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# The Auricle. 1963; February

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# THE Auricle



UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND MEDICAL SCHOOL

Volume 14, No. 1. February, 1963.

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# Editorial

A new academic year has begun, and already this year has brought with it problems and challenges to be solved and met. These will probably be particularly immense to those first-year students who have just joined the most junior ranks of the Associated Medical Professions—to them it is the challenge to succeed in their various studies of Medicine, Dentistry, Physiotherapy, Occupational Therapy and Radiography; theirs is also the problem of passing the numerous examinations in order to achieve their aims in assisting the ill. To them go our heartiest wishes — may they all succeed. But alas, many will leave the ranks of their more fortunate fellows.

Towards some of these, I feel, must be extended our sympathies —namely those lacking the necessary financial support, those encumbered by disrupting environmental factors and those suffering ill-health. To those who have grossly neglected their studies due to irresponsibility, gross lack of self-discipline and the demonstration of mental immaturity — to them I feel we can echo the words of a popular Wits rugby song: "Why did you come?" For a person to attempt to step into the ranks of a Medical Profession, concomitantly shirk but its responsibilities of work before pleasure, and manifest a total lack of responsibility towards those supporting them during an academic year, it is a crime (to use a rather strong word) for they have robbed those who would gladly have accepted their responsibilities and the challenge of Medicine. Such persons can only be termed selfish and inconsiderate.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that I do not advocate that you should glue your tender young noses to your books and swot until you suffer from a permanent squint and short-sightedness. To be healthy of mind it is of near necessity that one be sound of body — an old proverb slightly twisted; but all the same, do not live with your books. Join the various sports and cultural societies. Keep in mind that a mere degree does not imply that the holder is cultured!

Having said these many things, I would like, on behalf of all those at Medical School, to wish the First Years all the success they strive for. Good Luck!

len kloosman.

editor: len kloosman
associate editor: jack van niftrik.

# KATLEHONG CLINIC

In May, 1962, the SMC started a night clinic in Katlehong location to serve the medical and dental needs of this underprivileged population, for whom there were no services available at night after work. All services are provided free of charge.

All equipment and drugs used at the clinic have been obtained from two sources: on loan from the Germiston Municipality and by generous donation from drug and medical supply houses in Johannesburg and on the Reef.

The aims of the clinic are to provide free medical services as well as to enable medical students to treat patients on their own initiative. All activities are carried out under the supervision of senior medical personnel.

At present the clinic operates bi-weekly on Tuesdays and Fridays, students assembling at Medical School at 7.30 p.m. and leaving the clinic when the last case has been dealt with.

During the 9 months' period between May, 1962 and January, 1963, over 900 patients have attended the clinic. At present the clinic enjoys high esteem amongst the inhabitants of Katlehong.

Fred Kalk
*Chairman, Clinic Committee.*

## DEWY-EYED

Sam was home on leave from the Army, and at a dance that evening he not only met Liza, but even managed to talk her into letting him walk her home.

As they strolled along the cow-path, Sam felt exceptionally romantic. "Some moon, eh, honey?" he remarked.

"Yeah, Sam," she agreed, "some moon."

He steered her to a part of the path where roses were blooming. "Some roses, eh, Liza?" he nudged.

"Yes, Sam," she admitted, "some roses."

By this time the dew was already setting on the grass, and in his exuberance, Sam could not help remark: "Some dew, eh, honey?"

"Yeah, some do," she snapped. "But Ah don't. So be on you' way!"

# ONE-MINUTE DIAGNOSIS

1. Aged female.
   No abdominal scarring or evidence of hernias.
   Intestinal obstruction (small bowel)
2. Young adult male, ambulatory.
   Mild epigastric pain with deep tenderness.
   Bowel sounds present.
   Spontaneous pneumoperitoneum lacking.
3. Female, 35; married; two children.
   Complains of sudden lancinating pain on straining at stool.
   Once this was followed by syncope, and always by generalized soreness over the lower abdomen.
   Pain referred to right shoulder and supraclavicular region.
   Amenorrhea for past cycle.
4. Child, 6.
   Pain in renal angles.
   Haematuria.
   Signs of renal failure.
   Retardation of growth and bone changes simulating rickets.
5. Male, 26.
   Dysuria.
   Increased frequency of micturition
   Yellow urethral discharge.
6. Female, 28.
   Puffy face.
   Decreased mental alertness.
   Loss of hair.
   Dislike for cold weather.
7. Female, 45
   Mild polycythaemia.
   Presents with: sudden vomiting
   hepatomegaly
   Ascites
   mild jaundice.
8. Child, 3.
   Headache.
   Vomiting
   Pyrexia
   Drowsiness and photophobia.
   Irritability, delirium, trismus and stabismus.
   Incontinence of urine.
9. Give six common causes of vaginal discharge.

