



THE ANTIDOTE 1931



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THE ANTIDOTE

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1931



Third Publication

by

Student Nurses of St. Francis School of Nursing
Santa Barbara, California

Gift of the
Bonilla Family Trust





FOREWORD

The purpose of this Antidote is to present life at St. Francis School of Nursing in as true a form as possible. May the Class of 1931 find in its Annual a record suitable to its achievements and an enduring reminder. May this volume strengthen the bond existing between the alumnae and their Alma Mater.

DEDICATION

His field of work has been varied: as a prominent member of the St. Francis Hospital staff, and later Chief of Staff, as founder and consultant of the Out-Patient Department; in addition to the demands of a busy practice. His personality we have never seen vary from thoughtful consideration of those with whom he works: patience and courtesy under any circumstances. It is a joy to dedicate this third annual, the nineteen thirty-one Antidote, to

JOHN B. MANNING, M. D.



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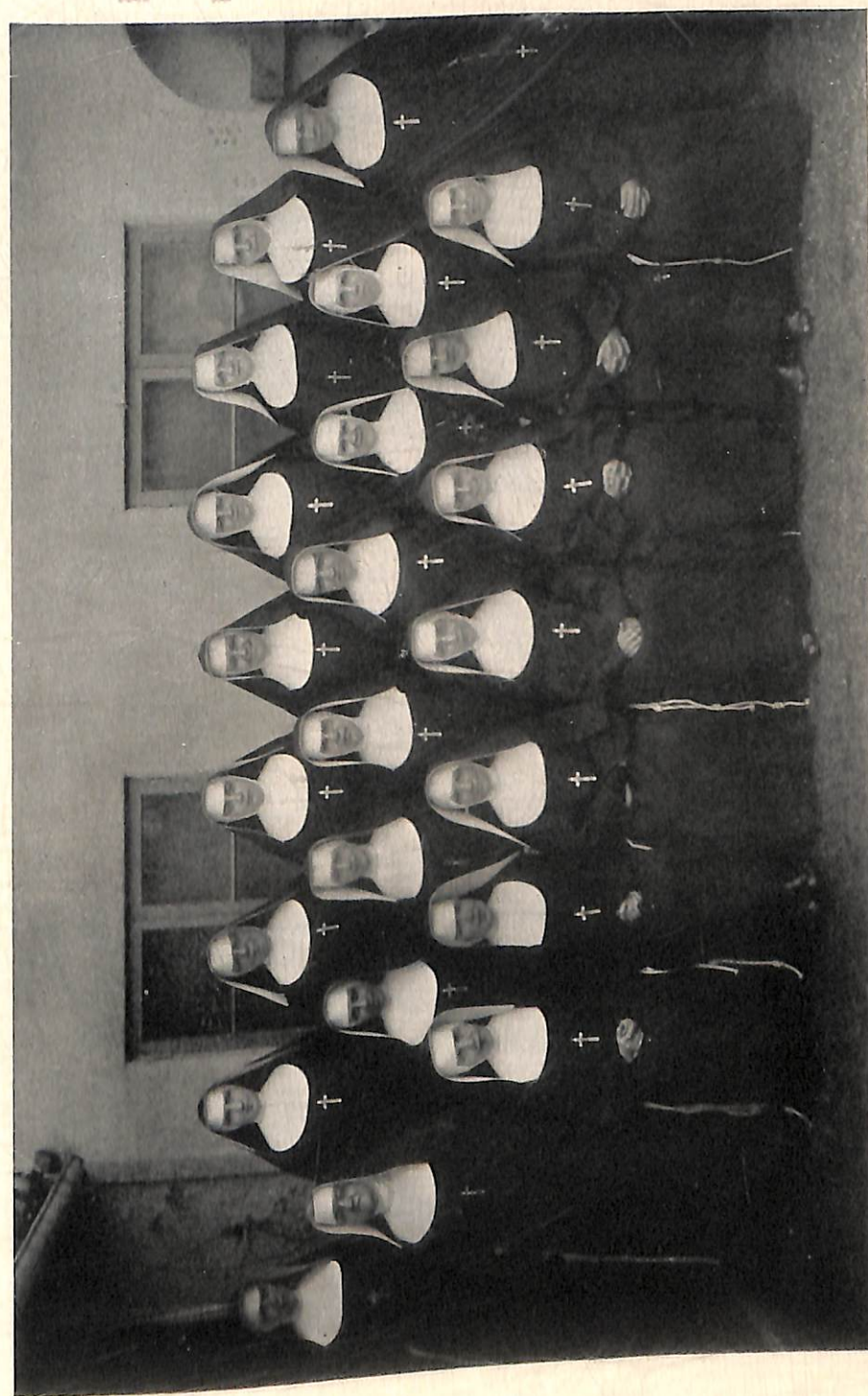


ADMINISTRATION



SISTER M. WINIFRED, R. N.
SUPERIOR

The Student Body wish to take these few lines to express their appreciation to Sister Winifred and all our Sisters. We feel that in this busy world the Sisters give something to us that we could get in no other way—A feeling of Peace, Serenity and Comfort, also a wonderful admiration for their sacrifices and the lives they lead.



SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS



HELEN LORD, R. N.
Director of Nursing



R. CAVALLERI, R. N.
Night Supervisor



R. CHISHOLM, R. N.
Clinic Supervisor



I. ANGWIN, R. N., B. A.
Instructress



NORA SCOTT
Obstetrical Supervisor



JANE BARTON
Anesthetist



GLADYS SMITH
Dietitian



MRS. PATRICK MAHER
President St. Francis Hospital Woman's Advisory Board

The Woman's Advisory Board has meant much to the Student Body. It gives us a sense of security to feel the force of these splendid women under the leadership of Mrs. Maher, ready to stand back of us in any worthwhile activity.

Mrs. Maher has been most generous to our many demands of her, and her spirit and personality have given something to us that can never be destroyed.



MRS. J. R. JANSSENS
Chairman School of Nursing Committee

Mrs. Janssens has endeared herself to us all not only by her splendid work of reconstruction in our Home but by her personal interest in our School activities and problems. We feel sure she knows how deep our appreciation is for all she has done.

Appreciation

The class of 1931 wish to express their appreciation to the following doctors who gave many hours of their valuable time to lecture us:

Anatomy & Physiology.....	Dr. Blaisdell
Bacteriology.....	Dr. Holzman
Materia Medica.....	Dr. Munch
Medical Nursing.....	Dr. Friedell
Obstetrics.....	Dr. Bakewell
Gynecology.....	Dr. Johnson
Neurology & Psychiatry.....	Dr. Van Paing
Ear, Nose & Throat.....	Dr. Wells
Eye.....	Dr. Jean
Surgical Nursing.....	Dr. Thorner
Pathology.....	Dr. Ware



H. F. PIERCE, M. D.



J. B. MANNING, M. D.



H. FRIEDEL, M. D.



E. LAMB, M. D.



W. E. JOHNSON, M. D.



H. L. SCHURMEIER, M. D.



H. O. KOEFOD, M. D.



B. BAKEWELL, M. D.



J. WARE, M. D.



G. S. WELLS, M. D.



G. W. JEAN, M. D.



H. HANZE, M. D.



M. THORNER, M. D.



A. Q. SPAULDING, M. D.



H. E. HENDERSON, M. D.



G. S. LOVEREN, M. D.



C. S. STEVENS, M. D.



H. DUFF, D. D. S.



R. ATSATT, M. D.



W. J. MELLINGER, M. D.



W. R. HUNT, M. D.



A. WILLIAMS, M. D.



C. NICHOLAS, M. D.



W. MOFFAT, M. D.



E. SMITH, M. D.



K. R. WILSON, M. D.



F. E. BLAISDELL, M. D.



E. K. SHELTON, M. D.



P. C. MEANS, M. D.



A. J. HOLZMAN, M. D.



H. N. BRUSH, M. D.



C. B. NAGELMAN, M. D.



H. L. EDER, M. D.



L. F. EDER, M. D.



N. T. USSHER, M. D.



M. J. GEYMAN, M. D.



H. J. ULLMANN, M. D.



A. B. WILCOX, M. D.



C. WARWICK, M. D.



J. D. LEWIS, M. D.



H. J. PROFANT, M. D.



R. D. EVANS, M. D.



R. G. LUTON, M. D.



F. J. HOMBACH, M. D.



M. CRESSEN, M. D.



W. H. JOHNSTON, M. D.



A. F. BURKARD, M. D.



J. d'ALESSIO, M. D.



M. RICHTER, M. D.

Dear Cap

Dear cap so white
To you I write
This little rhyme,
By shaded light.

You're more than just
A thing I must
Wear on my Head,
By that strange thrust.

Of whimsy Fate
Perhaps to sate
The hope of e're
Becoming great.

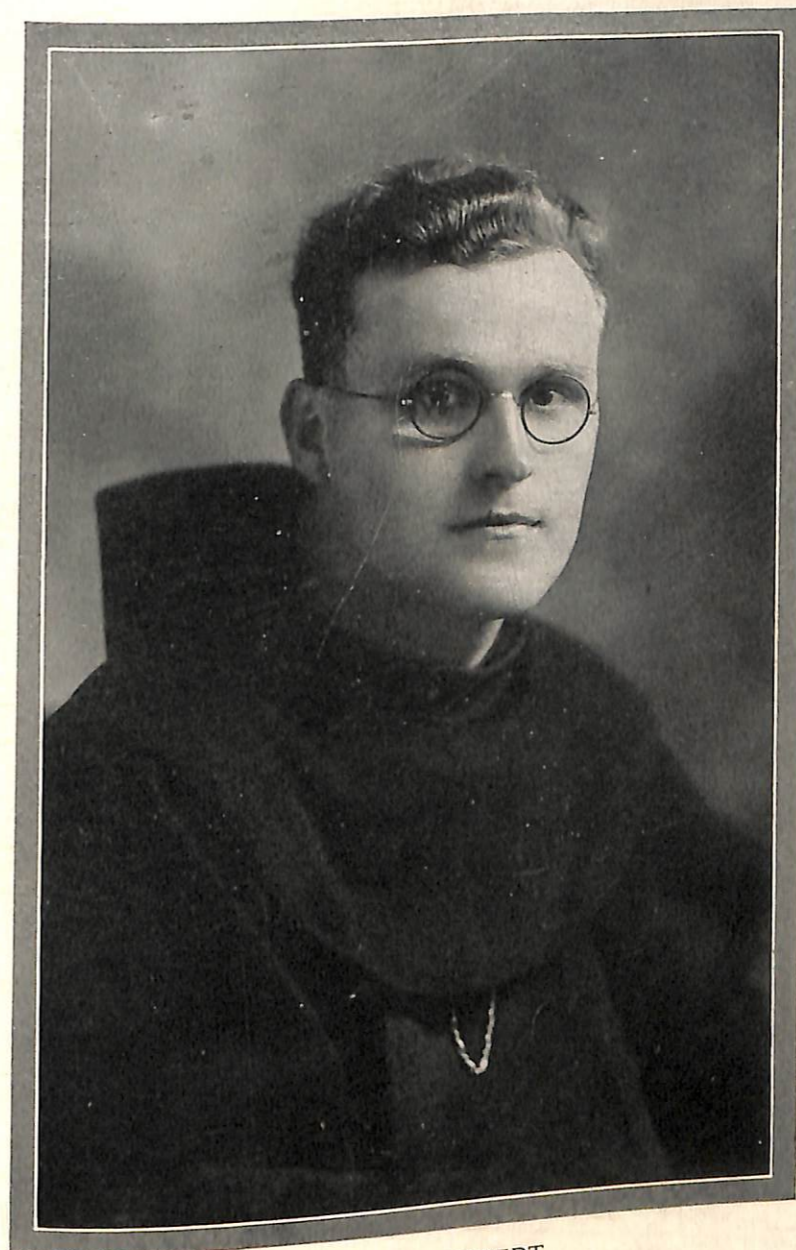
Dear Cap, you stand
For something grand,
A high ideal—
A Gentle hand—

A heart that's true
Though pleasures few;
What wonder that
I'm proud of you.

