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Lutheran Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing Yearbook, 1950

Advocate Aurora Health

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L. F. D.

1950



Historical

Dr. Sylvester



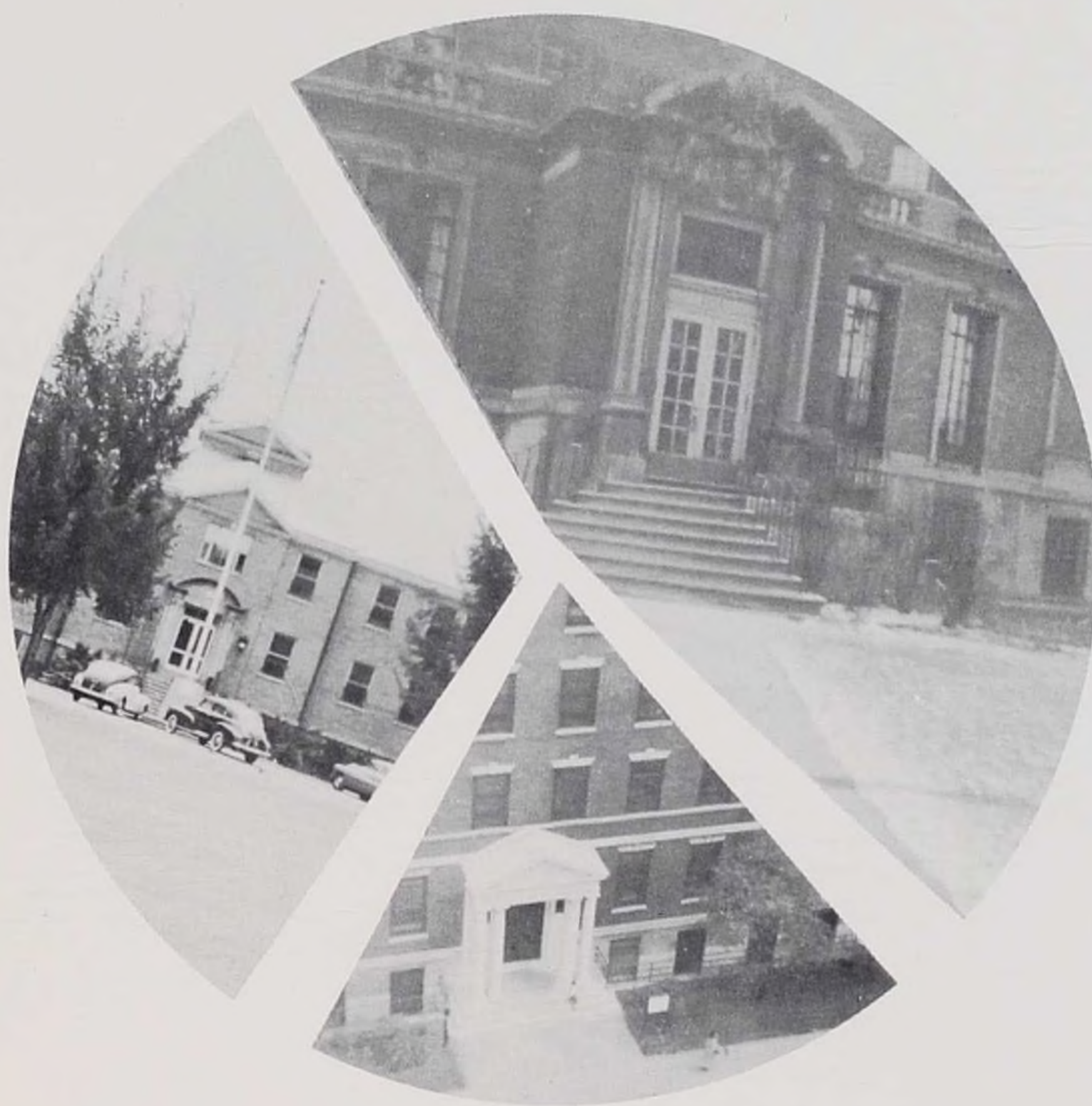
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DEAC TIME



Lutheran Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1950



Dedication

The Deac Time takes it upon itself to express the sincere appreciation of the students present and past for the guidance and leadership of the medical staff of the Lutheran Deaconess Hospital.

To you doctors, we dedicate the Deac Time of 1950!

—The Students



Yearbook Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Doretta Doxtater
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Mary Jensen
<i>Associate Editor</i>	Betty Maas
<i>Features Editor</i>	Ruth Griebel
<i>Art Editor</i>	Yvonne Sorvald
<i>Photography</i>	Lois Robinson
<i>Business Manager</i>	Beverly Swanson
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	Roma Seaver
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	Agnes Lightfoot
<i>Advisor</i>	Mrs. Naracoong



Mr. V. W. Nelson, Hospital Supt. and Sec'y, Miss Graf.



