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THE Auricle



UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND MEDICAL SCHOOL

(3)

Volume 14, No. 4. April, 1963

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Editorial

"From each man according to his capabilities," thus said some famous orator.

Medical students are considered to be the more capable members of society, and they realise this. Hence the apalling situation in which a student will undertake some minor task, but, alas, will never complete satisfactorily — not due to inability. The obvious extrapolation of this would be disastrous to the public whose trust will be placed wholly in his hands.

One can direct an accusing finger at many students and housemen in the very act of committing this crime — small incidents, usually overlooked. Overlooked because there are too few perfectionists amongst us, and of these most have been conditioned to their occurrence. It would be superfluous to enumerate the sins — a little time spent in the corner indulging in mild philosophic contemplation will expose many a horrible negligence. Fling mud in one's own eye while in that corner and feel the pain of a stabbing conscience. Perhaps these errors will appear of little import, but fear ye not, they will be of gravest consequence one day. Unless, of course, street-sweeping is resorted to in a final desperate attempt to be rid of the burden of a fierce faculty.

Yet, it happens.

Students agree eagerly to undertake some small task (always of altruistic nature, or it would no longer be a task). Comes the hour of completion: task not done. It is very simple to shrug the responsibility off one's shoulders in this way. We are relatively protected by a thousand-and-one feeble excuses ranging from physical ailment to work obligation. The while the victim suffers either a lack of attendance, or a rage-raised blood pressure. Much cursing and total lack of brotherly love ensues.

Happily, we are all guilty of this spineless condition. Therefore, let us simply pass through each day of life comparing our execution of tasks with our incompetent brotherhood. So say all of us, while in awe admiring the one sparkling soul who has the initiative to harness to the full his capabilities.

Let a man attempt to execute at least one unpleasant task to the utmost of his ability per day and he can be assured of glittering success.

len kloosman.

editor: len kloosman

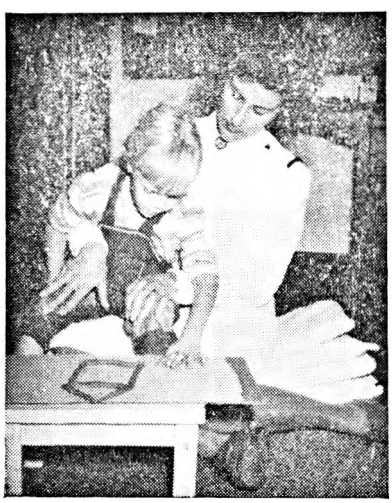
associate editor: jack van niftrik.

ARTIFICIAL MUSCLES

By Juliet Louw

DESPITE the dexterity achieved by people with artificial limbs, until quite recently the thought of a man with two paralysed arms earning a living would have been laughed at. Yet today devices have been evolved which enable such a person to write, to operate machines, to pick up thin sheets of paper, to open a matchbox, to remove a match and even to pick up a pin from a table top.

The newest development in this field is the artificial muscle. This operates from a gas cylinder and is attached to a contrivance fitted to the disabled hand



A patient being exercised.

and fingers. Carbon dioxide gas passes into the muscle, which itself is nothing more than a long narrow tube, through a valve. Inflation of the muscle causes it to contract and pull on the appliances attached to the fingers.

While this is a most ingenious device it does have a number of obvious disadvantages. One is the complete dependence upon supplies of gas for recharging the portable cylinder and the cost of this service. Another disadvantage, particularly in the case of women, is the unsightliness of the hand splints.

The idea of moving a paralysed limb by means of a man-made muscle represents advanced thinking and it is a challenge to the ingenuity of scientists to make this idea more practical.

