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Students` Medical Council

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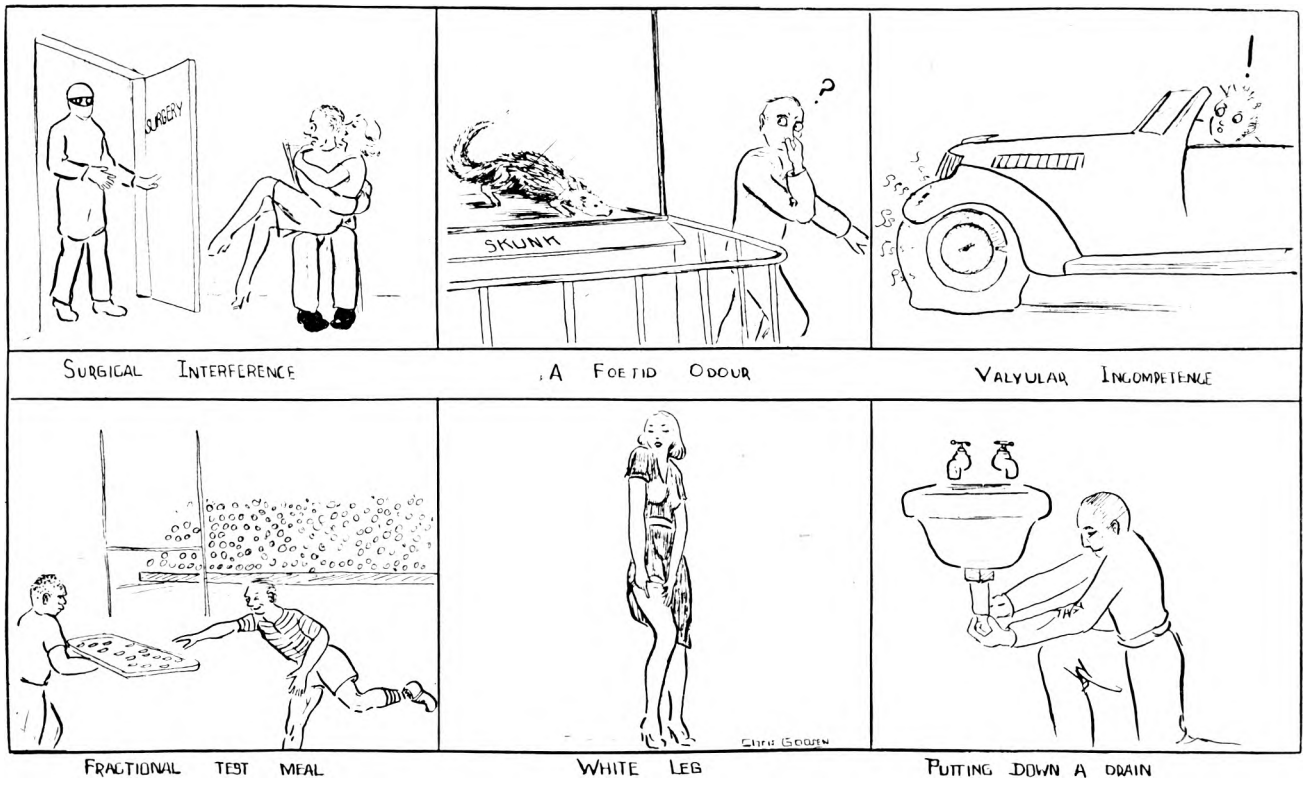
JUL 1939

The AURICLE

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VOL. 5 June, 1939 No. 5

IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN?



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EDITORIAL OPINION—

MEDICAL INIQUITIES

On another page appears a letter from Mrs. Farell, who lectured recently at the medical school, under the auspices of the Cultural Activities Society on "Birth Control" **Were it not for the "Auricle's" policy of honesty in all matters relating to student activity, we should hesitate to publish that letter.** For no more devastating criticism of medical student ethics has ever appeared in our columns. It is a letter written without heat, coolly, rationally and phlegmatically, yet it should be sufficient to make us hide our heads in shame.

Like Mrs. Farell, we are not interested in the "good and bad manners" of the students—or at least a section of them—present at that lecture. We are desirous of learning the mental attitude of many of our fellows. Is it conceivable that the only response to a matter which affects us as medical men more than any other section of the community is a suppressed snigger? Is it at all possible that the minds of the doctors of tomorrow are running in a rut of moral stagnation and sex repression? Why should we receive a letter of condemnation from a person, outside the sphere of medical activity, who lectures, not to "adolescent factory girls," but to supposedly educated medical students in a frank and scientific manner on such a vital aspect of social life?

Mrs. Farell has tendered an explanation; but the subject must go further than a mere scientific interpretation. We cannot let the matter rest on a basis of thwarted sex curiosity and incorrect education during the period of puberty. For we are no longer adolescents, but adults; at any rate, in age. The intelligence of a medical student at the end of the Third Year should be one of scientific detachment; his attitude to the problem of human procreation should be unemotional and unbiased, devoid from the petty, conventional questions of "morality" and "personal reflection." **Man's eternal quest for truth and the reason behind things is built on one foundation and one only—Science. And nothing must be allowed to weaken that foundation.** The human species **must** progress; must go on from strength to strength, from rationality to rationality, from truth to truth. If anything gets in the way of the onward march of science, it must be cut down—ruthlessly, without mercy, as the explorer in the jungle cuts down a noxious weed that impedes his journey. There must be no sentiment or false humaneness. As a famous modern thinker says "It is Man or the Universe." No thought of compromise can be entertained.

Therefore, it behoves medical students who have sniggered up to now, to cease sniggering. As we have maintained in the past, and as we maintain now, on the scientific medical man depends much of the future of civilisation, a civilisation, not as we know it today, but one of social and intelligible intercourse between human beings. **Can we possibly command respect and understanding if our lives are composed of a series of "smutty poems and erotic novels?"**

In Mrs. Farell's letter are accusations, which we cannot hope to attack, for they are true. "Statements which were intended perfectly seriously, were greeted with shouts of laughter and 'witty' interjections." Is this low-minded vulgarity medical intelligence? "It is not the cold facts of anatomy and physiology . . . which will equip them to understand the problems of sex." But these two

(*Continued on next Page*)

CRAZY ISSUE

The majority of pages in this issue are filled with articles of an outrageously humourous type. The Sports Column is crazy, the "Special Lecture" is crazy, even the dignified Local Correspondent has a "crazy turn." Portion of criticism which has been levelled at the last few issues of the "Auricle" is that it is becoming too high-brow. As we have continuously reiterated in the past, we exist to satisfy student opinion, so this issue has reverted to a low-brow classification. Further, it is our sincerest hope that in the gloom of June examinations, this issue may raise at least a smile and lessen the depressing feelings which result from examinations already written or about to be written.

