

THE LAMP

1964



WELCOME

We, the class of 1964, proudly present our yearbook.

DEDICATION



For inspired teaching that offered us knowledge, and the desire to learn ___

For a personal understanding of each of us that helped us to understand ourselves first and our profession second ___

For the ability and talent that encouraged our growth and cultural development ___

For all that she has helped us to achieve ___

___The Senior Class, with deep respect and admiration, dedicates the 1964 Lamp to you, Miss Drucilla Chipman.



MISS IRENE SHANNON, R.N.

DIRECTOR OF SCHOOL OF NURSING

We, the graduating class of 1964, wish to express our appreciation for all of the guidance and understanding given us during these past three years by Miss Irene Shannon, the director of our school.

INSTRUCTORS



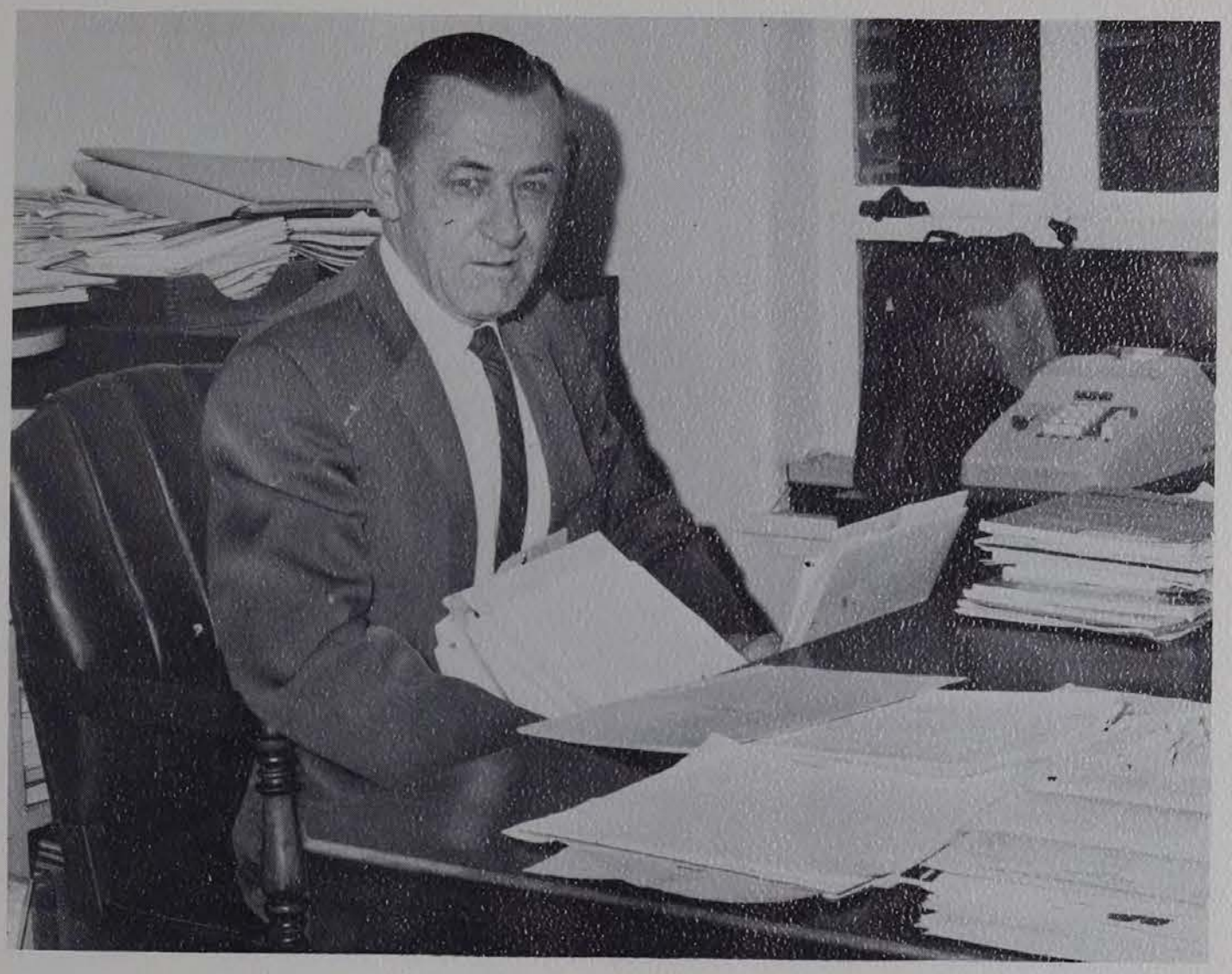
Left to right: Miss Clukey, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Bacon, Miss Roach, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Gammon, Mrs. Crandall.

