

Advocate Health - Midwest

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Historical Documents - Combined

Advocate Health - Midwest History

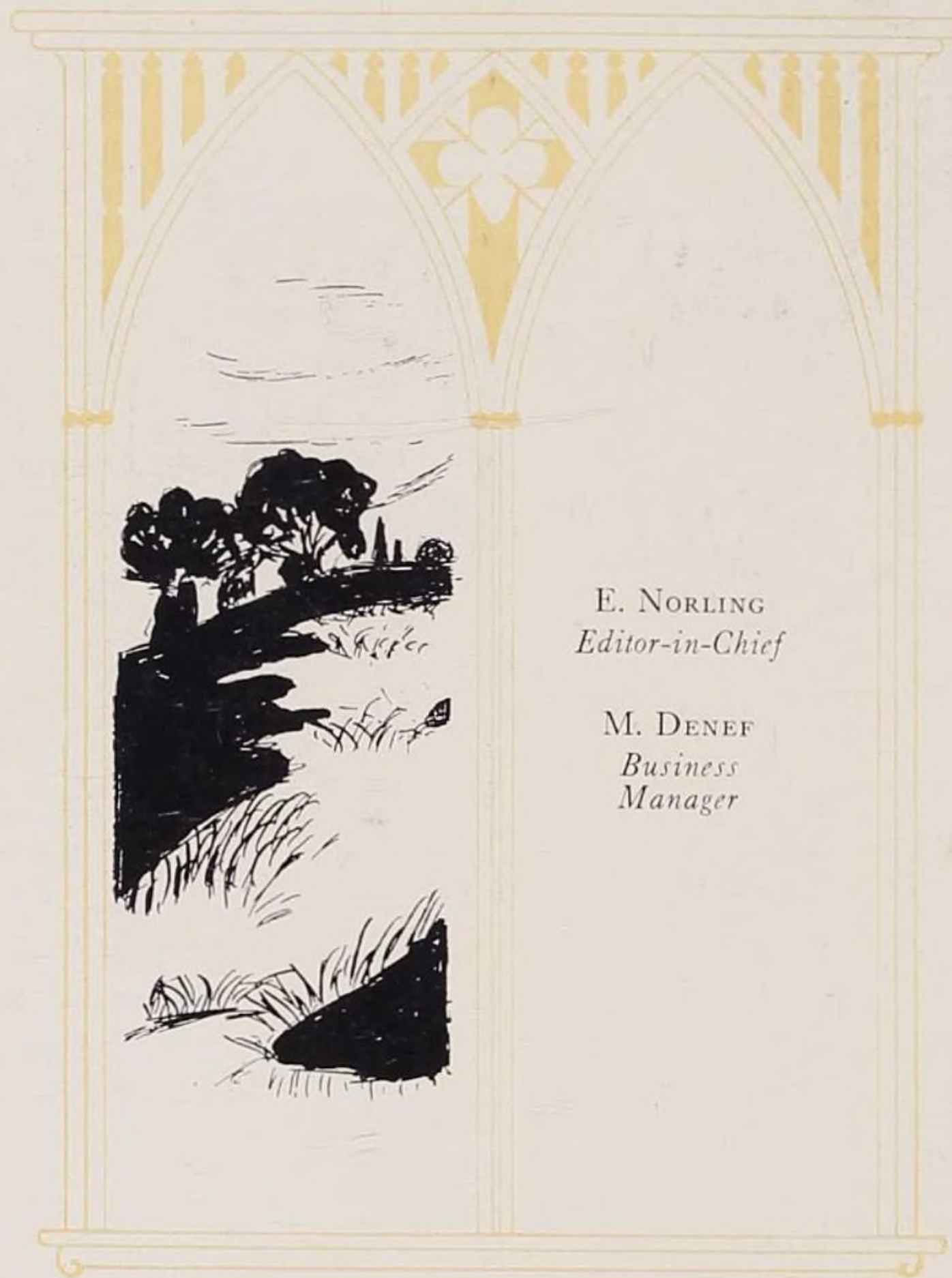
Augustana Hospital School of Nursing Yearbook, 1929

Advocate Aurora Health

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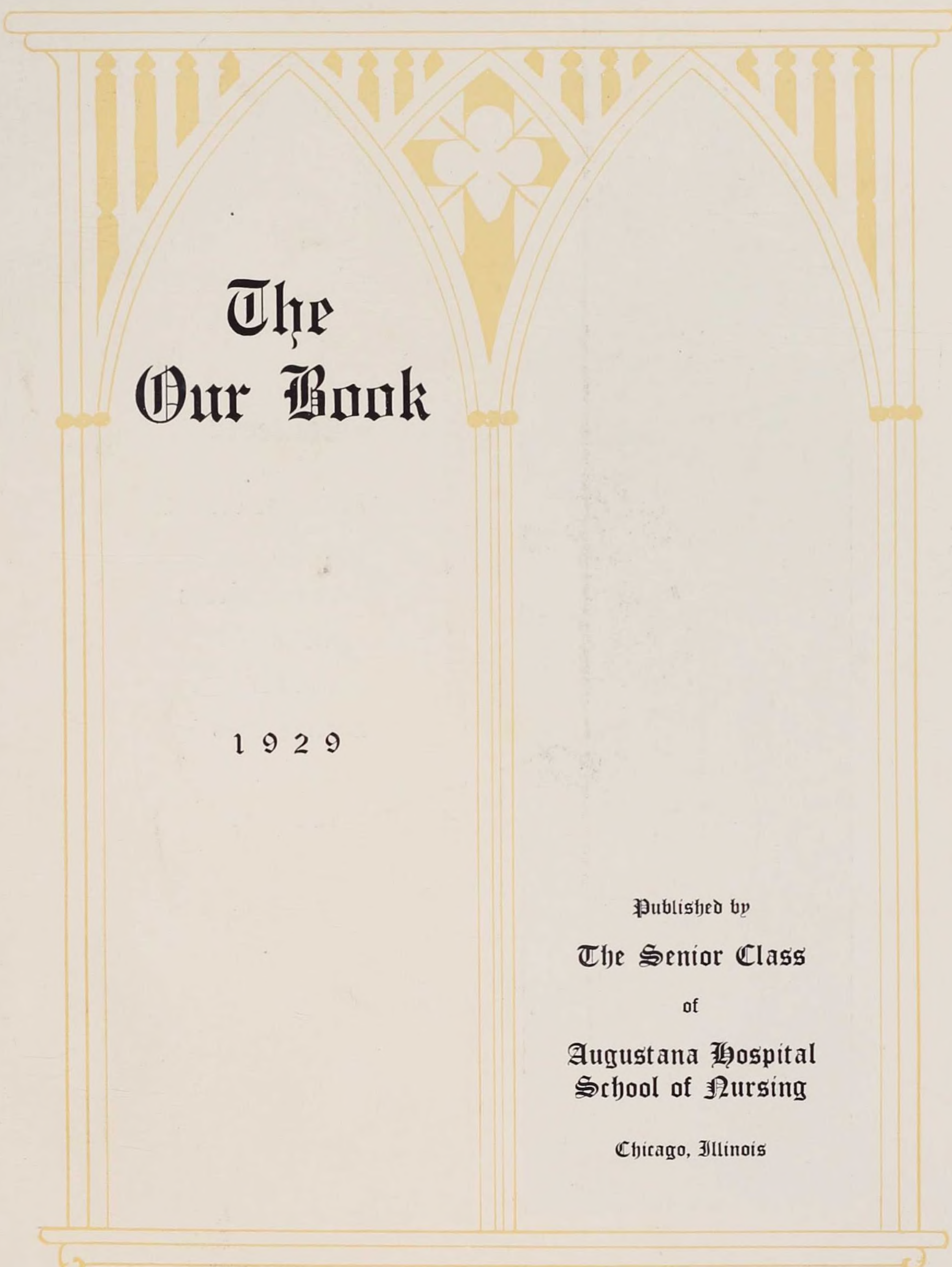


Ex Libris



E. NORLING
Editor-in-Chief

M. DENEUF
*Business
Manager*



The Our Book

1 9 2 9

Published by
The Senior Class
of
Augustana Hospital
School of Nursing

Chicago, Illinois



Contents

ADMINISTRATION

SENIORS

INTERMEDIATES

JUNIORS

INTERNES

AFFILIATIONS

ALUMNAE

DIVERSIONS

Foreword

Happy memories we've collected
Of your training days
And linked them together
In different ways.
So when years roll on
And you take this book
You'll remember it all
When you thru it look.

THE STAFF





To
Dr. Edward H. Ochsner

whose loyalty to Augustana has proven its permanence in years of faithful service we gratefully dedicate "The Our Book" of the class of 1929.

His faithful, untiring loyalty, his vigor and intellectual alertness have made him memorable as instructor, physician and friend.

It is by means of such loyalty as well as his sympathetic and devoted assistance that we may realize the fullest mission of Augustana's ideals.

When we in future years look back upon our course of training we shall acknowledge with deepest gratitude our indebtedness to this master builder who has helped us lay a foundation upon which we may build.

DR. E. H. OCHSNER

Sauk Co., Wis., January, '68.

B.S., Wisconsin '91

M.D., Rush Med. Col., '94

Vienna, Leipzig and Hamburg,
'96, '97

Resident physician and surgeon
Cook County Hospital, '96-
'97

Junior surgeon and attending
surgeon Augustana Hospital
and attending surgeon St.
Mary's of Nazareth Hos-
pital '99-'04

Prof. Clin. surgery, Illinois '99-
'10

Pres. Ill. State Charities Com-
mission '13-'17.



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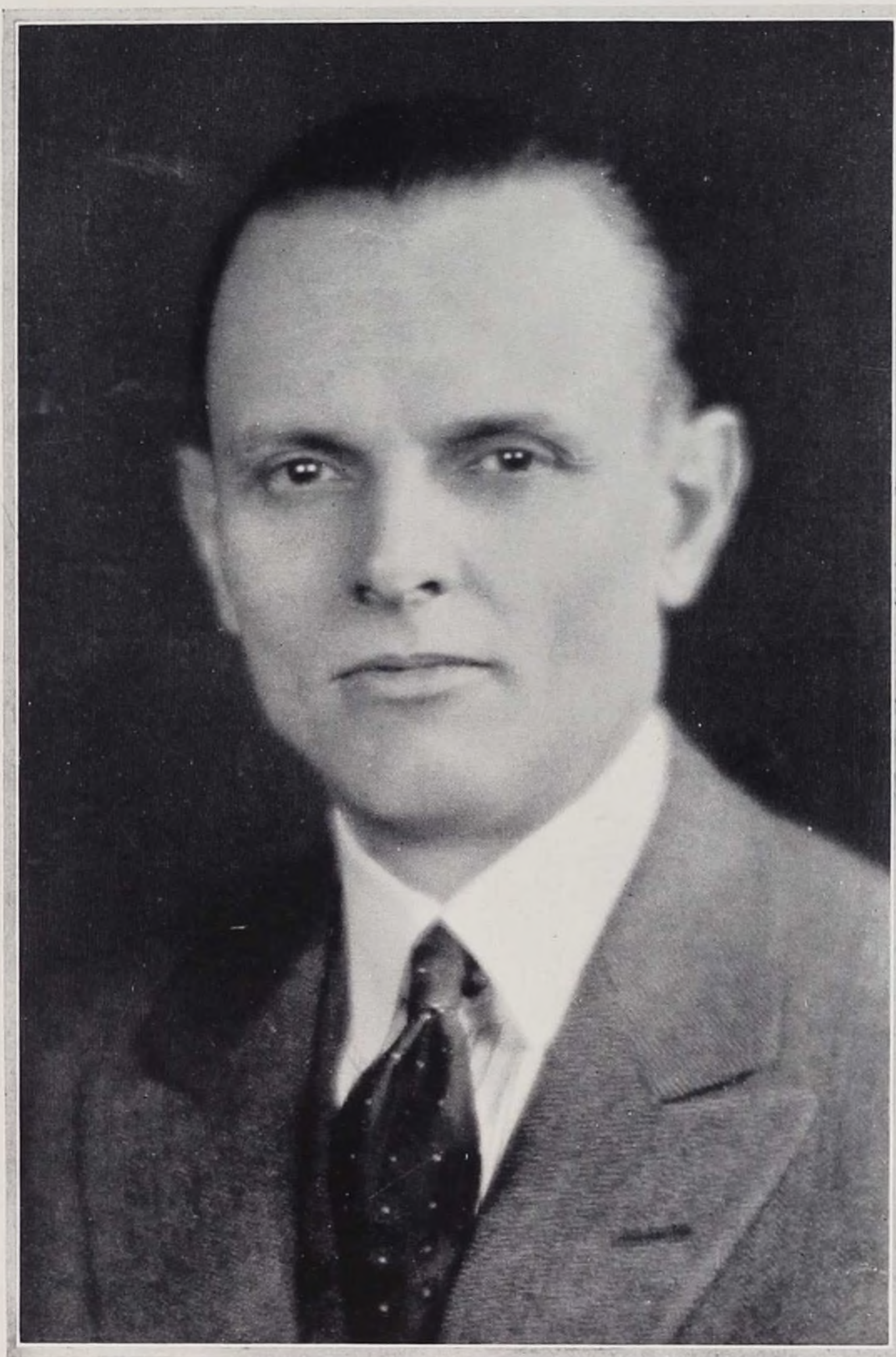


