



# Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine  
University of Sydney

1961

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**UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY**  
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# Senior Year Book



1961

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

University of Sydney

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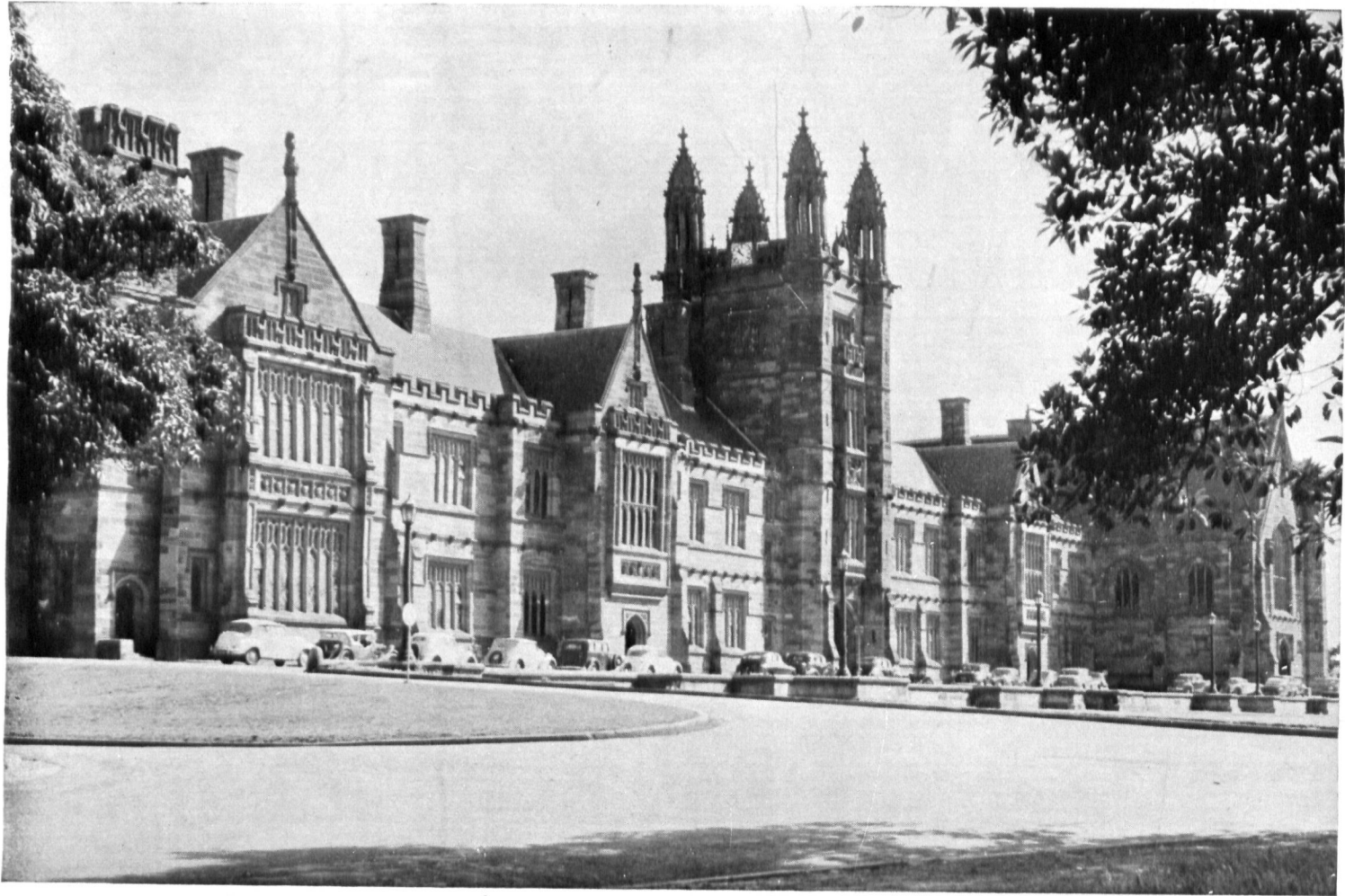


## *Foreword*

In addressing myself to the group of students whose likenesses, albeit rather vague and somewhat flattering, appear in this Year Book, I consider that you have been fortunate in a number of respects. In the first place, by the time this edition is printed and distributed, most of you will have successfully dealt with the final examinations; and the majority of the remainder will surely have similar success in a few months' time. This, however, is only one of your strokes of fortune. Although your first few years were very crowded, the hospital years were not too bad, at least in respect to the size of your student groups, and the student-to-patient ratio was just adequate. Think now what the position will be in two to three years' time. Instead of about 200 in each of fourth and fifth years, there will be over 300, and although the Faculty is trying desperately to find further satisfactory clinical teaching facilities, the outlook is pretty bleak from the standpoint of any immediate improvements. To make matters worse, our Medical School lost 25% of the obstetric teaching beds when the Royal Hospital for Women elected to join forces with the other Medical School. This loss will, of course, worsen the position of practical obstetric training, for it will even further curtail the present all-too-meagre teaching material available to our students.

These are some of the reasons why I say you are lucky indeed. It must never be said, however, that I begrudge your good fortune, for I am sure that the sentiment of all the members of the Faculty is expressed when I say that we hope such luck follows you like a shadow throughout your careers.

F. R. MAGAREY,  
Dean.



*The Main Block, East Façade.*

## EDITORIAL

One of the less fortunate things about doing Medicine at this University is that we spend the last and most important three years under the wings of the teaching hospitals. As a result, when the great day comes around we tend to think of ourselves as graduates of the hospital clinical schools rather than of the University of Sydney.

In practical terms this means very little. Like students in any other faculty, our association with the University has been a commercial agreement rather than an intellectual or emotional association: "We pays our fees and we gets taught our job."

Still, at one time or another all of us have been proud to be University students. It is a sad thing that our claims to have profited by the gifts of academic rigour are, in the main, fraudulent. We will spend a couple of years consolidating our medical knowledge and then settle down to make a living out of it. In ourselves we will be no more and no less than the rest of humanity. We will be proud, impatient, cocksure in our knowledge and eminently fallible — which we won't admit, even to ourselves most of the time. We will be slow to accept and quick to damn the new.

What should we be like? Apart from being a paragon of kindness, patience, equanimity and all the other ideals which give the full psychological advantage in our fight against disease, we must be a paradoxical combination of a constant scepticism of advances in our field on the one hand and a readiness to accept those same advances on the other. Historically speaking, this combination is forever beyond our grasp. The martyrdoms of Semmelweis and of the Florentine school of histologists show up one of our weaknesses and the frenzied wave of enthusiasm for each new drug followed at a respectable distance by a cascade of reports of unwelcome side effects shows up the other.

And with the constant introduction of new drugs and new therapeutic methods in general, this problem is one of the main ones facing us. It has become a doctor's duty to keep up with the latest trends and to be able to sort them out on the basis of unbiased reports. And the all-important mental attitude that allows us to accept and reject is surely one of the prime prizes in a university education.

How many of us have it?

This same attitude should affect our decisions and actions on other fronts as well as merely medical. Resistance to social change is a constant feature of history. It is the supposed ability of the university-trained mind to sort out and support progressive movements in society while rejecting retrograde influences. Many people can do this without a university education. The duty of the university man is to be vocal where others are silent in the face of injustice, social backwardness, and the rest of the things that go on constantly around us but which are fobbed off with "None of my business" or "It'll sort itself out".

Altogether these things make up quite a mental load and it is inevitable that we shall fall short in our duties as doctors and as individuals in a society; but at least we can try. Enough people, each making a little noise, together produce a big noise.

The university above all is a place for making noise-makers.



*Dean of the Faculty*

**FRANK REES MAGAREY**

*"Now let us toast the queer old Dean!"*—DR. SPOONER.

The smiling face through the bottled brain, the quick retort from the marble slab, Professor Magarey met us in Fourth Year when all seemed rosier. Later the same year he became Dean and soon after went abroad to recuperate — from us, that is.

He started off his lecture series with a quick résumé of the history of medicine, during which he managed to refer at least once to every member of the Faculty's teaching staff in forthright terms. He gave us the impression of actually bouncing up and down in front of the blackboard, not pausing when he called for the next slide or castigated one of us who had the effrontery to take notes.

The Magarey exam at the beginning of Fourth Year proper gave us a further insight into the workings of our Dean. The traditional last question — "In view of your performance this morning, do you think that you

would like to have spent more time preparing for this examination?" — gave us our first chance to answer an examination question as strongly as we had always desired.

The professor originated in Adelaide some time ago from one of that city's best known families. Having graduated in the Faculty of Medicine there, he got his M.D. and then went to Great Britain to learn more about medicine (he is a member of both Colleges of Physicians) and to cross swords in court with Spilsbury on the subject of dissecting aneurysm of the aorta. Sir Bernard won the case. Dr. Magarey was right, as it turned out.

The immediate pre-war years found him researching in Cardiff with Professor Jethro Gough, investigating the lymphatic drainage of the tracheo-bronchial tree. Later on he became interested in cardio-vascular pathology (perhaps still burning around the ears about dissecting aneurysm) and is one of the few of our professors whose name appears in the textbooks, notably in Paul Wood's section on the aetiology of mitral stenosis.

The professor still maintains his interest in cardio-vascular pathology and has often been seen riding on the New Med. School (sorry — Blackburn Building) lifts with various animal friends in widely varying states of vitality. The problem in hand, we are told, is coarctation of the aorta.

To us he was a benign genie who pretended to know nothing about biochemistry, physiology or any medical subject besides pathology. But he always managed to have the answers to our questions on any errant subject, an attribute that we were chronically unable to reciprocate. Mercifully the professor was not averse to filling in the answer for himself, while we breathed again and made a note to look up the subject when we got home.

Professor Magarey has assumed the Faculty's leadership at one of the most crucial points in its history. Faced as he is with the loss of one of our biggest teaching hospitals with no corresponding drop in student numbers, his job must be an unenviable one, and the problems he deals with will be of great import to us and to our successors.

We got faith.





*Professor of Pædiatrics*

## THOMAS STAPLETON

Don't bother looking twice. The picture above is of a cat. The fact that it is sitting on the Professor of Pædiatrics entitles it to be the first feline to make the professors' section in the Senior Year Book.

There must be something about that cat—Professor Stapleton refused to let us use the photo unless it was included. After all, he informed us in precise tones steeped in an Oxford accent and dried over a slow fire, the photo was of the cat in the first case.

Stunned by the logic of it all, we were forced to subside into a nearby receptacle and take a full case history.

His story begins at the King's School, Canterbury (THE King's School), where he was a junior King's scholar. No one is sure which junior King had him as a scholar—but there you are.

From here he went to University College at Oxford—the oldest college at that institution. He studied at the Radcliffe Infirmary and proceeded to pædiatric work at the same place.

From January, 1944, to December, 1946, he was in the army, serving in Normandy, India and Singapore and at the same time getting his first glimpse of Australia.

Recovering from the shock, he returned to England via India, Egypt and Palestine. Here he engaged in adult medicine and gained his M.R.C.P. From 1947 to 1949 he was on the staff of the University of Sheffield where he was tutor in child health most of the time.

In 1949 he was Radcliffe Travelling Fellow of the University of Oxford, and for a year worked in the United States with Dr. James L. Gamble of the Children's Hospital in Boston. After the cessation of his fellowship he spent five and a half months on a camping trip around the U.S.

Having done the New World, Professor Stapleton returned to St. Mary's Hospital as a registrar, then lecturer, then Assistant Director of the Pædiatric Unit. Coupled with the last office was an appointment as Consultant Physician to the famous Paddington Green Children's Hospital. Here he stayed until taking his post with us in July, 1960.

Since his arrival, Professor Stapleton has been found to hold strongly many unorthodox views on many subjects. He is against formal lectures, organized medical courses, examinations, women students and missionaries—the number of each of these that he has encountered since his appointment seems to have been a great surprise to him.

In spite of this, his lectures have been models of precision, and the social side of therapeutics has always been expounded in detail and not in a series of vague platitudes. At the same time Professor Stapleton has shown himself to be no slouch in the more humdrum aspects of pædiatrics—he calls these subjects (congenital heart disease, hepatomegaly, etc.) "plumbing".

The professor's foremost innovation so far is small group tutorials of the Oxford style. In these a few students can get together with their tutor for a couple of hours a week and converse, dispute and clear the air on topics of their own choosing. It is to be hoped that these foregatherings will soon be extended to all students doing the pædiatrics course.

The professor conducts his out-patients and tutorials at panic rate, making sure first of all that the phone is off the hook so he can't be interrupted. Patients, parents and students shuttle in and out of the room as he adjusts the ambient population to what seems most suitable to the child under consideration.

Another innovation is the fairly regular invitations to supper at the professor's flat right on Queenscliffe Beach. Supper comes in response to the tinkle of a small bell; wine is not unknown at such gatherings and conversation ranges over widely varied divergent topics. Many of these are derived from Professor Stapleton's observations made over many years of travelling (his main hobby) and studying people (his second hobby). Other things he likes are mountain climbing and walking and studying national characteristics.

Perhaps he may find out a few interesting characteristics of his new country and, more particularly, of his students—if he ever slows down enough to notice them.



*Professor of Medicine*

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON  
BLACKBURN

*"The heart is situated between the sternum and the vertebral column as some of you may remember."*

Professor Blackburn introduced us to the things that happened to people when they became sick and taught us to understand anæmias with a drawing of a bath heater. Of all our teachers, he was the one who most gave us the impression of unrelieved brilliance.

He is a first class honours graduate of this University. Within three years of graduation he had become an M.R.C.P. In 1940 he crowned these with an M.R.A.C.P., and a few months later had got his M.D. The war saw him in the Middle East and later in charge of a malaria research unit in tropic climes. After the war he was Rockefeller Research Fellow at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and in 1951 returned to Sydney and supervision of the Clinical

Research Unit at Prince Alfred. In 1956 he became the second occupant of the Bosch Chair of Medicine.

Professor Blackburn could just as easily have been Professor in Physiology or Biochemistry. None of us was really fooled by "That's what they taught me when I was a student" or "You've done Pathology since I have—what do they tell you about it there?" As it turned out, the professor was a chronic asker of questions that only he could answer.

But he was kind to us. "Ma'am" and "Sir" he called us, presumably in default of anything more indicative of what he must really have felt.

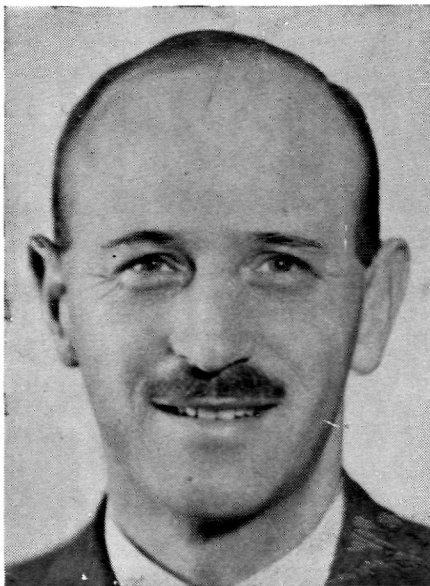
It has been part of the professor's policy to increase the number of times that he can expose himself to our enervating ignorance and us to his particular brand of showmanship. Who among us was not impressed when he leant over the rostrum for the first time and asked us if we thought that what he had just said was right? Time, it is true, truncated the original innocent query to a quick buzz that we knew to mean "Is that right?" And the fact that it was sometimes said five times in two minutes did not dampen the impact of the original gesture.

We were intrigued by the other smatterings of "Blackburnese" that percolated down to us. "The patient is an obese man of—say—thirty-five who has a history of—say—six days' headache, nausea, drowsiness and inability to concentrate." None of us was game to "say" anything.

When it came to more mundane things like doses, Professor Blackburn was equally devastating. "How would *you* feel", he is said to have retorted to a quaking candidate in the finals, "if someone had given you a dose of fifteen milligrammes of colchicine?"

"Just like I feel at the moment", came the guilty reply.

Not that the professor is unkind. Three years of us is too much for any man. It is a wonder that his heart is not completely broken and his spirit shattered. The only mollifying factor appears to be that the professor can dish out his medicine faster than we can dish out ours. So affairs have degenerated into a running battle which the professor wins every year around November. Some of us like him, some don't, but none of us will forget him.



*Professor of Surgery*

### JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

Professor Loewenthal is a self-confessed peripheral vascular surgeon, but this didn't stop him from lecturing to us lucidly on a wide variety of surgical topics. He couldn't stand "sloppy thinking" or students with hands in their pockets, and we knew we were expected to be at his lectures on time.

The professor served in the Middle East during the last war, and when it was over went to England and became an F.R.C.S., and has since held the Sims and Hunterian travelling professorships. He became professor here in 1956 on the retirement of Sir Harold Dew.

He brought to the position a much needed concern for teaching—especially for students and non-surgical graduates—and has done much to break down the traditional petty barriers between surgery and medicine. It is a pity that some of his fellow surgeons do not share his enlightenment.

Professor Loewenthal was as much concerned that we should grow up as he was that we should learn surgery. He was contemptuous of people who damaged library books and expressed his determination not to turn his lectures into affairs where knowledge transfers itself from lecturer's to students' notes without passing through the minds of either. The sleeping rate at his lectures was probably the lowest in the Faculty.

Some of us came to know him a little better during our Fifth Year surgery term—not many, unfortunately, as the professor was away in England for most of that year. He knew the names of all the members of the group and used them frequently, appropriately suffixed.

Since his appointment he has been waging a battle against the hospital staph in his ward, and his strict attitude to students who come into the Theatre Block reflects his concern with this very great problem. We hope with him that he will lose some of his difficulties when he takes up residence in the new Professorial Unit at Prince Alfred.

In the operating theatre he kept any assisting students on their toes, and we became unconsciously prepared for the expletive "Fathead" when we had let a retractor slip or otherwise imperilled the professor's equilibrium.

On ward rounds he also kept us alert—there could be no confusion about who he was addressing when he used the person's name. Here he taught us a meticulous approach and respect for the sick, and still more surgery—the subject was everywhere.

In our Final Year Professor Loewenthal introduced a new series of lectures on various topics and called in a host of unlikely people to talk about unlikely subjects. This series especially covered cases where management or investigation involved both medical and surgical procedures and principles. So we learned about ulcerative colitis from a gastroenterologist and small bowel function tests from a physician amongst more mundane topics which were dressed with pungent titles by one of the professor's colourful staff.

In our time with him we have been taught a lot of surgery and an attempt has been made to hurry us towards a maturity many of us still seem so far away from. Professor Loewenthal has made boys into men and men into surgeons.

*Associate Professor of Obstetrics*

## RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

*Professor of Obstetrics*

## BRUCE T'OOMBA MAYES

"... then I'll have to say, 'Come back in four months' time!'"

Part of our first taste of holiday term in Fifth Year was an introduction to Obstetrics. It was quite a circus we were treated to—Professor Shearman on hormones, Dr. Bevan Reid on placental and other physiology, and various other authorities.

But the star of the whole show was undoubtedly its urbane, soft-voiced ringmaster, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayes. Never before had we seen such an array of teaching aids. There was the ubiquitous microphone, the little torch thing (it wasn't until someone accidentally shone it against a wall that we saw it projected an arrow), and bottles, bottles and bottles.

Professor Mayes was already known to us when we started his course. We had already read about "Oscars" for a thrilling true life ("It could happen to you, lady!") drama about breech delivery and heard about his pioneering of modern lecturing aids. And now we were face to face with him.

He turned out to be a very mild type, and some of us were grateful for the encouragement we got from him during the Obstets. viva in the Finals. After all, he had assured us earlier in the year, he gave more credits and failed fewer students than any of his colleagues.

And it was quite true.

Professor Shearman looks younger than most of us but has already achieved more than most of us will achieve in a lifetime. Still of tender years, he is already Associate Professor—the lad may do well some day.

He graduated from this University in 1951 and spent that year as a junior resident at Prince Alfred and the following year as a senior resident. In 1953 and 1954 he was a registrar at King George V Hospital and in 1955 was Assistant Clinical Superintendent there. During this year he collected his Diploma of Gynaecology and Obstetrics.

From 1956 to 1958 Professor Shearman was the Joseph Foreman Fellow in Gynaecology and Obstetrics, spending the last two years as a graduate research fellow in the Clinical Endocrinology Research Unit at the University of Edinburgh—an M.R.C. post.

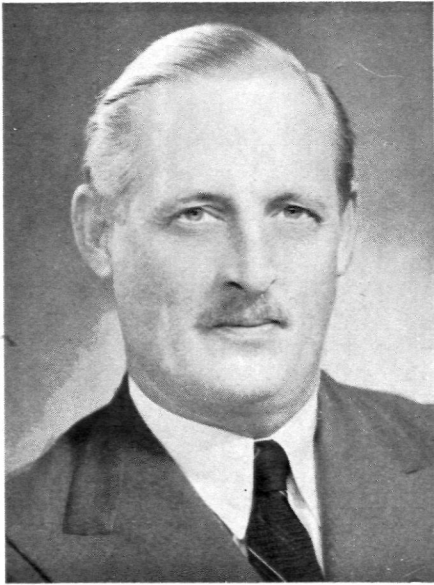
On his return to Australia in 1958, Professor Shearman became an honorary assistant obstetrician and surgeon at King George. He became Associate Professor of Obstetrics in 1960.

Professor Shearman's research tastes run mainly to endocrines. He has dabbled in oxytocics and pregnanediol and at present is involved in several projects including pregnanetriolone, oral anovulatory drugs and acetaldehydogenic steroids.

His lectures were lucid in the extreme and inevitably conducted without recourse to notes. He endeavoured to prevent our moralizing about patients and urged us to get on with the job in hand—all in all a very practical man. Such was the confidence he inspired in us that he has already managed or is managing several of the year's wives in their pregnancies.

Professor Shearman is already at the top, but we wish him well in his future career and are proud that we are the first year to have had him as Associate Professor.





*Lecturer in Gynæcology*

### GEORGE GRAFTON LEES STENING

First term in Fifth Year found us nervously crammed into the fourth floor lecture theatre, sharing our seats and notepaper with delinquent Final Years who had returned to the fold for the same purpose that we had—to learn about women (*sic*) and what goes wrong with them.

Master of ceremonies at this festival was dry, debonair George Stening, one-quarter of an author, gynæcologist extraordinary, examiner exemplary.

He it was who unravelled ectopics, consolidated cryptomenorrhœa, straightened torsion and set us on the road to understanding ladies' insides from a professional point of view.

Never one to waste a word, Dr. Stening was capable of crippling students' hands for the rest of the day with a one-hour lecture—the rhythm was metronomic, the pace exhausting, the precision devastating. Just how devastating we had to find out when we faced our examiners almost two years later.

Faced with the not-too-distant prospect of being the Faculty's longest standing lecturer, and looking fit to hold the title for a good many years to come, Dr. Stening can look back with satisfaction at being the only one of our lecturers whose students came back for a second helping. Although we cursed the Final Year students who occupied our seats at most of our lectures, most of us turned up at the beginning of our own Final Year as painfully aware of the defects in our gynæcology as the generations that had preceded us. We shall probably never be able to do justice to Dr. Stening's subject—who can? But our thanks go out to him for those hot nine-o'clockers that initiated us into our first holiday term.

*Lecturer in Therapeutics*

### SIR ARTHUR WILLIAM MORROW

Sir William took up therapeutics during the hiatus between Fourth Year examinations and Fifth Year. It didn't take us long to realize that we were getting the clues from a man who had a lot of them and who was particularly adept at getting them across to us.

Perhaps the most delightful feature of his lectures was his habit of recounting experiences of his own illnesses as examples of what he was trying to tell us. One of the most outstanding ones was his illustration of differing sensitivities to hypnotics—"I've seen small children on a half-grain three times daily without showing any ill effects. It only takes a quarter-grain to put me out for a day or two".

Sir William was a frequent participant in the eighty-three jousts in the barn. Before he proceeded to deliver the therapeutic goods, he would sweep the field clear of misconceptions, errors or inadequacies in the preceding speakers' talks. Having a clear and logically consistent ground to work on, he would then proceed with his task, which would invariably be covered to the last minutiae of the topic.

To consider Sir William as a mere conveyor of facts is to do him injustice. It is obvious to all his students that here is a man thoroughly versed in his subject, with constant practical experience of it and an eagerness to impart it to those who wish to learn, as his great patience with people who ask questions bears out.

To him our warmest thanks.



## SIX YEARS OF MEDICINE

It is now almost six (seven, eight, nine . . .) long years since we first entered the Faculty.

We are nearly "Doctors", and, as such, the public, patients and people, will expect us to know literally everything.

But how much in fact do we really know?

Practically nothing.

Is anybody really surprised at this?

\* \* \* \* \*

Can anybody remember back to first year?—that age of innocence, of wide-eyed "fresher"-ness. A time of early youth and early romance.

Think of such words as Physics, Chemistry; of such experiences as Zoology, Botany. How much do they mean today? Did you know that today's tiny ones are allowed to choose a subject from Science or Arts as an alternative to Botany? Rumour has it they don't even have to pass in it. What would you have chosen, do you think, were you given such chance?

Can you perhaps remember some of those legions of lecturers? Think of a beard in Physics Road, for example.

Perhaps you even thought First Year was crowded!

\* \* \* \* \*

Most people consider that our formal medical education began in Second Year.

Anatomy stripped the human body of its hitherto unrevealed and mysterious make-up. And also of its dignity. Histology left it with very few secrets, while Embryology showed us how it got that way, with some quaint assistance from Genetics.

What made it tick was disclosed in the realms of Physiology and Biochemistry. To the philosophically minded, the ultimate in evolution now lay exposed before them.

They were momentous years, those pre-clinical ones.

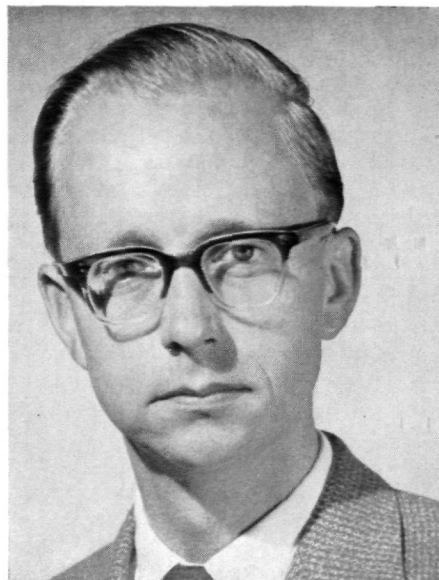
It would take a long time to regain such proficiency in the use of sphygmomanometers, ophthalmoscopes, blood cell pipettes, strabismoscopes and what-have-you as we developed during the course of prac. physiology. We could even read simple eegs. And who today could so deftly inject an innocent white mouse with insulin/adrenaline/nothing, and then proceed to the formal execution of the experiment, as we did in prac. biochemistry? Or patiently sit in a hot room all afternoon, drawing several thousand of the kidney's million nephrons. Or tediously search for cortical pathways in formalinized brains. (Did somebody say the dogfish was difficult? . . . poor, simple, maligned creature!)

The memories all come flooding back . . . three times round the block with a thermometer in every crevice; peddle your guts out on a stationary pushbike carrying three tons and breathing into a Douglas bag lined with the very best mildew; cut off a frog's head and make it "walk the plank"; measure the phosphatase in the following 1,000 samples before lunch; take your temperature all day and night for seven days; take this bottle home and fill it right up. . . . Would it ever come to an end, we wondered.

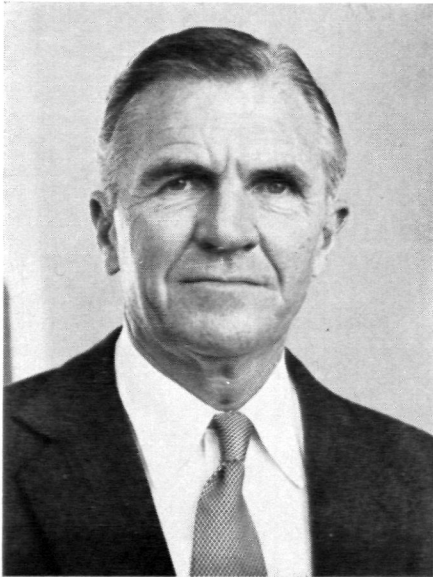
And you really had to attend all the dissections because Black Mac instituted a new type of anatomy exam—a game of musical chairs in which all sorts



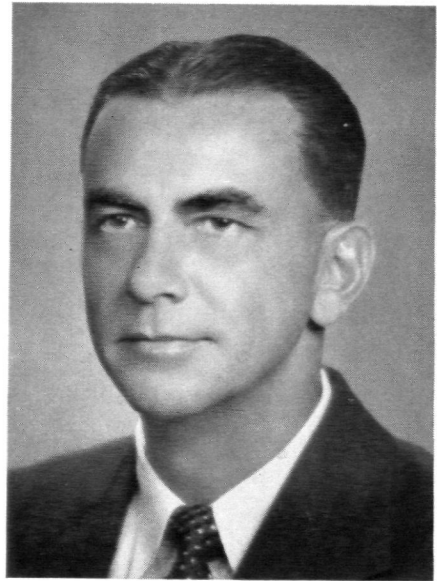
*Sir Edward Ford,*  
*Professor of Public Health and Preventive Medicine.*



*G. W. Milton,*  
*Associate Professor of Surgery.*



*Sir Lorimer Dods,  
Professor of Child Health.*



*N. W. G. Macintosh,  
Professor of Anatomy.*

of fancy labelled dishes were set before you for your mental cannibalization.

And the people.

The professors—Prof. Macintosh, Prof. Cleland, Prof. Bishop—the Elder Statesmen of the Old Med. School.

The lecturers—the dry wit of Dr. Bevan Reid, the famous Mr. Lawrence, and the inimitable Mr. Everitt who introduced us to two of life's greatest needs—sex and food (technically speaking, that is). Dr. Korner, always so devoted and patient, now Professor of Physiology at the University of New South Wales—their gain is our great loss. Drs. Hensley and Pollak,

untiringly attempting to fill our mental voids with rudiments of biochemistry. What a pity Mr. Plomley couldn't tell them that we were a generation of biochemical recessives—a bunch of mentally screwed-tail mice.

Drs. Graham and Condon, who described the separate anatomies of the human body, Dr. Hedberg, who put it all together again, and Drs. Burke and Selby, who crowned it with neuro-anatomy in the early hours of the morning, painlessly, while we slept.

And all the other gentlemen who lectured on their specialties, and made them interesting, what's more.



*L. J. Still,  
Professor of Biochemistry.*



*P. Bishop,  
Professor of Physiology.*



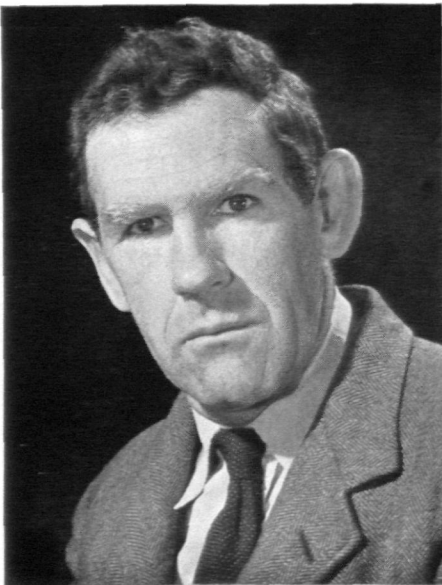
*R. H. Thorp,  
Professor of Pharmacology.*

Then suddenly, on a bright spring morning, we turned up at a new building in a different part of the University.

This was the New Med. School. This was Fourth Year. We were "senior students", whatever that meant, and medicine was going to begin in earnest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first half of that summer we seemed to be marking time in the labs and lecture theatres. Cultural offensives were undertaken into the world of microbes, under the guidance of Professor de Burgh and the charming Drs. Rountree and Heseltine.



*P. M. de Burgh,  
Professor of Bacteriology.*



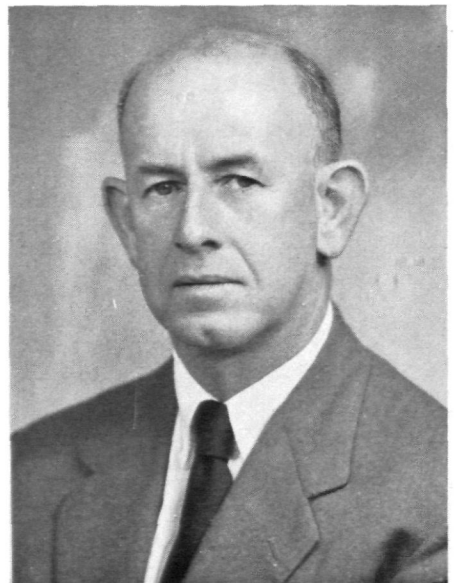
*W. H. Trethowan,  
Professor of Psychiatry.*

Professor Magarey, with Drs. Viner Smith and Finckh led us through the pathological mazes of disturbed histology. Bottle tubes became the order of the day. We did our first P.M.

Dr. Johnson gave us an hilarious introduction into the field of skull druggery as he "roasted" the ads in the trade journals of the medical world. Professor Thorp and Mr. Cobbin then spoke of matters pharmacological.

A student cricket XI matched a staff XI, and we had our last long Christmas vacation.

We lost contact with the rest of the University.



*G. C. Halliday,  
Lecturer in Diseases of the Ear, Nose  
and Throat.*





*J. C. Belisario,  
Lecturer in Diseases of the Skin.*

Then in March we entered our training hospitals. The real thing had begun at last. We were even having lectures in medicine and surgery.

Back on the home front Professors Blackburn and Loewenthal felt that all these separate knowledges should be integrated, so we began attending their correlation clinics. Associate Professor Milton and other scholars assisted. But, alas, what a waste of pearls before swine, for it would not be until Final Year that we would have enough "clues" and experience to properly appreciate such things.

\* \* \* \* \*



*K. B. Armstrong,  
Lecturer in Diseases of the Eye.*

Fifth Year came as a lull before the storm. Hardly anybody took it seriously, as neither had the preceding generations, nor would those to follow.

In the beginning, our attention was held by Professor Mayes, Associate Professor Shearman and Dr. Stening. The morning strolls to Kids' Hospital to hear Professor Dods, Drs. Steigrad, Clements *et al.* helped keep us awake so that we could return and listen with much curiosity to Professor Trethowan and Dr. Maddison.

Then quickly the rest of the Uni came back from vacation and we had a new lecture theatre to attend —



*W. I. T. Hotten,  
Lecturer in Anesthesia.*



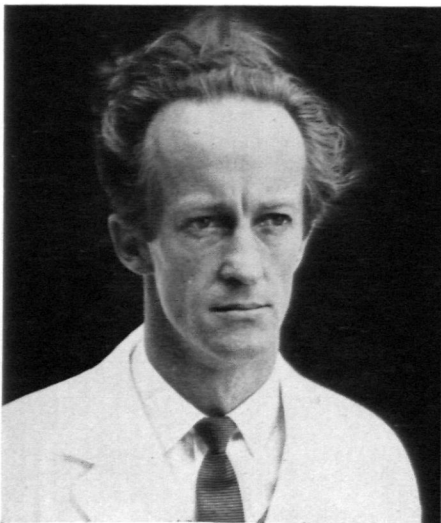
*E. F. Thomson,  
Lecturer in Clinical Laboratory Methods.*



*J. G. Hunter,  
Lecturer in Medical Ethics.*

The School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine. It was here that we learnt what goes on behind the scenes of those sensationalist stories printed in the gutter Press. This information was given such prosaic names as jurisprudence, public health, ethics . . . a sort of professional application to the Ten Commandments if you thought about it. Professor Ford and Drs. Hunter and Percy were the prophets. For those who stayed away, student enterprise made excellent sets of printed notes available and these quickly sold out. We were encouraged to make ourselves smallpox-proof.

Dr. Hotten, prior to his retirement, initiated us into the mysterious rites of anæsthesiology. We were to be the last of the Hottentots. The grapevine says there is to be a chair of same.



*K. W. Cleland,  
Professor of Histology and Embryology.*

At the hospitals we began our specials, and spent sojourns away at the Kids' Hospital and the various obstetric hospitals. In the afternoons we attended performances of the Broughton Hall players.

Fifth year presented us with a full circle of the events of humankind: its birth, its life, its death.

For our own part, the number of engagements and marriages must surely have been something of a record.

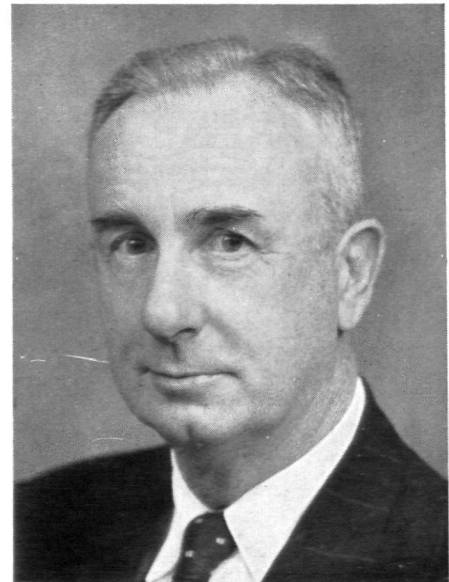
\* \* \* \* \*

And then it came.

Final Year.

Can anyone really describe it?

The cold shock of realizing the vastness of our ignorance. Of a library full of books that needed reading. Of a million and one things that demanded almost immediate attention.



*C. E. Percy,  
Lecturer in Medical Jurisprudence.*

Final Year Med. probably represents one of the maddest scrambles after knowledge ever seen in any university.

Fortunately, one of the first places we turned to was always ready to help with advice, information, books, notes and whatever else it might have, just as it always had been doing for years. This, of course, was the Med. Society's Office, so ably run by Mrs. Nicholas and her assistant, Karen. Whatever would we have done without them?

Everytime we wandered into this office we stared in disbelief at all the volumes which, according to past exam results and progress, we were supposed to have read and understood quite thoroughly. Could this really be? Or was it an impossible dream, like the idea that we would be doctors at the end of the year.

Dream or not, the memories of six (seven, eight, nine . . .) years of medicine will never completely vanish.

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OF VITAMINS\*  
DARICON\*  
ATARAX\*  
NIAMID\*  
TYZINE\*  
VISINE\*  
TOCLASE\*

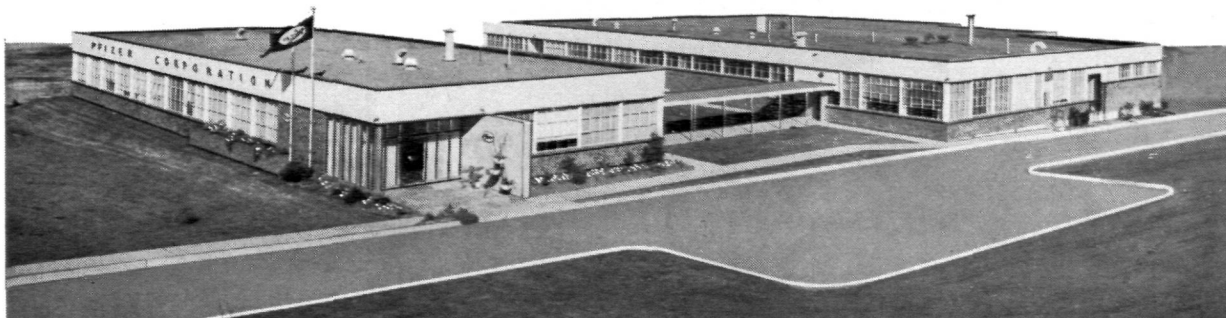


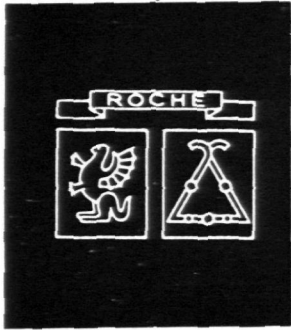
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## THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

Recently a Final Year student, of good-looking if senior appearance, approached me casually and asked me very simply to do something very difficult. He invited me, as I was about to retire from the honorary staff, to write a few paragraphs for the senior students' Year Book about our mutual Alma Mater, the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Conceived as a penitent gesture by the citizens of Sydney in 1876, this hospital has always had at its head wise men of wide vision, strong in their conviction that the medical graduates of the University of Sydney should have a thorough clinical training, and by the best teachers of their day. Nurtured by these strong hands, "P.A." has never ceased to expand, physically and functionally, to become more versatile, more resourceful, more productive. It has been a nursery for great surgeons and wise physicians. It has fed

other universities, other teaching hospitals, other cities, even other countries, with doctors and research workers of wide renown. It has pioneered new ideas in medical education, in annual reunions of its alumni, both doctors and nurses, while its contributions, directly and indirectly, to the military efforts made by Australia in two world wars has become a legend. It has not failed even as a marriage bureau, and to all its sons and daughters "P.A." remains as part of the fabric of their lives, looming larger even than school or university. The young man or woman who has had the privilege and satisfaction of hospital training and practice in this noble, dynamic and historic institution has been very fortunate, for here we have encountered life, stripped of its motley, and have seen for the first time its joys and tears, its thankfulness and ingratitude, its beginnings and its end.

Here, many generations of students have been witness to the truth of the inscription which lies beside the portal of this institution, and have come to realize the essentials of faith and hope on the part of the patient, and of charity on the part of the doctor.

Contributors to previous Year Books have described adequately the origin and development of the hospital from 1876 to the present time. I would like to say a little of what the hospital is today, and of its future destiny. From 300 beds it has now 1,500 beds, served by a staff of 250 honorary medical officers, 100 resident medical officers, 1,250 nurses and 1,350 lay helpers. Some may say it is too large, too unwieldy, too inconvenient. It is certainly a hospital city with many of the discomforts of city life, such as noise, traffic, long distances and the new and old intimately mixed. In a city growing as fast as Sydney nothing can stop and the problem is to go fast enough to keep up with the over-all development of this great metropolis. Due directly to the energy and vision of its present chairman, Sir Herbert Schlink, F.R.A.C.S., F.R.G.S., "Prince Alfred" has grown even faster in stature and in spirit during the last thirty years.

When I became a senior R.M.O. in 1924 there were about 600 beds and three operating theatres and less than 20 house doctors. Students all waited for their chiefs in the front hall, where the hall porter entertained them with sleight of hand tricks and colourful anecdotes. The Record Room and Casualty Department were on the left of the front hall, and everyone, sick or well, had to use the same front door. Sir Herbert's progressive policy of expansion soon led to the building of a line of operating theatres above D1 ward, then to a new out-patients' department, the first extension of the hospital on the other side of Missenden Road. The Neuro-Surgical and Psychiatry Block appeared about the same time, followed by extensions to the Nurses' Home, the new Medical School, Gloucester House, King George V Hospital, new workshops, laundry and the Chapel. The new Queen Mary Nurses' Home, the Page Pavilion and the Rehabilitation Department have been

the latest additions. Maintenance, modernization and replacements have proceeded simultaneously with new work, so that one cannot remember a year without its wheelbarrows, ladders and scaffolding and, in due course, an opening ceremony. The Royal Family, great benefactors and doctors have all been commemorated in this very practical manner. Before long Missenden Road will be an intramural thoroughfare, and the noise and hazards which it now provides will disappear for ever. A new casualty and accident wing will appear on its western side. Gloucester House will be doubled in size. A super cafeteria will adjoin the boutique. The Prince's Block now being rebuilt and extended and a new battery of operating theatres and recovery rooms will be added. The former Nurses' Home, built in 1910 and now replaced by the huge Queen Mary Home, will become a complete educational block, with lecture theatres, conference rooms, projection rooms and, as its nucleus, the new and elegant Susman Library. Residential accommodation for students, residents, post-graduates and staff will be made available and this will foster good fellowship and understanding in all groups working together in the institution. Old wards will be modernized, new fast lifts installed and new research laboratories added. The whole institution has been geared to provide splendid medical education for selected undergraduates and for the continuing education of the graduate student.

Important as all these facilities are, it is still the quality of the staff, both as men and women and as doctors and teachers, which determine whether a hospital is great or not. There must be loyalty, industry, devotion to the patient and to scientific truth, understanding and generosity towards each other. Students must participate by showing enthusiasm, application, respect and consideration for others, for it is now that the habits of one's professional life begin. "The Prince Alfred" man has a high responsibility to maintain untarnished the reputation and efficiency of his famous clinical school.

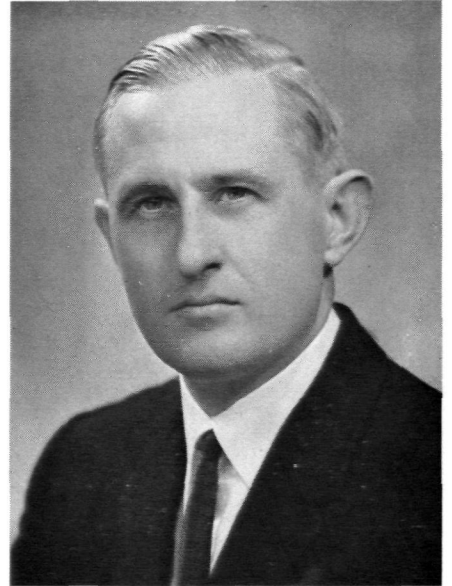
KEMPSON MADDOX,  
JULY, 1961.

## THE HONORARIES

### JOHN LESLIE ALLSOP

We don't know how commonly neurologists feature on the goon show, but here was one neurologist who wasn't averse to a little goonery to liven a tutorial now and again. Under Dr. Allsop's critical eye, what used to be the cloud-cuckooland of neurology turned into something not nearly so fanciful in our minds. He cut through the barriers of obsolete eponyms and reduced neurology to its major working terms. Systematically he led us into the world of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, acute polioclastic encephalitis, the arterial occlusion syndromes and all the other hazy disease entities of the nervous system.

Dr. Allsop's most outstanding characteristic was his patience. Anyone who, knowing as much about a subject as he does, can stand on a hot afternoon and listen for part of an hour to the inaccurate poorly expressed confusion that was neurology for many of us, is superhuman, one of the attributes of the compleat tutor.



### DR. I. S. COLLINS

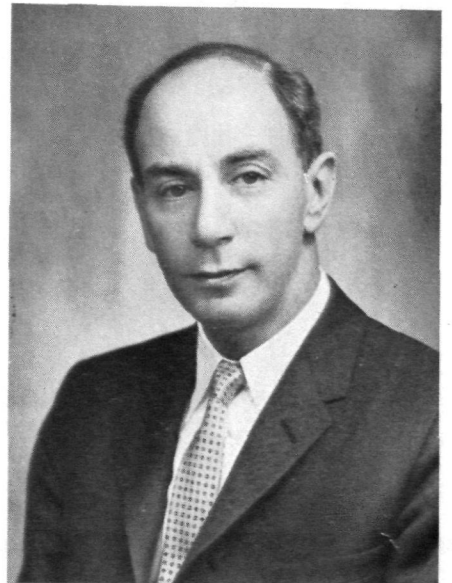
Dr. Collins has the happy ability to point the problems in clinical medicine with clarity, to listen as well as talk, and to elucidate those few symptoms or signs peculiar to the diseases in question that clinch the diagnosis. Like most tutors, he has his particular interests. His are the lymphomas and reticuloses. He has had extensive experience in general practice and spices his discussion with relevant experiences from his practice.

### STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

*"What evidence have you for your diagnosis?"*

Dr. Goulston has done his best to dissuade us from loose talk about livers. That's not easy, for the liver's the thing in Sydney; physicians caress it, surgeons swagger about it, gynaecologists ignore it, but students, so help us, have to be "clear on it". We've had clear thought, well expressed and with due weight on ward and laboratory aspects. Not that Dr. Goulston doesn't listen to the original views put up twice a week; he simply indicates their more obvious errors.

Maybe the local emphasis on the hepar is understandable, for most senior honoraries have been jaundiced just once and even an odd prof. has had the black tea and clay. Seriously though, Dr. Goulston does his share in developing the attitude of mind that is good medicine.





#### THOMAS MOORE GREENAWAY

*"This reminds me of a story . . ."*

We remember Dr. Greenaway as one of the best clinical tutors we have had in six long years. His methodical and common-sense approach to all problems, combined with his many aphorisms, have left a lasting imprint on our minds. Dr. Greenaway always follows the diagnosis to the ultimate, preferring a "negative laparotomy to a positive post mortem".