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MEDIESE GESKIEDENIS EN KULTURELE SERIES

Dit was 'n flink idee van ons Studente-Mediese-Raad om wyer belangstelling by die studente op te wek deur middel van lesings oor onderwerpe wat sal help om die sielkundige agtergrond van die toekomstige dokter te vorm. Daar is ook gevoel dat die studente nie genoeg sosiaal-bewus is nie.

Uiters belangrik is dit dat die persone wat liggaamlike kwale gaan genees, ook leiding sal gee op kulturele gebied in die afgeleë dele van ons land waar hulle die heil van Medisyne gaan verkondig. Die dokter is dit verskuldig aan die publiek, nie net omdat hy terwille van sy beroep in staat is om groot

(*Continued from previous Page*)

subjects should teach them about these problems. It is only too unfortunate that a Second Year student regards his anatomy as an obstacle which he must hurdle for the sake of his family, his conscience, or his sweetheart, seldom for the sake of his Knowledge. This statement is borne out when he attends a lecture outside the miserably narrow realm of his conscious focus. " He appears entirely insensitive to frank and sincere treatment of sex problems and only capable of searching for smutty jokes and innuendos." And this charge is doubly destructive when it is made without qualification; we can only conclude that some senior students fall into the category of inferior intellect. Is there a remedy for this defect in our present code of behaviour? **Indubitably, the onus of correcting such a trait in the character of many of our fellows falls on the shoulders of those who are aware of the circumstances and strongly deprecate them.** The incidents which occurred at Mrs. Farell's lecture must not be allowed to occur again. We cannot permit the spirit of the Medical Profession in general, and of our Medical School in particular, to be degraded by the perverted sense of humour of a section of students who are so obtusely ignorant of decency and good taste that they attend important lectures of vital significance in an atmosphere of clouded judgement and unreceptive intellectuality.

mag uit te oefen nie, maar ook omdat hy so bevoorreg was soos miskien maar een uit duisend van die bevolking, naamlik om ses of meer jare op een van die beste Universiteite van die land deur te bring. Verwag die gemeenskap dan nie met reg iets terug van so 'n persoon nie?

Die drie lesings wat tot dusver gehou is was baie stimulerend en die opkomste was altyd blymoedigend. Ons wens die onderneming alle sukses toe.

MONTHLY COMMENT

THE EAR' EARS

That:—

It would be easy to find a better medical team for future broadcast " Bees " than that which did duty last month.

It is quite unnecessary for us to go out of our way to tell the public what ignorant people we really are.

The alarming ups and downs of our youngest club—the Table Tennis Club—are strange antics even for ping-pongites.

People are wishing the club a speedy turn for the better.

Considering the student support the Rag of 1939 was better than could possibly have been hoped for.

The M. and D.A. Society's production " The Doctor's Dilemma," will be as good, if not better than, any in the past.

The proceeds of the play are this year to be devoted to entirely a different charity.

The Curriculum Committee, following on the success of last year's work, are again pressing for a fair hearing for their suggestions.

If the S.M.C. get their way, the 4th Year will be all work and no play.

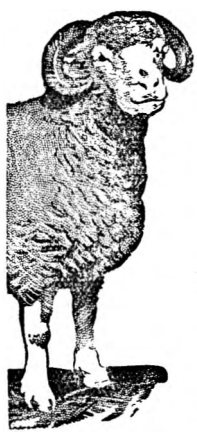
The action of the S.M.C. in inviting Colonel Braun, Major Charlton, Captain Geerling and Mr. Jack Penn to clear the air on various defence force problems, was a timely and wise gesture.

The formation of a Medical Students' Unit of the S.A.M.C. is not a too remote possibility.

If, as seems likely, exemption previously granted students from voluntary training is waived, the S.M.C. had better work fast and get in on the ground floor.

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"BIRTH CONTROL" LECTURE

MRS. FARRELL WRITES A LETTER

To the Editor,

Sir—When I spoke at a meeting organised by the Central Cultural Activities Society on May 26th, I had an entirely new experience. I have, of course, spoken on "Birth Control" and other aspects of sex many times before, and to many different types of audience, but on no other occasion have I met with the same response.

Anyone who has had experience of lecturing on sex knows that there will always be a section in any audience who have come to the lecture in much the same spirit as they would go to a Paris leg show —in the hope of picking up something smutty and exciting. This is not surprising, since sex is still a subject which is so hushed up and seldom discussed rationally. So long as natural curiosity is suppressed at home and at school, so long will the dirty joke remain our chief outlet and source of information. Realising this, I am naturally tolerant if, during the first ten or fifteen minutes of a lecture I notice a certain uneasiness and tendency to laugh on the part of my audience.

But until the 26th May, it has been my invariable experience that within a very short time laughter altogether ceases. I find that however bad their previous sex education may have been, people are quick to appreciate a lecture which is frank and serious, and willingly respond to the spirit in which it is given.

But this is apparently not true of a section of the Wits. medical students. For the first time in my life I felt at cross purposes with my audience during the entire evening. Statements which were intended perfectly seriously, were greeted with shouts of laughter and "witty" interjections. I shall not express my opinion about the good and bad manners of all this, since it is not that aspect of the case which interests me. What puzzles me is this: Why is it that a well-educated, intelligent audience of medical students appears entirely insensitive to frank and sincere treatment of sex problems, and only capable of searching for smutty jokes and innuendos? Why is this so, particularly when every other type of audience which I have met or heard about *can* treat the subject seriously?

I am frankly mystified. But perhaps I may suggest a tentative explanation. The behaviour manifested by part of the audience on the 26th is very typical. It is typical of the person whose curiosity about sex has been thwarted and allowed to become unhealthy. It is typical of the person who during early adolescence has sought his information through any available channel—the Bible, medical dictionaries, smutty poems, erotic novels and all the rest. The mistake I made in preparing my lecture was in believing that medical training affords the means of living out these adolescent interests by supplying true information in a straightforward and acceptable way. I forgot the fact, which I ought to have remembered, that it is not the cold facts of anatomy and physiology which will satisfy adolescents' thwarted curiosity or which will equip them to understand the problems of sex. What they need is teaching on the psychological and emotional aspects of the subject. They are interested not so much in their anatomy as in their impulses and reactions. Hence it may be that medical knowledge by itself merely serves to prolong the period of immaturity. It greatly enriches students' material for dirty jokes without providing any of the knowledge which enables an individual to form sane and civilised ideas about sex. Hence we find the paradox which puzzled me, viz. that it is necessary to treat a medical audience as if it were less sophisticated than an audience, say, of adolescent factory girls.

The assumption I made of previous knowledge was quite unwarrented. Thus it came as a genuine shock to some of the audience when I assumed, for example, that it was common knowledge that women often pass through a period of emotional unbalance both at puberty and at the menopause, and when I suggested that in some cases, it is advisable to stretch a woman's hymen before marriage. I can only interpret the laughter which occured on these and other occasions as signifying astonishment that I should be treating seriously what they have regarded merely as the subject for sniggering.