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1929

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Superintendent of Hospital

1929

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Superintendent of Nurses

1929

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Assistant Superintendent of Hospital



MISS HELEN POLLOCK
*Assistant to the Superintendent
of Nurses*



MISS THYRA LARSON
Assistant Superintendent of Nurses

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DR. ANDERS FRICK

A nurses' friend you'll find in Dr. Frick. He is always willing and ready to give his time and splendid services to others. His patient and considerate manner guided by his deep thought and intellect is appreciated and admired by all and will always shine brightly in the memory of our training days.

1929

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DR. N. M. PERCY

For three years we've been given the privilege of working with Dr. Percy. We shall always look up to him as a very skillful, keen and intelligent friend and an unusual teacher. May he be with Augustana for many more years and may new student bodies be proud of him as we are.

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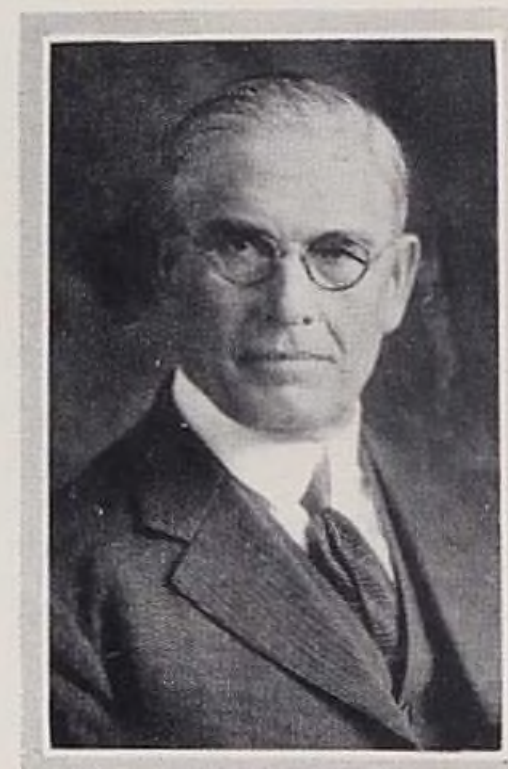
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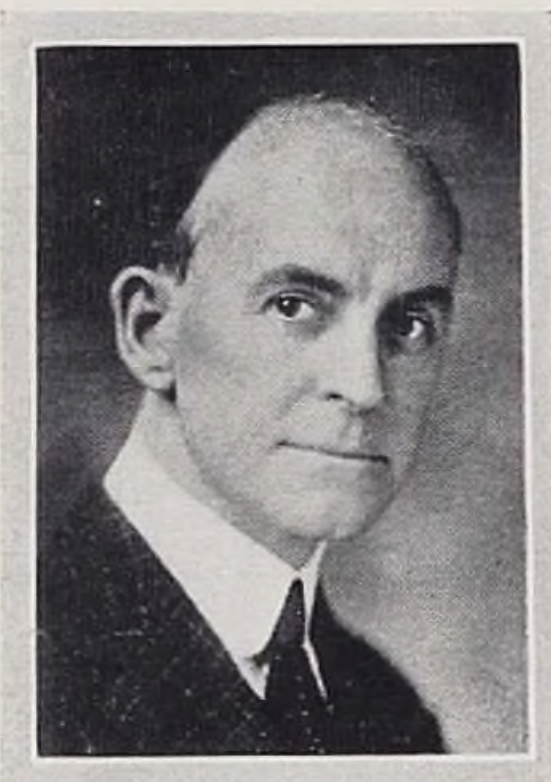


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1929

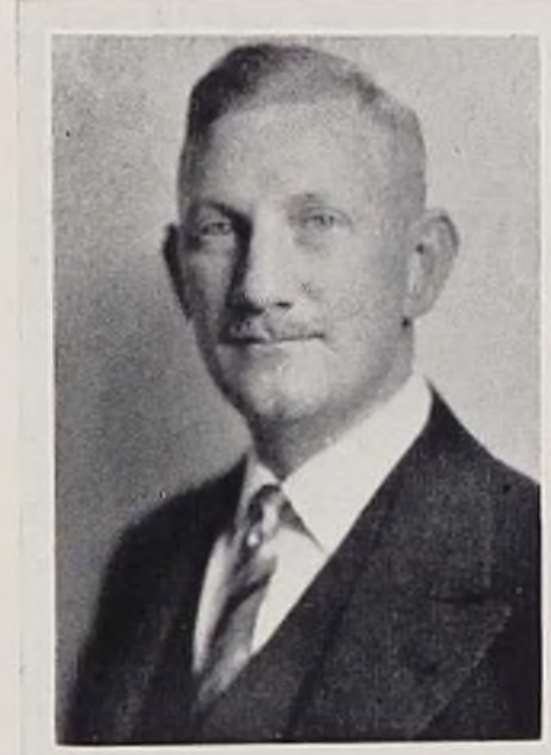
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DR. C. G. SWENSON

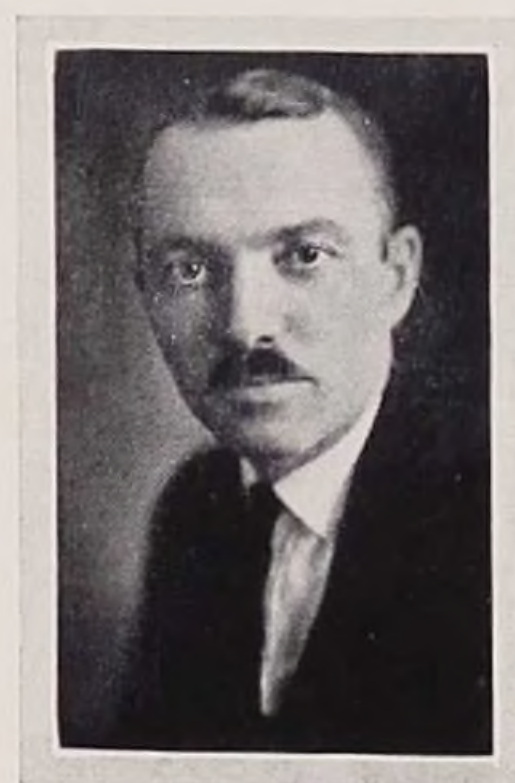
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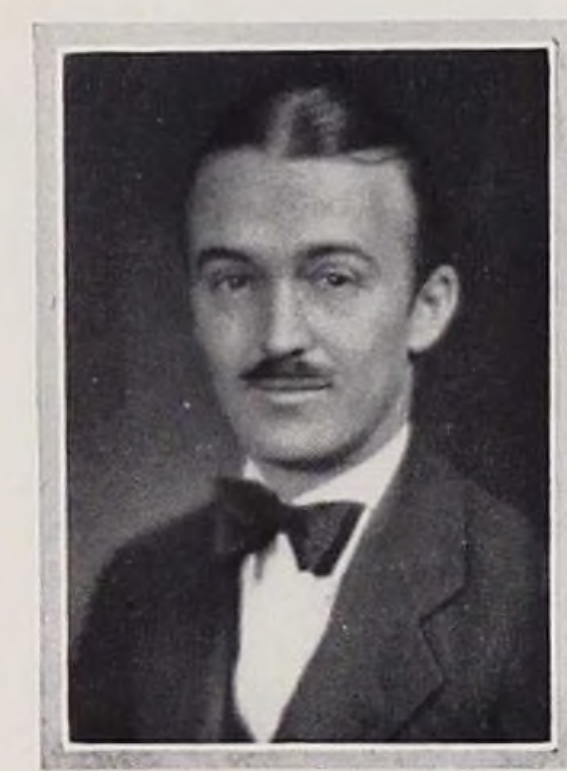
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DR. W. H. BROWNE

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DR. R. W. KEETON



DR. J. M. JACOBS

Associate Staff



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Pharmacist

MISS SARGENT
Dietitian

MISS BECKMAN
Dietitian

MISS FREDRICKSON
Lab. Technician

DR. BEILEN
Roentgenologist

MISS SAENGER
Dir. of Nurses Home

MISS LOERKE
Anaesthetics

MISS EVENSEN
Physiotherapy

DR. KREMER
Lab. Technician

MISS HOFF
Matron of Hospital

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Nursing Procedures



MISS HELEN OLSON
Anatomy, Materia Medica



MISS HAZEL OTTOSON
Nursing Procedures

Instructors



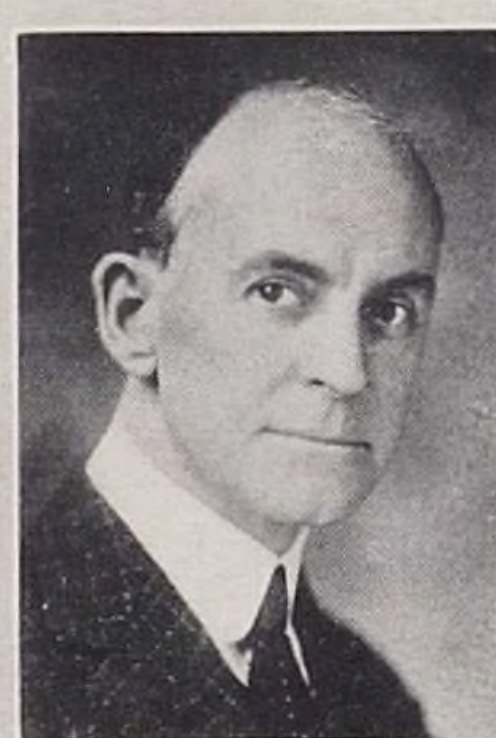
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DR. NADEAU
Surgery



MISS LINDBERG
Obstetrics



DR. MURRAY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat



MISS ELLEN OLSON
Massage



DR. ODEN
Gynecology

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Bacteriology



DR. HEDBERG
Nervous and Mental Diseases



DR. SPELMAN
Medical Diseases



MISS BECKMAN
Dietetics



DR. SWENSON
Emergencies



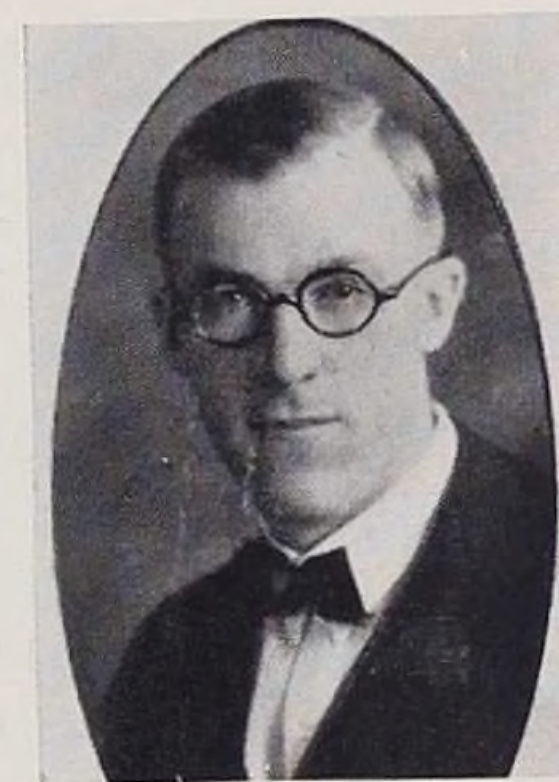
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Dietetics



DR. DEUSS
Medical Diseases



DR. NUZUM



DR. KULLBERG
Nervous and Mental Diseases

1929

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Bottom Row—HILMA PETERSON, GRACE FERDEN, THYRA LARSON, FRIEDA JOHNSON, EVELYN SWANSON, RUTH LINDBERG.