NURSING SERVICE



Left to right, seated: Mrs. Moreshead, Miss Greene, Mrs. Norell. Standing: Mrs. Hart, Miss Nacovsky.

ADMINISTRATOR



MR. F. CURRAN, Hospital Administrator

LITERARY SECTION

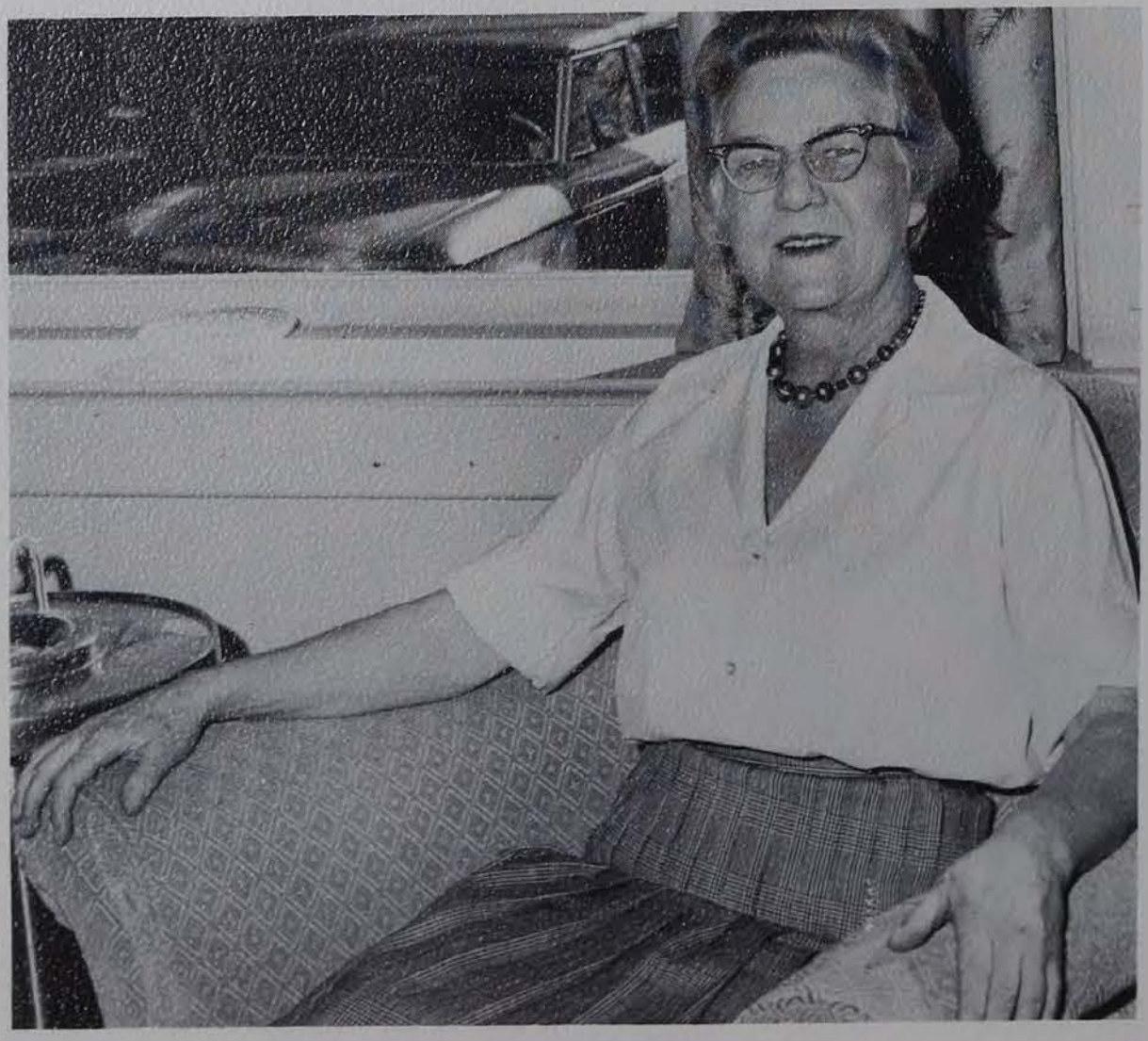


MISS NICKERSON, Librarian



MRS. O'DONNAHUE, MRS. GRANT

ANNEX HOUSEMOTHERS



MRS. KERRY

RESIDENCE HOUSEMOTHER

HEALTH STAFF



HADLEY PARROT M.D., Health Physician



MISS G. WELCH, Health Nurse

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Left to right: J. Pennell, President: S. Hale, Vice-President: G. Levesque, Treasurer: S. Snyder, Secretary.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Left to right: M. McFarland, L. Allen, G. Savage, B. Brillant, N. Small, M. Champagne.

