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Parents Get Inside View of Jeff

by Our Society Editor

Parents of the Jefferson Medical School sophomores were "wined and dined" for a day on Friday, March 20 during Parents' Day. The event was sponsored by the Alumni Association and the Dean's office. No classes were held for sophomores on this day to allow them to spend time with their parents.

The day began with registration, coffee, tea and cake in Esakis Lounge. Francis J. Sweeney, Jr., M.D. (Vice President for Health Services and Hospital Director) addressed the visitors. His presentation included a slide show and talk about the history of Jefferson and the New Hospital.

Throughout the rest of the morning parents were treated to discussions and presentations from various members of the clinical and preclinical Jefferson faculty. Anatomy was repre- sented by Dr. John Shap.

Implementation of the financial aid portions of the Higher Education Act of 1980 has been delayed by President Reagan's freeze of their regulations until March 30. Mr. Reagan has also proposed a four-year phaseout of the Guaranteed Student Loan Program (GSLP) to unrest financial need after parental and other financial aid sources have been exhausted. In addition, Mr. Reagan wants to eliminate both the in-school interest subsidy for GSLP, which means students would pay 9% for these loans, and the special allowance on the newly enacted loans to parents forcing them to pay market interest rates which, currently about 18%. Also, the Reagan Administration would virtually eliminate the role of the Student Loan Marketing Association (Sallie Mae) as a secondary market for the GSLP and Health Education Assistance Loans (HEAL) by removal of Sallie Mae's access to the Federal Finance Banks. This curtailment of Sallie Mae's role would have an adverse impact on the willingness of banks to participate in these loan programs. The principal Reagan goal in this health area is better targeting of Federal subsidies. The White House would fund no new positions in the National Health Service Corps (NHSC) Scholarship Program in 1981 and 1982, but students already in the program could continue. Since almost 2,000 awards were made for the 1980-81 academic year, quite a few of these students in 1981-82 and 1982-83 would presumably be forced to rely on other sources of financial support. For many students the other remaining source would be the HEAL program which Sallie Mae ceased to participate in this year until the 12% limit on the interest charged to students was eliminated. Current interest for the program is about 18%. Since the student pays not only the interest, but also the loan insurance which provides the Federal guarantee to the lender, this program most probably will not be cut. The status of other programs of financial assistance to health professions students is unclear beyond the fact that the Administration has pledged to continue support for disadvantaged minorities. Whether all of these cutbacks occur is pure speculation; however, student financial assistance, like many other Administration programs, is clearly in a period of contraction rather than expansion.

X-Film 'X'ed Out

by AREL Muckrakers

The abrupt cancellation of the X-Rated National Lampoon's film "Frat House" on the afternoon of its February 20 showing as part of the Common's Film Series, took the University community by surprise.

The film had been scheduled to be shown on the weekend of February 20 since last fall when the members of the Common's Board Activities Committee agreed to include it in their proposed film series.

The week preceding the showing of the film publicly had been stepped up — signs and notices were posted in the lecture rooms and in the lobby of Jeff Alumni Hall which explicitly stated that the film was rated X, no one under the age of 18 would be admitted, and that proof of age would be required for entry into the Slos Cohen Auditorium when the film was to be shown.

The showing of "Frat House" was cancelled by Mr. F. C. Dallas, the Director of Auxiliary Services, at the direction of Mr. E.L. Taylor, Vice President for Business Affairs. Mr. Taylor explained that the movie's X rating had not been noticed until the morning of Friday, February 20, when a Senior Administration Officer chanced upon one of the promotional posters in Alumni Hall.

Once the President of the University and his Senior Administrators became aware that an X-rated film was to be viewed that evening in the Alumni Hall, they instructed Mr. Taylor to suspend the showing.

One week after the film was suspended, Mr. Taylor met with the Common's Board Activity Committee to explain the Administration's viewpoint. The reasons given for stopping the film are that it is not considered appropriate to show pornograp-hic films on campus under the auspices of TAU; that the showing of such a film would have been a deviation from past practice, and as such, should have been closely reviewed by the Common's Board; and, that the film could be a source of embarrassment to the University.

Proponents of the film offered that the film would provide students with a respite from studies, and a chance to evaluate a pornographic film in a safe environment — without the danger of being assaulted or accorded.

