

76

THE LAMP





Spirit Of '76



All who listen to my instructions and follow them are wise, like a man who builds his house on solid rock. Though the rain comes in torrents, and the floods rise and the storm winds beat against his house, it won't collapse, for it is built on rock.

But those who hear my instructions and ignore them are foolish, like a man who builds his house on sand. For when the rains and floods come, and storm winds beat against his house, it will fall with a mighty crash."

Matthew 7:24-27
THE LIVING BIBLE



Dedication

To the Rev. Schermerhorn who brought us from the blindness of our desires to the awareness of others:

Rev,

We the class of '76 are honored to present this edition of the Lamp to you. You were the light of our pathways, a beacon in times of distress. Willingly, we embodied you within ourselves. You questioned, we searched. You suggested, we evaluated. Through awareness of ourselves and our needs, you gently led us into a more fulfilling relationship with others. Our souls were dusted and the cobwebs torn away. As the newborn ray of light beamed into our bodies, we then realized that a wise man may build his house upon a rock without fear of it collapsing; and we, as nurses, may also use our ideals as our foundation, for if we have faith what other power do we need.

With Love,
Class of '76

Directors Message



To become a nurse requires ability, compassion, and commitment. You, the graduate, are a recipient, a consumer, a participant, and a product of our educational programs. Institutions and faculty are accountable for providing an accredited program for you. You have made an investment of money, time, and effort and the rewards of your educational preparations depend upon your own involvement and how you utilized the opportunities which were offered. You must now be self-directive in meeting many challenges, in being accountable for yourself and to your peers, to your patients, to society, and to your profession.

Best wishes to each of you in the Class of 1976 as you begin your professional career.

Irene Shannon, R.N.



Class of 1976





Luisa Sirois Albert



A special thanks to Paul for his support and love. - also a very special thanks to my big brother, Alberto, for making this possible for me and keeping our family together.







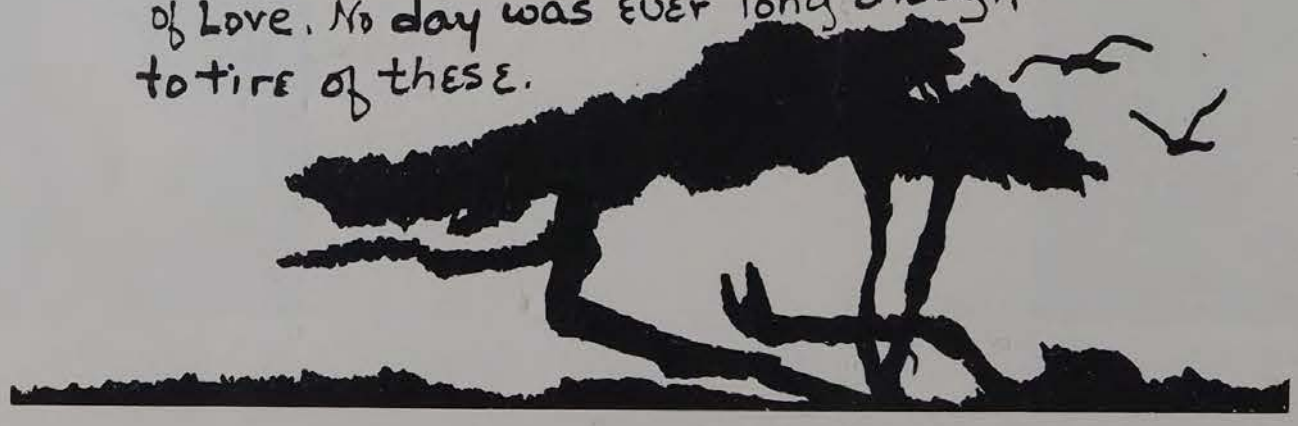
Irene Nason Bartlett







No day was ever long enough... to make me
tire of the beauty of the sunrise... to
grow weary of dew on rose petals... to
walk enough - and feel enough of the sweetness
of the wind blowing through my hair.
No day was ever long enough to exhaust
the treasures of a friendly talk... or an
unsought, but much wanted expression
of Love. No day was ever long enough
to tire of these.



Aug. 29, 1973 . . . Room 418 . . . cramming . . . wards . . . running for the bus . . . first injection . . . Christmas parties . . . Cx . . . Jonathan Livingston Seagull . . . mumps . . . third floor . . . summers at Thayre and midnight visits . . . Rahab . . . the Trio in 316, 317, 318 . . . Mark . . . Pink Floyd . . . the Bounty . . . one more thing, Jude . . . Will I ever make it? . . . May 19, 1976 . . . GRADUATION



Valerie Lynn Beane



Happy twenty-one



I don't like Bran muffins



Notebook due tomorrow?



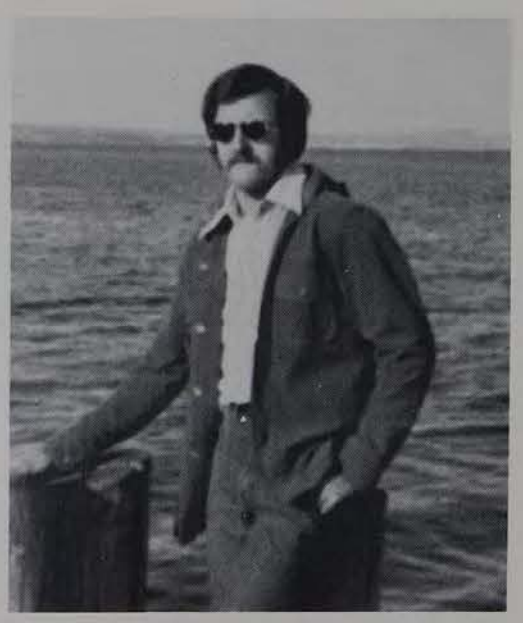


We get so busy sometimes . . .
so involved with our own
lives that often we don't
stop long enough to remember
good friends who are very
special to us.

Susan Lynne Boguen

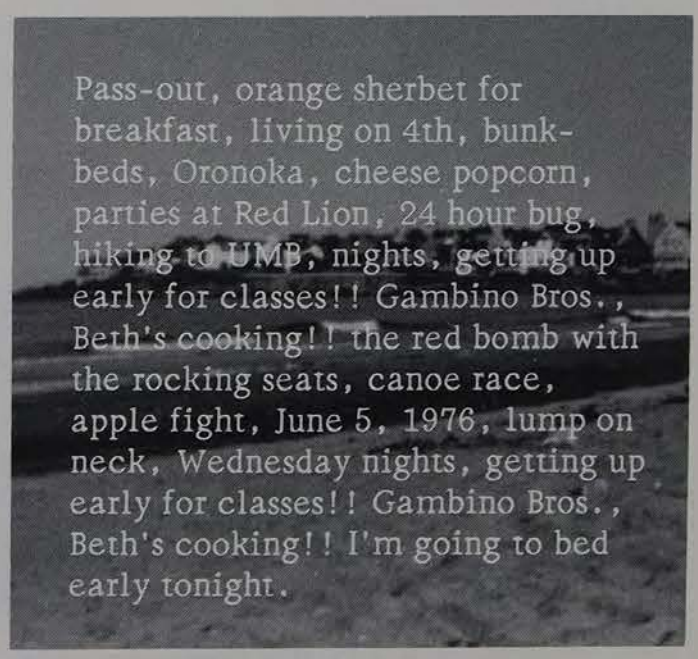






With hopes and dreams we now depart,
A new adventure and life to start.
Long have we said, "I want to be . . ."
Now it is time for reality.
Each is prepared in different
To catch the splendor of the sunlight's rays.
Three years of school, buried in books
Now all ends with affectionate, last looks.

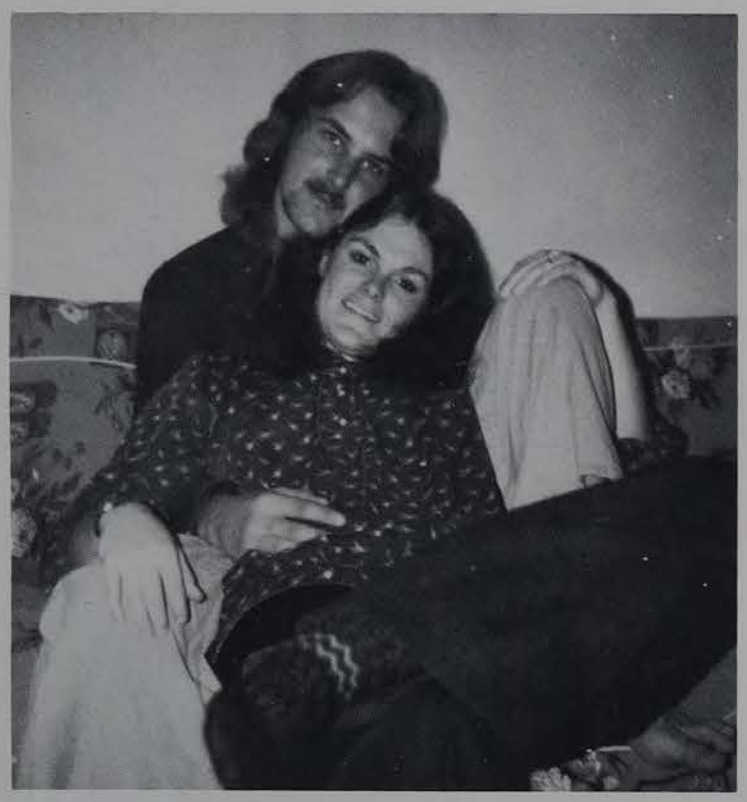
For we are the tomorrow; we are the today;
We shall seek progress, and never delay.
We shall be humble, as well as kind.
And leave with our knowledge,
and strength of mind.