Technicians working in a rehabilitation centre for injured workmen believe that the artificial muscle has opened up new avenues worthy of exploration. The technician in charge of the occupational therapy workshop at the Workmen's Rehabilitation Centre in Johannesburg, has suggested that a glove fitted to a paralysed hand and designed to work by contraction and expansion using gas on the same principle as the artificial muscle, could overcome a number of the disadvantages of the present artificial muscle. Also, that the possibilities offered by cables like those used for the brakes of a bicycle — where the moving cable operates inside a flexible but stabilized sheath, have not been fully exploited.

Clearly there is a field here for research and a challenge to scientists in South Africa.

The National Council for the Care of Cripples in South Africa, through its Easter Stamp Fund, has done much in the past 20 years to encourage this type of work. It has subsidised the training of orthopaedic technicians and it has financed research projects. Bursaries provided by the Council have enabled selected surgeons to qualify in orthopaedics, qualified nursing sisters to receive training in orthopaedic nursing, and therapists to be trained. Grants from the Council have brought about the establishment of two Chairs of Orthopaedic Surgery at South African universities and training departments for medical auxiliaries. The money raised by the Easter Stamp Fund each year helps to provide treatment and orthopaedic equipment, and the continued support that this fund receives from the public, demonstrates its appreciation of the fact that this is not "cold charity" but an investment in human beings.

The rehabilitation of disabled persons requires contributions of various kinds—the dedication of voluntary workers, the skill of medical personnel, the generosity of donors of money and it requires also a contribution from the scientist in devising and perfecting practical aids.

PHYSIOTHERAPY CORNER

by Chris Rodseth (Physio IV)

PHYSIOTHERAPY in this country has recently taken a major step forward. It acquired sixteen new physiotherapists at the beginning of this year. (Congrats to them.) Medical School has also made a major acquisition — a new second year Physio class. (Welcome to them.)

And as is the way of, (dare I say it?), evolution, last year's third years have moved up to fourth year and me along with them. The second clinical year towards the B.Sc. (Physiotherapy) degree certainly serves to broaden the students' conception of their impending career. In their final year, the student's are "farmed out" to various institutions outside the "General" complex. By their nature, these tend to be places where the accent of treatment is more on the rehabilitation of the patient. I refer to places like the Hope Home, Forest Town Cerebral Palsy School and the W.N.L.A. Hospital. We still serve periods in the various specialised Physio. departments within the General Hospital framework to further our experience in the handling of acute conditions.

I fear all this sounds rather pompous, however our clinical experience still has its lighter moments. Like the time when a child was being most unco-operative (about her treatment), until, in desperation, I asked her: "Why don't you like me?" Her unanswerable reply, with some conviction was: "Because you're ugly!" Very deflating.

Then there is the girl in our class who is so mixed up with all this decimalisation that she stated emphatically that a couple who had been married for two years could not possibly have a fifteen month old baby without having beaten the pistol by at least two months!

This year, too, the fourth years are implementing the P.N.F. techniques learned last year from the vital Miss Gardiner. For once, we in this country are reasonably up to date in this respect. The international spotlight is being turned on these Proprioceptive Neuromuscular Facilitation techniques this year at the meeting of the World Confederation of Physical Therapists being held in Copenhagen in June. The S.A. Society of Physiotherapy will be represented by Miss Blair, its chairman and our senior lecturer, among others.

Three fourth years have recently announced their engagements. May we wish Carol Forbes, Bernice Katzen, Ella Dorfan and Ethne Miller great happiness in the future and offer our heartiest condolences to their respective fiancés. Sorry, I mean congratulations, of course!

CHRIS RODALTLY,
Physio IV.

THE DISCIPLES

Saturday, 6th April marked the first league game of the "Disciples"—U.W.M.S.R.F.C. This was played on the university grounds against Wanderers 5ths. Disciples won 13-8.

The following were the "Disciples" team: Dr. I. Samson (Capt.); K. Coulding, M. Funston, J. Kalk, Dr. F. Spiro; D. Datrymple, P. Thompson; C. Habion, J. Weaver, M. Wright, J. van Niftrik, Dr. D. Israelstam, J. Boden, A. Basskind, B. Liebermann.

