



*There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour
And weathers the sky.*

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SCHOOL OF NURSING

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THE LAMP

1929



Published by the

SENIOR CLASS

of the

Youngstown Hospital Association
School of Nursing

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

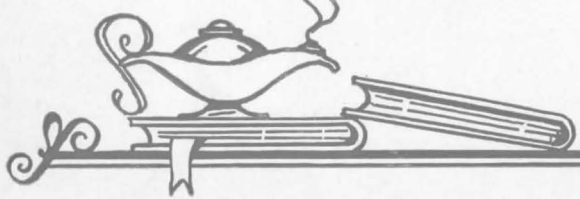
Y
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Foreword

THE Senior Class, with the cooperation of the Student Body of the Y. H. T. S., have endeavored to publish this "Lamp" to record the deeds and achievements of our School.

It is not a mere chronicle of events, It is the spirit of the School of Nursing and we sincerely hope its pages will refresh the happy memories of your training days.



Y
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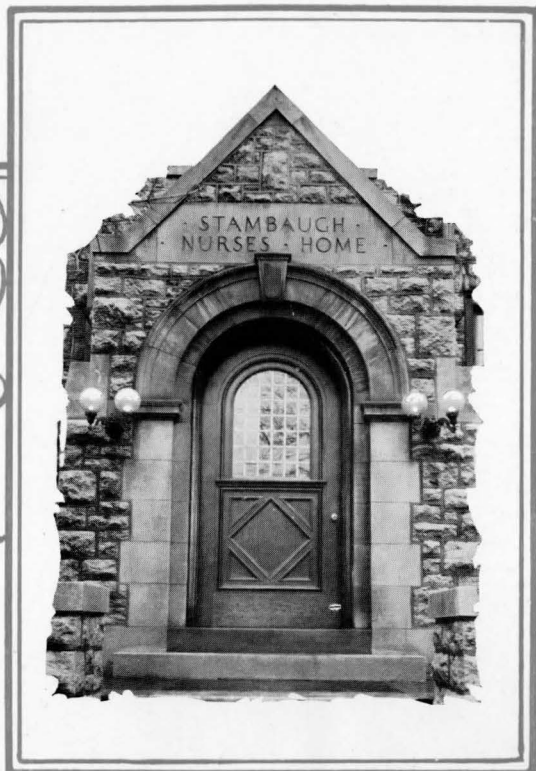
Dedication

THIS volume of "The Lamp" is affectionately dedicated to our parents and our faculty, whose high ideals are our ideals, whose greatest ambition is our success, whose love and sacrifice have made possible our happiness and opportunities thus far in life.



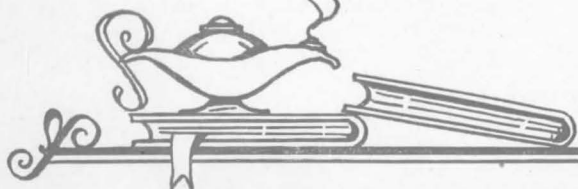
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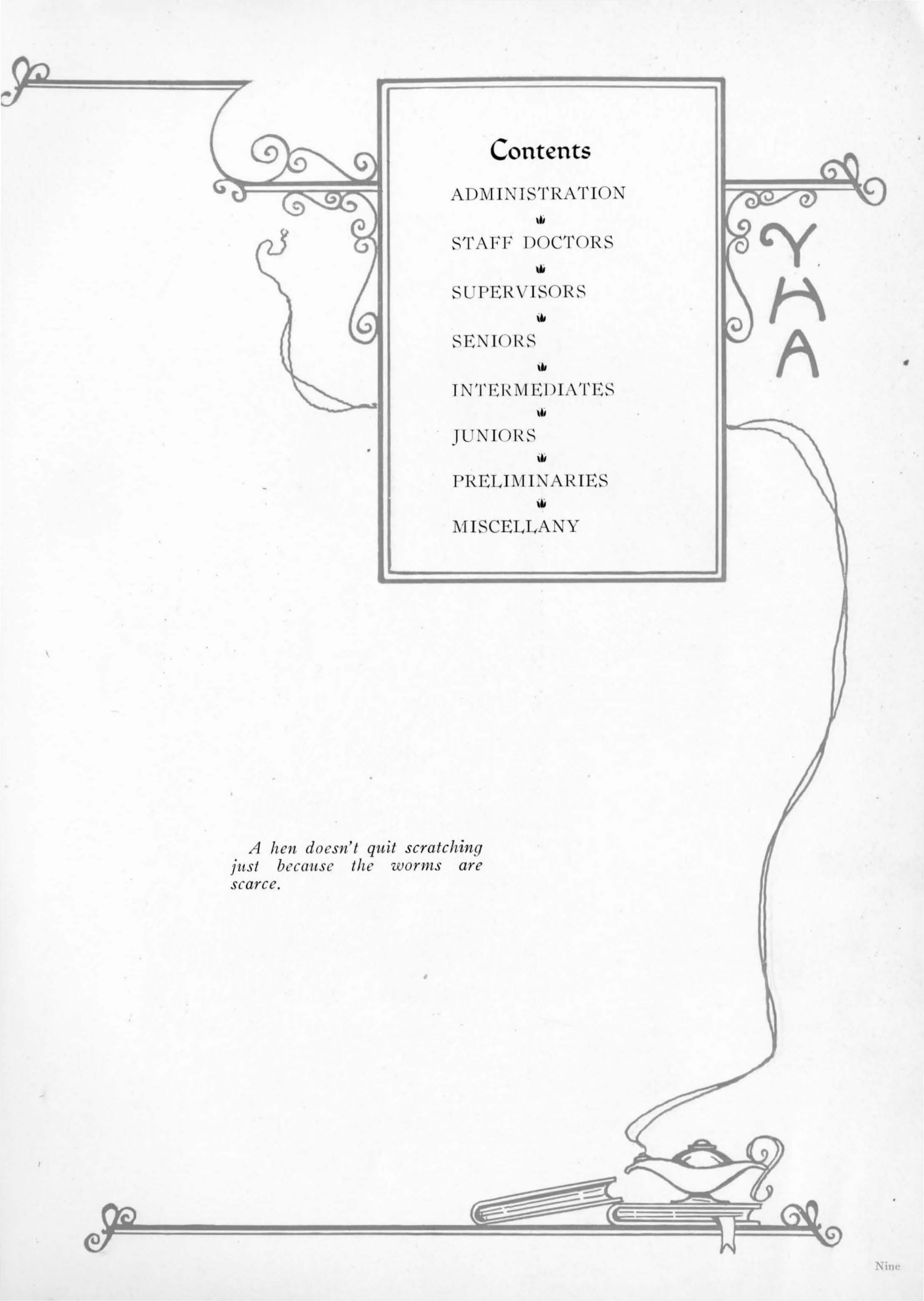




Y
H
A

*It is no harm to dream as long
as you get up and hustle when
the alarm clock goes off.*





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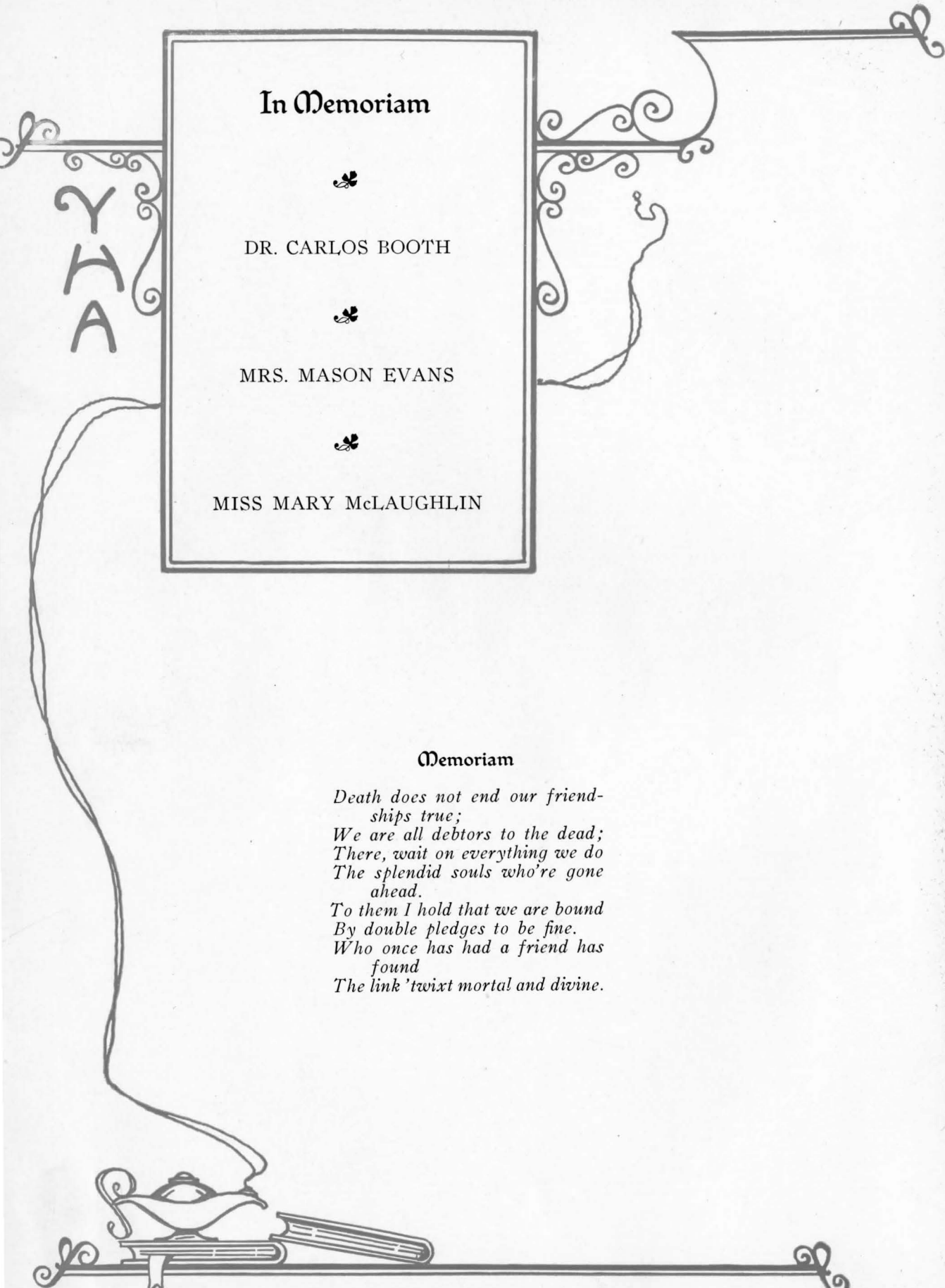
PRELIMINARIES



MISCELLANY

Y
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*A hen doesn't quit scratching
just because the worms are
scarce.*



In Memoriam



DR. CARLOS BOOTH



MRS. MASON EVANS



MISS MARY McLAUGHLIN

Memoriam

*Death does not end our friend-
ships true;
We are all debtors to the dead;
There, wait on everything we do
The splendid souls who're gone
ahead.*

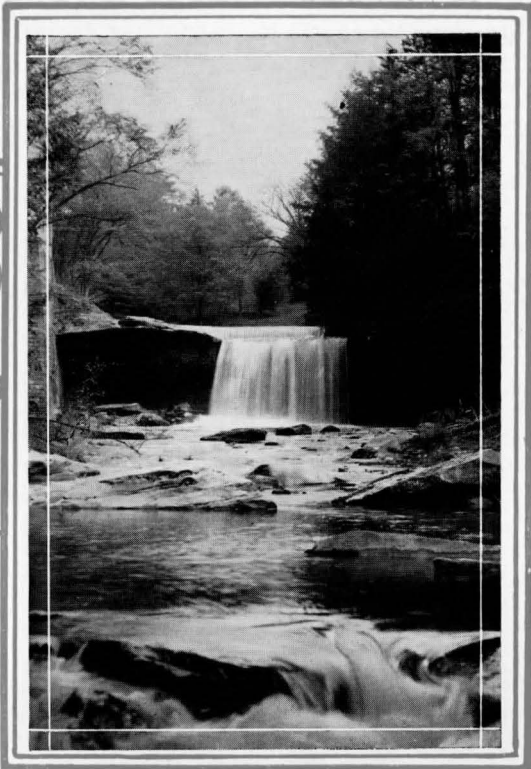
*To them I hold that we are bound
By double pledges to be fine.
Who once has had a friend has
found
The link 'twixt mortal and divine.*



Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.





Y
H
A

*The holiest of all holidays are
those
Kept by ourselves in silence and
apart;
The secret anniversaries of the
heart.*

*These tender memories are;—a
fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we
know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a
dream.*





*“Let us do the best that we can,
I say,
And whistle the cares of the
world away;
Let us do our best, with willing
hands,
For that is all that life demands.
The WAY we do it, not WHAT
do,
Is the thing that counts when
our work is through,
For labor is part of the world's
old plan,
And there is nothing like work
to make a man.”*

(Madison Cawein)



The Lamp

Youngstown Hospital Association Buildings



THE PRESENT YOUNGSTOWN HOSPITAL.



THE NEW NORTH SIDE BRANCH OF THE YOUNGSTOWN HOSPITAL.



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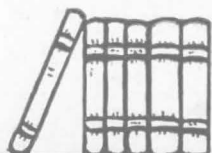
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B. W. STEWART

MR. STEWART has been Superintendent of the Youngstown Hospital Assn. since April, 1921. He is a man of a very pleasing personality, and is well liked by all with whom he comes in contact. He is fair and square and is willing to settle any problem that comes before him.

We wish to thank him for helping to make our training days a pleasure.



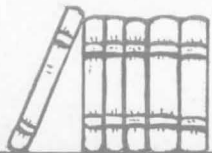
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SAMUEL W. RICE

THE man with a smile is the man that's worth while—
That's Mr. Rice—
Always cheerful and pleasant.
He's ready to help wherever he can.
Mr. Rice has been Assistant Superintendent and Business Manager for a number of years. He is greatly admired by his "office force" and other employees of the Hospital besides, being a great favorite with the Senior Class.



Y.H.A.



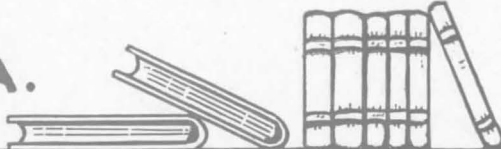
The Lamp



MARIE A. WOODERS, R. N.

MAKES no difference how things go, she comes out smiling. Who could wish to have a sweeter superintendent or truer friend? Miss Wooders' lovable disposition has won a place in our hearts. She has shown her ability in many ways and has been a faithful advisor for the class of 1929.

Y.H.A.



Nursing As A Profession and As An Ideal

A PROFESSION such as Nursing, which embodies a responsibility found in but few other fields, is not to be thought of lightly.

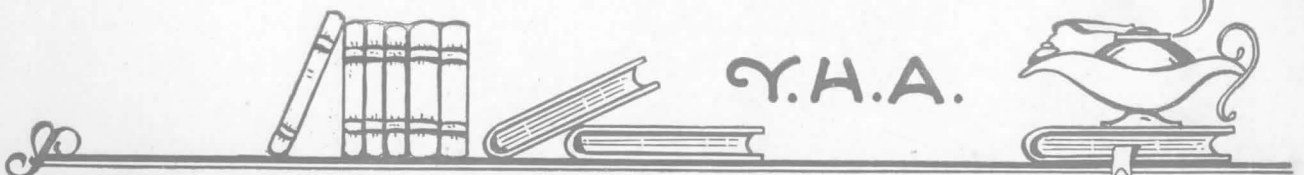
The nurse who considers her R.N. degree as a mere means by which to attain her economic security, is falling short in her profession.

The high social standing which the nurse enjoys, the kindly esteem in which she is held by society, and the extreme confidence with which she is honored by the ever noble Medical Fraternity, even to the degree of trusting in her hands life itself, is sufficient evidence that nursing is infinitely more than a mere material profession.

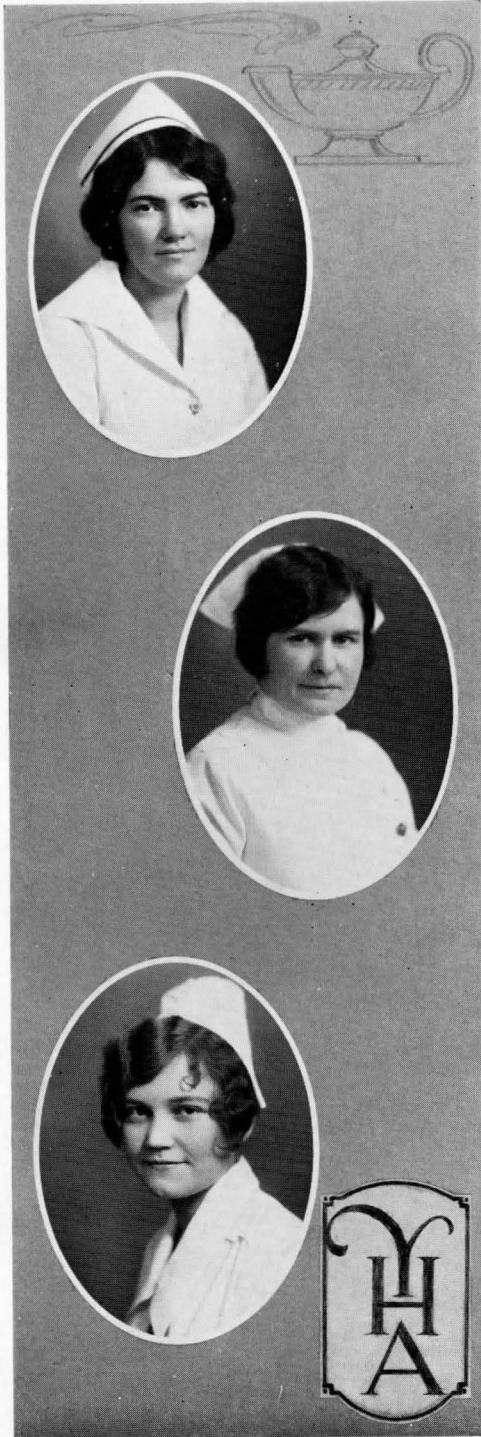
Nursing is primarily an Ideal, and the well earned R.N. degree, for which the nurse has labored so ardently and so unselfishly, is only an agent through which she is enabled to gratify her eager desire to help the sick and suffering, and to invoke courage and hope in the patient fighting for his life. This she does by tender care and sympathetic reassurance with a gentleness that can only flow from a womanly heart, in addition to the strict and faithful observation in executing with trying precision the doctor's instructions and suggestions.

Without this Ideal a nurse never truly succeeds; with this Ideal she can never fail.

MARIE A. WOODERS, R.N.



The Lamp



MARY JANE BONHAM, R.N.

White Cross Hospital, Columbus,
Ohio.

Assistant Superintendent of Nurses
Youngstown Hospital Association
School of Nursing.

"Life is real! Life is earnest."

LINNIE McFARLAND, R.N.

Cleveland City Hospital.

Theoretical Instructor, Youngs-
town Hospital Association School of
Nursing.

"To those who know thee not, no
words can paint."

ALICE LUKKARILA, R.N.

University of Minnesota, School
of Nursing.

Practical Instructor, Youngstown
Youngstown Hospital Association
School of Nursing.

"Taste the joy that springs from
labor."

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

GOLDA KILPATRICK, R.N.

Van Wert County Hospital, Van Wert, Ohio.

Night Supervisor, Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing.

"Quiet and strong and frank, she's one of the highest rank."



HELEN MURRAY, R.N.

Punxsutawney Hospital, Punxsutawney, Pa.

Asst. Night Supervisor, Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing.

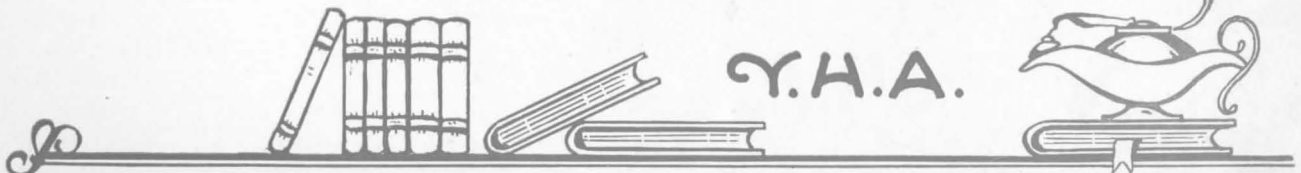
"It matters not how long we live, but how."



HELEN MOLCAN

Private Secretary, Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing.

"Your deeds are known, all things are ready, if our minds be so."



White Walls

White?

Look close—

*They are smooth flat surfaces,
Like the sensitive wax of recording discs,
Bear immortal history.*

*The unseen script of living
Is traced upon these walls.*

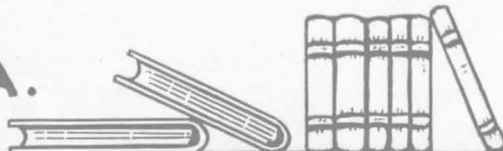
*Invisible legends of life and death,
Etching indelibly.*

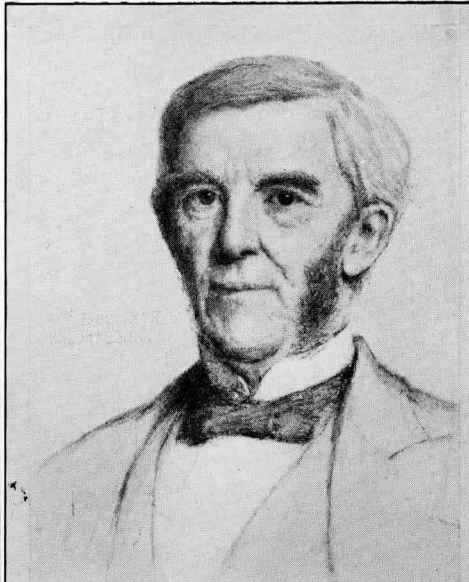
*The pale thin wall of the new born babe,
Sketched lightly—in that corner, there;
Yonder, in fading lines,
The sigh of a lost farewell.*

*Close beside, almost splitting the plaster,
An agonized scream of pain,
A poem of joy for a dear life saved,
Drawn with flourish of hope on the ceiling,
And in between and all around,
Faint sighs scrawl,
Deep moans smudge,
Hot tears blur,
Sad hopes falter,
Like a hand unschooled to write,
White walls?
Look close.*

GLORIA GODDARD

Y.H.A.





STAFF DOCTORS

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...And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. (M.D.)

Boston, March 27th, 1879.



The Lamp

Emeritus Staff

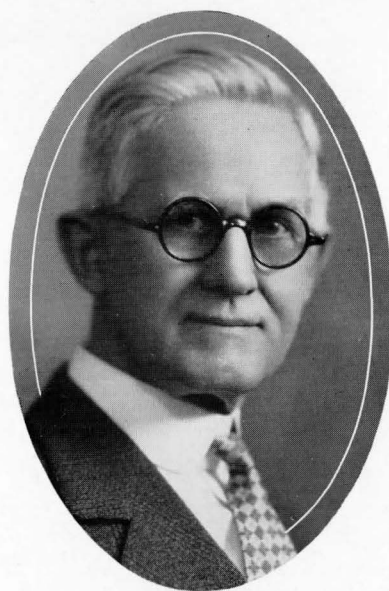
The Emeritus Staff of the Youngstown Hospital is made up of the following men:

Dr. H. E. Welch	Dr. J. S. Zimmerman	Dr. C. H. Slosson
Dr. J. J. Thomas	Dr. R. D. Gibson	Dr. G. C. Nixon
	Dr. H. E. Blott	

These men have served on the active staff for a long period of years, and at a certain age are retired from the strenuous hospital routine. The work of the institution is then placed on younger shoulders of which the above men are advisors, and they convey ideas that the younger generation try to follow.