YEARBOOK STAFF



Left to right: D. MacNally, Literary Editor; C. Sirois, Photography Editor; M. McFarland, Typist; A. Clark, Co-Editor; S. Hughes, Co-Editor; J. Pennell, Business Manager; M. Kelley, Photography.

"We the yearbook staff and co-editors wish to express our deep felt appreciation to all of the individuals who have put forth so much time and effort in helping this edition become a reality. Thank you all very much!"



ALCA CLARK BECHARD

"Alka"

Oakfield, Maine

"Mischief is thy middle name."



LINDA L. ALLEN

"Linda"

Washburn, Maine

"Life is what you make it."



ROSANNE CRAIG BENNER

"Rosie"

Bangor, Maine

"Good words are worth much

and cost little."

MILDRED C. BRAGG

"Mid"

Wade, Maine

"Always happy - never sad,
sometimes naughty--but
never bad!"



SANDRA L. HALE

"Sandra"

Portland, Maine

"Happiness is made to be shared."



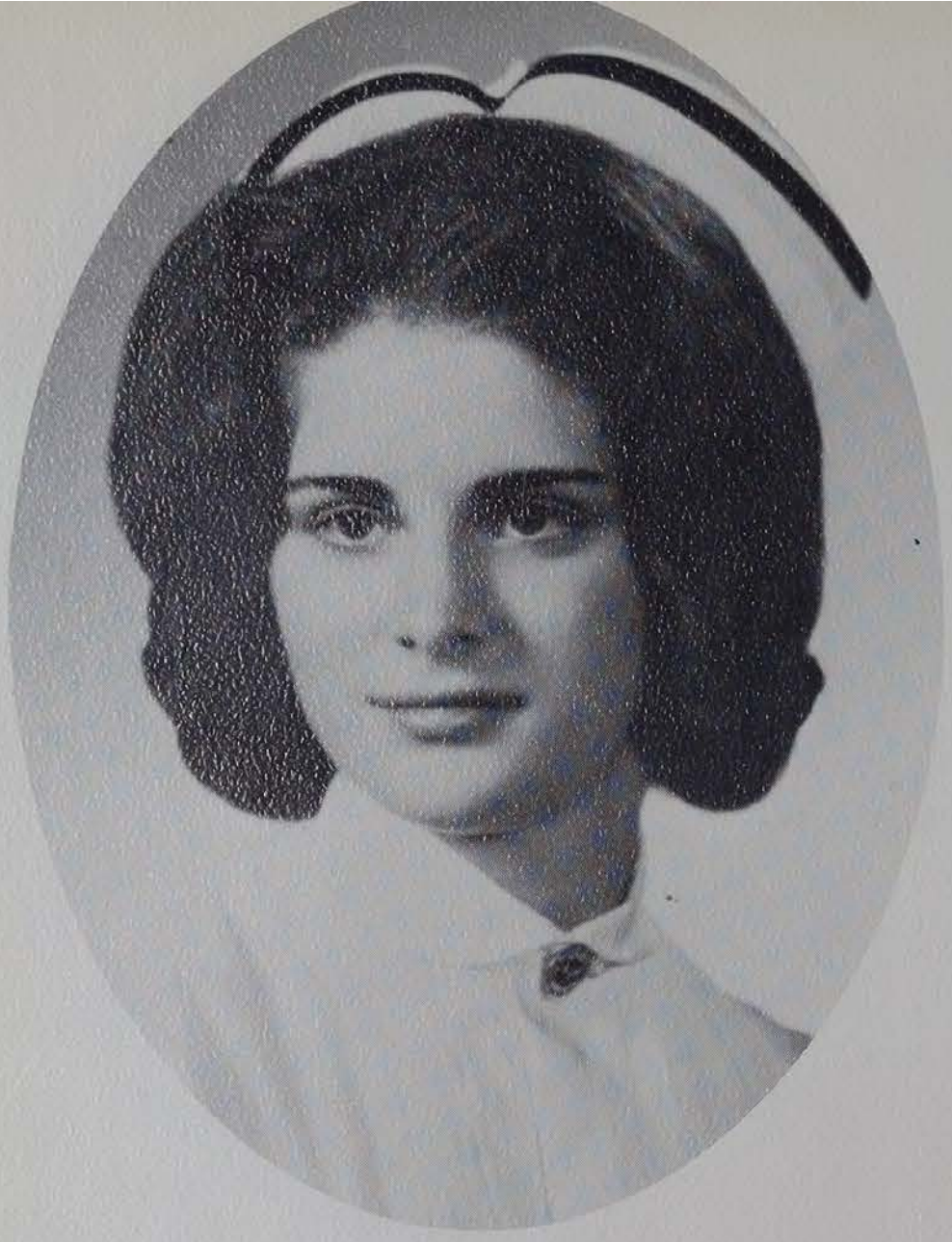
MYRA HIGGINS CHAMPAGNE

"Myra"

Charleston, Maine

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."





SUE-ELLEN HUGHES

"Susie"

North Highlands, California

"Be always merry as you can, for no one delights in a sorrowful man."



PHYLIS E. HOLLAND

"Phyl"

St. Albans, Vermont

"A man is always better than a book."



CONSTANCE S. JEFFERS

"Con"

Northeast Harbor, Maine

"Variety is the spice of life!"

MARILYN J. KELLEY

"Kelley"

Milbridge, Maine

"A merry heart doeth good,

like a medicine."





NANCY A. LEE

"Nanc"

East Millinocket, Maine

"Beware of the quiet ones, they're full of surprises."



GLORIA J. LEVESQUE

"Glo"

Orrington, Maine

"In quietness and confidence

shall be your strength."



MILDRED M. McFARLAND

"Mac"

Brooklin. Maine

"Life is made up of smiles, sobs, and sniffles--with the sniffles predominating."



DONNA Y. MacNALLY

"Dawn"

Andover, New Brunswick, Canada

"My styles and sentiments

are all my own."



BEVERLY J. MONTMINY

"Bev"

Winslow, Maine

"A little nonsense now and then

is relished by the wisest men."

CAROL A. MOORE

"Carol"

Bingham, Maine

"Good things come in small

packages--but so does T.N.T.!"





DEANNE E. PEAKES

"Peaksie"

Lee, Maine

"If you're too busy to laugh-- you're too busy."



JOLEEN PENNELL

"Joey"

Limestone, Maine

"I agree with no man's opinions'

I have some of my own."



CHARLENE F. SIROIS

"Charlie"

Fort Fairfield, Maine

"If you want peace and quiet-- go somewhere else."



FLORINA L. PHILBRICK

"Flo"

Caribou, Maine

"Happiness is a mode of travel--

not a destination."



SHARON LEE SNYDER

"Sharon"

Brewer, Maine

"Pains of love are sweeter by far,

than all other pleasures are."