Other points raised at the meeting were that the entire film series had been approved by the Common's Board, and a list of films had been forwarded through appropriate channels. Finally, all transactions and discussions had been conducted openly and without subterfuge.

The most tangible result of these events is Mr. Taylor's expressed intention of regularly attending the Common's Board meetings.

HAPPY APRIL FOOLS
by Ayn Siegel

It's 11:45 p.m., Thursday, March 19, 1981, and the very last of the Sophomore Sequeo's 21 acts have finished. Having presented (along with Jim Boyajian) the "Goldfish Awards" to 8 categories of people, I'd like to now give some more awards for the various acts.

For Best Production Director, Soil Heflin, who spent many hours planning, directing and writing for the Sequeo. Soul was assisted by Jim Boyajian and Todd Demmy. Without a doubt, Dr. Su Carroll Hain was the most roacted person, which became tedious after a while.

In the category of music, we have a number of awards. Best Singing Act was "Scribble Like the Wind" — originally by Christopher Cross, but re-written and sung by Ayn Siegel, accompanied by Lorry Losey on piano. This was her debut performance in public, and was really quite impressive (no bias here, even though I am writing this article). Larry Binn's "Neuroatonic Blues" was one of the evening's highlights, so he gets the award of Best Soloist, having accompanied himself on guitar. 2 other musical solos also performed Andy Saitel in "My Life's Been Bushed by the Triple Sreak", and Glenn Meddor's blues songs about Micro lectures. For Most Prolific Songwriter, Ted Daly wins, having written five songs, which he performed. For Crowd-tricks, Ted again wins, for his song about a South Street woman of ill-repute. Ted Daly (on guitar) was accompanied by Jeff Freed (on violin), who certainly did a lovely job of playing the violin. Four musical groups appeared in the "Sequeo". The Wads reunited to perform 3 songs — "Su Hain" to the tune of "Cocaine" and "Flunk Out" (to "Breakdown"); they get the award for Most Professional Musical Act, in recognition of their past 2 years of practicing together and performing at TG's etc. Best Non-Professional Music Group goes to Aaron Biezok, Larry Binn (guitar), Mark Rubenstein, Scott Trezzo and Len Zan, for their variation on the theme from MASH. The 2 other groups were Phi Chi (L. Loron, H. Rapponarto, A. Saitel, K. Suggenw), singing "Varen Please Take those Warrens- Chomos Away" and their teen of the women in the sophomore class, who sang "Jefferson Men" to the tune of "California Girls" (by the Beach Boys).

In the category of acting, there were 10 acts. For Best Production by Faculty Members, "Views from the Podium" wins: Dr. Hain's realistic impersonation of Vanessa certainly deserves the "Best Actress of the Sequeo" award. Most Venetian Actor was undoubtedly Carl Shanholtz, for his performance in A Jefferson Tour, the news, Samurai Path Professor, Star Trek, and Match Game. Len Zan was Best Supporting Actor, for his work in Jefferson Tour, Star Trek, and Match Game. Vanessa was Best Supporting Actress, for her work in many of the skits. Mary White and Joe Henry's "Review for the Board" deserves mention. Finally, we come to Unpardonable Acts, which go to three skits in particular — Rich Greco for his pornographic slide presentation, which was offensive to many; Todd and Soul's movie about leg; and Ted and Abuse, which was, in most people's opinions, totally unnecessary and a terrible way to end the show. Lastly, on a happier note, the Best Skit was the Goldfish Awards.

All in all, I feel that the Sophomore class showed quite a bit of talent in the fields of music and drama. Thanks to all those who helped make the evening so hilarious — the director, writers, actors, and singers, and anyone else not already mentioned, for giving their time, effort and creativity to the Sequeo.
City Claims

$4 Million Owed

by Our Tax Editor

Earlier this year, the city of Philadelphia calculated that Jefferson owed over $4 million in real estate taxes. That would have made the university the second largest tax defaulter in the city.

Grant A. Sprecher, the university's attorney, said that there was a mistake. More than $3 million of the money listed by the city was for commercial purposes.

for commercial purposes.

According to Sprecher, Jefferson has "voluntarily paid appropriate taxes on retail establishments."

These payments were made for the New Hospital and Barringer Residence, but the amounts have not been deducted from the total quoted by the city.

