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## Axone, Grad Number, June 1927

Philadelphia College of Osteopathy

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# AXOME



**GRAD NUMBER**

JUNE, 1927





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*City Office*

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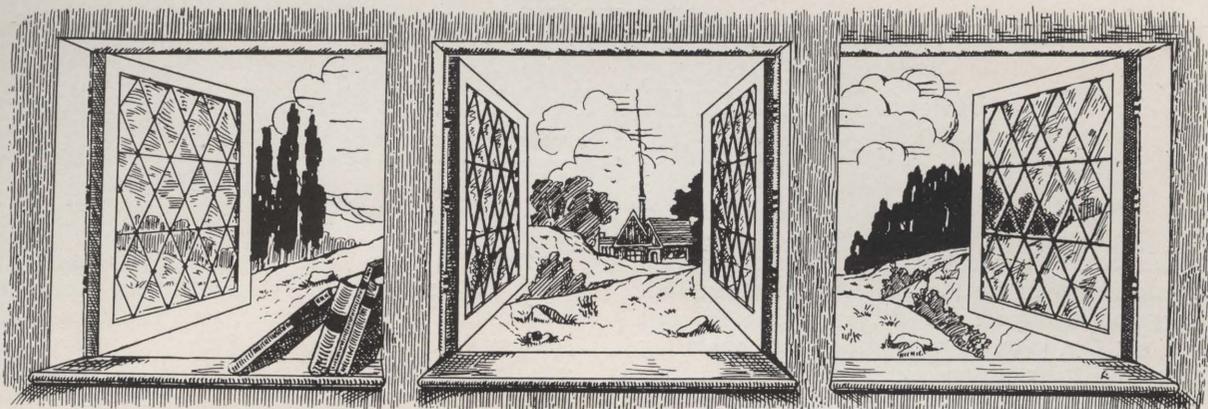


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Volume 7

## THE AXONE

Number 2

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## EDITORIALS

It is with great pomp and ceremony that the commencement season has been reached. The AXONE feels deeply the loss of one of the greatest classes, in both numbers and as scholars. The AXONE bids all the Grads bye-bye, with the most sincere wishes of success in the future work of Osteopathy. We most assuredly hope every student of our Alma Mater has made a successful season of this term.

\* \* \*

We were proud to see the reaction to faculty rulings on the lowly sport of "cribbing" examinations. We noticed the student settle down to his own paper, and, as the marks will show, he has made a better man and student of himself, for it. Let us not have another showing of colors as was necessary this year. It is unclean for all of us. It is only fitting and proper that we become interested. Is it a go?

\* \* \*

Begging is often considered the most low of lives led by any individual. None of us like to see a beggar, who could be above it and an asset to us. Therefore, why must the AXONE beg, and beg, and beg, for news articles from the fraternities, sororities and other organizations? Have you no interest in your publication? Get back of us and give a grand boost, for we most certainly need it.

\* \* \*

Again we hear nothing regarding a new College and Hospital as an official announcement.

But, we might let you in on some "inside dope," as the site is in clear view of us all and the deal may be closed before this article has reached you. If plans are working, as desired, we shall be in the new institution by the time another year has passed. You are fortunate, school-mates, to have such a generous Alumni, Faculty and Board of Directors, to launch such a project. The Graduating Class is to be congratulated on their unanimous, whole-hearted support. Let all of us do our bit.

\* \* \*

As Editor of AXONE, it grieves me deeply, to notice the rather underslung process the AXONE has gone through in the past administration. I wish I were here to see it attain higher ideals set by the new staff. I wish to extend the most heartfelt thanks to my entire staff of 1926-27. To the staff of 1927-28 I extend the most cordial felicitations and wish them the success and glory I could not hope to gather.

\* \* \*

The man who thinks he has arrived is already slipping.

\* \* \*

There are a great many toll gates along the road to success.

\* \* \*

A good motto for any man to paste in his hat is that every effort brings its proper reward, in some shape, some day.

## AN OSTEOPATHIC FOOTBALL GAME SURGEONS VS. PATIENTS

BY ED. BARNES

This article is written as a burlesque on an appendectomy in the P. C. O. amphitheater, with the greatest respect for the surgical staff and also for the patients who grace our operating table with their unconscious presence.—E. B.

It was an ideal day for the final and crucial game of the season, the game upon which everything hinged for the contestants and their admirers. The sun stole softly thru the mammoth windows of the amphitheater where the battle was to be waged. There seemed to be an odor of expectancy about the place which was enhanced by the early arrival of several spectators who quickly took the front seats and immediately doubled up to accommodate themselves to the space allowed. The nurses in their snow-white dresses and big feet were hurrying here and there, putting the final touches on the field.

What is this we hear—a low ominous rumbling, growing gradually louder and louder! The door to the amphitheater is thrown noisily open and thru it rushed the exophthalmic cash customers. Down the steps stumble the horde. Forty minds without a single thought and using might and muscle to execute it along with others in the road. "Get into the front seats" seemed to be the dominating influence of the moment. The air was filled with shouted greetings and the aroma of coffee and doughnuts.

The days of chivalry were buried with Cleopatra. It seemed evident here that might was right and the survival of the fittest was to be the ultimate end of this surge down the amphitheater steps. But here is where brains scored a touchdown over strength, the weaker ones merely picked up their feet and allowed the stronger ones to carry them along. This additional weight slowly wore these sons of strength down and allowed the weaker to hook the front seats. Proving the last shall be first and the first shall be last—to leave. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth as the perfect 66's settled their solid glutææ on some underfed 16's femur.

The mighty mob finally seated itself on what the queen sits on some semblance of order and eagerly awaited the opening gong.

Oh! what is the thrill of attending a large football game? We who were in the front were in a good position to find out. Turning around the eye was greeted with a dazzling array of pink, blue, yellow, red, lavender, green and indigo garters; it was a heart-quicken- ing sight.

Pretty girls were there in force, and also some P. C. O. co-eds. The rows of seats extended back as far as the eye could see, which was not so very far. Some of the spectators who could not find a place for their seats, were arranged in a vertical position posterior to the back row of seats, like a fringe on a cookie. It was evident that everybody expected to see a thrilling game, which was expectorating a lot.

The hands of the clock which at one time were stopped, were still stopped, but several antique substitutions in the gallery showed the nearness of the prey. Finally the nurses finished their preparations and left the field. A gloom suddenly settled over everything, which was relieved when the colored porter took his bucket and disappeared to cast gloom elsewhere. No rain today. The Great Moment had arrived.

The bell honked, the door to the amphitheater swung open, as doors usually do, and thru it majestically entered the surgical team, a splendid array of accomplished men. First came Dr. Pennock, from Vienna, tall, well built, and close—to the man behind him. He accepted the cheers of the mighty crowd with a graceful extension of the atlantooccipital articulation. Then came Dr. Drew, with the sharp eyes which were to fathom their opponents' inner workings. Then came the towering Dr. Evans. It was he who gave the cuts in the daily scrimmage with the student body. The mighty atom, Dr. Sterrett, jauntically armed with his "weak-end" cystoscope. Drs. Mengle, Gerlach, Street, Watt and a few others completed the surgical team. They lined up at the pans and prepared for the battle. Helmets were adjusted, gowns were strapped in place, and a bucket of sand was sprinkled over the field to keep the patient from slipping away.

After a few moments of restless waiting, a salvo of coughs and gurgles announced the proximity of the Surgeons' opponent—the Patient. He rode in all ready for the coming ordeal and looked to be a very formidable foe. But we in the stands could not see much of his make-up, as it was most all under cover.

The preliminary preparations were finished and the contestants were ready for the test. But where the deuce is the official referee? Oh!—here he comes. Dr. Smith entered the field with a stern look and a can of rules. He called for the captains; Dr. Pennock advanced for the Sur-

geons and the Patient advanced for himself. There was some dispute over the can of rules, but finally Pennock won his point and it was forcibly administered to the Patient, who went out completely after a few mumbles and grumbles. Dr. Pennock had also won the toss and surprised everybody by walking off with the quarter. The spectators were airing their tonsils and eagerly awaiting the kick-off.

