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1953

Otiology

OTIOLOGY

Boston School of Occupational Therapy

1953
Second Edition

published by
Student Government



BOSTON SCHOOL OF
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

DEDICATION

To Miss Marion Easton, with
appreciation for her patient and
encouraging guidance of the
class of 1953

SCHOOL



PRESIDENT

Mrs. Marjorie B. Greene

It is a pleasure to welcome the class of 1953 into the Alumnae Association of B.S.O.T.

As you go forth to new locations, may you always be true to the spirit of service to which you are pledged. When dark days do appear, remember, "if you cannot change the situation, you can change your attitude toward it."

Sincere congratulations and every good wish to each one. Your school anticipates keeping in close touch with you.

Marjorie B. Greene

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Tufts College Director *Richard A. Kelly, Ed. M.*



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FAREWELL BLUES

The time has come, a senior said,
to think of many things:
Of caps and gowns, white uniforms
and maybe diamond rings,
Of hospitals and patients and
what the future brings.

As we sit back and reminisce
about B.S.O.T.
We'll all remember many things,
on this we'll all agree:
The lounge, the bony skeleton,
the Sophomore lunches too,
The Junior Prom the male A.C.,
the Frosh we never knew.

And now as we march down the aisle
with one lone rose in hand,
We find that we feel quite "grown up"
and even a little grand.
With puffy eyes and rivulets
so large we cannot see,
Suddenly it comes to us ----
Great Scott! At last we're free!



UNDERGRADUATES

TUFTS '54



In the fall of 1950, the Junior Class started as a group of twenty-one girls. During the year we experienced new friendships, stimulating college life and Tufts courses, and took several field trips to hospitals. Most of our classes were at Tufts.

By our sophomore year we were one of the largest classes in the school. Our class activities included a party for the freshmen, a B.S.O.T. night at Pops, and photography at the Junior Prom.

In September, 1952, we returned, becoming the leaders in many activities. Summer correspondence with our little sisters, and class-catered lunches started our busy year. Halloween was an excellent excuse to give a party with scary masks, ghost stories, apple cider, and doughnuts for props. The climax of the year was our Junior Prom at the Hampshire House on April 17. The semester ended in June with everyone looking forward to an exciting year of clinical training.

TUFTS '54

T'54, - or better - the Traveling Class of '54. The different places affiliations take us make widespread pin points on the map. Roy Ratcliffe is doing general hospital work in Cook County Hospital, while on the far distant west coast in San Francisco, Betty Griswold is doing her rehabilitation training.

However, the majority of us are spread along the East Coast. Pat Gardner is doing a T.B. affiliation in North Carolina, Gerry Porter, Di Potter, Nancy Matthews, Mary Hickey and Eleanor Duffy are at the Worcester State Hospital; and Nancy Shaw, Marie Pixley and Carol Wiley are having some wonderful experiences in the "Hills of Connecticut," at Newington. The Empire State holds its interest for many 54'ers: Ann Adams at West Haverstraw, Judy Colpak at Niagara Sanatorium, Sue Murphy at Montefiore and Patty Powell in Schenecady.

We said a Bon Voyage to Beth Codman, Cathy Moore and Lois Blech who are training in general hospital work in England and loving it. But to Marion Hall, who just returned from Switzerland, Eby Wagner and Peg Sherman, there's no place like Boston.

TUFTS '56



Lucky 13 transfers swelled the sophomores to 22, and the professional touch was added by uniforms and cadavers. Rainy Tuesdays and Thursdays found T'56 climbing Tufts' 56 steps on their way to Beowulf and Kant. We proved that we were not artists in design, and proved that our mechanical ability merely ran to hiding left-over parts of the doomed loom.

The ever-changing schedule gave us the reputation for being unreliable, but we will master it yet. These were the highlights; but what really pulled us through was Miss Hamilton's comforting glimpse into our palms which assured us all that we would finish our schooling on our strong career lines.

TUFTS '57



In September, when our first year of college began, we were introduced to Tufts' beautiful campus, 34 Capen Street, and 7 Harcourt Street. At first, we were a very confused freshman group, what with trying to make MTA connections, and finding Curtis Hall as well as other important buildings.

During the first few weeks of school, we lost our new friend and fellow classmate, Paisley Brown. She was only with us two days, but we had liked her.

Now we have gained experience and the newness has worn off. Regardless of this, we still look forward to years of happiness in school and later as Occupational Therapists.

