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The AURICLE

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

VOL. 5 April, 1939 No. 3

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LIBERAL EDUCATION

All things in nature tend towards a certain equilibrium—all things, that is, except the anomalous human animal. Endowed with a cerebrum of awe-inspiring proportions, and a thumb opposable to its four fingers, the human race has enthusiastically used these gifts for aeons attempting to upset the balance in nature.

The economic system of our time is built like a pyramid, except that its foundation is the apex, while the massive base hangs tottering in the air. Our lives are built on a Heath Robinsonian contraption of idiotic conventions, "morals," customs and meaningless words, while those things we hope and long for are thrust out and downwards into the darkness. People accept, without question, faulty rules for living, and scorn the speaker of truth—to them all words are meaningless—religion, morality, duty, and death. All words are meaningless unless, in the mind of speaker and his hearer alike, there is some true "scheme" with which the word can be associated. What can they know of religion who have not learnt faith? Religion in its true sense is not the facile lip service to a convention, nor yet the flight of some cringing, cowardly wretch from reality and a world too stern for him to cope with—praying to some self-created god for the safety he is too weak to find himself. True religion is that grand assurance which arises in the minds of men and women who have looked on life with open eyes, and have gained faith in the ultimate goal of our existence.

What can they know of morals who have not learnt right or wrong? Who can do his duty—when he has not learnt where duty lies? What can they know of death—who think not of it?

To live in peace, and happily, one must achieve a balance—a straight path in life. Our study is the ills of mankind—we do nothing else. We learn nothing of those other things which make up life—such is our unbalance. That "Liberal Education" which it is the aim of a university to teach is not given to us. Then, perforce, we must shift for ourselves—to make ourselves "complete men."

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all ill work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logical engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and respect others as himself.

Such a one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him."

How may we thus educate ourselves? By avoiding narrow ways of life, and narrow thought, and striving for a greater knowledge. It is the duty of each man to himself, and of each doctor to his community to be something more than a mere technician. A doctor should know more than his surgery, medicine, and *materia medica*. He should have some knowledge of the world around him, and the people in it; and also, what these people do, and think, and hope for. It is a doctor's function to aid these people when they are ill in body or in mind—"To help the sick according to one's ability and judgment."

To help a lame dog over a stile necessitates a modicum of soundness in the helper. So should a doctor be—sound in body and in mind—able to give from his store of knowledge help to those who need it.

It is, therefore, incumbent upon us to build up such a store of knowledge as will enable us to help others. Personal considerations aside, it is necessary that a doctor be such a man as Huxley has described—A man with a Liberal Education.

Aiding us in this we have built up our "Central Cultural Society." It has the power to supply us with those thoughts we need to make us "complete men." Let us then use it as it deserves.

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MEDISYNE IN INDIË

„As 'n mens in Indië kom, dan verdwyn die probleme van die res van die wêreld soos in 'n newel omdat die moeilikhede in Indië onoorkoomlik groot is." Dit is die indruk wat geskep is by geleentheid van sy toespraak vir die Kristen-Studente-Vereniging in die Mediese Skool op 23 Maart, deur Ds. B. Marais, die Studentepredikant. Die spreker was onlangs in Indië om 'n sendingkongres by te woon, en hy het ons enige van sy indrukke meegedeel.

Honger en siekte regeer in Indië. Die onaanraakbares, d.w.s. die laer sosiale klasse, is almal kronies honger. Daar is vier groot siektes wat altyd woed naamlik pokkies, tifus, cholera en melaatsheid. Die melaatse pasiënte loop 'n mens oral op die strate raak. Geen volksgesondheidsmaatreels word geneem om die siektes te onderdruk nie.

Die oudste graf in Indië bestaan nog. Dit is 400 jaar oud en dateer uit die dae toe die Mohamedane uit die Noorde begin invloed kry het in Indie. Die Budiste verbrand hulle dooies, behalwe die wat aan enige van die bogenoemde siektes sterf. Hulle word nie verbrand nie, want die geloof is dat daar dan 'n epidemie sal ontbrand. Sulke lyke word in een van die groot riviere gegooi.

Dokters is baie skaars in Indië. Een-vyfde van die hospitale word in stand gehou deur die sending

Toestande is waarlik haglik. Die land is oorbevolk. Indië is nie veel groter as die Unie nie en daar is 'n bevolking van 365 miljoen. Die kristendom wen ook vinnig veld daar, maar op die oomblik is daar maar ses en 'n half miljoen Kristene in Indië.

N.K.

HENNEDAAD.

In die hospitaal van Waikato, n stad in Nu-Seeland, het 'n pasiënt, Harold Ryder, homself so gruwelik in die bed verveel dat hy 'n vars eier van een van die verpleegsters gevra het. Hy het dit by hom in die bed geplaas, vyf-en-twintig dae daarop „gebroei," en op die vyf-en-twintigste dag 'n fris en gesonde Leghornkuikentjie uitgebroei.

Die normale temperatuur van 'n hoender is 100°F. en 'n hoendereier neem 21 dae om uit te broei onder normale omstandighede.

Omdat die man se temperatuur laer was, het die eier langer geneem om uit te broei.

SIXTH YEARS ENTERTAINED.

The newly erected Surgical Anatomy Dissection Hall was the scene of much frivolity, when on the night of March 25th the Women Students entertained a party consisting of final years, 6½ years, Housemen, Chiefs and members of Council. The evening went off with a real swing and lived up to the high standard set by previous Medical School Socials. The Chiefs were conspicuous by their absence, but the Housemen were present in almost their full complement. Notable too, were the limited numbers of women present, and it is surprising that the fairer sex take so small an interest in functions arranged by themselves.

A special word of mention is due to the band under the leadership of S. Mendelowitz. This newly formed orchestra, which consisted entirely of 2nd Years, acquitted itself creditably, although at times it was inclined to forget that harmony is an essential of every orchestra. With more practice this orchestra should develop into something worth while.

To Miss Meaker and her coworkers go the thanks of all present.

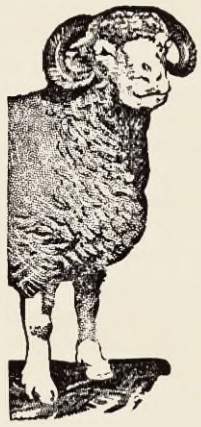
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editorial Committee cannot hold itself responsible for views expressed by a contributor in any article, except the editorial. It further must be brought to the notice of contributors that any controversial matter affecting University activities shall be published or not, entirely under the discretion of the Editorial Committee.

