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AUGUST, 1937

No. 6

THE DIE N. U. S. A. S. CONFERENCE  
KONFERENSIE



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### N.U.S.A.S. CONFERENCE.

Since our last issue the N.U.S.A.S. conference has come and gone. Last time we heralded it's coming, this time we must lament it's going. It is a great pity that more students of our school could not attend the sessions and undergo the broadening influence that must come from discussing important problems with men from other centres, often with different approaches and ideas on a subject.

Much new light was thrown on a subject of which a great deal is spoken, little comprehended, and nothing known.

The standard of the papers delivered was high, the discussions excellent and the conclusions that were thrust upon one often staggering. The Bantu Problem was considered with great care, and the ramifications of, say, a medical problem into the fields of education, agriculture or economics carefully followed out so that no delegate could come away from the conference without having lost some of his pet prejudices and in return having gained not only a more complete idea of the native problem, but an appreciation of the interdependence of the different sciences in any human enterprise.

Students will probably hear a lot more of the proceedings of the conference in the new N.U.S.A.S. Journal of Social Sciences and in our own "Leech," which it will resemble, they will further have an opportunity of reading the best papers from roneoed copies that will be placed in the library.

Do not think, however, that the sessions were all there was to the conference. Of equal importance was the pleasant social life shared by the delegates. When students from nine different centres meet and attempt to work at their accumulated common energy, things are bound to buzz. The many entertainments arranged were not enough and sing songs, parties and private escapades had to assist.

Amongst the highlights at the conference was the ballet turn given by certain eminent members of the Witwatersrand Students' Representative Council, the sing songs in the St. James' and Carlton lounges, and the N.U.S.A.S. dinner, where wine and speech ran free.

The story is told of a delegate from Capetown who, having delivered a paper loudly proclaiming the evil effects of alcohol in the Bantu, was phoned by the President of an Abstainers' League and invited to address that body. Unfortunately, this occurred on the night of the boxing finals, so that our learned delegate was forced to reply that, although he was very

willing, he was rather soused at present, and could make no arrangements. Would the eminent gentleman please phone to-morrow?

Concurrently with the conference, boxing and hockey intervarsities were held. At boxing Witwatersrand tied with University of Capetown, for the Hadley Shield. T. Gillman and L. Fouche from the Medical School, and Bernater and Parker from Milner Park, must be congratulated on their winning intervarsity championships.

Capetown beat Witwatersrand at the intervarsity hockey championships. In a match between Transvaal and a combined S.A. University XI., Transvaal proved too strong. The University team was captained by V. Wright, the other two Witwatersrand representatives being Friedman and Mendelow, all of the Medical School.

In the combined University Golf Championship at Port Alfred, Wits. were beaten by U.C.T., but Van Lingen and Smetherham played for combined S.A. Universities against Eastern Province.

Witwatersrand had to be content with another second place at the rowing intervarsity at Capetown, losing to Rhodes, but beating U.C.T. and N.U.C.

From every aspect the conference proved to be a great success, much useful work was done, old friendships were renewed, and many new friends made.

To those who have not been fortunate enough as yet to attend a conference, one can only say "better luck next time." The 1938 conference is to be the biggest and best yet. There is no reason why you should not be there; if you are keen, get in early.

P. J. K.

### \* \* \* \* \*

### POLITICS.

At its last meeting the Social Studies Society had the good fortune to receive an address from Mr. Van Heerden, who is well known in the Transvaal as the Editor of die "Vaderland." Mr. Van Heerden had as his subject, "Political Trends among the Afrikaans People."

The lecturer first traced the development of the rival ideologies of Communism and Fascism in Europe. He believed that these movements would be modified by the national peculiarities of the country in which they were practised, and if introduced into South Africa would be tempered by local conditions and past traditions. In illustration of this point Mr. Van Heerden cited the story of an international competition in which a prize was offered for the best book on the Elephant. The French competitor wrote a

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book called "The Elephant—a true romance." The German competitor wrote a very large and learned tome on "An introductory study to the movements of the elephant's tail," while the Russian wrote on "The Elephant—does it exist?"

Mr. Van Heerden considered that Communism would make little leeway among the Afrikaners. The country people were antagonised by the atheist tendencies of many Communists, and they believed that the movement would lead to misregeneration. The outlook for Fascism was equally gloomy, and the Afrikaner's love of liberty would make him the first to rebel against dictatorship. Criticism of the Government was almost a national pastime among Afrikaners.

A long and very lively discussion followed the lecture, and was in turn succeeded by a happy hour over the tea-cups in Mrs. McGee's lounge.

