



SENIOR YEAR BOOK

Medical School: University of Sydney
1931

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The
Senior Medical Year Book
1931

"Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues and vices may be best discerned, but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles."—Plutarch.

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THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
Photograph by STANLEY L. SPENCER.

Foreword.

By J. C. WINDEYER, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

A small year such as this is and, in consequence, a small year book, must needs be content with a small foreword.

I do not know who was the first to make the observation that there are only two classes of mankind in the world—doctors and patients; but it is fortunate for all that patients are the more numerous, otherwise the world would be a poor place with overtreated patients and underpaid doctors.

As the present final year is such a small one, the smallest at the University of Sydney for over twenty years, the members of this year will be more advantageously placed as regards possible patients than has been the case with graduates for many years.

In this respect you are lucky, so see to it that you are deserving of your luck by giving patients of your best.

The medical profession has been called a privileged class; certain it is that there are some privileges. I think it was Rudyard Kipling, who, in referring to doctors, said: "You and Kings are the only people whose explanation the police will accept if you exceed the legal limit in your car."

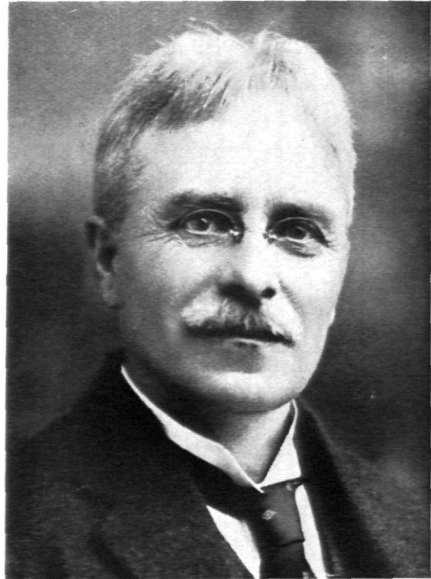
It would be inadvisable to mention here the disadvantages of being a doctor; you will find out for yourselves as time goes on. I have no doubt that in the years to come, you will look back on the six years that you have spent in Medicine with your trusted friends as the best six years of your life. This book will assist you in the remembrance of your friends from whom you may soon be parted, and also in the remembrance of those who, in the words of the old song:

"Didn't teach us much, but they taught us all they knew,
Whilst we were passing through Medicine."

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B. T. EDYE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Acting-Professor of Surgery.

Six Years of Medicine.

This little volume is not intended to be a concise history of events. To those whose names are found herein, it will, in years to come, be a means of recalling memories fond and otherwise of a remarkable epoch in their lives. It is hoped that it will be essentially personal, that is to say, we have tried to prevent it being merely a collection of stereotyped phrases, and have endeavoured to pervade it with the spirit and outlook of the year.

Our personal failings and virtues will be discussed later, but it may be said here that one of the main characteristics of the year is that we have never tried to impress. We have never attempted to show ourselves to be better than we really are. So this foreword, as well as the whole volume, will be free from high-sounding phrase and empty wordiness, and will try to record faithfully our impressions as we look back upon the years that have passed.

FIRST YEAR.

First Year seems to belong to the dim past. We were children then—I doubt if we have much improved. There are some parts of the medical course from which we do not seem to have derived much direct benefit, yet which must have indirectly played an important part in our training. The first twelve months belong to this category. "It gave us a sound, scientific basis for the study of medicine"—perhaps. We found in Fifth Year that we could not write a prescription without breaking elementary chemical laws, to the torment of the soul of one Mr. Finnemore.

However, we will never forget the men we met, and their characters must have been a big influence for good in our young minds. Launcelot Harrison, Professor of Zoology, and Algernon A. Lawson, Professor of Botany, have since passed from our midst. We will always remember the former with his blue eye, manly personality, big pipe and rapid speech. "Algy" was noted, amongst other things, for his fluent style and poetical phraseology. Can we point to another who could say "the dew-drop shining in the morning light" with the scientific earnestness of "Algy." Despite his pernicious habit of closing the door at 9 a.m., his departure has left the University the poorer.

E. A. Briggs, now Dr. Briggs, dictated Zoology till our brains teemed with trypanosomes, and stingray, "done up" as steak-pie, formed part of our normal diet. He always spoke with the penetrating, clear, regular voice of the announcer relaying from a broadcasting station. I can still hear him say "the head or scolex is surrounded by a series of chitinous hook-like processes or hooks" or "the cytoplasm inside the capsule is the intracapsular cytoplasm and the cytoplasm outside the capsule is the extracapsular cytoplasm." Here we learnt the proverb of "our old ostrich," which has been our trusty friend in many a tight corner.

Professor Fawsitt, "may his shadow never grow less," has been our friend for a long time. We were attracted to him on hearing his first rhetorical question and he became really one of us when "Charlestoning" on the dissecting-room floor in later years.

One particularly bright spot was "Edgar." We had never seen Physics acted before as a comedy, and failed to see that we were being ingeniously taught as

well as amused. Another bright period was provided by Professor Kenner, the difference being that one was intentional humour and the other was not. The professional antics of the jovial major may have become boring at times, but we never failed to take delight in the innocent by-play of Professor Kenner and "Choom," his satellite.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Because we knew all about *Hyla cærulea*, gymnosperms and the Wheatstone bridge, we were allowed to enter the Medical School. We had been keenly disappointed at not doing our First Year work there, but our ambitions were now being realized, and our keenness almost equalled our subsequent desire to leave it.

We began dissecting with white coats (really white), sharp scalpels, dissecting manuals wrapped in paper, and some even sported gloves. Our intention was to fill the museum with our wonderful dissections, or something equally as optimistic. Soon, however, Cunningham became covered with grease, and the remains of the gloves, filled with water, proved a constant annoyance to those in the lower dissecting room. We had long since decided that one coat would last, unwashed, for two years, and could be burnt at the end of that time if not sold. We consider this practice no dirtier than having lunch or hanging our hat and coat in the dissecting room.

Demonstrators, except the enthusiastic "chappie" Dr. Schenck, were rare, and what little anatomy we learnt consisted largely of those obscure points with which students love to trick one another. While "fresh" we sat in open-mouthed admiration at the feet of Dr. Wilkinson—for the first few weeks at least. He has since disproved certain things and succeeded to the Chair of Anatomy at Adelaide University.

Our Second Year lectures included Embryology. This subject was taught by Professor Stump, who, in an Oxford dialect, explained the capabilities, virtues and vices of the human spermatazoon, the formation of the primitive cell mass and other details right up to the formation of the complete medical student. From these fundamentals we learnt why various structures are in the body and, if they are not, why they are not.

One of our good friends was Professor Burkitt, who, in rather ataxic manner of speech, unravelled for us the Gordian knot of the nervous system. We felt sure of a good "spin" from him at the end of the year, and he maintained his friendly reputation.

Our Anatomy was completed by two series of lectures, one by Dr. Coppleson on surgical anatomy, and the other by Dr. Maguire on the female pelvis. This latter series we look upon as one of the gems of our course.

In order that we should not stagnate, graduated exercises were prescribed by the Physiology Department. Thus, with our whole heart and soul in the business, we ran to and fro on the verandahs, raced madly up and down the spiral staircase, went without breakfast on sundry winter's mornings, swallowed stomach tubes and consumed various beverages such as "urea cocktail" and collected the consequences. Others had a finger in the physiological pie: Miss Hindmarsh was interested in the figures of Australian medical students, while Dr. H. S. H. Wardlaw was keen on the milk of Australian women. Mr. Cotton is an authority on figures from all aspects, while the genial Dr. McQuiggen did his best to make our course as smooth as possible. From these we gained an immense amount of interesting data, which I am sure we will be able to put to practical use some day.

THE SENIOR YEARS.

The hazardous rapids of the Third Degree examination shot us unceremoniously into the calm, pleasant waters of Fourth Year. Whatever doubts we had concerning the past or with whatever trepidations we faced the future, we were not allowed to be cast down in spirit, for who can resist the warm embrace of "Taffy," the winning smile of "Keith" or the encouraging voice of "Ben"? Not only did they love their work, but they made us love it too. It was clear that if we had failed to pass the examination that year it would have been our own fault. The work comprised a great mass of detailed knowledge, but one would have felt mean and ungrateful if one had not done their best. The demonstrations and practical work under Professor Welsh, Dr. Inglis and Dr. Walker combined excellent teaching and infinite patience.

One cannot leave the Pathology Department without mentioning Mr. MacDonald, Vic. and Morrissey. They also showed the warm friendliness which typifies the department.

Fourth Year also saw us entering the strange realm of Surgery, under the guidance of Acting Professor Edye. We have mentioned his encouraging manner. He did not speak from the heights, but came down to our level, and spoke simply and earnestly of the things dear to his heart. We sometimes strained to hear, but preferred that style to the dogmatic lecturer, intolerant of any other opinion, who lays down his laws as "the" laws and will accept none other. "Ben" is a favourite with us, and this respect grew with those who have been more intimate with him in hospital.

PROFESSOR WINDEYER.

Obstetrics is no subject to be rushed at, "swotted" at the last moment and then forgotten. It is one which requires reverence of attitude, seriousness of purpose, a realization of responsibilities and the greatest concentration of thought possible. Such things have been taught us, not by precept so much as by example. Homage to the teacher means homage to the subject, and when we approach Obstetrics in the right attitude it is because we have always associated that attitude with the subject.

We thought, perhaps, that our progress in the lectures was too slow and deliberate, but we have found that only by that method can we be certain that nothing is omitted that should not be. We chafed, perhaps, at the most intense regard for detail and the minor points in obstetrical practice, but we have since realized that these things go to the perfection of the obstetrician and, more important still, insure, as much as can be humanly hoped for, the ultimate safety of the patient.

"Daddy" has won the affection of all who have passed through his careful hands. He looks upon our obstetrical passage and advancement with the same kindly interest with which he watches his beloved dahlias and roses. He checks growth here, encourages there and derives great satisfaction in the blossoming at the end of two years' culture.

DR. MILLS.

"Arty" has left our hospital and our Medical School, yet we may all say his words of wisdom are indelibly printed on our memory.

His lectures were full of life. His illustrated cases lived before us. The athetotic, the tabetic, the asthmatic, the pneumonic, the inarticulate and the apraxic were but few of the visitors to our lectures in the guise of "Arty."

If he taught us only one thing, which is "understanding," then his work has not been in vain.

We are sorry and are proud—sorry because he has gone from us, and proud because he taught us. He is a fundamentalist. There is a reason for everything, if we would but look for it: "Why, laddie? Why?"

DR. REGINALD DAVIES.

We always feel that "Reggie" is one of us. He never tries to adopt the heavy attitude of a superior. His views on examinations and the various persecutions of the medical student are very much like our own. He seemed as tired at 8.30 a.m. as we were.

But for all that, "Reggie" has our respect as well as our friendship. We recognize that sound, practical, common sense, which is better than all text-book knowledge and theoretical ability, although we cannot altogether dispense with the latter.

One big regret was that we did not go for that picnic which was proposed, not for any lack of enthusiasm on his part. Practice makes perfect, and we feel we should not miss any opportunities for acting upon those principles with which he has so successfully imbued us.

SPECIALS.

We learnt "specials" for examination purposes. Have we passed that examination? Who knows? In the Medical School there is a big strong box which contains the results of the "specials" examination for years past. Its whereabouts is a hushed secret. These results are kept for the day of final reckoning to save Peter the trouble of questioning us, for those who have passed, will proceed to the land where no squint is, where sweet flowers can be smelt without the danger of hay fever, and where the *Acarus* is as sacred as an Egyptian scarab. The goats, meaning the others, will travel the sinuses of purgatory and spend eternity in the antrum of Hell. So it is really a comforting thing that we do not know the results after all.

Dr. Godsall whispered advice to those close to him, and very valuable was the knowledge imparted. Very sad to relate, we know more about the operation for removing a crooked septum than how to use a nasal speculum to look at it.

We itched to acquire an intimate knowledge of Dermatology, knowing that, when obtained, we will be privileged to wear our glasses on a string and twirl same to the obvious discomfort of any who may contend with us in regard to an opinion in diagnosis, ætiology or treatment. We appreciate the beautiful English in which Dr. Molesworth's notes are written, and in which he delivers his interesting and illuminating lectures. True he considers our manners those of a "fifth form boy at school," but, even so, is always ready to treat those of us who come to him at Prince Alfred Hospital Out-patients' Department on a Friday afternoon.

Dr. Waddy brought us up soundly in the uses of atropine, eserine and his beloved neo-silvol. His lectures, with the adjunct of an efficient out-patients' department, gave us a knowledge of the practical things a general practitioner should know.

DR. JOHN MACPHERSON.

I have never heard anyone say a hard word concerning "Dr. John." We had met him in Third Year (at 8.30 a.m.), and so this was no new experience. We already knew his war-cry: "Curara, curare, woorari, woorali, an arrow poison of the Macusi tribe in British Guiana."

John has a big voice and a Scotch "r." He delivers his long, beautifully-worded sentences in a gradual crescendo ending in a shout of triumph, which scatters medical upstarts with their new-fangled theories and proclaims the religion of common sense in therapeutics. In lectures he has no mercy on the poor, cold, cramped hand of the student who fills book after book with the wisdom. But when we return "book after book" to him at the end of the year, he hails his faithful disciples and gives them his benediction for Sixth Year.

We also spent some time under the guidance of Mr. Finnemore and his offshoot, "Bitter Orange." None would dare to take what was dispensed in those practical classes, and Mr. Finnemore laughed at the chemistry of our mixtures, and doubted the potency of our pills. However, we are certain that it made things safer for the general public in later years, and that Mr. Finnemore needed the mental rest during the vacation as well as we did.

PROFESSOR HARVEY SUTTON.

We were a privileged year in that we were the first to have our Public Health lectures in the new building. This latter is a fine structure, with an animal house which would put to shame Mr. Bruce's dog kennel. The whole school stands amid rubble and decaying vegetation over which one must pass in order to gain admittance. Of course, in the enthusiasm with which we pursued knowledge, this was a mere trifle, but it made things rather difficult for one of the fair members of the year who always arrived fifteen or twenty minutes late, and who tried to do the last hundred yards in even time.

Another disadvantage for the student, but an advantage for the lecturer, is that the seats are not in any way conducive to sleeping in lectures. To Professor Harvey Sutton, whose vertebral spines are naturally well padded, our complaints seemed groundless, but it was to us a real difficulty, and certainly took our minds off the subject of the lecture.

The professor had previously been practically a stranger to us, but when he bobbed round the corner with a smiling face like the rising sun and scalp glistening like the gilded dome of St. Paul's, we immediately recognized a friend. We have met few better lecturers and many stricter chaperones.

DR. TODD.

Dr. Todd (pronounced "Tard") showed us, in himself and lectures, the courtly medical gentleman. He had a dry subject with which to deal and a restless class to entertain, so that his patience was severely tested, but he was always most charming in manner, especially when giving out his little surprise packets, and most professional in speech even when he surprised us with the marvellous tale of the man struck by lightning.

PROFESSOR DAWSON.

