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THE AURICLE



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UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND

VOLUME VII NUMBER 1

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THE AURICLE

MAGAZINE OF THE STUDENTS' MEDICAL COUNCIL

Volume 7 No. 1 — **June, 1942**

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor: Phyllis Knocker

Advisory Editor: Lippe Slutzkin. Business Manager: Sidney Cherfas
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"Dean's Message of Goodwill"

After a year or more of hibernation "The Auricle" has chosen to sprout forth branches anew in the middle of winter. Let us hope that this is no inopportune or unseasonable growth; but like some other winter aggressiveness, of which we have recently had news, it connotes a stable and sturdy, vigour, independant of seasons or reverses.

"The Auricle" should be playing so important a part in the life of medical, dental, physiotherapy and nursing diploma students, as well as graduates, that they would regret its appearance less frequently than once every month. Although impracticable during the war, policy shoud be such as to make that practice inevitabe after the war is over.

Editorial Opinion

The reappearance of "The Auricle" will, we hope, prove as satisfactory to the general body of students as it was for us to continue the noble work.

The Auricle will endeavour, as in the past, to feature all aspects of student activity and will serve, therefore, as a record of the good as well as well as a critic of the bad. We earnestly hope that we will have very infrequent recourse to our latter task.

"The Auricle will strike a more sober note than was its former custom, but this policy should add to its value as a student mouthpiecce.

These are serious times. While we are the largest faculty in the University our teaching staff is probably the smallest, our individual responsibilities have therefore increased to a large extent. Some months ago our Dean in his annual address (many of us consider it his greatest) presented the facts of his and our difficulties in their true perspective. The theme remains fresh in our memory. When we consider what is expected of us as members of the profession, we ought to be deeply grateful that we are still in a position to learn our responsibilities to our colleagues, our respected mentors and most important of all, the general public.

We give you now the first of a series of 3 Auricles for 1942.

We trust that in all matters Editorial and business, there will be whole hearted co-operation between the student body and the Editorial Committee.

Nursery School Project

Joshua, aged two, with the figure of an alderman and a most engaging smile, Hilda a Boticelli cast in bronze; and Seepo, who should surely be possesed of cloven hooves. A host of little brown people, clad in long red nightshirts or white woolly ones if the day is cold, none of them with anything to do.

At home they would be made to help with farm and household chores. At hospital they waste time and youthful energy. No wonder they occasionally fight or weep from utter boredom.

There is at present no place for them to keep what few toys they have; no playroom of any description. Is it not wrong that these small convalescents should have absolutely nothing to occupy their lively minds and active little bodies? Should they be denied the great adventure of learning something new?

Some enterprising women Students started them knitting, a great joy to the "over-sixes," but useless to the tiny ones. Then came woolly balls and animals; great fun, but merely a hobby, not an occupation.

Matron approached the nursery school authorities. They readily consented to organise a nursery school for convalescent children at the non-European Hospital, if a suitable building could be procured.

For many months no progress was made, as no suitable building could be found. A wooden hut was then secured from the Liberty Cavalcade. When this has been fitted with a floor and windows, and the walls lined, it will make an admirable playroom.

The object is to give these native children a definite occupation, and to teach them to be useful members of the community. The need for educating the tiny child cannot be overlooked.

With the development of occupational therapy has come the realisation of the psychological factor in recovery from disease, and of the need for controlled muscular activity. The nursery school will attend to both of these. It will be of great assistance to the nursing staff as the children will be safe and happy for hours on end.

We have neither funds, equipment nor toys. Will you please help us to give these native children the great benefit of well-trained minds and bodies, and so help to strengthen the rising generation of Bantu people?

Margaret Brawn

IT CAME ABOUT

The other day I am sitting in the Medical School tea room, and meaning no harm, when a character who is known to all as Harry the Horse-doctor ambles in. Now Harry is not a horse, and also he is not a doctor, but he gets his name because he is stronger than a horse, and more cunning than a doctor.

I would like it known to all good citizens. that I wish no truck with this no-good cheese but I give him a big hello. He has with him a broad who has legs like a Bluthner concert grand piano, a face like an unmade bed and so many gold teeth that I hear it said she sleeps with her head in a safe. In addition she is so crooked that she can walk up a spiral staircase without turning.

