Scandal Rocks the Medical College

Several faculty members at the state medical college in Augusta have resigned amidst allegations that the Department of Physiology, in collusion with the Department of Anatomy, has created an android to teach class. Investigators into the incident report that at least two departments were involved and possibly the Office of the Dean. The Dean was implicated when an anonymous source revealed the research project was funded by a special award from the Dean. "I’ve read the fund request," The Dean retorted. "It’s mostly five and six syllable words, completely undecipherable; they could have been doing anything. MCG is proud of its high caliber researchers." 

Local law enforcement officials launched the investigation after members of the freshman class in the School of Medicine reported their instructor had slipped into a coma during lecture. One student explained the incident. "He doesn’t talk much during lecture, so we weren’t at first concerned, but after fifteen minutes his right foot fell off." Class members went to Dr. A. Coalburner with the suspicion that the faculty member was not right. "We checked with Dr. Coalburner. He said congenital lack of a pedal is quite normal. Five percent of people actually have no feet, while ten percent have a single large left foot." Dr. Coalburner later admitted to the class, after police questioning, that very few people do actually have a single large left foot.

"Dental technician students are, effectively, small couches with hormones." – Research Notes

Early in the investigation, the campus police suspected Dr. Thompsome was the criminal mastermind, after Thompsome ignored warnings from the students that robots were rampant in the R&E building. "He chuckled," one student recalled bitterly, after having described the month long series of lectures as "listening to a brainless machine teach neuroscience." Thompsome reportedly reassured the students with gentle pats on the back.

The automaton, codenamed DOC 50-HAL, can function for 3-4 hours on two D cell batteries or indefinitely when using a wall outlet and extension cord. Although not physically dangerous, the 50-HAL unit is equipped with several fiendish recorded speeches that induce delta rhythms in the brains of listeners. Victims, after regaining consciousness, are severely disoriented and often enjoy discussing α-fetoprotein.

According to forensic investigators, if not for its temporary brain, the cyborg would have remained undetected. The temporary brain was reportedly obtained from a dental student, whose identity is being kept secret by the Dental School. When asked about the brain theft, a spokesperson admitted embarrassment that one of their students had a brain in his possession and offered assurances that future safeguards would be put in place to prevent more dental students from obtaining brains. "We [the Dental School] are firm believers in the healing power of lobotomies." The researchers settled for the dental student brain with the understanding that they’d soon upgrade to a gerbil.

"What makes their cerebrum undesirable," the research notes read, "is their attraction to orifices. Our cyborg cannot pass a mailbox or drainpipe without sticking something in it."

A dental technician student brain-donor was considered because their brains, much like their appendixes, are largely extraneous. The researchers decided, however, that if they couldn’t find a dental student with a brain, they’d instead use the highly reliable products available at Radio Shack. "Dental technician students are, effectively, small couches with hormones; our robot, in contrast, must operate predominantly in the vertical position."

The officers who took the robot into custody admitted they were nervous before the confrontation with the cyborg, but the team luckily entered the R&E building just as Dr. A. Coalburner was downloading the Happy China II Menu into 50-HAL. Neither A. Coalburner nor his machine put up much of a fight. One officer was hospitalized for minor injuries. "I didn't know what he was doing," the officer said about the scuffle with the anatomy professor. "He kept kicking me in the shin and yelling—superficial peroneal. See 3 See 4."

Under fierce questioning, Dr. A. Coalburner admitted he was the criminal mastermind and had been pursuing a secret agenda, a plan unknown to the majority of the research team responsible for the...
The Cadaver

THE CADAVEVER IS AN MCG STUDENT PUBLICATION
Published in Coner by written in bars across the CSRA
1995-96 EDITORIAL STAPH (Hey! We're just folks...folks with chainsaws and prescription drugs.)

Stephen Feren: Editor, Founder of Discotheque Lime Jello Night
Bob Titelman: Writer/Cadaver Staph Parasitic Infestation Control Officer
Jay Brown: Sassy Brazilian Teen Idol and Writer
Jeff Parks: Writer, Chairman of the Cadaver Security Council
Todd Kelly: Our ad-man, hairy resident blond (Turner Syndrome) substitute
Sean Lynch: Advertising and routine enforcement, single handedly defies janitors everywhere, a.k.a. The Anti-Janitor.