Our last series of systematic lectures was in Psychiatry. At the outset we seemed to be in a veritable maze of theory and discussion, but gradually things straightened out under the calm, shrewd guidance of Professor Dawson. In the midst of depression and confusion he stands cheerful and calm. We see him at his best on Saturday mornings, demonstrating his "cases" with the air of an experienced showman. He is undismayed at the various accusations, obscene and otherwise, which are hurled at his head, and with an amused benevolence listens to the endearing terms of the female patients.

The art of psychiatry seems to be mainly in subduing the patient. It is evident that the best way to do this is to punctuate the patient's and your own remarks with a soft "m-m-m," which soothes the troubled spirit as the harp of David soothed Saul and inspires confidence in the heart of the patient and makes him tell all the nasty secrets of his or her seemingly innocent life.

PROFESSOR LAMBIE.

Arrived from Scotland last year with an immense reputation as a teacher. We hear that the Edinburgh people were very sorry to lose his guiding hand, but their loss is our gain. He has already effected radical improvements in the curriculum, and many more are promised in the future, immediate and remote.

The students at present going through Medicine are very fortunate in being able to participate in the great benefits this new system will confer. We ourselves were lucky enough to encounter this able teacher, but only touched on the fringe of things. Even this slight acquaintance convinced us that the leisurely life of the old days is rapidly passing into the limbo of forgotten things, and that students will, in the future, be among the workers of the country.

We congratulate him on his appointment and the students at being able to sit at his feet.

PROFESSOR DEW.

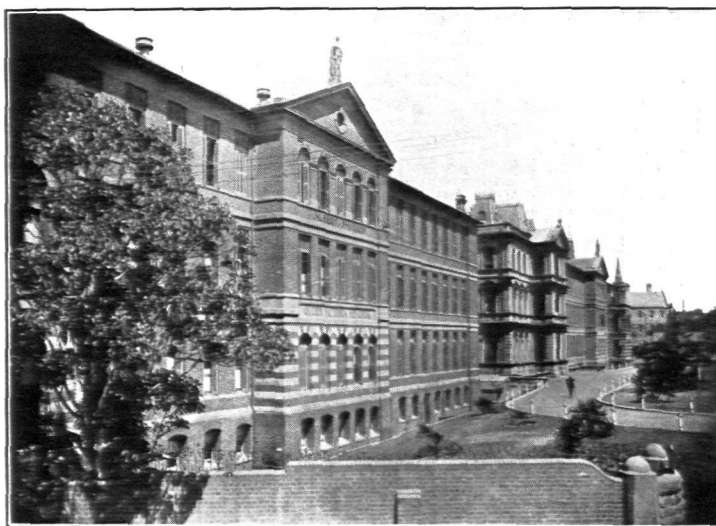
We know so little of Professor Dew save his reputation that we can only say a word of welcome. His intensely interesting clinics and the practical nature of his teaching foretell a treat in store for those who come after us. In addition, the searching character of his questions forebodes a stormy passage for some when "*der Tag*" arrives. It seems that it is his aim to try and alter the students' point of view and direct their attention to the commoner pathological conditions in Surgery. Nevertheless, he often asks us questions about the "rum" things.

We welcome him to our midst, and hope that his time with us, as well as our time with him, will be a happy one.

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

A little more than two years ago, a small band of students, very young, very fresh and very ignorant, were swallowed and absorbed into the depths of this big institution. It seemed a very unfriendly place, and we had a marked inferiority complex, but after being mistaken for honoraries several times we considered we did not look such "mugs" after all, and since then have been becoming more and more at home.

There are several places of note in the hospital. The most important, of course, is the students' room. This has been vastly improved during the last two years, but it still has two outstanding characteristics. One is an all-pervading stench which arises from the steamed sweaty mattresses in the sterilizers next door.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

This perfume is followed by nausea, vomiting and diarrhoea, which are made worse by the heat which comes from the same source. The other feature is the way in which the accumulated dust of the hospital:

“Through the open window floating,
Spreads its foulness over all.”

During the winter months we indulge in the ancient game of “ping-pong.” Otherwise we play bridge or argue about politics. None of us knows anything about the latter, but the most convincing argument is the loudest. Our entertainment includes a male voice choir of four parts, which sings anything from “Sally Horner” to the “Old Grey Mare” with actions and accompaniments.

The front hall is a place where one reads the notice-board (now suffering from acute congestion) and waits for honoraries. This waiting process is rendered more pleasant by Bible stories from the Rev. Rattigan.

Further along the corridor is "Cas."—to some a quiet retreat where the two elementary arts are learnt of rolling bandages and talking to nurses for hours about nothing in particular. In another corner of the hospital are the theatres. Here, in the galleries, sit the students, balancing their wearied "glutei" upon a narrow perch like a fowl roost, and gazing at the backs of the assistants and visitors who crowd around to hear the words of wisdom which arise in whispers from the depths.

V2 is the students' haven. Here the nursing staff give you glad welcome. Sister puts an encouraging arm around you, fits you with gloves and weeps and kisses you "good-bye" when you have to leave. Of course, this is done on the quiet, so that Reggie or Bert may not be jealous.

Other places could be mentioned—the Pathology Department, where we sign for one another at *post mortems*; C1, where Pearl shows us how things ought to be done, and the Nurses' Home, where many a pleasant hour is spent and where lives many a loving eye and tender (?) heart.

All these things help to make us what we ought to be.

I do not know who is the shyest, our "Super.", Dr. Bye, or the students. He is one of the world's hard workers, and it is only on very rare occasions that any of us have had the privilege of discussing a case with him. Those who have been so fortunate only wish that such opportunities were commoner. Dr. Bye gets through a vast amount of work in a day. He does rounds, admits patients and looks after the nurses, and yet finds time to enjoy a little joke in Mr. Storey's operating theatre during the afternoon.

C. BICKERTON BLACKBURN ("Blackie").

Our senior physician discoursed learnedly to us for many an hour, and taught our callow ears to discern the evasive presystolic and the humble rôle. "Thoroughness" was his watchword, and was always expected from his students, and seldom did he leave a patient until the utmost had been gleaned from him. "Whose case?" was a familiar cry on approaching the bedside, and the boys hitched their trousers for a tight half hour, with question after question ruthlessly plied.

"Blackie's" lectures on Clinical Medicine were packed with the strong meat of deep knowledge, flavoured with the salt of his own wide experience, and we learned much that no text-book contained.

DR. E. W. FAIRFAX.

The benevolent countenance and calm manner of "Fax" always attract students to his rounds. His favourite topic is clinical signs, especially in relation to chests, and despite his benign appearance, he asks the most malignant of questions on these matters, especially at the Final. He may well quake in his shoes who cannot classify what he hears or fails to interpret these signs in the light of a possible underlying pathological condition.

Nevertheless his rounds are popular with that large majority of students who admire and seek to emulate him in his thoroughness and painstaking attention to detail. However severe his questions may be, we can expect an honest "spin" in August.

DR. S. A. SMITH.

If, at any time in your wanderings about hospital, you see a big crowd of white-coated students around a patient's bed, and from the midst you hear clear, measured, sonorous tones emerging in uninterrupted flow, make a provisional diagnosis of "S.A." On detailed inspection you behold a fine, upstanding figure surmounted by a venerable head. In his hand he holds a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles, and from his lips flows a stream of pure, concentrated "oil." No question is too foolish to be answered, no student too dense to be taught, and no patient so uninteresting that some piece of valuable information may not be gained from him or her, and we move from that bed to another, racking our brains for some question we might have asked. He has about him the atmosphere which one associates with greatness, yet, like a truly great man, how simple and unassuming.

DR. J. I. C. COSH.

"A little man, with a big heart and a big understanding" would well serve to epitomize John Cosh, physician and gentleman.

John is no hurricane, either in manner or method, but one has not to be with him long to realize his worth. His management of cases, guided by years filled with a wealth of experience, remains in our minds, and will some day undoubtedly bear fruit.

We will always remember rounds with John: his "Good-day, Sister," or, if a nurse is taking sister's place, "Good-day, Miss"; his weekly request to the hemiplegic to whistle and the occasional little story, so quietly told. He was indeed droll, but what a pity we were not alive to see John, at the ripe age of ten, bathing in the Suez Canal; all the hospital would take a holiday to see the sight.

He has earned our esteem, and we are indeed the richer for our association with him.

DR. MARK LIDWILL.

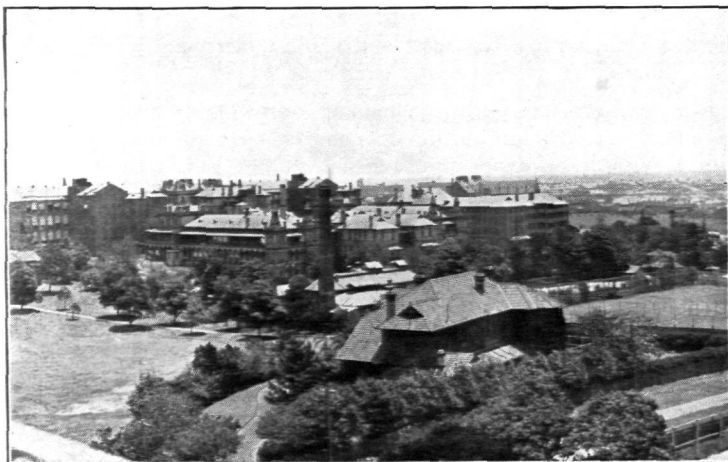
The noble proportions, shiny top and child-like countenance of our "Bunny" are a tonic to student and patient alike. The rubicund cheeks and eternal cigarette impressed themselves on our imaginations, along with the finer points of diagnosis, and we came to regard his utterances as the fruits of the wide and varied experience of a keen and discriminating mentality. Medicine became a field for the exercise of our critical faculties, and many an elaborate theory of recondite erudition was pierced and dissected and the bones revealed under his guidance. An easy friendliness marked his hospital rounds, and discussion and argument were fostered about all cases; we were taught, above all, to value highly our own judgement despite opposition. Anæsthetic lectures and practice claimed his aid, and no student ever forgets "the clear airway" which was ceaselessly drummed into his ears by the fatherly figure at his side during his first "major." We like "Bunny," and commend him to our successors.

MR. GORDON CRAIG.

Inexorable time and rapid hospital regulations have removed from our midst this sturdy figure with the powerful headlights and attenuated Scotch burr; but few will forget his kindly teaching or surgical skill.

Under his care we learnt to respect the kidney as holy, and to realize that the bladder was an organ with an occasional stop. Though we hesitate to vaunt his mathematical abilities, he certainly attempted some obscure problems concerning calculus, and generally got them out. Having built up a sound organization in the Urology Department, he is now leaving the work to his "fellahs," and giving the fish in the Badja River a bad time.

We are pleased to note his recovery from his recent illness, and hope he will long continue to grace Macquarie Street. Certainly "Gordie" with a hand deep in an abdomen, face to heaven, eyes closed and facies distorted will long be a memory with us.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

MR. ST. JOHN DANSEY ("Sinjun").

While no longer a member of the R.P.A.H. staff, "Sinjun" is always remembered as a model of decorum and precision, with never a hasty word and seldom a long one. His little "dammit" under trying circumstances one afternoon provoked as much mirth as the subsequent apologies. "The patient has a slight attack of cortis" rather tricked us in our salad days, but "umbiricus" became a source of joy, and "reft reg" we hailed as a masterpiece. Still, the man who could say "jejuno-jejunostomy" in one breath gained our respect, and we followed him eagerly around his patients, most of whom suffered from the "fair, fat and forty" complication, or offered a much tried stomach to his skilful ministrations. The heavy, solemn face will always arise before us in future gall bladder cases, and we hope it will dissolve into one of those rare smiles of blessing when the job is done.

MR. JOHN MCKELVEY.

*"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."*

John believes in a good general education as an adjunct to surgery, and he is a living example of that belief. He knows the clinical history of every horse worth mentioning in Sydney or Melbourne. He can tell you all the obscure matrimonial details in regard to all the medical giants of the past, and is reputed to have recited "Endymion" while performing an appendicectomy. Of course, his favourite is Shakespeare. He uses the knife with the calm genius of a Lady Macbeth and afterwards washes the blood from his hands with the same dramatic gesture.

On rounds he is a model of calmness, yet of speed. Thorough examination and rapid diagnosis lead to swift action. Many students have tried to model themselves on him, as evidenced by the intriguing way of carrying the stethoscope.

In the theatre one learns other things as well as surgery. "Have you seen this one in last week's *Punch*, Reg?" "No, John," replies a tired voice. Then with unruffled countenance and in an unsurpassable manner, he tells one of the best. Reg goes out chuckling and tells it to Booth, who retails it to Rattigan, who, by inserting "as the sayin' is" or "in the manner of speakin'," palms it off on the students as original.

MR. HUGH POATE.

*"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."*

The car door slams and a trim figure, bowler on head and cigarette at a rakish angle, springs up the front steps. The resident has been getting up steam and the students are on the mark, and then "Hughie" starts rounds. In fifteen or twenty minutes they are back again with obvious dyspnoea and signs of incipient collapse. Their emaciation would have been extreme had not our hero broken his leg while riding his son's "trike" at Bowral.

It brings a lump to the throat to see him surrounded by his goitrous lady friends on the verandah of C1, to whose girth, if not height, he has added the miraculous cubit.

Vice-President of the Medical Society, he is only too willing to help us in hospital or in lunch-hour lectures or magazine article. He is at his best in the theatre, where those who admire neat, swift, artistic surgery are wont to gather. In years to come we hope to be amongst that number in our post-graduate days.

MR. JOHN COLVIN STOREY.

John gave us two terms' lectures in Clinical Surgery, which we will always remember as showing that common sense is the basic principle of Surgery. As a diagnostician he is somewhat unique. We remember two outstanding examples when he diagnosed an obturator hernia in one patient (not "case") and worms in the appendix in another! He gave us the idea that one could differentiate a gastric from a duodenal ulcer by the smell of the patient's breath.

His favourite operation is the removal of a varicocele. This subject was treated in detail in four successive lectures.

To know him well is to know one who is full of warm consideration for his patients and who, in his surgery, is honest with himself and everyone else. His kind smile and twinkling eye have endeared him to us all, so that it is with tender sympathy for his frailty that we refrain from "jockeying him off the field" when holding retractors at his operations.

MR. HERBERT SCHLINK.

Lord of things gynæcological, our Bertie is the essence of efficiency, and the humble student is quite overawed by his schemes for instilling the "good oil." His energy is colossal, and two theatres are usually necessary to cater for his ladies when the urge is upon him. The famous blue room is a den of mystery, where, working between "wind and water," he snares the wily ovary and extracts the cunning uterus while exhorting the boys to "keep your eye on the boat." Has never been known to smile (unless pityingly) on a student, but nevertheless keeps a fatherly eye on his progress, and "raised the roof" when Public Health excursions robbed him of our company. The gynæcological examination rooms and teaching facilities stand as a monument to his organizing ability and energy.

MR. LENNOX TEECE.

*"And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard, now and then,
The song of the Master and his men—
'Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle'."*

Dr. Teece will be remembered mainly for the excellent series of lectures on "Fractures" that he delivers to Sixth Year. He sweeps away the cobwebs of academic obscurities, and gives only what is important, but in the best way. His method consists of pacing round and round the lecture bench as Van Tromp paced his quarterdeck, and varying this by performing Herculean feats with great bars of iron, bending them to his will as if it were mere child's play. The fact that we would send to him all our cases of fractured calcaneus is no indication that he is our "worst enemy"—far from it.

