



THE AURICLE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' MEDICAL COUNCIL

APRIL, 1936.

EDITORIALS.

OUR SECOND-YEAR ISSUE.

The present issue is devoted in the main to matters that may be of interest to our second-year students. This recognition of the second-year group is given, not for what the group is, but for what we hope it may become.

Most students arrive and remain at the School for a minimum of five years and then with ill-concealed relief bid the School farewell. What do they take away with them?—a bare minimum of medical knowledge, a few medical works (some frequently not their own) to form the nucleus of a library, which incidentally, seldom undergoes any expansion, and a working knowledge of bridge and poker which helps in the attainment of social "success."

Mentally, however, the majority undergo no change. They arrive with closed minds and leave with the same unreceptive and consequently empty minds. Their racial prejudices suffer no readjustment and their views on native and similar problems persist unmodified, because they are not prepared to examine the facts and to draw conclusions therefrom. They do not interest themselves in economic questions and social problems persuading themselves in their foolishness that it has "nothing to do with their medicine."

The inevitable result is that as a group we remain uncultured and continue to foster and propagate unscientific hates and prejudices. If we exert any influence in public spheres it is as harmful and unprogressive as that exerted by any other uncultured group.

For that reason we find it necessary to address a few, but (we hope) useful remarks to medical students in general and to our second-year students more particularly.

Bring with you an open mind, ready to receive impressions and to formulate your own conclusions. Interest yourselves in the various groups that are

operating in the School. Co-operate with your colleagues towards attaining a common end, whether it be in the organisation of a dance, the production of a play, the arrangement of a debate, or the investigation of Bantu health conditions.

You will then begin to realise that many of your racial prejudices are irrational and you will begin to appreciate how closely social and economic questions are related to medicine. In addition, when you leave this school to enter public life you will, by the application of scientific methods and with the advantage of a broad outlook, be able to assist in the solution of problems that are now being tackled by blundering politicians.

The years during which the student attends the Medical School represent the period when maximal mental development should be attained. It is this period that will influence your subsequent intellectual activities and determine your character. If you persist in blinding yourself to all outside impressions, you will end your medical life as you began it—a victim of prejudice and ignorance, a bad citizen and a poor scientist. If, on the other hand, you bring an active, critical and analytical mind to bear upon the facts that you accumulate and the impressions you receive, you will have taken a long step towards the attainment of intellectual maturity. Reason and Tolerance will become your life-long companions.

That then is our message to you, the latest hopes of a discredited profession. Strive at becoming more than medical craftsmen. What we want are intelligent medical men and women, interested in their environment and capable of making a positive contribution towards the creation of a finer social structure. The influence of the medical profession, we insist, must not be restricted to the drug trade and the bridge table.

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POVERTY AND THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

It is very likely that the association as expressed in the above title will appear not a little strange to a number of students. Many who come of comfortable homes will probably be unable to appreciate what a misfortune poverty is and what limitations it sets upon the studies and other activities of the poorer student.

In this country the close association of extreme wealth and poverty is a sad and ironical feature of our economic organisation. To us, therefore, it is no surprise to discover that a large number of our students come of poor homes and manage to pursue their studies only in the face of much hardship and as a result of considerable sacrifices by the other members of the family.

It is not our intention to attempt to seek out the causes of poverty and to suggest remedies. Since conditions will undergo no immediate radical change, it is necessary to make the best of the existing state of affairs. What we advocate is that the Medical School, through its Council, should

sponsor the cause of those medical students who are in need of financial assistance.

We would like to see the establishment of a fund from which bursaries could be awarded or fund could be created out of a portion of the present S.M.C. fee and would, we feel sure, be loans made to needy cases. The nucleus of such a fund augmented by donations from persons interested in the scheme.

Most students, we think, will agree that there exists the necessity for some method of assisting the poorer student. What method is adopted—whether it be the scheme we have outlined or any other scheme—is immaterial. We are confident that if our Council takes up this suggestion, it will do so with the full support not only of the general body of students, but also of the medical profession at large. This is a social service that is well worth the serious consideration of the Medical School.

THE AURICLE AND THE LEECH.

"Alas! What boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"

On looking through a journal such as *The Leech* or the *Auricle* one finds that the general body of students contributes little else to its columns than the perennial list of howlers. While this form of literary exercise is, no doubt, to be commended, it is perhaps a little surprising to find it the sole record of achievement of several hundred minds.

It is true that in an age of perpetual hurry and constant action, there remains little time for the contemplation that breeds creative writing. Leisurely consideration of the fleeting moments we have left behind us, however, need not be left for the winter of life, and it were well that occasionally we stopped by the wayside to consider again the scene we have passed.

A scientist is reputed to be a man who records his findings. In our careers as medical students we are continually being bombarded with a variety of impressions. Our hospital provides such a pot-pourri of human emotions, covering tragedy and Rabelaisian comedy, that only the dullest wits could fail to be affected. Yet we who claim to be scientists make no record of our observations in this ever-changing scene.

