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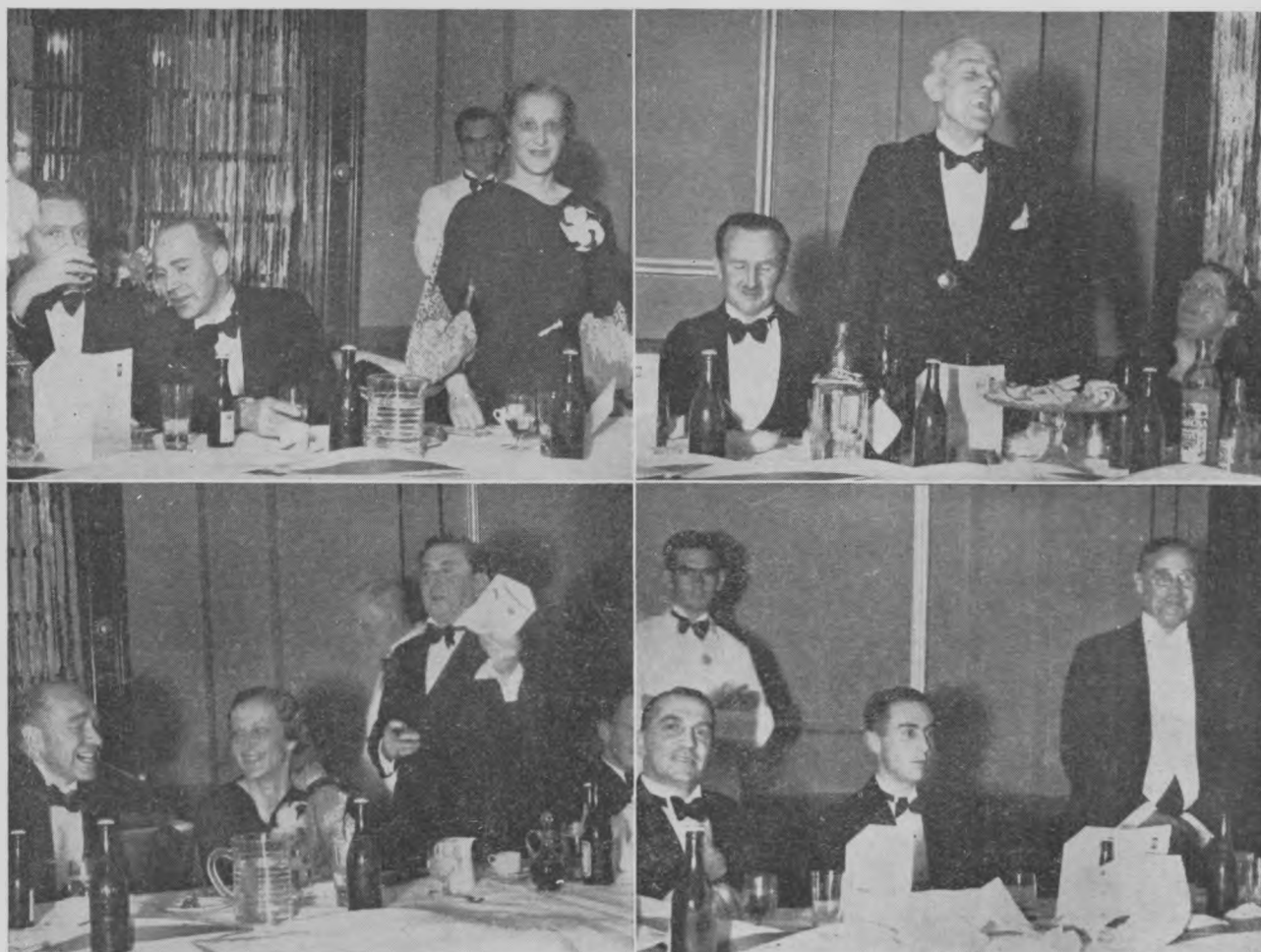
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VOL. 4

MAY, 1938

No. 3



Our Cameraman at the Medical Dinner.

[Acknowledgment to H. Reitz]

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Editorial.

The publication of an Anniversary Number by our parent journal, "The Leech," has evoked the spontaneous admiration and praise which its enterprise and rapid advancement deserve. We hope that during this period of celebration the progress of its offspring, "The Auricle," will not be overlooked, and that many other than the tolerant will have occasion to make reference to "a chip of the old block."

On the birth of "The Auricle" in 1935, the S.M.C. was gratified by the warm welcome afforded this bonny child of eight pages. Subsequent issues, however, drew many unkind criticisms, and there were those who suggested that the featured symptoms were pathognomonic of cretinism. Therapy, of a financial nature, was administered successfully, and "The Auricle" grew sturdily to twelve pages. At the end of 1936, the S.M.C. decided to discontinue this proved specific treatment, with disastrous results. It is true that the first roneoed issue in 1937 contained 24 pages, but this was merely the manifestation of a super-added Fröhlich's syndrome. In April, 1937, a more reliable form of the original treatment was resorted to, and has since been maintained. The improvement has been so rapid that now, in May, 1938, we are pleased to record that "The Auricle" is a healthy child of sixteen pages.

And "The Leech" has given its blessing: "The Auricle" has a great future before it. It should become one integral part of student

life at the Medical School, an intimate journal which 'The Leech' in its present form can never hope to be."

The Dinner.

To the Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—The Medical Dinner is practically a thing of the past and, while I am merely out of pocket, there are many who were deprived of the pleasure of attending by the prohibitive price.

The promoters of the function would appear to have lost sight of the fact that this school is stocked by students subsidised by parents. Except for a fortunate few, money is at a premium, and 6/6 is a colossal amount to be expended on a dinner. A less elaborate function at a reduced price would have been much more appropriate, for to exclude students via an exorbitant charge is to contradict the spirit of the dinner, that is, it is no longer the representative gathering which it should be.

For those who attended, it came as rather a shock to learn that the price of whisky was 25/- a bottle and definitely detracted from any advantage otherwise achieved by holding the dinner at the Wanderers.

The whole state of affairs is worthy of revision and perhaps in future a more universally acceptable arrangement may be reached.

Yours, etc.,

DINER.

* * * *

Overheard at the Medical Dinner:

Dr. R—: "Drunk? Not me! I know just how tight I am."

Professor S—: "I see. A man is as oiled as he feels."

The Medical School Play.

The choice of play this year marks a departure from the usual practice of producing one of medical interest. This year's production is to be "The Sport of Kings," a comedy in three acts by Ian Hay. The theme of the piece concerns the gradual awakening of that irresistible human foible, the gambling spirit, in the breast of the puritanical yet none the less susceptible Amos Purdie, J.P. (Sam Kagan). The seed is sown by the arrival at the Purdie household of two punters who take up residence for the local racing week. These inimitables, Sir Reginald Toothill (L. van Heerden) and Algernon Sprigge (R. Nupen) fairly jazz the austere establishment when it appears that the racing spirit already holds surreptitious sway. Their influence even touches hidden springs in the imperturbable Butler, Bates (F. Daubenton) with some astounding sequelae in which an exasperated J.P. is induced to yell "six to four the field," and gets immersed in a pond for his efforts. And then there is Miss Dulcie Primrose (Margaret Reinhold) the Purdian Secretary and all sweetness, who falls resistant prey to the sang-froid of that blighter, Sprigge. The story whirls its way to that happy consummation which is the good and proper right of comedy.

