

Senior
Year
Book
1934

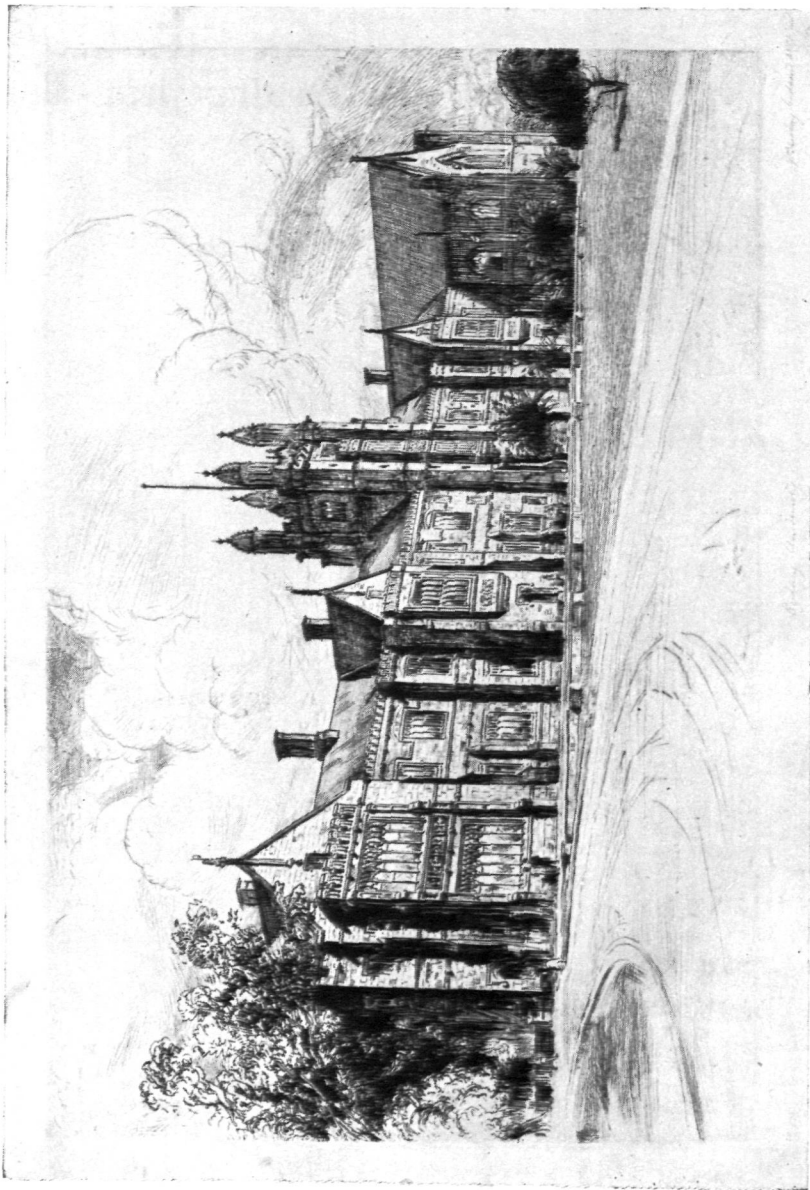


Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

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A. G. Rodsky.

Senior Year Book



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

FACULTY OF MEDICINE



Senior Year Book

1934



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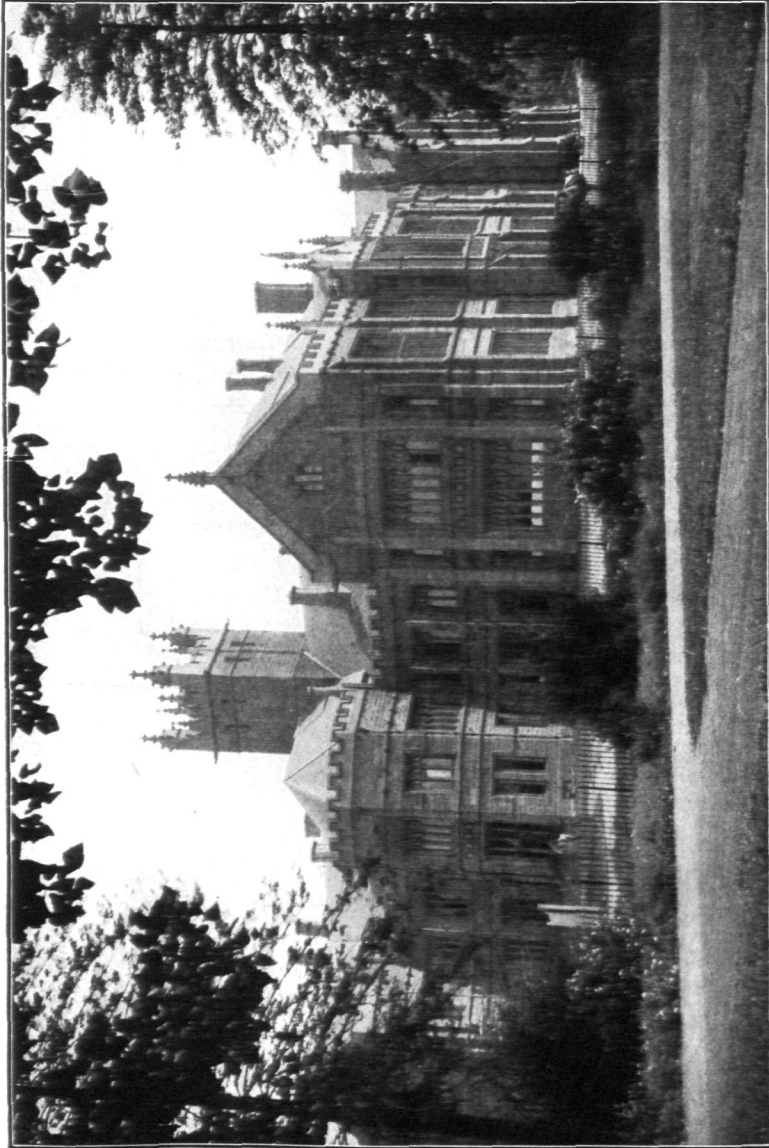
J. T. GUNTHER.



UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

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THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

Foreword.

Here is the "Who's Who" of the 1934 Senior Medical Year.

Herein are set down brief records of the members of a little group of men and women who during six long years have worked and played together. Very soon the company will be broken up and the members scattered, but though new friendships and associations will be formed, links have been forged that will forever bind them together.



As time passes, the hard work, the tedious lectures, the brain-racking examinations, will fade out of a picture, from which the features and foibles of fellow students and teachers will still clearly emerge.

Treasure this little book, for it will become one of the pathways leading into the enchanted forest of youth.

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



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.



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



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

Marching Through Medicine.

In the past is my present fate; and in the past also is my real life.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

OUR paths are growing wider as the seasons creep. Soon our interests will be as diverse as the highways and byways yet to be trodden. The common bond of undergraduateship will be dissolved, to be replaced by an indissoluble link, which is Medicine. In this way the Ambition, which takes men differently, will be consummated.

* * *

Nearly six years ago we made our first step on what seemed to promise a very long journey. From all parts of the State and from all manner of peoples our "year" was drawn; and most of us crowded into the first lecture at the Botany School with indescribable feelings engendered by a sudden entrance into an atmosphere which at once was inspiring, awesome and wondrous. Few will forget those early lectures—early in more than one sense, as those who arrived later than five past nine, found. In clear, well-modulated tones, Professor Osborn expounded in precise terms the fundamentals of his subject, at a rate which caused many anxious moments as well as blank spaces in our notebooks. We felt more at ease at our first practical class, where, inexpertly, we mounted grains of sand. We also left early that day—a concession which we repaid with interest in the later years. The rich brogues of Assistant Professor McLuckie and Mr. (now Dr.) Brough—and the subject matter—were very entertaining, and our knowledge grew apace.

In the meantime Chemistry and Physics also claimed our attention. Stately Professor Fawsitt, with becoming dignity, slowly unfolded the intricacies of his subject, commencing punctually at seven minutes after 12 and ending in time to permit us to compete successfully with other Faculties for the traditional steak pie at the Union. "Charlie" will be remembered for his kindness and courtesy; Mr. Burrows for his knowledge of Physical Chemistry, and perhaps Mr. Fisher for the pretty experiments (not always a success!) in front of the class.

After Major Booth's first lecture on Physics, one student went to him and asked to be recommended a good book on Astronomy! Many a time, too, we firmly believed that we were being trained for Engineering. Too high a tribute to his ability as a teacher cannot be paid to Edgar, who juggled with a succession of difficult subjects, with all the skill of a Cinquevalli. He succeeded where others must have failed, and won deserved popularity, not only for his teaching but also for his pleasantries and humane qualities. Miss Nicol (who did not design the prism!) was an able and tireless assistant.

Now, we were being schooled in Zoology, the teaching of which was entrusted to Professor Dakin (his first lectures at Sydney University) and Dr. (now Assistant Professor) Briggs. The latter introduced us to "the cœlom or body cavity" and "fluid waste nitrogenous products", and thoroughly instilled the practical side. Professor Dakin increased our respect for "Zo" by a series of interesting lectures which outlined our relation to the amœba; guided us in the breeding of blue Andalusian fowls; and made us realise that there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.

Organic chemistry was a nightmare. Before we began the subject, we were cold and stiff with fear, borne of the warning of the soothsayers, whose cry, "Beware the Ides of March—in this subject", appeared well-founded. Never, before or since, have we been assailed with such a variety of formulæ and odours. We left this aspect of Medicine, which was dealt with by Professor Earl, assisted by Dr. Trikojus, with the firm impression that more time should be devoted to it in first year.

The year closed with light casualties, and the long vacation provided a welcome respite for academic stocktaking and a closer analysis of what the 'Varsity meant or should mean to us.

A HOME AT LAST!

Medicine at last! That's how we felt when we entered the Medical School. In the "science" year, now in the discard, we had not a home, and like lost souls stumbled hither and thither over unfamiliar (and unmade) roads. Dissections intrigued us from the outset, though flippant spirits were wont to express their appreciation of anatomy in more active manner. Aided, abetted and viva-ed by Drs. Miller, Nowland, McDonald and Webb, our acquisition of knowledge kept pace more or less with requirements. The vivas . . . you can still remember that "heart pounding in your throat" feeling; the jockeying for positions to secure a favoured examiner; and last, but not least, in this strange, eventful history, the attendant elation or despair—after the viva.

Perhaps we might have been pardoned for looking at the ceiling of the Hunterian theatre, for the solution of our Embryological problems, for Professor Stump invariably found inspiration there. Man's humble beginnings took shape, mark you, when swaddled in the attractive clothing of picturesque diction, and even if certain "facts" existed only in romantic speculation, it pleased us to receive these words of wisdom, uttered with austerity and tintured with whimsicality. How many, aye, how many correctly spelled "mass", or was it "mast"? . . . and what of H381, and the Prof.'s protestation that he was a bad speller? Anyway, the end crowned the work, and the viva from the Prof. and Miss Garde maintained our interest in Embryology and Histology to the last.

By this time we had met the whole of the Physiology staff, but more of them later.

It was not long before we signed for our cake of soap, and this entitled us to commence third year Anatomy. In feverish haste we tackled our dissections, and piled Ossa on Pelion in our endeavour to know anatomy backwards. Who was to know that the compleat anatomist had yet to be found? Mr. Keith Richardson, by skilfully prepared and skilfully delivered lectures, assisted us in the understanding of the complexities of Neurology, while Dr. Victor Coppelson dwelt with relish on the subareolar plexus of Sappey and the lymphatics generally—with the aid of "Big Cunn." To Dr. F. A. Maguire we will be everlastingly grateful for a series of demonstrations and lecturettes, unrivalled in lucidity, on the female pelvis. His demonstration of the pelvic peritoneum was a masterpiece. "All you need, gentlemen, is a basin, two brushes and a cloth." Unforgettable, too, will be his advice regarding the three cardinal laws of learning Anatomy: Revise! Revise!! Revise!!!

"MEAKINS AND I."

The Physiology Department. From here was said to emanate the hardest exam. in the University. Dame Rumour was no lying jade! Second year was spent in athletic fashion. We had to run 400 feet in 40 seconds, and up and down the spiral stairs; we walked around Victoria Park and some days later cooled ourselves under the shower at the University Oval Gymnasium; we had all the exercise and little of the excitement of a six days' race on the bicycle ergometer—all in the name of Physiology. One term was devoted to the worship of the Folin-McIlroy before we were ready to commence third year.

We met once more the second partner in the firm of "Meakins and I"; then Professor Priestley, who told us about his rats; Mr. (now Dr.) Cotton—"draw a graph"—genial Dr. McQuiggen (23 typed pages in two lectures), Miss Hindmarsh, and Dr. Canny. Third year was distinguished also by the arrival of students with mysterious vessels ranging in size from the common beer bottle to the scent decanter, which was carried, so conveniently, in the purse.

At last the dreaded ordeals arrived. The anatomy paper was a surprise packet, a not unusual happening. Both in length and breadth it exceeded expectations. With marked trepidation we attended for the viva. Here our huntsmen stood, but oh! what generous huntsmen. They searched the nooks and crannies of—and for—our knowledge, and in half an hour, it seemed much less, turned us free. But wait! We had sent the fire engine to Ulster and lo! Europe was in flames. For Physiology was all that had been said about it. Two written papers, two practical exams., and a viva, provided exhaustive and exhausting tests. Over one portion of the viva, Mr. Cotton and Dr. Canny presided with the grimness of judges. Professors Davies and Priestley gave us our final overhaul . . . and then the results! The sound of the 1931 crash still reverberates through the halls of the Medical School. Time, however, healed our wounds, and like good soldiers we looked ahead to the joys of the second half of the course.

HALF WAY.

If the preceding three years had given us academic status, fourth year began the process of maturing us into young doctors. Not that we had finished with lectures. In series and in parallel, they overwhelmed us like an avalanche, yet a lot of the lecture material had a clinical flavour, which rendered them more digestible. On the worthy shoulders of Professor Welsh, Drs. Keith Inglis, Allan Walker and "Little Taffy" Welsh, fell the task of teaching us Pathology. Were their success as teachers, especially that of Professor Welsh and Dr. Inglis, to be measured by courtesy and enthusiasm, then a 100 per cent. result has been achieved. Even into the examination room their kindly influence percolated, and they made us happy as we had never been before.

Professor Wright, an eminent Bacteriologist, assured us that he could not teach us the whole of the science in two terms. Nevertheless, by a series of valuable lectures, splendidly delivered and embodying and inculcating a critical attitude, he fired our imaginations, and laid down a definite foundation of productive thought.

Also included in the fourth year curriculum were Pharmacology, an ill-favoured thing; Materia Medica—"I want you to take this exam. seriously";

lectures by the inimitable Dr. John MacPherson on the British Pharm-a-cop-œia and other appreciated items. Medicine, surgery and obstetrics, and the clinical sides are dealt with elsewhere.

Fifth year was like a sheltered bay on a turbulent coast. In this haven our ship with a complement of 64 found peace and calm. Sitting back in our seats with a copy of the Gynæcology notes before us, we listened with enjoyment to Dr. Reggie Davies, whose tranquillity acted on us in true sedative fashion. His experience and manner are to be envied, if this is permissible. Professor Dawson, whose lectures on Psychology had "left us cold" in third year, interested us in Psychiatry, but the unexpected happened in the examination and in the results.

Modern architecture does not permit students to recline comfortably while being lectured. At least this was the impression—on our backs—at the Tropical School. Soon, however, we were absorbed in the vista revealed to us by a delightful *raconteur*, Professor Harvey Sutton.

*Wells, drains and sewerage-outfalls are
My own peculiar fad.*

who won us to his Public Health viewpoints, by precept and example.

Gruesome details were not spared by Dr. Arthur Palmer in his brief course of Medical Jurisprudence, and naturally interest was heightened. How to be a credit to the profession was briefly delineated in three lectures on Ethics. Our entry into the final year was facilitated by kindly examiners, who doubtlessly appreciated the nature of our coming trials.

LAST LAP.

Nineteen-thirty-three was also made notable by the celebration of the Jubilee of the Medical School, which to us represents more than stone walls. An integral part of the celebrations was the opening of the Rockefeller Foundation Building. Early, very early, in 1934 we were privileged to attend lectures in this new unit in the Faculty, and appropriate to the historical occasion, we were afforded an opportunity to obtain a "bird's-eye" view of the History of Medicine, Dr. Cowlshaw being the lecturer. Thus we were the first sixth year to take our seats in the lecture theatre of the new building.

Only one thing has exceeded our desire to get into final year and that is to get out of it! Time will steal swiftly by, too swiftly in fact, and the labours of the final will bear comparison with those of Hercules. As we assemble for the task, we will realise more than ever the truth in Stevenson's line: "In the past is my present fate." Whatever the results of the examinations, and here we will be submitted to a series of searching tests by men who share our interests and sense our ambitions, we will have learned a great deal.

There have been deficiencies which have prompted us to criticise constructively. The onlookers see a lot of the game, but the player, too, has ideas. All in all, however, we have enjoyed our training and associations. Much profit will be derived from contemplation of these in our graduate years. The art that heals and saves has captured our undying respect and devotion . . . no more, no less, could be expected of disciples of *Æsculapius*.

PROFESSOR WINDEYER.

Precision is important in Obstetrics. Professor Windeyer taught us that. And so we made corrections, substitutions and additions to our text books in the Listerian theatre. Moreover, he interested us in our subject, relieving the canvas of technicality with flashes of wit. "The uterus, gentlemen," he told us, "is like the female sex generally—you never know what it is going to do next." In the museum he reminded us that "Dem. spec." was sometimes called "Damn spec.", while at the "Royal" he advised: "if you own a curette keep the damn thing in your bag."

In our practices, we will have a keen regard for asepsis, a watchful eye on maternal mortality—the mother is more important than the fœtus—and a full appreciation of the effects of gentle methods and sympathy for our obstetrical patients, thanks to the teaching of Professor Windeyer.





PROFESSOR DEW.

Rapid in thought, speech and deed, Professor Harold Dew impressed us with his keenness, and endeared himself to his students as a man of action. Whether at lectures, on rounds, in differential diagnosis, or on operative technique, he speedily and expertly dealt with the problems involved. Graphic phrases left an indelible imprint on our minds of things surgical. Above all, he taught us to consider our patients, who "want treatment, not a diagnosis"!

So, in the wards, we learned what to do, when to do it, and why it should be done. Yes, and masterly inactivity, too, was to be considered on the appropriate occasion. The complexity and the individual characters of each case were to be assessed carefully . . . thus we readily subscribed to his statement: "Most of us spend all our lives trying to develop an expert opinion, and even-then-we-haven't-got-one."

We can thank him for setting us on the right road to Surgery, "which is only a part of Medicine", and for the keenness with which he infused us.

PROFESSOR LAMBIE.

Professor Lambie, our smallest lecturer, undertook the task of detailing to us our biggest and most comprehensive subject. In contrast to his stature, however, was a towering edifice of knowledge, resting firmly on twin foundation stones — Physiology and Clinical Methods.

“Dynamic” epitomises his *intensity*; *duration* on minute details was prolonged; *quality* was undoubted and *pitch* (of zeal) high, whether at lectures or bedside. Right arm upraised, fist tightly clenched, with thumb extended, eye sparkling, and with a cheery Scot grin, he emphasised his points in a delightful way, and taught us the pith and marrow of Medicine. It will be a long time before we forget those presenting signs or the “Lambie reflex” . . . of course you remember the day when the Professor made a frantic grab at a male patient’s nether garment just as its uninterrupted descent seemed perilously imminent. The consequent stamping and hilarity evoked a professorial blush and a hearty laugh and the incident and our association with him should remain like gems in a setting of treasured experiences.

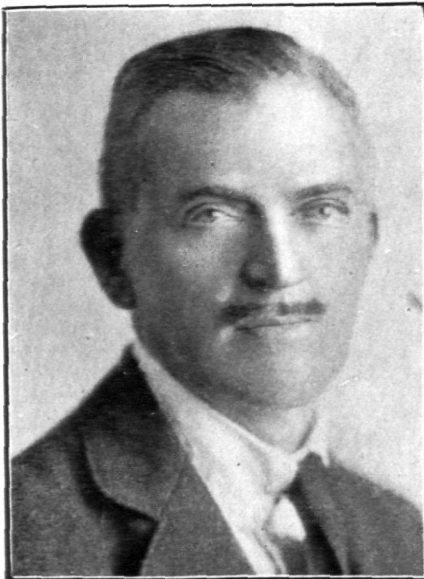




T. G. B. OSBORN, D.Sc.,
Professor of Botany.



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



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



J. C. EARL, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.,
Professor of Organic Chemistry.



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



E. A. BRIGGS, D.Sc.,
Assistant Professor of Zoology.



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.