As you're walking down the road,
don't forget to stop and look around
someone say be falling,
someone may be down
The way's not always sunshine
darkness comes and goes,
Life's full of many questions
the answers no one knows
something I think we all
can do, although we all do not,
is to laugh a little,
smile a little,
and LOVE a lot.



Carolann Blackstone Cain



If I have to stand alone
I want to know why,
I'm only a raisin
in the sun.





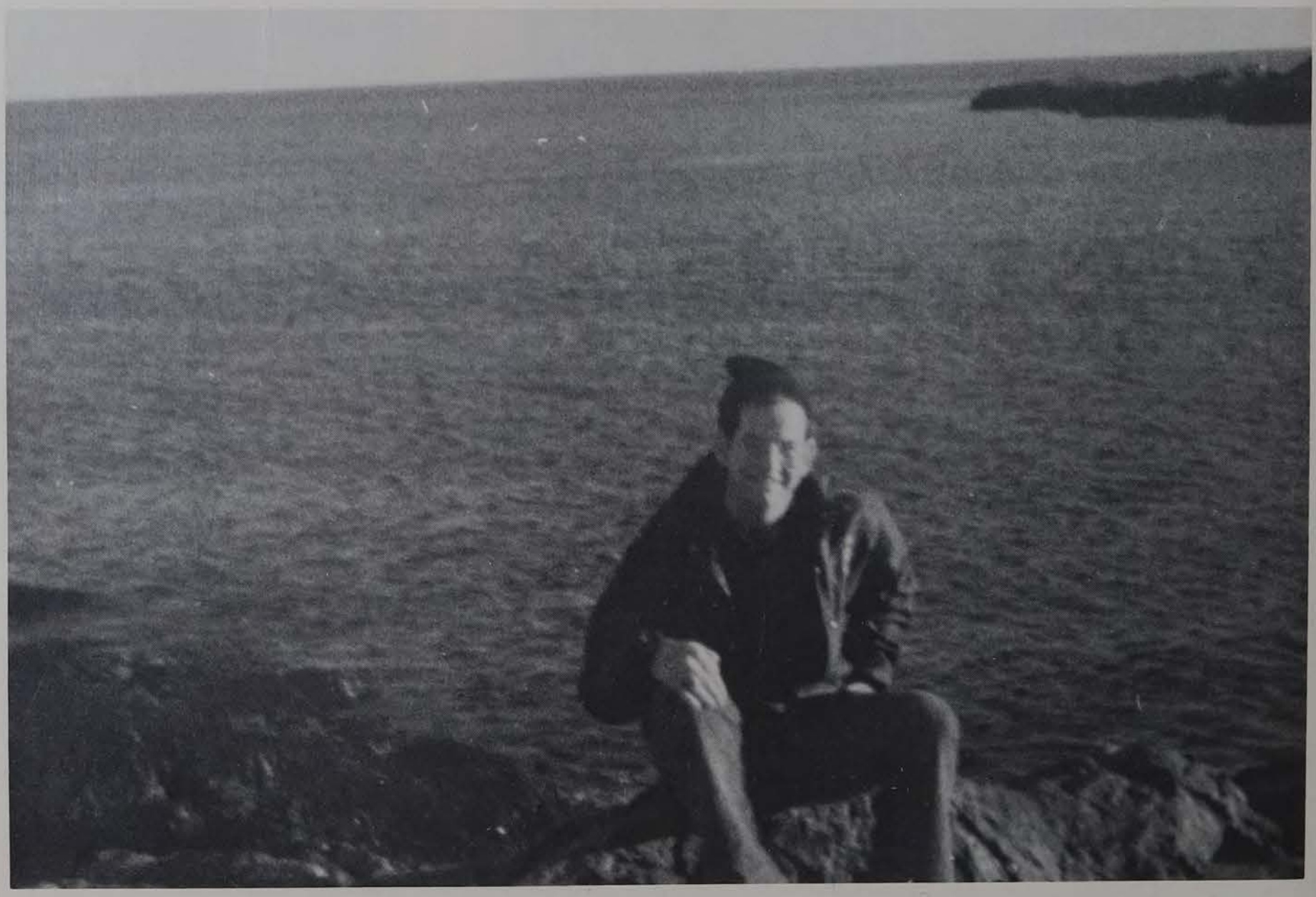
Ardith Belinda Carey

"Ardie"



A special thanks to my Mom, Dad, and Craig, whose love, understanding, and encouragement made it possible for me to make it through my three years at EMMC.

Much love,
Ardie



If I could have a dime for every pound I gained at the "Oronoka"



Remember when the Spring-field baseball team, Eileen, Beth, + I left an impression on "Mr. Big's... so great that they closed up.







Catherine Marie Carter

"Cathy"

Many THANKS go to my family + friends for putting up with me through these three long hard years.

It is only by thinking alone that we grow to understand our soul, and only by seeing our surroundings in solitude do we gain peace of mind. It is only by listening alone that we hear our own heart, and only by self-determination do we discover the right road... no matter which way it may wind.

Yet along every path there are obstacles - some visible - some less obvious. Often we realize our weakness and reach out. At the same time recognition of deeds serves as fuel for future endeavors. It is by stepping on every rock that we learn what to believe and what to doubt.

It is by crossing bridges... striding streams... conquering mountains... and viewing the entire sea, that we obtain our strengths learn not to feign our emotions, achieve hope and love, and become what we want to be.

By E. Pyle



Vicki Sue Cawley

People so seldom say
I love you

And when they do
It's either too late
or it goes.

So when I say I
love you

It doesn't mean I know
you'll never go,

Only that I wish we
Could remain together!

August 29, 1973 . . . lonely nights . . . trips home at one o'clock in the a.m. . . . quiet and shy . . . thanks roommate . . . first stripe . . . N.S.N.A. convention . . . surprise birthday party . . . thanks for lending a listening ear, Jude . . . May 19, 1976!







Why sit together
And share so many feelings
If alone inside?





Catherine Cunningham

Look to this day
for it is life
the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all
the realities and truths of
existence
the joy of growth
the splendor of action
the glory of power.
For yesterday is but a memory
and tomorrow is only a vision.
But today well lived
makes every yesterday a memory
of happiness
and every tomorrow a vision
of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!

-Ancient Sanskrit Poem





Eileen S. Dougherty



Oh, how I long for the distant sea
Where the wave and the shore-line meet;
Where the gulls fly low, or dive below,
And the sea shells crackle under feet.

I long for the flooding or ebbing tide,
And the smell of the salty air;
The rocky place, or the spray-stained face,
Or the struggle of wind with the trussed-up
hair.

Things as they are are good enough,
But I'm not content I can tell;
I need drift-wood fires; my heart desires
The drizzling fog and the sound of a bell.

Harold Leland Chaffey

A Respite

If I could only bear your pain -
For a minute or an hour or a day
Relieve you of your suffering -
The grief of knowing
Others grieve for you,
The unrelenting body agony
Boring into your soul,
The greater agony of
Apprehending loss of love
In death, in fear, the unknown.

To offer you to return to life -
The world of love and sun
And combing your Baby's hair,
Running through the woods
Alone and whole,
Passion and contentment,
Joy and Peace,
If only for a moment
I could give you these

How much easier to endure your suffering
Than to help you bear your pain
Alone.

Diane Clements



Karen Dow



Mom, Dad, Leslee, and Jeffrey thanks for putting up with me for the past three years. It's been long and hard, and I couldn't have done it without all your love and patience.



I would like to give a special thanks to Mrs. Bacon and Adrienne for all the help and guidance they have given me. You were always there when I needed you the most.





Martha Eastman

489 State Street . . . Nurse Jane Fuzzie Wuzzie, "Trace the third cranial nerve," bedpans, 2 hours in lecture without a break, phone calls from Jimmy, housemothers, cramming, Lamaze, NSNA Convention letters from Belgium and Germany.

Orono . . . waiting for the bus, XC skiing, snow on the seat of my knickers, overnights at Somerset, M.C.A., Agape meals, Board meetings, retreats at P.L., community . . .









Star Island, Portsmouth . . . sunsets sea air, Pelicans, Karen, long chambermaid meetings, candlelight Clarence's Chowder House, E flat tuba, Drew, Strawberry Banke, my back steps, ½ birthday, whatcha - thinkin'? "You will come back! You will come back! You will come back! You will come back!" . . .

Veazie . . . corner of Maple and Olive, independence, freedom, quiet, neighbors, dinner parties, biking to Bangor, letters postmarked Amherst, Mass., my best friend, Thanksgiving vacation, domestication, times flying, Christmas, Boston, Hampshire, May 19, 1976 . . .

My deep appreciated thanks to all who helped me make it through these 3 years. My future will reflect all that I and others put into it.

Special thanks to my wonderful and understanding parents. My love is with them always.