This club was primarily formed with the object of enabling students, housemen, and registrars interested in playing rugby but unable to play regularly to get together on a Saturday afternoon and enjoy a game. It has become evident that a certain amount of fitness is required and practices have been ararnged for Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The type of game desired is open rugby, with emphasis on passing and running with the ball, and with the minimum of kicking.

The club has been officially recognized by the University R.F.C. and has been affiliated through them to the T.R.F.U. The University R.F.C. has entered this team as the official University fourth team in the T.R.F.U. Third league.

All those, attached to any teaching hospital, who are interested in joining this club, should contact any of the following:

Dr. I. Samson, Dr. D. Israelstam, M. Wright and J. Boden.

J. BODEN,
Committee, U.WM.S.R.F.C.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

by Anthony Heyns

PART I

"HOW ON EARTH do you think you'll get the stuff?"

"Don't you worry," he drawled softly, helping himself to one of the Boss's cigars, "I'll do my bit and you fellows do yours. Okay?"

"Okay," whispered Silky, "see you next week."

There were three of them, the Boss, Silky and Grimsby. They were the three most respected crooks in the business; about once every six months the *Boston Tribune* splashed its front page with details of a robbery that was spectacular for its wicked boldness, the exquisite ingenuity of its execution or merely for the staggering dimensions of its haul.

Nobody in the underworld has a breath of clue about who these maestros were, and their exploits were the skeleton in the cupboard of the police force. But everybody who had to do with the instigation or prevention of crime took off their hats to the master craftsmen.

Inspector Cleveland knew that the only hope the police had of catching them was to wait until they made a slip-up, but all their jobs so far had been elegantly free of any miscalculations. Each lead his men followed was so neatly covered that his initial admiration for the work of a genius was rapidly turning to resentment.

Each time there had been one glaring lead to follow. Exactly one week before the coup was to take place the Personal Column of the *Tribune* carried this invitation:

> Fun and games next Tuesday. All welcome. Bring the family.
>
> Stardust.

It was to Cleveland's credit that his team had spotted this lead after only the second crime, but it had got him no nearer to solving anything. All the robberies had taken place on a Tuesday night.

The gangland bosses were concerned. They were men who were not used to bowing their heads to anyone, and now they realised that there was some mighty stiff opposition on the market. What really hurt was that the opposition was openly and unashamedly amateur. Apart from the fact that they advertised their movements so boldly, the gangsters were unhappy to note that each crime was followed by a munificent anynomous donation to the Red Cross Society.

Admittedly the donation was not quite as large as each haul, but even the best amateurs require some commission for their efforts. It did not take Cleveland long to work out that the Red Cross collected precisely 85% of the money each time.

The *Boston Tribune* felt honoured to be selected as the vehicle for proclaiming to its citizens the forthcoming major attractions in the crime world. The Robin Hood touch that was their trademark swung the popularity poll well over in favour of the mystery criminals, and Cleveland's men could not count the gangland bosses as their only allies, which was an unfortunate state of affairs for both parties.

The *Tribune* was quick to hang a nickname on them. They were called "The Stardusters".

When the evening edition of the *Tribune* came out that week it was heralded by posters proclaiming to all and sundry: **"STARDUST TUESDAY NEXT WEEK".** Since nine o'clock that morning the Boston police headquarters had been a hive of determined activity. This time the Stardusters were not going to get human or fantastically lucky, swore Cleveland.

Naturally his first move was to shake every grain of information out of the Classified Ad. department at the newspaper offices; how had they received the cryptic announcement for their Personal Column? He did not enjoy working with the *Tribune* offices. Boston's latest and greatest crime syndicate was a wonderful advertisement for their paper and they did not hide the fact that they were

rooting for the Stardusters. Circulation had trebled since the first advert appeared in their columns, and they were riding the crest of the wave.