\* \* \* \*

**THE EUTHANASIA PROBLEM.**

Such as be sick of incurable diseases they comfort with sitting by them, with talking with them, and to be short, with all manner of helps that may be. But if the disease be not only incurable, but also full of continual pain and anguish, then the priests and the magistrates exhort the man, seeing he is not able to do any duty of life, and by overliving his own death is noisome and irksome to other, and grievous to himself, that he will determine with himself no longer to cherish that pestilent and painful disease. And seeing his life is to him but a torment, that he will be not unwilling to die, but rather take a good hope to him and either despatch himself out of that painful life, as out of a prison, or a rack of torment, or else suffer himself willingly to be rid out of it by other. And in so doing they tell him he shall do wisely, seeing by his death he shall lose no commodity, but end his pain. And because in that act he shall follow the counsel of the priests, that is to say, of the interpreters of God's will and pleasure, they show him that he shall do like a godly and virtuous man.

From Utopia,  
THOMAS MORE.

\* \* \* \*

"The sick should be the doctor's books."—*Paracelsus.*

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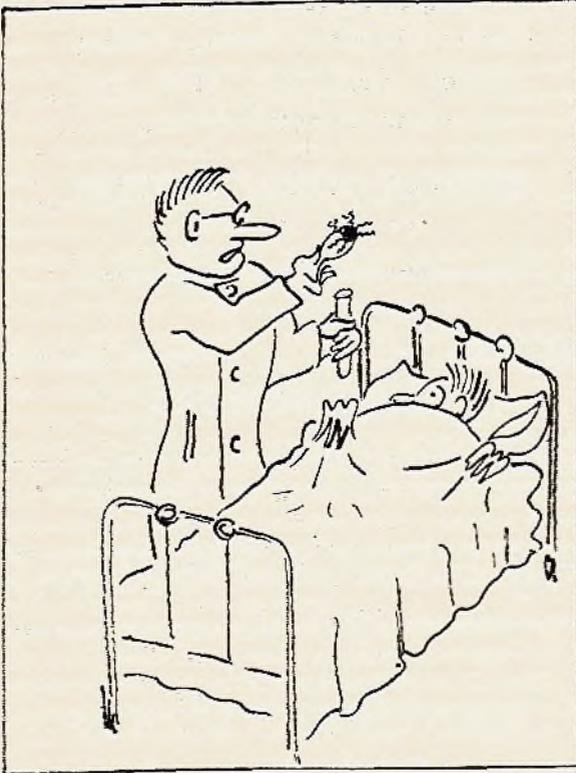
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### FACILITIES FOR ALL STUDENTS AT WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY'S NEW BOAT HOUSE.

The boat club has now left the Germiston Lake and moved into the new boat house at Rand Leases dam. The opening ceremony is expected to take place on September 18th, and will probably be performed by the Governor-General.

The committee has provided equipment and facilities for students not able to concentrate on serious rowing. Pleasure boats have been bought, and everyone will be able to use these for rowing or swimming from. Although still slightly cold, the dam is ideal for swimming.



"Catching a Crab" is what we asked our Artist to illustrate

The boat house contains a really spacious dance floor, with plenty of verandah accommodation. Over weekends, teas, etc., will be served, and all catering arrangements are in Mrs. Magee's capable hands.

Membership is also open to women and all students, are cordially invited to visit the club and see for themselves that there is an ideal "country club" at their disposal.

The dam is exactly nine miles from the city along the Main Reef Road. It is just past the Broadcasting Station, and a sign-post indicates where to turn off.

Any further information can be obtained from E. B. Youldon at Milner Park, or H. de Saxe at Medical School.

STUDENTS - - -

### Visit EUGENE'S CAFE

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### SONNET DURING AN OBSTETRIC TUTORIAL.

The droning voice goes on: the houseman sighs,  
The class stirs, murmurs, and then sleeps again.  
Outside a dog is barking, and a baby cries,  
A motor rumbles in the passing lane.

The droning voice goes on: the houseman sleeps,  
(A pretty girl, I think, and why she will  
Be midwife puzzles me). He talks, and keeps  
Us here. It's time, we want our tea, and still

We sit in silent gloom. The droning voice  
Goes on, for now he tries to show the choice  
Of forceps, or of open op. It's late,—  
It's ten past five; will no one stop the spate  
Of eloquence? The droning voice proceeds:  
The houseman vawns; we slump like broken reeds.

F. H. R.

\* \* \* \*

### THE HOUSEMAN.

The ways of Nature are truly strange,  
How rapidly her minions change.

The caterpillar sheds his ugly legs:  
A butterfly emerges from the dregs.

Lowly creatures turn to form divine,  
And rotten grapes become delightful wine.

