



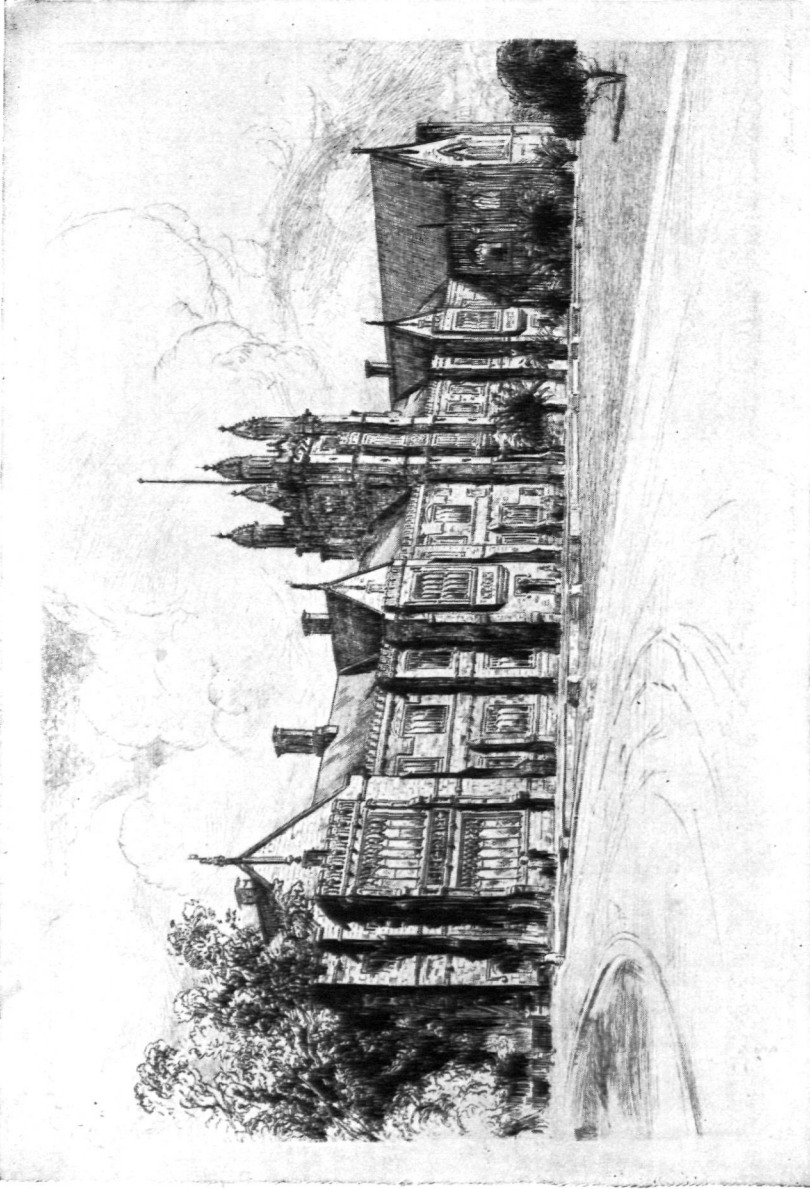
Senior Year Book

1940

University of Sydney Medical School

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SENIOR YEAR BOOK



THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
(From an etching by J. Barclay Godson, A.R.C.A., London.)



FACULTY OF MEDICINE



Senior Year Book

1940



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UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY



THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

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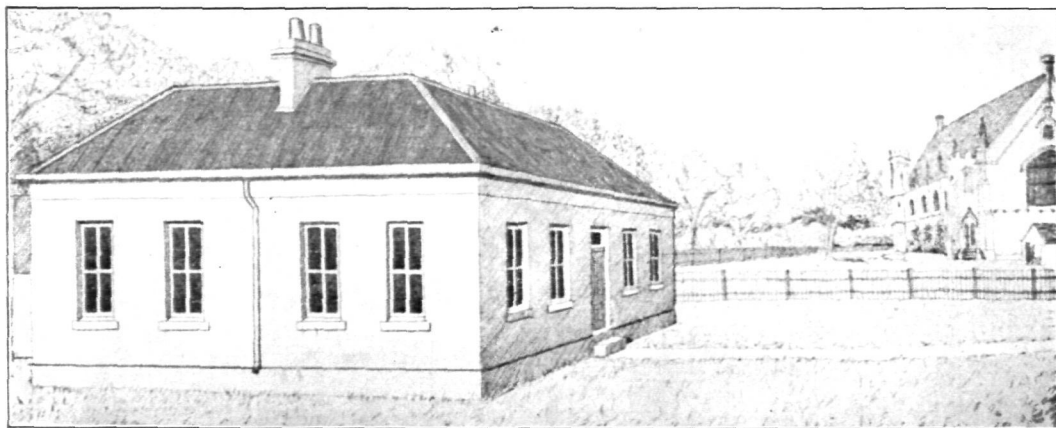


THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION BUILDING, MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.





THE UNION, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.



ORIGINAL MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDING (from a Drawing by Mr. J. Shewan).

This small volume contains short appreciations of the foibles of you and your colleagues together with some kindly comments on your teachers.

The time rapidly approaches when most of you will graduate, when you will no longer be sheltered from responsibility and when you will realize the great ambition of your lives and enter your chosen profession. You take with you the best wishes of your teachers who yearly see this wonder—the metamorphosis of student into doctor—who feel proud that they have done much to bring it about and who know that you, like your predecessors, will carry on the great traditions of your University and Medical School wherever you may go.

In times such as these, when the future of all of us and particularly of young medical graduates is so full of uncertainty and possible peril, this book has a very special value. Our school and our profession have very fine war records, and I am sure that many of you will, just as the last generations of young doctors did, play your part in active war service either here or abroad. This little book will then become one of your treasured possessions, for it will be a tangible reminder of those wonderful years—more wonderful than was apparent to you at the time—when in pleasant association with a goodly company of fellow students and teachers you were passing through Medicine.

HAROLD R. DEW,
Dean of the Faculty.



H. R. DEW, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S.,
F.A.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Professor of Surgery,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



C. G. LAMBIE, M.C., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
F.R.S.E., F.R.A.C.P.,
Professor of Medicine.



J. C. WINDEYER, M.D., Ch.M., M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.S., F.C.O.G.,
Professor of Obstetrics.



H. H. SCHLINK, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Lecturer in Gynecology.

Editorial.

IT is impossible in the present surge and turmoil of the affairs of the nation and of the whole world to dissociate ourselves, even for a moment, from the stern realities, the vital dangers of our times. Everywhere we are enshadowed by the dark clouds of war and the darker forces of might that threaten to wrest from us the peaceful heritage of right. And so we feel in a measure that Fate has cheated us of our birthright, has snatched from us the long awaited prize even as our fingers stretched to claim it. For we have come a long way to this hour of fulfilment. Six years ago it was but a dream; today it is before us in all its reality, the goal of our toil in sight, and in a few brief months we who have breasted the years and stormed the battlements together are to part, and pass, each one to his separate way, to find his separate place in our community. Leaving the sheltered halls of his student days, as man or woman, he is to live and practise his profession with what measure of wisdom and understanding he has acquired at the feet of the great.

It is a momentous time in the lives of all—momentous because it is a milestone in our lives, because it is the beginning of a new and a stern and a responsible era in our lives, because it is the end of a period none of us will forget—our student days, with their friendships, irresponsibilities and interests—momentous because it is the culmination, the completion, the realization of our early ambitions and dreams. “Ring out the old, ring in the new.”

What, then, are our thoughts as we look to the future? What in our minds as we turn our eyes to the past that lies behind? Our chief thought, surely, must be one of real thankfulness, firstly and most deep-heartedly, because we have come so far, with so little, that those recurring obstacles that have risen like cliffs before us, as we mounted the years, have been successfully scaled, and that, up till the present, we have come through the smoke and fire of battle “bloody, but unbowed”, with final victory in sight.

Joseph Conrad has written somewhere: “One must admit regretfully that today is but a scramble, that tomorrow may never come; it is only the precious yesterday that cannot be taken away from us.” And at no time more than the present are these words more true or at least more forcibly apparent. Let us look back then on those years that are behind.

We will not easily forget those first days of our University life when, as awkward young man or demure young maid, brimful of hope and ideals and feeling as excited and important as if we were already half-way up the great hall of fame, we were welcomed by impressive personages in no less impressive gowns.

But soon the real thing began, and we became plunged into the intricacies of our First Year curriculum, Prof. McLuckie expounding earnestly in his Scotch accents on phloem and xylem and the differential diagnosis of a dicotyledon, Eddy Booth, genial and impressive, moving surely and swiftly behind a desk piled high with apparatus of intricate and absorbing design. To him we owe our profound knowledge of the inclined plane, the erg and Bernouille's Theorem. The afternoon practical classes gave us ample opportunity of pitting our ingenuity against the slide rule of our instructors, with results that were sometimes most satisfying.

Few will forget Professor Fawsitt's long form and hovering hands as he expounded on the dark depths of Chemistry, or those afternoons with Unknowns and H_2S to tide away the time, or again the interesting lectures of the blinking Dr. Trikojus, sparing no pains as he opened up new fields of monstrous formulæ and still more monstrous smells which were to be a prologue to bigger and better things in Biochem. Zoology and "Teddy" Briggs and a breathless haste to get what he said down on paper—sound lectures and beautiful diagrams. From the amœba we ascended the scale through paracœcium, hydra, amphioxus to the mammals, while in the practical classes mosquitoes, snails, frogs and stingrays fell successively beneath our brand new scalpels. Suave and sure, Prof. Dakin's final series of lectures completed a course that was to form the beginning of our course in Anatomy.

Our entry into Second Year coincided with a drastic change in the timetable for this and the following year. We were to dissect the body only once, instead of the usual twice, and were to be examined at the end of second term. There became manifest then a tendency which has on numerous occasions characterized our year as a whole—the tendency to resist strongly and volubly the injustices thrust upon us by the powers that be! However, little could be done, and it is only now as we wrestle with the intricacies of Operative Surgery that we fully realize how much we have lost by the new system. However, it was a busy year and one full of interest and variety. The time not spent in the lecture halls, where Professor Stump, Professor Davies, Dr. Wardlaw and Dr. Cotton expounded, was occupied in the dissecting room, running round the park in front of the Med. School doing practical physiology experiments, or else in the smoke-laden gloom of the Union pictures.

Similarly in Third Year our education progressed. We will all remember the interesting and instructive tutorials on Surgical Anatomy given by "Dougie" Miller, the hours spent on the intricacies of our nervous system under the gentle hand of Prof. Burkitt and "Monty" Phillips. Here, too, we made our first acquaintance with Dr. Maguire and were impressed, if not a little awed, not only by his presence, but by his admirable series of lectures. At the same time our knowledge of Physiology became more and more profound. The special senses, the whole endocrine system, basal metabolism, together with the ordinary elements of physiology, to which we had been introduced the preceding year, became to our agile minds as an open book. These subjects, together with a thorough and detailed knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, became the subject of an examination which, to make things more interesting and entertaining, was held some three months earlier than usual; that is, at the beginning of third term.

Nevertheless, despite our many trials and misfortunes, the large majority managed to survive, and it was with eager expectation that we finally moved bags and baggage and took up residence at the New Med. School. Fourth Year at last, and the beginning of the real thing. Followed a term of lectures in Pathology and Bacteriology, when we were introduced to Professor Inglis, whose charming personality, keen interest and generous hospitality—we will not easily forget those afternoon tea parties—endeared him to all, not only as a teacher, but as a man. Professor Ward too we will remember for his clear, concise and well delivered lectures in Bacteriology. Due to the absence of Prof. Lambie, our Medicine lectures during this year were given by various lecturers, among

whom we remember Dr. Bye, Dr. Cotter Harvey, Dr. Morrow, Dr. Maddox, Dr. Susman and others.

Professor Dew, in his masterly forthright manner, instructed us in the art of our surgical learning with just that dramatic touch which kept interest alive.

In the wards of our hospitals, however, under the direction of our tutors, our clinical career was first begun. Signs and Symptoms came to have real meaning and were sought not only in the wards of the hospital, but within those fingered pages of the "little red book".

A year of microscopes and museums, of stained slides and sections, of "bottles" and catalogues. Came the exam., and a happy issue to be plunged once more into the intricacies of doses, prescriptions and incompatibilities and odours out of unknown bottles that taxed the ingenuity of even the most versatile of olfactory mucosæ.

We had all looked forward to the happy time of Fifth Year—the playground of the course; but, as we look back on it now, we managed to cover a deal of ground in that one year and, as it seems now, was a time when our clinical sense became more matured, our outlook more in line with our profession. Then, too, there were the specials; easy you will say, but just hard enough to keep most of us just a little anxious on the night before the exam.! In the lecture hall, too, we were kept busy. Obstetrics was presented to us in the lectures by Prof. Windeyer. Slowly, systematically and thoroughly we were taken through the course by one whom we knew to be a master in his art. These lectures were preliminary to a residential period at the Royal or Crown St.—a period which will be for all fraught with memories of varied origin.

Then, too, we remember the lectures given by Prof. Dawson, to the "faithful few", which were followed by several visits to Callan Park and Broughton Hall, where we were entertained and instructed in the dark depths of the soul seared mind. Lectures in Medical Jurisprudence by Dr. Sheldon and in Ethics by Dr. Palmer were followed in the later months by those early morning marathons of Prof. Harvey Sutton, which, however, became well attended as the time passed to more reasonable lecture hours. Here again we were entertained by various Saturday morning excursions to the Quarantine, the model town of Daceyville and to Tresillian, where the Professor's enthusiasm, general knowledge and keen sense of humour were an inspiration to his followers.

It was during this year too that Dr. Schlink entertained us with his excursions into the realm of Gynæcology, making his subject both interesting and instructive.

So now, at last, we have come into the home straight, when each student, realizing the awful significance of the situation, retires a little from the world around, gathers unto himself a goodly store of midnight oil, and, with his thinking cap sitting squarely on his head, "gets to it" for the final burst. It's an inspiring sight this period of labour and travail, but we know it will be worth it in the end!

So much then for the glorious past we leave behind us—a storehouse rich in memory, rich in pleasure and in pain. What, then, of the future? These are dark days in which we are living, and it will be into a world darkened by the smoke of war that we will be loosed next year—a world so upturned and twisted that it is impossible at this time to say where our paths will fall or to

what strange tasks we will be required to turn our hand. Suffice it to say that we will be ready when the time comes to play the part that duty bids in the defence of those ideals in which we have been nurtured and which have been through the centuries at the very core of our profession. Humanity has never before been in so great danger of eclipse. Never before has she been called upon to meet such odds; but we have such faith in those ideals of Goodness, Truth and Beauty to rise supreme over the lower passions of man that our sacrifice will be a glad one. While as yet we know not what the future will hold, nor what strange twists the fortune of war will bring to light, we are confident that in the end the light of peace will once more shine over this strange old world of ours.

In 1918 the Great War was hailed as the war to end war, "to make the world safe for democracy", "the beginning of a new era in man's existence", and memory of this will make us careful in claiming such universal claims for this war. Suffice it to say that, come what may, the world will not be the same as it was before. New values will arise, new problems will have to be faced, new systems will be tried. The question of the falling birth rate, in the face of the destruction of hundreds of thousands of the youth of the land, will be a very real problem, the question of national government, of social medicine will surely be much to the fore, and a multitude of other problems. The task of economic recovery from our vast war effort will not be lightly brushed aside. We know not what it will mean; but we do know that on our shoulders it will fall and that we must be ready to face this new future with courage and conviction.

At this moment, then, it is with mixed feelings that we "look before and after"—before to those happy years of University life, when together we worked and laughed and slapped each other on the back—after to the unknown years ahead, darkened now by the hand of war, when we will pass on our separate ways, the better, we know, for those six years of friendship and co-operation, and proud of the traditions of our Alma Mater, the Sydney University Medical School.

PROFESSOR DEW.

Rather austere, he seemed to us in Fourth Year, but in his concise vivas and well delivered lectures we soon learned to respect his decisive and competent abilities as a teacher of surgery.

A quaint and unforgettable phraseology early impressed us, as he discoursed on lesions that were "extraordinary chronic", on prognoses that were "shocking", and on "nice little tumours" that inhabited our mortal frame.

Returning from fascinations far abroad, Prof. Dew next met us in the surgery wards. Here we were to find a different Dew. We learned to admire and respect his very warm and human side, the personal interest he took in his patients, the extraordinary varied range of his knowledge in matters other than surgery, his insistence on the smallest details of a case, and last, but not least, the very real, and (we say it thankfully) the very welcome, interest which he showed in us as students, in our needs and in the very best methods of securing them. Before the rapid staccato of his speech and under the gaze of a pair of searching grey eyes, we learned the secret of stealing the thyroid, became expert in the art of operative technique as he demonstrated in the theatre, and learned to eye with a healthy scepticism the "efficacy of a shadow" for diagnosis. Again, at his "Bottle Clinic", at both P.A. and Sydney Hospitals, we again aroused him to expressions of "Horrible! Horrible!!" or at times "Most amusing" as our tentative guesses found the wrong mark or led him on to describe those "rum tumours" that are so extraordinarily interesting.

We will look back with pride and respect on our associations with Prof. Dew—pride for the efficiency, clarity and interest of his teaching, respect for the man himself, for we have found beneath the abrupt and forthright manner there lie a heart of gold and a sense of humour that twinkles at the eyes.





PROFESSOR LAMBIE.

*"We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie."*

Burns.

He is fond of telling us in his own merry way, replete with gesture, of the weakness of the tall man. In him we have found a living example of the truth of the converse—the might of the atom.

As a lecturer he has few equals. Admittedly, he sometimes spoke above our heads, and he sometimes erected an unnecessary windmill in order to have a tilt at it; but no other lecturer has ever been given such spontaneous applause from the whole year as followed his lecture on the age incidence of disease, or that on introductory principles in Medicine. There are few better orators in the University than the Professor of Medicine.

Everyone appreciates, too, his work as a clinical teacher. Four mornings out of five he spends, patiently guiding an unwilling and rather unresponsive group through the intricacies of correct history-taking and thorough physical examination. He does it with good humour and Scotch persistence; and by the end of term you begin to realize that those things you learnt to satisfy the Professor, provide a solid basis for the study of Medicine, and "those who came to mock, remain to pray". And there is that classification!

PROFESSOR WINDEYER.

*"O good old man; how well in thee
appears
The constant service of the antique
world."*

Shakespeare.

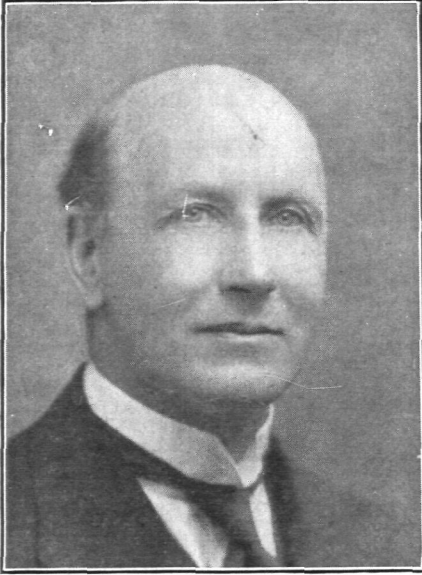
It is well known, by those who have knowledge in these high matters, that our course of Obstetrics at the Sydney University Medical School has a world-wide reputation for its sound and thorough teaching, and for this we look with admiration and respect on the man who is responsible for this position—Professor Windeyer.

Of course, we do not accept such thorough teaching without a protest. We complain (among ourselves) of onerous transcription, of rigid rules and difficult examinations, of the lack of room for more than one opinion. But, secretly, we know the value of the red slips, while confining them to other regions for the work they entail, and appreciate the discipline and thoroughness of a well-planned course.

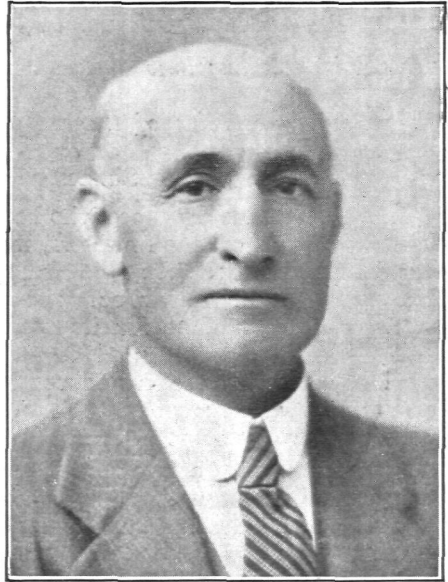
The Professor has become, to those who have sat at his feet, a well-known, an almost proverbial figure. By reputation a severe man, and one who demands both efficiency and interest, the twinkle in his eye betokens a kindly interior and a courteous consideration for our needs and our necessities.

As he goes gently nodding on his way we feel proud that we have had the opportunity of having come under his able and kindly care, and as we look back, we have a premonition that we will realize, even more, the important part he has played in our medical upbringing in an art he has served so faithfully.





HARVEY SUTTON, O.B.E., B.Sc., M.D.,
D.P.H., Professor of Preventive Medicine
and Public Health.



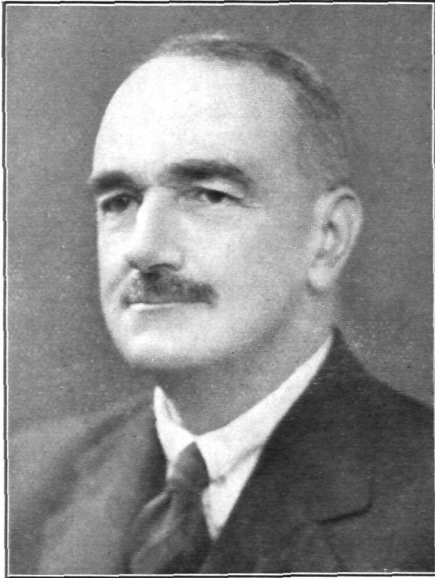
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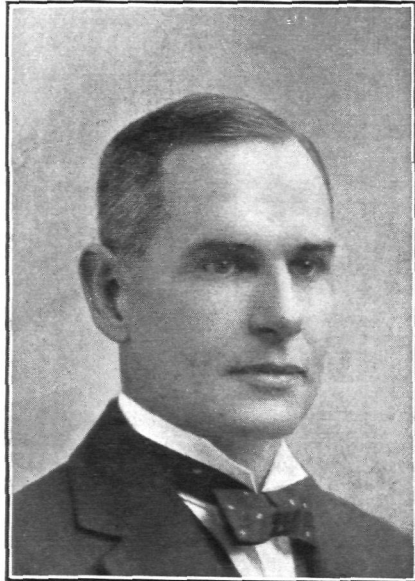
L. COWLISHAW, M.B., Ch.M.,
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W. S. DAWSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
D.P.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Professor of Psychiatry.



H. K. WARD, M.C., M.B., D.P.H. (Oxon.),
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Professor of Bacteriology.

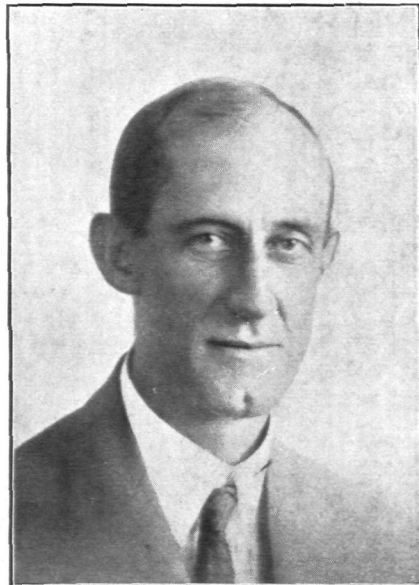


W. K. INGLIS, M.D., Ch.M.,
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D. A. WELSH, M.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.

B



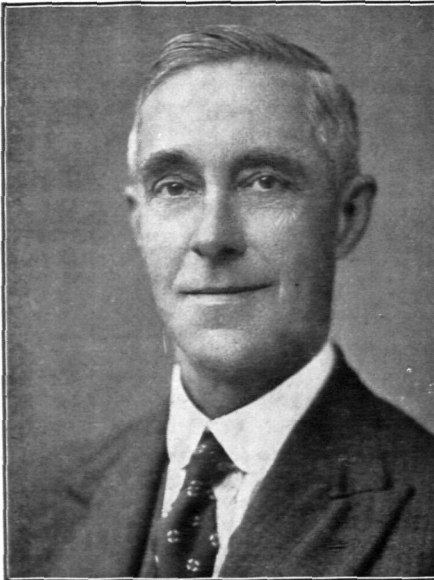
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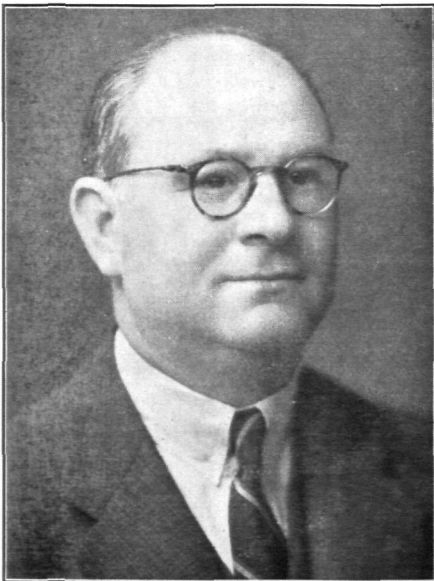
H. W. DAVIES, M.B., B.S.,
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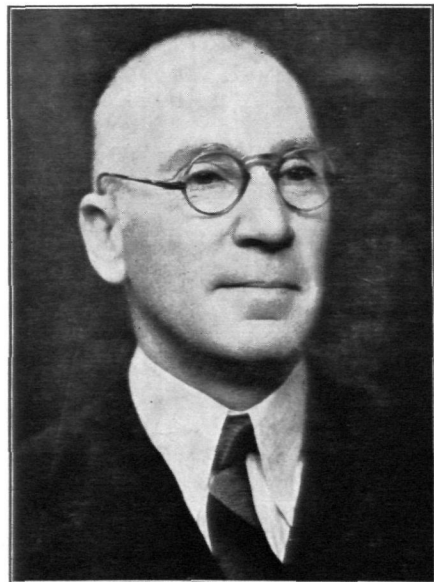
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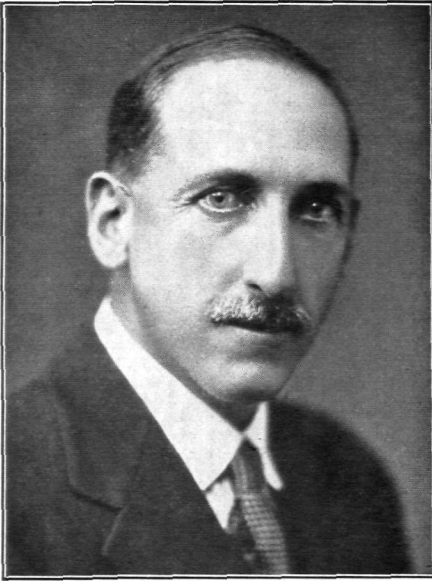
C. WITHERINGTON STUMP, M.D., D.Sc.,
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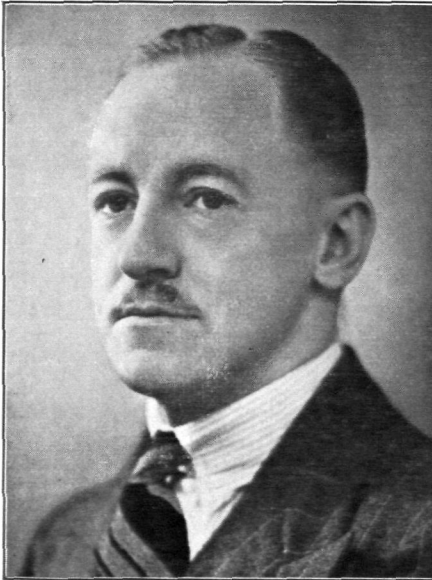
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Lecturer in Anatomy.