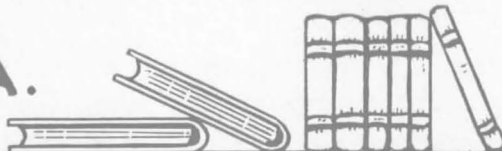
H. E. BLOTT, M.D.



J. S. ZIMMERMAN, M.D.



Y.H.A.



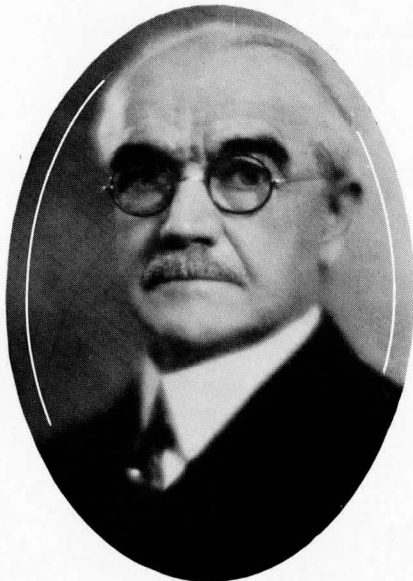
Emeritus Staff



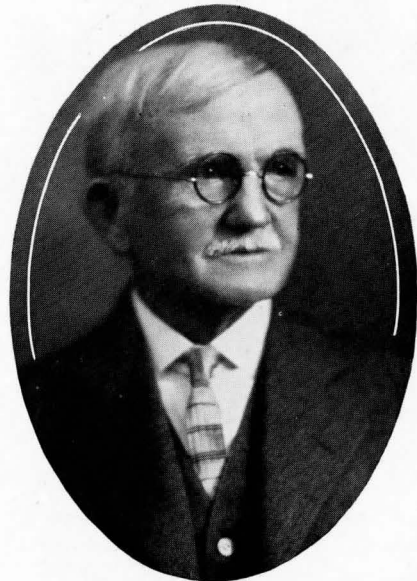
H. E. WELCH, M.D., F.A.C.P.



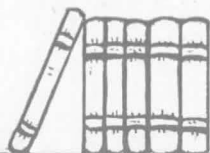
C. H. SLOSSON, M.D.



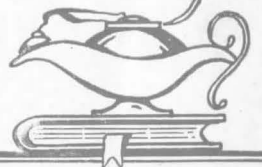
R. D. GIBSON, M.D.



J. J. THOMAS, M.D.



Y.H.A.



To the Doctor

*Who is it that examines your back and chest,
Feels your floating ribs—and all the rest,
Your Doctor.*

*Who asks you about your ears and feet,
Tells you what you must not eat,
Yet who's the one that's hard to beat—
Your Doctor.*

*Who is it always looks down your throat
'Till you start to gag and darn near choak,
Your Doctor.*

*But, who is it that takes an interest in you
Though he gives you pills—a prescription or two,
While you promise you'll do what he tells you to,
Your Doctor.*

*Who is it makes you count to nine,
While he listens in and feels your spine,
Your Doctor.*

*Yet, who gets up any time in the night,
And works and works with all his might,
Though you won't admit it, you know he's right,
Your Doctor.*



Y.H.A.



Consulting Staff



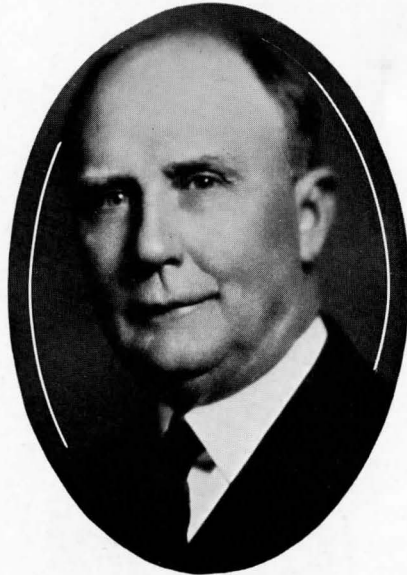
C. R. CLARK, M.D. F.A.C.P.
Consulting Medical Staff
Teaching Staff (Medicine)



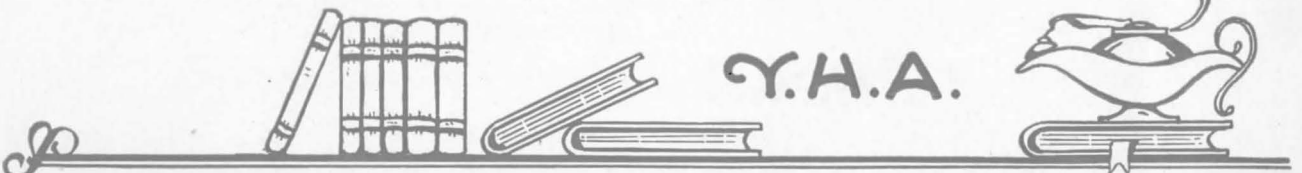
A. ELSAESSER, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Consulting Staff (Surgical)



J. A. SHERBONDY, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Consulting Staff (Surgical)



R. M. MORRISON, M.D. F.A.C.P.
Consulting Staff (Medical)



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Attending Staff (Surgical)
Teaching Staff (Surgical)

W. B. TURNER, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Attending Staff Surgical

M. P. JONES, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Attending Staff Surgical (Chief)

W. K. ALLSOP, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Attending Staff Surgical (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Gynecology)

E. H. JONES, M.D. F.A.C.P.
Attending Staff Medical (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Communicable
Diseases)

W. H. TAYLOR, M.D.
Attending Staff Medical (Chief)

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J. F. LINDSAY, M.D.
Attending Staff Medical (Chief)

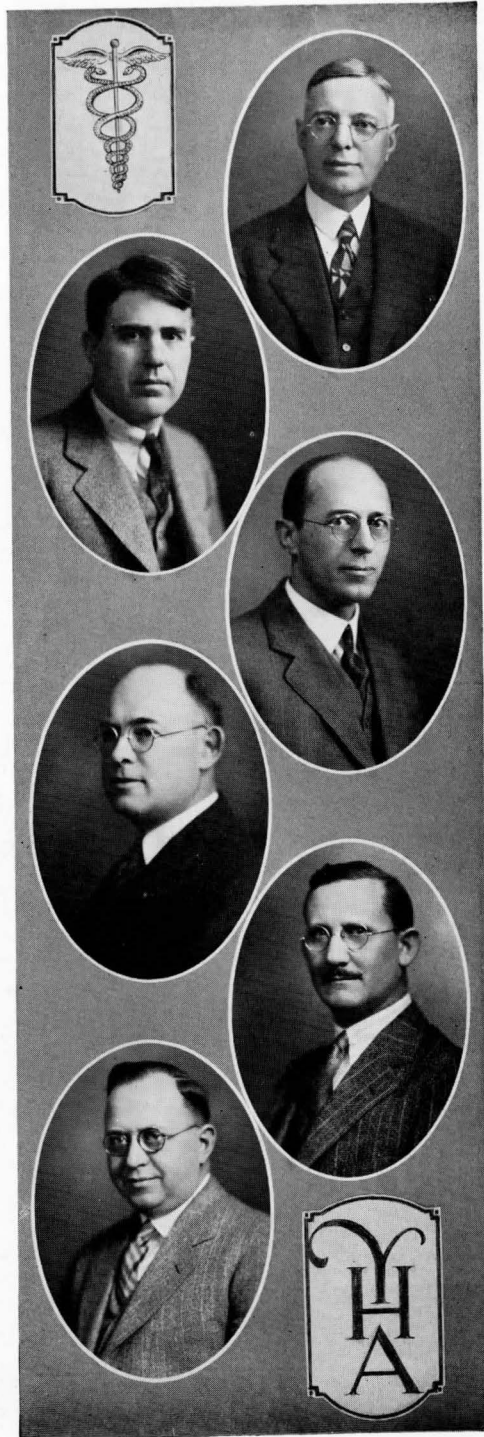
W. H. BUNN, M.D. F.A.C.P.
Attending Staff Medical
Teaching Staff (Medicine)

J. HEBERDING, M.D.
(Roentgenologist)

R. R. MORRALL, M.D.
Orthopedist
Teaching Staff (Orthopedics)

C. B. NORRIS, M.D.
Attending Dermatologist (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Dermatology)

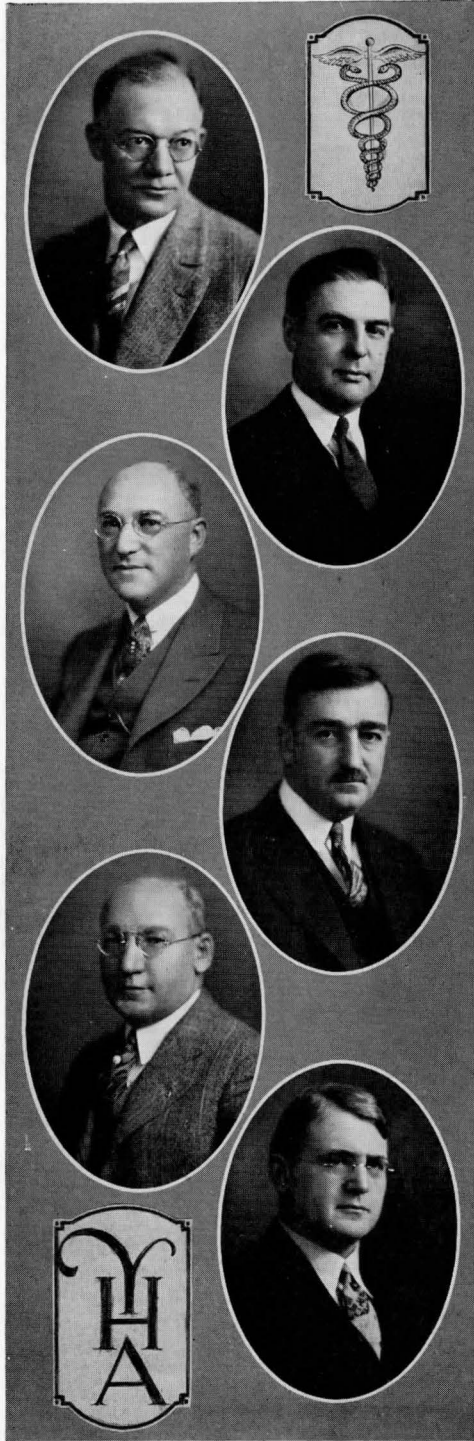
D. H. SMELTZER, M.D.
Attending Neurologist and Psychia-
trist (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Mental and
Nervous)



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K. W. ALLISON, M.D.
Proctologist

L. E. PHIPPS, M.D. A.B.
Attending Pediatrician
Teaching Staff (Pediatrics)

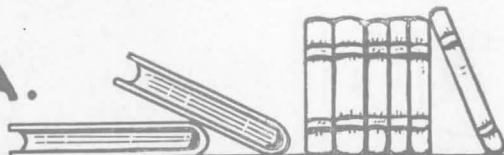
S. M. HARTZELL, M.D. F.A.C.S.
Consulting Staff (Ophthalmology
Otolaryngology)
Teaching Staff (Nose and Throat)

J. S. LEWIS, M.D.
Attending Urologist (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Venereal Diseases)

G. B. KRAMER, M.D. A.M. F.A.C.P.
Pathologist
Teaching Staff (Pathology and
Bacteriology)

H. E. PATRICK, M.D. A.B.
F.A.C.P.
Attending Staff Obstetrical (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Obstetrics)

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Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

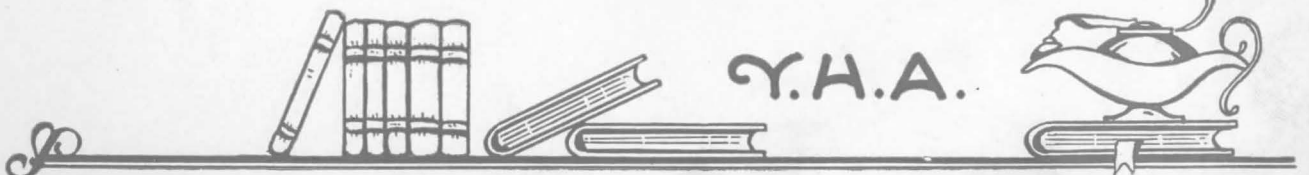
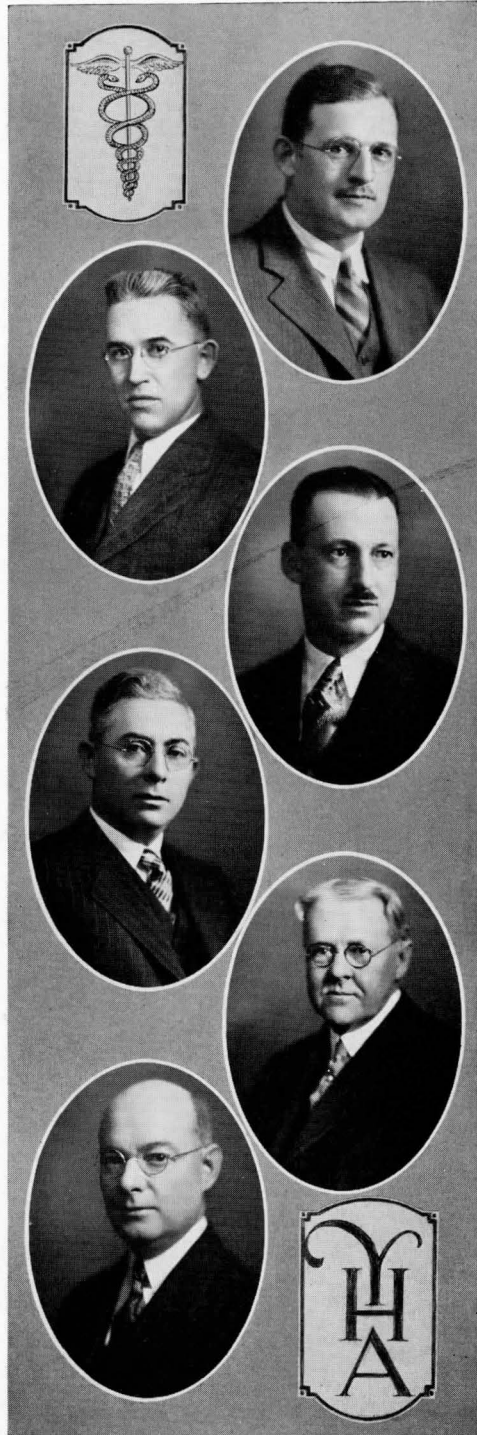
E. C. BAKER, M.D. A.B.
Roentgenologist (Asst.)

W. H. BENNETT, M.D. A.B.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)

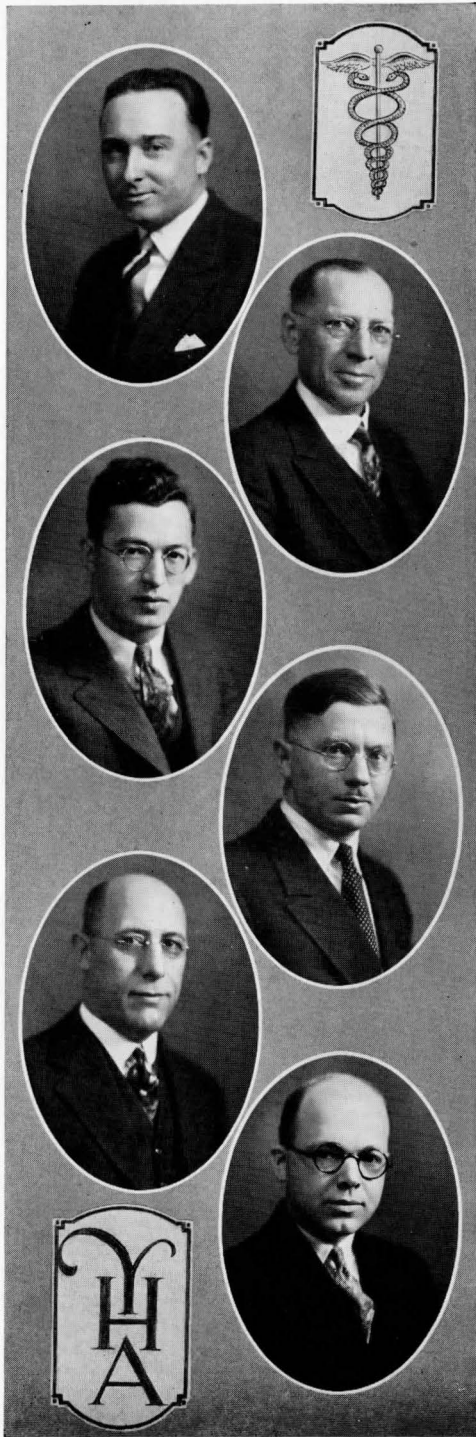
F. J. BIERKAMP, M.D.
Attending Oculist, Aurist and
Laryngologist

H. E. BLOTT, M.D.
Emeritus Staff

J. U. BUCHANAN, M.D. B.S.
B.M. Sc.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Surgery)



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J. H. CROOKS, M.D.
Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

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Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

L. S. DEITCHMAN, M.D.
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Fracture Service (Asst.)

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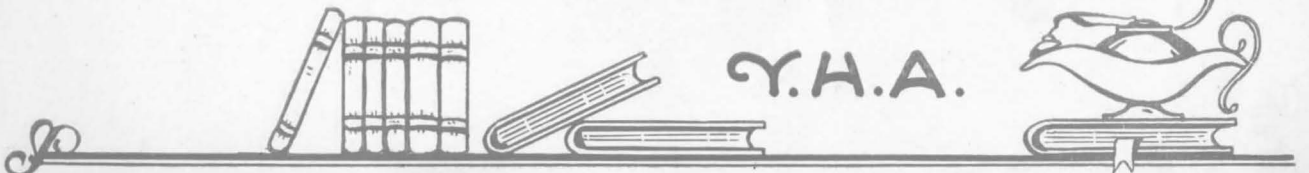
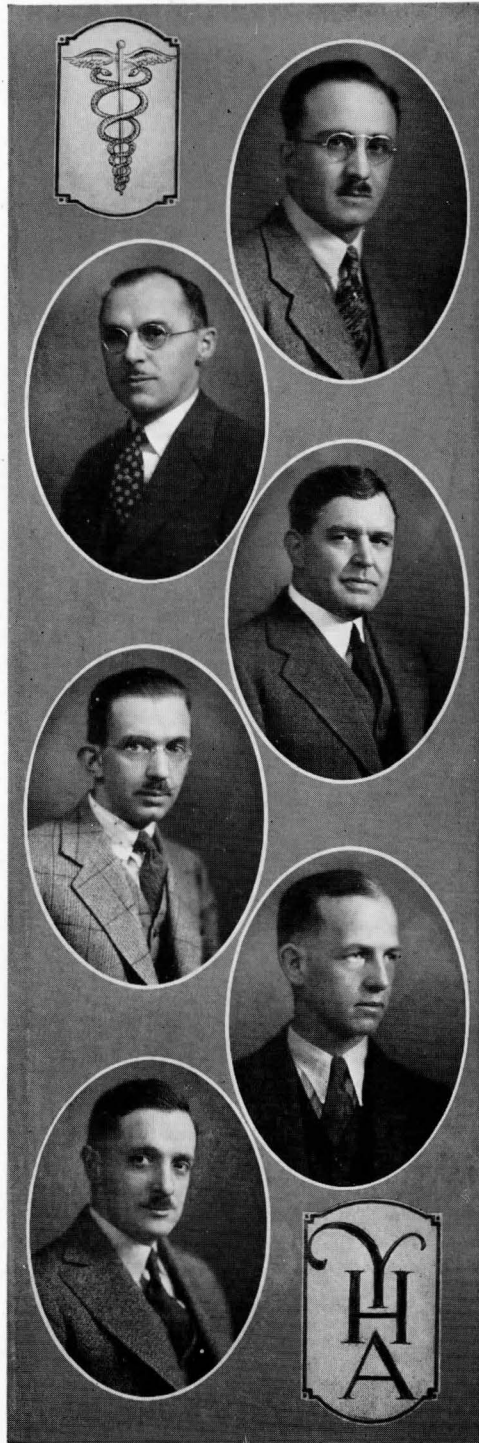
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Attending Staff Surgical

S. W. GOLDCAMP, M.D.
Attending Oculist, Aurist and
Laryngologist

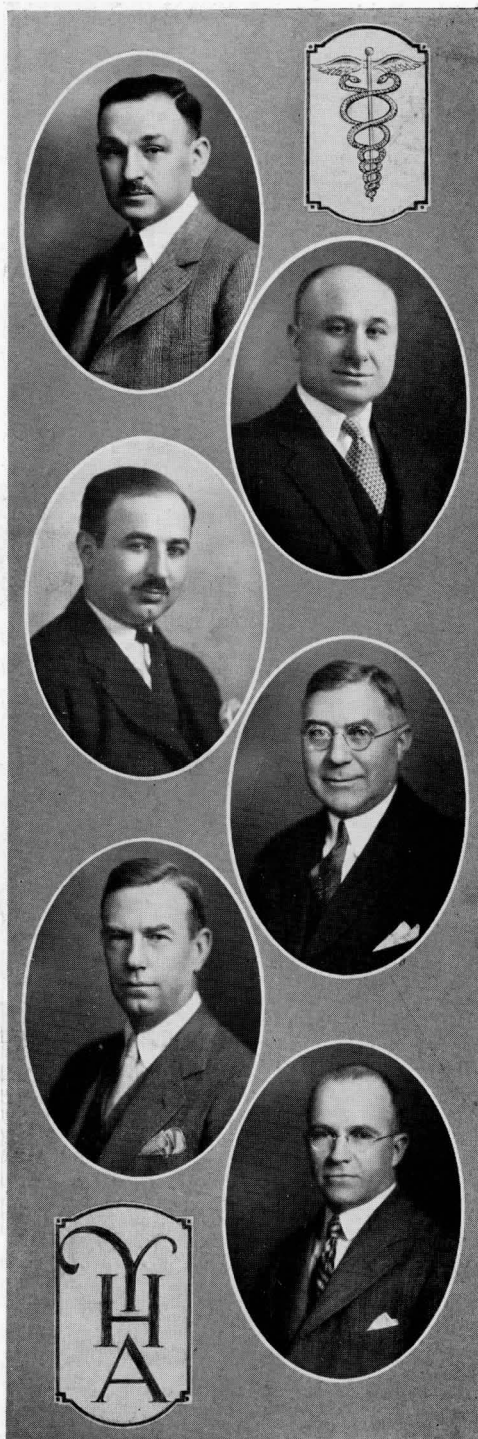
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Laryngologist

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Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)

J. P. HARVEY, M.D. B.S.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Communicable
Diseases)



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Attending Staff Obstetrical (Asst.)

