



SENIOR YEAR BOOK

1932

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY MEDICAL SCHOOL

AB 378 9445 F



The
Senior Medical Year Book
1932.

*Of six full years of work and sport and learning,
Of six bright years of fellowship enjoyed
With teachers, honoured, patiently expounding,
With colleagues quiet, noisy, gay or staid;
Of difficulties, encountering, we conquered,
Of all the cares and joys of student days--
When we among the old and sere are numbered,
Account herein is writ, fond memories to raise.*

Editorial Committee:

G. S. ADAM, M. L. EDWARDS, A. S. JOHNSON, J. MCGREE, J. W. L. PRICE.

Business Manager:

J. L. POLLOCK.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
MEDICAL SOCIETY.





THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
Photograph by STANLEY L. SPENCE, M.B., B.S.

Foreword.

By C. BICKERTON BLACKBURN,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

103979 D

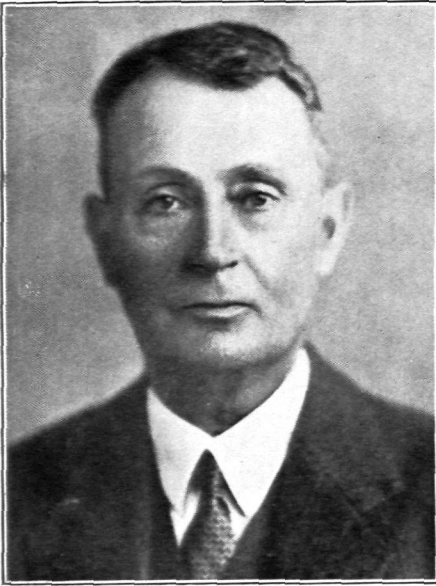
HEREIN is a brief record of a goodly company who, forgathered from many parts, set forth on a quest six long years ago, and are now at last in sight of the quarry. Soon the company will be disbanded and of all the many books gathered while passing through medicine this one alone will not grow out of date.

Great friendships have cemented groups together, minor dislikes and different tastes may have divided others, but as the years pass by each will remain linked to the rest by one enduring bond—"they were in my year, 1932."

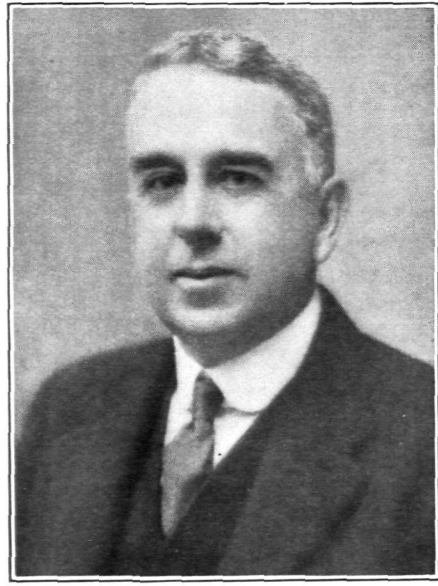
Somewhat this little volume reminds me of a motor catalogue featuring the latest models and those who have had a hand in turning them out. This year's models should be in a class by themselves, for it is the first occasion on which a full six years have been spent in the factory. It is as well to remember that when the final tests are passed and the car submitted to the public, the manufacturer whispers to each buyer his advice to drive slowly for the first thousand miles till the parts have "run in."

May I, in like manner, counsel the 1932 model to go warily till he has managed to pick up experience, the spare part not supplied in the curriculum.





C. BICKERTON BLACKBURN, O.B.E.,
B.A., M.D., Ch.M.,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



J. C. WINDEYER, M.D., Ch.M., M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., F.R.A.C.S.,
Professor of Obstetrics and Sometime
Dean of the Faculty.



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



H. R. DEW, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Professor of Surgery.

Pilgrims' Progress.

Wherein is related what adventures befell during the first six years of our apprenticeship to Æsculapius.

IN the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven some sixty-three wanderers forgathered to commence their long journey through Medicine. We gazed shyly at our new surroundings, inquiringly at those who for six years were to be our comrades in arms against a sea of troubles, and trooped eagerly into our first lecture.

Here the late Professor Launcelot Harrison, of athletic frame and searching eye, talked of the scientific characteristics of life, surely a fitting topic on which to commence our study of the Healing Art. He introduced us to phyla, he mentioned a mystery called metabolism (we have not solved the mystery yet), and for the first time we learned that the quarry of our infancy was correctly addressed as Hyla. Owing to unfortunate illness, we saw all too little of Professor Harrison, but enough to realize the loss which the University sustained in his death the following year.

The bulk of our Zoology we imbibed at the feet of Dr. E. A. Briggs, who entered the room with a swinging gait and lectured in a voice which must have quelled any insubordination among his native carriers in the wilds of New Guinea. His teaching was most orderly, and our notes correspondingly good, punctuated with such phrases as "chitinous recurved hook-like processes" or "segmentally arranged or metamericly repeated." But who will forget the miniature Crustacea of the exam. from which we extracted twenty pairs of appendages, leaving in most cases but a macerated "alimentary canal or food canal"?

First term took us also to Chemistry, where the slim Professor Fawsitt, in his serene unhurried manner, directed operations with liquid air or arranged discrete explosions. When occasion demanded, "Charlie" could be stern, but it was obviously an effort, and immediately he became again the same placid "Charlie" who graced the Junior Medicine Ball (with a green balloon dangling down his back), or coaxed melodies from a piano. Each week we met Mr. Burrows, who compounded Maths. and Chemistry with an earnestness which demanded our attention. Practical classes too we attended, more for entertainment than enlightenment. Who was it asked the "Little Embryo" where the borax beads were kept?

Physics under Major Booth was a sheer delight, for did not the clown "Edgar" conduct circus twice weekly? In Trinity term his look of silent reproach was a study as he awaited the breathless arrival of those who had fallen behind in the trans-University sprint from Botany. But his acting was all successfully calculated to add interest to the subject, and if we learned that "the closer together a couple are the less torque there is," we also learned much that was to guide us through the troubled seas of Physiology. Even when we came to Obstetrics we found that flexion, that *sine qua non* of an easy labour, was explained on principles which "Edgar" had expounded in those carefree days of the distant

past. In contrast was Professor O. U. Vonwiller, ever serious, who presented a valuable series of lectures on the properties of solutions as an unvarnished pill.

Trinity term brought with it cold mornings, Botany, a training in punctuality and Dr. John McLuckie, "John" with the blue of the Highland loch in his eye and a Caledonian ancestry in his voice. How many times had we an incipient wrist drop ere yet the University clock chimed nine? With him we hacked our way through "geemosperms," paddled among the chlorophyceæ and dived into "rawdophyceæ." Ever he rushed us on to pastures new. His practical exam. was verily a date and left not a few exsanguinated. Would that he had set a melon!

Our final series of lectures from Professor Kenner was short; in fact, shorter than usual, but how eventful! Swinging his watch chain to thunderous applause, his earnest endeavours to explain the life and loves of the four-square carbon atom, or to unravel the formula of hexamethylenetetramine, met with an unreceptive, if enthusiastic, audience, and for the first time we found ourselves featuring as a year in the daily press. Nor will we forget "Choom," like a drugged Cerberus, mounting a stoic guard at the forbidden portals.

Thus happily passed a swift first year. We had found our place in the University and after a short, sharp scuffle with the examiners, we passed on to the Medical School.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

At last we felt we were to start our real work, for our two years at the Medical School were to be taken up with those fundamental sciences, Anatomy and Physiology. Before long we were to realize that there was no royal road to Anatomy, that the "master word in Medicine" was truly "work," and that Physiology was no small subject.

Our early cadaveric explorations were directed by Dr. Wilkinson, of unfailing energy, now Professor of Anatomy and Histology in Adelaide. Many weary afternoons we spent on those hard dissecting-room stools until, with the schoolboy, we could say: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" ("Of the dead nothing is left but the bones"). "Wilko" also gave us an excellent series of lectures on Neuro-histology, which we were too young and innocent fully to appreciate. However, we still remember the torcular Herophili as the trysting place of Lily the Leucocyte and Cuthbert the Corpuscle. May their union ever be happy!

Professor C. Witherington Stump initiated us into the microscopic mysteries of mortals, ontogenetic and histological, and told us the human story to its first feeble cry in the eerie morning hours. Although he went about his lawful occasions with an air of philosophic languor, which changed in the *viva* to one of silent resignation, yet he couched his lectures in superb English.

The late afternoons of second year were spent, according to our parts, in demonstrations by Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Nowland or Dr. Shortland.

Third year Anatomy was merely more detailed. To encourage us in the knowledge that our work was not in vain, Dr. Coppleson lectured, to those who would listen, on Surgical Anatomy, and let us see the practical application of what otherwise appeared a maze of detail.

In Neurology Professor A. N. Burkitt led us by devious tracts and strange decussions from the olfactory lobe to the *cauda equina*. Although our embryonic

cortex was barely able to follow the thread of his staccato discourse, his demonstrations threw light into dark places, and our difficulties ever met with a willing explanation. To listen to this tall, quiet scholar one would little have suspected that in spare moments he found his joy in things mechanical and drove his chariot like unto the veriest Jehu.

Finally, Dr. F. A. Maguire demonstrated "female pelvis" with a lucid simplicity which was more than welcome, making hitherto hopeless fascial planes fall into their logical place and remain in our memory.

Before we leave the Anatomy Department let us not neglect to say farewell to Louis Schaeffer, the students' guide, philosopher, and friend, and Bill Jamieson, his lieutenant.

Physiology also claimed us as its own. In our early days, Professor H. G. Chapman, the seraphic "Chappie," gazing at the ceiling, poured forth strains of premeditated Biochem. until we repented our misspent youth and curtailed knowledge of Organic Chemistry. "Chappie" has since transferred his energies to the Cancer Research Committee. May his work be fruitful. Nor was our teaching all theory, for we boiled, titrated, or saponified seemingly everything the department could find to subject to such treatment. We also met again our old friend the frog, who supplied us with many a muscle-nerve preparation.

Later, Assistant Professor Priestley assumed the professorial reins, and disclosed further secrets of Physiology. The quiet voice of "Whispering Henry" demanded close attention, and we were glad to have his instructive notes typed. "Henry" was really at his best talking informally to a small group; here we learned to appreciate the man hidden in the retiring lecturer.

Practical work went on like the brook until we almost opened a fund to displace the spiral staircase with a lift. One cheerful term we spent with amber bottles and renal function. This gave a bright humorist the opportunity of bringing a 24-hour sample one day in an "Aspro" bottle, the next in a winchester, while George had a worrying time until he found his glycosuria (5%) was an artefact. These antics were supervised by several. Frank Cotton, as you were, Dr. Cotton had an ever-ready grin to counteract his mania for graphs, distribution curves, means, modes and medians. Dr. Wardlaw schooled us in accuracy in chemical estimations, while Miss Hindmarsh found us anhungered and estimated our basal metabolism. Mr. Archer, dapper, courteous and helpful, and the genial Dr. McQuiggin, with the sonorous voice, complete the list.

Lest we should find life dull, our Pharmacology was triumphantly dispensed by Dr. John Macpherson, with his binaural smile. If ever our year reunites in the distant future, someone is sure to say, "Remember John in third year?"; and in chorus will come the reflex chant: "Curara, curari, urari, woorara, woorali." Then the boys will settle down to joyful reminiscence. We will never be open to the "odious contumely" which accrues to those who fail to take the temperature of a patient with pin-point pupils, and if we wish to sell pills "John" has given us a valuable tip. His knowledge was as extraordinary and varied as were his anecdotes entertaining and his notes copious.

Thus we came to third year exams., and, in the words of Bunyan, "the name of the slough was Despond"; for in the realization of this ordeal we found its reputation fully justified. However, we struggled through, a few barely breathing with the effort, others scratched and bruised, but still fighting.

SENIOR YEARS.

With the commencement of clinical work finals, hitherto a vague rumour of future trouble, began to seem almost a possibility. Although the year was divided among the hospitals, the collateral circulation of the curriculum was often to bring us together, mere corpuscles in the endless stream. Incidentally, at this time the Faculty was changing its views on the curriculum and we found ourselves in the transition stage between the old and new. This led to not a few discussions, each of which left Lex. more perplexed and worried.

Fourth year had the reputation of being a rest cure after third, and of this we were glad.

We passed into the Pathology Department, which takes its tone from Professor D. A. Welsh, and is justly renowned for sound teaching and unflinching helpfulness and courtesy. A quaint little figure was "Taffy," through whose bright glasses twinkled the Puck within him. We will always remember him as a perfect little gentleman who taught his subject with a contagious enthusiasm which banished frivolity and engendered good humour. Had we a difficulty, "Taffy" would welcome us as brothers, win us with his smiling personality and send us rejoicing on our way with a complete answer. No less enthusiastic and likeable was Dr. Keith Inglis, who covered an amazing amount of ground in clear systematic lectures. In practical demonstrations he shone, his keen orbs sparkling as he unravelled the mysteries of each "really splendid" specimen or slide. Dr. Allan Walker, quiet and serious, laid bare before our eyes the wonders of Bacteriology (we even cultured our own wogs), and in demonstrations on "bottles" picked up an embolus here, threw an infarct there, found everywhere the ravages of the spirochæte, and gave us a lasting picture of clinical Pathology. Mention should also be made of "Mac," "Vic," "Dick" and "Morissey," whose whole bearing reflected the congenial atmosphere of the department.

Surgery we commenced under the kindly guidance of Acting Professor B. T. Edey. "Ben" spoke with the gentleness with which he would handle inflamed peritoneum, and his sound counsel carried with it the wisdom of a vast experience. In lecturing, "Ben" applied his surgical principles, found direct access to his subject, dealt quickly but adequately with the lesion under discussion, took a quick look round to see that all was in order, and departed with a minimum of disturbance.

With Michaelmas term, as we were supposed to know the difference between bronchial breathing and a Babinski, our systematic lectures in Medicine began. So there came to us one day Professor C. G. Lambie, newly elected Bosch Professor of Medicine, from the Home of Teachers. A small but dynamic Scot, afflicted with tonic contraction of the risorius with occasional exacerbations, he quoted with equal facility from the Bible, Osler or Shakespeare, not to mention his own researches. Throughout he endeavoured to impress his opening words, "the proper study of mankind is man," for he made every lecture a clinical lecture, yet reasoning in terms of Physiology. We found stethoscopes necessary, for "Laddie, ye might as well coom without yir parnts" as without such essentials. The lectures were not without their bright moments, and on these occasions he would acknowledge the plaudits of the throng with an upturned face, a protrusion of the professorial mandible, and hasten on.

A brief skirmish with "Taffy," and before we quite realized what had happened, we were in fifth year. This was to be our last year of lectures, so we were assailed on all sides by counsel in many subjects.

Dr. R. L. Davies lectured at sunrise on Gynæcology, and acted as Transport Corporation to eastern suburbs members of his class, lighting his way through the dim dawn with an inevitable cigar. We soon realized that "Reggie's" mental horizon extended far beyond the brim of the pelvis, for he endeavoured to give us the understanding mind which is more important than the scalpel or the Smith-Hodge in relieving the ever-present headache, backache and constipation.

Of our adventures with nurses and Pædiatrics during Lent term the story is elsewhere told.

Professor J. C. Windeyer, whom we had previously known as Dean, we now met as a teacher. "Daddy" spoke slowly, but he spoke exceedingly well, methodically impressing on us the obstetrical art which will, we trust, safeguard the unborn generation. "Daddy's" manner was as smooth as the rubber gloves he advocated, his teaching as thorough as his asepsis. In tutorials we came to know still better his kindly nature, and learned to appreciate that slow smile which spelt disaster for the unwary student who had forgotten the restricted use of the breech hook, or dared to insult the parturient cervix with a "three-pronged instrument." Sister Farquharson, whether contributing to the serenity of "Daddy's" lectures, or coaching us in the Museum, was always most helpful.

Our period of residence in the maternity hospitals was such an outstanding event as to require a separate page in our history.

Meanwhile, Professor H. R. Dew had arrived, preceded by ecclesiastical renown, to occupy the Chair of Surgery. "Harold" impressed us early by the exactness he gave and demanded as his words gambolled after his nimble thoughts. Woe betide any student who made a careless statement, for back flashed: "Nice phrase that; what d'you mean by it?", and he was led to follow it up logically to an unfortunate conclusion. "Punting" too was hopeless when opinions had to be supported by facts and observations. "Harold's" keenness on the clinical aspects of teaching augurs well for the practical training of those who sweat under the new curriculum.

In Medical Ethics the late Dr. R. H. Todd counselled us in "that which is fair, just and honourable in medical conduct." May our adherence to his precepts ever be a fitting monument to his memory.

Dr. Palmer "could a tale unfold whose lightest word . . . would freeze thy young blood." Under the guise of Medical Jurisprudence he gave us many practical hints in crime, adding further interest to his talks by illustrating them with anecdotes and relics from famous murders and one unsuccessful suicide. Bullet riddled scalps, cut throats, carbolized stomachs, stilettos and firearms of all descriptions were his stock in trade.

From Professor Harvey Sutton we learned the very necessary art of ventilating Parliament House. Public Health and Preventive Medicine took us into many strange places and subjects until, with our eyes shut, we could draw privies proof against hookworm, septic tanks, or graphs illustrating filial regression, make water flow in the desert, sterilize anything, or calculate the number of wash basins required for the health of 30,137 men and 2,946 women working in any sort of factory, provided the lighting was nowhere less than 0.5 f.c.p. "Harvey" himself was the essence of geniality as he rattled off vital statistics as the latest joke, or described with vigorous cheerfulness the disposal of the dead in Tibet. We can also recommend him as an organizer of Harbour excursions.

Again we listened to the league-long sentences thundering from the bench of our beloved "John," this time in Therapeutics and Materia Medica. One of these days we may be called to a patient who has been on the spree with Scott's Emulsion in hopelessly nauseating doses. Then we will realize the value of "John's" lectures and give thanks that we are prepared for the emergencies of hyper-vitaminosis *D*. Furthermore, we will never prescribe bismuth subnitrate with alkalis, for is not this practice confined to those "gentlemen who have never had the benefit of *my* teaching in Therapeutics"? Good old "John"! In practical classes Mr. Finnemore, with glasses perched on a perplexed forehead, could never understand our frivolity (to be expected, surely, on Saturday mornings) as we pounded pills varying in size from a pin head to a bolus, or dispensed mixtures which found their safest receptacle in the sink.

Professor W. S. Dawson wound up our mainsprings of volition in Psychiatry lectures until we fain would have turned kleptomaniacs and stolen away; for it was difficult to decide whether his demonstration of the melancholic phase of the manic-depressive was natural, or merely assumed for didactic purposes. However, in his clinical demonstrations at Broughton Hall and Callan Park he was very human, and we were forced to admire the patience and "ummmmm" sympathy with which he handled the disappointed lover, the erring introvert, or the unfortunate whose acquaintance with Grecian deity had not extended early enough from Bacchus and Venus to Mercury. He was aided always by his percussion sledge hammer and sensation rapier.

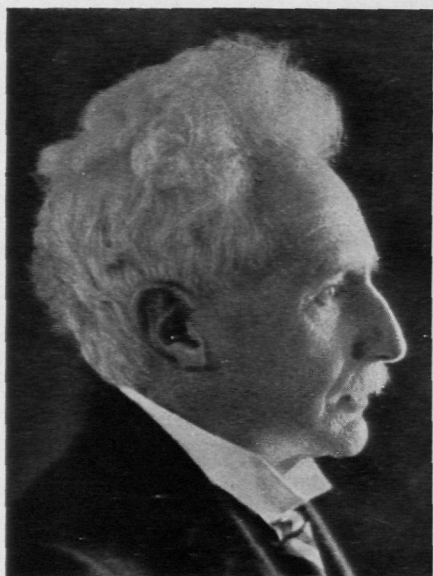
Lectures in Medicine, of course, continued throughout fifth year. In addition to Scotch dynamics, on special subjects we suffered many lectures of many physicians, but, unlike the Hebrew woman, we improved under treatment. Our impressions of these, our teachers, are to be found in the hospital accounts. In addition, Dr. E. H. Molesworth taught us specifically that Dermatology was not a humorous subject, while Dr. E. A. Brearley, in Ophthalmology, opened our eyes to the dangers of a high tension and of infection in "the windows." Dr. Millard conducted a valuable series of lecture demonstrations at the Coast Hospital, where we became conversant with the scarlatiniform rash, the positive Schultz-Charlton and the diphtheritic membrane.

Finally, our ideas on Orthopædic Surgery were straightened out by Dr. Lennox G. Teece, using simple reason and Anatomy as splints, so that we might obtain firm union with an M.B., B.S. in November. "Cocky's" contortions were marvellous to behold, for he would cheerfully simulate any gait or postural deformity, however undignified it might be.

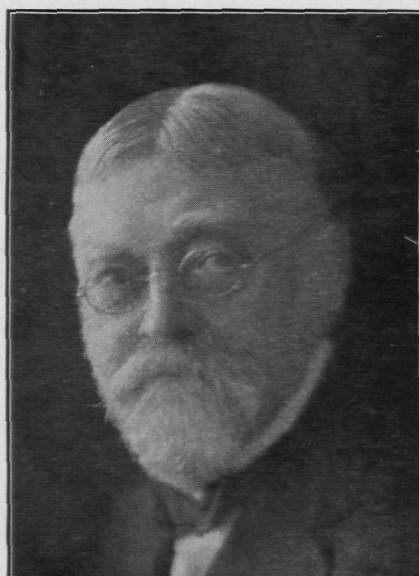
Examiners are lenient in fifth year, so now, by good fortune, we have the finals rushing to meet us. Our *vivas* in "specials," our papers in Pædiatrics and Psychiatry we have already perpetrated, but in these how our audit stands who knows save heaven? The worse by far is yet to come, so nightly, as we settle to work, we murmur: "Great is Æsculapius and Osler is his prophet." Not a lone prophet though, for what of the men who have guided us safely thus far along our road? So

*We'll give a cheer before we go, a hearty cheer and true,
For all the men who taught us, for the men who've let us through.*

Six years! What an eternity in anticipation! What a glorious hour in retrospect!



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM CULLEN,
K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D.,
The Chancellor.



PROFESSOR SIR MUNGO MACCALLUM,
K.C.M.G., M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.,
The Deputy-Chancellor.



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



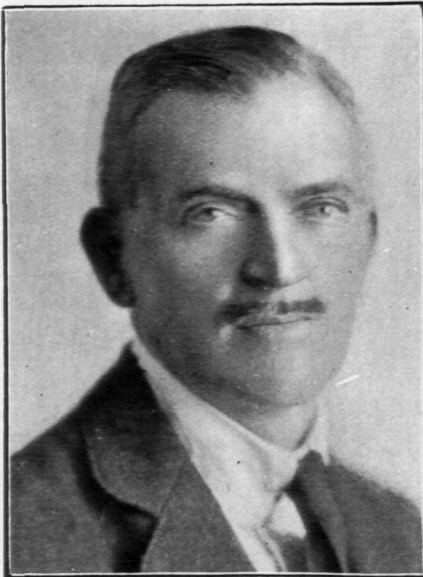
W. A. SELLE, M.A.,
Registrar.



