

Gleanings

THE OFFICIAL NUMBER ONE NEBRASKA POST-POLIO NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER

1985

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WARM SPRINGS CLINIC TAKES REGROUPING BREAK

Betty Baxter, of the Warm Springs clinic in Georgia, says that the five-day polio clinic has been closed temporarily.

During the six to eight weeks of anticipated inactivity at the clinic, officials plan to examine operations and procedures and make modifications where needed.

"They hope to devise a way to provide the opportunity for more interaction between persons going through the clinic in the future," says Betty. Also, a new medical director will be appointed.

Betty says they expect to resume scheduling patients for the clinic the latter part of September.

In the meantime, the brace shop remains in full operation, and patients continue to be seen on a one-day basis.

Betty can be reached at P.O. Box 1000, Warm Springs, Georgia 31830, (404) 655-3321.

SPOTLIGHT: A FRIEND LOOKS BACK AT POLIO

Jean Beran and Nancy Baldwin were friends. From the time Jean moved to Hebron from Beatrice in the third grade, the two were best pals. They indulged in the same fads, swooned over the same movie stars, and had after-school sundaes at Chris' Drug together. Then Nancy, age 11, got polio. It was 1948.

How does a friend feel when something like this happens?

"Most of us didn't think too much about her problem--about how it might have changed her," says Jean, now Mrs. Tedd Slaughter and living in Ogallala. "We knew there were things she could do before that she couldn't do afterwards, but it was no big deal.

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Jean on 11th birthday

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"She was the one who had the problem, not us," says Jean. "How could we know? We had never experienced anything like that."

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Nancy at age 11

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Jean remembers that older people worried about polio, that her own parents dreaded summer and didn't want her to go to the pool.

She learned of Nancy's illness from her parents. "It was just before school started. My folks told me she was very sick. Later the teacher told us she wouldn't be back that year."

When she did come back, it was as if nothing had changed, says Jean. "Everything was back to normal. We never talked about it. I guess we were too young to think about it."

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HOLDREDGE AREA MEETING
TO BE HELD SEPTEMBER 7

Holdredge area representative Delores Bray reports that their first Nebraska Polio Survivors Association meeting will be held Saturday, September 7, at 2:30 p.m. at Phelps Memorial Health Center in Holdredge.

Those attending will gather in the lobby and go by elevator to the basement meeting room. The meeting will be largely organizational and get-acquainted.

All polio survivors, families, and friends in the area are invited. If you have an interest in the late effects of polio, please attend.

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USEFUL CATALOG OFFERS
LARGE, UNUSUAL SELECTION

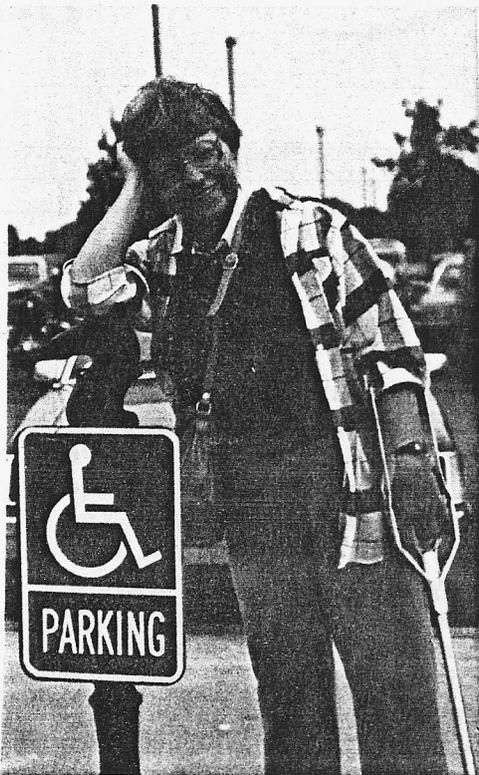
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Some of the items are very unusual; others are just hard to find elsewhere. All entries are indexed according to the
See next column

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PARKING CAN BE HANDICAP FOR WEARY TRAVELERS
by Marlene Orton



Marlene Orton

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CATALOG, from column 1
capability they relate to, such as back movement; hip, leg, ankle, or foot motion; cardiovascular; memory; security, and others.

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Use what talents you possess: the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang best.

Sometimes finding handicapped parking can be difficult. Like the day I tried to park at my hotel in St. Louis.

After several hours of driving I neared my destination anticipating a relaxing evening. Unknowingly, however, I had chosen a hotel across from Busch Stadium and had arrived in the rain at gametime.

I approached the unloading zone with confidence. It was full. Undaunted, I continued to the first available parking spot, which happened to be on a yellow line at the rear of the hotel. Well, nothing is perfect.

I managed to crutch my way through the hotel to the desk clerk. With all the concern of an IBM PC, she informed me that the nearest parking was a block away.

Approaching the bell captain, I asked for his help. He said he had to be available to answer his phone.

Once more trudging through the hotel, I cornered a parking lot attendant. After 15 minutes of excuses, arguments, swearing, and tears, he agreed to park my car after the game.

What a peaceful evening this might have been if only they had had handicapped parking!