The caste is made up by Miss Molly Kannemeyer, Miss Ann Walker, Miss Sonia Highman, Miss Ruth Popoff, Miss Barbara Meaker, Miss Cecil Moore and Miss Pat Hingle, with D. Anderson, H. Reitz, V. Turnbull, D. Simonsz and D. Morris. The producer is again Professor Dighton Stammers.

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N.U.S.A.S. CONFERENCE.

The third annual Social Research Conference, which is to be held at the University of Capetown from the 3rd to the 10th July, promises to be the most interesting of those held to date. The theme subject is "**The Economic Structure of Modern Society: its Effect on Various Spheres of Human Activity.**" Such a topic is peculiarly appropriate for discussion at the present time, when much of the social and national distress prevailing in Europe, Asia and the Americas has been due to a lack of foresight in economic matters. This is especially so in the case of matters pertaining to health, for prevention of disease is still better than cure, and a fit and physically sound nation is only to be bought at the expense of much money and able public health administration.

In the health section the following papers have been allocated to delegates from the University of the Witwatersrand Medical School for preparation:—

- (i.) Minimal necessities of a healthy life.
- (ii.) The extent to which these obtain amongst the urban Bantu.
- (iii.) Diseases of poverty in South Africa.
- (iv.) Health measures in industrial organisations in South Africa.
- (v.) Health measures in the United States of America.
- (vi.) Health measures in the U.S.S.R.

Other subjects, such as the social and economic implications of venereal disease in South Africa, the influence of the economic standard of the people on the morbidity and mortality of infants and pregnancy, etc., are open for papers on special aspects of the problem.

No delegate is selected because of his ability to prepare a paper, but principally for his or her willingness to enter into discussions with and study the viewpoint of fellow-students from other universities and for his or her preparedness to enter into the social activities inseparable from any N.U.S.A.S. conference. Those who feel that they can contribute something of value are asked to get into touch with the undersigned. Let us form a happy band of enthusiasts that will leave Park Station on the 1st July with something achieved

and something to contribute to the discussions at conference.

The delegates will be royally entertained; intervarsity sporting events, receptions, dances, a play performance, and visits to various beauty spots and places of interest are already on the programme, and nobody will be able to complain of a spare or dull moment during their week's stay in residence at Rondebosch. A stimulating and glorious beginning to your July vacation.

In addition, in order to cater for those interested in journalism and contributing to University publications, N.U.S.A.S. has decided to hold a Press Conference as an experiment. The venue is also Capetown, and it will be held at the same time as the main Conference. Not only will such a gathering provide members with an unique opportunity of discussing their problems with students from other Universities, but will also give delegates the chance of studying the methods of producing a journal or newspaper, a vital necessity since the production of a journal like the "Leech" requires more thought and technical knowledge than is generally recognised.

Any further information on N.U.S.A.S. and its activities may be had from R. E. BERNSTEIN, Secretary for Health, N.U.S.A.S.

Fifth Year Examinations.

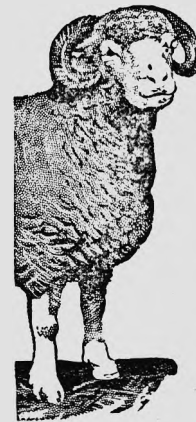
When the date of the fifth year exams. was changed last year to the month of February, a veritable avalanche of protests ensued. Individuals careered from department to department, only to be put off by specious arguments irrelevant to the issue, with the result that no concerted action was taken.

The present fifth year class was not prepared to let the matter rest in that unsatisfactory position. So they had a commission appointed to collect the facts and take the necessary action. The true facts were so utterly against the new date, that the commission had the full support of the medical students in presenting a petition to the Senate. Now it is unofficially announced that the date of the examination will revert to the end of November, and it is to be sincerely hoped that this Machiavellian scheme of tampering with exam. dates will never again see the light of day.

"SUB ROSA."

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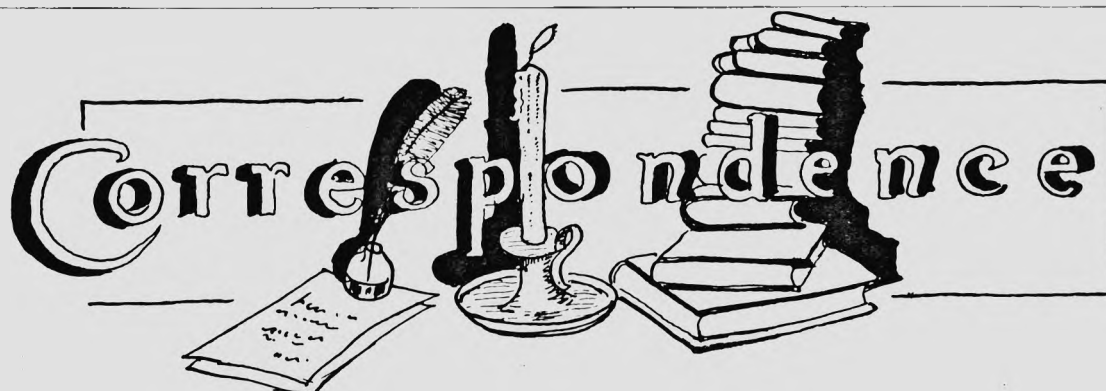


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Smallpox Scare.

Dear Sir,

The recent smallpox scare has served to point an excellent moral with regard to health conditions prevailing in South Africa to-day. It is a safe bet that the present epidemic will not be got under control until the major portion of the population has been vaccinated, because of the deplorable living conditions and public health facilities present in the locations, slums and poorer country districts. Meanwhile outbreaks of plague, malaria, typhus and enteric are reported from many parts of the country. Such diseases are associated in our minds with the Mediaeval era with attendant filth, flies and ignorance, but should have no place in modern civilisation. Many of our major scourges and epidemics need never see the light of day since the means for their complete eradication are known.

Unfortunately, the history of public health in South Africa provides many examples of the long time-lag between new knowledge and practice based on it, for both government and local administrations exhibit a policy of procrastination in health matters that may well prove disastrous. The life of a man is of little moment, when we must have better roads, airways, more guns and ammunition. We agreeably hand over to the National Roads Fund £20,000,000, a sum that would wipe slums from South Africa for ever, that would build a healthy, virile and vital race, and that would make the frequent occurrence of preventable disease a thing of the past.

What is urgently required in this country is a National Health Policy—a policy that will provide national co-operation between the medical profession and sociologists, agriculturists, economists and administrators in their fight against disease and ill-health. That is true co-

operation and fusion, and far more worthwhile than the petty manoeuvres of platteland politicians! Several years ago Parliament was discussing National Health Insurance, and to-day members are still discussing it. In 1928 a government commission, appalled by health conditions in the territories, recommended the building of native hospitals in the rural areas and the training of Bantu medical-aids—ideas that have been dropped into the wastepaper basket of forgotten trifles, while tuberculosis, typhoid, venereal disease, malaria and starvation are spreading like wildfire throughout the territories, killing and maiming thousands. In another sphere of health, namely, in the mental hospitals, the overcrowding and lack of proper attention received by the patients amount to a national scandal. And so one may go on by the page to quote of the wilful waste of human life and the overwhelming state of unsatisfactory living evident in South Africa to-day.

