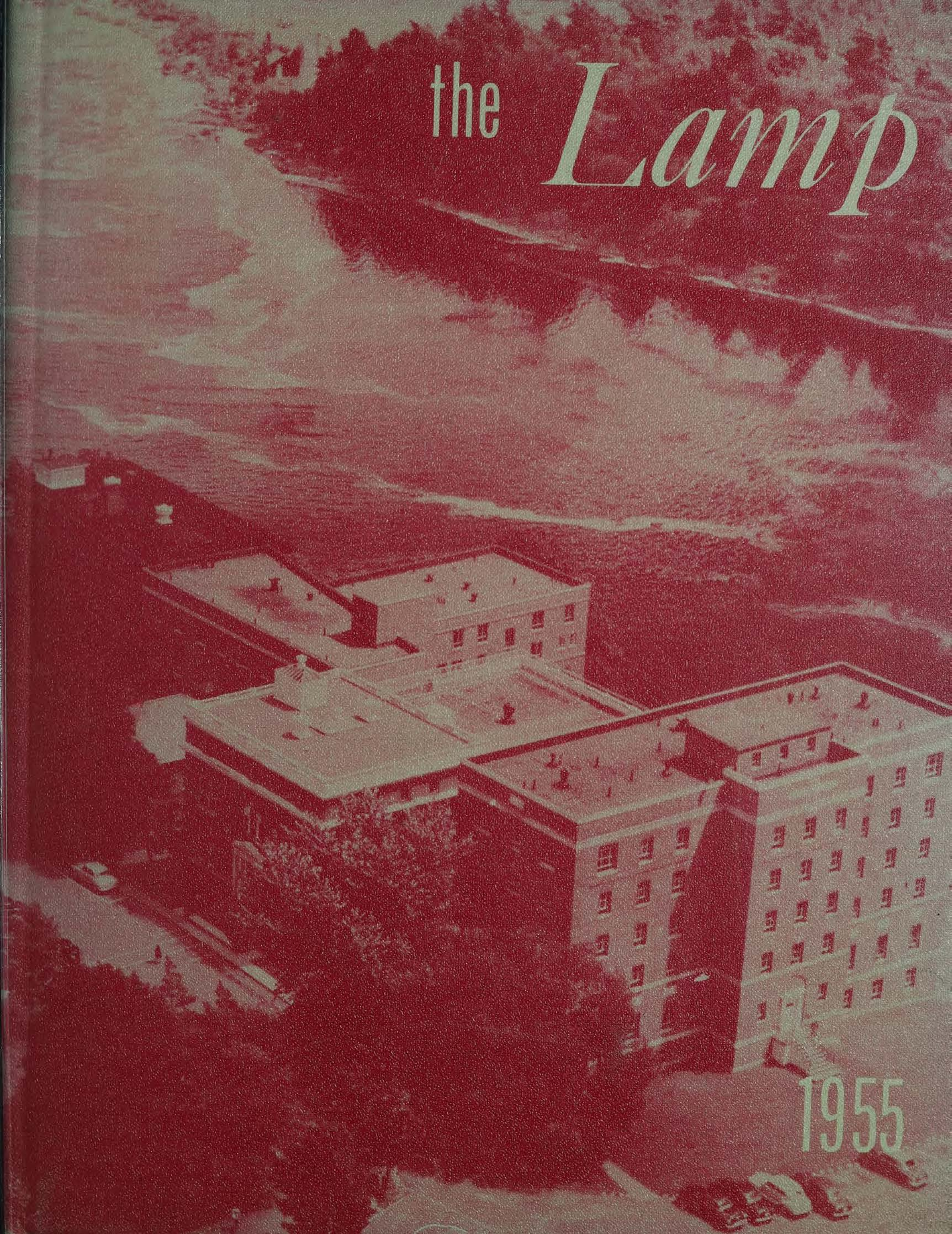
the *Lamp*



1955

The Lamp

1955



"A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Longfellow

EASTERN MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL
Bangor, Maine

The Nurse

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

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numberless ills.
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile.
Blessing the newborn babe's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for other's mistakes,
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired and discouraged and ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven fifteen,
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
Morning and evening, and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping its right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh Lord, will you give us just one little star,
To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new,
In that city above where the Head Nurse is you?

Dedication



LOUISE NAWFEL, R. N. B. S.

To a member of the nursing profession who has constantly endeavored to pursue its highest standards and ideals, we the class of 1955, do hereby dedicate our yearbook, The Lamp.



FRANK CURRAN
Hospital Administrator

Administration



MABEL BOOTH R. N., B. S.
Director-School of Nursing
and Nursing Service

Faculty



MISS WELCH

MISS MARTINI



MISS MOTT





MRS. McGRAFTH

Relief and Night Supervisors



MISS SHANNON



MRS. NORRIS
MISS BOWMAN



MRS. McINNIS
MRS. MOODY
MRS. REYNOLDS

Yearbook Staff



SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: Charlene Kelley, Charlene Moores, Joyce McCrae, Joan Thibodeau-Editor, Marilyn Brown, Marjorie Carson. STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jane Blethen, Martha Whitney.

We wish to thank Miss Louise Nawfel, our yearbook advisor, for her valuable assistance.

Photographs were taken by Stevens Studio.

Seniors





BEVERLY CAROL ARAU
Camden
"I love life, laughter,
and fun."



JANE LENORA BLETHEN
Brewer
"No one like her,
everyone loves her."



MARILYN KAYE BROWN
Winterport
"Her friends are many,
her foes are none."

MARJORIE LOUISE CARSON
Houlton
"Self confidence is inspiring."

MADALINE IRISH BUZZELL
Corinna
"To err is human, to for-
give divine."







ROSELMA MAY CLARK
Oakland
"All I ask is a good time."



WILLENA MARGARET CLEARY
St. Stephens, N. B.
"God save our gracious queen."



MINA MARIE DRAKE
East Dover
"Quick with the answers."

CARMELITA RUTH CLUKEY
Old Town
"A warm heart with numerous friends."



JOANNE ELAINE DORSKY
Bangor
"She is true to her work, her word, and her friends."





LUCILE THERESA DRINKWATER
Lincolnville
"We love Lucy."



GALE COBURN FOULKES
Brownville Jct.
"No task too great, no toil too tedious."



PATRICIA ELLIS HEMINGWAY
Bangor
"It is the human touch in this world that counts."

DOREEN ELIZABETH GOODIN
Old Town
"Happy go lucky, easy go free, nothing on earth bothers me."



ENID ARDELLE GORMAN
Corinth
"Gay and snappy, always happy."





MARIETTA JACOBSON
Stockholm
"Patience is a golden virtue."



CHARLENE FLORA KELLEY
Milo
"Sincerity above all."



MARY PATRICIA KETCHEN
Great Works
"Gentleness and loyalty, her key to success."

MARY ELIZABETH LOBLEY
Bangor
"May be seen by appointment only."

JOYCE LOUISE LANE
Sherman Mills
"Come what may, she greets it with a smile."







JOYCE ELAINE MacCRAE
Hampden
"Twinkling eyes, winning smile, and a big heart."



ELIZABETH HARRIMAN McGARY
Machias
"Sugar and spice and everything nice."



CHARLENE HARRIETT McTAGGART
Rome
"If any sparkles, it is she."

MARIE JEANNETTE MORRISON
Ellsworth
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

CHARLENE THEO MOORES
Brooks
"Quiet, but oh my!"







PRISCILLA EILEEN MORRISON
Greenville
"The worst she kept, the best she gave."



MARIE RUTH MYRICK
Damriscotta
"To a young heart everything is fun."



EILEEN ELIZABETH PINEAU
Millinocket
"Neatness and poise are her attributes."



BARBARA DORIS SMALL
Dover-Foxcroft
"An ingenious gal who will always be a pal."

JANE QUIMBY
Brooks
"Easy to look at, nice to know."





