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**Students` Medical Council**

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# THE AURICLE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' MEDICAL COUNCIL
University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg.

VOL. 2 JUNE, 1936 No. 2


## EDITORIAL.

### INTERFERENCE WITH STUDENT LIBERTY?

At the last Meeting of the Students' Medical Council a rather interesting discussion arose and it arose in this fashion. It had been reported to the S.M.C. that a certain individual had been attempting to dispose of sets of notes to his year-group at the rate of 10/- per set, whereas in previous years similar notes had been sold to students for less than one-third of that price. On investigation, this report was substantiated. It was discovered that these notes were not original but had been compiled by two students, two years previously, and that during those two previous years students had paid 3/- per set of notes. The Executive took up the matter and found that it had no machinery or legislation to deal with it. Feeling, however, that such an unfortunate occurrence should not be allowed to recur, and that students ought to be protected against exploitation by certain students in the School, the Council was asked to accept the following recommendation: That the Executive be empowered to go into ways and means with a view to preventing the recurrence of such and parallel incidents. The discussion that ensued was interesting, not by virtue of any high-standard of debating, but on account of the arguments raised in an attempt to defeat the recommendation. It was asserted that by accepting such a recommendation, Council would be overstepping its powers and would be infringing upon the private liberty of the medical student. The opposition further attempted to confuse the issue by reminding Council that it could do no better than emulate the traditional British attitude of freedom, liberty and toleration for the individuals in the State? It is with this problem of liberty that we are mainly concerned in this article

Liberty! We look at the word and are immediately impressed. A word that to most minds, represents the hallmark of civilisation; the first word of a phrase that transformed Europe at the end of the 18th century; an attribute that is the pride of British institutions; a principle that, the papers mourn, is being definitely destroyed in Fascist states. This represents loose thinking, vague and therefore dangerous. Let us attempt to be a little more analytical.

Liberty simply means freedom. Are we then free, under British rule, to do as we please? Are we free to say what we like, free to write as we like? If that were so, political agitators would not be sitting in gaol, libel cases would not be heard in courts and editors would not be charged with making seditious statements. And yet we talk of freedom of speech and the freedom of the press. Are we free to exploit our employees and pay them any wage we like? Are woman openly permitted to take up the profession of prostitution? Are we free to conduct our sexual relations as we like and are doctors at liberty to perform abortions at will? Are we free to kill, to rob, or even to commit suicide? And yet we talk of the liberty of the individual.

Strictly speaking then, there is no such thing as liberty of the press, of speech, or of the individual. The State laws and the unwritten laws of society regulate every aspect of the individual's life. Many of the cases of hysteria in modern society, to quote one example, are manifestations of the conflict between the individual's desires and the restraints imposed, by society, upon his (or her) outlets for self-expression.

How then can we resolve the apparent paradox of regarding ourselves as living in a state where our individual liberty is not interfered with, when in actual fact such liberty does not exist? And the solution, we think, lies in the fact that British institutions are guided by the principle that interference with the liberty of the individual is necessary and even desirable if two provisos are satisfied, namely, (a) that such interference shall be to the benefit of the majority of its members and, (b) that the extent of interference with the individual's liberty shall be the minimum necessary to the attainment of the object in view. When an individual contracts syphilis, it does not remain an affair of the individual alone; minimal interference is called for and consequently the state legislates that such an individual must submit himself to treatment and shall not have sexual relations until cured. In the same way, if a combine of wholesale butchers suddenly decided to charge exorbitant prices for meat, the state would be lamentably failing in its duty to its citizens if it refused to take steps to interfere and control the price of meat.

In the light of these arguments we see how dangerous it is to talk loosely about infringing on the liberty of individuals and how easily such statements blur the more fundamental issues under discussion. Students will be able to decide for themselves whether Council's decision to agree with the motion (as mentioned above) was a wise one and in harmony with British ideas of liberty.

## A FINAL-YEAR STUDENT HAVING SWOTTED TO EXCESS, DREAMS OF HIS ORAL EXAMINATION.

*PROLOGUE.*

In his dream the sixth year student sees himself entering the study where the professor sits waiting. His entry is most impressive, since he is accompanied by three of his girl friends, who sweep into the room before him—much in the style of Ginger Rogers. The examinee like Fred Astaire has one of the girls as his immediate partner. This is a platinum blonde.

*Sixth Year.*—
Good morning, Professor; I declare myself ready
To take this oral exam.
And since I imagine I'm not quite so steady
As I always imagined I am,
I've brought my charming young girl friends,
To cheer up my desolate way
Through the haze and the maze of the problems
With which you'll confront me today.