If we are prepared to tackle health problems sincerely, if we wish to plan on a constructive basis for the future instead of letting things drift, and if we are prepared to utilise present medical knowledge and at the same time actively seek the cure and prevention of diseases, then we may discover and defeat the ultimate source of all the poverty, sickness and unhappiness that permeates our modern civilisation. The science of Medicine alone is hopelessly ineffective in dealing with the evils of disease and ill-health, whose causes originate in our very mode of living and the social structure of the community. Concerted action—a war to end disease and ill-health—will have to be taken on many fronts; by the medical practitioner to advise and educate his patients; by the farmer to produce more nourishing foods at cheaper prices; by the urban authorities to eliminate slum dwell-

lings and to provide efficient public health safeguards; by the educational authorities to instruct the youth in health and hygiene; by the medical schools to provide a better training for their students, and to conduct research into the manifold problems relating to disease; by public health officials to spread propaganda for health, and to disseminate authentic knowledge regarding disease; and by the State to provide reasonable security against disease and sickness. All this and more must be carried through before any real advances in national health can become apparent, and smallpox and plague epidemics become a thing of the past. Yours faithfully,

R. E. BERNSTEIN.

To the Editor of "The Auricle,"

Dear Sir,

That crowds do not think, but merely follow others blindly has recently been demonstrated in the Medical School. Numbers of people with scarified arms were to be seen walking round—proud of their vaccination against smallpox. On being questioned they stated they considered it worth while. Hardly any had been immunised against typhoid fever. I consider this to be grossly illogical.

The facts are these:—

Re Smallpox.

- (a) Most people have already been vaccinated and therefore if they get the disease at all will have only a mild attack.
- (b) There has been only one European death in the last five years in South Africa.
- (c) In the present outbreak there has only been one death.
- (d) In England among the unvaccinated the death rate from smallpox in 1934-35 was under three per cent.

Re Enteric.

- (a) Most young people are susceptible to this disease.

- (b) Thousands of cases occur each year in South Africa.
 - (c) There are always cases of typhoid in our hospital wards, and students continually come in contact with these.
 - (d) The mortality from typhoid is estimated from 12 to 30 per cent.
 - (e) There are several authentic cases of students who have contracted typhoid in hospital.
- I consider that medical students who take steps to be vaccinated against smallpox while neglecting to be immunised against typhoid need to be psychoanalysed.

Yours faithfully,

M. KLEIN.

Wu's Views.

To the Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—The few issues of "Wu's Views" which have appeared to date have been frankly disappointing. As the "official newspaper of the students of the University of the Witwatersrand," it has failed lamentably. It is neither a newspaper, nor does it represent the students of the University. Taking the second statement first, one has only to point out that in three twelve-page issues there has been about two columns of "news" concerning the medical faculty—a faculty which represents almost thirty per cent. of the total number of students.

It is one of the essential attributes of a newspaper that it should contain news—interesting, accurate and fresh news. We were informed (7/4/38) that "though the organisers of the fete were extremely unlucky in that the weather changed suddenly and resulted in a heavy downpour in the afternoon, the fete was nevertheless a conspicuous success. Crowds swarmed the grounds from morning till midnight."

First of all, there was not one single student who did not know by April 7th that the fete was a wash-out. Secondly, the news per se does not arouse pleasant memories, and, thirdly (and this is most important) the fete was *not* a conspicuous success, nor did "crowds swarm the grounds from morning till midnight."

Rather than indulge in cliché reports, Wu's Views would have done far better had it pointed out that approximately five per cent. of the students stuck to their posts throughout the day and night; that

the remainder did not have sufficient "guts" to see the thing through; that if a loss was made at the fete then the latter were to blame, and that the spirit shown at the fete was a blot on our University escutcheon.

This same unwillingness to acknowledge unpleasant truths permeates Wu's Views' every issue. One feels that its editors are anxious to please somebody, and that truth is often better sacrificed at the altar of convenience.

Lest we be accused of unfairness in any way, let us again take a concrete example: the report of the Rag Concert. The headline: "Rag concert a success"—a happy but inaccurate statement. The house was half empty, and of the people present a good sixty per cent. were students. The first sentence was "The third annual Rag concert in aid of the Hospital Rag funds was by all standards easily better than its forerunners." Again pleasant but untrue. The audience, as we have pointed out, was definitely disappointing, and, in addition, the majority of the items were extremely poor. One could carry on right through the report in the same vein, but suffice to say that a little honest criticism would be far more welcome even to the organisers and participants, than a lot of hypocritical praise and a considerable amount of plain balderdash.

To pass on to another aspect of Wu's Views—its actual subject matter. Firstly, let us take "Step Talk." This feature has occasionally proved interesting, and in one or two instances in living memory, humorous. The adventures of the individual Sammy, which are in the main infantile, certainly do not merit a regular column of what we are told, is precious space.

It is also unfortunate for the race of "squatters," past and present, that many students are regular readers of the Reader's Digest, Punch, Esquire, etc. If this were not so, then their columns would certainly receive more appreciation than they do at present.

The regular full-page feature—"University Affairs," while still comprising one of the best pages in Wu's Views, has fallen off considerably in recent numbers. This feature should be livened up considerably, and should contain more items of real interest to the average student.

A word of praise: "Students Views" provide an important outlet for student opinion, and the material in many of the letters is vital and interesting. The review of Umpa, although semi-apologetic throughout, was good. A report on a recent debate was well written and informative. The sports pages are attractive and the items well reported.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that sporting activities are considered to be worth three pages out of about eight to nine of written material, while a faculty of over seven hundred students merits only an occasional fill-up.

As regards the paper generally, the editing and sub-editing are far below the standard of Wu's Views of 1937. The headlines consist largely of alliterations and are very reminiscent of the worst type of yellow-press journalism.

Wu's Views should be brighter, more candid, fearless and more representative. As it stands or falls by the student's opinion, we live in hopes of better "Wu's Views" in the future.

Yours, etc.,
O.

Medical Discussion.

The Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—Due to the able persuasion of a friend of mine, I acceded begrudgingly to his request that I attend a discussion of three cases of Haematuria presented by the Medical Discussion Society.

I should like to congratulate the Society on an excellent presentation. The principle of student discussion of a relevant subject is one worthy of everyone's support, both on account of its interest and of its educative value.

I hope that the Society will organise such discussions frequently—at least fortnightly—and that it will not allow the idea to come to an ignominious end, as do so many University Societies' attempts.

In conclusion, may I appeal to those students who last time made nuisances of themselves by attempted facetiousness, not to attend. One appreciates humour, but the continual foolish remarks interjected as attempts at wit fail rather miserably in their purpose.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

F. V. d'E.

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GREAT DOCTORS.

I.—The Example of Sir William Osler.

Few professions by precept alone can beneficially influence a community to the extent which Medicine can; yet no profession may glean greater reward by close attention to the lives of its own preceptors. This is the essence of Medicine's debt to Osler, for not only did he exhibit a genius in the practice of his art, but combined with it a love for his fellow men and a personality which won the admiration and respect of all who came within its influence. This was indeed a great doctor. He left us the priceless heritage of his example.

His father was a clergyman in the remoter regions of Upper Canada, where in 1849, William, the youngest in a family of eight, was born. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Toronto, in preparation for the church, but during the following year he changed to medicine. His training commenced in Toronto and concluded in 1872 at the McGill School in Montreal. Post graduate studies in England and Germany followed. In the former country were laid the foundations of his life-long association with physiology; in the latter the influences of German pathology and clinical administrative methods were so profound as never to leave him.

