



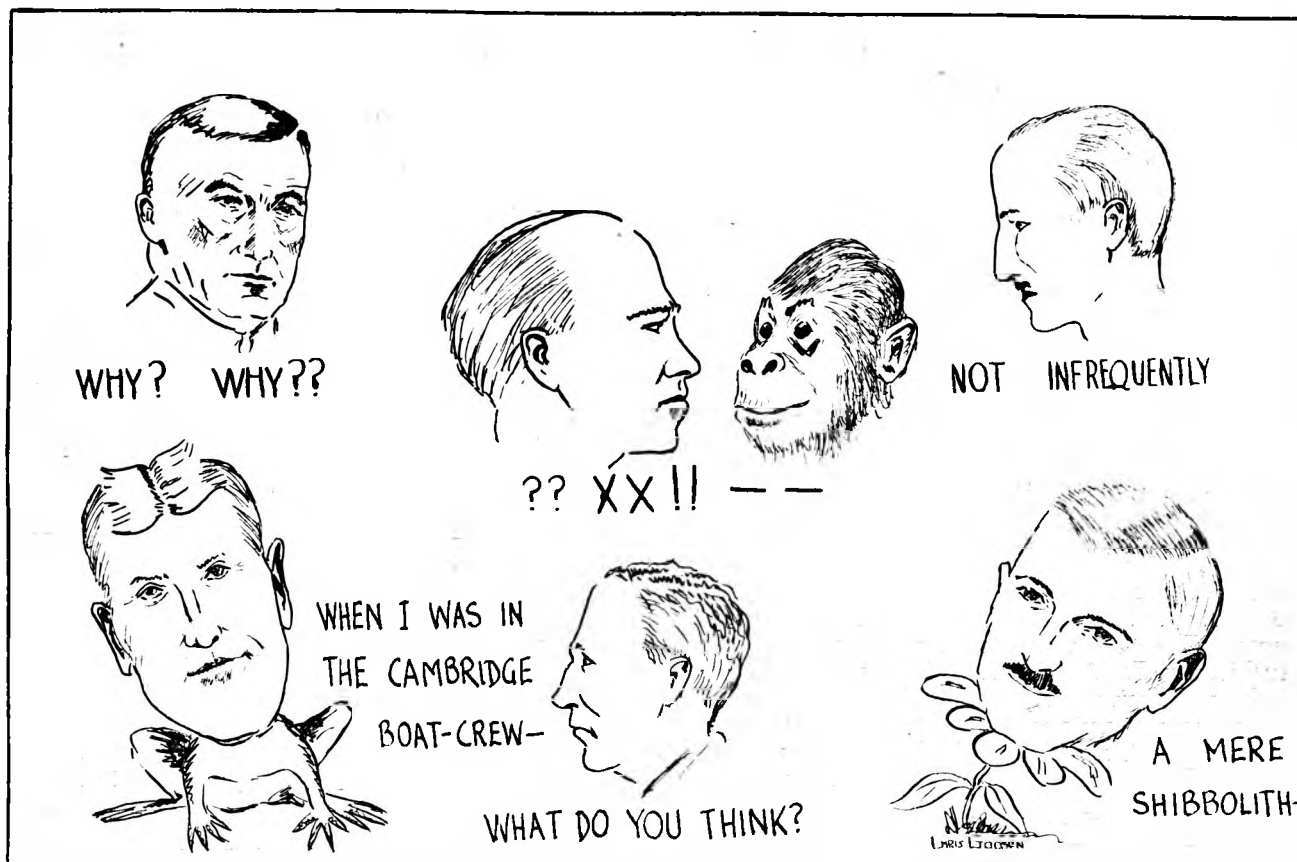
# The AURICLE

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

VOL. 5

November, 1939

No 8



## GOODBYE TILL NEXT YEAR !

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## MORTITURI, TE SALUTAMUS

With this, the last issue of the "Auricle" for the year, the Editorial Committee have reluctantly to say farewell. Inevitably the retirement of a journalistic body invokes a gesture of sentiment, and we cannot help but succumb to this tradition. It has been a privilege editing a monthly journal representative—or, at any rate, attempting to be representative—of Medical School opinion; and the pleasure has been enhanced by the smooth working, and absence of any serious dissension, within the body of the Committee. When the present Editor came to the Medical School in 1937 he associated himself with the "Auricle," and now that he must perforce relinquish his tasks in that connection, he finds a pang of regret springing up. As far as possible, he and his Committee have adopted a completely impartial attitude: the policy of the "Auricle" has always been to publish uncensored the opinions of students; its columns have always been open to genuine grievances and complaints, and when it has found an administrative body at fault it has never hesitated to expose that fallacy. Our only regret, as an Editorial Committee, is that we have had to face the disinterest of students to our pleas for contributions, and more particularly the Afrikaans students. The "Auricle" is not an exclusively English paper; it has always desired to include Afrikaans literary articles and contributions of Afrikaans cultural interest. But during the past

year, we have received so few of these contributions, that the work has fallen almost wholly on our Afrikaans editor who is a busy man at the best of times, and cannot afford the time necessary to fill in, say, four pages of the "Auricle." Reference to our Afrikaans editor, Mr. Krause, always fills us with a sense of gratitude; his long association with the "Auricle" has never dulled his interest in its affairs: he has never missed a committee meeting, never failed to hand in his literary contribution regularly, and his suggestions re improvements to the "Auricle" have always proved of the utmost value, while his liberal and clear-sighted philosophy has been a source of strength to us. His retirement this year will be a great loss to the journal.

By publicly recording our gratitude to Mr. Krause, it should not be imagined that we have forgotten the other members of the committee. To our Cultural sub-editor, Mr. Udwin, we are particularly indebted, not only for his literary help but for his assistance in proof-reading, and, of course, we have found ourselves enriched by the experience of Mr. Slutzkin, our Business Manager and Correspondent, and Mr. Turnbull, our Sporting Editor. We have purposely left mention of Mr. Goosen, the Art Sub-editor, for the last; were we to single out anybody's contributions for highest consistency, they would be his; the "Auricle" would have appeared drab and unattractive but for him.

Passing from internal to external affairs, we would like to record the absence of conflict which has characterised our relations with the Students' Medical Council. Any criticism which has appeared in these columns of their policy has been accepted with good-humour and restraint and we have never once been handicapped by any attempts at censorship. In that, perhaps, lies the secret of the predominance of Wits. in South African University affairs—the liberal and tolerant attitude of the Executive to the Student Body which it governs. There are many in the world to-day who would do well to take cognisance of this fact.

