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Advocate Health - Midwest History

Lutheran General and Deaconess Hospitals School of Nursing Yearbook, 1967

Advocate Aurora Health

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1967

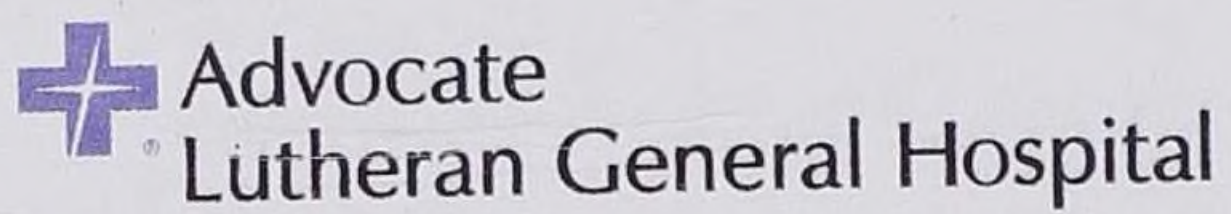


TRIBAR



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LUTHERAN GENERAL HOSPITAL
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Lutheran General and Deaconess Hospitals
School of Nursing

Park Ridge, Illinois

1967



TRI BAR

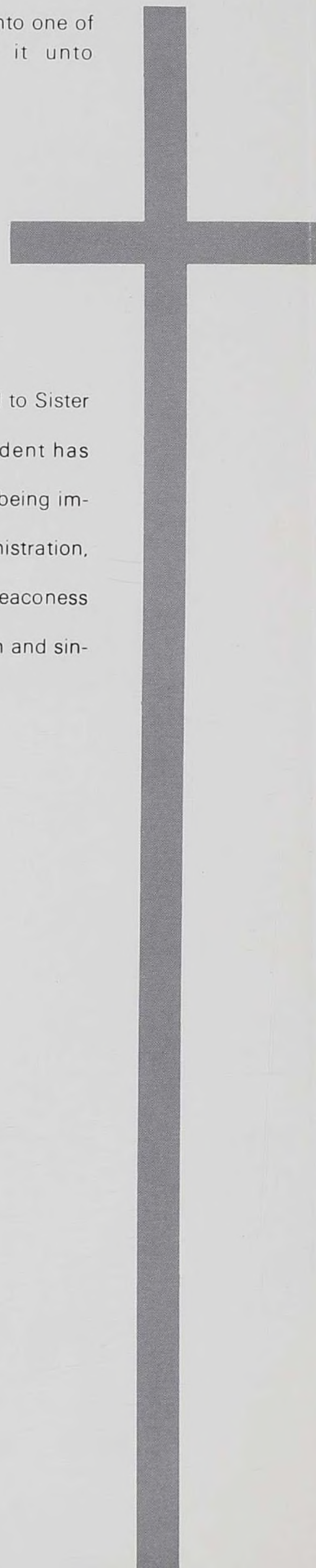
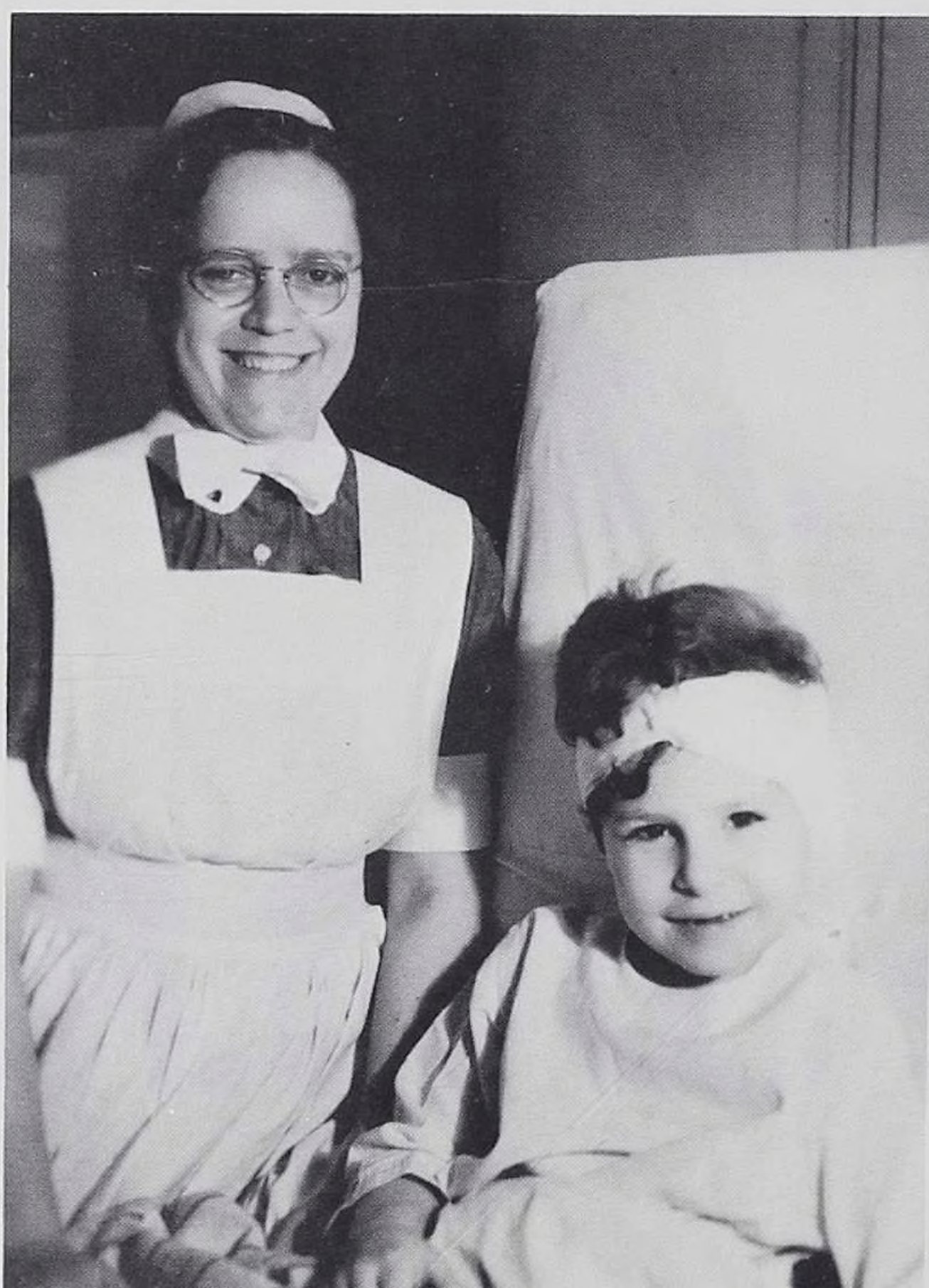


DEDICATION

... Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matthew 25:40



With pride, with pleasure this 1967 Tri-bar is dedicated to Sister Mildred, Medical-Surgical Nursing Instructor. No student has passed through the doors of Deaconess Hospital without being impressed by her love and concern for mankind. The administration, the faculty, and the students of Lutheran General and Deaconess Hospitals School of Nursing extend their warmest affection and sincere gratitude to a fine woman, Sister Mildred Christenson.



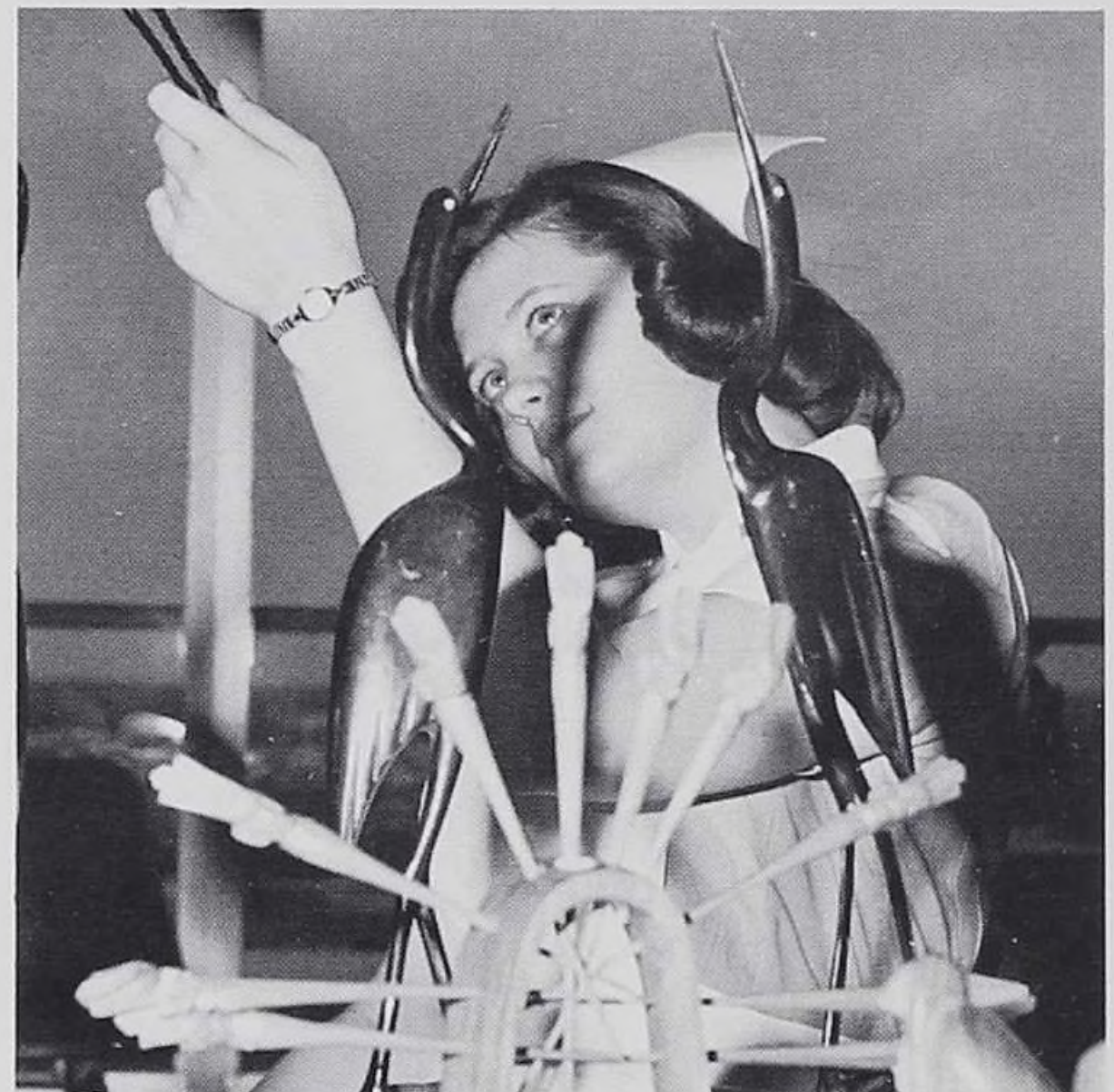


SISTER MILDRED CHRISTENSON

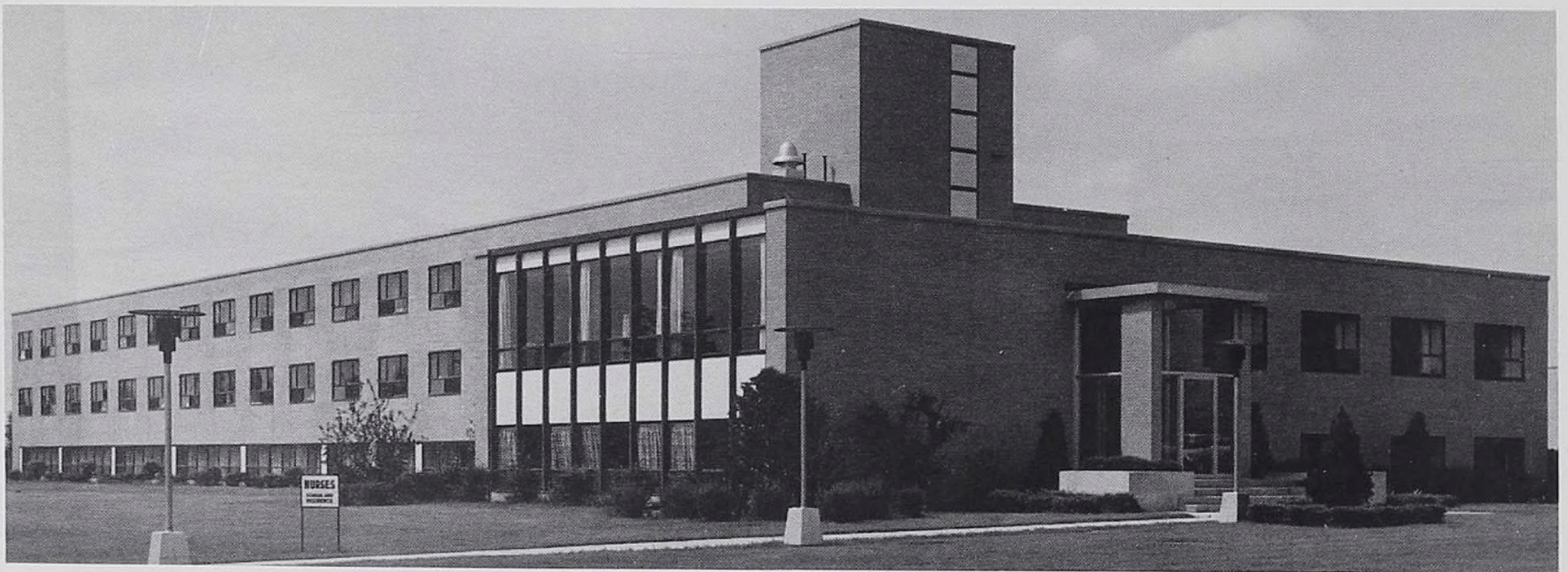
IT'S WORK



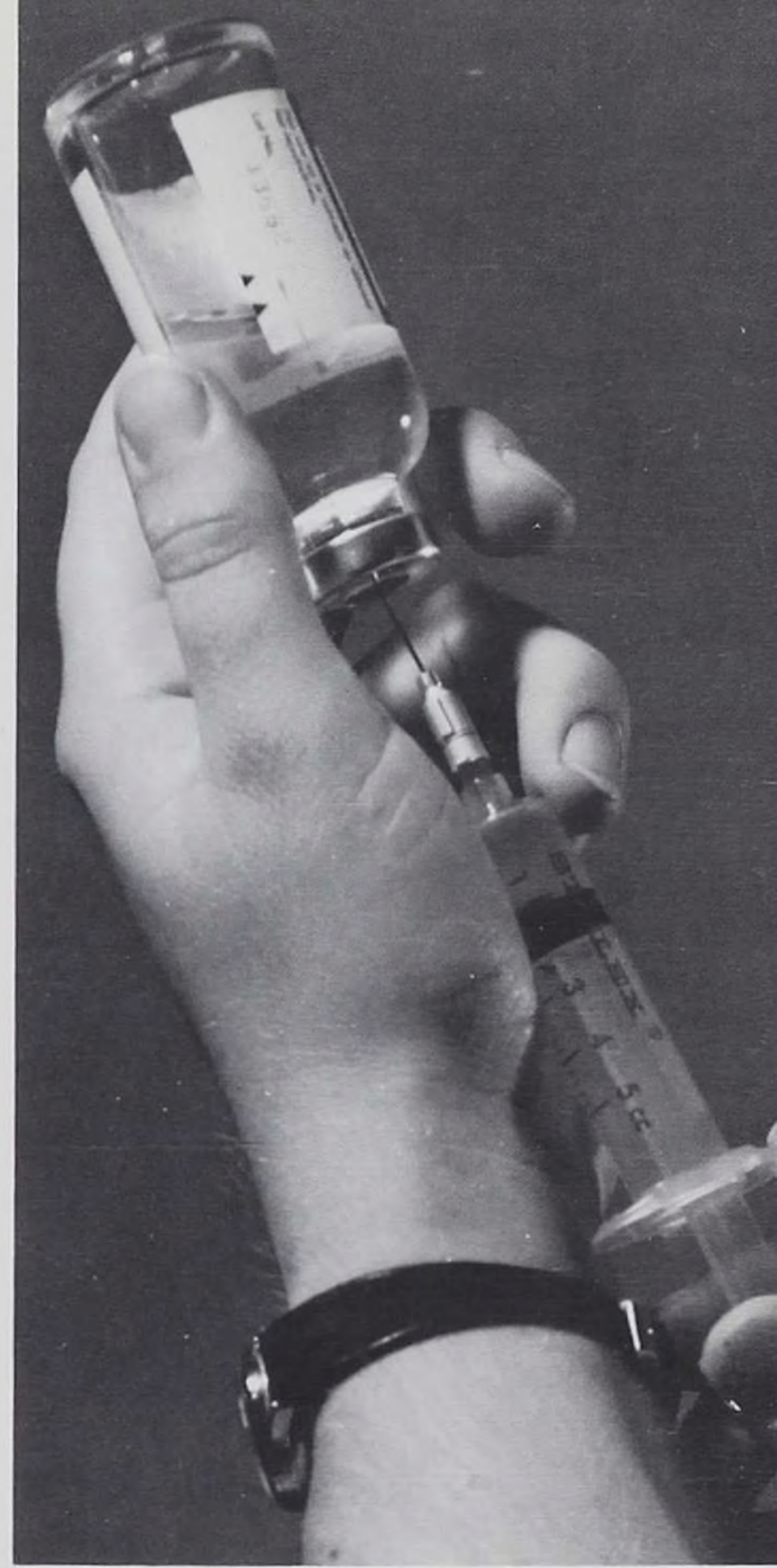
IT'S WONDERING...



IT'S WORSHIP



IT'S LUTHERAN GENERAL AND DEACONESS HOSPITALS
SCHOOL OF NURSING

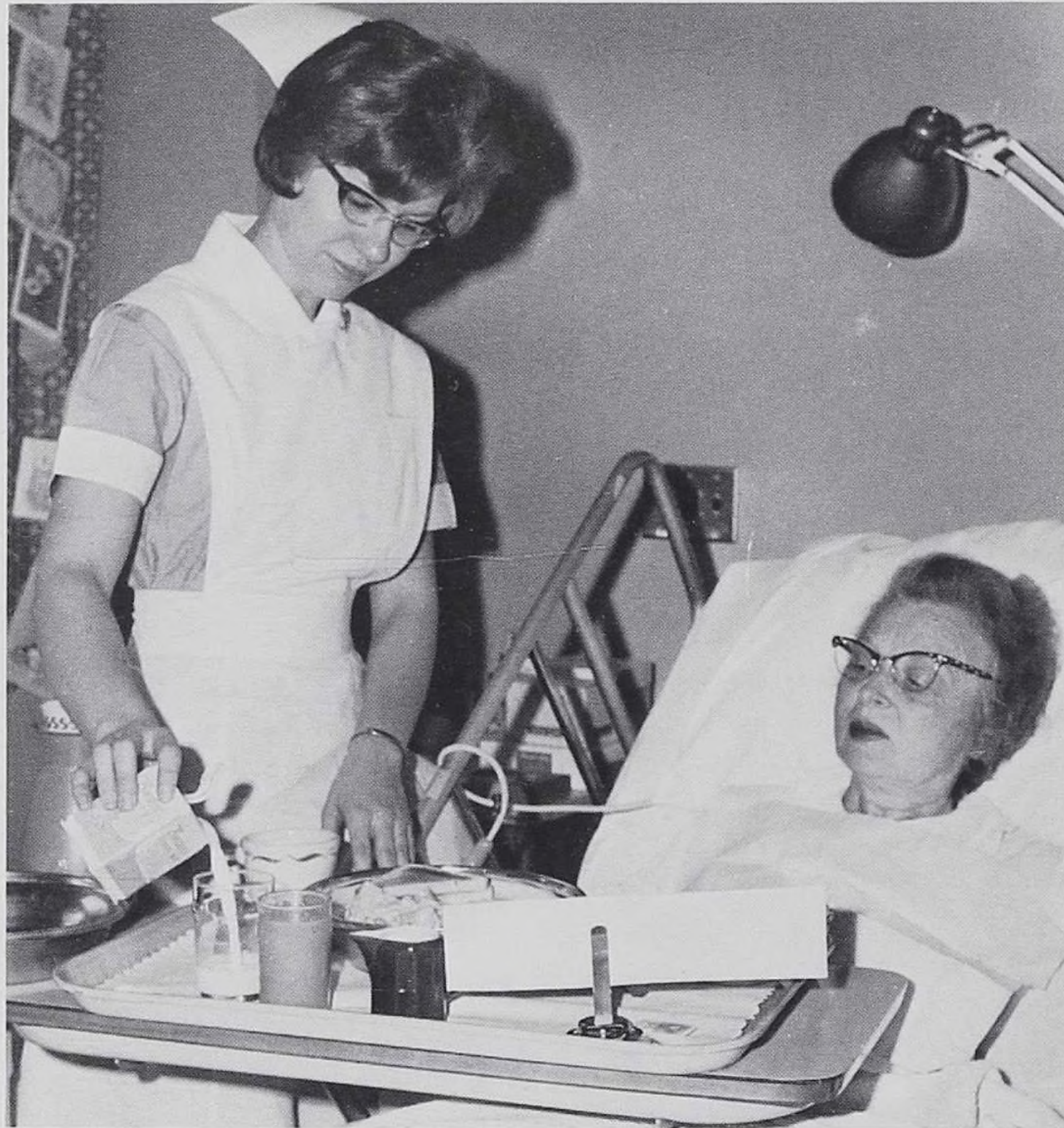


GROWTH

AND EXPERIENCE



THE FIRST STEPS



Mary Lubben practices nutrition.



Nancy Simek carries out fundamentals.



