



The *Great* Canadian  
Catholic Hospital History Project

Documenting the legacy and contribution of the  
Congregations of Religious Women in Canada,  
their mission in health care, and the founding and operation of Catholic hospitals.

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Projet de la *Grande* Histoire  
des hôpitaux catholiques au Canada

Retracer l'héritage et la contribution des  
congrégations de religieuses au Canada,  
leur mission en matière de soins de santé ainsi que la fondation et l'exploitation des hôpitaux catholiques.

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## Memories 1990

by the Graduates of St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing  
Hamilton, Ontario

on the occasion of  
The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Hospital  
and the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the First Graduating Class

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Co-Ordinator St. Joseph's School of Nursing Alumnae

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*Memories*  
**1990**



by

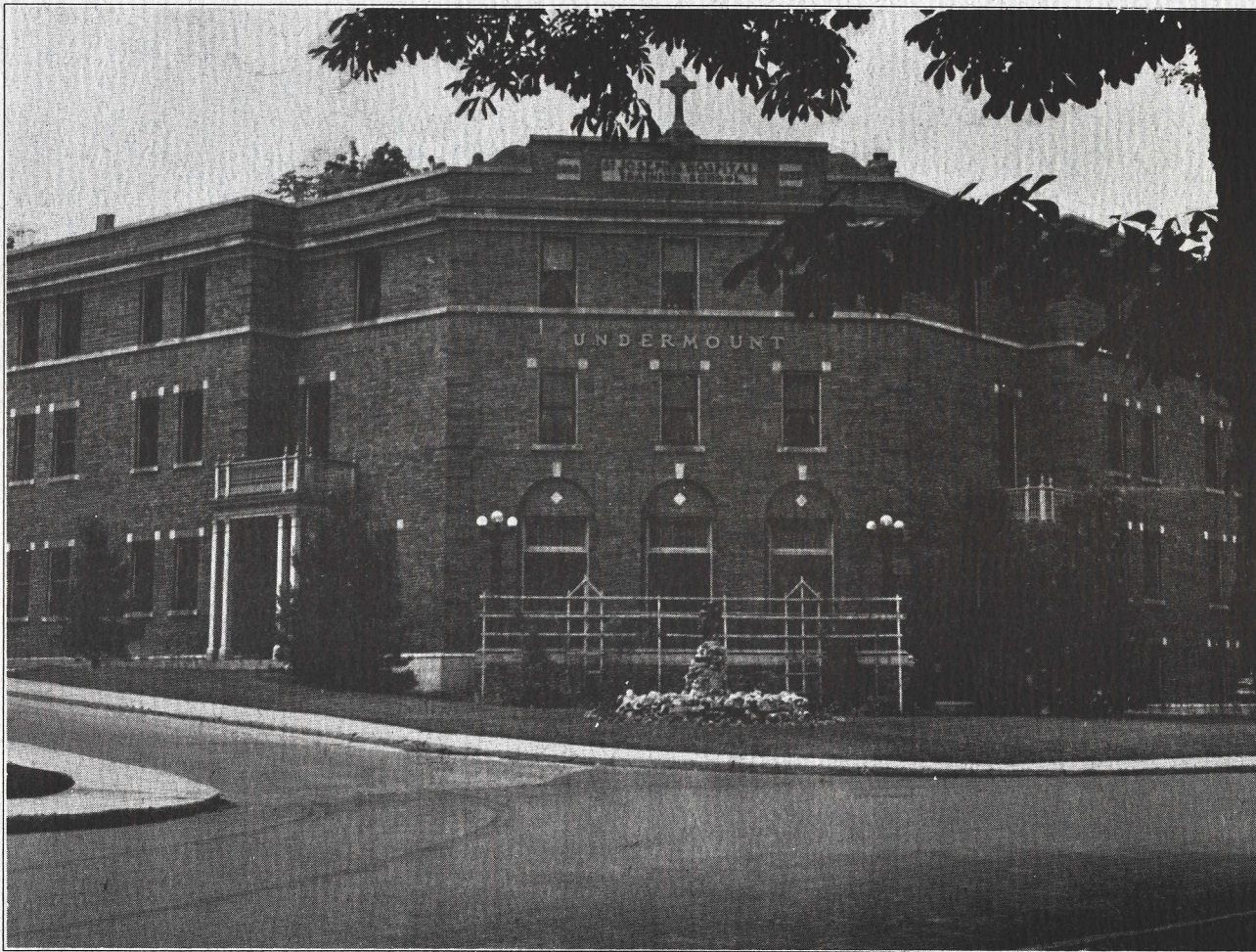
**The Graduates of St. Joseph's Hospital  
School of Nursing  
Hamilton, Ontario**

on the occasion of

**The One Hundredth Anniversary Of The Hospital**

and

**Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Of The First Graduation Class**



*The Undermount*

*April 2, 1990.*

Dear Alumnae Members:

Thanks to each and every one of you for daring to become a nurse; for having the courage to stand up for what is right for the patient; and for having the physical strength and the emotional stability to give excellent care under less than excellent conditions on many occasions.

I am proud to say that I am a graduate of St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing, Hamilton.

The most vivid memory of my training days was Sister Virginia saying that "the door that let you in, will let you out". Thank goodness that we didn't take up the offer!

I sincerely hope that you enjoy this collection of fond memories that Nancy compiled for us.

Judith King-Siganski, Class of 1964,  
President,  
Alumnae Association.

My pet project for the Centennial of St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, was to publish this book of memories and I thank each and every one of you for your participation. Reading and typing all these contributions has reinforced my feeling that St. Joseph's School of Nursing always produced the best, both in nurses and citizens, who take an active role in their community and their profession.

The Sisters are to be congratulated for the spirit that they instilled in every one of us.

Sister Virginia Hanlon, in one of her frequent epistles to my class, urged us not to just be nurses, but to be all that we could be. I would like to think that we have all fulfilled her, and the other Directors of Nurses, expectations.

I am proud to be associated with such a distinguished group - the graduates of St. Joseph's Hospital School of nursing.

The following stories were submitted by our Alumnae and are presented for your enjoyment. There has been minimal editing and I have included a few comments of my own. I hope that you will share our fond memories as you recall your training days and residence life. Thanks to all who took part in this project with such enthusiasm.

A special thanks to Tom Barrett and Tori Irwin of the Hospital Printing Department and Judi King-Siganski for their assistance with the final product.

I am sorry to inform you that Dr. Dorothy Burton, whose story appears in this book, passed away earlier this month.

Nancy O'Brien Melnyk, Class of 1965.  
April 1990

**Marla Jane Melinda Cronin,  
Fleetwood, New York. Class of 1930.**

*Melinda graduated in 1930, but she was a member of the Class of 1929. She mentioned in her story that she was absent for one year, but returned to finish her training.*

After her graduation, Melinda did private duty in Hamilton until 1936. She worked as a staff nurse at Children's Hospital, Detroit, New York Hospital medical Centre and the Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit. Organized the first department of Pediatric Nursing for student experience approved by the New York State Department of Education at Mount Vernon Hospital, New York, 1939. Was instructor and supervisor of Pediatrics until she resigned in 1961 to take another position.

Organized and directed the first full time department of Volunteers at Mount Vernon Hospital, Mount Vernon, New York, 1960-1963.

Organized and directed the first full time department of Home Care, Mount Vernon Hospital, 1963-1967.

Supervisor of Nursing Services at Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville, New York, 1967-1970.

Retired due to health problems after forty years of continuous service to humanity.

***Melinda is a frequent correspondent, with many fond memories of St. Joseph's. Several of her cousins were also graduates of the School of Nursing - a common thread in many of our stories, sisters, cousins and daughters pursuing their nursing careers.***

**Eileen Golden Arbour,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1930.**

I went in training in the February Class, 1927 - one of eight. My seven classmates were Myrtle Atkins, Alma Bambrick, Janet Henderson, Edith Leitch, Ann Reid, Louise Schnider and Maude Smythe.

I remember my first day on wards being assigned to wash dishes, because it was the maid's day off. The second day, under the supervision of senior nurses Alla Toohey and Veronica Sullivan, being taught how to give an enema and irrigate a wound. Our class instructor was Amelia May Gibson. We learned much - but differently from today - our training was very patient comfort and care oriented.

I learned how to operate an elevator; cut grapefruit for one hundred patients; kill cockroaches with formaldehyde; sweep up dead cockroaches from the kitchen; make linseed poultices and mustard plasters; burn catheters in the scullery sterilizers and serve lots of raw oysters!

After receiving our caps, I was assigned night duty on the switchboard, because of my previous switchboard experience. One of my tasks was to walk the halls of Undermount and ring the bell at 5 a.m. to wake the nurses for day duty.

After graduation, on May 22, 1930, I did private duty nursing, 12 hour shifts for \$7.00 per day - if and when they paid. I married William Arbour in 1934 and moved to South Porcupine, where our two children Maureen (Class of 1957) and Joe were born. We moved back to Hamilton where I participated in Alumnae activities and worked with my husband in his business. I have only missed two reunion dinners in sixty years!

**Thelma Jones Jenkins,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1931.**

Great days and appreciate my years as a probationer to the final days and on to the great adventures of life.

Certainly some nostalgia the day we left. Not easy days or plentiful work in the thirties. Am grateful for my training with the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Worked until I married Bill over fifty-six years ago. Parents of three daughters, two sons; great kids all, including seventeen grandchildren and one great grandchildren.

My nursing days, part time, extended to general duty, industrial, Strep team at the San one summer and mostly private duty. I assisted at fifty-eight scrubs in Casa Maria, which I loved and worked on a Polio ward where I had the satisfaction of seeing my patient walk again!

Took an anthropology course one year at McMaster.

Presently enjoying retirement, music, reading, gardening and Y.M.C.A. Fun and Fitness. Do some C.N.I.B. volunteering along with trips to Florida and visits to my family.

**Doris Ionson Fleming,  
Carleton Place, Ontario. Class of 1931.**

The dictionary states that "naive" means "deficient in worldly wisdom or informed judgement". No truer evaluation could have been given of this fresh from the country, eighteen year old, aspiring nurse in training arriving at Undermount, February 6, 1928. The kindly Sister housemother, an aunt I think, of the Melody girls, assigned us our rooms. It was an attractive residence, housing classroom, large living reception room, a small room with register to record our whereabouts, and a beautiful chiming grandfather clock in the hall. The door was locked promptly at 10 p.m. with the only access via the front hospital office and tunnel to the residence, after twice monthly late leaves until 11:30 p.m.

No one could ever ignore the harsh reality of another day when the night junior from Ward 100, with huge bell clanging noisily walked through the halls of the residence. Meeting in the classroom for prayers at 6:25 a.m. was an appropriate beginning to the hours ahead of caring for patients. Breakfast at 6:30, when in those first months, the homesick lump in the throat was most difficult to swallow. Our next destination was the floor to which we had been assigned to face the cleaning of a tub full of bed pans, to feed helpless patients, to fold linen. Since my retirement, I have worked as a volunteer in Physiotherapy at our local hospital, where one of my duties is keeping the linen shelves supplied. It seems that I have come full circle since probation days, and I hear the ghostly advice of Sister Angelica in the 200 linen cupboard! Short times on the wards were interspersed with hours in the classroom - in probation days with Miss Regan, who had been a military nurse.

Class distinction was an imperative priority. I recall so clearly the awe and inspiration I felt looking at the more senior students, even those only a few months ahead. Overhearing a conversation at an adjacent table in the dining room about a gastroenterostomy, I doubted that I would ever become competent in such pronouncements! The graduates of earlier classes seemed really ancient from my vantage point of lowly probationhood.

Amazingly, all of training, from receiving the coveted cap, then, at the completion of two years, the black band and increasing responsibility, eventually led us to the all important Graduation. Ours, unfortunately, led us into the so-called dirty thirties. Lacking a benefactor, who might ask one to special, months might go by with no call from the registry. There was no call for general duty then, even for bed and board, as students still filled those requirements.

A year after graduation, I made the trip to the altar, which eliminated any chances of a professional career, until 1939, when some scarcity developed, with some nurses enlisting into the military life. This gave the married nurses a chance to don the uniform and feel that training had not been a total loss.

In 1937 my husband returned to his home territory in Eastern Ontario and opened his own funeral home.

When I first worked at the Rosamond Memorial Hospital in Almonte, the pay was two dollars for each 12 hour shift. Bed and board was included, but I preferred living at home, because of our small daughter (born at Casa Maria in 1935). Although specializing was not my first love, the pay was four dollars for 12 hours. At that time the custom for a maternity patient was to take her own nurse who stayed with her for the duration of the labour and delivery. One epic marathon I survived (as well as mother and babe) lasted for thirty-six hours. Another interesting field was V.O.N. relief. What agonies of prayer on my first home delivery!

From the rigid routine of a training school, I was somewhat shocked at the manner in which some of the procedures had to be done in the smaller hospital setting. The nurses were literally "jacks of all trades" and I soon came off my high horse of criticism to acknowledge that

*"O, Thou who has made me, Thou hast a design, Thou has marked out a special Life's labour as mine; a work to be finished ere setting of sun; a work, which I failing must never be done. Then gird thou, my soul for , all weak as thou art, thou must play in this world a Heavensent part. Thy Lord, Thy creator, thy serivce doth claim. He calls thee, He needs thee, He nameth thy name".*

patients did recover and that CARING is an important ingredient wherever it is administered. In retrospect, it has been a privilege to have run the gamut of health care, from pre-antibiotic days, when pneumonia was attacked by sheer nursing care, rigid aseptic technique to forestall dreaded infections, and to see the benefits of early ambulation. The list of progress we have been privileged to observe is a lengthy one, right up to modern cardiac surgery, transplants, and specialized I.C.U. challenges for our younger professional nurses.

In 1955 a hospital was opened in our town. There, I did part time until 1967, when I joined the staff as evening maternity and supervisor's relief but helped on Medical or Surgical when my own area was quiet.

So often I recalled the superb maternity care Sister Mercedes insisted upon. I am sure she would find it difficult to believe that I became reasonably proficient in that department. Sisters Vincent, Angelica, Cordula, Loretto, Geraldine, our Nursing Director, Miss Gibson, each had a share in my striving to attain a degree of nursing skills. Over all the hospital reigned the gentle dignity of Mother Martina.

It was a source of joy that my daughter decided to follow the profession. Her first choice was Hamilton, St. Joseph's, but her father could not have his only daughter going farther away than Ottawa. She graduated from the Civic in 1956 and worked there in a supervisory position until she married in 1959. Her daughter did not follow, but graduated from University in Business and Commerce.

Our business was sold in 1972. My husband lived only two years. I continued to work until August, 1975. I have truly enjoyed retirement, having had trips to different parts of the world, then coming home to gardening and community activities. As one whose segment of time on the planet Earth is nearing completion, it seems to me, in retrospect, that we, in our professional lives, had a singular opportunity of caring devotion to humanity Sister Delphine (of the old supply room mending area) gave me this motto (beside) in beautiful calligraphy:



**Loretta Smart Hertel,  
Chatham, Ontario, graduated May 1932.**

Finished my training in April, 1932. Worked one year doing private duty in Hamilton. My first case was surgical, Mrs. P. at St. Joseph's for seven weeks. I was so thankful, the depression was on and it helped with my graduation. At that time we could not try our R.N. exams until we were twenty-one, so I had to wait six months. Dr. Downes used to give us lectures before our exams. I give him the credit for my passing. In 1933 I went to Simcoe, closer to my parents. I had a sister, an R.N. working in Simcoe, well known and well liked so this was hard to follow. I did private duty in the hospital and in homes. I relieved factory nurses, public health nurses and staff nurses, also did full time hospital nursing. In 1941 went to Nelson, British Columbia, for hospital nursing. The superintendent there had done her field work at Simcoe hospital and persuaded me to go out. It was a wonderful year, I loved the town. In December, 1942, I came back to Simcoe. I knew if I stayed longer I would want to settle there. The war was on, my brother had gone overseas and my dad was taking it badly and wanted me home. Later went to Windsor, was supervisor at Metropolitan Hospital.

Married 1946 in Windsor, in 1947 we purchased a restaurant in Leamington. We had two children; my husband was a widower with three children, ages 16, 15, and 14. I worked at the Leamington hospital and went out with local doctors on maternity cases. After my husband passed away in 1963, I kept the restaurant until the two youngest children were educated, now all are married with children. I have two great grandchildren and another due in September! Continued to nurse in London and Chatham until my retirement in 1976. Now keep busy with volunteer work. I remember my probie days as super with some trying times as they were for all of us. The seniors, Goldie (Eileen Arbour, above) was one of my life savers. I thought the seniors were really angels, I respected them so much. Being so young and protected, I found things very different. I am so glad I had that extra encouragement from the seniors when I needed it. I

enjoyed all my nursing days immensely with enthusiasm. Sure there were ups and downs but life would be dull without them and we all live through them. I have had a very blessed, full life and am still enjoying life very much.