Jennifer



Jennifer Haines Ferrigan









"If I am without love, it will do me no good whatever", I Corinthians



Dedicated to:
Mom and Dad
Linda and Gene
Casey
Fred and Noreen
My loving husband,
Jim









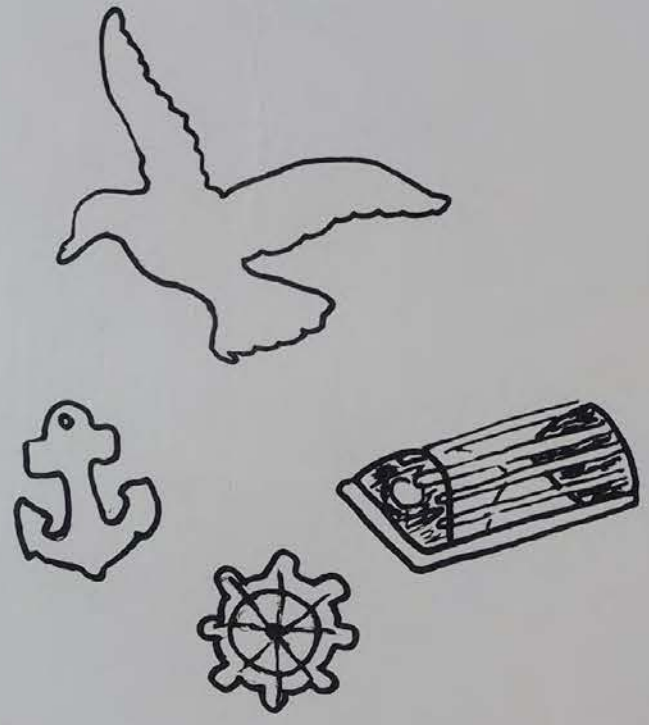


Beverly Jean Foss

"Bev"

Give Me Time

Time for patience
for understanding too
Time to remember
Thoughtful deeds to do
Time to believe in
all fellowmen
Time to perceive
the value of a friend



I would like to thank my family for their encouragement, guidance, and understanding; but most of all for their sincere Embracing Love

As we partake our endeavored journeys, we may be separated - by smiles, but our memories will always be omnipresent.



For Bob;
For his patience, consideration, and support during my three years of nursing school.

When I'm down and feeling alone;
It's nice to know I have a friend at home.
When pressures become too much to bear; It's nice to know there is someone to care.
Whenever I need you, you are always there to hold me close and stroke my hair.
Your smile is more than just a smile;
It's the one small thing that makes my world worthwhile.
Together we are making the life we dream of.
It all involves a word called Love.

Thank you for giving me the most precious things of life.



Donna Goodspeed



The Bond is Made. We are One.



Adrienne Guyette

Shell, Paula and Julie -
We made it!
Thank you for being quiet at mommy
could study.

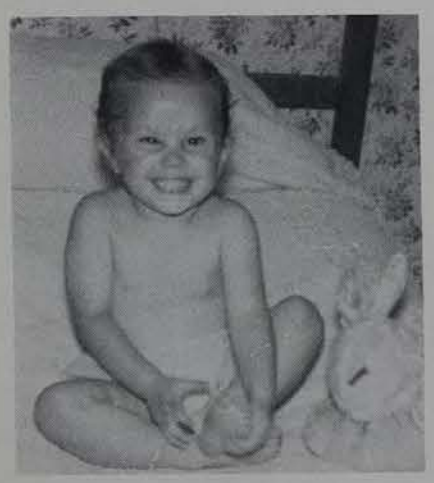




"I have come a long way in
20 years. I want to thank my friends and family
for putting up with me over the past 3
years. It has been tough for all of us.
Thank you"



Regina Marie Hamor









Joyce Harvey

A dream come true . . .



with

help

and love.



Margaret Helmke

Epilogue:
There is always the dream, deep down that things can be changed; that those elements of society that chafe, can be softened; that those laws that bind us excessively need not be - that the ordinary man can make himself heard. I will do nothing to undermine another's dreams or shed my light on his illusions. For where there are no illusions, there will be no dreams; where no dream exists, the spirit dies. As a nurse I cherish the dream that quality health care, with dignity, will become a reality for all people. As a member of my organization, I hold the illusion that the status quo can change - will change to welcome challenge and accomodate dissent so that our efforts will be better channeled to the benefit of mankind . . . .

Frances Storlie, NURSING AND THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE, (c) 1970. Reprinted by permission of Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.



Mary O'Connor Houghton



Thanks to my family, John, and my class
for their encouragement,
love and friendship,
and an ocean of memories.



The supreme happiness in life
is that we are loved for our-
selves; or rather in spite of
ourselves.

Love . . . Steven Oronoka . . . No thanks
I'm on a diet . . . Tuna Subs . . . Jumbo
banana splits with extra hot fudge and
marshmallow . . . Working nights! She's my
patient? phone calls . . . Is it Steven? . . . I
can sleep next week . . . Campobello.



Lynne Helen Kelsey









Mom and Dad,
Thanks for all your
love, understanding
and encouragement.
It's meant so much.





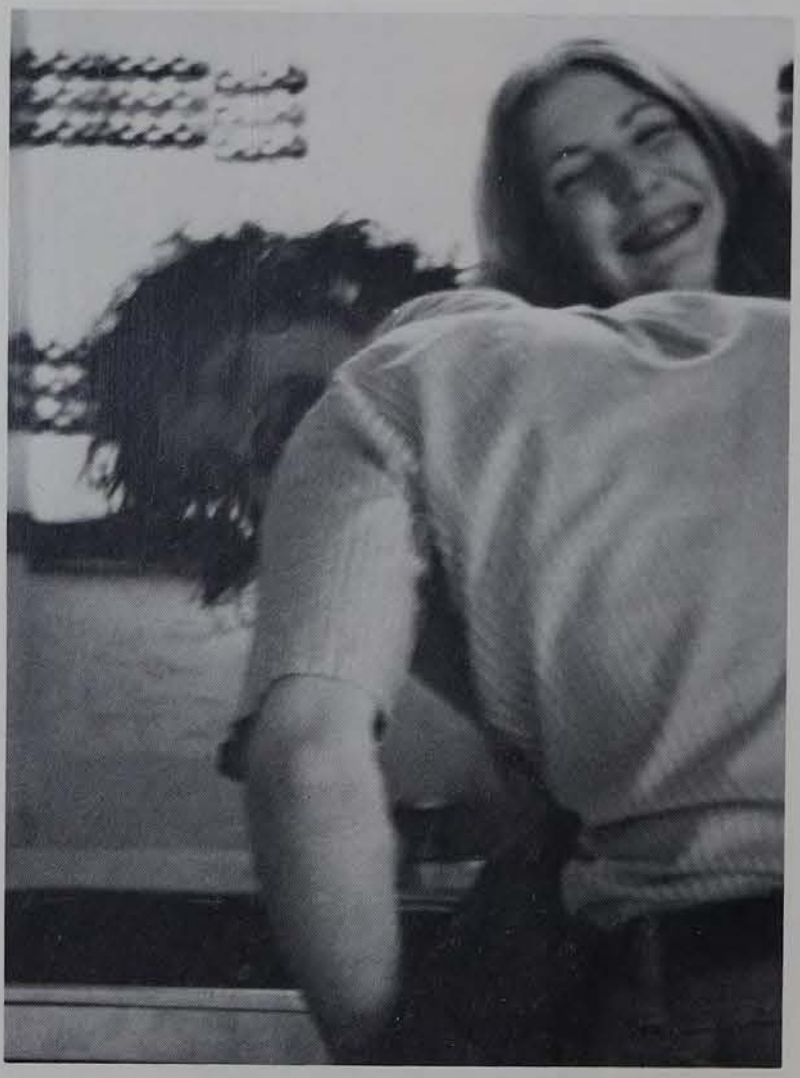
Janet Mary Leadbetter

Jan . . . "All Right!" . . . procrastinator . . . hates wasting class time . . . Bounty . . . care packages from Ann . . . Sept. 21, 1974 . . . weekend trips to Camden . . . Summer of '75 - Look, no braces!! . . . Wow, Seniors! . . . May 19, 1976 . . . Job? Who wants to work?

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of the people who gave of themselves to help me through the past three years - friends, family, my "guy", and especially my parents, without whom I could not have succeeded. Giving of oneself is the most valuable gift of all . . .

Thanks





Follow every rainbow
until you find your dream.



Look at you, what a country girl!
Your jeans wear a dirt saddle from riding
bareback.
What's so great about riding at 7:30 AM
anyway?
And that hay, or is it hair; no one ever
could tell.
Those flowers are beautiful, where'd
they come from?
Oh, your garden and the fields,
I should have known by the looks of
your bare feet.
That poor man of yours looks all
tuckered out,
Where'd you drag him through today?

Nurse, I need some help.
That's a crisp white uniform and hat you're
wearing.
Gee you look familiar . . .

Stop! Look at me.
Tell me what your eyes see.
I'm free, I'm free!
Forever I am me, being what I will be.



Elizabeth M. Lesiker

That blind date . . . roses, roses . . . what's in your pocket? . . . sleeping in class . . . my roomie . . . weekends . . . walks . . . Frank's . . . Gambino's . . . real food from home . . . Fricks Folly Funocon.