How artful then the great magician,  
Whose signature turns student to physician.

He's no more wretched, servile, cowed,  
But pompous now—a Houseman proud.

He once followed Knowledge—true, 'twas with grief;  
His path is now easy—he trails his chief.

His shoulders once marked by their scholarly bow  
As by pregnancy's pride are bent back now.

The six-year spendthrift earns some money,—  
Truly Nature's ways are funny.

\* \* \* \*

### A TALE WITH A MORAL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A noble knight a maiden's hand had sought,  
Till, won by worth and valour, she vowed she loved  
him true.

Now was the knight with anguished soul distraught,  
For to the bosom of a mighty lord she flew,  
Who spoke of jewels and of beauteous garments  
new.

The knight did not grieve long. " 'Tis well," he said,  
"That such a faithless one did not become my bride."  
Alas! the great lord's passion soon was dead.

The maiden to the knight went back and sadly sighed.  
She loved him, craved his pardon, but aloud he  
cried:

"Come not near me, vixen vain!  
Silence, hold thy damned voice!

I could cleave thy crown in twain,  
Shame thy body, and rejoice!

Wilt thou flaunt a gaze of mild surprise,  
And seek to cheat me with deceiving sighs?"

He turned away, and never deigned to see her more,  
Whose meretricious charms had vanquished him  
before.

J. W.

The Editor,  
"The Auricle."

Sir,—Recently I have been very industrious. At different times I have read the "Lancet," the "Canadian Medical Journal," and the "Practitioner." Imagine my amazement, horror and disgust when in each of these papers I found articles deploring the poor grammar and spelling to be found in scientific papers submitted by medical men. Two of these articles, I may say, were written by the editors of the journals. I believe these editors to be lazy but otherwise well-meaning men with mistaken ideals. For instance, I like to occasionally split an infinite because it gives me pleasure to do so, but to these editors the act savours of perdition. I like to use the word "case" when writing of a "patient" because it sounds more objective, but these editors seem to have formed a trade union to growl about the use of such words. If I mention that an ulcer may "perforait," everyone will know what I mean, but these editors consider that if you spell it that way the treatment is different.

I really cannot understand why the medical profession should suffer just because editors have such perverted views. In this age of specialisation we can't expect doctors to cure disease and also to be able to spell. Syntax is tripe, and medical men would be well advised to leave it to Professors of History or men who want jobs on the railways. All I can say is that editors are prejudiced. And if they do like a certain mid-Victorian primness about their literature why shouldn't they sit down and correct all contributions to their heart's content. After all, why are they paid such large salaries? Not to grumble, surely.

Yours,  
HOPEFUL.

\* \* \* \*

The Editor of "The Auricle."

Dear Sir,—We understand that at present there is a food shortage in Spain due to the civil war. We also understand that there is a great shortage of raw material due to the re-armament race, but many of us did not know that there is a terrific struggle for food in our own Medical School lounge.

I occasionally used to go into this place for tea and more occasionally for lunch. Now, since I have returned from the vac., I have been three times to lunch and I have found that on all three occasions I had to fight (yes! fight!) for over an hour before I was served with a three-course meal. On my first visit I fought, on my second I again fought, and on my third I just sat and waited an hour and a half until, I thought that this might spoil my dinner, so I walked out disgusted, without even getting soup.

Now, should this state of affairs last much longer, the lounge may as well be closed.

I think that there should be an enquiry into the running and service of the lounge.

ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY.

\* \* \* \*

"Every medical student should remember that his end is not to be made a chemist, or a physiologist, or an anatomist, but to learn how to recognise and treat disease, to become a practical physician."—W. Osler.

INTERVIEWS WITH PROMINENT MEDICALS.

On entering the common room we found Mr. Joe Wolpe, chairman of the Social Studies Society, partially hidden behind pictures of past S.M.C.'s and S.R.C.'s, which he was examining with a far-away look in his eyes.

"To what do you attribute the fact that cultural societies have a constant struggle for existence?" was our first question.

"Medical Students don't know what culture is—they have never met her, and is it not unreasonable to expect a person to like one whom he has never met?" he replied.

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"I don't drink, but that's not all. I also don't smoke, except in moderation, and I take my women with a pinch of salt."

"What do you think of 'The Auricle'?"

"It is not serious enough. Sex should not be taken as a joke. It is bad for the second years to find such a frivolous atmosphere within these sacred walls."

"Do you think the libido should be more extensively cultivated at the Medical School?"

"Well, it has been cultivated to the fullest extent possible under the present circumstances, but provision should be made for total gratification of the libido *ad lib*" (Pun).

"What is your opinion of the recent numerous marriages of Medical Students?"