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A. J. LOEHRKE

L. KACHEL

M. HUXTABLE

1929



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Bottom Row—MISS FRALICH, MISS FIEDLER, MISS ANDERSON, MISS OLSON, MISS LINDSTROM, MISS A. McCUE, MRS. ELSTON, MISS E. McCUE.

Keep Smiling

When all the world seems dreary
 And no one seems to care,
 When thoughts are sad and weary,
 Good deeds seem not to bear,
 Do not give up, keep smiling,
 Forget about your plight,
 Remember God is with you,
 He knows all will be right.
 He will not see you suffer,
 He'll keep you day and night:
 If you but trust His mercy
 He'll bring to you the light.

THE OUR BOOK



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Secretary

THYRA LARSON
Class Advisor

MILLIE THUENEN
Vice-President

EDITH STONE
Treasurer

EVELYN WALLIN
President

Class Motto

"Face whatever Fate befalls, and be a friend throughout it all."

Class Colors

Lavender and White

Class Flower

Violet

1929

Class Song - 1929

Steadfast and true our teachers do
Work and win!
Neath life's fair skies, 'mid springing flow'rs,
Work and win!
The lowly task they do not scorn,
Work and win!
Heed we and harken e'er bright skies shall darken,
O, work and win!

CHORUS—

Work and win!
Calling to earnest endeavor;
To our school
May we be faithful forever,
Augustana
Our dear Alma Mater
We pledge ourselves to always
Work and win.

From doctors dear, staunch friends we hear
Work and win!
While golden rays our paths adorn,
Work and win!
They bid us strive with all our pow'rs,
Work and win!
Heed we and harken e'er bright skies shall darken,
O, work and win!

Our patron saints to us do say,
Work and win!
Ere twilight spreads its purp'ling haze,
Work and win!
They bid us walk in wisdom's ways,
Work and win!
Heed we and harken e'er bright skies shall darken,
O' work and win!

ADELAIDE ALBERTS

Radcliffe, Iowa

"There's nothing so kingly as
kindness, and nothing so loyal
as truth."

EDNA H. AHLVIN

Joliet, Illinois

"Always sparkling and bubbling
over with amiability."

ALICE MARIE ANDERSON

Polar, Wisconsin

"A better friend could ne'er be
found
If a search were made the world
round."

DAGMAR LOUISE ANDERSEN

Cedar Falls, Iowa

"Unseen, unheard, but so are
the rarest jewels."

LYNEA ANN BACK

Escanaba, Michigan

"Lyn's wit is ever ready, and
we hope it ceases never:
'Tis rare indeed you find a girl
so capable and clever."

MARTHA VIRGINIA BJORKMAN

Merrill, Wisconsin

"Martha is full of mischief, and
she loves to tease us all,
But somehow when it comes
from her, we never mind at
all."





SIGRID CARLSON
Norway, Michigan
"The greater the obstacle the
more glory in overcoming it."



LOIS R. CARROLL
Beloit, Wisconsin
"She's happy-go-lucky and wise,
But she can't be measured by
her size."



MARGUERITE CHENEY
Oelwein, Iowa
"A keeper of silence eloquent
Friendly and royally well con-
tent."



FLORENCE MARIE DANIELSON
Ogdensburg, Wisconsin
"Florence belongs to that scanty
band which has hosts of
friends and no enemies."



HELMA ELEANOR DAVISON
Rockford, Illinois
"A sweet, demure miss with
individuality combined,
A good example of industry
mingled with capriciousness."



MATHILDE ELIZABETH DENEFF
Buffalo, New York
"Refreshing disposition, loads of
friends to taste its store,
To know more about our Billie,
is but to love her more."

MARIE ECKERT
Mendota, Illinois
"She is careful to help all those
who may need a friend."

VIVIAN A. EKSTRAND
Cokato, Minnesota
"Silence is a true friend who
never betrays."

HELEN E. EKSTROM
Kewanee, Illinois
"Self-confidence is the first requi-
site to great undertakings."

RUTH IDA EULER
Davenport, Iowa
"She can't help being bright,
it's just natural."

DORIS FRIEDLAND
Gary, Indiana
"It isn't by size you win or fail—
Be the best of whatever you
are."

MILDRED E. GAY
Richmond, Indiana
"Gay should be a good example
of contentment, with a sweet
disposition and a clever wit,
what more could you want."





LAURA AMELIA GREASON

Galesburg, Illinois

"To know her is to love her for her tender sympathy, her generous nature, her truth and honor."



AGNES HANSON

Argyle, Wisconsin

"A disposition that's sweet and sound.
A girl who's a pleasure to have around."



ALICE LEONE HAYS

Monmouth, Illinois

"Let her pursue her ambition, let her learn and she will achieve."



AUGUSTA W. JAHN

Rochelle, Illinois

"Never trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles you."



EDITH PAULINE JOHNSON

Knoxville, Illinois

"She is not only passing fair,
But with all discreet and debonair."



SVEA JOHNSON

DeKalb, Illinois

"The number of friends that a man has is equal to his value."

JENNIE HAZEL KIRSTEIN
Manhattan, Illinois
 "When the outlook is not good,
 try the uplook."



ELSIE A. KOSKI
Newberry, Michigan
 "Short and sweet and hard to
 beat—that's Koski."



BERNICE LARIMORE
Beecher City, Illinois
 "Do what reason says is best
 Do your duty and be blest."



MURIEL LARIMORE
Beecher City, Illinois
 "Put her to the test—and she'll
 prove her wisdom in the wink
 of an eye."



M. ELFREDA LAWSON
Titusville, Pennsylvania
 "That smile expresses more than
 we could ever say."



NORMA CAROLYN LEAF
Chicago, Illinois
 "Politeness is to do and say
 The kindest thing in the kindest
 way."





EVELYN M. LESLIE
Munising, Michigan
 "And still the wonder grew;
 That one so small could so
 much mischief do."



HELEN M. LILJEDAHL
Essex, Iowa
 "Born with success she seemed,
 with shining gifts that took
 all eyes."



ANNAFLO MACDONALD
Mellen, Wisconsin
 "Annaflo's sweet and cheerful
 disposition has won for her
 a host of friends."



VIOLA ALICE MOLIS
Ashland, Wisconsin
 "Keep ahead of your work and
 your work will push your
 fortunes for you."



EVELYN MORTON
Princeton, Illinois
 "Humility that low sweet root,
 From which all virtues spring."



ELSIE R. NELSON
Galesburg, Illinois
 "Fearless minds climb soonest
 unto crowns."

ETHEL L. NELSON
Munising, Michigan
 "A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."

ELEANORE J. NORLING
Chicago, Illinois
 "If you would build for your happiness a sure foundation,
 Let the stone for the corner be a good reputation."

ESTHER M. NOWACK
Miyang Honan, China
 "Fine art is that in which the hand, the head and the heart go together."

WILMA V. PEHRSON
Manistee, Michigan
 "Willy is a friendly girl, whose golden hair you see;
 Her smile and quiet manner are quite pleasant, you'll agree."

ELEANORE PETERSON
Stanton, Iowa
 "We know her now, her work doth speak for her."

JEANNETTE K. PETERSON
Hamill, South Dakota
 "All of her being breathes a deep content."





LUELLA E. PETERSON
Cokato, Minnesota
 "A pleasant nature shines
 through her quietness."



LILLIAN RAISANEN
Ramsay, Michigan
 "A modest, sedate young lady
 with a winning smile."



BERNADINE REHN
Norway, Michigan
 "The greatest loss she has ever
 known was the loss of her
 heart."



VELMA SJOGREN
Ludington, Michigan
 "Her face wore a pleasant and
 agreeable expression."



VERNIE SJOGREN
Ludington, Michigan
 "A girl with fine ambition, who
 will ne'er her duty shirk."



DORIS M. STAFF
Manistee, Michigan
 "She is not only witty in herself,
 but the cause of other men's
 wit."

EDITH LAURA STONE
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
 "It is better to be lovingly remembered than to be nobly born."

JULIA STORTORS
Ontonagon, Michigan
 "She prefers silence, prudence, to loquacious folly."

HELEN MARIE SWANSON
Paxton, Illinois
 "When your joy goes out to others, you may know that your own heart is full."

RUTH LINNEA SWANSON
New Castle, Pennsylvania
 "Modest and intelligent and very well mannered."

ESTHER TEMPLEMAN
Kenosha, Wisconsin
 "And if thy friends were but a pence a piece you would be rich."

MILLIE THUENEN
Davenport, Iowa
 "So quiet and reserved is she that but few are permitted to enjoy her true worth as a friend."





EVELYN E. WALLIN
Rockford, Illinois

"Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for character."



ASTRID M. WICKSTROM
Jamestown, New York

"Great thoughts like great deeds, need no trumpet."



MARY ALICE WIRT
Huntington, Indiana

"Softly her fingers wandered over the planks of ivory keys."



LYDIA WOLLE
Chicago, Illinois

"Her works are the result of deep thought."



GENEVIEVE ZWICKY
Scandinavia, Wisconsin
"So very reliable, trustworthy and true."

Last Will and Testament

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1929, of the Augustana Hospital School of Nursing of the City of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, made and published the second day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

We, the Senior Class of 1929, of the Augustana Hospital Training School for Nurses of the City of Chicago, County of Cook and in the State of Illinois, at the ages of three years and being in sound mind and memory do hereby make, publish and declare this our Last Will and Testament in the following manner, that is to say:

FIRST—It is our will that all our debts and expenses, just and unjust, new and old, be fully paid by anyone who can spare the money.

SECOND—After the payment of all our debts and expenses we give to the "Probies" that which only experience has taught us—how to be happy on an "In Night"—and to the prospective Seniors "late leaves."

THIRD—Edna Ahlvin and Mary Wirt leave their interest in men to Florence Johnson and Hildur Alm.

Mildred Gay, our class spirit, bequeaths all her nimbleness to Olga Peterson.

Helen Liljedahl and Evelyn Wallin their places at Augustana to any worthy successor.

Eleanore Norling and Julia Stortors their youthful figures to Evelyn Larson and Esther Schneider.

Lydia Wolle and Jeannette Peterson their kind manner to Marjorie Wood and Helen Steele.

Dagmar Anderson and Millie Thuenen their telephone calls to Mary Laker and Marie Rummel.

Alice Anderson and Viola Molis their optimism to anyone who needs it.

Ruth Euler and Laura Greason their giggles to Vera Swanson and Elsie Smith.

Doris Friedland and Marie Eckert their speed to anyone who'd like it.

Agnes Hanson and Pauline Johnson will their arguments to Dorothy Keck and Hortense Fortney.

Leona Hayes and Elsie Koski their ability as anatomy students to the probationers.

Svea Johnson and Ethel Nelson their ice cream parties to Martha Dalin and Marcella Raftshol.

Elsie Nelson and Adelaide Alberts their boisterous manner to Hazel Kulp and company.

