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The Auricle. 1937; September :1-12

Students` Medical Council

1937-09
The Students` Medical Coucil University of the Witwatersrand
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HOW TO WRITE FOR "THE AURICLE."

In our last issue a gentleman who hid his identity under the title "Hopeful," pointed out that some other medical journals of good repute had been publishing harangues about the literary deficiencies of the medical author. We have been duly impressed, in fact, we have decided to join issue with our fellow-editors of "The Lancet," "The Practitioner" and the "Canadian Medical Journal" in chastising those who contribute to our columns.

At the outset let us state that some of the articles we receive are bad; some are frankly gangrenous. Our waste paper baskets are littered with the ghosts of literary endeavours, of ideas that have been conceived in haste and expelled before they had attained viability —ignominious abortions. But post-mortems are gloomy and quite out of place in the jolly "Auricle." Our real intention is to show how a recurrence of these unfortunate events may be prevented.

The casual student who wishes to write for "The Auricle" should prepare himself carefully for the task. He cannot do better than follow the example of Edward Gibbon. The historian of the Roman Empire describes his method thus: "I adopted an excellent method which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I choose some classic writer, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French; and after throwing it aside, till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find; and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version with the ease, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of the Revolutions of Vertot; I turned them into Latin, returned them after a sufficient interval into my own French, and again scrutinized the resemblance or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was less ashamed, by degrees I was more satisfied with myself; and I persevered in the practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style."

Gibbon practised this method for about two years, but if the would-be author decides that he is not by nature as talented as the great historian, he would be well advised to spend an additional year on this preparation.

Having perfected his style, the prospective "Auricle" contributor should try to keep his writings at a proper emotional level, and to do this he should take to heart the lesson in Hamlet's advice to the players: "Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of groundlings who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as t'were the mirror to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

In addition, a knowledge of psychology is useful to every author. If he has made mankind his study and has read Freud and McDougal, he will be able to write like Virginia Woolf herself. For example, if the hero offers the heroine an iced drink, the author will be able to show, by considering the heroine's genetic inheritance, her past upbringing and the effect of the hero's presence on her suppressed libido, that she will indubitably ask for pineapple flavour rather than for raspberry or coca-cola.

These, then, are the properties that "The Auricle" contributor should possess: style, temperament, and knowledge of humanity. Even if you have all these, we cannot promise that to accept your work, but at any rate it will receive our favourable consideration.

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MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

SPRING.

Spring is in the air and the young man's fancy (be she blonde or brunette) turns to things in the classical style. But what of the misogynist? That is the question, as one of the English poets happened to say a few years ago. Let me tell you a sad story of such a poor being of my acquaintance.

He was sweet sixteen and six years, and more fitted for the title of " never been washed " than that usually bestowed on individuals of the tender age of a score less four. This he modestly told me was to frighten off the fair aspirants to his affection, for he was a veritable Adonis, or rather so he told me, and I was in no position to contradict for I had never seen the Greek gigolo.

But the tragedy to which I refer was one of a gynaecological trend, to which cause you may no doubt be aware, women contribute fairly extensively. He met her in a telephone booth in which they were both sheltering from the rain, the fact that it was not raining at that time being of no particular significance, for he had to find some reason for going into an already occupied telephone booth! The subject was a well-nourished European female of slender build and painted digits and appendages, *ad infinitum*, *mirabile dictu*, and any other appropriate Latin phrases you may happen to consider suitable (keep the party clean). Well, he didn't exactly treat her like a sister or, for that matter, like a brother, while she never for one moment failed to adapt herself to the situation, which only serves to show her versatility. But let us pass on to the next scene in this little drama.

I see a queue; I see a clock registering seven o'clock; I see an injection needle and my friend of the telephone booth . . . .

So you see some misogynists have good reason to be such and in no half-hearted manner to curse the spring and all it represents in the poetic trend. Did I hear you say, " so what? " Well, my little one, " Every picture tells a story," the manufacturer (with due apologies to a pharmacological friend) would have us know, and perhaps, who knows, you may look twice, and think three times (with pathological acknowments) before you act once . . . .

AMO, AMAS, AMAT.

