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Students` Medical Council

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THE AURICLE.

E D I T O R I A L.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

The Auricle appears today in a new garb. Gone is the shining printed sheet, hallowed by the tradition of five issues. Even the acu en of our undergraduate clinicians could not save it from the ravages of Finance. We do not seek to commend the present form of publication merely because the absorbent qualities of the paper make it so eminently suited for pipe-cleaning. Quite openly, we confess that Economy, which has been our only motive is our sole excuse.

The old paper has passed away, and gone too are all those beautiful advertisements which benevolent City merchants used to provide for our amusement and deleclation. How well we all remember and how much we all regret the passing of those happy days, succeeding each issue of the Auricle, when our readers would enthusiastically imbibe excessive quantities of milk and beer, in response to our injuction "Support the Advertisers."

Auricle policy, however, remains the same, in constant recognition of the fact that Medical students sometimes have Ideas, and that these, although not brilliant, are often original. No uniform standard of excellence is claimed for the Auricle. Since it purports to be a reflection of student opinion, with all its multiple vicissitudes, it must, of necessity, contain much that is good and much that is not so good. Both elements are needed to form that little known blend known as the Truth

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BEAUTY AND THE STUDENT.

M. Goldblatt.

It is not necessary to approach an inimical misogynist in order to learn that at least 95% of this world's ills, unhappiness and discontentedness: amnesias, Banbury cakes, and cryptography: morganaticisms, mitral regurgitations and Doukhabors:- are caused by Women. Let us take the cases of Lloyed and Wateston.

They are both 5th year Medicals, cheerful, frolicsome and upright in character. Both profess to sport a hankering towards Art and Modern Music, - but in reality their downfalls may be attributed, respectively, to Women and Woman. To be quite accurate it was the same Woman in both cases.....

Despite the fact that I kept to the left side of the white line, and did not exceed the Pedestrian Speed Limit of 5 m.p.h. I nevertheless bumped into Lloyd. The latter failed to hurl at me the abuse I naturally expected as a result of the collision, but stood staring dreamily -

I followed his gaze.

"Ah Harold", he murmured, "is she not entrancing! Notice her magnificient, golden tresses, the delicate curve of her neck, the appealing tenderness of her eyes, the modest charm of her lips the harvest freshness of her cheeks, the exquisite quality of her skin, the...."

"Yes, Lloyd, of course. But-er-this is Eloff Street, and perhaps, if you didn't wave your arms so-er-that's much better."

"Harold", he sighed, "That's the woman I'd make my wife. With her at my side I could forget the turmoil and strife of this treacherous Metropolis. I would leave this city of horror and deceit far behind me. We would dwell in a cottage in the country. Pecuniary pursuits would be forgotten. We -- Harold, look at her eyes! Isn't it obvious, doesn't her very attitude suggest the-the simple life. Her very lack of sophistication, her pure, unadulterated modesty!"

"Obviously,Dick. But I've a lecture at two, and it's now ----

"Picture her in the garden amidst a radiant array of-of flowers, she the fairest of the fair, a vision of ecstacy -----".

"Good-bye, Dick", said I. He remained silent, motionless.

Late that afternoon I made my weary way home. I trudged up Eloff Street from the station, where Waterston swooped down upon me at exactly the same spot where I had met Lloyd.

"Harold," he cried excitedly,"at last I've discovered her. The loveliest creature imaginable. There, look! With a quivering finger he pointed at the same woman that had mesmerised Lloyd earlier in the afternoon.

"Lovely unsophisticated creature, what," I suggested. "Life in the country, and all that, eh? Well, best of luck. Got to be moving; mother, father, little brothers and sisters anxiously waiting for me, old man. Cheerio!" But Waterston took hold of my arm in a grip that brought tears to my eyes.

"Life in the country!" he sneered. What <u>are</u> you babbling about. <u>That's</u> the type of woman I've always wanted to marry. Look

at her hair. Blonde. Ten-guinea perm. And what poise! With her in my home I could throw a cocktail party to the Governor General, and be proud of her. Look at her neck. Say, could a million-dollar diamond necklace do justice to that neck, hey? Jumping shrews, Harold, I can't explain the technicalities of quality and general description of feminine evening dress, but imagine her in silver lamé with ruched corsage trimmed with orange and all the rest of it. What a woman, what a woman! Life in the country, Bah!"