*Professor.*—
Good morning, good morning, young medical man;
I've some posers for you that I've swotted all night;
So let's get a move on as quick as we can,
In case I forget them, as forget them I might.
And as for your girl friends, I feel I must tell them,
That I'm out to expose your knowledge so tiny,
And that besides their most pleasing appearance,
Your girl friends may aid us in Gynie.
Now tell me. What are the gonadal reflexes?

*Student.*—
They're a diff'rence that marks both the sexes,
It's a physiological fact that makes them exact,
They're the last of the abdominal reflexes.

*Professor.*—
Well done for a start. My boy you're quite smart;
Now explain in a breath what's a fever.

*Student.*—
That's easy Professor; its a state when you're late,
In getting to bed just in time.
The result is a chill; you're exanthem'ly ill,
Since a shudder descends up your spine.
For a moment you're nearer to Hell,
Since at first you feel cold and then you feel hot;
But how can you tell, that you're perfectly well,
When your heat-regulation is not.
Of course, there's prognosis, treatment and race,
Consider the hist'ry, the post-mortem report of the case.
But if you'll trouble to look, it's in every text-book,
In the section on umbilical diseases.

*Professor.*—
Then what about boils and carbuncles?

*Student.*—
The treatment's a series of squeezes;
Quite easy to show, as you very well know,
If you pick out the one that it pleases.

*Professor.*—
Stop. Your knowledge is much too fragmentary;
Not fit are you any patients to treat.

*Blonde chimes in*—
But do let him pass, dear Professor,
His bedside technique is so terribly neat.

*Professor* (getting tired)—
Lady, your plea makes the matter quite final;
So I declare, this sixth year a brand new M.B.
An M.B. ideal, who forgets in his zeal,
To remember the size of his fee.

*Chorus of girls.*—
Oh Yeah!

---

The young lady was being examined by her doctor.

"You've got acute angina," he said.

"Oh, stop it, doctor," she replied," I want to know, am I, or am I not going to have a baby."

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## ON AUSCULTATION.

*We hear—*

*That* the Onderstepoort Conference was a great success and that the Vets. entertained the Meds. royally.

*That* a Clinical Discussion Club for Senior students has been started and it deserves the whole-hearted support of the clinical years.

*That* the Aesculapian Theatre was filled to capacity on the night of the concert and everybody felt that the show quite justified the 10/- fee.

*That* "The Anatomist" exceeded all expectations and the producer, Prof. Stammers, is to be congratulated on his stout effort.

*That* many people feel that Professor Dart has missed his vocation and Hollywood would benefit greatly by the addition of some members of the cast.

*That* the Rag was bigger and better than ever before. Congratulations to the 5th years for the winning float.

*That* the continual deafening roar of the drills in building operations at the hospital is enough to make the healthiest of us suffer from insomnia and irritability for the rest of our lives.

*That* the 1st year concert and dance repeats the success of last year's. But where were the medical seniors that night?

*That* we may agree with Prof. Craib that as a profession we are somewhat lacking in "culture" but we cannot agree that an extra 3 years' University course is the solution to the situation.

*That* if students want their Journals to appear frequently, they should sit down and WRITE FOR THEM.

## EPITAPH.

HIC ..... JACET

A Poker Student, unknown, who breathed his last forlorn, senescent, nefarious and despondent, on the Ides of March, in this year of grace, 1936, in the precincts of the Men's Common Room, Medical School.

He was not one who 'gainst Life's cares
Pauses, muses, guards.
His god was beer, his book of prayers—
A pack of playing cards.

*Heard in the Ward—*

Student (taking history): "When were you married?"

Patient (thinking hard): "After the Act of Union."

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## STIPULATION

**(An almost authentic account)**

It was in Mrs. Magee's Lounge that he first approached me. Having recently received a generous remittance from home, some friends and myself were freely partaking of tea and "Home-Made Delicacies" guaranteed to have no ill effects on either "peptic ulcers or alcoholic gastritis." Possibly the lavishness of our gastronomic ambitions attracted him.

He sat beside me with his back to the others. From a pocket he drew out a much soiled pamphlet.

"Longman, old chap, d'you want a Houyhnhnms' Anatomy. It's going pretty cheap and I *must* have the cash." He peered at me anxiously.

I was, at the time, in that stage of metamorphic insecurity when the purchasing of innumerable Anatomy books seemed indispensable to the progress of one who desired to combat successfully with examiners in November. And I was fairly certain that no one else had a Houyhnhnms' Anatomy. I screwed my face shrewdly after the manner of a Commissioner Street pawnbroker, and brought my finger-tips together.