Moral: The *Auricle* and *Leech* form the natural outlet for such writings, in which the pleasure of the author is at once his motive and his reward.

ON AUSCULTATION

We hear—

- That* the notices recently put up by the Council have aroused a great deal of comment.
- That* the S.M.C. considers itself libelled to be classed with other less reputable "dictatorships."
- That* the prohibition of gambling in the common room seems to be becoming our annual legislation.
- That* as a result of the recent promulgation we have made yet another addition to the "wide open spaces" of South Africa.
- That* the women students found that a vivid imagination filled in the —er—gaps in their knowledge of cancer when demonstrating at the Health Exhibition.
- That* the latest blood donor scheme is fully deserving of the co-operation and assistance of every student at the School.
- That* the Council has taken another step forward by making the study of the Zulu language available to our students.
- That* Prof. Dart's lecture to the Anatomical and Anthropological Society was very enjoyable.
- That* the scheme for the investigation of 10,000 Rantu school children has now been worked out and will be put into effect from the beginning of April.
- That* the extension of library facilities without any deposit to all bona fide Medical students has come as a very welcome and much-appreciated surprise.
- That* we are exceedingly disappointed that the recent excavations in front of the Medical School have not revealed a second Missing Link.

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SECOND YEARITIS.

The examination of a large number of specimens, some of them microscopic and some very large indeed, has made the diagnosis of this curious condition a matter of reasonable certainty.

Symptoms: The subjects are very juvenile individuals who have always a cringing and frightened look. They invariably carry on their persons, as though for self-protection, a large number of tomes which they refer to as "herries" as well as a variety of wicked looking scalpels. Although these bleary-eyed subjects are unbalanced mentally on account of their insufficient education, they are actually quite harmless. They practice the strange custom of scenting their bodies with formalin. Their odour is pathognomonic and may be described as combining the aroma of decaying meat with that of formalin. Most authorities claim that this is due in great part to incomplete washing.

Complications: These may be classified as early and late. The early complications include poker and klab-jas. Among the late complications must be mentioned nurses, particularly first year pro's.

Prognosis: This is in all cases serious.

Treatment: No adequate therapeutic measures have been described. The subjects should be humoured and treated with care. Symptomatic treatment may sometimes be attempted, e.g., washing. Many cases are cured spontaneously when the subjects reach years of discretion.

ODE TO ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXERCISES.

What finer occupation
 Could mortal man devise,
 Whose fount of inspiration
 In our own University lies.

Here students spend their leisure
 And improve their medical minds,
 By joyfully learning to measure
 The bones of Bantu behinds.

In treating the sick and the weary
 It is now an infallible plan
 To measure the curve of the femur—
 It will save the life of man.

At this school in the very near future,
 They will banish the surgeon's knife,
 Only anthropological steel rules
 Will be used for saving life.

Heard at Out-Patients':

"How are your teeth?"

"The teeth on the top are all right, but the ones in my bottom are hurting terribly."

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MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS.

PAVLOV.

The recent epidemic of influenza in Russia has claimed among its victims one of the greatest of contemporary scientists. So closely is the name of Ivan Pavlov interwoven in the history of Physiology, that it has already become almost mythical in its intensity, and it is difficult to realise that this giant of Biology was until so recently actively engaged in his researches. A monument to Pavlov was erected during his life-time in the form of a huge laboratory for the study of conditioned reflexes at the Institute of Experimental Medicine at Leningrad. But for the perpetuation of his memory Pavlov needs no labour of an age in piled stones. The story of his achievement will live as long as Biology is studied. Pavlov's work does not end with his death. He had gathered about him a band of ardent spirits whom he had fired with his own enthusiasm and trained in his own methods of research. Pavlov had opened the portals of a new branch of science; his disciples will exploit his methods and further the honour of the master.

Pavlov's tribute to his fellow workers carries a full measure of encouragement. "If I instigated, directed and correlated all our labour, I was myself continually influenced by the vigilance and resourcefulness of my co-workers. In all cases of team-work where there is continuous interplay of many minds, it is scarcely possible to draw any definite line, saying what belongs to one and what to another. Each however, has the satisfaction and joy of having borne his part in the common structure."

Pavlov was born in 1849. His father was a poor village priest who gave his son a sound physical education and then sent him to a church school where his spiritual needs were nurtured. Pavlov then graduated to a Theological Seminary. Here he received a sound classical education and was grounded in the principles of Logic. This was the time of the Emancipation of Serfs. A liberal spirit prevailed, and Pavlov was an eager and cunning disputant on all the topics that were then so hotly debated. Reaching the University, Pavlov took up the study of Medicine. However, clinical practice did not attract him, and he preferred physiology as a major subject. At the age of thirty he qualified as an accredited physician. During his student and early professional career, Pavlov lived in great poverty. Financial stringency, however, was forgotten in the joy of research. At domestic affairs he was a complete dullard, and never so much as bought a pair of shoes for himself. His sartorial tastes were such that when he bought himself a suit of clothes, which was seldom, his choice of colours would make his friends laugh and his relations weep. He was very active in athletic affairs and rumour has it that he was the dominating spirit at the Physicians' Gymnastic Club. His favourite game was one akin to nine-pins and the physical skill and agility which he acquired in this way, he found of great use in his

surgical manipulations. Pavlov could operate equally well with either hand, with very great rapidity and unerring accuracy.