To Messrs. Alex. White & Co., the printers of the "Auricle," we owe a debt for their unfailing courtesy and high standard of their work. It has been a pleasure indeed for the Editorial Committee to be associated with a firm, always busy with affairs larger than the Medical School Journal, who has yet rendered every possible assistance in the matter of producing this paper.

This Editorial has turned out, quite unwittingly, to be a record of the Committee's appreciation to all who have facilitated the work involved in producing and printing a paper such as the "Auricle." But no bad purpose has been served. It is just that all who read the "Auricle" should be aware of the labourers behind the scenes and should realise that the existence of this monthly as a

(Continued on next Page)

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## FREUD

Prof. dr. Sigmund Freud, vader van die moderne sielkunde, is op 24 September 11. in Londen oorlede. As medikus opgelei, het hy later die siektes van die gestel in die gees begin soek, met die gevolg dat die wêreld se grootste medici in Weenen hom as 'n gek bestempel het wat nie weet waarvan hy praat nie. So erg was die destydse wetenskaplikes teen hom gekant dat geneeshere hom nie eens wou toelaat om pasiënte in die hospitaal te ondersoek nie.

Tog het hy later wêreld-erkenning verkry. Op sy tagtigste verjaarsdag is 'n adres hom deur 'n groot aantal vooraanstaande skrywers en deskundiges aangebied waarin hom hoë lof toegeswaai is, en is 'n standbeeld van hom in sy moederstad onthul.

In 1885 het hy sy mediese praktyk laat vaar en in Frankryk onder die groot Franse sielkundige Charcot gaan studeer. Uit daardie opleiding is die teorie gebore dat baie senusiektes hulle oorsprong in die onderbewussyn het. Hy het geglo dat as die onderbewussyn van die knellende neurose bevry kan word, die mens nie aan senukwale sal by nie. Eers het hy hipnose probeer, maar hy het gou bevind dat dit geen permanente bevryding kon teweegbring nie. Uit sy ondersoek is die wetenskap van psigo-analise gebore waarvan die waarde oral erken word.

Sy teorie dat die oorsaak van die neurose grotendeels in die geslagslewe gesoek moet word en sy bevinding dat die geslagslewe nie, soos toentertyd algemeen aangeneem, eers in die pubertydstydperk begin nie, maan by geboorte, het aanvanklik veral die hoon van wetenskaplikes uitgelok.

Hier in die Mediese Skool is in die afgelope jaar 'n reeks vrywillige lesings deur Dr. W. Sachs gegee oor psigo-analise. Daar is baie in psigo-analise wat mediese probleme kan ophelder, en dit sal die moeite loon om soveel van hierdie lesings as moontlik by te woon.

*(Continued from previous Page)*

potent factor in medical school life is dependent entirely on the co-operation and good-will of those who have even the remotest connection with it.

And so—once again, reluctantly,  
**AVE ATQUE VALE.**

## OUR MEDICAL RADIO TEAMS HAVE FAILED.

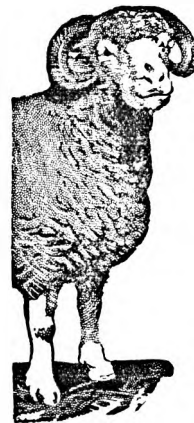
It must have been a considerable shock to those who heard over the radio recently the competition in General Knowledge between Medicals and Pharmacists. To many, it was no doubt incredible that Medical Students should have failed so lamentably in questions which might just tax the intelligence of a Form III scholar. Although those medicals who participated in the "Quizzes and Queries" on that occasion attempted to gloss over their glaring mistakes by laughter and a humour which matched admirably the exhibition they made of themselves, there was no disguising their deficiency of general knowledge and—a more serious charge—their common sense. Something must be done! We cannot proclaim to the world at large our ignorance of subjects with which we should be conversant. For instance, no excuse can be granted to the medical student who maintained that a pipe said to have been smoked by Julius Caesar was a genuine antique. Nor can we forgive and forget that befogged student who, when asked to divide a pound sterling into shillings and sixpences in such a manner that there would be one more sixpence than shillings, answered nineteen shillings and forty-one sixpences. And as for those members of our profession who simply made no attempt to answer the question put to them, condolence is out of the question.

The first medical team that broadcast about three months ago were pitted against law students, among whom were some of the best brains in the University; their failure is to some extent excusable, although the student who said that "Quality Street" was written by Charles Dickens let us down badly; but the second medical team had no such excuse; we do not wish to belittle the Pharmaceutical Students who, in comparison with the Medicals, shone in a bright light. The latter purely and simply did not use their intelligences.

The course we must take in future is obvious. Either we should not enter any further "Quizzes and Queries," thereby adopting a typical defeatist attitude, or we should be cautious in our selection of students. After the last debacle we suggest a Sub-committee to deal exclusively with the matter.

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## A COMPLAINT FROM FIRST YEARS

To the Editor,

Sir—A few days prior to our short vac. just completed, we, the medical students at Milner Park, received a letter from Mr. Rogalsky, inviting us to send a table-tennis team up to Medical School to participate in your inter-year competition. The date specified was Saturday 9th, and our opponents were to be the 5th years. Our team turned up—the 5th years didn't!

I fully realise that this match wasn't a matter of life and death, but at the same time, I do feel that we 1st years have definite cause to complain. Senior medicals are always so very emphatic in accusing us of an unforgivably disinterested attitude in regard to social functions held at the Medical School. Using these constant accusations against us as evidence, I assume that you are desirous of a stronger social unity between the Medical School and us. May I suggest that your representatives, in failing to attend a match which they had arranged with us, are not improving the position.

Perhaps, therefore, we are not entirely to blame for any lack of co-operation with you that we may occasionally show. If the senior Medicals could consider treating us as their social equals, I feel that the desired union of the Faculty would be far nearer establishment.

To return to table-tennis, I would take this opportunity of informing you that the 1st year team claim a walk-over victory against the 5th years.

Yours complainingly,

1st Year Medical,

H. COOPER.

[Editor's Note.—This letter was shown to Mr. Rogalsky, and his reply follows in next column.]

To the Editor,

Sir—I would like to inform the 1st Years that I sent letters concerning the disputed match on more than one occasion to Mr. Feldman, their representative, but received no reply. Eventually I was advised unofficially that a certain Mr. Schyff had been elected sports-representative at Milner Park.

Having written to the latter about the match and the entrance fee, I asked him to send a letter confirming their approval of playing on the suggested date (Saturday, 9th Sept.). The 1st Years failed to send a reply, and I therefore concluded that they did not intend playing the match.

