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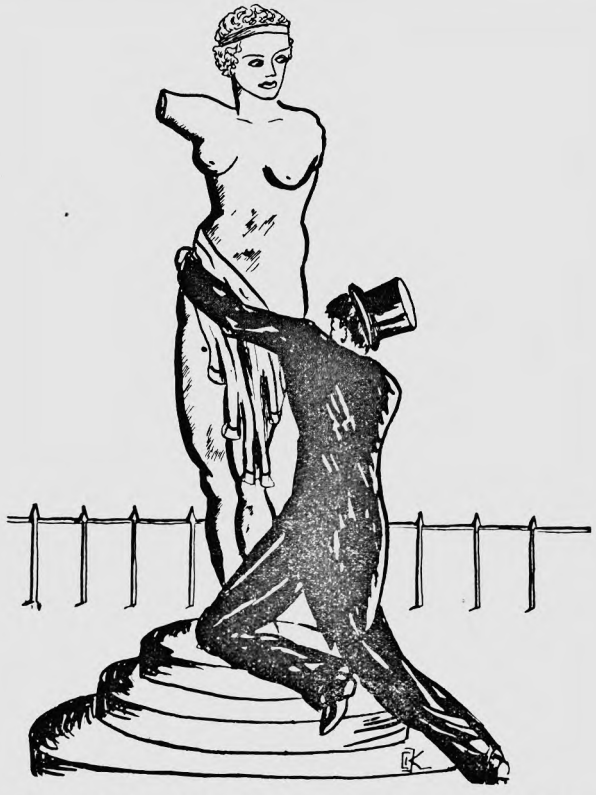
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VOL. 3 JUNE, 1937 No. 5

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EDITORIAL.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HEALTH.

In the last issue of the " Leech " there is a report of the workings of the American Zulu Hospital in Durban. The writer is very enthusiastic about this venture, and his account seems to point the moral that we are very fine fellows because there exists such a splendid hospital for treating sick natives. All that is needed is the feeling of self-satisfaction which most of us possess, and that garbled logic which is so prevalent at the Medical School, to lead us to believe that the existence of this American Hospital at Durban is an excellent reason for us to assume a humanitarian cloak where Bantu health is concerned. The writer points out the *American* Zulu Hospital as an example of what *we* are doing for the native. This pleasing reflection titillates the reader's ego, and has the additional advantage of masking the sordid picture which is presented by reality.

The existence of the American Zulu Hospital in Durban is a sad but striking commentary on the provisions available for the medical treatment of natives in this country. The fact that there is so great a need for this hospital makes the disgrace to our community all the greater. We are in the position that we are dependent on foreign charity to initiate such hospitals to supplement our medical services. Such dependence would be undesirable even if the country were in a state of war, but to have this state of affairs at a time when we are boasting of our unexampled prosperity shows that those who should deal with this problem are either callously indifferent to their duty or else hopelessly incompetent.

As students of medicine we are supposed to have a broad outlook on problems of national health. This is just one of the popular fallacies so lightly accepted by the general public. We are, in actual fact, particularly ill-informed about these matters. Our noses are stuck studiously into text-books which demand the whole attention of our short-sighted eyes; and our minds, which are not very large, are entirely taken up by the minutiae of anatomy or the technicalities of surgery. For this our teachers are largely to blame. They treat the Bantu, for example, as persons possessing anthropological indices of a certain kind and, according to their individual specialities, they interpret humanity in terms of diseases of the pancreas or percentages of haemoglobin. They studiously avoid all reference to the life of the people, which, after all, is what we are really concerned with.

The result is that we are ignorant of fundamentals and lacking in perspective. In considering the health provisions we make for the Bantu peoples we are intoxicated by the thought of our own beneficence. The ideas of foreign observers on this matter come as a sobering influence. Padmore, writing about us in " How Britain Rules Africa," expresses the opinion that " the least said about medical services for natives the better. There is not a more callous and irresponsible government in the world concerning the health of the masses of its ' citizens ' than that of South Africa. The way in which public funds are expended by the Native Affairs Department clearly shows that the officials are more interested in safeguarding the health of live stock than of the Bantu."

We can only hope that developments in medical organisation in South Africa will speedily reach a level when it will not be possible for such accusations to be levelled against it. We can show up deficiencies, we can suggest improvements, but the remedy trespasses in economic fields and so, unfortunately, does not lie in the hands of the medical profession alone.

* * * *

AN AFRIKAANS MEDICAL SCHOOL.

To the student of obstetrics the birth of a Medical School is a matter of absorbing interest. The fact that this event is to take place in Pretoria and that it is to be a pure Afrikaans effort lends even greater charm to the occurrence.

