



Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

1971

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Senior Year Book

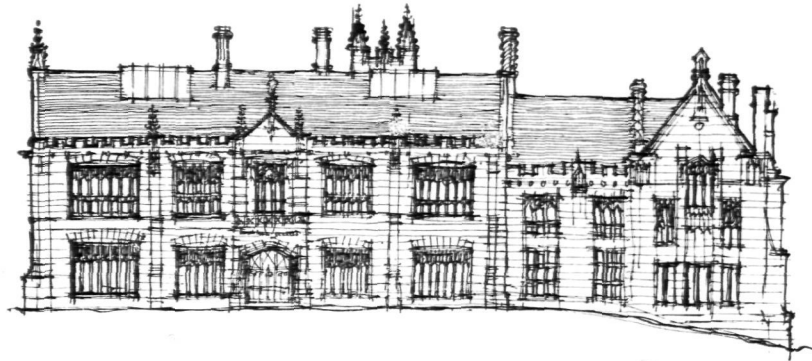
1971

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

—PLUTARCH.

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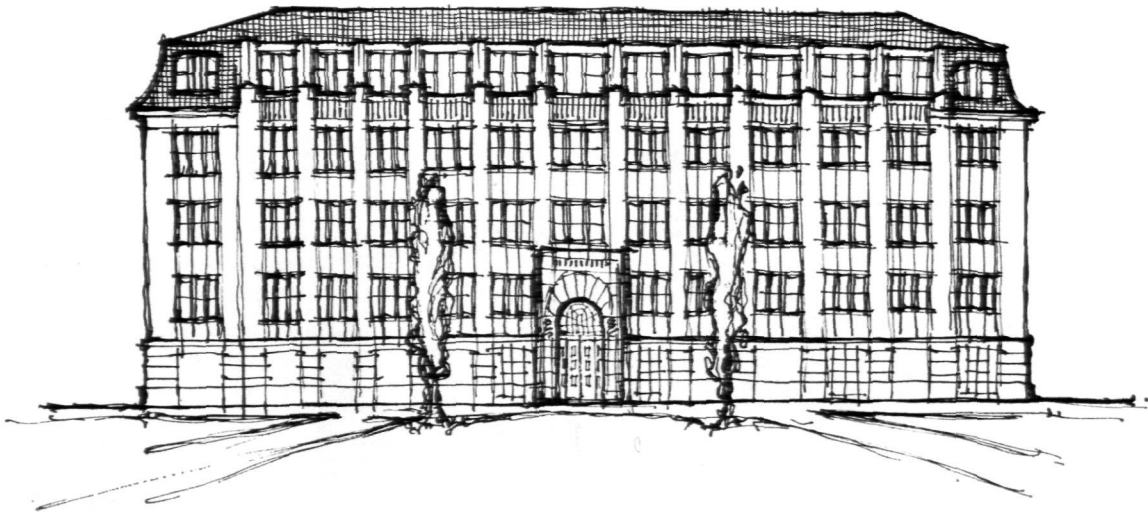




ANDERSON STUART BUILDING—*Old Medical School.*

Its aims are: to chronicle all events of interest in our journey from the first to the final year; to provide a permanent record of the personality and career of each member of our company; and to perpetuate the memory of the professors, doctors and lecturers who showed us the road.

FROM THE FOREWORD OF THE FIRST SENIOR YEAR BOOK, 1922.



BLACKBURN BUILDING—*New Medical School.*

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*The Research Institute for Mothers and Infants, opened by
Her Majesty the Queen Mother in 1958.*



The School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine.

Foreword

IT IS A GREAT PLEASURE to be permitted to offer warm congratulations to all those on whose behalf this Senior Year Book is prepared. There must be very few graduates of this school who can feel that life has had any really greater thrill than that which happens at the moment one learns that one has in fact graduated in the Faculty of Medicine. It is a long and arduous course, containing many stresses which test not only one's knowledge but, in a sense, one's personality. The final year is invariably particularly trying but it is also a time when the student capitalizes on all that has gone before and learns at what is probably a greater rate and a greater intensity than ever in his life before or after. The culmination of it is in an examination which appears in anticipation almost a threat to one's existence but in retrospect is invariably regarded as fair, equitable and not nearly as unpleasant as anticipation had suggested.

Medical education as a whole is under earnest appraisal throughout the world. The remarkable growth in knowledge in all the life sciences has placed an ever-increasing burden on both teacher and student and everywhere thoughtful men are using intense effort to try and discover a way in which an adequate amount of knowledge can be acquired by the student without burdening him or his teacher to an intolerable degree. Nowhere has a thoroughly satisfactory formula been discovered, nor is it likely to be. The growth rate of knowledge is in the exponential phase so that no sooner is an appropriate curricular change designed and implemented before it is out of date. In our faculty we have had the curriculum under very careful scrutiny and evolutionary changes, to which this year's graduating class has been exposed, are proceeding. On of the great anxieties of the faculty is that change, when it comes, shall in fact be an improvement. Change for change's sake means nothing and unless carefully considered could in fact destroy much of the strength that we already possess. Many of us now recognize that we could receive much sound advice and help from the recent graduate: he or she has passed through the fires and, freed from the spectre of undergraduate examinations, can think objectively of the course, its advantages and disadvantages. Any of this year's graduates who feel they could offer thoughtful suggestions about how the journey they have travelled as an undergraduate could be made better, smoother or more effective would find their comments greatly welcomed by members of the Faculty's Curriculum Committee.

Medicine is, of course, different from any other professional activity in that after graduation we not only have a mandatory period of graduate training but the majority of us go on to postgraduate learning which may take many years. Fortunately for us, the recent graduate is now adequately paid and there are extensive opportunities for him to proceed to advanced vocational training under good conditions. Perhaps one of the greatest pleasures of this later period is the knowledge that one is becoming thoroughly competent in a field where one can try to return a little of that which has been received over the years. Our graduates are thinking more and more about how they can contribute to medical knowledge and offer improvement to methods of investigation and treatment of the sick. Here lies one of the greatest fulfilments of the medical graduate.

The class that will graduate early in 1972 has been an excellent one. They won their right to enter the faculty on merit and their record both individually and collectively has been good. Their teachers both in the University itself and in the teaching hospitals would all want to join me in wishing every member of this year good health, long life and great reward both materially and mentally in medicine.

JOHN LOEWENTHAL,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine,
1971.



*The Main Quadrangle, looking towards Maclauran Hall.
"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."*

Editorial

CHALLENGING credibility is an almost universal pastime today; at Graduation in 1972 Medicine is indeed relevant prey. We are presently faced with a profession offering a diverse spectrum of interests, each so individually exciting and absorbing that the trees do indeed obscure the forest and we rate as mere twigs. Thus both physician and patient are in danger of being neglected at the expense of the physic.

It is this potential abuse of the art that greets us at this threshold. Intense competition and juxtaposition of roles—the struggling honorary system, the proliferation of hospital subspecialist positions, the proffered image of the new G.P.—present to the graduate the necessity of extensive further training, only to then face the problem of establishing a niche in the structure. Numbers are finite, lines are drawn and doctors are but human. Small wonder then the reward of disillusionment.

Nonetheless few of us will suffer, except emotionally. The casualty of the present state of the art is the community, in sickness and in peace of mind. The unrealistic programme of the National Health Scheme has reinforced the already discernible change in the public's attitude towards the profession. The aura is being smudged, the smugness erased, indeed the credibility analysed by a consumer society no longer content in a passive role.

The gross inadequacies of health services and schemes offend all and please none. The whisper of nationalization sends a shudder down the medical backbone: the referred pain belies the true pathology. Yet it is the same economic reality which invites exploitation of Geriatrics and plans of mass presymptomatic diagnosis and treatment on equivocal evidence which threatens to reduce Medicine to merely an accountable service.

Our professional futures present an unenviable choice. We will be novitiate of the new training programmes of the Colleges; many more years of study remain to achieve adequate qualification—almost a parody of M.B., B.S. To look back then on our undergraduate course, each of us could identify inconsistency and deficiency in our teaching—undue emphasis on some preclinical subjects to the neglect of important and relevant clinical and paraclinical disciplines, poor direction and an outdated assessment system. All aspects of curriculum are presently being extensively overhauled; yet though we shall not benefit directly from such changes, we may well be involved as academics, as teachers, as practitioners in our own right, to help mould a new undergraduate concept of medicine.

But Medical Education does not stop at formal teaching: it involves a more extensive dual role of educating the public and the planners in matters of health preservation, service presentation, integration and utilization and in projection for the future. Witness the unchecked swath of havoc burned by tobacco, the misery of alcohol and drug abuse, the self-destruction facilitated by over-the-counter, analgesics, the problems of birth control and abortion; compare the diversified sectional interests which provide multiple specialist surgical and transplant units in one city or elaborate intensive care units in relatively remote areas. It is said of Governments that the people get what they deserve—is the Medical Profession to play such an impotent role?

However, there is much cause for sanguine reflection. Medical school has introduced us to a rich camaraderie of firm friends and respected colleagues. Our year has been notable for its friendliness and warmth, perhaps also for a more relaxed approach than some to the task in hand. May we never forget these good times and the people who made them.

Perhaps then each of us may help to rationalize the changing face of Medicine. We accept with pleasure the privilege of entering the profession, but there remains a responsibility devolving almost uniquely on our shoulders. We will help the Science of Medicine to stride ahead in magnificence. The challenge lies in how we manage its Heart.

The University of Sydney Medical School

The University of Sydney was founded in 1850, but 33 years passed before our medical school came into being. It was (and is) junior to the University of Melbourne's medical school by 21 years, although of the two universities themselves Sydney is senior to Melbourne by three years.

The pity of it is that the Sydney University Act of Incorporation (1850) provided for the granting after examination of degrees in Medicine, as well as in Arts and in Law, and strenuous efforts to start a medical school were made from the beginning. But to no avail.

In 1859 the Senate adopted a scheme of medical teaching, which was intended to commence in 1860, and instructed the University's architect, Edmund Blacket, to prepare plans for an anatomy school. But the plan was thwarted by professional influence, especially that of John Woolley, Professor of Classics and Principal of the University, on the grounds that "the constitution of such studies and the establishment of a medical school would retard the completion of the curriculum in the Faculty of Arts". Further schemes in 1866 and in 1874 likewise failed.