Both teams went into their final hurried consultation before the beginning was about to begin to commence beginning. The referee called for time and the Patient called for water.

The Patient started the game by coughing a ball of mucus down the sternal line, which was downed by Evans on Street. It was the Surgeons' ball. Pennock was called to make an incision at the center of the line. He passed umbilicus and pierced superficial fascia. Blood, playing the defence for the Patient, began flowing around wildly, but his team-mate Gauze soon stopped him. Blood's enemy, Hemophilia, was unanimous for letting him run. On the next play Evans received the scalpel and tried to plunge his way through the Patient's Deep-Fascia. He was stopped after a slight gain, by Rectus Abdominus.—Third down and two to go. Quarterback Street cautiously called the signals. Drew carried the scalpel but slipped on Watt's shoes and was thrown for a loss. This forced the Surgeons to kick, and they surely put up an awful howl.

It was now the Patient's turn to see what he could do. He groaned viciously and, by the use of perfect timing and rhythm, swung his right upper extremity in a graceful arc toward the goal. But Sterrett had his eye on it in a minute and stopped the play in mid-air. It was a perfect syndesmosis between hand and eye. The crowd applauded Sterrett's good head work but his eye had a dark outlook. The next play was aimed at the other side of the table, but Mengle ducked adroitly—whatever that means. It was two down with plenty to go. The Patient then tried to go off the end, but the referee jammed his finger into an unresisting eye, and the play was broken up—also the eye. No gain, but the Patient's loss. After another futile effort to gain, the Patient was forced to kick, and kick he did. The Surgeon who received the kick was downed in his tracks by the Patient's lower left extremity—which also had done the kicking. It was clever footwork and the spectators received a big kick from it as well as the Surgeons—only not in the same place.

And so the game progressed; neither team could make much headway. The stands were yelling for Blood. The Surgeons succeeded in

reaching Intestines and manhandling him. Appendix was taken out because of a pathological infraction of the rules. The Surgeons seemed to be getting all the breaks. They scored once off a long incision that went through Intestines in the Patient's territory and was stopped too late by Backbone.

Evidently it was up to the Patient to show his stuff in the second half—and show it he did. Line smashing and kicking were of no avail, so the Patient opened a potent gas attack that speedily had the Surgeons on the run—also the spectators. Bowels' quick action allowed Methane to score the touchdown. The score was tied. The Surgeons quickly eliminated Methane on the next play, but it was plain they were in a desperate way. Something had to be done and done quickly. They uncovered several end runs by Sterrett. First to the right end, then to the left end, then to the "other" end where he spotted a hole in the Patient's defense, where he was stopped short by Internal Sphincter. The cash customers howled. On the next play he gained 20 c.c. through Kidneys and Bladder.

The minutes were growing shorter, as minutes have a habit of doing, and the game was still a deadlock. Both teams were fighting hard. The Patient's breath came in short pants in spite of the fact he didn't have any on. Somebody in the audience shouted, "Let's play—Heigh Ho." One of the Surgeons immediately reshouted "Deal me a hand." It was explained afterward that the Surgeon had misunderstood the shout as "Let's play High-Low."

The Surgeons were becoming alarmed as the Patient had a rally and threatened to "kick out" on them. But luck turned again, for Drew carried Digitalis to the Patient's Flank for a big gain. Pennock, by use of good footwork, scored the touchdown when he shoved Intestines forcibly back into Abdomen and sewed up peritoneum. It could be seen that the touchdown would insure victory for the Surgeons, as only a few minutes remained to play. But the Patient was not disheartened and the spectators, who did not leave after Pennock's touchdown, were treated to a thrill. One of the Patient's mainstays, Blood, began to run wild. He came through one opening after another despite all efforts by the Surgeons to the contrary, and threatened to score. But Mengle with his pet hemostadt entered the fray undauntedly, shut off the openings as soon as they appeared, and thus saved the day.

The bell blew and the game was over. The crowd disappeared much quicker than it had appeared, and again the array of colors were splashed over the horizon. On the field a pitiful

*(Continued on Page Twenty-four)*

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1927 OF THE PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

Whereas, our time of departure has arrived, we, the class of 1927 of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, do hereby will and bequeath all our riches and otherwise to our Heirs in need, and it is further understood and agreed that they may use these valuable possessions in a manner most desirable to them, and finally dispose of them for the greatest good of the future students of our Alma Mater.

First—We bequeath the senior room in all its glory with the new addition, "The Ladies' Smoking Room," to the incoming Senior Class.

Second—We most whole-heartedly make the following personal bequests:

"Pete" Eberly's power of mixing drinks to "Two-Round" Darrhon.

"Bill" Gants' power to function under a super-human load to "Father" Gould.

The "Barber Doctor's" publicity to Sidney Cook.

Marian Dick's grinding ability to Florence Cargill.

Frank Smith's and Harry Rosenblatt's Island of Harems to Clark and "Herb" Ulrich.

Madge's alcohol spray to Gladys Smiley.

Apatoff's seclusion to "Jack" Bradford.

Dave Bacharach's speech-making ability is most willingly given to "Roy" Hughes.

"Ted" Bassett's permanent smile goes to Engel.

"Frenchie" Friedlin's control on P. R. T. to "Joe" Hadjelhi.

Frank Gants' Ford to Howard Drewes.

Bierals leaves the pass-key to the Hahnemann Nurses' Home to "Bill" Perkins.

Orrin Copp's saxophone to De Tillman.

Deiter's Strawberry Blush to Ammerman.

"Bill" Beck's curls to Beryl Arbuckle.

"Joe" Calafiore's speak-easy to "Al" Hess.

Pauline Garino's front row seat to Harriett Gosper.

John Colvin's noise to "Gus" Galbraith.

Grace Clarkson's note-trade to the College Book Store.

Fitzwater's quiet, refined ways to Mildred Pine.

Helen Conway's pulchritude to "Ma" Swift.

Carl Cook's surgical supply house to Dressler.

Honsaker's story-telling ability to Daiber.

Dick Stephen's pill case to Doctor Balbirnie.

Henry Liebert's Cape May home to "Jim" Maxwell.

Smedley and Wright's radio aspirations to Colvin and Amos Clarkson.

The card tables of Whitebread, Werst, Lewis and Noakes to the card sharks of the Junior Class.

Ketner's diligence to Atkinson.

"Ivan" Herr's seat in 8 o'clock classes to Florenz Smith.

Haskell's sunshine disposition to "Big Sullie." E. W. Wiley's retiring manner to George James.

Brown's flivver to adorn the campus.

Cady's "peculiar sensitiveness" to George Darrhon.

Ken Gearhart's flapper society to "Art" Doremus.

Gehman's retiring personality to "Louis" Maier.

"Jack" Grinold's musical ability to Elmer Jenkins.

Harvey's bald spot to "Jimmie" Eaton.

"Joe" Haye's hospitality to erring classes, to the faculty.

Holcomb's golf sticks to Ray McCollough.

Flannigan's good nature to Baker.

Mabel Jackson's ready smile to Anna Vaill.

Kauffman's taxi interests to "Artie" Shannon.

George Nelis' art to Harry Hessdorfer.

Dink Peters' "petting parties" to Miller.

"Joe" Pisano's Packard to Reid Laughton.

"Jean" Scally's overcuts to Yrma Minch.

Shaub's regular attendance at classes to Von Lohr.

"Al" Wagner's "silk pajamas" to his former landlady.

"Bo" Ulrich's ability to publish the AXONE, in face of the greatest difficulties, to the incoming editor of the AXONE.

"Sparkey" Williams' regular attendance to the sea-going members of the junior class.

Wilkin's rowdyism to Harry Hessdorfer.

Treacy's Department Store to the Kappa Psi Delta Candy Shop.

Weisbecker's and Hurtubise's front row seats to Shannon and Talmage.

Park's popularity to the entire Junior Class.

Mary Hough's and Mildred Perkins' social activities to the Neurone Society.

Pud McHenry's baseball status is left as an incentive to better baseball activities in the College.