Justin
and
me.



Brenda Irene Luce



Nothing ever built arose to touch
the skies unless some man dreamed
that it should, some man believed
that it could and some man willed
that it must.

Charles P. Kettering



August 28, 1973, 3 years, UMB letters, one stripe, Shema, Alaska, "Jenny" Portland, Oregon Can't stand this anymore, senioritis, Gambino's ⅔, ⅓, easy on the cheese, May 19, 1976, Don, October 23, 1976.



I would like to say thank you to everyone that has helped me through these last 3 years, and a special thanks to my Mom, Don, and to a very special family in Sydney.

There is no turning back,
It's in the past;
No looking ahead, for
It's only a dream.
There is no running away,
It's here to stay;
No hiding behind,
It will stay in your mind.

There is no life worth living
If not for today,
No song worth singing
If it's always gay.
There is no love worth giving
If it's not meant to last,
No dream worth dreaming
If it's in the past.
There is no thought worth thinking
If it's not your part,
No act worth doing
If it's not done with
ALL YOUR HEART!

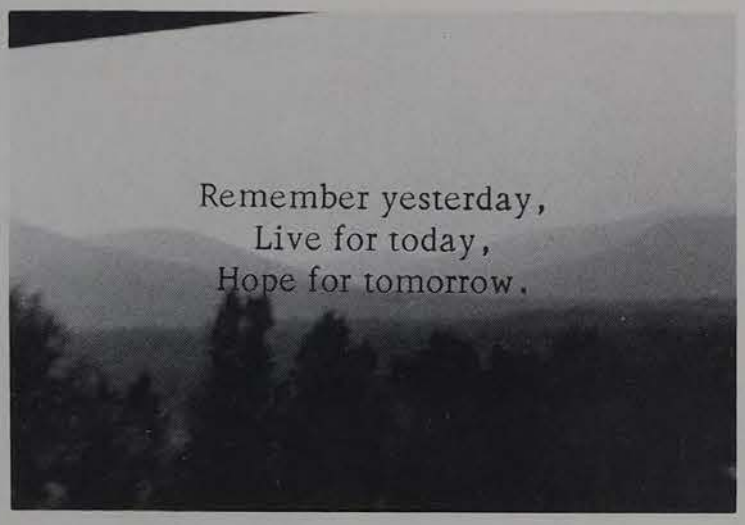


Karen Leigh McIntosh



What!?! . . . can't wait for vacation . . . love sewing . . . hate making decisions * especially when they're wrong . . . Gambino's - pepperoni, green pepper, and onion . . . care packages from Conn. . . . Summer of '75, Buz, the White Mountains, and life . . . May 19, 1976.

Relaxation
is the key to
life . . .



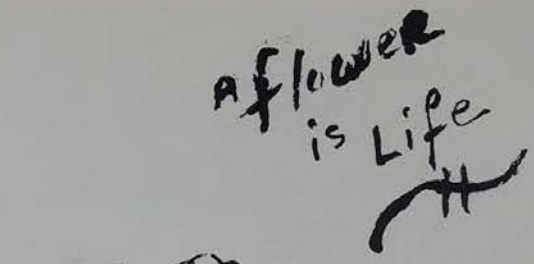
. . . so don't
fight
the feeling.

Although I would like to thank many individuals for their support given me in the past three years, special thanks go to my Mom, who gave me the support, encouragement, and love to see me through.
Thanks





Margaret Michaud



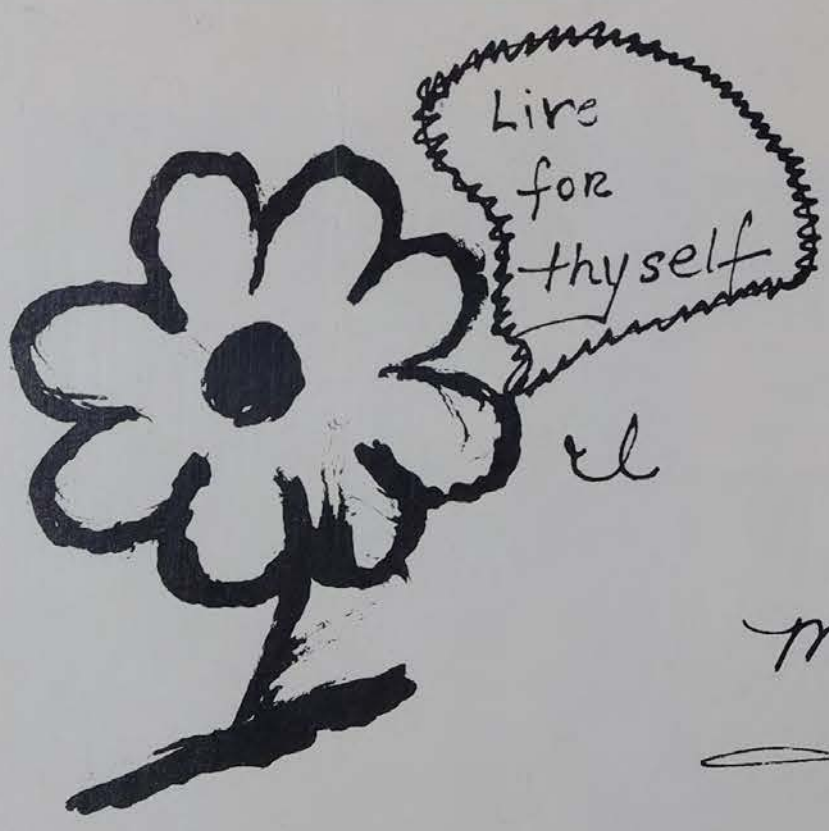


I don't

Know where I'm

Going





'BUT'

I Know I'm On

My WAY









Teresa Michaud



. . . special thanks to
my family and Dicky for all the
support they provided!!











Charlene J. Moody

August 29, 1973 . . . weekends . . . Waldoboro . . . first injection . . . I quit, anyone got a dime? . . . December 22, 1974 . . . Ron . . . 6'8"! . . . phone calls . . . study? who, me? . . . Rhode Island . . . Gambino's again! . . . at the airport here?! . . . roses . . . North Carolina . . . May 19, 1976 . . . graduation . . . November 18, 1976 . . . Ron's coming home . . . the wedding!

A special thanks to my family and Ron for all the encouragement, understanding and love they've given me. I love you all.



As time goes on.
I realize just what you mean to me.
And now, now that you're near
Promise your love that I've waited to share
And dreams of our moments together
Colour my world with
Hope of loving you.
Chicago











Sabrina P. O'Donnell

Education: Part II
– the rose –



the island

I'd would sincerely like to thank so many fine people; the student, the instructor, the patient, miss Ames, soul sister Rachel, the piano, bluebird v, the genius named Michel, the gogetter cultivator named Eddie, the money-maker named Richard (Any genius knows he's almost there ...) My sisters & brothers who are truly fine friends... my friend Peter, God & his mystics.., B.J. another genius blah, blah, blah, blah,... my dear Grace the lady named L. Born & P.G., a truly fine man – a very special thank you & love to both of. for letting me [redacted] achieve those developmental task with parent guidance, understanding, And wise words... To thomas the newyorker... Gretal and our summer adventure, Fay and our conversations.. those girls named Dibbie & Kathy or Katie & Debbra.. the artist with true talent Bruno you Devil you.., the silver maker named C.... my flowers and their mystic magic.. miss Kathy W... Paula... Pat the Rat!, the friend who once was called mr. V.

A very special to Rachel who went walking with me on this crazy road. With me one day with me in my soul forever. the nurses. Part III

Warmly
Sabrina P. O'Donnell

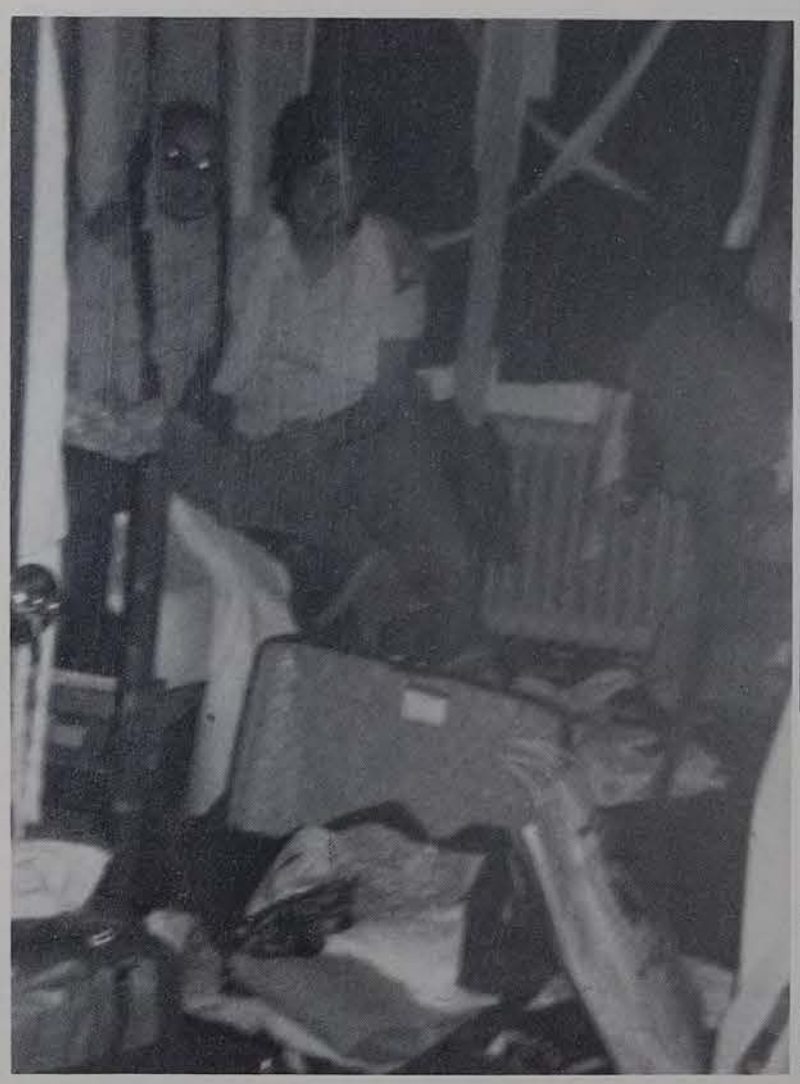
I have wept in the night
For the shortness of sight
That to somebody's need
Made me blind,
But I have never yet
Felt a twinge of regret
For being a little too kind.