Also I am thinking with my Medulla Oblongata and Cerebellum at the same time, what I will say when Harry asks me to lend him a pound for a certainty, when he leads off like this. "You know I have been turfed out of this worthy place of learning on my lugs," I say I am both surprised and sorry to hear that, and I look hurt like my ever-loving doll took poison, but I feel really like it was her mother, and I add there is no justice Harry. But what gives? Upon this he says like this.

"The other day I am not playing poker with the boys across the road, as I am not feeling good, so I go to a lecture and I find a sucker to make up the school. It is at this lecture, that a roll is called and I answer my name and also the name of the sucker who you understand is not there. But the lecturer is a fox, being a lecturer in Forensic and having much to do with criminals, so he asks why I call for the other guy. I say I call because he is blind this round, and that is how it comes about I get hoofed out.

B. Klassnik

LUMINOUS DIALS

Hands that turn to ticking flywheels
Endlessly pointing at nothing
For man is but the hand that spin
To gyrate in pristine mediocrity.

Dessicated pubs, lachrymose mothers
The apparently insuperable squalor of life
Whirl in a fiasco of flagitious filth
To leave an epitome of fylfotic rock.

A. Gordon.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS AND MENTION "THE AURICLE"

FORT HARE

In 1880 Dr. James Stewart recognised that if the desire for education on the part of the Natives continued to grow, an education of university standard, under Christian auspices, would be essential. At the same time the idea of higher education for the Bantu was very much like a dream and it took a good while for South Africa to summon the courage to change this ideal into a reality.

In November 1904 the inter-colonial Native Affairs Commission was approached. The result was encouraging, for in 1905 they recommended that a central Native institution be established for training Native teachers, and affording an opportunity to give native students a higher education. Later in the same year a convention of Natives from the states of South Africa was held at Lovedale to consider steps that should be taken to carry out its recommendations. As a result of this conference a petition was prepared for presentation to the High Commissioner and the Government of South Africa.

Amongst those to spread propaganda in the years that followed were men like the late the Hon. J. W. Paur, General Sir C. P. Crewe and Senator the Hon. Colonel Stanford.

In 1914 the constitution of the college was finally adopted. The college was formally declared open in 1916 with Dr. A. Kerr, M.A., L.L.D., and Professor D. D. T. Jabawuas as teachers. At that time the four provinces could only send twenty students to the South African Native College. A steady but certain progress has since been made. To-day there are more than two hundred students on the roll, including Indian and Coloured Students.

Courses now offered are:—

Masters Degrees in Science and Arts.

Bachelors Degrees in Science, Arts and Law.

Medical Aid Course.

Theological Training for the Clergy.

Pre-medical course — leading to M.B., B.Ch course at Johannesburg, Cape Town and overseas universities.

Other course offered are:—

Interpreters course.

Education and Agricultural diplomas (there is also a BSc. degree in Agriculture) and Matriculation.

Amongst subjects taught are Latin, English, Dutch, Psychology, Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Politics, History, Mathematics, Physics, Zoology, Botany and Chemistry.

The only statistics at present obtainable are those based on matric results up to 1934. They are:-

Subject	Candidates	Per Cent. Pass 1920-1924	Per Cent. Pass 1930-1934
Physics and Chemistry	280	49.1	62.3
Mathematics	253	80 7	79.7
Botany	126	37.5	67.4

The South African Native College has produced graduates since 1923 when the first B.A. qualified at the University of South Africa. Thus from one graduate in 1923 numbers mounted, and in 1941 30 Arts and 15 Science Students qualified. In all 187 graduates have left the college, which is now recognised as a constitutional college. In March this year four new professors were appointed:—

D. D. T. Jabavu, B.A. (London)
C. P. Dent, M.Sc. (S.A.)
D. J. Darlow, B.A. Hons. (S.A.)
W. T. Murdock, B.A. (R.U.I.)

Dr. A. Kerr still directs higher education at Fort Hare..

May Fort Hare continue in the future with the great success it so richly deserves and reach higher peaks and wider fields of education. May the day soon come when every one will have the opportunity of obtaining a university education to benefit his people. Carry on Fort Hare !

W. Nkomo

DIS AL

Dis die aar,
Dis die spier,
Dis die mis,
Dis die gier,
En 'n knaap wat daar sny
En alles ontsier:
Dis al.

Dis ou Tony gekom in die twede jaar,
Dis 'n senuwee weg,
Dis 'n vloekuiting naar:
Dis al.