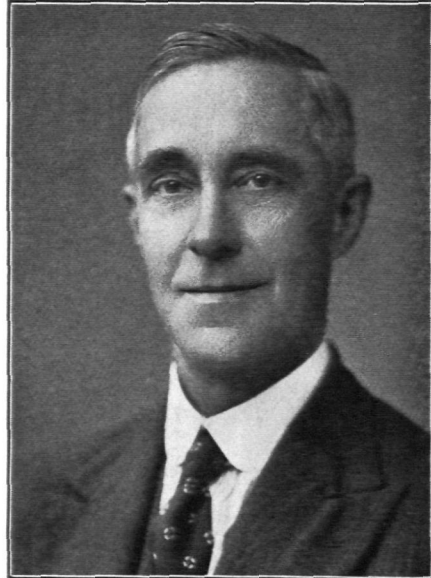
C. WITHERINGTON STUMP, M.D., D.Sc.,
Professor of Embryology and Histology.



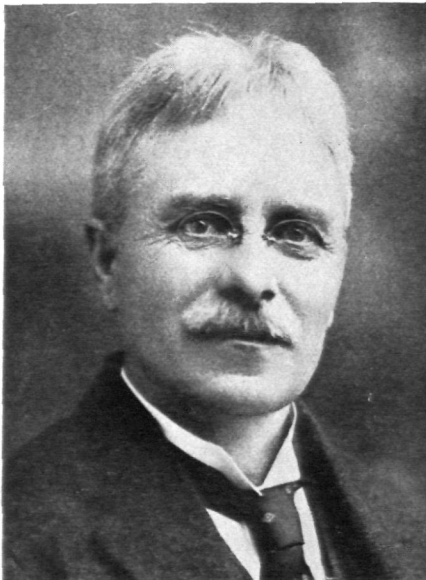
F. A. MAGUIRE, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.D.,
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Lecturer in Anatomy.



H. W. DAVIES, M.B., B.S.
Professor of Physiology.



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

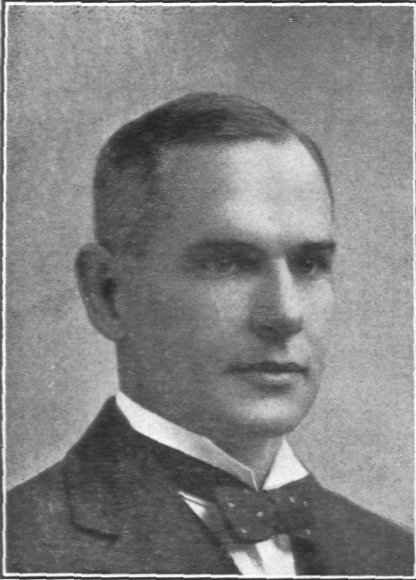


D. A. WELSH, M.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
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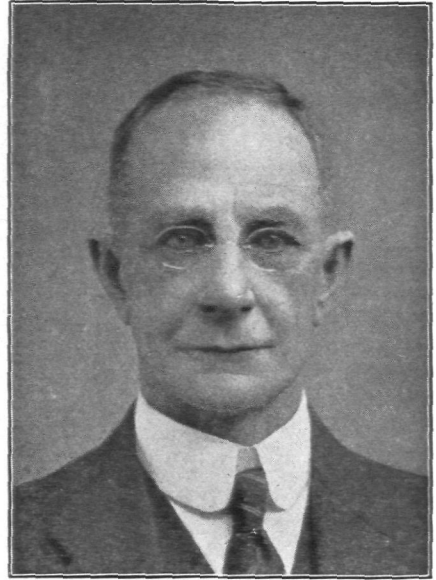
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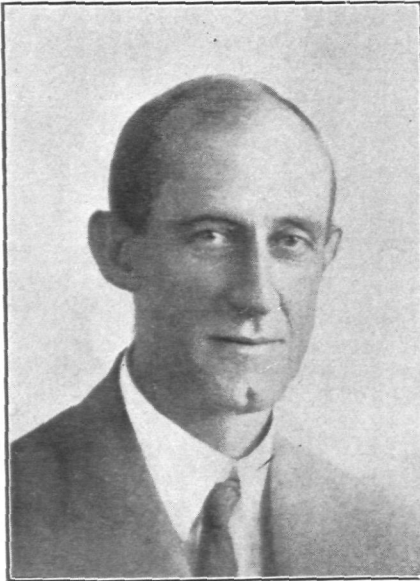
H. D. WRIGHT, B.A., M.D., Ch.B., D.Sc.,
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W. K. INGLIS, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Pathology.



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



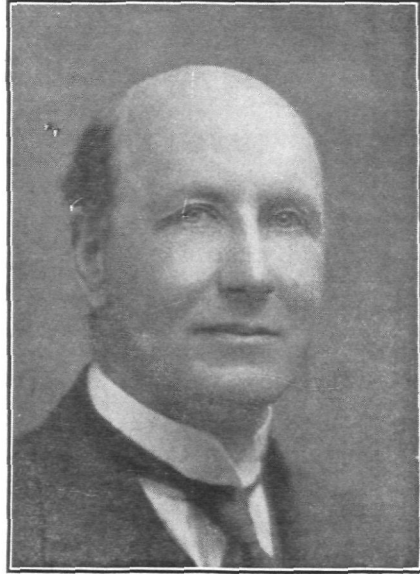
E. H. MOLESWORTH, M.D., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Dermatology.



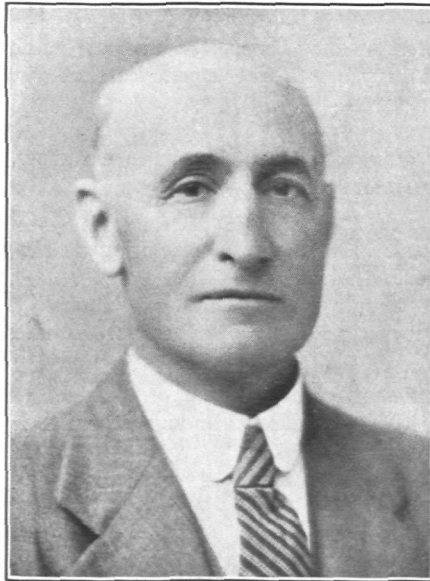
R. G. WADDY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Lecturer in Ophthalmology.



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



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



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

Vignettes

Told by Sister Lowe: The patients and relatives proceeded against a doctor and nurse because of a bed sore. She (Sister Lowe) had to testify in court that bed sores can occur despite vigilance. Dr. Blackburn asked whether she had ever seen such a case at R.P.A.H. "Yes," said Sister Lowe, "when you were superintendent" !

* * *

Rough on Rats: Speaking in connection with prophylactic measures to be taken against rats, in plague, Professor Wright said: "Perhaps as a refinement of cruelty, it was decided to kill all the female rats and let the males go" !

* * *

What the Fætus Says: In retroversion complicating pregnancy, according to Dr. Reggie Davies, the fætus says: "If I can't get up, I'll get out."

* * *

Squared the Account: Professor Dawson asked the patient: "What's wrong with you?" Came the reply: "I'm like you. I'm very heady." But Professor Dawson got his own back on the students. Pointing to them he asked the patient did he see any of his friends there. "Yes," he said.

* * *

One from Dr. Storey: The whole of Medicine is made up of experience and common sense. It takes years to get experience, but you can always practise common sense.

* * *

Another from Professor Sutton: The more we know, the more we enlarge the boundaries of our ignorance.

* * *

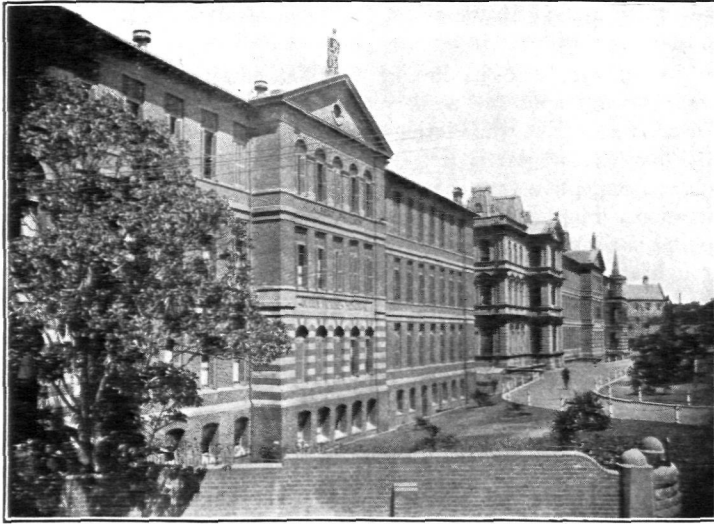
Why We Stamped: Dr. Inglis was lecturing on the pathology of syphilis. "I know from experience," he said. . .

With regard to chronic alcoholism, Dr. "Bunny" Lidwell stated: "To show you how much they drink—my own personal experience . . ."

* * *

Pity the Poor Student: The question of flat feet was being discussed by Dr. "Cocky" Teece: "Most students get through before their arches are completely broken down"—quite a feat!

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Nothing weary, stale, flat and unprofitable has been the lot of those who were privileged to link with "P.A." in 1932. For nearly three years now, we have been in contact with this fine hospital, and we will never regret the association. Serious we have been at times; silent, never, judging by the noise and life in the student room; but we have always striven to be observant.

In fourth year we were led to the wards by junior honoraries, when they were not laying the foundations of clinical acumen at "outs". Fifth year was spent in a variety of ways, ranging from tuition under the "Clinical Professors", to extra-mural activities—"Kids" and "Women's". The bell rang for the last lap of the course on January 8. Ever since we have applied ourselves sedulously to the task of acquiring sufficient knowledge to satisfy our examiners.

We cannot fail to record our sincere appreciation of all that "P.A." has done for us. She has provided us with opportunity, which waits for no man. Sufferers and suffering we have seen, under conditions that, at once, aroused our sympathies and permitted us to garner knowledge.

The same spirit which prompted junior and senior residents, and even old residents, to attend for "Blackie's last round" in May, will make us loyal to "P.A." when the years have slowed our footsteps. Some of us will say *au revoir* to her, but never good-bye, for

*Age cannot wither her,
Nor custom stale her infinite variety.*

DR. C. BICKERTON BLACKBURN.

"And blest is he, whose blood and judgment are so well commingled."

Dr. Blackburn ("Blackie" or "Bickie" as he is affectionately designated) has always been one of the most popular and most respected of the team of Honoraries.

His shrewd eye, with its lurking twinkle, misses very little, and he sums up each student and finds the weak spots almost before the student realises that he is under scrutiny. But while turning us inside out, he is so obviously considerate and kindly that no soreness is left. He has the rare faculty of suffering fools gladly, and no suggestion that is made, however foolish, is dismissed as unworthy of consideration. His tact and human sympathy are just as obvious in his manner to his hospital patients.

Through all his years of experience he has retained an open mind, and one is impressed by the fact that he is never prejudiced in favour of the old because it is old, or against the new because it is new.

And though he is now relinquishing active teaching work, his example has been a stimulus to generations of students, and we in his final group will always carry with us the inspiration of contact with one who so conspicuously maintained the highest traditions of our profession.

SIR JOHN MCKELVEY.

"What a mental power

His eye shoots forth."

Sir John looks every inch a surgeon. A keen eye, which misses nothing, a firm mouth and chin, betokening rapid decision and determination, and a quick, short footstep are evident to the most casual observer. On rounds he taxes the athletic powers of his group; dawdle, blink an eye, or let your attention momentarily stray, and you have missed a gem of surgical wisdom. Few questions are asked by him—fewer, much fewer, student answers are given, for they involve a complete knowledge of history, languages, anatomy and embryology, not forgetting surgery, medicine, etc., etc. In clinical lecturettes, we received many useful academic and practical "tips", demonstrations of great value, details of the surgeon's art, anecdotes and quotations, and free translations of foreign phrases—*bruit de diable*—a hell of a row! Sir John spends spare time at Sussex Inlet, where his love of fishing is no less than his devotion to surgery.

DR. S. A. SMITH.

"He talks little and says much."

The outstanding characteristic of "S.A." is his gift for seizing on essentials and leaving the rest to Nature—or the "academics." Nor does he mind asking leading questions when, according to the pundits, he should be merely at the stage of presenting symptoms.

Earnest Student: "Sir, would it be possible to correlate the protoplasmic hypertrophy in the *substantia nigra* with the incidence of syphilis in Genoese sailors?" S.A. savagely whips on his horn-rims, then even more savagely whips them off, repeats the procedure with the gold-rims, leans forward with a tolerant smile and confesses with obvious pleasure that he doesn't know, and we move on. His rounds are worth their weight in "oil."

MR. H. R. POATE.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

Mention of "Hugh" Poate calls to mind a certain occasion in 1931, when he sat on a stool in the big dissecting room and asked inconvenient questions about spleens, lungs and livers. Since then we have had opportunities to see him at work in the theatres and in the wards, and we have come to admire his patience, skill and generally likeable qualities. True, we did not see much of him in the early part of 1934, but those who were subsequently attached to him speak highly of him.

Especially valuable to us were his opinions on thyroids and gall bladders, on which he is a recognised authority. In moments of relaxation he develops a bent for things horticultural, while he has also displayed a keen interest in aeronautics.

DR. MARK LIDWILL.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."

"Hullo, Popsydoodle! Well, Peter Rabbit!"—Dr. "Bunny" Lidwill had entered the ward. On Mondays and Fridays "Bunny" royally entertained his group, always, of course, brushing his hand over the chair before sitting down, for once he sat on a piece of bread and butter! Rounds produced a succession of anecdotes, plums from a long experience—"you won't find this in your text books"—unsuspected cases of fibrositis, and superb mimicry of nervous maladies. On cardiology he was "mine hoste", and he knew how to deal clinically with that murmur which "just won't fit in". It is on record, too, that "Bunny" successfully hypnotised a patient who complained that she was just like a bag of wind, and that every time she touched herself she belched! Finally, it is likely that a new cookery book may appear on the market, for this epicurean honorary has a wide and appreciated knowledge of the culinary art.

MR. JOHN COLVIN STOREY.

*"I speak as my understanding instructs me,
And as my honesty puts it to utterance."*

We met the "little man" in sixth year on surgical rounds, and he looked up at us over the top of his glasses and asked for the history sheets. Then came etymology and English grammar.

Every case in the wards was visited, and greeted with a smile and a cheery word, no matter how late the hour. At each bed, "Whose case is this?" "Now, Mr. Blank, come round and feel this."

We learned that it isn't necessary to prepare patients for operation in the wards; that lower limb fractures don't need extension; that Lane's bone plates were invented by a chap who would do a colectomy for chronic mastitis; that Storey's system of ossifications is simple, and that there are sovereigns in the rectum, gentlemen!

DR. ALLAN S. WALKER.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Our first meetings with "Dr. Al", when we were in fourth year, were rather boisterous, and he perhaps did not gain the respect due to him; but when we reached the highest academic plane of our student days, and met him again, this time as a Senior Physician at P.A., we very quickly altered our opinion.

His methods of teaching differed from those of most other honoraries, in that his "rounds" were always characterised by peace and calm, and he seemed intentionally to avoid the dating tactics in common use. As a result we were always at our ease with him, and thus more able to absorb the many useful and practical details of clinical medicine of which he told us, often further impressing them by relating some interesting little story from his own experience.

One of the few honoraries possessing those two great qualifications of a good doctor, *viz.*, punctuality and rubber heels, "Dr. Al" never bored us by spending too long on one case, and he rarely kept us very late, and, although we were not able always to "hear absent breath sounds", or to distinguish the murmurs of "Endercarditis", we came to the conclusion that both as a physician and tutor, "Dr. Al" is amongst the best.

MR. BEN EDYE.

"A gentleman in whom I have an absolute trust."

The blue-eyed surgeon with a quiet voice and a pleasant smile . . . Mr. Ebye is the most unsurgical surgeon at the hospital, for he has been known to pull a stethoscope from his pocket and use it as if he knew what it was. He usually prefaces his questions: "The question is—" and then, much to our relief at times, answers them himself.

In the theatres he is altogether too much for his students. As the time approaches to 6 o'clock they decide it would be better to live and know a little than to die of starvation after knowing a little more . . . and so they vanish. Not so with him, for about that time he is just beginning, and we have heard tales of 8 and 9 o'clock, but, as yet, we haven't had the opportunity of checking these figures.

DR. A. COLLINS.

"Gives he not till judgment guides his bounty."

"Blackie" was followed by the tall spare figure of "Archie", who smiled and nodded and proceeded with the stuff one really wants to know in medicine. Delicately fingering the patient's pulse he directs a questionnaire in the kindest and most charming manner. Whenever possible he threatens the patient with vaccines, while on asthma and lungs he is "the 'oil'".

It augurs well for students and patients alike that such an able man treads in the footsteps of our famous "Blackie".

MR. H. H. SCHLINK.

At a quarter to four the doors of the "Palace" swung open and a fair-haired man with a cigar between his fingers entered. Then things began to happen—rapidly! There were three ports of call on the round trip; the P.V., the wash-basin and the dictation room. In half an hour all was over and the way paved for the "team-work" of the Blue Room, over which "the chief" presided. Here there was no room for "cat's meat" surgery, as was shown by the long, long trail of uteri which were despatched to the Path. Department, ultimately to be screened at the weekly picture show in the "Palace". Undoubtedly this department is well organised, and much of the credit, no doubt, belongs to "Bertie".

IN MEMORIAM.

*With great sorrow we learned of the sad death of Dr.
R. K. Lee Brown.*

*In the profession he had carved a niche by sheer personality
and ability, and the respect and esteem of his colleagues he
earned by his manly qualities.*

We will miss him.

MR. LENNOX TEECE.

Facial muscles twisted appropriately for the occasion, his back bent forward, and with one hand placed over his loin, "Cocky" delighted us with his acting of "every picture tells a story". Essentially practical, "Cocky" always illustrated his lectures with these much appreciated diversions. On occasions, too, he gave the Split Infinitive Club an unofficial treat. We liked him, and we were sorry that our meetings with him were all too few.

MR. ERIC FISHER.

When I went and asked one of the Sisters what I should say about Dr. Fisher in this book, she said, "Well, he's absolutely one of the best and there's really nothing more you can do than put that on record—he's one of the best ever." And, after all, one can only tell the truth, so here goes:

Dr. Fisher is to be regarded as one of the advantages of being in sixth year, for a better teacher of clinical and operative surgery could not be found. Owing to the absence of Professor Sandes we met him in charge of the "Radio" Clinic and Vic. I, with still some time to spare to answer all our questions and tell us much more besides. Nor is his ability restricted to his profession—a footballer and cricketer of great repute, his reputation is also "ski-high" at Kosciusko.

The Junior Physicians.—In fourth year we seemed to concentrate on hearts and lungs, and we are indebted to Drs. Laury Hughes, Cotter Harvey, Kempson Maddox, Eric Susman, Bob Steel and Tom Greenaway for their efforts to press home fundamentals. Dr. Hughes was kindness and patience personified; Dr. Harvey was most instructive on chests, and encouraged us to make decisions; Dr. Steel introduced us to the problems of allergy, while Dr. Greenaway, to whom congratulations for his recent academic success are accorded, exhibited a flair for the psychiatric side. Those students who attended Dr. Susman were intrigued by his clinical *déshabillé*, his monocle and his discourses on *the syphilis* and other maladies. To Dr. Maddox was entrusted a dual task, not the least being the position of Student Supervisor.

The Junior Surgeons.—Mr. Tom Farranridge was ubiquitous. He bobbed up in O.P.D. at the Royal and in the surf at Bondi, and under all conditions he was a ready friend. Mr. Dick Flynn asked many awkward questions, which he offset with a pleasant smile and an ever-twinkling eye. Mr. Don McCredie was cautious and conservative and followed worthily in his senior's footsteps. Like an old "sea-salt" Mr. Tom Furber breezed among his patients and students alike and won their confidence immediately. Mr. Rex Money was all in favour of exactness, and by his abundant keenness aroused our enthusiasm.

THE SPECIALS.