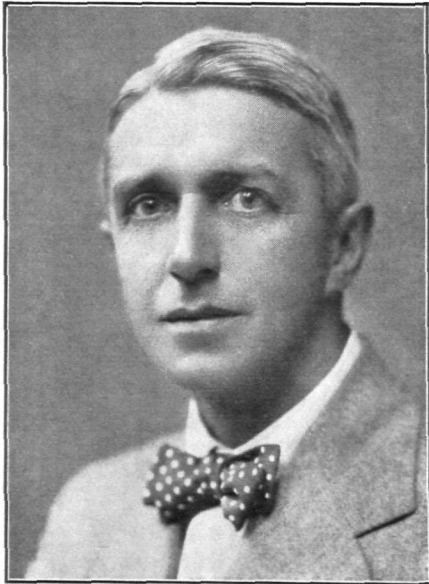
W. J. DAKIN, D.Sc., F.L.S., F.Z.S.,
Professor of Zoology.



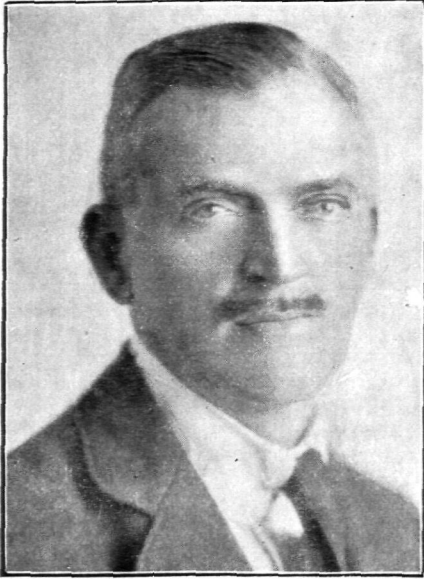
E. A. BRIGGS, D.Sc.,
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A. A. ABBIE, M.D., B.S., B.Sc., Ph.D.,
Lecturer in Anatomy.



T. G. B. OSBORN, D.Sc.,
Professor of Botany.



C. E. FAWSITT, D.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

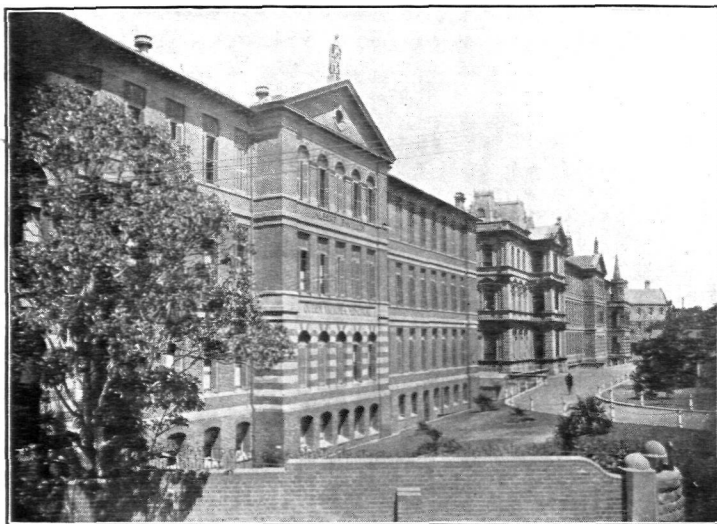


EARL TRIKOJUS, B.Sc., D.Ph.,
Lecturer in Organic Chemistry.



E. H. BOOTH, M.C., D.Sc., F.Inst.P.,
Lecturer in Physics.

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital is made up of a series of undistinguished buildings which give you the impression that they have accumulated in a Topsy-like manner. It would be very easy also to criticize the noisy Out-patients' Department, the inadequate Pathology buildings, the smudgy-looking laundry, and Bertie's blatant boutique.

But a hospital is usually unsatisfactory as a building; and our memories of P.A. take this into account. Moreover, there are compensations.

The chief is the honorary staff. It is the prospect of learning from Dew, Lambie, C. G. McDonald, Edye and Furber, to mention only a few, which attracts most students to P.A.; and they are not disappointed. The full story of these men is told elsewhere; surveyed as a whole, the story is a very satisfactory one to the students.

All the wards of the hospital are not quite such havens as A1 and C1. But these could not possibly be improved. There is an ideal of the best for the patient and the best for the student which makes these wards pleasant to work in. We all hope that later life will put us in situations equally happy.

Our own special portion of the hospital—the Common Room—at present lacks adequate Union furniture and portraits of the various Union presidents. But it has the usual essential features, and, especially in time of war, one can say indulgently that it serves.

We have a special interest too in the shop. In the old days we held the majority of the shares in it, but we have lived to see it edited, revised and entirely reset. It now opens a door towards the local inhabitants, and is practically a death-trap for visitors going to and from the hospital. So does advancement come; but we were selfishly happy in the former cosy den; we got two

two cakes for a penny there; and we say that the new building is a gaudy and uncomfortable box. It is with a tinge of regret that we troop over to it twice a day.

Meanwhile the Chairman is hard at work, and Prince Alfred goes ahead steadily. Our sons—if the post-war world indulges us so much—will find it a bigger place, swollen with a maternity block, and better equipped for all hospital purposes.

HONORARIES.

DR. C. G. McDONALD.

"He is a presence to be felt and known."—Wordsworth.

It is a pleasure to pay the annual tribute of thanks to "C.G." All students who come in contact with him readily concede him a place among the Masters.

We especially remember him for his tolerance of our mistakes, his attempts to explain logically the various signs and symptoms of disease, his lucid description, his clinical insight, and his infectious enthusiasm. The glittering eye will remain in our memory for years to come.

DR. A. J. COLLINS.

"As true a gentleman as ever breathed."—T. Dekker.

Archie verifies the statement that "old soldiers never die". Stiff and upright and somewhat grim and formidable, the military *pars externa*, as we soon found, had no counterpart in the gracious and gentlemanly *pars interna*. Kindly disposed and very courteous both to patient and student alike, he was a mine of information as we wandered up and down C1 and A2, with sundry excursions into Specials. We were amazed at his quick eye, which could instantly pick out the "point of opposite oscillation" amid the dancing and flickering shadows of the "screened" chest, while his teaching on all points was sound and fundamental. Pretty theories were all right, but elementary essentials were what he specialized in.

We thank him for his courtesy and his interest in us, as well as for the solid chunk of knowledge he broke off for us.

DR. LAURENCE HUGHES.

*"Whose words all ears take captive
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."*

Shakespeare.

One of our most popular honoraries, "Laurie" made friends with all who were fortunate enough to come under his benign, yet efficient, wing. His patience was remarkable, for many times we must have seemed very dense, yet he would go to no end of trouble to clear up any doubts in the student mind. An able demonstrator of physical signs, and one who never forgot the smallest details of treatment ("What's the dose of Ephedrine, Dr.?") None more ready to argue things out, he stimulated one's interest in his patients, and took a really personal interest in his students. His lectures in "Kids" were excellent, and who can forget the day in the Diet Kitchen? "Laurie" led us patiently and paternally through the intricate maze of medicine—an excellent tutor and a courteous gentleman.

DR. COTTER HARVEY.

With informality as their keynote, and questions and discussion the order of the day, our bedside gatherings with Dr. Cotter Harvey will be remembered as among the most delightful in our whole three years at Prince Alfred. In a term that was all too short, we learnt a great deal about the chest—Dr. Harvey always had a “good chest” to demonstrate; in the extra-pulmonary field we learned to adopt an attitude of healthy scepticism towards all who would hide the gaps in our clinical knowledge with a camouflage of erudition. As a sceptic he outdiogenesed Diogenes, but his scepticism was leavened with a dry wit that made “the hard way sweet and delectable”. Above all he taught us clinical honesty; we must not let ourselves be deluded into a false idea of our knowledge by high-sounding names and theories. The real test of our knowledge is our ability to control disease, and it is here that we find ourselves lamentably ignorant. He impressed us because he did not try to do so. He was one of us.

DR. ERIC SUSMAN.

Sartorially perfect, whether clad formally in immaculately pressed striped pants and black coat, or in more carefree vein, wearing jaunty sports clothes, complete with canary-yellow pullover and feather to match in his green pork-pie hat. Ultimately we were dazzled by the sight of “Gus” resplendent in full naval uniform.

We first met “Gus” in Fourth Year. Promptly at 1.30 in the main hall of R.P.A.H. his well-tailored figure would stride in, and as he swerved to the left, we would answer his beckoning finger and hare after him to C1. Then: “Come, now. Give me the drill”, as we fumbled with a pulse. Thus he sought to train us in his own methods of clinical precision.

And there, before our amazed but undoubtedly fascinated eyes, he once partook of snuff.

At out-patients we learnt the difference between Potts Point and Erskineville, as well as the mysteries of inspection, palpation, percussion and auscultation.

Later we were to encounter him other than round the 'ospital as he lectured on his favourite subject—the C.N.S.—and paid tribute to “my hero, Hughlings Jackson”. Here, too, he scrawled illegibly upon the board such vital words as “dysdiadokokinesis”, etc.

But now, alas, he is ours no more, though surely delighting the officers of the *Westralia* in his inimitable manner.

DR. GREENAWAY.

“Your voice holds incredible echoes of unlikely words.”—A. S. J. Tessimond.

Who can rank with Dr. Greenaway in linguistic creation? Heinrich Heine would answer attacks on his accuracy with “But it is said so well”. It is not given or permitted everyone to admit that—the chief could, but has no need of it. With an expressive wave of the hand he would topple some “pretty theory” long guarded in “Sydney’s citadels of conservatism”, would prescribe a routine mixture as “a pious gesture to antiquity”, or warn us in our clinical infancy of “Osler’s areas of auscultatory romance”.

The most unexpected clinical findings did not surprise him or fail for the want of an adequate explanation even at the expense of a complete *volte-face* on earlier observations.

From the feast he spread before us, many are the "crumbs of clinical comfort" that will be remembered, for he never failed to impress upon us the essence of the old adage—more mistakes are made through not looking than not knowing; yet his ingenuity was never more taxed than in finding the perfect excuse for all our shortcomings and clinical omissions.

DR. J. K. MADDOX.

"All must be earnest in a world like ours."

Our first introduction to clinical work appropriately came from Kemmo, for he was student supervisor. Later he let us into some of the secrets of the heart. (By the way, we would like to congratulate him upon his recent marriage.)

His myasthenic gait, his earnest, even anxious, countenance, his ready smile of recognition make him a well-known figure.

We well remember afternoons when the influence of a sound of even intensity, low pitch, sonorous quality and endless duration was too strong even for our struggles to absorb the pearls of wisdom.

Among other pursuits Kemmo numbers yachting, electrocardiography, naval duties and diabetes.

DR. W. A. BYE.

*"We grant, although he had much wit
He was very shy of using it."*

Ushering us into the world of Clinical Medicine with great gentleness, Billy carefully guided us along the treacherous paths of physical signs.

He was possessed of no mean histrionic ability in demonstrating murmurs or the "rustling" quality of breath sounds. He pleaded eloquently that we should never commit the heinous crime of hearing murmurs in a normal heart. He had an uncanny knack of picking the functional diseases.

We recall with pleasure those interesting afternoons, the discussions in the summer houses, Billy's asides—"There's a snake in the grass, brothers"—and the smile that is always repressed. We would, however, appreciate an official explanation of the remark, "If anyone asks who taught you, don't tell them." We prefer to interpret it as another manifestation of Billy's modesty.

DR. A. W. MORROW.

Memories of Fourth Year recall many instructive afternoons spent in the elucidation of clinical signs and medicine; Dr. Morrow was most generous and patient in his explanations. This was perhaps because he so well appreciated the students' viewpoint; he was at the time the youngest honorary on the staff.

His capabilities as a very interesting lecturer have not faded from memory, as in Fourth Year good lecturers were in the minority.

Dr. Morrow will have our sincere sympathies when one morning he wakes to find he has a gouty big toe. This certainly would interfere with his Sunday game of golf.

DR. ROBERT S. STEEL.

"The very pink of perfection."—Goldsmith.

Dr. Robert Steel is one of those rare men who are able to make the dullest subject interesting. He is always a perfect gentleman, especially in his treatment of students. By his own keenness and punctuality he stimulates similar qualities in those fortunate enough to have him as their tutor. We soon learned to regard him not only as a very capable clinical tutor, but also as a valuable friend. Dr. Steel is noted for his opening question to patients and his quick-fire enquiry into familial allergic conditions.

We can only hope that Dr. Steel found as much pleasure in teaching us as we found in being taught by him.

DR. E. H. MOLESWORTH.

Having lectured us on the many and varied skin conditions, and on the intricacies of X-ray and radium dosage, our tutor was not new to us when we attended skin out-patients. There we soon came to know the whiff of cigarettes from Egypt and the brisk and purposeful stride with which he entered the room. We also soon comprehended why the leg of the patients' chair was roped to the table leg. A decidedly unconventional attitude towards patients, an irritability if things went awry, interesting reminiscences after classes, and friendly discourse on each condition met make him an outstanding personality.

DR. GEOFFREY DAVIES.

There are still some of us who are trying by various unethical devices to run up twenty-five signatures in the Pathology record book; but this is no real indication of our attitude to the hospital pathologist, Dr. Geoffrey Davies.

We first met him in Fourth Year, when we were still associated with hordes from Sydney and St. Vincent's. He has ever remained a good friend. Capable, kind, interested in his subject, he can always be depended on to help you in your difficulties with pathology; he describes the stages of atheroma to succeeding generations as keenly as ever, and points out the neck of a diverticulum as carefully as if he were giving a command performance.

MR. J. COLVIN STOREY.

"Is it wool or cotton?"—Storey.

Impressions of:

In Lectures: Past experiences to illustrate points, often amusing, always relevant. Who will now omit to look for "sovereigns"? A regard for the furniture.

Wards: Antidotes, anecdotes, common sense, surgery. An insistence, especially by November, on a knowledge of lymph drainages and pressure points. When, not how, to operate.

Theatres: Explained and careful surgery. Audible advice to himself: "Be careful now, John."

Clinical Classes: More lymph drainage; a distinction between sparrows and canaries; an inability to remember names.

General: An exemplary concern for the welfare of and an understanding sympathy towards all patients.

MR. BEN EDYE.

*"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."*

Henry VIII.

We first met Ben in Final Year, and found him, as Professor Welsh has said, "some surgeon". His rounds were invariably late and went on well into the evening, but we soon became accustomed to this system.

Ben guided us through his ward and explained cases and difficulties with sympathy, understanding and erudition.

His pince-nez intrigued us, and his smile heartened us, for he was ever good humoured and his calmness suited his soft voice, which forced us to listen more closely.

MR. ERIC FISHER.

"Better early than late."

Mr. Fisher was a *rara avis* among tutors—this dapper surgeon always arrived at 2 p.m. sharp! He conducted his rounds quietly and without bluster, insidiously instilling his wide knowledge into us. Who can now forget the intricacies of carcinoma of the lip or of the removal of the glands of the neck?

Eric was without ostentation or affectation, habitually plucked at his ear and discussed prognoses ingeniously at the foot of the bed.

MR. T. FURBER.

*"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Tom; Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them unhappy folks on shore now."*

The Sailor's Consolation.—Wm. Pitt.

It is only natural that "Tom" should be one of Sydney's keenest yachtsmen, for the salt is in his blood. As the sailor loves the wind and foam, so Tom excels in stormy operations. He has saved many a patient from the final calm by attacking lesions that would make more timid surgeons withhold the knife. To him, patients were not mere "cases", but fellow humans, and with us students he was always the essence of courtesy and generosity. His rollicking rounds, spiced as they were with his friendly personality and some saucy anecdotes, never failed to hold our attention. Such teachers do students appreciate.

MR. D. W. MCCREDIE.

*"(who led) a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts."*

Don was the tall and genial personality who introduced us gently to Clinical Surgery in Fourth Year. Perfectly at ease and with a kindly smile, he inculcated us with the mysteries of symptoms and the rites and ceremonies associated with palpating abdomens and eliciting signs. Not one to tax anybody unduly, he led us kindly by the hands along pleasant paths.

Mention should be made of Mr. Harley Turnbull, the clinical assistant who took us for two terms when Mr. McCredie was elevated to senior ranks. Of

hearty build and jovial countenance, his emphasis was on the "bread and butter stuff", his speciality being varicose veins and piles; while the searching catechisms during each session sent us home to learn specific details, and not to be content with vague generalizations.

We thank both these gentlemen for their interest and patience, and wish Lieut.-Colonel McCredie good hunting with the A.I.F.

MR. RICHARD FLYNN.

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt."—Shakespeare.

"Sick, or not sick?" These were the first words addressed to us by Dick in far-away Fourth Year. And again in Final Year we heard similar pert but pointed phrases, punctuated by numerous wisecracks. On the contrary, how wordy he was in his references to the Mayo Clinic and Surgery's great ones! And—most vivid memory of all—we shall carry to our graves the picture of Dick, at bay but undaunted, before a continuous stream of persistent out-patients.

MR. JOHN S. MACMAHON.

This brusque and successful young surgeon was first encountered by some of us during the onerous task of learning clinical signs.

Joe will be remembered for his uproarious laughter, which echoed through the ward as he created some bright moment.

His other interests are pugilism and "country life", but above all things Joe is keen on surgery.

DR. FREDERICK NIESCHE.

We met him first in our Old Med. School days when we eagerly sought him in the dissecting room and tossed for him before going in for our vivas; but we remember him more especially for those monumental Friday afternoons at surgical out-patients. Long and tedious as such afternoons must be with as many students as patients, he would remain quiet and patient to whatever late hour. The enthusiasm he excited was rewarded a hundredfold, and we can begin to have fresh hopes for the coming November; our house of surgery is built on rock.

DR. NORMAN R. WYNDHAM.

*"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office."*

Shakespeare.

One of the younger members of the honorary surgeon staff of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Dr. Wyndham has already achieved much more than most men do in a lifetime. He has proved that he has a great knowledge of medicine as well as a very extensive knowledge of surgery.

Dr. Wyndham is not one who, having gained much knowledge himself, refuses to pass such knowledge on to his colleagues or students, but is, on the contrary, ever ready to answer questions and help any who seek his aid.

MR. HERBERT H. SCHLINK.

"It is better to be brief than tedious."—Anon.

Confident in the practice of his speciality, the Master has two passions—the other is ski-ing, for which he has a long line of cups and broken limbs. An amazing organizer, in his gynæcological department everything moves with regularity and bewildering rapidity. Similarly, in the operating theatres, he starts one case, does the difficult work, then starts the next case while the last is being sewn up—sometimes by the "jockey" or R.M.O., as they are known to him. He is examiner in Gynæcology, so let no candidate be unaware of his new tome written in 1939.

PROFESSOR DAWSON.

*"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear
Or like a fairy trip upon the green."*

Shakespeare.

During Fifth Year we all acquire mental dispositions related to Professor Dawson and can all recall the learned basso manner of his lecturing. We see him more intimately amidst his patients in the Saturday morning matinées at Broughton Hall and Callan Park. Here he is especially noted for his cross-examination of the prisoners, conducted *sotto voce*, so that front seats are at a premium.

With precision and firmness he wields his percussion (sledge) while

*"With mercy and with judgment
Their web of time, he weaves."*

THE SPECIALS.

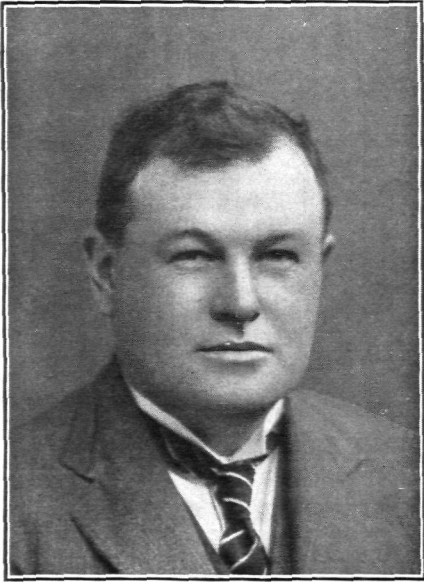
They tried a hopeless task those specialists—the task of making us simultaneously conversant with Dermatology, Ophthalmology, Otology, Rhinology, Gynæcology, Urology, Orthopædics and Psychiatry. The tradition lines

*"They didn't teach us very much
But they taught us all they knew"*

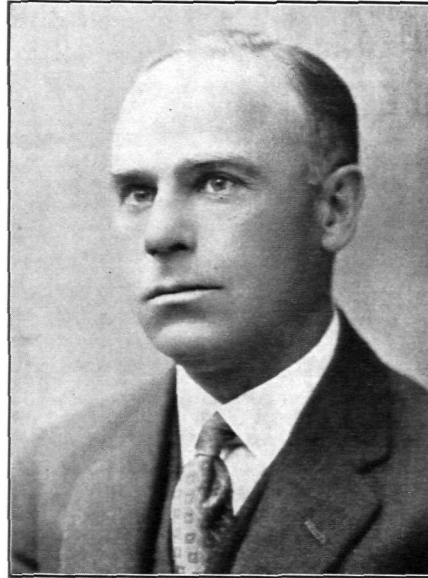
are only partly true of these men, for they didn't teach us *all* they knew. But they tried hard, and it would be less than gracious of us not to acknowledge their brave efforts; and so we append the Honour Roll:

Mr. Brearley	Mr. Chapman	Mr. Chenhall
Mr. Schlink	Mr. Davy	Mr. Eizenberg
Mr. Teece	Mr. James Flynn	Dr. Molesworth
Mr. Maguire	Mr. Harwood	Dr. Dawson
Mr. Godsall	Mr. Steel	Dr. McGeorge
Mr. Garnet Halloran	Mr. Earlam	Dr. Lindeman
Mr. Ross	Mr. Callow	Dr. Belisario
Mr. Waddy	Mr. De Burgh	Dr. Swanton
Mr. Laidley	Mr. Fraser	Dr. Rainbow
Mr. Gregg	Mr. Halliday	
Mr. Woodburn	Mr. Stening	

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



JOHN COLVIN STOREY, O.B.E., V.D., M.B.,
Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



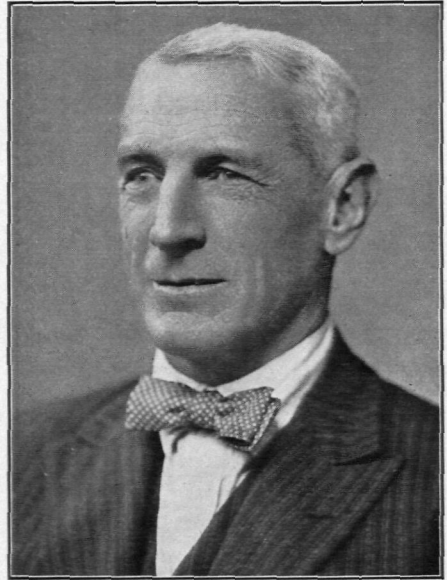
E. M. FISHER, M.C., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



B. T. EDYE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



R. ANGEL MONEY, M.C., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., F.R.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



T. M. FURBER, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



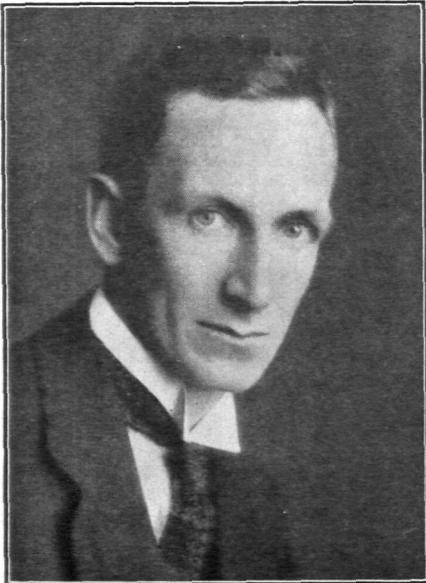
M. R. FLYNN, B.A., M.D., B.Sc., Ch.M. (Syd.),
M.S. (Minn.), F.R.A.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



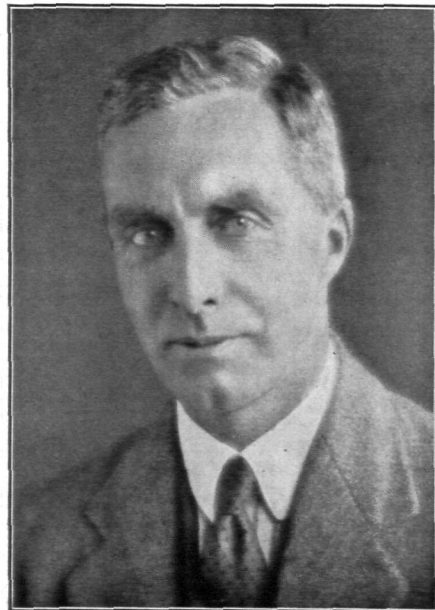
J. S. MACMAHON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



D. W. McCREDIE, M.C., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



C. G. McDONALD, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



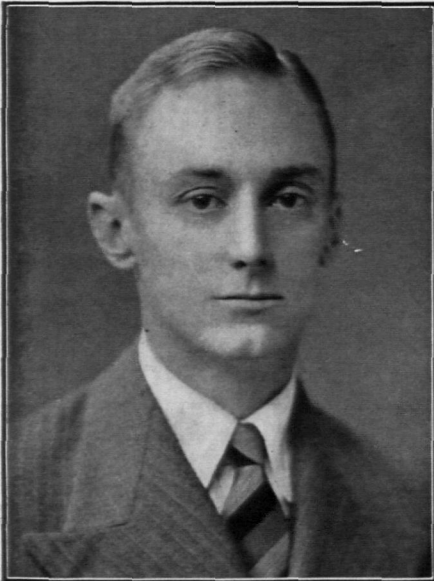
ALLAN S. WALKER, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



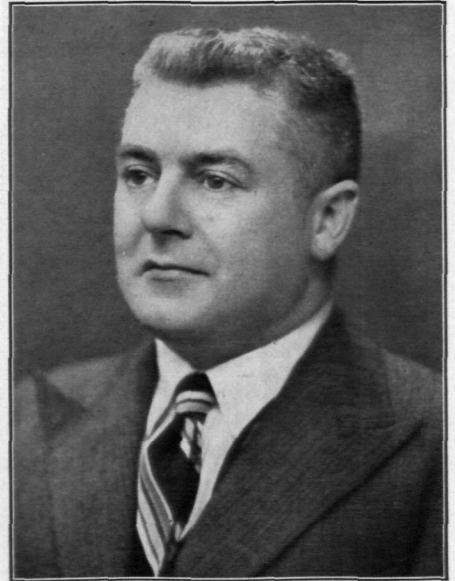
ARCHIBALD J. COLLINS, D.S.O., M.C.,
M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P., Tutor in Medicine.



