



The *Great* Canadian
Catholic Hospital History Project

Documenting the legacy and contribution of the
Congregations of Religious Women in Canada,
their mission in health care, and the founding and operation of Catholic hospitals.



Projet de la *Grande* Histoire
des hôpitaux catholiques au Canada

Retracer l'héritage et la contribution des
congrégations de religieuses au Canada,
leur mission en matière de soins de santé ainsi que la fondation et l'exploitation des hôpitaux catholiques.

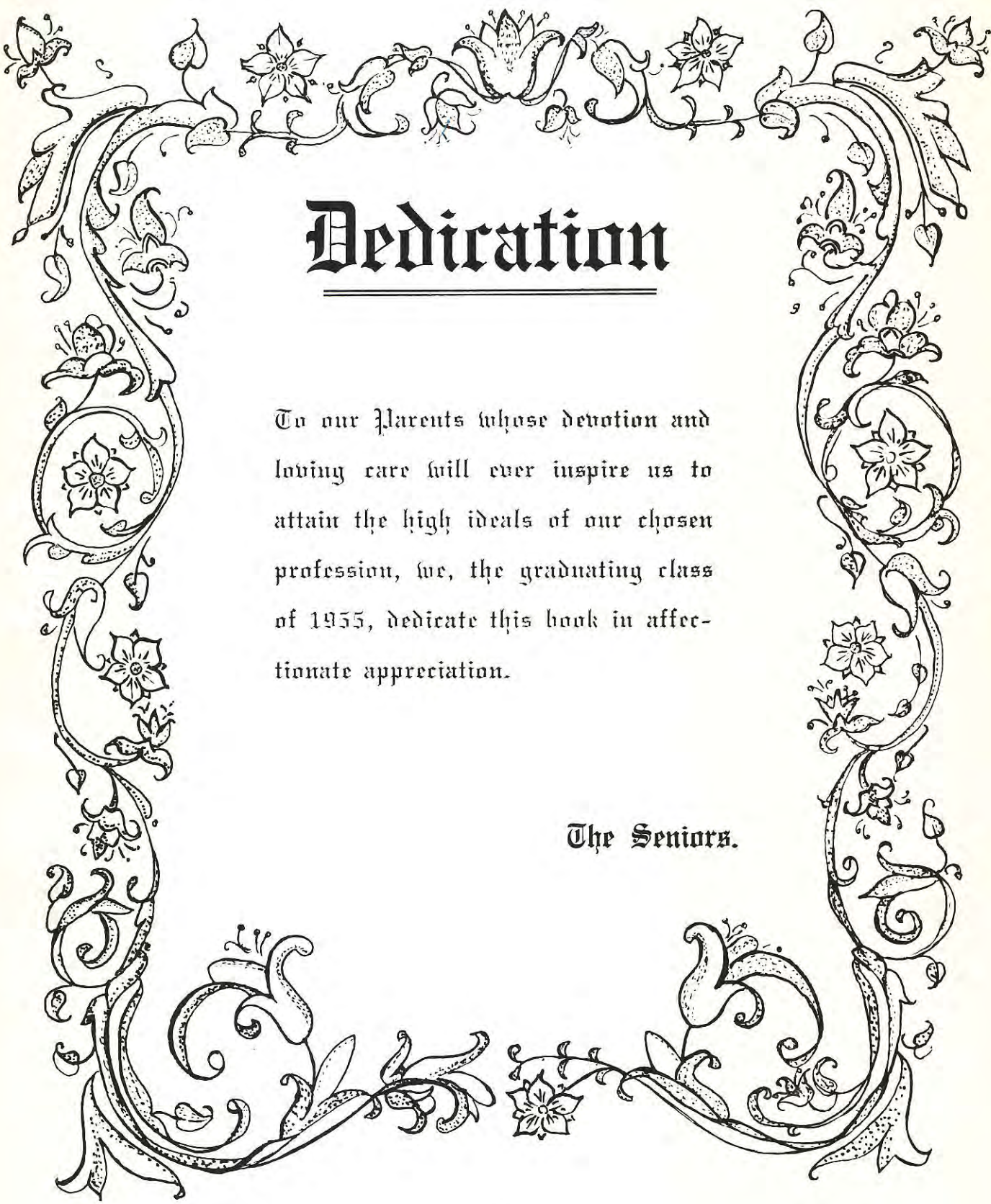
**Halifax Infirmary
School of Nursing
1955**

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*Halifax Infirmary
School of Nursing*





Dedication

To our Parents whose devotion and loving care will ever inspire us to attain the high ideals of our chosen profession, we, the graduating class of 1955, dedicate this book in affectionate appreciation.

The Seniors.





To Our Lady Immaculate

Tenderly sweet and serene --

To The Health Of The Sick

To humanity's thrice-gracious Queen.

With our hopes -- both fulfilled and 'to be' --


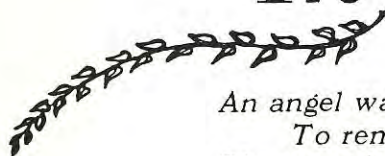
As a tribute - our service we give --

In Her Name and Her praise -- every day

Every moment we live!



In Memoriam



*An angel was lent to us for a while
To remind us that Heaven is won with a smile . . .
She was visible only to nurses, they say,
But sped many times 'round the earth each day
Dropping her rose-buds of prayer, as rain
On souls who were "blind, and halt, and lame".*

*Celesta was truly a fitting name
For this brave little nun on her bed of pain,
Though held to this earth by a silken thread,
How little we thought she would soon be . . .
Can't say the word, it just won't come —
O Heavenly Father, Thy Will be done!*

*She left us without any warning at all,
Intent on her God, and His sudden call,
Leaving us standing with tear-filled eyes,
Searching the span of the star-lit skies
For a trace of her path as she fled in the night
Out of earth's shadows to Heaven a-light!*

As each class of students made its debut on 5 South, it has been for years a pleasant duty to be introduced to Sister Celesta, Room 508. It seemed that Sister would always be with us, and we never knew how far into our hearts her brave little smile had penetrated, until suddenly she was snatched away from us by a cruel and painful death.