**Ruth Hewson Hazlett,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1934.**

After graduation in 1934, I went to Jarvis where I was married. I used to go out on maternity cases with Dr. Jones. I would stay and fix up the mother afterwards and bath the baby and then leave with the doctor. It was great!

Moved to Hagersville and during the war another R.N. and myself taught a home nursing class. Then worked at Beckcliffe, a private hospital run by two nurses. My husband was in the air force during the war. Moved to Hamilton in 1950 to look after my mom and dad as he was going blind. Did a few special duty cases with friends at St. Joseph's. Started working two nights a week in Dr. Twelves office in 1969. In 1970 my husband was killed in a car accident and I spent four months in hospital. Went back to work in July 1970 and remained with Dr. Twelves until he retired in 1987. In the meantime, I raised five children. Now have nine grandchildren and thirteen great grandchildren. I really miss the patients and miss working.

**Doris Easterbrook Craig, St. Petersburg,  
Florida. Class of 1934.**

Doris wrote that she loved her training. She went to the States for a year and then back to Hamilton where she worked at the Sanatorium, and later at the Blood Donor Clinic in Hamilton with Agnes Muir. Doris has always been grateful for her training and the friends she made during that time. They are still close friends. Since moving to Florida in 1952, her work has been mostly volunteer work with her church.

## **Agnes Smith Muir, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1934.**

My nursing career just about ended before it started. Dr. Downes found a heart murmur and, in consultation with another M.D. and Sister Monica, Superintendent of Nurses, decided I couldn't endure three years training and rejected me. Finally they gave in but on the understanding that if I had one illness I was out. So away back on September 8, 1931, one week after my eighteenth birthday, little Agnes Smith became a probie at St. Joseph's Hospital. That was the greatest experience of my life. There were few Catholics living on the mountain and until then I had never seen or met a nun in my entire life! Along with my classmates they added a wonderful new dimension to my life and those still living are still very close friends. Now for my auspicious start! I started on "C" floor the first day and one of my first chores was to feed a bowl of gruel to a toothless, bearded old gent on the "Ryan Ward" reserved for mustard gas victims of the first Great War. The other patients watched the hapless kid with glee. They knew I probably had never fed another person and as gruel trickled down his beard, as the spoon missed getting in his mouth, there were howls of laughter. Finally the patient roared, "For God's sake, put it in my mouth!" That was one grueling experience.

Four months later we got our caps and, full of pride, went on the wards for twelve hour shifts except for Doctor's lectures. Soon Junior night duty came along on Ward 100. That meant the first night was twenty-four hours. 100 was the Emergency Ward. By morning I felt like a zombie. However, the Junior night nurse on 100 had to get her work done so she could leave the ward to get the day nurses up at Undermount at 5:30 a.m. by ringing the bell up and down the halls. They loved me and I loved doing it! Most of the night nurses had to get up in the middle of the day for lectures so staying awake during lectures was torture. After we rushed and closed all ward doors, we had fun trying to chase bats out of the halls on summer evenings. Ever had a date with a bat?

Maternity training was all nights, at Casa Maria, under the strict but soft-hearted supervision of Bessie Kelly.

Every procedure was checked and all hands washed in Lysol. We loved her but dubbed her "Lysol Liz".

On nights you worked twelve hours for three months without any days off. By the time we got to our Senior nights, one of the nurses finishing her training relieved each nurse for two nights a month. Mary Doyle came to 200 when I was on my Senior nights. When she came to relieve my Junior nurse we had a very exciting time when we were getting patients awake to be washed, ready for breakfast, before the day nurses came on. I had a hard time awakening one patient. Finally, I put my hand on his shoulder. He jumped up and I could see he was disturbed. I went for more basins of water, when I suddenly heard patients calling "nurse". Mary Doyle got there before me. She was holding on to the patient who was on his way out the window. Mary got his gown tied around his waist and between us we got him back into bed, none the worse for wear. We shuddered, thanked God and were happy it happened early in the morning when there were few people around to see the sights.

When we meet at our reunion dinners, Mary and I have a good laugh. It certainly could have been a tragedy.

The depression of the 1930s nearly wiped us out as nurses. Three days work on private duty when we hit the top of the register and then back to the bottom again, with no staff nurses being hired. The U.S.A. liked our nurses, so many Canadian nurses went there. After three years of private duty nursing, as I lived at home where fine parents let me save what I earned, I was able in 1937 to go by ship to Britain to attend the International Congress of Nurses in London and visit my grandmother and relatives in Scotland.

After the Princess Royal officially opened the Congress we had the chance to meet nurses in many different uniforms from all over the world. The majority spoke English. British hospitality was generous to all. We attended the Royal Garden party, the Guild Hall, and many wonderful evening functions. We were still as poor as church mice, so we would wear our evening gowns on the subway to the station nearest to where we were going and then take a cab to arrive in style and impress.

The actual Congress took place at Albert Hall. Some enduring friendships developed and I still remember one of the American nurses listed in the Spectator as a prisoner of war taken in the Philippines and later read that she was released.

That was a fabulous trip for me. I arrived home with two dollars and a lifelong love for travel. So we are still at it. Last summer we were in Budapest, Hungary, when history was being made as the East Germans were flooding through open borders after forty-five years.

I had hoped that there would have been money in the bank when I arrived home, but the patient I had been on with before my trip died without any money, so no such luck. The depression meant that most patients lived and died broke.

Just as I was ready to give up on Canada and move to the States, Sister Camilla, bless her heart, gave me work supervising the nurseries at Casa Maria where she was in charge. I knew I would need more savvy so she got books and with her help making our own incubators, soon helpless, tiny, weak preemies grew into fine healthy babies. I really enjoyed the several years we worked together and met some great students who are still fine friends.

Married girls couldn't hold jobs in those days, so when Don and I were married, I was out of a job. The war soon changed that nonsense! Ammunition, weapons and other war products sprang up and women were needed. So were blood clinics (a new idea for Canada, until then, unless someone in your family gave blood, you had to pay for it). The firemen provided scarce types of blood. I volunteered to work in Hamilton's first blood clinic. The head nurse left with a mobile clinic going to Northern Ontario. The next in line took over and shortly later left from ill health. I was asked to take charge. I started with six beds, with two clinics a week and quickly the need called for more donors. The Red Cross took space for eighteen beds at the old Moodie factory on the corner of Sanford Avenue and King. Then a mobile clinic was quickly added and covered Grimsby, Burlington, Dundas

and Waterdown. All equipment was made up, sterilized, washed after use, and made ready for re-use by volunteers. Blood given was hermetically sealed and quickly sent to Connaught Labs in Toronto. All started and finished from scratch. On Armistice Day we took in over four hundred pints of blood while speakers blared and donors cheered from their cots. Then on to the streets and a fast shutdown. My next job came almost immediately as Jacqueline Moffat (now Taylor) decided to leave the Children's Aid temporarily to be with her husband who was then returning from overseas. I looked after placements for wee babies and children up to five years of age. Interesting but often very sad.

When our new home was ready, I left and we adopted a lovely healthy eight and a half year old daughter, Marilyn. Thanks to her we now have three grown grandchildren and a fine little great grandson.

Years later I worked for ten years for a well know surgeon before retiring into church and community service. With the encouragement of my husband, Don, and family I have kept in close touch with that special class of "34" throughout almost fifty-six years since graduation.

In 1963 the Alumnae sponsored a teenage Nigerian girl to come to Canada and be educated as a nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital. Claribel Marchie Igboeli, Class of 1966, made her home with us, deeply enriching our lives. We still keep in touch with Claribel and her family in Nigeria. It has been a pleasure and a work of love.

Almost fifty-five years after the doctors felt my heart valves wouldn't stand up to nurses training, my heart valves finally collapsed. Thanks to modern medicine, a superb surgeon and a little pig's generous donation of her heart valve, I'm now as healthy as ever and hiking, skating and even went up to the top of a Swiss mountain once again.

This year we celebrate our fiftieth wedding anniversary and I thank God for my many friends, my loving family and for being able to continue actively working in my church, my home and my community. Life is rich and good and I'm grateful.

**Marion Fleming Farnan, Hamilton,  
Ontario. Class of 1936.**

Marion writes that she worked in the Medical Arts for Dr. R. Weaver and Dr. P.B. MacFarlane until moving to Windsor. in the mid 1950s. After taking a refresher course, she worked part-time at the Metropolitan Hospital and then at the Ford Motor Company in industrial nursing. One year as nurse at the Simcoe High School, moving back to Hamilton in the late 1970s, when she retired from active nursing.

**Dr. Dorothy Burton, Toronto, Ontario.  
Class of 1938.**

After graduation as a member of the September, 1938 class, I took the Laboratory Technician's General Course for one year at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; was employed at St. Michael's Hospital Laboratory, (Histology), for three years prior to joining the Army as a Nursing Sister. We spent four months at Camp Borden; then, in June, 1944, #24 Canadian General Hospital arrived at Horley, England, south of London.

After V.E. Day some of us went to Germany. I transferred to Lieutenant Bact., R.C.A.M.C., and was in charge of the Laboratory at #16 C.G.H. at Oldenberg; later at #1 Canadian Laboratory located at #22 C.G.H. in southwestern England.

After discharge, I spent six years in Medicine at the University of Toronto, doing floor duty at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto and some specialling in holiday time; one year Junior Internship at St. Michael's Hospital and one year in General Practice and Industrial Medicine practice in Weston.

The next post was at Workers' Compensation Board, Toronto, from 1955 to 1988, twenty-eight years of which were Industrial Medicine.

In my spare time I did a B.A. at the U. of T. and Fellowship in Occupational Medicine with the American College of Preventive Medicine.

I retired in 1988, after working 53 years. (I count from probie days).

As to my time at St. Joseph's, Hamilton, I am most grateful for the supervision given during those years, when we learned that work is a normal pastime and that it can be interesting and enjoyable. If I had my life to live over again, I'd go back to the Old School at Undermount and try not to grouse so much!

I told you my memories in the Toast to the Alma Mater at my fiftieth reunion in 1988 (which brought many a knowing nod from those present). I forgot to mention something, because I was skinny as a rail fence at the time. Some of our class ate too well and girdles were ordered. Remember the Sister whose job it was to pinch backsides as you were coming out of Chapel to check the stays? -- and the rest of us laughed and laughed -- kids can be miserable!

**Kathleen McCarthy Bell,  
Bobcaygeon, Ontario. Class of 1938.**

Kay recalls making many wonderful friends, some of whom she keeps in close touch with still. Her sister, the late Helena McCarthy Mahony, Class of 1932, was a real inspiration. Many of the Sisters were guests at their home. Their aunt, who looked after the Chapel and the priest's dining room, came to visit and brought along Sister Monica, who was the Superintendent of Nurses at the time. She was a delightful guest, but Helena would have preferred not to have Sister on holiday also! Kay spent most of her nursing career doing private duty. For her it was most rewarding to have the time to communicate and do the little things which are so important when you are ill.

**Sister Mary Grace Stevens,  
Dundas, Ontario. Class of 1934.**

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

How many would like to live them again?

Running when you heard the "BEADS"...

Trying to make the 10:00 p.m. curfew...

The linen room romances with the INTERNS...

A call from the office to pull your blinds because the R.C.A.F. neighbours were enjoying the show...

The Doctor's lectures were so soothing for a good snooze...

The excitement when a new boy friend arrived, we all had to fall in love...

Listening to the sentimental Guy Lombardo love songs because he was listening too...

The night lunches in the pint size kitchen...

The day you received your Black Band...

The day you had it confiscated because it was one half inch off regulations...

When it was your turn to go to Detroit for paediatric training, to St. Elizabeth nurses and to V.O.N...

The day, starched to perfection, to be a body guard for the Queen's visit...

The lucky three who enlisted for the war, and being scrub nurse in Italy for their idol, Dr. Ernie Janes...

The 24th of December, when Santa jumped in the window with a puppy dog...next day it appeared in the chapel for morning prayers...who done it?

How did you spend your monthly allowance...it was dubbed 'cheap labour'.

The joy and friendships were invaluable...I will always be grateful for the fun and hidden entertainment that you provided for Sister Mary Grace.

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**Ivy L. Hart, Victoria,  
British Columbia. Class of 1940.**

My sister, Elsie Hart, graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in 1935. After graduation she worked at Casa Maria as Supervisor. She volunteered for service with the Canadian Active Service Force in 1939 and was to have gone overseas with the 15th Hospital unit of the R.C.A.M.C. However, she was diagnosed with tuberculosis and passed away in 1940.

I graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in 1940. Worked at Casa Maria until joining the Army in 1941. Was stationed in England, Algeria, Italy and Canada.

After leaving the army, I nursed in Peru, Venezuela, Columbia, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Vancouver, Ottawa, Cuba, Pakistan, Hamilton, Victoria, British Columbia and Guatemala. I found the people and nursing very interesting in all these countries.

I'm looking forward to the Reunion in 1990 - my fiftieth!



In the garden of the first residence—1918

***Sister Mary Grace Stevens, Dundas, Ontario. Class of 1934.***

***Sister served as Director of the School of Nursing from 1939 to 1944 as well as Administrator of St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton and other health care facilities of the Sisters of St. Joseph.***

**Jacqueline Thomson Taylor,  
Burlington, Ontario. Class of 1941.**

After graduating from St. Joseph's School of Nursing, Class of February, 1941, I worked for T.C.A. (Trans Canada Airlines, now Air Canada). All stewardesses at that time had to be a graduate nurse, not over five feet, four inches in height and one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight as well as having an exceptional personality to handle irritated passengers.

Some passengers were upset because of delays due to inclement weather or held over for the same reason. Most passengers were understanding.

Rooms were kept for us at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal and Brunswick Hotel in Moncton. All expenses were paid by the airline.

I was based in Toronto and worked a route Toronto to Halifax. The planes were Lockheed ten passenger and travelled at one hundred and sixty miles per hour. Stewardesses administered Phenobarb, if necessary, to nervous passengers and gave oxygen if we flew to twelve thousand feet. Usually we flew at six and sometimes nine thousand feet.

Picked up box lunches and thermos of coffee in Montreal and Moncton. It usually took six to nine hours flying time to Halifax from Toronto, depending on the weather!

The salary was good, however one had to buy their own uniforms and accessories that the company specified. Our crew consisted of a pilot, co-pilot and stewardess. I worked for the airline seven months and then left to get married.

During the war I worked at the Hamilton Wentworth Children's Aid Society. This was the first time ever that a nurse was hired by a Social Service agency. The infants home had been closed, therefore all the babies for adoption were the responsibility of the C.A.S. I had 120 babies in my care. These babies were placed in foster homes. As new babies came in for care, from neglect or abuse and were given up for adoption, the case load

increased.

I managed to persuade Dr. Florence Smith to be our doctor for the children up to four years of age. With the co-operation of Mr. Beaumont, Managing Director, who gave up his office once a week, the foster mothers brought the babies in for check-ups. The Doctor and I both supervised the care in homes.

In 1958 I started working again in the Oakville Trafalgar Hospital as a float and then night supervisor for one year. Received excellent co-operation, help and instruction in the case rooms. In 1960 I returned to the C.A.S. at their request, where I worked for two years supervising a case load of teenagers.

I took many courses pertaining to child behaviour including a three year night course at McMaster University and graduated in Social Welfare in 1967. Worked at the Hamilton General Hospital as Supervisor of the Social Work Department for five years. When I went there they had the only outdoor clinic. Later, St. Joseph's followed suit. This relieved the pressure on the General. I had a staff of five and worked the whole hospital. I returned to the C.A.S. as a caseworker in family services in 1967 and retired from there in 1982.

After retirement I worked for the Medical Personnel Agency. Because I had been out of nursing for so many years, I worked as a health aid. Nursed in private homes, nursing homes and seniors residences. One residence liked my work and raised my pay and status.

I decided to take a refresher course in Nursing at Mohawk College in 1985-86. The last part of the course involved working at Joseph Brant Hospital in Burlington dispensing medications and doing procedures under supervision. I remarried in 1987 and have never put my new training into effect!

My nurses training proved invaluable to me as a background throughout my career. It certainly helped me as a social worker in the General Hospital where social workers were not too popular with nurses at that time. As I was accepted and respected because of my nursing background, my stay at the General was very pleasant. **11**

## **Sister Mary Austin (Marguerite Reding), Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1943.**

I went into St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing in September 1940 and happily graduated in 1943. My last three months were spent at Childrens' Hospital, Detroit, Michigan. There we enjoyed eight hour shifts while the rest of our years at St. Joseph's were twelve hours.