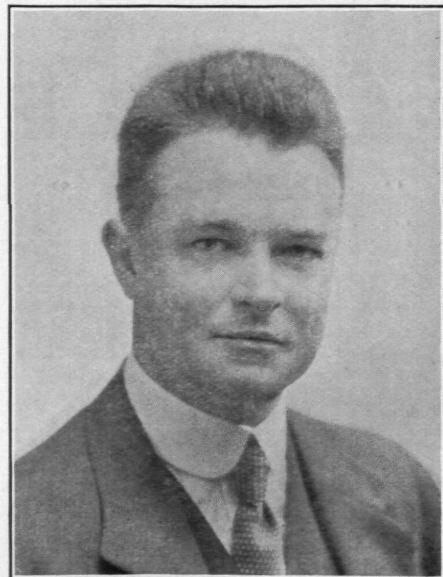
THE LATE LAUNCELOT HARRISON,
B.A., B.Sc.,
Professor of Zoology.



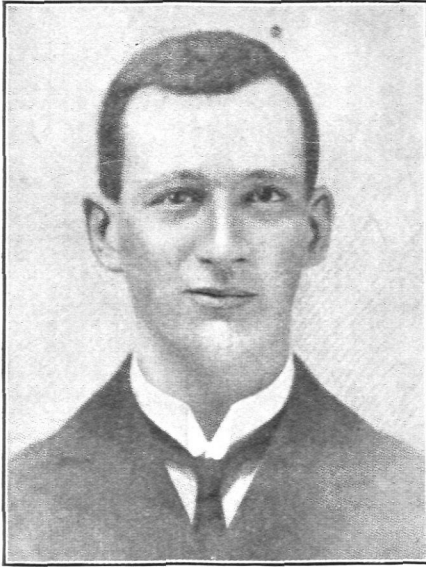
JOHN McLUCKIE, M.A., D.Sc.,
Assistant Professor of Botany.



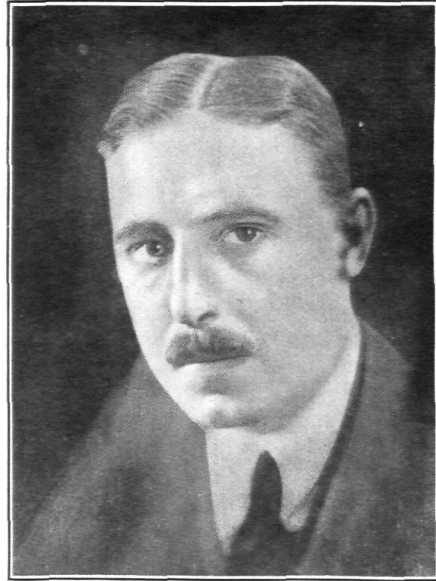
C. E. FAWSITT, D.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.



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



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



C. WITHERINGTON STUMP, M.D., D.Sc.,
Professor of Embryology and Histology.



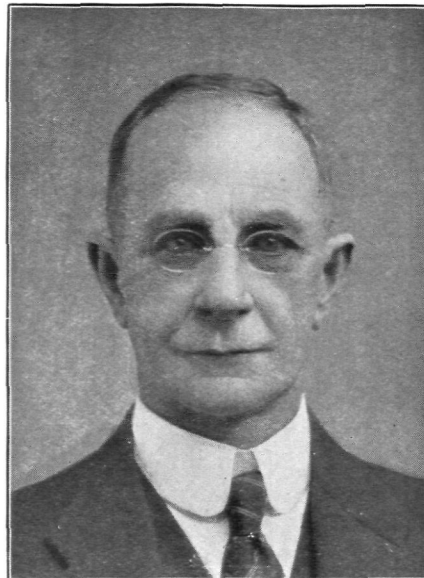
F. A. MAGUIRE, D.S.O., M.D., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Lecturer in
Anatomy.



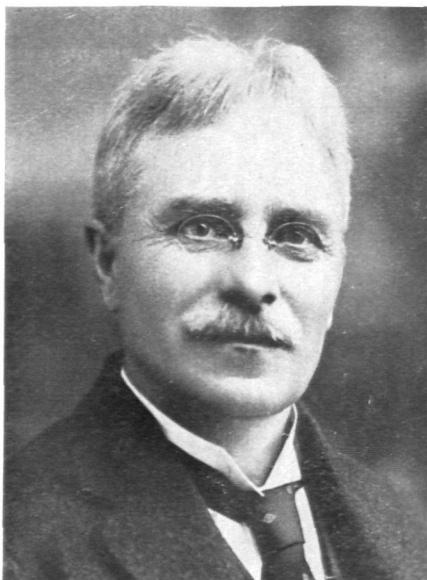
H. G. CHAPMAN, M.D., B.S.,
Sometime Professor of Physiology.



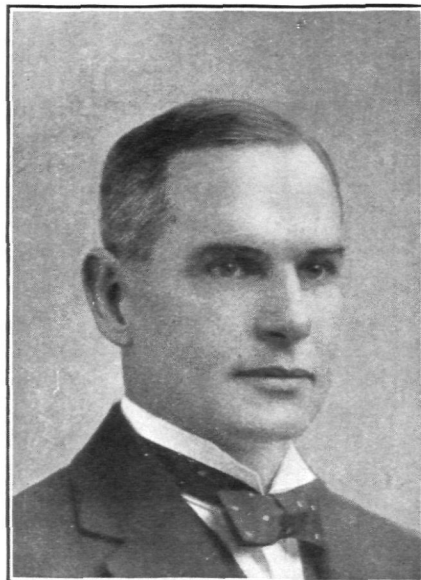
HENRY PRIESTLEY, M.D., Ch.M., B.Sc.,
Associate Professor of Physiology.



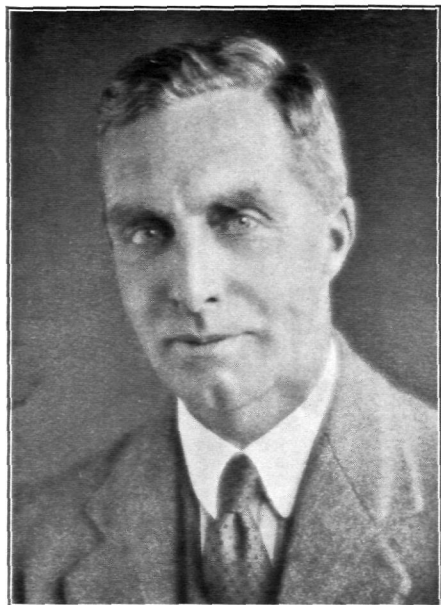
JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A., M.B., Ch.M.,
B.Sc., Lecturer in Therapeutics and
Materia Medica.



D. A. WELSH, M.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
Professor of Pathology.



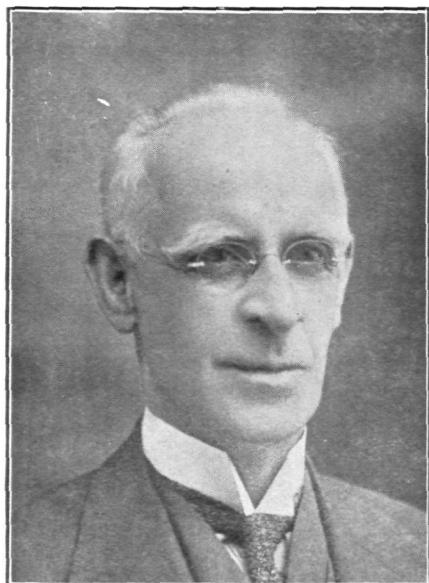
W. KEITH INGLIS, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Pathology.



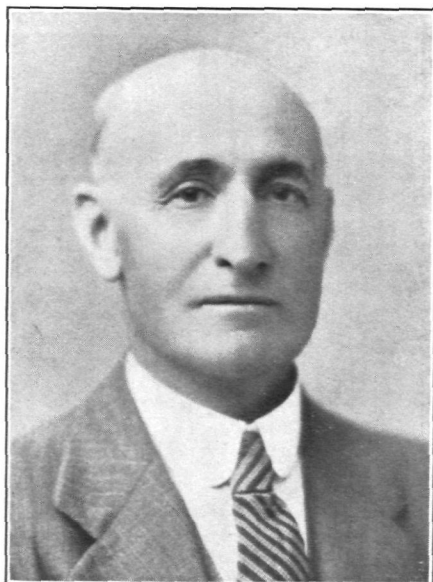
ALLAN S. WALKER, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Pathology.



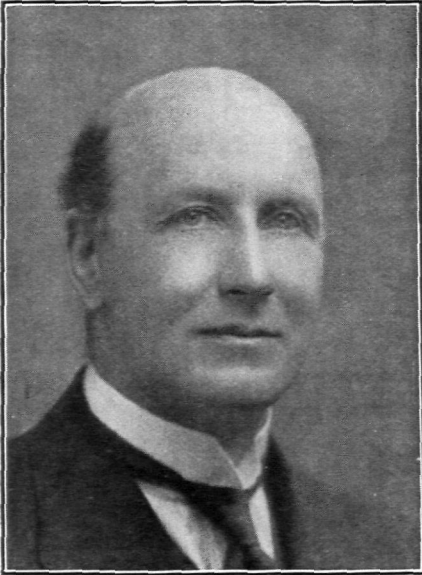
REGINALD L. DAVIES, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Lecturer in
Gynecology.



THE LATE R. H. TODD, B.A., M.D., Ch.B.,
Lecturer in Medical Ethics.



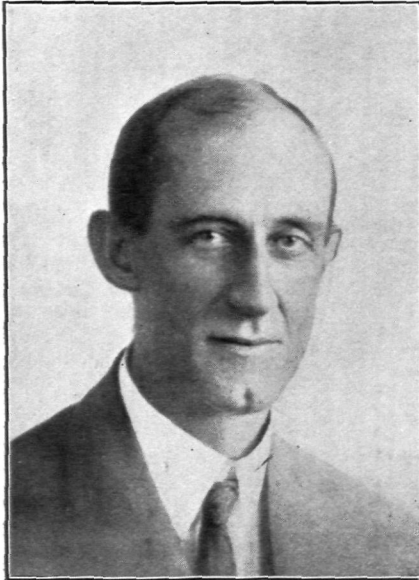
A. A. PALMER, M.B., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Medical Jurisprudence.



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



W. S. DAWSON, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.,
D.P.M., Professor of Psychiatry.



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

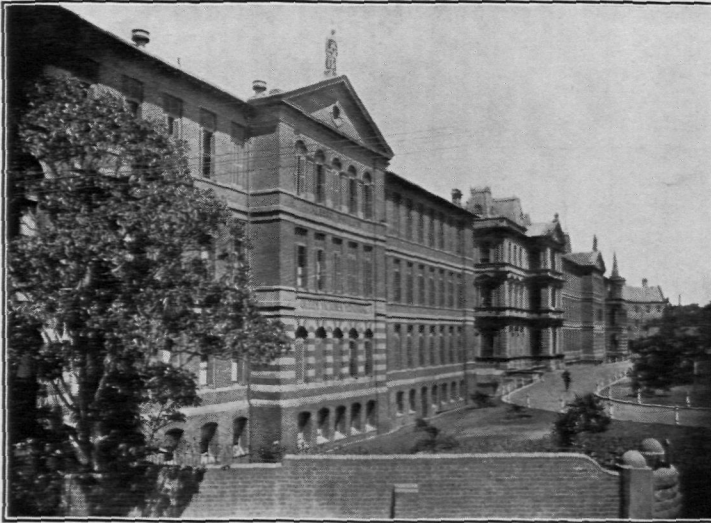


E. A. BREARLEY, B.A., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Lecturer in Ophthalmology.

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

IT was with a sense of expectancy that on an afternoon in March, 1930, thirty-two of us found ourselves for the first time at this, our hospital, of which we had heard so much. We were freshers once again entering on an entirely new phase of our work, and we were warmly welcomed by the genial "Fridge," the first to greet us, and in a happy little talk before his first lecture he gave us many useful hints relating to hospital routine that have proved handy many times since.

Then followed what for most of us was our first sight of an operation. Who will ever forget the occasion? With what awe did we regard the surgeon and his assistants, inwardly wondering how we would ever advance sufficiently to be able to play similar rôles.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Spending our first term chiefly in the theatres, we were full of impatience to have the privilege of attending the wards and casualty, and consequently envied our more senior colleagues when we saw them strolling calmly from ward to ward.

Next came other big events in our hospital careers—the taking of that first history and attendance at surgical rounds. From that time on we gradually settled down till the end of the year saw us feeling almost like old hands.

Then came troublous times for the hospital and ourselves. Owing to financial difficulties, the hospital was forced to close many wards, with some consequent reduction in available clinical material. Then, too, we found ourselves caught in the maelstrom of the change-over from the old to the new curriculum, and for a time were considerably buffeted about. However, all is now fairly calm once

more, and 1932 finds us under the new curriculum sailing steadily on towards the final day.

How many pleasant memories will we all carry away of our student days at "P.A."—of those "waits" for honoraries and then rounds, of our work in casualty and out-patients, and in the wards and theatres and then, too, of those lunch-hour arguments and discussions in the students' room about cases and other topics?

Reference must be made to the sisters and nurses who gave us much help and encouragement. To them we are grateful, as also to the resident staff led by Dr. W. A. Bye, who, though faced with many worrying responsibilities, had always our interests at heart.

And then to our honoraries, of whom more is said below, we must express our gratitude for the many hours they have given up for our benefit.

DR. C. B. BLACKBURN.

The enthusiasm of our Dean for his subject and for his clinical teaching has been abundantly clear to all of us who have studied under him. The tremendously detailed knowledge that Dr. Blackburn possesses of even the rarest disease is combined with a faculty for exceptional thoroughness in the examination of his patients. Thus in "Blackie" we met a man whose theoretical knowledge is very recent and detailed, yet who is essentially the practical physician rather than the theorist.

Ever fair in his criticisms and patient in his explanations, he has helped not a little in forwarding us along the arduous path to knowledge in Clinical Medicine. His own wide reading and ceaseless industry must surely stimulate all of us to higher ideals and greater efforts.

"Blackie's" election as Dean of the Faculty is indicative of the high esteem in which he is held by the University authorities, and we, as his students, honour him in equal measure.

DR. E. W. FAIRFAX.

Courteous, quiet and immaculate, this physician was universally admired by those who studied under him and thus came to know him. Always punctual, his rounds were attended with pleasure, not only for the pearls of wisdom that he let fall, but also for the demonstration of the perfect bedside manner.

The momentarily pained and incredulous expression on his face as he listened to our excuses for a non-existent case history, made sure that we were equipped next time.

Lately we have come to associate "Fax" with the work of the hospital's youngest department—the Allergy Clinic—where the ingenuity with which allergic asthma or hay fever is traced back to some obscure source is only equalled by the excellence of the results. Now on a trip overseas, we understand that he is having a "royal" time in London, and incidentally getting the "good oil" from Harley Street and Saville Row.

DR. J. I. C. COSH.

Small of frame and small of voice, Dr. Cosh impressed us as being a physician of few words, but sound judgment. Inclined to dispense with some of the scientific

aids to diagnosis where their use was of doubtful benefit, he was an expert clinician and his long experience of general practice enabled him to give an almost unerring prognosis.

For these two reasons alone we were able to add much to our store of practical knowledge during our term of medicine with him.

With his restful presence and quiet confidence he was equally capable of dealing with the apathy of the visceroptotic in A2 as with the too ardent advances of the refractory "cot case" in C1.

DR. S. A. SMITH.

Much might be written of our good friend "S.A."; of his voice that is a delight to listen to, of his youthful appearance in spite of greying locks, of his kindness to his patients; but chiefly do we think of his charming personality and his skill as a physician and teacher. It has become almost traditional to mention the crowds that follow "S.A." round the wards, but surely a worthy tradition for Dr. S. A. Smith, scion of a famous family, must be ranked as one of the greatest clinical teachers that our School has known. Possessed of a lucid delivery and a happy faculty for ignoring confusing details, he has taught us the essential principles of the various disease processes, and has shown us how to apply our own judgment to the interpretation of textbook descriptions with their widely differing theories of ætiology and methods of treatment.

Even the rare diseases and the most complicated syndromes have been mercilessly probed and shown to be not without logic.

It is with greater confidence that we face the finals in November after receiving the inspiration of his teaching, knowing that the application of general principles and logical deduction to even the most difficult case can achieve much in its solution.

DR. MARK C. LIDWILL.

"Who mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Popularly known as "Bunny," Dr. Lidwill is a much respected and "prominent" figure at R.P.A.H. It is as an anæsthetist and cardiologist that he has won most renown, but his medical activities and interests extend over a much wider sphere, as all who have heard him lecture will recall. "Bunny's" lectures (alas, too few) were really bright spots in our lives, for dull indeed would be the lecture not held up at frequent intervals to allow the laughter to subside after a particularly "good one." "We know from experiments on dogs that the heart is like a sponge, and its blood supply changes every decade," is one of the best remembered of his statements. His rounds, too, were always entertaining and instructive, and many a valuable tip not found in textbooks have we obtained from him. Yachting and fishing play an important part in "Bunny's" hours off duty, and many is the tale he has told of his doings on the Hawkesbury and along the coast.

We are the richer in knowledge for our association with "Bunny" and we wish him a long continuance in his present hale and hearty state.

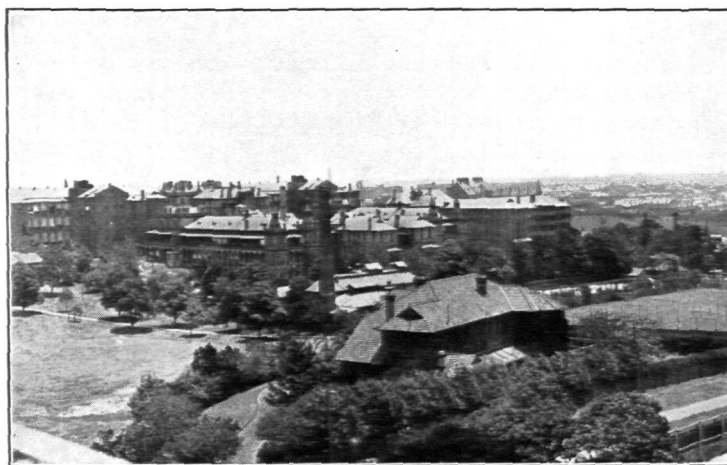
DR. F. P. SANDES.

After some years' absence from clinical teaching, Dr. Sandes has again come to instruct us in the way we should go in dealing with things surgical in general and neoplastic in particular.

His stimulating methods of teaching and his fund of anecdotes, each of which taught a lesson, soon made us feel at ease with our newfound friend—some-time Professor of Surgery. With his vast knowledge of malignant disease and its treatment, his genial manner and cheery countenance, was realized that it was indeed our good fortune to be studying under him.

We found to our delight that Dr. Sandes considers the practical side of Surgery most important from the student's point of view, and so we soon learnt to perform biopsies and to sew up abdominal wounds. A new language too we learnt in this part of our work, and could soon talk knowingly of "triple one point five," "lead filters" and "pastille doses."

Of Osler it was said that "he taught Medicine in the wards." Dr. F. P. Sandes, a brilliant teacher at all times, was at his best in the operating theatre, and we feel that it will be said of him that "he taught Surgery in the theatres."



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

DR. JOHN L. MCKELVEY.

*"A gentleman of city fame
Now claims your kind attention."*

After our association with "John," Surgery and Shakespeare are blended in our minds. We now think of every woman's skin as being as "smooth as monumental alabaster," and of the fungating carcinoma thus: "O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven." "John's" interests are many and varied, and his versatility in conversation unexcelled, for those who attend his theatre on Thursday afternoons not only have their surgical problems skilfully unravelled, but have their minds imbued with a knowledge of the classics, the latest news of Amy Johnson and the

chances of Primo Carnera ever winning the Melbourne Cup. In some of his more leisure hours his magnetic personality is exerted without mercy on the fish that inhabit the waters of the South Coast. The rapidity with which he does rounds and sees patient after patient, coming in each case to swift decision, is evidence of his mastery of the art of Surgery. For his many instructive lectures in Clinical Surgery we are indeed grateful.

DR. H. R. G. POATE.

Even in our junior years we had heard of Dr. Hugh Poate as a great surgeon; in our third year we met him as an examining anatomist, but it was not until our fourth and subsequent years that we came to know him for the great man that he really is, quite apart from what he has done.

We soon came to appreciate the value of his clinical lectures and his concise exposition of the cases during rounds. We found "Hughie" very human and very likeable, and we admired the patience with which he would discuss our problems with us.

As we think of him brushing aside the thanks of his one-time thyreotoxic patients or demonstrating his technique for a cholecystectomy, we marvel at his versatility and skill and congratulate ourselves that we have been his pupils.

DR. H. H. SCHLINK.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." "Bertie" Schlink, we feel, undoubtedly falls into group two, for his untiring energy and proverbial efficiency have achieved for him the position of our Senior Gynæcologist.

In his theatre blue-coated figures deal deftly with erring tubes and malignant cervices, and woe betide the nurse who should allow anything to drop on the floor.

Thereby, incidentally, hangs a tale, for it is related that somebody once dropped a kidney-dish on the floor of "Bertie's" theatre; ——— the rest is silence.

Widely travelled and with a literary talent of no mean order, he contributed to our Medical Journal a series of articles of exceptional interest on his American tour. His description of the New York medical centre and his outlined plans for a similar centre in Sydney to include the two Medical Schools, the School of Public Health, R.P.A.H. and R.A.H.C., revealed in him a man of vision as well as of practical ability.

So, behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and an inevitable cigar, our Senior Gynæcologist goes serenely on his way. Though we fear that we never really got to know him, we feel that we have acquired a store of sound gynæcological knowledge that will be invaluable to us in the future.

DR. JOHN COLVIN STOREY.

Fortunate is the group attached to "John," for theirs will be a happy lot, for he has been invaluable to us, not only for his surgical teachings, but also for his many general tips, ranging from "never discuss a patient of yours over the 'phone" to "if you can't do a woman any good, don't do her any harm." If in the dim evening shadows you chance to see a group of students clustered around a short figure beside a fracture bed and if you hear deep booming laughter, then you have seen "John" battling with a compound fracture and ensuring a night's sleep

for some "hard-headed Scot." "John" has attempted to drill into our skulls the importance of asepsis, and reckless indeed is the streptococcus, in search of new fields, who alights on John's fingers during rounds, for surely he will meet a spirituous ending and be washed away to what he hopes will be a less aseptic world. In the theatre his battle-cry of "Steady, John" is frequently heard, as well as those mysterious clucking sounds (impossible to describe) whenever a moment of crisis arises. Should we become as careful and trustworthy a surgeon or as fine a gentleman as "John," then indeed can we say we have more than achieved our aim.

DR. B. T. EDYE.

Our year was the last to be taught as a body by Dr. Edey, at that time Acting-Professor Edey. Although we had but a short course of lectures from him, we enjoyed them all from the first few discourses on mediæval medicine to the last on infections of the hand. His lectures were not only of great practical value to us, but they had a very human value too.

There must be few of us who have not felt that some day we should like to possess at once "Ben's" skill as a surgeon and that happy combination of friendliness and authority that endears him alike to his patients and students.

In fact, to put it in words more forceful if less dignified, we all voted "Ben" a "stout fella." Particularly did we enjoy his rounds, where we picked up many gems which we feel will stand us in good stead not only in the immediate future, but also in the years to come.

DR. E. M. FISHER.

To do rounds with Eric Fisher, as he came to be termed by his students, was to spend what was essentially a pleasant and incidentally a most profitable afternoon. Friendliness seemed to be in the air, and not the least contributory factor in this was "Eric's" ready appreciation of our difficulties.

He had a splendid faculty for bringing out the essential features of a case, and those of us who first met him in our fourth year have reason to be grateful for his stimulating introduction to Clinical Surgery.