Completely helpless, with all its humiliating dependence, in terrific pain, Sister Celesta was a doubly dedicated soul — first by her religious vows, secondly by the Will of God, which kept her chained for long years to a bed of suffering and inactivity. These weapons Sister used to win souls, and we will never know in this life how much good she accomplished. We, her nurses, can vouch for a share in the fruits of her apostolate as we daily went about our labor of love, bathing, lifting, tidying, making her bed snowy white. We say "labor of love" because each touch of ours caused Sister intense pain, and it hurt us to increase her suffering. Never did a word of complaint escape her lips — never did her supply of smiles fail. Her cheery

witty little encouragements helped us over many a bad spot.

So anxious was Sister to get back into the active field that she underwent the ordeal of a trip to Toronto and a series of operations on her hips. She came back to us the proud possessor of an enormous pair of special seven-league boots, and a hand-rail for walking.

It was this hand-rail that was to prove her undoing, for on January 4th, while practicing her walking, Sister took a fatal step that caused her to fall. Although she tried not to pretend; it soon became evident that something serious had happened. Every effort was made to keep her with us a little longer, but next day she slipped quietly, gently, sweetly to her God — as in life, so in death.

The huge pure white snowflakes that fell upon her coffin as it was lowered sadly into the grave seemed to us a symbol of her life — brave, gentle, pure, star-like, fleeting. We shall not forget you, little Sister. May you rest in peace. Amen.

In Gratitude



The Graduates of 1955 wish to thank most sincerely all the members of the Medical Staff, who by their teaching, advice and ever-patient tolerance have helped us to attain this our long-awaited goal.

To Dr. J. V. Graham, our Chief of Surgery, and Dr. J. W. MacIntosh, our Chief of Medicine, we can only say that we will always keep a grateful remembrance of your loyal giving, so willingly and generously, of valuable time and services in our behalf.

To our many Lecturers, who gave us so unselfishly the benefit of their knowledge and experience, we extend a special "thank you" – in the Class Room and on duty, here in the Infirmary or in our Affiliating institutions, we experienced constantly your generous guidance and solicitude.


To one and all, we say a sincere
THANK YOU, and GOD BLESS YOU.

Class of '55
Per I. L.







Editorial




From the burnished leaves of Autumn to the fresh awakening of Spring we have emerged, after three years of carefully supervised and unselfishly imparted knowledge, instruction and continued encouragement. We began our training days in a throbbing expectation of hope, with ideals high. These hopes and ideals have been abundantly fulfilled, and now, as we terminate this period, we are not finishing but only beginning our lives in a profession of which we are both proud and honoured to be a part.





To the kind Sisters, to our teachers, both religious and lay, to the medical staff, and all who have helped us in any way, we humbly ask you to accept our grateful thanks and unending appreciation.



To all our classmates, who through their unselfish and untiring efforts have succeeded in giving us this our Year Book, we extend our sincere and most heartfelt thanks.



And now, with a prayer on our lips, and a lamp in our hand, we go forth an army in white, hoping, with God's help, to bring the sunshine of healing and help to the lives of all we meet along life's journey.



1955

Year Book

Staff



IOLA LIVINGSTON
Assistant Editor



JO ANN RICE
Business Editor



LUCILLE BELLIVEAU
Editor-in-Chief



MARY ISIAH
Photographic Editor



ANNA GAVIN
Advertising Editor



NANCY CARNEY, 1956 — Arts Editor



LUCILLE BELLIVEAU
Weymouth, Nova Scotia

"Always merry, always gay,
In our hearts she'll always stay". .

A psychiatric nurse? Maybe, providing a certain young man does not alter her plans. Lou has proved a capable and efficient nurse, as well as a kind, sympathetic and loyal friend. The years will not dim our fond memories of her.

MARGARET BOYD
Cannes, Nova Scotia

"Fun to be with, and nice to know,
No wonder we all like her so!"

Alas! The Causeway has been completed, and Peg will be making her way back across the Strait. During her three years, this wonderful companion has lifted our drooping spirits betimes with her witty sayings and unusual facial expressions. We shall never forget our dear Peg.



CATHERINE CARVER
Baker's Settlement, Nova Scotia

"A bright little lass with a purpose in life,
Will make some lucky man a specially
nice wife."

"By your pupils you shall be taught".
This school marm' hails from Baker's Set-
tlement. "Catsy's" personality is vivac-
ious, tried and true, and her ability to fit
into every gathering gracefully and pleas-
antly has made her a popular companion
with us all. Whatever the future may
hold for you, Catsy, we hope it will be
rich in happiness.



JANET CONRAD
East Riverside, New Brunswick

"A thoughtful maid, and lots of fun,
A helpful hand to everyone."

This pert little miss hails from New
Brunswick. She is famous for her quick
repartee, and "at homes" in her private
room. Janet has proved her worth as
Senior Councillor and a member of the
Sodality Executive. A fine nurse, a loyal
and generous friend, we have really been
privileged in our association with her.
May good luck follow you in all your
undertakings, Jan!



LAURETTE DOUCETTE
Bathurst, New Brunswick

"There's sunshine in the heart of thee
And friendliness is part of thee."

This "Mademoiselle" hails from New Brunswick. Efficient, reliable, serene and kindly, — these are a few of the qualities of this Florence Nightingale. In the years to come, we will be looking for her in the mysterious blue fields yonder. All the best with T. C. A., Laurette.

DOROTHY GARBER
Newcombville, Nova Scotia

"Quiet, you say? Well, look again,
There's mischief behind that little grin!"

Characterized by a wholesome sweetness, and a quaint sense of humor. Dorothy hails from the South Shore, and has won many friends by her quiet amiable ways. Our best wishes for future happiness, Dorothy.



ANNA GAVIN
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

"Serene and kindly, thoughtful and wise,
The joy of all living aglow in her eyes."

