



**Potpourri...**

Oops! Years ago, among my patients was a pleasant lady named Gert McDougall. Always cheerful and bubbly. She and her husband ran a small convenience store where I often stopped on my way home from work... Unfortunately at age 65, she developed cervical cancer and had a course of radium and X-ray treatment. I'd see her on a regular basis and I remember that each time she would bring a package of candy as a small gift...

One day while I was in the middle of a surgical procedure, a nurse came in with the message that a Mrs. Gert McDougall was bleeding and quite heavily... My instructions were for her to get to the hospital immediately where she could be brought to the minor OR exam room for a pelvic assessment.

I was pleased to hear that she had arrived and was waiting for me in the exam room and already up in stirrups... I moved to the other room, greeted her with our usual warmth and asked whether there was a lot of bleeding...

She replied: "I was standing over the sink doing the dishes when all of a sudden the blood started to drip from my nose and it hasn't stopped since!"

To which my comment was that forbidden OR word, "Oops!"

*Dr. N. K. MacClanan*

**Knock, Knock**

An elderly confused man was recently transferred from a nursing home to our ER. His complaint was abdominal pain and vomiting and was too confused to give a history.

After listening to his distended abdomen, I proceeded to percussion. As soon as I tapped his abdomen, he turned to the door and shouted, "Come In!"

I explained to him that there was no one at the door and resumed my percussion. He again shouted, "Come In!" toward the door... After more explanation, I again tapped on his abdomen.

He became quite agitated and shouted toward the doorway: "For God's Sake! Stop knocking and just come in!"

I finished my examination, diagnosed his obvious bowel obstruction, inserted an NG tube and admitted him. He recovered without surgery and was soon returned to his nursing home.

*Dr. Charles Peti*

**The A Team**

Back in the days of the old National Health Service in Scotland, when I was a final year medical student doing a locum in one of the smaller Glasgow hospitals, the charge nurse called me to see a patient "who had taken a turn for the worse" in the middle of the night.

On examining the patient, he had no palpable pulse, so I asked the sister to call the Cardiac Arrest Team... To this came the terse reply, "You are the cardiac arrest team."

I hadn't realized that on nights, there was only one duty doctor and on this occasion, that was me, a medical student or not!

*Dr. Nair Winnipeg*

An attractive young woman and her middle aged aunt arrived at the doctor's office... "We're here for an examination," the young woman said...

"All right," the doctor said, "Go behind that curtain and remove your clothes."

"No, not me," the young woman said, "it's my aunt here."

"Oh, I see," said the doctor... "In that case, madam, stick out your tongue."

Two women were having a conversation during their lunch break. "So, how's your sex life these days?" one asked...

"Oh, it's the usual Social Security kind," her friend replied...

"Social Security kind?"

"Yeah, you get a little each month but not enough to live on."

**That's the word!**

It was my second shift in the emergency room as a resident when a 17-year-old came in with an unusual rash. In the course of a complete history, I asked if she was on any medication such as birth control pills. She replied, "No I'm not on the pill since I'm trying to get pregnant."

Later in the interview, she commented that she had recently moved to Calgary from Toronto and elaborated, "We moved here because my fiancé was recently castrated."

I was puzzled, so I asked, "Do you mean to say your fiancé has no testicles?" She paused, smiled and said, "Perhaps I'm using the wrong term. He was recently in-castrated."

After further discussion, I realized that her fiancé had been recently released from prison following a period of incarceration!

*Dr. Tony Brilz*

**That Wooden Feeling:**

I was completing my first rotation during a respiratory rotation. The patient, an elderly man was sitting comfortably in a chair in his hospital room and didn't seem too ill...

I knelt down and pressed on his right shin to check for pitting edema... I didn't remove the sock, but pushed it aside and pressed the nylon stocking he was wearing, and surprisingly, my fingers met a rather unusual resistance: not hard, but not typically "pitting edema either". The patient mumbled something which sounded like, "They feel like they're wooden."

Assuming he was suffering from some altered sensation (perhaps diabetic neuropathy or peripheral vascular disease) I replied, "Yes, I'm sure your legs feel sometimes like they're made out of wood," and continued to palpate his ankle... At a loss to explain his rubbery ankle edema, I then examined the left leg which had no edema.


Then I remembered reading in the chart: "Past surgical history: Rt below knee amputation."

*Dr. Michael Santini*

**Strong Medicine**

I recently sent a patient with high risk for coronary artery disease to a local internist who saw him and suggested the use of a "STATIN" drug for his high cholesterol... Unfortunately his spell checker must not have been working because he wrote: "This patient should be prescribed a "SATANIC DRUG."

*Dr. Cal Janzen, B.C.*



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