

5-1970

Caps & Capes - May 1970

Jane Lease

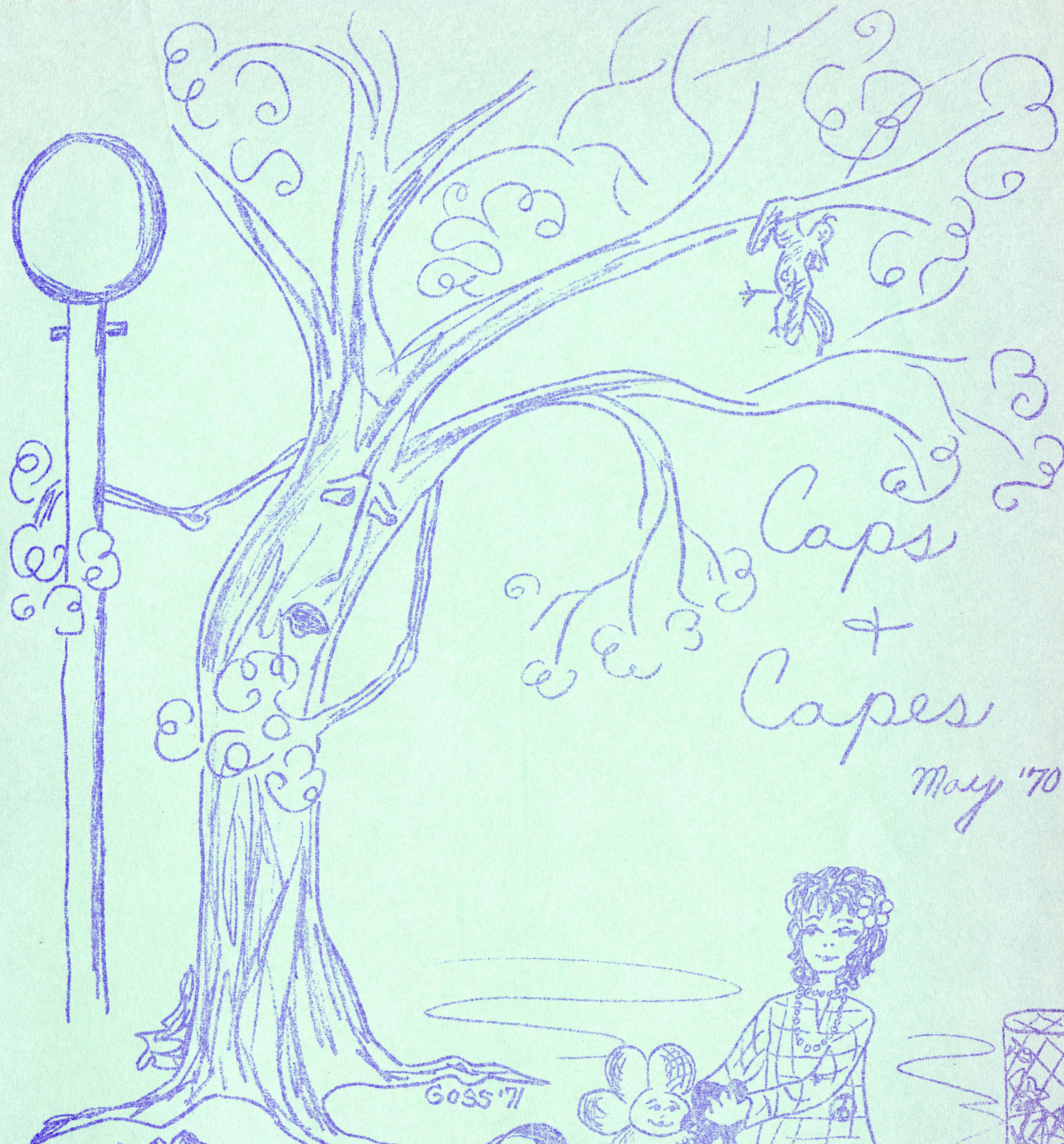
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Caps
+
Capes