He is not above indulging in a small wager with some of his students on the accuracy of his memory, and this must be one of the first years he has been out of pocket.

Dr. Greenaway must be one of the very few physicians in Sydney who has successfully treated a patient with a dose of Coleridge. Looking back, it was a good story; and of his tutorials we can say with the cured patient that we

*". . . on honey-dew hath fed,  
and drunk the milk of Paradise".*

#### RICHARD HARRIS

With stern face and shock of distinguished grey hair, our first contact with "Dickie" left us somewhat reeling under the yolk of our ignorance; however, with time we grew to appreciate the unyielding exterior and realized that underneath was a doctor on whom a patient could rely.

His teaching presented the patient not as a complex integration of biochemical function, but as a human being who was sick and needed a doctor, not a replacement of enzymes.

Few tutors could rival his questioning technique; not the aloof addressal of "Mr. . . . what did you hear?", but a firm nudge in the 5-6 L.I.C.S. attracted the attention of the bruised student.

We enjoyed our term with "Dickie" and learned much, as we know others will in the future.



#### KEITH SELWYN HARRISON

*"A dash of flavouring and there you have an elegant prescription."*

Dr. Harrison lectured to us in therapeutics and took us for tutorials before going overseas in May. The therapeutics lectures were unnerving—the man actually expected us to know something about treating people who were sick. Nevertheless he kept our interest as he taught us of tranquillizers, sedatives and insulin, and hammered into us the management of diabetics in various stages of the disease.

If Dr. Harrison was alarming in lectures, he was positively dismaying in his tutorials. We had to know every little thing about the patients allotted to us and be ready to discuss the disease in question at any moment. What Dr. Harrison thought in his heart of hearts is too horrible to contemplate as we stammered in front of him. Like the rest of the Prince Alfred tutors, all he could do was grin and bear it.





## ALEXANDER SKEFFINGTON JOHNSON

Come rain, hail or shine, Tuesday afternoon would find C2 packed with busy nurses, heartless sisters, wan patients, listless students and Mr. Johnson. An expert on the Paul Mikulicz operation, Lexie would tell us all about it through one side of his mouth, while the smarter ones among us shifted shiftily to keep on the side of his deaf ear.

Having filled us with all the latest dope on malignancy of the large bowel, he would unwrap an amorphous piece of limp tissue and ask us what we thought it was. We made a lot of mistakes here and one group which thought that the lump was a diverticulum blushed when it turned out to be an olecranon bursa.

"Everywhere that Lexie went his camera's sure to go" (Anon.).

The results of his excursions turned up in a series of lectures in second term, ranging from cysts of the breast to the late and unlamented Prince Alfred rugby team.

An unquenchable interest in local medical history rounds off this vignette of a surgeon of the old school.



## MAURICE JOSEPH

This gentleman physician gave us lectures on respiratory disease in Fourth Year, and some of us had the luck to have him for thoracic medicine in Final Year. Dr. Joseph spoke passionately on the dangers of cigarette-smoking and urged us to be always on the lookout for pulmonary tuberculosis. Under his guidance we became devotees of chest X-rays, although the differential diagnosis of masses in the upper mediastinum will be a closed book forever to most of us.

On the subject of tuberculosis he waxed eloquent. Our respect for it became even more profound than before, and we were on the way to being well armed to deal with it from every point of view. His advice on its management was always simple and direct, and greatly increased our confidence on the subject.

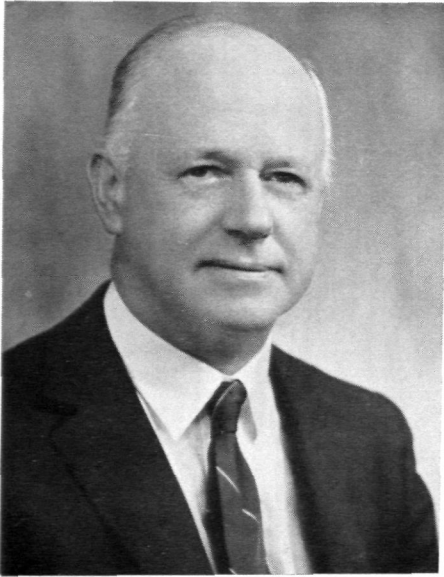
The rest of thoracic medicine unfolded with equal precision and ease. In the future, when we fill in a sheet for a sputum culture or chest X-ray, or prescribe antitubercular drugs, the principles Dr. Joseph has laid down for us will be well to the fore in our minds.

## STANLEY HAINS LOVELL

Notable for a violent allergy to T-tubes and corrugated rubber drains, as well as a passionate dedication to teaching students the effective management of snake and spider bites, we shall remember him.

Few also will forget the low-pitched rumbling murmur, audible only anteriorly, and with minimal propagation, characteristic of Mr. Lovell's ward rounds, and very few of us will forget, unceremoniously, having our feet firmly planted on the terra firma of practical surgery. Undoubtedly we shall be more than thankful in the years to come.





#### JOHN KEMPSON MADDOX

*"Does anybody own this patient?"*

Our first encounter with Dr. Maddox was when he welcomed us to Final Year with a series of lectures giving us a very practical approach to the mysteries of differential diagnosis.

Those of us who were members of his clinical groups found simplicity and the value of sound and careful observation, rather than clinical rarities, a principle of Dr. Maddox's teaching. His kindness and understanding to his patients, and above all his remarkable patience, which on occasions we feel was replaced by exasperation at our astounding lack of knowledge, not only of medicine but of the patient's history, will be recalled by many.

We wish him well in his retirement.

#### FRANK HARLY MILLS

*"You must have a system for examination of every part."*

This gay bachelor consolidated for us the intricacies of physical examination and warned us about accepting the findings of experts just because they were famous. Immaculately dressed, he moved serenely through his ward, consulting a small list of new patients from time to time and dispatching pairs of students to examine each one. Then followed a ruthless dissection of the examination and the report of the students involved, a few questions to the group (which rarely, if ever, knew the answers) and then on to the next patient.

Mr. Mills considered that it was cheaper to buy the new Hamilton Bailey rather than pay fees for posts, and warned us about the dangers of the "great man complex", telling a few horror stories to show that kings get empyema the same as anyone else.

At the end of a term with Mr. Mills we felt a bit more confident about our joust with the examiners later in the year.



#### SIR ARTHUR WILLIAM MORROW

In Fourth Year we became aware of Sir William and were amazed by the intense interest shown by the rather formidable growth of students who gathered around him in C1 Ward.

In Fifth Year we came to understand this phenomenon when Sir William awakened our somewhat dormant interest in therapeutics and we were stimulated by his multitude of clinical stories and his practical approach to the subject.

Now in Final Year we have seen and heard Sir William in his native habitat, the medical ward, and we feel we have shared a great privilege. We well remember and respect Sir William for his wide medical knowledge, his gift for teaching and his consideration for his patients and students.

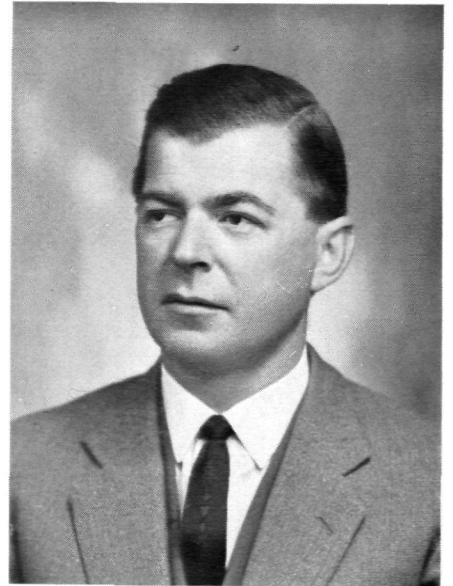


## ROBERT SPENCER PACKARD

Professional go-between for the downtrodden, oppressed Prince Alfred Students' Commune in their never-ending conflict with the powers that be, Dr. Packard replaced Dr. Geoffrey McDonald as our Student Supervisor at the beginning of 1961. Showing his characteristic initiative, he soon realized that the most important weapon in the arsenal of a reluctant bureaucrat was a rubber stamp of his signature and a stamp-pad that looked like genuine writing ink.

When The Profs were breathing down our neck, he drew us aside privily and gave us a few hints for doing our long cases in the finals. In the panic of the moment most of this was forgotten, although as we messed up this part of the ordeal we heard the faint jangling of mental bells as we went about the job of lousing things up.

Forget what Dr. Packard told us we did. Forget Dr. Packard we won't.



## SYDNEY RALPH READER

Tall and distraught-looking, Dr. Reader gave us a series of meaty and apparently involved lectures on renal disease in Fourth Year. When we came to look at the notes we took we found to our surprise that they had laid themselves out in the course of the lectures and that things began to tie in together, making some sense out of renal chaos.

Final Year found him taking a group. He was one of the most demanding of all our tutors; he believed that we were the ones supposed to be working—not such a bad idea at that. Accordingly, we were expected to be right up to date with what had happened or was happening to our patients and what was being done for them. Having exposed all our deficiencies in this regard, Dr. Reader would then proceed to demolish us on the wider field of principles of medicine.

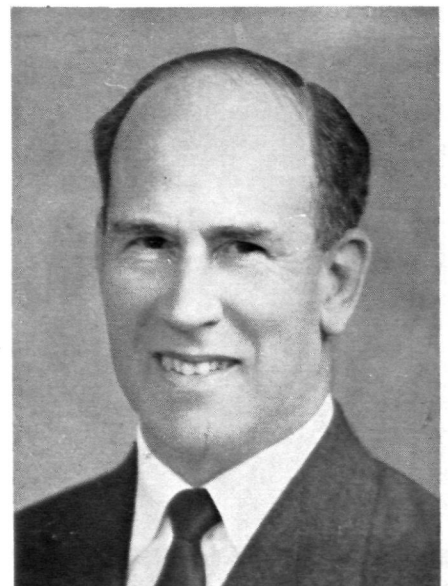
During our term with him we found him to be a thorough and astute physician. We shall be doing well if we can approach his standards.



## HARRY MAYNARD RENNIE

Dr. Rennie is one of the more popular tutors of Final Year. He is well known for his ability to teach the gentle art of case-taking and so prepare the students for the long case.

Naturally, being an ex-R.M.O. of R.P.A.H. and a thoracic physician with publications on tuberculous meningitis and on bronchial carcinoma, he gives a knowledgeable emphasis to his teaching.





HARLEY TURNBULL

*"Sister, bring me that book!"*

After one has acquired the ability to look El Toro in the eye, to appear completely detached from the patient in question, to be within earshot but out of sight, to converse with a colleague through immobile lips, to drift to notes on the next bed for a quick peep at your patient's history, to look knowledgeable about what you don't know and interested in what you do know, to be in total agreement with the caustic remarks about diagnosis by X-ray, histology, biochemistry and ball crystallography, to wait patiently for one's joust with the invincible, and to accept the ashes and sackcloth that are your rightful lot, then you

- will have learnt surgery à la Vic 3,
- will be aware of the scope of surgery,
- will be impressed with the simplicity of the subject,
- will have met an experienced surgeon who knows what you need to know and helps you learn it.



NORMAN RICHARD WYNDHAM

The monarch of D2 ruled each Tuesday at 3.15 precisely. Consulting his handy but invisible pocketbook, "5,000 Questions Students Don't Know the Answers For", he would cut through the group like a scythe, leaving shattered surgical egos right and left as he went.

One of Mr. Wyndham's most impressive traits is his belief that if students don't come to a tutorial it is because the tutor is not doing a good job. As a result, one group was able to hear a series of talks on subjects of their own choosing, liberally illustrated with clinical material.

Mr. Wyndham was at his "whippiest" when discussing diseases of the thyroid or calcium metabolism. The latter subject was dealt with clearly by him, for the first time in the medical course in many cases.

With past generations of students we join to thank him for his care and interest in our tutelage.



JOHN SANDS

Those who were privileged to have Dr. Sands as their Final Year tutor in Medicine were indeed lucky. A remarkable ability for imparting his profound and detailed knowledge of medicine, as well as repeated kindness towards those whose stupidity must have often irritated him, were much appreciated by us all. Also we must thank him for a clear, concise and very much up-to-date exposé of the intricacies of modern medical therapeutics, without which we would all have been in deep water indeed.

## SENIOR LECTURERS TEACHING AT R.P.A.H.

In our medicine and surgery terms we found ourselves face to face with two University Senior Lecturers who work part-time on Prince Alfred's tutoring staff—Dr. John Read, from the Department of Medicine, and Mr. Douglas Mackenzie, of the Surgery Department.

Dr. Read had already won a reputation as a formidable cutter-down-to-size and a man who would not let pass vague terms and imprecise thinking. When we first met him, however, we found that he was quite patient with our blunders and inadequacies. Like the head of his department, he always wanted to know "Why?". In Dr. Read's hands Medicine became a compound of precision about what we did know and open-mindedness about what was still conjecture and hypothesis. That we might attain greater accuracy and relevancy in our histories, he allowed us to use notes

for case presentation, a gesture that was greatly appreciated, as was the rest of his tutelage.

Douglas Mackenzie filled in for the Professor of Surgery while the latter was away in England. His laconic talks, usually conducted with a foot on the bed-frame, were remarkably complete and surgery was described with sufficient vividness to make an occasional student blanch a little at the thought. In our Final Year Mr. Mackenzie delivered some of Professor Loewenthal's special lectures, and for the first time we began to understand some of the principles of arterial surgery and to see in these some of the classical rules of general surgery. Mr. Mackenzie in his allotted hour used to manage to give us more information than any other tutor—only one of the ways he made sure that he really "gave us our money's worth".

## R.P.A.H. REGISTRARS

What is a good registrar in a teaching hospital?

He, poor soul, for there are few, if any, women so called to service, is the Brandenburg Gate where east meets west. He is not so far removed from the desk and books to have forgotten the needs of the student for a simple account to fix in the mind. To this he's able to add the evanescent latest thoughts and tests on the subject. Often, of course, this is a little overdone and it's just this lack of perspective that the honorary should correct and then add his own emphasis on the fundamentals which needs constant efforts to master. But what of the clinical facts, figures, wrinkles and know-how. These you should learn at the bedside, in the side-room, in the theatre or clinic and its registrars who should impart it. This, of course, can lead to a marked consanguinity in the practice within the hospital. This also it is the task of the honorary to

present. He, from his travels, reading and contact with his brethren, should instruct registrars, and through them this minutiae of the word work should reach the students. It is these minutiae, given in good dosage, that so much help to fix the book learning in the mind and produce a facility of action and discussion. This at present seems to be left to the junior residency year to an excessive degree.

It is fair to say that in the circumstances most students consider that this year's registrars have helped us a lot, and for that we thank them. Their enthusiasm has been infectious—Robert Beale, John Burgess, Graeme Clark, Ian Cook, Ian Cooper, David Gillett, Kerry Goulston, John Ham, Raymond Hislop, Colin Johnston, Harold Learoyd, Jim May, Geoffrey Pritchard, Maurice Rosenberg, Bruce Shepherd, Roger Taylor, Harold Tyer, Peter White, Warren Whiley.

## THE STUDENTS

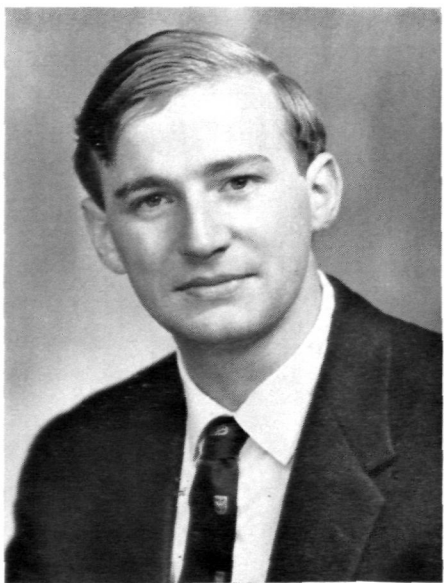


GARY ROBERT ANDREWS

*"Bertrand Russell says . . ."*

Chronologically, philosopher, lover, husband, student. Always a distinction man and in a few years will be directing the health of Australia. Famous for his car trips to Newcastle, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans brakes, sans everything. A specialist in vodka tasting, stereo, argument, in that order.

Gary has always achieved maximum results with a last-minute effort and will no doubt stimulate Lidcombe State Hospital, his future abode for five years. His approach to Medicine has been most energetic—his missionary zeal an example to all Roman Catholics. One of the select few that has been invited to professorial suppers at Manly, Gary has made quite an impact on his tutors. His successful future is inevitable and his patients will be assured of skilled and sympathetic management.



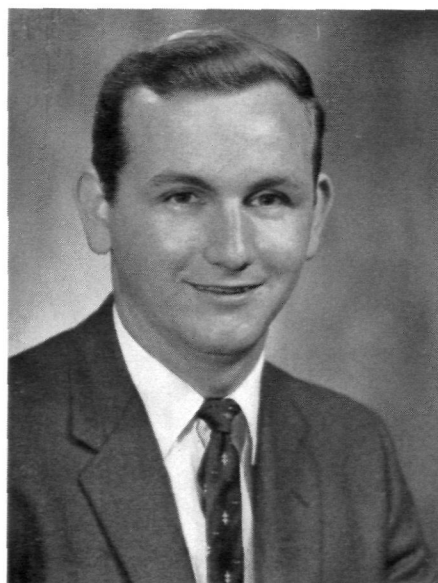
DONALD GRAHAM AHERN

After seven years behind bars—in a Commonwealth Bank—and equipped with a lot of varied and some unquotable experiences, Don, already a confirmed cynic, descended upon the Faculty of Medicine—gave up the good life for skeletons and cadavers.

A resident master and football coach at Newington for the first four years of the course, in his spare time Don took Medicine in his stride. In Fourth Year Don left Newington and entered another institution—that of marriage.

Don has a very characteristic humour, always resulting in peels of laughter—from Don.

A mature and critical approach to Medicine that taught tutors and fellows alike—"Remember the upgoing toe"—assure Don of a large and successful practice and the attainment once more of the "good life".



ROWEN REGINALD HARLEY BARKER

Randy came to the University from Shore, with his glib wit, a desire for hard work and a yearning for the extracurricular activities.

A member of the University Regiment, he obtained the rank of lieutenant. His sporting activities were wide and varied, encompassing the University Tennis Club, P.A. Squash Courts and various bowling alleys.

Throughout the years the fairer sex suffered a severe loss at exam time. However, his last year, spent as a permanent fixture of R.P.A.H., enabled Randy to devote more time to both books and *les belles oiseaux*.

## KATHERINE KA YIN BAU

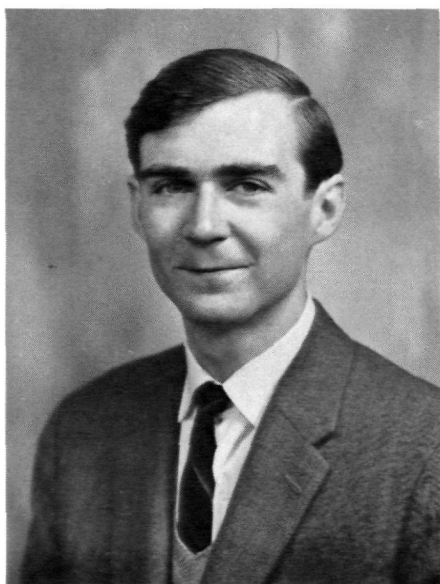
*"Just a little bit."*

Venturing forth to Sydney's untamed wilderness from her well-known and respected medical family in Hong Kong, Katherine is one of the three Baus to join the Faculty.

Her curiosity of college life led her to Women's College in Second Year and she remained a member ever since. She claimed that what College did for her was to promote her from "Patience" to "Bridge" and to enable her to enjoy the sporadic lunch-hour naps to continuous snooze in stu-vac.

In the Faculty, her Oriental charm and her Cheong-sam have fascinated many of her fellow students and tutors. Her infectious laughter has brightened many a dull moment. Her wide interest, extending to the universities of New South Wales and Malaya, has found her better fulfilment in life as well as shortcomings of other professions.

Ours will be the loss when Katherine returns home with her "golden charm" and all our good wishes.



## MONTAGU BEESLEY

Monty's restless heart has taken him from his birthplace in Shanghai to Hong Kong, where he spent his boyhood, before coming to our shores. Here he did his L.C. at Scots College and then proceeded to Medicine.

On his way through, he has managed to capture a charming wife (leaving many fluttering hearts behind him) and instituted the "husbands look on while your baby is born" campaign.

His interests include music and table tennis.

## FREDERICK GORDON BINNS

*"Is the tea made yet, Fred?"*

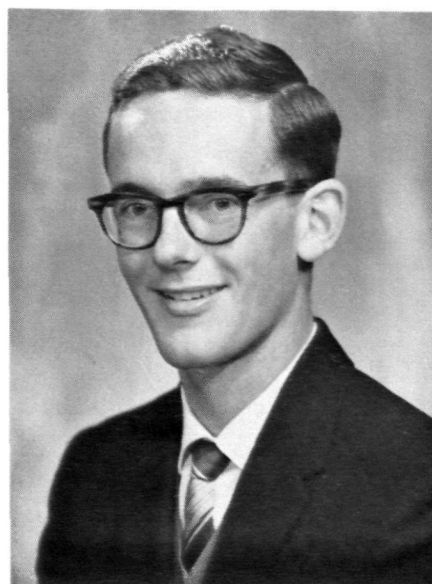
Fred comes to us from Sydney Grammar School following on success in both work and sport.

Fred has worked constantly and conquered all exams, bagging many Credits and Distinctions along the way.

His many activities cover judo, tennis, the MG Car Club, and the Q.M. Home. In all he has had abundant success.

Fred has a very high index of observation and never fails to miss the best of everything around the wards.

Fred's patients will indeed be lucky, because he combines a sense of humour, honesty, sincerity and abundant knowledge, all of which are essential for the successful doctor.





#### THOMAS EDWARD BOWEN

Though he stoutly denies any mundane origin, Tom was born and bred in Europe: his beginnings of such complexity that not even Tom has bothered to work them out, beyond denying any innocently offered suggestions.

At University he has borne himself in an elegantly relaxed manner — achieving steady progression through the medical course at small cost to his first loves: history, arguing and natural pursuits.

Tom has spent a year's holiday dabbling in brain biochemistry before attempting the strenuous clinical years. His forthrightness, his lurid comments to a friend who woke him up immediately after an operation, are still worthy quotations in time of stress; his conversations continue: "I could not agree with you more, but . . ."

We wish Tom the best of luck in his career, and may he still grace our ranks by his remarkable success in pleasant co-operation with the senior nursing staff.

#### ROBERT PHILLIP BOYALL

Bob (as he is occasionally known to his friends) entered Medicine in 1956 and St. Andrew's in late 1957. Early one morning in 1960, Bob sniffed what he thought was burnt bacon and, following the trail, found instead a nearly burning professor, whom he subsequently rescued, thus gaining passing fame in the popular Press. Other interests include football, squash (in which he represented University sides), cricket and ski-ing. He ascribes any success in the Faculty to concentrated revision during vacations and also claims he is not a descendant of the Duke of Marlborough.

If Bob meets future crises with the same intrepid fortitude as he does the onslaught of Sydney's traffic he should do well in his career.



#### VALENTINE BOYCE

Val is a product of Queensland, and for reasons unknown came to Sydney to join the Faculty of Medicine.

Perennially he manifests a reversal of sleep pattern in which he is rarely seen by day, this being a premonitory sign of approaching examinations.

In his Fifth Year he was introduced to the "little white ball", of which he has become quite a master, despite a figure that reveals his way of living — excessive indulgence in the best of everything.

During the course Val has made many friends, who wish him all the success in the future.



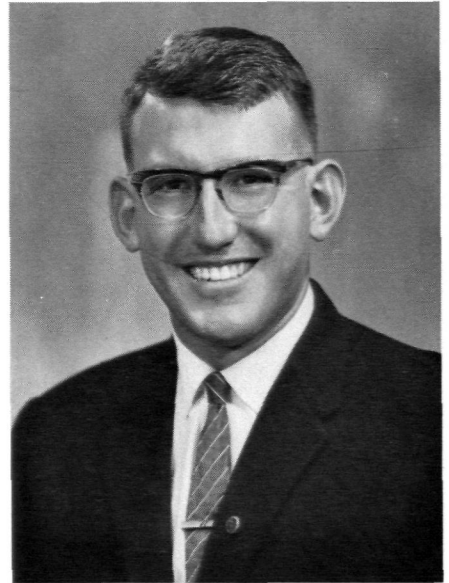


## WILLIAM BRIANT BENTLEY BUIE

William was a former student at Newcastle Boys' High School before extending his career into the Faculty of Medicine. A fellow of unlimited energies and possessor of an innate zeal for study, Bill's enthusiasm is shown by his diligent search for clinical material and his attention at lectures and tutorials. Socially a man of charm, with an infectious good humour and a warm smile, everyone has a high regard for his candidness, keenness and obvious ability.

In his general approach William is fond of the good things of life, a swimmer, a skilled and venturesome fisherman, and a marksman whose interests also extend into realms of music and literature.

A fine friend, we wish him well in whatever his chosen field may be.



## PETER ROBERTSON BURGESS

*"Greenaway doth murder sleep."*

A chance meeting in National Service got this lad off the sheep's back and into our Faculty, where the old halls have since been brightened by his ready wit.

A love of vintage cars and interstate women has kept Burgo occupied for many a long week-end. His sporting highlight was a certain intervarsity diving representation, where he gave a remarkable display of ankle clonus on the high board.

An old Falconian with an eye for the finest things in life, Peter threatens to buy a Porsche and become a psychiatrist. After he has done time with the Health Department we look forward to seeing him among the ranks of this specialty.

## DARYL AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN

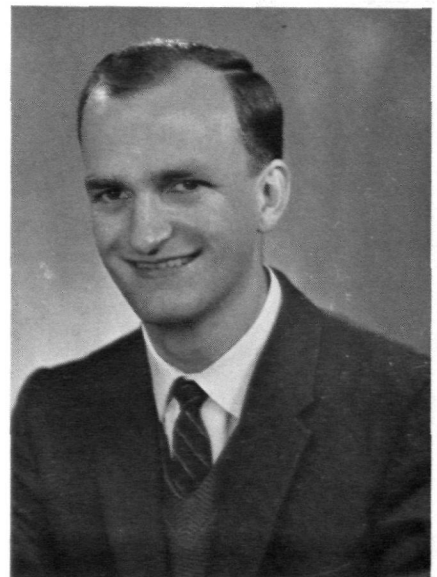
*"There may be something in this trial marriage business."*

Another Novocastrian, famous for his rational approach to Medicine, Lieutenant Chamberlain has provided us always with that brand of humour necessary to cope with tutors.

Suppressing his inherent laziness for a few weeks each year, he has succeeded in foiling his examiners.

A specialist in Morris Minor (repairs) and an excellent judge of brunettes, Daryl has attacked Final Year with zest and confidence, and the Army is getting a first-class Morris Minor expert.

His skilled and conscientious approach and suave bedside manner will assure him of being a favourite of both army and general practice.





ROBERT PETER CHILD

Peter came to University from Farrar High School and ever since reaching Sydney has won many praises for Maclean, his home town, and all its fishy folk. He began his studies at a tender age by observing the antics of North Coast marine life, but in recent years he took up the study of warm-blooded creatures and says he finds their habits equally fascinating.

All who know him appreciate his frankness and sincerity, which combine so easily with his hypertrophied sense of humour. His friends all feel that if he transfers the warmth and humanity of his student days to his future career, he can't fail to bring credit to himself and his family.



BARRY JOSEPH COLLINS, B.C.C.

*"La Sonambula."*

After leaving De La Salle, Marrickville, Barry played trains for fifteen months before joining the Faculty of Medicine.

Known for his friendliness, good humour and forthright approach, he managed to introduce a new subject into the dreary formalin-drenched dissection rooms — "physio-anatomy".

In between controlling his busy private practice, his girl friend and the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Barry found time to make some interesting observations in Obstetrics and is heard often to say: "I wonder if being born into this world backside-first has any significance."

Provided that he has adequate sleep and nutrition, Barry should have much success in the future and his private practice should increase somewhat.

KENNETH LESLIE CHANG

*Originator of the glasses theory."*

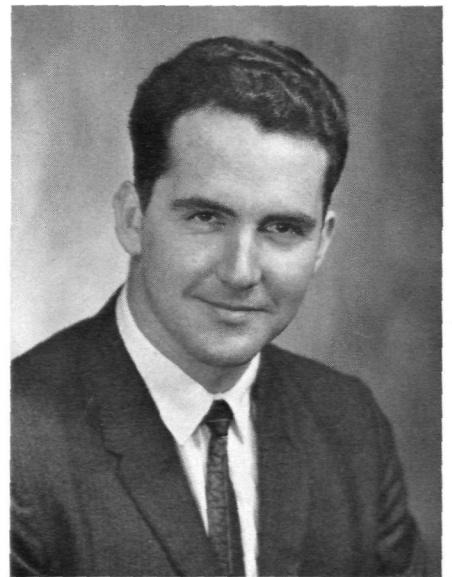
Ken's outstanding clinical "boob" (which he has never been allowed to forget) occurred in early clinical years, when he decided that ears alone were better than stethoscopes for detecting murmurs.

A past master at late tutorial arrivals — and those babies at King George V, if they had been at all decent, would have waited. All agree, however, that his greatest successes were at the Children's Hospital.

Ken's natural friendliness made him a welcome addition while living in — and how many times did you borrow his radiogram?

From Fort Street High and Wesley College Ken passed through Medicine without undue effort, with time to spend playing University tennis, bridge and "resting up".

Ken has many friends throughout the medical business and his genial personality assures his future success.



## DAVID CHARLES COLLINSON

*"Nice ankles — aren't they."*

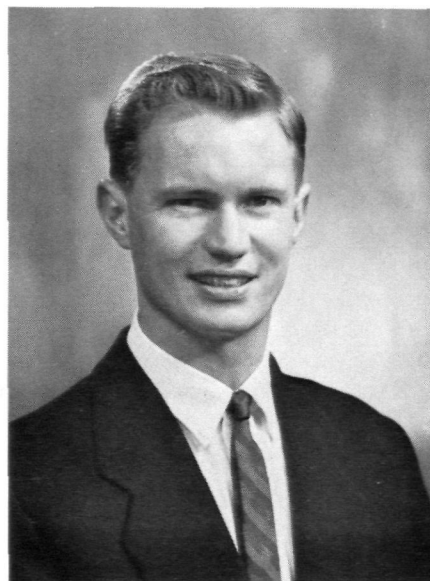
Dave came to the University from Sydney Grammar School with an already keen appreciation of the science of sidewalk anatomy.

Having inherited a love of good music from his father, he is an ardent concert goer.

When he is not waving a tennis racket at those who also love this sport, he is wearing a track between his native Mosman and his adopted Ryde.

He also studies medicine, etc., on occasions and has passed unscathed through the Faculty.

During the period at this University Dave has manifested unlimited kindness and sympathy and this should ensure success and popularity throughout his career.



## NICHOLAS JOHN CORONEOS

*"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."*—MURPHY.

The mythical stories of Ancient Greece, unbelievable fishing tales, and anecdotes concerning innumerable relatives, coupled with a quiet profound sense of humour make any afternoon about the wards with Nick a stimulating experience.

Nick is a contribution of Sydney Grammar School to our Year and as such can well be described:

"Of manner gentle, of affections mild" (Pope),

"Sober, steadfast, and demure" (Milton),

but

"An archangel a little damaged" (Lamb).

About the wards Nick shows a curiosity, ability in observation, and knowledge of fact which ensures him a place amongst the graduates of 1962.



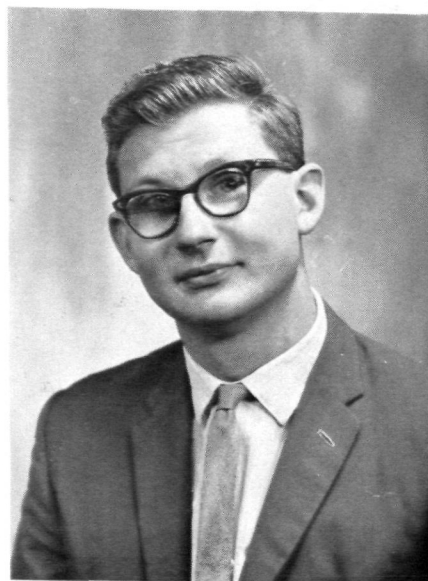
## GYTIS DANTA

Born in Lithuania, he managed to be near the top in the 1954 L.C. Examination. After collecting several prizes while going through Medicine and graduating with Honours I in B.Sc. (Med.) between Fourth and Fifth Years, he is ready to live a life like Hippocrates.

Besides his academic achievements he took interest in philosophy, bridge, art, music and girls. His alcohol dehydrogenase activity destroyed many a percent of ethanol while still enabling him to converse intelligently with certain professors taken out to dinner by the group.

In spite of the likelihood that he may increase the length of some textbooks by his further academic activities, we wish him good luck in his chosen profession.

His polite helpfulness should also make his future associates fortunate in having him.





DAVID VERNON DIXON

*"Anyone for a few holes?"*

Dicko came from Shore to the University to do Medicine and whatever else was offering. These have been busy years.

Has played tennis with University and now golfs to a single-figure handicap.

It is his social life, however, that is Dicko's real forte. His tact is renowned among potential party givers, nurses, and gay young things in general. Has long since qualified as Sydney's best best man, and gets to more weddings than most clergymen.

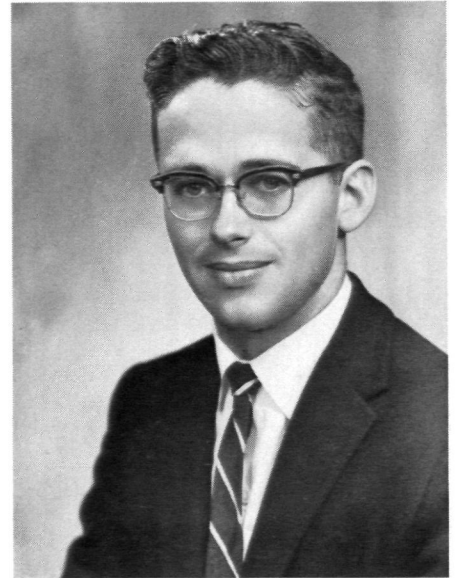
The future? Enjoyable!

CLIVE McCARTHY DONOHOO

Clive Donohoo came from old Canterbury High To the Uni., his luck there in medicine to try. Worked hard for his credits, learned mainly by rote, His "statistical" knowledge is worthy of note. Sincerely determined a doctor to be, There never was student like our C.M.D.

He invented a murmur — we'll call it grade nought — Fibrillation without stenosis? Oh perish the thought! "If there's fibrillation, a murmur I'll find!" There wasn't; knew theory; examiners were kind. With his X-ray vision, nearly failed E.N.T.; There still is no student like our C.M.D.

Despite his hard work, he still has the time For the church, for huge dogs, and a study of crime, And for matters of marriage; he will if he can Settle down to the life of a family man, And most of all wants to become a G.P.;; He'll be conscientious, will our C.M.D.



KENNETH ERSKINE DOWNES

Ken Downes came to Sydney as "Fairy". His preliminary education at Canberra High has been notably augmented by St. Andrew's College, the P.A. Club and many a poker school.

Although a disbeliever in hypercholesterolemia and a faithful subscriber to Rothmans, he has been a keen squash player and skier and an annual supporter of the Guthega slopes. It was up there that he caught his cough.

He has been a great attender to year dinners with his Ho Hos and not so musical voice, and it was here that he once advised the Assis. Prof. of Surg. to laugh at the Prof. of Surgery's joke — "or you'll be out on your . . ."

In spite of his dislike for early morning lectures, he has successfully come to grips with the medical course. Taxpayers will be glad to hear that he has enjoyably made the most of their Canberra scholarship.

His future seems assured and we wish him every success.



## BRIAN FIELD

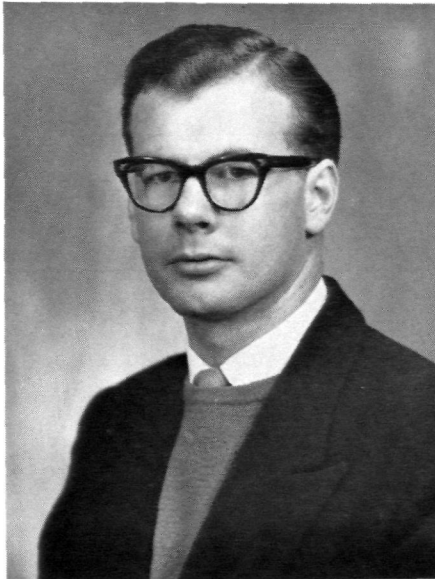
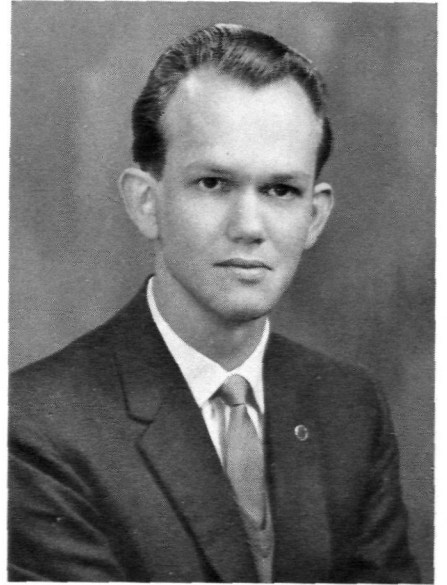
In spite of quite significant worldly obstacles, not the least of which has been a large draught of the delight of Sydney traffic, Brian has won through on his indefatigable spirit, which may be a source of consternation to some, but which must certainly be an inspiration to many others.

He is a very fine pianist-cum-organist, this being just one evidence of his undoubtedly great ability to concentrate.

Brian has an ebullient approach to life which flows around and over us all, and which one suspects is merely a cloak for his profound interest in his fellow man.

Words which were originally used to describe Thurber seem equally applicable to Brian.

"Quick to arouse, he is very hard to quiet, and people often just go away."



## WALTER STEWART FINDLAY

*"Pretty right, thanks."*

Wal arrived fresh from Scots, Bathurst, to start his medical studies and Andrew's hobbies, late summer '56.

To Wal the first couple of years presented hardly a challenge, except for arriving at the Great Hall for a written exam and then finding it to be a viva in the Biochem. Department. He took up the challenge and dealt himself the winning hand. And why not? He had been dealing himself winning hands for the whole term.

An able squash player, reluctant athlete, and not capable of trumping his partner's trick, Wal seems to have acquired a new full-time hobby which has slowed down his past social exploits considerably.

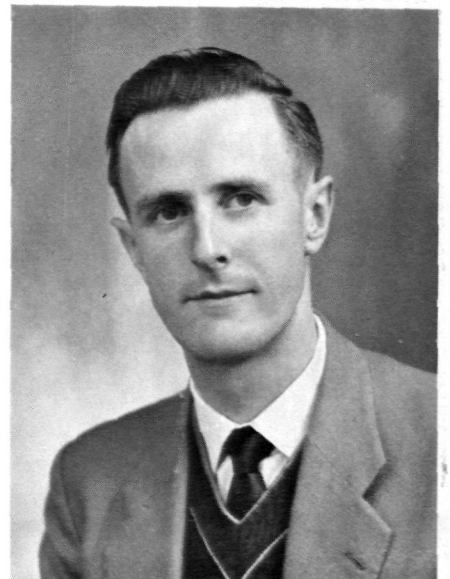
Always a man with things well organized and a rare affinity for making friends, Wal is assured of a happy future in Medicine.

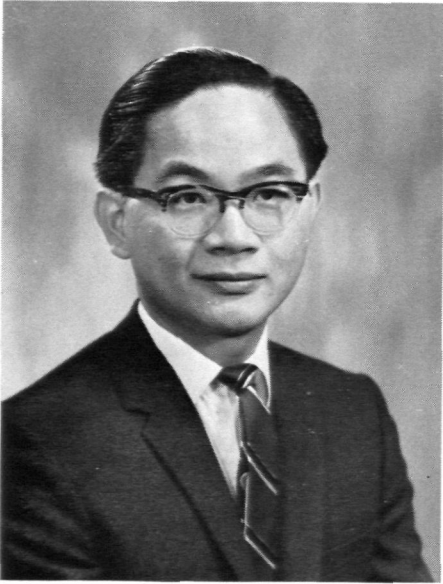
## GERALD FISHER

The bloke above joined the Faculty in 1956 fresh from Sydney High School. Like the remainder of us, he has reached the end of a six-year climb and is wondering just what next year holds in store.

Having been a friend of Gerald's over the last four years, one is certain that he will be a gain to his profession. He is a keen thinker (always ready to discuss things scientific or philosophical), he has plenty of common sense, and one is impressed by his very fair attitude towards patients and friends.

Gerald at one stage was a terror of the table tennis room, but H. and L. became a little bit too good. Pies with sauce were Gerald's midday specialty and he never did acquire a taste for the hostel brew.





#### RICHARD FONG

Richard Fong came from North Borneo with a determination to study Medicine.

He is popularly known as Dick among friends.

In class you will always see him yawning, looking tired.

Contrary to what he looks, he is quite attentive to the lecturer and takes down reasonable lecture notes.

We wish him the best of luck and success in medicine.

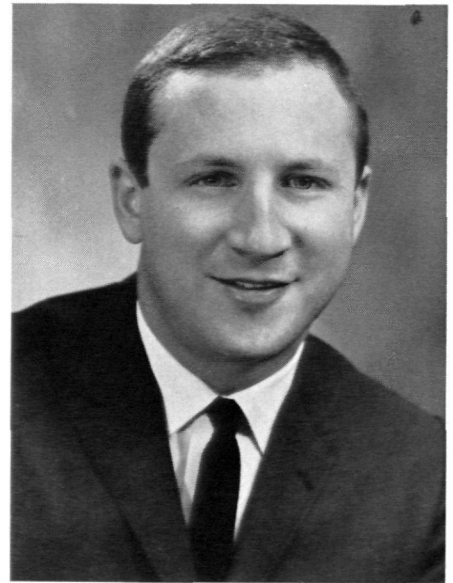
#### MICHAEL DAVID FRACK

Dubbed with the initials M.D. at birth, Michael had no choice but to become an agricultural botanist. However, owing to a mistake on his preliminary enrolment form, we now find him in Final Year.

Since he graduated from Sydney Grammar School to a King's Cross flat, and a red MG. Michael's decline has been rapid. He left his flat in Fourth Year, sold his MG in Fifth Year, and was married in Sixth Year.

A distinguished student, Michael has nevertheless found time to be a medical representative on the S.R.C. (for three months). He is easy-going, sartorially elegant, and crew-cutted, and his indecipherable notes are at everybody's disposal.

We wish him every success in the future.



#### LIONEL HENRY FREEMAN

Dux of Sydney High School, Lionel was not seen for five years till he turned up in Final Year with a fiancée, a rock and roll band and a Surfers Paradise suntan.

There are few reports of his activities in those first five years. We saw him now and again at examinations, heard his name over 2KY at 11.30 p.m. most nights and occasionally read his articles in *Honi Soit* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

Phone calls to his home before 8 p.m. and after 9 p.m. invariably drew the response: "Lionel is asleep."

A leading exponent of bridge, Lionel's home is always open for all-night parties.

His recent appearances in the wards have been well received and he spreads his favours evenly over students, physios and nurses.

Should do well with dexedrine.

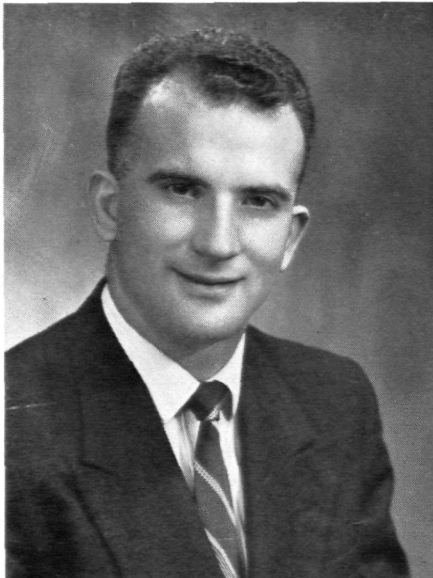
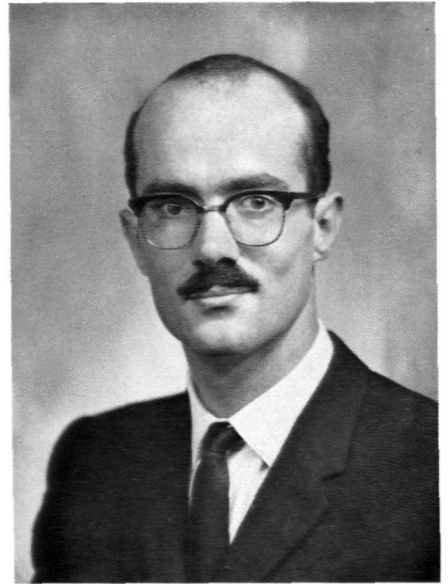


## BERNARD GUSTAVE GAUTHIER

*"... a nos chevaux ..."*

Amongst the many exports of la belle France of which we approve there must prominently figure good cognac and Bernard Gauthier. The juxtaposition is not incidental, for besides a great affection for each, acquaintance with one will lead to an understanding of the other. Both strong in character and true individuals; both spirited bon vivants with sophisticated good taste; acquaintance with either will induce a Gallic pragmatic but nevertheless wholehearted approach to life.

Bernard has made many friends at University. They all join in wishing him good fortune in his career—and in his life as a chevalier would say—"good riding and a spirited horse".



## TOMISLAV GAVRANIĆ

No quote would do justice to Tom, the cyclothymic Slav from Mona Vale. Tom is either shouting the hostel down or being markedly silent. The manic depressive contrasts were found to be severely accentuated when playing table tennis, a time when a latent terpsichoric ability became manifest.

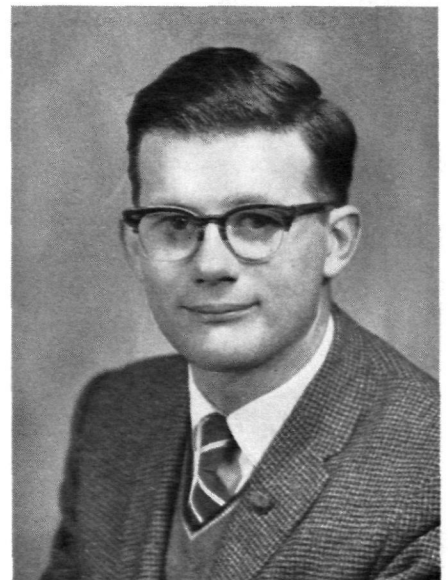
Tom came from Queensland in his early teens and attended Narrabeen Primary and then North Sydney High. He rocketed out with a maximum Leaving pass and rocketed through the first three years of Medicine. After a brush with some A.F.B. Tom joined us at the beginning of Fourth Year. He says he wants to practise in New Guinea or Townsville, and when last heard of was talking about buying an island off the Queensland coast.

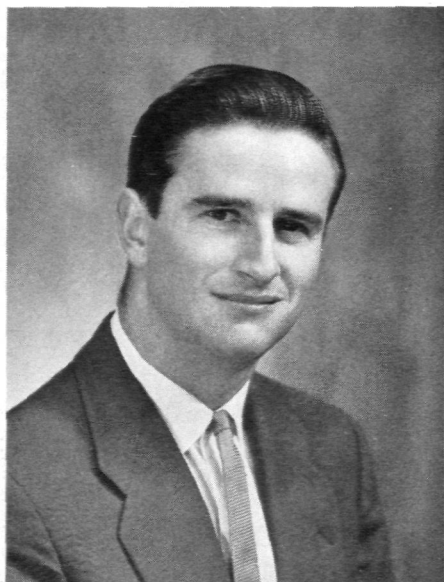
No matter what, Tom's future associates will find things lively.

## KENNETH JOHN PETER GERARD

Peter came to the University from Fort Street Boys' High School and began his tertiary education as a Vet. Science student. After one year he changed to Medicine and has proceeded without interruption to Final Year. He is confidently looking forward to graduation and marriage.

While he has shown himself at times to be something of a dark horse, Peter is genuine in his friendly imperturbability. It was only after extreme provocation on one occasion he came near to accomplishing the destruction of a fellow student's percussion hammer. To the public and to his colleagues we can say: "Here is a man to be trusted and a worthwhile friend."