Pavlov met with great success in his researches on the Work of the Digestive Glands. These labours received universal recognition and in 1904 he was awarded the Nobel prize. It was four years later that Metchnikoff and Ehrlich received the same award.

It is for his later work, however, that Pavlov will chiefly be remembered. His theory of conditioned reflexes opened up an entirely new method of study of the Central Nervous System. It brought to the physiological plane problems that were previously considered to be psychological. His was the most important influence behind the foundation of the behaviorist school of psychology. It was his constant cry that "the physiology of the highest parts of the central nervous system cannot be successfully studied unless one utterly renounces the indefinite presentations of psychology and stands upon a purely objective ground." Pavlov's claims for his findings were not exaggerated. Indeed, he possessed the rare faculty of being able to examine his own results impartially. Speaking of his own work he stated, with admirable caution: "It would be the height of presumption to regard these first steps in elucidating the physiology of the cortex as solving the intricate problems of the higher psychic activities in man, when in fact at the present stage of our work no detailed application of its results to man is yet permissible." It is on the method which he elaborated, rather than the results which he garnered, on which his fame is built, and on which, even after his death, it will grow.

Pavlov had no use for theories as such. He used them only for mapping out new lines of approach. He ruthlessly repudiated his own theories when newer methods of research failed to confirm them in every particular. His claim was: "I am speaking only the scientific truth, and whether you will or no you must hear it."

Pavlov's character was dominated by a great love of truth, and he died as he had lived, a simple seeker after truth.

Impossible People—

The returned path, empty who thought that all pathology was mere *chat*.

Old Lady (carrying around books for the patients): "Have you read Chambers?"

Patient: "No, mum, but I've often read tea-cups."

Anatomical lapses by the Great: the Negus of Abyssinia who was overheard to say: "—before mine enema, I'll douche."

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SECOND YEAR SCHERZO.

Dramatis Personae

Miss Terry	} Second Year Medicals
Mr. S'welpmebob	
Mr. Richards	
Mr. Lewis	
Mr. March	
Silent Scotchman	
Demonstrator.	

Scene: A table in the Dissecting Hall. All students except Mr. S'welpmebob are found sitting around cadaver as curtain rises. A few seconds later Mr. S'welpmebob enters.

Mr. Richards: Late again, S'welpmebob. You haven't *Been* early this month. Why don't you *Rice* earlier and be here in time for *Wunsh*?

Mr. S'welp.: The fact, my dear fellow, is that I travel to School by bicycle every day. I have an exceptionally long and steep hill to climb, and the *S. Lapis* simply dreadful. This necessitates the pushing of the bike *Hall* the way up the incline.

(Students settle down to work. An hour or so elapses midst comparative silence. Suddenly Miss Terry's eyes are attacked by formalin. Tears appear.)

Mr. March: *Voss* the matter, beautiful? Has your *Mann* jilted you and left you *Allen* your own, that you weep? Remember, the course of true *Lovell* never run smoothly, so dry your *Eisenberg*-in to forget him. Your *Shipell* come in one day.

Miss T.: Your facetiousness is uncalled for, you *Woolf* in "*Skaap's*" clothing!

Mr. Lewis: Don't you mean: "*Die Vogel in de Leeuw se vel*"?

Miss T.: Oh, you make me *Hill*.

Mr. M.: Well, an *Appel* a day keeps the doctor away.

Miss T.: Why is your heart so *Adendorff*-ul creature?

Mr. M. (*Singing*): "Who's afraid of the big, bad Wolf, Big, bad wolf, big, bad wolf? Who's afraid of —"

Mr. R. *Heyman*, be quiet! You may think you're a *Fainsinger* or a *Chazen*, but you sound like wild *Katz* to me. In short, you give me the *Bird*.

Mr. L.: (*who has unfortunately drawn scalpel through Sciatic nerve*): Hell! I guess I'll be *Levin* you fellows for a while. (*Gets up to leave.*)

Mr. R. (*noticing the fruits of Mr. L's labours*): You *Kir-by* a man and stick to your task.

Miss T.: Take some fat and *Daubenton* the cut.

Mr. L.: Your advice is *Sneider* here nor there. I'm "*trekking Ferreira.*"

Mr. R.: If you do I'll *Simonsz* a demonstrator to —

Mr. L.: A *Kirshon* you! (*Pleadingly*) Let me go. You can't *Kuper* fellow in here all *Davis* this formalin getting in his nose, throat and eyes.