Elizabeth McCombie



CLASSES



REV. FATHER ROBERT
Chaplain



A Word to the Graduates

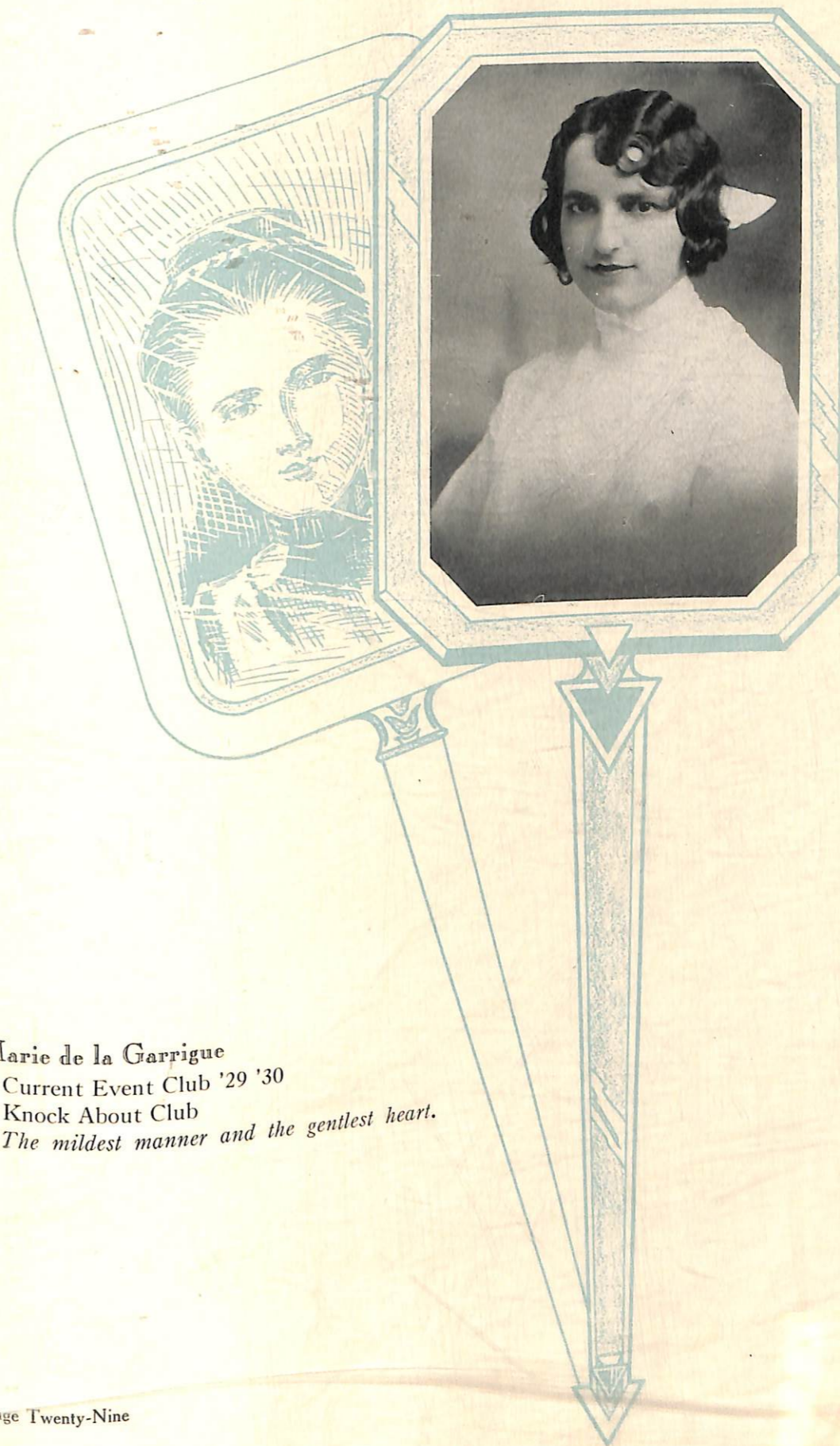
Mindful of the exhortation of Sacred Scripture to "rejoice with them that rejoice," I gladly accept the invitation to express publicly my congratulations to the graduates.

A learned student of history once wrote: "Nothing great or good has ever been accomplished on this earth without a woman having played an important part in it." The writer of these lines refers to the past, but in our own day and age, we find them equally verified. In the great work of restoring health to the sick and suffering, medical treatment and surgery are indeed essential. But at the same time it is evident to all that efficient nursing likewise lies at the base of most cures. We cannot expect our physicians to attend to the constant needs of their patients and to administer the prescribed medicines to them throughout the day and night. Yet without this continuous attention, medical skill would be of little avail. The profession of nursing then supplies this need, and is making thousands of women at the present time co-workers in that noble effort to alleviate suffering humanity.

It is now your happy privilege, dear graduates, to join this vast army of workers and to continue the splendid achievements of women in the service of the sick. Justly may you rejoice on this occasion, for you are about to enter upon one of the loveliest professions open to women. Your work will be eminently womanly, a work which requires a woman's sweetness and endurance, a woman's understanding of whims and moods. Your work will be one which is held in the highest esteem by God and men. In your profession more than in most others, you will have ample opportunity for the practical application of the teachings of Christ. For you are to give to your patients not merely "the cup of cold water" suggested by the Physicians of souls, but the noblest that is in you, namely service prompted by love. The best therefore that Christ-tain womanhood can accomplish is the least that you can aim at. You may not attain it, but you must aspire to it if your career as a nurse is to be a success.

Therefore, "I entreat you that you walk worthy of the vocation to which you have been called." These words of the great St. Paul sum up all the good wishes of a friend who wishes you all the good you desire for yourselves. These words shall be the constant prayer of your Chaplain.