Whereupon he allowed me to continue my path home. Now, I'm not the sort of fellow who has his head turned by feminine camouflage, however attractively presented. Nevertheless, the next day on my way to the School, I directed my footsteps down Eloff Street. Nearing the Station, I paused outside a shop and gazed in. Ah! There she was. I closely examined the woman's loveliness For a moment I agreed with Lloyd, she personified Peace and Love. Then I looked at her eyes,- and understood the reactions of Waterston. But I've not yet decided. Perhaps you'd like to see and determine for yourself? You'll find her in Eloff Street, in the establishment of Messrs X.... and Y...., the Art Dealers, -----
"Portrait of a Young Woman", by Norman R.A.

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"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."

by

"LA HOMME".

When the basking ringhals hears the careless foot of man,
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can,
But his mate makes no such motion, where she lies beside the trail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the hunter on his travels, camps beside malarial swamps,
The male mosquito's nothing, he's merely on his romps.
But on its mate appearing, the courage has to fail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the student on his ramblings, meets the houseman in the ward,
He asks him quite politely, if the new case can be pawed,
But the sister so accosted, rends the student tooth and nail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When a man he must examine, and P.R him, shall we say,
He can do it with great gusto, and yet see another day,
But to P.V. a young damsel, turns that stark enthusiast pale,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the chiefs on doing ward rounds, preach to students of the School,
To men they use vile language but with women they keep cool,
It's the latter not the former, cause these mighty chiefs to quail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When she goes up for the vivas as the she-bear she can fight,
Speech that lies, corrodes and poisons, though she knows its mostly tripe,
But she knows she'll pass her Final and her instincts never fail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

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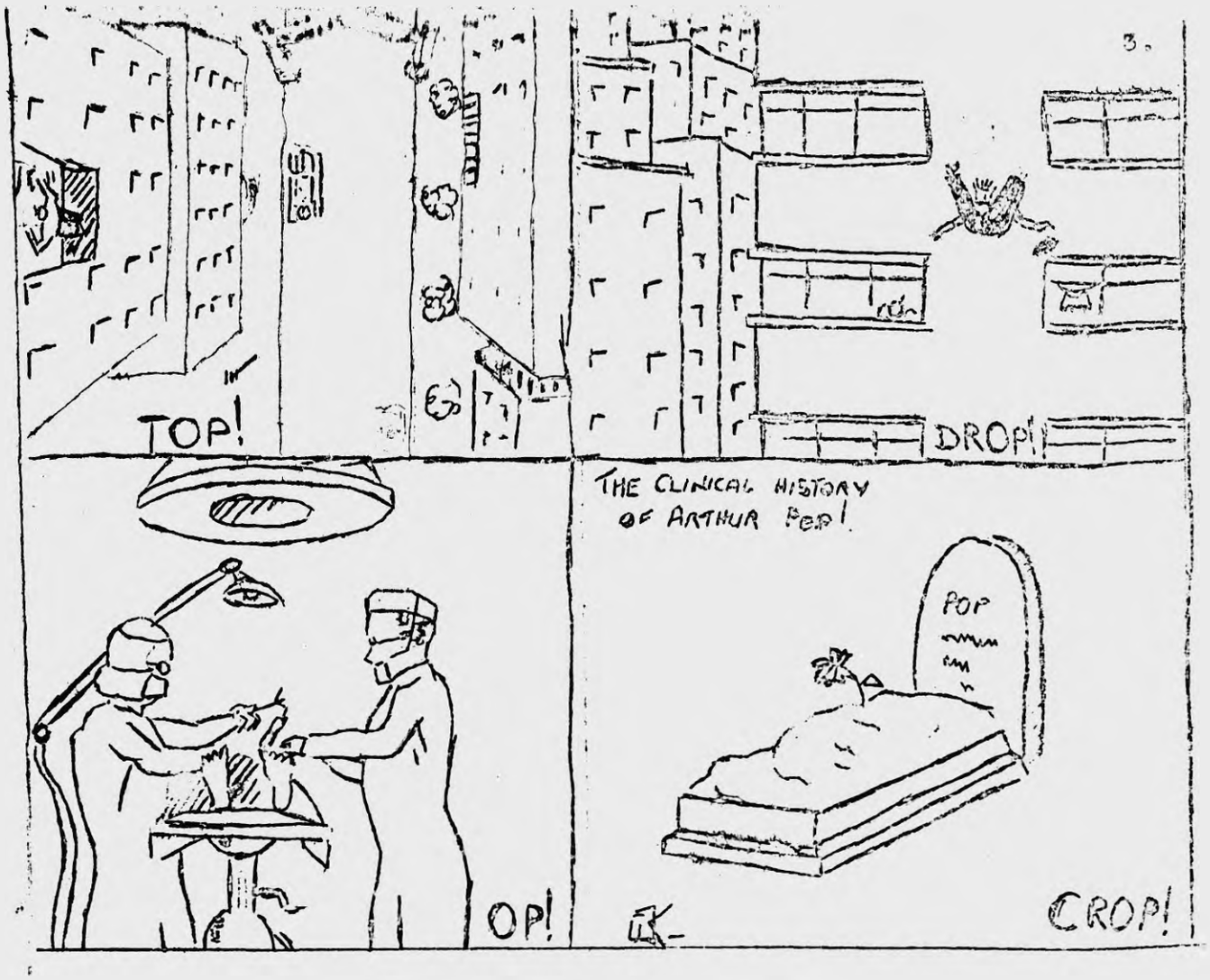