*Answers on Page 8*

# *Cry of the Lost*

I sit and think
Of what I drink,
My head to the table sunk.
Yea, quite drunk!
Now that I sit,
Departed of wit,
I think more serious
Of effects deliterious
Of brandy, whisky and wine.
I agree! I am a swine.

Grant me the sole wish
To sit quiet and dull.
For it so be my wish
My sorrows and morrows to lull.
It is thus that I cope
My life's limited scope.
Pour me another drink,
Let my dull mind sink
From its youthful fire
To the dark quagmire!
It is my wish—my wish—
My wish of the Devil . . .
That does loudly revel
And does quietly wait
To see my queer gait
As I crawl on the floor.
To that bar door.

It is a shame!
But many the same
Do share the infame
And are infirm!
We are stupid fools
That follow Demon rules!
We are the drunks!
The time will come when
Do not try to save
Us from paupers' grave!
We are beyond cure!
It is really sure
That we've pass'd God's ken.
The time will come when
Dead we pass unnoticed to Hades
To live with dogs with rabies,
With sick dull prostitutes
And inmates of institutes!
Cast from righteous Society
By popular ignorant naievity.
Mine is a disease
Without the ease
And welcome sympathy,
As found in cancer.
Merely a cold antipathy,
I will be the dancer
In hot fiery Hell . . .
As time will tell.

Give me what I ask
From under my filthy mask.
I am human with feeling
(Although I walk, reeling)
I need to be nursed,
Not coldly cursed!

Horrid and torrid my temper!
These my life do hamper
From these I always flee.
For my God, set me free!
But no! I am horrid,
My mind and will sordid!
You will cast me down
And again coldly frown!
It is you who rejects
All public projects
To attempt to save
This alcoholic knave.

Unloved? I will die!
Rejected, I will die!
I will pass down the well
To sink into anguished Hell!
That it where I belong!
You shout — you are wrong!
I have lived!
I have loved!
My dear work
I never did shirk!
But now, amidst the row
Of visions and derisions
I do cry, Let me Die!

LEN KLOOSMAN

# THE THEATRE

Sir John: Perhaps you'll remove your elbow from my visual field?

Barlow: Sorry, Sir.

Sir John: It's not your elbow I object to, merely its spatial disposition.

Barlow: Thank you, Sir.

Sir John: Your name by the way is?

Barlow: Barlow, Sir.

Sir John: Then cut Mr. Barlow. Close m'boy.

Barlow: Very.

Sir John: I mean close to the knot.

Barlow: Sir.

Sir John: And if you rest the tips of your scissors on the left hand . . . so . . . there is every chance you will not produce an artificial perforation to complicate the pathological one which I have so painstakinly repaired.

Barlow: Sir.

Sir John: Swab. Gently . . . *gently*. You are not pumicing a doorstep.

Barlow: Sir.

Sir John: Thank you. And now your elbow again . . .

Barlow: Sorry, Sir, it does seem to get in the way.

Sir John: Are you taking your Fellowship?

Barlow: Primary . . . in October, Sir.

Sir John: First shot?

Barlow: Fifth, Sir.

Sir John: *Qui autum perseveraverit usque in finem, hic salvus erit.*

Barlow: Sir?

Sir John: You must *endure* m'boy, and you will be saved.

Barlow: From what, Sir?

Sir John: From spoiling your career by too precipitate success. Nurse, wipe Mr. Barlow's brow. Is the coffee on, Sister?

Sister: Percolating now, Sir John.

Sir John: Cona?

Sister: Of course, Sir John.

Barlow: Espresso for me.

Sister: You will have what comes, Mr. Barlow.

Sir John: You pay for the *bubbles*, you know.

Barlow: You do with champagne, Sir.

Sir John: Both overrated. Coffee must have time. You can't rush it. Its got to chuckle and boil and break over itself in a proper percolator. And, like justice, its got to be *seen* to be done. And like a beautiful woman it has got to be smelt . . . if you'll excuse me, Sister? Mr. Barlow will know nothing of these things . . .

Barlow: I have an Aunt Polly in Abersoe who smells of camphor in the winter, mothballs in the summer and menthol snuff all the year round.

Sir John: *Near* relatives don't smell quite the same. And now, Sister, my coffee. Thank you. You'll find it easier without your mask, Barlow.

Barolw: I *prefer* it filtered, Sir.