Judith E. Pease













The love of my family, friends and extra special people is my life. I thank them for my maturity as an individual.



REMEMBER ALWAYS.... shower time ... signs disappearing in hospital basement ... my first birth ... my first death ... OR waiting room plant took a leave of absence ... NSNA convention - Philly ... frustrations ... window hanging ... Val, I've got a plan! .. what rules? .. coffee tonight, Vick? ...

August 29, 1973 . . . birthday cakes . . . let's order out for pizza! . . . weekend trips home . . . Wednesday night calls to home . . . sing's . . . first stripe . . . March 28, 1975 . . . John . . . Annapolis . . . did I get any mail? . . . waiting for Christmas to come . . . graduation . . . May 1976.



Linda S. Pietila



Much love and thanks to my family for all of your encouragement, understanding, support and love.









Rachel Pinkham

Scattering through the house in the usual mad way I do, after my greatest effort has been put forth. As glanced only for a moment to this Book on the desk, here is what I found —

A Passing Thought

Oh what a glory cloth this
world put on
For him who, with a fervent
goes forth
under the bright and glorious
sky and looks
On duties well performed and
days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and
the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give
him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn
hymn, that death
Has lifted up for all, that
he shall go to his long resting-
place without a tear.

Henry W. Longfellow

Caution existing alone, behind that bleak moment of eternity.

That crazy world in which I spend hours wandering, I've found many friends who have all helped to make it possible. THANKS Sisters!

Pure chance is all I asked for, I reached and my arm continues to grow...

Many thanks to all

With Love,

Rachel





My sheerest amagement is here expressed to family and friends who had the strength to see me growd.









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+



Elizabeth Worth Pyle



If you can't be a pine on top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley; but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass
Do something for somebody's sake.
If you can't be a muskie then just be
a bass in the lake
But the liviest bass in the lake.
We can't all be captains, some have to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There is big work and little for people to do,
and the task we must do is the near.
If you can't be the highway
then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star,
It isn't the size that you win or you fail
Be the Best of whatever you are! Douglas Malloch



Dawn Cynthia Scott

PEI . . . Kansas . . . Bar Harbor . . . lake . . . double room . . . park . . . dorm meals . . . boxer shorts . . . BMHI . . . UMO . . . UMB . . . Oronoka . . . dance . . . labs . . . Franks . . . piano August 27 . . . Dr. Pepper . . . "jerk" . . . snowsledding . . . 7:00 classes . . . promotion . . . motorcycling . . . home

Thank you Mom, Dad, Jim and family for making this possible.









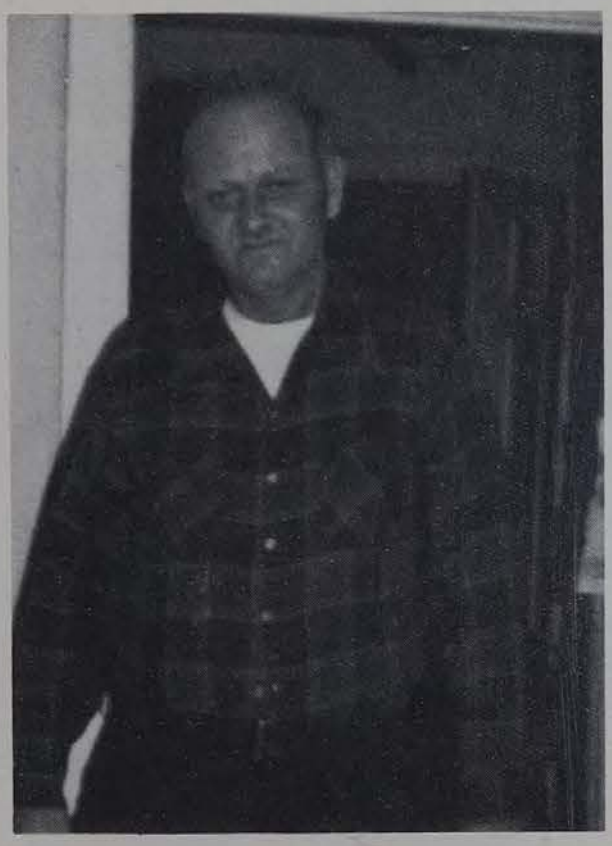
And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.
1 Corinthians 13:13





Kathryn R. Sheehan

Happy times with new found friends
Head me through life's toughest bend's,
But then other times I have it rough,
And just when I have had enough,
Happy times, they come again,
Followed by my closest friend.
And though it's time to leave, you see,
These memories will follow me,
Those special little things I 've found
Will surely help me where I'm bound.
CAS









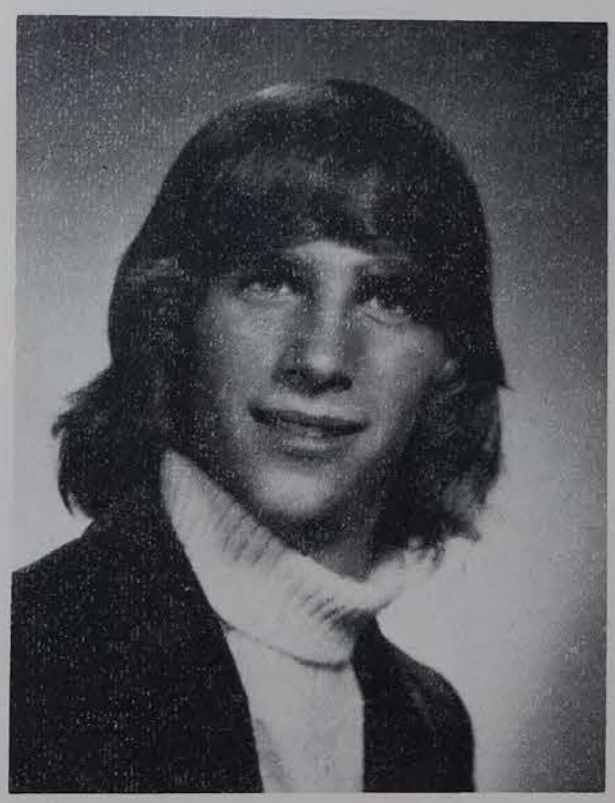
Betty Targon





A Dream . . .

Becomes A Reality!





Terry . . . June 14, 1975 . . . my sheeps . . . getting stuck in the elevator . . . Aug. 29, 1973 . . . birthday parties . . . Junior stripe . . . Wednesday nites . . . lets order out for pizza . . . senior stripe . . . freckles . . . Lilly . . . farmer . . . Ramona . . . Cape Cod . . . my family . . . good friends . . . SN . . . graduation, May 19, 1976 . . . GN . . . RN!

Dedicated to my family and Terry.



"Being right with God often means being in trouble with men!"
Anon.