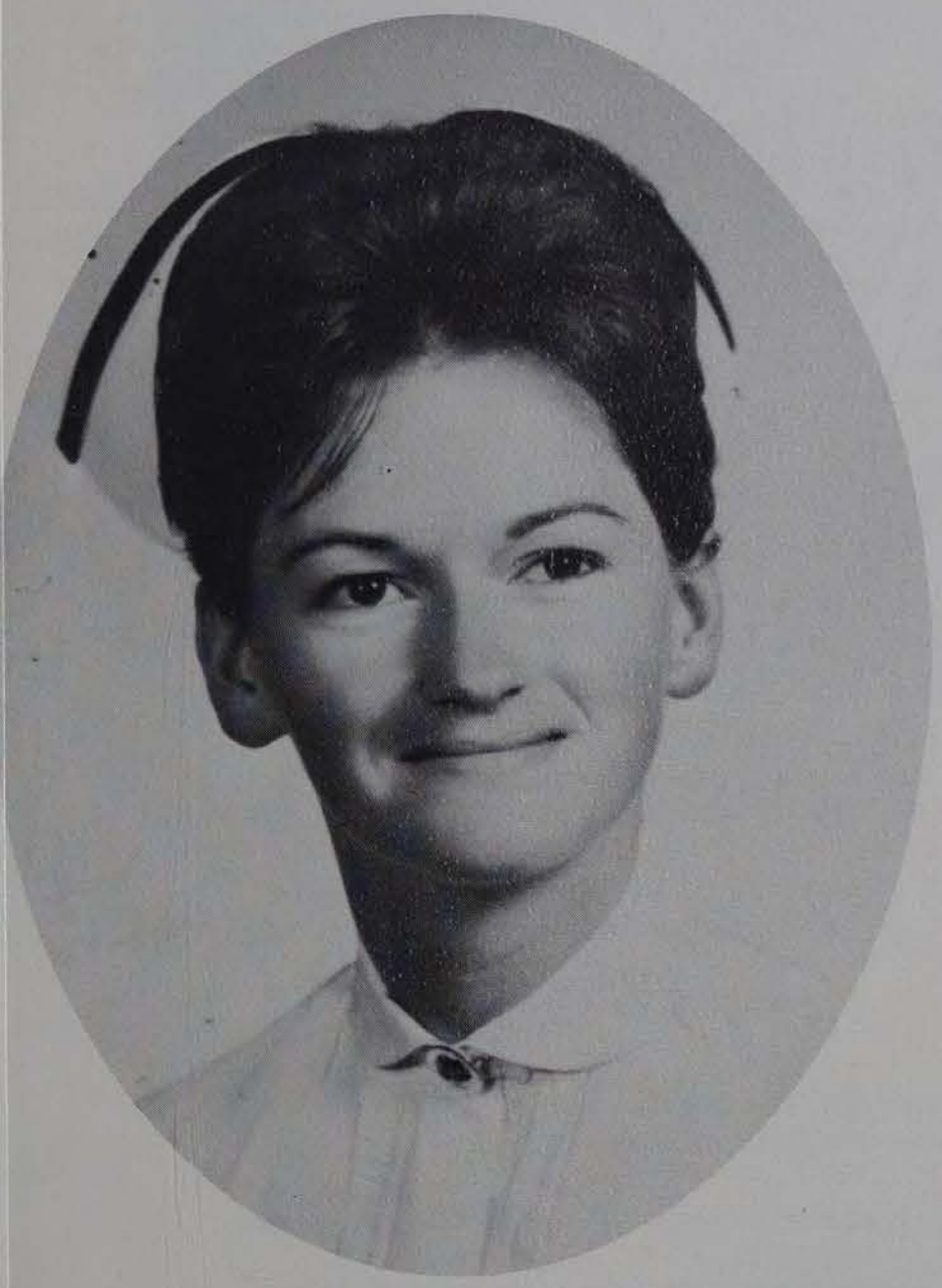


NORMA C. WILBUR

"Bert"

Bar Harbor, Maine

"A smile on her face and music in her fingers."



MARCIA GOODE VIERING

"Marcia"

Hampden, Maine

"God could not be everywhere, and therefore he made mothers."

FRESHMAN CLASS



Left to right: L. Ouellette, M. Johnston, C. Wylie, B. Mandelbaum, B. Taylor, R. Leach, C. Forsythe, R. Irvine, L. Morley. 2nd row; E. Fitch, J. Whittier, L. Fruzzetti, P. Perkins, B. McFarland, W. Severance. 