

Local News of the SAMA

The Student American Medical Association chapter of the Medical College of Georgia announces the results of the election of officers for the year 1952-1953:

Preston D. Ellington, President
 Frank Rizza, Vice-President
 Fred Lindsey, Secretary-Treasurer

The members of the Advisory Committee are as follows:

Dr. G. Lombard Kelly
 Dr. Harry B. O'Rear
 Dr. Lester Bowles

Dr. Harry Harper will represent the Richmond County Medical Society.

Dr. Henry Poer will represent the Medical Association of Georgia.

The local chapter has had several meetings of its officers and members appointed by the respective fraternities to represent them in the meetings and we feel that we have already made a good start towards making this chapter one of the most active of its kind. Representatives of the various fraternal organizations are: Janice Johnson, Haskell Heller, Charles Hatcher, Fred Allman, James Dudley, Bill Airiel, Hubert Buxton, and Timmy Stapleton in addition to the officers.

The delegates, Fred Lindsey and Bill Airiel will leave soon for the meeting of the National Delegates in Chicago on December 29-30, and we all want to wish them a pleasant journey and a successful meeting. An earnest effort will be made to present our views on the NICI Matching Plan to the other delegates and to the National Assembly.

Membership cards have been received from the National Secretary and these will be distributed to the students at an early date.

The editors of the Journal of the Medical Association of Georgia have offered subscriptions for the Journal to SAMA members at the reduced rate of \$2.50 per year. This is a monthly publication which we feel sure that the students will enjoy reading and all students are urged to take advantage of this offer. There are many other publications which are available to SAMA members at reduced prices.

(Continued on page 2)



The Night Before Exams

T WAS the night before exams, when all through the house (Phi Chi, Theta, A.K.K., Phi-Rho and Phi D. E.)

Not a freshman was stirring, not even Calhoun, the louse.

The freshmen hung to their Gray's Anatomy with care,

Knowing that Dean Kelly too soon would be there.

The juniors were nestled uncomfortable in bed,

With Surgery and Medicine books piled high as their head.

And the seniors "all dyked out," each with a date,

Had just settled down to stay up late,

When down at the hospital there arose such a clatter,

That even the seniors left their dates to see what was the matter.

Away to the Surgery Board Gordon flew like a flash.

Bumped heads with Arkin and tore a big gash.

The little bulb straining with 10 watts to glow,

Gave the lustre of midnight to the board down below;

And what to their wondering eyes should appear,

But the names assigned were their professors, dear.

With a little exclamation, Gordon said, "Oh!"

I knew in a moment he must have Volpitto!

More rapid than eagles the students they came,

They whistled, and shouted and called them by name:

"Now, Torpin, now Sherman, now Carter, and Hattie

On Cleckley, on Nichols, on O'Rear, and Battey!

To the top of the hospital to the Barrett 2 Hall,

Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the hapless professors they flew

And said, "Now at last we finally have you."

And then, in a twinkling I heard on the wards,

The examining hammering of the senior hordes.

As I entered the O. R. and was turning around,

In they rolled Rinker, pierced with a sound.

He was dressed in a sheet from patellar to navel,

And flopped about loosely from both ends of the table.

Strapped on the stretcher, all flat on his back.

His face froze in horror, "What were to hack?"

One was chubby and plump, a sadistic old self,

And I laughed when I saw him, In spite of myself;

A little nystagmus, and a bursted balloon,

Gave us to know he had experimented too soon.

The stumps of two cigarettes were held tight in one's teeth.

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath!

He had a broad face, and even broader belly,

And laughing or not he could turn you to jelly.

One sprang to a stool, and gave a burst of sarcasm.

And away they all flew, in a hysterical spasm;

But I heard him exclaim (and I know this will please ya):

"Hahppy Christmahs to Ahll, and ahn A in Ahnesthesia."