THE OUR BOOK

Billie Denef and Lynea Back their poetic ability to the Ethels Rowe and Rundman.

Martha Bjorkman and Lillian Raisanen leave their fiery temper to Hilda Holmgren.

Sigrid Carlson and Bernadine Rehn their well ventilated room to anyone fortunate enough to get it.

Lois Carrol and Helen Swanson their small stature to Ila Sauko and Laura Oak.

Marguerite Cheney, Vivian Ekstrand and Esther Nowack bequeath their excessive weight to Thelma Peterson and Letha Wells.

Florence Danielson and Genevieve Zwicky will their sunny smiles to Frances Thomas and Leona Bergstrom.

Helen Ekstrom and the Larimore sisters their straight hair to Lila Niemala, Linnea Gustafson and Edna Carlson.

Augusta Jahn leaves her angelic manner to Martha Pearson.

The Sjogren sisters their pep to the pepless.

Elfreda Lawson and Evelyn Morton their baby talk to Beatrice Henke and Mary Laker.

Jennie Kirstine and Norma Leaf donate "The Gold Dust Twins" to Virginia Anderson and Astrid Nygren.

Evelyn Leslie and Annaflo McDonald give their wee bit of Scotch to Ethel Bjornstadt and Borghild Christenson.

Helma Davison wills her luscious eyes to Edna Wilson.

Eleanore and Luella Peterson leave their Alarm Clocks for those who always come late for breakfast.

Doris Staff and Wilma Pehrson their little bit of Sweden to the little bit of Scotch.

Astrid Wickstrom and Esther Templeman their quiet and reserved manner to Evelyn Erickson and Bernice Brandt.

Linnea Swanson and Edith Stone give their musical ability to Hazel Kulp and Anna Johnson.

Class Prophecy

EDNA AHLVIN
MILDRED GAY
HELEN LILJEDAHN
ELEANORE NORLING
JEANNETTE PETERSON
JULIA STORTORS
MART WIRT AND HELMA DAVISON
LYDIA WOLLE
EVELYN WALLIN
DAGMAR ANDERSON
ALICE ANDERSON
RUTH EULER
DORIS FRIEDLAND
LAURA GREASON
AGNES HANSON
LEONA HAYES
PAULINE JOHNSON
ELSIE KOSKI
VIOLA MOLIS
MILLIE THUENEN
MARIE ECKERT
ADELAIDE ALBERTS
LYNEA BACK
MARTHA BJORKMAN
SIGRID CARLSON
LOIS CARROL
MARGUERETE CHENEY
FLORENCE DANIELSON
VIVIAN EKSTRAND
HELEN EKSTROM
AUGUSTA JAHN
JENNIE KIRSTEIN
BERNICE LARIMORE
MURIEL LARIMORE
ELFREDA LAWSON
MATHILDE DENEFF
NORMA LEAF
EVELYN LESLIE
ANNAFLO MACDONALD
EVELYN MORTON
ETHEL NELSON
ESTHER NOWACK
WILMA PEHRSON
ELEANORE PETERSON
ELSIE NELSON
LUELLA PETERSON
LILLIAN RAISENEN
BERNADINE REHN
VELMA SJOGREN
VERNIE SJOGREN
DORIS STAFF
HELEN SWANSON
ESTHER TEMPLEMAN
ASTRID WICKSTROM
GENEVIEVE ZWICKY
EDITH STONE
LINNEA SWANSON
SVEA JOHNSON

Chocolate dipper
Marathon runner
Somebody's little wife
Editor of Abendpost
Taxi Obstetrician
Beauty specialist
Aviatresses in search of Alaskan Pole
Homemaker
Adventurer
Detective
New find for talking movies
Historian
Private duty nurse
Society woman
Sweet little mother
Instructress
Radio announcer
A Wall Street enthusiast
Insurance collector
Floorwalker at Woolworth's
An Obstetrical Nurse
Photographer
Gym Teacher
Miss Olson's assistant
Operating Room Supervisor
Snake dancer
A happy bride
Minister's wife
Social Service worker
Missionary
Miss Rohrbeck's assistant
Orator
Scientist
Traffic Cop in Operating Room
Child actress
Seeker for adventures
Marathon swimmer
Famous Comedian
Gardener
Very much married
Huntress in Jungle Land
Artist
Doctor's wife
A lady of sports
Fitter at Wash Fabric
Chiropodist
Man hater
Baby specialist
Miss Saenger's assistant
Interior decorator
Toe dancer
Telephone operator
Night Supervisor
A private duty nurse for contagious cases
Bookkeeper
Opera star
Editor of the Photoplay
A book agent

A Nurses L'Envoi

When earth's last microbe has fainted
 And catgut lies twisted and dried,
 When Ole Mercurochrome has ended
 And the youngest patient has died,
 We shall sleep and faith we shall need it,
 Lie down for an hour or two
 Till the Master of all good nurse's
 Shall wake us to work anew.

Those who were cross shall be happy,
 Have plenty of sunshine and air,
 Use all the gauze that is needed
 With none to watch or to care,
 We will have real saints to work on,
 Magdalene, Peter and Paul,
 Who will sleep thru the night without hypo's
 And not have hysterics at all.

And only the Master will praise us.
 And only the Master will blame
 And no one shall work for money
 And no one shall work for fame,
 But each for the love of the working
 And each in her separate star
 We'll see the divine in our patients
 And love them for just what they are.

And so in spite of work that's hard,
 In spite of tired feet
 There's something in that busy life
 Something that is sweet,
 And if I had my choice again
 I still would be a nurse
 I'd take my cap and apron
 For better or for worse.

—Anonymous.



Top Row—GLADYS KRASE, MARY WOOD, ELIZABETH GROOM, EDNA WILSON, EMMA NORELL, EVA MULL, ETHEL JOHNSON, RUTH LINDQUIST, LETHA WELLS, ETHEL BJORNSTAD, ANNA M. ANDERSON, FRANCES THOMAS, CHLOE KEITH, ELIZABETH JURINEN, MARIE RUMMELL, MARTHA DALIN.
Middle Row—MARY LAKER, ELSIE SMITH, IDA SAUKKO, VALEDA REITER, GLADYS NELSON, LINNEA CARLSON, OLGA PETERSON, HILDUR ZWICKY, LAURA OAK, HORTENSE FORTNEY, DOLORES ABRAHAMSON, FLORENCE JOHNSON, THELMA PETERSON, ESTHER SCHNEIDER, DOROTHY KECK, AGNES ERICKSON.
Bottom Row—MARCELLA RAFTSHOL, VERA SWANSON, GERTRUDE OLSON, HELENE KLEVAS, BEATRICE HENKE, LINNEA GUSTAFSON, LAILA NIEMELA, RUTH SMITH, FAYE FULTON, LUCILLE BAUSMAN, HELEN HECKENBERG, EDNA CARLSON, BORGHILD CHRISTENSEN, ASTRID NYGREN.

Intermediate Nurses

CLASS OF 1930

As Intermediates we have enjoyed an interesting year. We have appreciated our training at Augustana and are looking forward to the work at affiliating hospitals.

Many of the girls have shared the fun at gymnasium class which has been held at the Waller High School during the past few months. Now we are attending class at our home school under instruction. Besides we are trying to learn swimming. We have participated in the Chorus and are now working toward the Spring Concert.

It befalls our class to entertain the Senior Nurses this year with a banquet. This is an enthusiastic occasion previous to graduation and we hope that through it we may express our good wishes.

Eva Mull as President; Thelma Peterson as Vice-President; Frances Thomas as Secretary, and Linnea Gustafson as Treasurer have led the class well.

Money is needed—funds are scarce—so many have been allowed to show their housewifely talents by sharing in candy making, pie sales and sandwich sales.

The Class of 1930 extends to the graduating class congratulations with best wishes for a successful career and a very happy future.



ANNA P. NELSON

Born August 31, 1908
Died August 14, 1928

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning
of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of
Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to
face
When I have crost the bar.

—TENNEYSON

THE OUR BOOK



Top Row—LEONA BERGSTROM, MIRIAM SIGFRIDSON, PEARL SAYLES, CECELIA GOODMAN, DOROTHY CARLSON, IRENE ALLYN, KAREN MOILIEN, BERNICE BRANDT, TIAMI SILBERG, HELEN STEELE.
Middle Row—MARIT MOE, FLORENCE LINDBLOM, VERA BUTENHOFF, CLARA B. ANDERSON, ELNA LAURSEN, RUTH WENNERMARK, ELFIE ARVIDSON, CHARLOT GERLACH, VIRGINIA ANDERSON, MARTHA PEARSON, ETHEL ROWE.
Bottom Row—MARGARET HANKINS, ETHEL RUNDMAN, CLARA BROCKSCH, ELLEN NICHOLSEN, ANNA COLBURN, GUDRUN GERNER, ASTA MUELLER, ANNA C. JOHNSON, ESTHER SWANSON.

Class of 1931

Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, February first, we came, some of us. And later in September and October and November came the rest of us. So here we are The Class of 1931, at your service.

Yes, we came. And with a will and enthusiasm that was boundless. We worked and studied—laughed with joy, shed tears of despair—discouraged today and hopeful tomorrow; took it all for just what it had to give us, the difficult as well as the easy, the “in nights as well as the out nights,” all at its face value. We are coming thru, and we like it.

There is a joy in giving and Love in doing for others which is the Service for which we are ever striving onwards and upwards.

To you who have gone this way before, and to those who will come after us, may we all be as quoted:

“THE NURSE”

The world grows better year by year
 Because some Nurse in her little sphere
 Puts on her apron and grins and sings—
 And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperature, giving the pills
 To remedy mankind's numberless ills,
 Feeding the baby—answering the bells
 Being polite with a heart that rebels.

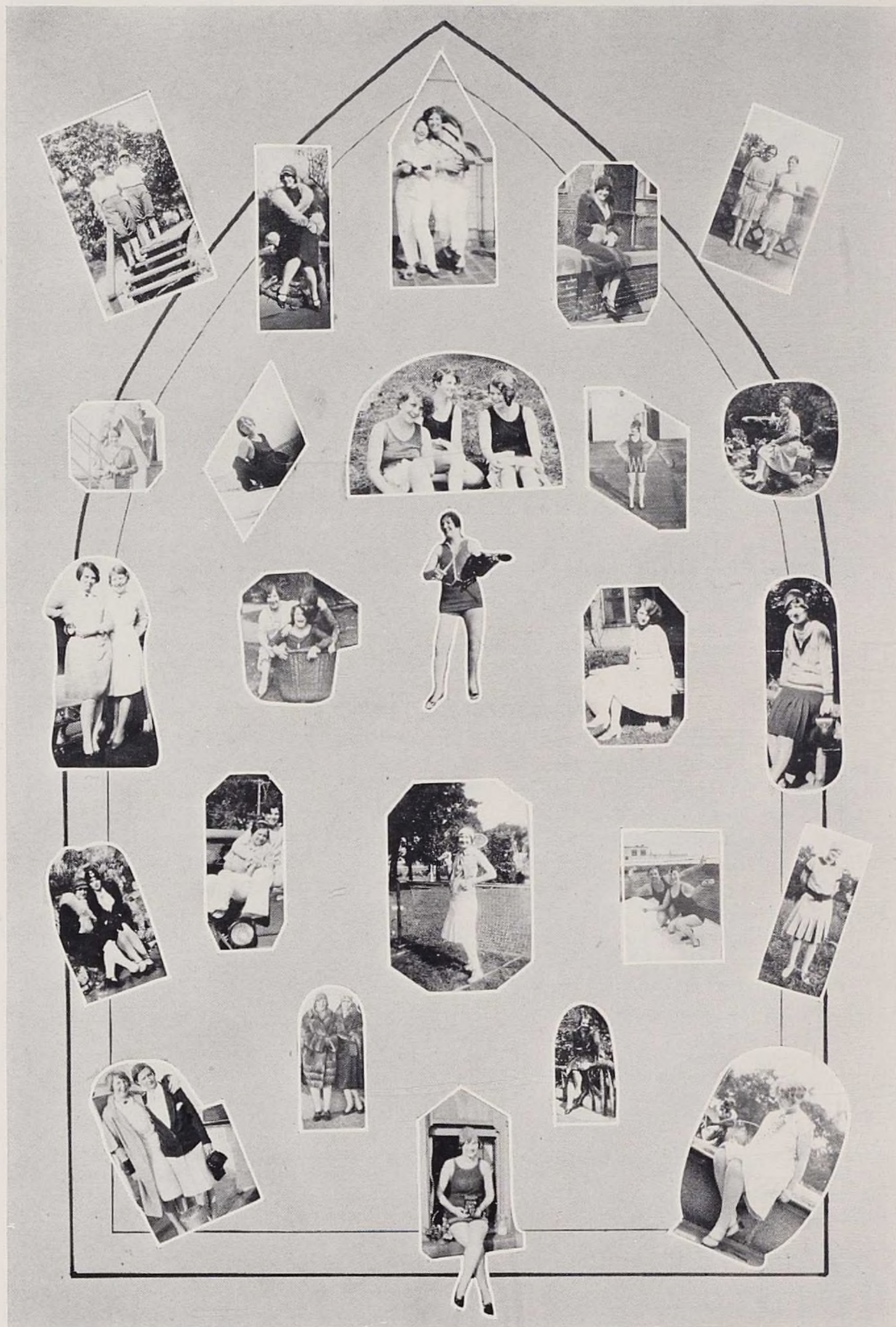
Longing for home, and all the while
 Wearing the same old professional smile.
 Blessing the newborn babe's first breath—
 Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctors mistakes
 Oh dear! what a lot of patience it takes!
 Going off duty at seven o'clock
 Tired, discouraged, ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven-fifteen
 With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
 Morning and evening, noon and night
 Just doing it over, and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
 Oh! Lord, will you give us just one little star
 To wear in our crowns with our uniforms, new,
 In that city above, where the Head Nurse is You?
 THE CLASS OF 1931.