"How does the book stand with regard to Osteology," I inquired.

"Ah! you should just see! In the preface it says —" I cut him short. "Well, Cunningham does it well enough for me."

"—that as it is so well done in other books, such as Cunningham, they think it necessary to give diagrams only. And what diagrams!"

"Ahem! And the Embryology? Cunningham —"

"It's better than Cunningham's." His eyes lost their customary brilliance. "Prenatal development is described with a limpidity and pellucidness pleasing to the reader's highest sensitivity. The account acquires originality by being presented in the form of an autobiography, an hitherto unprecedented advancement in the annals of Medical Science," he said simply. I begged him not to stop. He proceeded:

"The book is one that is being hailed in Europe and the Americas as the sensation of the day. That portion dedicated to the interpretation of Histological phenomena is presented after the manner of the edifying literature of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Disney. An extra charge is made for occasional music accompanying the volume. It is described by leading critics of the day, as the ideal book for short or long train-journeys."

I shook my head sorrowfully. He sighed ... Evidently he realised that he had made an error somewhere. As he rose to depart he murmured unpresumptuously:

"You couldn't lend me a ten-shilling note till to-morrow, could you? No. I thought not. Thank you. Good morning."

I found myself in the Metro, some days later, sitting behind him. Next to him was young Smith, who has an Anatomy Library second to none in our class. Owing to the dimness of the lights—you know the Metro—I was not noticed. They were discussing S. Africa's Olympic Games prospects, when he murmured, quite indifferently:

"Oh, Smith, have you a Houyhnhnms' Anatomy?"

Smith had not. But Smith's eyes unconsciously sparkled.

"What, Smith! You haven't a Houyhnhnms! Why, it's the rage of Europe and the Americas. No modern Anatomical Library, says 'The Times,' can be considered complete if Houyhnhnms' Anatomy is absent from its shelves. I offered one to Longman the other day. He offered me 35/-. I told him not to be capricious. He suggested 40/-. I raised my eyebrows. He begged me to accept 45. I curled my lips scornfully. He pleaded 50. I placed my tongue in my cheek. He entreated with 55. I twitched my ears. He couldn't go further than 55, poor fellow. Of course, I've still got the Houyhnhnms; The Neurology section"—I remembered that Smith was decidedly weak at Neurology—"is really amazing."

"Indeed," said Smith. His eyes glistened possessively.

"Yes," was the acknowledgment. "The diagrams employed are both unusual and stimulating." His eyes lost their customary sparkle. "In describing the Rhinencephalon, use is made of a photograph of a Cerebral Hemisphere of the late Mr. John Dillinger. The Mesencephalon of Napoleon, and the Medulla Oblongata of Sherlock Holmes play rather important parts, in diagrammatic form. The book is one that would attract not only an Anatomy student, but an Art student. Each plate is tinted with the tantalising splendour of the bulbous tulip or the rump feathers of the peacock. Among the colours used, the following are prominent:—The gamboge of Cambodia, ochre, sepia of the cuttle fish, raw umber, gold lac, natural sienna, Parisian blue, burnt sienna, Indian red and Roman ochre. Modern art is thoughtfully introduced in the chapter on Arthrology, in which the Costovertebral joints are the very picture of pacific harmony and concordance. Each sentence is a perfect example of lilting prose. Let me quote a short extract: 'The much smaller ulnar head

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arises from the medial side of the coronoid process of the ulna below the origin of the flexor digitorum sublimis, and joins the humeral head at an acute angle.' Is that not beautiful? Of such ecstatic sentences there are thousands! Longman, as I mentioned just now,"—the brilliance returned to his eyes—"offered me the ridiculuous price of fifty-five shillings for this wonderful tome."

Then followed a rather extended, insinuating silence ....

"I tell you what," said Smith, as the theatre was darkened, and 'The Amateur Gentleman' was flashed on the screen, "I'll give you fifteen bob."

Smith looked hard at him. But never a word quoth he.

At the end of the film I escaped quietly and unnoticed ....

"Oh, I say," murmured I to him the next day, "I'll give you twenty shillings for that Houyhnhnms' Anatomy of yours."

"Why certainly," he answered courteously, drawing forth the book from an unprepossessing attaché case. I took over the proprietorship of the Houyhnhnms' in exchange for eight bright, silvery half-crowns.

As he pocketed the latter he mumbled obscurely:

"Good film at the Metro yesterday, wasn't it?"

And seeing the sudden glint in my eyes, he departed grinning.

—M. Goldblatt

## THE HONORARY SURGICAL STAFF.

### An Appreciation.

Ten little honoraries doing a trephine, Maisels used a lithrotrite and then there were nine.