EXCERPTS FROM THE MEDICAL SCHOOL
"WHO ZOO AND WHAT SWAT".

JOHNNY WATT.

A rose of bright red hue,
  Surmounts his coat of sombre black,
He dispenses in the idle hours after two
  One grain of knowledge with each wise-crack
To save mankind's pence and Enteron
  And lest his foolish pupils err
He girds his shining armour on
  To fight the manufacturer.

JANET alias JIMMY. Slight of figure - stout of heart. The first woman student to obtain an executive position on the S.M.C. Renowned otherwise as senior woman student, an enthusiast in everything she does, and a "jolly good fellow."

JOSHUA RAG. Ubiquitous and iniquitous (ask second year Students). Possessed of mass energy witnessed by presence on innumerable committees, sub and sub-subcommittees, and by occasional manifestations of wrath. Plays tennis much better than chess. Is good also at some other things.

KARK, S.L. Public Man No. 1. of the Medical School. Chief Organising genius, usually working behind the scenes.

Recipe.

Idealism
Socialism $\overline{aa}$ gyri V
Optimism " ~~iii~~
Cynicism " ~~II~~

To this add a small amount of idea obsession and crankiness, occasional staphlococci. Mix Well. The resultant compound is named - yes, Kark's the name.

An excellent tonic for the Medical School - it has bucked up many people who now find they can do much more work for the School; has given renewed vigour to that erstwhile poorly organisation, the Students' Medical Council.

AT THE "AURICLE" COMMITTEE.

J. Wolpe.

Come let us choose,
  What we may use,
But keep in mind our duty----
  To titillate
And Stimulate
  With honour, truth and beauty.

This I expect,
  We will reject ----
The story is not dirty
  It won't excite
The student bright,
  Not a virgin three and thirty!

Of this steer clear;
  It has, I fear,
A Literary flavour.
  The student's brain
We must not strain,
  Or we may lose his favour.

But here, at last,
  Is light repast
To give him worth for money.
  It's free from thought
Of any sort
  Its full of sex and funny.

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PITHED.

S. Lopis.

O fated creature, - Rana thou!
  From Athens turns thy fame,-
Did aristophanes not vow
  With croakings man to shame?

How well return my youthful days,
  Enliven'd by one Grimm,
Thou wert a prince, on whom cruel fays
  Did cast a spellful whim.

In ages past a rapier keen
  Was plied to free thy soul.
But now I wield a needle lean
  Thro' many a frontal pole.

For sentiment,- tis not the time:
  Alas! my heart tis hard!
Ah! Heaven, witness thou my chime -
  My deed nought can retard.....

Aha, thy struggles are in vain,
  Resist me not, you dog!
Though in your eyes I picture pain,
  What art thou - but a frog.....