May '70

Goss '71





CHRISTINE REED

MISS JEFFERSON

1970

BYBERRY 1970

(or any year for that matter)

You've all heard stories of Byberry from upperclassmen. It's a great rotation. No bedpans to clean, no beds to make or patients to wash, no meds to give, no aching feet, no throbbing head, and no 6 A.M. alarm clock. There await acres of green grass, a sun that sets not behind a building but between the trees, birds that actually sing, wind that blows through the leaves without the horrid stink of car or bus engines, your own room and an all encompassing feeling of a world proceeding at half speed. These things do indeed exist but they make one's initial encounter with life at Byberry oh so deceiving.

Byberry is by no means this superficial rest haven. It is an experience not just of the senses but of the mind with its entanglement of morals and the potential for human involvement. When you find yourself in the first week of psych. let yourself feel, observe, and think and you will discover the true Byberry.

These are a few of my feelings, observations, and thoughts about my recent six week experience at Byberry. The Jefferson unit at Byberry is composed of the buildings on the east side of Roosevelt Boulevard. A "rehabilitation" building where a minority of patients learn piece work, a geriatric building into which I never ventured - the smell is said to be overpowering, a locked women's building with pigeons nesting on the roof, light filtering through the dirty windows and dusty, odorous air, a row of beds with dirty linen, the heads of greasy hair, a pungent shower room with no curtains, no toilet seats and no paper, a puddle of urine in the hallway. A basement "recreation" room with chairs and a TV. the door is unlocked from the outside and the light is so dim; a white shrunken figure curled in fetal position - but most of all the eyes watching you with fear, hope of companionship, hope of help. Next an identical building for the female mentally retarded, the same smells, the same lack of facilities, round figures of obese, flabby, white women who have seen little of the outside, a negro woman grabbing my arm - hugging me, introducing me to her friends but speaking only unintelligible sounds. A mens mentally retarded building - the same odor is worse here, a locked room in the lower level with thirty filthy men, a few chairs, a water fountain and a bathroom, two men sleeping on the wet bathroom floor - one man running his hand over the floor and eating the dirt, others yelling at the feet passing by the window. This is the Jefferson family at Byberry. And what was it I read in the paper today ??? --- the new H.E.W. bill, those millions, no billions, going to the moon,---that one million dollar ring of Liz's, may be the cost of war in S.E. Asia?

It's a St. Patrick's Day afternoon and the social workers are throwing a "Cafe East" party in the rehab building, green punch and donuts - everyone eats all they can. A group is playing and singing and the student nurses have filled the floor with dancing, laughing people. Mary begins to sing "Heart of My Heart" at the microphone. This morning she stood in the doorway of the building screaming for her son. Josephine dances with Rosemary whose eye she blackened earlier in a commonplace confrontation. A man dancing by who says he hasn't danced in fifteen years. Frank who has been here 37 years and can't even shave himself dances with his student nurse. Everyone's laughing, singing, and dancing.

These are a few of my mental pictures of Byberry. There is really no ending for this story since there has really not been a beginning for the people of Byberry. Time here continues as it did last year and ten years before that.

There does exist a small active group of social workers, art and music therapists and others who daily battle the bureaucracy, apathy, and ignorance of Byberry. These are the people to seek out and learn from while you are working with patients. There is rarely an opportunity for experience in acute psychiatric nursing. Group therapy is extremely limited as well as ward meetings, staff conferences and rounds.

Byberry offers you little in the area of modern psychiatry but it confronts you with a world of questions about the priorities society has placed upon the treatment of its mentally disturbed members.