Vital signs being taken by Jan Petersen



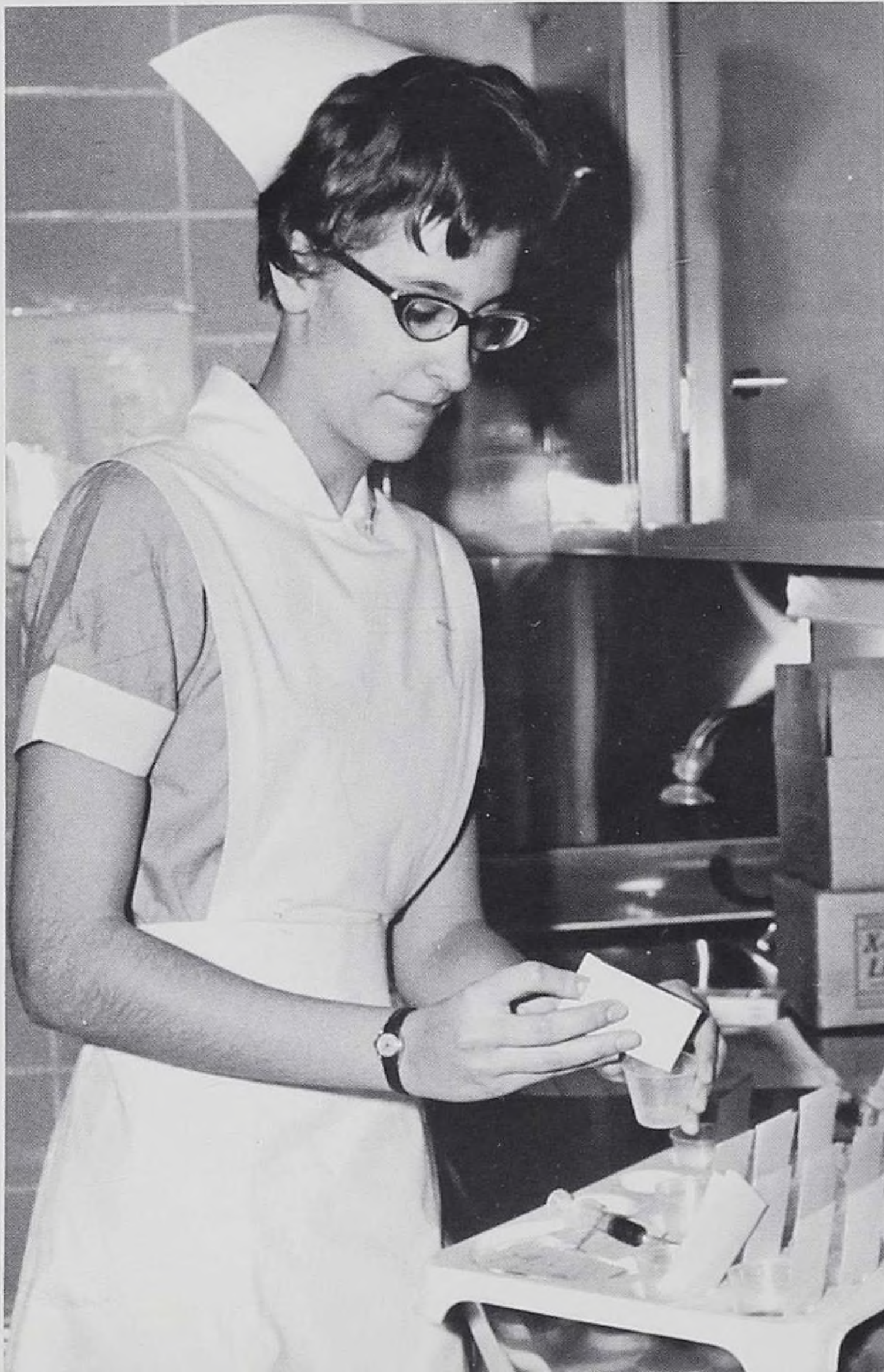
Linda Willoughby giving support.



Ilene Schluter

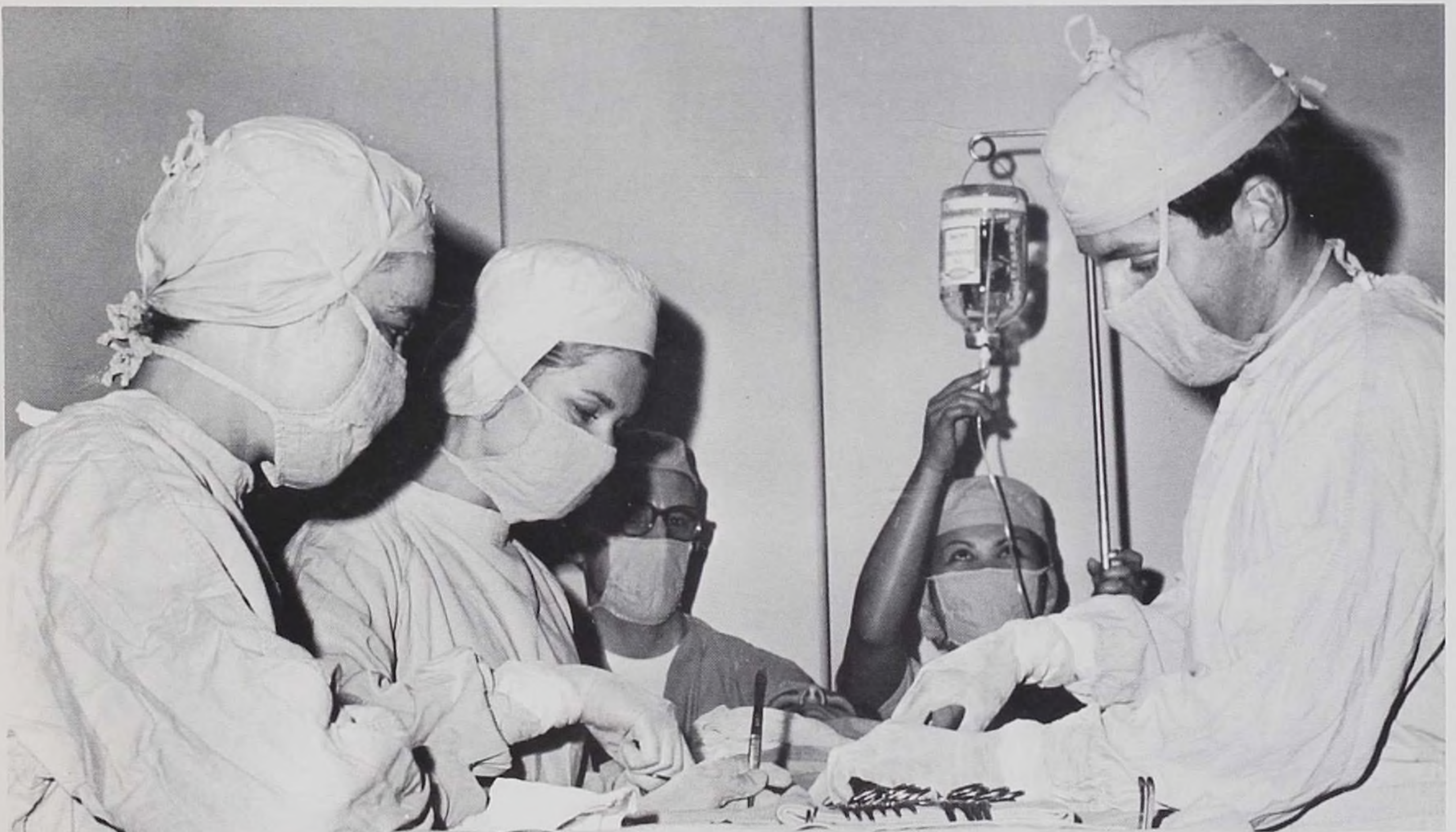
Margaret Pantke

Karen Bleich





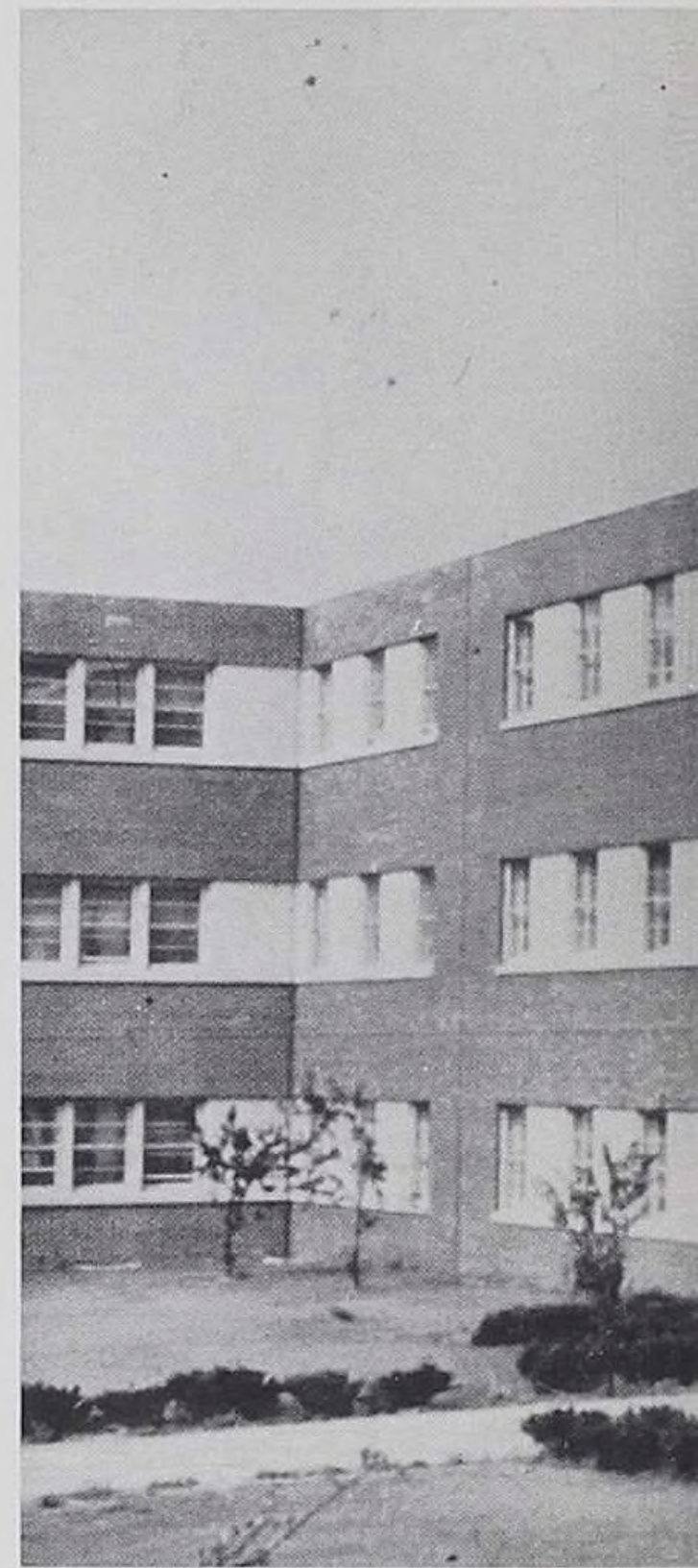
OPERATING ROOM



STEPPING OUT



Lutheran Deaconess Hospital



At Deaconess, our mother hospital, we stepped out into the world of culture.



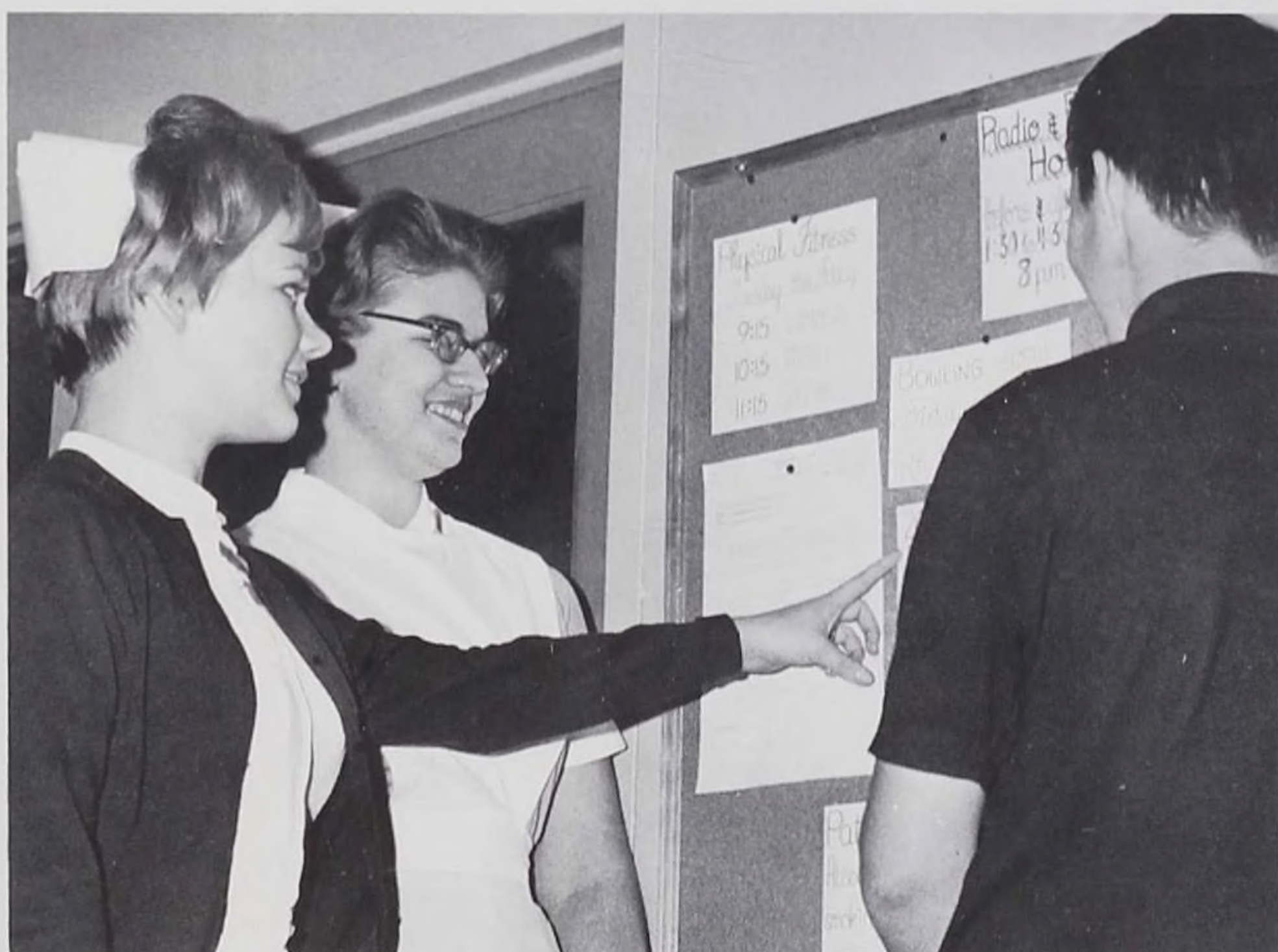


Downey Veterans Administration Hospital



Therapy through socializing

Disciplines for Diversion

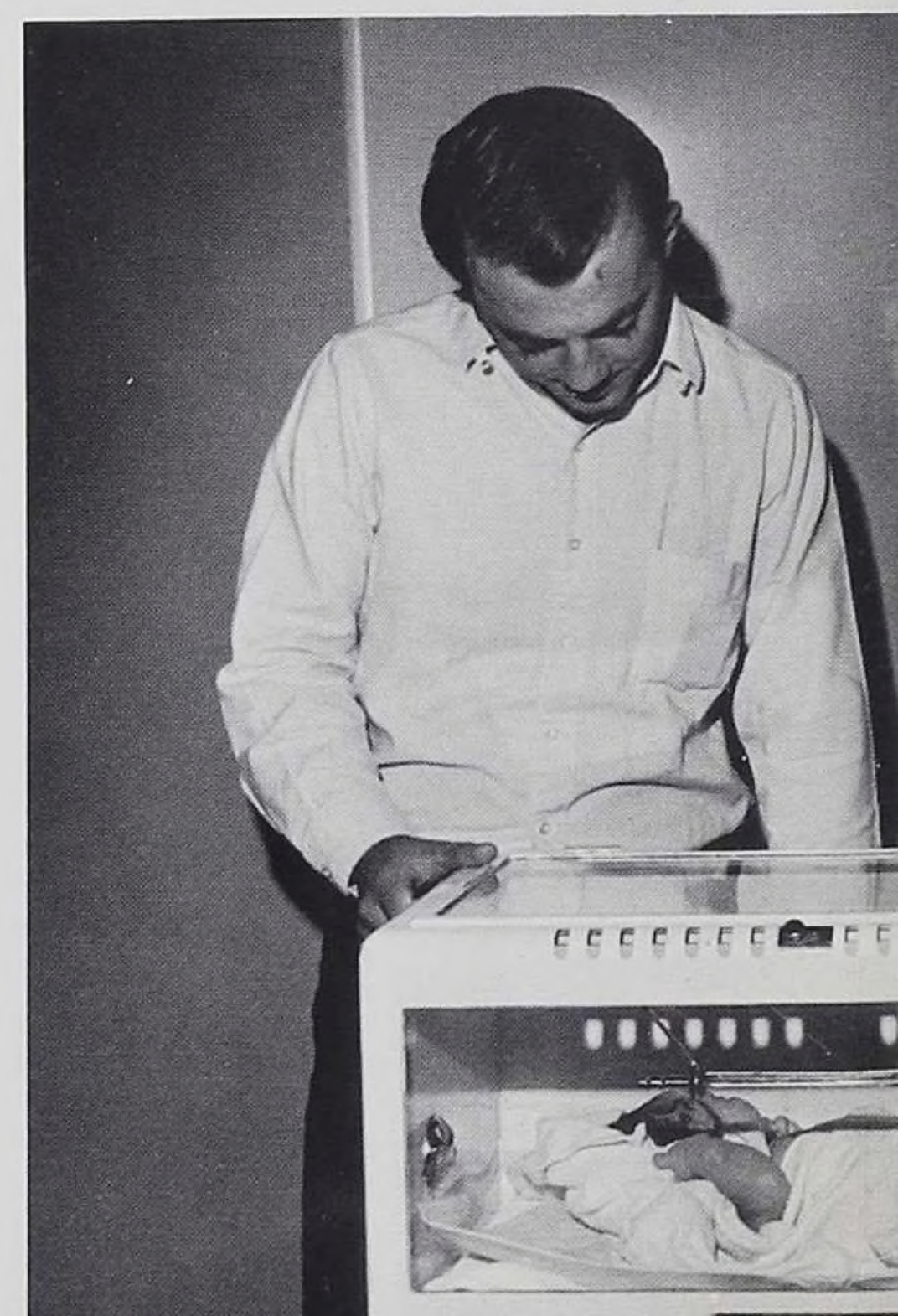




Dr. Barron, M. Price, R. Ritschdorff, S. Kettwich



Yep! Ten toes . . .





M. Karas, A. Gulbrandsen, Dr. Kostelny

Hey! Is it really mine?

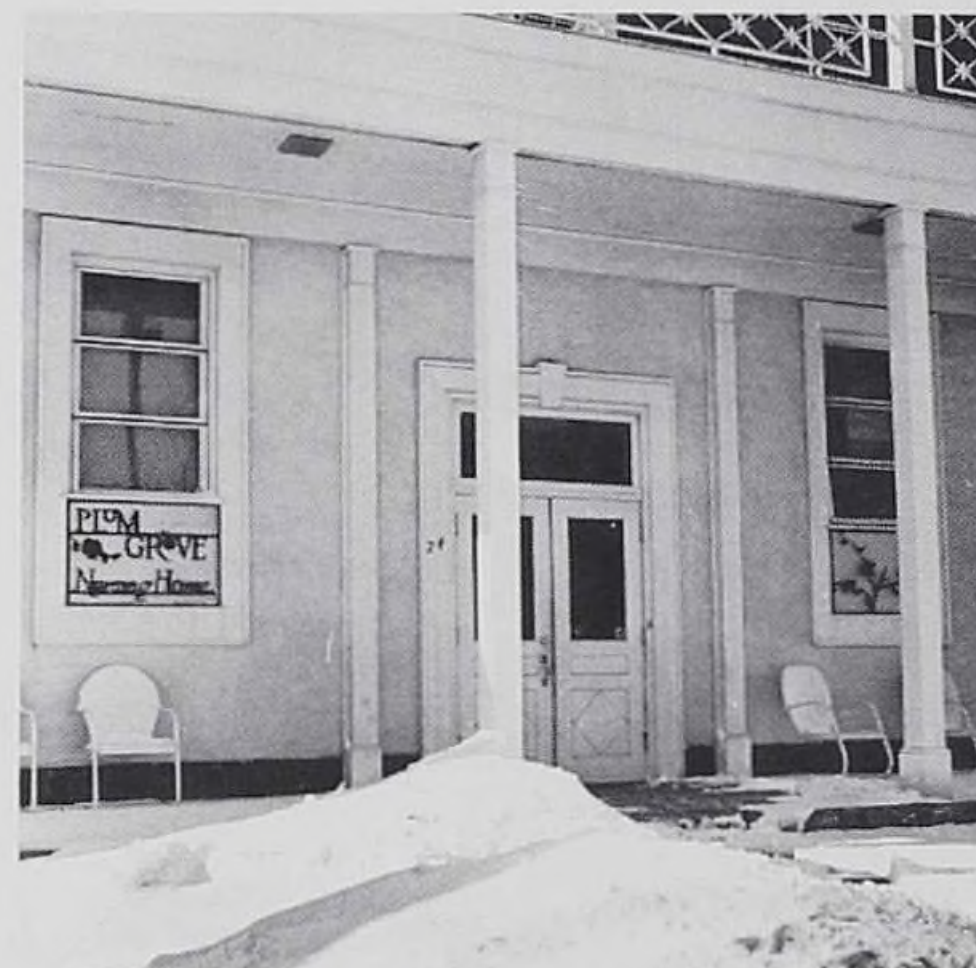


Hinsdale T.B. Sanitarium

Along the road to Rehab.



Games people play





A. Fanderclai



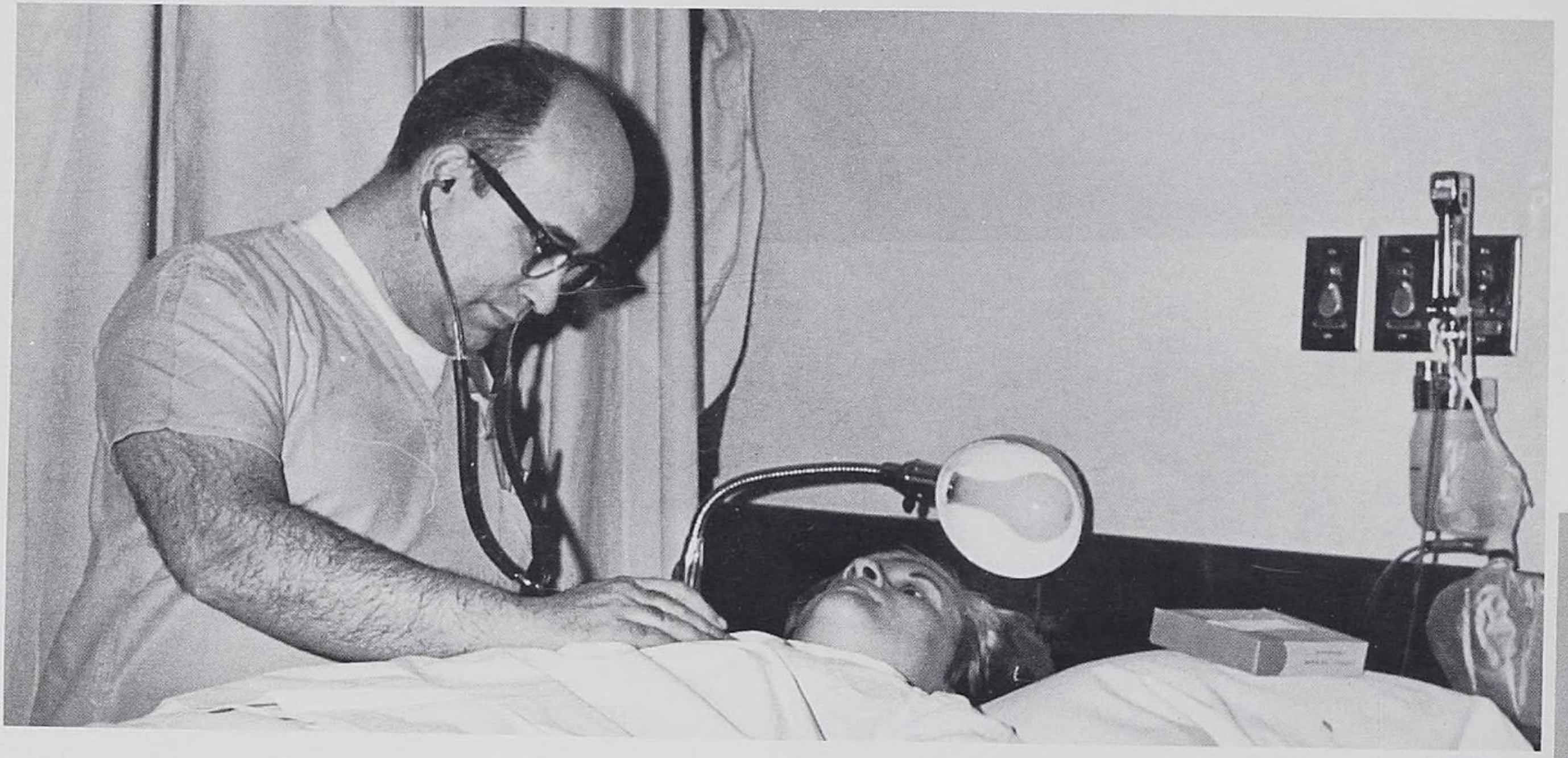
St. Matthews Home



Helping others to step out.

