

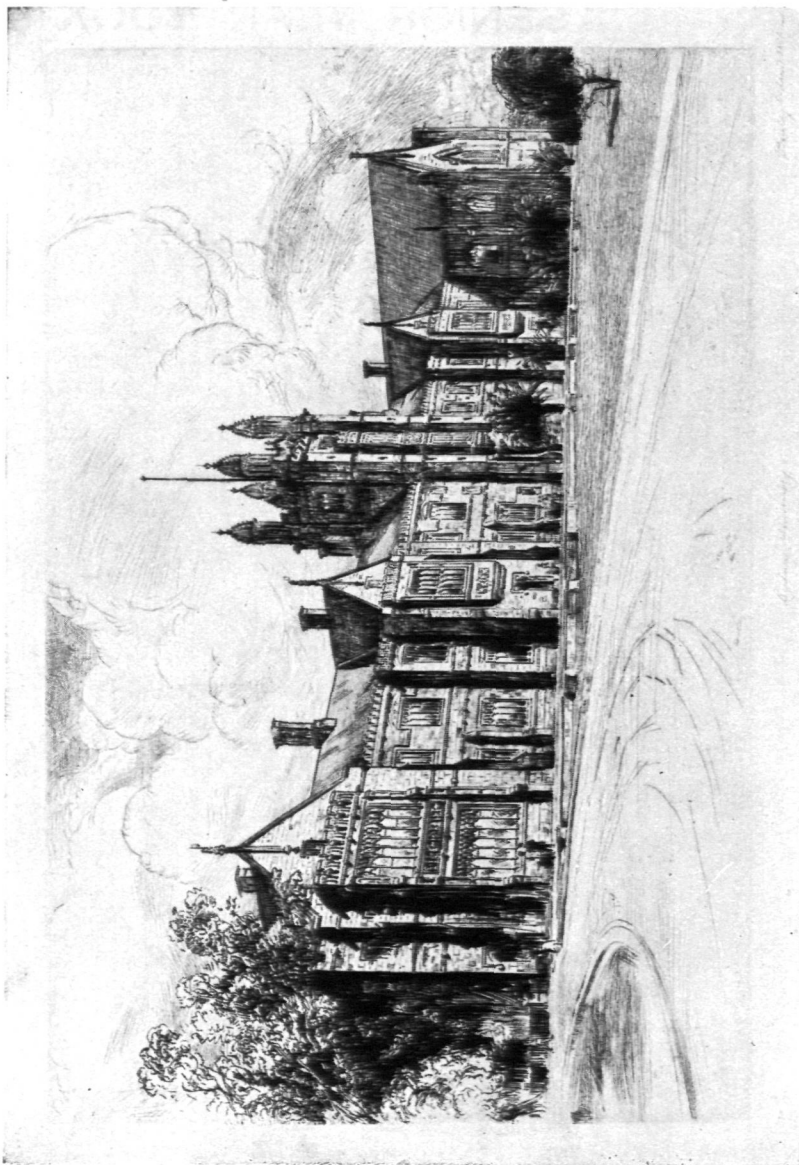
University of Sydney
Medical Society

SENIOR
YEAR BOOK
1936



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SENIOR YEAR BOOK



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



FACULTY OF MEDICINE



1294697

Senior Year Book
1936



*"I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."*

—KIPLING.



Editor:

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Sub-Editor:

G. S. COLVIN.

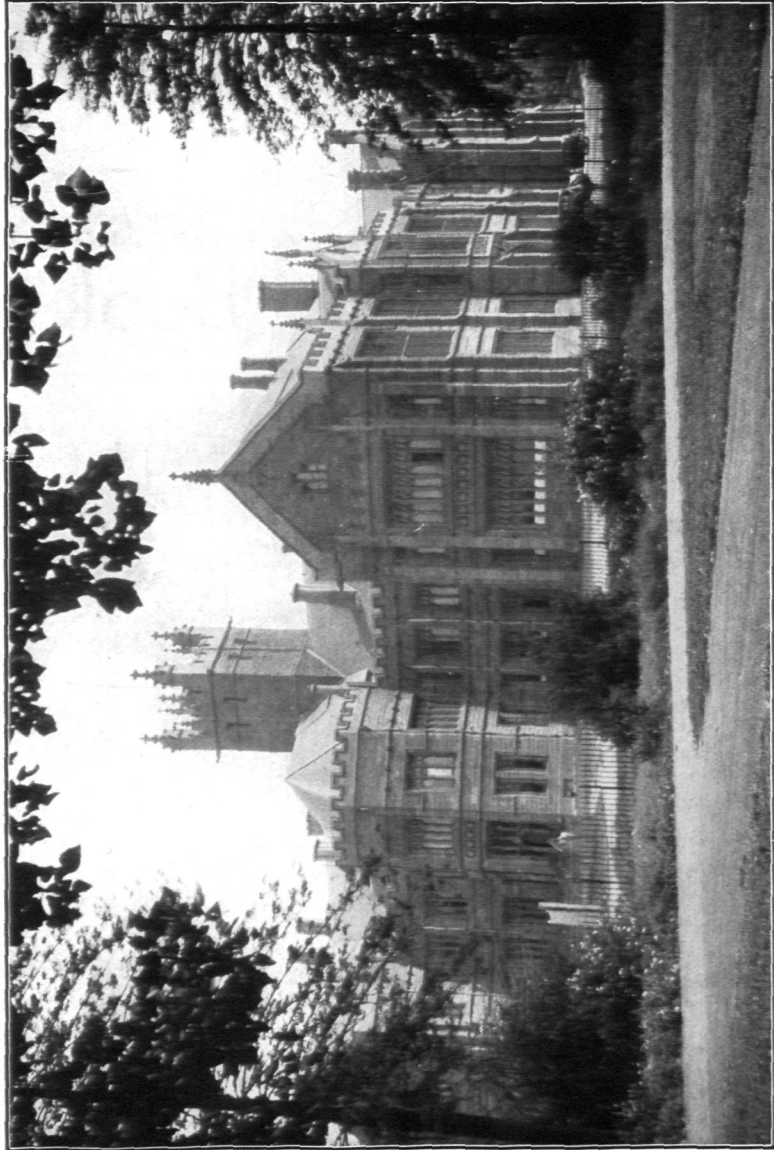
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L. H. A. PHILLIPS. G. C. MIDDLETON.
A. K. McINTYRE.



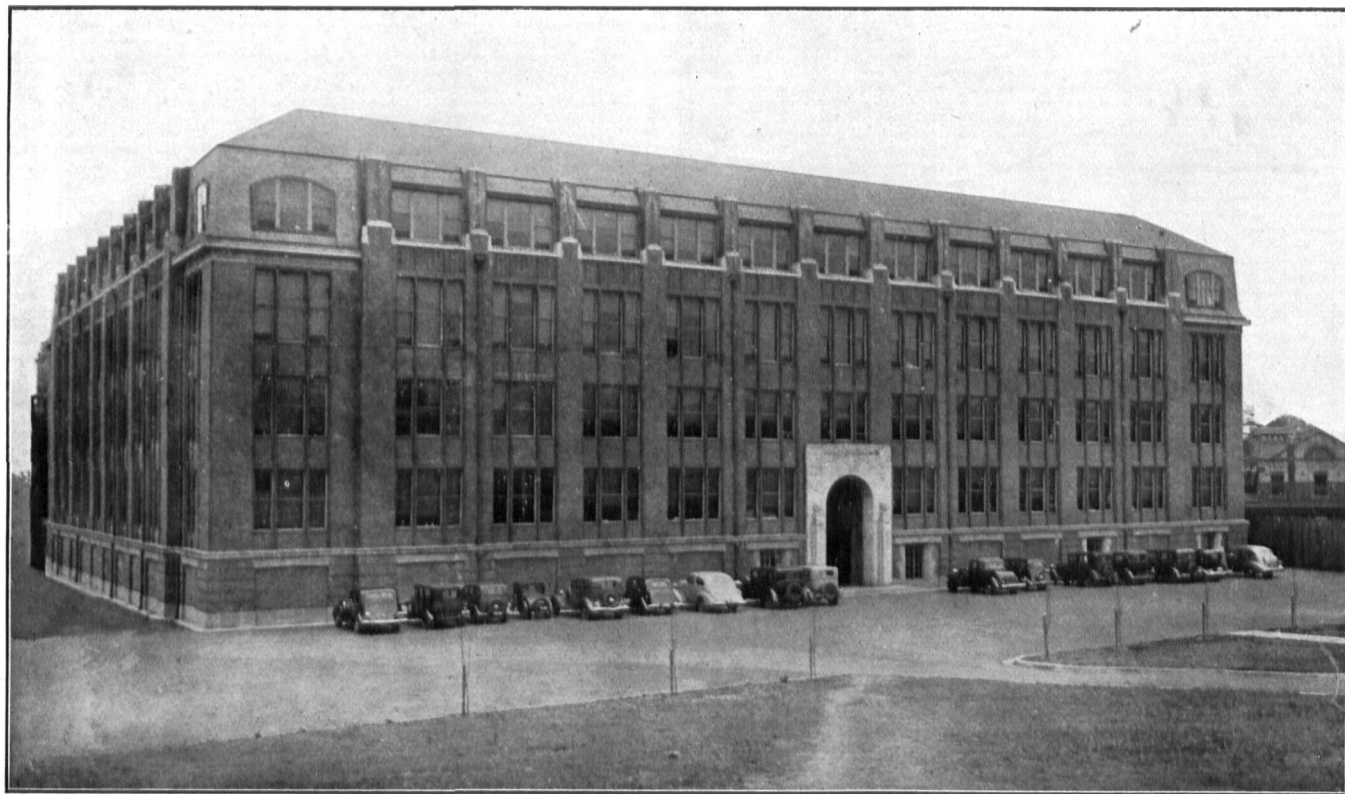
UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY





THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.





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



Foreword.

In this small volume you will find some impressions of your teachers, those who carry out in practice that Hippocratic tradition which happily still dominates our profession, the unselfish and altruistic instruction of their pupils. You will probably have learnt that, like yourselves, they, too, are still students, and unless you enter your chosen profession with that attitude of mind you will never get the most out of it. Like them you will soon become members of a most honourable and ancient guild, which is at once international, beneficent, and progressive. It is a great heritage, and you are indeed fortunate that you enter it during the golden age of Medicine. In addition, you will find impressions of yourselves, in which your foibles and characteristics are commented upon in the kindest manner. This, then, is a wonderful book: one that should be treasured as a permanent record of these great days—far more important than you perhaps realize—which you spent at your University and your Hospital.

HAROLD R. DEW,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



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



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



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



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



Post Mortem.

OUR relation to our Alma Mater has been weakening since Fourth Year, when the hospitals claimed more of our attention. Associations with those of other faculties have already been dissolved, and now comes our own dispersion into the larger sphere of Medicine. Let us then review the past.

* * * * *

It is not quite six years since, with hyperactive adrenals, some hundred and twenty-nine of us climbed up the iron stairs of the Botany School for the first lecture of our medical course. As we gazed round the theatre we wondered vaguely what the next six years would produce, and what kind of men Fate had given us as companions. Looking back now, we realize how closely school "tribes" kept together in those days, and how long it was before we evolved a year consciousness.

Professor Osborn, of the long stride and expansive smile, began the attack, providing much of interest and not too great difficulty wherewith to accustom ourselves to the course. However, he provided occasional thrills, and on the Friday on which we matriculated, ejected two for talking, fined two for smoking, and on the Monday ejected two more. These were our first casualties; from them we learnt caution. Some of us met Professor McLuckie in practical classes, and during Professor Osborn's temporary absence he lectured to the year.

In his redolent domain, Professor Fawsitt lectured to us and, with the assistance of Mr. Fisher, who mixed acid and base with sure hand and the predicted result, took us through the foothills of Inorganic Chemistry. Once a week Mr. Burrows delivered a lecture on Physical Chemistry, and Mr. Mellor tutored portion of the year. In those days a concrete path over to the Physics Building was a dream of the future, so that in wet weather Major Booth either came to us, or a mud-bespattered crowd gathered to hear him discourse on the laws of motion, the behaviour of electrons, or the inordinate time which the year took to entice one cat into the lecture. Even if rotational dynamics failed to enthral by their beauteous simplicity, we were always ready for Edgar's jokes, and rarely disappointed.

In the well-equipped Zoology School we attended lectures in second and third terms from Dr. Briggs. Who now can look *Amæba proteus* in the face without a sneer of conscious superiority in the possession of a "hollow dorsal nervous system"? These lectures were always lucid, and the lecturer invariably willing to clear up any doubtful point.

Professor Dakin, ever kindly, inculcated the principles of Mendelism, demonstrating, too, man's phylogenetic development. It was in "Zo" that we became acquainted with those malodorous creatures, the crayfish and stingray, each worthy of a place among the world's horrors.

In third term we received lectures in Organic Chemistry which, according to report, was the chief difficulty of the year. Such was not our experience, however, for Professor Earl was very kind in the examination. In the laboratory we were able to unmask a bromidrotic stench from perfectly normal butter, which seems rather unfair to the butter.

Three afternoons a week off, with but two or three lectures a day! Was it real, or is it merely a delusion of this sixth year delirium? We finished the year with a vast array of honours, and that nasty pride which goeth before a fall.



THE OLD SCHOOL.

Our entrance into the Medical School in 1932 was dignified and stately, but the tiresome and everlasting dissections soon dispersed these superior feelings. We had at last encountered the subjects which are the basis of the profession; Cunningham and Samson Wright began to exert their influence amongst us.

We soon found that Room 26 was the source of all information and odd materials, not forgetting the soap ration. Here we discovered Louis, as busy as ever, and whose visual memory greatly intrigued us. Our interview with Mr. Richardson was most startling when we discovered that the young fellow at the table was really our Senior Demonstrator.

The Dissecting Room was ever a place of work, argument and mirth, all happily combined. Dead and deadly missiles flew fiercely at times, and, as a year, we always held the strategic position of the upstairs room. The enthusiasm over a particularly earnest "fight" was often cut short by the tinkle of broken glass.

A certain professor had the nasty habit of interfering with "two pounds, please!" When this same person suffered a similar indignity at the hands of a traffic policeman, we considered our grievances were settled.

The tutorials arranged by the Anatomy Department were greatly appreciated. Douggie Miller's little diagrams, drawn without presumption of artistic skill, solved difficult problems. Dr. Webb lectured untiringly on his obsession—the "fashah" of the body, while Reggie Nowland often had to contend with the lethargic influence of an afternoon lecture.

Professor Stump inveigled us into disbelieving the stork story, and our enthusiasm for his subject soon carried us into a mass of developing embryos, of which H.381 enjoyed a worthy reputation. "Heah is the endoderm, theah is the —", "Wheah?" came the rejoinder from the back, which brought the lecture to a sudden halt. At times he preferred to let the other authorities differ, and the professor's reflections about the ludicrous distribution of hair on the human body was manifested by a very familiar gesture.

Mr. Keith Richardson, in lectures marked more by elocution than by oratory, spoke warmly on the subject of "nerve plexusees".

Meantime, we had also been in the Physiology Department, and had met Pete Davies in his introductory lectures. Interest in counting the total number of "—ers" during a lecture was soon lost, and somebody whispered something about aphasia. We soon came to regard him in that jocular and care-free manner which he appears to like. Dr. Wardlaw gave us notes on the composition of sea-water and carbohydrates, and for Frank Cotton we behaved in athletic fashion to be surrounded by observers taking note of whatever could be measured.

The November of 1932 dealt us a sad blow, for the Profs. took note of their bold decree that fifty per cent. must fail. We rallied with about 90 in our ranks to the sterner tasks of the formidable third year.

Anatomy was simple, and we had half the axilla finished on the first day, so to speak. The prosectors lived a life apart and assumed a dignity of their own. Though we had the same windows to break in the upper dissecting room, yet our aim had greatly improved after the mistakes of second year.

We listened to Professor Burkitt in the cold, dim Hunterian Theatre throughout the winter. You may remember—"Now we'll do the cerebellum. Here we

have the fifth sacral segment of an orang-outang, nothing like man—next slide, please". And so on through an amazing collection of slides, leaving us continually in the dark, we followed his tense left hand outlining vague nerve tracts in an imaginary nervous system before him.

But did we know our thalamus and our dermatomes!

Dr. Coppleson pandered to our mechanistic ideas; the Hunterian Theatre became the middle ear, and the secret of the larynx lay in a pair of scissors. The lectures on the female pelvis by Dr. F. A. Maguire were deservedly well attended, despite the lateness of the hour. His sympathetic smile and patronizing air greeted us at each lecture, but we suspect he relates the pun on the parametrium year by year.

For the Physiology Department we dieted on many occasions and surreptitiously brought the results next day in bottles wrapped in paper. The test-meal day was one of the happiest—for most of us.

After a scientific holiday in Central Australia, Pete came back in fresh style to tell us all about the Pike's Peak story and the work of the H.W.D. et al.

Prof. Priestley, in a gush of words softly spoken, lectured on the complexity of biochemistry and tried in vain to balance the equations on the board. Miss Hindmarsh was interested in the B.M.R. of everyone; none will forget the effect of laryngitis on a familiar voice.

Piggy McQuiggan, with multiple pages of typed notes, gave us to understand that the thyroid was the most important of the endocrines. There were many purple patches in his lectures. "Now we'll try fifty", was an incident in an algebraical puzzle which confounded Dan's mathematical genius.

Having taught us ever since second year, Joe Canny has become a familiar figure amongst us. Sincere and earnest, but not over-filled with wonder and delight at the bounty of life's gifts, Joe endeavoured to lecture on the nervous system. Of course we concur with his own dictum that one can learn far more by reading textbooks than by listening to lecturers. One could not leave the department without mentioning the one and only Burfield. We feel that there is one god—Anderson Stuart—and Burfield is his prophet.

The third year exams. were approached with fear and trembling, but we were ready for rare joints and thalamic nuclei. In that awful half-hour we found the Wilson Museum a seething mass of specimens and awkward questions, but Duggie Miller was kind and gentle, Dr. Maguire patient and pleading, while the Prof. did not intend to quarrel over minor controversies.

Third year was negotiated with only two losses.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

We began fourth year with altruistic motives for the alleviation of man's suffering. But, alas! How soon were we humbled by our ignorance in the wards and by the warning eye of sisters and residents. We were freshers once more in a new realm.

We had shifted our seat of learning from Glebe to Newtown, for we were the first fourth year to grace the new Rockefeller Building. In its comfortable lecture seats we listened with delight to the excellent series of lectures in Medicine and Surgery.

The Pathology course was begun early in the year with "Taffy" Welsh, and we were soon to appreciate the efficiency of the teaching staff of his department. Respected because he has taught so many fathers, honoured because his grey hairs tell of long experience, and beloved because of the kindness of his disposition and the clarity of his teaching, Taffy will always stand vividly in our memory. He has since announced his retirement from the Chair of Pathology, and we wish him many more years of health and happiness.

Like all his pathological "bottles", Dr. (now Professor) Keith Inglis was himself a "splendid specimen". Keeness and enthusiasm were the outstanding attributes of this very able teacher. "Not infrequently", his raptures over a certain "capital" slide were only to be exceeded by his joy and delight on looking down the next microscope. Dr. Allan Walker lectured in fluent style, and with such skill in logic that his conclusions were unassailable. Little Taffy completed the list of lecturers, but most people did not seem to be interested in the nervous system.

Bacteriology lectures were conducted by Professor Hedley Wright and little Dr. Goldsworthy. The clarity of his argument and his fluency as a lecturer marked the Prof. as an excellent teacher, and we were sorry to lose him at the end of Lent Term when he left for England.

Little Dr. Goldsworthy's lectures on systematic bacto., became a little vague when Tsutsugamuchi fever was introduced, but this was not in comparison with our feelings of blank and mystery when the "*Brucella abortus* of Bang" appeared on the examination paper.

Pharmacology consisted of a series of drugs which paralysed the memory. From Pete's experience were portrayed the manifold stages of alcoholism, and the principles of oxygen therapy were firmly established.

John MacPherson was always entertaining, though in an eccentric way. A powerful purgative pill was his panacea because "the nation as a whole is overwhelmingly constipated". In staccato speech, he reminded us of some of his old favourite drugs which had been omitted from the British Pharmacopœia for some inscrutable reason which, like the grace of God, passeth all understanding. Then, on occasional visits to the Old Medical School, we acquired some pharmaceutical principles from one with spectacles awry who developed our olfactory sense with ninety little bottles.

Fifth year began with lectures at dawn by Dr. Schlink, and his frantic rush through many pages of notes in an hour rather dazed our half-awakened minds. Bertie's lectures were complete in every detail, even to polishing the theatre door-knob. But, after all, who wants to be a gynæcological nurse in disguise?

Pædiatrics, Therapeutics, and Psychiatry completed the programme of lectures for the long vacation. Dr. Dawson provided a source of amusement at Callan Park on Saturday mornings, and we echoed his "thanks for coming along" to each departing maniac.

Genial, hearty and cheerful were the epithets soon applied to Professor Harvey Sutton. In a jovial style he gave us the latest statistics on fly-swatting. We followed Anopheles to his swampy lair, we insisted on ventilation by perflation, and the disposal of wastes was a pastime. He impressed as an organizer of Harbour excursions and a keen photographer. Moreover, he insisted on an introduction to our sisters and our cousins and our aunts by way of a family tree. The susceptibles will not forget the Easter of 1936, when the "slightly sore arm" of vaccination manifested itself.

Dr. Arthur Palmer gave us the gruesome details of homicides and suicides and explained how to act in a civil manner towards the rest of the profession. A delightful lecturer and a veritable Sherlock Holmes, he convinced us that no drug was "safe" for criminal purposes.

Final year began glibly with a series of lectures by Dr. Cowlishaw on our descent from Æsculapius, and each day found the lecture table covered with antique volumes from his extensive library.

Soon we realized that final year is like no other, and that graduation is the result of consistent work.

However imperfectly we have come to know and understand each other in six years, now must our paths separate for ever into the expanding limits of the profession. We look with admiration at the success of our Honoraries, but when we equal them in years and perhaps in knowledge, there will be still the flooding tide of students following behind. Then may this book be a treasure in our libraries, a glimpse of the past in which we have played some small part.

Sporting.

The sporting achievements of our year deserve mention because they are so numerous and also because they involve almost every branch of University sporting activity. We congratulate the following, who have obtained blues in their respective sports:

Football: J. Hall-Johnston.

Cricket: A. H. Gee.

Hockey: C. R. B. Blackburn, A. H. Gee, C. A. C. Leggett, F. W. Ross.

Rowing: W. T. G. Atkins, H. D. Raffan, D. R. Harbison, N. G. Godfrey.

Tennis: J. B. Mathieson.

Athletics: R. E. Ashbarry, R. E. S. Charlton, E. J. Eastaugh, G. R. Jones.

Rifle Shooting: G. M. Blaxland, J. Hall-Johnston.

Boxing: L. P. Sapsford, C. Warburton.

Swimming: W. T. G. Atkins, P. Braithwaite.

Baseball: L. H. A. Phillips, L. P. Sapsford.

Birthday Honours.

In the recent list of Royal Birthday Honours were included the names of two of our former teachers:

Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, K.B., O.B.E., B.A., M.D., Ch.M.

W. A. Ramsay Sharp, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S. (Edin.),
F.R.A.C.S.

Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn was appointed Dean of the Faculty in 1932, and retained that office until 1935. We knew him as Senior Honorary Physician at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital until May, 1934, when he retired from active teaching and was appointed Honorary Consulting Physician to the hospital.

W. A. Ramsay Sharp, until his retirement from teaching this year, was a Tutor in Surgery at the Sydney Hospital. He is now an Honorary Consulting Surgeon.

We offer both the congratulations of the sixth year.

PROFESSOR H. R. DEW.

*"His head was bald, and shone as eny
glas,
And eke his face as he had been anynt.
Al that he spak it was of high prudence
And short, and quyk, and full of
sentence."*

—Chaucer.

It is with admiration and pride that we speak of our Professor of Surgery, and his appointment as Dean of the Faculty has lent an intimacy whereby we can better appreciate his personality. His honesty of thought and action in all matters have won for him praise, while his constant desire to help the student has proved invaluable on many occasions.

In words endeavouring to follow a rapid train of thought, his lectures on surgical principles were always masterly and authoritative. Fond of epigrams, aphorisms, age-periods, and not afraid to add a touch of exaggeration, Harold made concise utterances which were in reality gems of knowledge.

With keen judgment and deft hand as a surgeon, he was seen to advantage in the professorial ward. There he taught us that any fool knows when to operate, but it tests the good surgeon to know when not to operate. At times surprised, if not shocked, by our ingenuity, he would criticize in an abrupt but apologetic manner—how often was our clinical story "poor stuff, but better than nothing at all"?

Always obsessed by "the problem confronting us here", and interested in the "rummiest" aspects of any case, Harold impressed us with his keenness and enthusiasm. At all times he gave exactness and demanded the same, though he was ever ready to appreciate wit and explain difficulties.

From him we have learnt the fundamentals which are so "frightfully important" in surgery, and have adopted in a measure that open critical mind which he himself bears to all authorities.





PROFESSOR C. G. LAMBIE.

*"He could distinguish, and divide,
A line 'twixt south and south-west side."*
—Butler.

As a keen lecturer, full of enthusiasm for his specialty, Professor Lambie introduced himself to us in fourth year and amazed us with the new meaning he gave to Physiology as he proceeded to apply it as the basis of Medicine. He propounded his opinions with a vehemence and ardour that implied an alert brain. His lectures were not to be missed if only to see that upraised arm and clenched fist, protruded mandible and sparkling eyes, and excited voice laying emphasis on "amenorrhœa is a symptom of prolo—onged anæmia".

In the clinics he showed extraordinary skill in eliciting that change in quality of the percussion note, and the spleen was demonstrated with an accuracy beyond equivocation.

In turn he demanded exactness of description, and we soon heard that musical "Oo Noo" in response to some loose statement or seemingly logical conjecture. And woe betide the poor student who did not know his patient's symptoms—"No history, no clinique", followed by the exit of a disgusted professor. Was not one of us humiliated when he prescribed "Abracadabra" for his patient?—or was it "Pil Diuretica", which is just as good!

In the wards he was ever in pursuit of minute details and relevant negative facts. He added up "points for, points against" a diagnosis in a manner which produced only the correct answer.

But, withal, we were inspired by the zeal and enthusiasm with which this ardent little Scot studied and taught his subject.

PROFESSOR J. C. WINDEYER.

*"With a spirit free
From mists, and sane, and clear."*

—Arnold.

"Daddy" soon won the favour of all students by his kindly and sympathetic manner, and an underlying sense of humour which occasionally came to the surface. In fourth year he taught us the value of punctuality and explicitness, and distributed those summaries which are a red road to examination success.

Fifth year found him demonstrating the "dam specs" of his museum in precisely correct obstetrical language.

In the tutorials at the Royal, always with an apology for tired eyelids, he lectured with an exactness which made obstetrics easy. We have realized the advantages of being "motor-men" speaking always of "contractions", and the obstetrical difference between the tense woman and the relaxed woman is clearly indicated.

By his thorough methods, his kindness and good nature, "Daddy" has earned our respect, and his personality will always permeate our interest in Obstetrics.

Professor Windeyer will not be an examiner this year, at present being engaged on a tour of the Continent—"to learn something from them, and also", he added with eye twinkling and head nodding harder than ever, "to see if I can teach them a few points".



Professor Lambie.

Oh, see him, hand upraised, dramatic pause,
A fresh perplexity has bared its cause,
 An isle has risen from chaotic seas—
An isle of truth—and he has found its shores.

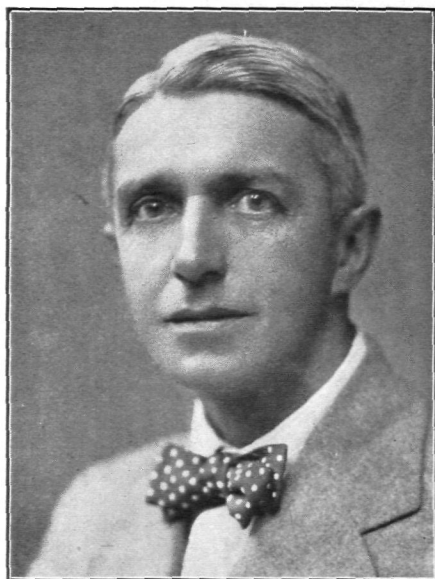
And see him, with his students set around,
Reveal the music of a soft amphoric sound,
 And analyse its quality and pitch,
Then tell them of the lesions to be found.

