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Students` Medical Council

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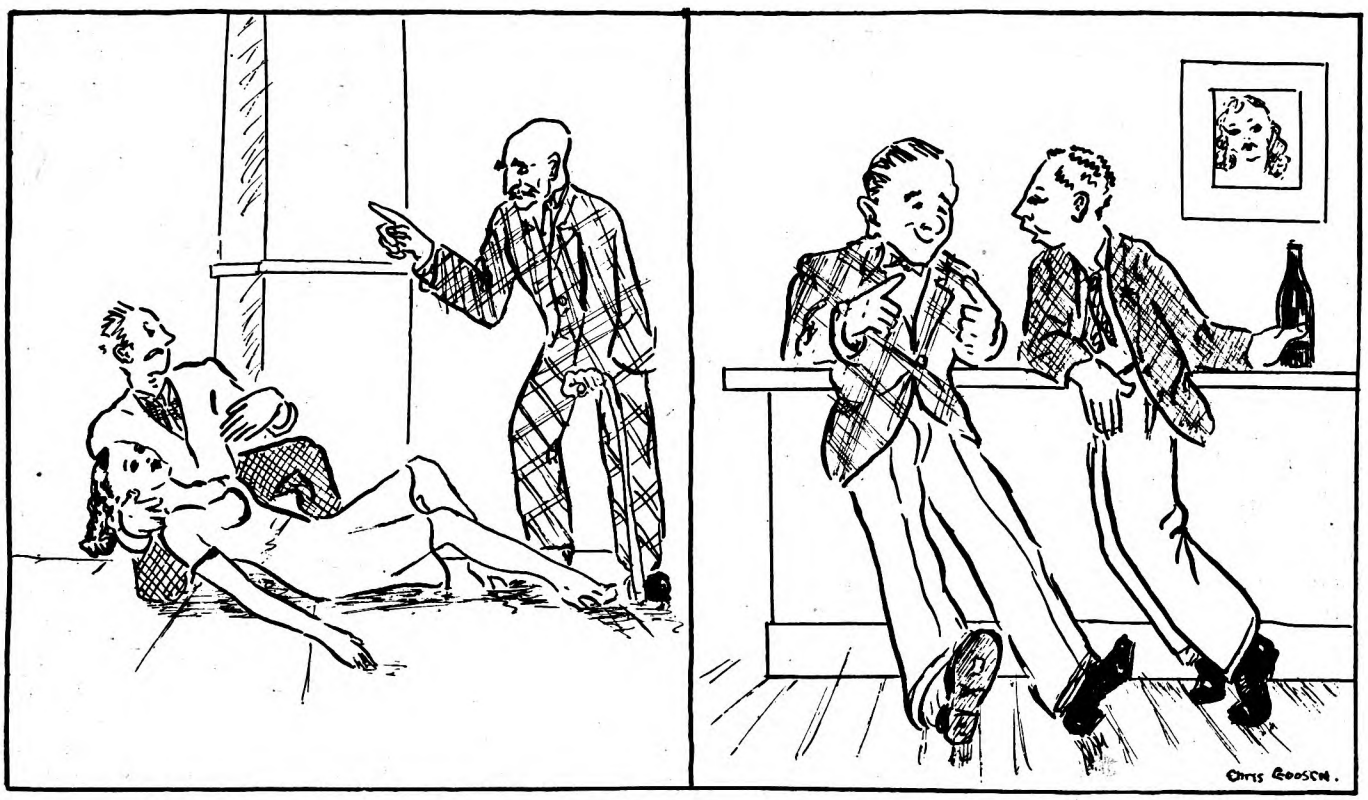
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The AURICLE

Published by the Students' Medical Council, University of the Witwatersrand

VOL. 5 September, 1939 No. 7



Medical Student:—"Sir I have resuscitated your daughter."

Angry Father:—"Then by gad you'll marry her."

Fourth Year (at recent dance):—"When I wuz born I only weighed a pound and a half. I wuz this long."

Second Year:—"No-o-o! Did you live?"

Fourth Year:—"Sure—you oughta see me now!"

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EDITORIAL OPINION—

THE NEW MEDICAL STUDENT.

The development of the human character is a matter of profound interest, but the development of the generations' characters is even more remarkable. Despite those who decry the idea of flux in Man's nature, he must inevitably and necessarily change from generation to generation, partly owing to the swing of his social environment, and partly owing to his own innate capacity for adaptation. The father differs in some small way from the son who inherits the essentials of the parental character and, in addition, is moulded by external factors.

So it is that, in the last ten years, a new generation of medical students has come into being—a generation infused with the restlessness and ceaseless activity of a changing world, fickle in its pursuits but consistent in its ideals, and, without in any way desiring to belittle the intellectual capabilities of our senior colleagues, we think imbued with a keener desire to know more about the world than the incessant and inaudulterated study of medicine affords. We have not, perhaps, the steadiness and the cautiousness of our elders but our imagination, the sources of our inspiration are wider than theirs, more comprehensive. The rapid rise of the Cultural Activities Society is constant proof of this. From a mere idea, this body has attained the enviable distinction of being one of the most powerful and well-supported societies in the University. Obviously, this could not have been achieved without the voluntary wish of the students, and it demonstrates better than words that a majority in this Medical School are men of culture besides men of medicine.

APATHY

One of the most remarkable phenomena to be observed in the Medical School to-day, is the spirit of apathy which has gained an insidious, but nevertheless tenacious hold on medical students. This may seem paradoxical in view of what has been said above, but the true crux of the position lies in the fact that, while certain activities are supported wholeheartedly by the students, it is only a very few who have the necessary desire and spirit to participate in the administrative work these activities require. A case in point is the "Auricle." A continuous plea has been made by the Editorial Committee since the beginning of this year for contributions, but each month the magazine has been delayed in going to print owing to the scarcity of articles. The Editor and his staff have consequently been forced to write most of the articles themselves, a resource not in accordance with their policy to produce a paper representative of Medical School opinion. The absence of a response to our invitation to contribution has not been due to the lack of talent; there are many who are capable of producing articles of a superior merit, but who simply "cannot be bothered." The Academic Staff have also been aware of this lamentable absence of effort, and they, too, are unable to account for the subtle and gradual disintegration of student interest. A letter in our correspondence columns, although written in a flippant manner, expresses to some extent the student's attitude; many who desire to invoke an interest in their University activities find themselves beset by this strange and wholly inexplicable lassitude of spirit; they themselves are at a loss to explain it. Perhaps it is not confined merely to medical students; it may be common to the world at large, when the problem assumes a universal importance; perhaps we may attribute it to a lessening or increase of cosmic rays which are said to exert such a profound influence on our evolution. On the other hand—and this is more probable—the explanation may lie in the adoption of a fatalistic philosophy by students. Circumstances in the world are such that it is difficult for the average man or woman to believe confidently that life will pass without incident, that he or she will be uninfluenced materially by forces that are beyond individual control. Without realising it the student has come to assume the attitude of Max Nordau—that civilization is degenerating and that Man, having reached the climax of his intellectual superiority over the beast, is now travelling in a downhill direction to the source from which he sprung. It is a depressing and terrible philosophy to take up; for so long we have prided ourselves

(Continued on next Page)

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BLY STIL.