ETHEL LUCILLE STONE
Hudson
"Speech is silver, Silence is golden."



MARTHA ELEANOR WHITNEY
Augusta
"A friend in need is a friend indeed."



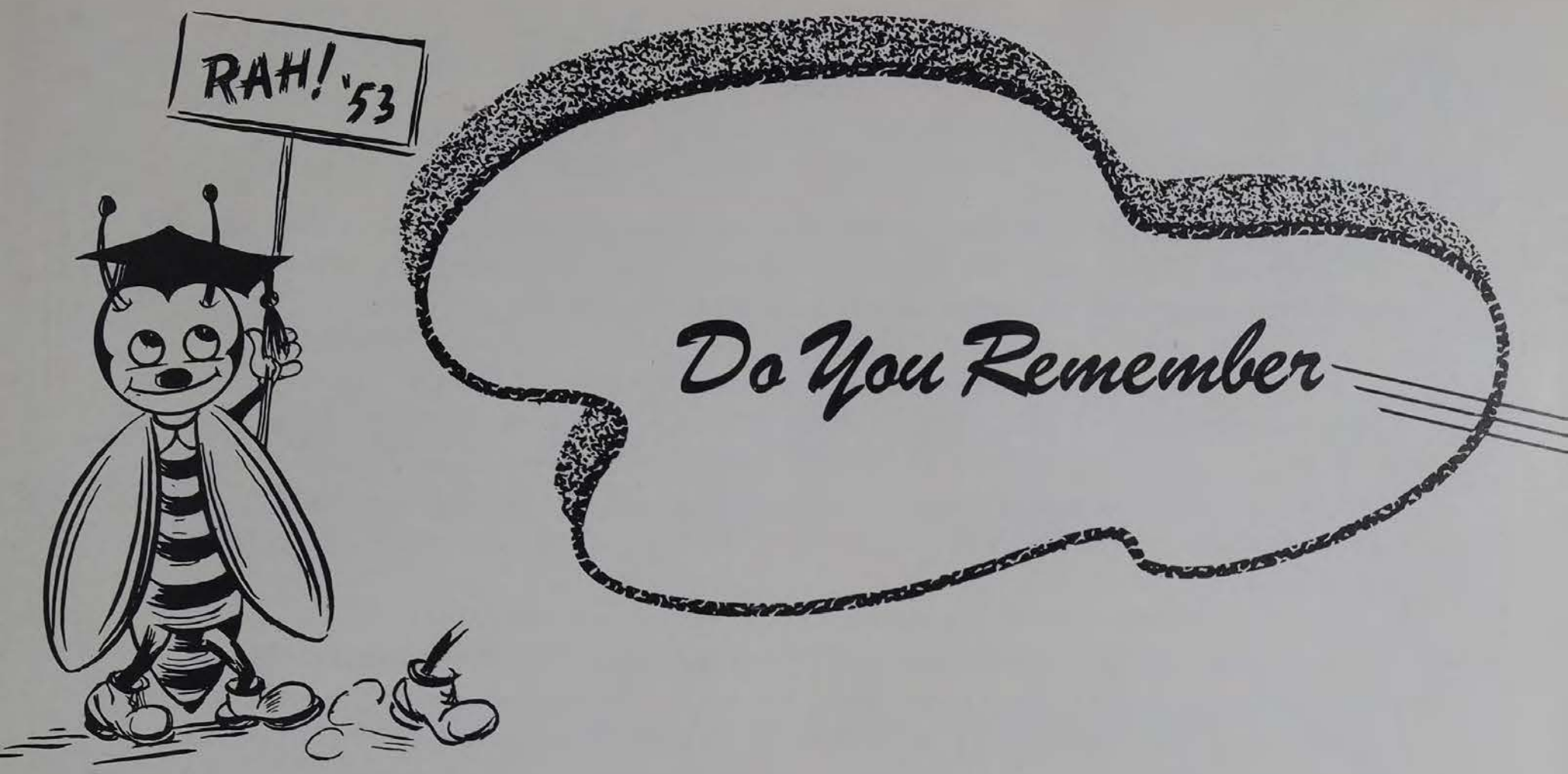
MILDRED EVA TATE
East Corinth
"It is better to be small and shine, than to be big and cast a shadow."

JOAN LUCILLE THIBODEAU
Bangor
"How many stars were dimmed to make her eyes?"





DOROTHY ALICE TINGLEY
Millinocket
"Amiability shines in its own light."



Remember when fifty seven scared little bunnies first met at an informal tea on September 8, 1952? Some of us were wide eyed with anticipation, others were homesick already, while the rest of us were gripped with determination to become a nurse.

And do you remember those rugged courses at the University of Maine, namely zoology, bacteriology, chemistry and home economics? Yet who could forget our melodious song fests on the bus coming back from a hard days work?

Then the Yuletide season came along. This is when we found our room mate wasn't such a bad Jane after all. She's the one who kept you from singing off key while caroling throughout the hospital on Christmas Eve.

Not long after Christmas vacations we all came down with the G. I. upset and one by one we rushed out of class just hoping we would make it in time. All the supervisors who had cars came up to Maine after us. Poor Dr. Wood, Mrs. Dority and Clara Pickering ran around trying to get a few facts while Mrs. Grant issued each of us a tablespoon of Kaopectate. Do you remember?

Soon after, final exams boomed up. Remember what our theme song was? "It's Three O'clock in the Morning". I guess not one of us felt like eating until the ranks came back.

Nevertheless we survived and on February 12, 1953, fifty-two of us received our caps. We didn't even want to take them off to sleep. Do you remember the pride in Mom and Dad's eyes that day?

No, we cannot forget that we were also on wards all this time, from December 1st to be exact, and gaining more confidence in ourselves each day. Oh, yes, we had more classes, too; professional adjustments I, psychology, sociology, medical, surgical and orthopedic nursing, ear, eye, nose and throat and emergency nursing. Can you remember how there was no let up?

June of 1953 came and study hours went out the window. However, our joy was soon short lived because we were working relief and night duty. This is rather difficult to forget because we are still working these shifts.

Remember how sad a day it was when our first group of girls went out on affiliations; other groups following at three month intervals? What wonderment in parenthood there was, sadness in diseases of youngsters and strangeness in the unstable personality.

In February of 1955 we were all together again. Remember how so many of us changed? It seemed as if we were more mature and settled.

No, we are not finished. We were presented with two more new subjects, each a fifteen hour course; Professional Adjustments II and History of Nursing. It was also at this time we were granted permission from Miss Booth to hold graduation exercises in September instead of the customary June ceremonies. The majority ruled, remember?

Now as seniors we look back over our three years remembering our activities. We all have had pleasant memories. We will not forget, but with heads held high we will look towards the future, a future set before us which we hope will be brighter.

We have chosen a profession of dignity of which we are proud. We have earned an education made possible by our parents - an education which no one can take from us come war, fire, flood or famine. Remember?

Class Will

We the Senior Class of 1955 being of unsound mind and physically unfit, on this night of June 7th, do hereby leave, will, get rid of and donate the following:

ENID GORMAN leaves her talent for scaring the guys-----but not away!

JODY "I dig you the most" LANE leaves her distinctive "Art" of wearing her frat pin to Sheila Lowery. May she wear hers as well.

JOYCE MacCRAE. Well! she leaves a free ticket to the Hampden Grange Fair to Yvonne Hall. She does! Hope it doesn't get blowed out this year.

JANE BLETHEN leaves her amnesia to er--ah--oh you know--Whats her name.

JODY DORSKY leaves her share of the Boston Business Association to Nat Edwards. We believe Nat is capable of taking over.

CHARLENE KELLY decided to keep her "Bo Bo" but willingly donates her curls to all the girls who "goof".

MARIE MORRISON leaves her worn out record of "My Buddy" to Betty Dentramont.