And wonder at his quick inductive thought,
That reconstructs from signs of varied sort
 The one elusive synthesis alone
By which the diagnosis can be wrought.

And in the darkened hours, unsung, unsaid,
Imagine him, abandoning his bed—
 Creep silent through the wards with camera set,
Recording swollen veins by infra-red.

Old Omar sang in praise of wine and ease,
But I, his shadow, sing of more than these—
 The subtle joy of clear, unbiassed thought,
The man whose slave it is against disease.

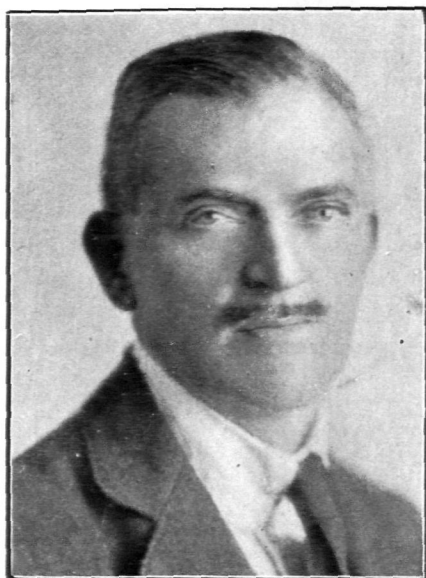
—R.E.A.



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



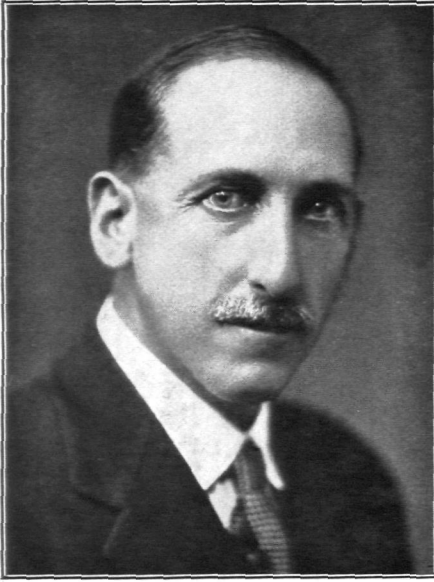
J. McLUCKIE, M.A., D.Sc.,
Assistant Professor of Botany.



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., D.Sc., F.Inst.P.,
Lecturer in Physics.



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



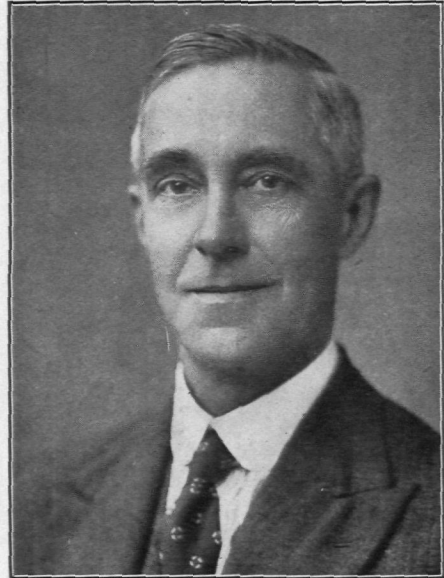
C. WITHERINGTON STUMP, M.D., D.Sc.,
Professor of Embryology and Histology.



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



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



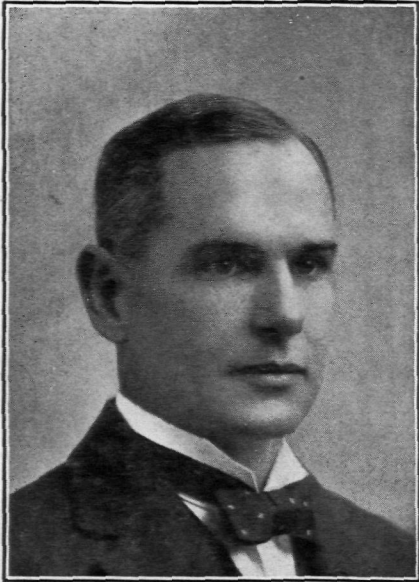
H. PRIESTLEY, M.D., Ch.M., B.Sc.,
Associate Professor of Physiology.



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



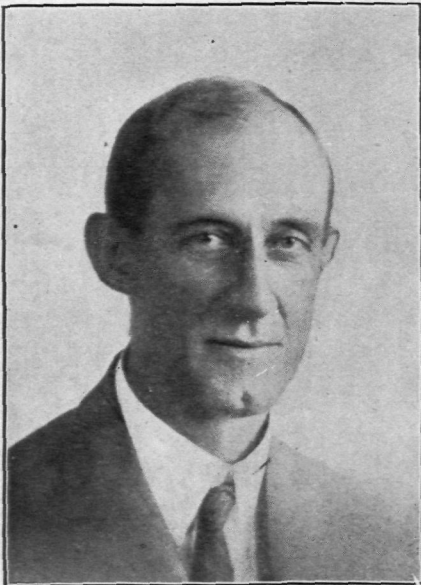
H. D. WRIGHT, B.A., M.D., Ch.B., D.Sc.,
Sometime Professor of Bacteriology.



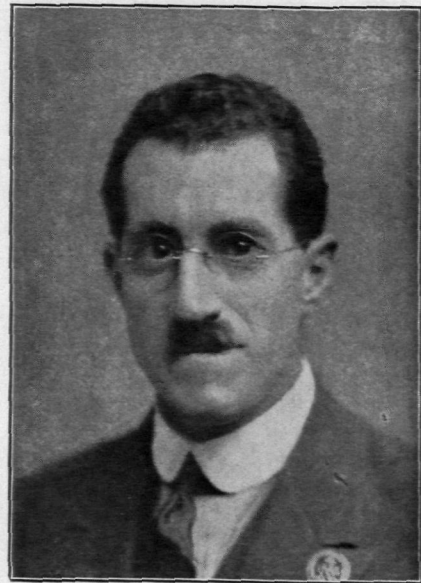
W. K. INGLIS, M.D., Ch.M.,
Professor of Pathology.



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



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



R. G. WADDY, M.B., Ch.M., D.O., B.Sc.,
Lecturer in Ophthalmology.



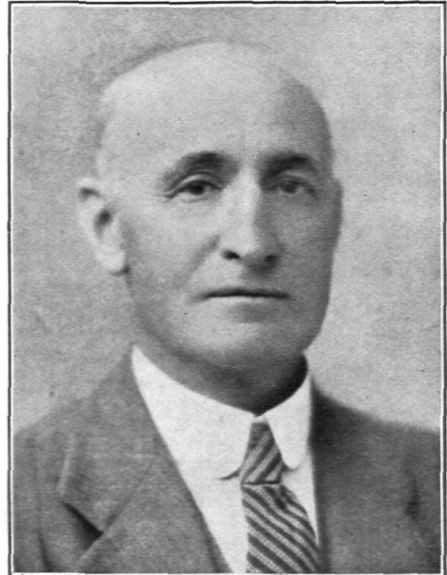
ROBERT S. GODSALL, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Lecturer in Ear,
Nose, and Throat Diseases.



W. S. DAWSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
D.P.M.,
Lecturer in Psychiatry.

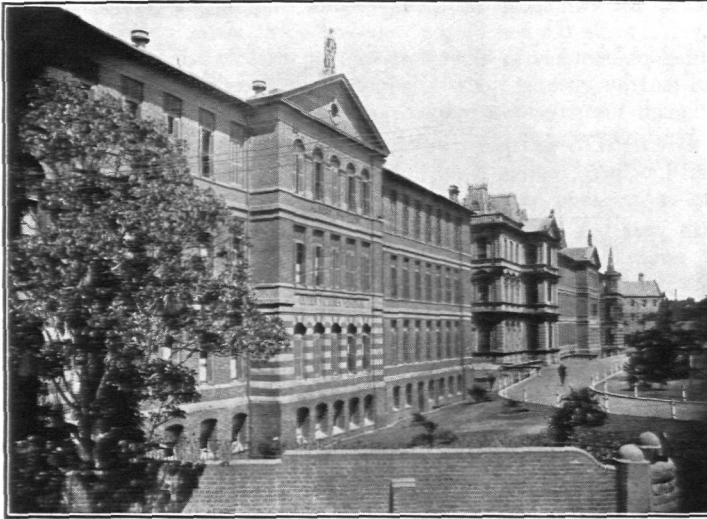


HARVEY SUTTON, O.B.E., B.Sc., M.D.,
D.P.H., Professor of Preventive Medicine
and Public Health.



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

Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

For almost three years we have been walking the wards of P.A. with those feelings of humility and interest which only a student can experience. Having had three Common Rooms, we really don't feel settled in the old grocery store which is now being furnished for our use.

In fourth year we soon found that the easiest path from the Common Room lay in the direction of the Casualty Ward. There we had the pleasure, though this was marked by considerable trepidation, of inserting our first stitch, of applying a hot foment (after several unworthy attempts) and of asking nervous patients personal questions without knowing how to make a diagnosis. Others preferred the warm operating theatre as a more profitable means of spending leisure time.

Medical and Surgical tutorials completed the programme of fourth year work.

Dr. Bye, in unassuming manner, impressed us by his genuineness and by some slyly related anecdotes. Dr. Susman, in lively style, made "the syphilis" his specialty; while Tom Greenaway taught us to appreciate the full value of presenting signs. Dr. Maddox, overburdened with the cares of student supervision, maintained unflinching courtesy to his group.

In the Surgical Out-Patients, Dicky Flynn shot dates at us with a confident gleam of trickery in his eye. His chief delights were in strapping patients and telling Mayo Clinic yarns. "Fridge" laid down "the laws" from the chapel pulpit, and was equally generous with information and cigarettes. Dr. Money found many strange and interesting things in the umbilicus and elsewhere ("Now you can come up for a breath of air").

Dr. McCredie was painstaking and canny; calmness was his forte.

In the Orthopædic Department we found Doctors Teece, Glissan, Vance and Callow drilling patients and performing skilful feats with scraps of iron and aluminium.

In fifth year we spent our six months of "holiday terms" at the "Kids" and the "Royal", while the rest of the year was spent in the professorial unit. There we practised phlebotomy in all its variations and took a morbid delight in stomach tubes and lengthy histories; our skill in surgical dressings was observed to improve slowly, though the patients remained unimpressed.

In the O.P.D., varicose veins developed during the course of long afternoons. We found Doctors Hughes, Bye, Greenaway, Morrow, and Cotter Harvey always willing to impart their knowledge.

Sixth year has found us conversant with all the wards (and sisters), having acquired some idea of hospital routine. Intellectual dyspepsia is beginning to develop as the task of reading the textbooks becomes more hopeless, but November draws rapidly closer and provides the only cure.

Though we see little of the Superintendent, we know that the whole of the organization of P.A. depends on Dr. Lilley, and we owe a debt of thanks to him and the Resident Staff for the easy way in which we have been able to adjust ourselves to his routine.

A debt of gratitude is also due to the Nursing Staff for their help in our difficulties and patience in our ignorance. From Sister Doherty we learnt many principles of nursing in two very full lectures. All have been kind and obliging to a degree, a factor which makes student life happier and more pleasant.

Perhaps we may depart by the front entrance leaving Mr. Rattigan still entertaining groups of waiting students and with a proud answer to the usual question each morning.

DR. S. A. SMITH.

*"But strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures."*

—Macbeth.

This upright grey-haired man with the penetrating eyes and pleasant expression is one of the very popular Honoraries. With a kindly excuse for students who don't know, and an unobtrusive way of putting teasing questions, he goes from bed to bed discussing cases in flowing speech and easy style which makes Medicine seem quite elementary.

Possessed of a remarkably systematic mind, he pursues each case to its logical diagnosis. Towards his patients he is at all times sympathetic, and his accurate knowledge of their histories is indicative of a keen memory.

Patient in his hearing of a long history, with a glottic expression to assure his interest, he could solve all his difficult problems "with thorough investigation and anxious prayer".

SIR JOHN MCKELVEY.

Rounds with Sir John McKelvey have always an element of uncertainty about them, as one never knows whether to revise beforehand one's knowledge of surgery, of the lives of famous men, or of navigation rules and regulations. Bret Harte, Ruskin and the plots of detective stories are also favourite subjects for discussion.

In the wards no time is ever wasted. Sir John has the faculty of presenting all the relevant facts of a case in a few words, leaving us with no questions to ask. His keen eye and deft hands make a certain diagnosis which fills us with admiration, and he finishes his examination of the patient with a shrug of the shoulders and "We'll operate on Thursday, Doctor".

In the Alex. Sir John's visits are always appreciated, especially by Matty, who is usually seen later issuing from the shop laden with ice creams for himself and his friends.

As an illustration of Sir John's thoughtfulness towards his students, we might mention that never once did he cause us to miss afternoon tea—for which we are eternally grateful.

DR. MARK LIDWILL.

*"I can teach you with a quip if I've a mind;
I can trick you into learning with a laugh."*

—Gilbert.

One of the outstanding personalities of the Honorary Staff. With a flair for dogmatic expression, a fund of spontaneous wit and a store of choice anecdotes from his varied experience, Bunny has captivated us with his lecturesses at the bedside and in the A1 dining-room. We know now that when Mark says light diet he means light diet, not feathers, corks and bubbles.

Anyhow, "it doesn't matter a tuppenny damn!"

Cheerful and optimistic at all times, Bunny has a clinical acumen founded on a wide experience. Often when laid low with "Bunkum" we rallied to hear a simple explanation and a clear diagnosis of a curious case. And in years to come, being confronted with a similar problem, we shall say—according to the prophet—"I wish to God I'd listened to what old Bunny told us!"

In examining children, Bunny knows all the tricks, and, having discovered a dirty chair one day in the Alex., he still feels the seats as assiduously as ever.

But do you remember the case of pernicious anæmia who was later demonstrated as a gastric ulcer? Yes, Doctor! E-ah!! Got it???

MR. H. R. G. POATE.

A wardful of emotional young women with bulging throats and staring eyes! Into this garden of exotic flowers enters Poate, of solid build and hearty manner. Pulses go up 20 all round and hearts palpitate. The chart of the first patient is examined. "You're a bad girl, Mrs. Franklin; you were good all the week until yesterday, and then you went and spoilt it all"—the red line of the pulse chart has been zig-zagging wildly between 140 and 200 for the last forty-eight hours. "I'm afraid we can't do anything to you this week. We'll have to wait till you settle right down. Disappointed?" Mrs. Franklin breaks all the rules of exophthalmos and blinks frequently, with large tears rolling from her palpebral fissure. But in forty-five seconds he has made her smile, and even laugh. He goes round the ward giving hope to patients whose morale is beginning to sag, and making instantaneous diagnoses among the few who haven't a goitre. His heartiness is never artificial; it emanates from a nature which is calm and happy at all times. In the olden days of medicine, diabetics and thyreotoxics used to die. That was before the discovery of insulin and the birth of Poate.

DR. C. G. McDONALD.

*"He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of cold, or hete, or moist or drye."*

—Chaucer.

A merry smile, a twinkling eye, and a love of argument; these were the signs by which we knew him.

We enjoyed his long "rounds"—punctuality and long, hurried strides were his means for presenting so many cases in the one afternoon. There was never a moment to spare, never an opportunity lost; between wards we were regaled with clinical "dates", with an extra one to chew over during the few minutes for afternoon tea.

He brought to a focus physiology, pathology and medicine in such a way that many wrong ideas were corrected and many mysteries laid bare. Those of us who have had him as a clinical teacher will remember him for the great interest he took in us, and will always be grateful for the sensible and proportionate outlook in medicine which he gave us.

MR. JOHN STOREY.

*"In fair round belly with good capon lined,
Full of wise saws and modern instances."*

At first we used to feel a trifle impatient as we dragged our weary limbs from C2 to the Alex. and then to consultations while darkness fell and deepened, but soon we found it well worth being late for dinner to hear John's many wise observations born of rich experience, not to mention the frequent flashes of humour with which he illumined his discourses. He always had a ready supply of really funny yarns, and his infectious ocular twinkle and slow, rich chuckle kept our risorial muscles well exercised.

His way with children was a lesson to us all, and if we do not remember the sound surgical principles which he expounded it will not be his fault. Above all, he taught us to guard against over-zealous interference, proving again and again the wisdom of withholding the knife.

In the theatres we saw what it means to be absolutely conscientious. It would be a wily swab indeed that could lie hidden in the wound and escape John's eagle eye and mathematical calculations. His habit of thinking aloud while operating never failed to delight us, with "Mind that vein, Storey!", "I didn't nick the bowel, did I, Doctor?", "Careful, John!" in a never-ceasing stream.

We shall always be grateful to him for his remarks on the subject of good manners and good, simple English. Woe betide the student who slouched into the ward with hands in pockets, or who spoke out of turn! For these and many other timely reminders we thank him, and shall always remember with pleasure and profit our term with "Old John".

DR. ALLAN S. WALKER.

*"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."*

—Tennyson.

To those lovers of simple truthfulness in matters medical, Allan has made a very firm appeal by his honesty of thought and frankness of opinion. His logical approach to the subject made for conclusions which were simple and clear, while

his insistence on finding a pathological basis for each disease reassured our belief in the "science" of medicine.

From a wide knowledge of medicine and all its recent advances, and an experience enriched by keenness of observation, he could always adorn his bedside talks with extracts from current literature and well-chosen illustrations.

His unassuming nature and courteous manner have endeared him to all, while his interest and encouragement have made ward work at all times pleasant and profitable.

MR. E. M. FISHER.

"Eric" ruled in Vic. I, and was also to be found at the Radium Clinic in the earlier part of the year. He has no bull neck or lantern jaw, and is without obvious eccentricities. A model of punctuality, he was courteous to patients, nursing staff and students alike, and was respected by all. His rounds were short in duration but very purposeful, and his teaching lucid and concise; his rules for the treatment of epitheliomata by radium were simple and useful. During operations his courtesy remained in evidence even at the end of the second hour of an abdomino-perineal resection, and he also invited his second assistants to feel tumours in the abdominal cavity. Indeed, our term in Vic. I was enjoyable and profitable.

DR. COLLINS.

From our first acquaintance with "Archie" came the realization that here was one willing to sacrifice his leisure moments for our sakes; and when more important calls had to be answered during "rounds", his unfailing generosity and tireless efforts to make up lost time led him frequently abroad in the early hours to impress on our appreciative minds the principles of medicine and rational therapy. At once he was generous, yet unassuming; reticent, and yet communicative; reserved but never aloof. His friendly, genial manner has left a deep impression on the turbulent plasticity of our inner selves. His method is thorough, his talents many, and his failings limited to a desire that we should find reticulocytes. Our patients, as ourselves, have anticipated and welcomed those bedside convocations, now appreciated as a graceful complex of "dating", of teaching, and of sound advice. His smile and helpful criticism have been a comfort in this harassed final year; and we go to face the music feeling more secure in that his efforts have been not altogether in vain.

MR. T. FURBER.

"Tom" was one of the first surgeons we came to know, and as our association with him lengthened we learned to appreciate him more and more. His attitude toward us was always hearty and friendly, as it was towards his patients, and we must record his favourite habit of pinching up the cheeks of patients, young and old. We smiled, but it would be interesting to know what he discovered from it, or how he had learnt the habit. His rounds were short and sweet; little theory, many smiles, and sound, practical hints everywhere. He was honest enough to admit he did not always know the reason why, and, accordingly, we believed him all the more when he became positive regarding the value of certain procedures. In the theatre he would often draw aside to give the "boy" a generous gaze into the depths when, for all we knew, he might have been "praying like billy-oh!" Thank you, sir!

MR. H. H. SCHLINK.

*"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."*

—Cowper.

We first met Dr. Schlink as a maiden lecturer in gynæcology. His dexterity in handling the multitudes of small leaflets was equalled only by his ingenuity in deciphering the jottings thereon and the speed with which he read them.

One's next encounter was in the Crystal Palace, where, after waiting for the Chief, the assistant, the second and third assistants, and the resident, one made a hasty examination and compared notes with the official opinion on the notice board.

Friday is open season for those who fish in the female pelvis. And the Chief fishes with a verve and gusto that leave Zane Grey in the background. An unwary assistant may often be seen wilting under a shower of invective from the front or a torrent of fluid from the handbasins at the rear.

Clad in his blue rompers, the Chief looks a lithe and boyish figure, but was that figure lithe and boyish enough to write H.H.S. on top of the smokestack?

Back in Vic. I again, the results of last week's angling are examined, and, like all good fish stories, are magnified to several thousand diameters by Dr. Davies and his micro-projector.

And so the daily round goes on, but always it is thoroughly organized, a tribute to this very punctilious Honorary Surgeon.

DR. GEOFFREY F. S. DAVIES.

*"Alas! She's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff."*

—Romeo and Juliet.

Our pathologist, who revealed to us the end result, is the one who showed us so kindly the real condition, and whose work made us forget our clinical conceit and endeavour to work more seriously. Every autopsy was made worth while because there was always time for discussion and demonstration of the pathological processes, always a ready answer to every question, and explanations were clear and satisfying. He taught us much, and we appreciate his quiet manner and his courtesy toward us. We were fortunate to meet such a gentleman.

DR. F. A. MAGUIRE.

Endowed by Nature with a figure and a countenance which betokened geniality and a smile which restored the confidence of each lassie under his care, Dr. Maguire conducted his tutorials in a charmingly facile manner. A firm believer in fundamental principles, leaving scope for individuality in the detail of their application, he was keen to illustrate each point by diagrams which were explicit by reason of their simplicity. In the theatre, attired in flowing robes which gave him a certain majestic mien, "F.A." would untiringly explain each step of the operation. Patient at all times and with a flair for neatness in operative technique, he remained cheerful at the end of the most difficult operation.

Under his kindly patronage, gynæcology held for us no terrors, and his clear exposition of the subject made learning less of an effort, more of an understanding.

MR. LENNOX TEECE.

*"And I you tell in good certayn,
He hadde a semely nose."*

—Chaucer.

"Cocky" was destined to instil into us the principles of orthopædics. In the very few lectures allotted him, he managed to give us a surprisingly concise and comprehensive survey of his subject.

We first saw him in the big lecture theatre, somewhat obscured by what appeared to be scrap-iron in a great heap on the demonstration bench. Closer observation, however, showed it to be an immense collection of splints and appliances, which he proceeded to demonstrate by leaping nimbly into them one after another. He also delighted us by spirited imitations of various types of gait and deformity, with the result that the lectures were voted a complete success.

In O.P.D. we learnt that one must keep bending the elbow after fractures of the humerus, that even an epiphysis slips sometimes, and (helped by the lasses in green check uniforms) a good deal about ankles. The able way in which "Cocky" demonstrated cases without taking from his mouth that delicately poised cigarette won our whole-hearted admiration, and forms a picture that will remain with all those who attended his interesting and instructive clinics.

DR. W. S. DAWSON.

*"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?"*

—Macbeth.

One of the *big* men we met in our course was Dr. Dawson, who lectured on Psychology in third year, and again in fifth year he instructed the more faithful in the complicated processes of the various mental aberrations that beset the less stable of the community.

Quiet and unassuming, modest and kind, he went to great pains to explain things to us—at least it looked painful!

We will all remember our Saturday morning jaunts when he took us out to meet some of "the boys" and prevailed on them to "say something" to us. To make the Queenslanders feel at home, as a treat for us, and so as not to be confused with other local identities, he wore silk suits.

Although there was one Psychiatry bed at R.P.A.H., we did not do rounds, but at Out-Patients we learnt how to cope with neurotic females in the privacy of the dark-room, to complete a full examination of the nervous system in two moves, one for each knee, and to prescribe bromides with reckless abandon. In spite of all, we still believe that Psychiatry is not all —, er, sang-Freud.

In conclusion, we thank him for letting so many through the exam., allowing us to maintain the great standards set by previous years and to bear eloquent testimony to the thoroughness of his teaching.

THE SPECIALS.

Gynæcology was practised in the Crystal Palace on Mondays and Wednesdays. As each patient was dispatched in a minimum of time, those who worked under the Chief realized full well the meaning he attached to "special centres with full teams of workers".

"Gynæcology isn't a science, it's an *a-a-art*." Following this epigram came a triumphant smile, behind which hid the expansive features of Dr. Clement Chapman. His precepts were essentially practical and usually leavened with a reminder of how we did it in the good old days. Arid sessions among the pickled pelvises in the Crystal Palace were wont to be lightened by a drawling voice which said, "And now I'll tell you one against myself!"

Hollow of cheek, bespectacled and keen as his own iridectomy knife, Dr. Granville Waddy held sway over A4. A lapse over the minutiae of refraction may be forgiven, but woe unto the Philistine who forgets his argyrol, his zinc sulphate or his sterile milk.

Dr. Brearley, square shouldered and immaculately dressed, impressed us with his lecturettes, where he displayed a fund of good humour and an ability to reason persuasively. Amusing anecdotes related in entertaining manner often punctuated a serious discussion on ophthalmology.

Dr. Godsall was the model of thoroughness. His patients were treated with consideration and gentleness; we, in our turn, were unable completely to assimilate all he told us—hence his familiar phrase, "You, there, it's no use me telling you fellows anything!" Late on Thursday afternoons, in the familiar dusk of V4, the reflected light of Bobbie's head-mirror illumined many cranial orifices, and, incidentally, threw some light on our own ignorance.

Dr. Halloran, much travelled in the realms of gold, gave us some medico-legal hints and told us tales of Vienna where head-mirrors are worn like hats. He was troubled inwardly when "one crying child" signed itself in the roll-book.

Dr. Molesworth, the high priest of Dermatology, held séances in the Glass House, where he invariably demonstrated that the patient's efforts to cure himself only succeeded in making matters worse. He conducted excursions to the Prince Henry Hospital with all the efficiency shown usually by a Cook's guide. "Whisky" Dawson gave an excellent series of tutorials and was happy in assuring many of his patients that "it is not syphilis in your case, madam!"

The infectious laugh of Dr. Belisario was very prominent in Out-Patients and in the V.D. Clinic. Dr. Gibson showed us how to massage correctly and to make thin smears.

In Psychiatry we found Dr. North a firm believer in psycho-analysis, while Dr. Bond preferred to trust in bromides.

Dr. Laidley and Dr. Earlam demonstrated the various plumbing devices whereby they regulated the flow of water in the Urology Department.

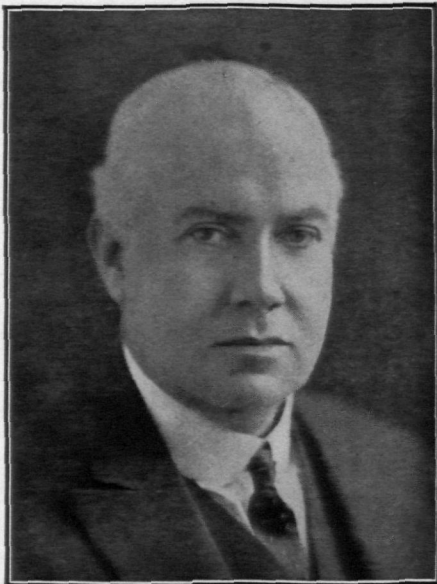
Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.



