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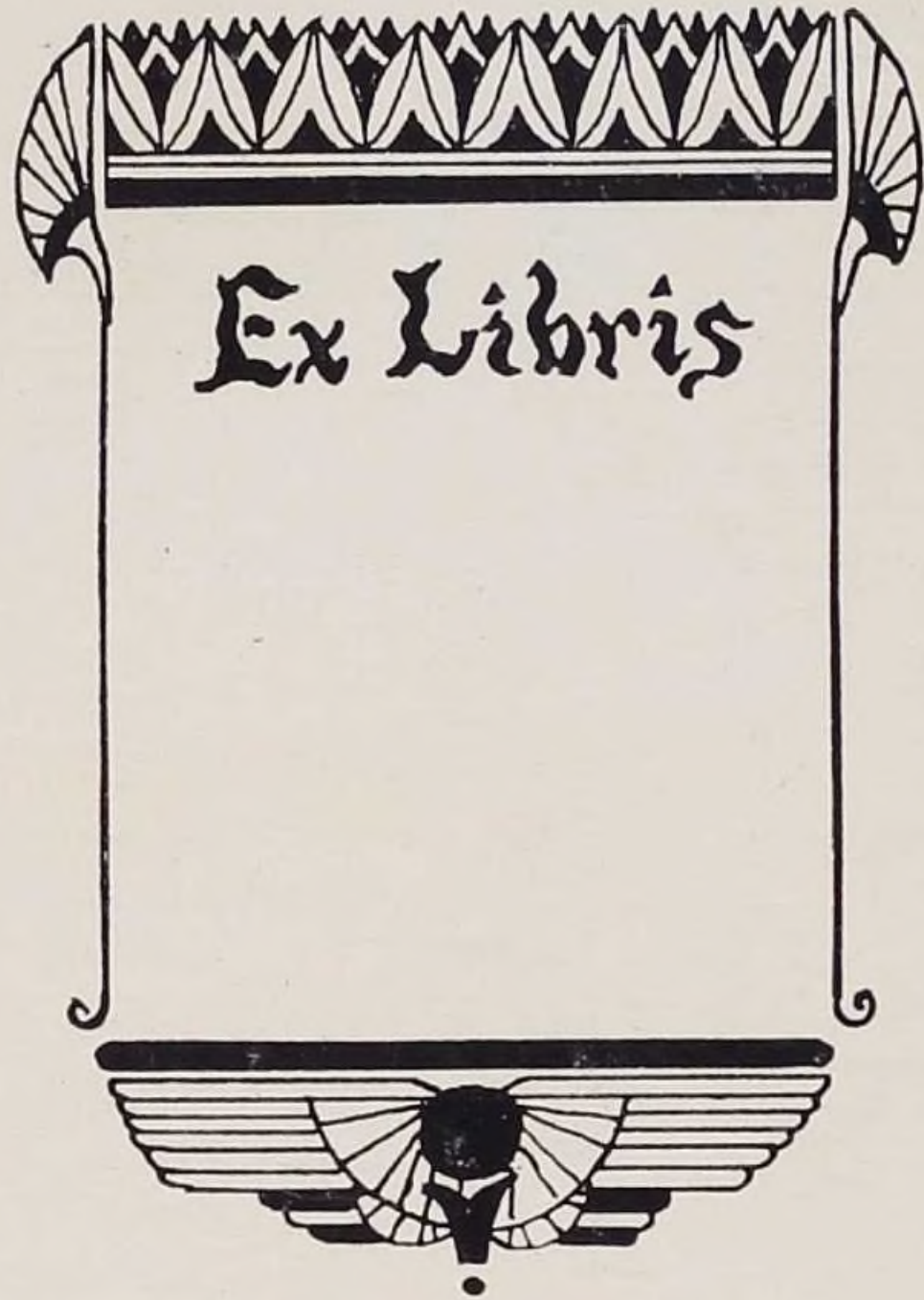
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THE — — — —
CHART

— — — — — 1932

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COMPILED BY

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Editor

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Associate Editor

SIGNE OLSON
Photography Editor

HAZEL NYBLADE
Business Manager

THE CHART

1932



COMPILED
BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF
AUGUSTANA HOSPITAL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CHART

DEDICATION

To those whose unceasing efforts and courage have been instrumental in the building and advancement of the Augustant Hospital—those whose enduring patience and perserverance have guided it thus far and to those who, tomorrow, will bring to us the realization of a greater service to mankind, this book—The Chart, is dedicated by the Senior Class of 1932

AN APPRECIATION

To her who during the past years has worked faithfully, loyally, and with unswerving devotion to our School and Hospital, and whose sympathetic understanding, unfailing patience, and cheerful optimism has been an inspiration to us all. We honor, love and respect her—our Superintendent of Nurses, Miss
Mabel E. Haggman.

FOREWORD

To revive old memories of former student nurses, to keep alive memories of the present for the student nurses of today, and to arouse anticipation in the hearts of future students—these are the aims of The Chart.

