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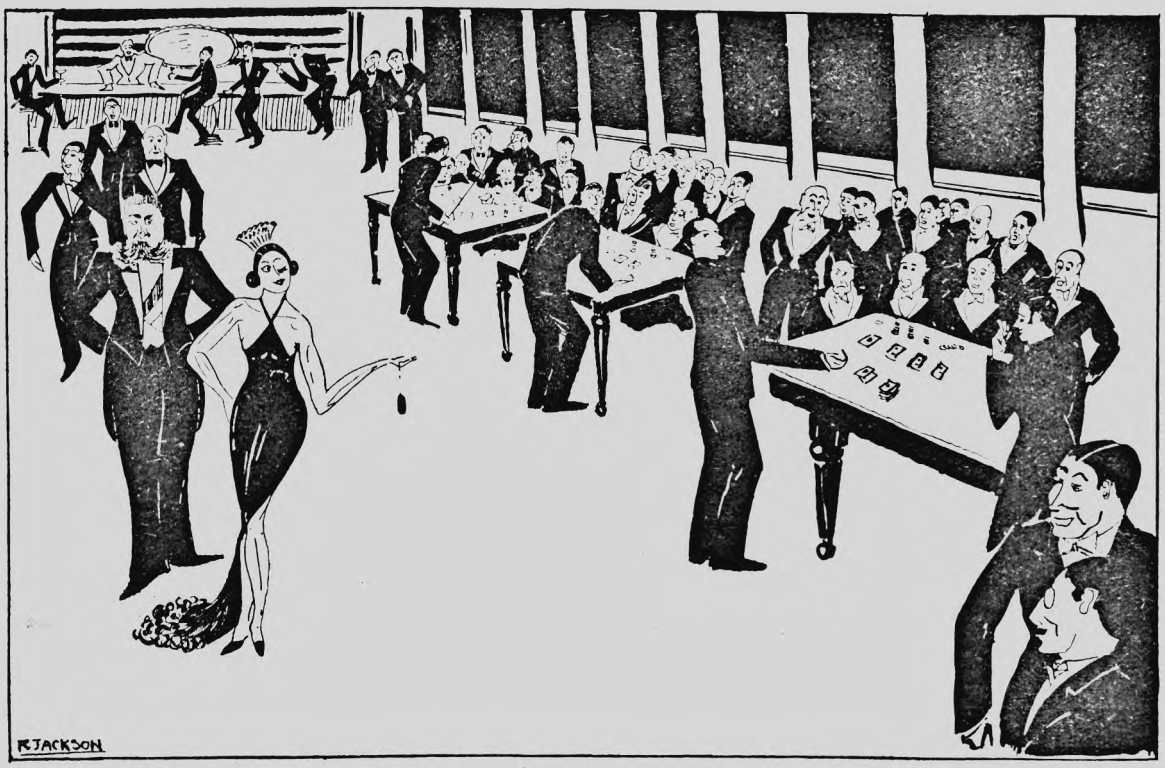
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THE
AURICLE
Published by the Students' Medical Council, University of the Witwatersrand

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VOL. 4 SEPTEMBER, 1938 No. 6

OUR OBSTINATE ARTIST



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A DISQUIETING ATTITUDE

A fallacy which many medical students appear to regard almost as axiomatic is that callousness and apathy are the *sine qua non* of the medical man's philosophy. It is, of course, obvious that by constantly coming into contact with the conglomerate sufferings and miseries of innumerable human beings, one is possibly less inclined to *feel* the troubles of each individual. If this were not so, there would be very few indeed able to withstand the strain of medical practice.

Unfortunately there is a tendency on the part of some of our students to regard a sick person as an individual created for the personal benefit of the student. The attitude was aptly expressed in the common-room recently in the course of a conversation between two students:

" We're in a firm at Nigs. next term, and I can't say I like the idea."

" Why, you must be mad—at Nigs. you can do anything you like. You can even amputate an occasional finger if you feel like it," etc., etc.

It appears because the patient's skin is physiologically darker, that it does not really matter what happens to him. In fact, he is no longer a patient to be cured of his illness, but merely a convenient laboratory experiment whose sole use is to provide experience for the eager student.

One has only to attend ward rounds at the N.E.H. to see the vivid contrast between the kindly and sympathetic attitude of the chief, and the indifference of some students—students who consider it necessary to hide their fears and inferiority complexes behind the superficial mask of inhumanity.

These same students will find when they go out to practise medicine that the *sine qua non* of a *successful* practice is the possession of a fair amount of " the milk of human kindness."

Sympathy for and the understanding of one's patients return handsome dividends in confidence and faith in the G.P.'s prowess.

The time to acquire that understanding is not on the receipt of 10/6 per visit, for then it must be palpably insincere. It is during student days that the seeds are sown. This part of student training is almost as important as a knowledge of the finer points of diagnosis.

This attitude to which we have referred is antithetical to the very spirit of the medical profession, and every student should make it his business to have it eliminated from this Medical School.

An ex-president of the S.M.C. in a presidential address once said to a general meeting of students: " You belong to the brotherhood of the noblest profession in the world, and it is your duty to maintain and further the reputation of that profession." It is only possible to follow that advice by ridding ourselves of a ridiculous air of superiority and replacing it with a friendly insight into the sufferings of our fellow human beings.

INBOORLING-KUNS

„ Ons inboorlinge leer stadigaan om liewers water in parafienblikke te dra as in kleipotte; of om liewers ons ou-klere te dra in plaas van hulle natuurlike drag," aldus Mnr. Hendrickz wat die Kunsvereniging hier in die Mediese Skool op 6 September toegespreek het. Mnr. Hendrickz is op die personeel van die departement Fyne Kunste van ons Universiteit.

Hy het met geesdrif gepraat oor „ Die Betekenis van ons Inboorling-Kuns." Die krans- en grotskilderstukke asook die beeldhouwerk van die gekleurde rasse van Suid-Afrika is van so 'n gehalte dat dit 'n eie kunsgedaante aangeneem het.

Die Boesmankuns wat oral in Suid-Afrika aangetref word, en wat al 'n paar eeue oud is, kom baie ooreen met ons „ Moderne " kuns. Dit is naturalisties of organies. Dit gee die idee weer, met weglating van die kleinere besonderhede. Die geheel tel. Presies die teenoorgestelde vind ons by die Bantoe-kuns, byvoorbeeld hulle kleipotte. Die patroon van die oorspronklike mandjie is presies uitgewerk op die pot. Daarom word hierdie kuns abstrak of geometries genoem.

Dit sal die moeite net soveel loon om ons eie grotte te gaan besoek as om na groot kunsgallerye oorsee te gaan. Op ons rotse het ons nog 'n oorblyfsel van die fabelagtige rykdom van estetiese uitdrukking—van 'n kuns wat hier gefloreer het voor ons beskawing dit verdring het.

