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Caps & Capes - December 1967

Linda Lake

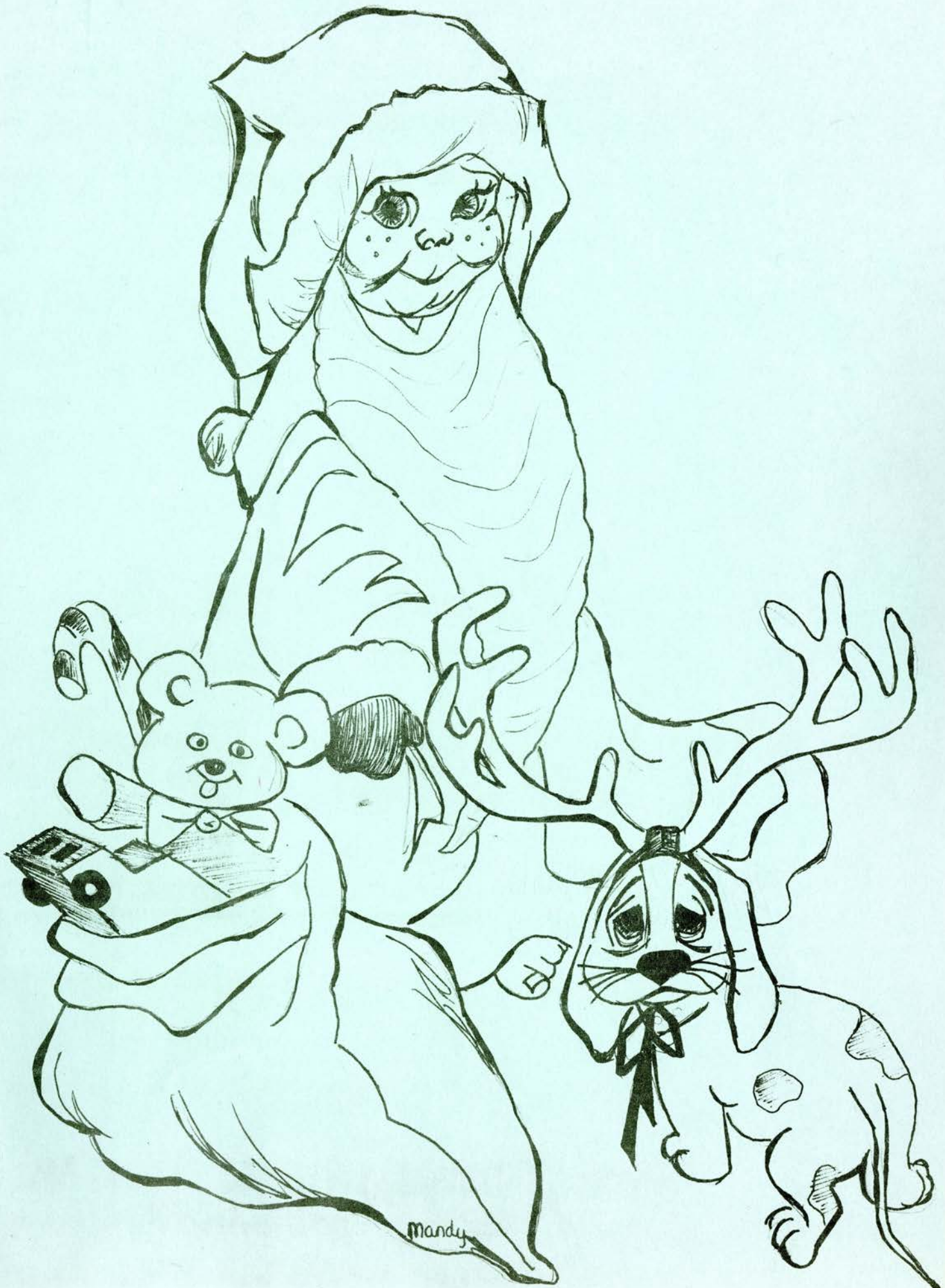
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Mandy

CHRISTMAS IS. . .

A manger scene with the Christ child.

A church choir, singing Christmas hymns in the true spirit of Christmas.

A large Christmas tree in the center of town with the multi-colored lights that can be seen at either end of town.

A large holly wreath in a window or door.