Capable, neat, matter of fact, is this young lass, who came to us from across the water, and has won her way into our hearts by her quiet manner. She is an active member of our Student Council, and has headed many social activities, and still always found time to spare a minute for a friend in need. We all wish the best of luck for you in whatever you do, Anna!



JOY GIBSON
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"A lovely, quiet little miss,
Whose gentle ways we'll sadly miss."

"Home" is where Gibby spends most of her time since her one and only has taken up residence elsewhere. Cheerful and obliging, she has proven herself a splendid classmate and a true friend. May happiness be yours always, Gibby.



MARY GILLIS
Glace Bay, Nova Scotia

"Deep as the ocean, queenly her gaze,
We've never yet fathomed her silent
ways."

Mary came to us from the "Island", and we have yet to know her thoughts. Quiet, but amiable, with a pleasing personality, we have enjoyed her company. Good luck, Mary!

MARY HOPE
Lawrencetown, Nova Scotia

"Bullets are ballads" to this dainty maid,
She firmly believes that "a spade is a
spade".

This liberal-minded young lady spends most of her time arguing with her politician friends. In spite of this, Mary has endeared herself to us by her generosity, sweetness of manner, and her ability to get into scrapes. She has many outside interests, and is noted for her gift of expressing herself intelligently when the opportune time presents itself.



ANNA HORNE
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"True to her word, her work, her friends,
One upon whom we can always depend."

Sterling character, born leader, perfectionist — these traits give promise of great things for Anna's future. Wherever there is fun and frolic, there she is in the midst. Her main interest lies in making things pleasant for everyone. Anna, who is a wonderful nurse, was also President of the Student Council this year, and deserves congratulations on a job well done. Au revoir, chere amie!



MARY ISIAH
Chatham, New Brunswick

"With softest smile, and heart that sings,
Kept in our memory of lovely things."

An actress by nature, and a dramatist as well, Mary can often be heard singing arias from operettas or quoting Shakespeare on the side. Truly a jovial person with a heart of gold, and a keen sense of humor. We hope that she will bring up her Bostonian family with the excellent T. L. C. she has given her patients. Good luck, Mary!



PATRICIA JENSEN
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"Smiling, laughing, full of fun,
Pat's the friend of everyone."

Pat is the original Marathon Runner, always in a hurry. A heart-warming smile and a friendly sympathetic nature has won her a permanent place in our treasure-chest of memories. We wish you all the best for the future, Pat!

IOLA LIVINGSTON
Dominion, Cape Breton

"Her speech was gentle, her voice was
low —
A friend to all — a gem to know."

Iola hails from the land of the kilts and the bagpipes, and has never given anyone a moment's trouble. Quiet, serene, with eyes that tell of hidden mischief, she was active in school activities, as an exemplary member of the Sodality, executive and Year Book editing staff. Her sympathetic kindly manner have comforted many a patient. May your paths in life be strewn with happiness and success,



DOROTHY LOGAN
Musquodoboit, Nova Scotia

"A guardian angel o'er her life presiding,
Doubling her pleasures and her cares
dividing".

Outside interest? Yes Sir - e - e ! Her special predilection lies in used cars, and can often be seen headed in the direction of Mooseland on her days off. Dot's jovial personality and dexterity of mind and hands makes for a fine nurse, and has won her the esteem of all her classmates. Best wishes, always, Dot.



JEAN MEIKLE
Blue Mountain, Pictou Co., N. S.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest
heart,
Always ready to take your part."

A pal good and true — that's our "Mike"! Shy like a violet, straight as an arrow, sweet and good as an angel, with such a wonderful personality that she is loved alike by patients and co-workers. Good luck, "Mike". We are sure you will succeed in whatever you do.



RAMONA PREST
Mooseland, Nova Scotia

Ramona, of the roving eye, usually roving in Harry's direction, has pursued her way quietly but surely through training days. Her wholesome manner and pleasant ways have made our "Mona" a real treat to know, and fun to be with. May all your days be happy ones, Mona.

EVELYN RENT
Barra Head, Cape Breton

"Small in height, spirit bright,
In her sweetness lies her might."

Ev is always ready to make dark moments a little lighter with her ready wit and philosophical outlook. Conscientious, reliable, a plugger, our little gal from Cape Breton Isle will always have our best wishes for good luck and happiness.



JO ANN RICE
Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia

"A perfect lady, nobly planned - -
To cheer, to comfort, and command!"

Hear ye! Hear ye! Typical of Jo Ann, who can always be heard engaged in a "confab" of some sort. Light on her feet, she has done much to revive the Charleston during her stay here. An excellent nurse, a gay companion, a true friend—but hark! do we hear wedding bells ringing? Good luck to you both.



YVONNE RICHARD
Moncton, New Brunswick

"Her very frowns are fairer far —
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Vivacious and young at heart is our little French Miss. Her interests are wide and varied and center about those of a certain young chap named "Don". Next stop T.C.A. MAYBE! Our best wishes to you!



AUDREY SOMERS
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint
And those who know thee, know all
thoughts are faint."

Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Moe, which one will
be the lucky Joe! Kind and gentle, affec-
tionate disposition, home-loving, a fine
nurse, a gentle woman — all these things
make our "Aud" priceless. These three
years have brought us very close, and we
hope that the future will be shiny and
bright always for our "Aud".

Give Us This Day

This day in honor I have toiled
My shining crest is still unsoiled
But on the mile I leave behind
Is one that says that I was kind
And someone has a cheerful song
Because I chanced to come along
Sweet rest at night that man shall own
Who has not lived his life alone

A Technician's Hands

Strong hands, sure hands, trained in the art

Of guiding hidden force

And bending it to heal and soothe.

Then, turning to the Source,

These same hands, folded, supplicate

Divinity to give

New Knowledge of mysterious rays

To use — that men might live.

LOIS CAMERON
Stellarton, Nova Scotia

"A laugh and a song will carry me
through."

Lois came to us from Stellarton High School. She has an inexhaustible supply of laughter and has brightened many a "second dinner". Her favorite sport is skating and giving barium showers when least expected!!! She plans to return to her beloved home town, and we wish her all the best in her chosen profession.





