

## THE PAST FIVE YEARS - A SUMMARY

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First year began with moderate excitement over orientation activities, and it was among this nervous fervor that many of us met for the first time. Many of us had anxiety about the difficulty of first year and pictured a faculty ready to coldly decimate our numbers. Rather, we were pleasantly surprised to find an understanding faculty willing to lighten our load. We were the last class in Medicine to be lectured in physiology by Dr. Beecher Weld, and we will all remember his famous words, "the heart is a pump." Our first exams were disappointing to us, particularly Biochemistry, and many will remember Dr. Patrick's tutoring class in second term. Four afternoons a week were spent over the cadaver in anatomy lab. As well as spending hours dissecting out a thread of a nerve, we engaged in lengthy discussions of war, religion, and politics, and it was there that we really got to know one another. Some of us will better recall the hasty amputation of Gotham Clement's tie rather than the course of the ulnar nerve.

Throughout the year we had many good times (and some bad) but by the time that the end of May had come most of us were besieged with anxiety and fear as we crammed for the final judgment. Academic honors that year went to Bill Lenco, Winston Parkhill, and Mike Johnson.

Second year we looked forward to seeing genuine patients. Ostentatiously, we carried our little black bags to and from the hospitals. Our clinical instructors naturally impressed us, and had a great influence on our formative minds - we even emulated their mannerisms. The important courses of the year were Pathology, Bacteriology and Pharmacology. Pathology will be remembered for its organization and for the care that the professors took in giving us exams that were used as a teaching aid. Pharmacology will be remembered for its

experiments - sometimes with animals, often with colleagues. How could we ever forget the "Ether Party" and the exuberant hilarity of Ron Whelan? We were all bug-eyed in bugland with the Bacteriologists, but we all enjoyed the African Campaign with Dr. van Rooyen. In Psychiatry that year we remember Dr. Nicholson's lectures and his charming use of the vernacular of his youth, rather than the remote jargon of Psychiatry.

Although there was a great deal of note-taking in dry stuffy amphitheatres, and many of us lapsed into subcoma when illustrative slides were being shown, we managed to avoid disappointing the faculty with our final exam results. That year Al Cohen, Judy Chown, Bob Jackson and Don McQuarrie took top academic honors.

During the summer the little library building, that was the haven both to those that crammed and those who unyieldingly toiled over their books, disappeared and in its place was a large abyss - nidus for the Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building. The library for the next two years was a converted residence - here the toiling soul could easily be awakened from a slumber over his notes by the flush of a toilet three stories down.

Third year was essentially orientated towards clinical teaching; however, the year was quite disjointed and often the students found themselves confused and frustrated with amount of time wasted in travelling from one end of the city to the other. If any one year could be singled out for a "gripe" year it would be third year. It seemed that our unfortunate class president, Steve Brown, was repeatedly being sent to the Dean's Office with class grievances.

It was during this year that Medicine emerged the giant of inter-faculty sports, especially hockey which was strongly supported by Steve Brown, Harry Callaghan, John Collingwood and Donnie Craig.

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In spite of an active social life exams had to be written at the end of the year. Our leaders that year were Al Cohen, Judy Chown and Donald Craig.

Meanwhile, as the Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building began to assume its present stature, our fourth year clerkship began. Now we were in the hospital most of the time, usually lost and feeling outside of the medical team. It was a short year with a pre-Christmas lecture schedule followed by a threatening Anatomy test. The Christmas vacations witnessed many students migrating to warmer southern climates and returning in January with healthy tanned skins in contrast to their pale colleagues who had remained in the snows.

We were honored by having Dr. D. O. W. Waugh as our Professor of the Year. He graciously accepted our token of appreciation with that never-to-be-forgotten phrase: "It's a super-doooper-pooper-scooper!"

We were also honored as clinical clerks by being asked to supply entertainment for the Dalhousie Medical Alumni at their annual meeting and banquet. This saw the sudden rise to fame of such benign classmates as Ron Whalen, Fred Davis, Marlene Scott, Harry Callaghan, Gary Chesser and Roger Michael.

We were disappointed at the end of the year by the revelation that there would be no time off prior to starting internship. How-

ever, we were very pleased when examination results were published and the entire class passed. That year we were led academically by Bob Jackson, Ron Stevenson and Allan Cohen.

Our internships commenced on May 6th after two days of joy-making. We will remember for the rest of our years the anxiety of that first week as internes: the tortoise-like speed with which we examined patients; the procrastination with which a simple analgesic was ordered; the first nights on call and the foul taste in the mouth and the heavy eyes that accompanied a somnolent mind to the ward from the duty room; the unsure legs that carried us to those first cardiac arrests. Only a short time of intensive exposure was needed to adapt to this way of life.

As the year progressed and our confidence increased we all longed for the day when with graduation we could continue our medical practice either as residents or as family practitioners in rural or urban centres throughout the country.

In closing, we will always remember those staffmen who have taught us so much, and whose displeasure we have often aroused. Their examples as medical practitioners we will try to emulate. We will remember that medicine is not a one way street and hopefully can contribute to the profession that we have chosen.

*"I am a part of all that I have met"*

(*Ulysses.*)

- Tennyson