"Following on the answer to the previous question, I can only say that this is not only desirable but inevitable."

"What do you think of nurses?"

"There lies the potential solution to our greatest problem."

"Should students be psychoanalysed before being admitted to a Medical School?"

"Some should—anyway, it's a silly question."

At this point we noticed a reddish colour rising to Mr. Wolpe's cheeks and, owing to the reluctant conclusion that we had overstayed our welcome, we stayed not upon the order of our going, but went at once.

\* \* \* \*

"The best physician is also a philosopher."—Galen

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MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

Sir,

In spite of the many protest meetings held and resolutions formed last year, I am informed that Witwatersrand University students are holding themselves in readiness for training as military pilots, and for war. Youth is very much interested in the controversy concerning the scheme for training University students as military pilots, and for war.

Those who chatter about "white feathers," "not being fit to enjoy the rights of citizenship," the pseudo-patriotic nonsense that "there are very few Britishers on the list," and that "international and democratic leagues—Communist devices—are against the best interests of University life in the British Commonwealth of Nations," are offshoots of a narrow nationalism on which the seeds of war easily grow, and can never hope to gain a true perspective of what is going on around them.

Youth to-day sees more clearly than ever, and refuses, once and for all, to become cannon fodder for other people's wills and fancies.

News items often reach us showing the difficulties which face recruiting offices in securing recruits for the war machines. Youth has awakened from its slumber, and refuses to be enticed. Something has to be done about this as quickly as possible, and if University students can be recruited, with promises of being taught to fly, to be followed later by a commission, will it not be less difficult to recruit the masses when they see the "intellectuals" in arms? The authorities are determined to use the Universities as recruiting bases in the next war. Youth must foil this ulterior motive.

If Principal Raikes is so keen to see his students become aviators, why does he not tutor them in a civil flying course instead of a military one?

It is also of interest to note that in countries in which Fascism now reigns, the University students have played a major part in its inception. Students usually have no fixed political aims, and in times of acute crisis they are easily persuaded to follow the Fascist demagogues. Fascism instigates war, and the youth of the Universities, for their own and every one else's good, must learn from its historical significance that Fascism is akin to barbarism. They must defeat the forces which tend to inveigle youth into this barbaric movement.

Instead of wandering away from the point, as many of our politicians are apt to do, youth faces the issue undaunted. Analysing the causes of wars, and all the other miseries on this earth due to competition between man and man, and, in the modern sense, between Empires—it sees the road into the future forking off into two directions—one leading to barbarism and the other to a fuller life, and the co-operation of mankind. Youth does not think that the issue is in doubt.

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

\* \* \* \*

Young Stopes: "Doctor, I'm getting married. The girl and myself are not too keen on a family at present. Could you tell us what to do?"

Doctor: "What do you do at present?"

—(Sydney U.M.J.)

### SOME OLD PEOPLE.

Three old people came to Out-patients a few weeks ago. I like old people.

First there was an old man. He was very thin and very dirty. The skin of his face was sallow and hung in folds which were pierced here and there by a few stubby grey hairs. The law of gravity had come to play a part in the suspension of his chin, which wavered indecisively above a scraggy neck. If he had possessed teeth, they would probably have been yellow and carious, but I noticed that his lips flapped querulously in the direction of his mouth. He was dressed in a worn grey checked dressing-gown and a pair of equally old carpet slippers. I passed by him. He smelt of old age. He sat perfectly still, a strained look on his face. He seemed extraordinarily fragile, and when I walked past him I did it carefully. To my surprise he spoke. True, it was a toothless mumble, but it was an indication of life. Even his eyes had previously given no sign of animation. He showed a simple child-like faith in the skill of the doctor who examined him, and was afterwards led away by his companion, a lively young spark who could not have been much over sixty-six.

The two old women who came for treatment were not ladies, since in Johannesburg the term is applied, by common agreement, only to persons whose incomes are mentionable. These two women were dependent entirely on old-age pensions. The first was Irish. She was dressed in a drab black. Her costume had no particular virtue, and I am forced to the conclusion that she wore it, not because of its supposed beauty, but because she had no other dress. Part of her face had been eaten away by some disease, probably tuberculosis. It was not this that was troubling her, however. She was found to have diabetes. If she had been dying rapidly a bed might have been found for her at an overcrowded hospital, but she was only dying slowly, and was therefore left to fend for herself. A nice diet was prescribed for her, but it's very hard to keep to these diets when they have to be bought with what remains of the old-age pension after the rent has been paid.