(Continued on Page Twenty-three)

## FUNDAMENTAL FACTS IN INFECTION AND IMMUNITY

By DR. E. M. GROSSMAN

There has been considerable talk within recent years on the subject of Evolution. Many arguments have been advanced pro and con—but the conclusion reached by the majority in the Scientific World, is that Man is a result of centuries of change and is still in a plastic state. The ultimate is unknown and undoubtedly will depend upon the changes in the environment and his proper adaptation to same.

When we consider the various geographic distributions of the universe and note the different types of people and animals inhabiting them, we immediately appreciate their peculiar adaptations.

Life, as has been so forcefully shown by Darwin, is a continuous struggle between man and his environment. From the environment man obtains all that is necessary for his existence, but there also dwell therein other forms of life, microscopic in nature, with which man must reckon if he is to go on unmolested. Many of these lower forms of animal and plant life perform a very useful purpose, for without them life could not be; but others, through time, have so adapted themselves to the body of man and animal, that they have become very harmful and are actually parasites, being capable of existence and propagation only in the bodies of their particular host. When these smaller forms of parasitic life get into man's body, there is a struggle for supremacy, and it is during this combat that the individual is said to be suffering from an "Infectious Disease," and the symptoms which are noted during this period are due to disturbances in the normal physiological processes in the body, in its attempt to overcome these harmful invaders. Should the body win the struggle, these parasites are destroyed and the resulting products are digested and eliminated through the various channels of the system for that particular purpose; and the functional activity returns to the so-called normal. But in the event of failure on the part of the body forces, great destruction of structure and very often death ensues after a short, protracted fight. Depending on the duration of this struggle, the disease is said to be "Acute" or "Chronic." In the former type, the action takes place very quickly and in a short period. The body either wins and health returns, or loses and thus an end is put to the existence of the individual. In the chronic form the body tends to localize the parasitic organisms and their products so that further harm to the tissue structure will be spared; and in proportion

to the length of the battle, there will be a great destruction with deformity of tissues and organs, with a return to a relative state of health; or death may eventually ensue, when the physiologic functions of the body are not adequate to overcome the organisms and the change which they have produced.

Let us now for a moment digress and see what we understand by the terms Infection and Immunity. Infection, as scientifically defined, is the ability of disease producing organisms to successfully invade the body and produce their deleterious effects, which may be local or generalized. Immunity, on the other hand, is that state of bodily resistance capable of preventing the ravages of some infectious organisms, though they be introduced into the body, for it is a demonstrated fact that many people have virulent micro-organisms in their throats, such as diphtheria and pneumonia germs, and yet do not contract these diseases. Immunity may be natural or acquired and the latter type may be active or passive. To return to the problem of infection, we note that it depends on three specific factors: 1. The organisms must be sufficiently virulent that they can when introduced or when invading the system disturb the bodily functions. In other words, they must be capable of producing disease. 2. They must be in sufficient numbers so that by their combined activity they will produce their harmful effect. 3. That they must enter the body by the proper channels so that they will be in their proper environment, and thus be able to function. To illustrate, there are many organisms normally on the skin of man which when introduced under the surface, as by a scratch or bruise, etc., will readily produce their deleterious effect while if the same organisms be introduced into the mouth and digestive system, they will have no effect on the body.

Again, we know that the organism causing lockjaw is a normal inhabitant of the intestines of the horse and is eliminated in great quantities with the fecal matter. It causes no disease while there, but should it be introduced thru an abrasion of the skin or mucous membrane of man or beast, it will then produce the particular disease tetanus or commonly known as lockjaw, one of its characteristic symptoms. Should any of the above factors be lacking, infection would not occur. But let us now look at infection from the standpoint of the inability of the body forces to prevent the onslaught of these pathogenic

organisms. We know that when infection does occur the bodily forces have not been great enough to prevent the attacking foes from successful invasion, and let us try and analyze the reasons therefore. We say there was no immunity present and infection took place. The bodily forces to overcome disease are the result of the combined functional activity of all the body cells and they are capable when adequate, to prevent the growth of and destroy the invading organisms, and thus protect the tissues.

To have normal functioning of the body cells the body structures must be normal, for there can be no normal function of an organ without its structure being normal. Again the normal functions of the body can be readily and easily abused and thus lead to a corresponding abuse and change of structure, which leads to a vicious cycle. If we now consider factors which can modify and alter the ability of the body to successfully resist infection we find that there is an interference with or abuse of the normal functions and structures or both.

For a tissue, organ, or cell to function in its normal capacity it must receive its proper amounts of nutrition both from the bloodvessels and nerves supplying it and any interference with either will certainly have its corresponding effect on its function and structure. To be more specific in the factors reducing bodily resistance I will cite a few examples:

1. Continued overeating calls for excessive work of not only the stomach and intestines, but also every cell of the body, for there is more work to be done with the digestion, absorption, assimilation, and metabolism of the excessive amount of ingested food. The body cells work more and the excess is either deposited in the form of fat, or the eliminatory channels are overactive in their efforts to get rid of the waste. Obesity is not to be looked on as a physiologic state, but is actually pathologic, for many organs and glands become infiltrated with fat and this either mechanically interferes with their function or reduces the amount of functional tissue by its replacement. The opposite of this is starvation or inanition and it is well known that a person that is undernourished is more susceptible to sickness than at other times.

2. Living in an unhygienic environment filled with dirt or dust, causes an abnormal activity of the respiratory tract in its efforts to eliminate the foreign matter which is often deposited in the lungs and thus resistance is lowered. Certain occupations, as workers in stone quarries, miners, etc., are likewise exposed, and they are more amenable to infection.

3. Improper clothing and exposure interferes

with the proper heat regulation of the body and thus renders it susceptible.

4. Infancy and old age, where the rate of cellular activity is very great in the former and slow in the latter, are predisposing factors in lowering body resistance.

5. Cold and damp climates also interfere with the bodily functions and so predispose.

6. Nervous illnesses having left their mark in bodily tissues, correspondingly alter the ability of the system to oppose and withstand infection.

7. Interference with the normal structure of the spine, as by various curvatures, or with the normal mobility of its various segments, produces corresponding interference in the functional activity of the organs or tissues which receive their nutrition from the spinal segments involved, thus predisposing. Many more may be cited but they will all lead to the same end—that there are many factors in the environment and in the functions and structure of the body, which when abused consciously or unconsciously, will predispose to various infections.

Immunity, as previously stated, is the ability of the body tissues to prevent infection. It is a state of relative health and protection against some specific organisms. It may be natural or acquired. But in fact all immunity at one time or another has been acquired; for it has been only by this method that the body was capable of producing agents that would counter effect the activity of the organisms and destroy them. This property, having been transmitted thru certain species for centuries, became inherent in the body cells; so that now that particular species is said to be naturally immune. Thus man is immune to hog cholera organisms; which in the hog are very virulent and produce a rapidly fatal disease. Fowl are naturally immune to the organisms causing anthrax in man and other animals. Immunity is only a relative state, for if the factors that lower resistance are great enough, infection will occur. This can be readily shown in the fowl that has been placed in cold water for a period of time, and with the resistance thus lowered the anthrax organism can be introduced and the disease results.

Active immunity is the result of the successful production by the tissue cells of agents, known as antibodies, that antagonize and destroy the specific organisms and their products against which they were produced. Active immunity to a specific infectious disease may be had by the individual passing thru it, or by having injected into him (inoculated) small numbers of the living, virulent organisms, or larger numbers of at-

*(Continued on Page Twenty-two)*

## JUNIORS, REMEMBER!

BY ED. BARNES

There is a first time for everything. Remember the first time you had a fight? Remember the first time you wore long pants? Remember the first time you kissed a girl? Remember the first time you stayed out after 9 o'clock? Remember the first time you prepared the anatomy lesson? Remember the first time you came to school on time? And so it goes. Each one leaves its impressions on our minds and moulds our characters nearer perfection. But remember the first time you treated a patient? and how!

The horrors of the wildest nightmare were pleasurable sensations compared with the agonizing moments of torture you went thru at that time. All manner of thoughts raced thru your head in disorderly fashion. Lesion, soft tissues, palpate, auscultate, fluctuate, elicitate, percolate, perambulate, micturate—all crowded each other for room. And in the crush the most important word of all was left out—perspire. Now, we know that is true.