In 1868 an event occurred that significantly influenced the course of events. H. R. H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, was visiting N.S.W., and during a picnic a would-be assassin wounded him. He recovered, and as a thank-offering the community raised the sum of £30,000. As the Duke wished the money to be spent on building a hospital, a public meeting decided that a Prince Alfred Memorial Hospital be erected on the site of the Sydney Infirmary (later renamed Sydney Hospital).

This proposal ran into legal difficulties; so it was then decided to build the hospital near the University of Sydney. An Act of Parliament stipulated that its medical staff be appointed by a conjoint board consisting of the Senate of the University and the hospital's Board of Directors sitting together, and that it be open for clinical teaching to students of the medical school when established.

So, in 1882 the (later Royal) Prince Alfred Hospital opened to receive patients. And in the same year the Government agreed to finance a medical school.

Applications were called for a chair of anatomy and physiology, and Thomas Peter Anderson Stuart came from Edinburgh to fill the chair and establish the medical school.

An able, energetic and determined man, Anderson Stuart put all he had into the development of his medical school from his arrival in Sydney in March, 1882, until his death in 1920. He did more for the school than any other single man, and we are all deeply in his debt.

The first medical school was a four-roomed cottage built between the University's Great Hall and Parramatta Road. It was incomplete — lacking windows, doors and, some say, roof — on the day in March, 1883, when lectures were advertised to commence. But four students were there, and so was Anderson Stuart. Lectures commenced as advertised.

To build up his teaching staff Anderson Stuart turned to Edinburgh. Among those who responded to his call were four men of particular note: Alexander MacCormack, later an outstanding surgeon; Robert Scot Skirving, clinical teacher, physician and surgeon *par excellence*; J. T. Wilson, Professor of Anatomy from 1890 until 1920; D. A. ("Taffy") Welsh, who filled the chair of pathology from 1902 to 1935.

As a home for his medical school Anderson Stuart was not at all content with a four-roomed cottage. He had his own ways of getting what he wanted, despite opposition, and by 1887 a new building on the lines of Blacket's plans was started. The first part was finished in 1891, and the rest by 1922. Known as "Stuart's Folly" and derided as exceeding any reasonable requirements, it was in fact never too big. A handsome sandstone building in Tudor perpendicular Gothic style, it is today known as the Anderson Stuart Building.

The medical faculty soon outgrew "Stuart's Folly", and within less than ten years of its completion, the University was pleased to accept the offer of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York to provide funds for a new building. Situated right beside the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, this building was opened to students of the clinical years in 1933, the jubilee year of the medical school. It is known today as the Blackburn Building, in honour of Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, who was Dean of the Faculty of Medicine from 1932 to 1935 and Chancellor of the University of Sydney from 1941 to 1964.

More recently, a major building development has been commenced, adjoining the Blackburn Building. The first stage of this George H. Bosch Building, as it is called, containing four lecture theatres, was opened in 1967. The second stage, containing the Dean's office, the library, pharmacology laboratories and an animal house, was opened in 1968. The final stage, an 11-storey block, is yet to come.

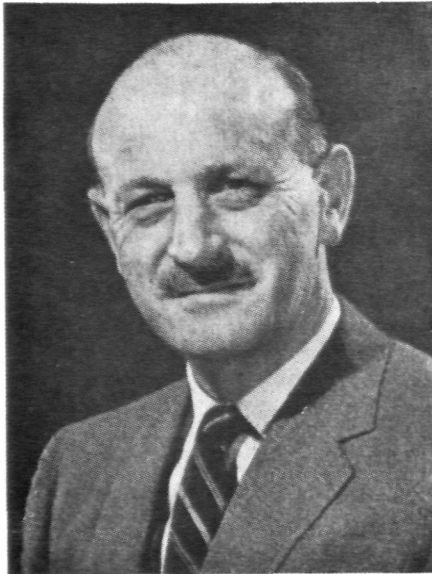
George H. Bosch, a Sydney businessman, has been the medical school's greatest benefactor. It was through his generosity that, between 1927 and 1930, full-time chairs were founded and occupied in embryology and histology, in bacteriology, in medicine and in surgery. Two other important chairs founded about that time were those in public health (1930) and in obstetrics (1933).

With the development of the medical school, and as the growth in the number of students has required it, clinical schools have been begun and built up in general and specialist hospitals. Today they each have their own professorial units, which are part of the University's medical faculty.

Other important activities have accompanied the development of undergraduate teaching. A growing research programme has not only resulted in worthwhile research work but also enhanced the quality of teaching and provided a desirable stimulus for the above-average student. A postgraduate education programme has provided for the continuing medical education of Australian graduates and also has attracted graduates from overseas, especially from South-East Asia.

So the University of Sydney's medical school has grown over 87 years. Playing many roles well, it is now widely known as a school to be respected and reckoned with.

RONALD WINTON



*Dean of the Faculty of Medicine
Professor of Surgery*

JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

"Final Year is one of the greatest experiences . . ."

It has been a fact of life that a man who has significantly affected our passage through the Faculty has also been the one least seen by ourselves. The demands on a dean of Medicine in the 1970's involve an endless round of conferences and committees. Such indeed has been the case with John Loewenthal, thus removing him from his first love of Clinical Surgery.

Yet it was in this sphere that some of us made his acquaintance. The awesome tradition of Tuesday morning ward rounds—Professor, Associates, Honorary Surgeons, Anæsthetists, Radiologists, Sisters, Registrars, Residents, Therapists, Student Nurses and Students (in order) gathered around one innocent individual—a truly impressive gathering. Then there were Surgery Tutorials where the ancient art of Clinical Diagnosis was demonstrated—occasionally with the help of the claudicating limb of an old Army driver.

There was another side. Notably, the Dean's Office and its charming secretaries . . . but behind that the Faculty machinery finally embarking upon revision and change. And it has been during Prof. Loewenthal's term as Dean that extensive Curriculum review has been undertaken, that the Clinical Departments have been expanded, also to include the concept of Westmead, that new relationships between staff and students have been formed and perhaps some traditional attitudes modified. Years of no mean achievement.

Perhaps future generations of students will get to know John Loewenthal better and again in his own field. Yet we all will have experienced his influence—for better or worse—even if that only involves climbing the steps to bask on the lawns outside Bosch.

Professor of Medicine

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN

*There was a Door to which we had no Key;
There was a Veil past which we could not see;
Some little talk awhile of We and Thee
There seemed—and then no more of Thee and We.*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

One had to wait till Final Year, and his first tutorial, to make a "nodding" acquaintance with Professor Blackburn.

These tutorials were more than a mutual exchange of information, for they gave us the opportunity of observing the Prof extract, purify and crystallize the very essence of the therapeutic problem, and express it in words of one syllable.

This ability, along with his capacity to reveal contradictions previously obscured by facts, has a transforming effect on Hospital Grand Rounds which is evident only in his absences (often pursuing his hepatic hobby in the Highlands of New Guinea).

Because as Professor of Medicine Blackie is chief examiner, one's attitude to him changes a little. (Fantasy may well get a foothold, too.) One imagines being asked certain questions like "Just what do you mean by an autoimmune disease?" and one is plagued by the uncertainty of how common is common, and the vague exactness implicit in "How much?—Enough!" This, plus the prospect of a multiple choice paper designed to "test your factual knowledge" and the possibility of an "ultimate" viva, is probably responsible for the description of him as "the greatest sympathomimetic agent known to man".

Few medical circles in Sydney are unaware of the adjective "blackburnian". You won't find it in the medical dictionaries—possibly because the usage is too local, probably because the word, like the man, defies full definition.





Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

This man was obviously born to be an obstetrician and gynecologist—how else could he have achieved the “beauty”, the sartorial elegance, the general air of one? He has caused more weak knees and fluttering hearts among female medical students, pupil midwives and patients than any man in recent memory; yet has combined this with a frighteningly vast knowledge of his subject.

We first met the professor in Third Year, when he descended to give a lecture series on reproduction complete with slides of every steroid known to man. He impressed us then.

Then came Fifth Year and the new look O and G course with the team headed by R.P.S. Perhaps the most memorable times were the morning tutorials with those on the firing-line having to know as much about the subject as the Prof. did—everything! His following dissertations were most enlightening.

Finally Sixth Year, with another series of impeccable lectures culminating with the statement on the superiority of the Y chromosome, received with cheers by a large proportion of the year.

To us, as students, Prof Shearman is the model professor; his knowledge, his reputation (his love of hormones), and his fine teaching.

Professor of Psychiatry

DAVID CLARKSON MADDISON

“... it can only be a hypothetical situation in which the individual grows up entirely free from unresolved intrapsychic conflicts.”

Psychiatry and Professor Maddison have had a marked effect on our view of medicine and its practice. Of course each of us had cathected the experience according to our pre-morbid personality. But overall it has left us with a heightened self realization and an inexplicable sense of awe at the consequence of it all. However, several have wondered as to the permeability of their ego boundaries, especially when the final examination in Psychiatry arrived.

Professor Maddison impressed us as someone able to verbalize the most difficult concept and make it almost plausible. Yet his influence extended far beyond psychiatry. His participation on staff-student confrontations was a source of delight to those participating. We all remember with pleasure his appearances at medical dinners, where he would entertain us with his ‘ad-hoc’ performances on the piano.

This is a most cultured and sincere man who surely convinced those cynics who believe that all psychiatrists are slightly psychotic that this is far from the truth.



Professor of Medicine

JOHN ROBERT READ

"My name is spelt R-E-A-D."

Professor Read is quite an extraordinary man! He appeared to us in Fourth Year impossibly gentle and benign while explaining how simple respiratory diseases really are, but a little later there occurred in him a malignant change as he displayed an uncanny talent for exposing the abysmal voids of our ignorance, which we sought so hard to conceal.

However, let us not deal too harshly with him, for never were we made to eat unadulterated crow: rather, it was spiced with allusions to classical music, quotations from great authors and sometimes just pleasant chit-chat. All in all, his teaching was a bitter-sweet experience which we masochists suffered gladly.

J.R. possesses the rare talent of being able to confront us with understandable elucidations of complex problems which had long baffled us, and he delights in exploding the medical myths so beloved by undergraduates.

However long we live, we will never (dare) forget the mechanism of dyspnea, though many of us hope fervently to live long enough to win a verbal victory over the virtuoso who is Professor Read.