Gynæcological tuition was dispensed by Drs. Schlink, Davies, Maguire, Chapman and Stening. We were associated with these men at the O.P.D., "Gyno Palace" in VI, and the theatres, and learned of the merits and rival advocates of external and internal shortening. Those who came under the eye of Dr. Chapman, self-styled *Chef de Clinique*, were advised to "cut out the cackle and get to the osses".

At E.N.T., Drs. Godsall, Garnet Halloran, Ashleigh Davy and others took us under their wings and helped us to understand the rudiments of the subject. Among other things which attracted our attention, was the slogan that "no child is ever heard to cry in this department".

The "eye-men" left nothing to our imaginations, and so we saw everything. Drs. Waddy and Brearley trained us in the use of the ophthalmoscope, "which is more important than a stethoscope", as we have been told. Dr. Waddy achieved some fame by conducting a viva at his own home. A fine supper followed, also a "pluck" of three out of seven candidates!

People in the glass house were often found to suffer from skin disease, and Dr. Molesworth gave us invaluable demonstrations on those conditions, which are no respecter of persons. "When does it itch most?" will always be a question which we will be burning to ask; "What kind of soap do you use?" will be another, while "What's your occupation?" will complete a triad of importance. Our thanks go also to Drs. Dawson and Belisario.

Under the guidance of Professor Dawson and Drs. North and Bond we investigated unfortunate folk. By indirection we found direction out, on many occasions, and our psychiatric training should enable us to interpret the symptoms and signs of those who have madness in their method.

The Staff.—Humanely perfect and perfectly human . . . this may truly be said of Matrons, Sisters and Nurses. In their devotion to duty, and all that that implies, they show a spirit

*Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.*

To preserve the interests of patients, to maintain ward discipline, to cater for the requirements of students, and yet win respect, surely is a wonderful achievement.

The Matron, Miss Boissier, helped in many ways, even going so far as to provide a "better class of soap" for our use. Almost uniformly the Sisters were good to us, though Sisters West, Gardiner, Nosworthy, Plaice, McLean and Lindsay were outstanding. Most of the nurses, too, gave us a helping hand. Practically throughout the hospital we were welcome, albeit diurnal variations were detected in the "Alex." Dr. Davies and the staff of the Pathology Department were ever helpful, while at the front door, Mr. Rattigan regaled us with all the stock-in-trade of the entertainer.

Perhaps our sole regret in three years was the suspension of standing orders for *Potus Imperialis* . . . it may be only a coincidence that from that time "Cas" seemed to lose a little of its attractiveness.

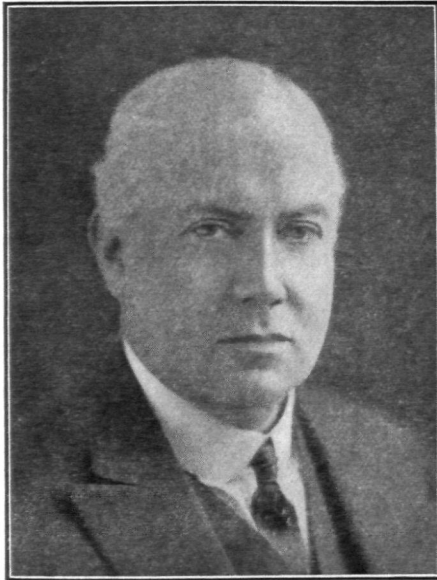
Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



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



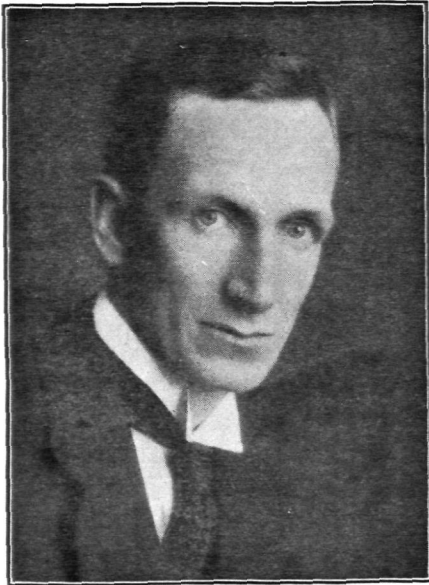
S. A. SMITH, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



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



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



C. G. McDONALD, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



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



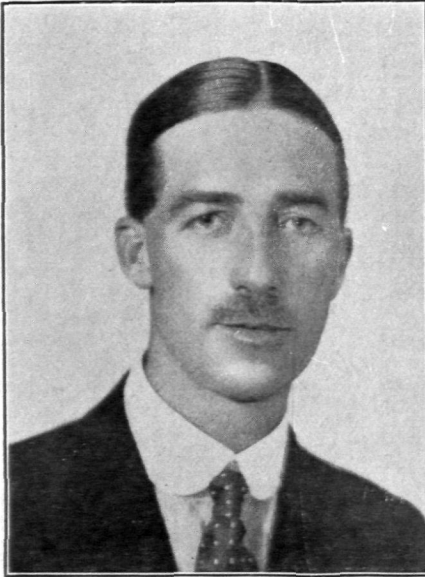
JOHN COLVIN STOREY, O.B.E., M.B.,
Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.



ALLAN S. WALKER, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



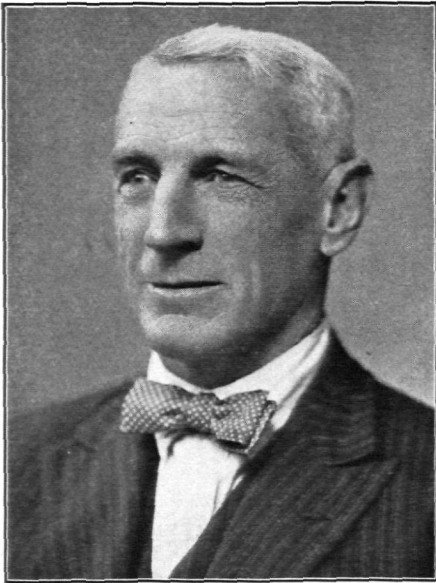
HUGH R. G. POATE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



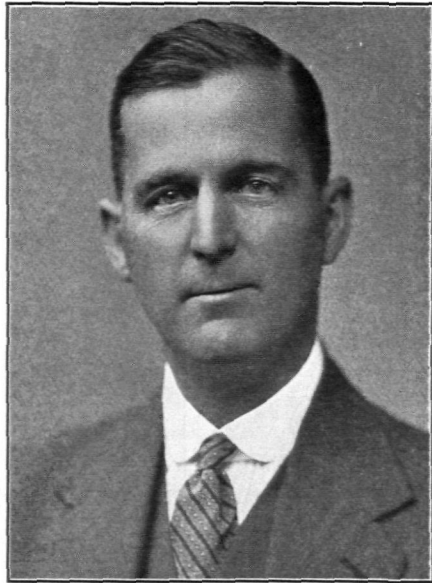
LENNOX G. TEECE, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Orthopaedic Surgeon.



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



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



D. W. McCREDIE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.



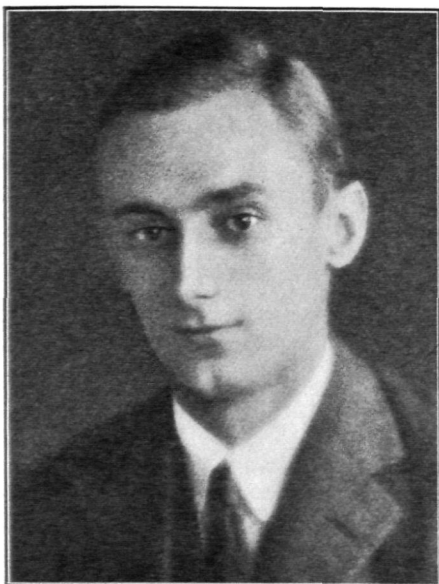
T. FARRANRIDGE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



R. ANGEL MONEY, M.C., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S. (Eng.), Tutor in Surgery.



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



COTTER HARVEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.

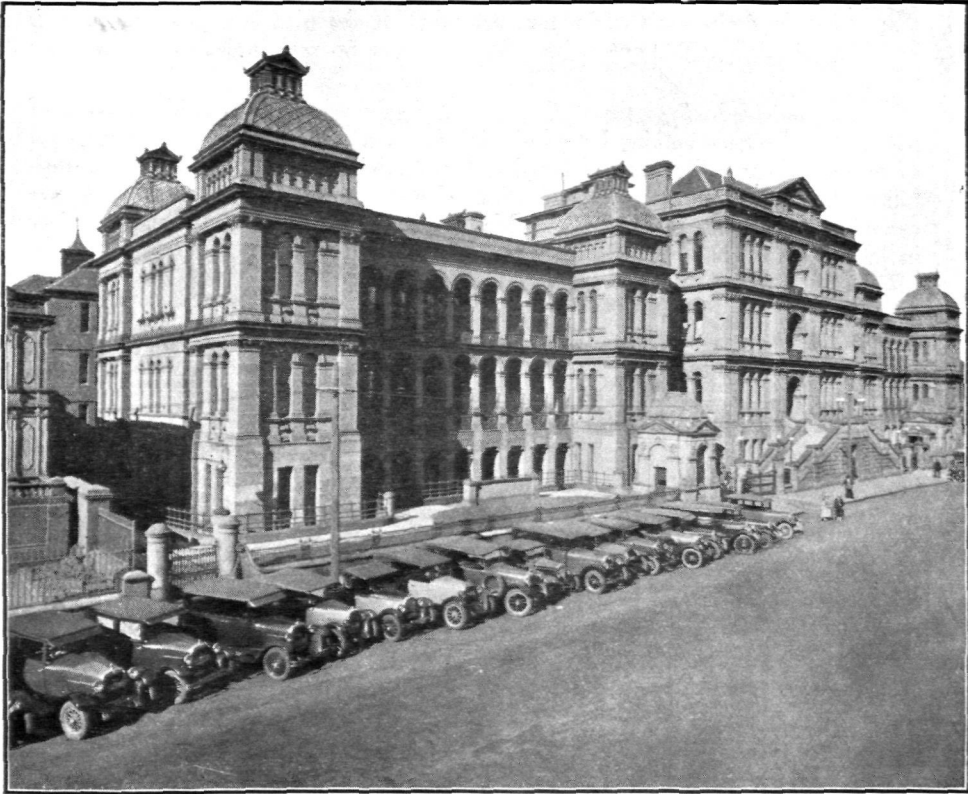


J. KEMPSON MADDOX, M.D., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Student Supervisor and
Tutor in Medicine.

Sydney Hospital.

"The hospital is the only proper college in which to rear a true disciple of Æsculapius."—Abernethy.

"To study patients without books is to sail an uncharted sea; to study books without patients is never to put to sea at all."—Osler.



SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

It is with some little difficulty that we embark on an account of the hospital as a whole, for we must convey herein a due sense of the benefits she has conferred upon us in all departments. We are keenly alive to the value of the instruction we have received. We also appreciate the broadening of our outlook and the knowledge we have gained from life by the contacts we have been encouraged to make with disease in all its manifestations. We are grateful too, to those patients, who in addition to providing us with means of clinical study, have opened up to us the circumstances of their lives and histories and have also provided us with that modicum of the saving grace of humour, without which our training would have

been incomplete; also we have been pleased to exercise our ingenuity upon those who were fractious, since the actual conquering of these has made palpation and percussion sweet after the manner of the uses of adversity. We can all call to mind, how thus early in our course, certain trusting souls put their faith into our hands, relied upon us to do our poor best, and asked most embarrassing questions as to the course and prognosis of their own particular disease.

Nor do we forget those men who taught us. Those with whom we came into most direct contact are dealt with hereunder. The paragraphs that are devoted to them are written from the students' point of view, which must of necessity be that rather of the worm's eye nature than that of the bird. It is of the foibles in which we delight that we write. We can give no real indication of absolute value.

Our indebtedness to the staff, we must freely acknowledge without hope of payment. We have nothing but admiration for them, from the Matron to the least of her underlings. We are still faced with our original difficulty as to the impossibility of covering the whole ramification of our association. In conclusion, we cannot do better than quote Sir Ewan Maclean in his address to the Medical Society in 1929: "It is abundantly worth while".

DR. HAROLD RITCHIE.

"Without exquisite knowledge, to work out of books is most dangerous."

—Damascenus.

We imagined during our fourth and fifth years that we had learnt a little medicine. We had read a lot and seen a little. Persistent perusal of text-books had dulled our appreciation of medicine as an art. When we met Harold our illusions crashed. We shuddered with horror at the sad tale of Tomlinson. The works of Osler were held up to our admiration, as a guide to ward work, that therein we might learn and inwardly digest. His clinical clerks found themselves in positions of increased responsibility, having to keep a sharp eye on the position of the apex beat; to exercise a supervising influence on the therapeutic efforts of the resident. We had to know our cases and be accurate, for in the bright lexicon of youth there was no such word as "about".

DR. A. HOLMES À COURT.

"I will find where truth is hid though 'twere hid indeed within the centre."

Many who have gone before us, and, we hope, many to come, will have the pleasure of standing on the bridge to number three waiting for Holmes, when high-polished car, black bowler, "pectoral spats", pearl pin, yellow gloves and immaculate suit would all beam us a pleasant "Good afternoon, what shall we do today?" "Are there any interesting cases in?"

Holmes quietly leads us from bed to bed, while, with bated breaths, we ring to every word. The every-day diseases seen are interestingly interspersed with the rarer and more obscure, and it is ever with pleasure that we visit Mary, seventh of her kind, with hepatonephromegaliaglycogenica, or see dire Shilder's disease. It is these cases which prove to us the greatness of the man, who, with cases such as these, can yet spend more time over the peptic ulcer and quietly drive its lessons home.

DR. L. W. DUNLOP.

"You come most carefully upon your hour."

Dolly pursues his way with quiet imperturbability. The trials and tribulations associated with the teaching of medicine are certainly not reflected in his external appearance. He has very definite ideas upon the subject of accurate histories, and there is no doubt that his outward appearance covers a deal of emotional turmoil when it appears that the historian has omitted to note whether the patient is right or left handed. In short, he is meticulous in all things. The teaching he gives is always sound, and his ideas of a merry life seem also to be adequate, judging by the badge on his cuff links.

The easy familiarity with which he juggles calories and diets awakes our most profound respect. His consideration of any case is always of the fullest and the utmost value is extracted from every sign and symptom.

DR. H. C. ADAMS.

*"Ill fares the mouth, to hastening ills a prey,
Where dirt accumulates and teeth decay."*

Bill's Mayfair articulation is used extensively in showing the values of the doctrine of focal sepsis, although his long-promised lecture on the relation of focal sepsis to divorce has not yet eventuated. His philosophy of life he expresses in quaint and forceful phrases, and backs these up with many cheerful tales of the intimate pathology of half the blue-blooded in the colony.

"And you know, gentlemen, all these conditions have some cause. This is often to be found in the mouth. In some it selects the gastric mucosa, in some the pancreas, some the cardiovascular system, some the joints—according to the individual's own particular predisposition." With unrivalled manner and unexampled zeal, he conjures from previously unsuspected mouths and tonsils, dead and decayed organic matter which he presents on an offensive spatula to our squeamish noses. His olfactory sense is so acute that he can detect the subtle difference that exists between "dead sheep" and "dead fish" in these cases. This habit of wandering round the wards is very popular in that an interesting or instructive case must be shared by all in hailing distance with consequent elevation and enlightenment.

DR. GEORGE WILLCOCKS.

*"I might not this believe
Without the sentient and true avouch of mine own eyes."*

Our first introduction to George occurred in our early youth. We were green; some thought an apex beat was an Indian war-dance, a systolic murmur only occurred on spring evenings, and thrills were confined to the flapper class. Fortunately George came to our aid and began to instil the rudiments of physical examination and clinical signs into the virgin soil of our minds. After a few weeks with George, all had ambitions of being a great physician. Our next meeting was in fifth year at the Children's Hospital Out-patients' Department, where the esteem, which this artist of medicine had earned from us in fourth year, became even greater. We thank George for the interest that he took in us, when wallowing in a sea of turmoil, and he guided us into straits of calmer passage.

MR. H. SKIPTON STACY.

"—And you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bountiful."

It has been our privilege to have encountered in his last term, and in this, our last year, one of the most considerate gentlemen to be met during our march. The years following will be indeed the poorer. Few men are loved more by their patients, staff and students than is "Skipper". During a large round, every bed has held a lesson for us; we have been told of Dakin's, of its correct percentage, of dependent drainage, of pathology, of theories, of causes, leading to this underlying pathology—Sampson Handley to wit. We have learnt of the usefulness of the pathological department, but, above all, we have learnt that the patient is first and foremost an ailing human being to whom it is our supreme duty to give back the enjoyment of life. Medically, legally, and socially, this lame dog must be helped over the stile. The poor should have everything that his rich brother can obtain. Of operations and their procedure we have been taught to be conservative with ever an eye to adopting the new and tried methods.

Not only shall we of Sydney Hospital miss "Skipper", but his lectures to fifth year on Head Injuries, which were such a pleasure to listen to, will indeed be missed. So we wish, as everyone who has been through his wards with him, that the days of his retirement will be as full of sun and as fruitful as his teaching years have been for us.

MR. GEORGE BELL.

"Give every man thine ear but few thy voice."

Thoroughly considered surgery is expected by the student of his teacher, the student ever being hypercritical. So with such thoughts we came to George and were taught and shown in the ward, and in the theatre, that "thoroughness" was his password; two days a week we set our watches to his approach and commenced a three hours round of instruction, the actions of our teacher teaching more than words could—particularly in the fracture wards was much information gained. We have also learnt a bedside approach to foreigners, as in the space of our rounds we found George not only a noted surgeon but a man of extreme linguistic ability—French, Italians, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Yorkshiremen and many others were greeted in their own tongue. Not until we reached the "heathen Chinees" did pidgin English have to suffice.

MR. ARCHIE ASPINALL.

"The form of plausible manners."

Archie tends to preserve an air of mystery regarding his incomings and outgoings. He was once thought to be seen doing rounds disguised as a visitor. The ruse of entering by the back stairs whilst his attendant force waits in the front hall is easily countered by an efficient system of scouting. His rounds are always of value since he always dwells upon the more common conditions and the traps that may therein lie. His insistence upon the correct after-treatment of all cases being known revealed gaps in knowledge which he obligingly filled.

His theatre is marked by quiet efficiency and characterised by green towels. This colour we hope to see extend to other linen. Archie is at his surgical best with a neat plastic, although he is ambidextrous on other occasions when necessary.

MR. HOWARD BULLOCK.

"Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed?"

"Good-day to you, boys—come on! What's this case, doctor?" And Howard has plunged in *medias res*. Then follows a bedside quizzing of all within radius. What has happened and why—"and what do we learn from that?" Howard's rounds are always well attended because of his inestimable virtue of asking questions the whole way and making us draw our own deductions. Having found our weakest spots, there are built up constant applications of the word "what". The error of our ways dawns upon us, and we have no fear of admitting it. We are dispensed a bright smile and a thump on the back, and "come on, boys". So to the next living doctrine.

Howard's rounds are deservedly popular, teaching as he does from the actual case. No point is too oft repeated to be unworthy of repetition. His theatre, too, is justly famous, for it is here that Howard reaches to the heights of technique and then stands, hands on hips, and demands an explanation for the clinical findings, or rehearses interesting complications that may arise in the course of operation or after-treatment.

MR. W. A. RAMSAY SHARP.

"Softly o'er the chamber stealing."

Soft voiced, yet firm and impressive, Ramsay early introduced us to the essentials of surgery. Always realising our newness to the subject, he never harassed us with a mass of detail but gave us the practical applications of each case.

During this time, too, "Henry" was remarkable for his punctuality, promptitude and perspicacity, but the less said of that the better.

* * *

Dr. Wilfred Evans, who is enthusiastic over most things, inducted us into clinical medicine with unabated fire. Although his instruction never disdained the remainder of the body, he always associate him with personally conducted tours of the chambers of the heart, of which he has a vast knowledge of the local habits and customs not found in any guide-books. He is capable of becoming more excited over a cardiac case or a blood disease than we had previously thought possible. Further, he taught us to consider the patient before the pathology, and instructed us in the management of practice from all angles.

* * *

Dr. E. H. Stokes acted as tutor in Medicine, teaching us to endeavour to be thorough. With this end in view he led us, at a high velocity, throughout his own *demesne*, invaded the wards in the vanguard, took us across to "path.", and stormed the X ray wallahs, all on the trail of the same case or the same type of case as that on which he had started. He made us be meticulous as to detail but never allowed us to forget the larger aspect. He also acted as tutor in anæsthetics.