THE OUR BOOK



1929



Top Row—ANITA OLSON, JESSIE BAUER, VIVIAN OSMAN, AGNES HAGEN, CORA JOHNSON, EDNA RADIES, VIRGINIA LAW, JOHANNA WENDELL, ELEANOR JENSEN, PHYLLIS THOMPSON, PRUDENCE ROTRAMEL, ELEANOR GOODMAN, RUTH WILLIAMSON, GLADYS OLSON, RUBY ARGALL, FLORENCE BLACK, WAV-
ERLY BICKNELL.

Middle Row—DOLORES TUSLER, ANN SALLE, HAZEL LENZ, RUTH BENSON, ELSIE SKYRUD, ESTHER BLOOMQUIST, MYRA BRINK, EVA BEACH, HELEN PETERSON, CHRISTINE JOHNSON, SELMA TORN-
QUIST, ESTRID SEAHOLM, MARIE SKOG, RUTH PETERSON, ELVIRA JENSEN, MARGARET HELVICK, FLORENCE JOHNSON.

Bottom Row—EUNICE GREFSTAD, ANNE KNOTTNERUS, JOY NELSON, CLARICE JAHRE, ELDRED RAS-
MUSSEN, MARION HANSON, FLORA LOIS DORAIS, ERMA LEONARD, ANNA JUNKERMAN, BERIT HAUKAAS, ELLEN ELIASON, DOROTHY NOREN, MILDRED BRAMER, ETHEL JEAN JOHNSON, ARITA ROLOFF, ELEANOR ERICKSON.

Preliminary Nurses Class of 1931

MY PLEDGE AND CREED

Reverently do I pledge myself to the whole hearted service of those whose care is entrusted to this Hospital.

To that end will I ever strive for skill in the fulfillment of my duties holding secret whatsoever I may learn touching upon the lives of the sick.

I acknowledge the dignity of the care of disease and the safe guarding of health in which no act is menial or inglorious.

I will walk in upright faithfulness and obedience to those under whose guidance I am to work and I pray for patience, kindness and understanding in the holy ministry to broken bodies.

THE OUR BOOK

After three long years of training
There are things we'll ne'er forget.
All our faithful worthy doctors
Which no where else we could have met.
Always we shall remember Dr. Oschner's H₂O and lime
Yes, of course, it must be given right on the dot of time.
Dr. Percy, our surgeon, who rights the wrongs
We're glad to tell you he to Augustana belongs.
His clever assistant Dr. Hedberg
Is a most brilliant man from a Michigan burg.
Oh! Dr. Frick prefers the hot pack roast
Specializes in diets of milk and toast.
For cystoscopies Dr. Nadeau knows best
He knows all about them just ask the rest.
In a rush comes in our Dr. Nuzum
Set up right away for a blood transfusion.
Dr. Crile the best bone setter
Couldn't find one any better.
Of all diseases of the chest
Dr. Hedblom can do the best.
The famous obstetricians, Drs. Lundgren and Falls
Welcome the newcomers first earthly calls.
If a gastric hernia you should suspect
Dr. Odens diagnosis will sure detect.
To keep in best order eye, ear, nose and throat
Everyone for Dr. Murray will vote.
See Dr. Weigan once in a while
Whenever your baby refuses to smile.
Dr. Beilin he makes the X-Ray business boom
If you fail to find him just call the drug room.
Dr. Kremer the lab technician
That's not all, he too is a musician.
Dr. Christenson must be about
When nurses need their tonsils out,
Although it doesn't take so long
They all must sing a little song.
As a reward on New Years day he treats
All senior nurses to the best of eats,
Even the internes there with us mingle
But alas! none of them seem to be single.

M. D.



Internes



Left to Right—DRS. DANDENAULT, DROZ, KISTNER, WILLIS, CARLSON, PENCE, WESTERN, MANZ, KULLBERG, SPELMAN, MCCrackEN, BARRETT, SWENSON.

Internes

Dr. Kistner you see now heads the list,
 Altho he's small he couldn't be missed.
 Dr. Droz, yes he's short too
 But there's nothing he can't do.
 For Dr. Kullberg we like to send
 On him you surely can depend.
 For a friendly one, right here is Pence
 We know he's a rascal, but he's got good sense.
 Of Dr. Dandenault you never know
 Which nurse he now takes to the show.
 Western and Barrett are married you see
 In this case its best to silent be.
 Dr. McCracken, the newest one here
 We'll know more about him the end of the year.
 Dr. Spelman seems so stern and serious
 He too is married so it doesn't worry us.
 Of Dr. Sullivan you never know
 Whether he's married or only a beau.
 Dr. Manz to us seems sort of quiet
 Don't be deceived, he's a regular riot.
 Dr. Swenson he's hard to beat
 When troubles in O.B. you meet.
 Dr. Carlson is so faithful and true
 Always around when there's work to do.
 Our poor Dr. Faris has taken a wife
 His troubles sure began early in life.
 To make this complete Dr. Willis we add
 Hoping that some day he'll make a good dad.

THE OUR BOOK



1929

Children's Memorial Hospital

The Children's Memorial Hospital, a charitable institution, was founded in 1884 by Mrs. Julia F. Porter in memory of her son, Maurice Porter, and was known for many years as The Maurice Porter Memorial Hospital for Children. In 1903, with the assent of Mrs. Porter, the Hospital was reorganized and the name changed to The Children's Memorial Hospital.

The Children's Memorial Hospital has no School of Nursing, but offers a four months' course to students from accredited schools in the following services: Orthopedics, Medical, Infants and Milk Laboratory.

At the present time, nineteen different schools affiliate for the above services.



MISS S. POTGIETER
Superintendent of Nurses



SUPERVISORS

Top Row—E. HEYN, M. C. STEWART, S. POTGIETER, E. DURYEE.

Second Row—L. LIKENESS, E. OLSON, M. LOVE, S. PITCHER, M. ENBERG, L. BAUGHN.

Third Row—J. STEKETEE, L. HALLMAN, E. MOREHOUSE, R. WATSON, H. PAUL, O. GRAHAM.

Bottom Row—M. GODLEY, H. CREELMAN, M. SKINNER, C. WOLFE, G. WERRBACH, R. OLSON, H. BROUGHTON.

The Dispensary Service

Sing Hoy! to the Out Patient Clinic
To the Children's Memorial case.
'Tis sufficient to make one a cynic
In despair for the forthcoming race.

First of all the attending physician,
Then the nurses; they do what they can,
Third the much zealous Social Service,
Then the interne is placed—"also ran."

The curtain arises each morning
On a scene of excitement and din.
Hordes of mothers, with children all ages,
Awaiting their turn to come in.

Here the squeal of an overfed infant,
Here the older child's maddening roar,
There a voice raised in wild exhortation—
"Don't spill all the juice on the floor."

Children in endless profusion,
Many vomiters, coughers, vex me etc.,
Worst of all the sleek nogatavistic,
And his smiling remark "I don't eat."

The attending man sees a few children,
And then leaves with the clock's early chime.
Why worry to finish the cases
When the interne is there all the time.

Social Service: they see that no parents
Responsibilities shirk,
Rushing hither and thither and yonder
Fiercely engaged in their work.

Then the nurses: sweet sisters of mercy,
Handling mothers with patience sublime
As they move on the oft halting traffic—
Their spelling alas! is a crime.

THE OUR BOOK

Now we come to the out patient interne
And his life is exceedingly thin,
For when other physicians have finished,
He is called to each case that comes in.

But the interne too has his proud moments
Moments of unalloyed bliss,
For when blood for a Wassermann's needed
He's in "consultation" for this.

Each Thursday he stands like a soldier
Syringes all poised for the fight,
The spirochaste-fell cause of lues
Will roost very poorly tonight.

The glorious dawn is just breaking
Birds a-twitter in trees out of doors,
But hark! now the phone bell is ringing
There's a break in the poor interne's snores.

His eyes heavy lidded with slumber,
He answers the phone's clarion call.
"There's a child here with history of fever:
Three days no bowel movement at all."

He carefully runs o'er the patient,
Frowning he surveys the case—
The child appears perfectly normal,
Not even a rash on the face.

From Italy's daughter, the dictum—
"Me no can spik Englis, but say
De chil' he no sleeping, he crying,
I bring heem to here right away."

So sing hey to the Out Patient Clinic,
To the Children's Memorial case,
To the doctors and nurses and service,
And the interne who holds the last place.

DR. EMDIN

THE OUR BOOK



1929

THE OUR BOOK



MISS EMILY PALMEN
*Superintendent of Nurses of the
Chicago Lying-In Hospital*



SUPERVISORS

*Top Row—M. ALF, M. FOREMAN, B. BORN, G. ARNOLD, K. MACKENZIE, L. YDSE, M. SMITH.
Bottom Row—G. HODGSON, M. CARMON, J. CHRISTIE, E. PALMEN, F. ANDERSON.*

1929



STAFF DOCTORS

Top Row—M. E. DAVIS, H. PHILLIPS, P. SMITH, J. P. GREENHILL.
Bottom Row—D. A. HORNER, A. R. LAPHMAN, J. B. DeLEE, M. McGUIRE.

Becoming a Dad

Old women say that men don't know
The pain thru which all mother's go
And maybe that is true, and yet
I vow I never will forget
The night he came, I suffered too,
Those bleak and dreary, long hours thru
I paced the floor and mopped my brow
And waited for his glad wee-ow,
I went upstairs and then came down
Because I saw the doctor frown
And knew beyond the slightest doubt
He wished to goodness I'd clear out.

I walked into the yard for air,
And back again to hear her there,
And met the nurse, as calm as tho
My world was not in deepest woe.
And when I questioned seeking speech
Of concilation that would reach
Into my soul and strengthen me
For dreary hours that were to be
"Progressing nicely"—that was all
She said and tip-toed down the hall.