FR. ROBERT

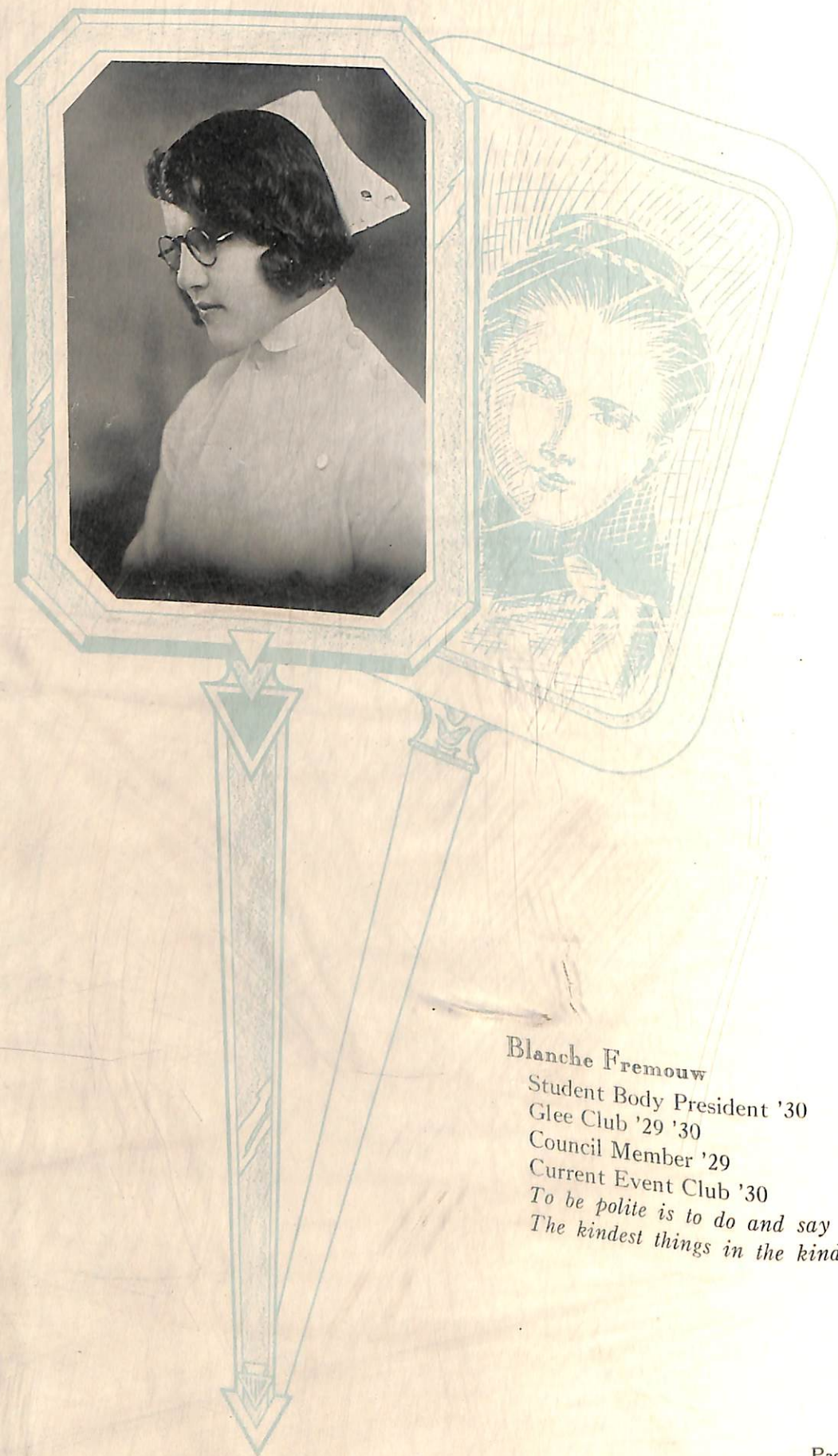


Marie de la Garrigue

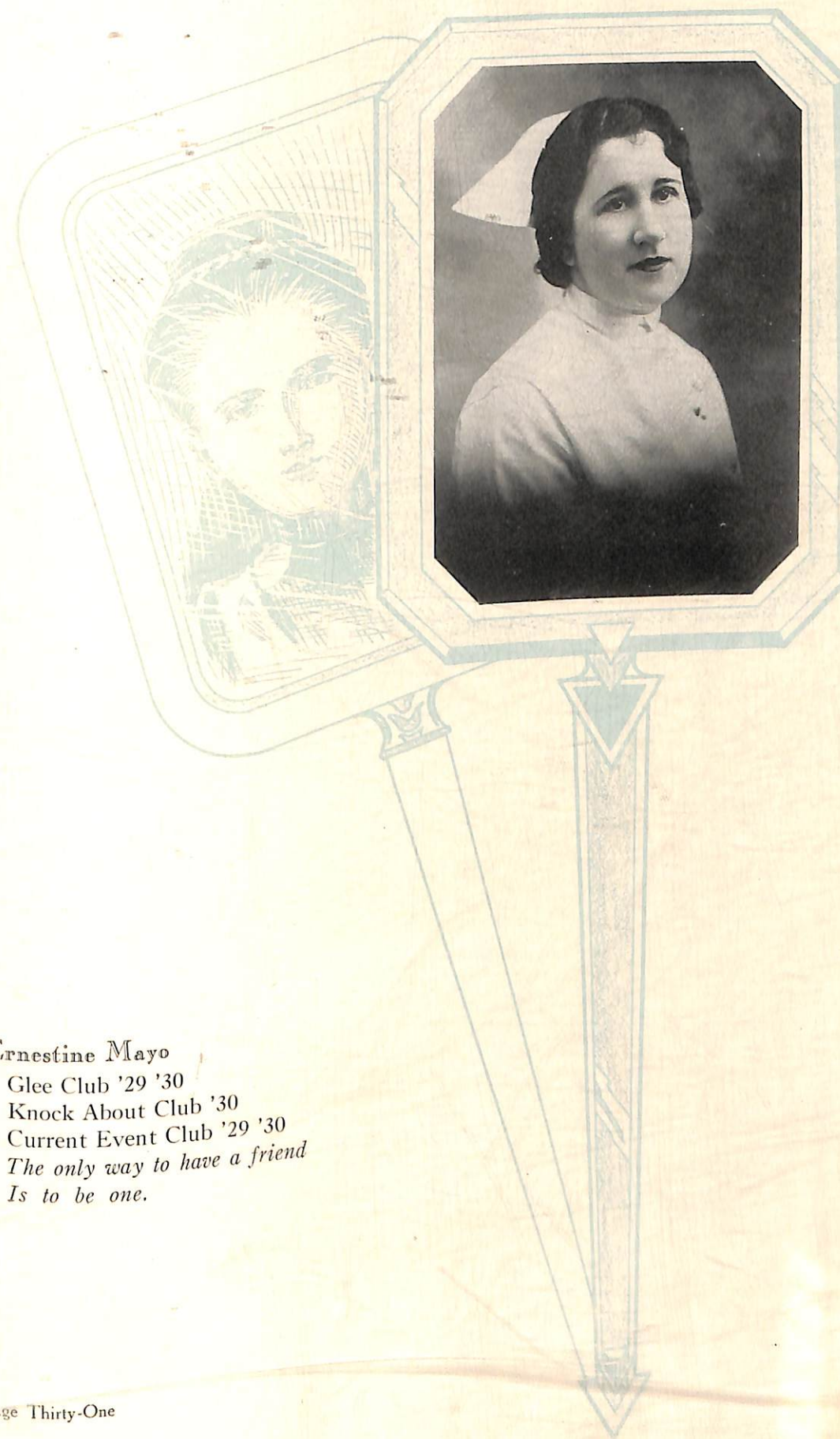
Current Event Club '29 '30

Knock About Club

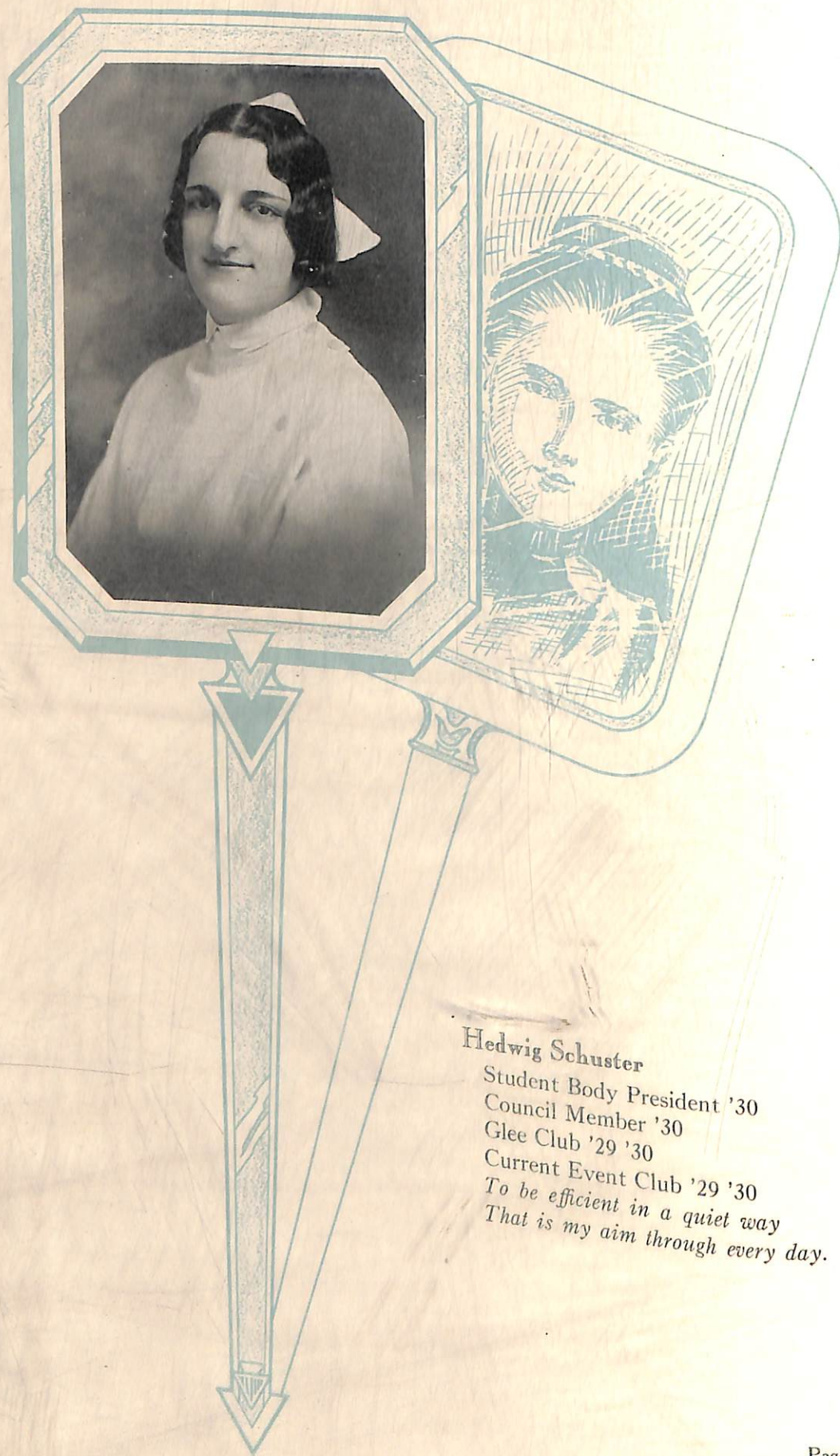
The mildest manner and the gentlest heart.



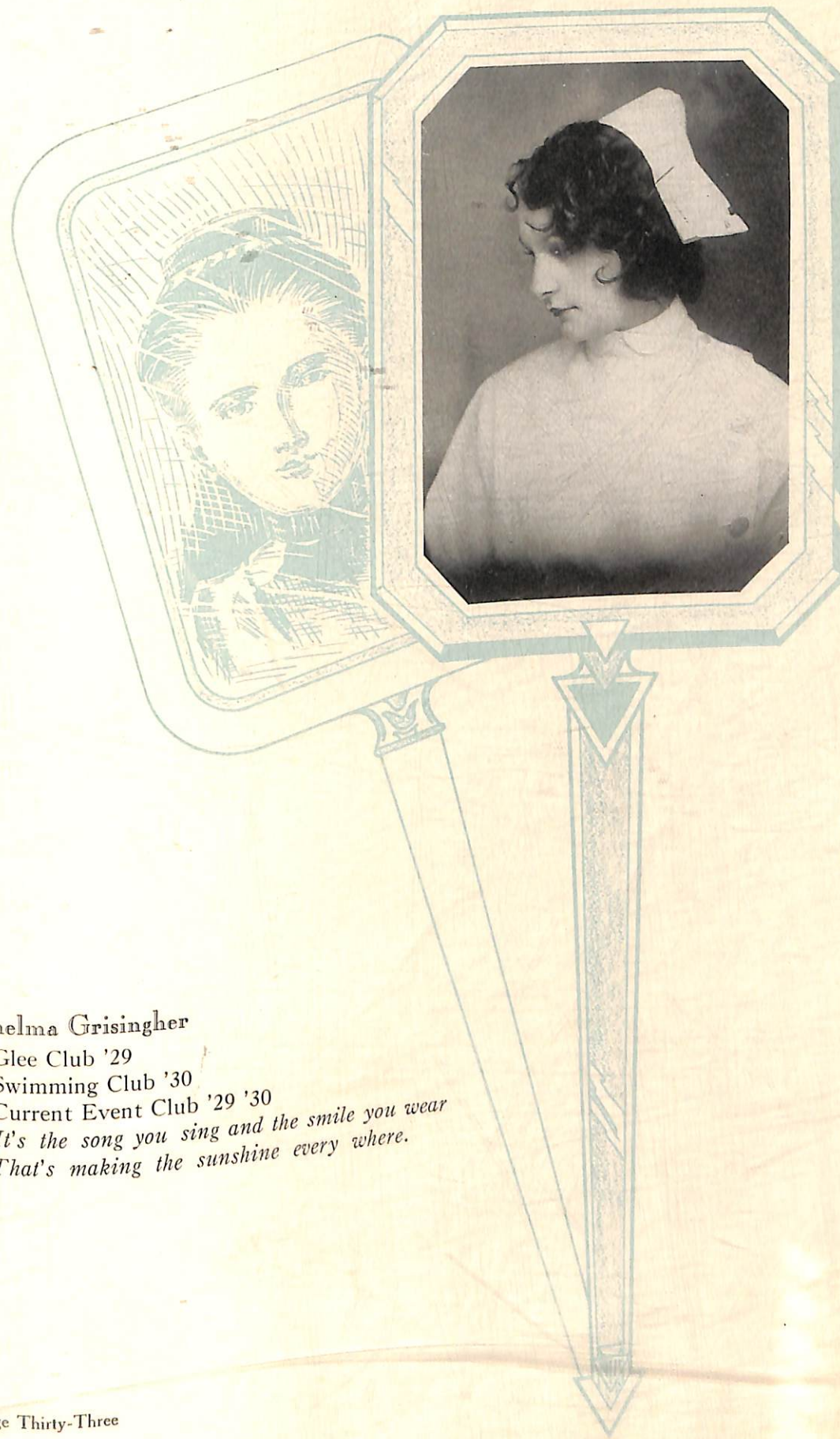
Blanche Fremouw
 Student Body President '30
 Glee Club '29 '30
 Council Member '29
 Current Event Club '30
To be polite is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.



Ernestine Mayo
 Glee Club '29 '30
 Knock About Club '30
 Current Event Club '29 '30
The only way to have a friend
Is to be one.



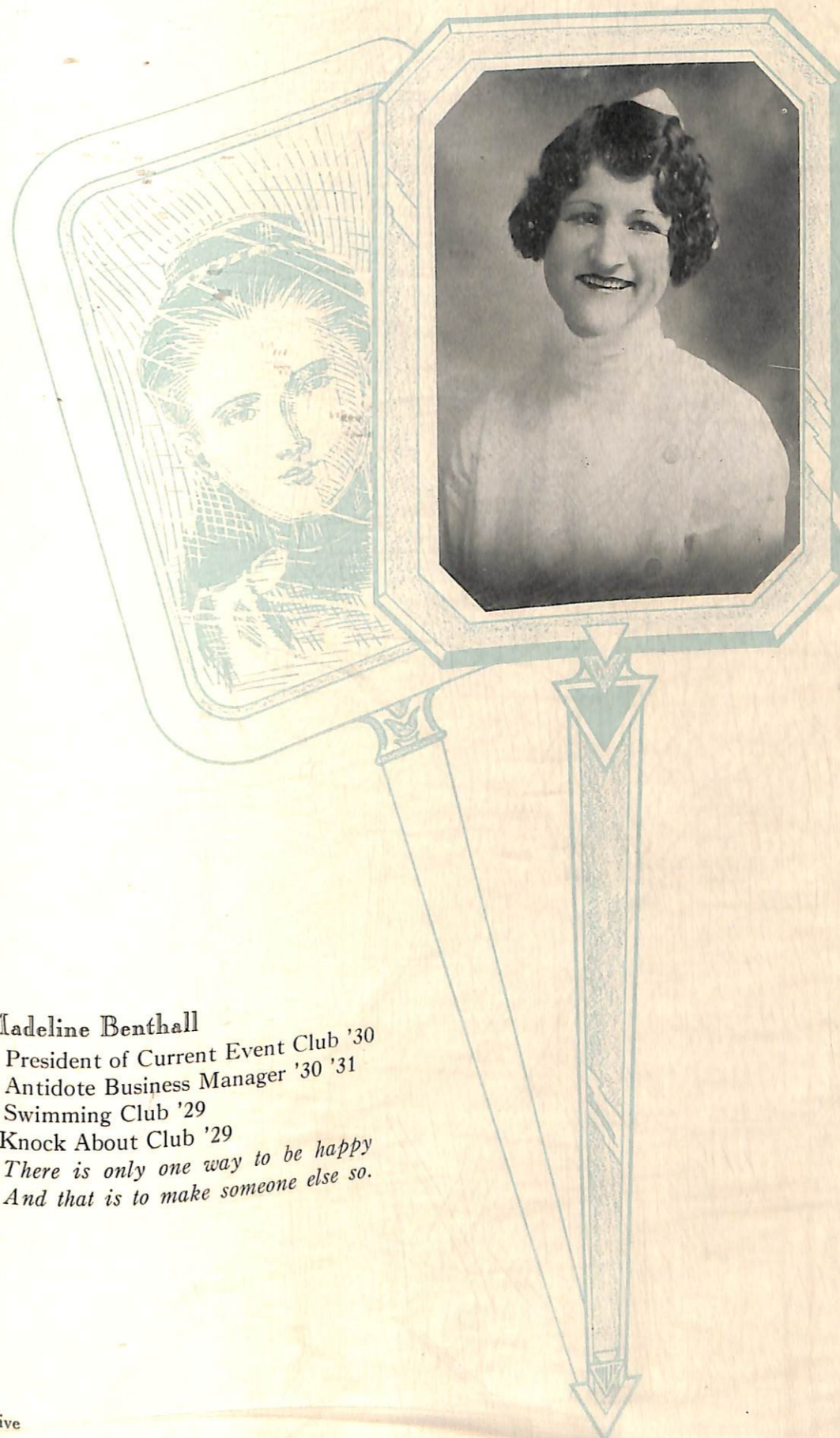
Hedwig Schuster
 Student Body President '30
 Council Member '30
 Glee Club '29 '30
 Current Event Club '29 '30
*To be efficient in a quiet way
 That is my aim through every day.*



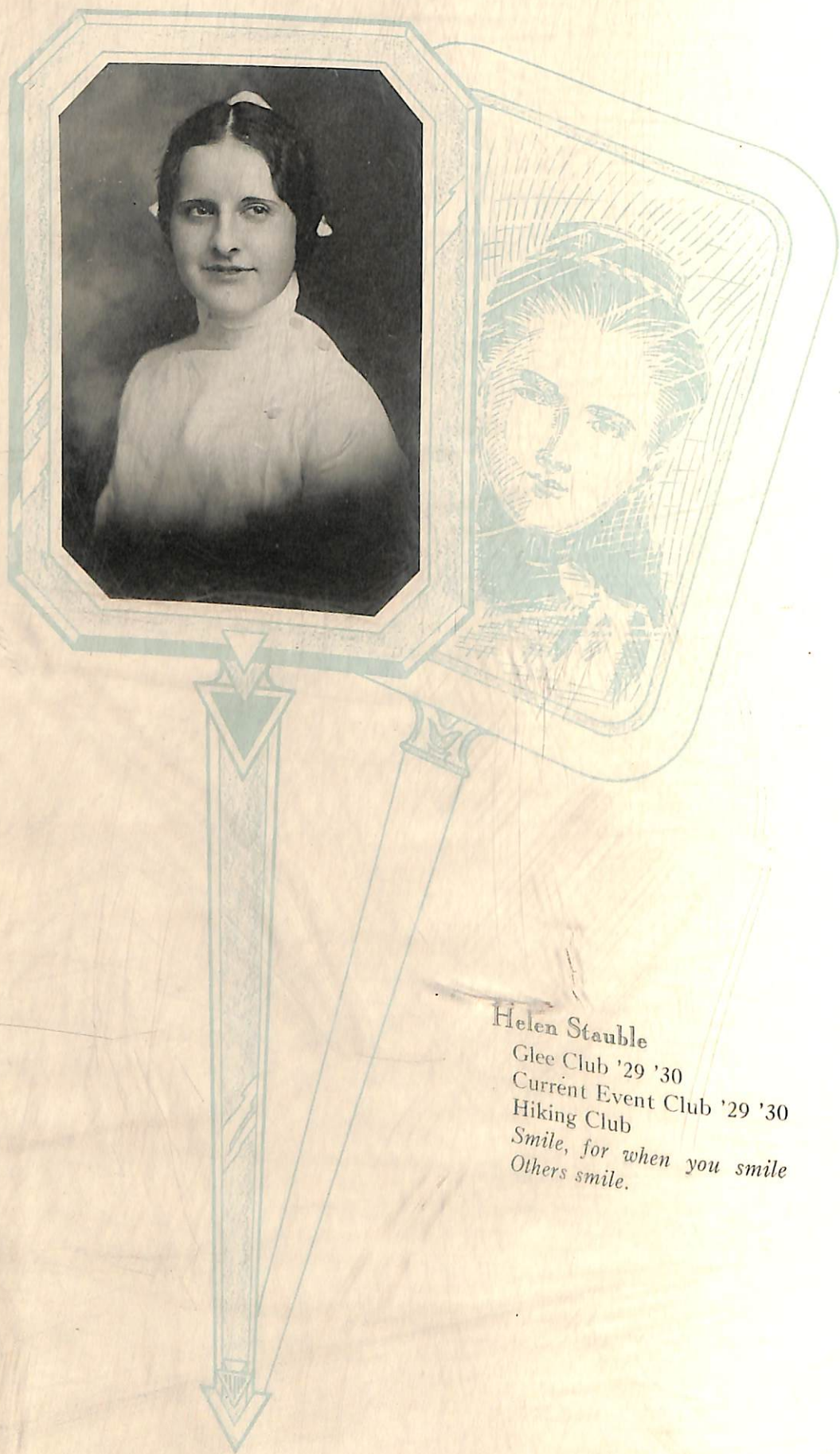
Thelma Grisingher
 Glee Club '29
 Swimming Club '30
 Current Event Club '29 '30
*It's the song you sing and the smile you wear
 That's making the sunshine every where.*



