



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.

**Looking Back One Hundred Years
1911– 2011
St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing Alumni
proudly presents a book of memories**

Source: Courtesy of St Paul's Hospital
School of Nursing
Alumni Association.

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**ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING
ALUMNI**

**LOOKING BACK
ONE HUNDRED
YEARS**



1911 - 2011

LOOKING BACK ONE HUNDRED YEARS

**CELEBRATING THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FIRST GRADUATING CLASS.**

**ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING
ALUMNI**

PROUDLY PRESENTS

**A BOOK
OF MEMORIES**

1911-2011





Greetings to the St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing Alumni



St. Paul's Hospital

It is with pride and appreciation that I write this letter to the St. Paul's Hospital Nurses Alumni in recognition of the 100th Anniversary celebration of the first graduating class of the St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing.

The pride comes from the reminder this anniversary provides of the contributions St. Paul's has made to the development of health care in Saskatoon and Saskatchewan. Opening in 1907, St. Paul's was the first permanent hospital in Saskatoon; in 1909, the St. Paul's Training School accepted its first students who graduated in 1911; 1917, a ward dedicated to care for convalescing soldiers was opened; 1922, a building was added to provide care for patients with tuberculosis requiring isolation; in 1960, St. Paul's was the site of the first renal dialysis treatment in the province and in 1963, St. Paul's physicians were integral in the first kidney transplant performed in Saskatchewan, the second in Canada; in 1980, St. Paul's was designated the Provincial Home Dialysis Center and performed the province's first peritoneal dialysis treatment; our Palliative Care Consultation Team was the first in Saskatchewan, beginning in 1985 and the Palliative Care Unit opened in 1990; and in 2007, a building was purchased and renovated into a community dialysis satellite.

My appreciation is given due to the knowledge that these achievements would not have been possible without the commitment and dedication of the St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing students and graduates who have cared for the patients of St. Paul's. The graduates who continue to provide care at St. Paul's as employees, and those who put in hundreds of volunteer hours each year play an integral role in maintaining and mentoring others in the Mission of the Grey Nuns. You and your colleagues shaped our past and continue to shape our future.

Your anniversary book will provide further documentation of the history of St. Paul's Hospital that will remind us of where we came from and what we stand for. Your stories of our past will shape the service we provide in the future.

A very sincere thank you to each of you for the contributions you have made and continue to make to the patients we serve and to the history and culture of St. Paul's Hospital.

With Deep Gratitude,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jean Morrison". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned to the right of a large, stylized white arrow pointing to the left.

Jean Morrison
President and Chief Executive Officer
St. Paul's Hospital

Acknowledgements

Celebrating memories—capturing history. Looking Back One Hundred Years has been prepared and published by the St. Paul's Nurses' Alumni Association to celebrate the 100th Anniversary, 1911-2011, of the first class to graduate from St. Paul's School of Nursing

We extend a huge thank you to all the Alumni and family members that submitted memories. You have made this book come to life. We've appreciated the support and encouragement of the Alumni Executive, the Archives Committee and the 100th Anniversary Reunion Committee. We're especially grateful to Francois Nadeau, Archiviste, Sisters of Charity of Montreal, Grey Nuns, who searched the archives for us; Carl Krause for his patient editorial assistance; Gordon A. Taylor for photographing items for the book; and Elaine Uhryniw (Madson'61) and Marlene Davis (Welk'57) for computer assistance. And to everyone else who assisted in any way—thank you.

Memory Book Committee:

Mercedes Montgomery (Cheveldayoff '53)

Lily Krause (Baergen '58)

Dennise Martin '59

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As travellers oft look back at eve
When onward darkly going.

To gaze upon a light they leave
still faint behind them glowing.

So as the years roll gently on
And all things do remind us,

'Tis sweet to catch one parting ray
Of the days we've left behind us.

Anonymous

Source: 1968-69 Whitecap

The Spirit of St. Paul's ...belongs to all time.

Morning Prayer



Photo: 1949 Yearbook

Dear Lord,

I begin my day of duty with the hope that I shall serve Thee faithfully. I have consecrated myself to the services of Thy sick and suffering.

I have pledged my loyalty and devotion to the noble principles of my calling. Each task I offer with the sincere hope that it is prompted by my love for Thee.

I shall not shirk any duty however unpleasant.

When I cool the fevered brow, moisten the parched lips or comfort the aching body, I shall remember that I bring comfort to Thee.

Help me find in every patient another soul created by Thy Infinite Love.

I pray that my calling may find me always a real lady, kind, courteous and considerate of those who face the trials of sickness.

Besides, I shall find hope in the thought that the more perfect my service, the more genuine my sacrifice, the more I shall be like to another Lady – the Lady You honoured in such a striking way as to call her Mother.

Amen.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

The Florence Nightingale Pledge was composed by Mrs. Lystra E. Gretter, an instructor of nursing and the Farrand School of Nurses, Detroit, Michigan. It was called the Florence Nightingale Pledge as a token of esteem for the founder of modern nursing and was first used by its graduating class in the spring of 1893. It is an adaptation of the Hippocratic Oath taken by physicians.

Source: www.nursingworld.com, accessed, May 18, 2011



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 personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

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

School Song

Staunchly and proudly our dear school
stands

On the top of Pleasant Hill.

High above the golden prairie lands,
Where the winds blow loud and shrill.

Fostered by love of they,
The Sisters robed in grey;

Hark to the song of the "fleur de lis",
Swelling to Heaven free;
In Minimis Perfectio,
Our Alma Mater O;

Garnet and Gold, our banners raise,
a symbol of service in love and praise.

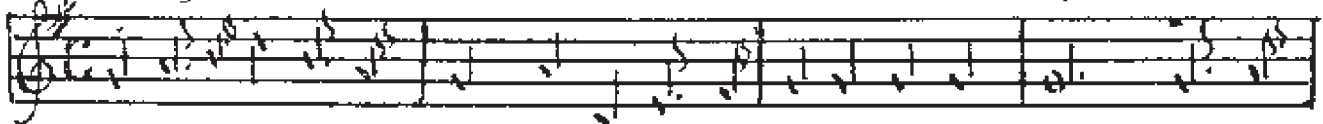
Fearless, we will march,
with God for our guide.
St. Paul's, we keep faith with thee;
St. Paul's, we keep faith with thee.

By Patricia Currie (Kouri '51)

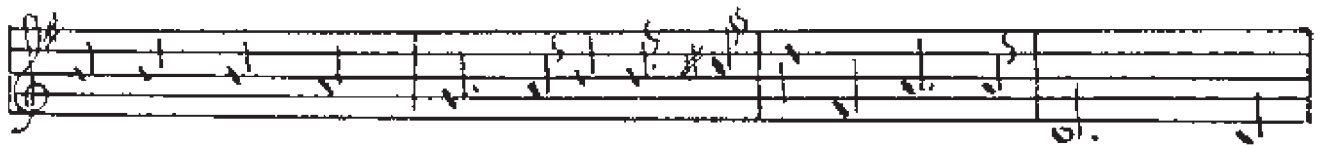
School Song

Words by Pat. Kouri

Music by J.S. Zamenik



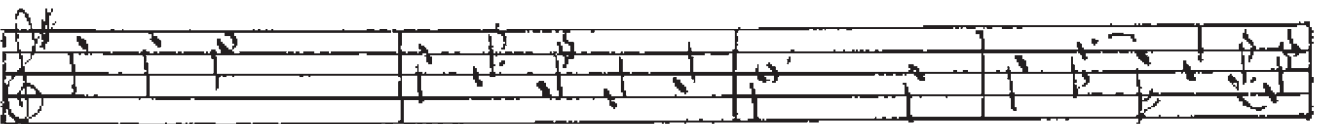
Staunchly and proudly our dear School stands on the top of Pleasant Hill high a-



bove the gold-en prai-rie lands where the winds blow loud and shrill. Post-



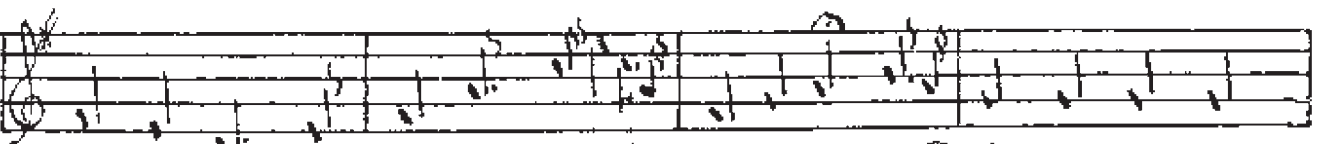
ered by loud o' they. The Sisters robed in gray; Hark to the song of the



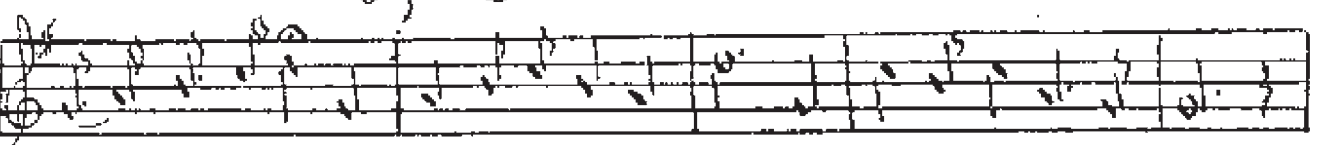
"Aur de tis." Swelling to heaven free; In mi-ni-mis per-



fecti-o, Our Alma Ma-ter O; Gar-net and gold, our



ban-ners raise, A symbol of our love and praise. Fearless we will march with



God for our guide; St. Paul's we keep faith with thee; St. Paul's we keep faith with Thee!



St. Paul's School of Nursing Coat of Arms

Portraying in symbols the high ideals and aspirations of St. Paul's School of Nursing, the newly created Coat of Arms is thus explained:

In the left lower portion of the shield on the background of garnet is the Florence Nightingale Nursing Lamp. It is a symbol of the nursing profession and typifies the burning flame of devotion and service to others that must glow in a nurse's life. The maple leaves around the shield are the national emblem of Canada. The school colours are garnet and gold, and the Latin motto "**In Minimis Perfectio**" – "I shall be perfect even in little things" – is a fitting summary of the high ideals of the students of St. Paul's.

In the center of the top shield, on the field of gold, is the cross in red – the fleur-de-lis tipping each extremity – the symbol of the Grey Nuns, Sisters of Charity. It symbolizes the spirit of love and sacrifice every real nurse must have. To the right and left of the lower part of the cross are two red roundels or Torteaux, symbol of the city of Saskatoon – the city's name an Indian one for "the place of the service berries" which we call Saskatoon berries. They are also a reference to the arms of Pius XI who established the Diocese of Saskatoon in 1933. (Similar roundels are on his coat of arms.)

In the right portion of the shield on a field of green there is a gold sword with a stalk of wheat on each side. Green has been chosen for the field because of agrarian nature of Saskatoon and its surrounding prairies. The golden sword is the symbol of St. Paul – it is a sword without a point and is sometimes called a Curtana. This quality identifies it as the sword of mercy. The wheat stalks refer to Saskatchewan and its place in the wheat-raising belt of Canada.

Source: *SPH School of Nursing Student Guide, 1950s*

Research: *Rev. Father D.J. Mulcahey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Saskatoon, Sask., Sept. 15, 1950*

Execution: *Rev. Sister Vincentia, The Ursuline Convent, Prelate, Sask.*

Saint Marguerite d'Youville (1701-1771)

Foundress - Sisters of Charity of Montreal, Grey Nuns



Portrait of Marguerite d'Youville, painted for her
Beatification by Pope John XXIII in 1959
by Sister Flore Barrette, sgm , 1959

Born in 1701, Marguerite d'Youville married young and gave birth to six children (two survived). She was widowed at age twenty-eight and left nearly destitute. For a time she operated a small shop in her home, and despite her own hardship, reached out to the poor. She raised two sons for the priesthood.

In 1737 Marguerite and a group of companions consecrated themselves to God, and pledged “to consecrate their time, their days, their wit and charity ... putting all in common, the produce of their labour to be used to provide for as many poor as possible.”²

¹ Letourneau, Sr. Marguerite, sgm, “*They Dreamt of a Better World and They Rolled Up Their Sleeves*”, Address to Alumni Reunion, 2006. Reprinted with permission. Sr. Letourneau is a 1956 graduate of St. Paul’s Hospital School of Nursing

² St. Paul’s Hospital, Grey Nuns of Saskatoon, “*Our Story 75 Years of Caring*”

Our story all began with one woman who dreamt a dream, a woman who harbored a vision for the human family, a woman who felt called to make a difference in the completion of creation and who articulated a mission of compassion in favor of all those in need. This woman was Marguerite D’Youville. What was at the origin of her dream; what were its source and reason!

An Acadian author, Antonine Maillet, aptly wrote: ‘by our very existence, we are called to actively participate in the task of completing creation.

Consequently, a meaningful presence and attention given to the needy, the weak, the sick and the excluded needs be at the very heart of our life’s project upon earth.’ Marguerite D’Youville had this vision of the beauty of our unfinished world and the greatness of all of humanity. She envisioned that she was meant to share in a unique way in the task of standing on the side of the weak, of assisting the sick, and protecting the needy.¹

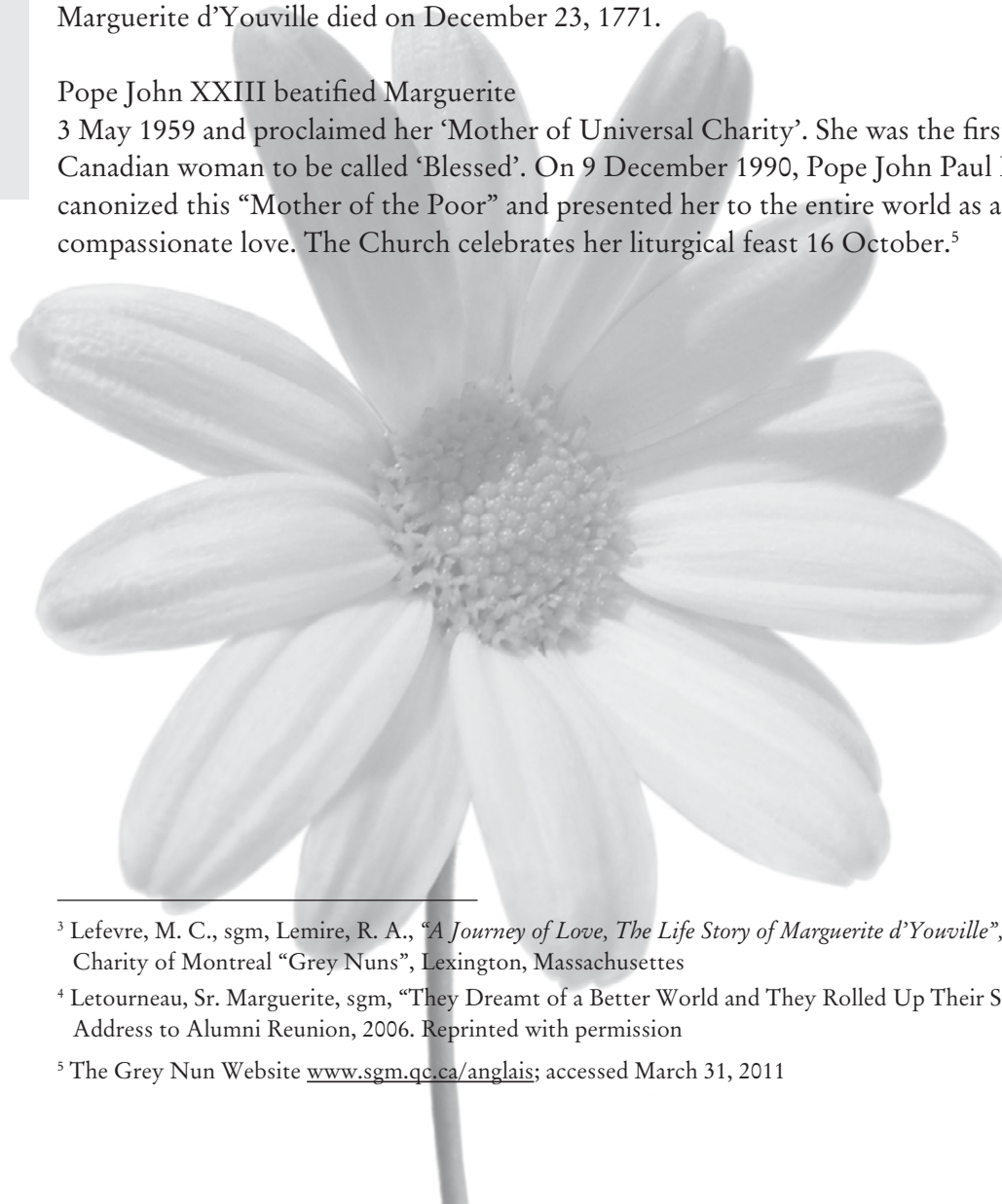
She dreamt of a better world for all and she rolled up her sleeves. Ahead of her time, in the midst of the 18th century, she saw a continent to be discovered, a country to build, a people to serve and a mission of compassion to articulate. She challenged thousands of women to dedicate their lives to making our world resemble her dream. Clearly, the mission of the Grey Nuns began with a felt need, a need felt with a sense of urgency.⁴

Many in Montreal did not look favourably upon this small group of women working with the widow d'Youville. It was as if they were threatened by their charitable works. Even Marguerite's own relatives and friends were shocked by what she was doing and questioned her motives. Class consciousness was strong in the culture of the day and Marguerite had started something that just was not done by persons of her standing. Marguerite and her companions were often insulted and jeered at on their way to the market place. They were falsely accused of selling liquor to the Indians (a connection made from her deceased husband's illegal dealings) and even being intoxicated themselves. '*Les Soeurs Grises*' which in French means 'the tipsy nuns' was the taunt hurled at them ...

Seventeen years after they had been dubbed '*Les Soeurs Grises*', Marguerite chose a grey material for the habit perpetuating the original name in a new meaning. '*Grises*' in French also means grey and from that time on her followers had been affectionately called 'Grey Nuns'... The habit was a simple grey dress and black head covering similar to a widow's cap. In later years, the Sisters wore the familiar brown and black habit and an all-white version of the habit was available and worn on duty in hospitals by Sisters who were also nurses. In time the Grey Nuns embraced modern dress.

Marguerite d'Youville died on December 23, 1771.

Pope John XXIII beatified Marguerite 3 May 1959 and proclaimed her 'Mother of Universal Charity'. She was the first Canadian woman to be called 'Blessed'. On 9 December 1990, Pope John Paul II canonized this "Mother of the Poor" and presented her to the entire world as a model of compassionate love. The Church celebrates her liturgical feast 16 October.⁵



³ Lefevre, M. C., sgm, Lemire, R. A., "*A Journey of Love, The Life Story of Marguerite d'Youville*", Sisters of Charity of Montreal "Grey Nuns", Lexington, Massachusetts

⁴ Letourneau, Sr. Marguerite, sgm, "They Dreamt of a Better World and They Rolled Up Their Sleeves" Address to Alumni Reunion, 2006. Reprinted with permission

⁵ The Grey Nun Website www.sgm.qc.ca/anglais; accessed March 31, 2011

“I feel I am doing the work of my foundress...”

Sister Carmen Marquis, s.g.m.

In 2005, Sr. Carmen celebrated sixty years as a Sister of the Western Province of the Sisters of Charity of Montreal (Grey Nuns) and was the last Grey Nun to work at St. Paul’s Hospital. In the French accent of her New Brunswick childhood she recalled during an interview some of the highlights of her life that included an assignment at age twenty to a residential school in Alberta—her first time out west, an audience with the Pope, several placements at St. Paul’s and the 60th Anniversary celebration.

During her last few years of service at St. Paul’s, Sr. Carmen volunteered in the Test Center. She knew that families relied on her to look after their aging parents when they’d drop them off at the hospital for tests because “... they said their Doctor told them that Sister is here and will look after them. I feel I am doing the work of my foundress ...”

“In the Test Centre often patients see my cross and ask if I am a nun. And I say, ‘Yes, there are not many of us left but I am a Grey Nun’, so they are comfortable with me and say they remember the nuns here from before. Some say, ‘But I am not a Catholic’, and I say, ‘It doesn’t matter to me. I will still look after you and when we are gone we will all go to the same place; it’s only here we are divided.’”

On this day Sister Carmen wore a white lab coat over a pleated skirt, a turtleneck, comfortable shoes, a photo identification tag and a cross, but from 1946, until Vatican II she wore the traditional habit. “When I said my vows, it was July and August in Montreal and we had to get up at 6:00 a.m. and dress for mass. It was so hot that almost every morning I fainted in the chapel. So when (I was) asked to go west, I said, yes, the climate is good there. Vatican II said we should be more modern, we should be washable. We had a veil for a while and we could wash all that. Then another directive said if we want to take off our veil we can, but if we don’t that’s okay too. One day I was going to church and I said to myself, I don’t have to wear that, so I was the first one to take the veil off. When I came in they were all looking at me. ‘You have no veil.’ I said, ‘So?’ Then I had to do my hair ... It’s not the habit that makes a nun—it’s what’s inside.”



Sister Carmen expected to be sent wherever she could fill a need. She’d been part of St. Paul’s for one quarter of its existence. She had worked as a surgical nurse at Edmonton General Hospital and in the 1960s, during her first time at St. Paul’s, she was put in charge of the Housekeeping Service. She returned in the 1980s because they needed a musician for the music ministry and to play the chapel’s pipe organ.

Sister Carmen has enjoyed a full life. “You must keep going, have a purpose. Just to retire and enjoy, for me that would not be enough. ...I have looked after everything God put in front of me and that is why I’m not afraid to die. When God is ready, I am ready. I have done all I can to help other people.”⁶

Sister Carmen now lives in St. Albert, AB.

⁶ Excerpts from an interview with Sr. Carmen for: “*Sister Carmen Lived a Different But Very Rewarding Life*” by Mercedes Montgomery, published in “*Coming of Age*”, a publication of the Saskatoon Council of Aging (SCOA). Spring/Summer Issue, 2007. Used with permission from SCOA

Directors - St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing 1909 – 1969

Sr. Marie du Saint Sacrement	1909 – 1912
Sr. Cecilia Wagner	Jan. – Nov. 1912
Sr. Ann Casey	1912 – 1913
Sr. Marie du Saint Sacrement	1913 – 1914
Sr. du Saint nom de Marie	1915 – 1917
Sr. Clara Mayer	1917 – 1925
Sr. Antoinette Chauvin	1925 – 1926
Sr. Cecilia Wagner	1926 – 1927
Sr. Josephine Weekes	1927 – 1930
Sr. Lydia Quenneville	1930 – 1932
Sr. Eva D'Avignon	1932 – 1933
Sr. Caroline Mead	1933 – 1935
Sr. Alice Herman	1935 – 1941
Sr. Lucienne Lapierre	1941 – 1943
Sr. Jeanne Mandin	1943 – 1943
Sr. Apollonia Ste. Croix	1943 – 1955
Sr. Jeanne Quintal	1955 – 1963
Sr. Fernande Dussault	1963 – 1969

Sister Marie-du-Saint-Sacrament First Director, St. Paul's School of Nursing



Sister Marie-du-Saint-Sacrament (17 January 1869-16 February 1935) was born Héloïse Marchand in Saint-Jean d'Iberville, Quebec. She studied at the Notre-Dame de Montréal School of Nursing and was amongst the first group of twelve graduates in 1899. She started as a nurse at the Saint-Boniface Hospital and rose to Superintendent of Nursing before leaving in 1902 for Calgary's Holy Cross Hospital, where she was Superintendent of Nursing, worked in surgery and eventually directed the nursing school. From 1908 to January 1912 she occupied the same position at Saskatoon's Saint-Paul. During 1912-1913 she worked at the Edmonton General then returned to Saint-Paul's for roughly a year before falling ill in December of 1914 and retiring to the Grey Nuns Mother House in Montreal.

– François M. Nadeau, Archiviste Soeurs de la Charité de Montréal, les Soeurs Grises

Grey Nun Schools of Nursing

Initially, focus was on assisting the needy in Quebec. But love has no boundaries, and it is not limited to time and space. Hence, long after Marguerite's death, Grey Nuns migrated to Western Canada to pursue the dream of their Foundress.⁸

One day in the year 1906 ... two Grey Nuns, Sisters Phaneuf and Guay, left Manitoba en route to the far West. Upon arriving in Saskatoon, they were confronted with a typhoid epidemic. They simply rolled up their sleeves and cared for the sick. Soon, they had tended to some 34 patients and the numbers were ever increasing. The people began pleading with the sisters to stay, to establish a much needed hospital and to obtain reinforcement in personnel. Amid adversities and following negotiations ... with the superiors in Montreal, Dr Willoughby's spacious house was turned into a hospital ...⁹

...the credit for initiating the first stages of organized nursing and hospitalization on Saskatchewan soil must go to a small group of pioneer nuns. It was in the year 1860 that the Grey Nuns of Montreal, who had already penetrated to the west as far as St. Boniface in 1844, took up permanent residence at Ile a la Crosse. In 1907 the same order opened hospitals in Saskatoon and Regina...⁷

The Grey Nuns established missions, built hospitals and pioneered modern nursing. Their philosophy of service was in all respects "*In Minimus Perfectio*" ("I shall be perfect even in little things") and eventually it became the motto of St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing.

In 1844 a colony of nuns left their convent in Montreal and came by canoe and portage to the mission at St. Boniface on the shore of the Red River, where they ministered to settlers and the Métis.

In 1871 the Grey Nuns established St. Boniface Hospital in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the first in the region, and in 1897 a school of nursing. In the next two decades they established four major hospitals and schools of nursing in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon was established in 1907 and the School of Nursing two years later. On November 21, 1909, Sister Marie-du-Saint-Sacrament (Heloise Marchand), the Director of the School, admitted the first student. Four others including two Grey Nuns arrived shortly after. A comment found in the *Chroniques*¹⁰ entry for November 21 reveals the traditional thought behind opening a School of Nursing at the beginning of the century: *At last, we will have some help! Like our sister-houses, we will have nursing students who, under our direction will follow a course of training and studies during two and a half years. May Mary, in this beautiful day of her Presentation to the Temple, bless our School which we place under her auspices.*

December 1909: There is in connection with the Hospital, a training school for nurses open to young ladies between the ages of 18 and 30, who in the opinion of the Sisters, join to a good education, and aptitude and a vocation for the very arduous work of sick nursing. Those wishing to join must apply to the Sister Superior, and are taken irrespective of religion and nationality. Since the opening of the Training School, there are at present 5 pupil nurses and 2 probationers.¹¹

Applicants had to be eighteen years of age with a grade eight education. Probationers started work on the wards immediately. Bedside procedures were taught by the supervisor and senior nurses. Doctors lectured on fundamental subjects and the Director of Nurses taught classes in connection with the doctor's lectures.¹²

Two years later the first five students successfully completed the nursing program and graduated on September 21, 1911.

⁷ Saskatchewan Hospital Association in "St. Paul's Hospital, 50th Anniversary Book", 1907-1957

⁸ Ibid

⁹ Ibid

¹⁰ Castonguay, Sr. Therese, sgm, "*Leap of Faith Vol. II*" refers to SPH Chronicles kept by the Grey Nuns

¹¹ From the *Chronicles* (vol I, 1906-1943), p. 38

¹² Robinson, Marguerite, E., "*SRNA, The First Fifty Years*", p. 34

Early schools of nursing were established mainly to provide trained nurses for patient care in hospitals, but they also offered educational opportunities for women at a time when few existed. By 1910, a total of seventy schools of nursing had opened in Canada from Quebec to Alberta.

Well-educated as nurses, managers and as skilled professionals in other disciplines, the Grey Nuns were well prepared to administer the hospitals and schools of nursing that they established. They trusted in providence, dared to risk, and left a lasting legacy of love and good works. Still, it was their values and beliefs that permeated their missions, imprinted those under their influence, and created the atmosphere and attitude that came to be known as the spirit of the organization.

At mid-twentieth century, the Grey Nuns operated ten schools of nursing in hospitals in Canada: five in Quebec - *Notre-Dame, the Institute Marguerite D'Youville and Maisonneuve* in Montreal, *Ste. Croix* in Drummondville; and *St. Jean* in St. Jean; and five in the Prairie Provinces - *St. Boniface* in Winnipeg, *Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary; Edmonton General, Edmonton; St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon and Grey Nuns, Regina*. They also operated four schools of nursing in the United States.

The Sisters in charge of the schools of nursing felt enormous responsibility for the students and undertook not only to educate, but to guide, protect and “polish” as part of the overall training with expected outcomes not unlike that of a “finishing school” as well as excellence in nursing. Over the years, the Grey Nuns’ schools of nursing have shaped the lives and careers of thousands of women.

St. Paul’s Hospital School of Nursing served from 1909 to 1969.

Sister Marguerite Letourneau, s.g.m., 1956



A hand will find us in the dark and lead us on our way. 1955-56 Yearbook

A graduate of St. Paul’s Hospital School of Nursing, Sr. Letourneau served two mandates as Superior General, Sisters of Charity of Montreal, Grey Nuns, and was Director of Nursing Education at Holy Cross, Calgary, and Concordia University, Montreal. She has also held other leadership positions.

¹³ Ibid, Letourneau, Sr. Marguerite, sgm

¹⁴ Ibid, Letourneau, Sr. Marguerite, sgm

Times were rough; needs were mammoth, financial and human resources limited. But the determination of those who set out to make a difference was dauntless. Students and the few graduates available worked 12 hour shifts, seven days a week; rules and regulations were plentiful; uniforms were stiff with starch; and facilities and equipment were far from great. But, all carried the same vision and passion; patients were ever at the center of priorities. In *Minimis Perfectio* was the word of order long before it became the motto of our school.¹³

As you will notice, the story of the Grey Nuns cannot be separated from the story of nurses, of students and of the staff with whom they implemented their dream. You dreamt with us and you rolled up your sleeves for others. Without all of you, this dream would not have had a future ...¹⁴

Long-Standing Directors of the School of Nursing



Sister Appolina Ste. Croix, s.g.m.
1943 - 1954



Sister Jeanne Quintal, s.g.m.
1954 - 1963



Sister Fernande Dussault, s.g.m.
1963 - 1969

Beginnings and Growth

The history of St. Paul's Training School for Nurses, later to become St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing is intimately intertwined with St. Paul's Hospital and the Grey Nuns. The school of nursing could not have existed in isolation whereas the hospital can and does exist as a corporate entity.

St. Paul's Hospital, 1907. The month of March 1907 was historic because on March 19 the first patient was admitted to the converted home of Dr. J.H.C. Willoughby. The house had been renamed St. Paul's Hospital in honour of the first Catholic parish in Saskatoon. The parish rectory had served as an infirmary for the victims of typhoid fever. Initially it was the workers involved in the construction of the Traffic Bridge (Iron Bridge/Victoria Bridge) that fell victim to typhoid fever because of unsafe water and inadequate sewage treatment, but then it spread to the community. Before the end of that first year a pavilion was added to

south side of the hospital, which increased the original capacity of seventeen beds to forty-five.

The newly incorporated city of Saskatoon now had its first hospital, albeit without electricity, phone, automatic heating or a built-in water and sewer system. Water had to be purchased at a cost of \$1.00 a barrel. When money for this service was not available or water could not be delivered because of road conditions, the medical staff "stepped up to the plate" and either paid the water bill or shovelled snow into buckets to be melted for the day's needs. In the words of Sr. St. Bridgit, "Dr. Peterson and Dr. Croll used to shovel the snow into buckets for us and we would put it on to boil. They didn't think anything of it—any of the doctors."

On April 17, 1909, the City of Saskatoon opened Saskatoon City Hospital, the first municipal hospital in Western Canada and the second in Canada.



St. Paul's Hospital with Pavilion, 1907

Source: Grey Nuns Archives, Montreal

When the hospital was founded, it was immediately opened to all who needed health care, regardless of their race, color, creed, or their ability to pay. Repeatedly, this principle was applied and publicized. In December 1909, Sister Saint-Ligouri (Mary Kelly) wrote a first Annual Report in which she clearly describes the Sisters' respect of the religious preferences of their patients: The religious opinions of every patient are absolutely respected and clergymen of any denomination are at liberty to visit their patient at any time ... [for the School of Nursing, she added], those wishing to join must apply to Sister Superior and are accepted irrespective of religion and nationality. Such respect and openness to others' faith was remarkable in this period of early 1900s. It has been the emphasis placed on spirituality in the hospital over the years. Sisters on the Nursing Units always placed Spiritual Care as a top priority in their caring mission.¹⁵

The School of Nursing. There was always a need for "helping hands" so it was only fitting that the next step would be to open a Training School for Nurses. The first candidate entered on November 21, 1909. Eventually the class would consist of two Grey Nuns and three young women. Each had achieved a Grade VIII Saskatchewan Certificate and was at least eighteen years of age. Sr. Beauvais, Sr. Polycarpe, Hanna Eliason. Leonie Chapelle and Claire McLaughlin went on to complete a two-year training program under the direction of Sr. Marie du St. Sacrament, on September 21, 1911.

The student nurses' residence was the third floor attic of the hospital; their classroom the same third floor attic; their lab, the hospital; their Mrs. Chase (mannequin), the patients; their instructors, the medical staff, senior nursing staff and the Director of Nursing.

...when this training began, it also served as the initiation of doctors as teachers along with their regular duties as physicians and surgeons serving in the community. This beginning for the young doctors at that time and for a long time forwards was their only experience in teaching medicine.¹⁶

First Graduation Class, 1911



Hannah Eliason, Leonie Chapelle, Claire McLaughlin (above). Missing: Sr. Polycarpe and Sr. Beauvais

Hours of work were 07:00-19:30 with one hour off daily (if the work was completed), one afternoon free each week, again with the proviso about work being completed, and two weeks vacation annually. It hasn't been noted whether students were also posted to night duty at that time. Each student was given free room and board along with a stipend: \$5.00 per month in the first year and \$10.00 in the second.

The uniform reflected the style of the time and the standards of modesty required by the Sisters. It consisted of a below-the-calf basic blue dress, white clerical collar, bib, apron and cuffs, a white cap and black button boots.

For the occasion of their graduation on September 21, 1911, the basic blue dress was replaced with a basic white dress, but other items of the uniform remained the same including the black boots.

¹⁵ Castonguay, Sr. Therese, sgm, "A Leap of Faith, Vol. II", p. 62

As the population of the province and the city increased and the reputation of St. Paul's Training School grew, so did the number of applicants for the annual intake of students. By the end of the first decade close to eighty nurses had graduated, an average of eight or nine per year.

St. Paul's Hospital, 1913. On June 20, 1912 an ambitious plan began when the cornerstone for a new masonry building was laid and blessed by Rev. Fr. Lacostia. The new hospital would be situated south of the original hospital, facing Avenue P South. Completed at a cost of

War I. During the war years, 1914-1918, "as many as 175 patients including soldiers were accommodated (in the hospital) using every accessible corner of the building".¹⁷ A special ward was created for the soldiers who brought with them not only their injuries but the Spanish Influenza, the worst flu epidemic of the century, which spread through the ranks of the caregivers and into the general population.

During the Spanish Influenza in 1917, two sisters and a lay nurse succumbed to the disease. Because of the hazard of contagion, the remains of Sister St. Leonce



St. Paul's Hospital and Willoughby House, 1913.

Source: Grey Nuns Archives, Montreal

\$100,000, on November 1, 1913, the new hospital was blessed by Bishop Matthieu of Regina and the 150 beds were ready for occupancy. The new facility boasted an elevator and a roof-top garden. When the patients were transferred to the new hospital, Dr. Willoughby's home became a home once again, this time for the Sisters and student nurses. Now there was space to train forty students per year. With the larger capacity, increased medical/surgical specialties and ancillary patient services, many more learning opportunities were available. The Mental Hospital in North Battleford opened in 1914 and the mentally ill patients being cared for at St. Paul's were transferred to that facility, which opened up more beds for medical/surgical patients.

World War I. As a member of the British Commonwealth, Canada's soldiers fought in World

*could not be transported to the Grey Nun's burial plot in St. Albert, so Dr. DesRosiers offered space in his family plot in the Woodlawn Cemetery.*¹⁸

Two significant events. In 1917 St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing was accredited by the University of Saskatchewan and the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association was formed with St. Paul's Hospital as a founding member.

Curriculum. In 1918 the Canadian Nurses' Association (CNA) standardized the curriculum for training nurses and specified the length of the training period as two years. In 1921, the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) set the minimum program length at three years and in 1924, nurses applying for registration were required to pass the Nurse Registration Examination.

¹⁷ Castonguay, Sr. Therese, sgm, "A Leap of Faith, Vol. II", Grey Nuns of Alberta

¹⁸ "Tradition of Caring, SPH, 1997", p. 25

In 1926 Sr. Fennell came from Boston, MA to be superior of SPH. She had a large Statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus erected on top of the hospital and a light fixed facing it. So coming down 20th Street it looked as if it was in the air.

- Sr. Jeanne Mandin, sgm, 2000

Thereafter, the SRNA set the minimum requirements for Nurse Registration.

Regulations for Infectious Diseases. In 1922 the provincial government mandated that all patients with infectious diseases must be provided care in “quarters” separated from all other patients. In order to comply with this requirement, a frame building was built directly behind the original Willoughby residence. This forty-six bed Isolation Ward was used for patients with Tuberculosis until the Saskatchewan Anti-Tuberculosis League opened the Saskatoon Sanatorium in 1925.

Changes to Uniform. Between 1921-1930 several changes were made to the student uniform. First to go were the black buttoned boots, replaced in 1921 with black laced shoes. In 1923 the “Eton collar” was ushered in and skirts were shortened to six inches from the floor. In 1925 the bib and apron were eliminated only to return in 1928 with a clerical collar and cuffs. In 1927 the bar pin made its appearance worn at the centre of the collar of the uniform and was presented to students half-way in the training program—hence the name “half-way pin”. The black band had appeared earlier—in the 1915 graduation photo the graduates are wearing black bands—but was not consistently awarded at graduation until later.

The first male nurse, Frank Boughton, graduated in 1924, but Mr. Boughton could not apply to write the SRNA

Nurse Registration exams because the Canadian Nurses’ Association had not yet recognized male nurses (and would not do so until 1939).

Statue of Sacred Heart of Jesus:

For more than a quarter century, the Grey Nuns who served St. Paul’s Hospital continually hoped and planned for a figure or statue to symbolize the loving charity and devoted care they offered to all that needed hospital care. In 1924, their prayers and anticipations were answered with the arrival from France of the splendid bronze statue of the Sacred Heart, depicting the Lord Jesus Christ standing with outstretched arms offering solace and comfort to the ill and infirmed. The Statue of the Sacred Heart, designed and cast in bronze by a commissioned sculptor in France, reached its destination over thousands of miles by transatlantic steamship and transcontinental freight train on October 30, 1924. It was a day of great rejoicing for the Grey Nuns, the Staff and Associates, and other friends of the hospital when the handsome statue was raised to a prominent position on the uppermost roof of the hospital above the entrance facing Avenue P South. Lighting installed on the surrounding grounds enabled all to see this statue, the symbol of St. Paul’s Hospital, and so it stood atop the highest peak of the hospital for nearly forty years.

- Reprinted from the St. Paul’s Hospital
75th Anniversary book



Statue in place

Hospital Certification. In 1926 St. Paul's Hospital received a Hospital Standardization Certificate from the American College of Physicians. With this certification the hospital expanded its teaching role to include interns. This was also the year that the fleur de lis became the emblematic flower of the school of nursing, the first yearbook—the Senior's Year Book—was printed and the graduation ceremony moved from St. Paul's Church Auditorium to Convocation Hall on the University campus where it was held for the next eighteen years.

By its twentieth anniversary in 1927, the hospital could boast a fulltime head of the Department of Pathology and a fulltime Dietician.

Site for the Nurses Residence. The site chosen was at the corner of Avenue R South and 20th Street West, and on August 30, 1930, the site was blessed. It was estimated that this ambitious enterprise would cost \$342,000. Undaunted by the economic uncertainty of the times, construction began, but completion of the fourth floor was deferred. The student nurses moved into the new Nurses Residence in November 1931. This modern building contained twenty-nine double rooms, ninety single rooms, an elevator, an auditorium, classrooms, study rooms, kitchenettes, bathrooms with showers and tubs, a parlour, reception rooms and a small chapel. Some graduate nurses also lived in the residence. During this time, graduate/registered nurses worked for \$35.00 a month and room and board.



St. Paul's Nurses Residence.

Photo by Thams Studio, October 30, 1931

NEW NURSES' HOME AT ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL IS OFFICIALLY OPENED LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR IS SPEAKER AT RECEPTION WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY HUNDREDS OF VISITORS; BISHOP PRUD'HOMME PRESENT

With the opening of the new nurses' home at St. Paul's Hospital yesterday afternoon by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon added another splendid structure to its already growing number of imposing buildings. Hundreds of visitors called during the afternoon and were shown through the building, later enjoying a cup of tea in the auditorium, which was used as a reception room throughout the afternoon. Many more attended the play and musical program given in the evening.

The home will be open to the public this afternoon and Wednesday afternoon, when opportunity will be provided for those who have not already visited the building to look over this latest addition to the hospital. The play and musical program will be repeated each evening.

The guests were received by Sister Fennel, Miss Alma Howe, President of the Alumnae, and Miss Renskin.

Built to accommodate 200 nurses, the new home is able to supply the present needs of the hospital and increasing demands for a number of years. Each student in training will enjoy the privacy of a single room, while spacious reception rooms, luxuriously furnished, have been provided for recreation and entertainment purposes.

OFFICIAL OPENING

In declaring the home officially open, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who was attended by Colonel Styles of Regina as aide-de-camp, remarked on the pleasure which this visit to the hospital gave him and expressed his appreciation for the fine building which, he said, was worth coming any distance to see. The erection of such a building to house the School of Nursing was an indication of the progress which has always characterized the Sisters of Charity. It was also an indication of their work and of their efficiency.

In the early days the treatment of patients had probably been just as efficient and the staff quite as happy as they would be in these palatial surroundings, but the benefits afforded by the new home were of outstanding character in the matter of provision of single rooms for each nurse and increased facilities for isolation. This splendid institution, he said in

closing, was a credit to the City of Saskatoon and to Canada as well.

His Lordship Bishop Prud'homme stressed the courage of the Sisters of Charity, who did not hesitate in a year of depression such as this to burden themselves with the debt which the building of such an edifice entailed. He congratulated them on the spirit of zeal and faith with which they carried on their work. Humanity had need of charity more than ever today and the Grey nuns were splendidly aware of this.

Amid such beautiful surroundings the nurses will doubly enjoy their leisure hours, he said. The staff should be especially grateful to the sisters for furnishing them with this excellent place of recreation where they could retire at the close of the day's work.

Dr. D.M. Baltzan presided over the opening ceremonies, introducing each speaker and expressing personally his pleasure at the opening of the home. At the close of the addresses Mrs. Munroe was presented with a lovely gift of roses by Miss Holfeld on behalf of the hospital. Other guests on the platform were Mrs. R.M. Hanson, Father Daoust, chaplain of the hospital, and Dr. R J. McEwen.

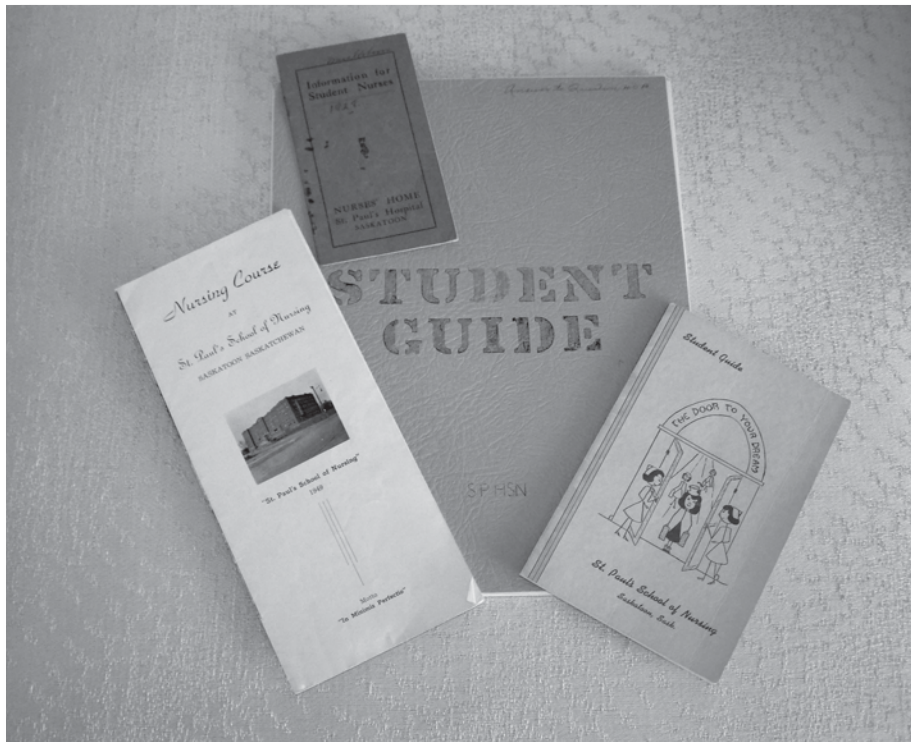
Following the program tea was served by a number of the student nurses and members of the Alumnae Association. At one end of the auditorium was placed the tea table decorated in a color scheme of red and gold, the school colors. In the centre was a lovely bouquet of shaggy gold chrysanthemums flanked by candles of red and gold. Mrs. J.W. Hair and Mrs. Walter C. Murray presided for the first hour, their places being taken later by Mrs. H.E. Monroe and Mrs. Donald Maclean. Assisting with the serving were the Misses Furstenburg, Fredlund, Noonan, Hoffinger, A. Campbell, Erianson, M. McKenzie, E. Unsworth, Burke and Mrs. F.E. Waite. Mrs. G. Blythe had charge of the Register.

A pleasing musical program was given during the afternoon by Miss Margaret Hettle and Miss Agnes Close.

*New Nurses' Home, St. Paul's Hospital,
October 30, 1931*

*Source: Grey Nuns Archives, Montreal
Reprinted with permission of The StarPhoenix*

Uniforms and Capes. As a reflection of hard economic times, the student nurse uniform was modified to a shorter one-piece, long-sleeved dress with collar and cuffs, a square-shaped cap and white shoes. The bib and apron would be worn for graduation. A garnet and gold cape was introduced in 1930 but it was replaced in 1939 with a navy, red-lined cape. In the late 1930s the square



Student Guides and Program Information: 1928, 1949, 1950s, 1963

cap would undergo modification and become a “winged” cap.

Admission. Students now had to be between eighteen and thirty years of age and required a Grade XI Diploma. (It is assumed they would still be of “high moral character”.) In 1939, a comprehensive new handbook of rules and regulations was introduced that covered Professional Ethics, Rules and Regulations, Day Nurses, Night Nurses and the Uniform.

“Sunbeam” abandoned. The “Sunbeam”, which was the 1929-30 edition of the yearbook was abandoned as further evidence of the hard economic times; the depression and war years did not allow for such luxuries. But it did include a message: *The mission of every nurse at St. Paul's is to be a beam of sunshine in the lives darkened by shadows of sickness.* (Editorial, Sunshine 1929-1930)

Students. Student enrolment continued to increase; approximately thirty to forty students enrolled each year with thirty graduates in 1927, eighteen graduates in 1928 and forty-five graduates in 1930.

Christian values. In 1934 the first closed student retreat was held. During those days of silence the Catholic students prayed, meditated, listened to retreat masters and renewed their Christian faith. Students were relieved of clinical experience and had their meals at a separate time from all others.

Other groups within the student body promoted Christian values and fellowship: the Sodality of Our Lady, established in 1939, and the interdenominational group, Nurses Christian Fellowship (NCF). The Sodality's motto was *To Christ Through Mary* and the NCF's motto was *To know Christ and make Him known.*

Probationary period increased. A four-month probationary period was initiated and successful completion earned students their caps and a \$5.00 monthly stipend for the remainder of their training period, although deductions for books and breakages could greatly diminish the stipend.

Eventually the probationary period was six months long and ended with the capping ceremony.

Meals. Food rationing was the norm during the war years. Fresh or preserved produce from the hospital garden augmented the available supplies. Although nutritious, the meal menus tended to be repetitive and boring due to the seasonal nature of the garden produce. Students were assigned a cubicle in the cafeteria for the storage of their dishes and cutlery which they washed after each meal and returned to the cubicle. Workers were in short supply and needed for tasks more essential than washing dishes used by students.

Nursing Alumni formed. The St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing Alumni Association was formed in 1925 and incorporated in 1937. All graduates were eligible to join.

Through the activities of the Alumni, continuing links to St. Paul's Hospital and its School of Nursing have been maintained.

University Affiliation. In 1938 St Paul's Hospital School of Nursing became one of four schools approved for training purposes and clinical experience for the University of Saskatchewan Nursing Degree program. This arrangement was cancelled when the University Hospital opened in 1955.

Student Uniform modified. The student uniform underwent another modification, this time to a white short-sleeved dress for duty wear. The long-sleeved white dress with bib and apron (minus the clerical collar and cuffs) was worn for graduation. Except for variations in length, this uniform style was worn until 1969 when the School of Nursing closed.

Polio Clinic. Another challenge faced the hospital staff when on August 29, 1943 the first patient with poliomyelitis was admitted. St. Paul's Clinic for the treatment of poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis as it was also called because it was most common in children, was established in the Isolation Annex, a separate unit away from the rest of the hospital. The latest treatment techniques pioneered by Nursing Sister Kenny were put to use along with specialized respiratory equipment and physiotherapy. Students that rotated through this department were expected to care for patients in iron lungs and on rocking beds. They applied the hot, moist compresses made of blanket strips—the Kenny pack. They learned massage techniques and physiotherapy to strengthen and re-educate muscles. Outbreaks of polio would continue to occur until 1955 when the vaccine developed by Dr. Jonas Salk became available for general use.

Graduations. Graduation exercises were moved from Convocation Hall to the Capital Theatre in 1944 and that venue would be used until 1967. The last graduation was held at the Centennial Auditorium. The 1944 graduation banquet and dance was held at the Bessborough Hotel and at this initial banquet Felix Lafferty, President of the Alumni, and first male graduate to receive registration status, gave the toast to the graduates. The Graduation Dance at the Bessborough became a graduation tradition.

Enhanced Student learning experience. The School of Nursing began to look outward and arranged the following enhanced student learning experiences:

- 1946 Saskatoon Sanatorium - Six weeks tuberculosis nursing;
- 1949 Monroe Wing, Regina - Twelve weeks psychiatric nursing;
- 1954 Victorian Order of Nurses - One day community nursing;
- 1957 St Margaret's Hospital, Biggar - Six weeks rural hospital nursing;
- 1964 Psychiatric Unit, Yorkton Union Hospital - Twelve weeks psychiatric nursing.

All students had experience at the Sanatorium and one day with the Victorian Order of Nurses. The Director of Nursing Education decided other placements. Once the affiliation agreement with Yorkton Union Hospital was established, all students were able to receive psychiatric nursing theory and clinical experience which rendered them eligible to write the Psychiatric Nursing component of the Nurse Registration exam.

World War II. Following a decade of profound economic constraints, a short-lived period of optimism prevailed,

The advent of more and better employment opportunities for nurses resulted in better wages, working conditions, hours of work and increased enrolment in schools of nursing.

but tensions were escalating in Europe and World War II was about to begin. Canada declared war on Germany and the Canadian Armed Forces were deployed. New career opportunities for nurses in the armed forces resulted in acute shortages for hospitals. The advent of more and better employment opportunities for nurses resulted in better wages, working conditions, hours of work and increased enrolment in schools of nursing. Less traditional career and employment opportunities for women were also becoming available as a number of men responded to the "call for duty".

World War II ended in 1945 and the economy flourished once again. A two-intake yearly format was initiated: the A class enrolled in February and the B class, a larger class consisting mostly of sequential Grade XII graduates, enrolled in late August.

Block system. In 1945 the Block System of Education was launched consisting of Junior Block, Intermediate Block and Third Year Review (Senior). This system saw an entire class off on “block” during which they received classroom instruction. Following the reintroduction of annual intakes in 1962, only half of the class went on block at one time. There were no formal classes off block, but students were expected to inform themselves of theory related to their clinical assignments and to be responsible for all other assignments made by the Clinical Instructor.

Whitecap, School Song. In 1947 the yearbook was renamed “Whitecap” and the name remained unchanged through to its last printing in 1969. The school song, with words written by Patricia Currie (Kouri ‘51), premiered in 1948 and is still proudly sung at all Alumni reunions and at other Alumni gatherings.

Residence enlarged. By mid-century the Residence had reached its capacity and students whose parents lived in the city were allowed to move home while the fourth floor was developed. In 1956, at a cost of \$80,000, it was ready for occupancy and the students who had been living at home, returned to residence. The fourth floor provided the much needed student bedrooms and also housed a library, an extra classroom, a new laboratory/demonstration room—all modern and up to date.

Centralized Teaching Program. In 1962 the A and B intake format was discontinued. Students enrolled in St.

Paul’s School of Nursing participated with students from other schools of nursing in the Centralized Teaching Program where classes in Psychology, Sociology, and Anatomy and Physiology were offered at St. Thomas More College on the University Campus.

St. Paul’s Hospital, 1963. The hospital built in 1913 was showing signs of irreparable deterioration. After extensive interventions from the community including continuous prayer, on-going media involvement, petitions by civic organizations, religious institutions and the public, a contract for the construction of a new hospital was signed on June 14, 1959. On September 21, 1963, the new

...the skyline on the top of Pleasant Hill was altered forever when the old hospital, the Willoughby Home, Isolation Unit, Intern’s Residence and all connecting covered walkways were demolished.

hospital was blessed by Bishop Klein and declared open. The following year the skyline on the top of Pleasant Hill was altered forever when the old hospital, the Willoughby Home, Isolation Unit, Intern’s Residence and all connecting covered walkways were demolished.

In the new hospital students could be offered numerous advanced learning experiences including Kidney Dialysis, Intensive Care (ICU) and Cardio-pulmonary Resuscitation (CPR). As new technologies became available and procedures and protocols were developed, students had access to an ever-expanding variety of clinical experiences.

The Grey Nuns roll up their sleeves when an unmet need is blatant . . . and thus St. Paul’s came to be at a given pressing moment in time. They leave when others are ready and eager to take over... hence, St. Paul’s continues in accord with the needs of the times.

- Sr. Marguerite Letourneau, sgm

Changes for Students. The late 1960s saw social changes for students take place. Prior to 1960 students who married were not allowed to continue training. This policy was modified in the early 1960s when students who chose to marry were allowed to return after one year, then in six months and finally, in 1968, married students were allowed to continue their training without interruption. About this time students living in the city could live at home. For those remaining in Residence, late leaves were increased and third year students, with the endorsement of a parent, could have an extra midnight late leave a month. Students were still required to sign in by 9:30 p.m. on weekdays, 10:00 p.m. on Saturday and 11:00 p.m. on Sundays when not using a late leave.

The School Closes. In 1966, legislation was enacted that transferred Diploma Nursing Education from the provincial Department of Health to the Department

of Education and in 1967 a two-year diploma nursing program opened in the Saskatchewan Institutes of Arts and Applied Sciences in Saskatoon and a few years later in Regina. All hospital-based schools of nursing in the province would close. On October 20, 1968, the nursing classes of 1968 and 1969, eighty-eight young women and one young man received their graduation diplomas on the stage of the new Centennial Auditorium. Absent was the ambiance of tradition like the red-lined navy blue capes of the St. Paul's choir. The end was fast approaching and in February, 1969, the heavy oak doors of the Nurses Residence on Avenue R and 20th Street West closed behind the last student nurses. The spirit of St. Paul's lives on in the hearts and minds of graduates who proudly claim it as their Alma Mater.

Grey Nuns no longer owns St. Paul's

By Jillian MacPherson
of The StarPhoenix

The Grey Nuns transferred ownership Tuesday of St. Paul's Hospital to the Catholic Health Corp. of Saskatchewan, ending the group's 92-year affiliation with the Saskatoon facility.

The transfer to the Catholic organization, which is owned by the Bishops of Saskatchewan, marks a change in the governance of the hospital, says Monica Beavis, board chair of St. Paul's.

But she said patients should notice little or no effect.

"The significance on the level of day-to-day operations will basically be no change," Beavis says. "(The hospital) will still be under the function of the management group and the board of directors in partnership with (Saskatoon District Health)."

The transfer takes place at a time when the membership of the Grey Nuns is diminishing and existing members are aging.

Of the 98 members of this region's Grey Nuns group, including Alberta, Saskatchewan,

and the Northwest Territories, only 15 are under the age of 65.

"As our community ages, we have fewer sisters that are able to be in administration, and at this point in our history, we have a wonderful lay adviser board, and there's excellent leadership in the hospital and in the Saskatchewan Catholic health corp., and we felt now is the time to make this transition," said Sister Marcia Wiley, provincial superior for the Grey Nuns of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the Northwest Territories.

Wiley says the four remaining members of the Grey Nuns at the hospital will continue to have a role in administration and outreach programs.

Throughout the transfer ceremony, the importance of spirituality in healing and the long history of the Grey Nuns in Saskatoon were celebrated.

In 1906, two Grey Nuns from St. Boniface, Man., Sisters Phaneuf and Guay, travelled through Saskatoon while collecting money for the needy.

The city was in the midst of a typhoid epidemic and the nurses stayed to help the priests care for patients.

Realizing there was a need for a hospital in the city, the nurses opened St. Paul's the next year. It became the city's first permanent hospital.

The nurses administered the hospital, and members were nurses there for many years.

As the numbers of Grey Nuns decreased, the order gave increasing responsibility for the hospital to lay members, culminating in the transfer of ownership.

The creation of a \$1.4-million Grey Nuns Legacy Fund was also announced at the ceremony by the St. Paul's Hospital Foundation.

