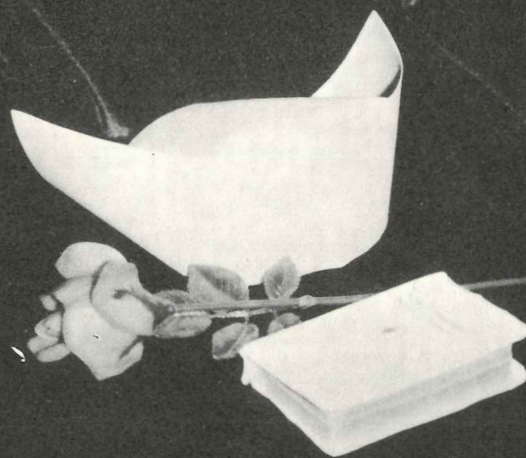




BRYAN ORATOR

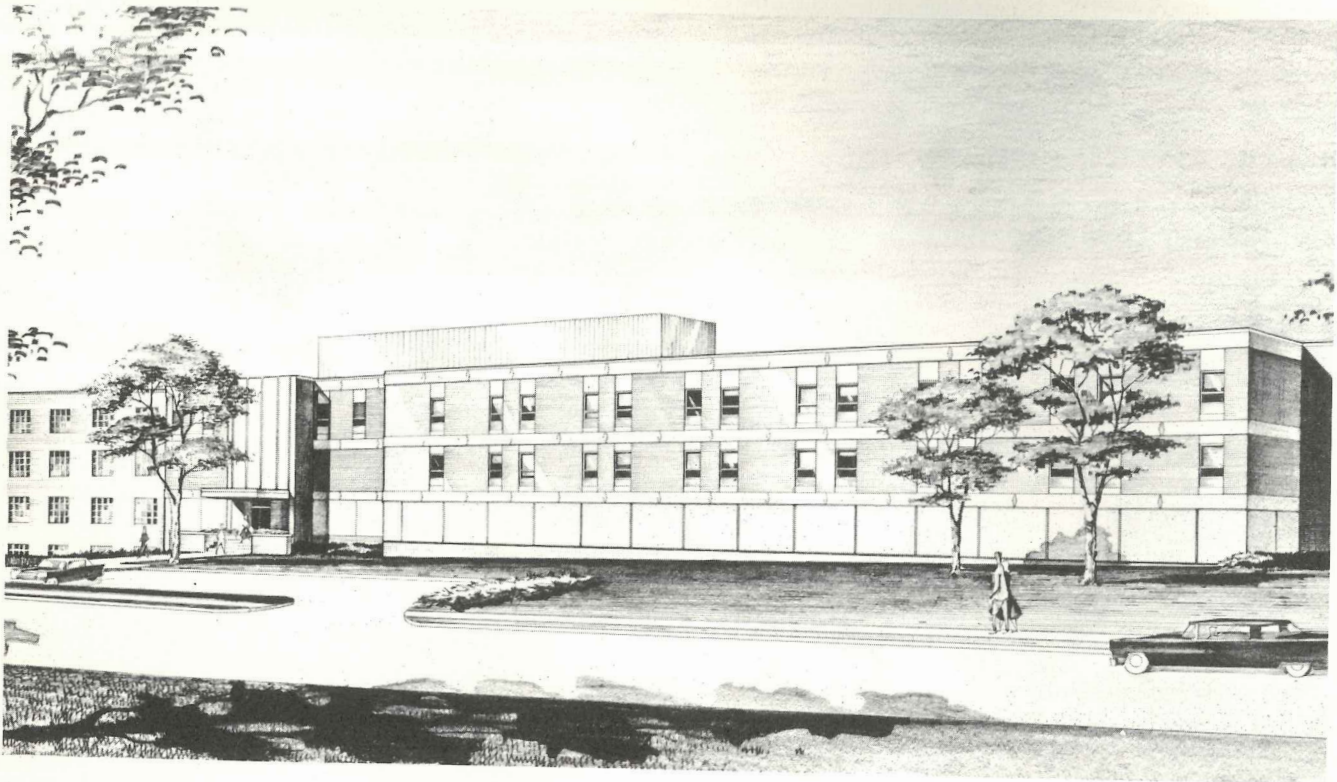
I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

*I will abstain from
lecherous
not take
harmful
power to
profes
dence all
to my k
coming
tice of my*



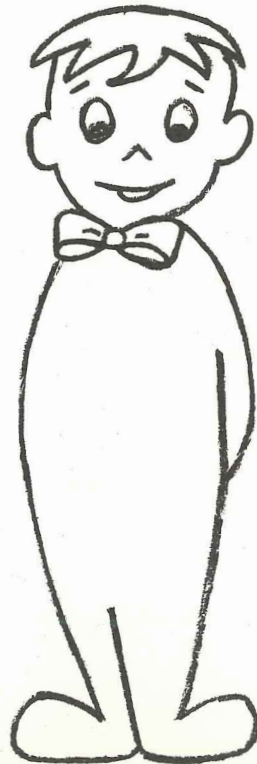
*ver is de-
d will
er any
in my
of my
y confi-
mmitted
affairs
the prac-*