Notice: We need a resident Blond or Brunette (sorry Todd). Must be 46XY and highly odor-resistant. Must be a comedic genius or undergoing chemotherapy. Will consider cherubic 46XY with gynecomastia.

Our gratitude goes out to the Dental School, for being there for us; thanks guys. Thanks to Christopher Madden, David Kriegel, Tasha Foushee, and John Bouras. Finally, certain jaded individuals amongst the faculty who agreed to take part in production deserve some type of recognition. Out of respect, we'll keep your names secret.

Deadline for the next issue is 1/20/96. Please send all submissions, letters, subpoenas, and graft to CADAVER, MCG Box 3005. We accept lots of graft. When preparing your witty articles, please remember these guidelines: Never use negatives. And never start a sentence with conjunctions. Analogies are worse than pissin' in your grits. You shouldn't say the same thing, so don't repeat yourself because redundancy is bad. Abstruse terminology is counterindicated. And most importantly, the dental school is halfway to humor.

Contrary to popular belief, The Cadaver is not the medical student newspaper; it's the student newspaper. It just happens to have been run entirely by medical students for the last 200 years. As diehard subversives, however, we're always ready for a change. If you're a faculty member or employee, we're sorry. And by the way, you folks can only submit articles and letters; if you do so, you must also include 2-4 complimentary twinkies with your submission.

工程学的成就。我知道这太神奇了，但我想要做出一个能和学生们分享的工程学成就。

在调查过程中，A. Koolburner博士打破了沉默并承认了其他的罪行。他说：“这开始得非常无辜，一个学生在我手指上嵌入了一个激光点。从那一刻起，我不能再休息了。我知道一个男人可以被制造出来，一个更聪明、更快、更强壮的男人，有着如同蜡纸般的白发和一个好听的声音。”A. Koolburner博士还指出了其他几位学院成员的罪行，包括Dr. Lassy，他建造了50-HAL的颧骨。“我不是唯一一个在解剖学系的，”A. Koolburner博士声明。

“他们非常非常地有创造一个与生物医学研究者能力相等的智能。”- Dr. Stoner

一个次要的任务是研究神经科学系的人，特别是Dr. Stoner博士，他被任命为50-HAL的讲师。如果他们在神经胚胎学中能创造出一个等同于生物医学研究者的能力的智能，那将是可能的。也许，在量子潜在的宇宙中，也许，创造一个智能是可能的，包括Dr. Lassy，他建造了50-HAL的颧骨。“我不是唯一一个在解剖学系的，”A. Koolburner博士声明。

“他们非常非常地有创造一个与生物医学研究者能力相等的智能。”- Dr. Stoner

A police spokesman urged student to report to the authorities any suspicious behaviors or comments made by other faculty members. Hours later, the department reversed it’s earlier statement. “We [the State Police] simply don’t have the manpower,” they regretfully explained.

Caption Contest

Because this is the first contest of the year and we can’t show the previous winner, we’ll provide our own caption to this issue’s photo.

In a tragic accident, dental students lose their rectal mucosa.

Write down your own caption and mail it in to The Cadaver. The winner will receive a sensational, dirt-shredding, ever fresh, Official Cadaver T-Shirt, or a How-to-Build-A-Pig kit. You will also receive the admiration and repeat of tens if not hundreds of people, as the winning caption will be printed in the next issue. The choice of prizes is up to the Cadaver Caption Contest Prize Choice Committee.
THE CADAVER TOP TEN
WHY A DENTAL STUDENT REALLY WANTS TO BE A DOCTOR

10. To do research for his upcoming erotic best-seller *Turn Your Head and Cough*

9. To avoid those nasty addictions to Listerine.

8. He was under the impression that OB-GYN stood for "Oh Boy, Grab Your Nikes!"

7. Hospital Gowns

6. The oral cavity doesn’t have a true sphincter.

5. To push for prescription hamsters.

4. So he can finally be included in those fabled Jules Godean field-trips.

3. Thinking makes him giddy

2. Because The Village People already have a cowboy, a construction worker, and an Indian chief.

1. To be a charter member of AMMWWTWWA (American Medical Men Who Wish They Were Women Association).

1995 ADDITIONS TO TABER'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY

**Gonadomegaly** - A condition common in male-dominated environments, attributed to coital dry-spells. Epidemic in monasteries, US military schools, and Augusta, GA.