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



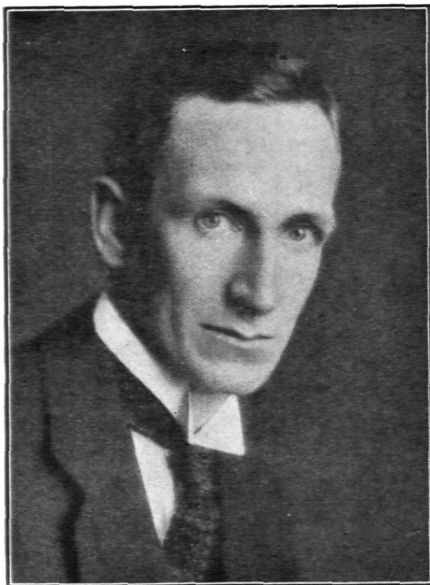
S. A. SMITH, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



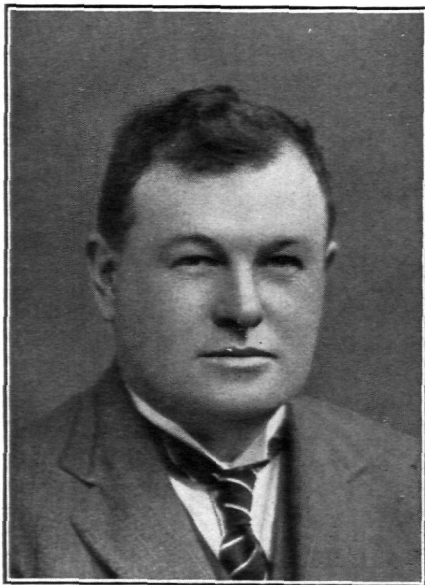
MARK LIDWILL, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



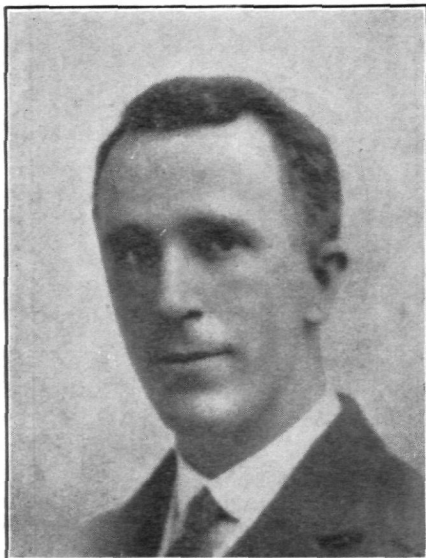
B. T. EYDE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



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



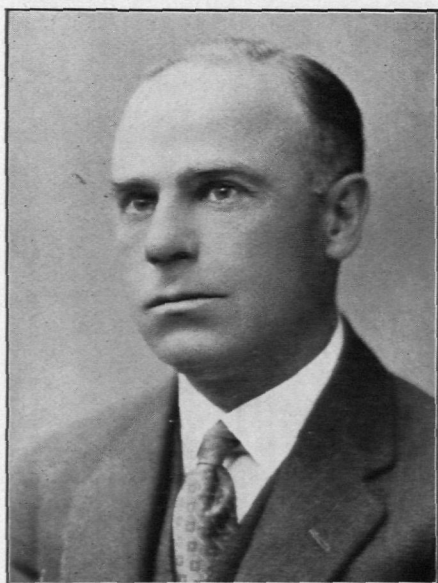
JOHN COLVIN STOREY, O.B.E., V.D., M.B.,
Ch.M., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



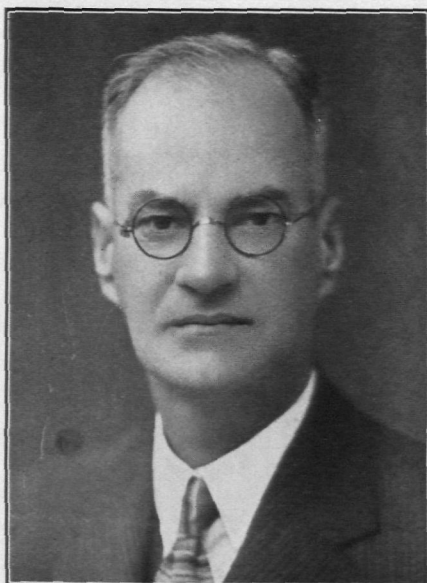
HUGH R. G. POATE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



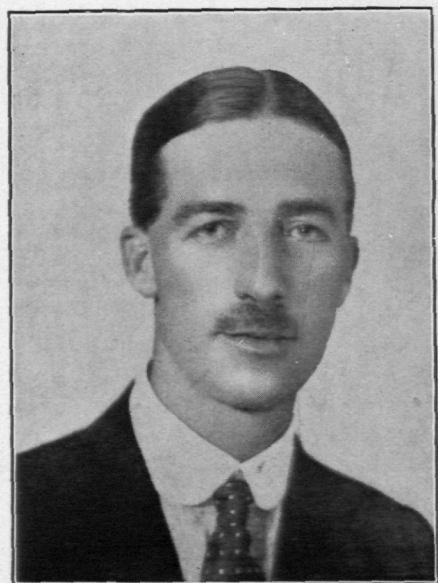
ALLAN S. WALKER, M.D., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



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



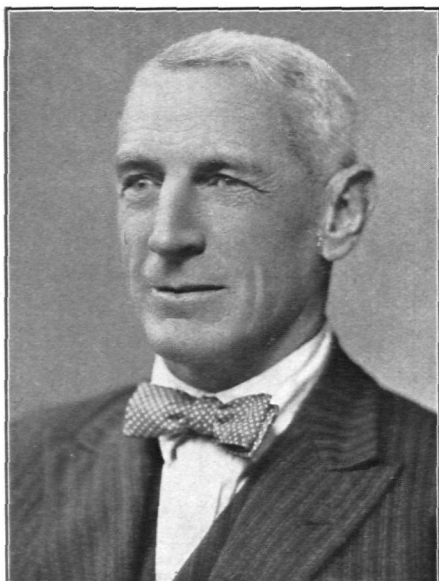
ARCHIBALD J. COLLINS, D.S.O., M.C.,
M.B., Ch.M., Honorary Physician.



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



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



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



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



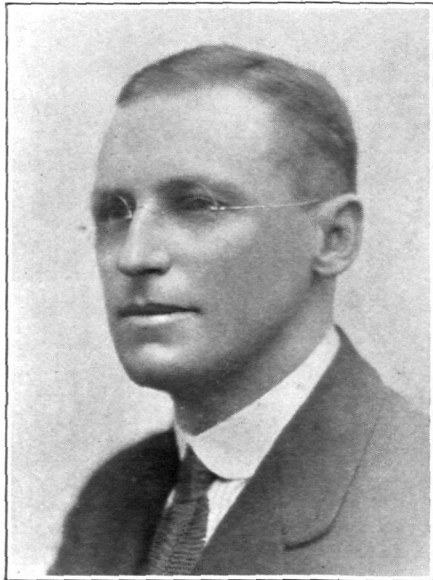
T. FARRANRIDGE, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



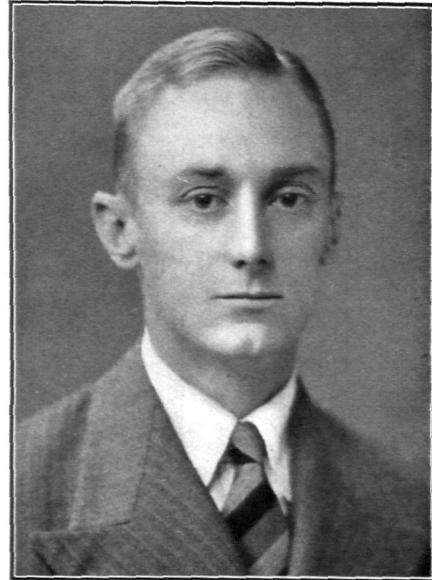
R. ANGEL MONEY, M.C., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., F.R.C.S., Tutor in Surgery.



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



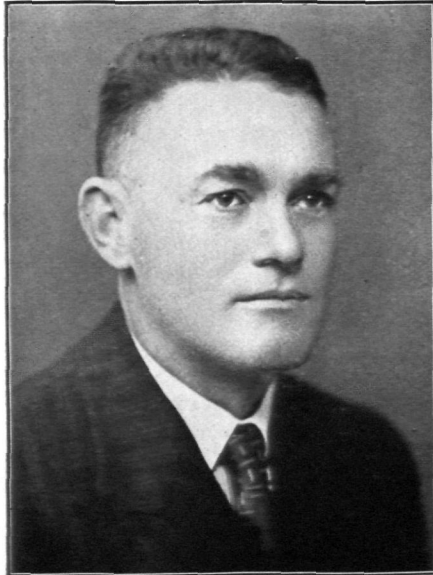
LAWRENCE HUGHES, M.D., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.



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.

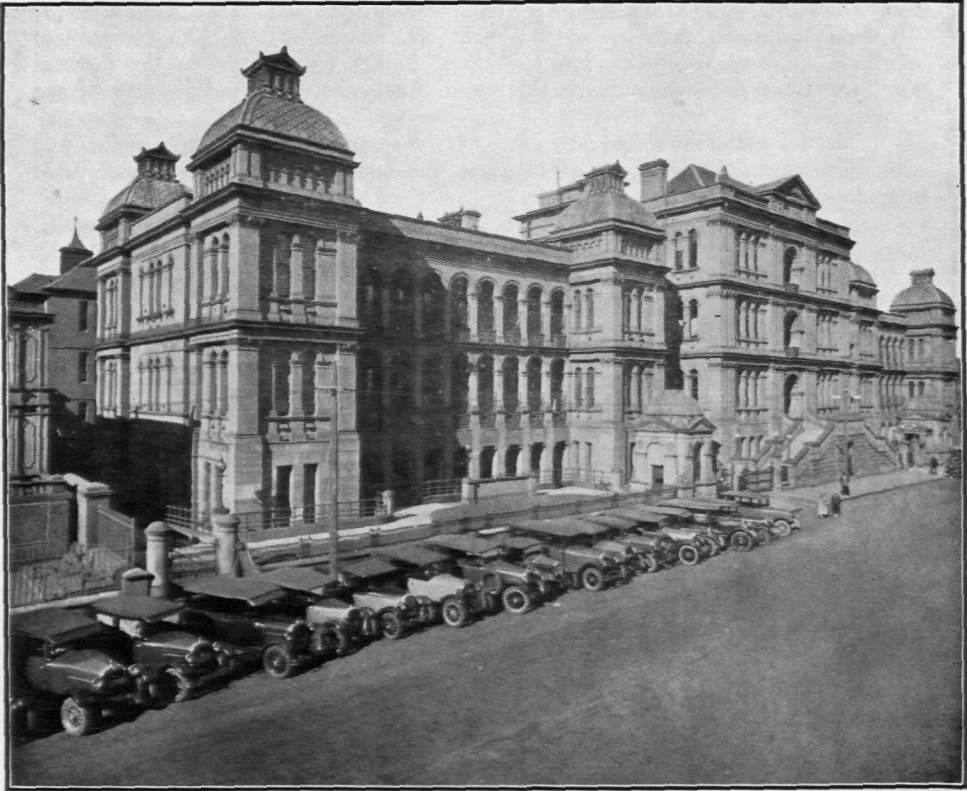


W. A. BYE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Medicine.

Sydney Hospital.

“ . . . the place in which alone they can learn the elements of their art and the practice which will be of service to them when in practice for themselves.”

—Osler.



SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

It is nearly three years since we first made our bewildered way to the students' room, and as we approach what will be for many of us the end of our time here, we find it very difficult to write of our hospital.

While still enmeshed in the toils of our course and blanketed by the sense of our own ignorance, even the most optimistic finds it hard to realize that in a few months some of us will be qualified practitioners, to whom men and women of all ages will turn for advice, for comfort, and even for life itself.

How far we are worthy of that confidence must depend largely on what our hospital years have done for us. If we always remember those details of our training which certainly seem so large at present, this essential fact stands: To our

hospital we owe the foundation of our art, on it depends the happiness we bring, the suffering we cause, the standard of our profession, both in our own time and when we shall teach it to others in days to come; and, lastly, what financial success we may achieve.

To those who in the past built such an institution, and to those who in the present have guided us, moulding us to its traditions, we here pay grateful and sincere tribute.

Dr. Ralph Worrall officially welcomed us, then, in the Out-Patient Department and in the wake of our tutors, we began to learn the practice of our profession. Of those men who gave us our first light on clinical work we remember with gratitude Doctors Willcocks, Evans, Stokes, Noad, and Fisher on the medical side, and Doctors Ramsay Sharp, McIntosh, Buchanan, Kay and Findlay of the surgeons.

To the enthusiastic casualty surgeons who organized us into groups and who initiated us into the art of cleaning, bandaging and suturing (with what tremulous fingers), we also owe much.

Nor do we forget the men in years senior to us who, in those first few months, gave us our bearings in such strange surroundings.

We started fifth year after what seemed a ridiculously short vacation, and plunged into our specials. Of these more elsewhere.

During the mornings we were tutored by Doctors Noad and Findlay and by the senior residents. These tutorials were of great value, and always interesting. We also attended the Fracture Out-Patients' Department, supervised by Dr. Findlay and conducted by a senior resident.

We divided our afternoons between specials and the various other out-patient departments, and in S.O.P. some of us met for the first time Dr. Susman and his thoracic interests.

At other times, in the kindly presence of Dr. Hoets and Dr. Graham, we learnt of the arches which should be and so often are not, and of the treatment of those orthopaedic pains which afflict humanity.

Dr. Kirkland showed us how to wash out bladders and to encourage sounds past impermeable strictures, while his between-patient talks provided a feast of useful facts. In the X-Ray Department, under the care of Doctors Edwards, Maitland, Voss and Cutler, we learnt something of the interpretation of those baffling shadows, while on Tuesday nights we learnt the art of injections "into the arm" and "into the hip". During this year, too, we were instructed in the art of giving anæsthetics, and we are indebted to Doctors Eddie Stokes and Ray Allen for their efficient and kindly instruction in this essential part of our course.

To the Pathology Department (of which we are ever boastful to members of other hospitals) we tender our thanks for the facilities they have provided for our benefit and for the pleasant way in which they made clear our many difficulties in this branch of medicine.

Of our tutors in our final year we have written in detail elsewhere, but there are many others to whom we owe thanks. Firstly, to the nursing staff, which, in spite of great provocation, has been ever ready to assist us, and which, having the power to make our ward work congenial or unpleasant, has done the former.

Again, to the technicians, theatre men and other members of the staff who have spared no trouble to help us.

Finally, but most sincerely, do we express our gratitude to the present resident staff, both senior and junior. They have demonstrated and taught us many things, and always in the most friendly and sympathetic manner.

We now realize how true were the words of Dr. Noad when he first met us: "I do not think you will regret your choice of a clinical school."

DR. HAROLD J. RITCHIE.

*"... In his heart he finds a place
For all the erring human race."*

Harold! The name conjures up visions of tea, sandwiches and dead matches, of dumbfounded students shamed into silence by their newly discovered ignorance, of an all-knowing, all-perceiving Sphinx eyeing us through a cloud of incense. Woe to the unclinical, the book-learned, the indefinite equivocator!

The Sphinx speaks, and from its lips drop pearls of wisdom, aphorisms, authorities, innumerable quotations, comprehensive expositions—finally, touching appeals to our better natures and to our common sense.

His is the strong, stimulating spirit which serves to render our thirst for knowledge the more insatiable. We believe that in the time to come that spirit will give to us comfort, succour and strength, as it has to many others.

MR. GEORGE BELL.

"His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck a sun and moon."

Dark doubt is dispelled as the light of George's countenance shines down upon us. Possessed of the most extraordinary memory for names, dates and cases, full of wise saws and modern instances, he can illumine every difficulty with an array of similar examples and the conclusions to be carefully drawn from them.

Deep-rooted convictions regulate his every act. His characteristic conservatism makes his work solid and certain in its results. Every contingency is provided for, and invariably the question, "Is that right, Doctor?" makes assurance doubly sure.

"General knowledge" he prizes highly, and he frequently astounds his patients with his acquaintance with the state of affairs in Canton, the nuances of the French language, the varieties of high explosive, and the weather out west. His faith in everything British makes us sure that while George Bell lives John Bull will never die.

Green and unformed as we are, we are left to wonder if any of our generation will ever attain to the ripe, robust maturity of our Senior Surgeon.

DR. HOLMES A COURT.

"Tongues in trees."

As physician and teacher, Holmes, of the gentle voice but firm jaw, the quiet manner but wakeful mind, is second to none. His rounds are conducted in an atmosphere of tranquillity and witty phrases, and his theme is the value of the inconspicuous. Much as we learn from his direct teaching, even more valuable is the opportunity of observing how the whole complexion of a case is changed when, apparently at a single glance, he points out some previously unnoticed abnormality.

Of his clinical lectures he says that his function is to show things, not tell them, and this is so accomplished by patient, picture and path. jar that the disease, as it were, unrolls before us, giving the bold outlines of a picture whose details can be filled in from textbooks.

Best of all, we know that whatever he teaches, be it the diet of peptic ulcer or the inversion of a T wave, is in accordance with the most recent work in that direction.

MR. ARCHIE ASPINALL.

He who does rounds with "Archie" cannot fail to acquire a wide range of knowledge. In the first place, the tutor is anxious that his students should learn, and in the second, he does not limit himself to academic discussions of diagnosis or treatment.

Instruments, methods of nursing, details of operative technique, which mean the difference between success and failure, after-treatment, and methods of skin grafting—all these, and more, are discussed from bed to bed. Withal, he is a firm believer in the pictorial art, so that the pencil is seldom still while there is a difficulty to be explained, and his green-draped theatre is provided with a black-board for the same purpose. Each case, whether simple cyst or acute abdomen, receives the same thorough and thoughtful care.

We write too soon to tell of his clinical lectures, but we look forward to them with keen anticipation.

DR. L. W. DUNLOP.

*"A grave and learned scholar he,
Yet simple as a child could be."*

Dolly's simplicity is his strength. It allows him to concentrate on a problem with a single-mindedness in which theory and vague speculation play no part. Facts he wants, and facts he elicits, down to the ultimate detail, while none is quicker to bestow a benedictory smile of approval and encouragement on a student for a thorough, painstaking history.

Once therapeutically bitten, Dolly is twice shy, and his caution is proverbial. He is nevertheless a convinced follower of the injunction "Seek, and ye shall find". And the spirit of inquiry, when exhibited by one of his group, is cultivated with a solicitude and almost paternal interest which Dolly alone can achieve.

MR. HOWARD BULLOCK.

"If you desire the spleen . . . follow me."—Twelfth Night.

"2.30 on Mondays, 2.15 on Thursdays, and 1.45 sharp, on Fridays."

Howard's amazing punctuality is a delight to his students, and no less to the sisters and staff in general. One dark day he came five minutes early, and great was the consternation throughout the hospital, especially amongst his group, a well-timed game of cards being robbed of its climax.

Rounds are enlivened with tales of prominent men both past and present, so much so that we feel that we, too, knew Sir William Osler and Sir Charles Ballance. He is so widely travelled and read that he is able to discourse not only on surgical matters, but also on such subjects as the sterilization of olive oil and glycerine, the mixing of cement, and the rôle of the British race as the policemen of the abdomen.

His vivid personality, the great interest which he takes in his work, and his striking ability to teach make rounds with Howard more than ordinarily instructive, and in the theatre the many visitors and packed galleries speak volumes for his skill as a surgeon.

DR. H. C. ADAMS.

*"Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd."*

"Gentlemen, let me tell you this . . ." You may search far and wide before you come upon a better sport than Bill Adams. "Every old man likes to think he's been a bit of a boy", says Bill; "I do myself." And in the course of many an entertaining round one comes to appreciate the shrewd insight into the affairs of men which he possesses. One would have liked him for a grandfather, but, failing that, one listens entranced to his picturesque tales of the battle against the forces of disease, and especially the ogres of focal sepsis, each tale, as in the best fairy stories, bearing a useful little moral. Medicine is not a myth with him, but a thoroughly practical matter, in which the apparently little things assume their due importance; and if we can gain something of this attitude, and some of the keen observation which goes with it, none will be better pleased than Bill.

MR. A. M. McINTOSH.

We have had the advantage of being with "Mac" both in Out-Patients in fourth year, and again in the wards this year. His kindness, his sympathy, and his desire to help were apparent from the outset, and the more we saw of his work the more we appreciated the soundness of his surgery and the excellence of his results. To these he added a quiet, delightful sense of humour, so that a round with him is equally as enjoyable as it is valuable. Our association with such a true gentleman as "Mac" will be a pleasure to remember in the years to come.

DR. GEORGE WILLCOCKS.

Aloof, dignified and suave, George would make an excellent front page picture for Messrs. Peapes' men's catalogue—bowler hat, gloves, correct tie to tone with suit, and subdued tasteful socks.

He conducts his O.P. Dept. with efficiency and briskness. A certain calmness prevails unless some person, patient or student fails to show a reasonable amount of intelligence—George does not suffer fools gladly.

In our much respected honorary the British Foreign Office has lost a great diplomat. One feels that affairs at Geneva could be definitely simplified if occasionally that crisp, firm sentence, "Mussolini, go behind that screen and strip to the waist" could be heard. Imagine the effect on any living member of the League.

Still, we really cannot spare our Willcocks—he gives Tone, with a capital T, to the place.

DR. WILFRED EVANS.

"He is a wise man who knows the hearts of men."

The elusive P wave holds no fear for us after one term with "Wilf.", as his method of teaching electrocardiography is lucidity itself.

He is always ready to consider any suggestions, however wild they may be, when it comes to a clinical discussion; and at the end of a long day, when his "sugar is low", is ever ready with "Is anybody going to the Eastern Suburbs?"

On Monday mornings, fresh from his mountain home, and with his little bag of tricks in hand, he is prepared for any "snorter" cases which may have come in over the week-end.

His ability as a physician, his friendly smile for all and sundry, and his aid in piloting us through the intricate maze of cardiology will forever be remembered.

MR. LYLE BUCHANAN.

The keynote of "Buck's" work is enthusiasm. With a courage to attack any problem (possibly related to his army career), he combines the ability to complete his work with the capacity to do it well. Brimful of ideas, he never ceases to remould his surgery on a rational basis of physiology. It is typical of him that, when he first encountered us as bewildered novices in S.O.P., he met us on our own ground, then and thereafter encouraging us to work from first principles, and making surgery a living subject to us.

No man is more deservedly popular than Lyle.

DR. E. H. STOKES.

We came upon Eddie early in fourth year, surrounded by hosts of admiring patients. He carefully instilled into us the basis of physical examination, and never did a pituitary adiposity enter his sanctum without being discussed with fervour.

His tuition did not confine itself to M.O.P.'s, and it was common to see Eddie lead a charge upon the X-Ray Department, or fearlessly assault Cas. to demonstrate his method of blood transfusion—then back to O.P.'s again about 5.30 p.m., finally finishing the day with a round of "ninety-nines" in the early hours of the evening.

Eddie also skilfully conducted many of us along the perilous paths of anaesthesia, and to him are due our thanks for the untiring efforts he made to give us a good foundation in clinical methods.

MR. W. E. KAY.

It needs no stretch of imagination to visualize Bill trephining a fellow cave-man's skull in pre-historic times, or amputating a leg a century ago—but in these days of gentle surgery, his energy is sublimated, and goes to drilling the elements of clinical diagnosis into the hard heads of students.

Every point is illustrated by a selection from his inexhaustible supply of good tales—manna to the soul of a fourth year student exhausted with unfamiliar work. Bill's sportsmanship has earned for him a wide reputation.

DR. A. J. HOOD STOBO.

A clear and logical thinker, Dr. Stobo demands the same qualities in his students, and at the same time has the gift of gaining their enthusiastic co-operation. His teaching is imparted with a sympathetic understanding and quiet charm of manner that make his rounds as pleasant in anticipation as in reflection.

DR. C. E. WINSTON.

We could not but look forward in fifth year to Tuesday afternoons, when this genial little man conducted his out-patients. Full of drollery and fun, continually entertaining students and patients alike, he yet lost no opportunity of impressing upon us many useful points in clinical surgery by which, as also by his operative skill we now appreciate his work more fully than we did then. Whatever else we may forget, we will always remember his unflinching cheerfulness and good humour.

DR. R. A. M. ALLEN.

Most of us know Dr. Allen best in connection with our early experiments in anæsthetics. Quietly allowing us to acquire a premature over-confidence, he just as gently showed us how to extricate ourselves from the difficulties in which we soon became involved. Patient and student should be equally grateful to Ray for his delicate handling of a rather terrifying subject.

MR. M. P. SUSMAN.

Among the heroes of modern romance a place must be granted to Mick Susman. Always searching for new worlds to conquer, he boldly plunges into the dark and perilous unknown, emerging blood-stained but triumphant with the fruits of victory in his grasp. The defiant and deadly lobe is dragged from the depths of its hiding-place and exposed to the eager gaze of the world; and the conqueror, with renewed energy, returns to his quest.

DR. K. B. NOAD.

Without an efficient Students' Supervisor the efforts of the best tutors are greatly handicapped, and for this, as well as for many other reasons, we are proud to have "Bobby" at Sydney. But his sympathy and genuine regard for our welfare have won affection as well as respect.

In the wards his enthusiasm is remarkable. Woe betide the shirking nervous system. Does one eyelid droop, is one pupil sluggish, does one knee jerk a trifle less than the other, it escapes not but confesses, and what it says is taken in and used as evidence.

His admiration for a classical sign approaches idolatry. The unfortunate who misses it feels that he has blighted his tutor's life. None leaves his rounds without some new knowledge.

At present he is on the other side of the world; we wish him well, and hope that as graduates we may give him a hearty and grateful welcome home.

MR. PARKES FINDLAY.

Fresh from the "Super's" office, Parkes met us in Surgical Outs. as a raw, unpromising bunch of would-be surgeons. Manfully he strove to teach us the difficult ways of his art, to distinguish the inflamed appendix from all other causes of pain in the R.I.F., and to palpate prostates. Hard as was his task, Parkes did his best for us at all times, and our present profound knowledge of the many traps which beset the unwary is in no small measure due to the efforts put forth by him. For these Parkes has earned our lasting remembrance and grateful thanks.

MR. R. J. W. MALCOLM.

Quiet almost to the point of shyness, it was some time before we "discovered" this young surgeon in S.O.P. Since then, as tutor, surgeon, and now as Students' Supervisor, he has impressed us by his care and efficiency, and especially by the patience with which he cheerfully listens to all suggestions, corrects our mistakes, finally delivering a clear outline of a subject in place of a hazy mass of detail.

THE SPECIALS.

These combined with bridge to keep us fully occupied during fifth year. In preparation for the ordeal of final year our eyes were made to see, our ears to hear, and our brain to conceive—even our skin was made thicker. For all of which we are deeply indebted to the untiring efforts of our Specialists.

Running nose and aching ear were made the subjects of searching inquiry under Doctors Francis, Carruthers and Findlay. Armed with tongue depressor, nasal speculum and an assortment of lights and mirrors, we gained our first brief glimpses of the mysterious septic foci of which we were to hear so much; and we learned the elements of treatment for some of the most discomforting ills, minor and major, to which human flesh is heir.

Unightly pimples and skin blemishes quickly vanished under the skilled treatment of our skin men. The incidence of surfer's foot and dandruff among students suffered a rapid decline. We became adept at dashing off prescriptions for lotions, ointments, pastes and powders. The value of radium and X-ray was taught and demonstrated to us. The lessons so energetically rubbed in by breezy Dr. Norman Paul, "Langloh", and the ever-friendly Dr. George Norrie, have, we hope, penetrated well beneath the surface.

Under the supervision of Doctors North, Cohen, Aitken and Stanton-Cook, we realized what a masterpiece of complicated and delicate workmanship is the human eye, and how many and various the diseases which may afflict it. Our enjoyable afternoons down at the Eye Hospital have further provided us with a useful aid to diagnosis in general medicine.

Dr. W. R. Page had us in turn bewildered and hilarious when we attended his Wednesday morning clinics. His fearful, grateful patients and miraculous cures were object lessons to us; his glittering eye and accusatory finger transfixed us; and our reluctant abreactions have cleansed us of all impurity.

Our natural awkwardness and unfamiliarity with the ways of the opposite sex would indeed have made Gynæcology a barren and unproductive field for us without the understanding help of Doctors Porter, Duggan and Cunningham. As we have not yet completed this rather troubled course, we can still look forward to further work with Doctors Furber and Porter, confident that in this very important subject, as in all the other Specials, we shall finally have a sound working acquaintance with the refinements of diagnosis and treatment that help to constitute the Art of Medicine.