My side of the story having been stated, I hope that the 1st Years will realize that 5th Years are not culpable for the unfortunate incident, and in consequence thereof, will not continue to harbour any delusions about the attitude of Senior Medicals towards them.

In conclusion, I would like to assure the 1st Years that the sole object of the inter-year sports is to promote sportsmanship, co-operation and goodwill among all students of our faculty.

Yours hopefully,

IAN I. ROGALSKY.

Chairman, Medical Table Tennis Club.

## BICYCLE CLUB

To the Editor,

Sir—It is proposed that a Bicycle Club be started at the University.

Supporters of the scheme advance three reasons for the proposal:—

1. Such clubs have been started at a number of overseas universities, notably at Oxford and Cambridge, and have proved an unqualified success.

2. There is a large number of cyclists at the University.

3. While the object of the club will primarily be to promote social outings, etc., the proposers have not lost sight of the fact that cycling is a recognised branch of Athletics—there are a number of clubs on the Rand, and it may be possible to arrange competitions, either separately, or in conjunction with the Athletics Club.

The Club's primary function will be to arrange outings, picnics for the benefit of members.

Membership will be open to both sexes.

If membership is sufficiently large, it may be possible to arrange favourable terms with cycle dealers, and reduced rates may be obtained at hotels, etc., with a view to the possibility of long trips being undertaken.

It is not proposed at present that any subscription be levied, though this question would have to be considered by the Committee.

All those interested in the scheme are asked to communicate with "WHEEL," C/o The Men's Letter Box, stating the day of the week and the time at which it would be most convenient to them for a General Meeting to be held.

If sufficient replies are received, the date of a General Meeting will be advertised on the Notice Boards.

Yours faithfully,

"WHEEL."



# THE STUDENT'S HUMOUR

From the Press:

"She went before boards of doctors. They were puzzled. Then it was discovered that Dorothy had been stricken with Transverse Myelitis of the spinal cord, a germ so small that it cannot be isolated."

—*King's College Hospital Gazette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Streptococcus Heraclitis.**

They told me, streptococcus, they told me you were dead.  
They brought me bitter pills, some white and bitter pills, some red.  
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I  
Had sprayed our friends in coughing with virulent cocci.  
And now thou art lying, my dear old septic guest.

A handful of grey stipplings in a polymorpho's nest.  
Still do my scarlet lesions brannily desquamate.

For Prontosil he taketh all, but them he cannot take.

—*King's College Hospital Gazette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Little Sister.**

I love little Sister,  
Her heart is so warm,  
And if I treat her with immense respect and servility,  
She is unlikely to do me any positive harm.

—*University College Hospital Magazine.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Sayings from Overseas Chiefs.**

"The treatment of dyschezia consists . . . in persuading the patient to go to stool regularly every morning before or after breakfast, and to read the newspaper until an evacuation takes place."

"Very often pregnancy occurs after a holiday."

"I once diagnosed correctly that the cook in a certain London restaurant was a man by the presence of a well-chewed ovid of tobacco in an entrée."

"Curiously enough, the sand-bagging of policemen in this country is comparatively rare."

"To the Psycho-analyst there is only one god—the Unconscious, and Freud was his prophet."

*Manchester Medical School Gazette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

From "Casualties" (*Queen's Medical Magazine.*)

Patient: "You know, sister,

the night nurse called me 'Granny,' and me a single woman, and it seems very suggestible to me, and I don't like it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Surgeon: "What is your water like?"

Patient (rather deaf): "Apples in season, tomatoes, cabbages, anything in the greengrocery line, doctor."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a young man of Blackheath

Who always bit things underneath;  
There were few greater gluttons,  
For carriage-seat buttons,  
For his post-anal dermoid had teeth.

\* \* \* \* \*

... Or Not To Be?—That Is The Question."

There's a breathless rush in the ward to-day,

Ten minutes short to Professor's round:

Such a packing up and a putting away,

The pulses rise with a leap and bound.

And it's not for the sake of Philomel's Lamp,

That the Sister smote with a vicious claw

The probationer's scapula, like a clamp—

"How many times have I told you before?"

—*St. Mary's Hospital Gazette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Patient's Lament.**

They plonked me to bed in the daytime,

And told me to rest for a while,  
Encumbered with bottles and blankets,

And coughing and hiccups and bile.

They shoved a glass rod in my kisser,

And fiddled about with my wrist;

They made me sit up like a camel,  
And spoke in the language of "Hist!"

They washed me and wiped me at sunset,

And did it again with the dawn;  
They thumped me and rolled me and smoothed me.

As flat as a Wimbleton lawn.

They gave me concoctions unnumbered

To keep me asleep or awake:  
They plastered and bandaged my torso

And bound up my skull like a cake.

They said I was right for the doctor (That is, if a doc could be got).  
Then, so as "to not keep him waiting,"

They undid the whole bleedin' lot.

They left, unashamed, with me naked

And bare as a babe at its birth—  
Not even a shroud to protect me—  
Much less a few buckets of earth.

The Doctor he came like a whirlwind,

Adjusted brand-new stethoscope,  
Said he'd got an appointment for luncheon,

And where there was life there was hope.

Then bandages, plasters and blankets,

And bottles and bathings and pain,

Were marshalled once more into service . . .

They did it all over again.

Probationers asked: "Is he better?"

A nurse (fully qualified) said:  
"It's all for the patient's convenience"—

But the patient—that's me—was quite dead.

—*St. Mary's Hospital Gazette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**LAUGHTER AT O.P.D.**

Prof. Br-bn-r: "Nature made us four-footed animals. Since we started standing on our back legs all our troubles have started—prolapses, hernias, and God knows what else!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Br-bn-r: "You must move that limb about as much as you can."

Patient: "Oh, doctor, you're trying to pull my leg!"

Prof. Br-bn-r: "You've got a gammy leg, woman, how can I pull your leg?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Br-bn-r: "Most things in surgery are due to 3 causes; in medicine they're due to 5.

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## LOCAL LETTER

### WAR CABINET—EXAMINATION SCARE—JOHN HOPKINS —BUSINESS AS USUAL

The vacation executive has been elected. In this simple sentence is conveyed the fact that the 1939 M.S.C. has completed its tasks, and that the reins of office have been passed on to those that will be with us to carry on the work next year. Taking cognisance of the very trying time at which the change over was effected, and the difficulties ready to rise next year, it seems reasonable to dub the Vac. Executive the Medical School War Cabinet. This is the first S.M.C. of the University of the Witwatersrand ever to hold office during an active major European war. In fact it is the first war in the history of the Medical School, and for that matter, of the University of the Witwatersrand, as such. The war, it seems, is slowly assuming quite a new importance!