A. C. '20



When the doors on Harcourt Street swung open in September, most of the AC's -- with their diverse backgrounds -- thought the word "excise" referred to a kind of tax, or at best it was when you did deep-knee bends before an open window first thing in the morning. But less than a month later they learned its true medical definition.

The AC 20's this year represented a good cross-section of America and Canada, with its twelve students coming from as far west as California, as deep into the south as Tennessee, and from across the northern border into Montreal, Canada.

Three of the group were graduate nurses before turning to O. T., while the remainder waved the banners of Smith College, Stanford U., Bates, Oberlin, Antioch, and the Universities of Toronto, Indiana, and Massachusetts.

The medical courses may have been stiff at times but the arts and crafts kept our joints well limbered. By the time the clinical training schedules were set, the ACs were ready to add DC to their class title and go out to affiliations operating on any current available.

GRADUATES

CONSTANCE KELLY ACKELL "Connie"

Class representative, Student Council '52-'53

Art editor, Otiology, '52-'53

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they ought to be done.



JOANNE MIRIAM BURNHAM "Bunny"

Class representative, Student Council '48-'49

Secretary, Student Government '49-'50

President, Student Government '50-'51

Secretary-treasurer, class '52-'53

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute



JOAN MCKENZIE BLAGBROUGH "Mickey"

Chairman, class '50-'51

Mistress of herself though China fall



JANE NORRIS FAULKNER

"Janie"

Co-author, operetta '50-'51

Prom committee '50-'51

Chairman, class '52-'53

Literary editor, Otiology '52-'53

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to the last duty well done



ESTELLE SIMONA FIELDMAN "Mona"

Co-author, operetta, '50-'51

Editor in chief, Otiology, '52-'53

Pateince ar'd fortitude conqeur all things



CLAIRE MARIE FLOOD

Secretary treasurer, class, '48-'49

Vice-chairman, class, '49-'50

Secretary-treasurer, class, '50-'51

Prom committee, '50-'51

Secretary, Student Government, '52-'53

*True humor springs not more from the head
than from the heart.*



DOROTHY DUSTIN HICKEY "Dotty"

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain

characteristics of a vigorous intellect.



JOANNE CATHERINE MacDONALD "Mac"

Class representative, Student Council, '52-'53

Advertising manager, Otiology, '52-'53

Wit is the flower of the imaginaion.



MARY NEWHALL

"Polly"

Class Chairman, '49-'50

Photography editor, Otiology, '52-'53

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being cheerful and pleasant



MARGARET E. PLUMLEY

Class representative, Student Council, '50-'51

Class representative, Otiology, '52-'53

She said little, but to a purpose



ROSALIE WILKES RANKIN

"Lee"

Class representative, '52-'53, Otiology

For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.



JOYCE ELAINE READER

Co-author, operetta, '50-'51

Handbook Committee, '52-'53

Every man has his fault and honesty is hers.



CAROL STRUNSKY

Treasurer, Student Government, '49-'50
Business manager, Otiology, '52-'53

*She started to sing as she tackled the thing that
couldn't be done; and she did it.*



JOAN BEVERLY THATCHER

Secretary-treasurer, class, '49-'50

*The block of granite which was an obstacle in the
pathway of the weak becomes a stepping stone in
the pathway of the strong*



ANNE HELEN YARISH

Chairman, class, '48-49
Assistant literary editor, Otiology, '52-'53

*There is occasion and causes and wherefore in all
things.*



Back in September of '48 our class met and started on our paths toward a degree and diploma. As Frosh we did a bit of rushing up the Tufts' steps and from the gym to the fifth floor of Ballou in ten minutes. Ma Merrill gathered us together with sage advice, and helped with the Open House at the dorm, and we joined voices with our Bouve neighbors for the Christmas sing.

By Sophomore year half of the paths had been directed elsewhere, but we found eight new paths running along side of us. The Big Sister program started and we adopted our "transfers". The big events of the year were the Halloween party given by the "Boston Ave." stronghold, and the picnic at Crane's.

Our roads intertwined in our Junior year as we started some interesting experiences: research at Boston Psycho., laughter and money from our operetta, and an extremely successful prom. We had many qualms and problems about affiliations which the seniors and Miss Easton helped us to settle. However, there were a few casualties this year; Jo Steel, Gill Duckworth and Marcia Boulton found a more interesting life. Ah! The year ended with the traditional senior dinner.

On July 2, roads were laid to many new places: Fitzimmons, Phelps, Columbia, London, and Liverpool. This was a year we loved; (especially Barbara who was our annual Worcester bride.)