T. Stubenvoll

STEPPING TO THE TOP



Dr. Dela Mata

A. Krempen

E
R



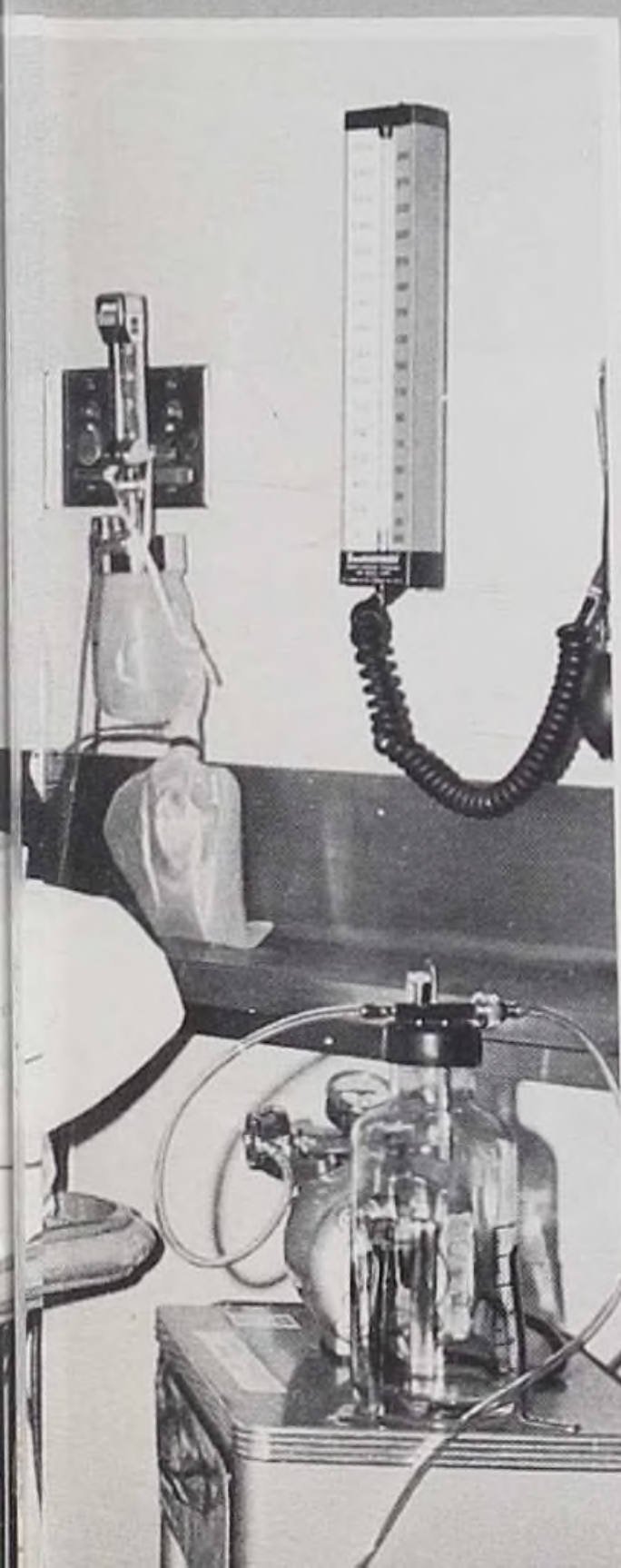
O R T H O



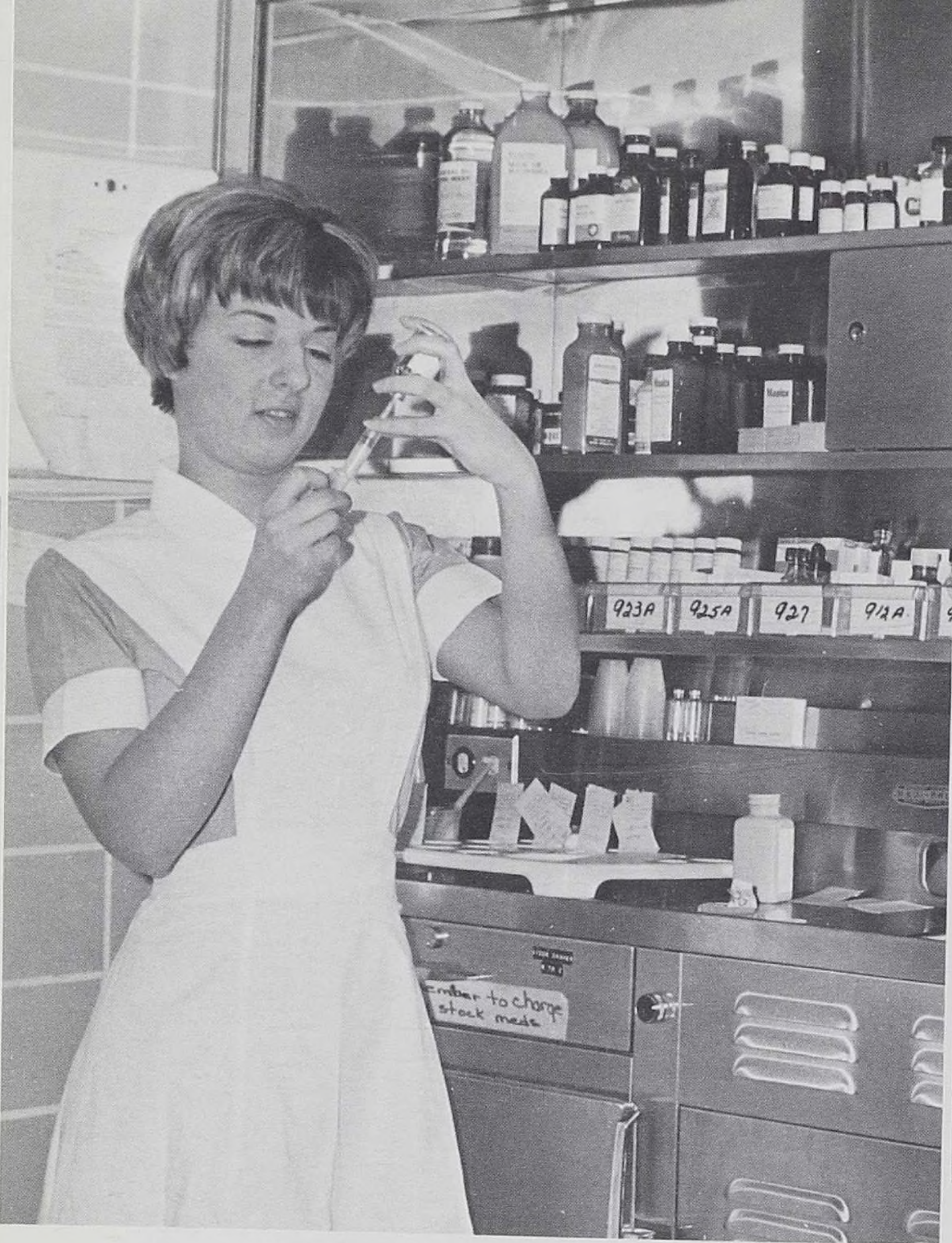
L. to R. Mrs. Grant, J. Johnson



L. to R. J. Johnson, D. Hardy

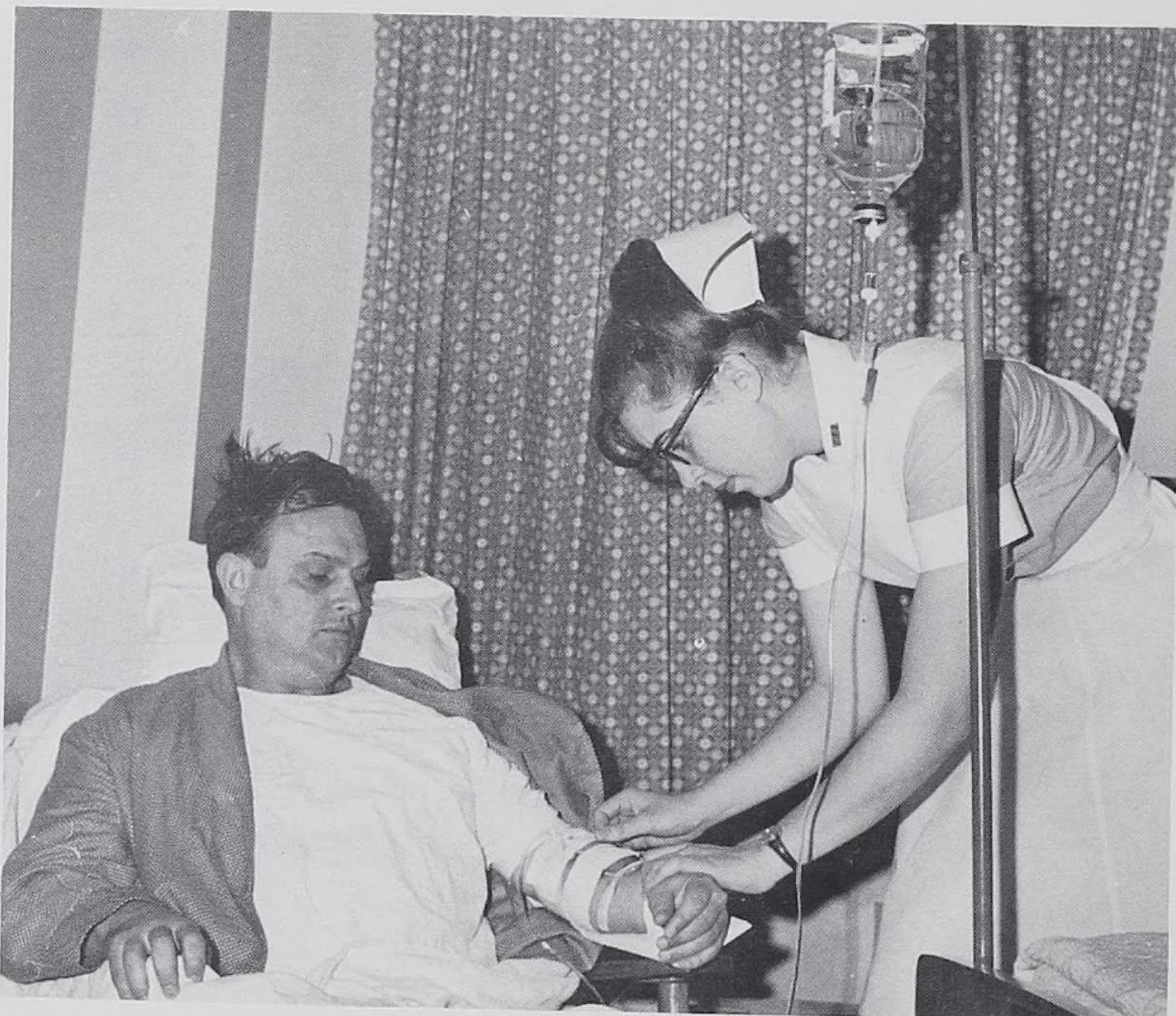


W TEAM NURSING D A D



L. Reichelt

J. Johnson



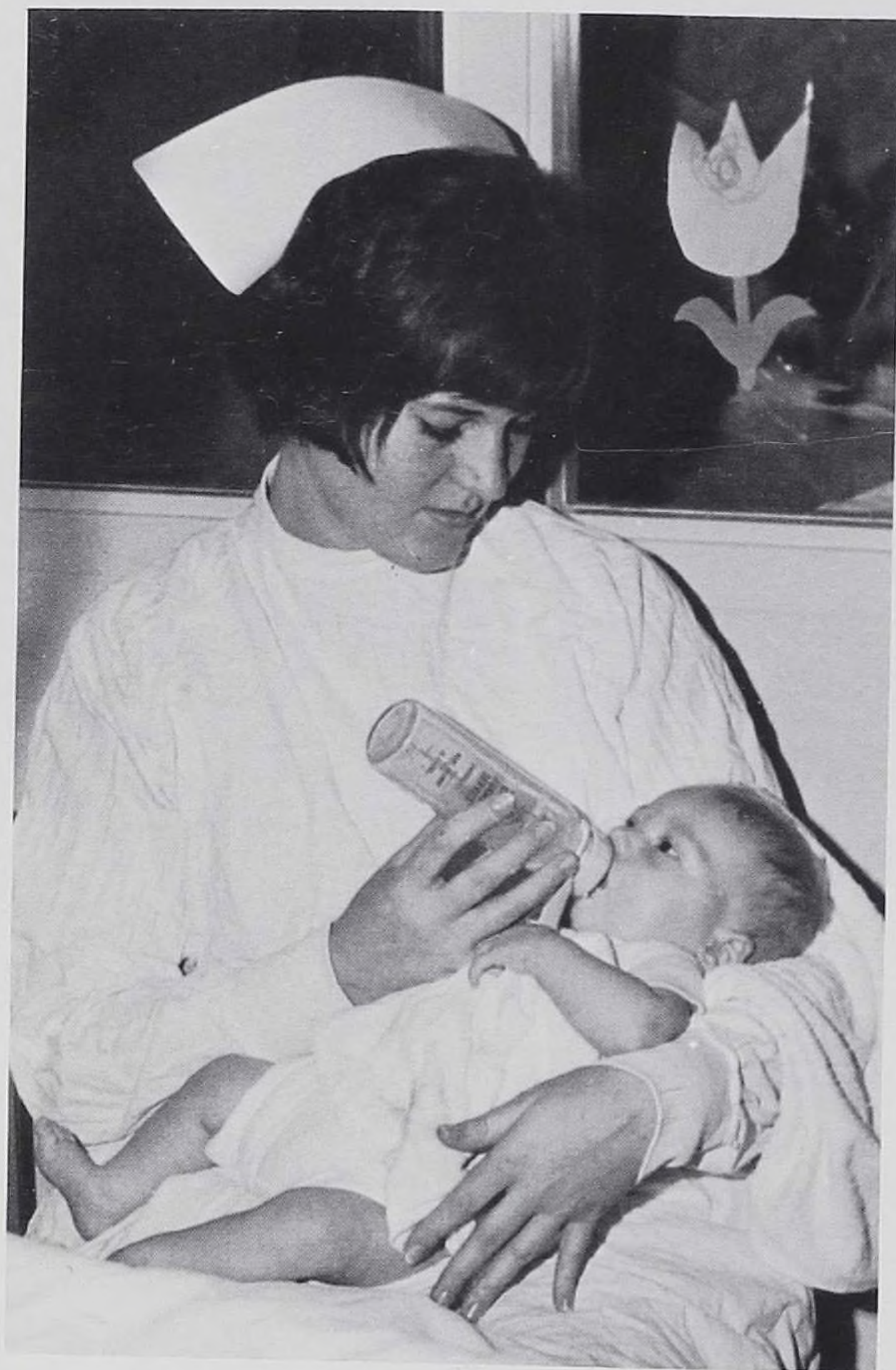


N. Hartley, K. Wirtz, M. Schleef, C. Ponzcek

ICU-9E



Miss D. Cording, M. Schleef, N. Hartley



M. Miller



P. Natzke

PEDS



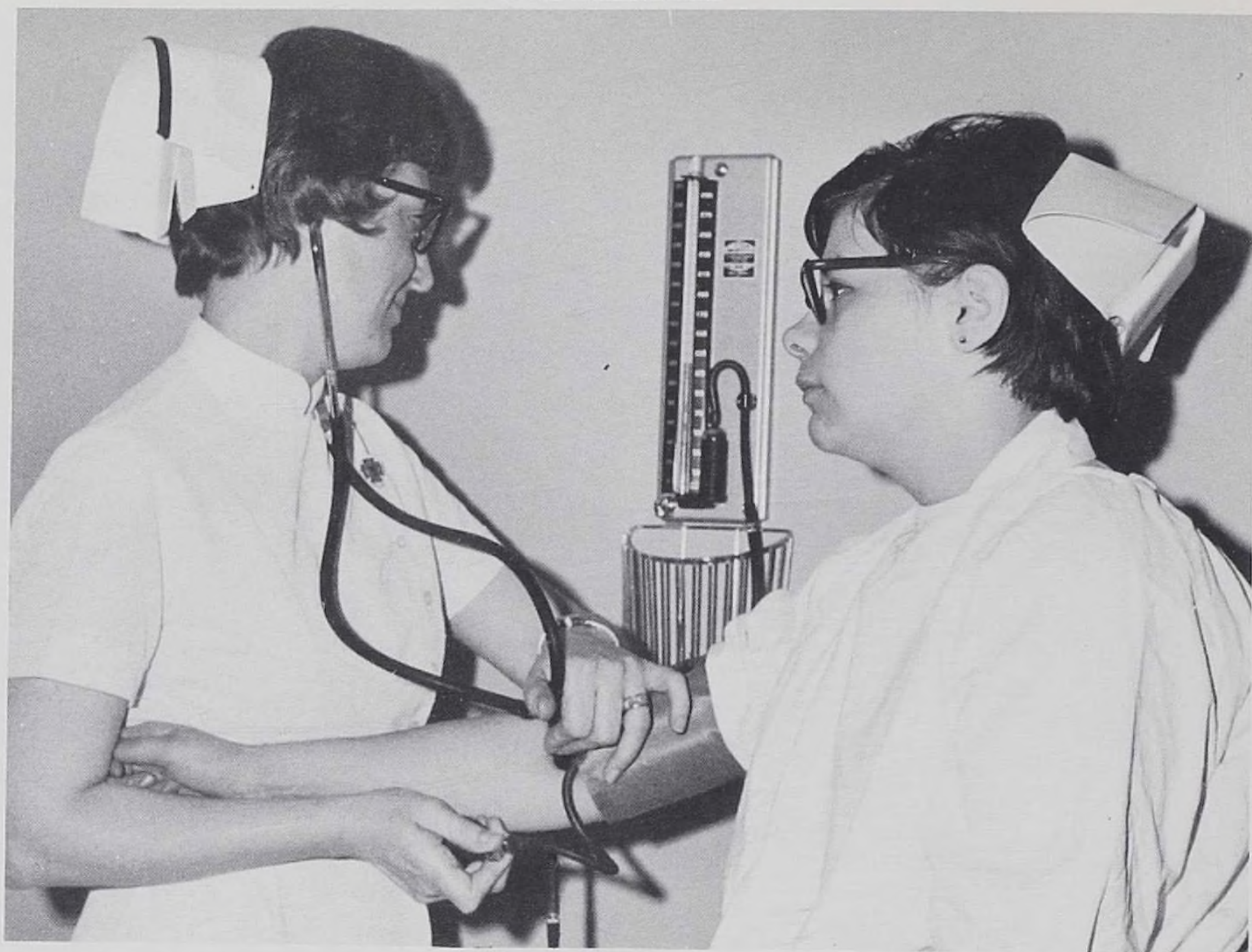
4E

2W



INTERMEDIATE CARE

OUT



Mrs. Sorenson

M. Wintersteller



PATIENTS

SCHOOL OF NURSING

F
R
E
S
H
M
E
N



OFFICERS



Left to right: M. Lubben, Sec.; L. Gehm, SNAI Rep.; L. Hansen, Pres.; I. Schluter, V. P. & Treas.; S. Mussman, S. C. Rep.



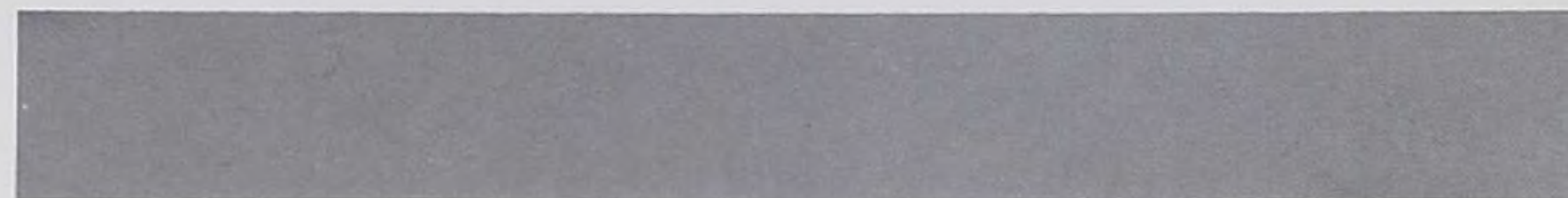
"I want to go home, Mommy."

As I approached the walk of the nurses residence and clambered up the stairs, with boxes and bags and suitcases toppling, I was aware of the steps below me as I stood, but unaware of the steps before me. The week slid by at an easy pace, meeting our roommates, finding a place for everything we had somehow packed, and trying to find a place for ourselves in our new lives. We were admitted, introduced injected, oriented, and initiated, thoroughly and in that order! The leaps between stepping stones became bigger as the pace sped up and classes began. The basis for everything we were later to build our steps on, had to be implanted firmly in us. Then sometime while we were unaware, while we were busy running to class, or laughing over the dinner table together, or asleep at night, the little unconnected stepping stones took form and became a structured stair case with each step a goal.



"...but it's the first man I ever bathed!"

Practice makes perfect.



Things became much clearer to us and goals became reality as we applied classroom knowledge in our clinical work. Seeing correlations and interdependences in everything we were learning was an exciting and encouraging coach. Instructors comments could be inspiring and encouraging, or, if need be, reassuring and consoling. Living and working together, we came to know each other and we came to know ourselves. We know when we can rely on each other, and what to expect of ourselves. We still have far to go up the steps, but we are together, and we can boost each other up when one lags below. Now we have reached the first landing. We stand, looking up and out, eager to learn and discover, anxious to be taught and to guide others, in their well being, with what we have learned.

Back to front: K. Bleich; V. Schultz; L. Bozych; B. Baarts; A. Hanson.