(Met apoligie aan J.F.C.)

R.C.

On the History of Medicine

Match factories rejoice in some fascinating machinery. There is a whirring contraption into which blank sheets of wood are fed and from which emerge finished matchboxes. As matchboxes they answer their purpose perfectly but they are usless for anything else. It has been the time-honoured custom of the Medical School to emulate this ingenious machine. Every year a number of students are engulfed and some of the complete articles disgorged—complete mechanics of the body.

But the doctor's duty to himself and society is more than just being a competent technician. He has to be a complete human being and an educated man. Indications of an attitude of this nature have come from the second years who have founded a thriving medical history study group under the aegis of the Dr's. Gillman.

Evolution is not just a spent force that has brought us so far and no further. It is a vital vigorous force more active mentally to-day than tver before. We belong to a procession—a pageent, the pageant of humanity. And unless we contribute to the forward movement of that procession our lives have been purposeless. We might just as well never have lived at all. There is mighty sound stuff in the old parade. It has travelled a long way up out of the wilderness. We cannot become orientated in time unless we know that wilderness. Medical History will show us what that wilderness was like as far as our own job is concerned, and only wth that knowledge in our possesion dare we aspire to a formative role in social evolution and scientific advancement.

Arnold Klopper.

* * *

DIOGENES CLUB

The weekly talks arranged by the Diogenes Club have thrown a new light on pressing social and economic problems and have done much to broaden student outlook on these important matters.

Noteworthy amongst the many enlightening speakers that have addessed the club are:—Sen. Syd Smith (Social Security vs. Private Bankers). Dr. Maurice Shapiro (Co-operative Medicine) Mr. I. Glyn Thomas (Topical Talk). Bishop of Johannesburg (Who Pays for Native Education) Dr. T. W. B. Osborne (Trip to Europe)

Medical Students are showing a growing interest in subjects outside the Medical Curriculum which augurs well for the future.

WE ONLY HEARD

That Students want State Hospitalisation—no wonder the Hospital Rag was so halfhearted.

That if State Medicine comes there will be a shortage of doctors..

That more Medical Schools and free medical education will remedy this.

That the restriction of numbers in the 1st year can only be condoned on account of lack of accomodation.

That the Students congratulate Dr. Heyns and Dr. Penn on their respective "blessed events."

That you can never tell with the Dramatic Society—they have made over £100 for the Alexandra Health Clinic this year.

That a layman, Mr. R. Currie was the agitator for a new Non-European Hospital.

That C.P.S. is no longer a "thing of the future"

That Dr. Alec Culliner is being congratulated on his recent marriage.

That Professor A. Dighton Stammers has been called to the colours.

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WITREOUS HUMOR

HAVE YOU MET

The second-year who thought that meninges of the brain were the pia, the dura and the alma mater.

* * *

The bright young thing who thought a virus was something that you switched on.

* * *

The flighty young thing who thought the Frankfort plane was a new type of bomber.

* * *

The student who thought that Pellagra was an insecticide.

* * *

The student who thought that Rabies were priests and Scabies were a mechanised form of dandruff.

* * *

The musical medical who assured us that Ballanitis was a Russian orchestra.

* * *

SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

Dr. H-yn-s.:--Using M.&B. for a Coliform injection is mad—man! its like using a cannon to shoot a bird.

Dr. H-yn-s:—She had a fair amount of M. & B.—I'm sorry to say !

Dr. H-yn-s:—It's so typical that it's rare!

Mrs. K-p-r:—There seems to be a biological tendency for the population to increase!

J. J. L-v-n:—Gynaecologists know nothing about rape — practically.

* * *

Reflections on the Ascheim-Zondek test:

Tell me, tell me, little rabbit
Does a fertilized egg my womb inhabit
Hurry, hurry, little bunny
This suspense is not so funny
Confirmation of prophylaxis
Its the thing that would relax us.

Sydney Journal

Surgeon (As over hasty father of triplets rushes into confinement ward): "Hey, you can't come in here. You're not sterile.

Father: You're telling me !

Sydney Journal

* * *

I know two things about a nurse
The second is by far the worse.

Sydney Journal

* * *

Why circumsise? .....
'Tis destiny that shapes our ends .....
Rough hew them though we may

Sydney Journal

* * *

The three ages of man :

Tri-weekly
Try-weekly
Try-weakly

Sydney Journal

* * *

A glorious glamourous gigolo
Rupured his ligament of Bigelow
Which altered his stride
From a glimmering glide
To rather a ridiculous wriggle-o.

