For Reference

Not to be taken from this room
Presenting
The 1947 Hypo

"He who will not look into the past to see the way our forebears have traveled cannot with certainty interpret the present nor with clarity chart the future."—Edmund Burke.
Published
by the
GRADUATING CLASSES OF NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN

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We present this Forty-Seven Hymn in hope that an injection in the future will renew memories of the past.

"For the good of humanity," the most worthy of all causes, the Rescue Home on Courtland Street was opened some fifty years ago. In this small five-room house, the dreams and works of one man made manifest the Georgia Baptist of today and inspired the plans for the Greater Georgia Baptist of tomorrow.
Georgia Baptist Hospital

Yesterday

Today

Tomorrow
Dedication

In highest tribute to their devotion to duty, in respect for their professional skill, in appreciation of such of these attributes that they have passed on to us, we dedicate this, our 1947 Hypo.

"Some of the names listed above are found in our history since the beginning; others have been added through the years which, without their loyalty, Georgia Baptist could not have developed to what it is today. As more names appear, new ideas and methods add to the bright future of Greater Georgia Baptist Hospital."
In Memoriam...

DR. O. D. HALL

To many the memory of Dr. Hall is life—where there was to be death; comfort—where there was severe pain; peace of mind—where there was fear. To us he is a shining symbol of all that the medical profession offers. His kindness and gentleness, his mercy and compassion, and the giving of his life for others is an inspiration to all who knew him.
Regardless of race, creed, or income they come to Sheffield Clinic, built on the foundation of Christianity, to receive instructions in pre-natal care, while others gain new hope and relief from their common enemy of cancer. Here the doctors of our institution pool their knowledge and time to the advancement of science.

To the students of Georgia Baptist the auditorium of Sheffield Clinic serves as a chapel. There each Monday night through the three years, they go for spiritual guidance. Every nurse holds close to her heart the memory of the night she walked down the aisle with her Nightingale lamp, repeated the pledge, and had the cap placed on her head.
Dr. L. G. Broughton, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, was sponsor of the Recue Home. With the assistance of Mrs. W. W. Ayers, Dr. Broughton's initiative added many of those ill, foreign, aged, and benighted.

"For the good of humanity," Georgia Baptist Hospital of today functions under the leadership of young and ambitious Mr. Peel. Working with him, as superintendent of nurses, Miss Dana Hudson represents all that is notable of the nursing profession.
Miss Dana Hudson
Superintendent of Nurses

Her fine example of Christian living and professional nursing lights the way for many an aspiring student.

Miss Bertha Blair
First Superintendent of Nurses

Dr. Len G. Broughton
Founder of Georgia Baptist Hospital

Edwin B. Peel
Administrator

He insures for us a promising future, fortified by a strong faith in God and courage to do His will.
Miss Emmaline McKie, Director

Admirable for her strong ability to lead, her desire to teach, and quality of character. A firm believer in “He helps those who help themselves.”

Educational Department

INSTRUCTORS

Miss Kathryn Dupree

Miss Imogene Kee

"The first school of nursing was organized under the direction of Miss Bertha Blair. She was a graduate of the Guy Street Infirmary of Louisville, Kentucky; an honor student with special training in institutional work. She chose Dr. Bronson's offer because of the great advancement being made through the Christian influence of those sponsoring the hospital."
Miss Mina Edinfield, Supervisor

As sweet and lovable as the children in her ward, Miss Edinfield is a supervisor we are willing to work for, an instructor we strive to learn from, and a friend we will treasure always.

Pediatric Department

Occupying only a small corner of our hospital, but a large corner of our hearts, the Children’s Ward is a place we look forward to and are repine to leave.
The center picture, taken years ago at the old infirmary, as compared with the two of today, makes us realize the evolution of technique and method of hospital surgery. Also, you might recognize the surgeons' faces—that's Dr. Dan Sage administering ether, Dr. T. C. Davison, surgeon, and Dr. H. W. Minor, assistant.

Brings back old memories—eh, Doctors.

This institution grew into the Tabernacle Infirmary, located on Luckie Street. Here donations from the church and recognition by leading doctors made possible more comfortable surroundings and the best in medical and surgical care.
To the new Operating Room nurse, Miss Reed's snapping fingers and crisp voice means "STEP"-but we come to love the sound and miss it when we return to the floor duties.
THE LABORATORY

To the student the laboratory is a maze of unknown bottles and machines. The busy technicians are forever performing routine duties and examinations. The laboratory is surely an indispensable unit of our hospital in the service rendered in aiding the physician in his work.
The enormous machines that are a part of x-ray fill the nurse and patient with awe. "Take a deep breath—hold it—now breathe" is a familiar chant of the technician who makes the pictures that are invaluable to the physician.

The Supply Room is our "Corner Grocery." In it we find all the essential and little extra items needed in our work. It is hard to realize the extent to which we depend on the services of our Central Supply Room.
Miss Blanche Sims, Supervisor of Obstetrics, directs us in that field of nursing for three months. She is possessed with the admirable combination of seriousness, devotion to duty, and sense of humor. She contributes her bit to make our training days a pleasure.

Miss Sadie Bailey, Assistant Supervisor, whom we remember as much by her nightingale voice, as by her thorough instructions in the classroom, and “circulating in the delivery room.”
With never ceasing awe and marvel at the miracle of birth, each nurse completes her prescribed number of "scrubs"—attaching to each a personal feeling of having helped to bring forth our leaders of tomorrow.

Part of her most pleasant days in training are those spent in the Nursery where she learns to love and care for "her babies", and with pride shows them to an always appreciative audience.

In 1912 Dr. Broughton accepted an offer to go to London. At this time the Baptist of Georgia took over the institution and it became known as the Georgia Baptist Hospital.
In 1903 the hospital was moved to Luckie Street. A three-story brick building accommodated seventeen patients.

It was with this movement that a dream began to develop into reality. The first doctor to be granted an internship was Dr. Orr, followed by Dr. J. T. Floyd, Dr. T. C. Davison and many others active on our staff today.
Miss Marshall is the guardian angel of the students. We rely on her to straighten out our time and visit us when we are ill. The problems and joys of the students are hers also. She is indeed our "angel of mercy".