It seems fortunate that in ordinary practice the attendant physician is not obliged to find reasons to justify the existence of the child he is about to deliver. If such excuses had to be produced it is probable that the population would fall to low levels; and not for the reason that children are in reality undesirable but because watertight arguments are very difficult to find. One of our professors is fond of remarking that most children are the result of accidents; it seems, however, that Medical Schools are the result of logic—a purely Platonic affair.

In the case of the proposed School a deputation of fifty took it to itself the position of midwives in the act, and boldly interviewed the Minister of Public Health. It is not certain whether the great number of assistant accoucheurs is an indication of the lengths to which specialisation in modern medicine may run, or whether it is merely an example of the manner in which the Commando system can be introduced into the practice of obstetrics.

Medical Schools can be a very fine thing, as everyone who has been to this School will attest. It seems hardly fair, therefore, to deprive the Pretoria University of the honour of fostering the study of Medicine and to deny her a faculty which will become her crowning glory, just as it is that of our own University. Nor is it fair to deprive honest Pretoria landladies of the £50,000 a year which would accrue to them for board and lodging as a result of such a scheme. The sponsors also point out that as a result of their plan " thousands of pounds will get into the hands of merchants and places of entertainment." When we consider that these merchants are the very persons who so nobly fill the government coffers by their unstinted contributions of income tax and poll tax, we must admit that to deny them this addition to their turnover would be foolish or greedy. We would, however, urge an extension of this principle over a wider field, for the establishment of Medical Schools in still more dorps would, in the same way, bring about an increase of their incomes, and so lead automatically to a solution of the economic troubles of this country. Finally, it must be admitted that the equality of the two official languages is only a myth so long as there is no Afrikaans Medical School in this country.

All these arguments are in themselves just. But the points of the view they express are really not pertinent to the subject under discussion. In considering the advisability of a Medical School the points that influence us should not be whether the shopkeepers of

the city will wax a little fatter, nor whether some eligible young bachelors will pay rent for the privilege of adorning rooms which are now empty, nor even whether it will gratify the philological politicians of the country. This would be a prostitution of Medicine. Medicine should not be the shuttlecock of party politicians or the plaything of commercial interests.

In judging whether a new Medical School is desirable we should adopt only one criterion, and that is whether this step would be in the interests of the whole of the people of this country—European and Bantu—and whether these interests could not be better served in any other way. To the reasonable being the statement that Medicine is concerned with the health of the people and not with pettifogging, parochial politics, should appear a mere platitude; to many of those who concern themselves in this controversy it would come as a revelation. The subject is an important one and deserves to be viewed in a proper light.

THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

By "The Master Key."

"The trouble with men is," said a voice to my right, "where women are concerned, they talk sheer nonsense. Directly it strikes some genius that men are, after all, what women marry, he instantly thinks a great thought to the effect that man is everything to woman, and she a mere fraction of his existence. Then he trots off to the nearest woman he knows, and stuns her with his brilliance. Men must drivel and women giggle."

"Bosh!" broke in a deep bass. "The most characteristic feature of woman's mentality is her conceit. If she's a timorous, bashful, goggling idiot, she'll pride herself on her immense reserve. If she's a brazen hussy, she'll devastate the men-folk with a single glance of her eyes. If she's a benedict, she will be proud of it. If you take them seriously, they make you quite ill. If you take them any other way, they get offended. So why all this tommyrot?

"Where men really excel women is in their ability to bore. They never chat; *they talk of things.* Drop a word about rugby among a group of men, and instantly they retire to some jug-hole to hold a solemn conclave, a committee of censure and approval. Generally their talk is confined to two things—themselves and shop. Men love to think that they are master in their own domain; that they can tell smutty jokes to their heart's content; that they can litter the floor with paper, orange-peel and stale sandwiches; that they may use the morning newspaper to clean their boots; and that they can sprawl their untidy shapes over bulging springs and creaking back-rests."

"Well, let them!" blazed a small feminine voice in my left ear.

"I take it," said the chairman, "that you oppose the principle of a Common common-room. I thank the stars another meeting of the Constitution Commission has concluded."

R. E. B.

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PRO EUTHANASIA.

(At the recent debate, "That Euthanasia be Legalised," the Rev. "Tubby" Eaton pointed out that "if we put to death all those suffering from distressing symptoms, nobody would be left alive.")

I.

As some day Euthanasia may perchance be legalised,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of offenders at our 'Varsity who're not too highly prized,
And who never would be missed, who never would be missed.
There's that pestilential nuisance, named "Pro Bono Medico,"
Whose letters in Wu's Views suggest how little he must know.
All communists who're "democrats" and form a Fascist" clique,"
Or style themselves Revisionists for three days in the week.
And Engineers and Hostellites whose foetal brains persist,—
They'd none of them be missed, no, they'd none of them be missed.

II.