All contributors to the "Auricle" must append their full names to their articles; names will not be published if a pseudonym is required, but for editorial reference, names must be given.

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DIE SINNEBEELD VAN AESCULAPIUS?

Geagte Redakteur,

In 'n vroeere uitgawe (April 1937) is daar reeds kritiek gelewer op ons medieseskoolwapen. Ek sou graag 'n paar gedagtes daarby wil voeg.

Die sinnebeeld van Aesculpius, die Romeinse god van medisyne (en d.w.s. ook die moderne Mediese wetenskap), is genoemde se staf, met 'n daarom gekrulde slang. Op ons wapen verskyn daar twee sulke slange; 'n voorstelling van die Cadeuceusstaf van Mecurius. Laasgenoemde is die wapen van die god van handelaars, diewe en sakkerollers.

Aangesien ons wapen oorspronklik is en oorspronklikheids prysenswaardig is, laat ons die wapen dus meer oorspronklik maak—met vier slange. My redes hiervoor is as volg:—

(*a*) Ons is nou reeds oortuig daarvan dat die twee huidige slange onmisbaar sal wees.

(*b*) Aangaande die ander twee: Nommer drie slang sal die bybelse slang met die uittrek van Israel, en dus daardie pasiënte wat ons nie gesond maak nie, voorstel. Nommer vier sal vir die gerief as die slang van Aesculapius dien, om die wat so nou en dan 'n geluk kry, tevrede te stel.

(*c*) Dit sal die simmetrie van die wapen behou.

(*d*) Hierdie rede is miskien die voornaamste. Dit is darem te onnatuurlik om te verwag dat 'n paar slange vier jaar sal saamlewe en dan nog net twee bly.

Terwyl ek voel dat bogenoemde redes nie almal van so 'n aard is om 'n verandering soos wat ek voorgestel aan te bring nie, sou ek graag sien dat die Mediesestudenteraad en die mediese studente ons wapen krities wil betrag. Terwyl die algemene publiek nog nie ons wapen ken nie, bestaan daar, nie alleen 'n moontlikheid nie, maar ook 'n gevaar, dat hul wel 'n deegliker appresiasie daarvoor mag kry.

Die Uwe,
BEKOMMERD.

An Explanation.

The Editor, Sir,

On looking at the emblem adorning the top of the front page of your publication, "The Auricle," I am reminded of a paragraph appearing on p. 242 of a recent book "African Doctor," by Dr. T. Gerald Garry, which paragraph I should like to quote in order that you may judge of its application (or otherwise) in regard to the symbol adopted by your publication.

It read as follows:—

"Aesculapius, the Roman God of Medicine, is always represented with his baton entwined by a serpent. As an example of the universal ignorance concerning this common emblem, it must be mentioned that it is frequently confounded with the Caduceus Wand of Mercury which is entwined with two serpents. This ludicrous error is often to be seen, especially in the United States where it appears not only in buildings, but also on motor cars. The wand entwined with two serpents has nothing whatsoever to do with medicine and is, of course, the emblem of the God of Merchants, Thieves and Pickpockets."

Yours truly,
"SMILER."

(Department of Zoology, Milner Park.)

A Glee Club?

The Editor, Sir,

Might I suggest to those members of our community who are interested, that it is high time we Medicals started a Glee Club (or better Ra/ Ra/ Choir), constituted by about fifty members, who would be present at all our sporting and other functions, and there sing University Songs as they should be sung.

Perhaps our Medical Cheer Leader can do something in this matter. If I can help him in any way, I will willingly do my best.

V. H. TURNBULL.

A Plea for Coat-Hooks.

The Editor, Sir,

From the darkness we are born into this world. We leave it again, only to return to darkness, and all our lives shadows surround us, shadows that are the mysteries of Life—the unseen that we would strive to see, the unknown that we must know. We search for knowledge and enlightenment. The soul is fretful. The mind is fevered and anxious. There is no rest, no peace in the agony of uncertainty till the clouds of gloom are rolled away and we gaze upon the radiant face of Truth.

But to come nearer home. What has become of the coat-hooks? Those coat-hooks that once adorned the walls of the pre-common room corridor. Have they gone forever, or must we wait till they regenerate spontaneously?

This term is already six weeks old. It wouldn't be out of place if the responsible committee made a supreme effort and restored to us a full complement of those sadly missed utilitarian objects.

GANGLION.

DANS in die MEDIESE SKOOL

Selfs die spanning van die finale jaar kan verdryf word deur ritmiese musiek, 'n gladde baan en 'n lekker maat. Hierdie drie was almal teenwoordig by die dans wat vir die mans van die sesde jaar en vir die huisdokters op 25 Maart gegee is in die Mediese Skool deur die dame-studente. Die funksie is gehou in die pas-voltooide nuwe gebou wat in die vierkant opgetrek is vir die Snykunde-departement.

Die orkes van die Mediese Skool het die musiek verskaf, en almal het gevoel dat ons eie orkes in beter staat is om die regte gees by so 'n studente-funksie te skep as byvoorbeeld 'n vreemde orkes van die stad. Tenminste, so het elke dametjie met wie ek in die vlinderdans gesels het, vir my gesê. Ons wil die sestal van die orkes baie hartlik bedank.

By so 'n geleentheid het baie van die aanwesiges onwillekeurig gedink aan die groot nuwe verdiepings wat by Milner Park aangebou word, terwyl die Mediese Skool nog steeds afgeskeep word. „Maar hierdie geboutjie lyk van binne af baie mooier as van buite," het iemand geantwoord. Dit was 'n troosvolle en filosofiese antwoord.

Mejuffrou Barbara Meaker as hoof-organiseerster van die funksie verdien alle lof vir die sukses daarvan.

SESDE JAAR.

REPLIES TO CONTRIBUTORS

M.C.H.—(1) Your poem is unacceptable because it lies on the wrong side of the line which separates merely spicy humour from indecent humour.

(2) The article you have submitted cannot be published in the "Auricle" owing to its treatment of a solemn and auspicious occasion in university life, in a rather frivolous manner.

