

PERSONAL HISTORY
OF
MARIE CAROLYN STOCKS EHLER

I was born at a very young age and do not remember much of the event_ in fact nothing except what I have been told. I guess this would be considered as hearsay evidence but some documents for proof plus the fact that I am here . My birth was in a tiny hospital called the Lynn Bros. Hospital in Pocatello, Idaho on July 12, 1931. My mother was Alice Marie Stander Stocks and my father was Maughn Bright Stocks.

We lived in a two bedroom house at 1211 Harrison Ave. In Pocatello. It was not a very large or opulent home but my parents were happy to have a home during the great depression and when the mortgage was at last paid off it was a day of celebration for and them. They hated debt if they could not pay cash for something they did not buy it. Probably a very sound policy but it would not be a popular concept in these days of credit cards and no down payment until next year.

Even though we did not have many of the worldly goods I never remember of going hungry or not having the things that I really needed.

My father was a chiropractor and was struggling to set up a business in his chosen field. He was an excellent chiropractor but times were tough and there was not much cash coming in many days. I remember many times when he came home with a crate of huckleberries or some other commodity in exchange for a treatment.

He had an office in a building down town and sectioned it off with thin wallboard into treatment rooms. He got an xray machine later in his practice and the cupboards were adorned with sterilizing equipment and other trays, the use of which I could never imagine. A glass fronted bookcase held his medical books, Shakespeares works, philosiphical journals and other books in which he was interested.

My father was a fairly tall man for those days..5 foot 10 inches. He had a ruddy complexion and ,when he had hair, it was a coppery red. He walked with a quick stride and good speed to his office on days that were not too when blustery or snowy. His eyes were of the light clear blue that a lot of redheads seem to have. He had at some time broken his nose so that his naturally aquiline nose had become a sort of an eagle beak. I guess his mouth was fairly normal and some of his teeth were capped in gold. He had a round sort of chin with a deep dimple in it that was difficult for him to shave with his straight bladed razor. He never used a safety razor until in his last years when he had cancer and could not give his straight blade the attention that it required.

He would hone that razor on a leather razor strop until it was properly sharpened and then he would have me pull one of my fine blond hairs from my head and split it down the center. This was a ritual that I liked. He shaved with a flurry of soap that he whirled up in his shaving mug with his shaving brush with the ivory handle. While he was shaving he often sang . His songs ranged from operatic to ribald, or as ribald as Mother would allow him. He had a beautiful tenor voice and he loved to sing. Unfortunately none of his posterity have inherited his voice except my half-brother, Paul and his son Melburn.

My mother was a tall woman ,almost as tall as my father who was 5'11" and in her youth and early married life was quite blonde . She had no freckles and tanned to a darkish tone. Her eyes were a very dark blue, like my maternal grandfather's were. Douglas and some of the grandchildren have inherited this trait.

My parents met in a candy kitchen soon after my dad graduated from chiropractic school . My mother had been teaching school in Portage and was home for the summer . They saw each other across the room and both always declared it was love at first sight.

My father's mother was unhappy about their marriage as she had someone all picked out for my dad to marry...I cannot imagine my father ever meekly consenting to any such plans.

My mother and father were introduced by my father's first wife's brother.

Dad had been married at the age of eighteen and his first wife, Lena Bowles Stocks had died in the flu epidemic after three years of marriage. She left behind two small children. She made my Grandmother Stocks promise to take her children and not let her mother have them.

Dorrence Archie was about two and a half and Paul Bright was a baby of sever months of age when my father sold his farm and went too Iowa to go too Chiropractic school. He left his children with his mother in Lewiston, Utah.

His oldest son was put down for a nap one day and 20 minutes later Delia came to check on him and he was half in and half out of a trunk with the lid down on top of him. He was dead.

I was told of this by my aunt Delia only on a visit to her and Uncle Chester in Tremonton only a few summers ago . Dad never spoke of his other child to us.

Paul was brought up by Grandma Stocks, who refused to relinquish him to my struggling parents, who were so poor that they could hardly feed their own three children.

Indeed, my mother often said that when they were down to their last dime, her mother somehow knew and here would come in the mail clothing, food and a slab of bacon. Grandma Stander was known to be a bit "fey" and able to see beyond the limits of her sight.

I was a skinny tow-head with a mass of freckles. My mother was always trying to get me to wear a hat so I wouldn't get so many freckles but I don't think hats ever stayed on too long , and I loved being out of doors. She even tried lemon juice to lighten the freckles, but it did little good as the first time out in the sunshine they would be out in fine array. I hated those freckles and felt they and my glasses were awful and that I was ugly.