Professor of Surgery

GERALD WHITE MILTON

"Always carry a piece of toilet paper in your top pocket."

Professor Milton is a Hollywood version of a surgeon with eyes like a hawk, delicate hands and sprightly step. In fourth year he cast us, tender initiates, into the cauldron of clinical surgery, and we wondered if in fifth year this direct approach would be carried to its logical conclusion by thrusting the scalpel into our hands on the first day. Fortunately, this did not occur and operating with him was as enjoyable as a fireside chat.

He eschewed pomposity and show, insisting that there is no pedestal beneath him and no Mercedes in his garage. Not only did he inculcate us with surgical principles, but also taught us to be gentlemen with such tips as not putting hands into our pockets. Professor Milton will be long remembered by us not, as he dreads, as "the melanoma man", but as our mentor who was always approachable and dedicated to his difficult task.

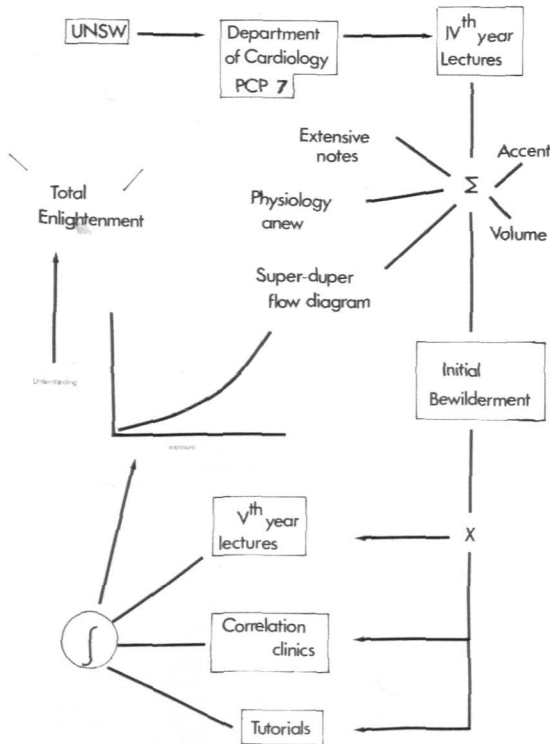
Professor Read once remarked that he believed the biographies of academic staff and tutors appearing in the Yearbook should be "as irreverent as possible". In the firm belief that he would have so wished, we decided to include the above profile, which was written a considerable time before Professor Read's untimely death. We feel that it truly reflects the esteem of his students for him.

A VALE to Professor Read appears elsewhere in this publication.

THE EDITORS,
1971 Final Year Book

Professor of Cardiology
PAUL IVAN KORNER

"Here's that superduper flow diagram with which you're totally familiar."



Professor of Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery

THOMAS KINMAN TAYLOR

"A group of Balmain thugs will be moving among you with cat-o'-nine tails to whip up enthusiasm."

After the initial shock, we came to realize what kind of man this was. A fine teacher, interested in his students, and approachable at all times. We're glad you're here.



Unfortunately, most of us have had little contact with our Professor of Orthopaedics, except for the occasional lecture. This is why the uninitiated often think that this man would be more at home on a Hollywood movie set or that he is too lousy to buy himself a neck brace and instead wears the collar of his white coat starched up.

One thing, however, that he has taught us is that the musculo-skeletal system can be easily learnt and remembered by the application of basic principles.

We noted how much he disliked note-taking during his lectures; but some managed to retain a few concepts. Those who "think blood, think bone" must wonder now what to do about it. However, most are firmly convinced that an epiphysis is nothing but a secondary centre of ossification (or was that an apophysis?).

And a tip for anyone coming on the professor in the event of his sustaining a spinal injury—don't move him or he will sue you for a million dollars!



Professor of Pathology

FRANK REES MAGAREY

When the name Magarey is mentioned we all think of the man with the suntanned face and contrasting silver-white hair, who fulfilled our concept of the idealized professor and became very much a father figure.

Frank Magarey was the first of the few Professors to bear a large part of the teaching load from his department and gave some of the clearest and most interesting lectures during our course—even if some of the sections were 10 years out of date. He was willing to answer our questions and discuss topics, but we knew that time was up when our words fell on ears made deaf with the twitch of a switch.

The prof's suntan, we discovered, was from sailing and regularly spending a little more time on the water than the rest of the fleet; therefore, with your interest at heart, we respectfully suggest, Sir, that you upgrade to a Hood.

Your memory, Professor Magarey, we will all remember and cherish.



Professor of Pædiatrics

THOMAS STAPLETON

"Oh, my goodness, Mister ———, that would be a well, you know, sort of most unfortunate thing to do."

Tom's very name conjures up many images and memories; a desire for punctuality; recruiting students to give lecturattes; drinking in the Local with his special group; a fascination with battered, encopretic hæmolytic-uræmic babies who draw messy pictures; an emphasis on the child in his medico-psychosocial environment, and so on.

But the man behind these radiated an infectious enthusiasm for his subject, and was a keen, provocative, thoughtful teacher. He made the term a most enjoyable and interesting one—to many of us, the best in Fifth Year. For this we thank and remember the tall, balding, smiling professor.



Professor of Anaesthetics:

DOUGLAS JOSEPH

The temptation, when writing of a Professor of Anaesthetics, is to flavour one's paragraph with a liberal dose of ethereal metaphor. To succumb, however, would be a tribute to the way Doug Joseph has induced understanding as well as knowledge of his subject.

But avoiding such trespass, we would chart our progression into the depths of the patient-anæsthetist relationship. His enthusiastic ventilation in fourth year lectures sustained our concentration into fifth year clinical work when the Professor's personal influence widely infiltrated both tutorial and theatre. The volume of material thus almost reflexly acquired ensured that the ensuing viva was almost a relaxing experience.

With apologies to Dripps, Guedel and others, this curarized mind would finally record our appreciation to Professor Joseph.

*Professor of Preventive and Social
Medicine:*

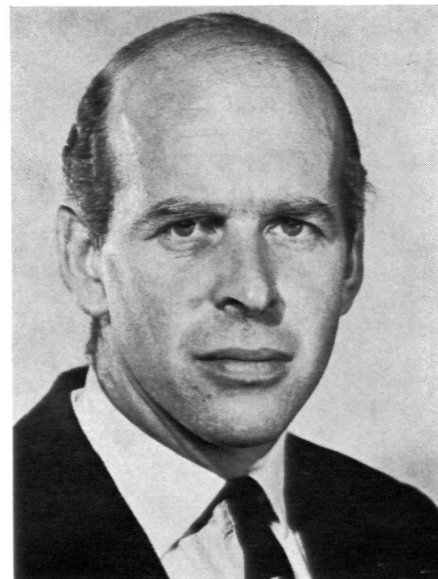
CHARLES BALDWIN KERR

"Had Leopold been here instead of Alfred, it would now be the Prince Leopold Memorial Hospital"

Few members of the Faculty are more caricaturable than Charles Kerr. Even from a distance one cannot fail to recognize the balding forehead, red face and inevitable navy jacket. Whether this be due to his genetic constitution or to the interaction of the Australian sun with an English boarding-school background defies analysis. Regardless, the phenotype provides an intriguing source of diverse talent.

Our first encounter with Professor Kerr was in fourth year across a few pedigrees, when he presented a comprehensive introduction to Genetics. It wasn't until a year later that we met him again—this time as the architect of the new Social Medicine course, probably the most significant break with tradition in the recent history of the Faculty. The encouragement of discussion on current and controversial issues, formally and informally, was a refreshing approach towards a global perspective of Medicine.

Somewhat less well appreciated (by us) are Professor Kerr's involvement in the problems of hæmophiliacs, dwarfs, students and other genetic aberrations, which pursuits are coloured by a dry wit and subtle turn of phrase. Rarely known to forsake the opportunity of sharing a beer, his keenness to mix with students—at all levels—will ensure his continuing popularity.



John Robert Read



OTHELLO: *"Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service,
and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your
letters.
Speak of me as I am; nothing
extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then
must you speak . . ."*

My first encounter with John Read was somewhat disconcerting because one rarely finds the combination of talents he possessed to be in one man. John was ambitious and egocentric as are all successful men. He had an amazing memory, a very quick intellect, as often applies to successful men, but he also had a total honesty. To have asked John to deceive someone or to alter his feelings about something because it was politically expedient to do so would have been about as useful as asking him to grow more hair on his head or grow an inch taller—he just could not do it. Because of this characteristic, combined with his intellect he could make lesser men feel very uncomfortable. Because of his total honesty he was a rarity. Because of this characteristic he will be very hard to replace. The Faculty will miss him in many ways, but I shall miss him as a good friend I shall never forget.

PROFESSOR G. W. MILTON.

* * *

John Robert Read was born in Sydney in February 1929, and died whilst Professor of Medicine in the University of Sydney on August 23, 1971, aged 42 years.

As a physician his greatest interest was in thoracic medicine, but he was an excellent general physician and disliked being classified as anything but a general physician. In the academic field his progress to Professor of Medicine in 1966 was rapid and appropriate to a man of his ability. He was elected Sub-Dean (Curriculum) of the Faculty of Medicine in 1969 and his work as Chairman of the Curriculum Committee was outstanding: no one else could have achieved what he did in setting the Faculty's course towards curriculum reform.

During the past two years he was a member of a Planning Committee for the University Teaching Hospital at Westmead and became Leader of the Project Team. The Functional Brief of this Hospital is a unique document, a characteristic memorial to John Read, and will stand for many years as a model functional brief for a teaching hospital. It typifies the attention to detail that he gave to any task he undertook, but he never lost the main objectives in so doing.

As a teacher he was very clear in everything he taught. Indeed he made a particular point of taking a great deal of care to prepare all his teaching exercises whether they were undergraduate or postgraduate, whether a case discussion, a seminar, or a series of formal lectures.

It is difficult to write down what aspects of John Read were the most important: his research, his teaching or his undoubted administrative ability. There are hundreds of students and doctors who have benefited from his teaching in the past 13 or 14 years, and need no reminder of his contribution to their education.

John Read was a person who applied clarity of thought and logic to everything he did. He disliked imperfections in his own work, and could be scathing about work he considered to be slipshod from others. He had a tremendous capacity for absorbing detail and abstracting the essential points from it. He said what he thought and was usually right.