Floor Supervisors

When evening falls and night has come, the floors of our hospital are supervised by our beloved Miss Henderson.

Though the ultimate objective of nurses today and yesterday coincide, the plans of work and study differ. Those nurses received no pay, much of their work was cooking and cleaning for the patients, and hours were long and endless. A certain amount of home nursing was required before completing the two-year course of training.
Every nurse thrills with anticipation, and trembles with uncertainty those first few days "on the floor."

Slowly she becomes capable, and the anticipation blends into a sense of duty; the uncertainty molds into self-confidence, and she glows with the satisfaction of being a nurse.
The students' interests are forever in the kitchen. "What's for lunch?" is a familiar cry.

We are grateful to Mrs. Mayer and her assistants for the fine foods they plan and prepare for us.
A familiar person—especially to the "nite shift"—is Miss Marshall. She really feeds us when we're hungry.

Many's the trip the student makes to the dining hall. Beside the familiar three meals a day, it's the scene of our Christmas Banquet, the B.S.U. get-togethers, and the banquet for the graduating classes.
No hospital would be complete without the invaluable services rendered by the household staff. They are always ready, willing, and able to perform any task to further the welfare of all concerned.
Mrs. Gifford has a very special place in the hearts of "her" girls. She greeted us when we first arrived, she burned the midnight oil to listen to our problems, she encouraged us when faltering, and put us to bed early at night. She is truly our second mother. We are grateful for the kindness she has shown us.

Mrs. Mauldin takes Mrs. Gifford's place when we become seniors. We have come to love our Barker Hall and Mrs. Mauldin.
An early morning prayer service gives us inspiration and courage before the day's work begins.

"How's everything? How are you today?" Cheerful Dr. Cofer poses as an example of the numerous doctors leaving orders.

Miss Richards, our hospital hostess, delivers the mail. "Has she come yet?"

All work and no play makes nurses dull girls.
Off duty for a few hours?—"My bed, where art thou!"

Say the Army travels on its stomach, well student nurses do, too.

"Get 'em there by Saturday noon 'er else."

Sunday morning—
"Dressed in our best bib-n'-tucker, and a-going to church."
"In 1903 the first class of students graduated from the Georgia Baptist Hospital Training School. Exercises for those four students were held in the Tabernacle Church. The momentous event consisted of presentation of class pins, diplomas, and a banquet given the graduates by the staff physicians.
First graduating class of Georgia Baptist Hospital Hospital School of Training—1905.
OFFICERS — MARCH 1947

India Dyer  President
Marie Bullock  Vice-President
Jeanette Langley  Sec.-Treas.

OFFICERS — SEPTEMBER 1947

Betty Hawks  President
Pat Dickert  Vice-President
Varnell Hudson  Secretary
Mildred Burtz  Treasurer

OFFICERS — DECEMBER 1947

Ferrell Smith  President
Augusta Brown  Vice-President
Selah Sanders  Secretary-Treas.
Seniors

MARIE BULLOCK
"Bats her eyes, grins her grin;
Who could help but be her friend?"

THELMA DAVIS
"She may look quiet, but—look
again."

INDIA DYER
"With thee conversing, I forget all
time—Tommy."

VIRGINIA HAYMAN
"Tender and true; in love, but—
with whom?"

OMIE HERRINGTON
"Nothing is impossible to a willing
heart."

JUANITA KENNEDY
"She giggles, she glows;
She's the girl with—
The cute ping nose."

GRACE KIDD
"Charm is in all her steps, heaven
in her eyes, in every gesture—digni-
ity and love."

JEANNETTE LANGLEY
"Happy-go-lucky. Happy—and
lucky."
BETTY LUNSFORD
"Not afraid of work, but most
assuredly not in favor of it."

DOT LESTER
"Love reflects the thing beloved."

LATHA MILLER
"What is more important in life
than man? Men!"

EDNA RAYBON
"Strong, silent type, may thus be
applied."

ELIZABETH SMITH
"Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to do but eat."

CHARLENE STEPHENSON
"Out upon it, I have loved thee
three whole days together."

MARTHA WARDLAW
"She wins, who plays a fair game;
She smiles and shows a kind heart."

VERNA WILLIAMS
"Sweet and lovely, lady be good."

MARTHA BRANHAM
"A Yankee? I sho is, honey
chile."
Seniors

IRI

Take it easy, have your fun, and let the old world flicker on.

Sybil Barnes

Silence is deep as eternity; speech as shallow as time.

Irene Belk

Always laughing, never sad, sometimes naughty, but never bad.

Jean Bell

Flawless complexion, coxes on ice; a friend to all, and really nice.

Doris Bledsoe

A loving heart is the beginning of all wisdom.

Jane Brewer

Trouble never troubles me.

Cornelia Brewer

She skates with ease—so her life goes.

T'lene Brinson

Brunette, petite, bright and neat; she isn't likely to be beat.
BERNICE BROWN
"Enjoy life ere it's fled;
When you die, you're a long time dead."

MILDRED BURTZ
A girl of remarkable intelligence
and unusual sweetness.

MARJORIE COLLIER
"Life is so short and sweet, and so
am I."

EVA COSPER
"True to her word, her work, and
her friends."

VIRGINIA CRENshaw
"Men may come and men may go,
But not if I can help it."

ALICE CROWE
"Merrily, merrily, shall we live
now."

PAT DICKERT
"Every gal for herself."

SARA ELLIS
"A smiling nature that seems to
always meet the present need."

ROBBIE FOSTER
"Some claim she is bashful, but some
doubt it."
JEANETTE FLETCHER
"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there is mischief in her eye."

CATHARINE GIBSON
"It is better to wear out than to rust."

FLORA HARcourt
"Give me a million men, but one at a time."

MILDRED HARDING
"She varnishes nonsense with wit and charm."

BETTY HAWKS
"It is the tranquil people who accomplish much."

