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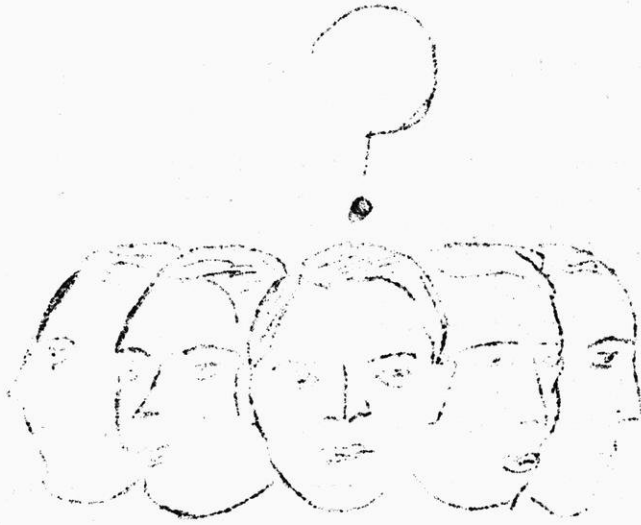
CUE

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE
PATLETS BI-MONTHLY

VOLUME IV

OCTOBER 17, 1969

ISSUE 17



TO WHOM
CAN I
TURN?

EDITORIAL

The CUE has discussed many pertinent problems in past Editorials, but none as important as the one which appeared in our last issue (Oct. 3, 1969). Since we, the CUE staff, have received no formal acknowledgement that the problems which exist in the area of patient-staff communications are being investigated, we plan to continue to dwell on the subject.

COMMUNICATION is a vital part of our daily living. Where there is a breakdown in communication, it affects people - places - things.

We (the patients) here at Winnebago State Hospital, for the most part, are out of touch with the "outside world" except for occasional off-grounds passes and communication via TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, telephone, mail and by word of mouth. Most important, however, to a confined person is COMMUNICATION within the hospital itself - between staff and patients. If specific orders are not carried out from administrators - doctors, nurses, therapists, social workers, orderlies, aides, and so on down the line - it is the patient who suffers the adverse effects of lost hope, frustration, resentment, depression, anger, etc., which also lowers morale among the other patients.

Hours, days, weeks, months, even years of a patient's therapeutic treatment by conscientious personnel could be destroyed in part by the negligence, carelessness, indifference, disinterest (or whatever the cause, including human error) of perhaps just one staff member who has failed to follow through. The patient's bewilderment of being "caught in the middle" can best be expressed in the simple question, "To whom can I turn?"

In the last issue of the CUE, many true examples were printed regarding communication breakdown, and many more like stories from the patients could be told.

Our October 3 Editorial page asked the question, "Is there an intra-staff communication problem evident in this hospital?" This question was directed primarily to the staff in the hope that the hospital administrators would reply, so equal space (as that given patients) - more if necessary - would be given in the CUE for printing of staff viewpoints on this seemingly controversial subject of COMMUNICATION.

The CUE has reserved space in its next issue for hospital personnel comments. We know you care, or your life's work would be purposeless. So too, the efforts of the CUE staff would be without purpose if our questions are ignored or conveniently forgotten, and if hospital communication has not improved.

RSVP - or - "TO WHOM DO WE TURN?"

CUE

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Helen ; Ethel ; Janet ; Eleanor ;
 Chuck ; Mary ; Nancy ; Ardis ;
 Robert ; Jerry ;

Chuck Lemieux: Advisor

LIBRARY CORNER

Librarian:: Joyce March
Location: Sherman Hall Basement
Time: 9:00 until 11:45 a.m.
 1:00 until 4:00 p.m.

Book Cart:

The Oshkosh Jaycettes bring the book cart to Kempster 2 East and 2 West on Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m. On Mondays the book cart goes to Sherman Hall at 10:00 a.m.

These are a few of the books available for your reading enjoyment.

Pope John and His Revolution by E. E. Y. Hales

What kind of man was Pope John XXIII? What was it he wanted for the church and the world? How was this simple "transition" Pope able to elicit universal response to his loving urgent appeals for religious renewal and unity, for social justice and world peace? These are some of the questions posed, considered, and answered in Pope John and His Revolution.

