

# In The Lighter Vein . . .

## MED BASKETBALL TEAM



Left to Right:—Williams, Ashley, Roy, Moffatt, Deacon, MacLennan, Foster, Stevenson, MacWilliams, Morton, Cox, Epstein.

## SPORTS

As the term comes to a close, we must, of necessity review the year in sports—which we can do with more than a modest share of pride.

After being "gypped" out of our rightful ownership of the interfac football award in the year 1945-46, it was decided to build a Med "steamroller" which would go down in history, composed of old masters such as Carten, Epstein, MacLennan, Allen, Grant, Thorpe, Roy, Saunders, MacDonald, Giffin, and backed by newcomers such as Vair, Tucker, MacKay, and others. Needless to say that on four different occasions the opposition failed to appear, so, discouraging as it was to think of Law, or some other minor faculty, winning the crown, the Med team bowed out of the league without having played a game.

The Med basketball team however has completed the league in its rightful place—at the top! Two complete forward lines, sparked by old timers such as Stevenson, Deacon, and MacLennan, playing in front of capable guards, makes this team the team to beat in the coming playoffs. The mere fact that although they are at the top of the heap, and not one player is in the highest ten scorers of the league, is an indication of the type of teamwork being played.

In interfac hockey, a similar

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## MED. INTERFAC HOCKEY TEAM



Alleg, Cox, MacKay, Thorpe, Deacon, Miller, McKeough, Vair, Moffatt, Giffin, Stevenson, Roy, Morebide.

# Health Clinic Socially Speaking . . . Interlude

### Act 1. Scene 1.

#### The taking of the History

Dr. Holland is seated behind his desk; the patient enters.

**Doc.** What seems to be the trouble? (aside: Mm. . . Referred by Dr. Jones. . . Must be another psych. . . )

**Patient:** I don't know, Doc. I just feel weak. My head aches, bones hurt and I get a funny buzz over my left shoulder (Aside: Why should I tell him. . . Let him find out himself. . . He's the doctor. . . )

**Doc.** Uh-huh (Aside: Uh-huh)

**Patient:** I think it's something I ate. My cousin Joe had it, ulsters or something, so I brought his X-rays for you to see. (Aside: I should have gone to a chiropractor)

**Doc. Hm. .** (Aside: Mm) Ever had allergy? Smoke much? Worry? Ever have Sinusitis, Paget's disease or Diverticulitis? (Aside: Lucky I read that article by Dr. Atlees last night. . . I wonder if this could be Mulavian Crut?)

### Act 1. Scene 2.

#### The Physical Examination

(A nurse hobbles in with a steno-pad to record the findings.)

**Doc.** (Dictating) The examination is that of an adult male, with no dyspnoea, cyanosis or obvious coma (Aside: He would be horizontal in coma) Heart valves can stand re-check for carbon and valve job. Rattle in rear lung. We better do daily smears for the lung uke to check on that buzz over his left shoulder. (Aside: This is a bunch of bull-roar—I wonder, could this be Mulavian Crut.)

### Act 2. Scene 1.

#### The Consultation. 3 Months Later.

Our hopeless hero has returned to find out the results of the doctor's studies. He has been probed and scrutinized, X-rayed and analysed—but no results. Three quarts of blood have been taken for the various tests and two small transfusions given to keep him going. The doctor figured that this whole affair must be psychosomatic and suggested a psychiatric consultation.

**Psychiatrist** (Affably): How's everything going? You're looking fine: (Aside: I've seen more meat at the dinners at the men's Residence)

**Patient** Not bad: I was worried when you couldn't track down that barium enema, but I'm sure it will show up after a while. (Aside: I won't tell him about losing 24 lbs. . . . let him find out for himself)

**Psychiatrist:** How's your sex life? Drink much? Many wild dates (Aside: As if it matters . . . Referred by Dr. Jones—probably another psycho.)

Well our time is up for to-day, see you again. (Aside: I wonder, could this be Mulavian Crut?)

### Act 3: Finale.

#### The Autopsy.

Not much later. After a steady downhill course the patient died. R. P. Smith, the pathologist is probing to find the cause of death.