I started first grade in the Lincoln Elementary School. It was a two story brick building with a metal fire escape and the side . It was about three blocks from home. One day my mother missed me and found me halfway up that fire escape. I was about three at the time and my mother, who never had a head for heights had to creep up and rescue me.

My earliest memory must have been when I was only three or so and was out on our front lawn in early summer. I had on a navy blue wool bathing suit that must have dragged on the ground because it was my sister Gwyneth's. I remember putting up a great fight when someone wanted to take it away from me. She thought that I was a spoiled child and maybe she was right, as I always did have a mind of my own.

My siblings were Hal Stander Stocks, who was 5 years older than I was and Gwyneth Stocks, who was 8 years older than I was. Hal was born with blonde curly hair which came out at sometime or other and grew back in orangish red and straight. He was a terrible tease and I was the butt of most of his teasing, which I did not tolerate well. He was a show-off in school and often got in fights with Murray Rudd, a fellow student, or Joe Barnes, a mentally retarded fellow who lived in our ward. Dad and Mom sometimes had to go to the school to bail him out of trouble. I see now that he was so intelligent that often the lessons did not stimulate him.

Gwen was less freckled than I was and being 8 years older never became my friend until we were grown and married. She was a great flirt and had a lot of beaux. Her hair was even lighter than mine and always looked nice, I thought. This was in the days before platinum blondes were in vogue.

I've got a jar full of suggestions about writing my history and perhaps I will try to follow some of them just to keep my history in line. The first one is to describe a perfect winter's day and tell of an activity that I would do on such a day.

When I was a child, I remember having a bright red snowsuit that I loved. My mother would bundle me into all sorts of long underwear, long stockings, sweaters, mittens pinned to my snowsuit and then pry me into the snowsuit. I then went outside to play with some friends. When I was sufficiently frozen, with a ruff of frozen snow framing my face and mittens frozen into boards, I was taken back into the house, dragging my feet, to reverse the process, go to the bathroom, and warm myself over the heat register.

When I was fairly young, we had a furnace put in the basement which ran on the coal that was dumped into a coalroom at the side of the house. I remember that the man that put it in then plastered the outside and all the pipes with a slurry of asbestos. I wonder if he died of lung cancer from that. That was way before the time that such things were known of. The furnace was not automatic and often had to be refilled with chunks of coal. If it was allowed to go out it had to be made up with wood and paper. I was never a great fire maker and as often as not my fires became smelly, smoky, and of no benefit to frozen hands or bottoms.

Some of the great memories of the out of doors were when our children were small and I would take them sledding. Our house on the hill in Pocatello had a series of terraces that made a great snowslide. They were intrepid sledders and would come off the hill at a great speed. I tried it a few times and had a great time until I went a bit crooked or too straight and came down with a great thump at the bottom of the Underwood's slope. That cooled my ardor about sledding. Our children continued to love it, however.

Another memory, that for some reason that is dear to my heart, concerns a party that Elvin and I went to up Pocatello Creek where the Ratto's, former neighbors from across the street, had constructed a new home and were having a New Year's Eve party. I was pregnant with Rosemary at the time and wasn't really in the party mood but it was hard to refuse the invitation. There was a huge window with a light shining outside it. After a time, the snow began falling lazily in huge flakes, that were illuminated by the lights. My sweetheart and I stood for a long time and just watched those beautiful flakes come down.

When we moved to Grand Junction, we often went up some deserted hills and the children had fun coming down the hill on the sled or a big inner tube. We'd often have chilie and cocoa afterward.

Later, when we had moved to Orangeville, one of my favorite times in the snow was at Christmas time. We would go to the mountains to cut a Christmas tree and would pile in pickup trucks and head usually for Ferron mountain. When we got to the tree cutting area, the adults would trek out and look for the perfect tree and the grandchildren would sled or ride an inner tube down one of the slopes. Some of the family still do this and still enjoy it immensely.

The next slip of paper asks me to write of some of the places I remember going with my mother.

My mother loved Daughter's of the Utah Pioneers and Relief Society and I remember going with her as a child. I remember once or twice going on a train to her home in Bear River City. However, the train only stopped at Honeyville, so I think Uncle Dave came and got us. I also remember a trip to Salt Lake City as a child. We went to ZCMI and I had a lovely time riding escalaters and elevators. We then ate some lunch a ZCMI and walked what seemed like a mile or two uphill to see her cousin Margarete who had just become divorced from her Dentist husband. Divorce was sufficiently uncommon in those days to cause me some interest. Margarete had sung with the Tabernacle Choir for a time and that interested me also.