Mag al ons studente die krisis waarin Suid-Afrika gedompel is, goed besef.

Ons hoef nie almal eners te dink om saam te bly nie—solank ons net verdraagsaam is. In 'n gemeenskap van mediese studente van verskillende dele van ons land, en selfs van oorsee, is dit heel natuurlik om verskillende lewensopvattings aan te tref. Laat ons die feit goed besef. Ons het juis Universiteit toe gekom om met die wyer wêreldstrominge in aanraking te kom. Moenie wil hê dat ons almal eners moet dink nie.

Die probleem is nou hoe om waardig te bly as ander van jou verskil. Die antwoord is: bly stil. Dinge wat die diepste beginsels raak, sal nie met 'n paar oulike argumentjies verander word nie. Jy sal nie indruk maak nie as jy in die gange of in die algemene ruskamer hard skree of arms swaai of rondgegooi word in jou argument en die een oomblik van Hitler praat, dan van Chamberlain of Generaal Smuts, en dan weer van ons uitvoer van wol. Bly stil.

Respekteer en moenie argumenteer nie. *Bly stil!*

(*Continued from previous Page*)

that we are the elite of Nature's creations, invincible and untouchable, masters of our own destiny; and now we suddenly find that we are mere clay after all, without hope or inspiration. What else is there for us to do, thinks Mr. Everyman, but to carry out our essential biological functions as Nature has ordained them, and to relegate to the dustheap of vain longing and unrequited strivings our culture, our intellect, our spirituality?

This pessimism cannot endure. Behind him, Man has a past of millions of years, a past of eternal change and eternal progress. But it is a past inevitably and irrevocably behind Man; there can be no return. The inimical character of the Universe to human existence cannot quench the bright and noble spark that is the essence of Man's nature. The torch of knowledge must never be exterminated; as long as Man is an inhabitant of this planet, there will always be some to carry on the traditions of science. And on them rests the whole foundation and super-structure of our civilization.

MONTHLY COMMENT.

THE EAR 'EARS

That:

There is a possibility of new lockers being placed in the Hospital Common Room.

Such an innovation will be welcomed and much appreciated by all senior medical students, who would find it more than convenient to have their books, etc., within easy reach.

The Combined Fourth and Second Year Dance at the beginning of this month was a great success, although during tea it was a matter of the survival of the fittest.

The Second Year Dance Band, who supplied the music, was a pleasant surprise to many who had not dreamed we had such an efficient trio in the Medical School.

The plea put forward by the Students' Medical Council to avoid discussions on the political situation was a wise and timely move.

Speculation is rife as to whom is to hold the office of President of the 1940 Council.

Whoever he may be, he will be hard put to achieve the same success as has "Boet" Kloppers this year.

One team of our Ping-pong Club has attained remarkable success in the Knock-out Competition.

There was a considerable lack of organisation in the Inter-Year and Inter-firm Table Tennis Competitions.

The lack of interest in this connection was quite surprising, as these features usually have such a wide support from students in general.

All Medical Students were shocked and deeply distressed by the passing away of the honorary Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology—Sir Spencer Lister.

The short vacation was spent by many students in an attempt to work up sufficient knowledge to pass various class tests.

Everybody is sympathising with the unfortunate Final Years who are compelled to write their exams. a month earlier than in previous years.

The most popular object in the Medical School of late appears to be Mrs. MacGee's radio set at 1.10 every afternoon.

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A SOUL IN DISTRESS

The Editor, Sir,

Through the medium of your correspondence columns I beg to solicit the aid or advice of your readers and my colleagues in a matter which is causing me the most acute anxiety; I have attempted, Sir, to rectify my own trouble by my own efforts, but I have failed—and failed lamentably, and consequently I must place my problem before a larger public in the hope that I will find refuge from my terrible distress in that direction.

As long as I can remember, I have been a very conscientious scholar. At school my homework was promptly and correctly done; when I entered University I performed my self- and tutor-allotted tasks with exactitude and accuracy; I never shirked. By that I do not wish to create the impression that I am a member of that despicable species of "Swots Unholy"; bioscopes, Sir, and dances have not escaped my moderately consistent attention. But always I have worked to justify the profession of which I am one day to be a member.

I returned from a pleasant holiday at the coast after the July vacation filled with resolutions to study; but to my horror and amazement, I found myself unable to concentrate! Understand me, the desire to work was not absent; I sincerely wished to put in at least three hours study for five days of the week. But I just could not take in anything. I would enter the library with an armful of books, hoping against hope that I would spend a fruitful morning imbibing knowledge essential to my success in later life. All in vain, Sir, all in vain! The words swim in a mad phantasmagoria before my brain, which is weary with the mere effort it makes to concentrate; the sentences are meaningless jumbles, devoid of sense or balance.

In August, I was in a pitiful state; I could not eat or sleep for anxiety, and the horrible anticipation that the morrow would be utter waste as far as I was concerned. Needless to say, my relatives observed my condition with concern, but when I informed them as to the reason of my practically unhinged mentality, they laughed it off as preposterous and informed me I was merely passing through a phase. In seeking for the cause of my inability to concentrate, I successively considered pituitary cachexia, severe diabetes, status thymico-lymphaticus, bacterial endocarditis and malignant hypertension but at length I came to the conclusion that, organically, I am sound.

At the time of penning this letter, I am as far from any solution as I have ever been. On your consent to publish this epistle, and on the graciousness of one of your readers to aid me in my problem, I am convinced depends my sanity. Should you yourself, in your all embracing sagacity offer me help, you will be instrumental in saving, from a hell of desolation,

A SOUL IN DISTRESS.

COMMENT ON OUR LAST ISSUE.

The Editor, Sir,

It appears to be a fashion among most American magazines to encourage letters from readers commenting on the contents of the previous issue. I am accordingly sending you this idea of my impressions of last month's "Auricle" which I hope will be of some interest to you.

"Editorial Opinion" — well written, but the main theme was not brought out sufficiently strongly, and I personally thought the heavy type was not put in at the right place.