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Teaching Staff (Eye)

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Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

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Attending Pediatrican (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Pediatrics)

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Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

H. E. McCLENAHAN, M.D. B.S.
Attending Obstetrical Staff (Asst.)

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Industrial Staff

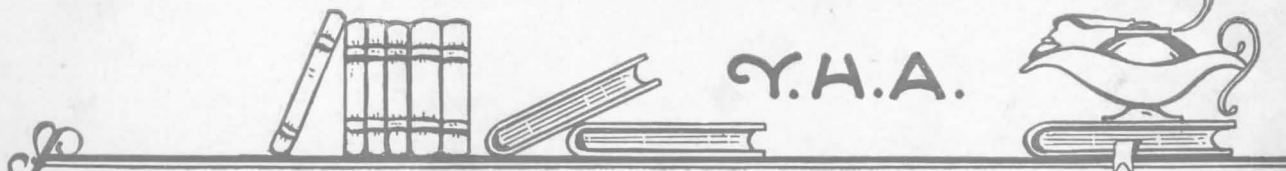
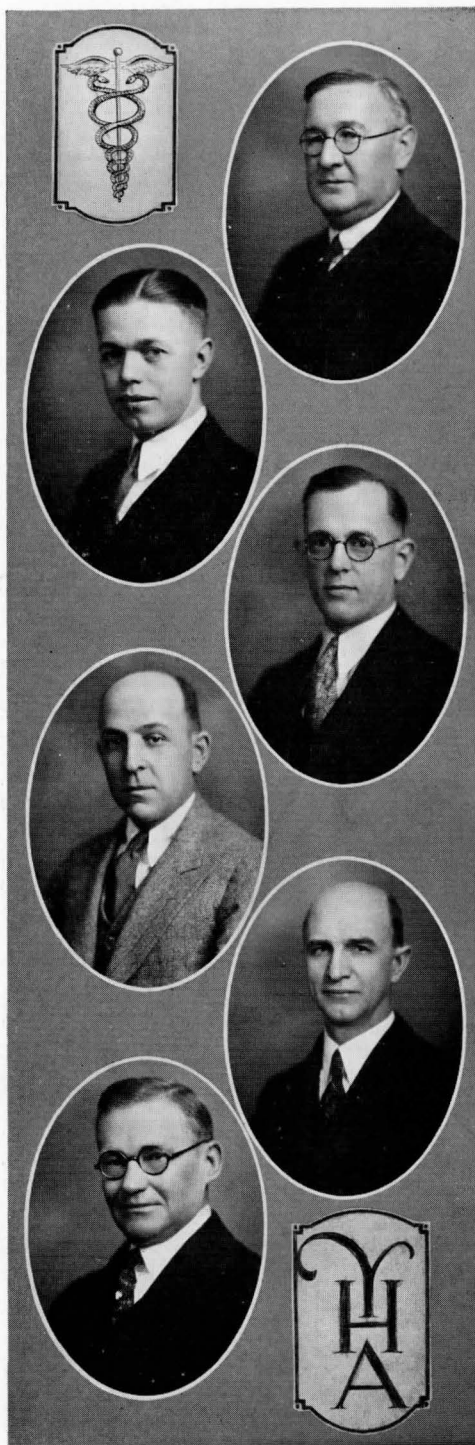
G. G. NELSON, M.D. B.S. M.B.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Fracture Service (Asst.)

V. A. NEEL, B.S. M.D.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Fracture Service (Asst.)

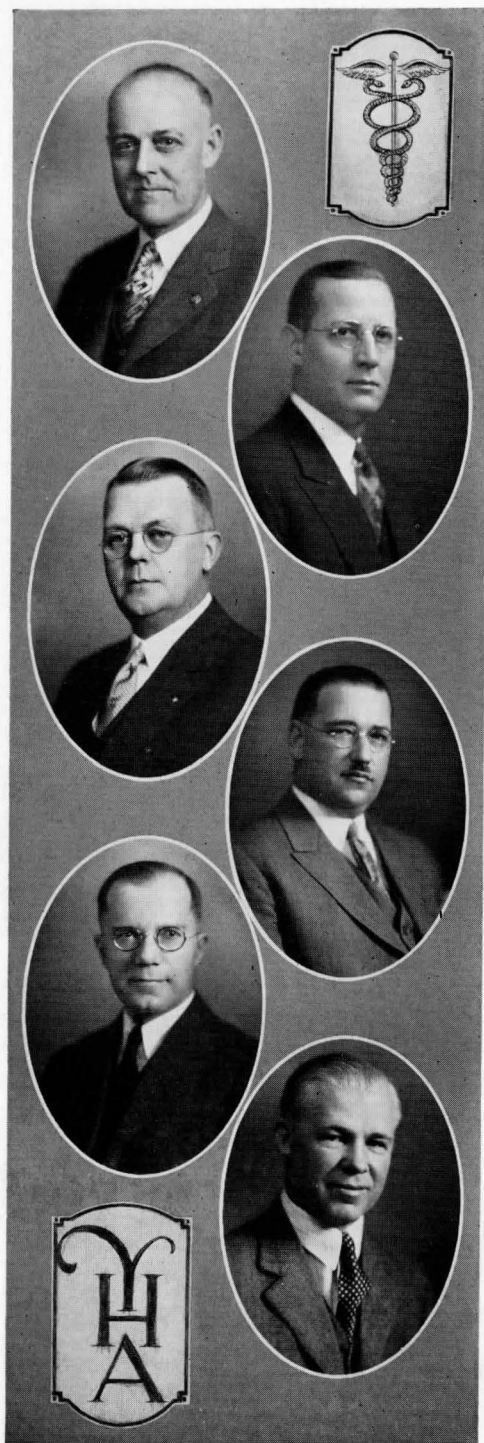
D. NESBIT, M.D. B.S.
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Attending Oculist, Aurist and
Laryngologist
Teaching Staff (Ear)

D. PHILLIPS, M.D. B.S.
Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)



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Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Medicine)

E. C. RINEHART, M.D. B.S.
Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

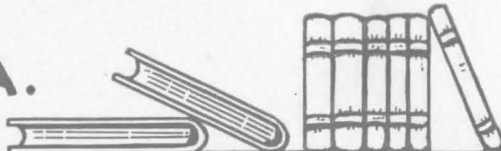
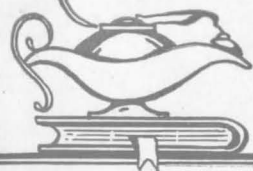
C. C. ROLLER, M.D.
Industrial Fracture Service

W. M. SKIPP, M.D.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Surgery)

H. SCHMIDT, M.D.
Attending Urologist (Asst.)

C. SCOFIELD, M.D.
Attending Pediatrican (Asst.)
Teaching Staff (Pediatrics)

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

C. H. SLOSSON, M.D.
Hospital Emeritus Staff

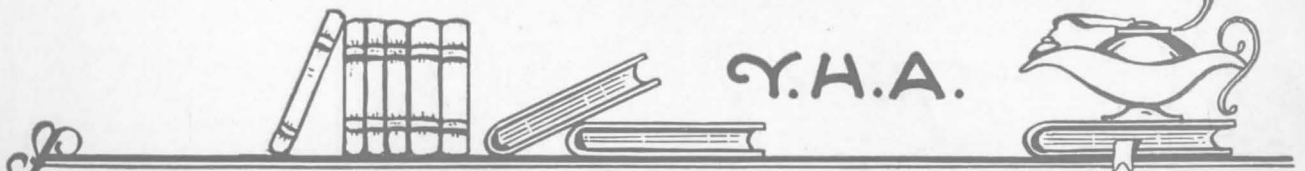
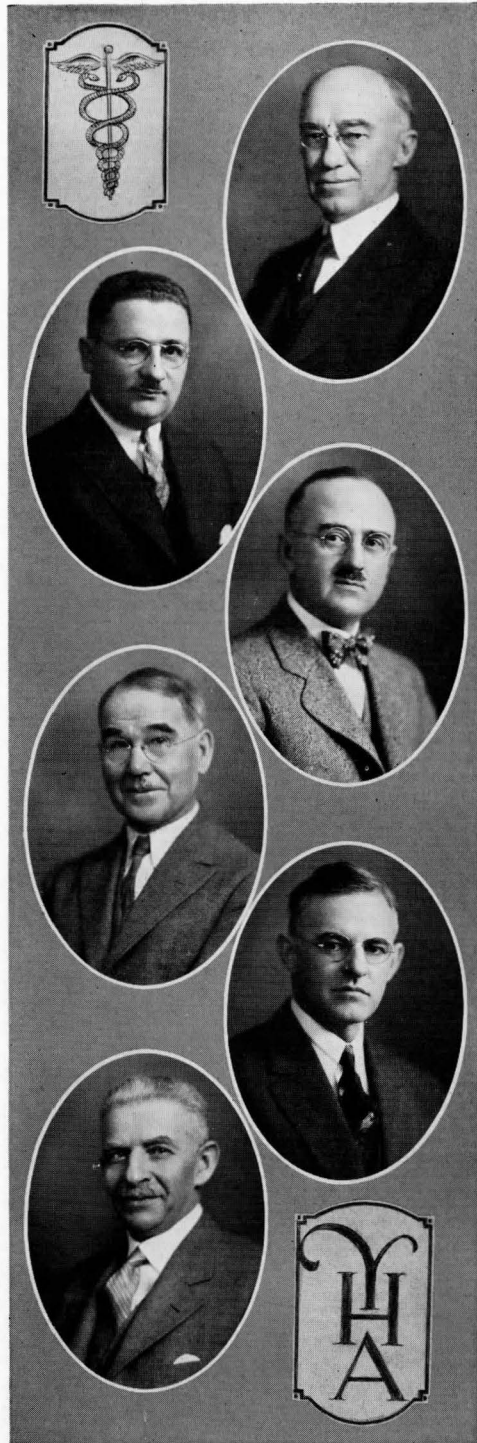
S. SEDWITZ, M.D.
Attending Staff Surgical (Asst.)
Fracture Service (Asst.)

A. W. THOMAS, M.D.
Attending Pediatrician (Chief)
Teaching Staff (Pediatrics)

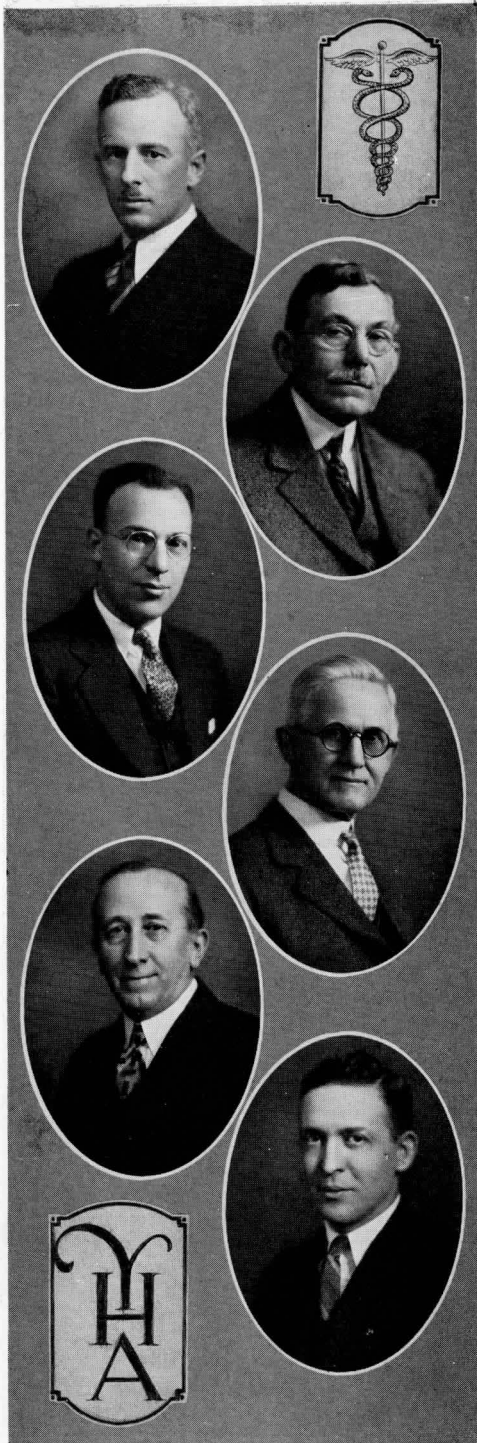
W. X. TAYLOR, M.D.
Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

O. J. WALKER, M.D. B.S.
Attending Oculist, Aurist,
Laryngologist
Teaching Staff

W. H. WEINBERG, M.D.
City Doctor



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W. A. WELSH, M.D. B.S.
Attending Staff Medical (Asst.)

H. E. WELCH, M.D. F.A.C.P.
Emeritus Staff
Board of Trustees

H. S. ZEVE, M.D.
Attending Urologist (Asst.)

J. S. ZIMMERMAN, M.D.
Emeritus Staff

W. P. WIEGERING, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

H. BAILEY, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

Y.H.A.



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D. H. GARDNER, M.D.
Attending Neurologist and
Psychiatrist

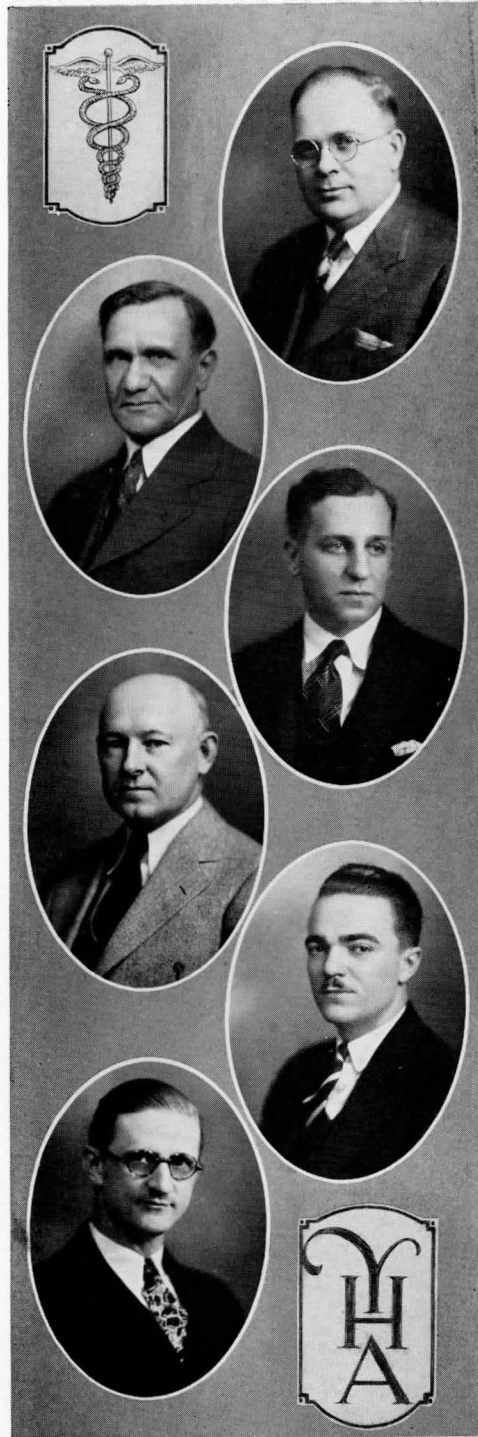
J. W. FAIRBANKS, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

F. G. GREER, D.D.S.
Oral Surgeon

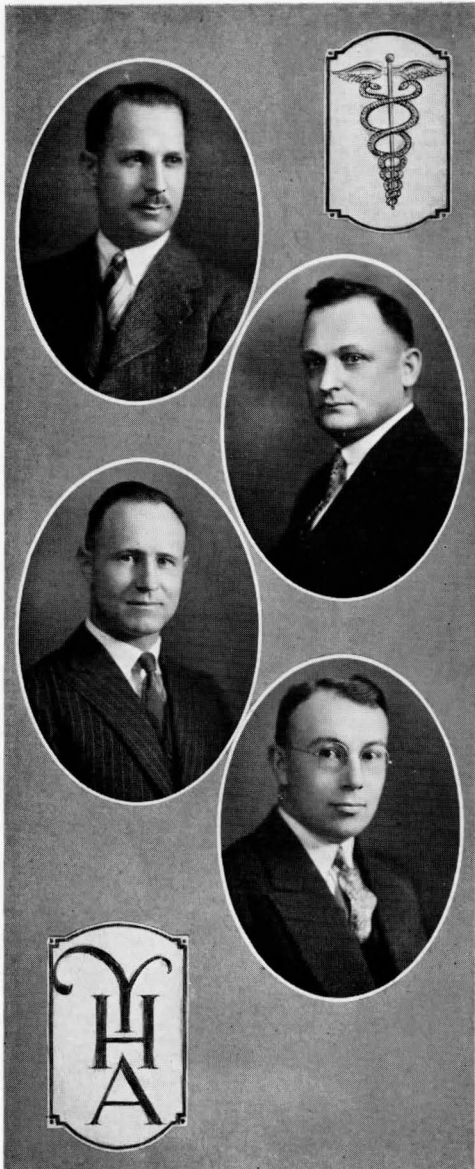
W. H. McCREARY, D.D.S.
Orthodontist

L. D. OSBORNE, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

F. H. SIMMERLY, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)



The Lamp



D. D. TOMBS, D.D.S.
Oral Surgeon

J. W. WARD, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

F. W. ZIMMERMAN, D.D.S.
Orthodontist

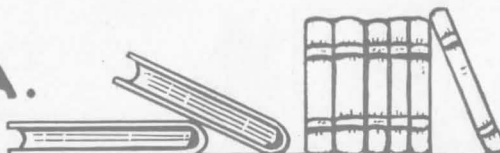
H. L. ZEVE, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

H. D. MORGAN, D.D.S.
Attending Staff (Dental)

E. J. CADMAN
Registered Pharmacist



Y.H.A.



The Lamp



C. C. BOOTH, M.D., F.A.C.S.

DR. CARLOS C. BOOTH was born December 1st, 1861, in Green, Trumbull County, Ohio. He studied at Grand River Institute and graduated from Western Reserve Medical School in 1882. After he graduated he practiced for a short time in Green and then later in North Jackson. He moved to Youngstown following his election in 1888, as Mahoning County Coroner.

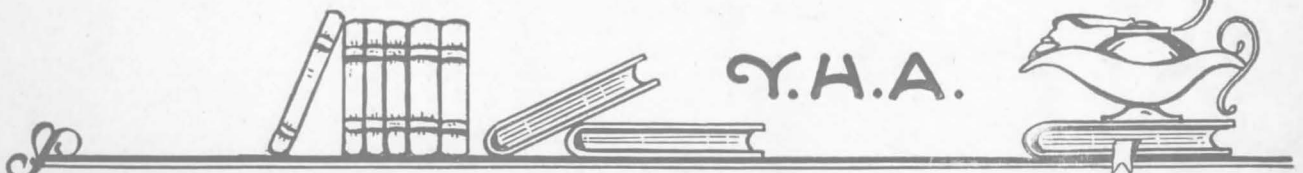
In 1884 he married Miss Pluma Shaffer, of Bristol, Trumbull County, Ohio.

Dr. Booth was quite versatile. He was the first Doctor to give saline intravenously in Youngstown, and the inventor of Paraeusol, which we use extensively. He was a prominent Mason. Dr. Booth was the builder of the first auto in Ohio.

He has a wide reputation as a Surgeon at the Republic Iron and Steel Company; district surgeon for the New York Central Lines and the Pennsylvania and Lake Erie and its branches; and surgeon for the William B. Pollock Company and the Youngstown Welding Company. He was also a member of the American College of Surgeons.

Dr. Booth was very interested in the welfare of the young folks. He was an enthusiastic Red Cross and Boy Scout worker and for many years he gave interesting lectures on Sociology and Psychology to the student nurses.

Dr. Booth has done much for the Youngstown Hospital Assn., and at the time of his death Nov. 19, 1928, he was a member of the Emeritus Staff. He was widely known and held in high esteem by a multitude of friends which deeply regret his passing away.



The Lamp

Don't Quit

*When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low, and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.*

*Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometime learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up tho' the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.*

*Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.*

*Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.*



7



Y.H.A.





Y
H
A

*Tis the human touch in this
world that counts,
The touch of your hand with
mine;
Which means far more to the
fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter's gone when the night
is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day;
But the touch of your hand
Ana the sound of your voice,
Sing on in the heart always.*



The Lamp



EULA E. ALLEN, R.N.

University of Virginia, School of Nursing.
Supervisor of L. Ward (private floor).

MARGARET BOWDEN, R.N.

Westmoreland Hospital, Greensburg, Pa.
Supervisor of H. Ward (Women's Medical).

HARRIET DICKINSON, R.N.

Western Reserve School of Nursing, Cleveland, Ohio.
Supervisor G. Ward (Obstetrical).

HARRIET GRIFFIN, R.N.

Woman's Homeopathic Hospital, New York City.
Supervisor A. and B. Ward (Men's Industrial).

JUNE GEDDES, R.N.

Youngstown Hospital Association, School of Nursing.
Supervisor of Emergency.

MIRIAM GOODRIDGE, R.N.

Youngstown Hospital Association, School of Nursing.
Supervisor of K. Ward (private floor).

Y.H.A.

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RUBY C. HOFFMAN, R.N.
Philadelphia General Hospital.
Supervisor of O. Ward (Pedi-
atric Ward).

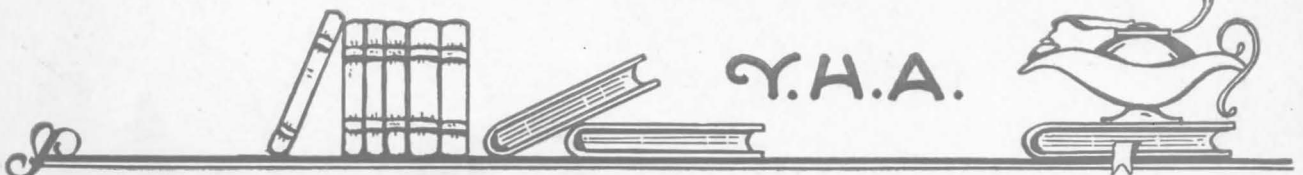
PEARL LIGHTCAP, R.N.
Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
Supervisor of M. Ward (Matern-
ity Ward).

ALICE McEVOY, R.N.
Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
Supervisor of E. and F. Wards
(private floors).

MARJORIE R. PRENTICE, R.N.
St. Margaret Memorial Training
School for Nurses, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Supervisor of J. Ward (Men's
Medical).

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, R.N.
Orthopedic Dept. Rotary Home.

ANN L. TEGLER, R.N.
Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
Supervisor of the Out Patient De-
partment.



The Lamp



ANN WILLIAMS, R.N.

Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
Supervisor of C. and D. Wards
(Women's Surgical).

ALMA WALKER, R.N.

Conemaugh Valley Memorial Hos-
pital, Johnstown, Pa.
Supervisor of Operating Room.

MABEL WYLAM, R.N.

Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
First Assistant in the Operating
Room.

JOHANANA STUCKI, R.N.

Youngstown Hospital Association,
School of Nursing.
Second Assistant in the Operating
Room.

ALICE BARTH, R.N.

Rybrun Memorial Hospital, Otta-
wa, Illinois.
Chief Anaesthetist.

DAISY ALMA PARKER, R.N.

Lima City Hospital, Lima, Ohio.
Assistant Anaesthetist.

Y.H.A.

The Lamp

LULA M. WINANS, B.S.

University of Wisconsin.
Administrative Dietitian.

INESTORE SIMMS, B.S.

University of Illinois.
Assistant Dietitian.

LILLIAN HASKELL, B.S.

Michigan State College.
Assistant Dietitian.

HELEN VOGAN

American College of Physical Edu-
cation, Chicago, Illinois.
Post-graduate of the Harvard
Medical School, Boston, Mass.
Physiotherapy Department.

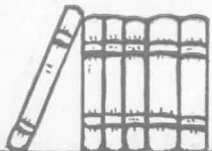
ALBERTA SEELY, R.N.

Danville Hospital, Danville, Pa.
Physiotherapy Department.



