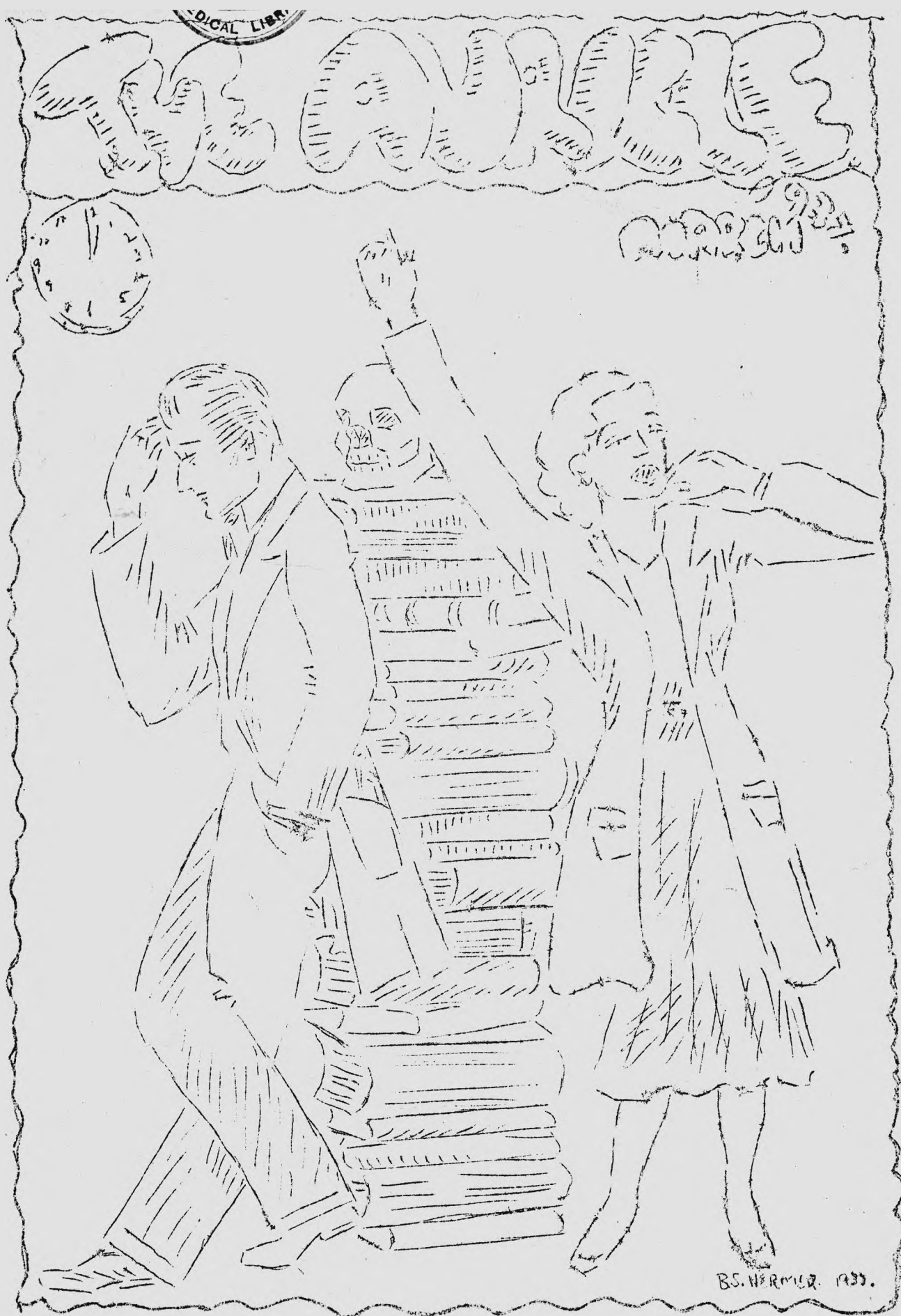




On a Vulgar Custom.

Our existence at the Medical School is a fairly pleasant round. The tenor would be very even, were it not disturbed by the occasional intrusion of some jarring feature. The pernicious system of cliques may be mentioned in illustration.

These cliques are associations of idle persons who have in common a hatred of the same people and principles, coupled with a great liking for small talk and scandal and for little else besides. For the most part these coteries are founded upon a narrow racial basis. Their members are students with educations so limited and minds so inelastic that they are unable to exchange views with persons of a different origin. Aware of their own inferiority these morons band themselves for protection, into "select" herds, where they incubate their hatreds and keep up their morale by assuring each other that they are fine fellows indeed. Their object is to sneer and since they do it in unison and have a great deal of practice, they do it fairly well.

Mutual admiration societies may serve a useful biological function when they are composed of a pair of lovers, but when they are constituted in the manner of our cliques the union is unlikely to be consummated in any worthy fashion.

Such effete and pernicious groups are not wanted at the Medical School.

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Die insluiting van Afrikaanse artikels in die uitgawe van die "Auricle" is g'n splinternuwe besluit of drastiese stap nie. Dit was nog altyd vry vir studente om hulle opinies te lug in een van die twee offisiële tale. Daar het egter tot dusver blyedweinig Afrikaans in die blad verskyn.

Dit blyk al/<sup>te</sup>duidelik uit die stigting van die nuwe Afrikaanse Sprek-klub by die Mediese Skool dat daar an behoefte is vir die aanleer van Afrikaans. In daardie behoefte wil die "Auricle" ook help voorsien deur die plasing van artikels in Afrikaans.

Maar, dit is vanselfsprekend dat 'n man wat 'n taal gebrekkig ken nie sy onkunde op papier gaan tentoonstel nie. Dit hang die goetendeels van die Afrikaanssprekende studente af om hulle Medestudente te hulp te kom deur flink, lewendige, humoristiese of ernstige artikels, prosawerk poësie te skrywe wat die Engelssprekendes grysag sal lees om hulle woordeskat en taalkennis uit te brei. Terselfdertyd maak hulle gebruik van die voorreg om vry opinies uit te spreek in hulle Moedertaal en sodeende die ander rasse in die skool meer vertrou te maak met hulle sedes, tradisies en kultuur.

Dit is bedis 'n mooi beginsal, maar die hele sukses daarvan hang af van die daadwerklike samewerking met die komitee van alle studente, insonderheid die Afrikaanssprekendes. Tot dusver was die oes maar 'n skrale. Gaan die toekoms, soos die verlede, ook een wees van versuimde plig en ongebruikte kanse?

## POST-MORTEM REFORMATION.

(We are informed that the Authorities have taken objection to the suggested unseemliness of certain members of the Third Year Class. It appears that the latter find the atmosphere of the Post-Mortem Theatre strongly conducive to a laughter and gaiety of rather unsettling spontaneity.. We regard the matter gravely. Is this not perhaps yet another indication of a nascent stirring of the worthy struggle for Student Independence? This may indeed be the turning point,- from Renaissance to Reformation! Visualise the Post-Mortem Theatre of To-morrow! )

SCENE: The Post-Mortem Theatre, 1950. As yet the room is void of life. On the table in the centre of the floor lies the unsullied body of an emaciated woman. The pacific quiet is suddenly shattered by a flourish of trumpets, and all doors leading into the theatre are flung open. Keeping in rhythm to the melancholy strains of a popular 'Jazz Number', in shuffle a host of white-robed students in divers attitudes. To a 1937 Rip van Winkle the change is startlingly impressive. The men are well-mannered, unobstrusive and quiet in speech; the women are good-looking, friendly and intelligent. The men bow low, and invite the women, who smile their gratitude, to occupy the front rows. When all are seated, One Taller Than The Rest enters. He is the class representative, Amid a terrifying crescendo of violins he goose-steps gingerly to the centre of the room.

### Opening Chorus:



Hush, Hush! with stealthy gait  
Across this Hall of Sighs you tread.  
Eagerly we've come to wait,-  
Nor noise a sound, nor wake the dead!

### Song: Class Representative.

For within this drear arena  
Gather we (without subpoena!)  
Students we, - none are there keener,-  
Note our passionate demeanour!  
Heed the body, have you seen her!.  
'Sfaith she could not be much leaner!  
Features hers than grass are greener,  
Save the blue,- that marks a vena.

### CHORUS:

Features hers, etc.

(A Rumbling of the Kettledrum is heard without. The Class Representative turns to the Left Entrance and bows submissively. Enter Chief Who Is To Conduct Post-Mortem).

### Chorus:

All hail, great Master, lustrous Chief!  
Thy presence exiles gloom.  
While thou art here, depart sad grief!  
Thy weepings herald, Doom!  
Ah, sweet delight,  
Mind erudite!  
From heavenly height  
This gloom we'll fight.

Song: Chief:

Good morning, all, this welcome greet  
Has moved me deeply; mark my state.  
Excuse me, pray, for coming late,-  
I had a somewhat earlier date.  
In humour pleasant shall I prate  
On tumours,- at a dev'lish rate.  
Bend on your knees and thank kind Fate.  
That humour'd words wait your palate.

Chorus (kneeling):

Yes, on our knees we'll thank the Fates  
That humour'd words wait our palates.

Recitative: Chief:

Of malignant neoplasms has this woman died.  
If one of you will wield this knife, we'll have a look inside  
(His eyes fall pleasantly on a fresh-featured youth, who smiles  
charmingly at this acknowledgment. The remaining students sigh  
disappointedly. The chosen youth, knife in hand, possesses a  
confident air, and wastes no time in opening the cadaver).

Song: Chief:

On tumours I'm said to be hot,  
It's well known that I know quite a lot:  
    Fibroma, Lipoma,  
    Chondroma, Myoma  
Are but a few of the tumours I wot.

As a matter of fact, I could speak  
On this subject for over a week.  
    But my task Ewing eases -  
    His "Neoplastic Diseases"  
Will make clear what to you is now Greek.

A tumour, you've heard, is a growth,  
The cause of which nobody knoweth  
    The growth's excessive,  
    But, strangely, progressive,-  
And lives on its own, so Muir showeth

(Aside):

I should really inform them much more,  
For an hour I'm entitled the floor!.  
    But beside my Pathology  
    I've studied Psychology,--  
They'd be certain to call me a bore!

(To Class):

That's enough for to-day, I am sure,  
Here's a lesson that's golden and pure:-  
    If you wish to succeed  
    For an hour a day read  
    "A Text-Book of Path," by R. Muir.

Song: Class Representative:

We thank you, Chief, you've done your best,  
You've taught us with vigour and polish and zest.  
But you're getting old and you need a rest,  
For duties hang heavily on your weary breast.  
We know that for time you're now anxiously press'd,  
But to-morrow we'll meet for our Quarterly test.  
And then in the Vivas you'll merrily jest:  
"How strangely you've answered, how wrongly you've guess'd!"



(To this 'Chestnut' the Chief smiles feebly in the traditional Manner. Waving his hand cheerfully, he makes his departure).

Finale: Chorus:

Happy, Shavian venture ceases,--  
Truth in Schopenhauer's thesis!  
Our lustrous, 'llumined light has left,--  
Our optimistic souls are cleff'd!

Sopranos:

Return bright sun to thy dark cloud;  
Return the corpse its gloomy shroud.

All:

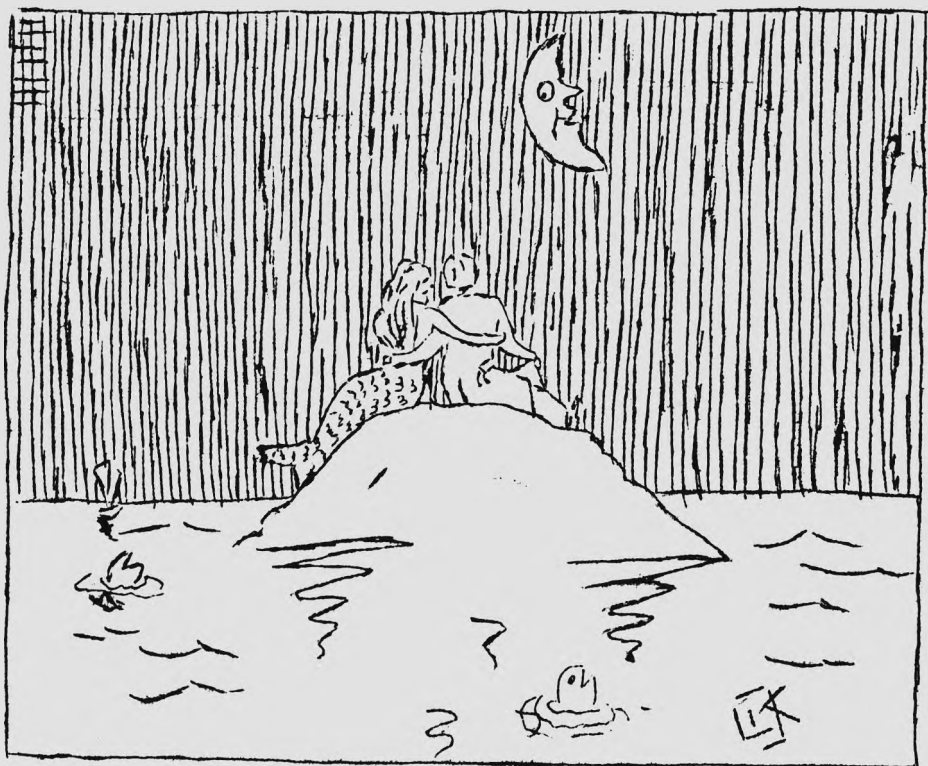
O death, we hail thee!

Death!

(All fall senseless to the floor. Slow Curtain).

M.G.

\*\*\*\*\*



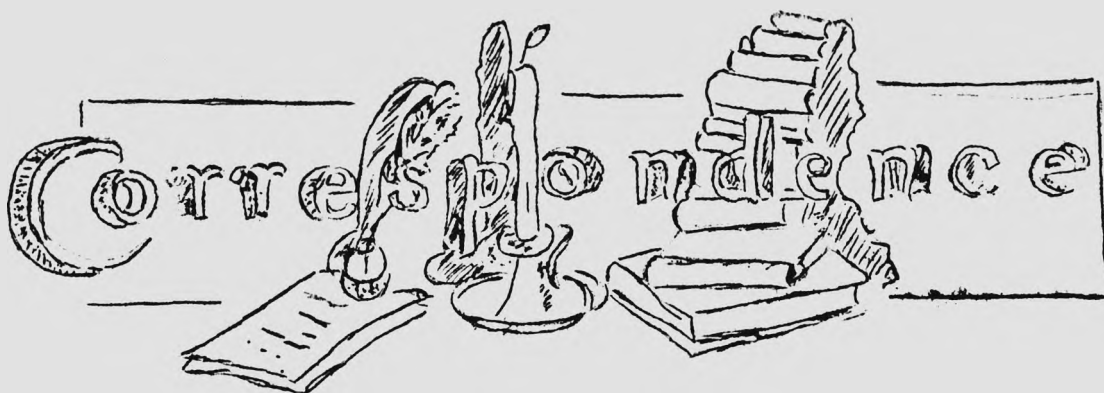
Clinical terms explained: — a Fluid Thrill.



IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE

The highway man who  
asked the FIFTH year  
medical student to  
Stand and deliver.

JK



The Editor of the 'Auricle'!

Dear Sir,

I hope you won't mind my writing to you like this but I simply had to tell someone. You see, I found out that you don't Have to be on a committee when you're in the Medical School and I always thought you had to. And when I first came here, you know I tried so hard, I went round to nearly all the notice boards in the Medical School and I wrote down the names of all the societies, councils, circles, committees, groups and sub-committees and other bodies on a piece of paper. I didn't see the notice-board in the Men's Common Room because when I want to have a look there was a lot of men reading a page of the Daily Mail and well, you know what they always think.

So I wrote down this list:

Medical Council,  
Anthropological Circle,  
Physiology Tutorial Group,  
~~D~~velopments Committee,  
Rugby Club,  
Mathematical Circle,  
Clinical Discussion Society,  
Bantu Society.

and a lot more about 57, I think. I thought you had to be on a committee, as I told you before, so I closed my eyes and put my pencil on the list. And I found I was on the Developments Committee. I was terribly disappointed, because I so wanted to be on the Medical Council and I don't want to develop anything. But if you're scientific, and I know I am, you stick to your results. You do! So I went round to look for the secretary but I only found the Bantu Chairman and when I told him, he said I di~~n~~'t have to be on a committee and I knew what he was thinking so I wrote to you.

HENRIETTA.

EPISTOLA CANDIDA.

The Editor of the "Auricle",

Sir,

The "Auricle" of the past has not justified its existence. It has been the distributor of a little merriment, and nothing more. I do not disparage the presence of a certain amount of humour in a journal; but journals consisting solely of "funny" articles are called comics, and it does not behove the "Auricle"

to be a comic. It is quite true that the average medical student does want to find anything "not" funny in the "Auricle". If he finds anything serious he expresses regret, at the very least. Now, although it is generally fair and reasonable that the payer of the piper should call the tune, there are very good reasons why the medical student should not get what he wants in the "Auricle". The current conception of what the "Auricle" ought to be arises largely from the assumption that the division of the Medical School newspaper into a scientific "Leech" and a non-scientific "Auricle" is equivalent to a division into a serious journal and a non-serious one. This assumption is false. The "Auricle" cannot be excused from being as much as possible a source of benefit to the students. If it can be this only through stimulating laughter, the paper is unnecessary. The S.M.C. could achieve its aim much more more effectively and with less trouble by distributing "Ballyhoo".

But there happen to be other ways in which the "Auricle" can be a credit to the Medical School. It can be a medium for the expression of those criticisms of various University bodies, which are at present wasted on a few odd students in the common rooms. It can be a mouthpiece for views on national matters and on topics of great general interest. It can, in short, be an instrument for the creation of a University opinion -- usually a very considerable force in a country, but very poorly developed at this University. Perhaps the medical student has no taste for this sort of thing. Then the "Auricle" will do an additional service by cultivating taste.

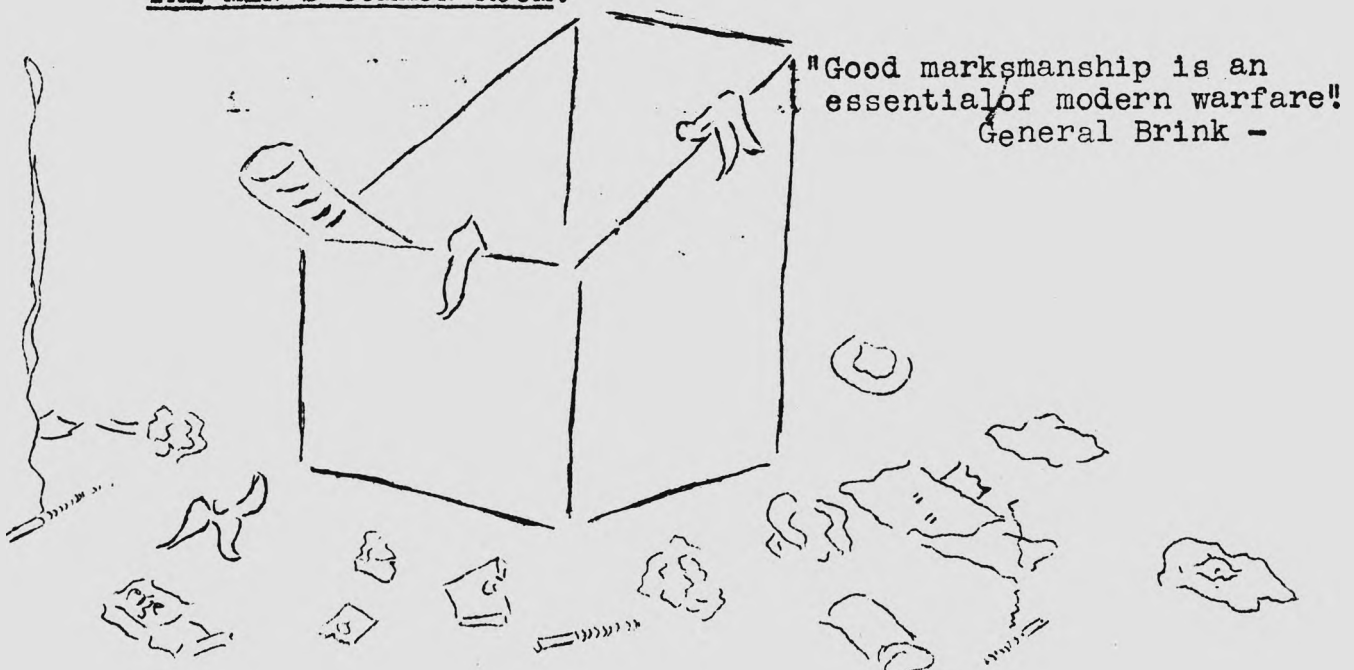
One or two other matters call for remarks. The editorials, with one exception -- that dealing with rights -- have previously been little more than self-conscious apologies for the "Auricle"s having been produced. An editorial at least should say something of importance, even if nothing else does. Also, the sub-editing can be much better than it has been, both as to the correction of syntactical errors and as to ensuring a correct literary setting in the proofs.

Sir, I wish you a worthy paper and a successful year.

Yours faithfully,

J.W.

#### THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM.





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

It is not our wont to use your columns in this way, but we feel it our bounden duty to enlighten those about to be interned at the Queen Victoria Hospital, as to the vicissitudes of that palatial shack graced by the name of "Stork Lodge", which we may state is its only adornment.

For the uninitiated, may we advise a coin as an essential part of the equipment. This will decide who is to forego the pleasure of an armchair, for two armchairs to three people is bound to cause some friction between parties. The lucky winners are indeed fortunate, for who can fail to enjoy a gluteal massage by springs which have long since discarded their "leather" coverings.

On leaving the chairs to cross over the magnificent patio, one enters a capacious sleeping chamber, equipped with beds guaranteed to produce spinal curvature unless the sleepers provide themselves with fracture boards. It would appear from the illumination of this apartment that time does indeed wait for man, the continuous dimness perpetuating the hour of 8 p.m.

With regard to bread at meal times, economy is the key-note, and should Mr. Havenga be successful in balancing his wheat budget, the reason would appear obvious.

The solitary advent of ice-cream during our stay was distinctly unwise, for there resulted three critical cases of acute mania. Fortunately, timely recovery permitted the writing of this letter.

In conclusion let us pass to the luxuries. The wireless, which was conspicuous by its absence, provided excellent reception, while the invisible telephone installed at quarters proved a source of revenue for the Public Box at the Children's Hospital.

May the near future see a change in present conditions, but we advise aspiring obstetricians to adopt as their watch-word:

"Nil Desperandum".

We are,  
Yours etc.,

BROWN & MODERATE..



Editor,  
The Auricle,

Sir,

For some considerable time, we are told, Johannesburg has been afflicted with a parking problem. With rare insight the University Authorities have overcome the difficulty in so far as we ourselves are concerned by prohibiting parking, for if parking be prohibited, the problem of parking automatically ceases to exist.

The same bold conception, I am glad to see, is taking root elsewhere in the Medical School. For instance, in the Men's Common Room, the progressive improvement in the condition of the furniture is rapidly rendering parking prohibitive, and in time will eliminate the necessity for furniture at all - which should considerably lighten the burden at present resting on the shoulders of the Amenities Committee.

Choice of suitable periodicals for Common Rooms has always been a problem. Certain public spirited gentlemen have effectively dealt with this by removing them as soon as they appear. This saves the bother of exchange with the Women's Common Room, and perhaps even the trouble of obtaining them at all. Hence the Journals Problem ceases to exist.

The Moral tone of the Auricle has in the past been severely criticised as causing corruption among parents of students. Determined to prevent a recurrence of this, a prominent member of the S.M.C. advocates a vigorous censorship. With a very slight extension of this principle, the Auricle problem ceases to exist, with the existence of the Auricle.

Problem - is this a Good Thing?

Yours etc,

Pro Bono Materfamilias.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LYKSKOU

Die kraaie het gekom om fees te vier;  
Die wit aasvoëls ry op ry  
Loer op die aas,- die arme verminkte  
deur die dood verwronge,- wat voor hul sprei.  
Nou rek hul hul nekke, nou draai hul hul koppe  
Om beter die gruwel-toneel te aanskou,  
Wyl daarvoor die bebloede, die oue verkrimpte  
Diep in die warme liggaam grou,  
En mors in die vuilis, en speel met die wonde,  
En seek om elk vretende seer te ontbloot.-  
Tot hy klaar is. 'n Roering ontstaan in hul range  
Hul kras wyl hul wag op die volgende dood.

P.J.K.

\*\*\*\*\*

**\*\* SONNET. \*\***

So near and yet so far thou art from me,  
Who desirest naught but to be close to thee,  
Each night doth hear my tender prayers breathed  
That ~~thine~~ dear love to me mightst be bequeathed.

It is but like the puny firefly,  
That pits himself against the stars on high;  
Such is the love that bursts my heart for thee,  
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressable she,  
The joy to touch thy ruby lips with mine,  
The unknown rapture to crush thee to my breast,  
To feel a tender heart, to know its thine,  
And have thy golden tresses by my lips caressed,  
Would be the heights of rapture divine;  
Say, love, wouldst thou be mine?

BEDGERIGAR.

(A Fresher).

=\*\*==\*\*==\*\*==\*\*=

**" THE DYING PATIENT"**

N.B. By a True to type Physician

With apologies to Byron's "Dying Gladiator".

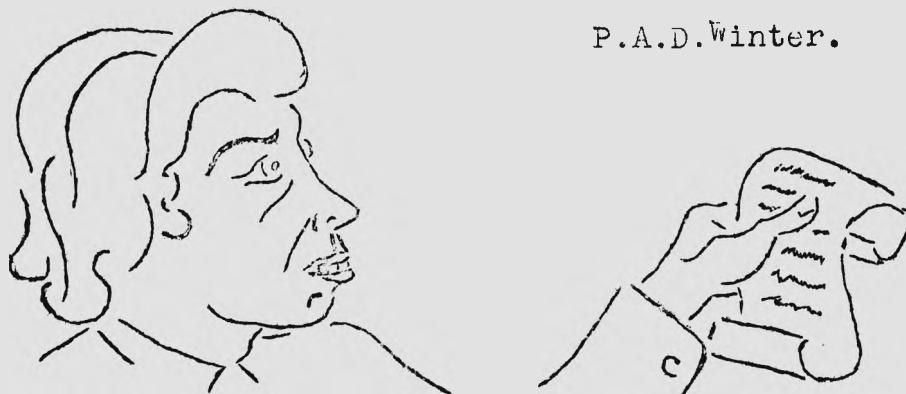
**IN THE THEATRE.**

Aye, here the buzz of eager whisper ran,  
In murmured pity or well suppressed applause  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man  
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore?  
But because such were the bloody circus genial laws  
And the scientific pleasure.  
And wherefore not? What matters where we fall -  
On battle plain or surgic cot.  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

**IN THE WARD.**

I see before me the patient lie  
He means upon the bed.  
His bandaged brow consents to death but conquers agony  
And o'er the white the dark blood oozing out  
Spreads slowly inch by inch  
Like the cancer in his surgeon's brain  
And now, the students swim before him ---  
Honis gone, ere ceased the inhuman talk  
That hailed the wretch that won.

P.A.D. Winter.



# BORBORSYCMI —



## IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE:

The patient, who, during the course of a rectal-feed, complained that there wasn't enough salt in the soup.

\*\*\*\*\*

Surgeon (on seeing newly-born infant with very thick soles to its feet)  
"What's it been doing? Marking time in the uterus till the wedding day?".  
(The Broad Way).

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Greatest Surgeon:

"Christopher Columbus circumcised the World with a forty-foot clipper." - History Essay.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Higher Pathology:-

Chief: What is the colour of a melanoma?

Student: Black.

C : Black?

S : Greyish-black

C : Greyish-black?

S : Well, a sort of grey.

C : Grey?

S : It may be white.

(London Hospital Gazette).

\*\*\*\*\*

## CLERKING HOWLERS:

"The patient did no vomit.....There was no blood in the vomit".

"On palpitation no abnormality found."

"Two brothers and three sisters. Both alive and well."

"Aspiration-pneumonia is the pneumonia one gets after drowning."

\*\*\*\*\*

Fourth-Year Clerk to first Patient: "What is your major complaint?"

Patient (promptly): The food here is very bad.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Overheard in the Non-European Hospital:

"Unami, John?"

Unintelligible noises.

"Ugn-er-er-ugulaphi?"

Silence

"Unobu-h'm-unobuhlungu kabi na?"