The editor was a live-wire by the name of Wingerton. His latest circulation booster was a gigantic Multi-Word Puzzle which carried the lure of $50,000 for each correct entry, the biggest prize ever offered in a crossword competition.

The advert had been handed in by a negro messenger boy who paid the bill and disappeared before the clerk realised that his chance for fame had slipped away.

Cleveland put out a wide net to bring in as many likely negro messengers as possible, but he realised secretly that this type of treatment was far too elementary for criminals of the Stardust calibre. He worked eighteen hours a day for the rest of the week organising and briefing the largest crime detection squad collected in Boston's history, drawing reserves from as far afield as New York City.

"If any thief can as much as pilfer a call-box on Tuesday night," he confided to McArthur, "I reckon he deserves a medal. There will be an average of one cop every fifty yards in the city."

"Yeah, I hope you're right," McArthur answered his chief. "We thought the same last time, didn't we? Our two patrolmen swore that they walked past Gundelfinger's window at least twelve times that night, and the next morning we find a lousy collection of badly cut glass where the sparklers had been the night before." He unwrapped the spearmint and placed it thoughtfully on his tongue. "The ultra-violet beam was still operating perfectly, the alarms had not been tampered with and there wasn't a thing to start the investigation on."

"Anyway we should have a clear field that night. We caught so many small-time naughty boys last time that our underworld is sure to take things easy on Tuesday."

Other preparations were also centring on Tuesday night's fun and games in the city. Grimsby was well under way with his task. It would be difficult to recognise the unshaven, shuffling old janitor at M.R.L. as the same Mr. Grimsby who arrived punctually at 8.30 each morning in his chauffeur-driven Mercedes to put in a day's work at the Chamber of Commerce. President of the Chamber of Commerce, he was, and a very able man too, said all his colleagues.

M.R.L. stands for Military Research Laboratories. Grimsby was interested in the work being done in Room 16, highly secret. He knew all about the tetripethalimide drug that had been developed there: it was classified as an Assault Gas, and was to be used when enemy territory was being occupied. Small quantities of it released into the air had the effect of neutralising all opposition, for the victim went into a state of obedient coma, being susceptible to any form of suggestion; he remained fully conscious and made no effort to resist even the most horrifying commands.

An extract from the top secret folder which Grimsby had placed in the Boss's possession reads as follows:— "after breathing in a small amount of the drug as a trial dose, the patient was ordered to extract his own teeth with a pair of pliers. He set about this task with such dedication that three men were required to stop him. Twenty minutes later the effect of the drug had worn off and he was totally unaware of being dosed, or of his subsequent actions".

For two months the Boss had been working on plans for their next coup: everything depended on the success of Grimsby's mission, for the Assault Gas was to play a vital role in the plan of things.

The Boss was a brilliant man, the master mind who was responsible for planning the Stardust crimes. Nobody who knew him could possibly doubt his brilliance. And there were many people who did know him. He was in fact one of the best known figures in Boston, being the most famous advocate practising in the United States. He specialised in sensational cases, and his reputation stood so high in the legal world that one of his fellow advocates had once remarked: "if Chester defends you, you will be so innocent by the end of the trial that you will be collecting fan mail from bishops all over the world."

The Boss had a reputation so pure and untarnished that his double life afforded him limitless pleasure. He had always been notorious for his twisted sense of humour. Five years ago the world had

been at his feet. He was top lawyer in the United States, was as wealthy as the fattest business tycoon, and admired by all. Having attained this climax to a breath-taking legal career, there was no sparkle of ambition left in his life; he vegetated on the throne of Success for a few years until his active mind cried out for some challenge worthy of his noble intellect. Then he had turned his attention to the gracefully executed crimes which threatened to drive his good friend Cleveland to distraction.

