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THE Auricle



UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND MEDICAL SCHOOL

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Volume 14, No. 3. March, 1963

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Editorial

The time has come, as the Walrus said, to talk of Student Apathy! Yes, here we go again; we have heard this story before! No doubt you have too, and before you leave Medical School you will be likely to hear that same story quite a few times.

You have all heard about Student Apathy — but have you thought about its implications and its possible results? Have you perhaps noticed the trail of destruction it has left in the path of its relentless progress? If so, have you attempted to halt its spread? The chances are that you have not, the chances are that you too have been hypnotised into aiding and abetting its onward march; you too have probably sunk into the mental rot manifested by its followers and slaves.

The apathetic student may well be a hard worker, academically speaking, but is characterised by his blatant unwillingness to support student societies. He is sublimely content to sit back, attend student functions, read student journals and newsletters (provided some other mutt is foolish enough to do the donkey work), and then to criticise the lack of lunch-hour entertainment. This apathetic individual is anything but apathetic when it comes to destructive criticism. He will boldly denounce all and sundry for not having done this, or not having done that. No one has his loyal support, except, perhaps, some fellow apathist.

The situation is a serious one! All Medical School societies and other organizations are suffering, including the S.M.C.

It is a crying shame that the major proportion of the Medical School student population is comprised of individuals who are only too eager to criticise the efforts of a few, rather than to expend a little energy in their support. Needless to say, it is high time that these individuals realized that in order to derive something from their student days, and enhance the esteem of Medical School, they should make some effort to support the various societies and clubs.

len kloosman.

editor: len kloosman

associate editor: jack van niftrik.

Jane Furse Memorial Hospital

Does this name ring a faint bell? Do you know where this hospital is and whom it serves? Situated in the North-Eastern Transvaal, 200 miles from Johannesburg in the tribal area of Sekhukhuniland, this hospital serves a vast population of 200,000 Africans of the Bapedi tribe.

There are over 300 beds in wards divided into Medical, Surgical, Eye, Children's, T.B. and Isolation. The number of patients rarely equals the number of beds, many sleeping on the floor. In Manche, the Children's Ward, there are three babies per cot.

The standard of medicine practised at "Jane" is comparable with the highest in the country. This could not be achieved without the skilled and devoted work of seven doctors (several of them Wits.-trained), six European and seven or eight African sisters and a State-registered training school of nurses numbering about ninety, together with a dispenser, radiographer, physiotherapist, engineer, builder, office staff and about one hundred others, whose efficient work is vital to the running of such a large isolated hospital. No problem is insurmountable — from a doctor forking out from his own pocket the required 7½ cents for a pint of D.S.M. (dried skimmed milk) which is vital in the cure and prevention of the greatest scourge in this barren land — malnutrition, to the performance of a delicate operation resulting in new-found sight.

The theatre work is indeed extensive — more than 1,200 operations were performed last year. A very large percentage of these were on eyes — trachoma is very prevelant. The hospital is fortunate in having an eye specialist, highly skilled in this work. Major abdominal operations, skin grafts and all types of procedures are part of the day's work.

The Out Patients' Department served 19,000 people last year. The eleven clinics in a forty-mile radius from the hospital bring services close to many every week. One doctor together with nurses, orderlies and supplies visits one or more of the clinics every day. This work is vital in providing food (D.S.M.) for malnourishment, detecting hospital cases, and of course in educating people in white man's medicine in an endeavour to supercede dangerous local malpractices.

700—800 babies are born annually at the hospital. Mothers are taught at a weekly baby clinic, run by the paediatrican, what and how to feed their offspring. They also learn the essentials of hygiene.

The physiotheraphy department is active with many polio cases and spastics to treat. Daily exercise classes are held and the latest equipment is used. There is only one physiotheraphist to carry out this sphere of the work. A small but efficient laboratory staff carries out numerous tests daily. The X-Ray Department filmed over 5,000 patients last year.

Essentially a mission hospital of the Anglican Church, the hospital work commences with morning prayers. Three priests are in charge of the spiritual needs of the community.

Each department of this enormous complex of medical services works optimally (indeed it dare not operate at below this standard), and the result is a hospital which is outstanding in every way. A visit is inspiring and stimulating, showing that human being are capable of helping their fellows and are capable of accepting help graciously.

MARY EDGINTON III.