"Ear 'Ears"—weak. There is nothing informative in the column and the comment seemed to me rather inane. But, if well done, the feature is a good one.

"Poym"—ridiculous. Presumably an example of the so-called "modernness" in poetry. The writer well expresses my opinion of him in the last two lines—"I don't think I think."

"Miscellaneous Meanderings"—fair. "Repressional" is the best item on the page, and if it's original, we'd like to see more of the writer's work in the columns of the "Auricle."

"Elixer of Life"—fair. The theme, of course, is as old as the hills, but the climax isn't bad and the story isn't so badly written.

"Medical Questionaire"—an excellent feature, although some of the questions were beyond the scope of any but a walking encyclopedia. I'd like to see more of this in the "Auricle."

"Dr. Thomas"—D.A., whoever he might be, fulfils a real service, in his small way, to the medical school by his regular pocket biographies in the "Auricle." His articles bring the great men of medicine in a most attractive way to students who do not have the time to read full histories of them.

"More Medical Martyrs"—so-so.

"Portrait of a Medical Student"—although "M.G." is presumably

(Continued on next page)

A ONE-ACT PLAY—

"O. P. D."

or "IS IT SERIOUS"?

Characters:

Patient's Mother
Patient
Casualty Officer
Houseman
Chief
Sister
Student

Scene 1: Casualty Dept. Chairs, washup basin. Patient and patient's mother sitting in chairs. Patient is a little girl between 6 and 10 years of age. Enter Casualty Officer.

C. Off.: What's wrong?

Mother: My little girl's legs. I don't know what's the matter with them.

C. Off.: Stand in the light, girlie. How long have they been like that?

Mother: About 3 weeks, doctor.

C. Off.: Brown pigmentation, somewhat inflammatory. Hm! well, I don't know what it is.

(*Enter Houseman.*)

Hello, Sam! Glad to see. Case for you. You tell me what it is. I'll wash up for that whitlow while you're looking.

Mother (to H.M.): Doctor, is it something serious?

H.M.: Serious? No, mother, I don't think it's serious. But let me look. Take off your shoe and sock, girlie.

Patient: No-ou!

Mother: What are you talking about! Let the doctor see.

H.M.: Yes, girlie. I must see—. Ah, nothing between the toes. Bilateral. Demarcated. Limited to front of legs. Between knee and ankle. Did she stand in front of the fire for a long time?

Mother: No.

H.M.: Did she lie in the sun and get sun-burnt?

Mother: No, doctor.

H.M.: Did you put something on it?

Mother: No, doctor, it just came like that by itself. Is it serious?—

H.M.: Well, Joe, I don't know what this is. It might be ringworm or seborrhoea, but then it might be early mycosis fungoidis or—well, you know!

C.Off.: Hm! well—yes—I know.

H.M.: So she'd better see the Chief. It will be hell if he wants a section or a blood-test taken. The mother is already in a twitter, and the kid—well, a kid's a kid!

C. Off.: Go on! Your Chief's job comes first. Face your troubles when they come, old man. Billkius! Card here for O.P.D. Now, Mother, we want the little girl to see the specialist.

(*H.M. goes for the card.*)

Mother: Doctor, is it something serious?

C. Off.: No, mother, I don't think it's serious, but we're very interested, and we think the big doctor ought to see it.

Mother: But is it something serious?

(*H.M. returns.*)

H.M.: Here you are, mother, here's the card for the little girl for outpatients.

Mother: Is it serious?

H.M.: Er—yes—at least, no, it's not serious—now, you go out by the front here, and then you go round by the back, then you go in at the side, then you take the lift and you turn to the right and see the man at the window, then you see the lady at the desk—and, well, just go along to nurse there and she'll tell you just where to go.

(*Exeunt Mother and patient, doubtfully.*)

(*Curtain.*)

Scene II: O.P.D. Large desk strewn with cards, etc. Dressing tray near by chairs. Enter Mother and patient, doubtfully and fearfully. Sit on chairs. Enter Houseman.

H.M.: Ah, I'm glad to see you've come. The Chief will see you just now (takes card and places it on desk).

Mother: Is it a serious case?

H.M.: No, of course not. Why are you so afraid? You mustn't always think of a thing as serious. (*Aside*) If I tell her I don't know, she simply won't believe me—You see, it's a very interesting case, Mother, and I think the big doctor ought to see it. (*Aside*) And you can observe in her eye she doesn't understand, or doesn't want to.

Mother: But I only want to know that it isn't serious.

H.M. (aside): To have a fool like you for a Ma—very serious!

(*Enter Chief, Sister, Student.*)

Chief: Now, what's next?

H.M.: A case I saw in Casualty, sir. Pigmented patches limited to the anterior aspect of the legs. Nothing between the toes or on the body. I could make no diagnosis.

Chief: Well, let's see.

Mother: Doctor, I wouldn't let her have an operation.

Chief: Who said anything about operations? We havn't looked yet and you already say operations. Come on, girlie, just let me see.

Patient: No-ou!

Chief: Oh my, a big girl like you! Do I look as if I'll bite? How can I make you better if I don't see?—Yes, pigmented, somewhat inflammatory.

H.M.: There's nothing to help one in the history, sir.

(*Chief examines. Some resistance by the child; Mother hovers about anxiously.*)

Chief: With these people, it's so hard to do anything. What tests can you make with the pair of them in this state? If we admitted the kid for an anaesthetic, we might be able to scrape off some scales without a battle. Now, I just want to see your knees and your foot, girlie.

Patient: No-ou-ou-ou! (wails).

Mother: Now what is it, my child?

Sister: Oh, come now, you can't be such a baby.

(*Uses strong hand and decision removes sock and shoe.*)

Mother: Doctor, is it something serious?

Chief: "Serious!" That word "serious!" We won't be able to find the thing, because of the word! You can't question, you can't

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the same man who wrote "Poym," this article I endorse wholeheartedly. I think he's epitomised the character of most medical students in an excellent fashion.

"What's It All About?"—one of the best features which the "Auricle" has printed. Good luck to you, Mr. Editor, for your imagination in publishing such articles.

"Tea With the Immortals"—good fare.

"Evolution" — amusing, although the writer's style is somewhat adolescent, or so I thought.

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LOCAL LETTER

TIME MARCHES ON : TIMES TANDS STILL : FAREWELL.

A nearby clock is booming out the hour . . . one . . . two . . . . three . . . . . twelve! Midnight! Oh well another day has come and gone. But there is no relaxing: On, on into the night, battling with the task I have called on my own head. Let's see now . . . only a little more to do before this portion of the job is finished, and then to bed and perhaps to sleep. Tension increases with every tick of the clock. I muse " Men have come and Men have gone, but I go on for ever." YES! The exams ARE drawing near!