*If you know how to eat
And you know how to drink—
If you know how to play
And you know how to think—*

*If you know how to take
And you know how to give—
You'll know how to die.
'Cause you know how to live.*



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Hope

*What is it that calls through our darkness of night?
When the world seems so bitter and cold,
What is it that whispers, "there soon will be light,"
And perhaps a sweet story unfold.*

*What is it that calls when our hearts seem so sore?
When we cannot find our way,
That tell us of things that we have not known before,
And of happiness ever to stay.*

*What is it that comes when we go forth again
To battle the battle of life?
That tells us our struggles unnoticed by men
Will bring victory in victorious strife.*

*What gives courage to us mortals who thousand times fail?
What bids us to battle the storm and the gale?
And points out our way to the pier,
When time comes to tell us our troubles are o'er,
That our deeds and our struggles are done.*

*What tells us an Angel awaits at the door,
And a victory to Heaven we've won?
HOPE; sweetest HOPE thou art answer to all;
HOPE; dearest HOPE, thou art mine.*

RUTH SIMON '29.



Y.H.A.



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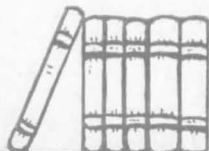


MARY McLAUGHLIN



*That which He does is always for the best,
He called our Sister to her final rest.
Ours not to wonder at the message sent,
Nor ours to question; we must be content.*

*But we will not forget thee, we who stay
Thy name, thy faith, thy love, shall live
To work a little longer here;
On memory's tablet, bright and clear.*



Y.H.A.



"Famous Sayings From Famous People"

*What peculiar little sayings
Certain persons say.
Sounds just sorta natural
In their own peculiar way.*

*Regardless of what happens,
When, or where, or how,
"There's bound to be a certain loss,"
Dr. Tuta will allow.*

*Mabel Wylam, if busy,
It's mighty plain to see
Will say, "I'm concentrating,
Please don't bother me."*

*And Miss Bonham has her pet,
"Isn't it too precious," she'll say.
Or Dr. Sedwitz, "Hurry there Jimmy,
Sammy hasn't all day."*

*There's hundreds and hundreds of others
Peculiar ways to speak or call,
As Dr. Turner's standby,
"I thank you one and all."*

* * * * *

PITY THE POOR EDITOR

When a lawyer makes a mistake, he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows it.

But when an editor makes a mistake—GOOD NIGHT!



Y.H.A.





Y
H
A

*Oft times we think we've finished
But instead we have only begun,
Three years—then to graduate,
But then your work isn't done.
Your real work you've just
started,
You've just been preparing the
road
So you'll be able—better fitted
To go on carrying your load.*



The Lamp

Senior Class Officers

ANN DAVIES, *President*
LUCY HUMASON, *Vice President*
DOROTHY KING, *Secretary*
MARGARET ANTOL, *Treasurer*

Colors: YELLOW and WHITE

Flower: DAISY

Class Motto: SEMPRE FIDELIS

*We chose our President with great thought,
We wanted one good and true,
And after these three long years
We found one, and that is you.*

*You're never sad, you're never mad,
And you toil on every day;
You're always cheerful, always gay
In you're jolly, carefree way.*

D. JONES.

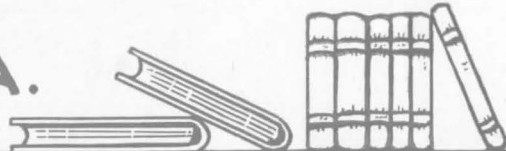


ANN DAVIES

Life's less than nothing without
love.

Honor Society.
Class President.
Honorable Mention.

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

MARGARET ANTOL

Honor Society.
Class Treasurer '29.
Columbia University Scholarship.

*Not too serious, not too gay,
But a good fellow when it comes
to play.*



BETTY BOYER

First Vice President Honor Society
*Patient and quiet, and studious, too,
This describes Betty, thru and thru.*



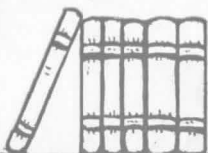
DOROTHY BYCROFT

Asst. Sales Manager Lamp Staff.
Honor Society.
Honorable Mention.
*Because I would live quietly, I say
nothing.*

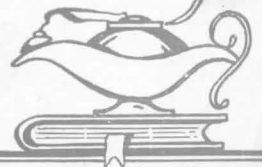


CLARA CULVER

Art Editor Lamp Staff.
Honor Society.
Why hurry—time is endless.



Y.H.A.





MABEL DANKWARDT

Treasurer Honor Society.
Business Manager Lamp Staff.
Honorable Mention.

Feed me onions—I'm sick of love.

EDITH DAVIS

*Just like butter—she likes to
spread it so well.*

GLADYS HARRIS

President Honor Society.
Social Editor Lamp Staff.
Western Reserve University Schol-
arship.

*Friendly and calm, six days of the
week—the seventh also.*

LUCY HUMASON

Vice President Class of '29.
Assistant Editor Lamp Staff.
Second Vice Pres. Honor Society.

*We wouldn't forget her if we could,
We couldn't forget her if we would.*

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

DOROTHY JONES

Honor Society.

*She who tickles herself laughs
when she pleases.*

DOROTHY KING

Secretary Class '29.
Honor Society.
Literary Editor Lamp Staff.
Honorable Mention.

*There is a friendliness in her smile,
wit in her speech, energy in her deeds.*

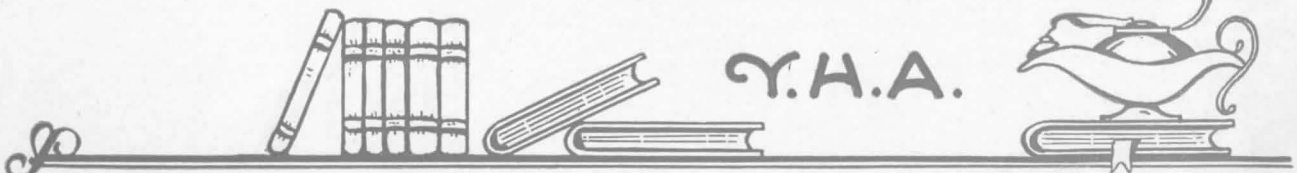
LOUISE McQUISTON

Honor Society.

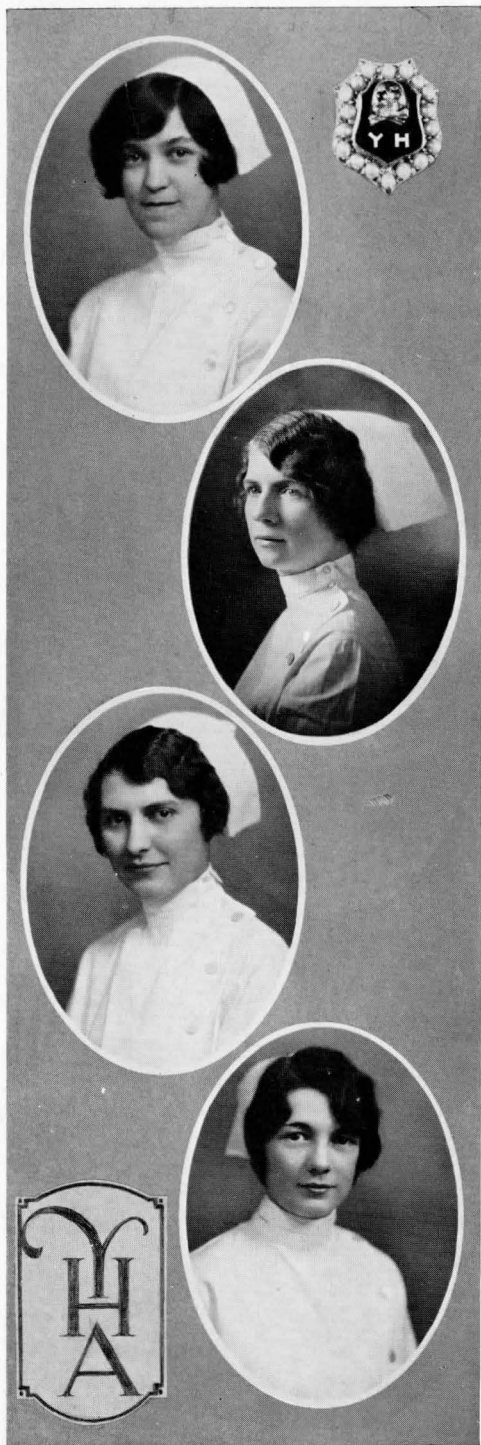
*The bee that gets the honey doesn't
loaf around the hive.*

JUNE MITCHELL

*There are four things in June's life;
Eat, sleep, and repeat*



The Lamp



KATHRYN ROBISON

Honor Society.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like
me?"*

JEANNE SCOLLON

*Why shou'd I more knowledge
gain, when it only gives me pain?*

RUTH SIMON

Full of sweet indifference.

DOROTHY SIMPSON

Honor Society.

*Judge me not by what I say, I am
in love.*



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

THELMA SMITH

Honor Society.
Joke Editor Lamp Staff.

The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.

MARY STRAUS

Secretary Honor Society.
Editor Chief Lamp Staff.

Peace be with you for I can't, I'm in a hurry.

MADGE TUESBURG

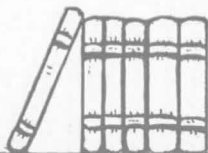
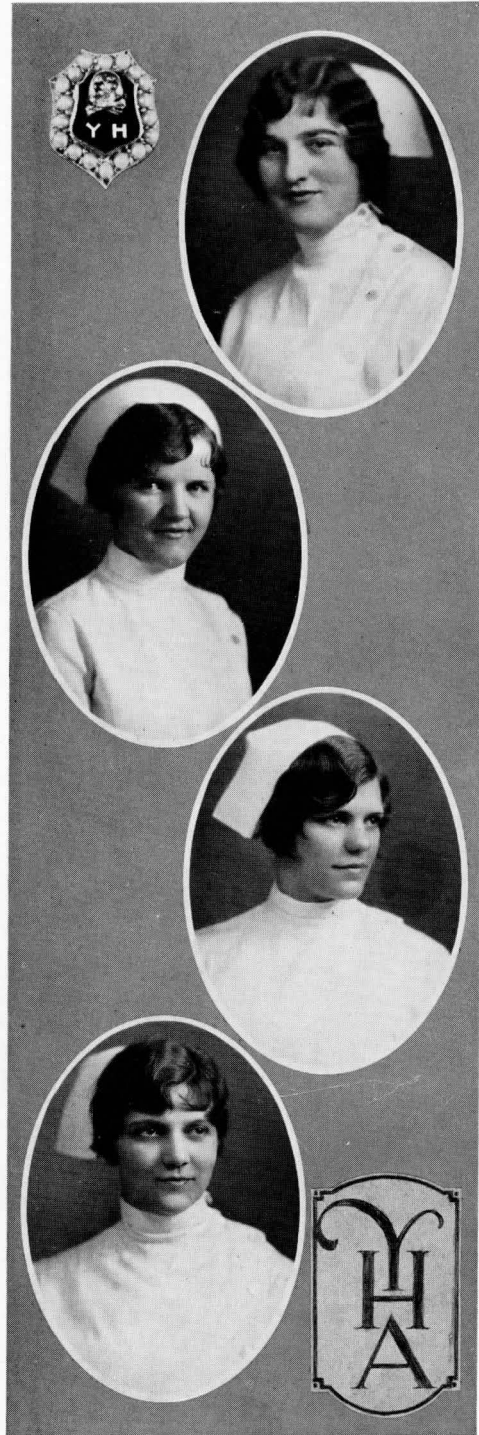
Honor Society.
Sales Manager Lamp Staff.

Time spent having fun is not wasted time.

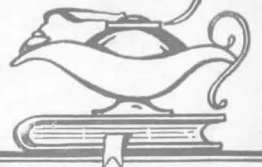
CHRISTINA WINTER

Honor Society.

I take life easy and I'll live until I die.



Y.H.A.



Snatches of a Student Nurse's Diary

September 2nd, 1926.

Dear Diary:—

My life as a student nurse has started and my place of abode has changed to the Stambaugh Nurse's Home—Dear me! I don't know whether to laugh or cry. What is that clanging? Oh, yes, little diary, that is what they call the "cow bell." It rings every night at ten o'clock and every girl must be in her room then.

September 3rd, 1926.

Oh my! talk about classes. Eight solid hours of class. Gosh, it's worse than high school, but then I mustn't complain so soon. I have met many nice girls since I have been here; I was afraid at first, but every one just seems as though they all belong to one large family. I know that I am going to love it here after all.

January 10th, 1927.

Oh, little diary, today has been a great day, for we received our mark of dignity, that is, our "caps." We no longer have to go about in striped uniforms, but have a blue uniform with white aprons, bibs, cuffs, and collars with a pretty white cap. I shall strut around like a peacock now.

May 2nd, 1927.

I wonder, "little friend," if every girl has the same feeling as I had last night, on their first night of the so-called "Night Duty." Everything just went lovely but I felt "shivery like" all over. It seems as though I assumed a great deal more responsibility last night, but now I hope that I shall be capable of it all.

September 3rd, 1927.

Well, I have been here one year today. How the time does fly! It seems as though it has been only a few months. Yet I have learned so much and seen so much that I wonder how all those things have been crowded into one little year.

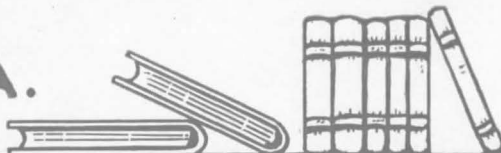
March 18th, 1928.

Two A. M. Oh, what a night this has been. Our class gave a St. Patrick Day Bazaar. So that we would have a little money in our treasury and we not only got a little but a great deal more than we anticipated. Here are just a few of the things we had:—A monkey with his owner Tony. A sales room where folks emptied their purses and took home all sorts of fancy work, pillows, novelties, etc. Then, too, we had a coffee house, where folks filled their tummies with good things. And oh, yes! we demonstrated a new method of technique to use in an operation. This was dedicated to our esteemed "Staff of Doctors." My, how they laughed. I'm sure everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. But do you know that if it hadn't been for Dr. Patrick and Dr. Keyes, well, it just wouldn't have been such a success, for they were really the life of the evening. My, but you should have seen what good auctioneers or salesman they made. Nobody could resist them, and what do you think, "Florence and Tommy" came in late, and to punish them Dr. Patrick made Tommy pay a *whole dollar* for *one* pretty red apple. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot Dr. Phillips, well anyway, he didn't forget us, and the salesman that we had didn't forget him either. I'm glad he came prepared with a nice fat purse. Well, I must stop or I shall never be able to get up tomorrow, or rather this morning.

May 13th, 1928.

Again I am writing to you, in the wee hours of the morning. But we just came home from the most gorgeous banquet. You know it is the custom that the Intermediate class entertain the Seniors with a banquet, so tonight we were host-

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

esses to the Seniors at the Squaw Creek country club. Oh, what a dinner we had. Duck with everything to go with it that you could possibly think of. We had a nice program, too. Gay Harris acted as toastmistress, and called first upon Dorothy Luzier who was President of the class. Dot welcomed the Seniors and "Jo" Stucke, President of the Senior class gave the response. Then Miss Wooders, Miss Erstad and "Lu" Humason gave short but interesting addresses, and the following girls gave a stunt, (in honor of the Seniors): Mary Strauss, Dot Bycroft, Betty Boyer, Margaret Antol, Thelma Smith, and Chris Winters.

Then, too, Emma Cook gave several readings.

Everything was decorated in old rose and silver, the Senior class colors, and the flowers were ophelia roses and baby breath. The favors were roses and the places were marked by old rose and gilded butterflies, which were fastened to the backs of the chairs. Everything was beautiful, and all the girls looked so nice, decked in their party dresses.

May 14th, 1928.

This surely has been an exciting day. It was class day, between the Seniors and Intermediates. It was a struggle to see who could keep their colors flying highest and longest. And to see who could tag the most hospital folks (Doctors and nurses), with their colors. The Seniors had red and white, and the Intermediates had yellow and white. At noon all students came to the same dinner and we had one grand rally; the dining room I'm sure never looked so pretty before. And oh, the songs and yells. Well—All I have to say is that it would have been impossible for anyone to judge fairly on the victors of the day.

June 12th, 1928.

Tonight was our farewell party for Miss Erstad. We all had a happy, yet sad time. Mr. and Mrs. King took the part of host and hostess for us and had their summer cottage all decorated in yellow and white, our colors. We had a treasure hunt and the treasure turned out to be a beautiful Spanish shawl that was for Miss Erstad, and a darling string of beads.

Believe me, little friend, our stomachs were not neglected either, for they were filled with the most delicious repast and everyone took home a pop bottle dressed as a doll, for a favor.

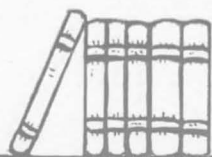
September 1st, 1928.

Today starts our third year of training and we have moved to the senior section in chapel. Oh, it just seems like a dream to think that we now hold that dignified title of "Senior Nurses." We welcomed the new probies in chapel this morning. And our class presented a beautiful picture to the Nurses Home. The rest of the day has been routine, except occasionally we were amused at the actions of the new probies.

February 7th, 1929.

Today was another day that we have long looked forward to, and that was our trip to Massilon. Yes, Drs. Smeltzer and McConnell, Miss Wooders, Miss Bonham, and Miss McFarland and our class donned their Sunday bonnets and shoes and away we went to the State Sanitorium for the Insane, but before we got there, Dr. Smeltzer ordered the but driver to stop and everyone followed him out as though we were playing follow the leader, and I'm glad we did, for he lead us to the most adorable place and there was a delicious chicken dinner awaiting us. Everyone did the dinner full justice. We danced a short while and then proceeded on our journey.

At the hospital Dr. Hyde had several clinics, and introduced us to many per-



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

sons whom, I think, we will all remember, especially the one who was alias Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller Morgan.

This has been a day not one of us will forget.

February 14th, 1929.

St. Valentine was wandering around the town to see what folks were doing in his honor. His attention was drawn to the Nurses Home by the sound of melodious voices. Looking through a window into a cleverly decorated living room, he saw the Glee Club in assembly there. He watched and listened for a while. Soon the singing disappeared and the first thing he knew a party was in full swing.

Miss Wooders presented two farmer fiddlers, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Whittenberg, and then the fun began. After that there was dancing, and some more farmers. These, in spite of their dress, strangely resembled the Senior class. Anyway, St. Valentine learned what it means to "Sip Cider Thru a Straw."

The probationers then impressed the Senior nurses with their ready willingness to oblige them in every way, by showing how they could step at a command. The new class believes that first impressions should always be the best.

The Intermediates, with very appropriate costumes, next presented the familiar scene of the vestibule at five minutes of the fatal hour—Ten. Couples were having a very sociable time until the cowbell, as usual called "Time Out." The Moral was: Don't be in the vestibule at Ten.

The Juniors then presented the latest models in Valentines. These were life size, in artistic frame work, and were very cleverly drawn up. Following this, there was dancing. Mr. Arthur Brock and Bill Hammerman, also, were entertainers. Then Frank Kelly sang delightful popular numbers, accompanied at the piano by Miss Ruth Antrenack.

Refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by everyone and all were happy. Last of all, one of the most important murder trials in our history was held. Miss Bonham was accused of murdering Miss Violet Francis, and before the trial was over the whole faculty was involved. The court was adjourned at 12 o'clock and St. Valentine, satisfied, went back to the Land of Love.
March 2nd, 1929.

Two A. M. Talk about tired. Oh, dear! We have been all around the world tonight, and talk about fun! Our part of the class entertained the Senior section of the class. We had a large truck take us all to the different countries. The first country we visited was Italy. (This was in Niles at the home of Thelma Smith). There sure were some nice Italians to greet us and serve us plenty of spaghetti.

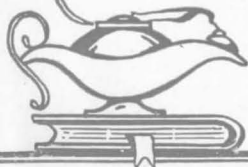
The next country we landed in was Japan. (In Girard at Dorothy Jones's home). Even a little Japanese girl was there to serve dainty wafers and tea.

We hurried back then to Youngstown to the home of "Gay" Harris. The minute we entered the door we knew we were in Ireland, for we had to kiss the Blarney Stone. Here we ate Irish potato (salad).

From Ireland we went to Gay Paree of Paris, and talk about "Red Light Districts" and "Underground Joints," this was a typical one, made so by the parents of "Dot" King. We were even raided by a really and truly policeman. (But only in fun).

Then of course we had to go to Scotland and "Chris" Winter played the part of Scotch again and had us out to her home. Here we filled our tummies with Scotch cookies and coffee.

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

At last we arrived home in America. Ann Davies' domain represented our good old country and here we were served ice cream and cake, the national dessert.

Every place was surely fixed to represent its country and we all had the best time, to say nothing of the eating part of it.

Saturday, April 27, 1929.

Today started one of the many Senior activities that are planned for us during the next week. The Seniors and their best boy friends danced and played cards this evening in our living room. Everyone spent a pleasant evening.

Monday, April 29, 1929.

Tonight was the meeting of the Honor Society. The business meeting was over quickly and then we were entertained by the Glad Rag Dolls, radio entertainers. After the entertainment, the girls danced and had a delicious luncheon served by our friend and house mother, Mrs. Altenburg.

Tuesday, April 30, 1929.

Talk about entertainments. We Seniors are surely having our share. Tonight everyone of us donned our new dresses and went out to the living room, where we played "Bridge" with the Supervisors. Darling gifts were given to Miss Wymer and Louise McQuiston.

A dainty luncheon was served by members of the different classes.

At 11:30 the supervisors decided to go to their homes, but then our class day started at midnight and they all had to be tagged of course, so the Home was guarded and they were not allowed to get out. My! what a time there was, the Supervisors surely displayed much more strength than one would have supposed them to have, by seeing them on the wards; they even made it necessary for us to guard the windows.

While the Seniors and Intermediates were busy with the supervisors, down in the living room, one of the Seniors quietly slipped up to the third floor and wakened the probationers and Juniors and told them to follow her. She led them to a large room where she locked them all in and when the twelve o'clock whistles blew, they all had yellow and white pinned on their "PJs." Then they all came down to the living room. Well, I wish you could have seen the expression on the faces of the Intermediates when they saw that mob with the opposing colors.

Nevertheless, they managed to tack green and white on Miss McFarland and Miss Lukkarila. Miss Wooders, Mrs. Wooders, and Miss Bonham received yellow and white.

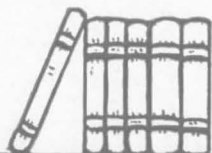
Wednesday, May 1st, 1929.

Class Day! What those two words mean! EXCITEMENT, FUN and COLORS galore. It was some struggle to see who would win, but here's one thing, the Yellow and White flag stayed on the roof all day. THREE CHEERS! At midnight Mary Straus climbed on the roof and put up the flag. Then we put a lock on the attic door and poor Prudie Culver guarded it all day long. She even had her meals served to her up there.

Then at lunch all the students assembled for a grand rally where we had songs and yells and stunts, and even a mock wedding between Mr. Know It All Senior (Pat King) and Miss Know Nothing Intermediate (Louise McQuiston), with Thelma Smith acting as minister and Prudie Culver as ring bearer.

Mr. Rice was our guest for the dinner and I'm sure he'll remember the pretty decorations.

Then the Telegram came and took pictures to put in the paper.



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Even the sheep were decorated, only every time you saw them they had on a different color. This has been a day we shall all remember. The Doctor's played an important part for it was hard work for us to get the colors pinned on with such competition.

Thursday, May 2nd, 1929.

Talk about banquets, the Intermediates surely know how to give one. It was not their fault if a Senior left Wickliffe Manor hungry, tonight.

But then eating was not the only thing we enjoyed, for Miss Laturi, acting as toastmistress, called upon the following who gave interesting addresses: Mary Knauf, Ann Davies, Miss Wooders, Sadie Berkowitz, Misses Bonham, McFarland and Lukarila. Then Marjorie Jolly and Dorothy Morgan gave use several graceful dance numbers. Oh, yes, and I mustn't forget Patsy Lobato played his guitar and sang.