"The hope is that the fund will be able to support spiritual care, ethics, social justice and continue the legacy of hope that has been here at St. Paul's Hospital," said Wiley.

Doreen Brand, a 73-year-old former superior of the women's surgical ward at St. Paul's was one of many community members at the ceremony.

She says what makes St. Paul's special is the loving care of its patients.

"Everyone acts as a family. We were one family, all of us who worked here," Brand says.

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Transitions in Management. From 1907 to 1962, the Sister Superior of the Grey Nuns at St. Paul's Hospital also served as its Administrator. Sr. Superior worked closely with a team of knowledgeable and capable lay staff – business managers, legal counsel and advisors. In 1934 a Lay Advisory Board was established that included representatives from various sectors in the local community. It took over some of the responsibilities of the Board of Sisters located in Edmonton. Emmet Hall was Chair of the Lay Advisory Board from 1937 to 1963. In 1982 the Lay Advisory Board was replaced by a Board of Management. As hospitals became more complex, it became evident that to manage St. Paul's Hospital effectively, individuals with a broad base of expertise were needed. In 1962, Dr. M. Smith-Windsor, a respected and long-standing member of St. Paul's Hospital Medical Staff, was appointed Assistant

Administrator and in 1967 became the hospital's first lay Chief Executive Officer (CEO). Dr. Smith-Windsor carried the responsibilities of that office until March 1978.

In 1999, the Grey Nuns transferred ownership of St. Paul's Hospital to the Catholic Health Corporation. St. Paul's participates with the Saskatoon Health Region, a relationship governed by a Partnership Agreement. The St. Paul's Hospital Board of Directors has a shared governance and management relationship with the Saskatoon Regional Health Authority. Inspired by the example of Ste. Marguerite d'Youville, St. Paul's Hospital maintains a distinctive Vision and Mission, and Core Values: Respect for All; Collaborative Partnerships; Compassionate Caring; Holistic Care; and Stewardship.

Chief Executive Officers at St. Paul's Hospital, 1962-2011

D. Morley Smith-Windsor 1962-1978
David Hart 1978-1982
Richard Patterson followed by
Ken Clark 1982-1991
Walter Podiluk 1991-1995
Mary Pat Skene 1995-1998
Sharon Sullivan 1998-2002
Brenda FitzGerald 2003-2009
Jean Morrison 2009-present

**Jean Morrison, CEO, St. Paul's Hospital
at the entrance to C-wing – the former
Nurses' Residence.**



The Life and Times of Dr. Morley Smith-Windsor the First Lay Administrator of St. Paul's Hospital by Sharon McCallion (Smith-Windsor '65)

My father, Dr. Morley Smith-Windsor was very much a part of the St. Paul's history from 1946-1978, first as a practicing physician, then as Assistant Administrator and later as Administrator. I enlisted the help of my sister, Marion Felstead (Smith-Windsor '63), and we have tried to put together some of our memories. Most early memories are those of daughters rather than of nursing graduates of St. Paul's. However, since Dad's whole working life was tied to St. Paul's in one way or another, many memories of our father include St. Paul's in the years before we became nursing students.

Dr. Smith-Windsor was a fervent believer in the faith-based philosophy of selfless giving exemplified by the



Grey Nuns. That philosophy prompted him to center his hospital affiliation at St. Paul's in 1946. Indeed, he passed on that respect to us, which prompted us to train at St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing.

The practice of medicine has changed dramatically from the days when our Dad was in practice. In those days hospital rounds were done every single morning. Rounds were followed by a few minutes of prayer for the sick in the chapel,

a custom he continued as Administrator. Family time didn't start until hospital rounds were completed. One Christmas, Dad was upset because one of his small patients was confined to hospital and his family was

not well off. So Dad arrived at the child's bedside on Christmas morning armed with gifts, donated from under our tree, one from each of us.

Dr. Smith-Windsor came from poverty and did not forget that in his practice. Before Medicare, he did not send bills to patients he felt could not afford to pay. Payments in chickens, eggs, cream and produce rather than cash were not uncommon. Before the days of answering systems, the phone at home rang at all times of night, every night! Our Dad had very few uninterrupted nights' sleep as long as he was in practice. We were taught to answer the phone in a professional manner and to make judgment calls when Dad was out on calls (i.e. to call an ambulance, or another doctor). We also knew that a call from a St. Paul's nurse was always a priority! We learned a lot from the phone advice he gave to patients and used much of that overheard phone advice later as nurses and mothers. What a treasured privilege it was to be invited to accompany him on evening house calls and Saturday or Sunday morning hospital rounds. We spent a lot of time under the spreading arms of "The Statue" waiting in the car so as to have a few extra precious moments of his time.

We also watched and learned that we had to accept cases where medicine could not provide a happy solution, a valuable lesson when working in Pediatrics and Oncology.

Dad enjoyed teaching nursing classes, especially Obstetrics. Our mom tells the story about her hospitalization for the birth of our brother Brooke when the nurses told her that they had voted her husband as the man with whom they would most like to be marooned on a desert island.

Once in training it felt odd to address our "Daddy" as Dr. Smith-Windsor when we encountered him in the hospital. When as nursing students we complained about our trials, Dad had little sympathy and would remind us of the Nuns' dedication and selfless sacrifice. When he entered administration, selfless caring was his guide. He firmly believed that all involved in the care of the sick had to fight for what they believed was needed for good patient care. He taught us that it was our job as nurses to advocate for our patients and his job was to determine priorities. A gentle way of saying we got our say but not necessarily our way!!

In his final days Dad was admitted to St Paul's as a patient. When he arrived at his hospital room, he was pleased to find his cousin Lois Larmour (McLaren '43) there to greet and care for him. As a patient he marvelled at the strength and patience of his nurses.

Every day of his life, our Dad lived the philosophy of dedication and loving service to the sick that has characterized St. Paul's for over 100 years.

The following references were used extensively:

1. "St. Paul's Hospital. 1907-1957"
2. "A Tradition of Caring, A Future of Hope. 1907-1997"
3. "100 Years of Hope and Healing. 1907-2007"



Source: "A Tradition of Caring: St. Paul's Hospital 90th Anniversary, 1907-1997"

Memories

1911-1940



Class of 1916

"Only God may be the witness of the thoughts you cherish, the spirit you develop, the merit you gain, but the whole world will be better for the life you live, the deeds of kindness you perform and the joy you disperse."

- Rev. W. B. Markle,
S.T.D. Address to the
Graduates, 1930

A Nurse So Clever and Kind Donna Beal (Baker '26)



Donna Beal 1905-2010

Excerpts from her Eulogy

Donna died in 2010. She was 105. Donna was born on January 27, 1905 in Kinmount, Ontario and a year later moved with her parents to the Kinley-Leney-Perdue area of Saskatchewan. She was the oldest of five Baker sisters Emma, Daisy, Mary and Helen. In 1922 Donna completed grade 12 having attended school in Belise and Leney. Donna graduated from the St. Paul's Training School for Nurses in 1926. The hospital and training school were run by the Grey Nuns and if you have ever talked to Donna you know she thought the nuns were the very best nurses with the highest standards. The quote under her picture in the graduating class yearbook says: *In St. Paul's Hospital you will find a nurse so*

clever and so kind, I want her care when I am ill, and make me better Donna will.

After Donna graduated she worked as a nurse in Alberta and Saskatchewan in Hafford, Sholdice, Arrowood, Craigmile, Hanna and Alsask. Nursing in rural areas was different then, as the "health region" would be the doctor and herself and would include surgery where she was likely the assistant and the anesthesiologist.

Donna tells this story from when she was on duty in Hanna, Alberta: *One night around 8:00*

p.m. I'm standing by the front desk when a man rushed in the front door, grabbed me by the shoulders and slammed me into a chair. He demanded heroin. I said back off and I'll get it for you, which I did. He then rushed out. I called Dr. Rose who called police. The man was a travelling salesman and a heroin addict.

In Alsask she delivered twins in a four-bed hospital. In another story after a report of an injured man she recalled: *I drove a truck on the trail across the Blackfoot Indian Reserve fifteen to twenty miles to bring a man to the hospital who had suffered a heart attack in his car while driving on the reserve. The Indians were very helpful. One of the Indians rode his horse fifteen to twenty miles to the hospital for help. They*

brought blankets and built a fire around the man to keep him warm as it was a cold day. But as far as anyone knew, Donna didn't know how to drive. She recently told us she took out an appendix because the doctor was away and it needed to be removed.

In 1932 Donna moved to Ontario to help care for her mother. She fondly recalls the time she spent as a private nurse for Lady Hughes, the wife of General Sam Hughes who commanded the armed forces in World War I. She recalled that *Lady and General Hughes lived in a lovely*

old house with servants and a chauffeur who drove them around Lindsey. From 1933 to 1939 she was Assistant Superintendent of Ross Memorial Hospital. In 1969 Donna completed a refresher course to be recertified as a nurse and worked as an RN at the Royal University Hospital for five years. She told of being John Diefenbaker's nurse as he was receiving an experimental drug for his Parkinson's disease.

Reflecting on a century of living she offered this advice: *Work hard, stand up for what you believe, strive to be happy.*

Stopping in Oregon Catherine Dowling '26

by Howard Jones (son)

My mother Catherine Dowling was born in MacDowell, Saskatchewan in 1902. The farm where mother was born is still in the family with a cousin and his son still farming the old homestead.

She graduated from St. Paul's Nursing School in 1926 and then did private duty for three years. In 1929 she joined three other St. Paul's grads that had decided to go to California as one had a car. I am not sure which one. The other grads were Agnes Paulson, 1926 and the other two names were Delvina and Chrisie. I do not know their maiden names or what year they graduated. Mother told me Delvina's maiden name



Catherine Dowling

was French and her married last name was Robinson. I know very little about Chrisie as I remember mother saying she passed away with cancer when I was very young.

Florence Nightingale on patient's revulsion to nurses who rustle: A nurse who rustles ... is the horror of the patient ... The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines will do him good. The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against everything in the room. Fortunate if they do not catch on fire ...

Nightingale, Florence, Notes on Nursing what it is and what it is not, (1860)

Dover Publications Inc. 1969, pg. 46

Florence Nightingale on Observation of the Sick: The most important practical lesson that can be given to nurses is to teach them what to observe – how to observe – what symptoms indicate improvement – what the reverse – which are important – which are of none – which are the evidence of neglect – and what kind of neglect.

Nightingale, Florence, Notes on Nursing, what it is and what it is not, (1860)

Dover Publications, Inc. 1969, pg. 105

The four nurses traveled to Oregon where they stopped to visit another 1926 graduate who had gone down there a year or so before. This St. Paul's grad's name was Eva Wald. Eva was a head nurse in either Salem, Oregon or Dallas, Oregon

and they were short of nurses, so all four went to work for Eva. None of the four nurses got to California until each went on their honeymoons and they all ended up living and raising their families in Oregon.

Reminiscences of a Pioneer Nurse Frances Stearns (Pullman '26)



Frances Pullman

The year was 1923. In April I had applied to go into training as a nurse at St. Paul's School of Nursing, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. My application was accepted in June. I was to report to the Superintendent of Nurses on August 20 bringing with me three uniforms, six aprons (length six inches from the floor), six bibs, three collars similar to clerical ones, three

stiff belts, three pairs of stiff cuffs, six cotton underskirts, three cotton and three flannel nightgowns, three pairs of black shoes, one dozen pairs of black stockings, six pairs of bloomers, three cotton and three wool under vests, two pairs of corsets, one kimono, two pairs of bedroom slippers, a watch and twelve handkerchiefs. Everything had to be marked with a printed cotton name tape that was sewn in by hand.

I arrived in the afternoon. The Superintendent took me directly to a twenty-bed

dormitory where I met my fellow classmates. There were twenty of us. From the time we arrived until the lights-out bell rang, we were very busy girls, putting our uniforms, etc., away in our cupboards.

The next morning we eager beavers were up and dressed before the *Wakey, Wakey, Rise and Shine* bell rang. First

came prayers then breakfast, after which we were told to meet the Superintendent in the lecture hall. There we were, twenty young ladies with smiling faces and sparkling eyes anxiously waiting to hear what we had to do on the first day of training. We soon learned what our duties were. I was on second floor (female) which was medical, maternity and some surgery.

My supervisor was a third-year nurse, with a Sister over us all. Those first three months, my duties were emptying bed pans and sterilizing them, sweeping and dusting the wards and in private rooms there were scatter mats to shake. Patients' flowered plants had to be looked after daily. There were beds to make and made perfectly – mitred corners had to be even. When patients were discharged or died, the bed framework had to be carbolized. In a private ward there was a lot more to do.

If a patient had a staph infection or infection of some other nature, when the patient left, the ward was sealed. Cotton batting was placed all around windows, doors and key hole. Before sealing the bottom of the door, a formaldehyde solution was put in a large basin and placed in the middle of the ward. All utensils, sheets and blankets, towels, etc., were left in the ward. Then the bottom of the door was sealed and left for forty-eight hours. Lysol and creolin carbolic were the disinfectants. We had to learn to use our heads, hands and feet and observe as we went along.

The hours were 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. if you had your work done. There were two hours off each day and one of them was spent in Lecture Hall for practical demonstrations or theory by a Sister. We had lectures by doctors once a week on Hygiene, Public Health, Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, Obstetrics, Gynecology, Pediatrics, Pharmacology, Medicine, contagious and infectious diseases such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Smallpox, TB, Ear, Eye, Nose, and Throat and OR procedures. These subjects were spread over the three years. The doctors who lectured set the examinations. Registered Nurse exams did not come in until 1924.

There was no Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Saskatchewan until 1925, so TB patients were taken care of in local hospitals.

After three months probationary period we received our caps. The day following the capping ceremony we were assigned to a floor, be it Surgery, Maternity, Gynecology, Pediatrics, or Medical. We were each given seven to nine patients on whatever floor we were assigned to, and were responsible for medication, treatments, and charts. All the responsibility in the world was placed on our young shoulders.

There was no sulpha or antibiotics or fancy equipment in those days. Those were days of sinapisms (mustard plasters), Murphy (saline solution) drips, interstitials, Dakin's solution (a strong disinfectant) for compresses and irrigations, hot turpentine stupes (flannel for fomentations) for abdominal distention from peritonitis, and soap suds enemas, 1/60 grain Strychnine subcutaneously, Camphor in oil, Luminal, and Phenobarbital which was used mostly as a sleeping pill or to relieve tension, Digitalis, Aloin, Strychnine, Belladonna, and Cascara pills, liquid Cascara, three grain tablets of Cascara, Castor Oil, Magnesium Sulphate or Phenolphthalein for bowels and molasses and milk enemas for flatulence. The milk enema (solution) was tricky to make; if it curdled we had to make another one. There were glass and metal catheters. Some hospitals did not allow nurses to use glass catheters, only doctors could use them, but we were taught to use them.

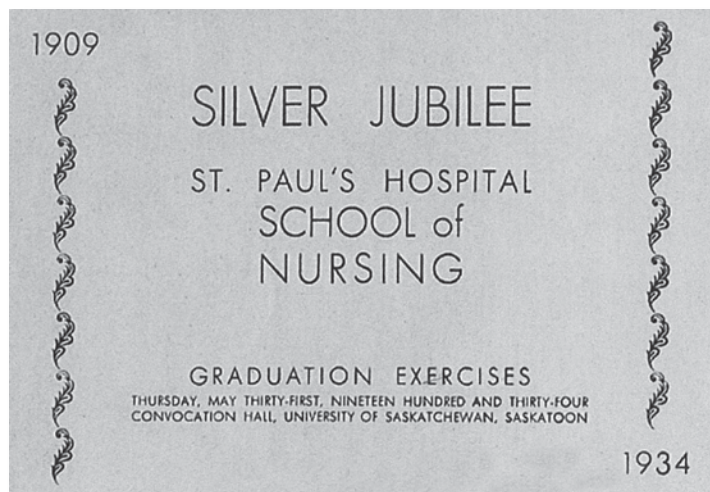
Each year we spent two months straight on night duty, no hours or nights off during that period. Some nights we got very little to eat, as on nights for the two periods of night duty we had to cook our own meals. If we were very busy, we just ate on the run. It was a happy day for us when we were told that we would be going to the dining room for meals, as did all the nurses.

Our salary during training was \$8.00 the first year, \$10.00 the second year, and \$12.00 the third. In 1924 the rate of pay was set at \$5.00/month through the three years. We were lucky, but we saw very little of our pay as we had to pay for all our textbooks.

We had one late leave to 11:00 p.m. and one ten o'clock leave a month. With the smallest infraction, you lost your late leave.

Nurses doing private duty after graduation did eighteen-hour duty. They went on a case at 7:00 p.m. and came off duty at 1:00 p.m. the next day. That was changed in 1926 to twelve hours. We were always very happy when a “special” came on for a seriously ill patient.

My first night duty term came when I was eight months in training. I had male and female patients, but mostly male, on first floor. About my third night an emergency was brought in at 7:30 p.m., a young man of nineteen. He came eighteen miles in the bottom of a wagon box and team of horses. He had been doing some disking on the farm when the team he was driving shied at something and jolted the young man off the seat. He fell behind the horses and the disk went over one of his legs. He had a compound fracture of his ankle—tibia and fibula fractured in two places, and a spiral laceration right



down to the bone from knee to ankle. What a mess! The lacerations were packed solid with dirt and blood.

The surgeon was waiting for him, and first gave him an anti-tetanus shot, then right to Operating Room (OR). When he came back to the ward all I could see was a leg full of tubes which had to be irrigated with Dakin's Solution turned on and off every twenty minutes. This solution must be used right on time. The Surgeon came with the patient from OR and said to me, "Nurse, it's up to you whether this young man goes home on one leg or two." He was in hospital for three months, but walked out of hospital on both legs. Famous last words while on night duty were I never

sat down once all night! There was just no time to study while on nights. You'd be tired enough to want to sleep the clock around, but had to be up at 1:30 p.m. for class for one hour, then back to bed for another hour or two of "eye shut." When we were on day shift, if a patient was admitted to your ward say half hour before you went off duty and he or she was going to have surgery the following day, you had to stay on duty to bath, shave, and prep the patient.

To get a patient ready for operating in those days meant soap suds enema at night and in the morning. As well, paint area with iodine, place sterile towel on area and then a scultetus (many-tailed) bandage over it. By the time you finished it would probably be 8:00 or 8:30 p.m.

If it should happen on a night of lecture, you left the floor at 7:00 p.m., changed into clean apron and bib, and then went to the lecture room. When it was over, back on duty to finish the work you had started on a new patient. The next morning you repeated the iodine, towel, and bandage and got the patient's chart ready for the OR. After the patient left the ward, you made up the surgical bed and put two hot water bottles in it.

After that was done, you turned your attention to other patients with the help of a probationer. There would be douches, enemas, dressings, irrigations, compresses, hot foment, some every hour, some every three or four hours, medications and interstitials. You went with the doctors when they visited their patients under your care and assisted them in doing a dressing.

There were no recovery rooms in those days, so when a patient came back from the OR you had to sit with them until they were fully conscious. Ether and Chloroform were used then which made some patients very nauseated. Some patients got Ether Pneumonia which was serious. It was treated with sinapisms every six hours, lots of fresh air, pneumonia jacket, inhalations, plenty of fluids and cough medicines. You looked for a crisis on the ninth day. If the temperature dropped to almost normal, you knew your patient was going to get better, but if no crisis by tenth day, you would be pretty sure the patient would not survive.

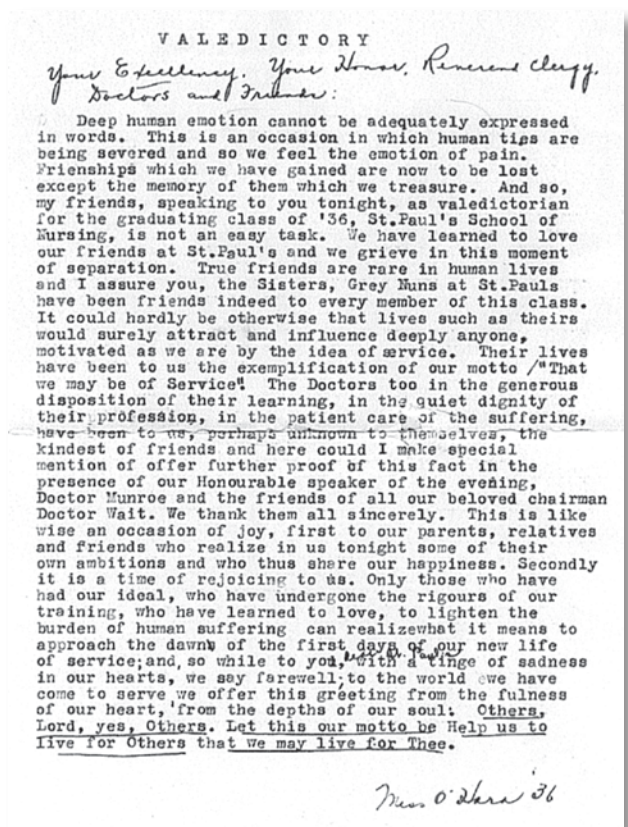
I had a pneumonia case out in the country ten miles from the town not long after I had graduated. The patient weighed 270 pounds. He had to be kept warm and in Fowler's position (semi-upright). I had everything—blankets that would hold heat, hot water bottles, bricks, and stones heated in the kitchen range oven. To bathe and make the patient comfortable I had to shut the wide open window and put a coal oil heater in the room to warm it up. This case was in the country in December; the temperature outside was forty below zero and was almost the same inside after I opened the window. I wore a big heavy jumbo knit sweater and the farmer's sheepskin lined jacket on top of it and his overshoes on top of my own. When my patient slept I'd go to the kitchen to get warm. The patient survived the crisis.

After my first night-duty term I went to the children's ward, where you never knew what would happen next. One morning I had just finished doing one ward and was going to the ward with five boys aged six to twelve, when I heard, "Sshh, here comes the nurse." When I got to the door, there was a good pillow fight going on. One of the patients had been an emergency appendectomy the night before. One can imagine the shock I got when I saw him standing by his bed, still attached to the Murphy drip and ready to aim his pillow. Some of the pillows had burst and feathers were all over the floor. I went quietly to him and asked, "Didn't it hurt to get out of bed?" His answer (was), "No." I eased him back into bed gently wondering what I'd see when I took his binder off. I phoned his doctor immediately, who replied with a laugh and said, "Boys will be boys; I'll be up right away." No bad effects from that episode. Then there was the time another boy about seven years of age, who had undone his (many-tailed) binder bandage, removed the dressing and pulled out the drains from his incision. It seemed there was never a dull moment in the Children's Ward, but I loved it. When I asked a little girl three years of age how she felt the day after her emergency operation she said, "Oh, I'm not too bad, but my belly is awful sore."

Now I am a second-year nurse and working in the Nursery. At one time I had twenty-eight babies to care for. The average number was fourteen to eighteen. I can tell you I was busy from the time I

went on duty until I came off. My work was not only in the Nursery, I was doing work on the Maternity Ward as well, giving out bedpans, stripping (pumping) breasts besides taking the babies out to the mothers at feeding time. Then there were the bottle-fed babies. One time during the two months in the nursery, I had to feed a baby with a double harelip and cleft palate with an eye dropper.

My day began with bathing, weighing, and dressing and then taking the babies out for feeding. Between the first to go out and last to come in, usually asleep, there would be the dirty diapers to rinse, get laundry



ready, take it to the laundry room, bring the clean linen, fold and put away. By this time babies were crying to be changed, or would have a little colic pain or hunger. And so the days went. By this time in my training it was my second night-duty term on Gynecology and Medical floor. After two months I went to the OR for six months.

Now I am into the last year, just nine months to go. From the OR I went to Obstetrics for four months, two of them on night duty, working with Mary, one of my classmates. We were a good team. Unless it

was an emergency case, an enema was given before labour pains began. One evening my co-worker said she would give the enema to a new patient, a multipera (second baby) just admitted, if I'd make and take hot chocolate and arrowroot biscuits to the patients. The new patient was not due for three or four days, but as she lived out of town on a farm, her doctor thought she should be in hospital. I was walking down the hall with a tray of mugs when I heard, "Pully! (my nickname) Pully, it's in the pan!" I replied, "What's in the pan?" Mary said, "The baby came with the enema. No pains!" I phoned downstairs to the night Sister and the supervisor to get the doctor immediately then I went to help. Mary had the baby out of the pan, a lovely seven-and-one-half pound baby girl. The supervisor cut the cord and the doctor arrived just when the placenta was expelled. Everything went swell, no bad results. We did have one intern, but he was in the OR assisting that evening. Never a dull moment in Maternity, but I loved it.

The latter part of my training was spent as float on all floors and departments. One night when I was floating, a taxi driver came running down the hall, "Nurse, I have a lady in the back of car at emergency. Come quick!" I grabbed a stretcher. The lady was sprawled on the back seat with her twelve-year-old sister beside her, looking bewildered.

It was the days of women wearing bloomers; panties, briefs and panty hose were unheard of. The taxi driver had told me he'd been called to take a lady to the hospital that had gone into labour. She lived in a small town outside the city, approximately ten miles (in later years it was incorporated into Saskatoon). Her husband, a railroader, was on the road. I got into the back of the taxi and asked Mrs. Black if the pains were close. She gasped and said, "I think the baby is here." I yanked down the bloomers and there was a beautiful baby approximately seven to eight pounds, dead. It had smothered in its mother's bloomers. Mrs. Black (not her real name) had notified her doctor and he had told her to go to the hospital and he would be there when she arrived. Alas, he did not reckon on the freight train going through the city on the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks that crossed the main thoroughfare to the hospital. We did everything we could until the doctor arrived, but to no avail—a very sad case.

Most off-duty hours were spent studying for the Registered Nurses exams that we wrote over three days at the University of Saskatchewan for our Registered Nurse Certificate. At last training days were at an end. We were readying for our graduation exercises. The big night arrived and there we were on the platform of the Convocation Hall of the University of Saskatchewan waiting to receive our diplomas from one of our lecturers. After speeches and congratulations we retired to the dining room of the hospital for a buffet supper with relatives and friends.

We did not learn the results of our provincial exams for two months after graduation. I took that time off to rest and to ponder whether I'd do institutional or private duty nursing. I chose the latter for one and a half years. Every case I had was different and a challenge, especially the rural nursing.

My first case was a man with bronchial pneumonia at a summer resort in the latter part of September. The case lasted well into November. Winter had come and with it some very cold sub-zero temperatures. If you can imagine what it was like in a summer cottage with the thermometer registering thirty-five below zero. My patient and his wife used to spend the summer at the resort and winters in Victoria, hence the long case. He had to be strong enough to travel by train. Fortunately there was a coal and wood stove in the cottage. That kept his wife and I busy chopping wood and kindling. I was on that case for forty-eight days at five dollars a day.

My next case, a rural one, lasted thirty-one days, the whole month of December. On that case I travelled fifty miles by train to a very small town east of Saskatoon. The doctor on the case boarded the train at the divisional point, a twenty-minute stop which was eight miles from where I would disembark. He told me I had a very sick man on a farm four miles from the village and that I was not to call him unless it was an emergency as the roads were blanketed with deep snow and almost impassable. It was team and cutter days.

I got off the train to a real prairie blizzard, visibility just about nil. I was met by my patient's son-in-law, who told me the snow was up to the horse's bellies. He had a foot warmer in the cutter besides big fur

robes, and off we went. It seemed to me to be taking a long time to get to the farm. I said to the driver, "Do you think we are on the road or even lost?" He replied, "I can't see anything and I think we are too far south."

Horses are very intelligent animals and know more than we think. Bess and Nell had their ears back and were plunging through the snow when the driver said, "I'm going to throw the reins to the horses. We're lost." Bess and Nell turned right around, nearly tipping us out of the cutter and home they went.

It was two in the morning. I found my patient flat on his back and buried in a feather tick. First things first, I got the tick off the mattress and him into Fowler's position, using a chair back as a back rest. His temperature was 104, pulse 120, respirations 30. By the time I did all the treatments and had him comfortable it was six a.m. and still blowing a blizzard and did so all that day.

No change in my patient's condition that day, but the next morning he had congestive heart failure, an emergency. I had to call the doctor, fourteen miles away. No phone on the farm, so I had to call the son-in-law to go to the nearest farm, which was a mile away across country on horseback to phone. It was eight o'clock in the a.m., the doctor arrived at 4:00 p.m. In the meantime, I had done everything I knew how. He survived the attack and was resting comfortably when the doctor arrived. He stayed all night as his horses had to rest. That case lasted from the first to the thirty-first of December. I saw the doctor twice during that period, at the beginning of the case, when I had to call him and on the last day of the month, when I asked him to come and check my patient so I could leave because he no longer needed my services. When we went out on country cases we had to take everything we thought we might need. We had

to improvise in many cases, such as making an air cushion out of an inner tube from a tire. Very little air put in, fold over and bring ends together and tie; also used as a Kelly pad (for maternity use). We would take one 2 cc., one 5 cc., and one insulin syringe and needles, gloves, adhesive tape, rectal tube, umbilical tape, hemostats, scissors, catheter and disinfectant. The doctor would give us permission to use Morphine and Codeine, if it was a terminal case. He would give us three or four 1/4 grain tablets of each. We signed for them. Any tablets left we returned.

My next country case was in a small town with no drug store and the doctor lived in the next town, sixteen miles away. He had been down to see the patient (a young girl eighteen years old) in the

morning and had left orders and medication. The doctor told the parents their daughter had the flu. I phoned the doctor and told him I had been sent for by his patient's parents to nurse her. "Oh! Fine," he said, "I won't need to come again. She only has the flu and is a very neurotic girl. Just follow the orders I left."



Nurses' Kit - mid to late twenties Photo: Gordon Taylor

Her father was a C.P.R. station agent. He and his family lived at the back of the station, above the office and waiting room, so there was lots of noise when trains went by. You could not hear yourself think and the building shook like a leaf. My patient complained of headaches, severe at times, and nausea. Her temperature was 101 degrees, pulse 90, respirations 22. Ethel was very restless during the night and moaned in her sleep. She seemed a little brighter in the morning and said she felt a little better. After bath, breakfast, etc., Ethel wanted to see her parents and have a game of cards with her sister. She didn't play very long because her head was aching again. I made her comfortable and gave the medication ordered.

During the next twenty-four hours her moods changed from miserable to laughing and chatting with her parents. Her temperature and pulse were gradually rising. The doctor was made aware of this change. The afternoon of the third day, she screamed and held her head with both hands and then there was projectile vomiting and she could not stand the light of day. I knew I had a very sick girl on my hands. Her temperature was now 104 degrees, pulse 130, respirations 26. I notified the doctor and asked him to come down. He did not think it was necessary and told me what he told me when I went on the case, *that my patient had the flu and was neurotic and often threw tantrums and he was beginning to think the nurse was neurotic, too!*

The father who had been sitting at his desk heard most of the conversation. When he learned the doctor was not coming he asked my advice. I told him diplomatically that the station was too noisy and Ethel could not rest, and rest and quiet was what she needed. He then phoned the doctor and told him he was sending his daughter to a hospital in Saskatoon. There was a westbound passenger train due in an hour. When the train arrived, Ethel was put on a camp cot and put in the baggage car, along with her mother and myself. With the train stopping at every station along the line, it took hours to get to the city—no planes in those days. While we were en route, Mr. Brown (not his real name) had contacted a doctor who met us at the hospital. He ordered a spinal tap immediately, private room and nurses around the clock. His diagnosis: tubercular cerebral spinal meningitis. Ethel passed away one week after being admitted.

Of course, not all my private duty cases were out in the country. Some were in private homes and in city hospitals. A few were in a hospital in North Battleford, the largest hospital between Saskatoon and Edmonton.

I looked after a woman with acute rheumatism. Sixty-five years ago you didn't hear of arthritis. Rheumatism was treated with an application of Oil of Gaultheria (wintergreen) to the affected area, covered with flannel bandages, hot water bottles, aspirin and bed rest.

My patient lived on a farm, quite a large one, with hired help in the house and outside. One morning the youngest member of the family who was fifteen,

came to talk to his mother and then turned to me and asked if I could tell him what he could do for his sick pet calf. I told him I was not a Veterinarian, but he thought if I could look after humans I should be able to do something for his calf and asked if I would go to the barn and see it. While his mother was sleeping I went to see the calf. The poor little thing could hardly breathe. I told the boy I knew very little about animals but he could try irrigating the calf's nostrils with warm saline and wrap warm horse blankets around the calf. In the meantime, I would make a mustard plaster to put on the calf's chest. Between the two of us we got the animal on its feet in a couple of days. He thanked me for what I had done and said, "Now you can put C.N. after your R.N.," which he said was *Calf Nurse*.

After a year and a half of specializing I decided to do institutional nursing and went to a small town in Alberta where I was Matron of an eighteen-bed Community Hospital, with a staff of four and myself and one doctor in the town. Any major surgery was sent to Calgary, sixty miles away. I gave the anesthetic for confinements and minor surgery. The third morning after my arrival the doctor brought his wife in to be confined. He said, "Mrs. Atkins (not her real name) is not having any labour pains as yet, but she is due tomorrow or the next day. Her obstetrician is in Calgary." I asked him if he had notified the doctor and he said, "No, not yet." Before Dr. Atkins left the hospital, he gave me a list of the patients he was going to visit in the country, their phone numbers and the approximate time he would be at each one if I should have an emergency case. Before he left I asked him if I should call the obstetrician in Calgary now and make him aware your wife is in hospital. "Oh, no, there is plenty of time before I get back!"

But I thought differently. No sooner had he left Mrs. Atkins went into labour. I phoned the doctor in Calgary and asked him to come right away. He had sixty miles to come on dirt roads with a car that could only do between fifty and sixty miles per hour, which in those days was considered to be a very good car. It had rained heavily so the road would be covered in thick, gooey mud in which you could become mired and have to seek help from a farmer to pull you out. Mrs. Atkins' pains got stronger. I wheeled her to the delivery room. I could see it would not be long before the baby arrived; this would be her second child.

I phoned her husband and told him what was happening and to return to the hospital. "I'll be there in a few minutes." He broke all speed limits with the help of a Mountie. He was only in the case room long enough to scrub when his wife was delivered of an eight-pound baby girl. The doctor was so excited he was jumping from one end of the table to the other and inquiring of his wife, "Are you all right, Marilyn?" and back to the baby, back to his wife, "We have a daughter!" Finally, I told him to go to the kitchen and get a strong cup of coffee and I would take care of everything. The baby was nearly four hours old when the obstetrician from Calgary arrived. He had been held up the whole way by a newly graded road and the grader.

One night there was a terrible electrical storm and the hospital was struck by lightning, which hit the telephone and followed the wire to a wood beam in the basement and set it on fire. It was quickly extinguished by the local fire department.

The hospital was not equipped with a laundry and, of course, there were no laundromats in those days. All hospital linen and nurses' uniforms had to be sent in a large, heavy canvas hamper by train to Medicine Hat, three times a week. All linens had to be rinsed in a large, galvanized tub before sending to the laundry. Linens were stamped A Hosp., short for Arrowwood Hospital. One time I sent my cap with the nurses' uniforms and when it came back it was like a piece of soft muslin, no starch in it. I sent it back with a note attached, Please starch this cap stiff. Back it came and printed inside was A Hosp. Stiff.

Sterilizing of dressings, bandages, etc., was done in the oven of the kitchen stove. Instruments, syringes, needles, etc., were boiled in water for a half hour of steady boiling. Lysol, carbolic acid, alcohol, creolin, formaldehyde, were used for disinfectants. Some of the drugs used sixty years ago were: Phenobarbital, Aspirin, Calomel, Seidlitz powders, Viburnum, Licorice, Spirits of Ammonia Aromat, Coramine, Ergot, Camphor in Oil, Strychnine 1/60 gr. subcutaneously, Senna leaves, Solutions, etc., Potassium Permanganate, Bichloride of Mercury, Picric Acid, Tincture Benzoin, Ichthyol, Scarlet Red, Gentian Violet, Argyrol, Acroflaoine, Dakins Solution and Linseed and Flaxseed poultices were used also. Sixty-five years ago there was no electricity in the

rural areas and coal oil lamps were used. There were small towns that had electric lights powered by a small "Delco" plant. Outpost hospitals operated by the Red Cross were mostly in Northern Saskatchewan. If a call could not be handled there the patient would be sent to one of the hospitals in Saskatoon. Harry, three years old, came to St. Paul's with two club feet to be corrected. He had surgery and after healing took place he had casts put on. Harry was in hospital one year and a half and then was discharged in the care of the Red Cross, both feet straight.

People had to pay all expenses, no Medicare in those days. Some patients could pay and some couldn't and so they would pay the doctor and the hospital whenever they could, a little at a time. Some doctors had to take produce, chickens, beef or pork in payment. The doctor's office fee was \$2.00. Surgeries: Tonsillectomy \$75.00, Appendectomy \$150.00, Hysterectomy and other abdominal operations \$250.00. Hospital ward rates were: Private ward \$5.00 to \$6.00 per day, Public ward \$2.00, Semi-private (two beds) \$4.00, three and four-bed wards \$3.00.

There were no Central Dressing Rooms in hospitals then, so all dressings, towels, bandages, etc., had to be sterilized in the OR. Gloves were patched and sterilized and used by nurses for dirty cases. Iodoform packing and plaster cast bandages were also made in the OR.

In 1930, after four years of work, I retired to get married. The next ten years were known as the Dirty Thirties and the Great Depression. No one had any money; there were relief and bread lines everywhere. Fellow nurses told me of their hardships. Hospitals operated with skeleton staff. Nurses were working at any job they could find, housework mostly, and getting just enough money to keep body and soul together. Not only nurses were affected, doctors and lawyers, too. Some were out digging ditches, harvesting where there was a crop to be harvested, farm help—any menial job that would give a little cash. There was *just no money*.

In 1939, the beginning of the last great war, things began to pick up little by little. Men were joining the Armed Forces. Doctors and nurses were going into Medical Services.

I was widowed in 1941 and after coming through the depression years, had no money. Period! So it was

back to my profession. I went back to Saskatoon and took a Refresher Course. I was astounded at the changes that had taken place in the eleven years I had been away. Sulpha and antibiotics had come in, also new equipment, new techniques, intravenous infusions, plastic surgery, and so many other types of surgery. Nurses were not allowed to do what I had done before. For me it was like going from one world

to another. At that time nurses were getting \$4.00 salary per day except in the forces.

I carried on in different positions until 1969, the last ten years doing Geriatric nursing. So ended my nursing career, a very exciting and challenging one and I loved it.

From Nurse to Nun

Sister Jeanne Mandin '27

Excerpts from letters written by Sr. Jeanne Mandin, s.g.m., to Reta Taylor (Watton '63), September, 2000, at age 94. Sr. Mandin passed away in 2004.



Sister Jeanne Mandin '27

We live in a changing world. I have seen some of these changes.

So I'll begin when I first went in to begin my three-year course in nursing. It's a long story. It was September 3, 1934. I wasn't eighteen until December 24 and I looked about fourteen. The patients would tell me that I must have lied about my age. That annoyed me.

Sister Clara Moyer was the Superintendent of Nurses but she was away on a home visit the Grey Nuns made every ten years. Her home was in the USA. Sister Moyer was a lovely person and her English was cultured. The nurses loved her. Sister Chouinard replaced her temporarily and it was she who accepted the new class.

I had never seen a street car except in the movies since Prince Albert never did have trolley street cars. We walked everywhere. The Parklands began at Rosthern—I had never seen prairie land. Friends had told me before I left home to take a Pleasant Hill street car. I was alone. At that age one is afraid of nothing. The train arrived at 12:00 noon. The CN Station was on First Avenue. I could see the street cars on Second Avenue. So I lugged my heavy suitcase the one block and watched for a Pleasant Hill car. None came by. So I asked a man and he told me I was on the wrong corner. Again I watched and saw no Pleasant Hill car. Then I asked a woman and she told me to take an Avenue H car and transfer to a Pleasant Hill car at Avenue H. That I did.

The streetcar driver carried my heavy suitcase over and soon we arrived at Avenue P. Up on a little nob was a brick building with a white lumber one beside it. So I lugged my suitcase up the front steps of the brick building. I went into the office and a busy Grey Nun (Sr. Longtin) told me that the nurses' home was the white lumber building. So again I dragged my heavy suitcase next door. It was 1:00 p.m. Dinner was over at 12:30 but Sr. Chouinard asked if I had my dinner and then had the kitchen get me something to eat. She led me back to the nurses' home and asked Mrs. Marlow (the house mother) to take me to my room on the third floor.

Mrs. Marlow, a grey-haired little woman, acidly told me that I was taking her room and she'd have to sleep in the linen room. Her room was the top of the steeple and was about seven feet square with windows on three sides. There was only enough room for a cot and a chair. I was taken to a dormitory of twelve beds and shown where to hang my clothes – in a long narrow room with clothes hangers. The new class were lying on their beds. They had come in the day before. We were called probationers – probie for short. At 2:00 p.m. we had to meet in the classroom to get our uniforms, collars and cuffs. The collar was fastened at the back and was starched. Sleeves were long and the length of skirt came to mid-calf. We numbered twenty-three (but only fourteen of us graduated). There were a number of school teachers among us. Supper was at 5:30 p.m. It was self-serve. The food was placed on a sort of large shelf. We had to wash our own dishes.

The next day we were taken to the wards where we began working with a nurse in her second year of training. I was taken to the Annex, a two-storey building that had been constructed to house wounded soldiers from World War I. A few were still there, some with venereal diseases. Other long-stay cases were there, too, and a boy of eighteen who had injured his back by a fall on the ice.

Sister Chisolm was a school teacher from Nova Scotia. She and I worked with Miss Lovel Whiting, a former school teacher who was twenty-eight. She taught us bedside-care. She was a lovely person.

After three months we got our caps. Most of us "probies" had bobbed hair and the stiffly starched caps could not stay on our heads. They were this shape:

The following year we got soft caps, gathered at the back.

Sister Moyer came back and with her came her youngest sister. She had a family resemblance but she was the opposite of Sr. Moyer. Sr. Moyer was reserved and a real lady. Her sister twenty-seven years old, was talkative and bold. Sr. Moyer was a real teacher. She had to do both, nurse and teach. She was up at 3:00 a.m. and retired late. One day in December, Sr. Moyer had a lung haemorrhage and was put in the hospital. She had tuberculosis and was sent to Edmonton General Hospital for a rest.

When I was on night duty in the Annex it was my job to go to the first floor of the main building to get our midnight meal which we had to heat up. One time, after reading all the True Story magazines I could get (they were new to me), I asked Miss McManus (a former teacher and minister's daughter) whether she had any True Story magazines. She looked at me sternly and said. "If you continue reading that trash, you will become like one of the girls in these stories". I never read one since.

When we had a party it was only with ourselves. At Halloween I dressed up as Tom Sawyer. I borrowed clothes from Ethel Brown, a classmate. Sr. Moyer enjoyed it and liked to see us having fun. On another Halloween I dressed up as a boy scout. I was the only girl with eight brothers so I always took the part of a boy. We wore masks so no one knew who we were until it was time to have our crackers and milk. Usually we were allowed to go to bed later, at 10:00 p.m. The daily bedtime was 9:30 p.m.

(I go slow motion now. At nearly ninety-four I can't hurry. Besides, I'm in a wheelchair with oodles of ouches. But my memory is good, as far back as 1909, when I was two and a half.)

After Sr. Moyer got sick, Miss McManus taught the class. She had almost finished her training. When Sr. Chouvin came to be Superintendent of Nurses, she was not as broad minded as Sr. Moyer; her English

was broken but she taught well. The nurses were not as fond of her.

After we got our caps, we were allowed one 11:00 p.m. late leave a month and two weeks vacation a year. There was a very democratic spirit in the nurses' home. The senior nurses would visit the probies to tell us what to be careful of. We juniors on nights were wakened for class at 1:00 p.m., so sleepy. The doctors gave lectures. The doctors were very interested in their students. Dr. Wait was twenty-seven and worked with Dr. Lynch. Miss Meddins was a good nurse who did special duty for Dr. Lynch. Miss Anne Sullivan was another devoted grad and also Miss Annie Walsh. Sister Carey was the supervisor and she would often visit the floor and Annex.

The Isolation was a one-storey frame building divided into four separate parts. The nurses in the Isolation *had to live there day and night* until the patient was cured.

The pharmacy was near the front of the hospital and prescriptions were filled by a Sister and a girl that she had trained, not like today. The doctor wrote the Rx (prescription) then wrote the ingredients for one ounce. They usually prepared eight or ten ounces.

The Lab was small. The nurses spent two weeks there, for urinalysis only. Next door was the Records Office, a small room, too. Sr. Brennan was in charge of both. She also checked the charts on the wards. When they improved, she would write that on the blackboard in the classroom. A doctor who was a pathologist would come to both hospitals—St. Paul's and City Hospital—to do what was necessary in the laboratory and then leave. The X-Ray was in the basement at first then moved to third floor, to the Operating Room. Sr. Letarte looked after it and also physiotherapy, which was simple, the use of lamps, like infra red and ultra violet. She usually had a student nurse bring the patient to her.

How things have changed. The first graduation exercise was held in the classroom. Before that the nurse was simply given the diploma and pin. Then the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) came in and we began to have Graduation Exercises in the Convocation Hall at the University. The space was limited so we had only twelve

invitations. The grads were from three groups – those who entered in January, April and September. The 1926 grads were the first. I was in the 1927 group and we numbered twenty-seven. We carried our flowers. In the 1926 group one girl had no flowers. The doctors felt terrible about that. So at the 1927 graduation *our flowers were merely banked up at the edge of the stage.*

Sr. Wagner had come from the Edmonton General Hospital (Grey Nuns) and two of her former students followed her and worked at St. Paul's. We liked their caps with a black band. So, our class asked for caps like theirs. We had our graduation on June 1. We had a streetcar just for the SPH nurses and it went directly to the University. We were in full uniform.

On June 15, 16, 17, we wrote our exams at the University of Saskatchewan and received our R.N. We had to complete our training of three full years, 1095 days. I left Saskatoon in 1939 after Canada entered the Second World War to be in charge of St. Peter's School of Nursing in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Then I was called back at the end of 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor was struck by the Japanese. You should have seen the excitement of the people at Grand Central Station in New York. I would have liked to have stayed in New Jersey for about six years on account of the opportunities it presented. We were thirty-one miles from New York City and my superior was a Canadian from the west. She had me see as much as I could. The hospital had its own car with a chauffeur. We went to the *Big City* every week.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that I entered the Grey Nuns in Montreal in 1928 and after twenty years of much activity and experience I transferred to a cloister. I spent seven years in USA, East, middle and West. Now I'm in an infirmary – still cloistered.

I remember when Anna (Rempel) Willms entered our school of nursing a year and a half after I did. I used to ask her things about the Russian Revolution. It was horrible! It made the French Revolution (terrible as it was) seem mild in comparison. I'd say, Oh, Rempel, I can't believe that and she'd say, I'm telling you the truth. Years later I knew a Polish girl who lived in Russia. She told me the same thing. Now Communism has fallen. Pope John Paul II grew up in

Poland under the Communist regime. So he was instrumental in its down fall through the Polish union "Solidarity". I read a lot now though I do have to rest

much, too, on account of my angina. I'll be glad to hear from you.

In the thirties Dr. David Baltzan published a book on medicine for nurses that he used to teach the students.

A Woman of Note

Elfriede Nordstrum (Abrams '30)

A former long time resident of Saskatoon, Elfriede Nordstrum, also called Abie, turned 101 on January 22, 2010. She grew up in Osler and entered the School of Nursing at St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon graduating as a Registered Nurse in 1929. She met Hilmer Nordstrum (then a rookie police officer with the Saskatoon Police Department) that year and they were married in 1930. Their son Arleigh was born in 1932.



Elfriede Nordstrum 1909-2010

The family lived in various houses generally in the Nutana district (Dufferin Ave., Broadway Ave., Main Street and Hanover Ave.). The depression years left them healthy and with a large circle of friends and family in and around Saskatoon. Volunteerism played a big part in their lives. Elfriede worked for many years with the Saskatchewan Mental Health Association making monthly bus trips to North Battleford

where she helped to entertain the residents of the Mental Hospital. Subsequently she served as a volunteer assisting with work at the Pioneer Museum as well as Meals On Wheels. Membership at Grace United Church was important to the family. Hilmer was a Cosmopolitan Club member, a Shriner, and had served on many community committees for decades.

In 1932 private duty nurses charged \$5.00 per day to provide nursing services in the home, a sum considered prohibitive for a household of average means.

The Red Cross operated small outpost hospitals of about twenty beds in seventeen locations in the province intended for soldier resettlement in 1920. In time they were handed over to local authorities.

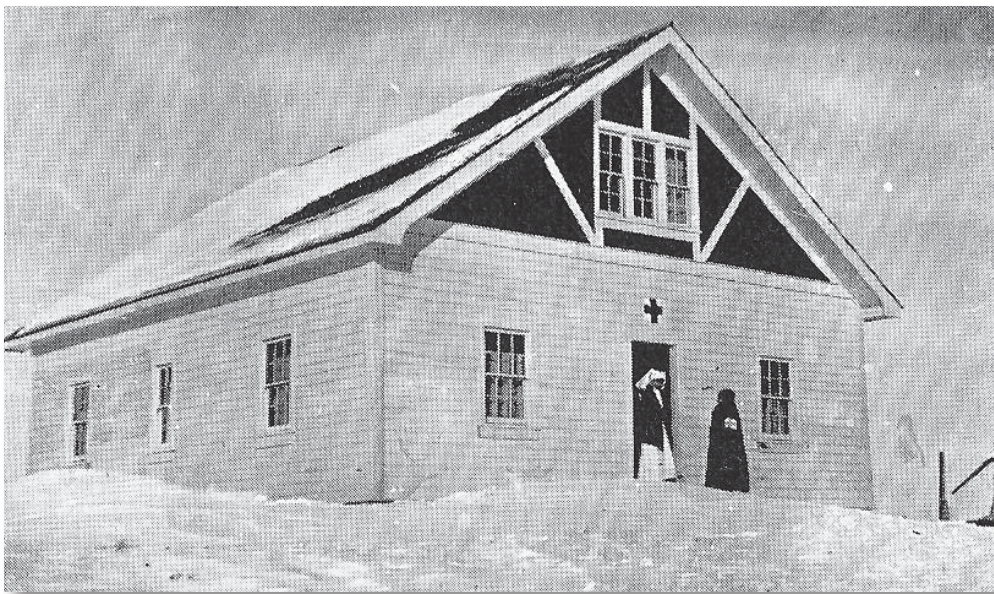
He was instrumental in initiating and establishing the Saskatoon Police Boys Rifle Club. He served as an Alderman in the early 1970s after retiring in 1971 as Inspector with the Saskatoon Police Department. He was named Citizen of the Year in 1971. Hilmer passed away in 1985, aged 79. Later, Elfriede lived at McDonald Towers on McEown Ave. and McClure Place on McKercher Drive.

Elfriede enjoyed a wide spectrum of crafts including woodworking, oil and watercolour painting, ceramics, needle work, petit point and welding.

Many of her works are proudly displayed and enjoyed in the home of her son and his wife Lois in Oakville, Ontario.

Elfriede moved to Oakville in 2007 and currently lives at West Oak Village Long Term Care Centre five miles from her son and daughter-in-law. She is in good physical health and has some difficulties with dementia. Her attitude is generally positive and cheerful.

Submitted by her son, June 9, 2010



Paddockwood Outpost Hospital
Source: SRNA, The First Fifty Years.
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Grad Worked in a Red Cross Hospital

Edna Pepper (Moore '33)

I am a St. Paul's graduate of 1933. But due to financial circumstances and the fact that I lived in remote areas of Saskatchewan I was unable to attend any of the reunions, etc., so was completely out of touch, until March of this year when I attended a St. Paul's Nurses Alumni luncheon in Lloydminster. Needless to say I was the oldest one present. I'm looking forward to the next one in October.

I went to work in the (very primitive) Red Cross hospital at Loon Lake, Saskatchewan, shortly after grad and nursed there until I was married in November 1936. I also did some nursing in other small rural hospitals in Saskatchewan, during the war

and again during the 1950s, for short periods while other fulltime help could not be located.

Working in the Loon Lake hospital was a great experience. I'm sure if I were to relate some of the conditions we worked under, the nurses of today would consider it fiction or at best a broad exaggeration. Time has certainly brought a lot of change. I find all the new technology and equipment mind boggling. Progress has been great.

It was interesting to read of the Centre of Excellence for Nephrology program and although I'm not able to help financially at this time I do hope for its success.

Lessons Learned from a Survivor's Life

Anna Willms (Rempel '26)

*by Joanne Paulson (Granddaughter)
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If anything can be said about Anna Willms, it is that she was a survivor. She was born in 1897, into a South Russian community that would today be part of Ukraine. It was peaceful and pastoral for a time, until civil war broke out.

Her mother warned her to remove her gold studs from her pierced ears because Bolshevik revolutionaries were galloping through the streets



Anna Willms 1897 - 2004

ripping earrings out of girls' heads. During the same years, she woke up one night to see the roof of her home ablaze, instilling a lifelong terror of fire.

She had a lifelong hatred of war. Her pacifist

Mennonite values and her own experiences made this no vague concept; war and conscription were among the main reasons the Mennonites left Russia. One of her granddaughters noted recently that she was probably the only woman of her generation to display a “make love, not war” pin in the 1970s.

Life lesson No. 1: Object to war in any way you can. When she came to Canada, she worked as a domestic until her English skills were strong enough to allow the pursuit of an education in nursing: Anna spoke German, Low German and Russian. At that time, married women were not allowed to practice nursing, so after she married her husband Peter, she had to find another occupation. Much of her time was involved with her church, First Mennonite, of which she was a charter member. She grew food, raised two daughters, helped immigrants. (Later in life, and into her 80s, she nursed “old people” in their homes. She would not be old for several years yet.) Meanwhile, her husband, who spoke several languages, remained employed during the Depression. He dealt with the immigrants, many of them farmers, as they came through Saskatoon on the CP rail line. His remarkable head for languages and his university training in agriculture kept him employed.

Life lesson No. 2: Get an education. Learn to speak at least two languages. She scrimped to buy her daughters a piano, because music was beautiful and important. She sent them to Lyell Gustin, the great music teacher and supporter of the arts, because she believed he was the best.

Life lesson No. 3: Fight for what you want, even if it’s difficult ... financially, or otherwise. She outlived her husband, her children, her siblings and most of

the friends of her generation. Many of her friends in later life were years, even decades, younger than she. She saw incredible changes in technology, from horses to cars, from industrial revolution technology to the computer age, but never really cared about any of it.

Life lesson No. 4: Find and cultivate friends everywhere. People are more important than things. There was a sign on her wall that read, “dull women have immaculate houses.” She loved that saying, because her home was invariably an incredible mess. She felt her time was better spent talking than cleaning. She was a packrat of remarkable proportions; she saved everything, all over the place, in case she might need it someday. She would call four people for a ride (she never drove) in case three were found lacking in reliability. If she hadn’t seen someone for a while, she would ask reproachfully, “Where have you been?”

Life lesson No. 5: No one is perfect. Anna Willms was my grandmother, my Oma. She died at age 107 a week and a half ago, one of the oldest people in Canada. I couldn’t believe it. A part of me thought she would live forever. But she did die, as she lived, with that curious combination of fight and acceptance that pulled her through so many tragic events.

Aufwiedersehen, Oma. Goodbye. I hope we have learned the strong things from your long life, and that those will be your legacy.

With thanks to Anna’s other granddaughters, my cousins Margot and Barbara, who inspired this column with their understanding and their eulogies.

– J. Paulson

The Old Folks

by *Freda Bjornson (Borgford '27)*
written in 1988

What are we thinking as we sit here day after day, staring into space, home, family and old friends, all in the past; mobility, vision and sound at low ebb.

We are not the antiques to be cherished and preserved, but the unwanted useless relics waiting to be discarded.

We are housed, fed and watered; our rooms kept clean, physical needs attended to, But what about our mental needs, news of family doings, trips taken or get-togethers. Something for us to think about and mull over, keep our minds alert.

And our grandchildren, what are they doing? We rejoice in their achievements and grieve with them in their disappointments.

Will our faith sustain us while waiting for the grim reaper?

Though we may welcome the release, we still fear the unknown. Have we earned the right to the Promised Land?



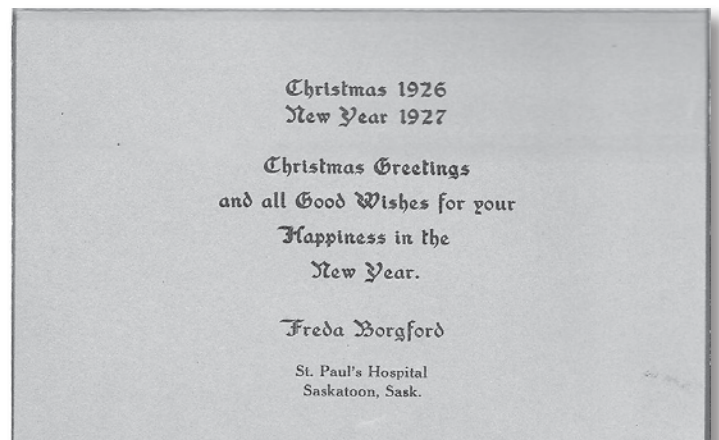
Freda Bjornson 1900-1992

Please God, take our hand and lead us down the right path.

While we wait we can only sit here and think until our minds are naught but a mass of churning thoughts that no longer can be sorted.

And then we can only sit and stare, but no longer think,

Thank God, no longer think.



Mom's Memories



Margaret Lloyd (Pocock '30)

by Gary & Shirley Lloyd

We're not sure how accurate mother's memory is – it's bad short term but seems to be pretty good for things back further, and this is really back there. Shirley recorded these things after listening to my Mom.

Mom's maiden name was Pocock. Greta (or Margaret) Pocock was born December 14, 1908. She graduated from St. Paul's either 1929 or 1930.