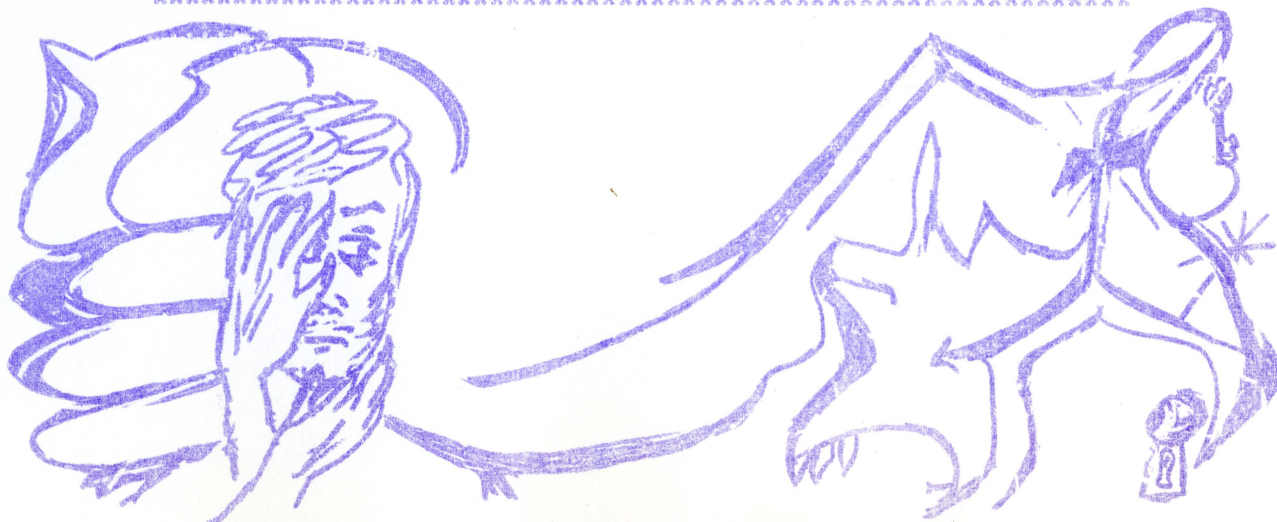
Judy Jones
1971

AN ODE TO AN ADDICT

HELL HELP WHY?

by
Ruth Hoffman

Is it a crazy thought that I have? Do I build my hopes up too high? Do I have the right? Why does it have to happen to me? Make me understand. My thoughts have been turned upside down and lack clarity. I never cried before, so why do I cry now? It isn't fair - not at all - why me? - always. It seems as if an eternity has turned into a hell. Hell is ugly to the soul I possess. I hate it and I can't get out. The tears are blinding my eyes and I've lost my way. I can't see - help me - which way do I turn? Left, right, circles, circles, round, round, faster, faster, where, where, where?-- There in the corner is a shining light, blinding, and there is laughing, screaming, yelling, torture, horrible sounds. Dishonesty, lying, stealing, mistrust and most of all hate are making all that noise. Where did I go wrong? Why didn't I see? Why isn't there someone to help me -- GOD?





OUR DIMINISHING ENVIRONMENT

April 22 - "The time has come to lay down the weapons of self-destruction and pick up the tools of social and environmental construction."-- The words of Senator Edmund Muskie spoken at Belmont Plateau. It was Earth Day - the finale of what was actually sixteen days intended to inform the public of some of the problems threatening our environment and to arouse their interest in alleviating some of these problems.

Earth Week actually started on April 6. From April 6-10 - a series of lectures were held in various schools and science institutes around the city in order to orient the people to the real dangers to our survival and possible solutions. Many of the lecturers were professors in Biology or in some way environmental specialists. Public symposiums were held at Temple U., U. of P., Villanova and the University City Science Center with many other schools scheduling their own programs. Some of the prominent speakers included Dr. Rene Dubos, biologist; Ralph Nader, environmentalist and champion of the consumer; Paul Ehrlich, population biologist and Professor of Biology at Stanford U.; Allen Ginsberg, artist and poet and Edmund Muskie, U.S. Senator from Maine. In addition to the symposiums, exhibits were displayed at J.F.K. Plaza from April 15 to the 22nd.

In conjunction with the Earth Week activities, Jefferson had a five member panel discussion on the environment in the Solis-Cohen Auditorium on April 21, at which all of three Jefferson student nurses were present. A few facts of interest from a sheet distributed at this discussion:

A Philadelphian on the street takes into his lungs the equivalent in toxic materials of 38 cigarettes a day.