" A good surgeon should have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand."—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

" Men worry over the great number of diseases, while doctors worry over the scarcity of effective remedies."—*Chinese Proverb.*

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Dear Sir,

Last week I consulted one of our fellow-students as to the purpose of women in our existence and, to both my surprise and disgust, was told that woman is an object created to contract undiagnosable conditions by means of which medical students are caused to fail their examinations! This prompted me to write you this little appeal, which I trust you will publish in your columns.

Among the medical students of this University I have noticed a few members of the fair sex. But where is the friendly (?) spirit of rivalry which one encounters among the women of the outside world? No, Mr. Editor, these things so vital for the lighting up of the tired eyes of the mere male are sadly lacking. To both my surprise and disgust I find every woman content to wear the same sombre coloured white coat where an occasional red, white or floral design would be ever so much more appealing! Even an occasional "rose in the hair" or an occasional revealed shoulder a la Spain (pre-revolutionary) would do much to relieve the tedium of virgin white. Possibly if white must be adhered to, the lady might be permitted to have the name (or names) of her beau (or beans) worked out in some dainty fashion on the back of her coat. Think of the friendly rivalry this would create, Mr. Editor, and you will surely start agitating for this cause.

In conclusion let me quote an hypothetical case. Pretty little Miss X. is busy with her pharmacology practical. She is clad in an attractive pink laboratory coat with a white bandeau caressing her corn-flower locks. Titration of a delicately shaded white mixture is occupying her attention when (hey presto!) a faint pink colouration tinges the solution, and she blushes attractively . . . What a picture, Mr. Editor!

Yours truly,

CASANOVA.

STUDENTS - - -

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A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

Sir,

John Hunter turned uneasily in his grave. He sat up, growled, and spat in my direction. As I wiped the saliva from my eye I said, gently, "What's the matter, John?"

"Look!" said the shade of the famous scientist, and his *extensor indicis proprius* became tense as his finger pointed southward.

I looked. I saw the anatomical museum at a far off medical school, which stood grimly amidst mine dumps. Two students were eagerly examining the specimens on the shelves. They were eager for knowledge, and grasped greedily at all the delights the museum had to offer. Their eyes burned with a light kindled by a love of learning.

The sword of Damocles was over them, however. A harsh footstep fell behind them and an equally harsh voice grated out: "Don't you know that Second Year's are not allowed in the Anatomy Museum?" Disconsolately the two students left the place. So were Adam and Eve banished from Eden.

"Hell!" said John Hunter, "if they want to act that way, why name the damn museum after me, I ask you?"

As I occupy the grave next to J. Hunter, deceased, I act as his private secretary, and he has asked me to inform you that he is greatly displeased that his name has been used in vain. Yours,

(Miss) ANNA TOMIE.

PEACE.

By G. R. W. N. LUNTZ.

The obstacle to peace, as Professor H. I. Lasky puts it, is "the established expectation, the vested interest, the thing that is," in other words, Empire Investment and greed.

When man realises that the resources of Nature and the products of the soil are for the satisfaction of the needs of mankind and not for the enrichment of the few, that very few of the wide and waste spaces of the world cannot be made habitable, and were not intended merely to be occupied by barbed wire fences and frontier posts, and when it is understood that all men are entitled to equal consideration, black, white or brown, and that the backward races were not specially created for exploitation, then the problem of peace will become merely a question of administration.

MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

Dear Sir,

We are all well acquainted with the story of the little girl who asked her mother for a slice of cake. "Have patience, my dear," said mother. To this the child replied, "I'd rather have cake." That is a story which until now had its illustration in our medical mansion.

By now you may or may not, depending on the wealth of the editorial intelligence, have gathered that I refer to the men's common-room furniture, the installation of which was responsible for an epidemic of low blood pressures among those who had despaired of the activity of the authorities.

I have observed the characteristic optimism of our "governors" in the new common-room apparatus, for on espying some queer-looking objects perched rather precariously on the arms of the chairs and enquiring further into the matter I elicited the information that these objects were none other than ash-trays! May I suggest to the authorities that the only really sound scheme with regard to keeping cigarette ends off the floor is to reconstruct same in the form of a huge grid, the bars being just the right width to permit cigarette ends falling through to some structure in the form of a large tray. Regularly at the end of each day, the ends may be collected, broken up, and the tobacco resold to pipe-smokers at a reasonable price, the cash realised thereby being devoted towards the Entertainments Committee, which sum may induce them to lower the prices of admission at such of their functions as demand a further charge in addition to the possession of that imposing document, an S.M.C. fee receipt form!

