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The Arena

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# The Arena: October 1966

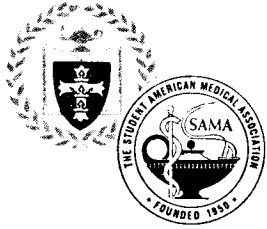
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1967

# THE ARENA



**Student American Medical Association  
Boston University School of Medicine**

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The Arena has long been a forum for discussion and source of information read with interest by students and alumni as well. The articles have reflected the accomplishments of the students and the school, their interests and problems.

This is perhaps this publications foremost raison-d'etre. Each edition is slightly different from the last as the personalities of the contributors from each class inevitably change. It is with great interest that the editors look forward to the incoming articles, for their attitudes will doubtlessly be modified and enlightened.

Those articles will be written by happy, angry, cynical or fascinated people, you, whose experiences have been or may be yours. We hope you'll enjoy being with us.

To the freshmen welcome, and to the upperclassmen welcome back.

Through this column, we plan to tell you about some of the things SAMA will be doing for you in the next few weeks, months, and years to make medical school more pleasant and meaningful.

The Social committee reports that as the last part of our orientation program, which included "Freshman Facts" and coffee and donuts at registration, there will be a school-wide beer blast on an up-coming Saturday night. Also committees will be formed soon for the Christmas Toy Dance which this year promises to be (if you'll pardon the expression) bigger and better.

The Medical Education Committee has also been active over the summer to bring to fruition some long overdue programs. The first is a mock trial to be presented in conjunction with the Student Law Association of BU. A second is an internship evaluation program through which we will have a file of written critical descriptions of specific internships as seen by former students of BUSM. Finally, there is the annual SAMA Symposium on para-medical issues.

Let me bring to your attention this paper, the ARENA. It derives its name from our credo: to present an arena for open discussion. We invite you, the entire student body and faculty, to contribute in any form -- light or serious, poetry or prose -- on any topic of interest.

We also have periodic meetings infrequent and important enough so that they shouldn't be burdensome to attend. The date of the first meeting, which will be open to the entire student body, will be posted shortly.

Of further interest to you is the so called "Black Bag Insurance". This insurance will protect against loss of microscope, stethoscope, books and other equipment, and is designed to meet the needs of SAMA members at a very low cost. You will be given further details in the near future.

Let me finally remind you about the SAMA bulletin board in the ARA cafeteria. On it will be posted notices of importance, so glance at it about twice a week.

So much for now,

Steve Cogan  
President, SAMA

#### FILM CLUB - FRIDAY FIBRILLATIONS

This is a new addition to SAMA's activities. We intend to show six films during this coming year provided we can enlist your co-operation. Due to the expense of renting films, etc., it is essential that a certain number of subscription tickets be sold. Therefore, if you plan to see the films, do buy a subscription ticket now! (For sale during lunch in the men's locker room, or contact Elihu Sussmann '69 or Kirsten Lee '69 - we will be tickled pink to sell you one). A single subscription is \$3.00, a double (for you and your date, wife, hubby or whoever else your fancy induces you to bring along) is \$5.00, and a single ticket at the door is \$.75.

The program you will find on the last page of THE ARENA. Tear it out and keep it!

Kirsten Lee '69  
Vice-President, SAMA

Observer, Junior

"An October Classic"

Who was minding the store that bright autumn day when what looked like every staff member of the Elysium General Hospital arrived in picnic clothes at High Power Field for the annual hospital outing? That was the question that benign old Dr. Hy Datiform put every year to the younger doctors surrounding him. They chuckled because they knew that the skelton crew at the hospital, made up disproportionately of fourth year students, was osteoporotic.

The sun had nothing to do but roll around heaven all day. Sandwiches were damp with mayonaise, shirts were damp with ectopicly placed beer, and spirits were dry and warm. Leading the merry band in disseminating metastatic deposits of good cheer was obstetrics resident Milton Famey.

Good old Milt. He guzzled more golden, amber Lethe-water than you could shake a Styx at. No one had to bother to wonder what he was drinking so hard to forget. He told everyone within earshot, and Milt Famey was loud. He sat on a blanket and boomed at a body of nurses about his college athletic days.

"Gals, you shoul'da seen me. My old pot was jus' a slim ol' fryin' pan then. On a clear day I could run forever, and to use the shadow of a simile, I was like great as a pitcher on our ball team."

Milt had his head almost buried in a tub of floating apples later that afternoon when the call went out for everyone to head over to the diamond for some softball. Milt's head roared out of the tub as though he had been kicked in the pants. Holding a can of Schlitz aloft, eyes only slightly glazed, he war-hooped his way to the field where his buddies were choosing up sides - and leaving him out!

"Aw, fellas, I'm sober! Gimme a break, huh?"

"Okay, Milt, take right field." Where, of course, practically nothing would be hit all day.

The game began all in fun, but as it progressed the two teams, composed equally of a heterogeneous and democratic assembly of doctors, nurses and

higher paid personnel began to grit their collective teeth and bear down. The first sign of the change came when one by one, nurses were replaced by hairier pinch hitters. Errors which in the early innings brought friendly hoots and shouts of "Trade 'im to the Mets!" or "Send him to neurosurgery!" began to get glares and groans as the last inning approached.

Milt Famey was leading a charmed life in right field. A few easy flies and bouncy grounders came his way, and he was able to scoop them up through his endogenous fog. But every time he came off the field to await his turn at bat, he would raise his mental humidity and make necessary more furtive trips behind trees by draining another can of fermented ADH inhibitor. It was a glorious day.

Came the bottom of what was agreed would be the last inning and the score was tied. The tension was enormous, and Milt Famey felt it more than most. As his team took the field, something was happening to Milt. Memories of past victories and cheering crowds made painfully poignant by an afternoon of fermented hops and charity hops affected a metamorphosis. Full of bubbles, he stopped bubbling. As the end loomed and the bases were loaded with two out, Milt suddenly walked from right field towards the mound. There was steel in his look as he silently motioned to the pitcher to move to right field. There was such surprise that no one demurred, and after a few warm-ups, Milt faced the hitter grimly.

Who can say what passed through the pitcher's mind? The thrill of competition. The spirit that made America great? Insufficient oxyhemoglobin? Albumin-bound Schlitz? History will record only that Milt Famey walked the next man on four pitches and forced in the winning run.

Two members of the winning team walked behind the backstop to pick up their gloves and saw a small pile of beer cans, their essence spent, hollow husks of their former selves. Puzzled, one of them asked, "Say, I wonder who consumed all that brew today?" The other replied, "Oh didn't you know? That's the beer that Milt Famey walk us."

<sup>^</sup>  
made

Richard Goldwater

FRIDAY FIBRILLATIONS

Show starts at 8:00

Refreshments by BUSM Wives Club

October 7 A Raisin in the Sun

starring: Sidney Portier  
Claudia McNeil  
Ruby Dee

plus

short: Robert Benchley's Waiting for Baby

October 21 An Evening with Charlie Chaplin  
This is a couple of early shorts.

plus

Barney Oldfield's Race for Life  
A hilarious MacSennett comedy.

December 9 Experiment in Terror  
For those who dare come

starring: Glenn Ford  
Lee Remick

plus

Invasion - Nazi Version

February 3 Thief of Bagdad

starring: Douglas Fairbanks

March 3 Rasha-Mon

plus

Un Chien Andalou

April 28 Two Way Stretch

starring: Peter Sellers

plus

The Fatal Glass of Beer