Many students and colleagues will remember the other side of John Read, a witty conversationalist at dinner or a party, a man selecting and appreciating a good red wine, a man discussing classical music, a family man proud of his daughters' achievements, and as a man offering sympathetic help to the student in difficulty.

John Read was a University man, a Sydney University and Faculty of Medicine man who cannot be fully replaced and whose mark is permanent.

PROFESSOR C. R. B. BLACKBURN.

* * *

John Read had one of the most brilliant intellects I have ever encountered. His keen mind enabled him to analyse a problem with amazing rapidity and to formulate solutions even faster than he could speak. His capacity for logical thinking and lucid expression endeared him equally to undergraduate and postgraduate students. Consequently he was in great demand as lecturer, contributor to journals and for the presentation of papers at scientific meetings. He was most generous in placing his gifts at the disposal of his colleagues and never seemed to refuse demands on his time. One wondered if he ever relaxed and so he packed into a tragically abbreviated life more than most men accomplish in the normal allotted span.

John would have excelled in whatever intellectual pursuit he might have chosen to follow. It came as no surprise to learn that he topped the State in mathematics at the Leaving Certificate examination with the same ease that he won the University Medal in Medicine at graduation in 1952. His awareness of a gift of intellectual superiority naturally endowed him with great self-reliance. His life was like a brilliant comet which illuminated our medical firmament for all too brief a time, and now sadly leaves us the poorer.

DR. M. R. JOSEPH.

SIX YEARS OF

At last—M.B., B.S. Finally we're graduates entitled to confront society with the products of the last six academic years. But let's pause a moment—to look back and review who and what have occurred during this time—to cast our minds back to the beginning of it all—to day one of Med. I—and retrace our steps.

Orientation Week found us an elite group, quota-selected, confident in past success, eager to tackle this medical course, to discover the secrets of man in health and disease. Who could fail to be impressed with the traditions of the medical schools or to be intrigued by the glimpses of Medicine we saw . . .

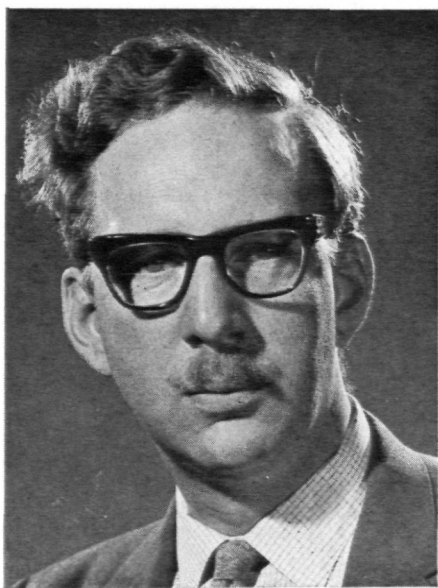
Shame about First Year. School without uniforms. At least there were Chemistry's Simpson and Biology's Prof. Birch to tempt us with the new sophisticated science, liberally punctuated with intriguing innuendos which kept us amused and guessing and made the year bearable. During this year we were deprived of the pleasures of the Lalla Rookh, thus ending a revered tradition, and so transferred our allegiance to the "Blanc Donc" where we were sustained till Fourth Year.

Eventually came Second Year, complete with diagnosis ("this is no longer high school"), prognosis ("40 per cent of you will be here next year") and treatment ("unless you

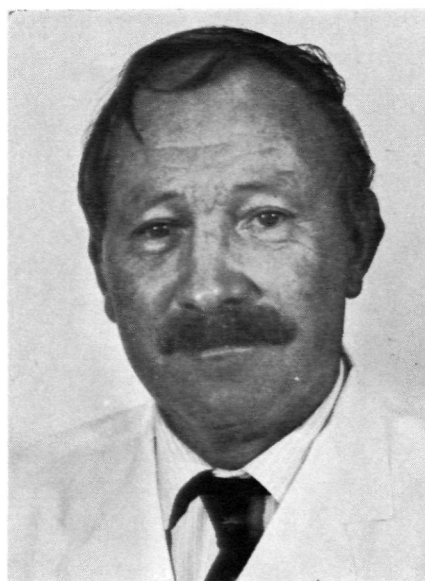
read big Cunningham over the May holidays . . ."). But our spirits didn't plummet too much—at least we were making tangential approaches to the real thing. The anatomy crew provided the dissecting rooms (unequalled forum for the odd yarn and undying memories) and lectures: Philomena McGrath (whom we ushered through another pregnancy), Dr. ("I will now be a palatine bone") Munro, perpetually having spermatic cord difficulties and Dr. (now Professor) Perrott whose cerebellar peduncles would visibly glow at the sound of plaintive knocking on the barred Hunterian doors.

Histology—Dr. Epithelium Rae followed by Profs. Cleland, Sapsford, Griffin and van Lennep, each with characteristic stain—taunting our artistic talents with colouring-in book, slides and E.M. "piccies"—their incredibility matched only by the quantity of material. We traced our beginnings with Drs. Sullivan and Wyndham, patiently supplemented by the late Dr. Larry Manoim.

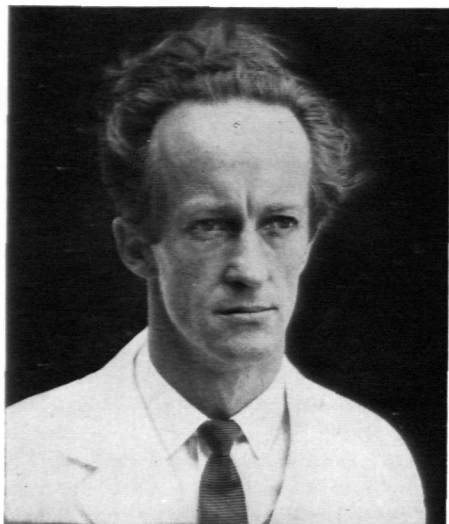
The physiology line-up seemed never-ending: Prof. Bishop's neurophysiology swansong, Prof. Burke who took up the theme, Prof. Taylor who circulated confident that our negative feedback would prove him right in the end. Then Drs. Castaldi (faster than a speeding platelet), Billington (anyone for a gastric fistula?) and Johnnie Young (whose good word on



*M. G. Taylor,
Professor of Physiology.*



*J. W. Perrott,
Associate Professor of Anatomy.*



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

kidney flowed well through Second Year into his diuretic addition later). Third Year added to the cast with Drs. Everitt, Dunlop, Rodieck and Waites, Jose and Halmagyi.

But the boys from next door had the real stuff (they said) — enzymes, mitochondria and how everything really worked; for five terms Bill Hensley and Viv Whittaker sparred before us, leading diverse forays into pathways, cycles and chains, each alternately inducing and repressing our comprehension . . .

Somehow we made it to Third Year—complete with reputation from *that* Year Dinner. Things were brighter now—“once you’ve finished here, you’re straight through to Sixth Year”. But we carried on the same subjects, wondering how they could say it would all be important later, which we didn’t believe (and couldn’t understand). Thanks to Donny



*W. Burke,
Professor of Physiology.*

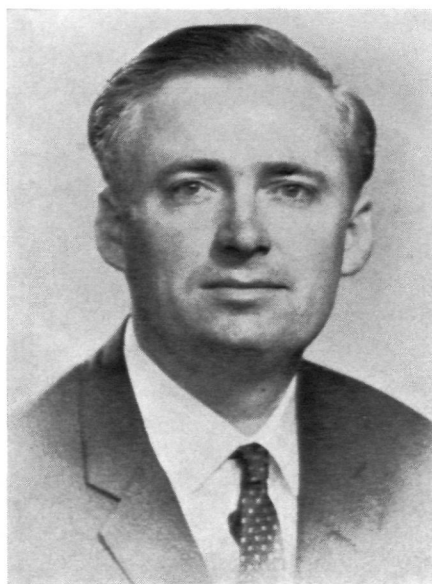
Duncombe’s tips on limbs we made it through those premature exams.

Suntanned, debonair and emancipated, we waltzed into Junior IV: new premises, new heavies, new perspectives. Pathology—elegantly presented by Prof. Magarey, masterly, eloquent and paternal, and Ernest Finckh’s genial and memorable performances—pedagogic and post-prandial. Prof. Cameron, Drs. Evans and Mary Gilder filled in on bones, brains, bottles, etc.

Prof. de Burgh introduced us to bugs, keeping us impressed with his one-man show and intrigued with his mercy. Our tolerance was enhanced by selective exposure to David Nelson



*W. J. Hensley,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.*



*V. K. L. Whittaker,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.*

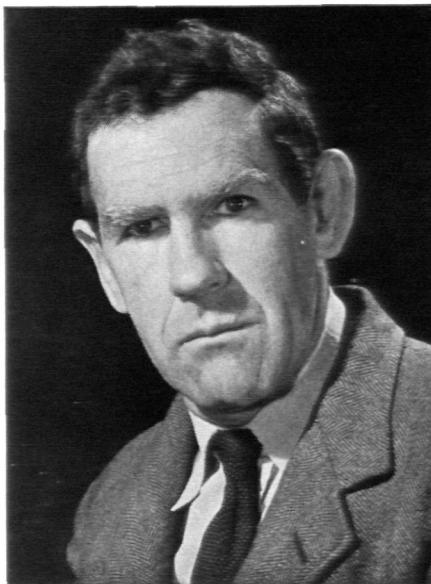


*R. H. Thorpe,
Professor of Pharmacology.*

and immunology and to dermato-bacteriologist Tony Cronin for the significant diseases of mankind.

Pharmacology was a 50-hour trial conducted in the dying hours of the day under the bench of Prof. Thorp, whose "choice" tales of case-law were endless, before whom paraded the feline Cheshire and the hirsute Cobbin, not to forget the two female expert witnesses, Drs. Temple and Maguire.