HOLE-IN-THE-HEART OPERATIONS

At Salisbury's Central Hospital, five successful hole-in-the-heart operations were carried out during 1962. The heart-lung machine at the hospital which was paid for by the State Lotteries, is the only one in the Federation.

The hospital's orthopaedic centre is also the only one of its type in the Federation. The centre has many facets and includes the assembly and manufacture of artificial limbs. The Miller leg, one type of artificial leg made at the centre, is a local invention. The foot is made from car tyres and allows flexibility of movement and the wearing of a shoe.

S.M.C. PROCEEDINGS

At an extraordinary meeting of the S.M.C. on the 14th of March the resignation of Mr. C. D. W. Morris from the Committee of Medical Education was officially made known. Mr. Morris tendered his resignation on the grounds that he felt that his chairmanship of the Committee would hamper his academic work.

Nominations for the post of chairman of this Committee were called for, but none of the members of the standing S.M.C. were willing to stand for election to this post. A resolution allowing the S.M.C. to call for nominations from the Student Body was passed; the passing of this motion involved the amending of the S.M.C. Constitution, which was carried nem con.

STUDENTS' HEALTH INSURANCE SOCIETY

Many students do not appear to be aware of the fact that they are members of the Students' Health Insurance Society. All students pursuing a full-time day course, including Medical students, are members. A student automatically becomes a member on the signing of the University Register and on paying the terminal subscription, and is entitled to the benefits from that date until the next subscription is due.

Benefits include the payment of 85% of the following: General Practitioners' fees not exceeding R2.10; Ophthalmologists' fees; Surgeons' and Specialists' fees, only when the latter's services have been certified as necessary by a G.P. A panel of physicians is on duty daily at the Clinic, and is available for consultation. Such consultations are provided for free of charge. Students wishing such consultations or wishing to undergo initial medical examination must book appointments with the Clinic Secretary, 44-1492, Ext. 52. Also such other benefits as the Committee of Management shall determine.

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Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary at the Clinic, which is housed at 18B, Kotze Street, Hospital Hill.

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Mr. and Mrs. Horst Küstner.

Bernice Katzen and Louis Bloom on their engagement.

Joy van der Bijl and Basil Bagg on their engagement.

We hear that Sandra Heyman is engaged, but who is the lucky chap?

Gillian Bernstein is now Mrs. Davis.

Denise Summers is engaged to Trevor Long, of Grahamstown.

Le Roy Lategan is engaged to Denise Tansley.

CAMPUS RUMOURS

Rumour has it:

- ★ that the ground floor of Medical House may be converted into Student Common Rooms, and even a long awaited canteen.
- ★ that N.E.H. may become a more important teaching institution.

Hunting Story

FOX NO FOOL EITHER

The "Zwounds, They're Off!" Club was holding its annual fox hunt near Dunkingshire-on-Thames. Members of the club were instructed to bring along male dogs only. However, Chumly Dascoyne II an influential constituent who owned half the voting stock and the dog food concession — brought along his favourite bitch and got away with it.

With the cry of "Yoicks, Tall-ho!" they were off — riders, hounds and old Reynard — and not necessarily in that order. For half an hour everything went smoothly. Then suddenly the yelping, staggered line of four-footed animals disappeared and the astonished huntsmen found themselves up against a blank wall.

Someone spotted a farmer in a nearby field and they hastily converged on him.

"I say there! Have you seen anything of a pack of 'ounds and a fox?" one of them asked.

"Yes, I believe I did," the farmer said, "they went that way." And he pointed.

"Yes, but what were they doing?"

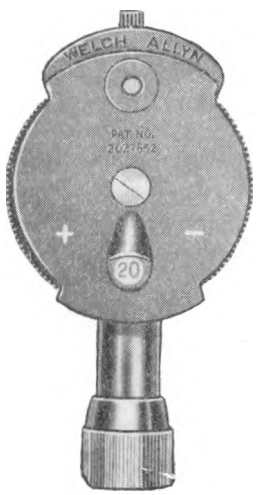
"Running like nobody's business," answered the farmer, "and the last I saw, a she-dog was out in front and the fox was running sixth!"

A woman complained to her psychiatrist that her family thought that something was wrong with her because she liked pancakes. "But that's nothing to worry about," explained the doctor. "I myself am very fond of pancakes."

"Oh you are?" exclaimed the woman. "Then you must come and see me. I have trunks full of them."

★

Two psychiatrists passed each other in the street one day. One greeted the other saying: "You're fine. How am I?"



