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TEA AND COFFEE

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BROAD HINTS TO COUNCIL.

As the S.M.C. has not yet attained its full working stride, perhaps a few suggestions to that august body will not be received amiss. It may bring some inspiration to certain prominent members of Council who, though they hold forth volubly in the corridors and at Mrs. Magee's, find themselves in Council in the position of Brer Rabbit, "they justs sits tight and says nuffin"."

Now that the Medical Faculty has the largest number of students enrolled of any Faculty, it is to be hoped that its representatives on the S.R.C. will spare no effort to obtain increased facilities and grants for the activities of the Medical School.

As the general body of students will not countenance political societies within the University, let the S.M.C. see to it that they carry out this resolution in the correct spirit. Certain activities within the Medical School have a rather unpleasant political flavour, and the sooner they are buried in the past the better it will be for the general welfare.

The Committee appointed by the Minister of Education to investigate and report on medical training in South Africa will meet in Johannesburg towards the end of April. Its terms of reference are very wide, and anyone wishing to give evidence has the opportunity. Is it too much to hope that Council will take every possible step to see that student opinion is brought before this Committee. A similar opportunity to bring student views to a responsible body may never arise again, and it is certain that this Committee will recommend far reaching changes in Medical Curriculum.

The lack of adequate accommodation is a sore point with many students. The sight of some 170 individuals—a mass of perspiring, cyanotic and hyperpnoeic humanity—in the Vesalian Theatre is no isolated incident. Ask those who attend Eye O.P.D., Psychiatry, etc. And yet I have it on good authority that the University will view any request for increased facilities favourably.

The present locker system again provides considerable dissatisfaction. Certain gentry with those useful instruments, a master mind and a master key, have been reaping a rich haul of instruments and books.

It is to be hoped that the S.M.C. does not intend to strike the sedate and serious note of last year at the Medical Dinner on the 27th inst. Less speakers, and speeches in the light vein rest far more easily on a stomach replete with food and wine than a long symposium on the problems of the medical man in South Africa. "SUB ROSA."

HOSPITAALWERK IN DIE VAKANSIE.

Hoe sal jy daarvan hou om in die vakansie kliniese werk in die hospitaal te doen? Dit is iets nuuts. Dit is anders as al jou vorige vakansies, meer leersaam, goedkoper, en met minder na-berou.

Gedurende die kwartaal is daar so min tyd om praktiese ondervinding op te doen dat so 'n selfopgelegde taak homself dubbeld sal beloon. Die kanse is dan soveel groter. Daar is nie die baie studente soos gedurende die kwartaal nie wat almal voor jou na die pasiënt se hart wil luister, voor jou sy lewer wil voel, of voor jou sy Babinski wil sien. Jy kom in 'n meer persoonlike aanraking met die hoofde sodat hulle jou deugde kan leer, en jy hulle foute.

Die engineur studente is verplig om gedurende die Somervakansie sulke praktiese ondervinding op te doen. Hoekom sal ons dit nie ook doen nie, maar uit ons eie?

Maar beskou dit nog as 'n vakansie. Jy kan dit net so plesierig maak. Gesels met die pasiente en met die dokters en die verpleegsters, en voel tuis in die hospitaal. Laat Snykunde en Medisyne jou vakansie-vriende wees.

FINALS AT PLAY.

The annual generous gesture of the Women Students in entertaining the Final Years and Housemen to an informal dance took place on the 11th March. The girls, ably headed by the Misses Henderson and Abelheim, provided excellent music and refreshment of the milder type, but there appears to have been an influx of boot-legging from the Men's Common-room though no one was particularly perturbed by this.

The ladies all looked charming and as much like typical Medical Students as Micky Mouse resembles Clark Gable. The male students looked almost like gentlemen in their delightfully "cut" Black and Whites.

Every one enjoyed themselves tremendously and agree that the women are jolly good fellows—and so say all of us !

CANDIDUS.

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THE HOSPITAL RAG.

" PRO."

Once again the Annual Hospital Rag is imminent. Students are absenting themselves from lectures to attend meetings in order to further this honourable cause. Some are already occupied in campaigns to raise finances to help the Hospital; others are planning fantastic floats for the great day, while a further section is busying itself in the regulation and co-ordination of the activities of the general student body.

Let me commend these activities for the purpose they serve to students, the public and the Hospital. Relaxation from arduous occupations has never done the student any harm. I believe also that the barbaric instinct is very strong in all of us, and the Rag provides a suitable occasion to cast aside inhibition; as a consequence the student experiences a sense of physiological relief.

