

The
EPITOME

1945

To the Sweetest
Family in the World.
Love
Lynn + Nan
July 13, 1945







Amazed Girl

The Epitome 1945

Class Flower: ROSE

Published by the Senior Class of
JAMES WALKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL OF NURSING
Wilmington, North Carolina



"THRU THESE PORTALS"

FOREWORD

TO GLANCE AT THE PAGES OF THE EPITOME IS TO REALIZE
OUR LIFE HERE, ITS HEIGHTS AND ITS DEPTHS. IT IS WITH
THE HOPE THAT WHAT INSPIRED US SHOULD SET OUR
PULSE TO BEATING; THAT WHAT STIMULATED US AND UP-
LIFTED US WOULD FURNISH OTHERS WITH STRENGTH.

WE HOPE THAT OUR LABOR HAS PLACED IN YOUR HANDS
THE POWER TO REALIZE THE DREAMS OF OUR PROFESSION.

—SWANNA PITTMAN, *Editor.*



THE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

EPITOME STAFF



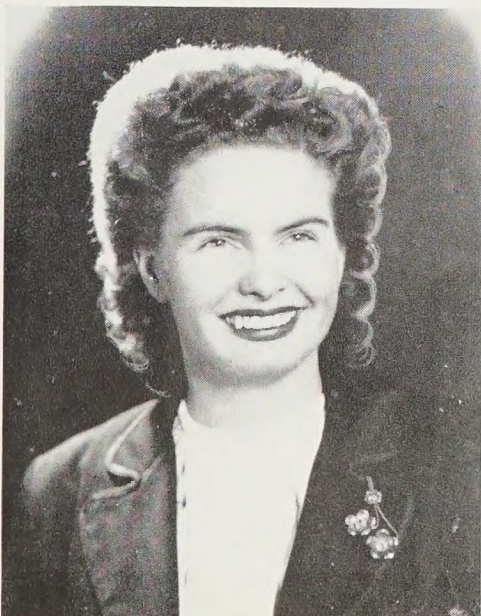
SWANNA PITTMAN
Editor



THAGARD CAMERON
Assistant Editor



VIRGINIA HARRISS
Art Editor



JUANITA LEWIS
Business Manager



MINERVA LATHAM
Assistant Business Manager

DEDICATION

WITH RESPECT AND ADMIRATION WE DEDICATE THIS
ISSUE OF THE EPITOME TO DR. JAMES F. ROBERTSON AS
AN EXPRESSION OF OUR APPRECIATION FOR HIS BENE-
VOLENCE TO OUR CLASS. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE
KINDNESS AND COMRADESHIP HE HAS SHOWN TO US.
HIS NOBLENES OF CHARACTER HAS ENRICHED THE LIVES
OF THOSE WHO KNOW AND LOVE HIM.



THE NEW ANNEX

DIRECTOR OF NURSES



MISS CLARA LOUISE WRIGHT, R.N.

Denison University
Granville, Ohio

St. Luke's School of Nursing
St. Louis, Missouri

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF HOSPITAL



MR. GEORGE DARDEN

Sacred Heart Academy
Raleigh, N. C.

THE ORIGINAL



EDUCATIONAL STAFF



MISS RUTH C. PANNILL
Educational Director
Johnson-Willis Hospital
Richmond, Virginia
University of Virginia



INSTRUCTORS

In front-- Miss Ruth C. Pannill, Educational Director.
Left to right--Mrs. Viola Hatch, Nursing Arts; Miss Betty Hewlett, Assistant Nursing Arts; Miss Grace Taylor, Dietetics;
Mrs. Lilly Hayes, Pediatrics; Mrs. Mabel Smith, Operating Room; Miss Ora Lee Derrick, Anesthesia.

SUPERVISORS



MISS BOYD
Men's Ward

MRS. SMITH
Surgery

MRS. YOPP
Obstetrics

MRS. HAYES
Pediatrics

MRS. HAYDUKE
Women's Ward

MISS BRITT
Assistant Supt. of Nurses

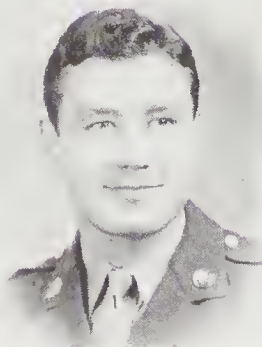
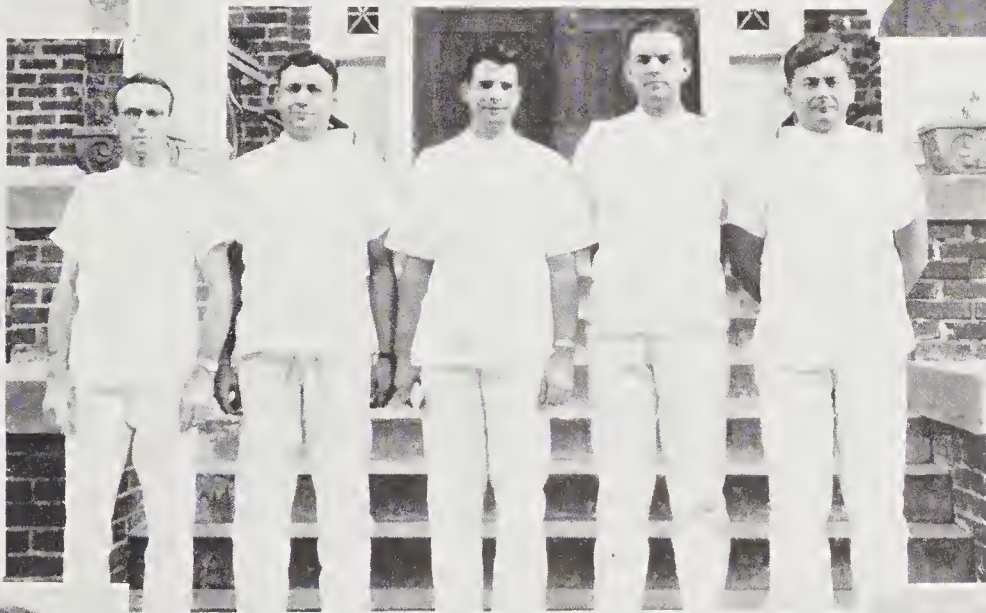
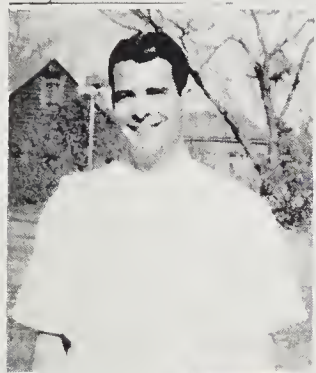
MRS. POLVOGT
Emergency

MISS WILKINS
Colored Ward

Left to right—Front Row—Miss Susan Wilkins, Mrs. Christine Cox, Miss Alma Boyd,
Mrs. Flossie Yopp.

Second Row—Mrs. Mabel Smith, Miss Beadie Britt, Mrs. Lilly Hayes, Mrs. Louise
Hayduke, Miss Ora Lee Derrick.

INTERNES



DR. FISHER

DR. RAWL

DR. STIFF

DR. JONES

DR. WORKMAN

DR. BOYTER

Left to right—Dr. Olin Stiff, Dr. John Workman, Dr. George Fisher, Resident,
Dr. Hugh Boyter, Dr. Alfred Rawl.

GENERAL DUTY NURSES



Left to right—Front Row—Mrs. Futch, Mrs. Burhardt, Miss Fulcher, Miss Davis, Mrs. Godwin, Miss Norris.
Second Row—Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Ludwig, Miss Waters, Miss Sammers.