"Now pith the frog", the Good Text says,
No more, no less in all.
What meaning broad this word conveys ---
(Now pith the frog, don't maul).

A sudden jerk, The deed is done
The blood falls O'er my hand --
The Ranae are bereaved of one,
A Soul has left the land!

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MEDICAL ASPECTS OF THE MOUSTACHE.

With the return of summer, the subject of the moustache must indubitably force itself upon the attention of the Medical students of both sexes. Moustache-growing may be in turn a profitable pastime an innocent diversion, and interesting hobby; while it has not risen to the dignity of a profession yet it has never degenerated to a trade. In the past few years much research has been done and many papers published. A review of recent advances in this field is certainly due.

Definition: Kettle in his Pathology of Tumours has perhaps given the best definition. He states: A moustache is a new growth, proliferating at the expense of the organism while subserving no useful purpose there in.

While the moustache must be distinguished from other swellings, in what is known to surgeons as the "dangerous area" of the face, diagnosis is usually easy. However, mistakes are somstimes made. It should be borne in mind that the moustache may resemble different objects during its development and on this basis the following classification is recommended:
Stage 1 Fluff Stage 2. Cuff Stage 3. Muff.

Care and after care: This was epitomised by Thomas Hood who wrote:

Take her up tenderly
Treat her with care
Fashioned so slenderly
Young and so fair.

The Medico-legal importance of the moustache is based upon an understanding that it may function as a filter. Skilled workers at this Medical School have, by an analysis of washings, been able to work out the types of soup served by Mrs. Magee during that week.

Prophylaxis: The subject sould be made to realise that it is to him that Robert Burns addressed his "Ode to a Louse".

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see outselves as ithers see us
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An foolish notion".

The sympathetic Medical man will however realise that many of the weaker spirits are unable to face the cares of a troubled existence and seek refuge in hiding behind a moustache. Perhaps this form of narcosis is not more harmful than others in common practice. The opponents of the tonsorial craft may be comforted with the dictum of Longfellow (modified) that;

"Great men's whiskers all remind us
We can grow our own in time
And departing leave behind us.
These appendages sublime.

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JIB-JABS.

The seriousness of the prevailing months is reflected:

(1) by increased number of applications for Shick, Dick and Wasserman tests.

(2) by the sadder tone of the "Auricle" not excluding jib-jabs.

We have decided that the only matters of real importance in the Medical School at the moment are the series of lectures attended by non-medicals: Sex Hygiene and Gas.

Community-chess is the new team game invented in the common room to take the place of poker melées.

This is outside the more popular amusement of Men's Common Room reading of the "Mail" sports-news.

We seem to know more about the Men's Common Room than the Women's The latter is perhaps "Grand Hotel" ----- people come and go - but nothing ever happens.

We hear that a certain fourth year student is trying to bring home the Bacon.





Dear Dr. Stein,

The enclosed are two caricatures made by Willie Steyn previously a student here and now in practice as a doctor on the National Health Insurance Society of Lancashire at 122 Bok Road, Waterfort, Rossendale, Lanes. I have asked him to do the whole staff as far as he remembers them and they can be used for the "Leech" or the "Auricle", but I think they ought to be accompanied by a note about Steyn, who is now married to Lola Stwritza and I am sure that many of the students and graduates remember them both.

Yours sincerely.

(Signed) Raymond A. Dart.

Doctor: What are you complaining of?
Native Patient: I've got the venerable disease.

OH, WE ANTHROPOLOGISTS!

R.M.Becker.

It all happened because of the play, or rather, it should be stated, "THE play', that one fatal day, those poor misguided aspiring anatomists got chases out of their club-room. It will not be denied that there are two entrances; the one explaining in bold letters that it was a "Main Dissecting Hall", of course it's only to impress outside people, as we know better; the other entrance exhibits the awe-inspiring 'PRIVATE'. This is just as it should be, only there are some people who will insist on coming in at the sacred door, and all just to see if we are there. So silly, because after all why shouldn't we be there.