ANTHONY HENRY GOODMAN

*"You've heard this one before, haven't you?"*

Tony came to us from Scots, a complete marksman, mechanic and electronic engineer.

He has fiddled about with most of his lucky friends' cars and can quote the 0-50 time of practically every vehicle from Caesar's chariot to the latest Jaguar.

His elocutionary ability is directed in a channel which makes him a must for any successful party, where, combined with his labile facies and gestures, his never-ending store of jokes keeps the other guests happy, horrified or helpless.

He has applied this thoroughness to the study of Medicine and his replies to all questions are as well planned as any geometrical theorem.

All statements are based on well-proven facts. More important still, he has linked this thoroughness with a genuine regard for the patients and an understanding of their problems.



ARNOLD GILLESPIE

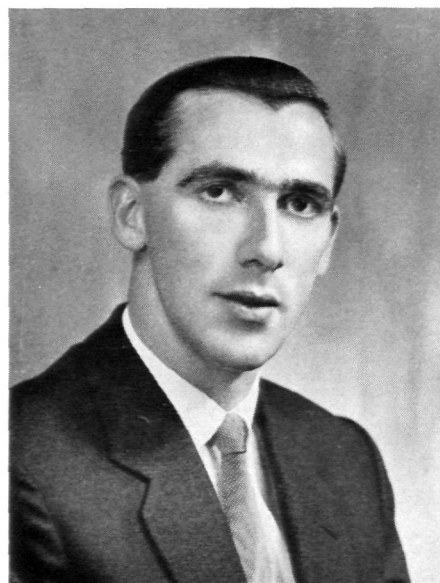
Better known as "Giles".

Firstly, the mundane facts: A North Sydney High School man. A Science graduate, majoring in Biochemistry. A University basketballer.

But of more general interest: He has recently had to increase his Largactil to control his manic phase (no one has ever seen the depressive), yet he remains a man with a love of the finer things of life—good food, wine and song—and is very adept at winning friends and influencing people (especially the fair sex).

He is noted particularly for his punctuality, long hair, sense of humour and overwhelming passion for "BUG" cars.

A likeable bod. who has a genuine care for people's feelings, we wish him well in the future.



DENIS HUGH ADAMS GORDON

*"Look, a big darling."*

In ? (it was some time ago) a figure appeared at Andrew's from Belmont, a figure which almost disappeared when viewed side on. It was Denis, the complete golfer, ready to tackle Medicine.

First Year soon passed. Second Year Denis liked; in fact the examiners had a job shifting him for a time. An expert head scratcher and forehead holder, he has since managed to avoid the annual axe.

During his course Denis has had many outside interests—two note-books full of them. As well he has found time to swim for the college, play golf, go to parties, appreciate classical music and play golf. With his relatively unknown soft spot for small children, Denis' success with at least two-thirds of the population is assured, and the remaining one-third no doubt.



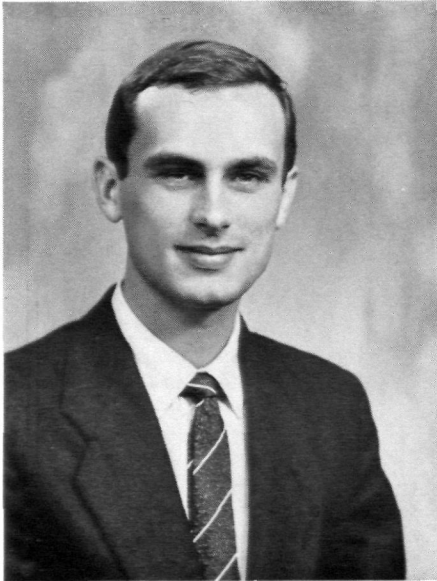
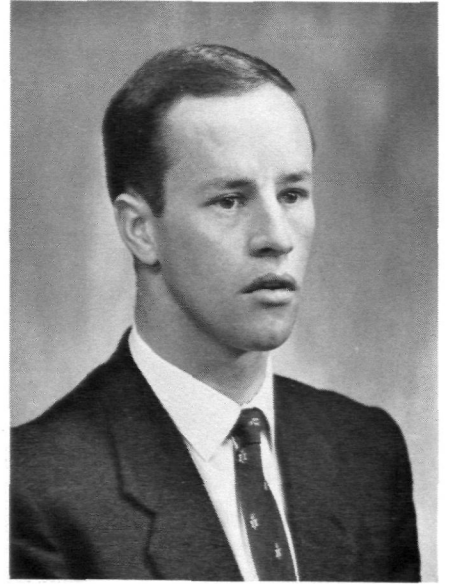
## MICHAEL SAMUEL GRACEY

"Pa-a-a-arty?"

Mick came to us from Marist Brothers, Parramatta, determined to do well in his chosen Faculty. However, his ambition was dissipated in several directions and he passed the junior years like a dog — from post to post. Other outlets for his boundless energy included squash, skiing, kangaroo shooting and numerous escapades with members of the fairer sex. He has also acquired a taste for music ranging from Bach to Brubeck.

Mick really excelled himself at the Children's Hospital where he managed to top the exam and several other contests as well. A bedroom encounter with the deputy matron will long be remembered.

If he manages to survive many years in his VW, his future patients will greatly benefit from his friendly approach, keen insight and abundant common sense.



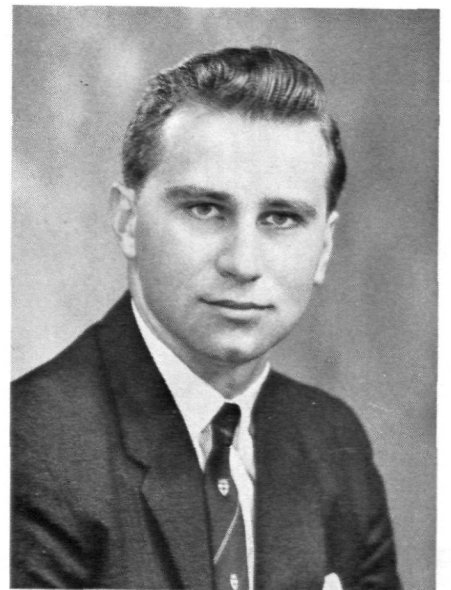
## AKOS ZOLTAN GYORY

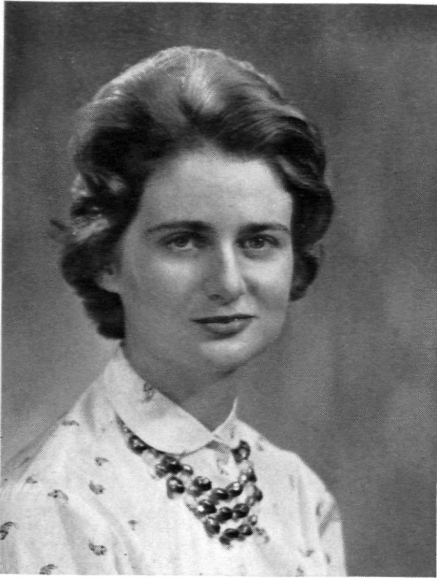
To be (easily) distinguished from A. N. Gyory, has spent seven years in the Faculty to acquire two degrees. It took one year not to secure a degree, but to spend a happy year in Aschoff's homeland, studying Pathology under that great man's pupil. None the less, degree or no, Akos did not return empty-handed — he had pictures to show us of Rome, Paris, London and his fiancée, a gem he had to leave in Europe for the time (with her mother). Alas for the long parting, but sweet anticipation we often share with him. Akos showed us that it may be more expedient to own an Austin Seven than any other car: you can park it in the middle of the street with impunity while going abroad for a year. He demonstrated to us that you need no scores of pounds to your credit: the same number of pence is compatible with enjoyable survival — besides, who can keep too many pounds in his pocket? When fortune strikes, she rarely comes single: before the year is out Akos shall be endowed with a profession, possessed of (or by) a pretty wife.

## ATTILA NICHOLAS GYORY

To be (easily) distinguished from A. Z. Gyory, has spent seven years in the Faculty to acquire three degrees. It took one year to receive a B.Sc of Medicine. But Attila acquired much else besides: a pretty wife, a robust son and a car (in that order). Captivated by that consuming subject syphilology, he would consider it prominently in any diagnosis, reminding us, who were with him, of our frequent omission. But that was in the premarital days. A devotee of *Time* and *The Reader's Digest*, encouraged by his weekly judo practice, Attila would venture the most original suggestions in the face of the more conservative tutors: Why could not a lump be a gumma? Why not a liver biopsy for a routine?

An enthusiastic photographer, equipped with projection apparatus, Attila is ready to show any idle man who cares a score of slides, whether you care to choose family intimacies or the more intimate aspects of the last Commemoration Procession for your enjoyment. We wish him success in following his wife to a professional career.





## SULAMITA HARTLEY

*"Is that you, Len?"*

One thing is for sure — Sue is married. Every lunch-time during our living-in terms there would be a breathless hush as Sue waited for the necessary connections before talking to her better half.

When not ringing up, Sue is travelling between Gosford and Sydney — studying on the train, she says. She has got used to her perennial rhinitis, a view of Brisbane Waters and getting up at five in the morning. Sue has not much to say about her course, but with a little persuasion will hold forth on much more fundamental issues such as dealing with patients, honoraries, sisters, bus-drivers and husbands.

She will be able to take care of herself.

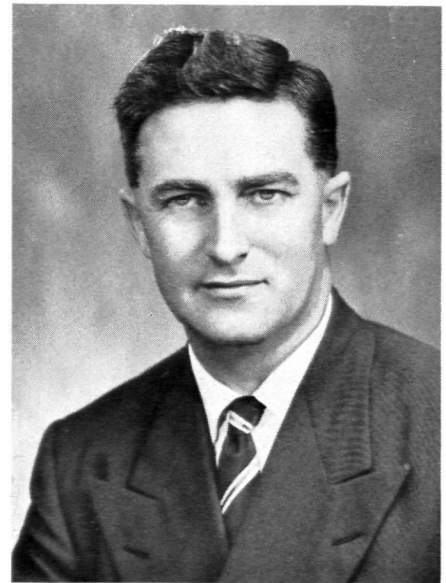
## ROSS WILLIAM HENSON

Ross joined us in Second Year — after spending some time with the Department of Education as a schoolteacher and later as a lecturer at Armidale Teachers' College.

He has passed through the course unobstructed, and has been elected Year and Hospital Representative during the clinical years.

His interest in all medical subjects has been intense, though never as profound as when studying dermatology.

With his warm and understanding personality, an inner calm generated only by a lovely wife, and with a firm grasp of the art and science of Medicine, Ross is assured of success in his chosen profession.



## PAUL HINES

Paul is unashamedly a product of Bowral, where legend has it that he developed quite a fondness for bovine atmosphere. However, in Sydney he has shown himself to be more than a match for most city slickers. Moderate conscientiousness and undoubted ability have enabled him to pursue a creditable course despite the distractions of table-tennis, "fast" cars, music and pupil midwives, etc. His associates will not be surprised to see him emerge from the ordeal with results well above average — and deservedly so.



## ELIZABETH ROSE HOBBIN

*"I slept in . . . again!"*

From Sydney Girls' High School, as School Captain and with a good Leaving Certificate pass, Elizabeth joined the Faculty.

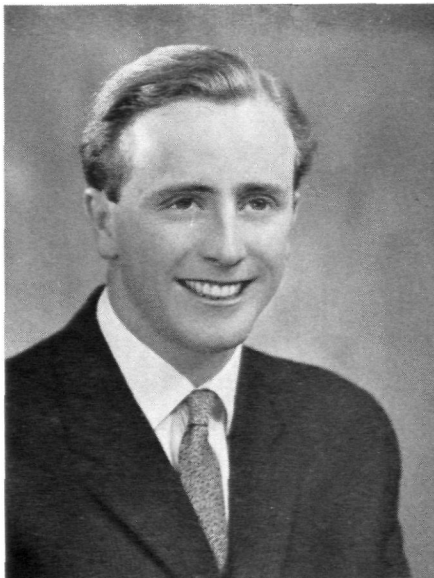
Throughout the years her work has been consistent, with a sprinkling of credits and a couple of H.D.'s. With a great sense of humour and the ability to have the most depressed fellow student laughing within seconds, Elizabeth's popularity has spread.

In the wards her ready smile and sympathetic nature to the patients has been noted. But a super telephone bell will be needed to arouse her to attend same.

Marriage claimed her in Fifth Year when Liz became the wife of Dr. Warren Jones. However, she has proved to us that marriage and medicine can be successfully combined.

Those who are her companions find her a great coffee drinker, a good listener and a firm friend.

We wish her every success.



## JOHN BOWES HOBBS

Few are aware that John's frequent absences from P.A. result from his dedication to the John Hobbs Philosophy of Life. While complex in its derivation, the practical side of the philosophy consists simply of the pursuance of as wide a variety of the good things in life as possible. That such ideals should necessitate the entertainment of five different females per week by way of barbecues, boating trips and continental films, together with a somewhat (?) wary attitude towards marriage is readily understandable. Of more obscure value to the cause are the punishing five-mile sprints before breakfast, the Bacchanalian fishing trips and some memorable performances at med. dinners. His versatility, energy and ability to make friends assure him of the success his way of life requires for its application.

## SYLVIA HOLLINGER

*"Sylvo."*—LES GIRLS.

Rumanian born, Sylvia came to Australia twelve years ago. She joined us in 1956 from Sydney Girls' High School. An effervescent personality, combined with large brown eyes and a pair of shapely legs, have made her well known to us all.

Sylvia has always held her own in examinations and found her name appearing consistently each year in the results.

Her clinical work has shown her to be conscientious and understanding. Even though there is a leaning toward psychiatry, we feel Sylvia will be a success in whatever field she enters. Those who enjoy her friendship find her amusing, always worrying about her social life, but a lovable person. We wish her well.





## LIONEL JOSHUA HOVEY

*"Dealer's Choice."*

During his eleven years at Sydney High School and at University, Lionel became so tired of saying "Not Hovey, Sir, Hovey", that he finally gave in and changed his name to Hovey.

After representing Medicine in basketball, Lionel developed a limited number of vices, but has since practised them all, to the full, and can play any card game invented, and does. He was always willing to miss a lecture and lure a car-load of colleagues to Bondi.

He is a firm believer in the direct approach to tutors, patients and nurses alike, and in fraternization with the latter inside and outside the wards.

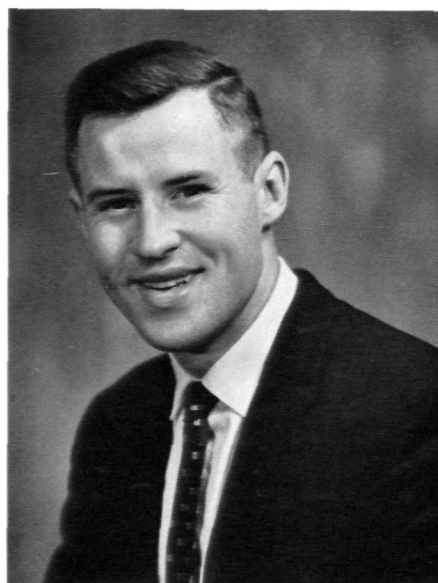
Lionel has acquired a distinguished academic record and an inability to hear diastolic murmurs, but his many friends are sure that, if sober, he will go a long way in his profession.

## IAN HULME-MOIR

The medical students of St. Paul's often wondered at the sight of this man from Moore running at great speed in never diminishing circles around the college oval. It was only when we realized that he was getting places in miles and steeple-chases that we began to appreciate such eccentric behaviour.

Working beside him, we have often imagined ourselves competing with him in just such an event. Ruthless self-denial flavoured with what some of us thought to be enthusiasm has driven him on through a very successful course.

He aspires to be a medical missionary, and we feel sure that should he be attacked at any time by a savage band for his "teachings, heretical, theological or medical", he will outrun it with ease.



## ENID ROSEMARY KA'FER

*"Where is the man who has the power and skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on it,  
But if she won't, she won't, and there's an end to it."*

Enid, a veteran of the University, having spent a year in Arts, has gained a B.Sc. (Med.) in Biochemistry and has passed all exams with flying colours, as well as being an enthusiastic member of the Medical Society Council, Evangelical Union and the Manning Board. She has distinguished herself in collegiate activities, being Senior Student of the Women's College in 1960. In other extra-curricular activities she has collected bruises from collisions with hockey sticks and in near collisions with Armstrong-Sidleys.

With her enthusiasm and a very competent and charming manner, she will contribute to the field of medicine which she enters.

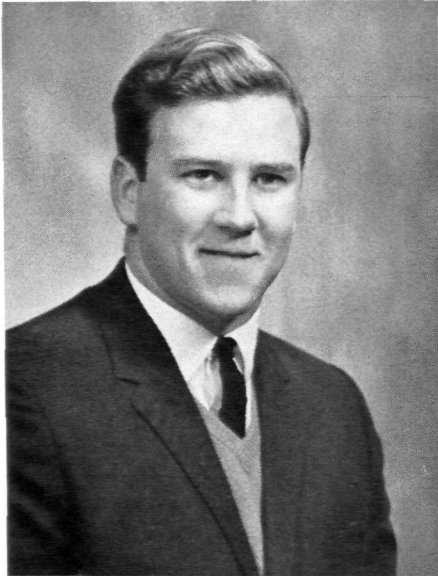


## VIROCHNA KIJVANIT

"Vic" hails from Thailand, and during his time in Australia he has matriculated, completed the six year medical course and, most recently of all, tied the matrimonial knot with a certain young lady from Indonesia.

As if this wasn't enough, he has also acted, at one time or another, as unofficial confidant and father-confessor to most of the Thai students in Sydney. Nor has this singular ability been restricted to his countrymen, and many of us have cause to be grateful to "Vic" for the helping hand in time of need, as well as his general good fellowship, and expert guidance through the cafés of Dixon Street.

All of us who know "Vic" are agreed that he is not only a fine fellow, whose future success in medicine is assured, but also a great ambassador for Thailand.



## AHTI TAAVETTI LAMMI

Ahti hails from Gosford, where his family grow vitamin C. He's honest about why he took up medicine: somebody suggested it to him. As the years have rolled by and friendship deepened, Ahti has played more and more table-tennis with Val. Usually Ahti is a very easy-going person; but combine labour ward lack of sleep and a request to bathe a baby at 1 a.m. and he's dynamic, he's direct, he's terrific! Ask the blisters—they know.

Last year he developed an intense interest in psychiatry. This year it's surgery. Next year, who knows? Spring can't be far away. Wherever it be, Ahti, good wishes!

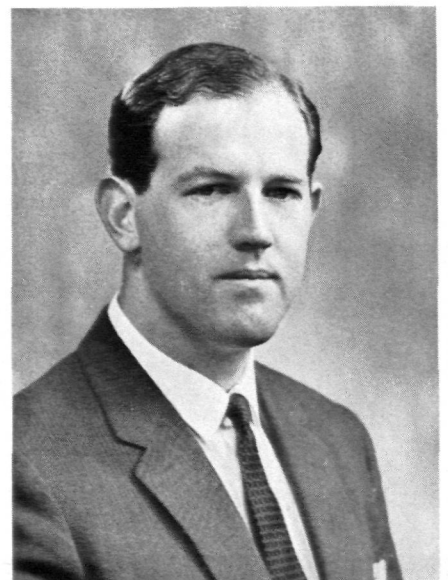
## COLIN ROBERT ANDREW LAVERTY

*"Depravity."*

Col joined the ranks from Newington College. Apart from a year in Paul's and another obtaining a "higher" degree in the Biochemistry Department, he has had more than his share of success with the examiners.

Acquired a Blue for rowing early, and has been trying to learn golf ever since.

Of care-free disposition, he is most content at parties, or when combing Palm Beach in summer. Spends just enough time at the books to leave with an excellent prognosis.





#### JOHN BURTON LAWSON

John came to us from Sydney Grammar School as a quiet, hard-working young man. In the six years we have come to know him we have discovered his spontaneous wit for which all remember him. He has that frank, quiet approach to all matters, and his ability over the phone is always appreciated by his friends. Perhaps his most outstanding achievement in the clinical field lies in his approach to "Pentothal" anæsthesia where he obtained unprecedented results.

His sincerity and honesty, thoughtfulness and high clinical ability will enable him to cope with any problem throughout life.

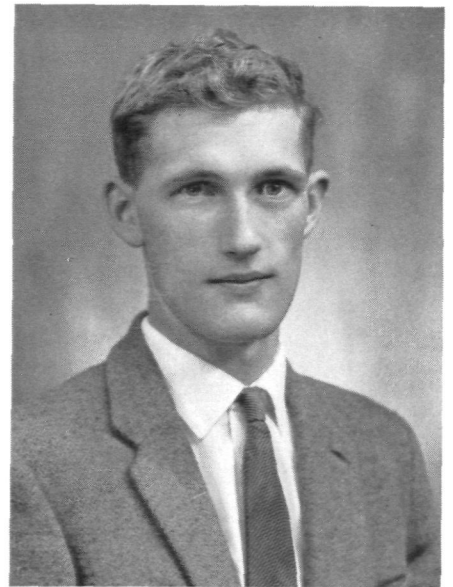
#### JONATHAN LEICESTER ("WOOLLY")

*"But, Sir, Hippocrates said we shouldn't cut patients labouring under the stone!"*

We acquired Jon back in Second Year when he migrated to the mainland from Hobart University. Both in the Faculty and at St. Paul's College he has been a popular figure, and many of us value his sincere friendship and enjoy his dry sense of humour.

Jon's extra-curricular activities have been many and varied, and he is a formidable opponent with a glass or pack of cards. He married his charming wife Penny back in Fifth Year and has recently become the proud father of a fine baby son.

A great love of medicine and a disconcerting habit of diagnosing the obscure neurological case have made Jon well known. A successful future in his chosen profession is assured, and our best wishes go with him.



#### GENEVIEVE EILEEN LENTAIGNE

*"The little lamb which was found—is lost!"—OLD HEBREW.*

Gene arrived at the establishment after considerable years at a Rose Bay boarding house, only to discover that no one could spell her name.

Besides spending her time at medicine, she has also found time to do time. Reading is another of her time-wasting occupations, but she has successfully applied this to her career, being a fountain of æsthetic knowledge. A north coast native, her backwoods cunning has seen her safely past all previous obstacles with minimal complications.

However, another native from a neighbouring tribe is said to have defeated her in battle at King George's Castle—her nose is straighter now.

Her college life is also distinguished. Sancta was never in better hands, or had such a carefree year as under Gene's kindly rule. As a Sancta Sophisticate she maintained a steadying influence over her inter-collegiate associates, but since her arrival feet first at a party she has been their guiding light.



## STEPHANIE JEAN LIDDELL

*"Step on it, Steph."*—MR. BARLING.

Stephanie's popularity extends for many years when we know that she was prefect of Burwood Girls' High, a member of its debating team and dux in 1955.

At University Steph has also excelled herself by regularly getting credits and distinctions both in her pre-clinical and clinical years. She has earned herself the name of "The Spleen Queen", and lately has become the new "psychiatrist" — being more skilful in psychiatric history taking and in diagnosing unresolved Œdipus complexes than the experts themselves.

From here we pass on to Pædiatrics, in which Steph would ultimately like to specialize. With her love for children and her pleasant personality, Steph is sure to be successful.

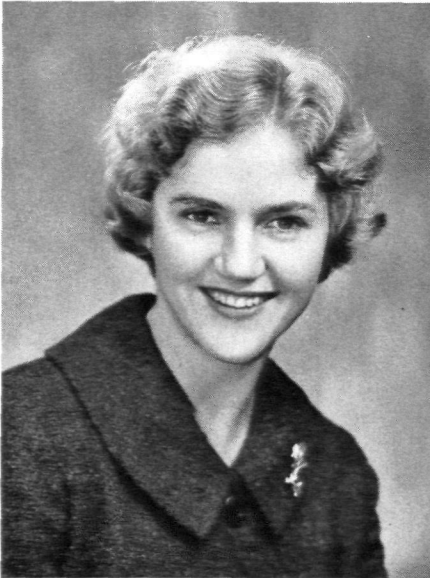
Most important of all, Steph will always be remembered for her bright chatter, her giggles which she claims to have copied from her friends and her delicious "peanut cookies".



## JUDITH ANN LINNANE

Hailing originally from Canberra High School, Judith entered the Faculty of Medicine in 1953. After consistent success in the first three years of the course, she decided to spend twelve months researching in the Biochemistry Department, where she acquired both a husband and a B.Sc. (Med.) with first class honours. Then followed two years with her husband at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, U.S.A. Returning to Sydney, this now distinguished member of the Faculty recommenced the course and has since proceeded to collect more credits and distinctions.

Of late we have noticed a decided leaning towards Pædiatrics, culminating in remarkable success in the examinations in that specialty. All who have known Judith are agreed that her ability, enthusiasm, popularity and cheerful personality must ensure her future success.



## NICHOLAS CHARLES METTER LOCKE ("PAPANICOLOAU")

*"Angling is a contemplative art."*

Nick joined the Faculty coming from Cranbrook. Over the years he has amassed a collection of lecture notes which is quite prolific, and we have always been intrigued to know just what he does with them.

He spent his first four years in St. Paul's, where he was noted for his fast bowling and wine tasting. Despite a predominant strength of mind, Nick's three main weaknesses have been for—

- (a) a fellow student of the other sex,
- (b) his regular Saturday golf,
- (c) the occasional trip to the trout streams,

the results being—

- (a) a charming wife Sue, plus addition,
- (b) a very respectable golf handicap,
- (c) no trout.





MICHAEL KEITH LOGAN (TOM)

*"If all that keen lasts till dawn,  
Logan may see a leprechaun."*

It seems a long time now since Tom bought his new green tie and settled at St. John's. He had soon accumulated an enormous amount of friends and interests to keep his mind from more oppressing matters of life.

A good healthy killer instinct assured Tom a position with the Green Ants which he maintained till he had run out of menisci.

Student Logan has therefore been much quieter in his declining years and all the arts of Johnsmanship, kidsmanship and hostelry have been admirably mastered.

All that remains is a hearty "Good luck, Tom!" Recently the green tie was cleaned, so it could be that Tom's deadly serious about the Finals.

MARCUS HUNG MA ("HARRY")

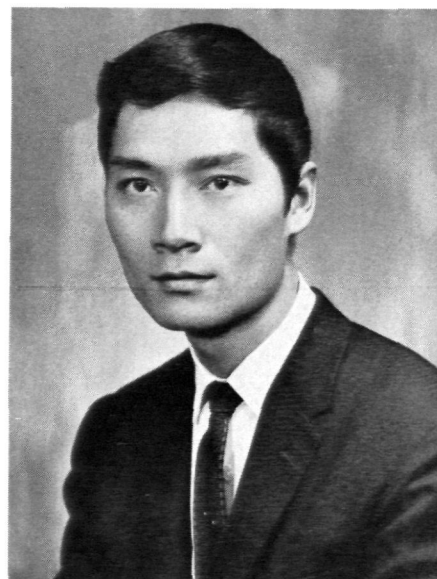
Well-known Asian reprobate came to civilization in 1952, learnt the language at Newington, and is still trying to apply it—and civilization.

Has achieved some fame in obstetrical circles for his capabilities, his experienced handling of difficult problems. Prior to this he was known as an athlete of considerable repute—captain of University basketball.

However, Marcus has found that with ten hours' work a day plus lectures plus his nightly wanderings he has little time left for athletic achievement (or sleep).

It is reported that after exams Marcus will offer a challenge in the noble game of contract bridge to Dr. Greenaway.

None of us doubt that Harry will succeed wherever he may be, and we wish him well.



PETER CULLEN MCCARTHY ("TUBES")

I said to Peter a few days ago: "I'll write your blurb for you." So I sat down; but what could I write about: his genial manner, his tennis and squash ability, his peripheral cyanosis, his 40-minute showers, his glasses, his bridge boobs?

No! That would take too many words.

But I do remember the day he caught a fainting nurse whose groggy "Loosen my belt" was closely followed by his surprised "Loosen your bowels?" Eventually the message got through.

With this doggedness "Tubes" has passed each year, so that by now he has developed a "blind" faith in himself which will carry him over any obstacles that should present in his future career.





## BUDDY JOSEPH MACDESSI

Buddy came from Lebanon in his earliest youth and since then has spent a lot of time convincing people that his surname isn't Scottish.

Buddy was educated at Fort Street, where he started the consistent sporting career that he has maintained at the University. His sportsmanship reached an all-time high in his Obstetrics residency when he managed to concoct a few highly libellous photos of his group mates, one of which turned up a few months later when one of them was married.

During the holidays he migrates to the most unlikely places, and has been contained at various times in cottages in the Blue Mountains and on Brisbane Water, at western mental hospitals and even up in New Guinea—an episode which produced numerous stories and a determination to return in the future.

Wherever he goes, Buddy carries the very best wishes of his fellow students.



## GRAHAM JON MACDONALD

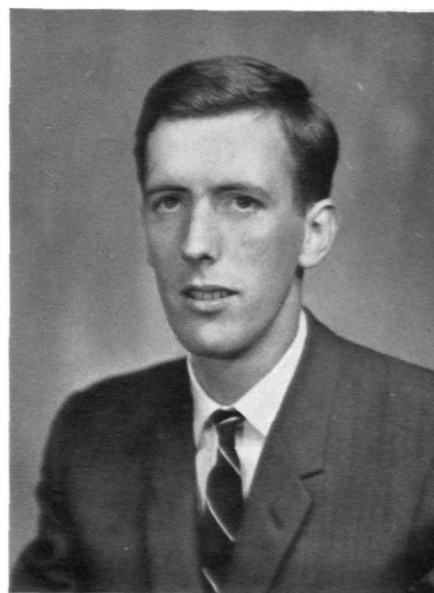
*"Hello! There's a narcoleptic in the group."*—PROFESSOR TRETOWAN.

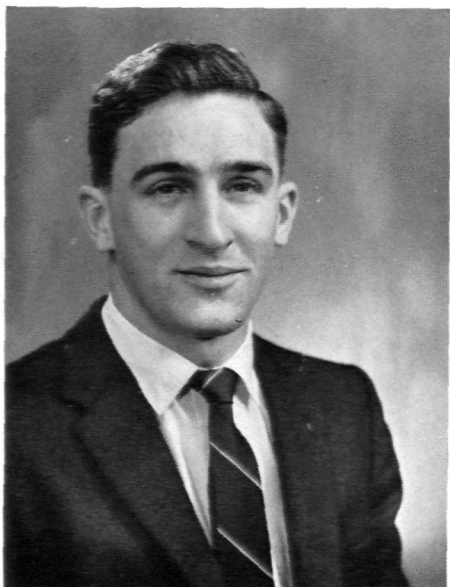
A man of many parts, and a name to go with each. Known inexplicably to his family as Tim, logically to his friends as Mac, and inevitably to a certain Professor of Pathology as "That bloody newspaper editor!". Despite the above photo, a very bright chap. Versatile too! Three Honours Leaving pass at North Sydney High, Honours B.Sc. (Med.). Accomplished Uni. Revue artist, Editor *Honi Soit*. Responsible for Med. Journals, Med. Ball, floor shows, etc. Sails boats. Where does he get time to study? It must be at night—he sleeps most of the daytime. He is capable of going to sleep in the brightest and most important lecture—and usually does. Is guaranteed to include actinomycosis in the D.D. of any condition from coin lesions of the lung to urinary retention.

## NEIL HECTOR MACLEAN

After failing to convince the examiners in Second Year, this bright Knox man misjudged again the second time through and scored a high distinction or two. There has been no lack of judgement since, Neil's subsequent passage through Medicine being smooth and not detectably interfering with either his social life or his numerous other activities. The latter include inter-varsity and inter-collegiate rifle-shooting, the performance of the arduous duties of secretary and senior student of Wesley College, bridge, billiards and crossword puzzles. He has also been known to patronize the Grose and the P.A. Club at times.

Universally liked for his friendly and easy-going nature, and envied for the efficiency of his pre-examination onslaughts on the work, Neil has many friends who hope that he does it again in November and wish him all the best in the future.





## COLIN CAMPBELL MERRITT MASON

*"My will is backed with resolution."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Colin will be remembered by all those in his group for his quiet unassuming manner but disturbingly accurate utterances—at least during Fifth Year. In Final Year the accuracy has continued, but he has shown himself truly to be "A lion among ladies".

Homebush High School was the stepping stone between Wagga and Sydney University for Colin, who has come through to Final Year with a good record.

However, it was not until the Obstets. term at Paddington that many of us really came to know Colin. His contributions to the talks, political, religious, and moral, were flattening; his work and ability to attend Labour Ward all through the night, and his eye-opening escapades about the Students' Quarters have earned him an enviable reputation amongst his fellows.

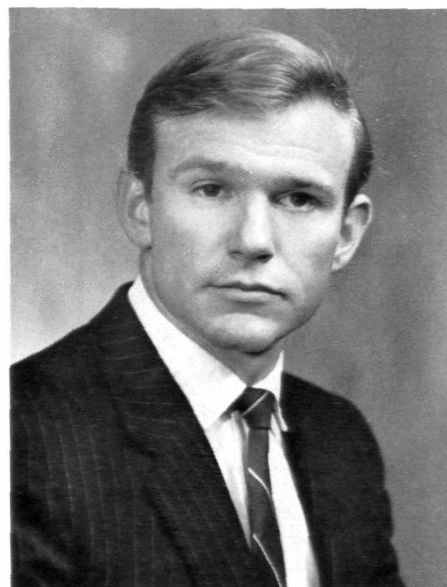
## KENNETH JOHN MAYMAN

*"Hm . . .? Hypertrophy."*

"New" Australian from Scotch College, Melbourne, who burst upon the University scene in 1956 and learnt the language. Although assimilating admirably well with the natives here, he made many a mad dash back to the home country in the week-ends, presumably because of home-sickness. Despite such apparent handicaps, he managed to get through the next few years with little evidence of hard work.

A handy man with a stick, Ken has been captain-coach of the University Hockey Club for a number of years, culminating in captaincy of combined Sydney teams.

Other hobbies include vintage car collecting, bird watching, running around ovals, etc. In brief, a fast worker, nature lover and friend. Prognosis is considered to be favourable, providing extirpation of the pituitary is carried out without undue delay.



## PETER JAMES MORAN

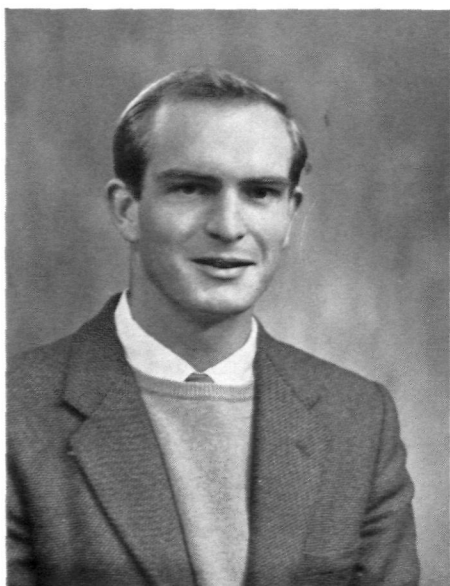
Descends from a tower of Wesley for afternoon activities.

In tutorials he is the valuable presence who stands at the back, trips on the cord and sits on the missing X rays, while unobtrusively burning a hole in the bedcover.

He did a B.Sc. (Med.) in Bacteriology, by day changing fuses, grinding coffee and investigating product of the Barossa Valley; by night conversing with mice and mumbling at nuclei; at dusk sabring steak from the pan and flushing it down with a cigarette in singletted splendour from the depths of an armchair.

Of more regular pursuits, he has studied Arts, dabbled in drama and taken an active part in collegiate life, particularly music and tennis.

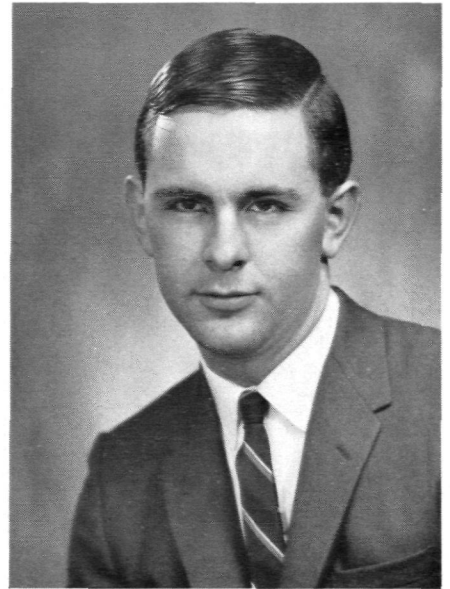
Withal, he is a man of surprising capacity, who can afford a cloak of reticence dispelled only by the proper occasion for the expression of a thought that really is one.



## GRAHAM EDWARD MYLNE

Graham Mylne entered the Faculty as a resident of St. Paul's, surrounded by a family aura of consultants. In six full years he has variously collected Credits, directed Commemoration Day, skied and shot extensively. He holds two records: the number of nurses personally invited to College barbecues in one week (200), and the number of Dermatology exams sat in a Fifth Year.

Legend is inextricably woven into the fact of his practical joking: a horses' skull hanging from the Women's College flagmast on Anniversary Day; the insurance company, which was asked to replace the twenty roof tiles destroyed in this nocturnal sortie, "regretted that it was not possible to classify Mr. Mylne as an act of God". A divine oversight? Maybe. But a good fellow.



## DIANA ROSE O'BRIEN

Diana joined us in 1956, a product of St. George Girls' High School. She has successfully passed straight through the Faculty. Witness: 1956, front row Wallace Theatre; 1961, back row Scot Skirving.

Distinction in the field of sport is clearly seen in her position as the only girl in a group of twenty and as an invaluable go-between for nurses and students alike.

A girl of many and varied talents, Diana for a hobby (sport) in her spare time does orchidectomies—veterinary of course (we hope).

Yet another noticeable feature has been her ever-ready hand for those in distress—just how many people did copy her Gynæ. histories and how many living-in groups did she mother with whiskey, wine and coffee?

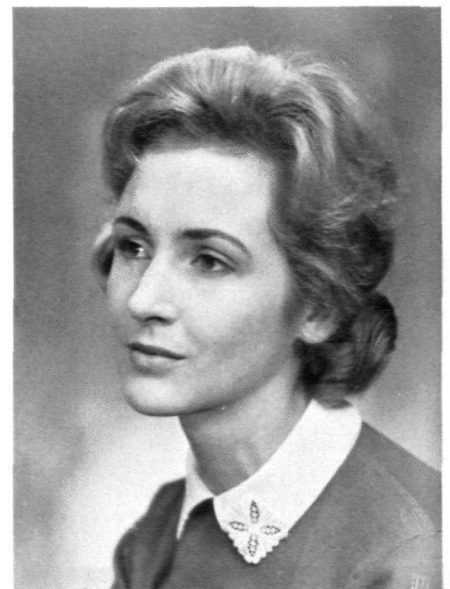
So you see, Diana with her easy-going genial manner and her ability to make lasting friendships must succeed in future life.



## MARGARET RUTH O'HARA

Margaret left Tamworth High School with a distinguished academic and sporting record, the latter including a State swimming championship. Her idea was to devote her life to Medicine, but in Second Year she was waylaid by a higher thing and, after many archæological expeditions to the north side of the harbour, became engaged to him.

After living in Women's College for six years, and tiring of institutional food, Marg is now an expert in the Oriental style. Despite a very neat left hook, developed during her term at Children's Hospital, Margaret was able to trade her cooking and sewing skills for a sapphire ring, and December this year will see yet another innocent young man led astray.





KIM OSTINGA

*"God save me from my friends."*

In early '54 a giant-sized fresher appeared at St. Andrew's. Kim has since become famous for his passion for football and rowing, his annual jousts with examiners, a couple being unsuccessful, and his effortless acquisition of the essential social graces. His frequent trips to surrounding colleges, hostels, hotels and a few discrete suburban hang-outs have of late been confined to one suburb.

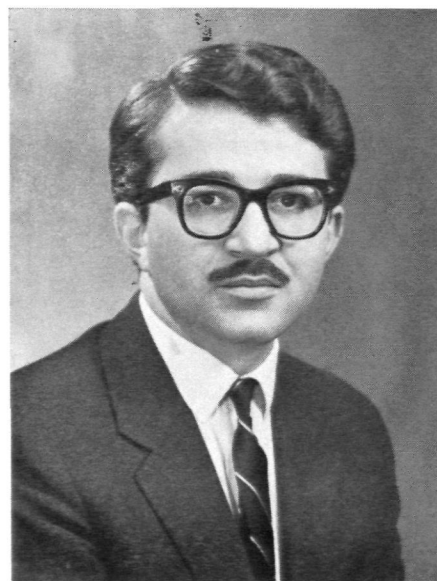
This comely youth has accumulated an amazing variety of friends, has become one of the largest and best-known senior students at Andrew's, and leaves now showing a tendency to middle-aged spread that, with his friendly good humour, cheerful countenance and devotion to duty will ensure him success in the coming years.

GEORGE PAPADOPOL

While at school in Rumania, this mustachioed Hellene was picked out to study at the University of Moscow. His parents did not like the communist régime and to that we owe the good fortune of his company.

His progress through the course has been smooth and uninterrupted, which, in view of a consuming passion for ladies, reading (on fields ranging from art to cybernetics, from peanuts to Donald Duck), intelligent conversation, music, bridge, chess, swimming and grog, can only be ascribed to sheer brilliance.

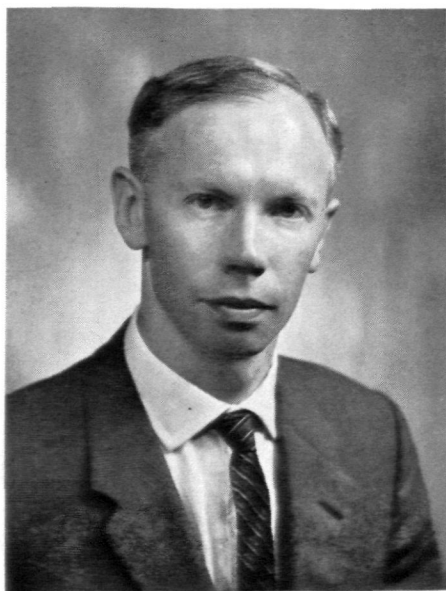
His friends know him to be a man of subtle wit (who said the ancient Athenians had died out?) and in times of stress a man of sympathetic understanding and good and fearlessly honest counsel.



JOHN PHILIP PARKINSON

After a childhood spent at Cranbrook and Sydney Grammar School, John took a B.A. in Latin and Greek in 1952. Two years on the staff of an English boarding school dissipated his classical knowledge but aroused a sharp awareness of certain psychopathic syndromes — see "Decline and Fall" by Evelyn Waugh.

To follow this new interest which has engrossed him ever since, he hurried home to enlist in the medical course and to take part in the birth of the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association, a mutual benevolent society. Torn between medical studies, prematurely practical psychiatry and his own polyphasia telephonica, narcolepsy and caffeine addiction, John has spent his time taking naps, drinking coffee and making telephone calls. Between and during these he attends tutorials and lectures and has long made up his mind that to give the lecturer fifteen minutes' start is the highest form of senior physicianship.



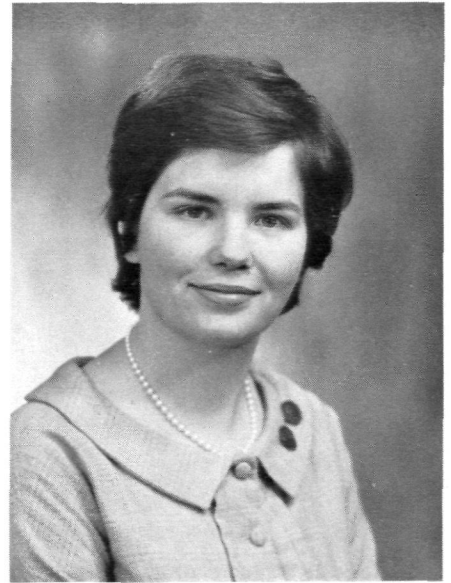
## SUSAN CATHERINE PASCOE-PEARCE

*"It wasn't too bad, actually!"*

Why make life easy when it can be complicated?

Through six effortless years Sue has managed to complicate hers a little more than most — earlier by commuting daily to rural Dundas, more recently by producing a daughter during Final Year. The last achievement is remarkable for her discovery of a new method of induction — two hours' surgical tutorial — and for the inevitable confusion it caused: "Is it Miss Pascoe-Pearce?"

A unique study routine of parties, golf, bridge and last-minute dressmaking characterized her earlier years. Disconcerting blue eyes and considerable ingenuity ("He couldn't have had it, Sir; he wasn't in the navy") made a memorable impression on her clinical tutors. Whatever the future, her enthusiastic love of life will ensure that it is never dull.



## BRIAN KINROSS PERRY

The exotic Mr. Perry is an import (or should we say export?) from the Sunshine State, where he completed Second Year Medicine in 1957, wisely coming to the higher seat of learning at Sydney to continue his studies.

At Sydney, a keen interest in Medicine coupled with a thorough approach has enabled him to proceed from year to year in a comparatively effortless though unspectacular fashion; and one gains the impression of a high clinical acumen.

His extracurricular activities include squandering money on automobiles, table tennis, fishing and an "interest" in Pharmacy.

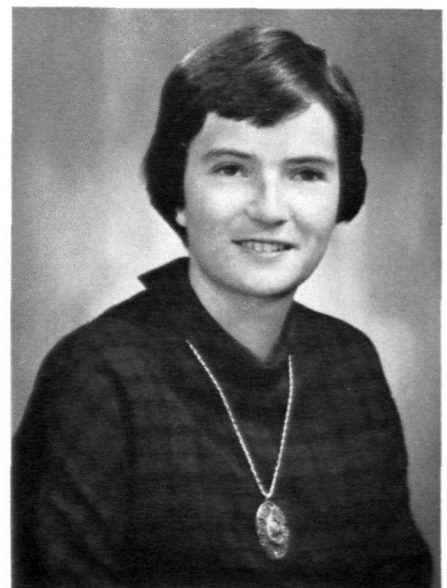
We must admit that his healthy self-confidence is not unjustified and the trust which he will undoubtedly inspire in his patients will not be misplaced.

## JANET PATRICIA PLUMMER

*"Oh, please . . ."*

In 1955 St. George and Wollongong High Schools produced a strange and wonderful mixture of enthusiasm, talent and academic and athletic prowess and sent it to the University in the form of Jan. Be it hockey, cricket, tennis, squash or water pistols, few aim truer. To fill in time between these, she dabbles in wireless, cookery, stamp collecting and panning for gold. Not many would take their white coats or stethoscopes to the pictures in the hope of seeing an accident on the way, and still fewer would go with the ambulance and forgo the pictures.

Yet the main thing in her life is her love for the Lord, whom she worships with fine artistry, vocally and at the piano and organ. Because of this and her sincerity in all things we know she will go far.





## GRAHAM LYNTON PULLEY

"... and not submerged in a mass of extraneous detail."

*Presenting Complaint:* Final Year medical student.

*Family History:* of school-teaching; he is the black sheep.

*Personal History:* spent pre-University days in the country, largely in Dubbo, where he was educated.

*Habits:* a music addict and competent pianist; also plays the clarinet and other instruments.

— has a flair for languages and literature.

— plays tennis, table tennis and cricket.

*Present Illness:* Aetiology: sound pass in the Leaving; interest in people. Pathogenesis: entered Medicine.

*O/E* a quiet, conservative personality.

*Treatment:* Supportive: continued indulgence in music, literature and sport. Specific: a full course of the broad-spectrum remedy "M.B., B.S."

*Prognosis:* Immediate: will progress to graduate status under treatment. Remote: his patients will benefit from his contention that "to cure the body, one must also treat the mind".

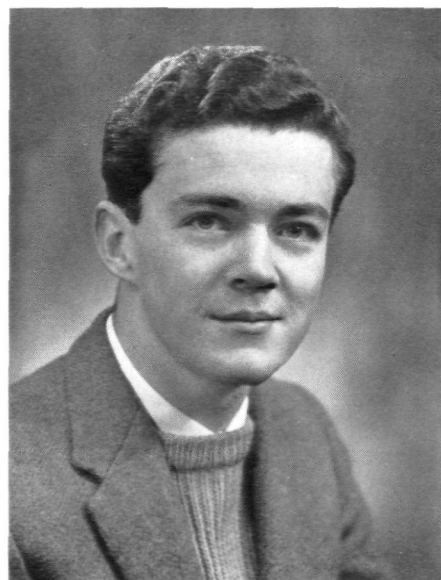
## IAN RILEY

Daily, about lunch-time, productive coughing (covered by nicotine-blackened fingers) would announce that Paddy was out of bed.