The university and the city have reached an agreement concerning the hospital and residence hall. However, the university has refused to pay taxes on the parking garage at 10th and Locust Streets. Why? (You might ask). The situation with the parking garage is different, Sprecher said. Before the garage was built, there was a flat parking lot which was adequate for our needs. The city "expressed wishes that Jefferson help alleviate the parking problems of the city."

The university looked upon the owning and operating of a public garage as a potential burden. However, when the Pennsylvania Higher Educational Facilities Authority began financing parking facilities for universities, building the garage became "imaginarily and economically feasible."

Jefferson built the garage, at the request of the Redevelopment Authority, to provide a service to the public. Over the years, it has lost money. Thus, Sprecher argues, the garage should not be taxed. The issue is still under negotiation. As you can see, the $3 million tax debt is not what it seems. It will not in any way affect the expected tuition hike for next year.

Students Learn:

Elderly Profit

by Our Medical Editor

Every other Wednesday afternoon, for an hour and a half, a Blood Pressure Clinic is held at the South Philadelphia Community Center located on the corner of Broad and Oregon Avenues. About 40 elderly people usually show up, most of them having hypertension but concerned about the control of their hypertension. One medical student, either a first year or a second year student is able to perfect his/her skills at "sphygmomanometry," while at the same time getting a taste of patient contact.

Every student who has gone to the clinic has had a worthwhile experience, and they all have had a lot of fun as well. The elderly people who show up for the clinic are very appreciative of the concern that is given them.

If you are interested in providing a service to your community, while learning a little bit about practical medicine, please contact Jeff Greenland at 923-4659 or put a note with your name and number into box 300 at Alumni Hall. Remember, experience is not necessary beforehand, but the experience you gain from the clinic will be quite valuable in your clinical years.

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May 1981

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Tuesday

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The man who got on the elevator was obviously impatient and tense. One hand was nervous, and the other was holding two packs of cigarettes. He pushed the button for his floor once, not twice, but six times. Then, poor, he got his elevator across the hall and dashed out just as the doors closed on the one he had been.

Watching him, I couldn't help but think he was sitting duck for a heart attack. In one minute's time, however, he had claimed that he was what cardiologists call a Type A personality, suffering from "hurry sickness.

Then I remembered what I had been like just five years ago — worried about deadlines, wasted moments and guilt over missing train or bus, hostile in every traffic jam, unable to wait in any line. I must have said "hurry up" to my young sons at least a dozen times a day. I put my foot on impatient people without even seeing them. I would concentrate sprinting when I came within a block of the subway station, which was no more than a "road runner" from my husband.

I regarded busy signals, overdouble premiums and cuts in services, moving salespeople as deliberate obstacles to my attempts to get things done in less time.

Then as I realized I was rushing my life away. While pregnant with my second child and with a heart disease, I read a book called 'Type A Behavior and Your Heart' by Dr. Arnold J. Kard (1972) by Dr. Roy Rosenman and Dr. Meyer Friedman, two San Francisco cardiologists. I saw myself and others, going in the descriptions of the heart-attack prone person: hurried, aggressive, impulsive, impatient, and easily angered. Though as a 35-year-old woman I wasn't worried about heart disease, I didn't like what I saw. My easily provoked tension and anxiety could not have made me fun to be around. Nor did they make life pleasant for my friends. I vowed I would make some changes, taking one stressful situation at a time and finding alternative ways to handle it. Once I became aware of the problem, I couldn't help but recognize that the trouble spots and making the changes were easier than I had expected. Though there have been some real losses back to my more frantic self, I continue to progress toward being a "type B". I am not free of stress, certainly, and I am enjoying doing things less. But I am not doing fewer things, but I do a lot more. Oddly enough, I have noticed a decline in my productivity, perhaps because of what I cut out of my life was time-consuming trivia.

Probability no Type A person would be able to — or even want to — convert completely to being a more contemplative, laid-back Type B personality. However, most who can recognize the extent of their need and try to change it agree that many of their typical behavior patterns are bad habits that are counterproductive, as well as personally and socially undesirable.

Changing Type A behavior is probably best done in a group setting with a trained counselor. However, few such groups currently exist (most involve organized programs of studies who have already suffered a heart attack), and many helpful changes are made on your own. The following tips are derived from ongoing programs that attempt to modify Type A's. I have been from the Rosenman-Friedman book and from my own experience.