"I think, better you speak English to me, baas".

\*\*\*\*\*

It is rumoured that some shy Second Years inquired whether the Supply Association catered for girls for the Dance, and if so would the price be plus 5%?

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* DIE "RAND DAILY MAIL" .\*\*\*\*\*

Die "Rand Daily Mail" in die mans se Algemene Kamer laat 'n mens aan die disseksies van Kliniese Anatomie dink. Die koerant word in dele verdeel, en die wat die vroegste in die more kom, kry dan elkeen 'n deel wat hy na een van die hoeke van die kamer dra en daar bestudeer.

Die grootste voordeel van hierdie metode is die gemak waarmee jy kan lees. Jy kan op jou maag op een van die tafels gaan lê met 'n stuk koerant voor jou, of jy kan op jou eie rug lê of op die rug van jou maat wat miskien voor jou staan en lees. Wie wil dan graag by die tafel wat spesiaal vir die koerant gemaak is, gaan staan en lees?

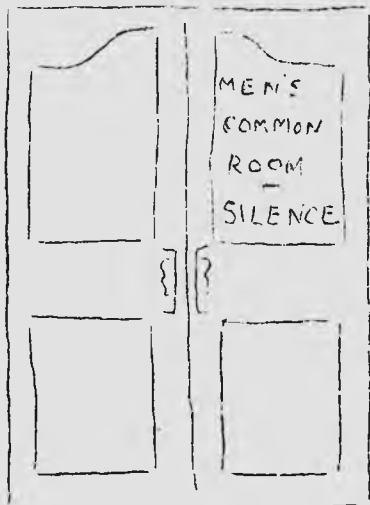
Party mense konsentreer beter as hulle, hulle voete op dieselfde vlak bring as hulle brein, en daarom gaan sit hulle lekker sag agteroor in een van die harde leuningstoel met hulle voete op die tafel. Dit vermeerder die bloeds- toevoer na die brein. Ander weer, konsentreer die beste as hulle die koerant na dieselfde vlak bring as hulle Glutaci en hulle gaan sit dan bo-op die tafel met die koerant plat op die tafel tussen hulle bene. Die sukses van hierdie metode hang af van die relatiewe hoeveelheid vet in jou sitplek en in jou dinkplek.

Die koerant word letterlik opgelees. In die middag is daar niks oor nie. Elke bladsy word tegelyk van al kante gelees - van onder en bo. Die bladsy met die voorspellings van die honde vir Vrydagaand kry die swaarste. As jy miskien belangstel in die jongste geboortes, verlowings en huwelike, of sulke nuus soos die bewapening in Europa, "Topics of the Town", wat in die bioskope of in Abessinië gebeur, dan moet jy vroeg kom om 'n deel van die koerant in die hande te kry. Die beste is om die eerste lesing in die more te bunk.

Ons is regte anatomiste, en ons wys dit selfs in die manier hoe ons 'n koerant lees.

Sal daar ooit 'n verandering kom?

N.KRAUSE.



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

FABLE THE FIRST: THE MAN OF MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, THE CONTRIBUTOR-TO-THE-AURICLE AND THE IDEALIST.

There once lived a Young Woman, an Idealist, whose fame had spread throughout the five Continents. She was renowned for her Great Beauty, Her Extracordinarily Vast Store of Knowledge and for her even more Extracordinarily Vast Store of Lucre, commonly styled by They-Who-Have-It-Not as The Filthy.

The Idealist, desiring Marriage, made a Public Announcement to this Effect: That she would Interview Daily, between the Hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., any Male who felt Confident in his Pretensions as a Suitable Spouse, Overseas Papers Please Copy. There then flocked to her Domicile men of All Descriptions, who recognised in their Respective Persons so many Examples of the Lord's-Answer-to-a-Maiden's-Prayer. Employing the Process of Selective Elimination, the Idealist made a Close Examination of the Qualities of each Candidate, but although of the Latter there numbered close on the Millionary, she found none to Suit her Tastes.

Eventually, but Two Candidates, remained . The First was Shown into Her Presence, and being a Man of Modesty, Intelligence and Culture, refrained from Boosting himself beyond informing the Idealist that he was a Contributor-~~to~~-the-Auricle. As a Referential Eulogium, he thought, this Was Sufficient.

The Second Candidate was a Man of More Ambitious Propensities, and accordingly introduced himself as a Man of Many Accomplishments In answer to the Idealist's Question, he stated that he was an Authority on the Classics, French, Comparative Philology, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Music, Social Anthropology, Archaeology, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology, Geography, Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology and Bacteriology Pharmacology, Medicine, Surgery, Psychiatry, Obsteteries and Gynecology, Public Health, Forensic Medicine, Mechanical Engineering, Law and Dentistry; and that he had been in Succession Captain of the National Rugby XV, Cox of the Cambridge VIII, World Heavyweight Boxing Champion, Nobel Prize Winner for Literature, Poet Laureate, English Open Golf Champion, Wimbledon Singles Champion, School Head Prefect, Chairman of the S.M.C. and World's Best Dressed Man. He concluded by saying that his Modesty prevented him from Adding More.

After Considering the Matter Carefully, the Idealist decided that the Man of Many Accomplishments presented the More Favourable Case, and so of the Two Candidates it was the Contributor-to-the Auricle who departed Brokenheartedly to Drown his Sorrow in Drink.

Many years later, the Contributor-to-the-Auricle, now fully Recovered from the Tragic Incident, Collided in a Busy Thoroughfare with a Prematurely-Aged Individual, in whom he immediately Recognised the Man of Many Accomplishments.

"And how", Queried the Contributor-to-the-Auricle, "are you finding Matrimony?"

Said the Man of Many Accomplishments: "I am obliged to admit that Despite my Many Accomplishments, I Fail to Possess those most Essential in the Art of Holy Wedlock. For I have never been a Magician, a Lion-Tamer, a Court Jester, a Crooner of Lullabies, Manager of the Bank of England nor a Ventriloquist's Dummy. I shall go so far as to declare that Matrimony has Ruthlessly Destroyed my Physical and Mental Constitutions! "

Whereupon he Departed, Never to be Seen Again in his Right Mind.

MORAL: Write for the Auricle.

M.G.

## THE PROFESSOR ADVISES.

(A dramatised version of a heart-rending appeal by the Dean to the Second Year Class).

When first my Fingers feeble held  
A scalpel silvery new,  
My buoyant nature Ne'er was quell'd, --  
I muscles oft cut through.

My masters cursed at me and swore:  
"Depraved butcher, thou!"  
And at their hair they tugg'd and tore,  
Until I made this vow:

"No more the bayonet-edge I'LL wield,  
Aside, o' rapier keen!  
I'LL 'ploy a blunted, border'd shield  
'Mid liver, lung and spleen".

My Scalpel's oxidised to rust,  
No more a knife I use:  
For I soon lost that 'mowing' lust, --  
My masters lost 'the blues'.

Now I dissect with FINGERS eight  
And THUMBS that total two:  
So heed the moral -- correlate:  
"The bayonet edge is Taboo!".

M.G.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A FANTASY OF THE WARD.

In the ward are lying patients,  
Each, according to his sickness,  
Tosses, quakes or groans or mumbles,  
Sleeps or reads or dreams in silence.  
To and fro the nurses hurry  
Filled with zeal for duty noble --  
**Like** the canter of a stallion  
Is the vigour of their footsteps.  
Through the thud of pillows beaten,  
Sister loudly gives instructions;  
While the houseman is performing  
Clinical examinations.

At the door appears a student.  
Down the ward the message flutters --  
"Lo! a student here has entered!"  
Sister whispers all her orders:  
Nurses walk on tiptoe treading --  
Gently now perform their labours.  
Patients cease their mild diversions,  
Smile, and strive to win his notice.  
And the houseman, who's percussing,



Leaves his work and runs to meet him,  
And informs him most politely.  
That he's eager to assist him.

Then the Chief, the Great Professor,  
Who just happens to be passing,  
Stops and says unto the student:  
"Your attention to your cases  
Fills my heart with admiration.  
As you know, there is no knowledge  
That is left for me to teach you,  
Since you're certainly a master  
From "Anatomy" to "Treatment",  
It is really most ironic  
That you still have student status.  
As regards examinations,  
Do not trouble to attend them  
I've decided to present you  
With a first class pass;  
And it seems I'll have to give one  
To the whole damn class."

J.W.

\*\*\*\*\*

= FRIDA: DULCISSIMA =

Nou kan ek dit nie langer hou nie  
Ek dink maar met die sakie deur  
Dis jy, jou skelm, ou skat ou Frietjie  
Wat my hele siel omkeer.

En my moedjies is so min ou Frietjie,  
En my liefde word steeds meer,  
Dis jou slink figuur en fraai gesiggie  
Jou skelm oë wat tempteer.

Ek pak die boeke maar die beelde  
Van jou wese en jou oë  
Voer my weg in daggroomweelde  
Frida is al klaar my eie.

Maar by jou moet my tong mos vassteek  
En die bloes my wange klaur  
Ag Frietjie, het jy niks gevrees nie?  
Se net: Kan ek maar my kans probeer?

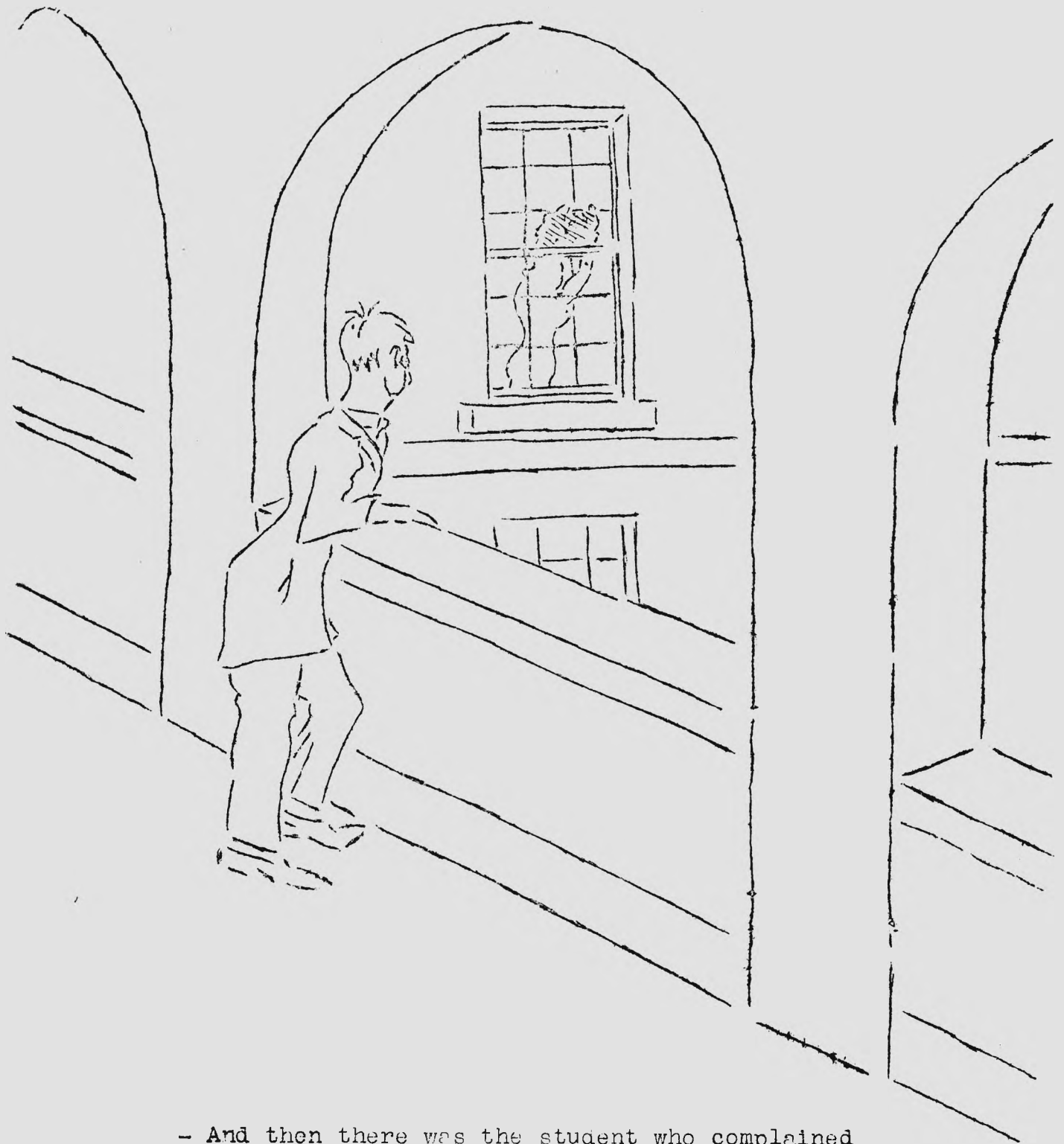
Samblieftog, Frie, man, hoor tog  
Hoe dolgraag ek jou hart willhe  
En al se jy nee Frie ek bly hoop nog  
My alles eendag aan jou voet te le.

P.A.D.Winter.

\*\*\*\*\*







- And then there was the student who complained  
that the surface anatomy class offered only  
the barest facilities.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### NEISSER RHYMES FOR DIPLOCOCCI

The gonococcus goes in pairs  
And faults of inhibition thus repairs,  
A fact that need not shock us.  
But when a human does the same  
I think it is a beastly shame  
He gets the Gonococcus.

\*\*\*\*\*

AT THE SECOND YEAR DANCE.

(The following conversation was overheard by an eaves-dropping committee-member, who unshamedly simulated drunkenness as his modus operandi:)

"Oh, Gerald, to think that you cut up bodies in this room! How terrible thrilling!"

"Yes, Evelyn, although, if I may say so, your use of the verb 'to cut up' is rather misdirected. One speaks appropriately of butchers 'cutting up' the carcasses of animals bovine and otherwise. But **in connection** with - ah - anatomy students, the verb 'to dissect' conveys a more correct picture of our everyday activities in this Theatre. During the course of a lecture on this subject, Prof. --- particularly emphasised that Dissection embraced the Art of NOT cutting up. To illustrate: Musculus sternocleidomastoideus arises ~~---~~ "

"Oh, Gerald, do you know that nice-looking boy with the blue eyes? He keeps on looking at me. Don't turn round, he's looking here ! I'm sure he's a medical student, his hair's so nicely brushed."