An angel sitting at the very top of a Christmas tree.

People hurrying to get their Christmas shopping done in time.

A little boy or girl's face when they see the gifts Santa has brought them.

A group of children going from house to house, singing Christmas carols.

Stores full of Christmas decorations and ornaments.

A Santa Claus in every top department of every store.

The thought of giving instead of receiving.

A Christmas gift, all wrapped up with colorful paper, ribbon, and bow.

A candle shining brightly in a window.

Stockings hung on the fireplace.

All of these are Christmas. These are what Christmas means to me!!

Rosie Drigan

"THE THOUGHTFUL PRAYER"

"Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring not even a mouse."

I suppose it might seem odd that a house could be this quiet on Christmas Eve. Most families would be singing carols and of course trimming the tree. But this family is different, in this home a place at the table is empty, a bed is unslept in, and a voice is unheard. Why? Because this son is fighting so his family and others may enjoy a "peaceful" Christmas.

Not many miles away, another family is going through the same ceremonies of carols and tree trimming. But look around, study the faces, and most of all look into the hearts of these people. One heart especially will be filled with love - - and with fear. Who is this person? She is the "girl back home." The one who writes faithfully each night, and promises to be true, the one who sends pastel letters scented with perfume that make his day complete.

Christmas just won't be the same this year. It will be overshadowed by fear, endured by hope, and enlightened by prayer.

It is this girl and this family that give this man the will and the desire to go on. These are the people who remind him that it is Christmas! It is these people who end each night with a "thoughtful prayer."

"And half in love and half in fear

I seek for aid from THEE."

Joyce Norman

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

From the time we're born, Christmas is a special word to everyone. Christmas is a time of the year when a certain feeling overcomes all of us.

When I walk down the street, I hear Salvation Army bands playing Christmas carols. I feel stupid when tears come to my eyes and my stomach feels empty. I wonder if it's me, or do others feel the same.

The happiest hours of my life are spent worrying about what to get Aunt Jane, Uncle Tom, Susie, Kathy and Jim. Every year I open each box at least 20 times to make sure it's just right.

Then I hear people complaining that the real meaning of Christmas is being forgotten. Am I wrong to enjoy so much the so-called commercial aspects of the holiday? Maybe it's the feeling of enjoyment, rather than a feeling of duty that makes me right.

To me, Christmas is a decorated tree, snow, wierd looking presents all over the house, carols, Santa Claus, smiles and a candle light church service. I surely haven't lost the meaning of Christmas. Christ was born and we're supposed to be happy. So be happy and celebrate. The wise men and shepherds were happy - - let's carry on the tradition.

EDITORIAL

As I was hurriedly shopping the other day, complaining of the prices and staring with awe at all the beautiful Christmas decorations, I heard the Salvation Army playing a song that sounded familiar. It made me stop to sort it out of my memory and I realized it was "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." The music filled the air and I caught myself singing the words - not automatically but from my heart. I again gazed at the surrounding decorations and felt no happiness, only sorrow. People were rushing as if time itself was going to end before too long; children screamed and were quieted by threats that Santa would forget them if they weren't good.

The tinsel and lights lost their glitter. The more I saw, the more I realized that the storekeeper's stiff Merry Christmas was only said to benefit himself and that commercialism was choking out the true meaning of Christmas.

In the small town of Bethlehem, Christ was born. His Mother had stolen away to a stable to quietly give birth to her Son. There was no great band playing or people screaming or pink plastic Christmas trees. No jolly old man in a red flannel suit came flying in on a sled drawn by eight reindeer to greet them.

The shepherds and wise men, when they heard the news, brought gifts to the child. They were given just to show love, not to get something material back.

The scene itself was so simple yet complex. The thought transmitted to me cannot be expressed in words or on paper. I only wish I could, through some figment of

imagination, see the conception of my Saviour as it was.