RENATE ECHT
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"Twinkling eyes, a pleasant smile,
She won our hearts in a little while."

When she was three and a half, "the little one" came to Halifax from Germany — perhaps for the sole purpose of interpreting for the German patients being X-rayed !! This followed Q.E.H. and H.C. V.H.S. What will we have to laugh about without her corny jokes? Lots of luck in the future, Reni.

MARIAN ROBERTSON
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

"Though I'm usually tardy, I'm bound to arrive."

Our Marian, who crosses the harbour every day, came from Scotland five years ago. After getting her Grade Twelve at Dartmouth High School she attended Dalhousie for two years. Then she joined the Three Musketeers of the X-ray department. After graduation she hopes to leave for Malaya, where she will combine x-ray and matrimony. We wish her the best of luck for the future.



A Day in the Medical Records Department

The key is turned in the door of the Medical Records Department and another day is begun — a day which will, as always, contain new experiences, humorous incidents, and its share of trials.

Yes, the door is opened, but first of all the requested information slipped under the door by the night staff is picked up, sorted and completed, the register is obtained from the Admission desk and the day's work is begun. Gone is the quiet, and for a time a degree of confusion will reign. First comes the daily census, which usually entails trips upstairs to locate a few missing babies or mothers who were hidden at the time the census was taken, then admissions, discharges, newborn list.

The first phone call of the day comes from Radio Station CJCH for a list of babies. The miscellaneous calls through the day include a series of requests for information such as dates of discharge, addresses on admission, birth dates of children, which twin was born first, information required by a doctor, and so on through the day. All these a Medical Records Librarian must be prepared to answer.

One of the most important jobs, the quantitative analysis of charts — comes next.

It is often from these we receive our laughs for the day. Busy nurses with only a very short time to chart have been to chart all on one line "Doctor visited — Patient vomited", and also "Discharged with husband in apparently good condition". Who is in good condition?

After the charts are completed the diagnosis is typed on the cards and these are then classified, coded, indexed on disease, operation and physicians' file and put in the master file from where they are used as reference — the main key to all information kept secret in the Medical Records Department.

All hospital statistics, research, correspondence on patients, reports for insurance companies, and many other phases of work are handled by this Department.

Our day passes swiftly, and just when it seems we have well begun it is time to close for another day.





DORIS LANDSKY
Sydney, Nova Scotia

"The most completely lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed"

Doris is a graduate of Holy Angels' Convent, Sydney, and Mount Saint Bernard Secretarial School, Antigonish. Among her many fine qualities, a few of which are understanding, perseverance and adaptation, Doris boasts of a keen sense of humor. "A merry heart goes all the day". For such a personality, can the future hold anything but success and happiness?

VIOLA MACLELLAN
New Waterford, Nova Scotia

"She has friends because she is one."

"Ola" comes to us from New Waterford and is a Secretarial Graduate of Mount Saint Bernard College, Antigonish. Her friendly and gay personality paves a sure road to a happy life ahead.



SISTER AGNES LOUISE
Antigonish, Nova Scotia

"True humility is contentment"

Sister Agnes Louise came to us from Bethany in Antigonish and is the first Sister to graduate from our school. A conscientious worker, Sister's sincerity will win her many friends among the people with whom she comes in contact in her future work as a Medical Records Librarian. We wish her the very best of success.



VALEDICTORY - - 1955

Before you tonight are a number of happy young women who have finally reached the goal toward which they have been striving for the past three years. Our hearts are indeed grateful, and in the words of Colton, "No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful". Mingled with our happiness and gratitude is a note of sadness, for during this time we have formed close associations and friendships — how close, we did not realize until now, as the time of parting draws near.

As we look back in retrospect, how vividly we remember the first time we entered the Nurses' residence at 298 Barrington Street - - unsure, afraid, yet eager and willing. When the last arrival had been welcomed, the Class of '55 was assembled for the first time as a unit, new friendships were formed, room-mates introduced, new impressions born, false impressions dissembled, not to mention several amusing incidents which helped to make us all feel more "at home".

Together, we saw our Probation period speed by us on the wings of difficult studies, long hours of class work, various ups and downs, until finally dawned "Capping Day". How much that moment meant to us, as we proudly received the little starched cap that set us apart as a dedicated group, symbol of our profession in its white purity and trim efficiency.

Now our work on the wards really started, and as each day passed, we began to realize how small we were in the face of the mountain of knowledge and skill that beckoned us on. Our Intermediate year was formed with affiliations, night duty, heavy class schedules and also gayer moments, such as discussion groups, proms, and parties at "99".

The finishing touches of our training days were given during our Senior year, when we were the envy of our junior conferees, as we enjoyed the privileges and tried to shoulder the responsibilities that go with being a senior. We felt ourselves on the threshold of wider horizons, and could picture ourselves as "Graduate Nurses" in the not too distant future. Tonight, at last, we have finally reached our longed-for goal, and as we stand at the parting of the ways, we are filled with a mixture of emotions — happiness, sorrow, hopefulness, relief — casting a glance of gratitude on the past, a look of expectant hope to the future.

We owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Sisters of the Infirmary, and offer our sincere thanks for their patient kindness and encouragement, and for the example they have given us of the high ideals of the nursing profession. They have taught us that "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it", and it is the hope of every graduate

here tonight that we may uphold worthily the fine traditions of the Halifax Infirmary.

We thank our Instructors, religious and lay, for teaching us with such patience and perseverance, for they, with much self-sacrifice, have brought us to our present position, and have prepared us to face the future with skill and confidence.

We also wish to express our gratitude for the instruction, guidance and encouragement so freely and generously shared with us by our Doctors and Supervisors. Although many times we have been slow to accept your kindly advice, we now begin to realize the serious responsibility that is ours, and we thank you for paving the way to our maturity.

Fellow students, we will soon be saying "farewell", but we ask you ever to remember that this is the profession of your choice. We are proud of having been associated with you, and assure you that this happiness will one day be yours also. We have enjoyed working with you, and trust you to carry on remembering that "All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own". We realize that you will make mistakes, as we have; that you will at times, become discouraged, as we have, but "Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall".