X-RAY DEPARTMENT



MISS NELL STEVENS

MRS. CHRISTINA OCCHIPINTI

MISS LUCILLE KENDRICKS

DR. GRAHAM BAREFOOT

LABORATORY TECHNICIANS



MISS EDNA WOODY

MISS ARLENE STEINACHER

MISS MARIELLA WILLIAMSON

MISS BESSIE WOODCOCK

THE NURSE

*The world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron and grins 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 new born babe's first breath
Closing the eyes that are still in death.*

*Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes,
Oh Dear, what a lot of patience it takes;
Going off duty at seven o'clock
Tired, 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 it's 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.*

SENIORS

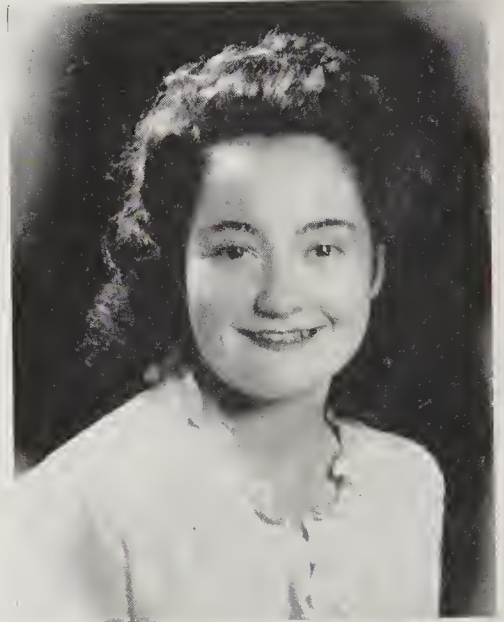


"OUR STRENGTH LIES IN UNITY"

CLASS OFFICERS



MARTHA WILLIS
President



EDITH COORE
Vice-President



JUANITA LEWIS
Secretary

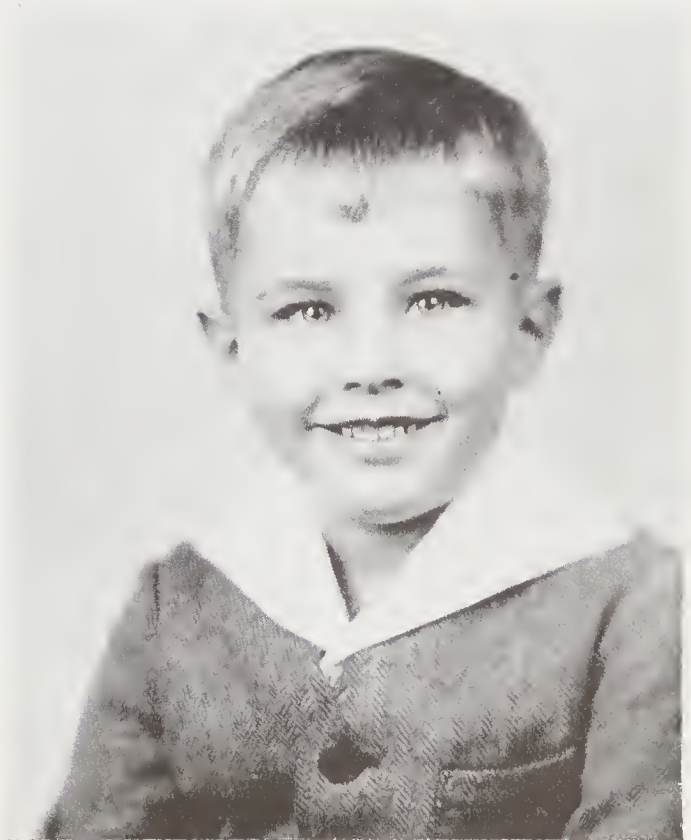


EDNA GEORGE
Treasurer

MASCOTS



BOBBY LOUNSBURY



DAVID SLOAN

SPONSORS



MRS. MABEL SMITH, R.N.

James Walker Memorial Hospital
Wilmington, N. C.

SPONSORS



DR. JAMES F. ROBERTSON, A.B., M.D.

University of Virginia
University of Pennsylvania

SENIORS



ROSEMARY SHIRLEY BARNES

Greensboro, N. C.

"Soul of an artist—heart of a clown."



THELMA GREY BOSTICK

Pittsboro, N. C.

"Soul sincere, action faithful, honor clean."



SENIORS

OPAL THAGARD CAMERON

Cameron, N. C.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."



MARGARET ANN CULBRETH

Chadbourn, N. C.

"Her spirit is the harmony of truth."

SENIORS



EDNA EARLE GEORGE

Smithfield, N. C.

"A gift of fascination and the power to charm."

NORMA VIRGINIA HARRISS

Smithfield, N. C.

"Ambition knows no rest."



SENIORS

JUANITA HOPE JOHNSON
Mount Airy, N. C.

"Spontaneous wisdom and truth breathed by cheerfulness."



MINERVA LATHAM
Faison, N. C.

"All that's best of dark and bright meet in her aspect and her eyes."

SENIORS



JUANITA GARRETT LEWIS

Boliva, N. C.

"One to whom was given so much of earth—so much of heaven."

RENA MAE LITTLE

Burlington, N. C.

"In life and death a chainless soul, with courage to endure."



SENIORS

DOROTHY MAE SANDERSON
Chinquapin, N. C.

"An artistic touch that is charmingly individual."



MAMIE CAROLYN SMITH
Kinston, N. C.

"A being breathing thoughtful breath."



SENIORS



ALDA CHRISTINE WHITFIELD
Mount Olive, N. C.

"There is one proof of ability—action."

JEWEL SOUTHERLAND BAKER
Wallace, N. C.

"She was a Phantom of delight."



SENIORS

IDA LEE BOSTIC
Pink Hill, N. C.

*"Seeing beauty in all things—the secret of lovely
temperament."*



FANNIE EARLENE COLLINS
Cerro Gordo, N. C.

"A light heart lives long."



SENIORS



EDITH ELLENE COORE
Lakeview, N. C.

"Everything that is exquisite hides itself."



HELEN DARE ELMORE
Kinston, N. C.

"The best things come in little packages."



SENIORS

ELSIE MAE McFADDEN

Kanona, Kansas

"To fill the hour—that is happiness."



CYNTHIA YERBY MCENTEE

Wilmington, N. C.

"Nameless grace that waves in every raven trace."



SENIORS



EDNA POTTER MOORE

Wallace, N. C.

"Always the same—ever sincere."



VIRGINIA PEARSALL

Mount Olive, N. C.

"The poignant daintiness of a fairy queen."



SENIORS

SUSAN SWANNA PITTMAN
Washington, N. C.

"With malice towards none; with charity for all."



FRANCES POTTS
Warsaw, N. C.

"Silence is the surest sign of wisdom and capability."