Saturday, May 4th, 1929.

Dear little diary, this has been another wonderful day. We left the Home at 10:30 for Cleveland in a large bus, with Mr. Elliot as our chauffeur. On the way up we stopped and had a picnic lunch, which Mrs. Altenburg, Mrs. Everett and the girls had packed for us. Each girl had a box and each box had a delicious lunch in it.

We took a sight seeing trip of Cleveland in the afternoon and visited 9th street pier, saw Lakeside Hospital, went through the psychopathic division of Cleveland City Hospital and drove around the lake. Then we shopped for a short time, after which we all powdered our noses and went to the Bamboo Gardens for dinner and dancing, and oh, what a dinner we had and what wonderful music! We were sorry we didn't have longer to stay, but we had to repowder our noses, comb our hair and hasten on to the Auditorium to the Grand Opera, where we heard Marion Talley in "Lucia de Lammore," in her last public appearance.

We left Cleveland at exactly midnight and arrived home at 2:45 a. m. Tired, but happy.

Sunday, May 4th, 1929.

Tonight was our Baccalaureate services at The First Baptist Church. Dr. Sayers preached on the theme, "The Life That Wins." I'm certain everyone received a great deal from his talk.

The students were all in uniform and made a lovely appearance.

May 6th, 1929.

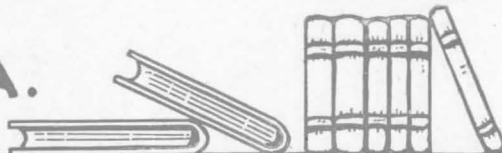
Today Mr. and Mrs. George L. Fordyce gave a lovely luncheon at the Youngstown Club for us. It seems so funny that even through all this excitement our "tummies" have not been neglected, and especially today, for it was one of the nicest luncheons that has ever been given and everything looked so pretty, decorated in our old standby yellow and white, and daisies.

Tuesday, May 7th, 1929.

To think we are now graduated, for at last graduation day has arrived. Everyone of us were so thrilled when we awakened this morning we walked around in a trance all day. At six thirty p. m. our 21 began to don the much dreamed of white uniform and our brand new caps. Then when we were dressed each Senior received a beautiful corsage of yellow daisies from the Women's Board. When every student and the supervisors were in line in the living room awaiting the cars that were to take them to the Auditorium, Miss Wooders read a letter written by Dr. Keyes, commending the high grades received by Elizabeth



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Boyer and Dorothy King in Ophthalmology. They were each presented with a beautiful instrument case, a gift from Dr. Keyes. After that we were taken to the Auditorium where the commencement exercises were held.

First was the processional; the supervisors and students marched in, led by Miss Bonham, Miss McFarland and Miss Lukkarila. There was a short pause and we, the proud but nervous graduates, led by Miss Wooders, marched in and stood on the platform opposite the board ladies.

Dr. Lloyd gave the invocation, then Mr. Fuller sang two beautiful numbers, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Warner.

Dr. Frank Slutz, from Dayton, Ohio, addressed us on the "Great Unspoken," in which he compared life with a laboratory.

Mrs. Stambaugh next sang two pretty solos.

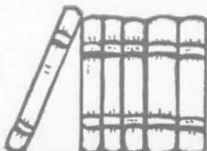
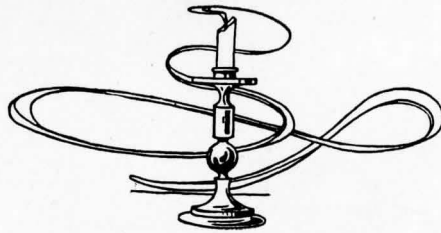
Mr. Geo. L. Fordyce gave a short but interesting talk, and then presented us with our diplomas and announced Margaret Antol as winner of the Columbia Scholarship and Gladys Harris of the Western Reserve Scholarship. Ann Davies and Dorothy King, Dorothy Bycroft and Mabel Dankwardt received honorable mention.

Mr. Warner entertained us by playing some violin selections, followed by the presentation of the school pins by Miss Wooders. Miss Wooders explained the significance of the pin before presenting them. After receiving our pins we formed a long line across the platform where we remained until Dr. Joseph H. Lloyd pronounced the benediction. The recessional began and we marched out as we had marched in, with the Seniors taking the lead.

We all went down to the ball room where an informal reception and dance was held.

The congratulations we received! More, I think, than even a newly married couple, and everyone said the exercises were beautiful. I'm so glad for we have waited nearly three years for this great event, but now everything is over except the alumnae banquet, which is being held May 14th at the Youngstown Club; we are all anxiously looking forward to it.

There, I have told you all about it now, little diary, so I think I'd better hop in bed for six o'clock will soon be here, and even though I am a graduate now, I must still get up at six a. m., so, good night.



Y.H.A.



The Lamp



TOP ROW, left to right: Mabel Dankwardt, Mary Boyer, Mary Strauss Dorothy Simpson, Margaret Antol, Ruth Simon, Dorothy Jones.
 SECOND ROW, left to right: Madge Tuesburg, Dorothy King, Christina Winter, Dorothy Bycroft, Lucy Humason, Louise McQuiston, Clara Culver.
 BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Kathryn Robison, Gladys Harris, Edith Davis, Jeanne Scollon, Anne Davies, Dorothy Mitchell, Thelma Smith.

Y.H.A.



Graduation Day

THIS is a glorious day for us, "Commencement Day," May 7th, 1929. Sweet music, lights, the perfume of our beautiful flowers, the presence of all our loved ones—all set the seal of beauty and happiness upon this, our graduation day.

We are all full of hope and eager for the great world in which we must finish our life mark—nursing. Not always here under the watchful eyes of our faculty, but armed with that power of duty and love for our work acquired during our three years of training under their direction.

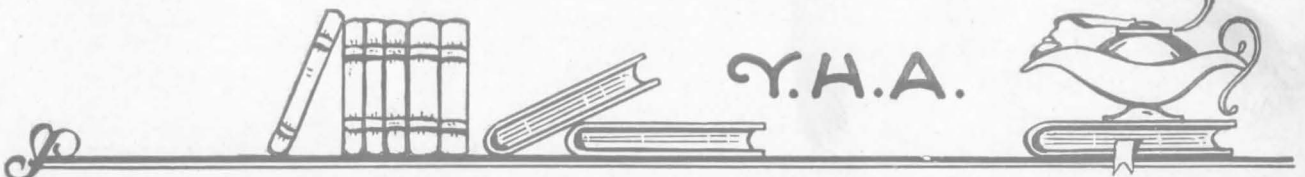
We are, even now, straining at our bonds to be free to take our part and do our share in this great field of nursing. But, before doing so, it is well that we should pause and review the circumstances which have made possible this realization of our most cherished dream—a graduate nurse.

They have been very happy days. It is not without a pang of regret that we enter our new path which separates us from our nurses home. The exercises of this week and today will be a review of our training days, a holding up of the mirror of the past. Therein you will see reflected the associations and experiences which have bound us together in one body. Though our interests have at times been different, yet our purpose has been common and has formed a tie of allegiance not soon to be forgotten.

It is a moment of mingled joy and sorrow; joy that our goal is reached and our work here finished; sorrow, that our pleasures of training school days are over, that our pleasant associations must be broken.

During our days in training we have experienced the same hopes and fears, joys and pleasures. A spirit of mutual respect and confidence has kept us united. To our school we have been loyal and devoted. Every effort to extend her influence, to increase her fame, has met with our earnest and enthusiastic support. Let our Training School never be forgotten, may we ever try to maintain her honor and promote her interests.

We cannot forget the pleasant associations which have bound us together, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our faculty and our staff doctors for their untiring care and efforts to help us as a class. Let us propose that we all in unison pay tribute to our faculty, staff doctors and our training school. May prosperity and happiness attend them, and in parting let us say not goodbye, but farewell, until we meet again.



The Lamp

Horoscope

Name	Nickname	Loves	Town	Hobby	Ambition
Antol	Maggie	To be different	Struthers	Working cross-word puzzles	To join the Salvation Army
Boyer	Betty	To sleep	Youngstown	Reading	To have curly hair
Bycroft	Dot.	Play Bridge	E. Palestine	Being agreeable	To be skinny
Culver	Prudy	To talk	Youngstown	To be late	To get there on time
Dankwardt	Mount	To pop off	Iowa	Hunting a good time	To see for herself
Davies	Ann	You know!!	Youngstown	Letter writing	To acquire the Swiss movement
Davis	Ede	To be obliging	Niles	Looking wise	To win a beauty contest
Harris	Gay	A short bob	Youngstown	Flirting	To marry a Sheriff's son
Humason	Lu	To disagree	Youngstown	Changing her mind	To enter the Movies
Jones	Dot	To giggle	Girard	Debating	To shine all night
King	Pat	"Red Hair"	Youngstown	Writing poetry	To be good
McQuisten	Mac	Occasionally	Jamestown	Dry-cleaning	To ride in Chryslers
Mitchell	D. June	To rest	Youngstown	Horseing	To be a chorus girl
Robinson	Rube	To sing in Glee Club	Sharon	Smiling	To be a Hula dancer
Scollon	Jean	Curly hair	Barnsboro	Hurrying	To have long hair
Simon	Ruthie	To be reserved	Niles	Helping	Cartoonist
Simpson	Simp.	To be loved	Youngstown	Laughing	To join the circus
Smith	Smitty	An how!	Niles	Star-gazing	To be a movie star
Straus	Mary	To sleep	Youngstown	Eating pickles	Attraction for he men
Tuesburg	Madge	Fickle	Indiana	Hunting	To be careful
Winter	Chris	To eat	Youngstown	Scum	To be a mattress tester

*We may not count our gain in
worldly goods,
We may not hear our names in
loud acclaim;
But there's a wealth that's richer
for than gold,
And charity stands higher far
than fame.*

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Prophecy

"In 1929—My friend,
Two women were gossiping low
First about one thing and another
And then—"Mrs. So and So."

First housework had bene the topic
And fresh favored scandal I fear,
'Till most exhausted for topics—
This is the conversation you'll hear.

"Yes, indeed, I was among those present,
I got invited, of course!
My word, how loud they talked,
Wonder they ain't all hoarse."

"You know it was a reunion
Planned some ten years ago, they said
That the class of '07 would meet,
Providin' they weren't all dead."

"Never in all my born days
Did I see such excitement and noise,
Especially when Gladys Harris came
Dragging one girl and six boys."

"Madge Tuesburg quit her nursing,
It's whispered she's on the stage
Demonstratin' acrobatic stunts—I can't see
Why such nonsense is all the rage."

"Now Mabel Mount she's got some sense,
She bought herself a farm.
Took to raising onions by the ton,
I can't see it's done any harm."

"About Mary Straus—(Here's the latest)
It makes my old blood boil,
Divorcing her man—'cause he couldn't play
Bridge—according to Hoyle."

Then things were interrupted;
Telegram from Pittsburgh. They said
"Can't come—Twins both have measles,
Love from Ann Davies," it read.

"And Thelma Smith never married,
She looks desolate and worn;
She said nature forgot about her
'Cause her man had never been born."

"'Course, Chris Winters was there, too,
And my but it was said,
She fainted when money was mentioned;
I reckon her heart must be bad."

I reckon I've told you everything,
I'd better get on my way.
Goodbye—If I forgot anything
I'll see you some other day.

"Simpson and Jones are the same as ever,
They ain't changed a mit.
They ain't livin' hand together—I guess
To avoid old fashioned friendly fights."

"Now Lou Humason she's a lookin' fine,
You know she's married, too,
'Cause last month, or the month before
She met her waterloo."

"When the meetin' was almost over
We saw a familiar sight;
Prudy Culver arrived—We heard her say,
'You're early—'cause my watch is right."

Oh! and Pat King came—
But she never kicks,
She's teaching Public Health
To her four little bricks.

"I got the surprise of my life
With an advertisement in the mail
Sent from Louise McQuiston's shoe store
Having a big final clearance sale."

"Betty Boyer's now a surgeon,
She studied here and Europe both;
I guess she knows her Goiters
And has all the latest dope."

"Dot Bycroft is so unhappy,
She's married—yes, indeed!
She says, 'Forget the Roses now,
'Cause it's Shoesies that we need'."

"Jean Scollen can't stand Youngstown,
Big city life too much, they say,
So she's gone for quiet and rest
Down in Barnsboro, Pa."

Oh, my, I most forgot
Margaret Antol—You remember,
Well, she's running a new hospital,
Has been since last December.

Edith Davis, she joined the Red Cross,
Went to Mexico at the last revolution;
And June Mitchell (you'd be surprised)
Is lecturing on evolution.

Kathryn Robison went to Chicago,
Taking a P. G. I hear;
And Ruthie Simons has charge
Of the Rotary Home this year.



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Here's to the Probationers
Young and strong and keen,
Attractive to the n'th degree,
Living the rules of hygiene.
Eyes so bright and sparkling,
Teeth so pearly white,
Garments starched and spotless,
Everything just right.
Wholesome and athletic,
Working with a vim,
Every effort making
Junior titles to win.
Here's to their ambition,
Their efforts to attain
A higher education,
A knowledge here to gain.
Of service to the patients
Sent from every clime,
To alleviate their sufferings
And never to repine.
So here's to you—beginners,
The youngest of the crowd.
Let me say, young ladies,
Of you we're justly proud.

Here's to you—the Juniors,
Probationers that were,
Ready for heavier duties
And trials that occur.
You may have been discouraged
And found it hard to smile,
But you can rise above it
To help and sooth the while.
You always come up smiling,
Optimistic youth!
Now and then a lark is on
Were we to tell the truth.
Yes, we love the Juniors,
Faithful—we can see.
And before you know it,
Intermediates you will be.

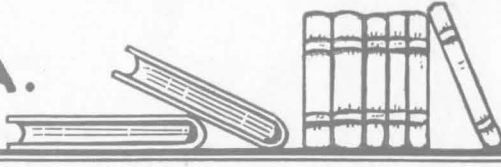
Here's to Intermediates,
Just betwixt and between,
Too high to be Juniors,
But not a Senior keen.
Just plodding on and onward
Each day your duties done,
Tired and looking forward
To hours of rest—well won.
Weary nights of watching
By bedsides of those in pain,
Many shocks and heartaches
Where sympathy you gave.
So varied are your duties,
For harmony to prevail
Your strength taxed to the utmost;
In this you cannot fail.
When you have your hours,
That time is all your own.
Many happy hours are spent
With radio, rides and 'phone,
With dancing and fine music,
A bridge game now and then,
All in a nurse's training,
Work and play to blend.
So here's to you, so faithful,
Here's to you, so true,

Here's to nineteen thirty,
When you'll be Seniors, too.
Here's to you—the Seniors
With badges fairly won
That tell of many studies
And duties rightly done.
All patience and forbearance,
Touch of a gentle hand,
Loving and careful serving
E'en to a peevish command.
Cheery and happy greetings
To patients sick and sad
That long will be remembered,
By those whom you made glad.
As you go out into the world
There's no such word as fail
With our beloved criterion
Florence Nightingale.
Class ties will soon be broken,
And sadness fill the heart,
When all this shall be over
And you from us shall part.
Here's luck in your profession
And joy in all you do,
Come back as an alumnus,
Old friendships to renew,
And may your lives be happy,
And satisfaction find
In doing just your very best
To comfort all mankind.
And as the years go rolling by
Amidst your work and play,
May pleasant memories be yours
Of this momentous day.

Here's to our Trustees,
Here's to our fine Board,
Here's to all our doctors
Who work with one accord.
Here's to Mr. Stewart,
We've missed him every day,
His kindly smile, his thoughtfulness
So fine in every way.
We are all very happy
To have him back again,
And hope his search for better health
Will not have been in vain.
Here's to Mr. Rice,
Here's to the T. S. O.
Here's to each and everyone
From highest to the low.
Here's to Dr. Morrison
With ability so rare,
Of all our splendid nurses
Has taken such good care.
Here's to this fine luncheon,
Here's to the time we've spent
In this delightful Nurses' Home,
And its fine management.
Here's to the great wide world,
Here's to the U. S. A.,
Here's to the State of Ohio,
Here's to our city gay.
Here's to our parks and playgrounds,
And the streets that we traverse
That lead to Youngstown Hospital,
Hub of the Universe.

MRS. LLOYD WOODERS

Y.H.A.



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1929

WE, the dignified and esteemed members of the scatter-brained class of 1929 of the Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing do hereby make and declare this to be our last will and testament, thereby annulling all others.

Item:—To the Class of 1930 we leave our dignified manners and our most esteemed places in chapel.

Item:—To the class of 1931 we leave our lectures and exam. papers so that they may be better fitted for the Honor Society.

Item:—To Miss Wooders and faculty we leave our monthly case studies, to read at their leisure to drive away the blues.

Item:—Ann Davies leaves her charming smile to E. Andrasko.

Item:—Patsy King leaves her monkey costume to whosoever will make a better one than she.

Item:—Prudy Culver leaves her record as world's greatest speed demon to Mildred Shanhouse.

Item:—June Mitchell leaves to Mary Davis her method for reducing.

Item:—To Judy McClenahan, Mabel Mount leaves her 30 years experience on "How to Handle Men". She also leaves any extra onions that she, herself has not consumed, to those who crave them.

Item:—Mary Straus leaves her sense of humor to Min Geiger.

Item:—To whoever wishes a "School-girl Complexion" Madge Tuesburg leaves her P. A. diet.

Item:—Jean Scollen and Edith Davis leave their unsettled arguments to Betty Seeley and Sylvia Toms.

Item:—Margaret Antol leaves her receipt book to the treasurer of the Class of 1930 hoping she will have to use it more often than she did.

Item:—Dorothy Jones leaves her giggle to Hazel Sarahs.

Item:—Lucy Humason leaves her easy going disposition to Irene Hendricks.

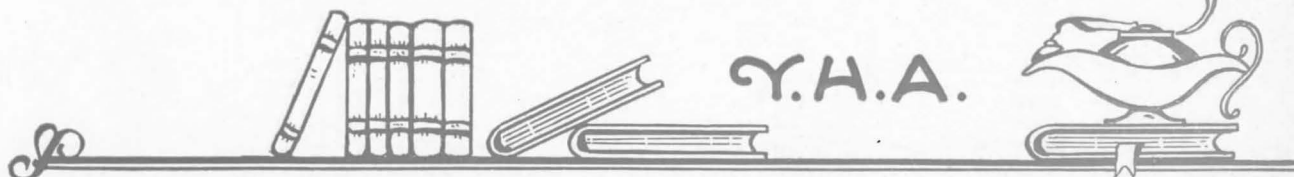
Item:—To all who think they have the ability and talent to use in the Glee Club, Gladys Harris, Dorothy ByCroft and Betty Boyer leave their cherished places.

Item:—Dorothy Simpson and Louise McQuiston leave their bashfulness and quietness to Nellie Buckner to be used only in time of great need.

Item:—Thelma Smith leaves her Grecian Pose to Charlotte Stackhouse.

Item:—Ruth Simon and Kathryn Robinson leave to all the "probies" advice on "How to respect Seniors".

Item:—The Senior Class as a whole leaves the Hospital for the benefit and training of those who follow.



The Lamp

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand to this, the Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1929, this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

CHRISTINA L. WINTER.

The foregoing instrument was signed by said Christina Winter as the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1929, we hereunto subscribe our names as attesting witnesses at the Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing this 4th day of February, 1929, A. D.

MARIE A. WOODERS, R.N.
MARY JANE BONHAM, R.N.



Dedicated To A New Hike Nurse

*Hurry! get more sutures
Plain 0 and Chromic 2,
There it is—the front one,
What's the matter with you?*

*Are you counting all the sponges?
There's one—there on the floor—
Who's making so much noise?
Heaven's sake—close that door!*

*What do you have for sponge count?
You say it's 29?
Wrong—there's another one;
Correct—now that's just fine.*

*Don't stand so close to the Doctor
You'll contaminate the place;
Can't you see he's perspiring?
Be careful—wipe his face.*

*Don't forget the specimen,
Fix the chart and label,
More hot solution please,
Watch out for that sterile table!*

*Now don't get so excited,
See, we're almost through;
Keep courage—'cause we're making
A good hike nurse of you.*



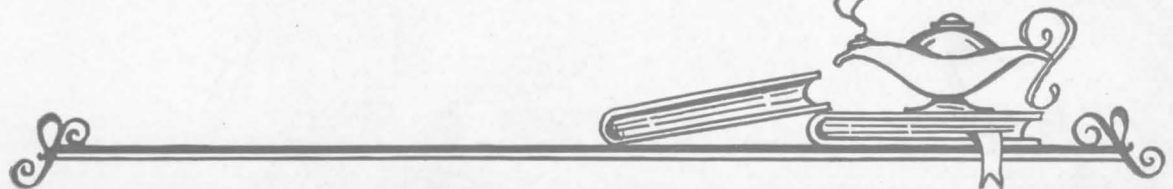
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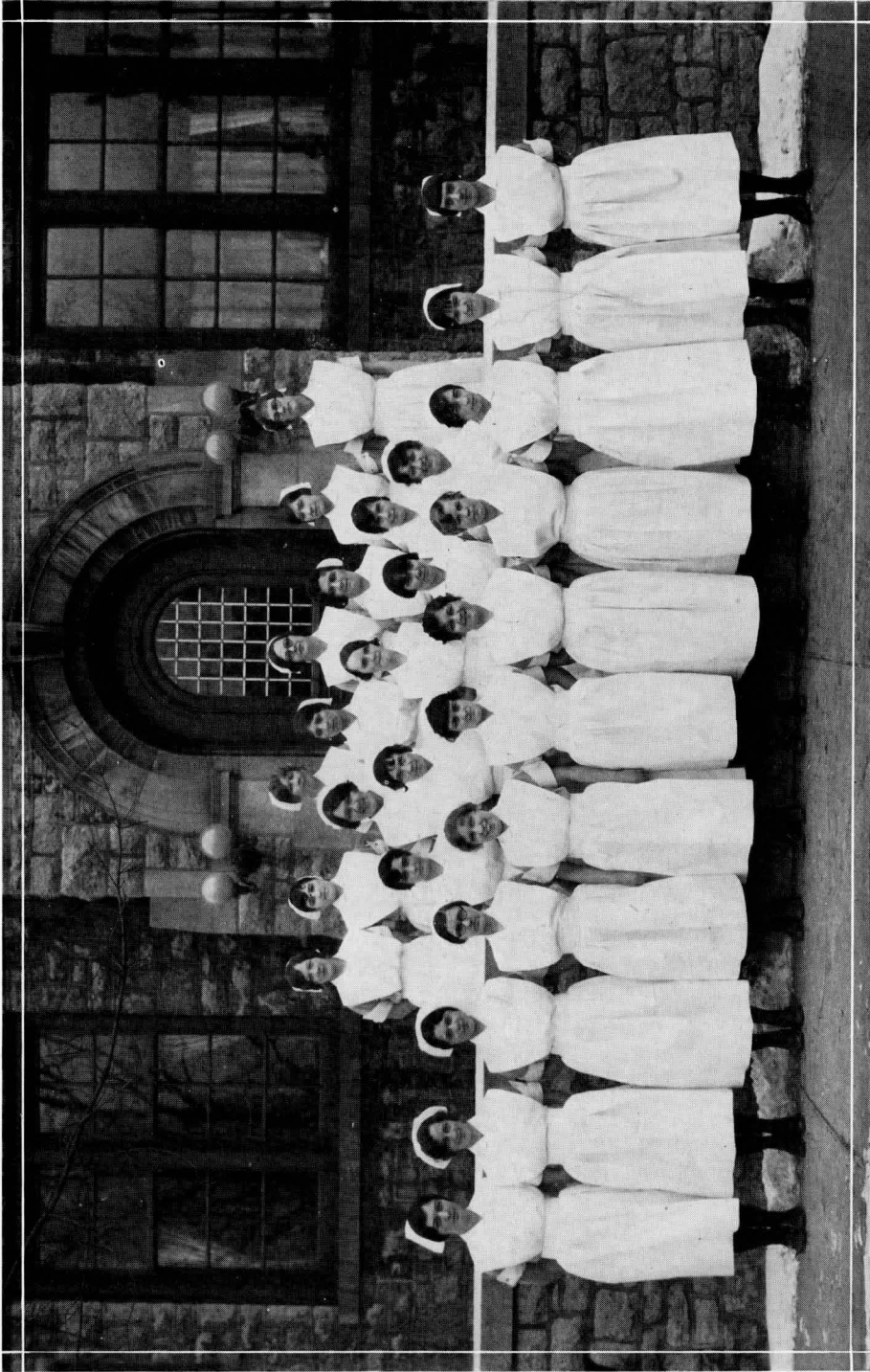


Y
H
A

- I—for Intermediates true.*
- N—for nearly Seniors, too.*
- T—for what we've tried to be.*
- E—for enthusiasm you can see.*
- R—for rules not a few.*
- M—for good marks, we've got them, too.*
- E—for efforts we have used.*
- D—for Don'ts (they've been abused).*
- I—for ideal—industrious, too.*
- A—for Assistance we've been to you.*
- T—for technique we must learn.*
- E—for efficiency we must learn.*

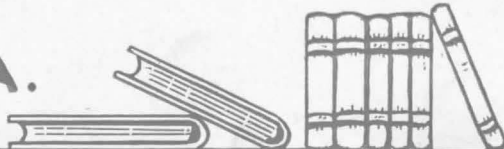


The Lamp



INTERMEDIATES

Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Intermediates

MARY KNAUFPresident
ANN WHITEVice President
IRENE HEDRICKSecretary
KATHRYN DANIELSTreasurer

Class Flower: Lilies of the Valley

Class Colors: Green and White

Class Motto: "Be prepared"

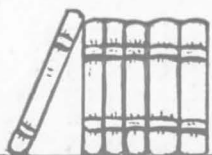


INTERMEDIATES SEC. I

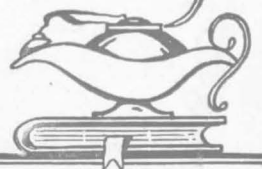
Marian Allen
Louise Bosscher
Nellie Buckner
Isabella Connor
Minnie Geiger
Ena Hubbard
Mabel McCleery
Ruth McFarland
Edith Moyers
Eleanor Pennell
Elizabeth Rose
Louise Schweick
Ann White, Vice President

INTERMEDIATES SEC. II

Elizabeth Andrasko
Sadie Berkovitz
Katherine Daniels, Treas.
Mary Davis
Irene Headrick, Secretary
Ruth Johnson
Mary Knauf, President
Justine Laituri
Julia McClenahan
Florence Minner
Hazel Sarahs
Jane Seeley
Mildred Shanhouse
Clarys Smith
Charlotte Stackhouse
Silvia Toms
Ruth Williams



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Who?