Self-Evolution. Start out by taking stock of your life's goals, how you spend your time and what you find most important to you. Concentrate on what is worth being rather than what is worth having.

Stop measuring your life in quantities, such as number of clients or patients, number of committees on which you serve, number of accomplishments. Begin to think in more terms of quality. Then, no matter what your obligations, be they committee memberships or household duties, that serve your life rather than your economic or spiritual well-being. You'll probably find that doing a few things really well, instead of a lot of trivial things, may bring great satisfaction. It is more enhancing — and less likely to be noticed by others — than doing a lot of things less effectively.

Try to be a Superperson who, despite a demanding career, can relax as a wife or husband and as a grandparent, retaining control of everything at home, entertaining lavishly, participating in community affairs and raising children. This can only be done at the expense of your health, your marriage and your relationship with your children. Forget perfection. After home and at work, decide what it is you and you alone must do and delegate the other responsibilities. Wherever possible, try to persuade someone to relieve you of time-consuming chores.

Stop some time alone with yourself. Sit quietly and contemplate the sky or stare blankly out the window instead of constantly saying, "I need to be doing something."

Stop interrupting the conversations of others or finishing their sentences for them. Practice being a good listener, concentrating on what is being said instead of thinking about something else at the same time. Don't take over from someone who is doing a job cleanly, unless he or she cannot do it at all. Walk away if you can't stand to watch. Whether you accelerate or slow down, this light turns red to penalize yourself by having three people behind you. Similarly, if you run across the street against the light, penalize yourself by crossing between the cars. You will soon abandon these hurry habits.

Even when working against a deadline, take a deep breath, talk about the comings and goings of your neighbor, and take a walk through the window — anything that will help to break the tension.

Conquering hostility. The Type A characteristic of having a "short fuse" seems to be most closely associated with heart attack risk. It also makes you an unpleasant person to be around. Try to think about what situations seem designed to upset or annoy you, and try calling upon your intellect and sense of humor to get you through.

Don't waste your anger on trivial matters, most of which you can just as easily dismiss. Rushing your life away, such as delayed trains or plane, an inert waiter or an abrupt salesperson, is a waste of time.

Avoid contact with people who always raise your hackles. They are probably also Type A's who can't control the means of health care provision and are at the mercy of physicians. The dialysis clinic — where most of the patients bottled up and don't talk to you. Only makes you feel small and insignificant.

Stop being your "ideal self" and how many people fall short of them. This only fosters disappointment in and hostility toward yourself. Make friends with a Type B person, who may not say much but listens well. He can serve as a model of more relaxed behavior.

Cultivate your aesthetic side. Set aside time to attend a concert or play, visit a museum, read a difficult book. Once or twice a week, walk through the park at lunch instead of dining at your desk or over a business deal. Become really good friends with someone, instead of just having a string of casual acquaintances. Curing "hurry sickness." The sense of time urgency is probably the most common of the Type A characteristics and also the one most easily modified. If you've already shed your life of contentious activities, you'll have an easier time filling things in with minimal stress.

Leaving yourself more time than you think you will need to get somewhere or accomplish something. Then, if something should go wrong, you'll have less reason to become anxious.

Take something to read or do whenever you have to wait around or stand in line.

Another approach is to practice standing in lines doing nothing. Study the people around you. Fantasize about someone you love. Think about your life. Be patient when you answer your call. If you choose to wait in a line, rather than go to the head of the line, you'll be able to think about something else.
Endless Journey

from page 6

hundreds of drugs were repeated to our ears, and every imaginable organism was pointed out to our eyes (which were unable to close, no matter how grotesque might be the sight). The demons laughed diabolically while we struggled to keep our faces out of the ever deepening marsh water. One day Mr. Smith, took particular delight in informing us of the various worms that were leazing the bag and infesting our bodies.

We finally reached a small knoll of dry ground in the very bottom of the pit. Ahead of us was our goal — a small hole which we had climbed through to leaze up to the surface of the world. But the entrance was guarded by a ferocious, three-headed creature which we were unable to pass.

"This is Schaefer, who guards the path to the clinical years. Every year he evily tries to prevent as many ismorphoses as he can from escaping the pit," spoke our guide.