MR. FARRANRIDGE.

Known as "Fridge" to many, but lately to some of us as the "Flying Doctor"—truly a great friend to all of us. Our first introduction was in Fourth Year, when we learnt how to diagnose sisters, nurses of various years and probationers, and the correct attitude to adopt toward each. By means of a soft voice, a childish pronunciation, an infectious laugh and a complete understanding of the psychology of the "fresh" student, he made us feel quite at home.

Twice a week he preached in the local chapel while the sounds of bells came faintly from a distant belfry. But we did not sleep during the sermon, for we can sit for hours listening to his little talks which cover such a wide range of subjects from surgical principles to the less understandable, but no less interesting, principles of women and matrimony.

DR. C. G. McDONALD AND DR. LAURENCE HUGHES.

When I came to set down one or two impressions of these our two tutors in Clinical Medicine, it at once became evident that they have much in common. Both most popular with the students, they have both been brought up to prize "understanding" and so recall to us many phrases and maxims no longer heard at R.P.A.H.

They have their differences, nevertheless. "C.G." teaches by stimulation. We have the clear, concise, unavoidable question, the crooked, captivating smile which so encourages us, and then the pained look which tells us that not only have we shown our ignorance, but have inflicted a personal wound. Dr. Hughes, with the same end in view, beams at us sweetly from behind his "specs.," softly asks his question, and, if we fail, still smiling, suggests the correct answer.

To these gentlemen we owe our early knowledge of clinical signs, and think the present Fourth Year fortunate to have so much of their tuition.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

We found the Children's Hospital a very pleasant place both for work and play. Here certain things were different. First of all, in lectures the Superintendent worked the epidiascope, much to the consternation of one student, who, thinking him a member of the lay staff, expressed to him his opinion of the lecture and lecturer in language decidedly uncomplimentary and unladylike. Then, again, the sisters and nursing staff did their utmost to see that we derived the greatest possible benefit from our visits to the wards or diet kitchen. Some of us found their social abilities as admirable as their nursing.

To many, the students' common-room was something of a treat. Its cleanliness, ample provision for bridge, solo or roulette, and its modern conveniences left very little to be desired, although some found the floors too slippery for their comfort.

In First Year we had met an amusing person named "Edgar." Here we met another, Dr. Stephens, who admitted that he laid himself open to ridicule in order that our crammed lectures might not be boring. His teaching enthusiasm and practical knowledge won our admiration. The desire that we should learn seemed almost a religion with him, and it is certain that he would have given up Anniversary Day as a holiday—if we had let him.

In the absence of Dr. Wade, the Surgical lectures were given by Dr. Vickers. Despite a habit spasm of certain of his left cervical muscles, we cannot speak too highly of the admirable set of lectures which claimed our close attention and enthusiasm. His thoroughness and keenness were equalled only by the liberality with which he rewarded the children sent up for demonstration cases.

It is impossible to mention personally the other lecturers, except to say that they were all imbued with that helpful spirit which we associated with the whole hospital. Altogether our six weeks at the "Kids" were some of the most enjoyable of the course.

Sydney Hospital.

In 1929, at the beginning of our Fourth Year, we made our acquaintance with Sydney Hospital—the oldest hospital in the State, and with the names of many men foremost in their profession on its Honour Roll. Others were still on the staff carrying on its tradition, and we realized that in the years to be, the lot would be ours to carry on what had been so well and faithfully done before us.



SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

We felt very new and small, and listened closely to any of the words of wisdom which men in their senior years might see fit to drop. Our brand new stethoscope—that insignia of the medical student—was displayed prominently in our pocket.

Now we have reached the stage when some at least of us will be leaving our student days at the hospital behind us, with regret that a very pleasant and notable stage of our life is past, but also with thankfulness. With thankfulness that one great hurdle has been overcome, and now we are free to follow more closely the

path which had been growing nearer and nearer during these last six years, and which leads—who knows?

Our small numbers have bound us together into "a happy few, a band of brothers," and in this we have been unusually fortunate, coming to understand one another's faults and qualities to our mutual benefit.

The Superintendent, Dr. A. R. H. Duggan, was always sympathetic in all his dealings with us. His resignation carries with it our best wishes. To the Matron, sisters and others on the nursing staff we are grateful for constant help.

To those honoraries whom we met for only short periods in the Gynæcology, Skin, E.N.T. and Eye Departments, and to some of the junior physicians and surgeons, we tender our thanks. Lack of space and finance does not allow us to detail them as fully as we would like. Those other honoraries—the surgeons and physicians with whom we are in daily contact—we have endeavoured to permanently record by setting out some of the impressions they have made on us; many need no setting out. We hope that we may live up to their standards as men and students in that greatest of all professions—Medicine.

DR. H. S. STACY.

Our genial senior surgeon. Known affectionately to generations of students as "Skipper" or "Old Skip." One of those who sports a bowler hat and double-breaster and a flower in his button-hole.

"Skip." we will always remember. We met him in our early days in Fourth Year as our lecturer in Clinical Surgery, and most of our surgery will have as its basis the sure and sound foundations which "Skipper" laid for us. Always up to date in his methods and always ready to try out new ones, a skilful technician and a careful teacher, "Skipper" has left his mark on us. He is a confirmed disciple of Carrel-Dakin and "dependent drainage." The importance of looking for "threads" will not be forgotten easily by any of "Skipper's" students.

We shall all remember him fondly when we are scattered throughout the country, and shall always be quite satisfied to justify our methods with " 'Skipper' taught us thusly."

DR. GEORGE BELL.

A shining example to those honoraries who used to keep us waiting in the hall, and a monument of virtue in his capacity for taking pains. His pre-operative treatment, so long and painstaking, has impressed on us the difference between ancient and modern surgery. "Prevention is better than cure" has been well drilled into us by this careful exponent of asepsis.

Tall in appearance and with a shining dome rivalled only by Holmes, we fearfully trod the wards with him in Fourth Year, and soon came to appreciate the man behind his apparent taciturnity. We are proud that George has recently been appointed President of the B.M.A. Moynihan remarks that a surgeon's best critics are the students he teaches. If this be so, we unhesitatingly pass George Bell with high distinction.

DR. ARCHIE ASPINALL.

"Archie" is a man known to all medical students by name, but not all are fortunate enough to come into contact with him as we do at Sydney Hospital. He

has always taken a particular interest in medical students, and is one of the few honoraries who emphasize the necessity for an undergraduate to take part in the sporting activities of University life. He himself is often to be seen at a Rugby Union game on Saturday afternoon. It would have gratified Archie's heart to see the interest taken in the recent inter-hospital cricket match.

An exceedingly careful and painstaking surgeon, we, one and all, would trust ourselves in his hands. He is an artist at plastic surgery, and most of these cases find their way into Archie's beds. Has to be humoured about "hands out of your pockets" and nicotine-stained fingers, and in this has a comrade in "Skipper." Archie has just been appointed a lecturer in Clinical Surgery. We have great confidence in the capabilities of this very popular surgeon.

DR. HOWARD BULLOCK.

"Good morning, boys." Erect and of commanding presence, the genial Howard always had a good following on rounds. Reaching Ward IV bathroom, we became targets for Howard's "Now, Mr. ————," as he endeavoured to find out if we knew anything. "What is it that all medical students have had? Now, come on Mr. Beattie, you tell us." This was a most stimulating method of teaching, and kept us awake trying to hide behind one another in an abortive attempt to dodge his searching finger.

Although Dr. Bullock's surgical repertoire was one of very wide limits, he took a special interest in gastric surgery, and all his students know this as a favourite subject for his interrogations, and well recall the triumphant pleasure with which he would slap the scar of a recently done gastro-enterostomy as he sent his grinning patient out of hospital to make way for the next. This would not be complete without a reference to Howard's efforts in the theatre. His technique was astounding, and he always took great pains to show us all that was being done.

DR. RAMSAY SHARPE.

Ramsay was the first honorary with whom we came into contact when we reached hospital, as he was our tutor in Clinical Surgery. Since then he has been elevated to the senior staff—an honour well merited. Later we met him in the O.P., where his patient and earnest methods earned our sincerest respect. With a benevolent gleam through his spectacles, Ramsay never found anything too much trouble to show us, and we would like him to know that his pains on our behalf were appreciated. Always approachable, Ramsay was one of the few who addressed his students without the invidious "Mr." A kindly gentleman.

DR. REGINALD BRIDGE ("Reggie").

Unfortunately for future students, "Reggie" is no longer to be seen in action in the Surgical O.P., having been appointed to the newly-created post of Honorary Urologist, for which none is better qualified than he. This from one point of view is to be regretted, as many of us regarded him as one of the most capable general surgeons on the staff.

Short at times with his patients—Out-patients, God help us!—"Reggie" is, in reality, a most kindly and courteous gentleman, whom it has been our pleasure and privilege to know for a period only too short, but whose aid we shall always be ready to call on in the future.

DR. HAROLD RITCHIE.

It is a great pity that times are so bad that we can't ask Harold for another and newer photograph. He doesn't look a bit like the one we print—he is much more genial looking and has in his eye a glitter that shows experienced knowledge of men and medicine. We Sydney men have a lot to thank him for. As our clinical teacher he has taught us indeed a major part of what we know about medicine. And who will forget our talks when the case is finished? Remarks, which sometimes may hurt a little, are never resented from him. Harold is too good a friend for that, and we know how shrewd an observer he is. To these few minutes Harold owes a large part of his popularity.

He is always getting visitors from the other hospitals to his clinical lectures. One has often wondered, though, what Mrs. Ritchie says when he arrives home so late on Monday evenings, and who pays for the matches.

DR. A. HOLMES À COURT.

We have with us at Sydney Hospital, in Arthur Holmes à Court, one whom any hospital would be proud to number on its staff—a man with a charming personality and an amazingly wide and close knowledge of medicine. His clear and concise methods are an example, and his rounds are well attended by others in addition to those officially attached to him.

We learnt with satisfaction that Holmes had been appointed our second lecturer in Clinical Medicine, and consider with such a combination as Harold and Holmes that we are exceptionally well fitted with clinical teachers. He is one of those few honoraries who goes thoroughly into your own "history." This is very helpful, and a practice which, with advantage, could be more generally adopted.

Finally, we would like to congratulate this very popular honorary on being elected to the rare and coveted F.R.C.P.

DR. LESLIE DUNLOP.

Why is he called "Dolly"? Surely it cannot be his appearance, for he is really quite presentable. Nor can it be that little wink of his which we, as mere males, really know isn't a wink at all. But what may others think? A great man on the importance of taking a proper history, he is never tired of teaching his students the value of it. He willingly spends over an hour with one patient, pointing out meanwhile to an unfortunate, who has really thought his effort good, what an *infinitesimal amount he knows about the correct procedure and how little he observed of what was really there.*

He is remarkably cheerful for an honorary, and his temper is sunny, capable of being ruffled by only one that we know of. A great disciple of Osler, he seems to know large parts of it by heart. "Dolly" has added considerably to our knowledge of medicine.

DR. H. C. ADAMS.

Can it be said that students enjoy rounds? Yes, most decidedly. We invite any sceptic to do a round with Bill when he is "in form."

A most graphic speaker, Bill would draw crowds to a pulpit or a soap-box. Perhaps at his best on a "belly," these cases were always looked forward to by

his students, but focal sepsis, dysentery, typhoid, all were favourite subjects with him, punctuated regularly by his "Isn't that so?" and an airy disregard for the safety of his glasses, which he waves about on the end of a piece of black silk cord.

Perhaps Bill is commiserating with a late arrival—a friendly arm over his shoulder—suspected of that "morning after the night before feeling," "which we have all had, gentlemen." Perhaps he is extolling the virtues—hic! of Mr. Lang or of surgeons who operate on uncomplicated duodenal ulcers—"My God!" but whatever picture the words "Old Bill" call up, the predominating one is that of a most capable, kindly, understanding gentleman.

DR. GEORGE WILLCOCKS.

One of our tutors in Clinical Medicine, and as a tutor one who taught us facts, not theories. We owe much of our grounding to him; that we build on it successfully depends largely on ourselves. George has since been elevated to the senior staff.

Never known by any other name but "George," his days in M.O.P. were deservedly popular. George's instinct in unearthing those who take "just a little, Dr." is unerring. We have yet to see an out-patient "put one over" George.

Giving us a free reign to fully examine his patients, our findings were always carefully considered and the impression we carry away is of one who was always courteous and considerate to his students and much liked by them all.

DR. WILFRED EVANS.

With George, was one of our tutors in Clinical Medicine. Not many of Dr. Evans's tutorials had elapsed before we learnt to expect his genial nod and smile, his inseparable suit-case and invariable good humour.

"Good morning, boys. Feeling fit? That's right. Come along now, we have some good ones up in Ward 3. Ah! now I was afraid you were going to ask that." Once in the wards he would take delight in finding the faintest of murmurs or in percussing the left border of the heart; indeed, we have heard it whispered that they are very keen on that in Vienna!

As time slipped past and tutorial days were at an end, we could only regret that our association with Dr. Evans had been so brief. Indeed, to recall these classes must always bring before our minds the picture of a very kindly teacher who spared no effort to help his students in every way possible. "Wilf." is one of those who will not be forgotten.

DR. E. H. STOKES.

It has been our privilege to study medicine under Dr. Stokes, both in the O.P. Department and all too infrequently on rounds, as a relieving physician. In the comparatively short space of time we have known him, we have learned how capable, efficient and exact he is.

A gentleman at all times, he is always ready to consider opinions other than his own, and above all striving to do his all and utmost for his patients. Famous among students for the length of the rubber on his stethoscope for many moons; we now see he has bought a new piece. Is the depression lifting at last?

With a mild manner and easy conversation, Eddie soon makes you feel at home, and we will always have pleasant recollections of our association with him.

The Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.

The sojourn at the "Royal" is one to which all students look forward, and which none forget. Here one feels that one gained real experience in practical things; here we are something more than students. But more than these things, here we get to know one another more intimately than we have done before. Some of our fellows we have known for five years during the course, but life at the "Royal" reveals to us personalities the existence of which we had not dreamed.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

For three weeks previously, we journeyed out two afternoons a week to the stern tuition of Dr. Ridler. We will never forget the first afternoon when our ignorance was revealed, naked and unlovely. With what despondency did we depart? However, we were more efficient at the end of the three weeks, and had succeeded in finding out that golf was one of Dr. Ridler's weaknesses.

We took possession of the cottage with much ado and fussing with baggage. After we had seen Matron and been put at our professional ease, we soon settled down. During the next few weeks, we saw the Superintendent, who was warm in

his welcome and told us that everyone was there to make us happy. "There is no need to be miserable. I hate to be—miserable." We came to respect more and more his practical knowledge, and found him always willing to help.