SENIORS



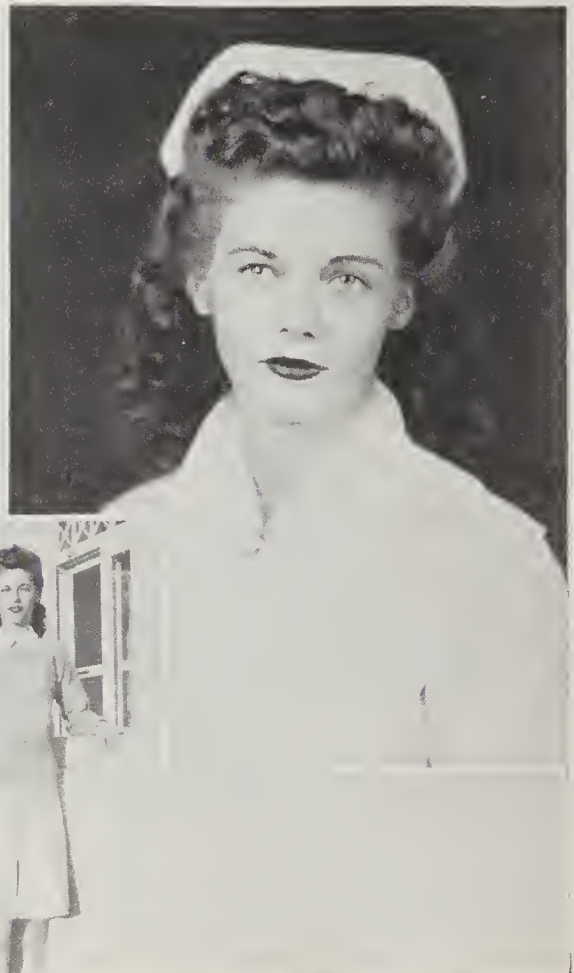
ADA MILDRED SPIVEY
Whiteville, N. C.

"There is delight in singing."



MARTHA STRICKLAND
Wilmington, N. C.

"Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life."



SENIORS

DORIS HICKS THROWER
Rockingham, N. C.

*"Something attempted—something done has earned
a night's repose."*



NANNIE RUTH WHITFIELD
Mount Olive, N. C.

"Her soft smile attracts the soul."



SENIORS



MARTHA FULFORD WILLIS

Wilmington, N. C.

*"And yet a pool that lies quite still can mirror flying
birds and stars."*

ANNA BELLE WILLOUGHBY

Tabor City, N. C.

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



IN THE BEGINNING



OUR CAMPUS



OTHER CLASSES



JUNIOR SPONSORS



MISS MARTHA BEALL, R.N.
Highsmith Hospital
Fayetteville, N. C.
Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital
Washington, D. C.



DR. DONALD B. KOONCE, A.B., M.D.
University of North Carolina
University of Pennsylvania

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



VERA ALLISON
President



EVELYN EZZELL
Vice-President



ELLANOR MOORE
Secretary



ROSEMARY MILLS
Treasurer

JUNIORS



Left to right—Front Row—Vera Allison, Lillian Dixon, Beatrice Ward, Emily Ross, Arbutis Barefoot, Eula Smith.
Second Row—Evelyn Ezzell, Hazel Barrington, Loretta Janicki, Martha Hoover, Eleanor Moore, Phyllis Mullins.
Third Row—Doris Windham, Frances Wells, Marie Spivey, Helen Rogers, Clara Parker, Rosemary Mills.

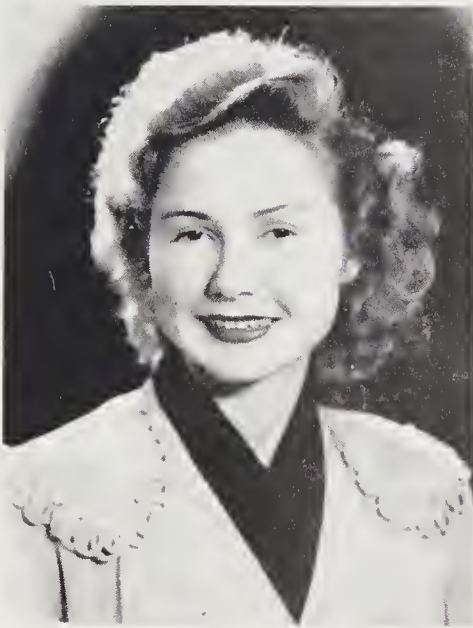
FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS



KATHERINE LEWIS
President



WILBUR HIGH
Vice-President



ELLEN JOHNSON
Secretary



MARY WILLIAMS
Treasurer

FRESHMEN



Left to right—First Row—Mildred Taylor, Effie Elmore, Irene Grice, Wilbur High, Julia Martin, Rometta Hester.
Second Row—Audrey Overby, Jessie Pittman, Mary Williams, Katherine Lewis, Faye Pope, Elleen Johnson.

PRE-CLINICALS



Left to right, first row—Jean Collier, Mildred McFarling, Cynthia Holt, Irene Carmichael, Lois Cain, Iris Rhue, Martha Winberry, Melva Huhn.

Second row—Eleanor Goddard, Louise Canady, Juanita Mathis, Lucille Inman, Winifred Smith, Virginia Padgett, Louise Metts, Virginia Cavanaugh, Johnnie Burch, Mary Anna Powell.

Third row—Ruth Ward, Alice Wray, Mildred Wilson, Kathleen West, Bonnie Branch, Lucille Baker, Martha Johnson.

CLASS HISTORY

Can it only be three years ago in February that the Nurses' Home doors opened to a group of faint-hearted, fear-filled, awe-stricken girls? Without much ado we were thrust into numerous classes until finally our sense of newness, slowly but surely wore off. About this time in September the doors opened again to more girls, as scared and as green as the first had been.

Even with all the trials and tribulations of the first year, we had our cheerful moments such as the glory of getting our caps. Remember? "Blues In The Night". For several years the plans for a Christmas party have fallen in the hands of the Pre-clinicals, and we, rather than fall short of the pace set by our predecessors, gave what we like to think of as a successful party.

With a clearer understanding of our goal in our hearts, more dignity in our carriage, and a narrow black band adorning the caps on our heads, we began our second year. It was then that the class was organized and the officers elected were as follows: President, Martha Willis; Vice-President, Edith Coore; Secretary, Juanita Lewis; Treasurer, Edna Earle George. Class Sponsors: Mrs. Mabel T. Smith and Dr. Robertson. During this year we had our introduction to surgery and in spite of our many hectic moments there, we could find time to laugh at the new girls who prepped for a tonsillectomy or misjudged the anatomy in a nephrectomy. The Cape Fear Country Club was the scene of the Junior-Senior Banquet which is a happy memory that lingers with us.

With the coming of '44, the coveted wide black band replaced the narrow ones and we were on the last lap of our journey. In the latter part of April, Dr. Robertson delighted us with a day at Brookgreen Gardens. From the moment we left the Nurses' Home until we returned, the day was "chugged" full of fun, laughter, and hilarious events. We had no more than gotten over that tour when we went to Wrightsville on a beach party. Merrily climbing into the "Topsy-Turvy", little did we dream it would capsize forcing "Big-Jim" to tow us in—Hmm—that water was cold. Back in the cottage, shivering, and shaking from our dip in the ocean blue, we warmed up with the conga line.

How many times has article No. 4 under Rules and Regulations of the Nurses' Home caused disaster these last few months. Remember how we were confronted at 2 A. M. with the idea of forfeiting a P. M. or writing a theme. But they were good jam sessions.

The period of our lives here has been made richer by our association with the doctors, staff, upper-classmen and under-classmen. With gratitude and appreciation of your spirit that has boosted us along, we'd like to leave the impression that Longfellow wrote of:

*And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;*

*Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er lifes' solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

PROPHECY

After having bought a newspaper for the purpose of publishing it exclusively for Nurses, we decided to put in the background our ownership and gather the information for a special edition of our old classmates from James Walker way back in '45. We thought a good place to begin our scoop would be at the Alma-Mata itself.

Of course being typical Nurses we were very hungry when we arrived so we went to the kitchen and ate one of those delicious meals. Frances Potts has been supervising as dietitian. We asked her if she knew the whereabouts of any of our classmates and she said we would find two of them in Marion Sprunt.