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



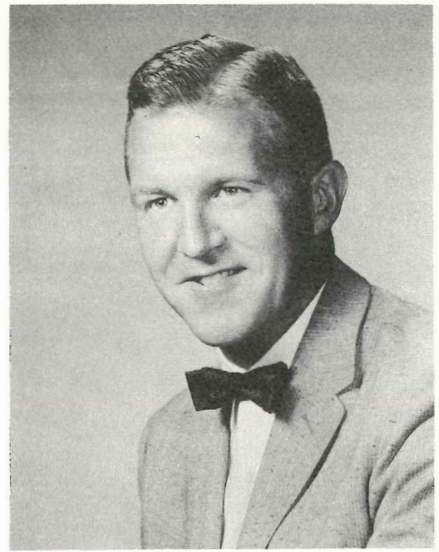
BRYAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Hi! My name is Orië. The seniors asked me to show you through their book. I'll give you a bird's-eye view of a student nurse's three years in training. They admit there were good times and bad times; happy times and sad times, and times of despair and stress. But they've made it to the long awaited day, and I heard them say that they are really glad—almost relieved. Now, I want to put in my two cents worth—Bryan Memorial School of Nursing is a mighty fine place, and I'm proud to be a part of it. Follow me and I'll show you the "FORWARD LOOK".





Mrs. Pavelka



Mr. Edwards



Miss Bovee



Miss Schlecht



Sponsored by
Bryan Alumni



Miss Garrison



Mrs. Beisner



Mrs. Hatch



Mrs. Kachidurian



Mrs. Rodaway



Chaplain Edgar



Miss Rockwell

Piedmont Beauty Salon
52 and South Cotner

Co-sponsored by

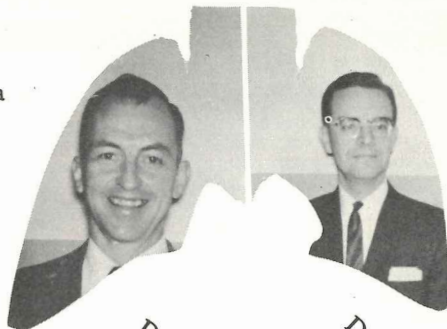
Piedmont Drug
52 and South Cotner



Dr. McGinnis



Dr. Hachiya



Dr. Moessner

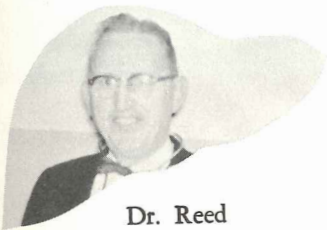
Dr. Taylor



Dr. Ballew



Dr. Bancroft



Dr. Reed



Dr. Ehrlich



Dr. Elliott



Dr. Horn



Dr. Brolsma

Dr. Hilton



Dr. Clothier



Dr. Cullen



Dr. Angle



Dr. Wood



Dr. Fijan



Dr. Pfeifer



Dr. Petersen



Dr. Maxwell



First West



Supervisors



Second South



Obstetrics



Second North

Compliments of
Wadlow's Mortuary
1225 L



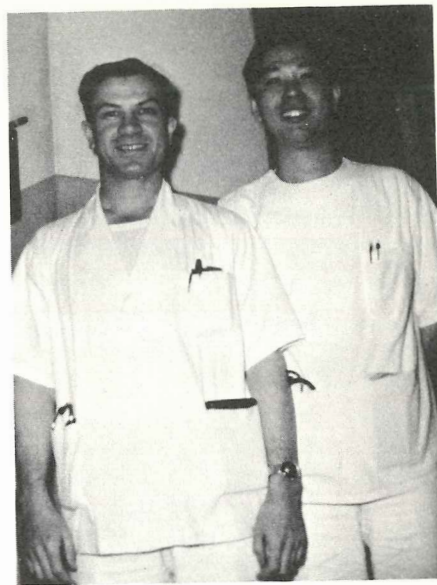
Surgery



Emergency Room



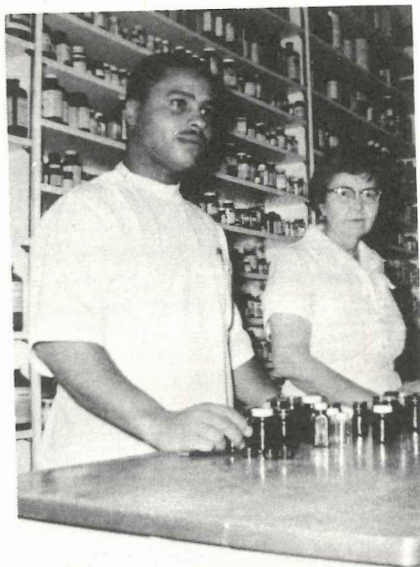
Central Supply



Interns



Diet Kitchen



Pharmacy



Pediatrics

Co-Sponsored by

South Street King's with Dining Area
Kings Parkway Luncheonette

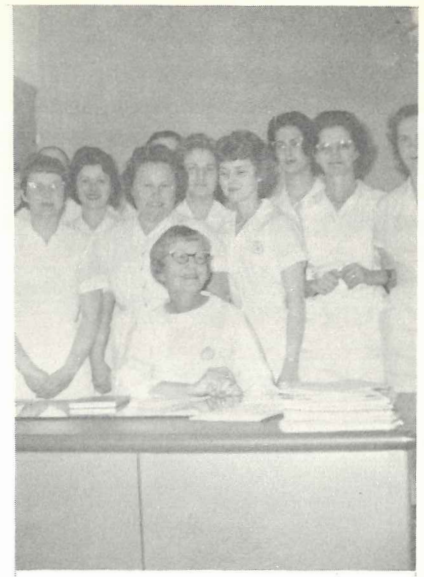
Alf's Implement & Well Drilling
Shickley, Nebraska