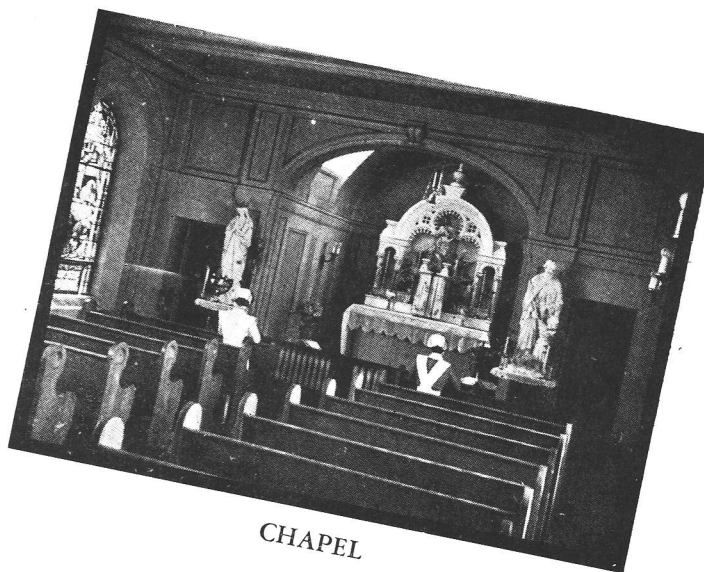
After graduation I worked as a staff nurse on surgery and supervisor for a short time in St. Monica's, the pediatric unit. From then until I entered the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, in 1949, I did private duty. I enjoyed many cases at St. Joseph's Hospital and Hamilton General, and several house calls. To keep things interesting I specialized at the Galt Hospital; St. Joseph's, Guelph; Private Patient Pavillion, Toronto General Hospital and St. Michael's in Toronto.

Since entering the convent I've had many interesting years including supervising maternity in Guelph, nursing education and administration at Ottawa University; Director of Nursing Education at St. Mary's School of Nursing, Kitchener and St. Joseph's, Hamilton.

Presently I work part time at the Information desk at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.

Through the years I've really been happy to meet many patients, wonderful student nurses and professional people in health care.

I was involved with our Alumnae as secretary-treasurer before entering the convent and am pleased that I can still be involved with the present Alumnae executive, even in a small way.



CHAPEL

*Sister Mary Austin uses her calligraphy skills to create the scrolls presented to new Life Members each year.*

## Marion Ionson Davidson, Scarborough, Ontario. Class of 1945.

### "NIT IS THE PASSWORD"

St. Monica's was a small ward for children in the old wing of the hospital. It was tucked between B and C floors and access to it was a short flight of stairs from the landing of the master stairway. The location of St. Monica's demonstrated an astute use of limited space. Since it was also off the beaten path, working there gave the jittery Junior nurse a respite from the constant scrutiny felt on busier floors. My story began on this small ward.

Soon after advancing from Probation, I was working the day shift in St. Monica's, proud of my cap and bib and enjoying nursing tasks. Confidence in myself and my career choice was growing, not only because of the cheerful encouragement of Senior nursing staff, but also from my expanding ego. It was at the time of my burst in self-esteem that I became aware that my hair seemed to be taking on a life of its own. By the second day of increased stirring under my cap, I became very nervous and coming off duty, expressed my concerns to my roommate, Freda. Freda was composed under pressure, not given to hysterical outbursts. We calmly discussed the situation while washing our shoe laces and concluded that I could be imagining "something". (DENIAL!)

About five minutes later however, having had good cause to re-think the situation, I said to Freda, "Would you please just take a look through my hair?" We positioned ourselves by the window facing John Street and Freda began the inspection. I felt the gentle parting of my hair and Freda said, "I don't see anything." What reassuring words! Suddenly there was a loud shriek. "There's something! And my God...it's crawling!"

In fear and shame I walked downstairs and found Sister Mary Grace at work in her office. Upon hearing my problem, Sister flew into action. Having confirmed the diagnosis, she hiked up her sleeves, positioned me over the sink, retrieved a bottle of lethal shampoo and commenced treatment. With my head in Sister's hands, she mildly suggested that I read the literature on Pediculosis and that I give some thought to how and why my technique had failed.

With dripping hair and quivering lip, I said, "Sister, I have to phone my mother." Sister, in the process of drying her hands, looked at me in astonished disbelief and said, "Miss Ionson! Why would you call your mother? What can your mother do?" Now in the process of straightening her sleeves, Sister had more to say. "Instead of phoning your mother and worrying her, you will go to Room 245 and continue with your treatment." "Yes Sister", I responded and turned to leave. As I was going through the door, I hear Sister's "listen to me" voice. "Miss Ionson". What now, I thought, but responded, "Yes Sister?" "Don't phone your mother!"

Upon arrival at the mystery door, I knocked and heard an exuberant voice call out, "Nit is the password". Inside the room was the pungent smell of vinegar. Two pots of it were simmering on a hot-plate. A pair of damp-haired nurses were at work on the damp hair of a third nurse. Each were dipping cotton balls in the vinegar and covering every strand of hair from scalp to tip with single, deliberate strokes. Seated on the two beds in the room were a few hecklers offering advice and commenting upon the disgrace we had inflicted upon the school.

I was welcomed both as a fellow victim and an extra pair of hands. For the remainder of the evening, we worked in pairs hands. For the remainder of the evening, we worked in pairs until with shrivelled fingers and smelling strongly of vinegar, we suspended treatment. The four of us met a few more times and repeated the vinegar treatment to ensure total annihilation of the louse and its heirs.

This experience confirmed for me how much healthier it is to laugh together than it is to cry alone. It was the beginning of an appreciation of the selfless nature of the nursing sisters. I knew that treating a lousy head was not in Sister Mary Grace's job description!

We cannot stay rooted in the past but I feel grateful for having trained in the forties and lived in residence. It was comforting to have the safety net of friends and classmates ... either in the next room or in the same room.

There are times when I mourn the loss of a small ward like St. Monica's, tucked away as it was between two busy floors and off the beaten track.



## **Teresa Lobsinger Walsh, Brantford, Ontario. Class of 1945.**

As you read this, I think you will agree that ours is a unique family.

The story begins in 1923 when our mother, Leone Russell married Reuben Lobsinger in Ayton, Ontario. They had four children, three girls and a boy - Teresa, Joan, Tom and Anne.

In Leone Russell's family, there were three girls, one of whom is Sister Camilla Russell, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, now eighty-four years young and residing at St. Joseph's Villa, Dundas.

St. Camilla graduated as a nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital in Hamilton in 1926 and worked there until 1930, when she professed her vows as a nun. For more than fifty years, she served at St. Joseph's Hospital and the orphanage in Hamilton, St. Mary's Hospital, Kitchener and at the Indian Reserve at Cape Croker, Ontario.

In 1932, Reuben, Leone and family moved to Brantford, Ontario

Teresa graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Hamilton in 1945. Since that time she has nursed at St. Joseph's, Brantford, the Brantford General Hospital and prior to her retirement in 1987, she worked as head nurse at the Brantford Clinic. She has been married to Leonard Walsh for forty years and they have four children and eight grandchildren.

Joan graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Hamilton in 1947 and until her retirement in 1986, she worked on the maternity ward of the Brantford General Hospital specializing in premature and constant care nursing. She has been married to Bill Luciani for forty years and they have four children and two grandchildren. Their two daughters are also in the health care field, one as a registered nurse, the other a registered laboratory technician.

Anne graduated from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Hamilton in 1951. Soon after, she married Delbert Smith, M.D. and moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Following the sudden death of Dr. Smith, Anne remained in Cleveland and later married John Margrett, M.D. She continued nursing at the Cleveland Clinic and later in a dermatological office. Since Reuben and Leone have passed away, Anne decided to return to Brantford and lives in their homestead on Pearl Street. Currently, she is pursuing another of her talents, weaving. She is gaining wide recognition for her work both here and in the United States. At present, she can be found at her loom creating vesture for churches.

Together, Sister Camilla and the three Lobsinger girls have been engaged in nursing and helping mankind for close to 180 years - quite a record for one family!

P.S. Thomas Lobsinger was elected Bishop of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory in 1987 after serving thirty-three years as a Missionary of Mary Immaculate in British Columbia.

## **Dorothy Gleed Marshall, Ancaster, Ontario. Class of February, 1946.**

Dorothy is married with two daughters, one son and two grandsons. Active in community affairs, was President of the Women's Canadian Club 1978, 1980, 1987.

Had an exhilarating experience working in surgery in La Cieba, Honduras with a group of American and Canadian doctors and nurses under the sponsorship of Evangelical Medical Aid Society in 1988.

Still nursing full time on the Palliative Oncology Team of the V.O.N. Hamilton.

## Lucy Anne Dalicandro, Montreal, Quebec. Class of 1947.

Graduated in 1947, and with Blanche McKay (Heysel) and Kay Woods (O'Brien) set off for the great west. After a brief stop working in Missoula, Montana, we settled for a year in Comox on Vancouver Island. Kay married. Blanche departed for the air lines. I stayed for a year in a gold mining hospital in Bralorne, British Columbia.

A year later went back to Ontario to work for the V.O.N. for ten years; was sent on a Rehabilitative Course in New York. Later went to Montreal, took a course in Neurological and Neurosurgical nursing and then joined the staff of the Montreal Neurological Hospital. Became Head Nurse of a unit in 1965 until the present. Enjoy skiing, photography and travelling.

Our Class of '47 is unique! There is a core of us (sixteen or more) who still meet for reunions. We have moved about for them-Vancouver Island, Montreal and Hamilton, with future plans of joining some of our class in U.S.A. areas.

*Lucy sends these stories of her days in the O.R.*

It was one of those days in the operating room. At that time in our training, we spent three months in this rotation.

The job description included a wide range of duties such as blowing into gloves, patching them, washing, drying and packaging sponges for reuse, and, of course, scrubbing for surgical cases. However, we did "other types" of scrubbing too - instruments and floors.

On this particular day, in the utility room, I was hurriedly "swabbing the deck" with a metal mop when it accidentally hit a gallon bottle on the floor. Out of all the solutions it had to be one of the most potent, "PRYZOL", which was used to sterilize instruments in a hurry. The fumes soared into the air enough to burn your eyes and your nasal passages.

Despite the closed doors, the operating room in action, was dramatically affected. Eveyone was crying!

Somehow I managed to dry it all up while my blood shot eyes and nose were dripping. Unable to explain the incident, I concluded that they "wouldn't understand" anyway. I believe that I had to start wearing glasses shortly after this - but then, that was long ago.

Another day in the O.R. It was busy!!! Sister frantically called out to us, to hurry and clean up-we had just completed a D. and C.

Well I was hurrying when it happened. I pulled the metal stirrup sharply up to remove it, only it crashed through the large glass flange (dust collector). There was a deathly sound of tinkling glass raining down, fortunately the patient was well protected with heavy cotton stockinet, so she was unharmed.

After the clean up and embarrassment (hiding behind the mask), I was sent to report to the Director of Nursing. I knocked at the open door - a newspaper stood between us - explained my tragic happening and waited for the sentence. After a long five minutes, the newspaper said, "it's priceless!!!!". What sweet words those were, I didn't have a cent anyway!



## Marie Healey Pegg, Nipawin, Saskatchewan. Class of 1948.

The time from September 4, 1945 to December 31, 1951 contain so many memories, where to begin?

The scared girl, not quite eighteen, waiting for the first interview with Sister Ursula...the Probie uniform and how glad we were to wear white shoes and stockings instead of black...the Classmates, many still in touch after forty-five years...roll call at 6:15 a.m....first ward duty in St. Monica's with Sister Joan, the Children's Ward...learning probie duties, cleaning sinks, changing flowers, remember "glad" season...duty hours of seven to seven with two hours off and daily classes in there somewhere.

Everyone was Senior to Probationers. The Probies held doors, stood back, stood up, spoke when spoken to. No cafeteria then, but long tables where the bowls were passed to the most senior first, then on down to the most junior. We filled up on toast and jam in the evenings at Undermount.

Probation did pass and the precious caps received. The next adventure was nights on second floor, Casa Maria. Remember the creaky elevator and the spooky back kitchen...linseed poultices. After Casa was surgery on 300 with Sister Lioba...Medicine on buggy B floor with Sister Jean Marie...Later on Casa third floor, the O.R. with Sister St. Paul, affiliation at the Ontario Hospital at New Toronto. Psychiatry certainly was different! Black bands and our Senior year... classes and exams continuing and four more months on 200 medical. Graduation, May 26, 1948 in the Cathedral...that long aisle! At long last August 13, 1948, my finishing day. The three years ended as they began in Children's Ward, not St. Monica's but the "new C.W." in the "old O.R."

Holidays - then back to 200 med as "Grad" (those four months did impress)...Sisters St. Leonard, Gabriel and Pauline as supervisors over the next three and a half years. In January, 1952, it was time for a change and I was off to

Saskatchewan to be Matron of the Red Cross Outpost Hospital at Loon Lake. However the first six weeks were spent at a Nursing Station in Endeavour, a very small village, which was an entirely new situation. Besides assessing ailing people, I had to cope with a gas lantern, a furnace and eat bear meat looking as if I was enjoying it!

The fifteen bed Outpost Hospital at Loon Lake was built about 1930 (out of railway ties stolen from the unfinished railway, so they said). The village of about three hundred was in the middle of the Indian Reserve, two hundred miles or so north of Saskatoon. To start this adventure the resident Doctor had decided to leave and this left the "doctoring" to the Matron. It was three months before the new Doctor arrived. Eight babies were delivered, some cuts sutured, patients advised and for the two big accidents, a Doctor came from fifty miles away. A couple of times during these three months a Native came asking for someone to come out to his place to see a child. It was disconcerting when making a return visit the next day to find everyone moved somewhere else.

The village of Loon Lake is near a chain of five lakes. Beautiful scenery! The last shots of the Riel Rebellion were fired just west of the village. I could hardly believe that the gun pits visible on an island in one of the lakes were real.

I learned many things at Loon Lake - how to manage a cook, a maid, a laundress and a handyman as well as the nursing staff; dealing with the R.C.M.P. and other necessary village people. The social life was different too - country dances, wedding dances, fishing, paddling a canoe, and the most difficult - courting a man. The local Conservation Officer (Forest Ranger or Game Warden) was a likely looking lad, so I married him!

Then I had more things to learn about, such as domestic and sport fishing seasons, trappers, forest fires and hunting seasons. Conservation officers tend to move from district to district throughout the Province. We have been fortunate in only living in six districts since our marriage. Our two daughters were born in the Red Cross Outpost Hospital at Loon Lake, which they feel is a unique item for their personal history.

I have been able to work at my profession wherever we have lived. Mostly general duty, on medical units but have done office work for two different Doctors.

Unfortunately I developed Rheumatoid Arthritis in 1964 which has slowly progressed as the years went by. The last transfer to Nipawin with its small hospital caused me regretfully to retire from active duty. I still keep in touch with nursing with involvement in S.R.N.A. chapter activities and the local Alzheimer Support Group. As well, our youngest daughter received her R.N. in 1974 and B.Sc.N. in 1988 and does her bit in keeping me informed.

My husband took early retirement in 1982 and we continue to live in Nipawin, a lovely town of 5,000 or so on the Saskatchewan River. It is called "The Pearl of the Pines". We keep well occupied with community and friends.



Dr. Lang with a group of Students attending lectures in Anatomy and Physiology—1917

**Ania Stewart Mayer,  
Dundas, Ontario and  
Fay Watts MacKenzie,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1949.**

**REFLECTIONS**

Just once in a lifetime"..."Again...This couldn't happen again".

A melody sung by blue eyes himself to the Class of '49 as we filed into the dining room, pristine in our starched white uniforms for a specially prepared late breakfast.

For three years the mandatory early-to-bed and early-to-rise had left serious doubts as to the promised rewards of health, wealth and wisdom. The consensus was more like chronic fatigue, poverty and 'what did I do wrong now?', when faced with the reality of a fourteen hour day, two dollars a month allowance and the ever present scrutiny of SMU (Sister Mary Ursula).

We look back at what hands on learning meant to us. It began with scouring toilets and bedpans and progressed to 'Senior' with the responsibility of total patient care on the ward.

The once coveted school cap, black band and white uniform are no longer symbols of achievement. Change is inevitable; change to meet the needs is a valued goal. Congratulations, St. Joe's, on one hundred years of involvement. Thank you for the magic moments.