3rd row; E. Elliot, L. Flye, G. Fulton, D. Messer, S. Macomber. 4th row; M. Higgins, A. Donnell, S. Patterson, N. Small, B. Brillant, P. Stevens. 5th row; G. Savage, O. Shuffleburg, J. Proctor, G. Dunham, M. Cox.

Oh--to be a real nurse, the ambition of almost every young girl. These girls have begun the long hard road towards being the ideal nurse who soothes and relieves the ill.

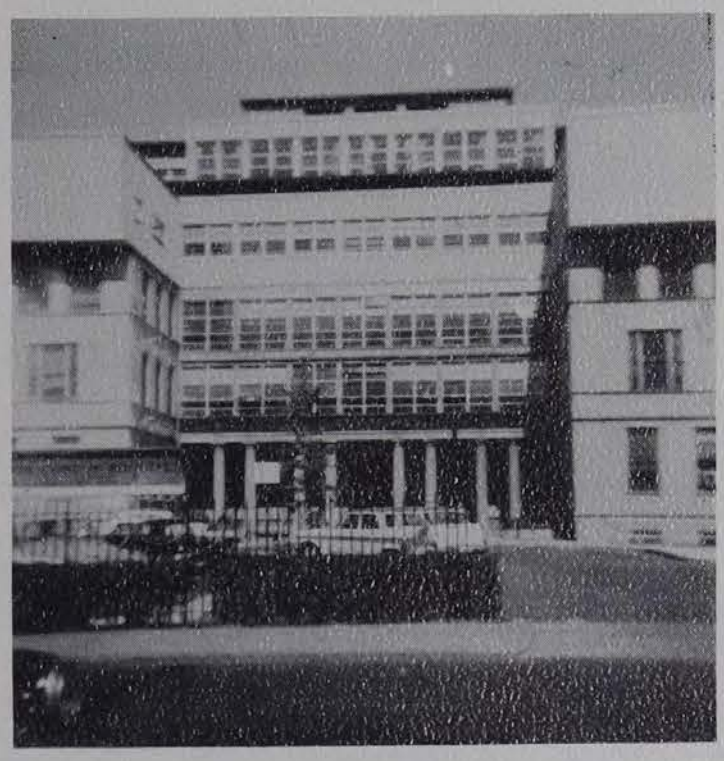
With the U of M courses behind them, they go on to more practice in the clinical area.