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AUGUSTANA HOSPITAL

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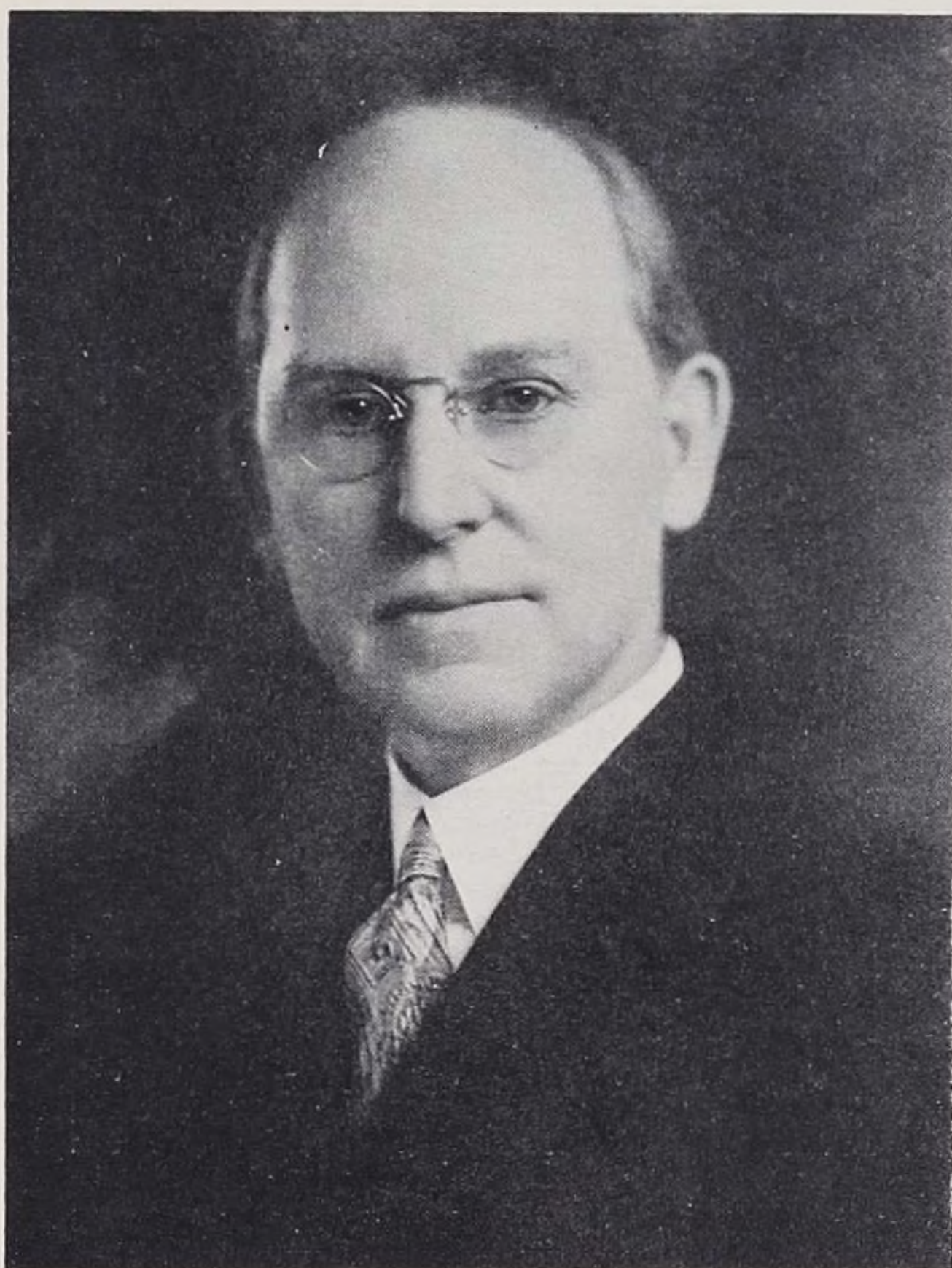
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THE CHART



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Chief-of-Staff

THE CHART



DR. NELSON M. PERCY
Chief Surgeon

THE CHART



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*Superintendent
of Hospital*

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MISS MABEL E. HAGGMAN, R.N.
*Superintendent
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Bottom Row—DRS. CONLEY, HURT, BOICE, MARSDEN, BEATTY, SCHNEPP.

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE

By the shores of Acid Boric, by the sparkling Soda Water,
Lived the sweetest of all maidens, "Listerine" fair
Seidlitz daughter

She was loved by staunch Bichloride, son of Alum and
Carbolic:

Heir apparent to the Benzine of the tribe of Petrolatum.

Through the green soap strolled the lovers,

Through the Plaster walks they wandered.

"Lovely little Listerine," were the fairy words of Chloride,

"No Pyrene can quench the fire, nor Asperin still the
heartache

Oh my love, my own desire,

Let us marry Sparkling Water."



SENIORS

SENIORS ON PARADE

I'll give our class a short review before you start this book
So you will know these people well at whom you're going to look.

But first of all Miss Haggman I'll introduce to you
To her our kind respect and deepest loyalty is due.

And next I think Miss Peterson I'd like you all to meet,
She "checked" upon our class affairs—made out Bazaar a treat.

The president of this year's class?—'tis someone you all know,
A girl who's capable and kind—we always call her "Jo".

Now there's a girl who simply couldn't stay at home each night
You know it's Hazel Nyblade—she likes lots of fun alright.

Her roommate Edna is a girl who's always right on time,
When there are things that must be done to shirk would be a
crime.

At times Lane Court has some good shows, especially twice a
week,
There Signe and Stella, Alice, Agnes, and Bert often give them-
selves a treat.

"Sody's" a mighty good friend to us all—so thoughtful and kind
is she.
Did I hear the phone ring—oh yes, sure enuf—callers for Flo J.
and Miss Catey.

We can boast of one Titian-haired maid in our class—most
everyone knows as "Red Pete".
She lives with Miss Wightman whose music and song we all
think is hard to beat.

Now Eva Beach is sure a peach when it comes to getting good
grades
And Miss Bicknell has proved her worth in many, many ways.

"Bid" Chapin leads such a romantic life—she's just the type you
know.
Flora Dorais's upset every day if she doesn't hear from her best
beau.

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'Tis a sad, sad world for Violet and she must feel terribly blue,
When the boy-friend comes to call and she is on 4th floor with
the "Flu".

Jeanette Ekwall is a girl who is going to get somewhere,
When we're planning for some fun or such, we must have Peg
Falk there.

Miss Gerner can say an awful lot in a little while you know,
But Wilma Pete's not far behind—her actions and words aren't
slow.

Marie is a girl to depend upon, rather quiet but trustworthy
is she,
She lives with Miss Hedman whose boy-friends and dates make
"training" worth while you see.

If you want an expert opinion go to Sadie Holm for that,
She'll tell you just what she thinks and how and why right
off the bat.

Christine and Helen are two nice girls—always willing to lend
a hand.