DR. R. K. LEE BROWN.

"And there was the dam' thing slippin' about like a piece of soap in the bath."—Lee Brown.

Such was Bobby's description of a floating kidney, and in like entertaining manner he would describe a kinked ureter or a hypertrophied prostate with inimitably apt similes. We enjoyed his Americanisms and his golfing metaphors, and we suspect that though he may be temporarily stymied by an aberrant renal vessel, he has no difficulty in picking up a "golf-hole" ureteric orifice with his cystoscope.

We acquired much sound urological knowledge when we did rounds with "Bobby" Lee Brown, and though darkness had often fallen before we had finished, we were well content, for we had also heard some excellent anecdotes told as only he could tell them. His lectures on Surgical Urology were very welcome, as also were his demonstrations to those who attended his theatre. In fact, we wish we had seen more of our genial golfer-aviator-urologist.

DR. LENNOX G. TEECE.

As a clear exponent of the art of treating fractures we feel that "Cocky" has few equals. In a lucid and deliberate manner he would make and reiterate important points as his long figure steadily paced up and down, traversing during a lecture period almost every available square foot of floor space. In giving practical demonstrations of the use of splints on himself he rivalled the most expert of contortionists in skill. In the O.P.D. glad were the times when we heard his stentorian voice ring out loud and true in giving explicit instructions to his patients. We are grateful to "Cocky" for the clear ideas he has given us on matters about which we were hitherto rather hazy.

DR. T. FARRANRIDGE.

"Fridge" it was who guided our erring footsteps past the hazards and pitfalls of our first year at P.A., and taught us that to call an honorary "Doctor" was a heinous offence.

Thus it was that we found in "Farra" a good friend and an able teacher. We enjoyed the "chapel services" he conducted twice a week, where he would swathe himself in bandages or imprison himself in splints for our benefit until he looked like the prize patient from A3. His Thursday afternoon out-patients too were always popular and the crowds that would gather to discuss the famous Farranridge laws, or to share his cigarettes at afternoon tea, sometimes assumed alarming proportions. At the Royal, too, "Farra" came into the picture both officially and unofficially, and in the former capacity became famous as the advocate for pre-nuptial pelvimetry.

As honorary chauffeur to the men at the Royal during the summer months he brought many happy hours in the surf to those who would otherwise have been sweltering in the heat of *Villa Phlegmasia Alba Dolens*.

DR. C. G. McDONALD.

"C.G." it was who in our early days in hospital taught half of our number to recognize a systolic murmur from a râle and a friction rub from an absent knee jerk, and thus gave us our first introduction to Clinical Medicine. Well do we recall that tall lean-faced figure with piercing blue eyes and fair hair streaked with grey, but withal a merry smile, as he stood keenly questioning some hapless student who had let his Physiology become rather rusty. For from the outset "C.G." impressed upon us the necessity for understanding thoroughly the physiological processes underlying signs and symptoms, and for the impetus we received in this direction we are now grateful. Later in our course most of us had the good fortune of doing rounds with "C.G.", when his talks on diagnosis and treatment delighted us as much as his previous teaching.

DR. LAURENCE HUGHES.

We first met this physician at our introduction to Medicine as Medical Tutor. To him we owe the knowledge that percussion is not so easy as it seems, that auscultation may be a snare and a delusion; in fact, that judgment is the essential complement of observation and knowledge in making a diagnosis. His out-patients afternoons were always popular, and his clinical reasoning and his patience in listening to our opinions and correcting our mistakes have endeared him to all.

DR. J. KEMPSON MADDOX.

The pioneer in the rôle of Students' Supervisor at "P.A." is Dr. Maddox, and in that quiet and pleasing manner which is his, he has carried out in no unworthy fashion his duties at present made difficult owing to changes in the curriculum and the shortage of clinical material. Frequently besieged by students asking numerous questions relative to lectures, examinations and the like, he has at all times remained unruffled while doing his best to calm the troubled waters. Dr. Maddox is well known to us also for his ever instructive and popular clinics in the Medical O.P.D.

THE JUNIOR PHYSICIANS.

In the Medical O.P.D. we made many good friends and many bad diagnoses. We palpated, percussed and auscultated to our hearts' content, and came to accept with nonchalance the title of "doctor" from unsuspecting patients.

Of the Medical Tutors, DRs. McDONALD and HUGHES and the Student Supervisor, DR. K. MADDOX, we have already written.

DR. ALLAN WALKER we had previously met as a lecturer in Pathology, and were able to confirm "Taffy's" introductory remarks about him as being one of Sydney's most brilliant young physicians.

On Wednesday afternoons we found ourselves in the hands of DR. ARCHIE COLLINS, who, in spite of a certain unconscious dignity of manner and a rare smile, proved a good friend to us, and gave us many a sound tip regarding the pitfalls of diagnosis.

DR. COTTER HARVEY, of the long legs and original expressions, entertained us not a little with his "wise saws and modern instances," while DR. ERIC SUSMAN greeted us in sartorial splendour and elegant pedantry, and showed us how to take a history from a not too intelligent patient.

DR. TOM GREENAWAY we knew as a recent President of the Medical Society, and found to be a physician of exceptional ability and, moreover, a most likeable fellow.

THE JUNIOR SURGEONS.

During the afternoons spent in the Surgical O.P.D. we met the Junior Surgeons, took many a too-voluminous case history and tried to make ten men squeeze into a cubicle where only five had squeezed before. Here we met the genial DR. TOM FURBER, but you had to arrive before 2.30, otherwise all would be over.

There, too, we met Dr. D. W. MCCREDIE, of deep voice and serious mien, but a sound clinician and a good teacher.

Of DR. T. FARRANRIDGE, our Surgical Tutor, more is written elsewhere.

DR. REX MONEY greeted us like comrades, told us many a good jest, introduced us to a variety of surgical conditions, and sent us on our way rejoicing.

DR. DICK FLYNN showed us how to keep the pathologists and biochemists busy, and gave a series of excellent clinical demonstrations in the wards during the long vacation term.

THE SPECIALISTS.

Gynæcology.—Of our Senior Gynæcologists, DRs. SCHLINK and DAVIES we have already made mention. Their "gyno. clinics" in Vic. 1 were always welcome, where "Bertie" conducted his "private screenings" of endless series of

endometria and "Reggie" talked to us on subjects gynæcological as he drew on his gloves and gave us a wealth of sound advice from his wide experience.

In the Gynæcological O.P.D. we occasionally met our guide of third year, DR. F. A. MAGUIRE, who soon had us muttering "level, line, position, direction" in our sleep, but whose systematic teaching was a revelation to us. DR. CHAPMAN used school-masterly tactics while instilling into us his point of view on the subject, while DR. MAGILL treated us as *confrères* and revealed to us the importance of gynæcology in general practice.

Ophthalmology.—In this department we discovered one of our staunchest friends: a man perfect in physique and dress, and with the most delightful speaking voice: in fact, DR. E. A. BREARLEY. He it was who taught us what to do and what not to do in such ophthalmic emergencies as one might meet in general practice. We appreciated the courteous way in which he made each demonstration an individual one, and considered our welfare at every step.

Downstairs in the Ophthalmic O.P.D. we were made welcome in turn by DRs. JAMES FLYNN, ROSS, GREGG and DE BURGH; and learnt to pick a corneal ulcer or incipient cataract and to acquire the elements of retinoscopy.

Oto-Rhino-Laryngology.—Vic. 4, of the green window-boxes and the mastoids, was our rendezvous when it came to our term to study E.N.T. Here we met DRs. ROBERT GODSALL, GARNET HALLORAN, JAMES WOODBURN and ASHLEIGH DAVY, and spent many hours wangling head mirrors, specula and swab sticks, or listening to the words of the great. We discovered, unexpectedly, that E.N.T. could be a most interesting study, and could soon discourse at length on the "modified radical operation" or the "prognosis of sinus thrombosis."

At the Out-patients' Department we gazed through specula at the ears, throats and noses of a seemingly endless queue of patients under the guidance of DRs. BETTINGTON, HARWOOD and STEEL. Though we appreciated their presence, we enjoyed the days when, one of them being away, we could ensconce ourselves in his chair and acquire a little practice in the use of the many instruments that enabled one to view the distant cords or drum.

Our term was completed by a practical *viva* which turned out to be far less of an ordeal than we expected, thanks to the quiet, considerate manner in which it was conducted by our examiners, DRs. GODSALL and HALLORAN.

Dermatology.—Led by the enthusiastic DR. MOLESWORTH, the dermatologists introduced us to such a variety of skin conditions in the O.P.D. that we would return home fearing for the future integrity of our own epidermis.

Here we met DR. G. B. LINDEMAN, whom we admired both for the certain manner in which he made a diagnosis and for his sartorial perfection.

Then there was "JOHN" or, rather, DR. JOHN BELISARIO, of the booming laugh and the friendly manner, whom we also met at "the clinic."

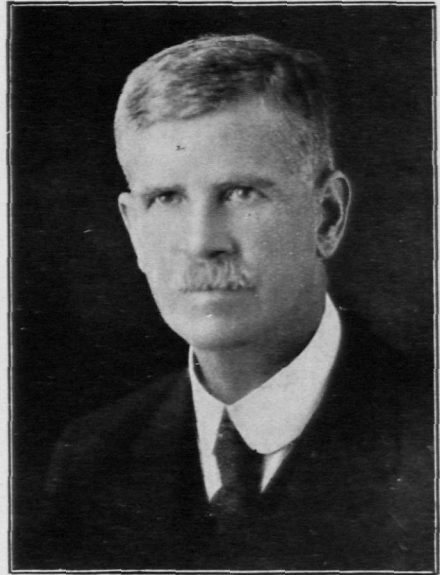
DR. A. L. DAWSON was another good friend whom we discovered in this Department, and we felt that his demonstrations were indeed time well spent.

DR. MOLESWORTH'S lectures we enjoyed both for their practical value and for the exciting race against time which would take place since, we gathered, "he could not possibly deal adequately with the subject in so short a time." Still, we shall never forget that "the comedo of to-day is the pustule of to-morrow" or that "eczema is (or was) the scrap-heap of dermatological diagnosis."

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



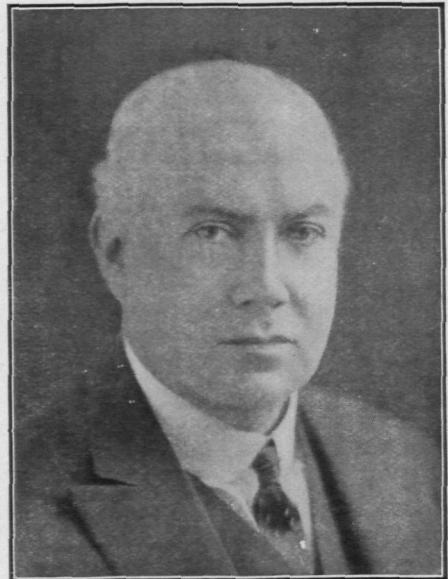
E. W. FAIRFAX, M.B., Ch.M., M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., Honorary Physician.



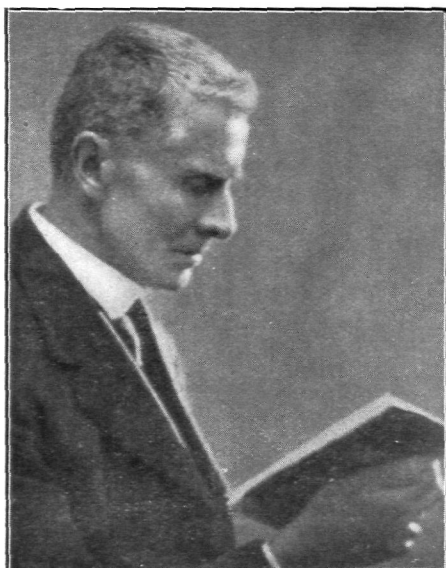
J. I. C. COSH, M.B., Ch.M., D.P.H.,
Honorary Physician.



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



MARK LIDWILL, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



F. P. SANDES, M.D., Ch.M., B.Sc.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



JOHN L. MCKELVEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



HUGH R. G. POATE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



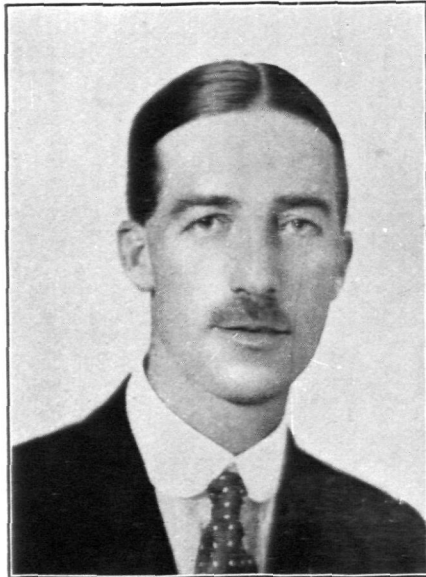
JOHN COLVIN STOREY, O.B.E., M.B.,
Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



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



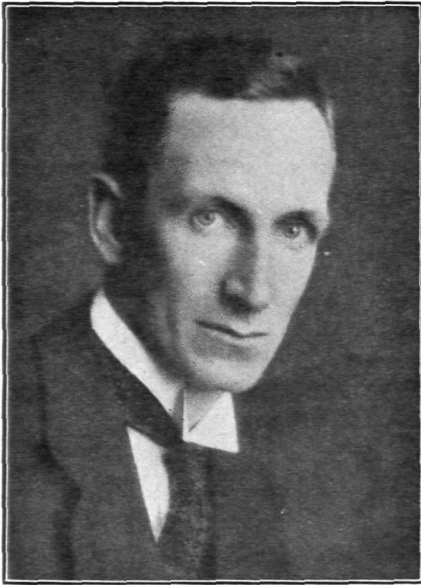
HERBERT H. SCHLINK, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Gynecological Surgeon.



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



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



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



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

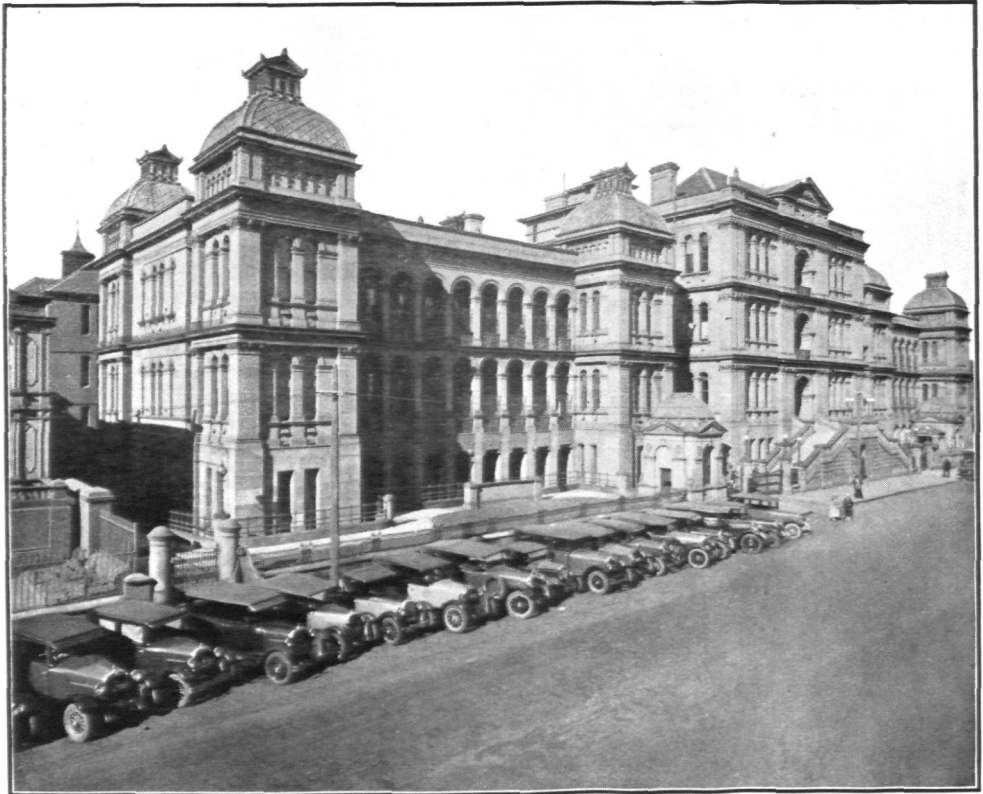


J. KEMPSON MADDOX, M.D., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Student Supervisor.

Sydney Hospital.

IN our childhood kind old gentlemen used to tell us that schooldays were the best days of all; but we don't agree with this, in fact, if anyone were to ask us now, we would reply: "You try doing three years at Sydney Hospital."

How full of gay abandon were we when first we entered this clinical school! How eager were we to attend the work in Casualty! How we used to rush to apply hot fomentations and to open an abscess or put in a stitch or two!



SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

During our first few months we were given an introduction to case-taking and general surgery by Dr. Ramsay Sharp, who led us into the "straight and narrow" of asepsis and other essentials. And then we were sent forth to the surgical wards to take our first history. We felt covered with confusion; the questions which should have rolled from our lips seemed to defy all our efforts, and we would retire with half a history—to return later and make a faltering examination by means of "heavy percussion and grim auscultation."

We had yet to learn that most precious of all lessons: "caution in judgment." Some of us were nearly responsible for the demise of a senior surgeon when we informed him that one of his healthy wounds was covered with pus due to the *Bacillus pyocyaneus*—we blissfully ignorant of the changes which bluestone would produce on excess granulation tissue.

But by degrees we acquired more *savoir-faire*. By dint of practice in the wards and in the outdoor we were able to "handle" patients and to realize the difficulties which lay behind that "unknown psychological factor" of which so much had been heard.

In the medical wards the tutors—Dr. George Willcocks and Dr. Wilfred Evans—made great efforts on our behalf, and we were soon very apt at "picking" clinical signs, especially the ones that really were not there at all! The art of learning to be discreet was impressed vividly on one occasion: one of us asked a tutor in a clear and firm voice: "So this man's pneumonia definitely resulted from his tonsil operation, did it?" And the tutor's facies would have done credit to Mr. Lang when de Groot "opened" the bridge!

Of our later experiences in watching the perfection of surgical technique, of our gradual conquest of the difficulties of making a careful differential and accurate final diagnosis, and of our gratitude for the teachings we have been given, much could be written. We record in passing that we were the first final year to be allotted the duty of taking the official hospital histories: we have appreciated this opportunity of having a definite place in the scheme of things.

Some further appreciation: we thank those other members of the staff—the sisters and nurses who have been ever ready to give friendly advice and genuine assistance, and who have helped in making our sojourn a pleasant one.

These years have been truly memorable, though we are realizing now that soon they will be at an end. But our memories, especially of those earlier months, will remain always.

And when, in years to come, we draw aside from the hurly-burly of our surroundings and lose ourselves for a moment in pleasant retrospection, we will surely feel, with Sir Ewan McLean, that "it was abundantly worth while."

* * * * *

"It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind; it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects."—W. S. Landor.

The following are some impressions of our teachers—as we saw them. These vignettes are given not for the unnecessary purposes of criticism or praise, but rather that we may keep evergreen our memories of the men "who taught us all they knew," the men who gave us unstintingly of the fruits of their knowledge and experience while it was our privilege to work under their guidance.

DR. HAROLD RITCHIE.

*"If you can pick a presystolic murmur
And never, never use the word "about";
And always notice any signs peculiar
And test, yourself, whenever you're in doubt;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of ward-work done—
You MAY persuade examiners you know it:
You MAY escape the fate of Tomlinson."*

Some time during the week-end we remember with pleasant anticipation that we have an appointment with "Harold" at 4.30 p.m. on Monday. We visualize the tall figure entering with stethoscope cervically arranged, while for an hour or more we listen to his wise counsels. These lectures in Clinical Medicine are noted for their short, sharp, pithy sentences, and are pervaded by the cheerful personality of the lecturer with the "flickering smile," by the witticisms of a literary mind, with denunciations of Tomlinson; and we depart only to dream that "Harold" is about to tie a Stannius ligature around our fourth ventricle. "Harold's" rounds are rather an unknown quantity, varying from the solemn ceremony of toe-pinching to a really helpful séance in the bathroom, when we bare our ignorance to a face shrouded in smoke. If the criticisms from our Senior Physician are somewhat caustic, we agree that they are withal kindly, and his precepts are well calculated to steer us safely through troubled waters.

DR. A. HOLMES À COURT.

*"In a contemplative fashion
And a tranquil frame of mind
Free from every kind of passion
Some solution let us find."*

The ward door opens and, behold, a well-groomed apostle of Æsculapius enters with pectoral spats complete, holding between finger and thumb a magic wand of whalebone. A ruddy countenance episcopally smiles as he dons the white sacerdotal robe and calls for his bedside historian with the papyrus. With considerate step, the quiet form moves from bed to bed, pausing at an empty one to exclaim: "Oh, sadness, sadness, doctor!" The more obscure a case is, the more does "Holmes" relish elucidating it, and thoroughness is his watchword. No one need ever be diffident about asking him the simplest question during either rounds or lectures, for the answer is always given with that same careful courtesy. And so the procession goes, headed always by the F.R.C.P. of whom we are all proud. It seems that navy blue and a pearl pin are elegantly fitting for one who shines so brightly, and yet so modestly, in the floodlight of the medical world.

DR. LESLIE W. DUNLOP.

*"I do my best to satisfy you all—"
"And with you we are quite content."—H.M.S. Pinafore.*

Rounds with "Dolly" are eagerly attended, for his meticulousness and love of detail are a byword. While always capable of giving a good bedside discourse, his particular long-suit is "diabetes," and a great many of the sugar-plums we

possess on this subject are due to him. "Dolly" was once possessed of a very troublesome stethoscope, the tubes of which continually needed tying; but we understand that this has since been remedied. He very rightly insists on a thorough history, and if you can't put over a good performance in case-taking at the final—then it won't be "Dolly's" fault.

DR. H. C. ADAMS.

"Let us consider the reason of the case."—Powell.

It is a liberal education to do rounds with our "Bill," for although he may not have won Waterloo, he has certainly won his way into the hearts of his students and patients by his kindness and charm of manner. Of dark and handsome countenance, with angular jaw and aquiline visage, this fashionable physician enters the ward deliciously sartorial. A black cord is soon adjusted to glasses and the ensemble is complete. And then begins a harangue in a Mayfair voice on "bellies" or focal sepsis: a student is pulled from the group by the lapel of his coat, and into his ear is poured the dictum: "Never you forget it!" We glance at a tonsil, look at rickety teeth, unearth a pivot or two, and retire from the round never to forget the mannerisms and the voice that would do credit to a poet, a prince, or a prelate.

DR. GEORGE WILLCOCKS.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!"—Hemans.

As a medical tutor "George" was one of the first to introduce us to clinical signs, and if he insisted on one thing above others, it was first to search for the obvicus. The acme of sartorial perfection, he always delivers a courteous greeting with a charming bow (from the hips only). We congratulate him on his appointment to the ranks of the senior physicians. Though somewhat trenchant in his criticisms ("Of course, it is obvious that this gentleman knows nothing whatever about percussing"), we have always known "George" to return a careful and helpful answer to our queries. An afternoon spent in his out-patient department is well worth while.

DR. H. SKIPTON STACY.

"But the skipper he laughed, 'ha, ha!'"