J. E. IRVINE.—Your article will be printed in the next issue of the "Auricle;" we cannot publish it this month owing to pressure of space.

Verpleegster (aan Amerikaanse pasient): Meneer, u koors is 103 grade.

Amerikaner: "Wat is die rekord?"

THE LITTLE BIRD.

At the 3rd Year Social.

"I was flying," said the Little Bird, "over the Medical School on the night of March 29th, when there was wafted to my sensory organs the sounds of mirth, music and revelry. I flew in through the window of the new dissecting room and, to gladden my old eyes, I saw the charming youth of the Medical School dancing to the melodious strains of Charles Berman and his Orchestra. I had never been to this part of the Medical School before, and I was struck by the cosy interior of the new room, and the large amount of space it offered for dancing, and, believe me, all of it was required for some of the antics which humans call dancing to-day. Still, it was obvious that everyone was enjoying himself or herself at a ridiculously cheap price. A bird who frequents the Medical School precincts, whispered to me that the Third Years were responsible for the evening and I made a mental note to attend any further entertainments engineered by this efficient body of students. Stimulating refreshments were provided at cost price, and I had a pint or so myself which sent new life through my wings. I rather thought, however, that it was a wrong policy to insist on selling quart bottles only and not glasses.

SONG COMPETITION.

Don't forget the prize to be awarded to the best effort in our Song Competition. Send your lyrics and words in NOW to the Editor of the Auricle, c/o S.M.C. Office, and address your envelopes "Song Competition."

Later I flew into the Tea Lounge and saw hearty appetites demolishing the supper which was extensive enough to feed even my flock at home. Then more dancing until close on 1 o'clock, when we all wended our homeward way.

All credit, I say, to the Third Years for a most enjoyable and entertaining evening."

GENTLEMEN—THE LADIES!

At the recent Medical School Sports, the ladies were conspicuous by their presence: it augurs well for the future of the Medical School in every respect that the female element is not lacking in enterprise and enthusiasm, and that they are not in any way outdone by their male confreres.

Their participation in the sports is merely one mark of evidence of their manifold activities. Throughout the whole of last year, and more particularly, during the first few months of this year, they have acquitted themselves admirably in all spheres of medical activity. They have stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in the hard work which goes into the making of a successful rag; they have adopted responsible positions on Class Committees; they are as eager to support and maintain the prestige of the Medical School as any male student, perhaps more than many. The "Auricle" wishes to add its quota of sincere appreciation for their contribution to the social, sporting and entertaining life of the Medical School.

WEARINESS.

In very many devious ways,
It seems to me that student days
Are spent in Magic slumber—
With a strange, transparent gaze
We listen in a fuddled maze
To statements without number.
Our life's a lovely, happy laze,
Exam's a transient, silly phase,
That we'd rather not remember.
And though we live in misty haze,
Our weary bones from chairs we raise,
And find we're doctors in December.

£2 2 2 — — —

The "Leech," through the medium of the Post-Graduate Association, offers a prize of two guineas for the best article submitted this year.

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LOCAL LETTER

OVER-WORKED STUDENTS ? — PLAYS AND PLAYREADING — SONG COMPETITION — STUDENT SERVICE REGISTER.

A statistic maniac has supplied me with some figures. I give them to you for what they're worth. Perusal, however, gives the lie to the oft repeated dictum "We students work too hard." Those who say "I never find time for work" are, according to the figures, much nearer the mark!

"A year hath 365 days. The following days are not spent at college:—

	Days
Sundays	52
Saturdays (½ day)	26
Vacations: 2 mid-term ...	20
July	30
Long vacation	70
Public holidays (excluding Christmastide and New Year) ...	7.
Total	205

"This leaves us therefore with 160 days on which we do, or do not, work. For those who never work at home during these 5 months and 10 days, there are only 80 days of 24 hours. In any case half the 160 days are not spent at college.

365 days = 8,760 hours; 80 days = 1,920 hours.

"The time actually spent at the Medical School, expressed as a percentage, is thus only 21.91%."

Remarkable, isn't it? More remarkable still is the fact that this time proves sufficient to acquire that working knowledge required of us by our examiners.

By the way, I wonder how many students were aware of the fact that this term we have two short vacations. One has just passed and there is another from 17th May to 24th May. I wonder if the powers that be consider we spend too much time at college?

I have heard much about the "Auricle Song Competition"; I have seen most of the entries, but have heard only two. One before, but not at, Grad., and the one I myself wrote.

I am sure the whole school is keen as mustard to have all the entries brought into the open. If I do not prove too late, I would suggest, that the persons responsible for the entries, be requested to perform their songs, in any manner they deem fit, at this term's school concert. This arrangement, I feel, would help the Judges come to a decision about the prizes. The response of the audience and the applause they accord each effort would be a valuable indicator.

This year's Music and Dramatic Arts Committee have set to work with a will. They need it, for their efforts are not always fully appreciated by the Student Body. Fulfilling the ambitious programme which includes the Annual Play, six or eight play-readings, the medical concerts, and ward concerts, will take some doing. The annual play, with our able and tireless Professor Stammers again at the helm, receives a setback in that the dissection hall will not be available for the presentation of the play. While some of the atmosphere will thus be lost, hiring a suitable hall will lessen the problems of production. Professor Stammers has also obliged the committee by consenting to produce the first one or two play-readings, but he has expressed the hope that students will endeavour to learn the art of production for themselves, and to this end exhorts students to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the play-readings. Will we let him down? Not if the M. and D.A. Committee can help it!

CRISES.

I would like to hear from all those interested in the institution of a Medical Students' Service Register. If the necessary support is forthcoming, I am willing to assist in drawing up a scheme which will determine in what way we students may be of assistance either to the Municipality or the Government. This suggestion is made in all seriousness. Please do not treat it as a joke.

TAIL-PIECE.

For "Is" and "Is-Not" though with Rule and Line
And "Up-and-Down" by Logie I define
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—wine.

BINOCULAR.

SPORTS COLUMN

MEDICALS AWAKE

"The main issue in life is not the victory, but the fight. The essential is not to have won, but to have fought well."

A magnificent expression by perhaps the greatest man in sport, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, Founder of Modern Olympism.