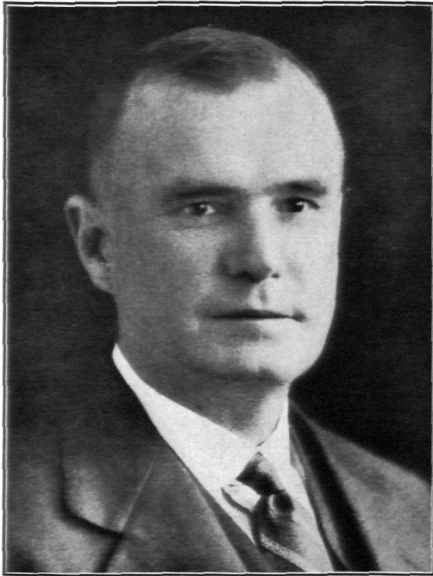
Sydney Hospital.



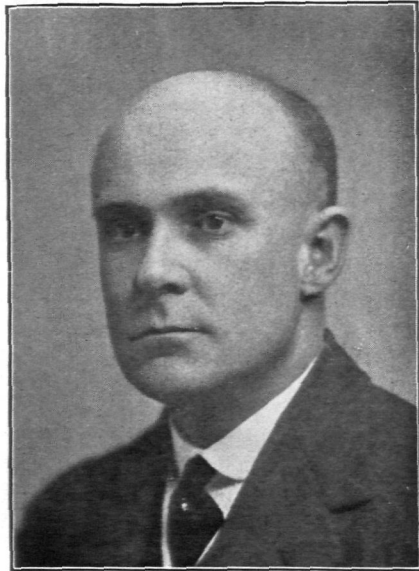
HAROLD RITCHIE, M.B., Ch.M.,
Honorary Physician.



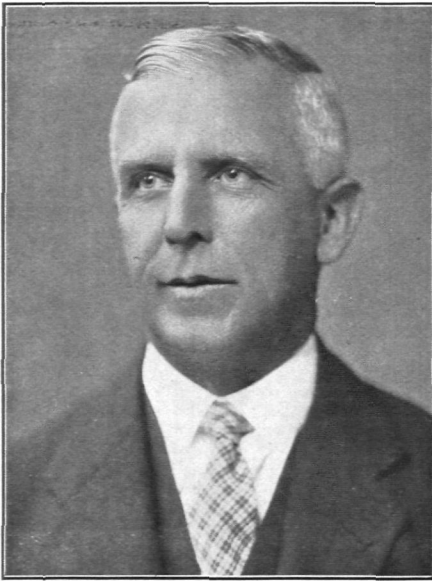
GEORGE BELL, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



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



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



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



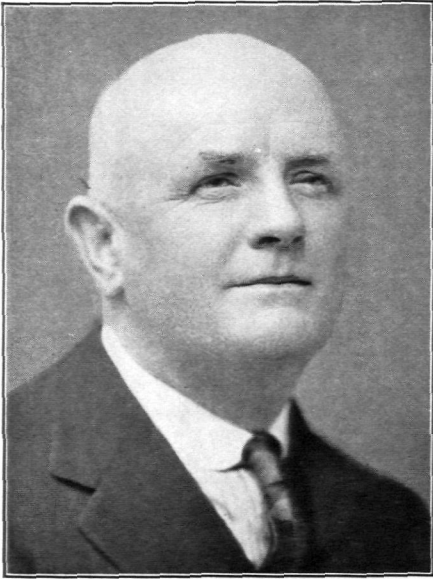
HOWARD BULLOCK, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., B.Sc., Honorary Surgeon.



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



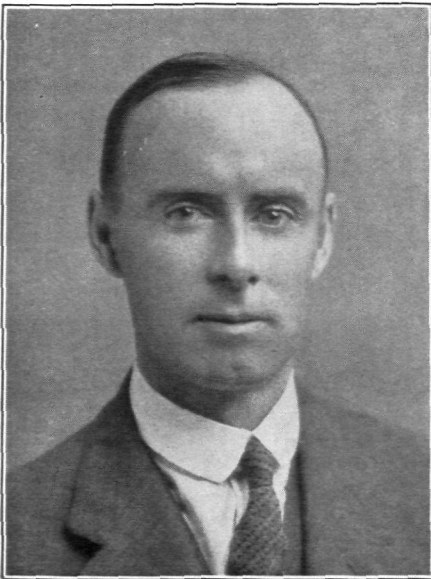
H. C. ADAMS, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.,
Honorary Physician.



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.



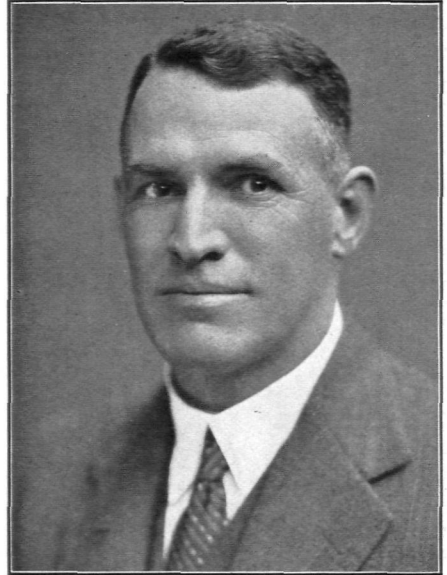
WILFRED EVANS, M.B., M.R.C.P.,
Tutor in Medicine.



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



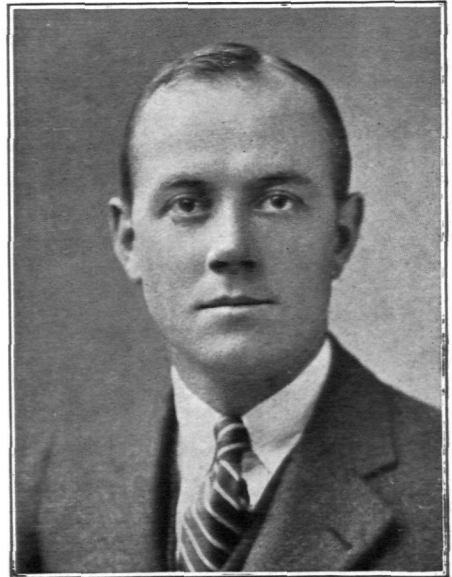
E. H. STOKES, M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Anæsthetics.



W. E. KAY, D.S.O., M.B., Ch.M.,
Tutor in Surgery.



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



KENNETH B. NOAD, M.B., Ch.M.,
M.R.C.P., Tutor in Medicine.

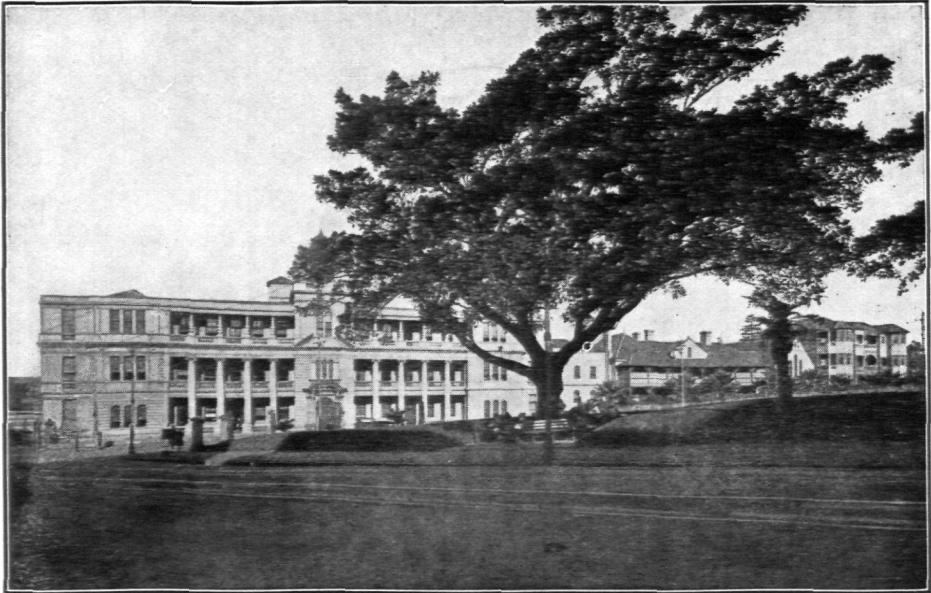


C. E. WINSTON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.A.C.S.,
Tutor in Surgery.



R. J. W. MALCOLM, M.B., Ch.M.,
F.R.C.S., Student Supervisor.

St. Vincent's Hospital.



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

At the beginning of 1934 we came to St. Vincent's to spend what have turned out to be three of the happiest and most interesting of our academic years.

'Twas here that we experienced the thrill of seeing our first operation and of inserting that first stitch in the Casualty Room.

'Twas here also that we learned that medicine was "an art which considers the constitution of the patient", and so to realize that we were to treat "the patient with the disease" and not merely to treat the disease.

Whatever may have been our feelings when we first arrived, our fears were soon made joys by all with whom we had the good fortune to come in contact.

To the Sisters, Nurses, Honoraries and the Residents we owe, in no small degree, a debt of gratitude. At all times have we received their help and interest, which have always been cheerfully given, and, we trust, cheerfully and thankfully received.

They have successfully endeavoured to make our sojourn here a happy one, and we hope also that their instruction and advice have not been all in vain.

DR. O. A. DIETHELM.

"Words from his lips prevailed with double sway."—Goldsmith.

In our earlier years we were accustomed to hear much of "Oscar". But his full and resonant vocalization, ear-splitting and wall-penetrating, gave us a taste of his quality even before we graduated to the dizzy eminence of sixth year. The earlier more or less confused thunder of the voice in the room next door has, in this final year of grace, crystallized into vehemently declaimed words of medical wisdom. We soon learned to respect the owner of the voice for his courtesy, sympathy and enthusiasm. He spends himself ungrudgingly in his efforts to equip us for the struggle against sickness and death. The diagnostic terrors of every disease vanish as he unmasks the villains one by one, and we shall for all time remain appreciative of the earnestness and kindness that are such an essential part of "Oscar".

DR. R. J. TAYLOR.

*"Age could not wither,
Nor custom stale his infinite variety."*

—Shakespeare.

"Bobby" is another of our conspicuous physicians, whose acquaintance we made in fifth year. His *bonhomie* and unaffected manner soon induced us to attend to the portrayal of human disorders which this master interpreter so clearly limned for us and embellished with material drawn from the rich resources of his medical knowledge. At each meeting we inevitably added at least one scalp to the belt whereon hung our "clinical signs".

We all anticipate with pleasure the continuance of our association with "Bobby" when our respective rôles of students and tutor have receded into history.

DR. JOHN P. TANSEY.

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

—Julius Cæsar.

Will students of previous years kindly note that we did not find "John" so very elusive, for we nearly always managed to catch him. And when we did, we were glad, for he managed to invest the most unpromising case with an atmosphere of interest. Never on one occasion did we find a perplexing problem beyond the range of his effulgent theories.

DR. RICHMOND JEREMY.

"Good temper triumphed in his face."—The Gondoliers.

"Jerry"—that vigorous and resourceful man of action—confronted imperturbably the task of rendering clear to us clinical greenhorns of the fourth year the pranks of Mother Nature when she plays fast and loose with her human marionettes. Murmurs and râles, palpations and percussions assumed their due rôle in the scheme of clinical methods under his lucid guidance.

Later, in the sixth year, after others of his fellow tutors had practised their arts upon us, he returns, like a divinity, with undiminished zest, to the task of shaping the rough-hewn timber into "qualified medical practitioners".

One of Nature's gentlemen, "Jerry" has earned our esteem and gratitude.

DR. JAMES SHERWOOD.

*"With meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place."*

—Goldsmith.

To "Jimmy" fell the formidable and unenviable task of initiating us into the domain of medicine and of moulding our ideas and methods into orthodox forms. As tyros, we were thrilled and startled when we were invariably addressed as "Doctor" by this charming and unassuming gentleman. However, our wonder diminished as we came to realize to what degree courtesy entered into the make-up of "Jimmy" Sherwood. No matter how inaccurate or strained were our "explanations" of medical phenomena, they were assured of consideration and respect at his hands.

MR. V. M. COPPLESON.

*"This speech of yours have moved me,
And shall perchance do good."*

—King Lear.

We all consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, to have had Dr. Coppleson as one of our surgical tutors. Remembering his lectures to us on anatomy in third year, we looked forward to our final year with anticipation of great things to come; nor were we disappointed. His Wednesday morning "rounds" and Thursday morning tutorials were invaluable to us this year. His fund of humour and ready wit were always in evidence and made his classes all the more interesting. He was ever ready to help us and to him we are indebted for his untiring and patient efforts to instil in us a practical knowledge of surgery.

We are all "laddie" to him now, but we hope that in the near future we will answer to his "doctor, dear".

MR. W. T. D. MAXWELL.

"A knight well-spoken, neat and fine."—Shakespeare.

Brief contact with our surgical tutor, "Billy" Maxwell, in our final year, sufficed to impress us with his meticulous disposition. Both in the wards and in the theatre his careful attention to detail was forced upon our attention. We soon recognized in him an exemplar in the art of surgery, and we realized that the adoption of his advice and the imitation of his methods would be most valuable acquisitions when treading the road that leads to success in surgery.

MR. I. D. MILLER.

"Gladly would he learn and gladly teach."—Chaucer.

Our acquaintance with "Doug" began in the dissecting room in second year, and our recognition of his prodigious knowledge of anatomy rose in a crescendo of amazement long before the end of third year. His absence abroad during fourth year forestalled our pleasurable anticipation of closer acquaintance, and our long sojourn at other hospitals during fifth year continued to thwart our hopes. Hence, when we reached sixth and (we pray) final year, we were in better mood to appreciate the full flavour of his inspiring and stimulating teaching.

In "Doug's" hands examination objectives are relegated to a minor position. Humanitarianism is his guiding principle, and he is eager to impart ungrudgingly his superb knowledge of surgical disease and its treatment in order to promote the worthier motive.

Matters are never dull at the Miller séances. He produces a quite homogeneous mixture of wit and surgery, and one can laugh even when one is the victim of his barbs, for they are dipped neither in vinegar nor in gall.

MR. WALTER PERRY.

*"His strength is as the strength of ten
Because his heart is pure."*

—Tennyson.

We "dipped our lids" to "Wally" in fourth year at the O.P.D. and during rounds. Soon we realized our good fortune, and we shall long remember how his happy manner of dispensing knowledge frequently detained us at the "outs" till late in the evening. When "Wally" led off with "When I was Super. at Sydney" you could be sure of an interesting (that adjective will do, anyhow) anecdote to follow.

Ever incredulous, he leaned heavily on the Wassermann as an aid to diagnosis, and always through the halls of memory will re-echo his dictum, "If you don't put your finger in you'll later put your foot in".

MR. E. G. MACMAHON.

"It is not night when I do see thy face."—Shakespeare.

"Pedagogy with a smile" is "Eddie's" method, as we learned from three years' pleasant contact with him. A mind adorned with a profound knowledge of his art, an intense enthusiasm for everything pertaining to surgery, a lucid manner of exposition, and a smile that would resist the hardest abrasive—these are the composite elements of his charming character. We owe him much.

MR. V. J. KINSELLA.

"A worthy gentleman and exceedingly well read."

In fourth and fifth years we met "Vic." for rounds and tutorials and learned from him some of the intricacies of surgery. He was ever a keen clinician, always heady to help us, and his rounds were fruitful and interesting. We thank him for his help.

THE SPECIALS.

At the beginning of fifth year when we launched out into the world of "Specials" we met many whose lot it was to guide us on our way. All of them we found eager to instruct us in the correct methods of observation, examination and diagnosis, and from them we learned that "the easiest way to miss something is by not looking for it". To all of them we are greatly indebted for the trouble they took with us.

At the Oto-Rhino-Laryngology Department we met Doctors Seaward, Marsh and Woodburn, who taught us some of the mysteries in their sphere. We are now able to focus head-mirrors and to palpate adenoids *without* having our fingers bitten.

We also learned from "Jimmie" some of the finer points of the "culinary art", as well as some of the "financial difficulties of the out-door patient".

When we embarked into the realms of gynæcology we had the good fortune to meet Doctors Donovan, Foy and Fraser at the Out-door, and Dame Constance D'Arcy and Dr. Brown Craig in the wards. We thank them for the care they took in our instruction in this important part of our training.

For our instruction in things dermatological we are indebted to Dr. Langloh Johnston and Dr. Ryan. From them we learned to distinguish "pediculi" from "acari"; we also learned the prescription for *dermatitis artefacta*, and it is the object of us all to have Langloh's signature in our record books.

We met and heard Dr. Page at the Psychiatry Clinic—in fact we heard him first when previously attending the clinic next door. From him we learned to appreciate the difficulties of a psychiatrist and have learned many interesting names by which people may be labelled. Not even the most critical could label his clinics as being dull.

Dr. Herbert Odillo Maher was entrusted with the task of our ophthalmology training, and we greatly appreciated the Friday afternoons he devoted to us. A variety of interesting cases was always carefully selected for us, and we are indeed thankful to him for what he taught us.

To Dr. Glissan we owe our groundwork in the treatment of fractures and deformities, and are grateful to him for the painstaking care he showed with us, and feel sure that the number of our cases of "non-union" has been diminished.

At the Pathology and X-Ray Departments we were always assured of a cordial welcome and a helping hand. We thank them all for their kindness, and especially Dr. Tebbutt for his interesting lecturettes.

St. Vincent's Hospital.



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



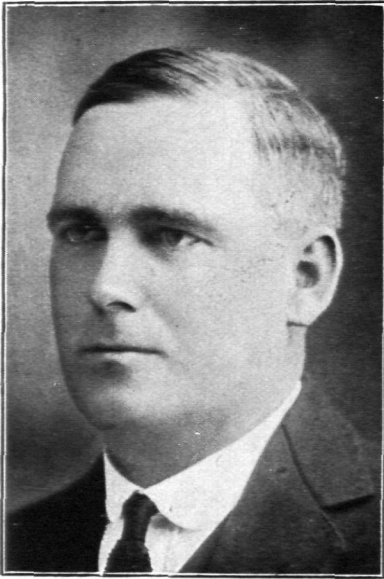
V. M. COPPLESON, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Honorary Surgeon.



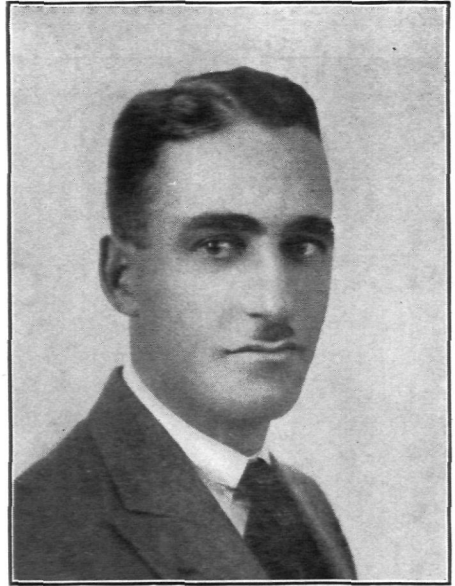
DOUGLAS MILLER, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S.,
F.R.A.C.S., Dean of St. Vincent's Hospital
Clinical School.



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



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



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



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



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



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



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

Royal Hospital for Women.



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

It is at the big maternity hospitals that most of us make our first conscious acquaintance with Genesis.

Here the majority of births occur in orderly rotation—pregnancies carefully supervised in the Outdoor Clinic lead to a safe and satisfactory termination in a labour ward equipped with every modern aid to comfort, asepsis and mechanical efficiency.

One thus misses the novelty and interest of domestic obstetrics, but even in these surroundings there is always a possibility of swift and unexpected drama. This and the odd spanner dropped in the cog-wheels of routine help to make one's residence at the Royal the agreeable diversion which undoubtedly it is.

Before the main course in obstetrics we made numerous pilgrimages to the Royal, where preliminary tutorial classes were given. Under Daddy's benevolent smile theory joined hands with practice, and obstetrics appeared as child's play.

Meanwhile, at the O.P.D., Doctors Ida Saunders, Small and Stening demonstrated the technique of ante-natal care.

At 39 Brown Street we were ushered into the Upper Room, where a flood of weird blue light played on rows of mountainous abdomens. These we proceeded to palpate, under a barrage of utterly unfathomable enigmas from Dr. Ridler.

After toiling uphill to septic block we stood afar off and watched while the staff, armed with curette and hypodermic syringe, chased temperature charts down from the stratosphere.

The main course of four weeks in fifth year was a light-hearted affair, and those earnest seekers after the light who took their libraries into residence soon saw their mistake. It quickly became apparent that every normal labour occurred

while nobody was about, and that most of the hours between sunset and sunrise were spent in waiting on a concrete floor while a rigid perineum and a petulant uterus made up their respective minds.

The more important amenities about the hospital were the tennis court (belonging to the nursing staff), the radio (hired for the month), the lift (stopped for inspection) and the Gould silent water heater, without exception the noisiest thing in Paddington. And then, of course, we were subject to the motherly ministrations of Nellie, who made our beds and kept our breakfast luke-warm from 6.30 onwards.

The resident staff maintained the traditional keenness to hand on the torch, and staggered us with their amazing speed in arriving to give anæsthetics.

At this stage Dr. Bruce Williams was Medical Superintendent. He gained immediate popularity, alike by his good fellowship and his sound teaching. An intensely practical obstetrician and unfailing humorist, his somewhat colloquial commentaries at the bedside were a delight to the ear—well, anyway, the student's ear. We wish him every success in his new position of Honorary Surgeon, and welcome Dr. Mutton as his successor.

In his tutorial lectures Dr. Brown Craig pointed out the correct way of applying the Milne Murray, of extracting the after-coming head, of soothing the foaming eclamptic, and performing other solemn rites.

Dame Constance D'Arcy was not infrequently present at her tutorial classes. From Dr. Margaret Harper we either heard, or did not quite hear, much valuable, if uninteresting information about infant feeding (or was it Baby Health Centres?).

And what of the Nursing Staff? Most of us will remember the Sister as someone in grey who allotted the cases, usually wrongly, and complained about the noise; the Staff Nurse as a being clad in buff-coloured uniform with cast-iron ideas in water-tight compartments which waver not a hair's breadth from case to case nor from year to year; and the Nurse as an overworked and underrated lass who very sportingly made us coffee and toast after rounds.

One or two members perhaps deserve mention. First, there was Sister Gale. When the word went round that Sadie had left the Royal one viewed the future with gloom. However, she is now putting the bright into Brighton-le-Sands. And then, of course, there is Fuller. One cannot think of the Royal without thinking of Fuller expressing a reluctant placenta. We recommend the spectacle to those to whom the term "horse-power" is but an abstract conception.

During the refresher course in final year conditions were somewhat altered. The feeling that November is just around the corner rather detracts from the general *joie de vivre*. And an all-knowing power has grouped us into twelves instead of sixes. (This is one of the commonest causes of tooth-gnashing.) Those who are not quartered in the cottage live in clammy catacombs in the bowels of the old building, at the end of an antique extension telephone through which, in exceptional circumstances, there filters a third-hand message from the outer world.

Against this, on the credit side, is the fact that the catacombs house what is possibly the finest hot shower in Sydney.

A feature of the refresher is the very practical course of tutorials by Dame Constance D'Arcy, Dr. Brown Craig and Dr. Gordon Lowe.

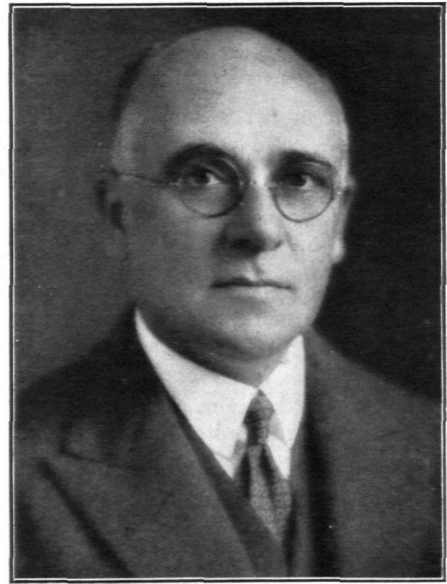
Royal Hospital for Women.



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



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



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

Crown Street Hospital.

When we are scattered over the face of the globe we will ever look back with joyful memory to days spent within these walls. Here we received our first experience of a doctor's life in the hours when the blanket of night enfolds all things except the labouring mother and her attendants.



CROWN STREET WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Tumbling down the stairs from our palatial "apartments" on the super top storey; guarding the perineum more carefully than a miser his gold; and after the birth of yet another citizen applying the vaseline (or ol. olivæ if such could be smuggled in), and then striving not to drown or drop the struggling infant whilst it received its first ablution—these will forever remain vivid in our memories.

In lighter vein, many were the interesting hours we spent with cards, gramophones, wireless, piquet, fire-hoses, quart bottles, "major lashes", and so forth, each group thoroughly enjoying its term of residence in many weird and wonderful ways, and no account would be complete without mention of our obliging friend Tony.

Concerning the more serious side of our residence the medical staff spared no pains to train us as thorough obstetricians. Dr. Ludowici, with his horror of Pit. and Ergot; Dr. Donovan, cheerfully dismembering the unaccommodating fetus; Dr. Gibson, watchful and exact, fearlessly assaulting focal sepsis; Dr. Bowman's interesting and instructive demonstrations of the pitfalls of pregnancy; Dr. Chesterman, gently plotting fetal curves; Dr. Dixon Hughes expanding on puerperal pyrexia; all combined to illuminate the path to successful midwifery. We take this opportunity of thanking them for the care and attention which they bestowed upon us, and trust that the monument to their teachings will be raised in our obstetric practice.

To the Resident Medical Staff, under Doctors Metcalfe and Drummond, we also extend our thanks for their kindly help at all times; and, last, but by no means least, to Sister Giles and her staff for the painstaking manner in which they guided us through the intricacies of labour.

Vale, Crown Street! Legion are the happy memories of times spent within your portals. We wish you well.

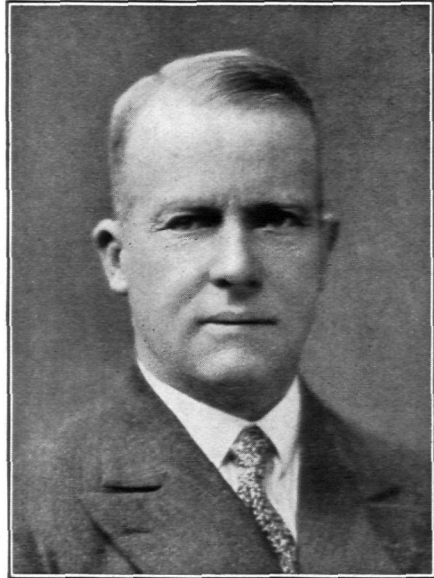


ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION BUILDING, FROM GLOUCESTER HOUSE.

Crown Street Hospital.



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



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



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

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.

*"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."*

—Pope.

Better known to us as "The Kids' ", this delightful place was a haven to us for a whole term during fifth year. What a treat it was to deal with human beings as yet unspoiled by the insincerities and affectations of adult civilized life! Knowing the type of home from which many of them came, we often marvelled how such delightful beings could have been produced under those conditions. Comparing them with their elder brothers and sisters at the other public hospitals, we felt how pitifully inadequate is our present system of "education". At the R.A.H.C. we learnt many things about children and their ailments. Most important of all, we began dimly to understand the workings of their queer little minds.

The able staff of Lecturers and Honoraries did their best to imbue us with sound medical and surgical pædiatric principles. Dr. Edgar Stephen's subtle wit and quaint yet vivid way of describing things ensured full attendance at each lecture, even at the grisly hour of 8.30 a.m. Dr. Hipsley told us clearly and concisely the essentials of surgery as applied to children. If in his lectures some of us behaved as though we had—

*". . . emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk",*

one feels sure that 120 minutes' continuous lecturing was enough excuse at that unearthly hour. We also thank the other Honoraries for their efforts on our behalf in wards, theatres, and O.P.D. They included Doctors Margaret Harper, Plomley, Macintosh, Nelson, Vickers, Sear.