Dr. R. A. M. Allen we did not meet until our fifth year. He took us into his out-patient department and there made us welcome. There, too, we received many a demonstration of the power of the honeyed word and the superiority of the *suaviter in modo* over the *fortiter in re*, together with much sound clinical instruction. The trials of the waiting in "outs" are obviously softened by the way in which he introduced a softly spoken "bedside" manner in the region of the examination couch. He was never too busy to discuss a good case or to answer a query.

* * *

Mr. A. M. Macintosh acted as tutor in Surgery in the out-patient department, where he and his clinical assistant, Mr. Wade, made a strong team. Mr. Macintosh showed us the uses of all the auxiliary methods of diagnosis; he was always keen on the development of the underlying pathological changes, and he would seize a piece of chalk and bravely draw to illustrate these. Mr. Lyle Buchanan we did not meet officially until our fifth year. He gave freely, enlivening and adorning his surgery with the aspect of its application to Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. He was marked by a jovial facies as well as by a very quick clinical acumen. Mr. W. E. Kay acted as tutor in Surgery in the in-patient department. In addition to a proper appreciation for union by first intention, and a respect for a good surgeon, he was noted for an "interesting case of a prostate in Ward 7". When one examined the said prostate one was fixed with a glittering eye that saw to it that the "nail was filled with soap". He was always ready to truss anyone up in bandages and to illustrate the act of the *tous de maitre*. In short, he took no end of trouble with us, and all in the greatest good humour.

THE SPECIALISTS.

Of the Gynæcologists, Mr. C. V. Bowker preserved always an austere mien. He considered all aspects of his cases impartially and was always keen on a clinical diagnosis. His left fore and middle fingers seemed to be endowed with some supernatural power whereby the secrets of the abdomen from the pelvic to the thoracic diaphragm were revealed and the sceptics confounded at operation. We have space but to remark on his advocacy of the soundness of conservative "gyno" and the acumen which so admirably winnows recent advances. Mr. R. I. Furber approaches his subject with an enthusiasm embracing all aspects from sandals to towels. He maintained always the relation of his specialty and taught moderation in all things. He was further noted for investigations into the use of basal narcotics, the results of which he demonstrated over a large series of cases. The standards of thoroughness he sets up may be most easily instanced by the area of application of his favourite antiseptic.

Mr. Porter controlled his department with mailed fist and velvet glove. He was always prepared to repeat his instructions to the patient even more than twice.

Mr. Duggan soon put us at our ease. He demonstrated clinical methods and took us into his confidence regarding the case.

In the Skin Department, Dr. Langloh Johnston, of the flowing hand, the knowledge of life and the ability to diagnose at six feet, Dr. Norman Paul, with his enthusiasm for all the ills to which flesh is heir, and Dr. George Norrie, who treated our difficulties as his own, were all ever helpful.

At Ear, Nose and Throat we learnt to juggle mirrors of strange shapes and search for the elusive vocal cord under the guidance of Messrs. Carruthers, Francis and Finlay.

In the Ophthalmological Department we came under the genial tutelage of Mr. Cedric Cohen, who never tired of answering questions, asking them, demonstrating, and in general doing all he could. Messrs. Blakemore, Roberts and Cook and Miss Aitken, who taught how to hold mirrors and lenses and what it was we were seeing, we also encountered here.

Dr. K. B. Noad, the Student Supervisor, was always so much on our side as to earn for himself the title of *advocatus diaboli*. This we account unto him as righteousness. The endless trouble he took and the amount of time he gave up merit sterling reward. He was always approachable and very equitable. He stood on easy terms with us from the first. To him we owe our thanks for his endless care and consideration.

Dr. Keith Inglis occupies in our memories a very well-marked place. His advice on any subject on which he felt competent to talk was always available. This generally meant that he had read and thought much more deeply on the said subject than the seeker after knowledge had believed possible. No one approached our Keith and came away uninformed or empty-handed. His boundless enthusiasm for his subject and his earnest desire to help are known to everyone in the clinical years. He always seemed to have time to draw on his stock of knowledge for our benefit. Although our account of him is incomplete we must animadvert upon his dapper grey person and upon his museum with specimens preserved in colour. To him and his works we are deeply indebted.

Sydney Hospital.



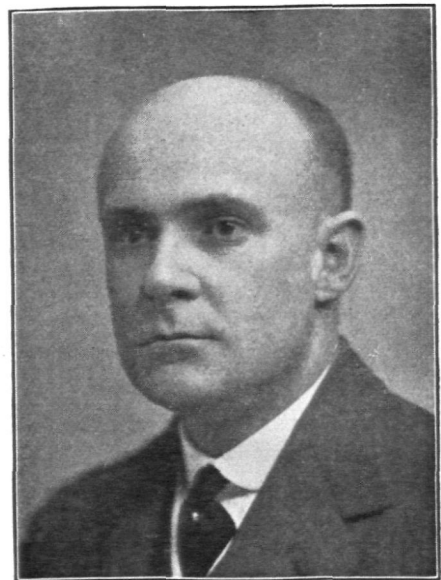
HAROLD RITCHIE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



H. SKIPTON STACY, M.D., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
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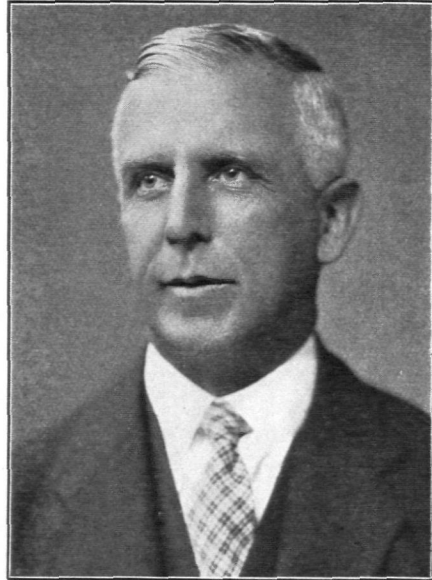
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A. W. HOLMES À COURT, M.D., Ch.M.,
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ARCHIE ASPINALL, M.B., Ch.M.,
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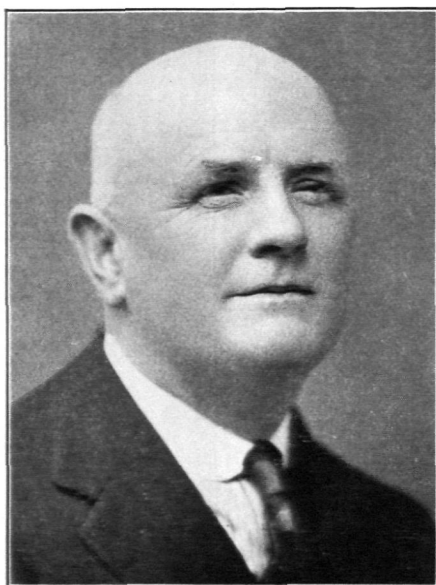
LESLIE W. DUNLOP, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



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



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



A. M. McINTOSH, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.



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



WILFRED EVANS, M.B., M.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.



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



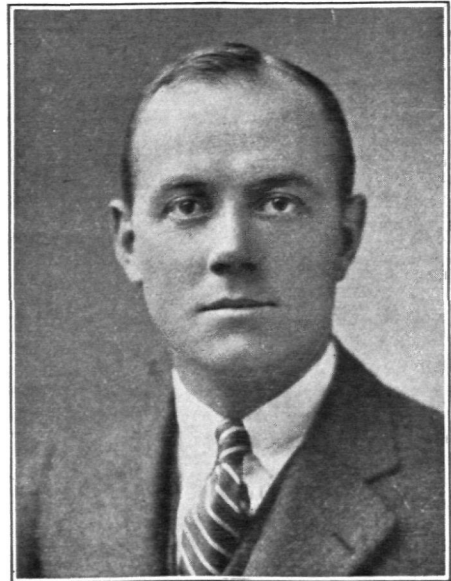
E. H. STOKES, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Anæsthetics.



L. BUCHANAN, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S. (Eng.),
F.R.C.S. (Edin.), Tutor in Surgery.



W. KAY, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.

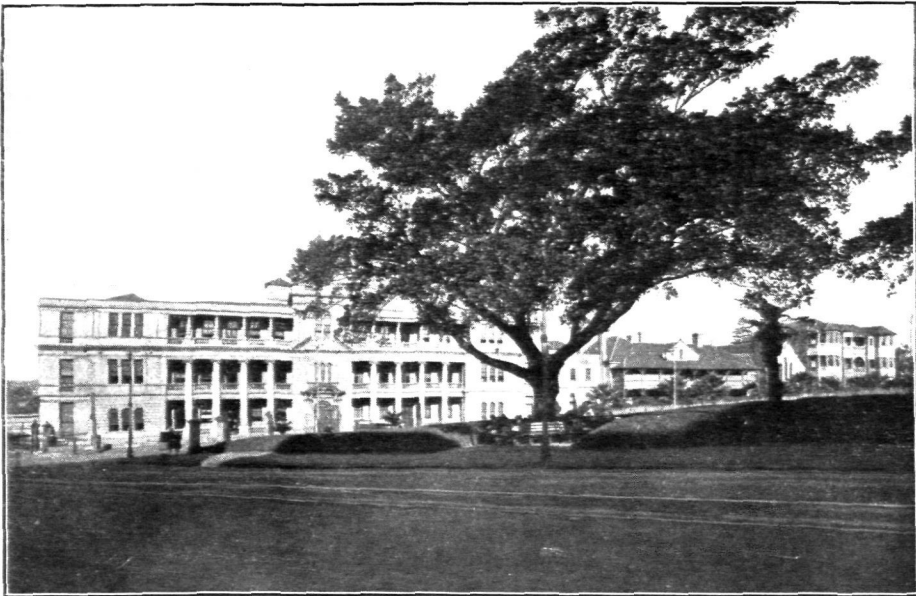


KENNETH B. NOAD, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Student Supervisor.

St. Vincent's Hospital.

We shall always remember the cordial welcome we received on our first day at St. Vincent's. We were made to feel that we were included in the hospital organisation as an integral part.

Soon we made friends with the various members of the staff, both medical and nursing, every one of whom was ever ready to assist us in our search of knowledge.



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

Under their careful and patient guidance we began to acquire some of the essential qualities for the proper treatment of the sick, and, above all, it was emphasised that patients were not merely "cases", but human beings, who were to be handled as such.

We are grateful, indeed, to those doctors, sisters and nurses who adjusted our doubtful footsteps to the arduous paths of learning in the fields of medicine and surgery.

DR. H. H. BULLMORE.

It was not until our final year that we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Bullmore. We found him to be a very thorough and almost clairvoyant physician. Very quickly he discovers anything rotten, either in the State of Denmark or in the subphrenic region. A pleasing feature is his punctuality, also his readiness to impart valuable information, gleaned not from text-books, but from the more practical fields of his own rich experience.

A very helpful Honorary is "Bully". We are indebted to him for his interest in us and for his numerous priceless anecdotes and reminiscences.

DR. O. A. A. DIETHELM.

"Sit down awhile and let us once again assail your eyes."—Hamlet.

For several years we had heard a great deal about "Oscar", our lecturer in Clinical Medicine. So when the time came for our first lecture and rounds, we were full of expectation and we were not disappointed.

His grasp of the essentials of Medicine, his flow of language, and his great keenness amazed us. His favourite subject is without a doubt "gastric neurosis", and he can pick an achlorhydria a mile away. He is also keen on the cardiac arrhythmias, so that he soon had us nonchalantly differentiating between auricular flutter and paroxysmal tachycardia. We are very grateful for the hours he has devoted to us.

DR. R. P. HALL.

Dr. Hall is always interesting and stimulating. His chief delight is to find evidence of endocrine disorder, where none was previously suspected, and in tracking to his lair the elusive streptococcus. Perhaps more than any other tutor, he upsets our diagnoses and preconceived ideas.

DR. J. P. TANSEY.

Here is a man who knows and thinks much more than he says—would that he were not so parsimonious with his pearls.

DR. R. TAYLOR.

Some of us met "Bobby" in the O.P.D. in fourth year, but we all had the good fortune to do rounds with him in the medical wards in the later years.

"Bobby" is our expert in physical signs. He seems able to produce another one every day. We are now quite quick to reply to such a question as "What is Spofkofski's sign?" or "What is the cilio-spinal reflex?" But the beauty of "Bobby" is that, having elicited the signs, he proceeds forthwith to draw logical conclusions and whittle down the differential diagnosis without effort. He possesses a natural charm of manner and a winning smile which endear him to patients and students alike.

DR. J. SHERWOOD.

To "Jimmy" fell the task of moulding raw dissecting room material into clinicians, for we arrived fresh from third year wearing white coats and smiling faces, to be put in the hands of this patient and painstaking physician. He taught us how to pick up "reduplicated seconds", to feel for Charcot's "bag of bones", and how to put delicate questions without a rise in systolic.

Before many months of his tuition we found ourselves dealing with difficult out-patients with amazing *savoir faire* and *sang froid*. We shall always remember him as one of the most kindhearted, patient, helpful men we have ever met.

DR. V. M. COPPLESON.

*"Whilst they distill'd almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him."*—Hamlet.

We are not likely to forget our first taste of "Cop" when we met him in sixth year for surgical rounds. We soon realised that we knew very little surgery after all, and for the first few weeks we found his fusillades of questions very disconcerting, and we thought the whole building was coming down the day one student reported "N.A.D." for the respiratory system. But when the first shock had passed, we began to realise that here we had a keen and energetic teacher, who not only shook us from our lethargy, but sent us home enriched with words of surgical wisdom.

DR. W. MAXWELL.

Each Monday afternoon, sharp at 2 o'clock, we meet Dr. Maxwell at the front door, all ready for a pleasant round in the surgical wards. First we visit the man who had his nose blown off, but who now sports a new and even more beautiful olfactory organ which has grown up under Dr. Maxwell's skilled hands. For Dr. Maxwell is very keen on plastic work.

We move on then to other interesting cases, and before long an hour or so has passed away with this most courteous surgeon. His only fault is his appalling candour in the operating theatre, when addressing his assistants. But we are there to learn, anyway!

DR. DOUGLAS MILLER.

"Listen till I pluck the old grandmothers out of your breast."—Persius.

Some four years ago we met him first, in the Anatomy Department. Those early demonstrations were a masterpiece of skill and ingenuity. We still recall such muscles as the piriformis and obturator internus forming slowly from plasticine under his deft fingers. In the dissecting room it was no trouble for him to locate the nerve to the stapedius, nor yet the otic ganglion.

However, we did not appreciate him fully till he began Clinical Surgery. In very short time we learnt that we must not "waffle", we must not "massage" tumours, and, above all, we must arrive at a definite decision—valuable training which has helped us all the way along.

In addition to being a surgeon of rare skill and courage, "Duggie" is a born teacher. His clear grasp of facts, his crisp and concise summarizing and his searching questions render his surgical rounds not only immensely valuable, but thoroughly enjoyable.

DR. W. PERRY.

*"I could a tale unfold whose lighted word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood."*—Hamlet.

Our afternoons at "Wal's" O.P.D. were among the brightest spots in our clinical work, for he conducts the out-patients in his own inimitable and genial way. As ready to see a joke as to spot a pale spirochæte, the hours simply flew during our stay with him.

He has an inexhaustible fund of wonderful stories with which he regales his students. His ability at unearthing a hidden spirochete or diplococcus would make Neisser turn brilliant green with envy.

We call him "W.R." Perry.

* * *

We are also indebted to DR. WEBB and DR. KINSELLA for their able tuition in surgery, whilst DR. JEREMY and DR. MAUDE gave us great assistance in interpreting physical signs in the medical wards.

THE SPECIALISTS.

In the fifth year we met our Honorary Specialists. DR. LANGLOH JOHNSTON taught us the sites of election for the ubiquitous lesions of specific origin. In Dermatology also we met DRS. MURRAY WILL, NORRIE, and RYAN, who ably demonstrated various cutaneous eruptions to our eager eyes.

For our knowledge of Ophthalmology we are chiefly indebted to DR. GUY POCKLEY, who instructed us not only in diseases of the eye but also in the art of refraction and the use of the ophthalmoscope.

At the E.N.T. department, DR. MARSH and his willing colleagues showed us how to examine vocal cords without "gagging" on the part of the patient. We shall not forget our amusement at the first demonstration of the Politzer apparatus.

In Gynæcology we were instructed by DRS. COUGHLAN, FRASER and FOY, whilst more recently we have met DR. BROWN CRAIG and DR. CONSTANCE D'ARCY. The latter we admire for her method of delivery of a four-gallon ovarian cyst.

DR. GLISSAN introduced us to the important procedures in the treatment of fractures and deformities. It will indeed be our own faults if we later find that bones are filled not with red marrow, but black ingratitude.

DR. PAGE instructed us in the difficult and intangible subject of Psychiatry, and finally succeeded in arousing our enthusiasm.

In the Pathology Department we were always assured of a welcome. There DRS. UTZ and FITZGERALD went to endless trouble on our behalf, whilst MR. CLARK, however busy, always found time to help us over our troubles. A word of thanks also is due to the two "Jacks".

St. Vincent's Hospital.



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



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



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



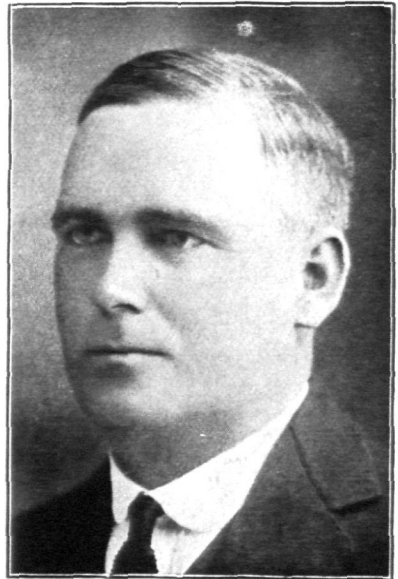
JOHN P. TANSEY, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Honorary Physician.



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.



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

Royal Hospital for Women.

A suitable subtitle would be "High Times Amongst the Lochial Lads", for residence in hospital is not all labour . . . gaiety finds a place in the daily routine, which includes assists., manips., rounds, clinics, lectures and flirting with nurses. Being hauled from the blankets at 2 a.m. to assist in ushering into the world a protesting infant is no joke, but one is always buoyed up by the conceit that



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

perhaps one is tying-off the cord of a future prime minister, the inventor of noiseless soup, or, maybe, of the only medical student who would live to face his finals without getting the "wind up".

For what we learned at the Royal we thank our tutors; for what we didn't learn we blame ourselves. "Daddy" (Professor Windeyer) sees to it that we have every opportunity to learn by arranging a course that is an outstanding example of thoughtful organization and a well-balanced admixture of theory and practice. "The Boss", or "Bruce" (Dr. H. Bruce Williams, Superintendent), places no obstacles in the way, but rather sweeps them aside with a wave of his perennial

pipe the while he drives home the essential conditions for the application of the "tongs" and performs miracles with a hand that is the envy of all obstetricians, never forgetting to give a fair share of the credit to the Almighty. Dr. A. Ridler, he of the slow voice and the lightning-like fingers, initiated many of us into the mysteries of palpation and demonstrated that a Cæsarean section in his hands is devoid of all risks. "Rajah" (Dr. Brown Craig), deft, sure and sound, guided us around the wards in a manner that taught us much, fostering in us, by his gentlemanly bearing and considerate treatment of our weaknesses, a respect and affection the like of which is accorded to few honoraries. "Hips" (Dr. Hipsley) is now senior surgeon at "the Kids", and the students will note his persistent good humour, his skill as a lecturer, and his vast knowledge of surgery and the abnormalities of childhood. "Connie" (Dr. Constance D'Arcy), whose kindly smile takes the edge from criticism (the same smile has encouraged many a faltering student to find his feet, or his backbone, in that period of gross flaccidity—a final examination—and has instilled many a crushed soul with a little more confidence), shared her learning with an unselfish hand and made her clinics remarkable by her skill in diagnosis and her knowledge of treatment.