Might I suggest that the S.M.C. have this expression written in letters of gold over the entrance of the Medical School or someo ther conspicuous place at the Medical School. Countless times I have heard students when approached to compete for their year, say "I'll never win, so what is the use of my playing," and oh how! I have longed to have Baron de Coubertin's expression tattooed all over their bodies. Medical Students, use this expression as your password not only in sport, but in your work.

At last Medical School has struck the right note, in that students are beginning to realize that work is not the only factor in the make-up of a successful medical man, but that sport also has its place in that make-up. One thing our students have not come to realize is that encouragement from the sidelines helps to pave the way to many a victory on the sports field. It is my sincere hope that Medical Students will play their part on the side-lines. The fun so enjoyed is worth it, so try it Medicals—you have nothing to lose.

The Athletic Section at the time of writing anticipates a very successful Inter-Year Meeting. It is noteworthy that the Dental Students are included in the competition, and on paper they appear to be able to "deliver the goods."

The Inter-Year Rugby will no doubt soon be in full-swing. Last year the present 4th years topped the log, and if they can field the same combination, I feel they may repeat their success. Our University Rugby Club have excellent coaching arrangements this year, and although the First team suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of Diggers and was the butt of local newspapers, let me make it clear that this team was merely an experimental team and the match a friendly.

The Golf Club has had to rearrange its whole system in order to arrange for a course on which to play. I know little else about the Golf Club, and request that the Secretary of the Club forward information regarding the Club's activities from time to time. Might I request the same of Secretaries of other clubs?

The officials of the University Athletic Club, if rumour be true, will be creating Athletic History at University during their championships on the 22nd of April. This red hot news concerns an attempt on the World's 300 yards record by Dennis Shore at the championships. If any student wishes to see Symphony in Movement, go and see the South African Quarter-miler make this attempt on a World's record. Athletic Officials, congratulations on your great idea.

The Boxing and Wrestling Clubs should arrange some very interesting events during 1939, now that they have obtained the services of such excellent coaches as Rolf du Plessis as boxing coach and Hall, the Empire Games Wrestler, also the use of Tisdall's Gymnasium, where training will be possible every day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday.

Next I offer a list to show what a prominent part Medicals play in University sport, a list which I am sure is not complete in that it does not cover every club at University:—

Rugby	Vice-President, "Boop Southwood. Captain, Trevor-Jones. Vice-Captain "Tiffy" King.
Hockey	Captain and Chairman Mendelow.
Athletics	Captain and Chairman, V. Turnbull.
Golf	Chairman, B. v. Linger.
Boxing	Chairman, T. Gillman.
Tennis	Chairman, A Halliday.

This Month's Sporting Achievement.

The record breaking final cricket Test Match at Durban, which lasted ten days and ended in a draw. In this match seven different records were broken, including some World's records.

THE SPORTS EDITOR.

L. F. JUNGE

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(The "Auricle" introduces a series of articles in which selected passages are taken from various books in the Medical Library: in this manner it is hoped to introduce students to books which, although little read at present, are of fascinating interest.—Ed.)

From **"History of Women in Medicine."**—*Mead.*

Queen Etheldrida was the daughter of Ine (or Anna), King of the East Angles. Her dowry from Tonbert, her first husband, was the island of Ely, where is now the great cathedral, and where she practiced among the nuns, teaching them how to treat diseases and to serve the poor. They tried also to cure lepers but their success could not have been great. Bede says that, when the young Etheldrida herself was sick and about to die of an abscess in the neck, a monk named Cynefrid was called in consultation; he lanced the abscess and gave her great relief, but evidently she became poisoned and she died four days later, in 660. Bede says that she believed the Lord had sent this sickness because she had been vain of her beautiful neck; and he adds that, when her body was exhumed sixteen years later, it was perfectly sound, her wound having been miraculously healed.

Queen Elizabeth, who had been sickly from her eleventh year, had to submit to so many bleedings and purgings that it is a wonder that she lived to reign at all. Elizabeth was, perhaps, the most thoroughly educated woman of her age. She spoke several languages, and wrote Latin and Greek easily. She had dabbled in medicine, preferring to prescribe for herself. She believed and upheld her advisor, Dr. Dee, in all his predictions from the stars, and also surrounded herself with medical men and astrologers from the Continent. She believed in taking enormous doses of medicine, and in being copiously bled for all indispositions, whether suffering from anaemia or jaundice or ulcers of the leg. Sir Arthur Keith tells us that her apothecary bill was "tremendous": but for all that she refused many of the more disgusting remedies of her age. He doubts if she had inherited syphilis from her father, as many people hinted, but she may have had anaemia, a poor stomach and liver, a chronic leg ulcer, septic teeth, rheumatism, possibly angina pectoris, and a very unstable nervous organisation.

From **"Devils, Drugs and Doctors."**—*Haggard.*

Those artists who were witnesses of the Black Death have handed down to us some of its horror in the pictures they have painted. Among these is the "Peste de Marseille" by Francois Gerard. It shows the tragedy of a family: the father on the ground writhes in agony while the mother, seated on a chest by his side, clasps to her body her eldest boy, wrapped in a blanket, too weak to stand: a younger child leans against his mother, watching in terror his dying father. To one side the dead are lying heaped under an awning while convicts are dragging corpses away to burial. In the background stands Bishop Belsunce, religious hero of that plague, who fed the poor, visited the dying, and with full ritual of the church exorcised the plague. "Le Pesle dans la Ville de Marseille in 1720" painted by J. F. de Tory, the younger, shows the convicts cleaning the esplanade of La Tourette of the decomposing corpses which they are throwing into the open vaults of the bastions.

From **"The Mystery and Romance of Alchemy and Pharmacy."**—*Thompson.*

In the eighth eclogue of Virgil we have a detailed description of a Roman sorceress. She is introduced by the poet as giving directions to her assistant as to the working of certain charms. Her object (a common one apparently at that time) is to recall Daphnis, whom she calls her husband, to return once more to her arms. The assistant is directed to burn vervain and frnak-incense, and the highest efficacy is ascribed to a solemn chant, which is capable of calling down the moon from its sphere or making the cold-blooded snake burst in the field, and was the means by which Circe turned the companions of Ulysses into beasts. The image

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IN ASSOCIATION WITH LITERATURE
I. Anton Chekov

The last decade has been an auspicious one for doctors. Not that their activities with immediate professional pursuits such as with cancer or the common cold, have added the lustre to their name, but within that short time their value on the book market has rocketed up to the odious levels of the "Best Seller" and beyond. And they have been nothing loathe to seize upon the advantage. Their very living assumes a twice blest commercial significance; a few years in general practice and an adroit imagination graduates one for these literary spheres in which it appears; not even rank insanity need loom as a serious obstacle. For the scope is large and you can swell this literary midden with the ethical iniquities of your more successful colleagues or conversely cannonise the nobleness of the healer through your own auto-biographical conceit. It is well that above this dross there tower the names of a small band of Medical men whose works are of such worth that these remain a living memorial long after any, who may have cherished affectionate memories of them as their doctor, have since ceased to bear witness.

