



Frank Wludyka of Clark, N.J., who gave up his Easter to volunteer at Willowbrook, comforts a retarded boy. Wludyka's wife helped him take five truckloads of clothing to the institution.

York, the less I like it. How they could abandon these children is beyond me."

As she spoke, one of the patients began banging his head rhythmically against the metal part of his bed. The supervisor explained how the boy normally given tranquilizers, but no one there was qualified to administer sedatives.

One of the volunteers opened a window, trying to relieve the awful stench of untended human excrement. Meanwhile, a Westchester housewife and her two teenage daughters went through the wards, changing the patients' sheets and dishes.

"And the parents actually have to pay money for this kind of treatment," she muttered, noticing a large sore on one of the patients. She told of her own mentally retarded daughter who lives at home. "Compared to these poor kids, she's normal," said the housewife.

The young man who had opened the windows went outside for a breath of fresh air. "I'm used to it," said a pretty co-ed from Pennsylvania, who had been spending her spring vacation with friends in Westerleigh. "I've been working in places like this for a long time. People

should come down from their ivory towers and get a good look at what goes on here."

Of all the volunteers, she seemed to understand best the needs of the patients. "About the only means of communication they have is to bite their hand," she explained. "Badly brain-damaged children usually have scar tissue all over their hands. A lot of these kids don't. They can't communicate at all."

"What a way to spend Easter," cracked a long-haired, bearded young man carrying a bedpan, trying to interject some humor into the depressing situation.

But it wasn't really Easter. For the volunteer workers, it was a strange sort of Good Samaritan's Woodstock. For the patients, it was just another day. They knew nothing of strikes or holidays.