N. K.

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HOSTELITES AND POLITICS

At 5.15 p.m. on Friday, September 23rd, 1938, the Diogenes Club intended to hold a meeting to determine the attitude of students towards the International situation. Long before the appointed time the upper benches of the Chemistry Lecture Theatre were filled with male students who, from the unpleasant noises and childish remarks they incessantly emitted, were readily identified as hostelites. At first it seemed as though the commotion were due to nothing more than boyish high spirits; but when it continued and, in fact, waxed louder, whenever a speaker attempted to speak, it became clear that the hostelites were employing rowdyism as a means to breaking up the meeting. They did finally break it up, but that fact has no bearing on what I am going to say.

It was possible, after the meeting, to hear the opinions of many of the hostelites, and it was interesting, even fascinating, to notice how they each expressed the same views in the same order and in almost the same words. That in itself provides no ground for censure. If a series of individuals were to recite in identical words a Euclidian theorem I would not criticise them, for they would then be declaring a proposition which probably nobody has any good grounds for contradicting. But when all the people from a given place dogmatically recite "Chamberlain must be trusted; he is doing what is best for the world," I am gravely concerned. I am even more concerned when the same people refuse to allow their statements to be discussed, and enforce their refusal by the brutish method of making a noise. These three things—the regimentation of opinion, the restriction of freedom of speech, and the rule of violence in place of the rule of the majority vote—these three things are cardinal symptoms of Fascism. There is no doubt whatsoever that our University hostels are at the present time very suitable soil for the insemination of the whole Fascist gospel.

The case of the hostelites is merely one more illustration of how the ignorant readily accept Fascism. I am not calling the hostelites ignorant, because I wish to indulge in a sneer; I am simply stating a fact. The hostelites have practically no knowledge of the realities of politics. A few of them seem to be casual, uncritical readers of the newspapers; the majority give the impression that they read practically nothing at all (outside text-books and sports' news). People whose opinions are derived from interested study do not repeat formulae the way the hostelites do.

It is a lamentable thing that the hostels consist mainly of students of engineering, since that means that few of them have contacts with students whose studies embrace broad social issues. But there are other ways of obtaining information. Some of those who attended the Diogenes Club meeting on Friday night (not afternoon) may have been inspired to join that club. But what might solve the problem better than anything else would be the institution of a club within the hostels themselves to promote lectures and discussions on matters of fundamental, social and political importance.

J. W.

* * * *

How Queer.

When your colleagues lose their manners
And declare it's as they feared;
When they say they've seen some strange ones
But your's is pretty weird!
When every oaf and hooligan
Has passionately leered,
And to manifest his pleasure
Has sniggered, gibed and jeered!
When you think with what endurance
Your parlous path you've steered,
And hadn't it been for strength of mind
You'd have long since had it sheared!
When the induction period's over
And perfection's almost neared,
And what was once a straggling hash
Is beautifully reared,—
How the pride swells in your bosom,
How sublimely you're endeared
To this child of your ambition—
Your indomitable beard.

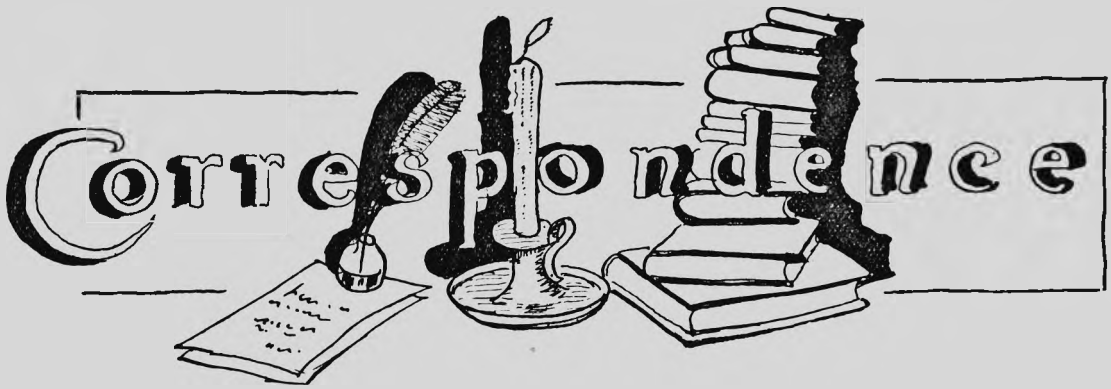
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BLAZER FOR SALE

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—I should like to bring to the notice of your readers that I have one University blazer for sale. I realize, of course, that the value of this commodity has been greatly reduced and that prospective applicants are confined to the class of students who are not ashamed to associate themselves publicly with an institution whose inmates place hooliganism far above intelligent reasoning.

I refer, of course, mainly to the general meeting held at Milner Park recently to discuss the International situation, although this is by no means an isolated instance of the inability of certain students to express themselves any more intelligently than the average Central African savage.

Any intelligent student who believed that the meeting should not be held, and admittedly there were many reasons which may have been put forth in support of this contention, would have known that this object could easily have been accomplished by civilised and constitutional methods.

We must not hesitate to lay the blame at the door of those responsible. We may say unequivocally that the hostels were responsible for the most disgusting episode in the history of this University. It has been pointed out more than once in your columns, Sir, that the influence of the hostels at the University is out of all proportion to their sense of decency and elementary good behaviour.

It is even more regrettable that amongst the crowd of unruly rowdies, there should have been certain prominent members of the Students' Representative Council. While not blaming them for the behaviour of that section of the audience, it must be obvious that the members concerned made no effort to dissociate themselves from that section and therefore must be taken to have given their tacit approval.

You will recall that only about a month ago a letter appeared in "Wu's Views" deprecating the disgusting behaviour of students on the Nusas tour. In the light of the general meeting it appears once again to be a case of "Do as I say, not as I do."

The one consolation to any reasonable medical student, no matter what his political opinions may be, is that there were no medicals prominent in that crowd. Perhaps this may serve to enlighten Milner Park as to why medicals wish to have so very little to do with them. At least we have retained our senses of proportion and fair play. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention that although there have been occasions when feelings have run very high at the Medical School, we have never exhibited such barbaric and uncouth traits as have been shown at Milner Park.

Headlines of the "Student Hooliganism" variety have become all too frequent in the daily press. It is up to the students who have retained at least the outer varnish of civilisation to put a violent stop to those who drag the name of the University through the lowest and dirtiest mud!

I might also add that the poster put up by the Diogenes Club was not in the best of taste, as there appear to be many who considered themselves offended by it. Common sense is once again preferable to boundless enthusiasm.

CREPITUS.

