

'Squawk Box' Will Dismiss Visitors

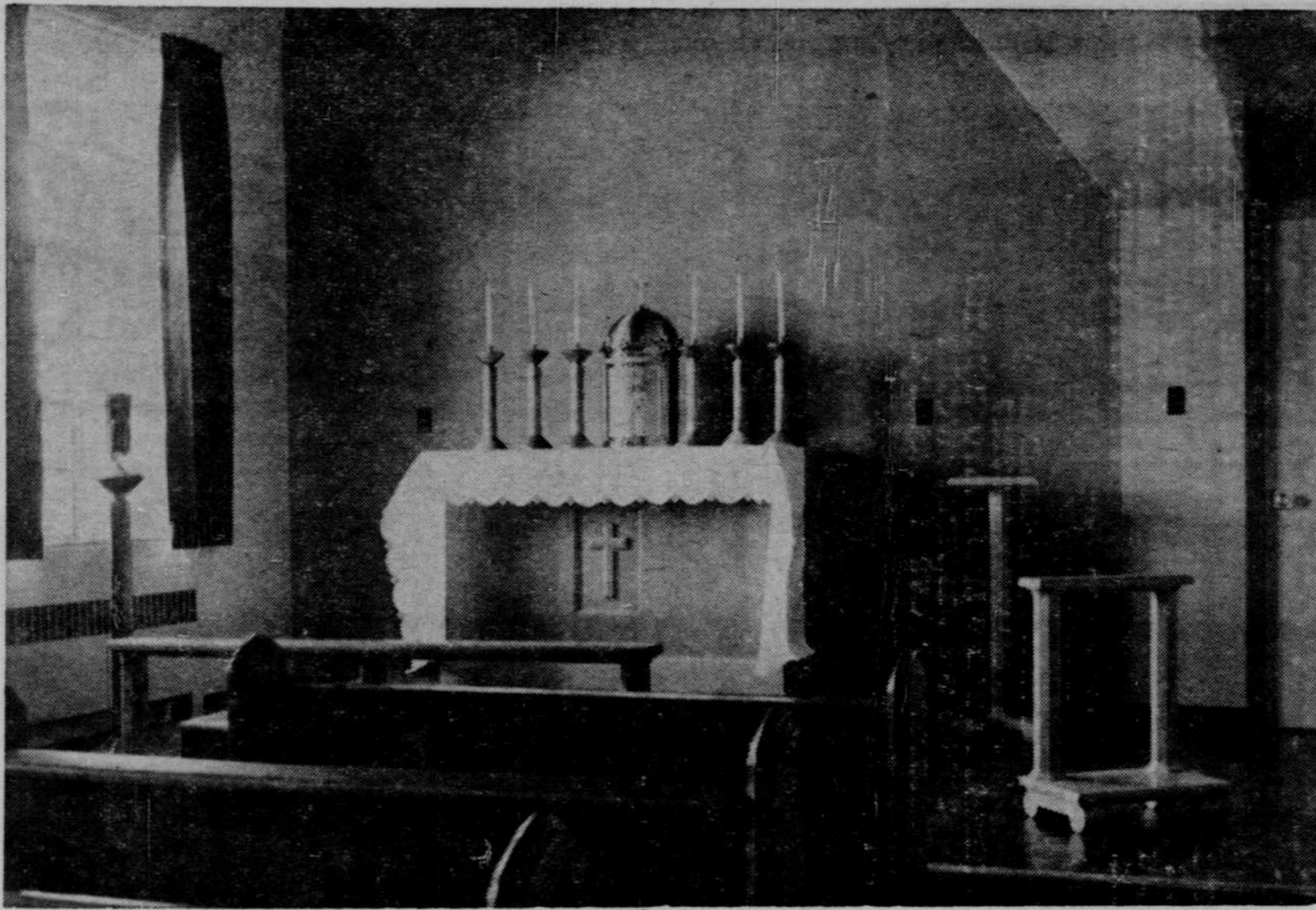
Laryngitis Patient Can Avoid Quiz

By SISTER M. DELORES, OSF

Ever been in a hospital? No? Well, it goes like this: You walk through the lobby to the admission window and are met by a smiling nun, who collects information about you; your insurance, next of kin, name; address, phone number and other information for the files. She assigns you a room to fit your pocketbook and soon a nurse comes into the lobby to escort you to it. She helps you into bed, takes your temperature and blood pressure, and asks more questions which she fills out on a form known as a chart. Charts are very private documents. . . only hospital personnel with a special interest in your case are allowed to see them.

Soon a girl who says she's a "lab" technician comes in, sticks your finger, and draws several small samples of blood. This blood test is known in hospital parlance as a CBC, or complete blood count. Then you are allowed to lean back and rest in peace—for awhile.

Since you were admitted in the late afternoon, you are beginning to be just slightly hun-



Stark simplicity characterizes the chapel in the east end of the hospital, mainfloor. There is a high arched ceiling with austere colors.

gry, when you hear the tray cart rattling by your door.

Soon the nurse brings you an attractively served supper, props you up, cranks up the bed table to the right height, and you find yourself enjoying

this hospital life very much.

After supper you are given the routine "evening care" and made comfortable for the doctors' rounds and visiting hours. The doctor comes, pokes you, asks more questions. (Only a case of strict laryngitis gets by these barages of questions!)

Next comes visiting hours and the family, already missing you, comes up to find out how you're being treated. They are allowed to stay for quite some time before the "squawk box" out in the hall

announces that "visiting hours are over; all visitors will please leave quietly and quickly," and your visitors do as they are requested.

Now you are smoothed down for the night. You have already learned that just by turning a switch you can bring a nurse to your bedside immediately. You are quite sure you will not be able to sleep; you never can in a strange place—the first night, anyway; but the first thing you know it's morning—very early in the morning, to be sure, but you

have slept the night through. You are awakened and asked to rinse off before breakfast. If your doctor has ordered laboratory work, you may be allowed to sleep, or your breakfast may be delayed until the technician comes in to draw a small amount of blood from a vein in your arm.

But eventually breakfast is served and you are given "morning care" which consists of a bath, a remade bed, fresh drinking water, a backrub perhaps, and all the little attentions which make you feel so much more like living.

Soon the doctor examines your chart again, and he will probably stop by your room to talk over the method of treatment he has chosen. Perhaps he will give you some pills, and say you can go home; perhaps he'll recommend a longer stay in the hospital; perhaps he'll advise surgery. Whatever the course of action, you will be glad and proud, too, to know that your community hospital has the facilities to handle your particular case competently and safely.

All Clocks Are Synchronized —

Correct time, please! Not having enough hours in the day could possibly be a problem at St. Anthony's, but disparity of time can definitely be ruled out. All of the clocks in the hospital, one on each floor, in the operating room, delivery room, kitchen, furnace room, etc., are all in perfect synchrony.

COWS ROAMED

Fifty-two years ago, in approximately the same place where today fresh milk will be poured in St. Anthony's modern kitchens, F. J. Biglin helped milk cows in a resident herd belonging to the late Rt. Rev. M. F. Cassidy.

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St. Anthony's Hospital, opening today, is progress of a different sort . . . it brings to O'Neill one of the truly fine institutions of its type in Nebraska.

To the Sisters of St. Francis, our sincere congratulations!