Classified by his honoraries as "unknown", his appearance at a lecture would invariably cause a stir — but when he would finally settle into his pre-exam 28-hour-day cycle, his Andrew's year mates knew that it was past time to start their final study burst.

Insatiable thirsts for reading, beer and cigarettes kept Paddy in perpetual academic and financial hotspots, which provided both himself and his friends with a never-ending source of amused astonishment.

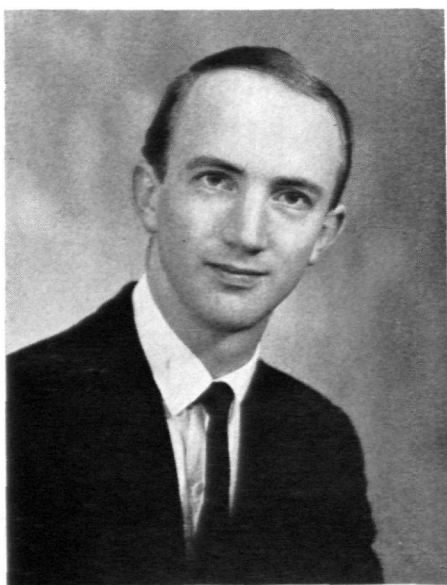
Commenting on life with a beautifully timed wit and a keen sense of humour, he would calmly read three novels simultaneously, entangle himself in dramatic productions and despair as drinking partners faded away in the small hours of morning.



## JOHN CHARLES ROBERTS

John arrived from Fort Street with a liking for modern languages and soon settled down to the serious business of Medicine, which he has pursued with some success. In his spare moments he has assisted this passage by his work as a professional musician. In this capacity he blows a cool note per trumpet in his own jazz group. For the fun of it he also plays the classical guitar. The musical side of his progress has been fostered by frequent trips to Melbourne during vacations to blow said note.

Apart from these activities John has more than a passing interest in the music of the Elizabethan period, its art and its theatre. Naturally, these activities have made John a good mixer, and with his consistent success as a student his future in the practice of Medicine seems assured and we wish him well.



## MALCOLM REYNOLDS ROBERTSON

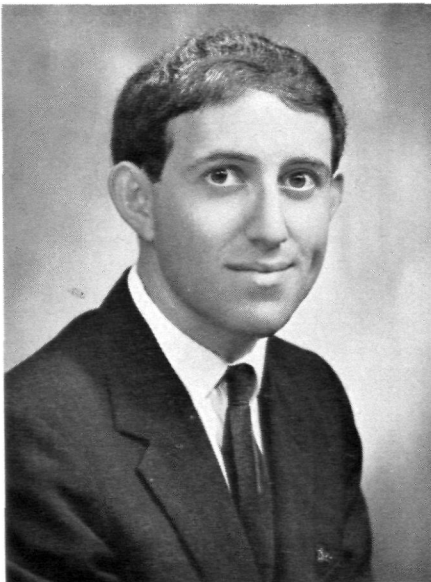
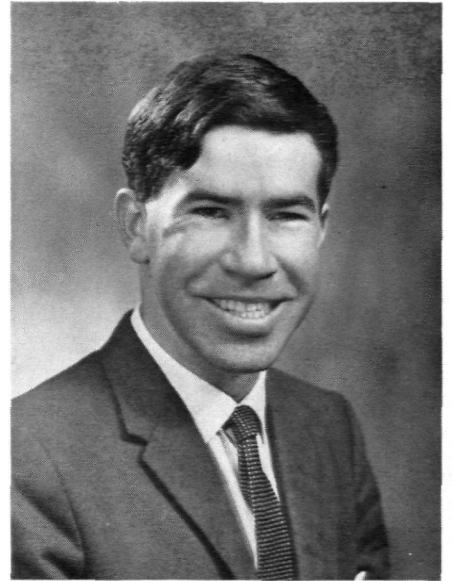
*"Well, some people say . . ."*

After spending ten years at Scots College, Malcolm came to the University in 1955.

In the clinical years he quickly became widely known as a permanent fixture in the corridor of the students' hostel. There he was to be found, leaning negligently against the door, taking his regular daily stimulant, tea or coffee.

In the senior years the whole staff of the hospital, from the honoraries down to the junior residents, learned to fear his "Just for interest sake, why . . .?"

His last couple of years in medicine were spent mostly on the road to or from Goulburn. Doubtless his interest lay mainly in country medical practice, as he was always interested in treating people in Woop Woop, who had the most horrible combination of diseases that was possible to imagine.



## JOSEPH DAVID ROSS

*"You should have seen the other car!"*

Joe was not involved in any car smashes during his time at Sydney High School but gained an immediate advantage over the rest of us by beginning his studies as an orthopaedic in-patient. He is gradually running out of insurance companies.

Slowly weaned from table tennis (Sydney University Champion, 1957) to bridge, he is now an exponent of the Ross overbidding convention. He is well known for his generosity in lending his excellent lecture notes and is the proud owner of a black MG-A, which he drives to and from the panel-beaters.

His analytical mind combined with a good sense of humour will stand Joe in good stead for the future.

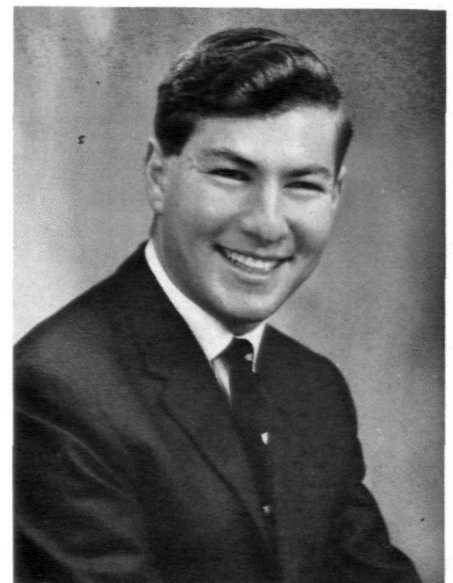
## JOHN ALBERT ALFRED HENRY SAALFELD

John joined us in '57 after a two-year pipe-opener with the Science Faculty. Here he contributed the design for the Science badge, now famous amongst students of psychiatry for its schizophrenic symbolism.

For medical examiners John has always shown great contempt. This, however, is unlikely to be the reason why they have allowed him to escape unmolested, even giving him much more than his fair share of C's and D's.

John's great love (we believe) is sailing. This year he helped sail *Kiribilli* to the title of "Australian Champion". Other great aquatic triumphs have been executed from the coxswain's seat of Faculty and Andrew's crews.

From your great spattering of friends, John, and from your spattered friends also, good luck! Keep those fingers busy.





CHARLES ATHOL BROUGH SHARPE

*"Early to bed, early rise makes men healthy, wealthy and wise."*

Charlie arrived in 1956 from the hamlet of Canowindra to take up residence in St. Andrew's College.

He settled down quickly and has been a quiet worker throughout the course, accumulating many credits and quite a few hearts.

Charlie works hard for six days a week, but, unlike the Lord, on the seventh day has a manic phase in which anything can happen.

He has represented the college at football in his earlier years, but has now taken to the slopes clothed in bandages and is a keen skier.

An enthusiastic private, Charlie ended his S.U.R. career and celebrated St. Patrick's Day in a rather spectacular manner and has been allergic to car travel ever since.

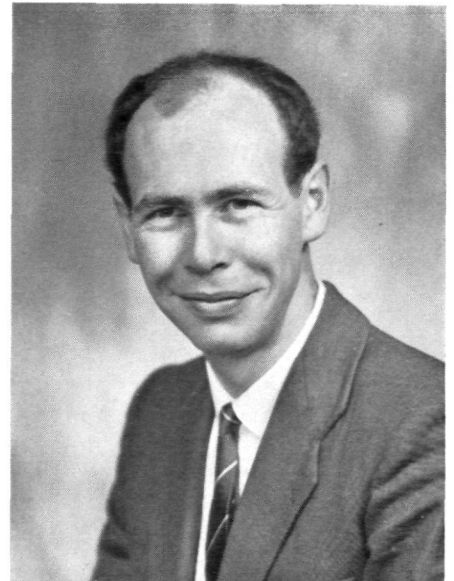
Well, Charles, best of luck wherever you go.

PETER TAIT ("SKULL") SHERIDAN

One of the longest standing (or sitting) students in the Year, Peter came from North Sydney High, which he represented in swimming, football and water polo. He has also played water polo for the University. Gained distinction in rioting in 1957, was arrested with honours and creditably discharged soon after.

Was stricken with "Scarlet" fever fairly early in his medical course, but has never fully recovered, and it is rumoured that he will marry her soon.

Always willing to bridge the gap in a four, Peter will even drag himself away from a test broadcast to pay homage to one of Australia's early governors.



PETER D'ARCY SHORT

*"... On opening the cavity a little puss ran out."*

*This practical medical fellow  
Was afraid that his arteries were yellow  
And that's why he'd mutter  
Through much peanut butter  
P'raps this way I'll live to be mellow.*

Matriculating from Fort Street, where he distinguished himself, as subsequently, as a fine cricketer, he soon struck a happy balance between study and extracurricular activities at University.

He avoids neuroses by vigorous sublimation in sport and Agatha Christie thrillers, and the evil influence of his friends by regular church-going.

Having avoided bachelorhood by marrying, he intends to become a family man and general practitioner. However, his spirit of adventure may well carry him to New Guinea and other places. May success attend all his endeavours.



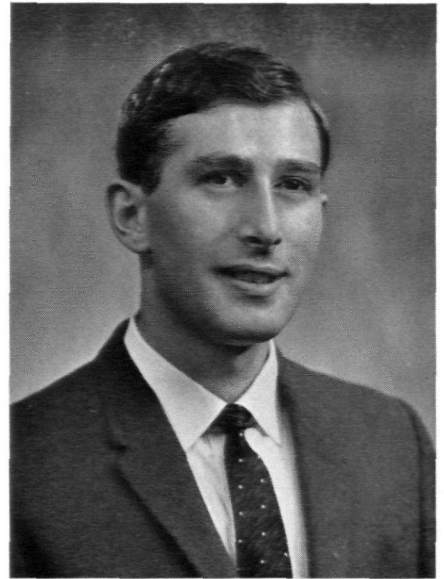


## ALBERT SINGER

This tall, quiet, young man came to us via Sydney Grammar well equipped with First Class Honours in Zoology. After sailing quite close to the wind in First Year he has never looked back and has collected quite a few Distinctions and Credits, as well as a very ethical high distinction.

Outside the Faculty he spends most of his spare time golfing, sailing and flying with the R.A.A.F., and, despite the firm efforts of his friends to "match him off", Albert remains steadfastly a bachelor.

During the past six years he has combined a tremendous capacity for work with a genuine interest in Medicine, and we know him to be sincere, hard working, and a true friend. We wish him well for the future, knowing that with all his fine attributes he will go a long way in his profession.



## GEORGE RAMSEY STEWART

This dynamic Scotsman joined us in 1955, after graduating in Pharmacy. His record of Credits and Distinctions since then has steadily grown and can only be matched by his abounding enthusiasm for, and unflagging interest in, all things medical and surgical.

He is a very useful member of any group and can always be relied upon to supply such startling information as the nature of the contents of various obscure "small white pills with shiny coatings", as well as straight-from-the-pharmacist's-mouth tips on the fine art of dispensing suppositories. Our only fear is that he may be led astray by too keen an interest in surgery, as evinced of late by an unusual familiarity with the doings of A.S. theatres, as well as success in the field of pædiatric surgery.

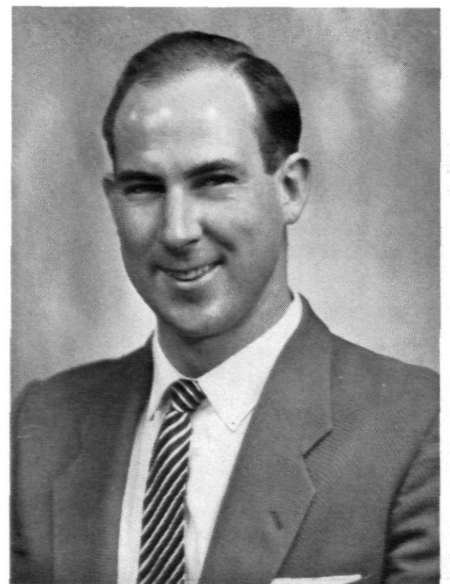
## WILLIAM FOSTER THOMPSON

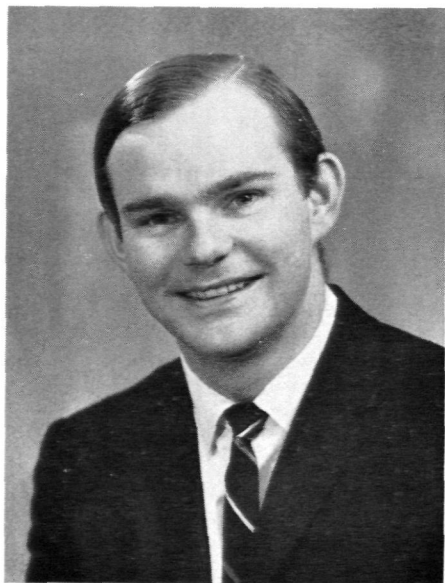
*"With or without a P. Sir?"*

Uncle Bill is one of the North Sydney High seniors in this Final Year, and one of its two ex-captains. He carried an outstanding school sporting record into the early years of University life, and represented Australian Universities at football. Over the years this promise has given way to sailing and the other thing.

The last year brought the cuddly-one into Bill's life, and he thus became one of those with "a steadying influence".

Over the years Bill has supported the University by means of builder's labourer-ing and baby-sitting, the latter reflected in his great enjoyment of the Children's Hospital and the probable direction of his post-graduate work.





## NEAL LATTA THOMSON

*"Thames pronounced Thames."*

Neal comes from Scots College and a distinguished medical family. His wild early years gave way to a balanced outlook, tempered somewhat by Jan's influence. This influence became permanent at the end of Fifth Year.

Extracurricular activities included badge tennis, designed to keep his right arm functional for the summer forays—especially on the Newport Arms.

Neal aspires to being a surgeon, a rôle in which he won't be called upon to spell dysdiadokokinesis—nor to know the intricacies of contract bridge.

During the clinical years Neal has been the group representative and has done a commendable job in organizing tutorials, especially during this year.

## PETER THOMAS TORNYA

Peter was born in Budapest, Hungary, and came to Australia in 1950.

After leaving Randwick High he progressed to the University in 1956. Peter studied hard and passed all his examinations first time up.

To his delight, many members of the opposite sex have been known to ask "And who owns that little red car?"—referring, of course, to his most prized possession—his MG sports.

Peter likes good food and seems to go to extraordinary lengths in finding out how the diets are made up at Prince Alfred.

During ward rounds he is well known to ask his seniors "Excuse me, Sir," and then come out with knowledge which at times confounds even professors. Maybe his holiday to Goulburn Base Hospital helped!



## DENIS NEWELL WADE

Denis came to us from The King's School and promptly established himself as a force to be reckoned with by topping Zoology. Unfortunately it is illegal to treat your patient's cat.

His preclinical years culminated with Honours in Biochemistry after some very good work with that Department—described as a year of hard work and hard play.

Last year, after a most memorable bucks' party, he and Barbara were married.

Denis is excellent with a squash racquet, not quite so good with a billiard cue, and has a healthy love for the odd party.

We have all enjoyed his warm friendship, sincerity and enthusiasm, and he has our every good wish for the adventures ahead.



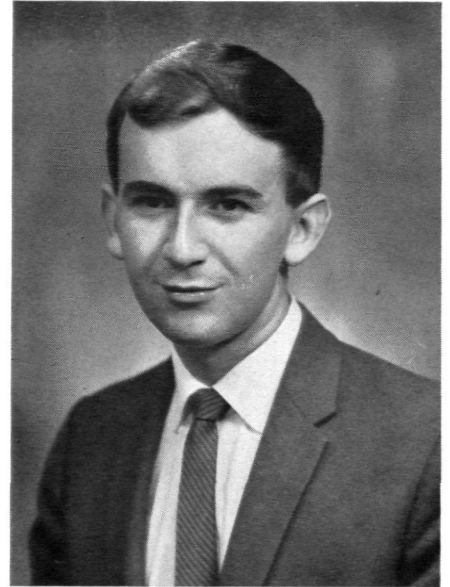
## PETER STEPHEN WILENSKI

The original part-time medical student, Peter made good use of his early training in bush law at Sydney High School by quickly instituting the Wilenski five-year plan for the presidency of the S.R.C.

Starting at the bottom of *Honi Soit*, by Sixth Year he was President of the S.R.C. and Australian Medical Students' Society, Secretary of The Union, Vice-President of the Med. Soc. and assistant disc jockey on "Toast of the Town".

Known as "Who's he?" to his tutors, he can be found round the Quad, Manning, and on TV. He prefers freshettes to nurses, and has many friends inside and outside the Faculty.

Owing to his overseas commitments in Ghana, Vienna, Tokyo and Killara, he has deferred his attempt at the Finals till 1962 and will do well in whatever profession he takes up.



## GWENNETH JEAN WILLIAMS

Gwenny, the only obstetrician to keep her accoucheur's hand in trim with a half-hour of viola practice in the mornings, the only otorhino-laryngologist with perfect pitch, and the only fundus holder who has two Conservatorium degrees, came to us from Pymble via a musical education and several years' music teaching in our greater girls' schools.

Never one to hand a mother a trilene mask when she can hold her hand, Gwen's policy of giving moral support rather than anaesthetic may one day earn her a place among the Grantly Dick Reads in medical history; while her half-decibel voice is guaranteed not to frighten her small patients if she fulfils her resolve to become a pædiatrician.

How will she be remembered? Probably as the girl who played Beethoven sonatas to the kitchen staff at the Royal at three in the morning.

## LINDSAY WILLIAM WING

*"Home on a wing and a prayer."*

Lindsay left Sydney Grammar in a blaze of glory, a gentleman, scholar, and athlete.

During the past six years he has certainly proved this to the tune of many Distinctions and Credits.

He discovered another physiological substance essential for man's well-being — "vitamin L (for love)" — recording many elaborate tests for its serum concentration, unfortunately little recognized by clinicians.

In his spare time he accumulated a library rivalling that of the Blackburn Building. Even more surprising is that he has read most of them, to give him a genuine and wide understanding of Medicine.

His patients will indeed be fortunate, for Lindsay has a combination of sincerity, understanding, gentleness, humour, and the ability to know just what to do. Rare in men!





ROGER JOHN ANTHONY WOOLCOCK

*"Can't—I love my wife."*

It was not long before the potpourri of experiences available to an imaginative medical student showed Roger the wisdom of following his father into the brotherhood, and the pace of his life of working, wining, wenching, whimsey and winning friends was as fast as the blood bank car he piloted.

Integration of this promising lover of painting, music, Mercedes cars, wry humour, good clothes, bridge, and long animated discussions on topics philosophical, political or physiological came with his conversion from jaded boulevardier to model husband, and later father, by an extremely beautiful physiotherapist.

Roger took Medicine seriously, as did most of his friends, in August, 1961, and will go on to be accepted for his perspicacity and understanding by all those fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

DOROTHY WAI-KAT WONG

After a successful sojourn in S.C.E.G.G.S., Dorothy entered into the Faculty of Medicine. During her pre-clinical years she was always seen with the two other Chinese girls, forming the well-known triad at their dissecting table. Shy but conscientious, she made friends widely.

We see more of Dorothy in her clinical years, both in the wards and the library. We are often startled by her ability to foretell in detail what we'll have to do, not only this year, but also next year—of course from Peter, who became her fiancée last year.

We are sure that when she returns to Hong Kong she will be invaluable to her people, in both personal and professional matters.



EDWARD JOSEPH YARAD

*"Was there a lecture at nine?"*

This cyclothymic character came to us fresh from his successes at the renowned premedical school, North Sydney High, and quickly established himself in the Union movies, May's and the Carlton.

After lingering for a while in these somnolent junior years, Ted discovered that tutorials start before noon, which upset his numerous nocturnal activities considerably. However, he usually managed to arrive at exams on time.

His sporting interests include inter-'varsity cricket, baseball, parties and barbecues. His reputation amongst the fair sex is widespread and extends to Q.M.N.H. (which he denies), but he visits the North Shore occasionally.

Ted's amazing combination of humour, thoughtfulness and common sense is sure to inspire his patients and colleagues alike. His future is assured in his chosen profession.





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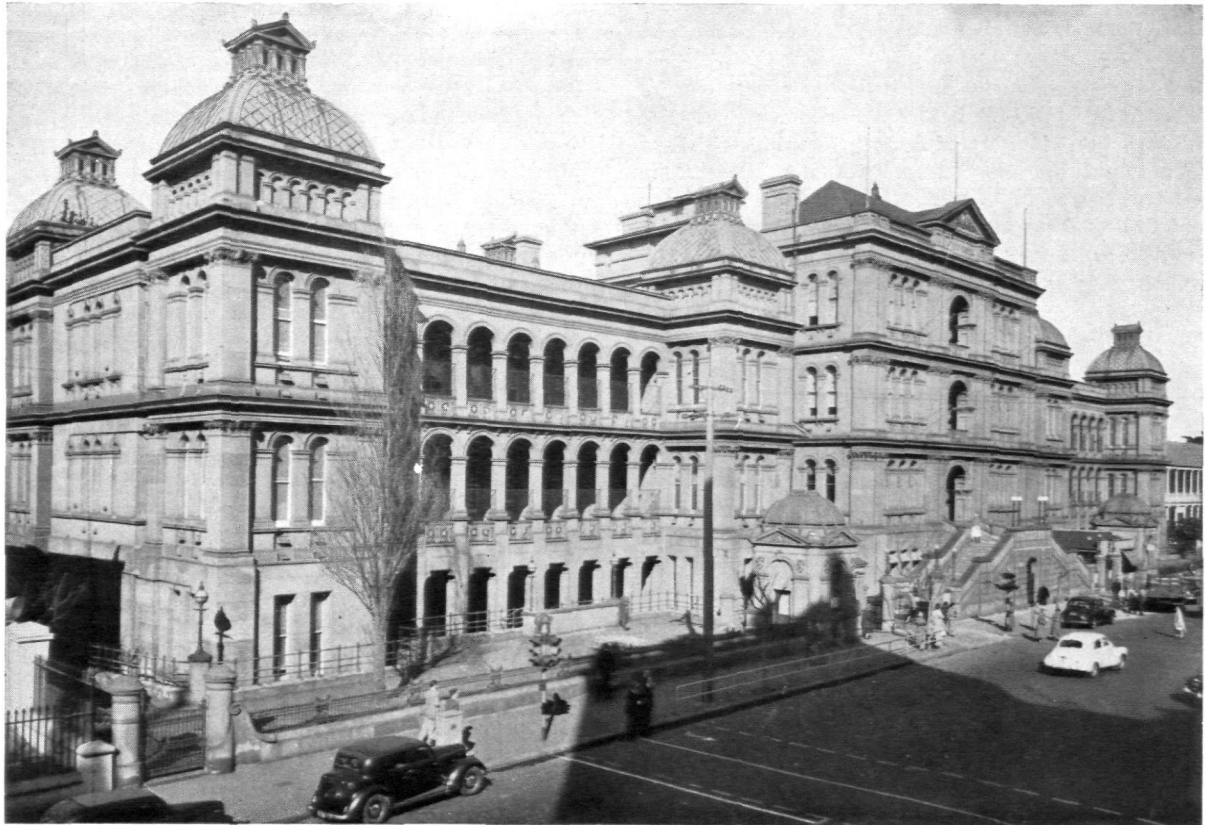
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## SYDNEY HOSPITAL

The year 1961 may well come to be regarded as having been crucial in the history of Sydney Hospital. When it began we were in the position of having agreed to a proposal by the New South Wales Government that Sydney Hospital should be removed from Macquarie Street and rebuilt at Randwick in the vicinity of the Prince of Wales Hospital. At the same time we were engaged in an attempt to achieve a *modus vivendi* with the University of N.S.W. (Following on the decision to move to Randwick, and in view of propinquity, Sydney Hospital had been beguiled into proposing that we should become the clinical component of a new medical school to be set up by the new university.)

The record shows that we strove earnestly in this direction. As the year passed, however, it became clear first, that the new format of Sydney Hospital at Randwick was to be a mere 350 beds; secondly, that

this hospital must yield priority to the Prince Henry Hospital in the affairs of the new Faculty for an indefinite period; and thirdly, that the new university had adopted a philosophy of management of teaching hospitals quite foreign and unacceptable to Sydney Hospital's century and a half of tradition—both in caring for the sick and in teaching. The University of N.S.W., indeed, required a majority of its representatives on the Board of Directors of the hospital; control by its clinical professors of the number of beds allocated to members of the honorary staff; and of the types of patients admitted to these beds.

Neither the Board of Directors of our hospital nor its Honorary Medical Staff were prepared thus to surrender existing autonomy. When this became apparent the Government of New South Wales tried to enforce submission by abolishing the Sydney Hospital Act. This attempt was frustrated in the Legis-

lative Council and, after an interval during which the existence of the Upper House itself was in question at a referendum, the year ends with both Council and Sydney Hospital Act intact.

After exposition of its policy by representatives of the University of N.S.W. before a Parliamentary Select Committee, the Directors of Sydney Hospital withdrew their proposal for association with that institution. As a result our relations with the University of Sydney have taken up the continuity of half a century past; and, unhampered by the doubts of the last three years, development of university representation within the hospital to an ultimate full professorial level has resumed its interrupted course.

The Sydney Hospital Board has also reversed its decision to move to Randwick. It has declared its long-

term policy to be one of fulfilling the function of a fully developed, general hospital, as the central city hospital of the City of Sydney, in its present vicinity. With the removal of the building limit, as exemplified by the Reserve Bank Building now rising across Macquarie Street, there is no reason why a similar tower should not house the new and enlarged Sydney Hospital of our dreams.

Much is owed to a small and devoted band who have thus preserved the status due to Australia's oldest hospital. As 1962 dawns they may well say with St. Paul: "We . . . have laid the foundation . . . but let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon." Owing Sydney Hospital as our clinical Alma Mater, it will devolve on us in varying degree to heed that injunction.



## THE HONORARIES

### EWAN LAURIE CORLETTE

We met this quietly spoken gentleman early in the year. Dr. Corlette in his own manner has taught us that the patient can be helped a great deal by a brief explanation of his condition and by a reassurance as to his outcome. His kindness and thoughtfulness towards his patients were noted by us all.

However, our own more immediate problems were not neglected on these rounds. The mysteries of the ECG were well to the fore in discussions, which were of considerable help to our understanding and interpretation of them.

We wish to thank him for his help and guidance throughout the year.



### ANDREW PARKES FINDLAY

*"I think we'll open him up on Thursday, Dinny."*

Early this year we were introduced to this dapper little gentleman, who in his bright and breezy manner taught us the practical aspects of surgery.

Shorn of unnecessary detail, his lectures and tutorials were interspersed with anecdotes from his wide experience, highlighting the essentials and stimulating interest.

Many bets of "two bob straight out" on the provisional diagnosis were won by him with the "proceeds going to charity".

His thoughtful attitude towards his patients and their problems is a factor in their quick recovery. This same understanding of our problems coupled with an infectious optimism encouraged us all, convincing even the most despondent he may actually pass.



#### WALTER EDWARD FISHER

*"In the fullness of time . . ."*—Gal. 4:10.

Fear and trepidation were our feelings as the first of our medical tutorials approached. Their stimulation to preparation and promptness was matched by that given us by the words of Dr. Fisher—well chosen and based upon many years of wide experience.

Tutorials were never dull. A host of humorous experiences, reiterated in a manner unique to Dr. Fisher, saw to that.

We appreciated his well-prepared lectures, particularly an oration on the history of diabetes. It was a rare privilege to be members of what is the last year to receive his lectures.

From him we learnt, too, something of the affection and respect those who serve her have for Sydney Hospital.

His retirement this year is a great loss to the Honorary Teaching Staff of our hospital. We wish him well and thank him for his time and interest.

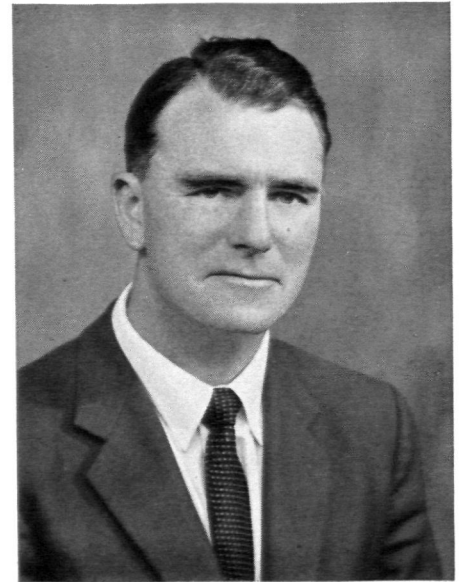
#### ERIC ALFRED EDGEWORTH HEDBERG

Mr. Hedberg was no stranger to Final Year students. Anatomy lectures at daybreak in Third Year and classes on surgical cases in Fifth Year formed a preview of what was to come.

Those of us who were privileged to have Mr. Hedberg as a Final Year tutor soon confirmed to our delight that here was not only a distinguished surgeon, but an intellectual as well—a most pleasing combination indeed.

With his guidance surgery became an intensely practical subject, yet simple in its essentials. For, as a good teacher does, he dispelled its difficulties and aroused our interest, at the same time highlighting the clarity of his teaching with humorous and historical anecdotes from the vast fund of his knowledge and experience.

Alas, the term passed all too quickly.



#### ROBERT JAMES WHERRY MALCOLM

*"They handicapped me into B grade."*

A pleasant amble through the wards, reflections on the vagaries of golf handicappers, and hair-raising stories of how the A.I.F. won the First World War armed with ten thousand Thomas splints made Mr. Malcolm's rounds a joy for all.

Wide experience has rendered problems in surgery routine to him. Only the small golf ball and cancellation of the races upset his calm.

To learn surgery under such conditions made the term both rewarding and restful.

ALAN EDWARD MCGUINNESS

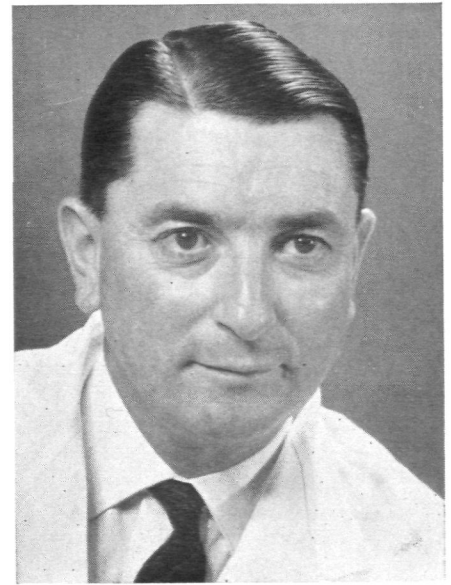
*"You don't read your books, my son."*

All who had a term under Dr. McGuinness agree that you have to see one of his ward rounds to believe it. His daily path through the hospital leaves a series of bewildered registrars, residents, sisters, patients and students.

As a clinical teacher Dr. McGuinness is superb. Although most of us will remember him for his severe tirades against our lack of knowledge and his ability to make the smallest mistake seem an unforgivable sin, this was a small price to pay for the magnificent tutorials he consistently gave.

We are in his debt that he did not tire of preaching wards and work, work and wards unceasingly throughout the year.

The readiness with which he gave so much of his time and interest meant much to us. "Thank you, Sir."



RONALD MAXWELL RAWLE

We were pleased to find Mr. Rawle performing his full duties after his successful brush with the physicians.

Before meeting him we had heard of his reputation as a "gentle surgeon". We soon found such adjectives were not limited to his manual dexterity, for his quiet and reassuring manner quickly won the confidence of patients and students alike. By his example we thoroughly learnt to care for the patient and not the part.

Always willing to teach, whether in the wards, O.P.D. or theatre, we are indebted to him for his patience and perseverance in the face of our obvious ignorance.

FRANK L. RITCHIE

*"Step into the breach, my friend . . ."*

In Fourth Year, a small handful of us were fortunate enough to come under his influence, where, as physician and tutor, the elegance of his teaching and personality left a lasting impression on us.

In Final Year, however, we all had the good fortune to come under his guidance in the field of therapeutics.

"After all, this, ladies and gentlemen, is what we are in the business for", he remarked in his opening lecture. And from then on, in his regular Wednesday morning sessions, he proceeded to enlighten us in the art of healing, which he rightly described as "the most exciting part of all medicine".

For this, we shall always be grateful to him.





#### JOHN NELSON SEVIER

*"Just a touch of it, old boy."*

Here is a man with a profound understanding of the needs of students. His tutorials were invariably conducted in an atmosphere of friendliness and enthusiasm which proved to be infectious.

We gained from him a practical approach to clinical medicine which we know will prove invaluable in the Finals and in future practice. The patience and readiness with which he would hear out our ideas or suggestions characterized his easy-going style of teaching.

An astute clinician with an unusual insight into human nature, to our pleasure we found him as accomplished in a social setting as he is in his professional field. May we say in conclusion, "Many thanks, old boy"?

#### TORRY ERNEST HESTER SPARK

*"Don't let the examiner know I told you this."*

Probably the most mellow of our tutors, Torry shows an unfailing sense of humour and benign forbearance towards difficult students and precocious R.M.O.'s alike during ward rounds, whilst his clinical medicine lectures are gems of simplification liberally sprinkled with his "pearls of wisdom".

Ever mindful of his own student days, he is always prepared to draw on his rich experience as student, physician and examiner to elaborate on the Spark method of handling examiners and passing viva-voce examinations.

The incoming Final Year will find this genial new senior physician a man of rare sympathy with students and their problems.



#### STANLEY LIVINGSTONE SPENCER

Ward rounds with Mr. Spencer were a pot-pourri of sound surgical tutoring, surgical history, and unpredictable nonsense.

With disconcerting humility he regarded all things mysterious with due deference—whether it be our hospital lift ("Women and children first!"), the hospital dictaphone ("Sister, what do I do?") or the workings of the student mind ("Well, I suppose that is possible"). As he listened gravely to our surgical opinions, only an irrepressible smile in his eyes showed the strain he was under; but never once did he cause our egos to suffer.

What Mr. Spencer taught us is invaluable—a scientific approach to surgery based on the knowledge of a few basic principles. We remember with gratitude his courtesy and the pains he took to teach us.



## THE REGISTRARS

"We seek them here, we seek them there . . ."—in fact only one thing is harder than finding our registrars for tutes. It is then to keep his attention from those flashing numbers which beckon endlessly. This done, we were rewarded with some of the very practical information these young men possess, given in a friendly informal manner.

Peter Francis, doyen of medical registrars, was appalled at our ignorance and bravely undertook to set this right. Armed with an unlimited supply of E.C.G.'s and an appreciation of our problems, he harassed us in and out of the wards. With frequent reference to a benevolent Diety he did make progress, we are grateful to say.

Mike Anthony, with reference to his list of patients we "simply must see", taught us much, covering a large range of subjects.

Fresh from a year up north, Ross Jeremy returned to Sydney Hospital this year where he was caught up in our frenzied rat race. His willingness to help with tutes, extra-tutes and long cases made him a constant target for neurotic students.

Ken Perkins, acclaimed as the hospital's most telephoned doc, could be seen wandering dazed between phones seeking his master's voice. His tutes, being as thorough as his clinical work, just had to be good. Congratulations on the M.R.A.C.P.

To captain the surgical team, Mark ("I've had a case—I'll show you a coloured slide") Killingback returned to Sydney Hospital from St. Marks, and glad we are he did. We believe he actually enjoys teaching. Whether with lectures, path. bottles or patients, his utterings are memorable for their clarity—basic principles amplified with just that right amount of detail and spiced with his polished London background and natural wit. A believer in audience participation,

he gave us excellent value. We congratulate him on adding the Australian to his English and Edinburgh fellowships. He does have coloured slides.

Hiding behind a pair of blue eyes is Max Ellis. Each week Max grimly rounds up surgical cases for student consumption, swallowing his disdain of our clangers and persisting doggedly when the cause seemed lost. We know his blood is red and warm. His success with the Primary Fellowship this year augers well for the future.

Dr. "Crackers" Crackenthorpe, with ill-fitting theatre garb and unbounded enthusiasm, gave himself honestly and willingly to teaching students. His tutorials, punctuated with explosive "Crikeys", contained good basic fundamentals which put heart into we who found the paths of surgery trying.

David Wilson—courteous, punctual and grossly overworked—was impressed into service as an honorary registrar to cope with student teaching. Cheerful, and not too far removed from his own exams, his energy resulted in excellent tutes always well attended.

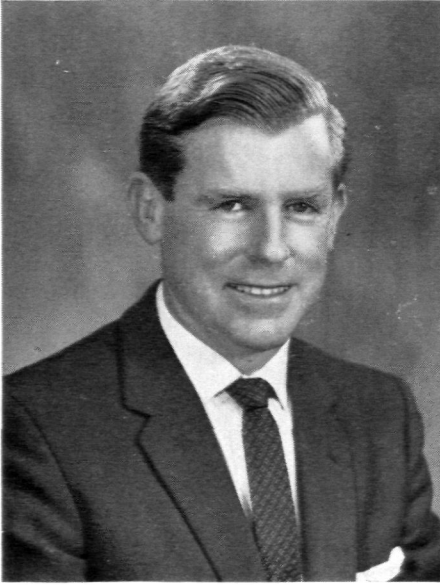
Mr. Ross Campbell and Dr. Sol Posen willingly took groups to relieve the excess of students' groups to registrars.

Mr. Campbell, now an Hon. Assistant Surgeon, established his reputation as a fine teacher when he was recently surgical registrar. We were indeed fortunate he came out of retirement and many could have a term under him.

Dr. Posen, Senior Lecturer in Medicine at Sydney Hospital, is an Adelaide export. The constant demand Final Year placed upon his time for extra-tutes was a measure of the excellent sessions he gave us.

We leave many unsung heroes in every department of the hospital. Space only permits us to express gratitude to them all.

## THE STUDENTS



KEVIN MAURICE ALCOTT

This phlegmatic gremlin evolved the infiltrative technique for arriving late at tutorials. His method was an unparalleled success, except that it necessitated an introduction to the tutors at the end of each year. The system of retreating behind a barrage of verbiage when asked a question could serve as a model for future students.

A staunch supporter of "The Free Enterprise Banks", Joe instituted the luncheon recreation, "going to the bank".

Waging a perennial war with banking authorities, dangling from public telephones for long periods, and exhorting all and sundry to keep fit have taken their toll of Joe.

Pursuits include golf, taxidermy, tipping destitute barbers, and paving the way to health through vitamins.

MARSHALL JAMES ANTHONY ANDREW

*"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction."*—Byron.

Since his arrival in Medicine from Barker College, Tony has continued his intellectual and physical expansion—as evidenced by a change in transport from sports car to sedan.

His medical studies have minimally distracted him from his varied outside interests. Golf and, more especially, sailing are his main sporting activities, in both of which he is characteristically competent.

His quick wit and comprehensive repertoire ("Have you heard the one about the ant?") have kept us amused while waiting for tardy tutors.

Tony has a perceptive and understanding nature which will be appreciated by those with whom he comes in contact in his professional life.



MOHAMMAD WASIM ANSARI

*"Pale hands I love."*

This venerable Pakistani gentleman brought with him the mysterious air of the East. As an expert in palmistry, Wasim has held the hands of every female in the year, under the pretext of divining their academic progress.

An ambassador at large, he hands out foreign aid in the form of bananas. During the past six years Wasim has led a nomadic life, his many landladies ejecting him because the diabolic, raucous, snoring thundering from his room interferes with their television viewing.

Wasim is much sought after for parties and all manner of social functions, partly because of his troupe of dancing girls and partly for his extremely candid, and sometimes indiscrete, camera studies.

His thirst for knowledge leads him to swap lurid Pakistani colloquialisms for equally blue Australiana.

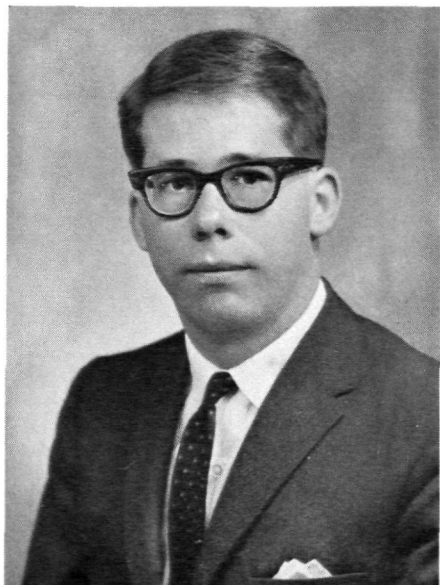
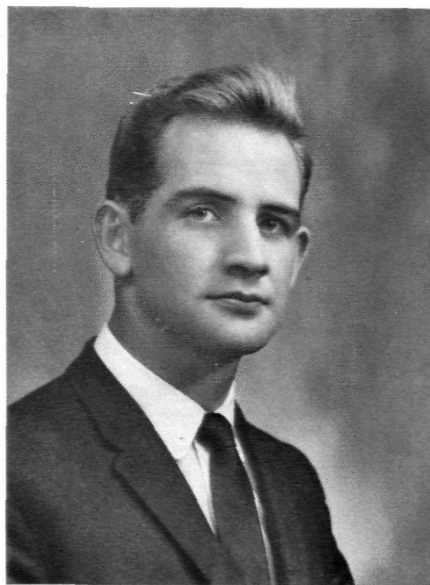


## BARRY JOHN BARKER

All those who knew Barry well agree that he should do well in any field of Medicine which he should choose. There are many, however, who would contend that he would have done just as well or better as a mechanic.

His easy-going manner, which has made many friends for him, has, however, often been exploited by his closer friends when there was coffee to be made or some other small chore to be done.

To those who did not know him so well and are in residence with him next year, a few words of warning—he is capable of eating one week's bread supply at one sitting and has shown a marked affinity for all forms of fruit. So get in early!



## FREDERICK PALMER BLAKE

Born in Canada, Fred retains connections with his home continent—some carefully nurtured Canadianisms and a well-cared-for pink Ford. The former give him a smooth approach to curricular and extracurricular activities, and the latter to neither. However, "Big Bertha" was beloved by the staff of Crown Street Hospital, especially by one golfing sister who was induced (in the Labour Ward) to visit the golf course in it.

Fred has a profound interest in the ancillary medical services—physiotherapists, nurses, receptionists, etc.

One of his lifelong ambitions—to pour a glass of wine into a lady's *décolleté*—was accomplished this year. The reaction of the lady has not been revealed.

A keen interest in the welfare of his patients, conscientiousness and enthusiasm above the ordinary assure Fred of success in the profession.

## MALCOLM MACQUARIE LANE BROWN

3.45 p.m. Enter grinning blond stranger disguised as an Italian stranger.

"Dreadfully sorry I'm late, sir."

Tutor (puzzled): "Oh, good afternoon. Causes of nephrotic syndrome?"

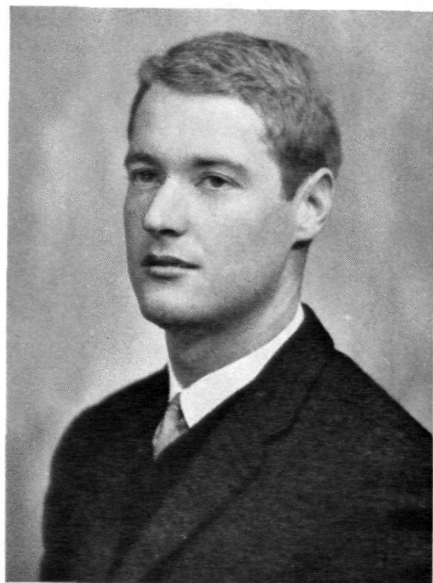
Stranger (quickly): "Bee sting"—surveys group triumphantly. Tutor confused.

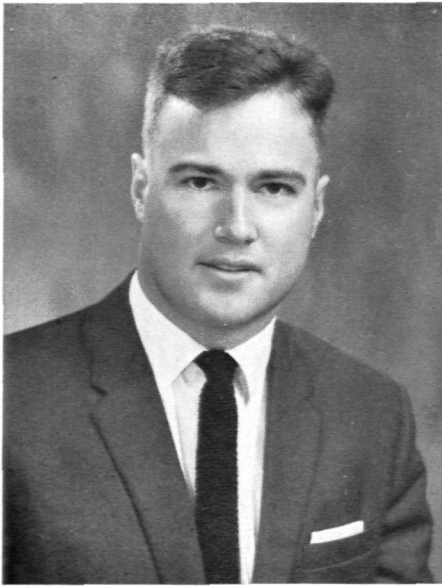
M.M. (Modern Medicine) L.B. had arrived again—late, to be sure—but it had been such a delightful luncheon.

Lane has devoted a large part of his medical career to acquiring a knowledge of eponymous nomenclature, rare syndromes and obstruse etiologies.

Since second term and ski-ing are synonymous, Third and Fourth Year had their worrying moments, but in Fifth Year the "Crown Street yodeller", regretfully setting aside the delights of Air France and obstetrics, went south for the duration.

So Lane departs, not, I suspect, as so many of us, for country towns or suburbia, but for "The Street", even if he makes a prolonged stop or two in Athens or Madrid or even at Ischia beforehand.





## IAN ROBERT BUTT

*"A man might as well have stayed at home."*

North Sydney High helped to produce this medical novice who looks as if he is simply bursting with energy. He is ubiquitous at lectures and in the wards, and few of us were surprised when he topped the year in psychiatry.

Apart from taking delight in women, beer and hard physical work, he has a very wide range of interests, all masculine and duly strenuous.

As the challenge of life presents imponderable questions, he will find it advantageous to invest some of his abundant calories in lighter currencies, in *savoir vivre*, wit and sensitivity. The spice of such ingredients will produce a wonderful psychiatrist.

## DONALD PATRICK CAMERON

History of present illness: A 63 kilo. man with a triangular facies, suffering from orthostatic proteinuria and micrographia. Complains of nothing, but does not like "La Dolce Vita".

Family history: Sunny but political.

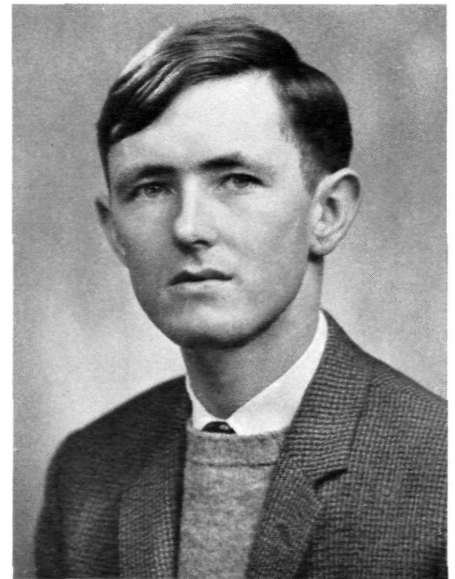
On examination: Mind ✓ Dress ✓

For psychiatric consultation:

Psychiatrist's report: This is an interesting fellow. If he wanted a year in Italy sailing around Ischia we would heartily endorse it—but he doesn't. What is the reason for this apathy? His abominable conservatism, his insistence on gin squash, his love of squash, his lack of love, his love of conversation, his talk of T. S. Eliot, his obsession with Scotch shortbreads, Old English nougats and weak coffee make Donald what he is—a gentleman Anglophile.

Treatment: England, a dermatological degree, and a wife to teach him to write.

Prognosis: Excellent.



## GEOFFREY WARREN CARTER

The seven S's of Carter:

Saturnine: Mick, the prophet of "doom" for patients, students, even examiners.

School: Unofficial archivist.

Spectator: Renowned for his astute comments at all sporting functions. Was impressed with the possibilities of obstetrics as a spectator sport. Had a record number of witnesses.

Statistician: Who else would have calculated that listening to every night of the cricket tests meant the loss of one night in seven till the Finals.

Size: Archimedes' Principle forbids use of bath. Magna Charta.

Satyreasis: Lack of.