The second old woman had some painful affection of her feet. The cause was obvious—her shoes were broken, mis-shapen, torturing contrivances. The cure was equally obvious—a well-fitting pair of shoes. This was explained to the woman. She said: "Yes, but I want treatment." The doctor pointed out that very good shoes could be obtained at a certain shop for only one pound. The old woman seemed surprised. "One pound?"—the sum seemed to her to be almost as large as the National Debt. It may be that all old people are not cynical, but it is certain that this old hag laughed mirthlessly as she hobbled out of the room.

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MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

## HOW TO BECOME A SURGEON.

If you want to be a surgeon.  
 You must practice very hard;  
 You must follow my directions,  
 And my precious precepts guard.

First you go to sundry lectures,  
 And you study divers books;  
 Then you preen before a mirror  
 To attain a surgeon's looks.

Six months in the Army  
 Will help in your career;  
 For swearing and blaspheming  
 Give the honest surgeon cheer.

If you're very, very diligent  
 And study with great care,  
 You can start off in a modest way  
 By shaving pubic hair.

Then gradually you're stitching scalps  
 On niggers black and glum;  
 And when nobody is looking,  
 You may amputate a thumb.

You proceed by snipping toes off,  
 And you pick up lots of tips;  
 And you rise by knees and ankles  
 Till you're amputating hips.

An Oxford accent's useful  
 In your town consulting room;  
 And a Colgate grin will always help  
 To clear the bedside gloom.

Don't be too tender-hearted.—  
 Even surgeons have to live,  
 Although you weep to take a fee.  
 Take all the patients give.

At operations show your charm,  
 And small talk will assist:  
 It should always be directed at  
 The hon'rary anaesthetist.

Sang-froid's a thing to cultivate  
 When you cut the vena cava:  
 You relieve the situation  
 By your nonchalant palaver.

Scissors are expensive,  
 And scalpels cost a lot;  
 So don't leave them in the patient,—  
 It's so wasteful, is it not?

When you hear the word "physician,"  
 Cast contumely and scorn.  
 On this pottering profession,  
 Wonder why such scum are born.

When you're lecturing to students  
 You must boast, so I insist,  
 How cleverly you found a lump  
 Which ten G.P.'s had missed.

Diagnosis is so easy,  
 You need only know one fact,—  
 You must *always* say "Appendix!"  
 In the interest of tact.

When the patient is ungrateful  
 And decides to die or worse,  
 You may save your reputation,  
 If you soundly rate the nurse.

Refrain:  
 Cut you can and carve you may,  
 But leave sufficient "man" to pay.

VOLVULUS.

Female Patient (soon to have an appendicectomy performed): "Doctor, afterwards, do you think the scar will be visible?"

Doctor: "That depends entirely on you."

—(Sydney U.M.J.).

\* \* \* \*

An old man who had been coughing for many years went to consult his physician.

Nothing abnormal could be found on examination.

"How old did you say you were?" he asked of his patient.

"Two and ninety years old," was the answer.

"Well, go home and thank the Lord that you are still able to cough!"

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**DRONKMANS LIED.**

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 Laat die rooi wyn vloei  
 Tot die trae bloed  
 In jou are gloei;  
 Tot die wond wat so  
 Jou harte pyn  
 In die warmer gloed  
 Van die drank verdwyn  
 En hierdie ou wereld  
 Met all sy smart  
 Wat immer knae  
 Aan jou hart  
 Begin te swenk  
 Begin te swaai  
 Begin te  
 Rondomtalie draai.  
 Tot jy en ek  
 Kan lekker lag  
 Om goeters wat  
 Die hele nag  
 Net hierheenswenk  
 En daarheen swaai  
 Net rondom-dontom  
 Talie draai.

P. J. K.

**S.M.C.****"Student's Medical Council."**

These three letters do not appear to mean anything to the verage person, who may translate them in various ways such as the Society of Municipal Councillors or, alternatively, the Society of Mental Cranks, but to a medical student of the University of Witwatersrand, these letters have a walth of meaning. No doubt members of this sect, the S.M.C., may object to the second definition, that of mental cranks, but they no doubt have heard worse compliments than this, viz., Student Money "Grabbers," and worse.

I, having come in contact with this sect or religion more than once, have attempted to analyse their code and have found that it is something like this.

Their main word is "condone." They apply this term to every statement made at their meetings and seem to smooth everything over with this word.

Their main object is to try and obtain a dictatorship, with Mr. O. O. K. Hitler. This dictatorship is to be used to suppress all self-thought. An example of this can easily be quoted as follows:—

A student named H.K. decided that his "fem." would think him more Clark Gablish with a piece of new growth (called "humour" in Muir, Chap. 6) on his upper lip. After having done such a strenuous thing, as thinking is a thing he rarely does, he finds himself at a dead end, when he finds that the S.M.C. orders him to shave every day. What can a man (?) do?