Library.

The Bibliotheca Medici Witwatersrandensis presents an unusual scene of frenzied activity. At time of writing, the memorable first day of September, 1939, the Final Years are well on with their long cases and the 3rd Years are preparing for a Pathology Class Test. By now they all know pretty much how they stand.

No Tick.

" What has happened to the library clock?" I wonder how many people asked this question at the beginning of this month. Like all good things, it was not missed until it had gone. I suppose the person who lost some money in the library and appeared reluctant to go and fetch it, judging by the length of time the notice remained pinned up in the library, must have done so purposely so that he/she could assist in meeting the cost of repairs to the clock. However, time flies, clock or no clock.

Term Ends.

The S.M.C. (or M.S.C. if you like), are reaching the end of their term of office. Much good work has been done and many new schemes have been formulated for the attention of the 1940 Council.

Had they received the unqualified support of the students much more would have been accomplished.

The gratitude of the general student body is due to each and every one of its members who have served their terms with distinction.

Notables.

I would especially mention the " Big Four," " Boet " Kloppers, Ralph Bernstein, Vincent Wright and Dave Ovedoff. The first three write their finals soon and they have my best wishes for success. Incidentally, I would like to endorse heartily the remarks made about Mr. Kloppers by " Medicobserver" in a recent issue of the " Wu's Views," and add that it was always a great pleasure to be able to discuss matters of " School " interest with him. May the S.M.C. forever be endowed with such talented Chairmen.

Tail Piece.

I continue with my selections from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam:

" Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not when you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

BINOCULAR.

HERE AND THERE.

Scotsman (to unfaithful wife): " Stand behind your lover, I'm going to shoot you both."

* * * *

After the June tests:—

" I don't think I deserve zero for this paper, sir!

" You don't, but I can't give you any lower."

* * * *

" Beauty is only skin dope."

* * * *

In O.P.D.

" If you bring up wind are you better?"

Patient: " No."

" Are you worse?"

Patient: " No!—it never comes up."

* * * *

Our Surgeons—!

" Always write down your diagnosis. A diagnosis is not the truth of God. It is simply your pious opinion at the moment. Don't emulate the physicians in this respect. I don't think I've ever seen a physician's diagnosis."

THIS MONTH'S—

SOCIAL SOBS.

OBITUARY.

We regret to announce that Mr. Jonas Hitemsum passed away peacefully on the 29th August in his beautiful home on the Braamfontein subway, at the age of 77 years.

Mr. Hitemsum was a second year medical student for 53 years before he retired voluntarily. He was a well-known figure in the Tea Lounge, replying to the inevitable question with a cheery "Why should I be in the Dissection Hall? The Tea Lounge is so much more comfortable." He first came into prominence at the age of 57 when he acquired nought per cent in both Anatomy and Physiology in the Final Examinations; he was warmly congratulated by the lecturers for this unique effort, the following year he repeated this performance and in a speech to mark the occasion, he propounded the memorable words, "There is no place for men of brawn only; I am glad to have made my intellectual niche in the world of studies; with perseverance I hope to do the hat-trick." Needless to say, he succeeded. Mr. Jonas Hitemsum will be long remembered by those who knew him. A great man has passed from our midst.

LADY TOOT.

Among the personalities present at the Science Students' Social on the 25th August, was Lady Toot, unaccompanied by Lord Toot and the Hon. "Snooty" Toot. She explained that Lord Toot was engaged on research in hibernation and would be unavailable until the European situation was clarified. Tastefully dressed in a flowing frock of pure white ermine,trimmed at the neck with a boa-constrictor, Lady Toot formed a dignified figure as she jitterbugged to the slow strains of "Tiger Rag." She partook of light refreshment at 10.30 and was heard to remark, as she returned to the dancing, "Hic-hic-hoorooh!" a term, we understand, borrowed from her husband's Indian vocabulary.

STUDENTS OVERSEAS.

Miss Marguerita Eulenstrome, who completed three years of her studies at this Medical School, is now busy completing her social rounds in Manchester. She is remembered here for her unfailing interest in Men's Welfare, always being willing to put herself out for this cause; however, she was put out so often that it was decided that she could not be allowed to sacrifice her studies to such an extent. In Manchester, her eloquence has attracted a wide following, and there is every possibility of her being elected chairwoman of the Back-to-Potatoes Club. May she return to the potatoes as soon as possible!

RESEARCH.

Mr. H. E. Cankusherine explains his absence from the Men's Common Room as being due to a long series of experiments in which he is engaged. The importance of these prevents us from revealing any details, but we hear that this talented member of our community is attempting to discover the reason for drowsiness at lectures. He is basing his experiments on the effects of injection of concentrated mealie-meal into guinea-pigs' livers and thereafter studying the rate of excretion of the gastric juice. We wish him all possible success in his vast undertaking.

WEDDING BELLS.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Harem Lousie, Fourth Year Medical Student, to Miss Mamie Marm, daughter of Sir Avery and Lady Ducie Marm. Mr. Lousie has a reputation for taking chances when the odds are against him, but he has never taken a greater chance than this; he first met Miss Marm (who is a contralto) at a symphony concert. During the sonata, he encountered the lady's eye, but she, with a modesty rarely seen nowadays, turned one eye away, a not impossible feat for her; thus encouraged, Mr. Lousie took the vacant seat next to her, and under cover of the darkness kicked her on the ankle; she returned his kick coyly, and so a beautiful romance blossomed into fruition. Our best wishes to the happy couple.

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MORGAGNI.

THE BIRTH OF PATHOLOGY.

"The first pathologist was the first man to reason with uncommon care upon the physical ailments afflicting him as he emerged from the condition of the brutes." From time immemorial there has been contemplation upon the causes of the maladies which handicap man in his competition with his fellows, with the animals, and with his environment. Every civilization, directly or otherwise, has added some information to the abundance of pathological learning; but it has been only during the last two centuries that an all-embracing system, based upon natural phenomena has been evolved. Although making no fresh discovery himself, Morgagni is to be remembered for cohering the observations of others which had accumulated with the passage of time, into a system which although necessitating imaginative understanding, was in accordance with fact.

John Baptist Morgagni was born in 1682 in a small city in northern Italy. His widowed mother took pains with his upbringing. At the age of fifteen, the boy came under the tutelage of the anatomist, Valsala, for whom the youthful pupil conducted dissection upon the ear. In 1701 he was capped at his university at Bologna with the doctorates of Medicine and of Philosophy. This is a happy combination, for both the precise and the speculative are cultivated, and each adds lustre to the other. The young man now occupied himself with learning and lecturing.