The populace is charitable, but it finds giving all the easier if in return it can receive. Therefore the entertainment that the Rag affords the people of this city undoubtedly serves as a stimulus towards liberal donations. Further, should it be the unfortunate lot of any donor to be confined within the walls of the General Hospital, he will obtain a certain satisfaction from his surroundings; for have not he and his fellows played a prominent part in contributing towards the general excellence of the Hospital appointments?

To abolish the Rag would be to deprive the student of the satisfaction of helping to improve so benevolent an institution as the Hospital, while the man in the street will lose sight of the fact that the General Hospital is a people's institution for the people, and is for their immediate use should the necessity arise.

This annual venture must receive every encouragement from both students and general public, and all must remain cognisant of the purpose it serves.

* * * *

First Year Student (after a lecture on H_2O): "Cavendish was the first man to make water."

" CON."

The sight of students in whom the future destiny of our land rests sublimating their activities towards maintenance of the General Hospital leads me to pen my disapproval. At the outset let me state that it is not against the students that I direct these remarks but the fact that without such a collection the plight of the General Hospital would be a sorry one.

Every year many hundreds of times the amount of money which the annual Rag can ever realise leaves this country ostensibly in the form of sweepstake monies, but actually as a contribution towards the upkeep of the Irish and Rhodesian Hospitals. No one has to dress in fantastic attire and beg the general public to buy these tickets but yet for the upkeep of our hospitals such extreme measures must, of necessity, be adopted to collect an amount infinitesmal by comparison with that which the public contributes towards the institutions of those countries rational enough to support their hospitals on sweepstakes.

No one could have been more pleased than myself to hear of the substantial surplus which Klaasie Havenga provided in his last budget, but no one could be more disgusted than myself to observe that the extensive financial assistances so essential to the hospitals of our land are conspicuous only by their absence. Further, fines and the like feather the nest of our Municipalities, whereas those of the hospitals are feathered by . . . well, Feathers, or what amounts to that.

Although I am not primarily concerned with the actual student participation in this matter, I would like to deprecate the distraction from studies which is caused.

The provision of a sufficiency of support by both Government and Municipal authorities would obviate all the inconveniences of the student participation in an attempt to materially assist our institutions, and must of necessity provide a more lucrative source of support.

Surgeon: " I excised this tumour because I thought it looked nicer in a bottle than in her abdomen."

* * *



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THE AURICLE

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor of "The Auricle," Sir,—The First Year contingent of the Medical Faculty assists '' The Auricle" by buying as much as three-quarters of the copies sold monthly at Milner Park. Yet there has never appeared in your pages a single article bearing even remote reference to the activities of the First Years; not the slightest indication of your awareness of their existence.

Even though fresher achievements may not unduly interest more fortunately placed colleagues at the Medical School, a printed record of the social and cultural activities of the First Year Medical Students may have some value in the future. We know of the accomplishments and ambitions of your journal, but realise that to attain the stability of tradition, brilliance must often be sacrificed for the common-place. -place. Yours, etc., T. T.

[First Year students have been encouraged in the past to con-tribute to "The Auricle." The response has been poor. The class has an "Auricle" representative who will be pleased to receive articles of topical interest].

FICTION LIBRARY.

The Editor of "The Auricle."

Sir,-I am extremely interested in the suggestion made by your correspondent, "Ornithodorus," re the establishment of a Fiction Library at the School, and agree with him that the venture should be instigated by the student body. The attention of the S.M.C. should be drawn to the expediency of the undertaking, and I am sure that every student would be willing to co-operate. A donation of two or three books from each student would not only confirm the success of the enterprise but ensure a range of fiction to suit all tastes.

I myself am willing to donate two dozen novels or so, ranging from Charlotte Bronte to P. G. Wodehouse.

Yours, etc., "INTERESTED," Fifth Year.

The Editor of "The Auricle." Sir,-So the hostels still rule the University; the annual general meeting of the S.R.C. has proved it. What is more, they rule it obviously with their hearts and not with their

April, 1938

called leaders continue to talk loftily of the co-operation which is said to exist between the hostels and the University in general, and the Medical School in particular, they know quite well that this can never be so while the hostelites continue to elect their own men, be they good, bad or indifferent, to the exclusion of all others.

Let us then face the position honestly. Since the time of Vic Leary in 1935 no medical has been cheer leader. Many medicals have shown considerably greater competence than some who were elected, but the fact that they were not from Residence has been sufficient to eliminate their chances of election. In short, the hostels are determined not to allow a medical to hold the position if they can help it, and they do not mind stooping to conquer. The whole University knows, in spite of hostel assertions to the contrary, that Hostel Freshers are not only allowed to vote, but that under threat of dire penalties, are compelled to. This is in direct contra-vention of S.R.C. regulations, and yet nothing has been done to stop it.