CHARLENE MOORES leaves Sally Shaine and Alice Littlefield a very interesting phone number. Call LO 68840 if you like Boston Night life.

PAT ELLIS leaves her home made never fail formula to Marilyn Reynolds. See her for details, Lynn.

"I love LUCY" DRINKWATER leaves her diabolical personality to Arlene MacDonald.

GAIL COBURN leaves her petite frame to Marilyn O'neil.

BARBARA SMALL leaves her '38 Plymouth to anyone who doesn't mind walking.

MARTHA "Washington Eleanor Roosevelt Eli" WHITNEY leaves her versatile imagination to the T. S. O.

DOROTHY TINGLEY wills her ability to economize to Uncle Frank.

ROSE CLARK leaves her "Potato Picking Membership" to the Future Farmers of America.

BETTY LOBLEY leaves her "Rythm and Blues, Crazy Man Crazy, Let's go, go, go" spirit to all the fun loving cats of the Junior class.

DOREEN GOODIN leaves her unfinished business to Sylvia Somers.

MICKEY "love em and leave em" MYRICK leaves her flock of admirers to be distributed among the less fortunate.

CARMIE CLUKEY wills her susceptibility to tall, blonde, handsome men to Faith Hendsbee.

PATTY KETCHEN leaves her "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty, I woke and found that life was duty" attitude to girls suffering from insomnia.

EILEEN PINEAU leaves her ability to do the "can can" to anyone who decides to change their vocation.

MARGIE CARSON leaves her jolly infectious laugh to Mim Brooks.

BETTY HARRIMAN leaves her many issues of "June Bride" to Jackie Archer and Eldie Wiley to prepare them for the "big step".

JANE QUIMBY leaves her all night weiner roasts to Kay Stanwood.

MARIETTA JACKOBSON leaves her favorite sun bathing spot to Florence Wilson.

JOAN THIBODEAU leaves her "light and bright" to anyone seeking someone who's "real George".

PRISCILLA MORRISON leaves a guided tour of Boston via motor cycle to Ann Lynch.

BEVERLY ARAU leaves her seat on the Dow Air Force Base bus to Ada Nason, just in case she changes her mind.

MADALINE IRISH leaves her "Buzz" ing ability to write speeches to the next president of the student council.

MILLIE TATE leaves her portable sewing machine to the juniors to sew up the rips in their uniforms.

MINA DRAKE and CHARLENE MacTAGGART leave their sleepless hours in North Station to all affiliates desiring a police escort.

WILLIE CLEARY leaves her third floor boudoir to Nina LaRoe.

MARILYN BROWN leaves her amiability to "Daisy Mae" Putney.

and

LUCY STONE just quietly slips out.

The Senior Class of 1955 does hereby bequeath their sleeping, eating, and study habits, school spirits and their privileges of working relief, to be distributed equally among all underclassmen.



Class Prophecy

One evening as I sat before the fireplace in my one room apartment, I remembered a letter the postman had brought that I hadn't opened as yet. Certainly it couldn't be another bill! After wondering what and who it was about, I mustered up enough energy to get up and take it from my dusty desk. Exhausted from a busy day in the morgue, I settled down to open the letter.

It proved to be an invitation from the Alumni Association of the Eastern Maine General Hospital School of Nursing to attend it's annual Field Day at Lucerne Inn. I was rather surprised and pleased that they remembered me, since I hadn't paid my dues for many years. I kept thinking that I would have to put it out of my mind, because times were hard and it would take many weeks to buy the train ticket from Arizona to Bangor. Gazing into the sparkling flames, I began to get droopy eyed, and soon figures began to dance before my heavily goggled eyes. All at once I was on my way to the jolly fun of a reunion with my former classmates.

I found myself traveling in the finest clothes I had ever seen, let alone dreamed of wearing. Somehow, I had acquired millions of dollars and nothing was too good for me now. First stop was at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where famous Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is made. Who do you think was passing out free samples; none other than Marie Morrison. Can you imagine that? I ran out to greet her and found she had struck it rich in Ellsworth and had come out here to do her charity work. The whistle blew and I had to hurry to catch my train, but I had time to find out that she had a family of six daughters, all of whom were named "Budina"!

At New Albany, Indiana, the train stopped and I got off to see my old pal, Jane Quimby. It was really nice to see her but those three boys are enough to drive a woman to an old maid's life. She has them out working on their own now at the tender ages of five through seven. They own and maintain the best shoe shine stand this side of the Mississippi.

I rested for a while after seeing the boys and then I decided to go into the dining car. When the waitress brought me a huge platter of Maine lobster, I knew something was fishy. I later learned that Pris Morrison was in charge of the food served on this train. She thought selling lobster way out there was a "Big Deal".

As I continued my itinerary, I ventured into the Blue Hills of Virginia. There I found the famous "Pea Pickers". They consisted of Rose Clark, who played the bass drum, Bev Arau, who strummed the washboard, Lucy Drinkwater, who wrestled with the musical radiator, Enid Gorman, the featured vocalist, and Mina Drake, the talented conductor. All of these girls had long since given up nursing and had traveled. They were now devoting their lives to entertaining America's hillbillys. Thanking them for a lovely concert and encouraging them to keep up the good work, I jumped aboard. Picking up my newspaper, I read the headlines, since they were the only words I could read. Time had aged me, and with it my eyes had gone bad, but I managed to read that Eileen Pineau had discovered a new back scratcher, and had become New York's leading lady doctor. She was now opening her own factory to manufacture these remarkable one stroke affairs that cure all itching.

Also Joyce MacCrae was now Secretary General of the United Nations. Her willingness to help people had really paid off dividends.

Marge Carson was engineering the train, much to my surprise. She was doing a fine job until we hit water; then she ran into a little trouble since the sun was just fine for sunbathing, and she, loving the sport, had put out the cow catcher and plunked herself on the front of the train. It was here that my senior life saving course came in handy.

Mickey Myrick was waiting at the next stop with all her twelve children. She had silver hair now, but still had the twinkle in her eyes, and as we talked, I was amazed to learn that after graduation she had joined the service and had gone to Boston Lying-In to take a P. G. course. She married one of those Harvard men who was now a leading pediatrician in Bucketsville, Rhode Island. She had packed a lunch when she heard I was coming, but in the excitement had forgotten to give it to me. As my train pulled out of the station, I noticed the children munching on what appeared to be a delicious bit of food. Oh well, I would have been willing to share my good fortune with Mickey's children anyday.

I stopped in Boston to call Jane Blethen; she is now head of the sanitation department there. Her job keeps her rather busy cleaning up the streets on Sunday mornings. Naturally, I had forgotten my new wealth, so I used a safety pin to call her.

From Jane, I learned that Marilyn Brown was the proud mother of triplets. She had named them after the wards of good old E. M. G., "M" "R", and "S". The godmother of this brood was Miss Welch. They were all born with heart trouble and diabetes and first I thought that this was a shame until I found out that she was making a fortune out of them in the circus. I knew then that everything was all right.

As we reached Portland, Maine, I saw Gail Coburn coming down the aisle. She had long since left Bangor and she and her husband were just coming back from their missionary work in the deep jungles of Africa.

Also aboard was Jody Dorsky, in a uniform of the United States Navy. She and Charlene Kelley had joined right after graduation and were now five star generals. They were running the largest veterans hospital in North America. Jody and I stopped and had a cool glass of ginger ale together and she told me that Carmie Clukey had invented a bedpan which required no emptying. She didn't relate how the article worked, but she did say that Carmie was receiving a citation from President Doodlebug on Wednesday and was flying her own plane to the annual reunion.

Willie Cleary was queen of her native province and had her headquarters in St. Stephens, New Brunswick. I scooped this information up from a sign which read, "Long Live Our Queen Wille".