Yours truly,

EVELINE FARELL.

BIRTH CONTROL

A STUDENTS' OPINION

The Editor, Sir,

I would like to express the disgust I feel on hearing how a medical school audience received Mrs. Farrell's lecture on "Birth Control."

Birth control is a serious subject, and should have been treated as such, especially by an audience composed mainly of the future medical men, and women of this country.

It appears to me that the speaker's numerous remarks that "It is not a laughing matter" should have been entirely unnecessary.

The crowning achievement towards the disgrace of the Medical School was, I consider, the vote of thanks.

One would expect a member of the Committee of the Cultural Activities Society to attain at the very least a modicum of good manners and a sense of the fitness of things, but the committee quite evidently possess some extraordinarily queer talent.

One of its members didn't seem capable of distinguishing between music-hall humour in its broadest sense and a well spoken "thank you," or must we make allowances for "brilliant stage personalities?"

R. C. de KOCK.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE AT LECTURES

The Editor, Sir,

A most important, but ill-defined, principle is that of the attendance of students at lectures. Ought students to be expected to attend all lectures set by a department for its class? It has happened frequently in the past that students have been penalised for not attending lectures from which they considered they derived no benefit.

The attitude of the staff in most departments is that students must be made to work, whether they wish it or not. Therefore the roll is called when attendances commence to fall and attendance figures are made a ground for the granting of D.P. certificates, i.e. granting of permission for writing of examinations. From this one deduces, I think logically, that their attitude is this—"A student who does not attend lectures cannot know his work, hence should not be allowed to sit the examination." The fallacies of this, expecially in medical education, are self-evident. One other explanation fits the facts of this attitude—"If I don't insist on a full attendance, I shall get a poor turnout, hence a true, but not necessarily pleasant, reflection of my ability as a lecturer will be cast." One hopes that in most cases, the former explanation holds good.

The attitude of students towards this question, is remarkably apathetic; they usually fulfil the minimum necessary to comply with staff regulations.

The logical attitude surely is that any form of compulsory attendance is unnecessary and wasteful of student time. Students who are interested in their work, should be allowed to pick their lectures, and if they do not consider that a particular lecturer imparts enough knowledge to them to warrant their attendance, they should be at perfect liberty not to attend. Compulsion merely wastes time, and in any case, students who are not interested will not be compelled to learn by enforcing compulsory attendance on them.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

F.V.d'E.

S.M.C. MEETINGS

The Editor, Sir,

I notice in a recent university paper that the poor turn out of ordinary medical students at S.M.C. meetings was to be deplored.

I therefore made haste to attend such a meeting on the 28th of last month, and was extremely impressed by the arguments for and against the advisability of private detectives, professional wrestlers and prohibition at medical school dinners. I was even more amazed by the ingenuity of these kindly students who so competently represent us at S.M.C. meetings.

Kindly allow me, therefore, to quote an example of that brilliance which so typifies these meetings. The discussion at the time concerned the issuing of complimentary tickets for a forthcoming medical school dance. A certain university official was proposed for this honour but he was not accepted, failing in the final vote. Two more were then proposed and unanimously accepted. Then someone with characteristic brilliance observed that those two noble people who were to be admitted free of charge were not yet so noble as he who had been refused. So this important matter had to be corrected—but how? Mr. A had already been proposed and refused a ticket gratis, and no one not even the president himself is able to undo what the S.M.C. has already done. But no! Again we are saved, for some member (I have shamefully forgotten his name) arose and proposed Mr. A—not as Mr. A—but in his official capacity as the —— of the University, and the motion was passed. So now Mr. A is not to attend by reason of his personal qualities, but by reason of his high official position.

I therefore must arrive at the humiliating conclusion that S.M.C. meetings are too complicated for the ordinary student—no wonder we never attend.

"One of the Three Present."

THE MEDICAL BALL

The end of the first term heralds the approach of both joy and sorrow. Sorrowful are those who have met disaster in the exams., sorrowful are they who have not acquitted themselves as students of a noble profession, and sorrowful are the successful finalists who are about to bid adieu to the portals of the medical school. But joyful are they who see looming large on the horison the premier function of the year, the gay and happy evening when dancers' souls lilt to the melodies of master harmonists. In other words, friends, Romans and countrymen, the medical ball has arrived, with its glitter, its charm and its gaiety. Whatever dances you've missed before, don't miss this one —the price is cheap and the date is convenient: June 28th, 6/6 a double ticket if the S.M.C. fees are paid— at the Wanderers' Hall.

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LOCAL LETTER

TWEETALIG — LEECH — DILEMMA — BUILDING OPS.

I am preserving my usual dignity in my letter this month just to show you all that at least one of the contributors to the "Auricle" still remains fairly sane.

Our editor has been bitten by a bee of some sort (maybe Radio Obscura) and has gone slightly haywire. I am glad to say that I have been successful in escaping the net he has cast out for my more unsuspecting Comrades of the Pen.

LAXITY

I still find it difficult to reconcile myself to the fact that only one or two members of the school ever submit Afrikaans articles to the "Auricle."

Ek weet taamlik goed dat daar veel outjies hier is wat die pen net so goed soos hulle tonge kan gebruik, maar waarom hulle so skaam is om artikels aan die Redakteur in te stuur kom my verby.

It is thus very pleasing to see quite a fair proportion of the recent N.U.S.A.S. journal taken up by Afrikaans articles.

Our Medicals have once again played a big part in the production of this journal and the editor, Ralph E. Bernstein, gains another feather for his already well-covered cap.

IT GROWS!

Being in the know as I am, I can say with full authority, that student contributions to and interest in the "Leech" has fallen far below any previous minimum and this notwithstanding the handsome offer made by the Post Graduates' Association for the best student effort of the year.

This student apathy (what, again!) is being deplored by the Journals Committee, who cannot be expected to maintain the same high standard of previous publications without an active student cooperation.

HARDY ANNUAL

Once again Prof. Stammers has assembled a cast for the production of the fourth annual play. There are some old-timers like myself giving a hand, and not a few new ones.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," by Shaw, is the play this year and rehearsals are well on the way to finality. When the play is staged later next month—at time of writing the exact dates had not yet been ascertained—it is hoped that there will be a large student support of the undertaking.

The action of M. and D.A. Society's Committee in planning to devote the proceeds of the play to the Special Fund in Aid of Native Location Clinics is a welcome step. It may be thus that the efforts of the students will be better appreciated by Mr. John Citizen.

STARTS AT HOME

I feel, however, that a part of the proceeds should be set aside to start a fund for our Dramatic Society, out of which certain permanent props and things can be bought. The fund could also be utilised to provide members of the cast of future plays with copies of the play being produced, thereby saving the cost of material and labour entailed in typing and roneoing sufficient copies for the cast. With these books a library could then be established and added to year by year.

COMFORT

I have been informed that when the alterations to the Vesalian Theatre are completed, if that is not the case already, the Anatomy Department will have quite a respectable lecture theatre at its command.