Nine little honoraries wishing to the slate, G.G's. whiskers tripped him up and then there were eight.

Eight little honoraries sought the way to Heaven, but Joseph bellowed "Go to Hell" and then there were seven.

Seven little honoraries a whiskey went to mix, Dickie quite forgot himself and then there were six.

Six little honoraries for the quickest op. did strive. Prof. Brebner used his sewing machine and then there were five.

Five little honoraries frisking round the floor, Te Water split his rompers and then there were four.

Four little honoraries went out to catch a bee, Walter left his veil behind and then there were three.

Three little honoraries went to the Zoo. They wouldn't let poor Maxie out and then there were two.

Two little honoraries thought they'd have some fun. But Brayshaw overstepped the mark and then there was one.

One little honorary, 'twas Fouche all alone. Yelling "Bloody Hell, woman, bring that osteotome."

## RALES AND RHONCHI

We are told that the difference between a chambermaid and a mannequin is simply a question of pose.

Chief (teaching at the bedside): This is a case of Marie Strumpell's disease.

Student (suspiciously, in a whisper to Chief): Do you mean a venereal spondylitis?

*Impossible People—*

The person who wanted to know if "Eden and Holland" was today's latest newspaper headlines.

The impossible gynaecologist who, when dealing with a complicated classification of malignant ovarian tumours, said "You needn't worry; once you've got them, they're really quite simple."

Chief (teaching on case of ischiorectal abscess): "What is the after-treatment?".

Student: "The abscess cavity must be packed daily to ensure that healing takes place from the bottom."

Chief: "The bottom! Where else can it heal from? The head?"

It was whispered to us that one of our colleagues had cured a woman of several months amenorrhea on her birthday. Presumably, he wished her many happy returns.

"Amy appeals to a King."—*Star* headlines (Thursday, May 14th).

She would. Reports have it that she's a fast woman.

*A Wonderful Drug!—*

"If avertin is administered to a woman, she completely forgets her past."—Student howler.

*Our Stylists—*

Extract from H.P's. notes on a case:—

"Patient suffers from tingling in the hands, which is likened unto a sort of feeling as though his hand had gone to sleep."

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## FROM THE DIARY OF A FINALIST.

*Tuesday, 28th—Evening.* Read piles on the subject of cirrhosis of the liver, spat blood over it and decided that this was another of those subjects where, because they knew so little about it, authors wrote so much. Gave it up and tackled the painful subject of contraction and retraction in labour. Made quite good progress until my mind began to wander. Could not get my latest "hot mamma" off my mind. Sketched her eyes on my notebook. Indulged in 10 minutes of pleasant day- (or rather night-) dreaming. Cursed her softly and then tried to return to my labour. But no good; My eyes scanned the printed matter but "she" was occupying the grey matter. Read, but could not absorb the same page after 3 readings. A case of third stage delay without a doubt. Only one thing to be done—a manual removal. I not only removed the manual of midwifery, I hurled it away, gave the cat, purring peacefully at my feet, a kick in the rear to express my disgust and went out for some tea and a short stroll.

Returned to my study a little later. Stroked the cat to make up for my previous display of ill-temper; she purred and looked up as if to say she didn't blame me entirely. Harmony again restored, I settled down to work—this time on ovarian cysts Read a lot of gushing muck on the etiology and contents of dermoid cysts and became exceedingly confused by a lot of high-faluting bunk about Kobelt's tubules and hydatids of Morgagni, etc., etc., etc. Struggled through from simple retention cysts, through papillary cysts to malignant cysts—symptoms, lassitude, increasing weakness, cachexia; felt I was suffering from similar symptoms, saw it was nearing 1 a.m., closed my books and crawled into bed.

*Wednesday, 29th*: Woke up with a start and saw it was 8.10 a.m. and suddenly it dawned on my befogged mind that I was due at "Kids" at 8.30 a.m. Shaved hurriedly, cutting my face in two places, dashed some water over myself, crawled into my clothes, refused breakfast and hurried to "Kids" arriving there breathless at 8.40 a.m. Found no students hanging about the entrance, so hurried to the wards. I rushed from ward to ward, but no nurse had seen Dr.— and the students. Cursed myself for sleeping so late and told myself that I couldn't afford to miss any teachings in the wards in the present state of my knowledge. Decided they were probably up in the solarium. On the way up, met the houseman. "Where's Dr.— and the students?" The houseman looked amazed and then in a tone of withering sympathy informed me that his chief taught on Thursday and that today was "only Wednesday." I collapsed —partly from annoyance and partly because I'd had no breakfast .....