This state of affairs must be stopped and the only ones who can do it are the medicals. We have always boasted of our efficient organisation, but when it comes to the test we are left completely in the cold. The Medical Faculty, numbering over six hundred, could erase Hostel rule with ease if it took enough trouble to attend a general meeting. Next year it must not be left to chance. We must take a leaf out of the Residence book and organise thoroughly. What is more we must come to Milner Park with a definite candidate and at least three hundred of us must be there. If necessary, we will flatter the hostelites by imitating their methods of forcing Freshers to vote. (They might do well to remember that there are about one hundred and fifty first year medicals).

If we once and for all dropped all pretences, and became as unscrupulously unfair as they are, we would do the University a service, and we would be doing it with the support of even the Engineers, which is saying a lot. Once we have shown the Hostels that their methods of Dictatorship by a Minority are of little avail, then and only then will the best man for

the post be elected, be he Medical, Hostelite or Engineer. This is one case in which the end justifies the means.

Let it not be said that the Medical School is powerless when faced with Hostel opposition. Hostelite heirarchy must die and we must be the executioners.

PRO BONO VARSITAS.

NEEDLES(S) INJECTION. The Editor of "The Auricle."

Sir,—I had occasion to dine at a well-known hotel one evening. On arriving at my destination I went to the cloakroom in order to give myself an injection of insulin. I was observed by the cloakroom attendant, who remarked that I was the second gentleman to enter the cloakroom for such a purpose that evening.

The attendant expressed the opinion that both I and the other gentleman had a lot to learn from him, who was himself a diabetic. This enterprising man believed in making one prick serve the purpose of many. He gave his injection and allowed the needle to "stay put" for a week, connecting the syringe to the needle when his injection was due!

G. R. W. N.

THE NURSES' PARTY.

Discarding white in favour of more assorted and attractive hues, a happy band of nurses hied themselves unto the Medical School on Saturday evening, the 19th of March. Escorts were supernumery, in fact, practically miliary, and all did tread the measure to the strains of the grand piano.

If I may say so, this function was definitely the best that has ever been held at the Medical School. Save for a narrowly averted fractured femur due to a fractious linoleum, there were no casualties, though cardiologists may be disinclined to make a prognosis in the absence of an electrocardiogram. Beer suffered from the current drought and was at a premium.

Messrs. Warren & Co. are to be congratulated on their effort, but don't let this illustration go by unheeded. The function should be instituted as an annual one, and thus the spirit of co-operation may be carried out "facta et verba." But until then, meet the nursing staff, for have we not unanimously decided that such a move is most desirable?

XERXES.

THE AURICLE

CHILDLESS WOMEN.

In India and among many of the primitive races it is still considered something in the nature of a disgrace for any woman to fail to supply her husband with sons and daughters. To be childless is to admit that she has failed in the great purpose for which she was created.

In different parts of the Indian Empire beautiful temples are built to the goddess who presides over the destinies of mothers and who ensures the peopling of the land. Long journeys are made by wives of all ranks from the very lowly to those who are reigning princesses in their own right; all bring gifts and prayers to the goddess in return for the precious boon of a little child.

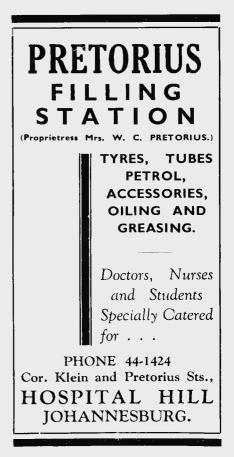
In other lands different customs prevail—among the negro races the "obeah" doctor reaps a rich harvest by the sale of charms and fetishes to the gullible childless couples; he also gives "advice" of a weird and wonderful kind, and the result of his evil counsel is often such as to cause grave illness and even deformity to the would-be mother.