Miss Elizabeth C. Olsen, Director of Nurses



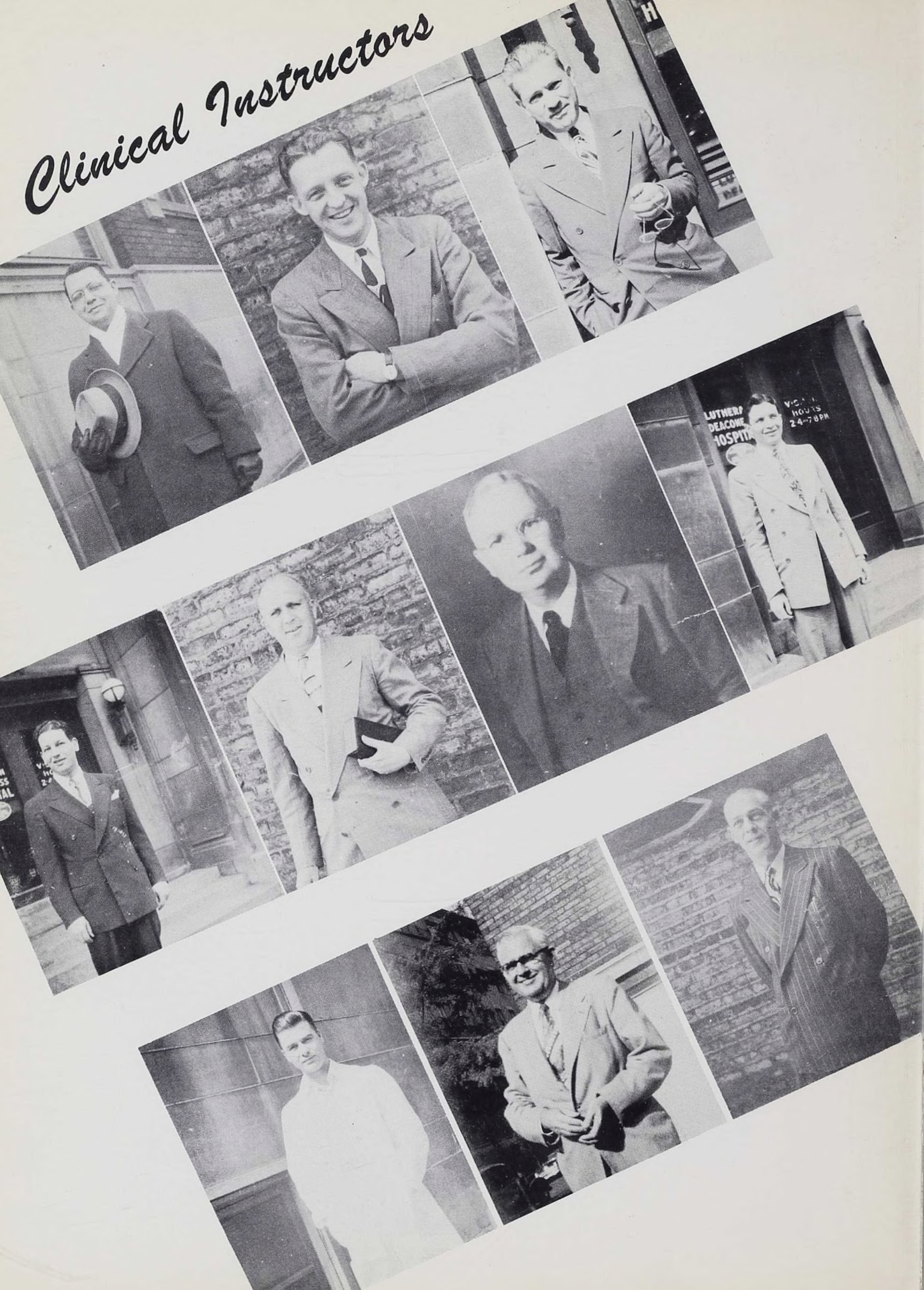
Sister Superior Marie Rorem

Student Council



Pres.	Ella Johnson
1st V. Pres.	Audrey Clauson
2nd V. Pres.	Ingrid Sherry
Sec'y.	Hannah Abrahamson
Treas.	Sr. Lucille Frickson
and committee chairmen	

Clinical Instructors





Andy



MRS. FINSETH
"Our House Mother"



Bleg



RACHEAL B. ANDERSON
Of what stature is she? Just so
high as a man's heart.

CAROL J. BLEGEN
If all the world were nice as she
what a nice place this world
would be.

Class of 1950

AUDREY L. CLAUSEN
Fair and small and liked by all.



Claise

DORETTA E. DOXTATER
Not too serious—not too gay—a
rare good friend in every way.

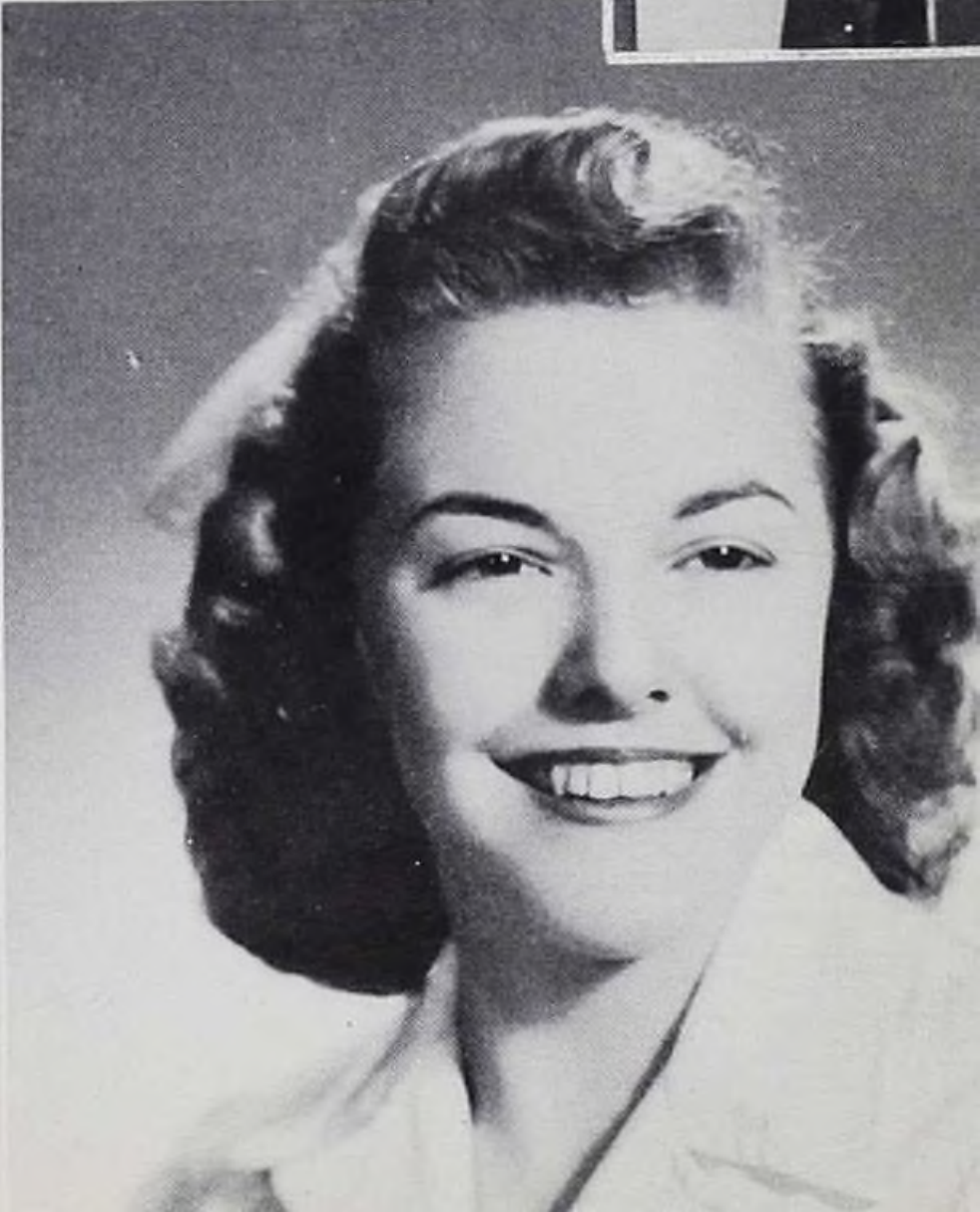


Doxie

RUTH V. GRIEBEL
If you can't find it in Indiana
you won't find it here.