Somewhat later in the day, in reply to a question from a chief and having given "a thoroughly bad answer," I was informed: "Mr.— has had a night out and it would do him no harm if he did some reading occasionally." Ye Gods! How harshly are we judged!

Came the evening (post-prandial) .... A scene of quiet, harmony and industry in my study; the cat purring gently at my feet and I am engaged in "obstructed labour" (we're expecting a Gynae and Obstetrics test shortly). But it doesn't last long. It's a far cry from obstructed labour to one's lady friend (especially with a pure mind like mine) but there you are ... and here she is in my thoughts again making a difficult labour still more difficult. It's no good going on. So the chief thinks I don't do any work. Well, I might as well be hanged for a wolf as for a sheep (or however the saying goes). It is after 9 but I hope she won't mind. I phone her. She tells me she was just going to bed; perhaps another night. "No," I snap. "Oh, very well," resignedly, as if she wasn't looking forward to it—but they never give you the satisfaction of telling you how welcome you are.

Blow G.G., blow W.H.C., and blow I.W.B.! I blow them all away. Nothing more to worry about. I spend a few hours of ecstasy with my "latest" and return in the early hours of the morning, tired but happy, with the vague smell of her perfume about me.

*Thursday, 30th*: Tired. Woke up late again. More surgery and gynae and medicine make one quickly forget the previous night. Will it never end? Six more months? Twelve more months? What a life!

—"WHAT A LIFE."

Castle Beers are The --- Best!

# AURICLOPA SPECIAL NEWS SERVICE

## THE RAG.

Now that the Wits Wits have ceased their subversive activities in aid of the Hospital, and returned to the less interesting and less productive occupation of study, we can look back on that holocaust called the Rag.

Rather regretfully, it must be admitted that the Medicals did not play the same prominent part as in previous years, but our few enthusiasts certainly made up for the more or less general lack of interest.

The fifth year class staged an excellent effort, the Lord Mayor's Show, and certainly earned the first prize. The Horse Guards were the cynosure of all eyes and we may console one knight with the observation that despite the severance of a beautifully shaped nasal organ and the necessary presence of cushions at subsequent lectures, it was all in a good cause.

Another meritorious effort was the S.S. Streamline. In its foetal stages it bore a strong resemblance to an hypertrophied Airflow Chrysler but the addition of funnels, portholes, and name, turned it into one of the most attractive floats this year.

The second year class slipped back a few centuries and produced one of the best pirate ships in many years. It is strenuously denied that the bloodthirsty looks of the crew were in any way connected with their daily routine.

The Science students took upon themselves the task of advertising the production of "The Anatomist" and after seeing the play we are convinced that their work was well worth while.

It has been a record Rag, more so, on account of the conspicuous failure of "Mother of Sixteen" to express her perennially outraged feelings (perhaps "Sweet Seventeen" is on the way) and seeing that no one else will do it, we shall pat ourselves on the back and say "Well done, Wits."

—EBAS.

## "THE ANATOMIST." (14th to 16th May)

It was an achievement of Professor Dighton Stammers to transform students of medicine into actors, who in turn put up a very creditable performance. It was generally agreed that for medical students to produce a play in a dissecting room was an ambitious effort, but sincerity and sheer ability won for them the ringing applause of full houses at all performances.

The play, which deals with the activities of the infamous resurrectionists in Edinburgh, was described in the programme as "A lamentable comedy of Knox, Burke and Hare and the West Port Murders." In its treatment of these appalling occurrences, the play is dramatic, but at the same time restrained in its presentation; and there is an adequate flavouring of humour in the various situations. The story, recounting the gruesome deeds of the body-snatchers, who in the early part of the nineteenth century, robbed graves to provide anatomists with specimens for the dissecting table, culminates in the arrest of Burke and Hare. They were found guilty of murdering a woman of the streets, whose body they had sold for a few pounds to Dr. Knox, the Edinburgh anatomist. A general outcry against Knox was raised, and as a result of the trial that followed, Burke was hanged, while Knox was found blameworthy for the laxity of his inquiries as to the sources of the material for his dissecting table.

Professor Raymond Dart's performance was convincing and he depicted a passionate and imperious Dr. Knox who, despite his frequent outbursts of emotion, was never undignified. Note, for instance, his astonishment when Mary Belle dares to criticise him, or again his almost inarticulate rage, when the indignant public seeks his life. One could not help catching glimpses of his heroic spirit shining through his incoherence.

Amelia Dishart, with whom Dr. Knox was in love, was excellently played by Molly Kannemeyer. Her gentle self-control, her honesty, her shrewd intuition, as well as simplicity, made her performance a well-studied one.