At the age of twenty-five he returned, to be made professor of the Institutes of Medicine at McGill. In 1884 he accepted the position as Professor of Clinical Medicine, Philadelphia, and rose to be one of the leading consultants in America. Five years later he was running the medical clinic in the newly-formed John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and organising the teaching of Medicine in that illustrious institution. In 1905 he was elected to the honour of Regius Professor of Physic, Oxford. These are but the milestones in his brilliant career.

There are three aspects of Osler—the clinician, the teacher, the author and scholar. Because of his extensive first-hand knowledge of great scientific advances which physiology and pathology were making at this period, he rendered the invaluable service of bringing these discoveries into "bed-side" significance. As the teacher, he was instrumental in displacing the formal lecture by practical ward de-

monstration. He possessed the rare gift of animating his associates by his own magnanimous example. It is doubtful if the relationship and co-operation which existed between Osler and his pupils at John Hopkins will ever be equalled in the history of medical teaching.

As an author his output was amazing. Besides the text-book which merited translations into German, French, Spanish and Chinese, and was the standard work in American schools, his bibliography totalled seven hundred titles. In spite of his excessively busy life, Osler found time for a devoted study of the classics, with special reference to medical history and its heroes. He aspired to the amazing honour for a medical man to be made President of the British Classical Association while at Oxford. Although he made no great fundamental discovery in Medicine, his greatness persists in subtler things.

Mention must be made of the most engaging facet of his character. This was a perennial spirit of exuberant mischievousness which caused him no end of inconvenience at school, and which, we may be thankful, never left him. He even terrorised his landladies with it, an Irishman exclaiming, "That fella doctor Osler will be the death of me sure!" This was the spirit which prompted his participation in abstruse scientific wrangles by contributing excessively facetious and humorous remarks under the pseudonym of Egerton Yorrick Davies, Esq., M.D. Nor was it awed by the austere portals of the Athenaeum Club, for we find the Regius professor "picking members' pockets as they perused their telegrams, or secreting bulky objects into their coat tails as they searched for their umbrellas." Wherever there was a nursery he romped, to the frequent bewilderment of adults and the yelling delight of its inmates. His way with children was superlative, for this was the manner of the man.

Osler died in 1919, a teacher of the very highest and noblest principles, and none exemplified them more perfectly than he did. His mind, like his profession, knew no frontiers, he had attained that great status of culture, the denationalised intellect. This should be the pride

of medicine. Osler's spirit lives, and is transcendent: it will always be for it is the very heart of healing—the reincarnated Hippocratic ideal. D. R. M.

On Arrogance in Teachers.

One is frequently told by lecturers that as true students of science we are all on an equal footing, with a common goal, namely, the advancement of science, and that in spite of their extra knowledge, they also are students.

In view of these very sane and logical remarks, I was rather violently startled this year, to find a very different attitude on the part of a teacher of ours.

In him, I see a reversion to the typical schoolmaster of literature. When the class are behaving as befits little ladies and little gentlemen, he smiles benignly on them—he may even relate a humorous anecdote (he never tells jokes)—but should he fall victim to post-prandial dyspepsia, let the class beware; the smile has flown and we quake 'neath lowered brow.

I should like to know what justification there is for his attitude of superiority, for I see none. Achievement, in one particular sphere does not entitle one to be elevated—far less to elevate oneself—to a rank superior to the rest of man.

Is it age which entitles one to respect? One is gentle with the aged, one is awed by the centenarian, but why respect a man who, through no fault (or virtue) of his own, was born twenty years earlier than oneself?

If our teachers expect exemplary manners from students, they should at least be equally well-mannered towards them, and not refer to a student as an "idiot" or in other disparaging ways. If they wish to be addressed as "Sir," they must reciprocate by addressing the student as "Sir," as is the practice in the older English Universities.

Personally, I think that a friendly atmosphere of camaraderie between staff and students is what is desired and not the pompous dignity and formality of some of our lecturers.

A point that always strikes one, when one meets a person who is truly outstanding, not only in his sphere, but also as a man, is his unassuming way. I wonder whether General Smuts, Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, insist on being addressed as "Sir"?

F. V. d'E.

Natuurtonele in die Mediese Skool.

Geagte Redaksie,

Ek was al in die Kruger-Wildtuin gewees. Die water-drinkery by die hoofingang van ons skool herinner my steeds aan tonele uit daardie wilde omgewing.

Nes in die wildernis is die drinkplek hier ook die vergaderplek. In groot klomp kom die studente die trappies af en omsingel die waterkan. Die voorstes plas heerlik met nat skoene in die dam water rond, want die opvang-emmer onder die kraan loop oor. Dit gee intense genot om weer terug te gaan in die skaal van evolusie en te handel soos in die laer trappe van beskawing.

Die drinkplek is 'n plek van spanning—net soos in die wilde staat waar die bok nooit weet hoeveel leus vir hom lê en loer by die kuil water nie. Vir die mediese student skuil die gevaar in die glas. Hy is bewus daarvan. Hy wou die glas uigespoel het, maar het vergeet. Hy dink aan cocci en bacilli en (sensor, Red). Die spanning van afwagting om te sien of daar water by die kraan sal uitkom, is ook groot. Al jou maats staan en wag om te drink, maar daar is net een glas. Jy draai die kraan links-om en dan regs-om en dan heeltemal om maar niks water kom uit nie. Skielik . . . en jou skoene is papmat! Of jy vra jou maat wat die meeste dors het, om die emmer stadig op te lig agter. Versigtig, versigtig, vol verwagting—maar die emmer is dolleeg . . .

Die groot natuur-wet: „Survival of the fittest” geld dus ook in die Mediese Skool.

DARWIN.

* * * *

Clerk (taking history from patient aged eighty): "Have you ever suffered from sick headaches?"

Patient (thinking hard): "Yes, in June, 1878." (Collapse of clerk).

* * * *

A new version. (Pharmacology department please note, and include in future helminthology lectures):

She: "What are you biting my neck for?"

He: "It's the animal in me."

She: "Do I have to feed your tape-worm, too?"

L. F. JUNG

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Tea Room**

Medical Film Library.

The formation of a Photographic Society within the Medical School is a step that is much to be commended, and deserves the support of every student. It is to be hoped that this newly-formed society will not devote its whole energies to lectures and abstract technical discussions, but will carry out work of a definitely practical nature, namely, the formation of a library of medical films. No one will deny that the film plays an invaluable part in the dissemination of knowledge, and everyone must deplore the paucity of films on medical subjects in South Africa and the absence of illustrated lectures in the supposedly enlightened teaching methods of to-day. With the vast clinical material available on the Witwatersrand it should be a simple matter to make photographic records covering a wide range of cases and techniques. The departments of the Medical School have the necessary technical apparatus, the staff has promised its full co-operation, and all that is now required is the white-hot enthusiasm of those students who are interested in photography. After all, the written word of the textbook and the spoken word of the lecturer are dull things compared with a vivid visual picture which leaves an indelible impression on one's brain. Those interested in the above object or in the aims of the Photographic Society generally should get into touch with one of the committee members of the society, namely, Messrs. Paisley, Mullins, Morris, Jeppe, Bernstein or Fainsinger. R. E. B.