Our imaginations were fired to the highest degree. Who would we find there? We were making pretty good speed down the hall and almost knocked down Dr. Juanita Johnson. She became so interested in obstetrics she continued her education until she became an M.D. She gave us a hasty greeting and explained that she must hurry as she was on her way to deliver Dorothy Bellman, alias Sanderson's 6th son. She shot us the parting remark that we would find another old Pal on Front street. We rushed out to our helicopter and made a speedy trip down town. We parked right in front of Juanita Lewis's clothing store. We walked under the large sign which read "We cater to Nurses", and immediately saw Juanita modeling an especially created black dress for Shirley Barnes. We rushed over to talk to them and discovered that Shirley owned a traveling theater which she set up on all points of the globe. They invited us to have a seat and enjoy the latest news reel.

Imagine our amazement when first there appeared on the screen none other than Rena Little. She had made a name for herself as a missionary in darkest Africa. The screen revealed that her latest progress was in making the natives take a bath religiously every Saturday night come rain or shine.

Once again we were startled as we saw Virginia Pearsall alighting from a plane for one of her week-end stops in Hollywood. Could it be that the pretty hostess had come to meet the fleet? We thanked them for their hospitality and information that we would find Thrower in Raleigh.

We took off in our flying auto and landed right in the backyard of the Veterans Home for Marines. When we made our mission known we were immediately ushered through a door marked "Private." We found Doris Thrower sitting behind a big mahogany desk and soon learned that she was head of the Nursing Staff. She told us we would profit by a visit to Kentucky.

When we landed we began to question two local inhabitants. They said that any night you could stand in the near mountains and see the cloaked horseman go galloping by. Yes, Sir Minerva Latham carries on in the frontier Nursing Service. We wanted to see her but she was extremely busy and we were rushed for time.

We headed for Baltimore to keep a dinner engagement with Swanna Pittman. Before we left we knew that she was a perfect hostess as well as a perfect wife which her husband claimed and we also knew that we would find Nannie Ruth in Massachusetts. She had invaded the grounds of Harvard and was obtaining a higher education with the best of men there. While we were visiting Junior we learned that more news was to be obtained in New York.

When we entered the big city our first act was to scan a New York Times. As we turned to the society page we see that Ada Mildred Van Dorset (neé Spivey) is just divorcing her 4th husband. It's rumored she'll marry the Spanish Count with whom she has been frequenting the high spots.

We wandered over to Medical Center to see Edith Coore, who had reached her heart's desire and was the supervisor of Psychiatric Nursing. She was dressing for an evening at the night clubs. (You know Edith). We spotted a book on her dresser and realized that it was Georges' latest publica-

PROPHECY

tion, "Life Without Man." It's all about the value of an exclusive happy life with only women associates. We had no desire to belate Coore's fun, so we flew over to the air port.

Cynthia McEntee was preparing to leave on another flight as hostess on the American Air Lines and the pilot was none other than Arthur. He waved us a happy "Good-bye" and told us if we'd hurry to pier 9 we'd find another hostess.

We covered the distance in a few minutes and almost "bumped" into Fannie Collins on her way to be of service on a luxury liner. Our talk revealed that she had crossed the ocean many times and often visited Martha Strickland in Paris, who, after serving over there in the Army, had married a Baron, and was now rearing a family of little Frenchmen.

The ship began to pull away from shore and suddenly we recognized a couple on board. It was Ida Lee and Wally bound for a second honeymoon leaving Junior at home with Grandmother. They appeared to be as happy as the day we last saw them back in Wilmington.

It was with a feeling of great accomplishment that we climbed back into our Malignant Tumor (don't be alarmed,—just a nickname for the old buggy). We journeyed West and made an over-night stop in Montana. The matron of our little ranch was one of our old buddies. Martha and Bruce had settled down and fulfilled Western tradition with their little family of cowboys.

Early the next morning we lighted in Seattle, Washington, where Elsie McFadden was beginning her tour. She was to make a series of speeches on "The Value of Argument."

We picked up an advertising folder and found that Anna Belle Willoughby is railroading people to Seattle through acrobatic accomplishment. She is well known and one of the most supple teachers in history.

We passed a fruit store and were shocked at the display boxes. Mamie Smith must really be doing a great job in Georgia. Imagine finding Tillman's vitamized peaches way up here.

With noses for news, our trip led us to San Francisco. We passed a factory that interested us very much. Christine Whitfield had become interested in Public Nutrition. She claimed to find pickles especially nourishing. Consequently she established the Mt. Olive, N. C., Pickle Institution in California.

We saw a distinguished looking lady sampling the products. Yes sir, Thagard Cameron is the only nurse ever known to become a four star General. Chris told us where to find Edna Huggins (Remember Moore?), and once again we were on our way. When Armistice was signed she met Jimmy on the shore and they were so happy to be together again that they decided to begin enjoying each others company. Funny, in all these years they haven't had time to move.

You'll never guess where we spent the night. In prison! Our old colleague Margaret Culbreth had become charge nurse at Alcatraz. She really had a healthy bunch of prisoners who respected her opinion and iron will.

With printers ink still in our blood we hasten back to Chicago to begin this special edition with exultant pride in the progress made by our class in the past ten years.

With respect and gratitude for your co-operation, we remain your roving reporters,

MISS BAKER,

MISS HARRISS,

MISS ELMORE.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We the senior class of nineteen hundred and forty-five, being of sound mind and healthy body do hereby file this, our last will and testament, declaring all others heretofore to be null and void.

ARTICLE I.

To the James Walker Hospital School of Nursing our appreciation for making it possible for us to obtain our profession.

ARTICLE II.

To the Board and Doctors gratefulness for making the annual possible.

ARTICLE III.

To Miss Wright, our thankfulness for her invaluable guidance.

ARTICLE IV.

We the Senior Class leave to the members of the other classes the privilege of living on the second floor.

ARTICLE V.

Rena Little leaves her neat hairdress to Beatrice Ward.

Christine Whitfield leaves her ability to make love to Loretta Janicki.

Juanita Johnson leaves her "Peggy Pepper" smile to Martha Hoover.

Edith Coore leaves her loyalty to Eula Smith.

Virginia Harriss leaves her talent to Lillian Dixon.

Nannie Ruth Whitfield leaves her cute remarks to Freddie Barefoot.

Virginia Pearsall leaves her ability to sew to Phyllis Mullins.

Helen Elmore's neatness is left to the Junior Class.

Thelma Bostic leaves to Rosemary Mills her quietness.

Edna Earle George, Jewell Baker, and Minerva Latham leave their good friendship to the Freshman Class.

Cynthia McEntee and Martha Willis leave their ability to sail a boat to Doris Windham.

Elsie McFadden leaves all of her troubles to the pre-clinicals.

Anna Belle Willoughby leaves her indifference to Francis Wells.

Fannie Collins and Frances Potts leave their sweet disposition to Evelyn Ezzell.

Dorothy Sanderson and Margaret Culbreth leave their quiet way to the Juniors.
(Hope they use it!)

Edna Moore, Doris Thrower, and Swanna Pittman leave their extra height to Charlotte Parker and Helen Rogers.

Mamie Smith and Juanita Lewis leave their speaking ability to Hazel Barrington.

Ida Lee Bostic leaves her black hair to Vera Dale Allison.

Thagard Cameron leaves her wit to Emily Ross.

Shirley Barnes leaves her good nature to Marie Spivey.

Martha Strickland leaves her individuality to Eleanor Moore.

WITNESSED BY:

MISS SWANNA PITTMAN,

MISS EDITH COORE.

EPITOME STAFF



Left to right—First Row—Cynthia McEntee, Associate Business Manager; Martha Willis, Typist; Juanita Lewis, Business Manager; Ann Willoughby, Photographer; Edna George, Photographer; Virginia Pearsall, Photographer; Thagard Cameron, Assistant Editor; Virginia Harriss, Art Editor, Prophet; Christine Whitfield, Photographer.