After my father died, my mother learned to drive their new Pontiac and once in a while I would go with her to a funeral or just to see relatives in Lewiston, Utah or Bear River City, Utah. Sadly, it was maor often a funeral that drew us together with our cousins, aunts and uncles.

The next question that I didn't find readily on a slip of paper, what was your relationship with your mother. My mother was born 30 Sep 1899 to Alvin Hans Stander and Emma Margretta Christiansen. As most people in those days, she grew up on a farm, in Bear River City, Utah. It was a small farming community that was largely peopled by LDS people of Danish descent. Her home was an adobe home covered with grey stucco or cement, that was built by her father. It was surrounded by black walnut trees, fruit trees and many others that smeled lovely when they bloomed.

She had a close knit family consisting of my Aunt Ethel, Uncle Dave, Mom, and Uncle Chester. She had an especially close relationship with Uncle Chester, who was a tall, sweet tempered, man when I knew him. I remember my grandmother only when she was in her coffin in the living room of her home. I was three when she died. My sister says that she was of an extremely bossy disposition, an opinion that I held about my Aunt Ethel. We were both probably right as a bossy disposition seems to run in the family. My mom was also extremely bossy and dictatorial which did not often blend with the same qualities in myself. That is not always bad because the work of those women was unending and often unrewarding and they had a great many sorrows and often too few alocades. My mother often said my grandmother died of overwork. She probably had a rheumatic heart problem and died of a heart attack.

Grandmother held the unorthodox view that girls should be educated or go on a mission for the church. Aunt Ethel went on a mission and my mother went to Sacred Heart Academy in Ogden, Utah to a parochial school there. At 18 she graduated and went to teach school in a small town on the Idaho\Utah border. After two years teaching she met my father and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. I suppose my father quit smoking for a small time to get a recommend, but was hooked on nicotine until the day he died.

I was always smarting under my mother's dedication to make me into something that I didn't want to be. I'm afraid I'm even that way now if someone gets too bossy with me. I dig my toes in and say "No!" too quickly even if I may later change my mind after thinking about it. My son, Gordon, affects me that way, probably because there is a like mindset and we think alike in many ways. My other children don't seem to affect me that way.

I know now that I really loved my mother and that she loved me but she came from an undemonstrative family and did not know how to show her love. Luckily, my father was loving and demonstrative and I learned some from him. I never [robably even tried to understand her until during my psych. Rotation in Blackfoot, Idaho when we were required to do group counseling as student nurses. Then, I learned to understand myself and thence understand my mother a little. I could see that she had her strengths, weaknesses, and other qualities that were human. She was a loving grandmother and all her grandchildren remember her with devotion and certainly with more charity than I had. I was her "baby" and she was even trying to boss me until she became ill with her final illness. She could outwork me and often did, even when the deadly cancer was beginning to take its toll. If I'd taken a little more tolerant and humorous view and laughed a bit more about all this, I'm sure that we'd have been closer.

Mom kept house during the great depression of the 1930's. She wasted nothing and in her early days had a great testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. Perhaps, she had it to the end. I remember her saying that Hal was always searching for something that he'd already had and cast off. She was only given a little money for groceries and walked a mile or more to get them and then home. Dad always spent what he liked on hunting and fishing supplies and trips and I don't think he ever felt he was being selfish. She later said she was glad that he had his pleasures because he died so young. She lived in the light of his charisma and was his wife. Helpmeet, nurse, but never his lover as the physical side of marriage she hated.

Mother had always wanted to be a nurse but as nurses had an unsavoury reputation her father would not let her go to nursing school. She became a schoolteacher instead. A year after my father died of cancer of the colon, mom went into the first Practical nursing class in St, Anthony's Hospital and became a LPN and so found her niche at last. She had always had a knack of dealing with sick folks and was a fantastic nurse. She worked full time for ten years and quit to take care of me and my family when I had hepatitis. She then worked part time in the nursery for a while. Her patriarchal blessing notes that this side of her was in her future.

She became ill when I was living in Grand Junction, Colorado and I felt so helpless because I could not be there to help take care of her. She died 7 May 1970 at 11 am while I was on the bus making the long journey from Grand Junction to Pocatello. I felt a desolate feeling at that time in the bus and when Gwen and Paul met me at the bus depot, I asked them when she died. During the two hour bus layover in SLC, I wandered about on Temple Square and I think gained some consolation from the beautiful place. It always has a warm place in my heart.

It took me a year to recover from her death, so I guess I loved her a lot more than I thought. That is the trouble with close relationships, you are so busy maintaining your self esteem that you neglect finding out how your family and friends tick until it's too late sometimes.