A Future to Hope In by Fr. Andrew M. Greeley

A Future to Hope In is a series of well-reasoned sociological speculations about some of the major problems which American Catholicism faces as a part of modern society - sex, community leadership, work, play, celebration, God, education, the priesthood, society and a sense of self. Fr. Greeley contends that the options available to the human race are rapidly decreasing and that men must now learn to live together in faith and trust, or face certain self-destruction.

The Wine and the Music by William E. Barrett

The author of this book is the same one that wrote Lilies of the Field. This fascinating story deals with the crisis a young priest faces when he must decide whether to remain a priest of God or to leave the church and marry a divorcee with whom he has fallen very deeply in love. Excellent reading, where age-old concepts are severely questioned.

Janet

Cont. on page

TO READ OR NOT TO READ

We have a well stocked library, a pleasant, well trained and accommodating librarian and many patients who are ready and eagerly willing to read.

Let us proceed from here.

Why isn't there a quiet reading area in the various buildings with the all important adequate lighting?

Many of us are, at the present time, wearing glasses for various reasons and many of us are avid readers despite our sight handicaps. We will read regardless of the situation. Therefore our sight will continue to deteriorate during our stay here at the hospital until something is done about the lighting.

CONTEST WINNER

Guess what? Patricia will be the recipient of \$1.50 worth of prizes from the canteen. This is the result of the fact that she submitted the winning number of song titles in the Cue song contest. She may, starting Tuesday of next week, pick up a slip at the Cue office which is redeemable at the canteen. Don't spend it all at one place, Patricia!

MISSING BOOKS

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>CALL #</u>
Folklore in America	Coffin	398
The Incredible Journey	Burnford	
And Now Tomorrow	Field	
The Summing Up	Maugham	

THEY DO LAUGH HERE

He: Gentlemen prefer blondes, don't they?

She: But I'm not really a blonde

He: That's alright. I'm not really a gentleman.

* * *

A golfer hit a new ball into the lake, another new ball out of bounds onto a highway, and another new ball into the woods.

"Why don't you use an old ball?" asked his caddy.

Replied the golfer sadly, "I've never had an old ball."

* * *

A four-year old boy was reprimanded by his mom for being naughty. He decided to leave home with a box of his belongings. He said bravely to his mother, "I'm going now."

Mom said, "Be my guest." He looked at her and asked, "But aren't you going with me?"

* * *

Did you hear about the Indian version of Russian roulette? A man plays music to five cobras, the sixth one being deaf.

* * *

Does your dog turn the yard into a barking lot?

* * *

Have you heard? Ragweed is a plant that grows during the hay-fever sneezin'.

* * *

An inexperienced applicant, filling out a form for a factory job, was stopped by the question: "What kind of machines can you operate?" Finally he wrote down, "Slot, pinball, and cigarette."

* * *

Have you heard? Tomorrow is the busiest day of the year.

* * *

The beautiful young nurse exclaimed "Oh, Doctor, every time I take this patient's pulse it beats faster and faster. What should I do?"

"Blindfold him," the doctor replied.

* * *

Money may not be everything but it certainly helps parents to keep in touch with their children.

* * *

Did you hear about the new patient? They carried him into the hospital fee first.

* * *

Do hippies know riot from wrong or do they go places just to boo things?

* * *

An optimist is a father who will let his son take the new car on a date.

A pessimist is one who won't. A cynic is one who did.

* * *

A senior high school class was asked to discuss the prospect of getting into college and how they should or could make choices. One bright girl said, the first thing you have to decide is whether or not you want to go to a coeducational school or an educational one."

* * *

Heard in commuterland: "I've told my son he can go and take part in the revolution this afternoon so long as he promises to park the car in a safe place."

* * *

"You must have the wrong name," the warden said when he answered the phone, "There's no one here by that number."

* * *

RHYME TIME

Clouds

On an idle, sunny autumn day,
 I watch the fluffy clouds at play.
 I imagine one as a giant boat
 With a snow-white sail that is afloat
 On a cold sea of blue.
 I fancy one as a great white bird,
 Whose lovely song cannot be heard
 From where I stand here on earth--
 A poor mortal whose worth
 to Him is unknown.