Summer 1969 saw us forsake traditional pursuits for—at last—our first excursion into the wards: our exposure to patients and theirs to us. These days tested our stamina: medicine and surgery morning lectures, hospital tutes in the afternoon—while trying to cram for May. Now we were



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

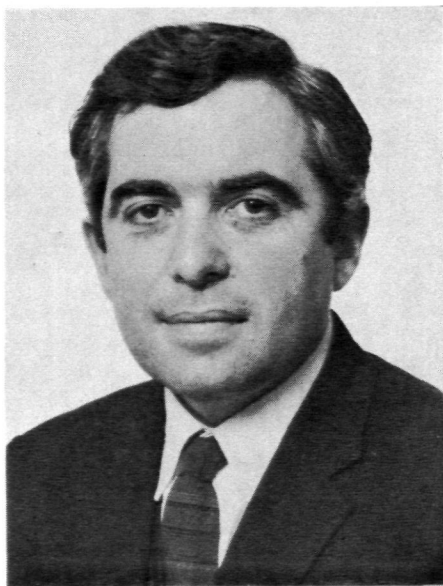
entertained by the clinicians: the eloquent idiosyncrasies of Prof. Read ("dyspnoea has everything to do with the blood gases"), Prof. Korner's high-powered cardiology which they must have heard over at Wesley, Dougie Piper's obsession with first-year nurses, Sol Posen's ultra-efficiency, Jim McLeod's neurology for the lay medical student and Dr. Stewart on kidneys. The surgeons appeared in strength: Prof. Milton, always upset by having to waste clinical time in a lecture theatre, plus Profs. Gye (on heads), Phiels (on tummies), Reeve (on thyroids), Sheil and Little (on everything), not forgetting Messrs. Arnold (urology), Sturrock (orthopaedics), Bulteau (ENT) and Gibson (plastic).



*E. S. Finckh,
Associate Professor of Pathology.*



*J. D. Llewellyn-Jones,
Associate Professor of Obstetrics.*



*I. Pilowsky,
Associate Professor of Psychiatry.*

But it all went unheeded until after the May exams (well after). Again we were harangued by more specialists—the doyens of their fields: Prof. Campbell on snakes, Adrian Johnson's well-illustrated tales of integument and Prof. Kerr's chromosomes. Meanwhile Prof. Joseph conveyed a painless effective message in anaesthesia without any lecture-theatre relaxants. The dawn of correlation broke with John Sands' accomplished introduction to therapeutics.

September brought those first traumatic vivas which we survived to enter the leisurely life of Fifth Year. Or so we thought. The O & G boys tried out their new intensive approach: Prof. Shearman, impeccably smooth and a superb teacher, Prof. Llewellyn-Jones with his thespian antics (? another Spike Milligan) and Warren Jones' practical approach. Dr. Malcolm Stening chipped in his favourite gynæ. slides.

Tom Stapleton promised to reveal the world of children after we surrendered our photos; he was helped by Mr. Dey,

while Prof. Katz showed us how their parents spoiled the best laid plans of Freud.

Meanwhile our initiation to psychiatry continued, to extend throughout Fifth Year. No amount of repression will eliminate Prof. Maddison's concise delivery from memory, nor will theories of reaction formation explain just why Prof. Pilowsky is leaving us for Adelaide . . . and what would psychiatry have been without Ralphie Schureck . . . and the combined performances at Broughton Hall.

We were the first to receive the new, latrine-less, social medicine course presented by Prof. Kerr, Tony Adams and Co., though we little appreciated its relevance at the time. We did, however, appreciate the set of exam questions twelve months early.

Ah, but then there was Fifth Year proper—the gay life: hospital-based with all amenities . . . Kids, O & G . . . a year notable for memorable turns, dealing with the community in their homes, clinics and out-patients, late nights, contending with the specialities in medicine and surgery terms, more turns, but indeed a real and valuable opportunity for clinical involvement.

Then elective term—all too short a breathing-space before the present saga. Final Year panic and neurosis with lectures, tutorials and rounds, and books, tutorials and lectures. Luckily registrars distilled the good oil for us as lights burned later into the night.

We emerged occasionally at correlation clinics to see Professor Blackburn preside over many and various personalities in medicine, including John (Mr. Hormone) Turtle; to catch an eleventh-hour contribution from Prof. Taylor, new in orthopaedics; and perhaps to wonder eternally about that clinic on shock . . .

And now, the end of the wait, leaving us each one with individual reminiscences and impressions, but perhaps all with the oft-repeated refrain still fresh in our ears . . .

We'll give a cheer before we go, a hearty cheer and true,

For all the men who taught us, for the men who let us through—

Perhaps they did not teach us much, but they taught us all they knew,

While we were passing through . . .

MEDICINE



THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

This year Royal Prince Alfred Hospital will be ninety years old. Those ninety years have seen many changes in medicine. Inevitably these changes have their influence on teaching functions of the hospital and a very brief review might be in order so that we can take stock and see where we are heading.

At the time of its foundation the hospital must have been ideally situated for teaching. Adjacent to the University, it was the University's sole teaching hospital and all medical undergraduates undertook their clinical training within its walls. It embraced general medicine, general surgery, ophthalmology and gynaecology which was about as far as clinical specialization went in those days. It drew its patients from a closely settled area. In the main they were the poor who could not afford private treatment, and the medical officers gave their services in an honorary capacity to help the indigent. These public patients provided a large amount of what might be called traditional teaching material embracing a wide range of diseases. Many of the teachers in those days and for quite some time afterwards were in general practice or at least had served a time in general practice. They were therefore trained to view the patient as a whole and to consider his management in this light. There can be little doubt that their teaching would have reflected this attitude.

The passage of the years brought an increasing complexity to medicine and also brought major changes in the roles of

large hospitals. Specialization in clinical subjects appeared gradually at first, but as the years went by the pace began to quicken. As complicated procedures came to be possible the era of super-specialization set in and is now fast upon us. We have, for example, not merely a group specializing in nephrology, but a group specializing in kidney transplantation. And so it goes on at an ever-increasing pace. This super-specialization affects teaching hospitals particularly for their association with research departments makes them eminently suited for advanced technological procedures and the specialization that goes with them. At the same time the community role of the teaching hospitals has inevitably changed. They are no longer places which care only for the impoverished sick. They offer services which most other hospitals are unable to offer and the community demands that those services should be available to all whatever their financial position. The emphasis has therefore switched to some extent away from the local hospital role towards the role of specialized hospitals which can take patients referred from wide areas for procedures not available elsewhere. This has applied to R.P.A.H. at least as much as it has to the other teaching hospitals.

There have been other factors at work. For example, the area in which the hospital finds itself has become more industrialized and there has been a shift of population away from the district. This has tended to diminish further the

role of the hospital as a general hospital serving a local population. The net result of all these changes has been a very great falling off in the amount of clinical material suitable for undergraduate teaching. No longer are the medical and surgical wards filled by patients who have common disorders or "good physical signs". Patients of this type are treated in their homes, in smaller peripheral hospitals or in chronic hospitals. Much of the clinical material in the wards of the hospitals is not really suitable for undergraduate teaching however useful it may be for postgraduate teaching. This difficulty in obtaining good clinical teaching material for undergraduates is increasing at a rapid rate and may well be increased further by the recent modifications to the National Health Scheme.

Whilst these difficulties have arisen in undergraduate teaching the hospital has become very active indeed in the training of graduates during their intern years and in more advanced specialist training. Undergraduate and graduate teaching functions can exist side by side without difficulty, one nurturing the other to a considerable extent, and the problems arising with undergraduate teaching are not to be blamed on the increasing role of the hospital as a postgraduate teaching institution.

How can some of these problems be overcome and what should we be doing or planning to do in the future? First, we must question the traditional idea that all clinical medicine has to be taught at the bedside. Certainly clinical medicine cannot be taught without patients but not all patients are bed-ridden or need to be put into hospital wards. A considerable amount of material very suitable for undergraduate teaching passes through the various special outpatient clinics of the hospital. Attempts to make this material available for teaching have so far not been very fruitful, largely because of the very heavy work load that the departments carry. Teaching inevitably slows down the routine work of patient care and until staff numbers can be increased the amount of teaching the special departments can carry out will remain limited, but the teaching role of these departments must surely increase in the future.

The second way of overcoming our difficulties is by co-operation with district hospitals and local practitioners. Already the first moves have been made in this direction

and although the organization will be difficult and will take some time it is to be hoped that by grouping one or more district hospitals with a teaching hospital we may be able to give medical undergraduates access to the clinical material that passes through the district hospitals. As an extension of this there should be scope in co-operation with local general practitioners for students to follow patients into their homes and thus to see a segment of medicine that has generally been denied them in the past. Plans are well under way for a community health centre which will be closely linked with the hospital and will serve the Redfern-Darlington area. This will be an important step towards restoring the community role of the hospital and will offer exciting teaching possibilities.

The third method of overcoming the shortage of clinical material will be by the increasing use of teaching aids. Clinical medicine has long been taught in the small group system. In this system teaching aids have only a limited place. However, where a shortage of patients exists a good deal can be done to overcome the effects of that shortage by building up libraries of slides, tapes, video-tapes and finally programmed teaching projects to supplement the more usual type of clinical teaching. We are just beginning to look at this at R.P.A.H. It is a big task and it will take time to achieve but the challenge is there and must be faced.

It is probably reasonably safe to predict that when the hospital sees its hundredth year completed it will have changed even much more than it has at present. It seems likely that its teaching role will be shared with a number of hospitals which do not yet have the status of teaching hospitals. The number and size of university departments within the hospital will be still greater than at present. One hopes that the hospital will maintain a significant role in looking after the neighbouring population. The perennial argument between Commonwealth and State Governments about the cost of hospital and medical care will, with luck, have been resolved and when this happens the visiting staff may expect to receive the long-promised payment for their services. The medical course may be very different from the present and it is to be hoped that it will involve students in their clinical years with real clinical responsibility for patients.

G. L. McDONALD.

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

A spot diagnosis could be made at a hundred yards of Dr. Allsop (a grey-haired man carrying a small, dark briefcase). He would regularly amaze his students by eliciting a reflex that no-one has ever seen before. His tutorials were always informative and encouraged students to think. He promoted students' awareness of preventive neurology by demonstrating the correct way to open and close windows without causing back injury. Behind the snarl lies a man who is extremely conscientious about neurology and its clinical teaching.



LOUIS BERNSTEIN

Dr. Lou Bernstein is a man devoted to dispelling the student myth that cardiology is difficult. It was he who first took us into the sanctum sanctorum of the Page building and who divulged its secrets to us in terms no more complex than mechanistic physiology, commonsense and "cardiological cheating". So convinced were we that his simplifying influence endured visits to the coronary care unit, the cineangiography lab. and a tutorial from Professor Korner. Relaxed and friendly, he got lively participation in tutorials through his enthusiasm and his uncanny ability to reveal our every mistake as the logic of someone blind to the most basic of first principles.

