Reflections on a Glimpse of my Career

During the summer of 1982, I was given an extraordinary opportunity, through the Lake Forest College Health Careers Internship Program, to spend ten weeks at St. Francis Xavier Cabrini Hospital on the Near West Side of Chicago. During this ten week rotation, I rotated through various departments at the hospital as Cardiology, Histology, Microbiology, Pathology, Obstetrics and Gynecology, Emergency Medicine, the emergency room and the nursery. I got a first-hand view of hospital life and a practical and administrative point of view. My internship was coordinated by Dr. Clyde Phillips, who is a surgeon at St. Francis Cabrini. I was given the opportunity to observe several surgical procedures performed by him and other surgeons. Some of the most interesting procedures I observed included thoracotomies, biopsies, hysterectomies (both vaginal and abdominal), Cesarean Sections, hernia repairs, and Mastectomies.

The physicians were very cooperative and many of them explained their procedure to me as they proceeded.

The majority of my experiences were educational and enjoyable. However, two particular departments of the hospital were most impressive to me, and I feel the experiences and exposure I received there provided me with the strongest motivation and insight into the true rigor of the medical field. These experiences also led me to recognize my possible entry point into medicine.

The two departments to which I am referring are the general clinic and the obstetrical and gynecological departments. In the general clinic, I worked with Dr. Ayeesha Sultana. Dr. Sultana is an internist and full-time physician in the clinic. Other specialists come in at scheduled times to see patients requiring their attention. Most of the patients seen daily in the clinic complain of illnesses such as high blood pressure, diabetes, common colds, etc. However, I also saw some really different types of cases such as unexplainable pains, heart attack victims, infections, bruises, sprained ligaments, broken bones, and a host of other complaints.

The patients seen in this clinic were approximately 75% Black, 20% Hispanic, 3% White, and 2% of other races. Mostly everyone was on the lower end of the economic scale and working in blue collar jobs. The patients were very nice people, but the effects of the conditions in which they live—environmental, social, and economical—were strongly reflected in their attitudes, medical histories, and their overall health. For example, a 28 year old man came into the clinic complaining of chest pains. His electrocardiogram strongly reflected that he had already sustained 2 or 3 minor heart attacks and was headed towards another. Another young woman (age 23 years) with 3 children was in a severe state of depression. The father refused her admission to the hospital because of his financial difficulties and the mother (several years younger) was referred to the psychiatrist and started on drug therapy to reduce her depression. These types of cases make our socio-economic system questionable in regard to the physical health effects that it is having on society, especially members of the lower class.

Overall, however, I have found that the clinic experience was an excellent start to my internship because I became aware of many issues and areas of specialty in medicine.

In the Obstetrical and Gynecological department, I spent a large amount of time in the labor and delivery rooms. I observed and actually scrubbed and assisted in several of the approximately 50 deliveries in the two week period designated for rotation in this department. I assisted in the adjoining nursery feedings some days and I learned about newborn evaluation using the Dubowitz Assessment. I also learned about techniques for prenatal evaluation and testing of expectant mothers. I was introduced to the cesarean sections, and even a miscarriage. With all of the present controversy about cesarean section, I took special note of the situations in which they were used. In all of the cases that I observed, the cesarean section was absolutely necessary and the procedure was delayed until all other efforts for a normal delivery were exhausted.

Of all the departments through which I rotated, I found the Obstetrics and Gynecological department most interesting. There was almost always some action going on and a special relationship between the patients that I attended and myself developed.

I observed the severe rigors of this specialty (such as long, unpredictable hours, constant studying for new information, and quick emergency decision making) but somehow I feel that I would get the most satisfaction from this field of medicine.