Margaret Reinhold was Amelia's sister, Mary Belle. She played the part of a quick-tempered young woman flippantly and with energy. Indeed, her performance was admirable. Denis O'Keeffe, as Mary Belle's lover and as the anatomical demonstrator, convincingly revealed his mental conflict. Buffetted between his love on the one hand and his ardour for anatomical researches on the other, O'Keeffe thrilled his audiences with many superb, dramatic moments.

The humour of the play was chiefly provided by Rolf Nupen as Adolphus Raby, a student of anatomy. His excellent performance as the ludicrous, facetious dunderhead was well appreciated. Among the other members of the cast were Joe Williams and "Rex" van Heerden as the knavish, dishonourable murderers, Burke and Hare; Ena Schoub as Mary Paterson, a woman of the town who fell into the clutches of the body-snatchers; Sonia Highman, as Janet, a pusillanimous servant girl; Charles Sarkin, as Davie Paterson, a Porter at Surgeon's Hall; Sidney Levy, as the landlord of the Three Tuns Tavern; Cecil Moore as Jessie Ann, a maidservant.

The play was an achievement of which the Medical School can be justly proud. All those connected with its production are to be congratulated on their fine effort, which involved a sacrifice of much time and personal convenience. Their best reward is the knowledge that the Hopsital Appeal Fund will benefit considerably.

—G.W.L.

MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS.

OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST.




"EXAMINING THE CASE"
Is what we asked him to illustrate, and this is what he did.

**Excerpts from the Medical School "WHO ZOO AND WHAT SWAT."**

*Gillman, Joseph*—Terrorises second year students into printing, drawing, being punctual and taking Science. Has a passion for photographing female chimpanzees in compromising attitudes. Each year sends hordes of science students scuttling into remote corners for Golgi apparatuses. Hyperbolic in eulogy, is candid in criticism; at present in Russia (or is it Paris?) curing his negative phase.

*Holgate*—Really an indispensable member of our community. An expert on shorthand and typing—works harder than anyone in the Medical School—yet always helpful with a smile for everybody. If you want to know anything "ask Jean."

*Hilde Ginsberg*—Well-known by her infectious laugh. Talks at 60 miles an hour. Has a keen sense of humour and has her head screwed on the right way. We sympathise with her in her heart-breaking task of turning Medical students into cultured men and women.

*"Hymie" Stein*—Spends his life in dark rooms, emerging only to be omniscient on anything medically-tinged. Has plumbed the depths, widths and girths of 10,000,037 thyroid cells, one of which was definitely abnormal. Virtuous in accuracy, has a deep understanding of mind and matter and of the limitations of men.

*J.J.*—The "big bad wolf" of the Hospital Staff. A bold and capable surgeon who "caresses the tissues," if not his housemen. His sarcasm is as cutting as his newest scalpel. A brilliant lecturer, he packs a lecture theatre as easily as an abscess cavity of the ischio-rectal region, and never disappoints his audience.

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# THE AURICLE LISTENS.

## SCIENCE OR FALSE MODESTY?

The Editor,
Sir,

I should be most grateful if you would bring to the notice of readers of the Auricle, the following matter which has been exercising the minds of many medical students for some time past.

The matter which I wish to criticise is the method of teaching surface anatomy in our school. As you no doubt are aware, under the present regime, men and women students are sedulously segregated for classes in surface anatomy. The men strip in the Dissecting room and there carry out the arduous task of locating bony points, pencilling in the liver, etc., while the women are herded together in a private room under the autocratic ruling of a more senior woman student—there to disport themselves—presumably—in a manner similar to that of the men.

Are we not Medical Students in the true sense of these words? Are we not enlightened to a degree befitting this year of grace 1936? Why this modest hiding of our nakedness? We are not ashamed of our bodies—in a class such as surface anatomy surely we may regard the body as a subject for study—not as something which must be hidden from the prying eyes of the other sex.

To pursue this subject further. In the wards the bodies of the patients are not kept carefully clothed—else how could we examine them and learn from them? Men are not limited to examination of male patients, nor women to female patients. All students regard this as a matter of course—yet refuse to expose their bodies so that they may study the normal anatomy of both sexes? Are men to know only the pathological anatomy of the female, or women only the male in disease? The chance to be conversant with the normal is there for them to take—and they will not take it.

I would ask that medical students consider this subject carefully from an impersonal aspect. If their point of view is truly medical, in the best sense of the word, they must surely realise the logic of my argument. I should like to hear the views of readers on this subject.