Sydney Journal

* * *

1st Old Maid: I hear that Mr.-----has to have his tonsils out

2nd Ditto: And he was so fond of children.

Sydney Journal

* * *

A SurgeonLieut. on leave wired his captain that he was about to become a father and asked for an extension of leave until the child was born He received the following reply. "While the captain says while your presence might be necessary at the laying of the keel he sees no reason for your presence at the launching of the ship.

Sydney Journal

* * *

— POEM —

Jack and Jill went up the hill
They each had a dollar and a quarter
Jill came down with two dollars and a half
Do you think they went up for water?

READER'S —

The opinions expressed by our readers are not necessarily the opinions of the Auricle Readers are invited to contribute letters on any topic of interest.

The Editor, "The Auricle."

Sir,

We are involved in an "all-in" war which I am sure has not been receiving an "all-out" effort from medical students. The training of doctors (at the moment on a very small scale) is an integral part of the war effort. Our aim should therefore be to become technically equipped as soon as possible. How can this be achieved?

The amount of time spent on vacation during the medical course totals almost two years. Whether it is desireable to shorten the course by this amount is debatable, but due to the prevailing emergency it would be a considerable gain to train medical men in four years. In the event of such a change being made, to keep up the standard, it would be essential that a certain section of our student body withdraw their support from African Cons. Theatres for the duration. Time might also be saved by shortening the curriculum.

What can be done now?

Since the S.M.C. is the most effective body we have I suggest that they set about this task in the following manner:—

a) By means of a questionaire, determine whether the student body and staff are prepared to carry out such ascheme.

b) Since some students are dependent on the vacations for earning part of their University expenses, the S.M.C. should ascertain the number in such a position and raise the amount of money normally earned by these students by means of a loan (from the University) to be repaid after the war.

c) Through the available channels placate the Faculty Board to make the necessary change.

I feel that this is a burning question of the day and should receive direct attention from the student body in general and from the S.M.C. in particular.

A. STAKHANOVITE.

Sir,

As Medical Students our culture is hedged in, "cabinned, cribbed, confined" by M.B. 693 and polymorphonuclear leucocytes! From the moment we enter college we plunge into a world of test tubes, corollas and calyxes and thro'out our whole course we are cramped and cut off by our specialised studies. Because exams are to be passed, all thoughts of literature, politics, music and art are condemned to the deepest of dungeons. Economics too, to a certain extent psychology, sociology and social science are considered outside our sphere.

Politics decrees whether a student will be allowed to study medicine, where he will be allowed to practice, politics is left to the laity—see how skilfully they have wrecked it. Half the ills of our world are economic ills, brought about by poverty, suppression, malnutrition, and ignorance—what is the use of the Mdeical man's diagnosis when the cure is beyond the patient's means? Psychology too is absolutely essential. How can doctors understand the manifestations of diseased minds, if they lack complete understanding of the normal?

Not only would these courses benefit us in the gift of healing, but they would aid us to become socially minded individuals—leaders of thought and philosophy, competent physicians and surgeons with innate understanding of human nature, human policy and human beings. The pristine gap of knowledge between doctor and layman would be bridged and our profession would attain its former heights.

S. SASH.

"It seems to me unfortunate that in the teaching of Physiology greater use is not made of the wealth of clinical material present in the wards of Hospitals, which could readily be made available. The main facts of the Physiology of the nervous system and the ductless glands at any rate, could thus be clearly demonstraed, and the interest of the Student would be aroused when he finds that he is considering in his Physiological studies the same patients that he will have to deal with in his clinical work.

The above passage from Samson Wright in his preface to "Applied Physiology," points out the importance of practice in relaton to theory. The different nervous diseases could easily be demonstrated by conducted tours through the wards and our interest in Physiology would become more alive.

"Chris"

Sir,—Numerous authorities have it that the first-year subjects are necessary as a scientific foundation on which we base all other medical knowledge.

There has been some controversy concerning the Botany Course, and the S.M.C. have already considered cutting down the course to six months; this shows that it cannot be a very imperative subject.

My suggestion is that the Botany Course should be abandoned and in its place Medical Students should be given the opportunity of widening their knowedge in other directions. It should be compulsory that we take some course in our first year which interests us, other than Science, for purely cultural reasons.