She got in trouble with the Mother Superior one time in training. With the help of a Sister she got up on a delivery table making sounds like she was giving birth. She was told she was making too much noise.

One of her first duties on the wards was to bath a man. She was terrified. After it was done the man said she was a scared little girl.

One time on night duty she was told to go to the morgue to pick up a male body. That scared her to death.

To go out with her father she had to have special permission. She thought that was unnecessary, because with no permission she could go out to the store for candy with other nurses.

Her first night in isolation she had to care for two

children. She was afraid she would catch their scarlet fever.

Her memory says there were twelve girls to a room in the first year. In her third year she shared a room with two others.

Two of her best friends in training were Abie Abrams and Maidie Thorpe. Abie was still alive in a nursing home in Oakville in December 2009. Mom figures she and Abie are the last remaining from the class of 1930.

Mom spent many years nursing in Unity, Saskatchewan in the early 1930s and again during the 1940s and most of 1950s. From late 50s to mid 60s she was at the University Hospital and St. Paul's in Saskatoon. From the mid-60s until late in the 1970s she was at the Scarborough General and the Credit Valley hospital in the Toronto area. She retired in the late 70s at 69 or 70 years old. She will be 102 in December.



Memories

1941-1959



Remembering

Excerpts from a taped interview

by Rita Kusch (Pajet '43)

Uses for a cape

I was taking care of a lady in a semi-private room. The lady was dying and she prayed and prayed that she could see her five-year old daughter to say good-bye. Children weren't allowed in the hospital but the little girl would come with her Dad and Uncle. One of them would stay in the car with her while the other visited. One day the Dad asked me if I could find something for the child to eat because they'd used the last of their money to put gas in the car. When I went down for supper I put some bread and butter in my pocket and gave it to her. She was glad to get something to eat. The Mom continued to pray to see her daughter so I told her that I would try to sneak the little girl in for a short visit. I put on my cape, picked up the little girl and put her under the cape. Away we went up the back stairs but before we went into the room I told the little girl, "No crying or raising the roof." The little girl and her Mom visited for about ten minutes then I put her in the elevator and told her that if anyone asked she was to tell them that she'd gotten lost. Everyone was so thankful. Another time I was working on children's ward and I had a seven-year-old girl who was dying. Her twin sister wanted to see her one last time so I used my cape to sneak her up the back stair at the end of the ward. The sister could see her twin through a window. I felt so bad for them. That put me off children's ward.

Mary Werchenko and the SOUFFLE

While the dietitian visited patients, Mary and I were left in the diet kitchen with an idea of things we were to do. There was a lot to get done so Mary offered to do the soufflé for me because she'd done it a couple of days before. The dietitian said it was very good and looked

so nice. Mary took the supplies into the cold room and sat on a sack of potatoes while she made it. I was just pouring it into dishes when the dietitian returned. She said that it wasn't as nice as the soufflé that Miss Wenchenko had made. We had an awful time keeping straight faces and keeping Mary from turning around because all of the dust from the potato sack was on the back of her uniform. We did lots of things for each other in those days.

Shaving the Guys on First Floor

I had six men in one room and one of the guys had quite a beard that he wanted to have removed. He didn't have any money to pay the man who came in to shave patients. He charged \$0.25. I told him that I'd shave it off for him. I cut his beard, got a pan of hot water and used his straight razor to shave him. Everyone thought that I'd done a good job. Then the others in the room wanted a shave, also. Every day after classes were over, I would shave a different guy. One day when I was carrying out the hot water I met the fellow who had come in to shave patients. He asked me how much I was charging. I told him nothing! He said he couldn't say anything then and told me to keep doing my best. That's what I did as long as I was on first floor.

A Doctor should have known better

I was on third floor and I was standing by the maternity ward. One of the girls asked me if I knew that doctor had a dog under his arm. A DOG! We couldn't let a human or a child in and he had his dog! I rapped on the door and told him, "I thought that you knew better than to bring a dog in here when children aren't even allowed." He took his dog and left.

Nursing Assistant Program

by **Dennise Martin '59**

I spent most of my work life in Nursing as the Coordinator in the Nursing Assistant Program. I witnessed many changes in the scope and function of the Nursing Assistant as its role evolved to meet the needs of the Health Care system.

During World War II, with the offer of full-time salaried employment, many nurses enlisted as Nursing Sisters in the Armed Services. Hospitals were left in a nursing shortage crisis. After the war ended in 1945, many rural communities also established their own hospitals, so again, trained nurses were in short supply. There was also the need to assist ex-service personnel re-enter civilian life. A Royal Commission established by the Department of Veterans Affairs recommended that Nursing Assistant Programs be established across the Dominion supported by provincial funding and legislation.

In 1946 the Saskatchewan Nurses' Aid program was established in Maple Creek. St. Paul's Hospital became involved in 1947 when the program was relocated to the Canadian Vocational Training School (CVTS) in Saskatoon. This relationship lasted until 1988. Students wearing their distinct blue uniforms, initially with a veil, later in a matching blue cap, received their clinical training in one of the two city hospitals and the Sanatorium. During practicum, students were under the supervision of an instructor from CVTS. Mrs. L. Robertson (Wright) recalls working with a number of head nurses at S.P.H. to arrange clinical assignments including I. Burkitt '44, S. Leeper '36, A. Beechnor '46, E. Chisholm, L. Costello, G. Sinnett '41 and M. Kinnear from the Diet Kitchen. Instructors who were hired by the hospitals and their salaries reimbursed by the Department of Education, supervised the students in clinical practice. Mrs. H. Roycroft, then N. Van Tol, and Mrs. Z. Heiser (Darcovitch '48) were the instructors at SPH. Then, in accordance with a new agreement, the Department of Education hired the instructors and they

became government employees. St. Paul's involvement in the program included an agreement to have the Nursing Aid students receive clinical instruction in the hospital. Negotiations with St. Paul's always included the Director of the School of Nursing who also sat on the Advisory Board. Sr. St. Croix, Sr. J. Quintal and Sr. Dussault all served on the Advisory Board.

The period between 1950 and 1959 saw many changes:

1953: The practitioner's name was changed to the Nursing Assistant and was included in the Registered Nurses Act.

1956: The first Nursing Assistant became certified and able to use the title, CNA.

1957: The Department of Education reviewed the Program to determine if it was meeting the needs of the health care delivery system.

1958: The SRNA organized the Saskatchewan Nursing Assistant Association.

1959: Recommendations from the review were phased in, including the recommendation that the Nursing Assistant Program at Kelsey Campus should be terminated. And with the 1988 graduation, the Program ended.

Other St. Paul's graduates also taught in the program: Mrs. Eva Atwell, Mrs. L. LaBine (Vetter '59) and Phyllis Austman '55 I was the first and only co-coordinator for the program (1970 - 1987).

Since 1988 the name was changed to Practical Nurse (LPN) and in 2000 new legislation was passed making the LPN an independent practitioner no longer required to work under the supervision of an RN or RPN, accountable for his/her own practice and subject to the same disciplinary measures as the Registered Nurse.

My Time as Health Nurse at St. Paul's Hospital

by Jeanne Manson (Couture '52)

I was very fortunate to enjoy my position as Health Nurse at St. Paul's from 1953 to September 1979. The first year after graduation I worked as Head Nurse on Obstetrics. Then Sr. Ste. Croix asked if I would replace Miss Wilson as Student Health Nurse. I said yes, a decision I never regretted.

My job was to care for the students and my duties included monthly weigh-ins that were not too popular because in the first year the students tended to gain weight, which we'd try to help them lose. I also organized yearly chest x-rays, laboratory work, medicals from the physician of their choice and immunization according to the Department of Public Health requirements. I kept a confidential file on each student.

If a student became ill I'd check on her and if necessary have her see her physician. If she needed bed rest I'd have the housemothers give her meals according to my orders and direction.

Other duties included counseling students and education. I taught numerous classes to encourage preventative medicine. My office and the examining room were in the basement of the Nurses Residence next to the very popular Smoking Room.

As the years passed, my work expanded to include hospital employees. My first office in the hospital was located in the Personnel Department in the Annex.

In 1962-63 I took a year off and attended the University of Saskatchewan to get my Diploma in Public Health. When I returned the new hospital was almost completed and my office was moved to the Personnel Department in the basement near the Residence. I now had an office, an examining room and a bathroom. The location made it convenient for the staff and students to see me.

In 1969 I had the privilege of reciting the Florence Nightingale Pledge with the last St. Paul's graduating class. This was the end of the Student's Health Service.

The Employee Health Service expanded and one of

the things I liked about my job, it was never boring or static, with new experiences daily and getting to know new staff, students and visitors. I would see new staff and organize their health and medical requirements and update immunization as long as they remained on staff much the same as I had done with students. If ill, the employee would see me and their physician if necessary and would report to me on return to work. Confidential files were kept on every employee. I counseled staff and made referrals if required.

I was a member of many committees: Infection Control and I had to do checkups on various departments: the Disaster Committee – I arranged with the City Disaster Group for mock disasters and helped write the original manual; Long Service Award Committee; Department Heads Committee and others as required.

Education was also a big part of my job and I did seminars on Alcoholism, Preventive Medicine, a three-day seminar on Pre-Retirement for those retiring that year, a Time and Motion study after taking the course, wrote an Annual Report and was Acting Director of Personnel once for four months while the search for a new director was on.

Once during the nurse's strike I worked in the Emergency Department for ten days, and during the staff strike in the kitchen and cafeteria, where I got to see other people's problems.

My life at St. Paul's was very satisfying and enjoyable – I was very fortunate. I met many friends and acquaintances that I still see and talk to.

It was a sad but happy day for me in September 1979 when I left St. Paul's. I was having another change in my life – it was an offer I couldn't and didn't want to refuse which was to marry my wonderful husband Jack Manson. I didn't want to lose my ties with the hospital so when the Gift Shop started I was happy to volunteer.

Thanks for the wonderful memories.

Continuing Nursing Education, University of Saskatchewan

Norma Fulton (Evans '53)
Reprinted with permission

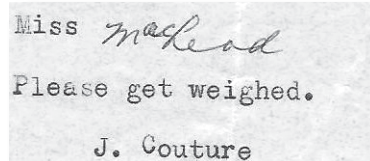
Norma Fulton graduated from the University of Saskatchewan, School of Nursing with her BSN in 1953, having had her clinical experience at St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon, since the University Hospital was not yet open. She was hired by the School of Nursing in 1971 as she was completing her Master of Continuing Education degree from the University of Saskatchewan. The school needed to hire more faculty prepared at the master's level and was looking for a nurse to direct the proposed division of Continuing Nursing Education (CNE). Norma emphasized how important it was to the development of CNE that the SRNA was involved.¹ When CNE was initiated, there were no formal objectives, but there was an advisory committee with vision. At the beginning of CNE, Norma had in mind the model the university used in making current information available to farmers. Gradually, as she worked, she encouraged nurses to contact CNE with questions. Questions covered everything from gerontology to operating room, with emergency care "always a big topic."

Many programs were offered jointly with Continuing Medical Education (CME). It was "a great opportunity

and challenge to work with CME in outreach. We needed each other: they had funding and we had participants. There is no point in teaching nurses if the doctors are not involved, too." Funding was a constant problem. Most funding for programs came from voluntary organizations, and adequate support for core CNE functions was always in question.

In the summers, Norma worked in an eight-bed hospital near the family farm, and so knew from first hand experience that there was a "big gap" in continuing education for nurses in rural areas. She took books to the hospital in the summer because, "The nurses there were hungry for information." She said that the stints in the small hospital kept her "in touch with reality", and related a story: At a CNE program in a small hospital, the Director of Nursing said to her, "You don't know what it's like out here at night all by yourself." Norma replied, "Yes, I think I do."

Norma held the position of Director of CNE from 1971-1993 when she retired. However, she was convinced to return to the directorship on a half-time basis for another three years, until 1996.²



Miss MacLeod
Please get weighed.
J. Couture

¹ Include funding arrangement with SRNA

² Brown, Y. et al, "70 Years of Nursing Education at the University of Saskatchewan", p. 167-169. Reprinted with permission

Transitions in Nursing Education

by Mercedes Montgomery (Cheveldayoff '53)

It was Sister Ste Croix who gave me a push into nursing education with the classic (I know what's best for you) statement: "My dear, you will ..." and in my case it was "...teach!"

Qualified nursing instructors, meaning those with a degree in nursing, were scarce and I had just completed the University of Saskatchewan nursing degree program. The program was affiliated with St. Paul's and three other hospitals in the province. University students were integrated into existing classes for clinical experience and related classroom instruction. I received a Diploma in Nursing from St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing.

And so I became an instructor at St. Paul's School of Nursing immediately after graduation. That I had no graduate nursing practice experience to speak of was irrelevant, the degree was the essential qualification.

I soon discovered that teaching was a good fit for me, that I had the best of both worlds—patient care and student contact. As time went by and I actually acquired some knowledge and ability to teach, the process became much more satisfying for me and no doubt for the students. As the instructor on second floor, a medical unit, I learned to appreciate the intricacies of medicine; the process of arriving at a patient diagnosis that together offered insight into the presenting problem—like solving a puzzle. After the diagnosis came the challenge of adapting nursing care to the needs of the patient. I worked (happily) with students on medicine for three years after graduation and then withdrew from nursing for a period of child-bearing and child-rearing (four children!).

But the lure of nursing was always strong and I made a point of keeping my registration active. So, when the opportunity came along to work in nursing education again, I was ready and willing. In 1967, I joined the faculty of the School of Diploma Nursing at the Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences (SIAAS), Saskatoon, (later Kelsey Institute, and later

still, SIAST Kelsey Campus) first as an Instructor, then as Clinical Coordinator and finally as Program Head (1970-1987) for a total of thirty years of service. I experienced first hand the transition that eased diploma nursing education away from hospitals and relocated it within mainstream post-secondary education in two-year programs, first in Saskatoon and later in Regina.

The Nursing Education Act, which established the Board of Nursing Education, was passed in 1966 and the new program opened in 1967. While the provincial government seemed to move very quickly to put changes in place, in fact, the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) and related agencies including hospitals had advocated changes to nursing education for some time and had been working closely with the government to achieve the change. Dr. J. F. Leddy, a well known physician at St. Paul's Hospital, was named Chairman of the Board of Nursing Education. The Board provided oversight for all matters pertaining to the new program, even and including the uniform, the style (simple A-line, wash and wear fabric) and colour (blue) that students would wear. Sr. Therese Castonguay, s.g.m., served as the Superintendent, Health Sciences Division, Department of Education and as Acting Director of the SIAAS program in Saskatoon for the first few months of its existence. The rationale for change included two important factors: the reminder that the primary purpose of a hospital was patient care, not the education of nurses; and the high cost of hospital-based nurse training could no longer be sustained. A two-year experimental program had been successfully attempted at the Regina Grey Nun's School of Nursing and having eliminated the return of service for education, it was clear that a nurse could be prepared in less than three years. It was time to move nursing education forward. The two-year program was not a popular innovation. Nurses trained in hospital three-year programs

resisted the change, unwilling to accept that a nurse could be “trained” in less than three years, and hospitals were wary of a possible difference in competence. But, as it happened, the educational process itself had changed. The new diploma nursing program offered concurrent theory and practice, students were supernumerary to the service staff complement meaning their instructors could select learning experiences to meet student learning, not the service needs of the ward—thus students were able to learn more in less time. Eventually, as the first two-year grads began to work alongside their three-year grad colleagues and the nursing program made changes to best meet service needs, and with the advent of orientation programs as well as the passage of time, differences diminished and all worked together for the common goal which was to provide the best possible patient care.

In the early 1990s the next transition was clearly on its way. Registration requirements across Canada were moving to a nursing degree as the entry to practice and with the Diploma Nursing two-year time frame already bulging at the seams with essential content, change was once again imminent. The Nursing Education Coalition, consisting of the degree and diploma programs in the province, including Psychiatric Nursing, was formed to plan and develop a new degree program for Saskatchewan. The process was memorable and the goal was accomplished: the Nursing Education Program of Saskatchewan was launched in 1996. Nursing education had moved forward once again.

I have been more than satisfied with my career in nursing education. I loved my work and I will forever be grateful for that gentle push: “My dear ... you will teach!”

I Remember . . .

by Marlene Davis (Welk '57)

When I was still a fairly new grad, I was working the night shift in a thirteen-bed hospital in a small prairie farming community. As the night nurse I knew every creak and groan and the sound of every door in the building. At the nurse’s station where I was catching up on my charting, I heard the men’s bathroom door open and close. We had only one elderly male patient at the time. Some time later I realized I had not heard the door open again. I went to investigate to make sure the patient was okay. The door was closed but I could see that the light was on, so I knocked on the door and opened it a crack. The patient was awake and sitting on the toilet. I said I was sorry to disturb him but was just checking on him. His reply surprised me. “It’s okay Nurse, it’s been a long time since Peter stood up and looked me in the eye.” Needless to say, I left without further comment and had a good chuckle for the rest of the night.

When I was employed in a local Saskatoon nursing home, we had an elderly lady of European descent

who spoke very broken English. Every bedtime when I brought her liquid medication, she would look at me with an innocent smile and say, “No wadka?” with a question in her voice. Just before the New Year I asked her doctor if I could give her some vodka and he laughingly gave permission. I went to the liquor store and picked up a travel bottle of vodka and on New Year’s Eve gave her the bottle at bedtime. Her eyes lit up and I got a hug and kiss for my effort, but the clincher came two nights later when she handed me the empty bottle and said, “*You fill?*”

I was a probie learning to give a bed bath when I was assigned to a gentleman in the solarium of Wing One. I was just starting the bath when the clinical instructor came in to observe. I was informed that you do not bathe a patient with the window open in the dead of winter! I was about halfway through the bath when the clinical instructor returned. She watched me for a few minutes then informed me that you do not “dry clean”

the patient. I had tried so hard not to get the bed wet that the wash cloth was only damp.

Needless to say no one was “dry cleaned” with the window open again, at least not by me.

Effectiveness of Stress Management Training for Nurses Working in a Burn Unit

by Lily Krause (Baergen '58)

Burn baths can be a very painful and emotionally exhausting experience for a patient, but what effect does it have on the Registered Nurse (RN)?

In 1980 I had the opportunity to conduct a research study as a requirement for one of my classes leading to a Master of Continuing Education degree from the University of Saskatchewan. As part of this study, I observed Jim's burn bath. He was a thirty-four year-old man and a patient in the Burn Unit of University Hospital in Saskatoon. Thirty-five per cent of his body was affected by second and third degree burns because of a cooking accident while he was under the influence of alcohol. Initially Jim was in no apparent distress while having his bath. Similarly the RN appeared relaxed and was talking to Jim while she confidently carried on with the treatment that consisted of removing dead skin (debridement). However, during the application of ointment and dressings, the behaviour of both patient and RN changed dramatically. The patient was experiencing severe pain, resorted to using profanity, threatened to run away and ended in a state of tears. Meanwhile, the RN appeared to be uncertain, both in terms of her response to the patient and the application of ointment and dressings. That is, the RN's earlier confidence had been replaced with uncertainty.

As part of this study, I gave all RNs working in the Burn Unit three hours of individual training in cognitive

behavioural stress management skills. I obtained anxiety measures at different times and with different tools throughout the study. Results suggested that stress management training was effective in reducing work-related anxiety among inexperienced RNs but not among experienced RNs. The gains made by the inexperienced RNs may have been associated more with increases in their understanding of stress and their feelings of control over stress than with changes in their actual stress management behaviour.

Besides helping me meet the requirements of my class, how beneficial was this study? The Director of Nursing who was responsible for the Burn Unit thought there was enough evidence to hire a part-time Psychologist who would be available to the Burn Unit staff.

However, this study was supported financially by the Saskatchewan Professional Fire Fighters' Association and in the end the association decided to purchase some new equipment for the Burn Unit.

Fortunately, the knowledge generated by this study was published both provincially and internationally. I published it in the “SRNA Bulletin” and through the efforts of the Psychologist who advised me with this study, it was also later published in the International Journal of Psychiatry in Medicine.

The Asthmatic Patient

by **Dulcie Ford (Smith '44)**

Most nurses recall as a probie at least one unfortunate tussle with the bedpan flusher, the endless arranging and re-arranging of flowers, near and actual mishaps with tasks assigned, or an unhappy encounter with the Nursing Arts instructor who accompanied them into the hospital. Learning to carry trays at shoulder level, on the palm of one hand, was a satisfying achievement.

My memories include the friendliness and helpfulness of the Sisters; the white stockings and uniforms ready on our beds; getting to know the other students one by one when I first went in.

I worked as an RN in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for nearly twenty-five years. Before that I was very thankful to work at St. Paul's Hospital. One morning at St.

Paul's Dr. Rosher asked me to accompany an asthmatic woman to British Columbia because none of the treatments here were helping her. He thought the BC air may help her. When we arrived at Tranquille Center, she was noticeably better. From Tranquille to Vancouver her coughing stopped and she was much, much improved.

Margaret's Retirement

by **Lily Krause (Baergen '58)**

Successful completion of the probationary period was celebrated with an impressive capping ceremony.

This was a phone call that anyone in health care dreads—an accident, a major accident.

The staff of Watrous Union Hospital had assembled in the Manitou Beach Community Hall for Margaret's retirement. The mood was upbeat, the staff were about to enjoy a dinner, and then the call.

It was March 12, 1992, a beautiful spring evening. It was also the time leading up to high school graduations and there had been a car accident, a rollover into a ditch filled with water. I left the party, returned to the hospital and then the victims arrived, all teenagers, three dead, the driver in critical condition and the fifth victim essentially unhurt but in shock. Because all were from out-of-town, when the first person arrived who could identify the victims, I encouraged him to phone the families as he knew them all and seemed to want to do that.

In one way I felt I had abdicated my responsibility by not phoning, however, as the Director of Nursing, this allowed me to assist the emergency staff, ambulance staff, the RCMP and to support family and friends as they arrived. In the end this was a good decision and was reinforced by a letter sent to the Administrator of the hospital.

Excerpts from that letter follow: *The doctors, support staff, nurses, ambulance personnel, fire department, and admin staff displayed a rare combination of professionalism and compassion. Your hospital possesses the attribute of "big city" medical care with "small town" togetherness. ... may I say that all people who shared the tragedy and went beyond the call to try to ease that dreadful night, will never be forgotten.*

All personnel who were involved in this team approach to this tragedy made a difference in the lives of the seven families on whose behalf this letter was written.

. . . the committee on admissions hesitates to accept . . .

by Elizabeth Apperle (Bellegarde '44)

St. Paul's holds a special place in my heart. In 1939 I applied to two other nursing programs. Answer: "the committee of admissions hesitates to accept applicants of Indian descent." I applied and was accepted to St. Paul's. I've never forgotten how happy my old parents were.

How things have changed. I'm too crippled to attend meetings but my prayers and best wishes are with you all.

My Farewell

by Isabelle Burkitt '44

As you gather here today – weep not, but say:

Dear friends, life was good to me.
I'm sorry for the hurt I've done,
Please forgive me as you journey on.
Remember I had my share of laughter and tears,
But truly enjoyed life over these years.
May God love you and keep you in his care,
For you loved ones, is my prayer.

From Isabelle

This poem was in the Bulletin distributed at the Mass of Christian Burial for Isabelle Hannah Burkitt '44, May 18, 2007, at St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church in Saskatoon, SK. Isabelle was 85 years old. Twelve Alumni participated in the Honour Guard.

Life as a student nurse at mid-twentieth century: Classes consisted of unmarried young women (few men entered the profession then) away from home for the first time, often from out of town and unfamiliar with the city. The school felt enormous responsibility for the students and undertook to educate, guide, protect, socialize and develop social skills as part of the overall training experience. Some students did not appreciate the residence requirement, but to a large extent it offered a carefree existence. The school was a community in itself and almost everything the student needed was looked after: accommodation, meals, healthcare, uniforms and textbooks. A small monthly stipend was paid when the probationary period was completed. Students looked forward to the dances and other entertainment held at the nurses' residence. Rules for personal appearance and conduct were strict; a messy room might mean the loss of a late leave. In order to ensure the students were well rested for the next day, curfew room checks were conducted; patient care was the first concern. Special occasions like capping involved formal teas where students served the guests. Graduations were elaborate and memorable in keeping with the school's traditions.

In contrast to their carefully controlled personal lives, students were given enormous responsibility for patient care. They worked eight-hour shifts on days, evenings and nights. It was not unusual for a first or second year student to have eight to twelve surgical patients on the day shift at a time when post-anaesthesia units (recovery rooms) did not exist. On evenings and nights patient loads were considerably larger. Students were socialized to carry out orders and not question authority. Errors in patient care tended to be dealt with severely. The unfortunate student who made a medication error could be sent home for three to six months, with no opportunity to appeal. If a student got married she could not return mostly due to the residence requirement. Support systems developed within the class and student body and unquestionably saved many novice nurses. Friendships that grew out of adversity and shared experience lasted a lifetime treasured over the years. Students and graduates were proud of their school and loyal to the hospital.

From: Montgomery, Mercedes. "A Journey Through Transitions, SIAST 2000". p. 10

Excerpts from: Mom—Share Your Life With Me

by Marguerite Mirandou (Fournier '54)

Q: If you went to college, tell what college you chose and why.

A: St. Paul's School of Nursing in Saskatoon, SK was my choice. Our education included the spiritual and moral aspects as well. The care of the sick appealed to me and it would be useful for whatever the future had in store. I had friends who were in training there and a friend who applied with me. I sent in all the data necessary while corresponding with the Director of Nurses, Sr. Ste. Croix. She was a little nun with a quiet intense look. She had our interest at heart. We respected her and dubbed her "The Sainte." There was more involved in training than I expected. Nurses, doctors and clergy were our instructors. We were kept busy between classes and hospital duty rotating to all departments and night and day shifts.

During this time there was a terrible polio epidemic. A separate building was used for those children, youth and

adults coming in from various areas in the province. It was touching to see them in iron lungs, respirators and an electric bed to facilitate their breathing. Rollers were used to wring out hot packs to apply on affected limbs. I also spent a few weeks at the Tuberculosis Sanatorium on the outskirts of the city—a BCG vaccine was a prerequisite.

Q: Tell your major and how you chose it.

A: After graduation I chose to work in the Obstetrics department where there was an atmosphere of joy and expectation at each new arrival. Sterilizations and abortions were not performed at St. Paul's. We had learned in our ethics class that it was immoral to take part in any of these procedures that may occur in our future employment. I was asked to do both at the two other hospitals where I was employed.

My years at St. Paul's were memorable.

Grateful for Life Ministry

by Loreen Loewen (Solanik '58)

On a summer night in a humble prairie home a baby girl was born to loving parents. I was that baby. With four older siblings just two years apart, my mother was unable to nurse me. I was given cow's milk and developed intestinal problems. The doctor in Biggar was not able to help me. I was taken to St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon under the care of Dr. Brown.

I was not aware of the length of time of my hospitalization until a couple of years ago. When we were going through our deceased parents belongings, we came across a bill from the hospital stating I was a patient there for forty-two days at \$1.50 a day.

Medicine: \$3.00; Urinalysis \$2.50. Total bill: \$79.00. I wonder how my dad paid for it. Was it by selling some grain, or a cow, or perhaps a big can of cream?

I am thankful for the nurses, doctors and Sisters and for the wonderful care given to me during these days separated from my mother's arms and family. Most of all, I thank God for his healing touch and for allowing me to live and minister to others in need. Eighteen years later, I was accepted to St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing to train as a nurse. In 1958 I graduated and received the award for Best School Spirit.

Remembering Dr. Buckwold

by Dolores Ortynski (Schille '52)

In the days before disposable items, equipment and supplies were used over and over again. It was part of the students' job in Central Supply to sort soiled dressings for washing, clean and prepare intravenous tubing and other sorts of equipment for autoclaving and roll and fold dressings for dressing trays. The student nurse rotated through Central Supply and did most of the dressings on the wards becoming very skilled at wound care.

As a shy young farm girl I entered St. Paul's in September 1949. Arlene (Schmitt) McIntosh was my roommate and we have become life long friends. I have many fond memories of my time at St. Paul's, but my favourite has to be my meeting my husband Ed Ortynski at our school dance in 1951. We were married in 1953 and have both been blessed with good health for fifty-six years. Melville, SK was our first home. I worked at St. Peter's Hospital. In 1954 we moved to Wilkie, SK.

I continued to work at the hospital, nursing home and store even though we were very busy raising a family of five boys and one girl. Our oldest son was

born in 1954 and died of leukemia in 1958. Those of us who worked in children's ward will remember Dr. Buckwold. He was a most loving and caring person which meant a lot to us during such a trying time.

After retiring in 1994, we moved to West Kelowna, BC We love the valley but still have fond memories of our life in Saskatchewan. We continue being active in our church and community. We especially enjoy volunteering at one of our local nursing homes. We have been so blessed in our life we need to share our gifts in the service of others.

To all the alumni, may God bless you.

A Varied and Challenging Career

by Cecile Poilievre '58

Since my graduation in February 1958, I've been extremely fortunate to have had an interesting, varied and challenging career.

1958-1960: I worked in Cudworth, Saskatchewan, a twenty-five bed hospital where maternity, basic medical and surgical services were rendered.

1960-1962: I spent two years at the University of Saskatchewan Hospital, ENT, Orthopaedic and Plastic surgery. Having spent six weeks in CDR at St. Paul's, I was well prepared to care for numerous burn cases, a very rewarding experience.

1962-1964: A change of pace brought me to work for the Saskatoon City Public Health Department. This included school health, well-baby and immunization

clinics and home visits. Having been exposed to STD, clients were informed that they had been in possible contact with a communicable disease. They had to seek medical treatment; if not, they would be reported to the proper authority.

1964-1967: As a volunteer in Northeast Brazil, I worked in an extremely poor and primitive hospital. I was the first and only trained nurse on staff. There were three doctors and they always faced hopeless situations in treating their patients as there were few medications and little equipment.

The Sister Administrator had a grade four education. Zeca, the enfermero (overseer/nurse) in charge of out-patient and emergency, diagnosed and treated

everything with glucose injections. Syringes and equipment were sterilized by inserting these in boiling water and bingo! they were ready for use again. Anyone with an infection was administered 5 cc. of an antibiotic in the upper arm. As a result, many patients returned with a large abscess. Zeca would lance it without an anesthetic and clean it with alcohol.

One day, a local farmer brought his “burro” donkey for suturing of a laceration on the forehead.

On various occasions, patients came with stab wounds. These were the result of jealous lover’s quarrels. One deceased victim had been stabbed eighty times.

Maria, a patient, had gangrene of the foot. Every day, with an old pair of rusted scissors, I would remove the gangrenous area and apply a dressing. No sedation was administered. She died within a few days.

In maternity, if a patient was admitted bleeding, the “parteira” midwife/cleaning lady would administer an injection of ergotrate—the result, a miscarriage.

On one occasion, the obstetrician in the process of delivering a premature dead baby with forceps, decapitated the tiny baby.

When the Canadian Mission Team was studying Portuguese in Rio de Janeiro, we received an invitation to have dinner with Dr. (Papa) Baltzan who was attending a conference in the city. We took a walk along the famous Copacabana Beach. There we were, two former St. Paul’s student nurses, Ida Raiche (‘62B) and myself walking arm in arm with the famous Dr. Baltzan. This wasn’t the same austere and serious Chief of Medicine everyone was afraid to encounter in the hallway.

1967-1968: Upon my return from Brazil, I worked as staff nurse in Intensive Care at the Saskatoon City Hospital. What a change!!

1968-1970: I obtained my diploma in Public Health Nursing from the University of Saskatchewan.

As a recipient of a VON bursary, I was posted as nurse-in-charge of a two-nurse branch in Edmundston, NB I had never heard of the place! Our office was located next to the City Police and the RCMP detachment. During the winter months, after hours, the City Police would drive us to house calls. Couldn’t ask for better escorts!

With Edmundston being on the Canada-U.S. border, it was easy to do cross-border shopping.

1970-1972: Upon obtaining a second VON bursary, I completed my Bachelor in Nursing Sciences at the University of Ottawa. I then worked for the City of Ottawa for one year.

1972-1980: I joined the Department of Health and Welfare Canada as an Occupational Health Nurse and worked for various departments. Nurses were assigned to departments with several thousand public servants in different buildings across the cities of Ottawa and Gatineau. During that time I worked as the attending nurse for various international conferences. I travelled to a number of cities with VIPs. On one occasion, a delegate indulged a bit too much and became quite intoxicated. Our bus driver refused to take the sick delegate on his bus. We loaded him in an ambulance and returned to the city escorted by the RCMP. That evening he was hospitalized for detoxification.

The Federal Nurses Group Union was comprised of 1200 nurses working in DVA hospitals located across the country, nurses working in nursing stations in the Northwest Territories, in airports and occupational nurses located in Federal buildings across Canada. I was elected president of the Nursing Group for two years. During that time our Union negotiated with the Federal Government to obtain fair salaries and benefits for our nurses in the North.

Being predominantly a women’s group, nurses earned less in benefits and overtime compensation than labour and technician groups also working in the North. With much hard work, we finally obtained a fair contract. Although this was a learning experience, it was not an enjoyable one.

1980-1995: After eight years with Health Canada, I joined Statistics Canada as an Employee Assistance Counsellor. There were 4000 employees and as a counsellor I provided short term counselling, when required. Employees were referred for long-term professional assistance. I spent fifteen years with Statistics Canada, working with a coordinator/counsellor. We offered various in-service programs.

I retired in 1995 after a diverse, full and rewarding career in a nursing and helping profession.

In 1957, the Golden Year Nurses Convocation was held at the Capitol Theatre on May 12 with Premier T.C. Douglas as the main speaker. A Glee Club masterly presentation directed by Urban Donlevy preceded Premier Douglas' address. Enraptured by the delightful choir's performance, the Premier exclaimed: "Toronto has its 'Happy Gang', but Saskatoon has its Saint Paul's Glee Club!"

*From: Leap of Faith,
Vol. II*

in there as well.

We moved to North Battleford in 1962 and in 1976 when all our children were in school I returned to my nursing career working at the Battleford's District Care Centre. I started as a casual nurse and then in 1977 I was hired as a Head Nurse, then Supervisor, Director of Care and finally Facility Manager of the then 150-bed facility. I enrolled in a correspondence course in Nursing Administration and took some courses in

A Rewarding Career in Long Term Care

by **Marlene Tarnowsky (Moker '58)**

After graduation I worked in a rural hospital (Shellbrook) to gain some experience. Then I worked at Holy Family Hospital in Prince Albert for a few months and then in a five-doctor Medical Clinic until August 1960. I married Peter Tarnowsky on August 20, 1960, and we moved to Saskatoon where I worked at St. Paul's Hospital on the medical ward for about two years with a maternity leave

Rehabilitation Nursing. I retired from full-time work in 1997 after twenty years in Long Term Care. I then finished my career working part-time for Home Care as an Assessor, doing some teaching and consulting in Long Term Care.

I was Chairperson of Catholic Family Services of the Battlefords for six years, sang in our church choir, taught people interested in joining the Catholic Church and played in two Bridge clubs.

Life has been good to us as a couple and as a family and my nursing career has been most rewarding.

I remember while working nights on the Isolation Ward, my twin and I decided to order a little extra food from the kitchen along with the regular order for the patients. This extra food was to treat the two night nurses. As we were devouring our treats we heard the clicking of Rosary Beads from down the hallway. We were caught in the act! Much to our surprise, Sister just smiled and said nothing. We learned many times over how human the Sisters really were.

Our 50th Class reunion held in Sept. 2008 was certainly a highlight in my life.

You're Not Indispensible! A Lesson From Mary T

by **Mercedes Montgomery (Cheveldayoff '53)**

Early one morning during my first year of teaching at the School of Nursing I'd graduated from just six months before, I was at my desk in the narrow clinical instructors' office on the second floor of the hospital,

organizing my day. I had a terrible cold, but having practiced self-sacrifice, dedication and devotion to duty for so long, I did what I thought was expected of me — I dragged myself to work. Something was happening that

morning and I had to be there, or so I thought. As I was preparing to go on the wards with students, I recognized the steps coming down the corridor and knew that Mary T. Mackenzie, who was now my supervisor, was coming my way. Moments later she was standing in the doorway looking as cool, professional and as all-knowing as ever. “Good morning, Miss Cheveldayoff,” she said. Mary T insisted that clinical instructors should be on the wards with students, not in the office and I suspected she might have been checking up on me.

“Good morning, Miss Mackenzie,” I sniffled, “I’m just going out on the wards now.”

“Looks like you have a bad cold,” she observed.

“Yes, Miss Mackenzie, I do, but I had to come today,” and I explained why I had to be there. Mary T was not impressed.

“Miss Cheveldayoff! That’s just not good enough. With that cold you shouldn’t be here at all. You are NOT indispensable. Now you just take yourself and your cold home right this minute before you infect the entire ward!”

She stood in the doorway until I had gathered my things and was headed for the change room. A humbling experience, as many encounters were with Mary T, but the notion that neither I, nor anyone else for that matter, were indispensable was a lesson that has stayed with me to this day.

In 1967, with the blessing of the Grey Nuns, Mary left St. Paul’s to become Registrar Counselor at the new School of Diploma Nursing at Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences (SIAAS), later Kelsey Institute. A few years later when I had been appointed Program Head, it wasn’t the job that scared me the most, although the job was going to be formidable, it was the fact that I would be Mary T’s supervisor! I needn’t have worried; Mary was staunchly supportive not only of me but of the students and of the program. She liked to say that something out there got her antennas going. She was an excellent resource person and had become a pleasure to work with (or perhaps it was I whose perspective had changed).

A Quick Glimpse of Memories

by **Rudelpha Paraschuk (Diedrichs ‘54)**

Celebrating the 100th year of the first graduating class would not be complete without an honour of recognition to the Nurses Alumni, the glue that keeps all informed and the best of friends.

This memory of the Alumni dates to my second year of training, 1952. The evenings of my encounter with the Alumni, the monthly meetings where these senior RNs entered the grand doors of the Nurses’ Residence always dressed in dresses or suits happy and chatting like no tomorrow. They were on their way down the hall to the inner sanctum, the Reception Room, were it be known, that only ladies were allowed to socialize in their best attire and proper social graces. We as students were so mesmerized with the future unfolding to the glamour of

what our future world would await us.

After the 1954 graduation, the Alumni unfolded naked to reality of work, work, and more work, but mostly lots of joy and friendships appreciating the many talents of just a nurse and finding out that our training prepared us for a future of many roads to follow.

I spent my nursing career at St. Paul’s Hospital so I was initiated into the Alumni through various committees and can say I enjoyed each challenge. There are too many names that would pop into my mind of the devotion of these alumni. The vintage nurses of before 1952 stand out in my memory as the leaders that showed us the way, and kept the love of St. Paul’s that has

guided the devoted alumni still scaling such heights, with all the new technology, I would love to mention names, but you know, as you are all included, with the all included, with the wonderful satellite communities across the country.

Blessings and continue to be the brightest light known as SPH Alumni.

The Doctor's Strike

by Grace Harman (Dolan '59)

I stayed in the OR at St. Paul's Hospital for one year. Things went on as usual there with Mary O'Hara running the show. I was married in 1960 and we moved to North Battleford where again I worked in OR. I was there during the Doctor's Strike in 1962 when the government was going to implement the Saskatchewan Medical Care Insurance Bill. Some doctors withheld services and some did not. At the same time the public was divided between anger at the doctors who withheld service and anger at the government's Hospital Insurance Bill.

We always had a doctor available at the hospital and extensive triage was necessary. I do not remember any deaths happening that were blamed on the strike and we tried to take care of everything we could. Only very emergent surgery was done and when necessary I acted as assistant and sister did whatever was left to be done. Thankfully, a situation never arose where one of our doctors was not available.

Toward the end of the strike doctors were brought in from the United States (who were afraid Medicare would spread there), Great Britain and other communities. At this time I believe the government helped set up Community Clinics. These doctors were at a disadvantage in the hospital as were the nurses since we were not familiar with their particular wants and needs for handling a case.

My worst experience was being called to deliver a precipitous birth by myself during which time I was heartily verbally abused. I was so relieved when a nurse from maternity showed up to cut the cord and take the baby. All were relieved when an agreement was reached

after twenty days of the strike—at least according to information I could find.

I decided to move to Public Health, partly because I was on call two weeks out of every four during staff shortages. The hours were great but not being a degree nurse I was unprepared for some of the duties I was called to perform. I had to speak to parent groups about school health programs and once to the Native Reserve Council. These were intimidating. I also did not like the fact that being a government employee I was required to join a union.

I learned many skills about handling situations where parents objected to my interference when lice were rampant in a school or a family. I would spend many hours obtaining glasses for a certain child but once they arrived they were shared. We were still tracking TB patients and I dispensed and tried to ensure medications were taken.

As you can see there was mega room for educational teaching for which I was unprepared. Luckily, I became pregnant and we moved to Saskatoon where our son was born in good old SPH. I became a stay home Mom except for some casual work at a Saskatoon nursing home. Two years later we moved to Regina and our daughter was born. Again I was a stay home Mom except for some casual work at Wascana Rehabilitation Centre.

We moved to Sicamous, BC where we owned a houseboat business. There are many stories there—from arguments with customers who left the boat filthy and did not want me to charge them for cleaning—to middle of the night calls that the houseboat was sinking. We

also went through a spring flood where we had to tie the houseboats to the trees in our front yard.

We sold the business five years later and I started casual work at Enderby Hospital. It was a small hospital and I worked in the whole hospital. My first night in charge

of the hospital with only one LPN for staff, I again had a baby situation. This time the doctor was present and he knew where supplies were as neither of us did. The small hospital was a great experience and I spent seven enjoyable years there. Most shifts, there was excitement of one kind or another.

Memories

Regretfully, the name of the author has been misplaced—our apologies

I have attended only five reunions as I always felt I was too busy with children, work or business. I attended the alumni meetings in Calgary with Lynn Kowalevsky which kept us in contact. There are so many great things to talk about of years of training. Sneaking up to the roof to sunbath was one favourite summer pastime.

We had a shortage of residence rooms during my first and third years. Several Saskatoon girls were asked to move home for this time. I wish I had the energy now that Doreen Bamford and I had to walk many miles home after our night shift. Other students thought we were so lucky to be living at home, missing the curfew and having better meals to mention a few ideas. They neglected to think about us getting up at 5:00 a.m. or earlier to catch our bus and transfer at Avenue A and 24th Street to be at work on time. It was harder for us to take part in activities at residence and I did miss the camaraderie of the other girls. Many of my SPH friends spent time at my parents home who, I realize now, were

so patient with last minute meals or overnight guests. They also had to put up with us getting up in the middle of a meal to start jiving in the living room when good music came on.

All of us smokers remember eating our meals in ten minutes so we could rush over and have a smoke in that great little room in the residence. We had to be sure we allowed time to move off the sidewalk if we met any seniors who of course were our heroes.

One of my worst experiences was during probie days when I dropped the side rail on the foot of a patient while attempting to help him into bed. The worst time was when I happened to look up while stripping a bed to see Mary T watching as the linen fell to the floor. My mind went blank and to this day I can't remember what was said or done, but amazingly I still graduated.

I could go on and on about the good times and bad but each of us made the best of it and such is life.

That Pill

by Lily Krause (Baergen '58B)

Ed had a hernia repair and was feeling poorly. He was restless and agitated and unable to sleep. I was the Registered Nurse on the night shift on First Floor at St.

Paul's Hospital during a four-year stint on nights during 1959-1963.

Ed was one of my patients. On my first round I found

him awake and frustrated. After my assessment I realized he was not in pain but simply unable to sleep and had not had a good sleep for some time. So I brought him a pill – a sleeping pill. He accepted it, swallowed it and shortly thereafter fell asleep.

In succeeding years I had occasion to meet him periodically, and without fail, he would refer to the time that I brought him “that pill”. Without question, this simple act of nursing care was a turning point in Ed’s recovery.

SUN: The Beginning of a Nursing Union

by **Mary Parchewsky ‘53**

I was nominated to a negotiating committee at an SRNA meeting. The members of the team picked me as their leader. None of us knew what our duties would be to find terms of agreement of a new contract. The Service Employees International Union (SEIU) took the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses Association (SRNA) to court because they represented management nurses, who can’t be a part of contract negotiations according to Labour Laws. SEIU won. The SRNA took it to the Supreme Court. SEIU won again.

The nurses were in a panic; they had a negotiating committee but no organization behind them. As leader of the committee my phone didn’t stop ringing. I didn’t know what to do! I went to the professor whose class I had just started. He suggested we either join an existing union or start our own union. I called Manitoba and Ontario organizations who were leaders of their union-like groups. I called a meeting of Saskatchewan Registered Nurses to meet in Saskatoon to determine what the nurses wanted.

After two days of meeting with two lawyers we decided in 1974 to give it a try. I appeared before the Labour Board to apply for certification of Sask. Union of

Nurses. This whole deal was very trying and stressing. We were given the certification but we had to have RNs at each local sign a paper that this was what they wanted. The Saskatchewan Union of Nurses (SUN) was born. Life continued to be a big responsibility for me, not knowing much about labour laws. I survived and so did Saskatchewan’s registered nurses. Today they have an effective organization. In 1987 the book entitled “You Can’t Eat Dedication” was published.³

I have experienced a variety of things, living just outside New York City, climbing to the top of statue of Liberty, skating with Anne Zypchen in Central Park NY and watching the St. Patrick’s Day parade with Madeline Nagle on 5th Avenue in New York City ... to name a few. I delivered a set of twins in Jersey (no doctor). I attended many meetings at the Canadian Nurses’ Association. My days at SPH have been great. Camaraderie brought happiness at both the student and Union days. My thirty-nine years at SPH were gratifying, especially when former patients regularly identify me as the nurse who was present at the birth of babies.

Thank you SPH for the opportunity to fulfill my life.

Career in Nursing Education

by **Della Howe (Haugen ‘51)**

I worked in small town Saskatchewan for short periods. For about thirty years I worked in Nursing Education. My twelve years as a clinical instructor were my favourite times, because of the chance to combine

teaching and working of the clinical area at the same time.

I remember the caring students who decked the residence hall while I was living there. I had always

wanted a sister so suddenly in 1947 I hit the “jackpot” with all types of sisters; I keep in touch with many of them to this day.

The beautiful “Blue Room” is still a vivid picture to me and how about those capes with the red, red lining. There was the motherly older nun who stood by the cloak room and handed out oranges from behind the bib of her apron.

Jimmy the Orderly and Freddie the patient insisted on being part of the teaching staff. Also what I remember, but do not miss are the curfews.

Sister Ste. Croix was an educator ahead of her time. I enjoyed her accent, e.g. *Students give up their ‘sit’ to older people on the streetcar*. I treasured working for her after graduation.

Remembering Freddie

by Elizabeth Piche (Scoular ‘45)

My work life started in Gravelbourg in 1945, where I did general duty nursing, as well as being OR scrub nurse. I was married there, and then moved to North Battleford in 1949. I continued nursing while raising a family of five, doing general duty, working in Public Health, then in Doctors’ offices until retiring in 1987.

There was a Polio ward at St. Paul’s and part of the treatment was to wrap the patient in a warm blanket, heated in a washing machine, and changed frequently. It was a busy time. Later, while working in Public Health, 1953-1956, polio clinics were held and injections given.

I began my training in February 1942. That same month, a patient named

Freddie Laroque from Meadow Lake was admitted. He had been injured in a logging accident and was paralyzed in his lower body. He seemed special to us and we made him one of our class! When

we graduated in May of 1945, it was arranged that Freddie be taken by ambulance for the exercises, which were held at the former Capital Theatre on Second Avenue.

Early in 1943, a St. Paul’s grad was matron at a small hospital in Scott, SK. Two nurses working with her had to go back to Saskatoon to write exams, so two

undergrads were sent to Scott. I don’t know how or why we were chosen, but Peggy Young and I were sent to Scott, for two weeks. As I was senior by six months, I was put on night shift. In the 1940s in small towns, the electricity was shut off



In this Jubilee year – we offer you our dear Graduates, to the Province as a tribute of golden values. May your pledge of sincerity towards suffering humanity be the continuation of the Divine Charity so generously planted in our land by the pioneers. In return we have an obligation to keep alive, powerful and fruitful our sacred heritage with an increased love, devotedness and charity toward the preservation of life. Only by the betterment of the moral virtues along with the professional knowledge and skill will we be able to grow firm and strong – and be able to attain the ideal of a noble past in the new century to come ...

Sister A. Ste. Croix, sgm, Yearbook, 1954-55

from midnight to six a.m. This meant that gas and oil lamps had to be lit. Fortunately I knew how to do this. One night a doctor brought in a patient for some minor surgery. As it was after midnight the instruments had to

be sterilized by boiling on the cook stove. Then I had to hold the gas lamp so that the doctor could see to do the procedure.

Those two weeks were a great learning experience.

Staff Have Christmas Off

by Mary Stang '57

Before Christmas in 1980, admissions to St. Paul's were restricted to emergency and urgent cases only. As many patients as possible were discharged. The goal was to give more staff Christmas off and likely to keep the budget in a better light. This seemed to succeed at least somewhat for that purpose. After New Year, about January 3rd, was one of the most hectic days I have seen not counting disaster situations. That day there were seventy-five new admissions to the hospital in twenty-four hours. The patients varied from those returning after some days at home, to pre-operative, medical and pediatric patients and all ages.

The staff in all departments was overwhelmed with the workload. I think Fifth Floor surgery had about twenty-five admissions in about eighteen hours. The patients were fast-tracked to bed as quickly as possible. On evening shift few staff got much time for a meal. Many staff simply worked overtime to complete the doctor's orders and necessary charting on their patients. The interns were rushing to do the required histories and physical examinations. It was a hectic day, evening shift and into the night. A day or two later there was a meeting that I was asked to attend. When the topic of admissions in one day came up there was a type of sigh. To this day I recall well the words of one of the pathologists from the laboratory.

"Sister," said Dr C. S., "with all due respect there is only so much that the staff can do."

Later I was told that the laboratory staff had done the most lab tests in units since they were recording in this method. X-Ray (diagnostic imaging) was extremely busy as well as all the other departments of the hospital.

Needless to say, the nursing staff was literally run off their feet trying to keep up and catch up with the enormous workload. I do not recall a major emergency during my shift that evening or any other untoward event. It was an unforgettable evening shift for many staff members.

During my one assignment to night shift on First Floor probably since 1955, my patient assignment included the seven-bed ward on the west wing. It was a fairly routine night, answering patient calls, medications at midnight (e.g., every six hours) and such.

Some time in the early hours of the night a senior gentleman was transferred from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Humboldt to St. Paul's Hospital medical ward. My job was to do his admission and some orientation to this ward. One of the first things this patient said to me was that he was so pleased that I came with him from Humboldt. This was a puzzle to me for a moment. He did not appear at all confused. My reply was that I did not come with him from Humboldt. He asked me if my name was Stang. Yes and it was on my name tag on my uniform. Then he asked if my name was Mary and I said yes. He said that I looked just like his nurse at Humboldt. So I told him that my cousin was a student nurse at Humboldt and that she looked a lot like me [according to some people]. I said that we were double first cousins, our mothers are sisters and our dads are brothers. Our student uniforms were very similar as were our caps. I don't recall if Freddie Laroque confirmed my identity at that time or later. Freddie seemed to make sure that each new patient admission to this (his) ward received some of his help to make them comfortable even if it was 3:00 a.m.

Elizabeth Kept Us In Order

by Fay Roberts (Turner '53)

My work life seems like a long time ago and I regret not having nursed more, combined with motherhood. I watch my daughters doing both very successfully. These days I am thankful for health and opportunity to be active at golf and travel and playing bridge. I try to balance all that with volunteer work at the seniors care home—playing piano at sing songs, playing cards and walking and visiting residents. In the last year I have been learning about computers and finding it challenging at times but exciting to talk or read blogs from grandchildren halfway around the world.

My favourite memory of training days:

The first months we had study periods each evening. Elizabeth kept us all in order. Anna and others wrote the class song with “Toni Logan our only man”. In 1981 at the reunion in Vancouver we danced to Mart Kenny’s Band. Having attended many reunions I want to say a big thank you to all who have worked hard on them, especially the Saskatoon gals.

One hundred years is such a milestone and so much to look back on.

But She Was On Call!

by Rita McDonald (Purdy '49)

The phone is ringing and I woke to hear my Mother say, “But she was on call and spent a large portion of the night at the hospital!” Silence then as Mom got an ear full—too bad but she is booked to scrub for an eight o’clock case.

By this time I had tied my shoes and was out the door to catch the Pleasant Hill street car running down 8th Street leaving my mother’s voice wondering why I ever worked in that place. I liked working in that place, with Sister Fortier tsk, tsk, tsking, yet she made and maintained lovely soft white face masks for her Grad nurses; that place where you could be called to set up for a case during the night; that place where the Grad on call would phone the Nurses’ Residence to alert students on call for a case. On one occasion she phoned the team and us when we were in the middle of administering Toni perms to each other. Too bad!

Head Nurse, Mary O’Hara was a special person; she ran a well-oiled operation and made sure you were performing your duties as assigned and kept the surgeons happy—not always an easy task.

Room one was used by Chief of Staff R.H. McDonald and Miss Philips—a graduate from St. Joseph’s in Victoria—who was his scrub nurse and R.H. did not like her. She tried to do her best but often it was not enough. I was in the junior scrub position and suspected I was being groomed for the position of senior scrub for R.H., an idea that made my back break out in a rash that had to be treated at night with calamine to ease the itch.

R.H. as he was called, would throw things around on occasion and one day threw a used lung hoop at O’Hara as she was leaving the theatre. It was not a wise thing to do. The surgeons, when operating, wore tennis running shoes and R.H. asked a probie to “sterilize my shoes”. She did—put them in the autoclave and out came mini tennis shoes. His fellow surgeons suggested he have them bronzed—not a bad idea but didn’t happen.

I arrived at work one day when O’Hara greeted me with the news that Dr. McDonald had died suddenly while attending a conference in Florida. She said, “I’m going to the wake and make sure it’s him.” I heard his footsteps coming into the department for weeks

following his death, but my rash disappeared. This left Dr. Wait as senior surgeon with scrub nurse Skarsgard—they were a good pair. She would make sure he didn't splash around too much in the rinse basin and that his cake pan had been sterilized for use. It was the time of Dr. Genereux, Dr. Hart, Dr. Rosher, Dr. Campbell—to name a few.

I fainted one day while endlessly holding a retractor and

woke up in Ann's linen room. Ann folded our linens and made certain we had cocoa and cookies between cases. She kept the sterilizers going and assisted Reg, the orderly, in the transport of patients. The surgeons, Sister Fortier and Miss O'Hara, together with the Grad nurses and students, not only worked together as a team, but the main objective was always focused on kind patient care and protection.

Living My Life as a Nurse

by "Sam" Adeline Wood (Samborski '56)

Our School Song was so marvelous, with such an array of marvelous words, which inspired me, gave me a great feeling of belonging and of solidarity with my peers. Putting on the crisp starched white uniform to go on wards—oh my, how wonderful; the cap—halfway mark in the first year! Then the halfway pin and finally the black band of graduation! This milestone became a milestone of accomplishment. And even as the years of the future unfolded, work and salary, post grad education at the U of S in teaching and supervision, Grant MacEwan certification course in Occupational Health Nursing, marriage, children and grandchildren. The image of nurses, the love of having been a nurse and even now – what I learned has never left me. I lived my life and still do, as a nurse: how gifted I am. Thank you Sisters, Instructors, especially Ms. Cheveldayoff and St. Paul's.

I liked the choir practices and the final performances at the Nurses Graduation Ceremonies at the Capitol Theatre – how special, with our uniforms and sometimes our capes. Also, in general, experiencing the excitement (while training) of Sister Ste. Croix's placements to new floors and departments in the hospital.

The camaraderie with dear friends and my two roommates—the shared stories after having learned a new skill; injection, new info about medical disease, patient conditions and nursing care pertaining to same—that was the most exciting experience and I practically felt the growth and progress each and every time! It consumed my very soul.

A certain Nurse's Whisper comes to me, still, as I live my life in my old age. How precious these moments—of self-esteem and self-respect for having seen "Christ in each patient;" of having soothed a feverish brow, of having given a drink of water to the thirsty, of having held and lifted an edematous, very ill, heart patient, comforted a crying patient with words of hope. When I knelt on the floor, at the base of a bed of a dying patient, I was always afraid; yet, looking back I know the power of the Holy Spirit came upon us to give both of us courage. This experience never became easier, but how good to think I did something as our Lord Jesus would want his servants to do. To help my children, others, now is part of me. That's what a forever nurse does!

I remember tired legs, some blisters on my toes with long arduous days—the sweat running down my back and my morning starched uniform, gone "limp" by the end of a shift. Then the end of a working day classes were interspersed, a "retreat", a "concert", a "dance" in the school residence; all so special, and never forgotten, for the transforming impact these events all had on me. All etched into my very being.

Memories of entering into a new specialty, with the consequential gathering and learning from voluminous medical notes – the diseases, the signs and symptom, diagnostic tests and treatment; so much theory which I loved and which I employed first (theory) and guided

my practical work with detail and thoroughness for each patient; so sensitive in nature and a perfectionist. The Nurse Whisperer tells me the pain taught me, in retrospect, humility, compassion and a great personal need to help the wounded in spirit, in hope and in

physical need. The Nurse Whisperer whispers to me now too, sometimes in a nudging way, sometimes to bring me a sense of calm in believing that becoming a nurse was the best thing ever.

Early Morning Jog

by Kathleen Chatlain (Moker '58B)

One night when working on first floor a man was admitted with a bleeding gastric ulcer. He also had psychological problems. About 5 a.m. he left the hospital in just his hospital gown and ran down 20th Street. I grabbed a blanket and ran after him. There we were running down the middle of 20th Street with

his gown flopping in the breeze. The night supervisor phoned the police, so just as I caught him and threw the blanket around him, a police car arrived and took us back to the hospital. Thank goodness there wasn't any traffic at that hour of the morning. I have often laughed about this.