X-Ray



Housekeeping



Laboratory



Maintenance



Front Office



Linen

Compliments of



Bonnie Phelps
Cambridge

She looks safe and
sound; but so does
gunpowder.



Esther Siebert
Henderson

A party? Sure I'll
go!



Eunice Welch
Neligh

I may be small, but
I know my stuff.



Connie Zitterkopf
Gering

I live on letters.





Dorothy May
Kearney
In school she's quiet,
but outside, we're not
sure.



Suzanne Merryman
Shickley
Where are my glasses?
I've lost my eyes.

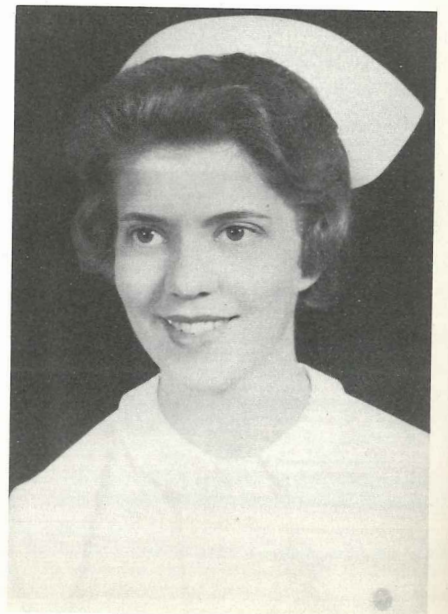
Cheryl Miller
Lewellen



Eat, drink, and be merry,
for tomorrow you may diet.



Lowene Osten
Columbus
Height is my greatest asset.



Virginia Parish
Kearney
A ring on the finger is
worth two on the phone.



Geraldine Elsasser
Brady

A hearty laugh to make
things right, and a
personality that's glowing
bright.



Janice Cross Frost
Arapahoe

Who wouldn't smile,
if you had my dimples.

Rachel Grummert
Fairbury



Like Paul Revere, she
burns the midnight oil,
but not for the same
purpose.



Lorraine Hueske
Plymouth

Why hurry, I have lots of
time.



Barbara Luethje
Bradshaw

Absence makes the heart
grow fonder.



Lois Abts
Big Springs
Give me Dell or give
me death.



Phyllis Brooks
Cozad
If silence were gold,
I'm broke.

Ellen Brown
Scottsbluff



You can't take the farm
out of a girl.



Marcia Buske
Lisco
There's nothing like
fun, is there?



Alice Cox
Cozad
So what if I've known
him only a week?



(L-R): Ardith Galbreath, Mavis Carlson, Barbara Holz, Carmen Sandell, Cathie Zier, Sondra Tillotson Kyes, Sharon Blankenfeld, Marlene Leners, Carol Hiebenthal, Ruth Christoffersen, Bonnie Bryan, Kathleen Cederburg, Lois Roker, Diana Craig, Anne Oldfather, Carol Cooper, Sue Taylor, Marilyn Powers, Dixie Nissen, Mary Lou Cradick, Ruth Ann Schuerman.

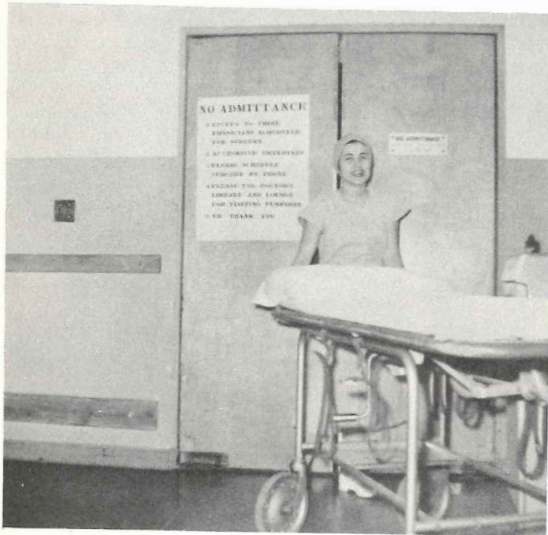
Congratulations From
Umberger's Funeral or Ambulance Service, 48 & Vine
Mdms. R. A. Sheaff, A. E. Madsen, D. D. Rohrbaugh, Officers