EDITH HESTER
"So full of life and fun;
A friend and pal of everyone."

VARNELL HUDSON
"A dignified silence may cover a multitude of anything."

AVA JOHNSON
"Talented, dignified and tall,
She has a winning way with all."

SARA JONES
"Bright lovable wit, but above all, a little devil."
GERALDINE KITCHENS
"Is she so quiet and demure?
Maybe, but don't be too sure."

RUBY LEWIS
"Originality is my claim to fame."

BETTY MITCHELL
Long blond tresses, accomplished piano player, and a friend to all.

MARY NICHOLS
"A rolling stone gathers no moss—
But who wants to, anyway?"

DOROTHY NUCHOLLS
"Energetic, ready to go;
And at all times nice to know."

PEARL SHEPHERD
"One may be light-hearted without being light-headed; but I'm a little of both."

HELEN THOMPSON
"Her care is never to offend;
And every creature is her friend."

DORIS TORRANCE
"A lovely little miss, sweet and gay;
And one certain guy likes her that way."
DORIS WADDELL
"Tall and blonde; Of her we're fond."

LOUISE WORTHINGTON
"They make the least noise that climb the greatest heights."

DORIS YANCEY
"She provokes no enemies, and forgets no friends."
Seniors

ELINOR BISHOP
"Refinement creates beauty everywhere."

BONNIE BRACKETT
"When done by her, it will be done well."

AUGUSTA BROWN
"For what is virtue, courage, wit, in anyone, but a lucky bit?"

ERNA BRUCE
"Quiet she is and pleasant all the way; being modest and retiring all the day."

EDNA BRUCE
"She has both good nature and good sense—a rare combination."

EUDELLE DUNN
"Great is truth and mighty above all things."

DOROTHY GASTON
"As good-natured a soul as e'er trod on shoe leather."

MARY JO LOHR
"The sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses."
LATRELLE McQUEEN
"Pleasant, charming and has a way with men."

KATHERINE MURPHY
"A happy combination of friendship and beauty."

SELAH SANDERS
"All round girl, complete in herself."

BOBBIE SIMMONS
"As gentle as zephyrs blowing beneath the violets."

FERRELL SMITH
"One so lovable is bound to be loved."

ESTEEN WHIDDON
"Gay, pleasant and friendly; how else can we describe her."
Juniors

Sadie Lou Barton
Margaret DeHaven
Mary Frances Herr
Mary Logesof
Loreen Phillips

Alene Bayless
Murilla Dickens
Murice Hollaway
Grace Learned
Jacque Rose

Hazel Brooks
Meriam Griffin
Lottie Hollingsworth
Marilyn Morgan
Rubie Nell Shepherd

Mary Brownings
Agnes Gaddan
Alice Jenkins
Lois Newsome
Alwayne Simmerson

Elizabeth Chancy
Thelma Hacket
Alene Jones
Vivian Nichols
Edith Skidmore
"It is for us—to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion."
Receiving the cap signifies to the "probic" that she has just reached the first milestone of her career which leads to the much desired "R.N."
THE 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 elevate the standard of my profession, and I 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 to devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Organizations

"For eleven years doctors and nurses worked feverishly to care for the rapidly increasing desire of the public for medical care. Because of this crowded situation, Georgia Baptist Hospital was moved to a larger, better equipped building on East Avenue in 1914."
The Lamp... The Cap... The Nurse
The purpose of the Student Nurses' Cooperative Association of the Georgia Baptist Hospital School of Nursing is to provide a closer friendship and spirit of cooperation among the students, and between the students and the faculty. The Council seeks to uphold the high standard of honor and integrity in all matters, and to maintain the virtues, values, and traditions of our beloved hospital. The legislative and executive powers of the Student Government is vested in the Student Council. The Council is composed of the officers elected by the student body and the presidents of each class with Miss Dana Hudson, Superintendent of Nurses, as faculty advisor.

DORIS BLEDSOE, President
YOUNG WOMEN’S AUXILIARY

The Young Women’s Auxiliary is a missionary organization for unmarried women in churches and institutions of the world.

The Grace McBride branch was begun in 1923 in response to the need of nurses in training schools. The name, Grace McBride, was chosen in memory of the first nurse who died while serving in foreign mission fields.

We strive to create a Christian spirit between Baptist young women, and to advance mission work through prayer, freely giving, study, and as daily witnesses.

Seeking to make each year a better one, we carry with us our watchword: Daniel 12:3: And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.
The Baptist Student Union represents, includes, and unifies all of the Baptist Student activities of a religious nature on a single campus. It makes a telling impact for righteousness upon the life of the campus of our nursing school. The Council is composed of twenty-six students who plan the program of religious activity for the campus. Much of the wholesome recreation of the campus is also sponsored by the B.S.U. It seeks to promote religious growth through Bible study, meditation, prayer and church life.
THE HYPO STAFF

Seated, left to right: Juanita Kennedy, Doris Bledsoe, Dot Lester, Sara Jones, Pat Dickert, Verna Williams.

Dot Lester . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Editor-in-Chief
Pat Dickert . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Associate
Ferrell Smith . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Associate

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Doris Torrance . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Associate
The HYPO Staff

Wishes to express their appreciation to—

Miss Emmaline McKie, Sponsor
Miss Dana Hudson, Superintendent of Nurses
Mrs. J. W. Autrey

for advice and helpful guidance;

Miss Betty Lunsford
Miss Elizabeth Smith
Miss Mildred Harding
Miss Louise Worthington
Miss Pearl Shepherd
Miss Edna Bruce

for supplying information and helping us make our annual a nicer memorial to our days at Georgia Baptist Hospital;

and to
George Horn
Bob Music
Rufus Wood

for the drawings that appear in this year’s publication.
"To help humanity lift the load," a motto saying so little, yet meaning so much, urges the Baptist of Georgia to erect the hospital of today, and draw plans to put the Greater Georgia Baptist Hospital beside it—Thus, a dream realized."
Here's where many a nickel and dime of our money was spent on cokes and candy. The Sandwich Shop does its bit in maintaining the morale of a nurse's life.
March 1947