If this rebuilding programme continues, those coming up here in a few years' time will not be able to appreciate the difficulties under which their predecessors laboured.

Anyway I hope that the powers that be will not cease in their efforts to make the amenities offered by this seat of learning as comfortable as possible.

CRAZY TURN

June is with us again, May having moved off because she found Gene (Staanplek). However, that's all by the way—which way? Oh, I mean E-loff(ed) er . . . er . . . Yes! Rags an' all! (I set out to avoid this—Oh how the mighty have fallen).

This is a fine month, this is, what with inter-varsity (didn't we half show them, or did we), the

(continued on next page)

SPOT OF HUMOUR

(Received from the "Auricle's" Special Correspondent)

Groton Conn.

The staid old Connecticut town of Groton was trying to forget to-day what it deemed a scandalous exhibition stop a truck driver was seen sitting on the sidewalk tearing off his breeches stop however it was not exhibitionism on the part of the driver stop he had been fixing the truck when it backfired and ignited his trousers.

SAYING FROM OVER-SEAS CHIEFS

Development does not stop at birth, at least not for some of us.

It is unusual in my experience for men to become pregnant.

You can't get anywhere without push in the maternity department.

Civilization and syphilisation go hand-in-hand.

OVERHEARD IN THE P.M. ROOM

Now take everything out of the thorax except the kidneys.

Bacteriologists are, after all, only little organ grinders.

(continued from previous page)

play (*vide supra*), the medical ball and among other things, the half-yearly exams—pretty important, don't you think (or don't you). My best wishes for success to all our distinguished 6½ years. Likewise those writing supps. in Forensic Medicine, Public Health and Psychiatry. Our First Year Massage students will write (or have written) finals in Physics and Chemistry—Good Luck.

VACANT

And after all this, what then. Why—July Vacation, N.U.S.A.S. Conference, Sports Clubs Tours and what not—(work of course!).

Our teachers must come in somewhere, so I'll give them the

TAILPIECE

June Exams or the
Lecturer's Lament

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like water and like wind I go." ("Rubaiyat")

Cheerio,
BINOCULAR.

LAMENT

The Editor, Sir,

I am one of those unfortunates who spends the hour between 1 and 2 p.m. in the common room some five days a week. To while away that hour, I am wont to peruse the morning paper, finding it a welcome relief from my ardous studies at the hospital.

I find this paper both entertaining and instructive, and have often wondered why the cultured activities committee does not encourage the wider perusal of a publication of such educational value.

It contains long and most helpful reviews of the economic status of the country, in the form of the market reports and stock exchange lists. Valuable sociological information is to be obtained from the advertisements in the paper as to the sale of houses, showing most clearly the trends of migration of the population from one part of the town to the other.

I should like to speak at length on the value of the news contained in the "Daily Mail," but unfortunately I usually get too tired looking

for a bit of the
main page here

sofa
cartoon on the
fragment of the
with, perhaps, a

and a corner of
the sporting page
in this corner

all over the
common room

scattered far and wide
and the rest of the news

to form an accurate estimate of its value.

Why, oh why, Mr. Editor, must they tear the damned thing up before I've read it?

Yours brokenheartedly,
"4th Year."

STRANGE UNION

There was a young man from Etruria,
Who married a girl from Manchuria.
Their son was a child of temperment mild,
But, with Hematoporphyrinuria.

L. F. JUNGE

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DIE LAASTE SKOF

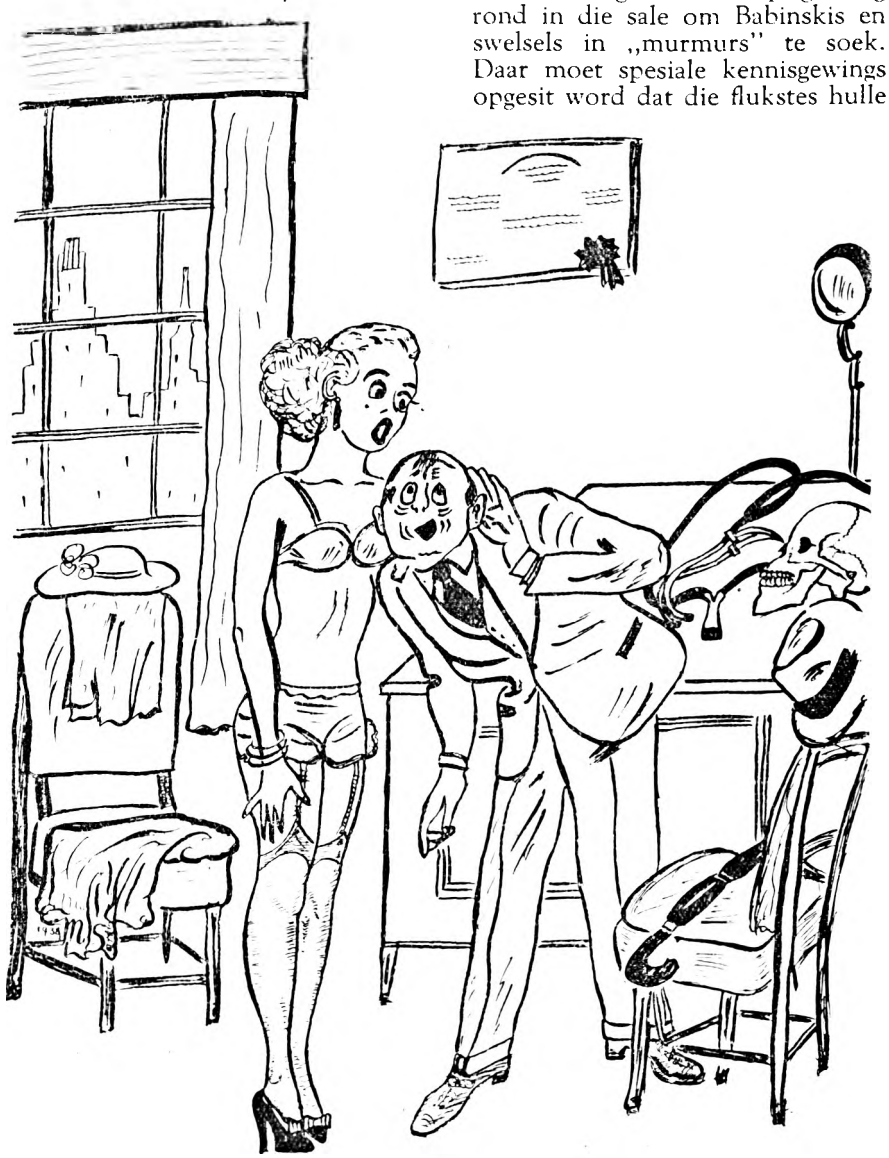
Jy het laas so gevoel toe jy matriek geskrywe het. Die een dag lyk jy aan Schizophrenia of Involutionele Melancholia en die volgende dag aan tekens van 'n te flukse thyroid.