## Jane Mary Simpson O'Brien, Burlington, Ontario. Class of 1949.

I entered St. Joseph's School of Nursing in 1946 having wanted to be a nurse since I was a young girl growing up in Welland. My brother had surgery for a ruptured appendix in 1940 and I stayed with him as much as possible in the hospital and there wasn't anything else that I wanted to be except a nurse.

I came to Hamilton because it was closer to Welland than Toronto and as I was the second eldest in a family of nine children, I was anxious to return home as often as possible. That became wishful thinking for the next three years because we were allowed only one over-night a month and there was no way I could go and return to Welland in one day. Fortunately, I was soon in the company of some wonderful girls from Hamilton and we became close friends and I enjoyed many family occasions in their homes. I have always been grateful to these friends and we see them and enjoy their families still.

My younger sister, Muriel, arrived at St. Joseph's School of nursing in 1948, graduating in 1951 and my youngest sister, Margaret, arrived in 1955 to enter the same school. She graduated in 1958. She married Dr. Nicholas Rizzo that same year.

We had numerous hilarious incidents as probies. One evening a few of the girls were visiting in one of the rooms. Therese leaned on the sink at which time it broke cleanly from the wall! Water shot in all directions, flooding the floor; out from under the beds floated many items including several chicken bones.

I married my husband, Bob O'Brien from Aldershot, in 1951. Over the next sixteen years we had five children - Mary Ann, born in 1954, now a physiotherapist at McMaster; Maureen, born 1958, a Registered Nurse in St. Thomas, Ontario; John, 1961, working with his father at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery; Catherine, 1962, employed in microbiology at St. Joseph's; and Patti, 1967, who

graduated as a Registered Nurse from Mohawk College in 1988. As you can see, nursing or health care is carried on in all our children. We also have seven grandchildren with two more due this April!

I am still employed part-time with a medical personnel agency. I have always enjoyed being a nurse. I'm so glad that I came to Hamilton, where I met so many good friends and of course, my husband of thirty-nine years. If given the choice I would not change anything. I have many fond memories of St. Joseph's, nursing and my life in the Hamilton area.



Mrs. Markle presenting prize to scholarship winner Miss Jane Simpson—  
June 1, 1949; President—1948-50

## Sister Mary Ursula Berry, Class of 1932

Yesterday in a neat little sitting room on the top floor of St. Joseph's Hospital, Sister Ursula looked out to where small patches of the bay could be seen glistening between the highrises, and talked a little of the old days.

She graduated in 1932 and is now supposed to be retired but she still puts in a day that usually lasts from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m..."The good thing about retirement though, is that now I don't have to work. I do, because I enjoy it...but no one tells me when to start and when to finish".

She is now officially known as the liaison sister between the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Alumni Association. Its rather an oddity that she will be present at the last graduating class of St. Joseph's school...her aunt was Miss (Ada) Egan, the first student to enroll in the school. "In fact, it was she who got me interested in nursing and encouraged me to enroll.

Since graduation Sister Ursula served in several parts of Canada, but there's a special place in her memory for the few months she lived on an Indian reservation in Northern B.C.... "That was quite an experience...if we had water we'd wash, if we hadn't we'd just go unwashed. I could write a book about my time there".

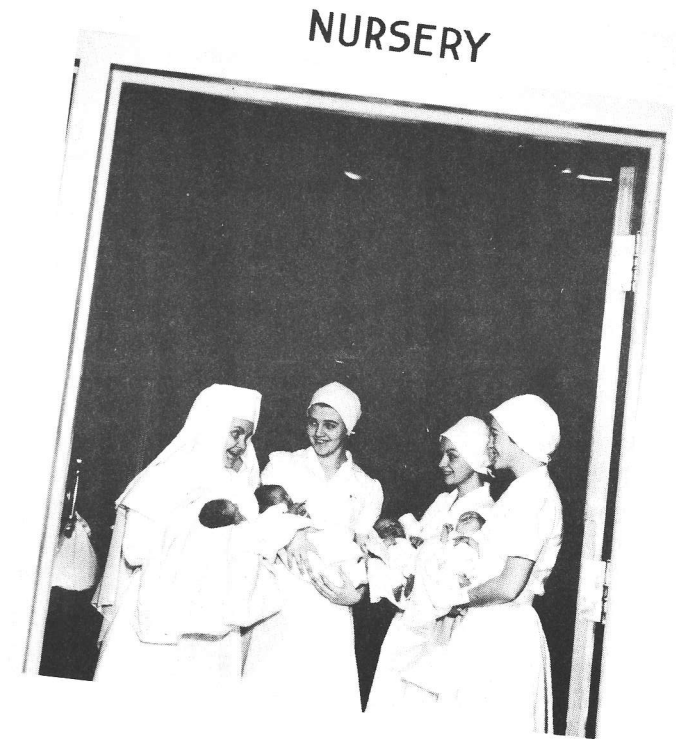
In 1942 she returned to Hamilton to take over as Director of Nursing at the school. Later she headed up the hospital's obstetrics department and figures that during her time there more than 50,000 babies were brought into the world.

But Sister Ursula isn't too interested in talking about herself...She intends to pay tribute to the Alumni Association...it was first formed by Miss Ada Egan and

***Sister Mary Ursula Berry, Class of 1932, was the Director of Nursing 1944 to 1950. Sister had a long association with the Alumnae, she was Sister Liaison at the time of her death in 1984. Stan McNeill, of the Hamilton Spectator, interviewed Sister in May, 1974, just prior to the closing of the School of Nursing. Here is part of that interview.***

Miss Jean Morin, both graduates of the 1915 class, and over the years has given valuable help to the school in all phases of its operation. The association is just part of a proud institution that will long be remembered for the part it has played in enriching the history of Hamilton and the lives of its inhabitants.

*Thank you to Fay MacKenzie for the use of her Class of 1949 reunion scrapbook where this news clipping was saved.)*



## Joyce Hotchin Skuse, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of February 1951.

My training days hold beautiful memories not only of learning nursing skills, but the warm fellowship and deep friendships which developed within my class of "51" and fellow workers. They were wonderful years and I will always treasure this special time of my life.

I entered training in 1948, the February class, full of eagerness and enthusiasm, as I was now embarking on a life long dream. I was just an average student who surprisingly won the Proficiency Award. Also, I was elected Class Valedictorian and was President of the Student Council.

After graduation I did private duty for six months and then entered the nursery in the new Women's Wing and ultimately became the Head Nurse of Premature Nursery, where I remained until 1954. The following nine years I remained at home raising our three children, Stephen, 1954; Mark, 1957 and Beth, 1959. In 1963, with the help, support and encouragement of my husband, Ross, who never faltered in his belief in me, I returned to St. Joseph's, working a shift which was the only one of its kind - 11 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. In 1966, I became employed by Dr. Helen Fill and Dr. Peter Ruff as their nurse-receptionist, and remained with them full time until 1982. I remained home to nurse my mother who was suffering from Alzheimers. Occasionally, I did nursing relief for the doctors until their retirement in 1987.

I have been actively involved with church work, choir work and for several years, sang with a Barbershop Choral Group. My hobby is needlework; a friend and I are in partnership making petit point jewelry.

My first year in training, our class was asked to be in charge of decorating the lecture room at Undermount for the Sisters who were hosting an afternoon tea for the Graduating Class. I was given the impression that anything could be done as long as it was appealing and in

good taste. Across the blackboards at the front of the room were wine coloured, floor length drapes which looked drab and showed their wear. Therefore, I cut them down into short drapes and had the maintenance man put coloured lights in the ceiling. I thought that we had done a perfect job! Well, you can imagine my surprise on being called into the office by Sister Ursula and severely reprimanded. I came out of her office, thoroughly convinced that I would be expelled for my brash behaviour. After the tea took place, I was again summoned to the office at which time Sister Ursula apologized and stated how pleased everyone was with the "new" look. She had received many compliments from all who attended.

On March 24, 1953, when I was working in the Premature Nursery, the first set of identical twins of identical birth weight, 4 pounds, 5 ounces, were born to Mrs. A. Her daughters were Beverly Ann and Patricia Ann. They came under my care until their release seven weeks later and, of course, I never expected to hear about them again. One becomes so attached to the babies when they are with you for such a long duration and when they go home, you feel as though a little piece of yourself has gone with them. About twelve years ago, through a mutual friend, I met one twin, Patricia. Immediately, a very unexplainable close bond formed between us and we did not know until a few years later that I had actually received and watched over Patricia and her sister in the nursery. We marvelled at this new found friendship which had grown to be more like a mother and daughter relationship and now her little girl, Laura, looks upon me as Grandma.

I relate this story to you, not only because of its history, but because it shows that what one puts into life, is returned ten fold in some way or some place or at some time. I have been truly blessed.

I am proud to be a Registered Nurse from St. Joseph's and to be an Alumnae member.

**Joy Gelder Goodwin,  
Weston, Ontario. Class of 1952.**

Since graduation from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in 1952, my career has been interesting and varied. During the early years, 1952-64, two years in Hamilton and then Toronto, I worked variously as a General Duty Nurse, a Nurse-receptionist-secretary, and an assistant Clinical Instructor in Nursing Arts and Medical Nursing.

From 1964-71 I was doing Nursing Research at Toronto General Hospital. Then from 1967-70 I was Staffing Co-ordinator at the new Scarborough Centenary Hospital, responsible for the hiring, placement and scheduling of staff.

From 1971 until my retirement from active nursing, I worked as a Nursing Consultant for Woods, Gordon and Company, a Management Consulting firm. During this period, I met my husband, Clive, on a naturalists' weekend, he, a bird watching leader and I, one of the led. We were married in 1972.

In 1981, Clive and I started our own business as free-lance naturalists. Clive is an expert naturalist, writer and photographer. With my skills in nursing, human relations and management, we make a good team.

We give naturalist courses, field trips locally, and longer trips with emphasis on birds and wildflowers. Our small groups visit such places as England, Scotland, Trinidad and Tobago, Florida, Texas, California and across Canada, including Newfoundland, Grand Manan, Churchill, Labrador, Alberta and British Columbia, looking at the wonderful variety of birds, wildflowers and other special animals of these areas.

We have jointly produced two books. One, The Bird Finding Guide for Ontario, was published by the University of Toronto Press. Then last year we completely revised an earlier book, The Bird Finding Guide to the Toronto Region, and have now published this ourselves. Our next venture is a commission from Doubleday, New York, to write another book, so we will be very busy

during late 1989 and early 1990 working to complete this on time.

As you can see, I have wandered far from formal nursing, but my skills are very valuable for our clients in providing an exciting, relaxing and safe experience.

**Margaret Brown Binkley,  
Millgrove, Ontario.  
Class of September, 1953.**

I had just received my cap and was assigned to night duty at Casa Maria. Our night shift being twelve hours with a two hour break during the night. Delivered patients were on the first and second floor and the labour and delivery rooms on the third floor! We took our "break" on the second floor, sleeping (or trying to) on folding cots, which needed to be propped up by wastebaskets or they would fall down. It never failed, just after you got to sleep, a mother who had just delivered needed to be brought down to the second floor - which meant - up you got, folded your cot so the stretcher could get through, waited for the patient to be settled in bed and then the stretcher back on the elevator to go up to the third floor again. After all this one usually gave up trying to sleep.

Another thing I remember about Casa Maria was the stairs, they "squeaked" and trying to go up or down them at night without hitting a noisy one was impossible, so the next best thing was trying to slide down the bannister! I moved from Casa Maria to the new Women's Wing on the night shift. It was wonderful to work in the new building with all the latest equipment. But those who never worked at Casa Maria missed a lot of good times. I have wonderful memories of Casa that I will never forget.



**Helen Reimer Bergmann,  
Virgil, Ontario. Class of February, 1953.**

### **Thermometers and Shoes**

Grandpa S. was everybody's favourite! In spite of his illness he was cheerful and friendly. One busy evening the nurse needed to check on his temperature. Popping the thermometer into his mouth she whisked away, meaning to return shortly. Half an hour later she agonized - oh no, the thermometer! Hurrying back to the room she expected Mr. S. to have removed it and put it on the bedside table. She could hardly believe her eyes, there he lay quietly on his back with the thermometer still protruding through clenched lips. Excusing herself profusely she took the thermometer, expecting a scolding from Grandpa. None of that. In his quiet, thoughtful way he said slowly, "That's alright, I know you're busy."

Sometime later the same nurse was on night duty. Grandpa S. was still in fairly good spirits even though he was failing. Early in the morning, rounds had to be made for T.P.R.s. For most people the verse in Proverbs 27:14 would apply where it says, "If you shout a pleasant greeting to a friend too early in the morning, he will count it as a curse!" Not so Grandpa S. He seemed to be awake and alert. As the nurse approached his bed with her quick steps, he looked at her pleasantly and in his slow manner spoke words of wisdom, "You know, nurse, I've been thinking, if you's take longer steps you'd save shoe leather!"

This made the nurses' night! The theory of the advice might never be proven, but the amusement remains relevant.

### **The Encouragement**

Seven p.m. - time to go off duty. Oh no, not on a busy surgical floor! There goes the light above Mr. T.'s door. Pam's premonition fears the worst. Yes, it's true, Mr. T.'s colostomy has overflowed through the dressing and onto the bed sheets. It seems to be all over everything! Quickly she runs across the hall to call her classmate who is busily finishing up.

Please come and help me with Mr. T."

Poor little man! With his sad eyes above sunken cheeks he seems to say: I am so sorry but there is nothing I can do about this. The figures in blue and white work quickly and efficiently removing soiled dressings and linens, washing and applying clean dressings, gown and bedding. All is spick and span when they finally finish. With a sense of satisfaction they stop for a minute at the foot of the clean bed to bid Mr. T. good-night. He looks at them for a moment, points upwards and asks, "Do you know God?"

"Yes, we do."

Pointing to them he says emphatically, "He pay you!"

Somehow there is new strength as they head to the utility room to tend to the soiled linens. Now to the nurses station to finish charting. As they wearily wind their way back to Undermount they agree on one thing, a little encouragement goes a long way!

**Irene Ashworth,  
Nanticoke, Ontario. Class of 1954.**

Fifteen members of the graduating class of 1954 have a unique place in St. Joseph's School of Nursing history. We were members of one of the last February Class that would be enrolled. Being small in number, we developed into a closely-knit group. As a result, I have many fond and pleasant memories of my days in training - the comradeship in residence (Undermount, Staff residence and Marygrove); the twelve hour shifts with two hour "breaks" if charts were completed; the Christmas concerts; throwing slippers at a bat along with Joanne Merry, Lilian Allingham and Leona Campbell (Marygrove residence); sunning on the tar roof of the Staff residence during the day when we worked nights.

One very traumatic episode happened to me while working on Ward 200 Medical during my Junior days. Of the four patients that were assigned, two of them were critically ill. After having nursed them for several days and providing comfort to the family members, both patients died within two hours of each other. I will always be grateful to the kind Senior who came to the rescue of a neophyte Junior.

Since graduation in 1954, my career has been most interesting and varied.

Post-Graduate Education in Nursing - Public Health Diploma, University of Western Ontario; Public Health Supervision and Administration, University of Toronto.

Employment in Nursing - Staff nurse, Polio ward, Hamilton General Hospital; 2 Private, St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton; Victorian Order of Nurses, Hamilton; Supervisor, Victorian Order of Nurses, Ottawa and London; Regional Supervisor, National Office, Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada.

In 1967 while addressing student nurses at Queen's University, I suffered a myocardial infarction. After much thought I decided to switch careers. Before switching, I set

up the Home Care Program in Peterborough.

Further education - Secondary School Teaching Certificate, Althouse College, University of Western Ontario; Special Education Specialist, Brock University.

New Career - Secondary School Teacher for two years followed by fifteen years as Vocational Assistant to the Principal at Agnes Macphail and Caledon Secondary Schools in Hamilton.

I retired in January, 1987, to Lake Erie.

Last June, I attended my thirty-fifth anniversary class reunion and was thrilled to meet so many of my classmates again. Over the years I have corresponded with Lilian Allingham Rossol who is living in Santa Barbara, California. Lilian and I were room-mates throughout the three years of training and we have kept in touch since then.



## **Judy Laurie Gautier, Ripples, New Brunswick. Class of 1956.**

Judy graduated in 1956, a member of the last February class, did private duty and then worked for the V.O.N. until 1960. Attended the University of Toronto in 1959, obtained a Public Health degree. In 1960, married Jean-Pierre Gautier, a French teacher, moved to Barrie, Ontario, did part time work in a Doctor's office. They had four children and became hobby farmers in Oro, north of Barrie, in 1977. Retired in October, 1987, to Lakeville Corners, New Brunswick, on French Lake, near Fredericton. Judy still attends the Reunion every June. Judy and Jean-Pierre became first time grandparents in March, 1990, with the birth of Patricia Laurie.