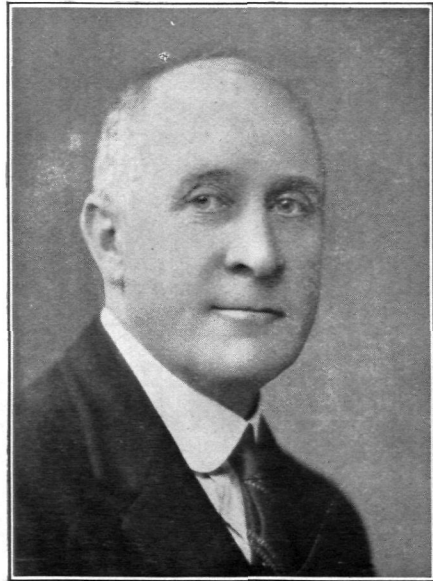
The nursing staff was extremely charming, and gave us much assistance, in spite of the trail of devastation and disorderly bedclothes we often left behind us in the wards.

And last, but not least, we must make reverent mention of the palatial students' quarters; with bared heads, let us gaze in memory down the vast recesses of the room echoing to the shrill cry of the card-player, or to the cheerful tinkle of spoons in steaming cups of morning tea.

Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children.



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



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

PASSING THROUGH MEDICINE.

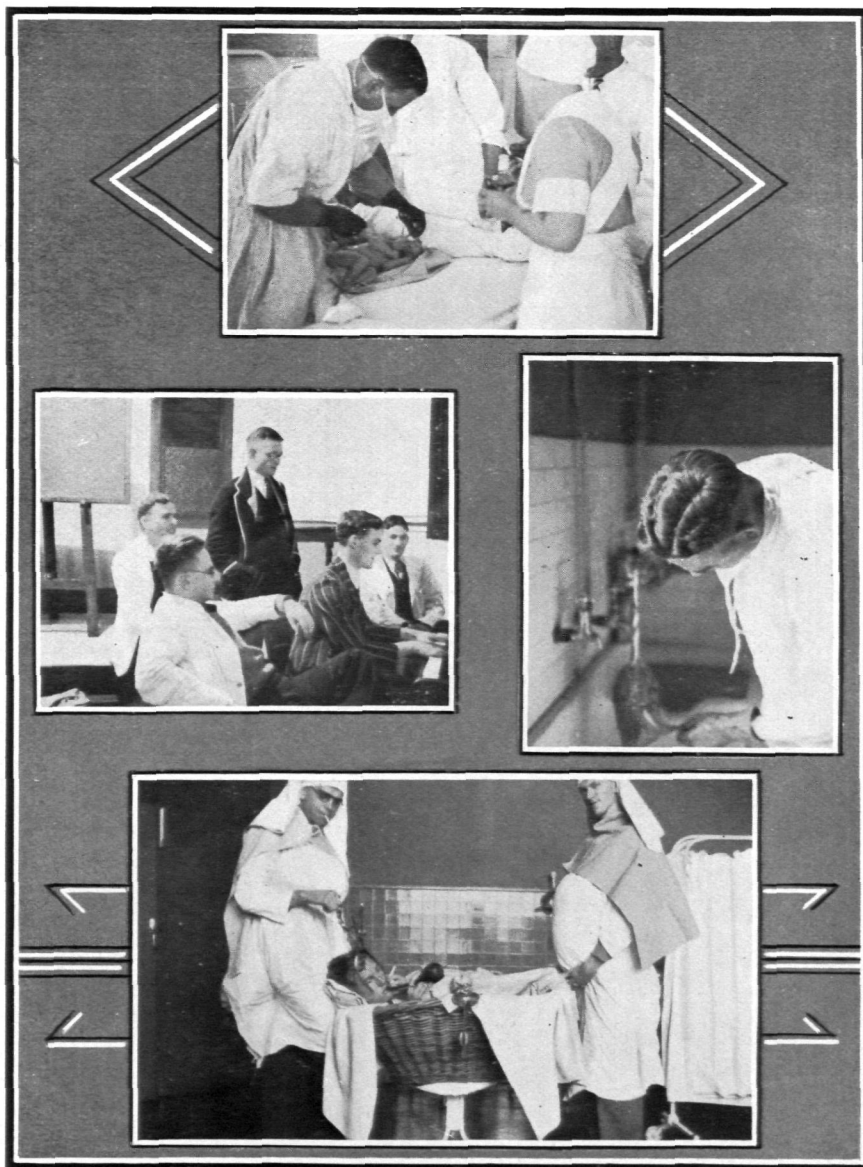


Top—"Carving the bod." in Third Year.

Bottom left—Biochemistry: The twenty-four hours' specimen.

Bottom right—Pathology: "There is no truer truth obtainable."

THE ROYAL.



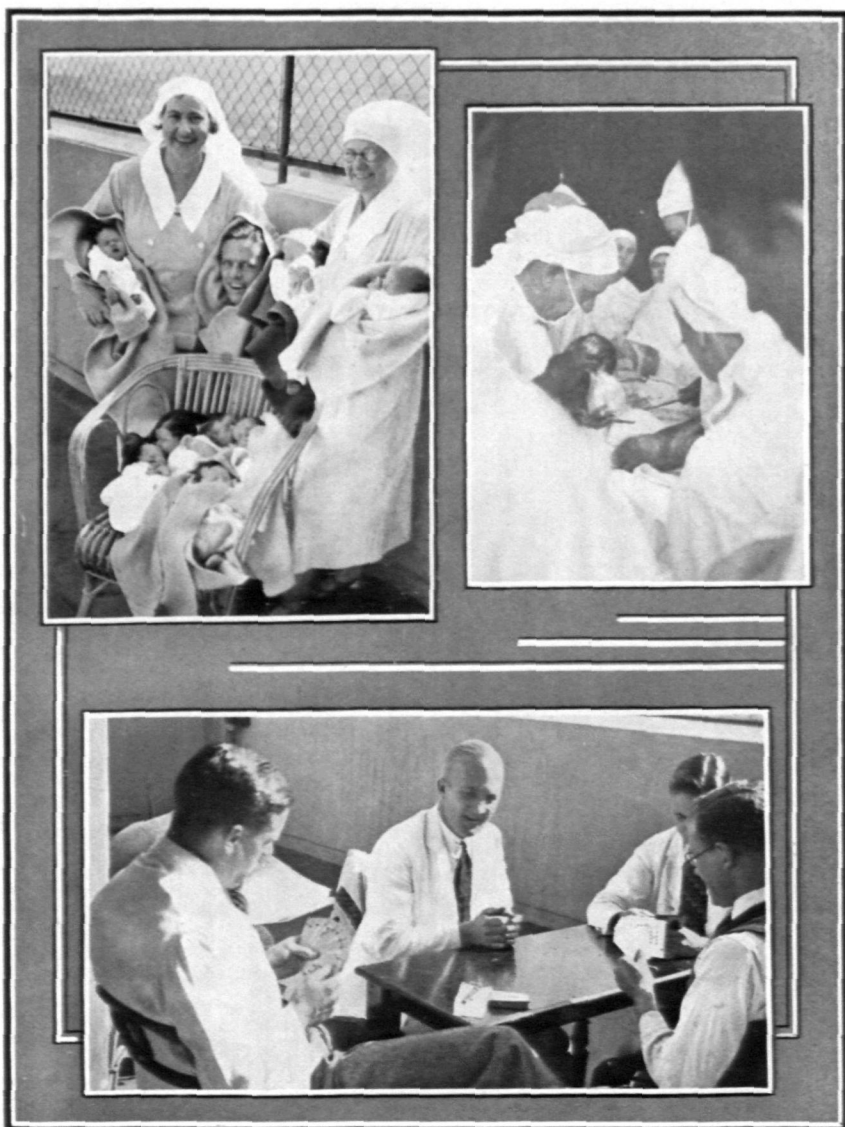
Top—"Hurry up there, Doctor!"

Centre left—Relaxation at the piano.

Centre right—"Complete, complete": a study in diligence.

Bottom—Obstetrics at leisure.

MORE OBSTETRICS.

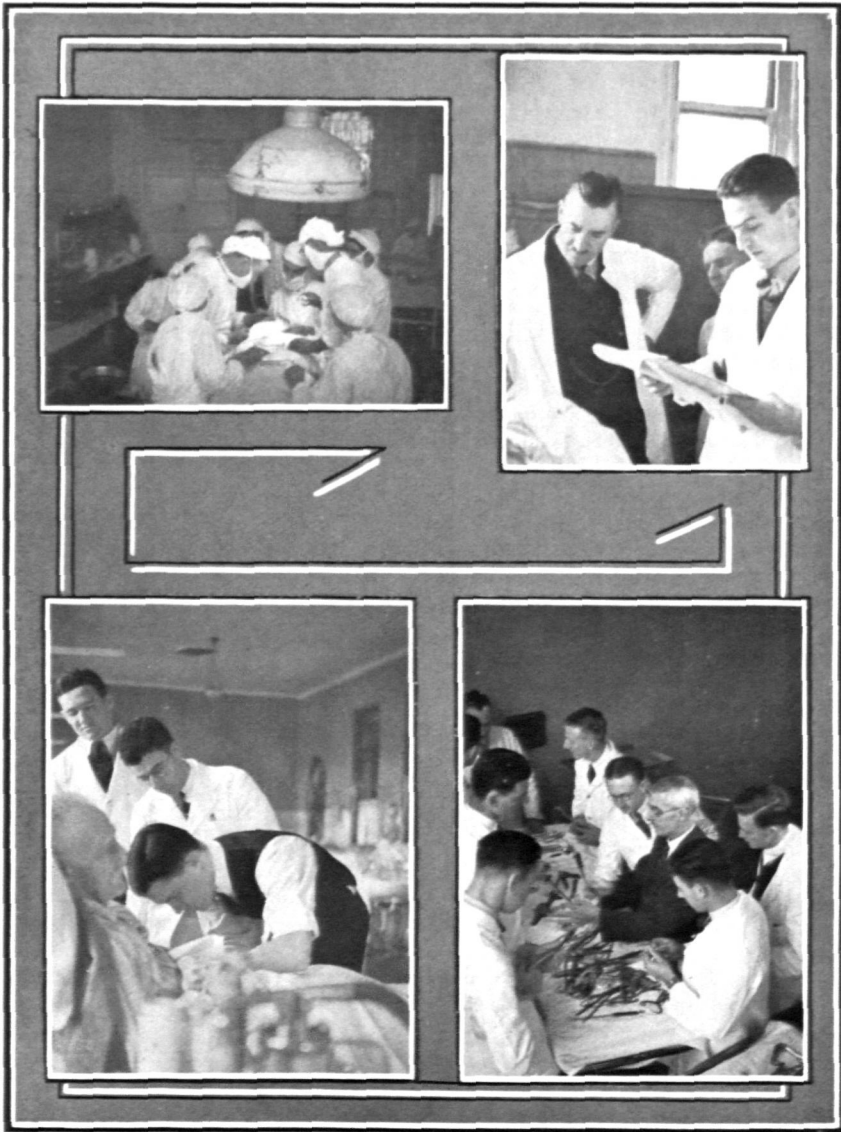


Top left—Young Australia at Crown Street.

Top right—The Cæsar.

Bottom—Mental exercise between cases.

A GLIMPSE OF FINAL YEAR.



*Top left—Surgery at Sydney Hosp. Top right—The clinical story.
Bottom left—Routines at P.A. Bottom right—Tools of trade.*

In Memoriam.

EDWARD JOHN EASTAUGH.

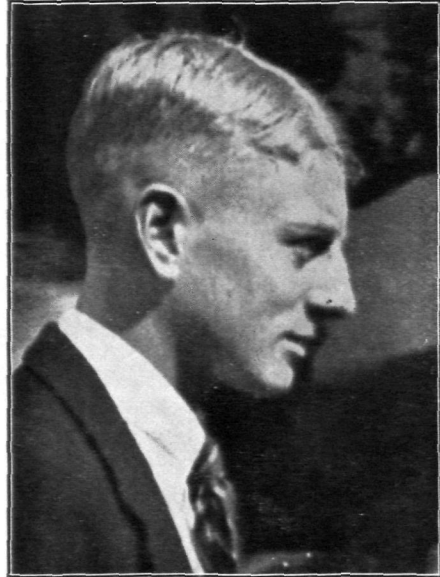
*"A combination and a form indeed
To give the world assurance of a man."*

On July 9, 1935, in the middle of his fifth year of Medicine, Edward John Eastaugh passed away in the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, at which he was a student.

Almost from the day on which he joined us in first year Ted was destined to be outstanding. Though never seeking the lime-light, he naturally took a place of prominence among his fellows.

At Sydney Church of England Grammar School he was noted as a member of the 1930 Championship Eight.

At the University he took up hockey and athletics, and after much success in both spheres, was, at the time of his death, Vice-Captain of the Athletic Club and a Vice-President of the Metropolitan Hockey Association.



He was associated with the University Regiment during his first three years, and at the time of his resignation had attained the rank of Sergeant-Major.

He entered St. Andrew's College in 1934, where the close contact with his fellows detracted nothing from his popularity. Here also he gave further evidence of his remarkable ability by winning the Bowman Prize for debating.

His success in all these varied spheres was not the result of ability only, but also of an obvious determination to shirk no task which was set before him and was worth while.

This same spirit was carried into his work, and none can doubt that he would have been a fine doctor. He would have known his work and done it thoroughly; but, more than that, his personality, kindness and generosity would have inspired colleagues and patients alike with trust and confidence.

Our loss was a great one in that we lost a charming friend—but the community has lost a man.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

*"I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.
Give me the glass and therein will I read."*

—Richard II.

JOHN MURRAY ALEXANDER (Sydney Hospital).

John arrived from Shore with a public exhibition, a good school record, and a great enthusiasm for his late abode. The equal enthusiasm of his grammarian namesake and the profound faith of each in his ability to pick G.P.S. winners greatly enlivened our earlier years.

John's outstanding qualities are his desire for useful facts shorn of unnecessary trimming and his ability to see the essential meaning through a haze of detail. Irrelevancy is criminal, and to purveyors of simple truths he gives his highest praise—"an awfully decent cove".

John also possesses an excellent auditory memory, so that a case once demonstrated is firmly retained; he frequently startles his group by quoting cases seen, and words of wisdom heard, in fourth year. In spite of this he unfortunately harbours delusions of ignorance. For recreation Jack plays successful cricket for North Sydney, and is a keen follower of Union football.

KENNETH WAKEFORD ALEXANDER (R.P.A.H.).

"As large as life and twice as natural."

*"A benign tumour rapidly growing but encapsulated.
Metastases may, however, occur."*

Coming to us from Sydney Grammar School, Ken was soon found to combine the qualities of capability, good humour and helpfulness, which have made him popular not only with those who have been privileged to work with him, but with everyone he met in the wards as well.

He has developed the faculty of grasping all essentials without at the same time neglecting details; hence the Pathology Prize.

Ken held down with success a temporary position as Staff Nurse at the Royal—"Come along, Doctor!" Those long remembered words of the kindly Matron! He has been trying to disguise himself since by parting his hair.

Among his favourite pastimes Ken includes tennis, bridge, baiting Sisters, confounding tutors (obviously congenital, sir!), Joan Crawford, and other indoor sports.

The greatest attribute is left till last, and it needs no explaining or enlargement. It comes quickly from Ken and stays for always—companionship.

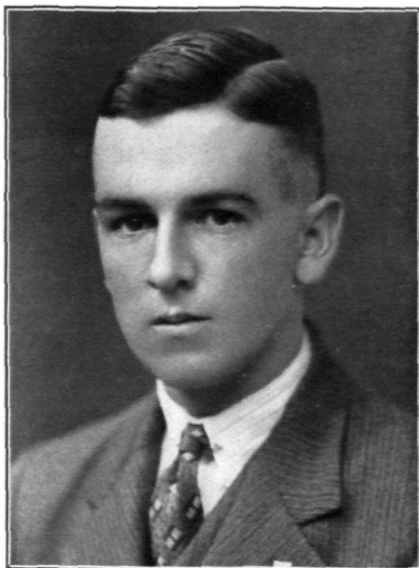
ROY EDGAR ARMATI (R.P.A.H.).

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—Henry VIII.

Roy has been lent to us from a Queensland constellation. He is a luminary of the first magnitude in the academic firmament, about the third or fourth in sport, and of no uncertain magnitude in that section of the social firmament in which young men aspire to shine.

Roy is a modern young man, well read, a brilliant conversationalist, possesses a desultory backhand, is regrettably expert at billiards, uncanny at either bridge or chess, and once had "sciatica"—whatever that is. Epstein would probably model him with the head of Dostoevsky on the body of an African witch doctor, reading Walt Whitman, in a spiritualistic séance. Some of us think his poetry is quite promising but entirely offset by his locomotions on a dance floor.

A man of many guises—if there were not an Armati in sixth year "it would be necessary to invent one", as Beverley Nichols said of Osbert Sitwell.



JOHN MURRAY ALEXANDER.



KENNETH WAKEFORD ALEXANDER.



ROY EDGAR ARMATI.

REGINALD ERNEST ASHBARRY (R.P.A.H.).

*"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."*

—Midsummer Night's Dream.

Reg. joined us from Sydney High School. The passing of six years has not wrought much outward change in this tall, quiet chap. A model of elegance always, he has never been seen, as lesser beings are, with his hair unbrushed or his trousers uncreased.

He is a man who knows his own mind and prefers to keep to it until absolutely convinced otherwise. Strangely enough he is usually on firm ground. A very active person, his lissom figure has been seen to advantage on the tennis court and running track, where his opponents learned always to respect his quick arm and his long legs.

Withal, Reg. has not a little kindness and a good sense of humour which will carry him through many a hard-fought battle.

WALTER THOMAS GARNER ATKINS (R.P.A.H.).

"This fellow hath a pretty wit."—Shakespeare.

W. T. G. Atkins, better known as Tommy or Tos, came from Newcastle to enter Andrew's in 1931, and quickly established a reputation for himself as being our most persistent "punster". Despite very great efforts on the part of other men in College, the habit still clings, although a marked improvement was noticed after Dr. Dawson's lectures in Psychiatry.

Tom's other activities include rowing and swimming, for both of which he has been awarded University Blues. This year his attention has been directed towards higher things, although he found time to row in the College crew again.

Tommy is one of those fortunate people whose liver is always in order, and his all-embracing cheerfulness has done much to brighten otherwise deadly afternoons.

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN (R.P.A.H.).

*"A certain dry aloofness in his manner, but, in spite of his
enviable detachment he is quite amiable and polite."*

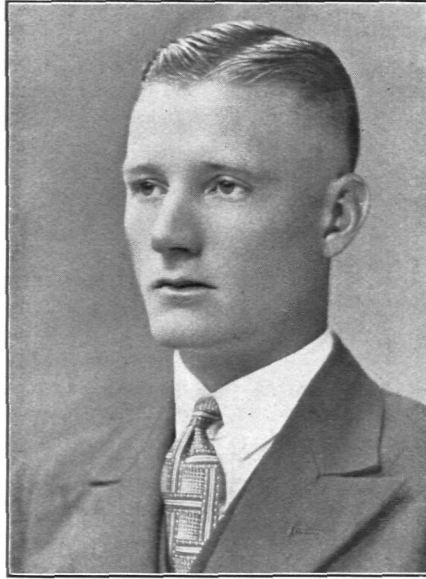
—Noel Coward.

This retiring young gentleman is famous for one outstanding incident witnessed by only a very privileged few, and this was a slice off the twelfth tee at Rose Bay. The pride that swelled in that young breast as he swung and removed the ball some hundred yards at right angles must have been enormous. Apart from this, he really is quite nice, but don't argue with him, unless you are prepared for a sitting such as we hear of occurring in the Upper House.

He shows a marked capability to pick out the necessary subjects of the course, and his results commend the soundness of his judgment.

He is somewhat dangerous on the tennis court, and definitely homicidal with a squash racquet. Other vices are fishing, hockey, etc. We aren't sure about shootin' and huntin', unless he goes in for "stalking the dears". But we really know nothing of his *affaires de cœur*—nothing at all. We can only suggest that he may work in the dead of silent night where the eye of no man shall perceive him.

Is fond of detective stories and probably doubtful literature as well. Apart from this, no more need be said except—here's to'ee, laad!



REGINALD ERNEST ASHBARRY.



WALTER THOMAS GARNER ATKINS.



CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON
BLACKBURN.

GREGORY MCLEOD BLAXLAND (R.P.A.H.).

*"To some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't."* —Hamlet.

Fresh from The King's School, Greg. entered the faculty with the rest of us, and his quiet nature at first repressed his more dominant characteristics. However, after some association with the S.U.R., his keen wit and quaintness of expression began to manifest themselves as strikingly as the "X" in his signature.

Greg.'s entry into the "hospiswhistle" each morning is characterized by a light footstep and a cheery "good bordig" to all who salute him, while a torrent of "warth-ogs" and "pee-phones" serves to brighten the subsequent conversation. Greg. has never, in his journey round the wards, acquired the Eye of Faith, so he bought one instead. His aristocratic camera is as important as his stethoscope and records all those bare-faced lies which he sees and doesn't believe. His rare specimens include a p.r., a forceps delivery and an Honorary.

His diversions include tennis, golf, and shooting. He is in all things æsthetic—from his quiet deep voice and neat clothing to his taste in music. Grieg and Chopin have provided the accompaniment for his life, so may we conclude by wishing him many patients and concertos in the near future.

FRANCIS STEPHEN BONAR (R.P.A.H.).

One of the bright boys from Maitland High School, Frank bade farewell to the Hunter and its fertile flats in 1931 and embarked on Medicine. His rubicund countenance, cheerful manner and quiet, purposeful ways have won him a place of regard amongst us. A prosector in his third year, in his senior years a clinician of sound judgment, with surgical leanings; but, withal, Frank is a merry fellow, full of a goodly store of "quip and joke", and is welcome in any gathering. He retains a youthful joy in student pranks, and, being somewhat of a veteran in this regard, he takes great delight in tales of the dissecting room days and Commem. efforts. As an obstetrician he is unequalled in handling the right blade, and a record number of witnesses at the Royal shows his keenness.

A keen follower of female form, he sees all the best shows down town, and makes frequent unexplained trips to his native "flats". His good fellowship, devotion to his work, and his ability point the way to a successful and happy career.

STANLEY ALBERT BONNETTE (R.P.A.H.).

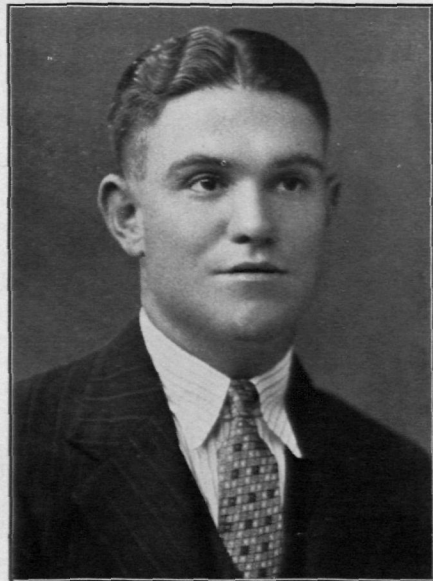
From a successful scholastic and sporting career at Canterbury High came Stan., full of the *joie de vivre* and soon to be known for his cheerful disposition. His unerring skill with viscus and water-bomb was a prized asset in both dissecting room and Commem. battles, and at P.A. his adventurous individuality led him to Cas., where he gained popularity with the nurses and was known as "Bonney". Because of a distinct leaning towards the fair sex, we were not amazed to see Stan. sometimes sleeping through a nine o'clock after a previous nocturnal accomplishment, and at Paddington he was very much confused with the very equal product of the original zygote. The faculty owes much to his tennis ability, and we were pleased to see him represent the Varsity at Brisbane this year. His further qualifications include a willingness to open Jack Pots, and his appreciation of a good yarn, together with his ability to reciprocate in this regard, must ensure him a popular and a successful career.



GREGORY McLEOD BLAXLAND.



FRANCIS STEPHEN BONAR.



STANLEY ALBERT BONNETTE.

JOHN LUKE BOORMAN (R.P.A.H.).

Poussy Boorman was foisted on us from Grammar. Immediate complaints were made, but the delighted Grammar authorities were adamant, and so perforce starting Medicine, he immediately made a dastardly attempt to blow up the Chemistry Department. Thwarted, he joined the Regiment, where he was an efficient soldier though feared for his frightful shooting. Sleeping by day and working hard by night, he is a prolific reader and is accustomed to seeing his name in print twice a year. Ice skating, high diving, psychic bridge, flourishing signatures, surreptitious peeps to see if his moustache is trying, drawing Grammar badges, bleating "Grammah" on fitful occasions, and more skating are his *main* diversions.

Of low forceps extraction, it is not yet certain whether he is a *spina bifida occulta* or not, but irrepressible good humour, gay spirits and a persistent cheerfulness justify his existence, and he is a very popular member of the year; but we wish he wouldn't sing. John's conversation on the telephone has an individual touch, and this rendering is copyright: "HELLO, IS THAT YOU, MOTHER?"

JOHN K. BORS (R.P.A.H.).

*"I hold it as our statist's do,
A baseness to write fair."*

—Hamlet.

The day John arrived from Barker he began talking—like Johnnie Walker, he is still going strong. Only on one historic occasion was he speechless. It was a third year morning, the twenty-first anniversary of a sad occasion—he had just received a presentation from the year. Nor had he shaved that morning. His conversation, to put it gently, is stimulating, but it is his writing that has made him renowned, for John wielded his pen in no ordinary manner. Will he ever forget that Anatomy viva when a certain surgeon remarked, "I hope, Mr. Bors, you can point better than you can write".

He represented Paul's in athletics, showing therein the doggedness that has characterized all his activities. Of late he has been seen on the snow-clad peaks of Kosciusko, where he goes "simply for the love of ski-ing"! !

May his cheerful personality ensure his success. Best of luck, John.

HENRY HOUGHTON BURTON BRADLEY (R.P.A.H.).

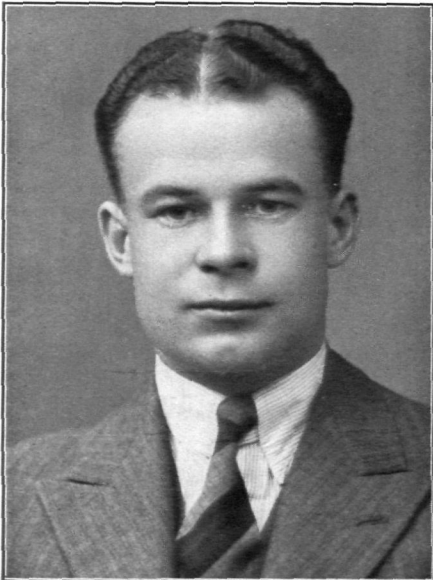
*"And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But looked hollow . . ."*

At first sight the Bradawl's slight build and unobtrusive manner do not reveal the strength of body and purpose which lies beneath. To realize this fully one has to see him tirelessly plugging up some snow-clad slope to the envy of his exhausted companions, or keeping at bay with swift retort some dyspeptic examiner in an extra tough viva. "Rake" is the term often applied to him, signifying, of course, marked lack of adiposity. Judging from his own remarks, one might think that violent addition to alcohol is his chief vice. Close observation for several years, however, has failed to confirm this, if we may excuse the evidence provided by his euphoric state on one occasion at the Royal.

A certain amount of anterograde amnesia on the subject of umbrellas has often called forth caustic comment, but his sense of humour always saves the situation. His charming manner and *alluring* smile greatly simplify his task at the bedside. Yes, undoubtedly a very good fellow, and booked for a good place in the lists at the end of the year.



JOHN LUKE BOORMAN.



JOHN KASPAR BORS.



HENRY HOUGHTON BURTON BRADLEY

PETER BRAITHWAITE (Sydney Hospital).