To our dear parents, we give our Graduation. Were it not for you, we would not be here. You have made possible this glorious day at the cost of great personal sacrifice. You have encouraged us to continue in spite of difficulties and obstacles. You have stood by us with understanding hearts and loving watchfulness, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

The Graduating Class of 1955 enters into a world of anxiety, of suffering, or need. It offers us an inspiring challenge to give our best, to let no day go by without having done good to someone, to put into practice the noble ideals and solid principles that it has been our good fortune to assimilate as students of a School of Nursing grounded in Christian love.

Our student days seemed hard at times, but we have found it all so worthwhile, because in giving our best, we have found that we ourselves have been made richer in mind and heart and soul. As Madeline Bridges so beautifully puts it:

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

My Rosary

When we say "Mary" Mary says "God". When we cry out our need for God, she still utters her Fiat, the word of free yet sacred and predestined servitude by which she became God's channel to us, our means of access to Him. "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word". Through Her in the hour of our redemption Christ came to men and nations. Through Her still, in these hours of our need for Him, the world can once more be brought to Christ.

The Rosary is not merely a prayer of spoken words however lovingly repeated. It is a method of meditation as well and therefore a stimulus to that spirit of recollection, that thinking in the heart without which the world is made desolate.

We are met here to pray for peace — that means that we pray for the fulfillment of all the conditions by which peace is made possible.

Peace is the tranquility of order. It flowers for the recognition and faithful fulfillment of what is due God and man, divine religion and the human republic; values on the level of the sacred and legitimate claims of the secular order consists in arranging realities in the light of their respective values - - and peace is the tranquility which comes of order.

May that peace spread to all this nation, to all the world, to all men of goodwill. Queen of Peace, pray for us! Prince of Peace, bless our homes, our land, all our race.

M. ISIAH

Class Prophecy - 1955.

The day was July 2, 1966, hot, sticky and muggy. Grand Central Station was teeming with humanity. The suitcases were heavy, but our step was light, for finally we were homeward bound. We paused at the newsstand to pick up "The Vogue" and then spied DOROTHY GARBER smiling familiarly at us. Dorothy was on her way back to France where she was to join her husband, now a Wing Comander. As we talked, many old memories and friends came into our conversation. Not the least of these being the news that PEGGY BOYD now has a P.G. in obstetrics. The last Dorothy heard from RAMONA PREST and DOROTHY LOGAN was their big double wedding in Musquodoboit. LUCILLE BELLIVEAU has headed west to Manitoba. We couldn't understand why our beloved editor wandered so far from home. In the midst of our reminiscing, we couldn't help but notice a sedate young lady in a white linen suit, accentuating her deep tan and her rosy cheeks followed by a procession of three porters laden with luggage; the familiar laugh betrayed her, for it was none other than MARY HOPE, going back to her base. We asked Mary if she has heard anything from the illustrious "CLASS OF '55" - - naturally Mary supplied us with many choice items. She had met CATHERINE CARVER on Barrington Street wearing the smart uniform of the navy nurse and still very much in love with navy life. After Sister Edna Marie had left the Infirmary, ANNA HORNE had taken over her position alternating between the Operating Room and Night Supervisor.

AUDREY SOMERS is holding down an important position as Head Matron at Camp Hill Hospital, and doing it admirably. She must have done quite well financially, for we heard she had recently bought the Jubilee Boat House.

TRAIN NOW LEAVING ON TRACK 17 - - - ALL ABOARD! and reluctantly we had to take leave of Grand Central, and proceed on our journey. As we relaxed on the soft silky train seat and glanced through the "Vogue", we discovered on the front page none other than JOY GIBSON modelling a stunning evening formal. Over the tops of the seats, a little in front of us, we spied two little black bonnets, which upon investigation proved to be two Sisters of Charity on their way home from the foreign missions for a summer retreat. One of them we discovered to be

JANET CONRAD, our chubby little classmate, who had grown quite angelic looking. We had a real re-union, and exchanged bits of news as the train rolled on. It seems that just before leaving the Congo, Janet had officiated at the biggest event of the year, the arrival of triplets, each the picture of their mother, EVELYN RENT. She also told us of the new appointment of MARY GILLIS as Supervisor of the new Pediatric wing of the Infirmary.

Later, in the dining car, we shared a table with IOLA LIVINGSTON, who told us she was on her way to a new position as O. R. Supervisor in one of the New York Hospitals. Iola showed us a recent edition of a Halifax paper, picturing JEAN MEIKLE on the society page being presented with a gift on the occasion of her departure from St. Mary's University, where she had spent many years of faithful service as health nurse.

Around lunch hour, the Porter came through announcing that the ISIAH SNACK BAR was now open, and as the name sounded vaguely familiar, we all rushed down, and who do you think was in charge but our little Mary! Were we ever glad to see her, and does she ever travel around! She was able to tell us about how LAURETTE DOUCETTE and YVONNE RICHARD had just taken off for Europe to attend a Big Four Conference. (She did mention that they were stewardesses on the Airlift that was taking a group of diplomats to this conference). Mary also had been to a Benefit Show at Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago featuring PAT JENSEN, who was stunning in a pale blue gown of gossamer Chiffon.

As we learned the fate of each of our beloved Classmates of '55, our hearts grew tenderly sad at the thought of how we had grown up together in the three years of our training days, and thanked God that each member of our group had turned out so well - in fact, we were proud to be one of such an enterprising and ambitious class. We felt happy and satisfied in the knowledge that each one had gone in search of her Pot of Gold and found it, and with it, happiness and success.

ANNA GAVIN and JO ANN RICE

CLASS SONG

Classmates, we are dreaming dreams
Of a thousand cherished scenes
Along life's busy ways;
While we climb the ladder high
A-seeking knowledge, you and I
Together, day by day.