With painstaking care Grimsby poured a quarter pint of tetri-pethalimide into a small hip-flask of unusual design. He was wearing a mask which had been developed in those laboratories to cope with the fumes given off by the Assault Gas. Naturally there would be a lot of fuss and bother when some of the gas was reported missing, but all investigations would be hampered by the tight ring of secrecy thrown around the loss.

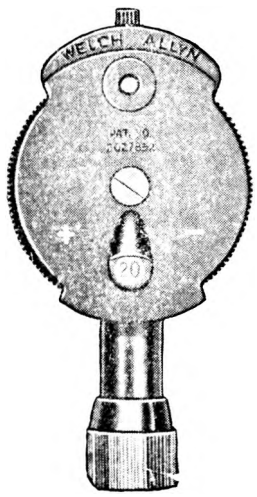
By the time the fateful Tuesday arrived, Cleveland was not a pleasant person to speak to. His determination to bag the Stardusters this time had assumed alarming proportions; friends feared for his personal health, for he was labouring like a man possessed at preparations for Tuesday evening's showdown. He insisted on attending to all important details himself, and most of the details were important in his mind.

The *Tribune* walloped happily in all this drama and discussed all the prospects tirelessly in column after column spun out for the benefit of its eager readers. Even Wingerton's brain-child, the *Tribune Multi-Word Puzzle*, nestled unnoticed on a back page.

Cleveland was a man who believed in working off his frustration in awe-inspiring displays of wrath whenever the world became too bitter a place for him to tolerate. His psychologist had once recommended this method half in jest, and the Inspector enjoyed seeing his underlings pale whenever the storm was upon him. He had reached the stage now where he was primed for an almighty outburst, and the fuse was set off by a *Tribune* reporter phoning his offices and enquiring innocently how things were getting on.

After that he felt much better.

(To be continued)



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Whispers . . . .

From Third Year

1. M-rv-n W-lf created medical history at a P.M. when he diagnosed lobar pneumonia in the liver.

2. Many people are asking: "Is atropine the anti inhibitor of an anbicholinestertase inhibitor or an anti-anti choline inhibiting esterase?"

3. Elvis Presley's "Return to Sender" has become extremely popular with a certain student viz. B.V.I.

4. We are not all Lady Chat's lovers.

5. R-ne He t--er has been respectfully asked not to project obscene pictures on to the screen during physiology lectures.

6. South Africa is producing its full quota of television stars. In spite of Government opposition, T.V. has come to stay.

7. M-rg--et S--tz has learned from bitter experience that breathing oxygen is far more beneficial than carbon dioxide.

8. Training sessions are being organised by the Physiology Department to prevent any further collapses at A.P.L.

Stop Press

S.M.C. EXECUTIVE NEWS

The University authorities have decided to give the whole of Medical House to the students for their use. Members of the Executive have met with Mrs. Phillips and the architect. The lower part of this building is to be converted within the next month into a large common-room/dining room with both easy chairs and tables and chairs from our old Refectory. A kiosk is to be built for the sale of cigarettes, refreshments, etc., and the authorities will modify the existing kitchen to serve tea, coffee, soup, etc.

The upper floor will be converted into a women's common room and, for the time being, the Council Chamber will be left as it is for our use.

In September, the two front offices in this building will become vacant and the S.M.C. offices will move there.

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OFFBEAT

" But people do. They love each other and they misunderstand on purpose and they fight and then suddenly they aren't the same one."

" We won't fight."

" We mustn't. Because there's only two of us and in the world there's all the rest of them. If anything comes between us we're gone and then they have us."

" They won't get us," I said. " Because you're too brave. Nothing ever happens to the brave."

" They die of course."

"We're both brave," I said. "And I'm very brave when I've had a drink."

