

The Class History of 1927

Let me introduce you to the 1927 Graduating Class. They all became acquainted with me soon after they entered training, for I am the old bell, their daily associate for three years. It was I who thundered into their ears each morning, arousing them from sleep, later my loud sounds summoned them to prayers and to meals, and my gentle taps reminded them to put out the light each night and go to sleep.

It was Febr. 1924, when Mary Carney and Esther Volz felt the urge to take up Nursing and I am sure few realize what a great sacrifice they made to become the Angels of Mercy, nurses are supposed to be. These girls were obliged to give up a career, who knows what dazzling heights it might have taken them to, but they choose the better part and came to Mercy Hospital Training School. During their probation they had a hankering for the old ambition and after every one else was fast asleep, they would practice on the ukelele far into the night those weird sounds floated from between the covers. They abandoned their practice when they learned one night some one was searching for the hidden cat.

I remember the day I met Margaret Gorman. She always looks at the world thru rose colored glasses. She too was musical, but she played the piano and always entertained the new girls when they came in.

A few months later Blanche Bales, very quietly took her place in the rank and file of the Training School. I often wonder why this girl was so serious, but soon I learned she was writing a book, the title is "Perfect Behavior for Nurses," an extract from her book reads, "To become a perfect nurse, it is very essential that she have a curl, this may be either on the forehead or at the back of the neck but a curl you must have." The psychological effect on the patient is marvelous) The proceeds of her book will maintain a home for nurses with broken arches.

It was June 4th, when Marie Ford came to the hospital. This girl spent a great deal of serious thought on the business of nursing, she says, "When I finish training and go back to Gilmore City, I want them to be proud of me"

The last of Aug. Helen Devlin entered training. She was a most lady like girl for some time. One day she lost all her dignity, flew into a mighty rage exclaiming, "I thought there would be some batchlor doctors here, but I find I have just wasted my time. On the same day as Miss Devlin, Ann McGuire entered. She was obliged at the end of her second year to go home to care for her father was ill.

Sept. Brought many happy smiling faces, the first to greet us was Pauline McKeigh. She was only with us a few short months when after a mastoid operation the angel of Death hovered near for a few days, and finally stole her away.

I thot for a few days we had a boy in training. I heard the girls calling, Johnnie, Johnnie,. I discovered this meant Adelaide Johnston. Her home was in Des Moines, so had plenty of boy friends, but the traits of a nurses' life are many, and while she would be busily engaged in caring for her patients, some one else would manage to steal the boy friend.

Another Des Moines girl to enter was Helen Ward. She became afflicted with the love bug, and left the second year to be mar-

ried.

On Sept. 9th, Ann Kirvin left her home in Winterset, and decided to become a nurse. Do you know I would scarcely could each morning until Miss Kirvin was out of bed and always was the first one at prayers. Now Ann if you will call at the Training School office, Sr. Thomas will present you with a beautiful medal for perfect attendance at Morning prayers.

On Sept., 30th., Margaret Herbert and Elizabeth Kenning entered training. Strange as it may seem these girls are cousins. Miss Herbert did the best she could and smiled about the rest, but no wonder she was so good natured, all the good things to eat she received from home. I think Miss Kenning aspired to be a Mother Superior some day, she carried the responsibility of the house on her shoulders. One patient called her the misquito. He said she moved so quickly.

From Knoxville came Teresa Caffery. She tho't quite a bit of the style of her clothes, and managed to steal other girls beaus, but her patients got excellent care.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no good, so when the Boone Hospital burned in the summer of 1925, five girls we are proud of came to join our graduating class. Beatrice Lyons, a native of Boone, a girl who said little, but with a theory all her own about the method of preparing for surgery. She says the Doctors should rinse their hands with boiling water. She tried this plan on the president of the Staff. He being a good friend of hers, took her to one side and said. "Miss Lyons, I have an abundance of skin on my hands it's true, but I need every bit of it, so please have the water a little cooler.

Mary Jordan of Gilbert, Ia.. says, "God's choiest women are plump." This girl has one great ambition to be through training so she can start a Foundling Home. You know she loves babies.

Irma Hieneman, Ogden, Ia, was quite a favorite. Especially in the operating room. But she learned from experience, Lysol was never intended as an eye wash, we suggest Miss Hieneman use Boric Sol. the next time.

Lillian Pearson, another Boone product, who wore her uniforms with becomingness. She was styled the ready made nurse.

Ethel Weline, of New Brighton, Minn. She was different from the natives of Iowa. She didn't talk so much and possess the gift of blushing easily.

Agatha McCoy, has been written of in a previous addition, she belonged to a former class, but ill health delayed her, so she became a member of this class.

I hope I haven't disclosed any secrets, I shouldn't tell, for the old bell wants to be always a true and trusted friend. As the poet says:

Constant as the compass points the way to distant lands,
Ceaseless as the billows roll upon the ocean sands,
Lasting as the years of life, wherever you may gaze
Are the lingering thots & memories of Training Days.