#### CO-OPERATION.

I feel it is not asking too much for every student to give his or her active co-operation to those in responsible positions. It will assist them greatly in achieving a smoothly-running machine on the lines of previous models. It will assist them in overcoming unforeseen difficulties, for with things as they are now, the morrow is quite indefinite and uncertain.

#### BALANCE.

After a great deal of work, the S.M.C. financial statements, accounts, etc., were finally written up not a few months ago. The loss of the original set of books made this necessary. The books, since completion, have been in the hands of the University Auditors but up to the time of writing no Balance Sheet has been forthcoming. It is thus impossible to state definitely what our financial position is. While it is known that a very substantial amount stands to the credit of the S.M.C. at Barclays Bank (D.C. & O.), the absence of a clear record of transactions, etc., for the first nine months of this year, will no doubt considerably handicap the vacation treasurer.

#### ORDEAL AHEAD.

I am expecting record results from this year's "Final" class. Scared into a frenzy of work at the

prospect of having their exams brought forward as a result of the Principal's circular on the 8th September, the class has been, one and all, hard at it ever since. In my four years' sojourn here, I cannot recall any previous 6th Year settling down to work before October at the very least. I wish them all the very best of good fortune. I tender, too, my very best wishes for success to all the students of all years.

#### ONDERSTEPOORT.

I regret that I was unable to accept an invitation to go to Onderstepoort on the 29th September last. I believe that all our delegates had a marvellous time. If kindness and good cheer could have killed, we would be even now in deep mourning for the loss of so many of our outstanding members.

By all accounts it was a good show, and gives us not a little to live up to when next we entertain the Vets. here.

#### CASA NOVA.

It was a good story, that one Prof. Henry E. Sigerist told us in the Hospital Lecture Theatre last month. But then it just had to be, to be in keeping with the best lecture on any subject I have attended for a long, long time. I am sure all students feel deeply the honour of having had such a distinguished gentleman on the Cultural Activities Committee's list of Guest Lecturers.

#### TAIL PIECE.

The war slogan "Business as Usual," of which there are ample signs in the school, I feel is well conceived. Omar Khayyam had a saying for it:—

"Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophets' Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum."

#### BINOCULAR.

(Continued from page 7)

knocked him unconscious.

"You swine," hissed Marsden at the prostrate figure, "you swine—."

## THE ZENITH'S NADIR

Marsden had reached his Sixth Year by dint of hard work; he was not gifted with a brilliant intelligence or a memory capable of tremendous absorbent powers. A son of poor parents, he could not afford to fail. Behind him, stretched a series of Third Classes, each representing months of unremitting study, each pointing to the steady mediocrity of a student who had not the time or the money for the diverse amusements which most medical students take for granted. So the bourgeois stogdiness of Marsden was taken completely aback by his sudden passionate friendliness with Robson. Robson was a Second Year, as utterly unlike Marsden as two people living in the same world could possibly be; he was darkly handsome, swift in his movements, quick in his capacity for making instant estimates of the characters of others. Yet he attached himself to the fair, burly, rather slow-thinking Marsden almost immediately. Probably the latter could have crushed the Second Year's skull with one fist, but what he possessed in strength he lacked in agile mentality. Robson far and away outwitted him; but Marsden seemed to delight in this wittiness, the subtle repartee appeared to act as a cerebral stimulant to him. It was odd to observe the development of the strange friendship. The two were almost inseparable: when Marsden had tea, Robson had tea; when Robson went to the Common Room, Marsden went there also. It was natural that Marsden should help Robson in his studies, and so the experience of the older man combined with the natural brilliance of the younger to produce a first-class for the latter in his June examinations. It was, consequently, gratitude as much as friendship which prompted Robson to invite the Sixth Year down to his home for the vacation.

Robson's parents were modest millionaires; that is to say, although possessed of tremendous wealth, they lived in a sober, dignified house free from any display of ostentation or vulgar extravagance. They made Marsden completely at home, and for one week he was happier than he had ever

been in his life. But at the beginning of the second week of the vacation, June Robson came home. She was dark and slim like her brother with the same vivaciousness, the same penetrating intellect; but in addition she possessed a feminine charm and graciousness which threw Marsden, who knew very little of women apart from his gynaecological studies, completely off his feet. So within four days of her homecoming, Marsden had to face the fact that he was desperately in love with her. He was too shy to do much except follow her around with his eyes. Naturally, when they returned to college, June kissed him; it was more or less an everyday occurrence with her, but to Marsden it was the very essence and delight of paradise.

They corresponded—at least Marsden wrote long rambling letters, striving incoherently to express the fire that he felt was burning him up and she replied in short, nonchalant notes. And very soon, Marsden found that all his energies had been devoted to letter-writing; he knew very little Gynaecology, still less Medicine and an utterly negligible amount of Surgery. So he wrote his final examinations and went to his vivas very deficient in the theory and practice of medicine.

June wrote that she was engaged; she knew she had his good wishes, their correspondence had been so nice, it was a pity that they must stop, and so on, until the words became a blur and a blind fury took possession of him. He went up to the Medical School and, as he had half expected, observed in a sort of haze that he had failed in each subject. Behind him, he heard Robson's voice, "So sorry, old man—."

Very deliberately Marsden turned round, and in front of an amazed and shocked group, struck Robson full in the face with all the force of his pent-up emotion; and the sight of the blood flowing and Robson's startled eyes seemed to incite some bestial adism in him; he hit Robson again and when the latter, in desperate defence rushed at Marsden, the Sixth Year, half contemptuously,

(Continued on previous page)

### L. F. JUNG

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## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Let me state without preamble that I am no believer in materialism. I do not believe that when we die we are finished with—mere dust of no account in the scheme of things; for I myself have been reincarnated, not once, but a dozen times. To insist that I derive rejuvenation from each revival would be not strictly true, but at least I am as fresh now as I was last year. My one fault lies in my complete disability to function without your aid; every one of you is my life-blood, the throb of my pulse and the beat of my heart. And of late that beat has grown feebler; but of this I shall have more to say later.

I know most of you well; for days in the year I am one of your most constant companions; to some I talk in a language that breathes of the fragrant past, of the ideals and strivings of men whom, in your heart of hearts, you are ever endeavouring to emulate, of inspirations, sorrows, and joys; you are the ones nearest to me, the ones to whom I have a secret and direct message that only we can interpret. To others, I am merely an acquaintance; we pass a few pleasant moments, discussing subjects at random; together we fill in the empty spaces between lectures. And to still others, I am an object of contempt and slight abhorrence; and for these I have no defence, for I exist only as you find me, and if you brand me contemptuous, contemptuous I shall always remain in your minds.