Another example of this: say a student decides that red is his colour and thereupon buys himself a red tie and sports it next day to show to a girl in second year, we find that his enterprise is damped by a special executive meeting of the S.M.C., who apparently

decide that they should mother students as regards what they should wear. (Ask S.S.)

Passing from this to another aspect, say financial, we find that unless the student pays his ten shillings to them (blackmail), he must carry his goods and charreils wherever he goes, because the S.M.C. demands ten shillings for a locker, which at Milner Park costs two shillings and sixpence. Of course, they tell you that they give you "Leeches" and "Auricles" as well, but they forget that this is worth at the utmost four shillings. ("Leech" 2s. 6d. and "Auricle" 1s. 6d., assuming we get six copies of the latter). So for 1s. 6d. they charge 10s., and in the bargain tell you what to wear and take your blood for nothing. (See article in previous "Auricle" about Vampires to see how they use the dangerous sex for this purpose).

They also naturally drink tea and eat cake at their meetings or, should I say tea parties, at our expense.

We will not go into the question of the pigsty, which they call "mens' common room," where one is prevented from playing shove-a-penny by one member and finds that another member of standing is playing this honourable game himself.

These are only a few of the functions, if you may call it this, of these parasites (see Hewlett or Bigger for definition). But to sum up, I think something should be done to change this system, whereby the Council (only nine of whose members are elected by the general body of students) adopt what they think is the right to suppress their fellow-students.

As I have said, only nine are elected by their fellow-students, but heaven alone knows the origin of the remaining twenty, who, according to the minutes, attend these meetings. I understand that a certain individual drew up what he thought was a constitution, and pushed this through at a meeting where, as at the other general meetings, students displayed their usual lethargy, and now we have to suffer.

I would like to conclude that I wish the Constitutional Committee, which was elected by the majority of students, to do something as the result of their enquiry and change the constitution, so that the Medical Council will not be able to control our very fancies.

"ESKA," III.

(We do not think that Eska's criticism is entirely just, but we print it untrimmed, as an example of the quality of the criticism so commonly levelled against the S.M.C.—Ed.)

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## THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA IS NOT YET OVER.

Public opinion throughout the world, which at present is rightly more concerned with the events in Spain, is less interested in what is happening in Abyssinia.

The weekly Fascist journal, "Italian Letteraria," contains articles full of hatred against the poor Abyssinians—that is to say, against the "new Italians." And in conclusion the paper writes:—

"The war is most certainly not over against these people. Less marvellous than that war which is dealt with in the reports of the press ministry, and little known to the general public in Europe and Italy, this war has assumed another name, but is still a war, a slower one and perhaps more difficult. The enemy is on the alert, trembling like a hunted animal, ready to lie in wait in the rear, prepared to attack."

Thus is the enthusiasm of the Abyssinians in the occupied and terrorised portion of the country; thus is the pacification so much vaunted in the proclamations of the "Empire."

But there is also a most important fact: the whole of Abyssinia is not occupied; in West Abyssinia there is a government which represents the Galla and Amharic races, which is in a position to rule over an area of some 100,000 square miles, and the centre of which is in Gore.

Moreover, it is possible to draw the conclusion from the official reports of the Fascists that the war is still going on in Abyssinia is not just a guerilla war.

In addition to this, the fact that the Fascist regime was not in a position to demobilise the fighting forces sent to Africa and that the government of Rome is obliged to conceal the holding back of 300,000 soldiers and militarised workers in Abyssinia under reports of "colonisation" go to show to a sufficient extent that the war is not yet over.

The consequence is therefore simple: the guerilla war and the war are continuing in Abyssinia. Italy's occupation of Abyssinia is still costing hundreds of human lives and disbursements which are ruining the Italian nation.

Mussolini's government obviously feels that the results of this mad undertaking—mad even though it were victorious from a military point of view—are becoming increasingly oppressive, and it feels at the same time that the occupation will continue to be an uncertain matter for a long time yet, and may even never become finally settled. And also on this account therefore, Mussolini, disturbed, is fishing for trouble in Europe and is betraying the national interests of Italy in that he is permitting Hitler to stretch his hand across Austria towards the Adriatic, is playing afresh the game with the world war by supporting the provocateur, Franco, and by suiting his game to that of Hitler.

Huge masses of the people throughout the world are solid with the Abyssinians, attacked as they are by the Fascists. This solidarity, which, owing to the fact that they counted too much on the measures of the League of Nations, was rendered useless by the lack of goodwill of certain states and did not take the form of a concrete action to help the Abyssinians and to repulse the attack. These same masses of the people cannot

stand on one side to-day during the struggle of the Abyssinian people which is preparing its resistance in the occupied and unoccupied districts and is continuing the guerilla war and the war for independence.