In 1715 Morgagni became a professor at Padua, where he occupied a position which had once been held by Versalius, the anatomist. At Padua he remained until his death in his ninetieth year. He was a friend of Popes; he had a wife and fifteen children; and being a genial man he was never involved in a serious dispute. He lived a well-ordered routine of teaching, dissecting, holding consultations and corresponding with his fellows. The then manner of disseminating information, was by letter, which accounts for the form of Morgagni's "De sedibus et causis morborum per anatomen indagatis," which was published in 1761.

In this work, the maxim that the origin of disease was situated in one or in a few organs, was laid down. Disease had a definite anatomical basis. During the Rennaissance at necropsy examinations unusual states in viscera were being uncovered; but, nonetheless, as the writings of the Ancients were revered, the phantastic systems which simplified the causes of disease to an unnatural degree were respected. It is a propensity of mankind to personify each of the forms of human endeavour with the figures of those of more than average capacity who engaged in those activities. At the time when the percept that the bases of pathology is accurate observation and clear thinking came to fruition, Morgagni was its chief protagonist; hence he is honoured for guiding a select branch of medical thought from the chaos of unsorted information to a co-ordinated whole.

Morgagni drew extensively with acknowledgments upon the works of others, and, in particular, from the "Sepulchretum," a tome of Theophile Bonet. He was an unambitious compiler who collected together all available anatomico-pathological data. The information was well-ordered but unsystematized.

D.A.

HERE AND THERE.

You can use Dettol for almost anything—for drinking even.

* * * *

Advice to Mothers—
"Grin and Bear it!"

* * * *

Some psycologists try to prove that infants enjoy themselves as much in infancy as adults do in adultery.

MAN AND BEAUTY

(Editor's Note.—In reply to the article "What's It All About?" in last month's "Auricle," we have received the following contribution from a senior student who prefers to remain anonymous).

Tall columns of steel and cement challenged the firmament. A phallic symbolisation in gigantic form of mankind's endeavour to flaunt his might and superiority in vainglorious display before the gods.

Roaring and vibrant streamlined vehicles, that circumvent a world that shrinks and grows smaller relative to man's attempts, to fling his body through the ether at ever increasing speeds.

Man, in our age, is like no other man. He hovers between two worlds. The world of yesterday, with its staid convential codes, its standard arts and fixed ideas of beauty. The Brave New World of tomorrow, where morality will ultimately shed its bigoted cloak, where the dividing line between beauty and ugliness is but a shadow. Yes, indeed, we humans are strange creatures. We eternally seek for newer worlds to conquer. Finding no new worlds, we seek to find fault with the perfection of the past masters. Thus the technique of the old masters was the ultimate goal of man's persistant efforts to find a perfect form of expression of his moods, desires and whims.

The idealist of to-day sees that he can never hope to reach the standard of the Masters, so what does he do? He is changing man's idea of beauty. Thus we fall from the heights of sensualism and perfection of the Madonna, where beauty is what it is, and we now have "Adam," who is ugly, clumsy, yet it is also beauty. It is the paradox of paradoxes; the beauty to be seen in the extreme hideousness.

Why, therefore, this change. Is it man's environment of steel, speed, and sardonic distaste of everything that makes him change to an entirely new form of expression? is it the effect of the Great War (the bugbear which bears the brunt of all man's follies)? or is it a Wagnerism that is sweeping a dormant world? showing it its vast potentialities and telling man to cease stagnating in the mires of a bygone civilisation but to be up and seeking his salvation in enlightment and progress to a newer world. A world which opens up vistas of a newer Renaissance, not in art, commerce, of mechanical progress but in the formation of a newer ethical science. The foundations of civilisation must be built, a newer Rome of Mankind must become fact. Man must learn, not the beauty of the arts, but the beauty of a sane, rational code of behaviour.

This megalomania of Wagnerian degeneration, that manifests itself in a subtle moral breakdown of all mankind, brings up visions of strains of melody, that are wild and unrestrained as was the composer himself; they are malign reverberations of primitive passions and drives from the past. As the chords swell in volume, they permeate our being, and the Valkyries storm through our brains and long smouldering embers burst into flame, and man lusts and dances in Bacchanalian revelry to a wild and frenzied passion that he cannot control.

These forces of Pan-hedonism are gradually destroying the morals that centuries of training have built up. Mankind is beginning to think with his subconsciousness. The newer Surrealism, stark in its presentation of beauty, is but a pointing finger of homo's tendencies.

Beauty is no longer sought for in the enigmatic smiles of Madonnas, nor in the lush and gorgeous colour technique of a Van Gogh, but man is now seeking for the beauty which can be built up from the phantasmagoria of the subconscious. Swing music, finds its birth in the primitive rhythm instinctive in man, essentially the basic rhythm is but a musical expression of homo's subconscious.

This strange centre of man's being, a pool that will not be disturbed by man's effort to celebrate, but placidly controls his every action, though he seek in vain to curb its immoral manifestations.

This, however, is the wrong method of approach if man seeks his salvation in remaking mankind. For centuries we have been sublimating our primitive libido's, into the channels of endeavours that are all embodied in the one word "culture," but what is culture? is it not a vague cloud, a miasma that threatens to engulf us. It is but a manifestation of Berkeley's idealism, an unreal world of beautiful visions and thoughts that we have built up subconsciously it is said, but consciously I say. For the world that is born from the throes of subconscious perception, is a world that is stark and real. Cruel and vain as is our uneducated Id, it is not a Utopia of useless frills that we have built up to cloak ourselves with, and seek to carefully avoid the fact that we are animals that as yet have not been trained. For there is no doubt that the culture we have built up is but a form of hedonism. "Culture is the absolute in hedonism." It is to the intellectuals what an orgy of sexual indulgence is to those considered otherwise.

With all this cultural endeavour has man stepped out of the rut of animalism? Has he climbed one rung of the ordinary ladder to his goal of Super-man?

Therefore let us seek our salvation in newer paths. Let us train our subconscious drives. Time will tread slowly before we achieve our aims. But man will then be master of himself, and he will truly be justified in calling himself "Lord of the fowl and the brute—master of all he surveys."

There are pointing fingers at this newer Rennaissance, they are seen in our changing modes of expression, in art, music, literature and ethics. Mankind will travel the glorious road.

Strange how we are changing indeed, that we can look on cubes, cones and cylinders and say "isn't it beautiful!" Yes, indeed, whither mankind?

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IN ASSOCIATION WITH MUSIC—

ALEXANDER PORPHYRIEVICH BORODIN.