*"All the earth and air
With thy voice is heard."*

A product of North Sydney High, Pete divides his activities impartially between work, water polo, football, and Liverpool. Moreover, he adheres strictly to the principle: "All work and no play, etc." As evidence of the success with which he blends the two is the continual appearance of his name in the November honours list. He is one of the best-known and most popular members of our faculty, and, as one very keen observer remarked, Pete is clinically hyperacute. At Crown Street he established himself as the greatest sleeper of all time by dozing on in spite of all nocturnal calls, much to the disgust of his room-mates.

In the army Private Pete is an institution; he can use a Vicker's gun but not a rifle, and he never misses a camp. His happy nature and even temper make him a pleasure to work with. In fact he's always reliable, a good friend, and altogether a fine fellow.

DAVID ABBOTT BRITTEN.

D.A.B. joined us with the title of Dado, but rapidly became known as Britt. His great earnestness was manifested by his persistent efforts to acquire stingrays for the Paul's freshers, but his early morning excursions to the Fish Markets were unsuccessful.

In College life Britt has played many parts—student, sportsman, pianist and spiritual adviser. In this last office he received just as much advice as he gave.

An advocate of intensive psychotherapy, Britt is rapidly *en rapport* with his patients, and his powers for carrying on small talk with them are amazing.

We admire him for acting on his own convictions, and we realize that whether he becomes a Medical Missionary for Haile Selassie or runs a clinic for Lost Souls, he will win through by his sincerity and sympathy.

He has always been known by his sonorous rhonchial voice, but of recent months "the student with the suitcase" has become an identity in the hospital. His natural curiosity and great earnestness ensure his success in the final and in the straight and narrow path beyond.

DONALD ASHLEY BILLING CARTER (Sydney Hospital).

*"What means this mirth unseemly
That shakes the living earth."*

—Gilbert.

Synonym: Dab.

Ætiology: Brisbane Grammar via University of Queensland.

Symptoms: Dab is a popular figure, widely known for his perpetual good humour, his generosity and his sympathy. His bubbling enthusiasm and unquenchable energy are always apparent, as shown, *inter alia*, by his original researches on the tensile strength of the umbilical cord.

Dab has been a representative of his College in athletics and rowing, and has played reserve grade hockey for many years.

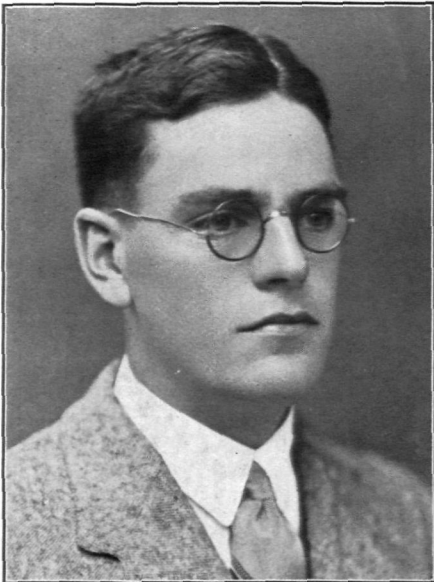
Our stay in hospital has been the brighter and happier for his presence.

Diagnosis: His many distinctive qualities make Dab an unmistakable and unforgettable syndrome.

Prophylaxis and treatment: By careful attention it is expected within the next few months to confine the condition to its native state.



PETER BRAITHWAITE.



DAVID ABBOTT BRITTEN.



DONALD ASHLEY BILLING CARTER.

ROBERT EWING SCOTT CHARLTON (R.P.A.H.).

" . . . the little foolery that wise men have, makes a good show."

Of an inquiring frame of mind, we imagine Bob arguing amongst himself, while still a morula, as to his ultimate mode of differentiation. Fortunately for us, ontogeny satisfactorily governed his metamorphosis, and Bob proceeded from Grammar to the Laboratories of Stump, where embryology held his attentions. He now proceeded to a prosectorship with the firm conviction that, being abendocrine, his heart was calcified as far as the female of the species mattered. At this stage the *Glutæi Charltoni* waved rhythmically round the oval and a mile record went west—thanks to "a teaspoonful of potato and a whiff of I-X-L"—College diet, to quote Bob.

With typical thoroughness he has read widely, so that P.A. has found him a "walking" encyclopædia. Combining excellent sincerity and camaraderie with an amazing frankness, Bob has at times discussed most of us with our respective selves. Pithy comments and characteristic antics are a part of Bob's normal behaviour, and contribute in a measure to his popularity amongst his fellows.

MARCUS CARLYLE CLARKE (R.P.A.H.).

*"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument—a man no horse."*

—Butler.

Marcus Clarke was rechristened Zacharias some time after his arrival at Andrew's in 1930 from Cairns. The name arose from his devotion to bridge, and was a frequent exclamation of his partners at the Clarke method of bidding.

He was a strong member of Andrew's tennis team until he left in 1934, and also indulged in cricket and rowing with some success, although his style in both sports was somewhat unique.

His quick sense of humour and his ever-ready chortle have enlivened many a round, and even the midnight watches at the Royal cannot wholly repress his delightful absurdities.

It has often been remarked that Marcus could talk his way out of gaol, but this is probably an under-estimate, as both Ferdie Duval and Jim Inglis will testify.

Fishing is his great love, and many a tale of the Barrier Reef is told in the tea-room, where Marcus may always be found at morning and afternoon tea time.

JOHN FREDERICK CLAIR CAMPHIN COBLEY (Sydney Hospital).

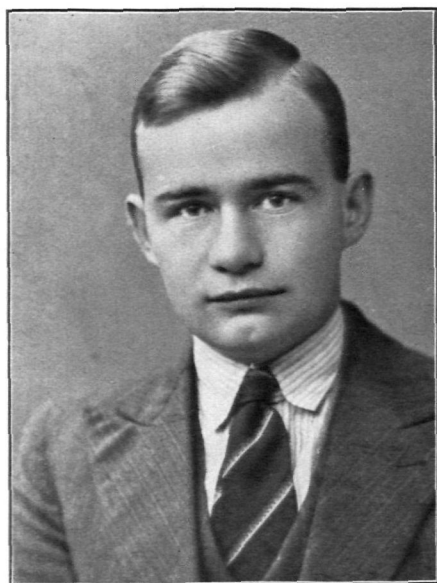
"Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite."—Congreve.

Where the good things of life are to be found there you will find John. He joined us while still but a babe, an innocent rosy-cheeked product of the Blue Mountains, but a few months showed prodigious changes and the unfolding of a personality till then dormant. He became an adherent of that wise band who recognize in work not the end-all of existence but a part, not an opiate but a stimulant, a necessity to complete life.

He developed a passion for the light-oared boat early, and proved invaluable on not a few occasions when he represented Paul's in the inter-collegiate boat race. A voracious reader, admirer of the drama, and ardent critic, he is a mine of information often of doubtful accuracy. Always interesting, at times diverting, an excellent companion!



ROBERT EWING SCOTT CHARLTON.



MARCUS CARLYLE CLARKE.



JOHN FREDERICK CLAIR CAMPHIN
COBLEY.

GORDON STIRLING COLVIN (Sydney Hospital).

"He looks into the EYES of many men."

Gordon was a member of the contingent which arrived from N.S.B.H.S. His curly hair and other gross anatomical features arriving late for lectures became a familiar sight in the earlier years. In fifth year, with the advent of 8.30 a.m. lectures, he became a member of St. Paul's College in order that he might be the more "on top of his job". During this year also the Eye Department found him to be one of its most ardent supporters, and he is an oracle to whom we turn when perplexed by ophthalmological problems.

In 1934 he was elected King of Sydney Hospital, since which time he has looked after the interests of his subjects with almost maternal care.

He plays tennis with great dexterity, having upheld the Faculty on many occasions, and has likewise represented his college.

Of the softer side of his nature let it suffice that he is a man of discrimination in all things. His keenness in ward work and his quiet sincerity are qualities which will carry him far in Medicine.

ROY KEITH CONSTABLE (Sydney Hospital).

"Great argument, about it and about . . ."

Roy entered the faculty from Grammar in 1931. He is a happy person, and his cherubic countenance and disarming smile are known to all. In spite of this, he likes an argument, and when so engaged he is not one who lets a lack of facts interfere with his flow of logic.

He got the hockey virus in 1933; he has had a rapid rise, representing the 'Varsity in the 1934 and 1935 inter-varsity series. Although he is not a keen surfer he qualifies as an iceberg by visiting Bondi all the year round.

He joined our army in 1932 and became a most successful private, earning his "four bob a day" with an ease that was the envy of many less able campaigners.

He hails from Forbes, where his prowess with the gun is held responsible for the emigration of the local ducks during 'Varsity vacations.

GEOFFREY GLOVER COOLEY (Sydney Hospital).

"A very lovable fellow withal."

Geoffrey entered Medicine from Cranbrook. He is well known in the faculty as a genial, fatherly-looking old fellow, who is as consistent in his annual credit or distinction as he is in his daily lunch-hour game of "rickety Kate". It is typical of him that in photographs taken at Crown Street he is seen with "two patients instead of one".

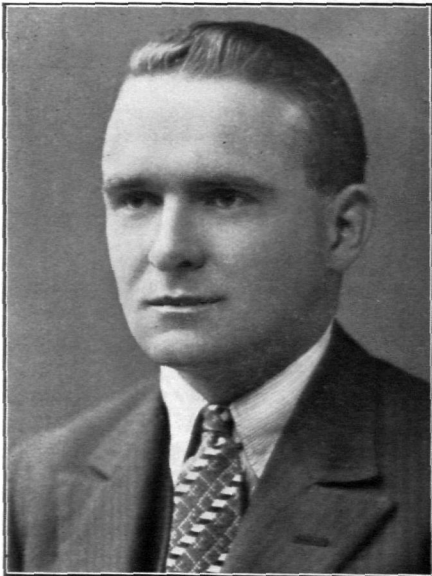
He spends his holidays at Warialda, whence he returns to relate stories of many and strange happenings, varying quantitatively and qualitatively at each telling. His ability to converse at great length on obscure subjects has always been envied by the members of his group.

Geoffrey is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and, when not on the briny, finds time for a game of tennis or squash.

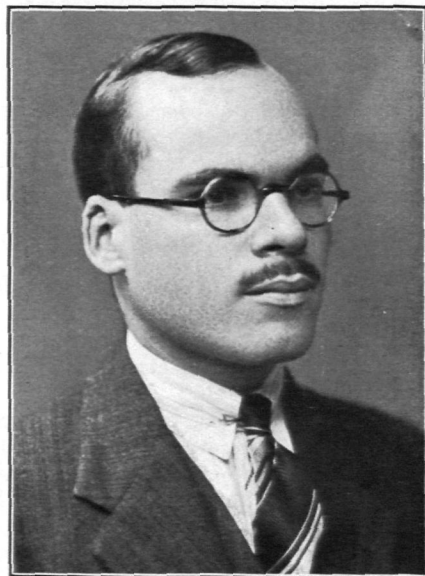
For his future we have no fears, for "when the whips are cracking" old Cooley will be at hand.



GORDON STIRLING COLVIN.



ROY KEITH CONSTABLE.



GEOFFREY GLOVER COOLEY.

CHARLES BERTRAM COX, B.Sc. (Sydney Hospital).

Bert is a product of the Goulburn High School and Sydney University, where he took Science and Pharmacy in his stride, carrying off his B.Sc. degree with First Class Honours. We met him first in Fourth Year Medicine in 1934. Popular among his fellows and displaying tenacity of purpose in achievement, he is always a particularly diligent student, applying knowledge in an intensely practical spirit and arriving at conclusions more by deduction than by book methods. Especially was this in evidence at Crown Street. Practical, as always, he quickly mastered the knack of infant ablutions on the one hand, and auction bridge on the other (although it is whispered he still retains his love for rickety), and could always be relied upon to break the tedium with a droll wise-crack or quick retort.

Possessing such qualities as he does, Bert should travel far and well in the profession of his choice.

ERNEST BROUGHAM DOCKER (R.P.A.H.).

"His listless length at noontide would he stretch."—Gray.

E.B.'s interest in his patients and curiosity about their occupations introduces him as a restless spirit with plenty of feeling for his fellowman. Equipped with a benign smile upon his countenance and a fist like a leg of mutton, he had no difficulty in winning boxing honours, and as a less silent he-man, he has the majority of the nursing staff nearly comatose.

As a prophylactic measure, from his experience in Fiddlesticks—and out of her—he has made an intensive study of fractures, whence the expression, "There is but one god, Böhler, and Docker is his prophet". We are now awaiting the development of his splint whereby he hopes to immobilize the whole body and remove the skeleton as a sequestrum.

We do admire him for being a misogynist—now and again, an authority on Lapstone and still wines—at any time, and for the way pedestrians seem to dissolve out of sight when they see the green monster with a grinning maniac at the wheel descending upon them like "Jehu, son of Nimski".

JOHN LAIDLEY DOWLING (R.P.A.H.).

John is one of those surprising fellows. For instance, who would think to look at him that he had won a prize for Greek? Or that those neatly tailored trousers encased the neatest *genu varum* in Sydney? A quiet sort of fellow at first sight, but oppose him at squash or stand in his tracks on a snow slope and see what happens.

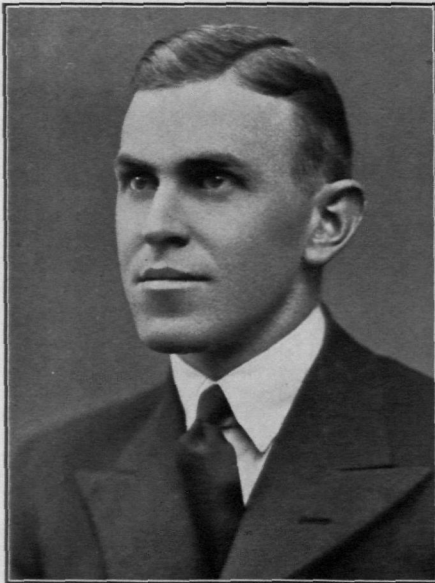
An outstanding feature is his sense of humour. This is seen to advantage in the lunch hour, when John is wont to look up from his ornithological researches and recount some quaint tale that breaks up the party.

Favourite diversions: ski-ing, golf, tennis, ski-ing, Grieg, Wagner, parties à deux and ski-ing.

But no reference to John would be complete without mentioning his motor car. He seems always to have had a car, which increases annually in size and dignity. May it long continue to do so.



CHARLES BERTRAM COX, B.Sc.



ERNEST BROUGHAM DOCKER.



JOHN LAIDLEY DOWLING.

GWENYTH MARY DOWNES (Sydney Hospital).

*"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at itself."* —Othello.

Gwenyth is a cheery individual with a sense of humour and a nice gurgling giggle. As yet we have to meet her in a thoroughly depressed mood. Moreover, she has an uncanny gift of sympathy which makes her a comforting person to work with. Gwen is a trifle shy. Whether or not it's purely shyness or wisdom as to its effect which brings her well-known blush we don't know; she's too intelligent not to know its value, especially with honoraries.

In private life she potters round with rose clippers and gardening gloves: she knows the name of every bloom that grows. When she can persuade herself that all the flowers in the garden are in good condition she takes time off and rushes about a tennis court. In hospital she preserves this energy for tripping round the wards. Gwen always knows if there is a glass eye in hospital.

ALBERT THOMAS DRYER, B.A., A.S.T.C. (St. Vincent's).

*"Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault."*

When Al. joined us in second year, after acquiring the right to place after his name the letters "A.S.T.C." (with the Sydney Technical College Medal for Science), he was no stranger to the University, having already graduated in Arts.

Always a source of wonder to us, Al. will often remark "That's from Horace", and so on, and we never argue, for Al. is a man whose knowledge of literature, music and current world topics is something we have not fully gauged. Incidentally, it is current belief that he knows at least one relative of every patient at St. Vincent's. We cannot fail to admire the universal sympathy which he shows to his patients, and this trait, combined with his capacity for work, will certainly assure him a bright future. Hobbies: Music and "the little kid".

FERDINAND DUVAL (R.P.A.H.).

*"Thy sweet child sleep, the filmy eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee."* —Shelley.

Ferdie came to St. Andrew's College with an exhibition from Narrandera High School in 1931. At college he has always been a keen golfer, and he could usually be found on the local golf course endeavouring to lower his own course record.

Academically he has never had any trouble in combating his examiners, and has always come through the annual exams. with a minimum of exertion. He holds the distinction of being the only man to have a nightmare in a nine o'clock lecture.

Anyone visiting the tea-room at P.A. could be treated to the spectacle of Marcus Clarke and Ferdie in heated debate which always ended by neither party "admitting". Ferdie's smile of incredulity is something worth paying fourpence to see, though Marcus does not always appreciate it to the full.

As long as he does not diagnose too many cases of dextro-cardia Ferdie should do well in his final exams.

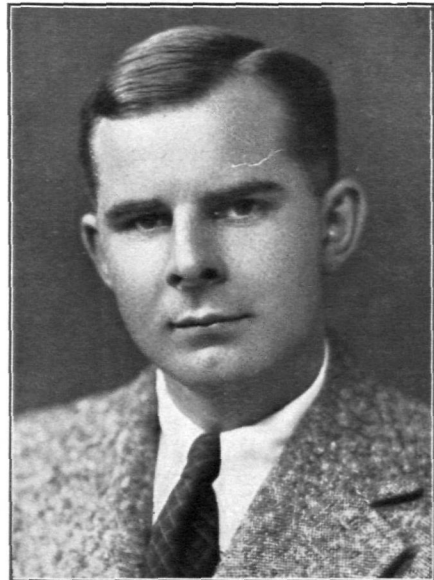
In this year and the future we wish him every success.



GWENTH MARY DOWNES.



ALBERT THOMAS DRYER, B.A., A.S.T.C.



FERDINAND DUVAL.

LANDO LUCAS EDWARDS (R.P.A.H.).

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity."

Lando is one of the rarer types of the disease. He is characterized by the fact that he pursues a quiet, even course with an entire absence of remissions. He is always cool and imperturbable, excepting for the presence of a ready smile, for he is the fortunate possessor of a quiet but unfailing sense of humour at all times. In third year he made an auspicious entry into the Prosectory on the blade of an ancient scalpel. He always opens the *eye* of his examiners, who we feel should be more grateful to him even if it were only for his brevity and excellent penmanship.

He is fond of surfing, motoring, or any good sport.

We feel sure that he possesses some failings, because he is too truly a man to have no faults. Some of these are known to be buried in Brisbane, while others are burning in Melbourne.

We have monopolized his room, borrowed his notes and neglected to return them, but throughout we have found him a real friend and a thorough gentleman who has enriched and graced our year.

FRANK FAIRFAX ELLIS (Sydney Hospital).

Cranbrook sent us Frankie in 1931, and he was immediately conspicuous by his diligence at work and play. In fourth year he caused a sensation in the Maitland Theatre when a large bowl was sent rolling "from a great height" and clattered and jangled across the floor with a rhythm that was even new to Frank.

In Crown Street "swing music" had its birth when he introduced its hitherto unthought-of fascination as a means of soothing the cries of our youngest Australians in the early hours of the morning.

In his spare time Frank indulges in a spot of tennis or squash, and he has been an active member of the Regiment since entering the 'Varsity.

All in all, Frank has proved to be one of the most popular men in the year, and there are many who will wish him every success in the "hop-over" in November.

DAVID CHARLES FISON, M.Sc. Queensland (Sydney Hospital).

"E'en though vanquished he could argue still."

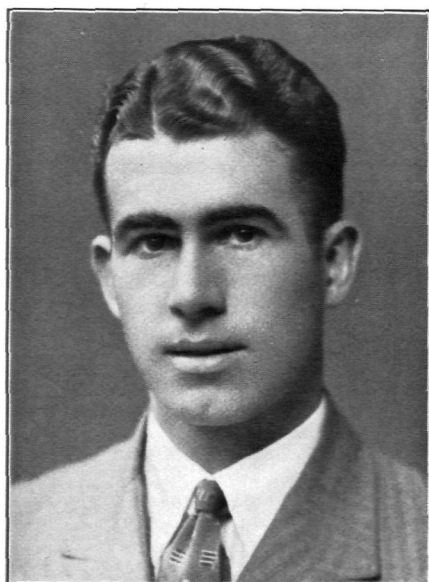
—Goldsmith.

Charles joined us in second year from the Brisbane Grammar School, but not till he had delved into marine biology and worked on the Barrier Reef. Strangely enough he still loves the far north, and delights in telling us how they do things at Brisbane General Hospital, but he is a little shy now of discussing lead poisoning with our honoraries.

Well known in second and third years as "the painter" because of white dissecting overalls, he does not remember how often he was asked if he were a student going for a doctor.

At Crown Street he wields a ponderous phonendoscope calculated to pick up even foetal thoughts. However, a distended bladder posing as a six months foetus had him straining his stapedius muscles.

Chas. gets on well with patients of both sexes, and children fairly love him. We hope the examiners will be affectionately disposed to him also.



LANDO LUCAS EDWARDS.



FRANK FAIRFAX ELLIS.



DAVID CHARLES FISON, M.Sc.

BRUCE FORSYTH GATES (Sydney Hospital).

"And hark, another murmur on the air."

Educated at N.S.B.H.S., Bruce commenced the course in 1931. For at least two things he deserves particular mention. First, he is the "blondest" member of the year, whence the rather obvious sobriquet of "Snowy". The second is that he studies at his maximum to the accompaniment of the wireless. It must be a good method, for his name has almost invariably appeared in the honours list, but he admits that he finds music of more help than advertisements.

During the course he has proved himself expert in the bathing of babies—an accomplishment which he may find of great value in future years. He is a keen clinician and devotes much time to the pursuit of elusive physical signs.

His pastimes include sailing, tennis and golf—and, not least, week-ends at Artarmon. In all of these, we wish him success.

ALBAN HARVEY GEE (Sydney Hospital).

Alban, better known as Al., matriculated from The King's School, and forthwith entered the noble profession of Medicine. Very soon after entering the 'Varsity he became established in both hockey and cricket first grade teams, receiving his blue in each. Being left-handed at cricket, he had many difficulties to overcome in hockey. However, he soon earned his position in the combined Australian 'Varsities hockey team, which he captained for two years, and he also represented N.S.W. for three years. He is also a vice-president of the Sports Union.

In the scholastic aspect of 'Varsity life Al. has acquitted himself well both in theoretical and practical work, especially in the latter. Although hard-pressed for spare time, he manages to grow sweet peas which would be a credit to any professional.

Being a good all-rounder in sport, studies and social activities, Al. should progress well in whatever branch of the profession he takes up.

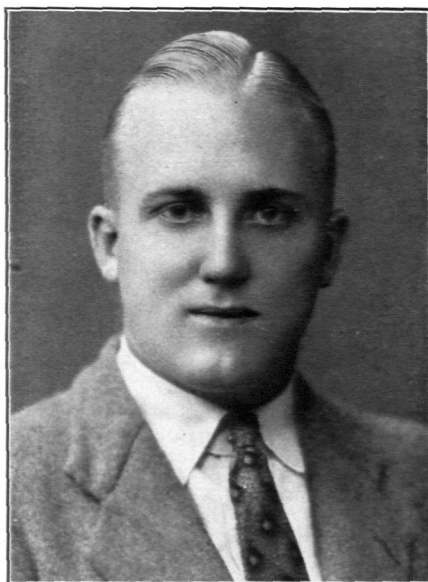
ROBERT CHALMERS GILL (Sydney Hospital).

Esse non videri.

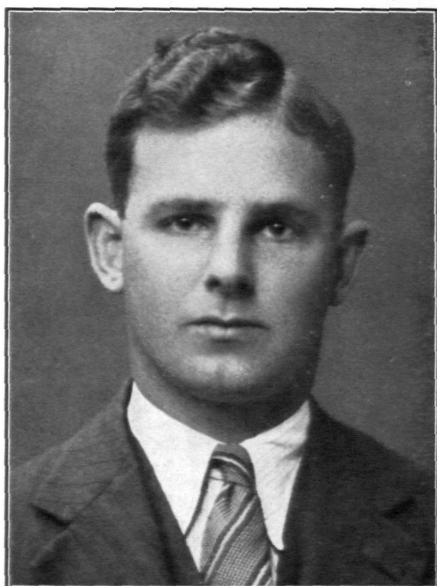
Bob joined us as a product of Grammar, with an enviable scholastic reputation which he has maintained throughout the course. Dissecting was his pet aversion, and his scalpel, on those rare occasions on which he handled it, the bane of his group's existence. He has also definitely lethal tendencies with vaccinations. Nevertheless he is a bright clinician, possessing a keen, fertile brain, originality and quick comprehension. His observation is rapid but thorough, and his correlation shrewd and to the point—in short, he has all the attributes of a successful physician, and this we are sure he is destined to be.

His frank integrity and his unflinching adherence to what is right and just cannot but evoke the admiration of all who know him.

Bob is a fair "stick" at golf, and a veritable whip at bridge. Favourite pastimes: passing rude remarks and adopting bizarre postures, characteristically Gillian, during leisure reading.



BRUCE FORSYTH GATES.



ALBAN HARVEY GEE.



ROBERT CHALMERS GILL.

NORMAN GEORGE GODFREY (Sydney Hospital).

"And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

One does not blaspheme in one's junior years, so Norman was christened "Allah" quite early in his course. This cognomen has suffered metamorphosis, on one occasion to Satan, a quite undeserved reputation, as his genial and frequent smile testifies.

Indeed, a man of parts! His University career is characterized by an uninterrupted progress through Medicine—no mean feat; by many pleasant hours coxing a vast diversity of crews—novice, College, University—for the last of which he won his blue; by a six-year residence at St. Paul's College, of which he is, in his final year, senior student; also by the ownership of sundry cars; by a somewhat spasmodic courtship of the Terpsichorean muse, frequently deserting our Lady for the more masculine Bacchus; and by consistent labour.

He is a thoroughly good fellow, and noted as a man of principle, profit from the latter being undoubtedly anticipated.

BAZEL HENRY LOUIS GREY (Sydney Hospital).

In his years of association with us, Bazel has acquired fame in more spheres than one, although many of the more surprising aspects of his character did not become evident until he went into Crown Street. In that hospital also his family circle became well known to us and the introduction of fire-hose therapy increased the circumference of Bazel's outlook.

His private life is not well known to us, although we believe it is a busy one, and his big outside practice makes many calls on his time. With regard to this practice, it has become known that he was caused some bother recently by the occurrence of "tic-tac rhythm" in one of his patients.

When it comes to playing the fiddle he is second to none, although many of his notes reach him by mail in blue envelopes.

His kindly disposition and his cheery smile will make him well loved wherever he goes, and we wish him every success for the future.

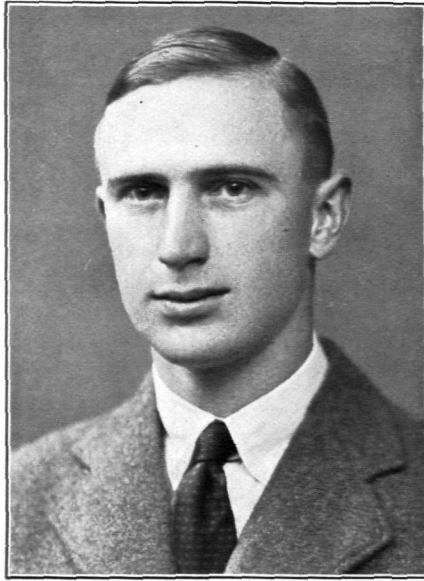
JOHN HALL-JOHNSTON (R.P.A.H.).

From Scots came John in 1930 to dally in Arts. Realizing in 1931 that he was meant for greater things, he commenced his Med. course, which he has pursued without mishap. He achieved considerable success in University sport, being awarded blues for shooting and football. This year he has given up these pastimes, together with the captaincy of the Palm Beach Surf Club, to enable him to study more—and more.

His clinical work is marked by his absence from the wards at 11 a.m. and even 4 p.m., his delight in anaesthetics and the Johnston theories, which are remarkable rather for their ingenuity than for their accuracy.

At Crown Street John devoted himself to anaesthetics, to turning breeches, and to music, and though successful in the former, his attempts first at the Wurlitzer and later the bagpipes were "famous" for their perseverance rather than skill.

His easy manner, sunny personality and appreciative eye for a bed-jacket should endear him to his patients as his many sterling qualities have endeared him to us.