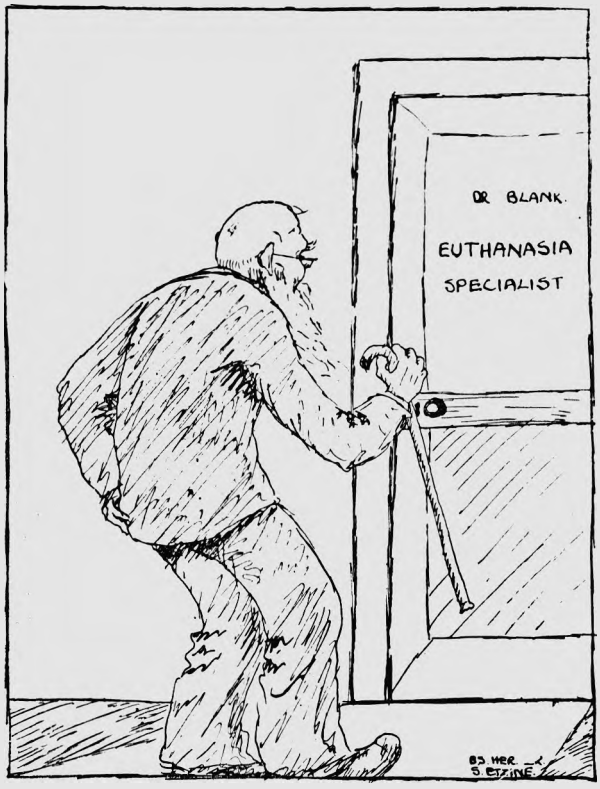
There's the "pseudo" Nusas-delegate, and others of that race,
The pseudo moralist, I've got *him* on my list.
All people who *aren't* Poker-School, because it isn't "naice,"
They'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be missed.
There's the fellow who *must* take the "Sketch" and "Vaderland" and "Punch,"
To the cloakroom for ten minutes every day just after lunch.
All persons who condemn our School of lack of Culture's grace,
Or cultivate a fungus in the centre of their face;
And that really strange anomaly, the Anthropologist,
I'm sure he'd not be missed, no, I'm *sure* he'd not be missed.

III.

There's that table-penny flock which just now is rather rife,
The would-be humourist, I've got *him* on the list.
And the fellow who *will* designate your lady friend your "wife,"
I'm sure he'd not be missed, I'm sure he'd not be missed.
And members of the S.M.C. who're deaf and dumb and blind,
Such as what-d'ye-call-him, thingummybob, and likewise—never mind.
And st-st-st—er-what's-his-name, and, oh, well you know who,
But the task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.
Though it really doesn't matter whom you place upon the list,
For they'll none of them be missed, they'll none of them be missed.

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.) M. G.

OUR IMPOSSIBLE ARTIST.



"TRYING TO GET A KICK OUT OF LIFE" is what we asked him to illustrate, and this is what he did.

ATHLETICS.

You have seen the man I mean. He is not an individual but a type. He is a he-man, who prides himself on his toughness and a general resemblance to a greyhound or a gorilla. He assumes a lordly superciliousness towards brains and manners and the ornaments of the spirits. He has powerful muscles and a deep chest, clear eyes and big feet. He has a cold bath three times a day, and shaves once a month. His conversation consists chiefly of monosyllabic references to flicks, beer and skirts.

But he can run round a field more times in less time than anyone else. With knuckles carefully padded he delights in walking round a square ring with his eyes on the other occupant of the cage, in the intervals of leaning on the said occupant with his chin on the said occupant's shoulder while holding him in a loving embrace. He will band himself together with many more of a like kidney and spend hours fighting for the possession of a kind of large egg called a pill. He will stand all afternoon in the broiling sun watching from a distance the antics of two white-clad men, one of whom throws a ball which the other carefully misses.

Forgive me—I didn't really mean it. I want to congratulate the Athletic Club on the numerous fine individual performances which have been put up during the season, and still more on the high general standard which has been maintained.

G. L.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN."

Dear Sir,

They told me before I went to the Medical School production of "A Sleeping Clergyman" that none but the most ignorant could fail to enjoy the play, hence let me state at the outset that I am indeed ignorant, for did I not fail to experience any feelings of ecstasy or otherwise? . . . . but perhaps the fault lay with the players and not the play . . . .

Everyone who has hitherto attempted to comment on the production has been content to reproduce Mr. Bridie's "enlightening" letter, and to compare certain of the performers with members of the stellar theatrical colony. But let us leave Gable to Crawford and Donat to some other scintillating beauty and look into the "home-town" performance of the evolution of what must be a world's record in bastards.

Derrick Morris as bastard-in-chief gave a satisfactory display of "lung-trouble," though, as yet another in the long chain of illegitimates, he was perhaps not so convincing.