To quote Henry E. Sigerist: "General education must continue in the professional schools and must be correlated to the subject of the course. Whatever a man's speciality is going to be, he should be familiar with its history, its sociology, its philosophy. This will by necessity broaden his outlook and increase his usefulness."

Yours faithfully,
M. FEETHAM
(1st year Physiotherapy).

Sir,

From the weekly somnambulation of the O.T.A. one would imagine that the Student War Activity was just another irritating course on the Curriculum like Anthropology. The O.T.A. is founded on a certain fundamental base which we dare not, but unfortunately have overlooked; that we are part of an Allied War Machine and as such are expected to do more than merely "play at war." Having achieved the defeat of Fascism, we must be ready to make our contribution to a sane Society.

Most of the present O.T.A. will probably never become Medical Officers (the war cannot last for ever.) Why then train them for these unreal positions which will never materialise. I would strongly recommend that the O.T.A. be divided into two parts. A) consisting of 5th and final year students who will be trained as Medical Officers and B) the remainder of the Students who should be trained purely for local emergency —a Home Front unt who will be responsible for the organisation and training of the entire Medical Personnel of the C.P. Services and N.V. Brigade. If this scheme is adopted the Medical Students will be making a real contribution to the "All out effort for this all in War."

"Would Be Recruit"

— FORUM

Sir,

What will medicine in South Africa be in 1960 ? Many of us ask ourselves this question possibly because we wonder how we will fit into the picture. We, or some of us at this Medical School, will be amongst the leaders of the Medical Profession in that distant time. Therefore allow me to attempt to give you some idea of the picture..

There are amongst us many honourable conscientious and intelligent men and women. It is to them that we look for improvement in our profession. At the moment many of them are serving their immediate colleagues in a small way on the S.M.C.

Then there are what Woolf refers to as the "Human Cabbages", by far the largest group, the people who do no harm, but just carry on existing without having any particular purpose in life except, perhaps, not doing any harm. They are the students who, when qualified, will cause no improvement but will not besmirch the name of our profession.

Lastly there are the students who, when they qualify will be very busy avoiding actual punishment in the shape of the South African Medical Council. At the moment their activities at the Medical School are felt by everyone.

(continued from previous column)

Where are the students who have not, at some time or other missed a test book, a stethoscope, a scalpel or a coat? If as students these scoundrels cannot refrain from being dishonest, how much more damage can they do as qualified Medical Men. These "snakes in the grass" are the ones who will drag the name of our profession in the mud. It is this group who lead the lay public to mistrust and abuse the Medical Profession.

Therefore, we have a balance of the first group on one side, the undesirables on the other and the "Human Cabbages" as the fulcrum. The moral of this is that every one of us should do all in his power to tip the scale on the side of improvement of Medical Services. "Physician, heal thyself."

Yours faithfully,
John T. Russell

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS
AND
MENTION THE AURICLE

BRIGHTER O.P.D.

Some 5th year students find O.P.D. very boring and uninteresting at times, particularly if called upon to take a history for our chiefs. I would therefore, suggest that the following card system might solve their problems. This scheme is a real "time saver" and no doubt the students will have more time at their disposal to discuss the Double for Friday night, the Staff vs. Students Golf Match, Inter Firm Tennis and such topics.

SPECIMEN CARD

Name ..... Age ..... Occupation .....

Phone No. ..... (if under 25)

I've got a { large / terrible / small / awful / funny sort of } { pain / lump / hole / rash } in my { head / chest / stomach / right-left-arm / right-left-leg } it is

{ larger / unchanged / worse / smaller / better } { before / after / on / at } { drinking / eating / night / a job of work / bending / lying / Bank Holidays } I haven't had a

{ decent night's rest / day's illness / bath / drink } for ..... insert number { days / weeks / months / years }

I have been { operated on / X-rayed / massaged / injected } ..... times for .....

The last doctor I saw said it was .....

The last medicine taken was { white / horrible / black / pink / brown } and I tried it on the { cat / wife / baby / husband } with { excellent / good / alarming / astonishing / fatal } results

S.S.H.

CHEMEDITATION

Sometimes I sit and think and brood on the calorie value of my food and, placing myself in sad seclusion compute my latent heat of fusion—and then, if I'm still feeling bright I take my temp. in fahrenheit and, making sure I'm in the shade convert it straight to centigrade. Sometimes I have a strong desire to place myself upon the fire and calculate (avoiding cheating!) my apparent loss of weight on heating.