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I need not draw your attention to the basic principles of Pathology, but I do feel that they may be applied to campus news.

Condition: Advent of *Ventricle*.

Aetiology: The question is, what provoked the invasion of Medical School Campus by a pirate newsletter of unmentionable quality?

Theories:

1. The egos of a few individuals had to be satisfied.
2. There may have been a limited demand for a newsletter of this nature.
3. Some people may have despaired that the *Auricle* was a thing of the past.

Macroscopical: A fool-scap stylotyped stapled letter of inferior quality.

Title: *Ventricle*: the possibility (judging from the articles) is that the blood is oxygenated, suggesting it to be left-sided.

Microscopic: My remarks here would largely be censored. I can only say that the editorial staff (who appear to have written all the copy) appear to be indulging in a measure of self-edification and self-satisfaction, as it is only in a newsletter such as the *Ventricle* where one would find such filthy political trash in print.

Prognosis: To quote the editorial board — "If sufficient material is received from you, then *Ventricle* will continue to exist. If not, then our encroachment upon the terrain of that other, more restrained publication, will have been a temporary one. No doubt they feel that *Ventricle* is likely to suffer from same malady as that other more restrained publication, namely a gross lack of contributors. On these grounds, I confidently prognosticate a case of Ventricular failure.

Surely, Sir, if the students are so hungry for political reading matter, they can find satiation in the daily newspapers.

I personally feel the campus can do well without the slanderous writings of this pirate newsletter.

PATHOLOGY STUDENT

Sir,

Ventricle? Ugh!

★

Sir,

. . . When are we likely to witness a case of *Ventricle* failure? . . .

★

Sir,

How long is it to be before the campus will be flooded with magazines entitled as follows? The Aorta, The Superior Vena Cava, The Inferior Vena Cava, The Sinus Venosus, The Valve, and The Pericardium, etc., etc.

Another shortened letter.

★

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We look forward to receiving letters from our readers, but a wider range of topics will not come amiss. Most of these letters were shortened.

This editorial note was shortened.

★

Sir,

Now that Hospital Street has become a pulsating artery of wild drivers, how are we to make our way to and from ward rounds and post mortems without the risk of becoming the subject of either of these teaching media?

For quite a few years I have been rendering an unpaid service to the motorists using Hospital Street. But I feel that things have gone too far! About a month ago some beastly road hog not only dusted his car on my lab coat in the traditional manner but also made away with three buttons (I hate to think what is likely to follow)!

Another zebra pedestrian crossing will not suffice — Johannesburg drivers seem to be totally ignorant as to their purpose. I fell that students should not be satisfied with anything less than a pedestrian robot. How about the S.M.C. sending the Traffic Department a petition? Or how about a sit-down strike in the middle of Hospital Street during peak-hour — another traffic jam will not be noticed.

We want to reach our ward rounds alive (and not via Casualty)! We want immediate action!

CLINICAL YEAR.

THE IMPULSE OF IMPULSES
or — Are you receiving me?

Have you ever thought, while making use of that important SEX promotor, the 'phone, that the interchange of ideas between speaker and listener is not complete? The person to whom you are speaking, only receives the spoken word, leaving mainly untapped the vast sewer of your mind. Mirabile dictu. By means of a relatively simple invention, an esoteric eavesdropper would be able to hear not only the venerated verbal formulae by which man hopes to pave the way for his personal verification of the world's oldest and most popular experiment — for dimwits lost in a euphemistic maze, may I offer the hint that I am referring to S-E-X — but would also hear the unspoken thoughts scattered through the firmament, especially at night. The following would perhaps be a rather all too common example.

(Answer the thing, I haven't got all . . .)

"Hello," in a muted, very musical soprona.

"Hullo, Mary," expansively. "This is . . . oh, okay." (Damn brother, about time his voice broke.)

"Hello," (As brother said it is a boy! Just in time too; otherwise I'd have to stay at home Saturday night or worse still, go out with Mom and Dad.) "This is Mary speaking." (Who the hell is it?)

"Do you know who this is?" (You should, unless you're too dim to recognise my voice after six months, almost every week. Let's see, at two and a half cents per phone call, you are proving very expensive!)

"No," playfully, "who is it?" (Come on don't play games. I have to take out the other curlers now, otherwise I will look a fright!)

"Guess," equally playfully. (OH the depths to which one has to descend to win friends and influence people, including girls!)

