santa . . .



. . . and friends



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132 Riverside Drive
- Miss Ruth Kells,
Windsor, Ontario
- Dr. W. L. Needham,
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- Dr. N. Farkas,
3741 Ouellette Avenue
- Dr. J. Miskew,
944 Ottawa Street
- Dr. M. Asa,
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- Dr. Messer,
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- Dr. S. Goldenberg,
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- Francis M. Richard,
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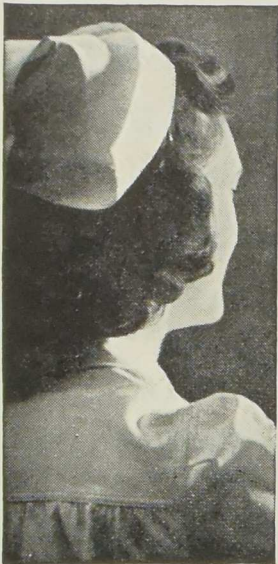
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