Yet withal I am potentially great; I have in me the unlimited capacity to influence your thoughts and direct your actions essentially through the contact I make with you. And often, by a casual word, I can initiate a raging controversy and by a passing phrase commence a debate that has wide repercussions. For I am a child of a vast organisation, a member—however insignificant—of a clan that has directed the course of action of many millions of men and women throughout the ages. And my future is trebly great. Long after you have passed from this medical school and have carved your niche in the wall of mankind, I shall remain, influencing other generations, moulding the cast of your descendents' student days. I am, in a sense, the pooled mind

of you all, and as such, infinitely greater than any one individual, but because of this very fact, I am you. Only you can support me, only you can make me, only you can destroy me.

Although I am still with you and my superficial appearance is as it has been in the past, internally I have changed. There is less body in me, less of a vitality which I obtain from you alone and which is so necessary if I am to function as I have functioned in the past. That is what I meant when I said previously that the beat of my heart is growing feebler. Most of my sustenance is intimately dependent on you, and of recent months you have callously withheld it, leaving me to struggle desperately with the aid of a very few faithful supporters. Yet, from ignorance or petty spite, many of you sneer at my weaker constitution, not realising, perhaps, that you are directly responsible for the state of malnutrition I am in.

No doubt, you are now wondering who I am. Who is this who claims such intimate knowledge of your ways and thoughts, who dogmatically claims a parentage of vast power, who asserts his utter dependance on you and in the same breath dissertates on his superiority over individual life? And who is he proclaiming his eternity and reincarnation, and yet pleading a human fallability to the withholding of nourishment?

My name is "The Auricle."

\* \* \*

"We must dismiss the philosophical and humanistic dreams of physicists and astronomers. Following many others, Jeans believes and teaches that God, creator of the sidereal universe, is a mathematician. If that is so, the material world, the living beings, and man have been created, obviously, by different Gods. How naive our speculations!"

—Alexis Carrel in *Man the Unknown*."



# SIGMUND FREUD

## IN MEMORIAM.

The last few months have seen changes which are perhaps to sound repercussions in the decades to come. Political strife has come to a head, and over the wearied, crisis-torn world conflagration which may be of unparalleled horror has broken loose. And amidst the welter of plotting and counter-plotting, scheming and striving, hoping and waiting, in this world of petty desire and silly ambition, a man around whose name some of the bitterest controversy in scientific history was waged, died. Mourned by his followers, his death observed with sincere regret by his opposers, Sigmund Freud died in England, an outcast from the land of his birth, and over all who saw in him one of the greatest geniuses—if not the greatest—of the century, a pall has fallen.

In paying this small and humble tribute to Freud, we do not wish to laud his personality or extol his virtues (for he was not a god, but a man), but rather to describe in some degree his work and his achievements. Like so many of the world's thinkers, he did not regard himself as of any significance; it was his discovery which was of such vital importance, not only to medical science and technology, but to the man in the street; for Freud touched the fringe of Man's place in life—mental development.

Commencing as a physiologist particularly interested in the nervous system and its diseases, Freud later abandoned this course and became a physician. His previous work naturally led him to take a close interest in the psycho-neuroses, and his researches were particularly influenced, firstly, by Charcot's assertion that in every case of psycho-neurosis the underlying trouble could be traced to an abnormal sex life, and, secondly, by Breuer's successful treatment of neurotics with the aid of hypnosis. It was, perhaps, inevitable that Freud and Breuer should collaborate, and for the psychological and medical world it was a stroke of the highest fortune that they did so. Together they evolved a method of treatment known as "mental catharsis," which consisted of encouraging the patient (with the aid of hypnosis) to give free vent to memories,

ideas, thoughts which otherwise would have lain dormant. In the light of modern methods, mental catharsis is a rather primitive mode of treatment, but from it Freud developed his "free association method" which, to quote an authority "is the foundation stone of the present Freudian technique for the treatment of mental disorders." And later, Freud enlarged "free association" by introducing the revolutionary conception of dream analysis.

Pursuing these two methods of treatment, the Viennese psychologist found that the basic origin of memories which were, so to speak, excavated was predominantly sexual and in no small way in direct conflict with the patient's moral standards of living. Further—and this proved to be a discovery of fundamental importance—Freud began to realise that the patient's symptoms were caused not merely by the "buried memory of some particular past incident but also an unsatisfied childish wish of a sexual nature."

Following up these discoveries in the medical applications of psycho-analysis, Freud demonstrated in his books "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" and "Wit and the Unconscious" that a wide variety of everyday mental phenomena, such as slips of the tongue, lapses of memory, humour, etc., could be directly attributed to buried wishes and impulses of which the individual himself is unaware. His theories on dream analysis were embodied in his book "The Interpretation of Dreams" published in 1900; what distinguishes the neurotic from the ordinary individual, said Freud, is not the existence within him of a mental conflict, but the particular manner in which this conflict is dealt with.

It was, however, in the field of sexuality that Freud encountered the bitterest opposition. Not only the layman, but the scientist, found his dearest and most secret traditional principles exposed in the light of cold, pure science, and such is the fickleness and adolescent hesitancy of the human race that those men and women who should have been the first to welcome a

scientific and impartial explanation of sex, derided it. Even scientists have babies, and it smacked of the direst heresy that a man should state without a single qualm that most—if not all—of the actions and phenomena of infantile life have a root which is sexual. To-day, psychology concedes that Freud's theory of infantile sexuality has a very significant place in the science. Briefly, this proposition states that infants undergo a very complicated process of sexual development before they reach puberty, which may be summarised as follows:

1. The Oral Stage, associated with the sucking activities of the child.
2. An Anal Stage, shown by the child's interest in its own processes of excretion.
3. The Genital Stage.
4. A stage of impulses finding expression in looking (scopophilic) or being looked at (exhibitionistic).
5. A stage of impulses connected with inflicting (sadism) or enduring (masochism) pain.

Much as the writer of this article would like to discuss further the principles and applications of that vast system of thought, psycho-analysis, space forbids. It is pleasant to reflect that Freud did not die unrecognised, but saw the fruits of his brain initiate a revolution in scientific and medical thought.

M.G.

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## MONTHLY COMMENT—

### THE EAR 'EARS

That:

This is the last column of "Ear 'Ears" to appear this year, but it will probably reappear in 1940.

Despite the correspondent who maintained in last month's "Auricle" that this column was "inane," the Ear 'Ears has never observed any objection to it by students generally.

In fact, it might almost be called a favourite feature.