A tall figure, complete with frangipanni and easy swinging gait, a merry chuckle and a voice like molten chocolate, "Skipper" will always give you a cheery "good morning" and friendly salute: but woe betide anyone who turns up to rounds with an unclean coat or hands in pockets. We first made "Skipper's" acquaintance at rounds and lectures in fourth year. Here we learned the need for dependent drainage and received his warnings of the various medico-legal traps that may be set for the unwary. A cheerful surgeon, he hums popular airs as he applies diathermy to a prostate or waits expectantly for the patient to be properly "under." We can all anticipate the pause at the end of a sentence in which he awaits our acquiescence while he juggles his double-breaster to illustrate the repair of ventral hernia. If "Skipper" had written "Hamlet," we might have had this wonderful test for inebriation: "Is it not to-be, or is it not-to-be, is it not?" Of a thoroughly gentle and kindly nature, his surgical reputation is inviolate, and we have never known our Senior Surgeon to refuse an obviously hopeless case, when he senses the opportunity of affording some relief to the sufferer.

DR. GEORGE BELL.

"You come most carefully upon your hour."—"Hamlet."

As "George" strides through the wide-open doorway, beaming like a benevolent gorilla from beneath beetling brows, we always expect him to bellow, "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!"; and, setting our watches at 9 a.m., we sprint after him to Ward 4, ready for the usual marathon. Away, all you who know not the Bassini, the Halstead, or the Ferguson, and beware if you have not neatly recorded the operation! A man of infinite pains whatever the hour, and one who revels in fractures and plaster bandages, "George" is never happier than when setting "Dad's" leg from Borraboolagah, or removing an appendix for "Maggie" who took "terrible bad" while milking Strawberry. We have found him a most humane and kindly man, who has taught us that patients are human beings and not mere cases, and that surgery is an art and not a mere trade. "George" can say "you are very well" in over half the European languages, and if the patients cannot always understand his words, they can at least appreciate the genial sympathy with which they are said.

DR. ARCHIE ASPINALL.

"A wearin' o' the green."

When he comes and when he goes, everybody knows but his students; yet if you are really keen and hot on the trail, you may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of "Archie" some morning as he passes through the hospital. Then will you make the acquaintance of a quiet man of medium stature, with kind yet searching eyes, who speaks in a carefully modulated voice, pausing now and then to interpolate a stimulating: "D'y' see?" "Archie" has always shown keen interest in our undergraduate life, not only in his patronage of inter-hospital sport, but also in his associations with the Medical Society (including the "Journal"). As a member of the Board of the Hospital he has championed our cause on several occasions, and has been instrumental in securing the comfortable quarters we now possess. In the theatre "Archie" makes a quaint figure with short, white smock and little, round cap perched precariously over his fontanelles, the ensemble being completed by a sea of green surgical linen. When we are lucky enough to have a complete lecture from him, we find our notes packed full of helpful hints which are the fruits of a long experience—hints which are of more value than a thousand text-books.

DR. HOWARD BULLOCK.

*"Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world
Like a Colossus!"*—"Julius Caesar."

Of commanding bearing and prepossessing countenance, "Howard" impresses as much by his keen eye and determined jaw as by his athletic appearance. His rounds are both entertaining and instructive, and he is always sure of a good following as he goes from ward to ward with swaggering stride. He has a fund of useful information, and mixes the "good oil" with interesting stories about his experiences of men and hospitals "on the other side"; in fact, he seems to have picked up quite a lot on his travels. We admire his pluck: a big man in every way, always ready to help "the boys" to profit by his experiences, which appear

to be many and varied, from the lady with the abdomino-perineal resection to the dying celestial with the broom. Although his long suit is gastric surgery, "Howard" is at home in any region you like, while his wonderful technique at all times is a byword.

DR. RAMSAY SHARP.

"Softly o'er the chamber stealing."

"Ramsay" was our surgical tutor, and, among other things, gave us the tip about "always being very careful." He mixes surgery with politics rather successfully, and his aldermanic propensities are well known. With a semi-smile and a voice like butter, he specializes (for our benefit) in "demonstration operations," which are eagerly attended. We are pleased to record his elevation to a senior position. Those of us who have been with him in the O.P.D. have imbibed his sound surgical principles and his special "mist. rhei alk.", and have listened with glee to his fund of anecdotes, especially the one about "the sixteen-stone lady who was driven to Maroubra in a Baby Austin."

DR. REGINALD BRIDGE.

"A man of my kidney."—"Merry Wives of Windsor."

When first we saw "Reggie" down in the outdoor he impressed us greatly as a sound general surgeon, with the happy knack of driving the facts home in dynamic fashion. But even then there was developing the structure of the Urological Department of which he is now chief, and we realized that he was well fitted by experience and knowledge for that important position. "Reggie" revels in passing tubes in queer places, and may be seen any day squirting sodium iodide into the water-works. Having proved his versatility by several excellent talks on "the pathology of the living," "Reggie" is a man who has imbued us with the valuable spirit of "striking while the iron is hot."

DR. WILFRED EVANS.

*"As the years roll on
You'll remember Vienna."*

"Bill" met us in fourth year as one of our medical tutors: we should add that he has now abandoned the suitcase and prefers to store his ironmongery in a black bag. A stickler for accuracy, but nevertheless very patient while we were still learning to "find the right border." Down in the outdoor he is ever ready for a joke with "the troops" if they are "feeling full of beans," while he is a tiger for bringing in all the good cases first in case we miss anything. When we first knew him "Bill" was one of our most eligible bachelors, but has since "dared and dared greatly." Our sincerest good wishes!

DR. E. H. STOKES.

"'Speed,' echoed the wall to us, galloping through."

"Eddie" was our tutor in anæsthetics, and was careful to coach us in avoiding the various stages of that vicious circle which finally leads to the whirlpool of the Coroner's Court. On his day in out-patients things move with lightning speed

("Breathe—yes—big breath—yes—What's Dercum's disease?—yes—cough—Write a note for me, 'Dear Doctor So-and-so'—Make out a path. sheet for this patient—yes—come again in a fortnight—"), but he always allows a break for tea at 5.30 p.m. or so. A great stimulus to speedy cerebration, "Eddie" picks out the most valuable clinical signs in a twinkling, and is never too busy to "go over it again" or to give a careful "differential" if we ask it.

DR. R. C. WINN.

One day in third year we came across him in the Anatomy Theatre surrounded by an admiring group of Psychology students, and we guessed there must have been some subtle magnetic force at work. Of course, we know now that he is Dr. Winn of psycho-galvanometer fame, although he would not really dream of putting the 'fluence on anyone. A cheery soul with a pleasant nod, he has made our acquaintance on several occasions in the wards. "The world to win and a psycho-galvanometer to Winn it with."

DR. L. BUCHANAN.

Ever a friend of students, "Buck" met us early in the course, and we soon knew him as hot stuff on his anatomy. In the surgical outdoor he believes in frequent "brain-brushers" in the form of a searching *questionnaire* on the common conditions which the boys think they know. "Buck" is rather a tiger on encephalography too.

DR. A. M. MCINTOSH.

It is said that he was once mistaken for the famous Mr. Punch, although we prefer to think that "Mac" would look most imposing in gaiters and a shovel hat. In surgical "outs" with shiny pate glistening in the afternoon sun, he is appreciated as much for his teaching as his pleasant personality. "Mac," besides being an expert with "quinine and urethane," has successfully demonstrated the need for the "general" outlook in all cases.

DR. M. P. SUSMAN.

A dapper little figure and a keen exponent of all the latest styles, "Mick" takes charge in surgical "outs" occasionally, and has given us a good series of tutorials round the wards. Those weekly "parties" were eagerly and regularly attended, for besides "knowing his ekker," "Mick" has a very likeable manner—business-like yet delightfully informal. One of our younger surgeons who has already carved a firm niche for himself.

DR. KEITH INGLIS.

*"His look drew audience and attention
Still as night or summer's noontide air."*

Although duly "slaughtered" in another part of the Book, we feel that we must add "Keith" to our string of scalps. We are fortunate in having such a distinguished scientist and inspiring teacher as Director of our Department of Pathology. It is a treat to see "Keith's" eyes glisten as he keenly surveys specimens in the autopsy room and deftly correlates physical signs with the secrets now revealed in formalin (our eyes often glisten then, too!). At his suggestion, we have each spent a while in his department, gaining experience in the more simple procedures: the opportunity of actually performing an autopsy was eagerly seized.

A popular figure at many medical and social functions, "Keith" will perhaps be best remembered for his disarming smile and nod of recognition—all the more winning because they are so perfectly natural.

DR. K. B. NOAD.

"Strike, 'e seems to run the place!"—"The Sentimental Bloke."

As Student Supervisor, "Kenneth B." is our liason officer without peer. If you glance into the *dolce far niente* of the honoraries' room, you will see him seated at the feet of the mighty—a neatly attired figure carefully sipping nectar: a figure with a graceful carriage that would make a mannequin blush with envy. Yet to approach "Kenneth B." is to be met with a friendly grin that banishes all formality and makes conversation easy. At the bedside his clinical keenness and joyous elaboration of the case are worth much reading, and we don't wonder that he landed the M.R.C.P. Learning our various names, he showed his good judgment by dropping the unnecessary "Mr." and made us feel that we were at last "somebody's baby." From the day when he dared to refute "Harold's" innuendo that we were a lazy lot, we knew that he would guard our interests well. In fact, "Kenneth B." has sort of been a big brother to us.

SPECIALS.

GYNÆCOLOGY we found a very interesting subject, and began to gain a little insight into the problems after a thorough course both upstairs and down. We were coached along in Ward 11—some by DR. CEDRIC BOWKER, of benevolent disposition and kindly mien; others by DR. CRAWFORD ROBERTSON, vigorous and fatherly (we very much regret that the age limit has enforced his retirement); others again by DR. FURBER, who demonstrated his surgical skill, among other things, by doing salpingo-uterostomies. "Gyno. outs" were in the hands of DRs. PORTER, CUNNINGHAM and DUGGAN (once our Super.), and we gained much useful experience there.

The remaining specials assumed an added importance for us, because in most cases the systematic Varsity lectures were dropped. In SKIN we met DR. LANGLOH JOHNSTON, whose eyes possessed a merry twinkle as he wrote prescriptions in a hand we couldn't fathom; DR. NORMAN PAUL, whom we used to drive to despair with our mixing of rodents and hyperkeratoses ("Go for the common things first, will you?"); DR. GEORGE HAMILTON, the prominent airman; and DR. GEORGE NORRIE, famous for careful differentials.

In E.N.T. there were DRs. KIRKLAND, FRANCIS, FINDLAY and CARRUTHERS. Here we got in some practice at spotting bad tonsils, and learned just how much stimulation of the soft palate was necessary to produce the emetic reflex. Juggling the head-mirror was also a rather diverting sport.

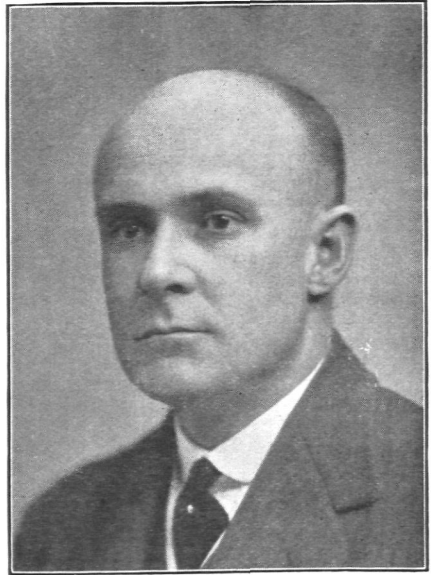
On occasions we used to stroll across the "Dom." to the EYE HOSPITAL. If you wandered upstairs you would see much interesting Ophthalmic Surgery from DRs. NORTH and DUNLOP, both of whom were ready to help if you seemed interested. Down below, amidst a maze of lenses were found DRs. COHEN, AITKEN, STANTON-COOK and BLAKEMORE, who all gave us much-needed practice in taking the tension and peering into difficult fundi. We are glad to say that though we took the opportunity of having tea early, we always left at least one sandwich and a scone or two—because we were such a well-mannered crowd!

In Psychiatry "Outs" we never decided whether the man was responsible for the subject, or the subject for the man, but we always enjoyed DR. W. PAGE'S exuberant euphoria (physiological), and profited by his energetic tutorials.

Sydney Hospital.



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



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



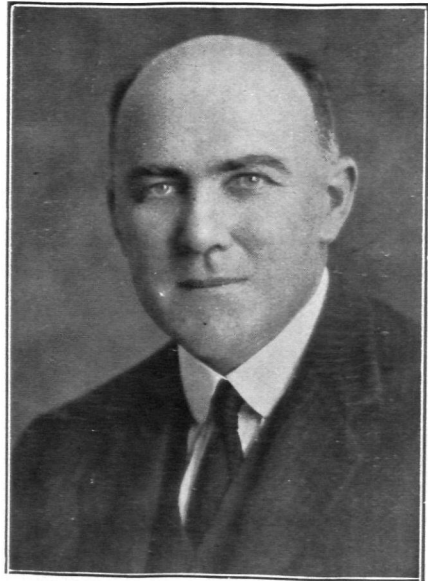
LESLIE W. DUNLOP, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



H. C. ADAMS, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.,
Honorary Physician.



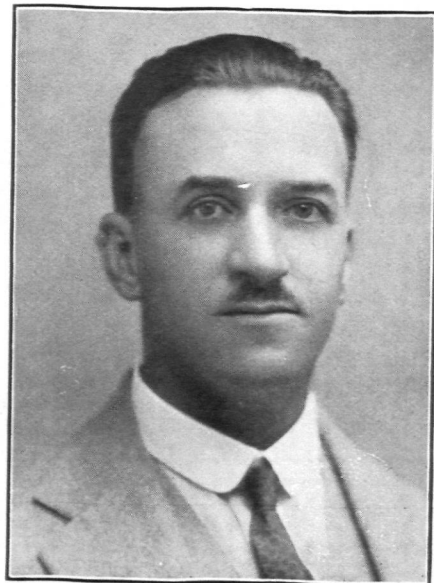
H. SKIPTON STACY, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



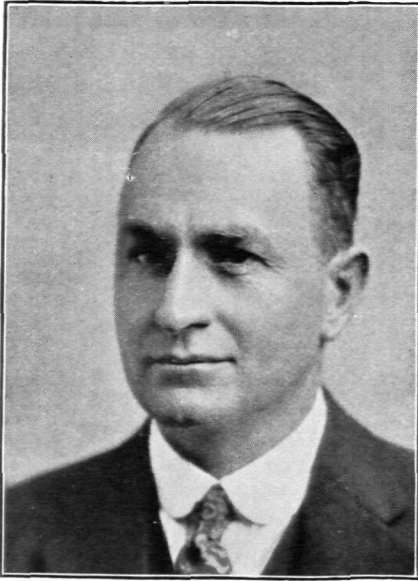
GEORGE BELL, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



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



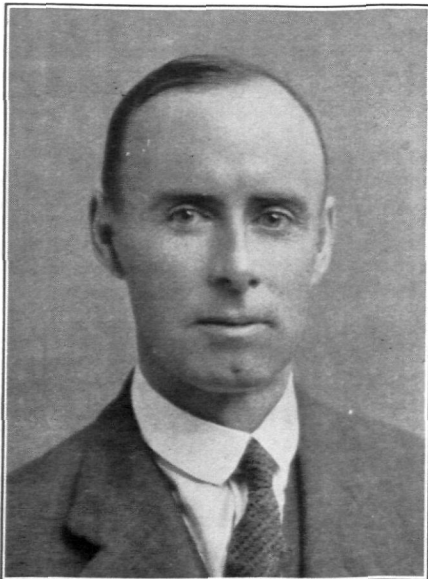
HOWARD BULLOCK, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., B.Sc.,
Honorary Surgeon.



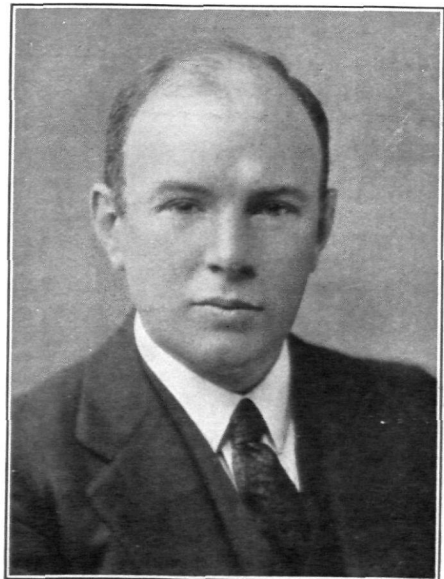
GEORGE C. WILLCOCKS, O.B.E., M.C.,
M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.P., Tutor in Medicine.



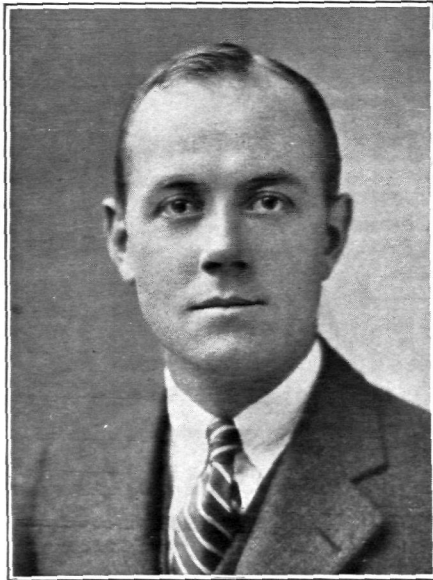
W. A. RAMSAY SHARP, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



WILFRED EVANS, M.B., M.R.C.P.,
Tutor in Medicine.



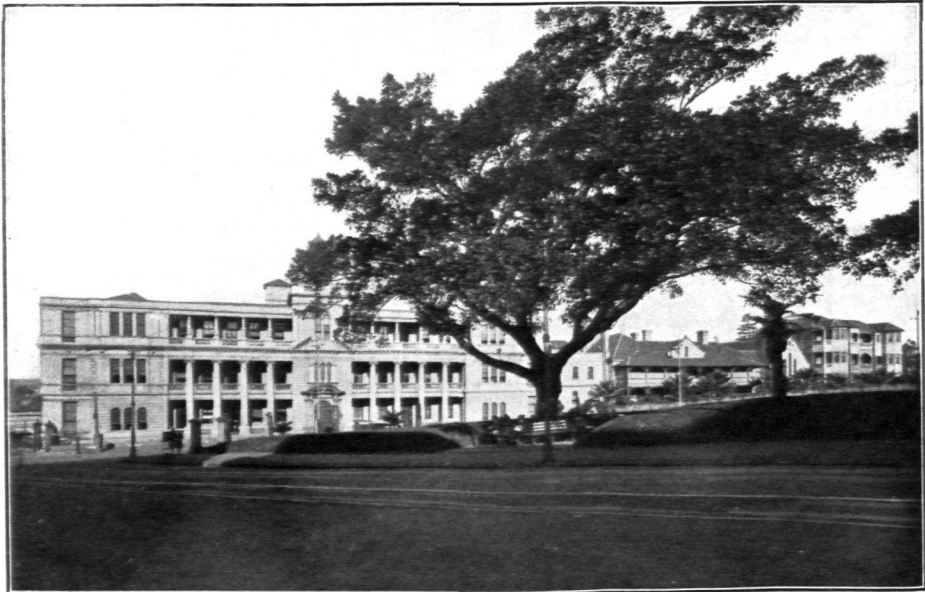
E. H. STOKES, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Anæsthetics.



KENNETH E. NOAD, M.B., Ch.M., M.R.C.P.,
Student Supervisor.

St. Vincent's Hospital.

ALTHOUGH only of recent years converted into a clinical hospital, "Vincent's" is achieving for itself widespread fame and unstinted praise as a place where the student, searching after clinical knowledge, may readily and easily find it. Its chief advantages, looked at from this angle, are the excellent teaching staff and the small number of students, which factors combined lend themselves to a more intimate association with one's honoraries. The ever-ready co-operation of the sisters and the much appreciated advice of the residents help considerably to make our daily toil a profitable and congenial one.



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

With the recent advent of the scheme whereby we have been incorporated into the working staff of the hospital, we feel confident that we will be much better equipped for our encounter with the examiners in December and, we trust, better able to face the responsibilities which will later be thrust upon us.

Fully two terms were spent in fourth year in becoming accustomed to the geography of the hospital; in becoming cognizant after two years in the Anatomy Department that *clean* white coats were an essential to the successful clinician; in counting sponges in the operating theatre and learning the art of repartee at Dr. Miller's Surgical Out-patients. There also we were given a foundation in surgical knowledge, interspersed occasionally with pars. about "famous London surgeons."

To Dr. Walter Perry we also owe a debt of gratitude for his painstaking efforts on pre-operative procedures and precautions, and we were firmly convinced after a few months with "Wal." that Venus was alone responsible for all "the ills to which flesh is heir."

Drs. Utz and Fitzgerald struggled manfully to introduce us to Clinical Pathology, and they saved us many hours of perhaps fruitless toil in directing our thoughts along correct lines. His "macronormoblasts," however, are still the subject of many a heated argument.

Fifth year saw us commence work in earnest at "Vincent's." Here we were introduced to Drs. Diethelm, Bullmore, Tansey, of the Hon. Medical Staff, and continued our surgery under Drs. Miller and Coppleson. Much can be said, too, for Dr. Taylor for his patience and ready advice as medical tutor.

In Gynæcology we were given great assistance by Drs. Coghlan, Foy and Fraser, and for the trouble spent on our behalf we feel deeply appreciative.

Dr. Langloh Johnston was our mentor at Skin O.P.D., and everyone will agree that we were indeed fortunate in having such an experienced man to help us in this branch of our studies.

To Dr. Pockley we owe solely our knowledge of Ophthalmology, and this could not have been otherwise than very well taught.

At E.N.T. we met Drs. Marsh and Woodburn, and to them also we voice our thanks.

Perhaps the most entertaining, albeit not the least instructive, were our afternoons with Dr. Page on Psychiatry. We may safely say that without his assistance our knowledge of "psyche" would have been little greater than infinitesimal.

To the Mother Rectress, sisters and nurses we take this opportunity of offering our thanks for the help and many favours we have received from them.

We also wish to thank Mr. Clarke and his assistants in the Path. Dept. for their ever-ready willingness to oblige.

Lastly, but by no means least, we wish to thank Mrs. Dowling and Gwen for their obliging attention to the wants of the inner man.

DR. H. H. BULLMORE.

Dr. Bullmore is our Senior Physician, and has been of material benefit to us during our three years' association with him. He combines friendly advice with a subtle Scotch humour and anecdotes. His bedside manner is a model to be followed by all aspiring students. A great advocate, too, of the advantages to be obtained by the longer cooking of porridge.

DR. O. A. DIETHELM.

"Oscar" is our lecturer in Medicine. Always a sincere and thorough teacher, we have on several occasions seen him smile. His differential diagnosis between


"hæmoptysis and hæmatemesis" is still an unsolved riddle to us. On one occasion, "Oscar" spoke on four successive days on rounds about one particular patient, after which we were confident he had exhausted all that was to be said about the subject. To our utter amazement, however, we were told that next day he would give us a "whole lecture on that patient." We are looking forward to a successful issue in December next, if for no other reason than to read Oscar's reams of typewritten notes.

DR. VICTOR COPPLESON.

Dr. Victor Coppleson is the lecturer in Surgery to the students at St. Vincent's Hospital, and his course of systematic surgery was greatly appreciated by all who attended it. "Cop." is the most genial of fellows to work under, and has never been known to lose his temper in the operating theatre nor to speak harshly to his assistants. The author of numerous valuable little books, he is our authority on shark bites and the sterilization of catgut.

