## Medical Madness by SAM BOODOOSINGH

#### . . WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE . . .

Midnight at the palace grounds.

BERNADO: Who goes there?

RADIOIODINE: 'Tis I.

BERNADO: What doest thou away from thy bed at this unholy hour?

- RADIOIODINE: Sleep hath forsaken me forever. My heart fibrillates for Denmark. Our fair land's o'erswept by things pudendal. In short, brave cousin, something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
- BERNADO: Forsooth! Forsooth! Offtimes had I divined of late that this emotional experiment, called free-love, wouldst ere long smell to high Heaven, for 'tis like the mass performance of the Acrolein test.
- RADIOIODINE: Our State-appointed preserver of morality, the aged Adductor Gracilis, hath grown weak and effeminate from lack of employment, so seldom hath he been called upon to preform his sacred duty in times recent. 'Tis true in grace he is unexcelled. 'Tis true again, his position is most strategic. But this bulwark—nay, Gibraltar—of feminine inaccessibility hath now become a mere name, a corroborator of the Lamarkian Law that lack of use doth atrophy. 'Tis shouted everywhere in the streets by our tax-paying rabble:

"If Danish things are free and gratis, Who needeth Custo Virginitatis?"

Cousin, methinks Adductor Gracilis must go, and so must all his adducting accomplices: Magnus, Longus, Brevis and triangular Pectineus.

ACT II

(Enter Hamlet, in his hands one of his most recent chest X-rays, upon which his intent gaze is fixed, soliloquises):

HAMLET: T.B. or not T.B.?

That is the question. Must I succumb to a chronic lesion without a leucocytic summons? Nay. I must live on for the fair Ophelia. 'Tis true our blood-types are somewhat amiss, for my supra-share of Rhesus factor doth outclass hers. But, then am I not of royal blood, princely offspring of a proud ancestor, venerated by all and fed bananas by awe-struck admirers who doth stray past his palatial confines at the Bronx? No wonder then my Rhesus positivity. . . . .



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(Horatio rushes in, excited)

- HORATIO: Milord! Milord! American aid hath arrived. American aid hath arrived. American aid hath arrived. Amer . . . .
- HAMLET: Horatio, how oft have I chided thee for letting thus thy adrenaline boil. Thou ravest, and when thou ravest, I dig thee not. Take command of thyself and then calmly and intelligently spill thou the beans.
- HORATIO: Milord. American aid hath arrived: Twenty million dollars and technical help for the establishment of a Deodorising Plant that shall render our Danish atmosphere once more breathable. Henceforth shall it be said: Nothing is rotten in the State of Denmark, and the world shall savour our air.

(Hamlet, forgetting royal dignity for once, grabs Horatio in musketeer fashion.

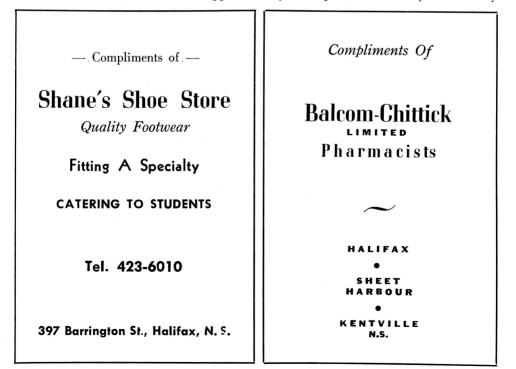
Together they do the Highland Fling. There are loud shouts, laughter and song in the streets below the palace windows. The people are exultant for once again Democracy hath come to the aid of Licentiousness.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

## Drama In Real Life

111,632,729 adult bacteria are trapped at the 18,000 Angstrom level in the superficial fascia overlying the iliotibial tract. The bacteria, all members of the Nova Scotia Miners' Association, were attempting to tunnel their way (with the use of only hyaluronidase) into the Popliteal Fossa where the presence of a few lymph nodes along the course of the Popliteal Vein had been reported.

A loud noise was heard at approximately 3:30 p.m., immediately followed by



tremor and fascial quaking. A column of adipose tissue had delaminated, fallen and blocked the tunnel passage at the 11,000 Angstrom level. An estimated two million bacteria were crushed to death by discharged Palade granules, and an equal number are thought to be trapped in the Golgi Apparatus at the 13,000 Angstrom level. Many are thought to be dying in horribly alkaline tissue fluids. The area is reported to be teeming with macrophages which engulf the trapped bacteria with total disregard for race, creed or color.

The eyes of the world are turned upon this hitherto insignificant bacterial colony, Clone 63. Ottawa has declared it a disaster area. Tension is mounting. Above fascia, panic reigns supreme among the wives and children of the trapped bacteria, as seemingly futile attempts are being made to plunge two huge capillaries down into the fascial depths, the one conveying life preserving gases and the other warm soup. Who will be saved? Who will be lysed? Will the bodies of the non-phagocytosed be recovered? For the answers to these questions that hold the world in suspense keep looking at your television screens as we focus our Electron Microscope lenses (x44,000) on this tragedy-stricken clone and bring you micro-bulletins every millisecond on the millisecond.

## **Res Biochemica**

Cantarow is my Schepartz, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in mid-lecture: He restoreth my slumber. He leadeth me beside distilled waters.

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Welch Allyn Diagnostic Instruments Stille Surgical Instruments (made in Sweden) other high quality surgical equipment He annointheth my head with fatty-acid esters. My beaker runneth over . . . .

Yea, though I walk through the basement of the Forrest Building, I shall fear no evil, for thy text is with me; thy (stirring) rod and thy underpaid staff they comfort me. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all my student days, and I shall dwell in the estimate of my examiners supra-55 forever.

#### TRIMESTER EXAMINATION—BIOCHEMISTRY

- 1. Calculate the BMR of the Dalai Lama when the latter is:
  - (a) pondering reincarnation;
  - (b) recumbent;
  - (c) crossing the Tibetan border on way to India.
- 2. Compare the Kreba cycle with the Menstrual cycle. (Answers should be in the form of a flow quotation. Periodic tables may be obtained upon request from invigilators)
- 3. Discuss the role of A.T.P. in American foreign policy.
- Provide Biblical justification for the prohibition of antabuse. (Credit will not be given for supporting quotations from "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam", Arthur R. MacNeil.

#### AND IN CONCLUSION . . .

Blessed are those who laugh at themselves for theirs is a lifetime of fun.

Blessed are those who see fun in all tragedy for the tragic shall sharpen their wits and no catastrophy shall overwhelm them.

Blessed are those who jest at that which is of greatest consequence to them for theirs is the study of Medicine.

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