WE SALUTE

Dr. Joseph Gillman, senior lecturer in Histology, Neurology and Embryology has occupied this position since 1930. While still a 4th year Medical Student he was called upon to undertake the onerous task of reorganising the Histology Department. During the last two years of his course he was burdened with this time-consuming job as well as his ordinary Medical duties.

Dr. Gillman has received world wide recognition for his research on the Physiology of menstruation; the Royal Society and the University made him a grant for the upkeep of his baboon colony. Besides this invaluable work, he has played a most important part in developing certain student activities within the Medical School. He was in large part responsible for the first issue of "The Leech" and acted as editor for several years; he is an active member of the Post Graduate Association and was instrumental in instituting the South African Journal of Medical Sciences.

Perhaps the most significant work which he has done has been to develop the exceedingly active group of young Research workers in the Histology Department who have already made several important contributions to the Medical Sciences; the History of Medicine Group is another student interest which he whole heartedly cultivated.

Dr. Gillman is deeply conscious of the role which Scientists must play in Society. All his work has been permeated with this ideal. The knowledge that the application of science is prostituted and its advance shackled through the economic system of our present-day society has been the guiding light in his medico-political activities in the field of State Medicine.

His absence on sick leave is deeply regretted and we hope that his trip to America will prove both beneficial to his health and advantageous to his work.

We salute a most active socially-minded member of our Staff—Dr. Joseph Gillman.

MARA

So duister as die git van 'n sterlose nag
So donker as die pit van 'n eeunoe graf
So onheilspellend as die bodem van 'n diep oseaan
Bruis die lewe in sy waarheid teen menswesens aan.

R.C.

STUDENTS — SUPPORT!

Last year, a clinic was started in a small room at the back of the Wesleyan Church in Fordsburg. Dr. Kloppers kept it going under the most trying conditions; there were no facilities for treatment, not even running water. Medicines given by the hospital and bandages given by the Red Cross were all that he had. The work has now been taken over by Dr. Lopis.

When interviewed Dr. Lopis said:—Most of the people who attended were living on a pension of £3-16-6, of which £1-10-0 was spent on rent Malnutrition and disease resulting from a lowered resistance were rife.

At present a few social science students were investigating circumstances, and in this way an attempt was being made at preventative medicine. The ultimate goal was to build kitchens to provide the correct food for a number of families, cheaply; care for them in respects of ante natal and post natal clinics and provide education in birth control and prevention of disease. This experiment would be of inestimable value. At present free butter was being supplied.

Dr. Lopis said that the idea of the clinic was that it be run by students and that it would afford an excellent opportunity for gaining knowledge, experience with a good chance of research. The university has made a small grant to the upkeep of the clinic, but funds are urgently needed, in this respect students could do as they have done for the Alexandra Clinic. Dr. Lopis ended by saying that there was a good job of work to be done and he would be pleased to see those who were interested.

ROGER BACON

. I would address one general admonition to all students that they consider what are the ends of knowledge and that they seek it not for pleasure of the mind or contentions or for superiority to others or for profit or fame or power or any of these ingenious things; but for the benefit and use of life; and that they perfect and govern it in charity.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT

ATHLETICS

Athletics appear to flourish at Medical School. At the recent University Athletic Championships, the Medicals proved themselves superior to the Engineering and Arts Faculties. It is worthy of notice that of the eight titles won by Medical School athletes, six were won by second years. The second year superiority was borne out at the inter-year Medical Sports, when their four title holders, Geoff Fine, Sheepskin du Plessis, Flap Rosen and Hendrick van Heerden, supported by Friedberg, I. Eisenberg, Brink and Krausey, literally walked away from their opponents (notwithstanding the opposition from L. Eisenberg, a sixth year and champion walker) Rosseau saved the third years from too much public criticism with his fine javelin throwing, but the fifth years appear a trifle degenerate.

Our hopes are very much centred on the second years.

Final placings are 2nd years, 49 points; 6th years, 17 points; 1st years, 16 points.

HOCKEY

Although the 1st XI has lost four Transvaal players this year, P. and T. Elliot, A. Swart and Ruth Judge, the standard of play is as high as ever. Medical School is well represented in both 1st and 2nd teams.