Thought for Christmas: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The truth of these words shows great wisdom but they are taken too easily and often times forgotten.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the residence
Not a creature was stirring, not even a Freshman.
White stockings were hung from the curtain with care,
In hopes that the housemother wouldn't find them there.
With roomie in curlers and I with my cap,
Had just started out for a night of relief.
The patients were rested and snug in their beds,
While visions of home danced in their heads.
When out of room 9 there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.
When what to my sleepy eyes should appear
But a miniature stretcher and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver so lively and stock
I knew in a moment it must be the Doc.
More rapid than needles the couriers they came
and he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
On Casey, on Kildare, on handsome and daring, on cunning and stupid, on shouting
and caring
From the top of the bed to the top of the wall
Now scrub away, scrub away, all!
As wild wind before a wild patient groans,
As he meets with obstacles mounting the bedpan,
Away to the sterilizer they flew with a stretcher of pills and Compazine too.
And then in a twinkling I heard in the halls
the thumping and clumping of the supervisor's heels.
As I got to my ~~feet~~ ~~and~~ was turning around,
Down the hall came Dr. Nick with a bound
With a broad little face and a round little belly
Which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of gellusel.
A jolly old fellow so lively and plump
He shocked me when I saw him, so the bed pan I dumped.
The coat on his chest was as white as the snow
While streams of urine trinkled down slow

With a stump of a thermometer held tight in his teeth
The mercury rose and was indicative of an elevation.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
He answered the call bells and looked like a jerk.
And laying a finger along his carotid,
Giving a nod, up the hall he trotted.
He sprang to his stretcher to his service he gave a call,
And away they all darted, back down the hall.
And I heard him explain as he drove out of sight,
Q 15 minutes v. s. all through the night!

OUR MAGIC CITY

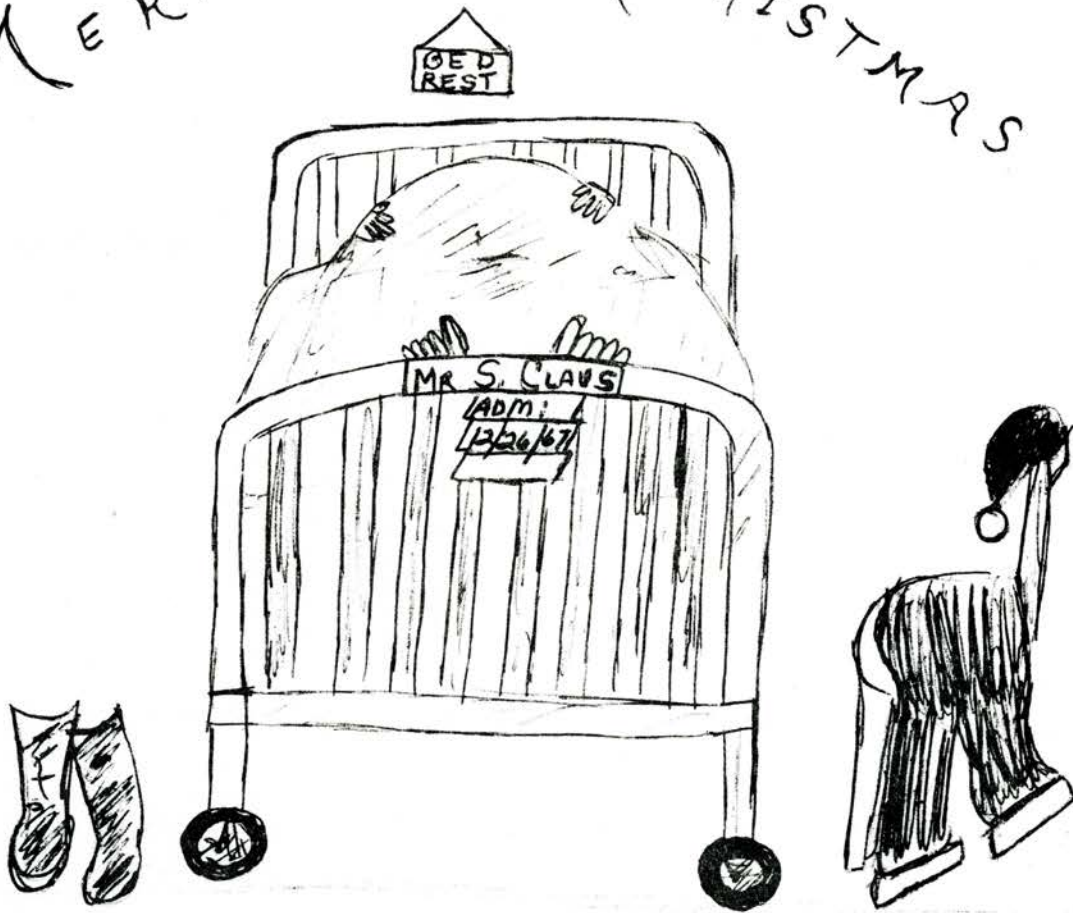
The winter months are here upon us at last. Where have the sun-filled days gone? The days when sun worshipers headed shoreward? Well, that's all in the past now - the time has come for us to consider the days at hand, not to live in dreams of the future sun-lit days but, as the old saying goes, "to live for the moment."