I don't seem to find the subjects in the bottle of slips that I am in the notion to write on today so I will take up the subject of my eternal sweetheart and I know that that will take a few times of writing because he was so large a part of my life for so many years. He and my father were the only close people in my life that knew how to handle my briery disposition. Some of my children know this to an extent but don't have to live with me full time.

I met Elvin Ellsworth Ehler on the 22 of August in 1949, the day I went into Nurse's Training at the Pocatello General Hospital. This may get more involved as it will take in essence some of my nurses training. So be it.

My father always said that I should become a nurse and that Gwen should become a teacher. How he knew so well our dispositions was due to observation but he said that as my eyes were bad, nursing wouldn't take so much out of them. Oh, if he only knew that the field of nursing that I went into for the last part of my professional life would involve peering into PDR's whose writing was reduced to a microscopic degree and suturing up lacerations with such delicate sutures that often it was hard for my clumsy hands to pick them up. Well, that too is another story. Even yet I will read a scientific article if it interests me sooner than any other. Perhaps that is how my father knew of my inclinations.

The dorm of the hospital was located behind the hospital. The hospital was a County hospital and had been constructed early in the century and had had few if any modernizations done to it. It was old, entirely functional, back breaking, but with a certain charm of its own. No refurbishing was to be done with it as the County said they were going to build a new hospital and wouldn't spend the money on the old one. This was done in my senior year of training. The doors at the rear of the building were a fire escape that led up to the delivery suite and a screen door on the ground floor that, as I remember opened to the medical/surgical wing.

The floors were of wood which was easier on hard-working nurses legs but poor by safety standards. Closest to the door was the railroad wing which held 8 beds sometimes enlarged to ten beds in an emergency. Occasionally there would be beds behind screens in the hall. Further along the hall was the nurse's station where the nurses did their charting and reverently stood up when the doctors came around. Around the corner from the nurse's desk was a kitchen of a sort. Many of these memories are quite faded as too many hospitals have been pushed in front of this one. There was a large porch at the front of the hospital where convalescing patients were able to sit in ungainly wooden wheel chairs. In those days, obstetric patients stayed ten days and a bad fracture could spend a year in the hospital, that looked rather like a recumbent dinosaur holding a person dressed in his short nightgown on his belly. There seemed to be no hurry to get them out unless an emergency or epidemic hurried the process.

That hospital was run entirely almost by the students and a few R.N.'s as supervisors. The night supervisors were almost always the seniors who were getting ready to graduate. Not too many graduates stayed on as they could get better wages elsewhere. The students were given some weeks of nursing practices and ethics and were released onto the county portion of the hospital which held old people, an incurable syphetic, and others on county welfare who had been there for years. They often looked forward to each new crop of students, probably with some pleasure and more trepidation.

The nurse's dorm was a two story building with a basement that also housed students. There were a varying amount of students in the dorm as the junior and senior students went on psychiatry and pediatric rotations, which at that time were to Salem, Oregon and Portland, Oregon. The main floor housed the director of nurses, Miss Grimes, the anesthetist, some graduate nurses, and the laboratory technologist. There was a student lounge, with mostly uncomfortable sofas and armchairs with some tables for study. Near the area where the director of nurses was housed, there was a student kitchen which seemed to be the gathering place for the students. The rooms on the second floor was where the new students were housed.

The rooms were supplied with a large closet and at the time I went in, there were six bunk beds in our corner room which overlooked the back of the hospital. There was piles of sheets with which to make the bed. I can remember the names of some of my first room-mates. There was a tiny dark haired girl called Cadwaller, (first names weren't used too often), then a nice looking girl from a farm called Jeannie Scholes, and then a dark, plump girl with a marvellous smile called Betty Lou Ehler, who remained my room-mate through almost all our training.

The phone was in an alcove down the hall and whoever was on surgery call or obstetrical call was to answer it, though someone had better do it even if they weren't on call. I got so I hated to hear that phone ring in the night, especially if I were on call, because it meant you had to get up and get dressed and break through your pleasant bubble of comfort and come to grips with the cold world of the delivery room or the

surgical suite. As all my surgical rotation was done in the new hospital, for me it was always the delivery room.

Also down the hall was a large bathroom with two bathtubs and some toilets in stalls, along with some sinks. In the mornings there was quite a rush to get ready and you would have to either get your bath at some other time or go to the basement where there were a couple of showers. It was hard on the girls who'd never learned to share or work, because if they left a mess they were severely chastised. You learned to pick up after yourself.

That first afternoon, my mother went with me and met Miss Grimes, saw my room, and then she left. Oh, what a great feeling! I was at last embarked on my career and was I thrilled. I met some of my room-mates and made my bed and put the clothes I'd brought away. We were shown around and made acquainted with the classrooms, which were in the basement.