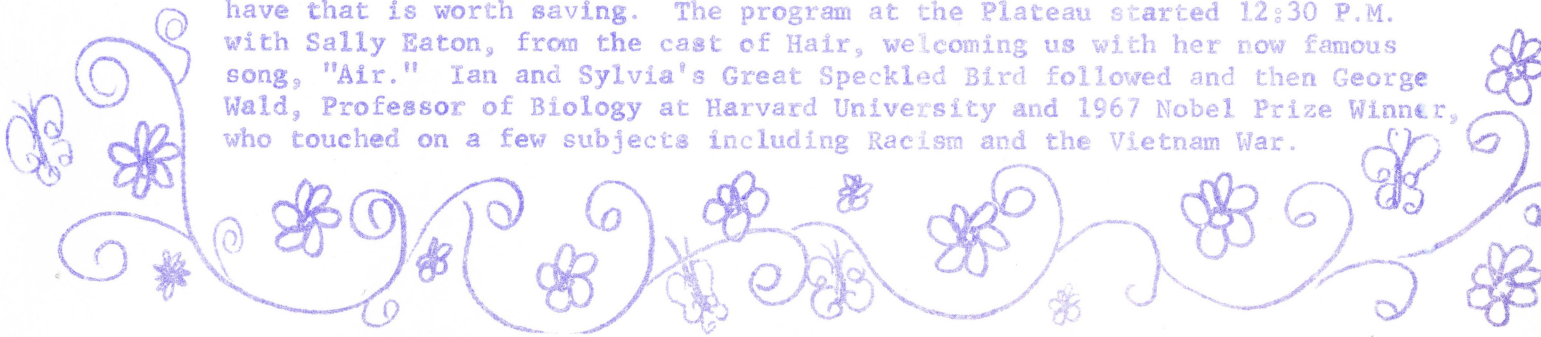
Chicago loses 40% of natural sunlight, Philadelphia loses 25%.

In Los Angeles, children are allowed to play outside only every other day so that they do not take in more than the average amount of air by exerting themselves.

100 industries and municipalities dump about one million pounds of waste into the Delaware River each day.

On the average, 60-85% of a city's air pollution is caused by automobiles.

Earth Day itself was a mixture of entertainment and information. At 10 A.M. an Earth Walk was started from the Art Museum to Belmont Plateau. People were urged to use as few cars as possible in order to cut down on air pollution. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining brightly and the sky was brilliant blue and cloudless as if the Earth was showing us what we have that is worth saving. The program at the Plateau started 12:30 P.M. with Sally Eaton, from the cast of Hair, welcoming us with her now famous song, "Air." Ian and Sylvia's Great Speckled Bird followed and then George Wald, Professor of Biology at Harvard University and 1967 Nobel Prize Winner, who touched on a few subjects including Racism and the Vietnam War.



Allen Ginsberg half read, half sang a poem called "Spring", by William Blake which helped set a happy mood. He was followed by Redbone and Ian Mc Harg who is Chairman of the Department of Landscape Architecture and Regional Planning at the U. of P., who said, among other things, "You've got no future, man is an epidemic." Senator Muskie came on around 4 o'clock. He urged us to maintain mass organized pressure on "the system" to get the needed legislation for preserving our environment. I heard varying estimates as to the size of the crowd there, ranging from 10,000 to 50,000 people. The gathering broke up around 5 o'clock with everyone picking up wrappers and trash from the ground and putting it in green paper bags distributed by the Earth Week workers. It was a day of awareness, a day of fun and let's hope that the spirit of Earth Week wasn't just for one day or one week but that it still lives on. Let's disprove Senator Muskie's words, "We behave as though another creation were just around the corner."