We must congratulate Katherine Greig on her brilliant debut in the Transvaal team and wish her every success. Anette Bosman is a reliable and steady forward and a concentrated attacker. Judy Judge seems to be missing Ruth; their combined tactics were so extraordinarily good. Mariath Kelly is a great loss to the team—she has given up hockey this year.

Of the second team players, Heather Duncan Brown and Barbara Petrie, both newcomers, are proving their worth. It is a pity that Margot Becklake has no time for Hockey, as she was a a great asset to the team. Colleen Coetzee is a competent back. We are glad to see that the first years are turning out to practices so gallantly and expect some fine Hockey for the future.

MEN'S HOCKEY

The Inter-year hockey matches are now being played off and as yet there is no indication as to what year will be victorious.

Medicals are once again prominent in the University Club. L. Slutzkin (Chairman), A. E. Kark (Secretary), J. A. P. Smith (Committee) are members of the first team which also includes H. Goldman, S. Bryer and A. Moir (1st year). M. Barry is captain of the 2nd team which includes Trott, Lotzoff, Frame and Ruttenberg.

Although the season is fairly well advanced, novices are still welcome and senior players are prepared to give them the benefit of their knowledge and experience.

RUGBY

The University first XV. swept every team before them in a series of exciting victories. When they played a draw against the strong Diggers team, fans had visions of seeing our team win the league this year. After three league matches, Wits had not yet suffered a defeat. The success of the team placed it for a short period in the first position on the log, but it has suffered ignominous defeats at the hands of Springs and Unicor. While we sympathise with the team and fans, we venture to express the hope that the team will utilise every atom of playing power to re-occupy and retain log leadership.

We should also like to congratulate those members who have represented their club for Transvaal. Our Captain, Nick Slabbert, certainly deserved and justified his selection. Congratulations also to Koodoo Wells and D. Meyer.

TENNIS

The amalgamation of the Men's and Womens' Tennis Clubs this year has proved a great success. Enthusiasm has been shown, particularly among the freshers and freshettes whose standard of tennis is much higher than usual. Four of the freshettes chosen to play in the Freshers v. Seniors Match were Massage Students.

GOLF

Although Inter-Varsity this year has been cancelled, interest in the Golf Club continues unabated. Medical School continues to supply its quota of low handicap men as was shown in the Inter Unit Wit. Command match which was played on May 31st. The O.T.A. team were runners up, an extremely creditable performance considering that 140 players took part. Another interesting match between Staff and Students was won by the Staff.

YOU AND TIME

By L. ISAACMAN

The time is the same as any other time. I know the people of this generation are different. I know there are more machines, mostly to promote death. The very soil from which agriculture has developed is the same, and so is the time.

Yesterday I awoke at 1.30 p.m. Many would be ashamed to make such a confession. They would say it was a disgrace to human decency to get out of bed so late. But I insist that the time is the same as any other time.

A few weeks ago I wrote examinations. I know I had to apply my rectum to the same chair night after night. So did others. They looked forward to the days when the strain of preparations and writing would be over. They had a poor illusion. I know, because now that the examinations are over the time is the same as any other time.

During the year I fell in love with a young girl. Let me tell you that I am an indifferent and poor lover. Maybe you think I am a liar; I disagree with you. Now that I am no longer in love with this girl I want to tell you that the time is the same as any other time.

What have I said that you don't know? Many who are reading these words will think me eccentric. But I don't think so. I have been trying to tell you that the time is the same as any other time. I have given explanatory stories. They were not intricate—they were simple—so you don't have to look back to them. But then I know you have already done so. You must be wondering how I knew. When you have understood what I have been trying to make clear to you then you will know how I knew.

Are you going away for the Christmas holidays? Of course you are. Don't ask me how I knew because I really don't. I wish I were going. I should like to spend some time at a quiet resort on the coast. I believe my constitution could do with a rest. You are very happy at the prospect of escaping your city friends. You want to meet new faces, but so do your city friends. You believe a new way of life awaits you. You are thinking of moonlight romance on the surf-ridden beach. The trees behind you will allow you to think you are unobserved. While you are thinking I shall be at peace with myself and my friends, because I know that whether I am at the coast or at my inland home-city the time is the same as any other time.