It is interesting to trace in what measure the awakening of their genius was influenced by their association with Medicine with its unique proximity to the lives of people and the fundamentals of their existence. With some there was an almost immediate incompatability which may easily have precipitated the awakening of their talent as would seem the case with the poets, Keats and Francis Thompson. With others medicine and literature became serenely miscable and we cannot but feel that their genius was mellowed and enhanced thereby. And it is in the search for the blend of qualities

(Continued from Page 8)

of Daphnis is then ordered to be thrice bound round with fillets of three colours, the assistant at the same time repeating the words, "Thus I bind the fillets of Venus," and then paraded about a prepared altar.

[A further series of selections will appear in our next issue.]

of the good doctor with those of the great artist in literature, with the qualities of depth, sympathy and equanimity which are the common glories of both, that we turn to the works of the great Russian doctor, author-playwright—Anton Chekov.

Chekov was driven to writing through hard circumstances. An impecunious father, a large family and ambitions towards medicine drove him to it as a means to an end. Writing to subsist, studying to graduate, he toiled month in and month out, year on year, in the meagerly successful endeavour of providing for himself and his parents. As some measure of his prodigious activity, it is estimated that at the age of 27 he had produced over 400 articles, short stories and reviews for the periodicals of the time. He writes of his medicine—"I have no doubt that the study of medicine has had an important influence on my literary work. It has considerably enlarged the sphere of my observation and enriched me with knowledge, the true value of which to me, as a writer, can only be understood by one who is himself a doctor. Familiarity with the natural sciences and with scientific methods has always kept me on my guard and I have always tried to be consistent with the facts of science and when this has been impossible I have preferred not to write at all."

He qualified at the age of 24 in 1884. Little is heard of him as a doctor, except brief mention of his work in cholera and famine areas in certain districts in Siberia. This medical existence seems to become gradually and almost wholly absorbed into his intense literary life. It was only after the sheer necessity of writing had passed over that he found himself possessed of a rare power of literary expression—he pursued his daemon unreluctantly and became the crowning achievement of that worthy line of Russian letters from Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, to Tolstoy and finally Chekov himself. Where these contemporaries laid a tradition in the novel form which has no match in any country in the World, Chekov developed the short story to heights which have never been surpassed. He was the author of five full length plays which are so fine that they have few acknowledged equals on this side of the best in Shakespeare and Ibsen. "The Three Sisters," "Uncle Vanya" and "The Cherry Orchard" have been frequently revived in England and America with as much success as they were originally accorded at the great Moscow Art Theatre over 40 years ago.

There has been a dismal and persistant misreading of Chekov, probably due to our long and constant association with our inferior Western forms, rather than any essential difference of outlook. Chekov rounded his characters not only descriptively but psychologically, he presented them subjectively and objectively—as they were known to themselves and as others knew them. Objective analysis applied to the lives of most of us would savour of degrees of failure, or in reality only half success—never futility, as is the charge of some of Chekov's critics. He wrote naively and with tremendous emotional restraint. Fiction, he contended, should never place a strain on the reader's perception. He must be told directly and appreciate on the instant. In this way you are always running alongside of him, until he sets your thoughts ahead in what appears the obvious road and in a twinkling you are over the brink, sorrowing and laughing with him, so unerringly has he moulded your emotional response.

Chekov died of tuberculosis in 1904. He was still working hard, happy, and of moderate means right up to the end. He should need no further introduction. Read him, and experience his genius!

D.R.M.

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SOME MEDICAL MARTYRS

The history of medicine is filled with the noble deeds of men who have devoted their lives to their profession, and have succumbed to the dreadful diseases which they were fighting. These were indeed acts of heroism—acts that will always be remembered with veneration and respect. Here were men engaged in war against invisible assassins, trying to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. How different is that war from the one that aims at the subjugation of other nations. The one is constructive and ameliorative, the other destructive and futile. Let us pause for a moment, and consider some of these benefactors of humanity.

I recall to my mind the tragic incident, which led to the death of the brilliant young surgeon Henry Philbrick Nelson about three or four years ago. Nelson was a New Zealander who qualified at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He became house surgeon, demonstrator of anatomy, and research scholar, and was recognised as one before whom a great future lay. He was especially interested in thoracic surgery. Nelson gained the annual Surgical Scholarship of Great Britain, and was eventually made surgeon to the Metropolitan Hospital and the Papworth Tuberculosis Village Settlement. One day, while operating on a suppurating wound he poisoned his left index finger. Abscess after abscess followed, and at last it was found necessary to amputate his arm. Think for a moment and consider what the loss of an arm means to a surgeon. Bravely young Nelson faced this terrible ordeal, and when all was over he turned to his wife and said: "It will have to be a different sort of struggle now, won't it, dear?"

But poor Nelson's days were numbered. The streptococcal infection spread through his system and this brilliant man died of septicaemia at the early age of thirty-four.

It is interesting to note that Nelson's best friend was the young Dr. Melly, who was killed when attending to the wounded at Addis Ababa. One of Nelson's colleagues wrote: "At first sight you see tragedy in these two figures, but look again and you will see the greatest of triumphs."

Another heroic deed is seen in the life of the inventor of the stethoscope, Rene Laennec. This Frenchman spent many years in studying consumption, and eventually died of it. There is also the case of Sir Henry Head who severed his own nerve at the elbow, so as to obtain and record the various effects. He eventually became a victim of creeping paralysis.

There is the case of young Dr. Jackson, who went to work in the pneumonic-plague-stricken district of Mukden. He worked diligently, but finally succumbed to the disease, to which he had devoted so many years of study. The Viceroy of China came to his memorial service, and showered encomiums on the life of so noble a worker.