Ethel Larson and Martha are roommates too, from far Pennsyl-
vania's coal land.

Elva Toepel is in love we know by the way she rolls her eyes.
When Wese's on duty ahead of time it certainly is a surprise.

Myra Brink gets telephone calls at least four times a day,
Eve Heidtke is remembered by all as having that "boyish way".

Hazel Spaulding comes from Baraboo where the Ringling
Brothers once were,
Her roommate is Grace Strasburg—by "Strasheim" we all know
her.

Joy Nelson has an exacting way—she'll get somewhere you'll see.
Last but not least is Marie Skog who is nice to everybody.

Thus ends the take-off on our class, and as you read it through
I hope 'twill bring back little friendly memories to you.

For after all 'tis just these things that make life worth the
while
To live, to love, to carry on, to give a kindly smile.

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AGNES ANDERSON Oneida, Illinois
"For she was just a quiet kind whose nature never varies."

JOSEPHINE ANDERSON Elkhart, Indiana
"She has the ability to carry her through anything and everything she attempts to do."

EVA BEACH Bark River, Michigan
"Just being happy is a fine thing to do."

WAVERLY BICKNELL St. Elmo, Illinois
*"Let her pursue her ambition
 Let her learn and she will achieve."*

MYRA BRINK Quincy, Illinois
"We like her more each day we know her."

NINA CATEY Greenup, Illinois
*"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair
 Like Twilight's too, her lovely hair."*

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MARY ELIZABETH CHAPIN Oberlin, Ohio
"So sweet and fair and on the square."

STELLA CONKLIN Havelock, Ia.
*"Life's too short for a frown or worry
 I believe in being happy and merry."*

FLORA LOIS DORAIS Muskegon, Michigan
"A quiet maid."

VIOLET EDMONDS South Haven, Michigan
"Enjoy the present day."

JEANETTE EDWALL Galesburg, Illinois
"Nor love thy life, nor hate it—but what thou livest, live well."

MARY ELIZABETH FALK Holdrege, Nebraska
*"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye
 To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."*

THE CHART



GUDRUN GERNER

Chicago, Illinois

"She loves dancing."

MARIE HAURBERG

Princeton, Illinois

"She speaks, behaves and acts as she should."

FLORENCE HEDMAN

Galva, Illinois

"Man has his will, but woman has her way."

EVELYN HEIDTKE

Morton Grove, Illinois

"In plays, she is our hero."

SADIE HOLM

Eveleth, Minnesota

"To warn, to comfort and command."

CHRISTINE JOHNSON

Annandale, Minnesota

*"Ready and true in every need
Such women they say are friends indeed."*

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FLORENCE JOHNSTON Chicago, Illinois
"My true love has my heart, and I have his."

BERTHA LARSEN Shabbona, Illinois
*"Her friends were many
 Her foes—has she any?"*

ETHEL LARSON Ridgway, Pennsylvania
"I find joy in living and laughing."

JOY NELSON Hurley, South Dakota
"She has much good nature."

HAZEL NYBLADE Casnovia, Michigan
"I myself must mix with action lest I wither by despair."

SIGNE OLSON Stambaugh, Michigan
"She is generally speaking, generally speaking."

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MARTHA OTTERSON Ridgway, Pennsylvania
"Her ways are all pleasant ways."

ESTHER PETERSON Perry, Iowa
"A merry heart lives long."

HELEN PETERSON Princeton, Illinois
"She is stately like yon youthful ash."

WILMA PETERSON Kaukauna, Wisconsin
"Whatever she does she makes a good time of it."

MARIE SKOG Chicago, Illinois
*"She's not a flower
 She's not a pearl
 But she's an all around good girl."*

ESTHER SODERBERG Holdrege, Nebraska
"Genial and good is she."

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HAZEL SPAULDING . . . Baraboo, Wisconsin
"Few were her words, but if you look you'll much in little see."

GRACE STRASBURG . . . Edgerton, Wisconsin
"The world is as you take it."

ALICE SWANSON . . . Rose Lawn, Illinois
*"She enters into work or play
 In the same good natured jolly way."*

EDNA THORNBLADE . . . Greensburg, Pennsylvania
"Oh never say that I was false of heart."

ELVA TOEPEL . . . Des Plaines, Illinois
"Contentment opens the source of every joy."

EDITH WESENDER . . . Davenport, Iowa
"True to her work, her words, her friends."

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MONA WIGHTMAN

Perry, Iowa

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

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 elevate and maintain the standards 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.

BACTERIOLOGICAL BALL

A gay Bacillus to gain his glory
Once gave a ball in a laboratory.
The fete took place on a cover glass
This is the story of how the evening passed.
None but the cultured were invited
For microbe cliques are all united.
They tightly closed the ballroom doors
For all the germs containing spores.
The Diplococci just came in view
And ranged themselves as two and two
The Streptococci took great pains
To range themselves in graceful chains.
The Pneumococci, stern and haughty
Disclosed the gnococci naughty,
And said "they would not stay at all
If they were present at the ball".
The ball took place and mirth rose high
With ne'er a feat of Phagodytes
Were in their minds that night.
Twas getting late and some were loaded
When a jar of formaldehyde exploded
And drenched the happy swimming mass
Who covered that fatal cover glass.
Not one survived, but perished all
And thus ended the Bacteriological Ball.

—Copied

M I L E S T O N E S

1929—We came to our new home at Augustana in three groups, February, September and November, full of ambition to become real Augustana nurses. Remember the first green probies? Those of us who studied hard and did our work well were allowed to stay and in due time received our coveted striped uniforms and caps. Remember the day we were capped and Martha Otterson's cap fell off?

We did study hard that first year—went to chorus and gym, learned to make beds and give baths. Who doesn't remember the first bath. 'Bet the patients wondered where we hailed from!

1930—Spring—Then our first vacation rolled around and were we glad to go home to our families and friends, but perhaps almost as glad to be back at Augustana and ready for work, for we all felt older and a little more sure of ourselves by that time.

September 1930—And now we're all Juniors and are we proud.