Mary Rae Laurie Manuell, Class of 1952, has spent her nursing career in New York City.

## **Maureen Arbour Radigan, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1957.**

It is thirty-six years since I first entered the portals of Undermount residence to embark upon a career as a nurse in the footsteps of my mother (Eileen Golden Arbour, '30).

There's no longer an Undermount, Oakbank or Marygrove. There's no longer B floor, C floor or old One Medical but - I remember the joys, remember the pain and I'm loving and living that life over again.

I remember 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. nights and Sister St. Joseph; C floor and bats; One Medical and bats; Gyn and bats; B floor and bedpans; O.R. with Dr. Bowman and Dr. Murray; Maternity and Delivery with Dr. Arthurs and Dr. Quigley.

I remember 6:20 a.m. roll call and Chapel; Father O'Brien; Father Piggot; Sister Virginia and Sister Bonaventure.

I remember Dr. Downes and exam reviews; long, hot tunnels and Frankie.

I think of the years and the people who passed and how

each and every one had an influence on who I am today and who I'll be tomorrow.

After Graduation in 1957 I took my first holiday to Western Canada traversing our great country by train. This was the beginning of a love affair with the Rocky Mountains that has continued to this day. I've refreshed my soul six times since. I spent a year in Private duty in Hamilton, then a year travelling through Europe visiting every country this side of the Iron Curtain before settling in London, England, for several months.

On returning to Canada in 1959, I worked through Registry at all city hospitals before joining the Public Health Department. I married Tom Radigan in 1960; we had four daughters in quick succession - Shannon, 1961; Paula, 1963; Erin, 1965 and Michelle, 1966.

I retired from active nursing in 1965 and entered politics in 1966, was elected Separate School Trustee until 1976 and again from 1978 to 1982.

In 1977 I embarked on a new career in Real Estate Sales which allows me the flexibility to be involved in community affairs, politics and travel.

In the past year Tom and I have visited the West once again, Ireland and Costa Rica. Our daughter Erin was married in October, 1989. Paula will be married in July, 1990. Shannon is teaching English in Czechoslovakia and our third generation nurse, Michelle, works in the I.C.U. at Henderson General Hospital, Hamilton.

I'm starting another part-time career as Hamilton Mountain Provincial Returning Officer.

Never a dull moment! Where have the years gone? Will I take time to sit in a rocking chair??? There will be a lot to reflect upon - some day - but for now - so much to do with the rest of my life!

***Judy comes from a family of St. Joseph's nurses. Her mother, the late Mary Battle Laurie, Class of 1928, married Dr. Neil Laurie and moved to Barrie, Ontario. They had four daughters, ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren. She was very active on the V.O.N. executive and Barrie's first woman alderman! Mary passed away in 1989 and Dr. Laurie passed away this past winter.***

**Carmella Marie Cupolo Calaguiro,  
Niagara Falls, Ontario. Class of 1957.**

It was a rainy August night in 1954, our first at Undermount Residence, and we were packed in the TV room, butterflies in our stomachs, just gazing at each other (we ranged in age from seventeen to twenty-three years) when a SENIOR walked in and announced that we had three years of "HELL" facing us. I shuddered and thought "THREE YEARS...I'll be dead before I ever finish training".

Onto the wards eventually, proceeded to empty my first urinal (on 2 Medical West), tripped, spilled it all down my freshly starched white apron and in my shoes, nice, warm, smelly urine...I SURVIVED!...Went onto either 1 or 2W and with a classmate began to wrap a sterile lumbar prep...the area was prepared, sterile towels in place, twenty-nine year old male patient (whom we thought was ancient), lying on his stomach. My classmate was on the left side of the bed, me on the right, she began the wrap, with roller gauze (which we all know is soft). It was my job to pull it through, under the patient, and then pass it back to her, to continue. PROBLEM, when I reached under the patient, and began pulling, he yelled and turned red. I ran out of the room. You've guessed it! That was my formal introduction to the male anatomy...I SURVIVED...Saw my first patient die on One Medical. It was so sad. He had deformed bottom teeth - which protruded over his upper lip, no family. I was heartbroken...I SURVIVED...But vowed that some day death and dying would be my professional niche. I've realized that dream and have been active in Palliative Care for many years.

1955...first autopsy, Joe Beauvais was there...The liver, along with other vital organs, was weighed and dissected...We were dismissed at 11:30 a.m. for lunch. Liver and onions was served in the cafeteria that day...I SURVIVED...

***Sister Bonaventure Fagan was the Director of Nursing during the fifties. Although she graduated from St. Mary's Hospital School of Nursing, Kitchener, Class of 1942, she is an important part of St. Joseph's memories.***

1955...fell madly in love for the first time in my life (with a great fellow who looked like Glenn Ford), it ended after three and a half years. I was through training by then...I SURVIVED...And the beat goes on...How fondly I recall the tiny kitchen at Undermount, and my first taste of peanut butter in 1954...I still love it!

1957 was quickly upon us and sixty-four of us graduated, having made loving and lasting life-time friendships. I am proud to be a 1957 grad from ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL HAMILTON, ONTARIO, and wear my grad pin and cap proudly. TRAINED...we sure were, indeed. Thank you SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH...it was three of the best years of my life and a profession that I've loved, respected and cherished.

Today I am blessed with a fine husband, of thirty-one years, two great, grown sons and three loving grandchildren and I am still very active in Palliative Care. I also write articles for the Seniors Review, a local newspaper that is published every other month. I do book reviews, and items on health, including Palliative Care.

**Sister Bonaventure Fagan,  
Hamilton, Ontario,**

Undermount Residence had a rich heritage filled with many emotions - joy for all we have shared over the years, gratitude for residence living, happiness for lasting friendships that will continue into the future and fond memories of our instructors, doctors, supervisors, dieticians and public health agencies.

During these years Nursing Education was so much in the forefront, when accreditation was so demanding. How many instructional hours should be given in pediatrics, obstetrics, surgery, medicine, gynecology and psychiatry? At this time classroom facilities were limited - the lecture room in the residence and the auditorium in the hospital. Teachers, medical and nursing staff taught students in clinics, conferences and presentations.

The Alumnae of the School of Nursing always gave example by leadership and principles of imitation. The Graduates looked forward to the graduation dance as it was always of special significance for each one. Also, the Graduates were most appreciative of the banquet so beautifully arranged, where they were the honoured guests.

The Sisters of St. Joseph were quoted as saying, "The aim of all education should be to form men and women of noble character; in your special work it should be added, who will serve God in the person of their sick neighbours. We salute them sincerely for past performance. But the task that lies ahead is greater because of growing activities, the progress in science and medicine within the profession, the hospital and the community. When you leave your Alma Mater we ask leadership of you - a leadership of personal influence that calls for high ideals, constant self-improvement and personal integrity." (Vox Omnium, 1957)

*Sister also sent a memory of affiliation at the Hamilton Sanatorium.*

The following essay was written by one of the students who experienced the affiliation at the Hamilton Sanatorium.

Four of us at a time had the privilege of three fascinating months at the San.

May 16th was one of those soft spring days that gave the pink and white blossoms in front of Holbrook Residence a fairy glow. It made us look around the lawns for the source of lilac fragrance. Next, we were met by student affiliates from the Hamilton and Brantford General Hospitals.

The lectures, demonstrations and museum studies were most informative and stimulating. Surgeons gave careful pre-operative screening for spinal fusions, thoracoplasty, segmentectomies, etc. The surgical procedures were performed with amazing deftness and accuracy.

The most fascinating of all were the Eskimo patients, stoical, mischievous, demonstratively affectionate. They were fun to be with, even when you couldn't understand them.

## **Patrician Misener Baker, Burlington, Ontario. Class of 1958.**

After graduation, I worked a few years at the Ontario Hospital in Hamilton, then in Toronto, at the Joseph Brant and Oakville Hospitals, with a bit of time with the V.O.N. in Halton County. The past fourteen years have been very interesting with the Health Services at Sheridan College, at the Oakville campus. I have three grown sons, none married as yet.

## **Marilyn A. Ray, Boca Raton, Florida. Class of 1958.**

Currently, I have a very special position in nursing, Eminent Scholar, Christine E. Lynn, Chair in Nursing, at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton, Florida.

The position is special because I have the opportunity to develop the science and art of caring in nursing through writing, research and teaching, which I first learned and practiced at St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing. I have always been so grateful for my beginning nursing education in truly holistic physical, emotional and spiritual caring at St. Joseph's. It has been a part of me through my advanced B.S.N., M.S.N. and Ph.D. degrees in nursing and my M.A. degree in Anthropology.

I was inspired to pursue advanced education through Sister Virginia's wisdom and was always encouraged to continue learning by my friends of the Class of 1958, and my family. I love nursing and believe it to be the noblest of professions. As the "Red Rose Queen" in 1958, I was privileged to represent my classmates who were caring, compassionate, innovative risk-takers who created a new student organizational environment and charted a new course for nurses to grow and develop. I am proud to continue the caring heritage in nursing education I received at St. Joseph's. Thanks to the special people who gave me love and inspiration. My sister, Cathy Ray Therrien, Class of 1965, is as proud as I am of our famous school.

**Lorene Smith Martell,  
Rexdale, Ontario. Class of 1959.**

St. Joseph's School of Nursing,  
Mountain Blvd.,  
Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Miss Smith,

Your application has been accepted to enter St. Joseph's School of Nursing on Wednesday, August 29th, 1956.

You will be notified by letter as to the time you register. Students may return home Friday after 3 p.m. for the holiday week-end until Monday, at 11 p.m.

We are enclosing a blank form for your uniforms. Read and follow the directions carefully. Send money order with the completed form to Lac-Mac, Limited, London, Ontario. If your order for uniforms is late in being sent to you, the company will forward them to us. Collar, cuffs and belt are given to you on entrance. Please do not launder uniforms. The white service gowns are sent to you at the School of Nursing in a couple of months.

In addition to this kindly bring:

1. A moderate amount of underclothing, plainly marked with woven name tapes. (Name tapes will be sent to you with your uniforms).
2. A house coat and bedroom slippers with soft heels.
3. Two pairs of nurse's white shoes with soft rubber cuban heels. (Wedgies or flat heels are forbidden.)
4. White stockings (nylon, etc.).
5. Plastic rain boots.
6. A white sweater coat.
7. A laundry bag, towels, wash cloths, hangers, etc.
8. A watch with a second hand, suitable for nurse's use,

*Lorene sent a package of memories, including class pictures, yearbook listings, the brochure sent to prospective students and her letters of acceptance to the School of Nursing. I thought that you might enjoy remembering your early contact with the School through these items.*

also an alarm clock.

9. A fountain pen and eversharp pencil. A carbon pen is useful for taking notes in class. (Bottles of ink are not allowed in the classroom).

Students while in training are to be well groomed (hair cut short above the collar, no bangs). For conducted tours, public health nursing, etc., nurses are dressed professionally with dress shoes and hat.

Sixty dollars (\$60.00) is payable on registration to cover the cost of text books, printed notes, library facilities, etc., during your three years of study. This is not refundable after ten days. If you discontinue training, text books are the property of the school. Uniforms may be given to a classmate, but the school will not reimburse.

Applicants enrolled at St. Joseph's School of Nursing become an integral part of the hospital, sharing in the social, recreational and academic life. A well qualified teaching staff promote the best interests and welfare of the students at all times.

Sincerely yours (signed) Sister M. Bonaventure  
Director of Nurses.

St. Joseph's School of Nursing,  
Mountain Blvd.,  
Hamilton, Ontario.  
July 31, 1956.

Dear Miss Smith,

We wish you to register at St. Joseph's School of Nursing on August 29, at 4 p.m. accompanied by a parent or guardian, if they have not previously visited us.

You are free following registration, but must return early in the evening of Wednesday, August 29th, to begin classes Thursday morning. On Friday, August 31st, at 4 p.m. you may leave for the week-end holiday, to return Monday, September 3rd at 10 p.m.

Please bring with you forms or certificates which have not been submitted, also sixty dollars (\$60.00) for cost of

books.

It is not necessary to bring a trunk unless you come from a distance. Be sure you have obtained the articles listed in your letter of acceptance. Do not bring souvenirs, dolls, expensive jewelry, large amounts of money, etc. Radios and recording machines are allowed following Pre-Clinical Term.

You will wear street clothes with your white duty shoes for a couple of weeks, while we launder you uniforms.

Please acknowledge receipt of this letter.

We are looking forward to having you in our new class.

Sincerely yours,  
(signed) Sister M. Bonaventure  
Director of Nurses.

*The brochure contains photographs of various hospital departments, including the nursery, paediatrics, and the O.R. Under the title " Vacation and Late Leaves" is the following:*

Students are allowed annually a period of three weeks vacation. Nurses work a six day week and are allowed an overnight each week, an occasional weekend and extra time off while on night duty; 10:30 leave each evening, 11:30 Saturday evening, two 12 o'clock leaves a month and during the senior year, a 2 o'clock leave for students in good standing. Classes are arranged so as not to interfere with time off duty.

Prolonged leave of absence is granted only in most extraordinary cases. Nursing in one's family is not usually considered sufficient reason for absence.

#### **Admission of Students**

**Nursing - a profession:** Applicants for admission to the School of Nursing should be women of excellent moral character and possessed of a high degree of intelligence. A spirit of service and a sincere interest in people are essential attributes. Cheerfulness, tact and a sense of

humour with the ability to exercise self-discipline and self-control are necessary characteristics.

**Health** - Good health is a definite requirement.

**Height** - Five feet, two inches.

**Age** - Minimum age is seventeen years, if the candidate is emotionally mature and stable.



**Barbara Warren Wright,  
Grimsby, Ontario. Class of 1961.**

At our twenty-fifth Reunion, we passed a comment sheet around for "memories" of training days, etc.

I remember opening the door to "Staff" Residence to let certain nurses in after they had been to a party at the Cawesco Club.

Remember the "flasher" at Undermount?

Three of us climbed out the window of Parham Apartments and headed to Dundas! It wasn't me! I worked nights for a whole year.

I remember chasing bats with Sue Davis between C Floor and 3 Surgical-Medical.

Remember the door that let you in will let you out - quoth Sister Virginia.

Sister Virginia, when asked, said that she was one hundred years old.

Remember the 6 a.m. daily mass and the floor on One Medical - who's been doing the milking? (white shoe polish from our wet shoes)!

I remember being called back to the ward by Theresa Malone after working a long night.

So happy to see everyone. God bless, love and thanks for inviting me. Sister Mary Austin Reding.

I'm glad I'm here - Nijole.

So am I - Julie. "Them were the days!"

What was the name of the housemother (English accent) who conducted prayers in the auditorium for the non-Catholics in the early a.m. in our first year? Mrs. Mackenzie? **Mrs. Baron?** Mrs. Williams?

Sister Ursula (SMU) caught me with gum in my mouth from about eight hundred yards away - after I had stopped chewing!

Remember the time Cathy Farrell insisted to Sister Virginia that no one was sneaking out of the kitchen at Marygrove? Of course not, they were going out the drawing room window!

Songs - "The Tattooed Lady", "Hang Down Your Head Miss LaFlamme", "Life is Such a Dismal Aspect" Thank you Connie and Barb. I always enjoy these get-togethers - they get better everytime. - Valerie.

Kirsten Case Bouck is in Sydney, British Columbia says hello to everyone. She now has two boys and one girl and Bob is soon to retire from the R.C.M.P.

Lenore Devine Chu is in Hawaii, has three children, twin girls and looks great.

You did a great job Barb and Connie. Betty Sokolich

Thank you so much for all you organization, co-ordination and sense of fun. We are all so grateful. Cathy Renwick

I enjoyed meeting you all again. It was very pleasant, a delicious meal, thank you for inviting me. Sister Virginia Hanlon

You have done a wonderful job of organizing. Jane Carrington

Thanks to a great bunch of friends. Connie Carson.



## Sister Virginia Hanlon, Dundas, Ontario. Class of 1945.

### WINDS OF CHANGE

The best preparation for becoming a Director of a School of Nursing, to my way of thinking, was to have been a student of Sister Mary Grace at that same School. There could be no surprises!

In February, 1942, I came from Guelph to Hamilton to visit my cousin who was then an "intermediate" student at St. Joseph's School of Nursing. After our visit (which was on her three hours off on an otherwise working day) I was introduced to Sister Mary Grace at Undermount. Within a few minutes of our meeting Sister handed me an application form which I subsequently completed and mailed. I was accepted for the next class in a relatively short time compared to to-day's standards.

