Editorial

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Another Good Year for the Journal

This has been another good year for our Journal. January 2000 will mark the 60th year of continuous publication of the Hawaii Medical Journal, first published in September 1941.

As further testimony to the continued interest in the broad base of medical subjects that we publish, requests are increasing for HMJ reprints from other medical journals, both statewide and nationally.

Many thanks to News Editor Henry Yokoyama MD, whose column has been a favorite for the last 36 years, as well as to Russell T. Stodd MD, author of “The Weathervane.” Both editors remind us of the importance of humor in keeping our balance. Many thanks also to our small but very efficient Editorial Staff, Becky Kendro, Drake Chin, and our master salesman, Michael Roth. The volume of advertising pages has quadrupled in the last three years, allowing us to increase the number of editorial manuscripts.

A special mahalo to Dr. Ann Catts and Dr. Drake Will for their help in editing our manuscripts. We owe a debt of gratitude to our Peer Review Panel of more than 200 members and nonmembers of the HMA.

End of the Year Manuscripts

As we turn the calendar from December 1999 to 2000, we still have many outstanding manuscripts awaiting publication. In this issue, Theresa Danao-Camara MD and Kiwi Camara surveyed patients with chronic inflammatory polyarthritis asking about alternative therapies. This is a small but very significant study. As we see more patients presenting with copper bracelets, “special” diets, and magnets on all parts of their bodies, we would like to review results from controlled studies using some of these unconventional therapies.

Thirty years ago, I took a medical hypnosis course. The hypnotist, a former circus side show performer, made an impressive presentation. I recall one of his best lines, “Docs, you don’t have to hypnotize your patients, just get their minds off what the hell you’re going to do to them.” Doctors Simon and James review the subject of hypnosis in this manuscript, suggesting that we should consider trained medical hypnotherapists for some of our patients undergoing surgery, smoking cessation, and weight loss.

Our Hawaii State Hospital at Kaneohe has been in the news recently and, thanks to the effort of the Health Department and Hospital staff, Kaneohe has again been certified for continued treatment of mentally disturbed patients. Patrick and Associates studied substance abuse in the 1980’s and 1990’s, and present good information for our interest.

Christmas Ballet

I stopped the car for Susan to shop
At the autoteller…and out she hopped.
I glanced away while she worked the machine
To study the mountains, covered in green.

My eyes returned to the front of the bank
Where she took her cash and murmured a “thank”
For modern technology which never sleeps
And gives back on holidays, the money it keeps.

She smiled as she turned to approach the car,
But such as the winds here at Christmas are-
They lifted her hat with its embroidered sash
And she lunged for it using the hand with the cash!

Those winds who targeted first her hat,
Seized on that handful of bills stacked so fat.
They swirled in the air as high as the roof
Reminiscent of movements in a Keystone Cops spoof!

She looked like a puppy snapping at flies,
Grasping for “twenties” espied by her eyes.
Leaping and jumping in a comic ballet
A scene I’ll remember ‘til I’m old and gray.

Pirouettes, and toe stands, arabesques, swan dives
Fouettes and entrechat, unusual for wives.
Then all of a sudden the wind stilled its force,
But the “twenties” recovered were deficient, of course!

A lone one was missing: I joined in the search,
Scouring the shrubs and the trees for a “perch”
At last we found. But I really must say…
I’d surely have paid it… for that Christmas Ballet.

Robert S. Flowers
August 25, 1990

Hanukkah

Lord of Hosts, this Feast of Lights
Grows one candle every night
For Hanukkah, reDedication
of Jerus’lem’s restoration.

With this act that seems so simple
We remember your great temple.
How the oil kept burning bright
When fuel was there for just one night.

But let your lamp inside my heart
Burn forever…as a start!

Amen.