CADAVER PULSE

Historians and romanticists alike aver that the name of that eminent and fabulous personage, Santa Claus, is one of the best known among contemporary societies. In fact, at this season of the year, it is to be heard from the lips of people of all classes and stations, people with diverse aims and intentions, people with various hopes and desires—people, from cradle to grave. The latest information made available to us says that this benign and ever likable old gentleman, exhibiting his usual versatility, has become interested in the pursuits of the followers of Hippocrates and is currently bearing the caduceus in the best tradition. He has developed considerable interest in doctors and medical students—or that's what one would infer from their statements, at any rate. Hence, the question of the week: "Do you think that Dr. S. Claus will include Augusta in his itinerary on December 24th and what would you like for him to bring you?"

DR. JIM SKINNER, Intern, had some ideas on the subject. "I definitely believe he will include Augusta. Believing strongly in the spirit of Dr. S. Claus, I am thankful to have Xmas day off duty. I will welcome his visit. I wish the good doctor would bring me a washing machine that I could go home and play with like Dr. Cleon Johnson does. On second thought, it would be almost as good if he'd bring the washing machine to the Medical School Library. If he doesn't have a washing machine, I'd like a boat to play with at Clark Hill." One can easily perceive that Dr. Skinner's interests transcend the science, art and practice of medicine. He likes to play, too.

Freshmen were equally interested in the visitation of the benevolent Dr. Claus, but some of them had their minds on intangibles. Said HELEN CAFFEY: "Yes. I think he'll be here. I wish he'd bring me some rose colored glasses so the next two years won't look so dense." CONRAD WILLIAMS made his wish by suggestion, but the meaning is clear to most of us. "Yes, I think he'll come to Richmond County. What would I like (Continued on page 2)



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LETTERS

Dear Rose Marie Freud:

I dream of spears all the time. I used to dream of thumb-tacks, then itn was arrows, now it's spears. I wake up in a cold sweat with deep, penetrating pains. Grandmother dreamed of spears and woke up pinned to the bed; the Indians had come. Mother dreamed of spears and after that wouldn't see anything for 9 months at a time. I don't have any sisters to talk to, and my brothers are no help. They only dream of caves.

Worried.

Dear Worried.

Lots of people dream of spears. Emily dreamed of spears before she married Mr. Post, and my dear friend Dorothy Dicks is probably dreaming of spears at this very moment. I had a letter similar to yours last year from a song-writer. (Her most recent hit is "Don't Put the Bananas in the Refrigerator.") You should eat a bland diet, avoiding conditions of any kind. Take cold sitz baths t. i. d. p. c.

Dreams are strange things. I dream of spears and caves.

R. M. F.

Dear Rose Marie Freud:

My husband and I are fish lovers. Not that we eat the dears—Heaven forbid—we just love them. After an unhappy experience with our electric eel (our son fed it the Wheaties, and we found it next day frozen to the Kelvinator in a very compromising position—ice cubes everywhere), we settled on guppies.

Our trouble started on guppies. ago when our son separated the small, bright-colored, aggressive ones from the larger, dull-colored, passive ones. Then he dropped some sort of pills into each bowl.

Last night he invited all his friends in, and they poured the bowls together. I was not allowed at the party, but loud raucous laughter filled the room. He now informs us that half the town is coming to his Christmas party. We love our son, but, oh, those guppies; Please advise us.

Haggard Mother.

Dear Haggard Mother:

Your problem is unusual, but not hopeless. I suggest that you fish the guppies out with a strainer. You drink the water from the bowl with the dull-colored, plump ones, and give your husband that from the brighter-colored ones. I should appreciate your shipping the guppies to me. I shall feed them to my pet octopus, Oedipus R.

Well, Guppy New Year!

R. M. F.

Local News of the SAMA

(Continued from page 1)

The names of these publications and the reduced rate list can be found in the Volume I, Number 7 issue of the Journal of the SAMA or can be obtained from one of the officers of the local chapter.

The editor of the Journal of the Medical Association of Georgia has kindly offered space each month in the Journal for publication of the activities of this chapter.

Several articles are being written by students at the Medical College of Georgia for publication in the Journal of the SAMA and will appear at an early date. We wish to encourage anyone interested in submitting papers for publication in the Journal of the SAMA to be sure and do so as soon as possible. Valuable information concerning the preparation of such material can be found in the January, 1952, issue of the Journal.