This morning I walked in the city. Whither I cannot answer. Our city has a municipality which is allergic to deficits. We have traffic cops and robots. A motorist beat a robot. He must have been in a great hurry. Why, I cannot answer. I proceeded and my eyes fell upon a human form crawling along the pavement led by an African child whose allergy to deficits was manifested in rickets. He pushed himself intently, slow and purposeful. People passed him by. Their haste was purposeless. I thought of that stricken human I had just seen. I knew again that the time is the same as any other time.

The other evening it rained. There is nothing I like better than a solitary, slow walk in the rain. Don an old pair of trousers and raincoat and set out. You must try it. There are few people about. You don't look where you are going. You hear the rhythmical crunching of pebbles on the street. You look up. You see a child pushing his father's fruit cart. The father and the child more than make up for the absence of those who have completed their work for the day and are comfortably sheltered in their homes. I think the child is very young. I think of his youth, and my mind recalls the reform acts of the 19th century. Then I know that the time is the same as any other time.

One day you will be an old man. Even though you are not a grandfather your senility will be self-evident to you and to others. When you are an old man you will often stop to speak to children. They will befriend you immediately. You will be happy to answer any questions they might ask. Children ask silly questions, but then you wouldn't know that; and you would not know you were giving childish answers. Your answers will be self-inflicted pleasures. You will not stop to tell these children the truth. They do not know that the time is the same as any other time. You do.

THE LAST STRAW

It was a perfect summer's morn with balmy—laden air
Professor Dart was feeling well upon a day so fair
This was the very sort of day that braced his inner man
He swung his car into the gate and met the Suncrush Van
He jammed his brakes, his tyres screeched, he'd prob'ly halved their lives
Though warned against these sudden halts, he must when old Nick drives.

He burst out of his limousine and strode up to the van
And with most engaging smile he softly cooed, "My Man"
But found the cab unoccupied—"just like that sort of fool"
He left his car just where he'd stopped and leapt into school

And to the Mecca of Suncrush men he sped with undue haste
And came upon the manageress who viewed him with distaste
She was conversing on the phone on who would win the war
And he disturbed her train of thought by hurtling through the door.

Before he'd finished sentence one, she cut short his bemoaning
With "would you mind remaining quiet until I've finished phoning?"
He grasped the counter for support whilst gibbering with rage
And she oblivious of his ire continued as the sage.

At long last she ceased talking—that is on the phone of course
Professor Dart had entertained the hope she might be hoarse
And he would have the chance to speak—and would that vanman rue it!
Its good hope springs eternal for again she beat him to it.

She turned upon him fiercely, in her eye there gleamed a light
As she said "Are you the Suncrush man who was so rude last night?"
This insult left him inarticulate and all he cried
Was "Suncrush van—there in the drive—I've parked there at the side!"

She looked at him in cold disdain, Her answer sharply blunt,
"You surely don't expect to bring those bottles through the front
If but to err was human, then she was doing fine
Unhappily Professor Dart, was surely notdivine.

He brought his fist down with a thump—he felt his pounding heart,
He shrieked "I'M NOT THE SUNCRUSH MAN—I AM PROFESSOR DART!"
She gaped at him, her look was coy although her eardrums hurt
"Oh, are you really, now" she said, and she smoothed out her skirt

"And who are you?" again he yelled—he'd keep her on the hop
She gaped, in her astonishment her eyes looked round and large
"Are you perchance the woman who manages this shop?"
"Oh, no! . . Good Heavens No" she said, "I'M THE LADY IN CHARGE"

Professor Dart had darted out, he'd sickened of her talk
And so upset was he he'd done his crocodilian walk;
He went straight to the lecture room, thus to harangue the class
"To waste time drinking coffee, tea or cocoa is a farce,
But the man who turns to ginger-pops when vital matters pall
Is just a misery to himself—he's got no brains at all"
And after several hours his speech to its conclusion ran
"If you would pass out of my class, CUT OUT THE SUNCRUSH MAN!"

It was a sultry afternoon—there'd probably be rain,
Professor Dart was driving home to rest his wearied brain:
He'd had a really rotten day, after that woman's jaw
Reviewing his activities he very nearly swore
But in the garden he espied the darling of his heart
"She'd be a lovely woman soon," proudly reflected Dart,
His little daughter scurried up, her greeting thus began
"Oh Daddy, quick, please buy me one THERE GOES THE SUNCRUSH VAN"

P.K.

(The lady in the poem is not to be confused with our good friend, Mrs. Leslie—Ed.)

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