Second Row—Swanna Pittman, Editor; Minerva Latham, Assistant Business Manager; Helen Elmore, Prophet; Thelma Bostick, Typist.

Not in Picture—Doris Thrower, Associate Business Manager; Jewel Baker, Prophet, Juanita Johnson, Historian; Edith Coore, Historian.



TO THOSE DOCTORS AND NURSES
WHO ARE NOW SERVING OUR COUNTRY
WE DEDICATE THIS POEM

FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE

*For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In Wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone!
Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."*

*Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
"No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.
Comfort, content, delight,
The ages slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.
Though all we made depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."*

*No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?*

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

SUPERLATIVES



JEWEL BAKER
Best Dressed



SHIRLEY BARNES
Best Sport



THELMA BOSTICK
Most Studious



THAGARD CAMERON
Most Likely to Succeed

SUPERLATIVES



MARGARET CULBRETH
Friendliest



HELEN ELMORE
Best All Round



EDNA GEORGE
Most Attractive



VIRGINIA HARRISS
Most Versatile

SUPERLATIVES



MINERVA LATHAM
Cutest



JUANITA LEWIS
Most Popular



FRANCES POTTS
Most Dignified



VIRGINIA PEARSALL
Prettiest



MARTHA WILLIS
Most Intellectual

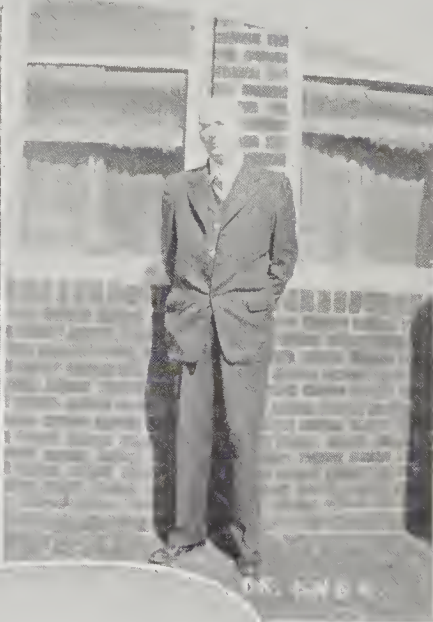
ALUMNIATE



ALUMNIATE



DOCTORS



DR. HALL

DR. ROBERTSON

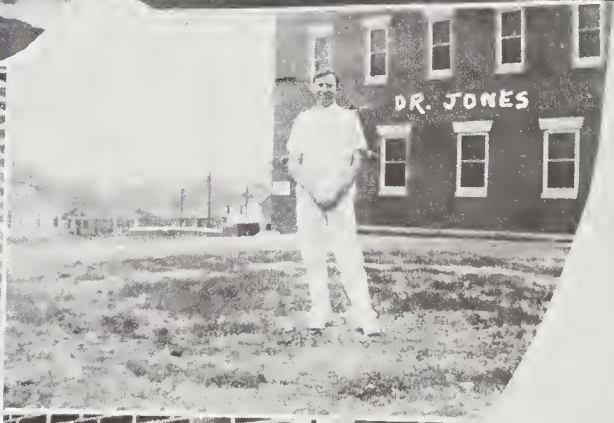
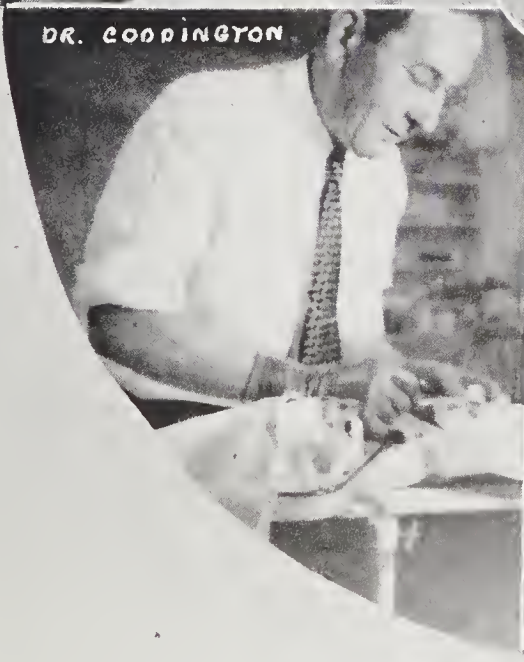
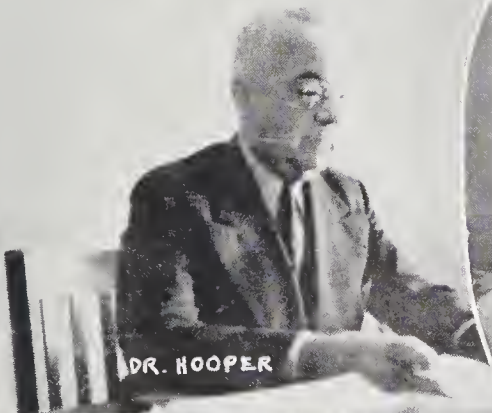
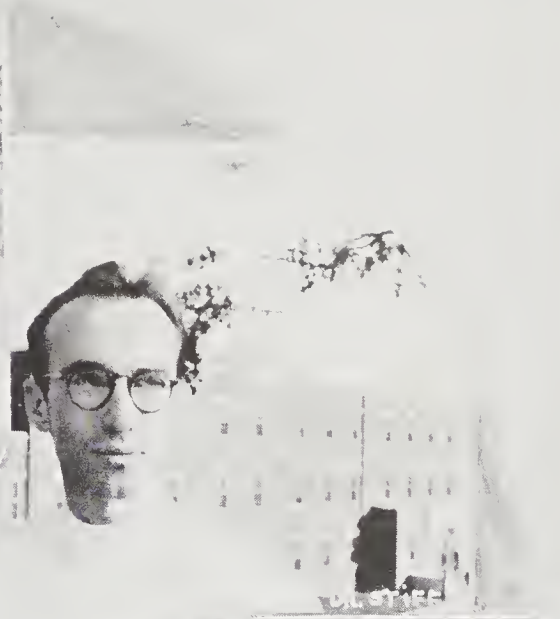
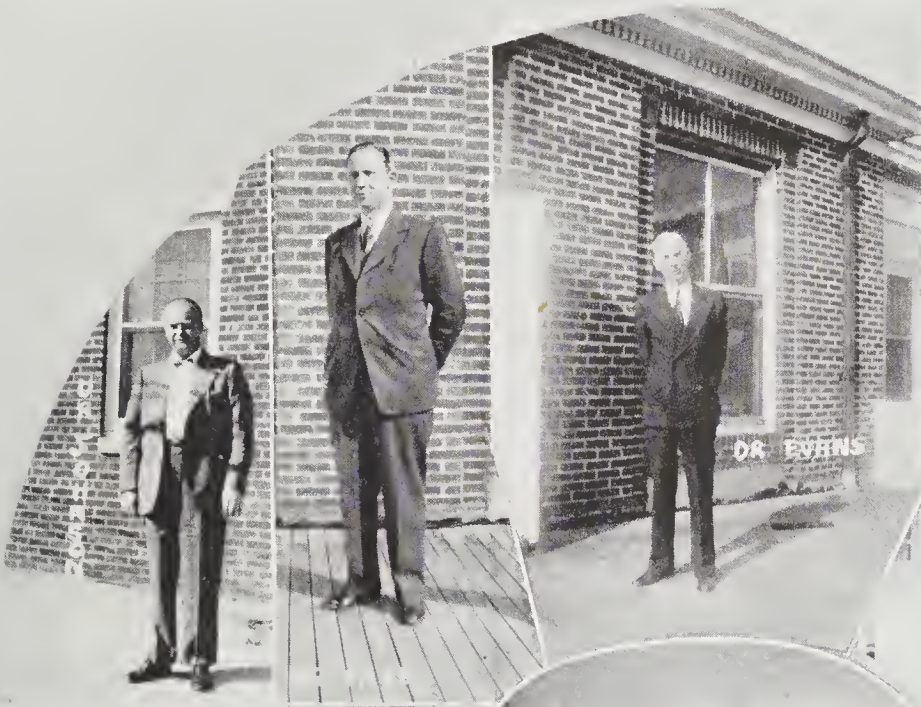
DR. MARSTELLAR