For supper that evening, the other students worked with the diet kitchen and had prepared a picnic for us which was to be taken to Ross Park. Barbara Hargis and Elizabeth Gibson, or next door neighbors and six months ahead of us, had been brewing home made root beer in glass gallon jars and these somehow made it to the park also for our enjoyment.

We caught the bus at the hospital corner. There were a bunch of us waiting. Betty said she wondered if her brother would be driving that evening. He was and I was briefly introduced to my lifelong companion. He was tall, stocky, with brown hair and gentle brown eyes. He had the most delightful tip tilted nose and a sweet smile. He also drove the bus which we took home that evening. That was the beginning of our forever commitment. Though he is now gone home to his Father, I still am deeply in love with him and miss him terribly.

The day after the picnic, we were taken to the classroom to meet our first Nursing arts Instructor. She was a slim, beautiful, olive skinned woman who was half Cherokee Indian. Our Nursing Arts had a number of setbacks, as our first instructor became ill and was replaced by another and yet a third. I'm not sure that we finished the Nursing arts class.

We were measured for our uniforms, six in number, white, and after they were laundered and starched could stand up by themselves. There was an emblem on the breast pocket which read PGH, which the students jokingly called Pregnant Girl's Home. This was not often the case as if a girl got married and or pregnant, she was immediately dismissed. The rule was not changed for two more years. So many great nurses were lost that way, which was a great shame because marriage and a family give one more understanding and compassion.

We were also told to read our hand book and the first chapters of the Nursing Arts manual. Evidently I was the only one who did, because in our room, I was the only one who passed the test. The rest of my roomies were grounded for the weekend. I was the gopher and bought candy bars at the hospital and other errands. There were no dates that weekend and by Monday everyone was determined to study. I was branded as a brain and this stuck throughout training.

I had had absolutely no experience in nursing and was awkward about learning to miter corners of the bedsheets. The beds had to be made so that a quarter would bounce on them. Some of the students had worked as nurse's aides and the manual part of the lessons came easily to them. I practiced unceasingly on my own bed. Finally it would pass muster..bottom sheet, pulled tightly and the upper corners mitered neatly, draw sheet over the center of the bed, also pulled tightly, then top sheet and bedspread also mitered and pulled tightly. Having slept in those beds, I can see why the sheets on the bottom were pulled tightly, but those top sheets could cause a severe case of drop foot easily. I'm afraid that I'm still awkward when learning to do a new thing, especially if I'm being watched, but with time and experience, I at last learn to do it adequately, more quickly if I know the reason for the procedure.

One of our room-mates, Scholes, had a date with Elvin on the next weekend. For some reason I was jealous and was determined that I would get him to ask me for a date soon. Jeannie Scholes was tentitively engaged to a farmer, but had agreed to date others while she was in training. She had the beginnings of a good nurse. She quit training just after her first six months and got married and had nine children. While her children were still young, her husband went hunting, and was lost, and froze to death. What a waste! If their

precious rules had been a little less stringent, she would have had a profession to fall back on to raise those children. I met one of them in Emery County years ago. He had the highest regard for his mother.

The next week, I finangled a date with Elvin. I knew I couldn't marry him, as he smoked and I hated, and still do, cigarettes. However, we went to a movie and had fun and another date was made. I went out with another fellow on a blind date with a bunch of girls and guys but never again after that did I waver. In spite of his smoking, I knew that I would marry him and that someday he would join the church and take me to the temple.

I took him to meet my parents and my mother instantly didn't like him. She had her aspirations for me to marry a doctor and live in luxury. Daddy knew right away that Elvin would marry me. At this time he had bowel cancer and was desparately ill. He once told Elvin that only he and Elvin knew how t handle me. My mother certainly didn't.

Elvin and Betty's mom had died of heart disease and high blood pressure in the July that she had come into nurse's training. I didn't have a lot of compassion in those days and felt that her moods of depression were a bother. I guess I never really learned my lesson until my own mother died, years later. I had a lot more sympathy for Elvin's loss. What a lot of growing up I had to do!

In September, our class and the previous January's class started classes at the Idaho State University. We were excited about this, but already we had lost two of our class members,Louise Cadwallader and a dark haired girl from New York. I think that they were afraid of the university classes. I was glad when Cadwallader quit as she was an extremely messy girl whosmoked,drank(which was why she was really let go) and borrowed other's clothing without asking. The girl from New York left quietly in the middle of the night. Later on we would lose more of our 13 students, Adams, a black girl, another,whose name I dont remember,Scholes, and a couple of others that I still can't recall, leaving our number at six. The rest of them graduated with me three years later. Their names, if I can recall them were Ella Anderson, Joan Minousek, Jensen and her sidekick,and Betty. Ella became known as Andy and is Betty and my friend to this day.