Can One Care Too Much?

by Anna Waterhouse (McKee '53)

I had offered to sit with my friend Lovell who was in hospital ill with cancer and I told his wife that I would sit with him during the night from 11 p.m. until 8 a.m. He'd asked her to stay all night but she'd been there all day and was exhausted.

Lovell looked so uncomfortable. He was sitting high up in the bed, sweating and almost falling forward. When the nurse entered the room I asked her if I could have a complete change of bed linen and give him a wash and back rub. In front of my friend she said, "*He is dying, why do you need all that stuff for him?*" I quickly ushered her out of the room and said, "*How dare you say that in front of my friend. Don't ever talk like that in front of him again.*"

I lowered the bed and asked the nurse to help me pull the mattress up to the top of the bed. I then proceeded to bath Lovell, change the linen and give him a good brisk back rub. Raising the bed up slightly I placed two pillows behind him crossed at the neck to support his

shoulders. He was so comfortable and the nurse said she had never seen that done before.

I explained to Lovell that I would be turning him every two hours and giving him a good back rub at that time. He was so happy.

After getting home in the morning our minister phoned and asked what I had done with Lovell's pillows because he wouldn't let anyone touch them!

The second night after bathing him again he asked me to pray with him. The nurse wanted to know why I bothered to care for his bedsores as he was dying anyway. My, how our nursing

Does anyone remember: How to give a bed patient a shampoo? Make an interstitial bed? Change a mattress with the patient in bed? Carbolize a bed? Make a post-op bed? Put a patient in a Trendelenberg position? Make a sinapism? Apply a scultetus binder?

has changed since our Miss Mackenzie taught us, eh? Remember when we even sang together? For years I sang songs and solos for seniors as I really enjoyed my seniors. Later that night the night sister came by and asked me if I would special her when she had her knee replacement. She said I was the only nurse who didn't sleep on the night shift!

During my time of nursing in Calgary at the Grace Hospital on surgery ward, one thing our Head Nurse had to do was to give each nurse an evaluation every six months. I enjoyed my work very much and my evaluations were always good with one constant exception and that was, *Ann cares too much about her patients and their personal problems.*

One day when I went to work after having been away for holidays, I was given my patient assignment list and was told, "*Oh, by the way, you will just have to ignore Mrs. Jones in 211-B. She had a hysterectomy ten days ago and she refuses to get out of bed, do breathing exercises or co-operate with us in any way. It doesn't matter what you try to do for her, nothing is good enough.*"

I was deeply concerned for Mrs. Smith and all day long I went out of my way to do extra things for her with no success. She simply lay in bed with her head turned to the wall. I had a very heavy patient load and many very ill patients and by the end of my shift at 3 p.m. I was really worried about her. When I had finished my shift, I phoned my babysitter and asked her if she would mind staying with my children a while longer and she said that was fine.

I went back to Mrs. Smith's ward, drew the curtains around her bed, sat down in a chair, removed my nurses

cap and said, "*Mrs. Smith, I am off duty now and have time to talk with you. I pride myself on being a good nurse and when I can't do anything right for a patient, then there is a problem and I want you to know that I really care about you. Do you realize that by not getting out of bed, moving around etc. you are endangering yourself to a blood clot? Please tell me about your five children and your husband. They need you very much.*" Mrs. Smith looked up at me with tears running down her cheeks and said, "*You really care, don't you?*"

To make a long story short—Mrs. Smith's husband had committed suicide two weeks before her surgery and had been mentally ill for ten years and unable to work. She had been the sole provider for her family. Her doctor hadn't bothered to mention this to us.

We talked and it seemed all her children were great kids with part time jobs to help out. Mrs. Smith had been holding down three jobs: during the day she cleaned houses, during the evening she ran a food catering service and stayed up half the night to provide and cook her catering food. Her children had saved their money and bought her a two-oven stove so she could do more things at once.

I hugged her and said, "*Your children have lost their father, but you have been mother and father to them for ten years and they need you and love you. Please get up and show them that you want to live!*"

Needless to say the staff was greatly astonished to see us walking together arm in arm down the hall. She progressed by leaps and bounds and went home happily within a few days time.

Tell me—is there such a thing as caring too much?

These Canadian Nurses Are Hard to Beat!

by **Glrenna Vigrass (Graham '53)**

It was a year and a half after graduation that Laurence and I married and set off for California, Laurence to go to university and me to work at Palo Alto Hospital. During my first week of work there was an order to start

a gastric suction on my patient and when asked if I could do it, I said, "Sure", although I was not all that sure. So I gathered up the tube, bowl of ice, lubricant, adhesive tape and the suction apparatus and set up at the bedside.

First thing I knew there were eight nurses standing in the background watching this procedure. Luckily for me, it all went well and when it was over our head nurse exclaimed, “These Canadian nurses are hard to beat.” I don’t suppose that endeared me to the staff, but I remember being very thankful and proud that I had been so well trained at St. Paul’s.

My working career was quite sporadic after two years at Palo Alto Hospital where I was required to quit work when five months pregnant with our first child. In 1967 my “Centennial project” was to take a refresher course in Calgary. I subsequently went to work at Rockyview Hospital, working all shifts. I found that very hard with three kids between the ages of eleven and

seven and so that enterprise lasted only six months. It was fortuitous that I had been able to get my nursing registration because when we moved to Regina and Wascana Institute was starting up in 1972, I was hired for a position where registration was required. The position that I was offered was teaching Anatomy and Physiology in the Nursing Program, which I did for nineteen years, and it was fun! Little did they know that I would have done it for nothing, but the paycheque was good for the self-esteem!

Seared into my memory is the day I was offered that position and the stunned look on my family’s faces at the supper table when I broke the news that I had a job.

Nurse Mannequin

by **Mary Stang ‘57**

This happened a few months after the St. Paul’s nurse mannequin was placed in the display case on A-wing hallway. A thirty-something man walked by and looked at the display. He was overheard to say,

“Doesn’t that just knock your socks off?”



Diet Kitchen Assignment

by **Audrey Brayshaw (Cummings ‘50)**

When I came to St. Paul’s I had virtually no cooking experience. Mother was an excellent cook, the meals were always delicious, varied and on time—a family time together. The Diet Kitchen duty was for early risers and when one didn’t rise early, the other partner worked

very fast setting up the trays. (No cell phone calls to awaken anyone.)

The whole kitchen atmosphere unnerved me – the size of the place, the noise, the heat, the number of people and the variety of smells/aromas. The utensils were of such

a size, things I had never seen before. One of my first assignments was making individual salads. I admired how nice they looked. I was told to put them in the cooler. "Where is that?" I asked. "Over there!"

Over there were several large, thick, heavy wooden doors. I opened a door and went inside; it felt so good after that oppressive heat. When noon came there was a chorus of where are the salads? "Over there," I offered. You know now how my salads looked with frost bite! I had chosen the freezer, not the cooler. So much haste was needed to replace the frozen lettuce leaves which were not too plentiful in the winter of 1948. I hope the trays were not so late that the hot food was cold and I hope the patients enjoyed their salads. Another reason why we have orientation programs today.

Another experience was with the morning cereal. One day oatmeal, Cream of Wheat and then Sunny Boy. My day was Cream of Wheat. I felt like one of the witches in Shakespeare's Macbeth stirring the cauldron, "Boil & Bubble!" It boiled and bubbled and I stirred with a long wooden paddle. I stopped to look over the edge of the cauldron and a bubble shot up at me. I had a "bindi" right in the middle of my forehead, red and bright. After that I just kept stirring at arm's length with the paddle not peeping to see how it was doing.

The good things about Dietary were the "leftovers" you were allowed to take by tray to the cafeteria. You so enjoyed the fruits of your labour; it was like home cooking, just like mother's. Today, I enjoy cooking and have many times used helpful instruction imparted so long ago.

1953 Memories of Training Days

by Ruby Ronning (Anderson '53)

Ada Astels (Oleksyn) and I were roommates from 1950-52 and our room was on the first floor at the Nurses' Residence.

Often on our free time or days off we would sit on the balcony on the east side of the first floor. This particular time we were out there at 5:00 a.m. enjoying the early summer sunrise. I expect we were chatting but not loudly, when we noticed Sister Ste. Croix coming out on

her way to early mass. She heard us and looked up at us for one of those long pauses and then continued on her way.

We both expected to be called into her office but never did receive that request!

To this day we reminisce and chuckle about this and other incidents that happened in the three years of residence life. All the memories are remembered fondly.

Education – Thank You

by Mary E. Mayes (Reeves '49)

I immigrated to the USA the fall of 1954 and had been doing hospital nursing those past many years, retiring in 1989. During this time, I worked in ten different hospitals. My husband and I did a lot of travelling.

To maintain my Nurse's License, I was required to have so many working hours and had to attend so many classes

each year. While I worked some in ICU, I worked mostly in the ER. I never had a problem getting a job or getting a nurse's license in any state, never had to take an exam or additional classes. Thank you, St. Paul's, for giving us students a good education.

I published a study manual for the Nurses Aide. From the royalties, I set up a scholarship through the 2nd Marine Division, for students who lost their fathers in the war.

I was able to attend quite a few class and hospital reunions over the years as all my family live in Saskatchewan. My sister Helen Geall (Alumni??) has kept me informed through the years of our classmates and the hospital activities.

Appreciated the Teaching for Our Physical and Spiritual Good

by Marguerite Mirandou (Fournier '54)

After graduation I remained on staff at St. Paul's in the obstetrical department then accompanied a friend to John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. I spent a year in the obstetric and gynecology department. We then went on to Palo Alto Hospital in California where I worked for three months before returning east where my fiancé lived in Rhode Island. I worked in the intensive care unit in Rhode Island Hospital before our wedding. Since then raising our family of ten children kept me occupied. My St. Paul's training was often put to the test. I appreciated the teaching by the nuns, priests, staff doctors and nurses for our physical and spiritual good. The residence was a refuge shared with fellow students.

Our family had enjoyed several trips to my Canadian home. I have recently seen the beautiful St. Paul's

Hospital facade and took a snap near the Sacred Heart statue.

Since I was a student during the time of the polio epidemic, I experienced the care of polio victims in a separate building. The iron lungs were a little frightening but necessary respirators for some. Hot packs were applied to the affected muscles.

I spent some time at the tuberculosis sanatorium on the outskirts of the city. I met an Indian family friend there from the Red Earth reservation. Many contracted the disease due to living conditions.

I also experienced some time at the Psychiatric unit in Regina. The shock treatments were really scary. We were taken to visit the asylum in North Battleford which left quite an imprint on our minds.

Chronicles of Children, Their Wards and Their Caregivers

by **Dennise Martin '58**, on behalf of **Phyllis Kachur (McGill '49)**, and **Lorraine LaBine (Vetter '59)**

Somewhere in an archive box or in someone's memory bank there is probably a date when children began occupying the second story of the two-storey frame and stucco building to the south of the long east-west wing of the main hospital. It may have been around 1924, long before our time and not relevant to the memories we wish to share. The units in this frame building were accessed via ramps off first floor, down to Medical Ward, up to Children's Ward. In our recollection the unit was always called Children's Ward or CW, not Pediatric Ward or Peds. The name would change in 1963 when children were moved to the seventh floor of the new hospital. A more heart-wrenching change would occur when in 1983 St. Paul's Hospital and the staff of pediatrics would say good-bye to the children. The decision was made by the Saskatoon and District Health Board that all pediatrics was to be consolidated at Royal University Hospital and the staff would be reassigned. Today we heard of a designated hospital for children. The Saskatchewan Children's Hospital is to be built on the grounds of the University of Saskatchewan.

The Old

Anyone who had worked on CW knows how significant that "up" ramp was. We all remember the distinctive clatter of stretchers returning from the OR on third floor. These stretchers came up the ramp at break-neck speed bearing an unconscious child directly from the OR. Between the OR and the ward neither suction nor oxygen was readily available. The concept of a Recovery Room/Post Anesthesia Unit was an idea whose time had not yet come. There was a distinct advantage for the child as it woke up in its own bed, in a familiar place and to a familiar face. We do not recall any mishaps in our time.

Once having ascended the ramp, a set of double doors opened into a narrow rectangular room running from north to south. Part of this was the Nurse's Station. It was more of a corridor with a chart desk on wheels and a low counter with stools. There were also a couple of

maroon and beige leatherette armchairs which served as a waiting room. There wasn't a lot of room, but it seemed functional. No loitering at the desk there! In fact when Dr. Buckwold, his Associates and the Interns made rounds, if the Head Nurse with the chart desk hadn't moved around to each of his patients there wouldn't have been room for all of them. Space was a commodity in short supply.

On the southeast corner of the rectangle was a small room with three small cribs. Often the occupants of these cribs were "long stay" children. In today's world Infection Control personnel would become absolutely catatonic by the close proximity of these cribs. Just a narrow walkway separated the cribs. There wasn't enough room between the cribs for two people to pass one another. Since we do not recall any major outbreak of infection, perhaps the area was protected by a divine germ barrier helped by good nursing practices. Likewise the children had probably become acclimatized to their environment. You know the old adage, "if it works, don't fix it."

Opening off the desk area was a wide hallway dividing the remaining space. On the north side was a medication room, treatment room, bathroom and a small nursery with bassinets. On the south was a large room with twenty cubicles around the periphery and an open area in the middle. Here is where all the action was as each cubicle had either a large crib or a bed. Later the number would be reduced to nineteen to make room for a wall-mounted TV and a storage space for toys. Initially there was only one TV station with very little programming for children. Of course, it was black and white with a lot of snow. The age groups in this room preferred action; action with a live sound track was even better.

The open middle area was a busy space. It served as a play area, eating area and even space for an extra bed or crib or more as the need arose. On any given day you could find a small group of children playing out

the roles they saw on a daily basis. Some even wore paper nurses' caps and they improvised with what ever was available as equipment. Stuffed animals and dolls were the clientele. One day an astute member of such a group made a critical observation on one of the patients: "no bum.". Others in the group, as good consultants should, gathered around, observed and confirmed: "no bum." Then they all went back to their play, taking rectal temperatures with drinking straws. Here too were crawlers practicing their locomotion skills while wearing rolled up pyjama bottoms; cruisers with their typical wide stance making their way around the furniture learning what the world looked like from the upright position; a future construction worker erecting something using wooden building blocks; Dr. Buckwold, his Associates and Interns with the Head Nurse pushing the chart desk making daily rounds; Rose from housekeeping trying to complete her cleaning duties without disrupting the children's activity. In and around this obstacle course would be nurses busy carrying out the required care while keeping a watchful eye on the activity to ensure all were safe. Someone might be comforting a crying child or arbitrating the ownership of a toy. In this area children were under constant supervision and each nurse knew every child. This dedicated team believed that they were part of every child's extended family.

During fall and winter months the ward would often be visited by uninvited guests. They would arrive mainly in the later evening or during the night via the pipes connected to steam radiators. One night while having lunch in the basement cafeteria of the main building Mrs. Kachur announced that there had been a death on CW. The first floor staff looked puzzled as they had not heard the very distinctive rattle and clanking of the morgue stretcher. Mrs. Kachur had euthanized a mouse.

During the later half of the 1950s and early 1960s, Dr. Gerard, Chief of Pediatrics, at the University Hospital was conducting research into the little known genetic metabolic disorder phenylketonuria (PKU). A diagnostic test, commonly known as the "diaper test" had been developed. After that all new admissions were routinely tested and a few cases were identified. Unfortunately, unless the disorder is identified and the treatment begun in newborns, the damage to the central nervous system is not reversible. Our children were identified either in infancy or as toddlers and although treated with the

specialized formula, Lofenalac, and a mainly carbohydrate diet there was little improvement in the symptoms of random repetitive behaviour and profound impairment of mental functions. Later, the "diaper test" was replaced with a simple blood test obtained from a heel prick on all newborn babies. Saskatchewan was in the forefront of testing and treating this disorder.

Some time during 1959-60 an Administrative decision determined that the Children's Ward would move. We do not recall the reasons behind the decision. With the discovery and wide spread use of vaccines for Poliomyelitis, the Isolation Ward was underutilized and the Children's Ward would move there. Vincent, a child who had had polio as an infant and lived in the Polio Ward, would stay in what was the only home he'd ever known.

The New Children's Ward

This new unit would prove to be a very good fit for everyone. The staff saw it as a step up from our previous location although it was further removed from the main building and connected by a series of ramps and corridors leading past the Sisters' Residence which had been the site of the original 1907 hospital. The Isolation Annex was a frame structure with thirty-six beds and had been built in 1922 in fulfillment of government requirements to contain all communicable disease patients in separate quarters away from all other patients (SPH 75th Anniversary brochure).

The unit was designed with a central core services area with a hallway around the periphery. Off this hallway were rooms that accommodated two children. Several larger rooms became a nursery and crib room. Each room had at least one window and the children could now view the world at ground level.

On the east and west ends were the verandas. The west veranda was used for a six crib unit while the east veranda became the playroom/dining room/visitor's lounge and opened onto a large lawn bordered by a tall hedge with tall maple trees for shade. For the first time, children would have an outdoor play area. During good weather in spring, summer and fall, children would spend their time out on the lawn. The smallest children were carried outside for some fresh air while being fed. Infants, wearing diapers on their heads and bottoms, would

crawl on (or off) blankets as they investigated the texture, smell and even the taste of grass. Toys appeared from somewhere—tricycles, wagons and push and pull vehicles. Picnics were held out on the lawn, the eating area moved outdoors. Since we were separated from the main hospital, visiting regulations became more relaxed and siblings were allowed to accompany their parents, so families could gather together on the green space. Birthdays were celebrated here with whole families, including grandparents, attending. Toddlers and older children came in with grass-stained feet and knees and sun-kissed faces. Whoever heard of children getting a suntan while in hospital? Well, these did. There was no air conditioning, so when it was warm outside, it was warm if not warmer inside so everyone was grateful for the shade of old maple trees and spent as much time as possible outside.

One day Dr. Yip and Mrs. Kachur captured a rabbit for the children to pet and observe. It was the advent of pet therapy and a happy event for the children though probably not as happy for the rabbit.

The oval corridor that surrounded the central service areas and separated them from the patient rooms was somewhat like the popular walking/racing tracks of today but without the designated lanes. When the weather did not permit outdoor play this oval track was a popular alternative. Large muscle groups got a workout crawling, cruising, walking and racing along its length and around the corners. Adults in the area had to beware of the traffic.

The trip back from the Operating Room was much longer after the move so more than “breakneck speed” was required now. The clatter of the stretcher could be heard as it rounded the corner at the Sisters’ Residence. To enhance the safety of the unconscious child an intern often accompanied the porters. Perhaps because the Sisters’ prayers must have been heard in High Places we did not have any casualties.

Jean F. (aka Johnny) Jean lived on the ward for about four years and was one of the children to move to the new location. His chronic condition required him to be hooked up to several drainage bottles. Had it not been for the ingenuity of Mrs. Kachur’s husband, he would have been confined to a bed or at best a chair, but John Kachur built a cart to hold the drainage bottles thus liberating

Jean to travel the ward towing his ever-present cart. As a rule, Jean did not wear hospital attire except at night. His wardrobe consisted of hand-me-ups and hand-me-downs that didn’t always match. When the clothing supply was exhausted, a Jean jar was put out to collect donations for new clothes. Staff, doctors, interns and visitors all contributed to this fund. One day Dr. Blue, Jean’s doctor, asked how Jean’s civies (non-hospital clothing) were acquired. After he was told, he left the ward and returned to make a much needed contribution to the cause.

A special day for Jean F. and Susan S. Susan, like Jean, was a child who had been on the ward for a long time. A special bond had developed between Susan and one of the nurses on staff, so special that when the nurse was about to be married she chose Susan to be her flower girl. Susan’s dress and accessories were provided by the bride and her family.

Jean was also invited to the wedding. There was nothing in his wardrobe fitting to the occasion so the Jean jar was put out again and a blazer and slacks were purchased. A shirt, tie, socks and shoes were either found or donated. Once he was dressed in his new wardrobe and saw himself in the mirror he proudly announced, “Now I look just like a doctor!”

This proud and happy twosome were so pleased to be considered part of the bride’s extended family, for on that day they weren’t patients but guests at a wedding. If ever there was an event that made someone’s day this had to be it.

It wasn’t uncommon, especially for children who had been patients for a long time or who were a great distance from home, to go out for outings with a staff member or for an overnight or a weekend. Since all clothing the child wore on admission was sent home with the parents, the staff had to rely on the hand-me-up/down supply. When this failed to provide the necessary clothing children could be seen leaving the hospital in pyjamas, housecoat and slippers. Parental consent or permission wasn’t an issue. All that was required was an order from the doctor. Thoughts of liability or lawsuits never came up. How the world has changed!

Barry B. A wish granted. Barry had experienced numerous hospitalizations in his eight short years. He was born with Cystic Fibrosis and eventually needed a tracheostomy to facilitate his breathing and to remove

the thick bronchial secretions. This valiant young fellow had one wish: to go to Pion-Era. We all knew that this year, 1960, would be his last chance at having his wish fulfilled. If there was a "Children's Wish Foundation" we weren't aware of it. Dr. Buckwold set about to see that Barry's wish would be granted. With the help of Doc Landa, an autobody repair shop owner, an air conditioned van was provided by the March of Dimes and the Council for Crippled Children. The van had to be fitted with a secured oxygen tank, suction machine and other equipment that might be needed either en route or while at the grounds of Pion-Era. It also needed to be large enough to hold a bed. When the day arrived, Vincent, also a child who had been with us a long time, became upset because he hadn't been included in the great adventure and after some negotiation he was able to accompany Barry on the excursion. The van was loaded with Barry in his hospital bed and Vincent in his tiny wheelchair, the nurse Barry had chosen to accompany him, Student Nurse M. Flodell, an Intern, an orderly and the driver. No seat belt legislation then. The happy crew set out in 84°F heat for Barry's trip of a lifetime. Wearing

his cowboy shirt, pants and hat, Barry radiated happiness as they pulled away from the ward and left the hospital grounds. An account of the trip was recorded in the next day's edition of *The StarPhoenix* under the headline "Barry Has His Own Grandstand Seat" with a picture of Barry with Chief Harry Littlecrow. Years later Chief Littlecrow remembered the "Boy with the Spirit of an Eagle".

Another of Barry's wishes was honoured; a birthday party with his family. Not long after, on a very hot summer day, Barry set out on his final journey as his Spirit soared like an Eagle while his frail body was left behind to be interred at St. Aloysius Cemetery in Allan, Saskatchewan.

He will raise you up on Eagle's wings

Bear you on the breath of dawn

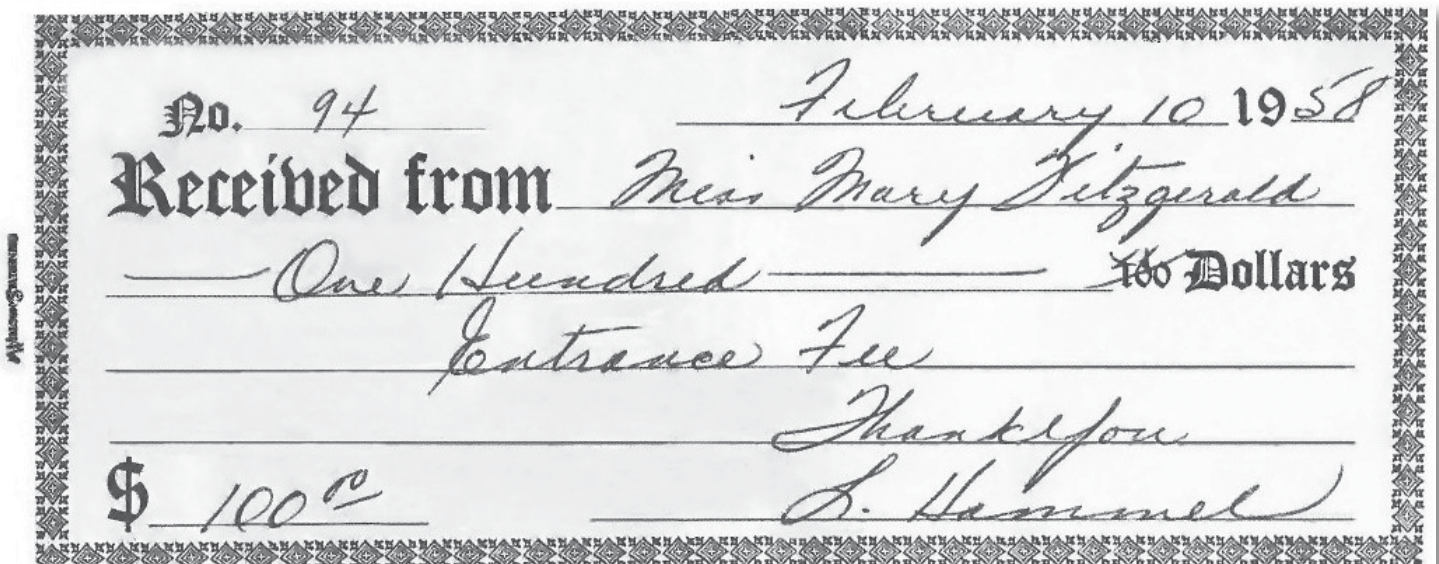
Make you shine like the sun and

Hold you in the palm of His hand.

Michael Joncus © 1959, 1971

New Dawn Press

Any nurse who worked on Children's Ward when Dr. Buckwold was head Pediatrician will remember 'stool parade'. All soiled diapers were labeled with the child's name and saved, then displayed for Dr. Buckwold and other pediatricians when they made rounds. The practice was finally discontinued.



My Operating Room Posting With Eileen Stone

by Jewel Baldwin (Haugen '51)

In 2011, my class will celebrate 60 years as graduates of ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL OF NURSING. Many friendships were formed during training years, as is evident at each reunion. I remember the friendly "hi" amongst students, whether you were a probie or a third-year about to graduate.

My story is my OR posting with Eileen Stone at Thanksgiving of our second year. We were to report on Tuesday morning but were put on call for the weekend before.

Imagine how helpful we would be! Lo and behold, we were called to an emergency Caesarian section.

They taught us to scrub and gown, then put us in a corner

and told 'don't touch a thing'. Well, Dr. Wait told us to 'come closer . . . the better to see' and that's when he hit the basin of water with his hands and drenched us both!! Seconds later, he caught me off balance as he wiped his brow on my shoulder. WELCOME TO THE OR!!! in spite of everything, it was a thrilling experience.

I nursed for over thirty years in three different provinces. I worked OR, obstetrics, palliative & long term care. In a small hospital, you do all of the above. I have met many interesting people, including in the 1970s Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, author of *On Death & Dying*, as well as twenty post-polio patients who had lived in a Winnipeg Hospital since the 1953 outbreak in Manitoba.

Keeping In Touch

by Dorothy R. Bond (Roswell '55)

I first worked on second floor after graduation, then North Battleford, Penticton, Calgary, University Hospital, Saskatoon, again in North Battleford and Powell River, BC. My husband worked for Pacific Western Airlines. Following a short time in Dawson Creek we finally settled in Richmond, BC in 1969 and I live in the same little house.

My favourite memories are classmates and still keeping in touch fifty-eight years later! And tears of joy in receiving pins, cap and a splendid grad ceremony although at the time of training days, we did not realize those years gave us a life experience for the future. Sincere gratitude to the Alumni for planning amazing reunions.

Life at Ile-à-la-Crosse

by Mary Sue Brander (Kergen '48)

After being on staff at St. Paul's Nursery from February to June 1948, I went to work with the Grey Nuns at St. Joseph's Hospital in Ile-à-la-Crosse, 200 miles northwest of Prince Albert. I caught the mail plane at Prince Albert (my first plane trip). The people were delighted to tell me about the grand celebrations held two years before to commemorate the centennial of the Oblate Mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse. Some years after 1846, three Grey Nuns undertook a dangerous journey of sixty-seven days by Hudson Bay barge from St. Boniface to Ile-à-la-Crosse to assist the Oblates in their work with the Indian and Métis people. It was, in fact, in 1860 at Ile-à-la-Crosse, that the first nursing service was recorded in the territory which would become the province of Saskatchewan. It was, incidentally, that same year, 1860, that the first training school for nurses was opened, under the direction of Florence Nightingale, in London.

Although Sister Ste. Croix had tried to discourage me from going to that remote wilderness, my two years at Ile-à-la-Crosse were wonderful. The two Sisters, who were nurses, and I took turns doing twelve-hour nights for one month, with no nights off (followed by four days off, in my case). Day shifts were seven to seven with three hours off in the afternoon and one day off a week. During my time there Sister Bonin came to be Superior. Naturally she spent much time in the hospital doing all sorts of things including taking all the pillows apart and put the total amount of feathers in half the number of pillows. Two of Sister Mageau's sisters taught in the next settlement, in the Beauval village school. The Grey Nuns and Oblates also ran the Indian Residential School at Beauval. Ile-à-la-Crosse was the meeting place for the missionaries in that area.

It was there that I had my first canoe and boat rides. In the fall, we skated around the edge of the lake. Later, one Saturday, some students from the local Metis Residential School and I skated across the lake four miles to Fort Black and back. There was also an outdoor rink right outside the hospital and next to the school.

December 25, 1949, after Midnight mass, Hugh and I were married in the chapel of the Oblates' house. Hugh and his brother ran Brander Bros. Transport from Meadow Lake to Green Lake, Beauval, Ile-à-la-Crosse and then on to Buffalo Narrows via the Churchill River using barges in summer and driving trucks on the ice in winter. They also serviced La Loche only in winter since there was no summer road.

In August, 1950, I moved to Meadow Lake. In the course of fifteen years we had our children: Anne, Karen, Jim, Joe, Clay, Ian, Wade, Jane, and Lin. Just before Lin's first birthday, my friend, the Director of Care for the newly opened thirty-bed Nursing Home, phoned to ask me if I would consider replacing her on weekends. I decided I could and I would. The Director of Nursing at the hospital was at that time on the board of the SRNA and got permission for me to take the six-week refresher course at the Meadow Lake Hospital. After a year of working weekends at the Nursing Home, I transferred to the hospital as a full-time staff nurse for thirteen years until 1980. At that time we moved to Saskatoon.

Before this move, over the years, I had earned seven University credits by taking off-campus courses, correspondence courses, and two three-week (summer holiday) courses in Saskatoon. To fulfill the expectations of the younger generation of Branders, I applied to the University of Saskatchewan in 1980. Two years later I had enough credits for a B.A. in Psychology. I worked summers at nearby Sunnyside Nursing Home, then casual and finally permanent part-time nights until retirement time.

Taking the St. Paul's Nurses training turned out to be a blessing for me for my entire life. The training itself was three memorable years. My experiences at St. Paul's, especially in the nursery and kids' ward, helped me in seeing to the health of my family. My experiences at Sunnyside Nursing Home are helping me right now to take in stride my husband's memory loss.

Fate

by Vivian C. Patrick (Harvey '54)

I came into St. Paul's School of Nursing by fate. I was at the U of S taking second year of Commerce. My dad had a farm accident. It was harvest time and I chose to stay at home and finish taking off the crop. By the time the last load was in the granary it was too late to go back to U of S so I applied to St. Paul's. It was my father's idea. Thank you, Dad.

I entered nursing school in February 1951. No big deal for me as I had gone to a private girls' school in Regina. You may think that St. Paul's was strict—you have never been to an Anglican Girls' School. To make a long story short, I enjoyed my training days.

Things I remember the most... the smoking room, Madam Le Gare's hats, Urb Donlevy and his choir ... I was not chosen; Mary T. Mackenzie's car and earrings.

Cathy and I hung out in the smoking room. She and I did the dumbest things like trying to scare Mrs. Morgan. We would sneak out the window just to prove we could. Getting back in was another story, but we did. I don't think that Cathy and I have changed much.

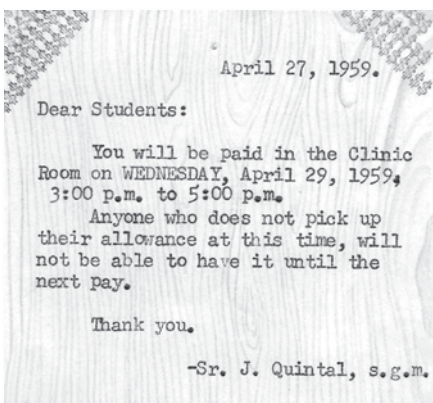
As a probie, I was working evenings on second, dragging bedpans when I met this good-looking man. He was

visiting his sister, my patient. His name was Bill Patrick ... and the rest is history.

Sr. Fortier and I hit it off from day one—and Mary O'Hara—must have had the same karma. We three worked together like one. I spent nine months of my training days in the OR in year two. Come graduation, I received the OR award, something I cherish to this day. After graduation, I went to work in the OR for four wonderful years. What went on in the OR stayed in the OR.

Bill and I were married in November, 1954. We had seven children—all were healthy, normal and now I have seventeen grandchildren and one great grandchild. In those child-bearing years not once did I ever regret it, in truth it was the best time of my life. I was active in all things that mothers did then and still had time to play bridge.

I have held every position on the Alumni, maybe more than once. I remember the opposition I had to the first book of names and addresses, how it took me two or three years to get the scholarship program up and running, but in the end it was worth every hour. I was never known as a quitter ...



Looking Back

by Loretta Wideen (Young '55)

As I watch our daughter assisting her two daughters prepare for university, I am reminded of my venture forth from the village of Canwood to St. Paul's School of Nursing in Saskatoon. I realize that even though leaving the comfort of my home to live with strangers in a city residence seemed somewhat overwhelming for my parents and me, we had it so easy in comparison to the present day and age – fewer worries, less complicated and much less expensive.

The residence provided all of us with an absolute haven in which we gained an education, many learning experiences, nursing skills, a sense of belonging, many life-long friends, the security of caring supervision (in spite of our resistance), confidence, and many memories as we launched into the world of adults. In the many alumni reunions held since graduation, we have had the opportunity to share our memories (i.e. funny, embarrassing, rewarding) with much laughter and camaraderie.

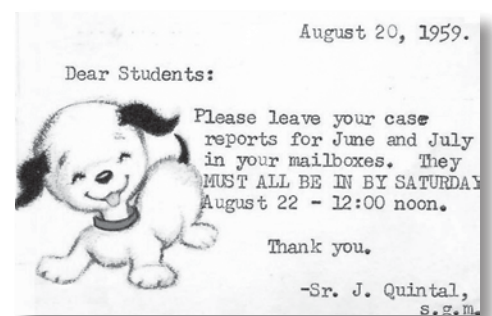
We graduated with a solid base with many options of where to work, choice of health fields, and opportunities to enhance our knowledge base.

At first, I chose to work in obstetrics in Saskatoon, get married and then set aside my nursing career to have four children. After a ten-year leave we moved to Boulder, Colorado, and I worked on a surgical floor while my husband, Marvin, went to University. I had always enjoyed my experiences in nursing, but when

in Boulder I became introduced to psychiatric nursing which fascinated me. Somehow, for me, there seemed to be something missing in the busy-ness of nursing care. As a result, I began taking university courses in Boulder, Regina and finally Simon Fraser in BC, and achieved two degrees—a BA, majoring in psychology, and a Masters in Education. I spent the last eighteen years of my nursing career in the Department of Psychiatry in New Westminster.

It is often difficult to attribute a 'cause and effect' in our lives but I do often think back to the teachings in St. Paul's School of Nursing. I recall as a probie, if and when I would refer to a patient as "the appendectomy" or by bed number, I would be corrected and informed that s/he was a person and to state the name, or having to prepare the patients for communion when I was busy at the end of a night shift. I remember feeling that these things were inconsequential compared to all the important things I needed to do! However, we learned from these examples to treat the "whole" person and I do believe that this basic tenet triggered my interest in psychology. My thesis, "The Emotional Aspect of Nursing Care" reflected this early training.

I retired after spending twenty-eight years in hospitals, missed my work and then volunteered six years with the RCMP Victim Services. Looking back, my appreciation and gratitude towards St. Paul's Hospital will always be with me.



Wild Child

by Dorothy Till (McPhail '54)

Basically, I think that Sister St. Croix thought that I was some sort of a Wild Child when I had my first interview. Some years afterwards, a dear friend told me that she thought that she could “save me”. After I was enrolled, I spent some hours with Father Mulchahey who tried to convince me to take a leap of faith and believe in what I believed was something supernatural.

Back in those days, in the early '50s, it was probably not uncommon for teenagers to hitchhike around the country, earn pin money in the summer picking berries in BC or working on a tobacco farm in the boot of Ontario—all with a group of itinerant workers. It was probably also not uncommon to feel alienated from your parents—to be rebellious against unhappiness.

So, with the freedom of the road behind me, it was something of a shock to be bound to the discipline of a Probie—remember we were all Probationers in the beginning? My first come-up-ance was with Miss Wilson—remember her? She was our health teacher and the one who demonstrated how to apply deodorant. I had been bedeviled (or saved) by acne since I was twelve years old and Miss Wilson promised me an appointment with the school's dermatologist, Dr. Rosher. Well, the appointment was not forthcoming, so I made one myself. When Sister St. Croix was asked to sign off on his miracle prescription, she promptly offered to expel me for my impertinence. From then on, not wanting to jeopardize my chance to learn to earn a living, I tried to keep a very low profile. My great luck was having my maiden name, McPhail come alphabetically before Nielsen and we were roommates for two of the three years. We still keep in touch and I still sing praises for her choices in life and her largesse in accepting and making the best of all possible worlds.

I remember trying to sleep during the daytime during the five-week night shifts. Those were the days when you really got to know your patients and this is where I learned my compassion. I remember Freddie Laroque and being so impressed by the visit every evening by his brother, Archie. Archie felt responsible for the tree that had fallen on his brother's back all those years ago. I

remember some other patients also with great fondness: Inez Platt, dying alone from pancreatic cancer; Len Betts at the San whose gentle attitude to life gave me a whole new perspective on humanity; Philip Columbo, dying of stomach cancer, always ready with a funny story and with such a loving family; then the patient who had been a Borstal Boy. He really changed my mind about how you make the best of what you have. A man with a gentle kindness and a freshness toward life that was a gift from the love that he had for everyone.

Remember the \$6.00, the \$8.00, then the \$10.00 monthly allowances that we got? In those days, my farming parents were really struggling and the money that my Mother was able to send me from selling eggs augmented those allowances. With the big third-year allowance I was able to put a down payment on a yellow “evening dress” for the graduation dance.

I cannot imagine what Sister St. Croix had in mind when she allowed the Student Council to invite the College of Engineers to our social dances. That is where I re-met “le Grande Charles” Till. I fell in love with his family—at their dinner table, everyone had a chance to talk, but it had to be of some mutual interest. Of course, his father was the leader with his fine memory and subtle sense of humour. After graduation, I got married and had my firstborn, a son, Charles John. Although going on to Columbia University to learn Journalism or to the Ryerson Institute in Winnipeg to learn to make things were my first career choices, I did try to make a go of marriage. It lasted for seventeen years—a move to Chicago and two more children: a lovely daughter (who now incidentally, supports me) and another son, Chistopher William. I have found, in my three children, the greatest blessing of all: my first born son with his wife, Uma and son Luke, my daughter and her husband, Joseph and their twin daughters, Eleanor and Margaret and the recent joyous marriage of Chris to Miss Whitney Reinhard.

What did I do for a living as an RN? Well, my term in the trenches was brief—too hard! So, as soon as financially possible, I scuttled back to school, first for my Bachelor's

degree—took chemistry and statistics on the chin—NOT easy, then on to a Master’s degree in Sociology. My thesis paper was on “Discharge Planning”—a part of hospital care that I still feel very strongly has been neglected in a fuller definition. My last twelve years were spent at a desk doing quality care inspection for a government agency—a complete waste of taxpayers dollars—but who was I to complain for it gave me vacation benefits, a great savings plan and time to travel the world with my good and great friend, Rolf Forsberg. This gentleman added a third element to my life, that there was something besides politics and business to bother one’s mind about—and that was entertainment! Although we are now separated by a continent, we still keep in touch twice a day by telephone (Vonage pays a minimal bill).

Now I am seventy-seven years old, celebrating life every day in the comfort of a beautiful home on a hill, 1/2 mile west of Lake Michigan. My health so far, has enabled me to enjoy my family and friends, my garden and my obsession (“A History of Iraq by an Amateur”—you would be amazed at what is available on the internet).

If this all sounds like the proverbial bed of roses, well, it hasn’t been. Many heartbreaks have been stumbled over on the way. My dear old Mom’s adage: “Laugh and the world laughs with you, Cry and you go alone, For the Cheerful Grin will let you in, Where the Knocker is never known” has been good enough for me.

In retrospect, I will always be grateful for the discipline and knowledge my three years in training as a nurse at St. Pauls Hospital afforded me.

The Famous “Saki” Student

by **Dilma Smith (Froc ‘59)**

My significant memories from SPH training years are very personal. Having come from poverty and deprivation, my acceptance into St. Paul’s nursing program was a miracle in itself and more of a miracle that I graduated. Yes, I am the famous “saki” student who attended a party at Diane Walsh’s (Harris) home and did not realize saki had a definite delayed “kick” to it. We drank it like a fruit drink!! I was scheduled to work nights in obstetrics. Classmates managed to get me dressed and to work. The shift was quiet initially but then a lady decided to deliver. As I was scrubbing for the case, my impaired head did not correctly estimate the proximity of an overhead shelve, ending up with a bloody gash in my forehead! How I wish I could remember the supervisor who saved my butt that shift. Had it not been for her, I definitely would not have graduated.

I remember “probie” days as being very, very scary. ALL the other girls seemed so sophisticated and worldly. They knew the hottest music, had televisions at home and they

thought the residence food was terrible. TERRIBLE! What was wrong with it, I wondered. Even with the ever present rhubarb dessert, it was all delicious to me. I listened to the repeated complaints and learnt lessons about my character when I found myself complaining, also. As they say, “monkey see, monkey do” or in my case, monkey hear, monkey repeat.

A million memories, a million lessons, a million reasons to be grateful for our training; however, I still dream, even to this day, about those three years. I often dream about feeling inadequate as a new graduate and in one dream, I had to train all over again!

I cannot think of another three years in my life that were more formative and life-changing with a little PTSD thrown in. (I won’t totally blame Mary T for the latter!) My nurse’s training resulted in a forty-year nursing career, lifelong friends, strengths that I fall back on time and time again and a lifestyle far beyond expectations.

International Conferences

by Lily Krause (Baergen '58)

One of the highlights for me as President of the Council of the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association from 1997-1999 was attending two International Conferences in London, England.

Celebrating Nursing's Past ...Claiming the Future – June 27 - July 1, 1999

London, with its rich history and site of Florence Nightingale Museum, was a most fitting place to hold the International Council of Nurses (ICN) Centennial Celebrations. ICN, founded in 1899, (Canada was the seventh country to join in 1909) is a federation of national nurses' associations (NNAs) representing millions of nurses in 119 countries. ICN is the world's first and widest reaching international organization

for health professionals. Operated by nurses for nurses, ICN works to ensure quality nursing care for all, sound health policies globally, the advancement of nursing knowledge, and the presence world-wide of a respected nursing profession and a competent and satisfied nursing workforce.

The ICN Centennial conference had been six years in the making and was the result of collaboration between colleagues at ICN in Geneva and the Royal College of Nursing in London. About 5000 nurses from approximately ninety countries attended the variety of events that had been planned. With the meeting of the ICN's Council of National Representatives (CNR), major addresses from key

international policy makers; oral and poster presentations from over 1000 nurses from all parts of the world; over eighty exhibitors; nearly 2000 places for professional visits; there was definitely something of interest for everyone. The venues for most events were in the heart of historic Westminster—the Queen Elizabeth II Conference Centre, Methodist Central Hall, Church House and One Great George Street. A mixture of historic and contemporary, the venues provided the perfect environment for learning and reflection. This was frequently assisted by simultaneous interpretation in the three official languages: English, Spanish, and French.

Major addresses included presentations by the Director General, World Health Organization; by the Executive Director, UNICEF; by the Chief Medical Officer, International Committee of Red Cross; and a closing address by Her Royal Highness Princess Anne, The Princess Royal.

Concurrent sessions covered a wide range of stimulating topics within the following broad categories: Cancer Care, Complementary Therapies, Education, Ethics, Evidence-Based Practice, History, Leadership, Media and Public Image, Management Policy, Mental Health, Nursing Information and Classification, Older Persons, Paediatrics, Primary Health Care, Research, Role of the Consumer, Social Economic Welfare, and Theology.

The work of one Saskatchewan nurse, Gwen Johnstone's Commemorative Quilt which she quilted for the 1997 ICN which was held in Vancouver, was proudly displayed. The proceeds from the sale of raffle tickets for this quilt went to help fund ICN's Girl Child Project. As development programs usually focus mainly on children under five or women of childbearing age, the ICN was spearheading a collaborative cross-cultural study, the "Coming of Age in the Metropolis: A Global Study of the Girl Child", to help meet the needs of young urban girls.

Margaret Hilson, a Canadian Public Health Nurse, was the recipient of the inaugural Florence Nightingale International Foundation International Achievement Award. At the time Margaret Hilson was the Assistant

Memory Bank Account: Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time—it's how you arrange your mind. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open, I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away, just for this time in my life. Old age is like a bank account. You withdraw from what you've put in. So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories! Thank you for your part in filling my Memory Bank. I am still depositing.

Author Unknown

Executive Director – International Programmes for the Canadian Public Health Association and was recognized for her outstanding work in health policy development, raising the profile of public health concerns and strengthening public health associations in developing countries.

It was both a privilege and a pleasure for me, together with Donna Brunskill and Dolores Ast, to represent the SRNA at this historic and memorable event. We were reminded how fortunate we are to live in Canada and that Canada, among other developed countries, is looked upon for leadership in moving the global health agenda forward. And we were also reminded that nurses are a potential powerful force to bring about change in health promotion and prevention, planning, implementation, innovation and research.

From the colourful and impressive Opening Ceremony in London's famous Royal Albert Hall to the highly spiritual Act of Worship in Westminster Abbey, we experienced a fascinating insight into the state of nursing – where it has come from, where it was at the time, and where it was going.

Regulation Across Borders: the People's Health and Professional Regulation, July 2-3, 1999

This, the fourth international conference on the regulation of nursing and midwifery, was attended by 227 delegates from fifty-four countries, with approximately twenty from Canada and three from Saskatchewan. Having this conference immediately following the

International Council of Nurses Centennial Conference made attendance possible and cost-effective for delegates.

The commitment to promote the regulation of nursing and midwifery, not as an end in itself, but as a means to improve standards of health care for all people, was the conference theme. The keynote address, plenary sessions, workshops, regional meetings, reception, and conference dinner provided opportunities to share experiences and knowledge of professional regulation and to discuss common themes and issues in professional regulation.

The Chief Scientist for Nursing from the World Health Organization was a most enthusiastic speaker who challenged regulators to be responsive to the changes in health care. We were challenged to move together collaboratively with a common language and one voice; to re-look at our preparation of nurses; to introduce reforms in regulation; to follow the trends in political issues and to intervene strategically; and to demonstrate that nurses **do lead** and are at the core of the health team.

Workshop sessions focused on the following: regulation and the environment of care; regulation and maintaining public trust and confidence; regulation across borders; and the scope of professional practice and public protection.

When all was said, we were left with this reminder: *since people experience the practice of nurses as a reflection of professional regulation, nurses must understand it, believe in it, and practice it.*

Memories

1960-1969



The Rising Sun Long Term Care Facility

Black Diamond, Alberta

by Hildegard J. Martin (Boscher '64)

Nursing presents many challenges over one's lifetime. With a sense of adventure, energy, and the enthusiasm of youthful maturity one does tackle them.

The year is 1990 and the small long term care facility at Black Diamond, Alberta was advertising for a nursing coordinator. My husband thought that I was up for the challenge so he hand delivered my resume at the last hour of the last day of the competition! Thus I began an eleven-year career with Oilfields Hospital. The rest is history.

Oilfield's Long Term Care residents had been moved to Rockyview Hospital, Unit 46 in Calgary in July 1989 because structural disintegration in their residence had become so great it was posing a danger to the residents. Later one resident told me, "I could lie in bed at night and count the stars!" The building had been opened in 1984.

We had twenty residents at Rockyview Hospital and received services such as dietary, housekeeping, lab and x-ray. Every Wednesday a physician from the Foothills Medical Clinic would make morning rounds. The physicians rotated every month. All this proved to be an excellent arrangement.

The staff that lived in Black Diamond was bussed in at regular times during the day. Visitors and volunteers used the same shuttle service and we were one happy family. We celebrated many birthdays or hosted "just-for-fun" parties. In short, we had a lot of fun.

The negotiated lease for our space was for a two-year term. The Oilfield's facility was to be rebuilt in two years. Really, would the government move that quickly? Not! June 1991 found us vacating Unit #46 and relocating to vacant beds within the acute care wing of Black Diamond Hospital, to remain until our own Long Term Care wing could be completed. Residents gathered for their meals in the two former operating theatres.

How do you decorate an operating room to look like a dining room? Our fun was limited. Behaviours among our displaced residents escalated and that year we excelled in our Patient Classification for fund-raising. Oh, how we longed for our own new unit.

April 6, 1992, was the date for our big move to our own home—now we had twenty-eight beds. One huge obstacle existed: no piped-in oxygen in the resident care areas, only in the dining room. Alberta Health informed the Hospital Board that only one per cent of the Long Term Care population required oxygen. Tell that to a ninety-year-old man who has Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease and now has to have a huge oxygen cylinder in his room of the type that had been used in the 1950s. He'd usually lie awake during the night until 3:00 a.m. when his cylinder often ran empty. There is a saying, when one door closes, another opens. The mother of a nurse from the community was on our unit. She had Alzheimer's disease, was dying and required oxygen. The last evening and night of her life was spent in a corner of the dining room so she could receive the oxygen she needed to make her comfortable. Was this dying with dignity? The daughter's letter to the Hospital Board had a huge impact. Dr. L. C. and I began our campaign to have oxygen installed over our entire Long Term Care wing. I became quite talented in fund-raising. The community not only supported us one hundred per cent, they contributed generously to our cause.

Recreation Therapists played a very large role in providing quality of life for our residents. They planned a trip every summer to William Watson Lodge in the Kananaskis Park. A large cavalcade of vans carrying volunteers, staff, residents and food would be loaded, lined up and ready to depart. Among the first to be seated were the Tuesday Morning Musical Group, a volunteer community group who regularly and in an ongoing way provided entertainment for our residents. My husband was always ready and eager to volunteer

our van and his services to drive and escort his favourite residents. Of course they would want to drive with him! Without my knowledge, he was delegated to pick up a six-pack of beer and a package of cigarettes! These excursions were very popular and every resident wanted to attend. I don't think their enthusiasm was only due to the six-pack and the cigarettes.

Residents never hesitated to stop by my office to visit or ask questions. One dear gentleman, who in the past had enjoyed going out for a glass of beer once in a while, wanted to revive that practice. A volunteer was found and that became his twice monthly outing. However, one hot August afternoon his volunteer didn't show. Into my office he came and asked, "Could we go to the pub?" I tried to dissuade him, "Let's go for a soft ice cream cone."

"No way! You can go for a soft ice cream, I want a beer!"

So off we went to the pub. He was so happy.

Rupert was a very special addition to our unit. Technically he was our Recreation Therapist's puppy but to us he was a valued member of our team. From a very young age he came daily to "work" with his mistress. Everyone loved and pampered him. We had to put him in his kennel over meal times or he'd have rolled into "work". He had an innate sense of time and place. He knew when it was fun time or when he should just curl up with a resident and just give lavishly of his own special love. He provided the residents, staff and visitors

with joy and comfort. Also during my time there we had the very pleasant opportunity to celebrate five one-hundred-year birthdays, all women.

December was always a very special month with so much activity. Every year we had a Christmas tea, bake and craft sale. All proceeds were designated for the project of the year. This was also the time of year when one of our residents would set up a small bar in his room. Everyone from physicians, to maintenance, to dietary was invited to share some Christmas cheer!

One can hardly call the purchase of sheep a pleasant opportunity. Maybe it was cost saving or a *before its time ecologically friendly action*. Somebody thought that the sheep would eliminate the need to mow grass. Eliminate they did but of an unsightly and messy kind. They also had a habit of mooning the residents while they were doing their exercises with the physiotherapist. The sheep had to go!

During my tenure a Hospital Chaplin was hired. Rev. Art was a very special person who touched the hearts of many: staff, residents, families and visitors. He was a valued member of our team. In his own special way he brought comfort and healing.

On June 12, 2001, I bade farewell to The Rising Sun Long Term Care Unit in Black Diamond. There was a retirement party that surpassed all other parties. The local community, as well as the hospital community, came to say good-bye; thus ended a rewarding eleven-year stay.

Memories – Still Strong After Fifty Years

by Carol Olsen (Walker '62)

Who would believe that after nearly fifty years, memories of St. Paul's School of Nursing would be so strong in my mind?

In our first year of training, I shared a room with two other young women. After completing our first year, we were all offered single rooms. Hazel Botting and I decided that we wanted to continue rooming together, so I went to see Sr. Quintal to ask her permission, which she gave. Each year, we took turns seeing Sister with this request. (I think that we were the first students to share a room for the entire three years of training!)

I still dream of the endless stairs of the residence (because the elevators were turned off to allow night nurses to sleep during the day, and day nurses not to be disturbed during the night).

Who could forget Miss Mackenzie our nursing arts teacher? One of her favourite sayings was it behooves a nurse to know. She taught Nursing Arts. From making beds to giving injections we were taught to do it right! We had to practice on Mrs. Chase and other classmates. Heaven forbid if we hadn't entered our practice times in the book.

Another memory is of taking the tunnel from the residence to the hospital at night or during inclement weather. The first time we were shown the tunnel, it seemed so long and scary—how could we remember which way to turn? Eventually, we all found our way and were happy to be able to use it.

Remember those duty boots, oops, I mean shoes? They were so uncomfortable that after our first full day on wards, when Hazel and I came back to our room, we stretched out on our beds and put our feet up on the

wall to stop the aching in our feet and legs.

Then there was graduation!! There was so much preparation on the Sister's part, a whole nine-by-twelve inch sheet of paper with rules, agenda and tips and arranging for all the activities. We were treated like we had won the Nobel Prize! (One instructor mentioned to me that it was as if we had earned medical degrees, not nursing diplomas.)

There was the big sister/little sister banquet, undergraduate dance, mass, pancake supper, Alumni ball, Mother/Father/Daughter banquet. That was the only day that our parents were allowed to see the room that we had been living in for three years. And finally, the graduation ceremonies, held at the Capital Theatre no less. What a thrill to take the last bus from the residence to the ceremonies!

However, graduation was not the end of our training. We all had at least three months of time to put in at the hospital where we worked on the wards like the graduates that we were, able to take charge and show what we could do.

The last night we spent at the St. Paul's Nurses' Residence, for most of us, seemed like a night to celebrate! We spent the evening going from room to room, saying goodbye to our classmates and the undergrads, our little sisters. Things got carried away, and someone decided that washing the floors with a fire extinguisher would be a good idea. About midnight, who should appear but Sr. Quintal. She immediately sent us to our rooms. Hazel and I were in the third floor solarium. We peeked through our curtains and believe it or not, there was Sr. Quintal mopping up the floor with a long-handled mop! What a lady!

Wrote Exam Questions

by Lucille Lamb (Schuster '61)

My nursing career finally came to a halt after forty-seven years. Most of these years were spent in the teaching field after furthering my education—all in Manitoba. I loved every minute of it!

I was chosen to go to Ottawa to write questions for the Nursing Exams on six occasions which was very educational! My specialities were the Medical, Psych and Geriatric Wards.

I still do a lot of volunteer work with the church, seniors, and exercise clubs. I enjoy dancing, too.

How many of you from the Class of '61 remember the chocolate Ex Lax cake which was made for the Interns? I was blamed, but I didn't make it. A quiet student in our class (Carol W.) did. In turn the interns put my car

in the Nuns' flower garden with a sign, **I'm a lonely little petunia.**

I found my old scrapbook from student days...our class song, little notes from Sister Quintal, Happy Birthday notes...to name a few.

I still have my SPH cape, pins and cap. When I was teaching, my students found these items very interesting!!

Enclosed you will find the original class song and a note from Sr. Quintal for Carol Walker and myself—we danced the "Highland Fling" for a special program. I still remember Sister reminding us to *watch how high we kick our legs up because there would be priests sitting in the front row.*

Passing the Mantle of Healing

by Elfrieda Van der Bijl (Toews '60)

First published in Alliance Witness; reprinted with the permission of the Author

Iremember vividly the first time I stepped out of a Cessna in Mapnduma (West Papua). People with welcoming smiles pressed around, greeting me, "Wa, wa, wa!" The hands I shook were thin and emaciated. Their faces were ashen and their normally jet-black, kinky hair was reddish blond and straight. Many had abdomens distended to twice the normal size. Large sores on their bodies gave off a nauseous odour. They named me *Nduga Kwe*, meaning *Nduga woman*. I knew I had become one of them. The first week I was there five people died. Their resting place was in the rushing Nggul river. Too frail to get firewood for cremation, their families threw the bodies into the turbulent waters. Disease, death and despair permeated the atmosphere. Nduga tribes-people had never seen or gotten a pill. As

for me, I had arrived at my childhood dream. I could hardly wait to start medical work in this untouched, secluded jungle village. With three years of nurses' training and six months' experience, I went to work. The challenge of our area of twelve major valleys inhabited by 12,000 Ndugas loomed before me. To reach all of them would take a miracle.

When the Nduga people began to see how much better they felt with medical treatment, they began to come in great numbers. I knew I needed help! With God's guidance I immediately began to teach twentieth-century medical techniques to two stone age boys. My language informant Joel began to treat sores. Soon he advanced to diagnosing pneumonia and other diseases and giving out pills. But to his fellow Ndugas he hadn't graduated till he was taught to give them injections.