Summary: Mick has been a particularly valuable friend to many of us with his infallible knowledge of such details as what time the lecture is on, whether it is worth going to and when the term ends.





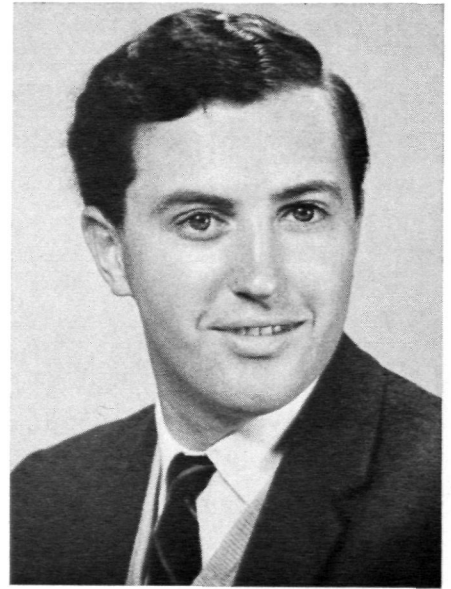
## GEOFFREY DAVID CHAMPION

The question read: "Discuss the inheritance of straight tails in rats." The answer consisted of a rough outline sketch of *Rattus rattus*, and the somewhat aggressive statement "I don't like rats". So ended the first phase of Champ's medical career.

His subsequent behaviour has been approaching the exemplary. Many others whose names appear in these pages have cause for gratitude in his devotion to duty during the long hot days of summer terms when the extent of his note-taking genius first became apparent.

A vagueness concerning other motorists makes his driving record somewhat unapproachable by those of us who worry about the fellow on the right. In fact vagueness and an uncanny theatrical sense in the timing of his *faux pas* characterize his daily life.

While his capabilities have never been seriously doubted by any of us, he still insisted on signing his obstetric cases Stud Champion.



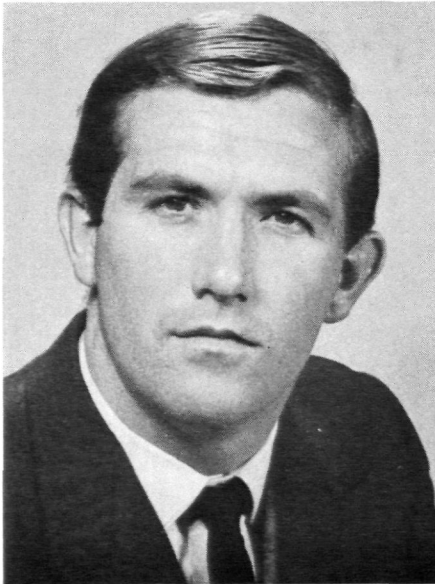
## GEOF CHAPMAN

Geof's medical career consisted of appearing at exams and passing (with credits) — presumably he did some work each October.

His dedication was to football, in which he won a Blue. In his spare time he represented Wesley (until thrown out) in five sports — became a prominent darts player at the Grose and the P.A. Club, a devotee of most higher forms of gambling, and an ardent contributor to Tooth's Brewery.

Final Year found Chappy still in the first grade both in football and alcohol consumption, though very startling rumours from Sydney Hospital suggested some spare time study.

Geof will be remembered for his wealth of colourful sayings.

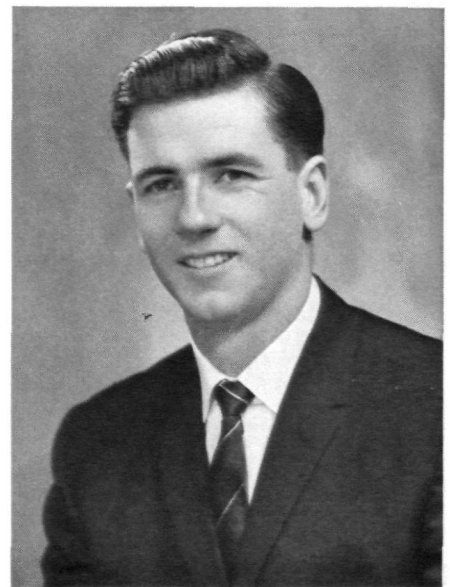


## CLIVE COLE

Medicine, the familial disease, affected Clive also and in his case has run a steady course, despite Clive's attempts to worsen the prognosis and ward off that terrible end by leading a varied existence.

When we do see Clive at the hospital, we can never be sure to what we should attribute his weary diurnal appearance. Night is his time of day, when he may be found enjoying Sydney's night life, the rifle range, playing cards or the violin, or making furniture of weird design and ever making up his mind to really get down to hard study in future. Having never seen him reading a book, that he does so we can only surmise.

Clive also explores Australia in any of his several automobiles — his favourite beauty spots being Ingleburn, Singleton and Holsworthy. But not even the Army could change that inverted sleep rhythm, and no doubt this will be an asset to Clive, both in passing the finals and in the years ahead.





#### EARLE WYNNE CONNOLLY

*"I dub thee Cocker!"*—Killingback.

A pharmacist of New Zealand origin, "Con" exported himself to Australia to study Medicine, where after numerous aliases, he now considers the use of his proper name a hostile gesture.

Despite his Irish extraction and leprechaunish humour, he is steeped in traditional British conservatism and expresses strong preferences for old-time dancing, barber shop quartettes, strict golfing etiquette, long woollen socks, woollen ties, and dark grey trousers. Hobbies include getting elected year representative, charming the nursing staff ("She's my mate"), and being mothered by females in general, whilst eccentricities are exam-time euphoria, excessive hand-washing and a distaste for men with top-pocket combs. Con's religious beliefs require frequent praise of the Almighty for the gift of purity.

"PLAY THROUGH, COCKER!"

#### PETER CUNNINGHAM

*"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."*—Falstaff.

Peter deplors the corruption of his high moral and ethical standards, which he blames on the canine elements among his associates. Nevertheless, with great self-discipline and the aid of an outsize pocket diary, he has, since Third Year, devised numerous schemes of training for the Finals, ranging from nocturnal beer therapy to practising yoga in the bath, whilst at tutorials his facility for manual expression has been a cause of apprehension to all within arm's length.

A man of much maligned stature, Pete has spent his clinical years roaming disconsolately in search of a glove large enough to fit a ten-inch forefinger, and will no doubt be an asset to any hospital capable of thus accommodating him.



#### MAURICE ANTHONY DEBS

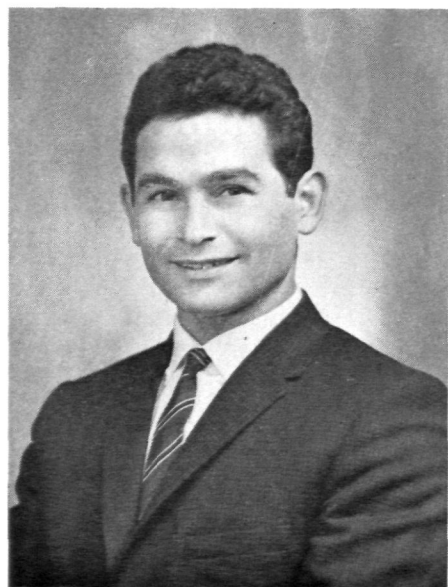
*"But, sir, when a valve is stenosed, how can you call it competent?"*

This friendly, volatile novice to medicine was born in the West Indies, reared in the Blue Mountains, educated at St. Bernard's College, Katoomba, and he now finds himself in the custody of a very beautiful Lebanese girl.

"Morry" started the course in 1949, so that his contemporaries constitute half a generation of Sydney doctors. Although he takes his career seriously, somehow he has been able to wed the business of becoming a doctor to a fascinating existence of excitement and uncertainties.

Safely landed in the haven of Final Year, we find him with a ready smile and—not surprisingly—with an abundance of friends.

As a doctor he will certainly prove to be of the same order as is his mitral valve: "Competent."



GEORGE THOMAS DEUTSCH

*"They seek him here,  
They seek him there . . ."*

An old boy of Homebush High, Tom has smoothly skipped his way through the course collecting several credits and the wife. Famous at Crown Street for including his second digit in the cord tie. Throughout his clinical years Tom has been beset by intracranial space-occupying lesions, spastic colon, Bornholme's disease, peptic ulcer, double pneumonia and Jaccoud's syndrome of the knee-joint, from which he recovered remarkably unscathed. With more experience, he will no doubt go on to greater things.

Tom's recreations include soccer, both on and off the field, music and all-night card sessions.

He has a certain charm of manner which has carried and, we hope, will continue to carry him through life.



BARBARA MARY ELLIS

*"The Lord is my light and my salvation."*—Ps. 27: 1.

Ordinarily a girl of few words, Barb. completely disarms tutors by answering questions correctly. At the hospital she is famous for a locker full of Nescafé tins and her unremitting search for linen cupboards in which to transilluminate lumps.

In her time she has held down jobs as nursery worker (plant), waitress, beach inspector (unpaid), pavement artiste and electoral roll overseer—to mention but a few. She knows all about caves, fairies, sleeping, and Chinese food, and cherishes an ambition to teach choruses to penguins. A keen bush walker, she has sometimes travelled as far afield as Roseville Chase.

Barb's life was long ago given to her Master, and she looks forward to serving Him as a medical missionary.

JACOB WILHELMUS CORNELIS ERKEN

*"That man knows nothing, absolutely nothing!"*

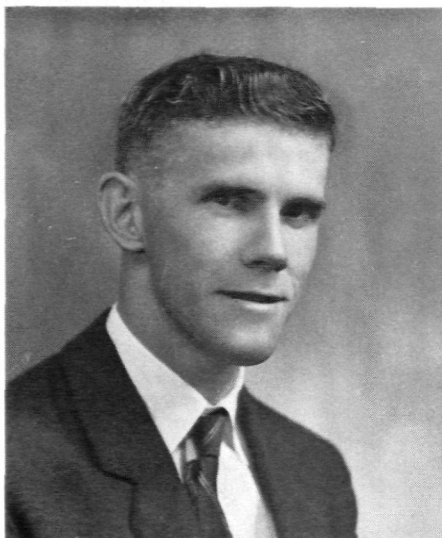
"Jim" first visited this country in 1945 as a pilot with the Royal Dutch Air Force, and must have liked the place, for he rejoined us in Third Year, coming from Leyden University together with his charming wife and family and a B.A. degree.

Although his grande forte is Psychiatry, he has managed to share the Bacteriology prize and graciously accept the one for Public Health.

Meanwhile, his philosophical discourses have entertained us for hours on end (sometimes unwillingly, but always with interest), and have also kept the tutors hopping.

We shall watch the career of this "Headshrinker" with great interest and when the time comes for us to submit, we hope he will think kindly of us, as we do of him.





#### JAMES ANTHONY FLATTERY

*"Get the cards, Bruce."*

Following in his father's footsteps he joined our year in 1959. He managed to adapt admirably to the unusual group in which he found himself, learning to drink beer, play poker and swipe off the ends of other people's stethoscopes.

Despite a distinct dislike for study he has succeeded in satisfying the examiners to the extent of a credit or two. Always neatly turned out and incredibly courteous, except when forced to listen to Irish rebel songs.

Jim is a keen cyclist, with three places in the Sydney to Goulburn cycling race. As one result of this sport he found considerable difficulty during gynæcology term with his arm in plaster. Jim intends to be a paediatrician.

#### NEWTON GOLDMAN

*"How do you enjoy passing the time of day with us, Sir?"*

Arrived in a roundabout way from Canterbury High and the Science Faculty.

His early years were spent in the Union Hall with the S.U. Film Society and in revues, looking after the music side.

During long vacations, migratory instincts overcame him and he would disappear out to construction jobs up and down the country, afterwards returning with tall tales of adventures with the "Rude Mechanicals".

In Fourth Year, he lost his way in the Fisher Library stacks and as a result is now on permanent loan to the Librarianne who found him.

His collector's museum houses antique rifles, phonographs, movies, a veteran car, and Hopalong Cassidy books.

With his tolerance of human nature and ready store of humour, he should enjoy a happy and rewarding career.

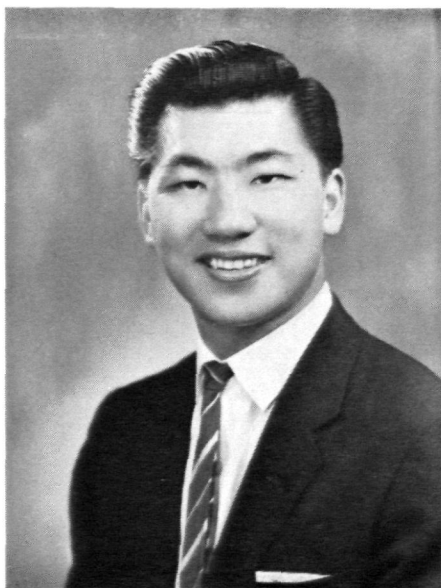


#### MERVYN JOHN HING

Merv, was Captain of North Sydney Boys' High, an excellent all-round sportsman and a representative cricketer.

The attributes which established this past history have made Merv. an equally popular person in his medical course, and he has acquired many friends.

In sport he has substituted skill with the golf ball for the fire of his bowling, though we doubt if he is quite so adept with the white as the "cherry". A recently acquired VW gives him mobility to match his charm but, to the chagrin of his exotically beautiful friends, makes him harder to catch. His friendliness and an interest in people equalled by few in our Year assures him of the appreciation of his patients.



## JESSE WILLIAM JAMES

*"It's simple — just get a calendar and a set of coloured pencils."*

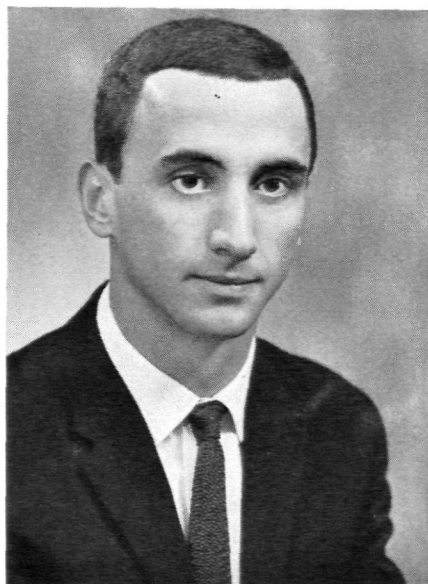
From Trinity Grammar, where his only parallel outlaw feat was the inadvertent hold-up of a railway paywaggon after joyriding a trolley in the wrong direction, during a school geology excursion.

The sheriff made him turn in his prefect's badge for six weeks.

Whilst training (by invitation) to be a trapeze flyer for Wirth's Circus, somebody foolishly bet him that his matric pass wasn't worth a scholarship to join an even greater circus.

When we first discovered this quiet and engaging personality, he was running the El Rocco Jazz Cellar with his brother, and since then his fascinating accounts of the demi-monde of King's Cross after dark have always held us spellbound.

His cool command of any situation, coupled with his sartorial elegance, have more than ensured his future.



## BRUCE JUDKINS

*"Make the coffee, Jim."*

A man of wide experience, who tried many occupations before selecting Medicine as his profession. Began Medicine already equipped with a wife and two children. Has narrowly escaped the embarrassment of being a medical student at the same time as his son.

Essentially practical in his approach, can frequently be seen driving someone else's car, including the tutors'. We feel sure that he will shortly be driving his own Mercedes Benz. He can also frequently be seen at the "club" comparing notes with Ted Rogan *et al.*

Renowned in earlier years for asking embarrassing questions during lectures and has since managed to suppress this unhealthy tendency.

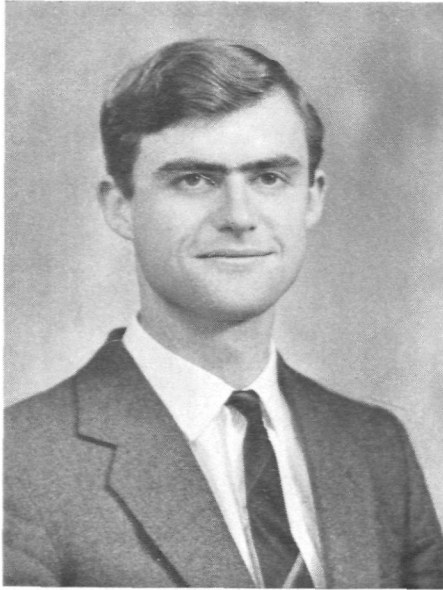


## CHENG LIM KANG

Ken hails from Malaya. His past is mysterious like the Orient, his answers to tutors are often as inscrutable. He is a fine table tennis player, having represented the University with success. During Fourth Year, Ken was conspicuous by his absence from the company of his fellows, spending much of his time, to the surprise of all, in the library. In the spring, Ken emerged with librarian wife Jan and perhaps also increased academic knowledge. Ken occupied his time while in Crown Street by taking informal photographs of oblivious students in odd poses with appropriate obstetric props.

Ken's easy-going manner assures him of success and friendship wherever he practises.





#### HADDEN SCOTT KEMP

Under the alias of "Tim" Hadden Scott escaped from Brisbane Grammar School to enter Sydney's Medical Faculty in 1956.

Cautious and quiet in his preclinical years, he underwent a sudden metamorphosis upon tropical Green Island—trigger factor unknown—from which time evolved the Tim we will always remember—the ulcer diet, obtainable only at "Chianti", the numerous pipes and exotic tobaccos (rumour has it he was even seen smoking), his loyal support of the P.M.G.—"who's got four pennies"—and his allergy to student residencies ("I'm lonely").

Always conscientious in his work, we feel his future in medicine, whichever field he may select, is assured.

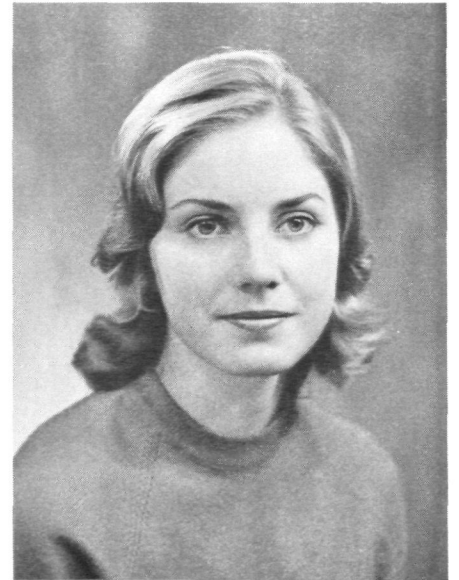
#### ELIZABETH KOCH

*"Do you think we should?"*

Betty has worked her way through Medicine as a "comparison buyer" for several large city stores, Sydney Hospital providing an excellent base for her shopping safaris. Demurely under the pretext of buying for a legion of mythical relatives she has stealthily shopped her way around Sydney.

Betty's passion for both spaghetti and knitting has led to great confusion—it is rumoured that her entry, "Angora Bolognese", was a glutinous success at the "Combined Wool and Wheat Show".

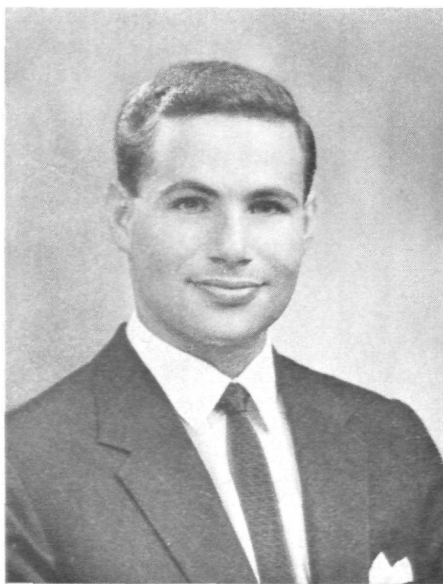
In spite of a pair of cold hands, Betty has passed graciously through her clinical years. The climax to a highly successful academic career came when she was singled out by a visiting neurological surgeon to demonstrate the method of transporting a fractured skull.



#### PAUL GABRIEL LENDVAY

*"Eat, love and sport,  
And the rest of life's not worth a fillip."*

Paul's cocktail for life contains sport, eating and women, with a dash of Medicine; it is surprising that he has not added ethanol. This sporting harlequin has dabbled in fencing, skiing, ice hockey, water polo, swimming, squash and water skiing. His extra-sporting activities are equally varied and he is notably successful in the conquest of the minyans of the fairer sex. His irregular eating habits have rewarded him with an ulcer (?) and breakfast with a blonde showgirl. However, with the help of sister Susie's notes, he has hurdled the academic barriers with apparent absence of formal study. With his Continental charm, quick mind and natural gall—"I'm a visiting doctor, park the car!"—Paul will doubtless go a long way.



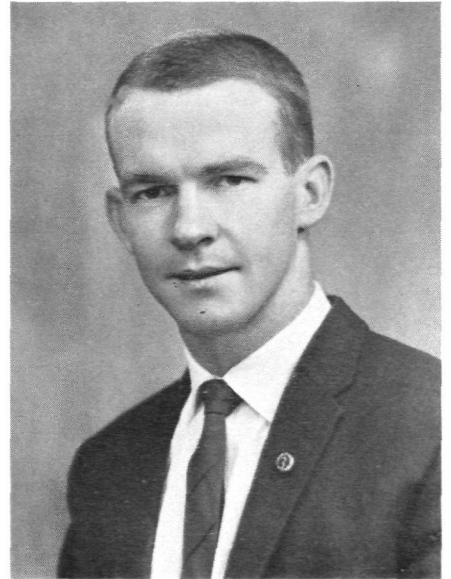
DONALD MARTIN LEQUESNE

*"Sleep? Who needs sleep?"*

Since his arrival in the Faculty in 1956, after his carefree days at Sydney High, Don has shown himself to be an outstanding student with many extra-curricular activities. His diverse sporting interests have often left him feeling the days just weren't long enough for both sleep and work, so he solved this problem by seeming to sleep in lectures, though his collection of credits and distinctions appear to contradict this.

Those who have been present when he crossed swords with his tutors have come to respect his sharp wit and his diverse knowledge, these same qualities earning him many friends.

We are confident that Don's future will be just as bright and successful, his patients receiving the benefits of his knowledge and personality.



DAVID ALEXANDER LINDSAY

David, former captain of Fort Street High, has continued during his medical course to show outstanding qualities of leadership and organizing ability. While devoting time to the interests of the student body, occupying the positions of Year Rep., Honorary Secretary and Vice-President of the Medical Society, he has maintained a high scholastic record and a wide variety of extracurricular activities — notably representing Uni. at rugby. He has saved his group on many occasions with his innate ability to withstand the onslaught of continued interrogation in tutorials unperturbed. His refreshing manner, friendly disposition and ready rapport will undoubtedly enhance his advancement through the profession. We wish David and his charming wife Norma every success for the future.

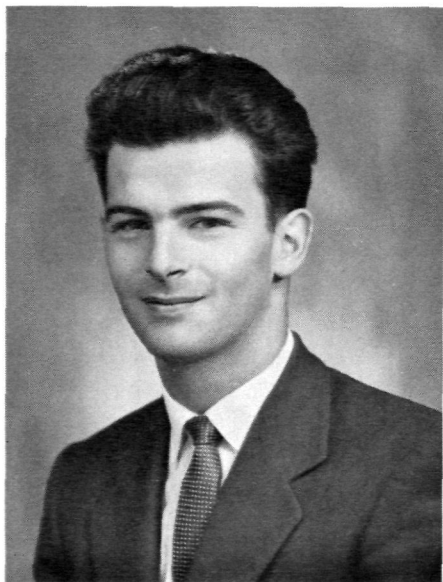
NESTA THYRZA WINDSOR McLEAN

*"I think you boys are awful!"*

This pert young lass, with her cheerful disposition, has been a tower of strength in our moments of despair. Like most of her feminine colleagues, she devotes considerable time to studies. Among her interests are mysteries, music, movies and males (Mmmmm).

Startled early one Monday morning by a lightning raid from an uptown Professor, we were saved by the aplomb of her case presentation. Her aversion to rude stories (note quote) suggests a repressed unbridled id, as exemplified by occasional sorties, e.g. Crown Street at 4 a.m. — we were ALL worried that time! The duration of her medical career will be bright because of her conscientiousness and frankness.





#### GARY ROY MELMAN

*"Yes Sir, peptic ulcers can occur in young people."*

Gary is best described as an energetic "little" man who finds three facets of his life take pride of place — Medicine, his fiancée Jan, and his "beloved" always-present ulcer — although just in which order these should be placed nobody is able to say.

Lack of the "gift of the gab" rather than lack of knowledge has often led people to underestimate him, but with M.B., B.S. to boost his confidence and with the ability we all know he possesses we are sure he will literally "lay them in the aisles" next year when he goes out to face the public, whether it be in Bourke or Sydney.

#### BARBARA RUTH MORRIS

*"Only six times a week? Gee, that's not much . . ."*

Barbara joined First Year from the city of Newcastle, widened her experience and aged considerably (she claims) in Second Year, and at the end of Third year came to Sydney Hospital ready for action.

Here the tutors soon discovered her retiring nature and her blush became famous. In Fifth Year her thoughts turned to card games and coffee, psychopaths and cut-throats, and she devised a foolproof murder plan — yet to be tested.

Final Year saw her as one of the aching-footed students following in Dr. McGuinness' wake, for Barb a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Her interest lies in Pædiatrics, and with her mannic giggle and ready sympathy she is sure to be appreciated wherever she goes.



#### CASIMIR PAUL MOTYKA

*"But, Gentlemen, what about the lecture?"*

Born in Poland, he came to Australia after the War, having completed some years of Medicine in Germany.

Amongst his more notable achievements are the passing of his exams despite his initial language barrier and the acquisition of a charming wife — the latter during his Fifth Year.

Despite a super-ego of enormous proportions, he can be torn away from his books for a beer or two occasionally.

Cas is intelligent, a hard worker and dedicated to Medicine. These factors allied with his kindly and sympathetic nature will ensure his success in years to come.





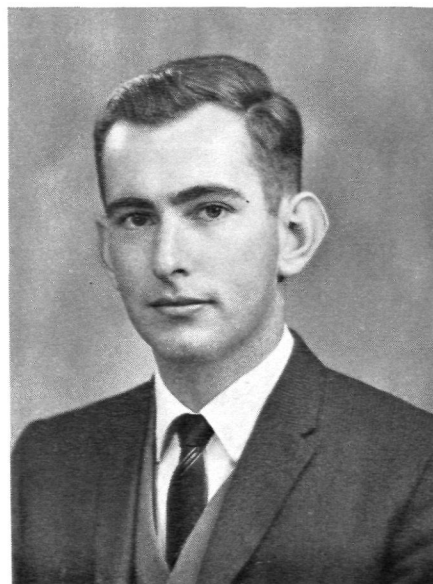
## WILLIAM ATHELSTON OLIVER

*"Thank goodness I'm normal!"*

Bill left Scots College to come to Sydney University, bringing with him a likeable personality and pleasant manner, which have won him many friends. After a very successful first year he decided Medicine was a "cinch" and has since been untroubled to satisfy the examiners of his knowledge, so leaving time for his less academic activities.

Although his basic training both at home and at school made him "essentially a gentleman", Bill needed little encouragement to join any "action", either by night or by day. As a result he plays a fair game of squash, golf and cards, has an average tolerance for ethanol, and should not be stuck for a joke or two.

With such a background, we all feel sure that Bill cannot fail to make a reliable and efficient medico.



## DOROTHY MARLENE PAINTER

*"I'm expecting a phone call."*

One of the genuine hayseeds of the Year, Dorothy arrived in Med. I from Goulburn via The Women's College in 1956. She hibernated (so she says) in Second Year, but burst into print in Third Year by making the back page of *Honi* on Commem Day. September, 1958, saw encounters with Dr. Hensley, Prof. Bishop and a certain Andrew's man. In Fourth Year she concentrated on coffee at the Astoria and Pathology, in that order, and entered Fifth Year and the joys of Dermatology. She failed, however, to appreciate Alice and The Placenta.

We know that all Highlanders suffering from the Peutz-Jaeger syndrome will be in competent hands, and we wish them, and Dorothy, luck in the future.

## WARREN DOUGLAS PHEGAN

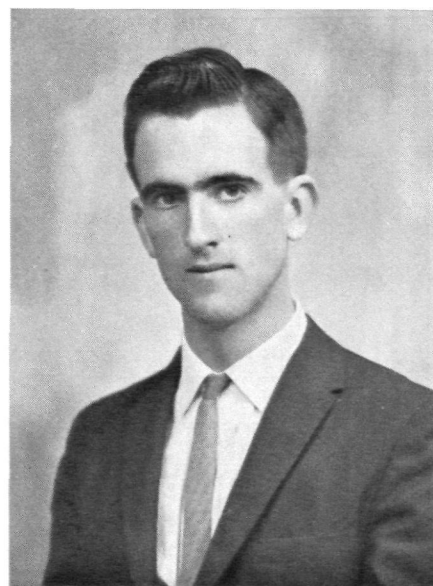
*"Sir, at what level are you postulating the lesion?"*

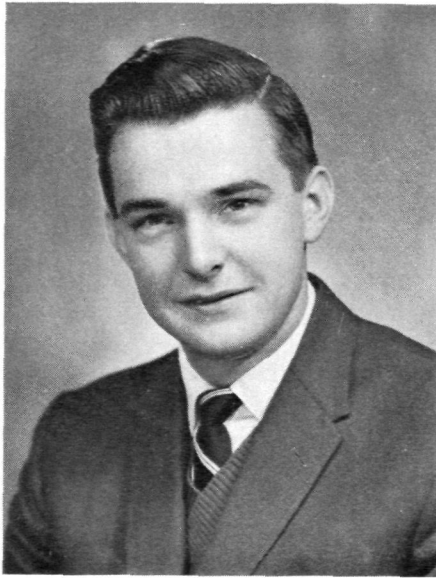
Best described as a six-foot organism with very cold extremities. One realizes this fact when attempting to palpate an abdomen which has been rendered completely rigid by his tender touch.

When tutors wax anatomical, the group has often been grateful as Warren breaks an awkward silence with the correct answer.

He has a great respect for hard facts, but behind this materialistic outlook Warren is a great lover of music. It is a sheer pleasure to hear him play compositions by Chopin, Mozart, and others.

With his love for the truth and the beautiful, Warren will certainly do well with whatever he chooses to engage himself in all the years to come.





#### GRAHAM MILES HEAZLEWOOD PIPER

Graham, with his sights set upon a career in surgery, entered the Faculty from Barker College in 1956.

Apart from his obviously carpenter attitude of mind, considerable interest in most facets of medicine together with inborn conscientiousness and a sense of the important ("common things occur commonly") have enabled Graham to produce consistently good exam results.

Graduating from the University Squadron in June as Pilot Officer he won their shoot in 1960 and the Squadron Cup for 1961.

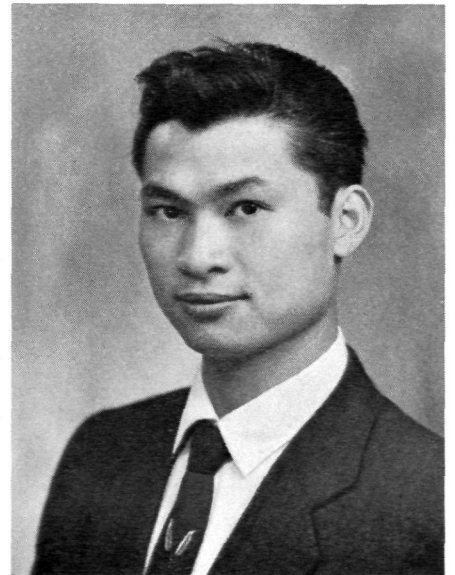
Always prepared to argue over some clinical problem, more than willing to hit that squash ball and the oracle of why, when and where his group should be, we have enjoyed his friendship and look forward to more as he achieves his ambitions in his chosen field.

#### HUMPHREY HUNG FAI PONG

To be welcomed by a wide grin every day is a very acceptable experience. Never daunted, Humphrey carries his warm sense of humour wherever he goes.

He carries also the distinction of being the first medical student ever to be born with a grain of phenobarbitone on one of his chromosomes. This acts synergistically with dull lecturers, slide sessions and the ventilation switch in the "off" position to produce a prone posture which, though capable of remission by appropriate stimuli, has a high rate of recurrence.

However, he requires no stimuli to improve his manner. A born gentleman, he has the understanding of human nature necessary for a good prognosis in his post-graduate years.



#### MICHAEL ALEXANDER PRICE

Schooled at Barker, Michael entered the Medical Faculty in 1956.

Despite sad farewells and claims of "early demise" in First Year, the following April found him in the Old Med. School. Unimpeded, his progress through the years has included many honours, among them the hospital's Fifth Year prize.

Though claiming no time for anything but study, he is active in church affairs and has become engaged.

His "pyknic" build, though causing concern to certain honoraries, is easily kept in check by vigorous squash.

His warm and sympathetic personality has won him not only many friends among his fellows, but the confidence of the patients. This, with his natural ability, ensure a bright future.



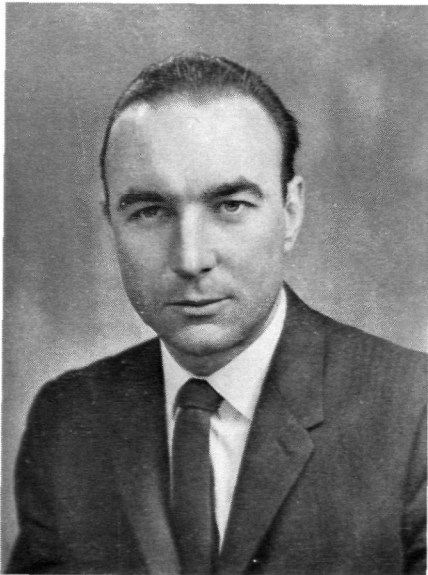
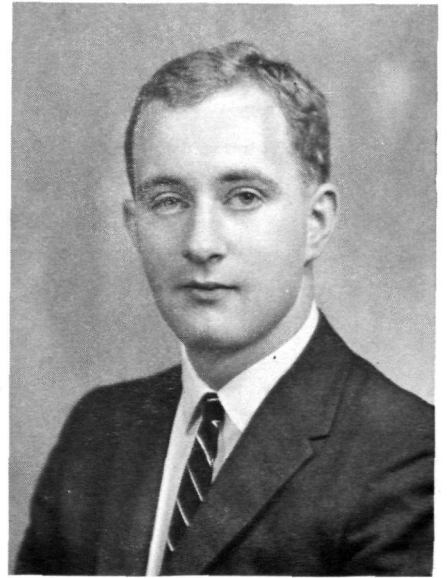
## KENNETH DAVID RICHARDSON

*"I wasn't born to do the washing."* (Crown Street Hospital, 1960.)

An easy-going, friendly and relaxed manner is usually the first thing that strikes you about this Old Sydneian. However, when you get to know him well, you find a conscientious, thoughtful friend with the ability to successfully cross swords with examiners while maintaining his seemingly imperturbable and unhurried outward appearance.

Whenever one thinks of Dave, automatically a yellow MG, erratic rounds of golf and almost-impossible-to-follow bridge bids (although he insists he is just a "social player") will immediately come to mind.

Apparently caring for the sick runs in Dave's family and we are all sure that in the future he will very competently uphold the family tradition and do everything possible for those who are fortunate enough to come under his watchful eye.



## EDGAR RAYMOND ROGAN

*"Let's adjourn for a beer."*

Though he has changed a lot he still retains two relics of his past—a superb musical laugh and a bent for pedantry. Though a late starter, we feel he will waste no time making up for this.

A steady student, he could usually be found at the "club" with a glass in one hand and a text-book in the other—"nothing like combining business with study".

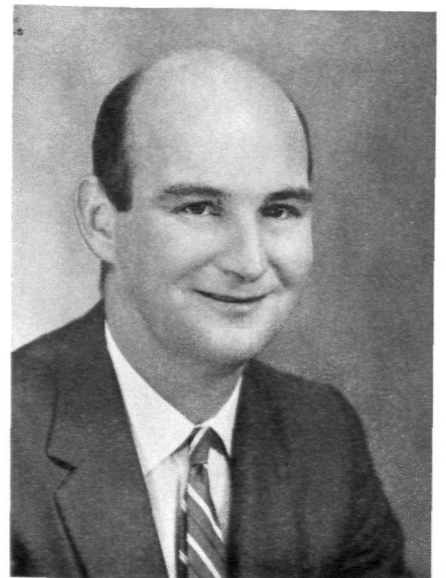
Ted's interests include Chinese cooking, tinkering with motor cars, women, listening to Bach and Handel (*crescendo*) and changing his barber.

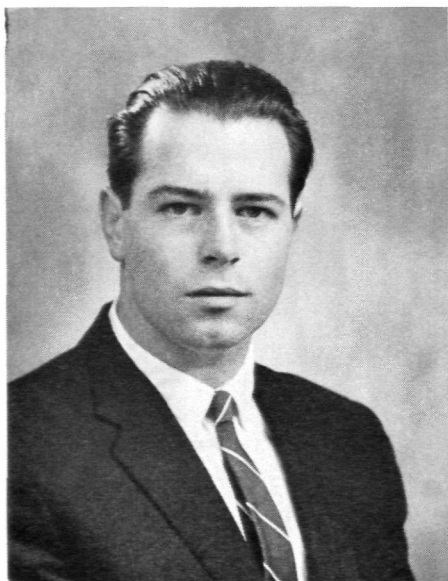
## DON RUSSELL

This "fella im belong Guvmint" represents Australia's answer to the Indonesian infiltration of New Guinea. Don has spent some time in the Territory chasing butterflies, dodging leptospirosis, and holding consultations with the local witch doctors, with a view to distributing pharmaceutical necessities to the Pygmies.

This "fella im belong billiard table", rather than embarrass the group with his knowledge, would stay at home. It is reported that he was once so ashamed and agonized at answering a question correctly in front of everyone that he took off a whole year.

This "fella im belong chicken" is renowned for his kindness to animals, particularly horses and dogs, and can often be seen at Wentworth and Harold Parks, handing out his shirts to the wretched beasts.





## STEPHEN EMIL JOHN SAFRAN

*"Are the Broughton Hall players on this afternoon?"*

"Saff" came to us from Sydney High.

Though rather quiet during his stay with us ("discretion is the better part of seduction, dads"), he at times waived his poetic licence and afforded us much amusement with his elegant rhetorics of purple prose.

An avid reader, his room is lined with bookshelves housing a wonderful range of literature, and these tastes are reflected in his collection of classical records.

One of his most challenging moments came in Fifth Year when the Hon. Psychiatrist gave out books to be reviewed, asking him to assess the Freudian implications of "Winnie-the-Pooh". Sigmund would have regarded him as an honours pupil.

Under his bluff exterior hides a generous heart whose charity will warm the lives of all his patients.

## PETER FRANZ JOSEPH SCHILLER

*"Tute's off, chaps, five minutes are up!"*

This happy, friendly and irrepressible entity arrived via Sydney High, and has always managed to keep his group in a similar mood—a remarkable achievement.

Earlier on, he ran a successful coaching school for junior years.

It was in Fifth Year that he reached his commercial zenith, and as co-manager of the downtown "Teen Canteen", he generously catered for the jaded appetites of his group with an exotic, if somewhat noisy, fare.

He was about to barnstorm the Stadium with his own Rock'n'-Rollers when we humanely tranquilized him in time for a personal performance in November.

His noble heart won many others during his Crown Street residency.

One thing for certain, no patient will ever feel sad in the presence of his cheerful personality.



## STUART ROY SILLAR

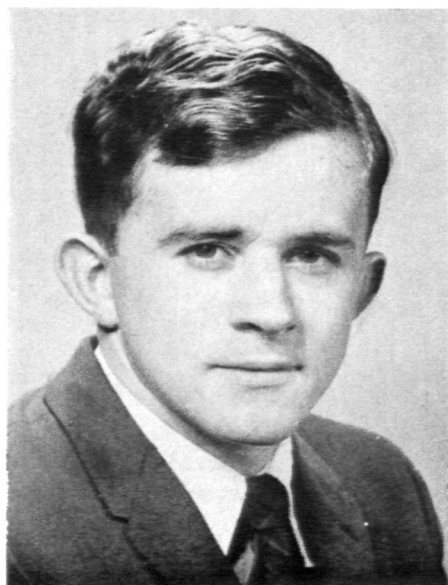
*"Doc."*

One of the privileged few to get to Final Year without "posts", Stuart left Lismore High to commence Medicine in Agricultural Science. First Year results indicated a bright future in this Faculty, but instead he chose to enter Medicine II via the "back door".

A keen footballer, he has represented St. Andrew's College in three winning sides and University in the Second and Third Grade Grand Final teams for 1959 and 1960 respectively.

Socially, no party will ever be complete without "Doc" conducting "Mine Orchestra".

His sense of humour and sound common sense have won him many friends and this, together with his strong conviction that doctors treat patients, will ensure his success in society.



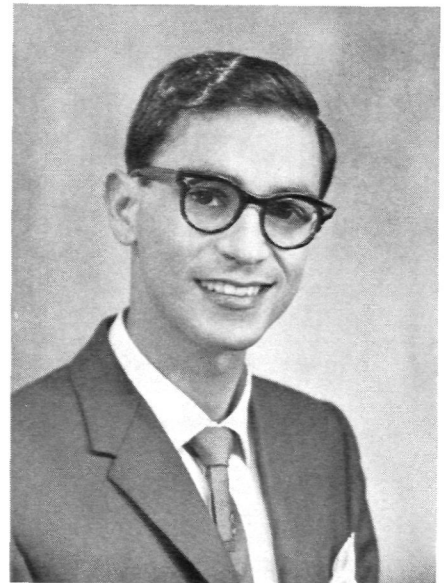
HARBAN SINGH

Harban is Harban, and nobody else. Whatever people may say he is, that's probably what he's not, because most of them don't know a thing about him. To those fortunate few who are aware of his many vices, the old "pundit" could be described as nothing short of a "whoofer".

Not particularly well known by his tutors, he none the less, in his singularly dedicated manner, includes them among his almighty.

Possessed of a certain casual indifference: "An exam tomorrow? Oh well!" His philosophy on women — "Nobody's got to marry 'em to get 'em".

He has endeared himself to the many personalities he has encountered on his annual pilgrimages to the Great Hall, and one feels sure that the pundit was a powerful link in any chain of friendship.



BARBARA LEONIE SLATER

*"We've never lost a mirror yet!"*

Fresh from the cloistered walks of M.L.C., Burwood, came Barbara, to plunge into the seething activity of Med. I in 1956. Her preclinical years ended in a spectacular nose-dive in 1958, but she survived to enter Sydney Hospital in 1959, where she acted as both student and patient. Her exam fortunes took a decided turn for the better in August (the result of heightened animal cunning and maybe a little work). During the expanses of leisure time in Fifth Year she pursued her hobbies of impressing Dr. Watson and watching Huckleberry Hound. By November she had developed TV eyes and a great knowledge of the intricacies of deep pit latrines. Amongst the "chosen few" in Final Year, we feel her success is assured.

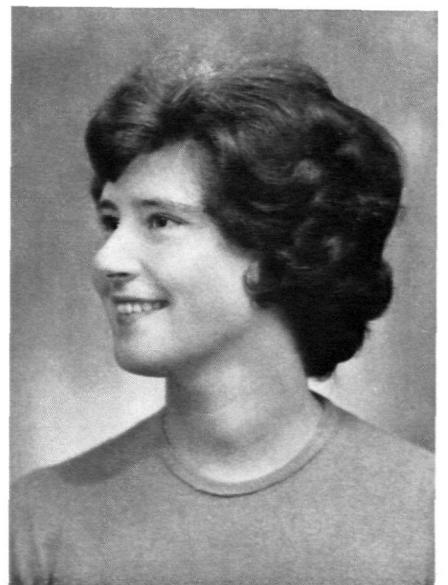
PAMELA ALICE SMITH

*"Nobody organizes me!"*

Pam's forthright, brisk and efficient mien may be attributed to many years of subjection to the erratic time-tables of the Transport Department. A recently acquired driving licence has made her a formidable opponent on the road.

It is fortunate that the nursing staff doesn't hear Pam's comments on their floral arrangements — she sometimes seems more acquainted with the flowers than with the patients. An avid student of nature, she delves into the mysteries of birds, bees, flowers and the "grape".

Her interests of gardening and skiing are combined in an annual outing to the snow country in search of elusive eidelweiss.





## DAGMAR SUNDSTRUP

*"Where do you find the patients?"*

Armed with an extremely sensitive writing reflex Dagmar has spent her clinical years reducing the Medical Course to a one-page instant reference.

Dagmar's myopic path leads her down Martin Place each day, where she enjoys a nodding acquaintance with several parking signs.

In preparation for an extension of the Eastern Bloc she has spent considerable time and energy studying Russian, and holds the record for sitting out both parts of "And Quietly Flows the Don" at one visit to the theatre.

Probing the world of spirits, pondering over the subtleties of *Punch*, not to mention the grosser quality of group humour, and releasing her tensions on the piano, take up much of Dagmar's time besides her hobby of studying Medicine.

## BEN VINGILIS

*"Who are more important—doctors or nurses?"*

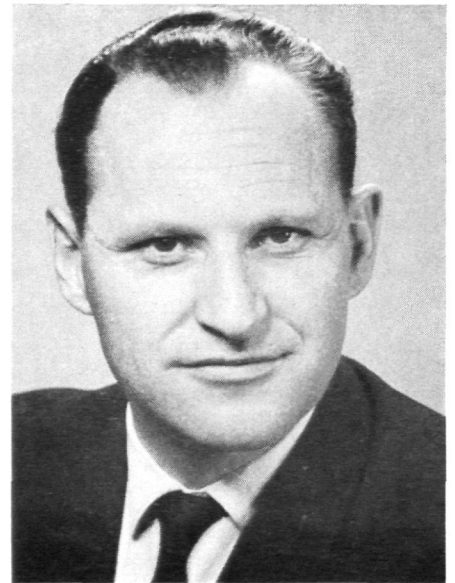
Ben is a man with little known past, a dubious present and extremely promising future.

The group interpreter, on our first ward round, he gave a twenty minute discourse of the pronunciation of "trichterbrust" to an astounded tutor.

In the ward, the vigour with which he warms his big hands is matched only by the gentleness with which he palpates the awaiting abdomen.

A quiet family man with a charming wife, attractive daughter and brand new son, Ben, with his clearly considered philosophies on most aspects of life and living, is held in high esteem by his numerous good friends.

Coupled with his ever-present beaming smile and good humour, these traits will endear him to his patients.



## PETER ROBERT CHARLES WAKEFORD

"Blue" gambolled into Sydney in 1955 fresh from the wilds of north Queensland, the virtues of which he has refused to let us forget.

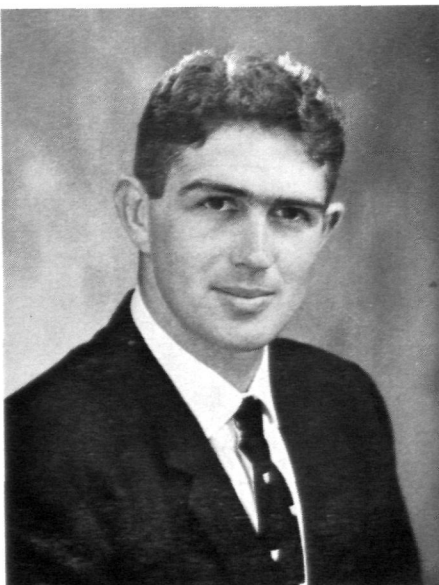
After successfully passing Engineering I, he changed to medicine—Engineering's loss being our gain.

He entered Andrew's in 1958, where his unselfish attitude, ardent work on committees and complete dependability were quickly recognized.

A Blue in football, he captained University 1st XV and in 1958 was chosen to tour New Zealand with the Wallabies. Owing to his Third Year exams he had to withdraw, but this bitter setback failed to daunt his determined nature.

He has always been a great enjoyer of the lighter side, and his friendliness and warm understanding made him a favourite with the female staff.

Meticulous attention to detail and hard work have been two of his greatest standbys and assure him of a very successful future.