In the Out-patients' Department Dr. Ida Saunders, in her unassuming fashion, showed the mere male how gentleness and consideration can best be mixed with skill when dealing with the most sensitive of creatures—a pregnant woman. Here, too, "Fridge" (Dr. T. Farranridge), the inventor of the manual pelvimeter, and the possessor of the most extensive fund of patience and good-fellowship in Christendom, taught a number of us the art of palpation and measurement. "Tommy" (Dr. T. Small), good fellow and good teacher, did likewise, and piloted us through pre-mat. with the utmost efficiency and skill. At the Royal, too, we discovered that what Dr. Margaret Harper doesn't know about babies isn't worth bothering about.

We owe a debt of gratitude, also, to the residents, who helped us on every possible occasion. The Matron and Sub-Matron deserve our warmest thanks. It is to the Nursing Staff (Sister Bassetti, Sister Julie, Sunshine Susie, "Dobbie" Fuller, Sadie, Reid and the rest) who showed us how to flex heads, tie cords and bath babies, that we owe the greatest debt of all. Nor must we omit the ever-patient Nellie who, wet or fine, administered to our creature comforts.

A "Royal" Routine

The mob stood in the labour ward;
A woman lay in bed;
She'd been in labour many days,
And seemed to be half dead.

The nurses and the students talked,
The patient lay and moaned,
The Doctor asked the Staff Nurse if
The Super had been 'phoned.

But scarcely had he spoken, when
With heavy measured tread
The Chief appeared upon the scene,
Removed his pipe, and said:

"This b—— case (excuse my French)
Has uterine inertia.
Pour on the anæsthetic, Geoff;
Shut up, you students, curse yer."

He gloved and gowned, then fired "dates";
We answered indiscreetly; ;
He dated left, he dated right,
He dated us completely.

He then screwed up his face and said,
"She's not too b—— well,
So clamp the tongs on. Stan, me boy,
And pull like b—— Hell."

"Oh, please, Sir," cried the Resident,
"I think I'm in the muck;
I cannot reach the afterbirth,
To get the thing unstuck."

The Super then stepped in, and said,
"By cripes, you're b—— right;
This b—— cervix certainly
Is far too b—— tight.

"Young Stan's a man of wisdom, yes,
No b—— fool is he.
For when he found the job was hard
He wisely called on me.

"I've done Obstets for eight years now,
For these jobs I am fit,
But Stanley's only been here long
Enough to have a spit.

When trying these manœuvres, son,
You just be on your guard;
It may look b—— easy,
But, son, it's b—— hard."

So handsome Stan applied the tongs
And dragged upon the head;
The blood and liquor squirted out
On Stan and on the bed.

Young Berry at the fundus stood
As silent as the tomb.
Endeavouring to figure out
If twins were in the womb.

The Super's words rang in his ears,
"Son, I depend on you."
He shouted, "There is only one",
And prayed there were not two.

But though young Berry brightly smiled,
His troubles were not past,
For though the blood poured out in pints
The afterbirth stuck fast.

The Chief said, "Give her half an hour,
And if she don't improve
Young Stanley, here, will don the gloves
And manually remove."

In thirty minutes Stan plunged in,
And scratched around until
He found out that the cervix
Was far from fully dil.

C.B-T.

Royal Hospital for Women.



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



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

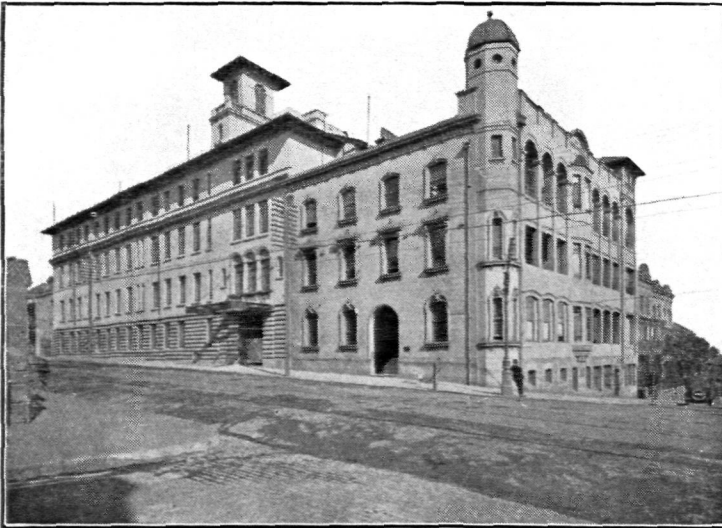


H. A. RIDLER, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Honorary Surgeon.

Crown Street Hospital.

To those who thirsted for responsibility Crown Street gave them their first draught. Here were parturient women in plenty carrying infants who had never seen the light of day. We learnt a lot at our first "witness". And then our first "manip.". Called to the third floor, quivering inwardly, we arrived to find ourselves the centre and subject for a battery of orders and instructions. After donning caps (worn in enough modes to surprise the most enterprising), masks, and gloves, with the patience of an obstetrician, one would stand over that perineum till the chin could be "got", when it was but a matter of minutes till a slippery little wriggler was deposited on the bed and a sigh of satisfaction heaved.

Next came the washing operation (if a nurse with a kind heart could not be found), followed by the presentation to the tired but grateful mother of a squealing, red-faced, blue-eyed piece of babyhood.



CROWN STREET WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Of the men who taught us, Dr. Gibson earned our warmest respect and gratitude. His concise teaching, punctuated by cases and anecdotes drawn from a wide experience, was truly stimulating. The pity was we could not monopolize him more. Dr. Donovan, too, gave us freely of his time and poured out the "good oil" on all the latest treatments as well as all the best. Dr. Ludowici, known as "Ludo", was famed for his originality, and taught us, amongst other things, that "even the best of us can make mistakes".

Amongst the regiment of women who divided rule the hospital, Sister Giles will ever find a place in our memories, with her snow-white hair, transparent skin and curt "Don't do that!" Of the others, who made Crown Street a home away

from home, let us mention the staff nurses, the cook, and "Our Bess". We also appreciated very much Miss Mitchell's correspondence and her endeavours to get us to come up and see her.

All experience and no responsibility—there is none but would do his six weeks at Crown Street over again.

Let us hope she will ever maintain her hospitality to students and her inspiring teaching of the great art of obstetrics.



THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY FROM THE AIR.

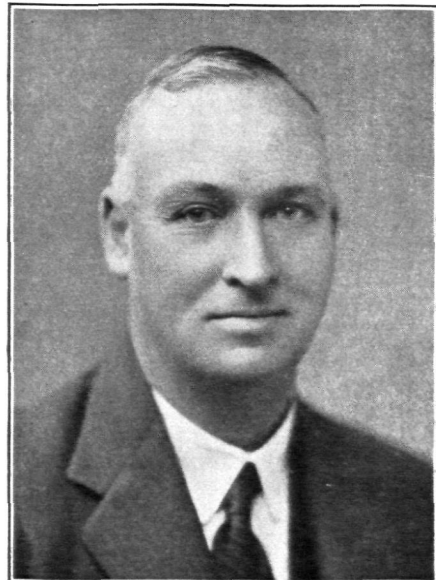
Crown Street Hospital.



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.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

Our term at the Children's Hospital proved to be one of the most pleasant and most enjoyable of the "courses" which punctuated our journey along the seemingly never-ending road. Children are eminently good patients, and, besides being easy of handling, lend an air of brightness even to a sick ward with their laughter and play.

The ease with which they "gave up" their physical signs more than compensated for their inability to give their "presenting symptoms". More than one of us left the "Kids" with the story of the Three Bears refreshed in our memories.

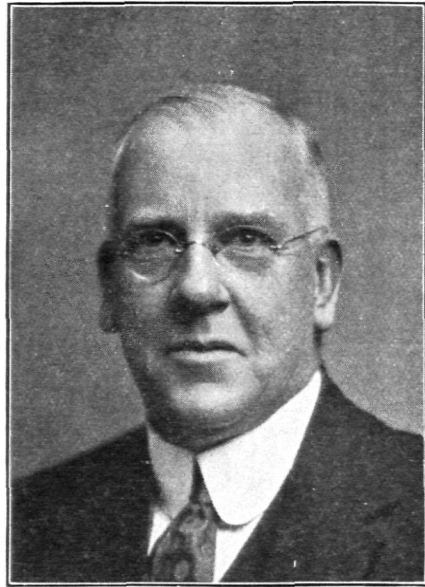
Moreover we became the richer for a large amount of clinical knowledge of Pædiatrics gleaned from the expert staff of the Hospital. Lectures and bedside clinics were conducted by Dr. E. H. M. Stephen, Senior Physician, and Dr. R. B. Wade (Surgery), the latter's place being filled by Dr. P. L. Hipsley on his retirement from the staff. We had much fun sifting the chaff from the very excellent wheat of Dr. Stephen's bedside remarks, and altogether felt that we had met a rare humorist besides a sound clinician. Dr. Wade's remarks were eagerly seized on, as we realised that a world's authority on Pædiatrics was speaking *ex cathedra*. Dr. Hipsley impressed us with his sound methods of diagnosis and by his unerring hand in the operating theatre.

Others who gave freely of their knowledge for our benefit were Drs. Vickers, Plomley and Macintosh. We were also grateful to the members of the resident staff under Dr. S. W. G. Ratcliff (Medical Superintendent) and his able assistant, Dr. J. Steigrad, for their efforts to make easy for us the long, uphill climb.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

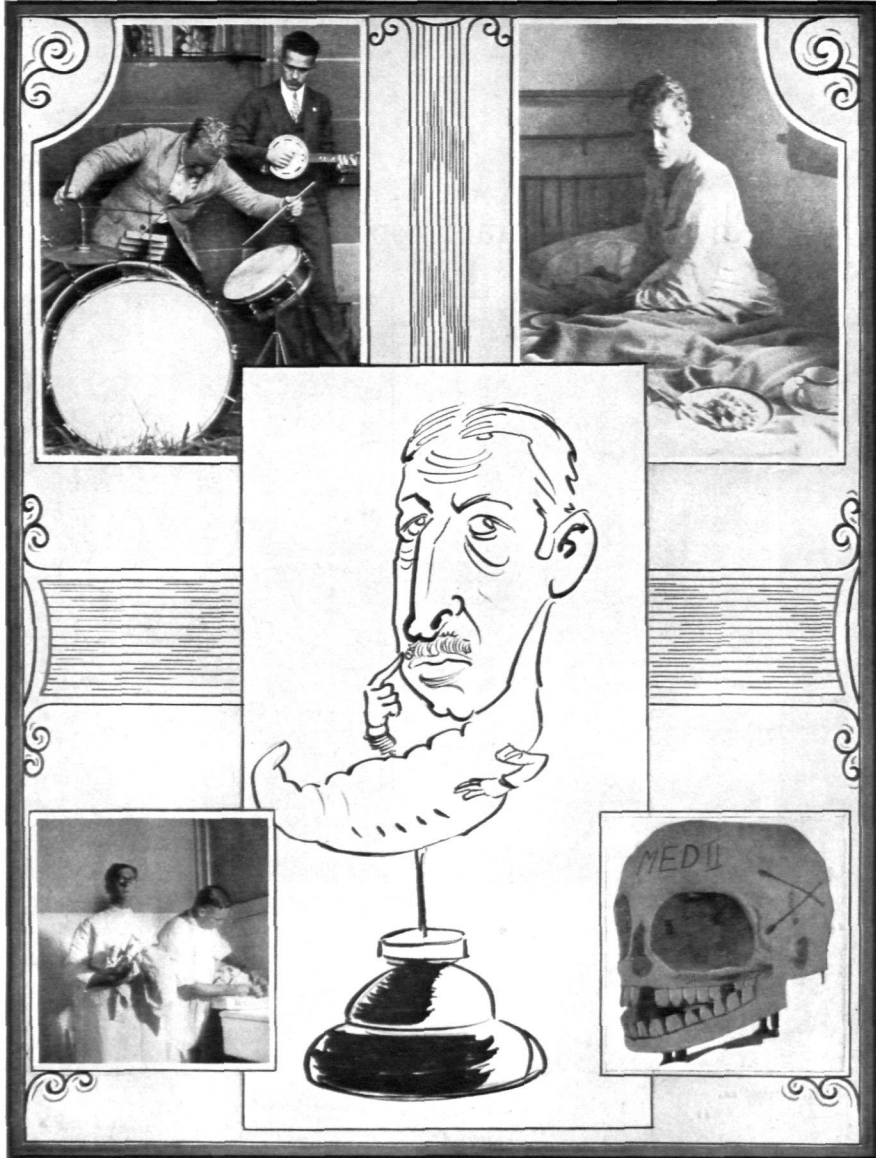


E. H. M. STEPHEN, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



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

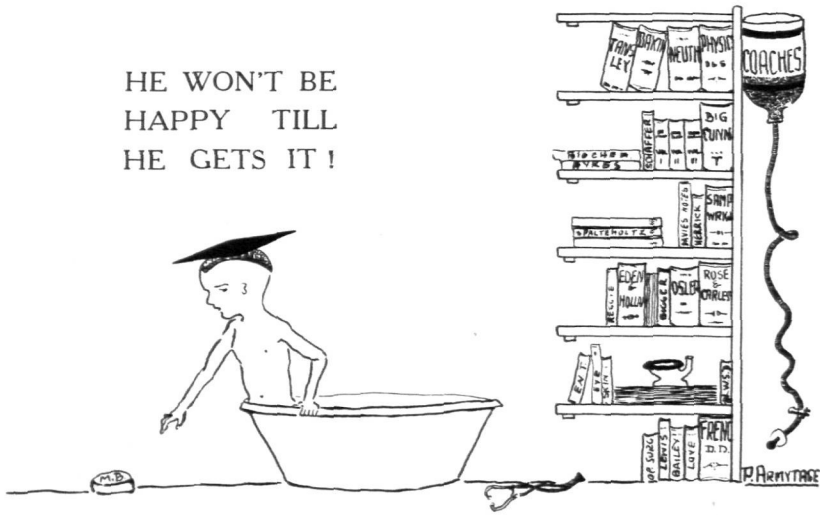
En Passant!



Top left: 'Appy Days. **Top right:** An exclusive view at Crown Street—"Who wants breakfast, anyway? Can't you let a fellow sleep?" **Centre:** "H 381". **Bottom left:** Zero hour—it's 3 o'clock in the morning. **Bottom right:** Essentially Med., too.

OURSELVES
as others see us

HE WON'T BE
HAPPY TILL
HE GETS IT!



(With apologies to Pear's.)

RAY CLIFTON APPS (Sydney Hospital).

*"Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?"*

Thickly proportioned, Ray migrated to us from Grafton High, and instantly established a reputation for work and argumentativeness. He has made his mark in work, chess, two sorts of bridge, piano playing, photography, and is a well known waterside identity. He can confound all authorities by quoting others, and his moves at chess are always capable of profuse explanation. He is always voluble, always gesticulating, and always careful. In short, this solid person and personality, and his fund of self-assurance, should serve him well, for already they rest on a broad basis.

PATTESON OMEO ARMYTAGE ("Pat") (R.P.A.H.).

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

Without doubt, "Pat" is a very well known figure of final year Medicine.

Ready humour, loud chortles, and extravagant gestures have made him a delight to his fellow students, especially those of his own clinical group. He is a keen student of human nature, and is able to give a psychological summary of all those around him. His outside interests are many . . . he is an avid reader with varied tastes, delighting to delve into the realms of Bookdom when most of us are bowed down with the terror of oncoming examinations. He is fond of fishing and surfing, has been known to play golf, is a keen bridge player, and is also a cartoonist of note.

Possessing a very confident manner, when fully equipped with pipe and bag "Pat" looks a typical practitioner. Personality enables him to disarm honoraries and fellow students alike, and besides earning and keeping him many friends, will bring him to the forefront of what branch of Medicine he chooses to enter.

HARTLEY WILLSON AUSTIN ("Sal") (R.P.A.H.).

"His listless length, at noontide would he stretch."

"Sal" blew up from Newington, and from the word "go" disclosed his main characteristic—reliability. If he says anything it is generally right; he is always on time, and displays a strong sense of duty.

With tolerance, witty backchat, copious puns and unruffled temper he makes a bonzer friend. Though his main hobby is sleep, he is full of pep in his waking moments, and has been known to throw a man through a closed window (at the kids). At exam. time he secretes one to one and a half pints of adrenalin, and a gloomy prognosis—never yet justified. A keen follower of every sport, "Sal" confines himself now to cricket, tennis, surfing and golf. With his cigarette-holder pointing to the ceiling, he is one of the regular lunch hour bridge artists, and "we're in the pooh, partner," generally heralds a grand slam.

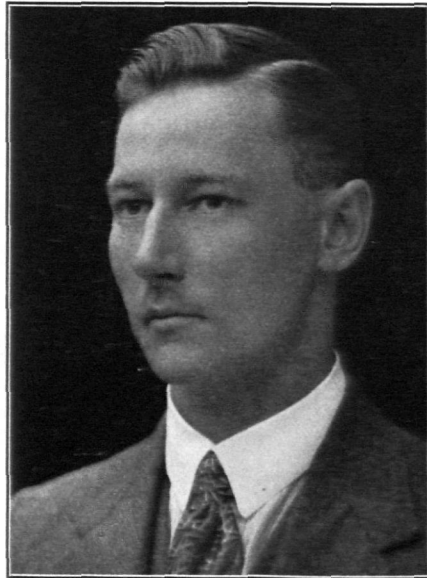
Many more than one will miss his pleasant companionship when the Finals eventually disperse our year.



RAY CLIFTON APPS, Sydney Hospital.



PATTESON OMEO ARMYTAGE ("Pat"),
R.P.A.H.



HARTLEY WILLSON AUSTIN ("Sal"),
R.P.A.H.

NEVILLE FRANCIS BABBAGE (Sydney Hospital).

*"He lived on curds and whey,
And daily sang their praises,
And then he'd go and play
With buttercups and daisies."*—Gilbert.

For our large blonde we are indebted to Grammar. Thence he brought a flair for the mathematical, which, doubtlessly, has aided his study of Physiology.

He has gained a rifle Blue and has also represented at athletics. He has risen as high as he can in the non-commissioned ranks of the S.U.R. His penchant for the aiding of those in distress he indulges as a life saver. Further, he is characterised by his size, cheerful grin, platinum "poll" and an extreme earnestness with regard to things medical.

Careful habits and calm outlook are supports to a fervent disposition; he flits about the wards like a baby elephant in spring, while in less professional places, his laugh must be heard to be believed.

PAULINE BAILLIE-NEWTON ("Paul") (R.P.A.H.).

"An excellent colour; your chestnut was ever the only colour."

—As You Like It.

"Paul" joined us from the Taree High School, being the first brave lass from the Manning River district to tackle Med. One of the two slender copper-tops of our year, whose similarity has attracted many comments (even the patients inquiring if they are twins), "Paul" is a horsewoman of renown, and she spends her spare time on her thoroughbred, whose spirits she alone can subdue.

Friendliness and sympathy have won her a place in the hearts of her fellow-collegians, whilst dignity, tempered with good humour, have granted her popularity in the social side of the 'Varsity life. Something tells us that the charm of the profession will not keep "Paul" within its severe domain all her life.

HILDA BARKER (Sydney Hospital).

"With a thirst for information. . ."—Kipling.

We have had the pleasure of Hilda's company only since Fourth Year, but have learnt to appreciate her and her enthusiasm for her work. She elicits every sign and symptom of any disease, if not from the patient, from the attendant, honorary or resident. The directness of her direct interrogation is marked, but this is softened by a well known smile.

At Crown Street, unexpectedly it was realised that she had a taste for practical jokes, particularly in reply to false calls of *placenta prævia*. Her ideas on the future of women in the profession are conservative; we know that when in practice she will display the same keenness for finest points as she has shown during her course.



NEVILLE FRANCIS BABBAGE,
Sydney Hospital.



PAULINE BAILLIE-NEWTON ("Paul"),
R.P.A.H.
E



HILDA BARKER, Sydney Hospital.

WINSTANLEY BARNES (Sydney Hospital).

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

—Gilbert.

In 1929 "Win" brought with him from "Shore" a marked tendency to sophistry which he supports with "logic". His major "failing" is a diffuse argument on abstruse points, and his greatest pleasure is to confound his hearer. A favourite mental recreation is to prove some argument infallible and then to prove it fallible, to the alarm and despondency of his audience. He laps up all authorities and listens spellbound to all words—even those of wisdom.

For those whom he fails to convince in argument he has a profound pity, consequently the admission of defeat is better. At Crown Street it was discovered that matutinal irritability was a marked trait and every advantage was taken of this. His less strenuous pursuits include life saving, and he is said to be an authority on talkies.