The Tempest.

On June 1st, 2nd and 3rd the University Dramatic Society, in association with African Consolidated Theatres, are presenting "The Tempest."

Not for a long time has a Shakespearian play been put on the Johannesburg stage, although there has been a demand for one. The University, it is pleasing to note, is going to fulfil that demand, and students, it is hoped, will flock to the Standard Theatre to see the play. They should support the effort.

Miss Muriel Alexander, who has had considerable experience, is to produce the play. One may be sure therefore that this production of "The Tempest" will be worth seeing.

Melody at the Metro.

The annual rag concert was held at the Metro on Sunday, April 3rd, 1938, at 8.45 p.m.

Part I. of the programme was devoted to "outsiders," and was compiled by Morry Blake. To mention the names of those performing would be to recite a "who's-who" of the local stage, so let me confine myself to certain individuals. Chris. Blignaut was his usual self, but, unfortunately, appears to have a repertoire which he reserves solely for Rag concerts. Freda Gross has a most delightful voice, which was heard to great advantage; the premature switching on of the organ, however, set up a low rumbling noise which tended to distort the latter part of her song.

Then came the Students' Hotpot. The high-light of the evening was provided by the Medical School Harmonica Band, who continue to improve with each performance. Guy Routh continues to select the most unsuitable songs, and in consequence was not too well received. John McCormick has a most remarkable voice, which the audience was not long in appreciating.

There was an obvious lack of co-operation between the individual performers for the programme positively reeked of "The Firefly," "Home Town" and "Bei Mir Bist du Schöen."

This student pot-pourri illustrated amply that our lads are capable of completing the whole programme without extrinsic assistance. Possibly this will be realised next year. There was a good deal of material seen at the "Rag on Tour" concerts, which would have been most adequate for the Metro Concert, which seemed to lack that necessary "snap" for which this University is famed. CANDIDUS.

Hospital. Our life is built not round Milner Park or ugly Phineas, but round wards and operating tables. If the badge suggests isolation, I am all for it. Personally, I think there is too much of the University and not enough of the hospital about it. We have an independent house of study. We want independent social, literary and sporting life; we want to build up independent tradition; we want to be not members of the University of the Witwatersrand, but of the Johannesburg Hospital Medical School.

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THE MEDICAL SCHOOL BADGE.

"PRO."

The introduction of the Medical School Badge was a significant step in the progress of the Medical School and the University as a whole. The device retains the University colours and is worn only on a University blazer, and is in every way a part of the University.

The Faculty of Medicine had the initiative to introduce its own badge. I see no reason why the other faculties should not follow suit; and if the respective badges are coloured and worn in the manner just described there should be no reason to feel that there is a lack of harmony between the individual faculties. On the contrary, the distinguishing emblem on the University blazer would indicate that the wearer is an engineer, an architect or a medical at the University of the Witwatersrand.

But now let us assume that with the introduction of the new badge we have made the first step towards isolation of the Medical School from the rest of the University. I feel that by this there is nothing to be lost. Medical Students study at the school, eat, drink and talk at the school, have independent social and scientific functions in the school, and never enter the buildings at Milner Park, nor need they.

If it is only the Sports Ground of the University that we need, why should we not have one of our own? Medical schools overseas have billiard rooms, squash courts, swimming baths, actually on their premises. Of course, much of this sort of thing is impracticable in our own case; but if part of the fees that students now pay to the University were placed in a Medical School fund instead of the general University fund, a Medical School Sports Ground and Club could easily be developed. I would not be at all surprised if such an arrangement should seriously affect in part the University's financial position, and instead of our needing her, she would need us, and I think she does!

"So what?" you might say; "we are members of a great University and should associate ourselves with it wholeheartedly!" But I feel that this should not be the position. We are not primarily students of a University; we are medicals, whose Alma Mater is the

[Continued at foot of previous column]

"CON."

One of the greatest mistakes made in the history of this medical school was the institution of a special Medical Faculty Badge.

In these days, when a plea for greater co-operation between Milner Park and Medicalia is advocated, there can be no move calculated to increase the rift to the extent that is bound to result from this move.

We are primarily students of the University of the Witwatersrand, so why be ashamed of the badge of the Alma Mater? The Medical School is merely a faculty of the University, and not an isolated institute. There would be a fine state of affairs should other faculties take up the same attitude and bedeck themselves in badges indicating their course of study. A resurrected Babel is the end-point which one immediately visualizes.

The question which springs to mind is "What for?" Why is this special symbol of medical studentship necessary? The badge of the University has been long respected and recognized on its own merits. But here is the modern generation deprecating it and seeking to change the old order. I am the last one to uphold the dictum which advocates conservatism, but everything must be within reason. Logic should be the basis for our actions, so pardon me if I state that I see no point in favour of this new badge.

Granted, it is an improvement on the old as far as appearance is concerned, but if that were the object why not adopt an improved design to be uniform for the whole University? This may contradict one of my earlier statements, but better this than individualism among faculty badges.

Your faculty is an integral part of the University, and therefore you are essentially members of the University of the Witwatersrand. As such, the new badge tends to conceal that fact and therefore defeats any good purpose which might otherwise be promoted.

When you leave these precincts you do so as graduates of the Witwatersrand University, and do not sign yourselves as M.B., B.Ch. (Wit. Med. Sch.).

POINTS FOR THE PROSPECTIVE PRACTITIONER.

Once more, dear readers, I resume describing to you how to place the "U" in success. I assume that you have read my last article and have now completed your existence as a medical student. The remaining twenty-five years of your life is to be devoted to aspirins and enemata with which you are to obtain the confidence of the public.

Prior to assuming private practice, try to get a locum tenens. To the uninitiated this term is doubtless foreign, so let me explain. A locum tenens is a means towards paying poker debts contracted during student days; sometimes there is sufficient remaining for the purchase of soft drinks.

Having "cured" the pet neurotic of the district, you will now be forcibly ejected; so now general practice must be considered.

Part I. in attaining this aim is immunization. The candidate should immediately be immunized against small pox, chicken pox, typhoid, lymphogranuloma inguinale, Milroy's Disease and Kala Azar, as all these are liable to be contracted.

Then discard all apparatus bought during student days and invest in a thermometer and an oxygen tent.

The former, when enclosed in a small nickel cylinder and left protruding from the waistcoat pocket, creates an excellent impression. The oxygen tent is an indispensable apparatus and when not in medical use may be let out as bachelor apartments.

When the first call arrives, the practitioner must instruct some party to discreetly inform the caller that the doctor is away on an urgent case and will call within the hour. This greatly impresses the caller, who realises the excellence of a doctor so greatly in demand. On reaching the patient's house, the reader should sound the hooter of any car that happens to be parked near by, and then discard his tram ticket so as to complete the picture. The patient's history is then obtained and, in the event of the sex, age and general constitution being conducive the 'phone number should also be elicited. After percussing, palpating and the like for about three hours, the reader will find himself in the dark and should then tell the relatives that the patient has N.Y.D., a rare disease of unknown origin, and, finally, should prescribe acid acetylsalicyl ad infinitum. This is termed a successful case.

After a few years in practice, sufficient money should have been acquired at the greyhounds to buy a brass name-plate. This should preferably not be second-hand, as it is advisable to have one's own name on it. A red light may also be purchased if the practice is really successful, and this suspended outside any apartment in the building which looks habitable. This is termed the surgery, and may conveniently be let out at reasonable rental during the off-season. Patients, while not essential for the successful practice, are nevertheless useful during a run of bad cards.