Griebe





Louse



Biscuits



Hex



LOIS A. HALVERSON
Socrates in starch.

CAROL G. HEGGEN
I love to sit on the fence and
watch the snails go whizzing by.

MARJORIE L. HEXTELL
Petite T.N.T.—Small, but oh, my!

Class of 1950

ELLA E. JOHNSON
So vivid and full of fun, that she
is liked by every one.

HARRIET KLECZEWSKI
Oh! the theory of it all.

MARJORIE J. LE VIGNE
Come what may—Joe's here.



Johnnie

Klef



Marge





Aggie



Beatie



Robin

AGNES M. LIGHTFOOT
True to the best that is in her.

BEATRICE M. RIEWESTAHL
I observe the physician with the
same diligence as he the disease.

LOIS C. ROBINSON
If there's mischief brewing she's
at the bottom of it.

Class of 1950

CHARLOTTE E. SCHMIDT
Sugar n' spice n' everything nice.

YVONNE SORVALD
A little nonsense now and then
is relished by the best of men.

BEVERLY J. SWANSON
Easy to look at—hard to handle.



Char



Sorvie



Swanie



Patrons

LINDSAY, DOLORES M.

MAAS, MR. & MRS. EDW.

McROBERT, DR. EARL

MALEY, DR. FORRESTER

MALSBUY, MRS. MARGARET

MATTESON, GRACE

MATTFELD, MR. & MRS. JOHN

MIDTLIEN, ALBORG

MILLER, MRS. LORRAINE

MOURE, MRS. P. E.

NARRACONG, MR. & MRS. DAVID

NARWICK, MRS. LOUISE

NELSON, MRS. HARRY

NESTLE, EUNICE

OLESON, SR. NELLIE

OLSON, BERNICE JOHNSON

OSNESS, REV.

PETERSON, RUTH

PETTERSON, SR. HILDA

PIERCE, JULA NELSON

REDLAK, MARIE

RICKMAN, MRS. ELWOOD

RICKMAN, MRS. ELWOOD

ROREM, SR. MARIE

RISLOV, OLIVE

SANFORD, DORA

SHERRY, ALBERT

SIHLER, REV. E. W.

SR. MILDRED

SMITH, EDITH ORBACK

SNAPSHOT SERVICE

SORVALD, REBECCA

STEDGE, HELEN

STENGEL, VIRGINIA

STETZER, RUTH C.

STEVENS, BERTHA

TITYE, BETTY

TWEDT, MRS. ERVATT

WALKER, PEARL

WOLD, ALICE BURLOG

ZALLIKS PHARMACY

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER:

WALLINGER STUDIO

ANDERSON, MRS. ESTHER

ANDERSON, MARIE

ANDERSON, MR. & MRS. RANDOLPH

AXEL, MRS. HATTIE

BAIRD, AMELIA

BAUGHMAN, ROSE MARIE

BROWN, DR. & MRS. C. D.

BROWN, ALICE

BLEGEN, PAUL O.

BUTLER, LILLY

CLARENCE, MRS.

COOK, CHARLIE BELL

ENG, THERESA L.

FIGHT, EDNA

FJOGSTAD, HENRIETTA

FRANK, PHYLLIS

FROILAND, GLADYS

FRUMKIN, NORMA

FOLKWARD, DOLORES M.

FOXVOG, MR. & MRS. THOR

GAST, DR.

GESSEK, MISS MARY

GREWENOW, BEATRICE

GUIDO, MR. & MRS. EUGENE

HABEDANK, M.

HALL, BETTY LOU

HANSON, ADDIE

HANSON, DR.

HANSON, KAREN

HAUGEN, MRS. DOROTHY G.

HAY, KATHRYN BERGIT

HEYER, MRS. HAWARDE

HIGHNESS, FRANCIS

HJELMTVEIT, MARGIT

HOLLQUIST, MR. & MRS. CARL

HORNBOSTEL FLORIST

JOKIEL, MARY

JULSETH, HELEN

KANELOS, BETTY ALLAN

KLECZEWSKI, MRS. A.

KLIPPEN, SR. MAGDALENE

KNUDSLEIN, PFC. RONALD

Class Officers

President	Yvonne Sorvald
Vice-President	Beatrice Riewestahl
Secretary	Lois Robinson
Treasurer	Carol Blegen

Class Poem

A NURSE'S PRAYER

Class Song

OH, MASTER LET ME WALK WITH THEE.



Sister Hilda



Sister Magdalene

(Not pictured: Mrs. Naracoong and Miss Nestle).



Sister Mildred



Miss Fjogstad

Class

WE, THE CLASS OF 1950, do hereby, in the presence of everyone, leave the following:

Rachael Anderson wills her set of teeth to Northwestern Dental School for future research problems.

Donning our dark glasses and with tongue in cheek, we pause here to witness the ceremony of *Carol Blegen* bestowing her startling lemon yellow pajamas (jersey at that) to the person who stands at the side of the Haddon Street entrance with a spotlight. Boy, now we can see her—huh, Margie.

Audrey Clauson leaves those dimples of hers to Jenson—as if Jennie hasn't got enough of her own. Claise wants to be sure she doesn't look like a Sad Sack though.

Doretta Doxtater, the "Big Boss" leaves this editorship, its headaches, midnight oil, and last minute phone calls (and maybe "Tuffy", her bear) to Mary Jensen.

Ruth Griebel leaves her German temper to Marilyn Skau—she thinks little Skau looks too meek, and she wants to be sure she isn't eaten up by any of those big, bad wolves. She also wills her ring and forthcoming marriage to the envy of every 51'er.

