

2-1970

Caps & Capes - February 1970

Jane Lease

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Recommended Citation

Lease, Jane, "Caps & Capes - February 1970" (1970). *Caps & Capes*. Paper 3.
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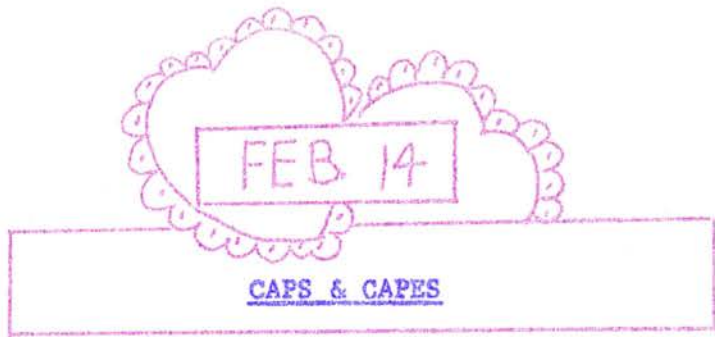


WHERE THE ACTION IS

BASKETBALL TOURNEY

JEFF HALL

MARCH 9 + 11



BE MY VALENTINE!

As the month of February rounds the corner, the card and candy shops are alive with decorative red hearts. Every girl seems to enjoy the fact that here is the chance to give that certain someone a subtle hint. Young men are wondering .. hoping ... will she? .. the girl that sits in front of me .. send a valentine.

Little girls and boys in elementary school are busy decorating shoe boxes with their own personal designs to be put on display. Gradually, it is filled with little notes and ditties from their classmates to be given out at their party.

Businessmen make a scheduled stop in the candy store to purchase a box of dark semi-sweets for the lady at home.

Yes, it seems everyone joins in the spirit one way or another.

How about the student nurse? The young woman who studies till dawn, and sleeps till daybreak, and works until dinner. Does she have time for the Valentine spirit? You bet! If there is only room enough for one mere thing on her schedule it is, you guessed it, LOVE.

She takes time out to find that perfect card for that special someone at home, in the service, or for all of those Valentines at the fraternity parties.

Believe me, student nurses enjoy their Valentines wherever they are - just around the corner or still waiting to be found. Yes, everyone enjoys the Cupid Spirit especially us "pinkies" because we give two hoots.



HOOT HOOT -- BE MY VALENTINE!

H E M O S T A T S

I am a lonely pair of hemostats,
And many various jobs I do.
They range from clamping foleys
To squeezing silly drainage tubes.
And when I'm no longer needed
In someone's pocket I sit
With pens and pencils and a lonely
paper clip,
Mussed by various fingerprints
No longer do I shine
Well used and old am I
And over tired before my time.
That's the story of my life,
But I would not trade it.
For mine has been a rewarding life
And concerning someone else's
Perhaps I've even saved it!

Jeannette Steinhagen

IRONICALLY YOURS

In three years of nursing school, you are exposed to words massive in length, defying all efforts at spelling or pronouncing. However, within a few days, you find yourself rattling them off with ease, thus impressing your friends and acquaintances. Many of these words are synonyms of familiar words in everyday experience, only four or five syllables longer.

Examples of these are endless - Is your patient dizzy? (it's vertigo) Bleeding? (call it exsanguinating) Have a bruise? (it's purpura). If you simply took your patient for a walk, you ambulated him. If he was short of breath afterwards, it's dyspnea on exertion. See what I mean? Soon your nurse's notes are filled with "medicalese"-incomprehensible to the layman. There now, don't you feel more superior?

These terms inevitably creep into your conversations with friends. As you write care plans and attend evaluations, you find yourself mouthing polite phrases, whose true meanings are (mercifully) hidden to your Instructor. Below are a few examples:

MEANING

Meaningful rapport between patient and nursing personnel was often hindered.

I don't know a word of Italian.

Patient made initial efforts at re-establishing self-dependency.

She bathed herself for a change.

Patient found it difficult to adjust to institutionalized regime.

She signed herself out this morning, Doctor.

I found this rotation an interesting challenge.

I worked myself to death -- and hated it.

He needs a great deal of psychological support.

He needs a round the clock private duty to hold his hand.

He easily expresses his needs to the nursing staff.

He sits on the call bell all day.

It was a learning experience.

It was the worst day of my life.



" I L O V E U "

The best part of you is "U"
Knowing U, loving U
Knowing I love U and U love me
Laughing with U
Clowning with U
Kissing U
U holding me close as I try to tell
 U how I feel
U brushing the hair out of my eyes
 and saying "Hello, Darling"
U the person
U the friend
U the man who tore me down
"I don't want to be hurt again" wall
U who reached through and shattered it
U who picked up the pieces behind it,
 folded them into your arms and said,
 "No, you won't be hurt again."
U who made the hurt go away
U who made me laugh again
U who made me love again
U made me love, U want my love
U whose love I want
U whose love I need
U whose love I love

Loretta Carlson

"How do I love thee ..."

For every wave

in every sea

For every grain of sand

on every beach

I love you a hundredfold.