Suddenly a heavenly glow illuminated the bottom of the pit, and the creature Schaefer, ran from it. We hurried into the tunnel and (since we had just passed the center of gravity) climbed out of it. The most difficult portion of the escape involved climbing around several large wooden planks which nearly obscured the tunnel (we were later told that these were knowed as National boards).

When we reached the surface we were finally able to abandon the mass of roots and the microscope that had weighed us down. Dr. Mackowick introduced us to the heavenly being responsible for saving us, from Schaefer — this was the creature knowed as "The Duke."

Raking in sunlight, we turned to the mountain of clinical years that we had yet to scale. But we knew that the darkest times were past.

Medical World

Stunned

(Not much is known about Tedd Karen personally except that his wardrobe is strictly from Gucci, he wears an emerald ring, and drives a Lamborghini sports car).

Reaction at Jefferson to the move was uniformly unemotionally swift. Dr. Warren Long remarked, "You students can remember that Karen is spelted with a "K" rather than a "C because "K" is the eleventh letter of the alphabet and it takes the vowels to spell Dr. Tedd Karen."

Dr. John Shea was overheard saying, "Not to worry." And Dr. Robert Brent announced that the Stein Research Center would cease its investigations into the relationship between radiation and congenital deformities and promptly redirect its attention to the relationship between radiation and vertebal subluxations.

PEKING (Hsinhua News Service) — An American medical college in Philadelphia today took the first step toward the overthrow of bourgeoisie, capitalistic values by announcing it will become a college of chiropractic. (Chiropractic is an ancient Chinese art which antedates acupuncture).

The honorable Chairman of the college studying under Chairman Mao and participated in the heroic Long March of the 1930's, JCC leaving China for the States after our glorious People's Revolution in 1949, Mr. Ballard affirmed his intention to serve the people by working for sweeping economic, social, and political change in America by saying, "Just as workers have no end..." on page 4

Drugs at Jeff

from page 7

embossed with the title of the course and the Student's name. JU.S. Local 666 President John (Cowboy) Hoch hopes that the move to subsidize notes will result in the 20% increase in wages over a 3 year period that the union has deemed necessary to prevent the strike scheduled for April 15th. Hoch noted that "scribe wages have not kept pace with inflation for ten years now; most scribes can no longer afford dictionaries and correcting fluid — I think is borne out in the finalized product — ARROH-ARROH!!"

When Judy Lef-

ftery prepares a note like the coronial cross-town run, she makes sure her bike is in perfect shape. She inspects and adjusts every part. She leaves and returns. She has no time to spare, so it can go the distance. Because she treats her body the same way, she discov- ered a lump in her breast a few years ago.

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The Long and Winning Road

The colleagues, Dr. Mackowiak, sent by the powers that be to guide you in your journeys through the basic sciences. With that, he led us down to the river where we boarded a guide. Mackowiak, Dr. Mackowiak informed us that we would need our passes to disembark from the boat and begin our first two years of school; uncertain as to what he meant, I watched my colleagues remove pieces of paper from their pockets and place them between their lips as tokens. I reached into my own pocket, pulled out my token—a check for $17,200.00 and emulated my classmates.

After leaving the boat, we were ushered to the edge of the land. Before us stretched the abyss—a large, wide, and littered with smoke that neither the bottom nor the far side were visible. From below we could hear the roaring of waterfalls punctuated by occasional sounds of falling objects and noises somewhat like those of human beings. Our guide explained that an offshore of the Schuylkill ran down the side of the pit, alongside a stone stairway, and drained into a marsh that compromised the fifth and bottom level of the pit. The structure of the pit was similar to an inverted cone with four plateaus, each of which encircled the cone. We were to descend to a plateau; circle the path with our group, and then continue down, repeating the task until we had completed each of the five circles and were at the bottom of the pit, where we could exit to daylight.

We climbed down the stone steps that led to the first circle, which was a broad, flat path bordered by slate walls to our left (since we always walked clockwise) and the abyss to our right. Our guide told us to watch carefully and not fall behind the group. Suddenly, a shadowy form appeared and began writing on the wall... and erased those sentences almost immediately. This shade also spoke to us, repeating each phrase several times. Dr. Mackowiak identified the form as an imposter to Allen, and told us to follow him about the first circle which was called Biochemistry. We did as we were told and found the path to be safe and fair so long as we listened to Allen and other leaders. As we neared the stairway to the second circle, I asked Dr. Mackowiak, 'This circle seems pleasant enough where is the danger of which you warned us?' Our guide replied, 'The danger that you will expect coming trials to be as free of pitfalls as this one.'