*With a cough and a stride
And an important air
He to the Hospital, this Doctor fair,
With never a glance from left to right,
He fills each trembling nurse with fright.
To the Emergency he first proceeds
And mightily there makes known his needs;
And if, perchance, we miss one thing,
Then you'll hear that Doctor sing:
"Now girls, this soap don't lather,"
"Your cotton balls are far too small."
"Where are your solution basins?"
"Why d—m it, girls, you haven't anything at all."
Next to the Operating Room he flies,
Of course the girls back there are wise,
Having previously discovered
From this grouch he's ne'er recovered.
"Order the Patient—Start the gas,"
These are the orders to each fair lass.
Then the operation begins—each one at his post,
But he's a great surgeon, of that we can boast.*



Y.H.A.



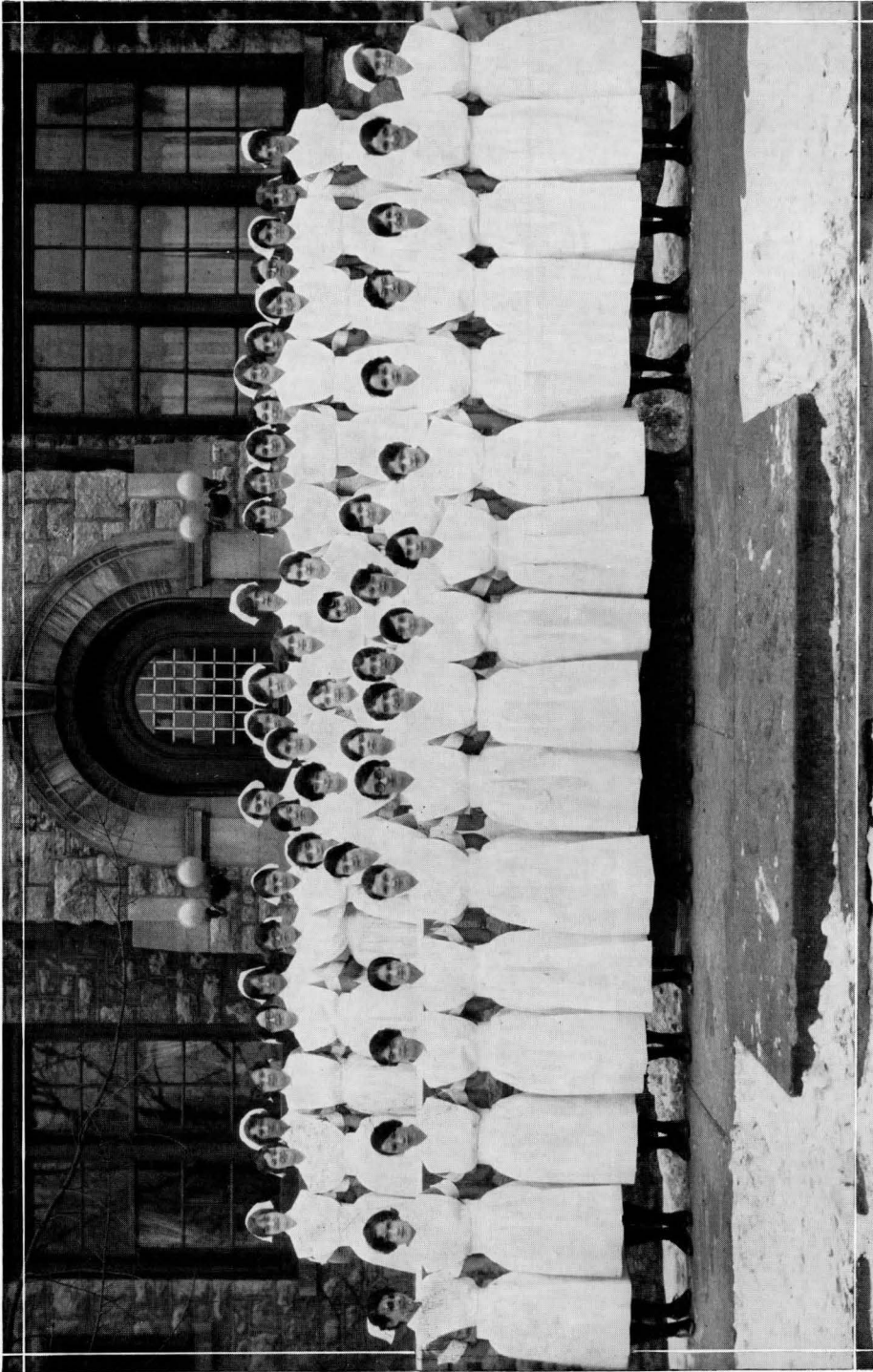


Y
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A

"Where did you come from, juniors dear?"
"Out of the Prob Class into here."
"What do you have such a smile for?"
"'Cause we're not probies any more."



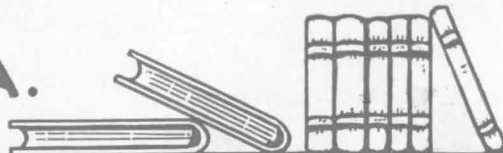
The Lamp



JUNIORS



Y.H.A.



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Juniors

MARGARET AUBREY	President
JOSEPHINE BELL	Vice President
JANE CLASH	Secretary
ALICE PORT	Treasurer

Class Flower: Sweet Pea

Class Colors: Old Rose and Silver

Class Motto: "Ever Ready"



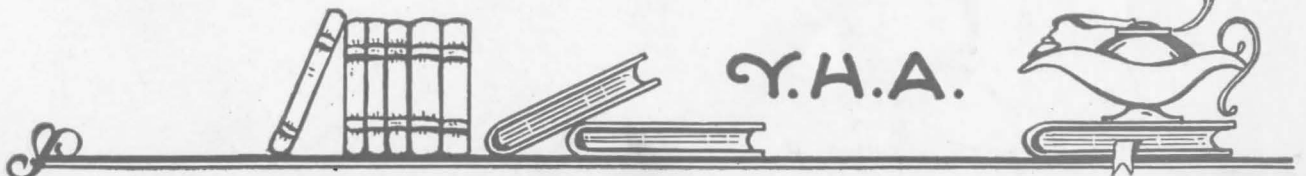
JUNIORS, SEC. I

Marjorie Archibald
Margaret Aubrey, President
Anna Bode
Tamson Cutsler
Florence Dillon
Martha Jacobs
Ruth MacMaster
Charlotte Miller
Jeannette Modarelli
Margaret Mullen
Ruth Neilson
Ruth Niggel
Sarah Pomeroy
Elizabeth Trueman

Violet Francis
Marjorie Fries
Dorothy Green
Mildred Green
Mary Hall
Hazel Henderson
Caroline Holmstrom
Selma Johnson
Mary Jones
Alice Lane
Ruby Lundquist
Julia Machuga
Bessie Malkoff
Bessie McKnight
Annabel McMillin
Rebekah Moore
Imbi Palomaki
Lillian Peebles
Alice Port, Treasurer
Frances Shell
Catherine Tablak
Ruth Ulam
Lillian Ulrich
Ann Van Epps
Mildred Williams
Elizabeth Winkett
Ruth Wymer

JUNIORS, SEC. II

Lucinda Arnaut
Lillian Baskett
LaVerne Beatty
Josephine Bell, Vice President
Sarah Bower
Collette Brown
Jane Clash, Secretary
Florence Dressel
Sara Erb
Margaret Fleming



A Modern Nursery Rhyme

*Out of ten little Probies
One had an awful line—
Miss Wooders heard her once,
Then there were only nine.*

*Nine little Probies,
One of them were late—
She got her walking papers
And then there were only eight.*

*Eight little Probies
Thought they were in heaven
Until Exam time came around,
Then there were only seven.*

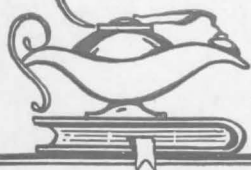
*Seven little Probies
Told a Hypodermic to fix;
Something must have happened,
For soon there were only six.*

*Six little Probies,
Very much alive—
But one of them—too much so,
For it dwindled down to five.*

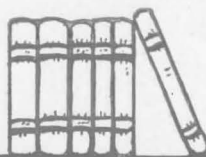
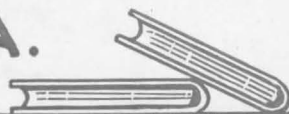
*Five little Probies,
One of them got sore.
Said things should be improved upon,
Then there were only four.*

*Of four little Probies
One just couldn't see
Why they imposed so much on her,
Then there were only three.*

*Three little Probies
Worked with all their might;
Were accepted—got their caps;
They had won the fight.*



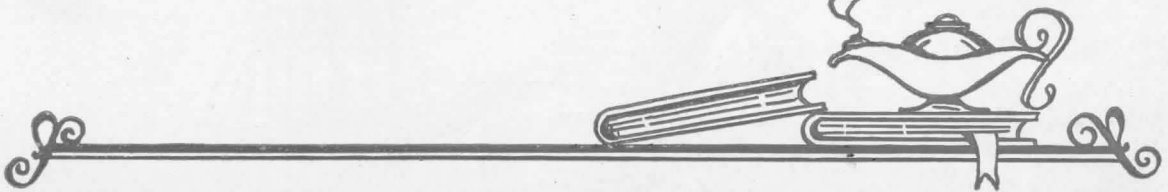
Y.H.A.



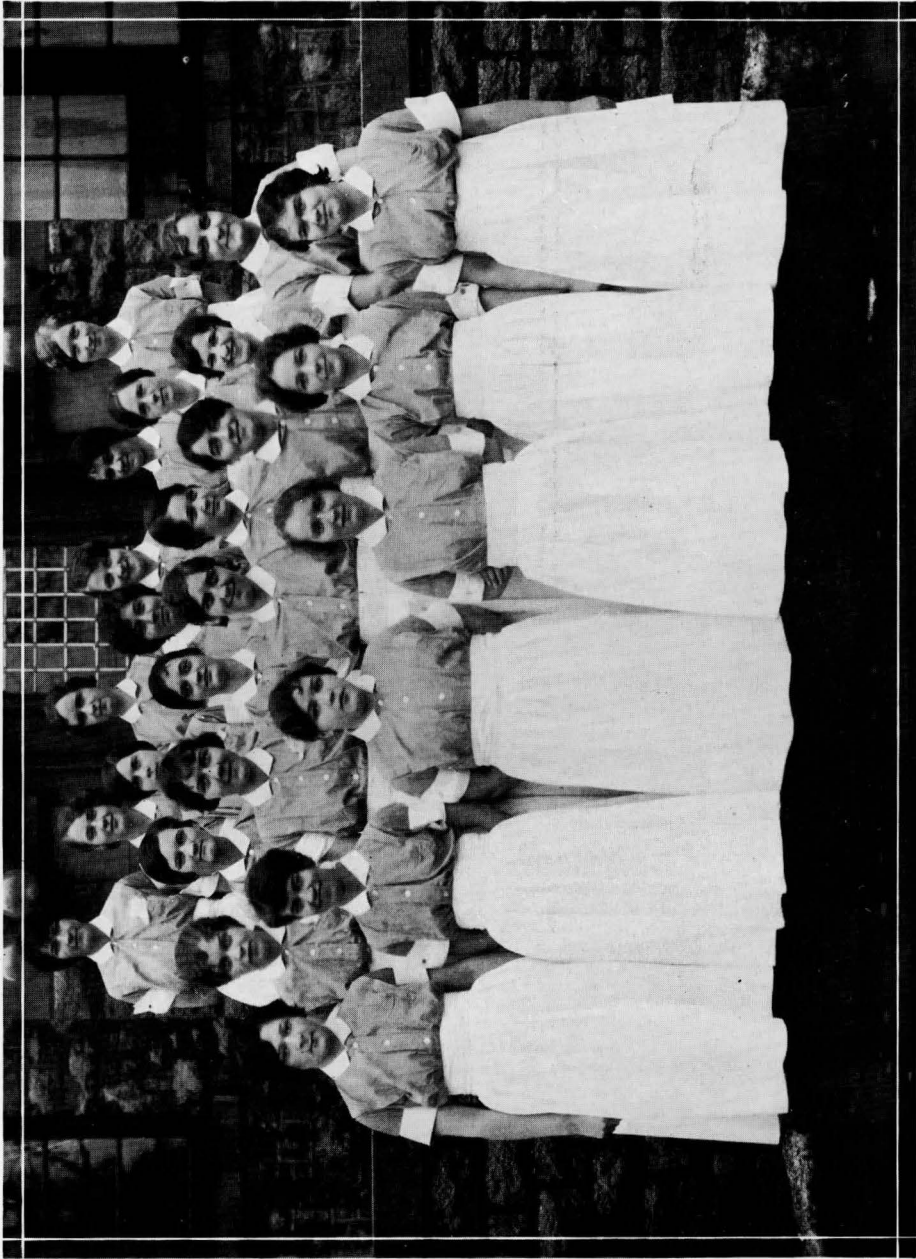


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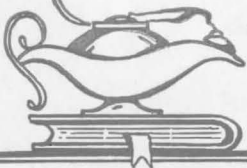
*Blessings on you, Probies dear,
It's your first work to amuse
and cheer
The upper classes—then with
grace
To take their jokes with a smil-
ing face,
While all the time in your inner-
most soul
Is rebellion—it takes self-control
To grin and bear it—but we pity
you,
For we've been Probies at one
time, too.*



The Lamp



PRELIMINARIES



Y.H.A.

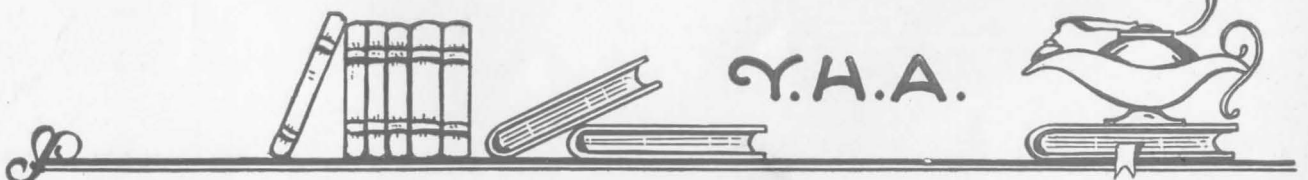


The Lamp

Preliminary Class

Florence Belnap
Ann Bodnovich
Catherine Brown
Madeline Canyo
Anne Chizmar
Dorothy Covington
Helen Dixon
Alice Ekas
Bernadine Fell
Hannah Hill
Violet Horner
Dorothy Johnson
Agnes Lally
Audrey Lawton
Elinor Meachen
Mildred Neale
Kathryn Paul
Novello Scott
Ruth Seyler
Edith Wallace
Sarah West
Ila Wolfe
Gertrude Woods

*Never give up!—it is wiser and
better
Always to hope, than once to
despair!
Fling off the load of doubt's
cankering fetters,
And break the dark spell of
tyrannical care.
Never give up, or the burden
may sink you,—
Providence kindly has mingled
the cup;
And in all trials and troubles be-
think you,
The watchword of the life
must be, "Never give up!"*



The Lamp

Probie's Prayer

*Dear Lord, I thank thee for the night,
I hope I gave that hypo right.
Please help and guide me from o'erhead,
And straighten corners on the beds.*

*Watch me Lord, as on I fare,
Plowing through the evening care.
Let me not, in those wards unique,
Falter, stop, nor break technique.*

*Let me Lord no malice bear,
Give me grit to do by share.
Forbid me, Lord, to utter curse
On any overbearing nurse.*

*Keep me, Lord, and make me whole,
Say good-bye to Musterole.
Aspirin tablets now I take
For almost any pain or ache.*

*Grant me, Lord, the tactful art,
And help me when I learn to chart,
Bring on the day, when I've become a nurse
Who has survived throughout the worst.*

—Amen.

RUTH ULAM



Y.H.A.



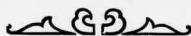


*Sometimes it's only a bit of song,
That brings mem'ries to me of
the past,
Sometimes it's only the smile of
a friend,
That makes these mem'ries
last.
Sometimes it's only the voice of
a child,
That fills my heart with joy,
Sometimes it's only the whisper-
ing leaf,
That gives pleasures we all
enjoy.*



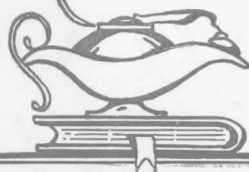


NURSES HOME

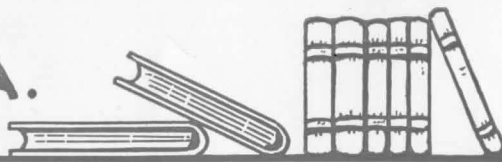


MRS. MINA ALTENBURG

Sh!! hush—Get under the bed, here comes Mrs. Altenburg and it's ten-thirty. Lights out. We're not afraid of her, but we just don't like to have her get any evidence on us. We were certainly glad to welcome Mrs. Altenburg to our Home to fill the role of House Mother. She really seems like one of us, always ready for a good time and also willing to help and advise in time of need.



Y.H.A.





Honor Society

THE Doxa Sigma Pi is an honor Society organized for the students who have a high standing in both theoretical and practical work.

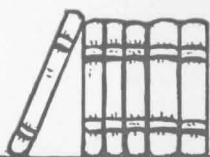
The purpose of this club is to help elevate and maintain the highest possible standards for the Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing.

The charter members being Gladys Harris, Betty Boyer, Lucy Humason, Mabel Mount, Mary Straus, Dorothy Bycroft, Dorothy King, Ann White, Ruth Williams and Anna Bode.

Other students have been accepted into the club, by the permission of the Association members: Misses Wooders, Bonham, McFarland and Lukarilla.

Miss Marie A. Wooders R.N. is acting advisor to the society.

GLADYS HARRIS '29.



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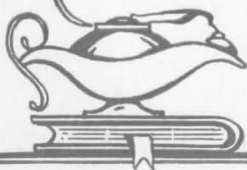
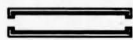


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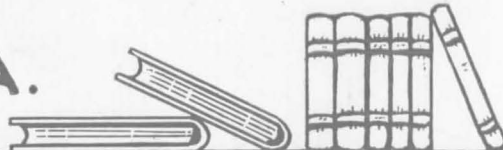


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DOROTHY KING.....	Literary Editor
GLADYS HARRIS.....	Society Editor



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ANNA JONES, President of Alumni

The Alumnae Association

THE Alumnae Association of Youngstown Hospital Association School of Nursing was organized socially in June of 1906, and was incorporated in May, 1907, to legitimately advance professionally and socially.

Miss Sara Simms, who was at that time superintendent of Youngstown Hospital, called the nurses together to organize the alumnae and was its charter president.

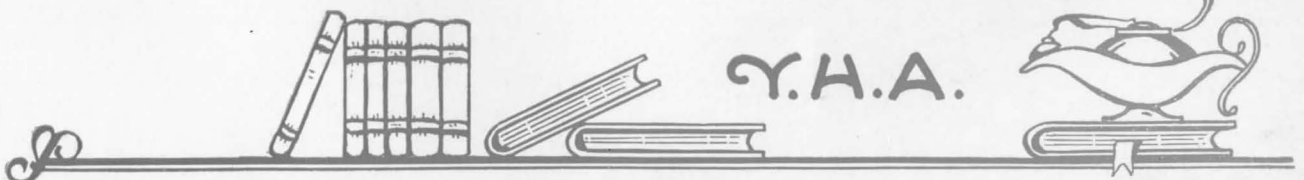
Miss Jennie Hitchcock was first vice president; Miss Mary McCormick, second vice president; Miss Linda Moore, secretary; Miss Amanda Homfaster, treasurer; Miss Nellie Brick, historian.

The Alumnae began with a membership of 12 nurses and it now has 228 members. The profession has advanced from the day of the private duty and the Red Cross nurse to the nurse in many fields, industrial, institutional, public health, school and welfare.