Mr. R. (*softening*): O, all right. *Voet-Sak's* the

only word of farewell you'll get from me, though. (*Exit Mr. R. L.*)

(*Enter Demonstrator*)

Dem.: Hallo. Where is Lewis?

Mr. R.: He *Venter* way a few seconds ago.

Dem.: So! You people *must* work harder and do *Moore* dissecting. *Paul* up your socks. (*Seeing the cut Sciatic.*) Good *Gordon* high! Who cut that nerve? Was it you, Richards?

Mr. R.: Are you *Rakusin* me? No, it wasn't I who chopped down your cherry —

Dem.: *Becker* not get funny, or *Hilson* my word of honour, I'll call Alexander here!

Mr. R.: Right you are. We'll *Lavery* low.

Dem.: Lewis must have done it. H'm. Well let us *Staden* do some work. Go to the black-board. (*To Rich.*) *Combrink* some coloured chalk from the next board. As for Lewis, I'll *Rooyen* him when he returns! (*To Silent Scotchman*) How's the work, laddie?

S.S.: Much *Lichter*, thank ye.

Dem.: What's the time? My watch has stopped.

S.S.: 10.15. Why don't you *Wyndham* up?

(Demonstrator proceeds to explain the intricacies of various plexuses. An hour elapses. Lewis enters reading newspaper.)

Mr. L. (*aloud from newspaper*): "Lord Meyer of Johannesburg." Huh! "*Ranking of Men Tennis Players. Crawford—1.*" Huh! "*Cricketer takes Sweetheart to Ballenden slays Rival.*" "*Drink Sun-Ray Ginger Pop. The only Ravid a kick in it.*" "*Sutherland drops a point.*" "*For Tourists. Trips to the Game Reserve. We take you to the Lion. You Cachet!*" "*For the Lonely. Have you ever met with the fortune of Highman, the God of Marriage. If not, drop a postcard to P.O. Box 000.*" "*£300,000 wanted for the Standard Buildings.*" The *Slutzkin* do more with £300,000 than buy civic lungs. Or can't they?

Dem.: Here, don't you call your City Fathers sluts!

Mr. L.: Why not, it *Saffrey* country, isn't it?

Dem.: Never mind, (*ominously*). I want to speak to you about something (*looking at watch*). But it's rather *Leij.T* now, so I'll see you just before *Luntz*, in an hour *Rossouw*.

Mr. L.: *Morris* nog 'n dag!

(*Curtain*) —M. Goldblatt.

Howlers extracted from letters received by the Pensions Department:—

"Mrs. B. has had no clothes for a year and has regularly been visited by the clergy."

"I am very annoyed to find you have branded my eldest son illiterate. It is a lie, because I was married to his father a week before he was born."

"Please send my money at once. I need it badly. I have fallen into errors with my landlord."

MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS.

THE NEW YEAR, HELL'S BELLS AND THE STORK.**(24 Hours in the Life of a Delivery Man)***Morning: Dec. 31st, 1935.**8 a.m.*

A loud, reverberating, nerve-shattering noise pierces the idyllic quiet of the bedroom, abruptly terminating the blissful rhythmic snoring of the witness man. With a mumble and a curse he starts up in bed. Again the noise shatters the silence. With one hand I reach for my trousers, with the other I thrust the bedclothes off. Then, once more the accursed sound. My trousers drop in a heap on the floor, back come the bed clothes over my head and once again the pneumatic-drill-like snores of the witness man fill the air, while the district man clatters and clumps into his clothes on his way to his 9th day examinations.

9.30 a.m.

After a shave, a shower and a smoke, not to mention a cold, cheerless breakfast of one egg and weak tea, one snatches a few seconds to enjoy the bright morning sunshine and the smiles of the district nurses waiting for a bus. But alas, again the demonic bell. Up the steps, two at a time. 'Tis the sister! With a hateful glare in her eye, she wishes to know the etiology of a minute blot in the left lower corner of the last page of the patient's chart. After what, by her scornful look, appears a very unsatisfactory answer, I depart.

11 a.m.:

In the labour ward . . . Having just obtained a disjointed history from a very obtuse patient, I report to the Sister. Something has obviously ruffled her calm, for she murmurs viciously under her breath, "That woman a primip! She's a liar. She's no more a primip than I am." Unwittingly I murmur, "Yes, Sister." Then light dawns on me and I dive for the sphygmomanometer and into the ward to take a B.P.

Afternoon:

The inner man satisfied, we sink into profound slumber. This heavenly state lasts till 4.15 p.m. Then district man and I bestir ourselves. The witness man is in an even deeper state of coma than normally. A well-directed pillow brings him into the realms of consciousness again. Tea is desired. Muttering devastating imprecations he proceeds to his task. At 4.30 p.m. he calls his lordly masters. (The exact terms used have been censored.—Ed.) We arise. I barely raise the anæmic dish-watery liquid to my lips when the call comes from those on high again. I answer. What a life!