We descended the steps, but before we reached the second level our path was barred by a large, blustering, evil looking demon, Dr. Mackowiak, who told us that this creature, called Epple, would rigorously test us and pronounce judgment. My companions and I waited nervously as we were ushered singly into Epple's presence. As I approached the demon he turned his ferocious countenance to me and commanded, 'Name and spell the word which signifies a profuse extravascular flow of blood.'


Without a sound, Epple motioned me to pass; as I walked down the steps I looked back over my shoulder and saw that, in place of the back of his head, this demon sported a second face, this one with a smiling, friendly expression and twinkling eyes. When we reached the second level we were confronted with odds worse than any of us had before experienced. Our guide informed us that the smell was that of formalin and promised us that we would grow accustomed to it during our time on the Anatomy and Physiology circle. He also warned us that here it was necessary to be aware of both the writing on the slate walls and the cadavers, which lay alongside the inner edge of the plateau. We tried to comb the slate walls filled with equations and relationships we found ourselves tripping over the various organs strewn in our paths, and while studying bodies, heartless demons named Gee, Spath, Lefer, and Rosenthal tormented us. But halfway around the circle a whirlwind sprang up behind us, creating havoc and chaising my colleagues and I to the end of the path. As the whirlwind swept past, we looked back the way we came and saw some of our companions still thrashing about in the wreckage of the storms we left then and dambled down to the third circle.

This path was much more narrow and convoluted than the previous two and we followed a little imp named Berry. He was difficult to follow, especially as his rumbling voice often faded away leaving my colleagues and I to fend for ourselves in the gloom amongst rocks, crevices, and other obstacles. This circle was relatively small and we rejoined our guide at the end—but several more of our members remained within the maze of neurosciences.

As we climbed down the long, steep stairway we caught a glimpse of what awaited us on the earth below the demon's circle with a chesst cat grin, spoke to us from the shadows and said, "What is the word which signifies an unfamiliar word?"

He had soon vanished, and Dr. Mackowiak suggested that we rest a bit. Those of us who looked up the way we had come noticed what appeared to be fireflies spiraling upwards in the gloom. Our guide told us that the lights were those of our companions who failed to complete the descent being returned to the first circle to try again. I noticed the members of our entourage shaking their heads at the horrible prospect of having to repeat this torture.

Dr. Mackowiak motioned us out, and we continued on our way. Reaching the fourth circle, we found it to be pitch black. As we grasped our way, single file, along the rocky path, the only light was provided by streaks of organs in various pathological states which appeared on the walls of the pit. Slides of gangrous loops of bowel, "bread and butter" pancreatic, limbs with gas gangrene, lethal mid line granulomas, elephantiasis, invasive breast carcinomas and much more flashed on and off before our eyes. Always, the voice of demon Long rang in our ears, pronouncing the names of various pathological states, challenging us for not studying, and offering us cups of caffeine-laced ambrosia if we could only name the disease. Above the demon's droning, I could hear the wretched screams of my colleagues. With my hands covering my ears and my eyes tightly shut, I ran blindly in the direction of the final stairway. I reached it, bruised from the rough walls of the pit, and sat with my companions to lick my wounds and await the struggle.

The fifth circle, the bottom of the abyss, was a foul-smelling bog. Fed by the filthy Schuylkill, the marsh was no doubt replete with parasites, for it was the circle of Bugs and Drugs. Just as race horses are handicapped by oathing weights in saddle bags, so we found ourselves steoped over under the weight of microscopes, masses of prescribed notes, and unfathomable textbooks. As we struggled into the marsh, the stench filled our nostrils, and we gave up. Not only was our offer of uniforms for sale, but we also included the names of all our members who signed up.

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SALE ENDS APRIL 11th.
Note Service Bought By Drug Companies

by L.B.