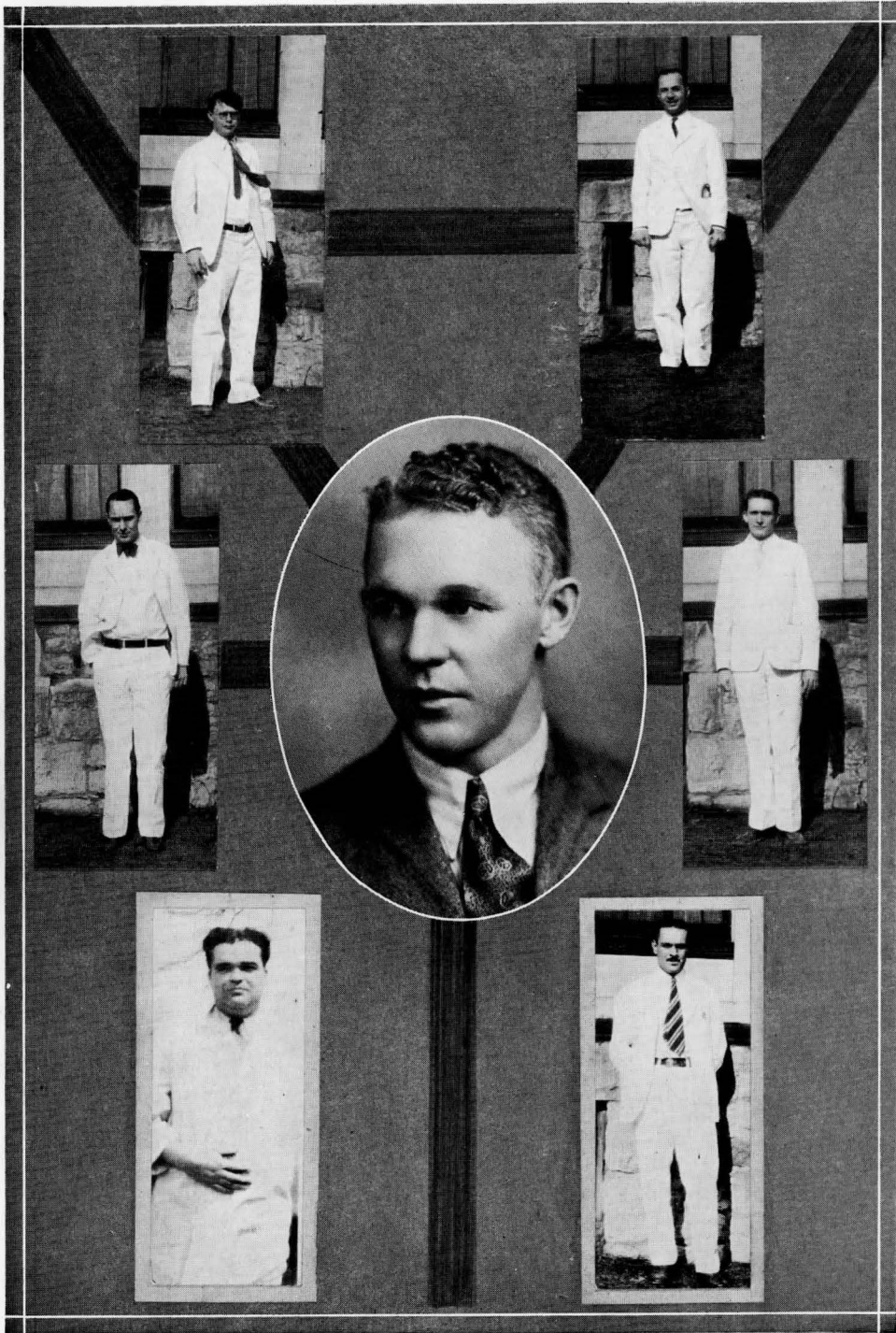
The Alumnae has kept in contact with state and national associations to keep abreast of the times in its profession as well as constantly endeavoring to serve its own membership socially, professionally and altruistically.

Officers for 1929 include: President, Miss Anna Jones; first vice president, Miss Alma Johnson; second vice president, Miss Eva Baird; secretary, Miss Grace Hover; treasurer, Alice Heaps Davis.

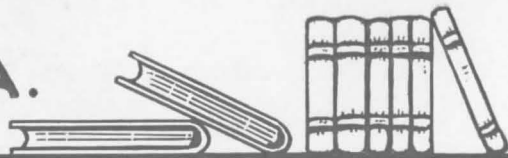
The pioneer nurse who blazed the trail in the early days, and the nurse of today who "carries on," each play their part in the progress of the Youngstown Hospital Alumnae.



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Internes

DOCTOR JAMES D. BROWN was born in Middletown, Ohio.
He received his Bachelors Degree from Muskingum College, and his Medical Degree from the University of Michigan.

DOCTOR WILLIAM P. RECKLEY was born in Pittsburgh, Pa.
He received his Bachelors Degree from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh. He received his Medical Degree from the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, O.

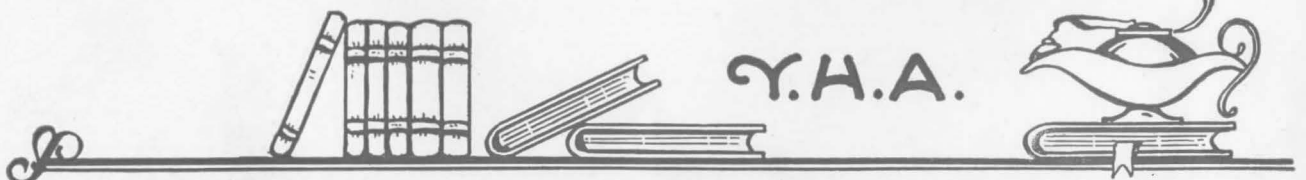
DOCTOR NICHOLAS NARDICCI was born in Youngstown, Ohio.
He attended South High School and Rayen High School here. He received his Bachelors Degree from the University of West Virginia, and his Medical Degree from Bellevue Medical College, New York City.

DOCTOR P. McCONNELL was born at Pierpont, Ohio.
Graduated from Brookfield, Missouri High School, and University of Colorado.
Resident Physician; In charge of Internes.

DOCTOR JOSEPH A. TUTA was born in Youngstown, Ohio.
He attended South High School here. He received his Bachelors Degree from Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio, and his Medical Degree from Rush Medical College, University of Chicago.

DOCTOR WILLIAM D. McELROY was born in Niles, Ohio.
He attended South High School here. He received his Bachelors Degree from Allegheny College and his Medical Degree from the University of Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOCTOR KENNETH L. OSBORNE was born in Youngstown, Ohio.
He attended South High School here and received his Dental Degree from the University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.



End of a Perfect Day

*Did you ever say
At the end of the day,
"Now at last my work is done?
Everything is put away—
I'm through for the day—
Waters' passed to everyone."*

*You're a little bit late,
But they say "Now just wait,
Are you sure that you are through?"
"Why yes," you say
In a positive way,
"I've been done since a quarter to—"*

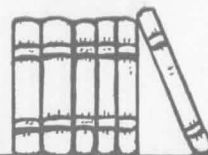
*Then a piercing glance—
(While you stand in a trance)
And pray as hard as you are able
That she'll not find
That you're the kind
To forget the service room table.*

*"There's dirt on the floor—
Over there by the door—
There's dirty glasses on the shelf—
And you say that you are through,
I'm ashamed of you."
(And you could kick yourself).*

*You feel so small,
As you recall
You said all your work was through;
You feel sort of sad,
'Cause you see a bad
Efficiency record for you.*



Y.H.A.



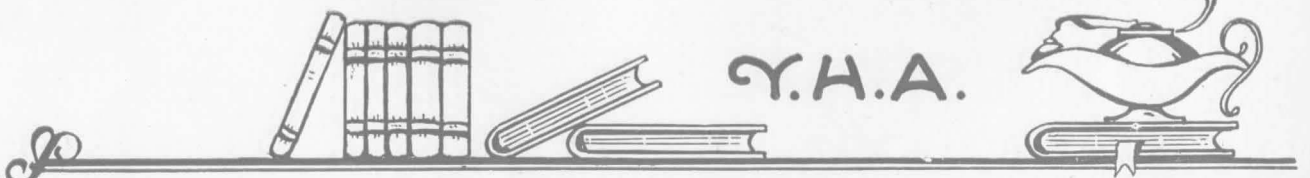


MR. FRANK E. FULLER
Organist and Choir Master
St. John's Episcopal Church



Glee Club

THE LAMP of Class 1929 and the entire School of Nursing take this most pleasant opportunity to express their deepest appreciation to Mr. Fuller for his painstaking and untiring effort as creator, teacher, and director of the Youngstown Hospital Glee Club. We feel that the success of the Glee Club is due entirely to Mr. Fuller's wonderful personality and tactful teaching. Our association with him, though too short, will ever be cherished and remembered by us.



The New Hospital

WITHIN the next few months the new hospital, called the North Side Branch of the Youngstown Hospital, will be ready for use. There are three main buildings, consisting of a main unit with medical and surgical departments for general cases, a maternity and children's unit and a large nurses' home.

The main building is built facing Gypsy Lane and contains 100 private rooms with the administrative offices on the first floor. The laboratory is also housed in this main building and will consist of four operating rooms, besides several anesthetic rooms, sterilizing rooms and general utility rooms.

The main unit is called the Buechner Memorial Building and was made possible through a contribution by the late Miss Lucy Buechner, in memory of her father, the late Dr. William F. Buechner and her brother the late William L. Buechner, both prominent surgeons.

The maternity building which faces the municipal golf course connects with the east end of the main unit and will have complete equipment for obstetrical cases, including 50 private rooms and a large nursery for 50 babies in addition to ten waiting and delivery rooms.

The roof of this building will be of cement and may be used by the patients.

The Nurses' Home faces Gypsy Lane and connects with the west end of the main building by means of a half-underground tunnel.

The home is beautifully furnished and equipped in the most modern manner, and will comfortably accommodate 100 nurses.

The buildings when finished will make up one of the most modern and completely equipped hospitals in this state.

Although the new hospital will relieve the congestion and crowded conditions in the present Youngstown hospital, it will continue to carry on under the present routine.

ELIZABETH BOYER



Y.H.A.



Biography of Dr. Wm. H. Buechner

WE owe the greatest praise and admiration to the memory of Dr. Wm. H. Buechner, who was one of our most capable surgeons. We look back with glorification to his great work for humanity, his human touch and his personal interest in all his undertakings.

His father, Dr. W. L. Buechner, came to the United States in 1853 from Germany. He located in Pittsburgh and practiced medicine for a short time. As business did not seem profitable, someone advised him to locate in Youngstown, as he would have more opportunity for advancement.

After residing in Youngstown for a short while, he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Heiner, Youngstown's first mayor.

In a large house on the corner of North Champion and Commerce Streets, which was then the residential section, Dr. Wm. H. Buechner was born, June, 1864. He spent his boyhood attending city schools, and was graduated from Rayen with high honors. Following in the footsteps of his father, he began the study of medicine at Western Reserve University, completing his course in February, 1882. He entered the University of Pennsylvania in September, 1885, for a post graduate course in surgery and continued until June, 1886. In the fall of 1886 he went to Germany and was given a place in the Halle Hospital. Dr. Richard von Talkmaun, the chief of the Surgical Staff at the Halle Hospital, was a former classmate and chum of Dr. W. D. Buechner. Dr. Von Talkmaun gave special attention and time to Dr. W. D. Buechner. After spending some time in Vienna and Berlin, he returned to the United States; settling in Cleveland where he practiced both medicine and surgery. He then came to Youngstown in 1890 to establish his practice as a surgeon.

Dr. Buechner's hobby, aside from medicine, which came first, was horses. He was very athletic and enjoyed the outdoor life.

Socially, Dr. Buechner was popular, being a member of various organizations, the Masons, Elks, and college fraternities.

Dr. Buechner's surgical ability was marked. He was alert, always ready to meet whatever might occur. Being fearless in his work, tactful in all procedures, laudible in all his deeds.

His father, Dr. Wm. L. Buechner, was one of the pioneer doctors of Mahoning Valley, and was prominent in the founding of the original Youngstown Hospital.

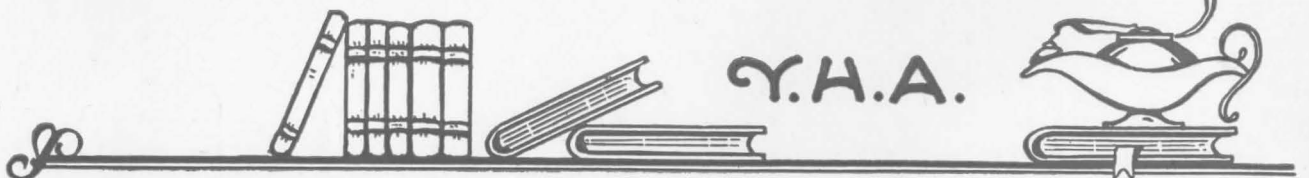
Dr. Buechner performed the first Caesarean Section in this city—the patient, an Italian woman, shot in the abdomen during a Fourth of July celebration.

He died in this hospital, following a short illness of pneumonia, Dec., 1920.

The main building of the new Youngstown Hospital Unit now under construction on Gypsy Lane, was made possible by the legacy of the late Miss Lucy Buechner as a memorial to her father, Dr. Wm. L. Buechner, and her brother, Dr. Wm. H. Buechner.

The name of Dr. Wm. H. Buechner will ever stand for efficiency in medicine and surgery.

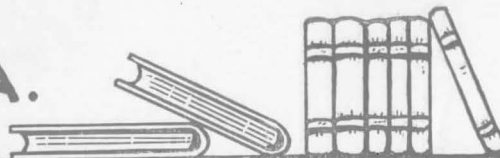
DOROTHY SIMPSON '29.



The Lamp



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Thoughts of a Night Nurse, From 12 to 3

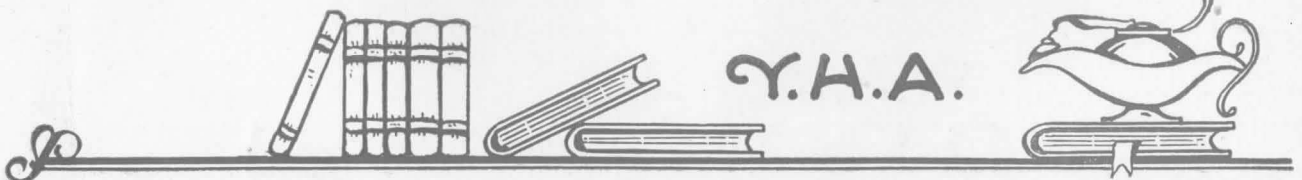
WELL—12 o'clock at last. Maybe I'll get a chance to sit down a minute. Seems I don't even know what a chair feels like. I know I've got a half-inch worn off the soles of my shoes from walking so much. Oh, what a relief. My knees just give way the minute I sit down. Just look at those charts—stacks of 'em. I s'pose I can keep awake long enough to do them, if I have to—"sleeping, sleeping"—oh, what wouldn't I give to sleep. I know I could make a better job of it than some of the patients. Oh, for a bed. I wonder who ever thought of the idea of charts. Oh, well—guess I better take a walk to wake myself up, cause the doctors might wonder why this patient on a liquid diet had a lunch of sandwiches, pickles and cheese at 1:00 a. m. Gee, I wish I had a sandwich—ham—and a nice big dill pickle. I don't care much for cheese. I shouldn't be hungry, tho'; supper was kind'a good, porkchops for a change. Now what does that patient want? "too cold." Well, I'll put on another blanket—"pull the window clear down?" Oh, no, it gets too stuffy. Another blanket? All right, but you've got so many on now I can't find you. Is that better now? All right, you're welcome.

Well, guess I'll chart some more. Sleeping—sleeping—guess I'll get an early permit and go out tomorrow. Haven't been anywhere, seen anybody, and done anything since I've been on nights. Better stir around or I'll be growing whiskers. You sure miss all the scandal; you never hear anything till it's a week old—ah—little surprise, another patient awake—"what! too warm?" well, we'll just open the window a little more. No, don't take off the blanket—no, you'll catch cold. It'll cool off after the window's open a while. There, feel that air. More comfortable now? able to go to sleep? You're welcome." Wouldn't that jar you—one too hot; one too cold—variety's the spice of life—how well we know it.

Time for a treatment for No. 20. Just listen to her growl. I don't blame her—I'd do more than growl if somebody woke me up at 2:00 a. m. for anything short of an elopement.

Well, that's over, better do my charts or I won't get off duty on time; who said there was nothing to do at night. I've been up and down three dozen times. No chance to get sleepy. I'll soon look like a jack-in-a-box. Guess maybe we won't have fun at commencement time. It just takes all the joy out of it though when you have to think of State Board—wonder what old fogey tho't of that. Bet they never had to study for it. But I guess if other people lived through it, I suppose I'll survive too. Ho-hum—gee, I'm sleepy. A little old cup of coffee would taste pretty good right now, but I'll have to drink water instead; no time to make coffee.

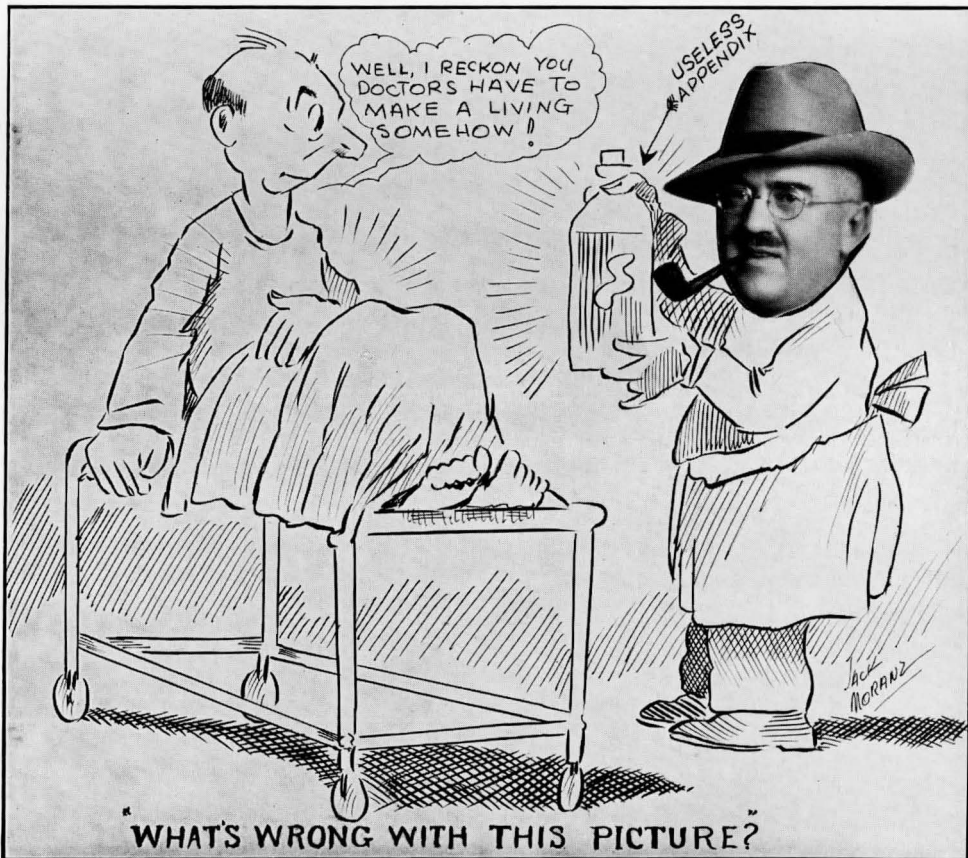
3:05 a. m., wonder where my relief is. I bet they forgot to get up. I'm



The Lamp

glad I'm off duty 3 to 6; it's not half bad getting up at 6 o'clock. I don't like 12 to 3 off, cause who likes to get up in the middle of the night.

Well, why don't you set your alarm for a quarter till three instead of a quarter till four? you weren't very sleepy—oh, no! Well! I'm going, orders are written down there—everything's the same. Goo'bye.



Y.H.A.



The First Car

DO DR. BOOTH is due the distinction of being the first medical man in the United States to make use of a motor car in his practice.

In 1894, experiments were made abroad, resulting in the appearance of what was then called a "Power Wagon." Dr. Booth was very much interested in reading the descriptions of this power-propelled vehicle, and thought that it could be made practical in his business and used to better advantage than a horse.

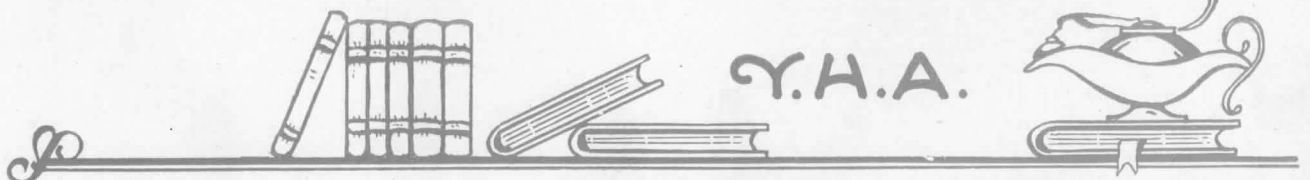
When on June 21, 1895, Dr. Booth's horse ran away and Mrs. Booth was seriously injured, Dr. Booth took up the motor vehicle in earnest, with the result that his car was first run out of the shop in November, 1895. They ran into the curb and broke an axle and had to take it back into the shop for repair and some improvements.

The building of the car was done under the doctor's personal supervision. To accomplish his purpose, Dr. Booth was required to exercise considerable ingenuity, mechanical skill and courage, and 2 a. m. found him many mornings, still working out on paper, the adjustment of this or that part, as the component parts were not in existence at that time. The single cylinder engine was made in New Brighton, Pa., and had to be changed from a horizontal to an upright position to fit into the car. The differential gear was an unknown quantity and had to be made over from parts of farm machinery. The drive was chain and sprocket wheel for low speed and leather belt for high, and it was the first automobile to use what is known as the knuckle joint for steering. The car was built and all the work of assembling was done by the Fredonia Manufacturing Co., and it was first called a "Horseless Carriage."

In the spring of 1896 it was entered in the Cosmopolitan race in New York. There were two other cars, a French car and an American car competing. Dr. Booth's car attained a speed of from 15 to 18 miles per hour and climbed a 15 per cent grade at 5 miles per hour, and was the only car that made the grade on its own power in the race.

In September, 1896, Dr. and Mrs. Booth started for Bass Lake in this car and had a most eventful trip as far as the foot of Parkman Hill. There the car stopped and refused to go any further because of a broken ignition wire which the doctor was unable to locate. One of the important events was that a horse became frightened and broke a sulky. Dr. Booth paid the repair bill of six dollars which made him a pioneer in paying damage in automobile accidents.

Dr. Booth tried very hard to interest his friends on the future possibility of the automobile, but he only met with discouragement. Dr. Booth kept this car about three years, but was unable to use it very much because of its unusual appearance on the streets. He sold it to the Owens Bros. in Cleveland. The last Dr. Booth heard of it, it was in an automobile show in Boston, and he was never able to trace it afterward.



The Lamp



Pinched



Spring has come.



Golfing -



6 A.M.?



Hallo!



Hint she sweet?



Mengrat



Guess who.



Good, juicy steak.



Bathing Beauties



'Gypsies five'



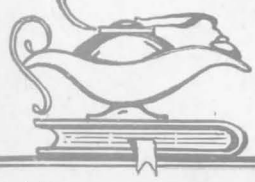
How's walking?



Blue?



Somebody's Stenoga.