Darn shower's broke again!



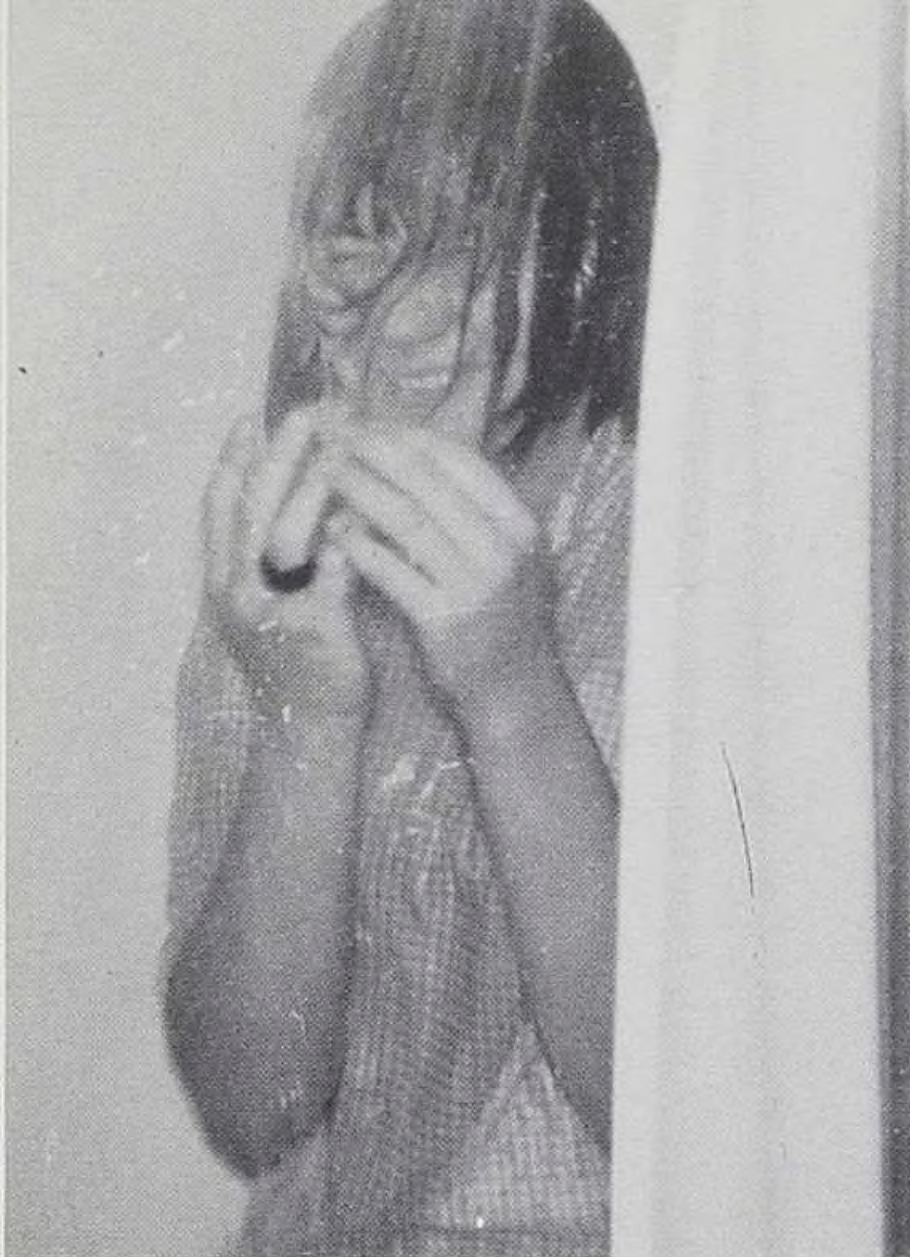
Left to right, **BACK ROW:** S. Friend; K. Fryksdale; **FRONT ROW:** M. Galligin; N. Simek; J. Peterson.



Left to right: S. Driskill; K. Ricketts; M. Altergott; S. Rek; L. Willoughby.



Left to right: C. Brieschke; M. Quarnstrom; G. Pehlke; M. Franke; R. Longwell.



Is he worth it?



Left to right: P. Brehm; M. Panke; M. Freytag, R. Leeper.



"I always get the dirty jobs!"



"...but Mrs. Kuritz!"



Go, granny, go!

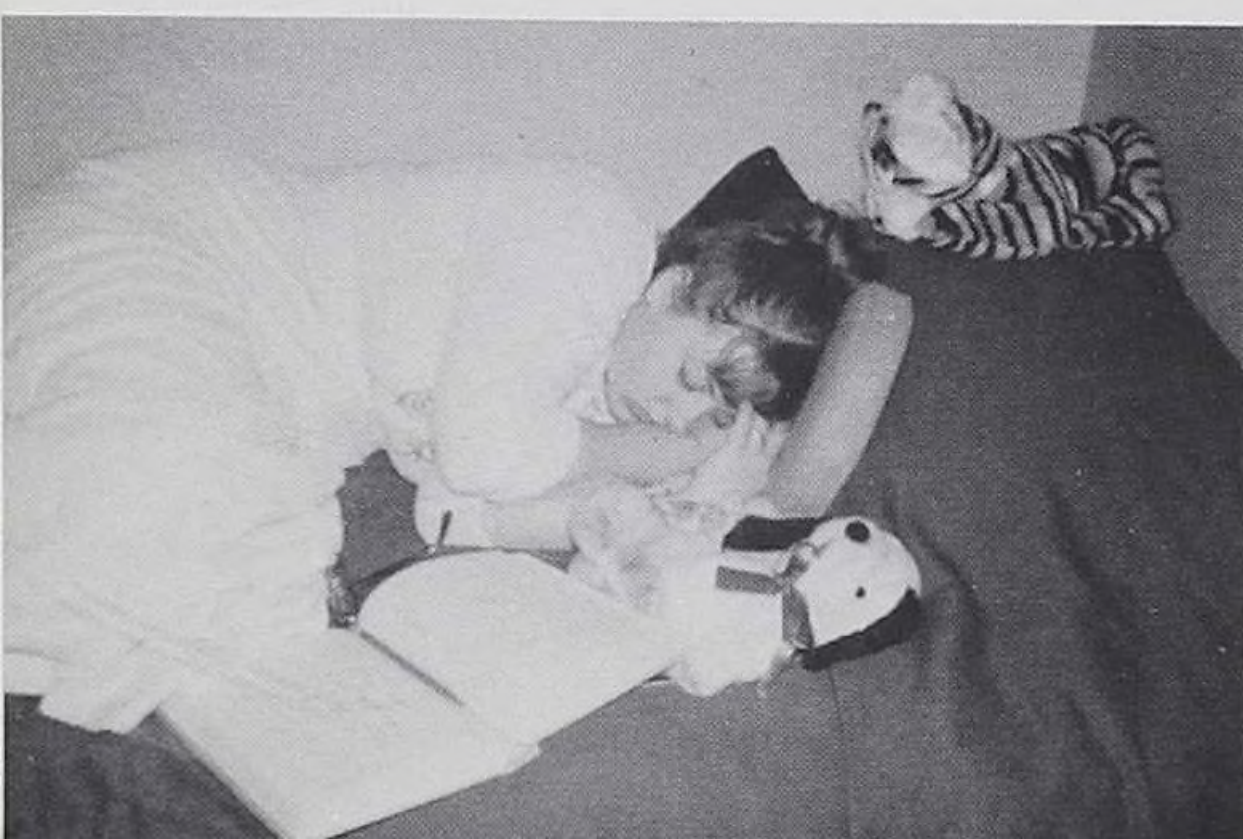


J
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S





TOP: J. Blakesley-Treas., J. Hansen-S.N.A.I.; **MIDDLE:** M. Diemer-Sec.; C. Timm-Pres.; M. Rhoda-V. Pres.; **BOTTOM:** T. Stubenvoll-Stu. Coun. Rep.



It's been a hard day's night . . .



STANDING: A. Gulbrandsen. **SEATED:** M. Pepple, L. Bentsen, D. Plowman, S. Kettwich.



Easier than a suitcase?

Quit while you're ahead.

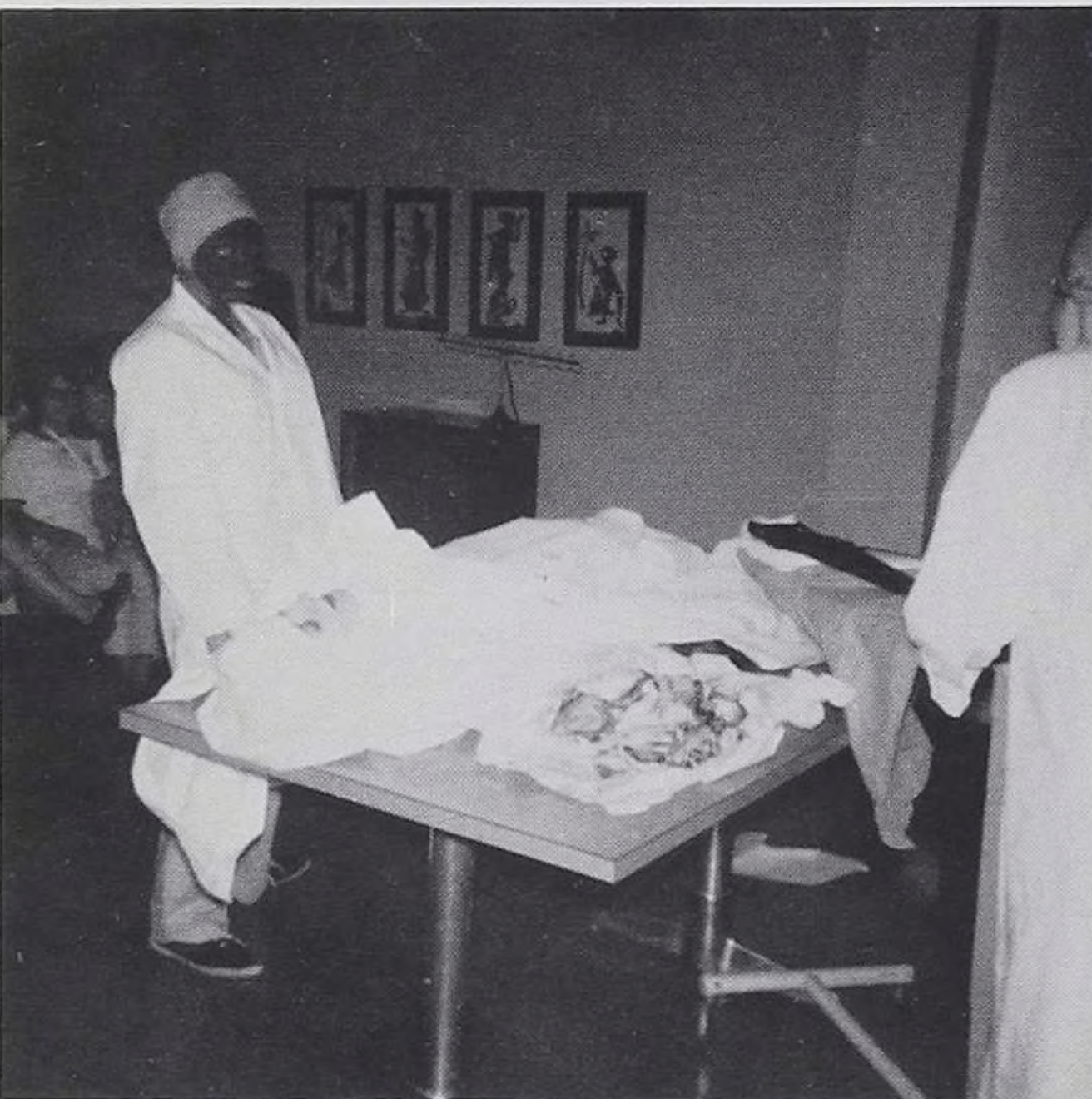




The "Toni" Twins.



Left to right: D. Cordina A. Siewitz,



We will keep our snack in the cooler?



S. Farquhar, M. Karas, L. Evans



Happiness is . . .



Setting the world afire.



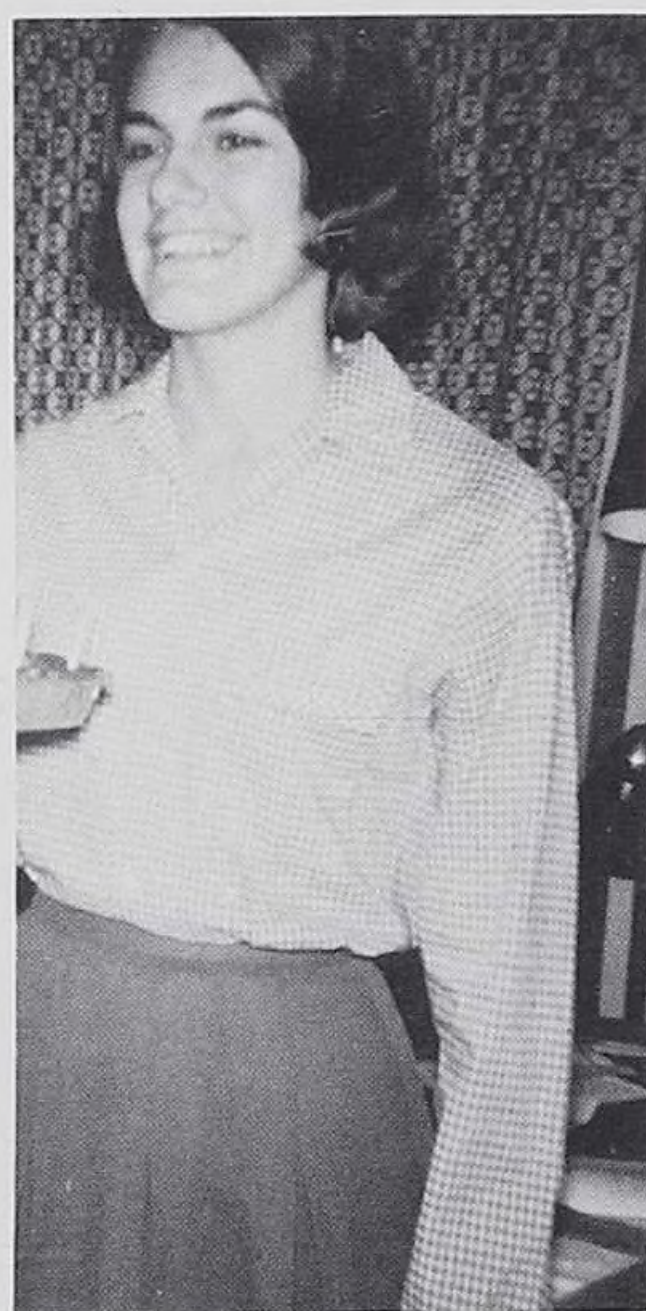
TOP: M. Andersen, M. Price. **MIDDLE:** C. Nelson, P. Haag. **BOTTOM:** P. Kelly.



Well . . . you've got to be kidding



Before.



Well . . . it was this way.





Post partum depression.



After.



TOP: E. Enslinger, C. Murray, S. Melvin, K. Kelly **BOTTOM:** M. Slette, R. Ritschdorff



ON
THE
JOB!



SENIORS



CLASS MOTTO	"Keep your heart young & your expectations high, and never allow your dreams to die."
CLASS VERSE	Joshua 1:9
CLASS SONG	O master, let me walk with Thee
CLASS COLORS	Green & Yellow
CLASS FLOWER	White Daisy
ADVISOR	Mrs. Wilma Wood

We, as members of the graduating class of 1967, have finally reached the hard-won goal we started out for three long years ago. The journey is over but will never be forgotten by anyone who was fortunate enough to be a part of it.

Who could ever forget those first few weeks of moving in and getting adjusted to the life and routine of a dormitory? Of course, the few little comforts we managed to bring from home did help to make the surroundings seem less strange. Let's see . . . there was Karen with a monstrous contraption she tried to pass off as a hairdryer, and Jan . . . oh, yes, feminine Jan with her individual blue satin boxes for just about everything. And who could forget Pat with her walking toothbrush display, Mary and her never quiet record player, and Carol, whom we eventually discovered never stopped rocking, even when out of the rocking chair she carried in?

All of us set about making our rooms look like home . . . yes, our rooms, with sparkling new paint on all four walls (Whew!), plenty of light switches but no lights, and such charming drapes.

But the rooms were quickly arranged as there were classes to start, people to meet and places to go. We met our fellow students and got to know them quite well in a week commonly known as initiation week. Oh, the taste of fresh pie — from head to toe — and the sport of rolling toilet paper down the halls with a rather banged-up nose! The joy of becoming a true member of the school's family!

Classes were soon under way and many experiences will never be forgotten. Remember the midnight No-Doz parties before the A&P exams? Could you forget getting up the next morning and being relieved to discover that you weren't the only one plagued with pre-exam diarrhea? The lines leading to the john were pretty long around finals time. And who could help but remember the day the closet that served as the A&P skeleton's home was opened to reveal her in all her splendor — a bathing suit, well-padded, well-combed hair, and bearing a ribbon which read "Miss Rigor mortis of 1964"? Remember our own badges of courage as we applied band-aides after our first IM injections? Friendships were made, broken, and patched quickly in those days.

But at last the second step was reached and for the next few days we all went around proudly polishing the bar pins that were displayed on our collars. With these bar pins came later hours — at last! The after-duty jam sessions were filled with stories about our first complete, complete baths and complaints about the fact that our instructors expected us to get a whole bath done and a bed made in only three and a half hours!

All of our patients on the Med.-Surg. floors seemed to have the same condition. Soon we were talking about MI's in our sleep!

Then came Ortho and the mysteries of traction, the pains of aching backs and the bruised skins of run-away wheelchair bearers.

And remember the "marvee" experience we all had in surgery? . . . the sponge counts, the sutures to thread and the doctors who made us feel "welcomed".

Then our second year pins replaced our single bars and for the first time our class was separated to embark upon our experiences outside L.G.H. In Psych we had the distinction of being the first class to work on the new ward at Downey. After being there for several days, learning our way around the mazes of buildings and halls, and getting used to barracks living, most of us decided to reach out for new horizons of bravery and attend the dances at the E.M. Club.

Then, after returning to L.G.H., we were further honored by being the first students to receive part of our psychiatric education on Lutheran General's own psych floor. It



was during these days that we learned more about ourselves, how all behavior has meaning, and that nightly analyzing sessions become routine.

Along with Obstetrics came those morning peri checks and checking for the fungus — I mean fundus. We all loved having care studies, even if they were never on time and always managed to deliver at approximately two A.M. And who could forget all of those early morning calls at C.M.C. and helping the med students through the rougher ones . . . and I do mean help! Ever try to raise a full-grown man from a dead faint? It was here that we learned the joy of bringing a new human life into the world . . . the messiest, loudest, most beautiful little bundle you ever saw!

In long term we reached the other end of the life spectrum at St. Matthew's and Plum Grove. We saw that all age groups can give joy to those around them and in return live a full and happy life. At S.C.C.T.D. we became extremely adept at giving disposable strep shots and gowning and washing.

At L.D.H. we were surrounded by a melting pot of nationalities and races. The complexities of the new world we had entered were explained to us on tours with a social worker and by various friends we made during our stay. The hospital itself taught us nursing without push-buttons and that there are other ways to tell a person that you care than just by saying the words. We all learned how to improvise as we taught home nursing to the neighborhood women and helped out at Erie House. Who could forget sun-bathing on the roof, the contagious beat of Latin music, the broken beds, the banana split parties at Norway House, and two girls who persisted in walking down the street singing selections from West Side Story?

At last we were once again reunited to receive our third bar pins and embark upon the last year of our nursing education. As seniors in Team Nursing and Ward Administration we had our first taste of real responsibility and getting used to being a true member of the nursing team. The various studies we did were interesting and the teaching projects we carried out were helpful both to the staff and to us. Transcribing orders was fun, too, especially after we got used to the hieroglyphics that all doctors seem to use. It was rather heart-breaking, however, to study head nursing for six weeks only to answer the phone and hear the pharmacist say, "Let me talk to a nurse!"

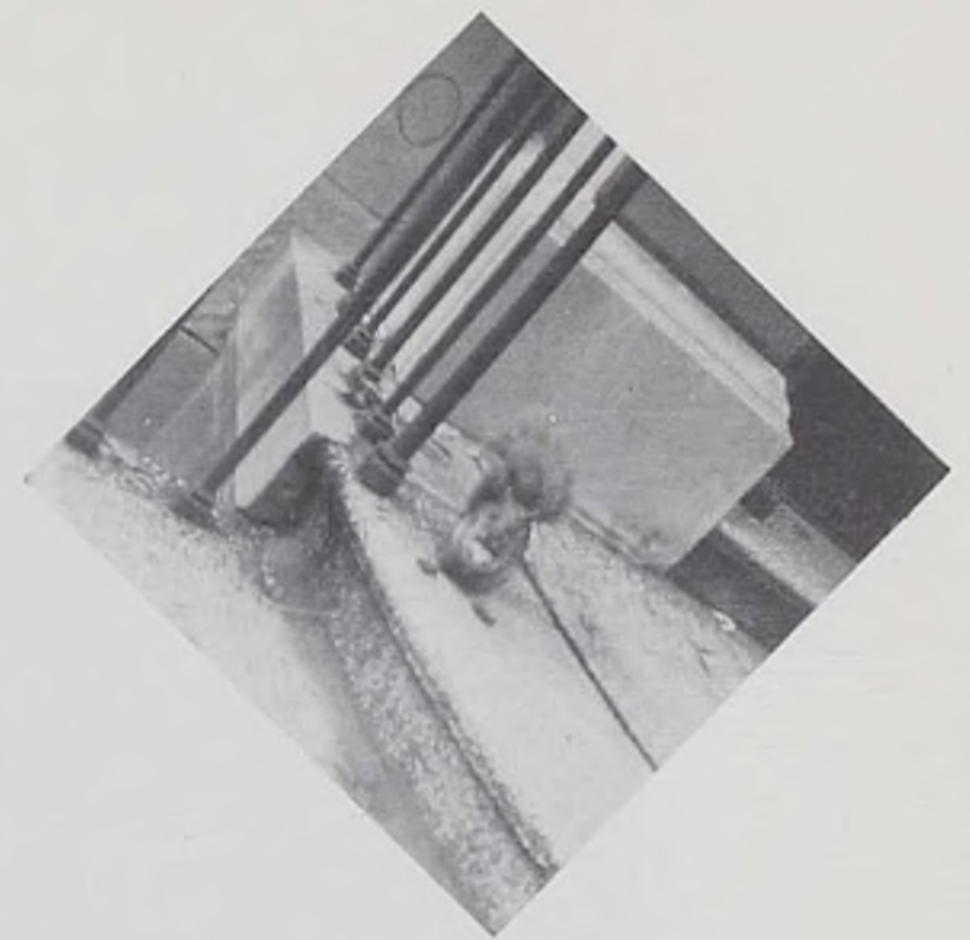
In peds we learned how to bring ourselves down to the level of a child and how to enter his own special world. There were crib nets, toy pets, microdrops and lollipops galore. Class was interesting and by the end of the course we finally learned what to study for the daily quizzes — almost.