Keith Donald would appear more fitted for the silent drama. I thought it unfortunate that at times he spoiled his otherwise good performance by speaking in tones worthy only of whispering pectoriloquy. Nevertheless, his rendering of "The Kerry Dances" in Act I., Scene 3, indicates a promising tenor, or should I say, bass. R. Nupen as the pompous profiteer gave quite a pleasant performance in spite of the fact that at times in the heat of the moment his accent suffered peculiar changes. John Hannah, Donovan, Wilkinson, the Police Sergeant (a touch of the Afrikaner at times), and the Constable all recited their lines as requested, and A. J. Leontsinis, though not very emotional a performer, typed very convincingly.

And now for the ladies. As Harriet Marshall, Sonia Highman did not impress, and was content to recite her lines rather than to live them. Nevertheless, as further members of a well-stocked line of illegitimates, she must claim full marks for a fine performance. Mrs. Hannah was quite well portrayed by Barbara Meaker, though she seemed to resemble Medusa rather than a Scottish landlady. Molly Kannemeyer, Cecil Moore and Ruth Popoff were well up to the general standard, while Anne Walker looked winsome in pink.

But my real grievance is directed along different channels. Primarily, the stage should have been at least another three feet higher. During the scene on the sea-side cliff I had the pleasant (?) sensation of hearing voices and seeing only hats and, much as I would love to compliment the ladies on their shapely ankles, I am afraid "head-and-shoulders" was all I managed to see. The orchestra could possibly do with a little more practice, not separately but collectively, and possibly next time we may be able to dispense with a recorded version of "God Save the King."

But taking all in all, the efforts of both producer and cast are to be commended, and those of you who did not attend are to be severely censored for failing to support Your play in aid of Your hospital.

By the way, I had almost forgotten—congratulations to Dennis O'Keeffe on a perfect performance . . .

Yours, etc., CANDIDUS.

OBITUARY.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Dr. I. Liknaitzky.

Dr. Liknaitzky was one of the first graduates of this Medical School, and he was one of its best. He began the study of medicine after having completed a Master's degree in Mathematics, and he brought to bear on his clinical studies the rigorous logic and discipline he had acquired in the abstract science.

One of the most versatile scholars this school has produced, he has at different times lectured in Nervous Physiology, Biochemistry, Medical Psychology and Vital Statistics. This year he was chairman of our Post-graduate Association, a position in which he showed his great tact and wisdom.

Dr. Liknaitzky was always ready to help students in the preparation of scientific papers, and his help was always valuable and never stinted.

Those who have sat at Dr. Liknaitzky's lectures will speak of his clear grasp of essentials and his avoidance of dogma. His lectures constantly stimulated interest and discussion, and his replies to questions showed at once his great learning and his innate courtesy.

We offer our sincere condolences to his family on their great loss.

"THE CAUSE AND PREVENTION OF WAR."

Sir,

Various views exist in the world regarding the cause and the prevention of war. Militarists claim that war is inherent in human nature; fascist militarists even proclaim that war is good in itself and that the savage martial virtues are the highest virtues in man. Idealistic pacifists, on the other hand, believe that war is caused by "bad rulers" or by "misunderstandings," and can be prevented by expecting peace and talking goodwill in the manner of a Christian Science cure. Some pacifists have progressed to the point of believing the partial truth that war is caused by armaments, through the desire of army officers for promotion and of armament makers for profits.

The Marxist view, which is becoming more and more widely accepted, is that wars in the present epoch grow out of the competition of capitalist nations for foreign markets, for colonies, for the expansion which capitalism needs if it is to survive. In any capitalistic state, the workers do not receive the full fruits of their labours and are, therefore, unable to buy back all that they produce. This surplus piles up, constantly demanding new markets through the development of backward regions and the exploitation of backward peoples. In the search for these new markets, which inevitably leads to a struggle for a redivision of colonies and other possessions, the major nations engage either in small wars of colonial oppression, *i.e.*, the forcing of their goods upon a backward nation, or in wars with other imperialist nations over the territories which both sides wish to exploit.

It follows from this that a socialist nation ruled by its working masses, who own all means of production jointly and receive all the fruits of their toil, has no need for expanding foreign markets, but only for that amount of interchange of goods which will give its own products in return for products that other lands more easily produce. The constant policy of the U.S.S.R. in its foreign trade has been to balance its exports and its imports, rather than constantly to increase exports above imports, which is a capitalist urge. This is not a temporary but a permanent policy, inherent in the character of the Soviet Union as a socialist state.

Having no need to invest profits in foreign markets and having no need for any land or natural resources other than its own, the Soviet Government is consequently free to respond to the demands of its toiling masses, who everywhere and in all countries are in favour of peace. The workers of the world, in fact, crave peace so deeply, that if on the one hand the need for economic expansion felt by capitalist governments make it difficult for them to keep the peace, on the other hand, the opposition of their own workers makes it difficult for them to declare war. Only by systematic deceit of its own population and by systematically inflaming them with lies and patriotic slogans can a modern nation drive its people into an aggressive war. Ever since the October Revolution the Soviet state has been a stronghold of the world's workers, *i.e.*, of those elements who want peace and who are the first to suffer in any war.

