

A Chapter

By Nancy Hunter

Life is one enormous book; and the volumes record the history of each century, while the chapters relate the stories of the individual lives.

Volume nineteen hundred and forty-five, chapter nineteen, page February twenty-two, opened with a shrill cry of joy which echoed down the entire hall of third floor Edna Moore Dormitory. I received a letter that glorious, but cloudy, morning—a letter from Duke University Hospital, stating:

"We would like to have you report to the Nursing Office by 11 a.m., Friday, March 2, for a personal interview." Joy unknown; It was as though I could almost reach out and grasp a dream that had been transformed into a reality.

Somehow those creeping "centuries" until March 1 came and went as they always manage to do, and each moment brought on its wings added excitement with a faint streak of fear in the uncertainty which lay in the next few pages. Entranced with excitement and emotion, I left Mars Hill and began my ten hour ride by bus to Durham, N. C. I arrived at the Nurses' Home about nine o'clock on March 1, and it was as though I were in another world far from the acquaintance of Mars Hill. The house mother showed me to my room, and the feeling of loneliness and fear that often grips one in a strange crowd of people was contemplating possession of my unknowing yet expectant being. I had no more than placed my bag on the floor of my room, when a Mars Hill student of last year, Ellen Goforth, greeted me with a welcome that only Mars Hill students can know! In about an hour Ellen left for night duty; and for the first time, I surveyed my room. It was a lovely room—almost brand new, and

very attractively arranged. With a smile I went to bed rather late that night, for that page had ended gloriously in meeting a Mars Hill friend. However, there was little I would not have given for one rapid glance at the following page.

It was dark when I awoke the next morning; and since I did not know how to find the hospital or the dining hall, I ate no breakfast. With the reaction of some of the nurses, I found my way to the hospital after a twenty-minute walk. I found the front hall and I wandered around like some lost refugee who could not speak one word of English. Finally, some merciful and pitying nurse took me to the Nursing Office. I have often heard stories of the terrible complication of tunnels in the Catacombs of Rome; and I dare say, this must have been equally complicated. That morning I had two interviews—one with the dean of the hospital, and the other with some strange nurse. They asked me many questions about myself, but my recollection of those interviews is quite vague now. I followed one of the nurses for what seemed to be about a half mile through halls, up steps, down elevators and through more halls. We finally arrived at the dining hall; and had I not been so tense, I know I should have walked up quite an appetite. After dinner I was taken to a class room where my aptitude tests began. I shall leave it to those who have just recently become acquainted with the *Sophomore Exams* to know what I experienced from one-thirty to five-thirty. That test was even worse, however, because I had considerably more at stake then. The nurse took my test sheets and told me to be back there by eight-thirty the following morning. Not daring to go on a search for the dining hall, I somehow or other man-