Now comes a very important acquisition. It is assumed that the reader, having been in practice for about fifteen years, must needs cease riding in tram cars and invest in a means of conveyance. The most advisable purchase for this purpose would be an electric train, for this is both speedy and economical, but the laying down of the track may prove an inconvenient obstacle. Hence the reader is advised to invest in a scooter, one with rubber tyres being preferable, and this will prove itself a useful adjunct to success.

Personal appearance and a professional perfume are important items to be considered. The beard of the successful man should not be below the knees, as this tends to hamper his progress by tripping him up while dashing from Wembley to the Wanderers. His finger nails should be well manicured and painted an unassuming shade of Ext.-Glycyrrhiz. Liq., while all corns and other collosities on his hands would look well if surrounded by an areola of gentian violet or carbol fuchsin. Prior to doing the day's round, ether should be liberally sprayed over the person and tinct. valerian (1 fluid ounce t.d.s.) well rubbed into the hair. This last is a first aid measure, for on encountering a hysterical illness, one lock of the hair of the practitioner is removed (without an anaesthetic), dissolved in five fluid ounces of water, and administered as continuous intravenous drip saline to the patient.

Finally, with regard to confinement cases, a few words of advice. When asked when the baby is to be expected, shake the head wisely, grin wickedly, and say in a sepulchral voice, "It won't be long now." This little statement never fails to impress and may be entered on the account as "professional advice—10 guineas." Never fail to

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attend a confinement without two rabbits and two female frogs. In the event of no child having been born after twelve months, these animals may be used in the Ascheim Zondek and Zwarenstein-Shapiro tests respectively for confirming the diagnosis of pregnancy. Should these be positive, the induction of labour artificially is advisable.

Having carried out these instructions to the letter, the reader is now a successful practitioner and ready for specialization, on which subject I hope to advise you at a later date.

STONY DULL.

Sic itur ad astra.

(Lines written in the Post-Mortem Room).

Long taught are we in learning's temple,

That tearful show's a liquid lie,—
A granite heart,—this makes for knowledge,
Cloud not with feeling sigh!

But I would turn from de'il impassive,

For grief is not dissembler's cry;
And living I would motion joyless,
But inward shy.

One felt that Hea'en her Muse had stilled—

Apollyon head in terror bent;
Apollo's shafts embraced her body
And tragic beauty lent.

Can I forget her elfin features—
A fay's celestial dwelling each.
Her golden hair, so ruthless matted,
Nor death could bleach.

Diphtheria's victim! Short her stay, yet

Beauty soft had 'quired indeed.
That dulling, racking pain—unreason'd—
Till prayer freed.

Hearts.

At lecture, one late afternoon,
I think I must have slept,
For through my mind in strange disguise

Familiar figures crept.
And all the students there with me
Were playing different parts;
For in their places row on row
Were sitting little hearts.

I saw Joe Prag—oh strange delusion,
As pericardial effusion;
A fatty heart of shining yellow
Was Levy—next to him—poor fellow.

Merlin, in verbose altercation,
Was an auricular fibrillation.
And Wally Gordon, next to him,
Example of a gallop rhythm.
Gellman, squeezed into row three—
The common extrasystole.
Behind sat earnest Bennie Hermer,
The normal heart without a murmur.

And Eli next with solemn face,—
Systolic murmur at the base.
Then bradycardia at the door
Was Wolpe coming late once more.
Long Snymen—making no defence,
A valvular incompetence.

And, with dawning comprehension,
Klein—essential hypertension.
Ludwin, nodding ponderously,
The picture of Brown Atrophy.
Jankowitz, in exaltation,
Failure with a dilation.

And ever restless Cyril Kisner,
True example of Arrhythmia.
Then Stella, once of sturdy stock,
Now showing a Complete Heart Block.

And Rifka, having missed her T,
Myocardial Degeneracy.
I saw Maria—next in the seat—
That vain elusive dropped heart beat.
And recent Coronary Thrombosis
For Francis was my diagnosis . . .
And then I turned and saw no more
But one heart missing beats galore:
For Craib was asking that heart
“Why?”

And that faint heart—was I.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The name and year of study of the contributor should accompany all manuscripts submitted for publication. Although anonymity will be preserved if so desired, correspondence on controversial topics will not be accepted unless the correspondent supplements his letter with his full signature.—Ed.

* * * *

Professor Br-bn-r: “Ah-h-h-h-h, yes. A papilloma can become malignant in spite of its benign appearance. It's like a girl singing in the choir at church; you would think butter couldn't melt in her mouth.”

* * * *

Overheard at the Speech Clinic:—

“Did you ever attend a school for stuttering?”

“N-no, I j-j-just p-picked it up.”

* * * *

Dr. Ch—t (to Miss Third Year): “And how would you diagnose softening of the brain in the post-mortem room?”

Miss T.Y.: “I'd pass water over it.”

* * * *

Definition: a medical student is a man who knows what she wants and when she wants it.

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The Medical Dinner.

The Wanderers Club was the venue of the annual dinner given by the Faculty of Medicine. The function was attended by about two hundred people. The hall was decorated, rather sparsely, in the University colours.

The toast of "The King" was drunk in traditional fashion and most heartily. At the conclusion of dinner, Mr. Davidson rose to propose the toast of "Our Guests." The president of the S.M.C. spoke in no uncertain way of the debt which students owe to their tutors. Professors Stammers replied on behalf of the guests. This he did in his own inimitable style, his brevity being worthy of emulation.

The next speaker was Dr. M. Greenberg, who lauded "The Nursing Staff." In enumerating her commendable qualities he told us that the nurse is "so sympathetic," but "God help you if you walk into a theatre five minutes late." The student can learn a good deal of medicine from her for "how many of you know how to give an enema?" The existence of a representative council of nurses at this hospital was commended while an increase in salaries for nurses in the Orange Free State was foreseen. Referring to the nurses as "my girls," Dr. Greenberg stated in conclusion: "I love them; I've been nursed by them."

In replying to Dr. Greenberg, Sister Driver thanked him for his remarks and said that even the nursing staff "enjoy a few cracks now and then." Her speech was concise and convincing, and while it could not be heard in all corners of the hall, I am sure that this was due to inherent qualities and not promoted by any undue rowdiness which might have been present.

The next speaker was Dr. Te Groen, who proposed the toast of the "Medical Citizen." He told us that he inferred from the wording of the toast, "a citizen with some superhuman qualities," though his personal opinion was contrary to this interpretation. In practice, "something more than a working knowledge of women" is necessary, for it is "the women in practice who make or break the practice." I must whole-heartedly associate myself with Dr. Te Groen, who deplored the presence of two crests on the menu cover. The

speaker advocated the formation of a club for the pooling of social and other activities, a scheme which definitely merits more than casual consideration.

Mr. P. J. Kloppers, in replying, stated his feeling of inadequacy as he was "not yet a doctor and hardly yet a citizen." The final examination figured rather prominently in his remarks, though one is inclined to wonder why. We were also told that he has "drunk many gallons of good beer or whisky."

In response to numerous and vigorous requests, certain other guests were prevailed upon to speak.