Yours faithfully, ENLIGHTENED.

## ON VISITING ATHLETES.

The Editor of the Auricle,
Sir,

Our hair stands on end when we read in every newspaper in the place, day after day, that this Everest-like altitude of 6,000 ft. affects all our visiting sportsmen—even those who win. Not that we have reason to disbelieve or even believe these sportsmen (as they are) but we fail for a brief moment to classify sprinters, billiard-players, bowls-champions, Masked Marvels, coloraturas and other "moenie-rook nie" individuals into what you might fairly term, one "altitude stricken" category. Hence our hirsute rigidity. But we hasten to add that we once heard of a man whose name we knew before we began reconstructing our first Golgi apparatus, one whom this stupendous height—looking down on Muizenberg—affected quite definitely. We recall, however, that the incompatibility was in no way connected with the $CO_2$ TENSION to which his ALVEOLAR AIR condescended to descend, nor with his depth of breathing; rather with his depth of feeling for other peoples' possessions, which trait when discovered—even at this altitude—caused him to entertain a marked dislike for the 6,000 foot vertical milepost.

No, Mr. Editor, (we turn to you Sir) we are moved in spite of our heritage of phlegm or phlegmaticism almost to desperation and tears in our search for evidence to substantiate or non-substantiate the claims advanced by some of our sporting guests, for a Retrial, Refight, Refund or Rebore on the plea of a non-response on the part of the RED BONE MARROW. As one "all-in" proponent in an exclusive interview with "Our Own Correspondent" remarked, "I'm not squealing but my red corpuscles let me down on the very night of the bout." We thought the remark rather plebian, but we welcomed, indeed, most eagerly, the reference to the RED MARROW. It reminded us of our first second year of some six years ago, recalling many pleasant hours; but more important, there was wafted to us, like the echo of a dream, the remembrance that a census of the RED CELLULAR inhabitants of the BLOOD revealed a triumph of live-births over still-births to the tune of 6,000,000 or so per cu.mm. of material coaxed from true citizens of Johannesburg, of which town Prof. Fantham was wont to say, that it was sadly lacking in eugenical ambition.

Apart from this computation, Sir, we ask you or your readers to tell us—we are very interested—is there perhaps some strain or stress placed on the CIRCULATORY SYSTEM of visitors and others not in receipt of a subsidy, on arrival at this Jubilee town? Does the pulse flutter a little more quickly? The heart squeeze a little less enthusiastically? Does the Highveld OXYGEN press a little more reluctantly into the arms of ARTERIAL HAEMOGLOBIN?

These little things keep us awake, Sir. And we desire the Truth intensely. And more; we are slightly enraged—remember we do not take offence very easily—we are slightly enraged that our local reporters should know so much more concerning the deleterious effects of 6,000 ft. of mountain side than perhaps all the Professors in this City of Gold.

In conclusion, we are determined with an unwavering zest, should the Auricle and the many among whom it circulates be unable to tell us, to ask someone else.

We are, anxiously, SO AND SO.

## HEARKEN, YE S.M.C.!

The Editor,
Sir,

One notices, with interest, the recent attempt of the S.M.C. to control the morals of the student

body by, for example, the suppression of gambling in the Common Room and, while one must endorse wholeheartedly this new innovation, I would like to draw their attention to two speeches made by members of the staff which acted, if anything, as an incentive to gambling. I refer to the extollation of poker and klaberjas players at a general meeting by a very prominent member of the Faculty about two years ago who, during the course of his remarks suggested the formation of a Billiards Club in the School. Yet another member of the staff who has been connected with the school since about 1920, during his office as Honorary President of the Medical Society, at a second year dance, mentioned that the poker players of the old days were now leading practitioners.

The powers of the S.M.C. appear to be enormous on paper, but they have very little authority in practice. Beyond arranging entertainments, lectures and functions for the student body, they carry little weight.

The S.M.C. should act mainly as a co-ordinating unit, to bring about co-operation between the various societies. The Firm Representatives Committee, which could do a tremendous amount of good work, has been dead for two years—my apologies, Mr. Editor, it has arranged inter-firm tennis. In a future article I hope to submit suggestions. At the moment, I suggest that, to replace poker, etc., and divert students' attention from the pernicious habit of gambling, a ping-pong club be instituted.

Thanking you for allowing me the courtesy of your columns,

I am, etc., THE OBSERVER.

## MEDICALS IN SPORT.

In the past month there has taken place a host of sporting events that have kept University sportsmen exceedingly busy. Indeed, the University can feel particularly proud of the fine manner in which her sportsmen have acquitted themselves in the various competitions.