As we traveled on through this beautiful state of ours, we saw a lovely home up on the hills overlooking the Kennebec River where Patricia Ellis Hemingway was now residing. Harold had done quite well in accounting and had made money for most of his customers: therefore being rewarded with a good deal of readymade cash. Finally the train stopped in Bangor, and who was there to meet us but the Director of E. M. G. H. now, good old Doreen Goodin. She had remained at home to keep the school together and had been successful. After a most hearty welcome and a grand speech, in which her impediment did not show up, we learned that she had had an operation. We drove to the Quincy House for, I hoped, a meal. Sure enough, the kitchen crew at the hospital had prepared a special spread for us and it was just like old times. I managed to gulp down a cracker with peanut butter and a glass of

milk with peaches, stating that I had just eaten. Jody did the same and we preceded to the hospital itself.

Entering A, we met Betty Harriman who was head nurse there on relief. She had loved that shift so much as a student that the entire staff had made it possible for her to obtain and maintain this position. She had a lot of people with bandages over their eyes. When questioned about this she passed it off lightly by saying that times were rather hard at the optical shop and she was drumming up a little business.

Our tour of the hospital proved very interesting and we bumped into many of the old faithfuls, such as Madeline Irish who now ran the switch board. She had developed a beautiful voice, and very nimble fingers, and was an expert in this field. On the way up to F6 in the elevator, I hardly recognized Marietta Jacobson. She found it rather difficult to commute from New Sweden each day but she was never absent a day nor was she ever tardy. She showed me all the pins she had received for her excellent behavior. They practically took up one whole side of her suit.

Patty Ketchen was on the elevator with us; she was taking a tank of oxygen up to the childrens' ward. She hadn't changed a bit. She still had those dimples in her chin. However, she had lost her teeth, but we were told that she was getting a new set before the reunion. Betty Lobley was waiting for the elevator when we reached the top. I learned that she had taken over the house-keeping department, and was now making her daily rounds of inspection. She told me that Charlene McTaggart was her best ward maid and that she had given her time off from her duties to go and take care of Barbara Small's family while Barby had her fifth set of twins.

Later on that afternoon we discovered Charlene Moores down in the tissue lab. She was washing out the specimen bottles and filling them with formaldehyde. We later learned that this was not such a bad job, at all, since the intern on pathology service was rather nice, rich, handsome, and single.

Lucille Stone was down in the sewing room making colored johnnies for the patients. This had long been an idea of mine and I was mighty glad to see that something was being done about it.

Mille Tate had been made the Admitting Officer on relief time as she was always able to hold a conversation at any time, anywhere and anyplace.

Creeping up, to the intern quarters, we found Dorothy Tingley dusting the big, heavy medical books in the interns library. She was very happy to see us but as usual was much too busy to hold a conversation with us. We, remembering how spastic that place could get, left quietly, leaving Dot to her misery.

Jody Lane was on B2 now and had quieted down the place considerably. She had a staff of nine grads and twenty students. This covered the ward well and there was time for a lunch of cracks and chocolate milk. This was just like old times and we enjoyed ourselves very much.

We returned to the Nursing School office for cigarettes and time out from a rather exhausting tour. It seemed rather odd to be sitting there blowing smoke in each others faces. Jody and I both felt strange, but Doreen made us feel at ease as she took out her pipe and started dragging on it. I got up from my chair and went to the window to look at the salmon pool which had always been my favorite spot of beauty in the good old days. Who do you suppose my eyes gazed upon; none other then Mr. and Mrs. George Fenno and all five of the little Fenno's fishing. They were still trying to catch the first salmon to send to the president.

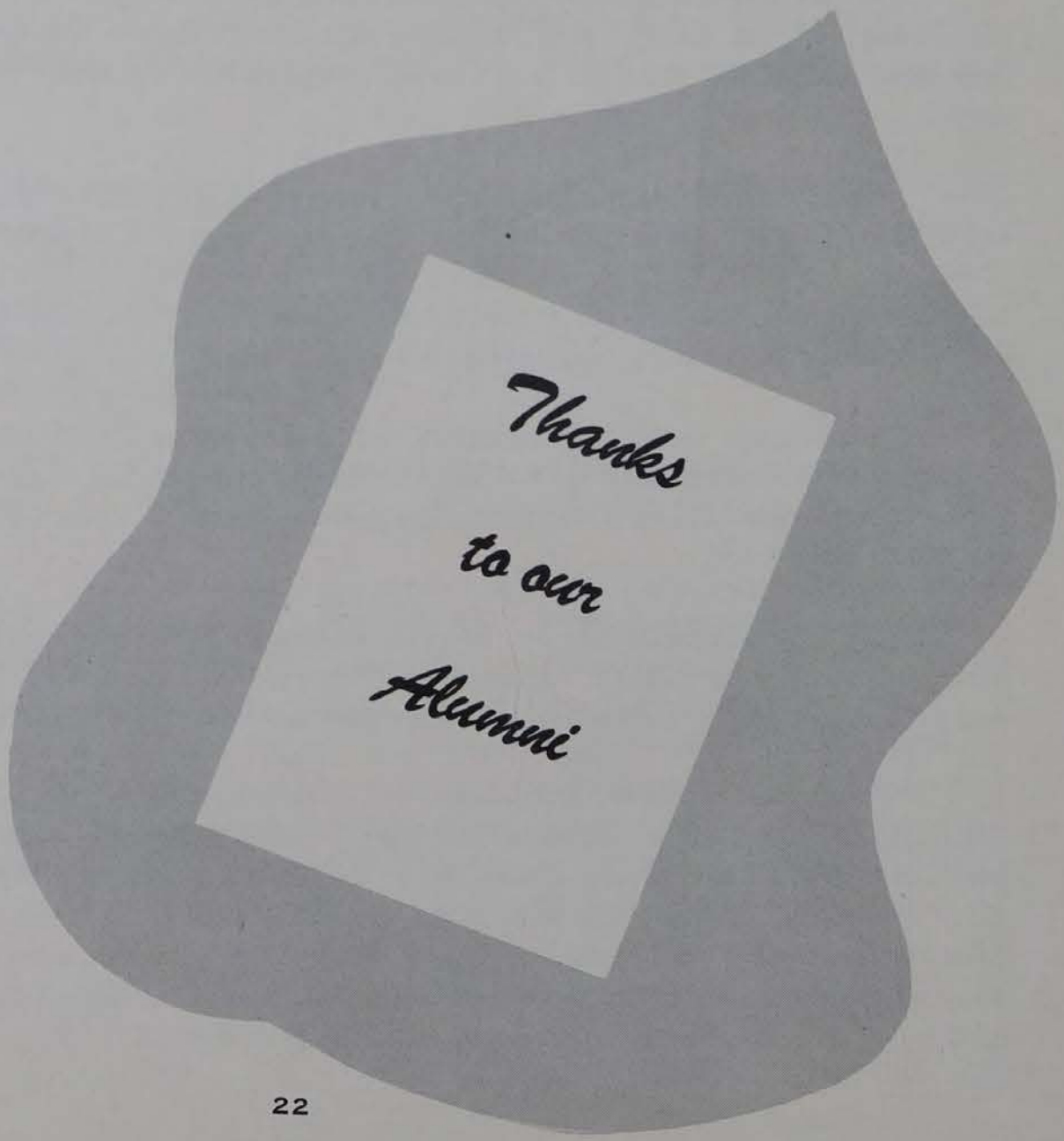
Suddenly I woke up and discovered all this had been nothing but a wonderful dream and that I was still as poor as ever. I believed that this really had happened, so real had it been.

I thought for a long time and then ran to my piggy bank. I counted the pennies I had been saving and decided that I didn't need those new glasses as badly as I had once thought I had. I sat down and wrote my letter to the Alumni telling them of my acceptance and of how happy I was that they hadn't forgotten the old maid of the class. I rushed out to mail the letter and came back to my hole in the wall. I knew that nothing in the world could stop me from going back to a reunion with the class, and as I dropped off to dreamland that night. I had many strange and exciting dreams of the time we would have at the reunion and of how my classmates would be situated in life.