The patient is usually of the female species, often of the wrong color and invariably a perfect 86. When she lies on the treating table the only symptoms that the table is present are the four legs sticking out unsteadily at the four corners. After about 15 minutes of hoisting and tugging you finally got the mass moved into position—leaving you breathless, perspiring and badly bruised. And then you started to palpate for a lesion. Why is the world so cruel? You expected to find a lump the size of an ostrich egg containing twins; that was so tender upon the slightest pressure that it would cause a squeak of pain from the patient's number 19 throat about the level of the third chin. And instead of finding something at your finger tips you felt a series of steel braces connected with each other by a solid sheet of cast iron—and the whole thing covered with several layers of so-called adipose tissue, but reminding you of petrified India rubber—if that's the hardest substance known.

Remember how you pushed and stuck your talon-like appendages into the patient's flesh in the attempt to find pathology or die? This attempt probably ended by discovering several dorsal vertebrae missing or mislaid. Then came the soft tissue work—and it was work. Oh! how you envied the Irish hod carrier! Up and down the spine like a South Sea Islander after coconuts your nimble hands sped. You pushed, squeezed, pressed and shoved the spinal muscles until they relaxed from the consistency of a glacial boulder to the texture of a 100-year-old oak tree. By this time you thought the bright chap who said, "All molecules move,"

should have practiced moving this molecule. No Osteopath ever said that—they know better. But Juniors, don't be too hard on these molecules—you may marry one some day.

Then came the grand ordeal of establishing motion among joints that haven't moved in the last 40 years. Oh! what a trial. You tried every known method in the Osteopathic almanac to move a mid-dorsal vertebra that you could neither hear, see, feel nor smell. And once the patient moved tenderly on your hand, almost disarticulating the carpal articulations you've had since birth. Then, during one of your acrobatic and soul-inspiring movements, something cracked. Just what cracked you didn't know. It may have been the table top; one or more of the legs; an earthquake across the street; or then again it may have been a vertebra. Who knows? You didn't, but you blamed it on the vertebra and coughed a professional cough.

Remember how the patient complained of a pain she called a stomach-ache that was located in the right lumbar area, approximating the right gluteal mass? And you promptly endeavored to come to her assistance by gently feeling for a tumor or teratoma. Instead you felt nothing except the result of about 10,000 full meals that accumulated around the midline. It bulged up between your fingers, flowed over your hand and hid your arm up to your elbow. Then you first realized why the food crop is always short; why the Beef Trusts are all millionaires; why Mitten charges 7½ cents for a seat; and why Osteopaths have a tendency to become small, shriveled, anemic-looking individuals. You realized that all that wobbles is not jelly. Juniors—why are the pictures painted so nicely in the technic classes and then we have something like this to practice on?

And then the patient complained of indigestion. She couldn't keep anything on her stomach. You thought of using glue immediately. Only two nights before she had an evening meal of Welsh rarebit and sauer-kraut and couldn't digest even a simple meal like that. Then your massive, lonely brain cell started to work overtime and ground out the brilliant thought that she needed a change of diet. Something Americanized—minus the can. So with all the dignity you could summon on a moment's notice you announced she would have to go on a soft, easily-digested diet and you strenuously recommended oatmeal and mackerel.

Remember how you finished the treatment by measuring the legs for a sacro-iliac lesion and it was like moving the rear wheels of a 45-ton Mack truck—if they come that big—to get the

*(Continued on Page Twenty-four)*



## Fraternities and Sororities



### PHI SIGMA GAMMA

Zeta Chapter held its annual banquet at the Rittenhouse Hotel on Saturday night, May 14th, with Dr. Ralph Fischer as toastmaster. We spent a royal evening.

At the A. A. banquet, held at the Hotel Warwick, on Tuesday, May 10th, Pud McHenry was awarded the D'Eliscu trophy for his four years as a popular student and an all-around athlete at P. C. O. Henry Herbst was awarded a silver loving cup by Dr. D'Eliscu for his devotion to the development of tennis in the college and for winning the college tennis tournament.

Three of our members, Morgan Van Lohr, Reid Laughton and Harry Hessdorfer, have been elected to the Neo Honorary Society.

At the Neo Track Meet, Reid and Norm. Laughton took first and second places in all the men's events except first place in the baseball throw, which Tucker won, and second place in the 50 yard dash, which Fritz Harter won. Phi Sig entered two relay teams and the second team won.

Looking back on the year's activities it surely has been a lively year for all. Now that exams are nearing we will all soon be going our separate ways. Phi Sig wishes everyone a pleasant summer vacation.

### THETA PSI

It makes us feel proud to see the wonderful graduating class and to be able to extend them our congratulations. We also wish to congratulate Bro. Francis Gruber upon attaining the position of Chief Resident Physician of our Hospital.

This year we are graduating the largest number of Theta Psi Brothers since the instituting of our Chapter in 1923. The number totals nine, who are as follows:

Lincoln A. Lewis	French J. Friedlin
Robert R. Ross	Hilton G. Spencer
Harry J. Herr	John J. Grinold
John McA. Ulrich	Carl M. Cook.
Frank D. Peters	

At our Annual Senior Banquet the above men were toasted to the greatest of successes. The banquet being held on Friday, May 27, 1927, the day of their last examination, and Oh! what a celebration.

### NEO SENIOR SOCIETY

The Neo Society formally announces for the year 1927, the following pledges:

Ed. Barnes	Morgan Von Lohr
Harry Hessdorfer	Reid Laughton
Herbert Talmadge	George James

On March 4th and 5th, 1927, Dr. D'Eliscu employed us as Officials for the National Women's Swimming Meet at the Penn Athletic Club. Thanks to "Doc," we had plenty of fun besides our work and some mighty fine ladies. Just ask the boys.

We thank the Neurone Society for its most efficient aid during the Neo Track Meet, this spring, also the Laughtons, for without them the thing would sure have been a failure. Don't get your medals mixed, boys.

As the retiring Society, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to the new members and our congratulations to our classmates.

She turned to the young man who was showing her through the locomotive works and pointing, asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," the young man replied.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender."

Collector—"I had an awful fright on Jamaica Avenue last night."

Conductor—"I know it. I saw you first."

Guest—"Are you sure your wife knows I'm coming home with you for dinner?"

"Doc" Rigsbee—"She ought to. I argued with her for a whole hour about it."

## COLLEGE, CLASS AND ALUMNI NOTES

### SENIOR

After cramming for several final exams it is a bit difficult to collect our thoughts on matters pertaining to class affairs of importance which have occurred since the last (and first) publication of the AXONE. Considering that this is the last opportunity we have to contribute, however, we will attempt to justify the occasion.

First of all we wish to commend the Editor-in-Chief on his persistent efforts which finally overcame the apparent lack of interest in the student body and contributors, but resulted in the Spring Number, recently issued. It certainly seemed like old times to fall in line at the office and receive an AXONE. May the next issue be still better!

We have been thankful for the review courses in such subjects as Anatomy, Chemistry and Pathology and feel that such concentrated study will be very beneficial in preparation for State Board Exams.

During Dr. G. V. Webster's visit to Philadelphia we all learned many new ideas on diagnosis and treatment of spinal lesions. We are very grateful for his instructive lectures and demonstrations.

We also wish to express our appreciation to Doctors R. F. English, C. J. Gaddis, C. P. Snyder, J. H. Bailey and C. E. Miller. Sacrificing their own practices for the time, they visited us and gave us very valuable practical information. We are thankful for these opportunities to listen to men of such caliber.

The Junior Prom was voted a decided success and we wish to congratulate the committee of the Junior Class on their management of the last big affair of the year.

Shortly after the marks were returned from the mid-year exams, the schedule was posted for final exams. It was quite a shock to find Obstetrics and Anatomy on the same day; perhaps someone thought they would be considerate of us and get the hardest ones over first. Only four exams have been taken, but judging by remarks, the casualties are already numerous.

For next year Beck, Gehman, Harvey, Kohn and Wilkin have been appointed as hospital residents, with Dr. Gruber remaining for his second year. Here's wishing them luck. May they always call roll in a loud voice.