Joel and my second student Natan, having completed

medical theory, Bible study plus practical experience, took full responsibility when I went on my first furlough. Before I left, I reminded them to carefully do everything just as I had taught them. After listening to my instructions, they replied, "God is watching us." What more could I say?

Many young men and women have gone through my nursing courses throughout the past years.

One furlough God opened the door to attend a Tropical Disease course and outline a Village Health Worker program suited for the Ndugas. We translated new materials, and class after class of young men trained to serve faithfully in their distant home villages. One of those young men was Atenus who insisted that he had been chosen to be the trainee from his village. Taking one look at his long, matted hair and other signs of rebellion, I suggested perhaps there was someone else. He was adamant that he had been chosen. I suggested that trainees should really be married. He replied, "I have a wife."



Elfrieda and friend, Tomas

Then I said, "Well, it would be good if candidates had some children."

His quick response was, "My wife is pregnant."

So I suggested, "Well, if you bring her with you before school begins, we'll reconsider. He was gone. Several

days later, Atenus appeared with his pregnant wife at his side. When the day school began, I looked everywhere for him. Suddenly I spotted him. With face shining, teeth glistening and neatly groomed hair, Atenus sat grinning from ear to ear.

When Atenus entered my course, he did not own a Nduga New Testament. Bible studies were part of the teaching program the medical workers would carry out when they returned to their own villages. He worked industriously. What a contrast when a year later Atenus could compare verses in the gospels with similar passages in the Epistles! Changing lives is God's business, and we saw the Holy Spirit at work in Atenus' life.

The years flew by! The medical work grew. Besides nurses some twenty-eight midwives and seventeen child care centers offer support and instruction to Nduga mothers. But the medical work needed to be totally indigenous. Who could keep it functioning after we left?

God sent us a capable person in Darianus. He grew up in one of those twelve valleys, the Iniyé. Even as a child his desire to learn was overwhelming. Finally his parents granted him permission to attend grade school in Mapnduma. Like any young growing boy away from home, he was always hungry. He thought nothing of taking a few sweet potatoes from the gardens he passed on the way to school. After all, Darianus needed food for his empty stomach.

Then one night in a vivid dream he saw hell and was told by a man in white that he needed to believe in, receive and obey Jesus Christ as the Lord and Master of his life. The dream changed Darianus' life forever. No more stealing! Now he was totally dedicated to his new Master. No wonder he was highly recommended by the medical worker in the Iniyé valley to

be accepted into the nursing program. He excelled in his class. Because of his exceptional ability, I sent him to a government training program where he graduated second highest in his class. From there he continued his studies to become a registered nurse.

With his administrative gifts, Darianus took over the monthly reports required by the government. Today he has taken on the oversight of thirty-three Nduga medical centers and their staff. He organizes annual medical seminars, orders medicines from the local government post and is an excellent liaison person between the government and the mission.

From one small clinic at Mapnduma in 1964, today thirty-three clinics dot the mountainous terrain. From a staff of one missionary nurse, now some eighty faithful Nduga medical workers are serving their fellow Ndugas in their struggle for survival, men and women who are self sufficient and confident with a trust in God's wisdom not only for physical but also for spiritual needs.

We salute you, our medical co-workers, personally called by God. To you we pass on the awesome responsibility to be faithful. Be filled with vision and dedication to God as you each serve people with deep and tangible needs! The mantle is now yours. May God give you grace to finish well and pass on your vision to generations to come.

Elfrieda Toews Receives World Vision Award

Miss Elfrieda Toews, a Christian and Missionary Alliance (C&MA) missionary to Irian Jaya, (Indonesia) has been selected as the 1986 recipient of the Robert W. Pierce Award for Christian Service. The honor in memory of World Vision's founder, consists of a silver medallion, a wall plaque and a check for \$10,000.

Miss Toews was born and raised in Humboldt, SK. After obtaining nurse's training at St. Paul's Hospital in Saskatoon, SK and graduating from Canadian Bible College in Regina, she became one of the first C&MA missionaries to work among the 12,000 Nduga tribespeople.

Based in the remote village of Mapnduma, Miss Toews has established satellite medical clinics throughout the region and trained dozens of men and women as practical nurses (*mantris*), midwives (*dukuns*) and village health workers. She taught many of them to read and has written a 100-page medical manual in the Nduga language.

Another highlight for Miss Toews during 1986 was her recent marriage to Rev. Adriaan van der Bijl on December 27.

My Training Days

by Reta Taylor (Watton '63)

To apply to enter this highly esteemed school of nursing with the motto "*In Minimis Perfectio*" (I shall be perfect even in little things), I needed the following: a character reference from the Principal of the High School, birth certificate, photograph, Grade XII diploma, Grade X1 and X11 Department examination marks, immunization record, a clergyman's reference, and a pre-entrance medical for which we had a list of doctors to choose from and I chose Dr. Howard Hart.

If the application was accepted an interview was arranged. My acceptance letter following the interview was written on December 20, 1957. What a great Christmas present. I had turned eighteen in September

and began my three-year training program on February 10, 1958. Sister Quintal was our Director of the School of Nursing, followed by Sister Dussault. On February 28 I got my first pay cheque for \$6.00.

When I started training, three of us, Miss Spence, Miss Veason and I, Miss Watton, shared a room on the third floor of the Nurses Residence. But Ella Veason was not well and had to quit training, so Shirley Spence and I moved to a smaller room. We each had a small, single bed with a not so soft, thin mattress, a desk, a chair and a very small dresser. We had a very large, narrow, walk-in closet with hooks along both walls. We shared everything with our classmates but most often food and

clothing. When a food care-package came from home we had a party with our friends in the recipient's room. If someone had a special date we dressed her up to the nines right from the panty hose to the jewelry. We were like a family with lots of sibling sisters. These were the friendships that carried us through the good times and the difficult times. The bonds are still very evident today.

During our first block of twenty-four weeks we studied Anatomy & Physiology, Nursing Arts, Microbiology, Pharmacology, Psychology, Sociology, Nutrition, Medical Ethics, Pathology & Glee Club. We had to receive a weekly average mark of seventy-five per cent or more in the exams and quizzes in order to receive an overnight pass for the weekend. Our anatomy instructor frequently gave us a very difficult quiz on Friday afternoon that would often totally ruin our average and our weekend.

Nursing Arts taught us the practical application of procedures. Miss McKenzie, our Nursing Arts instructor, asked one of my classmates, Joan Jepsen, to give our mannequin, Mrs. Chase, a douche. The rule was that during the procedure absolutely no water could fall upon the bed. In the instructor's opinion, Joan had very nearly drowned Mrs. Chase and she was told that there was no way she would ever become a nurse; she should be running the elevator in Eaton's instead. Joan's eyes filled with tears as she said in a very small voice that she had already done that job prior to coming into nurse's training. The instructor was shocked. She had used that line for many years and never had that response. Later when we were no longer probies, had received our caps and had become, in the Nursing Arts Instructor eyes, dependable, prospective nurses, the instructor told us that she never used that line again.

We worked hard during our six-month probation period that seemed like an eternity. To have passed all of our exams and be presented with our St. Paul's School of Nursing Cap was a very proud moment for each of us, our parents and family. Our class decided to celebrate this very special occasion by taking a bottle of rye out into the country and sharing it. None of us were old enough to go into the liquor board store—this was a problem! After an extensive conference we persuaded the most mature looking one amongst us to collect the money and buy the bottle. (We talked about this at a

class party at a recent reunion and she said she had been scared stiff.) She was successful and off we went.

There were only eighteen students in my class and not all of them agreed with this plan. However, the majority did and the *forty of rye* was ingested. Most of us had never consumed hard liquor before. The psychological affect was that a couple of students thought they were drunk and had a difficult time that evening singing in the Glee Club. Fortunately, no one in a position of authority seemed to notice.

Following our days in the classroom we had a supervised study period in the evening from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and we had to be in each evening by 10:00 p.m. That left us exactly one hour to run or catch a ride, if we were lucky, down 20th Street to the Dairy Queen for an ice cream treat, or into the Smoker in the basement for a few drags and a quick bridge game, or into the kitchenette for a peanut butter and jam sandwich (or three).

We had late leave passes to use on the weekends: four 11:00 p.m. passes and one 12:00 p.m. In our third year we received an additional 12:00 p.m. and a 12:30 p.m. late leave pass. At the central desk in the nurse's residence, our names were listed on a board alphabetically and a green, wooden peg beside a name meant the nurse was in, a red one meant she was out. There was also a sign-in/sign-out book at the desk. If we were late we would lose some of our late leave privileges or, worst case scenario, we could be sent home. If the nurse had not left the residence by 9:30 p.m. she was not allowed to go out. To defy this rule the student might decide to sneak out the tunnel that connected the residence and the hospital. But before she did that, she'd arrange for one of her friends to sign her out in the book and put the red plug in her name, unnoticed by the House Mother, which wasn't always easy.

Our second block of classes included: Communicable Diseases, Neurosurgery, Gynecology, Orthopedics, Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat, Urology, Pediatrics, Psychiatry, Community Health. Our week consisted of forty-eight hours for classes and practice with one day off.

Each morning after breakfast before we went onto the wards we would parade past the nun. She would inspect our appearance from our hairnet, to our clean polished shoes, nylon stockings without runs, clean uniform

and our hair up off the collar. We always recited the Morning Prayer before work and the Hail Mary before our classes. Our uniforms were twelve inches off the floor. At my height 5' 9" with cuban heeled shoes that is not very far! I often caught my heel in the hem of our heavily starched dresses while walking up the stairs. Each student nurse was addressed as Miss and surname so to this day I remember my classmates by their maiden names.

The nuns did not allow us to wear shorts when leaving the residence no matter the weather. Consequently, we would put them on under our skirts and take our skirts off behind Pleasant Hill Bakery as we made our way to Riversdale Swimming Pool. Stretch pants or stirrup pants, as they are called now, were taboo as well because they were quite form fitting. We were told that we would all get pregnant if we wore them. If we had visitors come to the residence we had to entertain them in the downstairs reception lounge. No visitors, not even our mothers, were ever allowed in our room. We

were not allowed to smoke in our rooms, but had to go to the Smoker where the smoke was often so thick that if you were looking for someone you had to stand at the door and call out the name because you couldn't see who all was in there. They were often under the hair dryer as well.

Mail was always a big deal and if we had time during our half hour meal break we'd often rush over to the residence to check the mail. Each student had a mail box with a combination. Some of the students thought that the House Mother read their mail since she had a key to every room.

At the halfway point in our training we received a halfway pin. Once again we had feelings of accomplishment and pride as we made our way toward graduation. It was shortly after this time in 1960 that I became ill and had to leave training with much anguish. Sister Quintal very kindly told me that I could return when I recovered. I returned and graduated with the Class of 1963—and that is another story.

Tribute to Mary T

by Dorelle Brooks (Larson '62)

This is my tribute to Mary T. Mackenzie (Mary T) who influenced each of our lives in unique ways! My memories are of mixed emotions, tears of anger and humiliation as well as tears of affection and mutual bonding that took place over the years.

We were completing our first six months when an incident with Mary T in Nursing Arts class almost ended my nursing career, resulting in a phone call to my parents to take me home. I had been asked to spell sphygmomanometer, which I was confident to do since spelling had come easy to me during schooldays. However, before I completed the word I was told abruptly in a sharp tone to *Sit down!* Apparently, I had not spelled it quickly enough. Nineteen years old and feeling like a scolded child, red-faced with embarrassment, I fought back tears, then was told to go

to her office after class. I was told in no uncertain terms that I had a flippant attitude, quite opposite to how I felt. I broke down in tears and was able to convince her that I was a caring person with intentions to achieve goals to the best of my ability. During this emotional exchange her soft side was revealed and she even noted that we shared the same birthday, September 29. As the next two and a half years passed, I not only came to respect Mary T but also appreciated her and I believe became more self-confident and willing to assume responsibilities as a result of her influence.

On the last day, February 9, 1962, my last good-bye was to Mary T. Few words were spoken as we embraced in tears. In the following year I married and was nursing in New York and we continued to exchange letters,

birthday and Christmas cards. She updated me on who was engaged, married or had had a child, changes being made at St. Paul's, and especially her new position at Kelsey Institute.

Years later she invited me to her home for tea. She was retired then, but still lived in her green bungalow on

Broadway. We again shared memories, laughter and parted with tears knowing this would be our last visit.

Mary holds a special place in my heart. I'm thankful for the wonderful way she blessed my life.

P.S. I can still spell sphygmomanometer!

Reputation

by Elaine Uhryniw (Madson '61)

A routine medicinal treat used on second floor was the castor oil cocktail (castor oil, orange juice & baking soda).

My first encounter with this treat happened on the day shift. I diligently mixed the cocktail & delivered it to the ward with four elderly ladies. Two of these ladies spoke only Ukrainian. I probably don't need to continue this story as by now you have guessed what happened.



St. Paul's School of Nursing, erected 1931.
January 9th, 1961.

ATTENTION, MISS CLARKE'S CLASS:

From now on, you make take a
GENERAL TWELVE late leave any day.

Sincerely,

Sister J. Quintal, s.g.m.

Anyway, to continue; I went up to the lady in bed one and completely mangled the name of the person I was

to administer the cocktail to and she said, "Ya, Ya". A lengthy explanation followed and she finally drank the mixture.

As I am leaving the room the lady in bed two says, "Yes, I'm Mrs....., did you need me?"

This second year student is now having a panic attack. My first accident slip is forthcoming. With my whole body shaking I report the med error to Miss Spriggs, the supervisor. She asks me who the doctor of the patient is and I tell her it was Dr. Herman. To which she replies "He's right here, you can tell him yourself".

I didn't know Dr. Herman but I certainly knew his reputation for being very diligent about those in his care, who are mostly heart patients and of course the lady that received the cocktail is a heart patient. I had been told his temper was something you never wanted to witness and I had to tell him about my med error!

Gathering every inch of courage I made the report to Dr. Herman. His reply was, "You needn't worry so much! She will just have a bowel movement." With that said he writes the order for a castor oil cocktail and I didn't have to fill out an accident slip.

On that day I learned to be very careful about what to believe when told the reputation of certain doctors. Needless to say, he always remembered my name after that incident and this student nurse had gained his respect for being truthful.

Stories From the OR: The Basin Stand

by Elaine Uhryniw (Madson '61)

We had late night *call back* surgery and Dr. Dosman was the surgical intern on this particular night. You may know Dr. Jim Dosman, a very professional, soft spoken, specialist in lung disease. The surgery went well and as we cleared the room the surgeons and my two scrub nurses left to return the patient to the ward. Jim was the last one out the door. As he turned to leave

the surgical suite he picked me up, without saying a word, sat me in the basin stand and out the door he went, whistling. It happened so fast! There I was, alone, hanging by my knees and armpits, stuck securely in the basin stand, three feet off the cement floor, with no means of escape until my nurses returned from the ward. Sophisticated, prim, proper—not the prankster I knew.

Dr. Harold Estey Shoots a Hole in My Ego

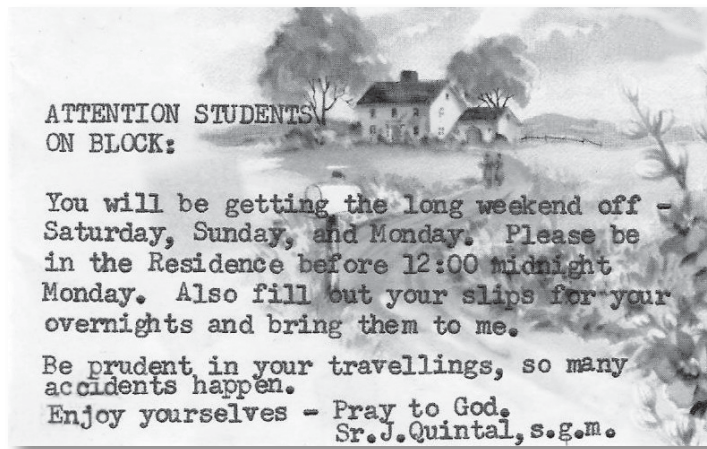
by Elaine Uhryniw (Madson '61)

The challenging work in the operating room was always more relaxed when my assignment was the Cystoscopy Room, usually with only the patient, the surgeon, the anesthetist and the circulating nurse in the room. Harold Estey was generally chatty if the procedure encountered no complications.

I was especially flattered one morning when he told me I must be an excellent housekeeper and have a

spotless house. When I asked him why he thought that he replied, “I just looked at your shoes and they are perfectly clean and polished.”

With that said, Sharon (RN) came in the room. Sharon was rarely seen with “detailed” shoes. Dr. Estey said to her, “I can sure tell you’re the hardest working nurse this morning.” I caught him checking out her shoes—Dr. Diplomat at his best.



My Nursing Experience

by **Mary Anne Bachelu (Muchowski '62)**

My first nursing began in Pediatrics at the Grey Nuns in Regina. I got married in 1963 and worked off and on in Pediatrics between having children, then I worked casual at the Regina General and Regina Plains Health Centre.

My next venture was in Home Care where I worked as a support worker. I visited people, mostly elderly, in their homes. The importance of this program was that it was wellness oriented. We provided moral, emotional and physical support to help the elderly stay in their homes longer. I applied to the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) to have this work recognized as Nursing Credits. It was granted which was also beneficial to my co-workers as most of them were nurses. I stayed with this program for ten years.

All during my working years I was volunteering in the community and my church. I have to believe that my background from a Catholic nursing school made me more compassionate and caring and the desire to act on it. Social justice is important to me.

In the 1990s our daughter told us she was a lesbian. I became aware of the challenges that sexually diverse

people encounter. I was encouraged to start a parents' Support Group. This group is called PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays). Besides being supportive parents, a few other parents and I began some advocacy work. We formed a group called ACES (Action Community for Education on Sexuality). We spoke or did presentations to school boards, university students, high school students, attended health fairs, teacher institutes and SUN conventions. PFLAG was well established in the US, but Canada did not have a national organization. I was on the first Board that established PFLAG Canada.

A nursing career can take you on many paths and I continue to volunteer in my retirement. In 2009 St. Martin's Catholic Women's League (Regina) awarded me with the Maple Leaf Service pin for my volunteering in the church and my community.

One of my memories from nursing at St. Paul's was this: Dorelle Larson (Brooks) and I worked a lot of nights in our third year and often we would have time on our hands. We knit a sweater together and Dorelle tells me that we did knit a wearable sweater.

My Many Life Experiences

by **Eileen Ann Banda (Scopic '69)**

I married Lloyd Banda on June 29, 1946, and moved to Blaine Lake, SK and in 1970 we moved to Leask, SK and owned Banda Sales and Services. We built a new home and all our offspring started their lives at Leask. One of our children was a special needs child. Nursing took me to Holy Family Hospital in Prince Albert, to Hafford Union Hospital doing relief stretches, as an office nurse job at the Leask Clinic along with organizing, and coordinating and nursing in Home Care.

These jobs were all part-time and kept me afloat as a nurse. My main focus was wife, mother and community supporter. My husband's interests consumed all my extra time. In November 1986 I started at St. Joseph's Nursing Home. We live mainly in Saskatoon now with strong roots in Leask, a cabin at Emerald Lake and travel for relaxation. Jesus Christ is my Saviour. This stability sustains us still. Putting people ahead of myself has

shown me the need to pamper myself as well, and I am a Grandma.

Ours was one of the classes to have a male classmate: Hi Herb!

I remember always being warm at the nurses' residence. I've had opportunity to nurse my high school teachers, grandfather, grandmother, father, uncles, neighbours

and friends—how rich a career. Thank you to all who keep our alumni going! It's so nice to see you all. Seeing my parents and in-laws to the end of their lives has been time sensitive as they aged, but all had rich lives, and my life has been enriched by all my encounters with others. My prayer is that I enrich others, too.

Experiences in London, UK

by **Anthea Loran (Davis '60)**

My story and story poem are from my experiences at The Great Ormond Street Hospital, London, UK., where I graduated as a Registered Sick Children's Nurse (RSCN) and at a Nursing Home in Canada.

Laundered Money

Now don't get me wrong. I love my work and have a deep respect and affection for those under my care, but we nurses have to look on the funny side of life. It can be overwhelmingly sad to be surrounded by broken bodies, broken minds and spirits. The ability to see the humour in many situations, to be able to share a joke with those we look after, is a welcome tonic.

The residents in the nursing home where I work have different stories to tell. Many lived through the Depression and had to be very careful with their resources. These pioneers had settled in the prairies, breaking up the land to grow crops. The amount of work and hardships they had to endure earned them our respect and gratitude. Some had served in the armed forces, had travelled to the "old country and beyond", giving the best part of their youth to fight for freedom. However, like so many of their generation, they seem to share one common concern, the state of their bowels. Mr. Jones would sidle up to the nurse's desk every evening to whisper, "Nurse, I need a strong one!" meaning of course a laxative. It is a good thing we do not always accede to such a request or we would be changing beds all night long.

Sarah was a genteel lady, always neatly dressed, insisting on stockings and high-heeled shoes when she attended meals in the dining area. Her hair was permed regularly, her face well adorned with makeup. She liked the attention of the 'gentlemen' who came to push her wheelchair down the hallway. One evening we entered her room with a light knock, as she usually retired for bed early, only to find one of these so called gentlemen in bed with her. She and Bert both looked startled and he scurried off to his own room.

"Sarah," we told her, "We are sorry we startled you. If you and Bert wish to have this kind of relationship we can give you a Do Not Disturb sign for your door, so that you will not be interrupted again. If he does not have your permission and annoys you further ring this bell and we will come at once."

Later that evening when we made rounds to tuck in all residents for the night, give out medications and drinks of water, Bert behaved strangely. He tried to fondle the staff one minute, then very aggressive the next, refusing his pills and resisting attempts to help him undress and put on his pajamas. All three of the evening staff was needed to get him to take his medication, and then assist him into bed. As we did so an empty bottle of whisky fell out of his jacket pocket, presumably sneaked into his room by a friend or relative. All alcoholic beverages had to be locked away and then meted out by the nursing staff if allowed by the resident's physician. The large quantity of liquor had made him drunk. He spent the

rest of the night singing, *Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I had a little drink about an hour ago, and it's gone right to my head.*

Many of the residents where I work have had to be very careful with their money. When they first settled in the prairies they had no medical or accident insurance, nor could these homesteaders count on harvesting a successful crop each year. The pioneers shared a common frugality, paying out cash or exchanging goods for their basic needs. Bags of flour, sugar, tea and coffee were bought in bulk before winter set in, then measured out with care each day, so that their supplies did not run out before the next trip to town. So it was too with their savings. What little cash they could spare was hoarded away in a tea canister, under the bed, or in an old sock. Each penny had to be accounted for.

Florence was no exception. She had lived on the farm most of her life before joining us at the nursing home. She would often ask us, "Who pays for me to stay here? Do I have enough put away?" She carried her precious purse with her wherever she went and always placed it under her pillow at bedtime.

One evening she came to the nurse's desk all in a fluster. "Nurse, I need some money to pay for my supper. Please help me count how much I have in my bag. There should be forty dollars."

"Florence", I answered, "Your supper is already paid for. You don't have to worry. This is your home, not a restaurant. Why don't you go down to the dining room and see what's for supper? I think there's roast beef and Yorkshire pudding tonight."

"But nurse, I want you to take out my money. I might need it tomorrow," she anxiously answered as she handed me her bag. When I opened the clasp a toxic cloud puffed into my face, assaulting my eyes and nose. A forest of mould was growing on her bag. Florence had stored a bedtime sandwich in her purse, putting it aside for a rainy day. Now after a week it was covered with black sprouts and everything inside was coated with an oozy layer of slime. I carefully removed all contents then laid them on a paper towel – the culprit sandwich, a package of black Kleenex, four sticky black-coated cough candies, a black lipstick, and a wad of black paper which I spread out and realized it was her forty dollars. With her permission I took her bag and its messy

contents to the basin and scrubbed each article including the dollar bills – the only time I have ever been asked to launder money!

The Unexpected Caregiver

It was my first day on the (children's) ward. Nervous but excited, too, in my crisp striped uniform and newly starched cap, I stepped into the room. There I was introduced to those now in my care – six children in hospital clothes lying in their beds. Some greeted me with smiles; one could only stare.

"Johnnie, in bed one," intoned the head nurse, "is an intelligent child though stunted in growth. He has Vitamin D resistant Rickets, requires an enhanced regular diet, can be up, but not too active. Elaine, bed two, has Pink Disease, due to mercury poisoning (mercury was once used in teething powders). She behaves like a mole, buries her head in the covers because she dislikes bright light; hands, feet and eyes are very pink. She will be retarded. The twins in beds three and four have had squint repairs. Their eyes will be covered for a day or two. They will not stay long. Pam, in bed five, has Tuberculosis Meningitis, cannot fend for herself and does not respond. She needs to be turned every half hour. Watch out for bedsores. Stella, bed six, is only nine years old. She has Progeria – note the wrinkles and loss of hair. She's dying of old age. Her disease is very rare. They'll need a bath and hair inspection and then help them with their meals. You'll need to pay attention. Watch your technique, or you could spread infection. No slacking here or unearned praise. You must quickly learn our ways."

I was lost that first day on the ward. Where was the linen kept, the bowls and trays? How could I function in this maze? Johnnie was my saviour, such a gentle child, and sensing my dilemma he became the real caregiver. He whispered hints, explained the routine of care and told me how to go about each daily task, until I began to feel at ease, a proficient nurse at last. In spite of many problems of his own Johnnie helped me out with mine. He read stories to Elaine, became the eyes of the blind, sang softly to the comatose Pam, and then joked with his friend Stella. His kindness to us all has never left my mind.

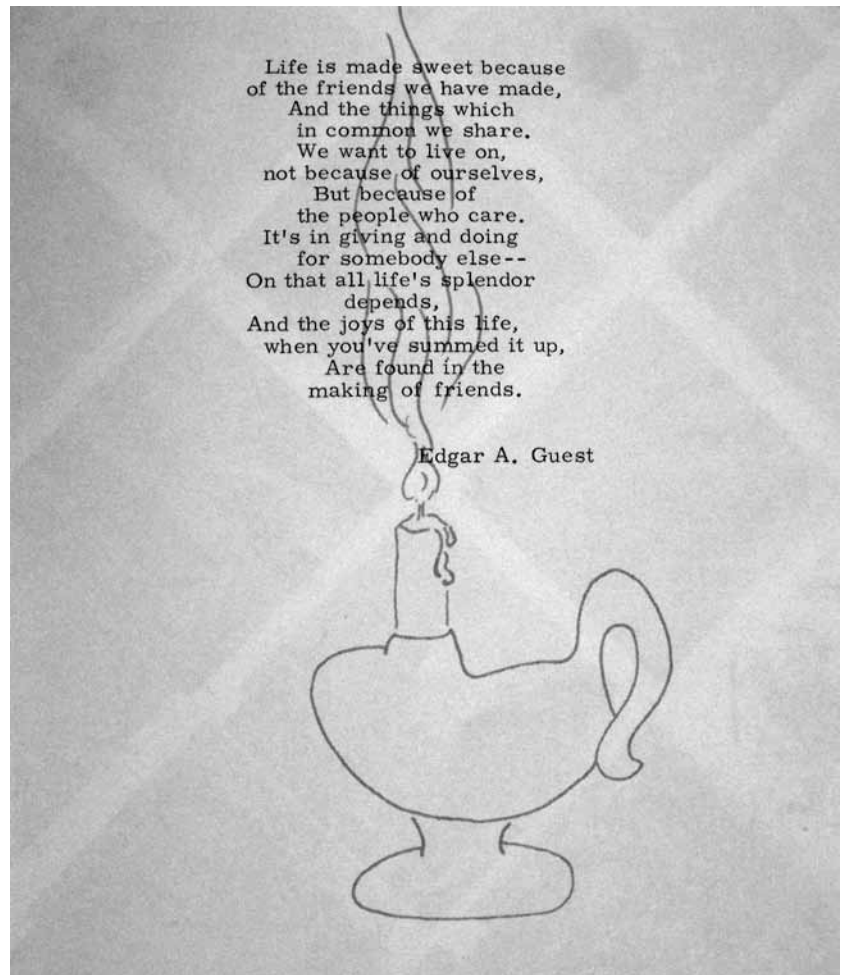
No Spring Chicken!

I submitted stories of my nursing days at the Hospital for Sick Children at Great Ormond St., London, UK already, but will give you another one or two of my experiences in Canada. I ran a program (swimming) for special needs children and adults for twenty-five years in Swift Current, SK.

After graduating at St. Paul's I was the paediatric instructor there for two years, then returned to nursing at the care centre in Swift Current for ten years in 1955. Then I worked as a rod woman with my Land Surveyor husband for four years. I like to volunteer in many fields.

At one of my classes with Miss Mackenzie I remember a group of students (all ten years younger than me) discussing me, unaware I was at the back of the classroom, "That nurse, Davis, she's no chicken is she?"

Before I entered St. Paul's School of Nursing I traveled to Burma as a nanny for two years. Then as nurse, I worked at the Regina General and the Saskatoon City and University Hospitals in Saskatoon. I like to paint, write and garden as well as swim daily.



Position Statement on Pornography

by Gloria Ebert (Gates '67)

I was in on nursing/health care history in the making. In the late 1980s and early 1990s I was employed in Lloydminster, Alberta/Saskatchewan and was licensed with both the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses Association (SRNA) and the Alberta Registered Nurses Association (AARN).

I read in the AARN newsletter about their statement on pornography and felt that Saskatchewan should have one too so as to be able to politically protect women and children as related to pornography. As I

was unable to get support from nurses in Lloydminster, I approached the SRNA directly and was advised that the nurses at Eatonia, SK would pursue this. I provided them with the literature on this issue and although I didn't get the credit, it was I who initiated, assisted and saw to completion the SRNA Position Statement on Pornography. I credit the training and Christian Ethics classes I received at St. Paul's Hospital for my interest and perseverance in this. Thank you, St. Paul's, for the moral and ethical education we received along with our nursing education.

Diet Kitchen

by Marian Sander (Carter '62)

This is a story about the six-week experience we received in the Diet Kitchen during our training. The dietitians were Miss Kinnear and Mrs. Hnatyshyn. It was a well known fact that they kept tabs on us and recorded their observations in a Little Black Book, which was used to do our evaluations at the end of our six weeks. I had the pleasure of spending my diet kitchen experience with fellow classmate Ida Raiche. Ida had this problem with her hairnet and it really seemed to annoy our instructors. They were constantly on her case to keep her hair under her hairnet. After one of these reprimands Ida went down to Hewgill's Drugstore and bought some bobby pins. The next day she used every last bobby pin on her hair and hairnet.

As we neared the end of our six weeks we were, of course curious about what was written about us so towards the end of our shift we decided to check the Little Black Book. With the instructors gone for the day, one person watched for Sister Plante (who was in charge of the main kitchen), and the second person stood watch at the door to the hallway and the Emergency Department, while the third person did the deed. This was written: *Miss Raiche was told to wear her hairnet properly and the next day she came looking like a Steel Factory.*

A Busy and Full Life

by Monica Lois Bishop (Utri '68)

In third year, I worked Christmas. I remember how special the Sisters treated us with a full turkey supper after mass. One of the Sisters, who spoke mostly French, was trying so hard to get my classmate and me to lead communion. We were finally able to get her to understand we were Protestant so that was not possible. As a student we spent many hours in each other's rooms singing. We had to scurry into those big closets when the House Mother was coming as it was supposed to be lights out. Our Big Sisters were very supportive and great fun.

I have nursed most of my life. Until June 1980, I worked in hospitals in Saskatchewan: St. Paul's Hospital, Biggar, Lloydminster, Maidstone, Kindersley and Dodsland. In 1980 I married and moved to Three Hills, Alberta.

I started with Home Care in Three Hills where I am still working. Palliative care nursing has been a favourite area for me. I was the Foot Care nurse for many years.

I have a fantastic husband and two sons, both born in St. Paul's Hospital under Dr. Kost and Dr. Macpherson. Two great men!

I love to sew. Quilting and especially hand appliqué has become my passion. This year, I have blocks in two quilts to be displayed in the Houston, Texas Quilt Show. Our quilts have been published in a book by author, Ellie Sienkiewicz, who has become famous as a Baltimore Album revival quilter. My second hobby is scrap booking and taking photos. My husband and I have had lots of fun with our beautiful American Saddlebred Show Horses, which we ride and drive and also breed. I love the babies. I have always had dogs and have bred them in past years as well.

I have had a busy and full life. Thanks to St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing, I have had a fantastic career.

A Promise Kept

by Pat Scopik '68

In November 1946 Jean Jennie Scopik (nee Charko), my mother, was pregnant and informed her husband Peter of her concern about having a baby in the winter. They lived on a farm. They decided that Jean should go to Saskatoon to await the birth. On December 3 at St. Paul's Hospital not one but two baby girls, yes, twins, were born. The Grey Nuns involved came around to see them. One day a Sister asked, "So what are you going to do with these little ones?"

Jean replied, "I'm going to raise them, then bring them back to become nurses."

Through their growing years the girls were reminded of this "promise to the Sister". Upon graduation from high school at Hafford, SK, the decision to pursue a nursing education began. St Paul's School of Nursing granted them interviews and their parents drove them to "the city". Once there, to the embarrassment of the young

ladies, Jean informed the Director, Sister Dussault, "See, I brought them back."

Fortunately, they were accepted and graduated with the last graduating class of St. Paul's School of Nursing in 1968 at ceremonies held at the newly built Saskatoon Centennial Auditorium.

Both Eileen and Pat have worked to some degree since graduation and are currently employed by the Saskatoon Health Region. Pat has worked at St. Paul's for thirty-four years and Eileen at St. Joseph's Nursing Home for twenty-four years.

In 2004 at age eighty-nine Jean's health started to fail and one day she said, "Take me to the hospital and leave me there." She was admitted to St. Paul's in February 2005 and passed away peacefully on March 2, 2005.

Selectively Dumb

Regretfully, the name of the author has been misplaced.

Annie was just six years old, an active vocal child we were told, but when admitted for long term care she would not say a word. She had succumbed to Tuberculosis glands; a victim of the war, she was evacuated to a country village to escape the bombing in her town. She had happily explored the farm, collecting fresh laid eggs from the chickens' nests and played with the little lambs. There she first tasted fresh milk, so delicious, warm and sweet, straight from the cows. The unpasteurized milk had caused her sickness and led to her second exile from home. She had cried bitterly when her mother left. She had not wanted to stay with us where all were strangers. She missed her familiar routine, the comforting tones of her mother's voice and the

teasing of her older brother.

Although resilient like the donkey she had met while at the farm, she was also as stubborn. Separated again from those she loved, she refused to talk to the staff. Though her little mouth sometimes puckered, and her eyes would fill with tears, yet no word would she utter. Only to other children did she speak and then not in our hearing, resentful and sad at her forced stay. At our approach she clammed up fast, determined not to break her silence. Even when we had to give her an injection no cry escaped her lips. She suffered in silence, turning her head to hide her pain. For one whole year she kept her lips sealed to adults other than her family.

One day as she played on her bed she began to sing softly to her stuffed lamb. “Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?” She did not notice me as I quietly approached her bed. I joined in as she began the next

line in her sweet voice, “Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.” She looked up and we smiled at one another. She had lifted the latch on her prison gate and we finished the rhyme together.

Nightingale Nursing 1979

by **Monica Beavis (Cey ‘66)**

St. Paul’s Hospital has been a part of my life for many years. St. Paul’s Hospital School of Nursing not only prepared me for my professional career in nursing, the Sisters and Staff assisted me to understand and appreciate the Mission and Values of faith-based health care. The Grey Nuns of Montreal, through their caring and compassion for the poor, the sick and the dying instilled the importance of respect and dignity of the human person.

In 1979, I was one of four registered nurses who established the Nightingale Nursing Group, the first independent nursing practice in Saskatchewan. The principles and values that I had worked with at St. Paul’s Hospital were present within our organization. The Nightingale Nursing Group was a group of professionals who had joined together to make nursing and home help services available to the community on a direct access basis. Each member was in independent practice and self-employed; the nurses were in charge of their practice. Nightingale nurses were true entrepreneurs.

The Nightingale Nursing Group, a management company, provided the administrative and marketing

services to its members and across Canada in the areas of primary care, occupational health, community health and home care.

My most satisfying experience was managing the Northern Health Division. I travelled extensively into Northern Saskatchewan and up into the vast area of the Northwest Territories. When we visited Inuvik we experienced the midnight sun! The demands for new models of health care delivery from both the consumer and the community-at-large presented many opportunities for nurses to make a difference in people’s lives, and Nightingale Nursing was a part of that experience.

The memory I cherish is the experience we shared living together in residence. Today there are still friendships and experiences that happened back in residence or in the hospital that we reminisce about when we get together. It was one big happy family with all the other medical students. The bond of friendship is still thriving and the Alumni continues to keep the spirit of St. Paul’s alive!

Learning to Swim Early

by Donna Tremblay (Zbitnoff '64) and
Carol Baille (Nordstrom '64)

Today I (Donna) sat at our computer and asked myself—what should I write about? Well, here goes...

Carol Nordstrom and I (new grads) were working evenings on Labour and Delivery at St. Paul's Hospital. If I remember correctly, there was no room on the unit; the rooms were full of patients who were all in good labour. I think Carol was in one of the case rooms and I was out on the floor. Dr. P. Bobyne came in and checked his young mom who was in labour. He looked at me and said, "She has a way to go, I will be at the hockey game." He left the ward.

Then the Resident came in and did the same thing and said, "She won't deliver for a while."

We went on working with the other labour patients and all of a sudden I heard a scream from one of the bathrooms. I quickly opened the door of the bathroom and found the mother standing over the toilet with the baby attached to the cord, the placenta not yet delivered and *the baby in a fetal position in the toilet bowl!* I quickly took the baby out of the toilet and called for Carol. We wrapped baby up and walked the mom to the case room.

The mom looked at me and surprised me with her next words, "Well, I called him a little shit, anyway." To our great relief everything turned out positive. Mother was repaired and baby was healthy.

Two Fathers

by Ruth Elaine Groves (Sigurdson '67)

After graduation I worked at St. Paul's Hospital in Post Partum. I enjoyed being with the moms and their new babies. I remember a mom who had twins. She was such a sweet person. I believe her husband was a police officer. One afternoon, two very tall men came to visit. Right away, our head nurse came down and asked "What? Two Fathers?"

Quick as a wink the (real) Dad replied, "Yup! He's the father of the girl and I'm the father of the boy." We laughed over that for quite a while. Needless to say, they (the fathers) didn't stay very long.

I spent a short time at Saskatoon City Hospital on the Orthopedic ward. I found this area very interesting. What a difference between then and now: the heavy casts, the ropes and pulleys on some people. There has been such advancement in medicine through the years.

My husband Bill took a job in the oil field. We didn't stay long in one place, so it was hard to keep nursing. Our moves took us to Swift Current, Brooks, Red Deer, Calgary, Edmonton, overseas to Saudi Arabia, back to Whitecourt, Bragg Creek and now Midale, Sask. It really has been an adventure.

After moving to Bragg Creek, I took the time to take my Grade Ten piano exam, plus all the other courses that go along with music, from the Royal Conservatory of Toronto. I spent the next years teaching children and adults to play the piano—a good job I could do in my home.

People I remember: Linda Laws, my roommate, a kind-hearted, hard-working person; Marilyn Wells who loved her horses; Bernadette Jeaneau, Donalene Mckinnon, Dianne Marchand, Dorothy Stickney and others had an

influence on my life. I've been so happy to be in touch with some of these ladies. Carolyn Christopherson (now Hill) was my big sister and we are still in touch.

I enjoyed our last reunion with the visit to the hospital and residence—our home away from home. It was strange to see the changes to our rooms, where we studied, talked on the phone for as long as we could and had our choir practise.

Our class get-together was so much fun. I really appreciated Rose who opened her home so we could all be together. It was great to sing together and yes, we remembered the words. Joan W. brought her nurse's uniform and modelled it for us. I still have my uniform but alterations would have to be done. It is so good to be able to write down a few thoughts.

Early Days of Hemodialysis

by Sharon McCallion (Smith-Windsor '65)

The first hemodialysis in Saskatoon was performed in the Emergency (ER) department of St. Paul's Hospital when I was a student. In 1966, eight months after graduation I was asked if I would like to work in the dialysis room which was located at the back of the ER Department. I agreed, little knowing what was in store.

At the time it was a place of very sick patients, the unknown and a sense that we were pioneers, making progress very slowly against all odds. Tubes ran what seemed like every which way, sometimes blocking and spraying blood everywhere, hypovolemic shock was common, lab personnel and residents were frequently there dealing with problems. Patients lived an average of six months on dialysis hoping for a transplant to free them from being tied to a machine. Their quality of life was not great.

A lot began to happen at that time. Arteriovenous (AV) shunts became the norm, negating the need for femoral artery catheterization for arterial access that freed the patients from that painful procedure. Until then, staffing was inconsistent, but full time long term staff led to increased understanding and thankfully, improved knowledge. We learned on the job from the physicians, (the Baltzans, and the Residents Drs. Dan Ash, Dave Munday and Ray Fagneau) and from the other centres engaged in dialysis. Hypovolemic shock was eliminated.

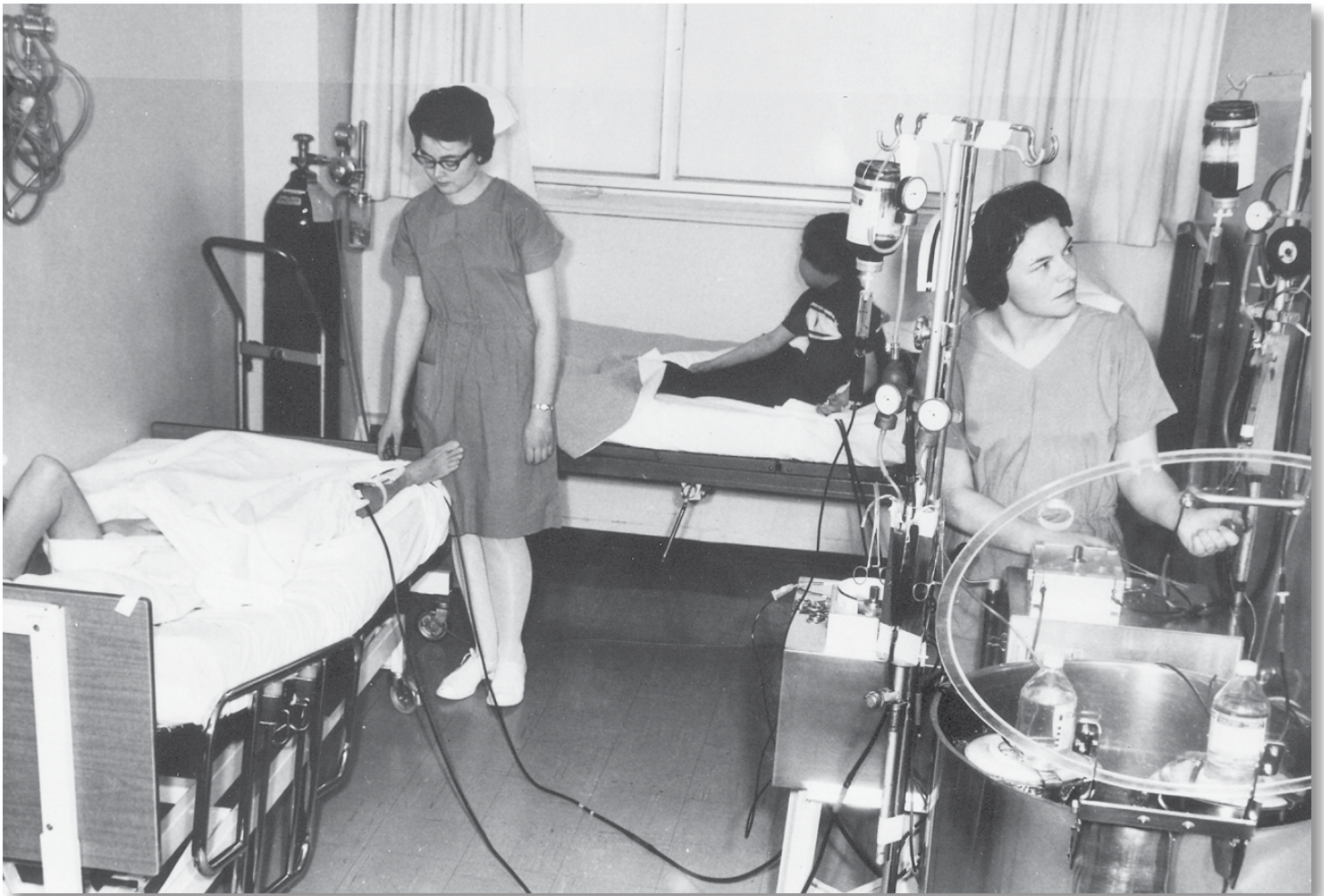
Bruising and infections decreased.

As our knowledge and experience increased we were gradually given more responsibility and took over the dosages of heparin, performed clotting times, removed femoral catheters as well as treatment of hypertension. We became mechanics and could anticipate problems just by the sound of the machine.

We moved to the third floor near the chapel in 1970 in order to have expansion room. Over the four years the comfort of the patients improved and the lifespan increased to an average of two years. When due to family responsibilities I wished to go to part time, I was given the chance to begin home visits with the patients in an effort to head off problems. I was also charged with compiling information on incidence of infection and hospitalization among the patients. An outpatient support system cut hospital stays in half.

Dialysis is radically different today. Long-term home dialysis is available and a new facility for dialysis is now located across the street from St. Paul's Hospital. There are expanded numbers, longer life spans and greater quality of life.

I'm grateful for the opportunity I had to learn, to improve problem-solving skills, and especially to have known the lovely people—patients and co-workers that were involved.



Left: Bev Berggren CNA

Right: Sharon McCallion (Smith-Windsor '65)

The Challenge of Home Care

by Diane C. Hergott (Karasiuk '63)

Looking back at my career in nursing or my life in general, it strikes me how unplanned it was. It has taken me on many unexpected, interesting roads and continues to do so in my present volunteer world. My goals were vague and much of my career was determined by my husband's employment, which took us to various cities and gave me the opportunity to acquire a varied work experience and a broad perspective. I've always felt fortunate in having the Diploma in Nursing that gave

me the ability to find employment with flexible hours wherever we went.

Starting new in unfamiliar places and areas of nursing wasn't always easy. New ideas, practice models, organizational changes were a constant. I always believed that if I worked hard, tried to keep up with the knowledge needed in whatever area I was in and stayed true to the nursing values instilled at St. Paul's School of Nursing, things would work out and they did. Values

such as commitment to the care of the *whole* person and values that meant I needed to follow through with all patient care even if it meant missing breaks and working beyond the eight hours. Overtime pay was not part of our vocabulary in those days and one didn't expect it. Stress levels have always been high in the life of nurses especially if one is conscientious. The rewards and satisfaction of making a difference in the lives of clients/patients or staff, usually offset the stress and hard work.

Following graduation, I worked in Acute Care and Pediatrics at St. Paul's Hospital and for a short while in Swift Current. Upon return to Saskatoon, ease of transportation found me in Long Term Care at Sherbrooke followed by two years in a Level 4 Geriatric Unit in the Yorkton General Hospital and nine years at St. Mary's Special Care Home in Humboldt. In my roles as staff nurse and Assistant Director of Care in these facilities I became Jack-of-all-Trades. I certainly learned to think for myself and when other resources were unavailable, made decisions and performed tasks outside and beyond the Nursing Scope of Practice. I loved the sense of community that developed with residents and staff in Long Term Care and remember those days with great fondness.

When we moved to Prince Albert in 1983, I had the good fortune of finding a position with the Prince Albert Co-op Community Clinic as a Family Health Care Worker. It was a huge learning curve for me. I was one of three visiting home nurses who worked with seventeen salaried physicians as well as a team of Physical Therapists, Occupational Therapists, Lab and X-ray staff, a Nutritionist, etc., all housed under one roof. It was expected that we would assess, start treatment, collect blood, if we saw fit and obtain orders later. An unsafe situation if one did not recognize one's limitations. It was however, a very effective team approach.

The experience was invaluable and contributed to obtaining a supervisory position with Saskatoon Home

Care when we moved in 1985. Saskatoon Home Care went through tremendous growth, development and innovation in the seventeen years I was there. Although the changes weren't always positive, response was necessary with changing needs and funding. It was good to be part of it. Frontline management in Home Care presented a very unique challenge in that clients (hundreds of them) and staff were all out in the community while the majority of my time was spent in the office at the end of a phone. Coordinating heavy care/high needs clients, communicating, problem-solving, guiding could certainly be a nightmare at times.

The most satisfying part of the job was being able to make home visits on occasion and put a face to clients, do the hands-on supervision of staff and do an assessment of the situation we were dealing with. It served as a reminder and clarification of why I was doing what I was doing behind my desk. When health care is provided to clients/patients in their homes, we are in their territory and many times it's on their terms requiring creative problem solving to provide safety for all.

During the years at Home Care, I left for two years to work at St. Paul's Hospital for the Coordinated Personal Assessment Unit (CPAS). What a treat, renewing old acquaintances, memories and awakening a sense of pride for the old Alma Mater.

Feeling very ready, I retired in December 2002; however, I haven't left nursing too far behind as I am a caregiver for my elderly mother who suffers with several chronic conditions. Previous experience is also helpful with some of the committees and boards I'm involved with. I believe it's important to continue to contribute to the community and at the same time keep the brain cells functioning as long as possible. I'm finding out that I need the stimulation and social interaction but it does steal some golf and leisure time! Life continues to be full and interesting and for the most part still *unplanned*.

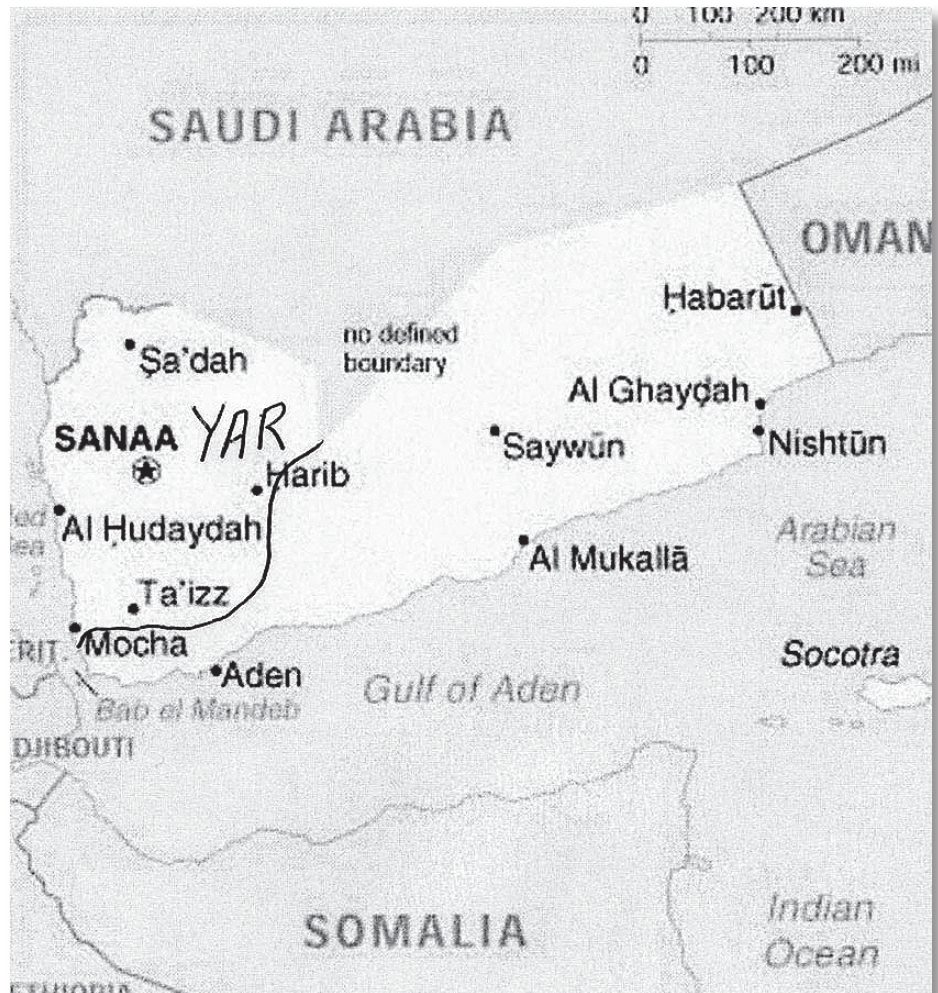
Nursing in Yemen, 1974-75

by Diane Jensen '65

Bookra enshallah (tomorrow God willing) was an expression I heard many times during the year I spent as a volunteer nurse in Hodeidah, Yemen Arab Republic (North Yemen). After graduation in 1965 I spent the next nine years doing general duty in small Alberta hospitals and completing my BScN at the University of Saskatchewan. Then in 1974 the wanderlust struck and I decided to volunteer with an organization called VICS (Volunteer International Christian Service). VICS fills requests for qualified professionals to serve as volunteers in developing countries. Incidentally, 2011 will be VICS' 40th anniversary. My assignment was to a Pediatric hospital in Hodeidah, a port city of about 100,000 people on the coast of the Red Sea.

After a journey of approximately ten days we landed in Yemen's capital Sanaa and as we walked off the plane it was like walking back in time. The architecture reminded me of something biblical and the heat was incredible. Little did I know that this was the cool season and that Sanaa, which is in the mountains at an elevation of 2245 meters, was cool compared to our final destination of Hodeidah which is on Tihama. The Tihama is a forty mile-wide coastal desert plain which is incredibly hot and humid with summer temperatures of up to 50C and even in winter the temperature was seldom below 30C. Nursing in Yemen was an amazing experience, anything more different than Saskatoon is hard to imagine. The hospital building was quite new and outwardly attractive but the reality in the ward was quite different. Our thirty-bed ward was a large open room with a mixture of cribs and

small beds. The nursing staff consisted of expatriate nurses (Irish, Canadian, British and American) and local Yemeni nurses, both male and female, some of whom had formal training but others were trained on the job. We had three Yemeni doctors and one Italian. Fortunately, the hospital working language was English because of course we spoke little or no Arabic. Most of the Yemeni nurses spoke some English but very few of the parents spoke any English so communication was a major challenge. After a year I spoke what I call pidgin Arabic. I could shop for groceries in the suq (market) and ask basic questions of parents such as: How long has the baby been sick? How old is the child?; Is he/she throwing up, having diarrhea, feverish? I also



mastered basic phrases like good morning, thank you, good bye, I'm sorry, how much is that?, but obviously was nowhere close to fluent.

Our patients were aged from a few days to about fourteen years and had almost every infectious disease known to medicine. Many of the babies had gastroenteritis and needed rehydration and other supportive therapy. Most of the gastro cases had been bottle fed. Bottle feeding was a big problem because most of the mothers had no source of clean water, no way to sterilize bottles and nipples and couldn't afford to feed the milk full strength. We also had many cases of pneumonia most of which were post measles. At any one time half the children in the ward had malaria, the other half tuberculosis and some had both. I also saw children with a wide variety of intestinal parasites. Some children had up to five different intestinal parasites. Our ward was like something out of a nursing history text. We cared for children with neonatal tetanus (due to the local practice of putting dung on the umbilical cord after it was cut); diphtheria, rabies and as I indicated before plenty of malaria and tuberculosis. A child with a common Canadian complaint like appendicitis was likely to go undiagnosed because there were so many other more likely possibilities.

In comparison to Canadian pediatric wards at the time, our death rate was appalling. We seldom had a day without at least one death and I remember one twenty-four hour period when we lost twelve children. We seemed to be always short of everything! There were never enough diapers, bottles and nipples, medicines, dressing supplies, etc. We had no disposable needles or syringes so they had to be boiled up on a hotplate or soaked in alcohol before they were reused. Our hospital lacked many things but it had several things we could have done without such as rats, flies, mosquitoes, dirty walls and linen that was grimy even when it came back from the laundry.

Our work life was difficult and very stressful and the climate was dreadful but there were compensations as well. The Yemeni people were very friendly and welcoming and we were only a ten-minute walk from the sea. We shared simple apartments with other volunteers with whom we made lasting friendships. Entertainment consisted of recorded music, cards games, reading

(although there was a marked shortage of English books) visiting, etc. We also enjoyed dart tournaments between the various groups of expatriates, long walks and picnics on the beach on our day off and occasional overnight camping trips in the desert or a weekend in Saana. Hodeidah had miles and miles of beautiful empty beaches. Although Yemen is a very traditional Muslim country we were allowed considerable freedom in terms of dress and activity. We tried to dress fairly modestly and when we went to the beach we avoided areas frequented by the local people.

Although we were welcomed by the local people I'm sure they were bemused and disapproving of a group of women with no husbands who were living on their own and in a building that housed unmarried men as well (two White Fathers and a Jesuit brother shared an apartment in our building). In Yemen girls married as young as eleven, although they didn't live with their husband's family until after they reached puberty. In our area the women were fully veiled when outside their homes. They wore full length black taffeta skirts and a cape of the same material which covered them from their head to their wrists. Their faces were completely covered with three layers of gauzy black material. If we met any of the nurses outside the hospital we couldn't recognize them until they spoke. Women seemed to have few rights. They even had to have their husband's permission to admit their child to the hospital. Despite living in extreme poverty and in what we would consider primitive conditions the people seemed very happy and had the same dreams and hopes as people anywhere. They wanted their children to be healthy and to have a better life than they had. They seemed to accept that not all their children would reach adulthood and when they lost a child they would say "enshallah" meaning it is Allah's will, but they mourned that child's loss the same as parents anywhere would mourn the death of a child.

My experience in Yemen was life changing. Although life was difficult and often frustrating I would not have missed the experience for anything. I learned to live more simply and to appreciate the simple things in life. I came to appreciate the incredible gift of being born in Canada and yet to recognize that the material bounty and freedoms we have make us a minority in the world and that we have a responsibility to share with those who have less.