PETER HAMILTON WEARNE

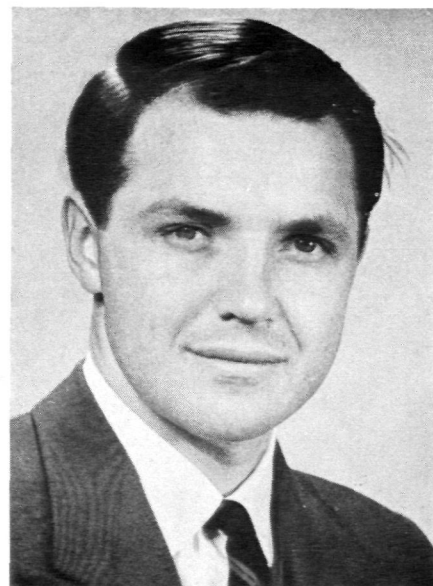
*"Oh No! No women in the group."*

Leaving Scots College with a passion for dogs and fast horses, Peter entered the Vet. Faculty. Failing, he joined a pastoral company as a jackeroo until a strong family history of medicine and Sydney Hospital overwhelmed him. Here his kind approach and pleasant attitude to everyone earned him the respect of tutors and fellow students.

A chronic spectator and good but critical commentator of sporting events with occasional journalistic efforts on the sports page of *Honi*, he plays an odd hour or two of squash.

For relaxation he plays solo, and at home paints the nursery and weeds his weedless garden under the supervision of his attractive nursing sister wife and big dog.

All promise much for his future assuring him success and great happiness.



BARRY A. WILSON

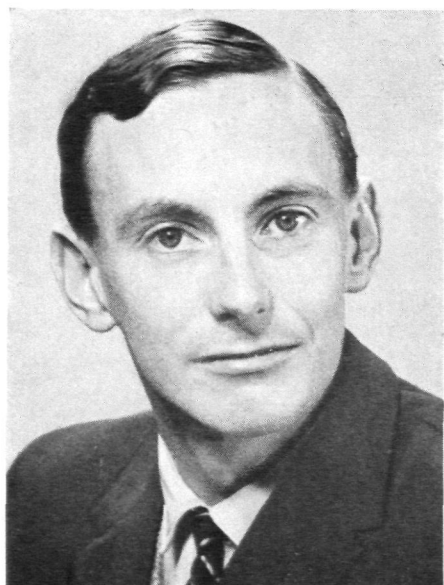
*"You have a very gentle touch."*

Barry's success is assured because in front of thirty of his fellows at the Northcott Centre he was so able to impress an attractive matron that the above quotation was forthcoming.

A native of Braidwood, "Dum Dum" entered Medicine and St. John's College from St. Stanislaus, Bathurst. During his years in "John's" he became a top squash and solo player, had a year as college club treasurer and was also dance secretary. This latter position was no doubt in full appreciation of his robust social activity.

In October of Fifth Year Barry married a charming and attractive home town girl and the two now live at Canterbury, where Barry works hard in his garden and does not have far to go when he misses Wednesday afternoon's round.

His many friends wish him great success and have no doubt that his ambitions in the field of neurology will be fulfilled.



CHRISTINE FRANT

Christine came to us from Dover Heights High School, bringing with her an irrepressible sense of humour and *joie de vivre* which have continued to brighten our lives.

Her earlier years were punctuated with trips to the snow country, to the islands, and by academic successes.

In Fifth Year she married, and later that year took leave of us for some twelve months, during which time, as Mrs. Michael J. Harris, she fulfilled her role as the wife of a paediatrician by becoming one of the loveliest mothers we have ever known.

Although she was forced to leave us shortly before the Finals, we are all very happy to know that she will be returning to attain the goal which she so richly deserves.





## ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL

It is a truism too often forgotten that a hospital is as good as the men and women who work in it. Fine buildings and modern equipment, though much to be desired, do not make a hospital. A clinical school is as good as the students it graduates. Their worth is not always measurable in terms of examination results, but rather in their ultimate capacity to make good doctors. It has been the aim of St. Vincent's to make good doctors, and the fact that so many of the present teaching staff are ex-students is a testimony to a great measure of success. A teaching hospital must be more than a place where students receive intense tuition and accumulate a fine mass of knowledge. It must aim to inspire and excite the spirits of those who come to learn. This inspiration comes from contact with stimulating personalities among the teachers and from a sense of sharing in the work of healing. More and more today the increased demands for the absorption of facts tend to detract from the vital stimulus of personal contact between teachers and students and

between patients and students. Any influence tending to keep students out of the wards, the operating theatres and the post-mortem room should be discouraged.

St. Vincent's foresees in the near future the erection of much new building, a fine school of medical science, and student residential quarters, financed by the Universities Commission; a research block being built from the Centenary Fund; and in the not so immediate future a new ward block is being planned.

Though we look forward to these additions, the hospital's standard will still be that of its teachers and its students.

Therefore the first aim of the hospital must always be the personal inspiration of its students with the ideals and interests of their profession.

The long history of this hospital and the imposing list of its graduates supply much stimulus and reason to hope for a great future.

DOUGLAS MILLER,  
Dean of the Clinical School.



## THE HONORARIES

### WILLIAM JOHN BURKE

In Third Year we met Dr. Burke. Horror was our first reaction and despair our last. *We* were supposed to understand neuroanatomy!

So Saturday mornings had special significance for silent and humble students. With a remarkable array of classical neurological disorders, dexterity, and a non-stop commentary he fanned the spark. In his efforts to make it glow brighter—with a performance equal to his Ziegfield Follies namesake, Billy Burke showed us how a waddling gait . . . *actually* does waddle!

Gradually, with methodical climbing, he made the Everest of Medicine more accessible.

We may not be able to put the flag on the top but we will recognize Everest. Sir, we are relieved and grateful.



### GEORGE VINCENT HALL

Dr. Hall is an economist as well as a physician—he uses the minimum of words for the expression of a maximum of thought. This was particularly evident in a series of therapeutic lectures he gave us, where we wrote little and learnt much.

Common things were stressed and adequately discussed, while uncommon things were put in proper perspective for us. This is a rare virtue—and we appreciated it.

His tutorials were classics of measured thought, gentle art, understanding and perspicacity. It was always quite clear he was dealing with people and not cases.

We hope our association with Dr. Hall was long enough for at least some of his wisdom to have become part of us.

### JOHN BERNARD HICKIE

*"I was in the middle, sir!"*

Dr. Hickie quickly put us in correct perspective and gave us some insight into the great hurdles which lay before us when he commenced his introductory talk with "You're not the world-shattering year that preceded you. You'll have to work!".

A hard taskmaster, he led with a firm hand and used a variety of tactics and threats to uncover some of our well-hidden talent in order to prepare us for our goal.

We congratulate him on his promotion to full-time senior lecturer in Medicine and Assistant to the Professor. We know many students for years to come will be able to say with thanks: he made us pause and think.





PATRICK JOHN KENNY

*"Write not more than two lines . . ."*

We were unfortunate in missing the usual introduction to Patrick John Kenny via Third Year Surgical Anatomy, so we waited patiently and were well rewarded by the rugged, but cheerful, ward gatherings of Final Year. None slept while on trek with Mr. Kenny, and most knew more after than before, even though the process was generally painful. His wit, like his hair, was fiery!

By the end we knew him well. He only got two lines from us when the above quote appeared on a certain paper! Mr. Kenny is a man who means what he says and says what he means.

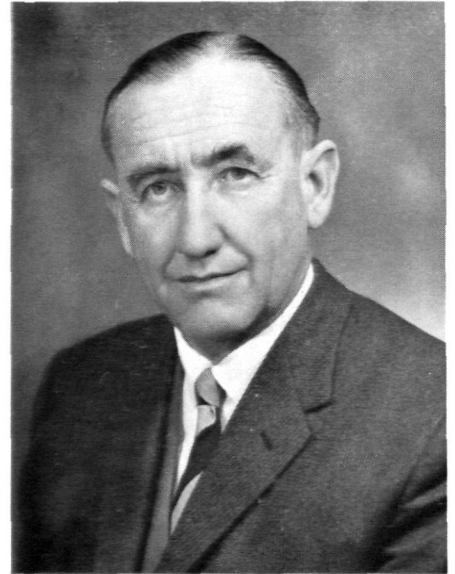
KELVIN ALEXANDER MCGARRITY

*"Endometriosis is cured by pregnancy. Following surgery 50% of our patients become pregnant." A new post-operative complication!*

Never before has one teacher tried to do so much for so many in so short a time. Dr. McGarrity's Thursday sessions are gynæcology *in toto*—theoretically, clinically, pathologically—macroscopic and microscopic.

Many a doubting student attempting to start a controversy has been stopped by the flow of facts and figures from the readily available statistical storehouse (his mind) and by the often-heard reply: "I have a nice little slide which shows . . ."

If but a part of his cancer-conscious attitude would brush off, the diagnosis of early cancer by us would be assured.



WALTER STAFFORD McGRATH

*" . . . in the right place at the right time."*

No tutor at St. Vincent's is closer to the students than "Chook"; in fact, most of the time he sits squarely on their backs.

"This man came into Casualty last night. Didn't you see him? What do you students do at night?"

Though a surgeon, Dr. McGrath knows all about all the patients, in all the wards, plus all their relations.

We could not fail to be impressed by his enthusiasm, his series of "illustrated" lectures, "examination pearls", and his spot diagnoses of patients, visitors and pedestrians in Darlinghurst Road.

Thank you, Sir, for your boundless energy and interest on our behalf.

## EDWARD JOHN McMAHON

*"... and who was Graves?"*

To this congenial senior surgeon we say thank you. Firstly, for his tutorials—large packets of surgical fact tied with strings of all the famous names in medical history. Secondly, for his attitude—he was always subtly tolerant of our errors yet unflinching in praise of our outbursts of knowledge: rare, yet by him never missed. Thirdly, for the wealth of his experience, from which he encouraged us to learn, to understand, to apply, and then to remember.

"By the way, Sir, Graves was an Irishman . . ."



## PHILLIP JUSTIN MARKELL

*"Do you see what I mean . . . Mmmmm!"*

. . . a wise and learned clinician of the conservative school, whose outstanding characteristics are patience and tact.

The extent of student limitations is well known to him, judging by his method of commencing ward rounds with "Fourth Year stuff".

His brown leather suitcase, constant companion and trademark, can be made to yield any trick required for supplementing information he has taught us to elicit by ears, eyes and hands. We are waiting for the day when he brings forth the white rabbit!

Consideration, keenness to help, sound clinical advice, astute observations — these are Dr. Markell.

It was our great good fortune to have known you, Sir!

## SIR IAN DOUGLAS MILLER

*"... the privilege of surgery."*

While still Dean of the Clinical School of St. Vincent's, Douglas Miller was made Knight Bachelor by Her Majesty the Queen.

We are proud of this honour, for though we have not had the privilege of his personal wisdom and teaching, it lives on through his former students, now our tutors. But he is no stranger to us. He introduced us to S.V.H. back in Fourth Year, entertained us with several stimulating lectures on the head—and its contents—and is still seen taking visiting V.I.P.'s on tour.

Sir Douglas is very much part of St. Vincent's. He is the epitome of practical, lively and memorable teaching.





NOEL C. NEWTON

*"... rare as Rocking Horse Manure!"*

To be one of Mr. Newton's students you are required to make great sacrifices—he is an early bird; so 8.30 a.m. finds most of the worms at the front hall. The rest wriggle in a little later.

Handy with words, handier with humour (colourful), and handiest with his elbow, he pummels home the complications of hæmorrhoids, the treatment of burns and the importance of everything else.

But one thing stands alone: St. Vincent's students are recognized by their fearless and determined views on the treatment of infections of hands. Mr. Newton imparted these views and proved their truth in practice.

Sir, our "sacrifice" was worth it!

ERIC WILBERFORCE SIBREE

*"He holds him with his glittering eye."—COLERIDGE.*

Returning from a debilitating illness, Dr. Sibree was a little thinner but the more agile.

Quickly we were introduced by method and reason to mysteries of medicine. Quietly we were taught to look, and *see*; to feel, and find; then to think, assess, and think again. All facts had to be considered and reconsidered—no stone must be left unthought of.

His special thoughts were reserved for "intake" and "output", and so he lectured to us on steatorrhœa, constipation, and related things.

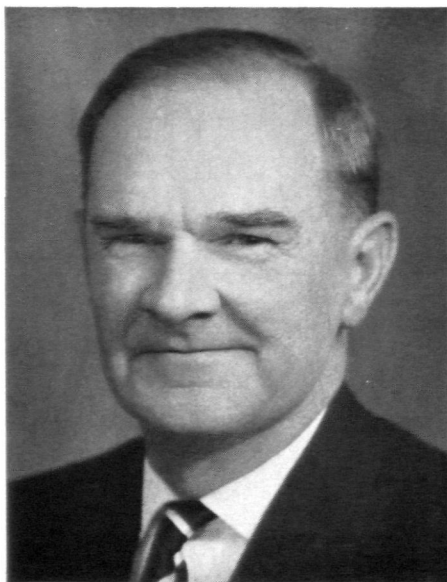
Lessons in the power of methodical reasoning were Dr. Sibree's hallmark. These we hope never to forget.



RONALD LOUIS SPEDDING

*"To cure sometimes,  
To alleviate often,  
To comfort always."*

Dr. Spedding helped us to realize that it is ultimately the clinician, not the laboratory, who reaches a diagnosis and manages the patient. None of us will forget his demonstrations of the finer points in the display of clinical signs, and his insistence on the formulation of a differential diagnosis based on history + signs + thoughts, the basic components of the clinician's contribution to the patient's progress. Nevertheless, the most memorable quality of Dr. Spedding was his quiet humanity and his ability to answer the unasked question. Thank you, Sir, for your time and interest.



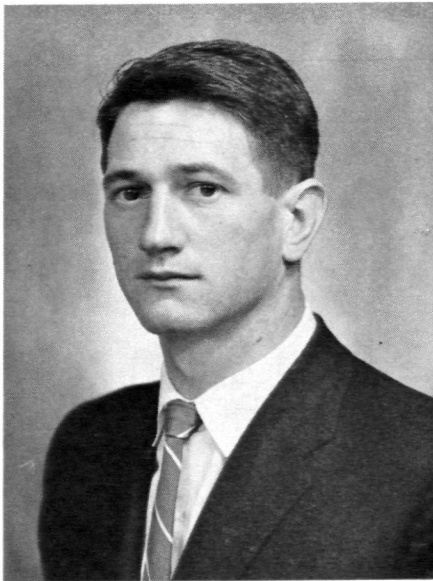
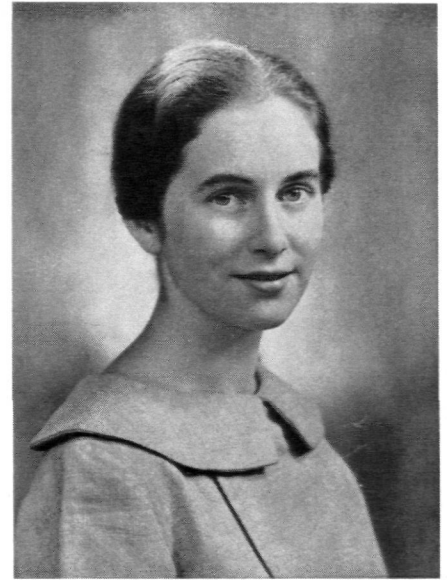
## THE STUDENTS

## AIRDRIE ANN BURN

*"Stop it, Phil!"*

Ann came from Parkes via "Our Lady of Mercy College", Parramatta. The hayseeds have been removed, but she still retains that certain country charm which endears her to all, particularly to a former R.M.O. of St. Vincent's to whom she is engaged. Her refreshing cups of afternoon tea, her occasional game of power-packed table-tennis and the characteristic stamp of her left foot will be missed by us.

Despite college activities—once Senior Student at Sancta Sophia—she has not neglected work. Her methodical approach has ensured steady progress unmarred by a failure. We know she will do well and wish her the best of luck.



## THOMAS MICHAEL CAHILL

*"I think I'll do Law Next."*

The father of the group, Tom, took on Medicine, having previously devoted time and energy to Arts, especially Greek and Latin (B.A., Hons.).

Being older than us, he is more mature! He has a wife and children; he did have a house with a cellar; and he has a credit in ethics! He's also in the Navy, periodically being required to "lance the Admiral's boil".

As to the future, brief thoughts on skin were quickly dispelled by the challenge of proctology—we expect him to start a St. Mark's, Sydney!

Thoughtful, very thorough, a sense of humour and a twinkle in his eye—that's Tom. His patients will be very lucky.

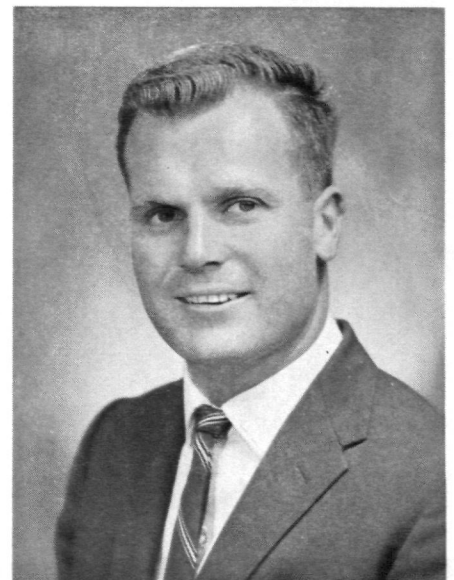
## ROBERT FRANCIS CALLAGHAN

*"Boom-zoom—you'll go to the moon, Alice."*

From Sydney High, Bob has progressed steadily—Billy Graham to the patients, footballer to the boys, lifesaver hero to the girls.

Never will we forget his discourses on TV, his flexes, dislocated shoulder, singing, tales of parties, his lucid descriptions of murmurs, his delivery of a face presentation or his cough. However, this isn't all. Bob has combined vice-captaincy of a surf club in summer and football in the winter with Medicine all the year round, and we hear he is to add a charming wife to his list of achievements.

With his sound knowledge and sympathetic ear he will have no trouble in winning patients and influencing them.





ANTHONY J. CARROLL

*"I'm getting the taste."*

Tony came to us, after completing Pharmacy, to further his academic career. Although internally showing signs of wear and tear, he is still full of vigour and push, as all his friends know. He shows leadership in many spheres, especially the social.

During the course he seemed to have a leaning towards Obstetrics, although he may not continue this intense interest, and experience, in the subject.

His tutors were quick to realize his capabilities, so he was invariably given the more difficult cases in ward rounds.

Although hardened with some vices, e.g., smoking, his virtues completely outweigh these, and the latter will carry him on to a very bright future.

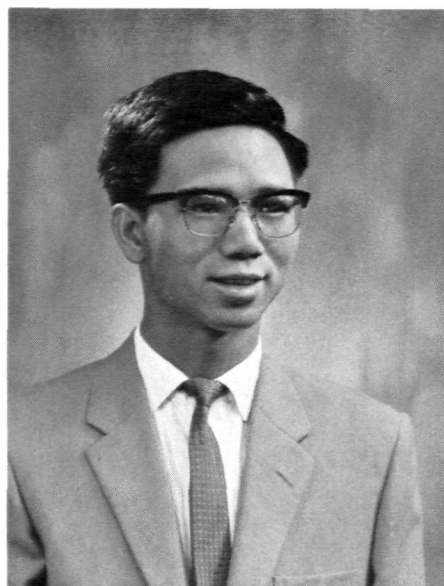
ANDREW WINGTAI CHAN

*"Dr. H.: Which way does the toe go, Chan?  
Chan: I'll give you five guesses, Sir!"*

Andrew learnt to read and write in Hong Kong, then joined us on the trek in 1956. But we got to know him during the clinical years—where we discovered a startling mixture of Eastern wit, curious habits, brilliant DD's and an exclusive love of diabetes (with or without glycosuria) and all things rare.

None will forget his performances at the Royal, his demand, "These scissors are blunt—get me another pair", and his refusal to be roused between 9 p.m. and 9 a.m.

Wherever you go, Andy, we know your patients will be the better for your unique humour and unflinching diagnosis.



D'ARCY ANTHONY CUTCLIFFE

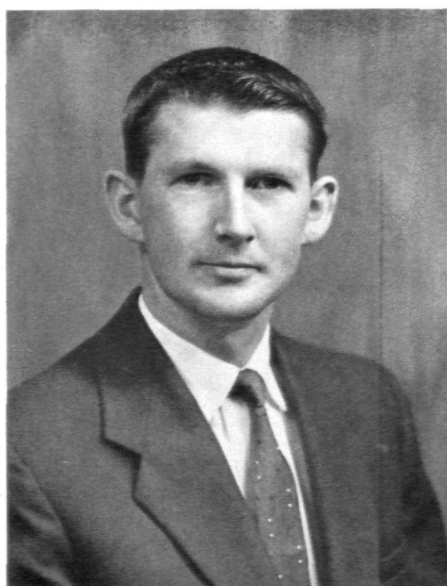
*"I'll ring up."*

With his pleasant manner Tony has won many friends, all of whom he honours with the above quotation.

Along the course he has manifested great interest, especially in Pædiatrics. His residency at the Children's Hospital, as a member of a particularly conservative group, his late hours and tremendous interest in ALL aspects of the hospital will be long remembered.

Besides his studies, Tony has had time to be a taxi-driver and develop other occupations, one of which—Rugby League—has rather surprised his friends.

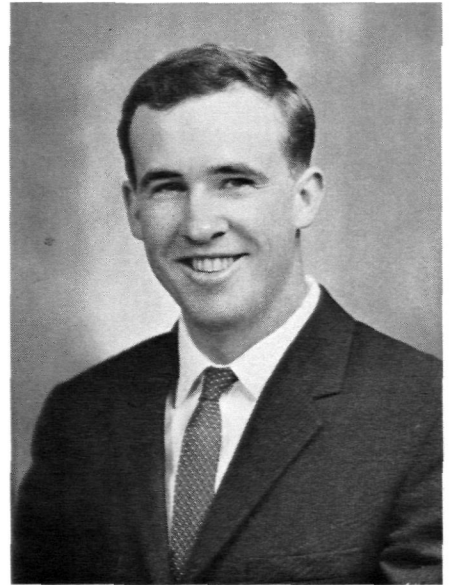
We are sure that his keen and conscientious approach to Medicine and his great concern for people will make his patients contented (and healthy).



## JOHN DAVID DAWSON

Probably the student with the straightest trouser creases, the cleanest shoes, the most ready smile—for female fans—is John. Apart from this, he has still gone far. His tea-making is professional (when he gets round to it), his table-tennis has shown tremendous promise with all the practice, and week-ends at Morisset are the regular thing—just fishing!

He's also the generous owner of BLV-051 and runs a taxi service between the Uni, bus-stops and S.V.H. for those of us who have courage to brave "The Drift" and his "stop when you see the whites of their eyes" driving. We always get there—and so will John—where the fish are biting.



## JOHN ANTHONY DRAYTON

*"Sir, can you have dissociation without repression?"*

The oldest member of his group, John spent some years in the Public Service before commencing Medicine. He is easily recognized, winter and summer, by his brown overcoat which he wears regularly.

He is famous for his avid appetite for Coca-Cola, liquorice and "freckles", and can always be found at the Little Shop or the nearest phone calling his fiancée.

John has an unusual sense of humour, being able to crack what seems to the less endowed a superb joke with the perfect air of not knowing its funny.

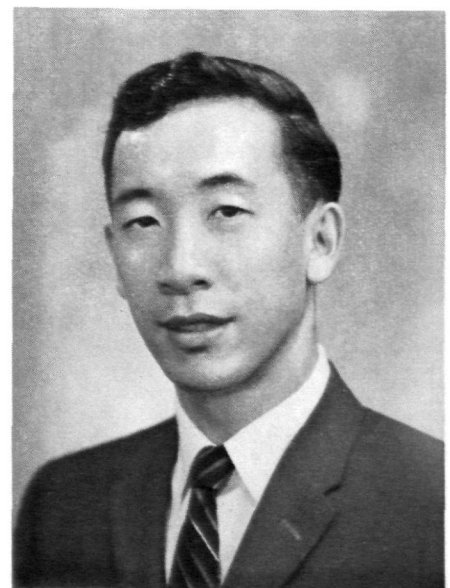
His great attention to the minutest details of questionable importance is well known to all, but the patients love it.

## PHILLIP MILTON GETT

Phil was born in Australia, so making him a fair dinkum Aussie. He walked through Parramatta High School, then made his way through the Medical School while residing at Wesley College.

A likeable fellow with a way of making friends, he has a keen sense of humour with some wild "cracks" now and then. His favourite games appear to be table-tennis—"come and I'll give you a thrashing!"—cocktail parties and concerts.

He is a keen student, an asset which will get him through this year non-stop. Good luck, Phil, and happy motoring!





#### GEORGE GLUCK

*"I'm hungry—when are we going to eat?"*

This quiet, ex-Sydney High boy with dark, piercing eyes amazed us all by his great capacity for work, study and organization.

He always managed to be at the right place at the right time, and in his spare time he composed poems, parodies and characterizations, and has helped us pass many a dull hour between deliveries at the Royal with his singing and impersonations. Other interests include collecting records, photography, food and girls.

Undaunted and never discouraged, he has ploughed through his medical course, and we all wish him every success in his chosen profession.

#### ANDRÉ LÉON HASKI

*"I was just about to do that, Sir?"*

Ever since his entrance into the Faculty, Andy has become famous for being in everything.

His great sense of humour and readiness to help everyone, together with a capacity to argue his way out of (or into) any situation, have made this pyknic, chronically euphoric individual well known and liked by all.

Many an uneventful tute has been livened up by his original ideas and classifications and his ever-ready supply of answers whenever a question was asked.

Recently his acquisition of a black MG has helped make him well known around several major hospitals in Sydney, and undoubtedly his success with the opposite sex will be exceeded only by his professional achievements.



#### ANTHONY YEW KONG KAT

*"Don't laugh! This is serious business."*—W. S. McGRATH.

Tony hails from Malaya. He spent a year at St. Bernard's, Katoomba, then gravitated to Sydney University.

Pathognomonic of Kat is an imperturbable good nature and a beaming smile which, like that of his Cheshire cousin, will remain with us long after he has left.

Tony has a rather unusual method of studying—he sits on his books and strums an electric guitar!

Partial to billiards, ping-pong, tennis, 500, and an accomplished musician and exponent of athletic dancing, he is a popular figure at the too many parties he attends. In his spare time he has filched a credit or two.

Tony leaves many friends when he returns to the East.





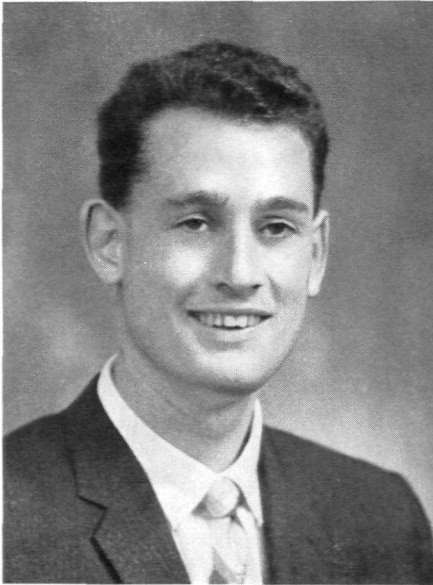
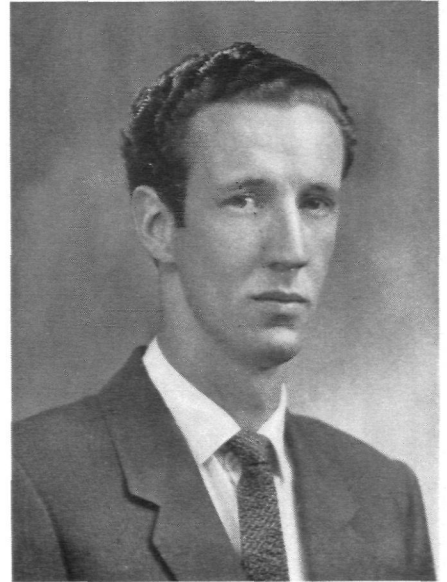
## BERNARD RAYMOND KELLY

Indoctrinated by the Christian Brothers, Lewisham, Bernie and brief-case arrived at Sydney University for systematic brain-washing and reindoctrination.

After five weeks' Engineering he exchanged his slide rule for a stingray and hasn't looked back.

Credits in snooker, table-tennis and chess, and passes in the rest got him into the Old Med. School, which so impressed him he stayed an extra year drinking coffee and drawing action potentials. An important massive tome, now covered with dust and never opened, records the results of his work.

A textbook schizoid — classical music, books, solitary walks, B.Sc. (Med.), chess — his friends claim Shakespeare was speaking of him: "Yond Kelly has a lean and hungry look, he thinks too much: Such men are dangerous."



## BRIAN LAWRENCE "KETCHUP" KIRKUP

*Rarely seen but often heard.*

There are few people in our day who can manage two full-time responsibilities concurrently and successfully. Brian is one of these: he entered the marital state a fortnight before commencing Medicine!

He loves tutorials so much that he prolongs them well beyond normal limits by asking obscure or irrelevant questions — giving his associates indigestion. But his opportunities for study are limited after allowing time off for his morning splash in the Pacific, his long ferry ride, his rearing of three children, and his endless discourses on many topics.

Brian is certain to have a ready answer for his examiners, especially if asked the contents of the fine print in his texts.

## PHILLIP RICHARD LAW (BILKO)

*"Is it going to rain again, Phil?"*

Originally from Toowoomba, Phillip was educated by the De La Salle Brothers at Cronulla. Among his friends he enjoys the reputation of being master at cards and table-tennis and notorious for his ability to feel normal spleens.

His periodic absences from hospital and lectures has been interpreted by us as due to Sally — his nurse fiancée — "having a day off".

His capacity for telling jokes, seemingly limitless, has provided all with many a good laugh.

It is beyond us to imagine Phil could do anything but talk his way with ease, in and out of anything, but his practice will probably be in the vicinity of a beach.





#### BARRIE WILLIAM LUM

*"I don't drink or smoke—I've got peace of mind."*

Coming from St. Patrick's College, Barrie gave little indication in his early years of things to come. While not achieving anything sparkling in the academic field, he reached spectacular heights in his extra-curricular activities.

Always being a great man for social functions, Barrie suddenly found himself confronted with more freedom than he had previously experienced. It was during this time, approximating that "difficult" period between Third and Final Years, that Barrie, in the ranks of the confirmed bachelors, really excelled himself, culminating in a brief but startling encounter with a horse and cart.

Barrie, with his warm personality and affable manner, should meet with every success.

#### PATRICK DESMOND LYNCH

*"I usen't to drink last year."*

Pat came to us from St. Patrick's, Strathfield, in 1956. Initially a man of conservative temperament, he eventually developed more liberal interests in a manner which paralleled the colour of his hair—"twelve months ago he was such a nice boy!"

However, this has not prevented him from achieving, without apparent effort, an academic record unmarred by posts or failures with a particularly good performance in Dermatology.

Being one of the stalwarts of the students' hostel, he has become extremely well known in the nurses' home.

He has been a tower of strength in hospital football; this, together with his professional ability, will make him an asset to any hospital.

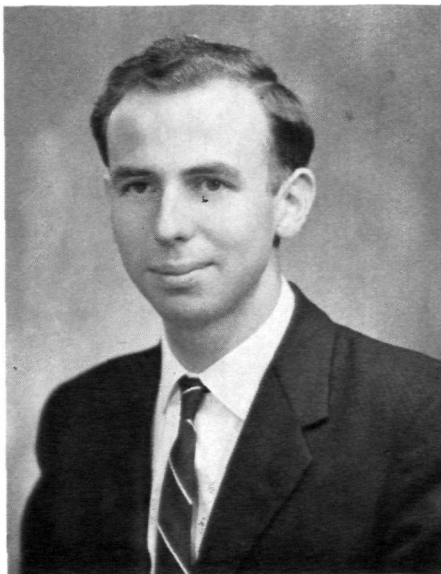


#### THOMAS BRENDAN LYNCH

*"Have you two rehearsed this?"—J. B. HICKIE.*

Tom was the white sheep of our group. He always came and went with an air of mystery. No one knew much about him except that he came from Chevalier, Bowral, and spent his holidays either soldiering or dispensing. As a result of these activities he developed an inordinate penchant for machine-guns and Martindale. Recently he surprised us all by introducing us to his charming fiancée, Pat, with whom he has been protracting his "Ball fever" of recent onset.

Taking the threat of a third World War seriously, Tom bought himself a self-charging dosimeter in Fourth Year, which accompanies him everywhere.



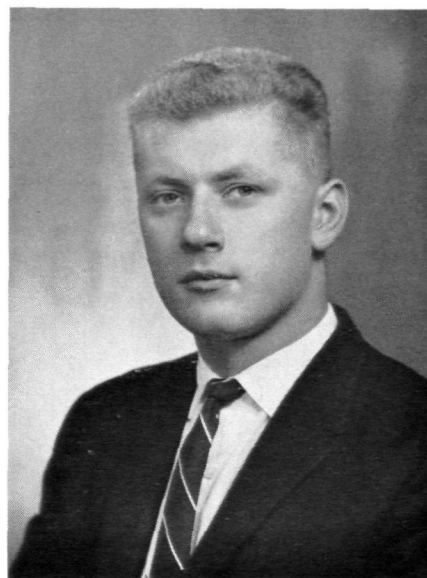
## GEORGE A. MENDE

One of the most relaxed and easy-going members of our year, George is also one of the brightest. Thus he has "got by" on a minimal amount of "swatting"—earning the admiration of others of us less gifted and allowing time for his courtship of a lovely lass from the Faculty of Arts.

Being a very solid citizen, he became somewhat notorious for over-enthusiastic "Assists" in Obstetrics, for admirably clear, loud instructions to labouring mothers, and for an imperturbable steadiness in moments of crisis.

George was born in Poland, but in many ways (especially his fluent use of our more colourful oaths) is now thoroughly Australian.

A friendly, good all-rounder, we wish him every success.



## NEVILLE MERVYN MITCHELL

*"What was that you said, Sir?"*

Following a trip to "gay Paree", Metallurgy became too tame for Neville—he started Medicine! He has since admirably integrated his academic, social and, of late, marital status.

During 1960, to the great amazement of his peers, he spent much time examining "hearts" in the Cameron Wing. It was quickly realized, however, that he was more interested in a certain sister than in stethoscopic heart sounds.

He will be remembered as the crew-cutted chap who in tutorials spent most of his time placidly dozing, supported only by the lapels of his coat.

He has decided to make his name as a "head-shrinker". We wish him happy hunting!

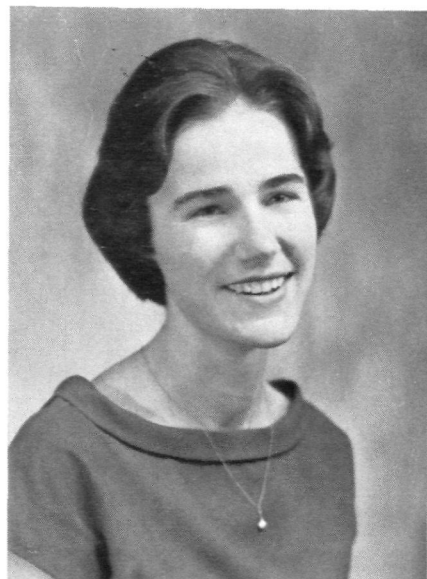


## MARGARET MARY O'FLYNN

*"Life is mainly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone,  
Assistance in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."*

A casual observer might well describe Margaret as "froth and bubble", judging by her ability for rapid speech without pausing for breath, her descriptive hands when telling an anecdote, the ready answers of her active mind and the colourful mimicry of many celebrities. In fact, someone, it is said, suggested she have her B.M.R. checked. However, we who know her realize that this drive emits from a young lady who is modest concerning her capabilities and kindness itself in willingness to help others.

This energy will take her easily through the Finals and on to a successful medical future.





#### JOHN (COUNT) O'GORMAN

John came to the University from St. Joseph's College, Hunters Hill. During his University life he has excelled both in his studies and on the sporting field. He has played University football throughout his course, culminating this year with playing for Australia on tour to South Africa with the Wallabies.

At the end of Third Year John was awarded the Glisson Fellowship by St. Vincent's Hospital.

All in all, John has been very successful in most fields, except the romantic one. Here he has been a dismal failure.

"It'll be right, I'll square it away."

#### EE SEONG PEH

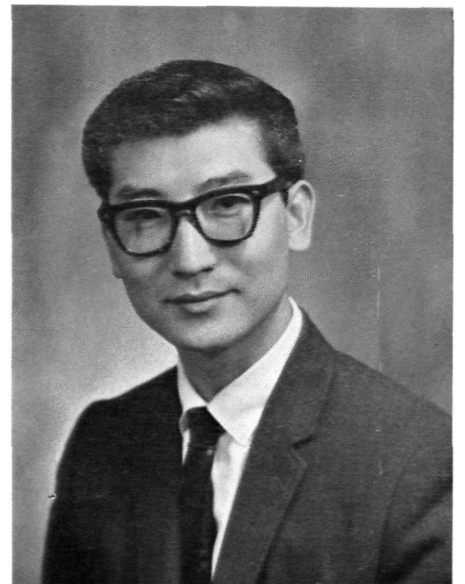
*"I'm losing my oriental calm."*

This Malayan star on our medical horizon shines brightly in all tutorials, but when asked a question, the usual reaction is sudden pallor and exacerbations of his neurodermatitis.

Although he is extremely thin, we don't consider him malnourished, being an everyday consumer of chicken and caviare.

We don't know what the future holds for Seong, but if he knows his texts as well as he knows the steps of the cha-cha and the beat of the rhumba he will be well equipped to pass the fellowship.

After graduation he intends to return to Malaya to charm the locals with the many talents he has acquired in the good old southland.



#### DOROTHEA PETERS

*"Oh, Sir, I heard a systolic murmur there!"*

Dorothea proceeded to Sydney University and Medicine from St. Vincent's College, Potts Point, with full scholastic honours.

Charming and intelligent (except for her typically female love of high fashions), she spent her vacations (airing this love) as a salesgirl in one of the large city stores.

Her determination and sheer hard work have earned her several credits in her exams and she should go on to even better things after her graduation.

Best wishes, Dorothea!



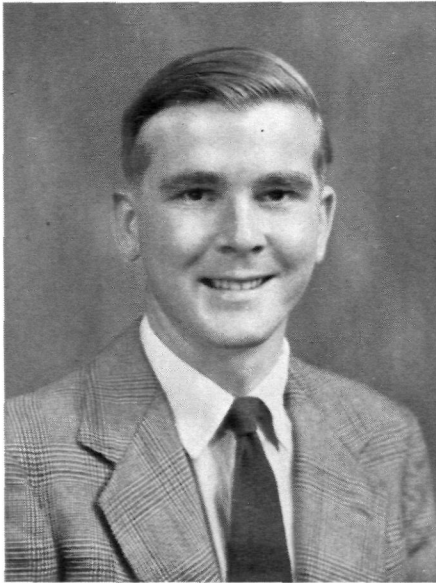
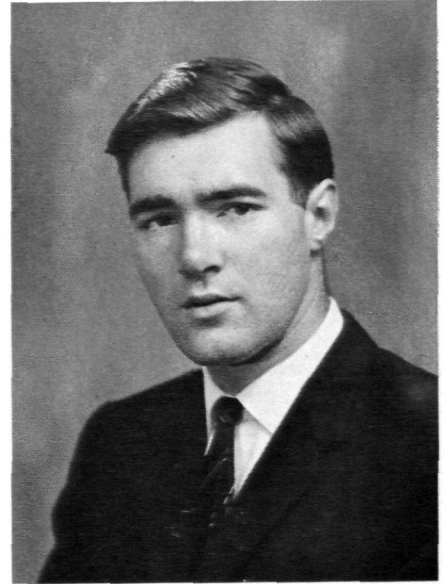
## RICHARD F. M. (DEADWOOD) PINERUA

*"Hold the lift!"*

Dick has managed to gather distinctions and credits on his progress through Medicine. His knowledge has never ceased to be a source of amazement and worry to the rest of the group. After the usual silent gap following the tutor's gap, a deep-throated voice usually produces a surprisingly correct answer.

Besides this full academic life, Dick has managed to play football as a forward, despite his aspirations as a twinkle-toed halfback or five-eighth. Among other qualities are his timeless but loud singing and his particular ballet form of table-tennis.

Our only wish is that he doesn't go so far in the academic world (of skin?) that the rest of us lose contact with him.



## PETER RADCLIFFE

*"I won't be here tomorrow."*

Fair hair, smiling face, corduroy pants, Peter blew into Medicine from Waverley and has continued to breeze along ever since. A keen skier, he is to be found at Thredbo as soon as there's snow, or on the golf course when the snow's melted.

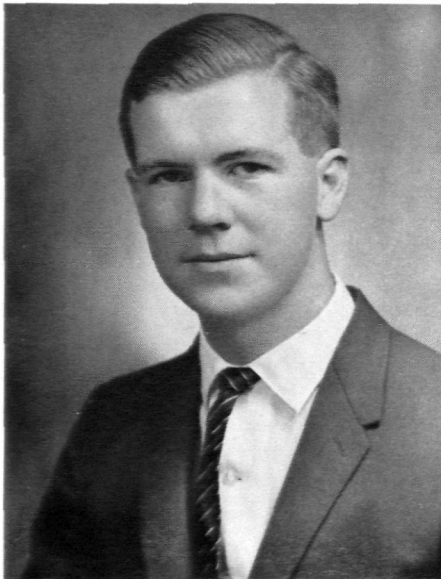
A man of many parts, he has an intense dislike of small animals, a love of fast cars, and manages to combine business with pleasure—doing well in both.

A keen observer of human nature, a pleasing character of friendly disposition, Peter has won many fans, and there is no reason why he should not continue to do so.

## FRANK RODI

Frank left Holy Cross College, Ryde, with honours in music, but forsook what promised to be a very successful career as a violinist to do Medicine. He is the most unostentatious member of his group, but has, in spite of this, made himself known by his constant reply to questions put to him: "Well, Sir, it all depends." And, like days of old when knights were bold, he has rescued many stranded students and transported them from the University to the hospital in his familiar blue and blue Holden. Frank displayed his special talent out at Camperdown Hospital, for he has, as they say, "a way with children", and we feel certain that his future success as a practitioner is assured.





## G. B. RUSSELL

*"I can't stay, I'm going home to tea."*

Dick Russell is someone who keeps up a tradition of loving life and getting the most out of every minute of it. He's often to be seen playing a quiet Monday morning game of golf at St. Michael's — "Isn't it lovely to get away from it all" — to say nothing of solo schools in the small hours and those other times when Dick is living up to his motto "In Excelsior Capite".

In between these times, he has found time to do a little study! Out of the grand days he has enjoyed "grand" Obstetrics and "grand" Pædiatrics.

Dick is a good scholar, and a good man as well.

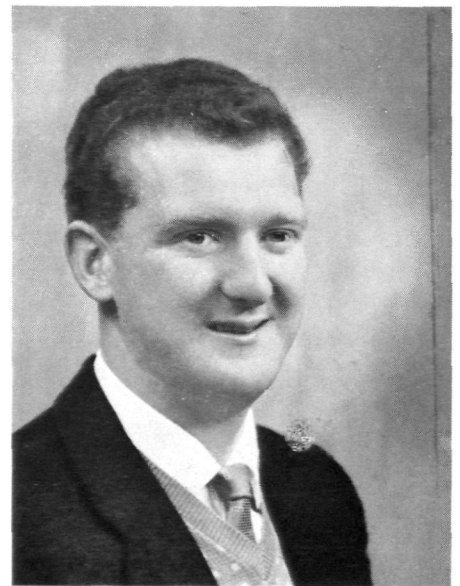
## REGINALD WALSH

We have known Reg for many years!

He came to Medicine from Waverley College and spent one year at Sydney Hospital before he began at St. Vincent's.

His ability as a sportsman — both basketball and football — his hair-raising car driving, and his notorious unpunctuality combine to make an interesting and vital personality.

He is a successful family man with two devoted children and thus has solid foundations for a successful and happy career. We extend to him our best wishes.



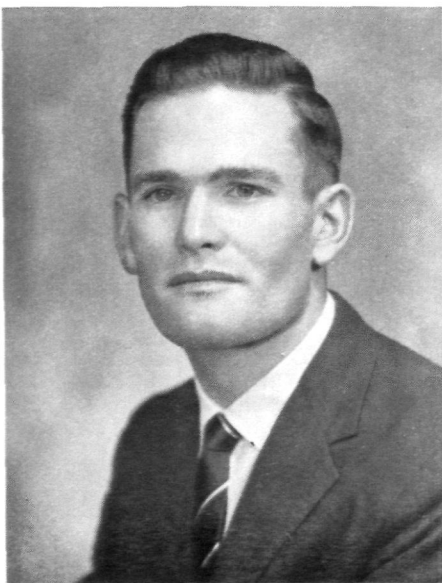
## GREGORY (P.O.P.) WHELAN

*"When in doubt, take it out!"*

Group D's youngest entrant in this year's big event, Greg must be commended for overcoming the handicap of "doing time" at Goulburn in his pre-University days.

A veritable walking time-table, his mind, like his house, is always in order — "a place for everything and everything in its place". His willingness to arrange things has been much appreciated (and exploited) by us. His activities have included organizing the Medical Guild, the students' ball, dances, cocktail parties, partners for nurses and conducting ballots for nasty jobs.

A true student and a lover of medicine, Greg will be a fine doctor — a credit to the men who have taught us.





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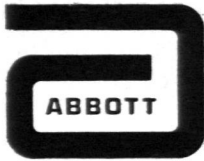
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*The Thoracic Unit*

## “THE COUNTRY CLUB”

### (The Royal North Shore Hospital of Sydney)

I have never been able to discover who first called the Royal North Shore Hospital “the Country Club”. I fancy that the name was jocularly intended—it was known that the hospital was glad to become a clinical school and was trying to make the students happy and comfortable; but the place was “away out there to billy-oh on the other side of the harbour”. Yet the name has rather pleased those who teach and study and work here. It suggests happy days. It suggests that relaxation of the spirit that makes for hard work without wear and tear and that gives energy and confidence for a winning spurt at the end of the race. So, long may we all be members of the Country Club.

Though the Royal North Shore Hospital is the youngest of the clinical schools, it had already a long history before the students came in 1948. It is doubtful whether any other hospital in Sydney has inspired more devoted work or greater *esprit de corps* in its workers of every kind. There have been four phases in its history: it has been a cottage hospital, a district hospital, a metropolitan hospital and now a teaching hospital, and each phase has seen an improvement in the scope and quality of its services.

The North Shore Cottage Hospital was founded in 1885 and was opened in 1888 in a building in the Willoughby Road at Holterman Street. An old photo-

graph shows a tree stump in the unsealed road outside the front gate. There was accommodation for fourteen patients. The first honoraries were practitioners on the North Shore. Of one of them, Dr. Kyngdon, it is related that his practice extended as far as the Hawkesbury River and that he would change horses at Hornsby when he answered an urgent call from an outlying district.

The hospital received its present name by permission of King Edward VII when building was commenced on the present site in 1902 and it became a district hospital. The beautiful administrative building housed the staff, nurses and residents, and there was one pavilion, now soullessly known as “B” block, with ten beds along each wall of each of the two wards and a fireplace in the centre of each. Until floor coverings were put down when the wards were remodelled in 1949, black marks could be seen on the floor boards where sparks had jumped out of the fireplaces. Resident medical officers were first appointed in 1902. In those days the wards possessed no telephones and residents were fetched, not rung or paged. The hospital’s clinical thermometer was kept in a black case lined with red plush in the front office. In 1914 the X-ray department was started, batteries being used at first to operate the plant. Later that same year electric cables

crossed the harbour, the hospital was lighted by electricity and the batteries disappeared from X-ray. Dr. Sear, the first radiologist, is now the doyen of the consulting staff, and the first technician, Mr. Pottinger, is senior technician today.

The third phase of the hospital's history began a few years after the first World War with the building of the out-patient department and the appointment of a number of young specialists. Gynæcology and otorhinolaryngology had been regarded as specialties since early in the century; now dermatology, ophthalmology, orthopædic surgery, urology and pulmonary diseases became established under specialists whose work was unsurpassed in Sydney and greatly enhanced the hospital's reputation. General medicine and surgery at this time, and until fairly recently, were largely in the hands of general practitioners on the North Shore. These men had their limitations and knew it; but their devotion to duty, day and night, which I remember well, can hardly be imagined by the residents of today, who have registrars of several years' standing from graduation always available to help and guide them in emergencies and predicaments and to keep an eye on the very sick. These men also had much to teach, and taught it well, of the commonplaces and kindnesses of general practice, which, together with the versatility of the work in the wards, was good training for the residents.