September 1942 was the beginning of the rest of my life. Memories of those student days have lasted these many years. Labour Day was registration day, and the following day we were assigned to the wards. The Sister Supervisor asked me to feed a lady in B5. I remember to this day the lady's name, as well as the menu. I was saddened, too, when she died several days later.

Although I did not realize it at the time, many of my experiences had a maturing influence on me and gave me confidence for situations that I would encounter in the years ahead. Of my thirty-six months in the School, I spent thirteen months on nights - definitely a maturing experience. My first posting was "nights" (twelve hour duty) for two months, with two nights off in sixty-two! We had one-half day off each week. Classes were scheduled four to five p.m. or six to seven p.m. So we had to remain "on base" if our half day off was on a class day.

Most wards had Sister Supervisors in the day time; general staff nurses were almost an unknown entity. Toward the end of my third year, the first clinical instructor ever was employed at St. Joseph's. Sylvia Hallman was a gentle,

gracious lady who encouraged us to whet our appetites for learning and reading.

Because of World War II, interns were few. Nurses were taught to take blood pressures and give intra muscular injections. I remember mixing penicillin for the first time and administering it to patients Q3H. Before and after each injection an ice pack had to be applied to the site for twenty minutes. And then there were those night lunches we had to prepare `from scratch' for patients who requested nourishment. When we worked at Casa Maria we were rotated through the different services, including the Formula Room. I could never forget the Formula Room - a section off the back kitchen of Casa. I recall my first delivery -- what a miracle to witness as Dr. Cauley ushered a healthy baby boy into the world.

The Operating Room had its surprises: My first day in the O.R. when I plugged Dr. Dan Kennedy's headlight into the wrong outlet and sparks were flying; when Dr. Bartlett, the anaesthetist asked me for "a little Trendelenburg" and I was found buzzing around looking for an instrument!

They were great days and we laughed and cried and shared and affirmed each other. I was grateful for the `hands on' experience because when I was assigned to the School of Nursing six years after graduation, I knew a few inside routines, exits and entrances!!! Graduation rolled around in May 1945 and in September of that year I entered the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

After my profession of vows, I attended the School of Nursing at Western in London. There were other Alumnae in my class, including Sister Joan O'Sullivan and Ruth Moore Cahill. After completing my course I was assigned to my own School of Nursing as assistant to

***Sister Virginia Hanlon was the Director of Nurses from 1957 to 1964, during the planning and construction of the then, new hospital and nurses residence. A very hectic time for all involved in the redevelopment. Today Sister is part of the Alumnae Association Executive as Sister Liaison between the Alumnae and the Sisters of St. Joseph and plays a very important role in the planning of the annual Reunion Day Mass and Reception.***

Sister Bonaventure who was then Director of Nursing. By that time (1951) several lay nurses were on the School of Nursing Staff and I shall always remember their kindness and acceptance of me – a greenhorn!

I worked with Sister Bonaventure for seven years and learned many things. Classes were larger than when I was a student and there was more emphasis on nursing education as opposed to nursing service. "Time off" improved – from one day to 1 1/2 to two days per week. We had more qualified staff in the School and in the patients areas, so education was "beefed up".

Because we were able to increase the number of nursing staff in the School of Nursing and the number of staff nurses in the hospital, the quality of education improved. Over the years the hospital became less dependent on the nursing students for service. New types of teaching were incorporated and finally in the late 1950s the students were away from the patient areas for weeks at a time, spending full time in the classroom.

Our first Residence Supervisor, Mary McKenna, was appointed in the early '60s. Our method of selecting new students became more sophisticated. We progressed to a part-time, then a full-time Registrar, and an Admissions and Selection Committee. In the acceptance criteria, academic as well as psychological readiness was considered.

In the midst of all this change in education, plans were already in the works for the designing and construction of a new education/residence building. After many delays, the sod was turned in August of 1961 (I was away on vacation and read about it in the Spectator!) and we moved into Fontbonne early in 1963. For many years we had made visits to other Schools of Nursing, and ideas and thoughts from Staff and Students had been collated. So when the architects were ready to draw they had plenty of material!!!

It never ceases to amaze me that a constant battle goes on between construction companies, architects, the owners, and the experienced people who will be working within

the facility. At the time it seemed to be never ending. I shall relate but two incidents.

I suggested that there be a reception/meeting room adjacent to the Director's office. "They" saw no reason for that suggestion. To quote: "The Director has an office for doing her business -- that was quite enough; and besides, Directors in other hospitals didn't have such a room."

We wanted an auditorium/gymnasium -- and construction was held up for two weeks-- no money! When construction did re-commence the aforementioned decided that a serving kitchen beside the auditorium was a superfluity -- waste of space. We persisted -- it was built! Recall the hundreds of meals, snacks and receptions that have been served from Fontbonne auditorium in the last twenty-five years! And the swimming pool -- that was something else! We didn't get it!

We did get a functional, education building, with adequate residence accommodation for our students, with many "perks", e.g. hairdressing rooms, laundries and lounges. At this time our student population was in the mid three hundreds, one of the largest in Canada. We had come a long way since Dr. Weir's report re Nursing Education had been released some thirty-five years earlier. There was more and more emphasis on quality education in the classroom and in patient areas.

From the first day I stepped across the threshold of Undermount Residence in September, 1942, until June 14, 1990, I have lived 17,520 days, and have witnessed many, many wonderful changes. I am often asked, "If you had it to do all over again, would you?" The answer would be a resounding "Yes -- I would not have missed it for the world!" There is an old saying that, "you add to your joy when you count your blessings." My life has indeed been joy filled, and I am grateful for my many blessings.

## **Isobel M. Farrell Gisborn, Caledonia, Ontario. Class of 1962.**

Would you like to hear about our training days? Well first of all they were fun, a wonderful growing time in a semi-protected atmosphere.

My name is Isobel M. Farrell Gisborn, Class of '62. I came in training in September, 1959. I was very lucky and had the unique situation of having a Senior for a sister and an Intermediate as well. I soon found out that sisters or not, I was a "probie" and no amount of family unity would change that status.

Every year, from Undermount to Oakbank to Parham and back to Undermount, brought new growth, more self assurance and more fun and dilemmas.

I will never forget being out a half hour too late. Doors were locked. My next move was to wake the girls on the ground level of Parham, and dive in a window while guards and house mothers ran frantically from room to room searching for the late arrival - who they never found, I might add!

Then, of course, there were the wonderful evenings spent learning very useful tasks such as how to shuffle a deck of cards like a real pro; learning to play euchre, cribbage, bridge and dance to all the fifties and early sixties songs which were so danceable. When we were flush, which was not too often, we would have an order-in night, either pizza or Chinese. These were wonderful times together and times I'm sure that we will all cherish and remember.

The other fond memories were the big dances, Chrysanthemum, Rhapsody, etc., when you corralled everybody's brothers, cousins and friends to make sure that everyone had a date and a fancy dress.

My most memorable time though was the Great Placenta Caper (which will go down in the great legends of St. Joseph's School of Nursing). On finding a placenta under my pillow, about five of us nearly didn't graduate. It was

how I disposed of the placenta and what happened over the following days that now make it so funny. At the time though, my juniors were not thrilled to find out that they were confined to residence indefinitely until this matter was cleared up!

Looking back, I often wonder how Sister Virginia kept on top of all of us and so benevolently, at times.

I was lucky having two sisters break the ice before me, but I was still on my own and would never trade my three years for anything in the world. I loved those days and I loved nursing and still do.

Good luck on our one hundredth anniversary and my sisters' thirtieth and twenty-fifth. Our younger sister, Pat, came into training the year I graduated, making it four Farrells from St. Joseph's!

## **Patricia M.M. Gilbert, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1962.**

### **A TRIBUTE**

In this centennial year, it might be appropriate to remind our nursing colleagues that kindness in our profession and among women has a very old and ongoing tradition, reaching back into the middle ages. Decisions have been made by religious orders that have changed the world, mostly for the better. A similar, but smaller decision was made by the Sisters of St. Joseph, specifically Sister Mary Grace.

It was an exceptional allowance for the times. Representing her community, the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Sister Mary Grace admitted a young woman into the School of Nursing in Hamilton, Ontario. The year was 1942. Including this applicant in the nursing class was unusual because of the circumstances surrounding her request to become a nurse.

For those nurses recently graduated who may not understand the significance of this reminiscence, it is important to know that forty-five years ago, and indeed,

until the last decade in many schools, nursing applicants could not be married. Not only that, she had a two year old daughter. It was almost unthinkable that a school of nursing would admit her.

There was a need. The applicant to nursing had been very recently widowed. The events of the tragic farm accident which caused death might not have been easily forgotten in a small community. Country people have long memories. Stories are often repeated to remind others of events. It can be difficult to live through. Sister knew this. She knew that for a person to move away for a time and perhaps be able to accomplish a course of study would be a good thing. With success behind us rather than sad memories, we can go on.

Another factor which is not spoken about now, but might have mattered years ago, is that this nursing applicant was not of the Roman Catholic faith. For the Community of Sisters to consider the hardship of one of another group might have made a difference in including the applicant. It did not seem to.

The decision made by Sister Mary Grace, head of the School of Nursing and of the Hospital, should be remembered. Our family, and the members of the small village of Rockford, in Norfolk County, Ontario, were and continue to be grateful. A favourite maxim of those in the village when owing another for a favour is to say, "pass it on". To my colleagues in nursing, I urge you, do "pass on" the goodness. We can still use it in our profession.

I write this reminder, and thank you, at the risk of embarrassing my mother, Grace Gilbert Wright, Reg. N., Class of February, 1945, but where would she and I both be, if Sister had not been so guided?

**Sister Joan O'Sullivan,  
formerly Sister Celestine,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1943.**

*Sister was the Director of Nursing from 1964 to 1969.*

When I reflect on my years as the Director of the School of Nursing at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, many people, programs and challenges come to mind.

I arrived as the Director in 1964 and had the final decision to make regarding accepting the first young men into the nursing program. As a faculty we selected four young men and thereafter as other young men were accepted we were always proud that we had made that decision.

These first young men were "semi-heroes" the afternoon of the fire in Parham Apartments where they, the interns, and interns with families lived. These young men went from apartment to apartment making sure all were evacuated before they left the building.

In 1964, we were moving as a faculty to the two plus one program- two years education plus one year internship, and from there the next planning was towards the two year program which was successfully achieved and approved by the College of Nurses. This landmark approval required separation of the role of the Director of the School of Nursing from that of the Director of Nursing Service and resulted in the appointment of the late Mary Lepinskie as our first lay Director of Nursing Service. These progressive steps took from 1964 to 1967 and I have many memories of incidents which occurred in those years. Graduation events were always challenging. There were the Father, Mother, Son and Daughter Banquets - one of which stands out in my memory.

It was 1967, the first time as a Sister that I had the privilege of addressing the grads and their parents, as I recall, in the Fischer Hotel, now of happy memory.

As I completed my address, and sat down, someone from behind presented me with a black puppy - complete with a red bow - and so started the career of "Buster Fontbonne" as a permanent student in the School of Nursing.

Buster went to classes with Sister Maris Stella (Ann Marshall and me and he was often as bored as some of our students were - having slept during most of our lectures, he would then stand up, yawn and maybe have a "scratch"!

Speaking of graduations, I recall late pre-graduation day parties and "high Jinx" whereby I threatened to cancel the graduation ceremony. (As if I could, but it did have sobering effects on the grads and resulted in "cleaning-up brigades"!)

Two other things that I would like to mention - First, the "Ouiji Board". Remember the time that some students were getting hysterical about predictions? Consequently, at the next School meeting, I, (in my usual gentle way!) stated that all three hundred students would not go out after the meeting unless the offending Ouiji Board was left at my office door by eight p.m. that night.

Sister Ann and I repaired to my office to wait. At eight p.m. we opened the door and, lo and behold, not one but two Ouiji Boards were waiting for us!

On another occasion, there was a fire alarm triggered by student researchers trying to determine whether or not, anything would happen if a lighted match was held to the ceiling alarm. They held the match and it happened, at eleven p.m.!

That was the first and only time in my career that I held a School meeting at midnight, and it was the first time many of the three hundred plus students in front of me heard the descriptive word "nincompoops"!

I shall never forget January 19th, 1972 when the Ministry announced that the Nursing programs would move from hospitals to the community colleges.

I well remember the support of our faculty and students in attempting to reverse this ministerial decision but I also remember that when it was obvious that the decision was firm, both faculty and students took leadership roles in designing the new program with the other schools, Chedoke and Hamilton General and faculty from Mohawk College.

Today, our former faculty and former students are still providing leadership in the Mohawk program as well as in other Nursing Programs and Nursing Services.

Thus ends this brief reflection of my years as Director of Nurses at St. Joseph's School of Nursing, Hamilton.

These were happy years for me and *possibly* for some students. God bless.

### **Patricia Dowling DiCiommo, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1965.**

Where can you get your nurses' caps starched properly? I asked around at work and was given directions to a Chinese laundry in downtown Hamilton.

I drove around and spotted a house with pagoda-style trim and a Chinese sign over the door. This must be it! I was met at the door by a very elderly Chinese couple, who ushered me into a room with a huge table that could easily seat twenty people. They offered me tea and cookies, and then disappeared. Christmas decorations were strung up across the ceiling. I figured that they were either late getting them down or early putting them up, since it was only September.

Soon the couple reappeared and motioned for me to follow them down a long corridor. That had to be where the laundry operation was, I thought. A door opened and I entered a smoke-filled room, full of men playing Mah-Jongg. They were as startled as I was.

A man in his fifties escorted me back to the front room, sat

down and asked coldly how he may "serve me". Thinking that I was now talking to the owner, I spread my three limp, new hats on the table and began to give him instructions on how I wanted them starched. He stared curiously at them and said, "What are these things?"

They're nurses caps", I explained, "you know, those white things nurses wear on their heads".

He looked at them, then at me and then at the elderly couple who were both looking terribly guilty for having allowed a stranger in here. Finally, he said, "what do you think this is lady, a Chinese laundry or something?"

I nearly fell off the chair. "Isn't it?", I replied.

"No", he said, "this is the Chinese Cultural Centre, people come here for all kinds of fun." That explained the men in the back room! "There hasn't been a laundry around here for years."

I knew that couldn't be right. Boy was I glad to get out of there! Further on down the street I found the laundry.

This time the door was only opened six inches or so. I handed in the caps, after making sure the young fellow knew what they were. He handed me a note with a phone number on it and said, "always call before you come."

Two or three weeks went by and I phoned for my caps. He hadn't even started them yet; he said that he was waiting for a full load. A full load! That could take a year. I told him just to starch the caps, forget the washing - they were brand new anyhow.

"Okay", he said, "and ...I know, I'll call before I come to pick them up!

A couple of weeks went by, I phoned and yes, they were ready - the bill was twelve dollars, just three dollars less than what I had paid for them. But they were firm, gloriously starched, three lovely caps, a lifetime supply.

Several weeks later, a poll was taken at St. Joseph's - Do

you want to wear caps, yes or no? HORRORS! The majority voted against the cap. No one at St. Joseph's wears a cap now.

My lovely white cap now resides in a clear plastic bag. I keep it on a shelf at work where I can see and admire it. Its two heavily starched twins are wrapped in brown paper and reside in a dresser drawer at home.

I'll probably never get to wear them again, but the true story of trying to get them starched always gives me a chuckle.

## **Janina Muta Berenyi, Dundas, Ontario. Class of 1965.**

Married with two daughters, Nicolette, age twenty-one and Monica, age thirteen.

Has worked in the Operating Room at St. Joseph's Hospital most of the time since graduation.

In 1967, attended a post-graduate course in O.R. administration and education at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, along with management courses at McGill University. Worked as Charge Nurse of Neurosurgery from 1970-72, then became a Head Nurse in the Operating Room in 1972.

In 1978, submitted some of her ideas and work that she had done to the Deknatel Educational Awards Program. Awarded second place for all Hospitals in North America. Received recognition at the National Operating Room Convention in 1978, a monetary award and a write-up in the A.O.R.N. Journal.

Presently working as a Nurse Educator, responsible for Orientation, Inservice, On-going Education and has pioneered a Quality Assurance Program for the Operating Room.

In her spare time, is involved with folk art and tole painting.

**Nancy O'Brien Melnyk,  
Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1965.**

My nursing career has been entirely at St. Joseph's, from that first day as a student in September, 1962 to 1990. After spending five years on Pediatrics, I started working part time after the birth of our first child, Jeff, in 1970. Laura followed in 1972 and Sara in 1975. Presently I float in the night pool - my choice of shift, for the past nineteen years - which still amazes some people. My mother was horrified to learn that I would still be working shift after I graduated. She assumed that only the students worked shift, and the students probably felt that way too! We worked lots of shift during those three years of training and lots of weekends too, all for the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a month allowance - you didn't dare ask for "pay" on allowance day.