Sherri Palmer Thornton



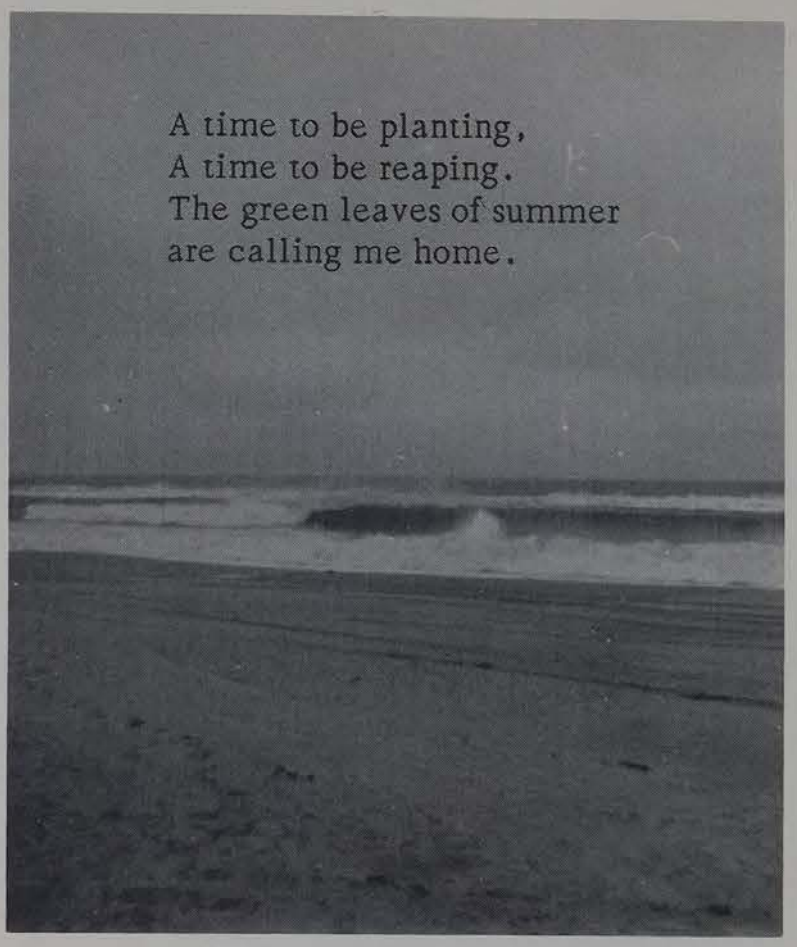








Kimberly Ann Toner



The flowers, the gorgeous mystic
multicolored flowers are not the
flowers of life, but people,
yes people are the true
flowers of life.
It has been a most
precious pleasure to have
temporarily
strolled
in
your
garden



It was good to be
young then
In the season of
plenty,
now
The green leaves
of summer
are calling me
Home





With much thanks to my family and John for their love and support, and to the class of '76 for making me feel welcome in Maine.

Kim



Debbie Valance

If

IF . . . You can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you,
IF you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
IF you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise,
IF you can dream and not make your dreams your master,
IF you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
IF you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
IF you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools,
IF you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on the turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
IF you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone . . .
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: ''Hold On!''
IF you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
IF neither foes nor living friends can hurt you,
IF all men count with you, but none too much,
IF you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty second's worth of distance run
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it!
Rudyard Kipling



Dawn White

I THOUGHT I COULD.....

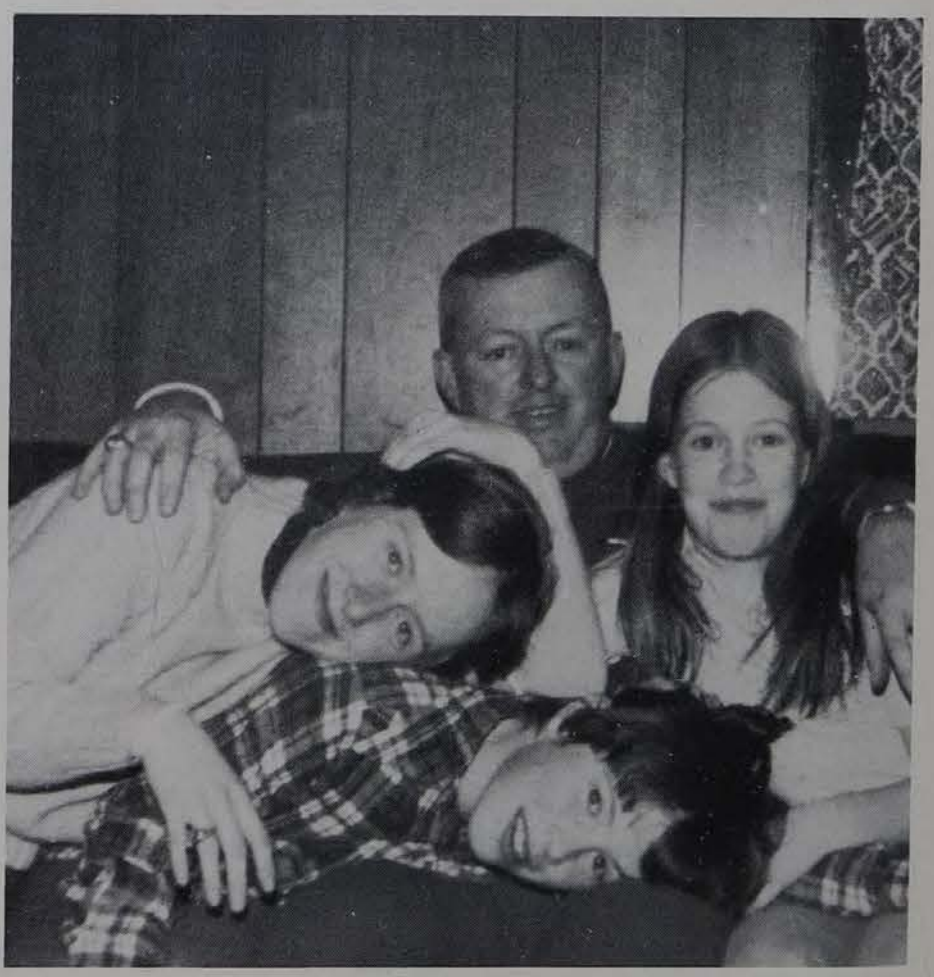
I THOUGHT I COULD.....

I KNEW I COULD.....

I KNEW I COULD....

I DID!!

.....WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND SUPPORT OF A GREAT BACK-UP CREW.....



Life is like a ship, which, when it is on rough water it strives to keep upright. Many times it tips toward one side more than the other, yet always fights to be floating. Same with life, we all strive to keep upright in our beliefs. If one day our ship of life sinks it might as well be ended at once, it never can be brought back as before. So as the ship, our life must continue to keep upright in all we do.



Cynthia Ann Woodward









My page is dedicated to my family and friends. I am very grateful for all the loving attention and encouragement they have given me these three years. I love you all very deeply for you are part of what I am becoming.

Love - Cindi



Rhonda Ellen York



Starting school . . . nervous at first . . . meeting new friends . . . especially Dawn . . . studying and never making time for pleasure . . . having the privilege to play the piano at the Class of 1974 graduation starting my junior year . . . going out and having fun still studying . . . third and final year . . . finding "Crazy 'lil Carl" . . . a triumphant moment . . . GRADUATION relief and HAPPINESS!

Activities





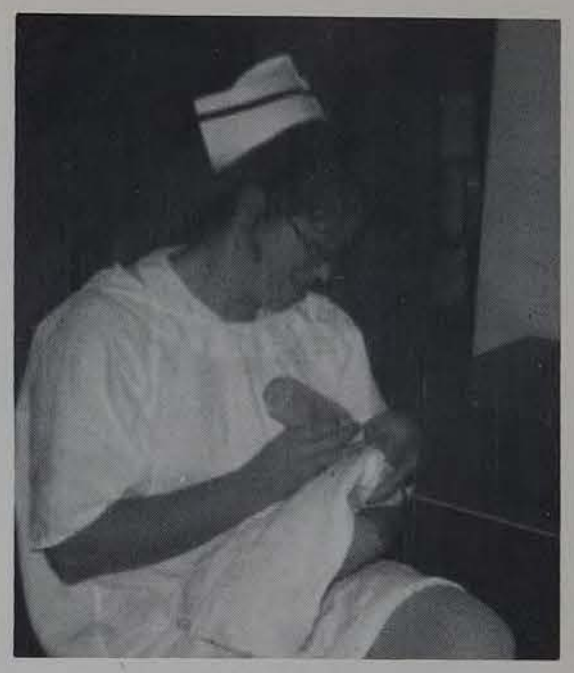
Senior Activities



A stripe - finally.



Wow, he's tall.



Drink it all now.



Smile you're on candid camera.



Who's next?



See my baby.



Let's nap together.



Remember Ms. Fenton and the Ross Home?



Tired! Who . . . me?



Another Pre-op?



Anyone for a demonstration?



I think we've got 23 patients now.



Me, a head nurse?



Help, this sauna's too hot!



Wait I've got to figure this out!



This will only take a minute.



I'd have to do this every day?!



Who wrote this anyway?


























"Ready for surgery??"