"Quite, Evelyn. As I was saying, Musculus sterno- "

"Oh, he actually blushed ! Do introduce me. I'm sure he's fallen. He doesn't like his partner very much, I don't think. Don't wonder either. **What** a perfectly horrid dress. Yellow !"

"Now Sternocleidomastoideus - a difficult word that - arises - er - from the - ah - femur, - but, as a matter of fact Musculus rectus capitus posterior major affords just as good an example. It arises - it is found in the neck. It inserts - well -"

"You must have terribly strong nerves, and a marvellous constitution to come here day after day, and cut up human bodies. Why, I'm sure I'd faint if I as much as saw -"

"Well, it is true that instances are on record when students have swooned as a result of a first glimpse of the cadaver. But the majority of us, - well, let me relate my own experience. The first day of term, I was fully twenty ~~yards~~ distant from the Dissecting Hall when the pervading stench of Formalin assailed my nostrils. I could easily enough have turned away, but I staunchly proceeded. From my pocket I drew my handkerchief (which my mother had thoughtfully soaked in sal volatile). Applying this to my nose, I entered the Hall. I had been previously advised to narrow my eyes on making my first entry, so that the confounder beholds a vision of hazy outline. I did so, but my precaution proved unnecessary, the bodies not being uncovered. Returning to the Hall some twenty minutes later, I failed to employ caution. Imagine my horror to find that in my absence the bodies had been uncovered. I felt hastily for my handkerchief. I had been initiated ! Ever since then -"

"Oh, Gerald, how brave you are. Who is that boy with the girl in pink? I think he wants to be introduced to me. I must be looking very pretty this evening. And how far from the bodies do you sit when you are working ?"

"No distance at all. In order that certain parts may be adequately dissected, it is often necessary for the complete hand or manus to be inserted into the particular anatomy of the body. Nerves must be found, arteries, veins -"

"Gerald, how awful !"

"At first I had very little stomach for the work, and manipulated gloved fingers. Later, however, throwing caution to the wind, I abandoned my gloves, and employed naked digits."

"Oh, Gerald, but don't you - doesn't it worry you to think that it is a human being you're cutting up, and that his soul may be gazing at you in anguish and torment ?"

"Not in the least. The existence of a post-mortem soul

is highly questionable, and, in my opinion, improbable."

"Gerald !"

"Merely a scientific outlook, Evelyn."

"Oh, you scientists. Darwin and the rest of you !"

"Surely you don't doubt the benefits that have resulted from our detailed research ?"

"I don't think the girls here tonight are very nice, do you? But the boys are marvellous. Isn't that fat one sweet ?"

"May I suggest: 'Cherubic'?"

"Oh, Gerald, how clever! And where do they get the bodies for you to dissect? - Did any of them die of terrible diseases ?"

"As to your first question, I have my doubts. To your second I say 'Yes!' Our body died of thrombosis."

"Oh, what's that?"

"Ah, well - cancer in the brain."

"Gerald, how dreadful!"

"These things happen you know."

"But, Gerald, isn't Cancer contagious or infectious -"

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly. The cancer bacteria are dangerous fellows, but they're mostly destroyed by the Formalin."

"Oh, I'm glad, Gerald."

"Why, Evelyn?"

"Oh, Gerald, you know why."

"Ah - er - Evelyn, there's a roof garden of sorts above this Hall. There's a wonderful view of Ansteys' and Escom House. Er - care to go and see?"

"Yes, Gerald."

"Good, Let's go."

M. G.



First year



Second Year



Sixth Year.

THREE STAGES OF LABOUR

\*\*\*\* ON A SERIOUS TOPIC. \*\*\*\*

The Senate recently passed a resolution that "the first part of the final professional examination be held at the end of the long vacation", and the medical student body, despite the activity of many committees, select and otherwise, who are busily trying to make us bigger and better in every way, has received this pronouncement with more than their customary apathy. And the curriculum committee has fallen into a slumber of Rip van Winkle proportions. "they came, they heard, and they cased not".

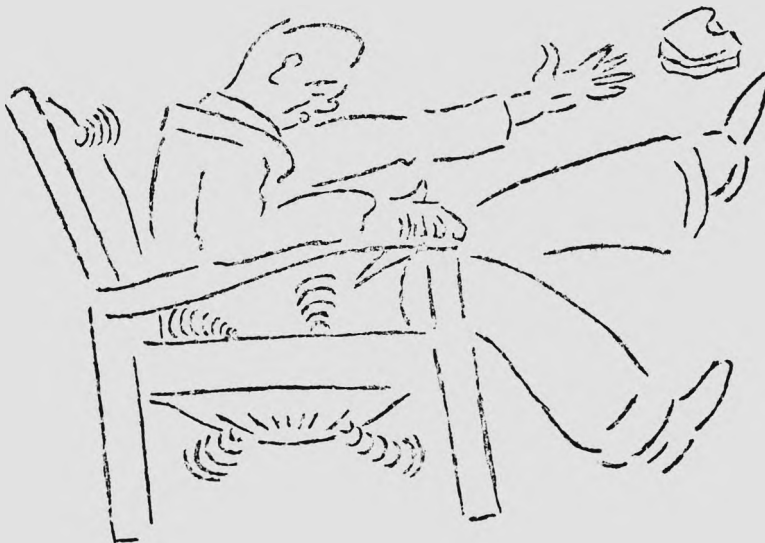
But consider! If we are required to write Forensic Medicine, Public Health, and Psychiatry in February, and there is a proposal afoot for the examination in Pharmacology to come off at the same time, it means that the student from the beginning of his clinical teaching does not get a break until he has completed his final. We had hoped that recent developments in the matter of curriculum tended towards a policy of moderation, but here we are faced with lectures filling up every available moment of spare time and an inconvenient timetable for exams. The prospect of writing the final within eight months of the fifth year examinations is not at all inviting, and the position of those unfortunate enough to have a supplementary exam. will be still less happy.

Our chiefs claim that we avoid the wards during October and November in favour of our books; but if the examinations are held in February, that month is lost to clinical teaching and the physician has a tired and dispirited student on his hands during the first clinical term. It is therefore not clear what the clinical teaching staff hoped to gain by having this resolution accepted by the Senate. From the students' viewpoint it seems to be a most detrimental proposal.

Well, victims, what are you going to do about it?

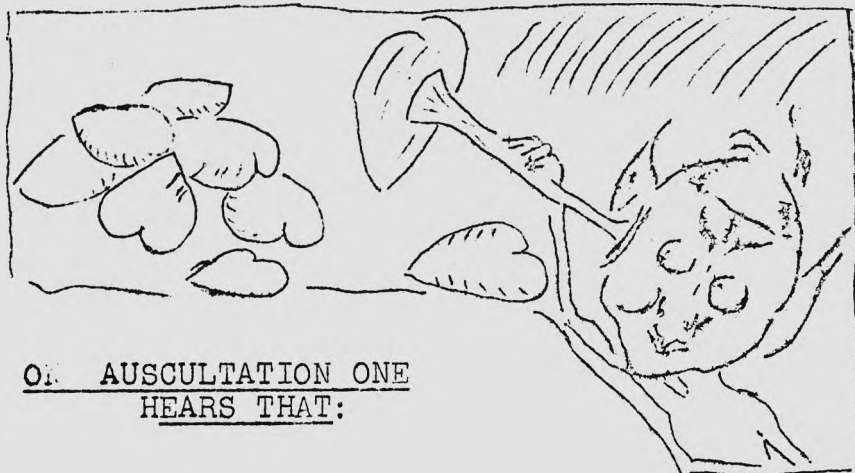
R.E.Bernstein.

\*\*\*\*\*



Another thing we like about the Common Room furniture is the way one simply sinks into the cushions.

\*\*\*\*\*



OF AUSCULTATION ONE  
HEARS THAT:

That there is a humorist in the Municipal Traffic Department.  
It must be he who put the danger sign outside the Nurses' Home.

\*\*\*\*\*

That the waiters at the Medical School Lounge are handsome  
fellows indeed, but that better service might be had during  
the lunch-hour if there were more of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

That those responsible for shifting the date of the fifth  
year examination have not gained additional popularity thereby.

\*\*\*\*\*

That a very high wall is being built in front of the Medical  
School to prevent people from seeing that the place is not  
yet plastered.

\*\*\*\*\*

That our desire for the Medical School to be beautified is  
being met by "No Parking" and "Keep off the Grass " notices.

\*\*\*\*\*

That the editor denies that any cigarette ends are being  
put into the Auricle contribution box.

\*\*\*\*\*

That it requires a hero to give in the Men's Common Room,  
but that it's not a place fit for heroes to live in.

\*\*\*\*\*

That teaspoons ~~were~~ the most popular form of souvenir  
at the second Year Dance, but that one reveller took home  
a teapot to remind him of the occasion

\*\*\*\*\*

That the S.M.C. is going in for mammoth meetings and that  
if less were done at each meeting it might be done better.

\*\*\*\*\*



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44-7055

Apology to Record Buyers!!

A great deal of public apathy has been aroused by the issue of the lyrics, music and the so called voice of Tom Lehrer who was raised by a Yak by whom he was always treated as one of the family. One time Prof. of Maths at Harvard University, TOM LEHRER has now settled down in Massachusetts where he earns a precarious living peddling dope to the local Medical Students, and rolling occasional drunks - -

We apologise for having stocks of this L.P. record, but must get rid of them to the small but diminishing group of SADISTICALLY INCLINED IDIOTS who enjoy a morbid pleasure in hearing songs by pseudo-intellectuals -

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\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

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Von Brandis & Main Sts.,  
JOHANNESBURG,

Phone: 23-8548

have again had the pleasure of typing  
and duplicating the AURICLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Vol 3 no 2, 1937



B.S. HERMISTON. 1937.



On a Vulgar Custom.

Our existence at the Medical School is a fairly pleasant round. The tenor would be very even, were it not disturbed by the occasional intrusion of some jarring feature. The pernicious system of cliques may be mentioned in illustration.

These cliques are associations of idle persons who have in common a hatred of the same people and principles, coupled with a great liking for small talk and scandal and for little else besides. For the most part these coteries are founded upon a narrow racial basis. Their members are students with educations so limited and minds so inelastic that they are unable to exchange views with persons of a different origin. Aware of their own inferiority these morons band themselves for protection, into "select" herds, where they incubate their hatreds and keep up their morale by assuring each other that they are fine fellows indeed. Their object is to sneer and since they do it in unison and have a great deal of practice, they do it fairly well.

Mutual admiration societies may serve a useful biological function when they are composed of a pair of lovers, but when they are constituted in the manner of our cliques the union is unlikely to be consummated in any worthy fashion.

Such effete and pernicious groups are not wanted at the Medical School.

\*\*\*\*\*

Die insluiting van Afrikaanse artikels in die uitgawe van die "Auricle" is g'n splinternuwe beluid of drastiese stap nie. Dit was nog altyd vry vir studente om hulle opinies te lug in een van die twee offisiële tale. Daar het egter tot dusver bloedweinig Afrikaans in die blad verskyn.

Dit blyk al/<sup>te</sup>duidelik uit die stigting van die nuwe Afrikaanse Spreek-klub by die Mediese Skool dat daar an behoefte is vir die aanleer van Afrikaans. In daardie behoefte wil die "Auricle" ook help voorsien deur die plasing van artikels in Afrikaans.

Maar, dit is vanselfsprekend dat 'n man wat 'n taal gebrekkig ken nie sy onkunde op papier gaan tentoonstel nie. Dit hang dis goobendeels van die Afrikaanssprekende studente af om hulle Medestudente te hulp te kom deur flink, lewendige, humoristiese of ernstige artikels, prosawerk poësie te skrywe wat die Engelssprekendes graag sal lees om hulle woordeskat en taalkennis uit te brei. Terselfdertyd maak hulle gebruik van die voorreg om vry opinies uit te spreek in hulle Moedertaal en sodeende die ander rasse in die skool meer vertrouwd te maak met hulle sedes, tradisies en kultuur.

Dit is bedis 'n mooi beginsal, maar die hele sukses daarvan hang af van die daadwerklike samewerking met die komitee van alle studente, insonderheid die Afrikaanssprekendes. Tot dusver was die oes maar 'n skrale. Gaan die toekoms, soos die verlede, ook een wees van versuimde plig en ongebruikte kanse?

## POST-MORTEM REFORMATION.

(We are informed that the Authorities have taken objection to the suggested unseemliness of certain members of the Third Year Class. It appears that the latter find the atmosphere of the Post-Mortem Theatre strongly conducive to a laughter and gaiety of rather unsettling spontaneity.. We regard the matter gravely. Is this not perhaps yet another indication of a nascent stirring of the worthy struggle for Student Independence? This may indeed be the turning point,- from Renaissance to Reformation! Visualise the Post-Mortem Theatre of To-morrow! )

SCENE: The Post-Mortem Theatre, 1950. As yet the room is void of life. On the table in the centre of the floor lies the unsullied body of an emaciated woman. The pacific quiet is suddenly shattered by a flourish of trumpets, and all doors leading into the theatre are flung open. Keeping in rhythm to the melancholy strains of a popular 'Jazz Number', in shuffle a host of white-robed students in divers attitudes. To a 1937 Rip van Winkle the change is startlingly impressive. The men are well-mannered, unobstrusive and quiet in speech; the women are good-looking, friendly and intelligent. The men bow low, and invite the women, who smile their gratitude, to occupy the front rows. When all are seated, One Taller Than The Rest enters. He is the class representative, Amid a terrifying crescendo of violins he goose-steps gingerly to the centre of the room.

### Opening Chorus:



Hush, Hush! with stealthy gait  
Across this Hall of Sighs you tread.  
Eagerly we've come to wit,-  
Nor noise a sound, nor wake the dead!

### Song: Class Representative.

For within this drear arena  
Gather we (without subpoena!)  
Students we, - none are there keener,-  
Note our passionate demeanour!  
Heed the body, have you seen her!.  
'Sfaith she could not be much leaner!  
Features hers than grass are greener,  
Save the blue,- that marks a vena.

### CHORUS:

Features hers, etc.

(A Rumbling of the kettledrum is heard without, The Class Representative turns to the Left Entrance and bows submissively. Enter Chief Who Is To Conduct Post-Mortem).