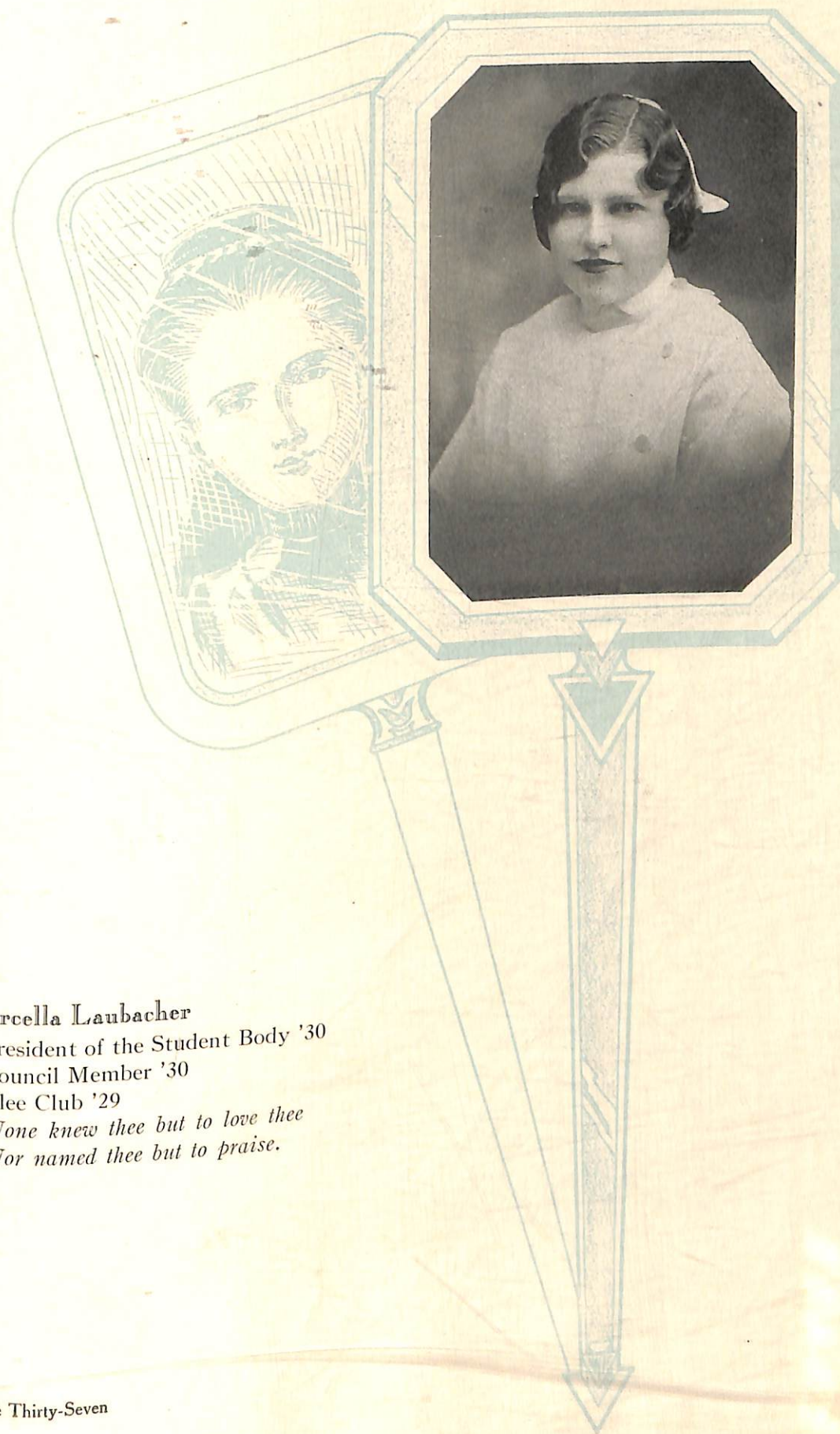
Jeanette Donovan
 Secretary of Student Body '30
 Current Event Club '29 '30
 Swimming Club '30
 Glee Club '29 '30
*It's nice to be natural
 If your naturally nice.*



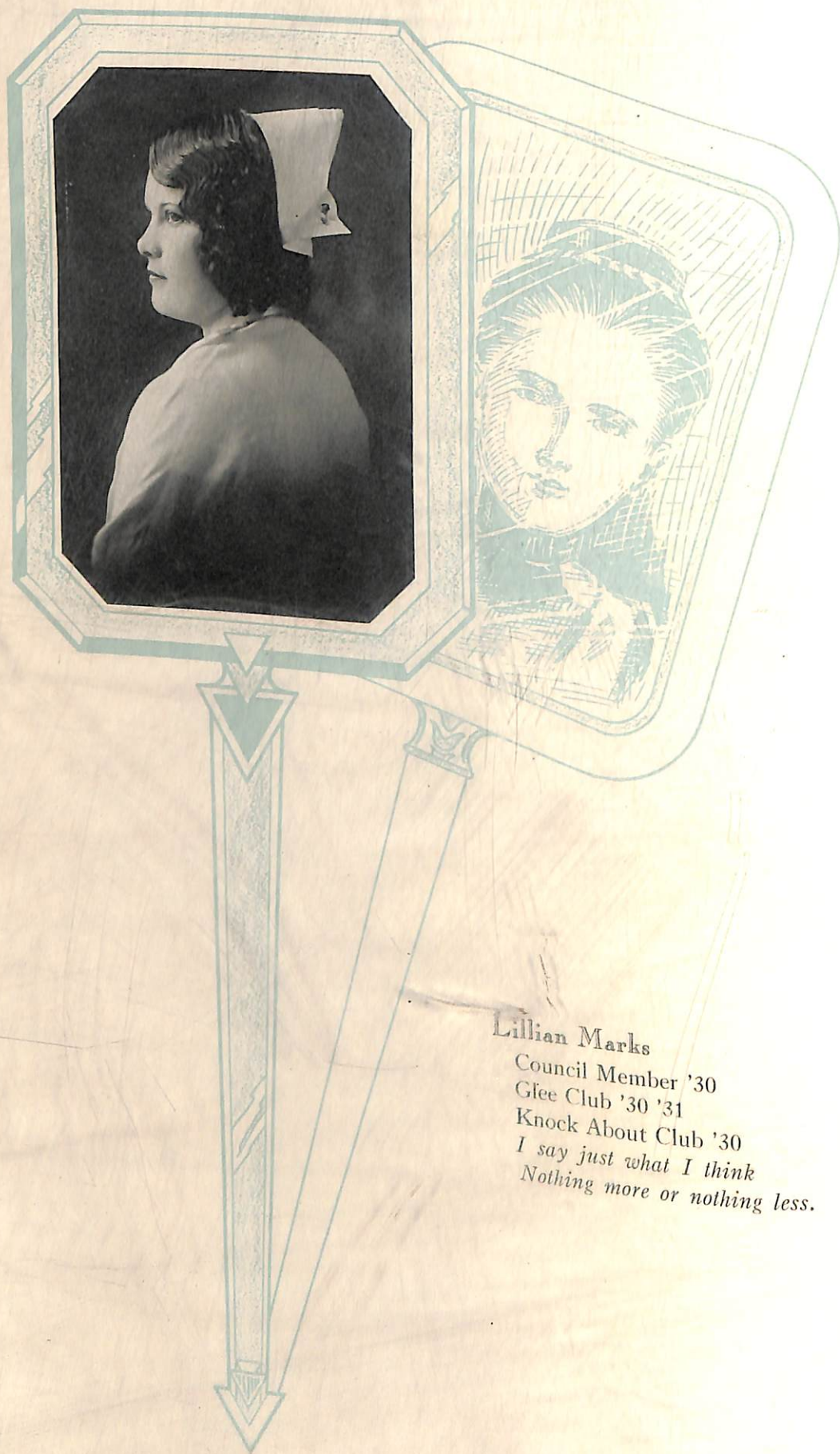
Madeline Benthall
 President of Current Event Club '30
 Antidote Business Manager '30 '31
 Swimming Club '29
 Knock About Club '29
*There is only one way to be happy
 And that is to make someone else so.*



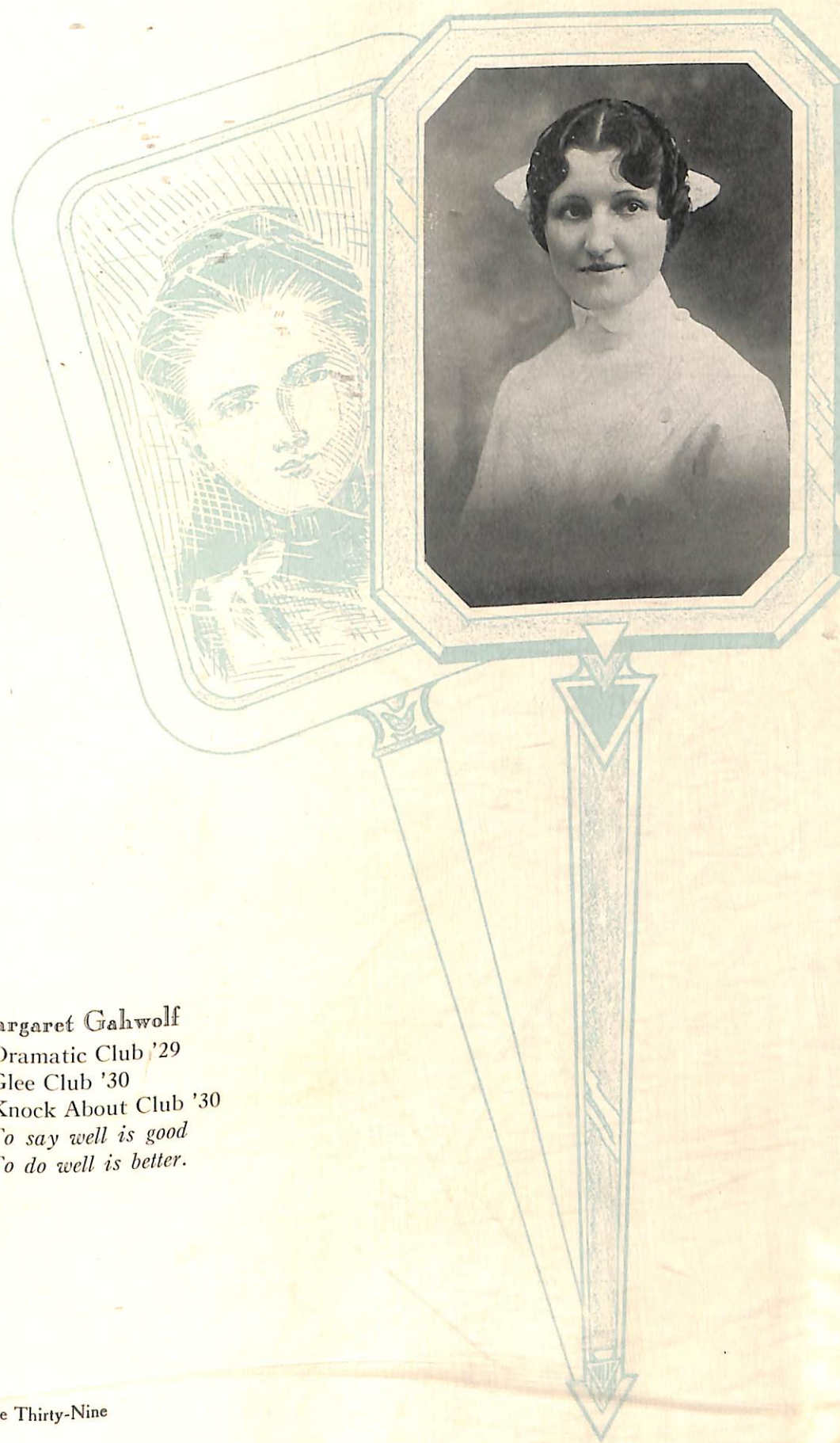
Helen Stauble
 Glee Club '29 '30
 Current Event Club '29 '30
 Hiking Club
*Smile, for when you smile
 Others smile.*