We lived in Undermount that first year, while the construction of Fontbonne was completed. What a change to move into that new building in August 1963. Lots of space, closets, desks, beds that actually were comfortable; a great difference from the cramped double rooms in Undermount. But I know that when Undermount was demolished for the construction of the parking ramp, I felt a twinge of sadness, as many others did.

Because I have been at St. Joseph's for so long, I have seen many changes in facilities, programs, personnel and the practice of medicine. The new hospital of my training days has now been superseded by the new buildings of 1990. Older buildings have been removed, the ones that held C Floor, 2 Medical West - my first assignment, part of the 1948 medical building; all hold fond memories.

I have been involved with the Alumnae since graduation; I felt strongly that the graduates of the School of Nursing should be part of that organization. The annual Alumnae Dinner was always a special day for me. The first one that I attended in 1966 made me feel part of something really unique. Twenty-five years ago graduates of the first classes were still attending the Dinner and their dedication to their Alma Mater impressed me immensely.

Over the years as I have gone to each dinner, I notice that the fellowship and friendships, from years gone by are rekindled. The attendance at the Reunion is increasing yearly, which makes the work that the Executive and Dinner Conveners all the more fulfilling. As one of the few active School of Nursing Alumnae Associations still in existence, St. Joseph's can be proud of us. My positions with the Alumnae have included Newsletter editor in 1969, Reunion Dinner convener 1972 to 1980, Advisor 1980 to 1987 and Newsletter editor and Membership convener since 1988.

The Alumnae, under the leadership of such presidents as Lorna Martin Matthews, Patricia Dowling DiCiommo, Jackie Wade Hughes, and Judi King-Siganski, has continued to be a strong organization and with the support of the membership, will endure.

**Toni Corrado McDermott,  
North York, Ontario. Class of 1966.**

Married Mike McDermott in 1968, moved to Fredericton, New Brunswick, 1968; Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, 1970; Calgary, Alberta, 1973 - job transfers with the Coca Cola Company.

Two children, Susan, 1970, currently attending the University of Guelph, and Michelle, 1976.

Worked at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, in the Emergency Department, 1966-1968; Medical Clinic in New Brunswick, 1968-70. Presently working as the Meals on Wheels Co-ordinator at North York General Hospital, North York. Spent many years as a volunteer with Extencicare, visiting sick and elderly residents. Delivered Meals on Wheels as a volunteer before taking over as co-ordinator in 1987. Find this a very enjoyable and satisfying occupation.

TRAINING DAYS started in Undermount in 1963 where many fond memories began - the tunnel connecting the Residences to the main hospital were scary, narrow and

very necessary. Twelve bed wards were common. "Bedpan hoppers" occasionally exploded!! There are numerous friends to remember from our class and hopefully we shall all share in the twenty-fifth reunion celebration in 1991.

Morning Mass at 6:20 a.m. was always a requirement for the Roman Catholic students. Sister Virginia took roll call, no Mass, no weekend pass! Those 5 a.m. wake up calls were dreaded, but it took an hour to connect all the buttons and shanks to our blues, bibs and aprons!

### **Janet Dally Eberhardt, Cambridge, Ontario. Class of 1967.**

Nineteen sixty-seven was an eventful year for many of us. Not only was it Canada's Centennial Year, it was also the year that some of us graduated from St. Joseph's and then quickly got married. So much for being the independent woman! Some of you may remember that I married Bob Eberhardt, who was then a Pharmacy Resident at St. Joseph's. After being in Hamilton for a few years, we moved to Preston where Bob went to work for the Galt Hospital.

Our first son David was born in 1970, Brian in 1972 and James in 1973. I found that at this time in my life I became very organized and frequently had extra time on my hands. This strange phenomenon of being organized was transient however; it was during this period that a friend encouraged me to come and work part time at Freeport Hospital in Kitchener. Freeport had been a T.B. hospital until 1960, but was now a chronic care hospital. I took her urging seriously and joined the staff in June, 1974. I continued to work part time until 1978 when our daughter, Elizabeth was born. During this time we moved to our home in the old part of Galt.

The profession of nursing has changed greatly since I graduated. I have been witness to some very interesting changes in the field of Gerontology during the past sixteen years. Even the word Gerontology was not a common one among nurses in the early 1970s.

When I started at Freeport, one sort of admitted half-heartedly that one was working with the elderly and the chronically ill; as if you weren't much of a nurse, if you chose this area of nursing. I believe that we are beginning to realize that each area of nursing has its own special problems and rewards and the most important aspect is for the nurse to be in the area which suits her abilities the best. This past spring the Freeport Hospital completed a multi-million dollar building expansion which allowed our patients to move into a new and modern facility.

For the past several years I have been a part-time student at the University of Waterloo where I obtained a Certificate in Gerontology. Hopefully, some day, I may complete my studies towards a full degree.

Another great area of satisfaction for us as a family has been our involvement with the Scouting movement. In 1982-83 we were involved in a Scout exchange to Britain. I have always been interested in travelling and learning about the cultures and traditions of other people. We have been fortunate to have taken a trip every year since that first one in 1983. During our travels in France and Britain, we were able to pursue another hobby which I first started when I was twelve, tracing my family tree. This has led to my involvement with the Ontario Genealogical Society and, one of the strange activities this group has, recording tombstones. The hours of volunteer work done by the people in this group to preserve our local history is truly amazing.

As our world changes and we become more advanced, it appears that this throw away society has created an incredible environmental problem with its waste. The problem of pollution not only has an impact on those of us who work in Hospitals, but on everyone of us in every aspect of our lives. I feel very strongly about each individual trying to do her part to help make this a better world. I firmly believe that if we don't look after our environment, all other problems facing mankind will be secondary in regards to man's and the earth's survival.

In June of 1989 I started a petition at the Hospital



expressing the concern that many of us felt regarding the increasing amounts of garbage that we were producing at work. Much to my amazement, we were successful with our expression of concern and we now have a recycling committee to deal with our garbage problem. There is much work to be done, but it is up to each and everyone of us to try to make a difference.

I have come to believe that we must live each day to its fullest. We must try to fulfill our own personal hopes and dreams while at the same time giving of ourselves to our families, friends and communities.

### **Judy Shurr Houser, Dunnville, Ontario. Class of 1967.**

After graduation, Helen Humphrey Smith and I travelled to Montreal to take in Expo '67. The following year we flew to California for a vacation.

I worked at West Haldimand Hospital in Hagersville for six years where I became assistant Head Nurse on the Surgical floor.

Married in May, 1969, we have three sons, now sixteen, thirteen and ten. I was out of nursing for twelve years, then began working at Grandview Lodge, Dunnville, a Home for the Aged.

Have been actively involved with a church women's group, a Sunday School teacher, on the executive of the Christian Women's Club and a parent volunteer at school.

### **Laura DiNardo Golini, Ancaster, Ontario. Class of 1968.<sup>9</sup>**

My "training days" at St. Joseph's almost didn't materialize when my father realized (after being accepted and registered at the School) that I would have to live in Residence. Father had just assumed that because we were from Hamilton, I could simply continue to live at home.

However, he reconciled himself to sending his oldest daughter to St. Joseph's, once the Sisters had explained all the Rules and Regulations of living in Residence (remember those?).

I have been nursing since Graduation in 1969 and have had quite a range of experience - O.R., Maternity, Clinic, Cardiac Stress Testing and Occupational Health Nursing. Presently, I am employed by Chedoke-McMaster Hospitals as an Employee Health Nurse. I managed to obtain my Certificate in Occupational Health Nursing and am Registered as a Canadian Certified Occupational Health Nurse (C.C.O.H.N.).

I think back on those three years spent "training" and realized that they were wonderful years, full of new, exciting, challenging and rewarding experiences.

I always wanted to be a nurse, my father always wanted me to be one, too. I'm still glad that I did it!

Modishly-clad nurses in pant suit uniforms aren't likely to be found in any Hamilton hospitals.

If any manage to creep in at all, they'll probably be hidden away in the operating rooms, if the nurses have their say, that is.

In interviews with a dozen nurses, students and nursing personnel, the uniforms shown recently in a London, England fashion show were almost unanimously vetoed.

"Pants for uniforms? No. Absolutely not! Terrible! Most unprofessional!" was the immediate emphatic reaction of Mrs. Carman Donato who works in the emergency ward of St. Joseph's Hospital and has been a nurse for six years.

Miss Rosanne Miller, a third year nursing student at St. Joseph's wasn't quite as opposed.

***Laura sent an article from the Hamilton Spectator from 1966 titled Nurses Pale at Thought of Pant Suits - how times have changed! I quote from that article.***

"They could be very attractive if they were neat and pressed. In some cases they might be practical such as in a ward where a nurse must do a lot of lifting and turning patients.

Students took a more liberal attitude toward the idea than the older nurses.

Several said that personally they had no objections to a neat pant suit uniform, but felt the patients would not like it.

**Miss Laura DiNardo**, a first year student, said, "I like the idea of that type of uniform very much but it depends on where you work. If you were a nurse in Viet Nam or in the Arctic, pants would be terrific. But not in a hospital here."

**Sister M. Celestine** (Joan O'Sullivan), director of the School of Nursing at St. Joseph's was unimpressed with the idea.

"I don't think we're ultra conservative. But I don't think the uniform would lend itself to the image of the professional nurse. Patients could easily lose confidence in a nurse as a professional person if she wore pants.

Asked about the possibility of the uniform being more comfortable, she replies, "Nurses don't do gymnastics!"

One of the male student nurses (*who shall remain anonymous in this book!*) was opposed.

"It's very unprofessional. A dress is the proper clothing for women and in a hospital that's the thing for a woman to wear. If I were a patient I certainly wouldn't want a female nurse wearing trousers."

(Personally I'm glad that uniforms and attitudes have changed since then, especially those of male student nurses! I hope that nurses are accepted for their intelligence and caring rather than their fashion statements.)

## **Eleanor Gzik Deveau, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1969.**

Following graduation from St. Joseph's, I entered the University of Windsor and received by B.Sc.N. I worked for a few years in Public Health Nursing and then went on to work at McMaster University Medical Centre. While working in the Pediatric Hematology-Oncology Clinic it became obvious to myself and David Adams, Social Worker, that there was a definite need for a handbook for parents of children with cancer. There was limited literature available that addressed the difficult feelings and needs of all members of these families as they struggled with the uncertainties of this terrible disease.

As a result, after three years of writing, Dave and I co-authored the book Coping With Childhood Cancer: Where Do We Go From Here?. It was published by Reston, a division of Prentice-Hall, in 1984. It sold out in 1987 and was followed by a revised edition published by Kinbridge Publications, Hamilton, Ontario in 1988. Our book is a practical, self-help guide for families and a learning resource for professionals. It has received excellent reviews and is being used across Canada, the United States, Great Britain, Australia and several other countries.

The French edition, Le Cancer de L'Enfant, was released in September, 1989 and we look forward to seeing our book translated into the Dutch language which will be available by the fall of 1990.

Since the original publication of our book, I have contributed articles and chapters to various journals and books focusing on the social and emotional impact of childhood cancer, palliative care and bereavement.

*Ellie's book is available from Kinbridge Publications, P.O. Box 5035, Station E, Hamilton, Ontario, L8S 4K9. The price is \$21.95 per copy, plus shipping and handling: \$1.75 first copy, \$1.00 each additional copy. Outside Canada: \$19.95 U.S. funds plus shipping and handling: \$2.50 first copy, \$1.75 each additional copy.*

*The French edition is available from Somabec, 2475 Sylva Clapin, Case Postale 295, St.-Hyacinthe, Quebec, J2S 7B6. The price is \$26.95 plus \$2.05 postage and handling, \$29.00 total.*

**Sister Ann Marshall,  
formerly Sister Maris Stella,  
Annotto Bay, Jamaica. Class of 1956.**

*Sister was the final member of the Sisters of St. Joseph to hold the position of Director of the School of Nursing.*

**MEMORIES OF ST. JOSEPH'S, HAMILTON**

Being appointed Director of St. Joseph's School of Nursing, Hamilton, was the farthest thought from my mind when I entered the Congregation in 1950 fresh from High School. In those days, I dreamed of nursing, and the Missions, and challenging work as a Sister of St. Joseph. However, God and Mother Alacoque had other plans which resulted from the sad and untimely death, in 1969, of Mary Lepinskie, then the Director of Nurses of St. Joseph's Hospital and a leader in the field.

Sister Celestine (Joan O'Sullivan) supported by Buster the dog, was the popular Director of the School of Nursing, and life was pleasantly hectic. It was, therefore, shocking and disconcerting to be told by Sister Mary Grace, the Hospital Administrator and my Superior, that as of Monday morning at 8:00 a.m. I was the Director of the School of Nursing; and that Sister Celestine had already assumed her new duties as Director of Nursing Service ten minutes earlier!

I was in a state of shock -- this couldn't be happening as I had a group of students to teach that morning, and besides I was not Director material. So much for interviews, short lists, and the sense of accomplishment in being "the best" and landing a coveted position.

I walked into the office, just before the notice to the Faculty by the Administrator about this minor change in their lives, to be faced with a cluttered desk of unfinished memos and plans from the O'Sullivan era!

My first six months as the Director remain a mystery! I have very little recollection of how I -- we got through those days. I do remember, however, how supportive

everyone was because Mary Lepinskie's death touched us all profoundly.

Somehow Lou Coffey became the Assistant Director. I can't recall the circumstances. The faculty was young, creative and energetic, and as a school we were something to be reckoned with! In the early '70s Liberal Arts courses were introduced into Schools of Nursing in Ontario and thus began a happy relationship with Mohawk College and Mr. Ron Priest of the English Department.

A second dog took up residence in Fontbonne Hall around the same time that a Board of Directors of the School of Nursing was formed, with Dr. S.E. O'Brien as the first, and I might add, last Chairperson of the Board. Two faculty members were elected to the Board as were "the President of the Student Council and a student at large". These political appointments played a big part in keeping the lines of communication open and peace in the School.

The goal of the Faculty was quality of education and excellence in service for the student practitioners. This goal pushed the faculty to totally revamp the existing didactic educational program to an independent, individualized, student-centered program. All day Fridays were devoted to the development of a new Curriculum. The faculty was carrying a double load - teaching the existing program and at the same time writing a new and innovative program.

In order to keep the spirits high and their outlook optimistic, I took to baking a chocolate cake and producing a bottle of wine to celebrate each week's accomplishments on Friday afternoons.

It was during these years that the College of Nurses moved from the traditional three year program to the two plus one and then to a straight two year program in Nursing. It was necessary then in July 1971, to graduate two classes in separate ceremonies. The three year students received a small stipend for their work in nursing service, and therefore spent their last year living away from residence. Their graduation ceremony was the first one, the year that we had two graduating classes, and they

decided to leave as their legacy a lasting memory with the rest of the School. However, secretly I believe they missed the great camaraderie of residence life and that is what drove them to a pre-graduation prank.

After coming off duty and partying for several hours on the evening prior to Graduation, they decided to have a parade at 2:00 a.m. in the morning, and they descended on the School of Nursing banging pots and pans, singing and shouting! The uproar was horrendous! I knew I had to gain control immediately, because the neighbours would be furious and we had a second class to graduate in a few weeks. The next class, of course, would have to top this performance!

So half asleep and with no faculty to turn to for consultation, I made the decision to call for the Police, who responded immediately and peace was restored!

My departure from the School of Nursing was almost as precipitous as my appointment as the Director. In April 1972 I was elected to the Council of the Congregation at the same time that Sister Marina was elected as the General Superior. We took office June 30th, 1972, and so I left St. Joseph's School of Nursing before that school year was finished; before the completion of the cycle of our new two year program, and before graduating the Class of '72 that July.

***Sister has recently had her wish of Mission Service fulfilled when she took up residence in Jamaica this past spring.***

## **Jane Tempest Malgo, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1970.**

It is hard to believe that almost twenty years have passed since my Graduation Day, May 1970. But, indeed they have and it is fun to look back over those years - to reminisce and reflect. For those of you who know me, you'll remember that I married John Malgo, just prior to my third year of training following a "walkie talkie romance". John could never get through to Undermount or Fontbonne on the phones and invested in walkie talkies. We had conversations long after "lights out" at 10:30 p.m. Our sons got much enjoyment from those walkie talkies when they were younger!

John Junior is eighteen and completing High School; Stephen is fourteen and just starting his High School education. We have had and continue to receive much enjoyment from our sons.