The fourth phase is that which you know. It is the age of the dynamic, all-pervasive directorate (the chairman of the hospital, Sir Norman Nock, was in the hospital to meet you on your first day), the age of the professional administrator (in the person of Dr. Wallace Freeborn), the age of formal medical research, of exhaustive clinical investigation, of students in the wards. The days when everybody knew everybody else about the place are gone; but the old *esprit de corps*

is greater, if anything, with interhospital competition at every level.

The forecast for tomorrow is unsettled. The hospital has six acres of land over the road for expansion. In 1949, when the Government promised to exhibit the green light in the near future, sketch plans were first drawn for "the new 600-bed hospital". It was intended that when this was completed the present buildings would be used for convalescent patients. But, as Chaucer has said, "a penny can do no more than it may"; and a million can do less than it could. Several times the red light has replaced the green just as we were about to press the starter; the plans have been pruned to keep them within authorized expenditure; then the green light, then the red again. At last this year we got as far as calling tenders and it seemed that "the house that Wal built" was just about to rise before our eyes. Came the 16th of August, 1961, and further disappointment.

There was the Treasurer, uttering corn,  
 Who wakened to find that the Money was gorn  
 That lay in the Estimates shaven and shorn,  
 Which angered the Public all weary and worn,  
 Who turned on the Minister tattered and torn,  
 Who excused the Commission all withered with scorn,  
 Who blamed the Architects all forlorn.  
 Who met the Builders,  
 Who framed the Clause,  
 Which tossed the Tenders  
 That raised our Hopes,  
 Of seeing "the House that Wal built".

Still, evolution does not depend upon treasurers. Healthy institutions, like living species, have what Shaw (or was it first Lamarck?) called an evolutionary appetite, which must and will be satisfied. In much less time than it took a tapir to become a giraffe we may look forward to a great building over the road, in which the hospital will be able to play to much greater advantage its part in medical education and in the training of all those other hospital workers who lighten the burden of illness for the sick.

## DEPARTMENT OF OBSTETRICS



*The Obstetrics Block*

Around the sun "General Hospital" orbits the planet "Obstetrics Block" with its satellite moon "Students' Hut" in tow. On this far-off planet, living under the rigorous conditions of (too little) space, is a strange race of people. The ruling class consists of Amazon-like women, called in the language of the planet "Obstetrics Sisters". The most powerful and feared of these are the dreaded "Labour Ward Sisters", whose frequent imperious commands are instantly carried out by a drone-like working class consisting of the male inhabitants of the planet known as "Doctors".

Also found in this strange society is a class of unfortunate "double people". These "double people" are in fact female creatures whose persons are inhabited by tiny spirits known as "babies". Under the command of the dreaded "Labour Ward Sisters" the industrious "Doctors" labour to free the stricken "double people" from the "babies" that inhabit them.

There is yet another class on this amazing planet, but they are such menial and inferior creatures that

they are usually ignored by the ruling class. Their home is in fact on the satellite moon "Students' Hut", but they are compelled to make frequent arduous journeys to the mother planet to witness the labours of the hard-working drones or "Doctors". This class is called the "Students" and they are immature forms of the "Doctors", under whose guidance they develop into the adult form and take their place eventually in serving the "Obstetric Sisters". Although they are committed to a life of subservience under the rule of the all-powerful "Obstetric Sisters", these menial "Students" nevertheless are entirely dependent for their growth and development on the adult "Doctors" and to the casual observer from another world, their gratitude to the "Doctors" is constantly in evidence.

An unbelievable society you might think, yet it is one which, like its counterpart on Earth—the Ant Kingdom—works in curious harmony.



## THE HONORARIES

### DOUGLAS ANDERSON

*"Propriety of manners and consideration for others are the two main characteristics of a gentleman."*—DISRAELI.

A fitting description of a man whose entire professional life bears witness to his belief that the patient is above all a human being in distress. Famous is the story of how Dr. Anderson won his Membership. Seeing the young doctor go over to close the window before uncovering the patient's chest, the examiners passed him on the spot. Even now the same kindly consideration for his patients has impressed us on his ward rounds, and we have been indeed fortunate in acquiring from him, more than from any other tutor, a feeling for the patient as a person and not as a disease.

Not only a gentleman but also a scholar—always the appropriate verse from Shakespeare or Blake to suit the occasion. We were not surprised when he won a world-wide competition on heraldry conducted by *Punch* this year.

We take away fond memories of the kindly manner, the well-turned phrase, the wooden stethoscope . . . .

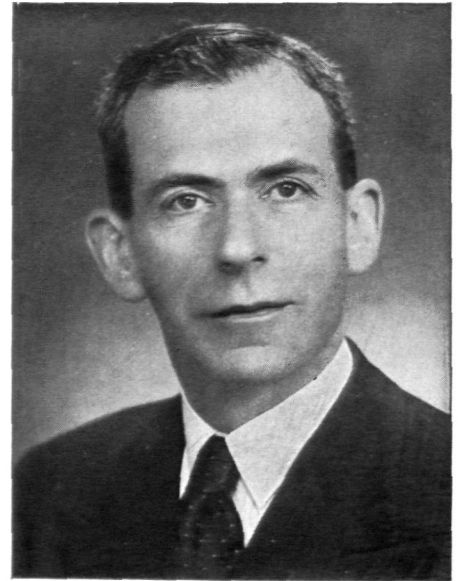


### INNES ALBERT BRODZIAK

*"We're talking about splenomegaly — that means a large spleen, you know!"*

Voted the most distinguished-looking physician at North Shore, Brodz. is one of the softest-spoken and mildest-mannered gentlemen we have encountered. The disguise didn't really deceive us, for we recognized behind that mild manner a razor-sharp wit and a penetrating mind. Giving us a most entertaining series of lectures on differential diagnosis, he was responsible for some aphorisms that put Hippocrates to shame "Most people with headache just have—er—headache"; and (after an hour's differential diagnosis of fits): "Oh, and don't forget epilepsy!".

Brodz. proceeded in his own incomparable way to make physicians out of us. We will always remember him, hand to cheek, musing: "I suppose when they ask you the causes of splenomegaly you'll only be able to think of kala azar!"



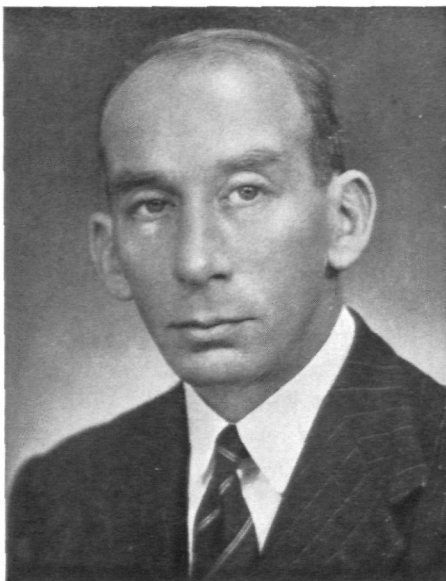
### ERIC HYMAN GOULSTON

*"This man's through—now he's going for a credit!"*

That incomparable grin starting at the ears, that unflinching modesty ("we surgeons are simple people"), the continued encouragement ("keep up the patter") endeared "Goulie" to us in the year of our association with him. We looked forward to his tutes like small boys awaiting a visit to the circus. And on Thursday afternoons the "circus" really came to town, with ringmaster Goulie managing, with incomparable skill, to keep half a dozen acts in progress at once. He taught us the art of wild examiner taming, of walking the viva tight-rope, and with him we performed like veterans on the clinical exam trapeze. He even had us laughing with his own brand of clowning.

His tutorials never failed to keep us entertained, with ward sister, junior nurse, dresser and physio sharing star billing.

Thank you, Mr. Goulston, for all your help and encouragement, but we fear that the coming Finals will reveal that "students are even simpler people than surgeons".



JAMES ISBISTER

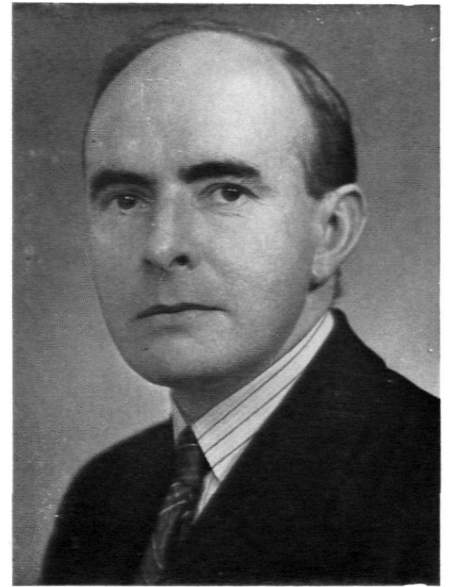
*What are the symptoms and signs of kerosene poisoning?"*

Following the retirement of Dr. Hales Wilson, the vacancy in the Senior Honorary ranks has been filled by Dr. James Isbister. We congratulate him on the culmination of a long career at this hospital.

Jim Isbister became an Assistant Physician at North Shore in 1949 and was Supervisor of Clinical Studies from 1950 to 1956. He has for many years taken Fourth and Fifth Years, and now brings the benefit of an extremely wide knowledge of medicine to the tuition of Final Year. A Gold Medallist himself, he is carrying on the high standard of Final Year teaching at North Shore.

Although a general physician, his first loves are occupational medicine and toxicology, into which he digresses at the drop of a protective helmet. We are still trying to work out how we came to be discussing the steam pressure in espresso coffee machines in the middle of a tutorial on thyrotoxicosis.

An entertaining tutor but a formidable opponent in an exam, the incredible Dr. Isbister is fast becoming one of the legends of North Shore.



LOUIS SAMUEL LOEWENTHAL

*"You two girls go and examine that patient while I tell the rest of the group a story."*

Refusing to be overshadowed by his "little brother", "Louie" Loewenthal impressed us with his surgical skill and his sartorial elegance. Despite an operating list the size of a small telephone directory and the great demands on his time and patience by student teaching, we never once saw his composure disturbed or so much as a hair out of place. We were, however, worried about his health, for he seemed possessed of a strange illness causing him to suffer akinetic attacks in response to the *faux pas* of his students. Faithful and trusting servants that we were, we were always on hand to catch him, until one day an amazing cure was effected when we didn't. Should the condition recur, we recommend this simple therapeutic measure to our successors.

Few tutors have endeared themselves to us as has this genial surgical gentleman. Judging by his remarks ("But my darling Mr. —!), he felt the same way about us.

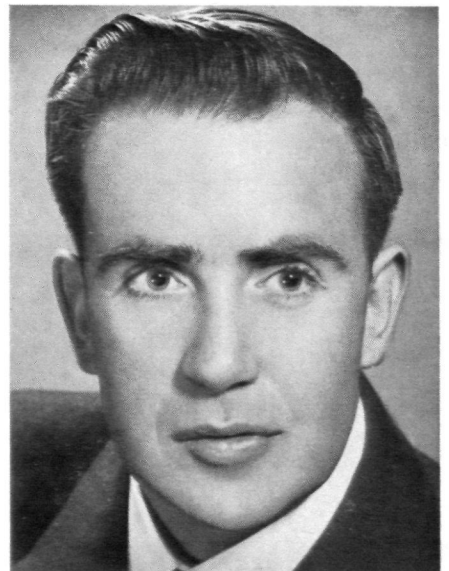
DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

Student: *"I think I've failed Medicine A, Sir."*  
 D.W.P.: *"Pray why, Mr. S—, pray why?"*

It is impossible in just a few words to do justice to this incredible man, who has become a legend at North Shore in just a few short years as our Clinical Supervisor. He has put an immense amount of work and energy into the teaching and administration of our students, and it is largely through his efforts that North Shore has attained its present high status as a clinical school. His brilliance as a clinical tutor, his clarity and economy of expression as Senior Lecturer in Medicine have set a standard of medical teaching unexcelled in this city.

One has, I trust, only to listen to the "Piperisms" in the everyday conversation of his students—in the everyday conversation of his students—and it becomes moderately clear—thttt—moderately clear, that we love him dearly, follow?

It is more than moderately clear—more than moderately clear—that Douglas William Piper is destined for great things in Medicine.





THOMAS FREDERICK ROSE

*"Only seven weeks to go, aren't there?"*

In one's wildest imagination one could not picture a person who looks less like a surgeon. The cheery red face, the ample girth, the shock of hair standing straight up from the back of his head put one strangely in mind of a prosperous Yorkshire farmer. Yet "Tommy" Rose is the most lettered of the North Shore surgeons. Any student who knew his degrees off by heart was regarded with intense admiration and this feat of memory was often called upon as we whiled away the time waiting for Tommy to arrive for tutes.

Although we admired him intensely as a surgeon, we enjoyed most his tremendous flair for satire, for Tommy Rose lost no opportunity to take a dig at anything and everything. His special virtue as a tutor was an outstanding ability completely to demolish any surgical complacency in his students, by the simple expedient of calculating at the beginning of each tutorial the number of weeks left before the Finals.

GEORGE SELBY

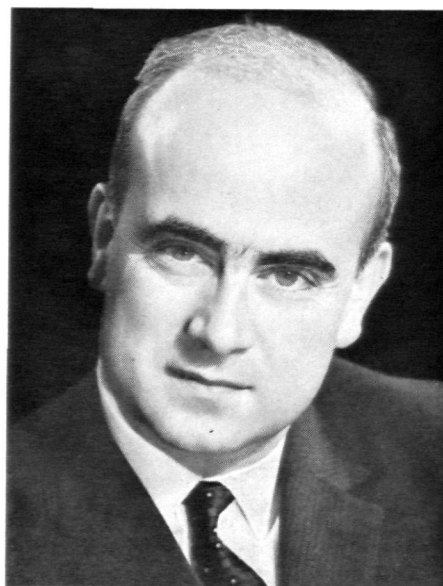
*"And his fame went through all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed of devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them."*—MATTHEW v: 24.

"After you've had Dr. Selby you'll be hoping for a neurological Long Case in the Finals." Such was the introduction to Dr. Selby given to us by our predecessors. And it's true. Every word of it. By the end of the year I was hoping for a neurological Long Case in my Finals.

The examiners called my bluff and gave me one, but thanks to that wizard of the nervous system, this humble student questioned, examined, diagnosed and treated the patient with the aplomb of an accomplished neurologist.

Dr. Selby is an artist in the true sense of the word. With only a percussion hammer, a tuning fork and a pin, he can play a neurological symphony.

Thank you, Dr. Selby, for revealing to us a new world of interest and excitement.



IAN THOMAS

*"To give subtilly to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion."*—PROVERBS i: 4.

We got off to a good start with Dr. Thomas at the beginning of Final Year, when he asked us how many times we had read Harrison. Some of us mentally counted the pages on one hand, others on two, but we all swallowed nervously, and from that time onwards looked at this young gentleman with a mixture of respect and incredulity.

He soon put us at ease, however, with his sense of humour, which, like the driest of pre-dinner sherris, whetted our appetite for the feast of medicine that was to follow. We certainly dined well on the tasty morsels of knowledge prepared for us by this medical gourmet, and when at the end of term we had eaten our fill we gave a satisfied burp and went off to the examiners for our Finals, well prepared to regurgitate some of the large volume of knowledge stored away in our mental ventriculus.

But seriously, we are greatly indebted to Dr. Thomas for his superb therapeutics lectures, for his entertaining and brilliantly instructive ward rounds, and for his dry, dry wit.



## THE REGISTRARS

*"Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds."—EMERSON*

The R.N.S.H. Registrars have taken this for their watchword and, by dint of much labour have really put it into practice. The success of the registrar tutorial system is due in no small measure to their keenness and application, coupled with an ability to select and emphasize the important and the practical. Their ready advice on tactics and strategy for the Finals has been of inestimable value. Their willingness and enthusiasm in holding extra tutorials and E.C.G. classes and in making long cases merits the highest praise. We were indeed fortunate to have such clear, uncluttered and concise talks containing nothing but "the good oil". Our sincere thanks and best wishes go to them.

DR. MURRAY LLOYD. Our Senior Medical Registrar, weighed down by cares of clinical superintending, none the less gave excellent tutorials and even continued to be on time—usually. His E.C.G. sessions were particularly memorable, punctuated by a frequent "There again, don't ask me why—it just happens". Our loss will be the Cleveland Clinic's gain, as Murray will be in Ohio for two years.

DR. BERNIE AMOS: Big Bernie, the new Senior Registrar designate, has throughout the year been a tower of strength, notably in impressing upon us the essentials of junior resident medicine. Bernie's calm, logical approach to the job at hand will help considerably in the arduous months ahead. He has our best wishes in his new posting.

DR. PETER BAUME: Like his well-known uncle, Peter has a gift for talking—volubly. Perhaps his most remarkable characteristic is his regard for the students as friends as well as people to be taught. He could always make a tutorial sound like an informal chat over a glass of beer, yet at the same time cramming them with facts drawn from a very extensive knowledge and an even more extensive set of summary cards,

which even he found difficult to read. He will always remain in our memories as the keenest fellow we have ever known and a "really good bloke".

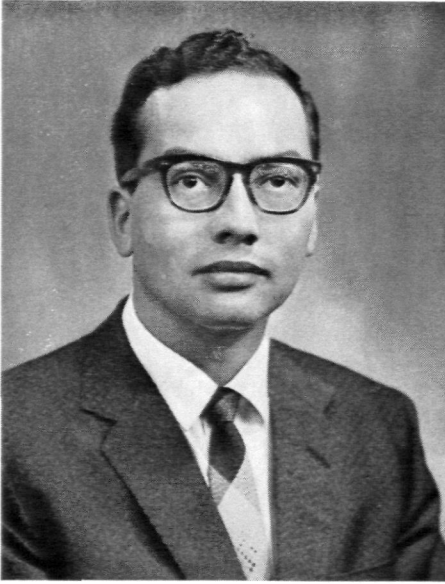
DR. RUSS VANDENBURG: This quiet, unassuming, fresh-faced lad surprised us early in the year with his clinical skill and great theoretical knowledge. His soft voice produced many a strained tensor tympani, but what we did hear did much to give us a firmer grasp of common and not so common chest diseases.

DR. JOHN MOULTON: John is among those who are leaving R.N.S.H.—this time to Lidcombe as staff surgeon. His carefully prepared tutorials rivalled in their system and content those of D. W. Piper—no mean feat. His superb series of tutorials reached their climax in a masterly discourse on burns, which we feel sure must reward his intensive preparation and lucid presentation by appearing in the Surgery paper shortly. We wish him well in his new job.

DR. JIM BURSTAL: Greeting us in early Fifth Year with "Jim's the name", J.B. proceeded to demonstrate his convictions on what is and what is not important for finals surgery. The very clear tutorials he gave us over the following two years and his insistence on working from basic principles and clinical observation were sound preparation for the Finals.

DR. BRUCE SEMPLE: Bruce's efforts in instilling into us a modicum of surgical knowledge were orientated mainly in the direction of orthopaedics, but his talks on the basic problems of general surgery, including an excellent one on bedsores, will stand us in good stead in the coming Finals. His policy of always using a patient as the basis for discussion served very effectively to drive home the lesson to us. We admired his quiet efficiency and his frankness in discussing his own mistakes so that we could learn from them.

## THE STUDENTS



MICHAEL ALLAM

This retiring, almost diffident, but obliging student came to Sydney when the Japanese came to Hong Kong in 1940.

He has few vices, wine, women and gambling having little attraction for him, but a few will remember his discomfort during a lecture the day after a Med. dinner and also the fact that he pulled off first prize in a lottery when in Fifth Year.

His interests are strictly "homely" — gardening, music, photography, televising and making his investments grow!

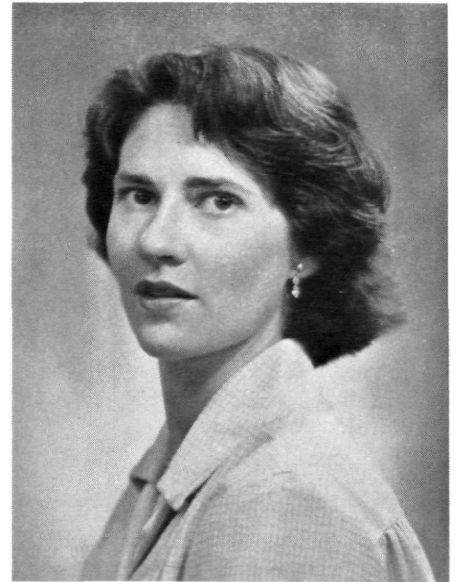
Michael has had a successful passage through Medicine. Occasionally at tutes his thoughts might wander, but we are sure he will become an ever-attentive hard-working doctor.

GLADYS DOROTHY BLACKMAN

*"I don't say she speeds . . ."*—D. SAUNDERS.

Who can beat Doug. Saunders to the hospital any day, including shopping on the way? Why, Gladys of course. Her smooth efficiency behind the wheel is equalled only by her slashing game of table tennis in an orthopædic brace. Brilliantly erratic at billiards though she may be, table tennis is another matter — in fact Gladys was University Women's Champion in 1956-57.

Little has been disclosed of her early days in Cairns except that there she met her Main Interest, Noel Cowie, now her favourite husband. Bound for Sydney to do Medicine, Gladys stopped briefly at Armidale University. But neither a B.Sc. with Honours in Geography nor personal experience of hospital life could draw her from her first love.



RUSSELL JOHN BUTLER

*"You're my perineal expert, Butler!"*—PROF. L.

Russ entered the Faculty in 1956, a by-product of Fort Street Boys' High.

A feature of Russ' stay at "the Hut" was the number of private parties. On being asked the nature of these, he said he dabbles in scrabble. This may even be true, for no one has yet supplanted the great love of Russ' life — a distinguished vintage automobile (known to all as "the Lag"). On this love he lavishly squanders his spare time. Most of us are continually amazed at his knowledge of things mechanical, and some even have benefited from this knowledge; others, from the reliability with which "the Lag" has conveyed us to devious places.

With his good results, quiet, friendly disposition, Russ should go far in the profession he has chosen.



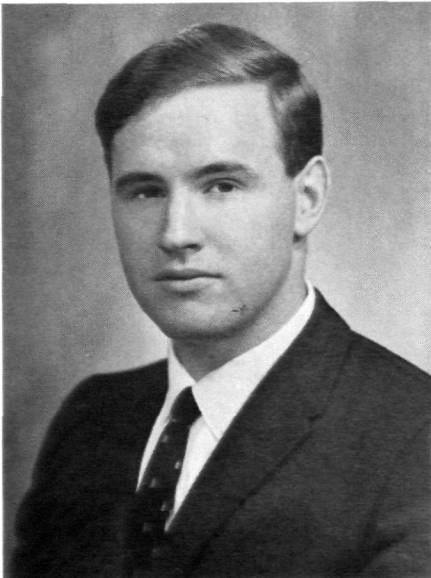
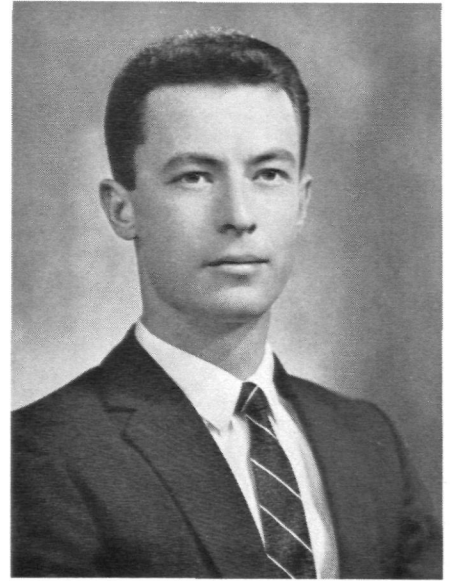


## GORDON ROBERT CAMPBELL

*"I don't think sex has anything to do with it, Sir."*

Our lad from New Guinea, Gordon entered the Medical Faculty with a consuming interest in tropical diseases. (Favourite question: "Is this yaws?") He is renowned for his efficient, though at times hair-raising, transport service between Uni. and the Country Club, and an insane compulsion to play tennis at the most undignified hours of day and night.

Despite a preference for billiards, surfing and "watching TV" [*sic*] with his girl friend (he didn't fool us for a moment), Gordon finds time very occasionally to do some work. How he does so well on so little work has never ceased to dumbfound us. We wish him well for his return to the wild north.



## ANTHONY COLLINS

*"... but she's only fourteen!"*

A former scholar at Shore, Tony entered the Faculty to follow in the footsteps of his father and godfather.

Temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil have at times presented and have been indulged in to the full, but so far, failure, a sin common to most good men, has eluded him.

The sturdy family ears have taken an unmerciful beating and the local publicans are dubious of his patronage; but, for all, Tony's ardour has remained unabated. Women have never been much trouble, as his many friends in need will bear out—his address book has saved many a day. They were rather young, but faces and forms invariably satisfied.

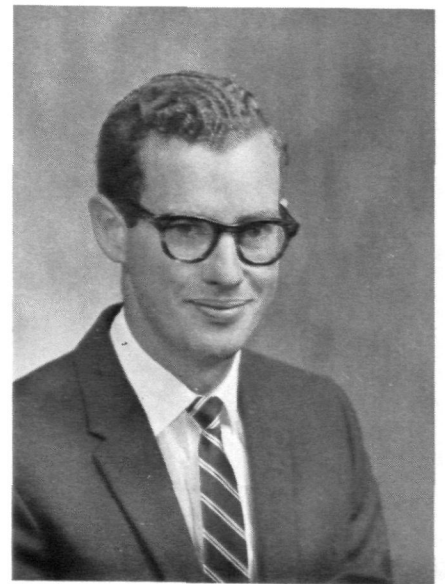
When Tony graduates an assured future awaits him—a good starter, a broad and agile mind, and a good fellow. What other assets are needed?

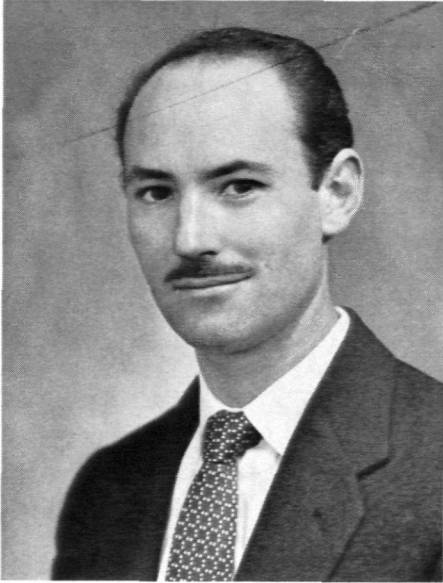
## NOEL EDRIC CORBETTE-JONES

He gives impartial reviews of the programmes at one of the big city cinemas, walks exhausting distances in the valleys of the Blue Mountains, and plays Wedding Marches on country church organs. In addition to these activities, he has played a prominent role in the youth group at his church. The remaining moments have been devoted to his medical career, which, incidentally, has been characterized by consistent success.

All those who have known Noel agree that with his patience, understanding and conscientiousness he is one of "the most likely to succeed".

He goes forth with the good wishes of many.





PHILIP H. DEALL

*"Cousin Weak Eyes."*

"Sorry I'm late, Sir." Phil (Big) Deall has arrived. At least we think so. Sometimes it's not so easy to tell if it is really Phil lurking behind those dark glasses. It's not that his eyes are weak — just bloodshot! Actually the dark glasses fulfil the dual rôles of soothing his perennial photophobia and protecting him from the unwelcome attentions of creditors and underworld associates.

With the cause of Medical Science always at heart, Phil seems eternally engaged in attempting to determine the maximum human tolerance to Dexedrine and Phenobarb. We wouldn't be at all surprised if he found a clear patch in his pharmacological haze for a drachm or two of Tinct. Opii.

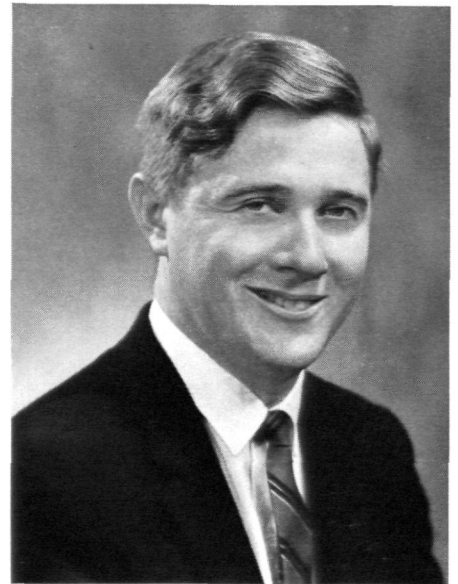
Phil has many friends at North Shore who avoid him if possible but nevertheless wish him well.

JOHN E. DELAHUNTY

*"You don't have to know that!"*

John Delahunty, born and bred in Hong Kong, came to this country some years ago. Not having the necessary high qualifications to enter the rickshaw-pulling profession, he turned as a last resort to Medicine. His Oriental background has made adaptation to our ways difficult — he can't get over being forbidden to wear cheong sams in the wards, and to smoke in tutorials (opium, of course!).

Despite such restrictions, John still managed to achieve fame for his unhinged behaviour in the earlier years of Medicine. He has now subsided to a more stable and less interesting way of life. An authority on economy of study, he always knows "what you don't have to know" at pass exams. However, sincere interest and bright personality are qualities that are sure to bring him success.

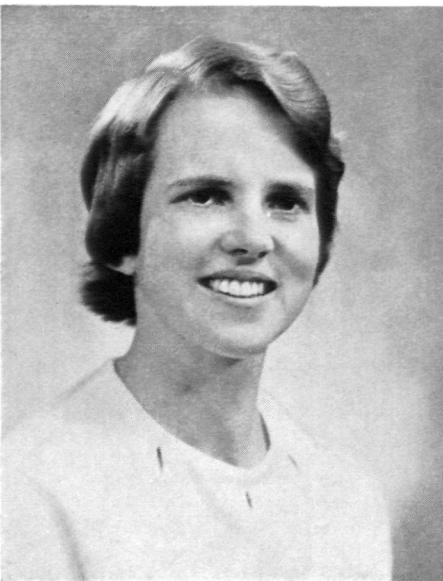


KATHLEEN OWEN DONOVAN, B.Sc.Agr., Ph.D. (Edin.)

*"Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."—COLOSSIANS iii: 23.*

Rising before dawn at the summons of her alarm, Kath hurries out to feed her cat. As further proof of her devotion, she spent three years in milk research. Thus, she knows too much about hospital milk ever to drink it.

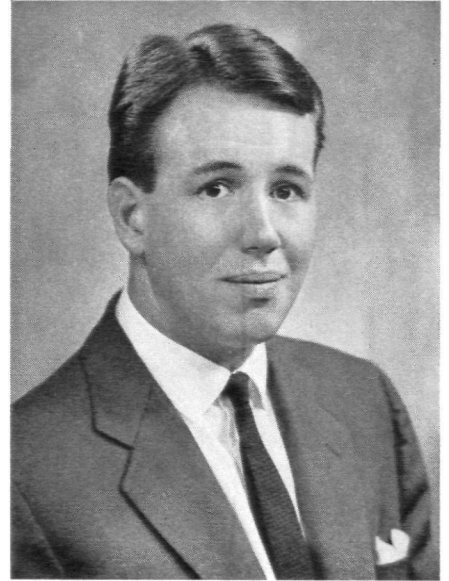
Kath has worked her way through Medicine as cook, housekeeper, washerwoman and deaconess. She is well known for her contralto solos, attacks of perennial paroxysmal rhinorrhœa, and Charleston performances — this being the rage in her hey-day. Her interest in Obstetrics is clear from her nappy bag and the lovingly compiled statistics of her deliveries, and may account for her many D's and C's. Called to serve as a missionary in India, Kath did not hesitate to give up her previous career.



## ANDREW DOWE

*"Sir, I have a confession to make."*

The big, bronzed, broad-shouldered boy from Mosman, fresh from the North Shore Academy for Young Gentlemen, arrived at the University in 1956, firmly believing in the old school, the Liberal Party and the pukkaness of Mosman. He still does! Beneath this respectable veneer is a man of many parts, whose dancing is rated as the best the Hut has seen, whose devotion to sick relatives is unsurpassed, and whose vigour on the football field makes strong men shudder. In between these various activities Andrew has managed to scrape at least one Credit each year and occasionally a Distinction. He plans to become a prosperous practitioner treating acute appendicitis in his own inimitable way—"A barium enema and a chest X-ray".



## JAMES EVANS

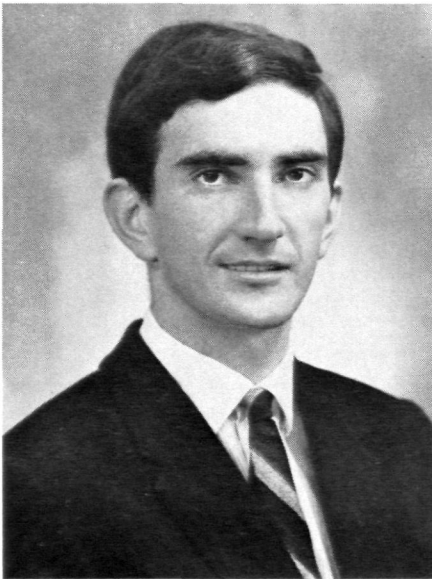
*"You ain't nuthin' but a hound dog."*

Jim soft-shoed into Medicine looking like an advertisement for exclusive men's wear and ever since has maintained an immaculate appearance except for a few stains on the tie.

After a brief education in the army, his absorptive capacity has increased to the remarkable. However, after the final burst his saturation point will probably be reached.

When he is not at home looking after his sisters he is occasionally to be found at the hospital, but more often still in bed after an evil night before. The sight of the sleeping beauty (and what a beauty) with half a dozen glasses of water close handy is a familiar sight to all.

Jim's quick wit has won him many friends, but he has avoided forming any close attachments with the opposite sex. However, in the future some young lady will surely feel the deeper impact of his real charm.



## COLIN FISHER

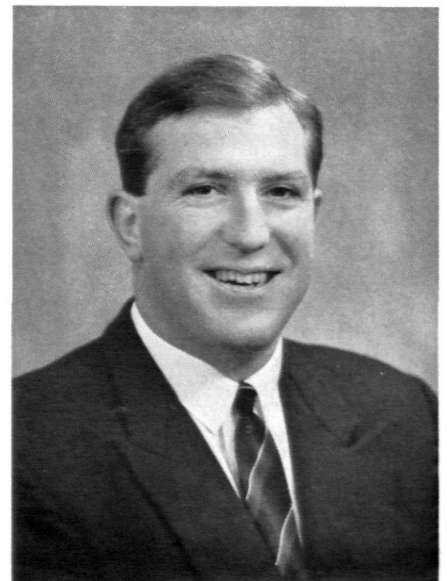
*"Fat fearless Fooge."*

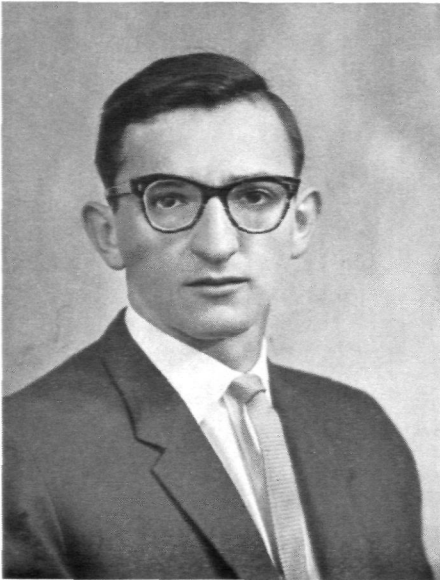
Having spent his younger days at a hillside college in the Eastern Suburbs, Col entered the Faculty to tackle Medicine with the ardour of a true West Wyalong boy.

Life at Wesley College in those days must have bewildered a simple lad from the bush. Manly sports and traditional college pastimes of wenching and boozing offered tempting diversions, and an occasional exam was neglected. Since then, however, an older and wiser man has handled exams and temptation with ease.

Most will remember the backbone of football and cricket teams, the canny bridge partner, but who could forget the flushed, outraged face and stentorian voice on a wintry Singleton dawn?

When Col graduates, his amiable nature and good fellowship assure his future, even though it be aiding his brother to gather the lucre at West Wyalong.





(“RUDY”) FRYDA

*“What’s been happening since I was here last?”*

Always an individualist, Rudy decided to graduate in the middle of the year—from a supercharged black MG to a long, low, lovely Mercedes 190 SL. Not that he really needs it to make any conquests, as he has been engaged more often than most of us would consider decent in one so young.

Since getting engaged takes up most of his nights, and sleeping most of his days, we rarely see him at the hospital, which is probably just as well, judging by the incidence of paroxysmal tachycardia in the nursing staff at the sight of that glorious car.

How Rudy finds time for Medicine is beyond us. Even more unfathomable is the secret of his continued excellent exam results. If the same secret enables him to fit in seeing patients after he graduates, he should do well. We feel he will probably end up as a marriage counsellor.

DONALD JAMES GRIMES

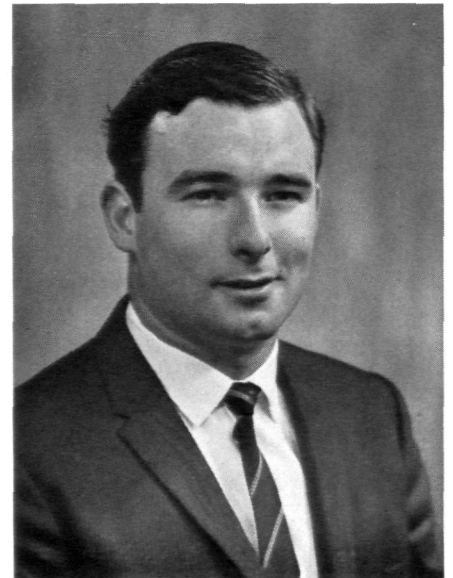
*“The constable!”*

Fresh from Albury and Fort Street High Schools, Don entered University in high spirits (much prefers beer), excelled at aerial pingpong and enjoyed several Intervarsities with the team.

Quickly settling his huge bulk into Manning, he and a foreign-type soccer-player in their preclinical years traded lecture notes for coffee, etc.

He negotiated the preclinical storm and settled comfortably into life at the Country Club, although a change for the better was brought about at the beginning of Fifth Year by his charming wife Meg, who has restricted his activities to minor vices in the bridge school and the Union.

With his jovial manner and a secret twenty hours’ study a day, he is sure to justify himself in the Finals, and the future holds much promise.



DAVID ROBERT HUNT

*“Are you all right, Mr. Hunt?”—HARRY CUMBERLAND AND MANY OTHERS.*

David was educated at North Sydney Tech. Because of his enthusiasm David was elected group leader as well as hospital representative for many years.

He is very keen and deserves the successes he achieved in the examinations, helped no less by his astounding memory for ridiculous facts and rare syndromes. In view of his special interest in child psychology and the Kindergarten Movement it will not surprise if he specializes in Pædiatrics.

Dave dearly loves a debate, and his puzzled facial expressions when it is not going his way are well known to his tutors and friends.

He is dependable and helpful, and his friendship is valued by us all.



## GARY ("PROFESSOR") IRWIN

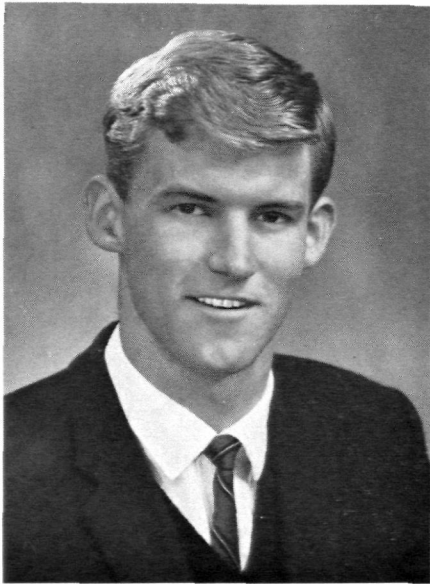
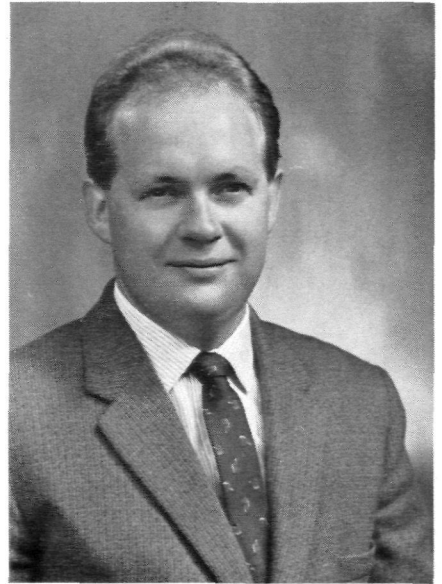
*"What is your name, Sir?"*

After many years of dissipation and football (Rugby League) Gary in an insane moment joined Medicine.

He quickly became known for his capacity to consume a certain amber fluid.

Fourth Year brought a sudden reduction in this fluid intake, when marriage converted him into a respectable member of the community. Since then the arrival of a daughter has produced remarkable changes. His only questionable activity now is punting, which he does with varying success.

Now a quiet husband and father with prospects of further additions, his future is assured. Wendy and Sally have completely tamed him.



## DAVID CHARLES JOHNSON

*"But fill me with the old familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and by."*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

David began his life in Armidale, moving to Sydney to attend Homebush High. Following earlier successes at school, he won a University Blue for swimming as well as representing at Intersvarsity in Water Polo and Basketball. His activities in the sporting field were not confined to playing, and he served on numerous committees both in an official and an absorptive capacity.

Outside of study, sport and parties, his main interest was sleep. This or his "faithful" scooter may have accounted for his popularity with early morning lecturers.

Despite his multiplicity of outside interests he managed to excel academically, collecting several prizes during the course, and with his easy approach we expect David to be most successful in his chosen field.

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER LAND

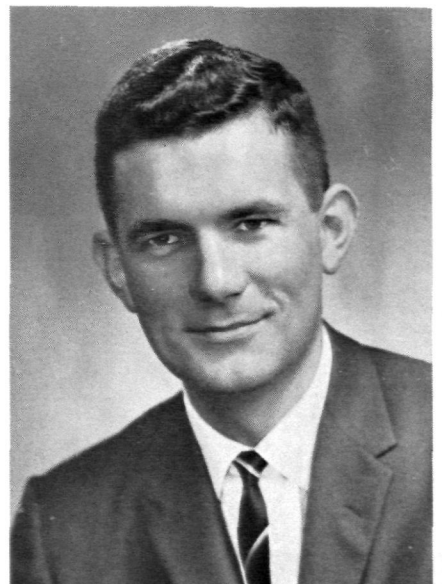
*"Lovely — quite lovely!"*

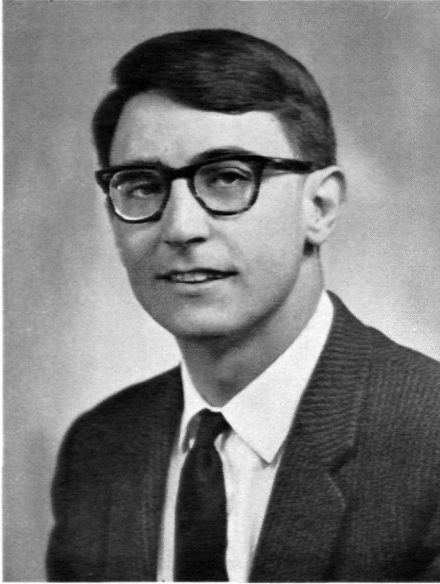
Voted man most likely to get an SCC, Bill conceals behind the chronic actinic dermatitis of his exterior a powerful intellect and a keen appreciation of the opposite sex. Although he gives evidence of the former only during exams, he certainly delights in giving full expression to the latter ("Seen the blonde nurse in B2?").

Relics of his days as a Quiz Kid, Bill is equipped with a phenomenal general knowledge and an overpowering desire to put up his hand during tutorials.

Apart from his suntan, the thing that he is proudest of is the fact that he went to Fort Street Boys' High School.

With an assured future in Dermatology, Bill's trail through Medicine will be marked, we feel sure, by more than just desquamated epithelium.





PAUL LENNON

Like one of the well-known professors, Paul originally came from Toowoomba. After doing his Leaving year at St. Aloysius' he has had a successful passage through Medicine, accentuated by his many outside interests. He has been an officer in the Regiment, a Sydney taxi-driver, and has played Rugby Union for the University. His skiing career was ended by an unfortunate incident, but it enabled him to be the only person to drive from Cooma to Sydney on a Pott's fracture (undiagnosed by himself). Paul seems to do everything well. He should have no trouble with the Finals and will be very successful thereafter. If he strikes trouble in the vivas, all he has to do is talk — as a talker he is without doubt the best in the year.

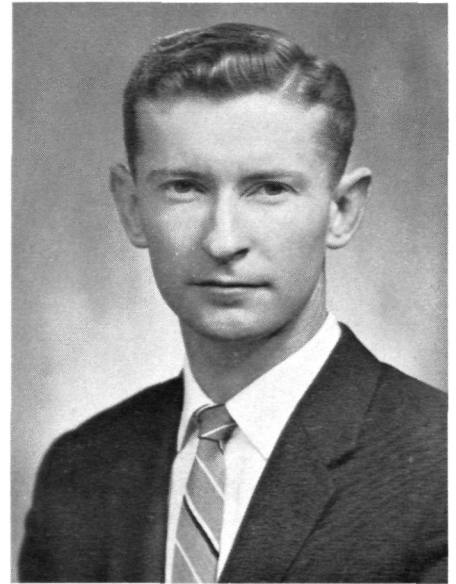
GARY WINTER LEQUESNE

*"Have you had a W.R. done lately?"*—DR. RICH.

An education at North Sydney Boys' High couldn't have done Gary much good, because he immediately went astray into Chemical Engineering at Kensington Tech. After a year of this lecherous existence the prodigal realized the error of his ways, returned to the welcoming arms of the Medical Faculty and has done prodigiously ever since. In Fourth Year, Gary discovered he had pupils which didn't R to L but did to A. People have been looking suspiciously at him ever since.

Activities include trips to New Guinea, skiing, canoeing, squash, tennis, golf, Church Fellowship, and getting frequent W.R.'s done.

With a personality that belies his middle name, he is sure to go far.



DOUGLAS MAH

*"Where's Doug?"*

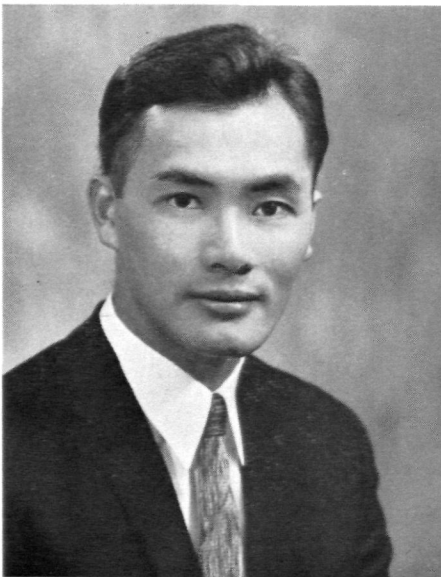
Douglas came from Randwick High and stayed a little more than a year in Dentistry before deciding on Medicine in 1955.

Studying consistently in his junior years, he was rather quiet. Moments of meditation were spent in the Nicholson Museum, where he derived considerable satisfaction from Archæology.

He has a warm enthusiasm for listening to classical music and watching ballet. During the vacation in the hot weather as well as other times, he is addicted to swimming.

In the Pædiatrics term he realized that babies were people too, but he reserved judgment on the babes on the nursing staff.

Because he is guided and is grateful to so many friends, Douglas will follow the path towards being an understanding, gentle, humble doctor.



## DAVID O'MALLEY

*"Got a smoke, mate?"*

Dave is the type of bloke who we must put into the category of "the most unforgettable character I have ever met". We will always remember Dave when we have forgotten the rest. His casual manner, his nochalant hair-do and his minimum use of his many brains. Dave is a man of many parts; few will know that he is a top class tennis player and a good cricketer, whereas everyone knows of his prowess at billiards and his fondness for card games. We must not forget Dave's faithful green wagon, his girl friend with bronchiectasis and his many dubious friends at his beloved "Carlton Hotel". All in all, Dave is a good bloke and should do well in his many varied activities in the future.