Ella was a tall,rangey girl from Wyoming, who had started training there but had to drop out when the school closed. There were several Wyoming girls among the students. Ella was such a good natured girl, and with a quiet spirit about her, I grew to love her very much. She put up with our pranks on her and hardly ever paid us back which we richly deserved. She had already taken the nurse's chemistry class and so she was placed in the regular college ciriculum course of chemistry. I envied her as I had had a special high school instructor in chemistry and the nurse's chemistry class was way too easy, plus we didn't get college credit for the nurses only classes we attended. Most of the rest of the classes were with college credit.

We also took some medical nursing and surgical nursing classes when there was some free time and the doctors who taught them were available. Some were excellent teachers, some adequate, and some were poor, teaching us about their quirks and letting us know how great they were. However, as much as their ego was elevated by the ranks in which they practiced, none of them were infallible, as none of us are. In those days of no malpractice, such things were just kept mostly silent about, except in the hospital and medical community. There were doctors who were too old to be practicing and comitting surgery, a blind old doc in the ER, and some docs who just didn't know enough.

The welfare patients were taken care of by the docs who were paid and appointed by the county. They were old Dr. Hubbard, of the ER and Dr Hartvigsen who had a private practice. Dr. Hubbard handed out narcotics in his clinic and in ER, like they were candy so had a lot of the indigent patients hooked on them. He had an affair going with the lab tech, Miss Loomis. How torrid this was, I wouldn't know, but it lasted until he died. He had a very nice seeming wife.

One night early in my training, I was on OB call and was called to the delivery room. There was a very tense situation in the room. A mother of four children was delivering and being on welfare, Dr. Hubbard was summoned. When I got there, there was already several persons in the room and the atmosphere was tense. The lady presented with a shoulder presentation, an undeliverable position and the doc was trying all he could to reposition the baby. This went on for some hours, then the fetal heart tones were gone. The mom was exhausted and so were we.

He finally called the backup, who was a good doc and Dr. Hartvigsen showed up in the Delivery Room. After surveying the bungling efforts made by his colleague, he ordered the Nurse Anesthetist to come over and administer an anesthetic so the woman's edematous and battered cervix would relax. This was done, and soon the smell of ether was permeating the room. Dr. Hartvigsen turned the unviable infant as much as possible, amputated one of its arms, turned it more and delivered it. It was a very traumatizing experience for everyone concerned, especially for the poor mother, who died before she reached her room. She left a husband and four children. I cried a lot of tears that night but never thought of giving up.

There was a saying that was sometimes bitterly quoted, "The operation was a success, but the patient died." This was one occasion for it.

After no sleep that night, I bathed, dressed, and left for the college, bus again, and went on with my day. That day it was hard to keep my mind on my lessons.

Student nurses days were very busy. A hard day consisted of arising at 5:30 am or so, earlier if she had scamped the previous day's reading, breakfast in the hospital cafeteria after a quick bath and dressing, grabbing coat, books, homework, and head to the corner to catch the bus. There was classwork until lunch, which the hospital provided in a lunch bag and if one was lucky enlarged with goodies from the store or home. Classes in the afternoon, chemistry or anatomy lab, and home on the bus at 5:00pm. To our room, undress, put on a uniform and report to the floor for duty, which early in our training consisted of feeding patients who were unable to feed themselves, passing out diet trays from the cart, gathering the trays, then charting in small neat letters in their charts how they ate etc. If we were lucky, we got to eat hurriedly and get back so someone else could come down. If there was an emergency at suppertime, you might not get to supper until after the shift was over at 7:pm or 9:pm. Then, being normal healthy young animals, we raided the giant refrigerator where the leftover dishes were kept. Occasionally a tray was not cancelled when a patient was discharged late or died and those nurses that were left on the floor without supper devoured it unless it was a clear liquid diet.

After duty, we would study if we could keep awake then go to bed. If one was unfortunate to be on call, and there was a full moon, one might be up most of the night assisting in the delivery room. The next day was more of the same but might be a bit shorter if there were no labs. Then you might catch up on some sleep or go from the dorm and do what you liked until the doors were locked at 10:00. On the weekends, curfew was 12:00. If you didn't get in on time you had to ring the bell and report to Miss Grimes. If you were more enterprising, you climbed the fire escape and scratched on some poor probie's window and was quietly let in. Then, you had to slip down the stairs and silently sign in opposite the place where you had signed out. Unfortunately the book was kept by the phone near the kitchen and subsequently not too far from Miss Grimes' apartment.