ON BAD MANNERS

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—Recently an engineering student prominent in student affairs wrote a letter to "Wu's Views," deploring the bad manners of our University students. He cited many examples, but to-day he will be able to add a magnificent example to his collection, namely, the organised and futilely successful attempt by his Faculty clique, of which he was the nominal leader, to howl down a meeting of the Diogenes Club held to discuss the international situation. Admittedly the point in such a discussion was debatable since events in recent weeks have been moving so swiftly that a clear analysis of the position could not be possible. But that is no excuse for the "disgusting display of animalism," as the President of the S.R.C. put it, that the back-benchers proceeded to show us. Had they wished to prevent any discussion on the subject, it would have been a simple matter to apply for closure of the meeting. But this is exactly what they did not want to do; they came to make a Roman holiday, and they did it at the expense of the good name of the University. As an exhibition of mass hysteria it was perfect, but one expects such Amalaita tactics from drink-sodden slumdwellers, not from students of this University. Since good breeding is either inherited or incalcated by the environment, one can only conclude that this organisation of rowdies has as yet been unable to adapt itself to the idea of civilised behaviour. Our University could do well without these "gentlemen."

Yours, etc.,

"SAWBONES."

FLOREAT MEDICUS

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—I must draw your attention to the ever-growing separatist tendencies of medical students. The number of medicals attending University meetings is nothing short of disgraceful. It is perhaps true that the mental trend of some Milner Park students is retrogressive; that it is perhaps unsafe to associate with them. But, unfortunately, these people rule the University, and we medicals do nothing about it. We are perfectly satisfied to retire and look frowningly down at them while hostelites and engineers are dangerously near to running the academic acres. Cheer-leaders, etc., are exclusively elected by them, and we medicals, who supply a large number of fine sportsmen and do most to make the rag a success, permit them to do so. The undignified impudence of our engineering friends reached its highest peak at the Diogenes Club debacle. Notices were put up at the hostels reminding students to "come and have a bit of fun at 5.15." People interested in little else but beer and dances, people rarely seen previously at meetings, all of a sudden poured into the chemistry lecture theatre. They succeeded in preventing the discussion of a question which affects most intimately the student body, and even had the audacity to prevent the senior student from voicing his indignation.

I feel, sir, that it is our duty, as medicals, to eradicate hooliganism, and once and for all to remove hot-headed engineers from their roost. As the biggest faculty in this University we can do so. It is strange that we have not yet done so. We must get rid of our apathy.

Yours, etc.,
MILITANT MEDICAL.

A BURST BUBBLE

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Dear Sir,—For five years I have been a student at this university. It was only a short while after my arrival that I realised that it was a university in name only—it would have been far better designated an asylum, and abode where one comes to forget the cares and worries of the world. Students come in at the one door, pay fees, swot diligently, attend dances, swot, kick a football, swot, take an alcoholic participation in the Rag, more stereotyped swotting, and leave via the exit—a polished graduate. To get an analagous view of this process the reader is advised to watch the butcher's sausage machine in action; the sausage, however, serves an unquestionably useful purpose.

My medical education was acquired at the Medical School. My political education was acquired from extra-mural societies. It was with doubt followed by ecstasy that I learnt that the S.R.C., or anyway a sub-committee of the S.R.C., the Diogenes Club, was to hold a political meeting.

Progress was in the air! The student was taking his "first steps" in his introduction to knowledge and responsibility! A new era! I held up my head, satisfied. Pride, however, comes before a fall.

One consoling feature of the meeting was the fact that there was not a single medical student among that crowd of ill-mannered, intolerant, narrow-minded, conceited, vulgar, obnoxious, indolent individuals who displayed their schizophrenic tendencies.

I agree with Mr. Bob Kaplan that the whole distasteful business was engineered. The etiology is obvious; one must sympathise with those who are organically excluded from understanding the probity of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Yours, etc.,
BENJAMIN CHESLER.

IS SILENCE GOLDEN ?

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—It is high time that the "political activity" of some students should stop. To those of us to whom the name and prestige of the University is dear, the present state of affairs must be offensive. Imagine, Sir, a number of pseudo-intellectual adolescents rising to cast haughty aspersions at Chamberlain's diplomacy or to defend the nationalist policy. These political meetings serve no useful purpose; they merely harm the good name of our Alma Mater. We depend on the support of the public, and therefore we should not try to offend our benefactors. There is enough time for our so-called politicians to take part in the public life of the country after they have left the University, but our college is primarily a seat of learning and should remain such. Political meetings at the University have been misconstrued by the Press, and the opinions expressed are printed as the official opinions of the student body. Moreover, these political discussions create nothing but ill-feeling, and cannot help to maintain the racial and political peace so essential for our country's welfare. The unfortunate meeting of the Diogenes Club of Friday, September 23rd, has proved this adequately, and I must congratulate those students who obstructed the meeting's nefarious course. There is a strong student opinion which demands that politics should be avulsed from this University, and I should like, with your permission, Sir,to appeal to the S.R.C. to take immediate steps in this direction.

Yours, etc.,
"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—The climax of the year 1938 has arrived, which leads one to ask what the new year will bring.

The sensations provided by the various sections that constitute the medical unit will ever remain a blot on the history of this school. Which way our tenor is to continue is in the lap of the gods, or, to be more exact, in the hands of the Commissions. Dormancy is the characteristic which seems to ever pervade the activity of those student bodies and others appointed to remedy serious deficiencies in the management of this school.

I would like to suggest that future bodies appointed for the rectification of irregularities, and I have good reason to believe that they will be many, adopt *Facta non Verba* as their watchword.

Yours, etc.,
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GREAT DOCTORS

4.—Lord Moynihan

It would almost seem too early to speak of Moynihan; he died last year in September. A few weeks previous to his death he had been showered with honours from every quarter of the surgical world, for his services to surgery in general, and British surgery in particular. And no man could have passed more contented, for Moynihan gloried in approbation; his best friends could never have said of him that he was a very modest man. Yet one would have hazarded a guess before his passing that he would be remembered to the generations much in the same way as Osler will be. There are two opportunities for greatness in an art—those who discover the new, and without them there can be no progress; then there are those who orientate the work of the geniuses into a spiritual whole, without them the thing would die, for art is a live and practical element. "Surgery, after all," said Moynihan, "is an affair of the spirit"—therein lies the clue to his fame.

Berkley George Andrew Moynihan was the son of a remarkably fine soldier, Captain Andrew Moynihan, V.C. He was born at Malta in 1865, and was scarcely a year old when his father died. He was sent to his maternal grandparents in Leeds, and later went to school in that city. Moynihan stuck to this city and, even at the height of his fame, he was never tempted to London; in fact, he became Baron Moynihan of Leeds in 1929. In 1881 he entered the University of Leeds as a medical student. His was a brilliant career, and it would appear exceptionally thorough. He is said to have worked sixteen hours a day at his studies during this period. Shades of studious endurance! He amazed and no doubt disheartened his fellow students with his prodigious memory. He qualified and obtained a residential appointment at the General Infirmary.