October—The "Blades" finally found each other and moved to 615.

December—"Apple Blossom Time" at McCormick Memorial.

December 25—We enjoyed our Christmas this year more than last year. We weren't quite as lonesome. Remember the Christmas Trees and caroling on Christmas morning?

January 1931—We elected our class officers for the coming year to make plans for our Junior-Senior Banquet which we are giving this year. Here's hoping it will be a successful one.

February 3—Where are Martha's curls?

February 17—Help, fire, murder, police—we had an undesirable gentleman caller on our fire escape today.

March—Dr. Crile "Sponge Count". Nurses—"7 and 4". Oh where, oh where is that sponge? Dr. Crile, "Here it is in the abdomen." Everybody's happy now and what a relief.

April—The day for our banquet finally arrived. We were worried at first but now that it is all over we breathe a sigh of relief and tell each other how glad we are that it was successful. We had an awfully good time—hope the Seniors did.

May 30—We had breakfast at the lake this morning. What a beautiful sunrise!

June—Collars open and sleeves rolled. It is almost hot enough to melt.

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July—New tennis court for the internes and nurses.

September—Back at Augustana and ready to start our last and most interesting year for we're high and mighty Seniors now.

October—We had class meeting and made our plans for the Bazaar we are to give this year. It sounds big and hard but we will try.

October 31—Hallowe'en party in the Recreation Room.

November—Flo, Peg, Janet and Jo went to football game at Northwestern. Zeh-Rah Northwestern!

December 2 & 3—Our Senior Bazaar and it was successful. Remember Dr. Burns's tea set? Wonder whom he'll have tea with.

December 17—Organization of Y. W. C. A. at Augustana.

December 25—Our last Christmas and such a happy one for all of us!

January 1932—Dr. Christenson's party for the Seniors and internes. We made good New Year's Resolutions. Do you suppose we shall keep them? Senior's "Tonsil Chorus" sang a few numbers.

February—We made plans for our year book. Shall we or shall we not, that is the question.

The internes seem to be going in for appendectomies.

February 14—Valentine's Party—All kids again.

February 28—Y. W. C. A. at Chicago University and Negro Choir.

March 2—Flo's Ralph made sandwiches for the lunch.

March 17—St. Patrick's party and more fun. Blind men with us again.

April 1—Chorus sang at Orchestra Hall. No foolin'!

April 7—Drama Club Play "The Hoodoo." "I don't want no artificial bugs 'round me."

April 13—Junior-Senior Banquet at McCormick Memorial.

April 23—Y. W. C. A. Dance at McCormick Memorial.

May 1—Baccalaureate Services at Albany Park Lutheran Church.

May 4—Graduation at Ebenezer Parish House.

May 5—A line of white feet march to breakfast.

December—The old year is dying and with it the white shoes of 1932.

Finis

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CLASS WILL

Know all men by these presents that we, the graduating class of the Augustana Hospital, of the year 1932, being presumably of sound mind and unpathological bodies, and being mindful of the uncertainties of this life, despite these facts, do herewith herald, acclaim, declare and publish this our Last Will and Testament, hereby repealing and abolishing all former and future wills and testaments by us made.

First—To the office training school and its able teachers, who have shown such uncomplaining endurance and forbearance, we bequeath the pleasure of instilling into the minds of our successors all the education necessary to make them worthy of our profession.

Second—We bestow upon the Juniors the dignified title of Seniors entreating them to assume our responsibilities and liabilities.

Third—To the Freshman we bequeath the privilege of perpetuating all good works by us begun.

Fourth—We order and direct that our no more "In nites" be given the unfortunate preliminaries. That they and also all others before mentioned give full expression of their pent up emotions at the radio, in the stairs and corridors.

Fifth—We do further bequeath to the following heirs here mentioned. To-wit:

1. To the oncoming probationers the use of our cast off black Antiochs J-174.

2. To all present and future class presidents, Jo Anderson's ability of leadership.

3. To students with boyish bobs, Evelyn Heidtke's clever acting.

4. We bestow upon Birdie Anderson, Wilma Peterson's noiselessness.

5. Signe's neatly printed note books and lectures will be on hand in the library to all aspiring students.

6. All Edna Thornblade's cooking utensils, dishes, grill, etc. to anyone who needs them.

7. We bequeath Mona Wightman's boy friends to Mildred Stenlund.

8. Martha Otterson's and Helen Peterson's divine tallness to Clarice Fritz and Helen Hotvedt.

9. We commit unto the Rumsey sisters, Nina Catey's and Flo Johnston's charms and romances.

10. And to Evelyn Sweet, Esther Soderberg's demure ways.

11. To Eva Helander we decree the frivolities of Florence Hedman.

12. Peg Falk's mincing gait to Sigrid Walback.

13. We bequeath Gudrun Gerner's asthetic dancing to Evelyn Lambert.

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14. Marie Haurberg's conventional ways we intrust to any student needing such.

15. To Marguerite Olson we hand down all Hazel Nyblade's weekly late leaves and over-nite leaves.

16. Stella Conklin's carefree manner we bestow upon Viana Laakson.

17. And Hazel Spaulding's unassuming ways to Laurine Grantz.

18. Grace Strasburg's bobby pins are intrusted to Leobelle Hagen (until she gets her hair bobbed again).

19. Christine Johnson wills her punctuality at breakfast to Bertha Klauser.

20. And Marie Skog her boyish ways to Amanda Rennhack.

21. Waverly Bicknell solemnly dedicates her worthy ambitions to Austa Hanson.

22. The numerous telephone calls we fear will continue to come in for Elva Toepel. She has requested that Ruth Carlson be put at the post and transfer the calls to her apartment.

23. Jeanette Ekwall decrees her rosy cheeks to Mildred Raper and Violet Edmonds her school girl complexion to Thelma Borgstrom.

24. All Esther Peterson's college and university annuals and literature she bequeaths to students aspiring to higher educations.