We envy Francis Smith's ability to assist Dr. Green at a moment's notice in teaching Anatomy. If the rest of us could do that, State Boards would be less terrifying.

Overheard in the amphitheater during a Senior

Obstetrics quiz: "What is the etiology of a fetus?"

D'Alonzo will probably lay aside his scissors and hair tonics, of newspaper fame, now that he has a D.O. to add to his "M.D."

Helen has been missing quite a few classes this semester—riding in a Stutz during this beautiful spring weather is much more pleasant. We're waiting patiently for the announcement, even though an elopement was once rumored.

The Juniors will no doubt miss the able services of Assistant Dean Parks about the clinic.

Rogers and Noaks interned during the second semester and thereby avoided being overcut for final exams.

Ink certainly was spilled during the final examination in Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat.

Wishes for the best of luck, Pauline.

To return to more serious thoughts, we take this opportunity to bid farewell to the other classes and faculty. It is not without regret that we leave these surroundings which for four years have signified the preparation for our chosen profession. Classes in the future may be graduated from a new and more beautiful college, for which we have been patiently waiting, but our memories will always center about the old halls of P. C. O.

### JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Prom. is now a thing of the past, except for the Prom. Com. We did not get the support of the under classes as much as we anticipated, therefore, leaving us slightly in arrears. However, in a short time we fully expect to become Seniors without stinting our reputation by debts.

We wish to thank all the field men and the students, especially the Seniors, for their hearty co-operation in putting our dance across.

Art complained thruout the evening of the spirit (?) of debt shadowing him and it hindered his dancing somewhat. "Doc" Bailey used his Missouri persuasion and we, therefore, were allowed to dance till the specified time without the threat of darkness at 1 P. M. "Johnny" is to be congratulated on his choice of favors. Several complained of the evening being warm; those of the empty hip pocket didn't seem to mind the warmth.

During the course of the evening, Reid Laugh-ton, Ed. Barnes, Jim James, Harry Hessdorfer and Marg. Von Lohr were pledged to the Neo Honorary Society. Congratulations to them.

All in all, a good time was had by all those present, as they say in New York.

For editor of our new paper, "Ask Me Another," we appoint "Wally" Fish.

The "Synopsis" is on press now and in a few days the book will be ready for distribution.

Herb. Talmage and his staff are to be congratulated for the work and energy spent on our book.

Every student in the school should have a "Synopsis," for it contains material of vital interest to all of us, and it is a book that will never cease to bring back memories of our life here, in later years to come. Seniors, especially, should get the "Synopsis," it will help to pass many a day when the time hangs heavy and you are using the table as a chaise lounge waiting for a sacro-iliac. Include the "Synopsis" in your waiting room library and let your patients see your institution and your faculty thru the medium of the "Synopsis."

Anyone wishing to hear a good professional line should go down to clinic and listen to "Jud" tell his patients—it's pungent.

As this is the last issue of the AXONE this year, we give the Seniors our sincerest wishes for success and luck for the many years to come. May you reap bountifully the returns due you as Osteopathic Physicians.

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## SOPHOMORE

Having reached the half milestone in our quest for Osteopathic knowledge, the class of '29 is now ready to present a brief summary of its activities during the year. Our activities have brought us into all the phases of school life, whether they be scholastic, social or athletic. The Sophomore Class has supported all sorts of activities to the limit.

On May the third, the Sophomores, as usual, appeared head and shoulders over the other classes in the Annual Neo Track Meet. Much credit for winning this well-earned victory must be given to N. Laughton, V. Manley, B. Thomas and H. Leonard.

The highly touted Varsity Baseball Team is well represented by A. T. McKevitt, S. G. Corwin, G. E. Smith and Bruce Thomas. This quartette of ball-tossers form the nucleus of a well-built baseball machine, and the success of the nine falls entirely on their shoulders. W. Meninger is assistant manager of the team.

On Thursday, May the twelfth, half of the Sophomore class journeyed to the Mulford Bacteriological Laboratories in Glenolden, Pa.

Under the guiding hand of Prof. Russell C. Erb our classmates were instructed in the manufacturing and preparing of toxins, serums, and the like. The Sophomore Class extend their thanks to Prof. Erb for his efforts in securing this trip for us.

Miss Betty Blawis has been elected editor-in-chief of next year's Synopsis. R. C. McDaniels has been elected business manager. With such capable minds and hands taking care of our publication next year, we are assured of a yearbook that will be second to none. The Sophomore Class has pledged itself toward producing the best Synopsis in the history of our college.

The Sophomore Class was highly honored at the Eastern Osteopathic Convention, held recently in New York City. The pathological drawings as prepared by R. C. McDaniels, in our pathological laboratory, were placed on display during the entire parley. These drawings are soon to be used in one of the early publications of the A. O. A. Journal, in conjunction with an article by one of our esteemed professors.

The Sophomore Class feels that it has reached the acme of success this year and is prepared to sing its swan song as Sophomores. We bid you all a fond farewell and will return in September to greet you once more, as Juniors.

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## FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

It is with a retrospective air that the writer makes this, his last, insertion in the official capacity of associate editor.

When first we made the decision to study Osteopathy, we did so, no doubt, because we *believed* it to be the best system of therapy. When we return in the fall to continue, we shall be doing so because we *know* it to be the best,—so persuasive have been the lectures pertaining to osteopathic principles, so convincing the statistics that show its effectiveness.

Having determined the worth of our chosen profession, and having become acclimated to the work and to the environment, we must now proceed to make ourselves worthy of Osteopathy, which is certainly a gigantic task.

Our course of study has been a good one, with an inclusive curriculum and a satisfactory treatment of the subjects. We thank the dean and his staff for its formulation, and the professors and instructors for its successful completion.

The class extends to its Past-President, Richard J. Dowling, and to all the other past-officers, its hearty appreciation for their faithful adherence to the duties to which they were assigned,

and for their accomplishments throughout the year.

Our newly-elected officers are as follows:

President—Lyman.  
 Vice-President—Shelly.  
 Secretary—Barton.  
 Treasurer—Mellott.  
 Historian—Ridington.  
 AXONE Representative—Fellows.

May our new officers lead us on to greater achievements in the coming year and may the class of Nineteen-thirty be long remembered as a successful class—both individually and as a group.

#### “AMONG US PLEBES”

Everyone had a very enjoyable evening at the Freshman Dance, on Friday, February 25th, at the Sylvania Hotel. That is, everyone but Dr. Emanuel Jacobson, who was called to the cloak-room in the midst of the gaiety to be informed that his overcoat was leaking. It is to this that we attribute the fact that Dr. Jacobson was not imbued with his usual spirits for the rest of the evening.

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It is doubtful whether “Red” Maxwell will complete his course, since his remarkable success on the “mound” has brought him such tempting offers from the major league ball teams.

“Red” was in a near-accident in the Jersey woods last Sunday when a hunter mistook him for a buffalo and fired at him. Better shave once in a while, Maxy.

When the class heard of the incident, a motion was made and unanimously passed that the hunter be given a course in marksmanship and be allowed another shot at the pseudo-buffalo.

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Brown, we hear, has a tender spot for the ladies. It's a pity the feeling isn't mutual.

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“It's simple,” says “Nat” Wattenmaker. “Just apply the fundamental laws of physics, and figure it out in a logic—.” But why go over all that again?

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Miss Elias' knowledge of psycho-analysis leads her to make the startling statement that, as an osteopathic physician, “Torchy” Smith would make a fine stock-broker.

Miss Elias informed Tomajan that he should have *studied chemistry*. We could have told him that in ignorance of psycho-analysis.

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Bob Anderson agreed with Nat Fibish during a class meeting. Will wonders ever cease?

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Our class is perfecting a new ball game which will be a combination of baseball and golf. In its recent “tryouts” on the campus, the game was a marvelous success, not one window having been broken.

Parker showed very poor form in one of the golf-baseball games. He made some thirty over-throw-errors to Tomajan, who caught some of them nevertheless. Good boy, Tommy!