Here he came under the influence of the surgical teachers MacGill and Mayo-Robson, for whom he always had unstinted praise; it was they who steered him into a career of surgery.

In 1892 he started and rapidly established himself in a consulting practice. In 1895 he became honorary assistant surgeon to the Infirmary, and it was during the next ten years that his greatest contributions to surgery were executed or begun. In 1899 he was made an examiner for the primary fellowship and Arris and Gale lecturer. These lectures on "Retroperitoneal hernia" remain a surgical classic. He made many brilliant contributions to abdominal surgery of which he had become the unrivalled specialist. His "Diseases of the Stomach and their Surgical Treatment," "Gall Stones and their Surgical Treatment," "Diseases of the Pancreas," "Duodenal Ulcer and its Surgical Treatment," "Abdominal Operations," etc., are landmarks in modern abdominal work.

Moynihan was an unsurpassed craftsman, swift, deliberate and delicate. Living tissues were his god—he revered and caressed them; rough and purposeless movements in operating he abhored. He always had a large and admiring gallery; he loved that atmosphere and encouraged it. An enthralled foreign surgeon watching Moynihan's infinite care of details when operating is reported to have remarked, "What! is then your English blood so precious!" Operating was a sacred rite to him, he observed a rigorous ritual, he insisted that the most important person present was the patient, and nothing was to be spared for his safety.

It is impossible in such a small space to even list his amazing achievements. One of his most satisfying activities was the forming of the chirurgical clubs for the interchange of surgical interests amongst the provincial surgeons in England; this is now known as the Moynihan Club. Co-operation of British surgeons was a lasting ideal of his, and it was mainly through his efforts that the British Association of Surgeons arose. He was, further, the Chairman of the Editorial Committee for that fine quarterly, "The British Journal of Surgery." In 1926 he realised a lifelong ambition by becoming President of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was the first provincial surgeon to hold this honour,

(Continued at foot of page 7)

LOCAL LETTER

PSEUDO.

In the disguise of a "Medical School" Letter, Wu's Views has presented us with what one is intended to believe is all the spice of the Medical Student's existence. Such an impression is liable to be adopted by the more misguided of the Milner Parkites and to avoid this eventuating one might suggest labelling the Letter "Not to be taken seriously"!

FRUGAL.

Commissions play an all important role in my letters, and this occasion is no exception. Worthy of ranking with such legends as that of Robin Hood is the following:—Once upon a time there was a Tea-room Commission . . . Time Marches On! One is led to hope that things will be provided for prior to the completion of the report of the White-coat Commission.

FLAGRANT.

While not meaning to particularise, one has been impressed by the misuse of the Library by certain sections of the lower years. The impression always held has been that the Library is essentially a reference library, but the fact that at any one time 90 per cent. of the students occupying the edifice are armed with their own personal text-books and red-pencils and engaged in study to the exclusion of those more senior members of this school who are so dependent on the Library at this crucial moment of their scholastic careers.

SUPPORT.

We do not consider this an inappropriate moment to remark on the astoundingly disinterested attitude of the majority of the medical students as regards this publication. It would appear from the application for copies when issued, that a fairly large number of students read the "Auricle," so let it be sufficient to state that if one in every ten of these students submitted an article per month we would of necessity increase the size of the monthly to a hundred times its present dimensions.

GRAFT.

Although a whole-hearted attempt has been initiated to abolish the canvassing system as regards House-Positions in the General Hospital, the present tide of affairs would lead one to believe that nothing has eventuated. If the system is to continue, an obvious result should be the deletion of the clause in the "Application for Postions" stating that canvassing is liable to render exclusion of the applicant.

STATEMENT.

We are still waiting for the reply by the S.R.C. to the publicity accorded student behaviour at the recent N.U.S.A.S. conference in Capetown. When they have fully digested their ample meal of the night of Saturday, September 3rd, perhaps they will oblige. By the way, what's the point in these S.R.C. dinners, besides being a means of spending surplus cash?

Yours sincerely,

BINAURAL.

---

and the first President to hold office for six years. In 1929 he was raised to the peerage and identified himself with many controversial subjects in the House of Lords, amongst which were euthanasia and adequate national nutritional plans.

There is one aspect of Moynihan which cannot be conveyed in such a sketch, but is one for which the generations will remember him; his power as an orator and his amazing gift for writing. He was easily leader in these two fields in the English-speaking medical world. His orations were masterpieces—they are accessible in our library, and should be read by every thinking medical student. "The Approach to Surgery" ("British Medical Journal," October 8th, 1937); "Hunter's Ideals and Lister's Practice" ("Lancet," February 19th, 1927); "The First Murphy Memorial Nation" ("British Medical Journal," October 16th, 1920) are amongst his best known addresses. D.R.M.

* * * *

Honorary: "What's the bleeding-time?"

Clerk: "Just gone half-past five, sir."

("Durham Gazette").

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DOCTORS DON'T BELIEVE IT

By Augustus A. Thomen, M.D.

(With an Introduction by Lord Horder).

This salutary and provocative book is a detailed exposure of the fallacies, errors, misconceptions and superstitions of the body, health and hygiene. As the author writes in his Preface, "fallacies are never so interesting and so commanding in importance as when they pertain directly to the human subject himself—the ailments with which at times he is afflicted (including "humanity's greatest scourge," cancer), the manifold remedies and cures he employs, his food and diet, his mind and senses, the structure of his body, and its dissolution in death—and the numerous oddities of conviction concerning these many items derived from superstition and folklore."

Dr. Thomen is a distinguished American doctor, and writes with full and authoritative knowledge. Whether he is controverting the beliefs that a clean tooth never decays, that halitosis can be cured by using a mouth-wash, that fish is a brain food, that it is healthy to sleep on the left side, that lockjaw is caused by a cut between thumb and forefinger, that cats suck the breath of sleeping children, or that cancer is always incurable—he writes with equal scientific detachment and equal interest. To use a current phrase, his book is a timely and forceful essay in the "debunking" of current misbeliefs.

* * * *

SUICIDE

By H. Romilly-Fedden.

This book is the first comprehensive study to be written in English of the infinitely various attitudes towards suicide throughout the history of the human race. The causes of suicide in primitive, classical, mediaeval and more modern times, and the points of view which have led philosophers to condemn or approve the custom, are expounded with a scholarly thoroughness in which pedantry plays no part, so that the volume is a gold-mine of out-of-the-way information on the subject.