### Chorus:

All hail, great Master, lustrous Chief!  
Thy presence exiles gloom.  
While thou art here, depart sad grief!  
Thy weepings herald, Doom!  
Ah, sweet delight,  
Mind erudite!  
From hea'enly height  
This gloom we'll fight.

Song: Chief:

Good morning, all, this welcome great  
Has moved me deeply; mark my state.  
Excuse me, pray, for coming late,-  
I had a somewhat earlier date.  
In humour pleasant shall I prate  
On tumours,- at a dev'lish rate.  
Bend on your knees and thank kind Fate.  
That humour'd words wait your palate.

Chorus (kneeling):

Yes, on our knees we'll thank the Fates  
That humour'd words wait our palates.

Recitative: Chief:

Of malignant neoplasms has this woman died.  
If one of you will wield this knife, we'll have a look inside.  
(His eyes fall pleasantly on a fresh-featured youth, who smiles charmingly at this acknowledgment. The remaining students sigh disappointedly. The chosen youth, knife in hand, possesses a confident air, and wastes no time in opening the cadaver).

Song: Chief:

On tumours I'm said to be hot,  
It's well known that I know quite a lot:  
Fibroma, Lipoma,  
Chondroma, Myoma  
Are but a few of the tumours I wot.

As a matter of fact, I could speak  
On this subject for over a week.  
But my task Ewing eases -  
His "Neoplastic Diseases"  
Will make clear what to you is now Greek.

A tumour, you've heard, is a growth,  
The cause of which nobody knoweth  
The growth's excessive,  
But, strangely, progressive,-  
And lives on its own, so Muir showeth

(Aside):

I should really inform them much more,  
For an hour I'm entitled the floor!  
But beside my Pathology  
I've studied Psychology,--  
They'd be certain to call me a bore!

(To Class):

That's enough for to-day, I am sure,  
Here's a lesson that's golden and pure:-  
If you wish to succeed  
For an hour a day read  
"A Text-Book of Path," by R. Muir.

Song: Class Representative:

We thank you, Chief, you've done your best,  
You've taught us with vigour and polish and zest.  
But you're getting old and you need a rest,  
For duties hang heavily on your weary breast.  
We know that for time you're now anxiously press'd,  
But to-morrow we'll meet for our Quarterly test.  
And then in the Vivas you'll merrily jest:  
"How strangely you've answered, how wrongly you've guess'd!"



(To this 'Chestnut' the Chief smiles feebly in the traditional Manner. Waving his hand cheerfully, he makes his departure).

Finale: Chorus:

Happy, Shavian venture ceases,--  
Truth in Schopenhauer's thesis!  
Our lustrous, 'llumined light has left,--  
Our optimistic souls are cleff'd!

Sopranos:

Return bright sun to thy dark cloud;  
Return the corpse its gloomy shroud.

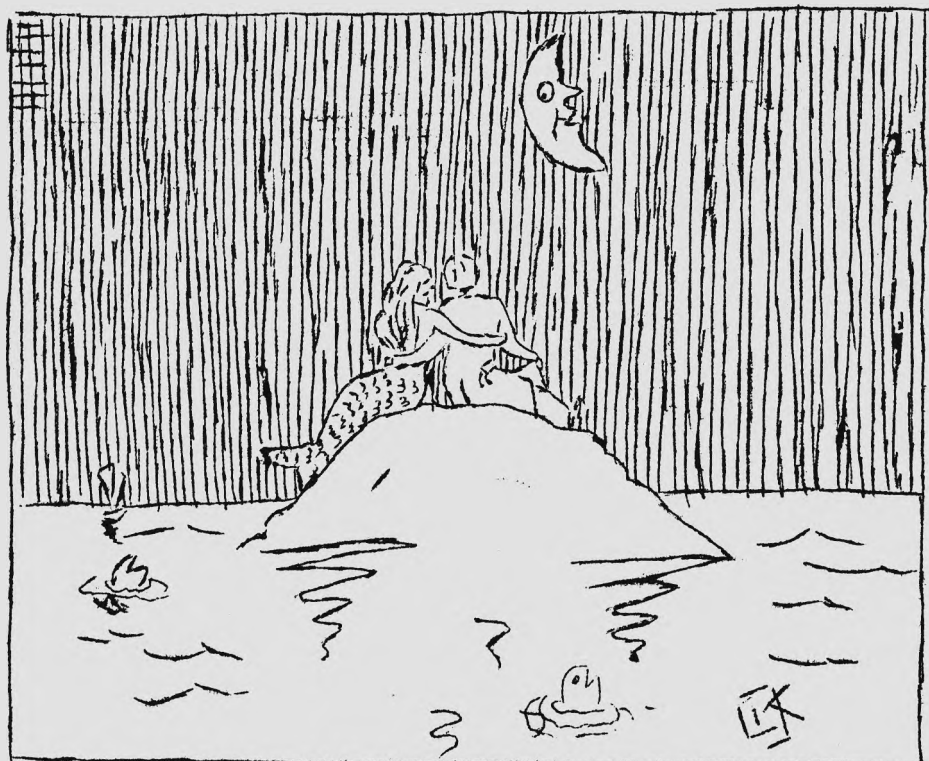
All:

O death, we hail thee!  
Death!

(All fall senseless to the floor. Slow Curtain).

M.G.

\*\*\*\*\*

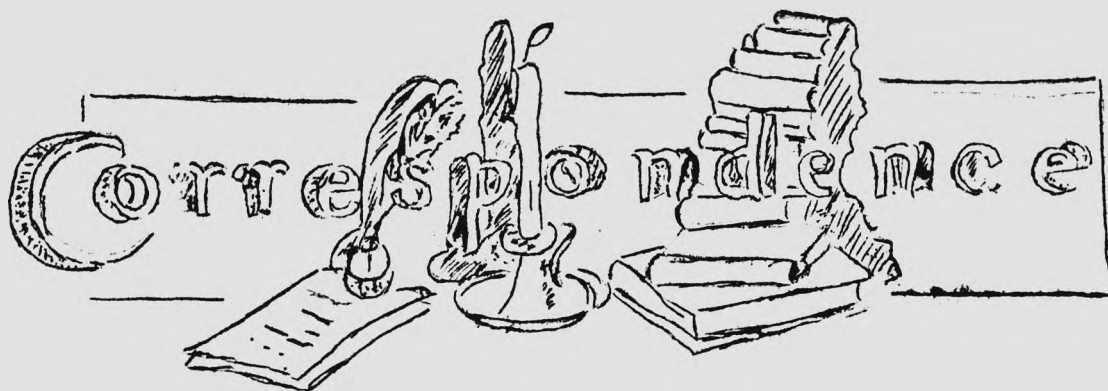


Clinical terms explained : — a fluid thrill.



IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE

The highway man who  
asked the FIFTH year  
medical student to  
stand and deliver.



The Editor of the 'Auricle';

Dear Sir,

I hope you won't mind my writing to you like this but I simply had to tell someone. You see, I found out that you don't Have to be on a committee when you're in the Medical School and I always thought you had to. And when I first came here, you know I tried so hard, I went round to nearly all the notice boards in the Medical School and I wrote down the names of all the societies, councils, circles, committees, groups and sub-committees and other bodies on a piece of paper. I didn't see the notice-board in the Men's Common Room because when I went to have a look there was a lot of men reading a page of the Daily Mail and well, you know what they always think.

So I wrote down this list:

Medical Council,  
Anthropological Circle,  
Physiology Tutorial Group,  
Developments Committee,  
Rugby Club,  
Mathematical Circle,  
Clinical Discussion Society,  
Bantu Society.

and a lot more about 57, I think. I thought you had to be on a committee, as I told you before, so I closed my eyes and put my pencil on the list. And I found I was on the Developments Committee. I was terribly disappointed because I so wanted to be on the Medical Council and I don't want to develop anything. But if you're scientific, and I know I am, you stick to your results. You do! So I went round to look for the secretary but I only found the Bantu Chairman and when I told him, he said I didn't have to be on a committee and I knew what he was thinking so I wrote to you.

HENRIETTA.

EPISTOLA CANDIDA.

The Editor of the "Auricle",

Sir,

The "Auricle" of the past has not justified its existence. It has been the distributor of a little merriment, and nothing more. I do not disparage the presence of a certain amount of humour in a journal; but journals consisting solely of "funny" articles are called comics, and it does not behove the "Auricle"

to be a comic. It is quite true that the average medical student does want to find anything "not" funny in the "Auricle". If he finds anything serious he expresses regret, at the very least. Now, although it is generally fair and reasonable that the payer of the piper should call the tune, there are very good reasons why the medical student should not get what he wants in the "Auricle". The current conception of what the "Auricle" ought to be arises largely from the assumption that the division of the Medical School newspaper into a scientific "Leech" and a non-scientific "Auricle" is equivalent to a division into a serious journal and a non-serious one. This assumption is false. The "Auricle" cannot be excused from being as much as possible a source of benefit to the students. If it can be this only through stimulating laughter, the paper is unnecessary. The S.M.C. could achieve its aim much more more effectively and with less trouble by distributing "Ballyhoo".

But there happen to be other ways in which the "Auricle" can be a credit to the Medical School. It can be a medium for the expression of those criticisms of various University bodies, which are at present wasted on a few odd students in the common rooms. It can be a mouthpiece for views on national matters and on topics of great general interest. It can, in short, be an instrument for the creation of a University opinion -- usually a very considerable force in a country, but very poorly developed at this University. Perhaps the medical student has no taste for this sort of thing. Then the "Auricle" will do an additional service by cultivating taste.

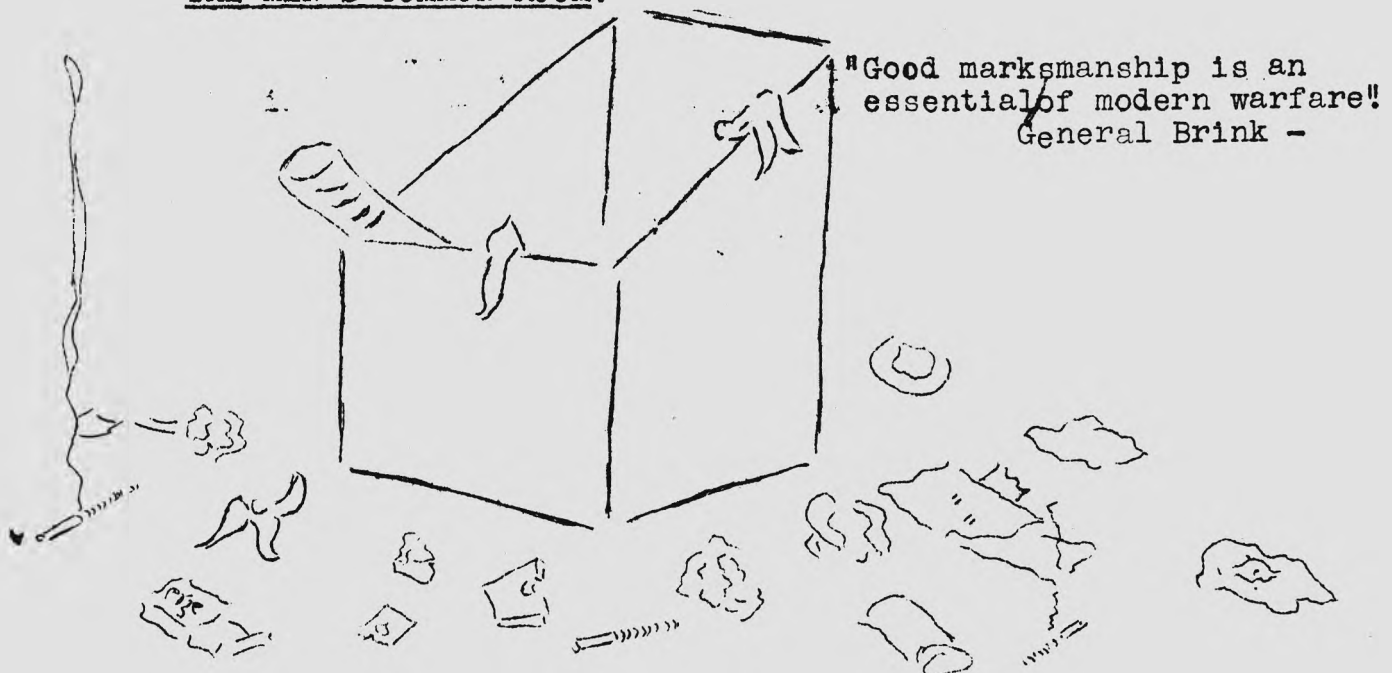
One or two other matters call for remarks. The editorials, with one exception -- that dealing with rights -- have previously been little more than self-conscious apologies for the "Auricle"s having been produced. An editorial at least should say something of importance, even if nothing else does. Also, the sub-editing can be much better than it has been, both as to the correction of syntactical errors and as to ensuring a correct literary setting in the proofs.

Sir, I wish you a worthy paper and a successful year.

Yours faithfully,

J.W.

#### THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

It is not our wont to use your columns in this way, but we feel it our bounden duty to enlighten those about to be interned at the Queen Victoria Hospital, as to the vicissitudes of that palatial shack graced by the name of "Stork Lodge", which we may state is its only adornment.

For the uninitiated, may we advise a coin as an essential part of the equipment. This will decide who is to forego the pleasure of an armchair, for two armchairs to three people is bound to cause some friction between parties. The lucky winners are indeed fortunate, for who can fail to enjoy a gluteal massage by springs which have long since discarded their "leather" coverings.

On leaving the chairs to cross over the magnificent patio, one enters a capacious sleeping chamber, equipped with beds guaranteed to produce spinal curvature unless the sleepers provide themselves with fracture boards. It would appear from the illumination of this apartment that time does indeed wait for man, the continuous dimness perpetuating the hour of 8 p.m.

With regard to bread at meal times, economy is the key-note, and should Mr. Havenga be successful in balancing his wheat budget, the reason would appear obvious.

The solitary advent of ice-cream during our stay was distinctly unwise, for there resulted three critical cases of acute mania. Fortunately, timely recovery permitted the writing of this letter.

In conclusion let us pass to the luxuries. The wireless, which was conspicuous by its absence, provided excellent reception, while the invisible telephone installed at quarters proved a source of revenue for the Public Box at the Children's Hospital.

May the near future see a change in present conditions, but we advise aspiring obstetricians to adopt as their watch-word:

"Nil Desperandum".

We are,  
Yours etc.,

BRCVN & MODERATE..