To most of us, probably to me most of all, the winter months mean snow. But just think awhile - think of the beauty that those cold, biting days without snow hold for us. To bundle up in our coats, boots, and mittens and venture forth into that really brisk air may leave us with chapped lips but it also gives us a sense of well-being and awareness. Have you ever walked up to Fairmont Park of Washington Square on one of those really cold days? There is beauty all around us if we are wise enough to look beyond the traffic jams and the "buildings under construction." Those people scurrying around just trying to get in out of the cold are missing the whole point of winter. Everyone enjoys warmth but think how much more we would welcome that warmth after being out for a brisk walk in the wintery cold - curling up in front of the fire with loved ones and to hear in the distance the harsh sound of that "north" wind.

God has given the winter months as a time for nature to rest - to give us the green splendor of spring and summer. It's as though nature has gone into its yearly hibernation. And, when the snow finally does arrive, do we all not act as children seeing our first snow? Snowmen are built in a flash and snowballs are playfully hurled at passersby. We all become mischievous children out for a day of fun.

Enjoy winter as it comes - live for that moment and as another old saying goes, "If winter is here, can spring be far behind?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

At home the toys are scattered throughout the house, no longer arranged in their attractive packages under the brightly lighted tree.

There is a hush over the household as the family sits and thinks about the lovely time that was had the day before.

For many of us it means catching the bus or train to come back to school to tend the sick and once more begin to study for the never-ending series of exams. We think about the day before and are thankful that we were able to be home with our families for the "once a year" time that means so much when we can share it with those we love.

And, in the back of our minds we are beginning to plan for the new year and to wonder what it holds for us. Will we be home for Christmas next year, or caring for those who are not able to be home themselves?

Diana Troutman

SAIRY'S MAILBOX

Since no complaints or questions were put in my mailbox, I almost believed that Jefferson girls were all straightened out - FINALLY!! But, as I wandered through the halls, I overheard some pretty important discussions I felt were of interest to all.

The upperclassmen sure do underrate the freshman class. Just ask your little sister what handsome, young instructor was unanimously nominated for their class advisor.

A Junior is hard to find these days. The A to H group is at Byberry playing Freud. The last half of the class can be found in bed until 6:30 A.M. (or even 7:30 A.M.), moping around the hospital until 3:30 P.M., and then back in bed again. But never fear, in a few days they'll all come out of hibernation and make themselves heard again.

I must caution all others to remain off all senior floors. Senioritis is in the air and is dangerous if caught too early. Since around 300 days remain until the 1968 graduation, it is understandable when seniors are found with visions of white dancing in their heads.

Compliments from all over are being heard about the elaborate window decorations sprouting up on the residence. Rumor has it that even Willy Penn turned the other night for a brief glimpse of the splendor.

My mind reading ability has enabled me to come up with the one main question in the hearts and minds of all Juniors and Seniors. "Why do I have to work both Christmas and New Year's?" What can I say girls - except cry a lot and pray for Easter.

Farewell, my friends, until next time when I'll comfort you again with more life saving answers and situations.

Love,

Sairy

"THE MAN WITH A GIRL'S HEART"

Sunday morning, December 3, 1967, in Cape Town, South Africa, Dr. Christian Bernard and a surgical team of 30, removed Louis Washkansky's incurably diseased heart and transplanted the healthy heart of Denise Ann Darvall, 25 years old. The heart beat approximately 70 times a minute and gave a normal electrocardiogram tracing.

No matter how well a transplant works in the recipient's body, it still must face the immune reaction of the body, which has evolved to protect man by repelling foreign tissue. This immune reaction might attack the new heart and destroy it.

To protect Washkansky from this eventuality, he was treated with steroids, drugs, and periodic radiation from a cobalt unit.