A people like the Abyssinian people which has shown so much heroism already is now in a position to take up the fight for its liberation once more. It is worthy of the sympathy of all peoples—also of the Italian people, which is not the smallest sufferer through the African undertaking—and it is worthy of a practical and concrete international action of assistance.

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

\* \* \* \*

## UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The music of the spheres is the marvellous harmony that, according to Pythagoras, is produced by the planets and other celestial bodies in their eternal movements through space.

According to fable, Orpheus, Greek hero of myth and legend, tamed the wild beasts with the sweet melodies of his voice.

Singing birds tell their love stories with beautiful songs.

Martial hymns, like the "Marseillaise," give courage and strength to man.

Sacred psalms in a cathedral, that give peace and raise the soul . . .

The beneficial influences of music upon criminals is well established in the records of prisons and reformatories.

Is music the fourth essential? No, more. Life itself is rhythm and harmony. Lately we hear of "tuning ourselves" to this wonderful life—Harmony.

We should be more careful in the cultivation of the musical taste of the country.

Oh! the mysterious vibrations of music that speak in universal language, through time and space, to men and beasts through all creation!

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

\* \* \* \*

## LAPSUS CALAMI.

From a third year "Bugs" Paper: "The tetanus bacillus paralyses the muscles of the pharynx, thus giving rise to lock-jaw."

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### RACIAL MORALS.

Individuals have a tendency to look for and believe in information that shows them, by contrast, to be superior to other individuals. This is not confined to purely personal qualities, for men often pride themselves on the excellence of their stock and the noble and admirable characteristics of the national group (or "race" as it may conveniently be called) from which they happen to have sprung. Even though there is no scientific evidence that one race really surpasses another in any feature, a faith in particular superior traits in one's own people is a harmless source of gratification, as long as, restricted to accidental attributes, it does not encroach on the matter of racial morality.

It is unquestionable that the only kind of deficiency in a person which is a just cause for anger or resentment is moral deficiency, in the sense of unprincipled or anti-social behaviour. The realisation that a man is physically or mentally inferior to oneself arouses no emotion of abhorrence. Another's ugliness may excite aversion, another's frailty contempt, another's indigence pity, another's stupidity derision: but the immorality of a fellow-citizen can alone provoke hatred. This is not less true of attitudes towards groups; and a remarkable thing about groups is the firmness of the date on which they are often hated.

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In this country there are very many examples of race hatred, and in each case those who hate are convinced of the wickedness of the hatred: but it is exceedingly doubtful whether in any instance the conviction is a necessary inference from the facts. Indeed, when all the circumstances are considered, each race is invariably seen to be acting in a perfectly respectable way. Many Afrikaans people accuse the British of avarice and hypocrisy because they support pacifism, a creed that is in harmony with their own interests, for they have everything to lose by war. Is there anything more natural or excusable than the protection of one's property in a world that admits the sanctity of private ownership, but does not guarantee its security? On the other hand, a large number of people of British descent censure the Afrikaner for unfairly appointing members of his own race to Government positions whenever he can. But since the Afrikaner feels very intensely the great poverty among a large section of the Afrikaans people, it is quite understandable that he should favour them, however high his moral principles are. The Jew, again, is disliked by certain Gentles for being a middleman and absorbing money that might otherwise go to the farmer. What should the Jew do? He knows nothing of farming and is almost entirely excluded from Government departments and the major industries. Is he immoral if he tries to make a living by commerce? The Bantu people are considered by many Europeans to be incapable of truthfulness. No doubt many of them tell lies; but if they lie to Europeans more often than Europeans do, it is only because a menial with good reason to fear his master naturally tries to present himself in a favourable light. It is for the same reason that schoolboys are such liars to their teachers. These sketchily expounded examples are very far from embracing all the facts on which the immorality of one group or another is "proved"; but in every other case it is equally easy to show the inadequacy of the basis that underlies the racial antagonism.