Editor,  
The Auricle,

Sir,

For some considerable time, we are told, Johannesburg has been afflicted with a parking problem. With rare insight the University Authorities have overcome the difficulty in so far as we ourselves are concerned by prohibiting parking, for if parking be prohibited, the problem of parking automatically ceases to exist.

The same bold conception, I am glad to see, is taking root elsewhere in the Medical School. For instance, in the Men's Common Room, the progressive improvement in the condition of the furniture is rapidly rendering parking prohibitive, and in time will eliminate the necessity for furniture at all - which should considerably lighten the burden at present resting on the shoulders of the Amenities Committee.

Choice of suitable periodicals for Common Rooms has always been a problem. Certain public spirited gentlemen have effectively dealt with this by removing them as soon as they appear. This saves the bother of exchange with the Women's Common Room, and perhaps even the trouble of obtaining them at all. Hence the Journals Problem ceases to exist.

The Moral tone of the Auricle has in the past been severely criticised as causing corruption among parents of students. Determined to prevent a recurrence of this, a prominent member of the S.M.C. advocates a vigorous censorship. With a very slight extension of this principle, the Auricle problem ceases to exist, with the existence of the Auricle.

Problem - is this a Good Thing?

Yours etc,

Pro Bono Materfamilias.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LYKSKOU

Die kraaie het gekom om fees te vier;  
Die wit aasvoëls ry op ry  
Loer op die aas,- die arme verminkte  
deur die dood verwronge,- wat voor hul sorei.  
Nou rek hul hul nekke, nou draai hul hul koppe  
Om beter die gruwel-toneel te aanskou,  
Wyl daarvoor die bebloede, die oue verkrimpte  
Diep in die warme liggaam grou,  
En mors in die vuilis, en speel met die wonde,  
En seek om elk vretende seer te ontbloot.-  
Tot hy klaar is. 'n Roering ontstaan in hul range  
Hul kras wyl hul wag op die volgende dood.

P.J.K.

\*\*\*\*\*



**\*\* SONNET. \*\***

So near and yet so far thou art from me,  
Who desirest naught but to be close to thee,  
Each night doth hear my tender prayers breathed  
That ~~thine~~ dear love to me mightst be bequeathed.

It is but like the puny firefly,  
That pits himself against the stars on high;  
Such is the love that bursts my heart for thee,  
The fair, the chaste, the unexpressable she,  
The joy to touch thy ruby lips with mine,  
The unknown rapture to crush thee to my breast,  
To feel a tender heart, to know its thine,  
And have thy golden tresses by my lips caressed,  
Would be the heights of rapture divine;  
Say, love, wouldst thou be mine?

BEDGERIGAR.

(A Fresher).

==\*==\*==\*==\*==

**" THE DYING PATIENT"**

N.B. By a True to type Physician

With apologies to Byron's "Dying Gladiator".

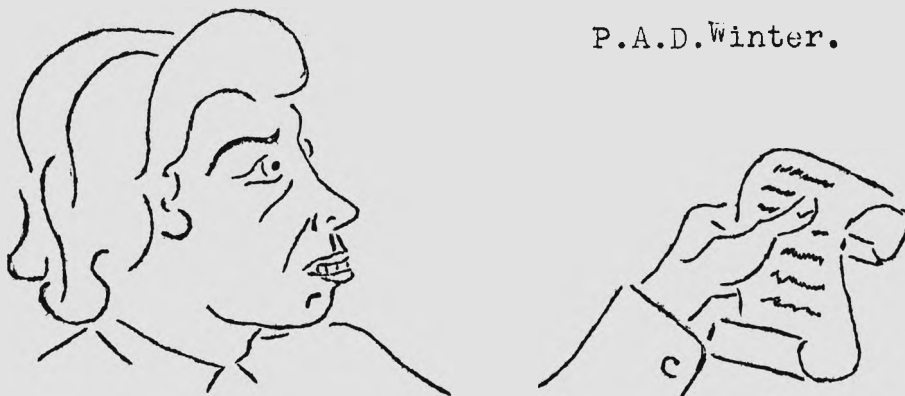
**IN THE THEATRE.**

Aye, here the buzz of eager whisper ran,  
In murmured pity or well suppressed applause  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man  
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore?  
But because such were the bloody circus genial laws  
And the scientific pleasure.  
And wherefore not? What matters where we fall -  
On battle plain or surgic cot.  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

**IN THE WARD.**

I see before me the patient lie  
He moans upon the bed.  
His bandaged brow consents to death but conquers agony  
And o'er the white the dark blood oozing out  
Spreads slowly inch by inch  
Like the cancer in his surgeon's brain  
And now, the students swim before him --  
Henis gone, ere ceased the inhuman talk  
That hailed the wretch that won.

P.A.D. Winter.



# BORBORSYCM!



## IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE:

The patient, who, during the course of a rectal-feed, complained that there wasn't enough salt in the soup.

\*\*\*\*\*

Surgeon (on seeing newly-born infant with very thick soles to its feet):  
"What's it been doing? Marking time in the uterus till the wedding day?"  
(The Broad Way).

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Greatest Surgeon:

"Christopher Columbus circumcised the World with a forty-foot clipper." - History Essay.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Higher Pathology:-

Chief: What is the colour of a melanoma?

Student: Black.

C : Black?

S : Greyish-black

C : Greyish-black?

S : Well, a sort of grey.

C : Grey?

S : It may be white.

(London Hospital Gazette).

\*\*\*\*\*

## CLERKING HOWLERS:

"The patient did no vomit.....There was no blood in the vomit".

"On palpitation no abnormality found."

"Two brothers and three sisters. Both alive and well."

"Aspiration-pneumonia is the pneumonia one gets after drowning."

\*\*\*\*\*

Fourth-Year Clerk to first Patient: "What is your major complaint?"

Patient (promptly): The food here is very bad.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Overheard in the Non-European Hospital:

"Unami, John?"

Unintelligible noises.

"Ugn-er-er-ugulaphi?"

Silence

"Unobu-h'm-unobuhlungu kabi na?"

"I think, better you speak English to me, baas".

\*\*\*\*\*

It is rumoured that some shy Second Years inquired whether the Supply Association catered for girls for the Dance, and if so would the price be plus 5%?

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* DIE "RAND DAILY MAIL". \*\*\*\*\*

Die "Rand Daily Mail" in die mans se Algemeen Kamer laat 'n mens aan die disseksies van Kliniese Anatomie dink. Die koerant word in dele verdeel, en die wat die vroegste in die more kom, kry dan elkeen 'n deel wat hy na een van die hoeke van die kamer dra en daar bestudeer.

Die grootste voordeel van hierdie metode is die gemak waarmee jy kan lees. Jy kan op jou maag op een van die tafels gaan lê met 'n stuk koerant voor jou, of jy kan op jou eie rug lê of op die rug van jou maat wat miskien voor jou staan en lees. Wie wil dan graag by die tafel wat spesiaal vir die koerant gemaak is, gaan staan en lees?

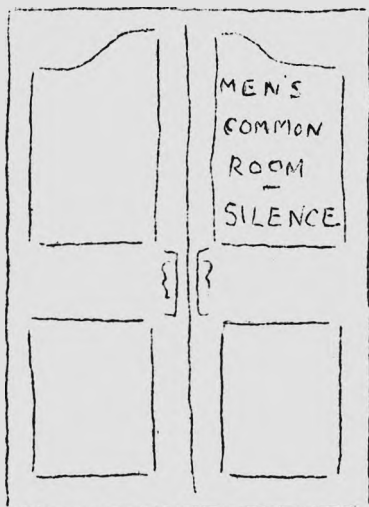
Party mense konsentreer beter as hulle, hulle voete op dieselfde vlak bring as hulle brein, en daarom gaan sit hulle lekker sag agteroor in een van die **harde** leuningstoele met hulle voete op die tafel. Dit vermeerder die bloedtoevoer na die brein. Ander weer, konsentreer die beste as hulle die koerant na dieselfde vlak bring as hulle Glutaci en hulle gaan sit dan bo-op die tafel met die koerant plat op die tafel tussen hulle bene. Die sukses van hierdie metode hang af van die relatiewe hoeveelheid vet in jou sitplek en in jou dinkplek.

Die koerant word letterlik opgelees. In die middag is daar niks oor nie. Elke bladsy word togelyk van alskante gelees - van onder en bo. Die bladsy met die voorspellings van die honde vir Vrydagaand kry die swaarste. As jy miskien belangstel in die jongste geboortes, verlowings en huwelike, of sulke nuus soos die bewapening in Europa, "Topics of the Town", wat in die bioskope of in Abessinië gebeur, dan moet jy vroeg kom om 'n deel van die koerant in die hande te kry. Die beste is om die eerste lesing in die more te bunk.

Ons is regte anatomiste, en ons wys dit selfs in die manier hoe ons 'n koerant lees.

Sal daar ooit 'n verandering kom?

N.KRAUSE.



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

\*\*\* A-SAP'S FABLES. \*\*\*

FABLE THE FIRST: THE MAN OF MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, THE CONTRIBUTOR-TO-THE-AURICLE AND THE IDEALIST.

There once lived a Young Woman, an Idealist, whose fame had spread throughout the five Continents. She was renowned for her Great Beauty, Her Extraordinarily Vast Store of Knowledge and for her even more Extraordinarily Vast Store of Lucre, commonly styled by They-Who-Have-It-Not as The Filthy.

The Idealist, desiring Marriage, made a Public Announcement to this Effect: That she would Interview Daily, between the Hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m, any Male who felt Confident in his Pretensions as a Suitable Spouse, Overseas Papers Please Copy. There then flocked to her Domicile men of All Descriptions, who recognised in their Respective Persons so many Examples of the Lord's-Answer-to-a-Maiden's-Prayer. Employing the Process of Selective Elimination, the Idealist made a Close Examination of the Qualities of each Candidate, but although of the Latter there numbered close on the Millionary, she found none to Suit her Tastes.

Eventually, but Two Candidates, remained . The First was Shown into Her Presence, and being a Man of Modesty, Intelligence and Culture, refrained from Boosting himself beyond informing the Idealist that he was a Contributor-~~to~~-the-Auricle. As a Referential Eulogium, he thought, this Was Sufficient.

The Second Candidate was a Man of More Ambitious Propensities, and accordingly introduced himself as a Man of Many Accomplishments In answer to the Idealist's Question, he stated that he was an Authority on the Classics, French, Comparative Philology, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Music, Social Anthropology, Archaeology, Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology, Geography, Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology and Bacteriology Pharmacology, Medicine, Surgery, Psychiatry, Obsteteries and Gynaecology, Public Health, Forensic Medicine, Mechanical Engineering, Law and Dentistry; and that he had been in Succession Captain of the National Rugby XV, Cox of the Cambridge VIII, World Heavyweight Boxing Champion, Nobel Prize Winner for Literature, Poet Laureate, English Open Golf Champion, Wimbledon Singles Champion, School Head Prefect, Chairman of the S.M.C. and World's Best Dressed Man. He concluded by saying that his Modesty prevented him from Adding More.

After Considering the Matter Carefully, the Idealist decided that the Man of Many Accomplishments presented the More Favourable Case, and so of the Two Candidates it was the Contributor-to-the Auricle who departed Brokenheartedly to Drown his Sorrow in Drink.

Many years later, the Contributor-to-the-Auricle, now fully Recovered from the Tragic Incident, Collided in a Busy Thoroughfare with a Prematurely-Aged Individual, in whom he immediately Recognised the Man of Many Accomplishments.

"And how", Queried the Contributor-to-the-Auricle, "are you finding Matrimony?"

Said the Man of Many Accomplishments: "I am obliged to admit that Despite my Many Accomplishments, I Fail to Possess those most Essential in the Art of Holy Wedlock. For I have never been a Magician, a Lion-Tamer, a Court Jester, a Crooner of Lullabies, Manager of the Bank of England nor a Ventriloquist's Dummy. I shall go so far as to declare that Matrimony has Ruthlessly Destroyed my Physical and Mental Constitutions! "

Whereupon he Departed, Never to be Seen Again in his Right Mind.

MORAL: Write for the Auricle.

M.G.

## THE PROFESSOR ADVISES.

(A dramatised version of a heart-rending appeal by the Dean to the Second Year Class).

When first my Fingers feeble held  
A scalpel silvery new,  
My buoyant nature Ne'er was quell'd,  
I muscles oft cut through.

My masters cursed at me and swore:  
"Depraved butcher, thou!"  
And at their hair they tugg'd and tore,  
Until I made this vow:

"No more the bayonet-edge I'LL wield,  
Aside, o' rapier keen!  
I'LL 'ploy a blunted, border'd shield  
'Mid liver, lung and spleen".

My Scalpel's oxidised to rust,  
No more a knife I use:  
For I soon lost that 'mowing' lust,-  
My masters lost 'the blues'.

Now I dissect with FINGERS eight  
And THUMBS that total two:  
So heed the moral -- correlate:  
"The bayonet edge is Taboo!".

M.G.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A FANTASY OF THE WARD.

In the ward are lying patients,  
Each, according to his sickness,  
Tosses, quakes or groans or mumbles,  
Sleeps or reads or dreams in silence.  
To and fro the nurses hurry  
Filled with zeal for duty noble --  
Like the canter of a stallion  
Is the vigour of their footsteps.  
Through the thud of pillows beaten,  
Sister loudly gives instructions;  
While the houseman is performing  
Clinical examinations.

At the door appears a student.  
Down the ward the message flutters --  
"Lo! a student here has entered!"  
Sister whispers all her orders:  
Nurses walk on tiptoe treading --  
Gently now perform their labours.  
Patients cease their mild diversions,  
Smile, and strive to win his notice.  
And the houseman, who's percussing,

WD14.



Leaves his work and runs to meet him,  
And informs him most politely.  
That he's eager to assist him.

Then the Chief, the Great Professor,  
Who just happens to be passing,  
Stops and says unto the student:  
"Your attention to your cases  
Fills my heart with admiration.  
As you know, there is no knowledge  
That is left for me to teach you,  
Since you're certainly a master  
From "Anatomy" to "Treatment",  
It is really most ironic  
That you still have student status.  
As regards examinations,  
Do not trouble to attend them  
I've decided to present you  
With a first class pass;  
And it seems I'll have to give one  
To the whole damn class."

J.W.