Another memorable incident is that of Dr. Adrian Stokes, who went to the West African Coast to study the dreaded disease of yellow fever. He wrote home: "We have our fish hooked. It is just a matter of landing him, only a matter of time, unless our tackle breaks." Unfortunately the tackle did break, and Dr. Stokes was taken from our midst at a time when we could ill afford to lose such men.

Yellow fever has taken away many brave men from our midst. Major Walter Reed worked in Cuba on the dreaded disease. He was assisted by Dr. James Carroll, Dr. Jesse Lazear, and the Cuban Aristides Agramonte. Dr. Carroll offered himself up so that he could be experimented on for the sake of humanity. He was bitten by the dangerous stegomyia

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mosquitoes, and eventually contracted yellow fever. Fortunately Carroll recovered from the disease, but Dr. Lazear, while one day experimenting was bitten by a tremosquito and died on September 25, 1900. Volunteers were called for from the army, and in answer to this came Private John Kissinger and John J. Moran, ready to sacrifice their lives for the amelioration of mankind. Other names worthy of mention in connection with this great struggle are those of the young American doctor, Cooke, and two American soldiers, Folk and Jernegan.

The eminent Japanese scientist Hideyo Noguchi was also concerned in the fight against yellow fever. Noguchi was also the first man to isolate and identify the germ of hydrophobia. In 1928 a terrible pestilence broke out on the West African Coast. Noguchi went to Akkra to investigate the epidemic, but soon fell victim to the disease, and died on May 21, 1928.

These are indeed martyrs whom humanity should salute and revere. The wonderful fight is still going on, and one can only hope that to-day's research will bear fruitful crops in the near future.

ROSEHYM.

NOTICE.

The "Auricle" would welcome contributions of all kinds. Preference will be given to articles not exceeding 600 words on topical or general subjects. Closing date for all contributions is on the 27th of each month.



SECOND YEAR STUDENT: PEGASUS — I PRESUME.

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE.

The man who went to Rietfontein to see Phyllis and die.

The 2nd Year Student who thought oxygen debt was "what the patient owed for his oxygen cylinder."

The Massage Student who said that on a ward-round she saw a case of "cardio-vascular endocarditis."

OVERHEARD AT O.P.D.

Student: "These marks on the abdomen are occupational grooves."

Dr. B—: "Do you think *striae gravidarum* are occupational grooves?"

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THE VERBAL NARCOTIC

A certain American humorist, light Artemus Ward, advised the patriotic minister of his village to pursue his calling in the Field Ambulances, and thereby save the American Government the cost of morphia. While sluggishness, to say the least, is displayed in the afternoon lectures, the mental lethargy of medical students is not confined to such post-prandial occasions, but extends as a lazy acceptance of the facts just as they are handed out to them. A few weeks ago our Dean energetically exhorted us to think—and by that he did not mean continue as devoted disciples of our text books or chiefs. Too many times are we fobbed off with a word or phrase, our curiosity stillborn.

A word is merely a symbol expressing an idea or conception—it comes into being as a result of the original idea, yet how eagerly the mind grasps at some word or other, to save itself from formulating thoughts for itself. The politicians know this too well, and succeed in fooling nearly all the people all the time. Alarmists in England are held up to ridicule as "jitter-bugs." "Aryan," as a word is now completely divorced from its original meaning and has come to be a synonymous term for a type of barbarian. The word "ideally" is similarly used when no other excuse for intolerance or racialism can be found. One expects the agitators of party politics to snatch at such comforting straws, but this pernicious habit has spread into what we fondly call science.

A reference to examination papers demonstrates that for many students their words are as meaningless as the abracadabra of the magic-man—students for whom such words as blastodeum, auricle, or calcaneus conjure up no visual picture. Such are the people who perpetrate the howlers, at which some examiners howl with derision but most with unsuppressed rage. The enthusiast who described the vagina as lying in the inguinal canal, the ingenious ass who said an acid-fast bacillus produced acid faster than any other bacillus; and the "swot" who guessed the normal eosinophilia as 59% are in the same class. Give them a word and the idea matters not a scrap. An infant with its dummy could not be happier. Tell such a person that pus is formed by a pyogenic organism and he is satisfied. It is evident that the study of the body has become a mass of meaningless facts to some individuals.

In embryology particularly where the problems of differentiation and ontogeny are so obscure, the search for the cause may be abandoned when some word is invented as a salve to the conscience.

A. W. Meyer in his essays on the history of embryology says—

> "As long as we shall remain ignorant of the true nature of the processes of development, we shall be compelled to add to the long list of words, 'the mystical host' as Whitman called them, to designate hidden forces."

And so we have the psychicarche of Aristotle, the vis corporis essentials of Woolf, the vis productux of Needham and a medley of others, all indicating the forces of living and developing matter. It is not a far cry from the archers of Paracelcus to the determinants or organisers with which modern embryologists explain away their difficulties.

In medicine we have the same tendency towards vague expressions. Asthma inflammation, epilepsy: each refers to a number of processes with a variety of causes, but the terms are used as though they were single diseases. Or we may further fog the picture by referring a feature to a constitutional state.

It would appear that all followers of a science which has a tendency towards philosophy, are in danger of being inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity. The mathematical sciences suffer least in this respect. No one could refer to a parallelipiped without having some conception of what it involves, but it is easy to say "enzyme" when unable to explain a physiological problem.

Medicine is in danger of intellectual fraud. Well-meaning lecturers palm off plausible but inadequate explanations on equally well-meaning audiences. Redundant phrases are used and are gratefully assimilated—a good example of such was the statement that "a haemolytic streptococcus produces a haemolysin which haemolyses red blood cells." So now we know! Dulled by such drugs we finish our courses to emerge as educated men of science whose central cortices must show atrophy of disease. A gloomy prospect indeed but not an inevitable one.

"Words," says Francis Bacon "like a tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment."

A.G.

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ASKLEPIOS

During the closing centuries of the second millenium before Christ a movement of people from the North Eastern territories of the Hellenic Peninsula downwards into the rest of the land was taking place. Thus by this, the Doric Invasion, a new culture was added to the already-present Minoan and Mycenean cultures which had come on to the mainland from Crete. The shores of the peninsula were frequented by the trading-vessels from Syria and Egypt, in which countries the civilisations were decadent owing to thought having become stereotyped. The untrammelled Grecian mind utilized the store of information which had been collected by these earlier civilizations during the passage of time.