DR. DOUGLAS MILLER.

"Doug." is the Dean of the Clinical School of St. Vincent's, and we are indeed fortunate that this is so. From the beginning of fourth year we have been associated with him, and during this period have been able to watch his progress in learning to drive the Riley, and on some occasions have even enjoyed the thrill of a "lift." However, "Doug's" teaching is better than his driving, and it will not be his fault if we are not the surgical masters of the year, even though we may not be too certain at times who Robert Jones was.



Saint Vincent's Hospital.



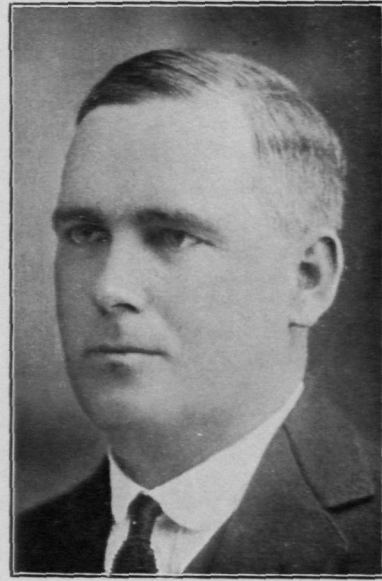
H. H. BULLMORE, M.B., Ch.B.,
M.R.C.P., Honorary Physician.



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



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



R. J. TAYLOR, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.



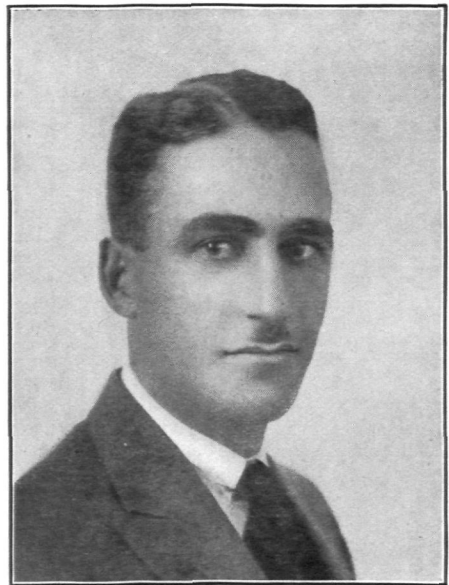
SIR ALEXANDER MACCORMICK,
Kt., M.D., Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



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



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



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

The Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

*"I have heard
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn."*—"Hamlet."

Just as a traveller, at the end of the day's march, is able to review the long trail and the mountain peaks which lie behind, so at the end of our March through Medicine do we find there are some experiences which will ever stand out vividly. For all of us, none will be more memorable than our first term at Crown Street.

"Benumbed by mnemonics and theories half-known," with our little red synopses tucked under our arms, we found ourselves actually in residence. For some the newness had hardly been brushed aside when we were in the thick of things. Well do we remember our first night at tea: the sudden peremptory 'phone ring: everyone into the lift first: and then a scramble for two to scrub up in time while our ears throbbled to sounds we had never heard before. Our first accouchement! And be it said we had not even one "witness" to our credit! Nurses to right and nurses to left, we hear Sister's voice: "Doctor will take over now": but, alas,



CROWN STREET WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

"Doctor" is just in time to catch a wriggling, slimy, pair of infant thighs and all is over. Our first delivery has ended without mishap, and we breathe once more.


Then there were those nights of broken sleep—our first experiences of a clarion call just above our heads. How glad we were that "Old Fat" was able to take the messages accurately—even if he did have to race down to third floor to find out what was said!

Among our "guides, mentors and friends" we first met DR. A. J. GIBSON, who initiated us into the intricacies of abdominal palpation and foetal heart sounds,

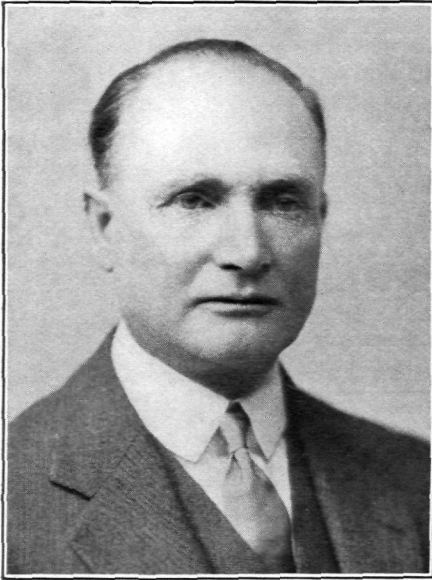
and his eye held us transfixed if we missed any diameter by more than a quarter of an inch. DR. DONOVAN also kept a fatherly eye over us, and later on in isolation poured out the "good oil" in ample measure. For our bedside tutorials we had DR. LUDOWICI: although he confounded us with many awkward questions ("Yes, yes, of course you can give hexamine with pot. cit."), "Ludo" was most painstaking and impressed on us the need for quick decision in the many emergencies which may befall the young obstetrician. The various Senior Residents (DRS. WEAVER, MARJORIE LYON and GINSBERG) saw to it that we were made to feel at home both socially and obstetrically.

Of MATRON, who moved about like a ship in full sail, we saw only a little. The acquaintance of SISTER SHAW we were privileged to make more fully in out-patients. SISTER GILES was "the man behind the gun" as far as we were concerned, and if she did cause a miniature tornado occasionally, it was only because our feet were on the chairs or the light was carelessly jerked off the pulley. Before we left Crown Street we were agreed that "Auntie" was a real sport and truly good natured. (Did she not lend the office for decoration in that hasty wedding ceremony—the tragicomedy in which the bride looked charming in dainty Buist's pads and binder to tone?) SISTER CARMICHAEL, of pleasing personality, was perfectly marvellous in her tactful management of labour ward. STAFF NURSES ALLEN, CADDIS, HEATH, HEWITT and MORRIS ("Just a minute, please—'ead's on the perineum, 'urry—bear down, lassie!") all helped us to save the perineum on occasions. In addition to the obstetrical experience the time in residence was of value socially to at least one of us, who learned gracefully to sip tea with the night staff at 5 a.m.

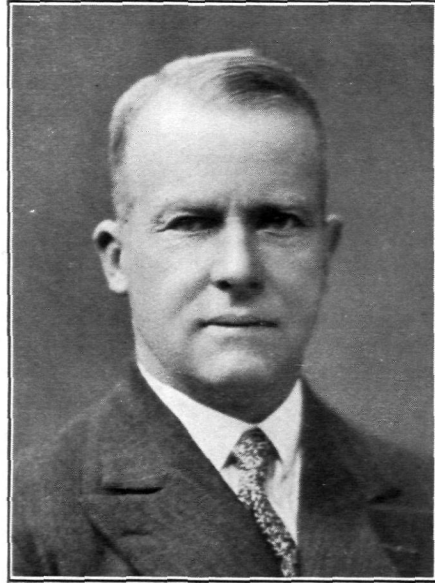
It was with many regrets that we left when our term was ended: but we say it to the credit of Crown Street's cheery atmosphere that everyone, to a man, was eagerly looking forward to the return visit.



The Women's Hospital, Crown Street.



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



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



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

The Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.

*"What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day."*

A time of vivid experiences, new interests and delightful companionship, our "term in Obstets." will not readily be forgotten; and those days (and nights) at the Royal will always be associated in our minds with many a good "rag" and, above all, with a liberal education.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

As we had been visiting the hospital for some time prior to entering into residence, we already knew something of the place and its pleasant grounds, and having been well and truly "dated" by DR. RIDLER on those visits, we carried our bags down to the quarters with feelings of anticipation and interest. We were soon made at ease when the genial Superintendent (DR. WILLIAMS) strolled over to assure us that we were welcome, and that if we did not learn obstetrics there, it would be our own fault. So we settled down and gazed at the great red building opposite the cottage as though it were a citadel which we might have to storm.

Brrrr!—the telephone bell. "Students wanted in the labour ward!" How we sprinted to that first case! X is to "assist," Y to "manip." How they sweat and struggle to get their gloves on! The voice of Sister rings out: "Hurry, Doctor!" "Breathe in and out through the mouth, mother!" The resident drips chloroform; X hurries and is perhaps in time—well, anyhow, he ties and cuts the cord. And Y, well he just "manips."

The days pass. The enthusiasts still sprint. The rest are not quite so sure that the bell is an unmixed blessing. Still one must go to "witnesses," of course.

Things begin to happen early in the morning—that bell! Late forenoon—that bell! Lunch hour—that bell! Afternoon—that bell! Dinner time and through the evening—that bell! Heavens! all the women in Sydney must be in! Midnight again and still that bell!

The last and most enthusiastic of the group is worn to a shadow. Endurance has reached its limit. At 2 a.m., if one could be awake to listen, a faint mutter might perchance be heard from the last most eager student: "Damn that bell!" as he buries himself more deeply beneath the blankets.

During lectures PROFESSOR WINDEYER had shown with glee a slide which set forth the fact that in obstetrics "they also serve who only stand and wait." This seemed reasonable when he developed and expounded the theme in the lecture room. Some of us are not so certain of the merits of this service, however, when at the Royal in the early hours of the morning we stood for hours holding the fundus after a P.P.H. We cannot vouch for the truth of the report that one member of the year in such circumstances awakened to find his head resting on the maternal breast.

Much helpful teaching was given to us during our visit. Our worthy Professor gave us instruction in the mysteries of positions and mechanisms, and staged a most interesting exhibit of a dozen or so babies all in a row, each, like a budding politician, doing its best to bawl the others down.

DR. HIPSEY introduced us to the surgical aspect of Obstetrics with a series of well illustrated practical demonstrations, and DR. CONSTANCE D'ARCY delighted us with her discussions on the toxæmias of pregnancy, while DR. MARGARET HARPER surprised us with the devious and ingenious ways in which calories can be supplied to the unsuspecting premature baby. DR. BRUCE WILLIAMS was most helpful, and all derived benefit from his series of impromptu *vivas* and tutorials and from watching the uncanny skill with which he would extract an infant from an awkward situation.

The various groups found different residents present throughout the year, but all report unfailing helpfulness from these, and for this we express our appreciation, as also to DR. RIDLER at the prematernity section and to the honoraries in the O.P.D.

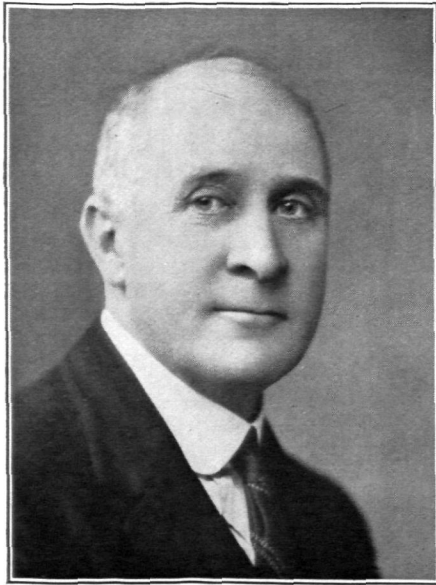
The MATRON and her nursing staff also helped us not a little, and gave us many useful practical hints. It is even reported that some members of the year were more interested in the nurses than in the infants, but this report is, of course, scandalous and untrue.

Nor must we forget NELLIE, who—hail, rain or snow—never failed to have meals ready to time and was always willing to keep them hot, however long we might be delayed in ensuring that "both were doing well."

Our interests, many and varied as they were, extended also to tennis, surfing and other activities which helped us to cultivate the "*mens sana in corpore sano.*"

Thus, as we approached the end of our stay, even the telephone bell began to sound less vicious and at last we parted from it as though we were leaving a dear friend.

So!—forth to other fields. The Royal Hospital for Women is our Obstetrical *Alma Mater*. Let us hope that, though with many pangs and throes and much difficult labour, she has given birth to a number of sons and daughters who will inherit from her the art of being—good obstetricians.



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



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

The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

“. . . . the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.”—“As You Like It.”

When, at the beginning of our fifth year, we each received a formal looking letter telling us that we were to “study Pædiatrics” during the year, some of us envisaged further attendance at an already overcrowded orthopædic department; some rushed for their medical dictionaries, whilst others assumed an air of pedantic tolerance with their less informed brethren. However, as it turned out, it simply meant that we were going to spend a term at the “Kids.” So, with this introduction, we arrived one day at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children for the purpose of studying Pædiatrics for one term.

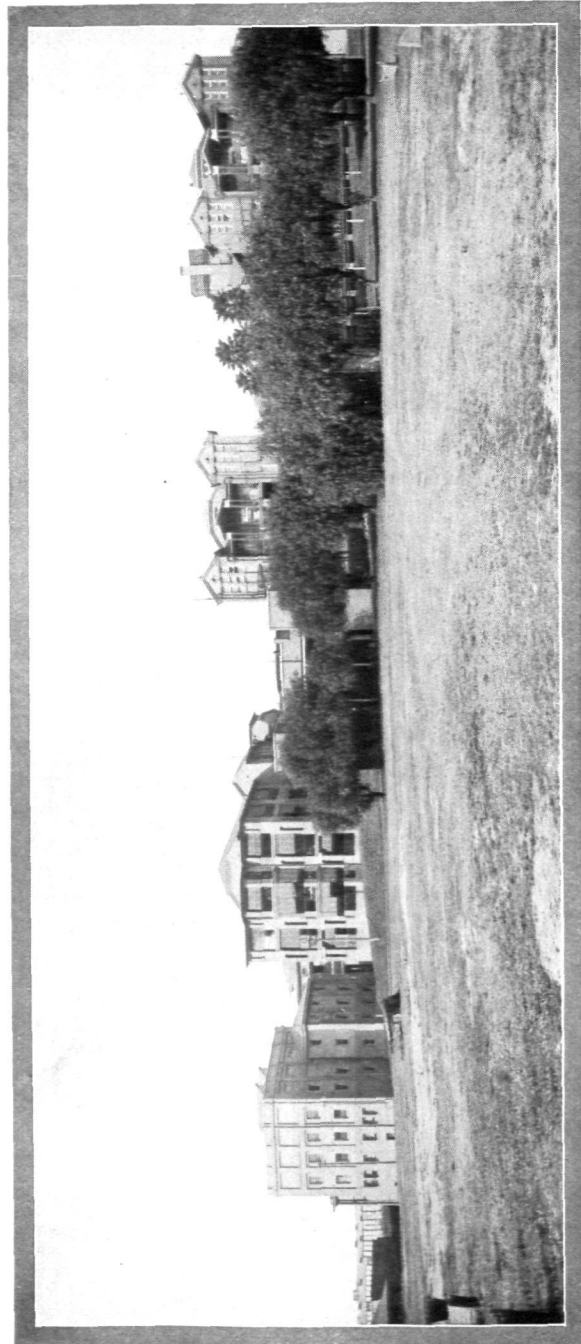
Within a few hours we had settled down in most palatial quarters, played a rubber or two of bridge, found our way round the wards and partaken of morning tea at the hospital's expense.

And so, for ten delightful weeks we studied Pædiatrics; some more and some less. Some men indeed appeared so keen that they were to be seen revisiting the hospital during the evening, and their conversation the next day so frequently mentioned the word “Madanga” that the uninitiated took it to be some new disease peculiar to childhood. We found, rather to our surprise, that the “kids” were the most excellent patients, showing an enthusiasm to co-operate in their physical examination that was a delightful change after our experience of the general hospitals. Moreover, to have your patient suddenly grasp your stethoscope and place it in its mouth, or to break out into squeals of laughter when you are palpating the abdomen, may be slightly disconcerting, but calls for a resourceful bedside manner.

Of our lecturers and honoraries mention must be made of DR. EDGAR STEPHEN and DR. R. B. WADE. “Edgar” was our “compleat pædiatrician”—combining an extensive knowledge of his subject with an irrepressible and irresponsible humour, and an enthusiasm which often expressed itself by lectures which threatened to be prolonged far into the night. Of Dr. Wade we have the pleasantest recollections; distinguished in appearance as in achievement, he was ever ready to show us how to deal with the dislocated hip, the cleft palate and the many surgical conditions which we were meeting for the first time. We felt that his judgment was to be relied on absolutely, and our subsequent experience proved this to be so.

Of the visiting lecturers no record would be complete without mention of a well remembered E.N.T. lecture when the lecturer's mania for speed was only excelled by the audience's sudden enthusiasm for practical aeronautics.

And then there were the nurses—and what a wealth of significance lies behind that simple statement! Parties at the Nurses' Home, parties elsewhere, surreptitious morning teas in the wards, brief conversations across the cots of obliging patients, and a thousand unwritten episodes all bear witness to the subtle attraction of the “Bright Young Things” of the nursing profession.



THE HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH.

It was very suitable, therefore, that we should have chosen the last night of our term there to entertain the nurses and to make speeches, of indefinite substance, but of worthy sentiment, assuring them of our appreciation of their warm cooperation in our activities in the wards and elsewhere.

And thus our all-too-brief stay at "the Kids" came to an end, our study of Pædiatrics was an accomplished fact, and our affection for the hospital an inevitable conclusion.



The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.



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



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

“This Year of Grace.”

*“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!”*

GEOFFREY SHEDDEN ADAM, R.P.A.H.

Coming from "Shore," Geoff's consistent hard work has borne fruit in the form of credits in second and third years, and distinctions in fourth and fifth. His interests did not end in work, however, for he rendered much help in the organization of the Junior Med. Dances in the earlier years, while his literary ability found outlet as Associate Editor of the *S.U.M.J.*, and in these pages. Entering Paul's in fourth year he acted on the College Golf Committee, golf and tennis sharing his sporting interests equally. At the Royal rumour hath it that on one occasion Geoff spent an entire Sunday pursuing his duties (?) in the labour ward, while there was also the "case of the missing dressing-gown" in which he exhibited hitherto concealed powers as a detective. Socially "G.S." has displayed much versatility, but he believes always in "safety in numbers." If Geoff throws himself as wholeheartedly into his work in the future as he has done into everything in the past, he should go far.

JOHN RICHARD BESNARD BEAUMONT, B.Sc., R.P.A.H.

"A cheery cove an' sunburnt."

Joining us from Fort Street, Jack has long been noted for his wide sombrero, bringing about the frequent greeting: "How are the cattle, Cowboy?" A steady worker, being an especially ardent reader, he has negotiated the hurdles of each examination just as well as he cleared the hurdles on the oval, for he has represented the Varsity (Adelaide, 1930) and also St. John's in this branch of athletics. He was in residence at John's in 1929-30, and in fourth year obtained distinction and his B.Sc. in Anatomy, consequent on which he is our chief authority on the platypus and allied species. During our course, too, Jack has wielded the hockey stick with some success, and we can still recall one or two dashes down the wing in an interfaculty football match. In recent months Jack's tall figure has graced the sands of Bondi not infrequently, as an ever-increasing deposition of pigment indicates. Really sincere in his work, we feel that Jack will never fall into the fault of regarding his patients as cases rather than human beings.

RONALD STANLEY BENNETT, Sydney Hospital.

"If he were asked the time of day

By country bumpkins green,

He not infrequently would say,

'A quarter past thirteen'."—Bab Ballads.

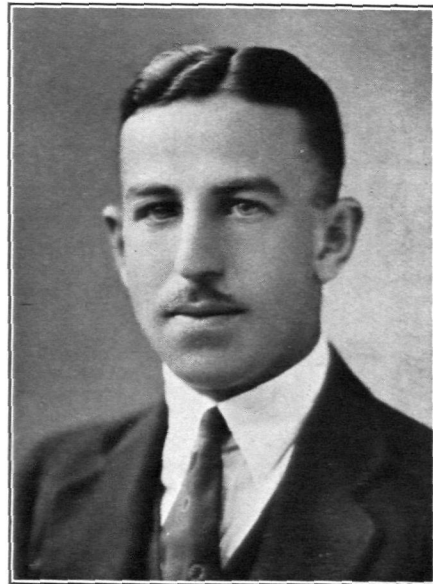
Hon. Consulting Humourologist to Sydney Hospital, for whom we are indebted to "Shore." Possessing a ready wit and humorous twinkle, Ron's company is always welcome. Outstanding characteristics: infectious laugh and conscientious ward work. With the aid of his pipe, Ron will argue strenuously, and we will remember the grim determination with which he fixed the date of a certain exam. for the second Wednesday after Shrove Tuesday. An authority on matters sporting, he has kept a grim wicket for Varsity 2nd XI, and in hockey played a solid stick at half. Now confines himself to pursuing the pale pill. As a member of the Hospital Big Four, he can count thirteen with more accuracy than most. The sociable qualities of the Gay Caballero no doubt account for the periodic appearance of the upper labial appendage. Ron enjoys a natural popularity which is certain to follow him.



GEOFFREY SHEDDEN ADAM.



JOHN RICHARD BESNARD BEAUMONT,
B.Sc.



RONALD STANLEY BENNETT.

IDA LOIS BIRCHALL, B.Sc., R.P.A.H.

*"Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing."*—Scott.

Complete with a degree in Science, Ida joined us in second year and soon became "one of us." She is famous for her smile, her anecdotes, and her enthusiasm for "Clinical Methods." Sometime Senior Student at the Women's College, Ida was able to give the benefit of her 'Varsity experience to many bewildered "freshers" who came under her wing. Coming from the "Apple Isle," she soon became famous for her schoolgirl complexion, which seemed immune from any amount of midnight oil. Possessed of a keen aptitude for work, she has passed all her exams. with ease, and was well to the fore with a distinction in fifth year. With all the qualifications necessary for success in her chosen profession, we feel that Ida will achieve distinction in whatever capacity she may fill.

CAMPBELL YOUNG BLAND, Sydney Hospital.

*". . . my nature is subdued
To what it works in."*—Shakespeare.

A most elusive member, who joined our cause from Newington, where he learned to play cricket, and now gives the impression that he continues to play good "cricket" in whatever he does. "Cam" represented Wesley in cricket, football and billiards, but now favours hard court "hit and giggle," where he serves with success. At Crown Street he demonstrated his aversion to noise by a well judged muffling of a sleep-disturbing 'phone. The surname impresses as being particularly apt to his unobtrusive personality, silent smile and quiet chuckle.

"C. YOUNG BLAND" should look well on a brass plate.

RICHARD HILLIER BRENT, R.P.A.H.

"I will go out against the sun."

Youthful in appearance and youthful in spirit, Dick never seemed to look any older in spite of various hirsute growths that appeared from time to time upon his upper lip. After matriculating from Barker College, he was in residence at St. Andrew's College for two years, during which time he played hockey with the "Colleges' team."

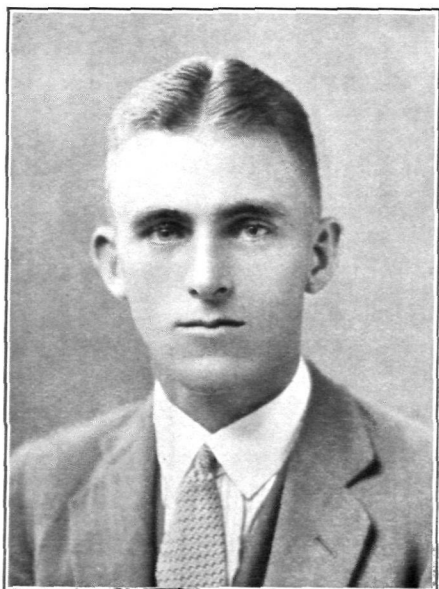
Those who knew him soon found Dick to be a subtle humorist, the ingenuousness of whose remarks made one suspect the apparent innocence of their origin. An ardent advocate of the "no-hat brigade," he would travel in every day from the great open spaces of Wahroonga with an air of *sang froid* that clearly indicated his contempt for such useless encumbrances.