Coffee and doughnut sales and car washes have been successful through the freshmen's fervor.

We seniors wish you luck towards your goal.



A. S. H.



B. L. I.

JUNIORS

Where are the juniors? We haven't forgotten them. They are on affiliation in Boston -- at Boston Lying-In Hospital helping to start the lives of future nurses and at Children's Hospital becoming acquainted with some of life's most poignant tragedies.

We musn't forget the girls at Augusta State Hospital learning how we mortal beings behave. Prepare for their analytic gazes when they return.

Good luck to the future seniors.



B. C. H.

What is a Student Nurse?

Student nurses are found everywhere--underneath, on top of, running around, jumping over, or slithering past patients. Doctors yell at them, head nurses criticize them, interns tolerate them, residents overlook them, mothers worry about them, and patients love them.

A student nurse is courage under a cap, a smile in snowy white, strength in starched skirts, energy that is endless, the best of young womanhood, and a modern Florence Nightingale. Just when she is gaining poise and prestige, she drops a glass, breaks a syringe, or steps on a doctor's foot.

A student nurse is a composite. She eats like a team of hungry interns and works like the whole nursing staff put together. She has the speed of a gazelle, the strength of an ox, the quickness of a cat, the endurance of a flagpole sitter and the abilities of Florence Nightingale, Linda Richards, and Clara Barton all rolled into one white uniform.

To the head nurse she has the stability of mush, the fleetness of a snail, the mentality of a mule, and is held together by starch, adhesive tape, and strained nerves. To the alumni she will never work as hard, carry more trays, make more beds, or scrub on more cases than her predecessors.

A student nurse likes days off, boys her own age, the O.R., affiliations, certain doctors, pretty clothes, her roommate, and Mom and Dad. She's not much on working 3-11, days off with classes, alarm clocks, getting up for roll-call, or eating corn beef on Monday.

No one else looks forward so much to a day off or so little to working 3-11. No one else gets so much pleasure from straightening a wrinkled sheet or wetting a pair of parched lips. No one else can cram into one little head the course of a disease, the bones of the body, what to do when a patient is in shock, how to insert a tube (especially at 3 a.m.), plus the ten top tunes of the hit parade.

A student nurse is a wonderful creature; you can criticize her, but you can't discourage her. You can hurt her feelings, but you can't make her quit. Might as well admit, whether you are a head nurse, doctor, alumnae, graduate, or patient, she is your personal example and representative of faith and sympathetic care.

C---Confident (?) in our desires to achieve our goal, 39 individual personalities arrived at the Nurses' Annex on September 11, 1961 to be greeted at the annual tea by our awing upperclassmen.

L---Longing for Home and lingering to remain in bed were soon over-ruled by our early morning bus rides to the University of Maine and book loaded arms filled every evening with hours of continual entertainment.

A---Anatomy and physiology, microbiology, chemistry, and nutrition proved to be challenging to us all. Many hours were spent studying under the covers long after "lights out".

S---Small black stripes were received by 28 happy students in September of 1962. We had survived a full, busy year; now we were the juniors.

S---September also took small groups of smiling but scared students to the operating room and to other specialized areas for specialized observation and learning. Our curiosity and interest soon blocked out our anxiety and we found our experiences to be good ones.



H---Homesick for home; homesick for EMGH, we were off to Boston for affiliations at the Boston Children's Hospital and the Boston Lying-In Hospital. Pediatrics and obstetrics not only increased our interest and knowledge in nursing but also increased our feminine interests in homemaking and motherhood.

I ---Institutionalization proved to be a different type of experience at the Augusta State Hospital where most of our "working" hours were spent in various forms of sports and recreation with our patients.