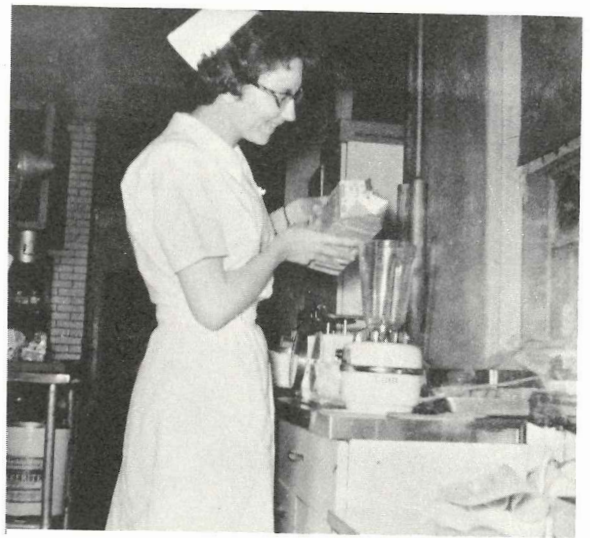
"Will 7 A.M. ever come?"



"Do we have to go?"



"Surgery anyone?"



"Love that diet kitchen!"



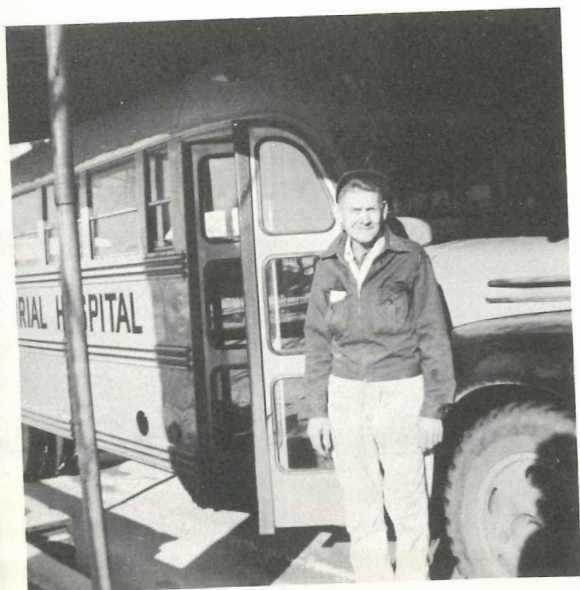
"Walkin' My Baby Back Home."



"We found the key!"



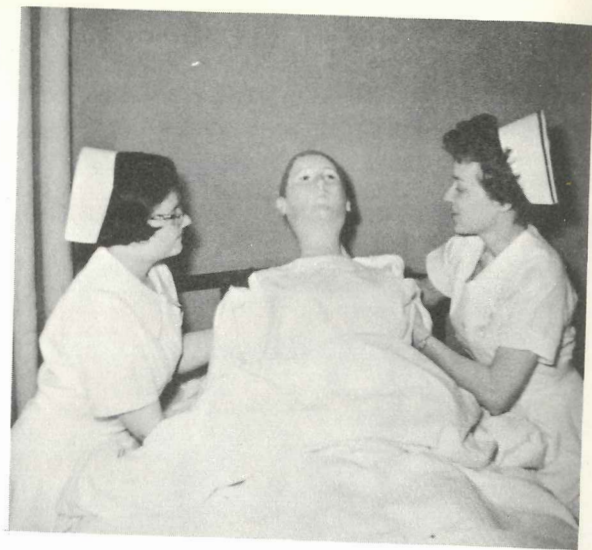
FRONT ROW, left to right: Jane Eichelberger, Marche' Ruth, Lana Becher, Carol Craig, Lynnea Bobst, Pamela Johnson, Lynda Dornburg, Sharon Erickson, Sondra Hagemeister, Georgene Crandall. SECOND ROW: Class Sponsor Mrs. Jane Beisner, Barbara Wieseman, Carol Hahn, Elizabeth Peterson, Eleanor Hitchcock, Dorcas Horner, Janice Wood, Carolyn McCulley, Linda Hall, Rae Tucker, Donna Mae Olander, Jeanette Windhorst. THIRD ROW: Grace Horner, Phyllis Merry, Judy Wright, Hallie Lore, Betty Morrison, Anna Lee Velte, Kathryn Gleason, Elaine Versaw, Gay Barth, Marilyn Mergen.



No pre-clinical year is complete without Johnny and his Johnny Bus. What would we do without that familiar smile and loving pat that gives the morale a boost? Many a time we came from class with a low feeling, but just those few miles from Wesleyan to Bryan were enough to make you forget your troubles. Johnny, thanks for being you.



Solution returned with good results!



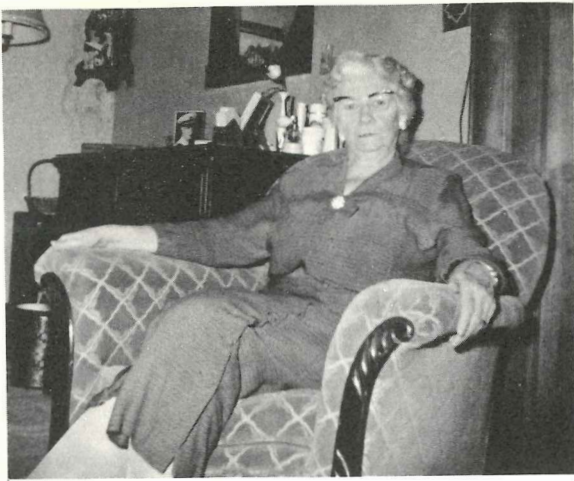
Is that better, Mrs. Chase?