Alexander P. Borodin was the illegitimate son of a prince of Imeretia, and was born at St. Petersburg on November 12, 1833. (Some authorities give 1834 as the year of his birth.) Borodin studied medicine and served for two years in a military hospital. Later he became an assistant professor of chemistry at the Academy of Medicine, St. Petersburg. He became very active in his work, and started agitating for higher education for women. This eventually led to his founding a School of Medicine for Women.

In 1862 Borodin met Balakirev and became a member of a group known as "the Five," which included also Cui, Mowssorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. Under the influence of Balakirev, Borodin became very interested in music, and devoted all his leisure to the study of harmony and composition. He still worked hard at his professional duties and, in 1877, Borodin and two pupils made a scientific and musical tour across Germany. They visited Weimar, and there the great Russian met Liszt, a composer of some influence at that time. Later in 1885 and 1886, Borodin and Cui paid two visits to Belgium.

In 1863 Borodin married Mlle. Catharine Protopopva, an accomplished amateur, who introduced him to the styles of Chopin and Schumann. Madam Borodin's health forced her to visit the drier climate of Moscow, and it was during one of these absences that Borodin died suddenly on February 28, 1887. On the previous day Borodin wrote to his wife: Tomorrow we have a musical party here. It will be very grand . . . I must not unveil the mysteries!" Borodin looked very distinguished on that evening, and while talking to his friends, he staggered and died almost immediately from a ruptured aneurysm.

Borodin has enriched the musical world by many beautiful compositions. He wrote two symphonies and a "symphonic sketch"—In the Steppes of Central Asia. He also left us many songs, piano music and some chamber music. Borodin also ventured into the field of opera, and composed Prince Igor. This latter work, however, was left unfinished and was finally completed by Glazounov and Rimsky Korsakov.

NAL REB AF.

PATOLOGIES?

Die Redakteur, Waarde Heer—

Die toestand binne die vierkant van ons skool is niks anders as haglik nie. Vir die afgelope paar maande al lê daar bou-materiaal orals rond wat sekerlik maklik kan verwyder word. Ons gee gladnie om om sulke ongereëldhede te verduur solank alles redelik gaan nie; maar die werk wat daar gedoen moes word is nou seker al klaar en die rommel behoort verwyder te kan word.

Ou toiing-sakke wat oor die draad hang, ou sink-tafels wat jou herinner aan vergange se dae toe jy nog anatomie geneem het, leë blikke, klippe en stene lê orals in 'n deurmekaar spul. By die toneel moet die finale-jaar-studente elke keer verby gaan na die nuwe McGregor-saal.

Die mengelmoes langs die nuwe sinksaal strek ons gebou waarlik nie tot eer nie.

DIPLOPIA.

(*Continued from page* 11)

in which each is all, and yet nothing.

So Myra reads a book, while the beasts fight in the jungle, and the birds nest in the trees and the sinewy python watches for its prey.

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SKETCH IN THE LIBRARY.

So Myra sits down and opens up a book. For a few moments she looks vacantly around, and her temporal lobe says listen to the bus passing and her occipital lobe says look at all those books on the shelves and her rolandic area says my feet are sore and her frontal lobe says don't work to-day, go and have tea, go and read the newspaper, go and talk to John, go and laze in the sun. But suddenly her eyes turn to the book and she concentrates with all the force and energy of an indomitable conscience, driven by screaming neurones and overtaxed ganglia. She purses up her mouth and her nose twitches and her shoulders are humped. She is silent, only her little forty-six ounce brain is humming to the myriad impulses it receives; she is unaware of her existence among fellowbeings, she is an entity complete and self-contained, she is human endeavour, human progress, human strife in a tiny sphere of time and space. Vaguely, through organs subordinated to a powerful and tremendous living dynamo, she hears the noises of the world—a cough, a sneeze, a chair creaking, a shout in the corridor, the striking of a match. The sentences push themselves in crowded and unsystematised array into her consciousness and from the vast experience of her twenty-one years she brings up memories, ideas, connected thoughts. Her stomach-walls contract, her intestine peristalsises and her sympathetic system quivers to the million demands that come from a million cells; exhorting, pleading, threatening cells that demand satisfaction from a community

(*Continued on prev. page*)

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MEDICAL QUESTIONAIRE.

(*A further test of your general medical knowledge. 60% is still an average mark. Answer on page* 14.)

Are the following true or false?

1. Certain lifeless objects, under special conditions, can grow.
2. All cells are able to maintain life in themselves by converting food and air into energy and into protoplasm.
3. The largest brains in the history of evolution occurred in the prehistoric dinosaurs.
4. All snakes are entirely limbless.
5. All living matter has the properties of movement, irritability, feeding, respiration, growth, reproduction, excretion, contractability and conductibility.

Men of Medicine.

6. Whose work on the heredity of plants to-day forms the basis of the chromosome theory?
7. Which great Greek doctor was believed to be the descendant of a god?
8. Who died of an attack of angina pectoris aggravated by excitement, immediately after saying "If any dispute occurs it will be fatal to me"?
9. Who was the first man to use nitrous oxide as an anaesthetic.
10. Who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1908 for his discovery of the functions of the leucocytes?

Identify the Correct Answer.

11. A chigoe is (a) a surgical appliance; (b) mustard plaster; (c) a tropical flea; (d) a new syphilitic remedy.
12. Meibomian glands are situated (a) in the eyelids; (b) around the gall-bladder; (c) above and behind the tonsils.
13. In twenty-seven marriages between feeble-minded and epileptic individuals, there were produced (a) 93 epileptics, 18 feeble-minded; (b) 43 epileptics, 58 feeble-minded; (c) 0 epileptics, 101 feeble-minded.
14. The possibility of transmitting feeble-mindedness to their offspring, among the normal population, is estimated at (a) 1 in 70; (b) 1 in 25; (c) 1 in 24; (d) 1 in 8; (e) 1 in 3.

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SECOND ARTICLE IN THE SERIES—

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

II MUSIC.

Environment, that is the keynote of our existence. Climatic conditions, social structure, and economic needs on the one side, Man on the other; a subtle blending of these factors, and the product is one type of being. A mental make-up, a body that is peculiar to his environment alone. Thus is a nation individual, having peculiarities of its own, and trends of its own; and each builds up music, with a basic stereotype reflecting their environment.

The atmosphere vibrated, to heat, and a dull rhythmic throbbing. With monotonous regularity primitive man beats upon a gourd covered with an animal skin vellum. Primitive man reacts with slow, sinuous movements; he twists his body into innumerable postures. The heat stultifies his cerebration, and unlike civilised man in his cool and temperate climate, the strains of rhythm do not pluck at the fibres of associative memory, and set in motion a stream of mental pictures, nor do they conjure up visions of association that rhythm has set free. No, primitive man reacts to his tom-toms, from his sub-cortical centres. He must move, and as the pitch of the beating rises, and the beater accelerates his movements, so in a wild burst of frenzied passion, primitive man, leaps, bellows, and sinks into a comatose state of exhaustion.