LAURENCE HUGHES, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Tutor in Medicine.



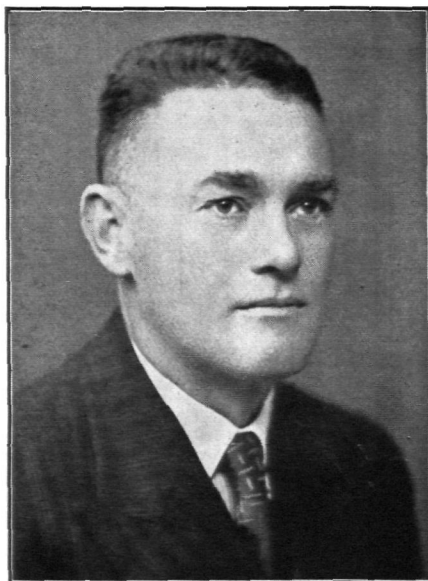
COTTER, HARVEY, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



ERIC L. SUSMAN, M.B., M.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



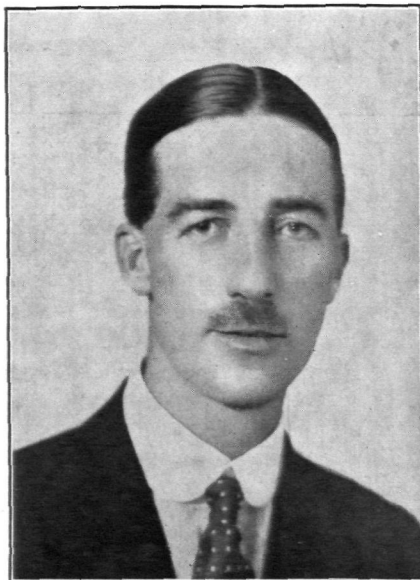
J. KEMPSON MADDOX, M.D., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.P., Student Supervisor
and Tutor in Medicine.



W. A. BYE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Tutor in Medicine.



GEOFFREY F. S. DAVIES, M.B., B.S.,
Pathologist.



LENNOX TEECE, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Orthopaedic Surgeon.

Sydney Hospital.



SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

Sydney Hospital was founded in 1788, when Gov. Phillip established a convict settlement at Sydney Cove, here in this virgin land. And thus from its humble beginning has sprung up the Sydney Hospital of today, with all its proud tradition. In the history of its development can be traced the history of the Colony in its travail of those early dark days, and in its final emergence into the sunshine of its nationhood.

First situated at Dawes Point, and later rebuilt near the site of the present Argyle Cut, those first years left much to be desired. Overcrowding, understaffing and disorganization were the chief factors leading to this state of affairs. With the arrival of Gov. Macquarie, however, plans for a new hospital to be built on a new street, named Macquarie St., were completed, and after much delay the hospital was erected in 1816. The buildings were of ambitious proportions, and included what is now Parliament House and the Old Mint Building. To begin with, conditions at the new hospital were most discouraging, but in 1819, under Principal Surgeon James Bowman, a new era began and hospital organization set on a firm basis.

In 1848, due to cessation of convict transportation to the colony, the general hospital was discontinued, but the south wing (the Mint Building) was established as the "Sydney Dispensary" "to treat the pauper sick of the colony". This was soon transferred to the main building and became the Sydney Hospital.

Through vicissitudes of administration and development, the hospital progressed, until in 1894, the present building was erected. Since then have been added the Renwick Pavilion in 1903, the Travers Pavilion, and in 1933 the Kanematsu Institute of Pathology. It may also be of interest to note that in 1868, on the suggestion of Sir Henry Parkes, Miss Florence Nightingale sent to the hospital a team of specially trained nurses to build up a firm foundation for hospital nursing.

As students of this old hospital, when we look down the halls of time, we can indeed feel proud of the great traditions of patience, sympathy and service of our Alma Mater, as she looks down with eyes of infinite wisdom and compassion on the sick and those that tend the sick within her walls.

HONORARIES.

DR. HAROLD J. RITCHIE.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."—Epistle to the Hebrews.

"Ritchie is in Ward 3" is an announcement which never fails slightly to quicken the pulses of his clinical group. The fog of words with which we would hide our ignorance is dispersed by a piercing eye and a pertinent question.

A quiet, unhurried voice, "the barbarians", "the conveterani", "the mirror images", all help to create the familiar atmosphere of Harold's clinical lectures. Seeking the bread of knowledge, we always receive it; spiced with a dramatic gesture and leavened by anecdote, it whets the appetite.

Ritchie teachers, and he spurs us to learn. The spur is often sharp, but never used unkindly.

DR. HOLMES À COURT.

"He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous."—Proverbs.

Few will deny that the term we spent with Dr. Holmes à Court was a valuable one indeed in our course of clinical medicine, and many is the crumb we have humbly gathered from the richness of his clinical experience. As students we do appreciate his clear-cut, methodical and well-balanced presentation of the cases with which he dealt, not only in the wards, but at his tea-parties on Friday afternoons, the real insight which he shows into our actual requirements as candidates for the Finals, and for the progressive, thoughtful and up-to-date outlook which inspires the confidence of patient and student alike.

A quiet manner, a real sense of humour, and a pair of kid gloves will be long remembered.

DR. L. W. DUNLOP.

With his quiet tread and shy smile, rounds with Dolly are distinctive in many ways. From the eminence of the only bedside seat, as we prop ourselves up in ungainly attitudes around him, he holds his court. Critical but fair in all points, he takes a real interest in our problems of clinical medicine, and slowly but clearly strives to inculcate into our minds the sacred precepts of Osler and of

Boyd. As a further stimulant to our interest, case commentaries on interesting matters are often demanded, and several interesting problems have thus had the light of his methodical knowledge thrown upon them.

However, we know not by what strange means, at the 1 o'clock gun the round is finished, leaving us to digest inwardly his many words of wisdom and outwardly a long awaited lunch.

DR. G. F. WILLCOCKS.

Our tutor has a peculiar psychic sense in the anticipation of students' questions, with the result that he often confounded the would-be questioner with his own question. As if this was not sufficient, a favourite poser was: "What do you think?" This led to many heated discussions which were much appreciated by us.

We would here like to make a public statement that we had no part in the loss of that notorious hat.

In the wards he always took a keen interest in the physical signs we thought we found, and then aided us with the use of his own stethoscope. In spite of a threat to cut our throat, we did not fear him; nevertheless, he inspired us to feverish activity in our ward work.

DR. WILFRED EVANS.

In Fifth Year we drifted into Medical Out-patients to watch Wilfred Evans at work and get our certificate books signed; coming to yawn, we remained to learn. Here was the real family physician exercising his art on that large family named "M.O.P.", complete with bedside manner and large black bag that seemed to contain everything from a 10-lb. percussion hammer to a glass coverslip—like a conjurer's top hat.

Beneath an exterior of gentle and kindly consideration, "Wilfy's" meticulous diagnoses and detailed résumés of treatment earned for him the respect and admiration of his students. And now Wilfy's gone to the war. Of course, because he's Wilfred Evans.

DR. A. J. HOOD STOBO.

We enjoyed our year clustered around Dr. Stobo. There were many discussions about heart, chest and military topics—we learnt a great deal about hearts and chests. We were amazed to find that this wizard of the electrocardiogram was awe-struck with the apparent complexity of the aeronautical synchronization of the machine gun. In vain we waited for the day when it would be his turn to take us to afternoon tea, at the conclusion of his out-patients.

Yet one could wish for more of those interesting sessions with him in the Path. Museum, correlating "bottles" with physical signs. We truly appreciate the thorough grounding he gave us, whereby our legs trembled slightly less as we stood up to Dr. Ritchie's searching but instructive quizzes.

DR. E. H. STOKES.

"Little man, you've had a busy day."

"Where's my blackboard, where's my chalk, and where are my students?" This was our introduction to out-patients with Eddie. Here the groundwork of our clinical medicine began, inspired by the tireless enthusiasm of our tutor, who spared neither time nor energy in his earnest endeavour to impart to his

students some of his clinical acumen. The waiting-room was always crowded with his patients, who always left the better for his sympathetic consideration.

Many were the nights towards 7 o'clock when the familiar words, "Now we will do rounds", were heard. This began "the trek", following Eddie's disappearing footsteps through dark corridors to the wards. Does this man ever eat?

DR. K. B. NOAD.

As Student Supervisor, Dr. Noad, with fatherly interest, first took us by the hand and was responsible for arranging the intricate details of our varied curriculum for the three years spent at this hospital. Later, in our earlier months of training, some of us came under his closer supervision for tuition in the mysteries of the clinical art.

His histrionic ability and enlivening personality, his extravagant but delightful ward pictures of the symphonic rhapsodies of auscultation will be hard to forget, while his vivid manner of fortifying his words of wisdom with most significant gestures was sound if a trifle startling. Many a time and oft did he bemoan our lack of musical training to appreciate the delicate art of percussion.

His indefatigable zeal and enthusiasm, his fatherly interest and courteous manner will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of knowing him.

DR. W. E. FISHER.

"My right there is none to dispute."

In those early days Dr. Fisher first told many of us what an apex beat was. We promptly forgot. He told us again many times. However, he bore us rather tolerantly back there in Fourth Year, with our virgin minds and brand new stethoscopes. Then again in Fifth Year our faltering feet were led further along the path of clinical medicine, when, beneath a screen of cigarette smoke, gauche histories (this point was often emphasized) were offset by classical quotation from the lips of the great and our clinical methods exposed to the disdainful scorn of his lofty glance.

Still we will look back on our association with Dr. Fisher with pleasure and thankfulness for his interesting, if sometimes embarrassing, efforts to inculcate into our confused minds the great and essential principles of our great, our noble profession.

MR. GEORGE BELL.

A lump of a man is our senior surgeon, and none more benign. His face, form and the benevolent eye behind his spectacles faintly remind one of Mr. Pickwick; and he shares all that character's admirable qualities.

Since this war began we are regaled, in between diagnosing pertrochanteric fractures, with many a tale of former battles. The charger is stamping in his stall.

No one could be more tolerant of students' failings than George, yet he notices more than one might think, and unwise is he who thinks his slackness will be overlooked.

MR. ARCHIE ASPINALL.

A searching eye and soft spoken manner, Archie impresses one immediately with his carefulness, wide experience and attention to minor details, which have won for him the respect of all students as a clinical teacher in the art of surgery.

In the wards, a disconcerting, and, at times most embarrassing habit of asking leading questions on "things every student must know", while often leaving us speechless "as dumb driven cattle", at the same time acts as an invaluable goad to a knowledge of the everyday practical considerations in surgery that must form the basis to the practice of this healing art. We feel that if we are with him "for two or three more years", as he greatly fears, the fault will be all ours, if not the misfortune.

We remember a kindly, human manner, a real interest in his work and in the welfare of his students.

MR. HOWARD BULLOCK.

"A mighty man is he."—Longfellow.

Rounds with Mr. Bullock are not like anything else we know of, and demand a fair turn of speed, a sense of humour and some knowledge of the art of surgery. In the wake of his seven-league boots we tour the hospital, to be entertained, when the way seems long, by a host of anecdotes, and oft-repeated surgical maxims which, while not leaving a dull moment, contain the wisdom of a rich experience in the realms of surgery.

To Bill Osler in years gone by and to the Professor in the Pathology Dept., where with much blarney mutual respects are paid, we feel we owe our gratitude in getting the right pathological background for our surgical studies. "See that, you boys?"

But it is in the theatre that this great man is really at home. There we see the man himself, intensely practical, amazingly versatile, and, with rare speed, doing the work that he obviously enjoys. We feel he appreciates our presence there and we, in our turn, appreciate this opportunity of seeing his work, especially when he turns back that cuff of peritoneum!

MR. LYLE BUCHANAN.

Nowtellyourtroublesorsomeofthem! These familiar words bring us recollections of instructive and interesting afternoons at surgical out-patients with Mr. Buchanan. His keen enthusiasm and practical surgical experience, with ability to impart his clinical knowledge, made his tutorials most profitable.

We shared his enthusiasm for special splints, encephalograms, Dettol, and air-raid precautions, and as for his war stories——.

MR. A. M. MACINTOSH.

Unfortunately, in the space allotted we can only take a few outstanding characteristics which have earned our profound respect. He, in his own quiet way, always succeeded in making the rounds interesting, with chats in the bath-rooms, and various pearls dropped on the stairs.

In the theatre an especial interest was taken in us, nothing being too much trouble to demonstrate in a clear-cut concise manner that is Mac's and his alone, the trips and catches of surgery.

Our only regret is that the time table was so arranged that we could not spend more time with him.

P.S.: We back him against allcomers in locating pus.

MR. SUSMAN AND MR. MALCOLM.

"Experto crede Roberto"—de Arena.

Unfortunately, our contact with Mr. Susman was for a short period only, as he was abroad studying thoracic surgery.

During his absence his position was ably filled by Mr. Malcolm, and to "Bobby" we owe our earliest initiation into the realms of surgery. To him we are indebted for the ability to diagnose "lumps" and to realize the wide distribution and full significance of reflex dyspepsia.

His association with us will be remembered long for its informality and avoidance of routine, as also his frequent invitations out to the Coast.

In Fifth Year, Bobby again came to light for our refresher course, and once again his quiet slow manner, his understanding smile, and his practical knowledge of matters surgical led us further along the road of clinical surgery.

MR. C. E. WINSTON.

Charlie first led us, faltering, into the intricate realms of clinical surgery. In S.O.P. this kindly cheery soul, quick to praise and slow to chide, gave to us the example of careful and considered thought. By bedside, in clinic or theatre, Charlie remained the central figure; he commands, but never demands, respect from all.

By his hat, his car (CW-444) and the little blue and red rubber stamps ye may know him. His O.P. cards, true Rosetta stones of surgery, are deciphered only by the lucky few, he himself being seldom among them.

The very informality of Charles Winston earns for him the success and popularity he richly deserves, and all students feel they may call this man a friend.

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that Charles is soon to buy a new hat.

THE SPECIALS.

DR. W. R. PAGE.

"The wonderful wizard of Oz."

If in our foetal existence we climbed our own geneological tree, we were quickly made to climb down again when we entered the sacred portals of the Psychiatric Clinic. There, where the tortured souls of a restless populace are lulled to rest by the purring tones of the master himself—and a dose of Mist Pot. Brom.—we were transformed into the worms, the fish, the reptiles and the piglets that we really appeared to be, before the vituperative oratory of this dynamic personality. But "in necessity and pain mental evolution is begun" and slowly and often-times painfully our feet were turned from the way of Bacchus and Venus and gently placed on the true path of lofty ideals. Our term with Dr. Page left a vivid impression. His boundless energy, his enthusiasm, his forceful teaching methods and his seemingly boundless general knowledge have achieved a fame only surpassed by the incoherence of his famous notes.

We will remember him as a man, a mind and a real friend.

Gynæcology.

MR. R. I. FURBER.

We appreciate the kindly interest Dr. Furber took in his groups and the absorbing way in which he imparted much of his great knowledge on matters gynæcological. His views appealed to us from the practical and student point of view, even though he may differ somewhat from the other local authorities.

Never a day passed without his producing from somewhere for our edification a rather moist brown-paper parcel containing a recently removed female organ to be examined and discussed.

Of great help to us were his lectures in smoothing out our difficulties on the theoretical and pathological aspects of the subject. Thanks to him, we feel a measure of confidence in our ability to deal with the gynæcological problems we shall have to face in practice.

MR. H. K. PORTER.

Those of us who came under the jurisdiction of H. K. were impressed by his practical energetic manner, his sound knowledge and thorough work in the gynæcological art, and by a keen dry sense of humour. But most of us will remember longest his well-known and widely repeated "We're in a spot of bother here. I say, we'll be lucky if we get out of this", and his constant companion, the Sherlock Holmes Pipe.

MR. DUGGAN AND MR. CUNNINGHAM.

The hours spent in out-patients with Dr. Duggan and Dr. Cunningham were invaluable to us as budding young gynæcologists. Dr. Duggan, with his tall form, soft voice and understanding manner, Dr. Cunningham, with his energetic way and his stories of continental surgery, will be remembered for their real worth.

E.N.T.

In this speciality we were entertained for hours by Dr. Carruthers, Dr. Findlay, Dr. Blomfield and Dr. Harrison, as we gazed down throats, up nostrils and into ears without number. Still we feel it was not all in vain.

Eye.

At the Eye Hospital "over yonder" we managed to learn something of the workings of our optical organs, under the gentle and often-times entertaining direction of our tutors, Dr. Dunlop, Dr. Cohen, Dr. North and Dr. Stanton Cook.

Skin.

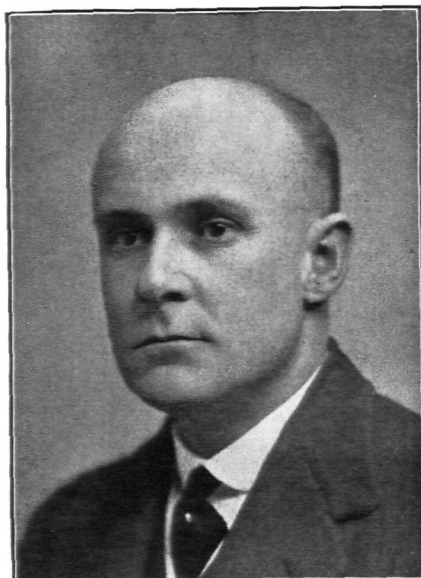
The diseases to which our outer covering is heir were studied with interest through a magnifying glass in the skin out-patients, under the kindly and watchful eyes of our various tutors. Sir Norman Paul, a real teacher with an understanding for our needs, Dr. Norrie, kindly and helpful, Dr. Johnson, with his magnificent signature, will all be remembered by their students.

We would also like to mention some of our other activities through which we have flitted on our journey: Urology, where Dr. Bridge, Dr. Kirkland and Dr. Telfer hold sway; Anæsthetics under the ægis of Dr. Allen; and last, but not least, the Pathology Dept., where Dr. Gillies is always pleased to help us pathologically.

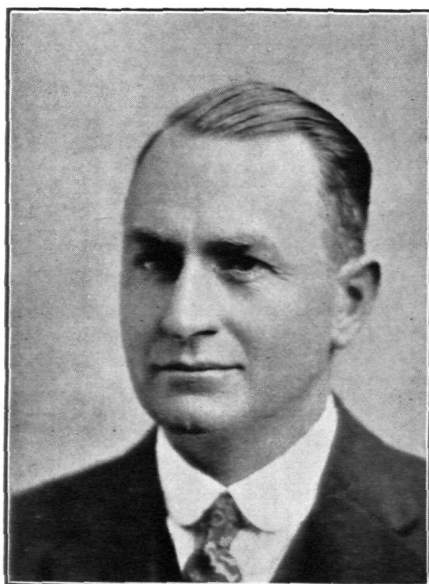
Sydney Hospital.



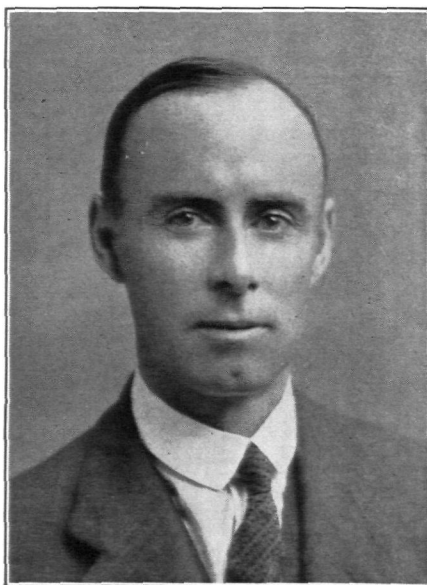
HAROLD RITCHIE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



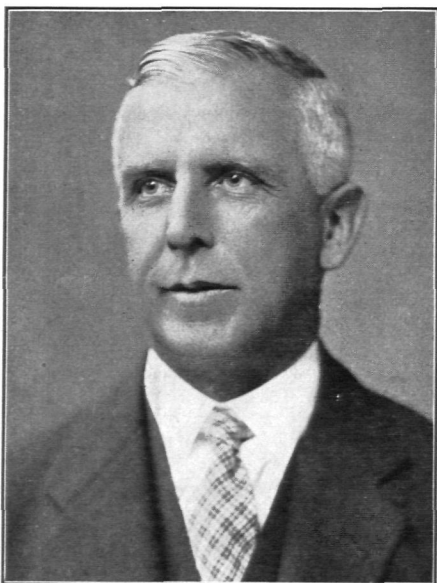
A. W. HOLMES A COURT, M.D., F.R.C.P.,
F.R.A.C.P., Honorary Physician.



GEORGE C. WILLCOCKS, O.B.E., M.C.,
M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.P., Honorary
Physician.



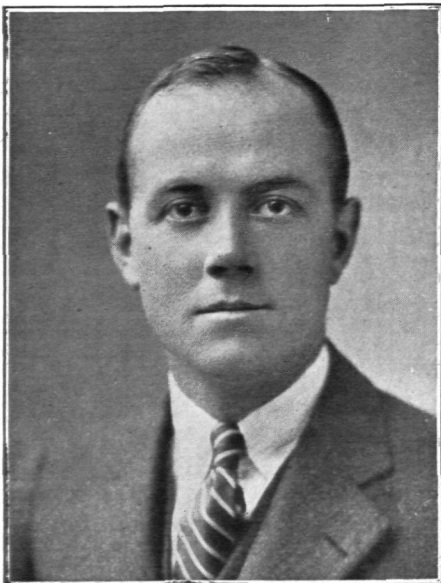
WILFRED EVANS, M.B., Ch.M., M.R.C.P.,
F.R.A.C.P., Honorary Physician.



L. W. DUNLOP, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



W. E. FISHER, M.D., Ch.M., M.R.C.P.,
F.R.A.C.P., Tutor in Medicine.



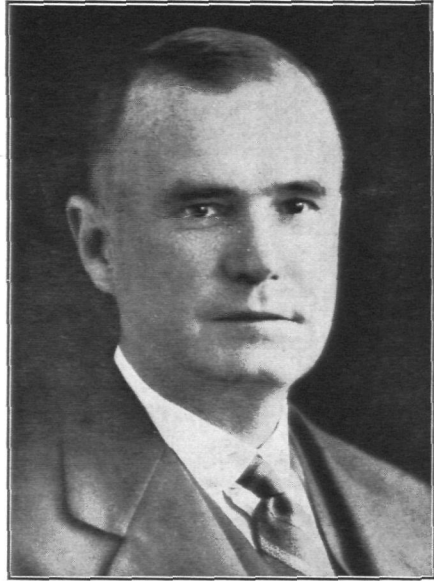
KENNETH B. NOAD, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.P., Tutor in Medicine
and Student Supervisor.



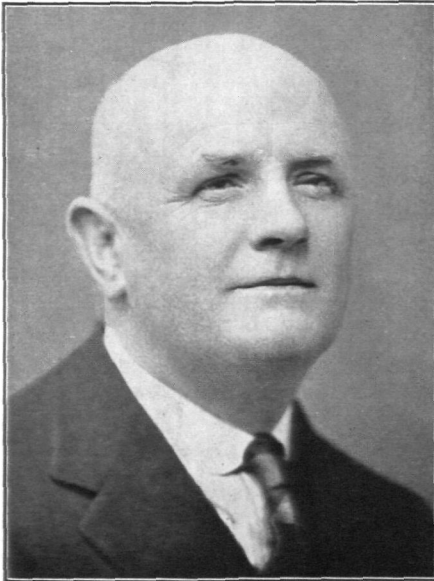
GEORGE BELL, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



HOWARD BULLOCK, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., B.Sc., Honorary Surgeon.