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# SKOPTZIES

Around 1757 there arose in Russia a religious sect calling themselves Skoptzy, meaning "the castrated." They appear to have been an offshoot of the Khlish and called themselves the "White Doves." In 1876 the Russian Government condemned members of this heresy to hard labour in Siberia, but in 1896, as far as can be ascertained, the sect still thrived.

Paul I caused Sseliwanow, the originator, to be recalled from Siberia to restate his case, this led to his confinement in an insane asylum. Later, a State Councillor, Jelansky, was converted by Sseliwanow to Skoptzism and set him free, precipitating widespread practise of the cult, even amongst Court nobility. The principal argument of these people was the nonconformity of orthodox believers, especially the priests, to doctrines professed, and they contrasted the lax morals of these persons with the chaste lives, the abstinence from liquor, and continual fasts of the "White Doves." Much of their doctrine was based on quotations from Mathew XIX. 12: "and there be eunuchs which have made themselves for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake."; and Luke XXIII., 29: "blessed are the barren." etc., and Mark IX., 43-47.

The operation was regarded as a voluntary martyrdom, the "bearers of the Imperial Seal" being deprived of penis, testicles and scrotum. Those of the "Lesser Seal" lost testicles and scrotum only and were said to have lost the "keys to hell" and to have retained the "key of the abyss" (female genitalia). Operative implementa consisted of hot irons, pieces of glass, old razors and various other crude instruments. In 1896 only nine fatal cases had been recorded.

Female members did not have the ovaries removed, but mutilation of the labia, mammae and nipples was practised, resulting in severe deformity and cicatrization.

They had secret methods of communication and were often of the more wealthy strata of society, a fact contributing to their widespread influence.

# MINOR PLUMBING JOBS

Of course the wherefores of the more common operations are mostly understood by the laity. You have a pain in a certain spot; and out, accordingly, must come your appendix, gall-bladder or whatnot.

When it comes to a matter of circumcision, on the other hand, what simple and convincing explanation is to suffice when we are confronted with a patient, or rather, candidate, in possession of full and lusty health?

"So why? Please explain."

Here is an explanation that was offered on one occasion, when it was deemed advisable to circumcise the infant son of a young mechanic and, as was natural, the latter enquired of his doctor what circumcision entailed.

The doctor, in an effort to be really helpful, explained as follows: "The sleeve-valve of the water-jet has become somewhat seized by reason of the cowl extension. In this case we will discard the overlap, using shears of a particular keenness. With the chief impediment thus removed the edge so formed will automatically grade back to the glands forming a bevel more suited to the flange. It is confidently expected that the distributor action will then function spontaneously, ensuring a streamline unequalled in nature."

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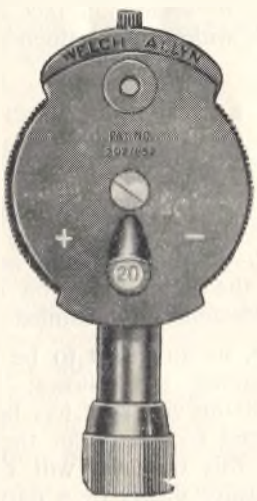
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## *PITHY POINTS*

# PUGNACITY

*Mankind is lethargic, easily pledged to routine, timid, suspicious of innovation. That is his nature. He is only artificially, partially and very recently "progressive." He has spent almost his whole existence as a savage hunter, and in that state of ignorance he illustrated on a magnificent scale all the inherent weaknesses of the human mind.*

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

* * *

**At first we sang of how we would knock the hell out of Heligoland and bang Kaiser and march over there and clean up the mess them dawn forieguers had made. And then suddenly we sang, "In the war's red curse stands the Red Cross nurse" and we sang, "Hello, central, give me Heaven cause my Daddy's there" and we sang, "Oh, God! please tell my Daddy thaddy he must take care —" I guess we were like a tough but inexperienced little boy who gets punched in the nose in the first flurry and it hurts and we wished it was over.**

JOHN STEINBECK.

* * *

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

WILFRED OWEN

Asked for a light, he holds the flame,
Forced, under his nose, and hears a maimed
Voice inquire if he will not please
Unzip his fly. Down on his knees,
He hugs his screaming groin. Asked where
His money is, he feels blood flare
Along his lip, a live ash break
Over his eye. "It's a mistake . . ."
He hears a voice purr, one reply,
"It always is—they never play
it dead!" Lids clenched, holding his breath,
Suddenly he brings forth a wreath
Of vomit. "What a filthy clown!"
"Look at the liar!" A pipe's brought down
Upon his teeth. His mind cuts through
The brambles of his pain to view
The broken skull it cannot fit.
What further wounds they could inflict
Would serve only to let him know
He were alive; therefore, they flow
In single file into the night.
Raked by their buttons' wolfish light,
He turns into a trace of fire
Felled, through which low laughters expire.