"Suicide" is by no means a book purely for students. The general treatment of suicide is made to throw light on a number of other subjects; thus in different chapters it links up intimately with the psychology of the early Christians, the Elizabethan dramatists, Puritanism, the Romantics, soldiering, etc. In fact, the book presents a series of most illuminating sidelights on social history from the earliest time to the present day, and on the peculiarities of human nature. It must inevitably take its place as the standard work on suicide.

* * * *

WHAT'S YOURS?

The Student's Guide to Publand.

By T. E. B. Clarke.

This is a book about pubs—or, as the author would have it, a sociological study of the extensive and popular region known as Publand. From it one may learn how, in Publand, the elbow can be raised so that the full aesthetic satisfaction results: knowledge that has hitherto been obtainable only after months or even years of pushing open the swing-doors.

In short, every aspect of Publand life is covered verbally and pictorially in its pages, for the delights of the pubman and the disapprobriation of the practising teetotaller.

(Review copies from "Vanity Fair," Smal Street, Johannesburg).

* * * *

Heard at O.P.O.

Honorary: "What's the matter with this man?"

Clerk: "Alcoholic constipation, Sir."

Honorary: "Alcoholic constipation! Oh, I see. He can't pass a pub."

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THE VILLAGE IDIOT REFLECTS

I've read quite a lot about Hitler,
And quite a lot, too, about France,
And how the world's angry with Hitler
For leading so pretty a dance.

I know quite a lot about China,
I've sometimes read news from Japan,
And I know why the poor Czechs accepted
The British Sudetenland plan.

Of course, I've been told about Britain,
And Neville, the man at the top;
And I've often spent long hours thinking—
Can the Spanish War possibly stop?

I've read all there is about Benes,
And Czechoslavakia's Prague,
And how all the people of Britain
Kept cool in the heat of Der Tag.

I've seen all the news on defences,
And maps of the Maginot Line;
And I know what the Germans are doing
On Germany's side of the Rhine.

I've read about dangerous gases
Like chlorine—that's yellowish green;
And the one that they're using for China,—
The horrible Fascist phosgene.

And I know what they're doing in Russia,
Which is known as the U.S.S.R.,
And I've read about Lenin and Stalin,
But I don't see a word of the Czar.

I read about Palestine daily,
And the clashes of Arabs with Jews,
And the hundreds of fluttering crises
That are found in the cable-page news.

I once read a bit about Turkey,
And once about Austria, too;
And I've read that in Switzerland only
Are the cows known to yodel and moo.

But I haven't seen much about Sweden;
From Norway there's nought to be heard,
Of Finland and Holland and Greenland
I've not read as much as a word.

I've even read news from New Zealand
And Canada, Kenya and Crete;
From Singapore, Portsmouth and Malta
Comes word of the great British Fleet.

I occasionally hear from Rumania,
Bulgaria quite often has views,
And what was once known as Bohemia
Is still very much in the news.

Of course, it makes interesting reading,
Which they say helps to broaden the mind,
Though it seems to me sitting and reading
Has helped me to broaden behind.

What I *really* like reading is Physics,
How I *love* to read Parker on Zoo!
Partington's Chem. is quite thrilling,
But it's Bot. that I read when I'm blue.

For Anatomy give me gay Frazer,
Sobotta is useful as well;
But it's Villiger, Arey and Drennan
That I'll never be able to sell.

Bainbridge and Parsons and Schafer
Are undoubtedly *sine qua non*,
But without Samson Wright (sixth edition)
I'd be dismal and sombre and wan.

For liver I relish in Savill;
For bladder there's no one like Price;
On musical, apical murmurs
My Conybeare-Craib is concise.

For Surgical Signs—Mr. Bailey,
For an intro. there's Morison-Saint;
Illingworth's book's very pretty,
And Thomson and Miles—very quaint.

But it's Pharm. that so tickles my fancy,
How I feast on my Cushy and Gunn!
While the B.P. and Clark and my Sollman
Give me hours of innocent fun.

Oh, I'd rather read Hormones than Hitler,
Diuretics related by Micks;
For Pharm. is so very much simpler
Than Germany's queer politics.

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THE MYSTICAL MUSE

A toast! I drink to the Medical Student–poor fellow. Steeped in the quagmire of gastro-jejunostomies, breech presentations and pyonephrolithiases, what little time has he for the fleeting luxuries of the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne *alias* The Nine on Helicon *alias* The Muses. His soul has atrophied to Tinct. Ipecac. Co. and uterol, while his education in the Arts has been completed with the unmetrical poetry of a fibrillating heart, the Wagnerian orchestration of a phthisical chest and the Post-Impressionistic painting of an acute abdomen with acriflavine. Tomorrow he may be a probationer-surgeon on a battleship in the North Sea. At no time is Culture more valued and esteemed as during the poetic months of War; how, then, can we allow the Medical Student (poor fellow) to entertain Mars, unfortified as he is, without even the *vin blanc* of Culture? Let us, then, tell him first of Music; let us tell him of Music as we wooed and won her.

* * * *

Chapter I.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF CUBA.

By Music we imply Beethoven, who lived in the days before electric lights (shades of Addison—oh, Edison, ra-*ther*!) and 606. Most of his work was, of course, done by Moonlight (Sonata; specific). Beethoven was court musician to Cleopatra. He wrote all the Music worth listening to. He was a great man and an Intellectual. Ah! what a fine philatelist, numismatist, bibliophilist and tight fist the old man was! We can still hear him shouting *Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite* to the Empress of Japan during her fifth confinement. He was the first man to say, People in glass houses shouldn't throw gall-stones. He came from grand stock—Rudyard Kipling was his grandfather on his mother's side, while Benny Goodman was his grandfather on his father's side. Due, no doubt, to this hereditary influence, Beethoven was born with large Boots, which he was wont to Swing right over his head. Beethoven never married. His two daughters, Oedipus Complex and Rosicrucian I., were both on the stage. The latter married a clerk at the Home Office, a modern poet called Napoleon Bonaparte (*inflagrante delicto*), who composed Tschaikowsky's 1812 Overture the year that Gladstone won the Derby. Beethoven's music was all written by Hitler.

Another popular band-leader was Bach, a fugue-itive from Germany, no doubt on account of his relations with the "Goldbergs." He was directly descended from that great Peruvian, Cinchona Bark (q.s.). Bach's finest work was his "Muir's Pathology," a perennial Mass funeral march in B minor for the dulcimer. The latter is Mussolini's favourite instrument,—

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played."

Mussolini, of course, invented the cor Anglais or Jew's harp, which, together with the Berlin-Rome-Tokio triangle, plays a prominent part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest musical, "The British Pharmacopeia" (released 1932).