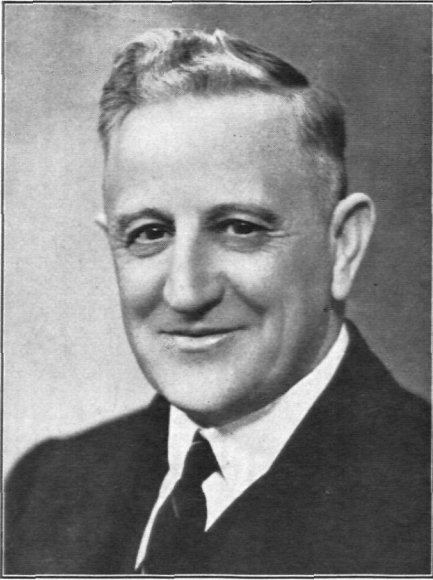
ARCHIE ASPINALL, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



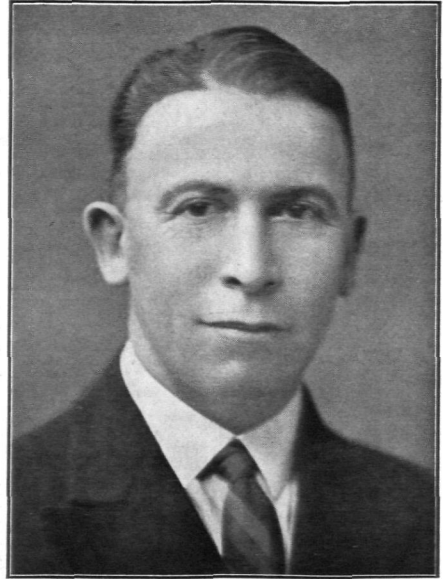
A. M. McINTOSH, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



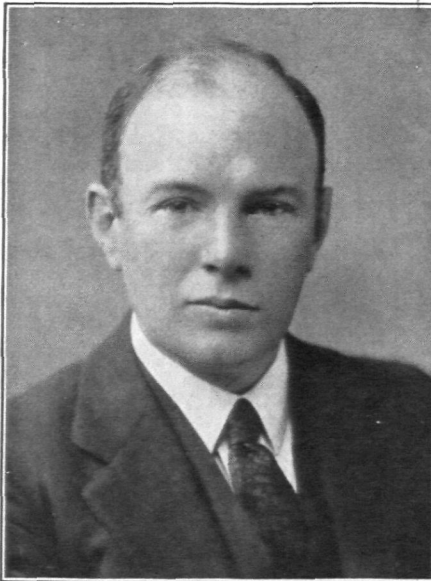
LYLE BUCHANAN V.D., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S. (Eng.), F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.
(Edin.), Tutor in Surgery.



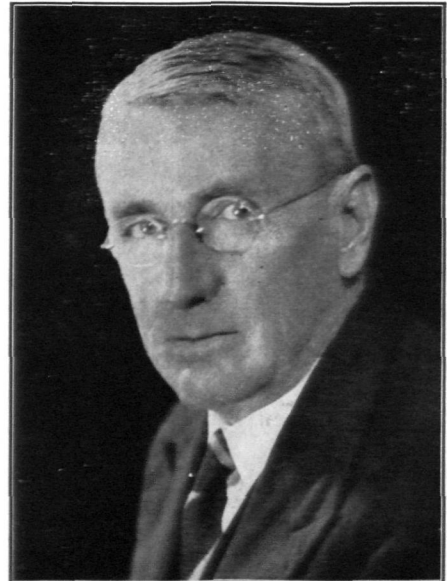
W. R. PAGE, M.B., Ch.M.,



C. E. WINSTON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



E. H. STOKES, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.,
Tutor in Medicine.



R. I. FURBER, D.S.O., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Gynæcological Surgeon.

St. Vincent's Hospital.



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

St. Vincent's Hospital has a long tradition which goes back to 1857, when it was founded by the Sisters of Charity at Potts Point. In 1870 the present hospital was opened with accommodation for 70 patients.

With its noble aim which "knows in its objects no distinction of creed or colour, and measures the claims of the afflicted only by the degree of their sufferings or danger", the hospital has flourished and expanded to its present size.

In 1923 the clinical school was founded under the direction of a board of studies, and in its short history has already added illustrious names to the profession.

From the moment we entered its portals, filled with much enthusiasm and no little trepidation, we found we had entered on the happiest days of our undergraduate life, for we were very soon made to feel at home by all connected with the hospital.

During the last three years we have been happily metamorphosing from the raw clinician, complete with prominently displayed stethoscope to "clinical pin", into the hardened Final Year man with his strapped-together stethoscope and torch that never works.

In the wards we have noted a great many "accompaniments" on auscultation, from the "Bondi via Bellevue Hill" to steel riveters, but we hope that the building activities we have witnessed will continue to make the hospital an even more

resplendent institution. Now, as our apprenticeship draws to a close, we regard our graduation with mixed feelings, for time and circumstance in a changing world are likely to play strange tricks with us all; but, come what may, we will always be able to look back on the happy days that "Vincent's" have made of the last three years.

HONORARIES.

MR. DOUGLAS MILLER.

All who have negotiated the hazards of Third Year will remember Duggie as the man whose personality made surgical anatomy a delicious entertainment. He was unique then, and to a lesser extent since, for being sufficiently interested to learn our names.

At St. Vincent's his interest has never flagged, nor has he ever ceased to command our attention. Renowned for his surgical ability, for being a natural teacher and for good graces, he has cast us to the depths by offering us the cup of humiliation and raised us to the heights with the warm wine of his commendation.

Duggie has not long returned from his most successful trip abroad, and is to be heartily congratulated for its fitting climax. Repercussions from international events led us once more to congratulate them both, and we fervently trust that our respected Dean is not obliged to do too much "carpet-slogging" in the wee small hours.

MR. VICTOR J. COPPLESON.

"There is no malice in this burning coal."

Our first contact was when he terrorized us in the Third Year anatomy viva. When we came to hospital "Copp" went out of his way to give many of us a personal word of welcome, but it was not till Final Year that we came to know him as a first-rate surgeon and an excellent tutor, who often tries hard to get cross, sometimes succeeds, but can rarely sustain the effort.

Team work, bedside drill plus afternoons in the theatre with "Copp" and "Harry", where a frequent "She's blue down here, Harry!", "She's pink up here, Copp!" went to make our term in Copp's "team" a most enjoyable and instructive one, for who can forget that the complications of motor bike riding are:

1. In the male—compound fracture of tibia?
2. In the female—from head injury to pregnancy?

DR. O. A. DIETHELM.

It was not till Final Year that "Oscar" first led us down the many complicated paths of medicine. Twice a week, behind his barricade of notes and books of reference, he made our approaching trials seem less difficult and endeavoured to fill us with knowledge from his vast store of experience.

His almost supernatural clinical acumen and his rapid-fire teaching at the bedside earned from us a profound respect, whilst his interest in us and our difficulties will not let us forget him. But who can forget those delightful observations on "costal cartridges" and "coronary conclusion"? And we're still

wondering why one patient was to have his insulin reduced "when his sugar became urine-free."

MR. EDWARD MACMAHON.

"A bachelor gay am I."

"Eddie"—quiet, courteous and efficient, from precise definition to skilfully manipulated gloved finger. Many a metaphorical sovereign did he produce for us in the Out-patients' Department.

In Final Year his Wednesday morning tutorials were looked forward to by all, both for the value of his instruction and his occasional terse advice—"It's no good muckin' about; shove in a catheter"—accompanied by the famous MacMahon laugh.

DR. RICHMOND JEREMY.

We made "Jerry's" acquaintance in Fifth Year, and were at once impressed by his quiet wisdom and massive physique. He showed infinite patience in listening to our too enthusiastic therapeutic schemes and with a quiet and gentle "back-slam" taught us the lesson of calm thinking and moderation.

We always felt that his interest in us was something real and permanent, for he would spare no efforts to clear up the many problems that confronted us. From being flattened by his humble mien we have come to regard him as a physician, teacher and man of a standard to which we all aspire.

DR. BRUCE HALL.

Our first meeting with Bruce was across an extending great toe, which, we were informed in tones of suppressed excitement, was "just very interesting".

This was in Fourth Year, and we took a great liking to Bruce—we liked his patience with us, his politeness to all and sundry, his infinitely reproachful and sad face when we blundered, and his occasional unexpected great laugh.

It was not till Final Year, however, that we reaped the full reward of his tuition, and in considering differential diagnoses the names of many strange and exotic sounding diseases fell from his lips.

As our undergraduate days draw to a close, we feel we can accord Bruce a profound professional respect and a great personal affection.

DR. R. J. TAYLOR.

We first met "Bobby" at 4 p.m. one Wednesday in Fifth Year, and this small dark figure in the blue suit proceeded to show us what we didn't know about physical signs. His vitality, powers of observation and cheery manner made him a popular figure with students and patients alike, whilst his pigeon Esperanto of "Sitem up, Joe!" and "Beginum breathum!" were universally understood.

In Final Year his rounds, full as they were of practical wisdom, were a lesson to us, although we must confess he sometimes doesn't look at the world through rose coloured spectacles!

MR. LEONARD MAY.

When we were introduced to Lennie in Second Year, we were immediately struck by his practical statements and his cryptic illustrative anecdotes.

In later years his rounds proved full of practical benefit, while his quiet and unhurried manner in the theatre impressed us with the truth that efficiency is infinitely better than expediency.

His extra-hospital activities include an abhorrence of snakes and original experiments on the development of ossification centres, in which he did some very important work.

MR. W. MAXWELL.

This sleek surgeon has impressed us with his technical ability in the theatre and his sound judgment in the wards. Easy going and tolerant of our shortcomings, he has impressed us with the need for caution in things surgical. His bedside chats are always illuminated by his reminiscences of "curious" cases.

DR. JAMES SHERWOOD.

*"So that from point to point now
You have heard the fundamental reasons."*

Genial "Jimmy" Sherwood—most polite of men. Fourth Year men suffuse with pride when addressed "Yes, Doctor, but . . ."

There is something of the Dark Age in Jimmy's stabbing an ulcer with an enormous gastroscope.

Fashion note: We like the black Homburg Dr. Sherwood captured on the other side.

MR. V. J. KINSELLA.

We first made Mr. Kinsella's acquaintance in Second Year when he introduced us to, and helped to alleviate, the difficulties of regional anatomy.

In Fifth Year he impressed on us the importance of bedside observations, and as a keen student of Osler he advised us on the benefits of a small notebook in clinical work.

In surgery he ranks as a master of local anæsthesia, and those of us who have been associated with him appreciate his knowledge and willingness to help us.

MR. WALTER PERRY.

Affectionately known as Wal; is a cultured, courteous, classical scholar of the old school, yet young enough to be at the top in the new.

He is an omnivorous reader, and we yet have to find the book which he hasn't read.

It was Wal who introduced us to the art of lithotripsy and we know now that there is no such thing as a "lucky operation".

He is bursting with good humour, and when a good story is told, simply ripples with mirth, whilst his most valuable lesson to us was that he taught us the difference between a canary and a sparrow.

DR. JOHN TANSEY.

Both students and staff at St. Vincent's were delighted at Dr. Tansey's excellent recovery from his serious illness last year, so that we were doubly pleased to meet this tall and dignified physician.

After a series of "Whys?" and "Hows?" to our vague answers, he carefully explained in a simple and logical manner the bewildering signs and symptoms. Not a few of us can thank Dr. Tansey for teaching us how to think and reason along both clinical and physiological lines. He became more and more interesting as we moved from case to case, and it was with regret that we heard his final "Good morning".

DR. A. H. TEBBUTT.

In Fourth Year we soon made the acquaintance of "Old Teb.", and every Friday readily availed ourselves of the opportunity of assisting him to finish off his afternoon tea. We looked upon his path, demonstrations each week as most instructive sessions conducted in such a friendly atmosphere, whilst the highlights turned out to be our visits to the post-mortem room, where Dr. Tebbutt was seen in his full glory.

We have much to thank him for and the efficient department of which he is such an able head.

THE SPECIALS.

We found that Fifth Year didn't quite prove that "oasis of idleness" to which we had looked forward so long, for just as our enthusiasm had been whetted for one speciality we were hastily examined and turned loose on the next.

Dr. Alan Worth, after several too short lectures from Dr. Herbert Odillo Maher, sacrificed much of his valuable time to us, and often, after an instructive afternoon with him, we would leave him to carry on his out-patients far into the night.

Dr. H. Seaward Marsh, Dr. Woodburn and Dr. Harwood tactfully guided our tongue depressors and specula into the right channels, and focussed our head-mirrors from off the adjacent wall.

From Dr. Grant Lindeman we learnt practically all we know about skin, cats and goanna salve.

Dr. Frazer managed to impart a great deal of practical gynæcology to us in a whirlwind hour, whilst Dr. Foy, we feel, has largely moulded our gynæcological futures, proving as courteous as he was instructive.

To those who met Dr. W. R. Page in Third Year, the initial onslaught on the citadel of our egoism with which he greeted us in Fifth Year came as no surprise. In spite of the "physical correlates" in the shape of bruises ("The physical basis of sensation, do you see!") with which this learned man was wont to drive home fresh "mnemonico sensory accumulations", many of us will retain grateful memories of psychiatry and Dr. Page in particular.

In Sixth Year Dr. Abbott and other members of the Public Health Clinic gave us valuable instruction in V.D.

This year we were fortunate in getting Dr. Anderson Stuart to give us several enjoyable and instructive radiographical demonstrations, and our thanks are due to him and Mr. Steele.

We would also like to pay a warm tribute to the Path. Department and the indefatigable Mr. Clark, who, as the busiest man in the hospital, was never too busy to help us all he could.

St. Vincent's Hospital.



O. A. DIETHELM, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.P.
Honorary Physician.



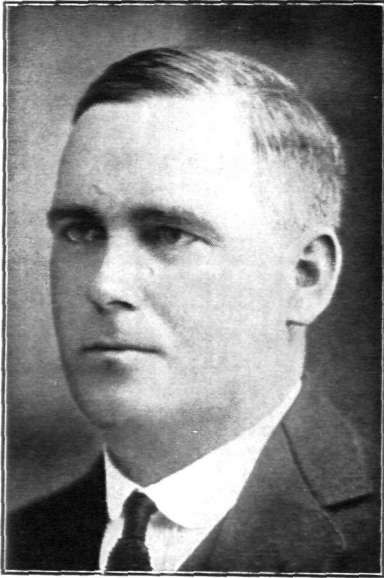
V. M. COPPLESON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



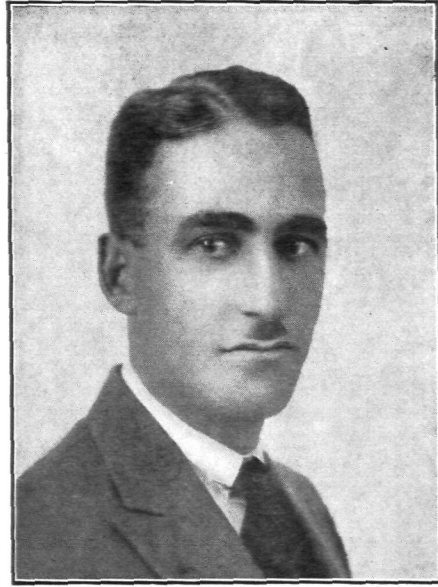
DOUGLAS MILLER, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Dean of St. Vincent's Hospital
Clinical School.



JOHN P. TANSEY, M.B., Ch.M., M.R.C.P.,
Honorary Physician.



R. J. TAYLOR, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



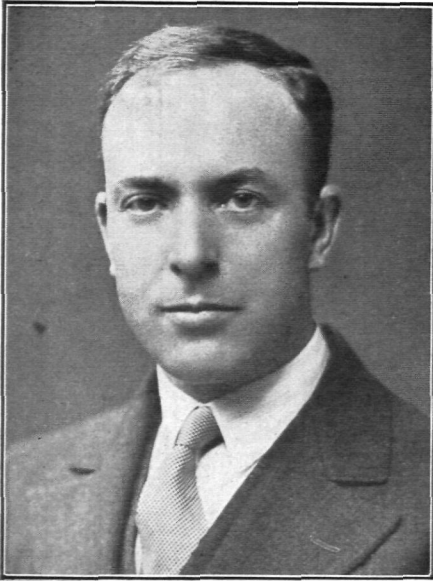
W. J. D. MAXWELL, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



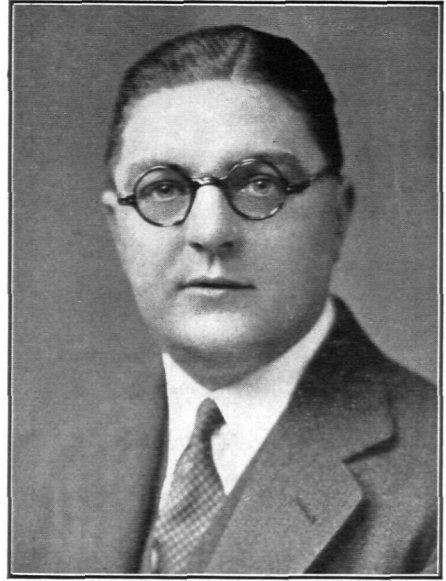
E. MacMAHON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



JAMES SHERWOOD, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.



V. J. KINSELLA, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



W. PERRY, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



GEORGE BRUCE HALL, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Tutor in Medicine.



RICHMOND JEREMY, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Honorary Physician.

Royal Hospital for Women.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

Dr. Ridler one day, frustrated in his attempts to make us think, suddenly reversed his policy and told us something, namely, that the Royal Hospital is the best situated hospital in Sydney. Anyone who has paused while examining the placenta and looked out of the windows of Labour Ward in the early morning, realizes that Dr. Ridler was, as always, correct.

Maybe there are certain other aspects of the Royal not quite so attractive as its site. But maternity hospitals were never built as havens of refuge for overworked medical students, and the staff is not paid to look after us. We can afford to forgive and forget.

Forget? In some cases this is impossible, and from the score of memories that press upon us, let us record a few.

There is Gordon Lowe, kind, bald of speech and head, practical and gently revolutionary. He told us the same operative obstetrics and the same jokes at the Royal as he had told us at the University; but the former was important enough to repeat, and the latter good enough to bear retelling.

And there is Ridler. He is not so severe as he seemed when he first said: "And, remember, you always come early and wait for me." His aim was to make us think, as his questions show:

"What do you give morphia with?" (Answer: "With your brains, sir.")

"Why didn't he come late a second time?" (Answer: "Because you didn't give him a second time, sir.")


"How do you learn Medicine?" (Answer: "By wearing out the seat of your pants, sir.")

“What is the treatment of tuberculosis?” (Answer: “Finance, sir.”)

We used to ask each other many similar questions late at night when the brain was numb.

And then there were Ida Saunders, the students' friend, Bob Charlton, the Superintendent, Dicky West and Marjorie Scott-Young, the senior residents, and the out-patient troupe, Bruce Williams, John Mutton, George Stening and Drs. Howell and Borden.

To all of these we owe something; and all of them we remember with thankfulness or amusement, according to the mood of the moment.



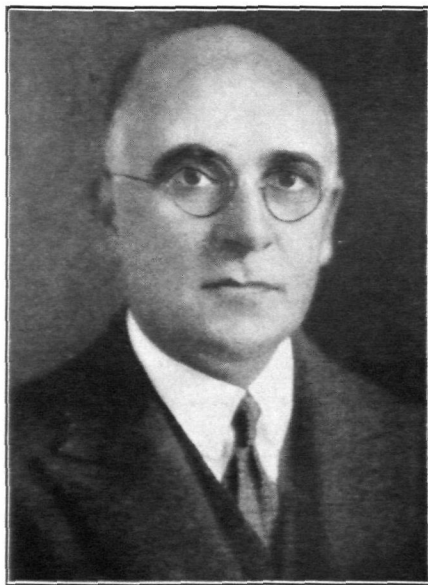
Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.



CONSTANCE D'ARCY, D.B.E., M.B.,
Ch.M., Honorary Surgeon.



H. A. RIDLER, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



F. BROWN CRAIG, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.

Crown Street Hospital.



CROWN STREET WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Most of us will look back on our association with Crown St. with a medley of feelings, with a memory of new, intensely interesting clinical experiences in practical obstetrics, of new values of night and day, a memory of new-born babes and their early troubles in the bath, of monaural stethoscopes, L.O.A.'s, and the everlasting aroma of Dettol.

But we feel, most of us, that in this well-known establishment, this "home away from home", the memories that will remain longest, although perhaps least spoken of, will be those of a very happy period, where friendship, fun and conviviality flourished in all their exuberant fullness. We were reminded sometimes of the well-known line

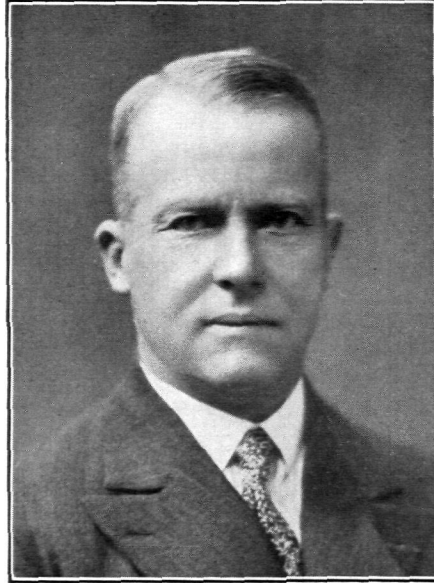
"And the night shall be filled with music"

when, before the impetus that craves the full expression of the inner man, the rafters rang.

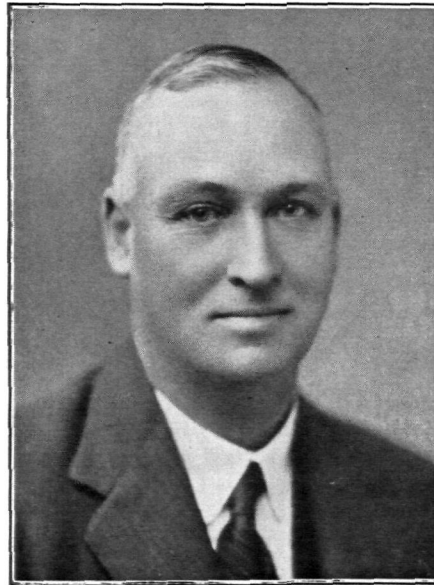
Clinically, we were not neglected. In the wards, sisters and residents, with infinite patience and consideration, gently led us through the difficult ways—"Wash your hands and feel for the cord"—while at the light and cheery tutorials of Dr. Gibson we were set to master the difficulties of the pregnant state. Dr. Bowman, as our surgical tutor, together with Drs. Chesterman and Dixon Hughes, made valiant attempts to instil into us the essentials of practical obstetrics.

For an admirable course, an interesting experience and a happy relaxation we will look back on Crown St. with respect and pleasure.

Crown Street Hospital.



H. C. DONOVAN, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



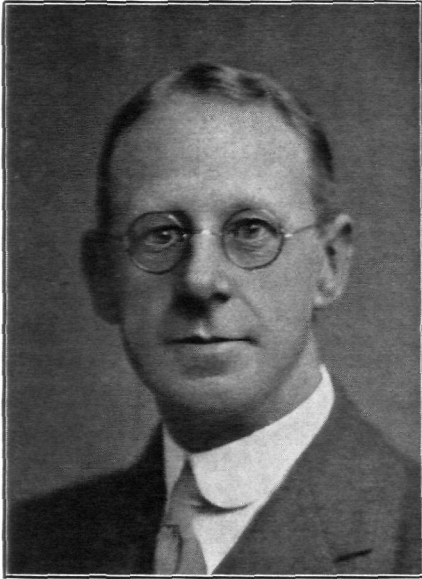
A. J. GIBSON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

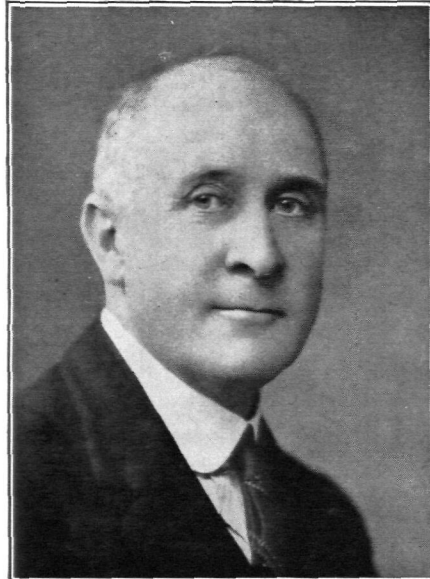
At "Kids" we were given the opportunity of studying children's diseases, which after all is not very surprising. However, in between times a quiet game of bridge could be relied on to clear away any cobwebs that may have accumulated during the time we spent in the wards, taking histories, or in the wake of our tutors.

The work really began in the early days of Fifth Year, when, at some unearthly hour, we were encouraged in a study of clinical pædiatrics by a series of lectures, medical and surgical, delivered by Dr. Hughes and Mr. Hipsley respectively. These paved the way for the bigger and better study in a later term, when in the surgical and medical wards, at out-patients, Quay St., or in the theatre, our tutors left no stone unturned to imbue us with right ideas concerning the inside workings of a child's peculiar pathology. We look back with gratitude on our associations with Dr. Hughes, ever kindly, ever helpful—especially in that Diet Kitchen—with Dr. Hipsley and his wisdom and consideration, with Drs. Dey, Dodds, Steigrad, Tait, Winning, Davis and Tidswell for their unsparing efforts and valuable instruction.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.



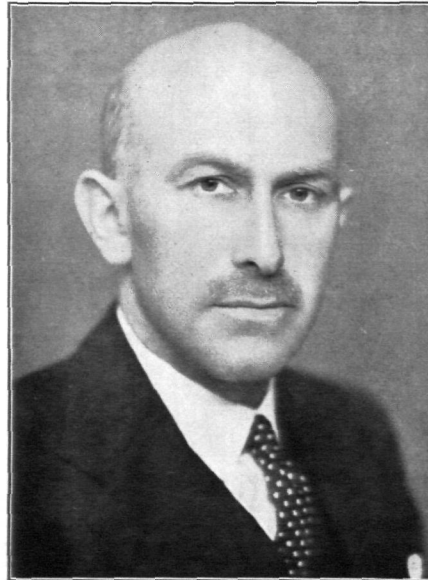
E. H. M. STEPHEN, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



P. L. HIPSLEY, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



LORIMER DODS, M.D., Ch.M., D.C.H.,
Lecturer in Medical Pædiatrics.



J. STEIGRAD, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Lecturer in Surgical Pædiatrics.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

THOMAS FRANCIS AHERN (St. Vincent's).