Doctors and patients alike have been irrevocably pushed into a new age of transplantation -- an age "as significant as the age of the atom." To some it would seem the beginning of a brave new world, to others a terrifying prospect. Will doctors do everything possible to save life when they need the vital organs that lie beneath the skin? The problems that arise are both ethical and medical.. When is a human's life no longer worth saving? When does a doctor's duty to sustain life's breath no longer apply? How should death be defined? How is the question of who will live and who will die going to be decided? Have you an answer? I'm almost afraid of the magnitude of the problem!

Dr. Barnard earned two degrees from the University of Minnesota after his graduation from Cape Town University. He observed transplant surgery in Moscow and the Medical College of Virginia. Along with his brother, he had performed 50 experimental heart transplants using dogs, none of which lived. They were still developing their technique when Dr. Barnard posed the question to his patient. Louis Washkansky made up his mind immediately. Dr. Barnard and his surgical team then went on 24 hour alert for word of a fatally ill patient who might be a suitable donor.

On Saturday afternoon, December 2, 1967, Miss Darvall and her mother were hit while crossing the street. When she was brought to the hospital, Groote Schnur, physicians found that vital centers at the base of her brain had been damaged beyond repair but her heart was still beating, driven by the pacemaker nerve cells it contains. The girl's father, Edward, was then asked if he would allow a transplant of his daughter's heart. He replied, "If there is no hope for her, try and save the life of this man."

Two methods were used to see how closely the tissues of donor and recipient were matched; a standard blood test which proved that Miss Darvall was CRh negative, the universal donor type, and a typing of the lymphocytes, a newly developed test which also showed that the two seemed a good tissue match.

Miss Darvall had been kept alive by a respirator and stimulant drugs. The doctors won't say whether or not they took her off the respirator before her heart stopped. One of the doctors said he considered that an "impertinent question." He did say that they didn't try to revive her after her heart stopped; "even if we had restarted her heart, it would have stopped the moment we took away the artificial means of keeping it going." The question arises, then, did they fight as hard as possible to save her or were they influenced by a strong desire for a suitable heart to carry out the epic operation?

Immediately after her "death" surgeons opened her chest and pericardium and connected her body to a heart-lung machine. Washkansky, in another operating room, was given a general anesthetic and a midline chest incision was made, splitting the breastbone and he, too, was attached to a heart-lung machine. At this point, Louis Washkansky's heart ceased to function forever. His blood was cooled to about 77° F., known as hypothermia. This slows metabolism of brain and other tissues and reduces their oxygen requirements. Next, Miss Darvall's heart was freed, disconnected from the heart-lung machine and removed from her chest. It was placed in a sterile basin and taken to the other operating room where it was connected to a small pump which supplied blood from the hospital blood bank. Washkansky's heart was then removed. The top of the left and right atria and the four pulmonary veins and two vena cavae were left in place. The equivalent areas of the donor heart were then cut away. What remained of the donor heart was carefully sutured to the stump of the patient's heart with a double layer of continuous silk sutures. The stumps of the pulmonary artery and aorta were sutured. Next, the clamp on Washkansky's aorta was removed and the new heart was fed by the heart-lung machine. The smaller pump which had been sustaining it was disconnected. Slowly, the temperature of the blood was raised toward normal. The new heart began to fibrillate or quiver, it was given one electric shock, and began beating. Ten minutes later, the heart-lung machine was clamped off and the heart began to pump alone for its new owner. At first, his blood pressure was too low and the heart-lung machine was unclamped for another five minutes, then shut off again.

After half an hour, the patient's blood pressure had risen from 70/50 to 100/80. The operation itself had taken five hours.

When Washkansky opened his eyes, Dr. Barnard was at the bedside, "You promised me a new heart," he said. "You've got a new heart," was the surgeon's reply.

Anne Smith

(Reference, "The Heart: Miracle in Cape Town" Newsweek, December 18, 1967)

CONVENTION

The SNAP Convention was found to be an interesting and stimulating experience and we would like to tell you about it.

On Monday, November 27, we arrived in Lancaster for the convention. The theme was "Who are we? -- Professionalism in action." The first meeting, we attended presented the candidates for office for the oncoming year. It was followed by a reception where we were able to meet and talk with the candidates. That night we went to the Host Farm Motel to join the PNA for their keynote address given by Dr. Christman on the subject of the "Changing Future of Nursing and Nursing Education."