MOST PROFESSIONAL
Miss Dorothy Lester

MOST INTELLIGENT
Miss Verna Williams

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
Miss India Dyer
BEST ALL AROUND
Miss Virginia Hayman

WITTIEST
Miss Juanita Kennedy

PRETTIEST
Miss Edna Raybon
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
Louise Worthington

MOST INTELLECTUAL
Mildred Burtz

MOST PROFESSIONAL
Betty Hawks
BEST ALL AROUND
Miss Patricia Dickert

WITTIEST
Miss Sarah M. Jones

PRETTIEST
Miss T'lene Brinson
BEST ALL AROUND
Miss Ferrell Smith

WITTIEST
Miss Dorothy Gaston

PRETTIEST
Miss Latralle McQueen
March 20, 1944

Twenty-eight apparently normal, white females were admitted to Georgia Baptist Hospital. On observation these girls were found to be in a state of extreme excitement, anxiety, and uncertainty. The cardinal findings were: elevated temperature, dyspnea, pallor, and in a few cases, a complete loss of voice.

This group voluntarily entered this hospital with chief complaints of Nightingale pains, unnatural desire to work, and illusions of patriotism. Physical and mental examinations along with laboratory findings indicate the condition to be nursing fever. Two of the patients were immediately dismissed from the hospital, as there was no trace of the fever in laboratory findings. Those remaining were assigned to rooms in groups of three and made comfortable on beauty-rest bunks, which were to be their haven of rest during the first six months of treatment and observation.

After some consultation and discussion, it was thought best to start this group out on a strong dose of anatomy, psychology, biology, chemistry, sociology, microbiology, professional adjustments, and drugs and solutions. The results desired from this treatment were to antagonize the fever, causing it to rise, building in the girls a desire to let it run its course of three years.

It was important that these girls be made to realize the drudgery accompanying this illness; the unhappiness and loneliness that will tempt and urge them to allow the fever to drop; and the work required to build body, soul, and mind to the height where the fever is no longer a painful desire, but a soothing consolation.

These patients appeared strong in character, able in body, determined in mind and soul. With these qualities, the therapeutic measures recommended should, within six months, put the girls in condition for the second stage of treatment.

September 25, 1944

The examinations, tabulation of six months, notes, general check-up done on this day showed that twenty-four of the girls were ready for the physical therapy phase of treatment. They had responded to treatment during the past months remarkably well. Their bodies were strong, their minds overflowing with medical knowledge, and all were eagerly looking forward to the next day when they would be allowed to take their first steps as capped nurses. On the night of September 25, 1944, as an introduction to the new therapy, the patients received a small, dainty, white cap. This cap vitamin was meant to instill in the girls the courage, determination, and pride which they need to carry them through the new exercises assigned them during the following eighteen months, the idea was to give the body a chance to properly put into effect the procedures and medications injected into the mind the first six months.

Those next eighteen months were to be most trying of them all. The prognosis was so undetermined for each one. Close observation, strict regulations, detested seniority, and continuous restrictions tended to discourage the patients, test their resistance, challenge their patience, and make genuine nurses of those who possessed the tenacity and fortitude to withstand the treatment.

By September, 1944, it became obvious that an epidemic of nursing fever was sweeping the country.
On the fourteenth, another group of victims, fifty-seven in number, was admitted to Georgia Baptist Hospital. It seems to be the popular opinion that this is a communicable disease, as many of the recent victims were sisters or close friends of those previously admitted. Histories and physicals showed the exact signs and symptoms as found in group one. Therefore, therapeutic measures previously practiced were recommended for these new patients.

January 1, 1945

On touring the wards of nursing fever on the morning of January 1, 1945, the girls of group one were found in shocking condition. Some were in a sleep of exhaustion, some extremely dejected and utterly lifeless, and still others were just thoroughly unhappy. General concern was somewhat alleviated when it was learned that they were receiving daily "I.M." injections of the "kill or cure" drugs, "eleven to seven" and "two-thirty to eleven." Very few failed to respond to these medications, but all felt at one time or other that they could take no more. This phase of treatment was expected to put the patients a step nearer recovery.

On this New Year's Day, Ward Two presented a different story. The girls were in gay spirits, having just been stimulated by application of the clean white uniform. They had been given new exercises and new responsibilities such as: giving baths, filling water pitchers, and speaking to doctors. Some seemed near a state of psychosis, but that was to be expected at this particular stage of the disease.

It would seem to one passing through the hospital on January 1, 1945, that a new ward had been added to the nursing fever unit, for there sat twenty-four new patients—stiffly erect, eyes wide, and ears cocked. Georgia Baptist welcomed these new patients with open arms and resolved on the morn of the New Year to instill in them the burning desire to be ideal patients and efficient nurses.

March 20, 1945

The staff of Georgia Baptist feels safe to leave these patients to direct themselves, as they are now oriented to the nursing routine. Their bodies are strong and capable of performing the activities of one on the road to recovery.

After another year the crisis will come, and a black band of distinction, a band of continuous stimulation, will be added to the "cap" pill. The girls will drift down to a normal level again, and finally, at the end of the three years, they will be free of the fever, but will have been inoculated with that most precious and priceless serum which transforms a girl into a graduate nurse—the serum called "Service to Humanity."

The other two groups will follow routinely the steps of the first. The staff is confident of its methods of treatment. It is up to the girls to aspire to reach the top, acquire the black band of distinction, swallow the drug of success, tolerate the graduation exercises as a pre-operative medication to the cerebrotomy operation by Dr. State Board, and recover to be dismissed from this Hospital as Registered Nurses.
March 1947

The year is 1957, and just at dusk this day I was sitting by the fish pool off the terrace of my "Home For the Aged," when suddenly there was a strange apparition. I had been reading "Tips on How to Have a Trim Figure" in a popular magazine by Thelma Davis, and I must have dropped off to sleep. I am now writing by candle light so as not to disturb any of my residents, and the faint flickering brings it all clearly back to be.