DR. HARE

DR. MEBANE

DR. TAYLOR

DOCTORS



"WHY THE PATIENT WEPT"

(From Why Doctors Wear Masks)

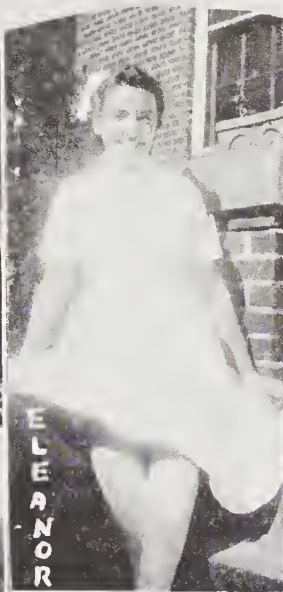
1. Dr. Bellamy wasn't soldiering his stethoscope down the hall.
2. Dr. Cranmer didn't tell fortunes.
3. Dr. Coleman was nervous.
4. Dr. Doshier didn't say "on the beam."
5. Dr. Mebane was impatient.
6. Dr. Knox didn't smile.
7. Dr. Murchison forgot the "TPR q 4hrs."
8. Dr. Thompson awakened someone.
9. Dr. Crouch didn't make rounds.
10. Dr. Walker couldn't sing when he returned from New York.
11. Dr. Evans couldn't remember a name.
12. Dr. Lounsbury came down the hall silently.
13. Dr. McEachern didn't call anyone a "Goldbricker."
14. Dr. Koonce didn't say "Come back to this Mayo."
15. Dr. Johnson didn't have a Cigar.
16. Someone called Dr. Hare—"Bunny."
17. Dr. Farthing was going "Noisily along the Corridor."
18. Dr. Freeman forgot his instruments.
19. Dr. Rodman was excited.
20. Dr. Hooper talked all the way through an operation.
21. Dr. Robertson's words stumbled over each other.
22. Dr. Sidbury made rounds at daybreak.
23. Dr. Turner was holding a baby roughly.
24. Dr. Barefoot found Nurses have hearts.

—ANONYMOUS

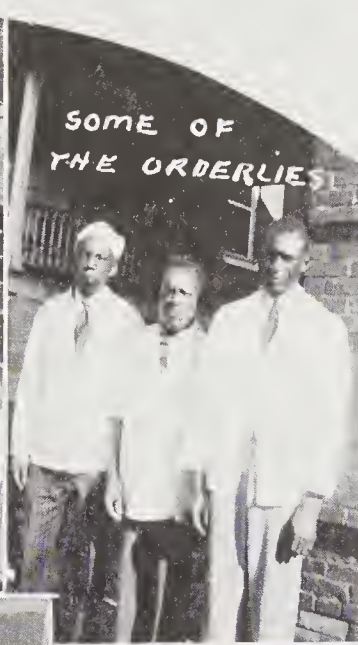
PHOTOS



VERSIS
OMI



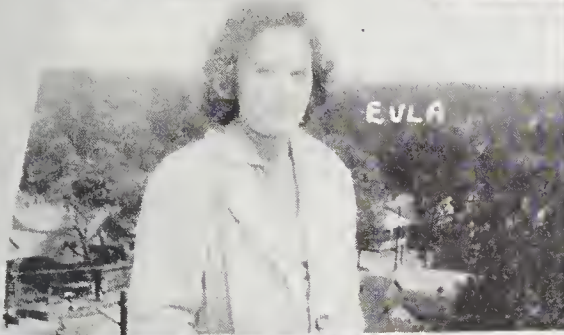
ELEANOR



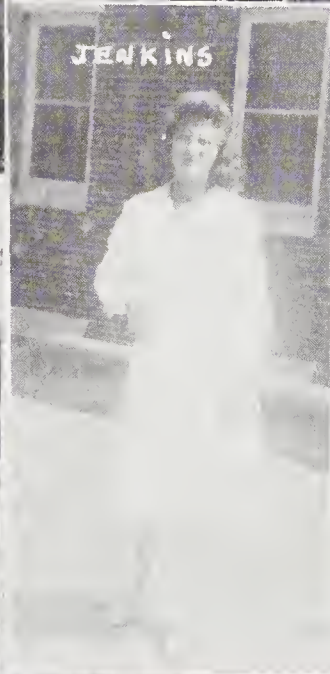
SOME OF
THE ORDERLIES



LILL



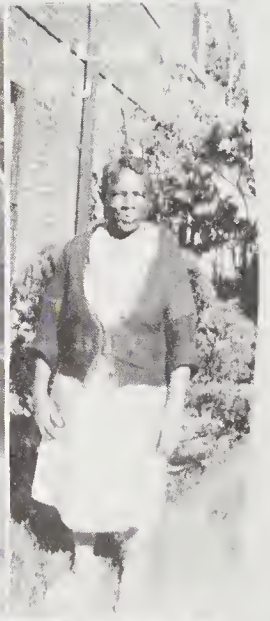
EULA



JENKINS



GUESS WHO?