I am afraid I will have to be going now, but before I sign off I positively must congratulate the individual responsible for the ravishing colour-scheme of the common-room—it's too, too devastating.

Yours until death us do part,

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Sir,

There are a few remarks which I should like to make concerning Fascism and its methods, in view of the fact that there are still people who believe that Fascism encourages the individual, the family life, and the home life of the people, and that the Fascists are the saviours of liberty. After all, Fascism is as Fascism does, and what has occurred in Germany and other Fascist countries speaks for itself. An observation of what Fascist parties actually do when they come to power can alone reveal to us what is the essential nature of Fascism, when stripped of its enveloping mass of demagogy, deceit and illusion.

Fascism delivers up the people to be devoured by the most corrupt, most venal elements, but comes before them with the demand for "an honest and incorruptible government." Fascism aims at the most unbridled exploitation of the masses, but it appeals to them with the most artful anti-capitalist demagogy, and advances slogans which at the given moment are most alluring to the political masses.

Fascism promised the workers "a fair wage," but actually it has brought them to an even lower, a pauper standard of living. Fascism promised youth a broad highway to a brilliant future, but actually it has brought with it wholesale dismissals of young workers, labour camps, and continuous military training for a war of conquest.

But whatever the mask which Fascism adopts, whatever the form in which it presents itself, whatever the methods by which it comes into power, it is the most ferocious attack by capital on the toiling masses, and is unbridled annexationist war.

This is the true character of Fascism, and all those who hate war, brutality, gangsterdom and oppression, must stand together and destroy this evil, which grows upon the dunghills of a rotten and worn-out economic system.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

Overcome evil with good. You will not do it by piling up more evil. All war is evil. It brutalises, degrades, defiles. Pacifists are not going to be misled into believing that good is evil and that evil is good.

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

HAPPY DAYS.

Happy days are here again. When the Insurgents recently captured a town in Spain they announced that they would kill only the men. The women and children would be spared. This shows that a fine spirit of tolerance and humanity is slowly but surely spreading over the world.

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(We understand that there is a shortage of beds at the Queen Victoria Hospital.)

SEXTON BLAKE AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

I recently had the privilege of conducting the famous detective Sexton Blake around the Medical School. After he had inspected the library and the tea-lounge I took him to the Anatomy Dissection Hall. The place was deserted. I removed the rubber cover from one of the bodies. Sexton Blake was surprised. He took a large magnifying glass from his pocket and viewed the body.

"It is now quite obvious to me," he said after a prolonged inspection, "that this poor fellow is either under the influence of drugs or that he has been hypnotised."

"No," I said; "he is dead," and taking the heart out of the thorax, I showed him that it was not beating.

Sexton Blake was not taken aback. "A valuable clue," he cried; "this must be the missing body of Lord Montgomery Schnozzle, who disappeared after eating the ears and arms of all his near relatives at his country house in Vrededorp!"

I was amazed at the deductive powers of this great detective. "Hush . . ." he said to me, and taking a shabby suit out of one pocket, he quickly changed his clothes and began to disguise himself. A wig, an ill-kept moustache, and a few touches of grease paint, deftly applied, soon changed him from a spick and span detective into a tough-looking medical student. It was amazing. Had I not seen the metamorphosis, I would never have believed that this typical evil-looking "medical student" was the suave gentleman of the moment before.

"Say, kid, watch yur step," he rasped. "The hoodlum that kidnapped Montgomery Schnozzle is a dangerous rattlesnake. I guess he's so sore that he'd bump off us guys in no time, if he had a chance." It was strange how he had acquired to perfection even the medical student's way of talking.