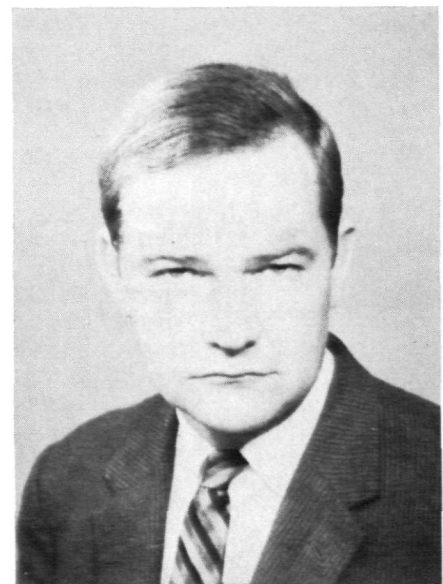
FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

"Hmm — well, what do you think?"

Quietly introducing the subtleties of diabetes mellitus, Dr. Harding Burns no doubt enjoyed the boisterous enthusiasm of his very able body of students.

Even as the year wore on and the numbers began to thin, he was able to demonstrate for us a wide range of clinical material, most of which was naturally found on the sunny CI verandahs.

In retrospect they were valuable times spent with him and we thank him for them.





TIMOTHY BOYD CARTMILL

"Well, let's get going! Sorry I'm late."

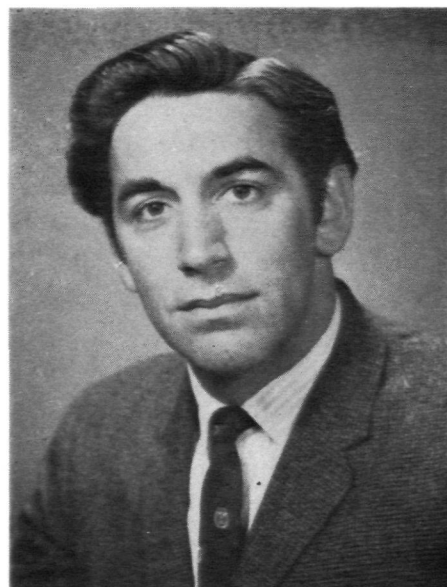
Despite his hirsute disguise, Mr. Cartmill was unable to escape the task of conducting tutorials for us, and we regretted the fact that they were only five in number. Coatless, and in short-sleeved shirt, he managed to convey a relaxed rural attitude that was not in keeping with the popular idea of dramatic and heroic open-heart surgery. Nevertheless, underneath his easy-going manner, he appeared to be a serious and earnest surgeon, always thoughtful of his responsibilities to his patients and to pass on his knowledge to students.

PETER GIANOUTSOS

As with endless patience and immaculate diction Dr. G. unravelled the mysteries of respiratory medicine, we all gave thanks that here at last was one tutor who relieved us from the duties of case presentation.

His tutorials were usually punctuated by deep sighing respiration from the females as this young Adonis delivered an eloquent discourse on canaries.

The excellent teaching he gave was well worth the sacrifice of an occasional lunch hour.



DAVID GLENN

Mr. Glenn each day swerved violently into the hospital drive to the sound of squealing tyres and a whining gearbox. After screeching to a standstill and after allowing the requisite twenty seconds to pass while the pall of pale blue, acrid-smelling smoke settled, our lean surgeon extraordinaire squeezed himself out of his pimple-shaped, pus-coloured car with twin drainage tubes.

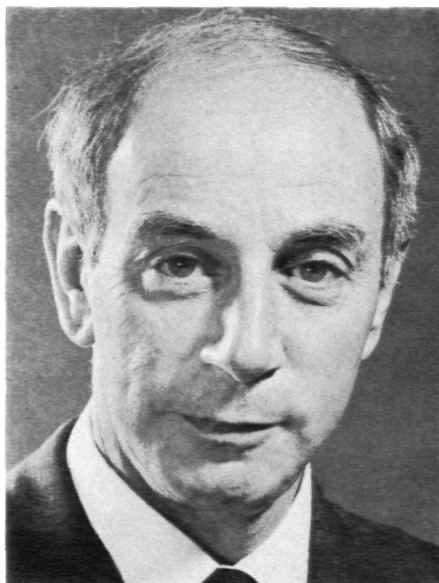
Cutting a dashing figure in his snappy attire and flowing sideburns, he then strode into the ward and, wasting little time in collecting his motley bunch of students, headed towards the female bathroom for yet another tutorial. Once settled, and although fighting a rearguard action against lung cancer, his usual opening remark was "What are we smoking today, Mr. Collopy?".

JOHN ERNEST DUNLOP GOLDIE

When we first met Mr. Goldie we were impressed by his gentle manner. As we came to know him better we found out that this is how he treats all people — patients, doctors students, alike. It appears to be his motto: "A gentleman first and a surgeon second."

Monday tutorials in C2 were always very interesting as Mr. Goldie showed us how to examine and talk to patients. He often enlivened the afternoons by relating anecdotes about surgeons of the past and surgery on himself and other people.

He taught us patiently, unperturbed by our lack of knowledge on his chosen subject and we appreciate his time spent with us.



STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

To us Dr. Goulston is graciousness, dignity and true humility. This impressed us: He treated every patient as an individual — no one was labelled and treated as a "case" — no one investigated for academic satisfaction alone. He is well aware of the limitations of medicine.

We were patiently reminded to look beyond the hospital to a broader approach to patient care; to think penetratingly and express our thoughts succinctly.

Most importantly, however, Dr. Goulston's humane concern for us individually was most heartening and considerably stimulated our interest in medicine. This concern was marked when he arranged and joined us for a chat over tea following the tutorials — for us A1 was almost civilized.

ALEXANDER FALCONER ("SANDY") GRANT

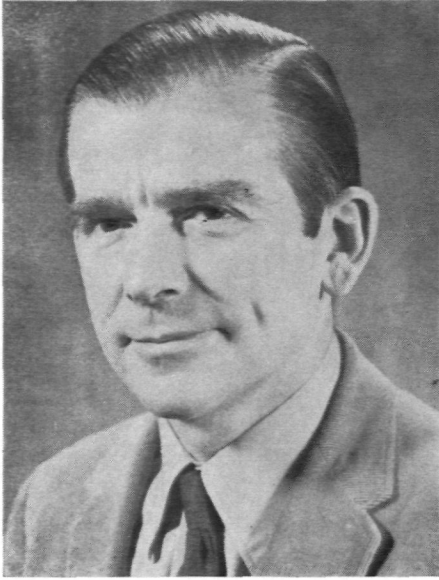
*"Polyserositis! I'd fail you straight away."
"It's only anatomy."*

An A-P projection of thoracic surgeon extraordinaire: male; age (well, his epiphyses have fused); no abnormalities of soft tissues other than slightly battered nose and unruly fair hair. Bones: large; frame obviously used to splitting sternums. "Now what did the good Lord give you two sets of ribs for?"

Costophrenic angles well-developed — due to coaxing some sense out of students. Mediastinum remarkable for generous extent, reflecting attitude. Lung fields: clear even to our well-tutored eyes; notable for complete absence of hydatids.

Diagnosis: (i) superb teacher; (ii) softness beneath façade.





JOHN MOORE GREENAWAY

"Being middle-aged, conservative and reactionary . . ."

It is difficult to come to know a tutor in the short space available in final year; however, one's sayings often reflect one's attitudes and some of Dr. Greenaway's more common idioms are:

At seminars:

"Mr. Chairman, I . . .".

At tuts.:

"And who was Austin Flint Mr. . . . ?".

"Yes, it has been recorded!"

"Friend of yours?"

"One of the current theories of baloney . . .".

"I remember the . . .".

From these examples, one can see the following characteristics — an inquiring mind; a grounding in the History of Medicine; current and broad medical knowledge; a delightful sense of humour and a knack of story telling.

We enjoyed Dr. Greenaway's tutorials and learnt some valuable medicine, especially regarding one's clinical approach to a patient. We thank Dr. Greenaway for his help and even though he is an ex-Grammar student, as revealed by his cuff-links, wish him well.

EDWARD JAMES HALLIDAY

"You fellows really ought to be able to hear that sort of thing by now."

Although given only five weeks to smooth out many rough edges, Dr. Halliday, with his chatty, no-nonsense style of teaching, was able to instil us with a considerable enthusiasm for Cardiology. With a sprinkle of anecdotes, subtle gibes for the less alert and a fondness for mid-afternoon rambles up and down the stairs of Page to clear the cobwebs, he always kept us on our toes, if a little short of breath at times.

His eagerness to ensure complete understanding of a topic was much appreciated and his tutorials as a whole were an invaluable part of Final Year.



HENRY PETER BURNELL HARVEY

Thoracic medicine? Other than C.O.A.D. what is there? With this attitude we entered the world of P.C.P.4 and encountered Peter Harvey. The man with the longest sideburns in the hospital lists among many accomplishments: (a) being the first registrar of the Hæmophiliac Clinic; (b) being the most regular squash player at R.P.A.H.; (c) liking running around University Oval; (d) regular topping up of a ski-tan and (e) having two female residents.

We were immediately impressed by his commonsense approach to respiratory medicine and physiology and his "second-name familiarity". His tutorials were among the most relaxed ever and yet the message came across. His interest in his patients and their welfare, coupled with his interest in students and his teaching ability, produced an unforgettable term.

JOHN EVERARD HASSALL

"This drug worked so well they thought of instituting a clinical trial."

Dr. Hassall has faced us on many occasions, both in the lecture theatre and at the bedside. These episodes have been characterized by an intemperate temper and an obsession with rheumatoid disease.

Apart from these minor aberrations, Dr. Hassall showed that this knowledge was not gained at the expense of other fields of medicine. He tutored on a wide variety of topics with the same degree of thoroughness.

Throughout most of our time at R.P.A.H. he held the position of Clinical Supervisor (Medicine) and we thank him for all his efforts on our behalf.



FREDERICK CHARLES HINDE

"They should put progestogens in the water at Thredbo."

As Clinical Superintendent of O and G, Dr. Hinde introduced us to the clinical aspects of this specialty in Fifth Year.