The basic rhythm of the tom-toms, reverberates through the jungle night, and passes on into the future. Primitive man's contribution to music.

Thus we see, that in the social order of primitive man, where comparatively few conventional repressions exist, the process of sublimation has developed but little, and that his music is simple and shows no individuality. As we go up the evolutionary ladder of music, however, we find that civilised man with his profound sublimation, has produced music that is intricate and deep. Melody that is built up into a beautiful and intricate lattice-work of interwoven melody and harmony. Music becomes individual, it is the composer himself, showing his moods, desires and character traits.

The land of the "Midnight Sun," with its stark and rugged cliffs, deep fjords, that sink into the depths of the earth, their deepest recesses cloaked in darkness, as though Nature were trying to enshroud her wonders with a cloak of mystery. Rushing mountain torrents, streams cool and crystal clear, born of the virgin snows in the mountains. A brave land, a land of fighters and dreamers. Home of the Vikings. That is what Grieg tells of in his music. You can almost feel it as though the waves of sound had penetrated one's brain, and formed a connecting link between the areas of thought, vision, and subconscious desires. This is how I feel when I listen to music. The knowledge of orchestration, harmony and other technicalities of music are in the background. I listen for the sake of the music alone; for the visions that it brings, and for the dreamy introspective state that by some magic of its own music has the power of bringing about. I leave this world of reality and in a world of wraithing myths I live in the moods of other men. At times I am sadistic, I am in the "Hall of Mountain Kings," and with Grieg I revel in this outlet of my passions, and like the "Giants" I beat "Peer Gynt," I torture him, I laugh, I am happy; it is a pleasureable sensation this hurting some body.

The wind is rushing through my hair, and the icy blasts of the upper atmosphere sting my nostrils. My steed is like a bolt of lightning. I must needs grip tighter with my knees, lest I be flung to the farthest reaches of the Universe. The clouds are like little wads of cotton wool beneath me, and my companions are shrieking with laughter and mad rage; they look like she-devils with hair streaming behind them and bodies tense with the speed as we race across the "Blue Empyreum" to infinity itself. I am wild, unrestrained; I fear no man. The wild strains of the music are like some heady wine, and my passions ride high. I live in the mood of the composer, I live in his very character, as I "Ride with the Valkyries."

Then the peace, the thoughts of good-will to all men. The desire to rest one's weary mind that seethes and hums to the turmoil of a real world. I go to rest among green fields and burbling brooks, I breathe in the vintage of earthly smells; I lie back in peace in the arms of Mother Nature. I dream of painters and I see the "Brook" of Constable and I hear the rushing brooklet of Beethoven and as the music falters for a moment I can see the brook as it slows over a rocky ledge and then continues it's mad race to the horizon. Then I hear the words of Tennyson and all my faculties blend in a harmonious whole, and I see art, music, literature, all as facets of one beautiful glowing gem.

(Continued on next page)

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A SELECTION FROM

EYE-SOP'S FABLES.

1. A Maiden's Dishonesty.

In the mighty city of Alexandra, in Egypt's great Era, lived a conscientious student who studied the arts of Medicine and Philosophy, according to the wise rulings of the sages. He would set out to the University at dawn and return at night, debating to himself on the journeys points of interest and topicality. To his parents, he was a constant source of pride, and they would nod their heads and say "He will be a good and just man, able to talk wisely and rule in accordance with the right." But one day the student met a maiden, who through sheer capriciousness led him astray in the manner women do, so that he no longer had interest in his studies but spent his days and nights in the pleasantries of the lady's boudoir. She, however, soon grew tired of his impetuousness, and wished to elope with a captain of the Egyptian Guard, but as they were both penniless, she was hard put to discover a way to settle her affairs. After much deliberation, she thought out a plan. In disguise, she went to the student's parents and informed them that, if they gave her a large sum of money, she would guarantee his return to the fold. Being simple and trusting people, they gave her the money and she went home. That night, when the student came to her, she brandished the money in his face and told him that she had betrayed him and that he had best return to his parents which he, in despair, did. The dishonest maiden then sought out her new lover and together they left Egypt for Greece, laughing at the simplicity of students and their parents.

American Moral: Give all girls the razz.

2. The Deaf Man.

Once there lived a great man who, although afflicted with deafness, believed himself to be very acute of hearing. One night, while entertaining a company of friends, the subject turned to the country's literature. "There is much in our lore that is of worth," said a poet "and everyone would do well to make as large a collection as would be possible within his means." The deaf man interpreted this as some secret information to the effect that war had broken out, and that all should buy as much material as possible. Consequently, he spent much of his fortune in buying various commodities, useless in peace but valuable in war, trusting that when the country commenced hostilities, he would be able to sell his goods at an enhanced price and thus double his fortune. Soon, however, the nation signed a pact of goodwill, and peace reigned throughout the land. The deaf man found himself stranded with valueless goods, his fortune gone and his reputation destroyed.

American Moral: Take Lossie's Little Liver Pills—they tune up the system.

3. The Sober Philosopher.

A philosopher said to his friends: "Opium is a harmful drug which stultifies the senses and impairs the judgment. It is best that we exert pressure on the Government to withold the sale of this noxious substance." Accordingly he introduced a clause to that effect and opium was no longer sold in a country where previously one in every five of the population had bought it. The philosopher was correct, in that the judgment and reason of the nation improved; but with this acquired acuity, the people began to find fallacies in his philosophies with the result that the unfortunate man soon found himself banished from the land of his birth.

American Moral: Prohibition is hooey.

(Continued from previous page)

Strange indeed are the powers that music possesses over we mortals. Like some potent draught from the alchemists hand it changes us; we metamorphose completely to the different character strains of our variegated existence.

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NEW FACES.