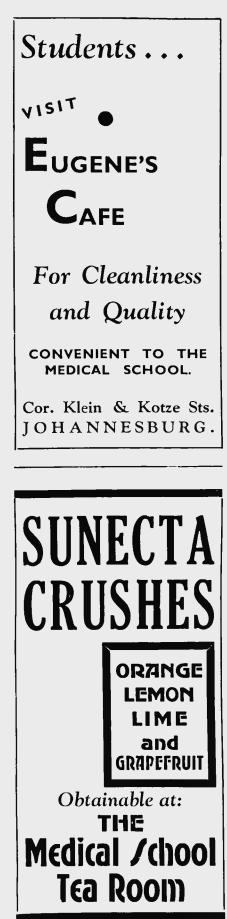
Workers in the Zennas have fought strenuously for more than half a century to combat these terrible superstitions. It is uphill work since many women who have ptactised "obeah" do become mothers and then the wretched witch doctor gets all the praise and nobody ever counts the number of cases where his pernicious instruction not only failed to give relief, but actually ended in disaster.

Even in western civilisation pilgrimages are being made, so we read, to a remote and until recently quite unknown little Canadian town where is the home of the Dionne quintuplets. Many of these visitors are childless women, and the object of their visit is apparently to carry away something in the nature of a mascot calculated to bring to them the good luck of having a baby of their own. Pebbles from the garden paths appear to be the most popular fetish, and if the reports we hear are only half true, the gardener will be sorely tried to fill in the bare places after the visitors have left.

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.







X-RAY THERAPY.

CASE OF PRURITIS ANI.

Doctor: "Well, is it better on the whole?"

Patient: "Oh, yes, doctor; but it's spread to my legs now!"

* * * *

Extract from Health Notes in a well-known Ladies' Magazine: "One side of my breast is more developed than the other, and I can't help feeling it is due to a stone I swallowed when I was young. Do you think it got stuck there?"— Puzzled.

CLINICAL SURGERY.

Student: "I thought that the arch of the aorta was as high up as the suprasternal notch."

Surgeon: "I see! You mean those patients who have their hearts in their mouths."

* * *

Little Girl (to mother): "Mummy, can little girls have babies?"

Mother: "Yes, darling, I suppose so."

Little Gitl: "Oh, hell!"

("The Leech," 1934).



Dr. de W--1: "Yes, doctors and bar-tenders are on the same level. They die the earliest. Doctors die of the diseases they specialise in, you know. The cardiologist dies of congestive cardiac failure, the nerve specialist of his brain tumour and the venereal man of syphilis. The only man who is safe is the gynaecologist."

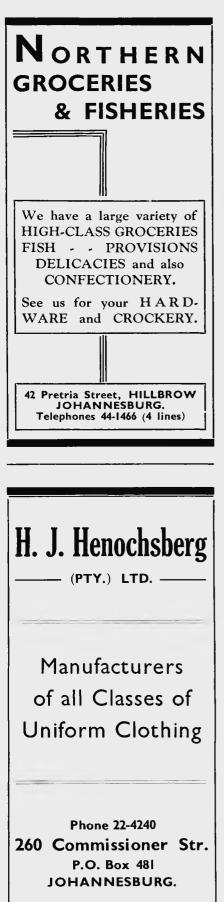
From a Fourth Year's First Case History Sheet: Previous health: Excellent. Previous illnesses: Malaria, typhoid, blackwater fever, pneumonia, dysentery and occasional headaches."

OUR CLINICIANS.

Dr. M-s-n: "Why is fracture of the tibia so common in Johannesburg?"

Fourth Year Student: '' Because of the bad blood supply.''

An Aberdeen doctor was asked by his young locum why he invariably requested his patients to bring his specimens of urine, no matter what the complaint was. The doctor replied: "My dear young man, in Aberdeen that's the only way to get back one's old medicine bottles!"



SONDAGMIDDAG.

Casualty of Turffontein? Die hele week het ek al planne beraam om vir Lena te gaan besoek. Maar ons Ward ontvang op Sondae die nuwe gevalle. Het ek dan nie een middag vir my self nie, wanneer ek my eie "tydtafel" en "periodes" kan optrek? "My eie gedagtes " dink? Nee, vanmiddag gaan ek my eie baas wees.

Terwyl ek in die trem sit, het my gedagtes gedwaal tussen galblaas siektes en wat ek vir Lena moet sê. Sou haar galblaas nog goed werk? "Fair, fat and . . ." Dit het my darem gerus laat voel.

Op die hoek van 'n straat bots twee karre amper. Tjirr . . .en oombliklik dink ek weer aan Casualty. Kan elk vanmiddag van die gedagte nie ontslae raak nie? Tog het ek opgewek gevoel en orals vrolik oor gedink terwyl die trem voortskommel. Dit was darem heerlik om so in die oop lug rond te ry. Sal sy bly wees om my te sien?