The combination of new blood with old culture had among its first discernible fruits two epics of such wondrous beauty, that they are read even in our own time—the Iliad and the Odyssey, which mark the beginning of classical Antiquity. Because of the uniformity of period and of the characters of the story, and because of the uniformity of narration, the works are those of one man: who lived about 1,000 B.C. He is known as Homer.

The Greeks occupied themselves with physical beauty, with the theatre, and with dissertations upon behaviour. They lacked a sense of responsibility towards their fellows. Their polytheistic system of anthropomorphic deities is characteristic of the persecutions of the young. All their gods had powers of resuscitating mortals, but Asklepios is singled out as being more capable of alleviating bodily distress. So much so, that Zeus killed him with a thunderbolt, as Pluto, lord of the underworld, complained that Hades was being depopulated, as the result of the restoration of life to dead by Asklepios.

As no less than 158 states or independent political entities existed, marked local variation in the common culture tended to occur. This was especially the case in the praeternatural genaelogy, as the competition between the various places of worship as to the frequency of visitors was keen. For instance to settle a dispute as to the birth-place of Asklepios, the oracle was consulted. The astute priesthood, ever desirous of enhancing their tribute, decided in favour of Epidaurus, probably because of its locality near to both Sparta and Athens.

The region of Thessaly is indicated as both the place of origin of the cult of Asklepios, and the land of emigration of the Doric Invasion. That Mt. Olympus, the traditional centre of Grecian mythology, is situated within its confines also points to Thessaly being of early cultural importance. Much of the following emanated from Thessaly in 800 B.C.

Apollo after his father Zeus, the most important diety on Mt. Olympus, by means of his darts which were the rays of the sun, afflicted men with pestilence and epidemics. He, youthful, vigorous and graceful, surprised a virgin Coronis, bathing in Lake Boebeis. He loved her: and she, though betrothed to Ischus, her cousin, became with child. Such was the fury of her father that the raven, the bearer of the news and Apollo's spy, changed for all time from white to black. Ischus was killed by Apollo's darts, and Coronis by the arrows of Apollo's twin sister, Artemis, the protectress of women and children, and the godess of parturition. When Coronis' body was on the funeral pile, Apollo conceived a compassion for his unborn son, and delivered the child from the mother's womb. The Centaur, Chiron, was entrusted with the babe; and he being the Sire of Pharmacy, instructed the boy in the medicinal properties of plants.

Asklepios is usually represented as an ideal of manly beauty with hair thrown back from the brow and falling in curls on the sides of the head. A mantle is thrown over one shoulder and drapes the lower portion of the body. In his hand he carries a staff, twined about with a serpent. The emblem of the snake as a symbol of medicine came to Greece from the East. A duty of the daughter of Asklepios, Hygieia, is to attend the snake. She is the goddess of health; while her sister, Panacea, is the goddess of all healing. Two sons Podalirius and Machaon, are famed in the Iliad for their treatment of wounds of the Greeks before Troy. The wife is Epione; and there is a child, Telesphorus, the boy-genius of convalescence.

The temples of Asklepios usually stood outside cities in healthy situations. The figure of the deity was surrounded by swimming pools, hostels, gymnasiums, and large airy sleeping porches. After suitable preparation on the part of the afflicted one, the god would manifest himself in a dream. The priest after careful consideration of the sick person would interpret the dream, thereby prescribing the cure. Once health was restored, to proclaim the munificence of Asklepios, a cock was sacrificed, and a votive tablet describing the malady and the remedy, donated.

Galen maintained that " he cures most successfully in whom the people have the greatest confidence." This faith on the part of the patient in this doctor is what Aesculapius represents to us in modern times; for was it not by prayer and supplication in the temples that the sick were healed? Two other influences are of equal importance: the pleasant surroundings and comfort afforded by an attentive cheerful nurse; and the will on the part of the patient to be restored to health.

D.A.

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THE SIEGE OF BODY

Through the warm, nutritious air of Bone Marrow an urgent appeal echoed—an abrupt clear call to arms, pregnant with the necessity for action. The messenger, Stimulant, had arrived and the import of his dispatch was not to be denied: the Mother Country was in grave danger; her portals were threatened by an enemy merciless in his approach, unforgiving in his rapaciousness. Gone were the lazy, placid days of Bone Marrow, the indifferent incautiousness of the balmy hours. Now there was always the same word from Stimulant: Action!

As Polymorph stirred to wakefulness, he felt rising in his little body the ancient and primitive urge for battle, and his love for his Motherland, and hate for the implacable foe who was menacing her existence, moved his heart to wrathful activity. From his position in a nearby capillary, close to an overworked Fat Depot which had been transformed into an ammunition factory, he watched millions of his fellow-beings transported along the great Blood Highway, all with a single purpose, a single ideal; and with them he saw the reserve army of Lymphocytes with their great, dark Nuclei throbbing in anticipation. He wriggled in excitement and impatience, and his companion, Eosinophil, laid a restraining pseudopod on him. Polymorph wondered what preparations the Mother Country was making in this fight against the enemy; he had heard of that wonderful stronghold, Spleen: a vast country which had the capacity of dealing with any ordinary foe, and enlarged its boundaries in its efforts to do so; he thought of the untiring dynamo, Heart, which supplied the Mother Country with its power, and the tremendously organized filters, Kidneys and its great pipes, Ureters, through which, he had heard tale, the unwanted volumes of water and waste substances drained off. He thought of all this and he thrilled to feel that he belonged to it all, even though he was but an infinitesimal cog.