Dick was an enthusiastic photographer, and made history whilst at the Royal by holding a baby in one arm and directing operations for taking a photo of the group with the other. Surfing and fishing also claimed his attention, and he could wield a useful racket on the tennis court. For the rest—to use his own words—he likes music, but doesn't play, and likes singing, but doesn't sing much.

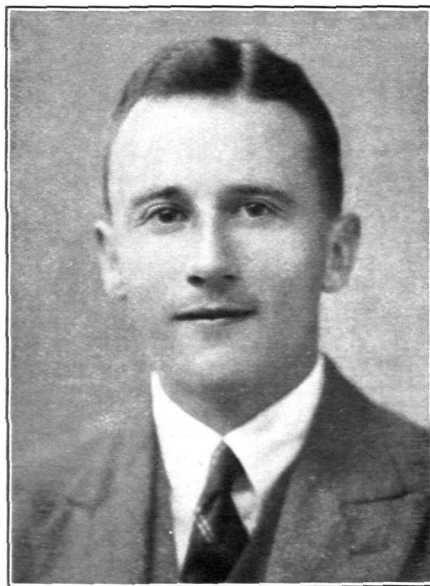
A keen and consistent worker, Dick was often to be seen, ensconced in the most comfortable chair in the Common Room, studying his "Clinical Methods," quite oblivious to the noise around him.



IDA LOIS BIRCHALL, B.Sc.



CAMPBELL YOUNG BLAND.



RICHARD HILLIER BRENT.

SIDNEY WILLIAM BRYAN, Sydney Hospital.

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

Sidney from Brisbane, with confidence in inverse ratio to his diminutive stature, emerged from Brisbane Grammar and Queensland 'Varsity in second year, and has accompanied us since with characteristic dignity. We have been forced to envy and admire the quiet confidence with which he argues, puff for puff, with "Harold," or superintended a certain hospital until life grew wearier and wearier and he returned to our midst. Sid can be relied upon to uphold the dignity of the profession at all times and in all places, and his bearing has caused at least one honorary to mistake him for a resident. Nothing ever induces him to run for a tram or hurry across a street, and if "the last shall be first," Sid is the most punctual man in the year. From his wide reading, practical knowledge, keen observation and confident manner we expect great things of Sid in the near future.

ROBERT REUBEN BYE, R.P.A.H.

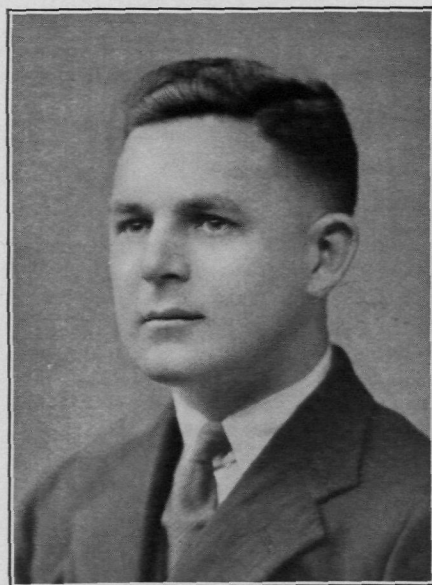
*"And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be."*

This rugged young man is well known to us for his mountaineering exploits in the vicinity of Wentworth Falls, where he spends much of his leisure time exploring various ravines and gorges. Besides this, Bob dabbles in cricket, tennis and swimming, and at the former his skill needs no eulogy when we say that he has scored 500 runs per season for his club for a long time now, and he has also given us a whiff of his ability in interfaculty and interhospital games. It is whispered, too, that he acquired some fame as a freshwater bather at the Royal. Though he has spent quite a lot of time amongst the books, being a worthy custodian of the P.A. Library for nearly two years, Bob is essentially practical, and has carried out his clinical duties in a manner second to none. An old boy of Sydney High, he has done well each year, collecting a bag of credits and a distinction, and we all look to him to add to this collection in November. Always ready to help the other fellow and overflowing with a fund of characteristic dry wit, Bob will long be remembered by us.

JAMES FITZMAURICE BURFITT, St. Vincent's Hospital.

Matriculating from Riverview in 1926, "Burff" has been a hard worker and an adept at practical details. He gained a high place in the honours list in fourth year, and we know that he will surpass this when we come to the clinical work in November. Maurice has been with the Rugby Union at the 'Varsity since the fresher days, and won his "blue" last year. He has that keen anticipation which enables him to be in the right place at the right moment.

"Burff's" "Life History of the Beach Worm" is well worth an idle hour, and we will never forget his "Dance of the Pippies." Maintaining his cheerful outlook on life at all times, and never losing his customary air of composure, "Burff" never lets himself get worried by trifles and should prove a popular and successful practitioner.



SIDNEY WILLIAM BRYAN.



ROBERT REUBEN BYE.



JAMES FITZMAURICE BURFITT.

FRANCIS PATRICK CLAFFY, R.P.A.H.

"Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy."

From M.B.H.S. and St. Stanislaus, Bathurst, came this dark-haired, well-proportioned young man, who by his consistent work has gained quite a number of credits and a distinction also. Swimming and tennis are his chief means of keeping fit, but as a cricketer with that "leg sweep" and a footballer in that "yellow jersey," he has also shown his prowess. Then, too, he knows not a little about the art of feeding flathead. Apart from this, his leisure hours are filled chiefly by reading, walking, bridge, the "Nash" and social duties. Though said to be endowed with more antibodies against the attacks of *Bacillus feminae* than most of us, we cannot believe that the immunity will be lasting. One thing more about his vices—his depth of slumber and utter oblivion to the frantic efforts of a harried telephonist to call him to labour at the Royal. One of the keenest on "rounds," where he appears to be in danger of developing a degree of torticollis, Frank's cheeriness, good nature and sportsmanship will always stand him in good stead. For the finals we wish him all the best.

EDMUND COLLINS, R.P.A.H.

"Hearty his laugh and jovial was his song."

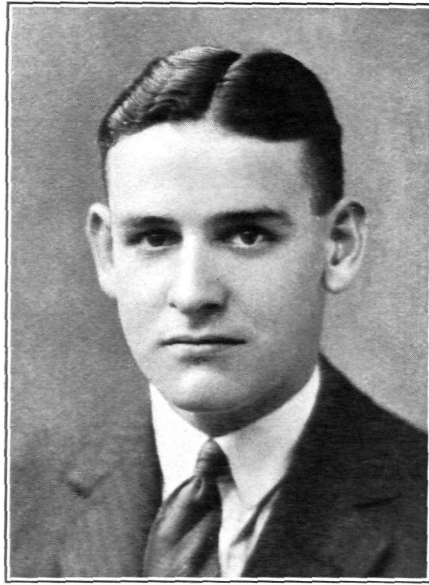
Presenting symptoms: cheeriness and confidence. Presenting signs: a ringing laugh and a determined chin. Previous history: no similar severe attacks. Present illness: a fondness for the bright lights, Clovelly, casualty, cemeteries, his car and new cases. Diagnosis: infectious heart disease. Prognosis: only a few years and then complications are likely to develop. Treatment: Wait and see.

Teddy was born in the sheep country (hence the laugh), and was at "Grammar," where he learnt a thing or two outside the curriculum before joining us in 1927. Thanks to his experience as a member of social Sydney, he was able to give valuable assistance in the organization of several 'Varsity dances. He was Treasurer of the Medical Society in 1930 and Vice-President in 1931. A prominent member of the 'Varsity hockey team for five years, he gained his "blue," and in 1931 was the only member of the team to win the Combined 'Varsities "blue." He has also been Secretary and Vice-President of the Hockey Club. Always a steady worker, defeating the examiners with regularity, and being a prosector in 1929, Ted is at short odds for success at the November meeting.

THOMAS FIELDING COWDROY, Sydney Hospital.

"Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof."—"Othello."

Solid and straightforward, Tom brought from "Shore" a well-earned reputation over the middle distances, but unfortunately for the Athletic Club has cultivated his natural ability in the wards rather than on the track, although running inter-club in the early years. A solid worker at all times, he features with monotonous regularity among the credits, and is expected to give the finals the cheerful "kick in the pants" with which he threatens any enticement from his pursuit of Medicine. He finds holiday relaxation in camping, where his delight is to come across a valley full of rabbits as he roams in the dusk with a 12-bore repeater. Tom figured with customary credit in one memorable inter-hospital surf carnival, and can be relied upon to give a good all-round performance in anything at any time.



FRANCIS PATRICK CLAFFY.



EDMUND COLLINS.



THOMAS FIELDING COWDROY.

ARTHUR CHARLES CRISP, R.P.A.H.

*"A man that Fortune's buffets or rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks."*

Originally hailing from Victoria, Arthur is one of those brave people who tackle a big job against heavy odds and win through. So far, with credits in the last two years following on passes in each of the earlier tussles, he has more than defeated the examiners, and that he will do so once more seems very likely. Superficially somewhat reserved, Arthur has never been one to seek limelight, but often has his source of ready wit dispelled the occasional gloom or worry of his less seasoned fellows. Apart from his home and work, Arthur takes a keen interest in cricket, and is also our most staunch supporter of Australian Rules Football (as played in Melbourne). Those of us who were with him at the Royal will always associate him in memory with some very excellent suppers, during which we partook of that coveted cake. Endowed with a real understanding of human nature, a bright sense of optimism and always considerate of the feelings of others, Arthur should do well in practice.

WILLIAM DAVIES CUNNINGHAM, Sydney Hospital.

"He chortled in his joy."—Lewis Carrol.

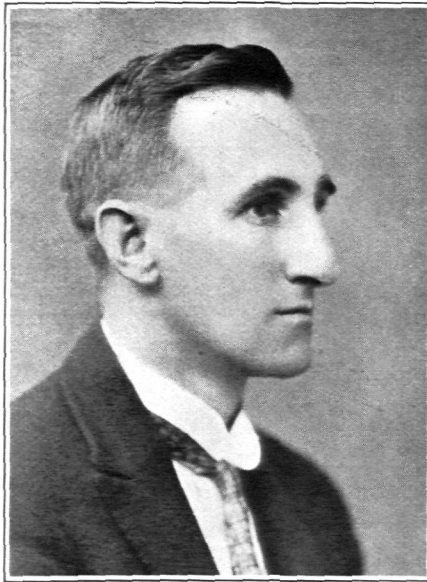
When Sydney Grammar lost Bill our year was made the richer by the breezy manners and gurgling chuckle with which he has carried diplomatic missions to the powers. Bill's interests have been wide, ranging from S.U.U.A. Committee and Council of the Medical Society (as Year Representative, Business Manager of Journal and Vice-President) to football. As for football, he was Secretary of S.U.F.C., captained 'Varsity Reserves for two years and toured New Zealand with the Australian 'Varsities' XV. He also represented the Faculty in football (++) , swimming (+) and cricket (?). He occasionally lapses into coma without notice and calls a spade three no-trumps, but is never perturbed by this. A keen clinician, Bill may be seen flitting about the wards like a baby elephant in spring, while in "Outs" he prefers to emulate the bull in a crockery shop. When he has finished with a patient you may be sure there are no more physical signs to be found.

Nature, generous: countenance, cheerful: outlook, optimistic: popularity, not confined to the "boys."

GEORGE BARRINGTON DANCE, R.P.A.H.

"He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

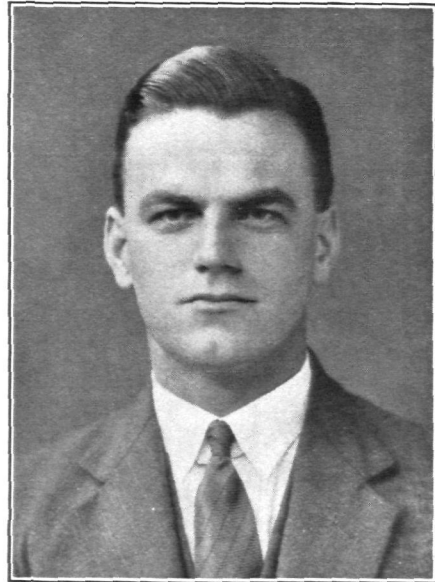
George announced his arrival from Fort Street by a high distinction and sharing the Renwick Scholarship in first year, and ever since, though rather quiet and unassuming during the year, he has always ensured that due notice will be taken of him in the honours list. Solidity is the keynote of George's personality; solid in build and solid at work, he passes serenely on, unworried by any political bombshell or like sensation that may come upon us, but not infrequently revealing flashes of that keen sense of humour that is his. In his spare time he has spent many hours assisting the University Regiment during various manœuvres and parades, while we have also seen something of him on the cricket field. A virtuoso in printing and surely the most rapid south of the line, George should have no trouble in answering fully the examination questions in November next.



ARTHUR CHARLES CRISP.



WILLIAM DAVIES CUNNINGHAM.



GEORGE BARRINGTON DANCE.

ALAN THIRLWALL DENNEEN, Sydney Hospital

*" . . . a fellow of infinite jest,
Of most excellent fancy."—"Hamlet."*

A "tucket" sounds without: enter Sol as the "Prairie Flow-ah" bearing a three-pronged dilator ("Not a Bossi. Oh, no, Sir, not a Bossi!"). An ardent biochemist from "Grammar," with a profound faith in pituitrin and purges which will keep things moving when he goes into practice, Sol has indeed been a ray of sunshine. His aptness of expression and endless fund of stories, told in his own inimitable way, are a source of never-ending delight, and his "BIG dog, his big YELLOW dog" has brightened many a lunch hour. "Cyrus P. Honks" and his specialty are also a byword. He possesses that admirable trait of being able both to take and tell a joke, while his accurate knowledge of the private lives of medical men throughout the State is amazing. He was indispensable at Crown Street, where he exceeded the speed limit under certain circumstances, and troubled us with his nocturnal wakefulness.

Courteous and considerate, perpetually cheerful, and with a profound knowledge of human nature, he will be popular in practice, where his confidential manner will be balm to the expectant father.

MONICA FREGA STUART DONNELLY, R.P.A.H.

"Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd."

Monica has come to enjoy the reputation of being one of the "wags" of the year, and, indeed, if her patients enjoy their conversations with her as much as we do, they should never know the meaning of the word depression. Brimful of original humour and comment, she can always be relied upon to cap any discussion with a remark of inimitable aptness, but apparent ingenuousness. Monica has always been a prominent member of the Sancta Sophia College, and in the days of the 8.30 lectures might often have been seen making good time past the Physics building so as to be at the Med. School on time.

As a clinician she displayed a faculty for keen observation and clear thinking. We liked to have Monica around the hospital, and we wish her all good luck in the future.

KEVIN CORMACK DONOVAN, Sydney Hospital.

*"He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him."—Bab Ballads.*

An Old Boy of Sydney Grammar, the year's "Antibody," Kevin will cheerfully argue in a shrill *false* on any subject. At the same time, he is really a modest chap and very good company. He has consistently routed the examiners with distinction, having shared the Parkinson Memorial Prize for Pathology in fourth year, and is Sydney Hospital's hope for the finals. Our mainstay on rounds and Monday afternoons, where he parries the most awkward question with the correct answer and the air of a startled rabbit. Kevin has shone also on the hockey field, where the success of his scoring shots for the Medical team led to his promotion to the 'Varsity team in inter-club and inter-'Varsity competitions. He now adds lustre to S.U.H.C.'s list of Vice-Presidents. However, we are informed his star turn is testing the Young's modulus of a chain by forcibly



ALAN THIRLWALL DENNEEN.



MONICA FREGA STUART DONNELLY.



KEVIN CORMACK DONOVAN.

repeated tensile stress in the microscopic hours, to the annoyance of one, to wit, a medical student, who worn out by the exacting science of cord traction, endeavours to recreate his Nissl's granules in slumber.

His sound knowledge, accurate observation and logical reasoning should take Kevin a long way.

MALCOLM THOMAS DRUMMOND, R.P.A.H.

"Bearded like the pard."

Coming from the King's School in 1927, "Froggy" soon made his mark by gaining a distinction in first year and his hockey "blue" soon afterwards. Short and thick in build, and with a beard that defied the sharpest of razors, he would make even the most trivial remarks in deep measured tones that gave one the impression that they were the result of a lifetime's mature consideration. He was a keen follower of politics and his judgment on these matters was remarkably sound. As a member of the New Guard, he was able to discourse in no mean terms on the dangers of communism and the futility of class legislation.

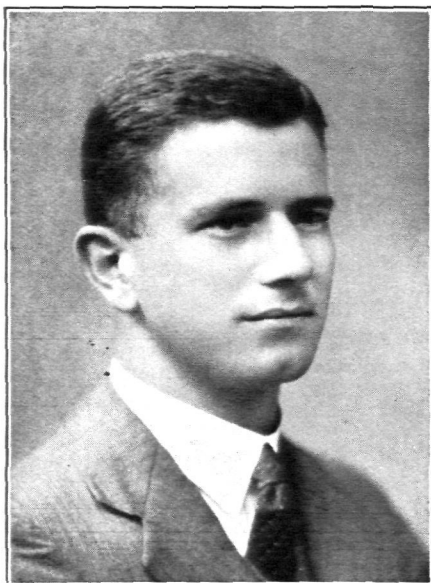
But it was at the wheel of his Alvis that "Froggy" was in his element, whence he would warmly advocate the merits of the British car, or discuss learnedly the internal derangements to which cars of lesser merit were liable, incidentally displaying a mechanical knowledge of no mean order.

Apart from cars, however, his chief enthusiasm was hockey, at which he gained his "Varsity blue" and acted in the capacity of Treasurer and Vice-President of the Hockey Club. As a prosecutor in 1929 he is said to have shown rare skill in wielding the scalpel, and in his lighter moments is known to strum nonchalantly but effectively on ukelele, steel guitar or mandolin.

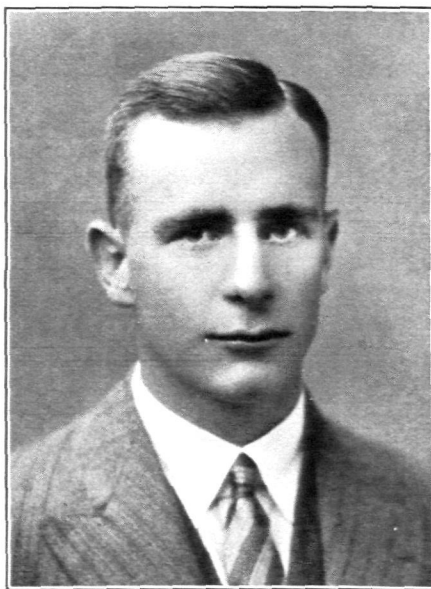
MALCOLM LIVINGSTON EDWARDS, Sydney Hospital.

*"It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the buff and the blue."*—Burns.

"Ned" is an all-round man, for besides sporting and executive ability, he possesses definite literary talent (if you don't believe it, then read this Book carefully, because he wrote many pages of it). Coming from Scots, he entered "Andrew's" and took part in intercollegiate and interclub athletics and was responsible for many sore shins as mainstay of the Med. hockey team. He served on athletic, rifle, hockey and Sports Union committees. His *forte* is rifle shooting, and he has gained both "blues" ('Varsity and Imperial 'Varsities). Academically, sprinting off with a distinction, he has since been keeping with the field, probably holding himself in for a brilliant burst at the final—typical miler's tactics. He plays a steady bridge hand, while, owing to innate "carefulness" he has never been known to overcall. In spite of all his activities Ned revels in unobtrusiveness: yet he has been a joyous spirit at undergrad. functions, possessing a keen sense of humour and a ready wit. He becomes, however, a very quiet and thoughtful person in the wards and would calm the last moments of a reckless rake with almost mediæval seriousness. An earnest and painstaking physician in the making.



MALCOLM THOMAS DRUMMOND.



MALCOLM LIVINGSTON EDWARDS.

KEVIN JAMES FAGAN, R.P.A.H.

*"He thought as a sage,
Though he felt as a man."*

Belonging to the Isle of Apples, Kevin came from Riverview with a motto that must have been "*tenax propositi*," for in all his endeavours, whether at work or sport, he has always done his very best. One of St. John's most prominent members, he has served on the House Committee and has been House Secretary (for two years) and House President in turn. Along with these and other internal activities he has worthily represented John's at cricket and football each year, besides rowing in the eight in his earlier years. Kevin has also rendered good service to the year, for he was our representative in first year, "P.A." rep. in fourth year, and Asst. Secretary to the Medical Society in 1929. Academically his record glows with three high distinctions, two credits, and the sharing of the Renwick Scholarship in first year. Outside medical matters, Kevin is a keen reader, a music lover, and enjoys dancing and a good picture as well as any of us. At the hospital his cheery manner, efficiency and never-failing courtesy have made him popular with all. Kevin carries our best wishes for success in his career, a success which we know will never be gained at another's expense, but by his own vigorous efforts.

NEIL ACHESON GORDON, Sydney Hospital.

*"Come, collar this bad man,
Around the throat he knotted me
Till I to choke began—
In point of fact garroted me!"*—Bab Ballads.

Enter, from "King's," Barnabus the physician, on whose brow the "*fuga temporum*" has written not a wrinkle. As occasion demands Barney can be serious or express his playful disposition, tinged with pugnacity, in a friendly brawl, for he is an expert with Boston Crab or half-Nelson. In the ring he is a pugilist "*sans peur*," which fact has accounted for 'Varsity and inter-Varsity lightweight titles and a 'Varsity "blue." A Boxing Club committeeman, he also found his way to the 'Varsity hockey team after yeoman service for Medicine. Barney's constant dread of losing condition leads him to any other outdoor sport in season. At work he is painstaking, has figured in the credits, and he provides the boys with a good history of the clinical plums which fall to him in Ward 3. Frank and dependable, his untiring search for the fundamental reason of things will not be in vain.

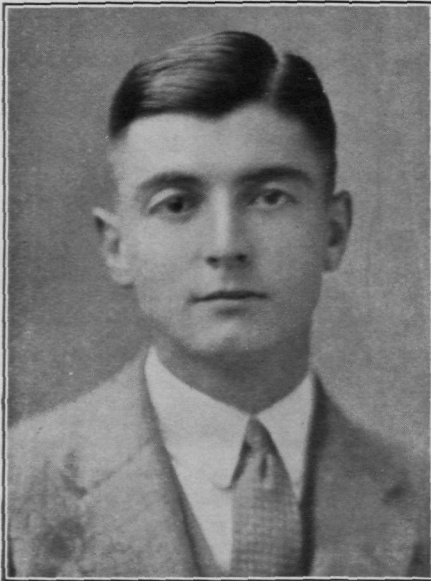
HUGH STAFFORD HAMBRETT, R.P.A.H.

"Here's to old Hughie and long may he live."

Prior to his sojourn at the Royal, Hugh had been something of a dark horse, but now the fame of his brilliant blazer and beaming smile has widely spread, and the latter plus his rapidly curling hair are said to have caused more than one set of *chordæ tendineæ* to twang loudly. From Fort Street, Hugh has negotiated all the exams. with much to spare, and as a prodigious reader of large tomes rivals our friend "The Professor." During the course Hugh's sporting instincts have been by no means quiescent, as evidenced by his fondness for athletics, tennis, fishing and swimming, while of his doings as a left hand bowler we have more recent recollections. Hugh has the happy knack of remaining unruffled under difficulties, a quality which should prove useful in later years.



KEVIN JAMES FAGAN.



NEIL ACHESON GORDON.



HUGH STAFFORD HAMBRETT.