Sy was.—Ons altwee was bly. ,, Ek het al gedink jy word hoogmoedig omdat jy so lank wegbly," so praat Lena laggend. ,, Maar jy is seker ook so besig—die baie siek mense. En moet julle Sondae ook in die hospitaal werk—in Casualty? Dit moet seker interessant wees—al die ongelukke wat op Sondae inkom. Ek sal tog nie dan in Casualty wil wees nie."

,, Ag, nee wat, dit is nie so erg nie, Lena. Terloops, hoe het jy van die dans gehou verlede week?"

"Baie gaaf gewees," antwoord sy. "Ons was so 'n vrolike klomp. Maar met die terugkom het ons 'n motorongeluk gehad, so erg dat twee van die geselskap dadelik met die ambulans moes Casualty toe geneem word."

Ek het toe beginvoel asof die ambulans my ook maar soontoe kan neem. Nog 'n laaste poging.

kan neem. Nog 'n laaste poging. "Ai, Lena, jy kan darem trots wees op jou mooi postuur, so slank en strelend," waag ek terwyl sy 'n mooi ruiker vir my in die blomtuin soek. "Jy moet seker baie gesond wees."

,, \mathring{O} ja, maar somtyds kry ek 'n pyn net hier. Ek dink ek sal more moet''

Die Sondagaand het ek my witjas aangehad—in Casualty.

D. PRAECOX.

Dr. B--n-sh (discussing epilepsy): "If your patient is a sailor, don't let him climb up masts; he might fall on a passenger."

MEDICALS MAKE MERRY.

Inspection.—The sight of the lesion was the dissecting hall of the Anatomy Department, well lit for the occasion and tastefully decorated in blue and gold. The margins were lined with attractive chalk sketches of the General *et alia* representing various phases of student activities from Derlirium Tremens *ad infinitum*.

Les Girls were present in a beauteous bounty. Among others, I noticed Miss Mol, Miss Krige, Miss Walker, Miss Vos, Miss Raine, Miss Flemming, Miss Freed, Miss Dison, Miss Popoff, and Miss Greenman. For me to describe their dresses to you would be verging on the impossible, but let it be sufficient for me to mention that they all looked devastating in delicious pinks, blues and greens.

Palpation.—Seats of various shapes, sizes and assortments graced the walls, and these gave the impression of bone-like hardness to all methods of palpation. Unfortunately these were absent from the roof at which site they would have assured an excellent prognosis.

Percussion. — Dullness was markedly absent, the general percussion note being highly resonant.

Auscultation. — Musical notes were heard all over the affected area, and sonorous sounds were not heard until well after midnight.

Bacterial Reports.—A specimen submitted for bacterial examination yielded profuse growth of male Medical Students and Housemen on a Suncrush medium. The following specific organisms were detected:—B. Van Heerden, Gellman, Diemont, Schaffer, Jankowitz, Bloom, Gillman, Bloomberg, Goldberg and the bacillus Prag, who was observed with a Red Rose Nucleus. Of doubtful prognostic value was the presence of the bacillus W. Gordon.

Special Investigations,—An instance of Lesbianism was illustrated by two females sporting together in the field of vision.

Diagnosis.—The Second Year Medical Dance.

Prognosis.—Excellent.

CANDIDUS.

Surgeon: "What is the theory of the origin of polycystic kidney?"

Student: "It is thought to be due to the ureteric bud not meeting the collecting tubules."

Surgeon: '' I'm afraid that won't hold water.''

STUDENTS STRIVE FOR STERLING.

In the course of their preliminary round-up of the city's small change, a small band of students under the stage managership of Mr. S. Kagan, staged a series of concerts in various parts of the city. I attended one of these at Orange Grove and on that account I have both bouquets and brickbats to present.

The programme started on a most distressing note in the form of the Classical Trio composed of the Misses A., L. and M. van der Horst. This type of intem was scarcely suited to a Rag concert, the tenor of which is one of pure burlesque, and served merely to unbalance the large audience.

Guy Routh has a most pleasant voice but unfortunately erred badly in his selection of songs. Might I suggest, Mr. Routh, that you sing as Guy Routh, and give up impersonating Paul Robeson, for individuality counts for much more than mimicry.

"Back on Friday" was the title of a humorous sketch presented by Miss Klempman and Messrs. Kagan and Mendelowitz. The idea was good, but a good deal of the effect



was spoiled by imperfect diction especially prominent in the case of the lady in the cast who gave me the impression of a nervous student undergoing an oral examination.