"Even the undertakers will be sorry when he is dead."—Confucius.

Toowoomba is responsible for sending us Frank, who, tall, dark and handsome, often causes a flutter among the nursing staff.

Frank knows most of the answers and his methodical application of his knowledge should do much to lower the future mortality figures.

Frank dabbles in tennis amongst many things, and is proud of his University Union Account.

PEGGY AND NANCY ANDERSON (Sydney).

*"An apple cleft in twain is not more twin
Than these two creatures."*

Shakespeare.

Petites and fair, the famous "mirror images" joined the Faculty from North Sydney High in 1935, and have continued to be a source of amazement and admiration among students and honoraries ever since.

Youthful in appearance, they have negotiated with enviable ease and lack of fuss, the examination hurdles, often being among the credits within a few marks of each other. Their marked resemblance has often caused much amusement with doctors no less than patients—even the eye specialists thought they had diplopia!—and it has taken six years for some to differentiate them, though to the initiated it is simple. Peg wears browns and greens, does her hair with a roll in front, and has an impish light in her eye, while Nan favours blues and greys, and is more serious-minded.

Of bright disposition and all-round popularity, their versatility is shown by their conscientious and thorough ward work, sketching, dressmaking and an infinite capacity for being late.

Tennis, golf, surfing and inter-'Varsity hockey are to be numbered in their sporting abilities, which are pursued with vigour and enthusiasm.

There is no doubt that the twins will continue their successes in the years to come. Best of luck, twins.

ROBIN F. G. ARNHEIM (Sydney).

"And all for love and nothing for reward."

This ex-member of various military detachments entered the 'Varsity in 1935 from North Sydney High School.

Rob's career throughout the course has been uneventful, and he has always been with us at the beginning of a new year. He has conscientiously attended rounds with his honorary and fellow students, but between wards oft-times we've wondered where he be.

A true disciple of Dr. Page, his cheerful smile and charming bedside manner have endeared him to nurses and patients alike. His presence has always been appreciated by his colleagues and we wish him the success he deserves.



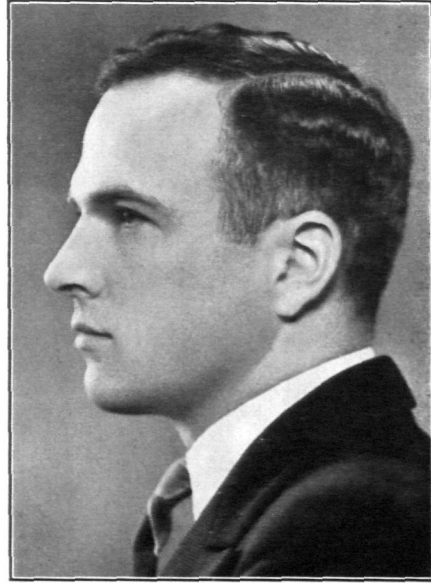
THOMAS FRANCIS AHERN



NANCY ANDERSON



PEGGY ANDERSON



ROBIN F. G. ARNHEIM

DAVID BRUCE ARNOTT (R.P.A.H.).

*"If music be the food of love
Play on, give me excess of it."*

Shakespeare.

Dave came to the 'Varsity in 1934 from Sydney High. Academically and socially he has proved himself, having fooled most of the examiners most of the time, and his personality having won him many friends.

His hobbies include music, Austins, and arguments; very often when he is expounding his views and recklessly flicking his cigarette ash all over his coat shoulder, one thinks of soap boxes.

We hope his keenness brings him every success in the future.

KENNETH ARCHIBALD BARR (St. Vincent's).

"Take her by the hand and tell her she is thine."

Greenbushes, W.A., claims the heavily moustached "Colonel" as a son. A name to be conjured with in G.P.S. sport, Kenny was in St. Joseph's Eight for three years and the XV for two years and the Combined G.P.S. XV.

Arriving at the University, sterner work claimed him after a season in the Reserve XV. Now nothing lights up the old warrior's eyes like a reference to his athletic heyday.

We understand that his armorial bearings include a thistle, a shamrock and a rose surgant from a jug.

Hobbies: The art of the *danse*, international politics, and military tactics as distinct from strategy.

IAN REYNOLDS BARRIE (R.P.A.H.).

*"He saith among the trumpets Ha! Ha! and he smelleth
the battle afar off."—Job.*

Efficient year representative and coordinator of our motley crew "Gadge", as he is familiarly known, has generously devoted much of his time to the Year's problems.

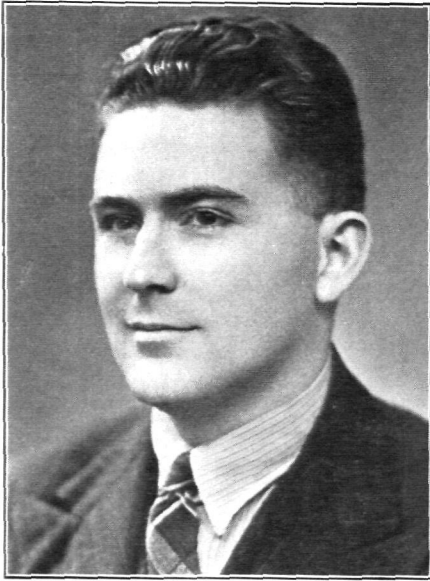
Briefly, he is a nicitinomane and athletic shizoid; characterized by gait and expression reminiscent of the equine species; noted for his peculiar telephone inflections, for the Barrie treatment of gynæcological pain, and for an ability to hear that mid-diastolic murmur inaudible to less inspired auscultators. He has a keen sense of responsibility and a fatherly manner which should come in handy later on.

THOMAS PATRICK GERARD BATEMAN (St. Vincent's).

"The Voice of the Mountains."

Tom arrived from Katoomba by way of St. Joseph's, and has since been domiciled at St. John's. A hard-working and keen student, he has very successfully blended the academic and non-academic. His quiet and friendly demeanour, his local reasoning have both earned him the respect of his colleagues.

Stroking the John's Eight to victory in 1937-38, he has also helped his college in football and cricket. Other extra-mural activities include social lime-lighting, L 2468, and driving a small coupé for someone. We extend him our congratulations on his recently announced engagement.



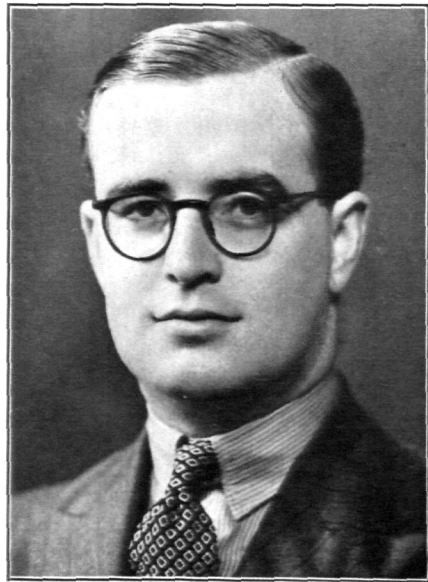
DAVID BRUCE ARNOTT



KENNETH ARCHIBALD BARR



IAN REYNOLDS BARRIE



THOMAS PATRICK GERARD BATEMAN

COLIN LESLIE BEAR (Sydney).

"This fellow's wise and full of labour."—Shakespeare.

This quiet and unassuming lad came to us from S.H.S. on an Exhibition and has maintained a high scholastic standard throughout the course.

Les's zeal for knowledge is always tempered by his innate caution—a combination which assures success.

Of his car, alas now defunct, we prefer to say little; to see him crank it was unforgettable.

Les is an ardent jazz fiend and an hour with Benny Goodman or "Fats" Waller represents heaven to him.

We are sure that Les will acquit himself creditably in the future.

PETER BERGER (R.P.A.H.).

Forsans et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

Peter graduated at Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, in 1935, and joined us in 1938 to do the final three years of our course through the medical wonderworld. Those who came to know him well have found an optimistic and serene nature and a ready wit. At University and hospital we will remember him as a serious and pleasant companion both at work and at leisure.

In his spare time—"publish it not in the streets of Askelon"—Peter sharpens his wits over crossword puzzles, while at chess he is a good loser. We all wish him success for the future.

PETER ORLEBAR BISHOP (R.P.A.H.)

*"One so various that he claimed to be
Within himself a full academy."*

After Dryden.

Peter came up from Barker in 1935, bringing with him a cheery personality and a long list of academic honours. To these latter he has added a credit or better in each successive year. Half-way through the course he developed neurological tendencies, which were later complicated by the appearance in the Journal under his name of treatises on the Nature of Consciousness and Truth. Each was evidence of his knowledge and industry.

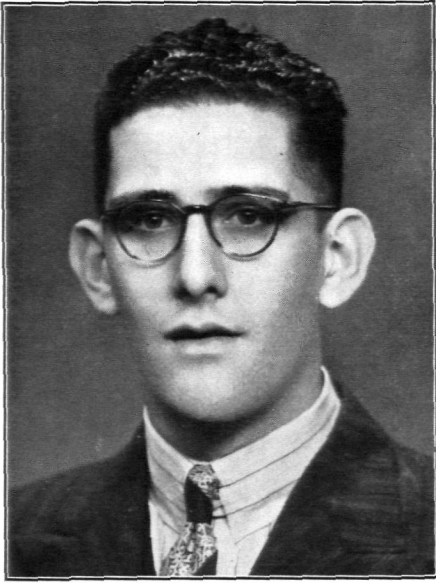
College Secretary at St. Paul's, Assistant Secretary, Football Club, and Vice-President of the Medical Society can be numbered among his extra-medical activities. To each and all of these he has applied a never-failing enthusiasm and ability which augur well for his career.

EDWARD ALLEN BOOTH (R.P.A.H.).

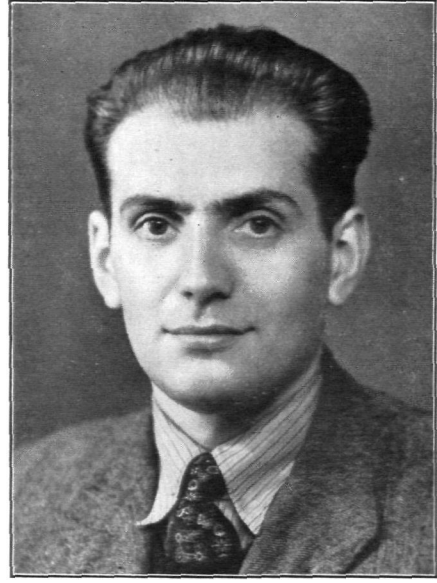
"The soul of music slumbers in thy shell."—Rogers.

Ted came to Medicine after seriously considering one of the lesser sciences. We are sure now that his choice was a wise one as he is a keen student and will make an able practitioner. A boon to his tutors, he can produce any instrument from a torch to a tape-measure, and his armamentarium is the envy of all.

A keen member of the University Choral Society, he is often seen with a cheery smile and a bundle of music under his arm, while at tennis he can hold his own.



COLIN LESLIE BEAR



PETER BERGER



PETER ORLEBAR BISHOP



EDWARD ALLEN BOOTH

IAN STANLEY BOOTH (Sydney).

Stan joined us from Scots College in '35, in spite of his oft-repeated desire to take up the more profitable line of a ham and beef shop.

His *affaires d'amour* have been greatly alleviated by the installation of two telephones in our quarters; this no doubt influenced him to return from his refuge at Broughton Hall.

In spite of the proximity of examinations, Stan still carries on in the same nonchalant way. This has always been a source of amazement to his colleagues. We all know his common sense and pleasing personality will gain him success.

DEREK CHRISTOPHER GORDON BRACKEN (St. Vincent's).

We first made the acquaintance of this cheerful personality in Fourth Year, and it did not take us long to appreciate his good fellowship and keen sense of humour, for his inimitable sense of the ridiculous has often proved a welcome antidote for depression.

There are many who value "Brack" as a friend, and though he has had more than his share of trouble, from appendicitis just before exams. to the ignoble German measles, we have never heard him complain, whilst ever ready with sympathy for the misfortunes of others.

Amongst his many accomplishments are noted his fame as a pædiatrician, exploits in an invalid chair, felling trees, and combing his hair on going to bed.

GORDON MARCUS BRODIE (Sydney).

"He loves to hear the little brook a'gurbling."—Gilbert.

"The little man with large blue eyes" joined us from Fort St.

Gordon has acquired a car. Having a passion for practical fundamentals, he spends his spare time making the wheels go round.

In the Old Med. School he was frequently to be seen offering libations at the feet of his namesake, Sir Benjamin. The habit of worshipping at similar shrines has stuck.

His recreations are playing hockey for the 'Varsity, a cunning game of tennis, and studying notice boards.

Wherever sound reason and technique are required, we can rest assured Gordon will be there.

BARBARA JOYCE BURFITT (R.P.A.H.).

*"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

Goldsmith.

Barbara came to us from Sacred Heart Convent, Rose Bay, and through the years at Medicine has achieved no little success.

Beneath a solemn exterior lies a fountain of fun and devilment which has entertained or distracted her companions in the hospitals. At the Royal she could usually be seen presiding over the teapot.

Always eager to begin a discussion on some obscure point in medicine, Barbara can often substantiate her point by quoting well known authorities (*et al.*).

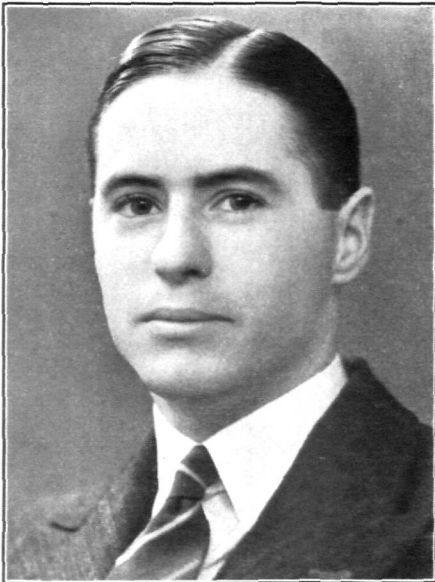
We feel sure that her real ability and cheerful nature will serve her well.



IAN STANLEY BOOTH



DEREK CHRISTOPHER GORDON BRACKEN



GORDON MARCUS BRODIE



BARBARA JOYCE BURFITT

CONSTANTINE PETER CALLAS (R.P.A.H.).

"They'd pay him for his play."—Shakespeare.

Having distinguished himself in the field of sport and the classics at Canterbury High, Con entered Medicine and has since proved himself an eager student in the halls of the great god Chance. Combining this love for the turn of Fortune's wheel with a nice ability to mix work and play to the benefit of both, the future seems assured. His extreme good nature, capacity for an effort when required, and a lucky habit of always falling on his feet will surely serve him well.

WILLIAM FREDERICK JAMES CAMMACK (R.P.A.H.).

*"A being breathing thoughtful breath . . .
The reason firm, the temperate will."*

Wordsworth.

Bill came up from Grammar in '35 with an Exhibition. Ever the quiet lad, beneath his unassuming manner lie hidden many sterling qualities, and those who know him well can testify to his thoughtful outlook, while he can always be relied upon to add a logical opinion to any discussion.

In the field, Bill is chiefly known for his hockey, having gained a "blue" in this. He has also played cricket; ranks tennis among his hobbies.

JAMES EDWARD GREY CHANNON (R.P.A.H.).

*"Why what a very singularly deep young man
This deep young man must be."*

Gilbert.

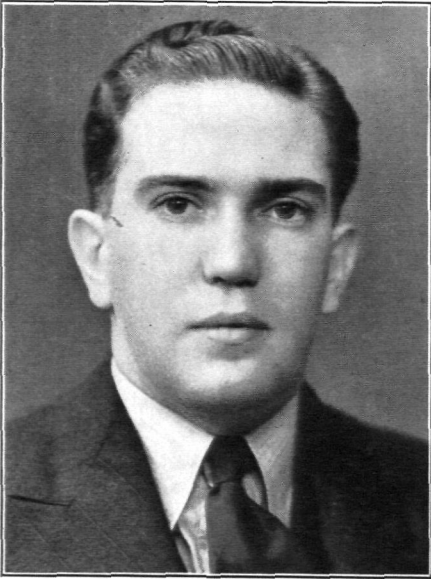
Grey came from Shore, and from the first showed great promise. No problem, whether it be philosophical, scientific or merely a question of a heart or a club, is too small to bring forth an idea, a theory, logical, brilliant and usually not in the least feasible. His mind, restless as the rolling sea, searches the avenues of learning and calls forth great enthusiasm. Always serious for the occasion, Grey can be a blithe and cheery soul and might be expected at any time to turn on a Spanish fan dance.

In his hands photography is an art and gardening a science, while on the court he'll take you to the déuce.

ERNEST FAVENC CHIN (Sydney)

Major exports of New Zealand include Canterbury lamb and "Paul" Chin—the one notoriously tender and the other physically tough. State and 'Varsity football blues and first-class proficiency at other sports too numerous to enumerate are more than sufficient evidence of his toughness.

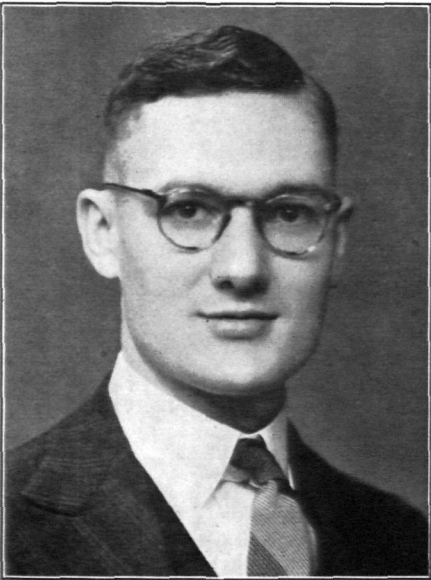
There are two major aspects to "Paul"—that of a staunch loyalty towards his friends, a solid application to his work and to things of more permanent importance; the other of refreshing enthusiasms which are as many as they are transient, revealing a most commendable *élan vital*.



CONSTANTINE PETER CALLAS



WILLIAM FREDERICK JAMES CAMMACK



JAMES EDWARD GREY CHANNON



ERNEST FAVENC CHIN

JACK COLCLOUGH (Sydney).
"God hath made man upright."

Jack entered Medicine from F.S.H.S. on an Exhibition, and immediately distinguished himself by topping First Year.

His cheery and effusive manner has gained him a wide circle of friends, while his "Tower of Pisa" gait has confounded scientists and clinicians and has raised doubts about the force of gravity. Jack is intensely interested in things physical, and without any provocation will expound for hours on circuits, valves, etc.

His powers of confabulation are well known, as many nurses can testify. "Cough-drop" deserves every success in the future.

JACK COLMAN (Sydney).

This cyclothyme originally came from Perth, and then commenced his medical course at Melbourne. He joined us in Third Year.

His habit of asking endless questions in a barbaric accent often has exhausted our patience.

Jack's zeal for work at Crown St. was amazing; his favourite prescription for dehydration was aqua p.r.n.

Those who know Jack value him as a staunch friend and will always remember him for his generous nature and infectious smile.

MICHAEL HARVEY COLYER, B.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).
"He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit."

K. Henry VI, Part I, Act IV, Sc. 7.

After gracing the benches of the Faculty of Science "Mick" decided that his great talents should be better employed in the study of Medicine.

His smiling countenance can be seen any morning cheering his patients with news of the latest diplomatic disasters. Being one of the prominent bridge players of the year, he gauges the day's fortunes on his lunch-time cards.

He is well known in the S.U.R. as the "popular" Sergeant-Major of "A" Coy., and it caused him great sorrow when the authorities thought he could serve his country better on the reserve list.

In his youthful days he distinguished himself as a rifle shot and by his ability in the ring.

LLOYD ANGUS COMMINS (Sydney).

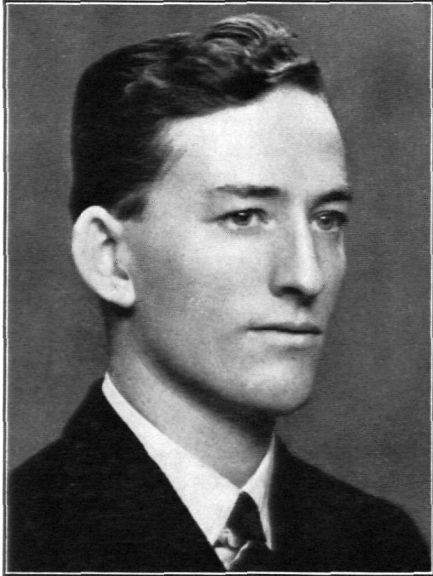
"In time the bull is brought to wear the yoke."—Thos. Watson.

Lloyd came to us from North Sydney High—a mere slip of a lad—and has been looking round ever since. Now he is the complete "man of affairs".

His proud carriage and infranasal neoplasm are the result of several years in the army.

In the field of sport he represented the 'Varsity at hockey, for which he gained his blue. Little is known of his other activities, but he does enjoy a party.

Lloyd, with all his energy and enthusiasm, should go far.



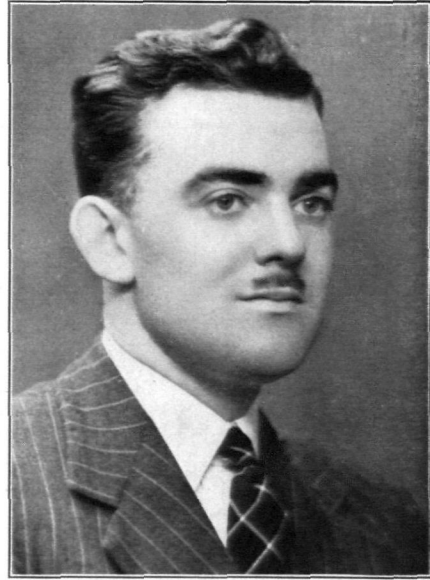
JACK COLCLOUGH



JACK COLMAN



MICHAEL HARVEY COLYER, B.Sc.



LLOYD ANGUS COMMINS

JOHN J. CONNOLLY (St. Vincent's).

"The mirror of fashion and the glass of form."—Hamlet.

"Blue" came to the University after sampling the delights of Riverview, and immediately made his mark as a footballer of note and a dabbler in tennis, cricket, swimming and cake-eating.

At all times has displayed great sartorial taste and elegance, and after resisting strenuous appeals from a large city firm, now reigns supreme as the "Esquire" of S.V.H.

We have found his glowing exterior an index of the man within, and with his gynæcological leanings (or in spite of them) he should go far.

EDWARD HARVARD CRANSWICK (R.P.A.H.).

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."—Hamlet.

Unbounded energy, nakedness, unconventionality and incontinent laughter, staccato speech.

Practical joker, and more often "the jacker jacked". Balletomaniac.

A convenient "Grandma". Leftist tendencies, alcoholophobia. Athlete, shot putter and player of field games.

A voracious bookworm, linguist with an international outlook, now absorbed in psychiatric plethora.

An active member of S.R.C. and Medical Society.

ELIZABETH LAUN DEGOTARDI (R.P.A.H.).

"She is a marvellous good neighbour."

Betty entered the faculty from Hornsby High School, and has cleared all hurdles safely, with several credits to her name.

Her bright smile and easy manner in the wards make her an easy confidant with the patients, but with her clinical ability little in the way of plums in the medical world escapes her—except occasionally twins.

When not working, Betty may be found industriously "purling and plaining" or, in lighter vein, revelling in the murky depths of "thrillers".

We feel sure she will continue her past successes in November.

BASIL DIETHELM (St. Vincent's).

"Full many a glorious sunrise have I seen."—Shakespeare.

Coming from Sydney High in 1935, "Patch" soon attained that popularity accorded to those possessing much friendliness and charm of manner.

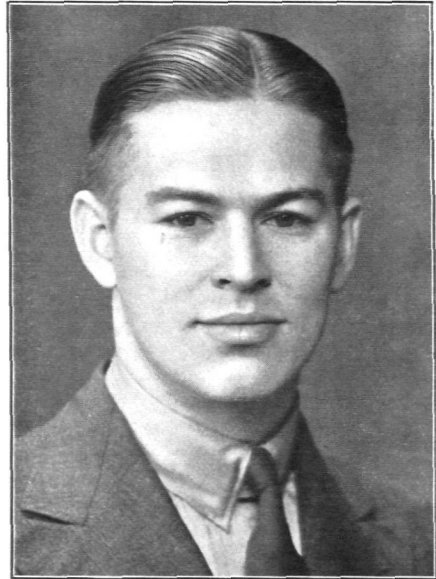
Although advised to "go out more and work less", his career has been above the average, and he has managed to shed lustre on stately halls other than those of the seat of learning.

When clinical arguments have waxed hot, "Patch" has often been able to bring his natural reasonableness to bear with an unflinching grasp of the essential, and this, together with a certain innate elegance, we feel has marked him out for a happy future.

Amongst his many interests may be included Prince's, morning tea on railway stations, surfing, tennis and glandular fever.



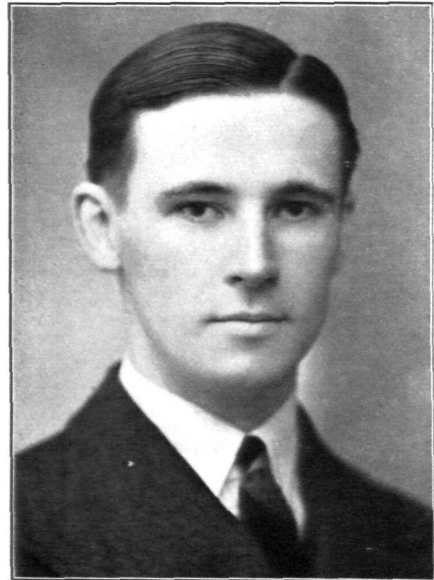
JOHN J. CONNOLLY



EDWARD HARVARD CRANSWICK



ELIZABETH LAUN DEGOTARDI



BASIL DIETHELM

RAYMOND LINDSAY DOUGLAS (R.P.A.H.).

"The old customs are the good customs."

A country lad, hailing from Tamworth, Lindsay never shows a trace of "examination neurosis". Quiet, unassuming and conscientious by nature, he is withal a cheerful soul.

A willing listener, he provides a ready kerb-side audience for your wildest theories, and when you are done he'll point out every fallacy.