25. To Mary Bjoin is ordained the sound judgment of Edith Wesender.

26. Ethel Larson's wardrobe is bequeathed to the maids so that they may work in style.

27. Florence Lindquist to receive Alice Swanson's specs so she may have one reserve pair.

28. Betty Brink leaves her Don Juan to Esther Sponberg.

29. Sadie Holm bequeaths her ability to say exactly what she thinks, when she thinks, to Ruth Kallhauge.

30. Flora Dorais wills all her theories of nurses rights to Polly Ramsey and Winifred McNeil.

31. Bid Chapin bestows upon Sara Johnson the disease of being in love—but not to the same person with whom she is in love.

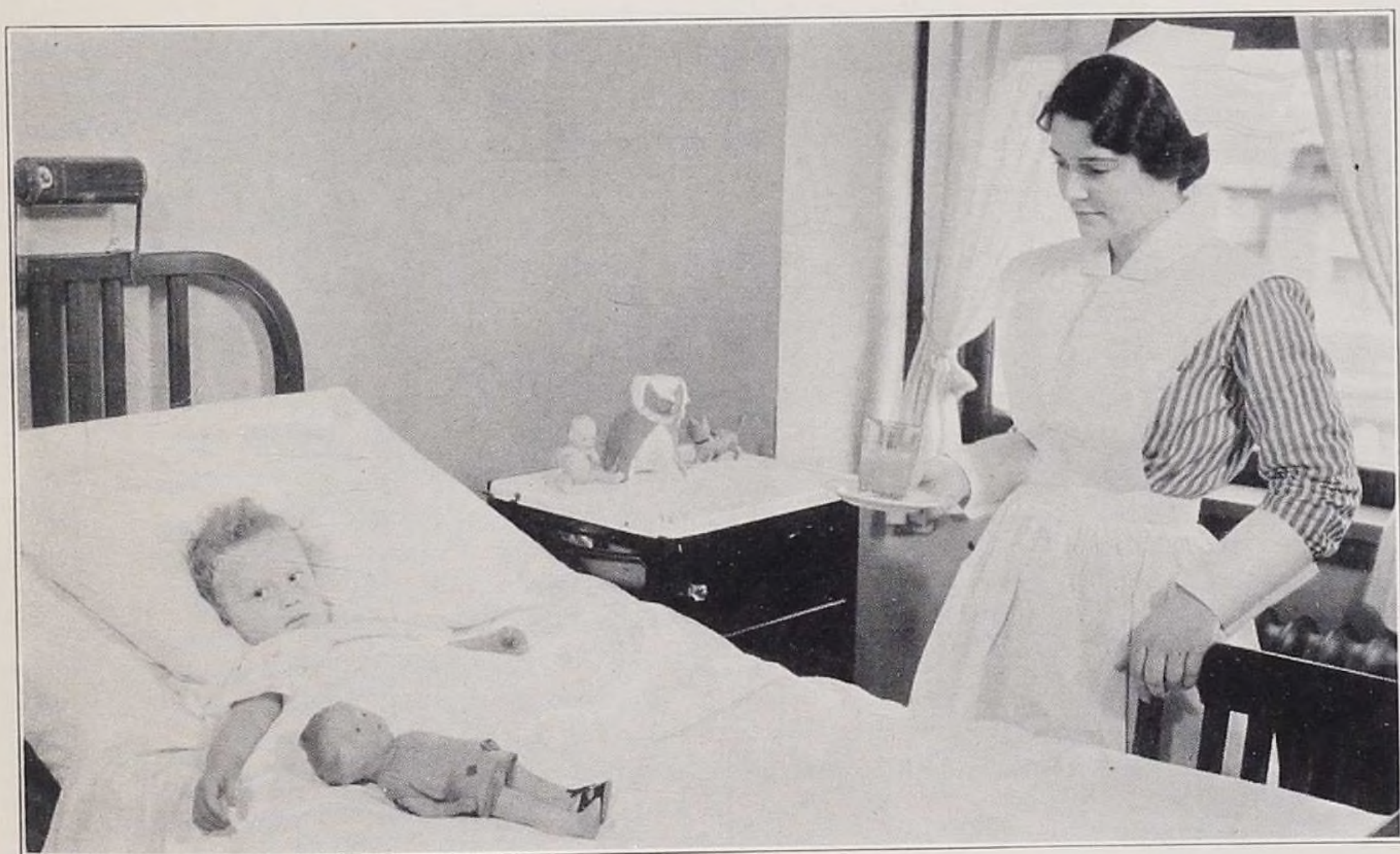
32. To Hildred Ivey, Bertha Larsen bequeaths her crochet hook, all her old uniforms and other cast off apparel, which she has not yet crocheted into rugs.

33. Eva Beach intrusts all her text books to any freshman who has already worn hers out by much study.

34. Agnes Anderson commits unto Hertha Christenson her record of good behavior.

We hereby designate as sole executor of this our Last Will and Testament "Grandpa" Pearson, a man whose soundness of mind and uprightness has elevated us to the heights of our duties.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal this 4th day of May, 1932. Graduating Class of 1932



CLASS PROPHECY

The years have passed until fifteen have gone by since our class at Augustana was "commenced". All this time it has been the height of my ambition to some day write the remaining chapters of the lives of my old classmates. I have spent years in gathering data from all parts of the land and now all this material has been destroyed and I write my story after having had a peculiar adventure among the stars.

All through training Jeanette Ekwall and I planned a trip together in the mountains. This summer our trip came to reality. I came to visit Jeanette and her husband sent us both to the mountains so that he could have a rest.

One day, while walking, we came to an old cabin. Being curious we looked in and to our amazement found Evelyn Heidtke pouring over large medical books. As we watched she rushed out of the cabin and broadcasted to the fir trees, "I'm going to be a doctor!" After her astonishment at seeing us, she led us to the conservatory on the top of the mountain where Sadie Holm carries on her extensive observations of the stars. Sadie welcomed us with, "So glad to see you, dears!"

When tea was announced, who should be pouring but little Florence Hedman, her golden braids forming a halo about her head. She is Sadie's official hostess in her lookout tower.