• And finally came Intensive Care, Emergency Room, and Independent Study where we first worked nights and weekends much to our own dismay. All of us learned how to use and to appreciate the extensive and complicated new equipment that modern science has brought us in the past decade. And who can honestly say that they didn't enjoy six weeks of Independent Study — goofing off for the first five and then working hard for one whole week?

The past three years have truly been rewarding ones for all of us. Everyone who entered these doors on that warm September day in 1964 is leaving as a much more mature and educated person, with purpose in life and a dedication to the humanity we have promised to serve.

We have so many memories to look back on in the years to come. Many will always bring a smile — the nights without electricity, the pajama parties in the hall, the seances that scared half of the students and the practical jokes that scared the rest. Other memories will bring a warm feeling — the engagements and weddings that took place when we were all together, welcoming new students into our "family", and watching our hospital grow and gain world recognition for its achievements.

The three years are over now, and it's time for the class to divide up one last time and for each member to follow her own particular pathway for the future. But L.G.H. won't be forgotten no matter how far away one's travels take us, the hospitals we'll work in and the people we'll meet. The memories we have of all that happened within these four walls will always be there to remind us of the three warm and wonderful years behind us.





President
Linda Lee Backer

C
L
A
S
S



Vice-President
Janice Elizabeth Mickelsen



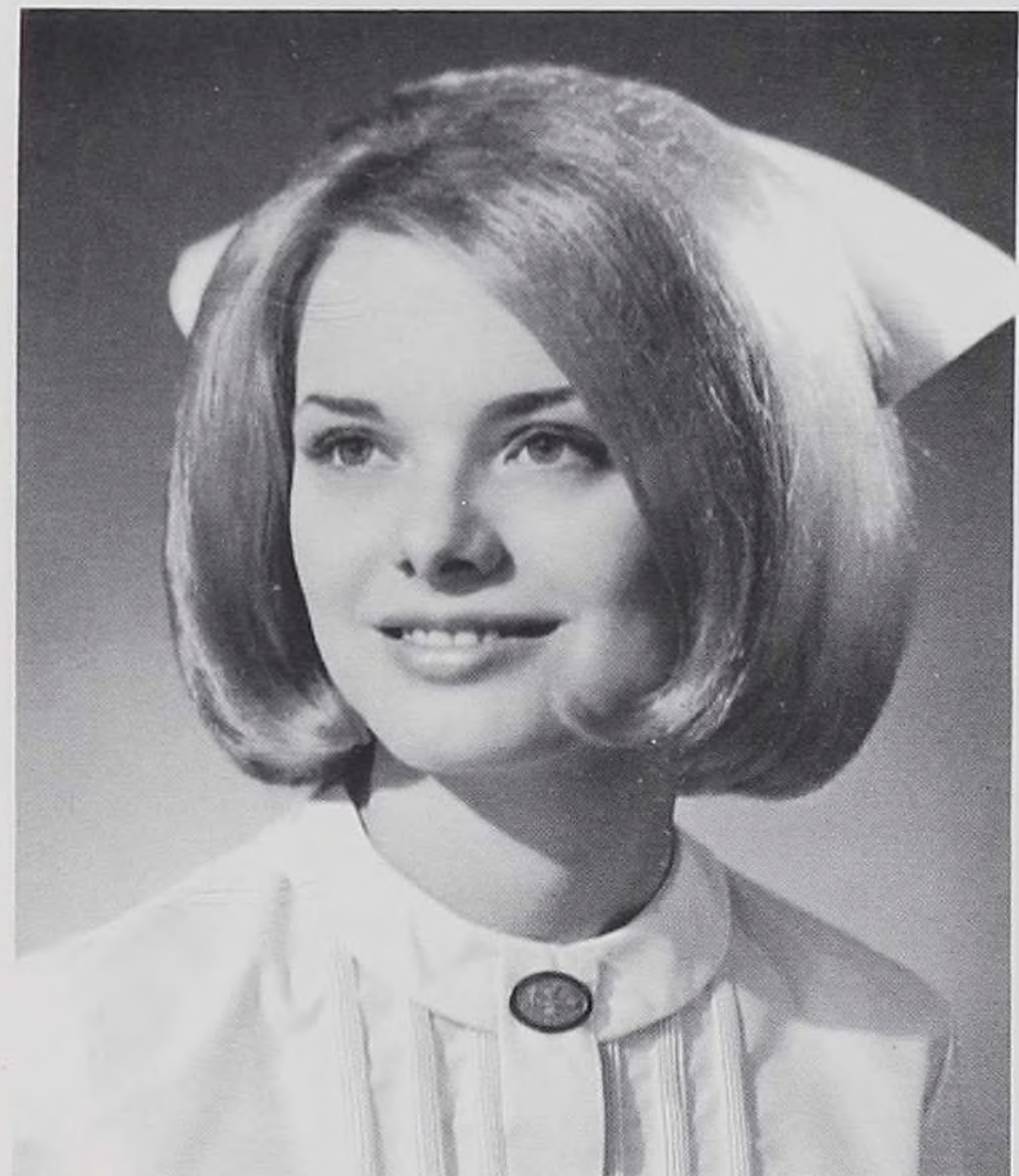


Secretary
Linda Katherine Reichelt



Treasurer
Marilyn Hazel Schleef

O F F I C E R S





Kathleen Becker



Patty Lee Brown



Penny Kay Brown



Jill Louise Burke



Patricia Jane Collins



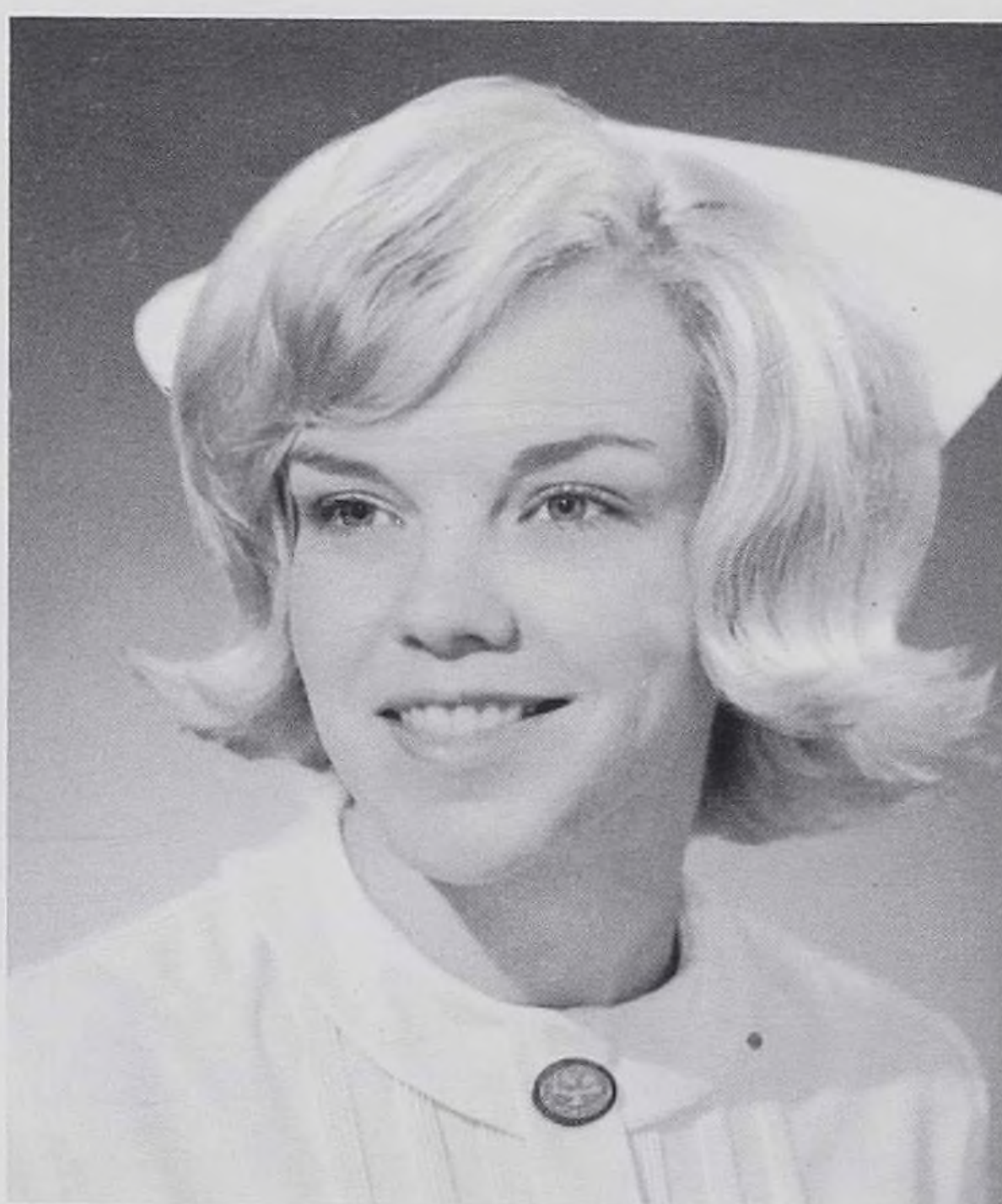
Barbara Jean David



Carol Elizabeth DeIDotto



Darleene Janet Fako



Arlene Louise Fanderclai





Dawn Marie Hardy



Nancy Kay Hartley



Margaret Mary Horvath



Patricia Jankowski



Marsha Ann Jellies



Erma Jo Johnson



Jane Marie Johnson



Joan Suzanne Kirchner





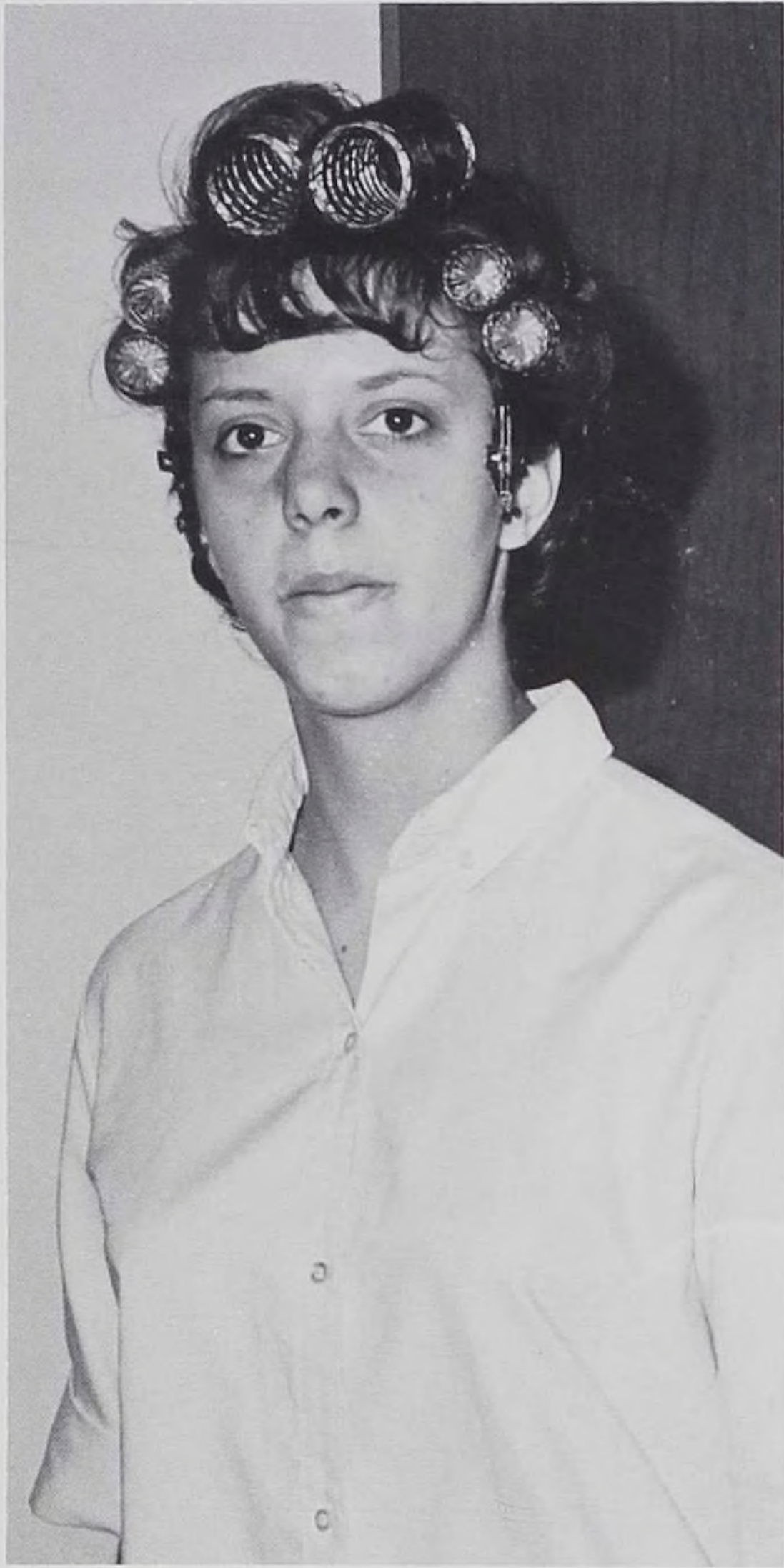
Lois Lynne Klos



Patricia Joan Krumrey



Angela Grace Krempen



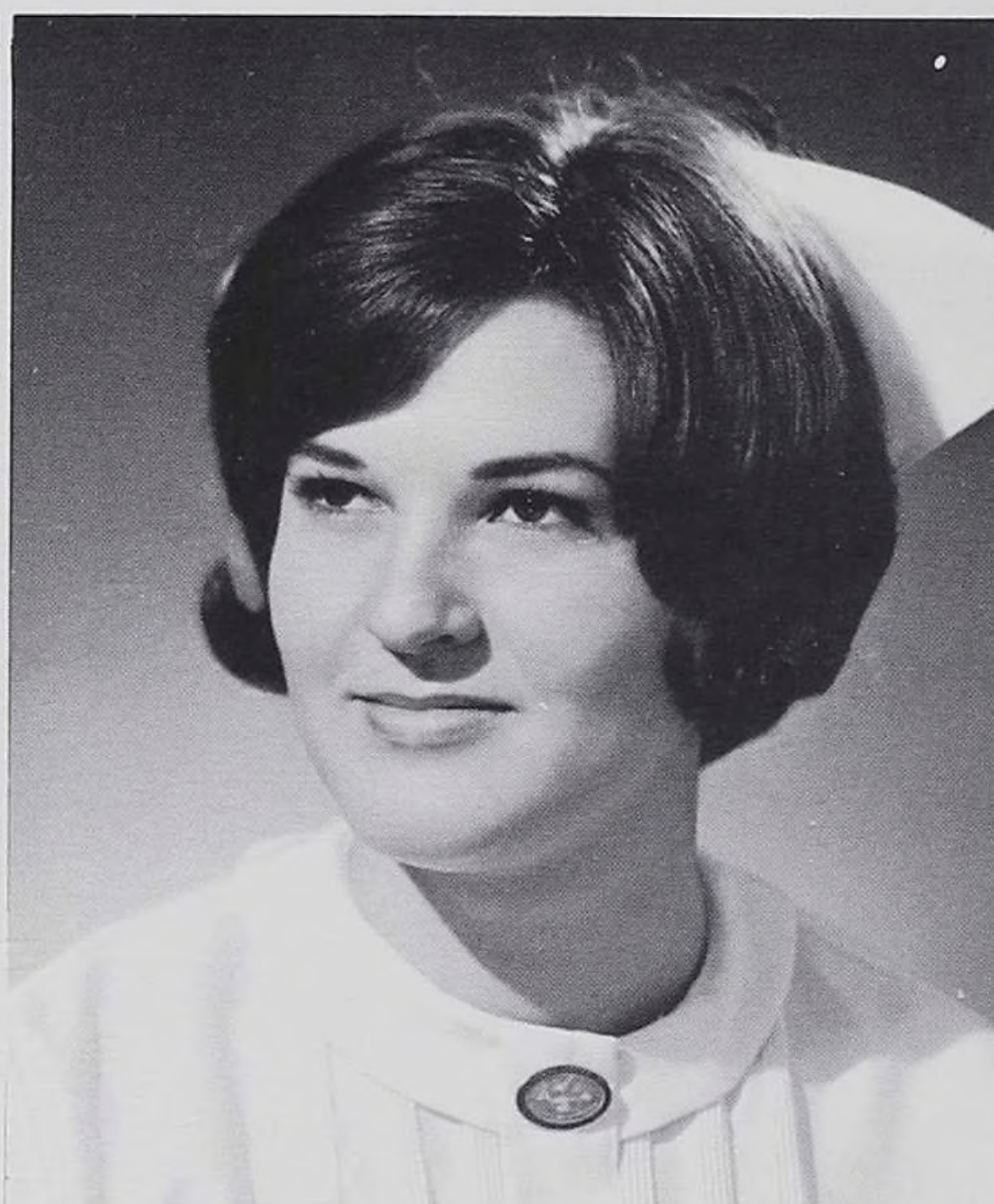
Mary Ellen Lionetti



Kathleen Ann Lovaas



Nanette Louise Michels



Mary Ann Miller



Patricia Ann Natzke





Patricia Ann O'Donnell

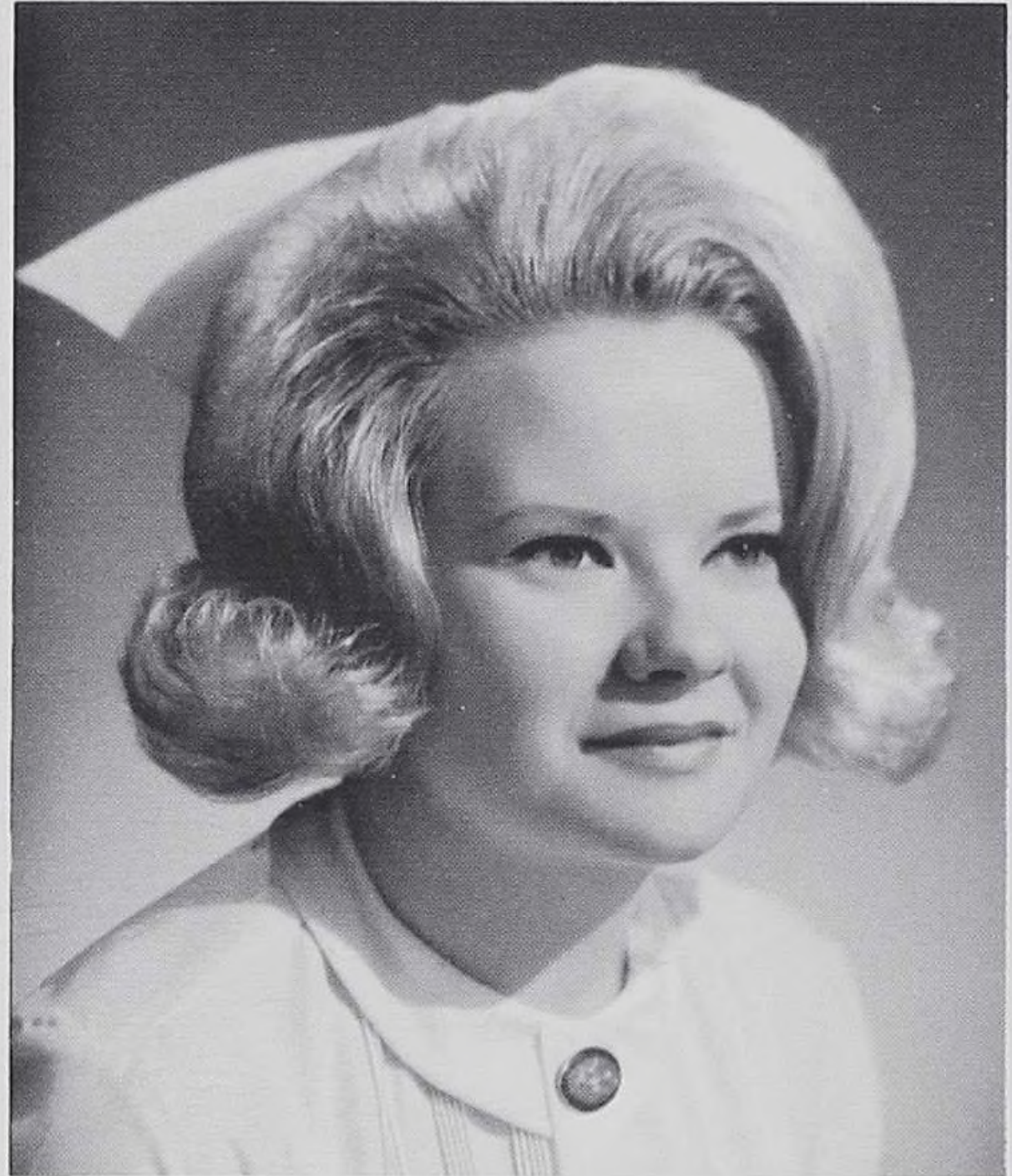


Jean Louise Oehlerking





Carol Lynne Ponczek



Louanne Barbara Schwarz



Bonnie Mae Ruling





Mary Agnes Stoehr



Mary Beth Wintersteller



Karen Noreen Wersland

STUDENT NURSE OF THE YEAR



As our three years at Lutheran General come to an end, the Senior Class has chosen to pick one classmate whom they feel represents their ideal of what a student nurse should be.

This year we honor a girl whose warm personality and sincere concern for others has been evident to all her classmates and friends. It is with great pleasure that the Senior Class of 1967 presents the title of Student Nurse of the Year to Linda Backer.