In any case, its purpose is not to discuss subjects of political import, but merely to comment on small, but necessary, features of medical school activities.

It says "Thank you" to this year's Auricle Committee, and "Good Luck" to next year's.

The new Surgical Clerking Record sheets which came into vogue as a result of the whims of our chiefs smacks far too much of high-school discipline.

Most Clinical Students are quite adult enough, thanks very much, and can do their work conscientiously, without having this ridiculous policing-system imposed on them and being forced to harass Housemen who are busy enough as it is.

Taking it all in all, with a few exceptions our chiefs persist in regarding us as not quite grown up.

Something should be done to correct their illusions.

A most popular motion in the last S.M.C. meeting was one to the effect that special bioscope prices should obtain for students who are the most constant patrons of African Consolidated Theatres, Ltd.

All students in later years will have good cause to remember 1939—a year of destiny, if ever there was one.

Squash appears to have gained an insidious but steady hold on a large part of the community during the past six months.

At the time of writing, the yearly examinations are a bare month ahead.

Our best wishes go to all students in the trying hours of November and may their efforts be blessed with success.

God helps those who help themselves.

## CONGRATULATIONS!

To our Sporting Editor, Mr. Victor Turnbull, for attaining his full-blue. In what? Need you ask? Mr. Turnbull has been one of the University's most consistent athletes, and his muscular, broad-shouldered figure has been instrumental in gaining not a few laurels for the Alma Mater. May you continue long and happily on the sporting track, Vic.!

\* \* \* \* \*

To the Medical School Table Tennis Team for beating Jewish Guild in the Transvaal Table Tennis Quarter-Finals, by 6 games to 3. Pelkowitz won 3 games, Rogalsky 2, and Kagan 1, out of a possible 3. Thumbs up for the team!

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mr. Dave Ovedoff on his new appointment as President of the Vacation and 1940 Medical Council. Mr. Ovedoff well deserves this signal honour; he has been a staunch worker in administrative tasks for a long period, and now, with his just reward, he is sure to have the confidence of the entire student-body. With him he has an able Committee who will do much to facilitate the harmonious running of medical affairs next year. Good luck, Dave, and happy days!

\* \* \* \* \*

To our retiring President, Mr. Kloppers, and his Executive Council for the splendid way in which they have carried out their duties. We owe "Boet" a real debt of gratitude for his sympathetic and untiring devotion to student affairs which would have tasked the abilities of a less capable man. And may we take this opportunity of wishing himself particularly and his co-workers generally every success in their Finals.

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# THE MEDICAL CALENDAR

## February.

The wooden doors swing open,  
Wide the windows fling!  
To a catchy rumba-foxtrot  
In the students swing.

"The holiday's behind us,  
Gone the carefree day,  
On work we are determined,  
(But don't forget the play)."

Back to the musty lab-work,  
Back to stool and mike.,  
To Bugs., and Path., and Pharm.,  
and Phys.,  
To Bioscope and the like.

## March.

See the silly freshers,  
Physique fat and lean,  
Come ogling up to College,  
To interview the Dean.

See the lordly second years,  
In new white coats arrayed,  
Sweep past cringing freshers,  
With scalpels wide displayed.

## April.

Time to scrounge and plunder,  
To beg and plead and fag,  
To bunk a score of lectures  
For a distant College Rag.

## May.

No time to think of lectures,  
To gather fresh impressions,  
The day has come to rid us  
Of our Freudian repressions.

## June.

Take a little time to study  
Muscular abominations,  
For June is here and with it  
Lousy June examinations.

## July.

Look! The welcome break is here,  
Let's take some recreation  
I've worked so hard this recent  
term,  
I've earned this month's vacation.

## August.

Dreary days of wind and cold,  
The mortuary is freezing,  
Let's give P.M.'s a break this month  
And recover from our sneezing.

## September.

"Has the world no grain of pity?  
No aspect they can shirk?  
Demented, cowed, beaten, lost,  
They're killing us with work."

Take pity, O my brothers,  
On the Finalist's miserable lot,  
'Twixt Medicine, Surgery, Gynae.,  
There's none of them feeling so hot.

## October.

Month of horrible cramming—  
Cramming night after night,  
And there's nought that can make  
us feel better  
For to us there is no more delight.

## November.

So up to the Hall we must shamble,  
And there's nothing much more we  
can do,  
But pray till we're black in the  
gizzard  
And our temporal regions are blue.

## December.

See, the lists are posted up,  
(Pray for me, my mother!)  
Is that my name upon the list?  
On one—but not the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There is grandeur in this view  
of life, with its several powers,  
having been originally breathed by  
the Creator into a few forms or  
into one; and that, whilst this  
planet has gone cycling on ac-  
cording to the fixed law of gravity,  
from so simple a beginning endless  
forms most beautiful and most  
wonderful have been, and are  
being, evolved."

—Charles Darwin in *Origin of  
Species.*

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# WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

## III. LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE.

Now and again, in your more introspective moments, when that party on Saturday night coming doesn't seem so exciting as it did yesterday, and Mary apparently hasn't got the commonsense you once credited her with, in such moments, perhaps, you look up at the stars and the luminous orb rising in the east. And suddenly you're awed, completely and unutterably flabbergasted at your littleness, your insignificance, the indifference of the planets and galaxies to your personal ambitions, desires and strivings. You, as a medical student know a little of the predominance of your science in the world; you appreciate possibly the influence it has had on the development and mental progress of mankind. But do those constellations know? Do they care a tinker's hoot about the past, present and future of Medicine or any other science? You stand there, scanning the heavens, immeasurable millions of miles in extent, in a single glance, and you're forced irrevocably to the conclusion that it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter one iota to the cosmic force that such a speck of matter as the Earth exists, let alone that you live on the earth.

You've thought that, I've thought it, everybody who's not just a superficial human mechanism has thought it. In their mental desperation, some have turned from the idea to the postulant of a personal God who is interested primarily in us and has created the universe purely as a background to our schemes; others have sought a predestined Guiding Force that uses every star, every sun, every planet, every rock, every speck of dust in a vast mosaic pattern which has a definite beginning and a definite end; and

still others have clamoured that Mankind is Man's own God and that having been born from the fickle and cruel womb of the Universe, Man is now turning against her and shaping his own destiny, and will one day conquer her. But whichever of these views you favour—I personally am a devotee of the latter one—you must admit that at present Man, all Life, is a very little thing—very little indeed.