Lois Halverson leaves her slow quiet manner to Lois, "atomic bomb" Nystrom.

Carol Heggen wills her big blue eyes to Roma Rae Seaver. Roma Rae's are like Carol's but Carol knows how to roll hers better. I know it—that's how she got Randy.

Will

Marjorie Hextell Leaves those sexy looking glasses of hers to anyone who thinks they can use them to the advantage that she can. Men have been hooked on less—eh, Hex??

Ella Johnson wills her happy-go-lucky ways to all discouraged probies, and also her generosity and sense of humor to the Nursing office.

Harriet Kleczewski leaves her muscles to Coughlin. She hasn't got much else, so you better grab 'em Coughlin, while you can!!

Agnes Lightfoot Leaves her self-styled Du Barry course with the help of mom's cookies, to those deficient in vitamins A,B,C,D, and K, as in Kookies, Kake, Koke, and Kandy, plus her flighty fast feet to Felix.

Marjorie La Vigne Leaves her collection of Al Jolson records to all music lovers—"um-m-m, that's purty."

Beatrice Riewestahl thinks that if Ingrid had her personality, she'd get places with Don. So if you want some of it, Ing, come and get it in one easy lesson.

Lois, our sleepy-time girl, *Robinson* leaves her bed to Gunnerson. Robin has already been spoken for, so she confines herself to her bed.

Charlotte Schmidt bequeaths to Ruth Saniter her famed and esthetic tastes, culture, literature, operas &—men!!!

Yvonne Sorvald wills her timid ways to Erdahl. WOW, are all Wisconsinites the same!

Beverly Swanson wills her inability to keep her sweet feminine voice down to the volume of five floors hearing distance to any unfortunate underclassman.



Norwegian American Students

Pictured: Front row, left to right: Phoebe Kasluga, Christine Nygaard, Ann Marie Brongiel, Marilyn Kiel. Back row: Vivian Lauritzen, Edna Jensen, Ellen Eltoft, Valarie Forseth, and Anna Kvale. (Marilyn Nelson, not pictured).

We're happy to have the girls from our sister hospital share our Science courses with us. It takes a lot of ambition to trudge those eight blocks during those oh, so cold winter days doesn't it?



February Class 1953

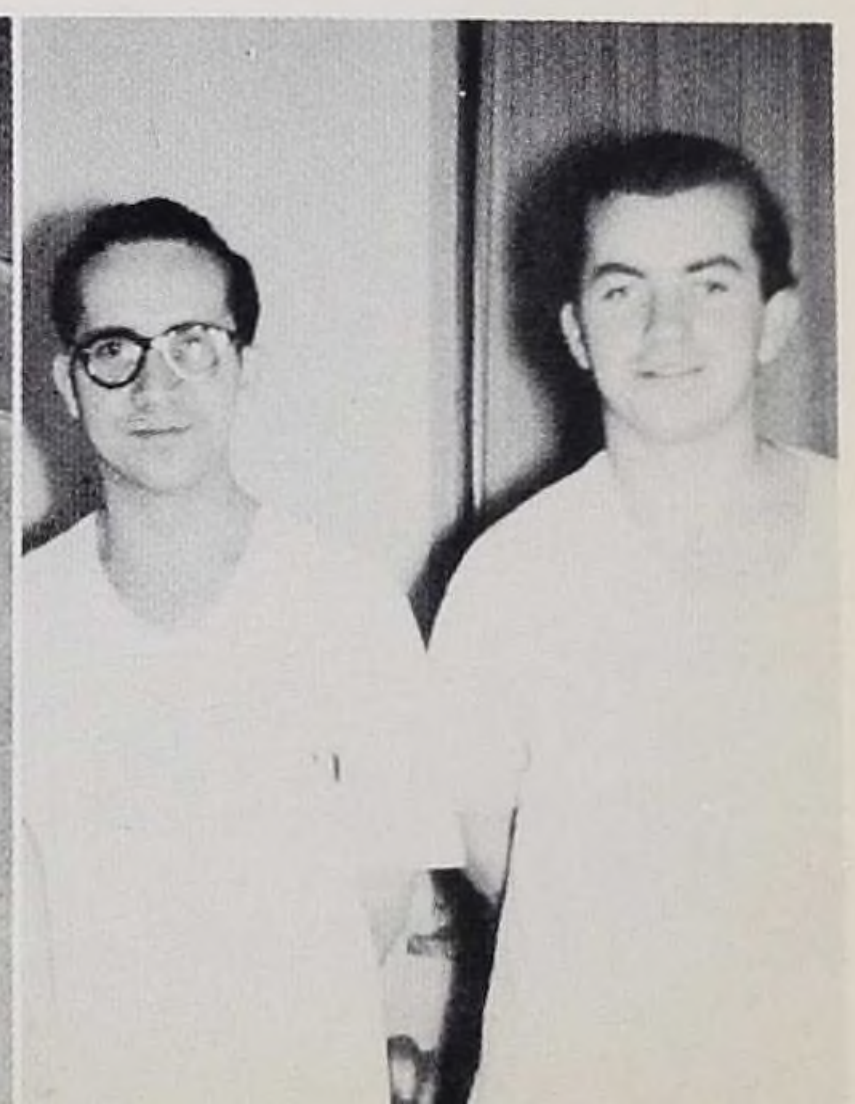
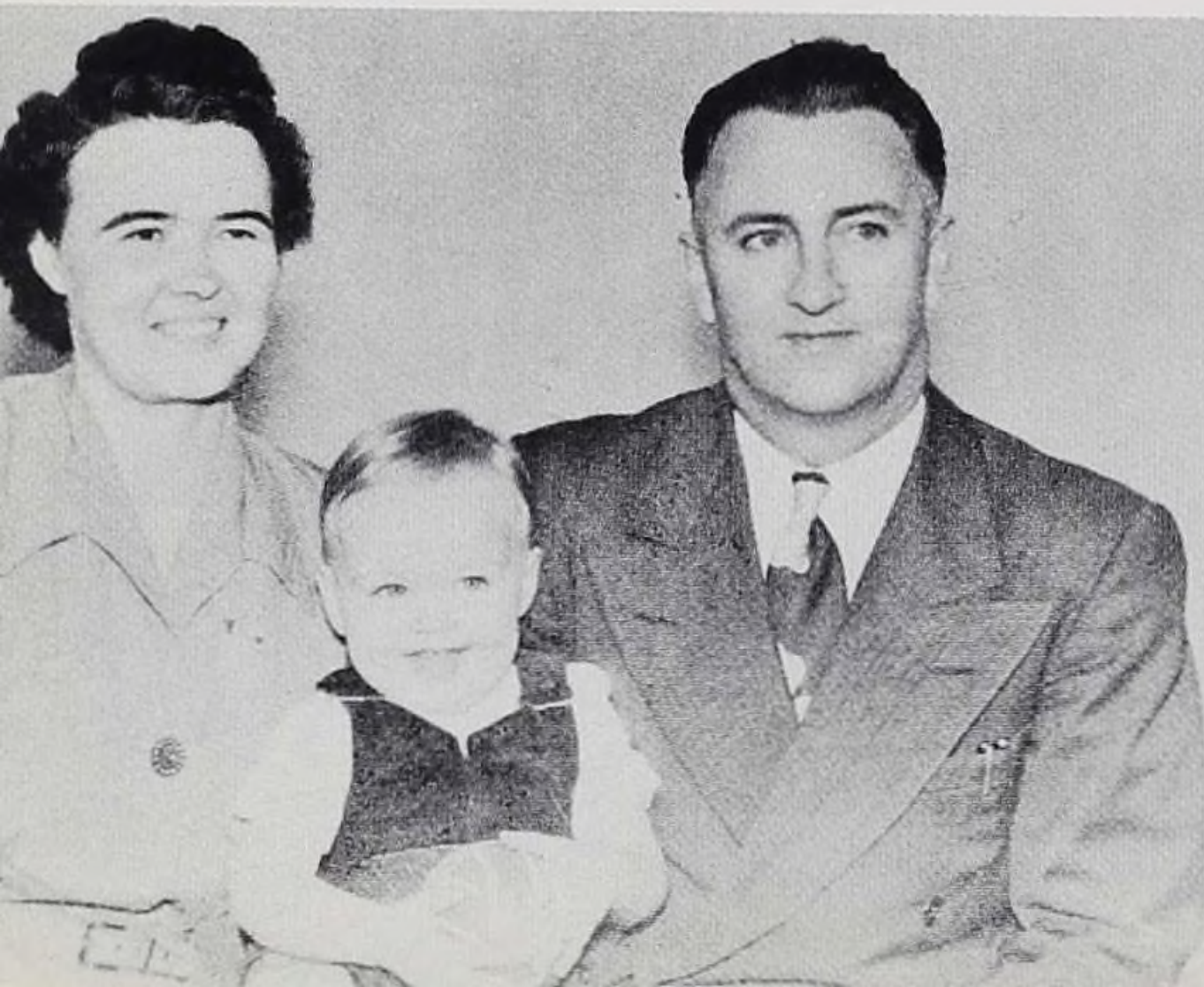
Pictured: Joan Madson, Gloria Guido, Dolores Linder, Beverly Hall, Harriet Withoft, Sr. Magdalene (instructor), Clarice Swanson, Lucille Palmer (not pictured).