Evening:

9 p.m. What a rush, what a hustle and scurry. Two cases downstairs and one upstairs. Up and down the stairs I go like the mouse and clock in the nursery rhyme. Witness man is measuring crania with one hand, lengths with another, while one of two new arrivals is letting out piercing yells, for its foot has somehow got stuck in the mouth of its fellow in the crib and the latter is sucking vigorously.

11.15 p.m.: We let out a deep sigh and proceed upstairs where we are joined by district man fresh from a B.B.A. As if by magic two bottles of nectar-like liquid froth forth. Out on the verandah, fanned by the cool breeze, we gaze over the twinkling lights of the city and to the sound of mine sirens, motor car hooters, pealing bells and squawking babies we drink deep to the New Year.

Suddenly a call comes from the labour ward. In we dash . . . At 12.10 we deliver master 1936, a lusty, healthy, bawling male infant. We wait for the placenta. At 1 a.m. it arrives, together with a marked P.P.H. The witness man, with a wise air born of two days obstetrical experience, states, "Its going to ooze all night." The district man gives him a bleary look and says, "'Ooze' going to worry, anyway." The glances that this repartee receives from even the baby denote profound sorrow at such a deplorable state of mind.

I now walk towards the verandah seeking stimulation. In the dim gloom I perceive and hear the last half bottle of Castle's best gurgle down district man's gullet. I depart sadly to the quarters for rest.

3.30 a.m.:

To the somnolent patter of raindrops we repose in the arms of Morpheus. The bell. One, two, three . . . One, two . . . One. Out into the rain we go, even the raindrops failing to drive the sleep from our eyes. At the ward the sister gapes and yawns. "I only want the district man," she says. We point out that the bell went for all three. We see a nurse guiltily evade our questioning eyes. We restrain our curses no longer. "Anyway," says the sister, "There's a case coming off any minute, so you'd better stay." District man, first-lieutenant to the stork, departs to his destination. Witness man and I, heavy from lack of sleep, stay at our posts. With the first grey glimmer of dawn the brat, I mean baby, sees the cold light of day and our colder glances at its sleep-rousing form.

6 a.m.:

I commence writing out the patients' charts lest I fall foul of the sister. A district nurse comes in and perches her hat askew on my head. With a cup of icy coffee at my side I carry on. The day staff wander in, fresh and alert. Stiff and weary I totter to sister's room to deposit the completed charts. Behind the door hangs a large cardboard stork and lo and behold, one leg is broken. I contemplate it wistfully. "Poor old stork." I mutter, and in a dream-like state betake myself to bed.

8 a.m.:

The bell! With a clatter and clump the district man, who has returned unnoticed and unheeded, clambers into his clothes to his 9th day examinations. But the witness man snores on. I drop on to the pillow again and in my dreams wonderful Huxleyan phantasies of ectogenesis disport themselves.

—M. Segal.

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AURICLOPA SPECIAL NEWS SERVICE

Symposium on Tuberculosis in the Bantu.

The symposium was organised by the Society for the Study of Medical Conditions among the Bantu. The speakers were Dr. A. S. Strachan, who is well known to all who have ever learnt and forgotten Pathology in this School; Dr. Mary Gordon, of the Johannesburg Hospital, and Dr. Adler, who is one of the early graduates of the School and a founder of the Post-Graduate Association. Miss Jaspan was in the chair and filled this office with the suave urbanity of a French senator.

In discussing the pathological aspect of the subject, Dr. Strachan threw a bomb-shell into the camp by stating that essentially no difference existed between tuberculous disease in the Bantu and in the European. Tuberculosis had been introduced among the Bantu by the European settlers. Competent observers, searching for evidence of tuberculosis in the Bantu peoples in the early days of South African history, had failed to find any trace of the disease. In native peoples living far removed from European influence there was even to-day an absence of tuberculosis.

Many of the natives working on the Witwatersrand gold mines developed tuberculosis. In many cases this might be due to the fact that a latent focus was set alight by the stress and strain of mine work. The Kaffirs were repatriated and served to spread the disease in the native territories.

Dr. Mary Gordon laid stress on the degree of virulence, spread and fatality in the Bantu as compared with the European. The cause of this was the lack of knowledge among the Bantu as to the early manifestations of the disease. Other causes were the difficulty in treatment, and the virulence of infection. The incidence of the disease was difficult to estimate.

Dr. Adler said that it was difficult to give any statistics as his figures in no way coincided with those given by Dr. Gordon. This was partly because the medical men did not notify the disease to their local M.O.H. He suggested that sanatoria and farms should be established for the treatment and also prevention of the disease.

Much discussion followed and then the meeting adjourned for tea.

Second Year Medical Dance.