CLASS WILL

- I, Linda Backer, will my bear mating call to all camping enthusiasts in the junior class.
- I, Kathy Becker, will my ability to look attentive and interested to any underclassman who exists in a state of oblivion.
- I, Patty Brown, will my ability to grow long fingernails to all of the nail biters in the junior class.
- I, Penny Brown, will my ear-piercing ability to any junior who wants to hang out her shingle.
- I, Jill Burke, will my floppy yellow slippers to anyone who wants to be recognized by sound rather than by sight.
- I, Patti Collins, will my Foley Retention Catheter to any underclassman who suffers, as I do, from polyuria.
- I, Barb David, will my three year volume of "Things to Do" book to anyone who gets great pleasure out of crossing things out.
- I, Carol DelDotto, will my hiccups to anyone who can hiccup and say "I do" at the same time.
- I, Darleene Fako, will my overseas phone bill every month to any wealthy underclassman.
- I, Arlene Fanderclai, will my half eaten Bismark in the phone booth to Sue Farquhar.
- I, Dawn Hardy, will my ability to argue with anyone about anything at anytime and still remain friends.
- I, Nancy Hartley, will my ability to sleep before, during, and after classes to any underclassman who can afford to spend her time in this way.
- I, Marge Horvath, will one Ouija Board and my red light to anyone who's ever had a lonely night.
- I, Pat Jankowski, will all of my toothbrushes to anyone with a roommate who enjoys giving them haircuts.
- I, Jo Johnson, will my ability to get the patients' eye-view of nursing during my last 100 days in school.
- I, Jane Johnson, will the agony of leaving home on Sunday nights and the ecstasy of leaving school on Fridays to any underclassman stupid enough to live 85 miles from her husband.
- I, Marsha Jellies, will my supply of undershirts to any underclassman who needs them.
- I, Joan Kirchner, will my goodluck with blind dates to anyone fortunate enough to get a "Hali".
- I, Lois Klos, will to anyone, my ability to extend a three year nursing program into six with benefits!
- I, Angie Krempen, will my extra supply of "pills" to anyone who's married or otherwise.
- I, Pat Krumery, will to anyone who has a problem with severe procrastination - my coffee, my cigarettes, NoDoz, and the Franklin McCormick Program for all night studying.
- I, Mary Lionetti, will my ability to trip over ashtrays, bobby pins, paperclips, grass, dust, etc., to run into any obstacle, within a mile radius (especially doorways and walls), and to drop drinks (even when sober) to anyone who wishes to be employed as a before girl in a charm school commercial.
- I, Kathy Lovaas, will my Playboy Mug to anyone who drinks a lot of ——— Pepsi, would you believe?
- I, Nanette Michels, will my airmail stamps, stickers, a mighty case of writer's cramp, and my first place in the mail call line to any underclassman who finds her boyfriend, fiance, or husband 1000 miles away from home for two years.
- I, Jan Mickelson, will all my gloves for any occasion, in assorted colors and fabrics to any underclassman who has problems with her feminine identity.
- I, Mary Ann Miller, will my ability to hum without realizing it.
- I, Pat Natzke, will my "end of the weekend blues" to any married student who has to live in the dorm.
- I, Pat O'Donnell, will my ability to endure many holidays and long weekends in the dorm to anyone 2,000 miles (plus) away from home.
- I, Jean Oehlerking, will my third kidney to any member of the junior class who has a urine retention problem before finals.
- I, Carol Ponczek, will my ability to get along with instructors to any underclassman.
- I, Linda Reichelt, will my popcorn popper with the broken lid to any one who doesn't hate popcorn as much as I do.
- I, Bonnie Ruling, will my ability to get into trouble so easily to anyone who leads a dull life.
- I, Marilyn Schleef, will my name, "O'mar the Tentmaker" to anyone who sews alot, or has a figure like a tent.
- I, Louanne Schwarz, will my ability to talk myself, into, out of, or around any situation to any introverted underclassman.
- I, Mary Stoehr, will my inquisitive mind to any underclassman who really wants it.
- I, Karen Wersland, will my infectious giggle to anyone who wants an infection.
- I, Mary Wintersteller, will my ability to get engaged three times in three years to three different guys without knowing how or why it all happened.

CLASS PROPHECY

Ode To The Class of 1967

Ten long years have passed since our graduation day,
When we all said good-bye in a melancholy way.
I've often wondered what has happened to them,
Since that day long ago when their years at L.G.H. came to an end.
I decided to find out and write it all down . . .
Some tales will bring smiles; others, a frown.
So read along and you will see,
Just what has happened to you and to me.

Kathy Becker, I discovered one fine day,
Making her living in an usual way.
She has found herself a peculiar position,
In a cotton absorbancy inquisition.

Erma Jo Johnson has problems, you see,
That require the care of a specialist in I.T.
She often feels faint and becomes quite dizzy,
As she is now an I.T. assistant and is kept quite busy.

Marsha Jellies is now a consultant on beauty,
She has always felt that this was her duty.
Her many explanations of three-step plans,
Have given her quite a large group of fans.

Dawn Hardy still argues for argument's sake,
I wonder how much more her poor Tom can take.
But don't forget that making up is lots of fun,
When the talking is over and the arguing is done.

Pat O'Donnell is a budding author today,
And her first book should have a lot to say.
While in sunny California, swimming and tanning,
She's trying to decide if she should write a book on decisive thinking and planning.

Pat Natzke's husband is a policeman proficient,
In the art of self defense he isn't deficient.
To teach her karate he has quite a yearn,
But for some strange reason she refuses to learn.

Carol Ponczek is working at the city's Red Cross stations,
Where she's in charge of sampling all the food rations.
What she puts into Care Packages is funny to see:
Potato chips, beans, and lots of R.C.

An important executive on CBS t.v.,
Where she's in charge of commercials for A.S.A. and A.P.C.,
Jean Oehlerking works hard both night and day,
For about Bayer's products she has lots to say.

Darleene and Dan finally have their own church,
Where they've started both a medical and spiritual search.
Their patients are cared for from the inside out . . .
Ecology is practiced . . . of that there is no doubt.

A short time ago I saw a contest for nurses to enter,
And as the curtains opened, there on stage center,
Stood Mrs. Jan Goble, dressed in stylish taste,
Buttoning her gloves in hurry and haste.

Today I heard that Mary Stoehr is quite a speaker,
She tours the U.S. lecturing to those weaker,
On the hazards of smoking and puffing away,
On those foul cigarettes that taste like old hay.

Pat Jankowski had gone into medical art,
Which was a move that proved to be very smart.
She started with anatomical pictures that turned out just fine,
But her greatest ambition is to create a toothbrush to make teeth shine.

Today Karen Wersland still lives in Stoughton,
Where, if you listen carefully, you can still hear her gloatin'.
About country living, so quiet and free . . .
The only time she's home is from 1 pm to 3.

Since Lois Klos walked back through her family's front door,
She's added to the roster a few names more.
They all love their mommy and speak of her proudly,
Because she became a nurse they praise her loudly.

Mrs. Jane Johnson has opened a center of care,
For bicycle riders who show wear and tear.
She supervises their diets and makes them practice,
Until they're fast as leopards and as strong as a cactus.

Penny Brown works in Marineland - she and the fish are good buddies,
She's in charge of research and the hyperbaric studies.
Between hours of learning why fish aren't prone to the bends,
She's still using her talent to pierce the fins of her friends.

At Plum Grove Nursing Home the work is quite grueling,
But one nurse can take it - her name is Miss Ruling.
She's working quite hard to replace range of motion,
With the latest dance steps, a groan, and plenty of lotion.

Miss Schwarz is the nursing director at the hospital in Great Lakes,
Where lots of memos and notes she makes.
She sends "I need to see you" notes to the patients there,
To help them all plan their **comprehensive** care.

Linda Backer designs attachments for Singer's machine,
And works as a nurse in the hours between.
All of the clothes she creates are made out of flowers,
Which she loves to design for hours and hours.

Barb David works as a nurse in a ski resort,
Where she's in charge of both the weather and accident report.
She's proficient at casting both arms and legs,
And at filling the faithful St. Bernard's kegs.

Angie Krempen has made a contribution to our profession,
Which was announced and applauded at A.N.A.'s last session:
Beautiful pastel uniforms with hair dyed to match...
The orders get bigger with every new batch.

At Santa's Village Mary Lionetti Poore resides,
As the official pixie nurse where Santa presides.
She gives Santa and his elves physicals and so on,
Keeping up their strength so that they can go on.

A few weeks after graduation Marge Horvath took a trip,
Up to Expo '67 which supposedly quite hip.
After thinking it over she decided to stay there,
Designing hair pieces for nurses to wear.

Joni and Hali work together these days,
Processing new foods in many new ways.
Their best product so far that's out for sale?
Why, chocolate-covered pablum - get it without fail.

Nancy Hartley is a missionary nurse in the jungles deep,
Where the natives are dancing and the lion is asleep.
She is now more careful of where she sleeps and when,
For the last time she awoke, t'was in a lion's den.

Pat Krumrey is the most famous diet expert in our nation,
She'll solve your over-weight problems by cutting your food ration.
She's done quite well for herself, it's easy to see,
Happy with her work, and happy with Charlie.

Linda Reichelt works at Cook County in the emergency room,
Where she runs a constant race with time and with doom.
At night, however, life in the "Windy City" is great:
For excitement and adventure she doesn't have to wait.

Mary Ann Miller is in veterinarian research,
In a wooded area of pines and birch.
She's trying to determine if flowers and trees,
Have effect on the animal patients she sees.

Nurse Burke is still in a hurry wherever she goes,
Running a race with time as everyone knows.
When I asked how she was doing, she replied with a shout:
"Don't worry about me, I'm still making out!"

This day finds Patti Collins Rossler working for Uncle Sam,
She has gotten our country out of many a jam.
Jerry got her started on this during their courtship days:
Being a navel inspector really pays.

Nanette Michels and her John have been reunited at last,
On an airforce base where he served in the past.
There he trains the men - for war, not for fun,
While she and her committee make popcorn and punch for when the work is done.

When Patty Brown first came to nursing school,
She was a country girl, pure, sweet and cool.
City living got to her, so I hear tell,
She's not sure of what she's doing, but she does it quite well.

We all missed Carol Del Dotto on our graduation Day,
I asked her what happened and this is what she had to say:
She and Pat were running late and trying to make it,
When she saw a short cut and told him to take it.

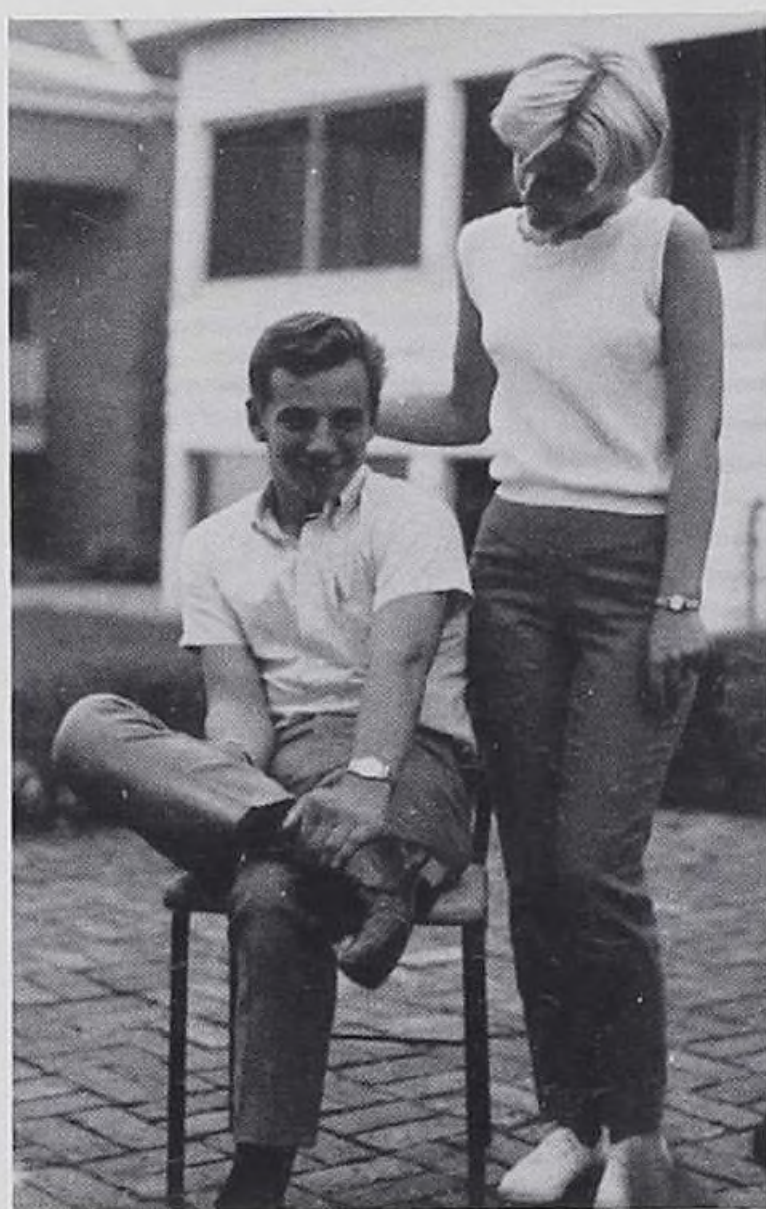
Arlene Fanderclai Fox is an orthopedic surgical nurse,
When asked how she liked it she replied, "It could be worse."
She and her husband often do their work together,
He's concerned with how the accident happened; she, how to go about the repair.

There's one classmate I'm sure you all remember,
She now resides in a city called Denver.
There Kathy lives with her husband Ron Proctor;
He's an engineer and she works for a doctor.

Marilyn Carney designs clothes for herself and for Jack,
And for ideas for her children's clothes she hasn't a lack.
Her own nursing uniforms are creations to see:
Bell-bottom legs, wide belts, and a neck in a V.

And last of all, there's Mary Wintersteller,
And about this poem no one has been to tell her.
She hasn't done much in the last few years or so,
She's still waiting for something - what, I don't know.

ENGAGED



Carol & Rich
September, 1967



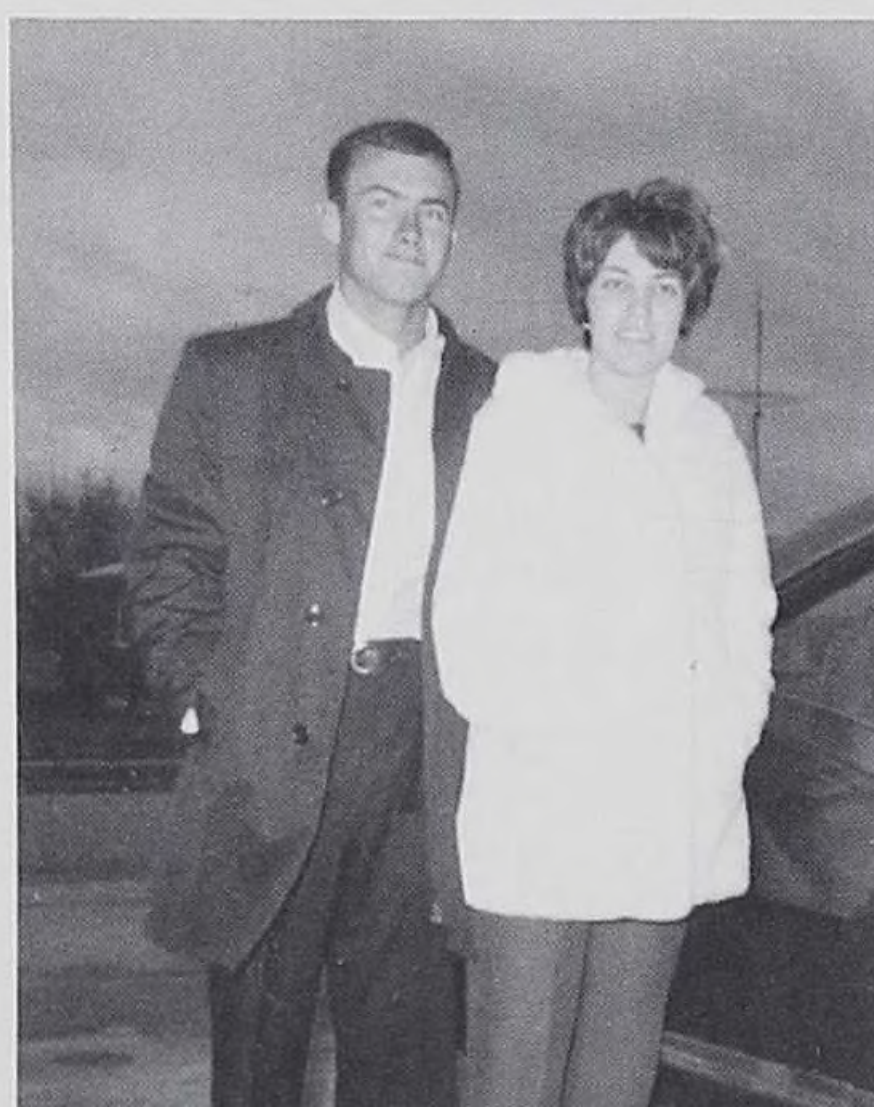
Marsha & Randy
August 26, 1967



Mary & Ron
September, 1967



Penny & Paul
August 26, 1967



Kathy & Ron
September 2, 1967



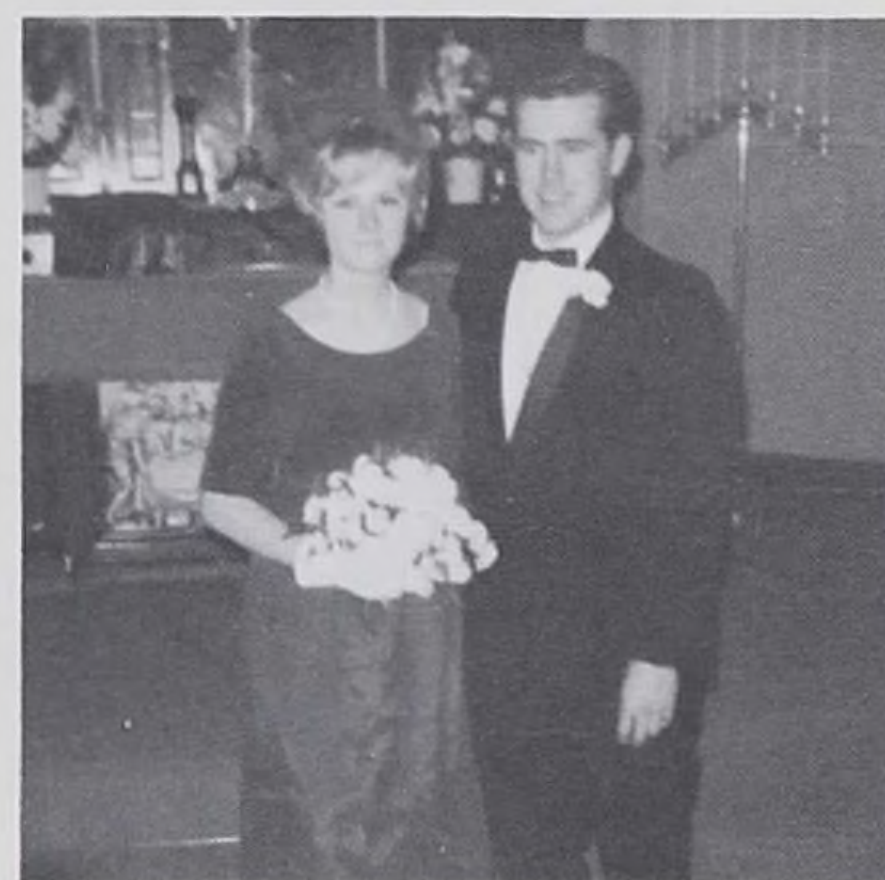
Joan & Hal
August 26, 1967

COUPLES



Arlene & Mike
September 2, 1967

Jean & Warren
Sept. 2, 1967



Patti & Jerry
April 20, 1967



Mary & Roger
May 4, 1968



Marilyn & Jack
August 26, 1967



Jan & Wayne
undecided

MARRIED COUPLES



Darleene & Dan
June 11, 1966



Carol & Pat
June 25, 1966



Pat & Wally
April 1, 1967



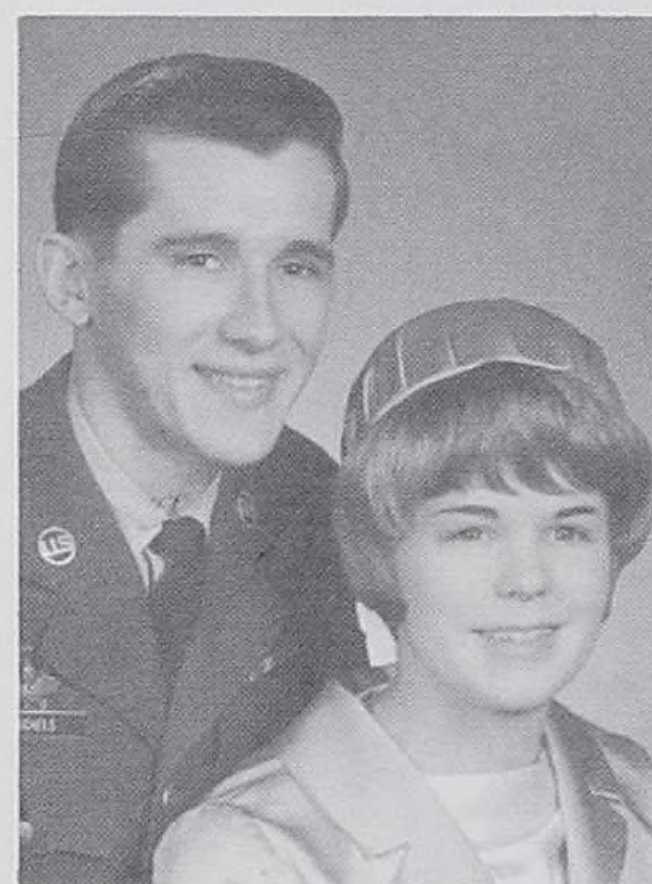
Lois & Don
March 5, 1963



Jane & Lee
June 12, 1966



Pat & Bob Sept. 24, 1966



Nan & John
Nov. 4, 1966



Angie & Jim
Sept. 24, 1966



Dawn & Tom
April 1, 1967

STUDENT ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES

Throughout the year the standing committees function as a necessary part of the Student Association. They are under the leadership of the President, Miss Louanne Schwarz and receive assistance from Mrs. Helmke, Advisor to Student Association. The immense amount of work they do provide social and religious opportunities as well as dormitory improvements and a student governed form of justice. A unified and functioning student body leads to a better school.





FINANCE

L. to R. M.K. Pepple, S. Kettwich, L. Reichelt, Chairman, N. Michels



CONSTITUTION & BY-LAWS

L. to R. P. Brown, Chairman, J. Kirchner, M. Freytag, V. Schultz



H I S T O R I A N

L. to R.
D. Plowman
C. Nelson
Chairman
J. Johnson



HONOR COUNCIL

FRONT ROW; L. to R.: P. Haag, B. David, K. Fryksdale, M. Pantke, K. Ricketts; **BACK ROW, L. to R.:** L. Backer, M. Jellies, K. Becker, Chairman, T. Stubenvoll, M. Price, A. Gulbrandsen, M. Galligan



H O U S E

L. to R.
L. Willoughby
J. Oehlerking, Chairman
L. Evans
A. Siwietz
S. Driskill



NEWSPAPER

L. to R.: A. Fanderclai, J. Blakesley, P. Krumrey, J. Petersen, S. Kettwich, B. David, M. K. Pepple: Co-Editors, B. Baarts, L. Bozych, K. Bleich, D. Plowman



NOMINATING

R. to L.:
M. Lionetti
M. Schleef
Chairman
D. Cordina
A. Gulbrandsen



PUBLICITY

L. to R.:
 M. Karas
 J. Blakesley
 C. Brieschke
 A. Krempen
 Chairman
 M. Franke



ION



L. to R.: R. Leeper, M. Quarnstrom, S. Melvin, M. Slette, P. O'Donnell, M. Stoehr, Chairman, J. Oehlerking, C. Nelson.



S.N.A.I.