September 23rd saw us gathered in the lounge with strong mixed feelings. Our classes proved challenging and beneficial, especially Dr. Gurri's discussion group. Our paths had united into one highway which had a few curves, such as the thesis, early classes, uniforms, the yearbook deadline, and money. We continued the idea initiated in our Junior year of having a party for every class, and earned money for the class gift by selling B.S.O.T. address books. We lost Barbara, gained Dotty, and Mickey, Janie and Connie were married before we donned our white uniforms and caps.



A.C. 18

Only six of us there were -- from Rochester, Holyoke, Oberlin, Regis, Georgia, Wellesley. We arrived in September, 1951; found BSOT occupying parts of dirty buildings; found ourselves viewed as special people; found necessary an adjustment to Mary Ellen's southern accent. We lunched in a very special place - Greasy spoon by name - it had tables for six; and we discussed music, movies, anatomy, crafts, professionalism, and O.T. We walked or taxied to Boston Psycho during the walks we started to really get to know each other, and after the class we went to movies or someplace just to talk. Anne fell -- sick over a month -- missed MAOT auction with our Santa's workshop and Helen piled with pillows. Second term -- filled more with class work; field trips with Peggy driving. Anne and Nancy -- engaged and married. More discussion of affiliation; and Irene joined the army.

Kennedy, Brighton, Rehab, Boston State occupied most of our time -- not Irene, dancing under Texas stars; or Peggy who roamed to Maryland and Connecticut, still in Boston, for two affiliations; or Anne, our group's first mother, who couldn't quite do everything. Reunion in the summer before Irene left; another, without her, in the spring, before further, inevitable disintegration.

STUDENT COUNCIL

PRESIDENT	Josephine Simione	T'55
SECRETARY	Claire Flood	T'53
TREASURER	Nancy Bates	T'56

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Karen Maardjerg	T'56
Catherine Marjey	T'56
Allyson Dea	T'55
Edythe Burt	T'55
Constance Kelly	T'53
Joanne MacDonald	T'53
Mildred Poli	AC 20
Martha Buskirk	AC 20

The Student Council is a group representing all those enrolled in B.S.O.T. Its officers and representatives are chosen by the students each year to act as mediators between the student body and the faculty. Although this group has only recently been formed, it has proven itself to have an important function in solving student problems.

Otiology Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Mona Fieldman
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Rosalie Rankin, Margaret Plumley, Ceril Hodes, Patricia Komic, Phoebe Powell, Lois Blech, Patricia Flinn, Marty Zinke, Helen Collins, Barbara Nowell

FACULTY ADVISOR	Marjorie Harvey
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WE SHALL REMEMBER

The application blanks that asked, "Why do you want to become an occupational therapist?"

Our first day at B.S.O.T. - we felt so mature.

The steps leading up to the Tufts campus.

The waists in our uniforms that were either too high or too low.

The muscles, with their origins and insertions.

Gray's Anatomy, that we never got around to reading.

The lounge with its bright red chair covers.

The ideal exam at Jack Seltzer's.

The looms - with their heddles and shuttles.

The locker room, with deformed mirror and convenient couch.

Mrs. Green's story about the school of applied theory.

The operetta.

The wooden boxes we made, and their odd shaped corners.

Miss Hamilton's chuckle.

The strange feelings in the pits of our stomachs on the first day of affiliations.

The spark Miss Harrison added to any event.

The showers we gave for the engaged few.
The patience of Mrs. Dobranske as she listened to our
"gripes."

The thousands of cups of coffee we drank.

The skeleton in room three.

The delicious punch at the annual Christmas parties

The busy A.C.'s - and the one yearly male.

Dr. Gurri's discussion class that opened our mouths -
and eyes.

The thesis -and Miss Harvey,

The pride and envy we felt as the graduating classes
marched down the aisle in white.

These we shall remember - long after graduation day; for
these are the small yet important things that played a
large part in making the days at B.S.O.T. our days' that
shall remain a part of us - and that we shan't forget .



Pledge and Creed for Occupational Therapists

Beverently and earnestly do I pledge my whole-hearted service in aiding those crippled in mind and body.

To this end that my work for the sick may be successful, I will ever strive for greater knowledge, skill and understanding in the discharge of my duty in whatsoever position I may find myself.

I solemnly declare that I will hold and keep inviolate whatever I may learn of the lives of the sick.

I acknowledge the dignity of the cure of disease and the safeguarding of health in which no act is menial or inglorious.

I will walk in upright faithfulness and obedience to those under whose guidance I am to work and I pray for patience, kindness and strength in the holy ministry to broken minds and bodies.

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