Mr. Karma provided a ventriloquist interlude well above the average standard, but unfortunately spoiled by his consenting to appear a second time. On repeated requests for yet another appearance from the appreciative gathering he stated that he had to refuse on account of his principles; try extending your principles to even one encore, Mr. Karma, for even you must realise that the type of act in which you specialise should always be short and, if possible, sweet.

Then came the Three Jazz Maniacs. Both Mr. Goodman and Mr. Flekser performed smoothly though the latter should avoid watching the keys of his accordion while he performs. Mr. Pelkowitz performed pedally, but unfortunately his facial expression detracted from his otherwise meritorious performance, for to me he conveyed the impression of a doctor conveying a hopeless prognosis to a patient.

The Doctors' Scene had its good points, but unfortunately these were completely lost in the tedious length to which the sketch was prolonged.

The Radio Sketch was, I thought, one of the high lights of the evening, and simply oozed diabolical doubledealing and pulsating passion. The evolution of this sketch is most meritorious.

Miss F. Chagy crooned delightfully and, it is pleasing to note, did not subject the microphone to any passionate embraces. Her voice is a very sweet one, and she would do well now to concentrate on registering less soulful expressions.

MEDICALS SUPPORT THE new CAFETARIA Pick your Cakes . . Order your Beverage and Mother Magee does the rest Mr. Cockcroft showed himself quite an adept at female impersonation though unfortunately he chose an antedeluvian theme for his sketch.

An excellent note was struck by the mouth-organ band whose melodious rendering of several popular tunes was much appreciated by the gathering. Each individual is a perfect performer, and they harmonized excellently in their well-chosen selections while Mr. F. Wolf whistled in his usual pleasant style. Much to the crowd's appreciation, Freddie repeated this item later in the evening.

Tap dancing was once more provided, but this time by Miss N. Green. This type of turn complete with the paraphernalia of dress which the performers apparently regard as inseparable from an act of this sort is, I consider, one which is most unsuitable and I look forward to the day when it is absent from all programmes.

Mr. R. Sidelsky performed as delightfully as ever on the piano, but I am sure that he shares my opinion that the antique instrument upon which he played was scarcely conducive to perfect execution . . . that one note would persist in continually sticking !

Now for some advice to two otherwise excellent performers. Messrs. Youngleson and Urdang are singers of undoubted merit and the audience was not slow in realising this fact, but . . .! Do me, and yourselves, a real favour, boys, and don't under any circumstances persist with the saxophonic sounds: they introduce a false note to what might otherwise be a perfect piece of work. Mr. Youngleson's Popeye was a clever one, though his bass notes were a trifle shaky.



S. Berkowitz dressed cleverly as Groucho Marx gave an excellent impersonation of Chico Marx playing the piano, while together with M. Sidersky he provided several excellent duets on the piano.

Mr. Leontsinis together with the inimitable Sam from the audience gave a very amusing interlude entitled, "Where did you get drunk?" The humour was good, and at times had the crowd in convulsions of mirth.

Analysing the concert as a whole, one sees a few errors of judgment. Mr. Kagan unfortunately allowed himself to appear a shade too often and, in consequence, appeared a trifle monotonous; remember, Samuel, too much of a good thing

To those responsible, I say " well done," but you have provided a programme which was tedious by virtue of the fact that it was a trifle too long and consequently tended to drag toards the latter part of the evening.

A PHYSICIST AND A BIO-LOGIST DISCUSS A WELL-KNOWN PHENOMENON.

A Study in Descriptive Technique : A Burning Match.

Physicist: The head of the match is rubbed against the side of the match-box when a trace of the redphosphorus incorporated in the latter is converted by the friction into the yellow variety, which, being spontaneously combustible, ignites and heating the mixture of sulphur and high oxides of antimony contained in the head, causes a vigorous conflagration in that region. The heat thus liberated initiates a process of combustion of the carbon and carboniferous compounds of which the match-stick



consists. The process is one of oxidation in which the carbon atoms having four valence electrons in the outer electron orbits are tetravalent and tend each to combine with the oxygen atoms at the temperature of the reaction to produce carbon dioxide gas with the evolution of energy in the form of heat and light.

Biologist. A burning match is observed to consist of two main portions: a base consisting of a rectangular prism 3.5 cms. in length and a square cross-section of about 2 mm. side. This portion of the system may be termed the Bacillus pyrophorus, and is known to consist of cellulose which is often found to be a constituent of vegetable material. This is an indication of the possible source of the material of the Baccilus pyrophorus. In the normal condition, which is seldom the case, one end of the Bacillus pyrophorus is seen to continue into the cumulus inflammabilis. The latter structure is a solid globule of a brittle black material, about 3 mm. in diameter, and in the present state of our knowledge, of unknown constitution.