A graph of our nightly visitations to Labour Ward would show a steady decline during the three weeks. The same could be said of our attendance at the 8.30 a.m. lectures at the Medical School. But although we became progressively more tired and less enthusiastic, we were sorry when the time came to depart. At no institution had we had such intensification of practical and theoretical tuition. Dr. Constance D'Arcy, Professor Windeyer and Dr. Hipsley lectured during the afternoons to a listless group of students, who, having been up all night, longed for some resting place for their wearied bodies and tried in vain to hide yawns which the lecturers very decently refused to notice.

"Daddy" we had met before, and found him as patient and thorough in the wards as in the lecture-room. This was our first introduction to "Connie." Apart from being rather "casual" as to the hour or day when she arrived to lecture to us, she was the students' good friend. She always refrained from coming too early on Saturday morning to enable us to have an extra hour in bed, and one Sunday morning very touchingly offered to excuse any who would like to go to church. Only for the fact of it being unprofessional, I am sure she longed to draw down upon her capacious breast the head of the tired student and lull him to sleep.

Some of us washed babies; others were washed by them. Those who had skinned eels were found more proficient at the game. At odd intervals we practised "mashie" shots at the back of the hospital, or frequented Moore Park. Sometimes we whiled away many pleasant hours at night playing bridge, entertaining fair friends or careering across to the lift with our clothes under our arm, dressing as we went.

The irregular hours of sleep were counterbalanced by the liberality of diet. Physiologists tell us that the human stomach is never empty. It certainly was not at the "Royal," but the amount we ate also seemed to indicate that it cannot be filled.

The architecture of the cottage was not without fault; for example, Peter Murphy was found to be in a rather awkward position when entertaining friends. Again, the enjoyment of a hot bath was somewhat marred because one was liable to be cooled by an annoying shower at one end and scalded by a steam pipe at the other.

Only for the telephone we would have had an almost perfect time. All the latent powers and possibilities of our colleagues came to light, and the number and variety of musical instruments which desecrated the night air was amazing.

We all left with fond memories, an extra store of knowledge and an additional half stone in weight.



Crown Street.

About the middle of our fifth year and early in our sixth, certain of us were sent to Crown Street Women's Hospital to be initiated into the mysteries of that important and necessary part of our training—the guiding of small individuals into a new world. Here we met Dr. Ludowici, the senior honorary, and Dr. Donovan—the genial “Hec.”—who did their best to instil into often sleepy heads the dangers and treatment of the various pathological conditions of pregnancy and the puerperium. Dr. Gibson gave us some of the clearest and most concise demonstrations it has ever been our lot to receive. Here also we met the Labour Ward Sister, Sister Giles, who is known and loved by the thousands of women who have passed under her care.



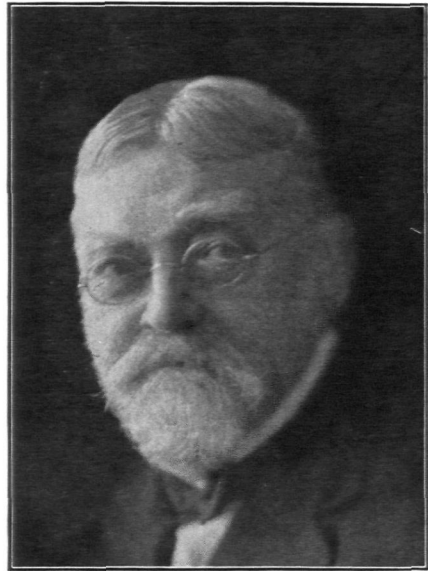
CROWN STREET WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

How often have we groaned as we leapt out of bed to answer the telephone in the small hours of the morning, with its “students wanted on the third floor, please”! But we had many diversions. Herschel must be congratulated on his success with the nursing staff, but he did bath *some* babies. “Put,” when wanted, was usually to be found not far from the second floor nursery at any hour after tea. We regret that his well meant attempt to pour a bucket of water from the roof on to two unsuspecting inhabitants of Surry Hills did not meet with its anticipated success. Three members of the Year, who shall be unnamed, take this opportunity of thanking a thoughtful friend who tied a string of sausages on to Herschel's car. There was no pleasure like the eating of them.

We left the hospital well satisfied with our stay there, and with a certain confidence not felt when we arrived.



THE CHANCELLOR,
HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM CULLEN,
K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D.



THE DEPUTY-CHANCELLOR,
PROFESSOR SIR MUNGO MACCALLUM,
K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.



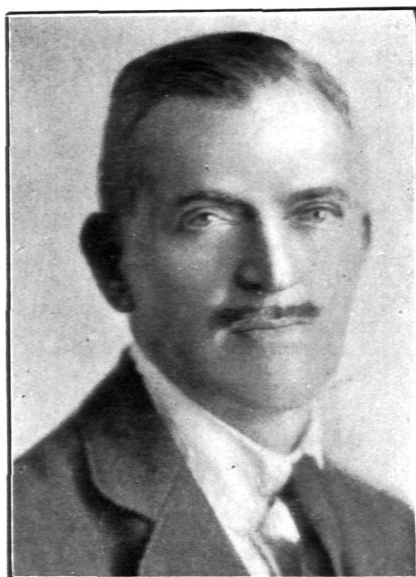
PROFESSOR R. S. WALLACE, M.A., LL.D.,
Vice-Chancellor.



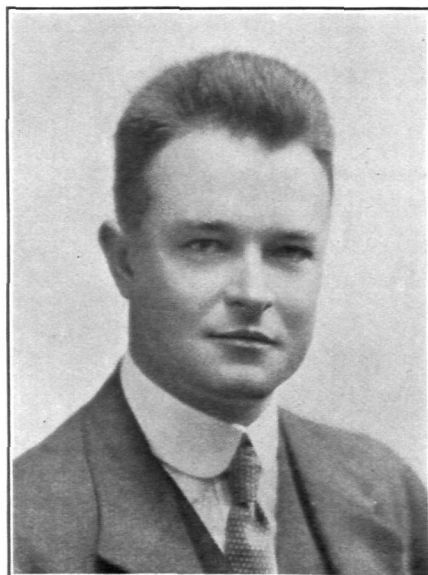
W. A. SELLE, M.A.,
Registrar.



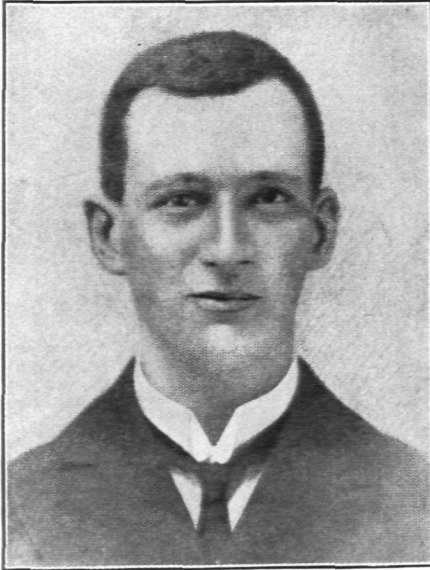
THE LATE LAUNCELOT HARRISON.
B.A., B.Sc.,
Professor of Zoology.



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



E. H. BOOTH, B.Sc.,
Lecturer in Physics.



A. N. St. G. H. BURKITT, M.B., B.Sc.,
Professor of Anatomy.



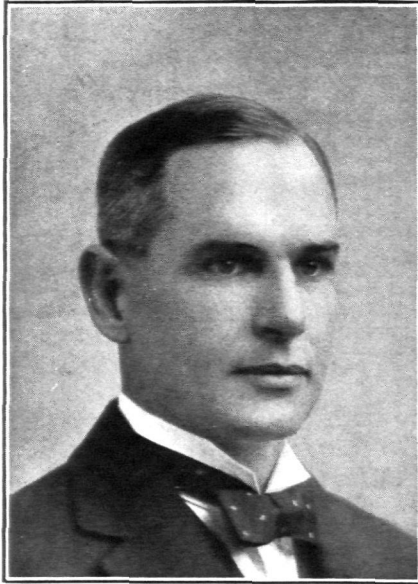
F. A. MAGUIRE, D.S.O., M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Anatomy.



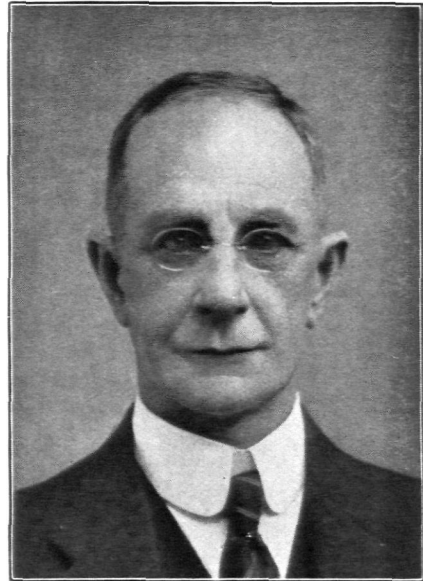
H. G. CHAPMAN, M.D., B.S.,
Professor of Physiology.



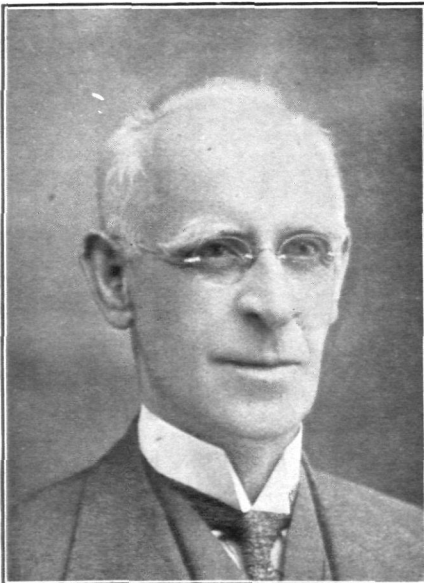
HENRY PRIESTLEY, M.D., Ch.M., B.Sc.,
Associate Professor of Physiology.



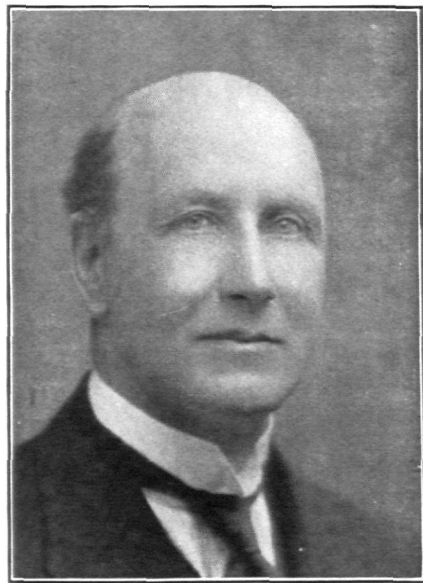
W. KEITH INGLIS, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Pathology.



JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A., M.B., Ch.M.,
B.Sc., Lecturer in Therapeutics and
Materia Medica.



R. H. TODD, B.A., M.D., Ch.B.,
Lecturer in Medical Jurisprudence.



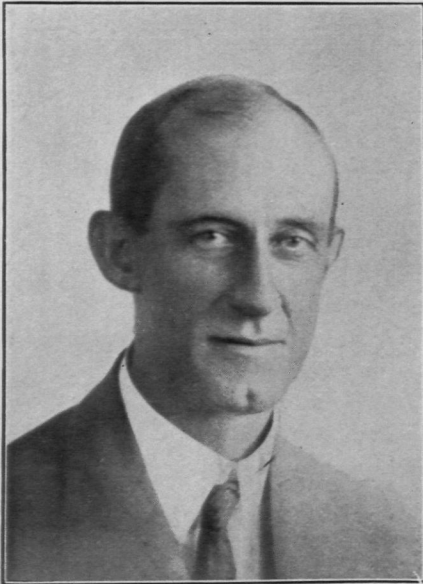
HARVEY SUTTON, O.B.E., M.D., Ch.B.,
Lecturer in Preventive Medicine and
Public Health.



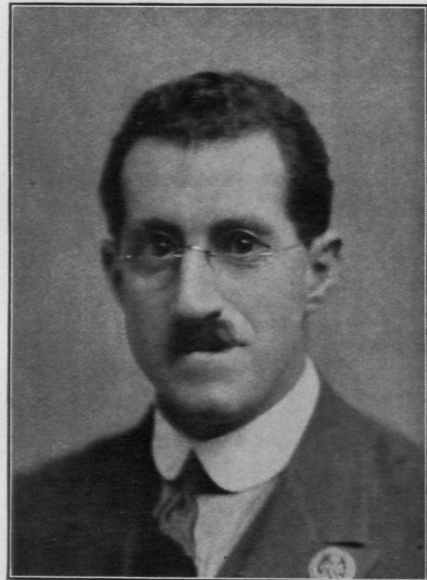
W. S. DAWSON, M.A., M.D.,
Professor of Psychiatry.



REGINALD L. DAVIES, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Gynaecology.



E. H. MOLESWORTH, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Dermatology.



R. G. WADDY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Ophthalmology.

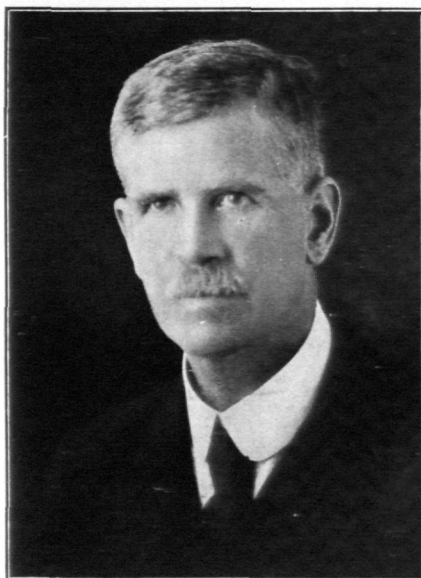
Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



C. BICKERTON BLACKBURN, O.B.E.,
B.A., M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



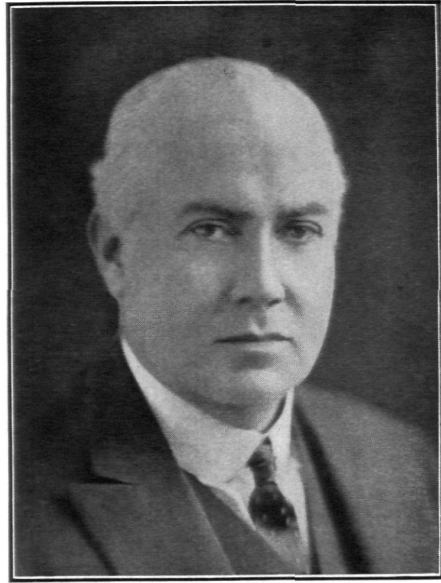
E. W. FAIRFAX, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



J. I. C. COSH, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



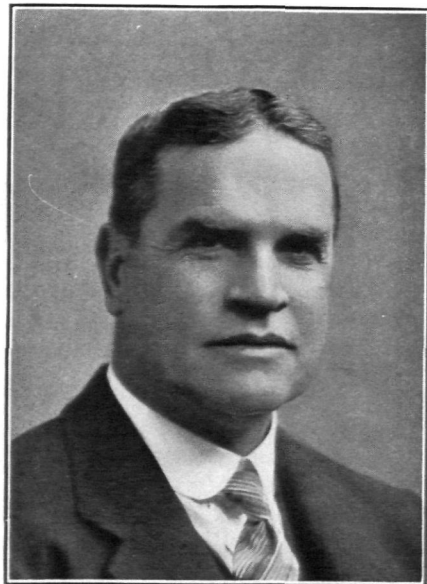
S. A. SMITH, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



MARK LIDWILL, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician and Lecturer in
Anæsthetics.