A Socialist country can redress heroic national grievances in the only just and permanent way by giving the toilers of every nationality free opportunity to associate in commonly owned production and in common enjoyment of the fruits of toil. Such was the solution which brought harmony among the many scores of nations associated to-day in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, where each develops freely its own forms of culture, "national in form but socialist in content." Such is the only permanent solution open to all the nations in the future Union of Socialist Soviet Republics of the world.

I am, Yours faithfully,

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

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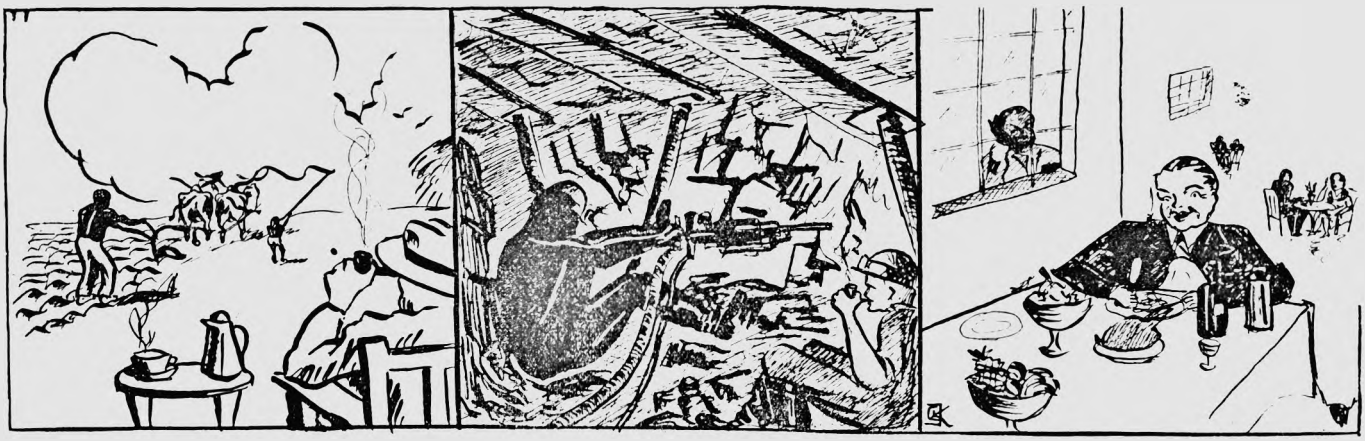
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FARMING MINING EATING

Dit is interessant om te verneem dat N.U.S.A.S. eindelik so ver gekom het om die posisie van die naturelle te oorweeg met betrekking tot ons drie grootste bedrywe, naamlik: Boerdery, Mynwese en Eet.

Dit is veral in verband met laasgenoemde, wat waarskynlik die hoofbedryf van die witman is, wat ons bly is dat die arme Kaffer ook eindelik in aanmerking geneem word. Daar sal naamlik by die volgende N.U.S.A.S. konferensie 'n bespreking wees oor ondervoeding van die naturel.

Die posisie van die naturel met betrekking tot die ander twee bedrywe was herhaalde kere al as punte van minder belang in konferensies bespreek. Hierdie twee bedrywe skyn egter te floreer met die goed koop naturelle-arbeid, en dit is dus nie die moeite werd om verder aandag daaraan te spandeer nie.

Dit is egter met betrekking tot die eetbedryf waar daar 'n wending van sake gekom het. Volgens die jongste pathologiese ontdekkinge skyn dit asof daar meer mense aan ooreet doodgaan as aan vermatige gebruik van alkohol. Daar dit onmoontlik skyn om die naturel dood te druk deur slegte salarisse, min kos en harde werk sal dit 'n uitstekende plan wees om die eetbedryf geheel en al in hulle hande te laat. Vandaar die nuwe rigting in N.U.S.A.S. om aandag aan die voeding van naturelle te bestee. Dit is heeltemal duidelik dat die uitgehongerde naturelle by duisende die slagoffers van hierdie sluikse idee van die witman gaan word.

Die genadedood van ooreet sal egter meer genadig en menslik wees as die haglike toestande waarin naturelle vandag verkeer. Ons wil dus sterk aanbeveel dat hierdie nuwe rigting die volle steun van beide kafferboeties en rassehaters kry.

F. P. SCOTT.

"Where there are three doctors there are two atheists."—*Old Proverb.*

"If you have a friend who is a physician send him to the house of your enemy."—*Portuguese Proverb.*

FIRST AID AND AFFRONTERY.