"I can't." (Damn you, not so playfully now. Get on with it. My bare feet are cold. I hope it's not Leon!)

"Leon speaking." (Pause; then with (false) solicitude: "How are you?" (Couln't care less as long as you'll go out with me, since Joyce stood me up; but last time I saw you, you didn't look so hot.)

"Fine thanks." (Those fish cakes have given me flatulence.) Then sweetly, "I am so glad you phoned." (It would be you.) "How are you?" (You gawky stupe, fat lot I care!)

"Fine, thanks, just fine." (Yesterday I fell over backwards and ricked my back while doing a full squat with 320 pounds, and I must buy a new support. I'm nearly over my cold and these drops help my catarrh immensely.) "How is the schoolwork, easy I suppose? (You haven't a hope of passing at the end of the year.)

"Yes, I'm coping nicely." (I got 21% for Latin, and you should have heard what old Gordy had to say.) "And how is Medicine treating you?" (As if I care, but it is nice when you wear your Medical blazer, and my friends see us, even if you have got pimples!)

"Oh," airily, "the work seems fairly straightforward." (don't understand calculus at all and I was forced to cook my drawing of the frog's arterial system as I didn't even see one artery. I don't know what I'll do if we're asked that in the practical exam.) "Oh, Mary," (Enough of the small-talk: down to business!), "Are you going out on Saturday night?" (If you are already, I'll have to phone up Doris, and I'll have wasted ten minutes speaking to you.)

"No?" coyly. (Come on ask me.)

"Then would you like to see the film at the 'Metro' with me?" (And afterwards . . .)

Here our thought machine appeared to find difficulty in interpretting the thought impulses as they became feverishly disjointed.

"I'd love to!" (At least I won't have to stay at home, but when you begin pawing me . . . Ugh!)

"Good!" (I won't have to phone Doris after all.) "I'll pick you up (A nice choice of words) at eight-thirty. Goodbye." (I wonder what she thinks of me.)

"Goodbye." (I wonder what he thinks of me.)

A LITTLE ON THE LEWD SIDE

Housewife: 'Gretchen, I suspect my of husband having a love affair with his secretary."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're just saying that to make me jealous!"

★

MAKES SALE

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate devil."

The teacher was miffed and made him stay in after school.

When Johnny got out of school that night his friends swarmed over him to hear what punishment had been meted out.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," Johnny said, " 'cept that it sure pays to advertise!"

★

WILLING AND A-BULL

The guy and the doll were flying through the countryside when the guy brought the car to a screeching halt. On their left in a grazing field was a cow and an amorous bull. The guy put a big mit around the doll's middle and murmured softly, "Boy, would I like to do the same thing."

"Go right ahead," the doll said. "I'll wait here for you!"

★

WHO IS NUTS

A patient was asked by his psychiatrist: "What would you say is the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?"

"Well, there might be a lot of difference," was the answer.

"What for instance," asked the psychiatrist encouragingly.

"Well," said the patient, "the dwarf might be a girl."

★

Two psychiatrists entered an elevator and were greeted by the operator with a "Goodmorning". They looked at each other significantly, and as they left the elevator, the one asked the other: "Now what do you suppose he meant by that?"

The psychiatrist was testing an A.C.F. candidate. "What would happen if I cut off your ear?" he asked.

"I couldn't hear," replied the candidate.

"And if I cut off your other ear?" asked the crazy doc.

"I couldn't see, said the candidate.

"Why?"

"Because my hat would fall over my eyes!"

★

THEN THERE IS ONE ABOUT the moron who was standing outside a psychiatrist's office calmly stuffing tobacco into his nostrils.

The crazy doc was peering out of his window and saw this remarkable phenomenon.

Stepping out of his office the doc said: "My man, I think that you may need my assistance."

"Yes," replied the moron; "have you got a match?"

★

The middle-aged man was trying to enlist in the Marines. He was powerfully built and of ruddy complexion. In order to improve his chances, he was trying to give an honest account of himself. " I'm a nudist, sergeant," he said, " and father of eleven children!"

" Nudist hell!" rasped the irate officer. " You just never had time to dress."

★

There was a young lady from Thrace,
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said, " Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face."

★

At the local village Costume Ball a woman presented herself with nothing on save a pair of black shoes and black gloves. The doorman stopped her and said: ' We don't mind what you wear, madam, but you are supposed to represent *something.*'

" Can't you see," the girl asked, " I'm the five of spades."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (continued)

Sir,

After the struggle of last year, I feared that *Auricle* was on its last legs. The sight of the first copy this year pleased me somewhat. I was satisfied that *Auricle* was indeed still alive. I have only one criticism to make. NOT ENOUGH COPY. I feel, however, that this noted lack will be made good.