Thus, in a two-week period filled with excitement, education, and observations, I was able to get a "glimpse of my career."

by Shelly Dunson

Black Freshmen Arrive with Flying Colors

1986. It seems a long way off, doesn't it? Well for a special group of students here at LFC this is the year to look forward to. I'm speaking of this year's "crop" of freshmen. That's right, once again the campus has been invaded by that special group of men and women who will compose and create the future of LFC. Yes, there's no doubt about it, this year's freshmen class looks to be a great one.

But there's a subdivision of this larger group that needs to be recognized. This section is composed of a group of men and sisters that will, I'm sure, leave a lasting impression on the campus of Lake Forest College. Ranging from as far east as Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, to as far west as Aurora, Colorado, to as far south as Memphis, Tennessee, these special freshmen come to LFC to add their talents and contribute their Blackness for the betterment of the school.

Although small in number (16 to be exact), this remarkable group of individuals has already begun to make its presence known. Stepping in to become an integral part of the Forester football team on the defensive line has been Earl Harris. Exhibiting their skills out on the intramural volleyball court are Chérie Morgan, Peter Andrews, Steven-Eric Murray, Philmore Anderson, and Lisa Copeland. Through the efforts of Mr. Ed Sheely, there has been a resurrection of the Black Gospel Choir. The voices of Cynthia Gordon, Regina Rogers, Steven-Eric Murray, and Kizzie Bell will be a large part of the inspirational music that will radiate from this group.

Cecelia Hayes shows her versatility as a part not only of the Gospel Choir but also of the school choir and a member of the cast of the first school play. "You Can't Take It With You."

Showing aspirations of future leaders are Jeff Walker and Steven-Eric Murray as General Assembly Representatives.

Handling your bookstore goodies is Jackie Thornton behind the counter and at the cash register.

Helping to keep the library files and circulation running smoothly are Mark Little, Minnette Chatman, Kizzie Bell, and Cynthia Gordon.

This year's cheerleading squad is composed largely of Black freshmen. Cynthia Gordon, Kizzie Bell, and LFC's first male cheerleaders, Mark Little and Steven-Eric Murray, will cheer our teams on to victory.

As you can see, the Black freshmen of LFC are well-rounded as well as ambitious. Each individual has become an active part of LFC as a whole.

The Black freshmen have made a good first impression on LFC and, for the most part, the feeling has been mutual. Many positive opinions have formed due to the friendly people, beautiful campus, and the generally good atmosphere that are all unique qualities of Lake Forest College. Of course with the good qualities come a few setbacks.

There has been talk among some of the Black freshmen that the Black Class of '86 has lost a sense of unity that should be present in a small Black group. They feel that with so few of us here on campus, we cannot afford to lose the oneness that we have fought for so long to obtain. The identity that once was ours seems to have been misplaced in some of us.

Theoretically, this problem is easily solved by having us band together and re-analyze ourselves, thereby regaining the sense of identity and unity that seems to have been forgotten. But this is easier said than done, and for this reason we must learn to deal with each other, accepting the way we are as individuals. With the bright minds that make up the freshman class I'm sure that this goal will be realized.

The Black Class of '86: each an individual, each in his/her own way unique. Yet a powerful group of brothers and sisters that look toward the future with the hope that the strength exhibited by their ancestors will help us through the challenges of today.

by Steven-Eric Murray
The Dedicated Few

We all have our little campus jobs that really don't mean that much to us. None of us do more for our education than we do for these jobs. On the campus, the job of Residential Assistant (R.A.) is one that has been created to accommodate for a long time now. It's easy to look in from the outside and comment on the effects it has on the individual, but none of us actually realizes the dedication and discipline involved in this job.

The prospective R.A., whose job it is to help the residents of his/her dormitory maintain the hall, must acquire three character references. These references are obtained from a number of influential people coming from faculty members. The candidates are then tested to measure how well they work with others. This comes in the form of a group project in which the candidates must exhibit their abilities not only to speak effectively, but also to listen to the other person, to have an open ear and an open mind.