L. to R.: P. Krumrey, Chairman, J. Hansen, L. Gehm



S O C I A L

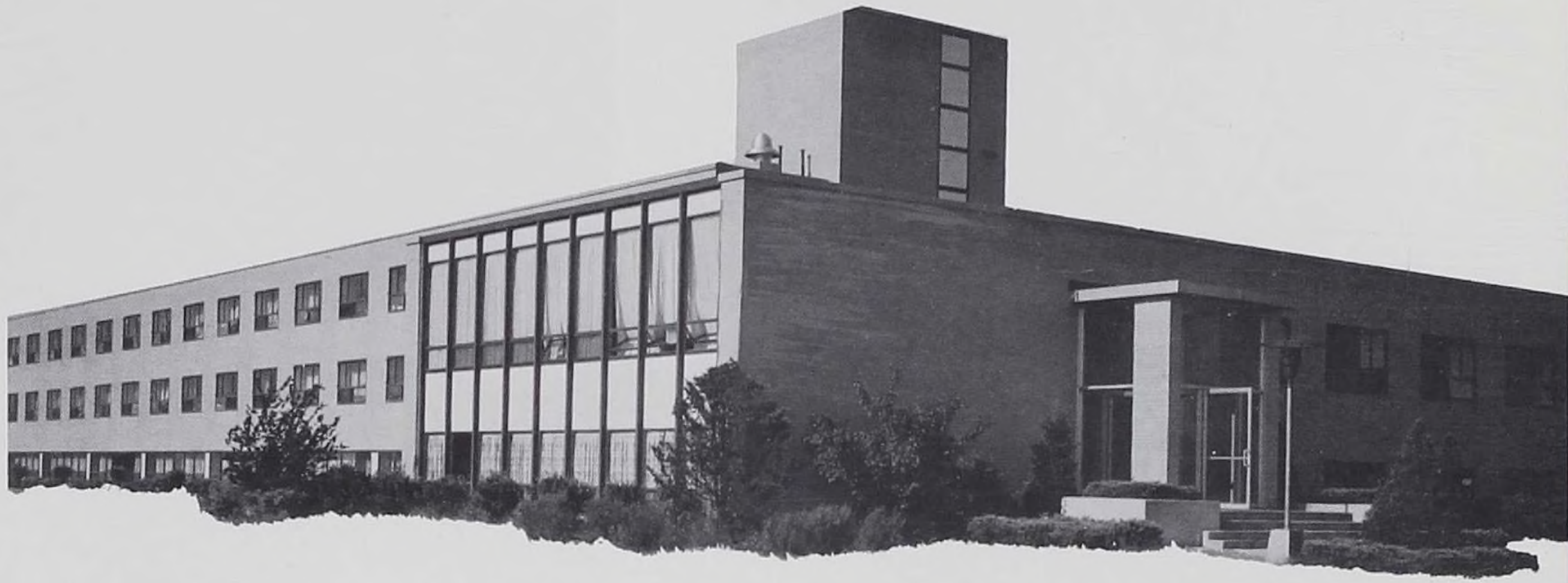
L. to R:
S. Rek
S. Friend
S. Farquhar
P. Collins,
Chairman
M. Rhoda



YEARBOOK

L. to R.: A. Hanson, G. Pelke, M. Jellies & C. Ponczek, Co-Editors; T. Stubenvoll, P. Kelly, M. Andersen, P. Haag, C. Timm

SCHOOL OF NURSING FACULTY



Lutheran General and Deaconess School of Nursing



Miss E. Rueggeberg, B.S., M.A.
Associate Director of Nursing





Miss D. Cording, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing

Mrs. W. Wood, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing



Mrs. C. Grant, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing





Mrs. R. Lukas, B.S.
Pediatric Nursing



Sister M. Christenson, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing



Miss M. Johnson, B.S.
Instructor, Obstetrical Nursing



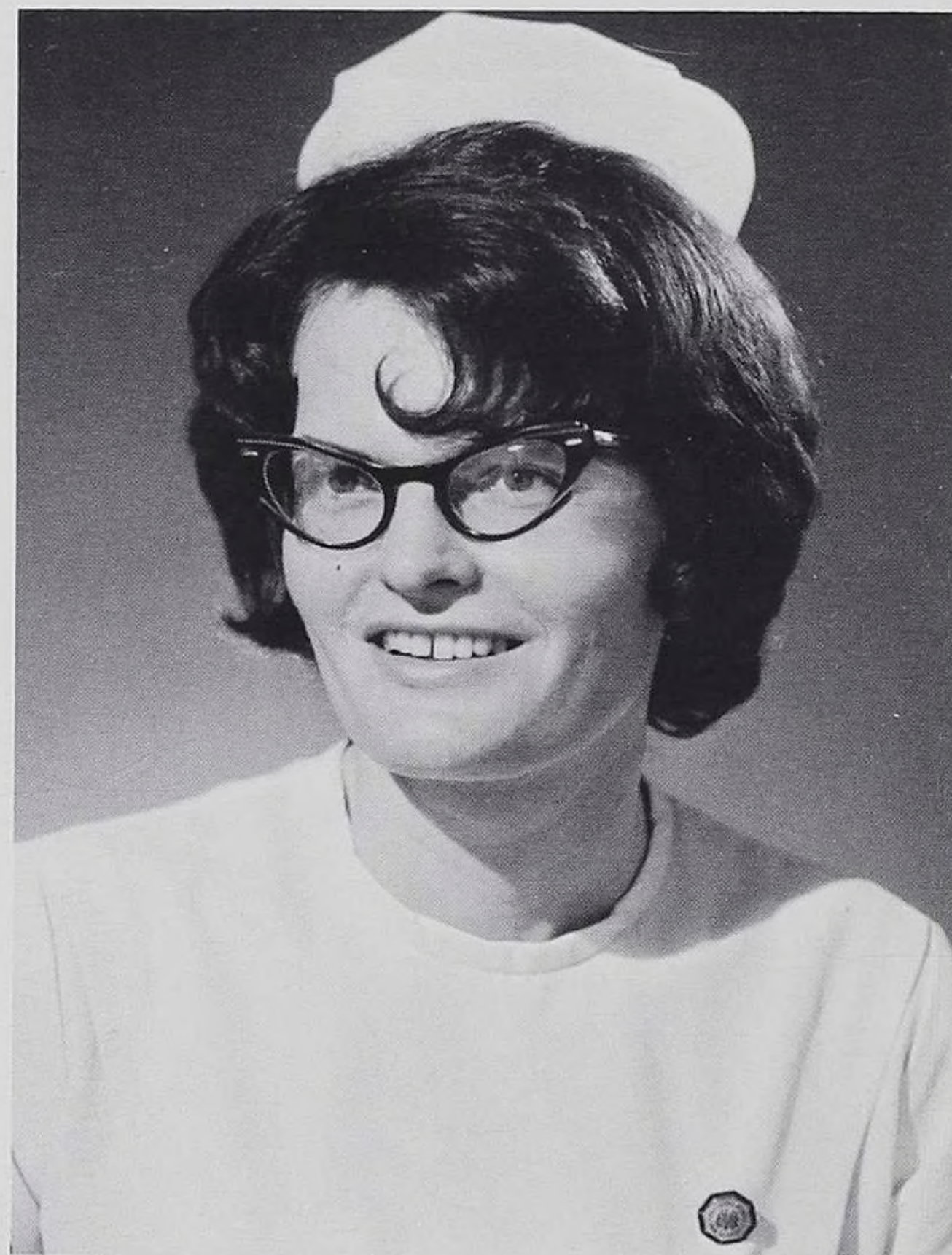
Mrs. E. Brown, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing



Mrs. B. Harlov, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing

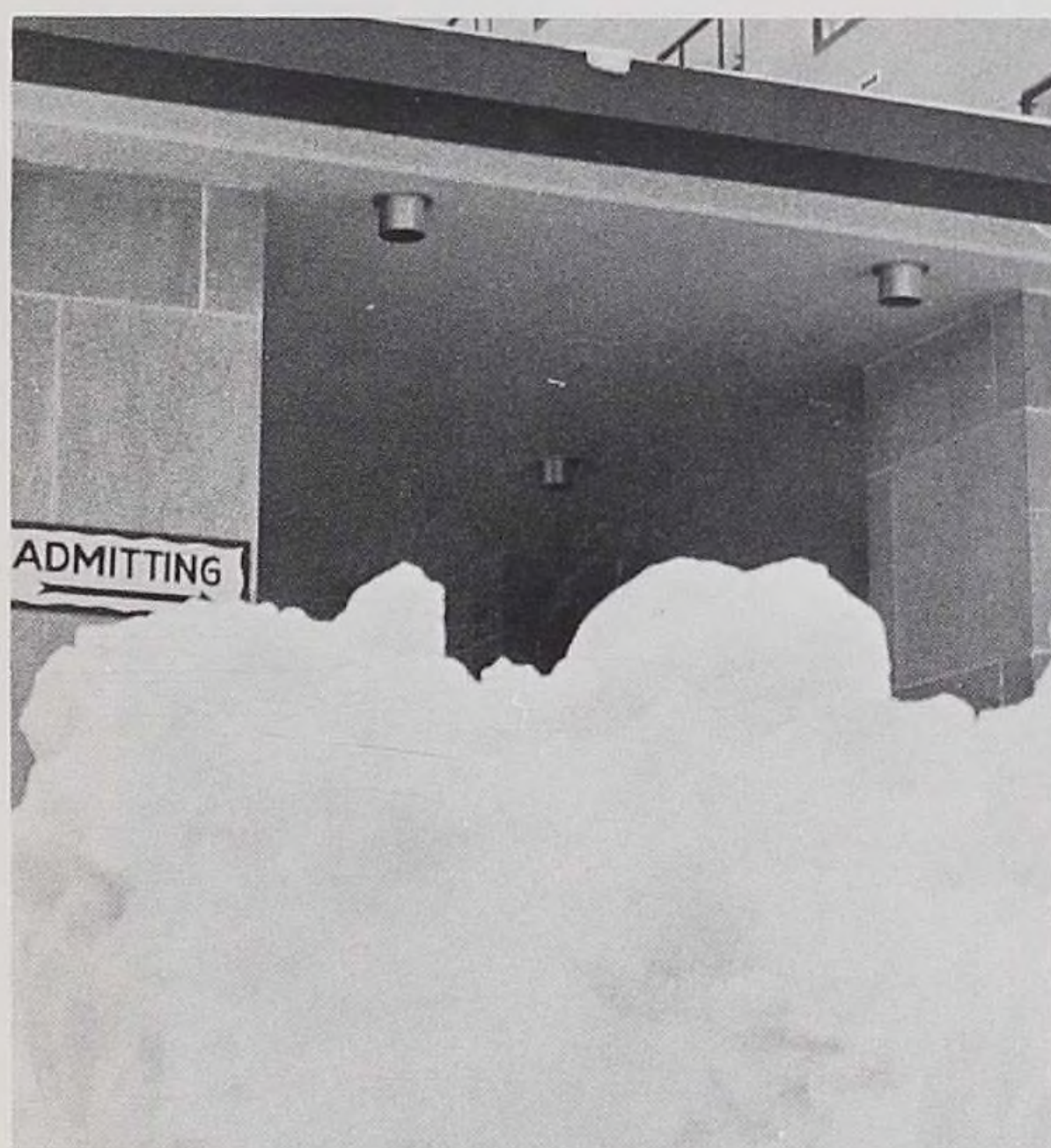


Mrs. R. Helmke, B.S., M.S.
Instructor, Psychiatric Nursing





Miss D. Anderson, B.S.
Instructor, Medical-Surgical Nursing



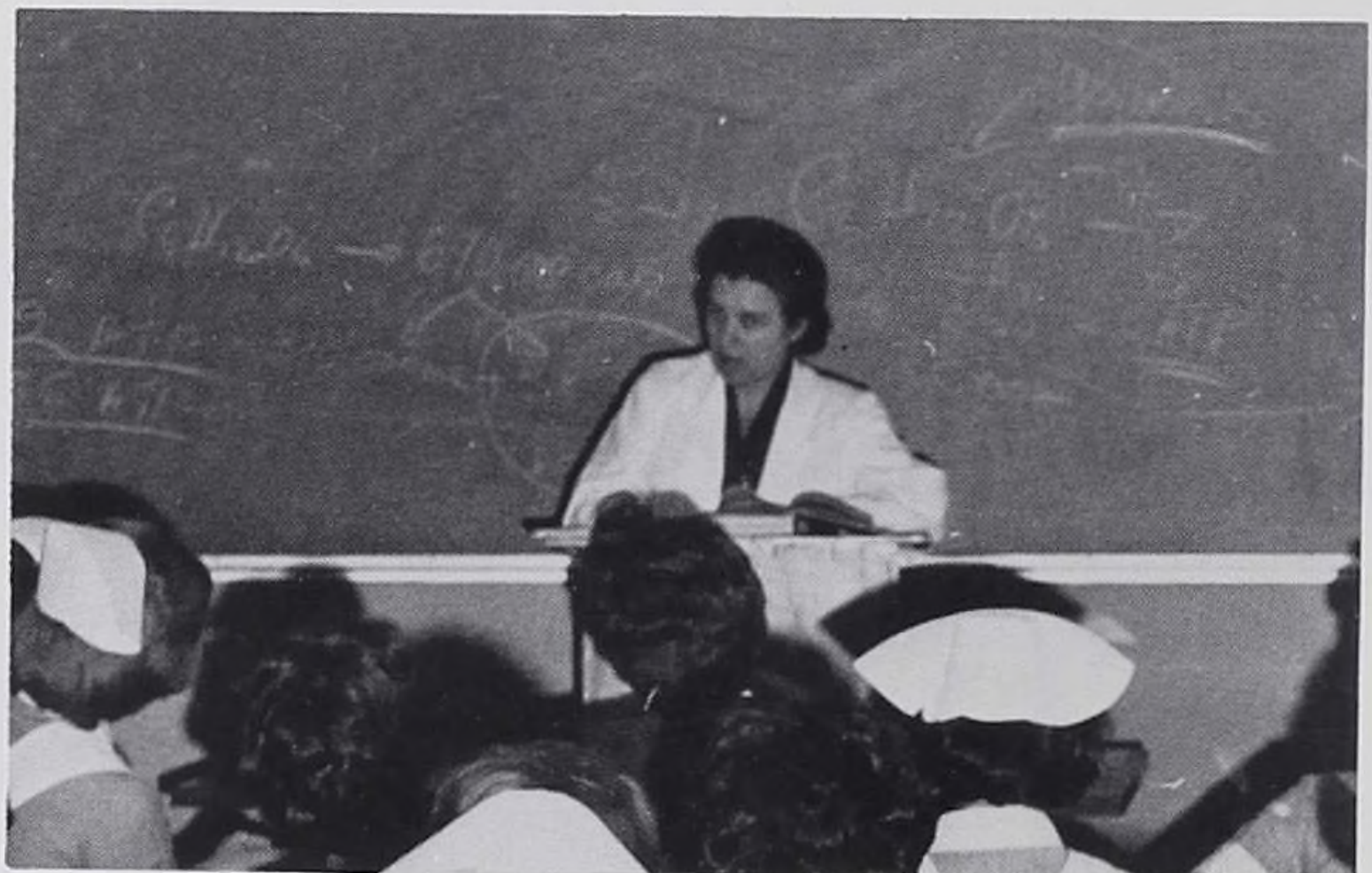
AND THEN THERE WAS SNOW!