GLYNN BOWEN-THOMAS (R.P.A.H.).

*"He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."*

—Julius Caesar.

Gently and unobtrusively, Glynn has pursued the even tenor of his way in a manner which has won for him an admiring coterie of friends. Not in the swiftly coursing stream of undergraduate activity, but in the calm backwaters was he to be found. Yet Glynn is one of the year's most talented members.

Keen powers of observation are apparent when he mimics with remarkable faithfulness "a certain surgeon in this 'orspital'"; he can tell a tale or fashion a rhyme or limerick in an inimitable way. Caricatures are a specialty. Up at Killara he has been a close observer of our feathered friends, when he has not disturbed them with the saxophone, mashie, or a deftly and speedily driven Dodge.

If gentility, observancy, and an ability to make shrewd psychological assessments are the essential qualities of a physician, then Glynn combines these to a degree which will impress his patients as it has his friends.

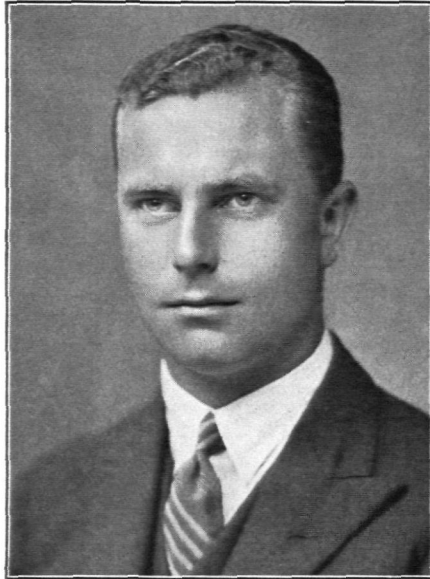
ISADORE IRVINE BRODSKY (R.P.A.H.).

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

Our half of the Brodsky combination may justly claim to be the most widely-known member of the year. His activities are multivarious: an incomparable and unconquerable year rep.; an athletic Blue, and devotee of Mercury fleet of foot; a constant inhabitant of the Casualty Department, yet nevertheless he always finds time to shelter some fledgeling beneath the plethoric wing. In the vicinity of the Students' room one may hear the well-known voice, raised in argument or mirth, according to the swing of his emotional pendulum.

His most antagonistic critics must admit that he is generous to a degree, and that his probity is unchallenged. He is a news bulletin of intra- and extra-hospital activities, an encyclopædia of athletic records, a dictionary of Shakespearian quotations, and a pocket-atlas of embryological data.

Brod's boundless enthusiasm and ability to arrive rapidly at decisions will stand him in good stead in the future.



WINSTANLEY BARNES, Sydney Hospital.



GLYNN BOWEN-THOMAS, R.P.A.H.



ISADORE IRVINE BRODSKY, R.P.A.H.

WALTER FURNEAUX BURFITT ("Wal") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

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

So well is "Wal" known in Sydney, that little need be said of his school-boy days. In University circles he soon made his presence felt, gaining responsible positions on various Varsity societies.

In sport "Wal" is an "all-rounder". He prefers rowing and tennis, but yet has time for an occasional game of golf. At the latter game he is deadly with the mid-iron, but not so hot with the wood. By nature "Wal" is really a most exceptional fellow. He has never been known to lose his temper, except when the floor-mop was dipped in his bath at the "Royal".

His bright good humour, and his courteous and impeccable manner have earned him scores of good friends. He negotiates life's ups and downs with a calm tranquillity and serene blitheness which are at once the envy and despair of his associates.

ARTHUR LEARY CARRODUS (R.P.A.H.).

"A worthy gentleman and exceedingly well read."

Arthur entered the Faculty from Christian Brothers' College, Waverley, and immediately proceeded to show his worth in no uncertain fashion. As a prolific note-taker he taxes his own ciliary musculature to no little extent when he loses the key to his code.

A footballer of no mean repute, Arthur has donned the blue and gold of the League team on many occasions, as well as representing the Faculty. Keen on surfing and tennis, he has also found time to prove a very efficient librarian at R.P.A.H. In future years when students proudly point to their residence at the Royal they will say: "There stands the monument to the bravery of A. L. Carrodus, who alone entered the bathroom and cut off the steam when the cottage was about to blow up, while his more cowardly comrades were leaving via the back windows."

Unassuming, modest and generous, Arthur is a man who will rise high in his chosen profession.

JOSEPH CHRISTIE ("Joe") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

"Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands upright."

Despite his wavy locks, "Joe" is by nature a very modest man, and we found him loth to vouchsafe details of his activities.

In 1929 he decided to forsake the surf at Coogee for the University. He selected St. Vincent's as his clinical hospital, and in the last few years has, by his industry and close interest in his work, greatly enriched his store of knowledge, both medical and otherwise. In his spare time he is to be found shooting the rollers at Coogee or Bondi, whilst he occasionally takes a tennis racquet in hand.

With his flashing smile, and kindly consideration for others, "Joe" is popular with all his fellows both inside hospital and out, and on occasions when he produces his big limousine he is even more popular than usual!



WALTER FURNEAUX BURFITT ("Wal"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.



ARTHUR LEARY CARRODUS, R.P.A.H.



JOSEPH CHRISTIE ("Joe"), St. Vincent's
Hospital.

JACK LEWIS COLES ("Johnny") (R.P.A.H.).

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Perhaps better known as "Joe's brother", "Johnny" is always apparently in a hurry, but is very rarely on time. He is well-known for his skill in the surf and at the card table, his lyric soprano voice and his frequent and inimitable laugh. Among his lesser known traits one may mention his great love for children, his enormous appetite, and his fondness for expensive cigars.

Most appropriately, Coles comes from Newcastle, and is an ardent supporter of the home town. He is a past-master in the use of vernacular phraseology, and his colloquial explanations of medical conditions often bring him into conflict with the Honorary Staff.

Though he appears happy amongst us, anon there appears a far-away, wistful look in "Johnny's" eyes, and we know that he is thinking of the old days when he lived at the University Pub with the boys, laying the foundation for a future hepatic cirrhosis.

DARCY GRAHAM CROLL (Sydney Hospital).

"An' we taught 'em to respec' the British soldier."

—Kipling.

Darcy brought a superabundance of self-confidence with him when he came from George Watson's School, Edinburgh, and North Sydney High. This, with a methodical, clear—even terse and abrupt—train of thought has stood him in good stead.

A non-smoker, teetotaller, and, we are led to believe, a misogynist . . . these virtues, together with the hobby of open air life, should enable him to live to a ripe old age. Among his other hobbies and recreations are a commission in the S.U.R., a scout mastership, a penchant for week-end camping and rabbit shooting expeditions, and, last but not least, a Riley "9". To this he adds a mania for collecting books of medical knowledge, instruments and contraptions weird and wonderful.

ALAN VICTOR DAY ("Alan") (St. Vincent's).

"Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither."

Claiming the town of Wollongong as his birthplace, "Alan" matriculated from Fort Street. He made his way quietly through the early years and decided to grace St. Vincent's in his fourth year.

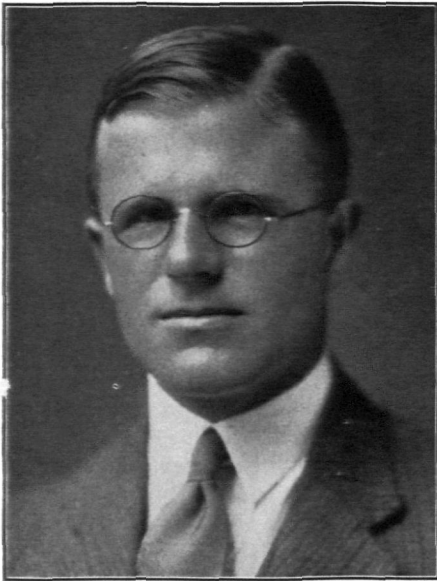
In the wards his quiet and tactful manner gained him popularity with the staff and patients, while at various clinics many sound observations fell from his lips. Dr. Perry labelled him a purist (for the precision of his English) whilst Sister Greer at the "Royal" frankly admitted to being a bit scared. . . Surely an achievement sufficiently great to note for posterity!

At cards, as in his work, we learned to respect him for his powers of deduction and the soundness of his judgment.

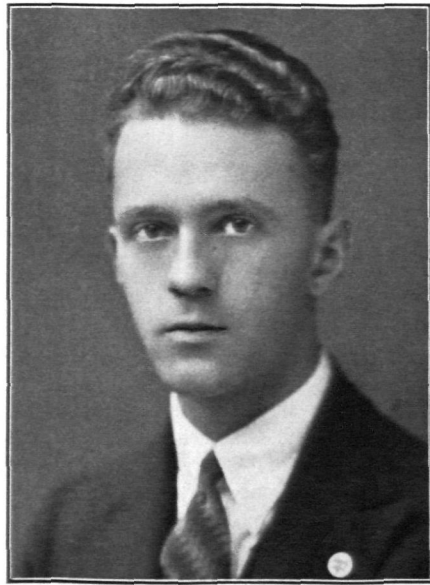
Although "Alan" is a tiger for work, he spends many week-ends at his home in Wollongong, where he is well-known to all those who enjoy the surf and sunshine.



JACK LEWIS COLES ("Johnny"), R.P.A.H.



DARCY GRAHAM CROLL, Sydney Hospital.



ALAN VICTOR DAY ("Alan"), St. Vincent's.

MAURICE FEILD DECK (Sydney Hospital).

*"Oh, I'm a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bos'un tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."*

—Gilbert.

In common with his boon companions, Maurice is a product of Sydney Grammar School, and he has pursued an even tenored way. During the summer he delights to get wet in a fresh nor'-easter while skippering among the amateur sailors. In the winter he covers himself with paint and varnish in preparation for the summer.

His quiet and unassuming manner cloaks a tendency to hard work, which is in keeping with the zeal he displays in his other activities. Though retiring in disposition, Maurice has made many firm friends, and the experience he has gained in navigating his trim craft under all sorts of conditions should adapt him for his future undertakings.

BERTRAM HERSHALL DIAMOND (R.P.A.H.).

"As good a man as ever turned up ace."

"Bert" came to us from Sydney High School, endowed with the bright outlook on things and an insouciant air which have characterised his progress through Medicine. He does not confine his activities to work, chief among his outside pleasures being rather frequent visits to the talkies, and he will make his way around the floor of a ballroom with the same doggedness which characterises his progress around the wards.

As a sportsman, "Bert's" activities are many. He wields a good racquet, plays a good game of golf, and represented the victorious Hospital team in the Cricket Competition. Unfailing sense of humour and ready fund of wit have made him an invaluable member of our number, and we have found his ever-ready store of clinical knowledge very helpful in the wards.

ROSS MCPHERSON DUNN (R.P.A.H.).

*"My outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart."*

Arise, ye Scots, and hail this worthy scion of your race! Traditional dourness and determination, when occasion demands, a critical mind and power of incisive thought, and yet a hearty appreciation of the *joie de vivre*, combine to make the man and the pal.

The study of the human form has evidently been extended to that of the horse, for he has been known at times to give the "good oil." When clansmen—two or three—are gathered together, there will ye find him also, sedulously studying the one-spot or the queen, and contracting for a slam. In addition he is a utility man on the football field and the tennis court.

His wide excursions into the field of literature have left vivid impressions, and, if moments can be snatched from the busy time ahead, one can readily forecast how his leisure will be spent.



MAURICE FEILD DECK, Sydney Hospital.



BERTRAM HERSHALL DIAMOND, R.P.A.H.



ROSS McPHERSON DUNN, R.P.A.H.

JEAN EDELSTEN-POPE (R.P.A.H.).

She is wise, if I can judge of her; and fair she is.

—Merchant of Venice.

Unlike most medical students, Jean has shown an interest in University life outside her own faculty. In four years spent on the S.U.W.U. Committee she showed considerable executive ability, and, as a member of Manning House Board, the S.R.C., and various committees at her college, used tact yet decision in dealing with her fellow students.

Elected unopposed as President of the Women Undergrads. for 1933, an unfortunate illness prevented her from taking office, but could not lessen her enthusiasm for Medicine.

At all times and places she is to be seen with her inseparable companion, Ann, and together they have figured in many activities, medical and otherwise, which will long afford them pleasant reminiscence.

She has saved many a difficult situation with an apt word and disarming smile, and with her charm and understanding and the talents the gods have given her, should go far towards having at least a fingerprint on the sands of time.

CLARENCE EVERINGHAM (R.P.A.H.).

"A knight well spoken, neat and fine."

—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

We had the good fortune to welcome Clarrie into our midst in third year. A raconteur of note, possessing a dry sense of humour, Clarrie always rose to the occasion when interest was beginning to flag, and humour beginning to fade, at the "Royal" dining table.

An omnivorous reader, as his argument shows, he is well versed in the classics, fiction and other scientific works. Generous and versatile, he is a stickler for indicating to his doubting companions, the scientific aspect of any problem that may arise, and has been known to prove on more than one occasion the fallacy of accepting as gospel any text of lesser repute than Osler.

A man of wide social acquaintance, he devotes spare hours to sailing, motoring and photography. The quiet considerateness that he extends to everyone he meets should ensure his success in his profession.

JAMES ALAN FROUDE FLASHMAN (Sydney Hospital).

"Ah, take the cash and let the credit go."

—Omar Khayyam.

Froude is never seen without one of Swain's library books in his hand. He does not think that the knowledge he gained at Cranbrook was enough, so he has amplified it by making himself master of things of which few other people desire to know. He reads *Amazing Stories* by the hour, looks upon himself as a connoisseur of amber fluids, is a great singer of *studentliedes*, and has also commenced a study of the stellar regions.

While not engaged in those pastimes he gives way to self-expression in histrionics—S.U.D.S. on many occasions, and the Commem. Revue, 1931 and 1933, are instances. An old soldier, Froude only recently faded out of his job of C.S.M. of the S.U.R., which he held for many years. On the other hand he has recently learnt to milk a cow.



JEAN EDELSTEN-POPE, R.P.A.H.



CLARENCE EVERINGHAM, R.P.A.H.



JAMES ALAN FROUDE FLASHMAN,
Sydney Hospital.

GREGORY STEPHEN FLYNN (R.P.A.H.).

"He is a marvellous good neighbour."

Alias "Greg.," the Last of the Flynns, has done his part in upholding the traditions of this remarkable sextette of medical brothers by taking an active part in undergraduate affairs. The following are some of the offices he has held: Treasurer and Vice-president of the Medical Society, Director of the Union, member of the S.R.C., committeeman of the Undergraduates' Association, Sports Union and Hockey Club. A member of the first grade Hockey XI., he gained the coveted Blue.

Truly, the Flynns that have gone through before have no reason to be ashamed of the juvenile member of the "Flynnic". And in days to come, when honours are dimmed with the dust of time, when "Office Bearers" are names in musty records and tattered Blues recline amongst mothballs, a host of us will remember "Greg." as an excellent companion, a true sportsman and as a man with whom to claim friendship is an honour.

PHILIP GILBERT (R.P.A.H.).

"The gravity and stillness of your youth the world hath noted."

Fort Street sent us "Phil," full of keenness, yet a little awed by the learning of the profession he was entering. That same engaging personality which wins the complete confidence of his patients, his manner grave but easily gay, and his ever-ready yarn for all occasions, soon gathered him many firm friends. He has shone also on the hockey field, where his scoring shots for the Medical team led to his promotion to the 'Varsity Reserves.

Who will forget of our visit to Quarantine, how "Phil" arrived under sail just as the rest of us were leaving? . . . he had spent the morning endeavouring to extricate his boat from a nearby swimming bath whence an ill wind had blown it. Other hobbies are: (1) Administering baby's first bath at 2.15 a.m. (2) Searching for the ideal smoking mixture. "Phil's" success, we know, will never be gained at another's expense, but by his own painstaking efforts.

ALLAN DOUGLAS GILLIES ("Allan") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

*"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,*

Henry V.

Allan joined our year in 1932 after graduating in Science. We had met him, however, in the previous year in the B.M.R. room, where he applied "nose-bags" to each one of us and showed there was something in inflation after all.

Even at this stage he showed signs of his enormous capacity for work, both academic and otherwise, for he held office in some half dozen 'Varsity societies, finally gaining honour for his Faculty and for himself by being elected President of the Undergraduates' Association. In the wards he is a fount of knowledge and great Honoraries go warily in matters Physiological when Allan is quietly, but critically listening.

By nature he is remarkably active and ubiquitous. He is critical to a degree, ever genial, and, above all, a brilliant scholar who is always willing to help his fellows.



GREGORY STEPHEN FLYNN, R.P.A.H.



PHILIP GILBERT, R.P.A.H.



ALLAN DOUGLAS GILLIES ("Allan"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.

JOHN THOMSON GUNTHER (Sydney Hospital).

*"Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."*

John, who hails from The Kings School, has taken an active part in 'Varsity sport. He boxed in Melbourne in 1929, and was Boxing Club secretary in 1930 and 1931, and later Vice-captain and Vice-president—the "vice" was purely a courtesy title. The Football Club rejoiced in his ability as assistant secretary in 1931, and he was promoted to secretary in 1932. Touring teams were managed by him in Western N.S.W., Melbourne, Brisbane and in New Zealand.

A most astonishing accomplishment is to appear clean-shaven one day and fully moustached the next. He guards the secret carefully. From among the members of the year he maintains an *aide-de-camp* whom he rules sternly with a strong right arm.

His austere but kindly bedside manner, and his very definite ideas on things clinical and pathological will stand him in good stead.

MAIDA ELSIE BUXTON HALL (Sydney Hospital).

"You drop manna in the way of starved people."

Maida has been our good companion from the start. Bringing with her from the North Sydney Girls' High a reputation in sport and the sciences, she maintained an active interest in these in the early years of her 'Varsity life. She has become an ardent member of the Evangelical Union, and in all things philosophical and religious Maida has developed such enthusiasm that we fear she takes life very seriously with Medicine but a relaxation.

This year she showed that spirit of adventure that is so deplorably lacking in the best of us, and can impart first-hand knowledge of the effects and treatment of concussion and contusions in their various degrees. Also she showed her adventurous spirit in another manner, and to the surprise of all but a few, announced her engagement at the end of her fifth year.

Congratulations and good luck, Maida (with Gordon) in your chosen sphere in the mission fields.

JAMES LLOYD HART ("Cherub") (R.P.A.H.).

"His hat was pinched with a peculiar smartness."

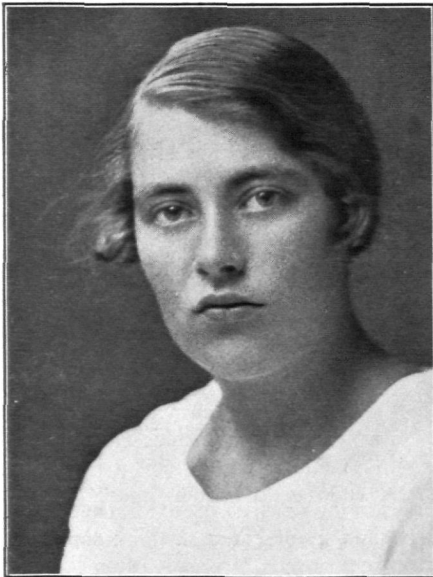
Catapulted among us as a bolt from the blue, was a dark, severe and intense young man, protesting loudly that he had been intended for the Church. On further investigation it was stated that his name was Jim Hart, and that he hailed from the "land of bananas". It was said of him that during our anatomical grounding he believed nothing but what he could see, but unfortunately he couldn't see.

He early acquired a deep appreciation for what is "done" and is our "glass of fashion and mould of form". As St. Paul's College he has distinguished himself in athletics, tennis, and the social sphere, and was elected Senior Student in 1934. He has won his tennis Blue, and has represented the Combined 'Varsities; he also has an umbrella.

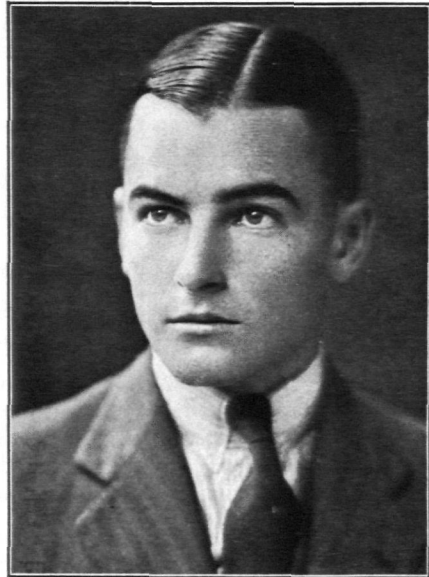
Courteous and enthusiastic, "Jim" has already made his mark, and we speed him with good wishes.