Still keeping up the pose, he shuffled flat-footedly to the window and gave a low mysterious whistle. Immediately two bloodhounds bounded in through the window, which was about twenty feet above the ground level. I pointed out gently to the disguised detective that according to Rule 27,(subsection P) of the S.M.C. constitution, bloodhounds were not allowed in the Medical School. He heeded not, but took the hounds to sniff at the body. Straining at their leashes, they went off in a flash, dragging their master behind. I followed, curious to see what this amazing man would discover. They rushed down a rickety pair of steps in the direction of the physiology theatre. The trail was hot. They made straight for the huge vat of formalin and in their excitement plunged straight in. I watched them with interest, for I had never seen anyone drowning in formalin before.

Soon they will be nicely pickled, and the second year's will be able to dissect the body of the detective, while the science class, I hope, will enjoy their study of the anatomical configuration of the blood hounds.

"He might have met with three fencers in this time and have received less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physic."—*Thomas Dekker in "The Honest Whore."*

EXAMINE THE EXAMINERS.

Sir,

At this time of the year the examinations are drawing near, and many hearts are filled with apprehension. This is a shame, because hearts are not really meant for that purpose. Hearts should be filled with brotherly love, with ichor and with oxygenated blood.

The cause of the trouble is that we have in our midst that pernicious body of men known as examiners. They are the representatives in modern society of the Zulu witch doctors who staged elaborate ceremonials for the purpose of smelling out evildoers.

When I was young and reasonably innocent I had faith in the knowledge and ability of the examiners. All this is now gone. Last year they plowed me, thus proving conclusively that they were quite ignorant of their subject. I can see no other reason why I should have failed. This dreadful deficit in the academic armour of the examiners should be repaired.

I would suggest that examiners should themselves be examined each year by a special sub-committee of the S.M.C. I would be prepared to sit on this committee myself. All examiners would be strictly cross-questioned before being allowed loose on the general body of students. Any examiners who failed this test would not be allowed to examine, and since I would be the leading light on this committee, I can assure you that *none* of them would pass, thus abolishing that rotten ritual—examinations.

Yours,

"CONFUCIUS."

OF SURGEONS AND PHYSICIANS.

I judge the art of surgery the more certain, for it seeth and handleth what it doth, and therein is less conjecture and divination. Whereas physicians have no speculum matricis to discover our brain, our lungs and our liver unto them. The very promises of physic are incredible.

A physician's first entertainment of his patient should be gracious, cheerful and pleasing. "An ugly and forward physician never wrought any good effect." On the contrary, then, we must at first assist and smooth their laments, and witness some approbation and excuse thereof. By which means you get credit to go on, and by an easy and insensible inclination you fall into more firm and serious discourses and fit for their amendment.

MONTAIGNE.

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began and sloth sustains the trade."

—*John Dryden.*

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BOOK REVIEWS.

" The Digits," by Professor P. H. A. Lanx, B.F., Q.E.D., I.E., Emeritus-Professor of the University of Shangris-Las; author of " Conquering the Concubine," etc. Review copy from the Harem.

This little treatise consists of five volumes, a volume being devoted to each digit, and the author tells us in the preface that a special volume devoted to the index and middle fingers jointly is in print. It is inspiring to read the interesting places which the venerable professor armed only with his fingers has explored. He has classified fingers according to their respective functions; for example, the index finger he has chosen to call the " advance guard," while he has cutely named the little finger "digiti quinti." He has worked out a systematic series of diagnostic points which are positively indispensable to any serious-minded student or gynaecological student and, in addition, I found that the paper on which the information is printed made an excellent pipe-lighter.

" What Every Medical Student Should Know," by Returned Empty. Review copy from Home.

Without this novelette no home is modern. The author, who has chosen to remain anonymous (it's probably safer), tells us that he studied medicine during the time he was not engaged in gathering material for his little book, though from the precincts he describes one can only conclude that his studies were of minor consideration. There are minutely described the best public houses in the town, and valuable advice is given to the student who intends to avoid the " morning-after-the-night-before " effects. Women are also catered for in this absorbing work, and one chapter of particular merit is that in which the author explains the niceties of how to conduct examinations in the clinical laboratories and preserve allure. In truth, a book to be recommended.

" Memoirs of a Poker Player," by Jack Pot. Review copy from Double Inn.