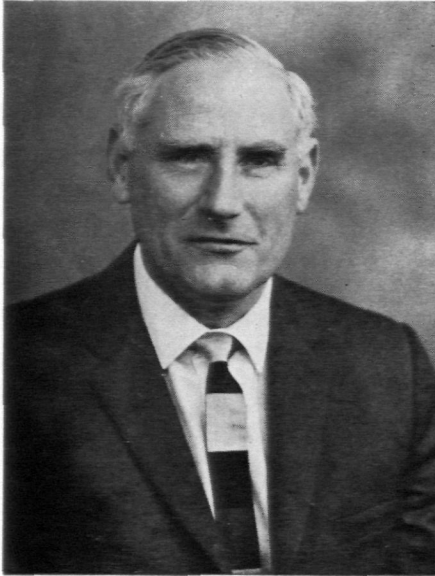
He immediately impressed his tutorial groups with his "unorthodox" approach to Gynæ. O.P.D. He showed a notable concern for extra-pelvic problems in his patients; surgery mornings were among the week's highlights. A skilled operation with a wealth of Irish stories—he took great pains to see that his students gained as much as possible from the experience.

Dr. Hinde resigns this year as superintendent, and we thank him for his interest and work.

ELTON HOLMAN

Here was a Whole Man, a true offspring of Nature in whose care he left most situations. Her seasonal changes of foliage were no less magnificent than his. Like the infants he delivered, he was never late—any apparent lateness being due to students with wrong times. Only when he foresaw the gravest consequences was he known to override Nature and say: "I did it my way." Without his aid, our loss of knowledge would have progressed until lesser persons considered such loss sufficient to justify active removal of our ignorance while we lay in a pool of profuse confusion requiring rapid intracortical infusion of facts lest we enter pre-final medical failure and lest, on our recovery, we determine never to go through with it again.





WALTER LLOYD HOLCOMBE KELLER

There was no reluctance to attend surgical tutorials with Mr. Keller, whose efficiency in imparting and extracting information in the most acceptable way could scarcely be equalled. His relaxed, almost casual, manner lent much to keep stress levels at a minimum, throughout our tutorials, without lulling us into a state of overconfidence nor ease concerning our present level of surgical knowledge.

He is thorough in his coverage of topics selected, not for their curiosity, but in order to teach us surgery in its clinical setting and practical application.

Mr. Keller inspires confidence from his patients and gratitude from his students.

Yes, he is quite human: Easter Tuesday tutorial was not on, "because that is children's day at the show".

BRUCE LECKIE

"Thoracotomy — but don't quote me out of context."

Mr. Bruce Leckie introduced us to the scope and problems of thoracic surgery. At first it appeared that thoracotomy was the only choice for investigation and treatment.

However, he was able to make us weigh up the value of an investigation in regard to subsequent treatment. He was also able to make thoracic surgery meaningful and to aid us in our wanderings through chest X-rays. His pleasant manner and pragmatic teaching will always be remembered by those he taught.



JULIAN HERZL LEE

"Super Thoracic Physician."

Faster than galloping consumption —
More powerful than triple therapy —
Able to destroy spirometers with a single tidal volume!

Look, up in the right upper-mid-lateral zone!
Is it a bird fancier's lung? Is it a plain X-ray?
No, it's SUPERLEE!

Yes, it's SUPERLEE, strange bronchoscopist from another planet,
Who came to R.P.A. with powers far beyond that of ordinary pink puffers —
SUPERLEE, who can bend asbestos in his bare, clubbed, cyanotic hands,
Can change the course of mighty nocturnal shivers,
And who, disguised as mild-mannered retorter, working for a great
metropolitan Med. journal,
Fights, and fights, and fights — a never-ending battle for mycetoma,
torula and cannonballs.

He can only be weakened by Kryptococconite, and considers students to
be patchy consolidations with a diffusely mottled appearance.



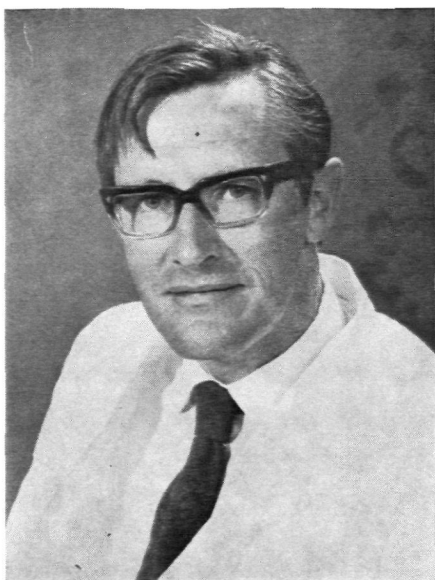
Warden of the Clinical School:

GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

"Speak if you know it, if not, shut up!"

Dr. McDonald is always impressive as the man who can convert the aggressive and uncooperative patient into the epitome of placidity and affability. His anecdotes on the virtues of Royalty would warm any Bolsheviki's heart, while his love of the former manly style of cricket would terrorize the modern footballer.

Always kindly and helpful to his students, his quiet and sincere manner impressed upon us the necessity of seeing the patient as a person.

*Associate Professor of Medicine:*

JAMES GRAHAM McLEOD

"Is that reflex brisk or increased?"

Big Jim bounded into our life in Fourth Year and proceeded to concisely cover neurology in a series of excellent lectures.

He was then not seen again until Final Year, when he "visited" in lieu of Prof Blackburn for one term. The bed-side encounters proved even more impressive than the lectures; his intense attention to detail in a presentation (remembering every aspect that may be related—however vaguely—to neurology) results in rich reward as he discusses the case.

We found his tutorials a rapid and almost painless method of obtaining insight into the often overwhelming and complex world of clinical neurology.

BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

"As surgeons, we believe . . ."

It's quite something, after a morning of medicine, to be greeted by a cheery "Sorry I'm late, fellows", from B. P. Morgan, replete in college bow tie, and slide-showing machine tucked under his arm. We are told that this should be a discussion rather than a formal tute; but first he has a few slides to show us. There follows a quick run through a tongue. "Questions?"

His enthusiasm persists unabated throughout the term, although when you look around the group you wonder why. ("You should all come back and see this patient again—some of you several times.")

You can't help seeing patients, and his ward is full of teaching material, all skilfully inter-related.

As time goes by you start to recognize the man himself behind the well-oiled teaching machine. At times you detect a little naivety ("From what you've told me, you might not know anything more about this"); at times the underlying commonsense ("You know, there's nothing quite so useful as an anus"); but always present is the sincere interest in us, the students.

We thank him for his considerable effort.





MARGARET MULVEY

To be tutored by "Meg" Mulvey is a unique part of doing Gynæcology at King George V—a part that those of us who had her as a tutor would be sorry to have missed.

At first encounter, Meg created a confusing impression, for we had not met anyone quite like her, nor did she fit readily into any preconceived category. Her slight frame, grey hair, wire-rimmed glasses, and lack of concern for fashion belie the enthusiasm she has for her work and her interest in students.

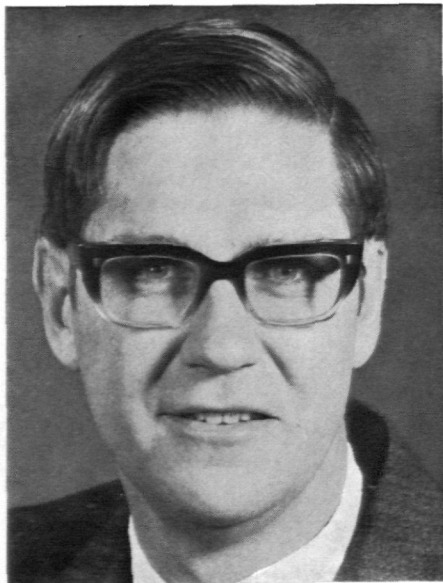
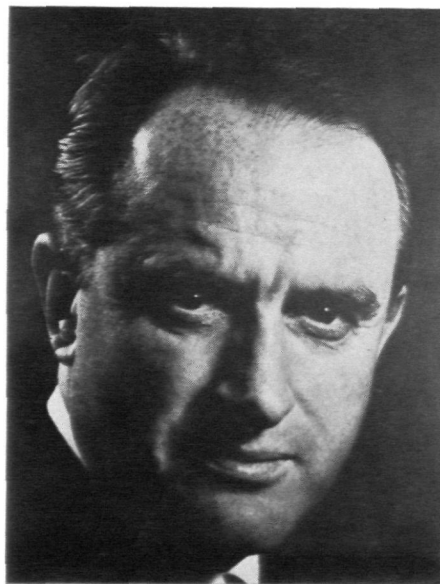
Then there were the tutorials where dismay at how hard we were working—"Now, I hope you've all read Jeffcoate, boys . . ." was interspersed with methods of answering questions, classifications of topics and little exam tips.

Perhaps not until final year did we fully recognize Meg's value to us; for with the series of ten lectures she gave us this year, her notes available from the Med Soc and what written records we have of her teaching last year, we go to the exams confident of a pass, and grateful for her large contribution to that confidence.

GEORGE ROWAN NICKS

Mr. Nicks arrived from New Zealand complete with printed thoracic surgery notes and firmly esconced himself on the surgical floors of Page. From there he has ventured out into student teaching, even encouraging and welcoming student presence in theatres.

The epitome of consideration for his patients and students, Mr. Nicks has been known to remark—"If you just listen to the patients they will tell you exactly what is wrong with them". Notwithstanding, he himself seemed to rely on a knowledge much wider than this. Thus his tutorials were always informative, from both his fund of stories and his deep interest in teaching.



FREDERICK WESTWOOD NIESCHE

"I haven't been thinking too much, today."

Ætiology: Strong familial tendency — possibly NIESCHERIAN dominant with exceptional penetrance.

Pathology: Appears jovial, aggressive, yet reasonably intelligent; sincere; completely conversant with the topic in hand.

Clinical Features:

1. Precise Periodicity: commences regularly on Tuesday mornings, radiates to many uncanny digressions and culminates in an abrupt cessation.
2. Varied Presentation: determined by previous night's activities.
3. Symptoms and Signs: elicited and explained between sips of tea.
4. Spread: by direct extension and thence forced permeation.

Management: Conservatively, but at least once a week.

Prognosis: Gradual response to an optimal functional level culminating in a drastic reduction in ensuing morbidity in November.