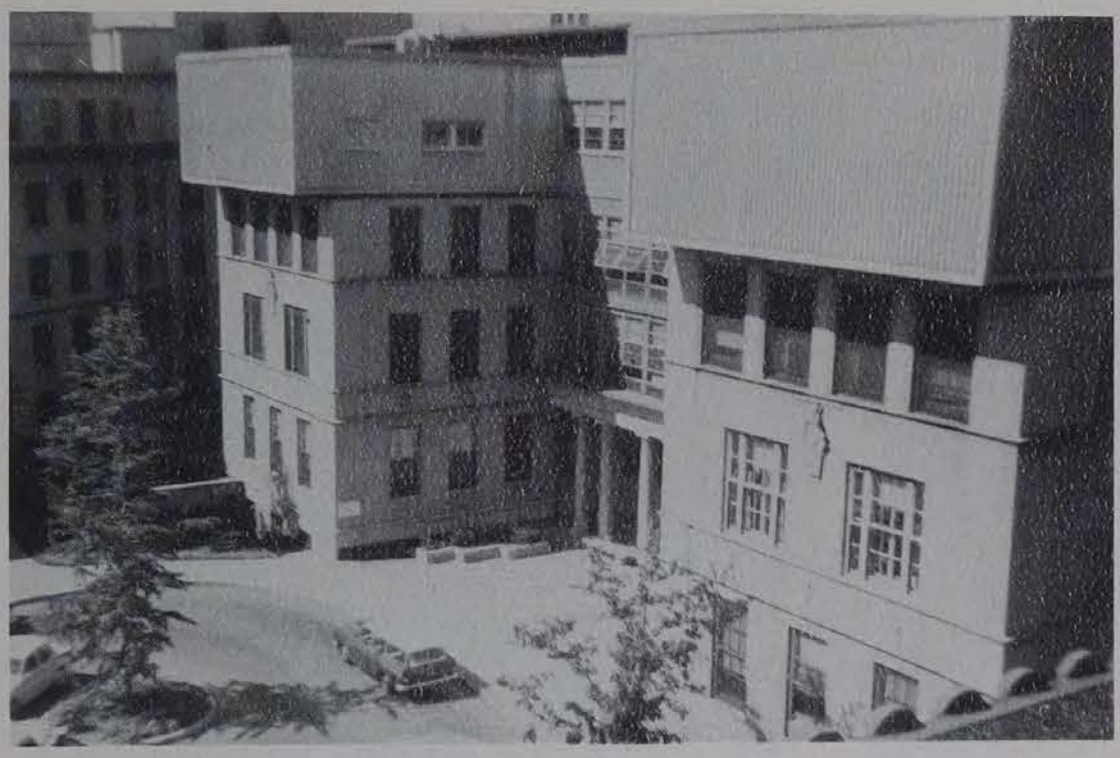
S ---SENIORS at last! We had finally made the grade and now we had our turn at being the wise seniors who appeared to be so capable and were so looked up to by our underclassmen. We, the seniors, didn't feel much different, however, and we found ourselves not quite as perfect and wise as we had thought.

T---Together again; in March of 1964 the whole class was reunited at our home hospital. We found that our student days were rapidly growing fewer and we began to grasp and to treasure our last experiences together as the Class of 1964.

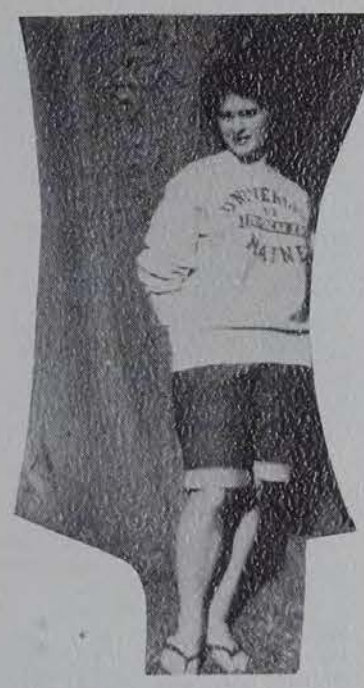
O---Old and new experiences were reviewed in the classroom in preparation for State Board Examinations. In the Annex, old and new experiences during our three years at EMGH were recalled with happy thoughts of all the funny, daring, sad, bold, bad, and good events we had participated in together.

R---Regretting our departure from our sheltered student life, and yet anxious to venture into the hospital world as individuals, we prepared for graduation with happy cheers that we were finally making the grade and reaching our goal.

Y---Years from now may find our 23 graduates scattered far and wide but in every corner where we find a fellow student each will remember our three years at the Eastern Maine General Hospital as happy and productive years.



One goes in--Two come out



Phys. Ed. Major???



You'll never lose weight that way!



Remember "Bucky"?!



Good 'ole days!



Seniors at last!



Don't move your head, Mac!





Who's that following us?



Interesting subject, Dr. Parrot?



Boy, that sun's bright!



Miss Getchell



Close that door!!



Yes, how about a little privacy?!



Summer at EMGH



Winter of '62-'63!!!



Atlantic City, Here I Come!