Loretta Carlson

Sex and the Jefferson Girl

Do you find yourself liking boys more these days and seeing them less? Did you come here looking for a marriage partner and instead you find yourself night after night buried under books? If so, the following information has been compiled for your benefit from fellow student nurses by your Jefferson "girl on the street". Especially since this is the month for romance, we feel some girls need aid in finding their right some one (and fast).


1. Wear a padded bra (after all it's what's up front that counts).
2. Ask him to help you with your anatomy "study guide".
3. Wear short skirts and be sure to do a little bending.
(exercise is always good for muscle tone).
4. Good personal hygiene is a must.
5. Use Phisohex (compliments of Jefferson) for acne problems.
6. Don't kiss him on the first date. (let him kiss you).
7. Maintain good body mechanics at all times!
8. If he seems to be lacking in the romance dept. slip him some L-Dopa.
9. Let the boy you like see more of you -- "Out of sight, out of mind".
10. The most important thing to remember when you're with a boy, trite as the saying may be is to "Be Yourself".

THROUGH THE STETHOSCOPE

Ellen Z. has a new pin thanks to Luke.
Shelley K. found out there is poison ivy on East River Drive.
Has Carole M. heard squeaky noises during the night?
Deidre M. was among the first to brave a maxi.
Congratulations on Lynn B. new rock.
Who bites her toenails in the Freshmen class?
Cathy W. really "fell" hard over John's call.
Will Nancy Kelly remember to knock on bathroom doors?
Who is the mystery writer on the 6th floor?
Is it true we are losing the "Fundamentals Three" to Paramount?
What Freshman hangs peanut butter lids on her ceiling?
What lab instructor is just "too Much".

FEBRUARY HORSCOPE


Aquarius (January 21 - February 19)



Yours is the zodiac sign plastered far and wide over album covers and posters instigated mainly by the Fifth Dimensions golden hit. This coincides perfectly with your entire personality, and concept of life. Yours is the door decorated with little hearts and flowers immediately upon the turn of the month. Guard carefully though, since not all of your friends appreciate red heart-shaped confetti thrown about at six o'clock in the morning.

Highest expectations will prevail upon the arrival of a floral bouquet from that special someone. Benadryl will aid those with allergic tendencies toward this side of nature. Warning --- A crisis awaits those on a 1800 cal. ADA diet, when a five pound box of Whitman's suddenly appears on your lap. For those whose true love is still undecided - never fear - Cupid's bow is getting taut.

NOVEMBER 15



The bus left LaSalle at 7 A.M. Every seat was taken. It was quiet on the way down, it was early, maybe we were still half asleep, maybe we were thinking of what we would find in Washington and the day ahead. The group was varied - not all long haired with beards and love beads, as some might expect. We passed other people in cars and buses going to Washington also. They waved and smiled, setting the mood of the day. It seemed like a long trip down, I guess we were impatient to get there. When we did arrive at the outskirts of Washington, we were met by a motorcycle policeman who escorted us to the parking area. He and the sight of the other MP's stationed along the streets shook us up a little. We came for peace, remember? We got off the bus and no one really knew where to go. The march was to start from the Capitol, so that's where we headed. As I looked around, I saw people from all directions converging into one group and moving toward the Capitol. Some carried banners telling where they were from --- California, Michigan, Ohio. Someone had a bugle. He climbed onto something and started playing the "Star Spangled Banner". The crowd grew silent. Most of us just stood there with one arm raised for peace until he finished and for a few minutes afterwards.

Still a few blocks from the Capitol, we were told the first groups of marchers had already reached the Washington Monument - our destination and the site of the rally - and that our best bet would be to turn around and head straight for the Washington Monument instead of marching past the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue. We were informed we would not have enough time to march down Pennsylvania Avenue because the march permit ran out at 12:30. It was then 12:15. The cry went up, "End the war at 12:30", and many of us marched on Pennsylvania Avenue. When we reached the Washington Monument, I looked around and I never saw so many people gathered together at one time, so many who cared enough about a single cause to come out on that bitter cold November day in the hopes of accomplishing peace. I got there too late to hear Senator McGovern; Godfrey Cambridge was speaking when I arrived. We sat on the ground, which was hard and cold. Two people next to me had a blanket which they shared with a couple of us. That's how it was the whole day - the people were so kind. I was offered Oreos and half a roast beef sandwich and someone passed down a thermos of hot coffee. I thought how would it be if everyone was like this, if this spirit pervaded the whole world. A great idea, but a little hard to imagine as reality. There were speakers and performers - Leonard Bernstein, people like Arlo Guthrie - leading the crowd in song - "Last night I had the strangest dream ... I dreamed that all the world agreed to put an end to war", "This land is your land...", and "All we are saying, is give peace a chance". After a while we got up and walked around, meeting people - there were so many, all so warm and friendly.

Around 5 P.M., it started to get dark and grew colder so we headed back for the bus. While we were waiting on the bus for everyone to return, people from other buses came on to ask directions, some to get warm before moving on in search of their own buses, a girl from Chicago, a boy from Harvard, a college professor and his wife from New York, people from Penn - all part of the unsilent and, hopefully, majority of this nation, who are looking for peace.

Editor	Jane Lease
Staff	Pat Powers
	Eileen Kubiak
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H A P P Y V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y