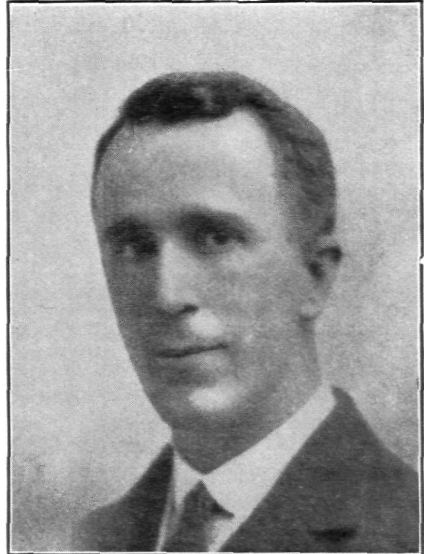
R. GORDON CRAIG, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Urological Surgeon.



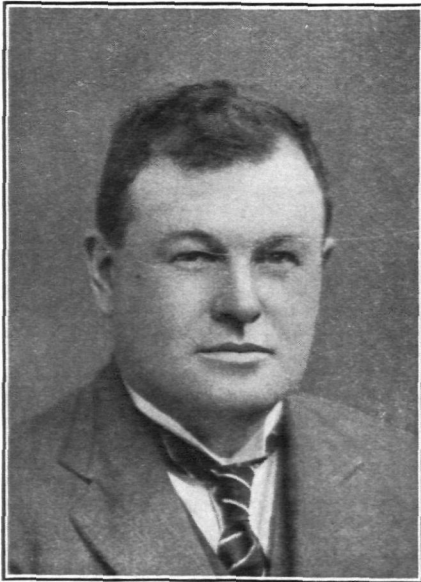
St. JOHN W. DANSEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



JOHN L. MCKELVEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



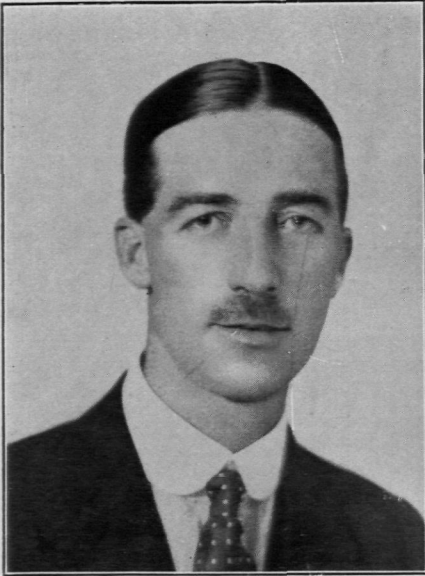
HUGH R. G. POATE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



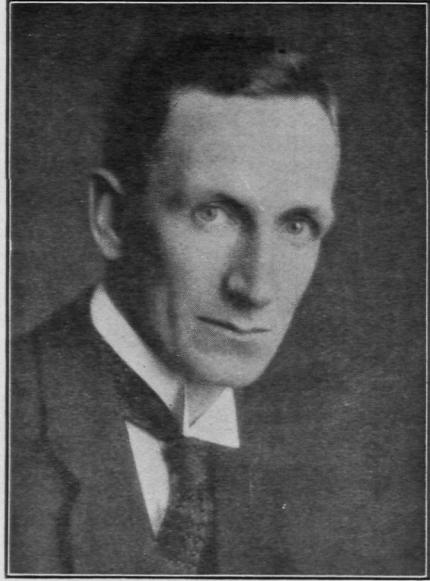
JOHN COLVIN STOREY, O.B.E., M.B.,
Ch.M., Honorary Surgeon.



HERBERT H. SCHLANK, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Gynecological Surgeon.



LENNOX G. TEECE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Orthopaedic Surgeon.



C. G. McDONALD, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.

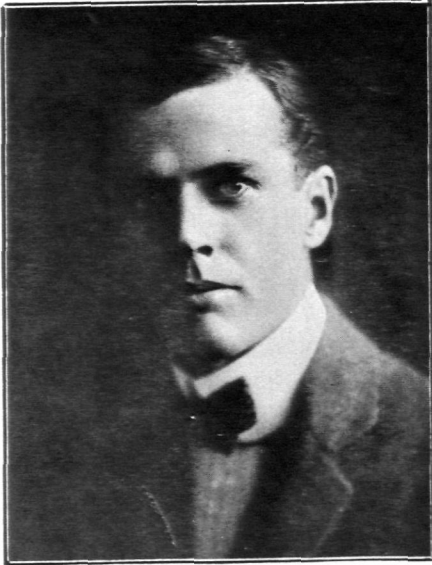


T. FARRANRIDGE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.

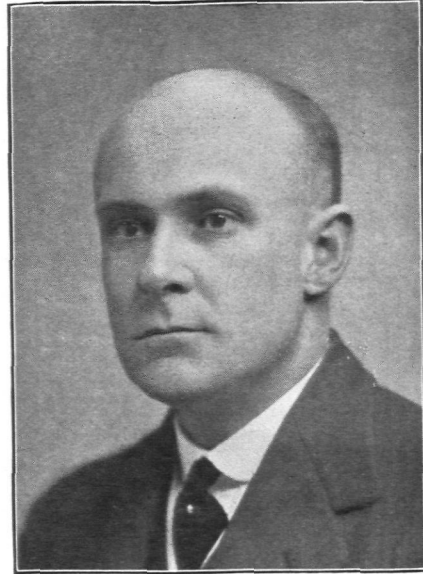


LAWRENCE HUGHES, M.D., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.

Sydney Hospital.



HAROLD RITCHIE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



A. W. HOLMES À COURT, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



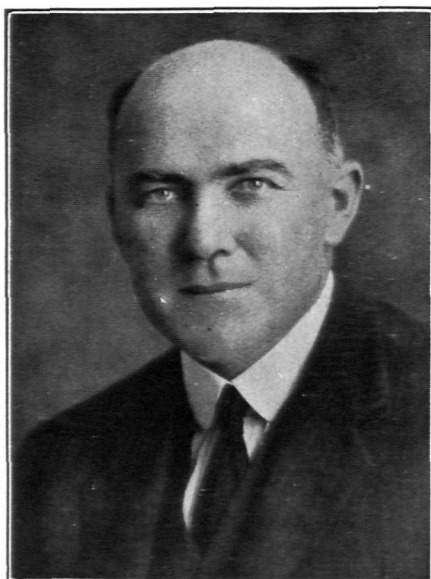
LESLIE W. DUNLOP, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



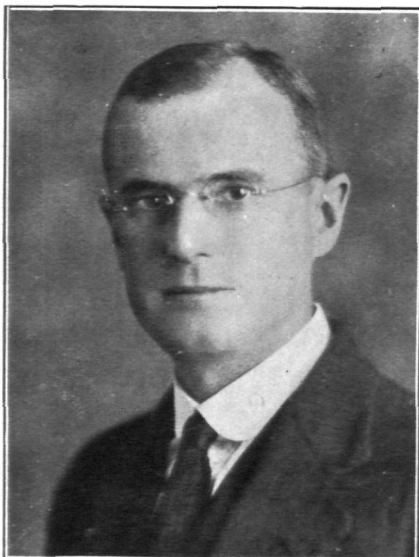
H. C. ADAMS, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



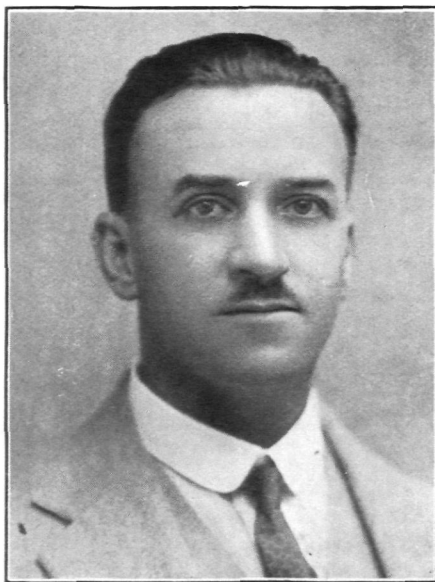
H. SKIPTON STACY, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



GEORGE BELL, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



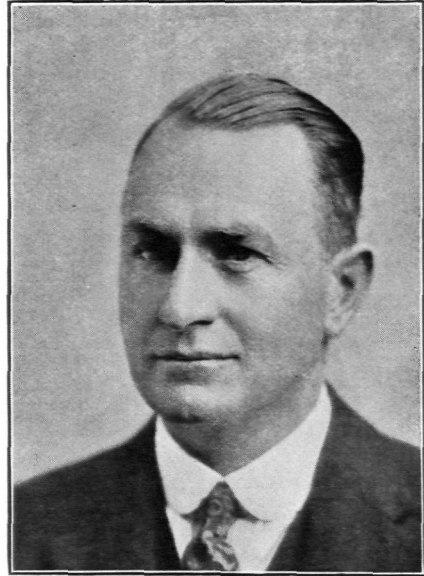
ARCHIE ASPINALL, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



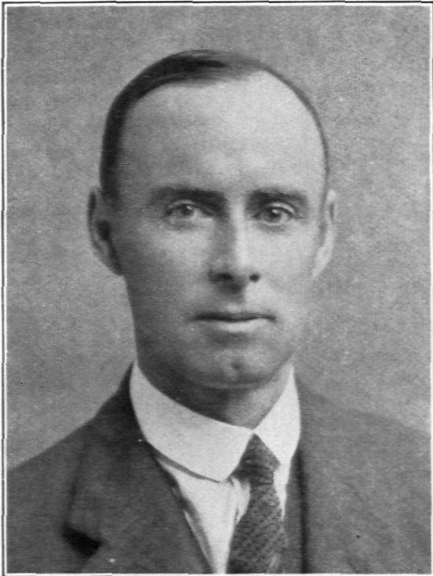
HOWARD BULLOCK, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.



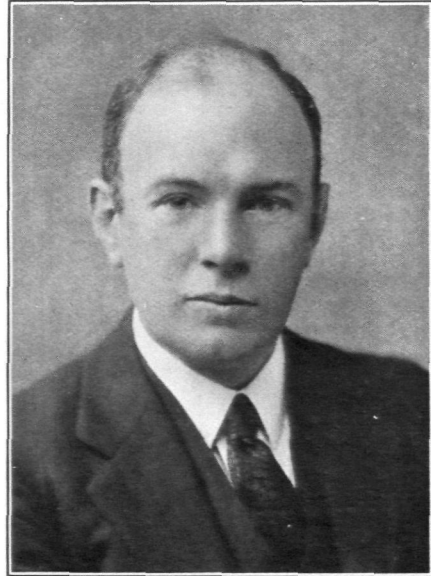
W. A. RAMSAY SHARP, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.



GEORGE C. WILLCOCKS, O.B.E., M.C.,
M.B., Ch.M., Tutor in Medicine.



WILFRED EVANS, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.



E. H. STOKES, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Anæsthetics.

Saint Vincent's Hospital.



H. H. BULLMORE, M.B., Ch.B.,
Honorary Physician.



O. A. DIETHELM, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



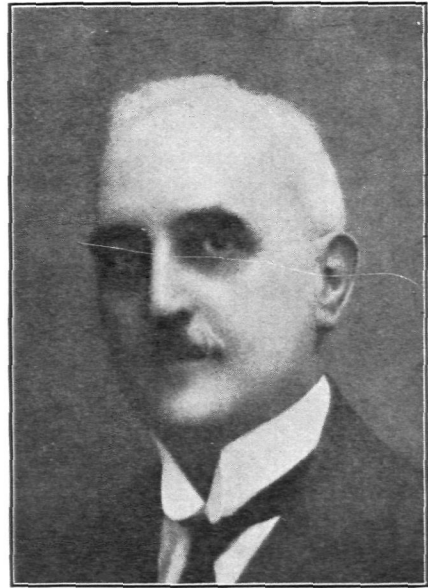
JOHN P. TANSEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



SIR ALEXANDER MACCORMICK,
Kt., M.D., Ch.M., Honorary Surgeon.



V. M. COPPLESON, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.



M. O'GORMAN HUGHES, B.A., B.Sc., M.B.,
Honorary Surgeon.



W. T. D. MAXWELL, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Assistant Surgeon.

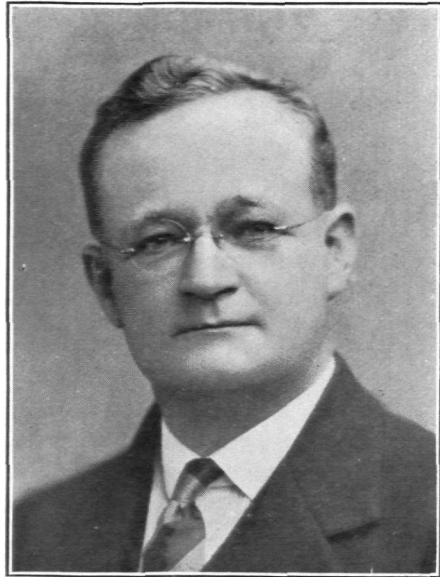


DOUGLAS MILLER, M.B., Ch.M.,
Dean of St. Vincent's Hospital Clinical
School.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.



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



W. VICKERS, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Surgeon.

THE NEW PROFESSORS.



HAROLD ROBERT DEW,
M.B., B.S. (Melb.), F.R.C.S.,
Professor of Surgery.



CHARLES GEORGE LAMBIE,
M.C., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.,
Professor of Medicine.

Ourselves.

After a little more than five years, we find ourselves, more by good luck than good management, confronted with the looming shadow of the Final Examination. We are a very happy family. We started in First Year with fifty-three members, and now have thirty-nine, of whom eight have been picked up on the way. The smallness of our number and the vicissitudes through which we have passed, have bound us together in a way which has not been the privilege of many years.

We are the last of the old *régime* and are like children without parent or godfather. It has been rubbed into us what a terrible lot we are. I suppose that is true, but it does not worry us much. Nothing has worried us. There has been no need of keen competition either at examinations or at the bedside. Moreover, we do not work to the sound of loud trumpets to let people know what fine fellows we are, but have moved quietly about hospital, picking up, here and there, a fund of information which will be invaluable in future years. Of course, such a method is unimpressive. The ideal student rushes noisily about, is always next to the honorary on rounds, nods automatically and enthusiastically at all he says, and pushes his fellows on one side to palpate obviously unpalpable viscera.

We are apparently the "Ugly Duckling" Year of Medicine. We will make good "quacks" at all events. The medical course is now receiving a spring cleaning. May we all be swept out with the other rubbish next August.

WILLIAM MAURICE ADA (R.P.A.H.).

Joining us at the barrier in First Year, "Dan" has kept his place in the field, and has, in fact, improved his position, figuring in the credit list for the last two years. At hospital the honoraries describe him as "keenness itself," while the nursing staff refer to "that tall student with the black hair and cheerful smile." Immensely popular with his patients, we know he will be eminently successful in practice.