I stayed on in the Renal Transplant Unit following Graduation. I had done my six month elective during third year in R.T.U. and was there for its exciting beginnings. The work was new and challenging and also fun. I enjoyed working for Lorna (Martin'54) Matthews, head nurse and spent many fun shifts with Janny (Scholten '69) Hagan, Judy (Smith '68) Flaherty and Pat (Dowling '65) DiCiommo. We got attached to our patients, having spent long hours with them during their time in isolation. When our oldest son was ten months, I returned to St. Joseph's part time. I seemed to enjoy specialty areas that others disliked and therefore was always in I.C.U., R.T.U., Emergency, Premi or Psychiatry.

Following the birth of our second son, I had great plans to stay home until our youngest son entered grade school and enjoy "motherhood". This lasted for three and a half years, until 1978, when talk of losing registrations if not working, began. There were part time openings at Henderson in I.C.U. and Psychiatry at McMaster, and I was offered both jobs. Because I already had worked in I.C.U., I chose the position in Psychiatry, feeling that it

would be more of a challenge, with lots to learn. And learn I did!

I stayed at McMaster for ten years. For eight years I worked part time. In 1986, I accepted the position of team leader. I found this role a new challenge and quite different from team leading in other areas and hospitals. I was responsible for total patient care of the patients on my team and the functioning of a multidisciplinary team. Education was a main focus and I orientated and helped teach new nursing staff, clinical clerks and residents and acted as preceptor for fourth year nursing students from McMaster. As well, I assisted in interviewing and hiring new staff, did nursing evaluations, patient intakes and served on hospital committees. At the same time, I was taking courses part time and in April, 1988, received my Diploma in Clinical Behavioural Sciences from McMaster University. I found that my new job was not a job, but a career.

Following two years in my new position, I re-evaluated where I was and what I wanted in life. Had I been single or perhaps married without children, such a career would be ideal. But working full time, Monday to Friday, left little time for my family or myself. My family had always been my priority and so one year ago I accepted a part time position at the Hamilton Psychiatric Hospital. I work three days per week and love the extra time that I now have.

I also love the patient contact which I missed in my old job. I specialized in Group Work in the C.B.S. programme and am leading groups with the patients - a medication education group, a stress management and relaxation group and a pre-discharge group. I truly love the work I am doing.

What am I doing with my extra time? Enjoying life and family, travelling, reading, music, walking and finding the time to fulfill a life long dream of writing Children's books. The first is off at a publisher (awaiting acceptance). The books are called "The Copetown Moles" - watch for them.

John is now General Yardmaster with the C.N.R. Although being "the boss" means long hours and hard work, he really enjoys his job. I hope all of you are enjoying life and I wish you well.

### **Janet MacKenzie Girodat, Waterloo, Ontario. Class of 1970.**

Since graduation in 1970 I've consistently worked in nursing. A year on Two Medical, then to Kitchener to work in the office of Teavess, Hunter and Shank for two and a half years. In 1974 I married my husband, Ed Girodat, and started working at St. Joseph's in Guelph on a general surgery floor, then the recovery room for nine years part time.

In between Michelle was born in 1976, Jamie, 1978 and Alesha in 1980. In 1987 I started at St. Mary's, Kitchener and am now full time on the I.V. Team.

Like most everyone else we are very busy with the children and it seems to increase yearly. Ed and I each have volunteer commitments and my long range goal is to complete my degree in something!

When asked if I would do training all over again or become a nurse again - you bet ya. I still love it!

### **Pauline Feniuk Kniaziew, Leamington, Ontario. Class of 1970.**

I have always been proud of my alma mater and felt I really grew up a lot during the three years I spent at St. Joseph's. I came in a seventeen year old country kid with facial blemishes and a very naive view of life, and left, thanks to Dr. Zizzo and his nurse, with a clear complexion and tools to make my way in life. There were so many "firsts" I experienced there - my first time away from home and the homesickness; my first roommate; seeing birth and death first hand; the peace of the Chapel; my first love; the impression made by Sister

Celestine that nursing was a "service" profession; the song "Love is Blue"; the nurturing and expected maturing of the student by Sister Maris Stella and Sister Celestine; "Hello Dolly" and what was that dog's name? - oh yes - Buster!

I still happily keep in touch with Jan Blackett and Mary Ann Vasko and look forward to my Alumnae Newsletters and major reunions.

After graduating in 1970, I went to the University of Windsor, received my Diploma in Public Health Nursing and then worked from 1971 to 1975 at the Brant County and District Health Unit in Brantford.

In 1971, I married Richard, who became an optometrist, and we have four active, healthy children, Dufton, 15 years old; Blaire, 13 years old; Noelle, 11 years old and Skipp, 8 years old.  
Keeping me busy is an understatement!

I've gone back to school off and on taking interest courses and credits. Currently I'm finishing up my B.A. in Psychology.

For employment, I help manage my husband's offices and in between time, I chauffeur to piano, swimming, tutors, saxophone and figure skating.

As a family we do triathlons together and have organized the swim, bike, run events in our neighbourhood and community. Rich has done two Ironman Competitions in Hawaii and British Columbia and I ran a marathon in 1987.

I am on the Parish Council of our church and presently we are doing a major fundraiser for our Diocese.

Life has been full, exciting, challenging and rewarding and I hope to give back to this world some of what I have received. I really feel my life began September 1967 and I'd like to thank my teachers and the friends I made at St. Joseph's for the impression they made upon me and the inspiration they provided.  
May God bless you all!

## **James H. Shipley, Edmonton, Alberta. Class of 1971A.**

Being the only male member of the Class I remember a few highlights of my training days. I cannot forget that September evening at the welcoming party when I entered the auditorium with Richard and Phillip to the cheering and a standing ovation of everyone present.

Can anyone forget the weekend when we were all confined to residence by Sister. I always thought that living in Parham, the Interns residence, was not too bad. One thing was that I did not have all the rules that the girls had, especially signing in and out.

Since training I have worked at four different hospitals. I started off at St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon on a medical unit. In 1973 I went to Holy Cross in Calgary. I started on a medical unit and then transferred to a psychiatric unit. In 1974 I left nursing for a year and worked in hotels. I moved to Edmonton in 1975 to work at the University of Alberta Hospital on a nephrology unit until 1976; then I started at the Royal Alexandra Hospital, first in I.C.U. and then a medical unit. In 1978 I started on the Adolescent unit in the Pediatric building and have been there since.

In the last eighteen years I have seen my salary go from \$495.00 a month to close to \$2,600.00. I have been through three strikes, a tornado and a small plane hitting the main building! I have also seen an increase in the number of men entering the profession.

I am still single. In my spare time I enjoy travelling and have been to England three times. I have also travelled extensively throughout the western United States.

## Colleen Young Williams, Hamilton, Ontario. Class of 1973.

Colleen and her classmates, Valerie Carpenter Halliwell, Sue Burkhardt Mate, Marie Barrett, Evelyn Bonham Culshaw and Virginia Rizzo sent a collective memory.

### MEMORIES OF THE CLASS OF '73

Mrs. Keane presiding over the front desk, no sneaking in!

S.A.S. and G.A.S. (small assembly sessions and general assembly sessions - classes to those of us from earlier years!)

The ding of the elevator in the middle of the night.

Rhapsody in Blue.

Clinical practice sessions in the Learning Resource Centre - Karen, Ellen and Dorothy making sure that we got it right -- eventually.

Whirlybeds.

Lining up for the phone.

Birthday parties, Hallowe'en parties, Christmas parties, whatever parties!

Tying Virginia to a chair, dressed in her baby dolls, putting her in the elevator and pressing all the buttons.

Engagement rings.

Borrowing the skeleton from the Library to clarify points of anatomy, and getting caught by Sister Joan, who said that she really didn't see us.

Learning how to cook when the hospital cut us off.

Removing Val's belongings (right down to her bed), moving them to the storeroom and "auctioning" them off.

Booby trapping the washrooms.

Emma, the cleaning lady.

Laddie and Buster.

Faulty plumbing.

Norma Hickey's go-go boots.

Getting our blue bands for our caps in our mailboxes.

### GRADUATION DAY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Our Class Song sums up the spirit of the time:

Hey, look us over,  
Who do you see?  
e're the St. Joe's gang, Class of '73,  
Sleeping in carrels,  
Snoring in G.A.S.,  
Slaving over objective tests and mouthing off in S.A.S.,  
And it's up very early,  
Off to the wards, shoving in the enemas and praying to the Lord,  
So please beware all patients, 'cause we're coming to you next,  
Hey look out world, here we come.

We live in residence,  
Gee what a ball,  
Especially on Sundays, squeaky beds and all,  
Chasing the Mac men,  
elting back the beer,  
taggering into residence with Sister standing near,  
And it's hassles over telephones,  
One call each night  
Remember the limit or else you'll have a fight,  
We were all such quiet kids before we came in here,  
St. Joe's, look what you've done!  
We stuff our faces,  
Next year we'll fast,  
We'll take the forty-five and hope that it will last.  
Happiness will be the mood when we get out of here,  
Summer of '73.....here we come!

# Picture Pages

## Page 1

- #1 February Class, 1956. Capping Day, August 1953.  
(L to R, Back row) Bev Morten, Kathy Moore, Marianne Turcotte, Carol Karsten. Front row -  
Virginia Garbat, Wanda Mann.
- #2 Class of 1954. Graduation June 1954. Irene Ashworth, Lilian Allingham Rossol  
(roommates for the three years).
- #3 Class of 1952. Summer 1952, nearly finished. Doreen Richardson Nethercott, Joy Gelder Goodwin.
- #4 February Class, 1956. Capping Day, August 1953.  
Back row - Marion Morden, Mary Rajda, Irene MacInnis. Middle - Marg Halasz, Joan Pearce, Helen Crotty.  
Front - Betty Blair, Josephine Luciani, Barb Keel, Betty Bewley.
- #5 Class of 1934. The back porch at Undermount. L to R - Helen Foley Yetman, Doris Easterbrook Craig,  
Dee Muirhead Meyers, Agnes Smith Muir.
- #6 Class of 1936. The Roof at Undermount. L to R - Ruth Decker Burmingham, Sister St. Joseph,  
Marion Fleming Farnan, Betty Coeker Adamson, Agnes O'Neil Aussum.
- #7 February Class, 1953. Preliminary Students, Spring 1950.  
(L to R) Joan Lynn, Helen Reimer Bergman.
- #8 Class of 1951. 1948. Audrey Graham Danard, Shirley Bishop Ptolemy, Joyce Hotchin Skuse.

## Page 2

- #1 Class of 1961. Receiving class rings. Marilyn Todd, Sister Virginia Hanlon, Dale Robb.
  - #2 Class of February 1956. Graduation Day, June 1956. All St. Joseph's Graduates. Mary Battle Laurie '28,  
Mary Rae Laurie Manuell '52, Judy Laurie Gautier '56.
  - #3 Class of 1936. Coming off night duty, in front of Undermount.
  - #4 Class of 1961. Finishing day. Anna Garvey, Rose Ann McSloy, Ruth Ann Gee, Ann Waldron,  
Margaret Carmondy.
  - #5 Class of 1934. June 1932. Violet Bassindale Martin, Agnes Smith Muir.
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## Page 3

- #1 Reunion Dinner, 1989. Sister Mary Austin Reding '43, Lorna Martin Matthews '54.
- #2 Class of 1934. Fifty year Reunion, 1984. Marjorie Broker McStay, Piper, Mary McGillicuddy Adams, Jean Costie Sullivan.
- #3 Reunion Day, 1989. Sister Mary Virginia Hanlon '45.
- #4 Reunion Day, 1989. Sister Mary Grace Stevens '34.
- #5 Class of 1949. Thirty-five year Reunion, 1984.  
Back row, L to R - Carmilla Barlett, Sheila Campbell, Dorothea Barrett, Kay Maynard, Jean Marshall,  
Bette Smith, Fay MacKenzie, Ania Meyer, Mary Lou Greer, Jane O'Brien, Barbara Watts.  
Front row - Elspeth Ballantyne, Marie Bradsley, Shirley Weller, Alva Charter, Ruth Cahill.
- #6 Class of 1934. Fifty year Reunion, 1984. Jean Durward Williams, Sophia Minden Guzner, Sister Mary Grace Stevens.
- #7 Reunion Day, 1989. Patricia Dowling DiCiommo '65.

## Page 4

- #1 Graduation Day, June 1958. All St. Joseph's Graduates. Muriel Simpson '51, Margaret Simpson Rizzo '58, Jane Simpson O'Brien '49.
  - #2 Class of 1971A. Wine and Cheese Party. Jim Shipley, Judith Bowerman Lade, Karen Koenen, Helen Van Belois.
  - #3 Class of 1965. Graduation May 1965. Jenny Smutniak McDermott, Janice Chwiejczak Swick, Janina Muta Berenyi, Monique Coene Saleh, Rose Carter.
  - #4 Class of 1965. Black Band day, August 5, 1964. Sister Maris Stella (Ann Marshall) '56, Nancy O'Brien Melnyk '65.
  - #5 Class of 1973. Graduation Day. Note the length of the uniforms!
  - #6 Class of 1971A. Graduation Day. John H. Shipley, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Jim Shipley '71A.  
(Ida Green, head nurse on six surgical stood in for Jim's mom at Graduation).
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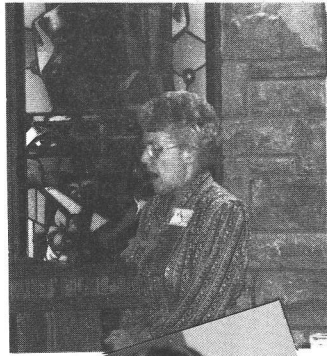
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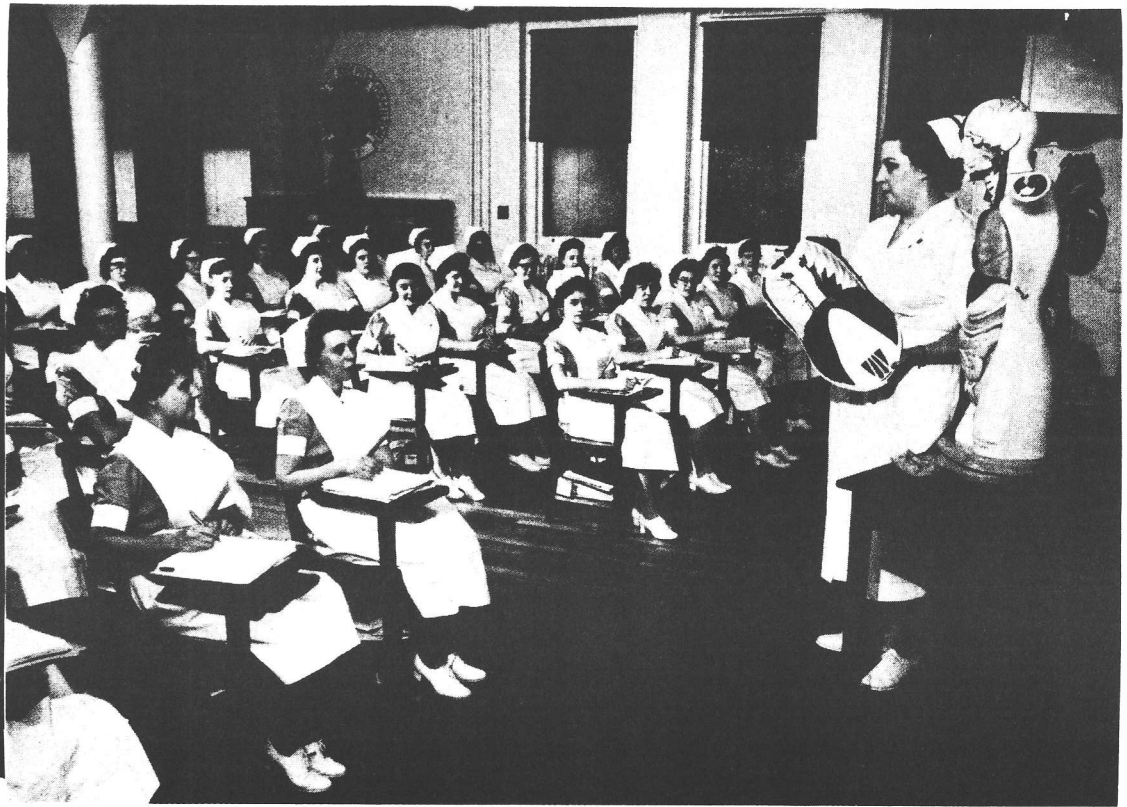
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# *Autographs*



*Fontbonne Residence*