Congratulations to Mr. Appel and his committee, Miss Getz, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Bird and Mr. Sluskin, and the rest of the Second Years for the very fine show that they offered to the seniors.

The dissecting hall was decorated out of all recognition with streamers and flags, and also remarkably deodorised. The skeletons were smartly garbed in sporans and kilts, keeping a wary eye on the revellers since brother Sandy was otherwise occupied pulling out corks. The sticki-

ness of the floor did not prevent the dancers from being wafted round the room by certain members of our rugby team who somehow could not be persuaded that a melee was not in progress.

A wave of prosperity has inundated the School, judging by the number of tails worn; and talking about tails the new gluteal twitch was much in evidence and is expected to be adopted in all the posh dance clubs in the city.

Owing to the hydræmic tendencies of those present, the side-room bar was well patronised, but we were puzzled as to what caused some people to stagger out. The ladies all looked charming in their gaily coloured frocks, while the gentlemen were chic in well-fitting black dress suits. (*Fashion Note*—Black again appears to be the predominant shade in gentlemen's evening dress this season.)

Amongst those present, believe it or not, were two six-and-a-half-years! The proverbial Englishman, Scotsman and Jew were well represented in jocular mood by Sandy, Hymie and Dighton respectively (also respectfully). A handful of seniors helped to keep the affair at its usual—er—dignified level. 2nd, 3rd and 4th years were well represented, we were pleased to see.

When tea time arrived a seething mass of humanity suddenly remembered its inner man, and woman, and stormed the Aesculapian Theatre. After everyone had partaken well, if not wisely, of jellies, fruit salads and sandwiches, even watermelon, Professor Stammers addressed the crowd, apologising for the absence of Professor Dart who was unfortunately unable to return from Cape Town in time. Dighton, feeling the burden of responsibility weighing heavily upon him, proceeded to give us some good advice about doing everything in moderation. (What could he have meant?) However, he obliged us with quite a good joke, so is forgiven.

Sandy, fully determined not to make any more rash promises, then rose to say a few words which, although thoroughly appreciated, we hope will not reach the ears of the Church. Hymie, not to be outdone on the advice of business, decided to offer a suggestion for next year's dance—that in future the dance should be an informal affair at which the Second Years entertain the rest of the Medical School, men and women, plus the Hospital nurses. This suggestion, naturally, was received with loud cheers of approval.

We humbly offer some further suggestions:—

1. That a spring floor be installed in the dissecting lab.
2. That a pukka bar be instituted—it could be a permanent affair as that would save the trouble of preparing it specially for the dance.

(Continued on page 11).

MENTION "THE AURICLE" WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS.

JIB-JABS.

As a result of the recent anti-gambling law the common room has lost an outstanding decoration in the person of Mr. T...z, and at least two chairs are now available in the common room as a consequence.

Parking problems in the neighbourhood of the School are giving our municipal authorities headaches.

According to a patient in the wards a man's major complaint is often his wife.

Professor G.G. has forfeited his D.P. certificate and will not be allowed to set his examination, as he missed two lectures in quick succession.

Anyone who has heard the crooning of Harvey Cohen, the sibilant rhythm of Bentel, the scattling of Adcock and the hot breaks of Feitelberg would appreciate the reason for the long ditch in front of the School.

All medical students are in future to be instructed in the acquisition of the mysterious sex power known as the 'Polakoidal Attraction.' P...y J...n is the foremost exponent of the new cult.

"£50 not a big amount for killing a man."—*Rand Daily Mail*. Alleged statement by native on charge of murder. The standards of our profession are descending. Some of our surgeons do it for less.

The fourth year class are all much interested in the matter of Smit's pronunciation, as one of the nursing staff mistook a discourse of his on D.P.'s for a method of gynaecological examination.

Faber appears to have taken on a new role. We should like to know if conducting nurses into forbidden areas of the Anatomy Department is a business proposition or merely a hobby.

We are sorry to hear that Southwood's mother refuses to let him read the *Auricle*. He tells us she thinks it is too rough.

Wanted: An experienced bag-pipe player to fill the vacancy in the Allen trio. Knowledge of mechanics, and application of physical principles to surgery and medicine, and the old terminology, an additional recommendation.

It is officially denied that there is anything between our journal's under-secretary and a young lady in the science class.

Some of our women students heard the truth for once when they were told by a maniac in Pretoria that they were "mere ornaments."

The student who took bets all round that Prof. Dart would *not* mention the Central Clinical Laboratory in his address to the general meeting has now assigned his estate.

We are reliably informed that the Queen Vic. students shed genuine tears on the occasion of Emmy's departure. What actors!

We hear that a certain fourth year Firm Representative has lost his *Rag* and all he is left with is a P—.