LILL



VINE



VINE



HAPPY
PAIR



HOWARD



SUNDAY
BEET



NANNIE

FANNIE

PHOTOS



WILLIAMSON



ON HER WAY



MAMIE
COLONEL



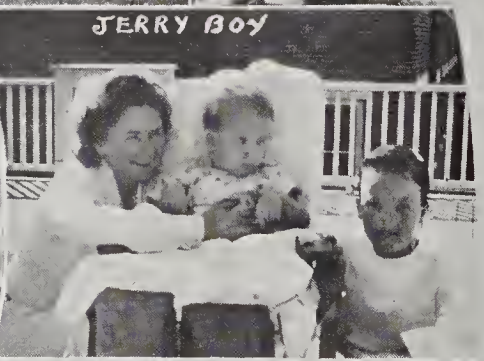
JERRY



WILLIAMSON



IN THE
DISPENSARY



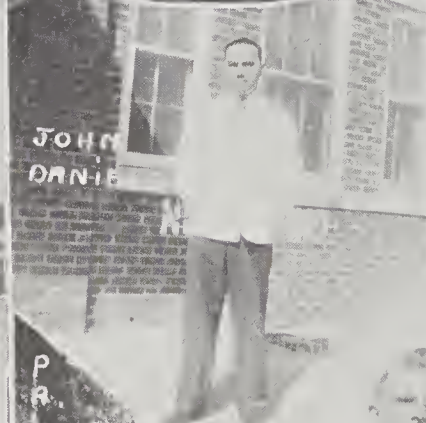
JERRY BOY



THAT PICNIC



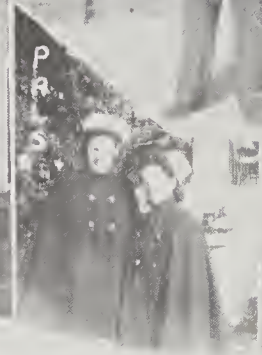
LAB.
FINDINGS



JOHN
DANIE



JERRY



P
R
A
S
E



PHOTOS



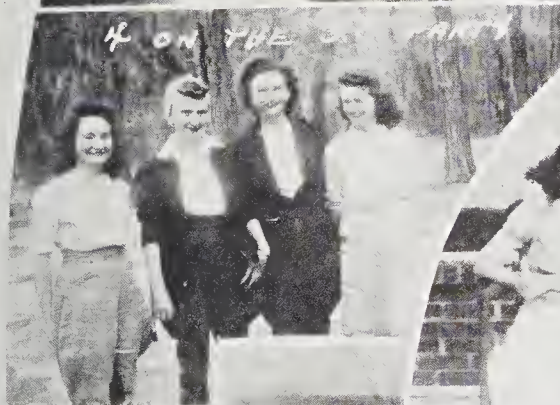
MISS HARPER



CYNTHIA



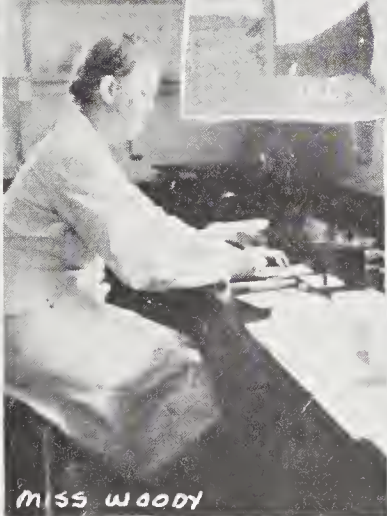
TONY



4 ON THE CAMP



ATTENTION



MISS WOODY



WARD



OH THAT PICNIC

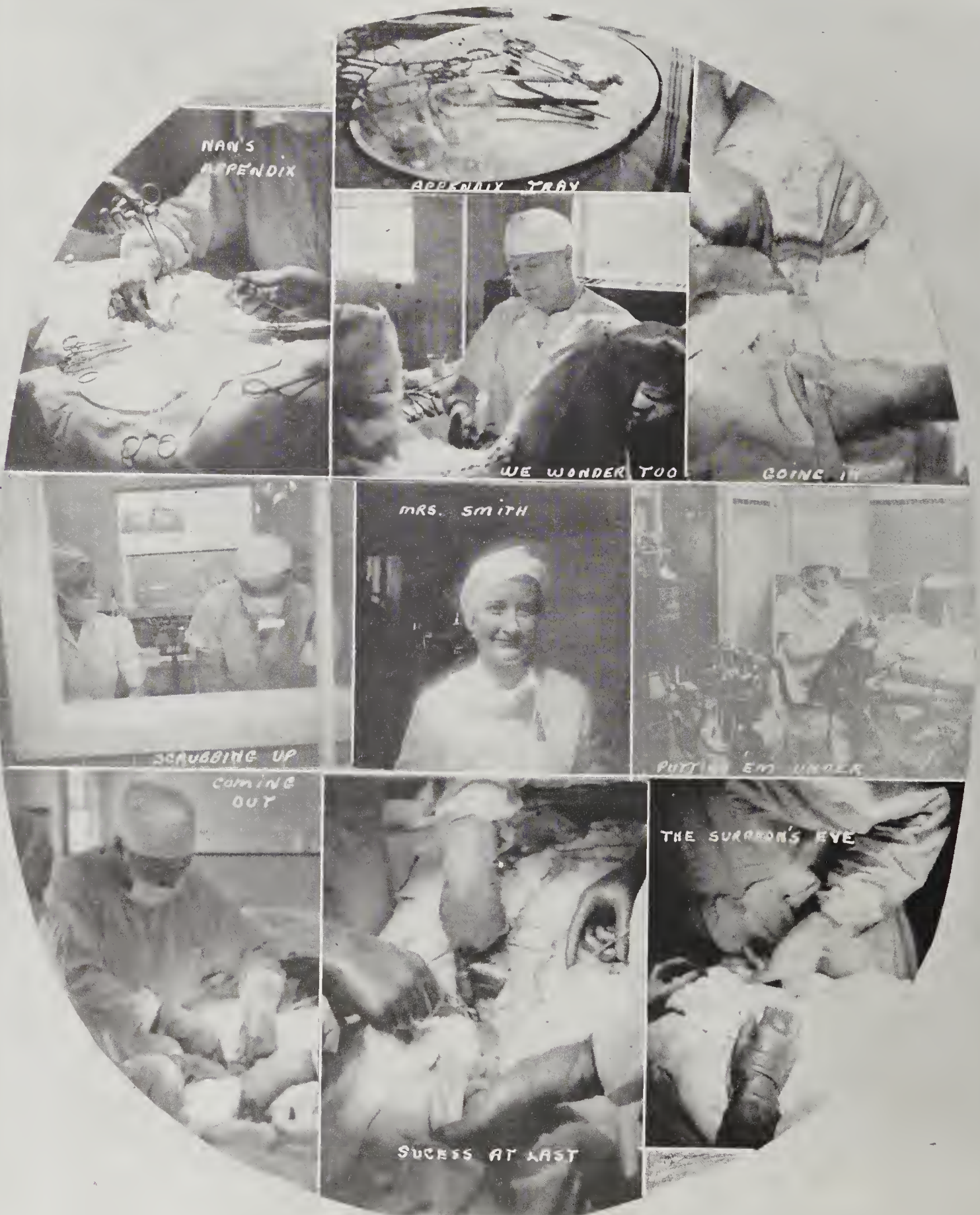
PHOTOS



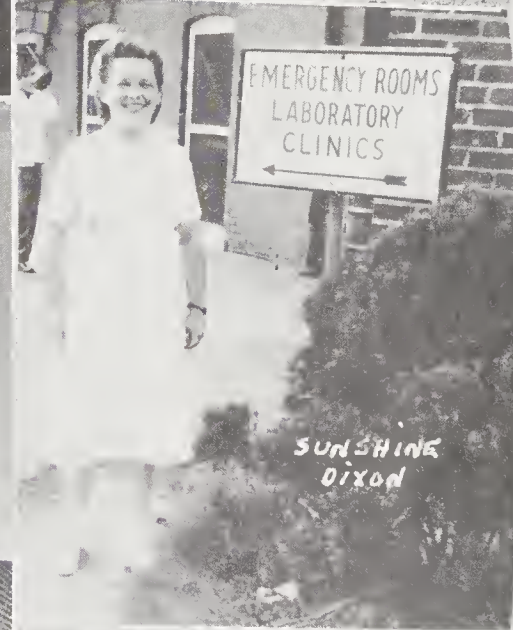
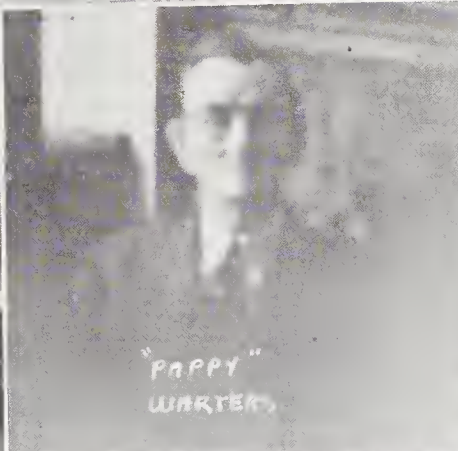
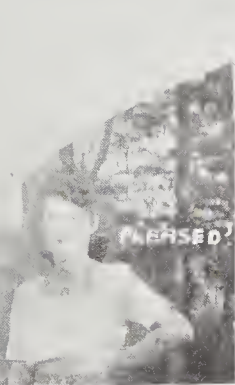
PHOTOS