There was an astounding noise, and when I looked up a gnome-like creature was standing on one of the lily pads. He told me he was a citizen of Mars and in his hand he held pictures showing my classmates of Georgia Baptist Hospital, Class of 1947, in their various walks of life. Naturally, I begged him to permit me to see them . . . so grab a chair, girls, here goes!

First was Elizabeth Smith, finally taking that long-talked-of tour around the world. I always knew Liz would go places. I saw a picture of her in the magazine this afternoon modeling Imperial Swim Suits. I suppose she models in her hours off.

Well, who's this? The former India Dyer and her doctor husband, Tommy. Their lovely home is really the show place of Nacoochee Valley. It's beautiful, and that Kentucky fence around it just sets it off. India always was a fiend for fences.

Next was Grace Kidd giving a radio lecture titled, "Abnormal Psychology of Student Nurses." I recently read in the paper of Grace's engagement to a progressive young doctor.

I've never been more surprised in my life than when I saw the picture of Latha Miller waving to a host of people from the Pan-American plane on which she is stewardess. She carries a complete assortment of records which she plays for her passengers, so there is "Music In The Air."

An intense scene showed Charleen Stephenson as special suture nurse for a famous surgeon at Johns Hopkins. Charlie also teaches a class of teen-agers from her best seller on how to use charm and personality and always be a favorite with people wherever they go.

There was Dot Lester married to her Marine and living in Kentucky raising cows and little Harrises. Dot also uses music to achieve contentment with her herd.

Can you imagine Edna Raybon being married to the Governor of Florida? Prior to her marriage Edna was employed by the Fire Department as a banker to remind the victims to walk, not run, to the nearest exit. It was on one of these occasions that she calmly walked out with her present husband.

I saw Martha Wardlaw traveling with her husband, who has recently been appointed Ambassador to India. Before her marriage Marty was Public Health Nurse. P.S. They have their own private autogyro to get about in.

It's really quite incredible, but sure enough there was Omie Herrington, troopoung all over Africa as the wife of a big game hunter. I remember when we were in training I was always envious of Omie's calmness.

Juanita Kennedy is conducting a travel agency. Her tours are world-wide and include long visits to South Carolina. In her travels she has picked up many interesting curios.

Strange as it may seem, Marie Bulloch has won recent fame as a golf champion. She is also well known for her version of the "Red Pepper Rhumba" which she gracefully performs upon request.

The former Virginia Hayman, famous photographer for a news-reel service, was snapped herself in the process of shooting the latest White House lawn party. She has her own plane that she flies home in to her hubby and the children every night.

The former Jeannette Langley was busily going about her household duties in her "garage"-apartment. Out in the back, 'Nette and Johnnie have a little garden plot that they farm, just for old time's sake.

Last, but not least, there was Verna Williams teaching physical education at a fashionable resort in Florida, as well as keeping her lovely home in perfect order. She and Doc have a darling little girl, the image of Verna.
As suddenly as it had appeared, the apparition vanished as I was awakened by the postman shaking me. Seeing the letter addressed to me marked "Special Delivery," I quickly forgot the dream. The letter was from my old roommate, Martha Branham. For years, I've been begging her to come visit me, and at last she's coming. After we graduated Martha went to Nevada to take a post-graduate course in psychiatry, and while there she married a wealthy rancher. I hope she brings the five boys, but I know it's such a bother traveling with children.

Well, girls, this has been a pleasant, although trying, day. It's nice to know what's happened to all of you. Now as the day comes to a close, I'll extinguish my candle, go to bed, and see you in my dreams.

Betty Lunsford

September 1947

On a September day in 1962, my editor called me in and asked if I wanted to do a series of articles on "America's Outstanding People." I thought it would be a splendid idea, so I phoned my husband that he'd have to get his mother to keep the children while I ran off on another assignment.

New York was first on my list with an interview with the dancing expert, Edith Hester. She had just returned from another triumph in Europe, where she taught the Prime Minister of England the "Hubba Hubba Jive." Asked how her nurses' training came into the picture, she replied: "Oh, it is quite handy; on my latest tour I had to give First Aid to most of my dancing partners; including, of course, the Prime Minister."

Luncheon at the "Old South Cafe" proved a profitable experience. Flora Harcourt and Virginia Crenshaw specialized in fine Southern cooking and Georgia accents. Their respective husbands conveniently served as waiters. An interview with John R. Powers gave me a big thrill because he had as two of his favorite cover girls, T'Lene Brinson and Doris Bledsoe.

In Philadelphia I was to see the president of the University of Fine Arts. Mildred Burtz took the honor well in her stride and proved to be a charming hostess. Doris Yancey was a member of the faculty, and they were both married to college professors.

Washington was my next stop, and here I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Daddy Rabbit. The elites of the political world gather in their home for tea (among other things) at least once a week. D. R. is president of the Organized Society of Peaceful Paratroopers and wields quite a bit of influence in the Washington lobbies. Irene Bell's charm is a byword in capital society. We discussed the fates of many of our friends of training days. Their various ways have taken them into many different walks of life.

Sybil Barnes is living in Colorado with her husband and five children. . . . Betty Hawks runs an antique shop in Newport News . . . Eva Casper is Superintendent of Nurses in a children's hospital in Louisiana. . . . Catherine Gibson is at the South Carolina Baptist Hospital and is married to its chief of staff. . . . Jean Bell is an anesthetist at Johns Hopkins. . . . Robbie Foster is living in Kentucky. She has taken a liking to fine horses and owns several stables of them (well, she does) . . . Varnell Hudson is head designer at one of the Hollywood movie lots. . . . Mary Ellen Nichols is living in Argentina and is married to a Latin by the name of Manuello Ferdinando de y Carvenos—it took her ten years to learn to spell all that. . . . Dee Dee Torrence and Bob operate a lumber camp in Oregon. I didn't know that she was such an outdoor girl. . . . Elizabeth Ellis is married to a cattle man and lives on a ranch in Texas (her dream came true).