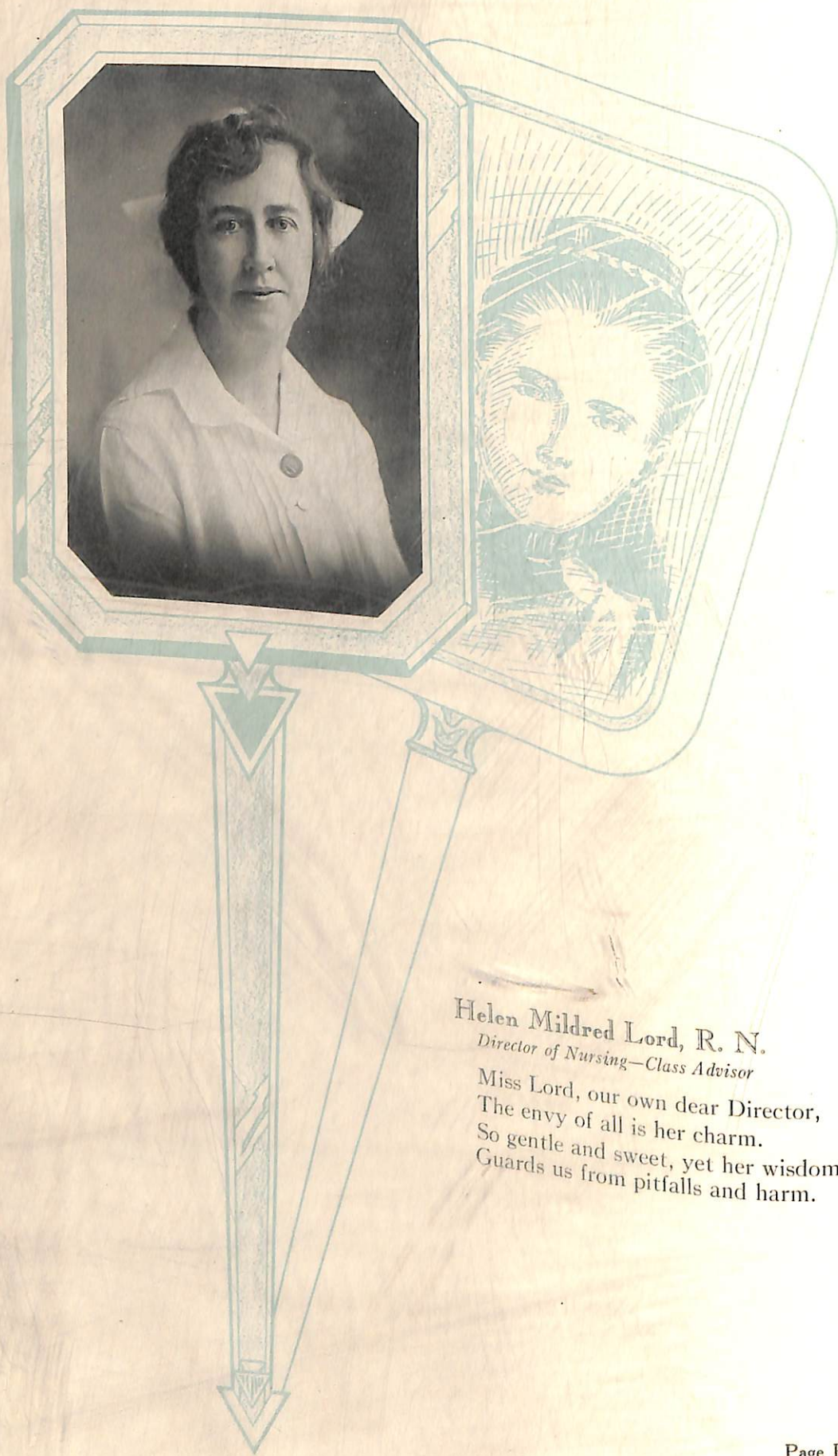
Marcella Laubacher
 President of the Student Body '30
 Council Member '30
 Glee Club '29
*None knew thee but to love thee
 Nor named thee but to praise.*



Lillian Marks
 Council Member '30
 Glee Club '30 '31
 Knock About Club '30
*I say just what I think
 Nothing more or nothing less.*



Margaret Gahwolf
 Dramatic Club '29
 Glee Club '30
 Knock About Club '30
*To say well is good
 To do well is better.*



Helen Mildred Lord, R. N.
Director of Nursing—Class Advisor

Miss Lord, our own dear Director,
The envy of all is her charm.
So gentle and sweet, yet her wisdom
Guards us from pitfalls and harm.

Class Will

We, the class of 1931 of the St. Francis School of Nursing, being of sound mind and body and knowing the uncertainty of this cruel world to which we shall soon be presented, do hereby publish our last will and testament, revoking all other previous wills made by us.

To the Junior Class we will our role as the "Best Senior Class" and hope they do everything in their power to live up to that title.

To the Probies we leave our tables in the dining room so that they may enjoy their last few meals while in training.

To the Supervisors we leave—we just leave—thereby knowing that we have lightened their burdens so that their lives will be calm and peaceful henceforth.

To Miss Lord we will and bequeath a quartet of eyes of the finest quality so that she may see East, West, North and South at the same time thereby saving time and energy in convicting a culprit.

I, Madeline Benthall, will my vulgar language to Miss Tico with the understanding that she uses it only for self-entertainment.

I, Madge Tarne, will my cheerful disposition to Miss Frize.

I, Helen Stauble, will my raven wig to Miss Wilding.

I, Grace Walker, will my lipstick to the Hospital towels and my curly hair to Miss Fox.

I, Thelma Grisingher, will my art of dancing to Olga Fiscalini. Olga use it with discretion so you won't wear out so many shoes.

I, Marie de la Garrigue, will my craving for devil-fish and rice to any one who is on a reducing diet.

I, Blanche Fremouw, will my blushing ability to the Probies with the promise that they use it to the best of their knowledge.

I, Marcella Laubacher, will my beautiful red locks to Mary Donovan.

I, Margaret Gahwolf, will my swift gait to anyone late on duty.

I, Ernestine Mayo, will my gift of gab to Little Daly if she promises not to use it when out with Johnny.

I, Hedwig Schuster, will my phonograph and records to the night nurses so that they may sleep in peace.

I, Lillian Marks, will my dignified height to Di Giavonni.

I, Jeannette Donovan, will my desire to be back in Nebraska to anyone who doesn't like California.

If we have forgotten any thing of importance we will them to the finder.

Witness: Sister Angela

Witness: Sister Rosina

What a dreary night, the rain has not ceased all day. Just the night for a game of solitaire and a whiff of that new incense. How heavy and sweet the air grows, the red and orange and pink of the burning embers fascinate me. There are faces in the fire, I am as a child again; ah! 'tis not a childish fancy; spellbound I gaze:

And here we are, says Helen Stauble, as our gondola pulls up to her door. What glorious music floats on the evening breeze. "Just my husband, the count composing some new music." She smiles.

The mellow glow of the full moon brightens into the glaring lights of Broadway. Gazing up I see the name Thelma Grissinger written in bright lights above New York's gayest night club. I must see my old classmate Billy, so sending my card I enter. How fast her feet fly over the mirrored floors. Such perfect rhythm in her dance of death. She smiles as she tells me this dance is their life's dream; yet she brushes away a tear as she adjusts her only cap, a crown of diamonds.

My, the air grows cold—the lights of Broadway are as pale stars. Our floor is a mirror of ice. Yes, that's Hedwig Schuster. "Now like this," she says, doing a dainty whirl on her ice skates. Upon seeing me she is delighted; news of yourself and the old gang she eagerly questions. This teaching grows so wearysome year after year. Opening my mouth to tell her of Helen, a breath of warm summer melts our ice ring.

I am in a flowery court yard. Cheery voices and childish laughter come to my ears. If here isn't Madge Tarne with her flock of happy children. "You must stay for tea," she begs. "You loved it so in the old days." Ah! what a strange tea pot, it's growing into a great magic crystal. Peering thru it's crystal brightness I see Ernestine Mayo, the coffee cup fortune teller of our gang. In admiration I stare at her lovely exotic gown. She, sensing my very thought, said. "Do you know I rather like pink. But I am just like the boy who sat on the gate wishing he might find it."

The wind of a passing object. But I am just like the boy who sat
With a whirl I am cast into a large field. Purr, purr, the sound of a giant air-plane
fairly taking me off my feet as it lands. Out walks Blanche Fremouw. Proudly
she displays her red cross cuff. "Been here nearly ten years and grow to love it
more each day," she exclaims. "Great training we had in the old Alma Mater.
Any news of that old gang?"
My answer is never said.

My answer is never finished, for the giant plane has grown into a high mountain whose cruel jagged crags fairly terrorize me. Oh-he-oh-he oh-o-he —what a golden melody. Perched on the highest pinnacle dressed in a guide's suit sits Marie de la Garrigue. "Come up," she shouts. Fearfully I clutch the first ledge of rock, but it breaks away and I am floating down, down into space. The stone grows lighter and lighter. What's this, a bride's bouquet, and standing

Before me is Lillian Marks. "I hope you're next," she cries. How sweet she looks in her wedding finery. "I hope you're next," she calls as I look upon the bouquet she had surely thrown me.

But what sharp thorns. Yes, cacti are quite treacherous. "One must watch them," laughs Marcella Laubacher handing me another rare specimen. I am now in "Marcie's Cacti Garden." She is known the world over as an authority on the rarest of cacti. "If the old gang were to see me now," she smiles. Plucking a blossom of the most exotic type I inhale its pungent odor.

Was it Mercury's Wings that brushed me, for I find myself on a strange island. Such gorgeous animals are basking in the morning sunlight. Entering a winding pathway I hasten towards a beautiful palace. Approaching it's pond a young woman greets me. Her auburn hair is glorious in the April sunlight. I clutch my flower tighter, for this must be Circe herself. She laughs and I know it's my old pal Grace Walker. "Isn't he a beauty" she asks stroking the head of a giant black panther. "This place is my home. I nurse and care for only wounded animals." A huge lion walks towards me. Opening his mouth a deafening roar issues forth. I turn in terror to flee. Why run? It's only the crowd's applause. Who is this mannish woman delivering a saving message to the world against the evils of alcohol. I gaze thru the heavy rimmed spectacles and recognize another old chum, Margaret Gahwolf. "Give these to the old gang," she pleads, handing me several copies of her latest speech.

The papers flutter to my feet; stooping to gather them I hear the Mission bells tolling. Looking up I see the Nuns coming from prayer. As in a dream I look upon one face in particular. Impossible, yet it's true, Madeline Benthall. "Bennie, Bennie," I shout; "Hush, child" she whispers as a dewy tear rolls down her pale cheeks. "Tell them all, I am happy," and as a desert mirage she had vanished.

Sadly I turn away and fairly walk into the arms of Jeanette Donovan. Grasping her hand in a hearty welcome, my eyes fall upon her neat interne's jacket, whose pockets are filled with tongue depressors and other medical paraphernalia. "Dr. Donovan"? I cry. "Yes, I finished in May." "What of our old pals? The Alma Mater? Does it yet stand?"

Ah! The night grows colder. The rain pours. I must have been dreaming.
My cheery fire is only a heap of cold gray ashes.

There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any of us,
To sit in judgment on the rest of us.

Selected

A Nurse

The world grows better year by year
Because some nurse in her small sphere
Puts on her cap and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things
Taking temperatures, and giving pills,
To remedy mankind's innumerable ills.

Feeding the baby and answering bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels
Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile.
Blessing the newborn baby's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctors mistakes
Oh! dear! what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop;
But called back on duty at 7:15
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.

Morning and evening, noon and night
Just doing it over and hoping its right
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
Oh! Lord, will you give us a little star
To wear in our crowns in that uniform new
In that city above, where the head nurse is you?

Selected



A. Daly

H. Howell

O. Fiscalini
M. Frize

E. McClellan
M. Haley

Senior Class

The senior class of 1931 were well represented in Student Body activities; filling the important roles of President of the Student Body, chairman of the Sewing Club, and acting as council members.

They also took a prominent part in other organizations both social and otherwise.

Starting as probies with the goal of graduation far in the distance, we have endeavored to maintain the standards of the school, and now with success in sight we hope to finish with the same spirit that we began.



J. Kenney D. Fox
M. Bernard B. Scott
D. D. Giovanni

Second Juniors

The second juniors, the class of 1932, have so far had a most successful year. We were unfortunate in losing two of our members last year, but five still remain to uphold the standards and ideals of the school, which guide us to our destination.

Among our members is the secretary of the student body, and a member of the Antidote Staff. In the future we hope to have more of our class worthily fulfilling school offices.

Socially, the class has been *active* to do much during the winter months, but we are planning many social functions for the summer.

Complete Outline of the First Juniors

A.:I. Name and Synonyms: Probationary class 1930-Probies.

II. Morphology: Discovered Sept. 7, 1930 in the St. Francis Nurses' Home by Miss Helen Lord and isolated in rooms according to number.

Size: Fifteen in number, but made up of all possible sizes, ranging from five feet to six feet in length, variable inches in width, distinguished mental capacity, but exact amount is unknown as yet.