Under certain conditions the cumulus inflammabilis is replaced by a pyriform structure, the Flamma thermogenes having a base of 2-3 cms., and a height varying between 2 and 4 cms. The process by which the cumulus inflammabilis becomes a Flamma thermogenes is somewhat obscure and further research on the subject is necessary before a definite answer may be given. A significant point is, however, that the Flamma thermogenes has a temperature several degrees higher than the surrounding atmosphere, and is suspected to be the source of the light which is frequently detected in the vicinity of the reaction.

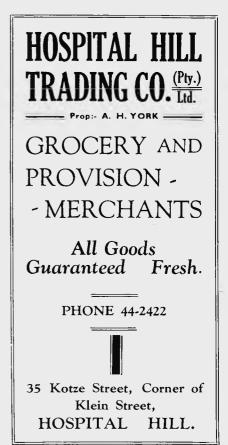
L. COHEN, Third Year.



APPREHENSION.

- When I must think that you'll grow old and fat
- And dull and matronly as others do;
- That all your daintiness will run to flesh,
- And ageing will spare not even you. That on those lips that curve to smile
- So tenderly, the passing years will trace
- Her lines to mar the beauty of your face,
- And that senility will have you in a while;
- That your fresh voice must sometime start to squeak;
- Your brain must atrophy and when you speak
- You'll squeak in platitudes,—your eyes will run;
- Your hair will fall—perhaps you'll wear a bun;
- When I must think of these, and see you fair,
- Yet always with that loathsome shadow near,
- I watch you close that I may see or hear
- Its first approach and kill you—this I swear.







THE AURICLE

AN OPEN LETTER TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Dear Medical Student.

Once upon a time there lived a philosopher named Descartes, who, after a lifetime of intense introspection and meditation came to a conclusion, the reverberations of which have pierced the ages and echoed in the minds of all those who set their aims higher than the superficial gratifications which a cynical universe hypocritically bestows on us. His ultimate phil-osophy is perhaps the simplest, and at the same time, the most cogent argument ever advanced in favour of human beings: Cogito, ergo sum, I think, therefore, I am. Everyone of us has realised that Man is omnipotent on this world because of his intellectual prowess; but how many of us have paused to think that this mastery of the forces of Nature, this achievement over the entire inimical resources of the Universe, is the work, not of the majority but of the infinitesimal minority: of the intellect of the "True Man," as somebody once put it. How many of us are True Men? Not in the sense, mind you, that Einstein or Jeans or Freud or Shaw are True Men-very few of us can reach, or even attempt to reach, their intellectual heights-but in the sphere of wanting to do something; a steadfast, clear ideal, if you like, a desire for truth at whatever cost, even to the extent of shattering our most cherished be-liefs and age-old traditions. Medical Student, you see life as it really is—its insignificance

when thrown up against the vast scheme of revolving planets and stars: its stark tragedies, its meagre flicker; its supercilious adoption of vain philosophies, and its disregard for all but its own existence. You cannot help but be impressed in your more serious moments at the intricacy, the incomprehensible complexity of the dead body you dissect; you cannot escape the realisation of the futility of death when you see it in the post-mortem room. Surely you must at least feel that in everyone of you there lies the potentiality to develop something higher than a True Man, something the world has rarely known—True Humanity. In science alone resides the hope of the future, and you are the future.

Individually, Medical Student, you are nothing, a drifting spar in a limitless, hostile ocean; collec-

tively, with a pooled idealism, you are the nucleus of the True Humanity. Of what use is the Bio-logical Society, the Philosophical Society, the Scientific Society, exist-ing as bare entities? We need the Society for the Investigation of Truth. We have the capabilities to organise such a society if, like Descartes, we believe "Cogito ergo sum.` Yours sincerely,

M. GOLDBERG.

RENAISSANCE.

And shall I raise my eyes once more, That Spring now charms the air With the finality that holds A subtle secret? There

The burnished gold of nurtured stocks

Belies the treach'rous warmth; The lawn is premature with green, Dank with the soil's floral heat; Yet the sun has known no cloud To imprison it's orange smile.

The piazza sees a ghastly grey,---But come-this place doth freeze My joyous humour. Let's away And walk the city's streets. There's contemplation grisly strewn In these tall and jealous forts. I fear to gaze heavenwards Lest there crash here at my feet The very fright'ning temples that Cloth'd my awful dream. Leaves Were then strewn, crackling.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Mighty master of speech and song

Able to stir the soul to ecstasy. to set aflame the hearts of multitudes.