We have formed the truest friendships ever
Learned the value of a fair endeavor —

Chorus:

We'll sing a song for the Infirmary,
Our Alma Mater, our pledge be to thee!
Oh may the future years bring honor and fame
To your glorious name! let this be our aim!
The white and gold of our school colors
We'll proudly carry everywhere —
Our motto, "In Thy sight we serve"
O Lord, hear our nursing school prayer.

Patter:

We will strive to lessen pain
Shunning glory and acclaim
To uphold your standards loyally
Duty we will never shirk
Dedicate ourselves to work,
Alma Mater, hear our pledge to thee!
Treasure chest of cherished by-gone mem'ries,
Which will open only to our magic keys.

We'll sing a song for the Infirmary,
Our Alma Mater, our pledge be to thee!
Oh may the future years bring honor and fame
To your glorious name! let this be our aim!
The white and gold of our school colors
We'll proudly carry everywhere —
Our motto, "In Thy sight we serve"
O Lord, hear our nursing school prayer.



TOP TUNES -- 1955

A Million Years Ago.....	<i>Probie Days</i>
Dem Bones G'win to Rise Again.....	<i>Anatomy</i>
Little Things Mean a Lot.....	<i>Micro-biology</i>
If I Knew You Were Coming I'd A Baked a Cake.....	<i>Nutrition</i>
If I Ever Needed You, I Need You Now...	<i>Nursing Arts</i>
I Believe.....	<i>Psychology</i>
Make Yourself Comfortable ("In the Beginning").....	<i>History of Nursing</i>
Our Future Has Only Begun.....	<i>Professional Adjustments</i>
Tell It To Me Again.....	<i>Pharmacology</i>
Teach Me Tonight ("Percevil").....	<i>Ethics</i>
Count My Blessings.....	<i>Religion</i>
Just a Little Bit of Heaven.....	<i>5 South</i>
Don't Get Around Much Anymore.....	<i>P.M. Duty</i>
Rock-a-bye Baby.....	<i>Nursery</i>
From Nine to Five.....	<i>D.P.H. Clinic</i>
Memories.....	<i>Nova Scotia Hospital</i>
Dear Little Boy of Mine.....	<i>U. N. T. D.'s</i>
Give Me Five Minutes More.....	<i>20 Up Club</i>
My Silent Love.....	<i>Retreat</i>
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.....	<i>Garden View</i>
Oh Happy Day.....	<i>Graduation</i>





Last Will and Testament

We, the Graduating Class of '55 of the Halifax Infirmary School of Nursing, being of sound mind (most of the time) do humbly bequeath our valued possessions as follows:

TO OUR SUPERIORS . . . Our gratitude for all you have done for us in the past three years.

TO THE GRADUATES OF JANUARY '56 . . . Our regret that you are not with us.

TO THE STUDENT BODY . . . Our loyalty to the Halifax Infirmary.

I, LUCILLE BELLIVEAU, bequeath my "Hiawatha" to anyone who will promise to look after her.

I, PEGGY BOYD, bequeath my ability for getting into trouble to Isabel Munro.

I, CATHY CARVER, leave my great affection for the Navy to Alice Adamson.

I, JANET CONRAD, leave my unusual laugh to Velda Joseph.

I, LAURETTE DOUCETTE, leave my great love for attending classes to Dorothy Lombard.

I, DOROTHY GARBER, bequeath my ability for contracting minor ailments to Dorothy Metie.

I, ANNA GAVIN, leave my love for Dartmouth to Joan Roach.

I, JOY GIBSON, leave my quality of "being seen and not heard" to Shirley Nolan.

I, MARY GILLIS, leave my sophisticated manner to Simone Melanson.

I, MARY HOPE, leave all my balloons to Corrine MacGillivray.

I, ANNA HORNE, bequeath my ability for having parties to Jean Delvallete.

I, MARY ISIAH, leave my rapt attention in Class to Mary Cable.

I, PAT JENSEN, leave my musical talents to Marilyn MacDonald.

I, IOLA LIVINGSTON, leave my love for making posters to Nancy Carney.

I, DOROTHY LOGAN, leave my love for hard top convertibles to Norma d'Entremont.

I, JEAN MEIKLE, leave my secret for holding a S.M.U. man to Joyce Shannahan.

I, RAMONA PREST, bequeath my ability for staying out of trouble to Carol Vye.

I, JO ANN RICE, leave my monopoly on the Charleston to Gail Radford.

I, EVELYN RENT, leave my love for Cape Breton to Pat Tobin.

I, YVONNE RICHARD, leave my seat in the back of the classroom to Jean McLean. May you sleep well.

I, AUDREY SOMERS, leave my interest in the Army to Stella Legge.



GOD MADE A NURSE

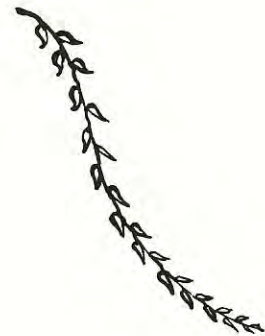
Watching the newborn take its first breath,
Closing the eyes of those, "Called Home", in death,
Soothing the brow of one rocked in pain,
Answering the bell again and again,
Comforting the little ones sick and alone,
Listening at night for a cough or a moan,
Helping the crippled to learn how to walk
Bending an ear when one "just wants to talk",
Trying to understand a confused, tortured mind,
Remembering always, to be sympathetic and kind,
Bringing a smile to a face wrinkled with age,
Realizing the satisfaction that is worth any wage,
Proudly aware that from sufferings and struggles adverse
Lovingly in all gentleness, "*God Fashioned A Nurse*"

LEST WE FORGET



To attend the sick is such
A brief and little thing,
Yet, consider all the joy
And good that it can bring
It means so much in every way
To one who lies in bed
With only flowers to observe
And papers to be read
A nurse can give that human touch
Of one more helping hand
And all the faithful friendliness
That tries to understand
Indeed the Lord Himself has said
That we are serving Him
Each time we help some lonely soul
In moments dark or dim
So let us never once forget
Our patients in their pain
For some day we shall meet them
In Heaven once again.