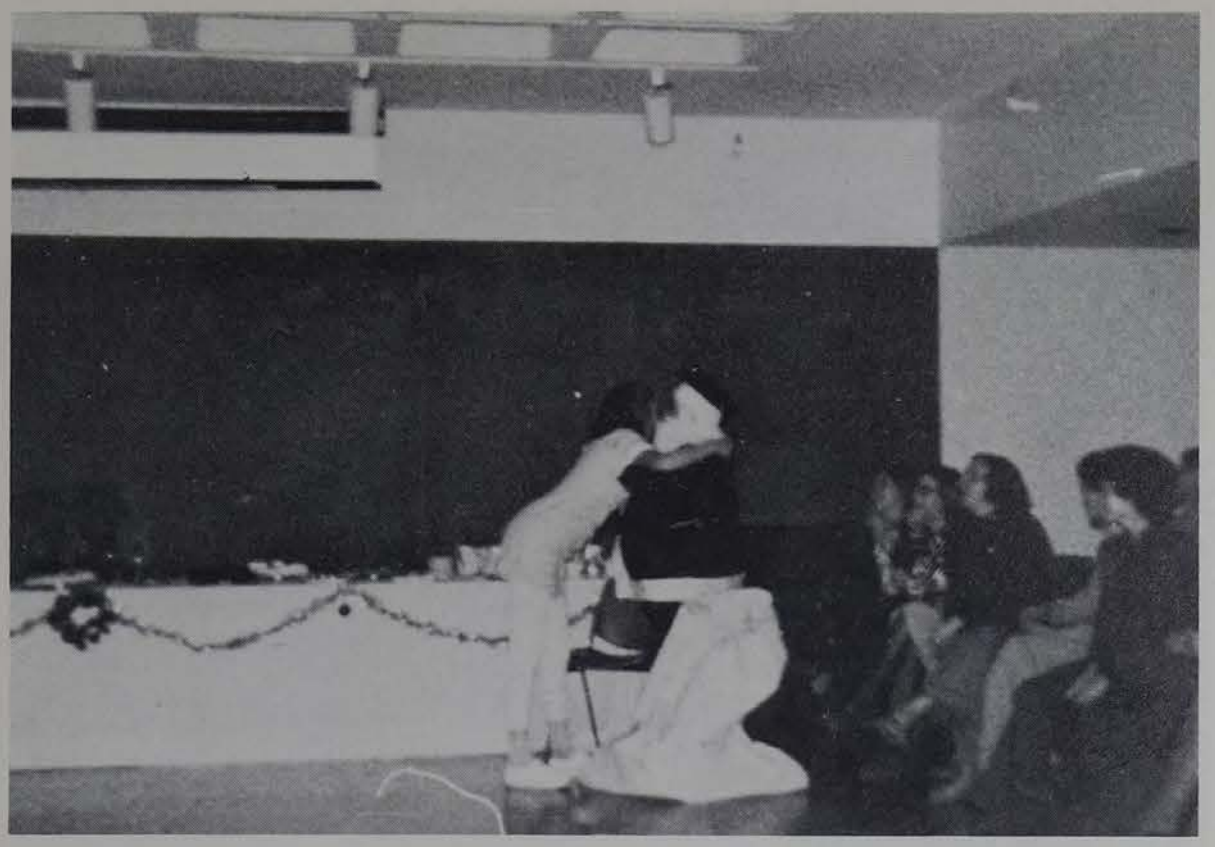






School Activities















Underclassmen





Class of 1977

Class Officers

Maggie Jacques - Pres.
Sharon Krueger - V. Pres.
Pam Monteith - Sec.
Laurie McPhee - Treas.
Linda Bouchard - Historian















































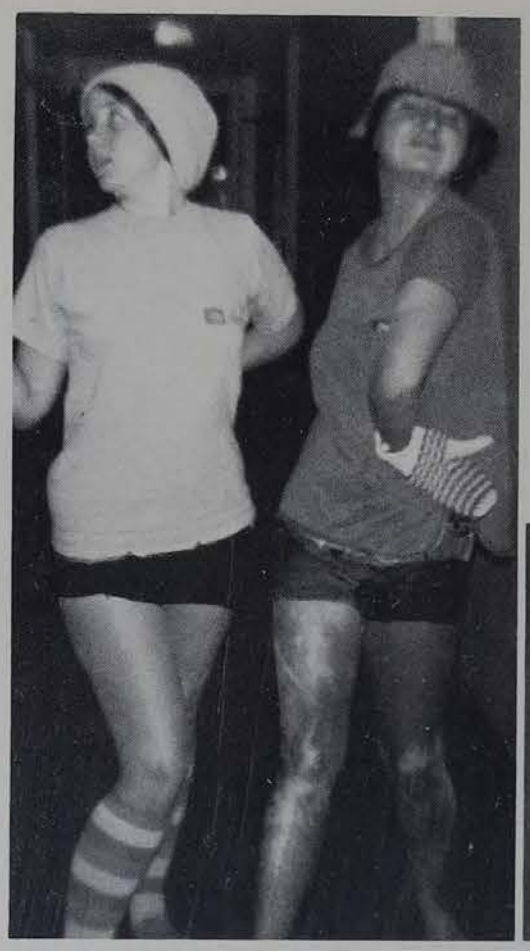


Class Of 1978

Class Officers

Nola Mank - Treas.
Sarah Smith - Sec.
Beth Lovejoy - V. Pres.
James Husson - Pres.













Class of 1978

























Faculty



1st row: (l. to r.) Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Miller, Miss Whitehill, Ms. Swearingen.
2nd row: Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Hawkes.
Absent: Mrs. Genco, Mrs. Ault, Mrs. Lavelle, Mrs. Pinette, Mrs. Gallegher, Mrs. Martin.



Mrs. Benjaman



Mrs. Jordan

Housemothers

Mrs. McClure



Mrs. Judy



Student Government

Laurie McPhee - V. Pres.
Beth Pyle - Pres.
Nyla Bowman - Sec.
Absent:
Sharon Krueger - Treas.





National Convention

1st row: (l. to r.) Beth Pyle, Judy Pease, Bev Foss, Vicki Cawley, Martha Eastman.
2nd row: Laurie McPhee, Sharon Krueger, Maggie Jacques, Laurie Ladd, Susan Boynton.

Judiciary Board

Cindy Irving
Beth Pyle
Ardith Carey
Charleen Moody
Ruth Hunt





Yearbook Staff

1st row: (l. to r.) Beth Pyle, Adrienne Guyette, Valerie Beane, Cathy Carter, Vicki Cawley, Regina Hamor, Karen McIntosh, Kim Toner, Kathy Sheehan.
2nd row: Ardie Carey, Jennifer Ferrigan, Cathy Cunningham, Eileen Dougherty, Judy Pease.

Chorus

(l. to r.) Valerie Beane, Jennifer Ferrigan, Eileen Dougherty, Kim Toner, Bev Foss, Mrs. Benjaman (director), Rhonda York.





Senior Class Officers

(l. to r.)
Eileen Doughterty - Treasurer
Judy Pease - President
Martha Eastman - Vice President
Ardith Carey - Secretary




EMMC


XIPOLI











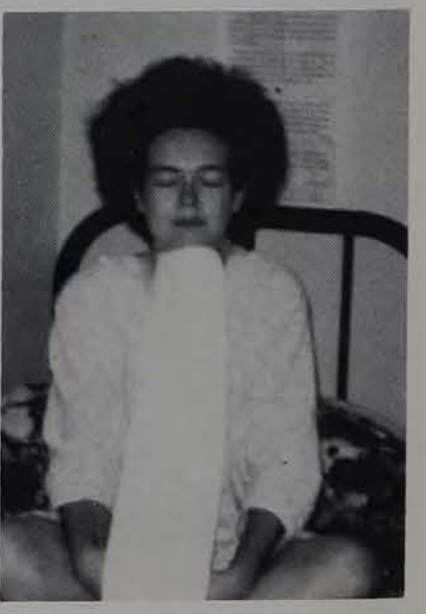


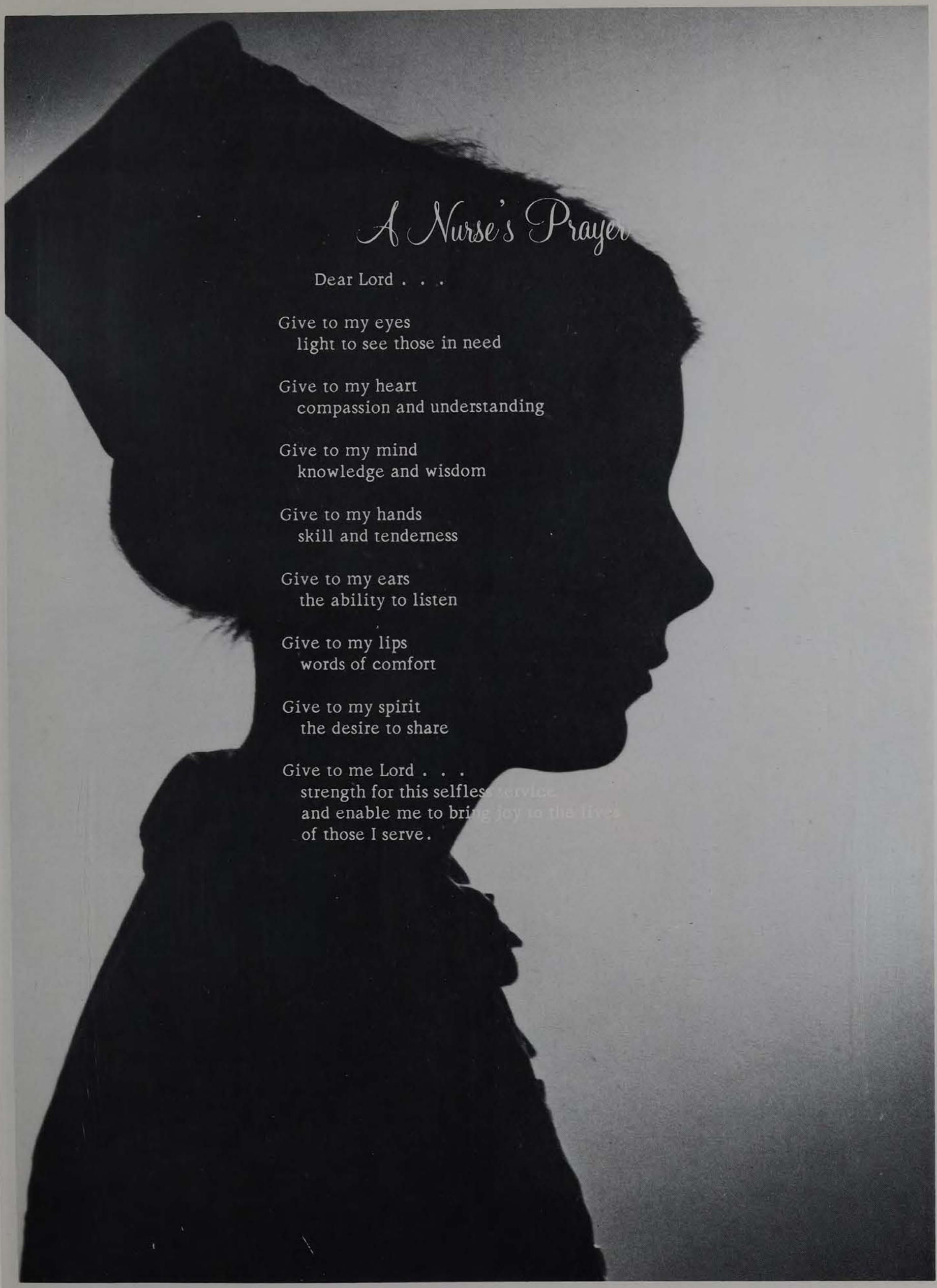












A Nurse's Prayer

Dear Lord . . .