NORMAN GEORGE GODFREY.



BAZEL HENRY LOUIS GREY.



JOHN HALL-JOHNSTON.

DAVID ROBERT HARBISON (R.P.A.H.).

"His hair is crisp and black and . . ."—Longfellow.

D. R. Harbison, better known as "Dave" or "Bison", comes of a long line of Harbisons who have passed through the faculty of Medicine. He entered St. Andrew's College in 1931, having spent a year travelling abroad.

After taking a mild interest in rowing at The King's School, Dave became a keen Fairbairn enthusiast, and has rowed in five successive college crews. Besides this keenness for his college, Dave has taken an active interest in University rowing, where he represented in 1934, and was captain of the S.U.B.C. the following year. When not occupied with rowing or coaching rowers Dave is academically inclined and has often been accused of being a secret worker. Though he strenuously denies this, examination results would indicate otherwise.

IZA JOAN HARRIS (R.P.A.H.).

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Our first introduction to "Little Iza" in 1931 took the form of, first, Miss Harris, C. A. Leggett, G. Middleton (all *æq.*). At the Royal, '35-'36, we came to know her better—some of us better than others. We soon saw in her persistent work the reason for the success previously attained. From the first stages she was ably *super-intended* in all her labours: but immediately she showed flight of ideas and flight through the window of the student's room.

Iza *definitely* has irritable labyrinths: *vide* her experience of Barany's chair and her nocturnal car jaunt to the Gap.

By fifth year we all knew her well enough not to be surprised at Miss Harris, C. A. Leggett (*æq.*) once again.

Iza develops a postural kyphosis after the first two hours of Prof. Lambie's clinics: we trust it neither becomes structural, nor jeopardizes her chances in his final. Will her labial cyanosis darken her prognosis with Mr. Storey?

Despite these peculiarities, we all admire Iza for her consistent work and for her good nature. The smile *definitely* won't wear off.

JOANE JOSEPHINE HUGHES HARRIS (Sydney Hospital).

Joane has always extracted a "tremenjous" amount of fun as well as pleasure out of her work, for her interest in all things, be they academic or very much otherwise, is always backed by her disarming smile and twinkling eyes.

Her main hobby is policemen, and it is said that it is the knowledge that they will get a hail from the lass in the green car with the tailless red devil in front which makes them commence point duty for the day with a light heart.

Not being of the city, the wide open spaces appeal more to Joane, which probably accounts for her frequent change of abode in search of a place with distinct personality during her years in Sydney.

We wish Joane every happiness and success when she sets out for west o' Bourke.



DAVID ROBERT HARBISON.



IZA JOAN HARRIS.



JOANE JOSEPHINE HUGHES HARRIS.

RONALD WILLIAM HAZELTON (R.P.A.H.).

"In amassing wealth was his peculiar art."

Accompanying the 1931 invasion from Grammar a tall fair youth with distinctive features appeared in our midst. Since then he has revealed between games of bridge scholastic ability sufficient to collect several credits. Ron is a real bridge fiend, and a game attracts him like a magnet, while his dexterity at tossing the odd ha'penny is only rivalled by his remarkable and complicated excursions into the realms of high finance.

At the Royal we came to know him as a model of neatness, particularly in regard to dress, for midnight duties at L.W. were always attended to in collar and tie, with his confrères looking on in sleepy dishabille. It is rumoured that while there he once missed a witness!

Through him we have been impressed that exophthalmos may be caused by a glass eye.

A keen clinician, an accurate observer and possessed of sound reasoning, he has laid a firm foundation for future success.

EDWARD CHARLES HEFFERNAN (Sydney Hospital).

Ted, who joined us from Canterbury High School, has by no means been unsuccessful in his annual jousts with the examiners. It was not until fourth year that we really got to know Ted, and in Crown Street he astounded us by his amazing success with breeches. His talents as a musician were warmly appreciated in that institution, and the angelic tones which he called forth from the old harmonium delighted us always, the nursing staff sometimes (but Matron never), and as a lullaby they were second to none.

On the green sward Ted has upheld the honour of the faculty, and his prowess as a batsman has helped to carry the day for his side.

After his usual hard year's work, we feel that Ted will be able to justify himself with the examiners once again and that he can "sit and wait" for the numbers to go up with equanimity and confidence.

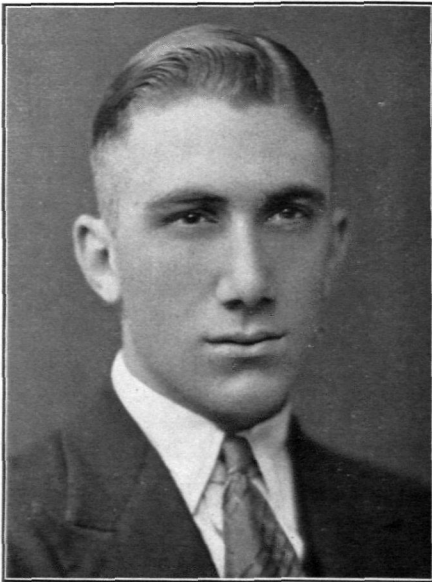
HAROLD DUNDONALD MACKY HERCUS, B.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).

"Great contest follows and much learned dust."—Cowper.

To picture "Mac" accurately and briefly, think of the word "imperturbability." For who has ever seen him disturbed? Perhaps such an inconceivable state of affairs might have existed during his four or five years in the 'Varsity ere joining Medicine—years spent in such inferior branches of learning as Arts and Science—but certainly it has not been displayed since his association with us. Even when brought by an honorary face to face with an apparently unanswerable question, his ready excursions into the realms of up-to-the-minute physiology, whither none but the most erudite might follow, would remove him from the dangerous ground. His handling of 'orses, a term borrowed from one of his friends, and the dexterity with which they were manipulated, were sheer joy to the eyes of all but the fellow at the other end of the chess-board. His easy, flowing back-hand on the tennis court was a delight, and his knack of choosing the right side for a finesse a thing of wonder. And, finally, a history of asthma has detracted little from the refinement of his medical knowledge.



RONALD WILLIAM HAZELTON.



EDWARD CHARLES HEFFERNAN.



HAROLD DUNDONALD MACKY HERCUS,
B.Sc.

JAMES ALEXANDER INGLIS (R.P.A.H.).

*"Give me that man
Who is not passion's slave."*

—Hamlet.

Jim has pursued his course through Medicine with a very even tenor, having had no difficulty with examinations and plenty of spare time to read widely. A lover of debate, Jim will hold his ground on any subject to the bitter end, adding a touch of irony which will wither the stoutest argument.

Though he is not widely known, his shyness and modesty are characters which endear him to rather than estrange him from the rest of the year. His quiet nature, however, does not prevent him from being seen to advantage on the tennis court; he is also a keen follower of Wesley College achievements. He has been described as a misogynist of true type.

A Queenslander without a punctate past, James has managed to live a very sober and studious life, and we anticipate no difficulties for him in the final struggle.

GEORGE ARTHUR WILLIAM JOHNSTON (Sydney Hospital).

George was lucky enough to escape from Queensland before he had acquired more than a weakness for sunshine and the sea. In him are embodied their freshness, warmth and strength, not without subtlety. Though at first he appears quiet and serious, he is ever ready to spin a good yarn or to join in any willing sport, in and out of hospital.

George, since matriculating from N.S.B.H.S., has worked steadily and well, and always with something in reserve. Keen and thoughtful, balanced and self-reliant, tactful and sympathetic, with a capacity for extracting the best from all with whom he comes into contact and from life in general, George should go far—unless, as like as not, he prefers to practise his art on a sunny Pacific island with his beloved Burns, his smokes and a cosy boat to play with to his heart's content.

GORDON RICHARD JONES (R.P.A.H.).

*"A Very Bouncy Animal, who had a way of saying how-do-you-do
which always left your ears full of sand."*

—A. A. Milne.

In diagnosing the breaking of glass, the hiss of an oxygen cylinder or the gurgling of Imperial Drink, one must always consider Gordon Jones. He has seen the insides of most things.

A typical extravert, he devotes his entire life to playing soldiers, flat racing, hurdling, fishin', shootin', huntin' and liquid paraffin. He is the G.O.M. of the Athletic Club.

Gordon's formidable facies has scared many an innocent bystander. It is wont from time to time to contort itself and emit a burst of song. His taste in music is catholic: a Handel oratorio will most likely merge insensibly into Gilbert and Sullivan and end as a snatch of Puccini, but never jazz.

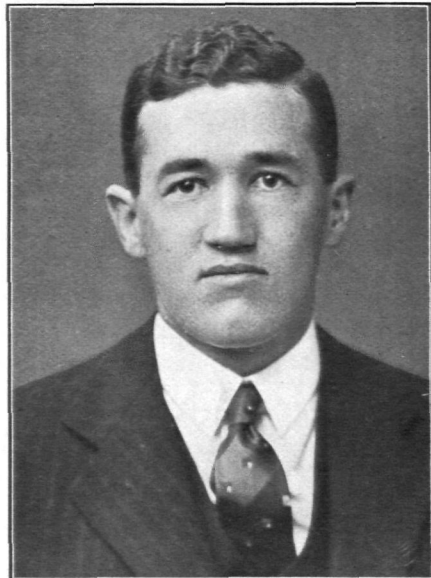
Claims to be a misogynist after 6 p.m., in the face of clear evidence to the contrary. Withal a right worthy citizen with a great fund of common sense, and a penchant for learned discussion which is the despair of many a lesser man.



JAMES ALEXANDER INGLIS.



GEORGE ARTHUR WILLIAM JOHNSTON.



GORDON RICHARD JONES.

NEIL JOSEPH (R.P.A.H.).

*"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay."*

Joey was bailed out of Grammar in 1930, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude in Medicine.

This small dark man did not take long to make his presence felt; in second year he was to be seen buzzing like a busy electron around the beauteous Helen.

It was in third year that he had his bath. Clad in red Jantzen, he lay dozing in the tub, while we gazed in awe at a chest that had more hair on it than on the combined heads of all the professorial staff (plus or minus Pete).

He has a flair for chocolate biscuits, for being a corporal in the army, for small women, plays a good game of tennis, surfs frequently, has been known to bowl a leg break, has flirted with football, and is Hell Driver No. 9, and just as dangerous. Considered by all a good fellow, a very able year representative and a keen clinician. Like the alophen pill, Joey is a small quantity from whom we expect great results.

CHARLES HENRY KNOTT (R.P.A.H.).

*"If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."*

Fresh from academic conquests at Brisbane Grammar and the Queensland 'Varsity, Spotty quietly floated in among us in Second Year. Even in those boisterous dissecting room days he never forsook the rapier for the bludgeon, and explored the human body with silent zeal and unusual success.

A cheerful soul, "the little doctor" tackles this and that with the vast energy that has won him pathological fame, and with the broad grin that has disarmed the nursing staffs of three hospitals.

His sporting activities are marked more perhaps by their sheer results than by delicacy of technique—his tennis at the Royal, for example.

As a year representative he has handled his onerous duties with just that tact and *savoir-faire* necessary to satisfy a harassed staff on the one hand and a febrile Final Year on the other.

With his genial and kindly nature one feels that, while he may become a tropical liver, his humour will never be changed to gall.

HENRY OLIVER LANCASTER (Sydney Hospital).

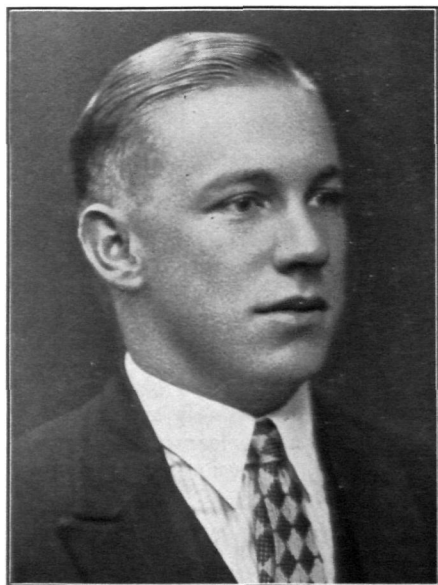
Coming from Kempsey High School, Oliver entered the Faculty of Arts in 1930. At the end of that year he forsook the quadrangle, with its indolent ease, to start the long and tedious journey in search of the wily M.B.

He has had a mathematical bent since very early in his career, and he can tell you with great exactitude the probability of your being bitten by a shark or dated by Harold. This tendency, along with a knowledge of psychology, makes him a formidable opponent at bridge, his favourite method of attack being to start a fracas between his adversaries. He is also a keen chess player, and has had many successes with the 'Varsity Club. Living at the village, he is a keen surfer, and has played football with the Manly Club.

His favourite pastimes are: surfing; getting into arguments; getting out of them.



NEIL JOSEPH.



CHARLES HENRY KNOTT.



HENRY OLIVER LANCASTER.

CLARENCE ARTHUR CAMPBELL LEGGETT (R.P.A.H.).

*"Man goeth forth unto his work,
And to his labour in the evening."*

Clarrie hails from the Hunter Valley. Though a goitre is not visible, his B.M.R. is increased phenomenally. As evidence, we cite his oft-repeated habit of topping the year, his prosectorship and obstetric essay, and his untiring labours for the Medical Society. Clarrie's forte is his *zeal*. He is eager: whether with a tuning fork on a tibia in C1, whether with his hockey stick at the tibiæ on the Sports Ground.

At a psychological moment his sputum was about to complicate the diagnosis by staining positive with Z.N., but relented: So Clarence left for N.Z. without the tubercle colossus. *On* the field he worthily upheld Australia: *off* the field he indulged in ski-ing (or "she-ing", which?). We do not guarantee his refusal of the "Haere-Mai",* of the *wahine*: besides, his fame as a plastic surgeon is already assured.

The log reports: "Clarrie lost a child of long and careful fostering." A bereavement compensated for by Austin, a prem. of seven months, who suffers from photophobia and greedy colon.

But such is not the explanation of the interest R.H.W. awoke in Clarrie (usually about 11 p.m.) in premature infants. He was treating a case of Anuria: assiduously? Yes, but not successfully, because now at Broughton Hall.

Another forte is Clarrie's grandmother. Is it *her* garden that yields those "luscious fruits"?

MILES STERLING LEVIS (R.P.A.H.).

*"I want a thinnish piece of rope,
Or if there isn't any, bring
A thickish piece of string."*

—A. A. Milne.

Mike carried off the prize in First Year Zoology, and still keeps up an association with Plankton. He developed his muscles to row in the First Four, but forsook sculling to acquire proficiency in the art of fencing. He is a medical student, but could earn a living as a skilled motor mechanic.

He has a keen appreciation, and considerable knowledge, of classical music, but can manœuvre expertly to the sound effects of a jazz orchestra.

Miles has achieved notoriety in the untimely bursting of paper bags and in heading roll sheets with his signature. His studies have been seriously and successfully undertaken, but he has found time to read extensively—to learn the management of a sailing boat, including the tying of knots—and to explore many of the highways of our own State and those of Victoria.

We feel that he will be eminently capable of continuing a family tradition in the profession of Medicine.

* Haere-Mai = Come over here.



CLARENCE ARTHUR CAMPBELL LEGGETT.



MILES STERLING LEVIS.

STUDLEY WOOLCOTT LUSH (Sydney Hospital).

When we timidly entered the portals of the Medical School, we found in our midst a man of cheerful mien, with a recently acquired scar in the R.I.F.—the latter explained his presence.

Stud came from N.S.B.H.S., and soon endeared himself by his happy-go-lucky outlook. His sense of humour is extraordinary (*vide* Greg's bag story).

As we came to know him better, we found Stud's knowledge solid and practical. When sure of his ground he is emphatic, sometimes too much so—a certain honorary once pronounced him "too ——— surgical".

He has tried dances and cards and found them wanting. He is addicted to the surf, however, is ready for a buffalo hunt at any time, and on rare occasions will perform the seal act.

One of the most popular members of our year, we feel that Stud's tenacity of purpose and capacity for really hard work will take him far.

ADRIAN GEORGE MCGLYNN (St. Vincent's).

"He's as tall a man as any in Illyria."—Shakespeare.

"Mac" came to us from St. Aloysius' College, which he represented in football and athletics. His cheery smile and happy personality are always in evidence. His Conybeare, even Conybeare himself would not recognize, so marked and annotated is it. It is rumoured that he intends purchasing another just to see what his present copy was like when he bought it.

It is hard to foresee what "Mac" is going to do when he graduates. By his size he should be a surgeon, by his hat a dermatologist, by his feet an orthopædist, by his hands an obstetrician, and by his knowledge—well, you've read what happened to Conybeare. He will make an excellent G.P., and we wish him the best.

ARCHIBALD KEVERALL MCINTYRE, B.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).

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

—Goldsmith.

Archie McIntyre commenced to live at an early age, and has gone from one thing to another with a great deal of skill and energy, but, even in the busiest moments, he has time to talk of this and that with lesser people.

He descended upon us first in Fourth Year to continue his career of academic brilliance, and, with a concise grasp of fact and fiction, there is no reason to suppose any other result after a final effort.

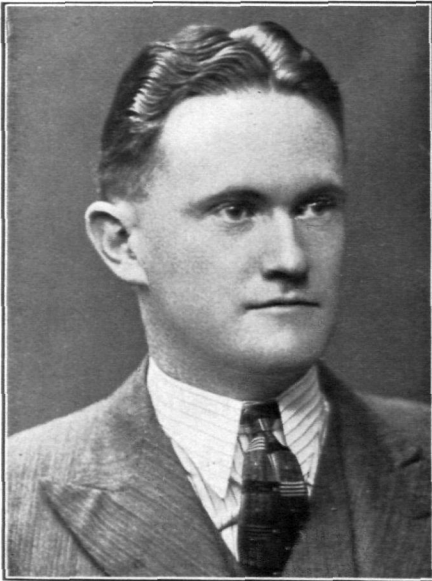
His flushed face and circum-oral pallor would have been welcomed, at times, by Dr. Baret. Both are seen to advantage when he is annoyed or facing unpleasant people, while he, himself, is at his best leaping from crag to crag or wandering for days over more or less unknown land.

Arch's other activities are legion. They range from gazing on the wonders of nature, and other fair things, to mighty deeds with canvas, wood and paint. He has a skating reputation at Kosciusko, established one famous morning near the Chalet, while his efforts on the guitar have brought forth praise from many quarters—even at the Royal.

In truth, it might be said of him that one man in his time plays many parts, and all of them well.



STUDLEY WOOLCOTT LUSH.



ADRIAN GEORGE MCGLYNN.



ARCHIBALD KEVERALL MCINTYRE,
B.Sc.

HAROLD GEOFFREY MARSH (Sydney Hospital).

"The man who knows and knows he knows."

"Bog" accompanied the 1931 invasion of the faculty by Grammar. His dogmatic statements and knowledge of obscure diseases would have earned him notoriety even if he didn't have red hair.

He may be described as a "big-shot", since he shoots bulls with the S.U.R., breakers at Manly, and everything and everyone with his camera; he is also not averse to taking a pot at his honorary, or even one or two at the Medical Dinner.

His favourite pastime is yachting (and its accessories), and he tells many tales of his nearness to finding the key to Davy Jones' locker, including the one where he burnt his shirt in a vain endeavour to attract the attention of the lighthouse keeper (not his daughter).

Old Bog can explain how "the music goes round and around" from Bach to Grainger, and from piccolo to bass drum. He is indeed a lover of good music, but whether the attraction at Manly comes into this category is a debatable point.

JOHN BRYAN MATHIESON (Sydney Hospital).

"Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Buster has well deserved reputation for being thorough in everything he does—in his work, in his sport (resulting in a tennis blue), and, as far as we know, in his social activities. He brought this with him to the University from N.S.B.H.S.

His popularity amongst honourees, students and his many other friends can be attributed to his good nature, his sincerity, and his passion for detail. His person is invariably immaculate, and his ties have added considerably to his notoriety.

His confident manner and his thoroughness clinically should stand him in good stead in the future.

GEOFFREY CAMPBELL MIDDLETON (Sydney Hospital).

Geoff. joined us in 1931, a product of N.S.B.H.S., and he distinguished himself at the end of that year by sharing first place. Since then he has featured consistently in the honours list each year, and the prognosis for the sum total is definitely favourable. In spite of his general proficiency, shrouded in a cloak of modesty, Geoff. possesses an astoundingly wide general knowledge, varying from Græcian mythology to astronomy—a veritable compendium of knowledge ever at the service of his colleagues.

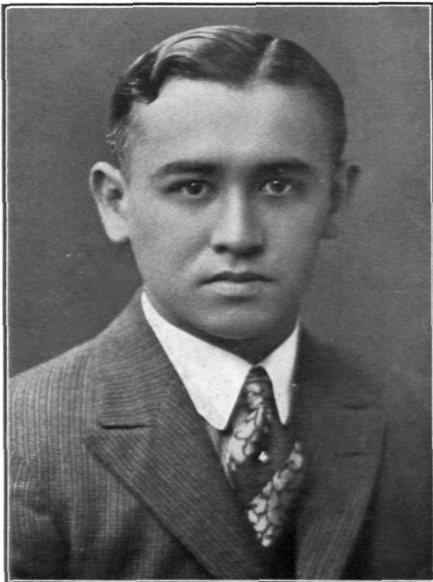
Apart from his purely scholastic accomplishments, Geoff. is noted for his painstaking thoroughness, accuracy of observation, phenomenal ingenuity, coupled with an artistic and classical taste.

Hobbies: Tennis (not fast, not brilliant, but cunning); all subjects in the medical curriculum; all subjects not in the medical curriculum.

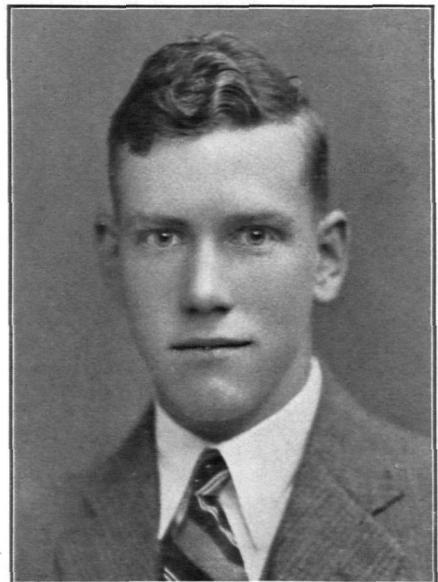
His kindly and humble disposition, his sincerity and ability must inevitably win the admiration of patients and colleagues.



HAROLD GEOFFREY MARSH.



JOHN BRYAN MATHIESON.



GEOFFREY CAMPBELL MIDDLETON.

HENRY DENDY MOORE (R.P.A.H.).

*"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."*

Even honoraries find it wiser to avoid argument with Chota if they want to get away before 8 p.m., and many a wordy battle has he waged in wards, theatres and common-room on subjects ranging from surgery to social reform.

This lad hails from Fiji, a fact proved to us one day at the R.H.W. by the arrival of two gaily-clad, dark-skinned strangers who had formerly dandled him on their knees among the bananas and coconut trees of that sunny isle.

Chota's sympathetic nature was brought out to the full at the Royal. It has been said that he was never Ruthless there; often could he be seen surreptitiously administering chloroform when the "anæsthetist" was late and Bas wasn't looking.

He established a reputation as a boxer during Third Year, wields a tennis racquet with force, if not always with accuracy, and has leanings towards ski-ing in all forms. A marked tendency to transient facial erythema creates diversions in Surgical O.P.D., while his sense of humour will no doubt save the Editorial Staff from a violent death when he reads this. In fact, a very cheery fellow and a steady worker, who should have little bother with next November's dragon.

JOHN WILLIAM HARPER MULHEARN (St. Vincent's).

"Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

Johnnie entered the faculty from St. Joseph's College, bearing the reputation of a representative footballer and an excellent cricketer. The early part of his course saw him domiciled at St. John's, after which his sporting proclivities have lapsed in favour of more academic pursuits (golf, for example).

Quiet and unassuming, he has become popular amongst us all, both for his gentlemanly conduct and his zest to add spice and variety to any entertainment.

"A soft word turneth away wrath." The weight of this statement has been brought home to us since Mully's droll remarks and dulcet tones have oftentimes changed what may have been uncomfortable episodes into nothing more than amusing interludes. A new side to Johnnie's character was manifest to us in Crown Street, where we discovered a new triad of accomplishments—twin breeches, sleeping, and demonstrating the highlights of the district.

Though the seas do us part, we will always remember Johnnie as a jolly fine fellow and wital one of nature's gentlemen.

LESLIE PATRICK MUSGRAVE (St. Vincent's).

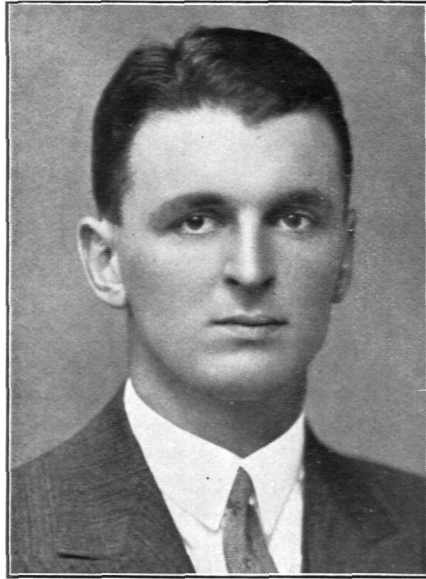
"Following his fancies by the hour."—Wordsworth.

A product of St. Joseph's College. Possesses a fund of clinical knowledge, which he combines with a good general knowledge of the turf.

Always anxious to extend a helping hand to others, Les has an ingratiating manner which should be a great asset to him in the profession he has chosen. Being very firm in his convictions, particularly with regard to feminine ideals, it is quite impossible to convince him against his will.

When not absorbed in his work, Les plays a good game of tennis, can name any tune and any musical artist from "Bing" Crosby to Tschaikovsky. He has also met with more than his share of success at a certain five-card game.

Altogether Les' future seems assured, and we wish him every success.



HENRY DENDY MOORE.



JOHN WILLIAM HARPER MULHEARN.



LESLIE PATRICK MUSGRAVE.

L. A. M. B. MUSSO (R.P.A.H.).

*"The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me."*

Owing to lack of space we must refrain from writing Louis' name in full. After securing a brilliant pass in the L.C., Louis entered the Faculty of Medicine, and for the first four years he moved unobtrusively amongst us. In Fifth Year, however, he had a meteoric rise to fame, being the first student to realize the wealth of information that could be gained from a gynæcological examination, and, in the course of the latter, to evolve an infallible method in the diagnosis of twins.

Always very obliging, he has visited every shop in Paddington in an effort to secure a packet of plain cork Capstans. Amongst a host of good qualities, keenness and conscientiousness deserve special mention, whilst his gentle manners and good humour make him a very likeable personality. Good luck, Lou, and we hope you have no trouble in obtaining the further signatures for your certificate book.

NORMAN LUDLOW NEWMAN (R.P.A.H.).

*"And always does my heart with pleasure dance
When I think on thy noble countenance."*

Matriculating from Shore, and accompanied by a big swimming reputation, which was subsequently enhanced by an Australian Blue, "Kid" joined us in '31. His cheery disposition and spontaneity soon won him numerous friends, who later showed appreciation of his characteristic mode of address by reserving it for a nickname.

Since entering the faculty he has survived all the November crises; in the anatomy years, not only did he develop great ability to name the fast-spinning bone, but, it is rumoured, he also made a close study of the muscles of the thumb.

At the Royal, it is regretted, nocturnal summonses to L.W. were not uncommonly answered by a brief "not going", but this, however, was amply compensated for by his masterly application of "the tongs".

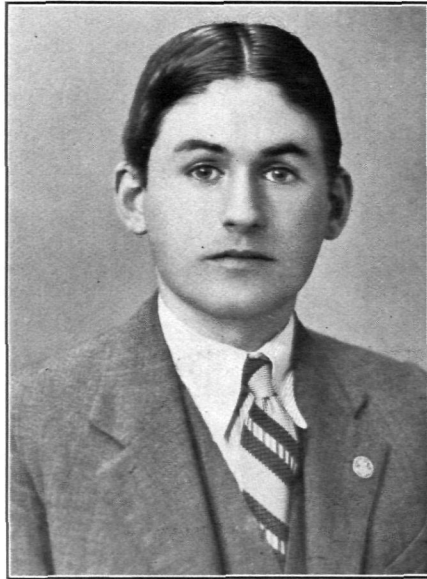
Hobbies include surfing, tennis, windmills, pyjamas, and signatures. A capacity for hard work, and the possession of a satisfactory bedside manner insure his future success in the profession.