E. RENT



A NURSE'S PRAYER

*O LORD LET WISDOM EVER BE MY GUIDE
LET COURAGE AND GOOD WILL WALK
EVER BY MY SIDE
GRANT ME STRENGTH I MAY REQUIRE
GRANT ME WILL TO NEVER TIRE
HELP ME SMILE WHEN I WOULD WEEP
GIVE ME STRENGTH AND STEADY FEET
HELP ME SHUN DESPAIR AND SORROW
GIVE ME FAITH IN EACH TOMORROW
HELP ME GIVE, THROUGH KINDLY GRACE
SOME BIT OF COMFORT TO THE RACE*

V. PREST.

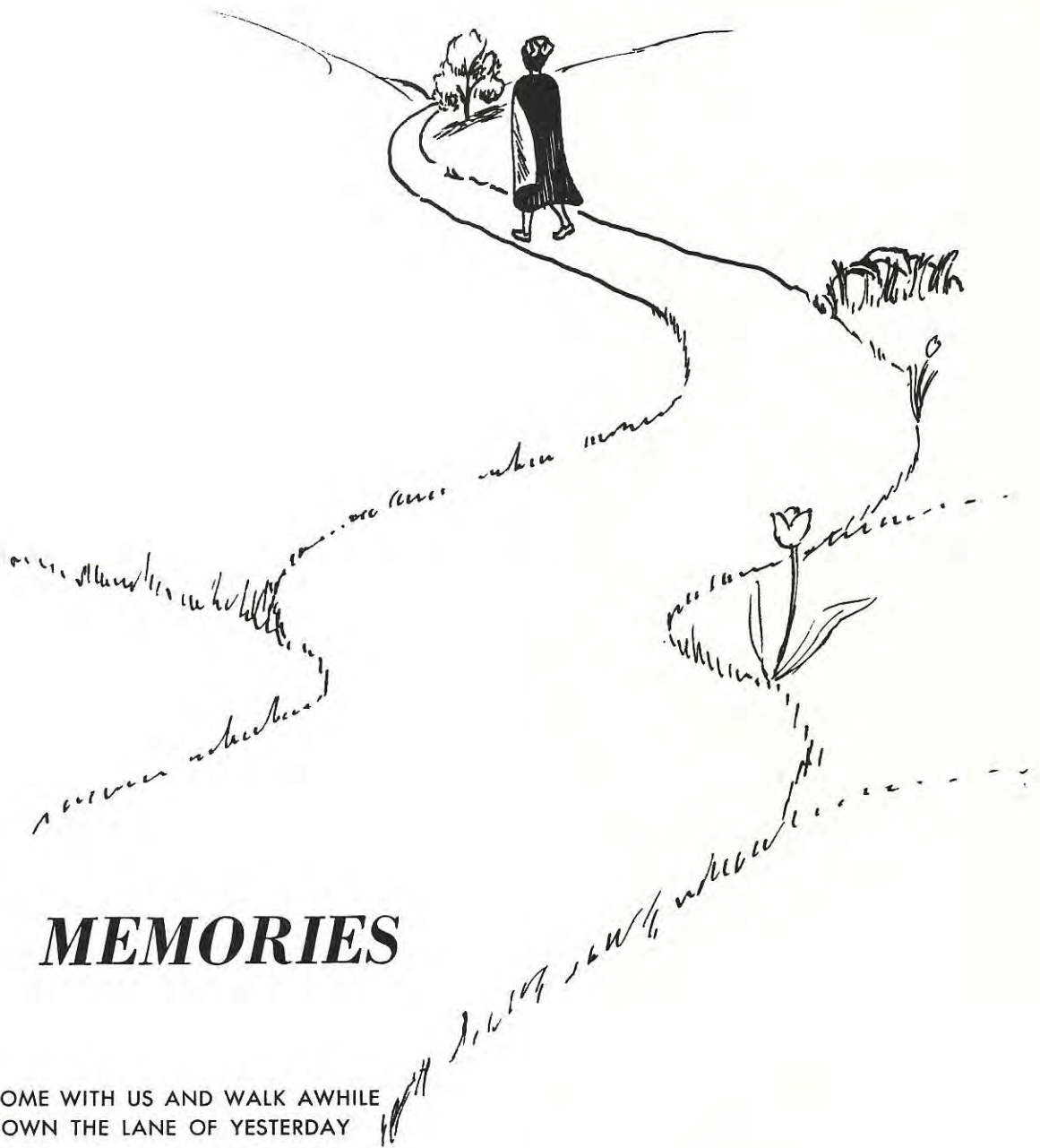


Ode to the Perfect Patient

So calm and serene, but suffering — that face, a body wracked, but of dignified grace she has suffered her share of life's pain and woe. I fear that she has still farther to go, yet. She's been "stuped" and "Fomented" so many times — Scrubbed and through all she showed not a faint trace of grime — — Drenched by irrigations and fumbled about by nurses who hail her with negligent shout — — A patient unselfish, a woman so rare who returned every scowl with unruffled stare.

*So calm and serene, but suffering — —
that face — —
My heart goes out to Mrs. Chase!*





MEMORIES

COME WITH US AND WALK AWHILE
DOWN THE LANE OF YESTERDAY

THOUGHTS ALONG THE WAY SO SWEET —
FOND MEMORIES WE MEET —
THOUGHTS OF THESE THREE YEARS
GONE BY —
WHEN WE STUDIED AND WORKED AND
PRAYED
IN THIS OUR SCHOOL, WITH STANDARDS
HIGH —
WE SHARED LIFE'S BLESSINGS,
FULL, COMPLETE —
IN DAYS GONE BY — 'TIS TRUE
BUT NOW MEMORY GUIDES OUR STEPS
ANEW.

I. LIVINGSTON



When your cap was brand new
and its sweater was green
you ducked out of sight when a
doctor was seen!



Oh! Why were you sent for and
what did you do?
And how in the world did she get
wise to you?



Remember the day
you first walked through that
door?
Full of high heels - and luggage
galore?