Dear Sir,

Woe is me! For have I not been grossly insulted by a fellow student of this faculty who brazenly invited me to attend a course in "First Aid Methods"? Have I not spend five years in the study of medicine, during which time everything in the realm of First Aid was included—not to mention second, third, fourth, and other "aids" *ad infinitum?* If at this stage I am unable to render First Aid assistance in an emergency as well as, if not more efficiently than, any qualified "First Aider," then, as one who has not hearkened to the voice of his teachers nor is able to apply the knowledge of five years of study along common sense channels, then I say, let me be cast in disgrace from the gates of my Medical School.

By all means let those to whom clinical study is as yet a mere vision of the future take advantage of these "First Aid" facilities. But to think that fourth, fifth, and sixth-year students are being instructed in "Mechanical Medicine" by demonstrators whose experience of the real medicine is but a drop in the ocean of knowledge of our clinical students, well . . . come, come.

Should senior students feel that First Aid instruction will compensate for their shortcomings of previous years let me entreat that they apply the Hippocratic oath in this connection and regard the studies in the light of clandestine communion. For what future medico would have the layman flaunt him—the "First Aid Physician."

Yours,

INDIGNANT.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

Midst a scene of dreadful havoc
Sat a youth of gentle face;
Round him lay such wrecks of fortune
As Golgotha well might grace.
Signs of chaos and destruction
Littered round him in the gloom,
So he swore a dreadful vengeance
And he left the Common Room.

Dear Sir,

May I through your columns awake a sleeping dog which is just beginning to lie? I am referring to our much hackneyed parking problem. It is time we realise that " alles sal reg kom " only if we do something about it, and that the present passive subservience of the students who own motor cars in the Medical School will get them nowhere.

I am not suggesting a general strike, nor even a *coup d'etat*, but merely that the large area south of the school should be used as a students' car park. I am well aware that in the past students were allowed to park there, and know full well that on occasions members of the staff were put to inconvenience by badly-parked cars. But those were the days of ruthless uncontrolled parking.

Could we not try out the system of diagonal parallel white lines once in vogue with the Municipal parking authorities? It would be understood, of course, that there would be parking only in areas so marked out, hence there would be no chance of the roadway being blocked by badly-parked cars.

But how many students would park decently between the white lines? some may ask. Well, try out the scheme, and if the privilege is abused, let us be restored to our present state of parking near Clarendon Circle, Joubert Park, or the brewery.

Yours sincerely,

A. V. B.

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NEAREST TO YOUR MEDICAL SCHOOL

CHRONICLES OF THE MEDDY KUL.

And it came to pass that after the Feast of Vak-Ayshun did the sons and daughters of the Meddy Kul return unto the Goaldun City to worship at the shrine of the god nollidge in the reign of the prophet Ray Mond the All-powerful. Many hearts were filled with anguish for some had been smitten hip and thigh by him that they call Ek Sam, while others did rejoice for had they not triumphed over that self same Ek Sam? Yea, verily. Amen.

And unto the shrine of Meddy Kul did there arrive hordes of pale-faced youths and maidens exhausted from a long pilgrimage from the waste-lands of Mil Nah Pahk. Unto them did the grey-beards of Meddy Kul speak, saying: " O you who have forsaken the land of ten thousand asses, welcome to the land of Ray Mond the All-powerful and the true prophet of Es-Kew-Lay-Pee-Use; go take unto yourselves the writings of Beh-Ree and Samson the Right, and ye shall be known as Sekkind Yeahs that your days may be long in the land. Now prepare a fatted ox that we the Seen-Yer-Stewdents may break bread with you." And it was so. On the appointed night did the Seen-Yer-Stewdents, led by the high priest Oh-Keaph and accompanied by the Prince Stam-Mahs and his retinue sip Skock Yarn in the Temple of Disseckshun. Thus did the Sekkind Yeahs shake off the taint of Mil Nah Pahk. Amen.

Thus did it come to pass that a famine swept the land and the prophets did speak unto their peoples saying: " Hear you who inhabit the Temple of Hoss Pittle. Forsake the evil god Poh Kah and go unto the land of Mack-Aye and harvest unto yourselves sheckles to appease the Gub-Ver-Menti who watch over Hoss Pittle. Let us have Phayt with Kap Tin Eks and the Seen-Yer Bass Kind. Thou shall have Kon Sert at the Temple of Mett Rho, and shall bedeck yourselves in many colours to do homage at the Shrine of Munn-Nee. And it was so.

While the Stewdents did bedeck themselves some did wail and gnash their teeth, for the seven elders of Poh Kah were no more, and the Jak Pot was barren as the mighty Sahara. The chant of Ime Een, Tchip and Dub Bill as conspicuously absent as the brains of Mil Nah Pahk while even the hymn Pen Nil Tees was not heard in the land. So let it be.

But yet another evil god had descended on the land, and the Phi-Nals did battle with this god called Joon-Ek Sam and his priests Meddy-Sin, Sir Jirry and Guy Nee. Even as I write does the battle wage on the banks of the River Plough, for the evil god Joon-Ek Sam would fain cast them within the deep waters even unto the ninth and tenth generations. Amen.

