

## HOLIDAY BLUES

*(Originally published January 1965)*

As we are writing, most of the holiday season still lies ahead, but there have already been enough pre-Christmas cocktail parties to make us realize our general constitution and digestive tract are not the same dependable and rugged assets that they were ten years ago. We still enjoy the gatherings and the socializing, although the inertia to be overcome before we can be set in motion increases with each added year. The after effects, however, are the chief indices of a declining vitality that reflects the ageing process.

Following a session among the Martinied olives and the doctored soda and branch waters, sampling the pickled shrimp and other spicy temptations of the buffet and conversation set, the ability to rebound is noticeably missing. The next day's work is always dull, the atmosphere foggy gray and depressing, and all the patients unusually irritating and stupid. The things to be done that were put off from the day before become more repugnant and are put off again. The day after stretches into an eternity. Finally, with the office hours over and hospital rounds made, we head for the haven of home only to find that we have half an hour to bathe and dress and make it to the next cocktail party. Just in time to start the cycle over again.

*(c) The Bulletin of the Muscogee County (Georgia) Medical Society, "The Doctor's Lounge", Apr 1965, Vol. XII No.1, p.8*