**Microturition** - The voiding of urine from a dental student.

**Postcoital Narcolepsy** - A condition seen in normal males, often presenting with memory loss.

**Megapenis** - Pathognomonic sign of time spent on the cadaver lab. Also see megalacte, or macromammaria.

**Gynecoeuphoria** - The elation felt by a dental student when he cross-dresses.

**Phantom Testiculitis** - A hysterical inflammation of a fictional testis, often presenting in AMWA members.

**Campus Crime Report**

Saturday 10:35 PM, A Dental Student reported low pitched moans coming from the nursing dorm. Public safety was asked to investigate, so the dental student could get some rest.

Saturday 1:42 AM, A nursing student reported a flasher on Laney-Walker. Suspect was described as carrying a computer briefcase, wearing nothing but a blue lab coat and most notably for lack of a scrotum. Student was quoted, "He truly had no sack!"

Sunday 8:12 AM, Public safety responded to an emergency call at Residence III to find an injured first year medical student. Injury was not serious and was determined to be a freak masturbation accident.

Monday 1:45 PM, A graduate student in the R&E Building called Public Safety claiming while taking a nap after lunch, someone had sodomized him with a lab mouse.

Tuesday 2:24 PM, An occupational therapy student reported being nearly run down by a man bearing more than a slight resemblance to Elvis driving a maintenance cart.

Tuesday 4:25 PM, A person identifying himself as "Hootie" was found choking outside Greenblatt Library after seeing Public Safety officer fall off bike and subsequently aspirating a Frosty.

Wednesday 1:14 AM A female first year medical student reported being followed home by a strange person from the Anatomy lab. The stalker identified himself as "very shy" but willing to help tutor her in Anatomy.

Wednesday 2:23 AM Public Safety was called in on an off campus robbery of "The Wifesaver" on 15th Street. Police had followed trail of chicken bones and biscuit crumbs to the dorm of some dental hygiene students.

Wednesday 9:57 AM Maintenance was called by a physician’s assistant student to remove a dead rat. She assured maintenance it was dead because she had attempted to give it CPR. She asked for them to hurry, because she was hungry and was not sure how many meat exchanges rat was in her Jenny Craig plan.

Wednesday 1:15 PM A dental student returned to his dorm after lunch to find his roommate dead because of rectal impalement with a dental drill. EMTs were hesitant to remove it because he "looked so darn happy."
Scrotum Self Repair

The following excerpt (written by William A. Morrison) was taken from Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality.

One morning I was called to the emergency room by the head ER nurse. She directed me to a patient who had refused to describe his problem other than to say that he "needed a doctor who took care of men's troubles." The patient, about 40, was pale, febrile, and obviously uncomfortable, and had little to say as he gingerly opened his trousers to expose a bit of angry red and black-and-blue scrotal skin.

After I asked the nurse to leave us, the patient permitted me to remove his trousers - shorts, and two or three yards of foul-smelling stained gauze wrapped about his scrotum, which was swollen to twice the size of a grapefruit and extremely tender. A jagged, zig-zag laceration, oozing pus and blood, extended down the left scrotum. Amid the matted hair, edematous skin, and various exudates, I saw some half-buried dark linear objects and asked the patient what they were. Several days earlier, he replied, he had injured himself in the machine shop where he worked, and had closed the laceration himself with a heavy-duty stapling gun. The dark objects were one-inch staples of the type used in putting up drywall. We x-rayed the patient's scrotum to locate the staples; admitted him to the hospital, and gave him tetanus antitoxin, broad spectrum antibacterial therapy, and hexachlorophene sitz baths prior to surgery the next morning. The procedure consisted of exploration and debridement of the left side of the scrotal pouch. Eight rusty staples were retrieved, and the skin edges were trimmed and freshened. The left testis had been avulsed and was missing. The stump of the spermatic cord was recovered at the inguinal canal, debrided, and the vessels ligated properly, though not much of a hematoma was present. Through-and-through Penrose drains were sutured loosely in site, and the skin was loosely closed.