In an unprecedented action, the students at Jefferson Medical College have voted unanimously to allow area pharmaceutical companies to bid for the right to subsidize the total operation of the Freshman and Sophomore classes note services. The decision is believed to be a reaction to the rising costs of note production and the impending strike of Local 666 of the International Scrib Union (I.S.U.) of which some 90% of the Jefferson scribes are voting members.

After announcing the outcome of the vote, class of '83 Note Service Director Henry (Hank) Smith was generally pleased with the decision. "Unless the drug companies don't bite at this opportunity to sponsor our lecture notes, it will seem that we will avert the oncoming crisis. And with tuition rising extensively next year, this may ease the pain of that increase."

Class of '83 Note Service treasurer, Tim Heilmann agreed with Smith's assessment of the situation. Mr. Heilmann noted that he had already informed the class some weeks back that they would have to "pay the piper" sooner or later. And although the recent ICM notes were reduced from an original estimate of $50 to the current price of $25 (due to an apparent accounting error), it still "appears that the major increases in cost are on the horizon."

Almost immediately after the vote, many area companies seemed eager to begin negotiations. It has been rumored that some companies wish to have appropriate package inserts included in each printing package, although this move would need class approval. Other companies only ask that their drug detail men be allowed some time during each semester to address the class on suitable drugs for treating those illnesses discussed in the lecture notes. One company has even suggested that binders be supplied for each course.

Note Service funds have gone to:

DEMISE OF THE DUKE

This hanky-panky came to light when a freshman football player, who had been accepted at Alabama but decided to go elsewhere, received a report card of all "C" and "D" the University of Alabama Registrar's Office for his first semester courses there. This incident, first reported in Sports Illustrated, became the first entry in Menduca's FBI file.

When the story broke, Menduca left town and headed west to California. He was employed by Oxnard Junior College, a school infamous for granting credit for fictitious courses to athletes throughout the state. Friday remarked, "We always suspected Menduca was behind this Oxnard business, but we could never pin anything on him. He's a clever and slippery one."

After leaving Oxnard, Menduca came to Jefferson. He was brought here by the medical school administration which was deeply perturbed by the high failure rate in the basic sciences, particularly Microbiology. "We needed someone who could come up with a statistically sound method of judging the final grades," remarked Dean Kellow during a serious moment of reflection. "We needed someone who could keep the department chairman in line when it come to grading their courses."

Menduca, whose impeccable mathematical formulae baffled administration, faculty, and students alike, quickly succeeded in lowering the failure rate in the basic sciences. But his work caused him to make enemies among several department chairmen who felt they should fail more students. It is suggested that this tension may be at the root of the anonymous tip to the FBI by "Darby." In addition, the ARIEL has learned that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is planning to file suit for revocation of the M.D. degree from all Jefferson med students who had failed a basic science course before the grades were sent to Dr. Menduca. Named in the suit are 1,476 students who have graduated during the past eight years, including the entire class of 1980.

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by Sam Markind

Dr. Hyman Manduke, Director of Biostatistics at Thomas Jefferson University, was arrested by the FBI earlier this week and charged with grade fraud.

The Director of the Philadelphia regional office of the FBI, Efrem Zimbalist, informed the ARIEL that Manduke was wanted in three states, including Pennsylvania.

Zimbalist indicated that Manduke has yielded authorities in Alabama and California for several years, successfully avoiding detection by avoiding coming to TJU. "Only a criminal genius would think of hiding out in a basement office," Zimbalist commented.

"When asked how Manduke had escaped detection by coming to Thomas Jefferson University, the Chief of the California State Police Department, Joe Friday, replied quizzically, "What's Thomas Jefferson University?"

Manduke is currently being detained at the Atlantic City jail. He will be extradited to Philadelphia on Friday and bail will be set at that time. Manduke, by night a polished blackjack card counter, was spotted at a $52 table at Golden Nugget Casino following an anonymous tip received by the FBI from a man who identified himself only as "Darth."

While the FBI is remaining very quiet about this surprising arrest, an ARIEL team of investigative reporters has been able to piece together some of the puzzle. Dr. Hyman Manduke began his career as a Biostatistician at the University of Alabama. He had served in this capacity for a few years when, following a particularly good football season, Alabama's coach Paul "Bear" Bryant approached him. Bryant was concerned that he would lose most of his best ballplayers due to failing grades and asked Manduke to help his players pass their courses.

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PIER 30

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