

Class of March, 1958



Memories

- Station 43 in the summer of 1956 – hot and crowded with no air conditioning
- Being in total awe as I watched open heart surgery from the "dome."
- Living in Powell Hall and the closeness of the entire group.
- Viewing autopsies in hospital morgue
- Katharine Densford lecturing just as Barbara G. was knitting me a ski sweater in the back row when the ball of yarn slipped and rolled all the way down the aisle to the front of the podium. The lecture was abruptly halted while Dr. Densford proceeded to extol the virtues of listening in class rather than knitting!
- Tough, strict head nurses who didn't allow any deviation from their rules.
- Being in charge on evenings on the neuro floor and calling my supervisor to tell her that I had "lost a patient." He wasn't dead; I just couldn't find him. Her response: "Please describe him." I answered, "He is wearing a patient gown (open in the back) hip boots and a Sherlock Holmes hat." They found him shortly!
- Rural and public health nursing in small towns
- Doctors' Wangenstein, Lillehei, Varco – Dr. Wangenstein with his entourage of residents making rounds, "God's half-acre" in O.R.
- On-going bridge games
- Excellent, caring instructors who made me proud to be a School of Nursing grad