During his leisure moments (which are few) he is interested in amateur wireless transmitting, photography and also manages to play tennis in the week-ends.

An enthusiastic student, he approaches his work with the mildness of a lamb, yet with the appetite of a wolf, and will launch out shortly on what promises to be a very successful career.

LESLIE CRITCHLEY DUNLOP (Sydney).

Having tired of being an oil magnate for six years, Les decided to start his medical career in 1935.

He is an expert with a squeeze box, which, by the way, we have not heard; has a girl friend we have not seen; goes on fishing excursions to which we have never been invited, and does most of his studying before the cock crows.

A noteworthy feature of his career has been his quiet manner and the industrious way in which he works. We are sure he will succeed.

REAY IGNATIUS EAKIN (St. Vincent's).

From the North Coast and Riverview, Reay came to the University armed with an Exhibition, since consolidated with Honours and the Bacteriology Prize. Known as "the big fair fellow who knows everything", he seems to know the answer to most clinical problems, whilst his coolness and readiness to stand his ground in all situations have on many occasions won our admiration.

All who know Reay count his friendship a privilege, and apart from those academic distinctions rightfully his, his popularity amongst staff and patients alike is an index of his future success.

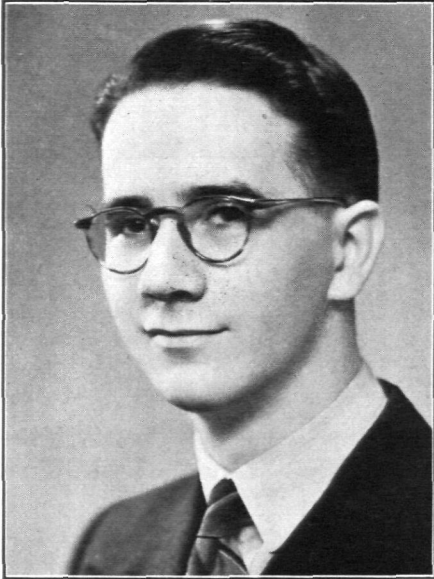
Hobbies include tea with the honoraries, racing, ankle-jerk machines, fishing, anecdote and mysterious disappearances.

JACK RAYMOND ELLIOTT, B.Sc. (Sydney).

"Little man, what now?"

This versatile member of our faculty joined us after a very varied career. Having studied Pharmacy, during which time he played first-grade League for the University, Jack practised for some years as a druggist. Later he returned to the 'Varsity and was successful in obtaining his B.Sc. Still seized with the desire for knowledge, he entered a chosen profession and joined us in Second Year.

Finding that he had some spare time, he joined the ranks of the Benedicts. We now believe he is raising peas and flowers, as well as a family. All the best, Jack.



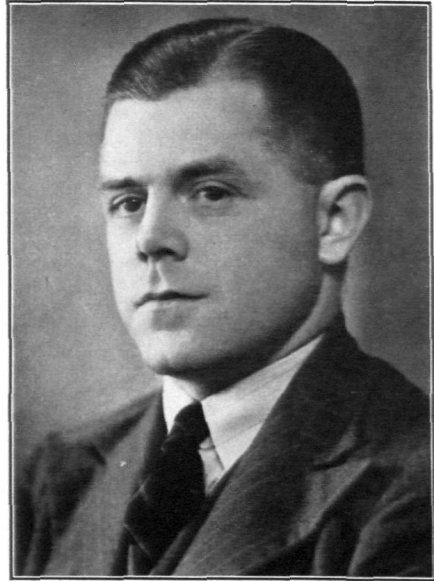
RAYMOND LINDSAY DOUGLAS



LESLIE CRITCHLEY DUNLOP



REAY IGNATIUS EAKIN



JACK RAYMOND ELLIOTT, B.Sc.

GERALD FIELD (Sydney).

Coming from Leeds as a white-haired boy, Gerry graduated from S.H.S. and entered our ranks as an exhibitor.

At first shy and retiring, and noted for a blush which spread from ear to ear, he has now developed the true medical sang-froid, the adequate stimulus now being restricted to the inoffensive pro.

His classical tastes include hamburgers, D.D.'s (not D.T.'s) and "hot" swing; at any time he may burst into a wild series of clonic jerks, which can be stopped immediately by turning off the radio!

Popular with all, Gerry's chief assets are a sense of humour and a cheery grin.

DONALD LOGIER MURRAY FINLAY (R.P.A.H.).

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."—Shakespeare.

This lad already shows signs of that pleasant rotundity of mind and body which will doubtlessly characterize his later years.

He came to the University from Sydney Grammar School, where he had a moderately successful career, and this record he has neither improved nor impaired. He works little and plays much; his sports are football and rowing. From the former he collected a broken leg, from the latter a "blue". His virtues don't interfere with his pleasures. His faults are those necessary for a pleasant life. He is a *bon viveur* and has an unrivalled capacity for making any woman over forty feel that she is young again.

SINCLAIR ELWYN FINLAY (R.P.A.H.).

"He sickened of all triumphs but his own."

Surviving an attempted strangulation in early life, he grew to manhood nourished on lettuce leaves and salad dressing. To this the writer attributes his amazing precocity, for at ten years his cheeks had lost their boyish down. No twentieth century Johnson, he; this modern Boswell would describe him as "a vain carpet knight" who inclines to place the heart before the course, with excellent results. In his time he has trod the primrose path bare, and in so doing has become sensitive to the Juniper berry. Pensive, perceptive, sometimes witty, but never compassionate, S.E.'s contribution to civilization has been nil.

ARTHUR NOEL BERKELEY FITZHARDINGE (R.P.A.H.).

"Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard."—Shakespeare.

After having done his earlier training at "Bart's", Noel joined us in Fourth Year and went into residence at Paul's.

With him came his philosophy of the wisely idle; happiness, he might have said, is the ability to co-operate with the inevitable. With this co-operation, Noel is a very happy man. In the same "blithe spirit" he considers examinations as obstacles only after he had passed them.

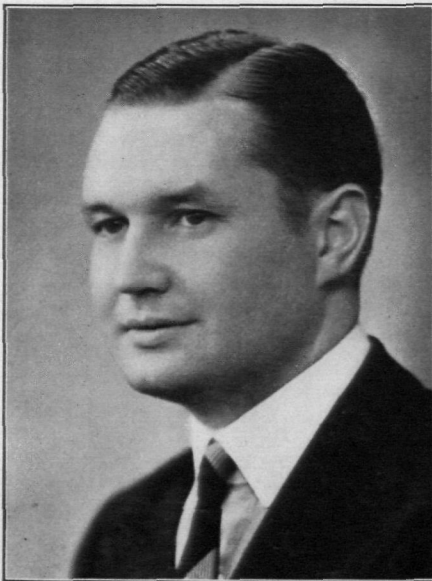
Though nothing worries him, he is no languid ascetic; he likes the good things of life as well as the next man. Amongst others, he has his Wagner, his *Ballet Russe*, and his beloved Bondi, and with all a baby's misdirected zeal he launches himself into the wildest escapades. He enjoys life.



GERALD FIELD



DONALD LOGIER MURRAY FINLAY



SINCLAIR ELWYN FINLAY



ARTHUR NOEL BERKELEY FITZHARDINGE

JUSTIN PAUL FLEMING (St. Vincent's).

"Hail to thee blithe spirit."—Shelby.

Hailing from Goulburn and C.B.C., Waverley, Justin breezed up to the 'Varsity, where a rather carrying voice, later traced to our "Gussie", gave the first hint of his presence. From then on no "Undergrads." was complete without its dynamic bundle of rhythm in the shape of our Svelte "jitterbug".

At first a gay and agreeable companion, we later found him expounding much wisdom at bedside councils—often with no little heat and an abundance of gesture.

In argument a stimulating opponent, his good nature and humour have always added zest to the sincere, if ever changing, views of this mercurial being.

His hobbies include no mean golfing proficiency, "swing", psychiatry, the piano, moonlight fishing and levies.

JOHN WILLIAM FOLLENT (R.P.A.H.).

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

In 1935, ex Bowral High, Johnnie was born into Medicine. Since then he has learnt many things, notably not to be caught napping by twins, and to beware of the disastrous effects of giving long odds on a game of patience.

Hobbies are various and many, ranging from acting as lifting jack for a baby car to playing the piano and saxophone (no, not at the same time).

Those who have been fortunate enough to count him as a friend have no doubt that he will be much appreciated as a medico in later life.

STEPHEN DENIS FOLEY (St. Vincent's).

This elongated stretch of humanity came from Riverview, and with his notable sense of humour, boundless energy and happy philosophy, he has become quite a personality in the faculty. As a boxer, cricketer, soldier and scholar he has excelled, and of recent years has blossomed into a harried but efficient Year Rep. Whether cajoling us for "ten bob for notes", trying to stimulate a tardy group or pacifying an honorary, he is still the same inimitable Steve.

On the lighter side he has a love for surreptitious squash, unorthodox shark fishing and beach sprinting under duress of conscience—in which he assures us he was a trier.

Special hobby: telling, and demonstrating, stories.

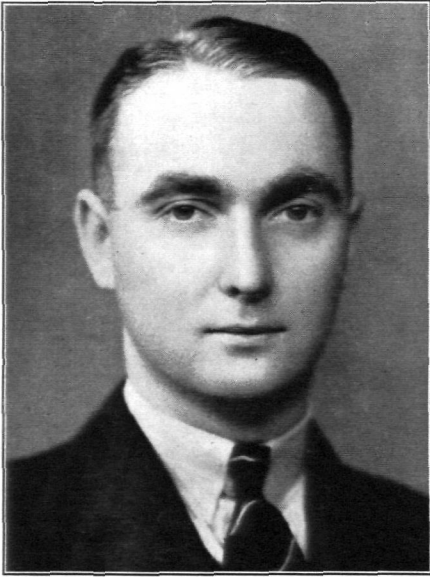
EDWARD WINSTONE FRESHNEY (R.P.A.H.).

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."—Montaigne.

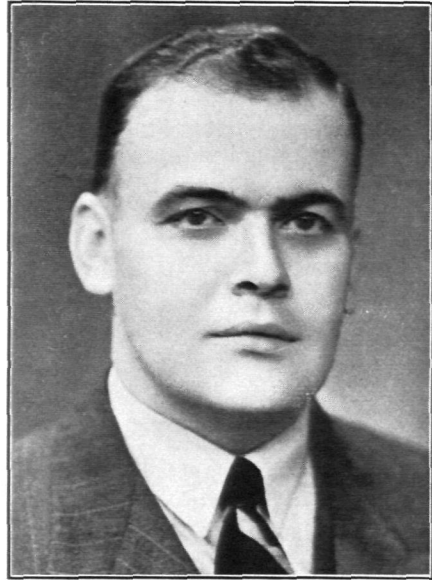
From Toowoomba Grammar School, Ted entered Medicine and joined us in '36. He is a resident at St. Andrew's College, where he has become a notable exponent of competitive swimming.

Known as "Legs" to his friends, Ted is a keen participant in the social life of the 'Varsity, and in academic sphere has satisfied examiners repeatedly with remarkable skill and eloquence.

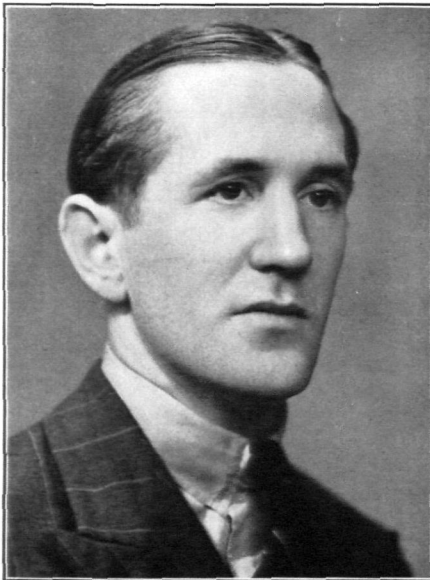
He possesses among lesser virtues the happy knack of making acquaintances and then turning them into firm friends. We can with confidence expect a successful future for Ted.



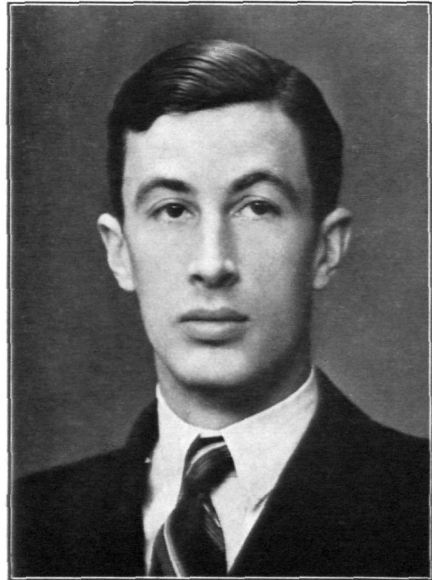
JUSTIN PAUL FLEMING



JOHN WILLIAM FOLLENT



STEPHEN DENIS FOLEY



EDWARD WINSTONE FRESHNEY

JOHN M. GARVAN (St. Vincent's).

"How sleep'st so sound."

John entered Medicine from C.B.C., Waverley, with an Exhibition and has continued to achieve distinctive success.

After reaching Fourth Year he became the true student, combining study with sport and pleasure to the greater benefit of himself, his work and his friends.

Although painstaking in his clinical work, he fails sometimes "to see signs as others see them", but this should "bayer" him no harm.

His quiet but cheery nature has made him a friend of all, and we wish him "all the best" for the future.

Plays an excellent game of tennis, but bad bridge.

CLAUDE LAMB GIBBONS (St. Vincent's).

"He could never hate properly, it's a confounded nuisance."—Galsworthy.

Claude entered the University in 1935 from C.B.C., Waverley, where he had excelled in all branches of sport and had been no mean scholar. He continued his sporting activities at the 'Varsity, especially football, till Fourth Year, which he then wisely forsook for his studies. Passing all his exams. successively, he has shown himself as a keen observer in clinical medicine. His extra-mural activities include tennis and photography and, when the occasion warrants its, patting little dogs on the head.

EDWARD JOHN TREVOR GIBLIN (Sydney).

"He argued high, he argued low."—Gilbert.

A "classical" education at North Sydney and a sufficient amount of work during the first three years of Medicine, equipped Ted well for his debut at Sydney Hospital in Fourth Year. Since then he has earned a reputation for his clinical acumen, and patients think "the sun shines from his eyes". A "differential diagnosis" for anything at all is welcomed as a mental exercise. A flair for obscure diagnoses, plus an innate obstinacy (due to an Irish ancestry), makes for stimulating, if somewhat heated, discussions on occasions.

Ted wields a tennis racket "as well as most", and is still keen to break the century at golf. His general personality and clinical ability should take him far in the medical world.

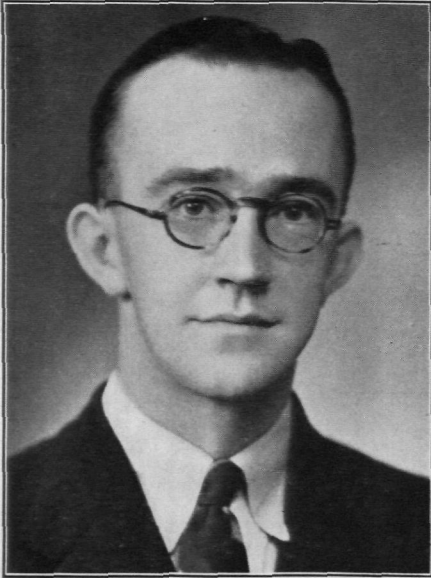
LESLIE ELMO GOLDSMITH (R.P.A.H.).

"All through the night."

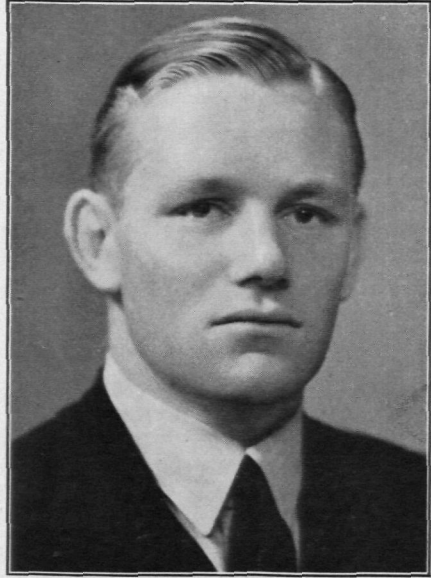
Having completed his schooling at Wagga High School, and leading the life of a rural gentleman for some time, Les decided that his future lay in the channels of the medical profession. He thereupon proceeded to make his mark by playing inter-'Varsity tennis in his First Year—a practice which he has kept up ever since, eventually becoming Captain of the Tennis Club.

In spite of his full sporting life, Les has found ample time for the academic side, and his name is invariably seen twice in the annual results.

This, combined with his sincerity of purpose, will assure him of a prominent place in the finals to come and life afterwards.



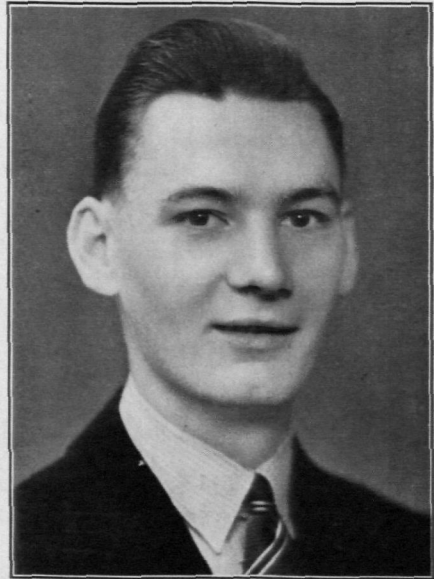
JOHN M. GARVAN



CLAUDE LAMB GIBBONS



EDWARD JOHN TREVOR GIBLIN



LESLIE ELMO GOLDSMITH

DAVID LINDSAY GRAHAM (R.P.A.H.)

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver."—Shakespeare.

Possessor of an inexhaustible wit, and pastmaster of the *bon mot*, Dave is never without a yarn to spin. A twinkle in the eye and "Have you heard this one?", and he is at it again.

He is an active, alert and out-of-doors chap. He plays rather a decent brand of cricket for Andrew's, but in winter has a bad habit of being carried off the football field in semi-comatose condition. An enthusiastic bushman, he has many a tale to tell of expeditions into the wild and little known parts of the State, has a taste for good music and other forms of beauty.

FRANCIS BERTRAM HALLIDAY (R.P.A.H.).

*"Who ever with an earnest soul
Strives for some end from this low world afar."*—Lytton.

Frank is a quiet, serious chap who came to us from Knox. A son of the founder of the Eye Department at R.P.A.H., he, however, denies any strong partiality for ophthalmology. Rather will he be remembered for the way he used to "dwell" on his patients at the Royal and with sympathy tempered with discipline exhort them to labour and good works.

A resident at Wesley, he has represented the College in Rawson Cup events, and is known for his epicurean insistence on absolute decorum at meal times. With his serious manner and steady-going ways, we can recommend Frank as the old ideal of a family physician, and wish him every success.

EDGAR JOHN HARDCASTLE (R.P.A.H.).

*"A man of brawn and might,
As ready for a frolic as a fight."*—Chaucer.

John joined our faculty after a spectacular career at Scots, and, using St. Andrew's College as a centre for operations, he quickly became popular with collegians and others both on the sports field and off it, being a speedy three-quarter in the First XV, and also holding the position of Vice-Captain.

A big man in all ways, his hearty laugh, with his good mixing propensities, makes him an outstanding social success.

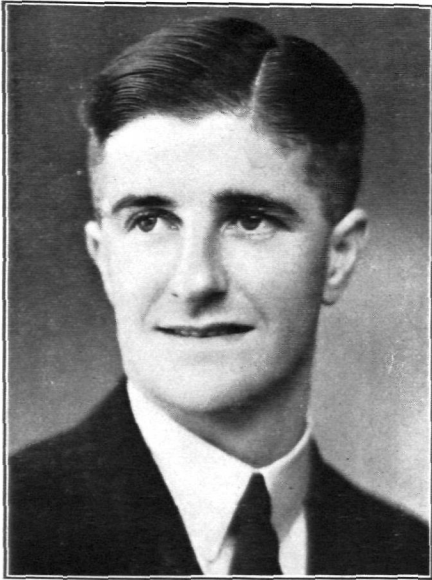
In summer, if not found disporting himself on the sands, he is to be found "cracking a boomer" at Newport.

We hope he will overcome his difficulties in November as successfully as he has "bridged" those met in former years.

RICHARD LALOR HARRIS (R.P.A.H.).

"Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises."—Horace, Epistles I, iv.

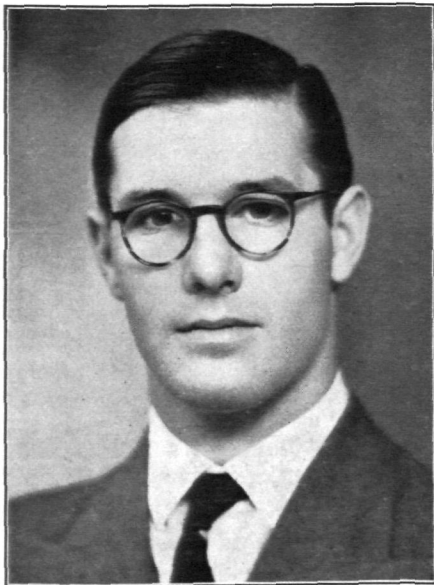
Obviously Public School and Paul's, Dick has led an unruffled and distinguished career, culminating in his election as Senior Student of his college and a Vice-President of the Medical Society. He has the sagacity and portliness needed to judge public opinion and to preside at meetings. He is an excellent after-dinner speaker and between-courses *raconteur*. No one is better at saying the right thing—and doing it. He looks the squire and proves a very, very genial host. He will be a fine embodiment of his ideal of a G.P., and will, we hope, avoid the pitfalls of politics to which country doctors are prone.



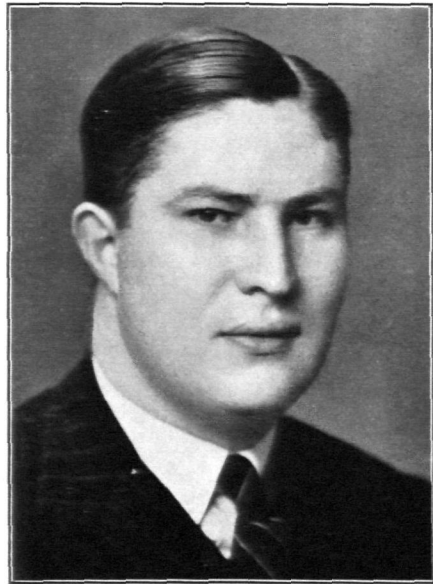
DAVID LINDSAY GRAHAM



FRANCIS BERTRAM HALLIDAY



EDGAR JOHN HARDCASTLE



RICHARD LALOR HARRIS

LOUIS LESLIE HARRIS (R.P.A.H.).

*"Thy spirit Independence, let me share.
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare."*—Smollett.

The most striking things about Louis are his capacity for work, his intolerance for stupidity, and his startling statements. No man for half-measures. Whatever he undertakes he pursues to its logical conclusion, as all who were with him at the Royal well know. To hear him banging the dinner-table is at least temporarily more convincing than the subtlest casuistry. At bridge he amazes us with his psychic bids, but what is more amazing is the frequency with which he gets away with it.

A likeable fellow, wherever he goes the small children adore him, and at O.P.D. or the Royal do the hearts of little girls beat fast at his approach.

SHERWOOD ARTHUR HORSMAN (Sydney).

*"I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moon's sphere."*—Shakespeare.

At intervals this bright comet pursues his erratic way across our peaceful firmament. A toothy grin, a voice upraised in vociferous argument, and we are aware that Arthur is in our midst.

Volatile and versatile, his accomplishments include a knowledge of French and the invention of a coffee machine.

An abiding hatred of suffering and misfortune gives him one of the greatest attributes of the humane physician.

CHARLES BURGOYNE HUDSON (Sydney).

*"We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil."*

Charles embraced Medicine after a distinguished football, athletic and (alas!) debating career at Shore.

Much combined effort was needed to overcome his conscientious objections to interference with his dissecting activities, but soon he learnt to appreciate the many other worth-while aspects of 'Varsity life.

At Sydney, as a foundation member of the exclusive Organic Block, he vigorously opposed the Functionalists. His zeal and energy in the wards are only equalled by his strenuous efforts on the tennis or squash court to preserve his contours within approximately normal limits.

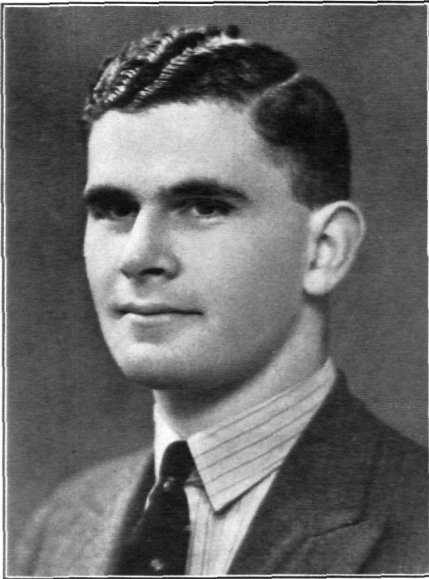
LAURENCE STUART HUGHES (R.P.A.H.).

"His father's sword he has girded on."

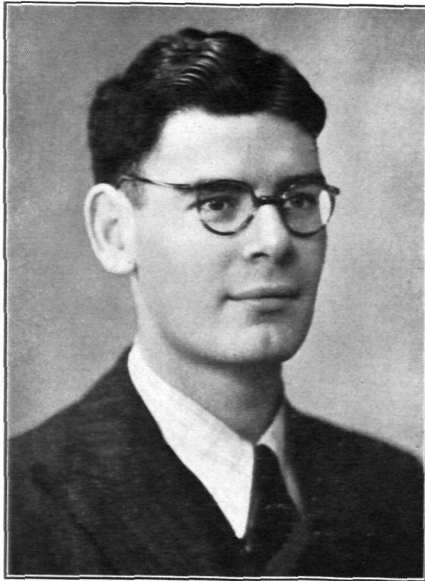
Larry came to us from Grammar, his chief claims to fame being his unflinching good humour, and a mass of flaxen hair, combined with a taste for rare wines. On the debit side, however, is a series of startling secondary contract bids.