Convalescence was uneventful, and before his release from the hospital less than a week later, the patient confided the rest of the story to me. An unmarried loner, he usually didn't leave the machine shop at lunchtime with his coworkers. Finding himself alone, he had begun the regular practice of masturbating by holding his penis against the canvas drive-belt of a large floor-based piece of running machinery. One day, as he approached orgasm, he lost his concentration and leaned too close to the belt. When his scrotum suddenly became caught between the pulley-wheel and the drive-belt, he was thrown into the air and landed a few feet away. Unaware that he had lost his left testis, and perhaps too stunned to feel much pain, he stapled the wound closed and resumed work. I can only assume he abandoned this method of self-gratification.

William A. Morton is a retired urologist residing in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

"His scrotum was tender and swollen to twice the size of a grapefruit." - Dr. W. A. Morton, MD
Ask Dr. Wigglar

This week’s column takes a look at the problems and concerns of some first year medical students struggling to come to terms with their new surroundings and environment. As always, Dr. Wigglar tries to render sensitive and constructive advice to our troubled readers.

Dear Dr. Wigglar:
I am new to the Augusta area and am unfamiliar with Augusta cuisine. Could you give me a few tips on the local taverns and other recommended fare?
Signed, Hugh Jazz

Dear Mr. Jazz:
I would be delighted to share my knowledge of some of Augusta’s more noteworthy establishments with such a trencherman as yourself. Here are a few of the locals’ favorites:
- Martinez Animal Hospital & Fresh BBQ
- Earle Jr’s Palace of Pork
- Chitterlings “R” Us
- Snouts & Such (Motto: “Tripe: it’s not just for breakfast anymore!”)
- Pig-Fil-A

As you can see, there is a wide variety of international cuisine represented by the various Augusta restaurants. The four main food groups- Sausage, Bacon, Ham, and Fatback-, critical to healthy eating, are usually represented in just about any meal served at any of these fine establishments.

On the subject of Augusta Cuisine, I received this inquiry from a concerned student;

Dear Dr. Wigglar:
As a Jewish student new to MCG, I am a bit apprehensive about being able to find fare that fits into my Kosher diet. Do you have any recommendations?
Signed, Ira Lupkowicz

Dear Mr. Lupkowicz:
Unfortunately for your dietary needs, Augusta restaurants are bound by a 200 year old ordinance which clearly states that all establishments which serve food must include pork in at least 99.8% of all items served, including bread and beverages. On the bright side, however, the Jewish community here is growing by leaps and bounds as we speak. In fact, your recent arrival at MCG has single handedly doubled the Jewish population in the CSRA! Keep those menorahs burning!

Dear Dr. Wigglar:
Recently I have been having considerable difficulty getting my garments cleaned in a timely and appropriate fashion. My mother is consistently late in her meager efforts to clean, press, and starch my outfits in preparation for the next day’s class. Do you have any advice on how I can get her up to speed and rectify this troublesome situation?
Signed, B.B. Buffington VIII, esq.

Dear B.B. B.: I think the main problem here is your stubborn desire to reuse an outfit which has clearly outworn its fashion potential. Once you’ve worn that blazer once, discard it- perhaps the servants could find use for such passe apparel. Put Mammie Dearest’s time to better use (see enclosed Saks’, Macy’s, and J.Crew catalogs).

Dear Dr. Wigglar:
As a medical student, I feel that I am entitled to the respect, or should I say the worship, of the general populace. Despite fondling my medical student name tag constantly, I sometimes have trouble alerting the common plebeians of my noteworthy rank. Do you have any suggestions on how I can better achieve the level of recognition for my lofty status that I so richly deserve?
Signed, I.M.A. Toole

Dear Mr. Toole: Here are a few of the methods which I have observed some of your classmates employ to announce their status and occupation to the ignorant masses:
- Carry your skull from Anatomy to dinner and subtly inspect it before ordering drinks.
- Wear MCG apparel. Some key examples include MCG baseball caps, MCG sweatshirts, MCG sweatpants, MCG “jockey” shorts or “briefs”, MCG contact lenses, and MCG condoms.
- Wear a stethoscope around your neck at all times even though you
still can’t hear the difference between a heart murmur and a broken camshaft.
- Customized license plates, such as "DR 2B", "MD 2B" and "DR TOOL" are also quite effective in earning the respect you deserve from your fellow citizens.