So what's to do about it? Still in one of your lucid periods, you begin to dream, of the colossal vision of Olaf Stapledon who threw Man on the stage of the Universe and built him up to be the principal character, of the prophecies of Wells who reached up to the stars to find the length and strength of Man's prowess, of Aldous Huxley with his cynical and defiant belief in the progress of Homo. And it doesn't seem so fantastic after all. Why shouldn't we build space-ships and travel to Mars? Why shouldn't we journey in Einsteinian time? Why shouldn't we find intelligent life on other planets? Why shouldn't we reach the stars, encircle the Milky Way, stretch to the very confines of the Universe, and other Universes beyond? Born from the stray elements of a seething world, or perhaps from germs of life that travel the Cosmos seeking new environments, new wombs from which to spring, evolving in myriad patterns, ever-new, ever-changing, we have reached a stage when sometimes—not always—we look up with consciousnesses which long to wing their way from the mundane and the material and cry in hopeless yearning, "Why? Where? For what purpose? To what goal?"

What's it all about? How can I, or anyone, even attempt to answer that question. We can but estimate our position and perspective in the vast scheme of things; we can only bring the resources of our sciences of Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics to play on the stars and planets and nebulae that surround us, and try to discover in some objective fashion why and where we are travelling. Of ourselves and of the teeming life which exists on this world we can merely be conscious, knowing that we exist, realising dimly that as individuals we are purposeless but as a species of terrible and extraordinary significance. We are too premature, too full of petty and bestial lusts, hatreds, sentiments to assess our rôle in the pattern of the Universe; platitudinous as it may sound, we have to conquer ourselves before we can conquer the galaxies; we have to build peace-ships before we can think of space-ships.

Then perhaps one day Life on Earth will be linked to the Life of Mars and the Life of Venus and the commencing Life of Saturn and Pluto. Like Wells' great thinker, Man will turn with resolute purpose to the skies and say, "Man or the Universe?" On that day there can be no question as to the final supremacy of Life over the inimical crushing forces of Nature, the triumph of reason over blind chance, the sway of logic over un-mindful illogicality.

Until that day we are the playthings of Evolution.

### EDITOR'S EPILOGUE.

*This concludes the series of articles "What's It All About?" We trust that they have fulfilled their purpose—to stimulate thought, discussion and interest.*

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## ARN'T IT BEAUTIFUL

Beauty is a study in relativity; it's standards vary with the individual, it's perspective changes with time. Yet, although its definition has fluxed, with the passage of time, its existence, nevertheless, has been felt by all classes of mankind. From the prostitute, who lives her life in abject misery, and who's world is the absolute in depravity and sordid ugliness, to the idealist whose life is spent in a dream world, a world entirely divorced from the reality of life. Here he revels in the flowing brooks of absolute beauty.

Suzy, as she wearily side-stepped to avoid a shouting little hoodlum who was being pursued by equally raucous companions, had no thoughts that flowed in these channels. Her world reflected itself in bitter thoughts, and her consciousness wallowed in a slough of despondency. A state of mind nurtured by her environment. She hated the screaming children, the dirty tenements, and above all the creatures that sought her favours. Favours that she perforce had to give, for, although she had often thought of ending her unhappy life, her soul refused to give up its earthly heritage, and her body demanded that it must be fed. So she continued to exist, living but to die.

With a shrug of her shoulders and a mirthless laugh, as if to defy the powers that sought to crumple her courage, she turned into her tenement house and listlessly climbed the flight of stairs to her room. Sighing she flung herself on to the bed and the tears slowly trickled down her face, furrowing the painted cheeks, as the rains furrow the earth. In a despairing gesture she beat the pillows with her clenched fists. The gesture betokened a poignant realisation of utter defeat.

Gradually the sobbing ceased and soft sighs echoed the dingy room. Then came peace. The pools of misery had overflowed, pouring their contents through nature's channels, the tension relieved, came the dreamy introspective mood that usually follows in the wake of crying.

Suzy turned on her back and gazed dreamily through the window. Her thoughts flowed at

random, no thought impinged itself on consciousness for more than a fleeting moment; staring, vacant eyes reflected the inner mood.

Suddenly her eyes settled on the white flowers growing in the pot over the window-sill. Some great hand stretched out into space and drew her vagrant thoughts together, they now focussed in the one glowing point—the flowers. To Suzy those flowers were life itself. She had tended them from seedlings to flowers in bloom. Those little white flowers were her offspring. When they budded and stirred with a new inner life, she had been deliriously happy and it seemed to her that a child of her own had stirred in its dreamless sleep of embryonic existence.

Then those little petals had opened up and with spreading arms had supplicated the Almighty to forgive her sins. Those pure white petals were the symbolisation of an existence that she cherished, but which she could never achieve. So, into the rich soil, she introjected her soul and she grew with that little flower and she once again felt the cleansing sap pour through her veins. Her bad blood was gone, she could lift up her head proudly and say that she was a woman. Thus Suzy found in those white petals a haven of rest and the little petals were transformed into the wings of angels. "God," she cried happily, "I am forgiven, I am clean."

The dying sun poured its waning energy on to the window and the little flowers each took on a golden halo. Suzy lay back happily and her eyes closed peacefully as she was wooed by *Somnes* and, as she opened her eyes again to see her little golden children, she murmured dreamily "Arn't it beautiful."

E. GARBER.

(Continued from page 14)

erected a mighty monument on which was inscribed, "By the twin gods, Meta Carpal and Meta Tarsal, there was none more brave than the Princess Fallo Pian, daughter of U-terus, the scion of the Tubes."

SIG. MOID.

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## THE STORY OF FALLOPIAN

[Editor's Note: Although contributions based on the ambiguous use of medical terms are as old as the "Auricle" itself, this article is particularly clever; we, therefore, make no apology for printing it.]

In the heyday of Ancient Egypt's supremacy over the known world, there lived a great noble whose name was Vas Epidydimus. He was a man of shrewd but dignified ideas, but his passionate ambition was to extend the frontiers of the Egyptian Empire to the limits of the earth. He was definitely and unequivocally Pro-State. Being young and unmarried, he was a member of several social orders, such as the Royal Society of Spermatheca and the Grand Order of the Bulbus, where his orations were accorded respectful attention. Although politics were his ruling theme in life and he had been sometime advisor to the good Pharaoh Peri-Car-Ditis, his interests extended beyond that sphere, for he was the originator of a form of infantry known as the Madura Foot and it was he who invented that mechanical ingenuity, the Oculo Motor. From an early age, Vas Epidydimus was affianced to his cousin, the fair Fallo Pian, a member of the great family, the Tubes. It was not permitted in those days for a woman to voice her opinion on the affairs of men, nevertheless Fallo Pian approved completely of her beloved's ideals.