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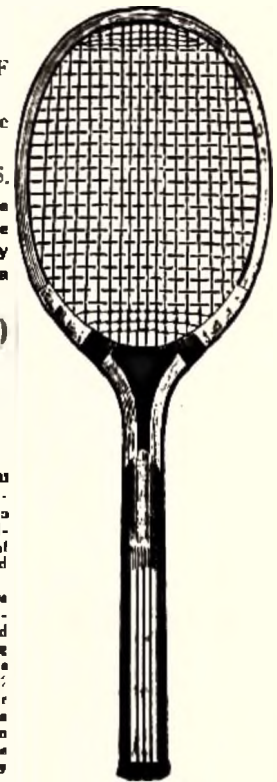
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Excerpts from the Medical School**"WHO ZOO AND WHAT SWAT?"**

Fouche—In the front rank of 'Varsity sportsmen; shot-putter, rugby forward, wrestler and boxer. Swears that he served in the police force (and still swears). Know him by his blonde hair—he denies that he uses peroxide.

"*Fatty*"—An anachronistic nickname since long association with the school and strenuous activity on behalf of our students have taken their toll of our subject's avoirdupois. One of our outstanding products, good natured, unselfish in his activities for his fellows, and generous, his popularity is understandable. For one reason we hope to say good-bye to him shortly, and that is that we doubt whether our building will stand the vibrations of his uproarious laughter any longer.

"*Fuzzy*"—Another famous nickname, which for many years has been closely linked with the previous one. Prominent in student activities, he has occupied the dizzy positions of president of the S.M.C. and also of the S.R.C. Possessed of a fine sense of humour, but will insist on being "punny" on the slightest provocation. What has been said about "Fatty" is equally applicable to "Fuzzy."

Gear—A name dangerous to pun on; still has slipped easily into such positions as Anthropologist, Treasurer and President of Council, *Leech* Editor and assistant to the Professor of Medicine. Regards heart rates of 96 as normal in female patients when at their bed-side. We marvel at his patience—so does he.

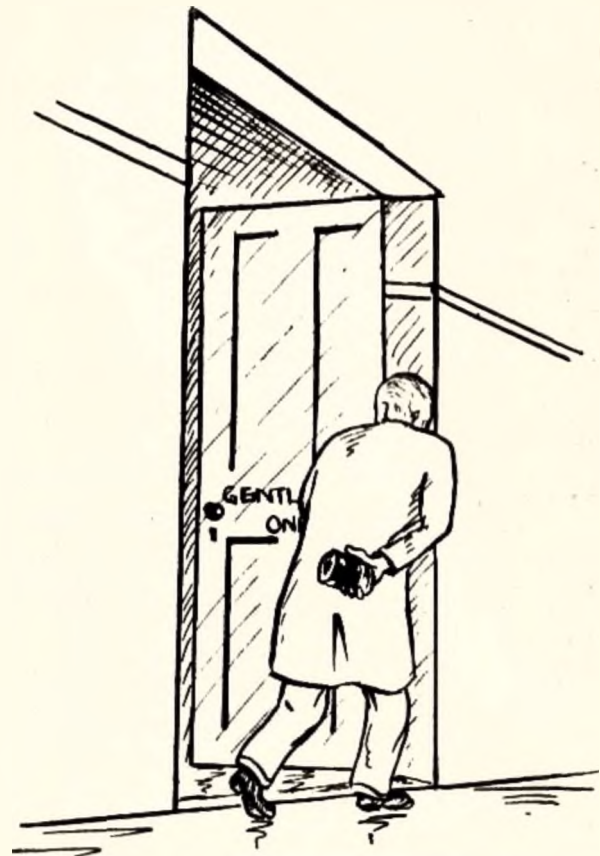
"*G.G.*"—Has had a long association with the School and is still doing excellent work in harness. His remarkable energy and vigour are a source of envy to many a younger colleague. He will cure women's prolapses but not rectify their lapses. An expert on the hairy regions, he is now investigating the airy regions.

Girdwood—One of our outstanding sportsmen. Has collected practically all the available 'Varsity "blues." Scholastic accomplishments also not inconsiderable. With all these feathers in his cap, 'tis worth while recording that he refuses to crow about his successes.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS.

April 15th (Wed.): **CONCERT** arranged by Musical and Dramatic Art Group—Medical School.

June 25th (Thurs.): **MEDICAL BALL** at Wanderers—Watch Posters.

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MEDICALS IN SPORT.

"Strength of body and strength of mind, the reason of the sage and the vigour of an athlete, exhibit the most perfect model of a man and the highest refinement of the mind."

This utterance by Rousseau, the great French philosopher, is indeed a thoughtful one, and one which University students should study well.

Fortunately, the greater percentage of medical students of this School have been able to appreciate this great thought with the result that almost every branch of sporting activity at the University is dominated by the Medicals.

The year 1935 was indeed a great year as far as University sport was concerned, and of all the sports, the most successful was athletics. In fact, the Athletic Club helped to place the University once and for all on the athletic map of this country; it certainly brought a great deal of publicity to the University.