Now inside this mysterious room there were some students, who did a bit of dissecting now and then, between smoking and talking. And then comes the cruel play to chase us all out of this. Utopia. Of course we dind't mind - as a matter of fact we never do - but you see we thought they would ask us kindly to stay away for a few days. But what do you think happened? It is almost too terrible to tell you! (if this had been a serial, the lst chapter would have ended here, but seeing that it isn't, I'd better tell you). They told us to bring those ghostly and eerie pieces of bone called skulls by anthropologists and 'bleddie ou kopbeen' by the common herd.

Now why it was decided that we should study anthropology, is of course not a question that nice little boys should ask, because papa learnt it and so must you.

Thus it was that armed with skulls, verniers, callipers and steel tapes, we resolved to become anthropologists. We don't know what it's all about, but who cares anyway. All you do is take a few jolly old measurements, do some intricate mathematical juggling that will make Einstein envy you, look up the index in your notes, and conclude that either you skull is mesaticephalic or brachycephalic or your yourself dottycephalic.

Oh yes! There are numerous and all truly equally remarkable things you can do. You can state with the utmost conviction that you have a European skull (because it says so on the box), but more wonderful by far you can say whether it belonged to a male or a female. This important fact can be of great diagnostic value to you if you become an anthropologist of course.

For a bit of variation or experience I measured my friend's skull and concluded that he must be an example of Pithecanthropus. I am not sure whether he liked the idea, but If I had been Joe Louis I would have delighted in taking revenge for that blow which my right auricle received.

But as you know, all good things must end sooner or later, and this is no exception. Thus it is that I conclude with the reassuring statement that, what with skulls and anthropology as our armour, we will face the world and fear no 'os'.

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Little Gir: Mother what is twilight sleep? Is it one of those new labour saving schemes!

Doctor : Do you smoke?
Patient: Yes in moderation.
Doctor : Do you drink?
Patient: Yes please!

Doctor: What do you think of the Union buildings?
Patient: Oh yes, I think so.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE:

1. The Medical student who cultivated the friendship of a young lady because she was allergic to chocolates.

2. The Lecturer who said that Dysentery was a comparatively loose term.

3. The poetical lecturer who described an umbilical fistula as a "waiting abdominal wall."

DID HE MEAN WHAT HE SAID?

The venereologist who is reported to have said:

"Instead of getting our patients in the secondary stage, we now manage to get them with the primary chancre, shortly after they have exposed themselves to infection, which is a very desirable matter.

Student (reading out report of operation)-

"Operation performed by Mr.....assisted by Dr..... under general anaesthetic....."

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On Auscultation

We hear that:

The tour to America merits serious consideration and students who wish to study medical methods in the land of Hooey will have to make up their minds at once.

When the trolley buses come into operation the parking problem around the Medical School will really become acute.

Certain members of the fourth year, having achieved the great elevation from mere medicine into surgery, are celebrating this by unwanted appearances in Casualty on days other than their own intakes.

The Kalahari expedition among the Bushmen was undoubtedly a great success - for the Bushmen.

Various departments who are attempting to put something worthwhile at the Empire Exhibition are scratching their heads. Shame.

The Medical Ball was as snappy as the posters which advertised it.

The Women students are to be congratulated on their very original production of mascots and partners for the Medical Ball.

The production of the "Anatomist" benefited the Hospital to the extent of £134.16.8. We feel that the Medical School play should be an annual event. The Auricle invites your suggestions for future productions.

The size of the Clinical Lecture theatre at the Hospital throws students into closer contact than even the spirit of camaradie demands. The Physiology Department's new theatre might solve

now that the S.M.C. has taken the poker out of hell for most of us).

Which reminds me, I have rather overstepped the bath time allowance, which seems to have produced the customary stimulus to the queue.

Yours bathingly,
(Bathos).

(D.R.M.)

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AURICULOPA NEWS SERVICE.

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

P.J.K.

During the July Vacation delegates from the Universities of South Africa assembled at Grahamstown to take part in the first Cultural Conference organised by N.U.S.A.S.

This conference which was to supersede the Students Parliament was essentially in the nature of an experiment.

It turned out to be an unqualified success. The perennial critics of N.U.S.A.S. will now at least have to show some originality and considerable ingenuity if they would find fault again.

Delegates sorted themselves out into four groups. Bantu studies, International Relations, Socio-Economic and Scientific and brought to these groups their expert views on one or other apect of the theme subject on which they were specially qualified to speak.