Grouping: Mostly in pairs when isolated in their rooms. Often in bunches, and then a peculiar and typical sound-producing phenomenon occurs. Rarely single, only when the organism follows a definite purpose, i. e. thinking or studying.

Motility: Very active, especially when found after "off duty."

III. Stain: A few organisms will readily stain from a slight pink to scarlet when final tests are made, others react in the opposite way, losing their original color, appearing quite pale.

IV. Cultural Characteristics: (a) Air. All seem to grow exceedingly well in the atmosphere of the St. Francis Hospital.

(b) Temperature. Best temperature is the degree of heat maintained from the balance between strict discipline and thoughtful understanding of the peculiar nature of the organism, as most successfully shown by superintendent, teachers, and sisters.

(c) Culture Media. The organism has been found to grow well by the special method employed by the discoverer, Miss Helen Lord, as follows: After having first been isolated in the rooms systematic transplanting of the organism from the classrooms to the beach on Sept. 8, where wienies and rolls were added to the medium and the organism was stirred up by games, walks on the breakwater and swims in the ocean, proved very beneficial. Further changes of the medium have had equally best results upon the growth of the organism: Kid's party, October. Halloween party with initiation by the Seniors, November. Dance, December.

V. Distribution: Inside of St. Francis Hospital on 3rd or 2nd floor or in the nursery, shouting extreme ability to keep out of sight when wanted for inspection.

Outside. (a) In Nurses' Home, developing special motility when near radio.

(b) Near telephone especially when communicating with other organisms of the opposite sex.

(c) In rooms, grouped on beds, showing peculiar tendency to produce the disease, commonly called gossip, but only the benign type if found, as it develops together with mutual interest and friendship.

VI. Pathogenesis: When inoculated into a hospital, the organism creates disturbance on the floor and upsets the routine during the first weeks. After that it gradually changes its appearance, becoming more and more linked up to the working forces of the host, until it finally develops into another class and is termed, "First Juniors."



FIRST JUNIORS
M. Campbell, B. Barrios, E. Rothaermel, S. Fascalini, M. Konarsky, H. Wilding
J. Burkard, M. Donovan, C. Sample, P. Donovan, K. Spry.



H. Crockett K. McFadden
I. Ingle L. Lucas C. Harris
E. Grodberg E. Montijo

We, the Probies, start out seven strong, with success far in the distance.
We strive to pull together and each do as we are able, for united effort
will bring to us that joy which only cooperation and fellowship receive.
As seniors may we still remain seven and have added that much to others
happiness and the welfare of the School which we have endeavored to do in
our three months sojourn.



ORGANIZATIONS



E. Rothaermel
L. Marks

E. Ward
M. Frize

D. Fox
M. Laubacher

H. Wilding
M. Haley

Antidote Staff

<i>Editor</i>	M. Laubacher
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	M. Frize
<i>Business Manager</i>	M. Benthall
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	D. Fox
<i>Snap Editors</i>	H. Tico, E. Rothermeal
<i>Joke Editors</i>	L. Marks, E. Ward, H. Wilding
<i>Art Editor</i>	M. Haley
<i>Alumnae</i>	K. Collins, R. N., A. Kelley, R. N. M. Ruter, R. N., I. Bishop, R. N.
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	H. Lord, R. N.





E. Rothaermel E. Ward M. Frize D. Fox I. Ingle

Student Council

The Student Council is the main governing body of the school. It is composed of a representative chosen from each class, the president and secretary of the student body, and Miss Lord. Their duty is to see that all rules are enforced and functions carried out properly.

If these rulings are disobeyed the student council decides the penalty.



Current Event Club

The Current Event Club is our pet chameleon; it exists, it doesn't exist. It is Monday evening, it is Tuesday evening, it isn't at all.

It becomes a sewing club, presto a bridge club, then backgammon; but for the last two weeks it has remained as a Current Event club and members bring up supposedly recent events which they try to make us believe happened recently instead of in the dark ages.

The "eats" are the main attraction, not the current events.



Glee Club

The glee club, as in every institution was organized at the time of the school. It has grown from a small club to a lusty member of our school.

Miss Johnson acts as director and harmonious melodies permeate the living room every Tuesday afternoon. They added quite a bit to the Christmas spirit by singing the old carols Christmas Eve.

Each year the Glee Club adds new members to its roster and new songs to their repertoire.

And we all hope that they will carry on and entertain us as well next year as they did this year.



ALUMNAE



To
HELEN MILDRED LORD
THE WISE COUNSELOR
THE UNDERSTANDING TEACHER
THE FRIEND OF YOUTH
We, the members of St. Francis Alumnae,
affectionately dedicate this section, as a
tribute of love and esteem.



The Lady of the Temple

I came across a little poem the other day and as it touched a tender chord in me, so may it revive hidden memories and veiled hopes in the hearts of others.

In a museum in Boston there is a small clay tablet which lay buried in Egypt for thousands of years. The inscription reads: "Keeper of the offerings to Khem and to Isis, in the service of Amenophis, pronounced true. His wife, lady of the temple, loved by everybody." A poet, S. Brazier by name, was moved by the last sentence of the inscription and he wrote the following lines:

"Carved in the granite rock the deeds
Of ancient Egypt's kings are told.
The record lives while thrones decay
And earth and time are growing old.

"Amid these archives writ in stone
A tablet just of common clay,
The story tells of one unknown
And yet of higher worth than they.

"She swayed no sceptre, wore no crown,
But lived with those of low degree;
'The Lady of the Temple, loved
By everybody,' that was she.

"Oblivion blotted out her name
No more of her will e'er be known.
Her loves, her joys, her griefs, her cares,
Are hid. This record lives alone.

"If she were fair, or famed, or gay,
Or grave, no tablets now recall—
'The Lady of the Temple, loved
By everybody.' That is all.

"Sweet lady, down time's long drawn aisle
Your fragrant memory survives;
And hearts grow kinder when they know
Your kindness gladdened human lives."

Well, that is the poem. I have an idea that most people will ponder a moment after reading it. Just as I did, and then fit into it their own Lady of the Temple, loved by everybody.

I took a piece of common clay and scratched on it these words.

"Helen Lord; Our Lady of the Temple.
Loved by everybody."

Alumnae

Every one recognizes the value of an Alumnae organization. Our Alumnae was organized in 1921 with a membership of thirty-two and has grown in the last ten years to over ninety members.

The purpose of our Alumnae is to cooperate with the student nurses, Hospital Staff and directors and to inspire fellowship and promote interest in the members.

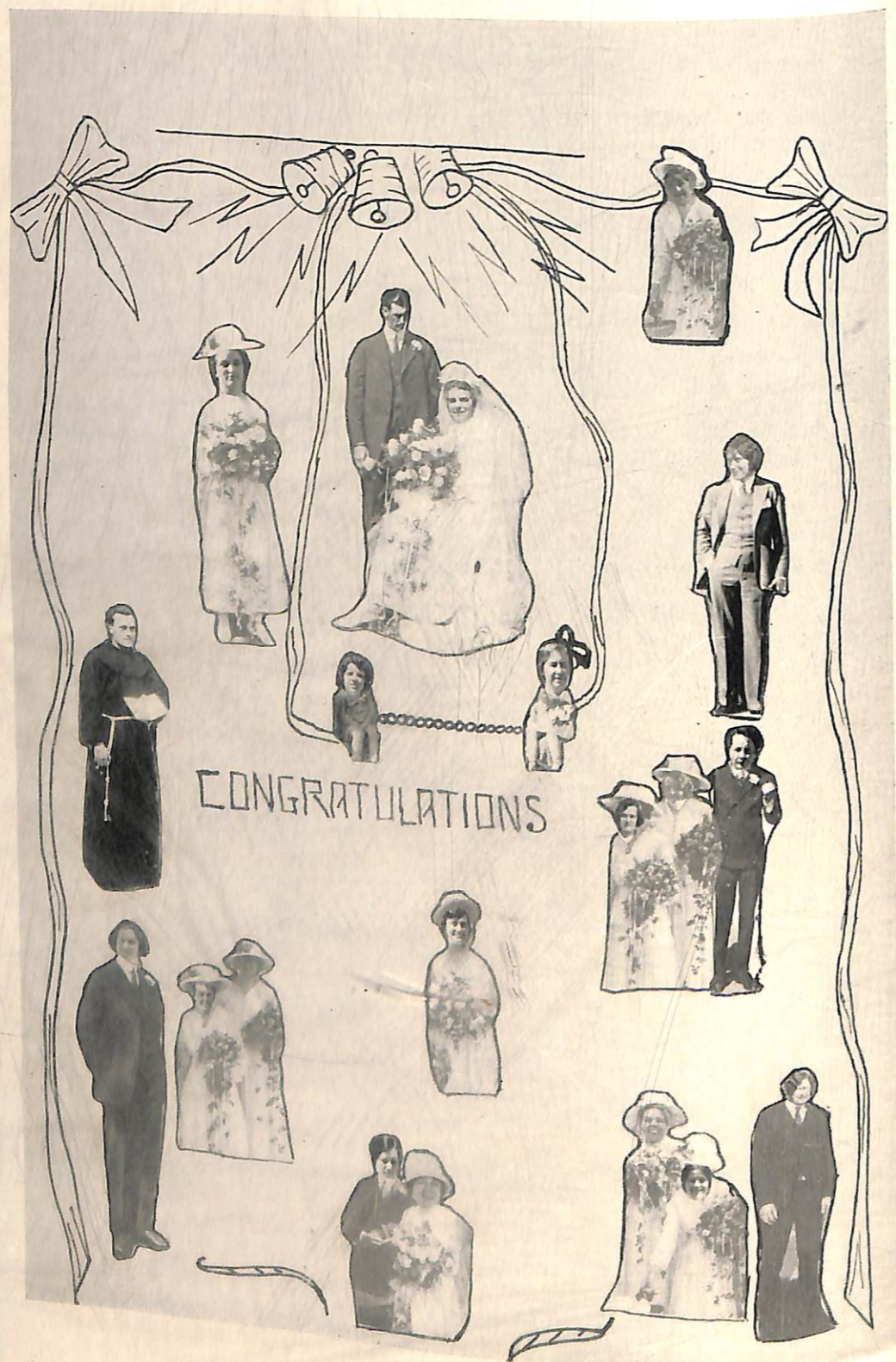
Graduation week is an outstanding one in the year for us. All members who have moved away, make an effort to return at this time and many of our old friends are with us again.

It is interesting to follow the various members in their many chosen fields of nursing, such as supervision, private duty, public health psychiatry and office nursing.

In behalf of the Alumnae, we take this opportunity of wishing Miss Lieberman, a graduate of twenty-five, a speedy recovery.

We wish to thank the Antidote Staff for giving us a section in their Year Book.





A Child's Letter to Santa Claus

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am writing you this letter to remind you that Xmas is only a few days off and I hope you won't forget us. We are a great big family who live way down South in Santa Barbara where the old earth rocks now and then and really, Santa, it does scare you.

I started to tell you about our family. It's awfully big and the worst part about it is that it's almost all boys, and every one of them doctors! They are very boyish, Santa, and still love candy and toys. I think it would help you out a great deal if I made out a list and sent it to you. If I forget any of the boys you'll remember them anyway, won't you, because my Mama says you don't forget boys that have been good all the year.

Now to begin with, there's Dr. d'Alessio, and such a boy! I suggest that you send him an electric train. I think it would amuse him a great deal. He could stay home nights and watch the train go round and round.

I'll put you wise to Dr. Wilson, Santa. He likes to march in parades and beat a drum, so if you send him a drum he won't have to be looking around for one the next time he parades. Won't that be nice, Santa? Even though he was stepped on in the last parade, and had to be taken to the operating room, where you will see him later.

Dr. Stevens said he wanted a velocipede, so don't forget him for Heaven's sake. I, myself, think he is tired of riding in a Franklin.

I'd suggest for Dr. Pierce one of those skooters; I am sure he would enjoy it so much! Oh, Santa, I can just picture him going down Arrellaga hill pell-mell, with Dr. Stevens following on a velocipede. Santa, please make these boys happy.

You have probably met Dr. Nicholas over in Siberia. He comes from a very cold country and so do you. I think if you brought him a nice pair of skates it would make him happy.





Now Dr. Smith, I am sure you must know him. His mother has had such a time with him. He has always wanted to be a sailor but his mother insisted that he be a doctor. He loves boats, Santa, and I am sure nothing would please him more than a nice boat; not a real boat, because you know he lives not far from the ocean, and I bet if he got a real boat he'd go out to sea. So just send him one that he can sail in the bath tub, and I bet you get a letter from him thanking you for the gift.

Dr. Wells is the doctor with the red hair. He is one of the most industrious boys of the bunch. He gets up awfully early in the morning, and these mornings are so cold. So I suggest that you bring him a bright red sweater and golf socks to match. These ought to keep him warm.

Now Dr. Lamb, Santa, is such a youngster, but I'll tell you he's a bright boy. His mother is awfully proud of him. He likes to figure things out, so I'm sure he would be pleased if you brought him piles and piles of crossword puzzles.

Bring Dr. Johnson a cowboy suit and a horse, one that is wild and wooly. And don't forget the pistol, Santa.

Santa, all these boys like to play real games at times, and between you and me, the worst one is Dr. Markthaler. He is daffy about football. I think he'll be a hero some day, don't you? Another Pink Grange, no Red Grange I should say. The best gift for him would be a football.