Eight new probies entered February 12. We're hoping they will provide a good basis for many future spring classes. Here's to your success!

Rev. Osness and Family

Addie Hanson

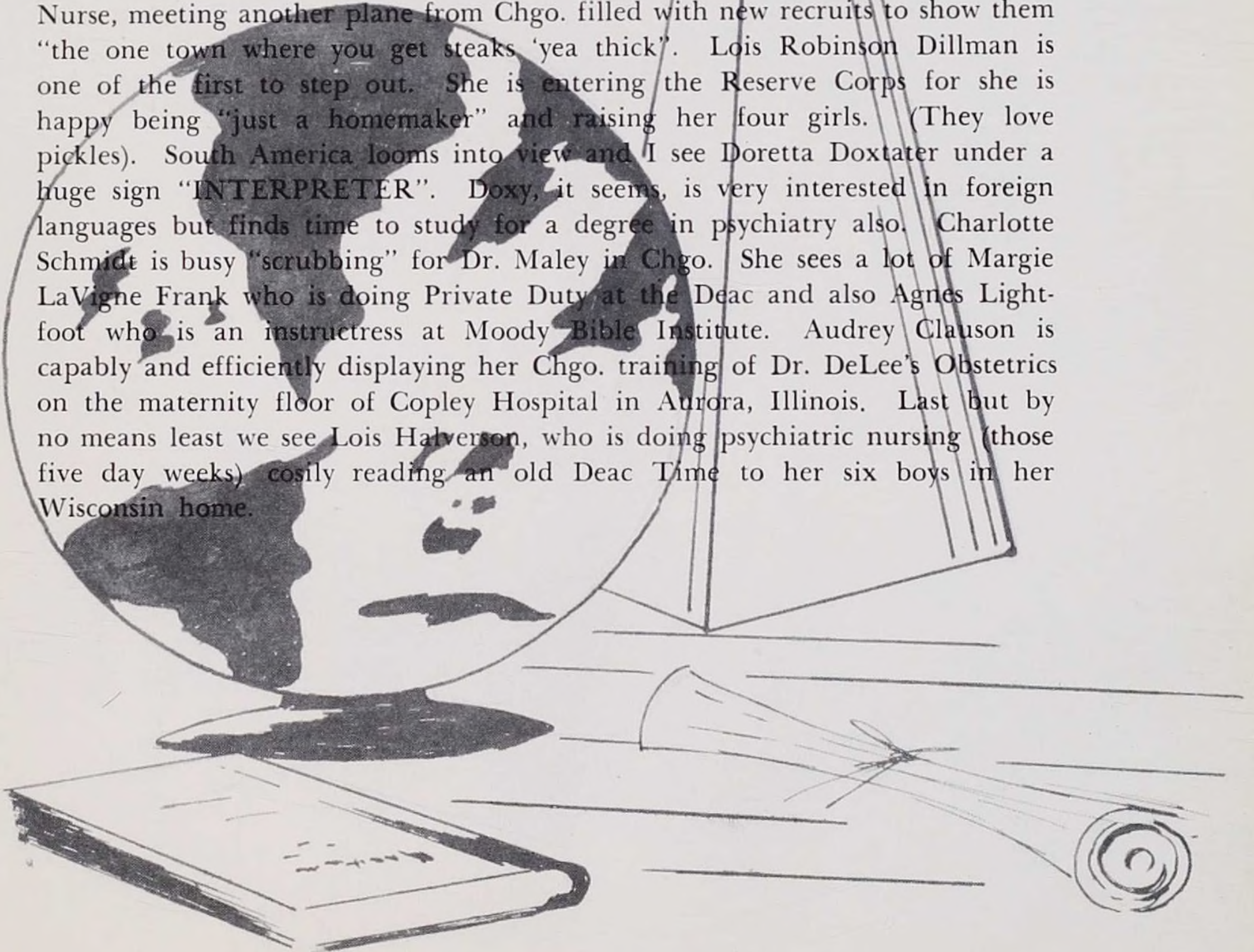
Guess Who!