That’s about all the time for this week’s intriguing queries and stunning analyses from the desk of Dr. Wiggler. Please send your nagging difficulties, concerns, or threats to the good Doctor at MCG Box 3005 for prompt perusal and disposal.

The Boll Weevil
A Cafe and Sweetery
#10 9th Street - Riverwalk
(Behind the Radisson)
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RULES OF THE SIDEWALK
The Physical Plant Employees’ Drivers Manual

Please follow the following guidelines when using any of the Physical Plant’s smaller passenger vehicles on campus. Please try to avoid using 15th street or Walton Way as most of our vehicles have not yet been approved for highway use.

Do not drive inside buildings during normal business hours. Don’t pick up hitch hikers (see Hot Babes). DUI laws apply only to vehicles with internal combustion engines (If this is confusing, just remember you don’t have to "top off" the golf carts before bringing them back). If you find a tree, park under it, unless someone else has already parked there. Accelerate around corners. Accelerate downhill. Try to accelerate when you’re going uphill. When you are in doubt about your responsibilities at the moment, go directly to the Hamilton Wing and remain there, parked under the overhang, until another cart arrives. Scratch your butt or smoke (your preference), and then split up, heading in opposite directions. Stanley always gets to drive, regardless.

PEDESTRIANS: Generally, all pedestrians think they’re smart. Remember, pedestrians can run fast, but they can’t run fast for long. If you’re following a pedestrian, please maintain a distance between the individual and the front bumper of at least three inches. When crossing Laney Walker, wait until all pedestrians have left the curb and are midway to the other side before running them down. Always watch for nursing students. Some med techs are pretty hot too. If the pedestrian is carrying a tan, heavy-looking plastic box (and is usually wearing a backpack), you can hit them. Aim for the brown plastic box; these pedestrians value them greatly. These tan-box-students are unfortunately getting rare. Apparently, they’ve been given lockers at that research building. If this is the case, and we can’t tie the lockers up in a work order, we’ll have to identify a new pedestrian sub-type for targeting and destruction.

"Stanley always gets to drive, regardless. " – Page 2

NEW CARTS: If it’s a new cart, don’t forget to smear oil on the windshield. Before any new cart is taken out, please fill the back with an assortment of tools. Change the tools once a week. (Notice of new regulation: After last week’s incident, we can no longer carry nail guns in carts.) If you cannot find any tools, you cannot drive a cart. You can substitute big cardboard boxes or a ladder for tools. Please poke the ladder out the side, where pedestrians like to walk.

HOT BABES: If you are the passenger in a two man cart, it’s your responsibility to tell the driver a hot babe is close by. The driver, once notified of a hot babe, must drive so that the babe is in direct view. If the driver doesn’t keep the hot babe in view, he loses the right to drive for the day. If you are alone and see a hot babe, put your foot out the door and your arm over the passenger seat as you drive past. Stare at her butt; try to slow down to your foot out the door and your arm over the passenger seat as you drive past. Stare at her butt; try to slow down to avoid whiplash, but don’t miss staring at her butt. Nobody ever died of whiplash. In the parking lots you’ll have to rely on their hair sticking up over the cars to identify babes. Hot babes, by definition, have four vertical inches of hair and preferably six. Hotness is directly proportional to tightness of their jeans. (See Stanley about typing babes.) Sometimes you can confuse hot babes. Tell them you’re Campus Transit Division, and you’re here to pick them up. Drive them past the fountain; that’s hot shit for women.

"Nobody ever died of whiplash. " – Page 3
ACCIDENTS: Please remember that if you get in an accident, try to avoid any survivors. If you are in a situation where you have to slow down in order to avoid a pedestrian, follow these simple rules.