A product of Sydney High School, he gained there some aquatic proficiency, and represented his school at swimming and rowing. His hobbies are dermatology, soldiering, swimming and, yes, we will certainly include the fair sex. He is to be relied upon to make a four at tennis or bridge, work not contraindicating, and to make a clean plate.

NOEL FRANCIS BALZER (Sydney Hospital).

M. le Comte, Noël François de Balzère—a bananalander. Passed Fourth and Fifth Years with distinction and apologies, in spite of a somewhat full career. With a collection of stories from a wide and varied experience, and being, moreover, an excellent raconteur, Noel is a valued and regular member at the after-lunch session. Very popular amongst us, Noel has endeared himself to many others outside our ranks; we might mention (1) Edna, (2) Daisy, (3) other lasses, (4) more lasses, (5) bookmakers, (6) Tooth & Co., Ltd.

Not afraid to say what he thinks, Noel is one with considerable moral courage and generous to a fault. We have gained by our knowledge of him. We wish him every success.

GEORGE RIDDELL BEATTIE (St. Vincent's Hospital).

From West Kempsey High School, where he gained highest pass in Leaving Certificate and led the school in all sports. Since then he has always been well up at examinations, with several distinctions. He spent a considerable time last year as resident at Balmain Hospital. He can go to sleep in lectures and take verbatim notes. Despite a leucocytosis of 14,000, he looks the picture of health.

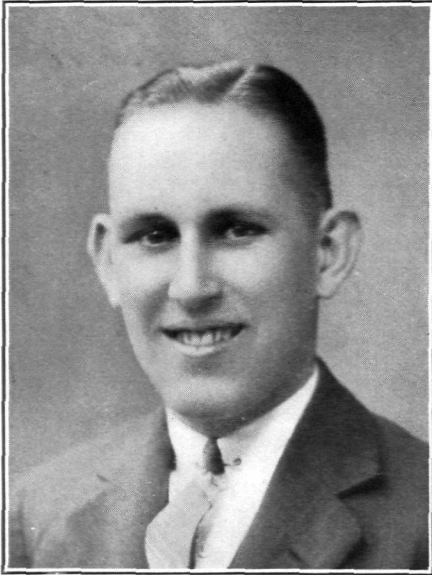
When he told one honorary that he was not feeling too well, he was told "to have a blood test done, d'yer see." When he had gone the honorary described him as "that student, Beattie—a bit neurotic, d'yer see."

He has played University League football and inter-faculty and inter-hospital sport. Generally sticks to tennis.

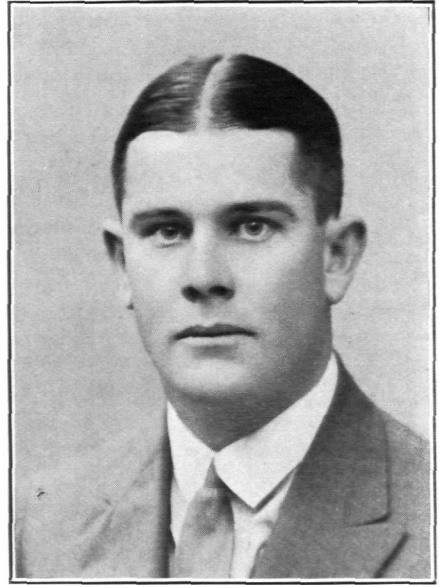
HERBERT RONALD HERSCHEL BEATTIE ("Hersch"), Sydney Hospital.

Joined us from Barker College. In his fourth year entered St. Andrew's College, where he gained his blue for athletics, his long legs regularly carrying him over enormous distances. In addition to his sporting activities, Herschel has succeeded each year in convincing the examiners they knew a man who ought to pass when they saw one.

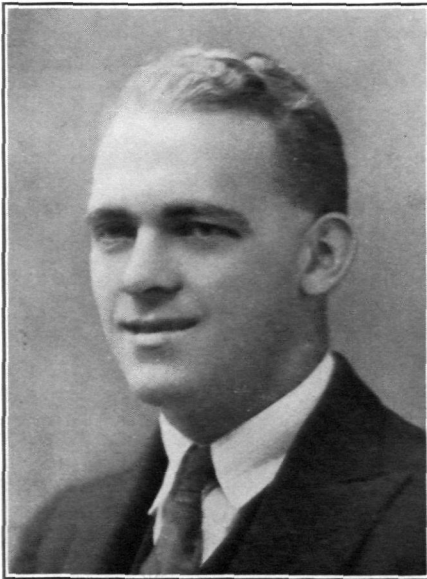
An Austin 20, painted grey, is frequently seen after dark in the drive of the R.A.H.C. We reluctantly confirm this statement, and the matter is being investigated.



WILLIAM MAURICE ADA.



NOEL FRANCIS BALZER.



GEORGE RIDDELL BEATTIE.



HERBERT RONALD HERSCHEL
BEATTIE.

He is one of those fortunates who makes friends who stick to him in all weathers. Quiet and unassuming as a rule, he sometimes shows us "what a Beattie can do." A hard and conscientious worker, he has all those qualities which one looks for in a man and a member of the medical profession.

ALEXANDER INNES BRANCH.

Alec is one of the most popular men in the year. He came at one time from "Scot's," where he used to run the "mile" in preparation for the bagpipes in later years. He joined us at the end of Third Year, having gained his B.Sc. and also much worldly wisdom both in the wilds of New South Wales and the night haunts of the city. He is noted for many things. He is one of the world's strong, curly-headed, noisy men, whether in the hospital ward or creeping up to labour ward at 2 a.m. An outward sign of this innate tendency is a thing called the "bagpipes" which used to enliven "Commem.," but which has crooned many an infant to sleep at the "Royal."

He also has a car which is run on the weakest mixture of any in Sydney. If you do not know Alec, you must hear him sing the "Sergeant-Major on Parade."

ALEXANDER GEORGE CAMPBELL BUDGE ("Dado," "Al."), Sydney Hospital.

For the presence of this indispensable member of the Faculty of Medicine we are indebted to the King's School. The loss to the Medical School, following Third Year, was irreparable, but the Common-room at Sydney Hospital was the richer. He is to be seen here in his leisure moments, ensconced behind a small, short, particularly offensive pipe, with a cheerful grin on his face and making peculiar up and down movements with his hands.

Pursues honoraries with a simple fervour, and is an authority on typhoid fever and "Rose Marie" cells. He possesses the most care-worn stethoscope in the hospital. His sporting activities were confined to one appearance with the S.U. Amateur Boxing Club, from which, following a short, painful encounter, he resigned. He is appreciated by all, and enjoys amazing popularity.

EWAN LAWRIE CORLETTE, Sydney Hospital.

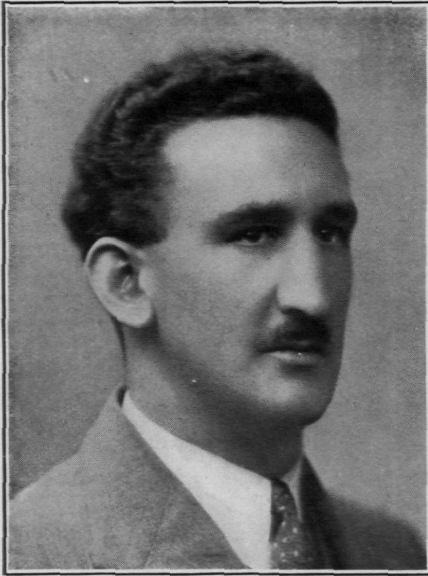
Ewan decided that he was meant for the noble profession when he was at Cranbrook School, where he had a fine scholastic and sporting record, and he has not lost any of his keenness since.

Study comes first with Ewan, and he has deserved the honours he has gained: Credit in First Year, Distinction in Fourth Year, and High Distinction in Fifth Year. Well versed in sport and particularly keen on cricket and football, we remember him being the mainstay of the Sydney Hospital Eleven. In his leisure moments holds good cards at bridge.

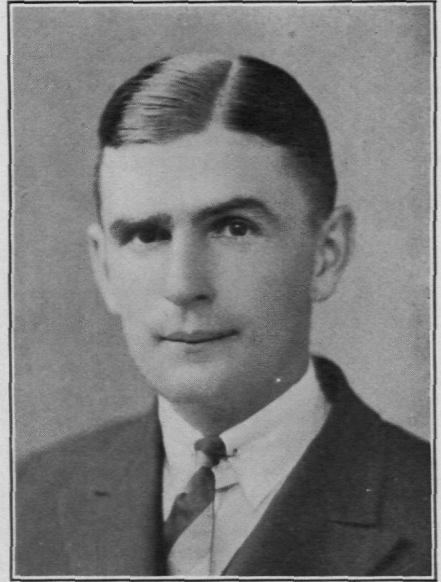
We will remember Ewan as being unassuming, bright and level headed, and hold no doubt that he will follow his father's footsteps to the top of the profession.

NOEL ADAIR CHRISTIAN CORLETTE, Sydney Hospital.

Noel also comes from Cranbrook. In his earlier years he played cricket and football for the 'Varsity, but now watches the First XV from the grandstand. He is a happy, phlegmatic fellow, whose quiet manner has won him great popularity, and his all-round interests have resulted in his election as Year Representative,



ALEXANDER INNES BRANCH.



ALEXANDER GEORGE CAMPBELL
BUDGE.



EWAN LAWRIE CORLETTE.



NOEL ADAIR CHRISTIAN CORLETTE.

Vice-President of the Medical Society and Sub-Editor of this Year Book. The inquisitive have noticed that the fair sex are not insusceptible, although we are not allowing this to go any farther. "Andy" has been partly responsible for the tramway deficit by reason of the "Corlette Coach Service" to Sydney Hospital.

He is as sound in his work as in his character, and cannot fail to win the favour in practice which he has won amongst his fellows.

JOHN RICHARD STEELE DOUGLAS ("Steele"), Sydney Hospital.

Steele joined us from Scot's College, and during his whole course has done remarkably well, having gained a Credit in his first three years and Distinction in Fourth and Fifth Years, and with an exceptional knowledge of medicine and surgery, we will be disappointed not to see him high in the Honours list in August. Modest and unassuming and with no trace of "show," we all have a soft spot for him.

Steele is our sheet anchor on rounds at "question time," and is one of those few hardy souls who can hold their own in an argument with Harold. He is the only one of us who has successfully performed a major operation, having removed a sarcoma and secondary glands from the family cat. The cat is still alive and a mother.

Goes in continual fear that "Dado" will "be angry with him." A most likeable fellow.

JAMES CAMERON ENGLISH, R.P.A.H.

Once upon a time, "Jim," the infant prodigy, descended 2,000 feet from Goulburn High School, after a brilliant career, to study medicine in Sydney. He soon made fame by gaining Honours consistently, including the Pathology Prize in Fourth and first place in Fifth Year.

Jim showed himself a keen sport, playing in the First Hockey XI for four years, and winning both Sydney and Australian "Varsities" "blues." In the summer he surfs, sunbakes and camps, and often bowls a wicked "pill" for the Third XI. He has the committee complex, and for many years served on the Hockey Club and Sports Union Executives. His vices are few, except a flair for music, being an adept on all stringed instruments.

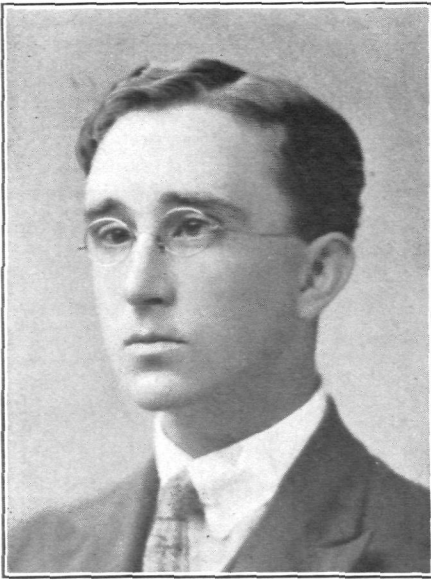
He is now in temporary retirement due to the loss of an appendix, but we expect very definite news from him in August.

WALLACE HUGH FRASER, R.P.A.H.

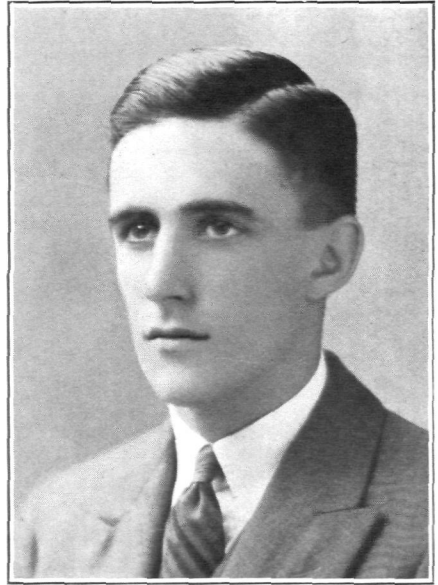
Hugh came to us from "Shore," and was soon known for his personality and ability. He begins work on the first day of first term, and has been rewarded with a yearly credit. His methods in all things include painstaking care and logical conclusions, whether the subject be clinical medicine, tennis or bridge.

He is known in the common-room for his vicious ping-pong, his spasmodically unorthodox views on the psychology of women and his sound bidding.

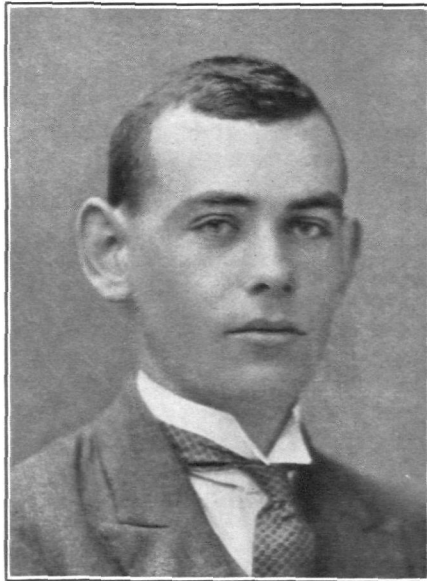
The coldness of his hands has sometimes offended the comfortable warmth of his patient's abdomen, but, as John Storey was wont to say "Cold hands and a warm heart." He used to suffer the nick-name of "Dad," because of the seriousness of his bearing and the fact that he walks on a wide base, with a double *talipes valgus*. Since then he has shown his brighter side much more frequently.



JOHN RICHARD STEELE DOUGLAS.



JAMES CAMERON ENGLISH.



WALLACE HUGH FRASER.

CURZON WATKIN FURNER, R.P.A.H.

The "Stormy Petrel" or the "Disturbing Element" blew in on us from Fort Street. Curzon is a lad of mercurial temperament, happy disposition, definitely sympatheticonic and of undoubted ability.

An earnest disciple of "Arty," he is never happier than when defending his hero against the onslaughts of the critics. He is also an ardent protagonist of Kingsford Smith, and is the proud possessor of a big leather overcoat just like his.

He was one of those who invented the word "prime"* and its derivatives which have become part of the language of our year. His many virtues include a will to succeed in August, which we confidently anticipate. His further success as a practitioner is assured.