Now for Dr. Bakewell—please bring him a nice doll, Santa, one that cries "Ma, Ma." He just adores baby dolls and loves to hold them and even walk the floor with them, just like real babies.

As to Dr. Koefod, Santa, I am sure he would be pleased with a red wagon with yellow wheels, then he could give all the boys a ride. Won't they have fun Santa?





Say, Santa, there's Dr. Atsatt, he wants a tool Chest very badly. He just loves to saw things. The other day he got hold of Bennie's doll and took its legs off and that made Bennie mad. He was going to make a hole in its head but Bennie began to cry, so please see he gets a nice big box of tools.

Please bring Dr. Richter a nice new bed. She has outgrown her crib. Be sure it has good springs and a mattress she can bounce on.

Well Santa I'm very tired and sleepy, but I do hope this letter will help you out. Please don't forget where we live.

P. S. And don't forget me either. I'm only ten, so I think a doll would still do. Don't tell any one I wrote this letter to you.



Boners

Too Many Angels

Miss Daly: "The new patient in Ward B is very good-looking, Sister."

Sister Vincent: "Yes, but don't wash his face. He's had that done by four nurses this morning."

Dr. Pierce's wife asked him to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other, the recipe. This is what he got:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and press toes and mix thoroughly on one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breath naturally and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smoothly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

Miss Feeley, talking of her trip to Europe, described St. Paul's very nicely to us. "Oh," says Feeley, "the dome is supported by eight peers, all of which are unfortunately cracked."

Francis: "Julia, what do they mean when they say 'The sun never sets on the British Empire?'" "Well," replied Julia, "I don't know, unless its because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West."

Sheehan: "Collins, did you know that Zanzibar was noted for its monkeys?" "Sure," replied Collins, "the British governor lives there."

Doctor Lamb: "Miss Harrison what can you tell me about blood vessels?"

Miss Harrison: "There are three; arteries, veins and caterpillars."

Doctor Lamb: "Good. Now give degrees of comparison of 'Bad'."

Miss Harrison: "Bad, very sick, dead."

Miss Lord: "Miss Kelley, what is a skeleton?"

Miss Kelley: After deep thought. "Well, a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outside off."

Miss Lord: "Miss Benthall, what are rabies and what would you do for them?"

Miss Benthall: "Rabies are Jewish Priests. I should do nothing for them."

Liebe: "Alice, what does transparent mean?"

Alice: "Oh, something you can see through, for instance, a keyhole."



'18 - '19



"Sue" "Gault"



F. Hughes
'20



Sue "Pill"
1925



"Tupper"



Cook, Fisher, Gutierrez, Shea, Foster



Robert Watson Rennie
and Mother
Lucille Tupper Rennie



Graduation Class 1919



'19 - '20



H. Zusimpep and her Ford



Peckley - Sue - Kelley
1926



C. Cook
'20



H. Lord - Hughes -
1924



Mae Sheehan



CALENDAR

Calendar

May 12.

Another graduation and we are bidding good-bye to the Misses Bishop, Deskin Hualde, Sicher, Staley, Tupper, Robinson and Williams.

May 30.

Miss Lord, Miss Barton, and many of our students with some of the State College Students are off to the Islands for the week-end. They got stranded out in the middle of the big Pacific Ocean and we all nearly went to the rescue.

June 1.

Vacations have started and the Misses McClellan, Fiscalini, and Howell are taking the first train for home.

June 18.

What will second and third floor do without supervisors—Sister Cartona and Sister Vincentia have gone to school.

June 26.

We have three new internes—Drs. Richter, D'Alessio, and Egbert.

July 10.

California State Nurses Convention at San Diego. Miss Lord and Miss Laubacher are our representatives.

August 1.

Misses de la Garrigue, Donovan, Grishinger, and Stauble go to Childrens' Take good care of the "kiddies" girls.





September 1.

Every thing good must end—vacations are over.



September 7.

A big class and how—here comes seventeen new probationers.



September 9.

The probationers are welcomed in by a beach party—did every one have fun? Well I'll say so.



September 10.

Do we have to go back to class so soon? We have only been off three months. Oh, what a disappointment.

October 7.

Every body dress up in their baby clothes; we have a kids party tonight. This is the night of the Student Body election. Miss Laubacher is made President and Miss Frize, Secretary.

October 28.

The girls on third floor certainly have the luck—Mrs. Mhoon, a patient, sent them a lovely cake and some ice cream. We nearly had some sick girls.

October 31.

Halloween Party—sponsored by the Second Juniors and a good time was had by all

November 1.

Off goes the Misses Fremouw, Schuster, and Mayo to Childrens—we hope you all like Hollywood.

December 23.

The Sister's Christmas Party with our faithful Miss Kirby acting as Santa Clause, and I don't think Santa forgot a single one.

December 24.

Something different this year—at five P.M. every student nurse was at supper and the nurses received all their presents and cards. Oh, the excitement.

December 25.

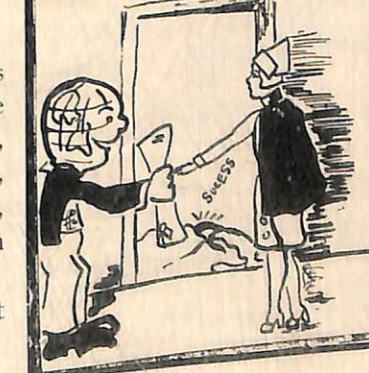
Christmas! We all had a Merry Christmas, many of us going home at Christmas or very near it.

January 1.

Another New Year. What is it going to bring?

January 3.

Graduation was held in the chapel this year and it certainly was lovely. Here goes the Misses Fremouw, Schuster, Benthall, Grisingher, Donovan, Mayo, de la Garrigue, Stauble, Tarne, Walker, Laubacher, Marks and Gahwolf from our midst. A formal dance at Samarkand tonight for all our nurses and their friends.





January 24.

Mother General visiting with us for a few weeks.

January 28.

How come the probies are all so proud today? Oh, that's right they are getting their caps tonight.

February 2.

Misses Marks, Laubacher, and Gahwolf have gone to Childrens today. Good-bye for three months.

February 8.

Seven new probationers—we welcome one and all to our school and hope they will like it here.

March 12.

Instruction on parliamentary law given by Mrs. Byrd.

April 1.

Miss B. Scott anxious to have surgery training a little earlier than the rest had her appendix removed today.

May 1.

The Misses Daly, Tico, and Frize say au revoir but not good-bye. They are off to Childrens.

Surgery As You Like It

A One-Act Comedy

Presented by Community Staff.

Directed by chance.

Time: Any time.

Scene: St. Francis Hospital. Fourth floor.

Characters: All sorts.

Intermission: As desired.

Apologies: None.

Prologue: To see ourselves as others see us—read on.

The curtain is drawn back to show the operating room set up with instruments in array, according to catalogue pages 1 to 66. Sister Clementine permanently located, counting sponges. Sister Edith here, there and everywhere. Other characters enter at random.

Enter Dr. Robinson: "Sister, is everything ready?"

Sister Clementine: "Wait a minute."

Dr. Robinson: "Where are those short-fingered gloves?"

Sister Edith (from around the corner): "Oh, they are all dried up. You haven't been here for so long."

Dr. Robinson: "You are not joshing me, are you?"

Miss Barton: "Let's get going here. I have a date in San Diego this afternoon."

Dr. D'Alessio: "Well, give me my gloves then."

Dr. Richter: "No wonder you can't get those on—they're 6½. What a struggle I have to keep them."

Sister Clementine: "Will you move so that I can drape the patient?" (one interne moves.)

Sister Clementine (to the other): "Step back, please. You're in my way."

Dr. Robinson: "Now which of you is my first assistant? It is very important to decide that."

(Snores from patient indicate 99 44/100 per cent ether anesthesia.)

Dr. Johnson: "Good mo'hning." (absentmindedly) "Can the patient wiggle his toes, Miss Barton?"

Dr. Robinson: "Now let's get straight on this. This is an ether anesthesia. At Mayo's we use the old reliable."

Dr. Pierce: "Now if you did this under spinal you wouldn't have gut popping into your face."

Dr. Richter: "Was that a pun?"

Dr. Robinson: "Now don't let's get chatty." (Internes completely subdued).

Dr. Thorner: "Well, children, how are you coming along? Do you want grandfather to help you?"

Dr. D'Alessio: "Shall I tie off this spurter, Dr. Robinson?"

Dr. Wills: "Say, D'Alessio, who's doing this operation, you or the surgeon?"
 Dr. D'Alessio: "All right, if you feel that way about it, you may do it."
 Dr. Pierce: "That's a juicy appendix. I took out a couple like that last week."
 Dr. Stevens: "And I was the first one on the coast to use this operation. I advised leaving the stump free when they were all burying it."
 Dr. Pierce: "You'll find all that in Wabash's Surgery."
 Dr. Robinson: "Let's have exposure here."
 Dr. Richter (aside to fellow interne): "You're not asleep on the job, are you? You know we've been taught to spend all our time retracting."
 Dr. D'Alessio (aloud): "Yes, but my arm is paralyzed."
 Dr. Pierce: "When I worked with Coffey I used to be thrilled to hold retractors for hours. That's how I got my start."
 Dr. Profant: "What's this about starts? My start earning money was playing in a jazz band."
 Dr. Nagelman: "Now *what* do you think of that?"
 Dr. Smith: "By golly."
 Dr. Clark (putting head in at door): "Are you operating?"
 (No answer, where-at Dr. Clark exits immediately).
 Series of groans from patient.
 Miss Barton: "Doctor, the patient is coming out of anesthesia. Will you stop a minute?"
 Dr. Nagelman: "Now *what* do you think of that?"
 Dr. Smith: "Don't be so doggone sympathetic."
 Dr. Wilcox (absentmindedly): "Give him an H.M.C. No. 2."
 Alex (from outside): "Can you come to the telephone, Dr. Robinson? Cottage Hospital is calling."
 Dr. Robinson: "Now let's all relax." (Exit).
 Dr. Pierce: "In the meantime shall I call in the family to see this red-hot appendix?"
 (Enter family, silent and awed.)
 Dr. Atsatt: "Don't get close to the table because you'll contaminate it."
 Student Nurse: "Dr. Wilcox, did you order H.M.C. No. 2?"
 Dr. Loveren: "What was that, little sister?"
 Dr. Wilcox: "Why, yes."
 Student Nurse: "I couldn't find that, so I gave the patient a hypo of two No. 1."
 Great crash. Dr. Wilcox carried out of operating room by Drs. Loveren and Serns.
 Dr. Johnson (murmuring in a faraway voice): "Lift it high, Doctor. Pull both sides toward the midline."
 Dr. Robinson (returning): "Will someone please get my horn-rimmed glasses."
 Sister Clementine: "We'll have to hurry. Dr. Wills is scheduled for prostatectomy in fifteen minutes. I don't dare keep him waiting."
 Dr. Wills: "Yes, it is an important case. I have four other old men up north waiting to see how this turns out. You know all these cases come in little clubs of five."

"But I don't want to go ahead unless you have all my instruments ready before I ask you for them."
 Sr. Edith (crestfallen): "Oh, we thought you scheduled an intestinal resection, Dr. Wills. I ran all the way to the Cottage Hospital to get you just the right kind of clamps."
 Dr. Eder: "What is the history of this patient?"
 Dr. D'Alessio: "The patient isn't on my floor."
 Dr. Richter: "He is on my floor, but I haven't taken a history because he came in at 5:05 P. M."
 Dr. Johnson: "You know that's the ruling of the Interne Committee—Patient must be in by five o'clock for operation."
 (Groans from all the attending surgeons.)
 Dr. Johnson (wearily): "Won't I be glad not to be father confessor for the internes any more?"
 Dr. Atsatt: "Why, I haven't had any complaints so far."
 Internes (in chorus): "We're making you a list now. On our sixth sheet of recommendations to date."
 Sister Edith: "Dr. Thorner, will you please turn around and have your forehead wiped?"
 Dr. Thorner (shouting): "No, I will not!" (Turns meekly as towel is applied).
 Dr. Robinson: "Now pick up the peritoneum. Be ready to tie my knots."
 Dr. D'Alessio: "Shall I use the Nagelman manoeuvre, with needle holder and a flourish? That is a time-saver."
 Dr. Nagelman: "I don't do that any more. I use my knot-tier entirely. When I get that patented I'll get one out to untie knots."
 Dr. Wills: "That reminds me—I should patent my prostate harpoon."
 Dr. Schurmeier: "Now from a medical aspect, Dr. Ussher, how would you have treated this case?"
 Unidentified Character: "Some of them need a medical man to treat them later."
 Dr. Ussher: "You know it is the medical man who looks after patients all their lives."
 Unidentified Character (softly): "Maybe because the surgeon buries his mistakes."
 Dr. Robinson (oblivious to sideline comments): "Closes the abdomen in anatomical layers according to Rochester technique."
 Sister Edith: "Will someone wipe Dr. Robinson's glasses?"
 Dr. Robinson: "It's all right, Sister. Perspiration has antiseptic qualities."
 Dr. Nagelman: "Now what do you think of that?"
 Dr. Smith: "By golly."
 Dr. D'Alessio: "Sponge count, Sister Clementine."
 Sister Clementine: "Don't worry. We have more sponges than we started with."
 (As sterile curtain falls Dr. Thorner is heard promising to bring the Sisters five pounds of candy, on condition that Miss Barton doesn't get any. He says it will arrive for the next Easter.)