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

That's the Senior Nurse

Tune: "Peggy O'Neil"

*If she lends a helping hand,
That's the Senior nurse;
If she loves your fellow-man,
That's the Senior nurse.
Serve—with never a thot for herself,
Serve—or else she'll go up on the shelf;
All hospitality—pep and vitality;
That's the Senior nurse.*

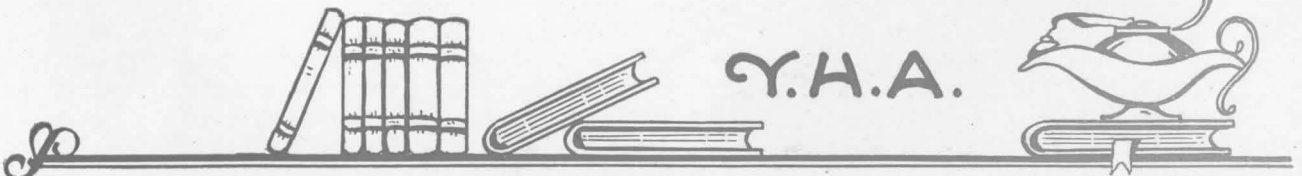
*If she has a winsome smile,
That's the Senior nurse;
If she has a taking style;
That's the Senior nurse.
If she walks like a girl of affairs,
If she talks like a nurse who cares,
Sweet personality, mighty mentality,
That's the Senior nurse.*

*If she eats pie with her knife,
That's the Intermediate nurse;
Can't shut up to save her life,
That's the Intermediate nurse.
You should hear her inhaling her soup,
She makes a noise like having the croup.
And when she eats noodles
She plays Yankee Doodles,
For that's the Intermediate nurse.*

*Hail, hail! The gang's all here;
Never mind the weather,
We are here together;
Hal, hail! The gang's all here,
We're here for a good time now!*

Tune: Farmer's in the Dell

*It's a horrible death to die,
It's a horrible death to die,
It's a horrible death to be sung to death,
It's a horrible death to die.*

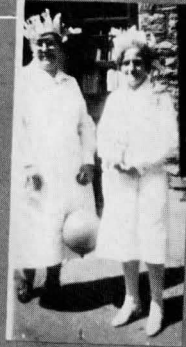




The Lamp



DAISIES?



MORE DAISIES.



NEXT.



SOON SENIORS



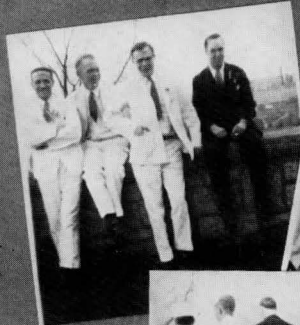
GOOD SPORTS



SENIORS SOON



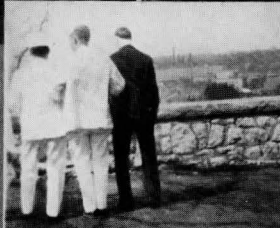
Well, well,



Oh me.



Oh my.



ARE THEY BACKWARD



"Now its just like this"



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Memoirs of 'Twenty-nine

The three years again draw to a close,
And good pals must be parted;
We think about the future years, for
Our new life must be started.

SKETCHES

"I love my supervisors dear," says
little June,
In accents sweet and noble;
"I work quite hard and keep quite
thine,
And thus keep out of trouble."

The beauties of a finger wave
I'm sure have been disgusted,
We're glad one member of the class
Will never get her hair mussed.

Some very quiet folks there are,
In this case look 'em o'er;
Humie, Antol, Mac, Boyer,
Sure, and there's lots more.

There's Ann, Gay, and Patsy.
No better friends could be,
Their troubles squared, their secrets
shared,
They are three in one, you see.

There's Mary and Dot, two pals gay,
They smile and laugh the whole day
through,
And Prudy of artistic fame,
I like her well, don't you.

There's Simpson, our class imp,
And Jonesy, Angel Child—?
Was anyone much worse than Simp?
Any one like Jones—so mild!

A girl named Mount, with manner
swank,
Could run the entire place,
Our prestige drops when her time
stops,
Who can this girl replace.

Chris Winter, bright and gay,
Adds much to our pleasure,
Bashful Simon, a good old scout,
Her work comes before leisure.

With golden hair and bluest eyes
Ena Hubbard, we all know;
And our friend called Louise Boscher
With manner calm and slow.

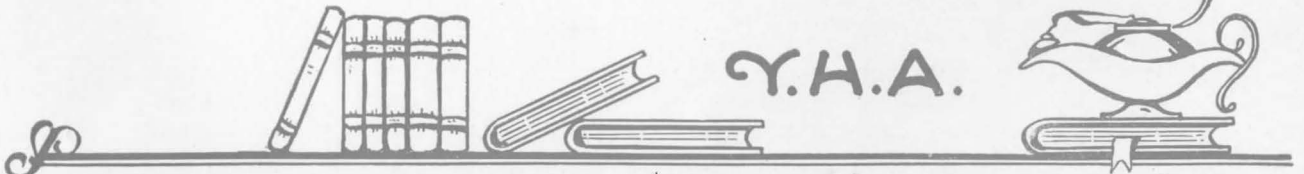
Tho McCleery's hair might be quite
red,
Her temper is nice and even,
And K. Robinson we all could tell,
We're sorry that she's leaving.

To those whom I've not mentioned,
We know your valued worth,
And say you can't be beaten
By anything on earth.

Keep '29 right in your mind,
Your course will 'ere be true,
Now 1929 bid you "adios,"
And "lots of luck" to you.

SMITTY, '29.

Oh, the Senior bunch is the truest and the best,
They keep things going and they never take a rest;
And they have one yell and they yell it all together,
And it goes like this:
"Senior Class Forever."
YELL.



Ode To A Necktie

To Dr. Ryall

*Some may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, cream, and mauve,
But the ties he wears must posses the glare
Of a red hot kitchen stove.*

*The books he reads and the life he leads,
Is sensible, sane, and mild,
He likes calm hats, and he don't wear spats,
But he wants his neckties wild.*

*Give him a wild tie, sister,
One with a cosmic urge,
A tie that will swear,
And rip and tear,
When it sees his new blue serge.*

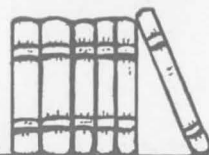
*Oh, some will say that a gent's cravat
Should only be seen, and not heard,
But he wants a tie that will make men cry,
And render their vision blurred.*

*He yearns, he longs, for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it,
If such there be, just show it to him,
Whatever the price, he'll buy it.*

*Give him a wild tie, sister,
One with a lot of sins.
A tie that will blaze
In a hectic gaze,
Down where the vest begins.*



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Things That Count

*Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.*

*The things near by, not things afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are,
These are the things that make or break
That give the heart its joy or ache.*

*Not what seems fair, but what is true,
Not what we dream, but what we do,
These are the things that shine like gems
Like stars in fortune's diadems.*

*Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.*

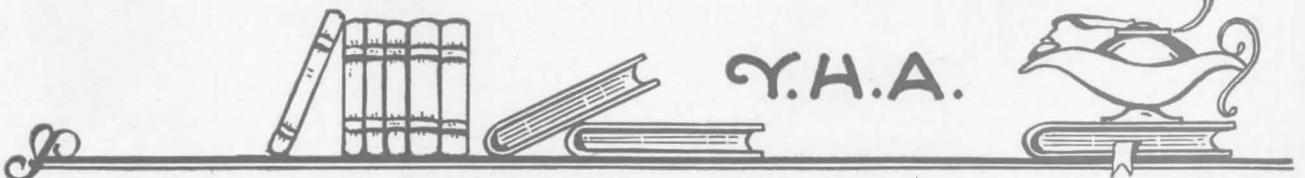
—MRS. ALTENBURG.

A Hobby

*Oh, I have a funny hobby
I indulge in every day,
But it is a pleasant hobby,
That has brightened all my way;
'Tis just a mode of thinking
I have grown accustomed to—
A lovely little habit
Of thinking well of you!*

*It is nice to have a hobby,
When my work has all been done,
Just a little bit of pleasure,
Ere the setting of the sun;
But I'm glad to say this hobby
Gives me joy the whole day through—
This jolly little habit
Of thinking well of you!*

—HELEN SMALES



The Lamp

Was Seen

*The fire burned low and the lamp went out,
Still the figure slumped in the chair;
Her face expressed despair and doubt,
Her hands were tearing her hair.*

*Her mouth was fixed, her eyes were set,
She seemed so very forlorn;
She prayed that she might somehow get
Through the state board exam in the morn.*



Suggestions For The Preliminaries

Work hard the first three years—the rest will be easy.

Learn to respect the upper classmen.

Take part in the Training School activities.

Know your lessons day by day.

Pay attention in class.

Be courteous.

Be honest.

Be loyal to your Training School.

Make chapel services more educational, orderly and interesting.

If these suggestions are carried out, the Training School will be a more attractive educational Institution.



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

A CHANT

There are eats that make us happy,
There are eats that make us chew,
There are eats that take away our pleasure,
Such as hash, pork and beans and stew;
There are eats that give us indigestion,
There are eats that put us all to bed;
But the eats that make us all so happy
Are the eats that we've just been fed.

There's sights you can see,
And many you've seen,
But the impossible sight
Is a prob that's not green.

There's music in the air,
There's rustlings all about,
Sweet sounds of earth are vanished.
When a Senior bawls you out.

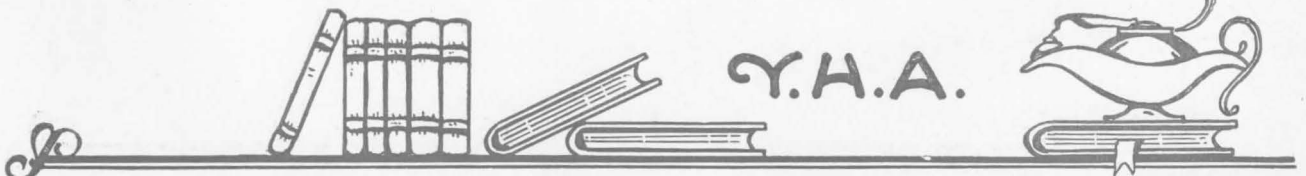
RUTH ULAM '31.

In a friendly game and chummy
When you've bid a foolish three,
And the lead is in the dummy
Where it hadn't ought to be,
And they set you most completely
As their knuckles down they thump,
Someone always tells you sweetly
That "you should have led a trump."

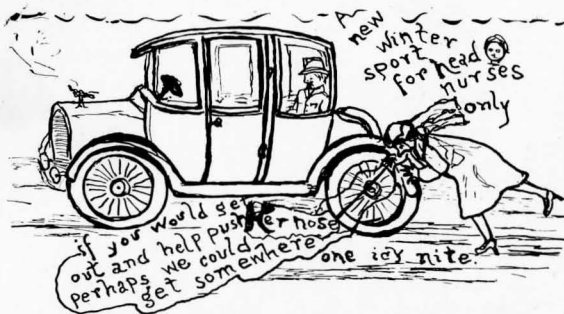
When opponents' bids are doubled,
Tho your hand's not worth a lick,
And they play it thru untroubled,
And collect an extra trick;
As they boast how well they played it,
And the score they gaily read,
Someone says, "They'd not have made it
Had you just returned my lead."

Thus we always hold post mortem
After every hand we play,
Sometimes take the cards and sort 'em
Just to show where errors lay.
Mr. Work would be most jealous
If we bridge fans of the land
Just could play that hand that's dealt us,
Like we'd play our partner's hand.

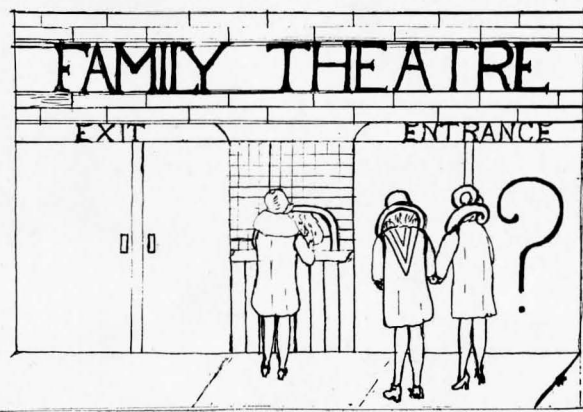
—PAUL McCREA.



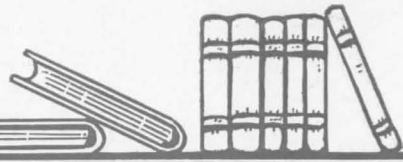
The Lamp



Ten little nurses
Sitting on a fence,
One spied the new interne,
And there was only one
little nurse
Sitting on a fence --
She committed suicide
Because she was too dense
(*She's a total loss*)



Y.H.A.



Jokes

The Probies were born for great things,
The Intermediates were born for small;
But the rest of us are figuring
Why the Seniors were born at all.

Doctor Allsop—H'm! Severe headaches, billious attacks, pains in the neck—h'm—What is your age, Madam?
Patient (cooly)—Twenty-four, doctor.
H'm, said the doctor, continuing to take the history. Memory affected, too.

Doctor Smeltzer (to old lady)—Yes, my dear madam, those pains in your left arm come with age.
Patient (with suspicion)—Yes, doctor, but my right arm is just as old as my left, and I have no pains in it.

Dr. Reckley (very excitedly)—Is there any one here who can speak Greek? I want to tell this patient something quickly.
Dr. Nelson—I have a patient on J ward who can talk Greek.
Dr. R.—Good!
Dr. N.—Yes, but he does not understand any English.

Miss McFarland—Every time you miss the question I put a cross beside your name.
R. Williams—Gee whiz. My paper must look like a graveyard.

Dr. Brant—I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long.
Pat King—Yield not to temptation.

Ann Davies—June M. has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months.
Dot. Simpson—And can you see any result yet?
A. D.—Yes, the roller is much thinner.

Dr. Tuta (comforting a fellow interne)—Take heart old man; we have to account for some troubles.
Dr. Brown—Yes, but three-fourths of them wear skirts.

E. Davis—Lying is not one of my failings.
L. McQuiston—No, a pronounced success.

Dr. Skipp (in lecture)—Some terrible things can be caught from kissing.
Frances Shell—That's right. You ought to see what my sister caught.

A telegram from Wendel—"Cannot come stop Washout on line.
Ena—Come anyway—borrow shirt.

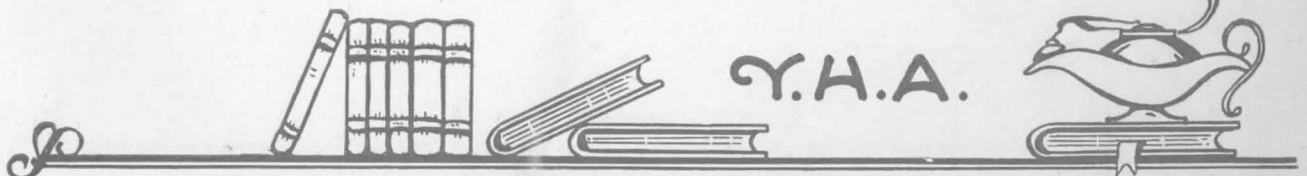
This is a pretty snappy suit, said the baby as he climbed into his rubber pants.

Truesburg, after finding a dead moth in her watch—No wonder my watch wouldn't run.
The engineer is dead.

June Mitchell—I can't swim.
Dorothy Bycroft—Why?
J. M.—I'm not in the water.

L. Bosscher—Why is this milk so weak?
P. Culver—Well, the cows got caught in the rain.

Dr. Thomas' little daughter—Father, how many calories is there in a bug? I just swallowed one.



The Lamp

Miss McFarland's
Children

Eating cereal by the Rect

E.DAVIS- Whats the difference between a girl and a horse?
B.F. -I dont know.
E.D I bet you have some swell dates.

NURSES PRIMER

WHERE ARE THE PROB'S?

Excercise & Fresh air and Sunlight.

Wa!! the Internes cant starve

Orthopedics Saw best be learned at 4 A.M

W H A A A A A

To bed at 8 P.M.

Senior Table Sept. 1st. 1928

Since that new class came in there isn't room at our table and we never get enough to eat!

Have you any butter over there?

Private

A B C D E F G H I J K L

Say, My Dinner is cold

Man I have some rye bread, peanut butter and coffee - I and dessert, please.

Id like my dinner, I've been here for half an hour now.

Peas, if I might take side for my life, I'll had a glass

Since that new class came in there isn't room at our table and we never get enough to eat!

If there was a little less noise my head would at ache so



Y.H.A.



The Lamp

Item in the N. Telegram—Dr. and Mrs. Reckley are making their residence at 6453 Pleasant Grove. They have a beautifully furnished home. Their dining room suite goes back to Louis the XIV, and they also have a bedroom suite that goes back to Sears and Roebuck the 15th.

M. Antol—Say, that's my umbrella.
L. Humason—I don't deny it, I bought it at a pawnshop.

Hello: Hello: Is this you Betty?
Yes.
Is this Betty Seely I'm talking to?
Yes.
Well, Betty, it's like this. I want to borrow fifty dollars—
All right. I tell her as soon as she comes in.

R. Simon—I can't find my last year's bathing suit.
K. Robinson—Maybe a moth ate it.

There was a little probie,
As green as green could be,
She wrote a little poem
About a little tree.

Life is like a deck of cards:
When you're in love its hearts,
When you're engaged its diamonds,
When you're married its clubs,
When you're dead its spades.

But, Miss McFarland pruned that poem
Till not a branch you'd see,
"Oh!" sighed the little probie,
"I'm greener than my tree."

Do right—and fear no man!
Don't write—and fear no woman!

How's Brown doing in the hospital?
Fairly well, but I don't think he will be out as soon as expected.
How did you find out—did you see the doctor?
No, I saw his nurse.

Probie—I'm trying to get ahead.
Senior—Goodness knows, you need one.

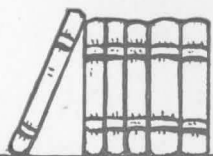
Fair Maid—Oh, sir, what kind of an officer are you?
Officer—I'm a naval surgeon.
Fair Maid—Goodness, how you doctors do specialize.

The shades of night were falling fast,
The man stepped on it, and rushed past,
A crush—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
—EXCELSIOR.

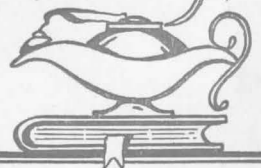
Distracted Wife (at bedside of sick husband)—Is there no hope, Doctor Jones.
Doctor Jones—Don't know. What were you hoping for?

A Scotsman rang up Doctor Thomas in a state of great agitation.
Come quick, he said, my little son has swallowed a penny.
How old is it, asked Doctor Thomas.
1894, said the Scotchmn.

Historians have never mentioned the girl who walked home from Paul Revere's mid-night ride.



Y.H.A.

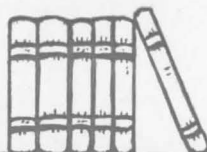


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Theo. R. Ship
E. H. Jones
C. M. Esker M
Mr. Weitelman
S. H. Keating
O. W. Haulman
R. R. Morral
L. D. Hutchman
Chas. Seefield
G. O. Gardner
A. E. Fuselman
R. W. Fenton
E. Baker
Daniel B. Hillier
F. F. Piercy

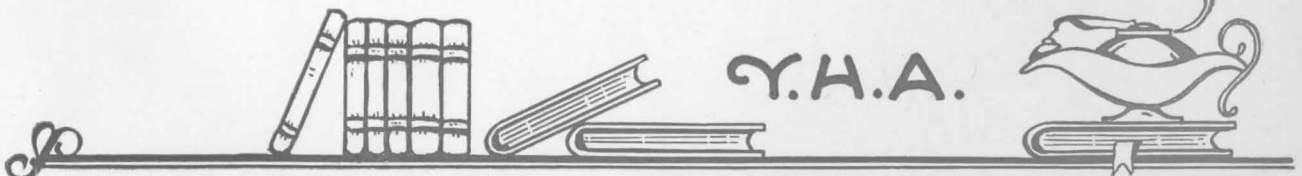


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Harold B Kern D.D.S
Mr. W. Ryall M.D.
J M Cavanaugh.
James L. Fisher
John F Lindsay
H E Patrick
William S. Taylor
Wm A. Walsh
A. J. Fugy
J. Walker
A. B. Grant.
M. H. Baum
V. A. Neel
Claude B. Brown

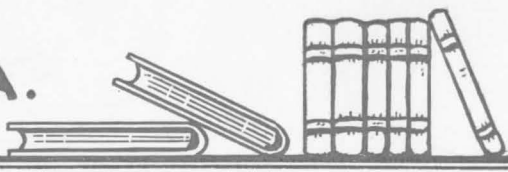


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Wendell H. Bennett
Gordon S. Nelson
Walter B. Turner.
Armin Fraemer
Wm. M. Skipp
John R. Buchanan.
W. K. Alsop
Sidney McCurdy
Ed. Jones.
Leona Clark
Karl W. Allison
F. J. Bierkamp
James A. Murbondy



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J. M. Cavanaugh.

A. W. Thomas

H. E. Bente

Edw. C. Goldcamp

Clyde C. Roller

Wm. H. Taylor.

Robert H. Wimmer.

Armen L. Gove

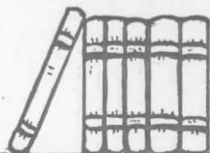
J. Paul Harvey.

John U. Buchanan.

Sol. M. Hartzell.

Deane Nesbit

Wm. C. Welch



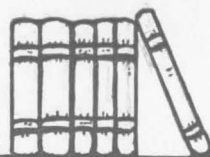
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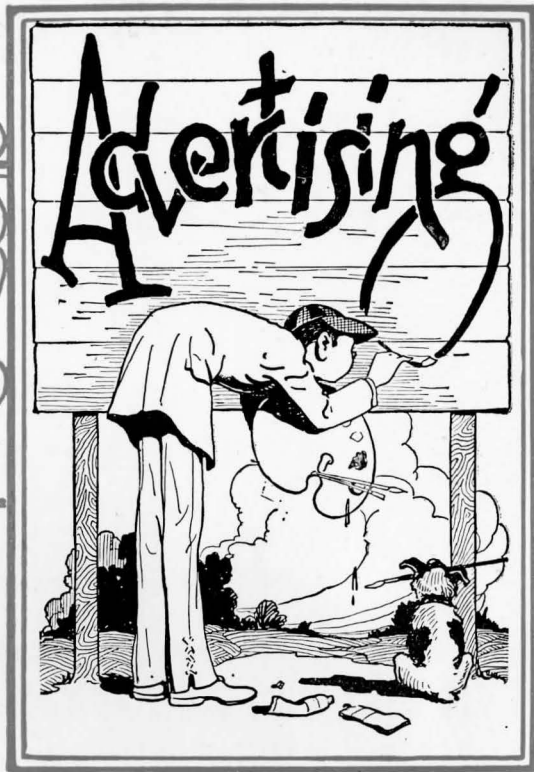


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Y.H.A.





Y
H
A



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INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

"Every Cup a Treat"

"The World's Finest"

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Canned Foods—Flavoring Extracts

L. H. PARKE COMPANY

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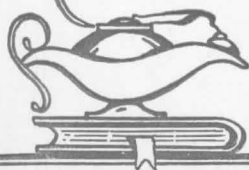
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Everything a Janitor Needs

301 Market St. Pittsburgh, Pa.



Y.H.A.



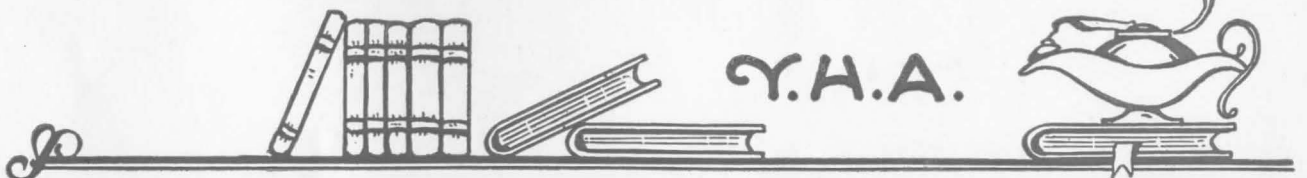


We Deem it a Pleasure
to dedicate this space to

"The Lamp"
and its editors

(This half-page, while not crowded with type,
is crammed full of our best wishes).

An Anonymous Advertiser





The End



*Bright Flower! for by that
name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave
fast,
Sweet, Silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun
and air
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a
share
Of thy meek nature!*

—William Wordsworth



Y.H.A.