JOHN THOMSON GUNTHER, Sydney Hospital.



MAIDA ELSIE BUXTON HALL,
Sydney Hospital.



JAMES LLOYD HART ("Cherub"), R.P.A.H.

FRANK HATCHER (Sydney Hospital).

"An' they takes a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?"
—Kipling.

"Pharynx", as we shall see (*vide* Ken Mowat) is bound down by permanent adhesions to his "Larynx", Ken Mowat. It has been rumoured that Frank was seen in the dissecting room without Ken . . . frankly, we do not believe it.

Frank joined us from Sydney High, displaying solidity, rather than scholastic brilliance. As an athlete he immediately came under the notice of Issy Brodsky, but his jumping ability retrogressed from that time. To all outward appearances Frank is the silent partner, but after our term at Crown Street we venture to think otherwise.

Of a quiet introspective disposition, we soon found that when it came to pontoon, *vingt-un* or what-you-will, that the pupil had turned master, and, except when thoughts were well away, perhaps at Forbes, he spent his time raking in the money.

Frank has an Armstrong-Siddeley with an automatic gear change and he is not a misogynist!

GEOFFREY HORACE HENRY (Sydney Hospital).

"For the apparel oft' proclaims the man."

His hair newly brushed and a general air of being newly washed, Geoff arrived from Sydney High. These attributes he preserved even in darkest dissecting room days. He is the third member of the family to enter the Faculty, and has faithfully followed in the path of his relatives in that he makes his work take first place until now it is a hobby as well as a full-time occupation.

He is not above relaxation in congenial company, and among the more earnest chess players his concentration earned great respect. He is always cheery and is ready at any time to engage in a discussion of medical interest. He has never been known to be bad tempered, and always hears both sides of a question.

ASCELIN ROGER PERCEVAL HIGGIN (Sydney Hospital).

*"—and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by."*

A native of Tamworth and a product of that High School, Peter brightened our arrival in Fourth Year. Since he has been with us he has earned popularity with his quiet unassuming manner, which cloaks a personality which is essentially convivial. Peter is the one man in the year who is allowed to smoke a pipe at any time. His pipe is always sweet smelling and his own tobacco is good.

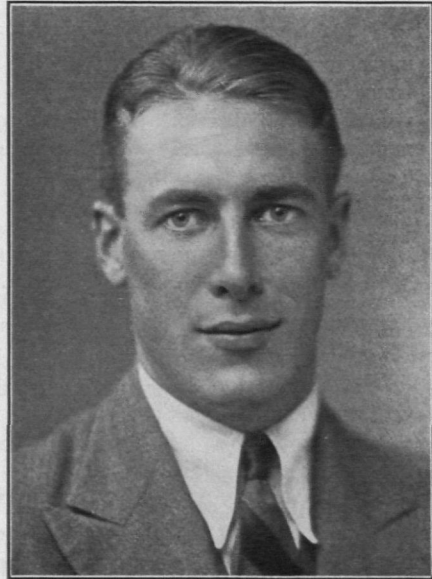
His consistent answer, after a moment's cogitation, of "Yes, I think so," to any reasonable invitation is well known and justly approved. Peter is often liable to periods of suspended animation, wherein his peregrinations are unknown. The meaning of his initials has heretofore been jealously guarded.



FRANK HATCHER, Sydney Hospital.



GEOFFREY HORACE HENRY,
Sydney Hospital.



ASCELIN ROGER PERCEVAL HIGGIN,
Sydney Hospital.

BRUCE GOODWIN HILL (Sydney Hospital).

*"In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore finger of an alderman."*

From Sydney Grammar School comes Bruce—"that small student, about seventeen". He belies his general air of careless innocence by indulging in pugilism as a pastime . . . he collared a novice lightweight championship in 1932. Bruce is a car expert and is especially authoritative on the Hornet "Special" 1934. He expresses his mechanical bent with a cigarette case capable of firing a cigarette half across the room.

His close observance of things abstract and concrete finds outlet in frequent drawings—he can draw anything from "nocturnal polyuria!!" to "Is it specific?" He has a sense of humour that is all his own, and his method of telling a story with an incoherent middle makes the beginning and the end so much clearer.

ARTHUR HAROLD HODGE ("Blue") (Sydney Hospital).

"The humorous man shall end his part in peace."

By way of the Canterbury Boys' High School "Blue" linked up with us, bearing with him a blazing oriflamme which makes him easily distinguishable on a dark night.

His sense of humour is perpetually tickled by the exploits of Mr. Rene. He has had his sterner trials—particularly at Crown Street, where the search for two missing pages brought on first stage pains, and even now the mention can cause him to become excessively confidential.

He is a hard worker and keen clinician, although his first history changed miraculously from Mrs. M., *et. 50*, to Miss M., *et. 15*, while the P.R. went from 75 to 120. Such symptomless tachycardia is now more rare. With easy volubility he holds forth on most subjects and covers a wide range in very few minutes, then whispers farewell and goes home and works till morning.

PHILIP LATHAM JOBSON (R.P.A.H.).

"I am as firm as Job, but not so patient."—Henry IV.

Came up from Newington and immediately took charge of the army, as he has frequently been seen dressed as a soldier boy, wielding a wicked gun.

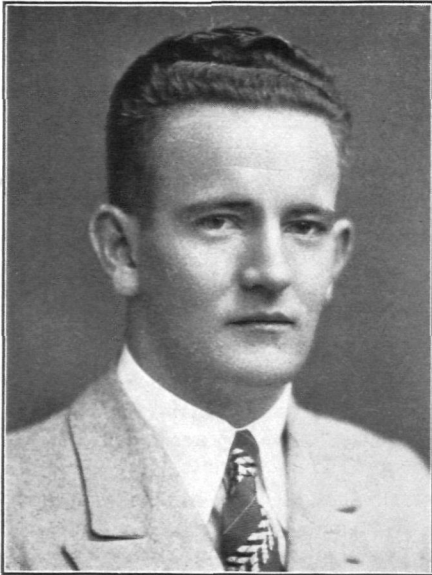
Phil has hiked over most of the better known and less known routes, but we do not know whether he has solved the mystery hike or not. He renovated the prosectory, and we are sure he could make anything from an ophthalmoscope to an operating table. Photography, the Microscopic Society, fishing, surfing and boating fill most of his leisure hours.

Although a consistent worker, Phil has not allowed his studies to interfere with his narrative ability, and he enjoys the reputation of being a man with an original story on all occasions. Despite the fact that his dressing table doesn't sport a brush or comb, his coiffure has made certain other people bristle with envy.

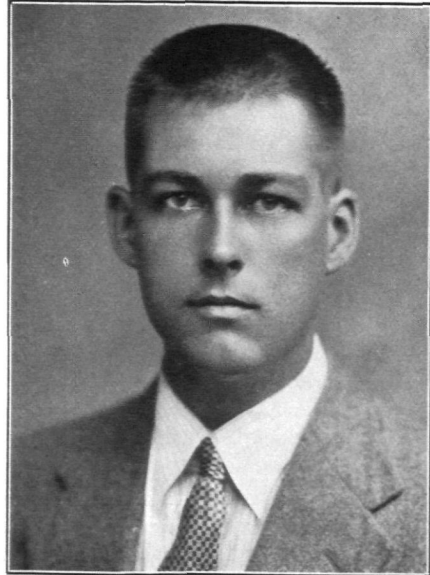
He has distinct surgical tendencies and ability, and will do well.



BRUCE GOODWIN HILL, Sydney Hospital.



ARTHUR HAROLD HODGE ("Blue"),
Sydney Hospital.



PHILIP LATHAM JOBSON, R.P.A.H.

BRISTOW JOHNSON (R.P.A.H.).

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

A Riverview-ite, Bristow carried with him into his University life the traditions of his school. He represented the 'Varsity against Brisbane University in cricket (1929), captained the cricket seconds for two years, and skippered the R.P.A.H. team. As sidelines he played Rugby Union football, hockey and tennis, and was sports representative for Medicine on the S.U.U.A. In season he studies surfers' anatomy at Bondi.

Bristow was a prosector in 1931, achieving fame for the accuracy and rapidity of his dissections and the facility with which he recited pages of Cunningham, punctuation marks and all. A tireless clinician, he tracks down the wariest of patients. As a hair-trigger thinker he has been known to answer an honorary's question before the asking was completed—and Bristow *does not* punt.

Hobbies: Being a good fellow, giving anæsthetics at the Royal, shutting his eyes to the clock o' mornings, and doing marathons to lectures.

WILLIAM HESSEL KELLETT (Sydney Hospital).

"Larger, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man."—Kipling.

We are indebted to "Shore" for this, our little Bill. With soft voice—even to a whispering baritone—he regales us with the most recent croon, and, with strong wrists, swings a steel shaft. He has been a trier at most known forms of sport. His famous black eye in the Novices' Tourney in 1931, he thought was quite permanent. He has also played inter-hospital cricket with ovoid results. But he can be relied on to produce his true form when handed a golf club and sent out in pursuit of a pale pill.

He surveys life very kindly and finds the world good. He has a cheery philosophy and an abundant store of good fellowship, together with a ready sympathy and understanding. He can always be depended upon to enlighten, with a murmured word, the most weighty discussion, and can produce a very sound opinion.

JOHN VICTOR LATHAM ("Jerry") (Sydney Hospital).

"If you abjure the social toast of pipes and such frivolities."—Gilbert.

"Jerry" armed himself with a suitcase and an umbrella and left the North Sydney High School to sojourn amongst us. He also provided himself with an A in music in the Leaving, and is our only member to have that distinction. While with us he has indulged in athletics, being broad jump champion in 1929, and getting a trip to Adelaide the same year. In his younger and keener days he even insisted on walking up every stair to the student room to get exercise.

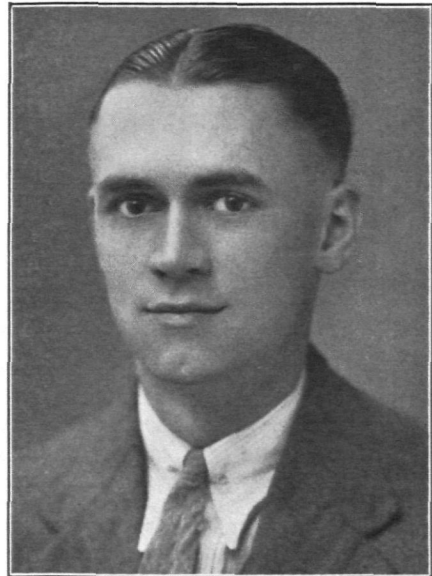
Hospital contacts have broadened Jerry's outlook, but he still has courage enough to worry about our morals and to say things, publicly and in a firm voice, about our livers which one's medical adviser might hesitate to say in private. His other prominent enthusiasms have included lacrosse, skating and Lewis on Heart.



BRISTOW JOHNSON, R.P.A.H.



WILLIAM HESSEL KELLETT,
Sydney Hospital.



JOHN VICTOR LATHAM ("Jerry"),
Sydney Hospital.

JOHN RUSS LEE ("Jock") (R.P.A.H.).

"His years are young, but his experience old."

After illuminating several country towns and Fort Street, Jock came to shed his light on Sydney University. Since then his determination, steadfastness and poker face (often, however, creased with a cheery smile), combined with his scholastic ability, have had a universal appeal.

He has gained many tennis and other laurels, including a Blue during his visits to other capitals. He remembers Melbourne particularly well, and his philanthropic gesture to the poor on that occasion is too well known to need comment. This widely known young man also plays a crafty game of bridge (he knows not to trump his partner's ace), and has a keen ear for music. On many occasions he has shown good form at the wheel of his car, and he has made friends whom he will keep after graduation.

DAVID IRVING LOW (R.P.A.H.).

"I knew the gentleman to be of worth and worthy estimation."

This personality, known as Dave to all, is of medium stature, immaculate hair and Forbes. This Dave is not to be confused with the "Dave" of anecdote fame who "came down from the country" and passes as a man about town.

He bears the hallmark of St. Andrew's College, where he has participated in sport and all other activities and duly earned his reputation as one of the boys. So one will see Dave, white-coated, abroad with Doggie, his stable mate, making statements but steadfastly refusing to admit. He is easily cajoled into a bridge school and is rumoured to be not averse to popping an occasional "Boy"! Dave's stentorian voice is said to have broadcast through four wards simultaneously, despite the sisters, but we doubt this.

All who have known Dave say that his good nature is as unruffled as his hair, and he takes our best wishes with him on his way.

RONALD GEORGE LYNE (Sydney Hospital).

"Will fortune never come with both hands full."

They have called him Leo since he graduated from Sydney High, and he justly deserves his title, for there have been few occasions on which he has had to admit defeat. His ability to solve problems, his knowledge of the laws of chance, and his careful planning and/or bidding leave no doubt that he will be able to balance his budget successfully when he enters general practice.

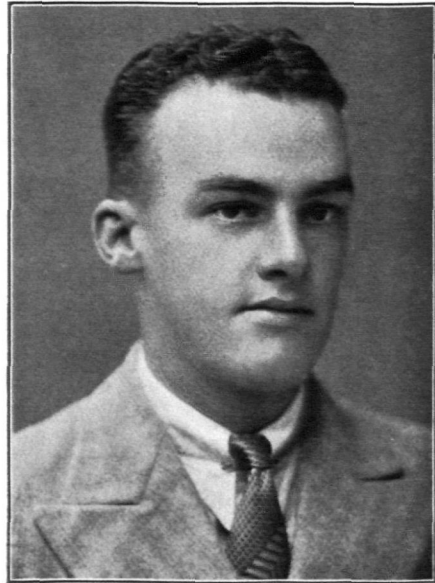
He has played inter-faculty football and inter-hospital cricket. Amongst his achievements is his deep-voiced singing, while his knowledge of songs is profound. He is a solid and conscientious worker, and his red thatch has given rise to a new theory of obstetric asepsis.



JOHN RUSS LEE ("Jock"), R.P.A.H.



DAVID IRVING LOW, R.P.A.H.



RONALD GEORGE LYNE, Sydney Hospital.

NEVYL FLEMING McCOLM ("Mac") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

"Full of strange oaths."—As You Like It.

Along with some half-dozen fellows from the land of bananas, Mac joined us in second year, taking up residence at St. John's College.

He is best summed up on the physical findings:

Inspection: A constant smile, a twinkling eye, an air of confidence. Palpation: (He can't be touched, especially at auction bridge.) Percussion: By no means dull. Auscultation: A characteristic laugh which is diagnostic twenty yards away.

Filled with *joie de vivre*, his hobbies are bridge, billiards and dancing (usually with nurses), but he is wont to spend much time as a resident M.O., where the patients, at least, are thoroughly impressed. One hears, too, of his popularity with the nurses. What higher recommendation is there?

ALAN EDWARD MCGUINNESS ("Mac") (R.P.A.H.).

*"What he has he gives,
What he thinks he shows."*

On leaving Sydney High "Mac" became one of our most well known and popular identities. Always to the fore in indicating where the good cases are to be found, we are sure he can scent a mitral stenosis anywhere in the hospital, and can depend upon him to inform us of the group's time-table.

An energetic and enthusiastic worker, he is able to get "his day's work done" and yet indulge in lunch-hour discussions on a wide variety of topics, even to international relations, in which he has shown his public spirit and his fondness for reading the *Herald*. He is a theatre and screen critic, but devotes spare time also to tennis, surfing and bridge.

On rounds he is a firm believer in the role of infective emboli in the ætiology of disease!

His qualities of conscientiousness, generosity and considerateness will be fine and appreciated assets.

PHILIP HUDSON MACINDOE (Sydney Hospital).

"Quiet in harness; free from serious vice."—Gilbert.

Phil brought three principal functions from Newington to arm himself for the fight—eating, sleeping and working. He eats anything, anywhere, at any time. His favourite recreation is sleeping, and this he does with consummate ease. He has a vast capacity for work, always endeavouring to gain the maximum amount of knowledge with expenditure of the least effort.

His allegiances are heterodox—he is not attached to any one hospital, but patronises them all. A thistle in the hair completes the picture. Further, he is stated to be a misogynist. Whether this is from choice or is an act of Providence is not known.

Few know that Phil is a gymnast well above the average, while his other sporting interests are swimming, tennis and boxing (ask I.I.B.). His strength in body and mind should prove a useful combination.



NEVYL FLEMING McCORM ("Mac"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.



ALAN EDWARD McGUINNESS ("Mac"),
R.P.A.H.



PHILIP HUDSON MACINDOE,
Sydney Hospital.

EWAN NEIL McQUEEN ("Mac") (R.P.A.H.).

"He is not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please."—Hamlet.

Although the "daddy" of the year, "Mac" is one of those enviable people who can become young at will. A keen worker, yet he always has time for a few words of advice, an opinion on most things, and a game of tennis. . . . Those who have had the fortune or misfortune to meet him on the court, have wondered if their eyes were playing them tricks.

"Mac" joined us in second year, already a Doctor of Science, amongst other things, and it is rumoured that he will later specialize in skin—a subject upon which he will enthuse for hours.

With a strength of character highly admirable, "Mac" never hesitates to advance his views at the bedside, where he is not "afear'd to tell greybeards the truth". His enthusiasm will justly bring its due reward.

STANLEY CLIVE MAYNARD (Sydney Hospital).

"A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed for dignity composed."—Milton.

Silently, Stanley slid into our midst by way of Bowral High School. He brought with him a rosy complexion and a queen Vauxhall, both of which have been in constant demand. From the Vauxhall he is practically inseparable. Its manners are as quiet as Stan's own. It never has a blow-out—just a quiet leak.

He is a keen tennis player and occasionally a golfer. He has performed in inter-hospital cricket, but failed to produce true form like "the boy from Bowral", although a few vigorous boundaries drew applause from the Hill.

Under a quiet and detached manner, Stan hides great powers of observation and much discernment.

NEVILLE HOWARD MORGAN ("Cobber") (R.P.A.H.).

*"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much."*—Julius Caesar.

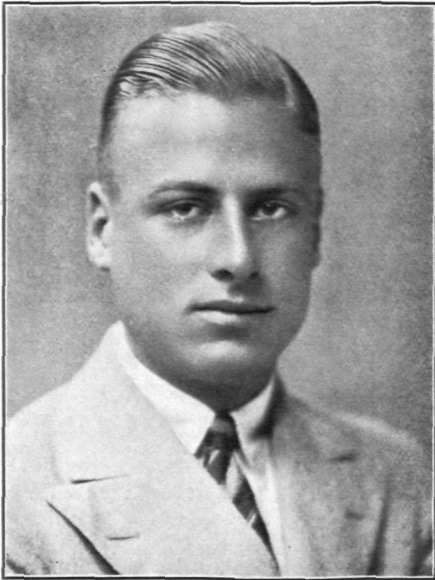
Presenting signs: *Risus sardonicus* and *facies cadaverica*. Readily recognised by his habit of closing his eyes with an expression of infinite weariness when discussing some abstruse syndrome or chemico-pathological problem, or other favourite topic. His skill on the tennis court and with the rifle is only surpassed by his ability as a psycho-analyst.

It is said that nobody has ever been able to tell him a dissecting-room story that he has not heard before; this is not surprising when one considers his Queensland origin and Wesley training. His critics maintain that he will go far in his profession, but omit to say in what direction.

"Cobber" at times displays surprising energy, and only his discerning acquaintances realise that under an ill-fitting cloak of pseudo inactivity is a busy brain and a gift of perspicacity.



EWAN NEIL McQUEEN ("Mac"), R.P.A.H.



STANLEY CLIVE MAYNARD,
Sydney Hospital.



NEVILLE HOWARD MORGAN ("Cobber"),
R.P.A.H.

ALFRED JOHN MORTON ("Alf") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

• *"Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide."*

From his early days at Nudgee College, Brisbane, where he completed first year, "Alf" joined us in the dissecting room.

He soon showed himself to be a keen and energetic worker, and exceedingly difficult to quell on questions medical, for behind those gig-lamps there lies a pair of orbs which see all there is to be seen (Cunningham) and a cortex which tenaciously retains knowledge. Definitely at his best on obstetrical gymnastics, he has evolved a technique for delivery of locked twins through a justo minor. His spare time is spent at Moore Park and the pictures, and occasionally wields a tennis racquet, but not very well. In addition he plays a clever game of poker, and approves of the "Sub-No-Trumps" call at bridge.