While darkness was creeping on, Sadie delved into an explanation of her latest scientific discovery. It seems that in all these years she has been scanning the heavens with her special telescope. She has found the personalities and lives of old classmates reflected in the stars and other heavenly bodies.

We were anxious for it to get dark so that we might see these reflections of old friends for ourselves. We expected to see old time scenes; like Grace Strasburg counting oranges in the Diet Kitchen, or Bertha Larsen dragging a service room cart through 4th floor without making any noise, or

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Signe Olson "hurrying" to get on duty—but to our surprise Grace is now counting the mouths of her family for there are many to feed. Thanks to her Diet Kitchen training she is able to cope with the problem. Bert is selling peanuts at a large fair ground, (possibly the World's Fair in China). Sig is a professor in snailology. She has sold Goody Gerner on her "ology" too and now together they glide snail fashion instead of running. Goody is Sig's right hand man. She corrects all papers and gives all exams.

The three Petes held up the handle of the Big Dipper—Wilma Pete, Helen Pete and Esther Pete. Wilma has gone into the "talkies", Helen is offering a special course of instruction on "lengthening out", (she oughta could tell 'em) and Red has discovered a new henna rinse and has made herself famous with her discovery.

Flora Lois Dorais and Flo Johnston (with a "t" in it) came shooting by like comets on their way to take their places in the front row of the Broadway Follies. Madam Martha Otterson's star shining afar in the east, reveals her a Russian solo dancer. Mona Wightman is her manager and also is leader of the orchestra which travels with the Madam. Esther Soderberg is the head trumpeter in the orchestra, Hazel Spaulding, first violinist, Eva Beach second violinist, and Agnes Anderson drummer.

Marie Skog, Christine Johnson, Waverly Bicknell, Myra Brink, Alice Swanson, Edna Thornblade, and Marie Haurberg made up the "seven little sister" group of stars. They all have government jobs. Skogie is head nurse in "broken hearts" ward in an Old Veterans Hospital. Christine has a government apple shop with a big sign over the door "Help a Vet", Bick and Swany hold the position of stewardess on the government Transatlantic Air Line, and Edna and Marie are heading a government drive for "abolishment of flies".

Hazel Nyblade and Nina Catey have become very prosperous business women. They manage a large

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apartment hotel and advertise special rates to single men.

Josephine Anderson and Ethel Larson, because of their common love for dumb animals, have established a cat and dog hospital. Jos is chief surgeon, while Ethel administers the anaesthetics.

Far away in the frigid north, a Violet has been planted and we find Violet Edmonds contentedly working in her orphanage for red headed freckled faced Eskimo boys. Elva Toepel too is in the far north. Taking original American ideas from Coney Island and the F. W. Woolworth Co., she has organized a chain of "blubber" stands throughout Iceland. She advertises "Come blubber with Toepel—5c. Why pay more?"

Bid Chapin and Joy Nelson are still in the Hospital business. They have established the patients course of treatment and assure their clients plenty of desert air.

Stella Conklin is still in Chicago but in an oriental setting. She has a little Oriental Gift Shop on Rue de la Michigan.

Just before the dawn came and the stars were entirely faded we found Edith Wesender who is the editor-in-chief of the Strawberry Point Gazette. Her paper has become famous and its circulation extends to all parts of the world and also to the heavenly bodies. It is through her publications that I expect to have my story proclaimed.

A new day was here. The night watch had been well worth while. We all climbed down and had breakfast, while we continued talking of "the good ol' days".

THE CHART





JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN

Top Row—D. RUMSEY, H. FORD, K. JOHNSON, E. ROSE, M. RAPER, E. SWEET, M. WARREN, M. WILES, D. OLSON, V. JOHNSON, H. KOLSTE, E. HELANDER.

Second Row—J. HUMMEL, D. ANDERSON, A. RENNHACK, E. MELLIN, P. RAMSEY, F. LINDQUIST, H. IVY, M. BLOMGREN, E. GROVE, E. GOULD, B. ANDERSON, L. HAGEN, M. PETERSON.

Third Row—W. McNEIL, H. RUMSEY, E. SILAS, S. WALBACK, T. BORGSTROM, A. HANSEN, B. CLEMENSON, S. JOHNSON, R. KALLHAUGE, E. SPONBERG, M. JOHNSON, E. LAMBERT, M. SUTTIE.

Bottom Row—F. OSTEWIG, H. CHRISTENSON, L. GRANTZ, J. HOLMGREN, M. BJOIN, C. FRITZ, V. LAAKSON, H. HOTVEDT, A. PAYNE, B. ANDERSON.

PRELIMINARIES

Top Row—I. STENMAN, M. LUTES, A. AMBLE, L. NIELSON, H. HARLAND, M. VANNI, F. MILLER, M. LARSON, E. CARLSON, J. JENSEN, R. RYDEN, M. LINDBERG, D. WILKE.

Second Row—D. JOHNSON, T. DRAGGE, J. PETERSON, G. ENGSTROM, V. MOORE, F. SORENSON, R. NASLUND, V. HAWKINSON, D. BARGER, M. STAFFNER, D. M. ANDERSON.

Bottom Row—A. BRINGE, E. SCHARF, L. JENSEN, V. PERSON, R. BELL, D. WARREN, L. ANDERSON, G. BAUCOM, M. WACKERNAGEL, I. SEIBER.

THE CHART

‘ ‘ NOT AT THE TOP, BUT CLIMBING — ’ ’

We, the Juniors, in spite of many trials and tribulations mount the last round of the ladder and triumphantly enter our Senior year.

Under the capable leadership of our class advisor and officers, entertainments and other social pleasures were enjoyed. Besides, all Juniors were faithful members of various committees appointed from time to time throughout the year.

On the evening of April 13th, the Seniors were the guests of the Juniors at the Junior-Senior banquet, once more uniting the bonds of love which binds the hearts of the soon departing Seniors.

Diligence, patience and endurance has brought us a sweet reward and we feel strengthened to continue our journey upward.