**Pathologist:** What seems to be the trouble (Aside: Referred by Dr. Jones. . . Must be a psycho.) He removed the liver, spleen, and any other organs lying around. Hm. . . the organs are all grossly normal. He turns to the audience: The diagnosis, Gentlemen is not all evident (Aside: I wonder what the devil died from?)

**Corpse:** (Ghost only, slowly arising from the slab): I wonder could this have been Sub-Acute Mulavian Crut? ? ? ? ?

This heading in any column brings only one thought to the reader's probable cerebral permutations:—per say, the much talked of National Health Insurance or other form of Socialistic or State Medicine. But herein, to wit and to woo—it refers to nothing less than the many agreeable and sometimes nefarious activities of the student body in the Medical Faculty.

Perhaps it was the softening influence (on the brain) of the balmy fall weather which prompted the Society executives to instigate, for the first showing and approval of the campus—the Med Fall dance. A howling, hooting, harrowing hall of hoodlums was the final outcome, and the remarks solicited revealed the affair as an unqualified success. To Larry Sutherland, that outstanding figure of the women's campus, goes most of the credit for the smoothness of the function, the softness of the lights, not to mention the music of Don Warner. The real power behind the scenes was the ever forceful and powerful "Dugger" Roy—they are still telling "Stevie" that he was also there!

## Materia Cornica

**CASE NO. 306** A young medical interne had a habit of walking past the psycho ward each morning. In the yard of the ward one of the inmates was always going through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball.

"Why do you stop every morning and watch that screwball go through his pitching motions?" one of the doctor's friends finally asked him.

"Well," he replied, "if things keep going the way they are, I'll soon be out there with a glove catching for that fellow, and I want to get on to his curves!"

**CASE NO. 307** The doctor called to see one of his ulcer patients who was being fed by a rectal enema.

"Doc," said the patient, "Have you another tube like this at your office?"

"Why yes" replied the doctor. "Good" said the patient, "Bring it down some time and have dinner with me."

**CASE NO. 308** A typsy medical student called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" the voice said, "Yes."

Asked the student, "are you positive?"

**CASE NO. 309** Hostess (to Polish soldier guest): "And have you any children, Captain Wilenski?"

Pole: "No, we 'ave none. You see my wife is inconcievable."

Hostess: "Er—do you mean perhaps—?"

Pole: "What I meant to say was she is impregnable."

(A moments's silence) "No, I see zat is not correct."

(Triumphantly) "Now I 'ave it. She is unbearable."

Following the break for Yuletide festivities the Forrest Campus buzzed with rumors and counter rumors of the long promised Med Banquet. Finally after many false starts the much awaited event took place on the 27th of February, 1947, in the sumptuous setting of the Nova Scotian Ballroom. Dr. A. W. Kleiforth, the Consul General for the United States to Canada, was the eminent speaker of the evening. His talk on experiences in the foreign fields of the diplomatic service of his country left no doubt in anybody's mind of the necessity for a really sincere and honest United Nations Organization. His graphic picturization of the political and military forces of the European continent, left a vivid and lasting impression of man's inhumanity to man—and the only workable cure as yet devised by the mind of homo sapiens, lay in the security and effectiveness of a world unification, which linked and limited the future would be empires in their quest for power and supremacy. Thanks to Dr. Kleiforth for a very worthwhile evening. Among the prominent guests attending, were Dr. Grant, Dean of the Faculty, Dr. Kerr, President of Dalhousie, Dr. R. O. Jones, Head of Psychiatry, who made a masterful introduction of the speaker, and last, but not least, was our cool and guiding chairman, "Monk" MacLennan, President, whose apt remarks were very much appreciated.

Tonight culminates the social activities of the Medical students—**THE MED BALL**. Last year's wonderful affair does not need to be recalled, as it is still crystal clear in the memories of those who attended. Need more be said. Attend this evening and see for yourself that the 1947 edition is bigger and better than any of its predecessors.

International Student Service is not a movement but a service. It means help to students from students.