Suddenly he felt the capillary pulsate, and then in a moment he was on the Highway, Eosinophile on one side and a newcomer, Monocyte, on the other. He was caught up in an overwhelming flow, and for one giddy moment he felt that he must burst with the vast impetus; then he regained his equilibrium and was carried along at a steady, irrevocable speed. A small but significant unit in an army of colossal dimensions, Polymorph travelled in the byways of his country, past landmarks he had never seen before and was never to see again, until he entered the main highway, Inferior Vena Cava. He was thrust into a mighty chamber, and only realised where he was when Eosinophile whispered to him, "Auricle." Here he remained for some time, until he was precipitated into another and even greater chamber, Ventricle. With a tremendous push from Ventricle, he entered the last lap of his journey, and at last he had attained his destination. The erstwhile fair country of Lung lay besieged on all sides by the enemy, malignantly eager to conquer it, balefully exerting his influence on the Motherland. Without being aware of the presence of the foe, Polymorph moved on, blindly guided by some mysterious urge, which took him instinctively, unknowlingly to his fate. Lung lay a battlefield as far as his eye could reach, a country in the grip of relentless, savage forces, heaving and pulsating under inimical influences. Then suddenly, Polymorph found himself face to face with the enemy—long, evil rods, enclosed in a surrounding layer of white substance. With a savage exultation, the soldier of Body threw himself into battle. Six of the deadly Bacteria converged on him, but he flowed around them and ingested them, and destroyed them with his enzyme. Vaguely, he saw the gallant warrior, Eosinophile swamped by dozens of the enemy, his red body like a signalling beacon in stormy seas. The odds against the leucocytes were frightful—true, they were larger and their enzymes wrought terrible havoc on the enemy; but of what avail was that when three Bacteria replaced every one overcome? With despair in his nucleus, but without flinching, Polymorph turned to face the dozens of Bacteria which were bearing down on him. He ingested three—three more—and

(Continued on page 15)

THE ROAD BACK

[The "Auricle" presents a short story, particularly pungent in the light of Man's apparently retrogressive state to-day.]

The tremors had become more severe of late, and in their rumblings there seemed to be a sinister note, a warning that reverberated throughout the city, striking into some an insane animal fear, a force that could in some cases make of man a crumbling atavistic creature, and in others seemed to open up vistas of unknown power. Some would be filled with the desire and will to protect, others would be elevated into heights of supreme ecstacy by the thoughts and visions of themselves as martyrs—dying in attempts at saving wounded and people trapped beneath fallen beams.

It is strange how man faced with death, and at bay with nature, seems to crumble. Just as some mighty edifice when destroyed, looses its magnificent mechanical symmetry and crumbles to earth—a heap of useless debris, ugly, cruel and powerless. So man, a mighty edifice built by countless milleniums of adjustment and adaptation seems to break up. The mighty bolts of his civilisation loosen, the staying girders of his morality crack, and he reverts and retreats in the face of Nature's challenge to the cringing insignificant creature that he is. Some who have built their citadel of ethics through an innate sense of responsibility, remain strong and courageous, but those who have merely adopted a conventional code are revealed in their true form. Like some great betrayer this fear of the powers of Nature, and man's helplessness when trying to combat it, seem to delve into man's innermost sanctuary of subconsciousness to reveal what man is always striving to hide. His fear betrays him, and lost is the barrier that exists between conscious and subconscious worlds. Lost is man's foundation of civilisation, the foundation that is convention.

Man reverts to his own self, a lustful, craven, cowardly creature.

Sangroid as he ambled along was jerked out of his reveries of misanthropic disgust by another tremor. As if Nature was disgusted with these puny creatures she had suckled and was striving to throw them off her back with a shrug of her mighty shoulders. His attention was frequently drawn to the passersby—like small frightened animals they hurried along, shoulders stooped as if constantly aware of the vastness of the cosmos. With a sense of constant inferiority that comes frequently into man's consciousness, when on clear nights he gazes into space; sees the stars and the pinpoint of red that is Mars. Only the present sense of inferiority was magnified a thousand times, as if the subconscious mind constantly absorbed the ever present fear of death, built up high potentials and forced on consciousness its insignificance.

It was no wonder, thought Sangroid, that man had degenerated, that the papers were overflowing with accounts of rape, looting and stories of degrading behaviour. Yes, indeed, man was on the "Road Back."

As he ascended the steps of the building, he breathed a fervent prayer of thanks that he had managed to maintain his courage and sanity. Soon they would all get out of this infernal mess, as soon as things became really bad they would evacuate this town of dread horror to saner climes.

Meanwhile work must go on, he thought, as he entered the lift, waiting a moment before he pushed closed the gates to allow a woman to enter. "Floor please?" he asked absently. The woman nervously answered "78th floor please." Sangroid glanced pitifully at her as she wrung her hands in nervous anguish, and biting her lips as if trying to dam back a scream of hysterical fear that must be ever constant. She too was bitten by that mania that seemed to be gripping all humanity.

As the lift silently ascended he unconsciously felt a desire to protect this woman; to comfort her with his strength, a strength that was not physical but seemed to radiate from some unknown inner reserve.

The lift indicator flashed 40th floor, when it happened. There was a deep rumble, the borborygami of a dyspeptic earth. The lift cage seemed to go mad, and the lighted interior became sullen and gloomy. They had ceased to rise, but swung idly to and fro.

With a violent start Sangroid realised as he lay half stunned on the lift floor, that the cage had broken loose from the guiding railing, and was now merely suspended by its safety ropes.

Lying there in a stuperose state, it seemed to him that the gloom was transformed into a reddish haze. In the further corner he dimly perceived a huddled mass moaning softly. Something seemed to snap in his brain, he visioned whirling orbits of flame, that seemed to radiate from some focus within his brain and spread like waves in a pond throughout his consciousness. His body began to quiver, and he could almost feel the crafty atavistic impulses, that screwed his face up into animal-like snarl. God! he had thought that he was strong enough to fight against this force. A force eternal, inexorable—a force that through the ages had only become subtle in its strivings, but not by any means weakened.

His glance darted to the "female" in the further corner. Slowly he crawled towards her muttering "Road, Back!" "Road Back!"

Snap! they were falling—light! darkness! light! darkness! darkness! darkness! . . . .

E. GARBER.

(Continued from page 14)

another three. For a moment he was free, but even as he paused, he felt the wave of apprehension that ran through the Leucocyte army; he realised immediately what had occurred. Lung, instead of heaving and pulsating in its efforts to overcome the Bacteria, lay still, devoid of all movement. For some time, the Blood Highway ran as it has always done; then it slowed, became spasmodic—and stopped. Lung's communications were completely cut off—there was no possible chance of more reserves being brought up. The Mother Country's last moments had come. Dimly, Polymorph felt that Lung was shrinking, and as Death laid its insidious hold on him, he realised the futility and yet the irrevocability of battle with a foe whose only demand of victory was Death.

M.G.

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