However, there was a secret party in the land in alliance with Syria, Egypt's hereditary enemy. The members of this party—the Treponema—entered insidiously into the body of the state and wrought great havoc among the minds of the simpler people; one of their methods was to breed a distrust for the noble Vas Epidydimus whom they proclaimed a traitor to the people and in league with the men in Gitis, Gitis being a neighbouring rebellious city. Although many attempts were made to exterminate the Treponema, they still flourished, for their great organiser and leader, Spirochaete of Pallidum, could nowhere be found. Meanwhile, owing to the unremitting efforts of the Society, Vas Epidydimus found himself losing the vote and confidence of the people.

One day, when he entered his private Olfactory deep in thought, he found to his surprise, Fallo Pian awaiting him. She spoke rapidly: "Vas Epidydimus, I have private information to the effect that Spirochaete of Pallidum is in Broca's Area; he arrived there yesterday with the Cauda Equinae, his private bodyguard. Wait!" she checked him as he turned to call the captain of his troops, "no advantage will be gained by sending out a regiment to arrest him; he will only slip out of your fingers again. I will go there disguised as a dancing girl and when I have the opportunity, I will kill him." After much discussion, Vas Epidydimus agreed to her proposals, and accordingly the next day Fallo Pian set out for Broca's Area accompanied by her faithful servant Ectopic. After a hazardous journey they at length reached their destination.

The story of a beautiful dancing girl soon reached the ears of Spirochaete of Pallidum who forthwith ordered that she be admitted to his presence. That night, before going to his house, Fallo Pian bought a pot of iod, a preparation to which she had heard, the Treponema leader was peculiarly susceptible, and sprayed herself liberally with it. Spirochaete's apartments were only dimly lighted, a fact that the girl recognised as being in her favour. She danced, with a rare inspiration, the sacred dance of an Aemia, the dance of the New Growth and the dance of the Gumma Festival. In her last dance, the Dance of the Seven Ova, she swung nearer and nearer to Spirochaete, who sat dreamily intoxicated by the scent of the pot of iod which emanated from the whirling figure. As she reached the last ovum, Fallo Pian drew a dagger from her girdle and flung it at Spirochaete of Pallidum; it pierced his heart and he expired in a welter of blood, calling the curse of Proto Zoa on the girl's head. His attendants rushed at her and in their fury tore her to pieces. But she did not die in vain. Without their leader, the Treponema were disorganised, and one by one hounded down and killed. Vas Epidydimus, grief-stricken at the loss of his beloved,

(Continued on page 13)

# 1938 CAUSERIE

The "Auricle" turns back the pages of its issues over the year of 1938, to give you the highlights of medical school humour and interest.

**April, 1938.**

In this issue a suggestion was made by a correspondent "re the establishment of a Fiction Library. The attention of the S.M.C. should be drawn to the expediency of the undertaking, and I am sure that every student would be willing to co-operate. A donation of two or three books from each student would not only confirm the success of the enterprise but ensure a range of fiction to suit all tastes."

The idea is still good.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Xerxes" wrote on

**The Nurses' Party.**

"Discarding white in favour of more assorted and attractive hues, a happy band of nurses hied themselves unto the Medical School on Saturday evening, the 19th of March. Escorts were supernumery, in fact, practically miliary, and all did tread the measure to the strains of the grand piano.

If I may say so, this function was definitely the best that has ever been held at the Medical School. Save for a narrowly averted fractured femur due to a fractious linoleum, there were no casualties, though cardiologists may be inclined to make a prognosis in the absence of an electrocardiogram. Beer suffered from the current drought and was at a premium."

What's happened to these Nurses' Parties?

\* \* \* \* \*

In "Borbyrygmi" there were some jokes:

**Case of Pruritis Ani.**

Doctor: "Well, is it better on the whole?"

Patient: "Oh, yes, doctor; but it has spread to my legs now!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Extract from Health Notes in a well-known Ladies' Magazine:

"One side of my breast is more developed than the other, and I can't help feeling it is due to a stone I swallowed when I was young. Do you think it got stuck there?"—Puzzled.

Dr. de W—I said: "Yes, doctors and bartenders are on the same level. They die the earliest. Doctors die of the disease they specialise in. The cardiologist dies of congestive cardiac failure, the nerve specialist of his brain tumour and the venereal man of syphilis. The only man who is safe is the gynaecologist."

\* \* \* \* \*

**May, 1938.**

The most outstanding contribution was a poem entitled "Hearts" of which we can only give you extracts:

"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 . . .  
Merlin, in verbose altercation,  
Was an auricular fibrillation  
And Wally Gordon, next to him,  
Example of a gallop rhythm . . .

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."

\* \* \* \* \*

**June, 1938.**

The Editorial, commenting on an Extraordinary General Meeting which "had to be closed as there was not a quorum of fifty voting members present" said with emphasis "This abandoned meeting is the greatest blot in the history of student affairs at the Medical School. Future generations will have no cause to thank the present students for anything they have done during their stay here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. J. J. Levin was reported as saying to an anaesthetist (as the patient rolled from side to side), "Mister, I may be a surgeon, but I'm certainly not a ship's surgeon."

And, again to an anaesthetist, "If I wanted the patient to speak to me, I'd have done it under a local."

\* \* \* \* \*

**August, 1938.**

This issue contained a few "Aphorisms" which are worth repeating:

Leukoplakia of the tongue is said to be due to smoking. Well, it may be, but leukoplakia of the vulva isn't.

Glands in the axilla don't affect the diagnosis—they only affect the prognosis.

Get the history from the patient himself, unless you are a veterinary surgeon, or a children's doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

**September, 1938.**

The Local Letter had a paragraph on

**Support.**

"We do not consider this an inappropriate moment to remark on the astoundingly disinterested attitude of the majority of the medical students as regards this publication . . . 'if one in every ten submitted an article per month we would of necessity increase the size of the monthly to a hundred times its present dimensions.'"

Significant, in view of last month's editorial on "Apathy."

\* \* \* \* \*

**October, 1938.**

In commemoration of the creation of a special badge for S.R.C. members, somebody wrote on

**Heraldry.**

"My name is A. S. D'Arcy,  
Numbah one of the Upper Three!  
I've slaved like a Turk  
To accomplish the work—  
The work of the S.R.C.

A badge is all I need  
To satisfy my greed.  
Like many a chappy  
I'd be most unhappy  
Were the plebs to mistake my breed.

For I'm Algernon S. D'Arcy,  
Numbah One of the Upper Three!  
I need hardly say more  
To distinguish me—for  
I'm a membah of the S.R.C."

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