In addition, they undergo interviews with prospective resident staff members and the deans of students. After being selected, the easy part of the job is over. The R.A. now takes on numerous responsibilities that will become a major part of his/her college life. The responsibilities of the R.A. is in the general maintenance of the dormitory, to maintain a high standard of living and to act as a liaison between the students and the deans. The latter point is more positive to the R.A. than the latter, as it is the job of the R.A.s to effectively represent the students of their particular dormitory. In doing this, they will convey the opinions of the student body and attempt to cater to the student body needs.

Another responsibility of the R.A. is to try to unify the residents as much as possible. In order to accomplish this, the R.A. is required to initiate two Dorm Probes, a form of group discussion in which anything can be anything from a speaker on the effects of alcohol to an ice skate party. Dorm Probes can be fun, as well as informative, but the R.A.'s need our help. I am sure that there are some of you who have had a dormapro which was not a success.

Obviously, a job of this nature would take a lot of time of one's. The extra time spent on this job does not seem to have had a drastic effect on the academic standing of the R.A. for the most part. This really illustrates the discipline that must be learned before accepting any position on campus. With all of the responsibilities that one must tackle, there must be some sort of satisfaction in seeking such positions as R.A. Most obvious advantage is the fact that R.A.'s have a common room, but the Residential Assistants seem to get a real privilege from the responsibilities of R.A.

by Steven-Eric Murray

Can We Judge

As a Black American, I speak the English language according to specific situations. However, I utter the words in a manner which may lead me to use words and phrases more effectively and so they may flow smoothly when I engage in conversation. I used to look forward to English class when we focused on speech and pronunciation. Rather than the classical emphasis on correct pronunciation of class English, I see now that the emphasis on correct pronunciation is not enough. There are many instances when the slaves would gather in the yard and sing spirituals while hard at work. While the master, who was supposed to laugh at the songs, the slaves were able to send messages to one another and were able to escape their bondage. The spirituals were a way to communicate and escape from the master.

It is time that we deal with the negative attitudes of our own black people. This is the first step in making sure that we are doing more for ourselves than for others. This is the first step in making sure that our Black Unity is not just a slogan, but a real action plan.

by Elton Richardson

"Black Unity"

"Black Unity" is something that is seldom achieved in our college. Black students have never been treated as equals by the majority. This is one of arrogance and indifference. They just don't care to relate. We are supposed to be isolated and criticize the efforts of the few people who do care. It is time that we think that this is a shame and should be curbed, because we as black students face enough difficulties in the world. It is time to deal with the negative attitudes of our own black people.

by Kizzie Bell

"Street Dreams"

On Sunday, November 14, one of the Black students on campus surprised B.U.C.S., journeyed to Chicago to see "Sweet Dreams" at the Apollo Theatre. The plot of the film was about the effects of the audience on the faces of the audience clearly proved that "Sweet Dreams" possessed all the fire and fervor of the first rate off-Broadway presentation that it was.

The theme centered around the everyday struggle to survive in the impoverished areas of the world (nation). The main characters Carl Hall (Stewart), renowned vocal arranger and singer, and Delores Hall (Rossella), solo recording artist that is best known for her 1977 Tony Award winning performance in "Your Arms Too Short To Box With God," gave excellent performances that were highlighted by the performances of the other members.

by Cynthia Gordon

February 1983

Sisterhood Lives

For those of you who don't know, Sisterhood, this year, has taken a new focus. Instead of going to workshops off campus, I decided to bring the workshops on campus.

This year, Sisterhood is committed to including the entire Lake Forest College community in its activities. How is this accomplishment? You have asked black women to come and speak here at Lake Forest. We have also promised that we will not ask for money or not enough time. The speakers, paid by S/L/F/A, have been able to commit their time, so now it's your turn. These lectures are not limited to the Black community, but to anyone who is interested. Like S/L/F/A, we invite the workshops.