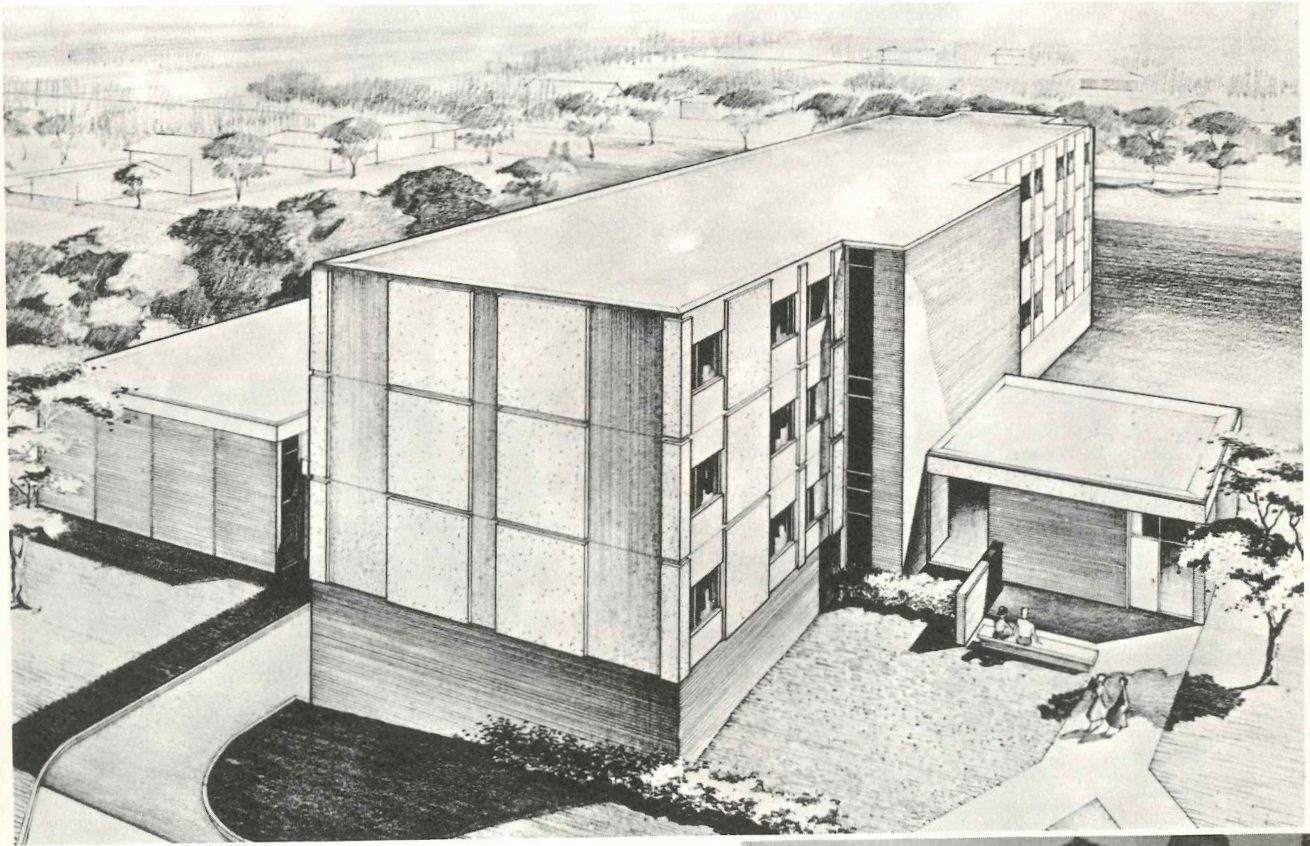
Nurses or Florists?