Dr. A. Strachan, whose monocle was accorded a most tumultuous ovation, while wondering why he was singled out to speak as he considered students heard a good deal of his voice at other times, narrated a story previously censored by Dr. Stammers.

Popular and unanimous vote decided on Mr. "Jackie" Douglas as the next speaker, and in the manner for which he is famed, he delivered a short, sweet and greatly appreciated dissertation.

Dr. C. F. Krige followed and, while remarking that he had "reached change of life," spun the crowd a yarn which was accorded merited applause.

Yet another gynaecologist in the person of Dr. Drury Shaw was the next speaker, who mentioned that as "one of the most junior members of the staff" he felt it a privilege to be singled out to speak.

The spirit of the function, while dampened towards the latter half of the evening, was a most convivial one, as is only befitting a dinner which, in my opinion, should not be of the unbearable formal tone which characterises the annual banquets of visceroptotic business men. While certain members were a trifle boisterous on "two whiskies and a half a bottle of beer," and though things were hardly reminiscent of 11 a.m. on the 11th of November, it was scarcely a development of 1938; the dinner is an annual function, and as such, allowances should be made. In the absence of same, perhaps *pre-warning* or *post-admonition* is to be recommended.

A word of praise to the Entertainment Committee who were responsible for the function and the comparative success which attended it. The price was a trifle

prohibitive, and therefore the members attending were somewhat curtailed, but possibly ways and means of surmounting this difficulty will be found the next year.

Again the Dinner.

To the Editor of "The Auricle,"

Sir,—Let me start mildly. The Medical Dinner was a washout, a flop. The Entertainments Committee are excusing the exorbitant price by saying that they obtained the best dinner in town for the lowest price. If that miserable sardine, "caseous" soup, cheap fish and a slice of turkey was the best dinner in town for 6/6 or even 5/6, I shall eat tacks for the rest of my life. I maintain, however, that we did not go out with the object of consuming a square meal. We wanted something more than "mere meat," something in the way of original entertainment. And what did we get?

I am certain that the acoustics in that cold and uninteresting hall are the worst in South Africa. I was seated six feet from the main table, and could scarcely hear a word. Small wonder that those who were unable to hear, and they were the great majority, began to talk among their gay selves—quite a natural and understandable thing to do, something which the Dean unfortunately interpreted as an insult to the speakers. But I can assure the "rowdy mob" further removed from the main table than myself, that they missed very little in the way of good speeches. With the exception of one or two bright statements, I have never heard duller and less interesting utterings at a medical dinner!

Of course, to crown the whole affair, what little life there was in the assembly was crushed by the totally unnecessary, unreasonable and out-of-place remarks of one of the later speakers.

Medical men from overseas maintain that we "have no idea of what a medical dinner is like." I for one, am convinced that our medical students are "flat" and our staff almost as "flat"!

"DISGUSTED."

* * * *

News Item: "Mrs. Y— gave birth to her fourteenth child this week."—Daily paper on Thursday.

And she still has Friday and Saturday to go!

The Medical School Arts Society.

The first meeting of this Society was held in the Aesculapian Theatre on the 21st of April, with Mr. Ovedoff in the chair. The main object of this meeting was to define the aims of the Society and to pass its constitution.

The objects of the Medical School Arts Society are two-fold. Firstly, to offer to the medical student an opportunity of improving his knowledge of music, painting, sculpture and architecture by means of lectures, demonstrations, visits to art galleries and studios, etc., and secondly to encourage his own talent in drawing, painting and all types of craft work.

Dr. Penn, who attended the meeting, brought to the notice of those present several important points. He mentioned the close connection between art and medicine, and suggested that membership of the society should be limited to medical students, and that any other persons wishing to attend meetings should do so as guests.

Dr. Penn assured the society that Captain Gardiner, Head of the Art School, would render any assistance that was required with regard to the arrangement of an art class. Finally the value of the practice of drawing and modelling as a training in the development of observation, manual skill and delicacy of touch, which are essential to success in medicine, was emphasised.

The Medical School Art Society is new. It needs members in order that it may accomplish all the things it has set out to do. It offers to medical students opportunities that may never come their way again—since it is their society they should give it their whole-hearted support.

(Students interested in the Art Class should consult C. Frost for further particulars.—Ed.).

Aesculapian Society.

The society was previously known as the Anatomical and Anthropological Society. At the annual general meeting the above name was suggested by Mr. P. J. Kloppers, and was adopted by the meeting. The reasons advanced for the change determine the whole future policy of the society and are briefly as follows:—

(1) The old name confined the subjects of lectures and discussions to too narrow a field which militated against senior student attendance.

(2) The 1938 committee intend operating on such a broad basis that they hope to interest all university students as well as members of the general public.

Professor R. A. Dart and the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyer have kindly accepted the Hon. Presidencies of the society.

Professor Dart delivered his presidential address at the first meeting of the society on 14th April.

A report of the address was published in "Wu's View."

Mr. Vilakazi, whose fine lectures in the past have been much appreciated, will probably be the speaker at the next meeting.

The society also hopes to arrange a debate with the debating society, and a joint excursion with the Biological Society in the near future.

L. S.

Fallacy.

I have never had much time for Morton. I feel the mortification of having to recognise him even as an acquaintance, for he is a veritable Surajah Dowlah, a Nana Sahib, a Uriah Heep, a Bluebeard. Yes, a Bluebeard, and pity even the Mesalina or Phryne that falls a prey to his conspicuous viciousness.

He declares that the whole incident was an unhappy mistake, that, if anything, I was to blame, and that it was tempting Providence to mudge about with a lax moral grip. He himself had no idea what was in the air—bah! The Pharisee, the Pecksniff, the Maworm, the—anyway, let me tell you about it.

I saw her for the first time during Grad. ceremony. Looking down from the organ seats on to the visitors' rows, I beheld a young woman whose comeliness rendered me spellbound. I knew immediately that I loved her. Imagine, then, my disgust and horror when some minutes later on wrenching my eyes off her I discovered that she was seated next to Morton. The latter, no doubt, appreciating my plight, assumed a crafty indifference.

I saw her the second time at Milner Park. Brushing past Morton in the entrance hall, I entered the library. She was speaking to the librarian. I strode up to the desk, but almost immediately she ended her conversation and walked out, turning to the passage on her left. I waited for my card and followed. But she had gone, and with her, Morton.

I shall never forget our meeting. It was at that splendid X—dance at the Carlton. I met Morton in the cloakroom, and, surely enough, I acquired her in the Paul Jones.

"Look here," I said, "I know you and want to speak to you. We can dance out on to the balcony."

She hesitated, but, smilingly allowed herself to be led out into the cool night air.

"Please be quick," was all she said.

"I'm a Medical Student," I began, and she interrupted with a "Oh, then you must know—" which I cut short with a grim "Yes, I do; it's about him that I wish to speak. Please listen to me. He's deceived you. I know him well. He's a hell-hound, a wretch, a viper, the devil incarnate, a black-guard. He'll throw you over as soon as he meets another beautiful woman. And I love you—"

She smacked me resoundingly on the cheek. Not once, but thrice. Five seconds later I was alone on the balcony. I sighed. It was to be expected. Morton could cast a charm around Diana herself. However, I returned to the floor.

I looked around. She was dancing with old Beresford, who lectures to us on —ology. I felt a tap on my shoulder. Morton had come up.

"I saw you go out with her," he grinned. "What happened?"