My Operation

My friends are always telling me
About their operation;
About the hypos that they got,
The ether inhalation.
And when I'm at a gathering
I always feel left out,
Because that's all I ever hear
Those women talk about.

They'll say—"My dear, I nearly died.
"I was so very bad;
"Guess my case was quite the worst
"Those doctors ever had.
"They gave me up four times, you know,
"But I came smiling through"—
Now, when you're floored with facts like that—
What CAN a poor girl do?

But now that I have had my turn
I'll look 'em in the eye,
And ask them how they get that way—
Trying so hard to die.
I'll smile and say—"Oh, Yes! I know;
"I've been in the same boat,
"It's not so bad as folks make out"—
Boy, won't that get their goat?

No more will I be out of it;
Excluded so completely;
I'll have a red hot comeback now
And won't I use it sweetly?
No longer will I shake my head
In sorrowful negation
Begining now, my theme shall be—
Oh! Oh! MY OPERATION!

P. S. Please do not ask to see my scar!



HUMOR

MEDICAL ADVICE

If you're fat or if you're thin,
If your big toe's turning in,
If you've bunions on your chin—
Its your tonsils!

If your hair is falling out,
If you're suffering from the gout,
If you're getting rather stout—
Its your adenoids!

If your head is growing gray,
If you can't eat bales of hay,
If you're failing day by day—
Its your teeth!

Pain in thumb or ache in toe,
When to "Doc" you sadly go,
He will say his little piece—
"Tonsils, adenoids, or your teeth!"

Sister: (To new patient): "Go to room 319 and get ready for bed—nurse will show you the way."

Embarrassed Patient: "Oh! I know how!"

Doctor: "What you need is something to shock you—to stir up your emotions."

Patient: "Yes, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, er—a—I'll send you my bill in the morning."

Sister Cerrala: "That's too bad, because if you don't eat the hash, I'll have to give it to the dog."

Miss Haley: "Yep, it's too bad, he's such a nice dog too."

Patient: "Give me a glass of plain soda water, without flavor."

Miss Di-Giovani: "Without what flavor?"

Patient: "Oh, I'll take it without vanilla."

Miss Di-Giovani: "You'll have to take it without chocolate, we have no vanilla."

Customer: "There's a fly in my ice cream!"

Waiter: "Serves him right, let the little rascal freeze."

Miss Donovan: "I never sausage heat."

Miss Grisingher: "Yes, I'm nearly bacon."





IN KITCHEN

Miss Smith: "What's the matter?"

Miss McClellan: "I washed a dirty piece of ice in hot water and now I can't find it."

AT CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Visitor: "What is wrong with all these patients?"

Miss Schuster: "Most everything except sleeping sickness!"

Dr. Van Paing: "H'm severe headache, bilious attacks, pain in the neck. What is your age Madam?"

Patient: "Twenty-four."

Dr. Van Paing: "H'm loss of memory too."

ON SECOND FLOOR

"And what is the name, please?"

"Mrs. Johnson."

"And the initials?"

"Oh! K."

"O. K?"

"No, K."

"Oh! K.?"

"No, just K."

"Mrs. K. Johnson?"

"O. K."

"Oh! Mrs. O. K. Johnson?"

"No, not O. K., just K."

"Oh! K. Johnson?"

"No, K. Johnson."

"That's what I said K. Johnson."

"Oh! O. K."

(Wearily)—"O. K."

1. The greatest Sin—Forgetting to wake up in the morning.
2. The greatest day—A day off.
3. The greatest supervisor—She who gives you an extra hour.
4. The greatest gift—A piece of diabetic chocolate.
5. The greatest mystery—Where some people get the idea they can sing.
6. The greatest excitement—The rush for breakfast trays in A. M.
7. The greatest puzzle—How some people get through training.

Who said this?

The patient is suffering from conclusion of the brain.

The X Ray shows compound fraction of the right leg.

Patient admitted with confused wound on hand.

The baby is attached by the Biblical cord.



Dr. D'Alessio (In Bacteriology Class): "We will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Miss Fiscallini."

Dr. Blaisdell (In Anatomy class): "Miss Ingle, how many bones have you in your body?"

Miss Ingle: "Nine hundred."

Dr. Blaisdell: "That's a great many more than I have."

Miss Ingle: "Well, I had fish for dinner."

Miss M. Donovan (At Granada Shop): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Certainly, we cater to everyone."

Dr. Pierce (To patient who has been begging to go home): "Well, Mrs. Smith, are you going home today?"

Patient: "No, Dr., it is raining now."

Doctor: "What's the matter, does your home leak?"

Miss Ward: (To ether patient—from force of habit): "What's your idea in bringing that up?"

Dr. D'Alessio: "Miss Kenny, I've changed that order of acetylsalicylic acid to, aspirin."

Miss Kenny: "Yes, Dr."

Dr. D'Alessio: "Are you taking a course of Mat. Med.?" "Whose your doctor?"

Miss Kenny: "Dr. Richter."

Dr. D'Alessio (To Dr. Richter): "Do you teach your girls synonemous terms of drugs?"

Dr Richter: "I think I do."

At the Granada the usher asked: "Where do you wish to sit, up front, halfway or in back?"

Miss Tico quietly replied: "If you please, I'd like to sit down."

Miss Howell: "Did you see Dr. Loveren's cholecystectomy?"

Miss Konarsky (surprised): "Oh, so that's the new car he has?"

Miss Lord: "Did you take a shower?"

Miss Rothaermel: "No, is one missing?"

Miss Angwin: "Failed in your examination? What's the excuse this time?"

Miss Campbell: "Well! what could you expect when you gave us the same silly old questions."



B. Fremouw



Dr. Warwick
I. Angwin



M. Haley - A. Daly



B. Barrios



M. Campbell - N. Howell



G. Smith



M. Frige - E. McLellan



Miss Barton - Miss Marvin



M. Konarsky - K. Spry



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Plumber: "I've come to look after that old tub in the kitchen."
 Johnnie: "Mamma, here's the Doctor to see the cook."

"You must keep your mouth shut when you are in the tub," said the nurse,
 as she gave the patient a bath. "If you don't you will swallow some of the water."
 Patient: "What if I do there's plenty more in the pipes isn't there?"

"Did Jones make much money giving memory lessons," asked Mr. Dobbs?
 "No," replied Mr. McNeil, "most of his students forgot to pay him."

He: "Joe's given up the idea of being a surgeon."

She: "Why is that?"

He: "The dear boy discovered that it involved too much inside work."

Smith: "Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

Jones: "Yes, once—I was on a train and as we went through a tunnel, I
 kissed the father instead of the daughter."

HARRY C. SMITH

MEN'S WEAR

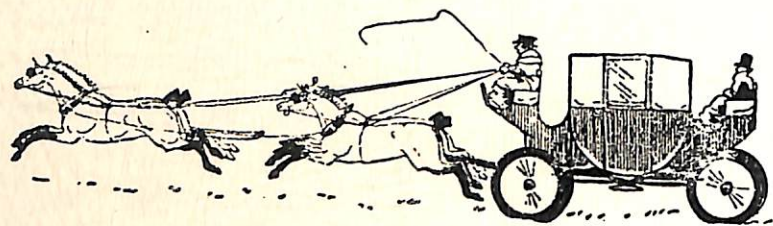
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Page Ninety-One

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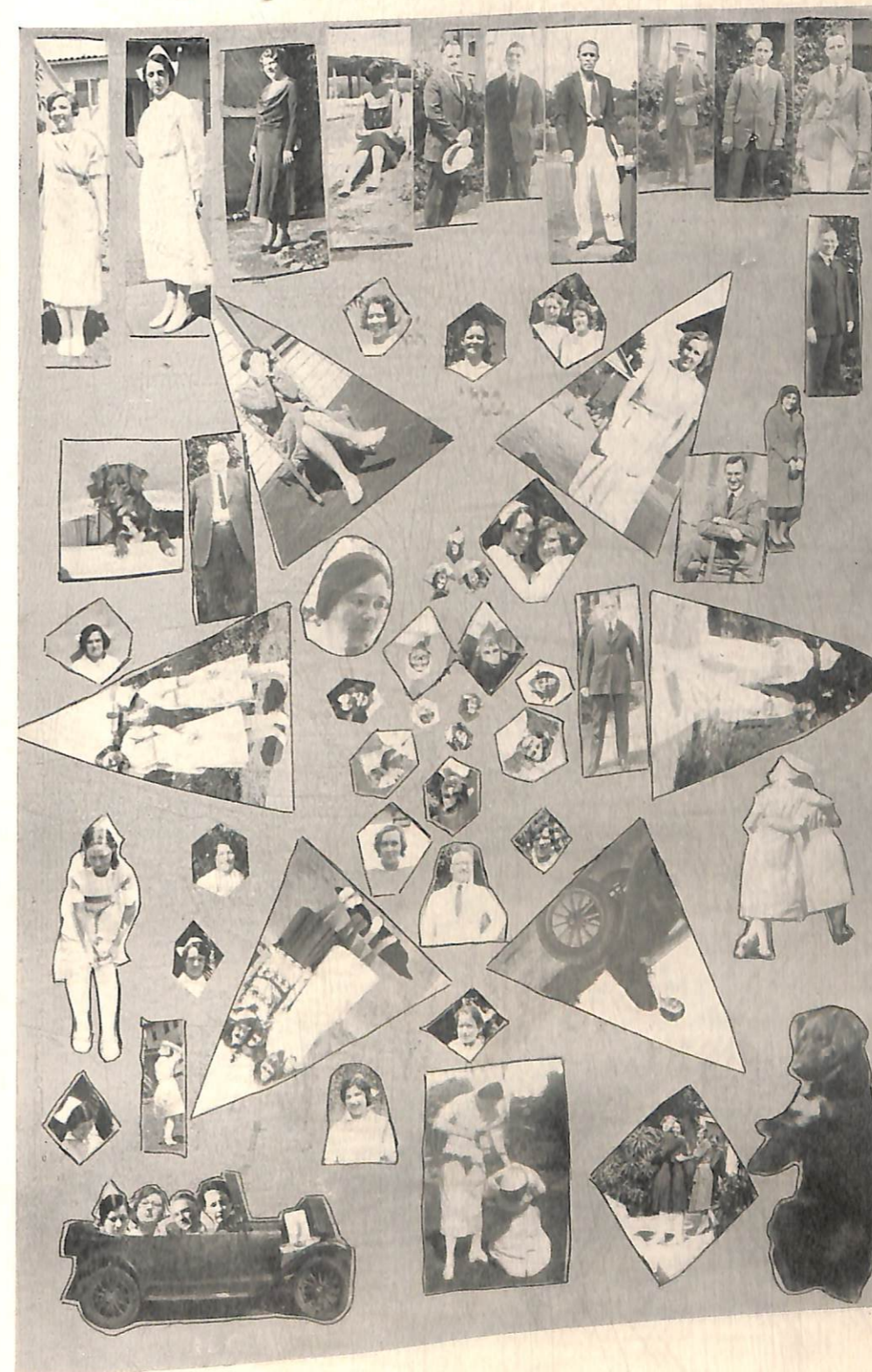
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"Give us this day our daily bed,"

Dr. Richter: "Name a deadly poison."
Miss Kenney: "Aviation, one drop kills."

Dr. Johnson: "His head is badly injured, isn't it?"
Dr. Pierce: "Yes, I think we shall have to amputate."

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Say It With Flowers

Mrs. A: "Doctor, I would like to know what was done at my operation."

Doctor: "We removed part of your hydrangea and both rhododendrons."

Mrs. A: "Well, Doctor, just why did you do this?"

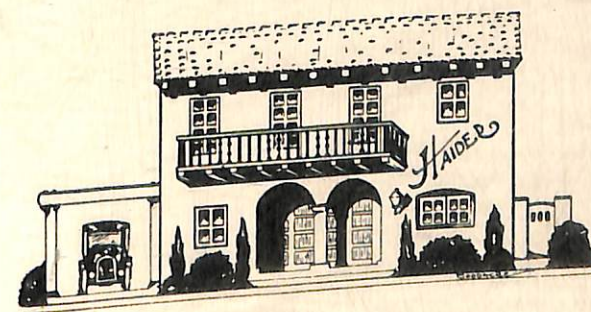
Doctor: "Madam, by removing both rhododendrons and leaving part of your hydrangea we did not disturb the function of your coreopsis. But had both rhododendrons and the complete hydrangea been removed the coreopsis would have ceased to function. In other words, to explain the physiology in detail, the utricularia, or bladderwort, gives off a secretion that we call gardenia. This, with the secretion from the hydrangea, activates the rhododendrons, which in turn stimulate the coreopsis. But in the absence of the rhododendrons and the hydrangea the coreopsis atrophies."

"Now it happens that in over 90 per cent of these cases, when the coreopsis atrophies the poinciana hypertrophies and stimulates the chrysanthemum. Should this not take place, which is rare, we have had such cases respond to heliotrope therapy with lobelia."

Mrs. A.: "I understand perfectly now, doctor, and I thank you for going into details."

The above is suggested as a modernistic method of explaining operations to patients.

**MARTIN J. HAIDER
Funeral Director**



Ambulance Service

Telephone 7828

1312 Anacapa Street

Autographs



1993.120.245