The class wishes to extend its sincere congratulations and best wishes for a very happy and successful future to each and every Senior.

PRELIMINARY CLASS

In September a group of us began our new life at Augustana. After the first excitement of arrival, the making of new friends, and the adjusting of ourselves to the work we settled down to acquire as much knowledge as possible. We became absorbed in Anatomy, Chemistry, Hygiene, History and Nursing Procedures. We struggled against waves of homesickness that at times threatened to engulf us, but with the cooperation of our Big Sisters we successfully routed the foe.

The day soon arrived when we were granted the privilege of applying our new knowledge to floor duty. The feeling of strangeness wore off soon and we took a great pride in each new technique successfully carried out. Later in the season the class was initiated into the mysteries of the chorus by Mr. Carlson and also endeavored to attain physical fitness in the gymnasium. These outside activities combined with our work and studies kept us happily engaged.

After a pleasant holiday season we returned to our studies with renewed zest augmented by the fact that our goal seemed almost in sight. Late in January another group of preliminaries entered and soon became a part of us.

A period of hard work preceded the final examinations which marked the completion of the first stage of training. Now we are ready to turn our backs to that period and our faces to a newer, higher goal.

HAVE YOU A CO'D IN
DEH HEAD?

When a steak has lost its savor, when your coffee has no flavor,
And your smeller gains perceptibly in size—a,
Here's a certain diagnosis of the cause of your neurosis—
It's coryza!

When your tongue is thick and furry, when your eyes are going
blurry
And you sneeze with all the fury of a geys—a,
When your beak is red and tender like the wind-up of a bender—
It's a coryza.

When your voice gets flat and fuzzy and your ears grow dull and
buzzy,
When your temperature takes just a little rise—a,
Put away procrastination and duck fever's elevation,
It's a coryza.

All your pals will flock in legions from both near and distant
regions,
Bringing therapeutic counsel and advice—a,
Disregard their friendly babblings, do not heed their kindly
gabbings,
It's coryza.

It is medicine's proved dictum to a sad and sputtering victim
That he get beneath the blankets if he's wise—a
And let nature's own elixir be the sure and rapid fixer
Of Coryza.

W. T. O'CONNOR



ACTIVITIES



JENNY LIND CHORUS

Top Row—T. DRAGGE, M. LUTES,

Second Row—E. PETERSON, F. SORENSON, D. ANDERSON, E. LAMBERT, D. ANDERSON, V. JOHNSON,
M. WARREN, W. MCNEIL, M. SUTTIE, S. WALBACK, B. CLEMENSEN, M. LINDBERG, A. BRINGE, C. PETRIE.

Third Row—W. PETERSON, T. BORGSTROM, V. HAWKINSON, E. HELANDER, M. RAPER, E. ROSE, A. RENNHACK, H. CHRISTEN-
SON, MR. CARLSON, M. CHAPIN, E. MELLIN, J. PETERSON, G. ENGSTROM, E. SILAS, R. KALLHAUGE, E. TOEPEL.

Bottom Row—J. ANDERSON, M. FALK, M. WIGHTMAN, M. BLONGREN, P. RAMSEY, A. PAYNE, J. HOLMGREN, L. ANDERSON,
C. FRITZ, L. GRANTZ, F. JOHNSTON, E. GOULD, K. JOHNSON, H. KOLSTE, M. JOHNSON, J. EKWALL.

THE JENNY LIND CHORUS

Have you ever thrilled to the thought of having a tiny part in a glorious symphony of song? One feels some of that thrill, singing in the Jenny Lind Chorus. Through the tireless efforts of Mr. Carlson, our director, and Miss Haggman, the chorus has grown three times its size a year ago. And not only is there quantity there, but quality as well.

Because of this fine tonal quality and good directorship, our chorus has made quite a reputation for itself. Last fall we sang together with four other Hospital Choral groups as one big chorus, at the Illinois Nurses Association Convention. Again, on March 8th, 1932, the chorus sang at the Red Cross Meeting held in commemoration of Miss Delano. Miss Noyes was the speaker of the evening.

We are now working hard in preparation for two big events both to be held at Orchestra Hall: The Benefit Concert to be held April 1st, and later on, the evening service of the Sunday Evening Club.

We are grateful to our director, Mr. Carlson for the patience and perseverance with which he has worked with us.

THALIAN DRAMA CLUB

The Thalian Drama Club is an honor society whose order consists of elected members of a certain scholastic standing. If their grades become lower than eighty-three they are carried for one year and then dropped. All new candidates are chosen by the club members.

Its object is to arouse and maintain a real intrinsic interest in dramatic art and at the same time provide the necessary facilities for developing individual talents.

In carrying out these objects we gave several one-act plays for the students and faculty last year. Every year our aim is to give one large play. This year we gave *The Hoodoo* by Walter Ben Hare, at the Trinity Parish House. We hope our audience enjoyed the play as much as we did in presenting it.

Eleven of our members were graduated this year. Their places will be filled by new students in September.

Under the efficient leadership of Miss Margaret Saenger, our work has been gratifyingly interesting and progressive during the year.



DRAMA CLUB

Top Row—P. RAMSEY, F. JOHNSTON, M. BJOIN, D. ANDERSON, M. WARREN, F. HEDMAN, F. LINDQUIST, K. JOHNSON, L. HAGEN.

Second Row—V. LAAKSON, G. GERNER, J. ANDERSON, S. JOHNSON, E. TOEPEL, F. DORAIS, L. GRANTZ, B. GOULD.

Bottom Row—M. OTTERSON, E. SILAS, E. HEIDTKE, M. FALK, B. KLAUSER, T. BORGSTROM, R. KALLHAUGE.

Y. W. C. A.

Top Row—S. HOLM, J. EKWALL, N. CATEY, E. WESENDER, B. KLAUSER, F. HEDMAN, H. IVEY, H. CHRISTENSON, B. ANDERSON, M. STENLUND, M. OLSON.