Schumann, a song-writer and alleged composer of the *Etudes Symphoniques* (Rex v. Schumann, 1066), cried, "Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home." He was carried away by his imagination. Schumann's greatest songs are, of course, "Beer, beer, beer, the docs. are drinking," "Totem and Taboo" (London, 1919), and his "Antenatal and Postnatal Care of the Baby" (58 illustrations). Schumann, if pronounced Brahms, is considered Good Form. Schumann's music was all written by Hitler.

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Brahams was only distantly connected to the Hindustani Brahmans. The same cannot be said for his music. If the Medical Student (poor fellow) snores during the performance of a Brahm's Symphony, even his best friend won't tell him. Braham's music was all written by Hitler.

Schubert, an Austrian (d. 110 B.C.—before Hitler) complicates the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, for it is authentically stated ("Sunday Express"—Special Edition) that he wrote "Who is Sylvia?" "Hark, hark the lark," etc. Schubert failed to beat Bradman's—oh, awfully sorry — Hutton's Test record of 364 owing to a successful appeal against the light by Father Time. Few will repudiate the beauty of his not-out innings. The Medical Student (p.f.) may refer to it as his Unfinished Symphony. Schubert is not Richard Tauber incog. (African Consolidated Theatres Publicity Association). Schubert's music was all written by Hitler.

Mendelssohn (oh, very pretty, sir!) was pre-Darwinian, *cf.* his "Oh for the wings of a dove!" He composed a beautiful violin concerto and other songs without words (oh, hush, sir!), wrote delightful trios (Two's company, you cad, Sir!) and complicates the Shakespeare-Bacon-Schubert controversy (*vide supra*), for it is authentically stated (Prof. Kirby in "Wu's Views," every Thursday fortnight) that Mendelssohn wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn was Non-Aryan. Mendelssohn's music was all written by Mendelssohn.

If the Medical Student (p.f.) is keen on Keats or silly about Shelley there is little doubt that he will take kindly to Chopin. Chopin is bad form or poor taste, although it is a valuable social accomplishment to be able to say, "A Chopin Berceuse!" at the same time screwing face as though aware of bad smell. We are rather fond of Chopin.

Elgar (Buy Empire Goods) is the greatest English composer since Purcell. (Elgah? Rathah!—Majah, Poonah). His Violin Concerto (Op. 61) was made famous by Y. Menuhin (a 20th Century American violinist) and by Jerry Shulman (Johannesburg Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra).

Delius, Stravinsky, Handel, Grieg, Noel Coward and Chamberlain were early Greek musicians.

Besides Music the Medical Student (p.f.) should be able to discourse wittily on Opera. For his simple needs Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Saint-Saens, Jeannette Macdonald and Mr. Stuttaford will suffice. Wagner is an excellent example of the Compleat Angler.

The Medical Student (p.f.), when among Intelligentsia, must acknowledge that Wagner is the greatest musician, greatest poet and greatest dramatist ever. With Wagner form is no longer generic, but individual (oh, very well said, Sir!). Wagner's works have all been arranged by Hitler *alias* The Meistersinger of Nuremberg. Actually, Verdi is the only one worth bothering about, as his music offers the fewest intellectual obstacles. You can whistle Verdi. If the Medical Student (p.f.) cannot whistle, an unlikely exigency, he should be prepared (Rovers! Rovers! Rally!) with such phrases as "desecration of holy music" and "blasphemous sacrilege," just in case he be called upon to whistle Verdi at an Old Boys' Dinner, a First Year Medical Concert, a Meeting of the United Party Caucus or on any other occasion when such entertainment is prevalent. It is almost impossible for any but the higher order of intellect to memorise beyond the first six bars of a Puccini aria, and so the Medical Student (p.f.) may dispense with Puccini. Famous Verdi operas are "Trigonometry made Easy" (1919), "Ligaments of the Chinese Ankle-Joint" (1920), and "Where the Bee sucks there suck I" (1921). Famous operas by Mr. Stuttaford are "* * * * * * through * * * * *" and "* * * * * *!"

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* * * *

SCIENCE IN FICTION.

"There are few men alive who realise what extraordinary things can be done with a few drops of blood these days, and I happen to be one of them."

"Ah! And what will you do, Monseiur?"

"Well," Aleck shrugged, "I'll give it a benzidine test first. Then I'll measure the biconcavity of the erythrocytes. I'll check for the presence of any disease germs—diabetes or malaria or Bright's disease or syphilis or any form of anaemia; I might even make a precipitin test."

("The Cosmopolitan").

* * * *

THE SURGICAL NURSE.

The scalpel shining in his hand,
Begloved, begowned and clean,
Awaiting but his aides' command,
He dominates the scene.
With face alert, absorbed, austere,
And ready mind and heart,
The zero hour now is here,
The game about to start.
His task to cut, to staunch, to sew;
And sewing, knows there lurks
No germs, their ugly heads to show,
To upset all the works.
For *she* has sterilised the gown,
And knife, and glove and gauze,
And rigorously has kept down
All antiseptic flaws.
Hers is a threefold, endless task:
At first the stage she sets;
Then brings whatever he may ask,
And woe, if she forgets.
And finally she clears the mess,
So he may start anew,
Thus scrub-nurse, much of *his* success
In truth belongs to *you*.

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* * * *

"Any one made ill by fish eaten at local restaurant on Market Street, April 15th, write Box 76995, Ex."

(From the "San Francisco Chronicle").

FROM THE PEDIATRIC EXAMS.

Question: State the important differences between the character of the vomiting in rumination and in pyloris stenosis.

Answer: In ruminators, the vomitus is brought up with a whoop and the ruminator catches the vomitus in his mouth and swallows it again, and again he brings it up in a whoop. Occasionally, in a ruminator who is not very dexterous, the vomitus flies out of the mouth at times. In pylonic stenosis the vomitus flies out of the mouth, and no attempt is made to recapture it.

(University of Toronto).

* * * *

THE QUEER-SHAPED PAN.

There's nothing so torturesome,
Nothing so rude,
As the after effects
Of the enema tube.
With a weakly moan
You take what you can,
'Till the nurse slips under
The darned bed-pan.
And there you sit
'Till your loaves are creased,
Straining and groaning
Like a bound-up beast.
Till the sweat comes out
And your body reeks
With the fumes that sneak
From under the sheet;
Till the nurse returns
With a cheery smile,
Exhaling, exhaling
Like a pleasant child,
And takes away
That queer-shaped pan,
That carries the end
Of her enema can.

(A Washington patient).

* * * *

(The above are cuttings from "Tonics and Sedatives" from "The Journal of the American Medical Association).