Mere words do not suffice to praise this book, and after I had read it I was blind for several hours. Special stress is laid on the proper pronunciation of the terms characteristic of the noble game, and diagrams illustrating the position of the tongue (which is apparently most commonly in the cheek) are provided. It is interesting to read that poker players are very kind to animals, for we are told that it is not at all uncommon for them to sit up all night feeding a kitty. There are also featured full-page photographs of the characteristic positions to take up before bidding for different types of hands, these having been posed for by acknowledged masters of the sport. In his final chapter the author makes a strong claim for the inclusion of poker in the inter-varsity activities, and doubtless all those reading this chapter will be inclined to support his claims.

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PARADISE REGAINED.

No sooner had the Johannesburg City Council decided to institute its slum clearance scheme than work was begun on the demolition of the Men's Common Room. The reputation of this evil haunt was second only to that of District Six in Capetown. Here the medical skolly boys made their unsavoury retreat, exchanged lewd stories and cigarette cards. A solitary cardboard box stood against the wall, and was the cynosure of all the junk, rotten fruit and other garbage that "the boys" had gathered during their peregrinations in the golden city. The floor was strangely like the faces of the inhabitants of this room, a large unwashed surface, pock-marked by burning cigarette ends. The furniture was probably very valuable, certainly it was very old. It may have been from feelings of reverence that the boys had given up the use of the furniture for their more mundane needs —at any rate the armchairs were used only by the hardy breed of mice that also infested the room. The large rusty springs that stood forth at the edges of the holes in the seats were like sentinels at Pluto's cavern, and equally unpleasant. The pictures of evil-looking gang leaders of previous years leered down at the present inhabitants, and their frames covered the only parts of the wall that were clean.

Then the great moral reformers set to work. All the boys had gone on holiday, so these old hens hatched their eggs and plots and cackled a great deal. When the boys came back they were left in peace for one day and were then attacked with fury. All the chairs were removed with great care to the Africana museum at the City Hall, where they are at present being exhibited as genuine Boskop remains. Then the tables were huddled together in the centre of the room, making it difficult to enjoy a quiet game of push-penny because of the great crowding of players that it entailed. Next, the walls were attacked with a thin green fluid somewhat like paint. Since walls have ears, especially at the Medical School, it may have been an antiseptic ear-drop mixture- or, maybe, it was just eye-wash, as so many things are at this school. While the walls were being douched in this fashion it was inevitable that the occupants of the room should also receive a liberal coating of the pea-green concoction and their clothing slowly took on a life-like resemblance to the napkins of infants suffering from summer diarrhoea. Of course, all this work could have been done while the boys were on holiday, but apparently the moral reformers had decided to punish them for their past sins, or perhaps they were too stupid and incompetent to make better arrangements.

When the new chairs were brought to the Common Room the boys were amazed. They clustered round, and their eyes bulged as they inspected the padded seats. Never before, in the memory of the oldest man present, had there been an unbroken chair in this room. One man bolder than the rest sat down. The others eagerly watched his face. It was serene and calm. Apparently the springs had not penetrated his gluteal region. At last one could sit down without incurring the risk of an ischio-rectal abscess.

The reformers did not want to bring in all the furniture at once—that would have been too much of a shock for everybody. They allowed things to dribble in slowly. One week they brought in ash-trays and a week later rubbish-boxes. Both articles were examined curiously by the boys. Many of them had not seen such receptacles before and did not know what they were used for. When this was explained to them they were heard to murmur something about "a waste of money" and "what are the floors for anyway?"

More and more chairs and tables were put into the room until it seemed that it was the intention of the reformers to pack the place so full of furniture that no human being could possibly get in. This would prevent people from frequenting that low haunt. Fortunately they ran short of money before they could carry this scheme to fruition. The last thing they put in was a letter-rack for the benefit of the numerous students who wanted to steal stamps from their friends' letters.

It was obvious that the old atmosphere had gone. Gone, too, was the free and easy manner of the inmates. It seemed that they could not adapt themselves to the splendour of their environment. It was like living in a cathedral. They sat on the chairs gingerly and with awe.

Fortunately all this is now remedied, and this is how. At the annual general meeting the President patted himself on the back for being there when the new furniture was put in, and instructed his audience on the correct way to use it. "Treat the furniture as if you were at your home," he said.