NON NURSE FACULTY



Mrs. D. Rieff, B.S.
Instructor, Nutrition & Diet Therapy



Mrs. H. Kuritza, B.S., M.S.
Instructor, Basic Science

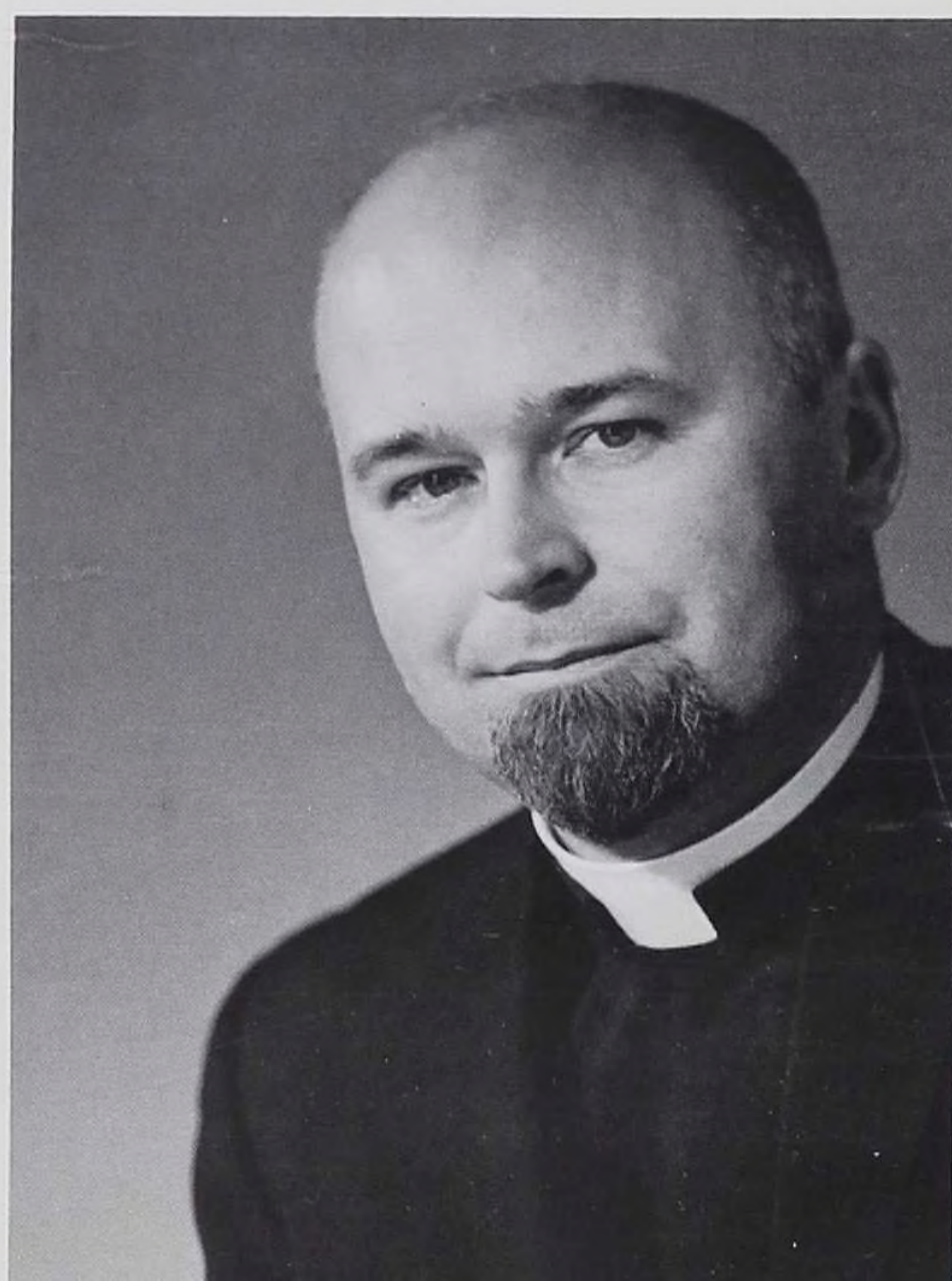


Pastor A. Jesson, A.B., B.Th., M.Th.
Instructor, Religion



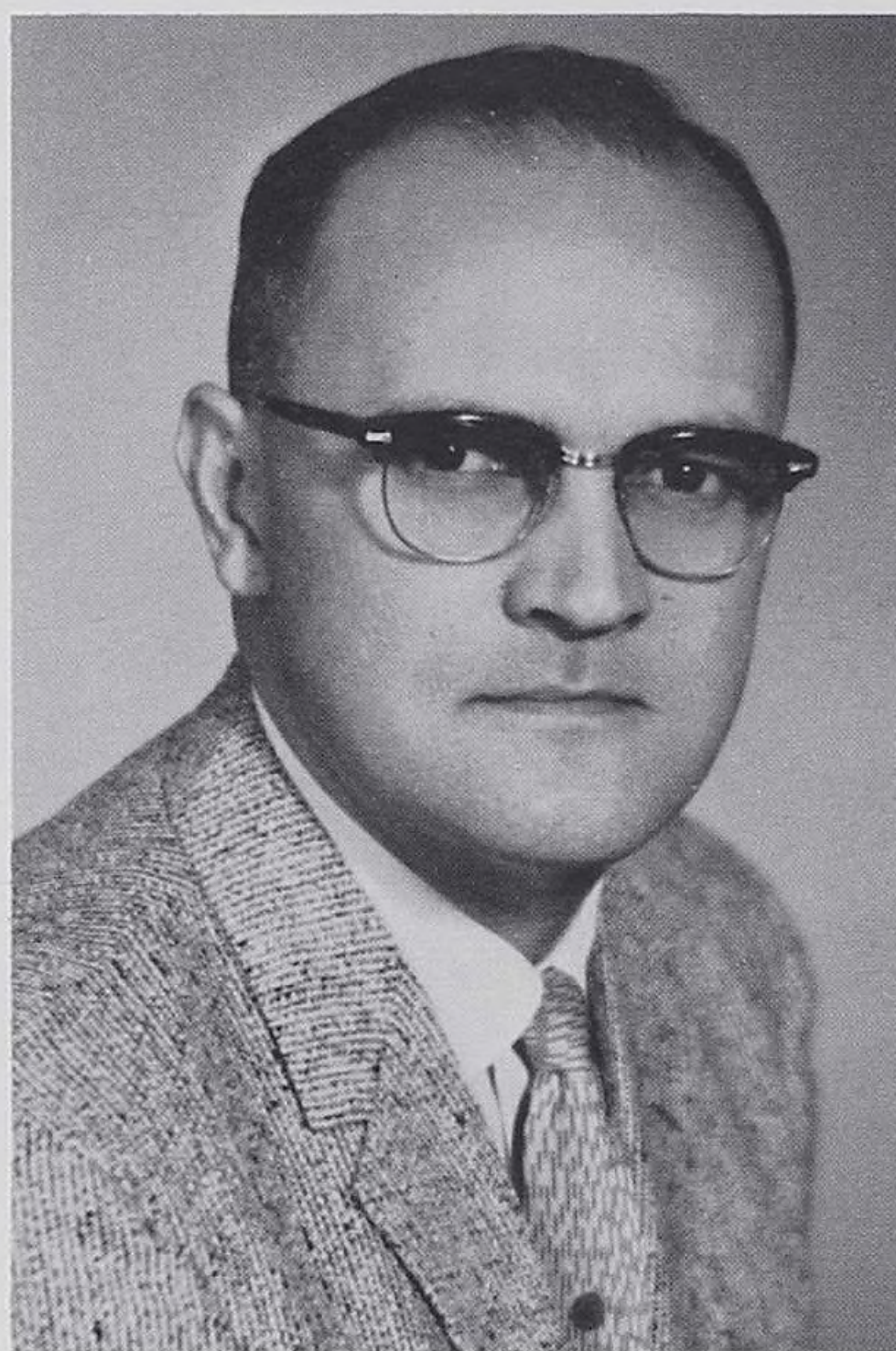
Mrs. H. McClane, A.B.
Librarian

Pastor A. Fiske, A.B., B.Th., M.Th.
Instructor, Religion

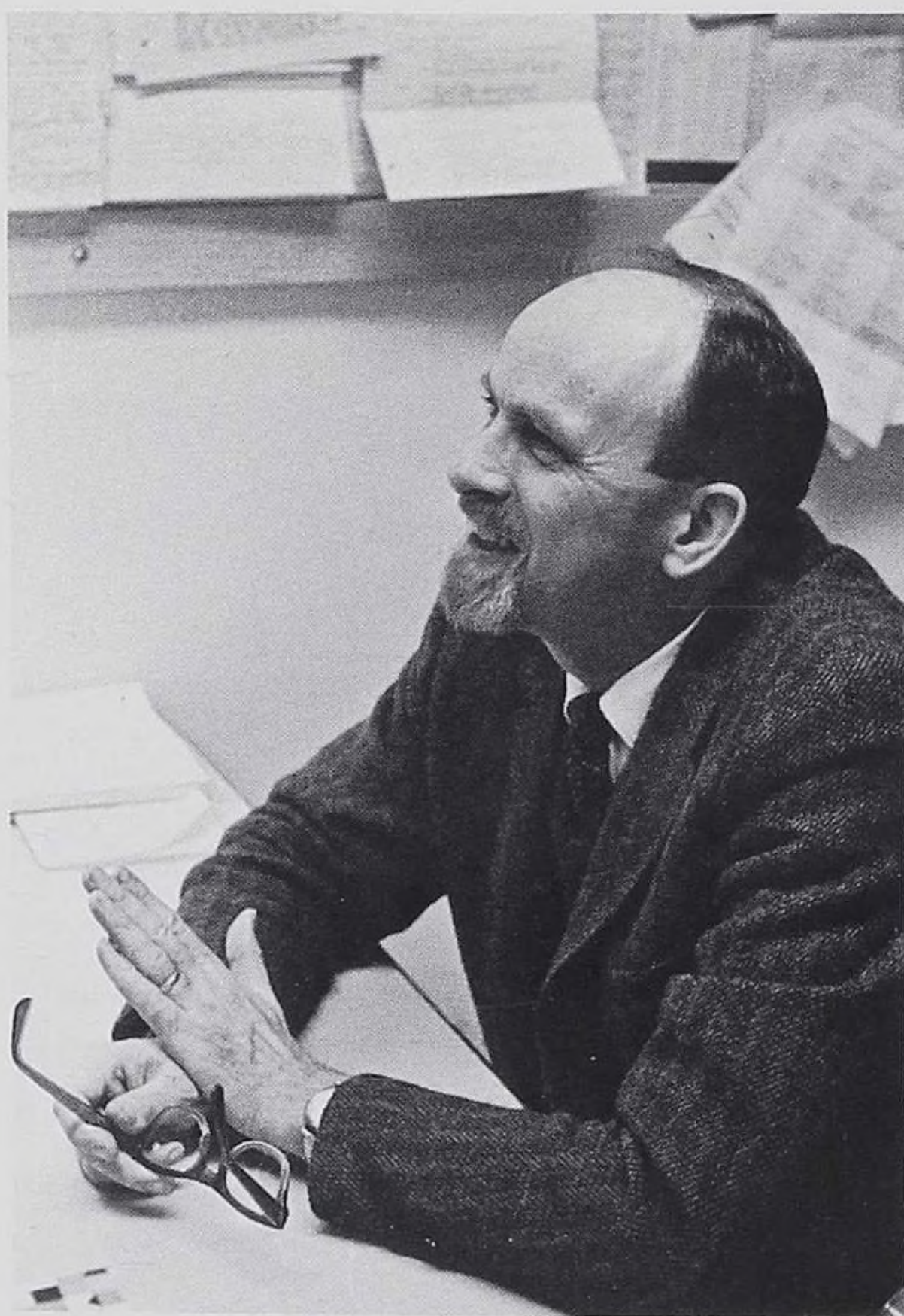




Pastor M. Zulauf, B.A., B.D., S.T.M.
Campus Pastor



Mr. M. Dumler, A.B., M.S., Ed.D.
Instructor, General Psychology



Mr. W. Lucht, B.S., M.Ed., Ph.D.
Instructor, Child Psychology



Mr. W. Rosin, A.B., B.D., M.A., Ph.D.
Instructor, Sociology

Sister Olive Hanson
Residence Director



Mrs. I. Kelly
Registrar



Mrs. N. Higby
Assistant Librarian

NOT PICTURED:
Mrs. Wright

Hostesses
M. Regin, R. Paulson, H. Eichmann

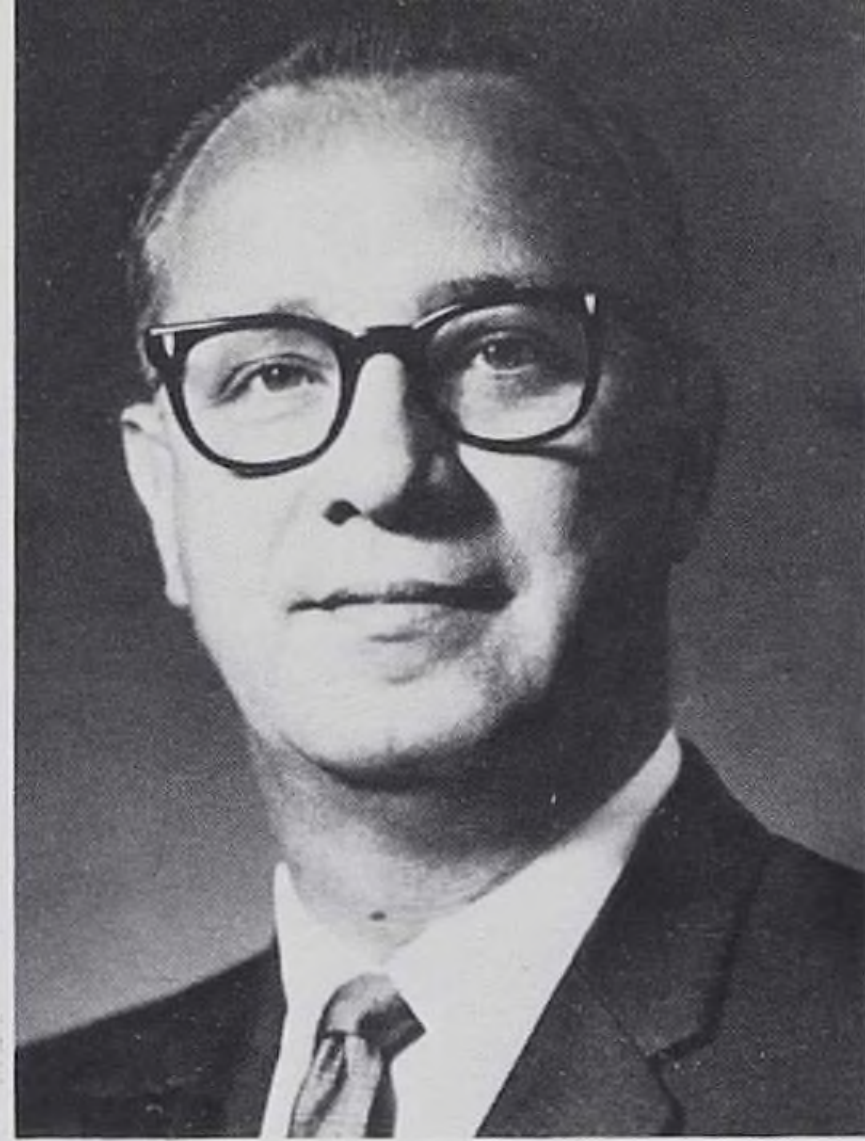


Mrs. D. Lanz
Secretary





Mr. R. Sittler, Administrator,
Lutheran Deaconess Hospital

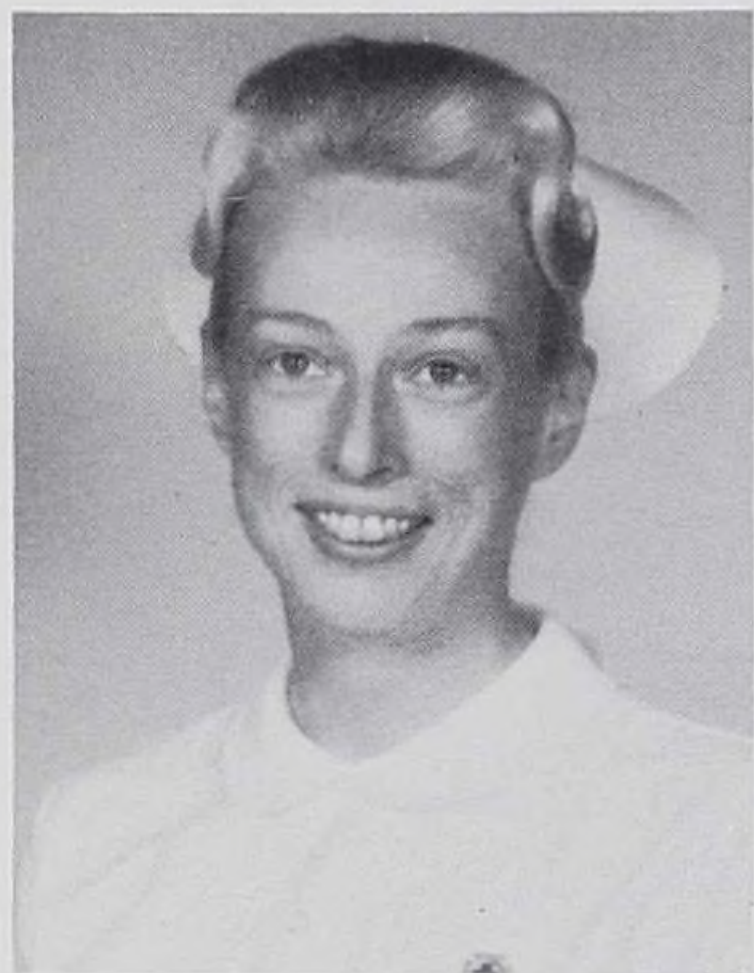


T. L. Jacobsen, Executive Vice President,
Lutheran General and Deaconess Hospitals



R. J. Nast, Administrator, Lutheran General Hospital

HOSPITAL HIERARCHY



N. Levine, Associate Director of Nursing, Nursing Service, Lutheran General Hospital



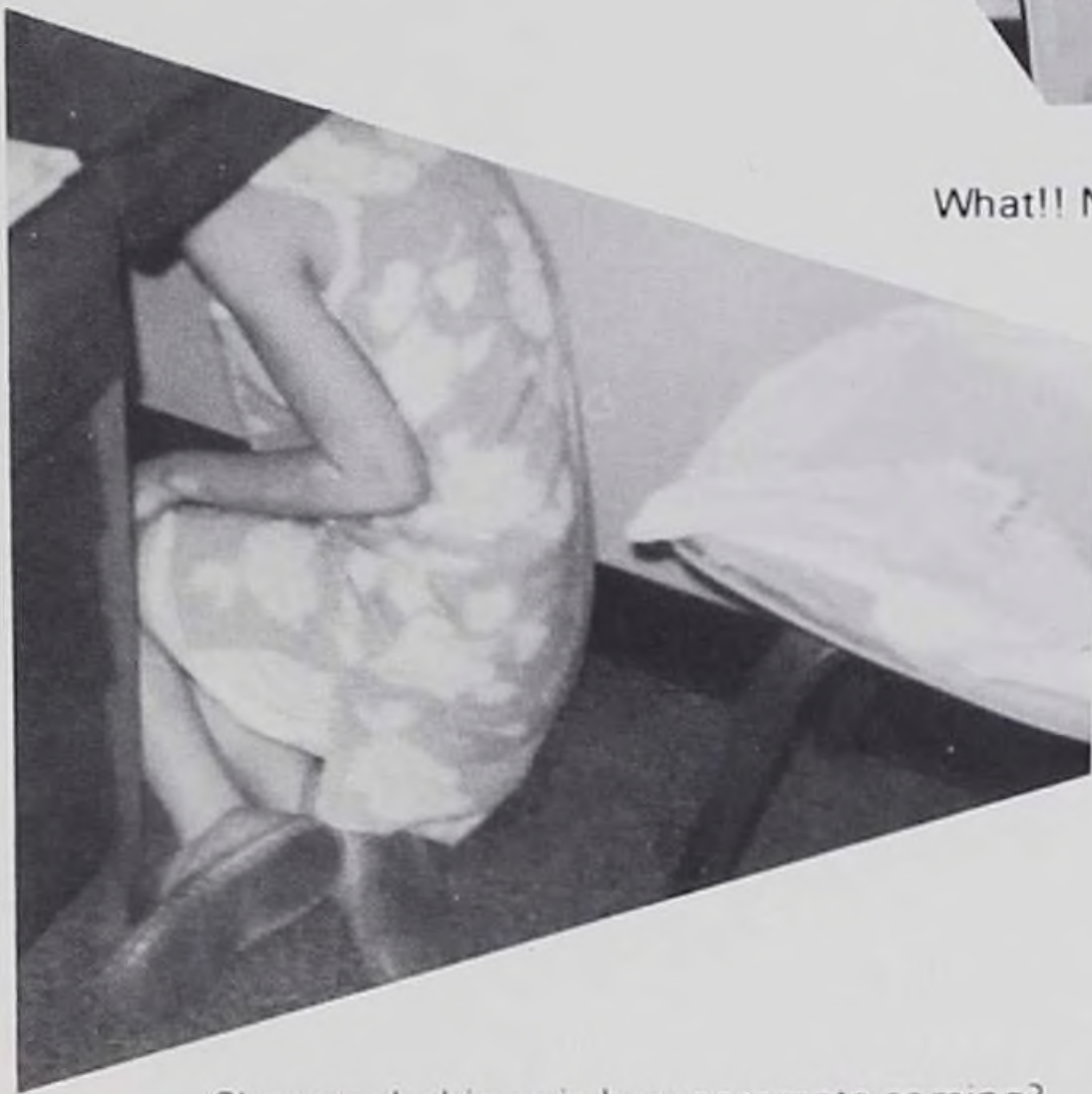
M. Paetznick, Director of Nursing Lutheran General and Deaconess Hospitals



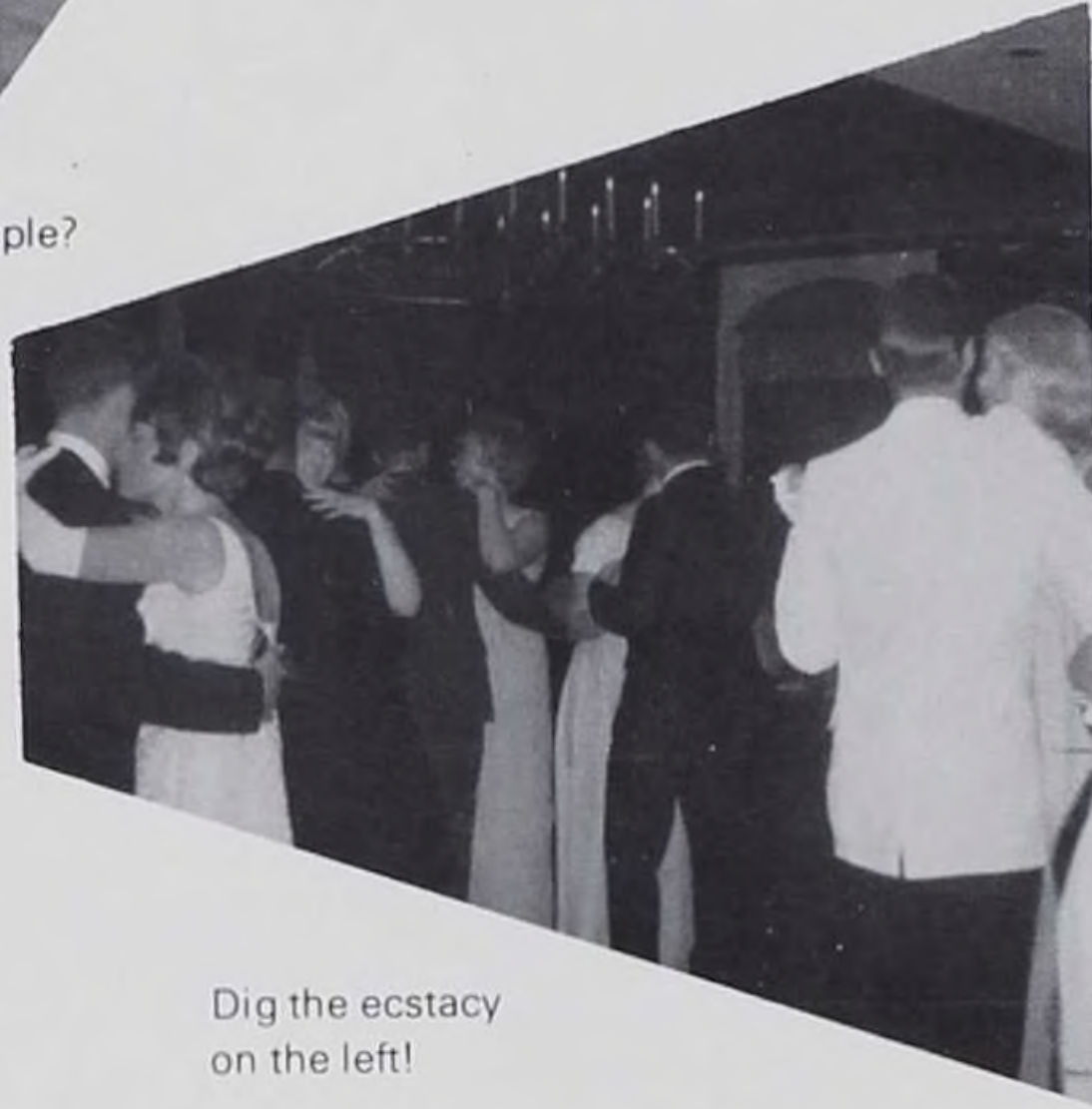
R. Ponticell, Associate Director of Nursing, Nursing Service, Lutheran Deaconess Hospital



What!! Normal people?



Claustrophobia or is her roommate coming?



Dig the ecstasy on the left!



This is a mug shot!



This is the way they stayed all evening



Who???????



007, 008, 009, and "000"



This can't be our dorm



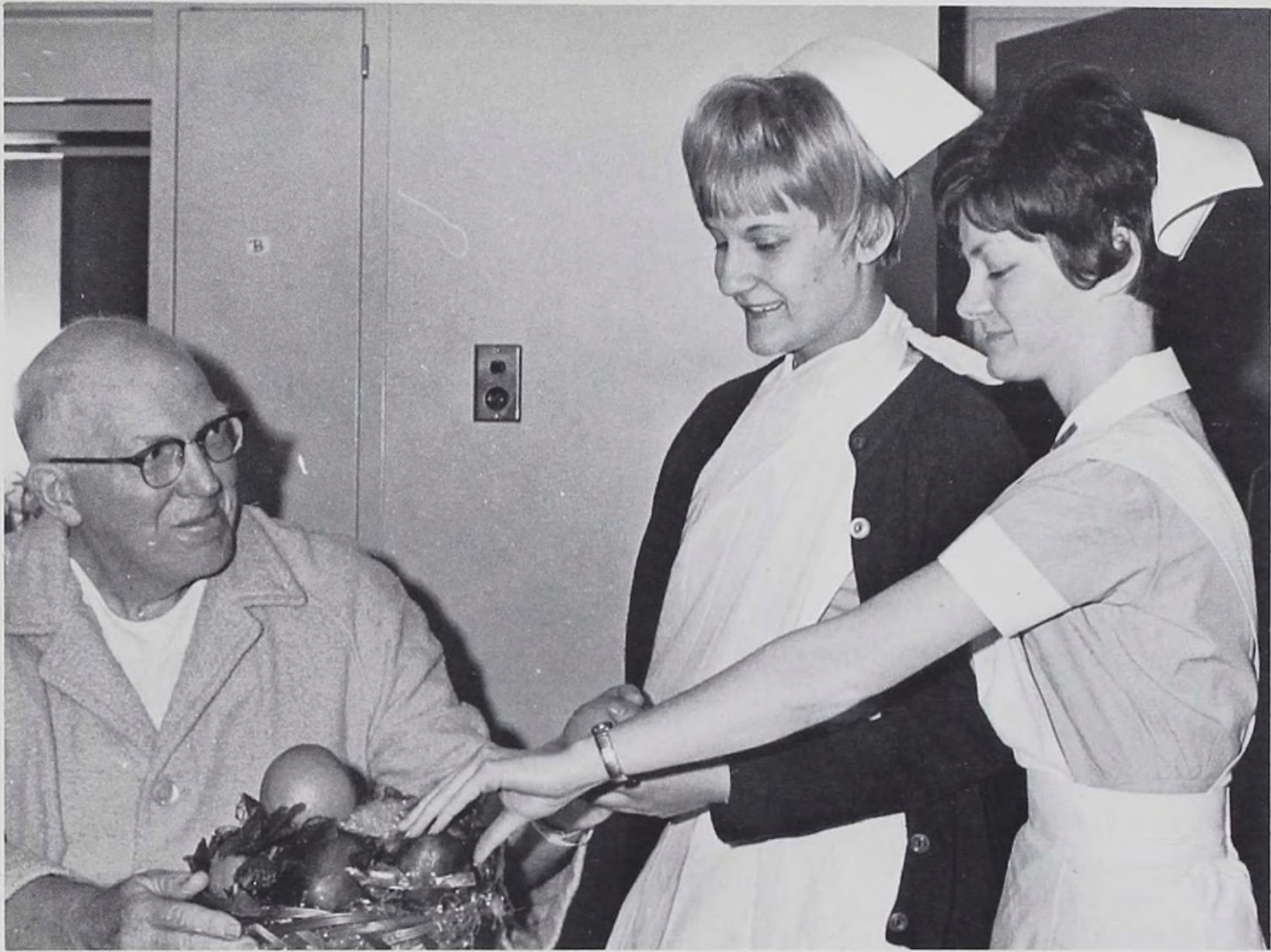
Three years have passed. And now we must look back
 And see where wandering footsteps left the track
 Mapped out by our ambitions and ideals.
 When young and joyous we first entered here
 We all had rosy dreams of how each year
 Would answer all our prayers and our appeals.

In this short time — this truly tiny space —
 We thought to resolutely run a race
 Toward things more manly than our early deeds.
 Some strove their hardest; though they could not reach
 The goals they set themselves, yet they could teach
 Their backward brothers struggling through dark needs.

In this glad season nature turns away
 From winter's storms and troubles, and is gay
 Anticipating summer warm and bright.
 Let us, though we learn lessons from the past,
 Go bravely forward, hoping to the last
 That each day's work will bring us nearer light.

Henry W. Keyes, Jr.





OUR THANKS TO

Dr. Bernard L. Abrams
Dr. Stuart S. Bederman
Dr. Samuel H. Barron
Dr. and Mrs. Myron E. Berman
Dr. and Mrs. Morris Binder
Dr. and Mrs. Paul Birk, Jr.
Dr. Eugene K. Borchart
Dr. Nelson J. Bradley
Dr. Howard L. Bresler
Dr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Broccalo
Mr. William R. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. Paul Bubala
Dr. H. Paul Carstens
Dr. Kenneth Cohen
Dr. Raymond H. Conley
Dr. Thomas J. Conley
Mr. Lawrence J. Dahlgren
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