As I rushed off to catch the four o'clock train, I had just enough time to get a couple of books and magazines to read on the way to Atlanta. I turned through the pages of one magazine and found an article on "Thirteen Roads to the Reform School," by Helen Thompson. It satirized the present trend of thought that to discipline children was to risk consequences of complexes in later life. It seems Helen still believes in the hair brush formula, and she quotes admirable results in the rearing of her nine children. I discovered that one of the books I hurriedly bought was written by Mildred Harding. Remember Mildred of the ready wit and dry humor? It seems the publishers know about that, too, for the fly-leaf describes her as "the master of whimsical satire."

I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I
knew, the conductor was calling: "Atlanta, Georgia, change for all points." My first assignment was to interview Atlanta’s best-dressed matron, Ava Johnson Underwood. After visiting her at "Enchanted Gardens" in Druid Hills, I decided she should be a contender for the world title. Ava graciously consented to invite all of our classmates who still made Atlanta their home to dinner, including Bee Brown, who was visiting from Alabama. Bee confided her plans to run for Congress this year. I was also pleased to see my old friends, Jean Fletcher, Scrappy Waddell, and Mavis Barfield. Jean is married to Tommie and is living in Buckhead . . . Scrappy is living in Buckhead, too, and is married to Marshall . . . Mavis makes it a threesome since she and Haywood and the four little Hackneys also make Buckhead their home . . .

Alice Crowe writes the daily menu feature for the Journal. She pays her husband half her salary to keep her secret—she can’t cook . . . Dot Nuckolls reads bedtime stories for the kiddies over WSB . . . Cornelia Brewer, who married her sweetheart of training days, had come up from Savannah. I was surprised to learn that her sister, Jane, had finally moved to Alaska. She has been saying for the past ten years that it was too hot in Savannah . . . Geraldine Kitchens stayed on at Georgia Baptist and is Supervisor of Central Supply Room. She has a whole floor for it, too. We both remembered when it was cornered in one small room on fifth.

Scrappy informed me that Sara Mae Jones was living on a farm up in the mountains with her thirteen children, mules, pigs, chickens, and husband. That sounded good to me, so the next day we went to see her. She was sitting on her front porch, and without taking her bare feet off the bannister, she invited us to come up and sit a spell. A pig also accepted, but Sara was unconcerned. "Oh, don’t mind Artichoke; he’s like one of the family." I noticed Jonsey was on page 1003 of "Shakespeare’s Collected Works." She’s been reading that book ever since we left school, but then, she has had a few interruptions since then.

Florida was calling, so reluctantly, I left Atlanta with all of its memories. Jacksonville was a lay-over stop, so I decided to visit Pat Dickert—you know Pat; she was going to be strictly a career woman. She is married and has three boys. I asked her how Betty Mitchell was getting along since she denounced men and marriage after her third divorce last October. "Oh, she married a cowboy out in Oklahoma last November," Pat laughed. And to think of all the trouble I had getting one husband!

St. Petersburg was to be my last stop, where I was to interview the head of the Chamber of Commerce, Marjorie Collier. Her praises of her home town are far more elaborate now than back in 1947, and that is saying something. The finals of the Florida Women’s Open Golf Tournament were to be held there the next day, and who should walk off with the title but Ruby Lewis! Also vacationing in St. Petersburg was the famous "Winged Missionary," Louise Worthington of Africa, who was in the States on furlough. She has more than fulfilled the expectations of her class, who elected her "Most Likely to Succeed." She is also an expert pilot, airplane mechanic and navigator.

What a journey! The peace and quiet of a hotel room is just the place to put the finishing touches on my manuscript. Oh, there’s the phone, and I know by the way it rings that it is my husband. "For goodness’ sake, hurry home," he roars. "Junior has just eaten his third bar of soap, the twins have been expelled from school, Jerry ran through a plate glass window on his bicycle, and—" "Yes, dear, I know, your mother couldn’t stand it and she left and you are getting ready to send the whole bunch to the reform school. Just hold everything, I’m coming."

Of all the wonderful things that have happened to my classmates, it just would have to happen that my children eat soap, get thrown out of school, break windows, and—that’s the use; I guess I just wasn’t meant to lead an exciting life.

Pearl Shepherd
Night has fallen. The gypsies have peacefully settled within the circle of their caravan. The flickering fire casts mysterious shadows about the Class of 1947, as they gaze intently at the gypsy’s face.

The fire becomes a crystal ball as she moves her arms before the flames. Her rapt audience falls into the spell. Slowly the future unfolds. The flames recede, and into the foreground under the gypsy’s hypnotic spell, we visualize there in the limelight a famous bandleader, who recently spoke the nuptial vows with Miss Eleanor Bishop. In the former Miss Bishop’s working hours she supervises the nursery at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital. Here, we also find Miss Selah Sanders, in all her dignity, performing her duties as Surgical Supervisor. She keeps all the girls toing the mark with that “sitting-on-ready, snap-of-the-fingers” air.

The immaculate Obstetrical Ward comes into view, and we find the chief obstetrician making his daily inspection. As the contours of his face come into focus, we recognize him as the husband of Miss Latrelle McQueen.

A curl of smoke obliterates this scene as another comes into view. Here we see that six feet of poise, Miss Bonnie Brackett, reigning over the student nurses at Greater Georgia Baptist Hospital.

In the Pediatric Department of the same building we see Miss Esteen Whiddon, as jolly as ever, receiving six children from the Home that will have tonsillectomies all in the same hour if possible. No wonder she looks so happy.

The flame flickers; we see a dimly lighted room in a country home. Standing over a fevered brow is Miss Eudelle Dunn, the Public Health Nurse of Ben Hill County. Girls, she is still visiting the sick at all hours.

The luminous flame transforms to the rippling waters of the Atlantic. A U. S. liner appears on the horizon. Aboard is Miss Edna Bruce on a return trip from Switzerland, where she has just attended an Ambassador’s Ball. She is elated to find that the Nurse-in-Chief on the ship is our Miss Augusta Brown. Miss Brown is waiting for the great day when she retires and settles down with her favorite books and records in that summer cottage.