*Athletics—*

Once again, the Athletic Club played a prominent part in the sporting activities of the University.

The Annual Championships and, incidentally, the Inter-faculty competition took place on April 18th, under ideal conditions, and on a vastly improved track. It was surprising, therefore, to find only a fair crowd present, the majority of whom were NOT medicals. In fact, the apathy displayed by Medicals at this year's meeting, from the point of view of the lookers-on and of those participating, was certainly very disheartening.

What was more discouraging, however, was the fact that not one member (perhaps there was one present) of the Students' Medical Council saw fit to be present at an Inter-Faculty athletic gathering to cheer on their representatives.

The performances reached a high standard and many records went by the board.


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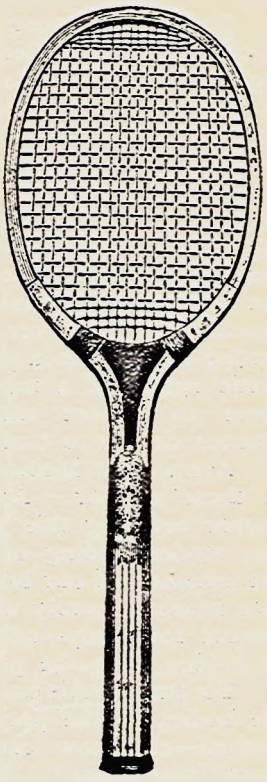
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The Varsity athletic captain, Lyell, equalled the Varsity 880 yards record of Willie Botha, a former Wits Medical student, in the smart time of 1 min. 56.2 secs.

"Snowy" Fouche heaved the weight to a new record distance of 47 ft. 9½ ins., shattering the old record by 4 ft. 4¾ ins.

Lurie, although second in the pole vault, did well and improved on his previous best, thereby breaking the Varsity record.

Enslin, by being placed in three different events, contributed the most points toward the Medicals' tally.

The Inter-Varsity Sports was held at the Wanderers, on May 2nd, and proved to be an outstanding success. The Wits team, which included three medicals—Lyell, Marquard and Fouche—won the sports by a wide margin.

Fouche was the happiest man on the field, when for the first time in his short shot-putting career, he beat the national champion, van der Merwe (Stellenbosch). The pair had met quite often, but on this occasion, Fouche overshadowed his old rival, winning by 1 ft. 7¼ ins., with a new inter-university record of 48 ft. 11 in.

Marquard, who had recently recovered from old leg trouble, ran strongly in the 440 yards, but was unlucky in not being placed.

*Tennis—*

The inter-firm tennis competition has commenced and some well-contested matches have already been played.

**1st Round—**

Dr. Girdwood's firm beat Gynae I.
Prof. Brebner's firm beat Gynae II.
Mr. Welchman's firm beat Dr. Bloom's firm.
Mr. Levin's firm beat Mr. Dauth's firm.

**2nd Round—**

Prof. Craib's firm beat Dr. Girdwood's firm
Children's Surgical firm beat Mr. Welchmans' firm.
Prof. Brebner's firm beat Dr. Braun's firm.

There is still one match to be decided in this round when Children's Medical firm oppose Mr. J. J. Levin's firm. It is generally considered that Mr. Levin's firm are the favourites for the final, but there may be a surprise.

*Rowing Club—*

Wits won the Vaal Grand Challenge at Vereeniging over the Easter week-end, with an excellent display. Two medicals, Brebner and Manolis were included in the winning team. The Vaal Maiden Fours was also won by the Wits oarsmen, Tasker and Rose being in the successful team. The Varsity team accounted for the Transvaal Fours at Germiston recently, when Brebner and Manolis put up some fine displays of rowing.

The Second Inter-Varsity Boat Race took place at Durban at the end of May. The Wits team, which included the two medicals, Brebner and Manolis, was unfortunate in encountering very choppy water, with the result that their boat sank twice, but they finished the course, rowing second to Natal University. —S.E.S.




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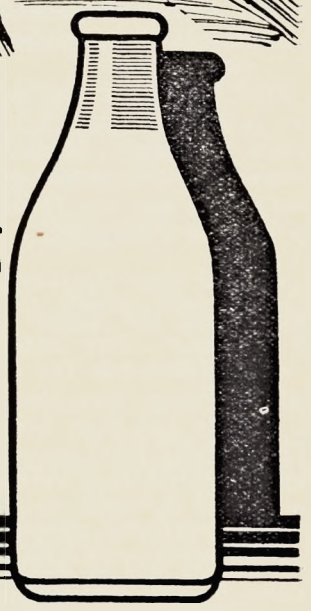

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