RALPH HENRY GUNDELACH, R.P.A.H.

Ralph came to us from St. Joseph's College, and soon proved himself a humorist. He thinks it a joke to figure among the credits with an occasional distinction to relieve the monotony. How he does it one cannot say, for he agrees with Edward Martin that the best time to work is "not in the evening and never between meals."

When not in the wards or at lectures, he may be found at Woy Woy, whence he brings back strange fishing (and other) tales, or we may surprise him on Sunday nights, wiping-up after tea in various kitchens around Rose Bay and Bellevue Hill.

He finds time to play hockey, cricket and ping-pong, for the former of which he gained his "blue" in 1928 and his Australian "blue" in 1929. His baby-bathing ability at the "Royal" suggests that he would make a good father.

ESME HOPE HOLLAND, R.P.A.H.

A student of North Sydney Girls' High School, Esmé came up to begin her medical course in 1926. Somewhat of a contrast, both in looks and ways, to the rest of the ladies, she has carried off the academic laurels amongst the female section of the Year, having annexed several credits.

Her dark, well-poised head holds much both of intelligence and of humour, and many have been the laughs we have enjoyed as a result of the last, not too latent, quality.

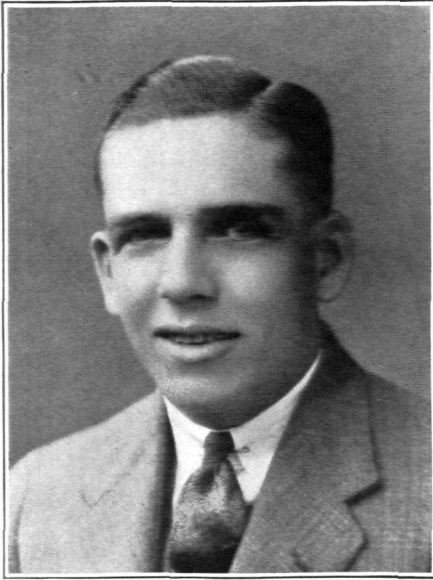
A woman of whim and of will, she has many extra-medical interests which have added to the versatility and strength of her character. Her career is assured, and we anticipate with confidence the future medical success of Esmé.

JOHN GWYDIR HULME, R.P.A.H.

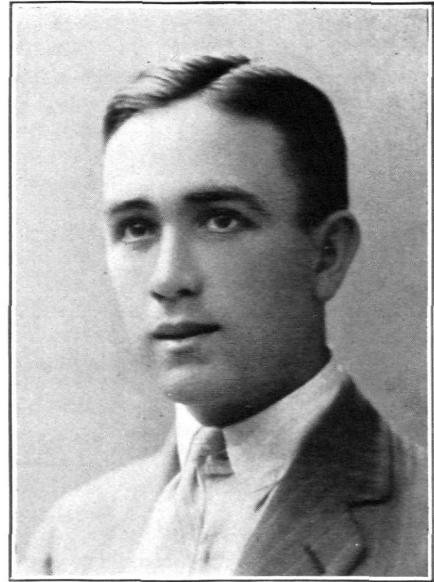
Jack has been with us ever since the beginning of Second Year. He is one of the quieter, more serious members of the year. However, behind that earnest demeanour is a wealth of humour which manifests itself now and then in a chuckling laugh which is a tonic to the tired spirit.

Jack is a great exponent of the rights of the student, and is a caustic critic of the "stuff" he has to learn. It was mainly due to his efforts that we

* *Prime*—an adjective applied to a person when he, by a slight stiffness in gait, studied facial expression or superiority in bearing, tries to make himself out to be better than he really is.



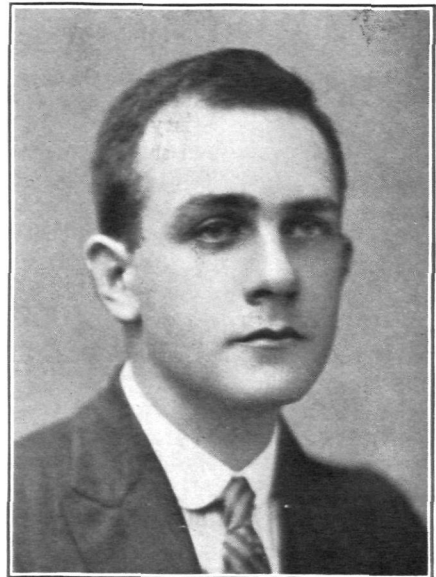
CURZON WATKIN FURNER.



RALPH HENRY GUNDELACH.



ESMÉ HOPE HOLLAND.



JOHN GWYDIR HULME.

escaped an extra three months in our course. He is a practical man rather than a bookworm, and helps to run Newcastle Hospital when it is short staffed.

His watchword is: "Get out your trumps, you 'nit-wit'." His honesty of purpose and dependability of character will always keep him well supplied with friends.

CECIL DIGAN LANGTON, Sydney Hospital.

Coming from St. Aloysius College with an exhibition to his credit, it was not long before Cecil became a popular member of the year. During his stay with us has managed to beat the examiners each time, gaining several credits and distinctions.

In his earlier years he represented the faculty on the river, but has since devoted his attention to tennis and golf. We fully expect Cecil to end up at bowls or "minnie golf." Probably the best man in the year in the surf, is one of that band regularly seen at Bondi. Collaroy also claims Cecil as a ratepayer, for which his friends "are truly thankful." Cecil is peculiarly attracted by the fair sex. This weakness is viewed with concern by his stronger brethren.

Cecil with his cheery and generous disposition is bound to succeed in his chosen profession, and he carries the best wishes and friendship of all of us with him.

DAVID NORRIE FLEMING LEAKE, R.P.A.H.

"Dave" has strolled through medicine without mishap and with the least possible disturbance of his placidity. Although living close by at St. Andrew's, he appears at lectures just in time, with a rather tired expression which he maintains throughout the day. He tends to be a "doubting Thomas." It was only with the greatest reluctance and after a long while that he would admit that anything could be heard with a stethoscope or seen with an ophthalmoscope, but in reality is now as proficient in these as anyone else in the year. Dave hides his light under a bushel, but we find, when the occasion demands it, that he is quite a social success.

ALICE MARGARET MACCOURT, R.P.A.H.

From North Sydney Girls' High School, Alice has been with us since First Year. Always a keen student, she has been a veritable rock of determination in her efforts to establish herself as an M.B., B.S. of Sydney University, which we feel sure she will do next August.

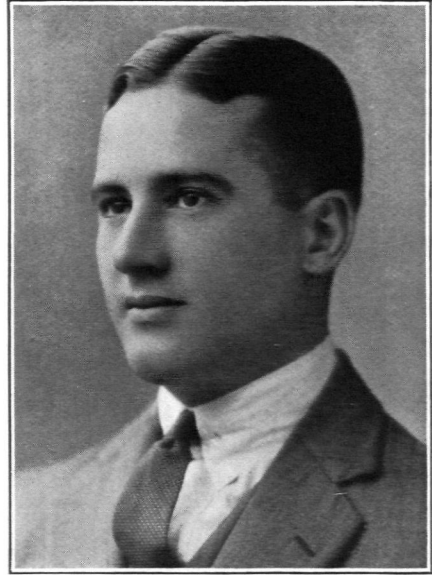
She is a lover of home life. The eldest of her family and the most domesticated of our fair colleagues, she is characterized by the extreme seriousness with which she attacks her work, and we are told that it is she who stimulates the flagging interests of her student friends and proves to them that consistency of effort always gets you there. In years to come we will all be able to say: "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice?"

KELVIN ALEXANDER MCGARRITY, R.P.A.H.

An old boy of The King's School, Kelvin has the reputation of having broken more bones (his own) and injured more joints (his own) than any other ten men. He hobbles about, however, with a brave, happy smile, and is an example to all in stoicism. Besides being a keen all-round cricketer and surfer, he is a hockey "blue," and was largely responsible for the organization of the club in its most successful season last year.



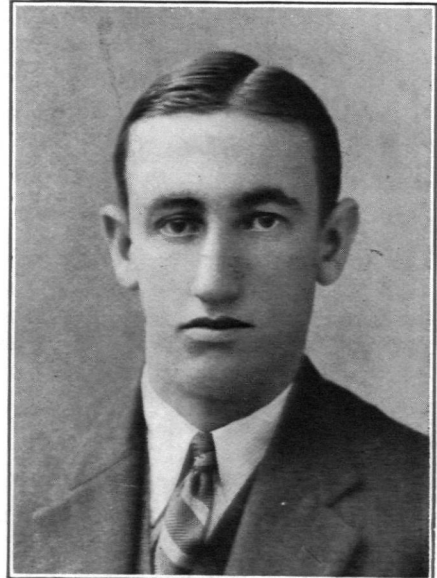
CECIL DIGAN LANGTON.



DAVID NORRIE FLEMING LEAKE.



ALICE MARGARET MACOURT.



KELVIN ALEXANDER MCGARRITY.

We feel, however, that he is destined not to remain for long in the ranks of the Bachelors' Club. We have often felt this before, but have managed to dissuade him. Even if he does fall a victim, we realize that: "It is better to have loved and lost" *et cetera*. So far he has avoided paying three guineas in March, and has gained several credits. Prospects are rosy for August.

ALEXANDER WRIGHT McLAREN, R.P.A.H.

One of the numerous Scotchmen in the year. Alec is the original cow from Cowra, and has consistently refused to let the examiners leg-ropo him. Hailing from Scot's, he made his presence felt in 'Varsity sport, gaining his "blue" for hockey, and playing with the combined 'Varsities team against N.S.W. in 1927, and travelling to Adelaide with the victorious Sydney side last year.

His instincts lead to the sea, and the management of a large yacht fills in his spare time; we hope he doesn't emulate the *Malabar* whilst we are with him. Those who only see the quiet Alec who walks the hospital wards would be surprised to see him enjoying himself at a party.

IAN WEBSTER McNAUGHT, R.P.A.H.

"Mac" is the year's tourist bureau. He is credited with having an intimate knowledge of every tree, paddock and gully in New South Wales, and after hearing him discourse for a little while, one is forced to agree with that reputation. He is accustomed to walking hundreds of miles during vacation, and wherever you may go at Christmas time, you are sure to see Mac "humping his bluey." That same determination which carries him over vast distance has helped him through medicine to the tune of a yearly credit. He is a pugilist of no mean repute, but is inclined to spar with honoraries to the trembling admiration of some of the lady students. He has also gained his hockey "blue" and rowed for his college. Altogether, he is a very entertaining and dependable friend.

MOLLY DEVENISH-MEARES, R.P.A.H.

Despite a definitely hyphenated name and an education at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, when we met Molly in First Year we thought her somewhat of a "tom-boy." Time has mellowed her, and the responsibilities of a medical course have revealed her womanly qualities, but she has never lost that athletic figure, boyish stride, cheerful laugh and sound common sense.

A lady of varied pursuits, she has established herself in all parts of University life, but each year has found her a stage further ahead, and her undergraduate days are surely numbered. She has been prominent in University athletics, but now prefers the locomotion of an automobile.

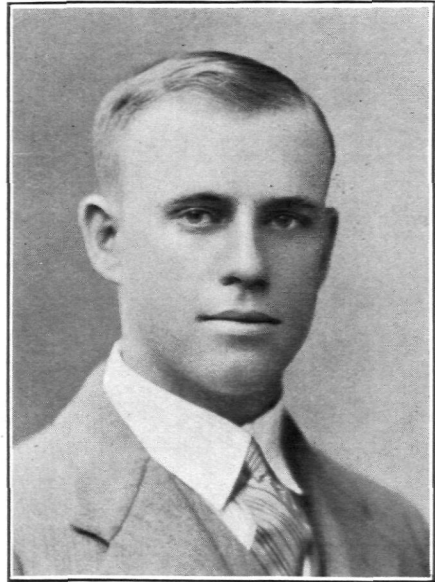
Always happy, the trials of life do not worry her, and this should lighten the burden of that most trying part of medical life, general practice.

THEODORE CHRISTIAN FRANCIS MEURER, R.P.A.H.

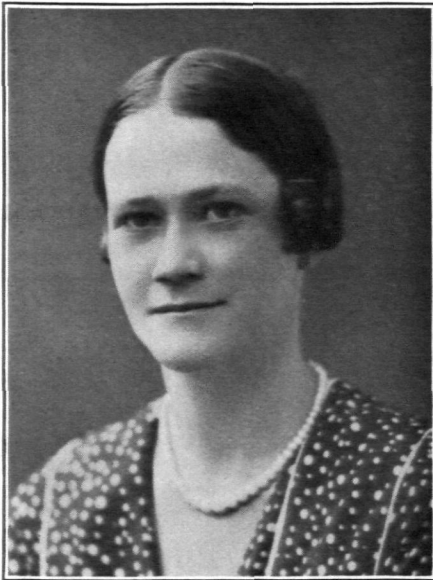
"T. Christian F.," the last of the Lismore Meurers, or "Tod," as he is better known, is a stalwart from St. Joseph's. He entered medicine with an excellent L.C. pass, a fact of grave prognostic significance subsequently verified when he gained the Collie Botany Prize and shared the "Renwick."



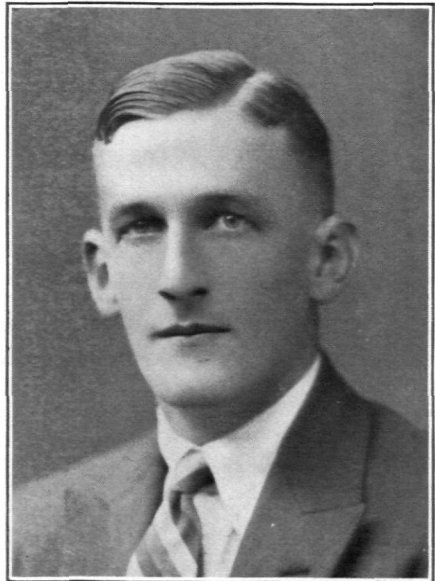
ALEXANDER WRIGHT McLAREN.



IAN WEBSTER McNAUGHT.



MOLLY DEVENISH-MEARES.



THEODORE CHRISTIAN FRANCIS
MEURER.

Since then he has been dabbling in credits with such persistence that his appearance in the August lists is a certainty. Rowing is "Tod's" forte, and he is a Varsity "blue" of several years' standing. A good all-rounder, he turns up to cricket in football togs and to a dance with a shave—sometimes.

Senior student at Sancta Sophia, he spends mysterious week-ends at Newport—hence his arch of Bacchus—but mostly is found in his study amongst his books, smoking his favourite hookah with his cobbler, Dr. Watson. Hobbies: Beer, beaches, books and beauty.

JOHN GLASGOW MORRIS, R.P.A.H.

Our long Queenslander strolls round hospital, lapping up the good oil with an equanimity unruffled by sisters' strictures or nurses' smiles. Joining us in Second Year from Queensland Varsity, he has kept his place, despite the pitfalls of phys. and anatomy, and now discusses learnedly on murmurs and rhonchi.

St. Andrew's is his Sydney home, where he draws soft strains from the battered piano or hovers gracefully around the billiard table, and in between times supports the tobacco industry worthily. Cricket and golf are his hobbies, and he represents Andrew's regularly in billiards.

PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY ("Abdul"), St. Vincent's Hospital.

Educated at Nudgee College, Brisbane, where he represented his school in football and gymnastics. He did his early medical course at Brisbane, and then migrated to Sydney, where he played baseball and League football, and represented his hospital in cricket and golf.

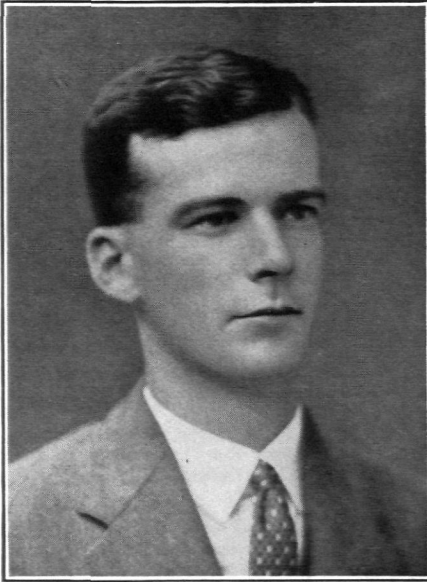
His residence at Bellevue Hill is not yet known to the police, but we have hopes. The possessor of a motor bike, vintage 1893, and a wonderfully plausible personality, he can make the most Munchausen anecdote sound like truth. Murphy's studies in psychology are world renowned, and on all matters connected with this subject he is accepted as an authority.

EDWARD CHARLES PALMER, R.P.A.H.

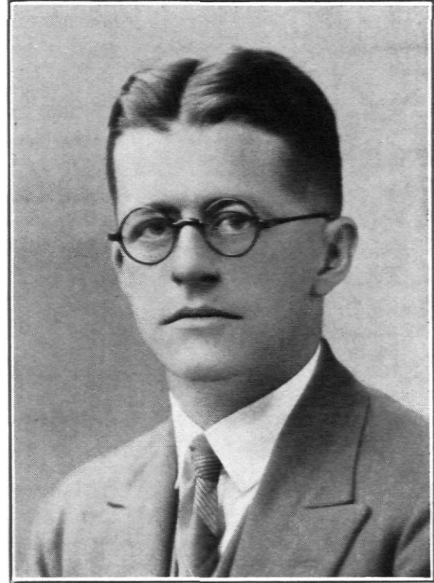
The lad with the broad smile and drooping forelock came to us from the famed South Coast with a reputation for solid work, which he has added to ever since. Taking all the exams. with a grin that even "Bertie" couldn't face, he now strengthens his grip on the M.B. with chunks of Conybeare gleaned while others reposed blissfully between the sheets. Hockey has been his main sport, and he captained the college's team in 1929, and travelled to Adelaide with the victorious 1930 team, while golf and motoring now fill in his idle moments. Always ready for work or bridge—Ted.

VINCENT MALCOLM PUTLAND ("Put"), Sydney Hospital.

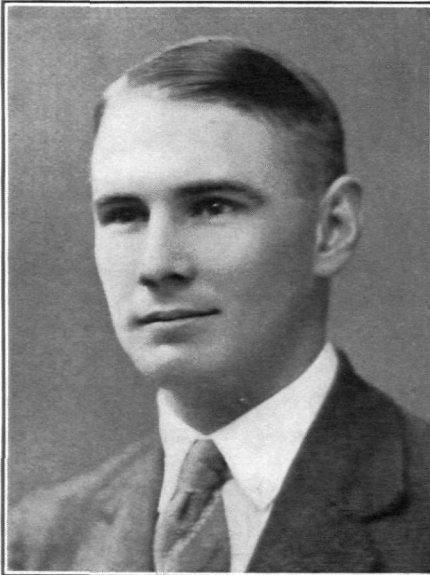
"Put" joined us from "High" with an exhibition to his credit, and has succeeded each year in negotiating the annual December hurdle. During the early part of his medical course his movements were somewhat obscure, but occasional reports from Liverpool camp intimated that he was leading the military authorities a happy dance.



JOHN GLASGOW MORRIS.



PATRICK FRANCIS MURPHY.



EDWARD CHARLES PALMER.



VINCENT MALCOLM PUTLAND.

His hobbies are varied. With a great scorn for those who think they know more than the bookmakers, he frequently relates his experiences to these lost ones. His love for the four-handed game earned him the sobriquet of "The Bridge-player." This invidious title has now left him. The "Osler expert" now worships two gods, William Osler and Harold.

We all count it a privilege to number "Put" among our friends, and confidently anticipate his success in the years to follow.

JOHN LEWIS RATNER, Sydney Hospital.

Joined us from Sydney High School with an exhibition, Lewis came into his own on reaching hospital, and was the patron of the casualty room. In Fifth Year transferred his attention to "Hell-fire's" out-patients, where he was on view in "Hell-fire's" chair listening to the trials and tribulations of various of Sydney's citizens. A distinct success with the inmates of Crown Street, we are told. A conscientious worker, Lewis should do well and we wish him the best.

KENNETH STEPHEN RICHARDSON, R.P.A.H.

Ken is always the same. He is the happy possessor of a very optimistic temperament. His two hobbies are obstetrics and golf. He is confident in the former and optimistic in the latter. Hence his days at the "Royal" are very happy ones.

He is more of an observer than a reader of text-books. His clinical findings—diastolic murmurs in particular—are invariably sound. His aim is to be a good G.P. That he will succeed there is no doubt.

He is a well-known figure in our common-room discussions. He sets the flexors of his little finger in clonic spasm, pulls down the corner of his mouth, and lays down the law after the style of his legal brothers. We get the impression that here is one who knows what he wants to say and says it, and let any speak to the contrary who dare!

ERIC NATHAN ROSEN, R.P.A.H.

With the annual wave of Fort Street alumni to the Medical School was swept, in 1926, one, Eric Nathan Rosen. In his early years he dissected the frog and man with unconcealed impatience to be initiated into the mysteries of pathology and "real" medicine. In those days the *Lancet* was ever by his side, and the study of this noble work made him a fount of erudite knowledge upon obscure and rare maladies with strange multisyllabled names.

In more recent years his errant fancies have centred upon the study of endocrine dystrophy, and R.P.A.H. has held few patients in whom this keen clinician has failed to locate some glandular abnormality.

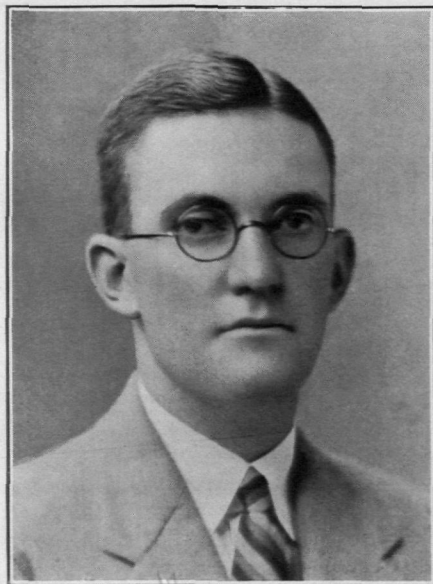
A sound and determined tennis player, a keen card player, and a ready wit, make him a popular companion and an entertaining friend.

The persistence with which he has passed his November examinations each year would place him in the gardening book as a "hardy annual," which may confidently be expected to flower again this August.

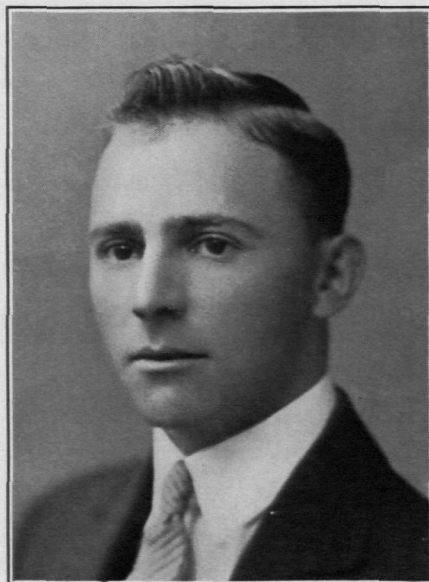
In the years to come, many of us will undoubtedly consult this renowned Macquarie Street endocrinologist for a glandular restoration of our waning powers.



JOHN LEWIS RATNER.



KENNETH STEPHEN RICHARDSON.



ERIC NATHAN ROSEN.

MARCEL SOFER SCHREIBER, R.P.A.H.

Marcel is firstly a man of purpose, secondly one of achievement and, if one were to be prophetic, a man of success. He came to us from Parramatta High School with a big reputation which he has successfully maintained throughout the course, being "dux" each year, except on one occasion.

In a discussion he is as tenacious as a bulldog, which belies the mildness of his expression. It is unwise to enter into an argument with Marcel, unless fully prepared, and even then it is much easier to agree than to argue with him.

Tennis is as serious a matter as the study of medicine, and at bridge he can always show how you could have gained at least two extra "tricks." We all agree, however, that he is slowly killing himself and Eric with gradually increasing doses of "Palato."

On holidays, his ideal is a quiet spot on the Hawkesbury River, a fishing line in his hand, a bag of oysters by his side and Cope's "Acute Abdomen" on his knee.

D'ARCY NELSON SHORT, R.P.A.H.

*"The froth he never from a pewter blew,
Or smacked his lips over a warming spot,
Or backed a favourite at five to two,
Or at some fleet outsider took a shot.
All such amenities he reckons rot."*

D'Arcy joined us unobtrusively from Newington, and has placidly passed each hurdle with an incidental credit and distinction. He keeps appointments such as lectures and clinics with outstanding consistency and punctuality.

He has all-round interests—a doughty opponent at tennis, partial to "hiking" during vacations, a keen reader of *London Punch*, while general literature is his long suit. We know that his placidity and reliability will earn him esteem both as citizen and practitioner.

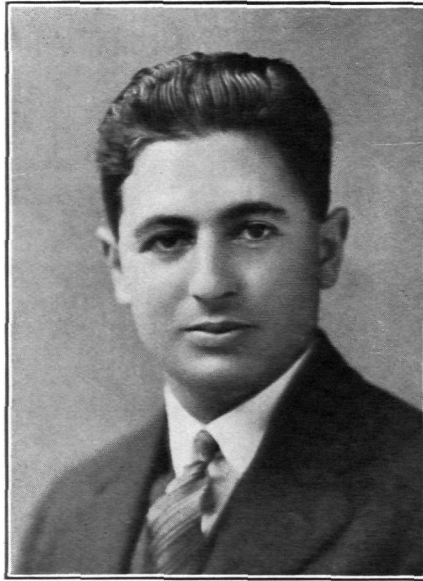
RICHARD JOHN SPEIGHT, St. Vincent's Hospital.

Hails from St. Aloysius College, which he represented at cricket and football. He has since played inter-faculty and inter-hospital sport and "keeps" for Mosman.

He is found at hospital early in the morning and late at night. His family see him sometimes during holidays. It is reported that he spent one Christmas Eve in casualty.

He possesses an ophthalmoscope and an authoritative knowledge of optic discs. A devourer of the history of medicine, he can always quote such authorities as Dunhill, Maclean, Crile, Cushing and Moynihan when an argument arises. The absence of a knee-jerk remains unexplained, but his pupils react. An adept at all indoor sports, he eliminated the one bid of a minor suit as informatory.

He is a firm believer in a certain honorary, whose word he takes as law.



MARCEL SOFER SCHREIBER.



D'ARCY NELSON SHORT.



RICHARD JOHN SPEIGHT.

Laura Waring Spence, R.P.A.H.

Our first glimpse of Laura was in Third Year, when her cheerful face, surrounded by a halo of golden hair, floated across the field of our astonished vision. Since then her slim figure has skipped innocently and unknowingly from year to year without interruption. We have found her to be of a profoundly happy disposition, and we can also sing: "Kind, kind and gentle is she."

Laura's entry at half past the hour, to the accompaniment of her famous "third degree" smile is ever successful in averting the wrath of the fiercest professor.

Despite clinical signs and a history to the contrary, Laura declares that her ambitions are purely medical, but, whatever her sphere of life, her gracious personality will always bring her hosts of friends.

Robert Swinburn, St. Vincent's Hospital.

Came from Sydney High School, which he represented at cricket and football and also snared a cup for athletics. At the University he played League football, represented Medicine in rowing and football and played hospital golf and cricket.

Described by an honorary as "a tall, hungry-looking fellow," he is really one whose dry humour can always be counted on when the party becomes dull. He has spent some time in residence at St. Vincent's, where he became intimately acquainted with obscure "pan-rooms and things." An extremely conscientious student, he has been known to accurately measure an umbilical cord.

Thomas Frank Tonkin, Sydney Hospital.

Dux of Fort Street High School, and came to us with an exhibition which he has had no trouble in holding. The silent man of the year, and an inseparable companion of Lewis. We have heard certain tales about Thomas at Crown Street, which amazed us, and cause us to fear for him. Lately is to be found in the Maitland Lecture Hall hidden behind Dr. Davies's lectures. This certainly augurs well for the future.

Norman Richard Wyndham, R.P.A.H.

This rosy-faced youth, the Editor of this volume, has been with us since his first arrival from Fort Street. Of most equable temperament, Norm is ever willing and able to help his less enlightened fellows. His accomplishments range from a dissertation on the abnormalities of an optic disc to making sweet (?) music on cornet or tin whistle. He wields the willow with scant respect for the fieldsmen, and the dinginess of the students' quarters of R.P.A.H. has often been made more pleasant by the melodious impromptu choral society under his baton.

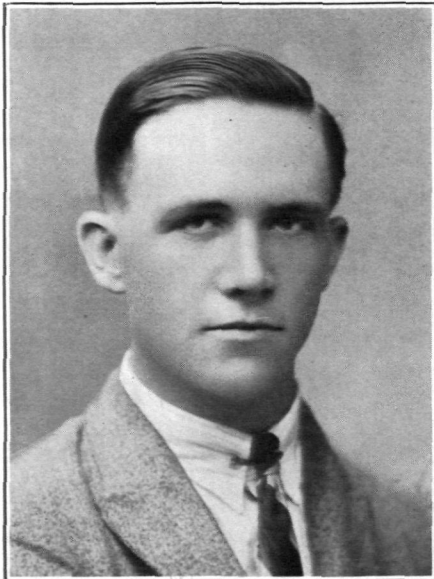
He has a way with women, and the ease with which the sweet young things fall makes us wonder why he is still a bachelor. Between times he finds opportunity to pursue the study of medicine with bright hopes for the future.



LAURA WARING SPENCE.



ROBERT SWINBURN.



THOMAS FRANK TONKIN.



NORMAN RICHARD WYNDHAM.



THE ATTENDANTS.

BACK ROW (reading from left to right).—D. Young, J. H. Rofe, E. Roberts, R. Muir, W. Bagnall, V. Wright, A. Phipson, J. Robertson, G. H. Williams, W. Eadie.
SEATED.—F. Harding, A. E. Hewish, G. Burfield, L. Schaeffer, T. MacDonald, W. J. Jamieson, F. Harrigan.
IN FRONT.—A. Hewish, jun., L. Mewson.



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