As the fire grows dim, effacing this scene, we gaze upon Miss Erna Bruce, in the main office of a psychiatric hospital. Her desire to specialize in this field came during those three months of affiliation at Milledgeville.

Our former Miss Bobbie Simmons is spending her morning hours behind the desk on the deteriorated ward at the Milledgeville State Hospital. Her afternoons and evenings are devoted to her super-duper ex-sailor.

A nursery reveals itself. Here we find a happy young mother surrounded by her four pleasingly plump children. We can tell by the gay laughter that it is the former Miss Dorothy Gaston. But did she have to name all four of the children “George”?

The fire grows dimmer as this scene vanishes. We see Miss Katherine Murphy exchanging her air-line stewardess wings for a wedding ring.

The next flame reveals a huge drug-room. On the shelves we find many cartons of the new miracle drug, “Wright’s Root Suit ‘Em All Oil.” The model appearing on each carton is recognized as our former Mary Jo Lohr. After retiring from industrial nursing she became a model for her husband, the manufacturer of that wonderful drug.

The drug room merges into a prominent doctor’s office where the former Miss Ferrel Smith is graciously receiving the patients and trying to squeeze in “a few more appointments before she rushes off to her comfortable apartment and her "Ramblin’ Wreck from Tech."

The flames have melted into a glowing bed of embers; the class returns to their daily tasks, remembering—

“That everything will come right
If they will only believe the gypsy.”

Ferrell Smith
Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of 1947, being of sound mind and body, in the presence of these witnesses, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament:

Article one: We bequeath Martha Branham's ability to dress in a hurry to Floye Teague; her equestrienne traits to Hazel Ware; her capacity to "just get around" to Mauline Beard and Helen Kee; and her maddest of ways to Hazel Brooks.

Article two: We leave Marie Bullock's short curls to Merle Holloway, and her dimples to Hazel Reese.

Article three: We leave Thelma Davis' rendition of "Lazy Day" as an accompaniment to scrubbing in Surgery on Monday morning to Jackie Rose, her small stature to Lottie Hollingsworth, and her mischievous ways to Marjorie Harvey.

Article four: India Dyer's love for one man we leave to Mardelle Hall, along with her Emory pendant and Theta Kappa Psi pin; the wide-eyed expression of her big blue eyes we will to Marie Rimes.

Article five: Virginia Hayman's capacity for making speeches and leading prayer meeting we leave to Martha McChesney, and her professional dignity and easy manner we leave to Jean Thrash.

Article six: To Flora Smith we leave Omie Herrington's ability to get around in a hurry, and to Faye Scarborough, her efficiency and good-heartedness.

Article seven: We bequeath Juanita Kennedy's vivaciousness and infectious giggle to Grace Learned and Bette Timmerman, and her wit to Lois Bizzell.

Article eight: We leave Grace Kidd's gift of gab to Juanita Barefoot, and her dependability to Mary Browning.

Article nine: We will Jeannette Langley's swagger to Mary Parker, and her trait of Ish Kabibble to Mae Simmerson.

Article ten: To Olive Phillips we will Dot Lester's red-rimmed specs and equally famous red woolen scarf to tie her curls at night, her bow legs we will to Billie Rawls and Dorothy Confer, or to anyone who can "sit a horse" three-fourths of her life acquiring the same; her prowess as a tennis champ to Olive Noble, and her poise and leadership to Margie Bryant.

Article eleven: We will Betty Lunsford's nonchalance to Rebecca Wilson, and her musical talent to Margaret DeHaven.

Article twelve: We bequeath Latha Miller's long telephone calls to June Vaughn, her skill for arguing all day to Beverly Ann Duren; and her brain child tendencies to Margaret Garrett and Alene Bayless.

Article thirteen: We leave Edna Raybon's imperturbability in an emergency to Flora Smith and Mardelle Hall; her stately beauty to Margaret Porter; and her love for great-big-strong-handsome men to Lula Claire Barnhart.

Article fourteen: To Betty Hale we leave Elizabeth Smith's slim figure, along with her vitamin pills and fattening tonics; and to Minnie Stipes we leave her desire for finer things of life. That famous version of "Olive Oil" belongs to "Smitty" alone, no one else could do it justice.

Article fifteen: To Bette Timmerman we will Charlie Stephenson's famous personality smile, and her love for sweaters; her love of sports we leave to Vashni Henderson; that jitterbug-shuffle gait to Lois Bizzell, and her willingness to get a "cool soda" any ole time to all who are exhausted in their supply of sustenance.

Article sixteen: We bequeath Martha Wardlaw's quiet, lazy ways to Bernice Schulte, and her formula for combating tattle-tale gray to Mr. Mitchum in the laundry.

Article seventeen: Verna Williams' dark beauty we leave to Frances Hearn and Agnes Gardner, and her inexhaustible supply of practical jokes and good-natured teasing to Dot King, and her culinary and sewing arts to Loreen Phillips.

Article eighteen: We leave Sybil Barnes' quiet, reserved manner to Opal Owens.

Article nineteen: To Sarah Foster we leave Mavis Barfield's Swiss post cards. Mavis has decided to keep what came with the post cards.

Article twenty: We leave to Grace Learned Irene Belk's partiality to tall, dark, handsome men.

Article twenty-one: Jean Bell's craving for cokes we leave to Dr. Steve.

Article twenty-two: To Lois Newsome, we leave Doris Bledsoe's bewitching way with the opposite sex.
Article twenty-three: We leave Cornelia Brewer's strings attached to Savannah to Joyce Fryer.

Article twenty-four: We will Jane Brewer's sisterly love to the Noble girls, not that they particularly need it.

Article twenty-five: To Lottie Hollingsworth, we leave T'Lene Brinson's title of "Prettiest" of next year's class.

Article twenty-six: We leave Bernice Brown's restless feet to Hazel Ware, who has several extra pairs of shoes.

Article twenty-seven: Mildred Burtz' intellectual attainments we leave to the incoming freshmen. Believe me, you'll need it, girls.