'n Mediese student het in sy sesde jaar eendag net kort voor die eksamen gesê dat hy sy roeping gemis het omdat hy nie vir dokter geleer het nie. Dit was in een van die beter oomblikke toe hy besef het hoe min kennis hy in die afgelope vyf jaar ingesamel het. Hoe beny hy nou in 'n sekere sin tog nie die arme tweede-jaartjie nie! Soms dink hy werklik terug aan die „gelukkige ure in die dissekteer-kamer" soos die professor daardie dae beskrywe het, dae vol van formalien, sobottas en Berrysen instrumente vir antropologie.

Die finale jaar is 'n tyd van kroniese spanning, vol van gejaagde neerslagtigheid, kommer en slaaploosheid, patologiese drukte van aktiwiteit, oomblikke van diepe swartgalligheid en snaaks genoeg, tye van abnormale optimisme.

Die verhouding teenoor die werk het heeltemal omgeswaai in die finale jaar. Die flukstes is nou lui en die vorige luies loop gedurig rond in die sale om Babinskis en swelsels in „murmurs" te soek. Daar moet spesiale kennisgewings opgesit word dat die flukstes hulle nie moet oorwerk Woensdag- en Vrydagmôres by die vroue-buitepasiënte nie. Die Studente-Mediese-Raad moet 'n nuwe series lesings uitvind oor mediese geskiedenis sodat die kulturele op-

(*continued on page* 11)



"Sounds okay to me, but you'd better wait till doctor comes — I'm a patient too."

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SHORT STORY

(MUCH ABBREVIATED.—ED.)

And so it came to pass, that in the town of Wanmegan, which is in the county of Chatanqua, which is in South Dakota, which is in America, discovered, to the misfortune of mankind by Columbus in 1514, there dwelt a man, John Aloysius Sebastian, and his father's name was Smith. His father's christian name was John, so that it will be seen that John was a family name.

Now, J. A. S. Smith until the age of 45 lived a life of unremitting toil. Each day at nine o'clock, he would proceed to the post office to carry out his arduous duties as postmaster, and there he would remain, listening in to other people's conversations in the telephone exchange (which was housed in the building) till it was time to go home. This routine went on without a break for 23 years, until one night J.A.S.S. won $50,000,000 in a breakfast food competition.

Next morning the wanderlust struck him, and without a word to anyone, he decamped to Arabia.

In Arabia John Aloysius found his spiritual home. He loved the country, and spent 3 months learning the language, in order better to converse with the people of the country. However, his linguistic abilities, not being all that they might be, he was not what might be called entirely successful. His ignorance of Arabic (and other languages, apart from American) remained regrettably profound. This fact, as will now be demonstrated, caused him endless trouble and inconvenience.

It so happened that one day, in the port of Aden, the day being hot, his mouth dry, and his spirits low, John Aloysius repaired to a wine shop to refresh himself. There, to his surprise, he saw sitting at a nearby table a woman of surpassing beauty. Half an hour later, when the wine of the country (Scotch whisky made in Japan) had warmed the cockles of his heart, and released certain inhibitions, he approached this woman and intimated his desire to become better acquainted. Unfortunately, most unfortunately, as will be shown, his knowledge of the langugage was not adequate for his purpose. However by means of gestures, he made himself clear.

A look of terror came into the woman's face, and, looking cautiously round, she slipped a card to him on which a short sentence was written in Arabic, and whispered "Tonight, at nine."

In a happy daze, he returned to his hotel, and asked the manager to translate what he thought was the address, written on the card.

The manager, who was a major of the Bengal Lancers (retired), then said to him "Damme, sir! I am a gentleman! I served my king and country for 30 years—and is this the thanks I get?!—I'll give you 5 minutes to get out of my hotel—bag and baggage—be thankful I don't inform the police!"

John Aloysius started to protest, and when he had disentangled himself from his suit cases, and picked himself off the pavement, he showed the card to an Arab friend of his and asked its meaning. He got on board a P. and O. liner ten feet ahead of a howling mob, led by his Arab friend who had raised the town against him.

When the liner was two days out toward England, John A. plucked up courage to show his card to the purser. The purser turned a delicate purple, and told the captain—and the captain turned the boat round and went back to Aden—J.A. was thrown into the dock, where he was recognised by the police. Eventually, bleeding and exhausted, he escaped in an Arab dhow going to Mombasa.

By now, the fighting spirit of the Smiths was aroused—J.A. resolved to find out what that sentence meant or die in the attempt. He landed at Mombasa and showed the card to the British consul. After a long time, when he thought that the uproar had died down, J.A. emerged from the bush by night, stole a small boat, and made off down the coast alone. His sufferings during the next three weeks were terrible, he ran out of food, he ran out of water, and finished his last stick of shaving soap. Being a man most fastidious by nature, this last calamity tormented him most of all.

At last, one scorching morning, his inert body was seen lying in the derelict boat by a Dutch sea-captain bound for Batavia. Three weeks at the hospital in Batavia saw our indomitable adventurer on his feet again. As soon as he was able to walk, he went to the official interpreter and asked for the translation of the sentence on his card.

J.A. left by night for Penange in the junk of a Chinese pirate who threw him overboard in mid-ocean when he saw the card. J.A. floated, clinging to a piece of wreckage, for 6 days till a passing steamer picked him up and took him to Sydney in Australia.

He barely escaped with his life from a crowd there led by a police sergeant to whom he had shown his card.

So it went on. For 6½ years poor J.A. was hunted up and down the earth. Wherever he showed his card people thirsted for his blood. He travelled 97,540 miles, and was hunted on his way for 97,300 of them. He lost his nerve, his money, an eye, three fingers and an ear—which last was removed in person by an enraged Indian rajah. But, nevertheless, his insatiable curiosity drove him on—he had to find out the meaning of that card or die in the attempt.

At long last, tired and worn out, reduced to his last £30 he landed at Durban, where he suddenly remembered that he had a friend in Capetown who was an Arabic scholar.

He flew to Capetown and got into touch with this friend of his. At their first meeting, he told the friend of his adventures and the card, and begged him to translate it and give him its meaning. This his friend promised to do, taking possession of the card, and inviting J.A. to dine that evening and get the translation then.

After an excellent dinner, during which no mention was made of the card, J.A. could contain himself no longer, and he reminded his friend, a kindly, but absent-minded old gentleman, of his promise.

The old man said "Certainly, I had quite forgotten it—let's go and get it now from my desk."

(continued on page 10)

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INTRODUCING SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN AGAIN

Zoology
The elephant's a ghastly beast,
That haunts the countries of the East;
The hippopotamus, I think,
Never gets enough to drink;
At anyrate, I hear the dub
Never leaves his muddy tub;
The eagle dwells upon the steep,
And feeds on savages and sheep—
What's the good of having that
Awful rot beneath your hat?