I ran into Frank L— that morning in the wards. I was glad to see him back, for we were rather friendly, or at any rate, fairly well acquainted. "Hello," I said, "You've been away a long time. Ill, I suppose?" "That's right," said Frank. "It's nice to be about after three weeks in bed." I couldn't quite make up my mind as to the way in which he had changed. For, without a doubt, there was some subtle change about him; he was slightly thinner, but that wasn't what made me uneasy. Maybe it was a strange gleam in his eyes, or perhaps it was the almost imperceptible manner in which his fingers twitched. I felt estranged, and that was odd, for Frank was a friendly fellow, and I'd never heard anyone speak badly of him. I put the whole thing down to his long absence. "Well," I said, "nothing much has altered here. Same old beds, same floor, same piano. Your case died a week ago, though." "Yes," said Frank, "I know." "You know?" I echoed, "I suppose you saw somebody from the firm. This is the first day you're back, is'nt it?" "Yes," he said, "I couldn't manage to come back before. There were so many things to see about, so many things—." As he said that, I felt a definite chill, a foreboding that seemed to bore right into my abdomen; I looked round at the patients to reassure myself. "I've seen a lot of people recently," said Frank, "People I never thought I'd see again. Odd how things happen quite contrary to what one expects." That last remark upset me completely; I muttered something and almost ran from the ward. Over at the Medical School, I button-holed Jimmy D—, who was Frank's best friend. "Look here, Jimmy," I said, "I've just seen Frank in the wards, and there's something mighty queer about him. Do you know what's wrong?" Jimmy was looking at me in a funny way. "You've just seen Frank?" he said. "Yes, over at the wards" I said in some astonishment. "Look here, old man," said Jimmy "Didn't you know that Frank died yesterday morning from meningitic complications?"

I looked at him in growing horror.

ANSWERS TO MEDICAL QUESTIONAIRE.

1. True. A small crystal of copper sulphate suspended in a saturated solution of copper sulphate, increases in size day by day.
2. True.
3. False. The diplodocus, weighing twenty tons, possessed a brain the size of a hen's egg.
4. False. The python has vestigial hind-limbs buried beneath its skin.
5. True. Both animal and plants are characterised thus, by virtue of their protoplasm.
6. Abbot Gregor Johann Mendel, who, by his experiments with peas, contributed very largely to our knowledge of the laws of inheritance.
7. Hippocrates.
8. John Hunter, who was fully aware of his condition, recognised it as such, and studied it scientifically.
9. Henry Hill Hickman, whose work was rejected by the science of his time.
10. Elias Metchnikoff, who also demonstrated the adverse effects of alcohol on the system, and whose later studies were devoted to discovering some means of prolonging human life—ventures doomed to failure.
11. A tropical flea which burrows into the skin.
12. In the eyelid.
13. The result of such a disastrous marriage would be the production, in the progeny, of 43 epileptics and 58 feeble-minded children; significant in this respect is the fact that there is no legal bar to the marriage, provided the parents are not certifiable.
14. The estimation, by McDowell, is one in fourteen, although actually the proportion is much higher among the lower classes and much lower among the professional and higher classes.

O. P. D.

(*Continued from page 5*)

test. You are met at every turning by the word "serious!"

Student: It's hot to the touch, sir.

Chief: And it's spreading upwards.

H.M.: Now I wonder whether she can feel anything in those patches. (*Picks up paper scissors by the points and approaches patient with the rings.*)

Patient: MAMA! (*Loud wails, buries face in mother's shoulders.*)

Sister: What a baby!

Student: Such a naughty girl!

H.M.: Nobody has touched you!

Mother: All right, my child! All right!

Chief: There, there, there! We're very kind people really. Look at all the procain we've got, and the eucain, and the nupercaine and the—hm, well, I don't suppose all that will reassure her. Mother, tell her we never hurt anybody. We don't want to hurt a soul!

Patient: I thought he wanted to give me an injection.

Mother: You see, the child is very nervous—

Chief: Nervous, your granny! This is where I'm wild with you! What damned fool talked about injections and operations in front of the child? What does a kid like that know about injections? And what sort of an upbringing is this, when she's ready to die at the sight of a pair of scissors?

Mother: Well, when it's about the children, I'm also very nervous. And I'm afraid it will spread, ang I don't know if it isn't somethind serious—

Chief: Boys, I don't know what this is, and we haven't a hope of finding out this trip. Here, Genadendorpinovitch, take them into the dressing-room. Put on calamine lotion and cod-liver oil and milk of magnesia and calcium lactate—oh, any damned thing that will keep them quiet—and they're to come next time. Maybe there will be more to see!

Student: Yes, sir.

Mother: Doctor, I want you to tell me the truth. Is it anything very serious?

Chief: Go with that doctor there. He will tell you everything. (*Exeunt Mother, Patient and Student.*)

H.M.: Doctor, I cannot understand these peoples' mentality.

Chief: It's you, you truculent monster! Brandishing a pair of scissors in that blood-curdling fashion!

H.M.: But, good Lord, Chief, what do they do the child's toenails with? Do they bite them off when they want cutting? And surely the mother can see that she is obstructing us at every step.

Chief: A desire to seem important and to look like a very good mother.

Sister: Now, I wonder!

Chief: Come on, Sister, diagnose for us, till the next patient gets ready.

Sister: You see, doctor, these people arrive at Casualty, expecting a pot of cintment and a pat on the shoulder and an assurance. "It's quite all right." Stretcher cases, bandages, queer things of all sorts that aren't good for them to see, smell or hear. And then comes one doctor, looking wise, even if he isn't; and then another, and a student, a sister, staff-nurse, nurse! And the Big Gun on top of that! No wonder she has fearful visions of knives and needles and can't control herself even in front of the child.

Chief: Mind you, I dare say all those factors play their part.

Student (at door): Excuse me, sir. The patient's mother is very anxious to know whether this condition is anything serious.

(*The Chief throws the scissors in his direction. They all collapse with laughter.*)

Curtain.

E. BINION.

HE PAID BY A MIRACLE.

A firm at Pietersburg a few days ago received the following letter from a man in the Letaba district to whom they had written asking for a settlement of an account, according to an Africopa Message:
Dear Sirs,

In reply to your request to send cheque, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it ordinarily impossible; My shattered financial position is due to Union Laws, Provincial laws, town laws, liquor laws, sister - in - laws, brother-in laws, mother-in-laws and outlaws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, super tax, school tax, gas tax, light tax, sales tax, tarriff tax, railway tax, petrol tax, excise tax and amusement tax. I am required to get a business licence, car licence, truck licence, bicycle licence, gun licence, wireless licence, liquor licence, not to mention a marriage licence and a dog licence.

I am required to contribute to every society and organisation which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life, to women's relief, the unemployed relief, and the gold diggers' relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the country, including the Red Cross and the double cross.

For my own safety I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglar insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earth quake insurance, old age insurance, war risk insurance, unemployed insurance, and fire insurance.

My business is so governed that I do not know to-day nor can I find out, who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, examined and re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope for the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate something or other I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, help up, held down and robbed until I am ruined.

I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened, I could not enclose this cheque. The wolf that comes to many doors now-a-days, had pups in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

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