Next day the air of gloom in the Common Room was lifted. It was quite evident that the President's words had been taken to heart. The boys lounged on their chairs, dug their heels into the couches or put their boots on the tables. They threw their crusts and orange peels on the floor; their "stompies" littered the room, and their gay boyish swear words filled the air once more.

Moral: "There's no place like home."

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THE SKULL.

The philosopher in my mental constitution revelled as I gazed on my newly-acquired skeleton. It was February, and the ardent enthusiasm of a Second Year's soul sent the blood racing through my throbbing arteries (I must mention my blood-pressure is normal —120 mm. of mercury.) Here are you, that philosopher soliloquised, face to face with the remains of a man; face to face with a trochanter major and all the splendour those words convey. Lying before you, continued those sibilant thoughts, is a skull: can you imagine that—a skull? A man's rosy skin once covered those shiny bones, a man's muscles moved that mandible and between those teeth passed a chunk of bread which, mixed with saliva, pursed its course down the oesophagus (I think it essential to state that ph of my saliva is 6.8). Two eyes once glared defiance at a world opposed to romantic ideals and high-flown, poetical philosophising. And now —the sockets are empty and the glare is as vacant as a hollow tank, or perhaps, two steady pupils gazed unflinchingly into the stern words of innocence. Who knows? Mayhap their orbs were closed in the grimace of blindness and there was no glare at all Alas, I thought, the pity of it all, the tragedy of this strange distorted life. He could take a drink with the best of them, when he moved, and laughed and loved. He smoked a cigarette or two to drive away the hovering menance of income tax, and who could doubt but that some enchanting female adored him with a love both passionate and tender. At night, he looked at the stars and the moon, and his heart-blood pulsed to a rhythm of eternal beauty (I do not think it appropriate to emphasise that my blood-count is a normal 6,000,000.) A twisted smile forced my facial musculature into play as I realised that a razor-blade once glinded gently over that zygomatic arch to end its course just cranial to the medial two-thirds of the clavicle. The irony of it. What could his character have been? Brutal, tender, indifferent, forceful? Some inner intuition told me he was a quiet young man, who gave unstintingly to the sick and needy. (At this atage I might volunteer the information that I am a Blood Donor.) He was good-looking the position of the nasion gave me undoubted authority on that point. Broad, with a capable physique, he strode through the streets to his work, an energetic hardy striver after knowledge and wisdom.

He loved—ah, yes, he loved. Something in the maximum occipital point shrieked to me, he was a great lover. What tender feminine lips pressed themselves against his, what sweet, compliatsant soul embraced the soft curve of his trapezius? Sardonically the thought came to me, he knocked his glabella against a tree at one time or another. The tears that must have flowed when the ness of his death was passed around. Little did he know, vain human, that his shiny cranium would repose one day on my study desk, and the empty look of his sockets be inspiration for a literary masterpiece (it is most relevant to mention here that I have not yet passed in English Essay).

Yet who can write dogma nowadays? Perhaps he was utterly unlike anything I have described. Je might have been a blustering, ignorant, sea-dog, his mouth foul with blasphemy and abuse, his fists ever ready and his frontal and parietal bones thick and tough. Then that mandible would have moved over salted meat and biltong, and the nose would have been bleary from continual use of the beer bottle. I append here a list of my own beer consumption for the years 1933-37:—(This list has been censored –E.D.).

So my thoughts ran in February, and my being thrilled at what heights of power that man might have obtained had he lived and possessed the opportunity.

In April we commenced Anthropology. My skeleton was that of a woman.

M. GOLDBERG.

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A WORD TO POLITICIANS.

Too long our politics, home and foreign, have been based on "enlightened self-interest." We must try basing them on self-sacrifice. Why not fearlessly apply the Bible message —human life and personality are sacred (Christ). We will therefore not kill or take part in killing. It is better to be killed than to kill. We will not help, directly or indirectly, in organising our country for the butchery of Italians, Germans, or any one else. "Thou shalt no kill" is still a valid commandment for us.

FRAGMENT.

(Tours of the Medical School for parties of First-Years have been arranged by the Dean.)