Still does the god Gayme preache many doctrines in the land and Klab Bee Yars with his retinue of Shtoch, Yars and Man-Ell hath sojourned to other lands while Tay-Bil-Pen-Nee be all-conquering in the Temple of Kom Min Room. Yea, verily.

So endeth this chapter penned by the scribe Double-You-Emm in the reign of Ray Mond the All-powerful and the Pharaohs Breb-Nah, Ker-Ayb, Stam-Mahs, Jon-Nee-Waht, Jee-Jee, Strawn, Beck-Kah and Poh-Kah. Amen.

Dear Sir,

In years gone by, in the Orient,
The minstrels there did quote,
" Of the judgment of the sapient,
The wicked ne'er take note.
'Tis only gods and genii
Their wilful thoughts impress,
For as ever wise as wise men be,
Their words flash by—useless."

Be not alarmed, my dearest sir,
For thou art wise, no doubt;
But in my breast despair does stir,
On account of a foulsome lout.
For in " Wu's Views " last, this one did write
That we would celebrate
The dance of victory (quite right),
At the Berea Hall, in state.

And therefore, there did I wend my way
On that unhappy night,
And in the merry throng, so gay
With my fiancee, so bright.
Nevertheless, 'twas perceivable,
That something strange—what's this?
'Tis true, 'tis inconceivable,—
My party is amiss.

" Perhaps, perhaps, 'tis too early then,—
Or have we gone astray?
It cannot be, that worthy pen
Berea Hall, did say.
And look, my sweet, this ticket flaunts
The emblem of our hosts."
And yet, that thought, that thought, it haunts
Me—conjures ghosts.

The music strikes up—" Paul Jones, my dear."
I spy a handsome wench;
I query, " Wits. or Tucs? " I leer,
She gives my heart a wrench.
With inordinate sagacity
She asks, " What do you here?
' Tis not the inter-varsity,—
'Tis the extra-mural—clear!"

I hasten away. What shall I do?
My partner—where is she?
I spy her—there straight'way I flew,
I grasp her desp'rately.
I tell her all; dark is her brow;
Her eyes pierce me through and through.
In contemptous tone—" Little man, what now?
Don't fret, I'll see you thru.' "

In trembling haste, at reckless speed,
At long last we are there.
I importune, my heart does bleed,—
She " cuts " me—I despair.
I entreat in vain. I say, " My dear,
Two dances have you graced
With your presence sweet." She gave not ear,
I was as if effaced.

In cool disdain, with icy voice,
She gives me back my ring;
I plead, I weep, I cry, " Joyce, Joyce,
Don't leave me, don't take wing."
No more she's mine, I am alone;
My sun has set, 'tis night.
Alas, I fear, no use to moan,
But one can set this right.

'Twas a mistake, I'm sure. He cannot be
Such a complete rotter.
Oh, plead with him, intervene for me,
Ask the help of " The Squatter."
He'll ne'er regret if he visits her,—
Argues with might and main;
She'll treat him well (she's a " hotty," sir,
I'm sure he won't complain).

And if perchance he brings her back
To me, to be my spouse,
I'll make him godfather to Jack,—
He'll ne'er have need to grouse.
And if perchance he wishes more,
And 'tis not infra dig,
I'll give him two or three or four,
Yours,

broken-hearted,

Twig.

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NATIVE EDUCATION.

Inadequate Facilities.

Sir,

Native education has advanced slowly in this country. The "record" of turning out fifty-three graduates in thirteen years at Fort Hare is one that cannot be lauded to the skies. No matter what the difficulties are, there can be little excuse for this state of affairs.

In the Official Handbook of the Union for 1931 it is stated that the total expenditure on European education was £6,710,263, whereas that on non-European education was £1,113,956—one-sixth of the total expenditure on the schools and other educational institutions for Europeans. The 1931 census indicates a total European population of 1,829,300 and a non-European population of 6,303,300, and yet the Europeans, who number only a quarter of the total population (*i.e.*, white and black), receive five times as much for education than do the non-Europeans.

These figures show that there is something radically wrong. Instead of seeing that the native receives a splendid education to fit him out for helping to shoulder the burden of civilisation, one perceives a spectacle of broken promises, failures, and an increased oppression of the coloured people of this country. This is clearly explained when the words of Joseph Chamberlain are remembered: "The Empire is commerce. It was created by commerce, it is founded on commerce, and it could not exist a single day without commerce."

The assertion, "The Bantu are backward because they lack an assimilation of the world generally," fails to hold water, because white professors are showing the absurdity of the old idea that the coloured people are children, happy-go-lucky people, who can make the greatest amount of happiness out of the smallest capital, that they can be tolerated, patronised in a playful way when the "world's all right," and be abused and lashed when things go wrong. Dr. Otto Klineberg, of Columbia University, has shown that there is no such thing as natural and inevitable "negro inferiority." This so-called inferiority would, he declares, disappear if the environment of the blacks and whites were equalised. Coloured students from South America, Central America, China, Japan, the West Indies, Philippines, India and Africa are being trained at Tuskegu Institute, Alabama, U.S.A., to take an active part in the governing of the world, and to share the burden of civilisation—if white men will let them.