The first speaker was Dr. Maisha Bennett, sister to the founder of Sisterhood. The workshop entitled, "Enhancing Black Male/Female Relationships," included an opportunity for the participants to exchange gender roles. The Black students who attended gave me a chance to look at the black community in a different light. This is a challenging role because it is so necessary for us to be able to understand others.

The second speaker, Dr. Shirley Simeon, did a workshop entitled "Are You a Good Candidate? A Discussion on Self-presentation in the World of Work." In this workshop, Dr. Simeon addressed issues such as the need to be flexible and the option of risk-taking. Also, she emphasized that in the world of work, you have a chance to have many opportunities. Dress, the way you look and the way you behave. She explained that many people have to make their own choices, but the choice you make may not be accepted by society.

This workshop led to the next one in February about how black students can cope with the challenges of being on a predominantly white campus. This will be led by Karla Sporlock Evans.

I wanted again to state that these speakers are invited to broaden your spectrum on life. These workshops are not intended to segregate one ethnic group from another. On the contrary, I want to bring the L.F.C. community together so that we can experience the differences we would not ordinarily share.

I hope to see you there.

by Jacqueline Harris

The Dedication of R.A.'s should have nothing to do with the identity of the individual. As students of Lake Forest College, we are here to make our job as easy as possible. We can accomplish this task by going to our R.A.'s and letting them know what we want, not merely complaining, but constructively conveying about our living conditions. The Residential Assistants are here for you. They can't do their job without some kind of input from you, so everyone's sake, talk to your R.A.

by Jeffrey C. Walker
A Letter from the Editor

While reading the most recent Black Rap newspapers, I have come to the conclusion that my predecessors, such as Henry Green (Editor-in-Chief), have accomplished the job that they set out to do. Their goal was to unite, represent, and identify themselves and the Black students of Lake Forest College as aspiring, talented, Black, young men and women.

My job as Editor-in-Chief of this year’s Black Rap is to maintain and update the fine quality that it possesses. Without this newspaper, the Black students at this school could not express to each other and to their fellow students their ideas and artistic talents. This year is the year of the better educated Black man and woman, and we as Black men and women should unite our forces and knowledge in order to confirm this [aspect]. That is why I am dedicating this year’s paper to the class of 1983, Black students of L.F.C., and all the people who have worked so hard to get Black Rap started.

Over the past few years the presence of Black students at L.F.C. has decreased, but the talents of the students have increased, especially in the academic and artistic fields. That is why I am opening the paper to any articles, poems, or suggestions that you, the reader, might have, because Black Rap is here to serve you. Without your support, we cannot achieve our goals. All I ask is that you give us time and the cooperation that will keep the paper an essential part of our life at L.F.C. I know that my goals will be accomplished this year and every year that I organize Black Rap, because I have faith in myself and in everyone involved in the paper. Therefore, I promise you an intelligently crafted newspaper. Before I end this letter, I would like to encourage everyone here to keep reaching for the stars because soon they will be in our hands.

by Jeffrey C. Walker

The Crunch

Today’s college students all over the country are feeling the effects of economic cutbacks of federal funds for education. But no group of students has felt the bone-crushing effects of Reagonomics more than America’s minority students. Because of those cutbacks in federal funds, many bright, intelligent young Blacks, Hispanics, and other minority students who might otherwise gain the knowledge that would help to make them useful, productive Americans, will be forced to forego this valuable and rewarding learning experience. This is, indeed, a sad commentary on the priorities of a government that would spend more money putting a shuttle in outer space than it would to educate the young men and women who must someday assume the responsibility of building and designing such technically sophisticated machinery.

Individual schools may help students caught in this money crunch by supplementing government money with money from the institution itself. Here at Lake Forest College, we are, in addition to excellent educational quality, a very good financial aid program designed to meet the needs of each student. Based on the individual need policy, the program allocates supplementary monies from the college’s own funds to needy students on an individual basis. This means that all gifted and intelligent young men and women have the benefits of a college education regardless of their economical status.