Class Prophecy

Let us gaze into our crystal ball and portray the year 1960 for the members of the class of 1950 of the Lutheran Deaconess School of Nursing.

As the visions gradually become clearer we first see none other than Yvonne Sorvold with eight, no *nine* little ones dragging at her skirts before her house in the woods. Ella Johnson is busy riding on horseback in the frontiers of some far off land with Dr. "Alf". Next I see Harriet Kleczewski making eyes at old man bones Oscar. I think she's gonna hook him too. Carol Blegen is mighty busy in the White House these days, seems nursing is just a sideline with this Senator. Beverly Swanson's voice can be heard in a delivery room saying puushhh to a poor expectant mother. Don't look now but Swanie's eyes are bulging. Then there's Mrs. Ruth Griebel Smith, Waukegan, Illinois. The V.A. patients enjoy her frequent visits and she enjoys "Bucket Smith's Basketball Victories". At Milwaukee we see Rachael Anderson head surgical nurse in the Deac Hospital there, spending her evenings proof-reading stories for the newspapers. Beatrice Riewestahl, air hostess, is busy heating a baby's bottle, on a TWA plane, for none other than Carol Heggen Watkins's youngest. Carol is making her singing debut in Los Angeles tomorrow. As the plane lands in La Guardia Field, who do we see but Lieutenant Hextell, Navy Nurse, meeting another plane from Chgo. filled with new recruits to show them "the one town where you get steaks 'yea thick". Lois Robinson Dillman is one of the first to step out. She is entering the Reserve Corps for she is happy being "just a homemaker" and raising her four girls. (They love pickles). South America looms into view and I see Doretta Doxtater under a huge sign "INTERPRETER". Doxy, it seems, is very interested in foreign languages but finds time to study for a degree in psychiatry also. Charlotte Schmidt is busy "scrubbing" for Dr. Maley in Chgo. She sees a lot of Margie LaVigne Frank who is doing Private Duty at the Deac and also Agnes Lightfoot who is an instructress at Moody Bible Institute. Audrey Clauson is capably and efficiently displaying her Chgo. training of Dr. DeLee's Obstetrics on the maternity floor of Copley Hospital in Aurora, Illinois. Last but by no means least we see Lois Halverson, who is doing psychiatric nursing (those five day weeks) cosily reading an old Deac Time to her six boys in her Wisconsin home.





First Row: Caroline Hansen; Sister Lucile Frickson; Lois Nystrom; Bettie Coughlin; Marilyn Skau; Betty Landes. *Second Row:* Doris Novak; Ingrid Sherry; Ruth Saniter; Jean Gunnerson; Mary Jensen; Irene Andersen; Marilyn Hoekstra; Frances Furman; Hannah Abrahamson; Virginia Kaupanger; Elaine Dahle; Shirley Erdahl; Roma Rae Seaver; Margaret Rothen. *Not Pictured:* Electa Bussert; Aletha Dearth; Inger Fredricksen.

Class of 1951

Nurse's Prayer

*Giver of life, grant me strength
That I may work, intelligence to ply
My art, loyalty, zeal to guard those
Lives committed to my care.*

*Keep clean my lips from harmful
Speech, make keen my eyes, the others
Good to see, gentle my hand, kindly
My heart, patient my soul.*

*By ignorance or sloth may I harm none
To those bowed down by grief, by hurt
By ache, by fear, grant surcease, Lord
And consecrate me to my task.*