That new game is quite a catchy one. Catching the golf ball is like catching a Tartar, in that one feels as though he is catching something hard to catch. Should one be caught napping and not catch the sphere, it might fly through a window and catch the dean's eye (either literally or figuratively), whereupon all the players would catch—the devil.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES

Dr. Fred Long, '24, has devised a new method of recording osteopathic lesions on a chart. This method was admirably presented to the freshman class on May 19th, and met with their approval. The succeeding classes will hear of it in the near future. Dr. Long has attempted to standardize the classification of osteopathic spinal lesions by means of a chart. His method is simple and easily understood. By glancing at his office record card of a case it can easily be seen which one of the eleven various malpositions exists between the articulation of the occiput and atlas. We wish Dr. Long continued success in this new venture, and hope he may get the ears and eyes of the entire profession.

Dr. E. Wolfenden, '23, is reported as having had a bad case of infected tonsils. We sympathize with her in her endeavor to carry on a successful practice in Millbourne at the same time.

Dr. Charlotte D. Gants, '26, announces the opening of her office at 204 West Cheltenham Avenue, Germantown. Dr. Gants is remembered as the captain of the girls' swimming team of 1926.

Dr. Wilbur P. Lutz, '25, is going to address the Pennsylvania State Osteopathic Convention,

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## COLLEGE JOTTINGS

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Dr. M. Francois D'Eliscu will attend the A. O. A. Convention at Denver in July. He will broadcast details of the Convention through four radio stations. He will also address Convention members on research work in athletics, and will show moving pictures of the last Olympic games.

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### LIBRARY NOTES

Seventy-three students are now regular book borrowers, and probably as many more use the College Library for reference purposes.

The most recent contributions of books are from Dr. George V. Webster, Vice-President of the A. O. A.; Dr. Roscoe Smedley, '27, and Mr. Minich, of our Biological Department.

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### CLASS OF 1931

Prospects are bright for an unusually interesting freshman class in September. Mr. George L. Miller, of Monmouthshire, England, will sail for the United States the latter part of August, to be with us for the opening of classes. Mr. William Lumley, of Arlington, N. J., was born in England, and Mr. Renjilian, of New York, who has an A.B. from Park College, Parkville, Mo., was born in Syria. Mr. Max Greef, of East Orange, N. J., was also born abroad, and holds a degree in engineering.

Mr. William Matthew, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the son of Dr. S. C. Matthews, a prominent osteopath in New York City, and we also expect to have with us the son of Dr. Roy H. Beeman, of the same address.

Mr. Harry A. Weisbecker, of Philadelphia, has a B.S. from the University of Pennsylvania, and is the brother of Dr. William C. Weisbecker, who will graduate from here in June.

We already have matriculants from Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and indications are that we shall have several from Delaware, Florida, and Illinois.

### SOCIAL NOTES

On April 6th Dr. English, of Newark, gave us a scholarly talk on the value of "taking a complete and careful history" in order to make a correct diagnosis, and thereby treating the case more intelligently. A subject of immense value to all.

Dr. Lawrence Elwell, of Rochester, N. Y., visited our school the 13th of April and gave the senior class a short talk on the management and arranging of an office.

On the 21st of April we were once more honored by the presence of Dr. Gaddis, from the Central Office of the A. O. A. Dr. Gaddis demonstrated his skillful bedside technic.

April 29th the Junior Prom. was held in the Elks Home. The affair was well attended by all the classes and members of the faculty. This was the last social gathering of the year.

Dr. John H. Bailey, who commands a nationwide reputation and a former pharmacist, visited P. C. O. on the morning of May 11th. His talk was very inspiring and gave each one of us more confidence and faith in the osteopathic concept.

On the afternoon of May 11th, Dr. Miller, of Bethlehem, whose name is associated with the lymphatic or thoracic pump, gave us his technic and value of thoracic drainage. No one is better fitted to talk on that subject, for Dr. Miller first announced this special technic and has done research work to prove its value.

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### HOSPITAL NOTES

By competitive examination, the following seniors were chosen as resident internes for next year:

William M. Beck, Sunbury, Pa.  
 H. Mahlon Gehman, Bethlehem, Pa.  
 Sterling L. Harvey, Easton, Pa.  
 Herman Kohn, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Osmer J. Wilkin, Jeffersonville, N. J.

Dr. Francis E. Gruber, '26, of Philadelphia, has been elected to serve a second year as resident physician.

## FROM HADES TO UTOPIA

BY N. A. SNYDER, '30

Last night there came to me, through the blanket of sleep, a wondrous dream.

Before me spread a dismal panorama—a world wrapt in a heavy veil of mist, overhung by clouds of darkness, and pervaded by an atmosphere of great gloom. Throughout raged grim, devastating Disease, leaving great furrows of victims as it swept through the morbid scene.

Amongst them there moved some who seemed intent on alleviating the great suffering that existed. They questioned each sufferer, looked at him, felt his pulse and took his temperature. Then those who were endeavoring to do good wrote upon slips of paper some Latin words and gave the slips to others who read, and mixed strange concoctions which they gave to those who were ill. It was sad to see how few were cured, how many were sacrificed. But the doctors could only sigh and try to make their mixtures more effective—by making them more intricate—while the clouds became darker, the mist more dense.

Suddenly there appeared a circlet of light—a halo, turning quickly to an illuminating shaft. Many turned to look, as in its glare there stood a bearded man. He was doing marvelous things; for the sick came to him and he gave them no unnatural concoctions, yet many went away well. He told them of a league with the master-healer—Nature. The unbelievers called him a worthless demagogue, but he proved the merit of his system by his wondrous cures. And all could see the ever-increasing light (or rather, all who looked; for there were those who for some reason would not look, and, therefore, could not see).

Then from everywhere there gathered followers, and some who came to scorn remained as whole-hearted disciples. All these labored to make a science of the art, and spread it; thus healing multitudes of ailing mankind, thus beating down the mist and turning clouds to sunshine.

Then in the midst appeared some buildings—schools, it seemed; increasing in size and number concomitantly with the science, while the science grew quickly as the schools. The old doctor then looked in satisfaction on the works that he had wrought, and went away complacently. But though he went, he seemed to be everywhere. And the clouds were disappearing, and the mist was thinning, and the sun was shining through.

There came a scene which seemed familiar—many faces that I knew. And it passed with

lightning quickness, but the sun now shone more brightly, and its rays were more diffused.

Then the strides became more rapid, the evolution more complete. Pain, contagion, atrophy were controlled by application of a knowledge of the body and its workings, and the mixtures of the "ancients" were discarded.

So became disease a rarity and the physician its scientific barrier. Now the faces of the people radiated health—and the joy engendered by health reigned supreme. The mist was gone and the sun shone brightly—so brightly that I awoke.

I awoke and from my heart rose a prayer to my lips, which I uttered fervently:

"O, most righteous God above,  
As Thy children Thou dost love,  
Let them look, that they may see  
The works of Osteopathy!"

## ALUMNI NOTES

*(Continued From Page Sixteen)*

the latter part of May, on "Clinical Observations in Diseases of the Heart and Lungs." Dr. Paul T. Lloyd will speak on "X-ray Findings in Diseases of the Chest."

Dr. D. S. B. Pennock is sailing for Europe on June 18th, and expects to continue the study of surgery in Vienna.

Dr. Ira W. Drew will also be abroad this summer, and has been asked to conduct lectures and demonstrations in regard to Pediatrics throughout England.

Dr. John H. Bailey, one of our early graduates, addressed the seniors on May 11th in College Hall, giving them an inspirational talk regarding actual practice.

Dr. C. Paul Snyder, '10, addressed the upper classes on Finger Surgery, May 5th.

Dr. E. G. Drew, '11, is still actively conducting meets of the E. G. Drew Obstetrical Society in the College, and on May 11th gave an illustrated lecture on obstetrical work in the Vienna clinics.

Dr. E. M. Grossman, '26, has returned to 1029 46th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and intends to open up an office in New York City.