Give to my eyes
light to see those in need

Give to my heart
compassion and understanding

Give to my mind
knowledge and wisdom

Give to my hands
skill and tenderness

Give to my ears
the ability to listen

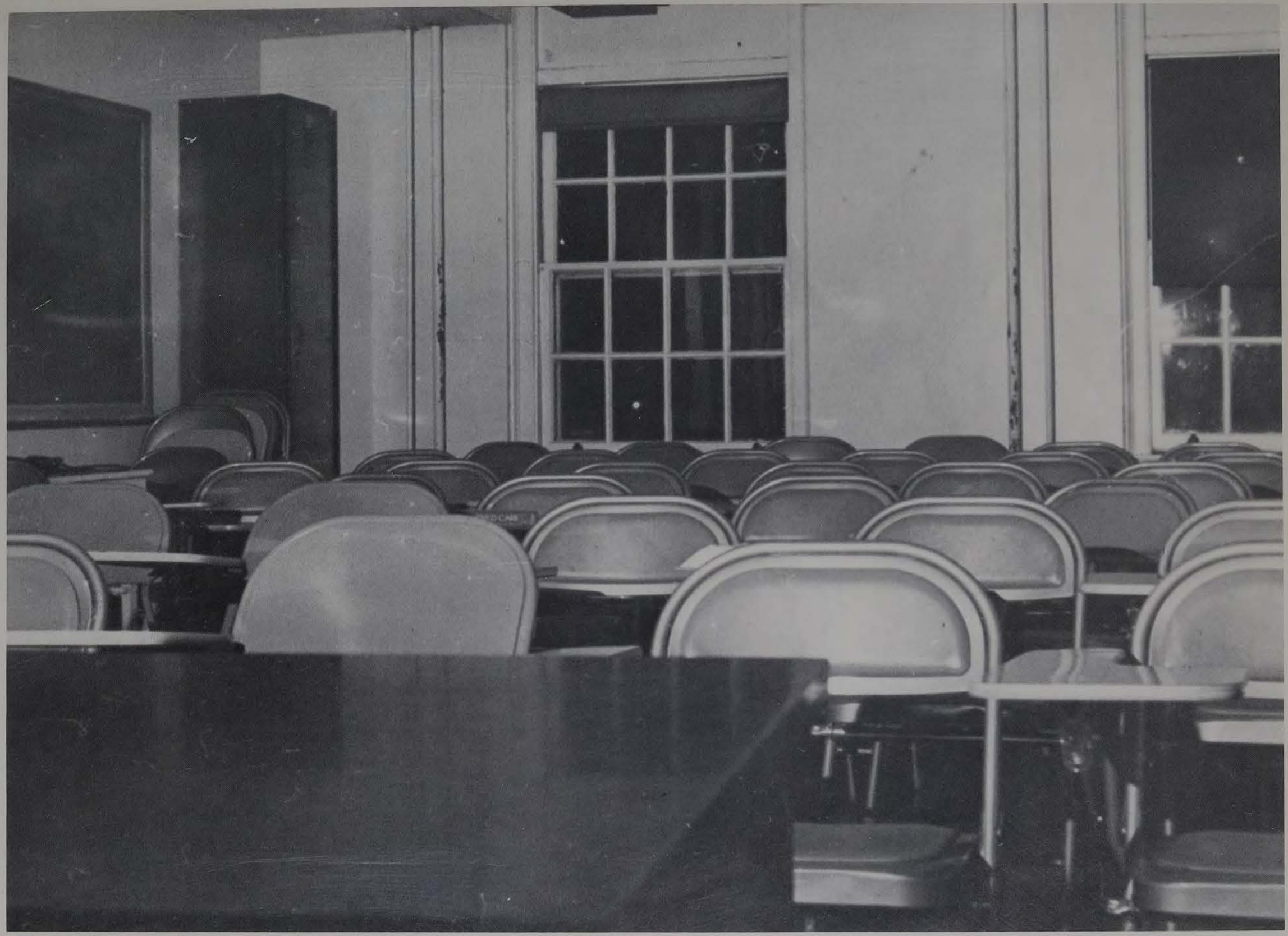
Give to my lips
words of comfort

Give to my spirit
the desire to share

Give to me Lord . . .
strength for this selfless service
and enable me to bring joy to the lives
of those I serve.

Remember When

We entered EMMC on August 29, 1973; . . . Louisa A. was a model for highest goal for IBT committee; . . . Adrienne G. started giving advice to all engaged girls; . . . Regina H. was infatuated with the men of the foreign legion - real trooper ha?; . . . Mary H. enjoyed the Ross Home - neither do we; . . . Joyce H. was taxi driver?; . . . Cathy Carter had a due date!!; . . . Ardie C. took on interest in photography, or was it pornography?; . . . Sue B. made vast improvements in modern transportation by installing reclining seats in her red bomb; . . . Lynne K. didn't lose any sleep working nights; . . . Justin and Scott were the two males in Liz L.'s life; . . . Karen D. was so willing to put out the fires during freshman week; . . . Brenda L. went by the motto, "Big busted women float better."; . . . Karen Mc.'s car started - neither do we; . . . Maggie M. and Cathy C. missed the ride to Jr. year capping ceremony - the rain - hiking in blue!; . . . Terri M. innocently asked Dicky's best friend to dance; . . . Charlene M. thought she was putting in her last chips at BMHI; . . . Sabrina assured her patient that he'd soon feel a H____ of a lot better; . . . Sherri T. spent the first four months of married life in the dorm; . . . Judy P. lived in a jungle; . . . Linda P. had only four years to go? Now it's three; . . . Rachel P. became muscle bound the summer of '75; . . . Beth P. put her clothes in the dryer and forgot to take them off!; . . . Debbie V. gave up skis for Lent; . . . Kathy S. thought carrots were in - or was it out; . . . Betty T. returned as a student; . . . Cindi W. donated her retainer to the garbage disposal; . . . Rhonda Y. had to choose between her men; . . . Dawn W. accidently induced labor on the lady with a broken leg in traction; . . . Margaret H. flushed the hopper with the top up; . . . the moons were rising, or was it pressed hams, Eileen D.; . . . Bev F. decided the floor on a public bus was more comfortable than the seat; . . . Kim T.'s motto was opposite of B. L. - "Small busted women have big hearts."; . . . Jennifer did not have a closet door, faucets or clothes, but T. M. had double of everything; . . . Muffy E.'s voice didn't squeak - never!; . . . the fire department paid a visit to Carolann's room; . . . Donna C. spent so much time on the phone our freshman year, - it worked!; . . . Dawn S. gave an enema without removing the top. That's really conserving on fluids; . . . Valerie B. visited CX after 3 o'clock; . . . Irene B. lived on non-fattening pancakes and spent 8 weeks on Main 3. Which was worse?; . . . we were students - sharing the good, the bad, the happy and sad times.



Contributory

LeMank Associates

School of Nursing Instructors

Miss Shannon

Hadley Parrot, M.D.

Otis Field Jillson, M.D.

Strout, Thomas & Timms, M.D.

Dahl, Chase (George), M.D.

Lawrence Cutler, M.D.

Anders T. Netland, M.D.

John A. Woodcock, M.D.

Philip R. Kimball, M.D.

Jay K. Osler, M.D.

Joseph Memmelaar, M.D.

George W. Wood III, M.D.

Beebe-Files Associates (M.D.'s)

John McDevitt IV, M.D.

Philip G. Hunter, M.D.

Richard A. Patch, M.D.

Allison K. Hill, M.D.

Thomas Palmer, M.D.

Irwin Pasternak, M.D.

Edward B. Babcock, M.D., P.A.

Shubert, McLean, Harris, P.A.

Thomas L. Watt, M.D.

Carl W. Irwin, M.D.

W. B. Manter, M.D.

Bruce Denny Brown, M.D.

Frank Zorick, M.D.

Gardner Moulton, M.D.

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D. L. Hannon