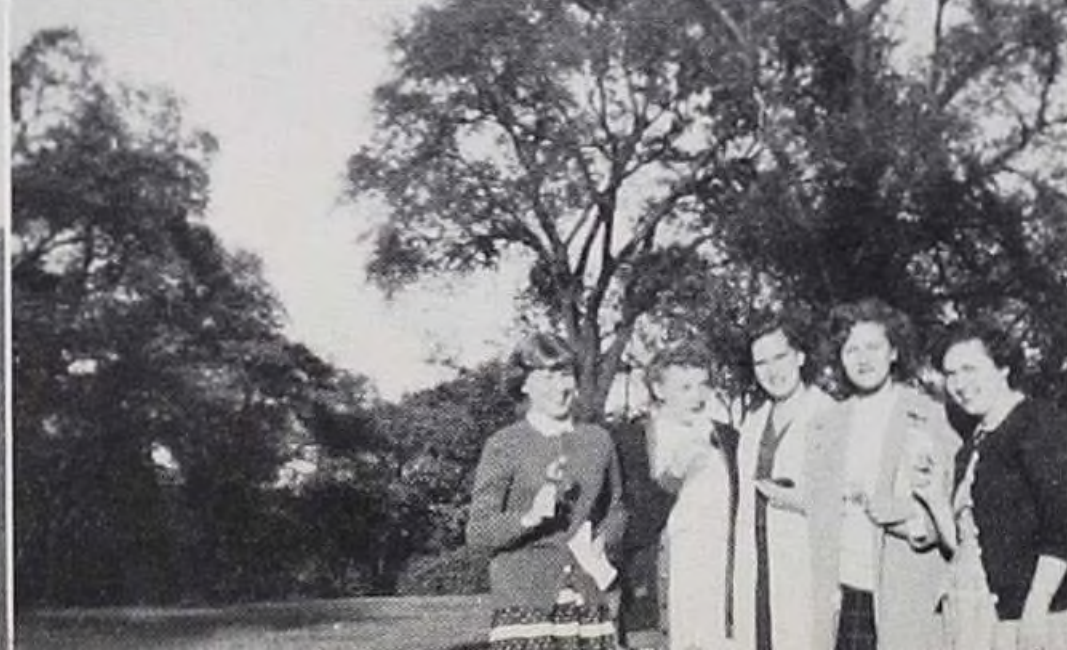
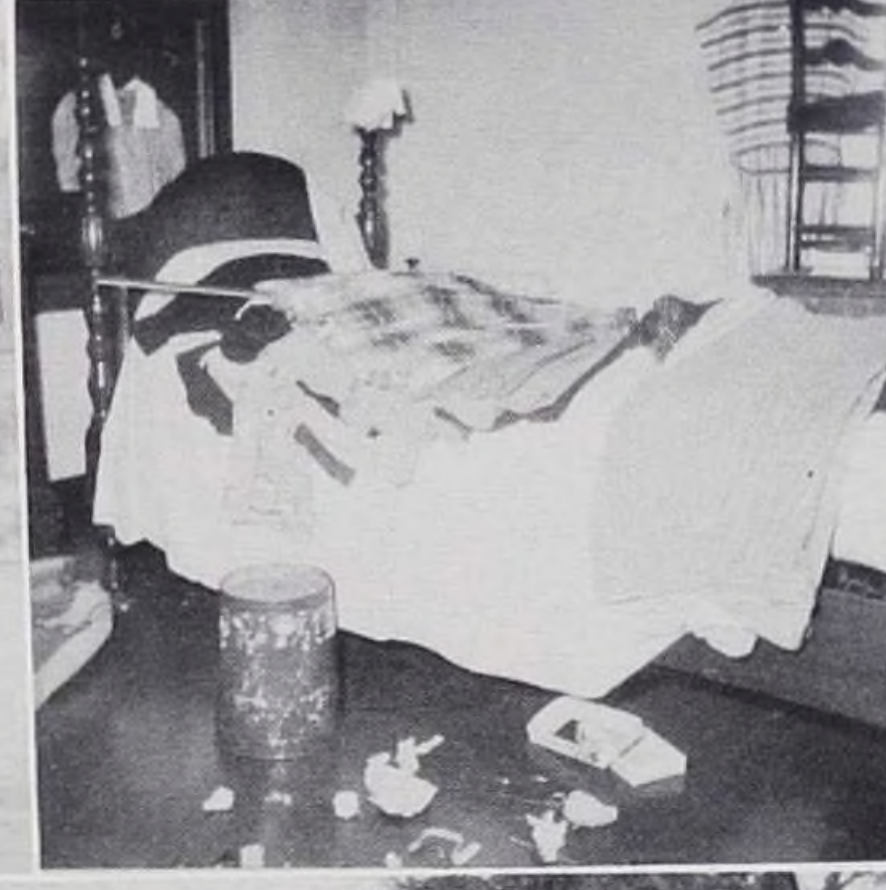
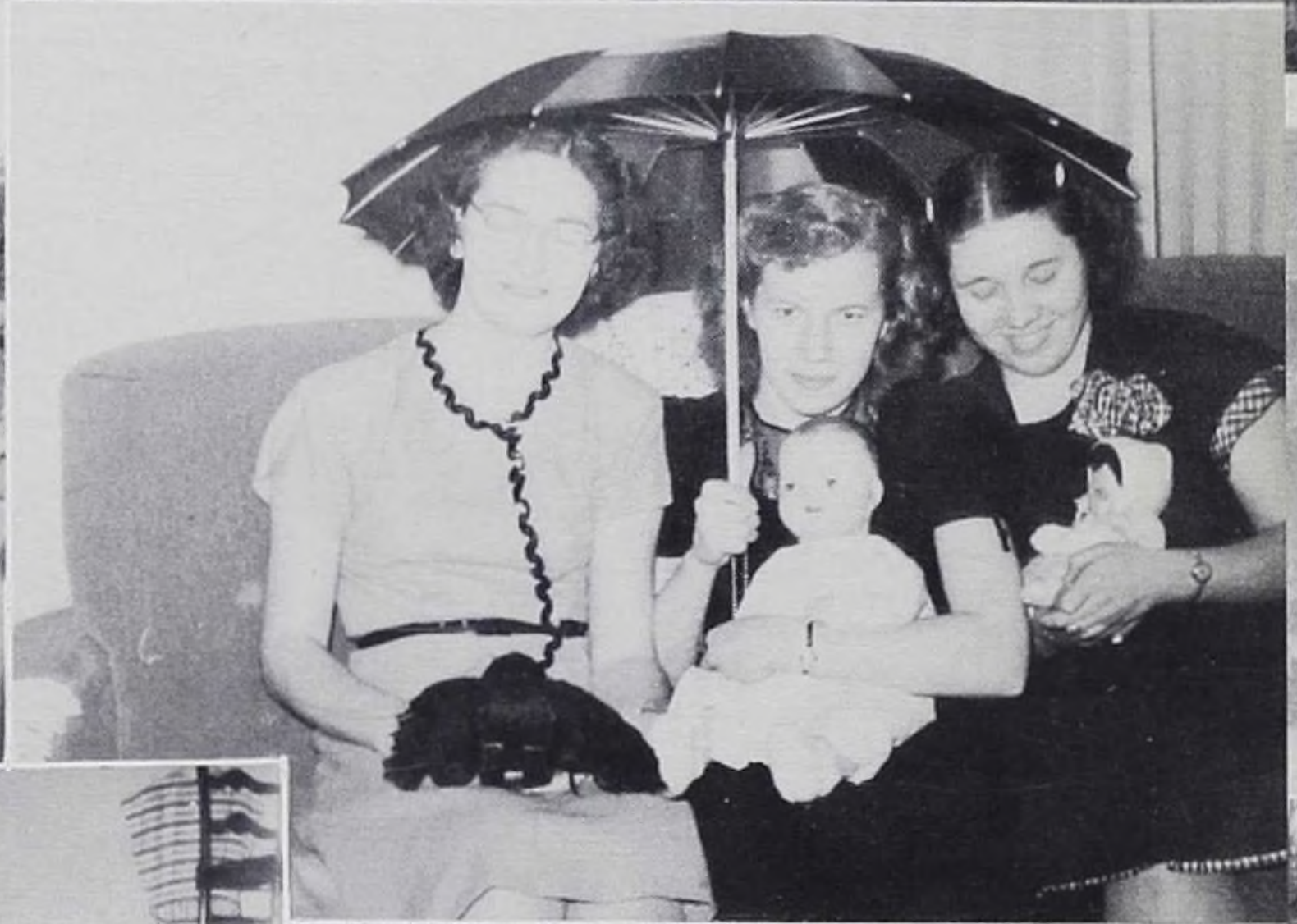
Author Unknown



Officers of the Class of 1951

<i>President</i>	Elaine Dahle
<i>Vice President</i>	Ingrid Sherry
<i>Secretary</i>	Roma Rae Seaver
<i>Treasurer</i>	Irene Andersen

Living for Jesus.