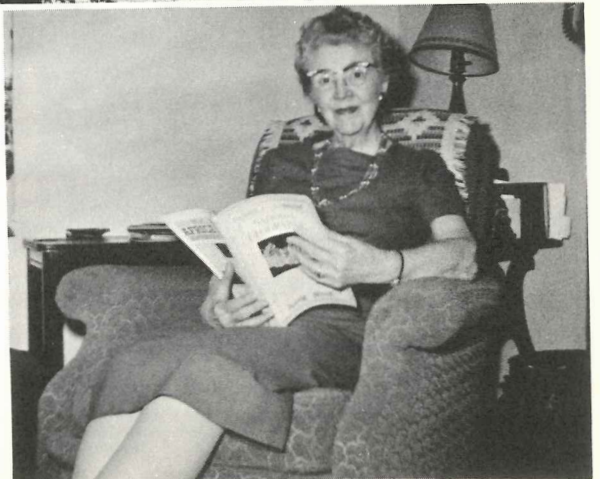
I can't see



Mrs. Steen



Bryan Dormitory



Mrs. Miles



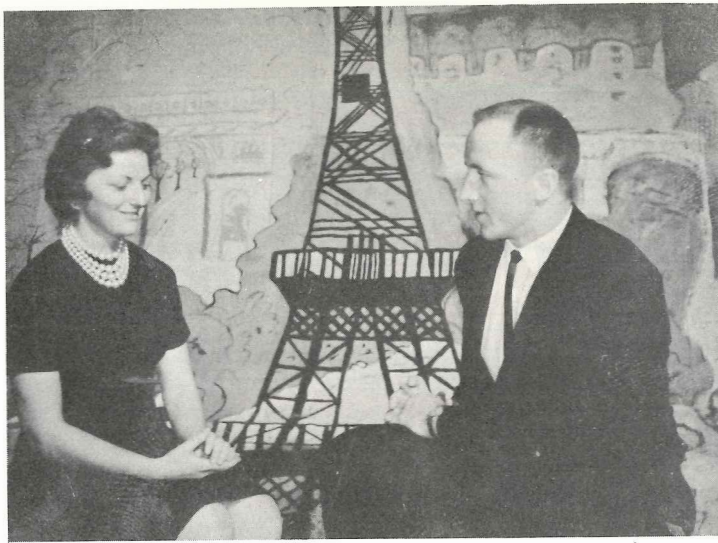
Winter Wonderland Queen
Barbara Luethje



Janice Frost



Geri Elsasser



Queen

May Formal



Attendants

Miss Methodist
Candidate



Barbara Luethje

Nurse of the Year
Candidate



Janice Frost

Vice President
NSSNA



Lois Roker



National Convention
Delegates



Mary Lou Cradick Lois Roker
Dorothy May



Miss Schultz



Miss Albers



Miss Struempler



Formula?



Are you happy?

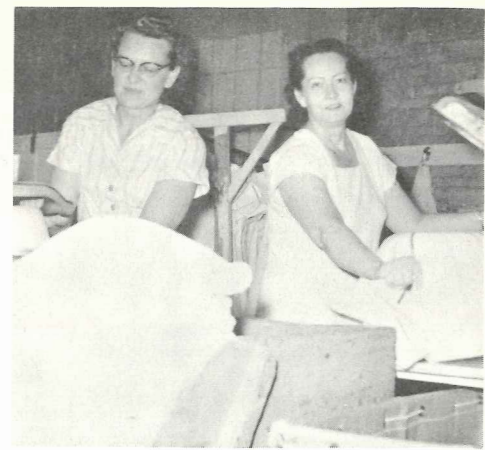
Sponsored by
Bryan Alumni



Pink Mail Ladies



Out for a stroll



Keep-U-Neat Laundry



Pill Pusher



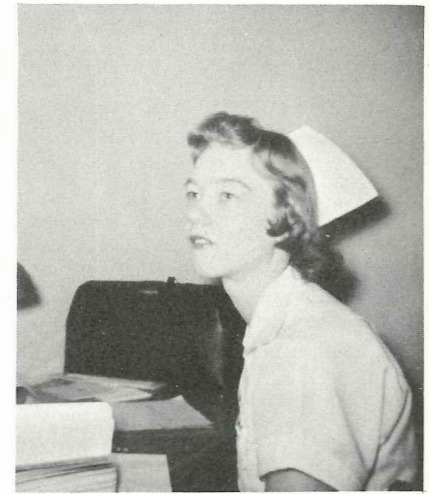
"Dr. Taylor, 35 please."



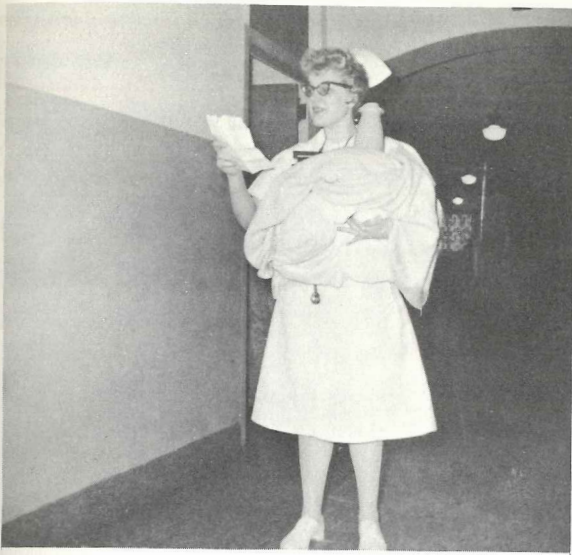
"Hi Lady!"



"Boing!?"



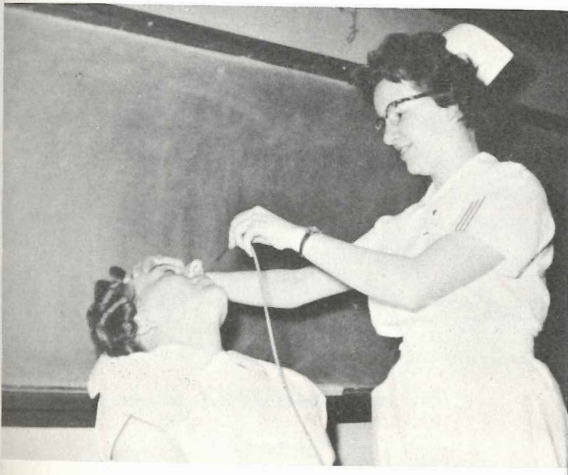
"You Rang?"