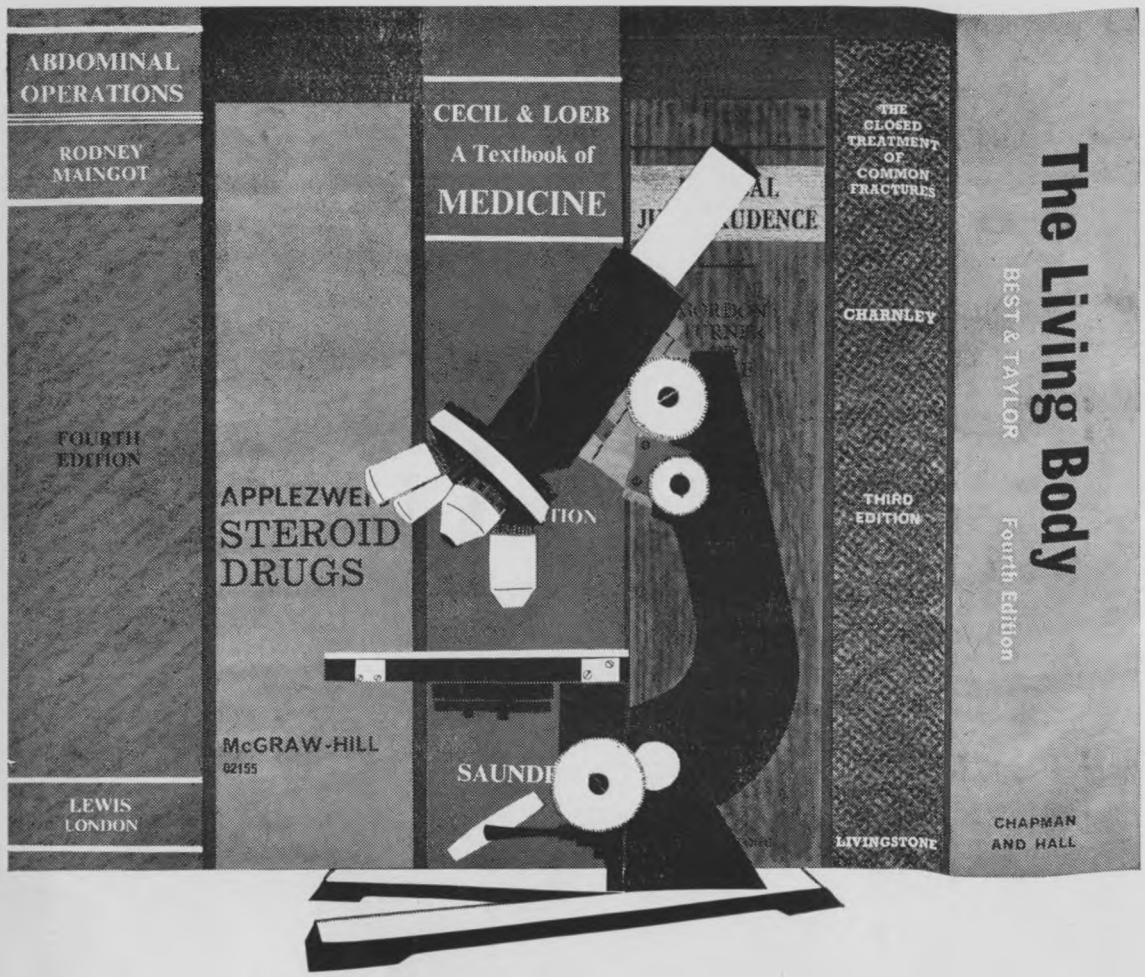
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NEW R200,000 MISSION HOSPITAL

The Montfort Sisters, a Catholic order of women, are building a R200,000 hospital containing 120 beds at Lunzu, Nyasaland, 12 miles from Blantyre. The first stage, costing R120,000, comprises an out-patients' dispensary and a maternity hospital. The main block has 43 beds in two large wards, three smaller wards, five private wards, treatment rooms and labour wards. There is also a double-storey home for seven sisters, a home for nurses, a home for lay-workers and a laundry block.

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