Seated, Left to right: Joyce Foxvog, Althea Mattfeld, Norma Skovgaard, Lorraine Fosdahl, Shirley Gillund, Marion Reimer, Constance Hollquist. Standing, Left to right: Carole Trigsted, Aileen Newell, Grace Sherry, Betty Maas, Beverly Hatzinger, Phyllis Hansen, Joan Gennrich, Annys Knudsen.

A NURSE'S PRAYER

*"The world grows brighter year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron, and smiles, and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.*

*Taking the temperatures, giving the pills—
To remedy mankind's numerous ills,
Feeding the babies, 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 new-born baby's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death.*

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

*But called out to help at seven-fifteen,
With woe in the heart that must not be seen,
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over, hoping it's right.*

*When we report off to cross the bar,
Dear Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear on the cap of our uniform new—
In the ward above, where the head nurse is You!*

—Author Unknown

Officers

Class of 1952

President	Grace Sherry
Vice President	Norma Skovgaard
Secretary	Aileen Newell
Treasurer	Beverly Hatzinger
Class Advisor	Miss Eunice Nestel



"Take My Life And Let It Be"





Deaconesses

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me". (Matt. 25:40). Accepting the challenge of this verse the Deaconess' of the Evangelical Lutheran Church have gone forth serving the Lord and humanity.

Alumnae Association

The Lutheran Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing Alumnae Association extends the bond that grows among the members of a class into a force binding the graduates of all the classes and with an annual banquet reunites those graduates nursing in other hospitals with their former classmates.



Mission Crusaders

"For we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Zph. 210). This our promise is what we try to carry out through out our monthly meetings. We also find a great challenge in our theme song, "Oh Zion Haste thy Mission High Fulfilling". This organization including all women of our hospital personnel is headed by the following officers:

<i>President</i>	Miss Caroline Hanson
<i>Vice President</i>	Miss Norma Skovgaard
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Marion Riemer
<i>Treasurer</i>	Miss Betty Maahs

Christian Nurses Fellowship

We have been a part of the Chicago C.N.F. for many years and several of our nurses have served as officers of the city group. C.N.F. has grown from a few local groups to a city wide; now, to a nation wide organization to benefit nurses. The purpose has been centered about three main points. (1). The fullest possible development of Christian personality and character. (2). The concrete demonstration of Christianity in every relationship of life "By their fruits ye shall know them." and, (3). The winning of others to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The benefit is to the nurse as she grows in her life with her Savior and also to others as she manifests the Saviors' love in her daily living and witnessing.





Class

Sept. 28, 1947—On that dismal rainy day, curious onlookers noted with interest the twenty sad sacks that dragged themselves into the great portals of L.D.H. at various odd hours of the day. We attended our first wonderful supper after all the commotion had subsided. What a luscious meal—cold meat, potato chips, and fruit. Mom—I wanna go back home!!

After supper we met our big sis's, and for the first time, really felt like we belonged to this vast institution.

The next day was a conglomeration of physicals, books, speeches, and getting organized.

Weeks passed, and as everyone became friends, nights found us crowded in one room doing justice to that wonderful food sent from home, instead of studying. We weren't always bad and exams found us burning the midnite oil in closets (since lights were supposed to be out at 10 P.M.) and taking fifteen minutes out, out of every hour to compare notes and catch up on the latest dirt—especially Clauson and Blegen, who finally resorted to hiding under the beds for a half hour to keep from getting caught by Miss Olsen. Shame on you! Feb. 27, 1948—Capping at last. My, how proud everyone was and how very excited. Everyone marked this up as their most thrilling achievement in training.

With our Junior year came departments, nights, and P.M. duties. I wonder if Sister Nellie ever caught Heggen and Swanson eating those olives in Room 3 while they were supposed to be washing down walls.

Serious minded LaVigne efficiently brought a tonsil tray from kitchen to Dr. Bishop when he asked her for a tonsil tray for a bleeding tonsil patient.

Then there was the time that poor Claise dropped a pan of sterile instruments up in surgery. Andy and Johnnie weren't without their faults either, for many were the days when they used to slip drinks of water to the clean scrub nurses on those hot days. Remember those days when Griebel and Swanson used to argue over which one was going to scrub for Dr. Mackoff?

History

Bashful little Sorvie had quite a time on P.M.'s shaking off Dr. Amador when he used to sit at her desk for hours at a time.

I don't think anyone enjoyed D.K. more than Robin. We finally got sick of those chicken a la king parties, and how much weight did you say you gained there, Robin?

Soon we were looking forward to affiliations. "Downey here we come" was the cry in those days. We found we could take it into our stride when dishes came whizzing past our heads or when we saw patients stuffing food in their stockings etc. We had many good times lighting cigarettes, playing ping pong, cards, singing, and talking to the patients. Klef really took her work seriously. She even rushed up to the doctors to light their cigarettes and became so interested in chess which a patient was teaching her that she wrote down every single word. Do you still have those notes, Harriet?

Next came Children's Memorial Hospital. If we never remember anything else from our three months there, we'll never forget the housemothers and how much we loved them. Or did we? I'm so glad everyone agrees. We all missed the little kids though after we left and really enjoyed our three months there.

SENIORS enjoy prestige, and were delighted to know that it was our turn to get in and out of the elevators first while the underclassmen waited their turn. With this third year came a minumum amount of classes—dry but nourishing. And even then some slept through them to the consternation of Sister Mildred. Hex and Swanie can cover their heads now and act like they weren't the guilty ones.

And then, at last, GRADUATION—is it really here? Just think the sextette will probably never sing together again after this. Sad, isn't it? Yes, even though every one is sitting on needles and pins, anxious to start their lives as R.N.'s they'll never forget all the memories that come to mind with the mere mention of the words, The L.D.H. Class of 1950. Nor will many others.