Lullaby
Sleep, my little baby, sleep;
You'll have cause enough to weep—
Slumber is a precious boon;
You'll be getting measles soon;
Mumps will claim you for their own;
Croup will change your infant tone.
Sleep, my little darling, sleep,
Ere your first bicuspids peep
Through your rosy little gums,
And the envious colic comes.
Oh, the troubles time will ladle
On your happy baby cradle
Very shortly from the deep!—
So, be wise, my lamb, and sleep.

Exams
Cervantes, Dostoievsky, Poe,
Drained the dregs and lees of woe;
Gogol, Beethoven and Keats,
Got but meager share of sweets;
Milton, Homer, Dante, had
Reason to be more than sad;
Caesar and Napoleon
Saw the blood upon their sun;
Martyr, hermit, saint and priest
Lingered long at sorrow's feast;
Paid with pyre and perishing
For every feather in each wing;—
Well, if such as these could be
So foredoomed to misery,
And Fate despise her own elect—
What the deuce do you expect?

Spring! and how!
Northward wing the happy swallows,
To their olden haunts again,
And the poison ivy follows,
And the quinsy and the rain.

Soon the lovers will be walking
In the raw, malicious air,
Through catarrhal noses talking
Slush no mortal man can bear.

Only the wholesomest foods you eat;
You lave and lave from your head to your feet;
The earth is not steadier on its axis
Than you in the matter of prophylaxis;
You go to bed early, and early you rise;
You scrub your teeth and you scour your eyes—
What thanks do you get for it all?
Nephritis,
Pyrorrhea, appendicitis,
Renal calculus and gastritis.

N.U.S.A.S.
I burned my candle at both ends,
And now have neither foes nor friends;
For all the lovely light begotten,
I'm paying now in feeling rotten.

Endocrines and Age
It is not Beauty's fault that I,
No longer listen or reply,
When in a thousand various tones,
She plays her drums and saxophones,
To call, with sensitive alarms,
My spirit to creative arms.

It is not Beauty's fault, I gaze,
With Mackerel eye upon her ways;
My spirit still would much endure
To be her slave and paramour—
To be a partner in her spring
And share her winter sorrowing.

Alas, her gifts no longer stir,
Because my glands are through with her.

(continued from page 9)

They repaired to his study, where, it being winter, a fire was burning, and the friend looked in his desk for the card. Then he shambled round the room for a while, and came to a dead stop near the fire place with a rueful expression on his face.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, regarding a small heap of ash on the fender, "but I absent-mindedly used it to light my pipe with."

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SPORTS COLUMN

SPORTS EDITOR HAS A CRAZY DREAM

The centenary celebrations at the General Hospital went off with a bang. The occasion was marked by the numerous sporting activities which were arranged. "Throwing the Horse-shoe" Contest was won by the probationer nurses, who beat a fine team of medical students after extra time was allowed.

"Knife-throwing Contest," a new sport, which is becoming very popular as surgery advances, was won by a noted surgeon who used a non-de-plume, "Vertigo." The runner-up died a few hours later due to Vertigo's three direct hits—the deceased was a student who took it standing-up and died lying-down.

More Timeless Tests?

The finals of the ping-pong championships have not yet been decided, the reason being that Zwick insists upon winning by 2 points, because of his opponent's weight advantage. "Snowy" has not given Zwick a chance of getting a two point lead, and as a result the game is now in its second week.

Our medical school duelling team did rather well against the French university touring team. The sabre contest was the best fought section. The two female finalists both determined to win the trophy; the local girl won in the 6th period, when she gave the French madam (pardon! I mean madames—oh, skip it!) the "mark of the squealer" which reminded me of Edgar Wallace's book when, in the foursomes eliminating contest, a local lad was killed and no one could say who had inflicted the fatal thrust. The final result was a draw, only two competitors surviving—a local boy and a foreign girl. Local boy makes good, and they lived happily ever after.

The forthcoming exams. had a deleterious effect on the Fourth Year Rugby Team who have, we heard, been training for the Inter-Varsity Rugby Match, when they are hoping to defeat the Pretoria Medical School Sixth Years—this is all, of course, a myth, but the Fourth Years keep on hoping.

Staff *v.* students contests are always popular, and the staff *v.* students' tug-o-war competition was no exception. Unfortunately the referee disqualified the staff for digging holes and pulling with an extra man. It was later found that the referee had disqualified the wrong team; fortunately for him he was a student.

The rugby inter-varsity has come and gone and although I am writing this article before the competition, I cannot help drawing attention to the terribly bad way in which the songs were sung. One of the players dropped the ball each time a false note was uttered and he dropped the ball every time he received it—once every four minutes.

The English soccer team will soon be leaving for home again and we learn that our inter-year soccer champions after defeating the university team will travel to Capetown and play the visitors a game of rugby. Our best wishes go with them.

This Month's Sporting Achievement

The surgeon who ankylosed a golfer's cervical vertebrae at an angle of 115° to the vertical.

SPORTS EDITOR.

(*continued from page 8*)

voeding van die materialistiese student kan tred hou met sy wetenskaplike ontwikkeling.

Jy hou jou klasmaats onwillekeurig dop, altyd met 'n gevoel van 'n bietjie jaloesie omdat jy dink hulle leer en ken meer as jy. Jou huismense kan nie meer met jou praat nie, so irriterend word jy.

Partymaal dink jy aan Medisyne en Operasies en Vrouesiektes.

Partymaal leer jy.

Partymaal dink jy aan volgende jaar . . .

X. AMENPHOBIA.

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A SEQUEL

THE LOAD BACK

(The Editor, Sir—I recently read a weighty story in "The Auricle," entitled "The Road Back.")

Snap! they were falling—light! darkness! light! darkness! darkness! darkness! . . . Sangroid lit a match to see what was happening in the darkness. He ran a hand rapidly over his body in an attempt to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and was relieved when he discovered that except for a fractured spine, a ruptured bladder and a broken nose he had suffered no damage by the fall of the lift. As he picked himself up, he thought, how strange is this civilisation that allows man to exist in the air forty stories high at one moment and then dashes him to the upper basement the next, a heap of useless debris, ugly, cruel and powerless. The nuts and bolts of his ego crack, the mirror in his back pocket smashes to pieces, and the top comes off his fountain pen. God! he had thought he was strong enough to check the leak from that pen. But what can one expect, he mused with a passionate gesture, from a three-and-sixpenny article.

Suddenly, Sangroid heard a low moaning from the corner. His heart full of pity, he realised that the "female" must be dying, slipping from this life of pleasurable sensuality and exotic colourings in a misty haze of pain. Then she spoke, a few whispered words, "My powder-puff—I've lost my powder-puff! What can I do? What can I do?" Notwithstanding the severe shock he had just suffered, Sangroid's mind flitted rapidly from possibility to possibility. "We must get out of here," he said at last, "and look for something to eat. But I strongly suspect we are the only two beings alive in this city. That earthquake almost certainly destroyed civilisation!"