Surprise!





Jeepers, this saw is dull!



Our first stripe



The troll!



These are MY Petunias!



My knees are prettier than yours!



And we stayed in for this?!



Bosom Buddies



Who ate my hotdog?



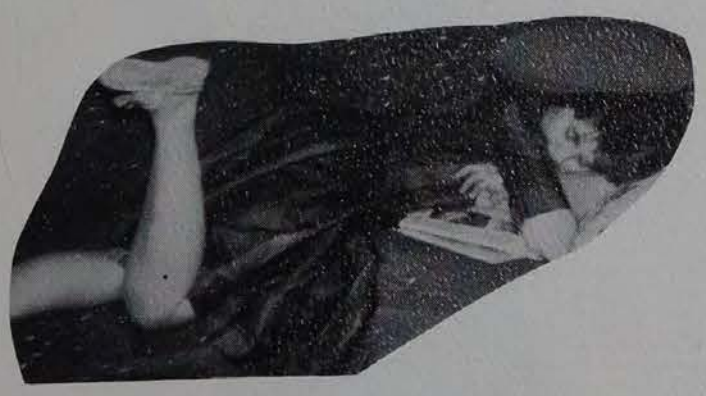
5 p.m.--Peaksie and Kelley's p.j. time



Ooooo! It's in my eyes!!



Joe, Carol, and her cast!



Zzzzzzz!!



Leave some for me, Myra!



Whoopee! It's 3:30!



The Three Musketeers!





Nature girl!



Marsha joined us in '63.



A jolly group!

CLASS PROPHECY

When tumbling into bed one night
Some sleep I'd hoped to get
Ahead, I did not realize
It was a dream I'd ne'er regret.

Instead of counting sheep and such
Seemed I drifted into space
And each cloud that did pass me by
Resembled a familiar face.

As they passed, they seemed to speak.
Now, I was surely dreaming!
But wait, looking closer, I could see
A nurse's face was gleaming.

T'was Lee and Allen, I first saw.
They quickly told their tale-
Linda was now a supervisor
And Nancy, upon ships did sail.

Another cloud straight for me came
And because it came so "bold"-
It has to be our Beverly,
Who was operating a home for the old.

We stopped to chat, as in days gone by,
And she asked me, "Have you heard?
Connie is now the mother of twins-
It's news, so spread the word."

Next came a fluffy bouncing cloud
On which Myra Champagne did ride.
What a surprise, when I beheld
Berty and six more by her side.

A red-head one could see far off,
And as closer drew the relation
Alca Clark was pertly sitting
At a Connecticut nurse's station.

Oh, here comes laughing "Charlie"
Charlene is rightly her name
She's nursing plenty, on a male ward
And socially, it's about the same.

Levesque and Hale are nearing now.
I've missed them thru the years.
Still single, they keep on traveling-
Waiting 'till the right man appears.

While still in school, Marilyn and Sharon
By marriage were overtaken
They've never regretted the blissful event
And perfect mothers they are makin'.

The biggest cloud of all, I see-
Hails from the Texas fair
Where our little Mid McFarland
Is doing private duty there.

Days in good old Boston
Were often sad and gay.
Norma glided on this cloud
As a nurse in the biggest V.A.

I heard a well-known giggle
As the next cloud did appear.
And on it, who else but Mid Bragg
Enjoying family life, 'twas clear.

Coming close behind her
Was a nurse from Augusta State.
Rosanne won a job and a husband
My, how those red-heads rate!

My dream seemed to be fading---
But wait, there's more to go.
I gazed at the ANA headquarters
And behind the desk was Jo.

Soon I met nurse Philbrick-
At the Bangor State she does reside
She stopped long enough to tell me
That her male harem is still by her side.

The next cloud kept me guessing,
Amidst its green and splendor.
Phil Holland I see finally made it
To the mountains and her Jim in Denver.

Had we all forgotten our home state?
No, the next cloud took me there-
Where Kelley and Peakes in their glory
Were occupying an instructor's chair.

The next cloud in the form of a ship
Came drifting into space.
And there on the deck stood Joseph
He'd left Carol back at the base.

In far off sunny California
Nursing with all her heart
Stands Sue-Ellen in all sincerity
Fervently doing her part.

The dream is almost over
They sky seems to be clearing-
But I see another mother
Our latecomer, Marcia Viering.

There they were--all twenty-two
With only me left out-
I prefer to remain the dreamer
And about myself not spout.

As dawn did overtake me,
And I restlessly awoke
I wondered, "Was it really true,
That my exclassmates to me spoke?"

Dawn MacNally





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