DAVID GALLER.

In the midst of an air-raid a London M.P. saw a pretty girl in the act of crossing the street. Seeing an opportunity of combining duty with gallantry, he ran up to her side and asked: "May I convoy you to safety?"

Certainly not!" she replied with exasperation. "The last time one of you boys convoyed me I was torpedoed three times."

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It was a school in the farming district, and one morning Johnny came late. "Johnny, why are you late today?" teacher asked.

"This morning I had to bring the bull out to the cow, teacher."

"That's no excuse," said the lady. "Couldn't your father do it?"

"No teacher," said Johnny, "you got to have the bull!"

* * *

Bernstein returned home, and in high dudgeon began to upbraid his wife. "Who is your lover? Tell me, who came to see you today?" His wife's dentals availed her nothing.

"Don't try to fool me," Bernstein stormed. "I'm the only man in this house. Who was your lover here today Why is the washroom seat up!"

* * *

It is the fixed belief of every medical student that the girl who tries to talk him into buying her a dress, shouldn't mind too much his trying to talk her out of it.

## ONE-MINUTE DIAGNOSIS ANSWERS:

1. Gall bladder ileus.
2. Forme fruste ulcer.
3. Ruptured tubal pregnancy.
4. Polycystic disease.
5. Gonorrhea.
6. Myxoedema.
7. Budd-Chiari Syndrome.
8. Post-vaccination encephalitis.
9. Missed abortion; Pyometritis; Carcinoma of cervix; Mucous polyps; Gonorrheal cervicitis; Senile vaginitis; Trichomoniasis.