1. What Junior finally cleaned her room after a year and a half?
2. What Faculty member has plans of increasing the population?
3. A marksmanship award goes to Grace S. and her 50 cc. syringe.
4. What Junior expands from 34A to 36B on special occasions?
5. Is Rufus the Paul Revere of the 4th floor?
6. The fickle finger of fate award has sparkled its way to Dee W.
7. Rumor has it there is a pig on the fifth floor.
8. Hope N.K. gets off bed rest soon.
9. Who fell down the frat steps and lived to tell about it?
10. J.L. and C.K. - Been scheduling things in OK?
11. B.L. - How was your weekend?
12. Who is that dashing pinkie sporting the 4x4?
13. Linda C. and Eileen B. - So you finally got your party --.
14. What class has less than 100 days to go ---Congrats!

HOROSCOPE FOR THE INVINCIBLE TAURUS
(April 22 - May 21)

With the warm weather approaching we tend to find you frequently meandering about Independence Mall and this region soaking up our refreshing Philly air. The placid composure of the other humans in this vicinity suppresses your usually lively and vivid behavior. You will quickly bounce back into true form as a member of the male species lingers to your right. Within the next 10 minutes you will procure the info that every female yearns to know - single, interested, and rich - where his response to these probes determines the course of events. The guy will find that he has been deceived when your "bull-headed" nature shows another side of you, but don't despair; those under Taurus have skills yet to be developed!



THE "BABY" OF CAPS AND CAPES

Well, one of Jefferson's School of Nursing's greatest social events has once again come and gone. This happening, better known as the Miss Jefferson Contest, was held in the immortal McClellan Hall on April 6, 1970.

The contest was run by Master of Ceremonies, Doctor Carden. He kept the audience breathless with his lucid jokes.

The girls who were privileged to have the honor of running for Miss Jefferson were chosen by the student body. Each contestant was judged in personality, nursing ability, appearance in uniform, poise, talent, life in the residence, and her participation in school activities. The class of 1970 was represented by Linda Burger, Maria Gratzik, Linda Hook, Christine Reed and Rose Ann Slovich. Pat Appell, Mary Feeney, and Betty Gore were selected from the class of 1971. The unsuspecting Freshmen who were brave enough to stay in, even though they were unaware of what they were in for, included Barbara Lerch, Irene Pfeiffer and Karen Schwartz.

Among the distinguished guests in the audience was Miss Bowman. Also included in these guests were Mrs. Kozel, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Grigliak, Mrs. Caceres, Miss Heise, and Mrs. Zamitis. These women were chosen as the nursing judges. They had already evaluated the girls abilities prior to the night of the final judging.

The talent judges, who were concerned with the performance of the contestants on April 6th included Doctor Totan, Doctor Padula, Mr. Binik, Doctor Carpenter, Miss Maureen McGuire and Doctor Venier. They carefully observed these girls as they exhibited their talents and then answered impromptu questions.

The tensest moment of the entire night was the announcing of the winners. Pat Appell, second runner-up and Mary Feeney, first runner-up, received pink and white carnation corsages along with a pair of tickets for the new hit movie, "Hello Dolly." The winner and new Miss Jefferson was Christine Reed. She received a dozen long-stemmed red roses. To help her remember this great moment, she was also presented with a 14K gold inscribed charm and bracelet.

All the girls must be congratulated on their great performances, though it's a shame that in any contest there can only be one winner.



EDITORIAL

The auditorium was only partially filled, when Clay Shaw began to address us. The details and description of the supposed "Conspiracy in New Orleans" to kill President Kennedy has been printed in almost every newspaper across our nation, so I will assume that everyone is informed of the situation.

I feel that actually seeing Mr. Shaw in person gave a new dimension and perspective I had never considered. He appeared as a distinguished man well established in the world, and possessing an overwhelming confidence in himself. He was a very enjoyable speaker and kept our interest the entire time, as he gave accounts of the District Attorney's absurd and obviously disputable witnesses to the point of being ridiculous. As he continued to stress this, I found myself starting to wonder how the story would be told from the D.A.'s point of view, which must have had something concrete as a basis. By his last sentence, I had established a firm dislike for Mr. Shaw, and hesitated to take everything as gospel.

It was a very worthwhile evening to me, and I am looking forward to being able to attend those lectures to come.

Any articles or comments will be appreciated - send to Room 429.

Editor

Jane Lease

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