With cutbacks and unstable economic conditions, the future of this kind of financial aid program is doubtful. A solution to this serious dilemma must be found quickly. The future of 65% of the students on this campus and hundreds of thousands of others nationwide may be at stake.

by Cecelia Hayes

Black Cultural Week

The Annual Black Cultural Week will begin Tuesday, February 22 and end Sunday, February 27. The theme for this year’s events is a tribute to Black Aesthetics. The schedule of events is as follows:

Tuesday, February 22
Reid Chapel
10:30 a.m.

Wednesday, February 23
McCrornick Auditorium
7:00 p.m.

Thursday, February 24
Durand Institute (room 209)
8:00 p.m.

Friday, February 25
Robert Hall Lobby
3:00 p.m. - 7:30 p.m.

Reid Chapel
8:00 p.m.

McCrornick Auditorium
10:00 p.m.

House of Soul, Roberts Hall
12:00 midnight

Saturday, February 26
Sonnenstein Gallery
Durand Institute
9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.

McCrornick Auditorium
1:00 - 2:30

Sports Center
3:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Commons
5:00 - 6:00 p.m.

McCrornick Auditorium
7:00 - 9:00 p.m.

McCrornick Auditorium
10:00 p.m.

Commonplace
10:00 p.m.

House of Soul, Roberts Hall
1:00 a.m.

Dr. Kenneth Smith
“Reclaiming Culture/Rebuilding Community”

“Black Orpheus” (film)

Mr. Wilbur Tuggle
“African Art”

Registration of Off-Campus Visitors

Cicely Tyson

“Lady Sings the Blues” (film)

Games Night

African Art Exhibit

“El-Haj Malik El-Shabazz: The Story of Malcolm X”

Coriiss H.S. Drama Guild

Sports Activities

Soul Food Feast

Black Talent Show

“Lady Sings the Blues” (film)

Maxx Traxx (band)
(formerly Third Rail)

Afterset

Music by Smoke, Incorporated

The main speaker, Ms. Cicely Tyson, is an outstanding black actress who has played in such movies as “Sounder”, “Roots”, “The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman”, and many more. For any further information, please contact Tracy Duncan, Chairperson of the Black Cultural Week Committee, or Rose Fung-Cap, Yvonne Powell, Shelly Dunson, & Selena Marable, the Coordinators of Black United and Concerned Students.

by Tracy Duncan
A Black Man’s Pride

My black pride is a part of me,
But that is not all that you can see,
For it you take the time to look
I may have written a poetry book.

So when you think of my color as my fate
You will only begin to discriminate.
Because, I am proud to be what I am
And that is on intelligent black man.

I may not be white, Italian or French
But because of that, I am put in a trench
But believe me, my friends, so that you can see
The truth in Dr. Martin Luther King’s prophecy.

The dreams he spoke will one day come true
And then I can say I am just like you.
But I don’t have to put myself down
Because the chains you bear are not to me bound.

My black pride is a part of me
But that is not all that you can see
For you can see the love and courage that I possess
That not even you the enemy can repress.

by Jeffrey Walker

A Simple Poem

There is a horizon, far beyond the sun.
We can see it when we cast our eyes above.
We can reach the ultimate of our goals
Even when they seem too far.

Just remember dreams are for those who love
And hopes keep our hearts aglow.

Thank God for each and every day
The years that come and go are ours.

Only lie is tangible, but spirits go on.
Live for your spirit and hope for your dreams.

Your goals are yours to set ahead
Keep them in sight and reach for them.