\*\*\*\*\*

= FRIDA: DULCISSIMA =

Nou kan ek dit nie langer hou nie  
Ek dink maar met die sakie deur  
Dis jy, jou skelm, ou skat ou Frietjie  
Wat my hele siel omkeer.

En my moedjies is so min ou Frietjie,  
En my liefde word steeds meer,  
Dis jou slank figuur en fraai gesiggie  
Jou skelm oë wat tempteer.

Ek pak die boeke maar die beelde  
Van jou wese en jou oë  
Voer my weg in droomweelde  
Frida is al klaar my eie.

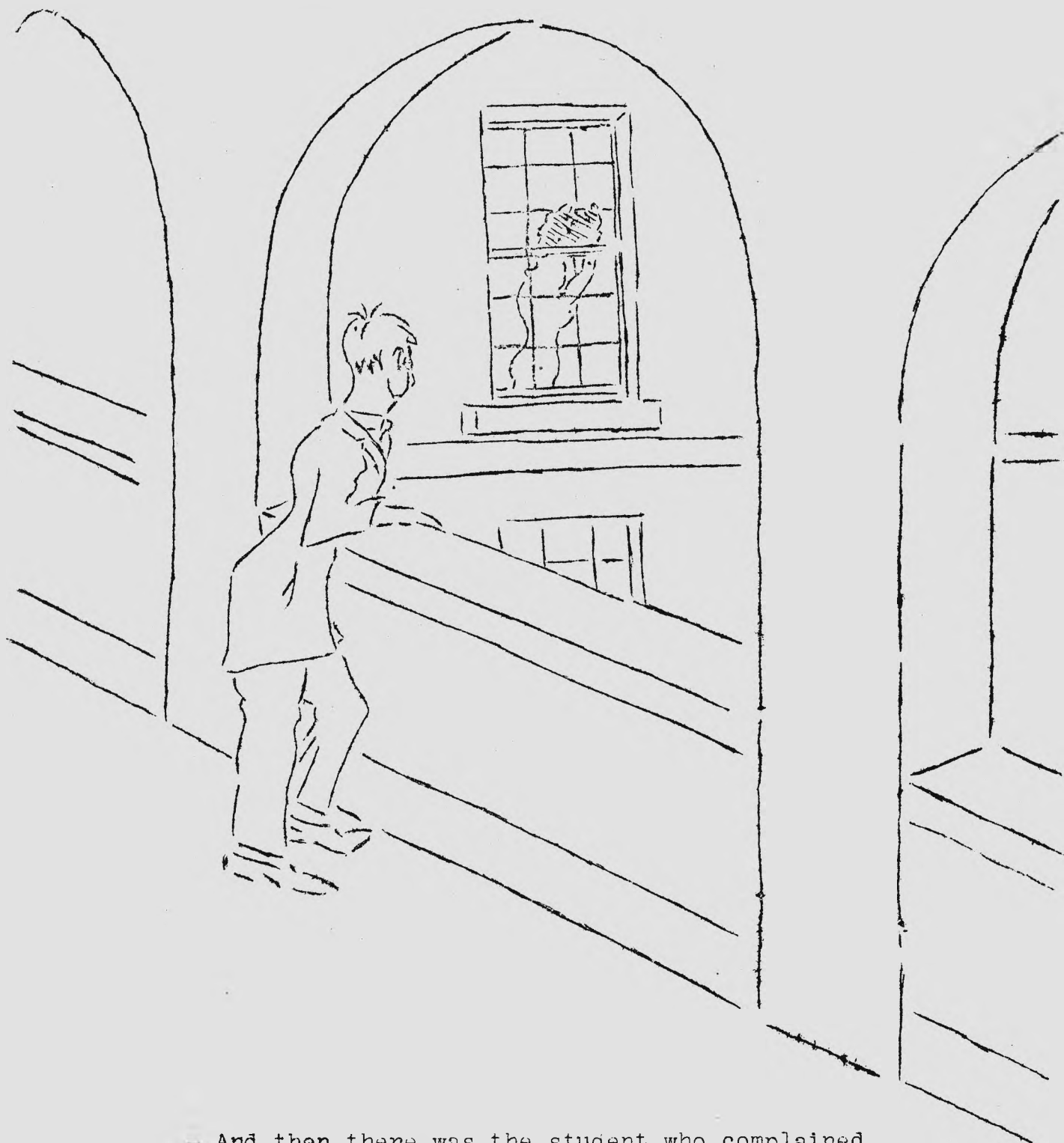
Maar by jou moet my tong mos vassteek  
En die bloes my wange kleur  
Ag Frietjie, het jy niks gevrees nie?  
Se net: Kan ek maar my kans probeer?

Samblieftog, Frie, man, hoor tog  
Hoe dolgraag ek jou hart willie  
En al se jy nee Frie ek bly hoop nog  
My alles eendag aan jou voet te lê.

P.A.D.Winter.

\*\*\*\*\*





- And then there was the student who complained that the surface anatomy class offered only the barest facilities.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### NEISSER RHYMES FOR DIPLOCOCCI

The gonococcus goes in pairs  
And faults of inhibition thus repairs,  
A fact that need not shock us.  
But when a human does the same  
I think it is a beastly shame  
He gets the Gonococcus.

\*\*\*\*\*

AT THE SECOND YEAR DANCE.

(The following conversation was overheard by an eaves-dropping committee-member, who unshamedly simulated drunkenness as his modus operandi:)

"Oh, Gerald, to think that you cut up bodies in this room! How terrible thrilling!"

"Yes, Evelyn, although, if I may say so, your use of the verb 'to cut up' is rather misdirected. One speaks appropriately of butchers 'cutting up' the carcasses of animals bovine and otherwise. But in connection with - ah - anatomy students, the verb 'to dissect' conveys a more correct picture of our everyday activities in this Theatre. During the course of a lecture on this subject, Prof. --- particularly emphasised that Dissection embraced the Art of NOT cutting up. To illustrate: Musculus sternocleidomastoideus arises — "

"Oh, Gerald, do you know that nice-looking boy with the blue eyes? He keeps on looking at me. Don't turn round, he's looking here! I'm sure he's a medical student, his hair's so nicely brushed."

"Quite, Evelyn. As I was saying, Musculus sterno- "

"Oh, he actually blushed! Do introduce me. I'm sure he's fallen. He doesn't like his partner very much, I don't think. Don't wonder either. ~~What~~ a perfectly horrid dress. Yellow!"

"Now Sternocleidomastoideus - a difficult word that - arises - er - from the - ah - femur, - but, as a matter of fact Musculus rectus capitus posterior major affords just as good an example. It arises - it is found in the neck. It inserts - well -"

"You must have terribly strong nerves, and a marvellous constitution to come here day after day, and cut up human bodies. Why, I'm sure I'd faint if I as much as saw -"



"Well, it is true that instances are on record when students have swooned as a result of a first glimpse of the cadaver. But the majority of us, - well, let me relate my own experience. The first day of term, I was fully twenty ~~yards~~ distant from the Dissecting Hall when the pervading stench of Formalin assailed my nostrils. I could easily enough have turned away, but I staunchly proceeded. From my pocket I drew my handkerchief (which my mother had thoughtfully soaked in sal volatile). Applying this to my nose, I entered the Hall. I had been previously advised to narrow my eyes on making my first entry, so that the confounder beholds a vision of hazy outline. I did so, but my precaution proved unnecessary, the bodies not being uncovered. Returning to the Hall some twenty minutes later, I failed to employ caution. Imagine my horror to find that in my absence the bodies had been uncovered. I felt hastily for my handkerchief. I had been initiated! Ever since then -"

"Oh, Gerald, how brave you are. Who is that boy with the girl in pink? I think he wants to be introduced to me. I must be looking very pretty this evening. And how far from the bodies do you sit when you are working?"

"No distance at all. In order that certain parts may be adequately dissected, it is often necessary for the complete hand or manus to be inserted into the particular anatomy of the body. Nerves must be found, arteries, veins -"

"Gerald, how awful!"

"At first I had very little stomach for the work, and manipulated gloved fingers. Later, however, throwing caution to the wind, I abandoned my gloves, and employed naked digits."

"Oh, Gerald, but don't you - doesn't it worry you to think that it is a human being you're cutting up, and that his soul may be gazing at you in anguish and torment?"

"Not in the least. The existence of a post-mortem soul

is highly questionable, and, in my opinion, improbable."

"Gerald !"

"Merely a scientific outlook, Evelyn."

"Oh, you scientists. Darwin and the rest of you !"

"Surely you don't doubt the benefits that have resulted from our detailed research ?"

"I don't think the girls here tonight are very nice, do you? But the boys are marvellous. Isn't that fat one sweet ?"

"May I suggest: 'Cherubic'?"

"Oh, Gerald, how clever; And where do they get the bodies for you to dissect? - Did any of them die of terrible diseases ?"

"As to your first question, I have my doubts. To your second I say 'Yes!' Our body died of thrombosis."

"Oh, what's that ?"

"Ah, well - cancer in the brain."

"Gerald, how dreadful!"

"These things happen you know."

"But, Gerald, isn't Cancer contagious or infectious -"

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly. The cancer bacteria are dangerous fellows, but they're mostly destroyed by the Formalin."

"Oh, I'm glad, Gerald."

"Why, Evelyn ?"

"Oh, Gerald, you know why."

"Ah - er - Evelyn, there's a roof garden of sorts above this Hall. There's a wonderful view of Ansteys' and Escom House. Er - care to go and see ?"

"Yes, Gerald."

"Good, Let's go."

M. G.



First year



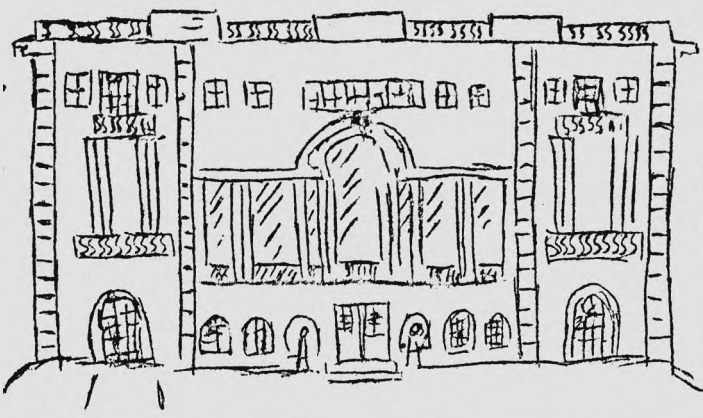
Second Year



Sixth Year.

THREE STAGES OF LABOUR

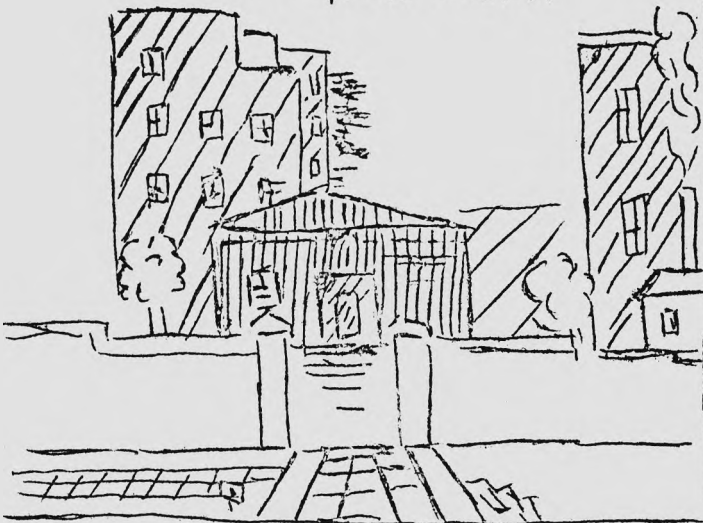
1<sup>st</sup> YEAR DREAM



4<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



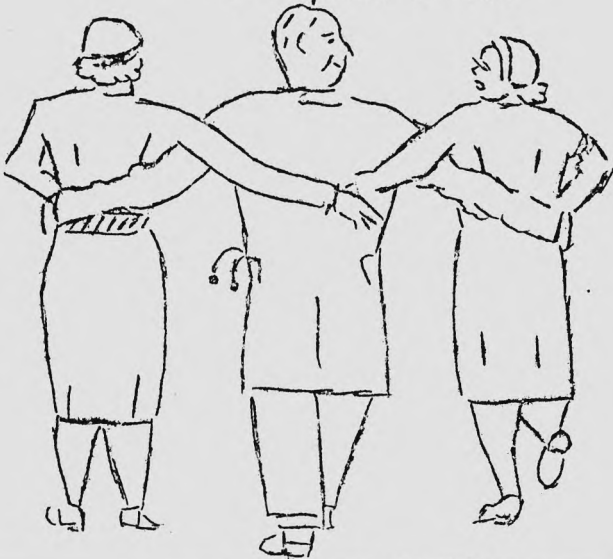
2<sup>nd</sup> YEAR DREAM



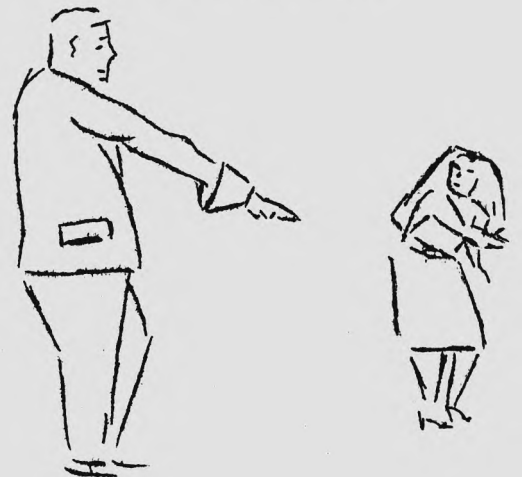
5<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



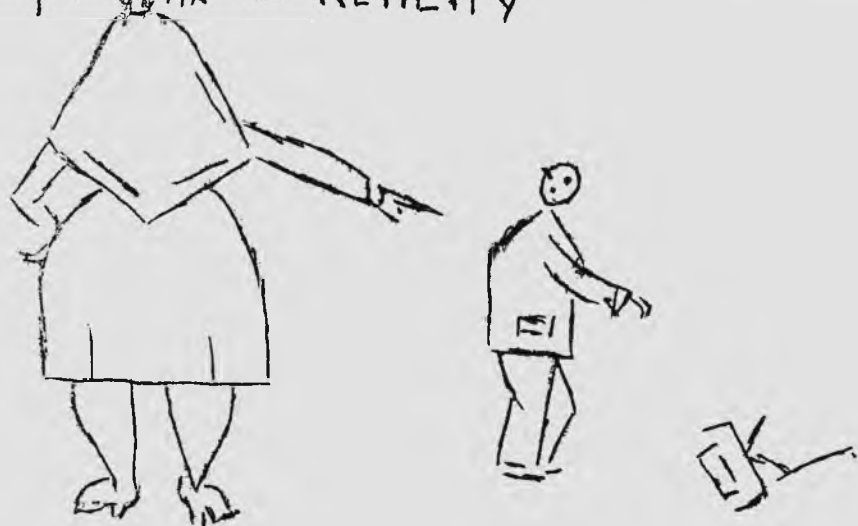
3<sup>rd</sup> YEAR DREAM



6<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



7<sup>th</sup> YEAR - REALITY



\*\*\*\* ON A SERIOUS TOPIC. \*\*\*\*

The Senate recently passed a resolution that "the first part of the final professional examination be held at the end of the long vacation", and the medical student body, despite the activity of many committees, select and otherwise, who are busily trying to make us bigger and better in every way, has received this pronouncement with more than their customary apathy. And the curriculum committee has fallen into a slumber of Rip van Winkle proportions. "They came, they heard, and they could not".