"Toby"

As the strange becomes known
 And the unknown becomes extinct
 There is a certain value in what
 The color spectrum
 develops within
 The inhabitants of any existing
 Orbs other than this one
 A one which is separated
 By continents
 By languages
 By religious gathering
 And by that one word known to be
 spelt as R-A-C-I-S-M.

Anonymous

A Natural

The sun is hiding.
 Where?
 The rain is coming.
 When?
 You shall feel the rain!!!
 He that says no is
 -----Speaking an untruth.
 Why?

No

one

is

perfect

E-x-c-e-p-t...

The sun is hiding.
 Where?
 Thy reign is coming...
 When?
 You shall feel the reign within.
 He that says yes is
 -----Someone to Believe.

Party

Beer
 Soda
 Music
 Pschedelic sound
 Great globs of flesh bob
 Hips girate

Eyes like sunlight on minature pools
 of water
 Dark brown wavy hair
 Rare Malatto
 Hot lips of passion
 Burning walls of flesh
 Volcanoes erupt
 Hot liquid lava
 Notorious woman.

Crashing glass
 Screaming shrills
 Boys in blue
 Locked up.

By

Weeping Willows

The weeping willows weep all day,
 When the rain falls every way,
 They swing their branches back and
 forth,
 As small little winds come from the
 north
 Shen the sun comes out and dries
 everything,
 All the world will sing

LEAVING?

D iversions
 I nterests
 S ettling Down
 C ourage
 H appiness
 A daptability
 R esponsibility
 G et-up-and-go
 E mpathy

Jerry

On the Sober Side

It was Tuesday afternoon, the sky was heavy with rain clouds; but the wind was fresh as five lucky men got into Chuck Lemieu's car. They were off to see his majesty.

I am sure that every one has heard of the Loricon Marsh. Many have seen it: but John, Lester, Bob, Chuck and Gordon had a story to tell at the dinner tables of Gordon's Hall.

"Just look at them, there must be thousands." They all turned and sure enough the outskirts of the marsh, the fields were completely covered with the birds. What John called their attention to was the fact the cows remained right there. This was their pasture. They know, soon the birds will go. This was their time. They came up over the hill and Chuck Lemieux pointed to the horizon. It was black with a moving cloud, drifting with the wind and then turning into it.

Cars, people, cameras; youngsters seeing a sight that only they would be able to describe to their pals. Thousands, millions, who knows, but they were all around you. Soaring into the wind, swooping down right in front of the car.

There was one. A loner or a leader; a beautiful thing with wings spread and neck stretched to break the wind. This bird represented them all. This was His Majesty. The sun broke through and caught on the strong feathered wings. The simplicity of flight was amazing. It made one feel a little closer to God. It made you feel that you had learned a great secret of nature.

Then they returned home, passing the same marsh fields, every bird began to stir. The rustling of the wings came through over the sound of the cars passing by. The sky turned black as all rose in one mighty blanket. It rose and fell again to another feeding ground. All of a sudden all was peaceful and God's creatures, His Majesties had taken their throne for the night.

MINIVER CHEEVEY

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Crew lean while he assailed the
seasons;

He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds
were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
could set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors
He dreamed of Troies and Camelot,
and Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown that
made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and
thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on think-
ing;

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
and kept on drinking.

Edward

LIVE 365 DAYS A YEAR

Have a Good Hobby

A fascinating and creative interest apart from your work is an absolute essential for happy living. Two of our basic needs are the needs for new experiences and for creative effort. A good hobby supplies them both.

Learn To Be Satisfied

Living in chronic dissatisfaction is about as close to living in Hell as anything the world can offer. The real tragedy is that it is so useless and unnecessary. It is easier to be satisfied than dissatisfied, and much healthier. Trouble is where you make it. Don't want what you can't have. Learning the trick of being satisfied goes a long way toward making us well adjusted efficient, happy, and the possessors of a rich and rewarding life.

Like People and Join the Human Enterprise

In a world where people live next door to each other, rub elbows in the subway, and meet bumper to bumper on highways, it is disastrous to emotional stasis to take a dislike to the race. Letting people get in your hair is far, far worse than getting bats in it. There are many more people than bats.