Dr. Roy V. Gerken, '26, is now located at 329 Park Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

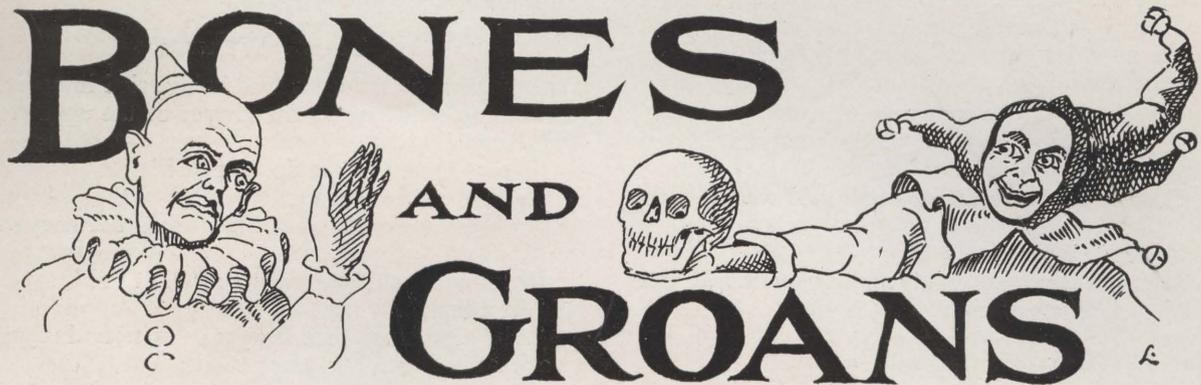
Dr. Alexander Bothwell, '26, is making public addresses in Bristol, Conn., in regard to student recruiting.

Dr. Doris Perkins, '23, has been visiting classes of late.

Dr. Patrick O'Hara, '26, was married in January to Miss Loretta Goebel, of Syracuse, N. Y. Both are now in Wilmington, N. C.

Dr. Peter P. Integlia, '25, was recently married to Miss Elvira M. DeLuca.

# BONES AND GROANS



## MOSTLY NONSENSE

Jim—"I don't know what to do with my weekend."

Tom—"Put your hat on it."

Thrilled Spinster—"He just rushed right up and crushed me to his bosom, and kissed me. It's lucky you came, Mr. Policeman."

"Yeah, on'y I ain't a policeman, I'm 'is keeper."

"I was surely embarrassed the other night when I made a break in front of my girl."

"Oh, chagrined?"

"No; she laughed."

Two gentlemen of Hebraic extraction were walking down the street one day when one of them started feeling frantically in his many pockets. His friend inquired, "Mawruss, vat iss the matter?"

"Silverstein, I tink I lost a twenty dollar bill."

"Vell, have you looked in all de pockets?"

"All but dis von," Mawruss replied, as he pointed to the breast pocket of his coat.

"Vell, vell," said Silverstein, testily, "Vy don't you look in dat von?"

"Because if it ain't dere I drop dead."—Yellow Strand.

As the mother was trying to talk to the butcher over the telephone, the baby she held kept grabbing at the receiver. This is what the butcher heard: "Send me two pounds of fresh—baby—beef and two dozen eggs. You stop that or I'll spank you! The last you sent were stale. You naughty boy!"

Abe—"I want 10 cents from alcohol."

Clerk—"What do you want it for?"

Abe—"For 5 cents."

A tourist reports seeing the following police regulations posted up in Ireland:

"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me a fairy story before I go to bed, will you?"

"Wait till your father comes home, dear, and he'll tell us both one."

Pedro—"Have you ever seen bull fights?"

Abie—"Nah, putt I haff seen chicken pox."

Friendly German to Waiter—"Wie gehts?"

Waiter—"One order of wheat cakes."

German—"Nein, nein."

Waiter—"Nine? Boy, you sure are hungry."

Negro caller at hospital—"I came to see how mah fren Sam Brown was gettin' along."

Nurse—"Why, he's getting along fine. He's convalescing now."

Negro—"Well, I'll jus' sit down and wait till he's through."

Teacher—"Can you spell 'avoid,' Jakey?"

Jakey—"Sure, teacher, vot is der void?"

Mrs. Hill—"I always encourage my husband to loll in an easy chair, and park his feet on top of the radiator."

Mrs. Nash—"Why so thoughtful?"

Mrs. Hill—"When he goes to bed, there is usually about \$4 in small change in the chair."

"My wife gets historical when I come home drunk."

"You mean hysterical."

"No, I mean historical; she digs up the past."

Uncle—"Well, you little rascal, how many times were you whacked at school today?"

Tommy—"Dunno, uncle. I don't take any notice of what goes on behind my back."—C. C. A. News.

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse," said the teacher.

"Who from?"

"Your father."

"He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."

#### AUNT VIRGINIA SAYS:

Yes, I'm old enough to remember when:

Girls used to ask anxiously if mama thought three petticoats were enough to wear out on the street.

Stenographers wore sateen sleevelets and aprons at their work.

A woman hated to carry a corset box on the street because she felt that every one would know what was in it.

Bathing beach costumes consisted of full bloomers, over dress with full skirt and long black stockings, and then a woman felt pretty reckless of her modesty.

A salesman bringing his bride South on their honeymoon, visited a hotel, where he boasted of the fine honey.

"Sambo," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Sambo, eyeing the lady cautiously. "She don't wuk here no mo!"—Sour Owl.

A Wall Street man, commenting on the failure of many intelligent people to vote, demolished the old argument that "my vote wouldn't count" by telling the story of a Scotch village which planned a celebration. In order to aid the festivities, a large cask was provided, into which each villager was to empty a bottle of wine—refreshments for all then being drawn from the keg. One thrifty householder, thinking that his contribution would not be missed among so many, filled his bottle with water instead of wine and emptied it covertly into the cask. Later, when the cask was tapped, it was found to contain nothing but water. All of the villagers had had the same thought.

Sammy—"Boy, you is so thin you could close one eye and pass for a needle."

Rastus—"Don't talk, big boy, 'cause yo' is so

thin if you ma'd feed yo' on grape juice you'd look like a tho-mometer."

#### A TOUGH WITNESS

A young foreign-born was being tried in court, and the questioning by the lawyer of the opposite side began:

"Now, Lasky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Lasky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"I work."

"I know," said the lawyer; "what at?"

"At a bench."

"Ah," groaned the lawyer; "where do you work at a bench?"

"At a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Now, Lasky, what do you make in that factory?"

"Four dollars a day."

"No, no; what does the factory make?"

"A lot of money, I tink."

"Now, listen, what kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Ah," said Lasky, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of goods?"

"De best."

"The best of what?"

"De best there is."

"Of what?"

"Of dos goods."

"Your honor," sighed the lawyer, "I give up."

He—"Let's spoon."

She—"Uh, huh."

He—"You don't seem very keen for it. See that couple over there in the sedan? They know how to enjoy themselves."

She—"Big Boy, if that's spooning, let's shovel."

It was dusk and she stopped at the roadside filling station:

"I want a quart of red oil," she said to the service man. The man gasped and hesitated. "Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A q-q- of r-r-red oil?" he stuttered.

"Certainly," she said, "my tail-light has gone out!"—Exchange.

Magistrate—"Have you appeared as a witness in a suit before?"

Witness—"Yes, of course."

"What suit was it?"

"My blue serge."

## AMONG US PLEBES

*(Continued from Page Sixteen)*

We have noticed that Culbert rarely demonstrates his musical ability (?) in the classroom. The class appreciates his thoughtfulness.

\* \* \* \*

Sh-sh-sh! Janie Price tells us that it's a secret, and the newsie will try to keep it so—just to be individual.

\* \* \* \*

"Question, please, doctor," comes an all too familiar voice for the fortieth time that day. Need we name the speaker?

\* \* \* \*

Bob Bean comes from Boston, like many other beans do. That, by the way, is something Boston should be proud of—I mean, the fact that it has for a namesake so popular a vegetable.

Bob, however, is not a bad fellow, and he has almost gotten over the "vahz"-for-vase, "bawth"-for-bath-stage.

\* \* \* \*

Napoleon aspired to conquer the world, but "Bruno" Lyman's ambition is to instill pep and spirit in our college. He fills the long felt need of Cheer-leader and Song-leader, and if properly supported we can look forward to peppy A. A. meetings with lots of support for our teams.

## UNAPPRECIATED ADVICE

A wealthy motorist, while traveling through a Mississippi town, approached a gasoline station only to find the tender a lazy country boy.