Martha Whitney

IT IS AT THIS TIME THAT WE, THE GRADUATING CLASS,

DO GIVE-





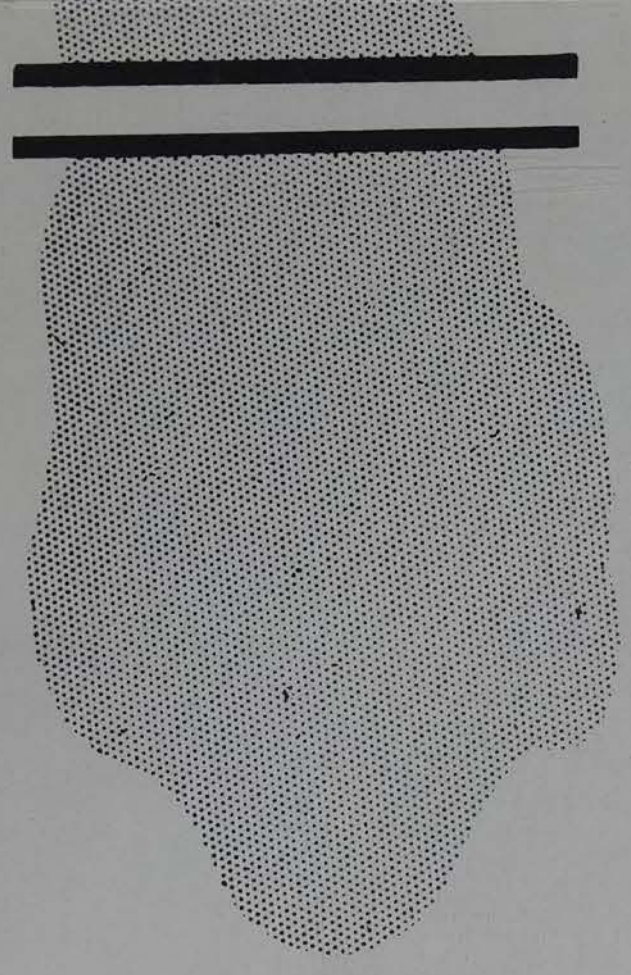
Underclassmen

"Strength is granted to us all when we are needed to serve great causes"

Winston Churchill







Snapshots

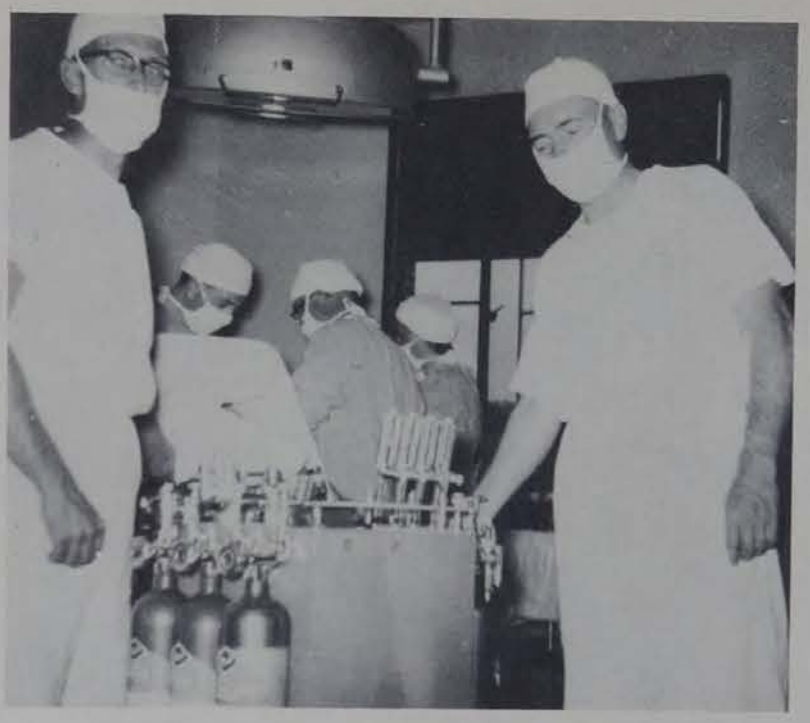
Patrons and Patronesses

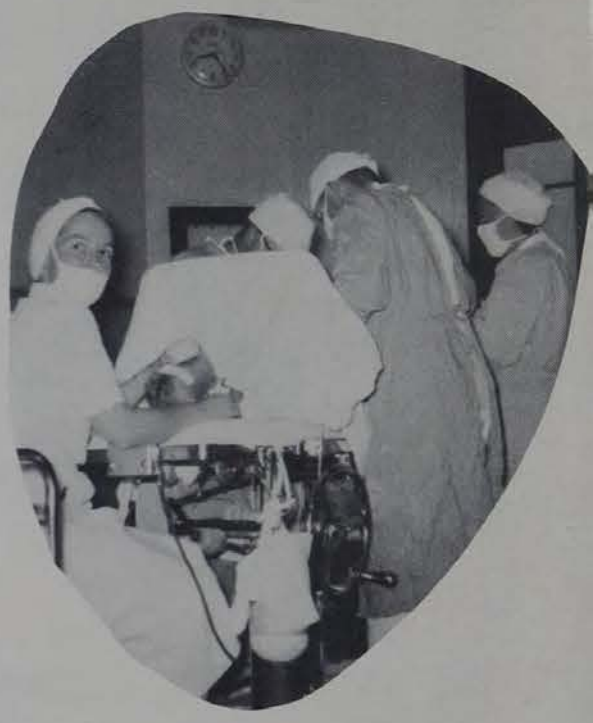
Tribute to our Housemothers

History of our Hospital

Medical Staff
















NO
SMOKING





































Patrons And Patronesses

Mrs. Mildred Holland

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McDougal

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hughes

Miss Dorothy Curtis

Mrs. Susan P. McGrath

Miss Kathleen F. Mott

Womens Auxillary of E. M. G. H.

Miss Louise Nawfel

Dr. and Mrs. John E. Whitworth

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Curran

Mrs. Penelope P. Davis

Mr. and Mrs. Ollove

Miss Alberta Clukey

Miss Irene Shannon

Miss Davidson

Mrs. Josephine P. Gilbert

Velma West

Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill

Dr. and Mrs. Miragliuolo

Dr. and Mrs. Woodcock

Dr. and Mrs. Silsby

Mr. and Mrs. Merriweather

Miss Frances Giddings

Miss Dillingham

Miss Gertrude Welch

Frank Clancy

Mrs. John Shaw

Ruth W. Tyrie

Miss Mabel F. Booth

Miss Barbara Roach

Miss Jacqueline Springer

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Whitney

Mrs. Shirley Adamson Meyer

We wish to thank the above who helped make it possible for us to meet our obligations.

It must be hard to be a housemother
Taking care of girls and not one little brother.
We really crab and say they're not nice
But deep in our hearts they're sugar and spice



Poor Mother Chapman, we treat her so cruel
'Cause she makes us live by the Golden Rule.
She tries so hard and we resist
But when we are through, it's her we'll miss.



Then Mrs. Marden came to the race.
The way we treated her, what a disgrace!
But we really like her and we'd like to say
You won't find a better housemother today.



Mrs. Tyrie must get so tired answering that phone.
And making excuses 'cause we're not at home.
You just can't compare her, she's really a peach.
Her kindness and sympathy are beyond reach.



Penelope Davis brings us our mail
And when we don't get some, we certainly wail.
We know it's not her fault we don't get a letter
Such a person as she that no one is better.



Mrs. Grant comes to stay when the others are away.
Sometimes by night and sometimes by day.
She always has a smile and a cheerful word, too.
And we all love, we really do.