Scene: The Histology Laboratory.

Time: A Saturday morning.

Guide: (A Third Year): "Now, don't think second year's going to be a loaf. Of course, I've no desire to discourage you, but please bear in mind that besides beginning a pretty thorough understanding of such subjects as Gross Anatomy, Neurology, Physical Anthropology, Embryology, Physiology, with Practical Physiological Chemistry and Experimental Physiology —Gross Anatomy, by the way, including such sub-sections as Osteology, Anthrology, Myology, Blood and Vascular System, Lymphatic System, Spanchnology and Surface Anatomy—each a self-contained life-study, that besides all this you are expected to be able to identify within the ridiculously short space of two minutes, each of fifty slides selected from a group of 120 histology slides, and that during the course of the year you are to examine microscopocilly a pig embryo microdissected into 300 or more sections!"

FIRST YEAR PARTY ! ! ! ! !

Guide: "Now this instrument on the table before me is one of considerable importance to the medical profession and scientists in general. It presents a formidable and complicated exterior and its appearance, to say the least, is unusual. Each of these discs has its own specific function, movements being concentrated to a ten-thousandth part of an inch. There is no time now to discuss at length any but the grosser mechanical features. The name given to this interesting gadget is one frequently employed at this school, viz., the microscope. M-i-c-r-o-s-c-o-p-e."

A *First Year Student*: "Oh, I've heard that before!"

Guide: "Really? Take my advice and confine your academical studies to your year's work, and don't go on reading ahead."

A *First Year Student*: "Yes, sir."

Guide: "To illustrate the-er functional activity of the microscope, let me place this histological section on the stage. Thus. I now focus. Thus. Ah! Clearly a specimen of submaxillary gland, showing obvious features such as-er- perineum, tela submucosa, fungiform papilla, convoluted tubule and decidua bassalis.

A *First Year Student*: "Why has it got scratched on that slide you're looking at 'Cartilage of the Nose' if it's submaxillary gland?"

Guide (*not in the least perturbed*): "Oh, ah, yes. Sheer perversity on the part of the histology department. They try to trap you this way in the exam. Anyone not knowing his histology would, of course, say it was 'Cartilage of the Nose' simply because it says so on the slide. Oh, yes, you'll have to look out for a lot of this sort of thing next year!"

FIRST YEAR PARTY (*blankly*) ! ! ! ! !

Guide (*as party troops dismally into the corridor*): "I may as well tell you now that it is absolutely impossible to complete the official syllabus in one year. Working constantly for sixteen hours a day for nine months I was able in my second year to complete twenty-three twenty-eights of the syllabus. But then I always could work fairly rapidly, and my memory's pretty retentive. There's a rather good story of a second year medical who committed suicide because (*his voice became fainter*) he hadn't sufficient time to revise his Surface Anatomy prior to the final exam in November. Ha-ha!"

(*There is no response from the now invisible First Year party as the curtain falls slowly.*)

M.G.

Dear Sir,

Inspired by the invitation extended by the chairman of that august body, the Students' Medical Council at the last annual general meeting, to use "The Auricle" as an outlet for student opinion, I submit to you my pet grievances.

The common-room is now a thing of beauty, though I am hesitant to state any prospects of its being for ever. But it is scarcely necessary for me to point out that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The reading material which contaminates our otherwise clean tables would bring no credit to even a third-class native eating-house. The standard of literature selected for our recipient minds is faultless, but the dirt of ages and tearing fingers of a previous generation prevent one picking out more than an occasional syllable here and there. I would suggest either a dry-cleaning of the periodicals, and should this process result in the writing being erased, as will most probably be the case, possibly a large collection box, suitably inscribed and placed in a prominent place in the city, might possibly remedy the deficiency and obviate any unnecessary expenditure.

My second grievance is directed against the Students' Medical Council, not the individual members, but as a body. I would merely suggest that future Council members, without any exception, be elected by the general body of medical students.

Yours,
PUNCH.

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Printed by Alex. White & Co. (Pty.) Ltd. and published by Students' Medical Council P.O. Box 276, Johannesburg. Advertising Managers, Messrs. Toms & O'Connell