And once the nurse come out in haste
 For something that had been misplaced,
 And I that had been growing bald,
 Then felt my blood grow icy cold.
 And fear's stern chill crept over me
 I stood and watched and tried to see
 Just what it was she came to get
 I half believe that nurse in white
 Was adding fuel to my fright,
 And taking an unholy glee
 From time to time in torturing me.

Then silence; to her room I crept
 And was informed the Doctor slept,
 While she at deaths door bravely fought
 And suffered untold anguish deep
 The doctor lulled himself to sleep.
 I looked and saw him stretched out flat
 And could have killed the man for that
 When morning broke, and Oh! the joy
 With dawn there came to us our boy,
 And in a glorious little while
 I went in there and saw her smile!

I must have looked a human wreck
 My collar wilted at the neck.
 My hair awry, my features drawn
 With all the suffering I had borne,
 She looked at me and softly said,
 "If I were you I'd go to bed"
 Her's was the bitterest part I know—
 She traveled thru the vale of woe,
 But now when women folks recall
 The pain and anguish of it all
 I answer them in a manner sad,
 Its no cinch to become a DAD!

MAXWELL STREET

Dusky Madagascars
 Thrifty Polish Jews
 Boatman from the Volga
 Buying shirts and shoes
 Sun-flower seeds for eating
 Slot machine in motion
 Life and color make a market scene
 Petticoated gypsies
 Blond with skirt to knee
 Herring, chickens, pushcarts
 These are what I see
 In that hurly, burly,
 Place of moving feet
 Not the Bund—Not Cairo
 Merely Maxwell Street.

THE OUR BOOK



1929



THYRA LARSON
President



MARION C. SWANSON
Vice-President



ELIZABETH JUHL
Treasurer



EVELYN SWANSON
Secretary

Alumnae Association

The Augustana Alumnae Association was organized in 1901 by a very small group of Augustana Graduate Nurses. It has steadily grown and today numbers four hundred and fifty, forty-seven members being added during the past year.

It's members are scattered everywhere and in all fields of the nursing profession. There are eight in active missionary work- Miss Anna Heistad, 1898, at Marcy Center, Chicago; Mrs. Andrea Hansen, Winter 1899, in India; Mrs. Ellen Carlson McDaniels, 1899, in Siam; Miss Annie Grover, 1908, in Africa; Mrs. Minnie Nelson Benson, 1913, in China; Mrs. Esther Nelson Unis, 1919, in China; Miss Johanna M. Peterson, 1922, in China and Miss Margaret Samuelson, 1928, in Africa. Mrs. Hedvig Lindorff spent many years in China.

Our meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month except July and August in the Lila Pickhardt Memorial Room at the Nurses Residence. The business session is usually fol-

THE OUR BOOK

lowed by a program and always by a social hour. The outstanding social event of each year is the banquet given in honor of the graduating class and the class that graduated twenty-five years previous. The Christmas party is always looked forward to greatly.

It has been our custom to send a delegate to the National Convention of the Nurses Association and the League of Nursing Education. A scholarship is offered a Senior student nurse each summer for the Institute conducted by the League of Nursing Education.

Last fall a Scholarship Fund was created for which purpose the class of 1928 left \$550.00. This we hope to increase greatly in the near future. Some of our contributions this last year were—\$500 to the Ochsner Memorial Foundation, \$75.00 to the National Relief Fund, \$25.00 to the Grading Plan, \$50.00 to the Sundblad Memorial Fund, \$100.00 for books for the Library at the Nurses Residence. A Sick Benefit Fund is being built up. To this each member subscribes \$2.00 annually.

A member of our Alumnae Association automatically becomes a member of the District, State and National Nurses Association.

The Augustana Alumnae congratulate you, the Class of 1929, upon the successful completion of your training. We wish you success and much happiness in the work you have chosen and welcome you heartily into our midst. We want you to help us carry on this worthwhile work and hope that you will take an active interest in your Alma Mater. T. L.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

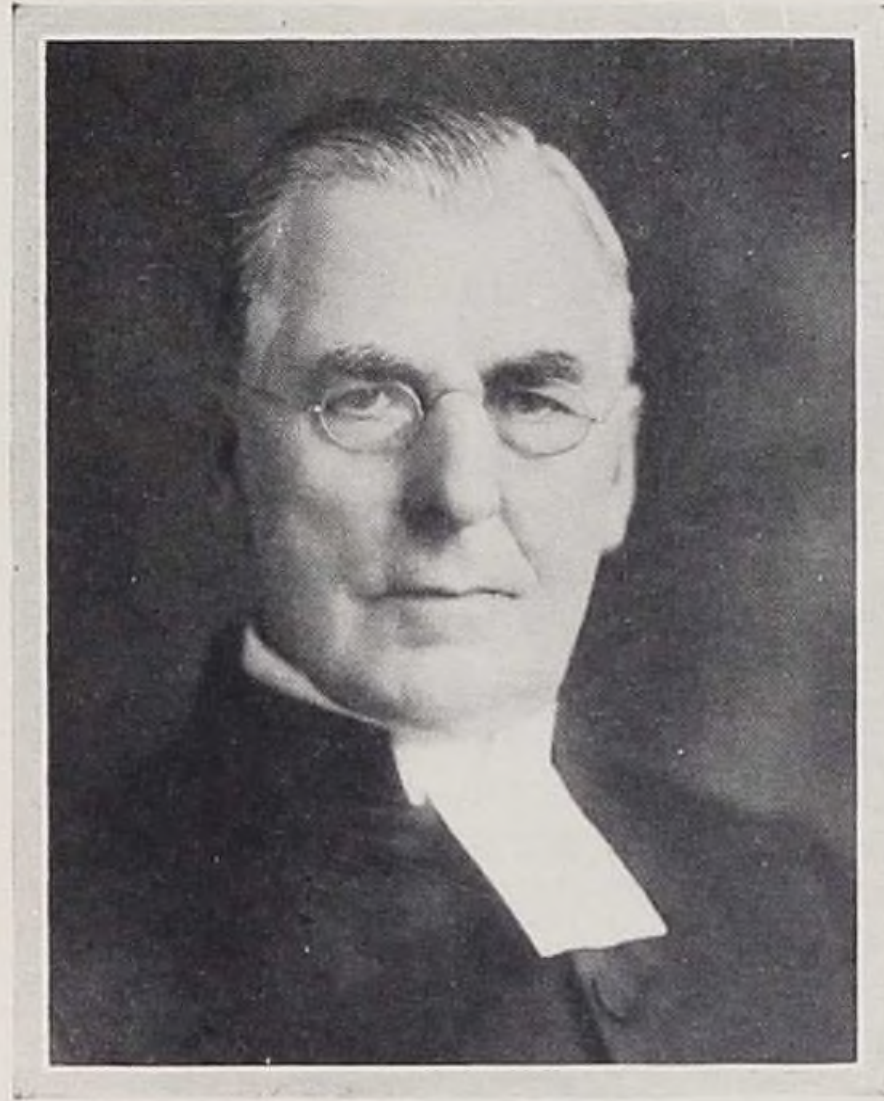
With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



THE OUR BOOK



1929



REV. ALFRED NELSON

Chapel Service

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

The children of God are in good hands. We have an almighty and gracious God and Father. He provides for all our temporal needs, richly and daily with all that we need for this body and life, and thus enables us to perform our daily duties, and gives us the necessary strength. The nurse requires strength to perform her duties.

But God cares for our spiritual needs as well. He satisfies our soul with the bread of life. He maketh us to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth us beside the still waters. He blesses and refreshes us with the WORD and the Holy Supper. There the divine life in us receives nourishment and power to grow and progress. There we have the springs of renewal and rejuvenation. There we have the most blessed moments on earth.

Our morning devotion at six thirty opens with a song using the Luther League song book, reading a portion of the scripture, with a short meditation and prayer, the Lords prayer or the Apostolic creed or twenty-third psalm in unison, another song and benediction.

I feel it a duty to say right here that during the many years that I have had the pleasure as Chaplain, I have never once seen any of the nurses converse between themselves during the morning devotion, but have always paid the strictest attention to the service. I know and feel that they have been blest and strengthened spiritually by so doing. After receiving their spiritual nourishment they are ready for their breakfast.

Sincerely yours in the Service of the Lord
REVEREND ALFRED NELSON



Thalian Drama Club

Animate Marionettes! That is what we are in drama—allowing ourselves so to be controlled by the overpowering desires which encompass the characters, of whom, in the given situation being re-enacted, that we act in a like manner.

Did anyone, I wonder, ever witness a play, cinema, or even opera, without subconsciously, not admittedly perhaps, imagine himself either the hero or heroine—or any of the other characters with whom he is in sympathy at that particular moment. Then, is it not so much more satisfying to “act” them ourselves?

It is for the love of playing, dancing, singing, expressing, as we have no right for giving so much of ourselves without it, that we have organized this drama club.

We have organized the club to help us bring joy, happiness and, unless you be very precocious children, a little playful fun to those of you who may have forgotten how to play.

Our club serves as an incentive for higher scholastic records, greater freedom of thought, and greatest of all a medium through which we may observe and try the changes in that interesting profession—our avocation—drama.

Martha Dalin, one of our charter members tells you in this poem how we got our name:

Who was Thalia? That is my riddle.
To solve it, I'm afraid I can't start in the middle.
She was one of the Muses—Grecian so they say
But goodness! there were nine all fair as the day
Zeus was their father—the king of the gods
Memory—their mother—they came of good stock.

There were Clio, Euterpe, Calliope with her tricks
Brooding each o'er history, epics and lovely lyrics—
There were Terpsichore, the dancer, Urania, the prophet
Who played with the stars in the night.

THE OUR BOOK

Polyhymnia and Melpomena, singers of joy and woe.
Erato, the lover, and last best of all
There was Thalia, the gay one—joy of all the earth
Who laughed at all trouble, giving smiles their true worth.

'Tis said at the dawn of each bright sunny morn
Apollo would call—our maids would trip down
Disguised as joyous and “sparkling” rills
Splash gaily down from high Olympus hill.
They'd sparkle and leap from rock unto rock
O'er green grass and grey stone and laughing, they'd mock
The shimmering shadow through which they passed.
And so we folks have organized
This Drama Club of ours.
And just because she symbolized
Those things for which we strive,
Because we like to dance and sing
Find fun in everything
After her this club we now have “dubbed”
Our own—The Thalian Drama Club.

The club has presented several plays in its short life—“The Gift” and “Pin Money” were given at the Trinity Parish House, December 20th, and again at the Swedish Club Home for the Betsy Ross Chapter of the American Daughters of Sweden.

At the time of this writing we are about to begin work on three short one act plays—“Lima Beans,” “The Witching Hour” and “Suppressed Desires.”

“Bonheur”—On with the play.

HORTEE

Augustana Hospital Society

The Augustana Hospital Society was organized in 1907, for the purpose of giving aid to the needy sick requiring hospital care.

The membership has grown from nineteen in 1907 to three hundred and fifty in 1928.

The dues are \$1.00 a year, and it is hoped that the membership may grow to five hundred, so that many more needy patients may be helped. All friends of the hospital are invited to join in this worthy work.

Meetings held regularly each month are well attended, carrying ennobling messages through excellent addresses, musical numbers and readings.

In 1926 the society raised over \$2000.00 to furnish the lobby of the new hospital as a memorial to Dr. Wahlstrom, who was it's Superintendent for nineteen years. The society has also provided each hospital room with a copy of the Holy Bible.

OFFICERS

MRS. J. A. CHRISTENSON	President
MRS. G. E. LAVINE	Vice-President
MRS. A. H. OLSON	Treasurer
MRS. W. N. CROSS	Recording Secretary
MRS. D. L. SEGERSTEN	Financial Secretary



The Jenny Lind Chorus

The Jenny Lind Chorus, under the leadership of Harry T. Carlson, has become an active and well trained organization of the Augustana Hospital School of Nursing.

The members of the Chorus have worked diligently to make it what it is today and Mr. Carlson has given of his wonderful ability as leader.

The concert given April 23, 1929 at the Murphy Memorial Hall was a success and it is the hope of everyone who heard the chorus sing that night, that it may continue in its good work and go on to even greater success.