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'N WETENSKAPLIKE SIN

Dit is natuurlik heiligskennis om van „navorsing" en „mediese student" in een asem te praat. Hemel weet, 'n student het genoeg te doen—wat nog kom praat van navorsingswerk. Hy moet al sy kragte inspan om getrou te wees aan 'n tradisionele patroon: 'n groot persentasie lesings nie bywoon nie; die minimum van kliniese en leeswerk doen; goed op hoogte wees van die hoedanighede van die rolprentspelers; besonderlik sosiaal wees en luidkeels geleerd in die leeskamer; goed benoud word voor 'n eksamen dan spog daarna met hoe min leer jy deurgekom het . . . En dan praat jy nog van navorsing—is jy dan mal? Daar is g'n tyd voor nie en wat help dit jou? Die professor kry al die eer en jy verwaarloos jou opleiding. Kyk hoe gaan dit met die Bantu-kinders navorsing—dis een gesukkel op 'n ander. Let net op na die gryshaartjies wat op ou Wannie se slape wil uitkom!

En so is dit maar—'n student bly 'n student. Hy drink uit die beker van onverantwoordelikheid—hy drink diep want sy heildronk is ingestel op die aanstaande erns van die lewe wat hy instinkmatig voel naderkom. Laat ons hom dan met vrede laat om sy jong lewe ten volle uit te leef.

Maar eenkant is dit tog jammer. Ou Vader Tyd staan nie stil nie en juffrou Fortuin is so onreëlmatig met die uitdeling van kanse en geleenthede aan ons aardse bewoners. Tyd en kanse om 'n geringe bydrae te maak tot die oplossing van die oorweldigende massa probleme in die mediese wêreld vlieg by ons verby en as jy weer gewaar sit jy saam met jou honderde kollegas handegevou en erken dat die behandeling maar net simptomaties is. Hulle, daardie wonderlike misterieuse „hulle" weet nog te min van die siekte af . . . daar is so baie behandelings. . .'n mens weet nooit watter die beste is nie.

Materiaal om op navorsingswerk te doen is daar oorgenoeg. Ons hospitaal is uniek in die Suidelike Halfrond met die groot aantal beddens en die Non-Europeaanse Afdeling. Ja, maar ons het nie geld en fasiliteite nie. Presies, en dit is tot 'n mate 'n gesonde rede. Maar, maak ons die beste van wat ons het—die ou klein bietjie? Ek dink daar is ons skroomlik nalatig. Dis treffend hoe bitter min publikasies van kliniese observasies vanuit Johannesburg se Mediese Skool of Algemene Hospitaal die lig sien.

Wie is dan skuldig en wat kan gedaan word? Almal, staf en studente, is skuldig en baie meer kan gedaan word. Maar die grootste skuld moet toegeskryf word aan die gebrek aan 'n wetenskaplike sin by die gemiddelde student. Hy het natuurlik 'n ontsettende massa feite om binne 6 jaar magtig te word. Sy tyd is egter nie so tjokvol werk dat hy nie 'n kwartier langer kan spandeer om 'n meer akkurate geskiedenis af te neem nie. Sy beoordeling en observasievermoë is natuurlik hopeloos ongeskik vir navorsingswerk, maar hy kan darem 'n deeglike permanente rekord van sy „chief" se observasies daar stel. Vanuit 'n duisend *volledige* akkurate rekords kan 'n navorser goeie getuienis kry—statisties meer lig werp op proleme of nuwe rigtings vir navorsing daarstel.

Maar feite bly feite. Die grootste persentasie studente se belangstelling in die hospitaal, pasiente „chief" en medisyne strek nie sover nie. Tog is daar die klein bende wat 'n ingebore navorserstemperament het. Persone wat nie haastig is om dramatiese resultate te sien nie, wat selfs nie verwag om binne hulle verblyf aan die Mediese Skool vrug op hulle arbeid te sien nie, behalwe die kweek van 'n wetenskaplike sin en intensiewe kliniese ondervinding. Dit is beslies 'n swakheid by die staf dat die sluimerende navorsers onder die studente nie meer gestimuleer en in die werk gesteek word nie.

Van studenteweë dink 'n mens aan 'n Kliniese Navorsingsklub—groepe studente wat kan saam spesiale werk onder leiding van die staf kan doen. 'n Mens kan altyd rekenskap hou met die ander eise op 'n student se tyd. Maar 'n mens voel huiwerig om van 'n nuwe klub te praat by die Mediese Skool. Dit laat jou dadelik dink aan 'n miskraam of 'n hoë kindersterftesyfer. Daar is al 'n honderd-en-een klubs en almal sukkel om hulle bestaan te regverdig om nie te praat van die halfdosyn wat doodgebore is nie. Een ding is egter seker, dat as studente erkenning kry vir eerlike ekstra werk dit beslis sal dien as 'n sterk stimulus.

Dit sou onregverdig wees om die inwonende dokters nie ook 'n steek in die sy te gee nie. Ek wil nie onredelik wees nie want 'n „houseman" se hande is tot oorlopenstoe vol en buitendien is hy besig om te staar. Vir 6 jaar het hy in die woestyn geswerwe, teen die end byna sy siel uitgeklim teen Nebo en nou staar hy op die Beloofde Land. Eindelik-Kanaan. Hy werk net so min as wat sy „chief" hom toelaat. Dr. Z. se dokter het lekker. Hy skryf nie een enkele geskiedenis op nie. Dr. P. se dokter doen nooit moeite om die behandelings op die bedkaart aan te dui nie. Natuurlik is dit binne die grense van menslikheid. Maar watter kostelike kliniese rekords gaan daar nie vir altyd verlore nie. Snydokter A. se naoperasie behandeling vir galstene is met Calomel en Epsom sout. Snydokter. B. gebruik 'n spesiale mengsel. Elkeen dink dat, uit sy ondervinding, sy behandeling die beste is. Maar watter een is *wetenskaplik* die beste? 'n Duisend noukeurige rekords of meer mag lig werp op die saak. Niemand egter maak die rekords nie. Net so: hoe sal ons ooit weet of die harsingskudding pasiënt wat regop sit aan die linkerkant van die siekesaal 'n beter behandeling kry as die een wat plat lê aan die regterhand, as daar nie bruikbare rekords oor 'n aantal jare beskikbaar is nie?

Of moet ons wag tot 'n lid van die staf Europa of Amerika-toe draf om vir ons daar nuutste idees te gaan haal? Wanneer kry ons dan ons *eie* nuwe idees sodat ander dit by *ons* kan kom haal? Sekerlik sodra daar 'n atmosfeer van doelbewus georganiseerde navorsing in die sale geskep word. Dit meen nie dat huidige pogings soos die navorsing op kopbeserings, kroniese appendicitis en Longontsteking verkleineer word nie. Maar die materiaal is so oorvloedig en daar kan so baie meer gedaan word met slegs 'n geringe verandering in die daelikse roetienewerk.

Wetenskaplikheid is die wagwoord van die eeu. Dit is tyd dat daardie leuse meer weerklank vind in die Mediese Skool van Witwatersrand.