Second Row—M. OTTERSON, E. PETERSON, T. BORGSTROM, G. STRAUSBERG, S. OLSON, E. GOULD, J. ANDERSON, L. GRANTZ, C. FRITZ, A. RENNHACK, A. ANDERSON, S. WALBACK, V. WEINGARTEN.

Bottom Row—A. PAYNE, F. DORAIS, A. KOLSTE, B. CLEMENSON, M. FALK, E. STONE, F. OSTEWIG, K. JOHNSON, P. RAMSEY, W. McNEIL.

THE CHART

Y . W . C . A .

Though the youngest of our student organizations, our Y. W. C. A. is by no means the least. Its emblem, the blue triangle of international fame, holds a threefold challenge to every girl and fills a threefold need for body, mind and spirit.

Under the guiding hand of Miss Pearl Stone, of our city staff, and the capable leadership of Mary Elizabeth Falk and her cabinet, our Y. W. C. A. was launched in the fall and with no little enthusiasm planned parties, trips of interest and quiet worship services in our year's program.

It is not hard to enjoy a good party when Y. W. parties come only once a month. And as for the trips,—few of us would care to forget them: the evening at Hull House, alive with eager students of art and industry from the famous Ghetto close by;—the Ghetto with its pungent odors of fish and garlic hanging amidst a riot of colored silks and vegetables in sidewalk stalls, congested traffic and wrangling customers; little Italy a place of dirty, crowded tenements so horribly different from the vineyards and free open spaces of sunny Italy. The harmony of the Jubilee singers, the music from the Chicago University Chapel organ, and stirring addresses by educators have stirred our minds and hearts to thinking afresh of the standards which our King would have us uphold. Let us remember the theme of our Easter pageant as our motto, "The Challenge of the Cross".

THE CHART

WE — AS PATIENTS —
IN 406 A & 406 B

- 6:30—"Work for the night is coming"
Comes from the dining place.
Andie yawns, crawls out of bed
To wash her hands and face.
- 7:00—And then she starts to shout at Flo,
"Wake up you sleepy head—
The Nurses are coming on duty
And patients will soon be fed."
- 7:30—Then we get our breakfast—
Eggs and coffee and toast,
Cereal and fruit and bacon.
Andy always eating the most.
- 8:00—At eight o'clock for aches and pains
And curin' of our ills
Miss Swanson comes with her little tray
A passin' round the pills.
- 8:30—Then jingle, jingle, tinkle
Comes ringin' through the hall
And Miss Nyblade does appear
To see if our temp's gone up at all.
Now Miss Gerner comes blusterin' in
"Andie, get in the tub,
Flo, put your book away
I'll give you a bath and rub."
- 9:00—Miss Haggman's very kind indeed
To come to see us all
She tries to make poor Andie think
She'll have no vacation this fall.
- 10:00—Dr. Lockwood's daughter-to-be
Receives a call from him.
He thinks she looks so peaked
And is getting horribly thin.
- 10:30—Andie takes herself up stairs
To pys-i-o-ther-a-phy
Where they give her heat and then more heat
So she'll breathe again normally.
- 11:00—Father Frick now makes his rounds
And taps upon her chest,
To see how much is left inside
She's coughed out all the rest.
- 11:30—At eleven-thirty it's eats once more
Cabbage and beans and meat
Bread and butter and cauliflower
We get enough to eat.

THE CHART

- 12:00—At twelve o'clock for aches and pains
And curin' all our ills
Miss Swanson with her little tray
Comes passin' round the pills.
- 1:00—"Tween one and two we take a snooze
In order to re-cup-er-ate.
A getting ready for visitors
Who are inclined to stay rather late.
- 3:00—At three Miss Dorais must take our temp
And she questions us "Yes or no?"
Now what she really meant by that
We certainly learned to know.
For one day Andie answered no
And what she got—Oh my!
In the future she'll always answer yes
Or know the reason why.
- 4:00—At four o'clock for aches and pains
And curin' of our ills
Miss Swanson with her little tray
Comes passin' round the pills.
- 5:00—To eat once more at five o'clock
Is what we have to do
Salad, cocoa, soup and bread
And sometimes a little stew.
- 6:00—We read or write or do something
Till seven comes around.
Now Flo pricks up her one good ear.
She hears a familiar sound—
- 7:00—Out in the hall a comin' this way
And Andie tries to stop her ears
But in spite of everything she does
There are somethings that she hears.
- 8:00—At eight o'clock for aches and pains
And curin' of our ills
Miss Dorais with her little tray
Comes passin' round the pills.
And it's "Visiting hours are over."
Poor Ralph he hates to hear
But he picks himself up and leaves
For of Dorais he has some fear.
- 9:00—Now it's "Good evening Miss Ferden,"
"How are you this evening?" says she,
"Just fine, Miss Ferden, thank you."
Thus do answer we.

THE CHART

Any old time—for aches and pains
And curin' of our ills,
Someone on this old 4th floor
Is passin' round the pills.

And over all Miss Peterson
Is kind and helpful and sweet,
She moves our beds, picks up our trash
And our other needs she meets.

COUNTING CALORIES

Listen good people and you shall hear
Of how we labor here each year
From six in the morning till six at night
We cook and stew with all our might.
And we say to each one as they come in to eat
No salt, no sugar or anything sweet.
Hang your diet and you'll never get well
So on D-Zerta and fresh fruit they dwell.
One a nephritis and two anti-stout
They gain all the weight while we rush about.
Up and a coming all day long
Ever in fear things will go wrong
But if every thing's right we sing a sweet song
At last its all over, no tray goes out wrong.
We take a long sigh ready to go home to rest.
Then rings the phone—some floor has a guest.
Then ringing and dingling the next hour through
Each special has found something for us to do.
“My patient wants chicken—She likes her toast brown
Please send it up quick or I'll be right down.
You'd think we were all up here in a ward
Instead of paying good money for our room and board.”
The broth kettle is draining, the table is clear
The ice box is cleaned of its usual smear.
We trudge slowly home as tired as ever
Hoping next day things will go better.