THIRD YEAR.

We will print more copy — provided you are willing to write it; The Editorial Board cannot write everything! — Ed!

This Newsletter is published by :
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Witwatersrand University Medical School,
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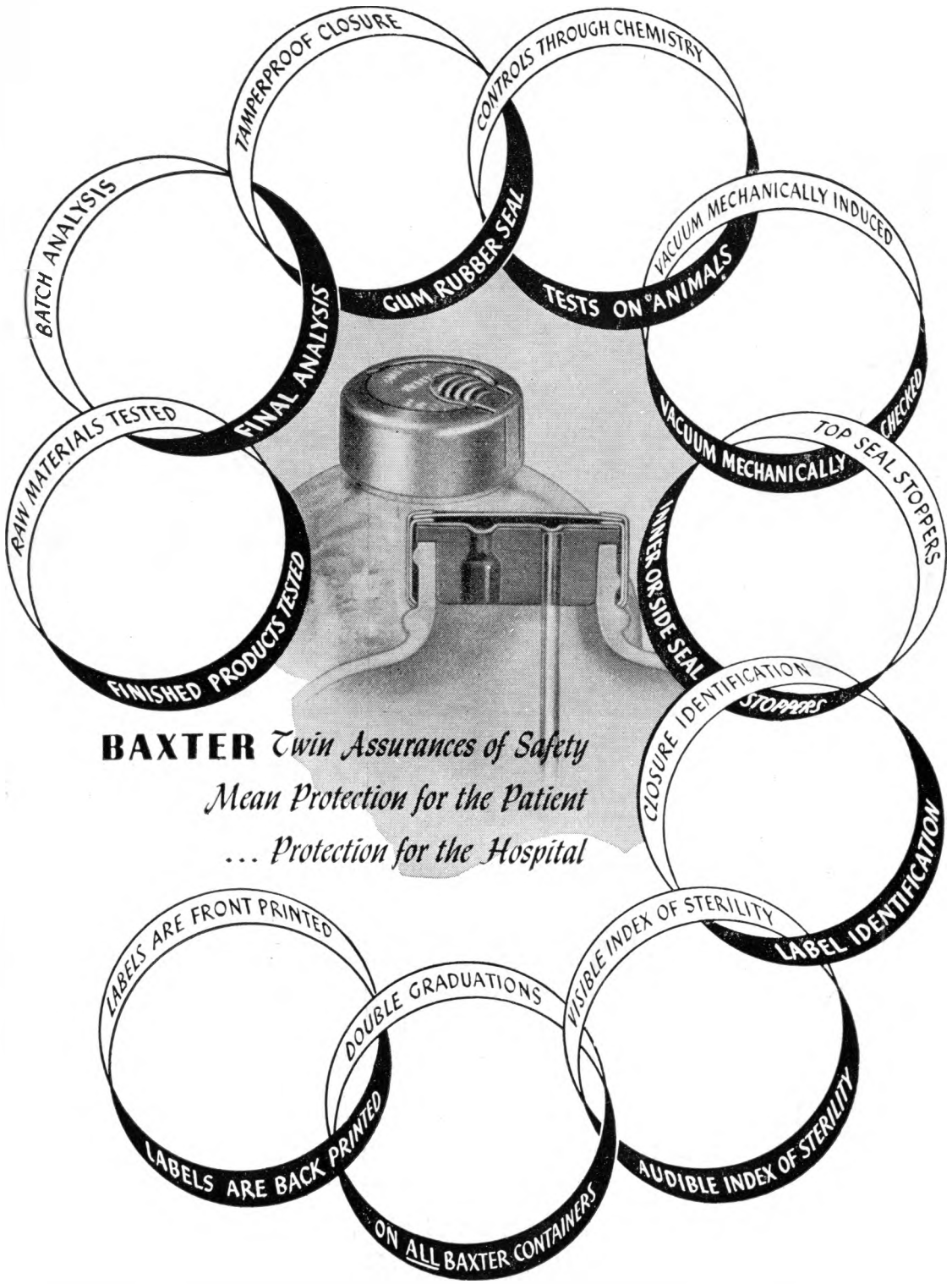
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