Our Gym Class

A sweater to the right of me
A dress to the left of me
All colors and Outfits—
We go to Our Gym Class.

You'll have to admit we did look funny at our first gym class. Anything from bedroom slippers to hair ribbons was acceptable, while gaining in fun, losing in weight, and groaning with tender muscles.

We met the first time, on January 29th, in the Waller High School Gym. It was not a task to interest the nurses for they all wanted to come and take part in this wonderful opportunity so kindly offered to us.

We surely have enjoyed our classes and express our thanks to those who made it possible.

A collage of 18 black and white photographs of young women in various costumes and settings, arranged on a light-colored background with a dark border. The photos are cut out in various shapes (rectangles, ovals, irregular shapes) and some are mounted on a larger, light-colored cardstock. The photos show women in costumes like nuns, witches, and various dresses, in settings like outdoors, indoors, and on a stage.

Page 64

THE OUR BOOK

APRIL

- 30—One of the usual Blue Mondays and poor Agnes Hansen in Isolation. But why should she cry with Lois Carroll for a Nurse?



MAY

- 2—Much to Grandpa Anderson's sorrow, his old pal Mr. Bray dies.
- 3—Graduation! Everyone, in uniform, had a joy-ride to the new Salem Church in big coaches. Enjoyed the program immensely. Hooray! we're Seniors now!
- 6—Sunday's letter writing day. Everybody telling the folks the latest news.
- 7—Monday A.M. Blue Monday. "Good morning on this Monday morning" heard from Rev. Nelson.
- 10—An extremely warm day.
- 21—Special meeting called by Miss Haggman in Reception Room. Purpose—Night nurses have a heavier responsibility of passing basins—Ha! Ha!
- 30—Decoration Day. Extra hour off duty. Wish there were more holidays. All internes go yachting with Dr. Nadeau. Why not ask the nurses?



JUNE

- 1—First crew of vacationers back already. Poor nurses with a long, hot summer to look forward to.
- 12—Granted one-half hour extra for meals. What's going to happen?
- 13—Lynea Bach goes on E. H. O's service.
- 18—Measured for new operating room gowns and caps. It's time we were needing some.
- 19—Terrible electric storm. No one struck.
- 21—Out with your furniture! Make way for the painters!
- 23—Big nurses clinic in Opr. All dolled up for the occasion in new gowns and caps.
- 30—Two Sandstrom sisters leave. The nurses home in deep grief.



THE OUR BOOK



JULY

- 1—A change of internes. How wonderful to see new faces.
- 3—Where do elevator boys take certain nurses at night?
Four blocks east!
- 4—Everyone nearly deaf with racket. Loop all lit with fireworks at night.
- 8—Warm day—108 in the shade.
- 15—Finally got our Annual. It's about time!
- 18—Bernice Larimore on Boris Service.
- 20—Big accident. Ethylene Tanks fall over in Nurses Dressing Room. Shouts and screams. Hospital in uproar. Kennedy's life in danger!



AUGUST

- 1—All third floor in darkness! What could have happened?
Don't get excited—only a fuse.
- 8—What's better than a good game of tennis at Lincoln Park?
- 26—Mrs. Swanson, formerly Miss Bergeson, instructor here, welcomes a son.



SEPTEMBER

- 1—"In nights" begin. Three nights in at 8 P.M. How we must suffer.
- 5—A new class arrives. Welcome!
- 10—Someone saw "Maw" Smith trying to break the scale at Miller's. How much do you weigh?
- 20—Last vacationers back! All ready for a busy winter.
- 24—Lectures started at Grant Hospital.
- 25—First Senior Class meeting. Thyra Larson elected Class Advisor by a large majority.
- 27—Ever see Miss Hummel and her horse?
- 30—Miss Margaret Samuelson gave a farewell speech at Irving Park Church before leaving for Africa. Don't let the cannibals eat you Sammy!



THE OUR BOOK

OCTOBER

- 1—First \$10.00 pay check! Looks like a million.
- 9—Who must it be—Wash Fabric or Welch, Seniors?
- 10—Isolation entertained by Dr. Carlson's "tickling the keys."
- 15—What's worse than a Blue Monday?
- 23—Measured for white uniforms. Looks like we'll be getting them sometime.
- 31—Hallowe'en Party. Even Dr. Percy was there. Dr. Keck, how did your patient survive after all that operating?



NOVEMBER

- 4—Wallin starts drinking coffee. What next?
- 6—Everyone votes for Hoover.
- 12—Armistice Day yesterday, so our usual extra hour off for holidays was given today.
- 26—A poor probationer was found swimming in the pool by an interne and on Monday night too. Don't you know better, Proby?
- 26—Esther Nowack, representative of China, had her appendix out. Hurt, Esther? It couldn't have so very much because she ate a full Thanksgiving dinner three days later.



DECEMBER

- 6-7—Senior Bazaar. Lavender and white booths. Evelyn Wallin wins Nurses Kit. Lucky girl. Dr. Kistner auctioned off everything to Miss Haggman.
- 10—Nurses putting on their best smiles at Gibson's. Don't crack the glass.
- 17—Moody patients again swamp 3rd West with the "Flu."
- 20—The usual cry of being broke. Oh, these nurses!
- 24—Christmas Party a huge success.
- 31—New Years Eve Party. New Radio in full swing.



THE OUR BOOK

JANUARY



1—Dr. Christensen's Party to seniors. Dr. Crean wins "booby" prize. Wilma still dizzy over Dr. Pence's kiss?



7—Chorus rehearsal splendid! Full attendance of hearty voices?

12—Augustana fills up with patients, due to two street cars colliding on Lincoln Avenue.

15—Miss Olson finds a poor culprit leisurely taking a warm bath at 8:30 on an "In Night."



17—In Night! All nurses home mending their one pair of hose or washing clothes.

19—Dr. Kremer is married to Miss Wilkins. Wish them joy and happiness.

22—Lane Court offers two hours of entertainment for 10 cents. All hold your dimes.



29—Athletic Class begins. Muscles get sore, don't they?

FEBRUARY



3—Poor Astrid Wickstrom in Isolation for Scarlet Fever. Due to Esther Nowack's nursing she got well. Diet Kitchen has two new diets!

10—Annual in fast motion. Hope to go to press by end of month.



14—Valentine's Day. The reception room—"Will you be my Valentine?"

15—Mrs. Johnson seems to benefit by Diet Kitchen meals. Notice her slender figure?

15—Probies get their stripes.



25—We were all entertained by an interesting lecture by Miss Cornelisen of the American Nursing Journal. Miss Saenger afterwards gave a "coffee," and Miss Stone sang.

THE OUR BOOK

MARCH

- 4—Miss Abercrombie entertains us by her talk on the Lutheran Young Peoples' Convention, to which she was a delegate.
- 16—St. Patrick's Dance at Nurses Home. We sure kept those blind men going!



APRIL

- 16—Faculty-Senior Party. All the supervisors dolled up in Sunday clothes. A most delicious lunch was served.
- 18—Intermediate-Senior Banquet, at which some of the nurses gave the play "Lima Beans." Enjoyed Grace Lynn's entertainers. Miss Abrahamson embarrasses the seniors with the class prophecy.
- 25—Mrs. Percy entertains the Seniors in the Adams Room of the Lake Shore Athletic Club. As favors, we all received thermometers. After the delicious banquet, we all went to Mrs. Percy's home for entertainment.
- 28—Baccalaureate Service at Concordia Lutheran Church. Rev. Anderson's sermon "Courage" was very interesting.
- 30—Board of Directors Reception in the Nurses Home. Drs. Kremer and Carlson were the centers of attraction. Mrs. Kullberg proved her skill on the violin, and we also enjoyed a few songs by a male quartet.
- 30—Our own chorus made their appearance at the Fourth Presbyterian Church and were met with great approval.



MAY

- 2—GRADUATION! At the Ebenezer Lutheran Church. What a night!
- 4—The ending of all graduation events with the Alumnae Banquet in the Oriental Room of the Davis Hotel. Talk Dancing was one of the main features on the program, and card playing.
- 14—Nurses Chorus sang at the Nurses Club and did justice to their school.



THE OUR BOOK



1929

THE OUR BOOK

First Senior—"Did you see Dr. Carlson blushing?"

Second Senior—"No—why?"

Frist Senior—"When he passed the Diet Kitchen he saw Salad—dressing."

I do miss Mom's cooking much
But I don't worry friend
I pull my socks on easy now
I can use either end.

"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

"Now I know why I flunked the other day."

Finals, finals all the time
With drops and drops of ink;
But never an instructuress will leave the room
And allow a fellow to think.

Instructor—"Name the different parts of the brain."

Probie—"Cerebellum, Antebellum, and Spleen."

Senior—"Did you ever take Chloroform?"

Probie—"No—who teaches it."

OVERHEARD

First Student—"I'm sure Dr. Kremer is German."

Second Student—"How's that?"

First Student—"Cause his marks are so low."

Why is our "our Book" like a scissors?

Because eight nurse should have one of her own and not borrow her neighbors.

"Are you the trained nurse that was coming?"

Grad—"Yes, I am."

"Let's see some of your tricks then."

Winter is too cold for work,
Freezing weather makes us shirk.
Spring comes on and finds us wishing
We could end our days a fishing.
Then in summer when its hot
I say work can go to pot,
Autumn days so calm and hazy
Sort of makes me kind of lazy:
That's the way the seasons run
Seems we can't get nothing done.

E. Lawson—"Say, dad, are we descendants of Monkeys?"

Dad—"Why gracious no, our folks came from Wales."

M. Gay—"How long did it take you to learn to skate?"

A. Beckman—"Oh, about a dozen sittings."

Probationer—"Say, could you tell me how I can find the Chemistry Lab?"

Senior—"Sure, ask somebody."

THE OUR BOOK

MEDICAL ADVICE

"I am never well—I can't say why," said the patient, "I get a sort of pain, I don't know exactly where, and it leaves me in a kind of, oh, I don't know."

"This is a prescription for I don't know what" said the doctor, "take it I don't know how many times a day, for I can't think how long, and you'll feel better I don't know when."

John—"Teacher, can anyone be punished for something he didn't do?"

Teacher—"Why of course not, John."

John—"That's fine. I haven't done my arithmetic."

Doctor (to fair patient)—"You certainly have acute appendicitis."

Fair Patient—"Oh, Doctor, you flatter me."

Englishman—"Why do you Americans always answer a question by asking another question?"

American—"Why? Do we?"

OVERSIGHT

"Open him up again" said the surgeon to his assistant as he returned hurriedly to the operation room. "I just found out this fellow is a humorist and I forgot to leave a sponge inside."

THE CARE OF "GUMPTION"

One part of the human equipment that should never be slighted is Gumption. To cure one of chronic laziness and sloth, stir the Gumption vigorously on the first Tuesday following the first Monday of every month.

ATTENTION—DIETITIANS

Probie—"Will you please record that I got Mrs. Carlson to eat a square inch and a half of jello."

Famous Saying—

Mrs. Smith—"Now you nurses have ampoule time—"

Unsolicited letter to Karo Corn Syrup Co.—

"Dear Sirs:

Though I have taken six cans of your syrup my feet are no better than when I started."

Signed

M. SARGENT

Dr. Droz—"What do you give your wife every pay day?"

Dr. Crean—"Excuses."

M. Thuenen—"Good gracious, Tom, we've just run over a poor man. Stop! Stop!"

Tom—"Keep still! You will make everyone think this is the first time you were ever out in an automobile."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives a pest,
And departing leave behind us,
Feelings of relief and rest.

THE OUR BOOK

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF?