EDMUND LOFTUS HANRAHAN, Sydney Hospital.

"The 'and that I 'ad dealt to me was crook."—C. J. Dennis.

Feather, a bluff Son of Erin, the Sheik of Burradoo, and a product of St. Joseph's College, after a sojourn in the bush, made a sensational reappearance with his distinction in fourth year. Feather played Rugby League for 'Varsity and gained State representative honours. He further demonstrated his versatility by representing the 'Varsity in athletics, and can take his place in the cricket field equally well with or without boots (cf. "Archives of Inter-Hospital Sport," by R.S.B.). Feather early became one of us when we recognised his quiet humour and the unruffled calm of his good nature. We remember his broad back in the theatre, heaving with silent mirth as he struggled into a pair of size seven gloves while Howard dispensed with a gall bladder and a gastro-enterostomy; and the coolness with which he once handed an eminent honorary his hat and coat, in the middle of his lecture, was devastating. He will take a hand in any game and specialises in looking after "Rickety Kate." Good luck, Feather!

GODFREY M. HARRIS, R.P.A.H.

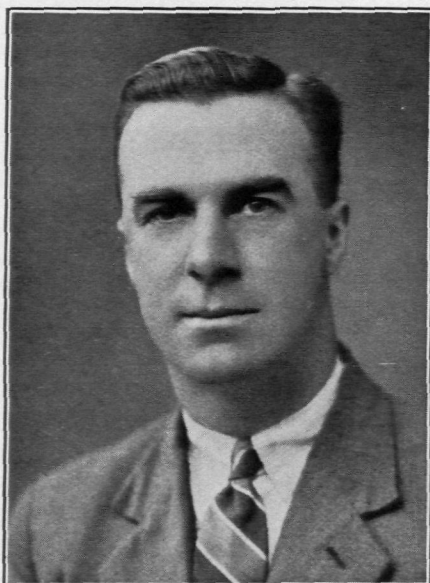
*"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young
man must be."*—Gilbert.

From the commencement of first year Godfrey manifested an interest in abstruse matters, in conjunction with an analytic understanding of the course subjects, that later led to the well known pseudonym "The Professor." While gathering the Collie Prize for Botany and completing some fine dissections as a prosector, he found time to amass general erudition from which one might be regaled during the duller moments of the day. Famed as our greatest authority on Freud, midwives and eclampsia, he is also one of the few living people capable of identifying a schizoid on sight; while it is said that the poetic and histrionic capabilities displayed by him at the Royal were of no mean order. Godfrey's only vice is quoting De Lee, and his only fear that of an incipient excessive deposition of subcutaneous adipose tissue over the lower abdomen. Associated with these things is a charming personality, ever ready to aid others, and we feel sure that he will add further to his laurels in November next.

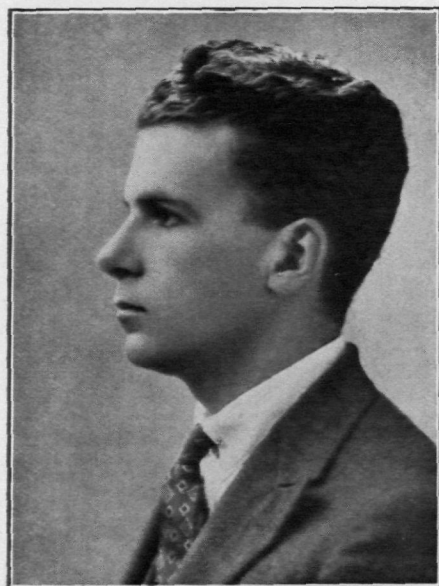
ALLAN VERNON HENRY, Sydney Hospital.

*"I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain."*—"Hamlet."

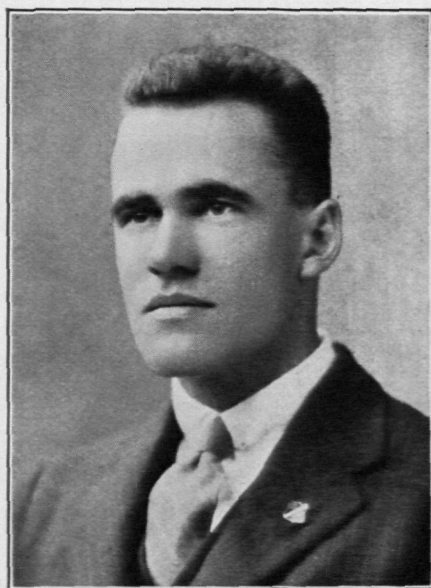
Occupation: work. Hobby: work. Relaxation: work. Allan descended on us from Sydney High and immediately became known as "that tall serious chap who takes such an interest in his work." He bagged a credit in first year and followed this with a distinction in fourth and fifth, also a winning case commentary. His tall form has lent prowess to the pack in some inter-faculty football matches; and of his further claims to distinction we would add his phenomenal capacity for work without sleep, which proved very valuable at Crown Street. A man of system, promptness and exactitude, of thoroughness and neatness, his unselfishness is well known, while he is always ready with quiet help



EDMUND LOFTUS HANRAHAN.



GODFREY M. HARRIS.



ALLAN VERNON HENRY.

for those who need it. This reminds us that some members of a certain nursing staff are expected to do well in their yearly exams. In his really spare moments Allan turns his efforts to photography, and has also been seen in the kitchen garden crossing a cucumber with a vegetable marrow. Allan is of friendly disposition and possesses the gentle, sympathetic manner that patients appreciate. We predict a rosy future for him.

MARJORIE EDITH HENRY, Sydney Hospital.

*"Her airs, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous tho' coy, and gentle tho' retired."*—Crabbe.

Dainty and demure, "Marj" has steadily gained in popularity since we began to know her in hospital. She hails from Albury High and is known for her unobtrusive manner and a voice so soft and low as to make an American comedienne jaundiced with envy. Under brother Allan's kindly wing she has escaped the examiner's axe to date, and the family combination should go over rather well in the final. It is rumoured that a certain honorary told "Marj" she was too quiet and not cheeky enough, but in spite of this she gets good results at her work and figured in the credits in fifth year. A thoroughly good sport, she was ready for all the fun going at Crown St. and takes a definite part in the community life of the year.

LESLIE PARKER HIATT, R.P.A.H.

Les. came from Canterbury High School, where he was the first captain of the school. Keen on all forms of sport, he has tried football, cricket, golf, and tennis, and has now taken up sculling, and at all he has had his share of success. Cheerful, keen and characteristically willing to help, Les. was an ideal companion, and soon became famous for his week-end camps at George's River. Here, with other members of the year, he would indulge in a delightfully care-free, if dietetically precarious existence, resulting in a greatly diminished expectancy of life for the local fishes and rabbits. Les. has worked consistently throughout the course, gaining his prosectorship in 1929 and passed with credit in 1930. His cheerful enthusiasm and assiduous work, we feel, will assure his success in the future.

GEOFFREY CHARLES HUXTABLE HOGG, R.P.A.H.

From "King's" came "Mick" renowned for his exploits on the cricket field, and it was characteristic of his imperturbable temperament that he should score a century on his first appearance for the 'Varsity XI early in 1927. Since then Mick's prowess with the bat has gained him his "blue" each year and also State honours, and for the last two seasons he has led the 'Varsity XI. In addition, he is well known for the power of his shots at hockey, and gained his 'Varsity "Blue." Now one of the veterans of Andrew's, he has represented the College at cricket and football, and played for the 'Varsity Reserve XV for one season. Of unassuming nature, he is always reticent about his achievements, but, possessed of a real sense of humour, he has made many friends. Mick has consistently hit the examiners to leg each year, gaining a credit in first year, and he carries our best wishes for an umpire's decision in his favour in the big test.



MARJORIE EDITH HENRY.



LESLIE PARKER HIATT.



GEOFFREY CHARLES HUXTABLE HOGG.

RAYMOND MAXWELL GLENNIE HOLMES, R.P.A.H.

*"Control these vintages with your finger and thumb
And it will discourse most eloquent music."*

Ray would often declare that he suffered from an inferiority complex in the presence of examiners, but, judging by his academic record, this would seem to be "more apparent than real," as he managed to collect a credit every year from 1927 till 1930. Matriculating from "Shore" in 1927, he entered St. Paul's College in 1928, where he represented the college in cricket and played many strenuous games of tennis. To those who did not know him well he appeared to possess a temperament that worried unduly over trifles, but he had an essentially critical mind that insisted on getting to the root of things and knowing the reason why. As an empiricist he could never be satisfied; as a rationalist he was at peace with the world. The possessor of a "baby" Austin, he would go on long tours during the vacation with his friend "Froggy" to the most outlandish places, returning armed with photos of members of the party in various stages of undress, demonstrating to some unseen listener the beauties of their mountain fastness. It was in music, however, that Ray found his chief delight; an accomplished pianist, he had a keen appreciation of good music and found Chopin a welcome diversion after a few hours with Osler.

CARLYLE PENROSE HUDSON, Sydney Hospital.

*"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night."*—Goldsmith.

Entering the Faculty from "Shore," "Prim" has since pursued the even tenor of his way with steady poise. Neat and consistent in all things, he is invariably among the first over the annual honours hurdle and goes about his work with a quiet confidence and unobtrusive industry which achieve results. "Prim" is always a pleasant companion, whether for work or in lighter moments of relaxation, when he enjoys a quiet joke. However, he has been seen reduced to a helpless mass of mirth by the antics of a certain "big yellow dog." At Crown Street he was noted for his obstetric ability, but his best delivery to date has been a full term Austin at Bungendore. Nimble over the hundred, and has thus exerted himself several times on behalf of the Faculty. His sympathetic attitude, courtesy and approachable manner, combined with sound knowledge, will bring him in practice the universal respect he has won among his fellows.

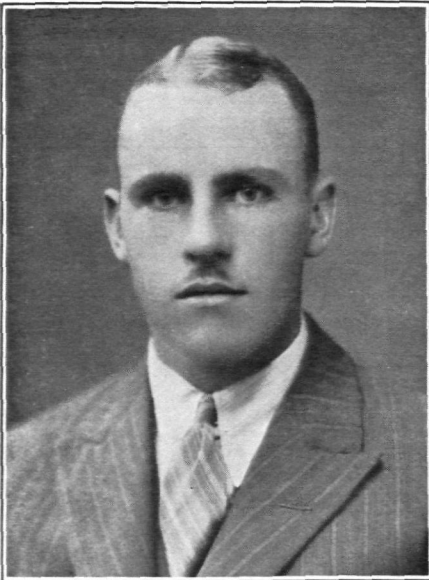
KENNETH TAMWORTH HUGHES, Sydney Hospital.

*"My library
Was dukedom large enough."*—"The Tempest."

"Ken" entered Medicine from St. Ignatius with the reputation of a gentleman, which he has upheld ever since. A fertile batsman, he has produced many runs for Varsity teams, as well as causing perplexity to some inter-hospital bowlers. Academically he specializes in credits, but ran true to form in fourth year with a distinction. Ken's chief hobby is "playing soldiers," and he is the proud holder of a commission in the S.U.R., while he looks the perfect Sir Galahad both in and out of uniform. Ken reads omnivorously, and on his shelves you will find any current textbook you like—and a few you don't like: in fact, he is the final bulwark between A. and R.'s and bankruptcy. His guiding motto is "*chacun pour soi*" and he is not ashamed of it either: but he has no time for those jokes that take an age to see through. Anyhow, he only once forgot his stethoscope.



RAYMOND MAXWELL GLENNIE
HOLMES.



CARLYLE PENROSE HUDSON.



KENNETH TAMWORTH HUGHES.

ALEXANDER SKEFFINGTON JOHNSON, R.P.A.H.

*"He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument"*

After coming up from Riverview "Lex" has for six years treated the early morning business crowd at George Street to the daily pantomime of a flying overcoat and a large tan (?) bag. He has combined a most successful course, a keen active interest in sport and a devotion to the interests of the year as a whole. Academically he has been among the first ten in every year, and if he does not graduate among the leaders we shall be surprised. In first year he won the Haswell Prize for Zoology. His keenness for work reached its zenith at the Royal, where one morning he drained his frontal sinus in unorthodox fashion on Peter Murphy's door in his eagerness to answer the telephone.

Lex is a keen cricketer and footballer, having represented the Faculty and the Hospital with distinction. He has a weakness for Test matches. No exam. has sufficient terror to keep him away from the big game, even in "Stew Vac." We are confident anyway that the Medical Society has never had a more capable Secretary nor a year a more energetic and popular Representative than our encyclopædic "Lex."

JOHN KINGSLEY, Sydney Hospital.

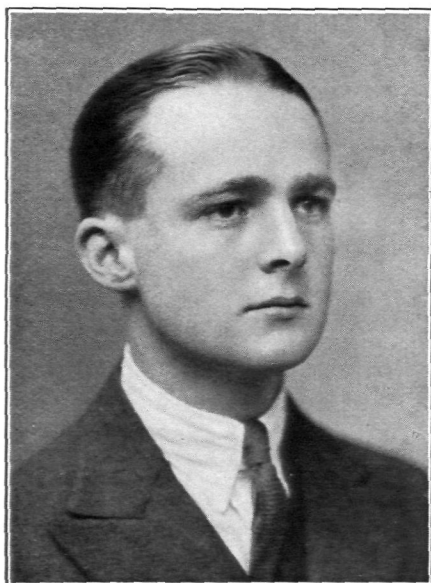
*"Arm'd, say you?—Arm'd, my lord!
From top to toe?—My lord, from head to foot!"—"Hamlet."*

John is the Merry Friar of the Year and the essence of good nature and good temper. His humour is as broad as his bulk, but altogether for a man of parts, "Fat" will take some beating. He is another of our "soldier-boys" (this time from Grammar), and his portly form balloons an officer's uniform in the Regiment: he was also Captain of the Regimental Rifle Club. On the academic side he has ticked up a credit or two: while his duties as hospital librarian and a member of the Medical Society Council have been faithfully performed. We will never forget his massive arms swinging a howitzer-like telescope on the roof at Crown Street, while he explained to us that the main cause why nothing at all could be seen was a purely subjective one. "Fat" will be remembered for so many reasons that we really must tabulate them in true military fashion. He is famous for his: (a) Direct answers; (b) mechanical skill (this saved many an ugly situation at Crown Street); (c) military 'orse ("Fat" on the 'orse was said to be the biggest thing on four legs, and the 'orse has since had a ventral suspension operation); (d) cranial percussion; (e) purple ink: and revolver on the hip; (f) sympathetic I-know-exactly-how-it-feels manner (this was a huge success at "The Women's").

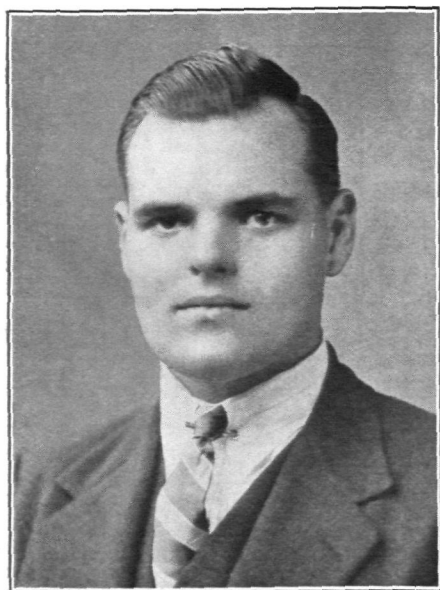
ELIZABETH FRANCES LOIS LAURIE, B.A., B.Sc., Sydney Hospital.

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."—"King Lear."*

Lois started an academic marathon by graduating L.C. from St. Gabriel's, Waverley. This bright and methodical young New Zealander then conquered two other faculties before joining us in Medicine. We are still in a quandary as to whether it is merely a hobby, or just feminine caprice in finding a congenial vocation. We are told she is a "thorough gentleman," and we certainly know her



ALEXANDER SKEFFINGTON JOHNSON.



JOHN KINGSLEY.



ELIZABETH FRANCES LOIS LAURIE,
B.A., B.Sc.

quietly cheerful presence has been a refining influence in the upstairs common room at Sydney on the rare occasions when she has granted us a visit. On rounds she meets the honoraries with a thoughtful expression, but we never see her otherwise without a smiling greeting. At Crown Street her sewing added a homely touch to the rather austere dining room, while the way she poured the tea added considerably to its flavour. Her next home-coming should be a veritable earthquake as she arrives trailing the alphabet after her musical name.

JOHN FRANCIS LIPSCOMB, Sydney Hospital.
"Double; double, toil and trouble."—*"Macbeth."*

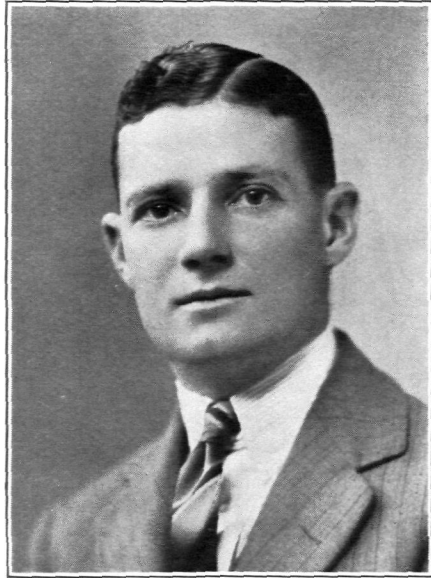
Educated at St. Ignatius' College, Jack has since been educating the boys in the fine points of Foster. As a dashing officer of the S.U.R., Assistant Secretary of the Tennis Club, Treasurer of the Football Club, and a member of Cricket Club and Sports Union Committees, not to mention a strenuous exposition of how to play cricket, football and tennis, Jack has taken a prominent part in 'Varsity affairs. In addition to all this, he has risen to the credit list on more than one occasion. In third year, after strenuous perseverance, he succeeded in swallowing a stomach tube which has not since been seen; in later years achieved further notoriety by keeping company with a Reverend Morris Cowley, who gave a persistent impulse on coughing: also by performing a complete autopsy on a canary. A man of firm convictions and definite opinions, tempered by a vigorous humour, his ready self-assurance will stand him in good stead.

JACK WEST LOWE, R.P.A.H.

Formerly at Fort Street High, Jack has taken an active part in his favourite sport as a member of the S.U. League Football Club. Though somewhat on the light side, his speed, hard running and sure tackling earned him a place as a winger in the First XIII from 1928 till 1931, after serving an apprenticeship in the lower grades. He gained selection in the Combined 'Varsities XIII, and has been on the committee of the S.U.R.L.F. Club, and is now a Vice-President. Unfortunately, a fractured clavicle, which delayed in uniting, has ended (temporarily, we hope) his football career. Besides this, Jack is quite a good batsman, and has helped the Hospital and Faculty not a little in this regard. When not at his work, which he earnestly pursues, Jack is always ready to enter a vigorous discussion on politics, when he successfully "pulls the leg" of more than one member of the year by his "apparent" enthusiastic support of a certain politician who must remain unnamed. Cheerful and sincere, Jack is a really likeable fellow, who should be very popular with his patients in practice.

JOHN ALLAN MCGREE, Saint Vincent's Hospital.
"Good luck to your fishing whom watch ye to-night."

Educated at M.B.H.S., Darlinghurst, Johnny joined us in third year after a brief absence from his studies. He is a student at Saint Vincent's Hospital, and his knowledge of "shark bite" and resuscitation is of considerable value to Dr. Copleston. He played Rugby League for Sydney University for four years, and toured the country on many occasions. He also takes an active interest in the Surf Life Saving Association, and has been a member of Bondi Club for seven years. His spare time at week-ends is spent chiefly at The Entrance in



JOHN FRANCIS LIPSCOMB.



JACK WEST LOWE.



JOHN ALLAN MCGREE.

pursuit of the wily blackfish. His other hobbies are fishing, fishing and fishing. Johnny has worked earnestly and well, and being a really good fellow, thoroughly deserves success at the end of the year.

NEIL WILLIAM GEORGE MACINTOSH, Sydney Hospital.

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."—"Hamlet."

"Mac" joined us as a stranger and finding our company too good to lose, has remained with us ever since. Coming from Fort Street, he has taken an active part in Varsity swimming and water polo. As one of the head men of the Swimming Club "Mac" is a brilliant exponent of the back-stroke, with several Varsity and inter-Varsity championships and records to his credit. His blue has been well deserved. Of his hobbies we know he is a connoisseur in the works of Cumbray Stewart and Lionel Lindsay; while he firmly believes in the relaxation afforded by a sporty blue "Triumph" with shock absorbers—his motto being: "A miss in the car is worth two in the engine." "Mac" can buy three to a flush without blushing: a handsome dashing fellow with a careless disregard for unnecessary conventions, who exhibits a consistently gay outlook on life. Provided you give him fair warning, he is ready to dish up a good surgery lecture at any time. Open confession being good, "Mac" admits he is not the man he was two years ago—but aren't we all? A keen exponent of all the latest tones, "Mac" is one of the bright spots that lend colour to the year.

NAAMAN GEORGE MALOUF, Sydney Hospital.

"His sigh was a hullabaloo,

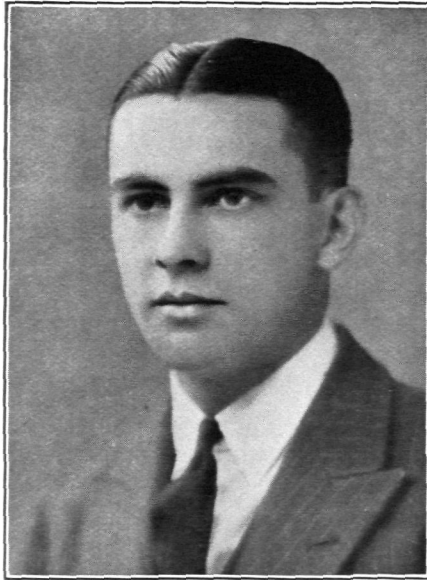
His whisper a horrible yell."—W. S. Gilbert.

Pray do not mistake George for his "Uncle Lennie" as he marches at the head of "Jimmy Sharman's troops" into the Maitland, for there can be only one George. For years the disciples of the green table have bowed to his wisdom, and even "Archie" drapes listless figures in green. A soul relationship? George is endowed with a breezy cheerfulness which almost reaches hurricane force on occasions, and his laugh is as gay as a Salvation Army tambourine. However, he can subdue his spirits as occasion indicates, and on Monday afternoons has sometimes required reviving with sal volatile. He spends more time at hospital than most of us, and has worn the ward floors thin in his eager clinical researches. Beneath his gay shirt beats the heart of a smiling companion, without whose contribution our year would have been much more dull.

ARTHUR WILLIAM METCALF, R.P.A.H.

"In records that defy the tooth of time."

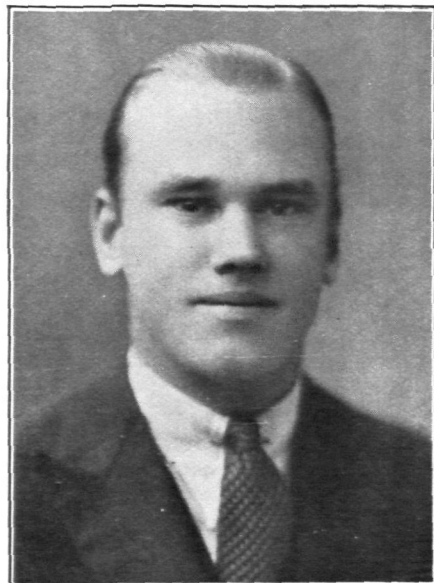
Coming from "Grammar," Arthur quickly settled down to beat the existing record for note-taking during the course. We can confidently report that this has now been badly shattered, and that Arthur's name will replace the old one in the record book. "Met's" most recent effort in establishing a record for cases in a month at the Royal, will also take some beating in the days to come. Certainly one of our most industrious and conscientious members, it would be a slippery pearl indeed that could escape "Met's" buckets of wisdom during rounds. His keenness for his work is rivalled only by his ability to confound the would-be examiners of the common room firstly by translating their question for them, and then staggering them with a perfect "counter-date." He has so far tricked the examiners with



NEIL WILLIAM GEORGE MACINTOSH.