Don’t look down, but keep your head high.
The horizon is at your fingertips.

by Deneen Kelly Clayton

Red

A rose, ‘blooming through the green horizon,
filling the world with beauty and a sense of pride
stands next to an orchard full of trees bearing
apples, cherries, strawberries, and radishes that
will feed many people who have nothing better to
keep their skeleton-like bodies functioning. Gently
landing on a tree, a ladybug, calm, serene, a sign
of peace and tranquility, sits and watches the fine
fire engine go screaming down the street to where a
hater of happiness has sent a scarlet killer to
extinguish the hopes of another. Across the
street, a police car flashes its blinding light
to inform the public that a man lies in the alley with
a knife through his heart, leaking his essential life
fluid which now shows a haunting moon on the
pavement. As he dies in the hospital, the rose that
blooms filling the world with its beauty and sense
of pride, soon with because it realizes that the
world doesn’t deserve it.

by Steven-Eric Murray

The Shadow

Alone, soaking in the infernous rays of the
sun, slowly being overtaken by a parching
dryness that threatens to take away the life
element that sustains my menial existence.
What would the result be if I were to suddenly
stop being? Would all the illusions around
me, such as people, animals, trees, and even
love disappear with me? Or is everyone else
real and I the illusion, filling no space and
influencing nothing. The ever burning sun
tells me I am taking up some space by
allowing me a silent, dark partner. A partner
who speaks not a single word, but nevertheless,
helps establish my identity. But as I lie
there in the sand dying, I call out to my
partner who calls back to me in mocking
gestures and offers no sign of assistance.
HELP, help me my gloomy mentor that
lurks behind me when the weather is mild.”
I call over and over again until my throat is
nothing more than an empty cavern whose
water supply has been terminated over a
long, slow, agonizing period of time. I am
alone, lying face down in the dirt from which
I was born, and to where I now return. With
one last breath left in me, I cry “help!” My
friend laughs.

by Steven-Eric Murray

The Inner City

It’s a place that appears to be tough,
The buildings and people look rough.
It’s a place where one loves to fight,
Even though they know it’s not right.

It’s a place where you have to be careful where
you go,
You may be shot with one big blow.
Some people there are really nice,
And very fearful of the mice.

The city should bring in a lot of cats,
In order to get rid of the enormous rats.

Don’t let me mislead you now, because the city is
a lot of fun,
They just need to get rid of the guns.
The city is a great place to be,
Boy it’s the life for me.

by Mark Little

February 1983

May I Live Now?

May I live now? For how is my right to exist in a
world that is free going to be postponed? How
many conditions must I live up to? How many
battles must I fight? I must live through war, I
must fight an opponent of which I know nothing
about. I must defend my country, the very country
that forbids me to live the kind of life that
everyone is entitled to. Fine. May I live now?

I must fight the people who will hate me no matter
how my merits flourish. I must put up with and
understand the ignorance of people and administra-
tions that actually believe they are being fair to
me and that I am getting what I deserve. Fine. May I live now?

I must fight the many social standards that
restrict my every action. I must try to live with the
fact that I cannot do what I want because what I
want and what the world expects of me are two
enemies that are constantly clashing. I must put
up with all of these things, and more; if I do, I
May I live now? MAY I LIVE...Never mind, I am
better off DEAD...

by Steven-Eric Murray

Pride

Strong black hands
Hound black face
Symbols of an oppressed race
Kinky hair and eyes that stare
Legs so dark and feet so bare.
Yet head held high in proudest stance
No one to give the slightest glance.
To ragged clothes and things so worn
Father of a race reborn.

by Cecelia Hayes

Life

I.
Life is surely a drag
I wish I had a large enough bag
To put it all in.

When life, it is unfair
I want to get it out of my hair
I'll use my bag then.

When I feel like tackling life
I'll get out my bag all right
And keep it out until who knows when?

II.
Once I had a job
On which I worked very hard
But now all day
I sit and play
Because I was dealt a laid-off card.

III...
"Smile and the world smiles with you," I
Once I heard from you.
"Eat an apple a day and keep the doctor away,"
Yoda said it was true.
So now I walk around and smile all the while,
Believing in what you say, I eat apples every day.
But the world doesn’t smile with me,
And doc is here to visit, you see.

So what do you think became of my naivete?

by Regina Rogers