

CLASS HISTORY
Class of September, 1954

Tempus fugit! Time flies! It takes only a little looking back to prove that. Who would have thought three years ago that our time in training would pass so quickly?

Remember what a hard time we had getting acquainted? Why, Theresa Ehm called her roommate "kid" for a whole day before she realized Teresia Reinsch's name really wasn't that hard to remember.

Remember that first lecture in Anatomy? The words were big enough to pad the road homeward. And even Dorothy was worried.

Then we moved on to Galloway and accepted his 'umble opinion that "the doors swing out but never swing in." "Yea, and the kidney tissue --

And here's a living example of tempus fugit. Theresa Ehm and Teresia Reinsch arrived in the chapel at four A.M. It was a short night's sleep. To this day, Theresa Ehm won't let her wrist watch out of sight, for fear some little bird may crawl into the room at night and reset it.

Hallowe'en fun! It wasn't enough that we had our own cats at Drake -- but an oversized one appeared at our dance -- and did it go places! Ask Murphy and associates.

And it took Sr. Consolata to teach Theresa Wilgenbush that right-handed nurses don't give baths with their left hand.

Seeing is believing. That we did when the silver fish ran their course through the hall. Ask Mary Lou Barrett -- first hand authority.

The hands of time moved on a few months.

Capping -- the first milestone. The end of our 'probie days, but the beginning of more hard work, and greater responsibilities.

Remember how the float project just about came to a halt when we ran out of gas on the east side; and the exertion we put forth getting it across Grand Avenue and back to civilization?

What about our poor life-saver at the Jewish Community Center. He really earned his pay on the days we came to our sink or swim class. (Mostly sink).

Budding genius -- gone astray. After a lecture in anesthesiology our three anesthetists -- Fenton, Mitch, and Toni -- succeeded only in intoxicating a mouse. Good thing he wasn't scheduled for surgery that day.

Junior year -- our confidence grew with practice and experience. T'was here we ran into the specialized departments; yes, many did acquire specialties.

Who deprived the Diet Kitchen of a month's supply of malt? Deitering and Mattes liked that department.

Of course by now we are used to Sass peeking out of her door every night to say, "Is that the ten o'clock buzzer?" But remember the time she answered this buzzer at the phone with "This is Miss Sassatelli speaking." And a familiar voice came over the wire, "What of it?"

Surgery was much better lighted after Serge smashed the spotlight while demonstrating her cleaning ability to Sister.

Faux pas! Rita Stumpf going to Central Supply in her Junior Year to get I V tubing!

Through hospital work and turmoil, Virginia Farley, managed to faithfully keep up her summer cutings in a convertible.

We all believe that when Pat Shaw becomes supervisor of the Milk Lab, she won't caramelize the milk and let the nipples pop --- we hope, anyway.

Seems there was a little confusion 'long about this time last year in Council Bluffs over a telegraph about the banquet. The telegraph office of that city was expecting to find a group of musicians called the "Nine Des Moines Nightingales" when it was only our affiliating classmates. And we can't forget Dr. Petrkonis' inability to comprehend that Inie Johnson was a nurse and not a patient.

Browsing of the leaves showed that fall was here to help bestow the title of "Seniors" upon us. Bev Fenton arrived at Council Bluffs just in time to be a guest at the anniversary celebration.

Donna and Betty are still racing to turn off Jane Landolt's early morning edition of Smoky Smith; and Inie Johnson is still first in line in the race down to breakfast, after Mass in the morning.

While working in the still of the night, Mary Negrete is concentrating on an idea to emphasize Still, instead of nights.

Another unbelievable fact remains in mind -- that all four groups have gone and come from Council Bluffs, bringing us together again.

We're almost used to seeing Janet Spitler's car parked out in front of the Nurses' Home. If you ever wonder why she parks two wheels on the curb, it's so the gas tank won't leak. Rumor has it that she had a recent repair job.

With tonight's banquet, time has added lines to the closing pages of our history. But you know this isn't the end -- it's only the beginning for all of us.