The housekeeper for the dorm was a Mrs. Upton, called Ma Upton and she wasn't well liked. We couldn't lock our room, and she would sneak into the rooms and read our letters and check up on us in that unattractive manner. She reported all her findings to Miss Grimes, for which the miscreant was called on the carpet for those things that she was guilty of. Miss Grimes had a few other tattlers who would tell tales out of school. In retrospect, it must have been hard keeping tabs on all those high-spirited young ladies. Those rules had to be abided to no matter how cruel they were.

Ma Upton had a somewhat retarded son who helped her with the heavier work during the day. We despised him for he would sometimes answer the phone and knock on the doors and get a good look at the student's sleeping attire or lack of it.

Some of the girls were married secretly and went through training with their wedding ring hidden. If they were lucky and didn't get pregnant, they made it through training. If they weren't they were axed. It was no secret among the students who was married, but Ma Upton or any of the other stoolies were kept completely in the dark. Perhaps it led to a sense of adventure for those persons but I'm sure it was torture for them sometimes. The rules were changed in my last year and you could be married in the last six months of training.

A year after that, a young student from Wyoming was found to be 5 months pregnant and had only 5 months to go to graduate. The hearts of the Hospital Board were softened and she was allowed to continue her training. The student loan furnished her with money to fly to New York and marry the father of her

child. She went into labor, delivered a boy, and went back to work. She got a small apartment nearby and her landlady tended the child. Her husband divorced her and she went back to Wyoming with her child when she had graduated and taken her National Boards. By that time Miss Grimes had left and there was a new Director of Nurses.

One of the longer term patients on our floor was a Mr. Tolmie who had terminal cancer. He and his wife were dear gentle people. They had a daughter who was a R.N. and lived in Boise. She had a degree in Nursing and was a very nice person. For a short time she taught our Nursing Arts class and later was appointed acting director of the nursing program. Miss Grimes had falsified some of our records so she went to bat for us so that we could graduate.

Elvin and I were going together whenever we had the time. If he was working and I had a free evening, I rode on his bus rounds with him for a while....after 6PM the bus was usually only partially full. Sometimes, I took an overnight and went home to sleep. My father had my old bedroom, so I went downstairs and slept in the bed down there.

Sometimes we went to a movie or sometimes just for a ride in Elvin's car. They were mostly inexpensive dates but we were together as much as possible. One evening, we went for a ride up a road that seemed to be well plowed and we weren't paying enough attention to the road conditions. All of a sudden there were tall snow banks on either side of the car and there was barely room for one car in the road. Elvin was a skillful driver but when he tried to turn around, he slipped into a snow bank and we were really and truly stuck. Now, this was in November and the temperatures were low. I was dressed in a dress and sandals. Elvin had golashes on and his coat. We tried for a long time to get out but were unable to do so. I was frantic, as no one knew where we were. We ran the heater until the gas ran out and huddled together until about 5AM and then started down the road, with me wearing his golashes and plodded several miles until we came to the ranger's station. The ranger radioed to someone further down and they called my parents who were angry. The ranger's wife fed us bacon and eggs and soon, Vern Savage, Gwyneth's first husband, showed up and drove us home. Elvin had one of his friends with a truck take him up and get his car. I was hammered with a barrage of words until I broke down crying. I was scheduled to go to class at the college and to work at three o'clock.

Back at the dorm, Betty and Andy were concerned that we didn't come back so Betty went down and signed me out for an overnight, to keep me out of trouble. They were afraid that we'd done something foolish, like run off and get married. I missed that day of class but went to work with a heavy cold starting, and an excuse for my absence. The good Lord was watching after us as he always seemed to do even when I didn't deserve it. Good friends who often I didn't deserve.

On another occasion we drove to an icy point. Elvin got out and asked me calmly to get out and I wondered at that, but did so. The car then slid down the embankment. If we'd stayed in it we may have been injured. Luckily, my parents didn't know about that one. They had enough to deal with with Dad's illness.

Elvin asked me to marry him after a dance at the college. I told him that I'd marry him but that I wouldn't go steady with him. He teased me about that one forever. That Christmas, I was tired and went to bed early and Betty and Andy came in the room and made me get up protesting, and get redressed and come downstairs. Elvin handed me a small box with an engagement ring in it. I was ecstatic and went about showing it to all the students available. It was too large, as he had sized it by Betty's hand. I still wear the diamond embedded in a wide band that I had to change to when the rings grew thin and I grew too fat for them.