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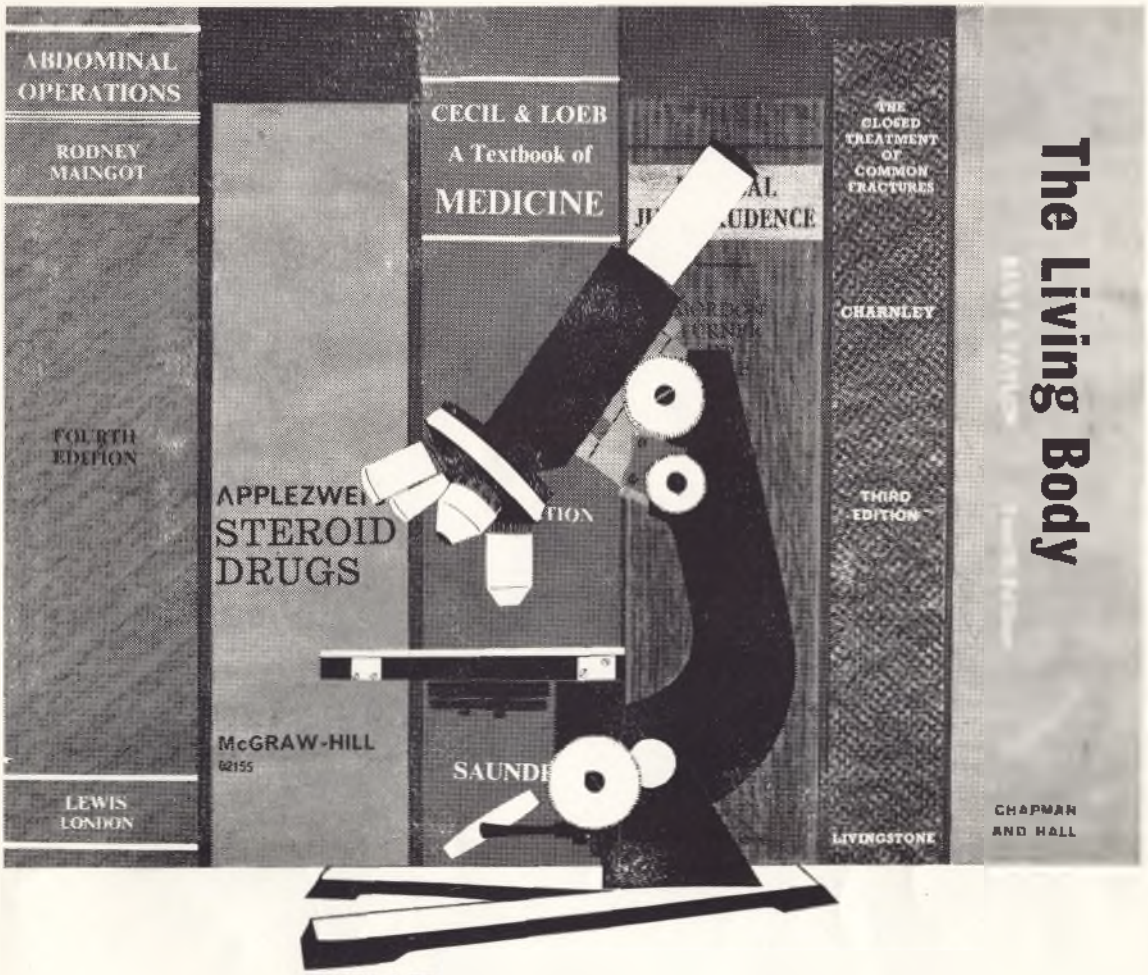
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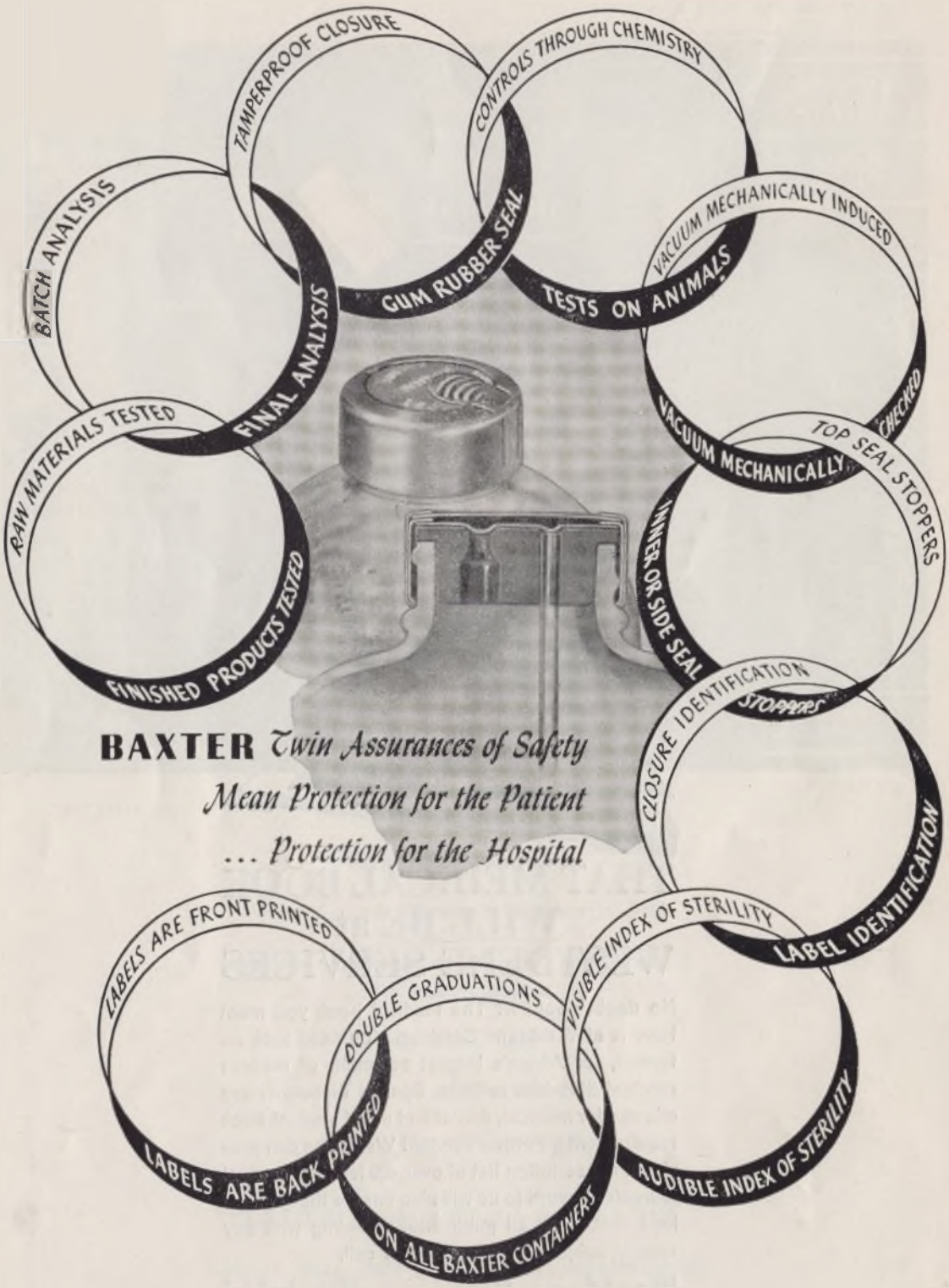



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