P. D. WINTER.

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RERUM PROGRESSIO VITAE

So it arose—that mad, irrelevant, restless, searching thing called life. From the slime it stretched its shapeless head, and the quivering earth no longer was inanimate, but a sentient thing amidst the senseless chaos of a formed universe. Something new leaped from the old complex of hydrogen, oxygen and carbon—alive, wandering, purposeful, and its ridiculously inadequate pseudopodia held in it the lusts, the desires, the eternal progressions of a million generations. And the grandfather was immortal — two hundred million years later it launches its pseudopodia in dirty pools, in stagnant waters.

But how strange is the terrible fabric of Nature! The Immortal's progeny moves—invisibly; it feeds —on the intangible stuff of the air; it lives—how pitifully, for hours, for days. And yet it covers the earth; the mountains are green, the valleys are green, the tremendous barren spaces of the planet are incomparably green. The very air vibrates to life—unreasoning, irrevocable. Gods of the planets, look down and wonder at your unintentional by-product, look at green hydrogen, oxygen and carbon. And marching in the wake of the plants are the forests. Nature has no time for one experiment: a thousand are performed, ten thousand, a million. Tremendous is the force of Life, and inevitable the decay of death. From the Immortal sprang the Mortal—all must die. What is death? Cessation of individual function, halt of individual physiology, unmotion of individual movement. So death is individual; but the species evolves in an inexorable progression, merciless to the soma, benevolent to the gamete.

The earth becomes truly sentient; for the sun is felt, and the food is tasted, and the mate is sought. The worms are no longer flat, but round, and red water circulates in a mad merry-go-round, from head to tail, from cell to cell. Life must speed up, for only the rapid can exist; not only Life, even Death, is faster. From protoplasm to cell aggregates, from cell aggregates to nervous tissue, from nervous tissue to blood, and from blood to fish—onward, eternal progression, faster and faster, moulded by the unconquering forces of the Universe, struck by the inconsequential battering-rams of tide and rhythm, shattered and broken, crushed and resurrected by unknown and unknowing variation. Behold, ye original gods, the planet is five million years older.

The world is mostly water: it took five million years to realise land potentialities; and, of a sudden—measured by cosmic time —there were walking fish: weak, trembling legs, and bodies that hovered on the fringe of a murmuring sea, and animals whose home was the water, and whose school was the dry earth, and whose fossils were the stegocephalians and the Dinosaurs,the Periophtholmuses and Tyrannosaurus, the Polacanthus and the Stegosaurs—dictators of Nature, colossally-armed nightmares, minutely-brained nonentities. But they left a tiny heritage, an infinitesimal portion of themselves—a shelled egg. The egg hatched, and—curiosity of curiosities!—Man was born.

Man was born—or rather, the beginnings of Man, the first vague, unreal glimpse of a creature who paid no reverence to its grandfather, but later studied him under a microscope; a creature who wrote books, painted disrespectfully the nudity of Nature, created, and immediately destroyed. From the warm-blooded marsupial, to the bird, to the rabbit, onwards to the lemur and the baboon and the ape and pithecanthropus. Always the brain — grey and white matter, nerve-tracts, memory; always the conquering of Nature, the intellectual ascent to supremacy. Onwards—faster and ever faster, until the first cities rose, the first language was spoken, the first Government established. Progress; eternal, inevitable, purposeful. From the slums of the slime, to a habitat full of promise and comfort. "Rerum progressio vitae"—the Evolution of Life.

M. GOLDBERG.

FIRST YEAR CONCERT

It is an easy matter for us to look down from the loftiness of our gregarious security on the depravity of our isolated colleagues, the First Years. At an hour when the evening newspapers are deploring the freshman's intellectual immaturity, we can display no fresh surprise at the transgressions of our particular freshers, who as potential Medical Students and practitioners must rank, of course, among the more uncouth of unseasoned undergraduates.

We came prepared and yet were surprised. We had reckoned without the stalls. Of some of the performers it might be said that they were unaccustomed to the novel self-parade offered by the stage, and that their ribaldry was as distasteful but as harmless as the garrulousness of the well-wined *nouveau riche*. But a certain amount of discretion and reserve is expected from an audience. The latter, unfortunately, contained a large number of medical students, not all First Years. The frequent and discourteous slights, intolerant taunts and ungracious ridicule that was showered on the stage, would have better suited the Roman arena of an earlier day.

The concert itself fell short of previous exhibitions. Delivery, ever a sore point, fell short at the sixth row.

Len Melman's band, a good combination, might improve with practice. Melman's crooning was warmly acknowledged by the large section of obvious devotees to this particular form of sensual vocalisation. Bezuidenhout's pleasant voice was encored. A dialogue by Tavaria and Wigderow was presented with surprising polish. Sadowsky's "humorous" songs were well received. His success was as happy as it was unexpected. Of the guest artists, Charlie Rosenthal was the most proficient.

The sketch ("Husband's Supplied") was well acted but the actors illogically soft spoken. We would disillusion those who suspected the Sunnyside ladies of pantomiming a long-worded act.

The black-outs and other temporising witticisms were fairly well delivered by A. L. Becker. They were not of the drawing-room variety.

A good time was had by those not critically disposed.

DISTRACTION

With grinding teeth and ruffled hair
He settles down into his chair.
"I'll know my work, else I will 'bust,'"
So starts his "swotting" in disgust.

But far away his thoughts do ride
And thinks of girl-friend in his pride;
"I think she's fine," he murmurs low,
"But, sad to say, I have no dough,
For two nights hence there is a dance
At which my girl and I shall prance!
Perhaps some pal'll come to my aid
Who needn't fear, 'cos he'll be paid!
And so I think I'll finish work,
Which folks do think I love to shirk."

"The Rhomboids rise from vertebrae,—
Oh! what's the good, they still haunt me.
I'd rather study 'Picture Play';
To read how Harlow passed away,
Or Shirley Temple's latest 'pash,'
And how Clark Gable makes the cash!

But what's the good, my work comes first,
But now I think I'll quench my thirst;
I know there's drink in sideboard drawer,—
Some real good vintage—'94!

I'll take one 'tot' from liquid there,
And then more work I'll have to bear.

"The motor tracks arise in Betz,
And through the brain it somehow gets
To travel down the Spinal Cord."
But of this work he's fully bored!
So to some Phys. he thinks he'll turn
And find out how the fats can burn.

And so the evening passes slow
Until he's at the radio;
And here we find him listening in
To that new tune called "Tipi-Tin"!
And later in his bed he lies
A rested man but not so wise!

The moral to this story is—
Think first of "tracts" and also Phys.!
Else "Tipi-Tin" will be to blame
If you're not in the hall of fame!

S. MIRLIN.

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