Together they stepped out of the lift and gazed with awe on the stupendous cataclysm of nature. Mighty edifices lay crumbled on the ground, their proud vanity hovering over them like an etheral spirit of the past; roadways were gashed open, and people filled the cracks in the dyspeptic earth, which was still borborygamising, like so many sardines. Even as they watched, a nearby fifteen-storey building tottered and fell with a crash. A flying boulder caught Sangroid on the temple and drew blood, but he brushed it away impatiently, for his attention had been attracted by a sign which advertised, without frills or fancies, "Hot-dogs, Pies and Pancakes." "We must eat now," he said firmly, "and build up our strength for the eternal tomorrow, and discuss our policy for building up a new and better race." He glanced pitifully at her as she wrung her hands in nervous anguish, and bit her lips as if trying to damn back a scream of hysterical fear that must be ever constant. She, too, was bitten by that mania that had once gripped all humanity. Surreptitiously he counted his ribs. There were twelve on each side. So would generations in the distant future count their ribs and narrate how their ancestor stood outside a silent restaurant and dreamed of cheap pens and broken mirrors, undismayed by the cruel destiny that had cut him off from friends, home and the cheering atmosphere of anschluss and marching armies.

Over their frugal meal of fried steak, sausages, polony, corn beef and cabbages which the "female" had raked up from nowhere, Sangroid discussed the international situation with fluency and a rare understanding of human foibles and weaknesses. He outlined briefly the dangers to which they would be exposed should there be a sudden aeriel raid over the city by a hostile power; even more briefly he ran through the last list of stock exchange prices, pointing out at appropriate places the losses he had suffered in the sacred cause of international peace. He noticed with satisfaction the growing admiration on the "female's" face. It was a peculiar face, giving the sensation that comes frequently into man's consciousness, when on clear nights he gazes into space.

In the days that followed, Sangroid and the "female" built a philosophy of new hopes on the ashes of old despair. Together they carried the load of a wrecked civilisation back to where it had begun. (We are glad to observe at long last the significance of our contributor's title.—Ed.) They erected numerous buildings—one-storey, but nevertheless reliable—complete with coal stoves, enamel baths, and nurseries. It was a laborious period, but Sangroid lightened it for himself by long discourses to the "female" on the "philosophy of metaphysical concepts in an abstractly mathematical universe."

Then one day the stranger came to their headquarters in 102nd Street. "I am the only other human being alive in the world to-day," she said simply, "I have travelled five thousand miles to find you. The winds whispered your names to me." She was dressed in rags. A velvet hat on her head, a shimmering dress of Paris crepe-de-chine, a fur jacket, and a tiny six-inch cigarette-holder completed her inexpensive but neatly simple attire.

Sangroid fell in love with her. He crawled towards her, muttering, "Load Back! Load Back!"

(continued on next page)

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IT IS OUR PRIVILEGE TO PRESENT—

A DOCTOR'S INDABA

As a child, I was at the mercy of the vicissitudes of Fortune. Influenced, on the one hand, by an impecunious father, and, on the other, by a pleasure-seeking mother, it was no wonder that I turned from the hard, material world to a lofty, spiritual existence. I devoured with relish the works of the great masters—Edgar Wallace, Zane Grey, Ridgwell McCullum; from all these fine and noble monuments in the history of literature I derived inspiration and courage. Then, on my eleventh birthday I received a present which was to alter the whole course of my destiny. It was a weighty volume entitled "Illustrated Family Doctor;" except for the sections on anatomy, physiology and disease, I read it through from cover to cover in a week, and as I put it down with a sigh I knew in my heart that I was fated to become a doctor. My parents were strongly opposed to my ideals. "Stay at home," said my father, "and I will provide you with all your needs, including bread and cheese on Mondays and Thursdays. But leave our happy domicile to pursue the irreligious calling of medicine and I will cut you off without a bioscope pass-out!" My heart was sorely torn between love for my parents and my soul's ambition, but my parents lost by a short head. I shall not weary you with the trials and tribulations of my training as a medical student. Penniless, outcast, spurned by all, I grit my teeth and carried on. Luckily, I had a flair for cards, and thus I supported myself through many long years of heart-breaking adversity; indeed, one of my proudest memories is the nickname I earned for myself by sheer perseverance and skill—"Poker King Bar None."

In my third year, I achieved a great triumph: I discovered the tubercle bacillus! After days of hard work, I brought the senior lecturer to my microscope and asked him to look at the slide. His enthusiasm was unbounded. He shook my hand, and with tears in his eyes, said "My boy, you are a great credit to this university. You have actually confirmed the earlier work of Koch." From that day, my progress was rapid. I confirmed the work of Rosenbach on the staphylococcus and streptococcus, of Weichselbaum on the pneumococcus, of Neisser on the gonococcus, and of Löffler on the diphtheria bacillus. Finally, I proved that Escherich was correct when he said that the B. coli was gram negative.

I qualified at the age of 38, after twenty happy and eventful years at medical school. Shall I ever forget them, those years? They are like dainty butterflies flittering along the path of my life.

The first few years of my practice were not fortunate years. I discovered that text-books were useless; my patients objected to my examining them with a bulky volume under my arm. I resorted to lighter books, but they had peculiar objections to these also, so eventually I was forced to discard them entirely. Then, for no apparent reason, the number of patients dropped considerably; to keep myself from starvation, I shot several people and treated them at fifty pounds a piece. But I soon discovered this method was eminently unsatisfactory; there was left only one course for me to take, and I took it—I became a gynaecologist. My troubles were over—in a few days my reputation was established.

To conclude my saga, let me relate one incident which profoundly influenced my career. I was on holiday in a small country village, enjoying to the full the fruits of leisure, when I was woken one night by a white-faced man who frantically told me his wife had a post-partum haemorrhage. I dressed hastily, and went to see the unfortunate woman. Undoubtedly she was in a bad way—the haemorrhage was copious, and signs of shock were evident. The situation called for rapid action. Disregarding all professional ethics, I did what few men would have done in the circumstances. I telephoned for a doctor.

(*continued from previous page*)

But he never reached her. One of his jerry-houses fell on them. Snap! they were falling—light! darkness! light! darkness! darkness! darkness! . . .

And so the eternal triangle goes on.

A. N. OTHER.

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ONS BESTE SPREKER

Die debat wat op 2 Junie j.b. in die Mediese Skool gehou is, was ongetwyfeld 'n groot verragging vir Prof. Craib. Hy het 'n beker rutgeloof vir die beste redenaar onder mediese studente, maar soos hy self die aand erken het, was huiwerig om te dink oor wat so 'n kompetisie sou oplewer.

Dit het die aand amper ongelooflik geklink om te hoor hoe konfyt sekere sprekers was in onderwerpe anders as wat betrekking het op suiwere medisyne. Die twee beste sprekers, volgens punte, was Mnre. Rice and Kagan. Die finale beslissing is toe gemaak deur die gehoor deur stemming. Mnr. Kagan is gekies as die beste spreker.