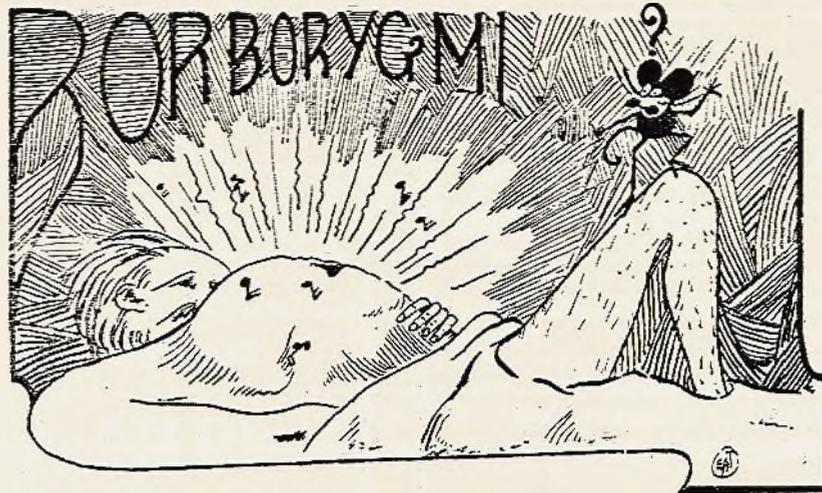
There is also a more fundamental reason why race hatred is ridiculous. Morality is not a function of groups, but of individuals, acting as individuals. In every race righteous individuals and wicked ones are found. The righteous are not responsible for the deeds of the wicked, and it is absurd to label a whole race immoral because of a depraved section which it contains. It is, of course, possible to conceive a race consisting solely of wicked individuals. But prison statistics (which are at least a rough indication) do not show that any racial group in South Africa is so constituted—in fact, the distribution of crime among the races is extraordinarily uniform.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is plain. There is no such thing as the moral inferiority of a race. Those who believe in it do so only from ignorance or mental sluggishness. It is both disgraceful and unfortunate that this belief should be common in South Africa, for it is the most fruitful source of racial antipathy—one of the greatest of impediments to progress.

J. W.

"To the love of his profession the physician should add a love of humanity."—Hippocrates.

MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS



There is no truth in the rumour that complementary to the installation of new common-room furniture, the S.M.C. has ordered from the printers a dozen or so copies of that evergreen entreaty, "Please do not stand on the seat." \* \* \* \*

**OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE.**

(Overheard in the Medical School Gymnasium.)

Instructor: "Class, from the right, number!"

Class: "One!" "Two!" "Three!" "Four!" "Five!" "Six!" "Seven!" "Eight!" "Nine!" "Ten!" "Jack!" "Queen!" "King!" \* \* \* \*

**CHIVALRY.**

The scene was a "diner" on a Continental express. A Frenchman, an Englishman, an American and a middle-aged female Scot were seated about the lunch table eating in silence. The men were suddenly startled by the violent belching of the female member of the quartet. The Frenchman rose hastily.

"A thousand pardons, madam!" he cried, thus saving an embarrassing situation.

A few minutes later the belching was repeated. This time the Englishman came to the rescue.

"Awfully sorry! Beg pardon, and all that," he said apologetically.

The belching was heard a third time. Languidly, the American drew himself up to his full height, and, not to be outdone in chivalry by his English and French companions, drawled: "Say, lady, you kin have this one on me." \* \* \* \*

A middle-aged man, feeling out of sorts, went to his doctor for examination. The medico could find nothing significantly abnormal on examination, and requested his patient to return next day with an early morning specimen of urine.

The patient, economically minded, collected samples of the urines of his whole household in one bottle, which he brought with him.

On being informed that "his water was healthy," he was overjoyed to think that the Lord had blessed his family with good health, and himself with sufficient ingenuity to provide medical service for his whole family on his limited salary.

"Business as usual during building operations," says a notice over a city bottle store. Our "Table Penny Flock," of course, during the recent scenes of renovation in the men's common-room felt such a procedure superfluous. \* \* \* \*

"Lapse of attention occurs every few minutes in normal persons. These lapses are less marked in the intelligent. They are increased by alcohol," writes a Sydney M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S. Nevertheless, quite a fair amount of concentrated business is accomplished at meetings of the S.M.C. \* \* \* \*

A New Zealand journalist writes: "The Springbok backs were the weak link in the chain, W— dropping one pass in two. The forwards were sluggish and inferior to the home eight, both in the loose and line-outs, while their hard breathing was markedly noticeable many minutes before the end. Though the home team was thirty-six points behind . . ."

Quite. \* \* \* \*

(Overheard at N.U.S.A.S. Conference.)

"Er—excuse me, could you—miskien kan u—er—do you—that is—"

"Certainly. Turn into that corridor. First door on your right, marked 'Private.'" \* \* \* \*

"A half doctor near is better than a whole one far away."—*German Saying.* \* \* \* \*

"The best of doctor's is ripe for hell."—*Talmud.* \* \* \* \*

"The skilful doctor treats those who are well, but the inferior doctor treats those who are ill."—*Chinese Classic.*

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