FRANCIS WILLIAM PERROTTET (R.P.A.H.).

*"A stout carl for the nones
Ful big was he of brawn and eke of bones."*

Frank has failed to acquire a nickname during his progress through Medicine. This, far from meaning in this case a colourless personality, indicates that he possesses no peculiarities to justify one, and, indeed, he is noted for his poise and *savoir-faire*. Several of his post-school years were spent in the country in the wool game, and this has endowed him with an easy *camaraderie* that has gained him his own circle of friends.

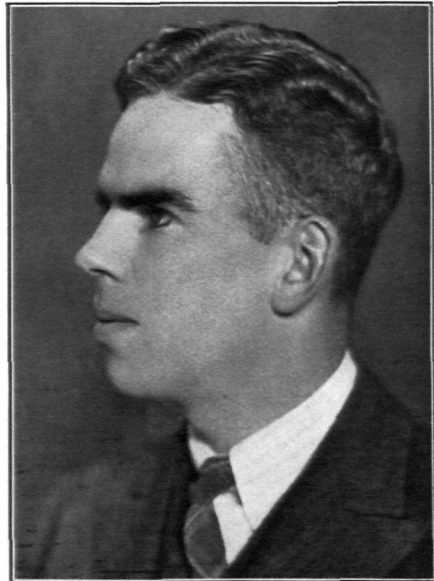
He shows commendable patience in auscultating chests, and will harken rapturously unto a presystolic murmur for long periods. On the tennis court he makes a worthy opponent, with a mean forehand drive, and he plays a good hand of bridge. A somewhat more recent accomplishment, hitherto unsuspected in himself, is a capable for catching burglars, and this makes us doubtful of a malingerer's chances in deceiving him in Frank's future career.



L. A. M. B. MUSSO.



NORMAN LUDLOW NEWMAN.



FRANCIS WILLIAM PERROTTET.

LEIGH HOLDSWORTH ALLEN PHILLIPS (Sydney Hospital).

"Doing is activity, and he will still be doing."

Leigh, late of Grammar, has earned for himself a name as the most conscientious person in the year. This quality extends in every direction, whether it be in ward work, the adequate pre-operative sterilization of his hands, or the meticulous care with which he daily cleans the streets of Sydney. His quiet, unflinching consideration for others has made him popular with all.

Besides his academic achievements, Leigh has been one of the mainstays of the Varsity Baseball Club for several seasons, and is also an enthusiastic cricketer. One might add that in athletics he would surely have proved a worthy rival for Bob Charlton, judging by the pace with which he walks the hospital in his immaculate white coat.

He should clear the hurdle next November as easily as the previous five, and one predicts that honoraries will be more than pleased with his work as R.M.O.

RONALD ERNEST PORTER (Sydney Hospital).

"Pearls of Price."

Although the son of a classical scholar, Ron has deserted the humanities and taken humanity as his province.

He came to us with first-class honours in Maths. and Physics, and in diagnosis or argument still remembers the principles of logic on which these subjects are based.

We suspect that somewhat in Ron's cerebrum an accelerator has jammed at full throttle; in all things, mental and physical, he moves quickly, and we have never seen him perform creditably in an idling test. When not in the wards, he is to be found behind a book, which, o.e., often proves to be Price. This is taken in divided doses, serving as an adjuvant to Osler.

In his spare time Ron is prominent in the affairs of the Evangelical Society, and we understand that he has played cricket with some success.

HARRY DOUGLAS RAFFAN (St. Vincent's).

"Unruffled as an Oriental pool."—Kendall.

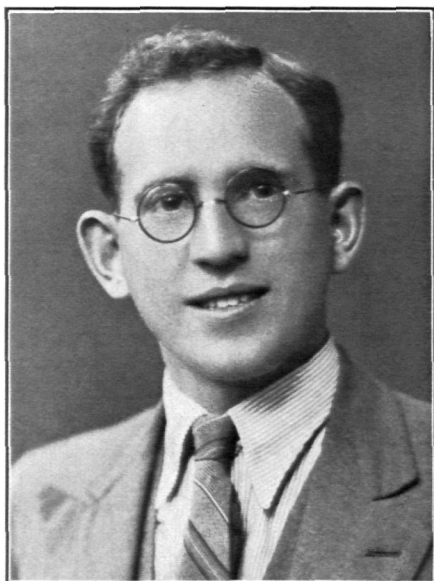
Harry's mop of fair hair is to be seen progressing every morning from Andrew's (where he is Senior Student) to Vincent's. At both institutions he is well known for his powers of persuasion, and a few well chosen words will insure either the loan of a pencil or the sale of some dance tickets, and you are left with the feeling that you are doing the world a service.

He is blessed with a complete disregard of time, but his powers of concentration at the critical moment have insured him success in whatever he attempts. His stroking of the winning State Crew in 1934 is the highlight in a notable sporting and administrative career.

We have yet to see him worried by anything less than his finals, but if his success in November is commensurate with his popularity, he most certainly won't fail.



LEIGH HOLDSWORTH ALLEN PHILLIPS.



RONALD ERNEST PORTER.

HH



HARRY DOUGLAS RAFFAN.

RALPH DOUGLAS KENNETH REYE (Sydney Hospital).

The tall, slim figure, the sensitive face, the hands—all bespeak the æsthete, the epicure, the connoisseur. Douglas is happiest as his eye ranges thoughtfully over menu or wine-list; or as his fingers idly turn the pages of some new literary treasure; or as he reclines hypotonically on his couch. He is unhappiest in the cold winter months, and in crowded trams.

Except for these vicissitudes, Doug's life proceeds with commendable tranquillity. The cruel hand of study rarely does more than caress his brow; it is enough. His keen logic clarifies a thousand obscurities.

His conversation is appetizing. Though his normal level is a serious one, his numerous semi-apologetic flights into fancy more than offset it. On rare occasions he becomes superhuman—he makes a pun, and it is good.

He is the master of himself, and of his destiny. We who know that destiny, approve, and tender him every good wish that may soon be reality.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROSS (Sydney Hospital).

Fred entered Medicine from N.S.B.H.S. with a reputation as an all-round sport, having been in the school's cricket, football and athletic teams. At the 'Varsity, however, he became most renowned for his activities on the hockey field, his multitudinous hobbies, and his yearly sojourns in hospital.

Through accidents, Fred was forced to take things quietly until the end of Third Year, when he tried his hand with the curved stick. Two years later he became a blue and a reserve for the Australian 'Varsities Team.

His most renowned hobbies were his dahlias and his prize roses, his wireless sets (which enabled us to tune-in to Abyssinia and Russia when at Crown Street), and his anatomical studies of the motor car.

One of the all-rounders of the year, and essentially a practical man, Fred was never more pleased than when he arrived at hospital work, and his enthusiasm in this sphere has already convinced all of his future appellation—*Mr. Ross*.

CAMERON SUTCLIFFE ROWNTREE, B.Sc. (R.P.A.H.).

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born."

"Dad" Rowntree entered Andrew's in 1929 from The King's School, and graduated B.Sc. in 1932. He joined the Faculty of Medicine in the following year. In sport he was an outstanding all-rounder at school, and carried on the good work at Andrew's in cricket, football, athletics, and especially shooting, for on the subject of firearms he was an unrivalled authority until short-wave wireless sets and, subsequently, small motor cars served to occupy his mind when not academically inclined.

His chief complaint—that "he never knows anything about his work"—has so far proved unfounded, in spite of some doubts when his engagement was announced two years ago. Monday morning is his bad time, but the depression gradually lifts as the week progresses, although relapses are not unknown, and during these the word goes round that "Father" is down again, and his friends speak in a hushed voice when in his vicinity.

Any golfer requiring information on how to avoid slicing off the tee is referred to "Dad" for special instruction.



RALPH DOUGLAS KENNETH REYE.



FREDERICK WILLIAM ROSS.



CAMERON SUTCLIFFE ROWNTREE.
B.Sc.

WILLIAM PATRICK RYAN (St. Vincent's).

"Mistaken men"

Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts."

"Bill" hails from Rockhampton, Queensland. He received his early training at Nudgee College, which has given the medical faculty many famous men.

"Bill" has done excellently in his course, annexing distinctions and credits with monotonous regularity. His genial personality and ready wit are to be envied, and his friendship something that has aided past years to speed by quickly and happily. In his early days in Medicine he captained the Faculty League Team, but decided to forsake professional football and took to the beaches. He assures us that he has it on good authority that there are very few people taken by sharks between the months of May and August. A keen follower of the turf, he can always tell you a good loser, especially if it comes from Queensland, and his description of the last Melbourne Cup is a classic.

LIONEL PELHAM SAPSFORD (R.P.A.H.).

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool."

"Thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound."

An original stippled red cell from the Northern State, "Sappy" joined the year in 1932, and was soon heard an octave above the din of the dissecting room. During the years of dissection he entered the realm of sport, emerging in Fourth Year as a featherweight champion and a baseball blue, while, on the serious side, he devoted himself to putting Allora on the map, and acquiring skill with scalpels.

Since his schooldays at Brisbane Grammar, Sappy has been afflicted with a strange malady which manifests itself as L.P.S. on every possible occasion, though its appearance at Callan Park recently gave us some concern.

Heated in argument and quick to form an opinion, Sappy is equally certain of the magnitude of his home town as of that diastolic murmur.

His well-known ability in sleight of hand made us regard his departure for the Royal with some uneasiness, but we comforted the mothers in vain, for he did not apply his art to obstetrics. It was here that we came to appreciate the sincerity and genuine sportsmanship underlying a character so manifold in its expression.

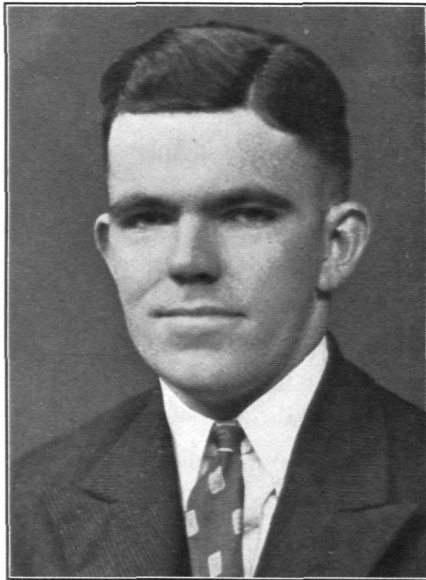
Chief hobbies: chess, music, shows, L.P.S.

DORIS ADELIN SELBY, M.Sc. (Sydney Hospital).

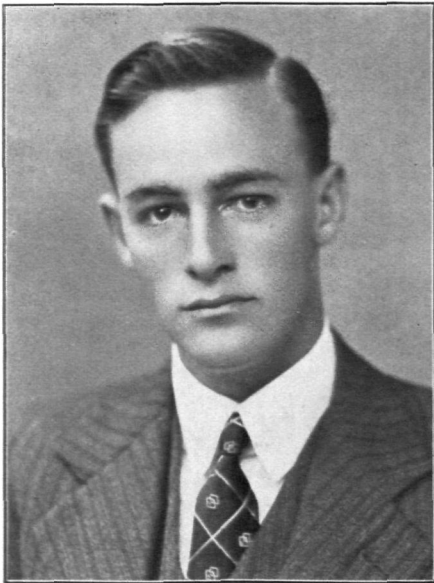
Some bright morsel in a fit of enthusiasm once cried: "Women are more tactful than men." If he had met Doris he'd have been convinced more than ever of the truth of his statement. Doris always knows the right words, and the right time, to soothe the ruffled feelings. In addition, she has that "excellent thing in woman", a charming voice, with which to "put it over".

She can put M.Sc. after her name, having done some trifling with animal things before starting Med. She is a reputed authority on all European languages from Czechoslovakian to Danish; her rendering of "tea for two" in Italian is a linguistic masterpiece.

With regard to her hospital work, she's crazy on psychiatry O.P.—why, we don't really know. She's also rather snappy on hearts, whose gymnastics she can interpret with logic and intelligence. An enthusiastic person in the wards, Doris is interested in the patients as well as their diseases.



WILLIRAM PATRICK RYAN.



LIONEL PELHAM SAPSFORD.



DORIS ADELINE SELBY, M.Sc.

JOHN HEATON SIMPSON (St. Vincent's).

"He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose."—Much Ado about Nothing.

Jack came to us from the Scot's College, and his cheerful disposition quickly led to many friendships.

In his earlier years he was at St. Andrew's, where he soon received the nickname "Jess". While there he had the misfortune to break his leg at football, a promising career in that sport thereby being brought to an end. While at Andrew's he also represented the College at cricket and athletics.

He is perhaps seen at his best in discussions, whether academic, political or sporting, and is always prepared to stand by his own contribution to any controversy. He has even been known to raise his voice when in argumentative mood.

We wish him the best in November, and feel confident of his success as a practitioner.

PATRICK HOWARD SPEIGHT (St. Vincent's).

"See what a grace is seated on this brow."—Hamlet.

Pat entered the faculty from St. Aloysius' College, where he had a reputation as a scholar and an athlete. He had just successfully completed his Second Year when sickness struck him down and caused his absence for the whole of the next year. After his long and dangerous illness, Pat returned to us the same cheery person we had seen before, and we admired the determination with which he recommenced his studies. He has acquitted himself well, and we have no doubts about his clearing the last hurdle.

Lately has become interested in and proficient at the "royal and ancient game", and often plays his Saturday's games over again with us on Mondays.

His happy disposition has won him many friends, and we will always remember his, "Have you heard this one, boys?"

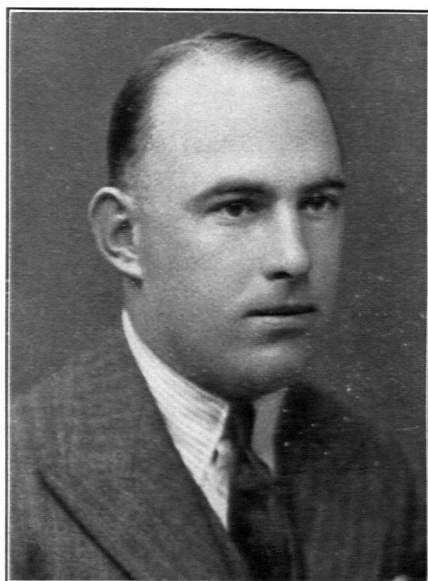
STUART MONTERRAT STEPHENSON (R.P.A.H.).

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."—Gray.

Monty hails from Warwick, Queensland, where we believe he did all the things other people in Warwick do, but somehow dodged most of their idiosyncrasies, such as wrist-drop or elephantiasis. He must have been peculiarly blameless or very discreet in his earlier years at the Med. School, because it was not until we met him at Crown St. and heard his exhortations of "Bear down, mother" that the full strength of his personality assailed us. Later, as we watched him, we began to wonder whether the pigmentation on his forehead had any bearing on the sympathy and feeling with which he attended his patients through labour. Time has proved our suspicions base and unfounded. How could we ever have doubted him? However, it does not seriously mar his beauty, for we have recollections of one of his patients calling loudly for "the pretty doctor".

Accompanied by his little black book which he consults between gulps of tea and at other moments when his conscience or the fear of retribution overtakes him, he wanders round the hospital examining the natural orifices of the body.

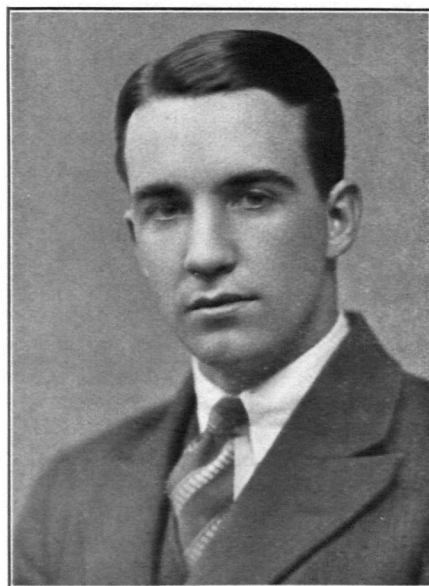
The above-mentioned book is a compendium of professorial aphorisms, and should make him invincible in the November campaigns, after which his keenness and ability should insure his future success.



JOHN HEATON SIMPSON.



PATRICK HOWARD SPEIGHT.



STUART MONTSERRAT STEPHENSON.

RAWDON THORNTON SUTTOR (Sydney Hospital).

Rawdon joined us from Shore with the advent of '31, but we saw little of him till Second Year, when he was rendered conspicuous by the amazing way in which missiles avoided hitting him back there in the Rooms of Death.

In Crown Street he achieved some notoriety by his repeated production of out-sized fœtuses (or should it be foeti?), and there his love for animals was rendered more than evident by the feline associates which he attracted to his room.

In lighter moments, Rawdon, being a boy from Tamworth, indulges in huntin' and shootin', and he is a photographer of no mean standing.

Despite his sylph-like proportions, all will admit that "Young Suttor" is a stout fellow with a big heart, and his charming manner has already earned for him the liking and admiration of the patients, nurses and honoraries; and this augurs well for his future success.

JAMES FREDERICK NOEL THOMAS (R.P.A.H.).

"I've a chair at the mast, said he!"

No'ole came to the faculty in 1931, fresh from the playing fields and corridors of Newington. There he had graced various football, cricket, athletic and other dynamic organizations.

An easy-going efficiency, good sense of humour and an immodest intimacy with the internals of the machine-gun, marked his career as a sergeant in the S.U.R.

It was at the Royal, however, that we got to know him best. There he was a source of terror to all, from the biggest sister "buzzing" around to the most premature babe. His tennis was terrifyingly forceful, his capacity as a practical joker unlimited, and his obstetrical ability present. On rounds he was patiently interested, unconsciously acquiring acumen. During the dinner hour we were regaled with cryptic witticism, including the well-known Boer War quip. Among his vices can be mentioned Lower, Mandrake, Speed Gordon and Sappy's conjuring. It is generally considered, however, that these are more than compensated for by his geniality and ever-present good nature.

PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON (R.P.A.H.).

"Everything stops for tea."

Paul came to us in 1931 from Sydney Grammar School, and proceeded from the first to carve for himself a place amongst the "whips".

His career has been marked by his methodical ways and his attention to detail; so sharp did he keep his scalpel in Third Year that he once succeeded in dissecting through all the muscles of the back in one fell swoop.

An eager clinician, Paul has managed to prove to his own satisfaction that a glass eye does not yield a light reflex. His ward work is marked by his popularity with the nursing staff and by frequent adjournments to the day-room for tea, his favourite beverage.

His somewhat troubled countenance is entirely belied by his sense of humour. At the "Royal" he was invited by the Matron to join the nursing staff—and we understand that the corridors are anything but cool when Paul is in them.

His other accomplishments include a good game of tennis and baseball, and the ability to make a noise like an immature motor horn. His one aversion is wireless. His unruffled temperament and his obliging goodwill, together with his marked ability, insure for him a successful future.



RAWDON THORNTON SUTTOR.



JAMES FREDERICK NOEL THOMAS.



PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON.

RONALD CHRISTIAN UEBEL (R.P.A.H.).

"He was short-shouldered, broode, a thikke felow."

Truly an endocrine dysordre.

—Chaucer.

Ron entered the faculty from the Sydney High School, trailing glory in the realm of sport as an oarsman in his school's successful eight. Rowing was a remarkable corrective for his tendency towards adiposity, but since he embarked on Medicine we have had the privilege of observing a steady increase in weight. However, behind an exterior pregnant with diagnostic possibilities, we find evidences of endocrine activity of a different timbre, for in Fifth Year his reverberant bass voice was the delight of his group at the Royal.

Leisure hours afford Ron opportunity to indulge in his one and only vice—addiction to the weed; during moments of pre-occupation he displays remarkable coordination in juggling his cigarette, of the home-made variety and invariably short, from one corner of his mouth to the other.

In the wards Ron is quiet and unobtrusive; his attitude towards Medicine is essentially a practical one, and this, coupled with his consistent application to the written word, gives promise of a sound and competent G.P.

LYNN DAVID WALTERS (R.P.A.H.).

". . . a lean hungry-faced villain,

A mere anatomy."

"By gee, son, this is important." Sure enough it's "Puss" at the other end of the ward, drumming some fundamental fact into someone's ear. Lynn came down from Brisbane Grammar to hurl himself enthusiastically into the problems of medical science. Free of the dissecting room, he entered the hospital a lanky, care-free streak of ambition without experience even of minor ailments. Gradually he developed all the known diseases and many others, from appendicitis (now chronic) to *dementia præcox* (from which he has lately recovered). He keeps his Ghon lesion in check with pints of milk, but his peptic ulcers are annoying, and his visceroptosis a source of mental anguish. He was in a certain condition at the Royal last year. Despite all these, he enjoys a "muck-up", and his conversation is full of wit and spontaneous humour.

Critical to a degree, and taking nothing for granted, he is one of the "knobs" of the year. His hobbies include astronomy and moonlight; about the former he knows much and is communicative; about the latter he is an authority, but is reticent.

WILLIAM BASIL WALTON (Sydney Hospital).

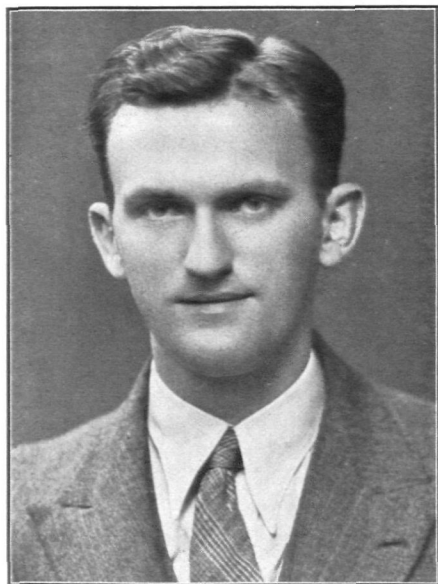
Bas strolled into the faculty from Riverview, and instantly made his mark as a social luminary, his friendly and unassuming ways making him popular with male and female alike. Though he is calm and easy-going, one is frequently taken unawares by his argumentative tenacity.

His pursuits are legion. Week-ends see him shooting the breakers at Manly in summer, or devastating the opposition with backhand drives in winter. Despite such vigorous measures, Bas still complains that he is unable to escape the clutching claw of that grim ogre, *avoirdupois*.

However, he has shown himself to possess a highly commendable strength of purpose. Though critically ill in March, he rallied through, and a bare six months later fought his dour way successfully through the Fifth Year examinations—a remarkable effort, and one which augurs well for his success in November.



RONALD CHRISTIAN UEBEL.



LYNN DAVID WALTERS.



WILLIAM BASIL WALTON.

COLIN WARBURTON (R.P.A.H.).

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it."—Macbeth, Act IV, Scene III.

Col came amongst us, singing the praises of a certain well-known teaching institution—S.G.S. He early acquired a firm conviction that one should only believe the things one can see; he still believes it, hence a marked interest in certain specialized branches of surgery—tonsillectomy and circumcision.

At Paul's he proved a true College man, and early in his career was awarded his boxing blue as an undefeated inter-'Varsity representative. He has been both Treasurer and Captain of the Boxing Club, and an enthusiastic worker for that institution.

In his leisure hours he is an ardent golfer, a modern Rip Van Winkle, and an "amateur" photographer, achieving charming and original effects from quite unusual angles. At hospital he is a strenuous worker, and maintains a keen interest in his clinical studies. Col has that rare gift of making friends easily and of keeping them; his sympathetic bedside manner should prove an invaluable asset in later life.

SYDNEY WALLIS WHERRETT (Sydney Hospital).

"Big Syd" came to us from Trinity with a reputation as a tennis player, and for several years he pursued this sport at the 'Varsity. Syd is interested in anything mechanical, and at one time had as much as two old cars and a motor bike on his hands. As a repairer of sphygmomanometers he has no peer.

He brightened our stay at Crown Street with his unconscious humour, notably when he instructed one of his patients to "grin and bear it". During the vacations Syd is to be seen marching about Liverpool in the regiment's largest uniform, with a Vickers' gun in each hand and dragging a cannon behind him.

He is very thorough both in clinical and theoretical work, and should do well at the end of the year, though we view with regret a recent tendency towards the use of plaster as a routine treatment for everything surgical.

WEEKS WHITE (R.P.A.H.).

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

Mathematics is a pure science—Medicine an intuitive art. Incompatibles, perhaps; but to Weeks they are bosom companions. Does he toy with the pulse? Anything but that. Grimly he estimates its qualities in terms of formulæ and equations, characteristically he exposes the fallacies of the clinical method, and finally he makes his deliberate decision. Theories of function that have satisfied the world for decades fail to convince him. Methods of treatment disgust him.

And so out of the hospital we see him keenly analysing card distribution, emphatically denouncing bad bidding or play; or we watch him in masterly fashion reveal the undeniable logic of chess; or on the golf course we stand dismayed as his perfect drive, the resultant of rhythmic action and subtle thought, outstrips ours by 100 yards—and we stand proudly when he duffs his shot, and is silent.

Of his good nature, his integrity and his dependability we will not speak, for they do not need words to perpetuate them.



COLIN WARBURTON.



SYDNEY WALLIS WHERRETT.



WEEKS WHITE.

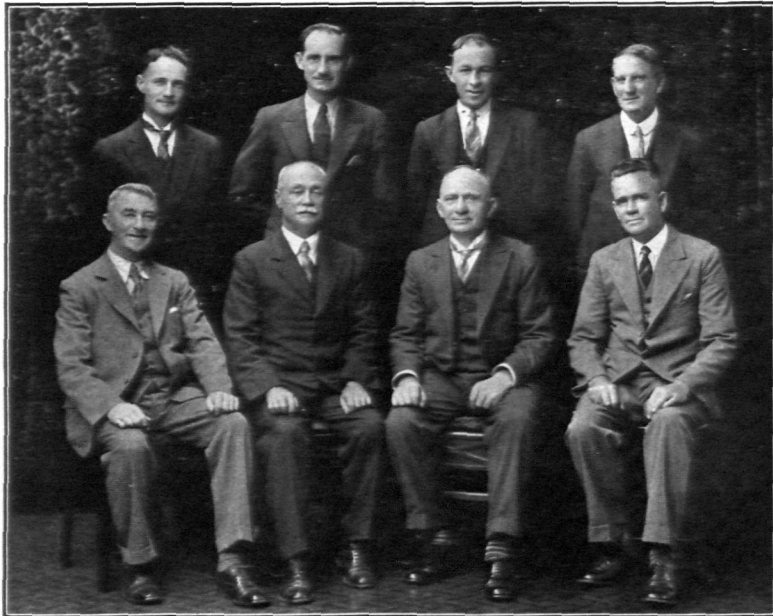
THE LABORATORY TECHNICIANS.

To those who attended to our minor difficulties and introduced us to the routine of their departments, we express our sincerest thanks. In this the fiftieth year of his service in the Anatomy Department, we desire to congratulate "Louis" on his long record of faithful service.

We shall remember Burfield for his devotion to the methods of Anderson Stuart. Bill Jamieson and Jim Rofe were always obliging and willing to help, while Bill Bagnall's sections were beyond adequate praise.

We also knew George MacDonal, and experienced the happy atmosphere which emanates from his broad Scotch dialect. "Dick" and Morrissey maintained the example of courtesy set by their chief, while Vic Wright's thoroughness was a feature of the Bacteriology Department.

We count them as our friends because they entered so much into our daily work, and we will always remember them.



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





*“Yet we’ll miss the good old times, that never more will be,
While we were passing through Medicine.”*



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The thanks of the Editor are due to the members of the Year who have assisted in the production of this book; to Dr. W. H. Neild for reading the proofs; to Freeman and Co. for supplying the photographs; and to the printers for their helpful advice and co-operation.



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