His hobbies are wide and varied, and include all forms of literature, a wide acquaintance with famous tenors and a keen interest in politics and all forms of sport. He represented the 'Varsity at baseball in his younger days.

Larry's enthusiasm and aptitude in his work and his popularity with colleagues and patients assure him success in his chosen profession.



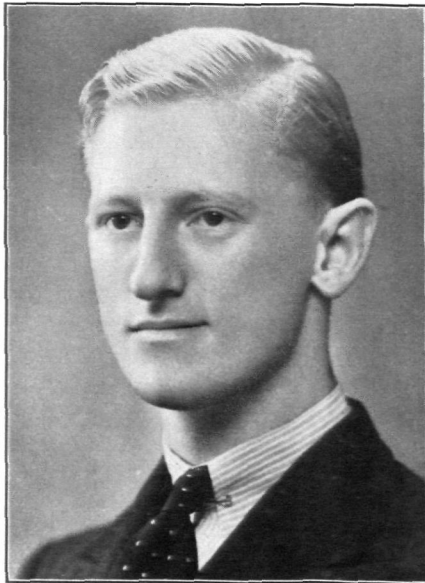
LOUIS LESLIE HARRIS



SHERWOOD ARTHUR HORSMAN



CHARLES BURGOYNE HUDSON



LAURENCE STUART HUGHES

MARGARET INGLIS (R.P.A.H.).

"Stillness of person and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding."—Holmes.

Teddy came from P.L.C., Pymble, to the Women's College in 1935, and last year represented the women on the Medical Society.

Her most characteristic traits are conservatism, rigid adherence to principle, and a doubtful memory for things other than work (Well, Meggsie, what are trumps?).

As well as her undoubted clinical ability, she has shown a decided flair for College Dramatics.

Favourite recreation: Tennis. Other diversions: Sleeping, grand opera in the shower, entertaining Fourth Years.

GEOFFREY W. JASPER (R.P.A.H.).

"Lusty young and cheerly drawing breath."—Richard II.

Geoff is one of those strong, but not so silent, men. By means of shot-putting he has developed muscles "as strong as iron bands". Unfortunately, he found "the large and sinewy hands" which go with the above-mentioned muscles, quite an obstacle when he came to obstetrics. Geoff believes in learning medicine at the bedside, and is to be seen every morning in one or another of the wards.

Always of a cheerful nature, he has a greeting for everyone, and his deep and hearty laugh is as well known as Geoff himself is welcome.

JAMES WINSTON KENT (R.P.A.H.).

*"Kent: 'Sir, 'tis my nature to be plain
An honest mind and plain, he must speak the truth.'"*

James came from Parramatta High with an Exhibition and Bursary. He soon showed that he is one who will practise his profession with high ideals and no mean skill. His indomitable courage and persuasive powers should carry him far.

Residing at Wesley College, he has distinguished himself as a wicket-keeper, and as the soul of friendliness. His hobbies include golf, tennis, angling and music.

His vices are few and peculiar: growing a blonde moustache, noise-making, and knowing too much, or, rather, making folk drink deep and long from his fountain of knowledge.

As Jimmy wishes everyone well, so we wish him good luck!

MARIE KILLINGWORTH (R.P.A.H.).

"Music is the key to a woman's heart."—Seume.

After topping the Leaving list at St. George, this willowy red-head turned her attention to Medicine.

But not all of it. For K'Worth is well known for her ability to recognize Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in all forms, and her passion for the ballet is equalled only by her enthusiasm for string quartets, even after midnight.

Within her group she is famous for marathon bathing of babies and a weakness for the Royal's nursery.

Favourite pastimes: "leaping around" the Women's College, entertaining visitors, and rash bidding at bridge.



MARGARET INGLIS



GEOFFREY W. JASPER



JAMES WINSTON KENT



MARIE KILLINGWORTH

SAMUEL LACKEY (R.P.A.H.).

"Oh for a horse with wings."—Shakespeare.

After an uneventful labour, Fort Street sent Sammy into the joys of University life. Since his arrival he has made his way very surely, and in his own inimitable fashion through the pitfalls that beset us.

A keen picture-goer, his knowledge of the film world is the admiration of his colleagues. His other recreations include billiards and cards (of both of which he is no mean exponent) and a tendency to dabble with the sport of kings.

Possessed of one of the driest wits in the faculty, together with a fine thoroughness in his work, Sammy will go far in his profession.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER LEVENTHAL (R.P.A.H.).

"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues."—Fuller.

A man of many parts: sprinter grown rotund with the passing of the years; prominent in athletic circles.

Able holder of the Society's purse-strings for several years; now Vice-President.

Prosecutor renowned for his uro-genital masterpiece; famed for creating many a delightful moment by saying the wrong thing at the right time; ardent conversationalist; foot-twiddler and tongue contortionist. A joy to babies—pædiatrics his sphere; success assured.

ROBERT DUNCAN MACBETH (Sydney).

"A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come."—Shakespeare.

At Shore, Mac acquitted himself well as scholar, shot-putter and prefect. He was a keen but broad-minded crusader, and while at the 'Varsity has continued along the same philosophical lines. He has applied himself energetically to his work and, at hospital, was one of the outstanding members of the Organic Block, until he deserted to the Functionalists, among whom he has been researching into the phenomena associated with hand-washing manias.

We feel sure his deep understanding of human nature will be of real help to his future patients.

JOHN CRANSTOUN McINERNEY (St. Vincent's).

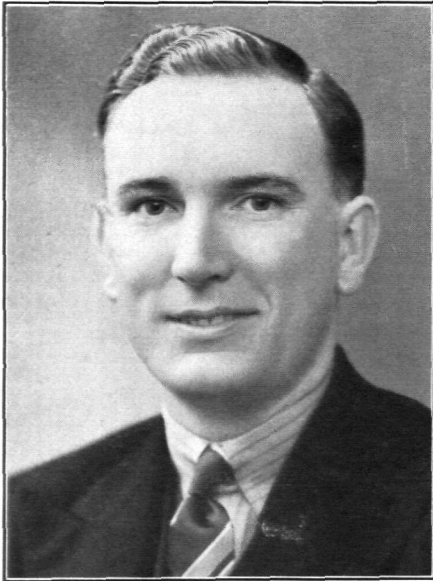
*"Here I see the boots in order—'lastic sides' we used to wear,
With a pair of 'everlastins' cracked and dusty here and there."*

From "St. Pat's", Goulburn, Mac arrived as a tall tousled-haired country boy, leaving a fine athletic and football record at school and bringing with him an Exhibition. Life at "John's" still kept him tousled-haired, but broadened his outlook, whilst a few years in the crew broadened his shoulders still more.

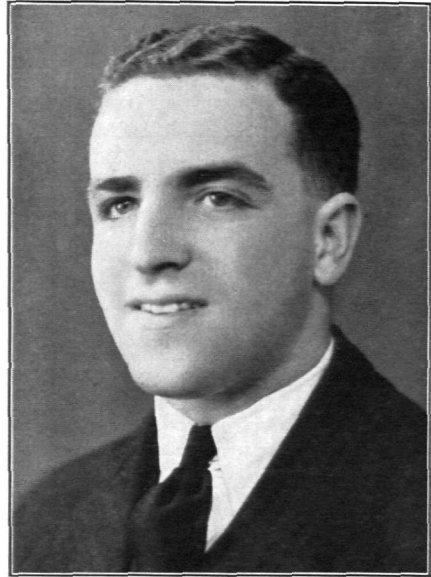
Generous to a fault, Mac would give away his shirt to help somebody; yet, like Goldsmith's "Man in Black", only his friends know it.

With his insatiable desire for reading, he is noted for his clarity of thought and logical reasoning.

Hobbies: canoeing down the Shoalhaven, forensic medicine, ye nutte browne ale, military strategy, and elastic-sided boots.



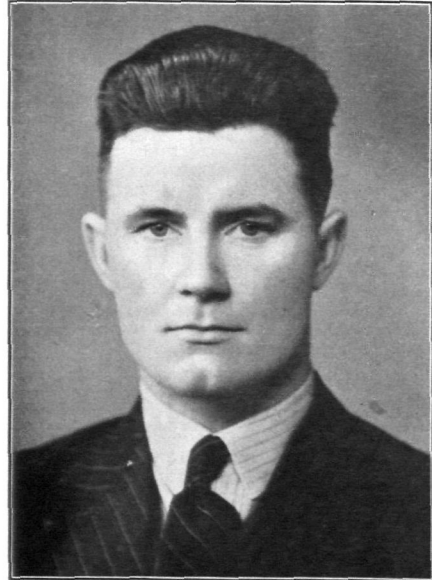
SAMUEL LACKEY



WILLIAM ALEXANDER LEVENTHAL



ROBERT DUNCAN MACBETH



JOHN CRANSTOUN McINERNEY

HENRY IAN MCKENZIE (Sydney).

"Rest, rest perturbed spirit."—Hamlet.

After an early career in the S.U.R. and a very much shorter one as a boxer, Mac decided to abandon these activities and concentrate with feverish activity on his academic life. We have been unable to decide whether the abandonment of these interests or the very strong extra-mural influence helped him to overcome the early obstacles in his course.

However, when the sheep are separated from the goats, we feel sure that Mac, with his conscientious, limitless supply of energy, and his strong family ties, will be rewarded.

WILLIAM WOTHERSPOON McLAREN (Sydney).

"99% of all that is said is unnecessary."—Wm.W.McL., with apologies.

Commencing life in Cowra, Wm.W.McL. came from the bush to start life in the city as a medical student. He spent two and a half years in residence at St. Andrew's College, where he was mistaken, temporarily, for a theologian.

A conscientious student and sound clinician, his friends expect much of him as a physician.

Will has a liver; but beneath a dour exterior lies a keen, if dry, sense of humour. His droll aphorisms lighten all his conversation.

His intimates know him to be a gentleman, a staunch friend and kind to animals.

EWEN GARTH McQUEEN (R.P.A.H.).

"The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."—Carlyle.

He entered the University from The King's School with an Exhibition and passed the successive years of Medicine with Honours. Hockey and tennis passed away the spare time. He disappears for weeks at a time during the year—to military camps. He has a full-blooded tenor voice, used on the slightest provocation—or even none. The original boy scout in long pants.

CESKA MAXINE McSHANE (Sydney).

*"Wearing all that weight of learning
Lightly like a flower."*

Tennyson.

Stepping off from North Sydney High School, Ceska has arrived at Final Year with the little red book in her hand and a smile in her eye. Her vivacity and sympathetic nature have made her a favourite in the wards, where she is an enthusiastic exponent of the therapeutic value of rest, sedation and Marmite *ad lib*. A sincere concern for the well-being of the patients has made her a thorough and conscientious clinical clerk.

Characteristically the pre-examination days usher in for Ceska the mental symptoms of a transient anxiety neurosis. We, who are no longer deceived by her pessimistic forebodings, pronounce the prognosis excellent.



HENRY IAN McKENZIE



WILLIAM WOTHERSPOON McLAREN



EWEN GARTH McQUEEN



CESKA MAXINE McSHANE

STEPHEN GRAHAM MALLARKY (R.P.A.H.).

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Better known to his College mates as the Count, Stephen hails from the Blue Mountains.

Having matriculated from Sydney Grammar, he entered Wesley College as a shy, unassuming lad with an almost impenetrable reserve; the passage of time has moulded Steve so that he has emerged with a rare turn of wit which appears at the proper time and with an economy of words that is positively amazing. To those who have had the pleasure of long association with him, he is a man who will go far, make many friends, and lead a happy and useful life.

HUGH ERNEST MARSDEN (R.P.A.H.).

*"A man, he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."*

Dark, slim and immaculate, Hugh is known to all for his cheery friendliness, his understanding outlook and his preoccupation for sporting with Amaryllis in the shade.

His cool methodical work and sympathetic manner have served him well in laboratory and ward, while in the field we understand he sits a horse as part of the beast. Add to this a curious zeal for hiking, fishing, bathing babies, and wandering round Prince Alfred Hospital in his pyjamas, together with a steady increasing knowledge of Russian syntax.

ADRIAN GRENFELL MOFFITT (R.P.A.H.).

*"In the dens of Grind and Heartbreak, in the streets of Never-Rest,
I have lost the scent and colour and the Music of the West;*

Henry Lawson.

Known to all as "Tiger" Moffitt—so named partly because of the smile on the face, and partly because of his combination of external meekness with internal strength. For the last two years he has been Senior Student at Wesley College, where he has spent his undergraduate days. During his stay in College he has proved himself a good student, a wise, just office-bearer, and a hard-tackling footballer; his cricket, too, is not unworthy of one who breathed, with McCabe, his early air at Grenfell.

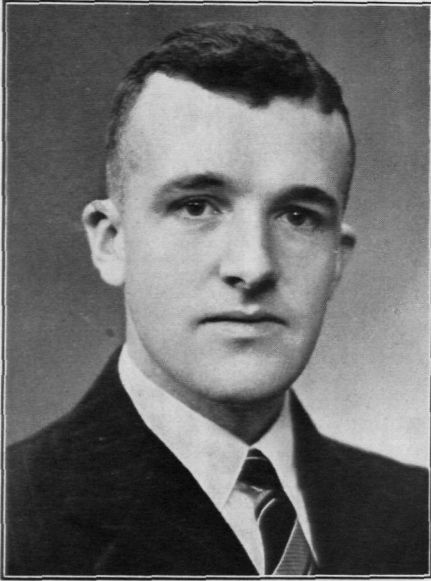
The best traditions of the general practitioner are safe in Tiger's keeping.

IAN MONK (St. Vincent's).

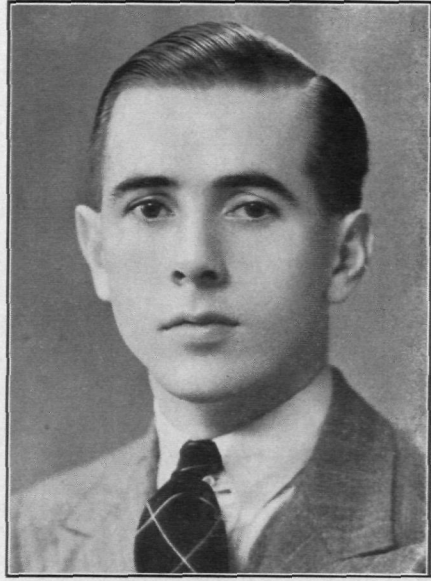
"Since brevity is the soul of wit I will be brief."

Ian sauntered along from Shore, paused, had a long look under his glasses when once within the threshold of the University, proceeded to make many long-lasting friendships, and then went along a very solid course, distinguishing himself the further he went.

Uncanny ability to elicit and evaluate physical signs, coupled with a generous store of common sense, makes him a sound clinician. No less famed are his powers of argument, where his strength lies in brevity and keenness in seeing his opponents' slips of heated unconscious humour. His many hobbies include breeding streptococci, throat swabs and cultures to test their virulence, surfing, music, "Fats" Waller and making miracles.



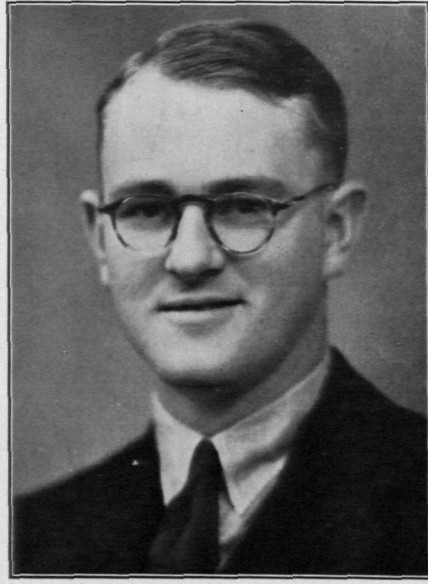
STEPHEN GRAHAM MALLARKY



HUGH ERNEST MARSDEN



ADRIAN GRENFELL MOFFITT



IAN MONK

MARION HOPE MOORE (R.P.A.H.).

"How good is man's life—the mere living!"—Browning.

In breezed a care-free soul from North Sydney. This was Hope. Since then, during six years of College and Varsity life, her sense of humour and her frankness have won her a multitude of friends. Famous for her hospitality, Hope's room was christened "Top Floor Bridge and Social Club".

Special weaknesses: domestic life, bridge, swing music, *The Women's Weekly*, and milk—in that order.

Her career has been effortless and her clarity of thought and clinical acumen bode well for a successful future.

Toujours la Moore.

MARGARET MULVEY (R.P.A.H.).

"Hear instruction and be wise and refuse it not."—Proverbs.

Since she came from Bathurst to the University in 1935 Meg's life has been one of conspicuous public service as a member of the S.R.C. and S.U.W.U.A. At the Women's College she was Senior Student for two years and Tennis Champion for several years.

Meg is possessed of an infinite capacity for hard work, is known among us as a keen clinician, and has achieved no small measure of academic success.

Famous for generous hospitality at College dances, an unfailing interest in the problems of others, and "Just ONE rubber of bridge."

ALEXANDER FRANCIS MURRAY (R.P.A.H.).

"For I am nothing, if not critical."—Othello.

Æsculapius in a brown hat.

Steeped in Latin and Chaucerian classics, whence he draws an abundance of pithy anecdotes and illustrations.

A keen nose in argument for the discrimination of platitude and sentiment, which he treats with an emphatic "——— ridiculous".

In season, a well-known figure at Newport and other sunny surroundings.

Editor of the *Medical Journal*.

With his absence of illusions, dash of satire, and classic allusions he could be the delight of a future generation of students.

MONTAGU VERNON MUTTON (R.P.A.H.).

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."—Sir Phillip Sidney.

A worthy scion of a fighting family, Monty came from King's a distinguished exponent of the aphorism "Protein puts punch into pugilists". His round face, florid complexion and characteristic rolling gait are externals to a cheerful nature with a real propensity for relating a yarn with embellishments all his own.

An enthusiastic and conscientious worker, Monty's clinical zeal leads him to quickly discover the "cracking" case in every ward, with a detailed knowledge thereof. The only damper on his clinical exuberance lies in the shuffling of the cards, which he plays with a frequent euphonic "It's a grand".



MARION HOPE MOORE

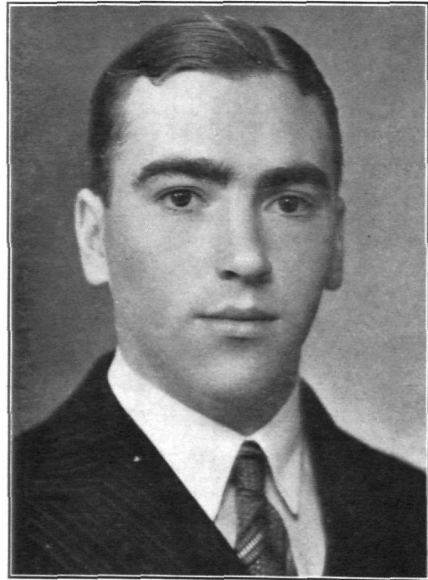


MARGARET MULVEY



ALEXANDER FRANCIS MURRAY

G



MONTAGU VERNON MUTTON

MORRIS D. OWEN (R.P.A.H.).

"Heartily well met and most glad of your company."—Coriolanus.

An original thinker, Morris has often confounded tutors with some of his own theories in regard to medical problems. He gives one the impression that he might some day make a revolutionary discovery.

He has a ready wit and is a very entertaining companion. All these facts combined have made him popular with fellow students, tutors and patients alike.

Morris does not restrict his anatomical training to the human field, for he is constantly dissecting and rebuilding the anatomy of a frame with two wheels, sometimes motile, which he calls a motor-bike.

MARGARET RAPHAEL (R.P.A.H.).

*"As for her person,
It beggared all description."*

Antony and Cleopatra.

Raph, from Griffith, migrated to the Women's College in 1935, and there underwent a gradual metamorphosis from the unassuming country fresher, through sophisticated socialite, to the competent and self-possessed clinician of Final Year.

She combines popularity with an enviable capacity for taking things in her stride, and is addicted to her Panda, sun-baking, bananas, Bourn-Vita, and *supper à deux*.

LEONARD RASMUSSEN (R.P.A.H.).

*"Sits pouring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises."*

Byron.

From Fort St High, Len came to Medicine with an Exhibition, and in the lecture halls and wards his hard-working and conscientious ways have laid a sound foundation for his medical career. Quiet and unassuming, his sympathy and understanding in dealing with patients are virtues that should ensure success in the future.

Len is a vigorous writer. In the library he may be seen making copious notes from varied and obscure textbooks; in lectures, nothing daunted, he scribbles furiously on, "whence all but he had fled".

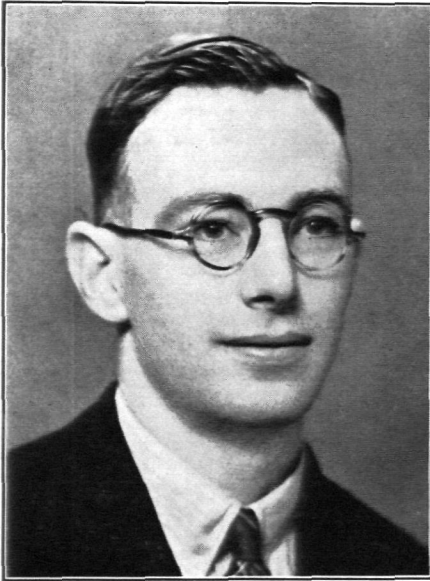
SYDNEY RALPH READER (R.P.A.H.).

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."—Shakespeare.

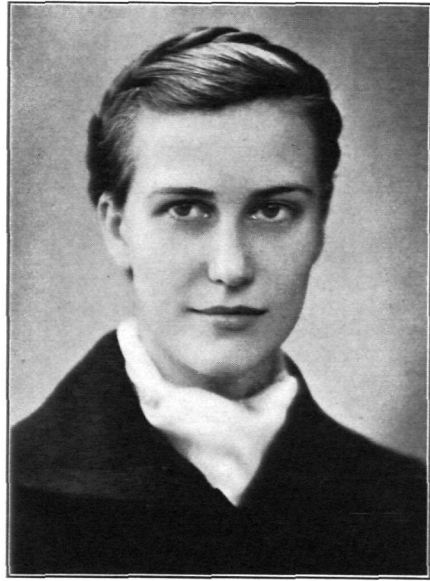
Fortune frowned upon Fort St., but smiled upon the 'Varsity, when Ralph joined us in '35; and, during his course, by earnest application to both work and sport, he has shown us some sterling qualities.

In academic matters and clinical toil his persistent and enquiring mind has served him well and allowed him to clear all barriers, while in the field of sport he has shown himself a golfer of first-class standard, an effective "wielder of the willow" during summer months, and an enthusiastic and skilful exponent of the art of contract bridge.

We wish him the success in the future which his industry and practical knowledge will undoubtedly win him.



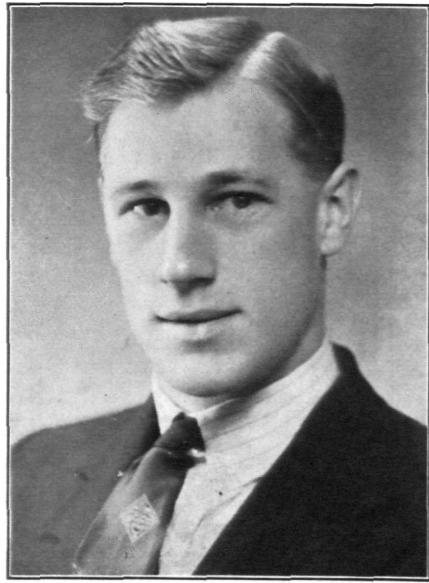
MORRIS D. OWEN



MARGARET RAPHAEL



LEONARD RASMUSSEN



SYDNEY RALPH READER

STELLA REPIN (Sydney).

*"The grace of friendship, heart and mind,
The thirst to know and understand."*

In lecture hall and laboratory this little lass early showed promise of a vivacious personality and friendly goodwill, while later, in the wards, many a tormented soul will remember her genuine sympathy and attention to details. And woe betide him who is gruff or inconsiderate to the patients, for even if discretion restrained her words of burning scorn, a fearsome and well aimed frown can be relied upon.

Out-of-doors, Stella cuts a dashing figure on the ice, and shoots a breaker with the best, although her golf is of a rather pre-war variety.

Her good nature, thoughtful mind and clinical enthusiasm should bear her smoothly through the arches of the years.

CHARLES RETCHFORD (Sydney).

Charles joined us in Fifth Year after a lengthy sojourn in the Back of Beyond.

His prototype in the animal world is *Felis domestica*—he strokes his whiskers gracefully and remains domesticated as long as it suits him.

Other characteristics are a flair for interesting small talk and frequent quotations from Shakespeare—often appropriate.

Charles has keen sympathy and a genuine liking for all grades of humanity. We feel sure that he will find success in the finest sense of the word.

KEIRAN VICTOR ROBINSON (St. Vincent's).

"With cheerful grace and amiable sight."—Spencer.

"Budge" entered the University from St. Joseph's College, where his sporting activities centred around rowing. In his first year he played interfaculty football and then transferred to the S.U.R., in which he was able to play an integral part. One of his more famous exploits was an afternoon trip to Nyngan, and then he came to St. Vincent's where he entered keenly into his clinical work. His frequent visits to the Gyno. Theatre in Fifth Year suggested the future specialist, so we thought.

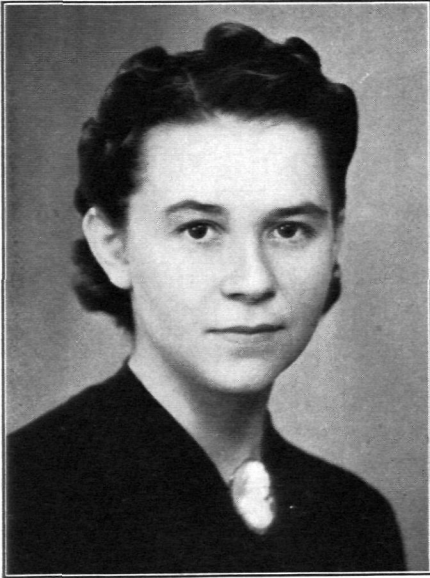
His discourse on sick kids on one occasion was worthy of any man. In all, his pleasant demeanour in the wards and his bright personality should stand him in good stead in later years.