Probation was a 6 month period when the student was tried and sometimes found wanting or acceptable. At the end of it there was a party and the students were attired in I can't remember what, but had applicators and tongue depressors wound in their hair and let out downtown to go on a scavenger hunt after which we returned to the dorm with the items. We were then served with chili out of a new sterilized bedpan and lemonade served out of a new sterilized urinal. We had a fine time at that party. Our crude sensibilities were not affronted. By that time the students were used to eating with the grossest of conversations going around them. It took a lot to ruin a student's appetite.

The capping ceremony took place in the living room of the dorm. We received our plain white cap and if we'd paid our 25 dollars our new navy blue woolen nurse's capes with PGH embroidered on the mandarin collar. I still have that cape, though why I keep it, I don't have the foggiest idea except the girls thought that I should. It has come in handy on a few Hallo'eens when the children or grandchildren used it as an adjunctant to a costume.

We had been taking classed in dosages and pharmacology so now we were loosed on the senile patients in the welfare wing. There was little chance of problem as the supervisor kept a close eye on us and the meds in those days were quite simple....sleeping pills,laxatives, lotions, and a few others. We at last felt that we were making a contribution to the hospital.

The State Board of Nursing was beginning to keep a closer eye on students and their grades and the hours that they had and they made the hospital and Miss Grimes cut out such long hours. It seemed that they had a way of getting around these restrictions. Often throughout our training we would work a 11-7 AM then a 3-11PM then a 7-3 Pm shift. There were eight hours between these shifts. If a girl was engaged, she was given straight 3-11's in the summer months, i suppose to keep her out of trouble. However, we were young and healthy and tolerated all these atrocities with a generally cheerful attitude as there weren't many pets that did any better.

At the end of the school year, we were put on the summer schedule, which meant no classes and regular schedules 6 days a week. The older students were sent on their rotations as usual. During this time we learned how to manage our time better, become more efficient in our duties, and learn first hand about the diseases we were studying.

I found out later how much this responsibility helped us. When we went on our rotations, the interns and other students often looked to us to teach them to do some of the things that were commonplace to us. They were not given the hands-on experience that we were given.

1949 wasn't that long after the war years and there were still shortages and new items were not available in our old hospital. There was no penicillin at first, IV's were started with needles that were sterilized, then reused, there was no nice plastic tubing or indeed not much of anything that was plastic. Rubber tubing was washed and reused until it cracked and fell apart. Dressings used in surgery were washed, rolled into tonsil sponges by the night shift people then reesterilized and reused. Huge bolts of cotton were always around so that if the students had a free moment they could roll the numerous cotton balls that were used. Applicator sticks were also available and we made the applicators that the hospital used.

In spite of efforts to keep us continually busy there were high spirited times. New students were sent to surgery of OB to get the fallopian tubes of an autoclave. They went like lambs and came back red faced and of course empty handed.

In January of the year 1950 there was a new class of girls that came into the school of nursing. It was a small class and we became chums with them. The older girls came and went on their rotations.

In the fall of 1950, we took classes in the dorm and worked in the hospital. We even got to work a day shift occasionally. Some of the older students were of the opinion that the harder you could be on the younger students the better. After some unfair treatment I decided that I would not only not act in that manner but that however old I got, I would help and listen to the newer students or employees. I have always tried to do that.

When the Janusary and fall class started at the University, they started having trouble with their grades and there were a bunch of them that couldn't cut the mustard and dropped out. Some of the other students were upset by this and threatened to quit but Mrs. Marler, a LPN who was a favorite of ours came and talked to us and told us that we were only cutting of our nose to spite our face. We had problems in the Wyoming contingent of the January class before us and though these girls did bring up their grades, they had to take and retake their National Boards more times than once.

In August, Gwen had a baby boy, Timothy. She and her first husband were having problems with his infidelity with no other than her best friend, Virginia. Dr. Hartvigsen delivered Tim and I helped Gwen with her diaphragmatic breathing and she did well.

Dad and Mother had bought some land in Alameda on the outskirts of Pocatello, during the latter part of the war years and had had some of it plowed for a Victory garden. When Vern came home from the

service, they sold most of it to he and Gwen and they built a two bedroom cinder block home. We continued to have a garden for as long as Dad and Mom could manage the work. I helped when I could but I didn't think I liked gardening, except the irrigating which I did with my shoes off and squeezed the soft mud through my toes.

Dad tried to help Gwen to mend her cracked marriage and it limped along for three more years until after Ronnie was born, then when he asked for a divorce so that he could marry a floozy who was pregnant, father not known, Gwen admitted defeat and divorced him. She had 3 children, Diane, Tim, and Ron. She was spurred in her decision when she found a pistol in the glove compartment. Of their car.