The greatest pleasures come by giving pleasures to the fellow who works with us, to the chap who lives next door, or to those who live under the same roof.

Get the Habit of Saving the Cheerful, Pleasant Thing

Hardly a moment arises during an entire lifetime that wouldn't benefit more by a sally of humor or a cheerful lift than by a mean barb or a sharp gripe. Get up on the right side of the bed. Get the habit of starting out the day right. Everyone likes to have some one around who has a sense of pleasantness and humor. Be pleasant to your family. It is particularly important in family life to develop the habit of pleasant conversation when the family is together.

DEDICATION

Winnebago State Hospital dedicated its new all-faiths chapel and administration building Sunday, October 12th. Ceremonies began at 4⁰⁰ P.M. in the chapel with Father Andrew Nelson, Catholic Chaplain of W.S.H. acting as Master of Ceremonies. Reverend Louis A. Winter, Lutheran Chaplain of W.S.H. led the invocation. Dr. Ralph H. Archer M.D. Director of the Bureau of Mental Health, Division of Mental Hygiene, Department of Health and Social Services gave the welcoming address.

Mr. George Alfano, architect presented the Administration building and Mr. David Jund, Bureau of Engineering presented the Chapel. Dr. Darold Treffert, Superintendent of W. S. H. accepted the buildings.

The Most Reverend A. J. Wycislo, D.D. Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Green Bay and Reverend John R. Thomas, Director of Pastoral Care Services, Wisconsin Council of Churches rendered felicitations. Benediction was offered by Reverend Dayton G. Van Deusen, Protestant Chaplain W.S.H.

The administration building and the chapel represent the culmination of a replacement program begun in 1949 which replaced the old institution that opened its doors in 1873.

In accepting the new buildings Dr. Treffert stated that these new buildings "genetically carry in them the purpose, destiny and the personality of the old, noting that they must also be dedicated for what lies ahead for the next 100 years. No one knows what the technology of that century will bring to psychiatric programs but the hospital must remain an "island of care and hope," a center of "concern and humanity".

Guests toured the new facilities before and after the dedication ceremony.

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

OUR CHAPEL

For many months we have been observing our chapel take form, and finally it has been completed and dedicated. For this we are grateful.

This does not mean however, that we never had a chapel. Church services have been conducted at various places for many years at Winnebago State Hospital, and although the appearance of the chapel quarters did not always make the best impression upon the worshipers, nevertheless the chapel provided a place for public worship. The chapel on the third floor of "Old Main", which was furnished with donated appointments, was a presentable place, served its purpose quite well, and found a warm spot in the heart of many a patient,--for in the final analysis, neither the room nor the appointments were of greatest importance to the worshiper. What took place in the chapel,--the message delivered there, etc., was what made its imprint upon the worshiper and caused him to say: "Lord, I love the habitation of Thine house and the place where Thine honor dwelleth. The fact that one could worship his God and Savior,--was pointed to the cross upon which Jesus, the Lamb of God, died for man's redemption,--was assured of God's gracious presence,--could confess his sins and hear words of mercy and forgiveness,--could bring his needs before God in prayer, and could sing his praises unto God, caused him to say "Let us go to the house of the Lord."

Things have changed at WSH ! We have a new chapel. We may not all agree as to the architectural design of this chapel, but I am sure that when all things are taken into consideration, we are agreed that it is a beautiful building,---beautiful especially ~~when we are inside that what~~ takes place in it. We again have our own place where we can worship God publicly. Indeed, we could and we should worship God in private, but nevertheless we should go to the house of the Lord (our chapel) whenever the opportunity presents itself, and "not for the sake the assembling of ourselves together" for public worship. Yes, patients, personnel, and chaplains should excite and encourage one another to attend the services in the chapel.

For what good is a \$300,000 chapel on the hospital grounds if it is not used as it should be?

If every child of God at this hospital, patient or non-patient, felt on Sunday morning or whenever a service is conducted, as David did when he said "I was glad when they said unto me: "Let us go into the house of the Lord", what crowds would be found in our chapel!