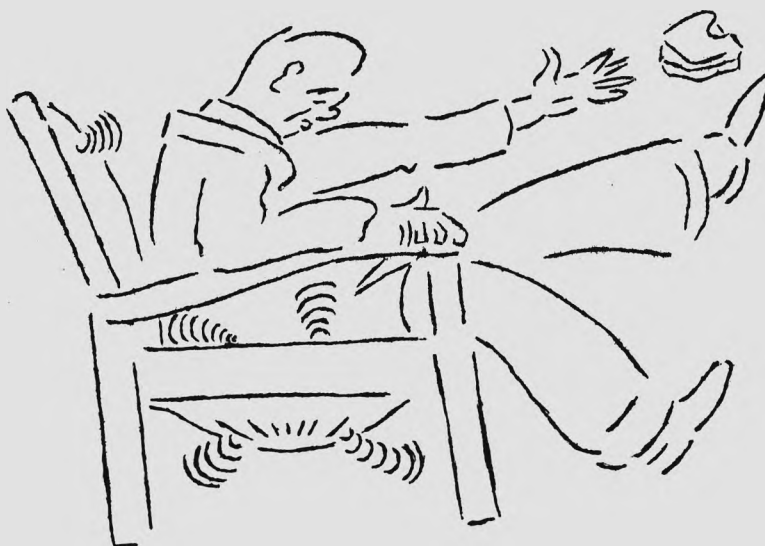
But consider! If we are required to write Forensic Medicine, Public Health, and Psychiatry in February, and there is a proposal afoot for the examination in Pharmacology to come off at the same time, it means that the student from the beginning of his clinical teaching does not get a break until he has completed his final. We had hoped that recent developments in the matter of curriculum tended towards a policy of moderation, but here we are faced with lectures filling up every available moment of spare time and an inconvenient timetable for exams. The prospect of writing the final within eight months of the fifth year examinations is not at all inviting, and the position of those unfortunate enough to have a supplementary exam. will be still less happy.

Our chiefs claim that we avoid the wards during October and November in favour of our books; but if the examinations are held in February, that month is lost to clinical teaching and the physician has a tired and dispirited student on his hands during the first clinical term. It is therefore not clear what the clinical teaching staff hoped to gain by having this resolution accepted by the Senate. From the students' viewpoint it seems to be a most detrimental proposal.

Well, victims, what are you going to do about it?

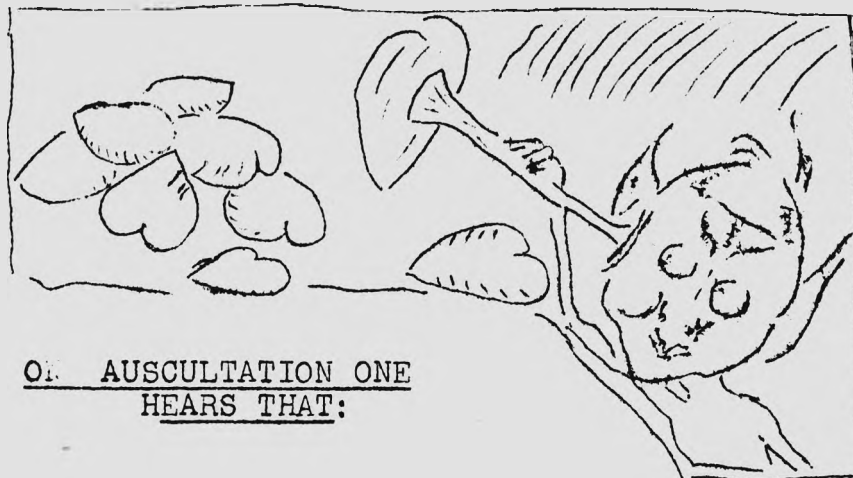
R.E.Bernstein.

\*\*\*\*\*



Another thing we like about the Common Room furniture is the way one simply sinks into the cushions.

\*\*\*\*\*



OR AUSCULTATION ONE  
HEARS THAT:

That there is a humorist in the Municipal Traffic Department.  
It must be he who put the danger sign outside the Nurses' Home.

\*\*\*\*

That the waiters at the Medical School Lounge are handsome fellows indeed, but that better service might be had during the lunch-hour if there were more of them.

\*\*\*\*

That those responsible for shifting the date of the fifth year examination have not gained additional popularity thereby.

\*\*\*\*

That a very high wall is being built in front of the Medical School to prevent people from seeing that the place is not yet plastered.

\*\*\*\*

That our desire for the Medical School to be beautified is being met by "No Parking" and "Keep off the Grass " notices.

\*\*\*\*\*

That the editor denies that any cigarette ends are being put into the Auricle contribution box.

\*\*\*\*

That it requires a hero to give in the Men's Common Room, but that it's not a place fit for heroes to live in.

\*\*\*\*

That teaspoons ~~were~~ the most popular form of souvenir at the second Year Dance, but that one reveller took home a teapot to remind him of the occasion

\*\*\*\*

That the S.M.C. is going in for mammoth meetings and that if less were done at each meeting it might be done better.

\*\*\*\*\*



CLINICAL TERMS EXPLAINED — END-TO-END ANASTOMOSIS. —

## ACTION AND REACTION.

The reading public has always been interested in the lives of great literary men. The record of personal episodes and the chance reactions is eagerly sought after, in the hope that it will shed further light on the work of these eminent thinkers. Our readers will therefore be delighted to get this intimate sidelight on the workings of one of the most distinguished associations of authors in the civilized world - I refer of course to the Auricle Committee. The account which follows is taken from the minutes of one of their meetings, and is as remarkable for the profundity of thought as for the great beauty of its style.

"Minutes of a meeting of the Auricle Committee held in the Surgery Museum on Monday .....  
The room was tastefully decorated with skeletons, ruptured livers, intestines and committee members, together with some other signs of the nobility of the medical profession and of the immortality of man, the whole having a delightful surrealist effect. The editor was handsomely attired in a shirt.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and were confirmed by enthusiastic committee members who raised their right arms in salute and cried "Heil Auricle".

Agenda: The editor pointed out that cuspidors had been provided for the convenience of committee members and he would be pleased if members would use them. Mr. P.... objected that the cuspidors were too small, but the chairman ruled that he was out of order.

The Secretary announced that he had received letters from the headmistresses of five girls' schools objecting

that the Auricle was immoral." Mr. P.... expressed the opinion that girls' schools should be abolished. Other members of the committee concurred.

The Auricle Censor was asked to present his report. He announced that he had decided to sing his report. Mr. P.... objected that there was nothing in the constitution to allow members to sing their reports. After consulting several legal authorities, the chairman, who was also a member of the Constitution Commission, ruled that according to South African practice it was considered that if words were uttered with musical modulations, the meaning of the afore said words was not materially altered, and he therefore gave the Auricle Censor permission to produce a vocal melody or sing. The Censor began to sing in a low voice, with great earnestness of expression. He was accompanied by the Treasurer playing on the mouth-organ. The tune was that of Bonny Annie Laurie. The words, so far as can be ascertained, were as follows:

"At night I sit up very late  
And chew my pencil, scratch my pate  
It seems it is to be my fate,  
To Bowdlerize and expurgate  
The Auricle.

In season birds and beasts do mate  
Even arteries encsculate  
But I am doomed to vegetate  
That no foul joke may permeate  
The Auricle.

The virtue of each joke I rate  
And double entendre anticipate  
Degrees of lewdness estimate  
For I must keep immaculate  
The Auricle".

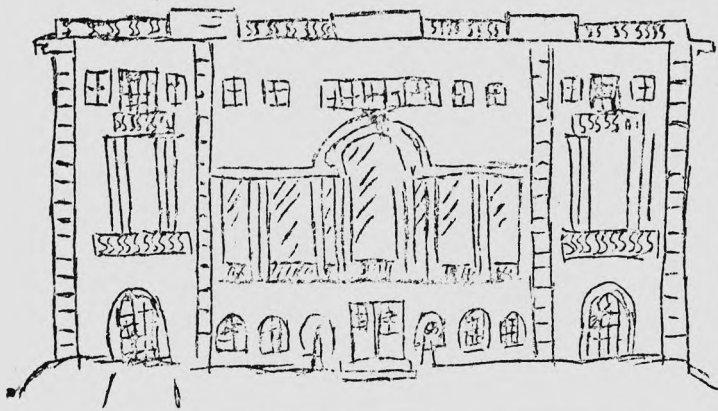
The members of the committee received the report with acclamation, crying "Quate, quate" to show their Oxford accents. The meeting was then closed."

THEREBY DECLARE ALL  
ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE  
TO BE WELL AND TRULY  
CENSORED!

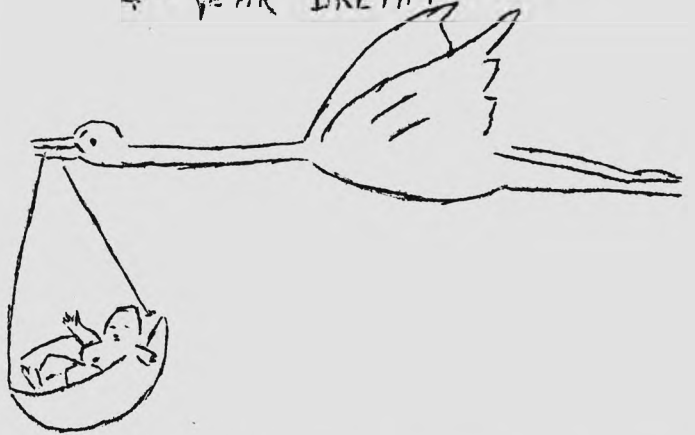
EDITOR



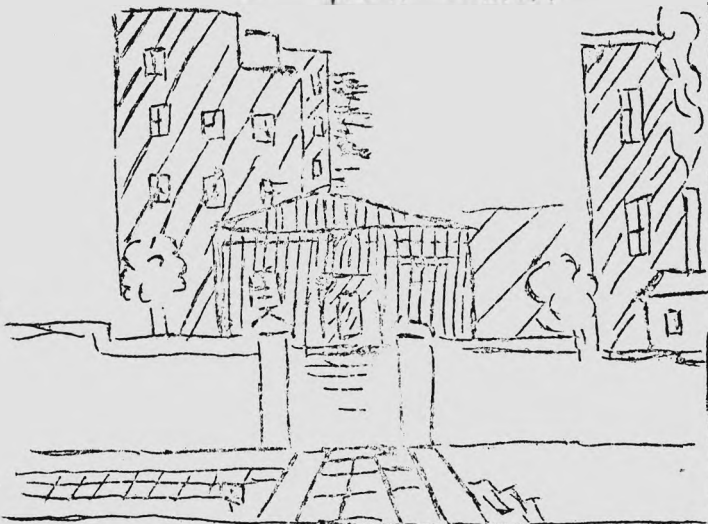
1<sup>st</sup> YEAR DREAM



4<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



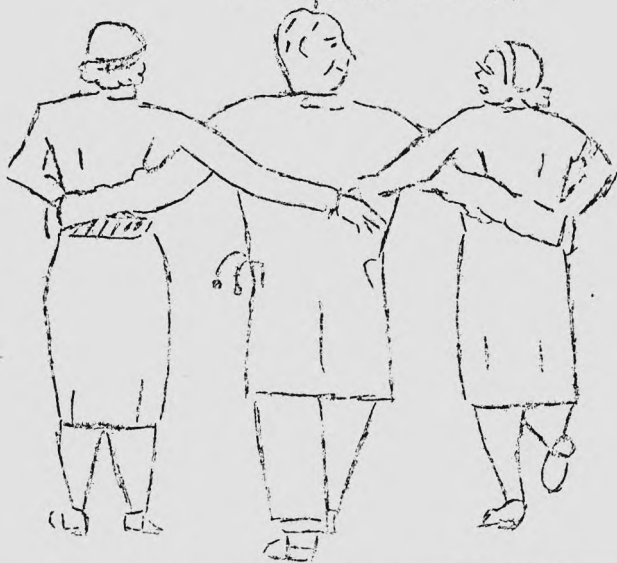
2<sup>nd</sup> YEAR DREAM



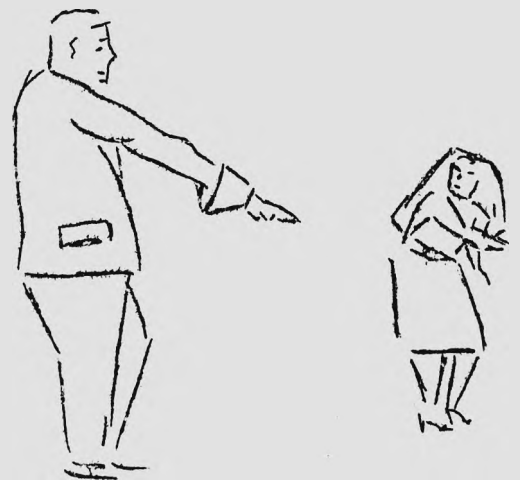
5<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



3<sup>rd</sup> YEAR DREAM



6<sup>th</sup> YEAR DREAM



7<sup>th</sup> YEAR - REALITY