When you got your cap you got
apron and ties,
and getting them fastened would
near break a rib.



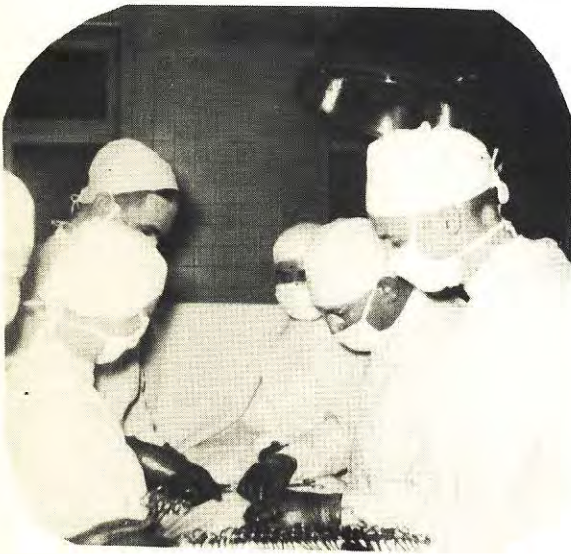
Oh! Surely there never was seen
such a sight!
As you, the first time you were
all decked in white.



Hard at work?



1st. N.S.H. Affiliates ~



Scapel please!



Happy days!



Night duty gals!



Can they cook?

The Reminiscing Hour

WE DID IT! Looking back now, the three years seem to have gone by so quickly, didn't they!

Remember that first day on duty? You were all starched up in that white uniform, and although your knees were knocking and your teeth chattering, you thought you looked pretty good.

All the floors looked the same to you, so when you were told to report on 3 south, can anyone blame you if you landed up on 5 south? If was very embarrassing at the time - - we can laugh about it now.

When the Supervisor told you to take temps, you in your excitement fell over a chair in an attempt to go to C.D.R. All the temps were elevated that day, including your own. None were below 99.8 - - what an effect you had on the dear patient patients!

Then an A-Bomb dropped - - - you were told to go and bath 318 - - ME, bath - - Gulp! With the basin of water and tooth mug rattling to the tune of "The first year is the worst year", you began the procedure of bathing Mr. X. Your mind went BLANK as to the routine way to bath as taught. You started with the feet and worked up to the head, instead of visa versa . . . What a time! No one ever warned you that there would be days like that!

One thing sure, you soon get over your shyness, etc. - - and six months later you were capped - - "Oh happy day!" " No more being called a "Probie" - we were Juniors at last. We knew everything - - nobody was going to tell us what to do. (Ouf minds were soon

changed) especially when we attempted that first hypo - - ouch! Ten jobs later: "Sister, haven't I given that right YET?"

Ah, but now you were really going places! Posted for the O. R. - - the first one in the class to go - - big deal! You were posted to scrub for a T & A at 8 o'clock in Room D?? Brr-rrr- you started to shiver! Someone else had the instruments ready for you, the patient was called for, and all you had to do was scrub . . . So you scrub! and scrub! Then into Room D, where someone else hurriedly tied your gown - - - put on your gloves. Rrrrip! "Another pair please" - - Now all is set - you put the instruments out on the table as directed - and awaited orders - but nothing happened - until the next thing you knew, tonsils were lying on the table before your amazed gaze. Pathetically you turned to the circulating nurse and enquire "When do I start"? "Now" she answered - "count your sponges". A big build up for such a let-down - - - -

Finally comes Graduation Day - - with butterflies in your stomach, and a last look in the mirror, you pause for a moment and reflect "Is it really true? Am I graduating, or is it all a dream?" The strains of the organ playing the graduation march bring you back to reality, and as you stand on the stage before that huge audience, with mom and dad and all your dear ones gazing admiringly at you, and you recite the Pledge, and receive your Diploma, and all the prizes you won, your heart expands to a huge size, and you whisper contentedly to yourself and God: "It was worth it all!"

M. ISIAH





Santa came after all!



~ let us Pray ~



Tea?



10 P.M. Rosary



~ Senior Valentine Party ~



Waiting For a Call!



Christmas at '298'



That after duty book!



Christmas Carol



- Duty Calls -



Friends ~



Summer Outing -



Xmas Party ~



Everybody Happy?



Our Crib



Rainy night -



What Fun!



Tired but Happy!



Friendly get-together



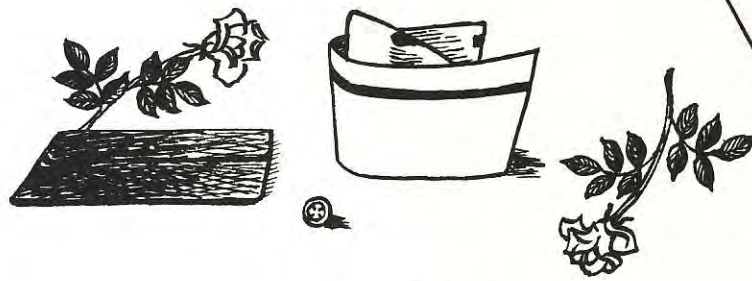
Our Last Student Formal!

TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW

Whenever discouraged, remember this —
That though your world may seem amiss
Your future uncertain, your days full
of care —
When all seems dark and you're filled
with despair —
There's still one Friend who is always
near,
To guide, comfort and banish all fear, —
Trust in Him and ask His help —
Remember, oh how little it costs —
To gladden some heart each day awhile —
With one kind word or tender smile —
As on your daily way you go —
Make this your goal — — —

I. LIVINGSTON





TE DEUM LAUDAMUS —

- for three happy years
- for close friendships formed
- for the grace of religious education
- for the sacrifices of our parents and teachers

TE ERGO QUAESUMUS —

- to bless all who have helped us to attain our goal
- to bless us ere we go forth to take our place in Christian society
- to bless all our comings in and our goings out
- to bless our apostolate among the sick and suffering

Per singulos dies, benedicimus te - - - -

Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum

Et in saeculum saeculi. Amen.

Autographs

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