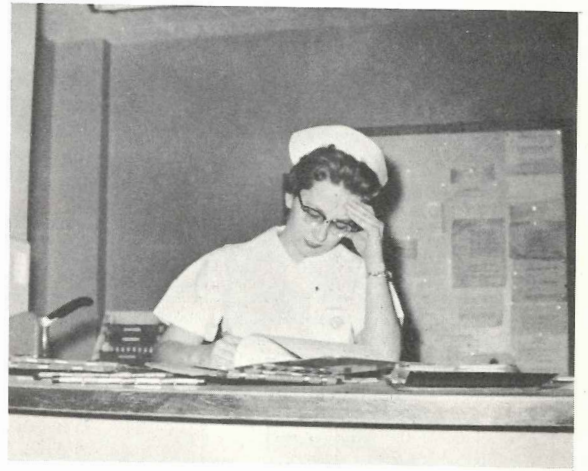
"And I came back to this?"



"So what if this is my first IV!"



"Down you go!"



"Team leading—Responsibility or headache?"



"Where were you at 8:00 this A.M.?"



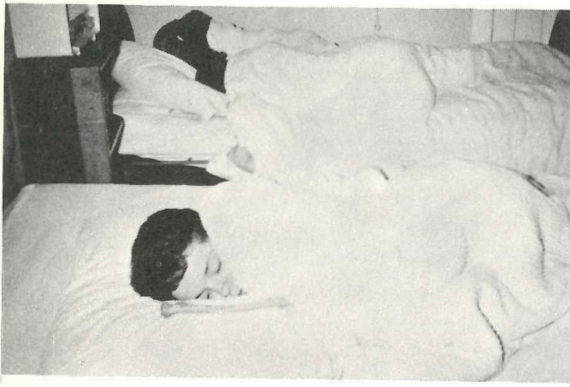
"Checking up on the supervisor!"



"You can tell we study; look at our room!"



"You can tell who the undernourished are."



"Think it will soak in."



"You say I worked this morning?"



"Happy Holiday Time!"



"Where's *my* present?"



We've made it—Halfway, that is!



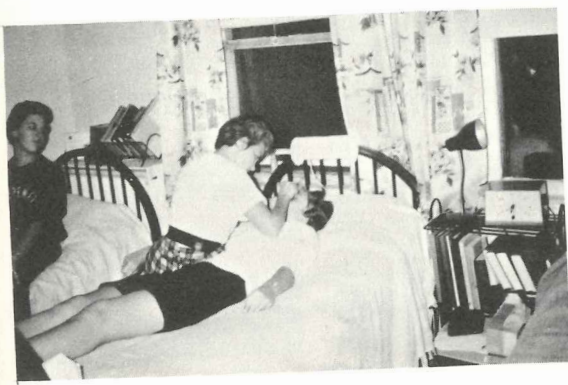
Togetherness



Fellowship



Inspiration

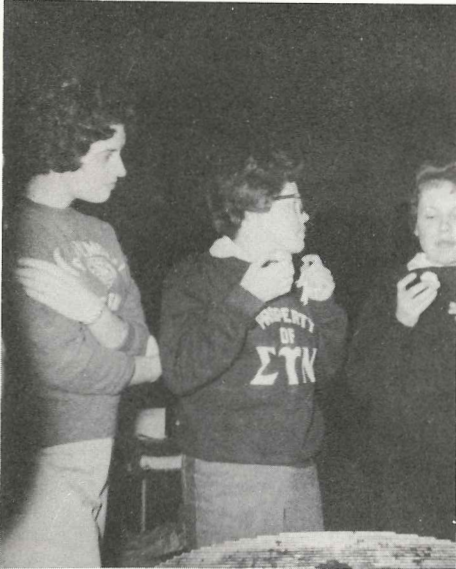


The Surgeon at Work



Cooperation Inc.!





THE CLASS WILL

We, the senior class of 1961 of Bryan Memorial Hospital School of Nursing being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do hereby make, publish and proclaim this to be our Last Will and Testament.

We, the Senior Class, will our hip-waders and water-wings to dates of the girls who will survive the remainder of the construction project.

We, the Senior Class, will our quiet hours to anyone who can abide by them. We've had enough!

We, the Senior Class will our threadbare blue rugs and drab green drapes to Goodwill Industries.

We, will the Bryan Boardwalk, over which all the beauty, talent, charm and poise of the past year have passed, to the termites. May they develop indigestion!

We, the Senior Class, will our broken hair dyers to the future male student nurses.

I, Eunice, will my quiet, dignified manner to Marvis Carlson.

I, Rachel, will my Platte River memories to the first girl who accepts a blind date at Ingleside.

I, Esther, will my ability for carrying vocal tones to Mother Miles.

I, Lowene, will my ability to sleep through class to anyone who can get away with it.

I, Lois, will my discarded marriage traps to Dianna Craig.

I, Bonnie, do hereby will my optimistic humor to the Clinical Instructors.

I, Bobbi, will my candlelight poetry to the non-sentimentalists.

I, Dotty, will my ability to concentrate in a noisy dorm to the probies.

I, Geri, wholeheartedly give my ability to maintain training hours to anyone who can tackle a tackler.