Article twenty-eight: We leave Eva Cooper's Southern drawl and quiet manner to Bernice Schulte.

Article twenty-nine: To June Vaughn we leave Marjorie Collier's Floridian charm, because "to those who have it shall be given."

Article thirty: We leave Virginia Crenshaw's gypsy tresses to Sue Williams.

Article thirty-one: We leave Alice Crowe's get up and go to Miss Simpson, who sings "give me five minutes more" to the alarm clock every morning.

Article thirty-two: To "Ti" Henderson, we leave Pat Dickert's sharp wit and devilish grin, which can be added to her own supply.

Article thirty-three: Elizabeth Ellis' joke book we leave to all the girls who have yet to study History of Nursing. It will be a great help.

Article thirty-four: We will Jean Fletcher's roving eye to Hazel Reese, as if she didn't already have trouble making hers behave.

Article thirty-five: We leave Robbie Foster's hearty chuckle to any old sourpuss who needs it.

Article thirty-six: To Margaret Thompson we leave Catherine Gibson's blond hair; her South Carolina drawl will she take with her.

Article thirty-seven: We leave Flora Harcourt's Atlanta admirers to Mary Parker, who seems to have plenty of them already.

Article thirty-eight: We bequeath Mildred Harding's dry wit to anyone who wants to be "quite a character."

Article thirty-nine: We leave Betty Hawk's Virginia accent to Allene Jones, who can't help being a "Jaw-jub" girl.

Article forty: To Juanita Barefoot we leave Edith Hester's love of jive. That bubbling over personality belongs to Hester alone.

Article forty-one: Varnell Hudson's unexpected answers we leave to Gloria Standard.

Article forty-two: We leave Ava Johnson's long fingernails to the surgery girls.

Article forty-three: We will Sara Jones' copy of Shelley's "Defense of Poetry" to Dot King, who thinks it needs defending.

Article forty-four: Geraldine Kitchen's funny giggle we leave to Flora Smith, who has quite a collection.

Article forty-five: Ruby Lewis' love of "books 'n' learnin" we leave to Jackie Rose, who forgot to buy her midnight oil.

Article forty-six: We leave Betty Mitchell's long distance calls to anyone with an out-of-town beau and some extra change.

Article forty-seven: Mary Ellen Nicholls' early morning radio programs we leave to Cathie Summerlin, who always gets up early anyway.

Article forty-eight: We leave Dot Nuckolls' vitamin pills to Sadie Barton, who just can't stand the things.

Article forty-nine: We bequeath Pearl Shepherd's diet to Slim Harvey. She is taking her last minute entrance into classes with her. Miss McKie couldn't stand another three years of that.

Article fifty: Helen Thompson's remarkable dry humor we leave to the incoming seniors, who, by this time, know how to appreciate it.

Article fifty-one: We leave to Beverly Ann Duren Dee Dee Torrance's beautiful hair and to the students in general her easy-going ways.

Article fifty-two: To Murilla Dickens we leave Doris Waddell's love of tall blond men.

Article fifty-three: Louise Worthington's wonderful personality and her singleness of purpose we wish to distribute equally between all the students of G.B.H.
Article fifty-four: We leave Doris Yancey's vacant stare to Hazel Ware. Her quiet, timid ways we leave to Claire Barnhart.

Article fifty-five: We will Bonnie Brackett's "Powers Model Figure" and special edition of "Your Carriage, Madam" to Mary Browning.

Article fifty-six: We leave Elinor Brackett's teeny-weensy waist line, namely twenty-three inches, to Lois Newsome, who admires beautiful figures.

Article fifty-seven: We bequeath to Betty Timmerman, Augusta Brown's love for books, music, and her half-interest in the Coca-Cola Company.

Article fifty-eight: To Marjorie Harvey we leave Edna Bruce's recipe for the tender loving care that must be given the little bundles from heaven in the nursery.

Article fifty-nine: We will to "Flowers" Smith, Erna Bruce's ability to psychoanalyze people and a "blue room" to pack her troubles in.

Article sixty: We leave to Nell Shepherd the "Maize" characteristics of Eudelle Dunn, plus her love for banana pudding.

Article sixty-one: We leave Dot Gaston's ability to make noise and her love for "South" to Floye Teague.

Article sixty-two: We will Mary Jo Lohr's ability to get ready quick as a flash to Lorine Phillips—it's really indispensable.

Article sixty-three: We leave Latrelle McQueen's perpetual smile to Mary Parker, who might find it difficult to break the ice on Monday mornings.

Article sixty-four: We bequeath Katherine Mur- phy's technique to cope with problems of "Life and Love" to Murilla Dickens—natural charm is the answer.

Article sixty-five: We leave to Juanita Barefoot the rare quality of Bobbie Simmons, found only once in a life time: the ability to fall in and out of love in twenty-four hours.

Article sixty-six: We will Selah Sanders' quiet, unassuming manner — "essentials of medicine" — to Cathy Summerlin.

Article sixty-seven: We bequeath Ferrell Smith's peaches-and-cream complexion and her ability to stick to one man to "Becky" Newsome.

Article sixty-eight: We will Esteen Whiddon's love for sleeping the entire sixteen daylight hours to the night duty girls who find it difficult to sleep during the day.

Article sixty-nine: To next year's graduating class we will our Senior dignity and privileges, including our special places in the dining hall and at prayer meetings; the genuine enjoyment of Miss Hudson's Professional Adjustment II classes, and the cherished nook under Mrs. Gifford's beloved wing.

Article seventy: To whomever is assigned the task of writing next year's "Hypo" we leave our diminished supply of midnight oil, box of aspirin, and dauntless courage.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hand and seal to this our last will and testament.

Testatrix: Elizabeth Smith
Testatrix: Sara Jones
Testatrix: Edna Bruce
Now the years have ended, graduation has gone by. But all is just beginning for those who passed down the aisle. Much is in the future, but no one knows just what, for each and everyone is hoping to find somewhere her own golden lot.
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