"Here, boy," said the motorist, "I want some gasoline. And get a move on you! You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed and that got me where I am."

"Well, governor," replied the boy, "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we ain't got a drop o' gas in the place."—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

Barber—"Sonny, how do you want your hair cut?"

Sonny—"With a hole in the top, like daddy's."—Everybody's.

Hubby (as wife boards train for the country)—"Will you take some fiction to read?"

Wife—"No, I'll depend on your letters from home."

Fond Mother (who has just learned why Johnny had to stay after school)—"My son, you

*must not shoot craps, for life is just as precious to the poor little craps as it is to us."*

A citizen of Forest Park was notified by the Village Board of Health that his permit to keep a pig had expired. Back came this snappy reply:

"Dear Bord of Healt: Thank you for tole me my permit to keep my pig have expire. I vant to tole you my pig have beat you to it. He expire 'bout t'ree week ago."

"What make is that 'cut down' junk of a car of yours?"

"Oh, just an old Hen."

"Chevrolet?"

"No."

Mr. Nelson (reading evening paper)—"Seven men killed today by ethyl gas. Isn't it terrible what we are coming to?"

Mrs. Nelson—"Yes, she must be a very bad woman. How did she kill them—with poison or a revolver?"

"Who was that peach I saw you with the other night, John?"

"That wasn't any peach; she was a grapefruit."

"Why grapefruit?"

"Why, I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."

Anderson, returning home from a journey, read his own obituary notice in the papers. He telephoned at once to his friend, Peters.

"Have you seen the notice of my death in the papers?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Peters. "Where are you speaking from now?"

Pat—"I was thinkin', Moike, it would be a foine thing if a man could know the toime and place he was goin' to die."

Mike—"And phwat good would that do yez?"

Pat—"Begorra, I wouldn't show up."

The minister's flapper daughter returned at three o'clock A. M. from a dance. Her father greeted her sternly.

"Good morning, child of the devil," he said.

Respectfully and demurely she replied: "Good morning, father."

The village grocery crowd was discussing the sudden death of a neighbor who had left a large and helpless family. "And the worst of it is," said old Uncle Ezra, "not a one of his boys has the head to fill the old man's shoes."

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"Say, Breexie, did you hear that my brother's dog was playing round the railroad track and had its tail cut off?"

"That's too bad. He was such a pretty dog. That'll spoil his carriage."

"Carriage, hell! It's ruined his waggin'."

"Niggah, I'se goin' to back you up 'gainst 'at wall; I'se goin' to mash yo' nose all ova yo face; I'se goin' to push dose teeth down your throat and black yo eyes, et cetera."

"Black man, you don't mean et cetera, you mean vice versa."—Juggler.

**FUNDAMENTAL FACTS IN INFECTION  
AND IMMUNITY***(Continued from Page Eleven)*

tenuated ones, against which it is definitely known that the body is capable of producing antibodies.

Passive immunity is that state of freedom from disease gained by the introduction into the body of these protective substances that have been produced in the body of man or animal by the process of active immunization. It is usually of short duration in its protective capacity.

Thus it is that immunity is the result of the activity of all the body cells, in producing specific substances against some specific organisms. Infections can be overcome only by the natural forces of the body producing a relative immunity against the particular organisms of the disease. But immunity, just as health, is only a relative state. To remain healthy and free from infectious disease, is an ideal to be sought for but rarely gained, because of the many predisposing factors, some of which are controllable and others are not.

The question then simmers itself to what can be done when an individual is sick with an infectious disease, and what should the form of treatment be? With very few exceptions drugs are of little or no value. They do not and cannot produce the state of immunity which is only obtainable by the specific activity of the body cells. Where they can reach the causative organisms and so render them inert, they are of unquestionable value and thus are to be recommended in malaria (quinine), and syphilis (salvarsan and mercury), and then usually in the early stages, before little destruction of tissue has occurred.

Inasmuch as an infectious disease is overcome only by the production of protective antibodies or agents by the body cells we must do everything that will favor that end. We should forbid the further abuse of body functions by attention to the diet, hygiene, environment. All interferences of bodily function, such as spinal lesions produced, should be eliminated. With all impediments removed the tissue cells then have free sway unhindered to enter the combat with a better opportunity than their ancestors had to overcome their enemies, because, as previously noted, all immunity is hereditary and is gradually acquired and is dependent upon the ability of the body cells to successfully produce substances which will antagonize and destroy the invading organisms, substances which have been produced by the tissue cells of their predecessors for ages unknown, without which all life, man

and animal, would probably be of very brief duration.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE  
CLASS OF 1927  
(Continued from Page Nine)

Ellis Metford's fantastic steps to Harvey Haupt.

Crawford's dislike for the female sex to "Johnny" Devine.

Broberg's spats to "Ed" Fiestal.

Spencer's childish pranks to "Connie" Maulfair.

Kohn's argumentative powers to "Len" Smith.

Kline's practice to Symington.

"Joe" Sullivan's reservedness to "Jud" Johnson.

Lipscomb's refracting ability to the Eye Clinic.

Kennedy's general usefulness at 8 o'clock classes to John McNelis.

Melnicoff's sleeping quarters in the senior room to George Bowlby.

Mary Mentzer's fashion shop to Anna Sollenberger.

Earl Riceman's Obs. practice to Bixby.

"Peck" Roger's new Dodge to "Wally" Fish.

Bob Ross' athletic ability to Herman Spill.

Margaret Schleiff's continual preparedness to Cora Jennings.

"Ed" Spitznagel's domineering spirit to "Al" Robins.

Ted Stiegler's clinical ability to "Bob" Gray.

"Tilly" Tillotson's front teeth to Dressler.

Tucker's trusty right arm to Morgan Von Lohr.

This, we do solemnly and sincerely declare to be the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1927, whereunto we set our hand and seal this eighth day of June, 1927, and do appoint our President, the Hon. Orrin G. Copp, as executor. May he have unwavering power and stable ability to fulfill all of the above decrees.

Signed in the presence of exactly 89.6 witnesses.

(Signed) GEORGE S. ROTHMEYER.

An old darkey walked up to the window of a bank operated by negroes.

"Ah wants to get mah money."

"What money?" asked the clerk.

"Dat money what ah put in here."

"Where is your book?"

"Ah ain't got no book."

"How long has it been?"

"'Bout ten years."

"Lawd, nigger, the interest done et dat up long ago."

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## AN OSTEOPATHIC FOOTBALL GAME

*(Continued from Page Seven)*

sight was being enacted. The Patient was being bound up by one of the Surgical Reserves and was finally pulled out of the amphitheater amid many groans and kicks—not "hics."

The Surgeons quickly disappeared and soon I was alone with the Nurse who was to clean the field of action. From this point I will omit all of the details as they do not pertain to football and would be a very sorry postlude.

It is only fitting that I should remark that all the onlookers and good-lookers had a very fine time and were greatly enthused over the removal of the Appendix, who is not very popular with the constipated population at large—not in jails or colleges.

## JUNIORS, REMEMBER!

*(Continued from Page Twelve)*

ankles within speaking distance of each other. And finding the medial malleoli was like looking for strawberries in December. In other words, "no."

After all this you pronounced the patient cured and started to pat yourself on the back for your knowledge of acute conditions. And you imagined yourself a great healer; wondering how large a waiting room you would have to accommodate the numerous patients; only to be brought back to earth by a quotation from your patient something like this: "Hey, kid, scratch my back!"

After going thru that all we Juniors can do is to warn others of the pitfalls and say:

Freshman, Freshman—Heed our cry!  
For you'll be a Junior—Bye and Buy!

A Hebrew attended the funeral of a multi-millionaire, and throughout the rites cried as if his heart would break.

"What are you crying for, Abie?" asked a friend. "He wasn't a relative of yours."

"Dot's why I'm crying," sobbed Abie in a fresh outburst of grief.

There had been a bus smash and the solitary constable was rushing to and fro. Along came a man from Aberdeen.

"Has the insurance mon been here yet?"

"No."

"D'ye mind if I lie down in the road?"

Latest Scotch Story—"A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip—and the horse lost."

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