Edith were a rock instead of a Stone.
Doris were a rod instead of a Staff.
Bernadine were a robin instead of a Rehn.
Mildred were sad instead of Gay.
Peggy were a tree instead of a Leaf.
Gussie were "Oh Henry" instead of Jahn.
Letha were Rivers instead of Wells.
Betty were a bride instead of a Groom.
Marjorie were iron instead of Wood.
Lois were the opera instead of a Carrol.
Willie were an animal instead of a Pehrson.
Lynea were front instead of Back.
Valeda did wrong and no one would Reiter.
Hortense were a jitney instead of a Fortney.
Naomi were a stable instead of a Roost.
Gladys were a habit instead of a Krase.
Lillian were a kernel instead of Hull.
Carl were an iceberg instead of a Hedberg.
Chester were a stork instead of a Crean.

TENSE MOMENTS

When the exam questions are being handed out.
When you're called to recite and you don't know the question.
Having your picture taken for the Annual.
When at ten after two you remember your class at two o'clock.
When Miss Olson comes toward you just after you have thrown a note.
When Miss Abercrombie sees you make a face.
When you're called to the office.
Two blocks from the Nurses Home at 12 o'clock.
The movie becomes interesting at five to eight.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

W. Pehrson without a beau?
M. Gay a tight rope walker?
E. Nowack coming on duty in an aeroplane?
Miss Rohrbeck sweet on a Percy day?
Bunny without a new joke?
A. Anderson without red hair?
Gussie Jahn stingy?
A. Alberts hanging up her stocking on Christmas Eve.
E. Lawson without a grin.

Child—"Look Mother! The circus has come to town."

Mother—"Hush darling! That's not a clown, thats just an interne."

Miss Sifford—"Aren't you glad we get a half day this week?"

Miss Fulton—"Yes, its too bad Washington wasn't born in the morning."

H. Liljedahl—"What does your mother say when you tell those dreadful lies?"

E. Wallin—"She says I take after father."

A funny thing it seems to me,
That guarded children we must be.
The doors are locked and halls are cleared
And every nurse has disappeared
At the stroke of eight from the clock down stairs
We depart for our rooms—tell me who cares
That our fun has ended, and we must pursue
The course of good girls like me and you.

If the telephone rings you're out of luck—
Locked within doors you've gotta stay stuck—
If you'd cherish a bath at the hour of eight
You'll have to forget it—(An unhappy state)
Some who may venture across the hall
Sooner or later are forced to recall
Happy nights when our late leaves were not at stake
And we were given an even break.

(Let's hope as seniors of the class
That better days will come to pass.)

FROM A THREE MONTHS' OLD

If they'd only let me grow
And not fuss about me so!
I've the sweetest little bed
Where I love to lay my head:
But they bounce me up and down,
And they drag me through the town.
Then they wonder why I cry
And get sick and almost die.

Why they whizz me round in cars
Till I'm dizzy seeing stars,
In the elevator, too,
I can't breathe I am so new.
And they pick me up till I
Lose my dinner with a sigh.
Oh, they love me right enough,
But they surely treat me rough.

If they'd only let me rest
In my cozy little nest;
If they'd feed me on the dot;
If they'd leave me in one spot;
If they'd wheel me out-of-doors;
If they'd keep me out of stores;
Oh, they very soon would see
What a lovely girl I'd be.

THE OUR BOOK

"What are you buying?"

"A thermometer—"

"You won't need a thermometer until summer."

"But they're always lower in winter."

"I came near being an actor once."

"How so?"

"I had my leg in a cast."

"Vic, you ought to give up smoking it affects the heart."

"By that reasoning, I ought to give you up, too."

"I hear all the nurses have gone on a strike!"

"What have they struck for?"

"Shorter hours."

"I always did say sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

SOME NURSES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?

Is a newspaper white when its read?

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?

If you threw a life line to a drowning lemon would you be giving lemonade?

Is there a sheet on the ocean's bed?

"What kind of a car have you?"

"I got a wreck."

"A wreck?"

"Yeah. Every time I park it a dozen people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet."

"Hands up!" yelled the bandit as he entered the Pullman. "I will relieve all the gents of their wallets and kiss all the women."

"Take our money, but don't molest the women," cried a gallant, but the old maid who glowingly anticipated something different, snapped, "Shut up! Who's robbing this train?"

Doctor—"Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping draught."

Wife—"And when do I give it to him?"

Doctor—"You don't give it to him—you take it yourself."

"Ezra, tomorrow is our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary; hadn't we better kill a chicken?"

"Why punish the chicken for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

Did you hear of the fellow who moved out into the suburbs and his wife wanted a cow? Well she said, "We don't use much milk so get a small cow." He came home with a calf.

Ambitious Author—"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story!"

Best Friend—"From whom?"

Ambitious Author—"The express company. They lost it."

"I'm having trouble in supporting my wife."

"You don't know what trouble is. Try not supporting her."

THE OUR BOOK

At six o'clock from bed we jump,
Hitting the floor with one grand thump.
Hopping into our duty clothes,
Ready to conquer friends and foes.

At seven o'clock duty-wards bent,
With many hours in hard work spent.
Passing of basins and getting out diets,
The floor is sure a regular riot.

At eight o'clock temperatures taken,
Midst the chewing of toast and bacon.
With enemas and baths to give,
And trying to make sick patients live.

At nine o'clock temps to record
Elevations, we report.
Cleaning up the thermometer tray,
Ready thru the live long day.

At ten o'clock, on with the dressings
And when over, its sure a blessing.
Spreading olive oil on patients legs,
In order to give them the use of their pegs.

At eleven o'clock dressing room to clean
So everything in cleanliness beams.
Washing of panes and scrubbing of shelves,
Making regular pigs of ourselves.

At twelve o'clock its eat once more,
This eating business sure is a bore.
Carrying of trays in and out of the rooms,
'Tis a busy hour—the hour of noon.

At one o'clock there's pills to give
So patients do a little longer live.
When its all for bedpans ask
To please them surely is a task.

Two o'clock, charts to cross
To forget would be a loss.
When visitors come streaming in
The noise they make is sure a sin.

Three o'clock—the floor is quiet,
Except for one or two odd diets.
Some do talk, some do sleep,
Some engrossed in books so deep.

THE OUR BOOK

Four o'clock, start over once more
The visitors are shown the door.
The patients thru their washing dash,
In readiness for their evening's hash.

Five o'clock the same old song
Patients eat the whole day long.
Getting started without delay,
The report of all the patients day.

Six o'clock and we do eat
Glad for a fifteen minute seat.
Hurrying back more pills for all
So patients for more bedpans call.

Seven o'clock and all is well
The happy hour one can tell.
When nurses leave, with beaming faces
For other ones to take their places.

Eight o'clock and out we go—
To different places—maybe a show.
Free from frowns by duty wrought
Free from duty and its thoughts.

Nine o'clock 'tis pretty late.
Preparations for bed we make,
Washing teeth and combing hair
Washing of undies and sox, a pair.

Ten o'clock, to bed we all go
Forgetting our sorrow and our woe,
Glad for a soft bed to lie in
Good for eight hours, to six A.M.

L. B.

Pat Maloney had become a backslider and his parish priest called on him. "I ain't bin feelin' right," said Pat, "an that's why. An' say, Father, what is neuritis?"

Thinking Pat might be inclined to use that as an alibi for his backsliding the padre resolved to scare him. He looked very grave. "That's a terrible affliction, Pat," he said. "That comes from drinking, staying up all night, consorting with bad company—it is the Lord's wrath."

"An' that's too bad," said Pat. "I jes' heard that the bishop had it."

VACATION TIME

Hurrah! vacation time is here
 We haven't had one since last year.
 All year we've looked forward to this
 Just think of four whole weeks of bliss.
 Mr. Alarm Clock is packed away
 For this month he may silent stay.
 The books packed safely on the shelves
 To rest while we enjoy ourselves.
 The trunk is packed and we're all set
 To have a good time, don't you forget.
 We leave at eight, arrive at ten
 Happy to see all the folks again.
 It feels good to know—now do as you please
 Go to parties and afternoon teas.
 For a change have dances with gentlemen
 No worry about being in at ten.
 Come in after twelve o'clock
 And find they haven't turned the lock.
 Remember this only four weeks doth last
 And then the fun will be all past.
 So why worry about rest and sleep
 For if at Augustana the laws you keep.
 Three nights a week you'll be in at eight
 Not even allowed to call your mate.
 You go to your room and close the door
 Not to be heard of anymore.
 There you sit and mope and chew
 About all the things you'd like to do.
 So why worry about time for rest
 When all the year with it you are blest.
 We go to the beach and swim and play
 Broil steak and eat anything we may.
 At night go motoring under a starlit sky
 It sure is romantic, none can deny.
 Later go to some nice tea room
 To have a refreshing drink in it's gloom.
 One week of our vacation spent so gay
 We now go out on a farm to stay.
 Here where the world is quiet and lone
 And you feel as tho' it's all your own,
 We play tennis and games of all sort,
 Ride horses and enjoy all out door sport.
 It's time for dinner—Oh! such a feed
 Just look at the menu, there's more than you need.
 Oh! boy, here's chicken for all the crew
 This time we see no hash or stew.
 Plenty of good things, new fresh apple pie
 All you want, don't let it pass by.
 This meal o'er we're refreshed and strong
 Ready to hike with the jolly throng.

THE OUR BOOK

It's great to go hiking during the day
 While the rest of the gang has to work for pay.
 But then comes the night when the stars are out
 That's the time we go riding about.
 Once in awhile at home we must be
 To entertain our friends at tea.
 Just a few more days and vacation ends
 And farewell you must say to all your friends.
 Alas, it all has passed too soon
 And you feel as tho' you're not in tune.
 To settle down and pay heed to rules
 Which you know we must have at training schools.
 But then, just think only another year
 And graduation seems so near.
 Back you go just full of pep
 The year flies by
 You're a GRADUATE.

WEST BUILDING

Ye are but blind—
 Who cannot see the beauty in it's
 veiled brown walls,
 Ye are but cold—
 Who cannot feel the warmth contained
 therein
 Could ye but see—
 At dawn, a tiny sunbeam playing
 down those old, old, stairs
 Or stop to hear—
 The faint sweet whisper of a morning
 breeze come whis'ling round the corner
 to catch a glimpse of some new baby's
 face, or fan an old one as it lies there
 waiting—
 Can ye not see that there is life—
 That they have dreamed as you and I have
 done, that they have loved as you and I
 are doing—
 Friends can ye now see—
 That someday we'll be waiting, too, longing,
 dreaming, and hungering for that last
 great rendezvous
 With God.

HORTEE'

DR. CREANS CONCEPTION OF NEW YEAR

N	Clothing	Necktie
E	Food	Epple
W	Flowers	Wose
Y	Animal	Ynoceros
E	Bird	Eagle
A	Song	Annie Laurie
R	Diversion	Rest

THE OUR BOOK

TODAY

"We cannot change yesterday, that is clear,
Nor begin tomorrow until it is here;
So the only thing left for you and for me
Is to make today as sweet as can be."

WHEN YOU HAVE A TROUBLE

They say don't trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.
I say don't have a trouble
That's not just and true.

But when you have a trouble
Don't think it's yours alone—
Most every living being
Has some trouble of its own.

THE DEAR, DEAR MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives. Like Turkish cigarettes they are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking they may be divided into three classes; husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet scented, sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby chinned, tobacco and bay rum scented thing like a man. If you flatter him, it frightens him to death and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe him in everything you soon cease to interest him; if you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic; and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him.

If you wear gay colors and rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to go out with you and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor made, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaities and approve of his smoking, he swears you are driving him mad and to the devil and if you don't approve of his smoking and urge him to give up his gaities, he vows you are driving him to the devil. If you are a clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain and if you are a modern, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a right mate, and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. A man is but a worm in the dust, he comes along, wiggles about and finally some chicken gets him.

Gosh Dig the men anyhow! ! ! !

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Dr. Willis—"Who?"
Dr. Kistner—"Woolworth."

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We wish to take this opportunity to thank the entire staff, and also the members of the faculty for their staunchness and thoroughness during the work on this annual. We also appreciate the work done by the Gibson Studios, Pontiac Engraving & Electrotpe Co., and the Rogers Printing Co.