By fitting in, modifying and correlating the views expressed each group evolved, before the end of the sessions, a clear cut picture of the whole subject and formulated certain important findings. These are to be published together with the different papers submitted as the findings of the N.U.S.A.S. Conference 1936.

It was indeed remarkable how delegated came to the Conference with one or other aspect of the subject uppermost in their minds with, at best but a fragmentary knowledge of the wider theme and how, when they left, they had been able to formulate for themselves a clear and balanced appreciation of the whole. It was not an uncommon occurance to find someone getting up after a paper, say on Astronomy, and give the effects of the views just expressed on Religion, Physical Chemistry or Philosophy. The discussion following a paper on Vitamins for instance evolved into a discussion on Social Economics. So each one gave his views to, and received from the other delegates, opinions on subjects of vital interest to the country so that when the sessions came to a close they could leave secure in the knowledge of important work well done.

But the actual sessions were not alone in making the week spent at Grahamstown such a memorable one. The delegates were treated royally at Rhodes. A Civic Reception, a Theatre night, a dinner, and trips to the Kowie and Port Elizabeth were amongst the official entertainments arranged for them during their stay, but, as is bound to occur when students are thrown together for a Holiday many strictly unofficial, but very enjoyable episodes took place. The leaders of the different contingents were kept busy writing to the Dean of Rhodes to apologise for various misbehaviours on the part of their charges. Here, as in everything else, Wits were well to the fore, and at least one honoured member of the Medical School achieved, quite unconsciously, lasting fame due to the activities of some of

this intimate problem.

The first fine, careless rapture with regard to the investigation of 10,000 Bantu School children appears to have worn off.

The Auricle publishes original poems, jokes, letters, stories and indeed anything of literary merit. The Editor, however, does not undertake to solve love problems.

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Limerick Competition.

Out potential poets are invited to complete the limerick from the first line supplied below. The winning effort will receive a prize.

First Line. "A Medical Student at Wits".

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was thinking in my bath. - What a low existence the average Medical Student leads! That is in a particular sense I mean. I am not of course referring to the moral or the physical (or chemical for that matter) aspect of the question, but purely to the spiritual.

If you had but watched, as I have, on these winter mornings the streams of solemn students slipping noiselessly out of the mists to be inevitably swallowed up within the murky precepts of this our Medical School,- your feelings, too, would sink below the level of the proverbial shark's belly which is lower even than the conscience of one of our common scalpel shifters. Talking of scalpels brings me to Anatomy. A weary subject, indeed, fraught with frightful frustrations, and prescribed with the most lugubrious of text-books. I refer more especially to these "Berries" which conceal behind the grim greenness of their outer shells a poison so pernicuous as to render the worst in pharmacology innocuous. Such a preamble of pathos, (in 4 volumes too), is surely not equalled anywhere else in the world of literature. The small grains of humour, which one lights upon all too infrequently, are as sordid as a student's coat on Saturdays, whilst index references are as difficult to locate as a member of Supply Association, now that the skeleton racket has once more commenced (an annual fixture to be included in the calendar). The illustrations are the only parts worth preserving - they will provide profitable sight testing charts for future oculists. That blurr representing "Side of head" in particular will always incur a hearty admonishment for the patient when you declare that he "can't see that ear there."

For general glumness Histology is Anatomy's only rival,- its interest is as flat as the average Wits Wits and its practica application about as obscure as an essay in the Umpa.

The bright young thing who can work up Calories of enthusiasm over such subjects deserves to beat Haile Selassie's almost unbeatable hopes in the League, for this years most noble optimists prize.

But this, I can tell, must be getting you pretty well down in the chops old egg. "Still there is hope bretheren" (especiall



Then there was the Houseman who missed the Medical Ball as his lady friend couldn't get up because of a bad pane.

N.U.S.A.S. CONFERENCE (Continued)

his fellows who had absorbed the spirit of Rhodes too enthusiastically and went about proclaiming themselves to be the aforesaid member, etc.

The consensus of opinion at the end of the Conference was that its most important finding had been that all the other men, from all the Other Universities, were "damn fine fellows" and that they were all coming back again next year.

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