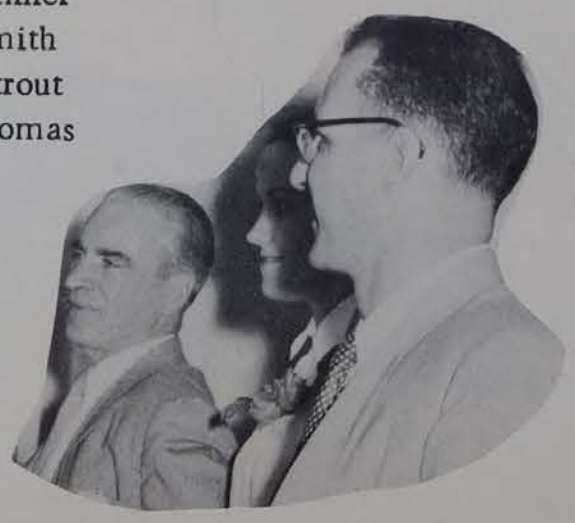
Eastern Maine General Hospital

Check List of Medical Staff

RESIDENT CONSULTING:
L. H. Ford
C. J. Hedin
J. A. Lethiecq
L. S. Mason
H. D. McNeil
M. C. Moulton
H. Pooler
L. H. Smith
J. B. Thompson
A. Woodcock



ATTENDING:
A. C. Adams
N. P. Blackburn
C. E. Blaisdell
W. B. Blaisdell
E. E. Brown
L. Brown
D. J. Clough
D. Coulton
L. M. Cutler
C. S. Dwyer
C. Emery
F. C. Emery
J. R. Feeley
R. A. Gaillard
A. K. Hill
C. W. Irwin
R. O. Dellogg
D. F. Macdonald
W. B. Manter
R. M. McQuoid
J. Memmelaar
R. T. Munce
J. K. Osler
J. J. Pearson
M. F. Ridlon
C. W. Ruhlin
S. S. Silsby
P. S. Skinner
H. A. Smith
W. G. Strout
P. B. Thomas



A. C. Todd
M. A. Vickers
R. C. Wadsworth
J. E. Whitworth
G. W. Wood
J. A. Woodcock

ASSISTANT ATTENDING:
W. C. Adams
R. J. Barrett
D. E. Bridges
J. D. Clement
E. L. Curran
R. V. Duffey
W. L. H. Hall
J. S. Houlihan
R. J. Hughes
J. Lezberg
A. N. Lieberman
J. R. Mabee
C. D. McEvoy
L. G. Miraglioulo
H. Parrot
E. C. Porter
W. A. Purington
E. M. Sewall
B. L. Shapero
W. M. Shubert
G. I. Wilson

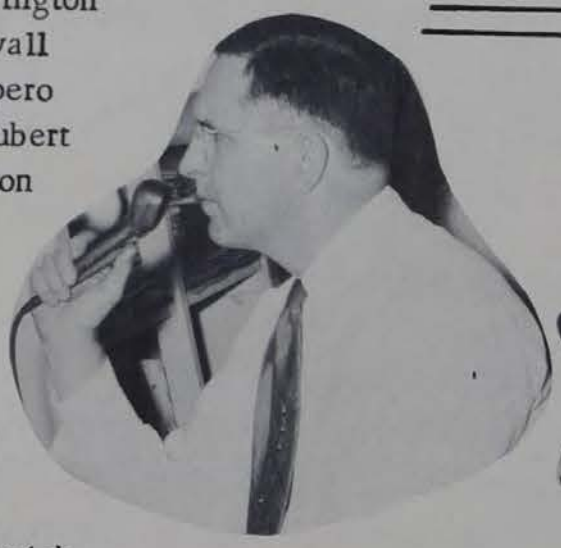
ADJUNCT:
M. M. Dietrich
A. J. Shubert
J. R. Sullivan
B. V. Whitney

COURTESY:
F. B. Ames
J. H. Crowe
R. A. Dunham

W. C. McNamara
E. S. O'Meara
H. C. Scribner
M. Trowbridge
S. L. Wagner
F. D. Weymouth
E. T. Young

DENTAL:
J. W. Brookings
C. H. King
M. P. King
H. J. McGinn
J. G. Ornstein

To the doctors who have been so understanding and patient, we, the class of 1955, say "thank you".





History of the Eastern Maine General Hospital School of Nursing

In the eighteenth century Bangor was the important river port on the Penobscot, a growing community finding itself in need of a hospital where its citizens could receive adequate medical care. Thus on June 7, 1892 five influential Bangor physicians leased the Mace building- or what is now called the "Graystone Building"- and established and opened the Bangor General Hospital. This was rather a solemn project for as far as these physicians were concerned they knew that whatever deficit might arise from the maintenance of this institution would fall upon their shoulders. However, at the close of the first six months, nearly one-hundred citizens agreed to assume, along with these physicians whatever deficit which would arise throughout the second half year. With such support and encouragement it seemed desirable to continue the hospital on a more solid basis-thus the Mace building was purchased, and December 16, 1892 was incorporated under the general laws of the state, by-laws were adopted, and officers elected. Charles Hamilton was elected the first president, and a board of directors or trustees was established. The first board of directors consisted of the five physicians-Dr. William Simmons, Dr. William Mason, Dr. Walter Hunt, Dr. Everett Nealey, and Dr. William Baxter.

The hospital has shown a steady growth. At the first report of the Bangor General Hospital on June 6, 1893, it was stated that the number of patients admitted to the hospital during the first year was one hundred and fifty. In 1901, the total number was seven hundred and ninety-nine, and in 1942, the total was six-thousand.

Also in 1942 the hospital had a capacity of two hundred and forty three beds including bassinets, in comparison to the present capacity of three hundred fifty.

As early as 1895 it was seen that there was a dire need for expansion as a tent had to be set up on the lawn to accomodate the extreme overflow of patients. However it was not until October 1, 1899 that the new building-now wards A, B, C, was officially opened. Then the directors purchased five more acres of land for the construction of a childrens ward but this building was not completed until 1910. This is now wards D, E, and F. The Pediatric department was not actually established until 1926. During the year 1914, the X-Ray and Physical Therapy departments were completed-followed by the establishment in 1923 of the Stodder Memorial Laboratory.

Then as the bed capacity of the hospital increased, the need for additional space for the housing of the nurses increased, and 1925 our present nurses home went under construction. This was made possible by numerous gifts, an amount of $175,000 given by Mr. William Brigham II alone. This building was opened in 1926.

In 1939, the Kelly building-wards H, J, K, L, and the Operating suite, was constructed. Three years later in 1942 it was again necessary to provide additional living quarters for the nurses, and a nurses annex was constructed. This later became wards M, R, S, and the Storeroom, and known as the Blaisdell Building.

Recently the B-Polio ward has been constructed and many of the wards undergone extensive renovation.

The hospital name was changed from the Bangor General Hospital to Eastern Maine General Hospital in 1896, four years after the founding of the institution. The hospital is now a corporation, still run by a board of trustees. It is supported by paying patients and investments, however at the present time 30% of the work done is charity work.

The School of Nursing was established right after the hospital began by the board of trustees in 1892. Miss Elizabeth Spratt, a Boston City Hospital graduate being our first director. However she resigned after one year because of ill health, and Miss Ellen Paine, a Massachusetts General graduate, took her place and served in this capacity for twelve years.

During this first year, four students were admitted for a two year course. In October 1899, there were fourteen students enrolled. Two interns and a new ambulance were also acquired. Electric lights were installed throughout the hospital at this time.

In 1911 the nursing course was changed from two to three years. The first graduation exercises were held in 1914. At this time the nurses residence was located at the corner of Essex and State Streets. However with the enrollment of twenty-six students in 1922 it became necessary to lease a larger home, this was located at the corner of Howard and State Streets. Then in 1926 the present home was opened.