Wielding power to inspire a crusade, win triumph for a cause,

mold the destiny of a people. Bearing the sorcery that can lift an audience to its feet in a frenzy of emotion.

Noble gift of the gods—the boon to man, the pride of womanhood.

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

STUDIED INSOLENCE.

Overheard on the tram: "Ah haven't seen your Joe for

years. Wheer is he now?

"Tha'd never know him. He's gone as thin as a whippet." "What's to do wi' him?"

"He's getten diabutus."

" Is he under the docther?"

"Aye. He's been tratin' him wi insolence for the last fower month."

"Oh, aye. It seem to be th' regular thing now wi' o' th' docthers."

Reported by G. R. W. N. Luntz.

MNEMONICS.

The first symptoms of the disease attracted my attention one piquant autumn morning, when Harrison dissected out the first part of the right subclavian artery. It was shortly before ten when a sudden low-pitched cry of exultation shattered the sociable silence that constitutes our Table's normal atmosphere. As such a cry might Archimedes' ''Eureka!'' have sounded. We looked up tiredly.

"What is it?" demanded Smythe-Price. It was Harrison who answered.

"The way to remember the First Part of the Right Subclavian Artery, without unduly exercising the already overwrought Encephalon." His tone was modest. "All you have to do is to remem-ber the word 'Temperaments.""

He paused triumphantly. We thought hard.

'' I don't see how—'' began Westleigh, but Harrison waved a condescending hand.

"Let me explain," he said. "Take the first letter, T. It is just after S. Well, S stands for Skin. The next letter is E. F is after E in the alphabet, so F stands for Superficial Fascia. P stands for-----

"You've left out M," pointed out Miss Wall.

"So I have," agreed Harrison, " but you have to do the P before the M. P.M.-Post mortem, you see," he added brightly.

"Ah!" we breathed.

"Well, P stands for Platysma. M stands for Medial supraclavicular nerves. Now for the E—Tempe. E comes between D and F, so D and F stand for Deep Fascia. R— Temper-comes before S, so S stands for Sternocleidomastoideus. Then A-Tempera. Well, what muscle doesn't contain the letter A? Sternohyoid, of course. The next relation is Sternothyroid."

"Which doesn't contain the letter M," I suggested.

"Exactly," purred Harrison. "Now comes E-Temperame. All that you've to do is to remove the E from either of the words Race or Acre. You're then left with the letters R, C and A, which stand for Right Carotid Artery. N is for Vagus Nerve. T is for InTernal

Jugular Vein, and S is for Vertebral Vein, which is found in the Suboccipital Trinagle. Temperaments. Jolly good, what? "

THE AURICLE

Nevertheless, the idea soon caught on, Miss Wall employing the incantation '' Rats Must Attack Striped Pets, Firstly, Primarily and Radically "to revive a mental vision of the branches of the Radial Artery. We didn't pour formalin down Smythe-Price's throat when he muttered that '' Some injectors must utilize very odd pins in inject-ing latent globulins." We knew that he was trying to remember the branches of the Internal Iliac Artery.

Then came that Anatomy Paper and the Thalamus. As we all knew, " Prag Stumbles" gave the clue for the relations of the Thalamus.

As I emerged from the Examination Hall I met Harrison.

"How was the Thalamus. Prag Stumbles, what?" I grinned. But Harrison's face was green. "Why, what's the matter? '

Harrison answered slowly, "I knew that the Thalamus had something to do with the Third Ventricle but in '*Prag Stumbles*' instead of taking P as Pulvinar, I thought it was Pineal Body. I took R as Posterior Perforated Substance, since R comes between P and S if you leave out the Q, instead of saying that Q comes before R and therefore stands for Quadrigeminal Body. I thught A meant Anterior Commissure. It doesn't. It means Brachium Conjunctivum, since B and C come after A. For C, I put Fornix as C comes after E. It's Geniculate Body. I thought S was for Tuber Cinerum, as T comes after S. It should have been Stratum Zonale. For T-

I could bear it no longer. I edged hastily away. Poor Harrison ! To sow the wind and reap the whirlwind !

By TABLE 606, Second Year.

From a Gynae, O.P.D., History: "She went to see a doctor 5 weeks ago, and since then has not seen her periods."

Impossible People:

The hen-pecked medico who wanted to become a monk so that he could celibate his anniversary on every day of the year.

BURDEN

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Printed by Alex. White & Co. (Pty.) Ltd. and published by Students' Medical Council. Advertising Managers, Standard Publishing Co., Johannesburg