It is very pleasing to note that the commencement of the year 1936 has found all University sporting bodies busily preparing for the new season.

General meetings of the various clubs have attracted large attendances and the interest shown at these meetings augurs well for the future.

Athletics—

The Athletic Club re-elected A. C. Lyell and J. M. Marquard captain and vice-captain, respectively. Miss D. Meaker and L. Fouche were elected to the committee. Congratulations to these Medicals. This meeting was noteworthy for the outspoken criticism levelled at some of our athletes by Captain Lyell. He stated that there were freshers who had been athletic champions at their various schools entering the University every year. Strange to say, once having entered the University, their athletic careers came to an end. What was the reason? A very simple one indeed. These freshers harboured the idea that they were out of their depth in competing against the older seasoned champions of the University. This spirit was wrong. They should start at the bottom rung of the ladder and work their way up gradually. The idea was not to take up athletics just for the sake of beating an opponent. With the track league in operation, it was necessary to have second and even third string men for the various events, and in such cases, these athletes would fill a necessary want. Freshers take note!

On 2nd May, the Inter-Varsity Athletic Competition for the Dalrymple Cup will be held in Johannesburg. It is the intention of the Club to make this meeting an outstanding success for, as the President, Mr. Saul Suzman, remarked, "Much

depends upon the support received from the Johannesburg public with regard to the ability to continue these fine meetings, for the expenses of assembling teams from all over the country in one centre, had been so heavy that hardly any other centre than Johannesburg showed a profit on the meeting."

It is sincerely hoped that Medicals will, in their usual way, lend all possible assistance and endeavour to make this year's Inter-Varsity the best ever.

Some good performances have been recorded this year by some of the Medical members of the Club, both in provincial and inter-club meetings.

Muskat, the University walking champion, walking from the scratch mark, recorded the fastest time in the 15 miles road walking handicap race, organised by the Wanderers Club recently. He also annexed the Southern Transvaal Walking Championship held recently at Krugersdorp.

The fair-haired Fouche has been heaving the shot to some respectable distances with the result that he captured both the S. Transvaal Championship and Inter-club Championship with some capital performances.

All the other medical athletes are busily training as some important meetings are in the offing.

Rugby—

The Rugby Club have re-elected Southwood their captain. From what one hears, it appears the majority of the first team players of last season are still with us, and needless to say most of them are Medicals.

This year, the club will don new uniforms—dark blue jersey with white collar, cuffs and badge, black knickers and dark blue stockings with gold tops.

The prospects for this year are hopeful and the club is looking forward to a good season. There was a distinct improvement in the club spirit last year, and it therefore behoves all members to keep fit and get down to serious training right away, so that the improvement may be maintained.

Tennis Club—

The Tennis Club have just concluded a very successful summer season and have earned the right to play in Section One of the Men's First League. This means that they play in the best company in the new season. We are indeed proud of the club, and as Medicals, even more so, since the successful team was composed almost entirely of Medicals who were represented by Laurence, Girdwood, Theron and Wium. Congratulations to these lads!

The various firms are busily preparing for the

Continued on next page

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2nd Year Medical Dance (Continued from page 7).

3. That a piece of mistletoe should hang over the door (inspired by that masterpiece of mural art, the Baboon's Reflex, which by the way, was greatly appreciated by our clinicians).

The dance continued, to everybody's satisfaction, until well after midnight, when to the strains of the Anthem and Umpa we all regretfully departed, most, we imagine, to make merry elsewhere—all being, for the nonce, in the positive phase.

NOTICE TO STUDENTS.

The Museum of the Anatomy Department is open to visitors on Friday afternoons from 2—5. On no account are students allowed to take visitors through the Dissecting Rooms unless special permission has been granted.

No senior students are allowed in the Dissecting Rooms.

Continued from page 10

forthcoming Inter-Firm Championship and keen competition in this successful annual event is promised.

Boating Club—

With the commencement of the new season, the Club has been fortunate in acquiring many new members, of whom the majority are Medicals. These members should be a decided acquisition to the club, which was weakened to some extent by the retirement of Drs. Möller and Parnell last year. The new recruits are shaping very well, and should later assist in the success of the club.

The club welcomes Mearns back after his long illness.

Chess Club—

Chess is becoming more popular than ever, and there is rumour abroad that the popularity is, in no small measure, due to the fact that card games are not as popular as they used to be.

Some Important Dates—

11th and 13th April—Inter-Varsity Swimming at Milner Park.

18th April—Annual Athletic Championships.

—S.E.S.

PASSING EVENTS.

Dr. Jokl has been appointed Lecturer in physical culture and aviation at the Stellenbosch University.

Mr. Maingard has been appointed Junior Lecturer in Physiology.

Dr. Gillman is at present making a tour of Universities and Medical Schools in the United States in order to get new ideas relative to research and organisation of Post-Graduate work. From there he will go on to England and then Russia.

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