Diane in Hodeidah clinic

My Story

by Diane Fowler (Boyko '62B)

Memories? Many, but the best are of the wonderful life long friendships I made and the sadness of losing a good friend, Cory Kelly (Hendricks), to Leukemia, several years ago.

I remember the evening rounds the Sisters made, beads jangling, you could hear them come! We would shut off

our lights to pretend we were in bed and then study in the closet using a flashlight!

I remember the kitchenette, snacks of toast, peanut butter and PLUM jam.

I am now an American Citizen, which has spurred me on to become interested in American History.

The First Dialysis

by Jean Day (Zalinko '60)

From 1960 to 1979 I was employed as a nurse in Emergency at St. Paul's Hospital and witnessed the first dialysis performed in Emergency with Dr. M. Baltzan – eighteen hours, bathtubs, etc. What a change to the compact dialysis machines now. On one occasion, the “new” pump was primed with blood, ready to attach when the coil split and blood shot from floor to ceiling. The cleanup was horrendous, and having an English head nurse, every drop had to be wiped up.

Time to move on to the *rocks on the hill* — University Hospital, in Emergency, Recovery Room and last but not least, I was hired by an endocrinologist to set up a testing centre for specialized diagnostics. This soon grew to involve gastroenterology, and eventually, light therapy with the Department of Dermatology—a very challenging and rewarding experience.

A highlight was being chosen by the University Hospital Foundation to receive their yearly Muriel Jarvis award from Saskatoon District Health for making a difference in health care. The qualities I'm still working on are dedication, compassion, dignity, respect, commitment, tenacity, generosity, humour, excellence, determination, wisdom, inspiration and strength.

After retiring to Sicamous, a very industrious local citizen found she was without a foot care nurse, so, with a little training, I am now a foot care nurse and do some work for *We Care*, a private community nursing program.

I remember the gals coming back to residence after a date. Standing at the windows on second floor, watching as good nights were said—should have filmed some!

Leaving the Rez

by Lorraine Willems (Ruff '69)

This day was to be an important one. As I crawled out of bed on May 1, 1969, anticipation overflowed. When I dashed into the washroom in the nurses' residence to wash up, my mind was buzzing. Eerie silence met me. No one was in the room.

It hadn't always been this way. The washroom usually had more than one occupant at a time. Like the rest of the building, activity and sound filled it much of the time. And in a Nurses' Residence, there was usually someone awake somewhere, as the various shifts came and went. The halls had echoed with laughter and the voices of many young women.

Since its opening in 1931, this building had served

hundreds of young ladies. In that first year, eighty excited students moved into this fully modern residence, complete with twenty-nine double rooms and ninety single rooms, classroom, an auditorium, bathrooms, a parlour, a chapel, study rooms, office and kitchenettes.

Students received room and board and a small monthly stipend as they lived by strict rules during their three-year training program. By 1956, an additional thirty-six beds, a library and demonstration room had been added on fourth floor.

In 1968, the provincial government changed the authority for educating nurses from the Department of Health to the Department of Education. This change

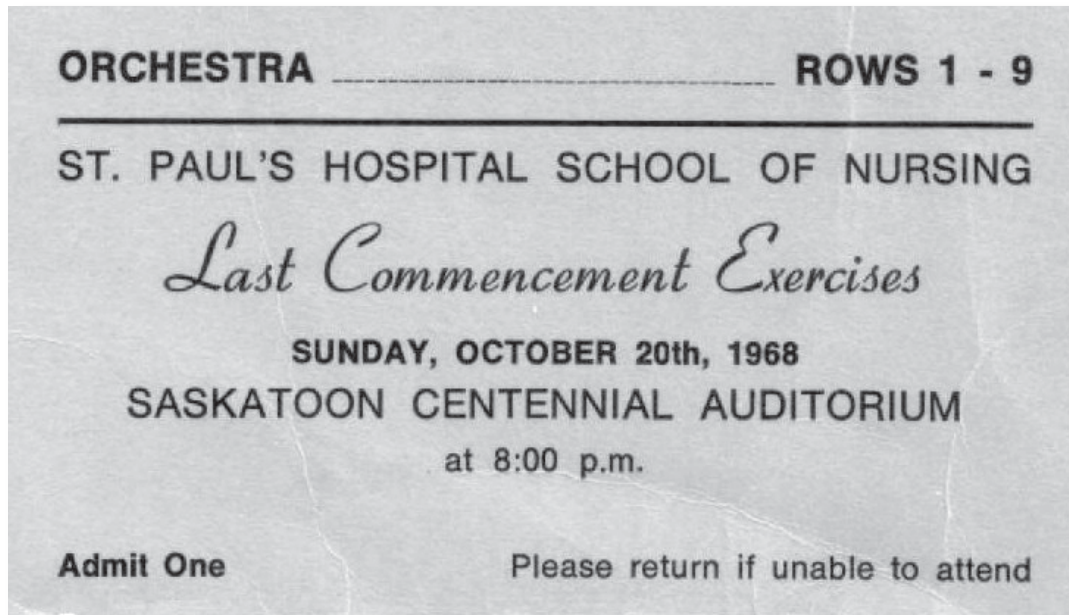
meant that the two-year diploma-nursing program was to be facilitated by the new Saskatchewan Institute of Arts and Applied Sciences, (the forerunner to today's SIAST) and hospital-based programs were to close.

A series of last events rolled out in the months ahead. On Sunday, October 20, 1968, the program, *Final Commencement Exercises*, listed the classes of '68 and that of '69 as they shared that final graduation exercise for St. Paul's Hospital of Saskatoon. In the sixty years of active training, 2057 nurses had gone through that celebration of their completion of course requirements.

By February 1969, the courses and final exams were completed.

The halls grew quiet as the individual students completed their course and moved out. I piled all my earthly possessions onto the dolly, as I got ready to move out. Excitement over-rode nostalgia.

Yes, I was grateful for the training and experience I had received. Even more, I looked forward to a new chapter. The last St. Paul's nursing student was leaving the building.



A Medley of Memories

- The Way Things Were in. . . 1911
- Yearbooks
- School of Nursing Curriculum
- In Our Spare Time . . .
- Music



The Way Things Were in . . .1911

- Saskatchewan had been a province for six years.
- Saskatoon boasted of a population of 12,000, 41 miles of sidewalks, 37 miles of water mains, 36 miles of sewers and 11 miles of street railway.
- The University of Saskatchewan began two years ago.
- In 1911, 44,479 homestead entries were made in the province.
- The T. Eaton's Catalogue had been around for more than twenty years.
- In five years women will have the right to vote.
- By 1911 some grain elevators had been built along the railway that had offered incentives to companies and individuals to invest in and build elevators for the handling of grain. As elevators went up 8 to 10 miles apart, villages sprang up at these points as well. Farmers could easily haul their grain by wagon to one elevator or another or come to town for supplies and return home for chores the same day.
- The Legislative Building in Regina was completed in 1911.
- Wages for stooking grain sheaves ranged from \$1.75 to \$2.25, for threshing \$2.00 to \$3.25 per day.
- By 1911, Seager Wheeler had developed three varieties of wheat: Marquis, Red Bobs, and Kitchener.
- Many communities were establishing their own local Rural Telephone Company, but there were no long distance lines so the telegraph was used for urgent messages.
- Radios were a few years away; the television and computers would not appear for another forty years.
- The Model T Fords were showing up on the prairies and roads still had to be built.
- By 1911, eight schools of nursing had been established in hospitals in Saskatchewan: at St. Paul's and Saskatoon City Hospitals in Saskatoon; Holy Family and Victoria Hospitals in Prince Albert; Regina General and Regina Grey Nun's Hospitals; Moose Jaw General Hospital; and the Queen Victoria Cottage Hospital in Yorkton.

Yearbooks

School of Nursing yearbooks were published each year from 1926 to 1930 and 1947 to 1969. For economic reasons, no yearbooks were produced during the years in between, which were the depression and war years. A yearbook is a snapshot of the life and times of a class. It includes class accomplishments, changes in school program, accounts of extra-curricular activities, inspirational messages, well-wishes and appreciation. Early yearbooks had stories about the hospital and the Alumni as well as graduates and students. Later yearbooks have photos of undergraduates and graduates, photos and messages from teachers, medical staff, Bishops, Priests/Chaplains and the Sisters, and lots of photos of students, graduation and other events, social activities, poetry and class songs. Yearbooks show the serious side of student life, class work, study, patient care, dedication to duty, and spirituality. But in various creative ways they also portray belonging, school spirit, fellowship and fun – all makings of lasting memories and lifelong friendships.

Senior's Yearbook 1926

The first yearbook entitled “Senior’s Year Book” St. Paul’s Training School for Nurses, was published in 1926 by the “Senior Girls” of the 1926 Graduating Class. The hope was that this yearbook would be a *suitable medium through which the graduate and undergraduate nurses of St. Paul’s Hospital, Saskatoon, may be kept in touch with each other, as well as with the mother institution and its activities.* p.7

This first publication was of historical significance and, in addition to an article of the history of St. Paul’s Hospital it included a short resume of the history of hospitals in Saskatoon.

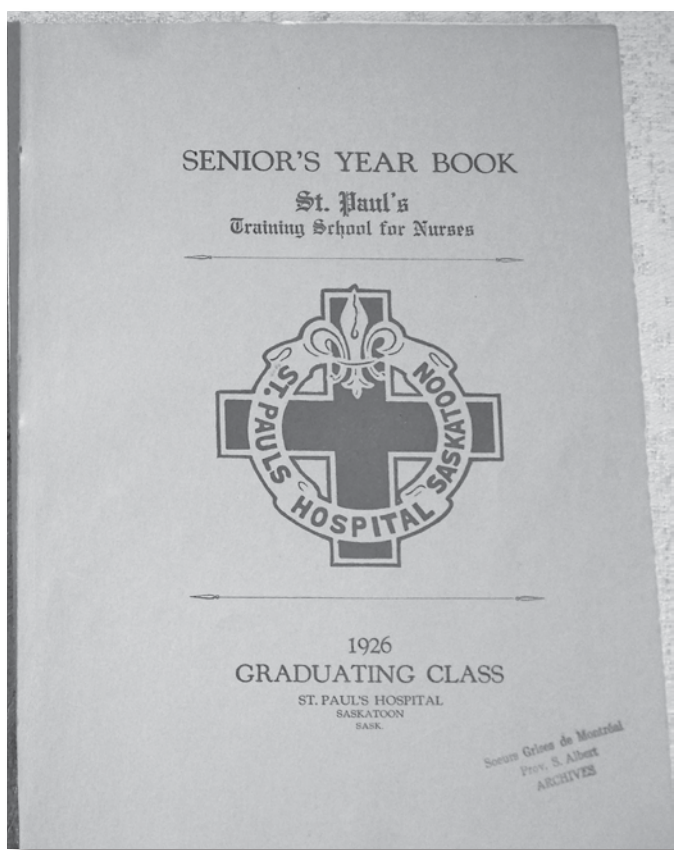
The Yearbook contains individual photographs of St. Paul’s Hospital and Nurses’ Home; the First Chaplain of St. Paul’s Hospital; the Parish Priest of St. Mary’s Church, Saskatoon; the Bishop of Prince Albert and Saskatoon; Venerable Mother d’Youville, Founder of the Sisters of Charity; eleven pictures of Instructors. The Professor of Dietetics was the only female and not Doctor; the staff were physicians and male with one designated as the Nurses’ Physician and one Intern. There were twenty-seven photographs of the graduates wearing white caps.

Other articles included “The Doctor as a Businessman”; an Obituary for a popular member of the Medical profession; “Class Prophecies”; the “Class Will & Testament”; “Nurses’ Favorite Sayings”; “Probation Days”; and “Favorite Sayings of Doctors”. In addition there were jokes, a variety of poems and advertisements from various Saskatoon firms.

CLASS MOTTO: “Best doing of the least thing.”

CLASS FLOWER: Fleur de lis

CLASS COLORS: Red and Gold



School Annual 1927

The Editors of Class 1927: A School Annual is the swan-song to undergraduate days. It is the one link in the chain of golden memory that binds one in the after years to the glorious days of School Life. It is, as it were, a stereopticon that casts old familiar scenes, and dim forgotten faces upon the screen of memory. This is the purpose of the Nineteen Twenty-Seven Annual, and if it succeeds in rekindling the spark that makes it possible to relive those joyous days, we will feel that its mission has been accomplished.

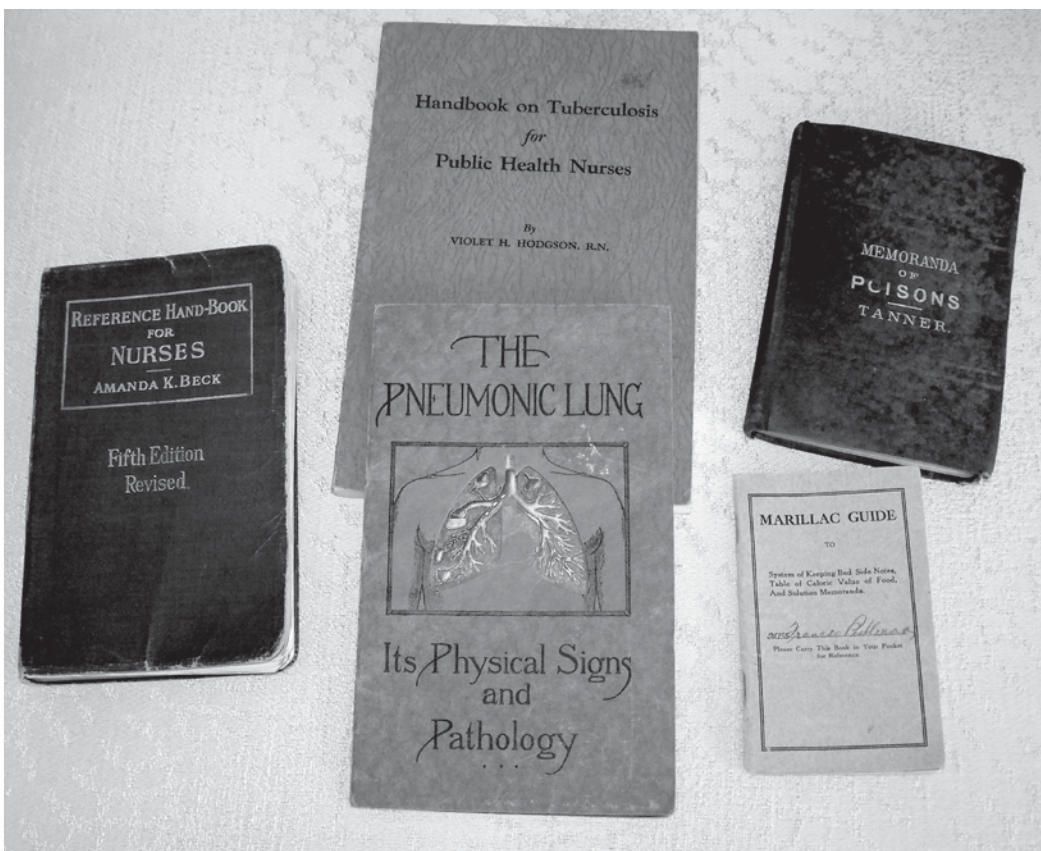
St. Paul's Hospital: March 19th, 1927 St. Paul's Hospital celebrated its twentieth anniversary of existence, on Pleasant Hill. The Hospital Register gives the following information:

1907 – Number of patients admitted during the year: 417
 1917 – Number of patients admitted during the year: 2,467
 1926 – Number of patients admitted during the year: 4,736
 Total number of patients admitted in twenty years existence: 43,339

The photographs include: St. Paul's Hospital and Nurses' Home; Sister Superior (R.N.); Superintendent of Nurses (R.N.); photographs of 32 male doctors who are not designated as instructors and/or staff; one Dentist; one Intern; a Memorial to an Alumni member; and photographs of twenty-six graduates wearing white caps with black bands.

This publication includes content similar to the previous Year Book; however, it also includes a Nurses' Song; a Valedictory; a Class Directory and a Nurses' Directory of the Alumni from 1911 to 1926. A hope was expressed in the Valedictory that the graduates of 1928 will spend their last days of training in a new and much needed Nurses' Home.

CLASS MOTTO: Estote Fideles
 (Now and hereafter)
 CLASS FLOWER: None indicated
 CLASS COLORS: Blue and Gold



Early references

Yearbook 1928

The Story of Medicine is the feature article in this yearbook. It summarizes the progress of Medicine from the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, to specific physicians who discovered the circulation of blood, vaccination for small pox and others. Discoveries in bacteriology were highlighted, and advances in biologic chemistry such as increased knowledge of Diabetes and Endocrinology were mentioned. Advances in surgery through the use of a variety of anaesthetics have made it possible to operate on all organs in the body including the brain. The life expectancy of a child was 50 or 55. It was questioned whether the pace of medical advances in the past half century could be kept up.

The tone of this yearbook is somewhat meditative with poems such as "When I Get to the End of My Way";

"He Who Has Tried"; "Our Helper"; "Burden Bearers"; and "Recompense: A Nurse's Meditation". In addition to the photographs of 32 Physicians, one Dentist and two Interns, a photograph of a Technician has been added. Of particular interest are photographs of two females, one an R.N., the Instructress of Nurses and the other a Dietician, who has a B.A. The addition of these positions reflects the move to more classroom instruction.

CLASS MOTTO: "Estote Fideles"
(Be ye ever faithful)

CLASS FLOWER: Fleur de lis

CLASS COLORS: Red and Gold

Yearbook 1929

Among the highlights are a comprehensive review of the services provided in St. Paul's Hospital; an article about the Alumnae Association; class photos of first and second year students; and an increased Nursing Associate Staff.

Some photographs of services provided at St. Paul's Hospital include: Physiotherapy Treatments; X-ray Room; Dispensary; Operating Room; Laboratory; Utility Room; Sterilizing Room; and Hospital Chapel. The value of the laboratory services was praised and with the advances of recent techniques how these can be of service to the clinician and thus to the patient. However, it was emphasized that co-operation between the clinical side and the laboratory was key to achieving the greatest benefit.

The Alumnae Association was organized in 1925 to provide mutual help and protection of its members. Marriages and known places of employment were

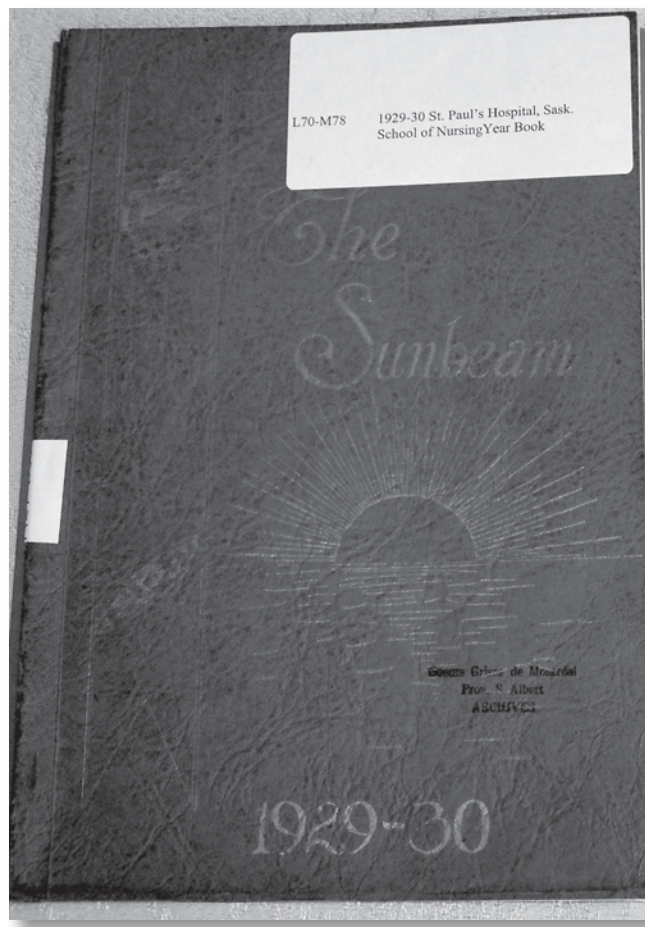
listed for some Alumni members. In addition, reports were included from the Canadian Nurse twelfth annual convention, and the fifth annual institute of the Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) held in Saskatoon. At this event it was decided that the SRNA would provide a scholarship for a registered nurse to attend the course for teaching and administration in schools of nursing, and to organize a Nursing Education Section of the SRNA.

The Yearbook contains twenty-eight individual photographs of graduates and group pictures of the 1930 and 1931 classes. The Associate Staff included five Registered Nurses and one technician, the only male.

CLASS MOTTO: "Estote Fideles"
(Be ye ever faithful)

CLASS FLOWER: None indicated

CLASS COLORS: None indicated



Sunbeam 1930

St. Paul's Hospital Training School is now called St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing and the Year Book is titled "The Sunbeam" as it was hoped that this Yearbook would "fulfill its mission, the mission of every nurse of St. Paul's, which was to be a beam of sunshine in lives darkened by the shadow of sickness." In the Address to the Graduates, the nurses were also reminded to keep God in their scheme of things; and that "Only God may be the witness of the thoughts you cherish, the spirit you develop, the merit you gain, but the whole world will be better for the life you live, the deeds of kindness you perform, and the joy you disperse."

A photograph of the Proposed New Nurses' Home is featured. The number of photographs of Graduate Nurses has increased to forty-four—one is also listed as Instructress of Nurses. These photos are bordered

with a design and have an inset of a second picture of the nurse, ranging from a baby picture to one of her in street clothes.

Articles included "Alumnae Notes" that listed social activities and marriages of the year; "Amusement in A Nurse's Life" which emphasized that even in engaging in recreational activities one must not disregard fundamentals such as to seek "... the truth about God and to live in social intercourse"; and "Hospitals of the Middle Ages". This last article highlighted how our ancestors of the Middle Ages met and solved the problem of building hospitals for the lower middle class of people so that they could have the advantage of the hospital treatment for themselves.

Another innovation described in this yearbook is the origination of the Spokes Club. This club was started

to “Fulfill the mission of encouraging the old Greek desire of round table discussion on various questions pertaining directly to the nursing profession, as well as to foster a degree of fluent self-expression.”

CLASS MOTTO: “Estote Fideles”

CLASS FLOWER: Fleur de Lis

CLASS COLORS: Red and Gold

Whitecap 1947



The *Whitecap* made its debut in 1947. Lack of funds had prevented the publishing of yearbooks beginning in 1931, during the depression and war years. The 1947 yearbook consisted of ninety-four pages, much longer than those in the past which averaged around forty-eight pages. The Teaching Staff of twenty-six members was a little more gender balanced in that there were eight female instructors. The Student Council also had more members because there were two intakes of students per year known as A and B classes. The Valedictorian also commented on the fact

that the first International Conference of Nurses since 1937, was opening on the same day as the 1947 graduation.

This yearbook has many pictures, both individual and group. Individual pictures include: the Editorial Staff; the Bishop of Saskatoon; Mother Provincial; Sister Superior; Directress of the School of Nursing; Chief of Medical Staff; the Teaching Staff; Student Council; Supervising Staff; the forty-eight graduates (who are now wearing winged caps); Medal and Scholarship winners; “Boys” on Call; Undergraduates; X-Ray Staff;

School Of Nursing - required personal items: 1943

Note: Please be certain that every articles of your clothing is distinctly marked with your full name. The following is a list of the personal articles you will need:

1. A large supply of underclothing, including white slips to be worn under uniforms. These must be within 12 inches from the floor.
2. A large supply of handkerchiefs.
3. Nightgowns with sleeves or pajama suits.
4. Housecoat that has appearance of a dress - one suitable to appear on main floor to answer telephone.
5. One pair of noiseless slippers.
6. Bath and face towels.
7. All articles needed for toilet, mending, writing material, etc.
8. Watch with a second hand, preferably one that pins on uniform.
9. Twelve pair white hose.
10. White wool sweater.

Laboratory Staff; Dietician; Pharmacist; Office Staff; Orderlies; and the Varsity Students. Group pictures include a Chapel Scene; the Graduation Breakfast; Mother and Daughter Graduation Tea; Graduation Banquet; Graduation; the Sisters; the Sodality Executive; St. Paul's Medical Staff; St. Paul's Nurses Alumni; and Freshman B. In addition, there are eight pages of candid pictures reflecting experiences of the past three years.

Affiliation at Fort San was still in the experimental stage. Every eight weeks a new group of students arrived to learn about Tuberculosis nursing from doctors, nurses, technicians, nursing assistants, orderlies and patients.

In one of the addresses to the graduates they were reminded of a great need for well-trained and experienced nurses in the postwar years—considered to be a period of re-adjustment. Nurses were encouraged to remain in the profession at least until the urgent demand for nurses had been met instead of joining the 80 per cent that entered into “the bonds of matrimony” soon after graduation.

A few snippets ...

Morning Prayer: I pray that my calling may find me always a real lady, kind, courteous, considerate of those who face the trials of sickness.

P. F. Pocock, Bishop of Saskatoon: There never was a nurse who could compare with your own Mother. If you would be a good nurse, imitate her virtues.

Sister A. Lachance, s.g.m.: Canada needs more nurses but most of all Canada needs the kind of nurses who

keep the spirit of nursing—the spirit that brings nurses to the remote districts of our vast northland and the isolated rural areas of our prairie.

Dr. R. H. Macdonald, Chief, Medical Staff: The medical staff considers it a privilege and an honor to have been associated in your training.

E. Andeen, Valedictory: This new era we are beginning is without precedent in the amount of suffering. The world is in a wounded and grievous condition and every nurse is obliged to share in its recovery.

About Our Retreat: Last but by far not least, we wish to thank the non-Catholic students who so willingly worked a little harder to enable us to be absent from duty.

N. Nagle—The Sodality Presents: Cries of “Pitch the bean bag and win a prize” greeted our ears as we entered St. Paul's School of Nursing auditorium, where confusion reined supreme on the night of October 17, 1946. Around us milled hundreds of little people, clutching pennies in their grubby fists which were theirs to spend this night. ...for this was the night of our Penny Carnival.

Sister Paulette Fortier, s.g.m., on Mary O'Hara, an inspiration. *There are few contradictions in her character but plenty of delightful contrasts. From rambling and witty conversation she can turn swiftly to give a sudden directive with as much ease as she can set a nurse right on her technique.*

Whitecap 1948

Our Colors, garnet and gold, give us our Ideals:

Garnet

- Graciousness
- Ambition
- Reverence
- Neatness
- Efficiency
- Tact

Gold

- Goodness
- Obedience
- Love
- Devotion

Sister A. Ste. Croix. s.g.m., Director of Nursing: Ideals are like stars. We never reach them, but we chart our course by them.

Articles on “Our Entrance Date” and “Our Capping Day” expressed the many emotions which nursing students experience at these times. In the “Message to the Graduating Class” the graduates were reminded of the great contribution the church had made to nursing and the care of the sick. In addition, contributions

made by Jeanne Mance, the Grey Nuns and Florence Nightingale were named and given credit for promoting and elevating the status profession of Nursing ... “and

now has the dignity of being included in the university scheme of education ... by our own University of Saskatchewan”.

Whitecap 1949

Sister A. Ste. Croix, s.g.m., Director of Nursing, Message to Graduates: Remember that your calling is sublime. As a nurse you must be a healer, a teacher, and an apostle. Let your Christian philosophy guide you through this noble career.

C. F. Johnson, C.Ss. R, Chaplain, Message to Graduate: ...the word Graduation is the comma between a successful past and a promising future. Your Graduation day tells its own story of a trinity of years spent in preparation – garnering truth, molding character; for though information is necessary, character is essential.

Sister M. Mann, s.g.m., Provincial Superior: You may well be proud of having been found worthy to follow in the humble footsteps of Florence Nightingale or a Jeanne Mance. Let your Light shine on the way as they did for the good of suffering humanity, radiating Joy, Hope and Sympathy.

R. J. O'Donnell, C.B.S.: During your training you have accumulated a knowledge and skill which constitute the wealth of long ages of research. Be humble in the possession of it as if something you have by reason of the trials and errors and wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Miss Chisholm, Valedictory: The end of nursing is

expressed nowhere better than in the following words of Christian wisdom and experience. ‘The Nursing Profession is founded upon the fundamental concept of sacred value of human life, the inviolability of human dignity, and the integrity of human relations.’ This is the philosophy we absorbed at St. Paul’s.

THE SODALITY of OUR LADY: In an interesting departure, the Sodality sponsored a series of ten lectures on Etiquette... Mrs. A.Y. LeGars honoured us by presiding at these lectures. Her theme was “Non Nobis Solum” (Not for Ourselves alone) and her object was to convince us that etiquette is not merely “conventional decorum” but an essential ingredient in the oil that makes the wheels of life run smoothly.

OUR ENGLISH LIBRARIAN: Mrs. Wyer was born in London England and prior to coming to Canada in June 1948 she was secretary to the Head Teacher of Our Lady of Lourdes School, Finchley, London. Her son was evacuated to this city in 1940 at the age of six. He returned to London in 1945 but left a big part of his heart behind him. So when Mrs. Wyer lost her husband last year, she decided that she would be doing the best thing for her son by bringing him back to the place where he spent five such happy years.

Whitecap 1950

- The Alumnae of St. Paul’s School of Nursing celebrated their 25th Anniversary on May 26 and 27, 1950.

- Miss Mary T. Mackenzie is the Nursing Arts Instructor.

The first group of students affiliated at the Munroe Wing, a Psychiatric Unit at the Regina General Hospital. This was a two-month experience which taught the nursing students the close bond between mental and physical illness. They found that they gained a deeper understanding of human behaviour which was

helpful in their everyday life and in their efforts to assist patients back to the road to health.

Two nursing students were selected to attend the 25th Biennial meeting of the Canadian Nurses' Association gathering in Vancouver. Of interest was that the Hospital paid for one student, the Student Council paid for the other student.

The student nurses helped with the Manitoba Flood Relief of 1950 by caring for some of the patients who had been evacuated from St. Boniface Hospital and by holding a tea to help (raise funds for) the St. Boniface School of Nursing.

Yearbook 1951

The following question was raised by one of the graduates: "Are we taking the Nursing out of Nursing?" There seemed to be a concern that the patients were being neglected as the result of student nurses leaving for classes during their eight-hour shift.

On a humorous note, it was said that a nurse must

have **three special bones** in order to be worthy of her profession. First, she must have a **wishbone**, an ideal which is the guiding light of her life and work. Secondly, she must have a **backbone** which represents energy, courage, perseverance and patience. The third bone is a **funnybone** which represents a sense of humor.

Yearbook 1952

A new trend in nursing practice and education is identified in the Valedictory; a gradual conversion from the principles of bedside devotion to one of indirect nursing through administration and supervision. Inherent in this change is the need to entrust patients to less experienced aides while retaining the role of custodians of nursing.

May of 1952 marked the completion of the first year of organized student government by the Student Council under a new constitution. The purpose was to foster a good school spirit and an interesting residence life. Thus they laid the foundation for a more cultured life for the students. Student activities included the following: Sodality-Spiritual Activities; The Sodality Choir; The Glee Club and a Public Speaking Group. In addition, student nurses were encouraged to guard against getting into a rut by the use of self-discipline so that when they graduated they would be a "cultured, well-informed, professional citizen and nurse."

Dr. Harold Sugarman, President - Medical Staff: Your
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association with your fellow students and teachers has brought you closer together. You have made friends who will remain close to you for many years to come, and you have learned the community spirit.

Sister A. Bezaire, s.g.m.: If your life does not rise to the level of your ideal, then your ideal will come down to the level of your life.

Sr. A. Ste. Croix s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: The Nursing Pattern is changing rapidly, but in the heart of a good nurse the blueprints must ever remain the same.

Sheila Clark, Valedictory: We enter the Nursing Profession at a very opportune time. We see approaching a new trend in nursing practice and education. A gradual conversion is occurring from the present principle of bedside devotion to one of indirect nursing through administration and supervision.

Joan Olstad - Chairman, Cultural Committee: At Christmas time a new scheme was launched under the

guidance of the cultural committee whereby the students jointly contributed to providing a joyous Christmas for one of the less fortunate families in our community.

Together they gave a family a Christmas dinner, a cheque for fifty dollars and several large hampers of clothing.

Whitecap 1953

Lillian Weninger, Sodality President, 1952-53: The greatest event this year (at least in our opinion) was our “Crusade for Modesty” through which we were trying to bring back Christian standards of dress. With the help of letters, posters, pamphlets, and our “Fashion Parade” but, most of all, by our personal example here at the residence, we hope and pray we shall achieve some success.

Dr. Buckwold wrote a tribute to the undergraduates that he referred to as “ladies in waiting” and mentioned the “high esteem in which I hold the nurse”.

The polio epidemic was underway and Dr. Peter Cameron wrote (*The Doctor had Polio or Pardon My Virus*) about his experience “when the polio virus forced me to quit practising medicine and become a patient”. He spent six weeks in the iron lung. Some of his medical friends had suggested he keep a diary. “Imagine me keeping a diary when I was stuck in an iron lung – not even capable of keeping my teeth clean!”

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The 1953 Yearbook was dedicated to Sister A. Ste. Croix, s.g.m.
- 1952 was the Coronation Year for our Queen, Elizabeth II.
- When asked what she could possibly find attractive or interesting about nursing, Sister Y. Bezaire, s.g.m. summed up her response in the words of Christ Himself: “Whatsoever you do unto the least of Mine, you do unto Me.” [Matthew 25:40]
- The 1953 class was the first class to affiliate with the Saskatoon Sanatorium; “Pioneers – that’s us!”
- On September 8, 1952, the new educational program called the Block System began. In the Block System students took blocks of classes and blocks of ward experiences. This system separated classes and ward experience so that students could concentrate on one or the other.

Whitecap 1954

Clayton Kramer, C.Ss.R., S.T.D, From—On Losing and Finding: “What do I get out of it?” was not their motto, but rather, “What do others get out of it?” Theirs was an out flowing and outgiving life. The least frustrated and happiest souls are those who give themselves to the service of others.

L. Weninger, Valedictory: You Grey Nuns founded our School. I say to you, ‘Sisters in Grey’, tonight—you were the first, you built well and lastingly. You Grey Nuns of Montreal pioneered hospital education and

nursing service in Canada.

J. Gladstone in The Cultural Year: A public speaking group was instructed by Mr. R. Brown. At 8:00 p.m. on April 1, 1954, the people gathered in the auditorium to witness something new, an “April Fool’s Debate.” Three young men from Teacher’s College kindly consented to correlate their ideas with ours concerning a very controversial resolution: “A Woman’s place is in the Home.” Honorable Judge McKercher gave the decision to the negative side with the help of Miss Brkick, our

science instructor, and Mr. M. Hertz, principal of St. Mary's School.

Dr. Keith M. Crocker, M.R.C.O.G.: It would seem that most girls, whether nurses or not, ultimately desire to marry and have children. Although this is the greatest cause of nursing shortage, as an obstetrician I can only hope they achieve their objective.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- Three students attended The Canadian Nurses' Association 27th Biennial Meeting held in Banff, Alberta.

- "A Day with the V.O.N." began in 1954. Each student had an opportunity to don the blue V.O.N. uniform and accompany the visiting nurse on her tour of duty.

Whitecap 1955

Sr. Annette Lachance, s.g.m., Superior/Administrator: May those ideals and attitudes be so directed that no matter where you go or what you do, you will always be recognized as St. Paul's graduates...that is nurses with outstanding personal qualities of charity and justice, that foundation of professional knowledge, the esprit-de-corps—that common spirit of sympathy, enthusiasm, devotion zealous regard for the honor of the profession. What you started as a student, let it be amplified a hundred fold as a graduate.

Sr. A. Ste. Croix, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: Only by the betterment of the moral virtues along with the professional knowledge and skill will we be able to grow firm and strong—and be able to attain the ideal of a noble past in the new century to come.

R. Drury - commenting on the third year's field trip to North Battleford: Sister Ste. Croix surprised us on our homeward journey by passing out gum with the provision that it would be relinquished before we reached the city.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The year 1955 was the Golden Jubilee of Saskatchewan.

- The professional magazine The Canadian Nurse celebrated fifty years of publication in 1955.

- The graduating class of 1955 was the first class to be televised during their graduation ceremony at the Capitol Theatre.

Whitecap 1956

E. Farre, Editorial: Perhaps this calling is so dear to the heart of every woman because it is part of her very nature. To be a consoler, to comfort the afflicted, to protect the weak, is the role for which she was created and it is in doing that she finds her true self.

Francis J. Klein - Bishop of Saskatoon: What a vocation is yours to the world; not only in hospitals and to the suffering but to the world in general. You can let others see that there is a higher motive for you than the love of the work or the love of men and pity for the suffering.

You can show them that above all this there is a God and the love of God.

Fr. Pankhurst: A poet once said, "In the end is my beginning", for it seems the nature of our human life that every end or goal reached is only the beginning of another stretch on our road of life.

Sister Annette Lachance, s.g.m., Superior: Continue to be modern Nightingales. The light from whose lamp will ever shine in love and mercy to encourage and relieve those who are in suffering and need."

Faye Smith, Valedictory: It is said that the three years at St. Paul's were a challenge. And so they were. Punctuality was an obsession. Always, one was to be in the right place at the right time, alert and ready to work, dressed for work.

E. Doshen, Student President's Message: I'd like to quote Father Mulchay. "Sow a thought, reap an act, Sow an act, reap a habit, sow a habit, reap a character, sow a character, reap a destiny." This is the pattern you are following now—as high school students you had the thought, as a preliminary you acted, since then your character is being formed to suit the role you'll play on the stage of life, thus beginning your destiny

F. Doel, Sodality President: Our Lord asked Peter how a certain citizen passed the gates into heaven. St. Peter answered, "What can I do? I shut the doors and your mother let him in the window."

J. C. Molloy, Retreat Master: ...It is not the letters behind one's name nor the esteem of others that makes one great. It is the fulfillment of duty to the best of one's ability. Life is a canvas on which we paint, not a sum to be added and subtracted. You can tell ...

You can tell a Senior by her opinion sound,
You can tell a Junior by the way she struts
around,
You can tell a Preliminary by her ardent looks
and such,
You can tell an Intermediate, but **YOU CAN'T
TELL HER MUCH.**

DID YOU KNOW...?

- On Hairnets: A Hairnet is tied together with a string. It is guaranteed to give a very professional appearance. There are several ways to get out of wearing a Hairnet: (1) braids; (2) upsweep; (3) forget it and try to dodge the clinical instructor.

- The 1956 graduating class of seventy-three graduates was the largest class to graduate from St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing.



Grotto to our Blessed Mother was completed in 1956

Whitecap 1957 (Garnet and Gold Cover)

F. J. Klein, Bishop of Saskatoon: Your chosen vocation in life: the nursing profession will continue to demand a spirit of personal sacrifice, an extraordinary devotion to duty which can only be achieved if your motivation is of the highest. Your period of schooling

and training has demanded the same kind of personal sacrifice and similar devotion to duty.

Father Redmand, C.Ss.R.: You have learned the recipe of a wonderful life. Now go and make that life.

Sister Jeanne Quintal, s.g.m. Director of Nursing:
Let your hands with their skills; your head with
its knowledge, your heart with its love of God and
neighbor, unanimously minister to the sick.

Stepping stones:

Freshmen-grindstones; Intermediates-moonstones; Seniors-tombstones.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The Class of '57 had the distinction of being St. Paul's Hospital's Golden Jubilee Year graduating class. It was noted that the members of this graduating class

belonged to the second half of the century while their roots were in the first half.

- St. Paul's Golden Jubilee celebration began with a Pontifical High Mass at St. Paul's Cathedral on May 5th, 1957.

- Student nurses mourned the loss of "Freddie" who had been a patient for 14 years.

- A beautiful ceremony took place at the Grotto to the Blessed Mother on the Feast Day of the Queenship of Mary at which Our Lady was crowned in the hospital chapel followed by a procession and the blessing of the Grotto.

Whitecap 1958

Sister Joan Kuffner, S.M.S., President, Mary's Society of Nurses: At that time it was seen that it would be necessary to give a new name to the Catholic student nurses' organization since the name Sodality is reserved for those who pledge themselves to follow the rules of this worldwide so-called Sodality of Our Lady. The name chosen for the Catholic student nurses' organization was Mary's Society of Nurses, a fitting name for a group dedicated to Christ's mother."

DID YOU KNOW...?

- In October 1957, the first "trio" of students began six-week affiliations at St. Margaret's Hospital in Biggar,

Saskatchewan. This experience was introduced to provide student nurses with rural hospital experience.

- Interns expressed a great deal of appreciation to the nurses for the aid given them on the wards and also for the advice and guidance which they willingly offered.

- Mary T. Mackenzie encouraged members of the graduating class to cultivate faith, hope and charity and to make good use of these qualities because they would carry one much closer to success.

Whitecap 1959

Cecile M. Alexander, Valedictory: We thank the Grey Nuns. You took us into your home at St. Paul's. Your fine example has taught us good ways of life. You gave us more than theory and practice of nursing. You gave us a home while we were away from home. You gave us gentle guidance. You inspired charity

in our hearts. You taught us tolerance. You taught us dignity of the human family.

E. Nykiforuk, Class of '59: Remember when you first started you felt like one more bit of adolescent clay to be molded into a woman, capable of moving quietly, thinking carefully and acting wisely.

DID YOU KNOW...

- May 3, 1959, Graduation Day, was also the day of Beatification of Marguerite d'Youville, the foundress of the Order of the Sisters of Charity of Montreal commonly known as the Grey Nuns. It was the first occasion that a Canadian by birth who was so sanctified.
- This year was the Golden Jubilee of the St. Paul's School of Nursing. A special tribute was given to the Blessed Mother Marguerite d'Youville by prayer, by

the study of her life and imitation of her spirit, and by making her known as one of the heroic women of Canada.

- Softball and basketball teams were organized in 1958 and the St. Paul's Softball Team was the winner of the Student Nurses' League Cup.
- Dr. M. H. Brook, a member of the Medical staff, invented the Brook Airway.

Whitecap 1960

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The St. Paul's Hospital Golden Jubilee birthday cake was served on November 21, 1959.
- If you have a student nurse as your friend, you will find that no one can get more superior when she has learned a new word, more sympathetic when you feel blue, get more blind dates when you want to stay at home, or be

counted on to turn up regularly at least twice a month with the magical words, "LEND ME A DOLLAR".

- There was hope that the increasing interest in sports would continue. The students won the Inter-hospital Student Nurses' Championship for the second consecutive year and the tennis court had become increasingly popular.

Whitecap 1961

Sister Yvonne Prevost, s.g.m., Superior/Administrator: In this ever changing world, we must lift our heads high and face the future with a spirit of dedication, undying faith and a great deal of determination.

Sister Jeanne Quintal, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: The pattern of education may change, the mechanisms in nursing service may become more complex, but the philosophy of nursing education will never change. Charity as seen in the hospital today has been defined as "the divine spark in man which links him with his Creator, which supplies the incentive to help his fellow man who is in distress."

Rev. Robert J. Ogle: With modern advances in

technology and with the general trend towards "efficiency" in all fields, there is danger that nurses and nursing can become more and more involved in methods and routines that draw them farther and farther away from the patients that they have in their care.

Thomas P. Coyne, C.Ss.R., Hospital Chaplain: Now, at first hand, I'm seeing each day the magnificent and inspiring work of the nurses.

Doris A. Samuels, Valedictory: Nursing has a history! From the beginning of time man has looked after his own. The mother in the cave nursed the ill, later men practiced witchcraft in caring for the sick. The Roman Deaconesses and various orders of Sisters founded

an early form of home nursing. Many, however, trace the history of modern nursing to 1854 when Florence Nightingale took charge of the British wounded in the Crimea during the Crimean War. Out of love for the suffering she volunteered her services and went to the troops.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The graduates of 1961 were the members of St. Paul's Hospital 50th graduating class.
- Eleven (11) Orderlies graduated from a course at St. Paul's Hospital in 1961.
- *When a Senior stood upon a railway track and a train came roaring by, the train got off the railroad track to let the Senior pass.*

Whitecap 1962

Sister Yvonne Provost, s.g.m., Reg. N, Superior Administrator: During your training, St. Paul's experienced a period of anxiety and uncertainty. The specter of closing of the hospital hung low over us. You kept faith with your Alma Mater. Thank you for your loyalty, courage, and steadfast co-operation during the period of waiting.

Dr. D. M. Baltzan, F.R.C.P. (C) Chief of Staff: The annual Graduation exercises in St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing are timely. The occasion for all of us in the hospital is the first bloom of spring; the seeds of ambition have come to flower and new professional careers started.

Dr. M. H. Smith-Windsor, President, Medical Staff: The traditions of efficient and devoted personal attention to the needs of the ill and injured are a heritage from your School of Nursing.

C. Hendriks, Valedictory: What is nursing? Nursing is a profession that combines art, science and humaneness. Nursing complements the activities of other professions that are directed towards helping people. It is however, unique among them for two reasons: first, its highly personalized character; and secondly, because of the continuity of its services. Nursing serves the patient

around the clock. It follows him home, to his school, to his business. It serves him at his birth, at the prime of his life and at the time when death approaches.

Donna Saunders, Sodality Prefect: Our Lady is the ladder by which heaven descended to earth. She is the ladder by which earth will ascend to heaven.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- Interns liked some nurses, good food, being "off call", no emergencies, a whole night's sleep, assistance, smoking and a silent telephone. Interns hated physicals, starting I.V.'s, being mistaken for an orderly, lukewarm dinners and being called at one centimetre (dilated, as a mom in labour).
- Nurses' oxfords could be purchased at Burton's Shoe Store, Stephenson's Shoe Store, and Sterling Shoes.

Whitecap 1963

F. J. Klein, Bishop of Saskatoon: And as the new life traces its trajectory across the face of space and time, the years will reveal the utter depth and imponderable richness of that life that began so very quietly in unsearchable obscurity. That life will come to know joy and sorrow, it will know the noble triumph moments of genuine happiness, it will know the stark desolation of grief and abandonment; understanding will be in the mind, and music will be born in the heart, thoughts will come forth from it which may lead the world, and purposes may be conceived there that will change the face of the earth. Human life cannot be treated lightly, nor may any human being be despised. Somehow in the secrecy of the maternal cavern the shutters of the divine camera open momentarily and close, and a photograph is taken of God, for “When God created man, He made him in the likeness of God.” (Genesis V:I) And coming forth in the clothing of human flesh, that divine picture, that immortal human life, must find its way back to Him Who etched it in the womb.

Rev. Robert J. Ogle: From a book which I have been recently reading, I would like to pass on a thought...a thought on WHY you came, WHY you stayed and WHY you now leave. I would like to think that your motive WAS and ALWAYS WILL BE LOVE.

Rev. Thomas P. Coyne, C. Ss. R.: This year everyone at St. Paul's is doing a bit of looking over the shoulders. There are so many familiar things that will be removed from our gaze and our lives and our experience. The old St. Paul's will have passed into the limbo of things not to be forgotten but remembered with an increasing aura of sadness as time goes on... While you look ahead, pause for a moment. Look back. To all students I say look back for this is a time of remembering, for you are the bridge between the old St. Paul's that has served this community for well over half a century and the new St. Paul's that will carry on the tasks so well done since shortly after the turn of the century.

Sister Yvonne Prevost, s.g.m. Superior/Administrator: You shared the great concern we all felt when we were threatened with the close of our hospital. Now that the

dark clouds have been dispersed, and as we view the impressive structure going up, we are deeply moved and words are inadequate to thank Almighty God for the assistance He gave us in order to enable us to achieve our earnest desire: A better institution to take care of the suffering members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Sister Jeanne Quintal, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: Do not wait! Now is the time for positive action! We are at a turning point in history. We are in a period of great social change. You will have an important part in directing this change.

Dr. D. M. Baltzan, F.R.C.P. (C), Chief of Staff: Enormous changes, tremendous challenges, and wonderful prospects are ahead of you. Along with learning the delicate skills of your profession, your training has afforded exceptional opportunities for better understanding. Let this be your guide and face the future with confidence.

M. Smith-Windsor, Valedictory: This step brings to a close the first phase of our lives as nurses and marks the beginning of the next. As plans for the opening of the new St. Paul's are being completed, we share with the hospital, the sense of a new beginning—a beginning that which we know will have its foundation, the spirit that has been part of St. Paul's for over fifty years.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The students dedicated the 1962-1963 yearbook to Sister Yvonne Prevost and Sister Jeanne Quintal.
- Sister Yvonne Prevost requested that, upon entering the new hospital, everyone help bring into it the spirit of good-will and co-operation, the same Christian ideals and high moral standards known to be synonymous with St. Paul's Hospital.
- Sister Quintal was bid farewell in May, 1963, after having been the Director of the School of Nursing for eight years.
- The motto for the Nurses' Christian Fellowship, an interdenominational group and a branch of the Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship, was “To Know Christ and to make Him Known”.

Whitecap 1964

F. J. Klein, Bishop of Saskatoon: You are the first graduating class to have seen training within these fresh and up-to-date walls, and as such you are the first of a new lineage. And you will be among the first to proclaim that St. Paul's Hospital is not made of brick or steel but is built of things that cannot be blueprinted in an architect's office. It is a living institution carried through with birth to maturity by noble minds and hearts of the many that went before you, each adding something intangible, something imponderable to the invisible reality to which the brick, and mortar and steel



are only the outward clothing. And because you are the first class to span the new and the old, whether the old and all that was the fruit of immeasurable sacrifice, effort and perseverance—hidden now and untold forever—whether all that is to live on again and flourish again in the new; or whether it is to fade away, die, and be lost, in large part will depend upon you. We cannot forget that unless there had been an old St. Paul's, there could never have been the new.

It lies in your hands, to by a very marked degree to ensure that the change is not a thoughtless cleavage with the past but an inspiring transition to the new.

Rev. Robert J. Ogle, J.C.D.: It is my firm conviction that each new day and each New Year will make you appreciate more and more the privilege that has been yours to attend this Nursing School.

Thos. P. Coyne, C.S.S.R.: For a long time we looked forward. It is now time for us to look back a little, to remember the fineness of the old St. Paul's, the good medicine that was practiced there, the fine nurses that were trained there. They and these things can teach us much. We cannot afford to forget. The spirit of a hospital, a school of nursing cannot falter because a fine new building has been built. No matter how good, how fine a building with the most sophisticated equipment may be, these things can never take the place of the spirit of Christ-like charity that has been since the earliest beginnings a part of the spirit of St. Paul's.

Sister F. Dussault, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: Your being committed then means that you will accept your situation of being-in-the-situation—in BEING PRESENT to others in a Christ-like manner. The situation-limits in which you will be exposed are numerous—you will see people suffer, grieve, rejoice in varying degrees of intensity; you will see people in crisis that strips them of health, wealth, prestige, beauty, intelligence, status, and only the person they really ARE is left. You will be confronted daily with the choice between acceptance and refusal of these situation limits. But always be ready to be PRESENT and AVAILABLE to them—not just a spectator. Nursing has marked you forever; let your Christian Commitment, your PRESENCE and AVAILABILITY identify you as a veritable St. Paul's Nurse—an alter Christus for the sick and suffering.

Whitecap Editorial Staff: At no time are we more grateful for the full storehouse of the past that lies within our minds than when we look back from the present.

Lynn Scruby, Editor, The Whitecap, 1963-64: This year the Whitecap yearbook staff has been confronted with the extra but challenging task of including the opening of the new hospital in our year's memories. For this reason the theme especially chosen for this Yearbook is: Temporal values change, eternal values never change – "Charity conquers all".

B. Stonechild, President, Class of '64, Valedictory: The hand is one of God's most wonderful gifts to man because it is through our hands that we continue

God's work of creation. We live in an ever changing and wonderful world, the mark of the exploring, intelligent and scientific hand is everywhere...! If hands are used only for material creation like computers, machines, or towering skyscrapers, they could be cold hands. If this were the only kind of hand, how cold empty and dead our world would be... there are also the dedicated and loving hands, and amidst these, nurses' hands."

DID YOU KNOW ...?

- The new St. Paul's Hospital opened in October, 1963.

- The affiliation at the Saskatoon Sanatorium was terminated in April 13, 1964.

- Two Intermediate students attended the Canadian Nurses' Association Convention in St. John's, Newfoundland.

- The Saskatchewan Student Nurses' Association was an organization that enabled students from eleven schools of nursing to meet with each other to discuss mutual problems, encourage friendship, and interschool activities.

Whitecap 1965

Sister Ann Ell, s.g.m., Superior-Administrator: Many changes have taken place since the day you shyly entered St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing. You have known the frustrations experienced in nursing in the old hospital and have joined in the satisfaction and joy of moving to our newly completed building. The main change, however, has been wrought within yourselves. The shy, immature schoolgirl is no more, in her place is a soul-awakened woman, full of knowledge of your chosen profession, with an awareness of the blessings of a life given to service and most importantly, an eagerness to impart to others the Charity and Christ - like love you have learned at St. Paul's.

Dr. M. H. Smith-Windsor, Assistant Administrator: Maintaining the "human touch" becomes increasingly more difficult in an era when efficiency and quality tend to be measured by the use of data processing and computer. The importance of this kind of care is not lessened by such tendencies, but is rather more valued by those who receive-in addition to efficient care-personal attention.

Sister Fernande Dussault, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: ...Now reality closes in. Your profession needs all of you, and none among you more than those of you who are and will be at ease and self-possessed before the human predicaments that await your gentle, sure, assistive presence. Pain, suffering, death will meet you daily; it is your vocation and it is in your power to empathize with those who suffer and come under your care.

F. J. Klein, Bishop of Saskatoon: Illness considered in its relation to man's last end, is a trial and a call to bear witness both for the one who suffered and for those who surround and assist the sick.

Miss C. Delainey, Valedictory: Our birth places extend all across Canada and even to the British Isles. Even as the sands of an hourglass are brought together in the centre and are then dispersed, so we too were drawn together from many places to meet at St. Paul's for three short years, and now we must face the inevitable fact of separation...

DID YOU KNOW...?

- Dr. D. M. Baltzan was impressed by the presentations made to the Royal Commission on Health Services by the officers of the professional nursing organizations at both the national and provincial levels.

- Appreciation was expressed to Mr. U. A. Donlevy for his time and talent as Director of St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing Glee Club from 1948-1963.

- With the completion of the Yorkton Psychiatric Unit all intermediate students were able to receive Psychiatric affiliation.

- The class of '65 was the last class of nursing students to work in the old St. Paul's Hospital and found it difficult to leave some of the memories behind as they moved to the new and exciting St. Paul's Hospital.

Whitecap 1966

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The 1966 issue of "The Whitecap" was dedicated as a memorial to Dr. Alvin Buckwold, whose teaching of student nurses exemplified the depth and extent of his dedication to medicine.

- Junior Students attended the Centralized Teaching Program. The Centralized Teaching Program was a

historical transition for Diploma Nursing programs in the province and for St. Paul's School of Nursing.

- Mrs. M. Dahlem, a former student and instructor of St. Paul's School of Nursing, passed away during this school year. Mrs. Dahlem was remembered with affection and esteem by classmates, friends, instructors and students alike.

Blessed are they who go around in circles for they shall be called "Big Wheels".

- from a plaque on the wall of the OR.



Whitecap 1967

Sister Ann Ell, s.g.m. Superior/Administrator:
INVOLVEMENT! That will become the password of your future. It is thorough involvement in your work, your patients, your hospital and those whose lives intermingle that the three years of learning experiences will bear fruit.

Dr. M. H. Smith-Windsor, Assistant Administrator:
Each of you as graduates of our School of Nursing assume a responsibility of continuing to contribute to its good name and adding to the reputation that has long been established by your predecessors. The quality

of nursing care and the kind of person that produces the care have become recognized characteristics of the "Graduates of St. Paul's".

Fr. James Schmeiser: Most of our lives slip by in fulfillment to our responsibilities which in themselves are quite ordinary. Yet they are the core of our lives, most important because they will be the cause of our greatness or failure. The response that we make to these responsibilities is the summation of our lives up to this point and the paving of our future lives. NOW is the time that is important..."

The Very Reverend J. Dormans, Pastor & Rector, St. Paul's Cathedral, Graduation Message: Just a few moments ago we witnessed the presentation of diplomas. Sometimes we speak of them as sheepskins, but really they are only a fancy piece of paper with a few drops of ink on them and a fancy cover. They don't cost much, I'm sure, and their weight is not very heavy. But their cost in meaning, I would think is very high and their weight of responsibility indeed is heavy, in actual dollars, each diploma represents an investment of thousands of dollars, I would think. The life-blood of teachers has gone into that diploma. The concern and help, encouragement of parents has gone to this diploma. So don't ever say, "Is this all I have to show for three years of hard work and study?" Really this paper may be very cheap but what it represents is high and likewise it doesn't weigh much on a scale, but on the scale of responsibility it is mighty heavy

Freda Torrence, Mary's Society of Nurses: This year Mary's Society of Nurses officially adopted the new objective: To provide an organization wherein each Catholic student is able to freely express, discuss and learn to live the principles of Christian faith.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- After twenty years of service at St. Paul's School of Nursing, Miss Mary T. Mackenzie moved on to join the faculty in the new Diploma Nursing Program at the Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences in Saskatoon.
- The Alumnae Association of St. Paul's School of Nursing was organized in 1925 and chartered in 1936. The Alumnae's Centennial Project sponsored a seventeen-year-old girl from Lesotho, Africa who had the desire to become a nurse.
- Approximately 500 Alumni attended the 1966 reunion.

Whitecap 1968, 1969

Whitecap 1968, 1969: The Spirit of St. Paul... is like a torch sparked to life by the Grey Nuns, whose burning light offers assurance and succour to the weak and the helpless; whose flame instils courage and hope to the struggling; whose warmth radiates comfort to the frightened and yet is as human as a smile, as gentle as a reassuring hand. The Spirit of St. Paul's belongs not to an era ending, but to all time. The torch is passed to a new generation of nurses: the students of the future. The Spirit of St. Paul's will be rekindled in these students and with God's help it will develop into a flame.