Surely we should be happy to go, and we have good reason to go. There we can worship our God and Father who gave His own Son for our redemption; there we can meet with fellow Christians to sing, to pray, to worship; there our dear Savior Himself speaks words of strength, comfort, mercy, and forgiveness; there He wants to draw us closer to himself. Let us appreciate our chapel and make full use of it. There we hear of "the one thing needful".

Chaplain Louis A. Winter

WHAT CAN I DO?

A lot has been said, a lot has been written in regards to what the hospital should and can do for us. We have come to them for help. We plead for mercy from the very society that we have scorned. We are sheltered but soon it will be our turn. Not after we leave the hospital but while we are still here. Let's show our appreciation by doing for others; not just for ourselves.

President Kennedy, in his inaugural speech said words that will ring through the history of all governments. "Ask not what my country can do for me; but what can I do for my country"....Turn this thought to our hospital....Give of yourself and reap the harvest that you sow. Try it; and when they say, "They should have done this, or that "Reply with, "I can do this"....I can give of my self...I can give what I have left, the most important thing I have.

CAMPING TRIP

On Tuesday the 7th of October, the staff from Kempster and Sherman Halls, including Mary Wortman, Kay Arnesen, and Char Copps ~~absolutely~~ rounded up eight patients referred to by their doctors. Eight of them came from Kempster and eight from Sherman. We were told we were going on an overnight camping trip to Picnic Point. There, we were to have an overnight campout. Some of the girls had never been camping, but all threw themselves into the spirit of things. It was pleasantly cool walking out to the camp site, but as the day progressed, it got increasingly windy and cold. Several girls were delegated to collect fire wood for the large fireplace in the main lodge. Others put food away, organized activities and in general "got the ball rolling."

After an inventory of food provided for three meals, it was discovered that all the food requisitioned for, wasn't there. After a quick call to Food Service, Mary drove in to the Food Service Department and found very willing and cooperative help to gather the missing quantities of food. A big thankyou to Food Service!

We built a big glowing fire, and decided to eat lunch outside. The wind suddenly gave us a problem, so we hurriedly grilled the brats outside and then came indoors and hungrily devoured our delicious brat, cold slaw and fresh apple Pie.

During the afternoon we hiked, hunted hickory nuts, and decided it would be more fun to all sleep inside the large camp building. Many of us, with stumbling, chuckling steps carried 18 mattresses from the small cottages into the main building and decided to all sleep around the campfire. We played games, such as the lively moving "Concentration Game, the "Telephone Game" which starts with one person whispering a sentence to the girl next to her, after 20 repeats, it gets quite "wild and funny"- way off the original "Quotation."

Bedding down about 10:00 P.M. with a few die-hards playing Scrabble by the firelight and a handy flashlight. Toward early morning, our fire wood ran low and we all began the shivers. Mary bravely weathered the early morning weather and started a nice fresh roaring fire. We had a deliciously warm breakfast of ham and eggs, re-

turned the mattresses to the cabins, and packed up bag and baggage, drove back in the truck packed to the hilt with equipment and human cargo. Whow! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!

IT'S

WHAT'S

HAPPENING.

MISTAKE

There aren't many times in this game when you're all alone, when its you and a man standing in front of you and that's all. It's different when you're in tight and you feel the closeness and the power of seven men charging up the middle, driving the opposition back jamming it down their throats.

But out here it's up to you and you alone to make the play go. You come up the line, going over in your mind the steps you will take. Suddenly, "set...." and a hush comes over the crowd, "Hut...hut," and the motion and sound begins again. Charging up from your stance, you thunder the seven steps toward the foe, looking him directly in the eye, trying to catch a last minute glimpse of a possible weakness. The time is now! You fake to the inside and jump quickly back out; breaking for the side line. The ball is there and your fingers finally do a good job of gripping the pigskin. Remember the man coming on your left? Fake right. He dives. You're open, and all that's left between you and the goal line is a 200 pound back. He's standing on the goal line like an impenetrable wall, but don't stop now. Head down, charge hard, hit him in the stomach, drive, you're in! Touchdown!

But "no", the official. Someone was off side. Who could have been the one that spoiled your perfect performance, you wonder as you head back to the huddle? Why is everyone staring at you with disappointment? Then it comes back, the third hut. It was called on the third hut!

TRY AGAIN.

Fran