"I warned her against you, and said I loved her."

"You did *what*?" he almost shouted. "You warned old Beresford's squaw against me, and told her you *loved* her. Jiminy," he wheezed, his ugly face congested, purple, "Jiminy, wait till this story finds its way into the Common Room."

And that's why you'll find me in the library on Mondays and Thursdays after lunch. That's when Beresford gives his musty old —ology lectures in the Vesalian Theatre. I find that I can get through so much *more* if I work at the subject alone in the library . . .

* * * *

Impossible People: The doctor who told the girl with water on the knee to wear pumps.

* * * *

Professor Br-bn-r: "Hoe gaan dit, ou kèrel?"

Patient: "I'm sorry; I can't speak Yiddish."

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Love Among the Corpses.

He met her on the second day of the first term at Table 13. They were both new to the Medical School, of course, and both felt in a vague way that they were digging their first real path through life. And then there was the strange atmosphere which surrounds Table 13. If you walk into the Dissection Hall, you will find it at the top left-hand corner, commanding a view of the sky-line of Johannesburg. It seems secluded from the rest of the Anatomy Department, in some unaccountable way; that is, if you are of a certain romantic, I might almost say, sentimental way of thinking, as they both were, in their heart of hearts. Possibly, that is what attracted them to each other. She was skinning the thigh, when she suddenly became aware of him working on the scalp; not, mind you, that they noticed at what region the other was busy; rather it was their personalities which groped along the body and linked hands. Since he was so shy, she it was who established practical contact by asking him for a loan of a forceps; in his eagerness to oblige her, he nearly dropped it into the bucket of formalin. In their first laugh together, they were bound by a chain of the keenest temper, yet delicate and fragile; a chain forged over a corpse, whose links were the muscles and nerves and blood-vessels of a once living entity.

At last, he plucked up sufficient courage to ask her to go with him to tea, and in the tea-lounge they discovered each other's temperament; his, quiet and intellectual, amazed at the astounding complexity and harmoniousness of the human body, her's, gay and bubbling, but no less affected by the thought that her scalpel had cut through human flesh. Their tea lasted an hour, and when they left, the corridors appeared to them to be whispering a hundred enchanted words.

As the weeks went by, they came ever closer to each other; in a dozen different ways he showed his affection; he helped her to find the cutaneous nerves of the arm; he demonstrated to her alone the course of the great auricular, the lesser occipital and the infra-orbital; when she told him that she did not understand the meaning of "segmental origin," he went home and struggled for hours over a text-

book to try and discover its significance, in order that he might explain it to her the following morning; in their first test, he sat next to her, so that, by glancing sideways, she could see his paper. He loved her with his eyes, with the keen intellectuality of his mind. And gradually she, too, began to see in him a helper, a comrade, a friend, a constant source of reliance in all her difficulties.

Tragedy occurred during the June Class Test in Anatomy; an adjudicator found her attempting to copy the second question from him; she was ordered to hand in her paper. In a heroic self-denial—although he could not suppress the feeling of pride which welled up in him at this manifestation of pure love—he took all the blame and had his paper cancelled. Afterwards, he swept her apologies away magnificently—"love knows no sacrifice too great." But he was marked by the Department.

They spent the June holidays together, and life seemed paradisaical; he blessed Table 13 for its gift to him a thousand times.

But in the Final he failed and she passed; and in his bitterness and mortification, his love for her died. In their idealisms over dead bodies, their affection grew, and in the realities of life, perished.

M. GOLDBERG.

Scientia est potentia.

The medical diagnostician is often criticised on account of the relative inexactness of his methods and results when compared with the accuracy of physical measurement and chemical analysis. In his defence he justly passes the blame to the biologist for the imperfect methods the latter has placed at his disposal and claims that the analytical method may not be utilised by the diagnostician. The chemist, he says, when confronted with an unknown substance adds certain reagents and observing the resultant reactions comes to the conclusion that the substance *was*, say, silver nitrate. He does not say what it is, but merely what it *was* before he commenced his analysis. The analytic method necessarily entails the destruction of the subject, a condition which can only be applied to medicine in the post-mortem room.

The position, however, is not as hopeless as it appears on first sight, for an infinitely older science,

astronomy, where materials are even more inaccessible to the analyst than in medicine and biology, evolved an instrument, the spectroscope, which has yielded a more fruitful harvest of results than any previous method. The spectroscope was the first instrument by which a chemical analysis and physical measurement could be performed on a system without any gross interference by the experimenter.

It is some such method that biology is most in need of to-day. The histologist by his method of fixing, sectioning and staining, has so distorted his material that it is not surprising that his results have borne so little fruit. What is surprising, however, is that generations of students are compelled to use the same antiquated and abortive methods in their histological and pathological studies. It is essential that the histology class should be introduced to biophysical methods for observing living tissues. Although the science is still in its infancy several possible methods suggest themselves to our purposes.

Vital staining, though possibly of some value, has but limited application and yields results difficult of interpretation and of little significance. The polarising microscope promises to yield interesting results, as most protoplasmic constituents present some degree of anisotropy, and the possibility of examining living cells by means of several differently coloured beams of light each polarised in a different plane opens a field of cytological technique of no mean significance. The microspectrograph may be used for observing absorption spectra of the tissues and could reach a stage of technique comparable with that of the astronomer who is able to photograph the sun in the light of a single spectral line, i.e., an exact record of the distribution of any one element. Emission spectra from biological materials has, until recently, appeared an unattainable ideal, as material in the form of an incandescent vapour was considered essential for its production. The unexpected discovery of mitogenetic rays, i.e., radiation emitted in biochemical reactions and detectable by its effect on living cells as well as by physical methods, opens up vast possibilities, since they are capable of spectral analysis which indicates the nature of the reaction producing

them. Fluorescence, phosphorescence and other physico-chemical reactions promise to afford further interesting possibilities.

It seems obvious in which directions future biological research lies and let us hope that the too-popular tendency among our teachers to give learned Greek words to phenomena of which our knowledge is practically nil, will suffer the end it deserves. L. COHEN.

Supply Association.

It is intended to reveal to students, through the medium of this paper, the activities of the Supply Association. With this object in view, a monthly report will appear in "The Auricle."

For those financially minded, it can be shown that business transacted has amounted as follows:—September, 1937, to February, 1938, £533; February, 1938, to March, 1938, £152.

These figures include the five per cent. transaction fee which is levied, and which accrues to the Association Fund. This fund is not in the nature of a profit, but enables the Association to carry stocks of articles which are in popular demand.

Fourth year students are reminded that Dr. Weinbrenn's notes on anaesthetics will shortly be available for sale.

The mere male will soon be able to adorn his person with the insignia of his school, i.e., an order has been placed for E.P.N.S. Medical School tie pins.

Amongst others, a number of the late Dr. Maingard's books remain unsold on the shelves of the second-hand book exchange. Some bargains may be picked up here and, incidentally, the sales from these books go to form the nucleus of the "Johan Maingard Fund." This will, in all probability, eventually provide an annual medal for the best scholar in either physiology or anatomy.

In conclusion, students are asked to glance at the special notice board outside the Women's Common Room, which informs you what the Supply Association is doing for you. M. TONKIN,

Treasurer, Supplies.

* * * *

I haven't much doubt that man sprang from the monkey, but what bothers me is where the cussed monkey sprang from. (Josh. Billings).

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