Several students have been interested in knowing when the pictorial study of the Medical College of Georgia will appear in the Journal of the SAMA and so according to the latest notification this article will appear sometime after 1955. We all feel that this is an injustice since the Medical College of Georgia was a charter member and to date some schools have been written up in the Journal which were not present at the Organizational Meeting and have not taken the initiative as we have at the National Convention. But perhaps at the time we are depicted in the Journal we can have a great deal more achievements to be submitted and among these achievements I am including the new State Hospital which I am sure will be quite impressive.

There are many projects which this chapter plans to undertake, among these are: 1. personal evaluations of internships which will be available to the senior students of the future to aid them in selecting their internships, 2. an active personal relations bureau for the

school and the students, and many other projects. We urge all students to participate.

Remember to support your SAMA chapter in every possible way. This is your organization and it can only be as strong as its weakest member.

CADAVER PULSE

(Continued from page 1)

for Xmas? I swear, right now things are so tight—with this Head and Neck Quiz coming on. Well, let's put it this way. I'd like for everybody to have a Merry Xmas." JIM LODGE, sophomore, enduring the "woes of Murphey and Dugas" didn't leave this wish to suggestion. "Yes, I think Dr. Claus will come," said Jim, "and I'd like an A on the next Path. quiz."

NEIL NEWSOM, freshman, raised himself to the status of a literary impressario and man of the world in one fell stroke. Says Neil: "Yes, I think Dr. Claus is coming, and I'd like a bound volume of POGO and a new top for my—uh, (automobile?)."

No less a sage than NORMAN P. GARDNER, senior, had this to say. "Judging from past experience, I would say that Dr. Claus will probably pay Augusta a visit, and for Xmas I'd like more than five holidays." Philosophical was the opinion of HASKELL HELLER, junior, who said "If Dr. S. Claus flies into Augusta, he'll probably be shot down. If he wears his usual clothing, he'll probably be investigated; and if anything is given away in Augusta, he'll undoubtedly be psycho-analyzed. I'd like what every medical student needs: (1) X-ray eyes; (2) photographic mind; (3) a cute secretary." Did he say "secretary," I'll have to look up that word. Maybe every med. student does need a "secretary."

WALLACE FLEETWOOD, senior, has his sights high. "I'd like to see him bring a construction crew to start on the new state hospital," says Wallace. A large order, friend, says I.

BILL SHIPMAN'S Christmas thinking is intensely practical. Said

Bill, "I think S. Claus will get here, and I'd like an uneventful recovery from his operation for my first dog, and a salary raise for my wife."

But GRAYSON ADAMS is the lad who has reached a new high in satisfaction. Grayson says, "Yes, I guess Dr. S. Claus is coming; and you know, I'm so happy now I don't think I want Dr. Claus to bring me anything." Top that if you can. Well, Tiny Tim said, "God bless us all, God bless us every one," a noble statement, and your pollster wishes a very Merry Christmas to all who read CADAVER copy.

Approval of Shock-Therapy Potentials

Doctor! Shock me into such smithereens

That psychiatrists claim produce a sure cure!

Yes! Shock me severely to terrified dreams

Mephistopheles even may have foreswore!

Doctor! Jolt me loose from the strain

That this madness maintains, that pilfers my pride!

Form deceptive delusions none can explain;

For my demented devil is not satisfied!

Contort me, convulse me, and knock me out cold!—

Synthesized syncope for better or worse!

Then exercise devils to swine, as of old;

For their crazy rounds have become a curse!

Produce catalepsy! And make it so deep

Mental maladies make me no longer contrite!—

I shall welcome the worst in this fitful sleep,

For my psychotic state becomes awfully trite!

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Patient's Complaint of Pneumoperitoneum

Dear Doctor, don't you know or care

That when I bulge with "belly air"
I'm also filled with bleak despair?

Although your manner I adore;
And laud your efforts to restore
My health, your method I deplore.

Returning home with sprightly vim,
I find creations svelt and trim
Compel costumers to be grim.

My slender waist of twenty-eight
Your gruesome "pneumo—" does
inflate
To that of dowager sedate.

And all that pressure 'neath my
chest
Has dissipated zip and zest,
While nightmares interrupt my
rest.