I, Ginni, will the fidelity of a hometown sweetheart to Lois Roker.

I, Marcia, leave my oratory ability to Dixie Nisson.

I, Liz, will my long distance loyalty to a "Certain Someone" to Cathie Zier.

I, Jani, give my perseverance to "redtape" to any gal who wants to get married in training.

I, Phyllis, will my good fortune of having my brother at L.A.F.B. to anyone so lucky!

I, Connie, will my pious ways to anyone who has enough willpower to follow them.

I, Cheryl, leave my keen eye for sharp men to the Freshman Class.

I, Suzie, give my blonde curls to Bonnie Bryan.

I, Ellen, will my hiking enthusiasm to those without cars.

I, Alice, will my sensitivity to weight watching to those underclassmen who need it.

CLASS PROPHECY

Friday, 2:00 P.M., 1986

Looking from the high point of today's world, the moon, the man in the moon reports on today's happenings.

Lois Abts: She has complained for the last twenty-five years that nothing exciting ever happens, and today is doing emergency heart surgery in the Big Springs County hospital (13 beds). And she only an R.N.

Phyllis Brooks: There she is, standing out there in the middle of the Sahara Desert, calling her chickens. Funny thing though — she can't seem to get their attention. She started her farm, called Phyl's Roost, the day she graduated, with only two roosters and look where she is now; in the middle of the Sahara Desert calling all chickens.

Ellen Brown: She's happily married and queen of their pig ranch. They now have 6,568,331 female pigs and one male. How about that! Incidentally, she's the only one that's happily married.

Marcia Buske: You will remember how happy Marcia was the day she got pinned. Well, if you thought she was happy then, you should have seen her the day she got engaged, and then what about her wedding day? She was so happy she couldn't contain herself. Don right then and there decided that he just couldn't bring himself to live with anyone that happy and turned around and ran. To this day he's still running and Marcia is still looking for him.

Alice Cox: The day after she graduated she got a job as the Floor supervisor of the 250th floor of New York's largest hospital, Eastside General, and ran it very efficiently until today. Today at 12 noon on the dot, the chief surgeon made a pass at her and she's all in a turmoil and so is the 300 bed floor which, as I said, was efficiently run until 12 o'clock today.

Janice Frost: She is in the process of having a nervous breakdown. She has seriously thought about it for several months now. She has a family of fifteen children and, to date, thirty grandchildren. You say you find this impossible to believe? So does Jani. Some day when you have a lot of time, just ask her how it happened.

Gerri Elsasser: She and her husband are a football team. He designs, cuts, and makes football equipment and she models it.

Rachal Grummert: She's back in good old Fairbury, Nebraska, and is keeping house for unloved bachelors. It seems that in her last year of training she fell in love with one of her patients — and he died. She hasn't had anything to do with her assumed nursing career since.

Liz Hueske: She is married, and has been traveling all around with Kenny. They decided to wait until he got out of the navy to have a family. Since then they have had nineteen children and Liz is now waiting for the arrival of her twentieth child, and she can't find her husband.

Bobbie Luethje: She was just selected as Miss Giggle of 1986 and that's of the whole universe. However, this is quite a common occurrence, as she has had the same honor for twenty-three of the last twenty-five years.

Dotty May: She married into money and she and her husband are now on a safari in Africa. However, he is seriously thinking of divorcing her because she has grown quite attached to a small cannibal and wants to adopt him. She thinks he's cute.

Suzanne Merryman: She is in the process of learning how to play the eighth chair triangle in a hundred piece rhythm band.

Cheryl Miller: She's having a big day today. She has entered her little red jet in the stock jet races, the Indianapolis 500,000. And today is the day. Everybody root for Cheryl.

Lowene Osten: They're married. She has put Kim through school. He just graduated this last spring, and is known as the oldest youngest doctor in the profession. He has lots of patients, but Lowene isn't too sure she wants him to stay in the business. It seems that all of his patients are sweet, young things and he is also very, very interested in his profession.

Ginny Parish: We can't chat with her because she is scrubbed in in surgery on an experimental case — they're putting in an artificial heart.

Bonnie Phelps: She is married and they live on a 30,000 acre ranch in western Nebraska. The only thing on the ranch is their little sod hut, but it's their very own, and Bonnie keeps it clean. Every day you can find her sweeping all the dirt and crumbs out the door.

Esther Siebert: In her last year of training she fell in love with a doctor and now is in charge of the records room at the hospital where he practices.

Eunice Welch: Way out at the smallest planet in this smallest of solar systems, Eunice was just named Miss Pluto of that largest of large populations, and at this minute, is reveling in all her chosen splendor. She, of course, has had numerous offers of film roles, careers, stylish wardrobes, marriage, children, dogs, cats, kittens, etc., and so forth. She tells the press of her greatest desire — to just be a nurse in her home town hospital back on good ole Earth.

Connie Zitterkopf: She and Fred are married and live in a beautiful little ivy covered cottage with a cute little white picket fence. She is a lovely little wife. He is a wonderful husband. And they have two marvelous children who each have two marvelous children. And that's all she has done with her gorgeous little life.



KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI
TORONTO 1, ONTARIO

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KANSAS CITY, MO.