Sister Fernande Dussault, s.g.m., Director, School of Nursing: The word "becoming" has deep meaning. It implies continuing progress in your professional growth and development, lasting as long as life is granted you. This growth will be influenced by many factors, some within your self and others in the environment. You must learn to take the good and leave the less desirable. As a nurse, in your every action you must consider the here and now—the PRESENT. The past is recorded for eternity, the future will depend on how you will use this moment of your life.

May you realize that which St. Thomas Aquinas so well expressed in the following: *No man comes to the end of his days devoid of influence on the life of others—in this sense no man lives alone—no life is a purely private affair.*

James P. Mahoney, Bishop of Saskatoon: I hope that you will be special in many more ways, special in the way you make a transfer of the virtues of your profession from the hospital to the home and to the marketplace."

Father Blaise Morand, Chaplain: It is not the end of an era at all! St. Paul's School of Nursing does not come to an end this year, but rather it will live on, it will live on for many years to come. Its future life is dependent upon you, the graduate of St. Paul's. This School of Nursing will live in the world, wherever you may go, in whatever hospitals you may work, whatever you have learned here, and whatever spirit you bring with you as you leave will continue to bring life to St. Paul's School of Nursing.

Dr. David M. Baltzan, F.R.C.P. (C.), Chief of Staff:
The transition period will leave a vacuum for some time to come and to overcome. Those responsible willfully made this sacrifice helping to pave the way and actively participating in mapping the future course for the greater good with an abiding faith in the preservation of the high principles of your profession. That is your heritage.

Dr. M. H. Smith-Windsor, Executive Director:
We know, that you will assume your share of the responsibility that falls on every graduate of St. Paul's, that of adding to its heritage and enhancing its name through professional services that are of the highest calibre.

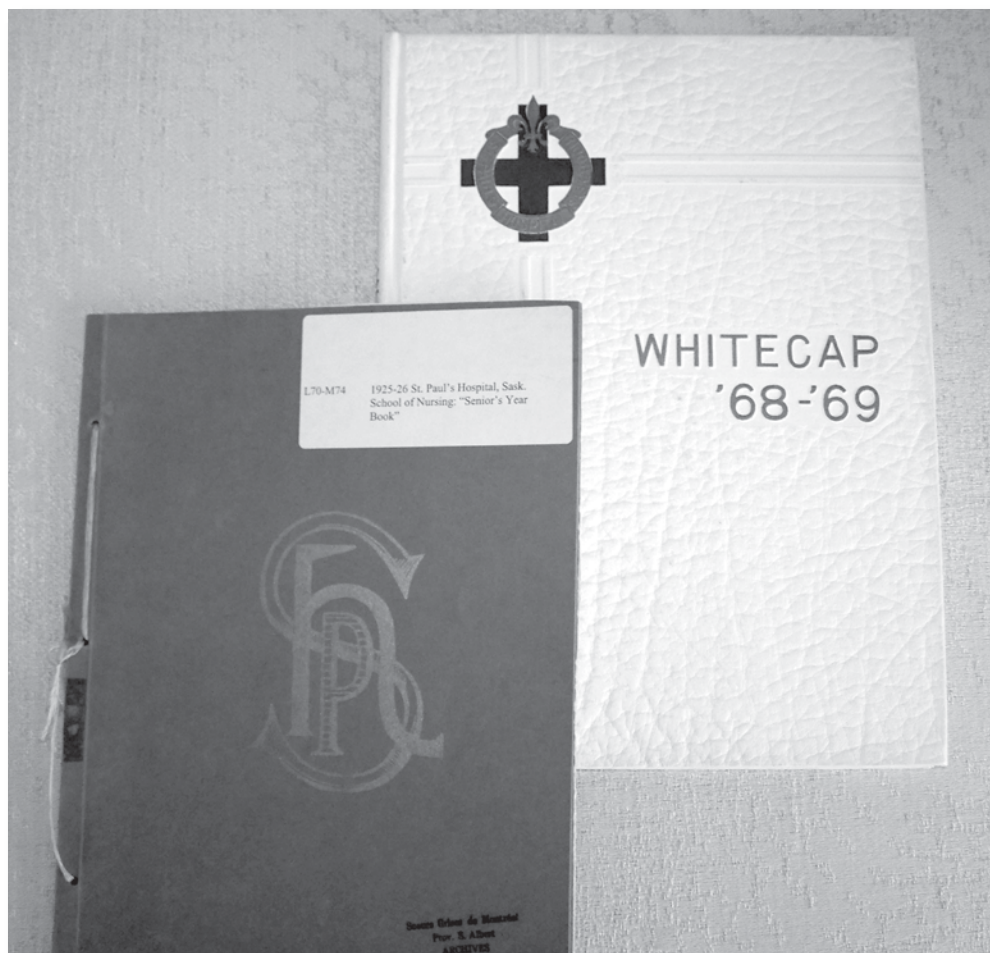
Appreciation, Karen Bitz, Class of 1968: As graduate nurses completing our basic education we realize that attainment of such instruction we have now an even greater role to fulfill as citizens. With the help of St. Paul's we have embodied a growth—of mind and

spirit, womanhood and responsibility, character and citizenship.

Appreciation, Lynne Dawson, Class of 1969: Gradually we grew from our youthful idealism to a more mature outlook on life, recognizing the constant tension that exists between our lofty ideals of nursing and the everyday practicality of serving.

DID YOU KNOW...?

- The Spirit of St. Paul's was like a torch that was sparked to life by the Grey Nuns whose burning light offered assurance and succour to the weak and helpless; whose flame instilled courage and hope to the struggling and whose warmth radiated comfort to the frightened, and yet it was as human as a smile and as gentle as a reassuring hand.
- The last Commencement exercises were held on Sunday, October 20th, 1968, for the 1968 and 1969 classes.



First and last yearbooks

School of Nursing Curriculum

Early Curricula

With thanks to Francois Nadeau for finding this in the Grey Nun's Archives:

From: Student's Examination Book, St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon, 1910-1929, a remarkable little document containing the course names, the years, the teachers, the students and their final grades.

Courses offered in the first semesters (1910-1911):

Anatomy & Physiology	Materia Medica
Surgery	Diseases of Infancy & Childhood
Hygiene	Ophthalmology
Gynecology	Infectious Diseases
General practice of medicine	

Over the years courses were added and removed, or sometimes it was merely a name change...

Obstetrics (1911)	Bacteriology (1924)
Eyes, Ear, Nose & Throat (1914)	Solutions (1925)
Bacteria and Surgery (1915)	Practical Nursing (1925)
Surgical Nursing (1915)	Physics & Chemistry (1925)
Medical Nursing and Pediatrics (1916)	Nursing Ethics (1925)
Etymology & Bacteriology (1921)	Emergencies & Bandaging (1926)
Dietetics (1921)	Dental Hygiene (1927)
Communicable Diseases (1922)	Charting (1927)
Constitutional Diseases (1922)	Anesthesia (1928)
Pediatrics (1923)	Drugs & Solutions (1928)
Communicable & Skin Diseases (1923)	

In 1918, due to inconsistencies in curricula of early schools, one of the first actions taken by the newly formed Saskatchewan Registered Nurses' Association (SRNA) was to adopt the standard curriculum of the Canadian Nurses' Association (CNA). It specified required hours of study in sixteen subjects, a two-year program of studies and a two-month probationary period.

By 1921, the Committee on Nursing Education, SRNA, had prepared the Minimum Standard Curriculum for the Training of Nurses in the Province of Saskatchewan.

It was a three-year curriculum that also specified minimum hours of study. Other revisions occurred subsequently that attempted to standardize curricula and establish standards for schools of nursing. In 1936, the SRNA appointed a School of Nursing Advisor to conduct assessments and assist schools to meet stated standards. With responsibility for registration of nurses in the province, the SRNA established educational requirements for registration and schools of nursing were obliged to comply; unfortunately, not all schools had the resources to do so.

By the late 1940s, nursing programs were three years long and classes were accepted twice a year, in fall and winter. The six-month probationary period included at least one month of instruction in class and demonstration room learning practical procedures and related theory before proceeding into the clinical setting.

In the early 1950s, the Block System was introduced. Students attended class for a block of time and then went on duty for a block of time, usually several weeks. A large part of the total classroom instruction was taught in the first year. Students rotated through all services including dietary and central supply.

By 1953 the Centralized Teaching program was introduced at two sites, Regina College and the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, in part to pool teaching resources during a time of shortage of qualified nursing instructors. It offered a four-month program consisting of nursing foundation courses, in fall and winter, to student nurses enrolled in eight provincial schools of nursing. Although St. Paul's Hospital and Regina Grey Nuns did not participate initially, they joined at a later date.

Some research studies in the early 1960s posed a key question: is it reasonable to expect hospitals to provide

programs of professional nursing education? With the increasing scope of nursing practice and the rapid growth of scientific knowledge and technology in medicine and nursing, nursing programs had to be in a position to keep up.

In 1966, responsibility for diploma nursing education was transferred from the Department of Health to the Department of Education and a central school of nursing was planned for Saskatoon. The northern schools of nursing were required to close and St. Paul's School of Nursing celebrated its last graduation in October 1968. The school closed in February 1969.

From 1909 to 1969 St. Paul's graduated 2057 nurses.

Affiliation with the University School of Nursing:

In 1938, the University of Saskatchewan, School of Nursing established a degree program that consisted of two parts: the pre-professional curriculum and the professional curriculum. The School of Nursing was affiliated with four major hospitals in the province including St. Paul's Hospital that provided the professional curriculum for its nursing students. With the opening of the University Hospital in 1955, the affiliation was discontinued.

In Our Spare Time . . .

Extra-Curricular Activities

Mary's Society of Nurses

In 1957-59, under the direction of Fr. L. Morand, chaplain to the Catholic student nurses, the rules of the Sodality of Our Lady were reviewed and studied. During the Annual Retreat in October Fr. James Farrell, S.J. provided more enlightenment and guidance on the rules and ordinances of the Sodality. It became increasingly clear that Catholic student nurses had, over time, strayed from strict adherence to the Common Rules for the Sodality. A new Catholic Student Nurses' organization would be needed. This new organization was named Mary's Society of Nurses.

Monthly meetings for prayer, study and socialization were held. Special celebrations to honour Christ's mother were held. During May the Queen-ship of Mary

was celebrated with a procession from the chapel to the grotto carrying the statue of Mary wearing a crown of roses. October, dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, was honoured by participation in a Living Rosary held in the hospital chapel. And on December 8th the feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated usually with a student conducting a continuous recitation of the rosary in the hospital chapel. The Society sponsored students to attend Vocation Leadership College at LeBret and held an Annual Retreat and a Day of Recollection prior to Lent. Every June a Strawberry Festival was held on the lawn of the residence and often the Society hosted a formal ball. Society member also participated in a wide variety of economic projects with the funds going to a specific charity or cause.

MOTTO: We conquer through Mary.

AIM: To obtain a deeper understanding of the Catholic faith and to strengthen belief in the principles of Christian living.

EXECUTIVE: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer.

Sodality of Our Lady

In 1939 the Sodality was started at St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing. It had a hiatus in 1958 and was re-activated the following year. The Sodality, an organized way of life and approved by the Holy See, is a worldwide Catholic foundation. Its members adhere to the Common Rules which cultivate in its members a deep devoted reverence and filial love for the Blessed Virgin Mary and spread love and devotion to Her. This Apostolate of Catholic Action seeks Christian joy from a rich and rewarding life.

MOTTO: To Christ through Mary

AIM: to make the members outstanding Catholics who give themselves whole-heartedly to sanctifying themselves in their own states of life, and strenuously endeavour as far as their social conditions permit, to save and sanctify others.

Reference used: Common Rules

Weekly meetings were held to study aspects of a Christian life and the role of the Apostolate Members. Special celebrations were held on feast days of Our Lady, during May which was a celebration of the Queenship of The Blessed Virgin Mother, in October which is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary and on December 8 which honours the Immaculate Conception. Members commit themselves to attendance at daily mass and communion and participate in Corporate Communion, daily meditation and recitation of the rosary, daily morning prayers including recitation of the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, daily examination of conscience and an Act of Contrition before retiring. These daily rituals help strengthen and refresh knowledge of Life's purposes.

EXECUTIVE: Prefect, Secretary-Treasurer, Instructor of Candidates

Nurses Christian Fellowship

This Interdenominational group is associated with Intervarsity Christian Fellowship. The purpose of the Fellowship is to meet the spiritual needs of the student nurses. This is achieved by

- stressing the importance of prayer and scripture study in the lives of the members
- offering a variety of social activities for its members
- fostering Christian love among the student nurses
- hosting an annual banquet in honour of the graduating class
- presenting white New Testaments to the Preliminary students.

MOTTO: To know Christ and make Him known.

GOAL: To live one's life in the light of the Word of God.

EXECUTIVE: President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, Bible Study Convener.

Saskatchewan Student Nurses' Association

The association was sponsored by the SRNA.

Goals included:

- fostering friendship and communication among various schools of nursing;
- providing a forum for discussion on mutual problems;
- introducing student nurses to the responsibilities; of membership in the SRNA.

Member Schools of Nursing were: Regina Grey Nuns' Hospital; Moose Jaw Union Hospital; Regina General Hospital; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Humboldt; St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon; Saskatoon City Hospital; Victoria Hospital, Prince Albert; Yorkton Union Hospital; and after 1967, Saskatchewan Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon.

Sports and other Activities

Students participated in a well-rounded variety of student and school initiated activities, some regularly scheduled while others varied from year to year. In summer, the tennis courts on the grounds of the Residence were well-used, as was the Avenue H (now Riversdale) swimming pool, and some students

played organized softball. At other times gym class and basketball were held in the auditorium. Organized dances occurred several times a year and often different male university college students were invited to attend. Strawberry Socials, Apron Teas, St. Cecilia Concerts, Christmas Concerts, Drama Nights, Debating, Lecture series, and activities that involved students with the community were all held from time to time.

Music

"It was the singing that helped with life's loads."

The Whitecap 1968-1969

The importance of music in the lives of student nurses was demonstrated over the years as they expressed their feelings through music. In the 1925-27 yearbook, the "Nurses' Song" expressed confidence in their ability to cure all ailments. In time each class wrote a song. These often reflected challenges they experienced with subjects, procedures and/or instructors. However, they also expressed pride in their achievements such as receiving their caps, pins, black bands, and the final goal of graduation.

There were also more formal musical expressions through choirs. These included the Junior Glee Club, the Senior Glee Club and the Sodality Choir. These choirs sang at a variety of events such as Carol Festivals, Concerts, Institute For The Blind, "Sally" Program on TV, Catholic Hospital Conference of Saskatchewan, and Saskatchewan Hospital Association Conference, to mention but a few.

Graduation Music



ST. PAUL'S
SCHOOL OF
NURSING
GLEE CLUB

DIRECTED BY
MR. U. A. DONLEVY

On the Stage of the Capitol Theatre
from: Whitecap 1962

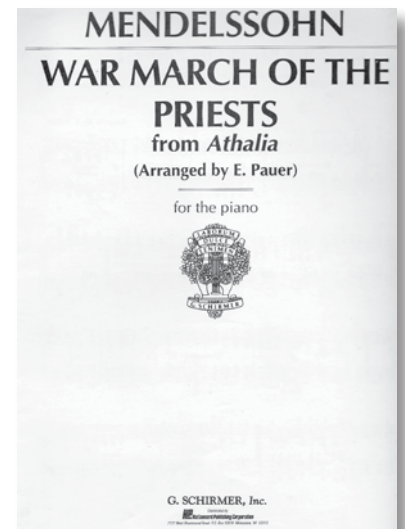
The School Song was written by Patricia Currie (Kouri '51) and premiered in 1948. The music was adapted from "Song of the Lighthouse Bells" written by J. S. Zamecnik. This School Song is still fondly sung at many Alumni functions.

SCHOOL SONG

Staunchly and proudly
Our dear school stands
On the top of Pleasant Hill.
High above the golden prairie lands
Where the winds blow loud and shrill.

Fostered by love of they
The Sisters robed in grey;
Hark to the song of the "Fleur De Lis,"
Swelling to heaven free,
"In Minimis Perfectio,"
Our Alma Mater O.

Garnet and gold, our banners raise,
A symbol of service in love and praise;
Fearless we will march with God for our guide.
St. Paul's we keep faith with thee,
St. Paul's we keep faith with thee.



Class Songs

Class songs were written by individual classes for events like capping. They symbolized class spirit and were happily sung at class gatherings. Note: Only the class songs that were submitted have been included here.

Class Songs: 1957-1960

It all began a September day
When to St. Paul's we came to stay.
We left our families, we left our friends
And into nursing we came hence.
Come with a whoop, come with a call
Come with a will or not at all.
Said our big sisters to us in the hall
Be a good nurse and answer your call.

Tune: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Miss Mackenzie taught us all
The procedures great and small.
With Mrs. Chase we laboured long
Making right what we did wrong.
Miss Mackenzie—grateful are we
To our patients—faithful we'll be.

Tune: Mary Had a Little Lamb

Bones and muscles—organs too
Nothing else but these will do.
Sugar, spice, and snaps and snails
Are all false impressions
Then, who spent those hours long
Telling us our answers wrong?
Now we know where grams belong.
Thanks to you—Miss Bocking.

Tune: Teddy Bear's Picnic

We opened our microbiology book
To see what we could see.
Oh, Mrs. Dahlem, please don't you see
This just wasn't made for me?

Cause every germ that ever there was
Was gathered there for a purpose because
We've got to know the whys and the hows and the reasons.

Tune: A, B, C, D

We worked on wards, we did our best
Now for us there was no rest.
We made beds, took temps, gave pills
Not without the aches and spills.
Happy, happy we shall be
When complete are these years three.

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Those late leaves, those late leaves
They're all used up so very fast
You wonder how they'll ever last,
You wonder how they'll ever last for 30 days.

Tune: London Bridges

Here we are, six months have passed,
Now we've got our caps at last
Onward, ever up the scale
To graduation.
We'll go a long long way together
From '57 to 1960
We've got our caps then our half-way pins
And then those smart black bands.
And to the Sisters, we are very grateful
For our promotion and their devotion;
And to you dear parents, we are very thankful,
For your support and thoughtfulness.
We'll go a long long way together
Through stormy weather, we'll be together.
We'll go a long, long way together,
We'll go a long, long way.

Class of 1954B

Tune: Macnamara's Band

The doors swing wide, we stepped inside, all ready to begin our regimen of books and books and books and discipline,

As roommates met and friendships grew with parties and much ado, our first impression was of the best as into our work we flew.

Oh what a surprise when at sunrise we had to begin our day, as we leapt out of beds hung onto our heads and viewed our hooks with dismay,

Our rooms weren't clean, our hair was a scream, as into the class we burst,

But consoled ourselves with the soothing thought, "The first six months are the worst".

Anatomy, psychology, pathology begun.

The thought of pharmacy was fun when the 10th rewrite was done, and nursing arts, with temperature charts, and procedures to learn galore.

And nothing can beat our cooking feats, they always come back for more.

The books went bang, the hospital rang as off to wards we went, with visions of soothing fevered brows as angels heaven sent.

But our bathroom endeavour which lasted forever, dispelled such foolish thought,

For generous giving and wholehearted living was to be our lot.

But we weathered the blast and now at last we've won our coveted cap, and we feel sure we will attain our aim without mishap,

The ladder seemed hard and long at first but hardship we ignore, and so far the class of '54, we've thirty-five graduates more.

CHORUS:

We're happy we're class 1 B

S.P.H. we love and honour thee

And with God to guide our footsteps,

Our profession is our aim

To a life of love and charity,

For God the sick and suffering souls to gain.

Class Song 1959-62

Submitted by Dorelle Brooks '62

Since I was the designated piano player for our class (and glee-club) I have both the words, that I believe our class all had a part in writing, but also have the original music in harmony that I wrote so it's interesting that I've kept it for 51 yrs! Anyway here are the verses we came up with.

Tune: "Heart of My Heart...I Love that Melody"

We came one day as nurses that were new,
with hopes to graduate in sixty-two.

We came to class to study or to do....

nursing that would work our way, to this our special capping day.

Uniforms we don, so crisp and white are they,
Visions of our caps have brightened every day.

Half-way pins then will beckon us to stay,
Blackbands we will take in stride,
and wear them on our caps with pride.

Dear Mom and Dad,

this dream you made come true.

Words can't express our gratitude to you.

Teachers to us brought knowledge that was new,
and the Sisters robed in grey,
may God bless you is what we pray.

February Class '53

Hark, for we are from St. Paul's

Shout till the rafters ring

February Class '53

Let every loyal student sing.

From country, town and city, too

Nurses we strive to be;

We are one big happy family—

Twenty-seven strong are we.

From the class, to the books, to the uniform we are proud to wear

To the caps, to the caps, to the caps we so eagerly waited for;

From George and his bones, to sleeping in pathology,
To the wards, to the wards, where we learned by mistakes that we made.

Our seniors thought us young and vain
And much too dull to learn,

But we proved that we could apply
A synapism that won't burn.

We think of all the happy hours
Spent in Anatomy;
We are one big happy family—
Twenty-seven strong are we.

Class of 58 - Class Song

Twas on a bright September day,
When to St Paul's we came
And every day thereafter
Has never been the same.
Oh, how fast the days went flying,
With their hours of routine,
Nursing arts, anatomy, microbugs, pathology—Drifting
and dreaming in psychology,
Dreaming of man as he ought to be.
Through much soap and water nine times every day,
Mrs. Chase smiles on!
Minus an ear, and a leg, too, I fear,
But she still smiles on!
While cooking in the diet lab
We were at a loss.
Some results were rather bad—Pop! goes the cheese
sauce!
In our uniforms so white,
Trying hard to hide our fright,
To the wards we made our way.
How were we to spend the day?
Oh where, oh where has the alcohol gone?
Oh where can a bath blanket be?
Have you looked in the cupboard?
Well, then try a sheet.
“Oh nurse, won't you come and help me?”
Mid pleasures and heartaches we have been guided on,
By the love and devotion the Sisters have shown.
To our instructors, too, we must give their due—
for faithful stand, for helping hand, and for patience
true.
To our parents we are grateful for sacrifices made;
And in all may we be faithful their love and care repay.
As we look into the future, we can see our black bands
shining:
But these years will bind us to thee, Dear St. Paul's.

Class Song '57B

Tune: Dark Town Strutter's Ball

Our roads all led us to St. Paul's in September, '54,
We were the probie class, with lots for us in store—
Five hours In Demonstration room we practised making
open beds,
While the time passed by so fast, and we slept all day in
class,
Instructors tried to penetrate dull heads.
We were preliminaries working hard rattling bones and
mixing drugs,
In the Nutrition lab, we scrambled eggs and mixed in
microbugs,
We wrote exams and essays, problems contaminated all
our practice, too,
Lucky Mrs. Chase can't talk, or we'd all be on the walk,
Yet we'll stick together in everything we do.
A party, Mrs. Morgan came, but no one did she see in
sight;
What a surprise she got when she turned on the light
that night;
Junior Glee Club, concerts too, we had no time to be
sad,
Though we know we're not top brass, we're Father
Lequiea's a best class of nurses, though the first he's
ever had.
Now that we finally have our caps, our hearts feel so
very proud,
We've gone a step ahead, and St. Paul's praise we sing
aloud,
We will always look ahead with plans for Graduation
Day,
'57 and black bands, with our lanterns in our hands,
And then St. Paul's, we're really on our way.
Our hearts go out to our instructors, and our Sisters
robed in grey,
For giving us a helping hand, and guiding us along the
way,
Our loving parents' generous hearts are helping us in all
we do,
And most of all, dear God, You for us on this earth
trod—
May we give our lives in honor and glory to You.

Class Song 1956B

Words by Dorothy Sherwood (Skinner)

Tune: Jingle Bells

Three years or so ago, we entered these dear halls
Expecting splendor bright, adorning all the walls.
With gallant hopes held high, we bravely ventured on,
but very soon we realized night comes before the dawn.

Ring-a-ling! Ring-a-ling! Clocks announce the morn.
Brisk refreshments just before the marmalade we scorn.
Dashing back to books and notes. Rest at last we sigh,
but alas! Before the class, go Mrs. Chase and I.

We're on the floors at last, uniforms received,
Feeling that we're getting there, but, oh, how we're
deceived;
Extra hours now, plays and songs rehearsed,
And if we sing our welcome song again we're sure we'll
burst.

Classes here, duty there, always on the go,
They say that we would soon be there if we were not so
slow.

But we will wait patiently for that promised day;
Then we'll wear our caps with bands and go out on our
way.

The time is nearly up for our dear probie days,
We often wondered how we made it all the way;
We have a duty now; we want them all to know,
We thank them for the sacrifice and debt to them we
owe.

First the school, then the class, and the Sisters too.
We had no fear, our parents dear, would always see us
through.

We prayed and worked and never shirked, we never even
cried, for we were sure, that though we flunked that God
was on our side.

Class Song 1963A

Tune: The Happy Wanderer

We are the happy wanderers,
We've come from far and near;
We've left behind the ones we love,
To follow our career.

CHORUS

Val-De Ri, Val-De Ra, Val-De Ri,
Val-De Ra-a-a-a-a-a,

Val-De Ri, Val-De-Ra,
To follow our career.

We thank the sisters robed in grey,
They are our guiding light;
They helped us in their kindly way,
To show us wrong from right.

CHORUS – using last line of verse.

Our instructors talked with all their might,
To try and pull us through;
And now we thank them very much,
We hope they're proud of us too.

CHORUS – using last line of verse.

May god Bless you, Mom and Dad,
You've helped us on our way;
We only hope sometime soon,
Your kindness to repay.

CHORUS – using last line of verse.

We were only twelve and one,
Struggling for our caps;
And now we've got them on our heads,
We sure won't give them back.

CHORUS – using last line of verse.

Class Song 1961A

Tune: The Happy Wanderer

Way up on Pleasant Hill came a bunch of bright young
girls;

They would be nurses, and OH MY, how they would be
nurses!

Each night you would find them there, buried in their
books so deep,
and in the morning gay, classes on their way, You could
hear them gaily say:

Oh, no! what can the matter be
I know, we have Anatomy,
It was a beautiful morning
For Mrs. Dahlem to say,
"Take out a large piece of paper
A quiz is coming your way."

Pharmacology! Pharmacology!
How 'bout Pharmacology?

There must be 99 ways to pass this course,
But I can't find one tonight.
99 ways —and none of them right.

Miss Bocking I'm a missin'
 I can't seem to listen,
 I'm as clueless as can be.
 I've tried all the formulas
 But none of the formulas
 Can bring the solution to me.

Meanwhile, back in the Dem. Room!
 Nursing Arts! Nursing Arts!
 How did you find you Nursing Arts?
 'Twas contamination I know
 And it might have ended right there at the start
 But Miss MacKenzie has shown us how
 And now we're well on our way and glad hearted.

Microbiology! Sociology! Psychology! Pathology!
 We took all these and others new;
 We learned to cook in Nutrition, too.
 In Glee Club we did learn to sing
 Miss Skinner taught us everything.
 From 'lo lo lo', to 'Ia Ia Ia', 'me me me', to 'ha ha ha'.

Life is not a highway strewn with flowers
 Still it holds a goodly share of bliss;
 When we're sick and in need of some comfort,
 Miss Couture's to whom we go for this.

And to you, Mother,
 And to you, Dad,
 Your letters cheered us
 When we were sad;
 Our brothers and our sisters
 We've learned to appreciate;
 You'll never be replaced by our room mate.
 And to you Sisters,
 We give our thanks
 You kept on smiling
 Through all our pranks
 And you will keep on watching o'er us until we graduate,
 You'll guide us in our actions, work and faith.
 Forever and ever
 Oh, where will I be
 Will second floor ever
 See the last of me.
 We've tried many other
 Departments and floors
 But second floor evenings
 I'll always be yours.
 But let us not worry, or trouble or fret
 We're almost through now

Our black bands we'll get.
 Oh seven months, four days ago
 We started our third year;
 Seven months, four days ago
 Oh then we'll give a cheer.
 Oh four more months, 27 more days
 We're going to celebrate
 Four more months, 27 more days
 We're going to graduate Yaaaa'a!
 The day we came to dear St. Paul's
 The hours spent in the study halls
 We will have these moments to remember.
 The quiet walks, the noisy fun
 The caps and bar pins that we won
 We will have these moments to remember.
 Though summer turns to winter
 And the present disappears,
 The laughter we were glad to share
 Will echo through the years;
 When other nights and other days
 May find us gone our separate ways
 We will have these moments to remember.

Class Song 1962

Tune: Mac the Knife

Oh the first days, that we came here,
 The best nurses in St. Paul's,
 was our motto, our ambition,
 but it lasted just I week.
 And then, and then,
 Quizzes, we got quizzes, we got lots & lots of quizzes.

Tune: Battle of New Orleans

She ran through the bones and she ran through the
 muscles and she ran through the places where our brains
 couldn't go. Mrs. Dalham ran so fast that our minds
 couldn't catch her, down the bloodstream to the bottom
 of our toes.

Tune: Hernando's Hideaway

I know a dark, secluded place, where we must work with
 Mrs. Chase, it behooves a nurse to show her face, in the
 demonstration room... (olay)

Tune: Over

Over to the wards we go
They're great but we are much too slow
Over, we do things over
We do them over and over again.

Tune: East side, West side

East wing, west wing all around the wards,
The prelims running here and there
While patients pull their cords.
Blood pressure, pulse and temperature,
Respiration, too,
Dashing off to classes
When our work's not even through.

Tune: Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina

Nothing could be finer than to be in St. Paul's diner
when it's PLUUMM time,
Nothing could be finer than to be in classroom 1, when
it's stuuudy time.
And then, and then ...

Tune: Teddy Bear Picnic

Sister came down the stair one day
Just to take a peek;
She came on tiptoe
Just to see how many were asleep.
She looked around, in silence profound
The heads bobbed up as she walked around,
The day that sister caught
The prelims sleeeeeeeping,

Tune: We Want a Girl

We want a cap, just like the cap
That our big Sisters wear.
Not any old cap, but a St. Paul's cap
The one they've had for years ... for 50 years,
A real old fashioned cap,
It's tried & true,
We've crabbed and complained
But now we're through.
We've got our caps,
We've got our caps,
WE'VE GOT OUR CAPS, WE'VE GOT OUR CAPS,
WE'VE GOT OUR CAPS!

Class Song 1961B

Tune: When You Wore a Tulip

When you were the seniors, those respected seniors and
we were the shy prelims.

Chorus: Beep! Beep! The time flew by! Beep, Beep.

Tune: Why Don't You Love Me

Mrs. C H A S E—Chase with her C A S E—case, Up in
the D E M—room,
No one else can take your place, everything from pills to
needles, All the T I M E – time.
She never bats an eyelash, Doesn't M I N D – mind.
Oh, she's made of straw and rubber, but we love her just
the same.

She's the only ideal patient in this great nursing game.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: Clementine

Microbiology and Anatomy and Physiology Mrs.
Dahlem taught to us
With the help of Hercules; and we thank you, Mrs.
Dahlem,
For the time you gave our class, answering our silly
questions
In the hope that we would pass.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: Sail Along Silvery Moon

Pharmacology, pharmacology, Sr. Dussault taught us
pharmacology.
Oh, there were liters, minims, grains, ounces and drams,
all day long.

Pharmacology, pharmacology, Sr. Dussault taught us
pharmacology.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: Oh, Donna

We had a teacher, Miss Gladstone was her name,
But in December Mrs. Arner she became!
She taught us Nursing Arts, and instilled in us our aim.
Oh! Bed Baths! More Bed Baths!
Then we were promoted to hypos and meds, after
becoming experts at making open beds.

Our thanks to you Mrs. Arner.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: This Ol' Man

Housemothers, they buzzed one, someone's on the telephone,
With a nick-nack, paddy-wack, we are in a fuss.
Housemothers! Look after us.
Housemothers! they buzz two, someone special's here for you;
with a nick-nack paddy-wack, We are in a fuss;
Housemothers! Look after us.
Housemothers, they buzz three, Sister's calling just for me.

Chorus: Beep! Etc

Tune: Marianne

Day in, day out, Miss Couture keeping us in good health
Giving needles, aspirins and cough drops, Seems as the work for us never stops.
Miss Couture, O Miss Couture, How we depend on you.
If you weren't here, we never would pull through.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: There's a Coconut Grove

It's four o'clock and Tuesday night, time to sing to our heart's delight,
With Miss Skinner; so here we come, one more song, and then we're done.
It's supper time and we must run; we'll be back again to have some fun.

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: Home Sweet Home

Mid sorrows and joys, dear Mom and Dad,
You have always been handy to lend a helping hand.
And when we have finished, we hope that our black bands
Will be the greatest symbol of love for Mom and Dad

Chorus: Beep! Etc.

Tune: Tom Dooley

Hold up your heads, dear nurses, hold up your heads with pride,
Six long months of study, have now passed us by.
This time tomorrow, reckon where we'll be—
Wearing our white caps proud as we can be.

Class Song for Capping Ceremony in February 1961, Class of '63

Tune: Macnamara's Band

We're through our first 5 months now, we're really on our way.
It seemed like ages, but at last we've won our caps today.
We're determined to be nurses, St. Paul's nurses at our best.
To carry on through all the years and always pass the test.
Da-da-da-dum, da-da-da-da-dum,
To carry on through all the years and always pass the test.

Oh, we've had so many new things that they're coming out our ears.
And if we were to learn them all t'would take a hundred years.
After wailing and failing we've worked it out and know we've just begun.
There are so many other tasks before the job is done.
Da-da-da-dum, da-da-da-da-dum
There are so many other tasks before the job is done.

Tune: Bye Bye Love

Microbiology and pharmacology, then came pathology.
Still there's a lot to go; Nursing Arts and psychology, drugs, physiology
That's what we gotta know to: "The Corner Master"
We give pills pills to chase away the ills.
We give more and even more.
We give pills pills to chase away the ills and needles by the score.
My back is sore I cannot eat and what is more I cannot sleep,
And what is more I cannot sleep!

Tune: Santa Claus is Coming to Town

"Oh you never signed in, you never signed in. And in case you don't know that's a terrible sin." The House Mothers chorus each night. They check us when we're sleeping, they know when we're awake. It's eleven o'clock, they'll be coming soon, close your eyes for goodness sake! But in spite of all this, in spite of all this, if they weren't here, we sure would miss the help that they all give to us.

Tune: Among My Souvenirs

The Sisters robed in Grey, in their own gentle way, guide us through every day, with faithful hearts and true. And as we stand here today, these crisp white caps display, never can we repay our dear Mom and Dad. We're so glad we've been blessed with nothing but the best. They helped us pass this test. With love and guidance, a million times it seems. We're with them in our dreams, at home where love light beams, with dear Mom and Dad.

Class Song 1965

Tune: Hey Look Me Over

Hey, look us over,
Class of '65
And we'll tell you briefly, what we have derived,
We've tried our very hardest, so we could pass the test,
And hope that we'll be nurses soon, all nurses at our best,
And so we've each studied Micro and Anatomy,
Drugs and solutions, Pharmacology,
We've learned our procedures all inside out,
And knew that when we were feeling blue the only thing for us to do,
Was not to get discouraged but still carry on,
Forward through the course and now it won't be long,
Before our student days are through
And these good times are gone.

Tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

We are blessed with good house-mothers,
And we all love them so.
And a group of fine instructors
Who have taught us all we know;
They are our help and guidance and aid us through each day,
For they've shown us the way.
It's a long climb up the ladder,
Up the ladder to our goal,
And now we've reached our capping
But have further still to go;
This year our half-way pins
Then our black bands we'll display.
We've come a long long way as student nurses
St. Paul's spirit all the way.

Tune: I Understand Just How You Feel

So you'll understand just how we feel
Our love for you we can't conceal
Dear SPH and Sisters Grey,
For you we'll pray
For you we'll pray.
Dear Mom and Dad—we thank you so
For things you've done,
And this we know,
Will help us on to reach our goal
A nurse in Soul, a nurse in Soul.

The St. Paul's Bunch

by Gloria Ebert, Lloydminster, AB

Here's to the story ... of some ladies
Who were caring for the poor around the world
All of them had hearts of gold ... like their foundress
Ste. Marguerite d'Youville.
Here's to the story ... of some Oblate Fathers
Who were busy with patients of their own,
They were fighting ... a typhoid battle
But they were all alone.

Till the one day when the Grey Nuns met the
Fathers
And they knew that it was much more than a hunch
That this group ... must somehow form a family, and
That's how we all became the St. Paul's Bunch
The St. Paul's Bunch, the St. Paul's Bunch,
That's how we became the St. Paul's Bunch.



The Alumni

Alumni Stained Glass Window in the Chapel at St. Paul's Hospital

1911

Beaudais, Rev. Sister

Trachapelle, Léonie

Eliason, Hannah

McLaughlin, Charlotte

St. Polycarpe, Rev. Sister

1912

Calvert, Dones

Eliason, Eilda

Houghton, Margaret

Christian, Annie

Gray, Isabelle

McFarlane, Cr.

1913

Burke, Marie

Corah, Edith

Raynor, Alma

Kraegen, A. B.

Reanley, Annie

1914

Daley, Aida

Larivière, Rev. Sister

Stedenson, Pearl

Imholtz, Emma

Mulligan, Maria

Swinton, Margaret

Johnson, Matilda

Schmidt, Rosa

1915

Bélair, Angeline

Inness, Mayette

Murphy, Mayme

Blais, Délia

Knaus, Mary

Wentz, Ethel

1916

Hayes, Teresa

Hoyan, Nina

Horan, Frances

Kohlsmitz, Elizabeth

Sherwin, Tuger

Marcotte, Angelina

Maxwell, Olive

McLaughlin, Margaret

McTavish, Jeanette

Modeland, Mildred

Okerstrom, Lylelyn

Reaskin, Adelaide

Scott, Frances

Sullivan, Annie

1917

Bernard, M. R.

Brown, Lila

McFarlane, Stanis

1918

Moquir, Red. Sister Anz.

Archer, Mary

Liang, Mabel

Preston, Winnabel

Cameron, Margaret

Baker, Bernice

Smith, Lila

1919

Barlett, M. M.

Belcher, Margaret

Campbell, Annie

Cowie, Mary

Delvin, Margaret

Garden, Jeanette

Garrison, Mary

Herriges, Martha

Jerome, Rose

McDougal, Louise

Morrison, Nina

Warton, Kathleen

1920

Leitch, Jean

Galbraith, Rita

Templey, Lena

Meddens, Mary

Qualman, Ester

Spannier, Marion

Thalor, Verzie

Wagner, Marie

Porter, Red. Sister

1921

Bard, May

Cleator, Edith

Lons, Louisa

Loken, Burgbild

McMillan, Mary

Poirier, Marie

Stoker, Alice

Turner, Margaret

1922

Millette, Rev. Sister
Ulton, Marguerite
Downey, Ethel
Hughes, Fisher
Phillips, Susan
Stokke, Signa
St Denis, Philomena

Campbell, Margaret
Guilbeault, Aurora
Loepky, Dorothy
Stephens, Margaret
Walsh, Mary G.

Burrows, Una
Burrows, Margaret
Hart, Sarah
McKellar, Marie L
Pentiman, Annie
Webber, Lillian
Young, Cecilia

1923

Armstrong, Bertha
Decoste, Ethel
Grundman, Dora
Cannon, Francis
Guthrie, Teresa

Hennessey, Josephine
Kroof, Anna
Laydall, Leonora
Lopstin, Gertrude
Mason, Edith

Roux, Jean
Slattery, Elaine
St-Laurant, Zulana
Willey, Florence
Woodcock, Gertrude

1924

Bennett, Cora
Boulton, Frank
Callaghan, Julia
Downey, Gertrude
English, Jessie

Gruenig, Josephine
Hissock, Goldie
Johnson, Hilda
Laberge, Lillian
Loepky, Catherine

McPlaster, Maritta
Morrison, Irene
Renner, Dillie
Taylor, Edna
Wright, Mary

1925

Cole, Mary
Parr, Rose, E.
Pardner, May
Percussion, Leornie
Pintayson, Mary
Mannigan, Lileen

Gabler, Annie
Horton, Cora
Jacobs, Irene
Cronkhite, Charlotte
Mason, Edith

Loiselle, Rev. Sister D.
McManus, Tessie
Miller, Margaret
Nelson, Hilda
Pyott, Evelyn
Sanderson, Eleanor

Baker, Dora
Balkwill, Vera
Burrows, Beatrice
Burling, Evelyn
Dewhurst, Mary
Dowling, Catherine
Foresi, Alvina
Giberson, Davis
Johnston, Lila

1926
Hartz, Frances
Kinnear, Margaret
Lewis, M. Maria
McKenzie, Kathleen
McNamee, Geraldine
McNeil, Anna
McVenna, Elizabeth
Paul, Dora
Paulson, Dunes

Emmentienne, Rev. Sister
Fullman, Frances
Riddell, Mary
Wakeham, William
Wald, Ella
Weaver, Etma
Wensley, Vesta
Whiting, Laurel
Wright, Wilhelmina

Anderson, Grace
Dimeson, Dequear
Beazer, Gertrude
Beuten, Eunice
Boniford, Freda
Brown, Ethel G.
Busbi, Nora
Dean, Anna
Evans, Josephine
Farr, Madeline

1927
Emerantique, Rev. Sister
Hartora, Stella J.
Hay, Gertrude
Hooder, Maybelle
Howe, Alma
James, Bessie
Kauphusman, Cecilia
Mandin, Jeanne
Netterfield, Ida
Pound, Pearl, E.

Morris, Rev. Sister A.
Riddell, Elizabeth
Reebuck, Marion
Scott, Ethel Rose
Seabentich, Charlotte
Thue, Emma
Troutant, Cecilia
Walker, Clara L.
Wiens, Christina
Young, Marguerite

Atkinson, Beulah
Berglund, Winnifred
Beatty, Maud
Boheme, Ella
Brick, Myrtle, Pl.
Duhamel, Helena

1928
Engel, Rosa
Fowler, Evelyn
Gaudin, Vera
Hopfinger, Pauline
Horton, Winnifred
Lockhart, Margaret

Mathewman, Hally
McIntosh, Euphemie
Ramsdew, Mabel
Newfeld, Elizabeth
Unsworth, Evelyn
Valins, Lillie J.

1929

Amundrud, Martha		Oakes, Gladys
Andrews, Lois L.	Hodge, Nora	Parker, Dolores M.
Carpenter, Eleanor C.	Hoffinger, Evelyn	Quinsey, Anne
Cowan, Bess	Hynes, Mary B.	Rempel, Anna
Cross, Luella J.	Lazaruk, Rose	Richards, Edith I.
Chaffield, Isabelle	McCConnell, Olive	Royster, Mabel O.
Cunningham, Louise	McDiarmid, Maribel	Thornsteinson, Maribel
Dingwall, Margaret	McNaughton, Madeline	Wilson, Thelma G.
Hennequin, Marguerite	Nagle, Ursula M.	Waugenstein, Violet
Hermanson, Hilda		St. Thérèse de Loyola, Rev. Sister

1930

Abrams, Alfreda	Gregory, Phyllis	Neill, Kathleen
Atkinson, Laura M.	Hanna, Eleanor	Nicholson, Lilly E.
Ayers, Mary	Harrison, Mary	Noonan, Susan H.
Ballsrud, Evelyn	Hedlund, Sigar	Oakes, Doris
Beaton, Betsy	Henderson, Ella	Paulin, Marguerite
Beattie, Kathleen R.	Hermann, Clementine	Pocock, Margaret
Boettzer, Flora	Hoskins, Dorothy	Renfrew, Jean
Brevick, Signa	Joseph, Sarah	Riley, Alma
Carruthers, Janet	MacKenzie, Margaret	Specken, Bess
Cassin, Hardie	Maiden, Elizabeth	Starague, Kathleen O.
Cowan, Edna	McCurdy, Helga	Toems, Marie
Dwyer, Lileas	McKenzie, Catherine	Vickers, Vera
Federspiel, Vera	Mahon, Lillian	Watson, Ellen
Perstenberg, Anna	Morgan, Evelyn	Weisbeck, Christine
Grant, Catherine	Morrice, Robina	Zbitzoff, Glyceria

1931

Brecher, Susan	Bailey, Mabel	Milliken, Selena
Campbell, Christina	Crede, Margaret	Reichmuth, Anna
Charlebois, Lucille	Hogan, Mary	Robson, Dorothy
Charters, Margaret	Johnson, Lillian	Serimbirtz, Grace
Erlendson, Lily	Josephson, Thirida	Sheehan, Rhea
Groetz, Viola	MacDonald, Tessie	Tozke, Helen
	Matlock, Blanche	

1932

Arklie, Verma E.	Prey, Hildegard	McNamee, Patricia
Bettcher, Estella	Priese, Marie	Mooney, Rosella
Blain, Beatrice	Groetz, Irma	Naden, Jeannette
Castle, Edith	Hance, Ruby	Olshewski, Agnes
Chapman, Mabel E.	Hazelwood, Mary	Schanhofer, Annie
Conke, Bessie E.	Holfeld, Ella	Templeman, Annie
Calwell, Mary	Klassen, Margaret	Willack, Henrietta
Couture, Dorothy	Leckie, Nessa	Willoughby, Doris
Edmondson, Alice	Moker, Juliette	
Fountain, Helen	McKinnon, Elma	

1933

Koch, Lena	Canner, Genevieve	Hobman, Marjorie
Bale, Bernice	Dees, Fessie May	Humphries, Nettie
Bouquet, Annie	Edmondson, Lucie	Kelley, Theresa
Bruneau, Paula	Engel, Ida	Lins, Clara
Buck, Dorothy	Fleming, Winnifred	Marshall, Helen
Burton, Emma	Hawkins, Elena	McCullum, Luena
Clark, Jean	Herman, Hilda	McGrath, Mary

1933
cont'd

McNeil, Alice

Miller, Dora

Moscow, Edna

Rajott, Rev. Sister

Rivett, Marie

Robinson, T.

Weber, Mathilda

Wood, May E.

1934

Busikewich, Margaret Johnke, Anna

Baker, Francis, H. King, Irene B.

Burgess, Florence M. Kiewer, Neta

Clavetta, Bertha Kraft, Verna M.

Clavette, Theresa Lupina, Cecilia

Dowd, Mary, H. Lior, A. Mary

Perric, Margaret J. McQuade, Annie H.

Grace, Ivy Polynow, Helen G.

Mederbach, Elizabeth

Clarkley, Dorothy

Poy, Jeanna

Rakai, Helen M.

Swayze, Zita B.

Ueland, Cecilia

Werezak, Bella M.

Woodley, Lita N.

1935

Bendig, Helen

Bodnar, Sylvia S.

Cluff, Margaret

Carter, Louise

Danes, Dorothy

Deber, Lena M.

Derosusie, Ruth

Dube, Marie

Filyk, Katherine

Francis, Dilven B.

Gelineau, Eva M.

Gilroy, Dimeu Jr.

Grouin, Madeleine M.

Guthrie, Jean I.

Hass, Loretta M.

Hanson, Alice

McIntyre, Marv

Matovich, Katie O.

Nolin, Mary L.

Polasek, Teresa C.

Pfeifer, Euanoline

Wilson, Berna E.

Yuna, Elizabeth

Richard, Rev. Sister J.

1936

Alexander, Verna M.

Anderson, Thorum D.

Bell, Florence E.

Bernuy, Jeanna M.

Bory, Gunda

Bullen, Marion

Chambers, Margaret

Chobotuk, Julia M.

Doroboviz, Margaret E.

Downey, Dorothy

Hall, Flora B.

Grasz, Marie L. E.

1936
cont'd

Kirkbeck, Eoba	Goodell, Mae C.	Summers, Amy
Lacasse, Cecilia C.	Murphy, Rita M.	Tedeschi, Irene
Lefebvre, M. Blanche	Nickel, Mary	Unruh, Mary R.
Leitch, Gwendolyn	O'Hara, Mary	Voik, Marion
Laquiea, Leona R.	O'Connor, Freda	Vermelle, Marie
Blacky, Ruby L.	Pace, Label	Weigel, Henrietta
Blouie, Margaret H.	Parr, Juliana	Weller, Loretta E.
Murphy, Hazel G.	Raukman, Adelaide	Wilkins, Emma
	Snyder, Francis L.	

1937

Baity, Irene	Godfrey, Owen G.	Newfeldt, Lydia
Brown, Margaret R.	Hanson, Lillian	Reed, Helen I.
Brown, Mary L.	Johnson, Olive C.	Ross, Jean
Butler, Anne	Klassen, Mary U.	Ryan, Genevieve H.
Pentoy, Cecilia	Mannix, Runa M.	Schweens, Mary C.
Plamar, Caroline J.	McLaster, Jean H.	Slade, Opal J.
Croft, Margaret R.	Plaker, Kathleen V.	Weigel, Viola W.

1938

Baileman, Florence M.	Couldina, Louise	McNair, Orme G.
Bohem, Fernna	Croft, Irene P.	McDonald, Grace E.
Chudy, Julia A.	Haddon, Adelaide E.	Murdoch, Jeannie S.
Clark, Geraldine	Hall, Muriel I.	Murray, Anne U.
Clarke, Ada A.	Kohn, Eva M.	Wadden, Nora W.
Cole, Mabel E.	Larsen, Elsie M.	McKay, Lora M.
Cox, Phyllis M.	McDonald, Jean H.	Nicholson, Florence
Craffner, Josephine	McCormick, Phyllis	Pickard, Nancy M.

1938
cont'd

Scandrett, Herdrey
Schuman, Felsie
Scott, Ethel M.

Smith, Emily I
Vebeke, Marcella

Wilson, Dorothy
Warwick, June
Zillinsky, Mary

1939

Amy, Mildred
Becker, Irene G.
Blais, Marcella
Braithwaite, Frances
Bransted, Jane
Boyinton, Seda L.
Clark, Edith
Clark, Edna M.
Dane, Margaret
Gettle, Margaret
Grewing, Francis
Hamilton, Hilda

Heerney, Fede
Hutcheon, Margaret
Inkster, Jessie L.
Kardash, Helen
Leahy, Maryverita
Loper, Margaret
Ludwig, Margaret
McIntosh, Vera
McLaurin, Eleanor
Moore, Edna
Poret, Paulis

Neillis, Maxine
Rogers, Reza L.
Schill, Irene
Scott, Jean
Stensrud, Lillian J.
Stewart, Josephine
Tambora, Margaret
Tedeschi, Marion S. E.
Tostreault, Cecile
Walker, Grace
White, Anne E.
Worobetz, Nellie

1940

Armstrong, Violet
Beuchinor, Margaret
Bennett, Joyce
Blackstock, Berna
Bouvet, Claire
Bunting, Harriet
Bowron, Edith G.
Caza, Irene L.
Cofin, Maryverita

Cook, Phyllis J.
Doree, Joan E.
Dixon, Esther L.
Hammill, Label M.
Haugrud, Kari
Korchiniski, Rose H.
McKay, Eleanor M.
O'Brien, Constance
Reding, Myrtle
Rivett, Margaret

Robs, Frances M.
Schommer, Gabriella
Scrimshaw, Frances L.
Slabick, Angeline
Speers, Mary E.
Stock, Mary E.
Stolin, Pearl V.
Ward, Jane D.
Youmans, Viola

1941

Becker, Jean C.
Bahl, Mary
Boyce, Mildred
Burton, Constance
Castagnon, Claire
Clark, Gertrude
Creswell, Edna G.
Dorce, Rose L.
Farbacher, Madeline
Greer, Margaret

Gray, Isabella
Gillies, Mary
Griffithson, Ivez
Howard, Marie L.
Kendall, Mary
Koenig, Francis
Lee, Margaret
Mandin, Irene
Manning, Bertha

Mitchell, Eileen
Missen, Frances
Penillat, Isabella
Rustemyer, Helena
Shuffler, Eileen
Smith, Label
Stark, Lillian
Thompson, Ethel
Trosch, Mary
Young, Margaret

1942

Bradley, Lisia
Bellak, Jean
Borisenko, Christina
Burrell, Lena
Carlson, Mildred
Cofin, Dorothea
Croper, Eileen
Lisson, Vera
Parseilla, Lucienne
Quillanders, Eileen

Civlar, Grace
Johnson, Doree
Johnston, Lillian
Kolenosky, Olga
Larue, Olga
Longtin, Fern
Lussier, Mary
Malloff, Anne
Plason, Willa
McConnell, Kathleen
Lafferty, Mrs. Felix

McGrath, Christina
Pepich, Vera
Roberge, Alice
Seabrook, Frances
Shanofen, Bernice
Sinnette, Genevieve
Taylor, Gladys
Tuomi, Florence
Walke, Anna
Young, Doree

1943

Bannicke, Mary
Bentors, Lillian
Burd, Ruth

Boudreau, Isabella
Briggs, Jean

Brower, Roxanna
Cognias, Rita
Dunais, Dorothy

1943,
copy'd

Edwards, Dorothy
Ellard, Ivers
Epp, Ruth
Frank, Lillian
Greene, Pauline
Gibson, Phyllis
Grand, Loretta
Hart, Bernice
Hewson, Helga
Hudek, Jane
Isley, Celina

MacLaren, Lois
Plazder, Antonia
McConnell, Mary
McDonald, Margaret
McNaughton, Joyce
McNeil, Jean
Moore, Helen
Norton, Alma
Pajot, Rita
Passall, Lula

Reid, Louise
Rinehart, Ella
Rimmer, Marjorie
Samulski, Martha
Schmitz, Helen
Smith, Joan
Shockey, Rosa
Soucy, Ralanda
Stakiw, Amy
Sullivan, Margaret
Winchenko, Mary

1944

Anton, Rose
Bacon, Phyllis
Bellande, Elizabeth
Boychuk, Katherine
Bunkitt, Isabelle
Campbell, Mary
Carson, Betty
DePoye, Louise
DeMilleux, Lizzie
Priesen, Hazel
Praeblich, Rita
Pusk, Frieda
Guenther, Joyce
Quina, Estella

Hautof, Bada
Haywood, Marjorie
Hettner, Marian
Henrich, Martha
Herten, Wilma
Johnston, Doris
Kliener, Ruth
Kruza, Victoria
Lawley, Fay
Looper, Sheila
Mahoney, Veronica
Marty, Erica
McIntosh, Audrey
McRae, Eva

Nicholson, Gladis
Ouellette, Rita
Poth, Eva
Pickard, Elizabeth
Robinson, Marjorie
Schwinghammer, Mildred
Smith, Dulcia
Stevens, Joyce
Strubeber, Margaret
Ulsifer, Helen
Weber, Hildegarde
Wiens, Vivian
Wood, Marguerite
Yanicki, Emilia

1945

Berg, Lenora	McGowan, Rev. Sister S.	Rechenmacher, Irene
Burton, Helen	Lambert, Norree	Green, Nancy
Butz, Adelaide	Lenz, Mandelena	Hayden, Katherine
Borst, Dorothy	Lee, Lillian	Heath, Winifred
Broken, Rosella	MacKenzie, Florence	Kelm, Frieda
Brachu, Laurel	Mey, Gladys	McCutcheon, Isabelle
Clark, Patricia	McLafferty, Dorothy	Miller, Jean
Collings, Audrey	Russell, Olive	Morre, Dorothy
Creighton, Norma	Robinson, Betty	Meilson, Betty
Cummings, Doreen	Scoutar, Elizabeth	Piroz, Therese
Dowling, Helen	Warren, Nora	Shuchan, Irene
Duchateau, Juliette	Weidenhammer, Elsie	Slattery, Helen
Farbacher, Marguerite	Wheeler, Margaret	Simmonds, Iris
Fletcher, Lorraine	Warren, Louise	Tracey, Lorraine
Frantz, Helen	Wensley, Frances	Young, Lorraine
Fraser, Dorothy		Young, Margaret

1946

Bratz, Alice	Oliver, Jean	Beechison, Ann
Benzard, Hilma	Pfeiffer, Eleanor	Brachu, Josephine
Lucing, Lois	Skensgard, Margaret	Burger, Peter
Evans, Edith	Smith, Katherine	Clayton, Grace
Lixelby, Barbara	Ward, Grace	Coucheben, Doris
Holland, Hilma	Yurchuk, Nadia	Clifford, Lois
Marshall, Margaret	Dithur, Hazel	Condon, Minnie
Minogue, Irma	Barth, Marie	Davenport, Dorothy
Ottis, Vivian	Brown, Lucretia	Frostad, Gladys

1946
cont'd

Greener, Martha
Curtin, Marjorie
Holland, Maria
Johnson, Juan
Koester, Madeline

Ritchie, Stella M.
Labrecque, Caroline
McIntosh, Catherine
McKinley, Theresa
Olson, Gladys, P.
Pearce, Lona

Reynolds, Francis
Schwebuis, W. K.
Sexsmith, Alice
Smith, Wilma
Sterling, Iris

1947

Bartel, Mildred
Coffin, Kathleen
Emmerson, Iris
Fox, Helen
Frey, Lucy, C.
Gray, Lois
Hanson, Leola
Hill, Bessie
James, Cymeth
Kendry, Barbara
Lucas, Virginia
Matloff, Paala
Lypka, Olga
MacKenzie, Ruth
McKie, Angus
McMillen, Jean

Roberts, Lois M.
Ransom, Lenora
Sheppard, Edith
Stevens, Manuel
Swanson, Gloria
Walker, Yvonne O.
Anderson, Doris
Andreen, Evelyn
Babin, Hazel
Hunchak, Elizabeth
Jellinek, Irene
Johnson, Manuel
Jones, Bertha
Koester, Dorothy
Lonskin, Solange
Blackay, Georgina

Quinn, Florence R.
MacKenzie, Mary
Quinn, Dolores
Normand, Isabelle
O'Donnell, Alice
Sedmak, Annie
Senecal, Lea Alice
Sibbald, Ethel
Siemens, Nellie
Snell, Phyllis
Tracey, Donna
Utter, Mary
Walker, Audrey
Woodcock, Vivian
Wozny, Vivian
Wright, Marjorie

1948

Rose, Rev. Sister Leona
Addison, Dora

Baylors, Frazon

Thille, Rev. Sister Mary
Burke, Thelma

1948
cont'd

Dyck, Margaret
Evans, Gladys
Gardner, Laura
Kurzer, Mary
Lanigan, Bernice
Mayo, Elizabeth
McGrath, Bernice
McGuire, Sarah
MacDonald, Margaret
MacDonald, Velma
Nagle, Nana
Reeve, Helen
Roberge, Theresa
Simonsen, Phyllis
St. Arnaud, Theresa
Woodford, Anne

Abbot, Phyllis
Barth, Frances
Chapple, Irene
Blondeau, Denise
Carriere, Bernice
Cole, Anna M.
Dahl, Borghild
Dorovich, Zenovia
Guznbowski, Emily
Harris, Amy
Henderson, Vivian
Honatzi, Margaret
Kirsch, Pearl
Kucirka, Annie
Lorain, Gertrude
Marcoux, Etta

Joy, Maurice Elaine
McLaughlin, Margaret
Messinger, Edna
McPherson, Patricia
Murphy, Eleanor
Murray, Helen
Palabicky, Olga
Poitras, Jeanne
Saretzky, Lillian
Shepherd, Elsie
Simonsen, Stella
Schmidt, Anne
Saunders, Mary
Tennant, Elizabeth
Winters, Marion
Wolfe, Anna

1949

Andrews, Dorothy
Bradshaw, Maxine
Brkich, Gloria
Cleland, June
Coffin, Mary
Daley, Viola
Dawson, Audrey
Fitzgerald, Annie
Gleason, Helen

Hart, Luana
Kieltyka, Lera
Lipka, Katherine
Mahoney, Jean
McNeice, Margaret
Willick, Mary
Winkelborg, Mildred
Witrogen, Dorothy
Basaraba, Margaret

Mary-Ann Theresa, Revisister
Becker, Louise
Blachford, Gertrude
Christman, Rita M.
Egan, Margaret
Krochlich, Mary
Gardner, Fay J.
Henry, Jessie
Henry, Ruth

Jaseniuk, Ann
 Jeffers, Phyllis
 Johnston, Grace
 Klimchuk, Maria
 Tumbaek R.