In die beoordeling is veral gelet op persoonlikheid, voordrag en inhoud. Toe Prof. Craib die uitslag bekend gemaak het, het hy Mnr. Kagan spesiaal geluk gewens met die vertroudheid wat hy openbaar het met sy onderwerp, sy pronk taaluitdrukking en die gemak waarmee hy gepraat het. Mnr. Rice het baie punte gewen vir die manier waarop hy deur sy voordrag die gehoor geboei het.

Die ander sprekers die aand was Mnre. Z. L. Szur, P. Kloppers, wat in Afrikaans gepraat het, G. Cook, R. de Kock en V. Turnbull.

N.K.

PING-PONG TRIUMPH

In a recent ping-pong match, held between the Medical School 1st Team and Normal College 1st Team, the Medicals defeated the Teachers by the large margin of 33 games to 3. Kagan, Rogolsky and Pelkowitz were outstanding, winning all their six matches, while Abramowitz, Prissman and Bryer were successful in five games out of six. The ping-pong club is rapidly becoming one of the Medical School's most treasured possessions.

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CLINICAL SONG

to Dr. G . . . w . . . d?

Feed my patients every hour,
All through the night,
Lest their gastric juice turn sour,
All through the night.
Can't you see it's very cruel,
Keeping patients short of fuel,
Waiting for their morning gruel,
All through the night?

Try some new investigation,
All through the night.
What about the sedimentation
Rate in the night?
Though there's Histamine to follow,
If your patient's feeling hollow,
Give him barium to swallow,
All through the night—

Have the blood corpuscles counted,
All red and white—
Have a blood film stained and mounted,
Morning and night.
Lest they think that we misuse' em,
Let my housemen then transfuse 'em,
All through the night.

(From Middlesex Hospital Journal.)

STOP PRESS

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

OWING TO THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN OBTAINING A SUITABLE HALL, THE COMMITTEE, WITH THE CONSENT OF PROF. DIGTON STAMMERS, HAVE POSTPONED THE PLAY UNTIL THE 2nd WEEK IN AUGUST

SPECIAL LECTURE ON—

BIGGER AND BETTER MEN

Gentlemen,

I wish to preface my address this morning by stating my firm conviction that this nation's male population is D4. I have travelled very extensively in the Union, as far west as Mayfair and as far east as the Kensington Sewage Farm, and for every one really healthy man, I have found 50 unhealthy. This state of affairs is not irremediable. You need glance but once at me to appreciate my great stature, splendid muscularity and confident bearing. Was I always thus? Of course not. I achieved my present condition by dint of very hard physical and mental work, which I shall outline this morning.

Firstly, physical development. Have you any idea, gentlemen, where the source of manly strength lies? Not in the heart or kidneys or mouth. In the limbs. You will agree with me that without the limbs movement is impossible. It is therefore essential that the arms and legs should receive first attention. I have chosen the following exercise (which should be done at least three times a day) mainly for its simplicity of execution and the benefits which result from its use.

Exercise 1—Raise the body on the toes. With a rapid rotatory movement bring the left leg up to the right ear, meanwhile breathing in and out rapidly. Hold this position for three minutes, then fold the arms behind the back, throw the head well forward so that the chin rests on the abdomen, and continue breathing in and out rapidly. After a few minutes, cease breathing and say the multiplication tables forwards, backwards and sideways. Relax. Breathe in and out rapidly.

You will be astonished gentlemen, at the remarkable alteration in your constitution after several days use of this exercise. You will literally leap out of bed in the early morning, charged with a colossal energy and an indomitable will. Saying the multiplication tables at the end of the exercise develops the concentration and tests your ability for mental and physical co-ordination. Mainly, however, the limbs obtain tremendous muscularity; your legs will be capable of carrying you the length and breadth of your backyard; your arms will wield a ping-pong bat with fiendish strength.

Next, we must turn to the abdominal musculature. The following exercise, while slightly more complicated than the last, has yielded excellent results to my private physical culture class.

Exercise 2—Breathe in and out rapidly. Relax. Breathe in and out rapidly. Relax. Relax in and out rapidly. Breathe. Relax rapidly. Breathe in and out. Breathe in and out relaxly. Rapid. Breathe. Relax.

The value of this exercise is obvious. The instructions, if carried out accurately, cannot fail to be of much benefit to you; the resulting increase in muscle-strength enables you to bounce a rugby football on your abdomen in a wonderfully efficient manner. Were it not for the unfortunate fact that I have an umbilical hernia, I would demonstrate the action to this gathering myself. This umbilical hernia was contracted in a strange manner; I was wandering from a flat one night—but I am deviating from the point.

The respiratory muscles call for special consideration. While many authorities hold that respiratory movements are the only means whereby these muscles can be developed, my personal experience does not corroborate this view. I have been breathing regularly for the last thirty-six years and my respiratory muscles are no stronger to-day than they were fifteen years ago. We are forced, therefore, to seek other methods, and after much detailed study, I have evolved an exercise which, in all due modesty, I consider the nearest approach to perfection for this purpose.

Exercise 3—Blink the right eye thirty times; relax; blink the left eye forty times.

At first glance this exercise may appear a little strange. But the rationale is most convincing; blinking the right eye sets up a reflex to the right lung so that it contracts; the time taken for thirty blinks results in a counter-reflex which expels air rapidly and so the respiratory muscles are caused to act forcibly. A similar argument applies to the left eye, but forty blinks are required, as the left lung is inhibited to some extent by the heart.

The muscles of the neck are of great importance in physical well-being. The head cannot be moved unless these muscles are intact and it is essential that they should be well developed, inasmuch as they indirectly protect the spinal cord; thus injury to the neck-muscles indirectly injures the spinal cord and I shall state as a truism that no man can take part in a social gathering if his spinal cord is injured. This exercise is designed specially by myself.

Exercise 4—Bring the right knee forcibly up to the chin. As the head jerks backwards, kick it forwards with the left leg. Repeat this process several times. A temporary crick in the neck may develope, but is of no significance, so disregard it entirely.

If the four exercises I have mentioned are carried out conscientiously, there is no reason why every member of this audience should not become Goliaths. However, brawn without brain is valueless, so, in concluison, I recommend the following exercises for development of the mental processes.

Exercise 5—Divide every number you can think of by every other number.

Exercise 6—Spot the double at Wembley at least once a month.

Exercise 7—Discuss the political situation twice a day, either with a neighbour or with yourself.

Exercise 8—Whenever you have a spare moment, repeat this Armenian proverb rapidly: "Bzjiikskph allzkch cjximjoofue uwnnstlskp."

This, gentlemen, concludes my remarks. Your future development rests to a great extent with yourselves. I have merely directed you on the path to health and happiness, and if what I have said has inspired you to achieve this ideal, I am indeed recompensed

There will now be a collection in aid of the Society for the Propagation of Health, Wealth and Happiness among the Maoris.

Thank you.

URAL.

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