Possessed of a grim determination (note the masseters!), dogged persistence, and unfailing energy and resource, "Alf" will surely climb high.

JOHN KENNETH MOWAT (Sydney Hospital).

"Speakin' in general, I've tried 'em all."—Kipling.

No biography of "Larynx" would be complete without the mention of his "Pharynx" (Frank Hatcher). A quiet, confident manner and self-assurance has led him through a successful course, during which, with his "Pharynx", he has gained a certain fame.

They broke all dissecting records—the whole arm in an afternoon! And the head and neck in a week! Yet Ken claims that their teamwork on this occasion was retarded by Frank worrying about that which gained them the greatest fame of all—they are the founders of the S.U. Freethought Society. Unfortunately for them, this society took on a significance which they had never intended it to assume—so, as always, they resigned in a body, both of them!

Ken played in his school's cricket and tennis teams, and turned out with the 2nd XV. We hesitate to confirm the fact that with free thought he believes in free love and free beer. We don't know him well enough for that, although we did our best to find out when at Crown Street.

FAITH MARIAN PHAIR (R.P.A.H.)

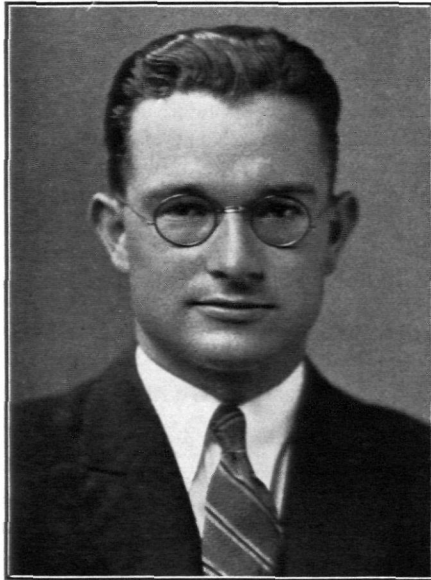
*"And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."*

—As You Like It.

Faith is from the Southern State, and she linked with us from Sydney Girls' High. She and her titian haired mate have worked, played, laughed and blushed together, so that now, after nearly six years of toilsome twinning, 'tis hard to tell one from the other.

Apart from many rash hours spent in personal research on the exanthemata, and many more profitable ones training her beautiful soprano voice, Faith has other pastimes, namely, an ardent appreciation of good literature, of all forms of art, and an enthusiastic love of outdoor life.

Shy and gentle ways, a bright smile, and the twinkle in her Irish blue eyes have endeared her to us all. Her reliable and conscientious nature has carried her successfully through everything she has attempted and should prove of undoubted value to her in the future.



ALFRED JOHN MORTON ("Aif"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.



JOHN KENNETH MOWAT, Sydney Hospital.



FAITH MARIAN PHAIR, R.P.A.H.

EDWARD VANDERBYL POCKLEY (Sydney Hospital).

"His method of saluting was a joy to all beholders."—Kipling.

After the Norman Conquest a certain Sieur de Pockley retired from work and settled in order to extract as much as possible from the local peasantry. This was the beginning of the line which culminated in Ted. Passing, however, lightly on, through the Armidale School, we have a Paul's Collegian, hospital representative, the winner of the Freshers' Singles in 1929, and the holder of a commission in the S.U.R. His platoon it is, of course, which wins the competition for general efficiency.

His high-powered machine has seriously increased the mortality amongst fowls in the region of Cleveland Street. He has a proper respect for the House of Lords and has always the latest in spring suitings from Mayfair. His activities include crooning and the active correction of the grammar of lecturers, while dexterity with the stethoscope rivals his proficiency with the telephone. His one failing is mathematics, no doubt due to his having only ten fingers.

ALLEN PERCIVAL PRIOR ("Percy") (Sydney Hospital).

"Unrivalled the 'ounds o'er which Gorrocks presides!"—Surtees.

A product of King's School, Allen has been with us from the start, and has endeared himself to the whole year as "good old Percy". In the sporting sphere, Percy confined his activities to rowing, representing Andrew's in the Inter-Collegiate Eights and the University Maiden Eights.

Percy is probably the only man in the year who reads his *Sydney Morning Herald* and can recall at a moment's notice anything from the ruling price of cabbages, to what Mrs. Somebody wore at the latest show in town. He is an authority on talkies, Alsations, horticulture and literature, and he once gave promise of becoming a great actor, having played the part of a Cardinal of at least three different sects.

In his travels to and from Parramatta Percy notes any disturbances of railway equilibrium and holds as one of his most treasured possessions a document with Government seal attached thereto advising him that "such and such a carriage was withdrawn from service on receipt of his complaint re a leaking roof."

DAVID ROBERTSON REID ("Doggie") (R.P.A.H.).

"He waxes desperate with imagination."—Hamlet.

One day "Doggie" peeped in amongst us in first year and decided to stay. So he quietly packed up his books and pencil box and went to St. Andrew's to "dwell". However, we soon felt his presence, and violently so. He was described by a famous man as "rubicund", by others as a "menace", severally as a "boy".

Depicted many years ago under the pseudonym of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, he has a dangerous tendency to *mania à potu* subject to remissions on heroic treatment. The tumultuous ragings in the subconscious psyche of this soul are expressed in the words which occasionally burst through its subconscious barrier: "Igloo", "machines" and "boys". The course of the affliction may terminate in muttering delirium.

Nevertheless he is an excellent companion, an exceptionally keen and diligent worker, and a humorist; is well known in the field of sport, and is a prominent figure in college life.



EDWARD VANDERBYL POCKLEY,
Sydney Hospital.



ALLEN PERCIVAL PRIOR ("Percy"),
Sydney Hospital.



DAVID ROBERTSON REID ("Doggie"),
R.P.A.H.

DENIS PATRICK ROWE ("Denny") (Sydney Hospital).

*"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."*

St. Joseph's College sent us "Denny", who brought with him a football reputation which he has sustained in several States and in New Zealand as well as in the 'Varsity teams. In addition to inter-faculty rowing he has played inter-hospital cricket and pursues a golf ball with remarkable ferocity. The whole he enlivens with a joyous bellow which is known as singing. He has a cheerfulness which expresses itself with a marked exuberance of manners and voice even into the depths of the night season. His bath music was always much appreciated by the patients and staff.

Socially, as "The Great Lover", then later, "The Great Philosopher", and last of all, the lover again, we have watched his success.

His "Clark Gablian" appearance, personality, commonsense, and a retentive memory are decided assets, which should prove invaluable to him.

HENRY WALTER RITCHIE SHARP (Sydney Hospital).

"He trod the brig like a buck in spring."—Kipling.

Cranbrook's contribution to the year was Henry, who had somewhat of a reputation as a miler. This he has never troubled to establish, having taken to watching polo and playing golf in the more retired parts of the countryside. He has also indulged in more æsthetic pursuits, having been secretary of S.U.D.S. and performing with some success as the 'ansome 'ero. These parts were doubtless thrust upon him.

Further, he is a devotee of Peter Dawson, and plays an imaginary keyboard, during lectures, remarkably well. Henry's sympathetic and "very much" assured manner was a marked success among the ladies at Crown Street.

The agility of his cerebration has been instanced more than once by astute and sudden surgical appreciation—doubtless hereditary.

GEORGE ROBERT SIPPE (R.P.A.H.).

"An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!"

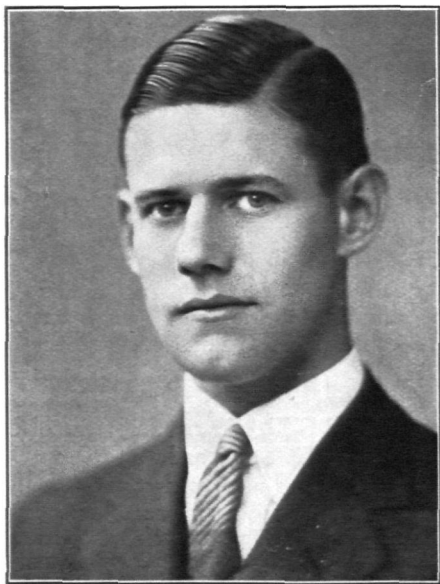
The burly blonde with the nautical roll, George distinguished himself as wicket-keeper for Prince Alfred, taking impossible catches and hitting sixes. With George's breadth most bowling is bodyline!

Those of his group remember him as braving the regions of District Obstetric Cases, chopping down the neighbour's fence for firewood, with the family terrier hanging on to his trousers at the back.

His sympathy and obvious kindness at the bedside will always win the confidence of his patients and ensure him a successful practice, and his geniality will always make him popular with his colleagues. As broadminded as broad-beamed, George has a heart as big as himself, and would share his last crust with anyone.



DENIS PATRICK ROWE ("Denny"),
Sydney Hospital.



HENRY WALTER RITCHIE SHARP,
Sydney Hospital.

G



GEORGE ROBERT SIPPE, R.P.A.H.

JOSEPH SKYPE ("Skippie") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

"All the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also."—Plato.

Joe comes from Lismore and is justifiably proud of the fact. However, we still like to ask him, "Who runs the hotel up there now?" We all thought him a quiet, hard-working fellow in the earlier years of our course. Then fourth year brought him into the wards. It was the same at every hospital—the nurses all developed acute myocarditis. Fortunately Joe has the happy knack of managing several, synchronously and successfully—a priceless gift. He is also gifted in the art of playing poker, and turns up four of a kind with sickening frequency

$$\left(\frac{D}{N} = \frac{12}{6}\right)$$

Apart from his little recreations, he is a very ardent worker, who will tolerate no interference with his formulated objectives.

DORIS UNA SKYRING (R.P.A.H.).

"If there be a kind woman . . . she is one."

—Merry Wives of Windsor.

To the small but select band of Queenslanders, Doris belongs, and to her credit it may be recorded that she is fully appreciative of the charms and other advantages that Sydney offers. She travelled south in 1930 to gain a liberal education. Judging by her activities, this desirable result has been achieved.

She has been at the Women's College, where social and other phases of college life have claimed her attention. In 1932 she was the women's representative to the Medical Society, while last year she embarked, temporarily, on a domestic life, sharing a flat with her chum, Heather Dowling, at the Glebe. Here, Doris displayed rare ability in the culinary art, and this, together with her friendliness, established her as a perfect hostess in the eyes of her fortunate guests.

Little acts of kindness and a genial disposition have won for her a warm regard from her associates.

GORDON CLIVE SMITH (R.P.A.H.).

"I must have liberty . . .

As large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

Described by a patient as a "tall dark man with a glint in his eye," Jim is one of the quietest members of the year; he is distinguished for his large pupils, large smile, souveniring tendencies and faultless grammar. It was rumoured that he once missed a split infinitive, but this he strenuously denies.

He is a medicine-addict, and, together with G.B.T., forms the Clinical Twins. Jim is essentially a mathematician—figures are his food, and he can give the page for any fact in *The Little Cunninghams*. He has also been called "the prophet", and will prophesy *ad lib.* on any and every subject, including exam. questions.

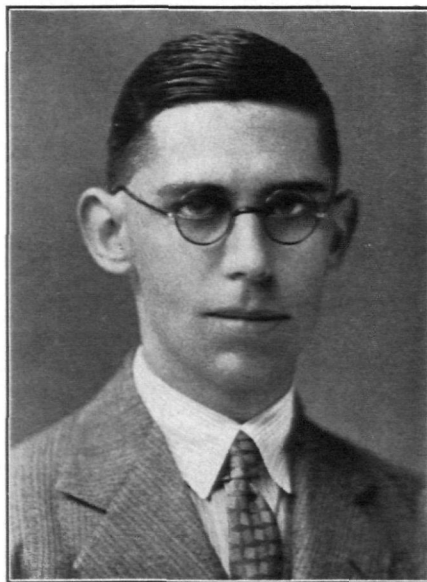
If reports of his activities at the Royal are true, then still waters run deep—and fast. Jim is one of those birds with a small but firm coterie of friends, and they like him best who know him best.



JOSEPH SKYPE ("Skippie"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.



DORIS UNA SKYRING, R.P.A.H.



GORDON CLIVE SMITH, R.P.A.H.

ANN FRASER THOMPSON (R.P.A.H.).

"She is young, wise, fair."

—All's Well That Ends Well.

A keen hockey player, Ann represented the 'Varsity in 1931, and the team, which her long legs had carried to victory on more than one occasion, was very loth to lose her in later years, when hospital work claimed most of her time. She now knits instead—a winter sport which also gave the second lecture row some very anxious moments over dropped stitches in a certain blue jumper.

In residence at the Women's College throughout her course, Ann has been an enthusiastic supporter of all its activities and is at present a member of the House Committee.

Reliability, together with good humour and a ready wit, not only made Ann an excellent companion, but assure her of success when she ventures forth into the world to take a place in any of the varied phases of medical practice.

JAMES CAMPBELL MOFFATT ("George"), (R.P.A.H.).

"How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport . . ."

In his unostentatious way, Jim has nicely balanced the two principal notions in "*mens sana in corpore sano*", since he "hove-to" in 1930 from the sub-tropical regions. Did he not lead home a hot field in the Wesley College "Melbourne Cup" race, nursing his sylph-like proportions with envied athletic skill? And who will deny his rugged consistency in the "pigs" for Wesley? Many a callous on the gluteal regions bears testimony to his oar-pulling propensities, and not a few opponents' shins can show the marks he leaves in hockey.

Just to show another facet of his ability, Jim daintily walked the rope—ahem! walked the tight rope in the 1933 "Commem." Revue, billed as "Blundering Bluey, the Blue-eyed Blondin". No! he didn't bring the rope down, but we'll remember how he brought the house down—as he crashed to the floor. Truly, "a man's man".

FRANCIS VINCENT TWHIG ("Frank") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

*"How modest in exception and withal
How terrible in constant resolution."*

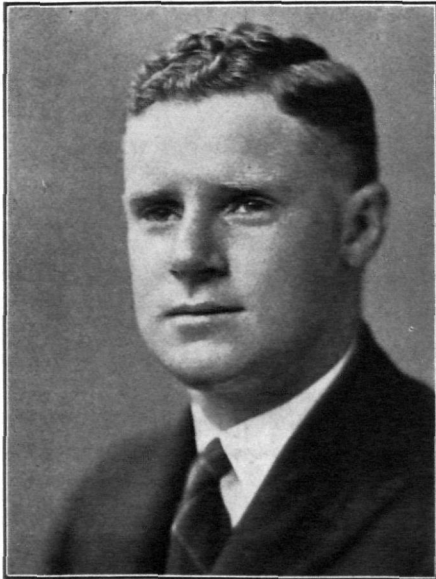
To Frank falls the distinction of having been born in Ireland and matriculating from Trinity College, Dublin University. A very short time afterwards he became a midshipman in the Royal Naval Reserves, and saw service in the North Atlantic during the closing phases of the Great War. Before leaving the seafaring life he earned his Master's Certificate.

Not content with being a medical student, Frank is a clever business man in his spare time (if any), controlling the fortunes of a very successful enterprise. Despite this, he makes time for an occasional round at golf, not to mention his ability at the card-table.

A man of stern resolution is Frank, who commands the respect of his friends by his straightforward manner and sincerity, and the dread of those who offend him by the mere glitter of those dark eyes. . . Ask the milkman who crashed into Frank's new Hillman!



ANN FRASER THOMPSON, R.P.A.H.



JAMES CAMPBELL MOFFATT ("George"),
R.P.A.H.



FRANCIS VINCENT TWOHIG ("Frank"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.

MERVYN MCAULEY WHITE ("Merv") (R.P.A.H.).

*"A scholar and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."*—Henry VIII.

In order to do Medicine, "Merv" resigned the post of Headmaster at Tamworth School—their loss was our gain. A man of many parts, he has combined a successful course with the management of a family, and has proved a valuable member of the year; in the many phases of its activities. As Editor of the Journal he showed ability with the pen in more than one sense . . . his caricatures and cartoons have provided readers with many a chuckle. Later he was elected Vice-President of the S.U.M.S., as a token of the esteem in which he is held.

In spite of an unassuming nature and unobtrusive manner he was singled out as "that dear man, Mr. White" by a patient (whose sex shall remain a secret), to the vast amusement of Prof. Dawson and Co.

A humorist who can also see the joke against himself, "Merv" has endeared himself to us by his philosophical outlook.

PAUL HAMILTON HUME WHITE (Sydney Hospital).

*"His helmet was a glance,
That spoke of holy gladness;
A saintly smile his lance."*—Gilbert.

Paul is an ex-Grammarian. A University athlete of some note, he represented from 1929-33, gained his Blue, in addition to sharing an Australian record. Since then he has won his State Blue.

He has strong convictions and expresses them courageously. He has been both president and secretary of the Evangelical Union, and a committeeman of the S.U.A.C. His baby Austin is said to have suffered a rebirth at Crown Street, and the function was attended by most of the staff. On the other hand, some of his practical jokes have taken their victims days to see.

He has never been known to miss a lecture, although he was once late for a tutorial. His good humour, firm convictions, and the lessons he has learned from a long and creditable connection with amateur sport, will fit him for the future.

JAMES MACRAE YEATES ("Jim") (St. Vincent's Hospital).

*"So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic."*—Henry V.

Right glad we were to have "Jim", who came to us from Queensland in '30. He has ever been a hard worker and keen clinician. Never tiring in the search for the elusive physical sign, he delights in subtle diagnosis. "What would you do if—?" is his favourite way of introducing some hypothetical problem in surgery or obstetrics, his smile broadening as he watches us flounder in reply.

Redoubtable in argument, his opinions are always to be respected whether the subject be the equality of pupils, the primacy of Toowoomba, or the meaning of a dealer's "one-club".

In the earlier years of his course a keen tennis player, he has been converted, as graduation approaches, to golf, spending spare hours at Moore Park, where he has already broken 90 and is still improving. A rare good fellow, well liked and respected by the whole year.



MERVYN McAULEY WHITE ("Merv"),
R.P.A.H.



PAUL HAMILTON HUME WHITE,
Sydney Hospital.

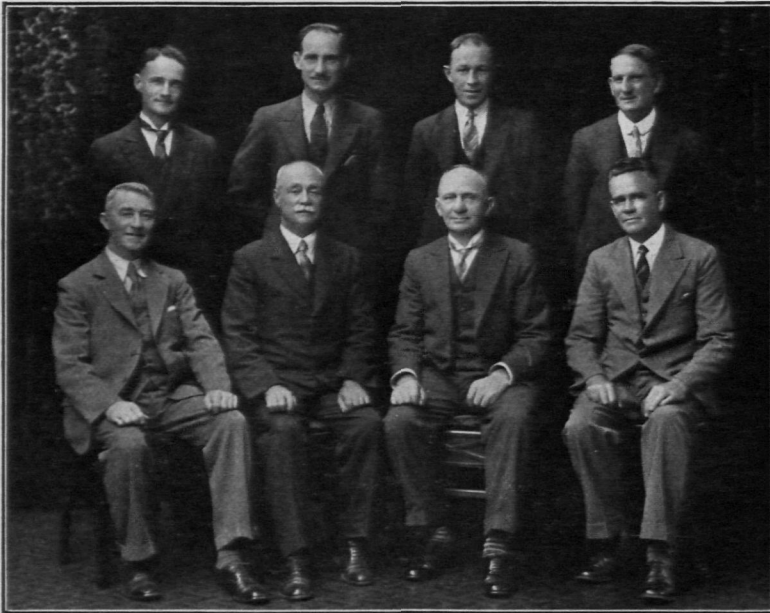


JAMES MACRAE YEATES ("Jim"),
St. Vincent's Hospital.

They Also Served . . .

During our sojourn in the Faculty of Medicine, we were always grateful for the kindness and courtesy extended us by the technicians in the various departments. Many a time they showed us how to short circuit our knotty problems. And so we will always remember them as "Louis", "Bill", "Jim", "Mac", and so on, in the same way as we think of our friends.

They deserve and are cheerfully accorded our thanks, and we know that our successors will enjoy the same respect for these men, whom we were glad to meet while we were marching through Medicine.



Back Row: J. Rofe, W. Bagnall, V. Wright, W. Jamieson.
Front Row: G. MacDonald, W. Burfield, L. Schaeffer, R. Muir.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Thanks are due and are accorded to the Sydney University Medical Society for the loan of blocks, and to all those who assisted in the production of the SENIOR YEAR BOOK.



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