On Tuesday, the business sessions began. These were held to discuss and vote on proposed amendments to the Bylaws of the organization. That afternoon, a speaker from the PNA, Miss McFadden, discussed organizations, unions, and striking. The keynote program held Tuesday night at the Host Town Motel was highlighted by the address given by Attorney M. Fish. He discussed Legislation in Nursing.

Wednesday morning, the voting for SNAP officers was held. That afternoon, candidates for the Outstanding Student Nurse were presented. This was followed by a discussion on nursing legislation in Pennsylvania led by a representative from the PNA. A talent show was held that evening and the Outstanding Student Nurse was chosen.

Due to the snowfall on Thursday, we returned early and did not attend any sessions.

This experience gave us an opportunity to learn the nurse's responsibility to her school and hospital while attending a convention. This will be very helpful in any future opportunities that might arise when we are graduates. Thank you.

Sincerely,

D. Buscher

S. Dubis

H. Russo

SOCIAL NEWS

To start your Holiday festivities off with a powerfully good time, Student Council Social Committee has planned a Christmas Semi-Formal.

"Winter Wonderland" is going to be held December 20, 1967 in the Recreation Room from 9:00 P.M. to 12:45 A.M. Music will be provided by the New Dimensions and refreshments will be served in the lounge (with folk music in the background).

Tickets are \$3.00 per couple and can be bought from Ginny Moyer, Kathy Shannahan, Dee Getkin and Peggy Browne.

And, for those of you last minute planners, tickets will be available at the door. Have a Merry Christmas or Happy Chanukah and to all a Happy New Year.

NEWS FLASH

Jefferson is the team to beat!!!!

And guess what, girls, it's true. We've not only played three games, but we've also won three games. We've not only beat Bryn Mawr, Einstein and Chestnut Hill, we slaughtered them.

In the game against Chestnut Hill, even our second team murdered them. Of course, Chestnut Hill doesn't have a bad team, by any means. But there is no use trying against a great team.

Now, let's not get big heads. Over-confidence killed many a great basketball

team. I know this won't happen to us, but I just thought I'd casually mention it.

One problem still remains. We've been dealing with it for quite awhile and I'm sure everyone knows what it is. I'm making one last plea for more of what makes up a cheering crowd - - People! Come on out and support our team.

Congratulations on past victories and a cheer and a prayer for all coming ones, including the championship. Fight on Sairy's and WIN!

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

This is my last Christmas here - - I can hardly believe it. My first Christmas here, I kept saying to myself, "I'll never see a second one." Well, gang, here I am with number three!

Frosh, I know those books do get burdensome but you'll be working eight hours a day soon enough. An Juniors, you thought the end would never come to the Junior slump. Well, tests are over now and things will be better, I remember.

Just keep saying to yourself - it is remarkable what one human being can go through!

Seniors are still selling jewelry (inquire room 629) and nylon stockings, including white support hose (inquire room 628). Also, a spaghetti dinner is coming up in March.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
&
HAPPY NEW YEAR

THROUGH THE STETHOSCOPE

What's this we hear about R. F. in Pittsburgh?

Congratulations C. S. on your de-pinning!

What freshman is going to be shocked when her boyfriend comes home for Christmas and isn't expected till June?

Have you heard about Fuzzy Duck - B. G. has!

Which freshman doesn't maintain air-quesence during nursing lab?

We've heard of modern expressions dealing with Christmas, but "Sock-it-to-me-Santa!?"

Hey, S. J., how are your bladder irrigations squirting along?

Hey pooch, how's the love triangle?

Hey Schulte, how's St. Joe's basketball team?

To Hope Russo - it's been so long since he's been home!!

Hey MA, are you going back with that certain Medical student, or are you putting him up for "grabs?"

Lake - how long did you say you were going to give him to come back? Two years??

What two room mates on the eighth floor keep locking each other out?

NOTES FROM CAPS AND CAPES

As usual, our newspaper is behind schedule. The Staff has become quite concerned about it and has decided to skip January to give us the time to "catch up." We are still looking for girls who are interested in helping us. Please, won't you try?

If you want to share something with the school and don't want to be on the staff, just hand your article in to the newspaper.

As for the "Sundae Festival," it was a great success and we want to thank everyone for their support.

STAFF

| | |
|-------------------|---|
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