1949
 (cont'd)

King, Rosie G.
 Lys, Jennie
 McGill, Phyllis
 Mills, Laura
 Roy, Cecile

Fagner, Mr. Joseph
 Klucken, Margaret
 Kloss, Doreen
 Popoff, Annette
 Pundt, Rita

Bertora, Nida
 Bienvenue, Marique
 Boulanger, Phyllis
 Bowes, Helen
 Brizes, Mary
 Charanduk, Alexandra
 Conner, Elizabeth
 Dienker, Patricia
 Grabowski, Anna
 Herman, Minnie
 Isley, Eldora
 Kaufmann, Mildred
 Kruda, Lillian
 Keith, Marion
 Lanzetta, Lorraine
 Lysach, Juan
 Melnick, Evangelina
 Murphy, Henrietta
 Pachal, Beverly
 Thiessen, Maria
 Wisifar, Annela

1950

Aruman, Beverly
 Bresch, Isabelle
 Caplette, Nelda
 Coates, Laura
 Crawford, Norma
 Croswell, Frances
 Cummins, Audrey
 Danovich, Helen
 Danton, Mary
 Deas, Label
 Effenber, Edythe
 Frey, Ruth
 Friesen, Helene
 Furak, Susana
 Furk, Velma
 Gira, Joceline
 Gira, Rita
 Grassano, Cara
 Graves, Label
 Greenaway, Doris
 Wurzen, Dorothy

Hawkins, Marie L
 Hay, Jessie
 Hein, Elsa
 Johnson, Sylvia
 Lammond, June
 Lewis, Doreen
 Lipka, Helen
 McFarley, Madeline
 McFustan, Beth
 McDonald, Monique
 Mackinnon, Mary
 Marchildon, Roland
 Maul, Margaret
 Oliver, Rita
 Page, Miriam
 Patton, Arlene
 Ramstead, June
 Reeder, Jean
 Roshen, Margaret
 Stewart, Dorothy
 Luk, Lena

1951

<i>Baba, Eva</i>	<i>Harriman, Fay</i>	<i>Obermeyer, Lillian</i>
<i>Bohach, Eleanor</i>	<i>Harrison, Inez</i>	<i>Oxman, Helen A.</i>
<i>Booker, Vivian</i>	<i>Haugen, Della</i>	<i>Powell, Jane</i>
<i>Boryski, Helen</i>	<i>Haugen, Jewel</i>	<i>Prince, Gertrude</i>
<i>Campbell, Rose</i>	<i>Hettle, Vanessa</i>	<i>Rashley, Joyce</i>
<i>Casey, Helen</i>	<i>Higgins, Ruth</i>	<i>Roche, Elizabeth</i>
<i>Chisholm, Jean</i>	<i>Hoffart, Monica</i>	<i>Salyniuk, Sylvia</i>
<i>Conway, Mary</i>	<i>Jennison, Dorothy</i>	<i>Schmitt, Marie M.</i>
<i>Cook, Marjorie</i>	<i>Kindratsky, Jean</i>	<i>Smith, Mildred</i>
<i>Deurbrouck, Denise</i>	<i>Kischuk, Lucy</i>	<i>Stevenson, Joyce</i>
<i>Dubord, Lorraine</i>	<i>Knapik, Theresa</i>	<i>Stone, Eileen</i>
<i>Tomashewski, Pauline</i>	<i>Kouri, Patricia</i>	<i>Elliott, Yvonne</i>
<i>Ettles, Edith</i>	<i>Kowpak, Olga</i>	<i>Trotter, Louise</i>
<i>Evancio, Irene</i>	<i>Leiski, Ruth</i>	<i>Ulrich, Helen</i>
<i>Folick, Dorothy</i>	<i>MacDonald, Ruth</i>	<i>Watson, Ethel</i>
<i>Frith, Joyce</i>	<i>MacDougald, Alma</i>	<i>Webb, Patricia</i>
<i>Gorieu, Therese</i>	<i>Mahoney, Florence</i>	<i>Wood, Elizabeth</i>
<i>Hamilton, Fay</i>	<i>McKay Marion</i>	
<i>Hamre, Birdeline</i>	<i>Njaa, Margaret</i>	

1952

<i>Anderson, Donna</i>	<i>Foster, Marjorie</i>	<i>Nijman, Anne</i>
<i>Bublish, Josephine</i>	<i>Gillespie, Bertha</i>	<i>Rolles, Ella</i>
<i>Armstrong, Marjorie</i>	<i>Kergen, Rita</i>	<i>Rowles, Dorothy</i>
<i>Campbell, Sylvia</i>	<i>Gilmour, Grace</i>	<i>Scurfield, Shirley</i>
<i>Baldwin, Betty</i>	<i>Kirzinger, Leona</i>	<i>Ryhorchuk, Lillian</i>
<i>Carnation, Irene</i>	<i>Godfrey, Hazel</i>	<i>Semeniuk, Olga</i>
<i>Blair, Olive</i>	<i>Lang, Elvira</i>	<i>Schille, Dolores</i>
<i>Clark, Sheila</i>	<i>Goodhew, Doris</i>	<i>Shewciw, Olga</i>
<i>Broderick, Colleen</i>	<i>Marak, Sylvia</i>	<i>Schmitt, Arlene</i>
<i>Clarkson, Theresa</i>	<i>Hrynewich, Minnie</i>	<i>Slater, Jean</i>
<i>Cline, Ethel</i>	<i>Mathison, Betty</i>	<i>Sololoski, Rita</i>
<i>Drennan, Marjorie</i>	<i>McFadyen, Pat</i>	<i>Sorochan, Adele</i>
<i>Cole, Eileen</i>	<i>Olson, Joyce</i>	<i>Thompson, Kathleen</i>
<i>Empey, Irma</i>	<i>Monaghan, Cecile</i>	<i>Stone, Marion</i>
<i>Couture, Jeanne</i>	<i>Pelletier, Lorette</i>	<i>Ulrich, Henrietta</i>
<i>Famulak, Mary</i>	<i>Mooney, Margaret</i>	<i>Strauss, Arlene</i>
<i>Cullen, Eileen</i>	<i>Pitt, Helen</i>	<i>Schmidt, Elsie</i>
<i>Bourgeois, Margerite SR</i>	<i>Nalepa, Vonda</i>	<i>Foster, Margaret</i>
<i>Diederichs, Marie</i>	<i>Riou, Denise</i>	<i>Demarais, Helen Sister</i>

1953

<i>Antonik, Marjorie</i>	<i>Gauthier, Maria</i>	<i>Denowski, Noamia</i>
<i>Berg, Beulah</i>	<i>Evans, Norma</i>	<i>Dupuis, Dorothy</i>
<i>Bergbusch, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Fitzmaurice, Eileen</i>	<i>Ehrler, Ruth</i>
<i>Bernard, Simone</i>	<i>Graham, Glenna</i>	<i>Enns, Irene</i>
<i>Bienvenue, Rita</i>	<i>Kronthaler, Olga</i>	<i>Gabrielson, Mildred</i>
<i>Brenna, Gerd</i>	<i>Lipka, Kathleen</i>	<i>Harrower, Joyce</i>
<i>Bjornson, Sylvia</i>	<i>Mondou, Pauline</i>	<i>Howat, Lois</i>
<i>Budd, Helen</i>	<i>Molnar, Irene</i>	<i>Jacobson, Shirley</i>
<i>Turner, Faye</i>	<i>O'Bryne, Rosemary</i>	<i>Kaufhold, Margaret</i>
<i>Piniach, Alice</i>	<i>Ratzlaff, Joyce</i>	<i>Linwood, Marjorie</i>
<i>Prpich, Kathleen</i>	<i>Wallbillig, Mary</i>	<i>Little, Aima</i>
<i>Eberl, Walburga</i>	<i>Walsh, Bernadette</i>	<i>Magnuson, Isobel</i>
<i>Riou, Lucille</i>	<i>Allred, Betty</i>	<i>McKee, Anna</i>
<i>Zypchen, Ann</i>	<i>Anderson, Ruby</i>	<i>Nagle, Madeleine</i>
<i>Woelk, Helen</i>	<i>Astels, Ada</i>	<i>Nesselbeck, Dorothy</i>
<i>Schawille, Geraldine</i>	<i>Babin Simone</i>	<i>Roberts Jean</i>
<i>Dean, Lois</i>	<i>Champagne, Georgina</i>	<i>Parchewsky, Mary</i>
<i>Cheveldayoff, Mercedes</i>	<i>Cridland, Florence</i>	<i>Rocan, Thomas</i>
<i>Esair, Elizabeth</i>		

1954

<i>Alexander, Bernice M.</i>	<i>Campbell Doreen</i>	<i>Melnyk, Jean</i>
<i>England, Bernice A.</i>	<i>Weninger, Lillian</i>	<i>Marchildon, Aurore</i>
<i>Bernatchez, Rita J.</i>	<i>Diederichs, Rudelpha</i>	<i>McLean Edith</i>
<i>Ennis, Mildred J.</i>	<i>Bandet, Marie</i>	<i>Nielsen, Leona</i>
<i>Diederichs, Catherine R.</i>	<i>Ernst, Evelyn</i>	<i>McPhail, Dorothy</i>
<i>Engbretson, Wilma J.</i>	<i>Fluery, Stella</i>	<i>Ottenbreit, Aileen</i>
<i>Egge, Helen, J.</i>	<i>Hamonic, Lorette</i>	<i>Redmond, Audrey</i>
<i>Fournier, Marguerite</i>	<i>Fruhstuk, Mary</i>	<i>Risling, Irene</i>
<i>Grenier, Juliette</i>	<i>Hauber, Helen</i>	<i>Roberts, Diane</i>
<i>McCuaig, Calla I.</i>	<i>Gladstone, June</i>	<i>Rublee, Louise</i>
<i>Harvey, Vivian C.</i>	<i>Hook, Bernice</i>	<i>St. Arnaud, Pauline</i>
<i>Nickorick, Elsie</i>	<i>Hammel, Rose</i>	<i>Schwab, Carrie</i>
<i>Helt, Mary</i>	<i>Kleiner, Gertrude</i>	<i>Willms, Marguerite</i>
<i>Rosher, Marie A.</i>	<i>Kotlar, Vivian</i>	<i>Singbush, Dolores</i>
<i>Martin, Patricia A.</i>	<i>Martineau, Lorraine</i>	<i>Yaskowich, Agnes</i>
<i>Spicer, Elizabeth R.</i>	<i>Lensen, Zona</i>	<i>Turner, Peggy</i>
<i>Steinbart, Jenny M.</i>	<i>MacIssac, Beverly</i>	<i>Yelich, Mary</i>
<i>Blachford, Avis</i>	<i>Madarash, Ellen</i>	<i>Walsh, Frances</i>
<i>Ukrainetz, Marie B.</i>		

1955

<i>Austman, Phyllis</i>	<i>Bley, Alma</i>	<i>Lowe, Marjorie</i>
<i>Bienvenue, Denise</i>	<i>Bourdois, Laura</i>	<i>MacLean, Eleanor</i>
<i>Bozowski, Anne</i>	<i>Chapple, June</i>	<i>McCarrel, Anne</i>
<i>Byblow, Theresa</i>	<i>Cooney, Beatrice</i>	<i>Ryhorski, Bernice</i>
<i>Doll, Lorraine</i>	<i>Currie, Arlene</i>	<i>Schafhauser, Joan</i>
<i>Fahl, Rita</i>	<i>Deveron, Alvina</i>	<i>Schulte, Alice</i>
<i>Hetu, Isobel</i>	<i>Dierker, Magdaline</i>	<i>Seniuk, Erma</i>
<i>Kaminski, Lorraine</i>	<i>Drabinasty, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Potter, Beverly</i>
<i>Johnson, Lorraine</i>	<i>Flegel, Mary Ann</i>	<i>Espenant, Irene</i>
<i>Kaller, Celeste</i>	<i>Flaterud, Norma Jean</i>	<i>Utgaren, June</i>
<i>Lofts, Joyce</i>	<i>Fitzgerald, Kathleen</i>	<i>Meger, Joyce</i>
<i>MacFarlane, Agnes</i>	<i>Fraser June</i>	<i>Young, Loretta</i>
<i>Rowswell, Dorothy</i>	<i>Horbay, Louise</i>	<i>Victor, Jennie</i>
<i>Meagher, Alice</i>	<i>Hoscheit, Mabel</i>	<i>Zacharias, Helen</i>
<i>La Valley, Blanche</i>	<i>Jones, Gladys</i>	<i>Barton, Patricia</i>
<i>Sholter, Matilda</i>	<i>Janz, Viola</i>	<i>Cronkite, Margery</i>
<i>Sweet, Edith</i>	<i>Kroczyński, Eleanor</i>	<i>Zazula, Katherina</i>
<i>Switak, Jean</i>	<i>Krakowka, Sylvia</i>	<i>Price, Audrey</i>
<i>Williams, Marlene</i>	<i>Lerner, Helen</i>	<i>Priebe, Dorothy</i>
<i>Zacharias, Leona</i>		

1956

<i>Bardal, Olga</i>	<i>McKenzie, Janet</i>	<i>Dyck, Lillian</i>
<i>Cleveland, Florence</i>	<i>Murphy, Catherine</i>	<i>Dyck, Marianne</i>
<i>Bourassa, Yvette</i>	<i>McIntyre, Rena</i>	<i>Giesbrecht, Janet</i>
<i>Debin, Angela</i>	<i>Rak, Shirley</i>	<i>Gleason, Jean</i>
<i>Brossart, Lorraine</i>	<i>Schmidt, Lillian</i>	<i>Farrell, Eileen</i>
<i>Drury, Reata</i>	<i>Wapple, Patricia</i>	<i>Harach, Margaret</i>
<i>Chalifour, Aurore</i>	<i>Simmonds, Marina</i>	<i>Field, Jean</i>
<i>Eberl, Clara</i>	<i>Willet, Lorraine</i>	<i>Jankoski, Gladys</i>
<i>Gazdewich, Anita</i>	<i>Trudel, Pauline</i>	<i>Nickel, Eileen</i>
<i>Letourneau, Sr. Marguerite</i>	<i>Whittman, Leona</i>	<i>Kozlowski, Marcella</i>
<i>Grosse, Muriel</i>	<i>Turpin, Patricia</i>	<i>McNeill, Joan</i>
<i>Lanigan, Winnifred</i>	<i>Belyk, Helen</i>	<i>Pitka, Phyllis</i>
<i>Hougham, Edith</i>	<i>Billingsley, Shirley</i>	<i>Milewski, Irene</i>
<i>Luzney, Anne</i>	<i>Clavelle, Anne Marie</i>	<i>Powell, Kathleen</i>
<i>Kammermayer, Mary</i>	<i>Bisschop, Anna</i>	<i>Nakrayko, Sylvia</i>
<i>Magnusson, Wanda</i>	<i>Doll, Florence</i>	<i>Samborsky, Adelaine</i>
<i>Marion, Rose</i>	<i>Bretz, Eleanor</i>	<i>Saunders, Marie</i>
<i>Meek, Shirley</i>	<i>Burbridge, Betty</i>	<i>Spriggs, Gladys</i>
<i>Martin, Rose</i>	<i>Doshen, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Simpson, Gwendolyn</i>
<i>Miller, Beverly</i>	<i>Doyle, Elizabeth</i>	<i>St. Arnaud, Marie</i>

1956

Busch, Arliss

Thaudal, Anna

Smith, Faye

Toews, Helen

Walker, Elizabeth

Zielinski, Helen

Walker, Doreen

Gustauson, Greta

Hunter, Anna

Skinner, Dorothy

Zadvorny, Violet

Bocking, Joan

Zakreski, Elizabeth

1957

<i>Archer, Louise</i>	<i>Udchic, Hazel</i>	<i>Martin, Marlen</i>
<i>Assie, Raymonde</i>	<i>Aden, Frances</i>	<i>McKerrow, Jean</i>
<i>Bjornson, Doreen</i>	<i>Andreas, Betty</i>	<i>Monroe, Maybelle</i>
<i>Bydges, Rita</i>	<i>Batdorf, Kathleen</i>	<i>Moran, Mary Ellen</i>
<i>Copeland, Shirley</i>	<i>Bublish, Pauline</i>	<i>Olchove, Alzena</i>
<i>Cordes, Kathleen</i>	<i>Callen, Rose Marie</i>	<i>Pederson, Donelda</i>
<i>Cote, Rita</i>	<i>Carlson, Lenore</i>	<i>Peterson, Gertrude</i>
<i>Denike, Shirley</i>	<i>Fell, Marjorie</i>	<i>Roche, Rosemary</i>
<i>Dzus, Alice</i>	<i>Gola, Anne</i>	<i>Samide, Dorothy</i>
<i>Haight, Gail</i>	<i>Hartley, Joan</i>	<i>Samide, Josephine</i>
<i>Hood, Kathleen</i>	<i>Hayes, Shirley</i>	<i>Schroeder, Gay</i>
<i>Kozak, Katherine</i>	<i>Hoebarth, Rita</i>	<i>Scott, Joan</i>
<i>Kushner, Eunice</i>	<i>Hunchak, Zoria</i>	<i>Sorowkowsky, Gertrude</i>
<i>Miller, Gloria</i>	<i>Jungwirth, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Stang, Mary L.</i>
<i>Roy, Joan</i>	<i>Kiel, Marilla</i>	<i>Welk, Marlene</i>
<i>Schafhauser, Carol</i>	<i>Kuss, Roberta</i>	<i>Wolfe, Doreen</i>
<i>Seppala, Lyla</i>	<i>Luzney, Mary</i>	<i>Zorena, Mary</i>
<i>Swanston, Syble</i>		

1958

<i>Bamford, Doreen</i>	<i>Arnsten, Virginia</i>	<i>Moker, Marlene</i>
<i>Buziak, Kathleen</i>	<i>Baergen, Lily</i>	<i>Moir, Barbara</i>
<i>Chaika, Nellie</i>	<i>Badduke, Alice</i>	<i>Niedzielsky, Florence</i>
<i>Ferkinstad, Helen</i>	<i>Dyok, Helen</i>	<i>Novak, Stephanie</i>
<i>Lundell, Doreen</i>	<i>Gerwing, Alma</i>	<i>Pearson, Marjorie</i>
<i>McLeod, Joan</i>	<i>Hauer, Elaine</i>	<i>Peevers, Maureen</i>
<i>Nelson, Evelyn</i>	<i>Hubick, Helen</i>	<i>Penman, Jeannine</i>
<i>Piluk, Gladys</i>	<i>Knutson, Ida</i>	<i>Rudiger, Jacqualene</i>
<i>Pirie, Norma</i>	<i>Kruger, Doris</i>	<i>Rust, Lorraine</i>
<i>Poilievre, Cecile</i>	<i>Lepage, Cecile</i>	<i>Schmit, Joan</i>
<i>Ringrose, Rochelle</i>	<i>Leiffers, Rosella</i>	<i>Shewciw, Stella</i>
<i>Solanik, Loreen</i>	<i>Lytle, Adele</i>	<i>Sinkiewicz, Ellen</i>
<i>Steinsvoll, Irene</i>	<i>Mann, Joyce</i>	<i>Smith, Dorothy</i>
<i>Vargo, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Martin, Joan</i>	<i>Toews, Mary</i>
<i>Westgard, Melita</i>	<i>McKee, Joan</i>	<i>Wenschlag, Donna</i>
<i>Wilsdon, Marlene</i>	<i>Moker, Kathleen</i>	<i>Wingerak, Rose</i>
<i>Young, Marlene</i>		

1959

<i>Ballachay, Agnes</i>	<i>Alexander, Cecile</i>	<i>Kuffner, Sr. Joan</i>
<i>Boulanger, Mary</i>	<i>Badduke, Lillian</i>	<i>Kukuruz, Albina</i>
<i>Cheredaryk, Eleanor</i>	<i>Berg, Katherine</i>	<i>Lambert, Anette</i>
<i>Davis, Joan</i>	<i>Budzyna, Jessie</i>	<i>Lepage, Armelle</i>
<i>Dolan, Grace</i>	<i>Chisholm, Maureen</i>	<i>Lockerbie, Shirley</i>
<i>Flannigan, Margaret</i>	<i>Chisholm, Noreen</i>	<i>Maier, Doreen</i>
<i>Frey, Bernadette</i>	<i>Czerniak, Anne</i>	<i>McManus, Frances</i>
<i>Halter, Rose Lynne</i>	<i>Doll, Diane</i>	<i>Owens, Sheila</i>
<i>Kiensen, Geraldine</i>	<i>Dyck, Connie</i>	<i>Pawliw, Adeline</i>
<i>Lukey, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Floch, Elaine</i>	<i>Philipow, Alice</i>
<i>MacDonald, Aileen</i>	<i>Froc, Dilma</i>	<i>Pulvermacher, Charlotte</i>
<i>Martin, Dennise</i>	<i>Greve, Joyce</i>	<i>Sarich, Phyllis</i>
<i>Moline, Mavis</i>	<i>Harris, Dian</i>	<i>Schindelka, Gladys</i>
<i>Mogenson, Bernice</i>	<i>Hartman, Sylvia</i>	<i>Schindelka, Gloria</i>
<i>Romanchuk, Donna</i>	<i>Herbeniuk, Gloria</i>	<i>Shea, Ellice</i>
<i>Schwab, Rosemarie</i>	<i>Hunter, Muriel</i>	<i>Thompson, Meda</i>
<i>Simpson, Jean</i>	<i>Jankoski, Rita</i>	<i>Toews, Phyllis</i>
<i>Steele, Audrey</i>	<i>Junk, Mildred</i>	<i>Vanderhaegen, Pauline</i>
<i>Vetter, Lorraine</i>	<i>Keogan, Patricia</i>	<i>Walsh, Maureen</i>
<i>Wiebe, Marlyss</i>	<i>Klein, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Woodmass, Eleanor</i>

1960

<i>Anderson, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Baziuk, Helen</i>	<i>Lovell, Verna</i>
<i>Bohn, Joyce</i>	<i>Bernett, Karen</i>	<i>McDonald, Gail</i>
<i>Chlan, Lavona</i>	<i>Blerot, Carmen</i>	<i>McLeay, June</i>
<i>Dick, Pearl</i>	<i>Boggust, Betty</i>	<i>Morin, Jean</i>
<i>Dyck, Eileen</i>	<i>Boggust, Beverley</i>	<i>Murray, Joyce</i>
<i>Hart, Beverly</i>	<i>Britnell, Marion</i>	<i>Neufeld, Ellenor</i>
<i>Kinzie, Merlyn</i>	<i>Cyr, Ruth Ann</i>	<i>Neufeldt, Irmgarde</i>
<i>Kirchgesner, Agnes</i>	<i>Davis, Anthea</i>	<i>Oakes, Marlene</i>
<i>Macleod, Ferne</i>	<i>Dupuis, Diane</i>	<i>Pajunen, Stella</i>
<i>McArthur, Lorna</i>	<i>Durham, Cecilia</i>	<i>Premak, Pauline</i>
<i>McCleary, Norma</i>	<i>Eberle, Darlene</i>	<i>Pressaco, Gina</i>
<i>Moulton, Ivy</i>	<i>Flodell, Mildred</i>	<i>Richlark, Evelyn</i>
<i>Petriew, Lois</i>	<i>Hauk, Clara</i>	<i>Rudnitski, Grace</i>
<i>Pillipow, Isabel</i>	<i>Herle, Sister Rose</i>	<i>Sicotte, Jenine</i>
<i>Ruthven, Ethel</i>	<i>Hrynkiw, Grace</i>	<i>Sutherland, Marlene</i>
<i>Scherman, Patricia</i>	<i>Hunter, Louise</i>	<i>Swindlehurst, Donna</i>
<i>Senger, Adeline</i>	<i>Jaeb, Donna</i>	<i>Thom, Carolyn</i>
<i>Strobel, Elsie</i>	<i>Kapuscinski, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Tuchek, Helen</i>

1960

Thompson, Lois

Kozicki, Mary

Vavra, Barbara

Toews, Elfrieda

Lenhart, Lorraine

Weber, Donna

Zalinko, Jean

L'Heureux, Sr. Therese,sgm

Zazula, Eunice

Bailey, Elaine

1961

<i>Clarke, Lois</i>	<i>Bast, Sister Elizabeth</i>	<i>Mazden, Charlotte</i>
<i>Dimitroff, Eileen</i>	<i>Butler, Joyce</i>	<i>Mitchel, Arlene</i>
<i>Docken, Donna</i>	<i>Cawell, Donna</i>	<i>Mondou, Jacqueline</i>
<i>Fitzgerald, Mary</i>	<i>Croton, Gwendolyn</i>	<i>Nawrocki, Della</i>
<i>Fitzgerald, Margaret</i>	<i>Demers, Yvette</i>	<i>Nesselbeck, Marlyn</i>
<i>Fowler, Margaret</i>	<i>Derbowka, Cecile</i>	<i>Neufeld, Deanna</i>
<i>Halip, Sonia</i>	<i>Fennell, Valerie</i>	<i>Osachoff, Florence</i>
<i>Henigman, Vera</i>	<i>Grywacheski, Leona</i>	<i>Pavelick, Patricia</i>
<i>Hicks, Heather</i>	<i>Gunther, Lorna</i>	<i>Pollock, Patricia</i>
<i>Holmer, Ursula</i>	<i>Heidt, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Romaniuk, Natalie</i>
<i>Jepson, Joan</i>	<i>Herle, Kathleen</i>	<i>Schuster, Lucille</i>
<i>King, Leona</i>	<i>Junk, Leona</i>	<i>Senecal, Denise</i>
<i>Kristapovich, Ann</i>	<i>Kindred, Marcella</i>	<i>Shea, Dale</i>
<i>Legault, Laurette</i>	<i>Lacoursiere, Stella</i>	<i>Walker, Carol</i>
<i>McLeod, Joan</i>	<i>MacInnes, Marion</i>	<i>Werbisky, Patricia</i>
<i>Madson, Elaine</i>	<i>McAllister, Barbara</i>	<i>Werner, Kristine</i>
<i>Muyres, Yvonne</i>	<i>McKeown, Ann</i>	<i>Wojceszko, Angeline</i>
<i>Prystupa, Ramona</i>	<i>Manton, Peggy</i>	<i>Wrubleski, Audrey</i>
<i>Samuels, Doris</i>	<i>March, Beverly</i>	<i>Yungmann, Ottil</i>
<i>Spence, Shirley</i>	<i>Materi, Jeanne</i>	

1962

<i>Casey, Donna</i>	<i>Coquet, Marie</i>	<i>Petryshyn, Olga</i>
<i>Cheredaryk, Marjorie</i>	<i>Friedenstab, Arlene</i>	<i>Phillips, Judy</i>
<i>Fischer, Lorna</i>	<i>Gallays, Aurore</i>	<i>Prymak, Irene</i>
<i>Gerrond, Lila</i>	<i>Gartner, Agnes</i>	<i>Quessy, Henrietta</i>
<i>Hollman, Marie</i>	<i>Gessner, Gwen</i>	<i>Raiche, Ida</i>
<i>Holm, Carol</i>	<i>Girard, Wanda</i>	<i>Richlark, Mildred</i>
<i>Kurzuk, Gladys</i>	<i>Greenwald, Delphine</i>	<i>Sand, Rose Ann</i>
<i>Larson, Dorelle</i>	<i>Hanson, Audrey</i>	<i>Sander, Marion</i>
<i>Muchowski, Mary Anne</i>	<i>Hendriks, Cornelia</i>	<i>Schellenberg, Freda</i>
<i>Paproski, Lois</i>	<i>Herle, Lorraine</i>	<i>Scott, Sandra</i>
<i>Poitras, Mildred</i>	<i>Kennedy, Sharon</i>	<i>Seeley, Marvel</i>
<i>Stevenson, Marion</i>	<i>Kuntz, Margaret</i>	<i>Smycniuk, Nadia</i>
<i>Woodcock, Mae</i>	<i>Kuttaí, Agnes</i>	<i>Speltz, Clara</i>
<i>Ytterberg, Molly</i>	<i>Laternus, Carol</i>	<i>Stang, Hildagarde</i>
<i>Zaluski, Marge</i>	<i>Mathias, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Stewart, Maureen</i>
<i>Badduke, Mrytle</i>	<i>Mercier, Genevieve</i>	<i>Tataryn, Nellie</i>
<i>Bateman, Marilee</i>	<i>Morton, Elaine</i>	<i>Thiessen, Doris</i>

1962

Botting, Hazel

Boyko, Deanna

Chyrski, Marie

Clavelle, Elaine

Clynton, Lucille

McCullagh, Patricia

McDonald, Jean

Passler, Ann

Perih, Nettie

Peters, Elizabeth

Volk, Isabel

Walker, Carol

Willick, Margaret

Zipchen, Patricia

1963

<i>Belitski, Eleanor</i>	<i>Callaghan, Jean</i>	<i>Valmont, Odile</i>
<i>Kelly, Jaqueline</i>	<i>MacLean, Donna</i>	<i>McCullough Jeannette</i>
<i>Zimmer, Lorna</i>	<i>Nowakowski, Theresa</i>	<i>Maynard, Judith</i>
<i>McGrane, Marie</i>	<i>Klukevich, Veronica</i>	<i>Smith-Windsor, Marion</i>
<i>Sawatsky, Vivian</i>	<i>Hretzay, Leona</i>	<i>Wolfe, Elsie</i>
<i>Schellenberg, Gertrude</i>	<i>DeBoice, Rae</i>	<i>Rogal, Ann</i>
<i>Lillemo, Patricia</i>	<i>Haskewich, Lucille</i>	<i>Parrott, Anna</i>
<i>Watton, Reta</i>	<i>Fournier, Margot</i>	<i>Karasiuk, Diane</i>
<i>O'Sullivan, Joanne</i>	<i>Dirk, Myrna</i>	<i>Lacoursiere, Lucille</i>
<i>McConnell, Maxine</i>	<i>Bowditch, Karen</i>	<i>Paquin, Gwendolyn</i>
<i>Walker, Rosslyn</i>	<i>Mills, Sister Elaine</i>	<i>Dyck, Merla</i>
<i>Parsonson, Judith</i>	<i>Hamm, Hazel</i>	<i>Blais, Elayne</i>
<i>Tremblay, Imelda</i>	<i>Coolican, Maureen</i>	<i>Wolsey, Joyce</i>
<i>Dunlop, Audrey</i>	<i>Pringle, Dawn</i>	

1964

<i>Arnsten, Nancy</i>	<i>Holzman, Shirley</i>	<i>Perron, Simonne</i>
<i>Beilman, Valeria</i>	<i>Kotlar, Diane</i>	<i>Puype, Elizabeth</i>
<i>Blais, Jeannette</i>	<i>Longpre, Donna</i>	<i>Reimer, Reatha</i>
<i>Boscher, Hildegard</i>	<i>McCullough, Rita</i>	<i>Richard, Rollande</i>
<i>Broskie, Iris</i>	<i>McDiarmid, Jean</i>	<i>Ries, Mary</i>
<i>Brown, Joan</i>	<i>McGrath, Mona</i>	<i>Roesch, Elizabeth</i>
<i>Chapman, Phyllis</i>	<i>McWatters, Diane</i>	<i>Scherman, Joan</i>
<i>Christopherson, Loraine</i>	<i>Magnus, Elsie</i>	<i>Scruby, Lynn</i>
<i>Corney, Fern</i>	<i>Manchur, Sylvia</i>	<i>Stonechild, Bernice</i>
<i>Derbowka, Sylvia</i>	<i>Metherell, Arlene</i>	<i>Trost, Sylvia</i>
<i>Fitzmaurice, Kay</i>	<i>Mann, Eveleen</i>	<i>Zbitnoff, Donna</i>
<i>Giesbrecht, Cathy</i>	<i>Morham, Lynn</i>	<i>Volk, Janet</i>
<i>Gillen, Lois</i>	<i>Nordstrom, Carol</i>	<i>Walz, Vera</i>
<i>Gnadt, Elaine</i>	<i>Northridge, Edna</i>	<i>Waschuk, Helen</i>
<i>Gutenberg, Patricia</i>	<i>Olafson, Joanne</i>	<i>Weinberger, Noreen</i>
<i>Gutiw, Olga</i>	<i>Pelletier, Ida</i>	<i>Wychodzew, Ruth</i>
<i>Hoberg, Dianne</i>		

1965

<i>Adams, Lucille</i>	<i>Jackson, Marjorie</i>	<i>Rose, June</i>
<i>Alexander, Lynne</i>	<i>Jenson, Dianne</i>	<i>Sabo, Margaret</i>
<i>Anhorn, Donna</i>	<i>Junk, Marianne</i>	<i>Saunders, Diane</i>
<i>Bayet, Maria</i>	<i>Kargut, Janice</i>	<i>Schmidt, Carol</i>
<i>Bertrand, Jeannette</i>	<i>Kleine, Doris</i>	<i>Schultz, Marlene</i>
<i>Blais, Georgette</i>	<i>Kuchelyma, Bernice</i>	<i>Schweigert, Sandra</i>
<i>Boras, Brigitte</i>	<i>Lamontagne, Madeleine</i>	<i>Shewchuk, Ann</i>
<i>Chester, Ann</i>	<i>Lejan, Josephine</i>	<i>Sinclair, Gail</i>
<i>Christopherson, Carol</i>	<i>Lipka, Lucy</i>	<i>Smith-Windsor, Sharon</i>
<i>Delainey, Constance,</i>	<i>MacLeod, Donna</i>	<i>Spaeth, Dianne</i>
<i>Eaton, Elaine</i>	<i>McNamee Lynn</i>	<i>Turner, Fay</i>
<i>Filipowich, Phyllis</i>	<i>Noble, Elaine</i>	<i>Vizer, Shirly</i>
<i>Galbraith, Marion</i>	<i>Noyes, Susan</i>	<i>Yick, Judy</i>
<i>Gobert, Eileen</i>	<i>Nowakowski, Angelina</i>	<i>Yuzak, Caroline</i>
<i>Golem, Sharon</i>	<i>Phillips, Elaine</i>	<i>Zaluski, Connie</i>
<i>Hobman, Elaine</i>	<i>Rocher, Christine</i>	

1966

<i>Assie, Cecile</i>	<i>Kolibar, Shirley</i>	<i>Scherman, Mary</i>
<i>Borschneck, Helen</i>	<i>Kowaluk, Helen</i>	<i>Sherman, Noreen</i>
<i>Cey, Monica</i>	<i>Kulig, Bernice</i>	<i>Sherman Cecilia</i>
<i>Charko, Diann</i>	<i>Lewchuk, Iris</i>	<i>Sikorski, Darlene</i>
<i>Cherneski, Lee Ann</i>	<i>McGrath, Maureen</i>	<i>Squires, Dianne</i>
<i>Cline, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Martynes, Sigrid</i>	<i>Steingard, Marilyn</i>
<i>Fedeyko, Mary</i>	<i>Mills, Elaine</i>	<i>Stock, Jeanette</i>
<i>Fraser, Donna</i>	<i>Nault, Pauline</i>	<i>Stone, Carol</i>
<i>Gartner, Leona</i>	<i>Osborne, Earla</i>	<i>Thompson, Linda</i>
<i>Grant, Patricia</i>	<i>Oscienny, Victoria</i>	<i>Tremblay, Claire</i>
<i>Greenizan, Stella</i>	<i>Procter, Beth</i>	<i>Vigeant, Darlene</i>
<i>Guth, Ruth</i>	<i>Purvis, Christina</i>	<i>Wallbillig, Agnes</i>
<i>Hartley Trudence</i>	<i>Quintal, Louise</i>	<i>Werner, Laura</i>
<i>Jacek, Dianna</i>	<i>Ritchie, Darlene</i>	<i>Wingerak, Doris</i>
<i>Jones, Carol A.</i>	<i>Roesch, Dianne</i>	<i>Wintonyk, Elaine</i>
<i>Jones, Carol L.</i>	<i>Rowein, Diane</i>	<i>Young, Wendy</i>
<i>Kaufman, Beverley</i>	<i>Savoie, Marie</i>	

1967

<i>Alm, Marjorie</i>	<i>Herbert, Mary</i>	<i>Murphy, Patricia</i>
<i>Anderson, Cheryl</i>	<i>Herauf, Sister Doreen</i>	<i>Murphy, Sharon</i>
<i>Backman, Marjorie</i>	<i>Hilderman, Diane</i>	<i>Nemeth, Irma</i>
<i>Bartsch, Lillian</i>	<i>Jeanneau, Bernadette</i>	<i>Paramaroff, Jane</i>
<i>Boerrichter, Joanne</i>	<i>Joubert, Lynne</i>	<i>Paproski, Joanne</i>
<i>Christenson, Mary</i>	<i>Kiefer, Rose Marie</i>	<i>Pressacco, Lorna</i>
<i>Deutsch, Dianne</i>	<i>Koskie, Brenda</i>	<i>Rutten, Kathleen</i>
<i>Elliott, Diane</i>	<i>Langlois, Louise</i>	<i>Scharback, Elaine</i>
<i>Faire, Laraine</i>	<i>Laternus, Kathleen</i>	<i>Schneider, Sister Irene</i>
<i>Fast, Hilda</i>	<i>Laws, Linda</i>	<i>Schommer Doreen</i>
<i>Friesen, Dawn</i>	<i>Lenius, Frances</i>	<i>Shirley, Carol</i>
<i>Fritsch, Marie</i>	<i>Litvenenko, Laurette</i>	<i>Stickney, Dorothy</i>
<i>Gates, Gloria</i>	<i>Lorimer, Luanne</i>	<i>Torrance, Freda</i>
<i>Gauthier, Marie</i>	<i>McAvoy, Eileen</i>	<i>Waldbilling, Joan</i>
<i>Grabowski, Mary</i>	<i>McKinnon, Donalene</i>	<i>Wells, Marilyn</i>
<i>Graver, Marie</i>	<i>Marchand, Dianne</i>	<i>Whiting, Donna</i>
<i>Grey, Joan</i>	<i>May, Carol</i>	<i>Wozniak, Mary</i>
<i>Groves, Ruth</i>		

1968

<i>Almond, Diane</i>	<i>Konoby, Elaine</i>	<i>Procyszyn, Maxine</i>
<i>Austin, Shirley</i>	<i>Larre, Claire</i>	<i>Rode, Verna Jean</i>
<i>Bitz, Karen</i>	<i>Lavoie, Lorraine</i>	<i>Romanosky, Marilyn</i>
<i>Blais, Louise</i>	<i>Lee, Faye</i>	<i>Sanders, Hazel</i>
<i>Boyer, Barbara</i>	<i>Ling, Valerie</i>	<i>Schmitz, Helen</i>
<i>Deptuch, Darlene</i>	<i>McIvor, Donna</i>	<i>Schwab, Marlene</i>
<i>Draves, Marilyn</i>	<i>McKeown, Beverly</i>	<i>Smith, Renee</i>
<i>Engel, Donna</i>	<i>Malcolm, Luella</i>	<i>Spilak, Sharon</i>
<i>Fennell, Bonita</i>	<i>Markwart, Johanne</i>	<i>Statham, Sandra</i>
<i>Fitzpatrick, Leone</i>	<i>Misko, Sonya</i>	<i>Stewart, Lana</i>
<i>Friesen, Marion</i>	<i>Morgan, Nina</i>	<i>Strom, Elaine</i>
<i>Gaudet, Claudia</i>	<i>Mulder, Diane</i>	<i>Stupnikoff, Patricia</i>
<i>Hanson, Marilyn</i>	<i>Muyard, Phyllis</i>	<i>Utri, Monica</i>
<i>Herauf, Coleen</i>	<i>Paczynski, Sandra</i>	<i>Wenzel, Monelle</i>
<i>Holota, Mary Ann</i>	<i>Popowich, Gladys</i>	<i>Wondga, Valerie</i>
<i>Jensen, Marguerite</i>		

1969

<i>Albers, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Gagnon, Marguerite</i>	<i>Montreuil, Carol</i>
<i>Baillie, Susan</i>	<i>Green, Barbara</i>	<i>Morissette, Adele</i>
<i>Banda, Eileen</i>	<i>Grywacheski, Patricia</i>	<i>Nesdole, Iris</i>
<i>Borschneck, Audrey</i>	<i>Hamstad, Bonnie</i>	<i>Neufeld, Cathy</i>
<i>Brompton, Linnell</i>	<i>Haubrich, Wendy</i>	<i>Nijman, Judy</i>
<i>Carley, Karen</i>	<i>Herle, Marcella</i>	<i>Nosyk, Carol</i>
<i>Chouinard, Carol</i>	<i>Ivashchenko, Valia</i>	<i>O'Grady, Connie</i>
<i>Dawson, Lynne</i>	<i>Lacelle, Mignonne</i>	<i>Ruff, Lorraine</i>
<i>Dewarle, Patricia</i>	<i>Lalonde, Marilyn</i>	<i>Sand, Brigetta</i>
<i>Dubois, Corinne</i>	<i>Leblanc, Lorette</i>	<i>Schultz, Edith</i>
<i>Edwards, Lynne</i>	<i>Lowe, Herbert</i>	<i>Summerfeldt, Colette</i>
<i>Fedak, Sherle</i>	<i>MacInnis, Sister Olive</i>	<i>Toth, Judy</i>
<i>Forman, Beverly</i>	<i>MacNeill, Eva</i>	<i>Wasylikiw, Joanne</i>
<i>Foster, Lorraine</i>	<i>Macala, Brenda</i>	<i>Wildman, Kathy</i>
<i>Friesen, Maralyn</i>	<i>Mamchur, Judy</i>	<i>Young, Gail</i>
<i>Melling, Judy</i>		

The Alumni Association of St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing



SPH Alumni Reunion – July 2006

Shirley Blackburn, conductor and Elin Stetmoen, pianist

Front: Rudelpha Paraschuk, Arlene Sawa, Jeanne Couture, Diane Walsh, Roberta Marisi, Norma Hopper, Marie Krochak, Ann Moldenhauer and Joyce Lenz.

Middle: Lily Krause, Theresa Saunders, Rita Ehr, Stella McIntosh, Agnes Iwanicha, Pauline Perpick, Ann Korchinsky, Agnes Evans, Bev Hodson and Reta Taylor

Back: Theresa Herrick, Doreen Hickie, Cecile Deibert, Diane Hergott, Agnes Valada, Kathy Kozak, Lorna Litvenenko, Mary Stang, Joan Van Impe and Anita Mykytiuk

The Alumnae Association of St. Paul's School of Nursing, formed in 1925, was incorporated under the Benevolent Societies Act in 1937.

St. Paul's School of Nursing Alumni Association

The following is a copy of the Declaration with signatories. (source: Grey Nuns Archives)

Province of Saskatchewan

Declaration Under the Benevolent Societies Act

WE, the undersigned, being desirous of becoming incorporated under the Benevolent Societies Act hereby declare that—

1. The name of the Society is **Alumnae Association of St. Paul's School of Nursing.**
2. The purpose of the Society is
 1. **The union of graduates for mutual help and protection.**
 2. **To advance in every way, the best interests of all graduates and place the profession of nursing on the highest plane attainable.**
 3. **To give our school our hearty support in all efforts to make it the foremost among such institutions.**
 4. **To promote social intercourse and good fellowship among our members.**
 5. **To cooperate with the Saskatchewan Registered Nurse' Association of which it is a part, and the Canadian Nurses' Association.**
3. The place where the operations of the Society are to be chiefly carried out in the province is **St. Paul's Nurses' Residence, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.**
4. The names of those who are to be the first trustees or officers are

Miss Eugenie Lepine	President
Miss Marjorie Hennequin	Vice President
Miss Anne Templeman	Treasurer
Miss Theresa Robinson	Secretary
5. The mode in which their successors are to be appointed is **by ballot.**
6. The address in the province to which communications and notices may be sent and at which process may be sent is **St. Paul's Nurses Residence, Saskatoon, Sask.**

NAME	OCCUPATION	ADDRESS
1. <i>Adelaide M. Penner</i>	<i>Nurse</i>	<i>327 Bank Centre St. Saskatoon</i>
2. <i>Ira M. Olson</i>	<i>Housewife</i>	<i>806 3rd Ave. No. Saskatoon</i>
3. <i>Kathleen M. Kovic</i>	<i>Nurse</i>	<i>109 Tenth St. Saskatoon</i>
4. <i>Ira Teasdale</i>	<i>Housewife</i>	<i>43 Lenox Avenue St. Saskatoon</i>
5. <i>Constance Watt</i>	<i>Housewife</i>	<i>319 1/2 11th Ave. N. Saskatoon</i>

DATED at Saskatoon this 27th day of January 1937.

WITNESS to the above signatures—

Name Elizabeth C. Zinat
Address 434 - Ave. B. So.

Who We Are

The Alumni Association of St. Paul's School of Nursing is an organized group of individual graduates that numbered 2057 when the school closed in 1969. The Alumni Association has provided the link between St. Paul's Hospital and Alumni members. It is concerned with promoting and supporting ongoing fellowship among Alumni.

The aims of the Alumni Association are:

1) to promote social interest and good fellowship among our members;

- 2) to promote nursing education through our annual scholarships;
- 3) to uphold and preserve the memory and spirit of St. Paul's Hospital School of Nursing;
- 4) to assist St. Paul's Hospital with projects and events as is appropriate.

How We Keep in Touch

Across Canada, Chapters of Alumni meet once or twice a year to renew friendships and reminisce. Current active chapters exist in Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Ottawa and Regina. As the home chapter, Saskatoon has the highest membership, holds

three meetings each year, maintains a membership roll and looks after the affairs of the Alumni Association, which also includes producing the annual Alumni Newsletter.

Reunions

Another way we keep in touch is through reunions that have always been exceptionally well-attended. The first major all-class reunion was held in 1950. Subsequent reunions have been held every five years. While most reunions are held and hosted by Saskatoon

Alumni, successful reunions have also been hosted by Chapters in Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton. Class reunions to celebrate milestone years, especially the 50th Anniversary, are also popular.

Special Projects

Scholarships are available to children and grandchildren of Alumni who are enrolled, or expecting to be enrolled, in nursing programs at the undergraduate and graduate level.

Additionally in Saskatoon, home visitation for shut-in Alumni occurs twice a year. The sick or bereaved are acknowledged with cards and flowers.

An Honour Guard of Alumni in full uniform and cape is available in Saskatoon on request to attend at funerals of Alumni and others that have made an exceptional contribution to St. Paul's, and at special events such as St. Paul's Hospital 100th Anniversary in 2007.

While the School was open, the Alumni assisted with student activities, including graduations. Over time, other projects were carried out, including fund-raising, to support special events, occasions and purposes.

In 1985, the Alumni provided a stained-glass window for the Chapel. Symbols included in the window are the graduation pin, a Nightingale Lamp, a nurse's cap and caring hands.

Donations to the St. Paul's Hospital Foundation are designated to various campaigns from time to time.



Honour Guard

Alumni Gift Shop

In the early 1980s, Richard Patterson, Chief Executive Officer (CEO) of the Hospital and Toni Davidson of the newly formed St. Paul's Hospital Foundation approached the Nurses' Alumni with the idea of setting up a Gift Shop. The Alumni struck a committee to determine the feasibility of doing this and with the approval of the membership decided to go ahead. That decision established a new and timely focus for the Alumni, met the Hospital's need for a Gift Shop and has been a source of funds for the St. Paul's Hospital Foundation ever since.

The big question was—where to put the Gift Shop? It had to be visible and preferably in the line of traffic. But space in the hospital was very limited; every nook and cranny was in use. Eventually a hallway next to the elevators was closed off on one end, which created some space—really just a cubbyhole—that became the Gift Shop and it opened in December 1983. Mary Mayner (Uthe '47) was hired to manage the Gift Shop, which she did for eight years. Iris Maber (Lewchuk '66) became staffing coordinator and the Gift Shop was staffed by Alumni volunteers. Mary kept an interesting array of gift items on hand that sold well. All the marking and pricing of new merchandise was done in

the basement, or the dungeon, as it was called. The hospital staff loved the idea of having a Gift Shop on the premises and became good customers, as did the public



Alumni Gift Shop

who found it convenient to drop into the Gift Shop for a small gift before visiting their patient. Proceeds averaged \$300 to \$500 per day.

When the 1989A wing was added, it included a new and expanded Gift Shop and after the Gift Shop moved to

the new location in 1991, Jeannine Penman, a grad of 1958, became the second manager and after that, a full-time Gift Shop manager was hired.

Alumni assisted in different ways; some volunteered in the Gift Shop, others knit, crocheted, sewed and quilted wonderful hand-made items, including lots of baby clothes, to be sold at the gift shop. Non-Alumni volunteers also contributed substantial time and energy to the Gift Shop. It was a source of pride for the Alumni to be able to generate substantial funds from this venture for the Foundation.

In the Gift Shop three-way agreement, renewed in 2000, the Hospital provided the space and setting, the Foundation provided supervision and direction, and the Alumni looked after the coordination of volunteer staff.

However, as the primary source of volunteers, the Alumni were unable to keep up with the staffing demands and thus could not fulfill its commitments to the Gift Shop as set out in the existing three-way agreement. On Sept. 15, 2002, the Alumni turned over the Gift Shop to the Foundation, thus ending a rather remarkable association.

Displays

The Alumni maintains three displays on the first floor at St. Paul's, in cooperation with the hospital: the Nursing Graduate, the Grey Nuns and the display of

uniforms and artifacts in a recently refurbished display case.





Photo Memories



The view from the top



Then . . .



Dr. Willoughby house with pavilion added



Center: Martha Meyers (Herrigas '19) and
Isabelle Devlin, Annie Campbell



“Probie” class 1959



Demonstration room Nurses' Residence



Mail



Desk



Ironing





1967 Mary T. Mackenzie leaving St. Paul's



First surgery at St. Paul's, April 13, 1907 (by daylight)



Instructors 1968-69



OR Nurses 1915 or 1918



Mae Kinnear



On the roof



Children's ward 1940s



Operating room – student



Laboratory



Operating room 1940s–50s



Using the autoclave



*Orderlies graduating (1961: Back: l. to r.: Jimmy Scott, Michael Fix, John Hrenyk, Peter Remenda, Brad Reese, Bill Rawlyk.
Front : Patrick Murphy, Norvel Pincell, John Ferre, George Prebushewski, Nick Deptuck.*



Psych affiliates, Munroe Wing, Regina General 1952

Graduations



Signe Stokke 1922



Marie Lewis 1926



Vi Wagenstein 1929



1956 Fr. Pankhurst presenting Grad pins



Graduation Mass at St. Mary's 1956



Mother-Daughter Tea, 1953

Last Graduation – Appreciation



Karen Bitz '68

Until 1928 Graduations were held at St. Paul's Church, then at Convocation Hall for the next 18 years, after that at the Capitol Theatre and the last graduation for the 1968 and 1969 classes was held at the new Centennial Auditorium.



Mother-Daughter Tea, 1960



Lynn Dawson '69

1968
-
1969

G
r
a
d
u
a
t
i
o
n



Left: Donna McIvor '68

Right: Wendy Haubrich '69

Capping



1958 Joan McLeod, Shirley Spence, Doris Samuels

Half-way pin



1960 Reta Watton, Dorelle Larson





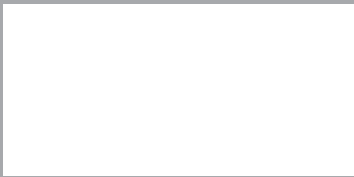
1930-1939



1939



1939 Winged cap



Half-way pin



Early pins



Graduation pin



Graduation certificate



Changes in nurses' uniforms

Now . . .



Former classroom



Elevator (original)



Walkway to hospital from C-Wing (formerly Nurses' Residence)





Alcove



Washrooms



Between two rooms



Former director's office



Uniforms only



To the dem room



To the reception area



Former reception room – now hospital administration offices



Basement – children’s day care



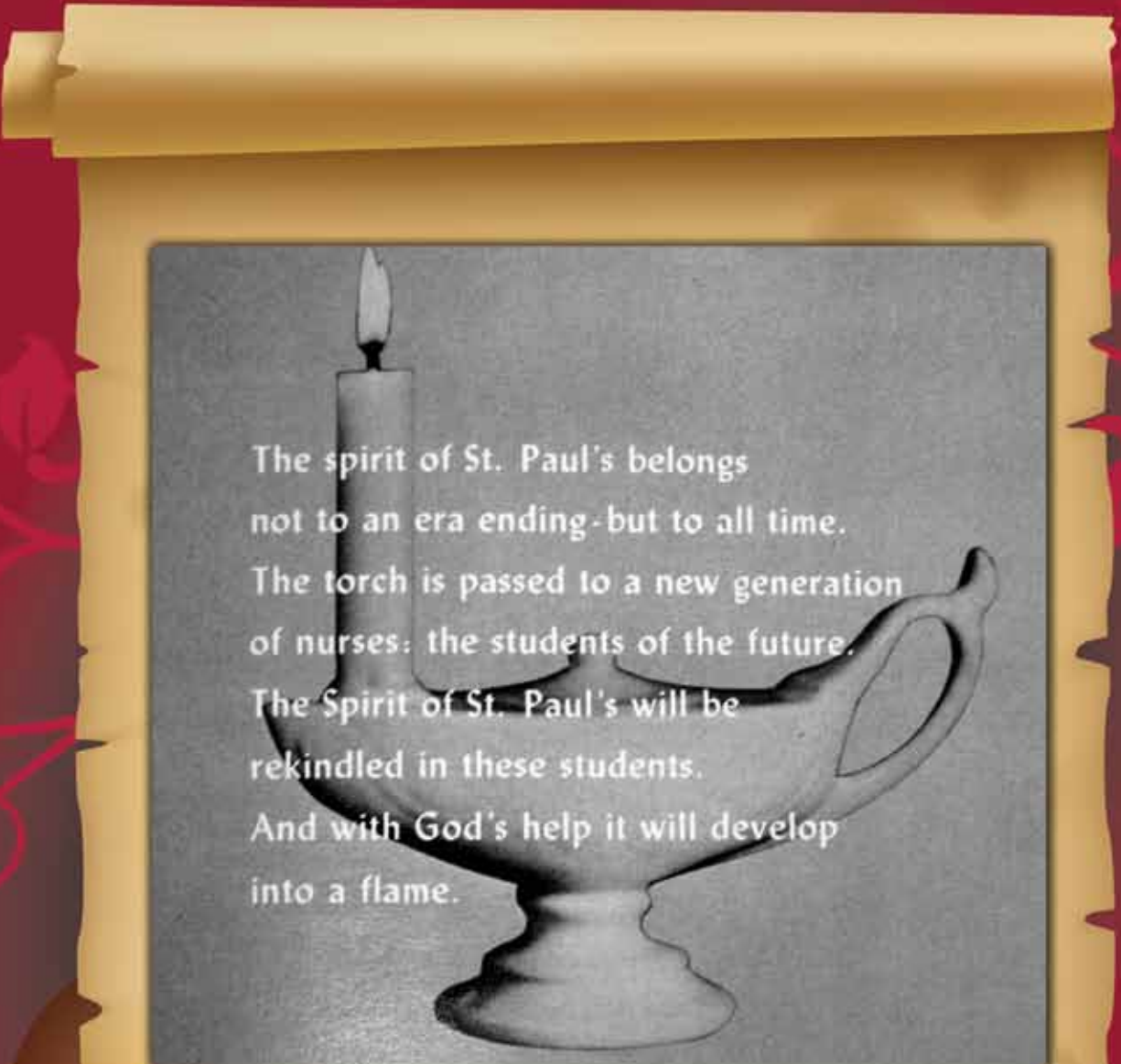
Former auditorium



Former Nurses' Residence – now multipurpose







The spirit of St. Paul's belongs
not to an era ending-but to all time.
The torch is passed to a new generation
of nurses: the students of the future.
The Spirit of St. Paul's will be
rekindled in these students.
And with God's help it will develop
into a flame.