Our affiliation with the Boston Lying In Hospital began in 1923. Also at this time the board of trustees appointed a school of nursing committee to serve in an advisory capacity to the Director of Nursing.

In 1937, the Eastern Maine General Hospital School of Nursing was selected by the University of Maine as one of three schools of nursing in Maine to participate in a five year program leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University.

The School of Nursing extended its relationship with the University of Maine in 1942 by establishing an affiliation for the instruction of our Pre-clinical students in the basic sciences. 1942 was also rather difficult on the nursing service all over the country and especially at Eastern Maine General, where thirty six graduates entered the military service. To offset this loss, the Cadet program was inaugurated and the enrollment of student nurses increased from ninety one to one hundred and twenty seven. However as soon as the emergency was over, the Cadet program was discontinued. Our present enrollment is approximately one-hundred twenty.

From its inception in 1892, the School of Nursing has been one of the leading Schools both in Maine and New England. Our graduates are eligible for registration in every state in the union, either by reciprocity or examination.

EMGH Graduates Told That It Is 'Pluses' Which Count In Work

"Any profession is made better by what one brings to it above and beyond the call of duty," the Rev. E. Charles Dartnell of Brewer, told members of the graduating class of the Eastern Maine General Hospital School of Nursing Thursday night. Speaking at the Garland Street Junior High school Mr. Dartnell spoke on "Professional Plus," to the 35 members of the class and their relatives and friends.

A bus driver can be a better bus driver if he is interested in his work and the people he meets. While this is true of any profession it is especially true of the nursing profession, Mr. Dartnell said. The thing that we bring to it is not only the fact that one is trained but the "pluses" we have, the speaker said. "It is service to others and the giving of one's self to his chosen profession."

It is a kind of work that demands physical well being. It is no type of profession for a weakling. Then one must bring to nursing a keen mind—mistakes must be held to a minimum. There is a constant vigilance of the mind where one never lets up. Perhaps with the pluses that come along the matter of a pleasing personality is of prime importance in the nursing field, Mr. Dartnell asserted. One must submerge their own difficulties and troubles and not let it show when dealing with the sick. "A woebegone nurse doesn't do a patient any good," the speaker pointed out.

CONFIDENCE VITAL

There must be a confidence in one's associates on the staff — a confidence in one's own training, and then the nurse needs the ability to impart this confidence for a time to those who are in her care.

Nothing really ends. This is an end of training but not an ending, merely a going forward into a fuller, richer life. The growing season is over and the harvest begins.

Miss Barbara Doris Small of Guilford was awarded the Dr. Bertram L. Bryant Memorial award for the highest rink in theory. The presentation was made by Mrs. Paul Freese, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the EMGH. Honorable mention went to Gale Elaine Coburn Foulkes of Brownville Jct.

Mrs. Freese presented the Women's Auxiliary award for the greatest general proficiency in nursing practices to Joan Lucille Thibodeau of Bangor. Honorable mention here went to Gale Foulkes.

PROGRAM

The detailed program for the commencement exercises were as follows:

Instrumental Trio: Eugene Rice, violin; Ruth Waterhouse, piano; John Miraglia, violincello Donald S. Higgins presiding Processional, Faculty and Students, School of Nursing Coronation March, Meyerbeer Invocation, the Rev. Richard Harvey, St. John's Catholic Church Musical Selection, Andante, Beethoven

Graduation Address, the Rev. Charles E. Dartnell, Pastor, First Methodist Church, Brewer

Musical Selection, Romance, D. Van Goens

Presentation of Diplomas, Mr. Donald S. Higgins, Board of Trustees

Presentation of Alumnae Award President of the Women's Auxiliary, Eastern Maine General Hospital

The Dr. Bertram L. Bryant Memorial Award for Highest Rank in Theory

The Women's Auxiliary of the Eastern Maine General Hospital Award for General Proficiency in Nursing Practice

Presentation of Alumnae Award President, Eastern Maine General Hospital Alumnae Association

Award for the Student Showing the Greatest Improvement

Star Spangled Banner

Benediction, the Rev. Richard Harvey, St. John's Catholic Church

Recessional, Coronation March, Meyerbeer

Following the graduation exercises a reception for parents and friends was held at the Nurses' Home.

The award of the Nurses' Alumnae Association to the EMGH was presented to Joyce Louise Lane of Sherman Mills. Miss Frances Patterson, president of the association, made the award and also announced that in this category Elizabeth Harriman McGary of Ellsworth received honorable mention. This award is made to the student showing the greatest improvement.

Diplomas were awarded to 35 students who have completed the three-year course.

GRADUATING CLASS

Members of the graduating class were: Beverly Carol Arau, Camden; Jane Lenora Blethen, Brewer; Marilyn Kaye Brown, Bangor; Marjorie Louise Carson, Houlton; Roselma May Clark, Oakland; Willena Margaret Cleary, St. Stephen, N. B., Carmelita Ruth Clukey, Dover-Foxcroft; Gale Elaine Coburn Foulkes, Brownville Jct., Joanne Elaine Dorsey, Bangor; Mina Marie Drake, East Dover; Lucille Theresa Drinkwater, Lincolnville; Patricia Ann Ellis, Bangor; Doreen Elizabeth Goodin, Old Town; Enid Ardelle Gorman, Kenduskeag; Elizabeth Bray Harriman McGary, Ellsworth; Madaline Ruth Irish, Sherman Mills; Marietta Jacobson, Stockholm; Charlene Flora Kelley, Milo; Mary Patricia Ketchen, Great Works; Joyce Louise Lane, Sherman Mills, Mary Elizabeth Lobley, Bangor; Joyce Elaine MacCrae, Bangor; Charlene Harriet McTaggart, Rome; Charlene Theo Moores, Brooks; Marie Jeanette Morrison, Ellsworth; Priscilla Eileen Morrison, Greenville; Marie Ruth Myrick, Damariscotta Mills, Eileen Elizabeth Pineau, Millinocket; Jane Quimby, Brooks; Barbara Doris Small, Guilford; Ethel Lucille Stone, Bangor; Mildred Eva Tate, East Corinth; Joan Lucille Thibodeau, Bangor; Dorothy Alice Tingley, Millinocket and Martha Eleanor Whitney, Augusta.



EMGH SCHOOL OF NURSING GRADUATES—Students at the Eastern Maine General Hospital School of Nursing who graduated at commencement exercises held Thursday night at the Garland Street School auditorium were, left to right, front row: Charlene McTaggart, Mildred Tate, Mina Drake, Priscilla Morrison, Joyce MacCrae, Jean Blethen, Marilyn Brown, Marie Morrison, Dorothy Tingley, Beverly Arau, and Madeline Buzzell. Second row: Jane Quimby, Roselma Clark, Joyce Lane, Patricia Hemingway, Joan Thibodeau and Charlene Kelley. Third row: Barbara Small, Elizabeth Harriman McGary, Eileen Pineau, Joanne Dorsky, Mary Kitchen and Mary Lobley. Fourth row: Ethel Stone, Willena Cleary, Doreen Goodin, Carmelita Clukey, Gale Coburn Foulkes and Martha Whitney. Fifth row: Lucille Drinkwater, Enid Gorman, Marie Myrick, Marjorie Carson, Marietta Jacobson and Charlene Moores. (Staff photo by Hall)



Caution Replaces Optimism Few Weeks After Geneva Conference

WASHINGTON—It's curious what a difference just a few weeks make in world affairs. The point of view of some of those folks who in July were hailing the Geneva Conference as inaugurating a period of almost Utopian peace is now, in September, one of apprehension and caution.

WARNINGS PUBLISHED

Articles of warning are being published in the press, and some members of Congress are saying that perhaps Geneva didn't bring peace and what a terrible mistake it would be to cut the defense budget as Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson has proposed doing. It is being urged that America should be careful not to be lulled into a sense of false security and that cutting the arms budget is premature and dangerous.