There's more to me than just a
lung—
The rest of me is suite unstrung;
To sanity I've barely clung.

But though for a loop you have
knocked her,
And literally almost unfrocked her;
Your patient yet yields: "You're
the Doctor!"

—Anonymous.

PHYSICIAN'S PERTINENT RESPONSE

Dear Patient, appellat incognito,
A poignant appraisal of your plaint
of woe
Appears to be that which is most
apropos.

Though you plead with the grace
of a thrush,
We admonish in vigorous rush
Not to lose your abdominal flush.

For the direful distention you feel
Is a ballonnet, peritoneal,
And is more artificial than real.

While you fume for the frail form
esthetic,
Fear that others are unsympa-
thetic,

Such become rather quickly aware,
As they view you with dismal
despair,
All your bulges are not due to air.

Though some deftly defend your
delusion,



Season's Greetings from the Cadaver Staff.

While evading the act of collusion;
We desire to correct your con-
fusion.

For alack! the lament most in-
vidious,
Ignores your increases insidious,
Due to appetite never fastidious.

Now your formerly sylph-like phy-
sique,
Since you feast and regale with
your clique,
Has assumed new proportions
unique.

You declare you're distressingly
shocked
That your measurements leave you
unfrocked,
And your cerebral sanity crocked.

And you intimate that your real
dread
Is the magnified "middle-age
spread",
Which you try to attribute instead.

To the principal plaint of your
verse.—

We submit to you quite the re-
verse;

That your diet is cause of your
curse!—

In confusion, delusion remain!—
Call your plumpness by any new
name!—

Don't pretend "pneumo—" gets all
the blame!

W. R. Burdison, M. D.
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BED-RAIL ADVICE

For you who have ills there are
personalized pills

Made to suit your particular
style;

These are easy to take, and are
certain to make

You forget inhibitions and smile!

But before we advise what these
tablets comprise,

Which have stood the most intri-
cate test;

We shall mention a few of the
things you should do

To achieve the results that are
best.

It is unwise to wait, lest it may be
too late,

To declare that your courage is
good;

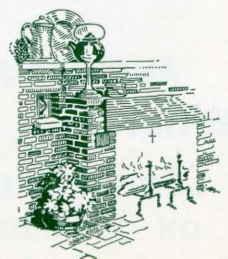
The best way this is shown is by
making it known

That you must have the right
kind of food!

Then hold on with a spite, show
them all you are right—

Never a moment must you lose
control;

(Continued on page 4)



Jingling Around the Town

The Christmas season is here already and last minutes shopping makes your nerves unsteady.

So here are a few suggestful hints which will also save you some hard-earned mint.

A household gift is hard to beat and HAVERTY'S selections are delightfully unique.

Nationally known shirts are always prized

and LEON SIMON'S prices are a pleasant surprise.

Accessories for a car are simply a "must"

and RAY LACKMAN'S choices are ones you can trust.

Jewelry will be treasured for years to come

and H. SHMERLING carries the best, by gum.

The Season is always greatly enjoyed

with some of SANCKEN'S Ice Cream - Egg Nog.

If you prefer men's clothing to be really Esquire

we invite you to CULLUM'S to look and inquire.

Well, by now I am tired and I know you are too

so meet me at SQUEAKY'S and we'll have a beer or two.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR



Bed-Rail Advice

(Continued from page 3)

For all doctors expect you to earn their respect;

And you'll fail if you don't make a howl!

You must show that your room is the center of gloom;

For you can't get attention with cheers;

And when they begin to let visitors in,

Tell them tales that will rattle their ears!

You should keep your room dark—never let in a spark

That would light up your morbid mood—

For you need to convey that this is your day

While you lie there in silence and brood.

As the long days go by, if one tries to imply

That his illness was surely much worse;

This at once you repel, promptly ringing your bell

That will summon both doctor and nurse!

With a wail and a wince then proceed to convince

The most doubtful that you've had it rough;

And before you pull through, the whole hospital crew

Will admit that they've had quite enough!

Oh! the Pills! Yes, indeed! But these you'll never need

If you put all I've told you to test;

For they'll use every trick to get you well quick—

And enjoy the reward of a rest.
—WRB.

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