1. If the pedestrian is wearing a suit or a white coat, stop.
2. If the pedestrian is a hot babe, see above.
3. If the pedestrian is not a hot babe and has a book bag, accelerate.
4. If the pedestrian looks sick either accelerate or stop and laugh.
5. If the pedestrian is a sick hot babe, with or without a white coat, but with a bookbag, ask her if she's seen Stanley. Once you've started a conversation, try to pick her up. Ask her how long she's been sick. Tell her you don't mind.

If you run out of juice, flag down 1-4 other carts and discuss the situations. Don't take any action until you've notified several Physical Plant managers and have received a work order. For those individuals with carts having metal driving compartments or metal frames supporting plastic weatherproofing, these accoutrements are not roll cages. They have not worked in this manner in the past and will not in the future. Remember: they're metal and they're above your head, but they are not roll cages. Do not flip your cart; the frame will collapse. Please remember this. Talk to Stanley if you're having any trouble with this.

Finally, Leon is Driver-of-the-Month for October, with 34 confirmed kills.

You bet you can! You can switch down to lower tar and still get polyps.

You don't care about cachexia because...

You've got MERIT.
USEFUL ARABIC PHRASES

Have you ever found yourself in a foreign land trying to ask for directions or directions but not sure how? For those of you embarking on a trip to all points beyond the "line in the sand", i.e. the lands of the camel-lovers, please review these simple phrases. We're sure your stay will be a much happier and more delightful experience.

* Tar biyt
  "Thank you for inserting coals in my rectum."

* Bespigga dag g'tupy
  "The gruel is delightful this week."

* Gat ta hrek aswa as djella sfer belk
  "I'm honored you beat me about the head with big sticks."

* Ab ella hra ptullah krk
  "Yes, I'd enjoy to talk about my evil American leader on CNN."

* Oeju esr gser
  "OJ is innocent!"

SPY NETWORK UNCOVERED IN RURAL GEORGIA

Our crack Staph news team, ever vigilant in its battle against the forces of stupidity and greed (S&G), has intercepted the following correspondence being sent from our nation (stupidity) to an allied country (greed). Having information vital to national security was a novel experience for The Cadaver, and we established the Cadaver Security Council which, after several plenary hearings, felt it could thoroughly recognize a recommended version of the secret intelligence communication.

To: Undersecretary, Planning, Fifth District
Department of Defense
Washington D.C. 13247

Subject: Summary of US intelligence (cit. troop sightings, desert compounds) reported by Washington NDA mission to the war-torn Arabian Gulf National Defense Administration (ADN)
October 2, 1995

Intelligence gathered to date indicates the existence of a global, sporadically distributed network of agents who prefer to operate in wilderness areas.

Geosynchronous NRO satellite photo shows unidentified creature with long ears. It appears to be eating elongated orange object. The NSA reports unusually high frequency of the character string "rabbit" in intercepted communications. The NSA advises a high level government committee to study the problem and make recommendations. The State Department has tried to get Allied support for a preventative strike against a rabbit attack network reported to have been recently activated. Negotiations are underway.

The Delta Force is rumored to be hunting small mammals in the Mojave Desert.

The CIA tried to infiltrate agents into target areas. Regrettably, the station chief had his cover blown by an investigative reporter from the Iranian newspaper Hares-bullah Star and Crescent. The 6th fleet is setting sail for the Middle East on a routine training mission planned months in advance.

The helicopter assault group, lost in a sandstorm, took heavy casualties. Rabbits posed with the corpses proclaiming a great victory. In retaliation, an Air Force jet bombed a rabbit hutch, hitting a nearby chicken coop instead. Some jets were lost to unknown enemy countermeasures. Unconfirmed reports place near the downed jets 20-30 chicken feathers. The rabbit, freed from the hutch, disappeared into the desert with a badly scratched paw. It decided to become a pacifist and went into the pharmaceutical business.

Review of previous intelligence indicates errors in assessment were made; long eared mammals are established as friendlies. US agencies were subjected to misdirection by other agents in another global network. Pasturelands, not wilderness areas, are the primary geographic foci. URG new intelligence be collected at earliest availability.