But, logically, if all the optimistic statements and comments made after the Geneva conference meant anything, they meant that a curtailment of arms expenses was inevitable. For of what avail are weapons that grow obsolete and are never used?

Not only in America but in Britain and France such questions are being asked, and the western world is face to face with the effect of the risks taken when the top leaders began fraternizing with the Soviet chieftains in Switzerland less than two months ago.

Even the politicians inside this country are beginning to grow puzzled as to how to handle the Geneva issue. Governor Harriman of New York, Democrat, who used to be American ambassador to Moscow and feels he has a right to draw on his experiences there, sounded a cautious note about the Communists which wasn't taken too seriously at the time. This was because his opponent for the Democratic presidential nomination, former Governor Stevenson, had come out in favor of compromise and bargaining. Some Democratic orators even went so far as to contend that, but for their prodding, President Eisenhower wouldn't have gone to Geneva. They were prepared to take the credit if Geneva came out all right but equally eager to impose the blame on the Republicans if the aftermath became somewhat unfavorable.

DULLES MOST ASTUTE

The Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles—who isn't supposed to be a politician, yet who is by all odds the most farseeing and astute of the present-day professionals in diplomacy — was criticized by some of the appeasers because he didn't exude the same kind of enthusiasm about Geneva that some of the wishful thinkers did.

When President Eisenhower shortly afterward used some strong words in his speech to the American Bar [illegible]

Conference. Soviet newspapers always eager to print anything that drives a wedge between the President and his advisers and to give the impression of wavering and fluctuation in American policy, reproduced the criticisms and, without comment of their own, let American critics tell the story to the Soviet people. That's a favorite device, and the moral is not to ask the critics to refrain from criticism just because the Soviet press picks it up but to ask them to make sure first whether the Soviet phrases at Geneva had any meaning worth exalting as genuinely peaceful in intent.

What has happened at Geneva is what any realist would have expected. The "cold war" has been intensified in other areas of the world. Trouble has been stimulated in North Africa. The government of Turkey, our ally, announces that riots and disturbances were instigated there by the Communists on account of the Cyprus affair. It is easy enough to dismiss all this as the usual stunt of the Communists of fishing in troubled waters or to argue that, of course, in most of these places the Communists have been outlawed as a political party. What haven't been exterminated, however, are the Soviet espionage rings — their means of making contact with the fuzzy-minded in many countries who are so easily duped by the Soviet agents and their fellow travelers.

ISSUE REVIVING

In America, ever since the McCarthy debacle, there has been a tendency to write off investigations of Communist activity and to try to squelch the issue but, thanks to the blunders of the "Fund For The Republic," the issue now is looking up again and public interest may again be focused on the intrigues which enabled Alger Hiss to formulate policy in the Department of State and MacLean and Burgess in the British Foreign Office, even as Klaus Fuchs was speeding up for Soviet Russia the development of nuclear weapons.

Wishful thinkers have imagined that Geneva portends an era of peace. If it does, then they must not oppose arms reduction—they certainly can't have it both ways. As for those who believed from the beginning that Geneva was just a propaganda affair — in which America played an effective part in offsetting Soviet claims



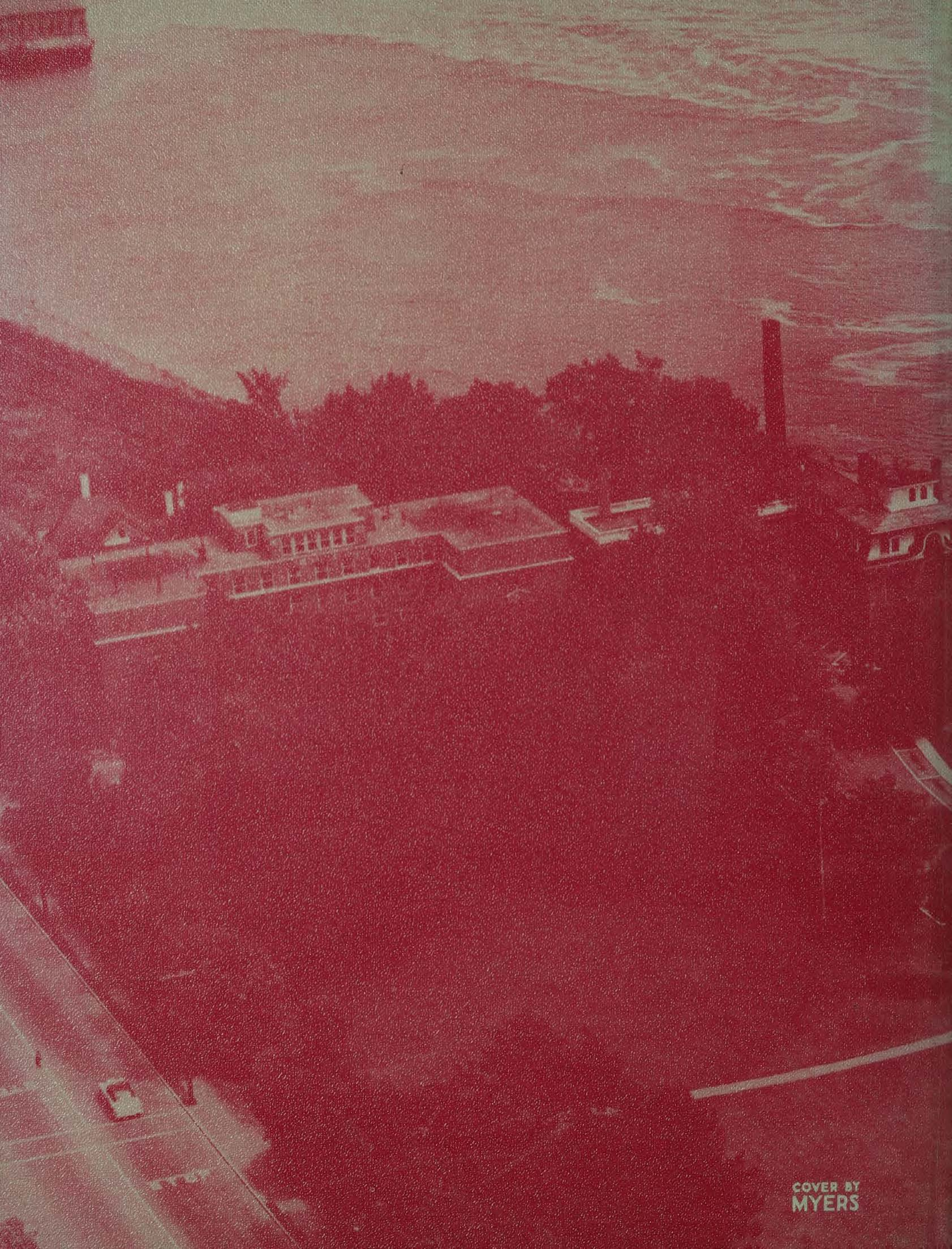
GOOD REHEARSAL this time meant a good s h o v. Smiling satisfaction (f r o n t, from left) w e r e students from Eastern M a i n e General Hospital Ann Kiah, Blanche Plourde and S h e i l a Lowry. Rear, Evelyn Hamm, Alice Littlefield and Anne Lynch.

Portraits

By James J. Metcalf

As You May Give

How many are your valuables? . . . The diamonds you hold? . . . A ton of silver or perhaps . . . A barrel full of gold? . . . Perhaps you have a bank account . . . In figures six or seven . . . And everything that makes this earth . . . Appear the same as heaven . . . Well, all your silver and your gold . . . And all your diamonds too . . . Can only bring a worldly sum . . . Of common joy to you . . . . They cannot make your peace with God . . . However you are clever . . . They cannot buy a ticket to . . . Your happiness forever . . . The richest thing on earth is just . . . The time you have to live . . . To use or to refuse it by . . . Your willingness to give.



COVER BY
MYERS