EDGAR HUGHAN ROSS (St. Vincent's).

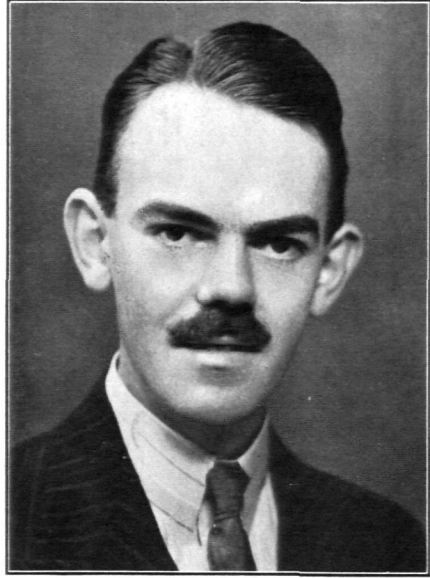
"Buster" was exported from New Zealand in 1935, and has since been living in sundry abodes around Sydney. Of quiet and friendly disposition, he has made many friends both in and outside the faculty. He has consistently thwarted the examiners, and of latter years has become interested in the experimental side of medicine—he was most disappointed when his white mice were evacuated from Crown St.

His extra-curricular activities include organizing social clubs, arguing about New Zealand and trying to live down his trip to Manly.

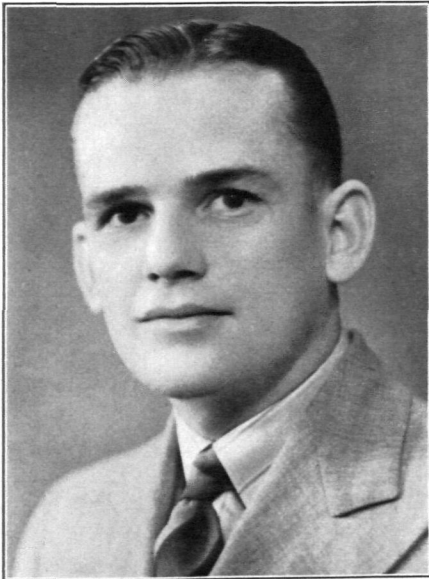




STELLA REPIN



CHARLES RETCHFORD



KEIRAN VICTOR ROBINSON



EDGAR HUGHAN ROSS

THOMAS NEVILLE ROWLANDS (R.P.A.H.).

*"Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom."*—Shakespeare.

Neville joined us rather stealthily in Second Year, having completed his First Year at Melbourne University. Despite this, his sartorial perfection soon brought him into prominence, where his unusual personality maintained him.

Early and very technical electrocardiographical studies enable him to examine E.C.G.'s with great ease and say: "Ah! a lot of A.C. hum."

Since the announcement of his engagement in fourth year, he and his *fiancée* have been much observed in social circles.

Neville's unfailing good humour, even under trying conditions, and his cheerful personality have earned him some friendships that will last.

NORMAN JAMES ROYLE (R.P.A.H.).

*"You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you stretch'd your head."*

Shakespeare.

A silent man, this—strong, blonde and hairy. A mouth of Joe E. Brown proportions oft surrounded by a cervico-facial erythema in moments of passion.

A brevity in speech and writ interpolated with occasional violent outbursts. At other times katatonia. A vociferous greeting to his intimates.

Ardent worshipper of Neptune and Apollo. Experienced nocturnal long-distance walker. An interest in the Medical Society and the making of stringed musical instruments, with an earnest belief in the efficacy of the early to bed and rise regime.

JOHN PATRICK RYAN (St. Vincent's).

"He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction."

John passed through the developmental stages at the C.B.C., Waverley, where he was very successful both at his studies and on the field of sport. He was a prominent member of the XV and the tennis champion of the College. He won an Exhibition and came to the 'Varsity in 1935, since when he has had notable success in the yearly hurdles.

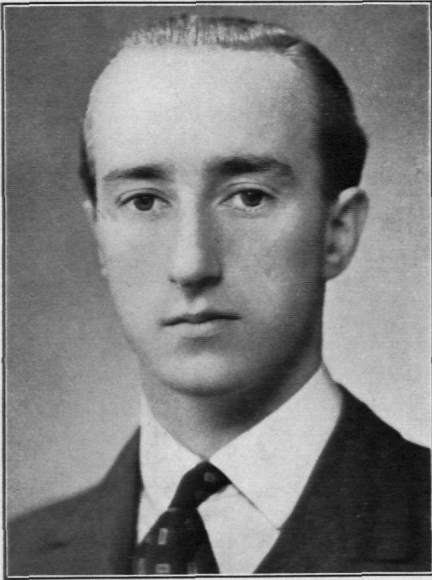
John's chief diversions are basking in the sun at Bondi (though Coogee holds some attraction) and a hard game of tennis. He had a very short, but much travelled, hockey career, plays a rash game of bridge, and has been known to sit down to the task of opening an obstinate door.

CHARLES ASHUR SARA (Sydney).

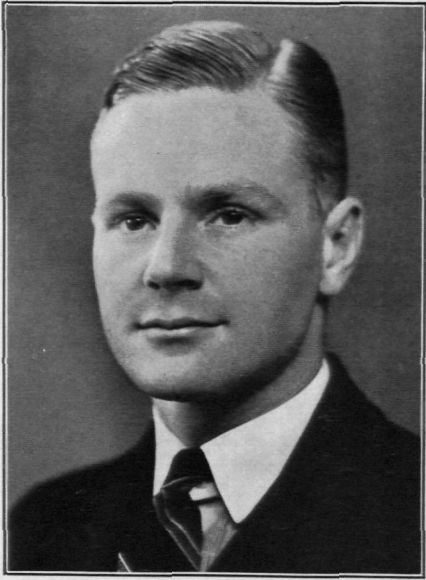
Entered the University in 1934, coming from Sydney Grammar School. He has taken a prominent place in student activities as the Sydney Hospital Representative in Fifth and Sixth Years. All students in the year agree that he has ably fulfilled this difficult position. His unbiased selection of Dr. Ritchie's victims has "endeared" him to all and sundry.

Most of Charlie's spare time is spent on Bondi Beach, riding the dumpers with his suprarenals flapping in the breeze. As a driver we think he would make a better organ grinder.

We feel sure that his organizing ability and clinical acumen will take him far in medicine.



THOMAS NEVILLE ROWLANDS



NORMAN JAMES ROYLE



JOHN PATRICK RYAN



CHARLES ASHUR SARA

WILLIAM THOMAS HUDSON SCALES (Sydney).

With an Exhibition, a head full of Maths. Honours and an Army service rifle tucked firmly under one arm, Bill came to us from Syd. Grammar School.

A retiring disposition, a pair of large blue eyes and a sunny smile seem to follow him around wherever he goes and, in combination with a sound judgment and a sense of humour, have gained him a place of respect and friendship among his fellows.

Bill's unerring aim has gained him a blue for rifle shooting; he also takes a pretty divot, and is quite at home on the tennis court. We all wish him "good shooting".

DERRICK SCANLAN (R.P.A.H.).

*"Oh these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies—work—fast—not sleep."*

This tall, dark, handsome youth brought to our temperate climate a high metabolic rate developed in the more tropical region of Queensland. Thus equipped, he entered the activities of Wesley College with great enthusiasm, becoming an efficient Dance Secretary and a keen tennis player. When the strain of his high-pressure existence begins to tell, he finds relief in strumming on the piano or sleeping the clock round.

We feel sure that this abundant store of energy and his natural ability will lead him to success in whatever branch of the profession he chooses to practise.

EILEEN SCOTT-YOUNG, B.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).

*"Light was her heart,
To music, song, and merriment inclined."*

Chaucer.

Eileen came to the University from "Monte Sant' Angelo", and entered the Faculty of Science. Her Science degree attained, she entered Third Year Medicine, where she instructed us in Practical Biochemistry and represented the women students on the Medical Society.

Her sympathy and understanding have gained the confidence of many a difficult patient. She is noted for her cheery personality, and despite her "titian" locks, has calmed many troubled waters among students and patients.

In her spare time she is an ardent gardener, can turn out a tasty cake, is a pretty fair performer at the piano, and is not so bad either with a tennis racquet.

We wish her all success in November.

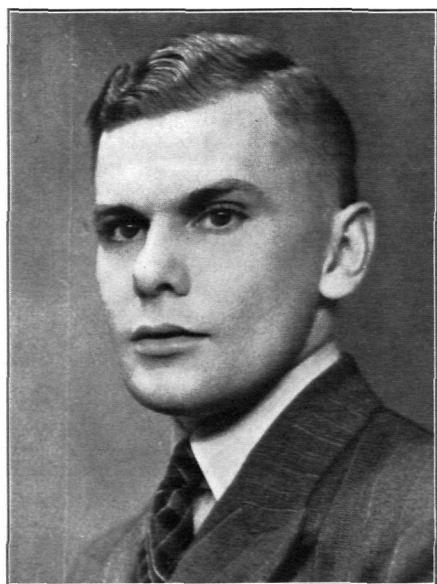
MILES CARISTON SETON (R.P.A.H.).

*"To be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to
write and read comes by nature."*—Shakespeare.

In after years when we look back on student life there will stand out one blessed by "the gift of fortune" and enthusiasm for learning, sport, and the growing of prize carnations.

Miles will be remembered too as the weather-vane of his year, his furrowed brow giving warning of the approaching yearly tussle, his merry smile tidings that better times are with us.

Industrious and deservedly successful, but gay in season, thus will he stay in our memory.



WILLIAM THOMAS HUDSON SCALES



DERRICK SCANLAN



EILEEN SCOTT-YOUNG, B.Sc.



MILES CARISTON SETON

RICHARD STANLEY (DICK) STAFFORD.

*"Though smug, on his unembarras'd brow
Nature has written gentleman."*

Dick joined our merry throng fresh from The King's School with a smile on his lips and a profound capacity for tormenting and "riling" his fellow students.

With sleekly groomed hair he walks the wards irregularly, but at times he has shown a profound interest in "ectopics" and "gastric ulcers".

Definitely one of the boys, Dick plays a crafty game of cards and shows a keen interest in sailing, shooting, riding and tennis; his prowess in the latter sport is well known. His appearance on the court bears a distinct resemblance to that of a certain reigning monarch.

Dick carries all our wishes for his future success.

RONALD CEDRIC SORK (Sydney).

Ron is as dependable as his name is not. However, even such pseudonyms as "Dr. Stork" or "Mr. Snork" fail to dim his smile, though it must be admitted that "Mr. Thompson" gave him some uncomfortable moments.

His is a natural cheerfulness, no doubt due to his happy combination of a frequently tested and always adequate digestive apparatus and his gratifying success in affections of the heart.

His main hobbies are innocuous, consisting of (1) taking the weaker side in an argument, and (2) extracting the utmost pleasure from week-ends.

FRANK LANE RITCHIE SHARP (Sydney).

He likes conversation and tells a good tale—sometimes. He may even be a good raconteur—one day. He has a boisterous enthusiasm—it sometimes fades, but it makes life better for him.

So be it, he is all the above and besides that a hockey blue, and likes horses and yachting—so far his tastes are safe, but he once produced the St. Paul's review—he thought it was good.

Space is really too short to do justice to all his attributes and foibles, but we will say he should be a very good doctor, for he certainly has a distinguished background.

JOHN NELSON SEVIER (Sydney).

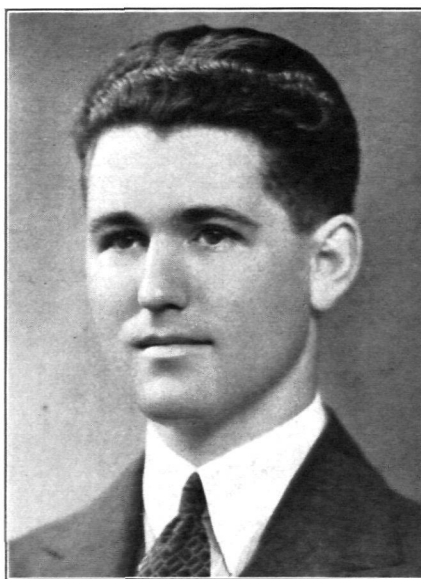
"I've wasted time and now doth time waste me."

John Nelson Sevier, for years well known at Shore Rowing Shed, left school with a far better pass than his modesty permits to be recorded.

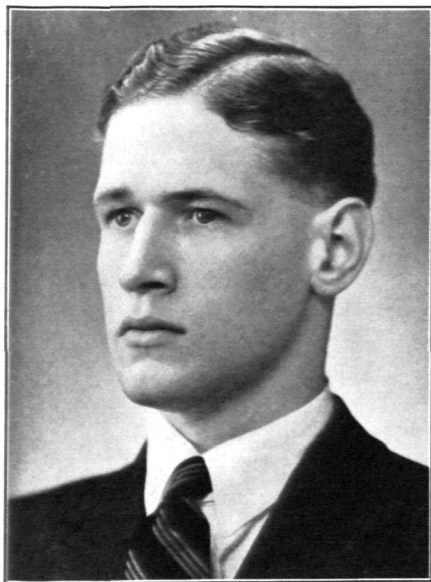
During the early years of Medicine he distinguished himself by rowing in two winning University crews and by his famous dissection of the kidney from behind—once seen never forgotten. With zeal did he turn his mind to clinical work at Sydney Hospital, and was chiefly noted for brilliant work in converting his sluggish knee-jerks into the most brisk reflexes in the hospital.



RICHARD STANLEY (DICK) STAFFORD



RONALD CEDRIC SORK



FRANK LANE RITCHIE SHARP



JOHN NELSON SEVIER

M. SZPUT (R.P.A.H.).

"J'appelle un chat, un chat, et Rollet un grepen."—Baillau.

"Calling a spade a spade." And it was just such frankness and open friendship that made us accept Max from a far and foreign land as one of ourselves. Born at Warsaw and graduated at Paris, Max joined us in '38.

A jovial personality, he could entertain us with stories from Paris or his native Poland, or with songs he sang in half a dozen languages, with special mention of "Vive les étudiants, ma mère".

Max plays good tennis and skates better than he walks. He is a keen clinician and knows his books as well as any. We wish him, and his wife, all success in the future.

MARY MACDONALD THOMSON, B.A. (R.P.A.H.).

*"Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The Hills of the Highlands for ever I love."*

Burns.

Mary, after leaving S.C.E.G.G.S., North Sydney, came to our faculty via Arts. Descended from a long line of Scottish forebears, this bonnie Scottish lassie's love of the "land of the heather" is seen in the sparkle in her eyes at the sight of a tartan or a thistle, and to her the bagpipes are music.

A keen student at all times, her efforts are evidenced by the credits and distinction she has picked up on the journey.

Amongst her accomplishments are her ability for note-taking verbatim, needlework, knitting and various other branches of the fine arts.

We wish her every success.

MARGARET BRONTE TODD (R.P.A.H.).

*"Uprightness, judgment and sympathy with others will
profit thee at every time and in every place."*—Goethe.

Toddie crept in unobtrusively from S.C.E.G.G.S. One of the seven fresher Margarets at the Women's College, she soon became known as "Bronte" or, better still, as "Toddie".

In her earlier years she figured in the S.U.W.U.A. In addition to sound clinical knowledge she has the power of logic, and may be counted on to add cool reasoning to the fire of any philosophical argument.

Pet diversions: cooking lamingtons, pillion-riding, growing bulbs and an unusual interest in animals.

JOAN PEARSON TOM, B.Sc. (Sydney).

"Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal."

Joan entered the University from S.C.E.G.G.S., Darlinghurst, and joined the medical ranks a fully fledged B.Sc. (Possums).

Her forthright manner, poise and merry smile soon endeared her to friends and colleagues. Energetic and competent, she has always taken an active interest in all medical affairs, being our hospital representative on the Med. Society, and her organizing and social ability has been to the fore on inter-Varsity hockey



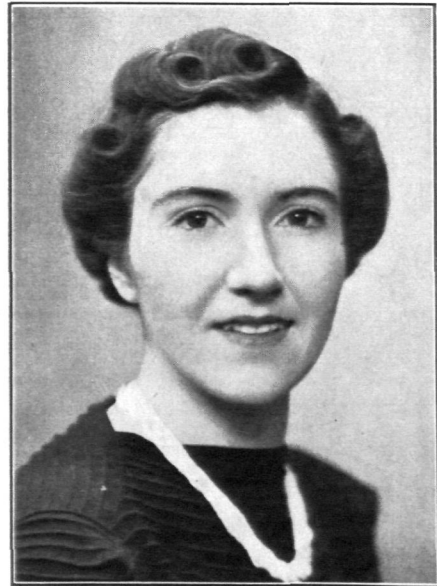
M. SZPUT



MARY MACDONALD THOMSON, B.A.



MARGARET BRONTE TODD



JOAN PEARSON TOM, B.Sc.

committees. This degree of ardour and verve met their due reward in exam. results when oft-times her name has appeared in the "Credit" column.

But not exclusively has she trodden in the steps of the masters, for she plays representative hockey with great vim, a good stick of tennis and golf, while her accomplishments in the culinary art and the garden are well known to some of us.

TREVOR HARCOURT WALKER (Sydney).

During his journey through this vale of tears, Trevor has so far succeeded in amassing a Pharmacy degree, a wife and a daughter. He plays grade cricket, and he's a terror on the fairway. Since he has done so much in so short a time his future progress should be fraught with interest to all concerned.

Thanks to his drug lore, Trevor is never at a loss for a suggestion to help the honorary out of a difficulty.

COLIN WHITE, M.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).

*"A mind replete
With a full store of ready phrases."*

After a year's Science in Queensland, Colin joined the medical ranks. The two courses have become interwoven and have resulted in an M.Sc. degree and two years' Research in Physiology and Bacteriology.

A keen mind, a remarkable energy and patience and a natural aptitude equip him well for any position in the medical world. There is one contra-indication, however—he oozes too much loyalty to his native town of Gympie (where a banana and a peanut are reported to have grown).

W. J. P. WOOLCOCK (R.P.A.H.).

*"What matter? I have reached the goal—
Whereto does knowledge serve."*

Browning.

Having attained that goal, Paddy will soon prove his worth. He joined us in Second Year, having successfully completed his scholastic career and First Year of Medicine in Brisbane. He has deserved the success which has accompanied his efforts since then; nevertheless he has always found plenty of time to interest himself in all College and University affairs. His personality and general popularity will surely prove of infinite value in his future career.

ARTHUR RONALD WOOLNOUGH (Sydney).

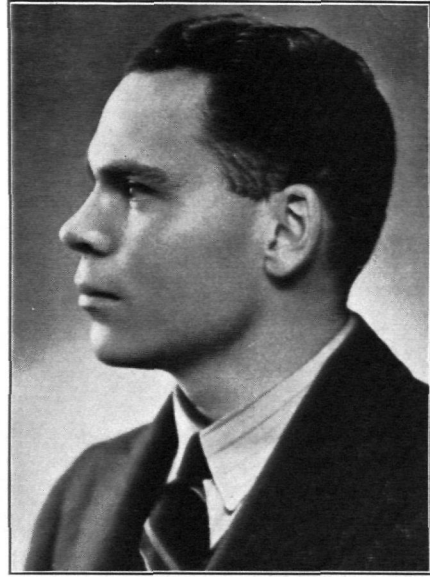
Matriculating from Newington, A.R.W., bearer of an honoured name, cleared his academic hurdles with enviable ease. Fifth Year examinations revealed a brilliant knowledge of sewage and *rigor mortis*.

He is a quiet man, with a quiet, dry wit. He looks like a curate, talks like a barrister, but acts like a physician.

His sins are to hide his light under a bushel, and the glint in his eye behind his spectacles. His virtues are known to his friends.



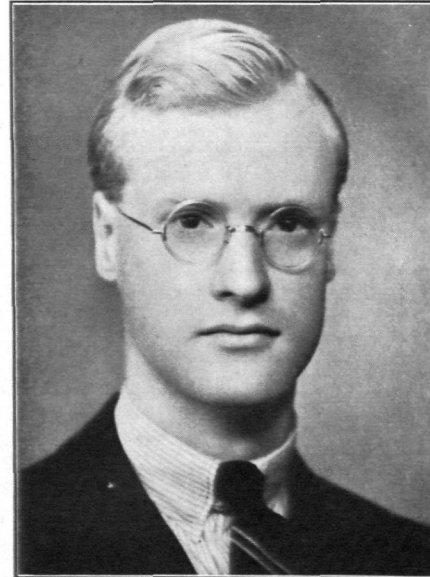
TREVOR HARCOURT WALKER



COLIN WHITE, M.Sc.

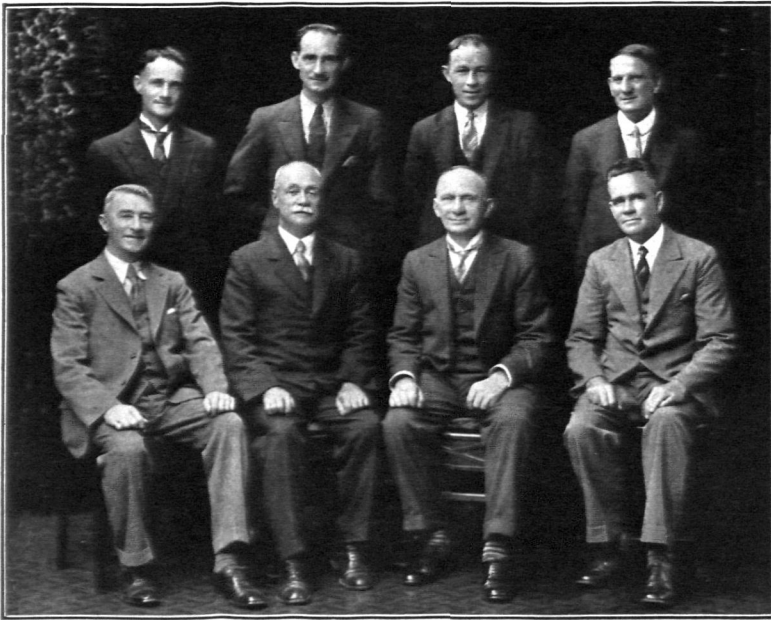


W. J. P. WOOLCOCK

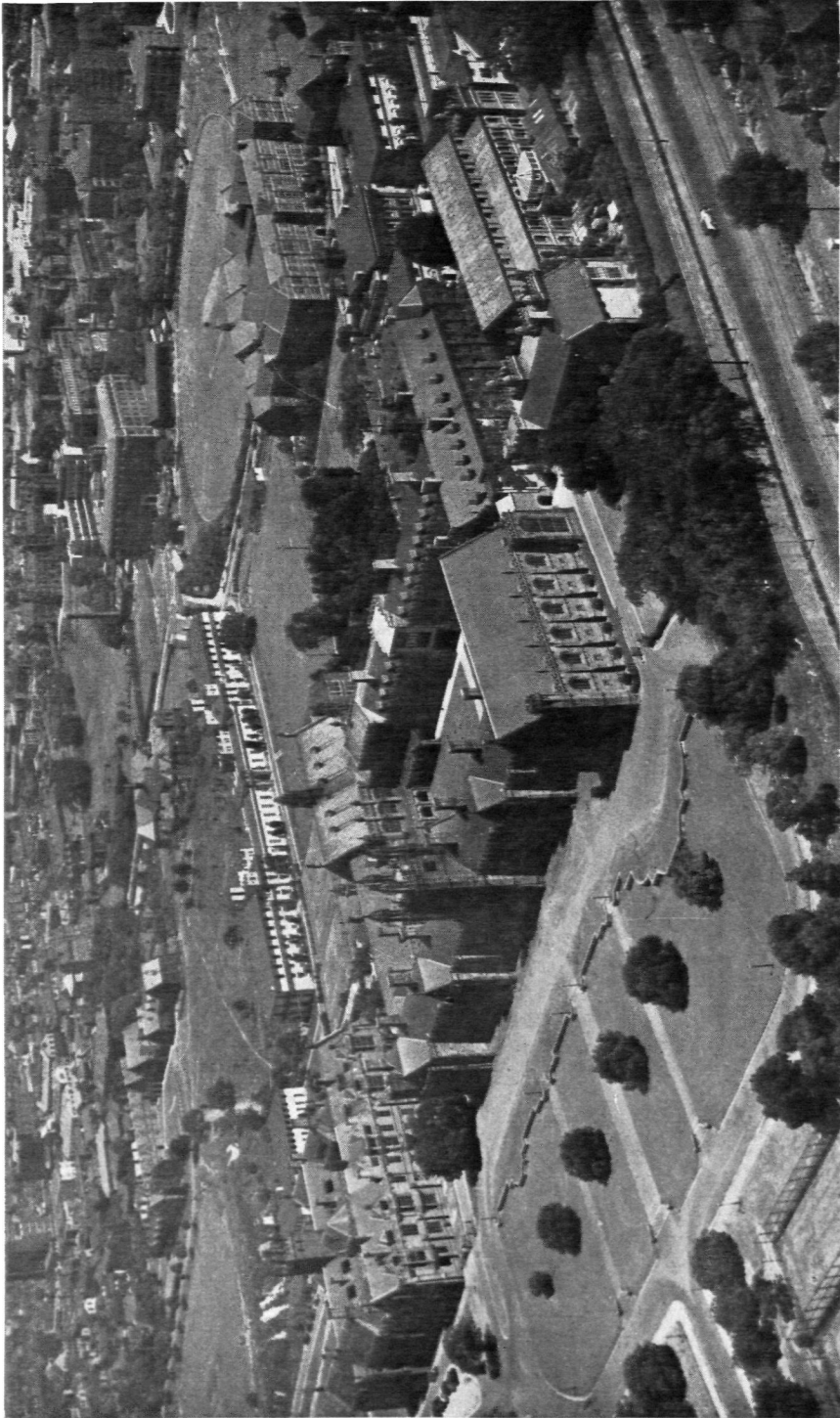


ARTHUR RONALD WOOLNOUGH

Lest We Forget.



*"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."*



Old Medical School on the left; R.P.A.H. and New Medical School in the background, near the edge of the picture.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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The Editor.



"SO LONG, OLD PAL!"





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