Teaching and the ideals of the coloured races are being handed to messengers who will carry them to the farthest edges of the globe. No longer will they remain content to be cotton-pickers, labourers and wage slaves, for they realise that they can play a great part in the life of the twentieth century.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE R. W. N. LUNTZ.

"One physician is better than two, but three are fatal."—*Punch.*

SUNDAY NIGHT AT CASUALTY.

It was Sunday night. The Casualty Ward at the Native Hospital was full. Four cubicles are roughly partitioned off in this room. All four were occupied. The flimsy drapings at their entrances were drawn to give a little privacy to the occupants, some of whom were groaning, some unconscious.

There was a man lying on the floor. He was in a state of stupor. One eye was widely dilated. A young doctor crouched near him and shouted at him. There was no anger in his shouting. He was trying to guage the state of unconsciousness of the man on the floor. There was no reply to the shouting, so the doctor hammered frenziedly at the patient's knees, which lay lifeless and gave no response. Native attendants hurried the injured man away on a trolley.

In another part of the room an elderly woman was sitting on a chair. Earlier in the evening she had been drinking skokiaan. Now she was at the hospital with a deep gash across her face and mouth. She had lost her shoes, and sat there in her stockinged feet—ugly, bloated, a little dazed. The pain of the wound and the blood that flowed from it did not seem to trouble her, but the loss of her footwear seemed to her a gross injustice. " My shoes," she moaned, " where are my shoes? "

A nurse was writing the records of each case. She wasted no words. Like Francis Bacon, she was concise, unemotional, accurate and objective. A native had found his wife with another man. He had sought vengeance, but was himself stabbed in the head by his rival. The nurse wrote: " Jeremiah, Prospect Township, four-inch lacerated wound left occiput. Stitched. Flavine. Skok."

An ambulance brought in an Indian girl. She must have been twenty years old. She was accompanied by two friends of about the same age. Both seemed a little frightened, both were poorly dressed. One wore an old evening dress beneath her coat, a costume which contrasted strangely with the torn tennis-shoes through which her stockings peeped. The other had on a ragged muslin dress. They told how the Indian girl had come home that evening and drunk some caustic soda; how she had screamed and vomited bloody matter. The girl was thin. She was dirty and her hair was disordered. She lay on her side, her spindly legs drawn up towards her belly. Her head and hands were constantly moving. There was little expression in her face; her eyes were open but showed no interest in her surroundings. The alkali had burned her throat, making her voice high pitched and gurgling in character, as though it was coming through a column of thick fluid. It was in this voice, which resembled no ordinary human voice, that she cried out continually: " Help me, God! Help me, God! " A bloodstained froth poured out of her mouth.

Some antidote was brought to her in a small tin pot which had a spout at one end. They fed her with this. Suddenly she waved her arms wildly at them, knocked the pot out of their hands. " You're trying to poison me! " that high, oily voice screamed out. She vomited again, and lay back tired and less resistant. Then she began blaspheming. " Bloody bastards! " she screeched, and she cursed her friends, her relations and her fate. She was an Indian girl, she was dying, and the words she used were old Anglo-Saxon words.

A medical student was leaning against the wall. He flicked the ash from the tip of his cigarette and said to his companion: " I wonder why these bloody Indians take caustic soda." His friend shrugged his shoulders.

A HIGHLY-COLOURED TALE.

(At the inter-varsity meeting, His Excellency the Governor-General was kind enough to allow himself to be " crowned " with a Wits. cap.)

They stared in amaze,
Their minds in a haze;
This could not be true,—
'Twas a bolt from the blue.

Some pale were with fright,
Their faces quite white,
Or with anger red,—
God knows what they said ?

Some purple with shame,
Knew not whom to blame;
Or with envy green,—
'Twas a sight to be s(h)een.

And black was each brow,
For they knew not quite how
Their status in-violet
The Wits. did annihilate.

For the Tues. were dun-brown
When they saw the Wits. crown
Sir Patrick, the knight,
With the yellow, blue and white.

TWIG.

REMINISCENCES OF UMPA.

The cat sat on the brat
And bla'd
A pregnant bull
Was eating cheese and thought
How strange the world
That purple passion painful pots
And why.

The brat was serving time
For crime;
She raped a bee
In bumbled gardens torpid veils,—
The bull . . . the bull . . .
A corumbine was coiled about each ear,
But what of that.

The cat, aha !
Philosophy eschewed,
The bum idea transcends all knowledge,
And that is that.

" God heals and the physician hath the thanks."—*Ambrose Pare* (1510-90).

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