NAAMAN GEORGE MALOUF.



ARTHUR WILLIAM METCALF.

monotonous regularity, and we cordially wish him continuance in this vein for November. Chief sporting activities: cricket, swimming and golf. Chief vice: polishing the radiator of his "Essex."

PHILIP THORNTON MILLARD, R.P.A.H.

*"Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge."*

Oarsman, yachtsman, marksman and misogynist: "Algy" played all these rôles with singular success and enthusiasm. Essentially practical, he had a healthy contempt for book knowledge, as well as for the more superficial amusements of society. Coming from Sydney High in 1927, he went into residence at St. Paul's College, where he rowed in the College Challenge Eight in 1927 and 1928, and in the College crew in 1929 and 1930. For many years he was prominent in both College and University shooting, and was a member of the Shooting Committee from 1930 till 1932. Probably the keenest yachtsman in the year, "Algy" would spend most of the week-ends of the yachting season on the water, whence he would return with realistic tales of his aquatic adventures.

Whilst at College he took part in the production of several plays, notably a certain shadow-show in which as surgeon he performed certain anatomical feats that made the conservative minded shrink in horror. He was also concerned with the publication of the *Pauline*, and was a member of the College Committee in 1932. A keen musical critic, he found his other activities not incompatible with an enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan and the Grand Operas. As a misogynist he was at least consistent—or appeared to be so; but we have our suspicions that he may have been a dark horse.

MAX ROBERT MOREY, B.Sc., R.P.A.H.

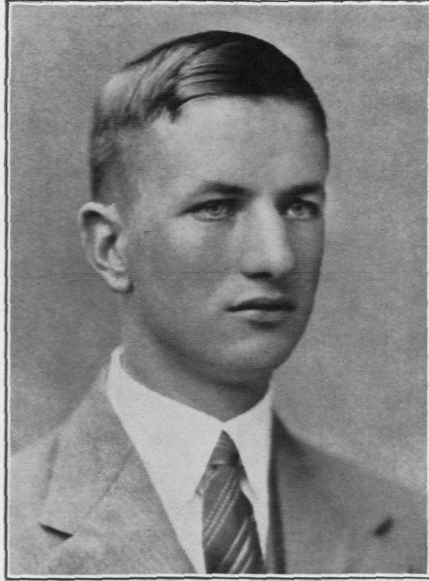
"What judgment, experience and steadiness give."

Max is one of the most experienced and accomplished of the year, for he is a graduate in both Science and Pharmacy, with honours in the former, and since joining us he has maintained his versatility, passing all his exams. in spite of numerous diversions. For four years he has been a member of the University XV, and in 1931 represented N.S.W., thus gaining both 'Varsity and State "blues." He was also a member of the University Crew in 1926 and 1927, and has skittled the stumps for the Vets' and Hospital teams. At St. Paul's Max is one of the pillars of the College, and a record of his progress from "fresher" to the position of Sub-Warden (which he now fills) would have many interesting tales to tell. He has been Tutor in Science as well as representing the College in cricket, football and rowing. His favourite pose is that of the old man of the year: with a crooked smile he will speak of his advancing years and attempt to demonstrate osteoarthritic changes in a perfectly healthy knee joint. Max's easy going friendly manner, which rarely becomes disturbed, has ensured his popularity with all of us.

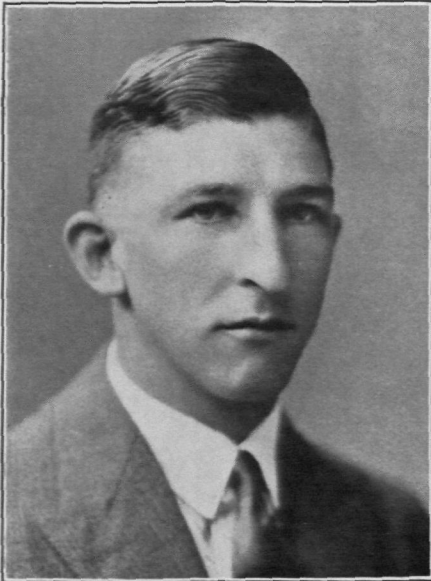
CHARLES ROBERT MORTON, R.P.A.H.

"I leap on board: no helmsman steers."

Coming from Sydney High School, Chas. has passed through his 'Varsity course, overcoming the wiles of the examiners with honours each year. At football he delved into the rucks for the 'Varsity Reserve XV in 1930 and 1931, and is also a real "water-baby," pursuing swimming and surf-board riding at Bondi with



PHILIP THORNTON MILLARD.



MAX ROBERT MOREY, B.Sc.



CHARLES ROBERT MORTON.

enthusiasm during the summer months, while he has also occupied a seat in Faculty crews. In his search for knowledge he can never rest content unless all the "whys and wherefores" have been thrashed out, and he is one of our most ardent disciples of Samson Wright. Armed with his famous (or rather infamous) pipe, Chas. is a familiar figure in the Common Room, where he is characterized by his dry humour, democratic comments and many original opinions. Ever a keen worker, the amiable Chas. should come unscathed through the November tussle.

EDWIN SOLOMON ALEXANDER MEYERS, Saint Vincent's Hospital.

Ted was educated at North Sydney High School, and is an enthusiastic exponent of the ancient Scottish game. He was one of the founders of the University Golf Club, was the Hon. Treasurer for two years, and represented in the inter-'Varsity competition. The advent of the Transport Act has robbed St. Vincent's of their luxurious taxi-bus service. Ted is very fond of animals, while his other hobbies are hockey and outdoor amusements. Ted can always be found in Pathology, but prefers blondes to brunettes, and was once known to reach double figures in an inter-Hospital cricket match. We wish Ted good luck for November.

WILLIAM KEITH MYERS, R.P.A.H.

*"My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee with a grin on my face
When I haven't been there to attend to the case."*—"Trial by Jury."

It is reported that on one memorable morning in our second year, when the North Shore train service became disorganized owing to an accident, Keith missed a lecture. Impossible as this may seem to all of us who admire and marvel at the punctuality and keenness of the dapper and diligent Keith, there is, nevertheless, record of the above in "Professor" Burfield's roll. Lectures finished, final year finds Keith acquiring renown for the meticulous care with which he carries out his physical examination and questions his patients. Except for one occasion on which illness intervened, Keith's academic record has borne evidence of the manner in which he pursues his work. One vice, but sufficient—a "gun" that reeks a poisonous odour at noontide when its owner sometimes relaxes in the library for a dose of Souttar p.c. Amongst our former "Shore" representative's greatest pleasures are his frequent visits to Blackheath, where he spends his day hitting (?) a little white ball across miles of turf. A likeable personality, Keith carries our best wishes for November.

JAMES LESSLIE POLLOCK, Sydney Hospital.

"Thy gait hath in it the measure of the court."

In the distant past Les was one of the foundation scholars of Sydney Grammar. Of the period intervening between school and 'Varsity we know little, for he is the last one to speak of his own exploits. However, we have gleaned that he has designed contraptions varying from a freezing machine to a Manly ferry and served in the War on the Peninsula and later in the R.A.F., a distinction which very few of our generation can claim. It says much for his adaptability, therefore, that he could mix naturally with a crowd of freshers from school without in the least losing his dignity. As Sydney Hospital Representative he has lent his wisdom



EDWIN SOLOMON ALEXANDER MEYERS.



WILLIAM KEITH MYERS.



JAMES LESSLIE POLLOCK.

to the Medical Society Council, where his wide experience made his opinions always worthy of consideration, and his fund of repartee made him a dangerous opponent in argument. The examiners, too, avoid argument, and have sent him along with credit. Yet he is really as benevolent as his appearance, which caused him once to be mistaken for a gentleman of the cloth, and brought from the little lady of the Hospital Auxiliary the remark: "He will be so consoling to all the ladies when he graduates."

JOHN WILLIAM LENNOX PRICE, Sydney Hospital.

*"His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's."*—W. S. Gilbert.

In Len, Sydney Grammar sent us a good sportsman who has taken a keen and practical interest in the year. If he undertakes to do anything one can rest assured that it will be well and thoroughly done, for he always conscientiously applies his whole energy to the task in hand, whether it be battling with a hockey stick for the honour of the Medical team, warbling the Mighty Wurlitzer at the Coast, or editing the *Medical Journal*. To this last task his literary talent elected him. As a Vice-President of the Medical Society he has further shown his interest in our affairs. Academically Len's consistent effort has been rewarded with credits. On graduation he can add to these the personal qualifications just as important in the successful practice of Medicine. Len's sincerity and faith in human nature are refreshing, and help to make him what he is—an easy and delightful companion for work or play.

THOMAS JOHN RITCHIE, R.P.A.H.

"God made the country and man made the town."

Tall, fair-haired and well built, Tom is one of our sturdiest clinicians. Since joining us from Cranbrook in 1927, he has worked solidly and well, obtaining credits in first and fourth years, and his keen interest and ability in the practical side of Medicine should be of service to him in the *vivas* in November. In residence at "Andrew's" for three years, he represented the College at football and rowing, and has also played for the 'Varsity and Drummoyne Reserve XV's. Hailing from Walgett, he is our greatest champion of the Great North-west, and the "policy of the Country Party," about which he would willingly discourse at length and forcefully when given sufficient provocation. Tom's popularity, aptitude for bridge and cheerful presence made him a welcome addition to any party. His habit of considering all problems from the common-sense point of view should be particularly useful in what will no doubt be his "country" practice.

FRANCIS FELIX RUNDLE, B.Sc., R.P.A.H.

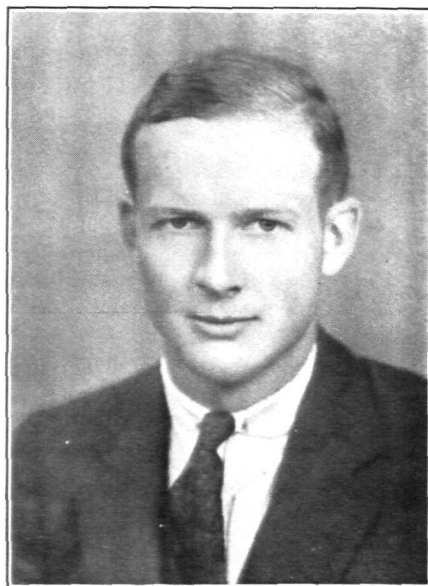
From Newcastle High, Frank startled us early in first year by reading through the then dreaded Organic Chem. before second term, when most of us were not on speaking terms with "Inorganic." Since then he has obtained a high distinction and four distinctions, along with a John Harris Scholarship, two Caird Scholarships (sharing one), Parkinson Memorial Prize for Pathology (also shared), and the Loewenthal Prize for Embryology and Histology. Besides this, he has represented Wesley and appeared for various 'Varsity teams in swimming, football, rowing, golf and athletics, as well as serving on the committees of various clubs. In 1930 he was Editor of the *S.U.M.J.*, and the same year gained his B.Sc. in



JOHN WILLIAM LENNOX PRICE.



THOMAS JOHN RITCHIE.



FRANCIS FELIX RUNDLE. B.Sc.

Anatomy. To fill in his spare time Frank is Wesley's official coach in a number of "ologies." Along with all this, he is no mean social light, but he has certain worries—his car, his fondness for slumber, his "friend" from Broughton Hall and, lastly, but most important (*cf.*, predisposing factors), his not unfounded fears of premature loss of some of his fair thatch. Never happier than when confronted with a difficult problem in Neurology, the genial Frank should run well in the November Stakes.

CLIVE HERBERT SELBY, R.P.A.H.

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

Armed with the most impressive of horn-rimmed glasses, an expansive smile and a set of 'scopes of every description, Tom would set forth to do a solid morning's work in the ward. Inevitably, however, this was interrupted by meeting somebody who would carry him off to morning tea, whence roars of laughter would clearly indicate that Tom was giving his latest imitation of "Bunny" Tidwill or the patient with G.P.I. Nevertheless, he was a keen clinician and would often arrive at a correct conclusion in a manner which would surprise himself more than anyone else. Another old "Shore" boy, Tom went to St. Andrew's College in 1929, and amongst his other activities played hockey with the Medical team for three years, and was a member of the Hockey Committee in 1931. His histrionic ability found expression on several occasions when he appeared on the stage at Commem. shows and in the "good old days" was one of the leading spirits in the Commem. procession. Of his lesser vices he will confess to an enthusiasm for shooting kangaroos at Goondiwindi, attending operas on every possible occasion, and making a fourth at bridge.

PAUL ALEXANDER SHEEHAN, Saint Vincent's Hospital.

"Fleet of foot and tall of size."

Paul entered St. John's from St. Joseph's College with a well-earned reputation as a wing-threequarter and sprinter. Since coming up to the University he has represented the Athletic Club at Melbourne and Sydney, and has performed notably at almost every athletic meeting on the Oval. In College football his cannon-ball tackling and hard running have thrilled generations of Johnsmen. It was not long before we knew him not only as an athlete, but as a most likeable fellow-student. All of us knew and liked Paul for his spontaneity and consistent good humour since the days of *fasciola hepatica*. He has represented his year at St. Vincent's Hospital on the Council of the Medical Society and has been librarian there since fourth year. At work Paul has never even hinted at a desire to leave us, and in fourth year secured a credit. If the latest bulletins from St. Vincent's are correct, he is fast becoming a good clinical man and should do well in the big test. Whatever he does, he will certainly be a good doctor, and we shall always remember him as a valued friend and a most pleasant fellow.

FRANK DUDLEY SMITH, R.P.A.H.

"Always merry and bright."

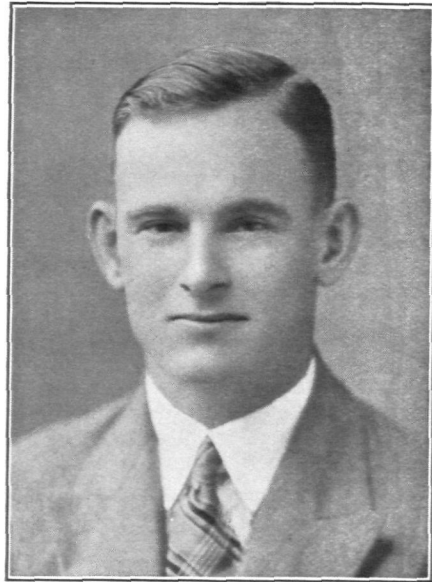
Throughout our course Smithy's engaging smile and ready wit have cheered us merrily on our way. Many are the times we have been welcomed to the



CLIVE HERBERT SELBY.



PAUL ALEXANDER SHEEHAN.



FRANK DUDLEY SMITH.

Common Room by the sound of his piercing hydrocephalic cry or his bull-like rush upon our toreador Bob. At the Royal, Smithy did much to maintain the life of the party, and became famous as one of the "triplets of the bath." An enthusiastic sportsman, he indulges in golf, tennis, cricket, swimming, fishing and shooting. Many a story is told of the time that Smithy, losing his line on the end of a fish, plunged fully clothed into the raging stream to retrieve his reel and new prize. At shooting his aim was always conscientiously applied, but the wary wallaby of Burragorang was wise when he stood still in view. Coming from Canterbury High School, Frank has trod a smooth path academically, gaining a distinction in fourth year and a credit in fifth year. All success to him!

IRWIN LIONEL SMITH, Sydney Hospital.

*"Eat, drink and be gay,
Banish all worry and sorrow,
Laugh gaily today,
Weep, if you're sorry, tomorrow!"*—W. S. Gilbert.

Irwin is an unobtrusive but essential contribution to our year from Fort Street High. With a quiet smile on his cheerful brown face, he takes everything as a matter of course, and bestows his favours in the same spirit. Though never forcing his opinions, when they are given they are evidence of the common sense which aided the Council of the Medical Society for three years, and has gained credits in the November massacres. His smooth forehead, sloping from eyebrows to occiput, is evidence of his intellect. In his work he is thorough, and when extracting a history the nod of his head after each statement of the patient indicates that he has grasped its significance. However, Irwin let us down badly in the last cricket match against Prince Alfred, when he played as umpire and could not forsake his native honesty.

SAMUEL EDWARD LEES STENING, R.P.A.H.

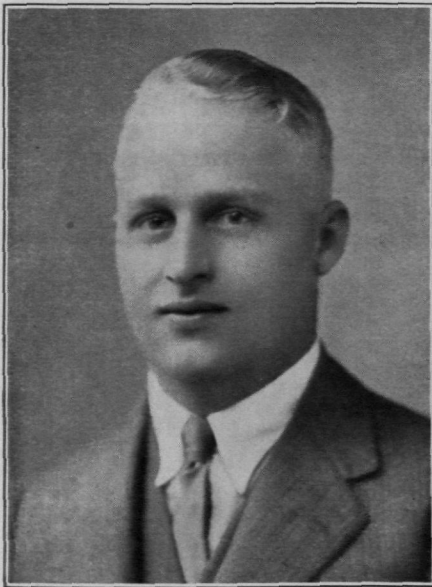
Entering from Sydney High, and being the second of four brothers to embrace the science of healing, Sam, with his snowy head, cheery countenance and happy, care-free outlook on life, has had a good trip academically, being among the "honoured" ones at each exam. This, plus his keen power of observation clinically, augurs well for November. In the sporting world he lent his weight to the Medicine Crew in 1927 and swung a mighty club for the Reserves Baseball team for two seasons, while as a surfer he is a well-known figure at Bondi. His "well groomed" appearance was a help socially, and his greatest vices were the berserk manner in which he chased snails in the Buick, umpiring inter-hospital cricket matches, and a fondness (?) for picture theatres in the near Eastern Suburbs. Essentially good natured, Sam's success will extend beyond the bounds of examinations into the realms of medical practice.

EDWARD SEAVINGTON STUCKEY, R.P.A.H.

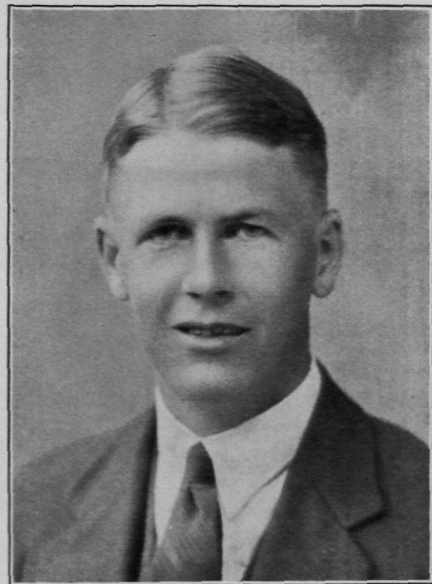
A tall, slim, serious-faced young man, moving about the wards interviewing patients with thoroughness and care; this is Ted in his working moments. He is one of those fortunate people who gain honours each year with a minimum of effort and a maximum of sport and social life. His academic record leaves little to be



IRWIN LIONEL SMITH .



SAMUEL EDWARD LEES STENING.



EDWARD SEAVINGTON STUCKEY.

desired, including as it does sundry credits, and the prognosis for the finals is particularly good. There is said to be no truth in the rumour that he is seeking the "*iter ad astra*" viâ telegraph posts.

Ted is a versatile athlete, having represented St. Andrew's in cricket, football and rowing. Besides wielding a mighty oar, he chases the elusive hockey ball with the speed and grace of a young Artemis, and incidentally with considerable success, having gained his University "blue." At St. Andrew's he is one of the leading spirits, and is always well to the fore in their social and other College functions. Ted is of the explorer type; the unknown intrigues and captivates him. Willing to try anything once, he is the possessor of a "Puck-like" humour which should have a distinct therapeutic value later on.

EGMONT FRIEDRICH HELLMUTH THEILE, R.P.A.H.

"Monte" is a man of decided views, whether they have reference to the superiority of the northern State or to the presence of a doubtful diastolic bruit. An old boy of Brisbane Grammar School, he passed his first year exams. at Queensland University, after which he came to Sydney and entered Wesley College. He gained a place in the College rifle team for three years, and also played in inter-collegiate cricket. "Monte" was a keen clinician and had a flair for getting on well with his patients. Of how this same quality caused him some consternation whilst at the Royal by having a baby named after him, is, of course, another story. An enthusiastic advocate of systematic study, he was always ready to introduce you to some new system for mastering the intricacies of medicine or surgery. As though to demonstrate their feasibility he passed fifth year well up in the credit list, and his prospects for the finals are excellent.

Of his other activities, billiards and bridge take first place, at both of which he excels, golf and tennis when the spirit moves him and boating parties when the water nymphs call. Latest bulletins inform us that he has been made Senior Student at Wesley—a well-deserved honour.

HARRY KEITH UREN, R.P.A.H.

"Let him sing and sing again."

From East Maitland High, "Henry" has taken the earlier years in his stride, achieving a credit in fourth year, and is now to be seen each day in the wards storing up knowledge for the final battle. Tennis, swimming and cricket help to brighten his leisure hours. At the former he excels, and woe betide him who tries to pass his flashing strings at the net or return his fiery serve. The possessor of a fine tenor voice, many an exam.-worried student has been lured into a false feeling of security as his eerie strains float gently around the common-room walls. What other spare time he may have is spent mainly in farming pursuits, and if you want any advice on this score, then Henry is the man. His perpetual smile and happy nature, always associated with an immaculate appearance, have made him popular with all, as we noticed with a certain honorary and others at the Royal.



EGMONT FRIEDRICH HELLMUTH
THEILE.



HARRY KEITH UREN.

The Attendants at the Medical School.

No Year Book would be complete without reference to some of those non-teaching members of the Medical School Staff who did much to lighten our burdens during our long trek.

First of all, since we would meet him in the Front Hall, we must speak of MR. A. E. HEWISH, custodian of the building for twenty-six long years. Hewish, as we knew him, was always most conscientious in carrying out his duties, and nothing was ever too much trouble for him when it came to helping us. Of his many services we are appreciative.

And now for the indomitable LOUIS SCHAEFFER. Louis has been in the Anatomy Dept. as long as the Medical School has existed, and he must surely be personally acquainted with more of our medical graduates than any man living. The way in which he maintains his unbounding enthusiasm and tireless energy is something to be marvelled at. For all he has done for us we are grateful, and take this opportunity of wishing him many years more of preservation in his present state.

Here we must also mention "BILL" JAMIESON (Louis' right hand man) and "BILL" BAGNALL, of the Histology Dept. Then, too, "PROFESSOR" BURFIELD, of Physiology fame, and "JIMMY" ROFE, who helped us in our struggle in the realms of Biochemistry.

Next we come to that very efficient staff of technicians in "Path." led by another veteran in the form of MR. T. MACDONALD. "Mac" is the Louis of the Pathology Dept. Others of this worthy band were DICK MUIR and VIC WRIGHT, who dealt with slides and sections, and MORRISSEY, whose chief care was the safety of the many red labelled bottles. To all these we offer our thanks, as by their help our smooth path through Pathology was made even smoother.



LOUIS SCHAEFFER.



T. MacDONALD.



A. E. HEWISH, J.P.



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.



AUSTRALASIAN MEDICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