PHOTOS



PHOTOS



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PHOTOS



2002-03-01



DOT SANDY



JOHN W. SEND



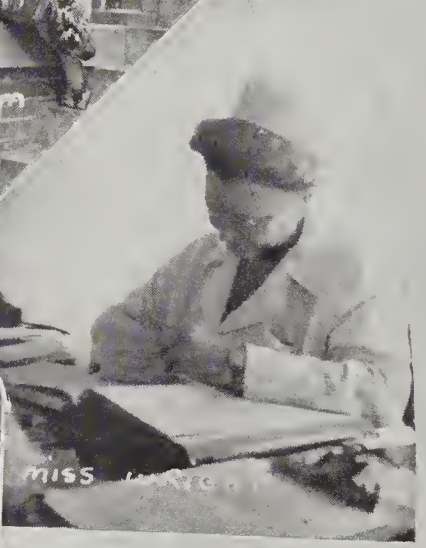
GIMME



LATHAM



LOVERS LANE



MISS LATHAM

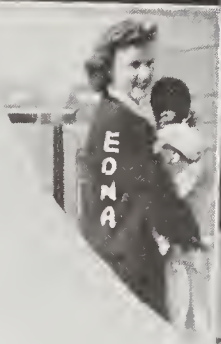


LADIES MAN



BEIE

FANNIE



EONA



OH BOY, THE PHONE!



MEDITATION



PITTMAN

PHOTOS



CAPT. ROBERTSON

VERE DALE
IN
REPOSE

NABE

GOING UP?

PLEASE

FREDDIE

BOYTS

LEWIS

CAM

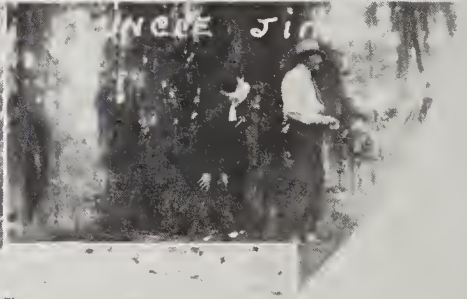
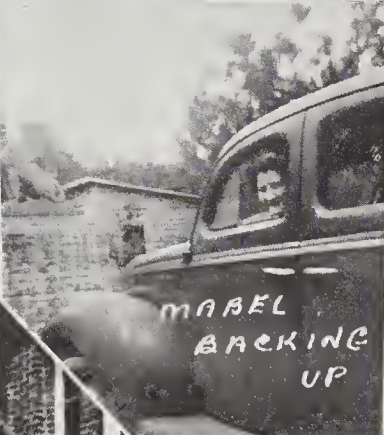
PEDIATR

SPIKEY

ITCHING?

WASH MATCHES GOOD

PHOTOS



PHOTOS



BOBIE

SHIP AHOY!

JERRY BOY

JR.

PRELIMINARIES

GWIE II.

SITTING ON MOTHER EARTH

WILLIS
MCKRADDEN

WILLSON
HORTMAN

REV. MYERS

THE GIRL

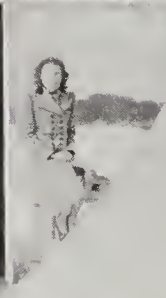
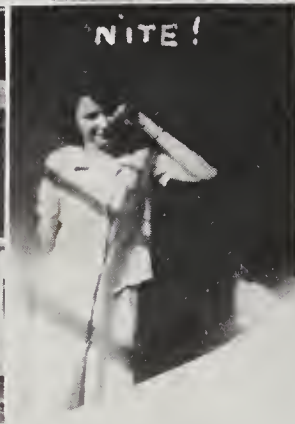
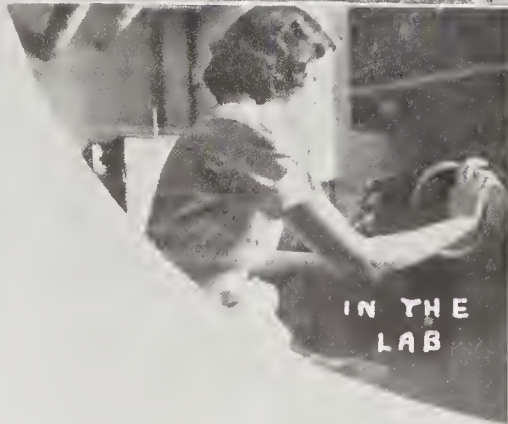
PHOTOS



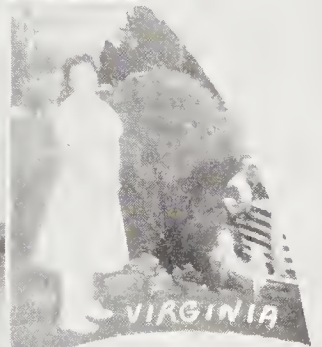
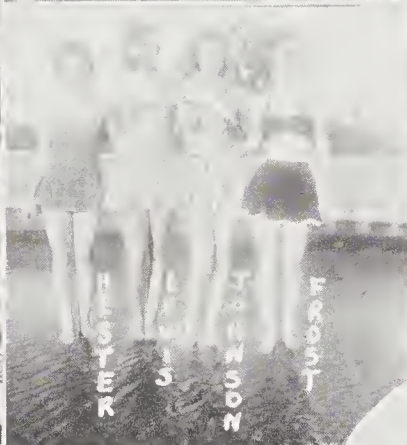
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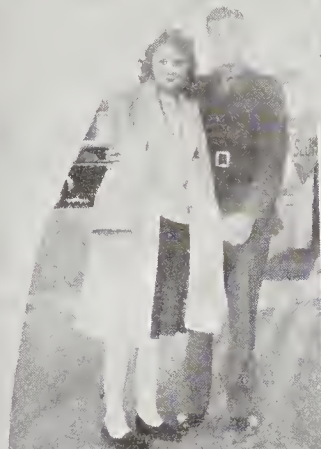
PHOTOS



PHOTOS



TACHYCARDIA



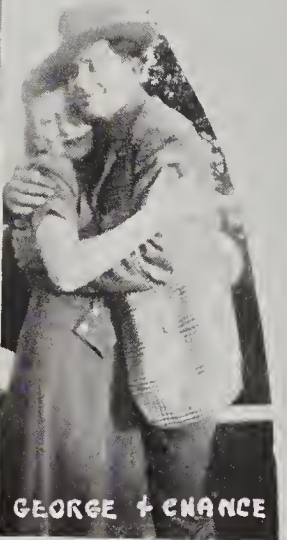
MINERVA + RAY



DORTHY + BILL

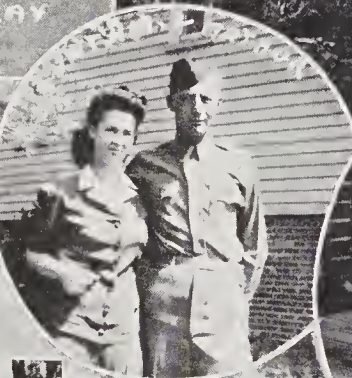


MARY + HUGH



GEORGE + CHANCE

ROSIE + TOM



CHUCK



JACK + BOB



EDNA + JIMMY



NAN + A.L.

NURSES' PRAYER

*Help us, oh God, as we live this day
To heed Thy word and go Thy way,
Help us, others' troubles to see;
Grant that we might patient be.
Give us courage to make our stand,
And the strength to lend a helping hand,
And when our troubles seem hard to bear,
Help us remember that You are there.
God, help us to realize too
That pain and healing comes from You,
And in the end may we happy be—
To serve in a Kingdom ruled by Thee.*

—VIRGINIA HARRISS.

GRATITUDE

With Love and Gratitude the Senior Class Wishes to Acknowledge the Following:

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Serene Nurse