## JOHN HERBERT OVERTON

*"... a head like a racing tadpole."*

Another of the sons of North Sydney Boys' High, Herb has, within the short space of three years at North Shore, left a deep eponymous imprint on Clinical Medicine. Although he hotly denies that the Overton Theory of Anæsthetic Action arose from surreptitious experiments on self and colleagues with ether bottle during Anæsthetics Term, he is in fact the originator of the "Overton Pregnancy Test for Detecting Pregnancy in Mice" by injecting the mouse's urine into virgin women (patent pending), and the "Overton Crash Digitalis Therapy for Digitalis Addicts" (5 mg. iv statim) (patent flatly refused). A thoroughly likeable fellow, who mixes equally well with royalty (1954) and nurses (1959-?). Herb also has an extensive experience with the internal combustion engine, which should make him the best anæsthetist North Shore has produced.



## ANNE THERÈSE PALME

*"Palmam qui meruit ferat—who is worthy of the Palme, let him carry her off."—ANDERSON.*

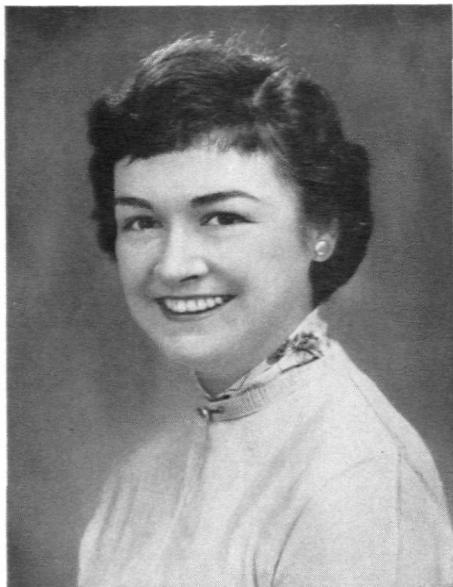
That figure cunningly concealed under the patient's bed tray is our Miss Palme. What is she doing there? . . . .

Miss P. also consistently refuses to divulge anything of her adventures in her previous radiographic calling and is reticent about details of her trip overseas.

Her interests include golf, dressmaking, skiing (intra-term) and lung diving, but it looks as though the latter will be giving way to lung lunches. Her small (fast) car has caused a few interesting episodes, including a police escort across the Harbour Bridge on one occasion.

This gentle-mannered lass is bent on Psychiatry—and we had considered her normal. In the words of Mr. Goulston: "We need you, Miss Palme."





## MARLENE JOSEPHINE MARGARET QUIGLEY

*"What's that there, Sir?"*

Miss "Quig." hails from Bega and comes to us via Strathfield High School, and thence some remote tropical Pacific island. This accounts for her dislike of cold weather and her special flair for tropical diseases.

Marlene's ancestors were Irish and, according to our tutor, the name of "Quigley" means "wise counsellor"—or something. It is the Irish in her that makes Marlene a worthy opponent in any argument.

In her spare time she cooks, plays squash, collects stamps, "stump syndromes" and throws wonderful parties.

She has been voted by the patients as this year's girl with the warmest smile but the coldest hands.

Marlene displays a genuine interest in her work and this, together with her cheerful disposition, endears her to everybody.

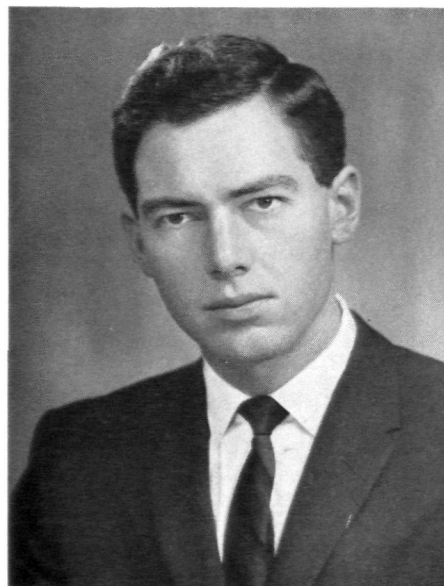
## PETER MICHAEL RONAI

*"You'd better fasten your safety belt!"*

Peter left Hungary at the age of two and brought his parents out with him. In 1954 he bid North Sydney High a triple honours adieu and entered the Medical Faculty. His consistent brilliance in the pre-clinical years culminated in a B.Sc. (Hons. I) in Pathology, after which he joined us in Fifth Year.

Typical of his philosophy of never doing things by halves is his year-round water skiing ("Feeling cold is just a state of mind!"), his love of rapid motoring in an immaculate white MG twin cam, his terrifying appetite ("What's wrong with seven sandwiches for morning tea?"), and those long phone calls to a certain Physio in Canada ("O.K., so I'm in love!").

He is energetic, enthusiastic, friendly, hard-working, and what endears him to us most, a controlled lunatic.



## DOUGLAS MUNRO SAUNDERS

*"... unheard was her complaining;  
On drove the chariot."*

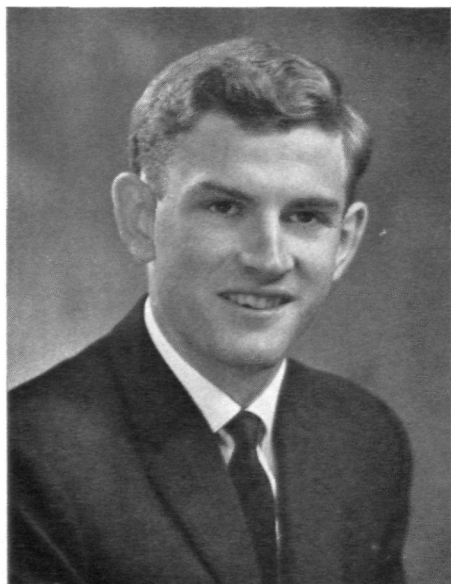
—SOUTHEY.

Appearing at the University after a studious career at Shore, Douglas quietly continued his successful progress.

Many of his friends are indebted to his generously shared mobility, which has nevertheless filled them with a high regard for Sydney motorists' ability to bring their vehicles to a sudden halt when confronted with an unusual interpretation of traffic rules.

His unassuming figure is familiar to other part-time golfers at Manly Clubhouse. The intermittently exultant or depressed visage is often seen by other addicts with similar Saturday afternoon equine interests.

The devotion to work, drive and ambition we have become familiar with over the years will no doubt result in further success wherever his fancy may lead him.





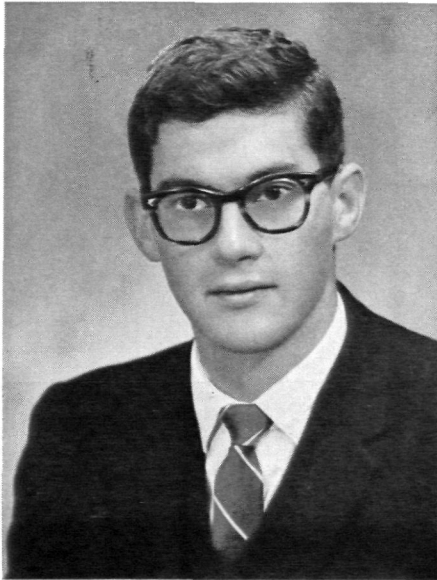
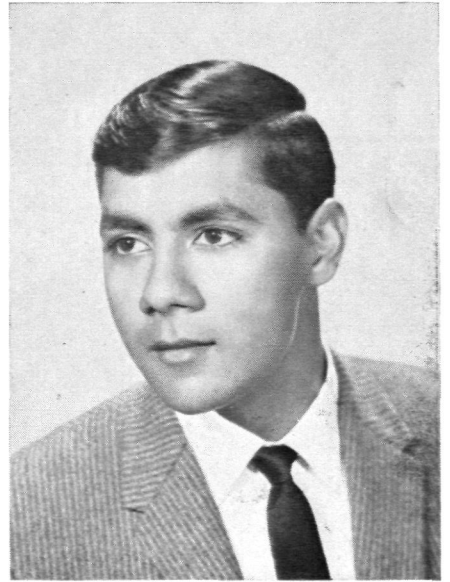
## SHAILENDRA KUMAR SINHA

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."*—PROVERBS.

Joining us from that island between the equator and the Tropic of Capricorn, where one can actually find coconuts and tropical diseases in abundance, Shailendra made his debut. Since then, with quiet humility and ready wit, he has endeared himself to each of us.

We have come to know Shailendra as a true friend. In games a sportsman, in some tutorials a sleeper, and in all activities a "doer"—just how many "do's" he attends we never were able to find out!

Above all we see a man who has his ideals set high, a love for his fellow beings and whose witness bears the mark of his love for his Lord and Master.



## JOHN STIEL

John was born in Palestine and it was apparent even at an early age that the Middle East was not big enough to hold both John and Mr. Nasser.

John received "basic training" at Homebush High School. As one might expect (his father was a lawyer), he soon displayed considerable academic ability. This quality evidently runs in the Stiel family, as his sister (Mirjam) is also very bright.

His many accomplishments include deep-sea fishing and, theoretically, water-polo. He follows racehorses and girls, but has no preferences.

"Wally", as he is called, is also somewhat proud of his cyclo-thymic personality. He is sound and dependable and these qualities, among others, have brought him a host of friends.

## BEVAN HOPETOUN STONE

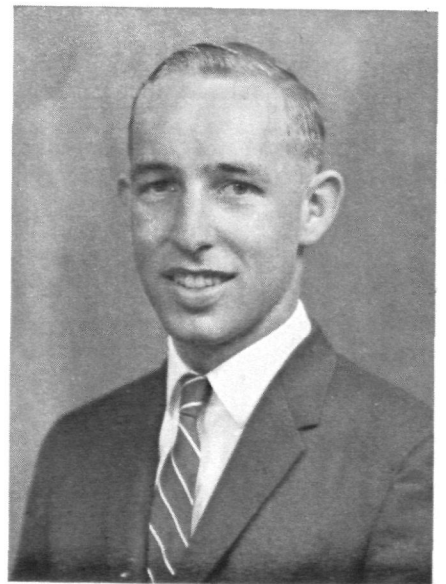
Although an Old Falconian at heart, Bevan was early led astray by a spell at that building in College Street ("Isn't it a museum") and later with a year in the Faculty of Science.

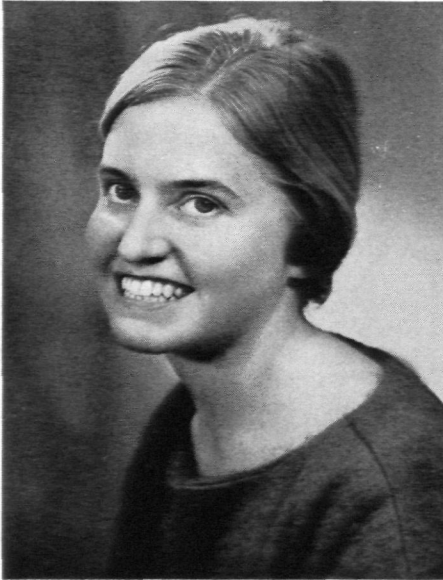
However, the indiscretions of his youth were forgotten on joining us in Second Year, and Bevan has since followed an untroubled course through the medical maze.

Noted during Obstets. as the third stage expert with the magic touch, a strong party advocate and an obsessive score keeper, Bevan also showed an enthusiasm for mixed tennis.

It is understood that Goulburn Hospital and nursing staff are still recovering from the reforms imposed upon the administration there.

We feel sure that Bevan's sincere and earnest manner will bring him success.





JEANETTE RAE THIRLWELL

*"Psychoanalyse me in silence!"*

This fair maiden came to University via North Sydney Girls' High School and Balmoral Beach. During her first two years in Medicine she wielded a hockey stick at Intervarsity matches, then turned ski enthusiast.

She established a taxi service between the University and the Country Club for the benefit of fellow students, and always proved keen for a hand of bridge. In the social sphere she organized some memorable and riotous barbecues.

Possessed of a labile personality, Jeanette disturbed our most phlegmatic tutor in a dramatic outburst ("Did I say something?"—D.W.P.), and throughout her course has controlled a group of unruly males with an appropriate blush.

Despite a pessimistic outlook she has regularly passed her examinations and will continue to do so in the Finals.

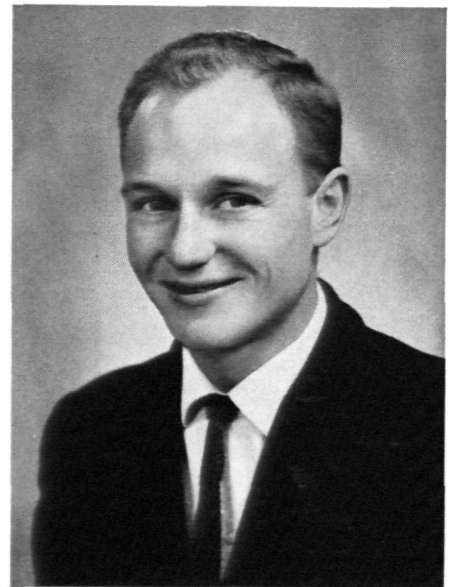
PHILIP JONATHAN BENJAMIN WEST

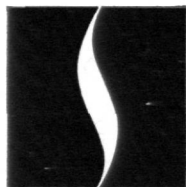
*"She'll be right, mate."*

Voted the most easy-going man in the Year, Philip was bred in the Sunshine State, but headed for civilization at an early age. He was educated at Barker College and after a couple of years of Vet. Science he moved to the Senior Faculty to deal with more serious problems. His interest in Pædiatrics reflects a remaining interest in Vet.

His greatest claim to fame is his MG TC—the greatest advertisement MG ever had. This vehicle, despite the many outrages to its person, runs a regular service for driver and absurd number of passengers between University and the Country Club.

With his easy personality a bright future is assured for Philip, wherever his interests guide him.





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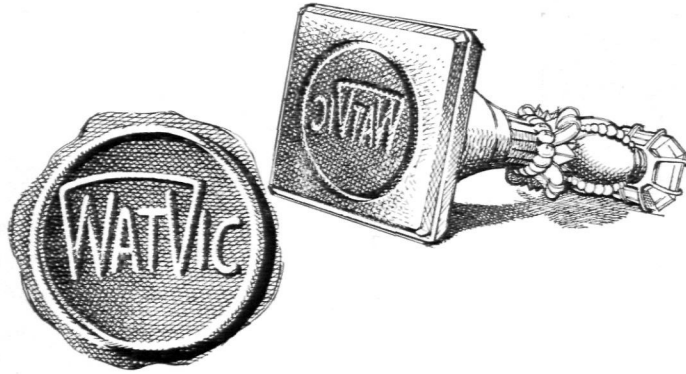
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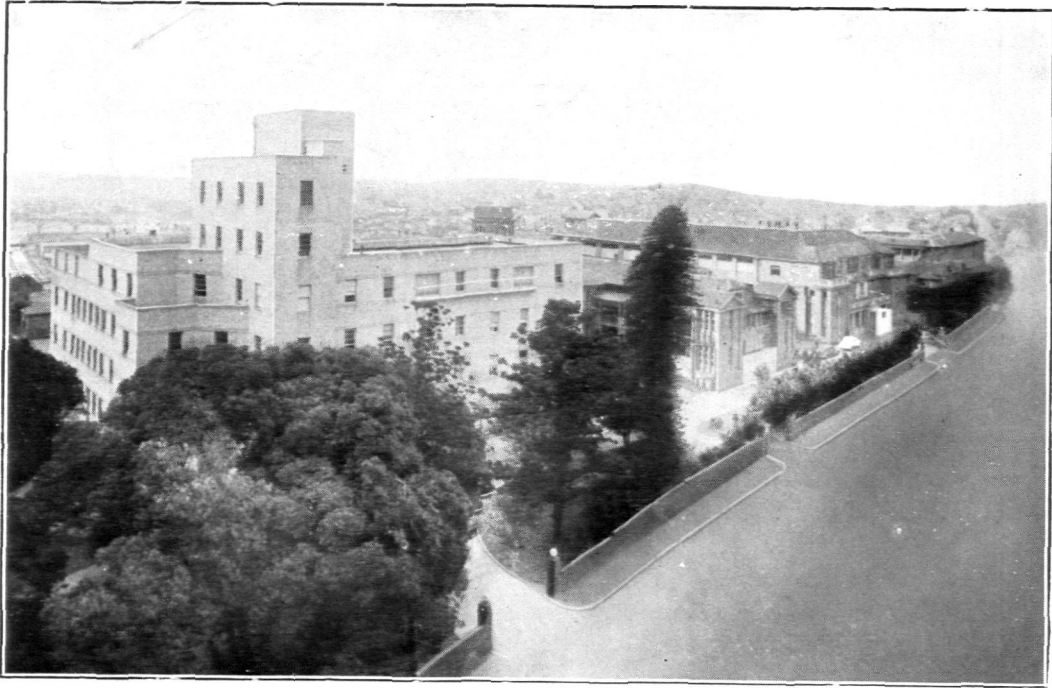


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## ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

Introduced to the Children's Hospital by a series of lectures in pædiatrics during first term, our appetite was whetted for the two and a bit months of work there that was to follow later in the year.

First day there was like a three-dimensional, stereophonic, high-fidelity nightmare—there was the timetable to master first of all. How many students miss the first three days of lectures because they don't know what represents them on that neo-hieroglyphic scroll is beyond conjecture although still within the bounds of credibility.

Half way through the year we swapped professors. The timetable remained as it had always been, but a few other things were changed. Tutorial groups became

smaller and examinations became less important—so we were told.

But the highlight of the term was our living-in period. Who doesn't remember it all? The billiard table that doubled as ashtray and tea table; the endless stream of ailing infants and distraught mothers in Casualty; the hours spent looking for a registrar who was supposed to be taking one on a round; and the occasional excitement, as when one group was roused out of its erratic (because of the holes in the baize) snooker and cards to see a pair of Siamese twins.

The enduring impression most of us have of "Kids" is one of a spotless, smoothly-run hospital, for whom no trouble was too great and no problem too small when helping both patients and students.



## THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

Respite from the rush and bustle of Fifth Year comes to all. For one month high-powered registrars, supercilious honoraries, specials, cramming and university lectures are all forgotten. For we are to be confined—to Crown Street.

Here came all students from Sydney Hospital, being joined in the Final Year refresher course by guests from The Royal, to “do” their Obstetrics.

Living in—a new experience to most—provided memories for all: parties, pranks, or simply the comradeship which the rushing to and from the general hospital dispels. Our quarters, adequate for most of our needs, being strategically placed above labour ward, necessitated our learning some obstetrics. But this was left to neither chance nor propinquity.

The willingness and the ability of the honoraries—both obstetricians and pædiatricians—to teach was striking. Most took groups for either lectures or tutorials throughout the year.

The Superintendent and his staff of residents were always approachable, if at times rather forthright and very inquisitive. From them we learnt much.

And the sisters. Dear sisters. So delightfully illogical. They saw to it we learnt the fundamentals “The Crown Street Way”—which after all is based upon their own years of experience. Often sorely tried, we valued their help and friendliness.

To feel confident in what we were taught and to be proud to say we learnt what we know at “Crown Street” means this hospital has served us well.



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- PSYCHIATRIC NURSING: THE NURSE-PATIENT RELATIONSHIP  
(black and white: 34 minutes)
- URINARY TRACT INFECTIONS  
(colour: 20 minutes)
- RESUSCITATION OF THE NEWBORN  
(colour: 25 minutes)
- MECHANISM AND CONTROL OF NAUSEA AND VOMITING  
(colour: 20 minutes)
- BLADDER FLAP URETEROPLASTY  
(colour: 26 minutes)

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## ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN (PADDINGTON)

A magnificent harbour view, five minutes walk to the Cross, a new students' hostel. Not heaven—just the dear old Royal; although if anyone should be misguided enough to believe they were indeed inside the pearly gates, a single midnight to 8 a.m. shift would have proved otherwise. The student found himself in the midst of a skilled and conscientious team of hard workers. When the month of durance was up, we all felt as though we were going away from home instead of back to it—but there was always the thought of the refresher term to restore one's vigour and sagging spirits.

Personalities were a strong feature of the Royal. From the gentle and supremely competent Dr. Greenwell to the 4 a.m. philosophy of one Sister Brett we found a fairly comprehensive cross-section of humanity at the Royal. The other tutors and sisters were just as hard to forget—the cheery informality of Dr. Ian Cope, the dry wit of Dr. Donald Scheumack, the courtesy of Dr. Richardson and the terse advice of Dr. David Howell all became familiar features of our life. The resident staff also soon impressed themselves on us. Dr. Graham Williams' 4 a.m. tutorials in the lift and Dr. Warwick Newman's request for Dr. Crackanthorpe

to anaesthetize a patient prior to a manual removal—"Sock her down, Crackers!"—added interest to what must already be the most interesting routine in the world today.

The Royal shared a grand old man of obstetrics with several other hospitals. We always looked forward to the appearance of Professor F. J. Browne (could this be *the* F. J. Browne that appeared so copiously in our textbook?) at seminars in the comfortable lecture theatre. From him we were able to glean a faint idea of what obstetrics used to be and how it had gone about changing to what it is today.

The Royal term was the first time we had to get up in the middle of the night to do work. The shrilling of the phone (remember how we all used to lie awake hoping that someone else would have the willpower to drag him/herself out of bed and answer it?) in the wee small hours has given us a taste of what our lives will be like when we at last begin to practise our vocation properly.

One other thing went to complete the impressions of the Royal. This was the first time we had ever felt the warmth of a patient's gratitude—in a way it felt like growing up.



## KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

There are a few milestones in the course of a medical student's progress. Mostly these are found where his personality, upbringing and religion are suddenly thrown into the light. Such occurs at the first encounter with anatomy dissection, the first P.M. and the first ward work. But perhaps the most salutary, and to many the most disturbing, experience is Labour Ward. Here, often with the personal feelings sharpened by lack of sleep, he sees the obverse of the coin.

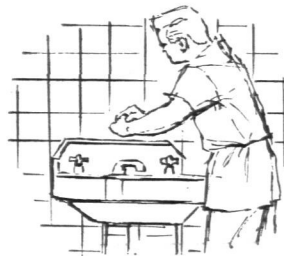
This glimpse of the future is to some a stimulus to work harder, to some a confirmation of their purpose, and to others disgusting. Why is this so? At no stage of his career up to date do you hear so much complaint about the system. The student usually has made some effort to learn the work, for most in these days of the new clientele of the Faculty of Medicine are conscientious to some degree. Naturally, the first adjustment is the obvious differences between ideal as learned from books and the practical as seen and done. This disturbs

many and some find it difficult to accept but soon "learn the drill", and before long begin to discuss its virtues and shortcomings and how they would alter it.

There are occasions when conflict with the establishment arises, but it serves its purpose and the rancour is soon forgotten. But one thing the student sees in clear relief is the peck order of medicine as practised in hospitals. He finds it amusing and gleefully talks of its obvious mistakes. All this, of course, is not peculiar to medicine, but Labour Ward does much to form the future clinical demeanour; some pay the price of being too friendly, some are forced at last to talk and work with those they find objectionable. Slowly the veneer slips into place to protect the emotions and to supply the expected, a veneer which later practice will polish for most.

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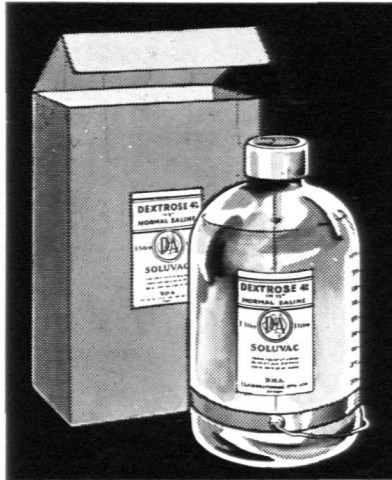


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Saline Lactate Soln.

Sodium Lactate Soln. M/6

Sodium Sulphate Soln. 4.28%

Standard Maintenance Fluid

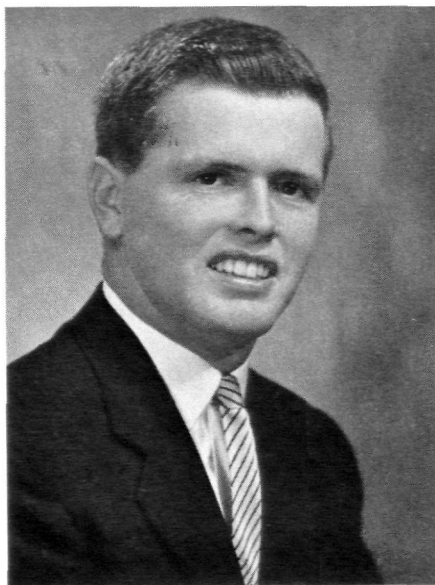
Tissue Repair Soln. No. 1 (Alkalosis)

Tissue Repair Soln. No. 2 (Acidosis)

D.H.A. (LABORATORIES) PTY. LTD., AUSTRALIA



## “ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1961



DAVID ALEXANDER LINDSAY

The “Robin May” Memorial Prize was instituted in 1948 in memory of the five newly graduated doctors who were lost at sea when their launch *Robin May* sank in 1945. This, the most coveted prize of the Medical Course, is awarded in the Final Year to the student selected by his fellows as the outstanding all-round personality throughout the six years.

David Lindsay is the “Robin May” prize winner for 1961. David’s selection came as no surprise to those who have known him prior to and during his medical course. His quiet efficiency and commanding personality have greatly impressed all those who have had any contact with him.

David received his secondary education at Fort Street Boys’ High School and despite its proximity to a well-

known brewery has managed to remain temperate. His final year at Fort Street in 1955 saw David elected school captain and receive blues in football, swimming and water polo.

The following year David entered the Faculty of Medicine and continued his interests in swimming and football and the fairer sex.

Although not distinguished in the academic field David has managed to complete the course in six years, remaining among the class of “gentlemen” in the pass list until the Final Examination, in which he capped his efforts with a high credit in Medicine, and credits in Obstetrics and Gynæcology.

Since 1956 David has actively participated in Medical Society affairs, rising progressively through the positions of Year Representative, Honorary Secretary and Undergraduate Vice-President. He was instrumental in the formation in 1960 of the Australasian Medical Students’ Association, and was responsible on two occasions for the organization of the Annual Medical Convention.

In the sporting field David has represented his Faculty and University well, playing in the Second XV for six years, interrupted only by a cartilage injury in 1958. Apart from sport at University he has maintained an interest in competitive swimming and water polo.

Visitors to Sussex Inlet during any vacation would have the opportunity of seeing him with dead-pan expression topped by a battered green canvas hat, standing immobile on the sand gazing wistfully at the sea, in his hand a well-used rod and reel.

Apart from the admiration of his fellow students, David has gained the admiration and affection of a school teacher who, in the period from First to Fifth Year, taught him that marriage before the Finals was a thing to be desired. We all feel sure that Norma is very proud of David as the “Robin May” prize winner for 1961.

His clinical years were spent in the wards of Sydney Hospital, where he has already shown promise of a satisfying and successful medical career.

# FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1961

## PASS

December, 1961 — Alphabetical)

Ahern, D. G.  
 Alcott, K. M., B.Sc.  
 Allam, M. D.  
 Andrew, M. J. A.  
 Andrews, G. R.  
 Baird, J. H.  
 Barker, B. J.  
 Bau, Katherine K. Y.  
 Beesley, M.  
 Binns, F. G.  
 Blackman, Gladys D., B.Sc.  
 Blake, F. P.  
 Buie, W. B. B.  
 Burgess, P. R.  
 Burn, Airdrie A.  
 Butler, R. J.  
 Butt, I. R.  
 Cahill, T. M., B.A.  
 Callaghan, R. F.  
 Cameron, D. P.  
 Campbell, G. R.  
 Carroll, A. J.  
 Carter, G. W.  
 Chamberlain, D. A.  
 Champion, G. D.  
 Chan, A. W. T.  
 Chang, K. L.  
 Chapman, G. A.  
 Child, R. P.  
 Collins, A. E.  
 Collins, B. J.  
 Collinson, D. C.  
 Corbett-Jones, N. E.  
 Corneous, N. J.  
 Cutcliffe, D. A.  
 Danta, G., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Dawson, J. D.  
 Delahunty, J. E.  
 Deutsch, G. T.  
 Donohoo, C. M.  
 Donovan, Kathleen O.,  
 B.Sc.Agr.  
 Dowe, A. C.  
 Downes, K. E.  
 Drayton, J. A.  
 Ellis, Barbara M.  
 Empson, Judith A.  
 Erken, J. W. C.  
 Evans, J. K.  
 Ferguson, N. W.  
 Findlay, W. S.  
 Fisher, C. C.  
 Fisher, G. A.  
 Flattery, J. A.  
 Frack, M. D.  
 Freeman, L. H.  
 Fryda, R.  
 Gauthier, B. G.  
 Gavranic, T.  
 Gerard, P. K. J.  
 Gett, P. M.  
 Gluck, G. E.  
 Goodman, A. H.  
 Gordon, D. H. A.  
 Gracey, M. S.  
 Grimes, D. J.  
 Grossy, Sulamita.  
 Gyory, A. Z.  
 Haski, A. L.  
 Henson, R. W., M.Ed., B.Sc.  
 Hines, P. T.  
 Hing, M. J.  
 Hobbin, Elizabeth R.  
 Hobbs, J. B., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Hollinger, Sylvia.  
 Hovey, J. L.  
 Hulme-Moir, F. I.  
 Hunt, D. R.  
 Irwin, G.  
 James, J. W.  
 Johnson, D. C.  
 Joseph, B. S.  
 Kafer, Enid R., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Kat, Y. K. A.  
 Kelly, B. R., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Kirkup, B. L.  
 Koch, Elizabeth G.  
 Lammi, A. T.  
 Land, W. A.  
 Lane Brown, M. M., B.Sc.  
 (Gen. Sc.).  
 Laverty, C. R. A., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).  
 Law, P. R.  
 Lawson, J. B.  
 Leicester, J.  
 Lendvay, P. G.  
 Lennon, P. A.  
 Lentaigne, Genevieve E.  
 Le Quesne, D. M.  
 Le Quesne, G. W.  
 Liddell, Stephanie J.  
 Lindsay, D. A.  
 Linnane, Judith A., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).  
 Locke, N. C. M.  
 Logan, M. K.  
 Lynch, P. D.  
 Lynch, T. B.  
 Ma, M. H.  
 McCarthy, P. C.  
 MacDessi, B. J.  
 MacDonald, G. J., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).  
 McLean, Nesta T. W.  
 Mason, C. C. M.  
 Mayman, K. J.  
 Melman, G. R.  
 Mende, G. A.  
 Mitchell, N. M.  
 Moran, P. J., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Morris, Barbara R.  
 Mynne, G. E.  
 O'Brien, Diana R.  
 O'Flynn, Margaret M.  
 O'Hara, Margaret R.  
 Oliver, W. A.  
 O'Malley, D. F.  
 Ostinga, K. A. A.  
 Overton, J. H.  
 Painter, Dorothy M.  
 Palme, Anne T.  
 Perry, B. K.  
 Peters, Dorothea J.  
 Phegan, W. D.  
 Pinerua, R. F.  
 Piper, G. M. H.  
 Plummer, Janet P.  
 Pong, H. H. F.  
 Price, M. A.  
 Quigley, Marlene J. M.  
 Ratcliffe, P. W.  
 Richardson, K. D.  
 Rigg, Elaine E. W.  
 Robertson, M. R.  
 Rodi, F.  
 Ronai, P. M., B.Sc. (Med.).  
 Rogan, E. R.  
 Ross, J. D.  
 Russell, D. J.  
 Russell, G. B.  
 Saalfeld, J. A. A. H.  
 Safran, S. E. J.  
 Saunders, D. M.  
 Sharpe, C. A. B.  
 Sheridan, P. T.  
 Short, P. D.  
 Sillar, S. R.  
 Singer, A.  
 Sinha, S. K.  
 Slater, Barbara L.  
 Smith, Pamela A.  
 Stewart, G. R.  
 Stiel, J. N.  
 Stone, B. H.  
 Thirlwell, Jeanette R.  
 Thomson, N. L.  
 Tornya, P. T.  
 Vingillis, B.  
 Wade, D. N., B.Sc.(Med.).  
 Wakeford, P. R. C.  
 Wearne, P. H.  
 West, P. J. B.  
 Whelan, G.  
 Williams, Gwenneth J.  
 Wing, L. W.  
 Wong, Dorothy W. K.  
 Woolcock, R. J. A.  
 Yarad, E. J.

## HONOURS AT GRADUATION

### Class I:

Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.(Med.)  
 Danta, G., B.Sc.(Med.)  
 Saalfeld, J. A. A. H.  
 Donovan, Kathleen O.,  
 B.Sc.Agr.  
 Wade, D. N., B.Sc.(Med.)

### Class II:

Goodman, A. H.  
 Johnson, D. C.  
 Liddell, Stephanie J.  
 Saunders, D. M.  
 Campbell, G. R.  
 Hunt, D. R.  
 Linnane, Judith A., B.Sc.  
 (Med.)

Kafer, Enid R., B.Sc.(Med.)  
 Gyory, A. Z.  
 Hovey, J. L.  
 Wing, L. W.  
 Frack, M. D.  
 Stewart, G. R.  
 Andrews, G. R.  
 Hulme-Moir, F. I.  
 Sharpe, C. A. B.  
 Binns, F. G.  
 Chan, A. W. T.  
 Downes, K. E.  
 Stiel, J. N.  
 Kirkup, B. L.  
 Leicester, J.  
 Price, M. A.  
 Butler, R. J.  
 Callaghan, R. F.

## SPECIAL PRIZES

### University Medal:

Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).

### Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the Whole Medical Course:

Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).

### Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency Amongst Women Candidates at the Final Year Examin- ation:

Linnane, Judith A.,  
 B.Sc. (Med.).

### Robert Scot Skirving Memorial Prize for Medicine and Surgery:

Freeman, L. H.;  
 Linnane, Judith A.,  
 B.Sc. (Med.);  
 Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.  
 (Med.), shared.

### Harry J. Clayton Mem- orial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine:

Freeman, L. H.

### Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Clinical Medicine:

Linnane, Judith A.  
 B.Sc. (Med.).

### George Allen Prize for Therapeutics:

Donovan, Kathleen  
 O., B.Sc. Agr.; Lid-  
 del, Stephanie J.,  
 shared.

### Allen and Hanbury's (A'sia) Ltd. Prize in Surgery:

Stewart, G. R.

### Hinder Memorial Prize for Clinical Surgery:

Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).

### William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize for Clinical Surgery:

Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.  
 (Med.).

### Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics:

Freeman, L. H.

### Wyeth Prize in Obstetrics:

Goodman, A. H.

### Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize for Proficiency Amongst Women Candidates in Gynaecology:

Liddell, Stephanie J.

DISTINCTION AND CREDIT LIST

**MEDICINE**

**Distinction:**

Freeman, L. H.  
Linnane, Judith A., B.Sc.  
(Med.)

**Credit:**

Hunt, D. R.  
Ronai, P. M., B.Sc.(Med.)  
Liddell, Stephanie J.  
Stiel, J. N.  
Whelan, G.  
Campbell, G. R. } Aeq.  
Champion, G. D. }  
Donovan, Kathleen O., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.Agr. }  
Johnson, D. C. }  
Lindsay, D. A. }  
Goodman, A. H. }  
Plummer, Janet P. } Aeq.  
Kafer, Enid R., B.Sc.(Med.)  
Overton, J. H.  
Dowe, A. C. }  
Fisher, C. C. } Aeq.  
Slater, Barbara L. }  
Cameron, D. P. }  
Land, W. A. }  
Laverty, C. R. A. } Aeq.  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Saunders, D. M. }  
Wade, D. N., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Hobbin, Elizabeth R. } Aeq.  
Tornya, P. T. }  
Erken, J. W. C. }  
Le Quesne, D. M. } Aeq.  
West, P. J. B. }  
Lane-Brown, M. M., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.(Gen.Sc.) }  
Price, M. A. }  
Stewart, G. R. }  
Carter, G. W.

**SURGERY**

**Distinction:**

Ronai, P. M., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Child, R. P. }

**Credit:**

Hovey, J. L. } Aeq.  
Whelan, G. }  
Danta, G., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Donohoo, C. M. }  
Stewart, G. R. }  
Champion, G. D. } Aeq.  
Kafer, Enid R., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Linnane, Judith., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Freeman, L. H. }  
Gracey, M. S. }  
Gyory, A. Z. } Aeq.  
Johnson, D. C. }  
Saalfeld, J. A. A. H. }  
Wakeford, P. R. C. }  
Wing, L. W. }

Hobbin, Elizabeth R. }  
Morris, Barbara R. } Aeq.  
Wade, D. N., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Andrews, G. R. }  
Baird, J. H. }  
Bule, W. B. B. }  
Burgess, P. R. }  
Butler, R. J. }  
Callaghan, R. F. } Aeq.  
Fisher, C. C. }  
Haski, A. L. }  
Pinerua, R. F. }  
Plummer, Janet P. }  
Singer, A. }  
Stiel, J. N. }

**OBSTETRICS**

**Distinction:**

Freeman, L. H.  
Goodman, A. H.  
Liddell, Stephanie J. } Aeq.  
Overton, J. H. }  
Wade, D. N., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Saalfeld, J. A. A. H. } Aeq.  
Stewart, G. R. }  
Kafer, Enid R., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) } Aeq.  
Linnane, Judith A., }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Whelan, G. }

**Credit:**

Hines, P. T. } Aeq.  
Law, P. R. }  
Dowe, A. C. }  
Downes, K. E. } Aeq.  
Erken, J. W. C. }  
Kirkup, B. L. }  
Burn, Airdrie A. }  
Callaghan, R. F. }  
Delahunty, J. E. }  
Frack, M. D. } Aeq.  
Gracey, M. S. }  
Ma, H. }  
Stiel, J. N. }  
Thirlwell, Jeanette R. }  
West, P. J. B. }  
Butler, R. J. }  
Chan, A. W. T. }  
Danta, G., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }  
Flattery, J. A. } Aeq.  
Gerard, P. K. J. }  
Lawson, J. B. }  
Le Quesne, D. M. }  
Lindsay, D. A. }  
Painter, Dorothy N. }  
Sinha, S. K. }  
Campbell, G. R. }  
Corbett-Jones, N. E. }  
Locke, N. C. M. }  
Morris, Barbara R. }  
Parkinson, J. P., B.A. } Aeq.  
Pong, H. H. F. }  
Sharpe, C. A. B. }  
Slater, Barbara L. }  
Tornya, P. T. }

Cahill, T. M., B.A. }  
Cameron, D. P. }  
Carter, G. W. }  
Fisher, C. C. }  
Hobbin, Elizabeth R. }  
Hobbs, J. B., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }  
Hovey, J. L. }  
Johnson, D. C. } Aeq.  
Kelly, B. R., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }  
Land, W. A. }  
Lendvay, P. G. }  
Lynch, T. B. }  
McCarthy, P. C. }  
Palme, Anne T. }  
Plummer, Janet P. }  
Rigg, Elaine E. W. }

Andrew, M. J. A. }  
Blake, F. P. }  
Braga, A. M. }  
Child, R. P. }  
Dawson, J. D. }  
Grossy, Sulamita }  
Hunt, D. R. }  
Koch, Elizabeth G. } Aeq.  
Mende, G. A. }  
Oliver, W. A. }  
Pinerua, R. F. }  
Price, M. A. }  
Richardson, K. D. }  
Robertson, M. R. }  
Saunders, D. M. }  
Smith, Pamela A. }  
Wing, L. W. }

Blackman, Gladys D., }  
B.Sc. }  
Buie, W. B. B. }  
Champion, G. D. }  
Collins, A. E. }  
Gillespie, A., B.Sc. }  
Grimes, D. J. }  
Haski, A. L. } Aeq.  
Hollinger, Sylvia }  
Hulme-Moir, F. I. }  
James, J. W. }  
McLean, Nesta T. W. }  
Ostinga, K. A. A. }  
Ronai, P. M., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }  
Singer, A. }  
Stone, B. H. }  
Wakeford, P. R. C. }

Andrews, G. R. }  
Gluck, G. E. } Aeq.  
Lum, B. W. }  
Moran, P. J., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }

Barker, B. J. }  
Binns, F. G. }  
Gett, P. M. }  
Gyory, A. Z. }  
Kaines, M. H. }  
Leicester, J. }  
Lentaigne, Genevieve }  
E. } Aeq.  
Macdonald, G. J. }  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Mayman, K. J. }  
O'Hara, Margaret R. }  
O'Malley, D. F. }  
Piper, G. M. H. }  
Ratcliffe, P. W. }  
Ross, J. D. }  
Russell, G. B. }

**GYNÆCOLOGY**

**Distinction:**

Liddell, Stephanie J. }  
Ronai, P. M., B.Sc. } Aeq.  
(Med.) }  
Steil, J. N. }  
Beesley, M. }  
Buie, W. B. B. } Aeq.  
Donohoo, C. M. }  
Kafer, Enid R., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }

**Credit:**

Sinha, S. K. }  
Slater, Barbara L. } Aeq.  
Gracey, M. S. }  
Kelly, B. R., B.Sc. } Aeq.  
(Med.) }  
Danta, G., B.Sc. }  
(Med.) }  
Hollinger, Sylvia } Aeq.  
Leicester, J. }  
Robertson, M. R. }  
Carter, G. W. }  
Chamberlain, D. A. }  
Gerard, P. K. J. }  
Goodman, A. H. }  
Land, W. A. }  
Linnane, Judith A., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.(Med.) }  
Price, M. A. }  
Quigley, Marlene J. M. }  
Richardson, K. D. }  
Russell, D. J. }  
Singer, A. }  
Woolcock, R. J. A. }  
Frack, M. D. }  
Baird, J. H. }  
Barker, R. R. H. }  
Collins, B. J. }  
Donovan, Kathleen O., } Aeq.  
B.Sc.Agr. }  
Dowe, A. C. }  
Lendvay, P. G. }  
Wakeford, P. R. C. }  
West, P. J. B. }  
Andrews, G. R. }  
Collinson, D. C. }  
Locke, N. C. M. } Aeq.  
Overton, J. H. }  
Ross, J. D. }  
Campbell, G. R. }  
Erken, J. W. C. }  
Fisher, G. A. }  
Freeman, L. H. }  
Gillespie, A., B.Sc. }  
Kirkup, B. L. } Aeq.  
Law, P. R. }  
Lawson, J. B. }  
Lentaigne, Genevieve }  
E. }  
Le Quesne, D. M. }  
Sillar, S. R. }  
Wing, L. W. }  
Binns, F. G. }  
Kaines, N. J. }  
Gavranic, T. }  
Grossy, Sulamita }  
Lane-Brown, M. M., }  
B.Sc.(Gen.Sc.) } Aeq.  
Lindsay, D. A. }  
Ma, M. H. }  
Mitchell, N. M. }  
O'Flynn, Margaret M. }  
Piper, G. M. H. }  
Saalfeld, J. A. A. H. }  
Smith, Pamela A. }  
Stewart, G. R. }

# HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS

## ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

Dr. G. R. Andrews	Dr. Enid R. Kafer
Dr. M. Beesley	Dr. C. R. A. Laverty
Dr. F. G. Binns	Dr. J. Leicester
Dr. D. P. Cameron	Dr. Stephanie J. Liddell
Dr. G. W. Carter	Dr. Judith A. Linnane (Professional Unit)
Dr. R. P. Child	Dr. N. C. M. Locke
Dr. G. Danta	Dr. Janet P. Plummer
Dr. K. E. Downes	Dr. M. R. Robertson
Dr. M. D. Frack	Dr. P. M. Ronai (Professional Unit)
Dr. L. H. Freeman	Dr. A. Singer
Dr. P. K. J. Gerard	Dr. G. R. Stewart (Professional Unit)
Dr. A. H. Goodman (Professional Unit)	Dr. P. T. Torny
Dr. M. S. Gracey	Dr. D. N. Wade (Professional Unit)
Dr. P. T. Hines	Dr. L. W. Wing
Dr. Elizabeth R. Hobbin	
Dr. J. L. Hovey	
Dr. F. I. Hulme-Moir	

## SYDNEY HOSPITAL

Dr. B. J. Barker	Dr. Barbara R. Morris
Dr. F. P. Blake	Dr. Dorothy M. Painter
Dr. G. A. Chapman	Dr. W. D. Phegan
Dr. J. W. James	Dr. G. M. H. Piper
Dr. J. B. Lawson	Dr. M. A. Price
Dr. P. G. Lendvay	Dr. K. D. Richardson
Dr. D. M. Le Quesne	Dr. S. R. Sillar
Dr. D. A. Lindsay	Dr. Barbara L. Slater
Dr. M. H. Ma	Dr. P. R. C. Wakeford
Dr. P. C. McCarthy	Dr. P. H. Wearne

## ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL

Dr. M. D. Allam	Dr. P. R. Law
Dr. T. M. Cahill, B.A.	Dr. G. A. Mende
Dr. R. F. Callaghan	Dr. Margaret M. O'Flynn
Dr. D. A. Chamberlain	Dr. D. F. O'Malley
Dr. A. W. T. Chan	Dr. R. F. Pinerua
Dr. B. J. Collins	Dr. H. H. F. Pong
Dr. J. D. Dawson	Dr. Elaine E. W. Rigg
Dr. B. R. Kelly	Dr. G. Whelan
Dr. M. M. Lane Brown	Dr. R. J. A. Woolcock

## ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Dr. R. J. Butler	Dr. P. J. Moran
Dr. G. R. Campbell	Dr. J. H. Overton
Dr. G. D. Champion	Dr. Marlene Quigley
Dr. N. E. Corbett-Jones	Dr. J. A. A. H. Saalfeld
Dr. J. E. Delahunty	Dr. D. M. Saunders
Dr. A. C. Dowe	Dr. C. A. B. Sharpe
Dr. C. C. Fisher	Dr. S. K. Sinha
Dr. A. Z. Gyory	Dr. J. N. Stiel
Dr. D. R. Hunt	Dr. Jeanette R. Thirlwell
Dr. D. H. Johnson	Dr. P. J. B. West
Dr. W. A. Land.	

## HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS MADE TO NON-TEACHING HOSPITALS

### BALMAIN AND DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. Dorothea J. Peters	Dr. G. E. Gluck
------------------------	-----------------

### BANKSTOWN DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. R. W. Henson	Dr. D. G. Ahern
Dr. B. G. Gauthier	

### CANTERBURY DISTRICT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Dr. P. W. Ratcliffe	Dr. B. J. MacDessi
Dr. R. Fryda	

### THE EASTERN SUBURBS HOSPITAL

Dr. Barbara M. Ellis	Dr. G. T. Deutsch
----------------------	-------------------

### FAIRFIELD DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. E. R. Rogan

### HORNSBY AND DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. Sulamita Grossy	Dr. A. T. Lammi
---------------------	-----------------

### LEWISHAM HOSPITAL

Dr. P. D. Lynch	Dr. G. B. Russell
Dr. F. Rodi	

### MANLY DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. M. K. Logan	Dr. Katherine K. Y. Bau
-----------------	-------------------------

### MARRICKVILLE DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. Gwenneth J. Williams	Dr. J. H. Baird
--------------------------	-----------------

### MATER MISERICORDIÆ HOSPITAL, CROW'S NEST

Dr. J. A. Flattery	Dr. D. A. Cutcliffe
Dr. M. J. Hing	Dr. A. J. Carroll

### PARRAMATTA DISTRICT HOSPITAL

Dr. Gladys D. Blackman	Dr. B. K. Perry
Dr. D. J. Russell	Dr. E. J. Yarad

### THE PRINCE HENRY HOSPITAL

Dr. Nesta T. W. McLean	Dr. A. E. Collins
Dr. Pamela A. Smith	Dr. P. R. Burgess
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Contributors:*

The Chancellor, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn.  
The Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.  
The Students of Final Year.

*Secretarial:*

Sydney University Medical Society.  
Mrs. S. Nicholas.

*Photographs:*

Freeman Studios.  
Mr. S. Woodward-Smith.

*Publishers:*

Australasian Medical Publishing Company and Mr. J. H. Noldt.

*Blocks:*

Associated Photo Engraving Pty. Ltd.

*Advertising:*

Mr. J. T. O'Mara.

We would like to express our thanks to everyone who helped us in any way to produce this book. Should it provide you with happy memories of student days in the years to come we will be more than satisfied.

—THE 1961 YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE.



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