KENNETH WILLIAM PERKINS

"Many respectable members of our society drink at least one bottle of whisky a day . . . take Sir Winston—BUT DON'T QUOTE ME!"

For those who "escaped" public health, Dr. Perkins provided an abridged version of the finer aspects of social medicine.

Besides the variability of individual tolerance to ethanol and the smoke billowing from the end windows of Page ("It's no fire!"), he clarified points that are overlooked in our education as the Hippocrates of 1972.

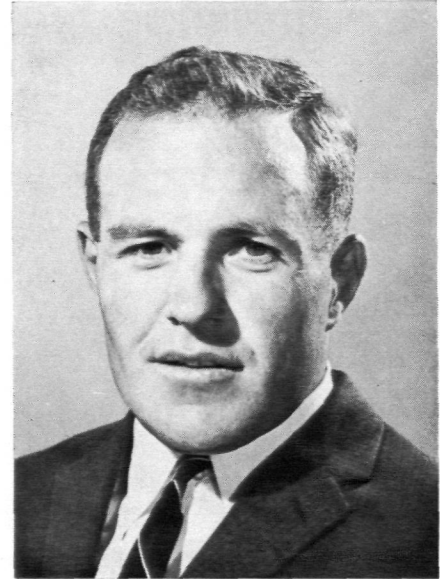
"Are the girls here—No!, then let's go", and so he would further elucidate the mysteries of:

gastroenterology—the Emperor said: "Kill all snails!" That's his schistosomiasis prophylaxis;

hematology—simply a case of pancytopenic cachexia;

psychiatry—they're either reasonable and understandable or crazy.

His teaching will be remembered for his practical and informal approach to medicine and student alike.



JOHN ROBERT SANDS

We all first encountered John Sands in the idyllic world of Incoming V when he entertained us with a fine lecture exposé of therapeutics. One is still tempted to ask is that really all there is to it?

Tutorials with John Sands are one of the few redeeming features of Final Year. The wonderful? world of Nephrology is explored in all its naked innocence. One is indeed at first surprised how everything from heart action to the female reproductive system can be explained in terms of these two small organs.

A great many of us are certainly indebted to John Sands not only for a magnificent insight into Clinical Medicine, but for the great variety of John Sands games his company puts out to fill in our many idle hours as medical students. Indeed, a working knowledge of Monopoly is an important prerequisite for a career in Hospital Administration!

JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

Despite a reputation as an ogre of an examiner, in tutorials "Dick" Richards with his non-stop approach isn't quite so bad.

Our first meeting with this dynamic gentleman was early in Final Year, when he gave two magnificent lectures on Ischæmic Heart Disease (even the most hardened smoker blanched). Then came Medicine term with five weeks spent in Page where all things cardiological were made abundantly clear. (How could we possibly have made all those mistakes in previous years?, the diagnosis is obvious and the management is simple.)

Enthusiastic and energetic, Dr. Richards by his approach and magnificent teaching made Cardiology interesting and understandable, and we thank him for it.





THEODORE SELBY

"Where's the rest of the team?"

Dr. Selby, by diligent ferreting for information, manages to bring his students down from the rarefied air of exotic procedures to the humdrum of daily medicine ("There won't be an X-ray machine in Woop-Woop, son!").

His ward rounds are punctuated by an analysis of the psychodynamics of the "musical bed syndrome", a complicated disorder of the nursing staff, involving multiple intricate bed manœuvres.

His eagerness to help his students understand the basics of medical problems and the short-comings of relying on high-powered tests is appreciated by us all.

JOHN WALTON SPENCE

Some said he tended to keep you on your feet, but not on your toes. However, this tall and imposing figure highlighted various aspects of surgery with his endless fund of stories featuring the back streets of Port Said, and somehow managed to make tutorials interesting enough to ensure a quorum each time.

His enthusiasm for teaching became apparent when he gave a tutorial on colostomies on a university holiday, using, of course, those well-worn notes that never seem to date.



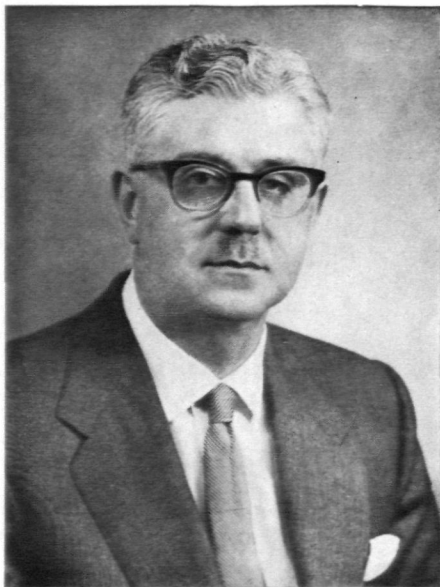
PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON

"Now, why is cholecystectomy easier in a fat lady than in a fat man?"

A surgeon's surgeon most aptly describes Mr. Tomlinson. At the appointed hour, the tall, white-topped figure would approach and invite us into the ward. Moving from patient to patient, discrete inquiries rather than harsh questions were his hallmark.

"Are you people interested in X-rays?", always prefaced his sorties into the radiographic medium. He would talk at length on tuberculosis of the urinary tract and gastro-jejuno-colic fistula.

For those of us who could not stand the pace, nothing would be said if you retreated to the rear of the group and dozed off. Most, however, seemed to last the distance and we thank him for his kindly teaching.



OUR OTHER TEACHERS

In the last three years we have been taught by vast numbers of people, from junior resident to senior honorary, and the greater part of this time has been enjoyable. They have taught us much and we thank them for it.

ORTHOPÆDICS:

- H. C. BARRY: "Pancoast's Syndrome! What's that?"
 H. TYER (Tyer on the Dwyer wire): "And you keep screwing till they start talking."
 C. L. GREAVES.
 R. HONNER.
 D. MACDONALD.

UROLOGY:

- D. ARNOLD: "Hernia can be considered genital prolapse in the male."
 C. COOREY: "What do they teach you about sex these days?"
 B. PEARSON: "Pain, hæmaturia, general and functional—that's all."
 H. G. CUMMINE: "Learn the sparrows."
 L. WHEELER.

RADIOLOGY:

- G. BENNESS.
 J. MCCREDIE.
 K. NEAL.
 J. ROCHE.
 K. SHERBON.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY:

- J. W. KNOX.
 G. N. YOUNG.

MEDICAL REGISTRARS:

- GRAHAM ANDERSON.
 IAN BAILEY: "A few quickies."
 GEOFF DUGGIN: "Stan Goulston would faint if he heard that."
 JOHN EISMAN.
 ALAN GALE: "Got to answer the telephone."
 JOHN HORVATH: "Who haven't I persecuted for a while?"
 JERRY KOUTTS: "Actually it was water in that glass . . ."
 BRUCE SINGH.
 IVEN YOUNG.
 DENNIS YUE: "The blood, the brain, the bones . . . and parts unseen."

SURGICAL REGISTRARS:

- TOM BONAR: "You don't want me to talk about fluids and electrolytes—the kidney will look after them."
 GENEVIEVE CUMMINS: "The terrible inconvenience of a laparotomy."
 BARRY EDWARDS.
 ALAN MEARES.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY REGISTRARS:

- ANDREW CHILD: "If I'm back from court in time."
 ANDREW KORDA.
 JANET LANDAHL.
 KEN ROBERTS-THOMPSON.
 IAN STEWART.

THE STUDENTS



PHILLIP JOHN BAIRD

Phillip entered the faculty from North Sydney Boys' High School, having achieved marked success in study and sport. He advanced in academic attainments whilst diverting his mind to "that more important quest of life" — indeed a balanced outlook — Arts coupled with Medicine. From the happy haven of married life, he has moralized at length on the extra-curricular activities of his less settled friends. Phil spent his elective term in the Pathology Department working on a project involving epithelial tissue and was heard to remark "skin is fascinating". (!)

His capacity for sarcasm overlies a genuine, sincere personality and one who is ever willing to help. Phil's good humour and boundless enthusiasm ensure a successful career.

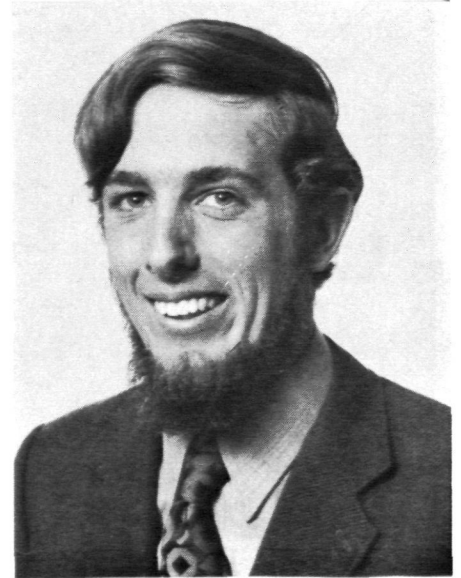
EDWIN ROGER BARKER

"Errrrr . . . I can deliver babies or placentas but not both." A demarcation of labour?

Roger presented in 1966 and began growing his beard. Tiring after a few years of domiciliary medicine of commuting 'twixt Pymble and sunny downtown Newtown, he entered St. Andrew's College in search of intellectual honesty and found the Grose Farm, a carpet to practise putting on, and structures resembling billiard and card tables.

The prodrome of his beard was over and it finally appeared in 1970 to be immediately exported and exhibited throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand.

A capacity for regular attendances at the Grose, the hospital and the golf links would seem to ensure future success.



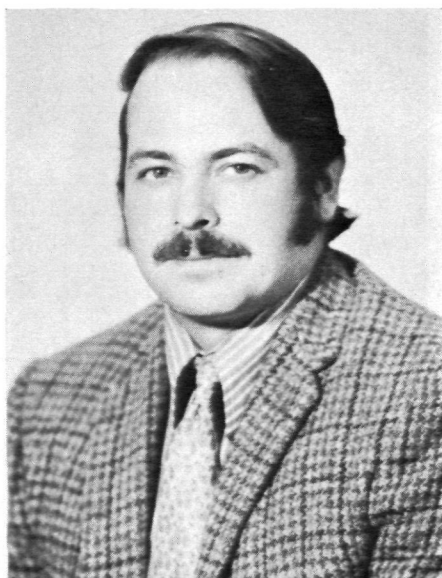
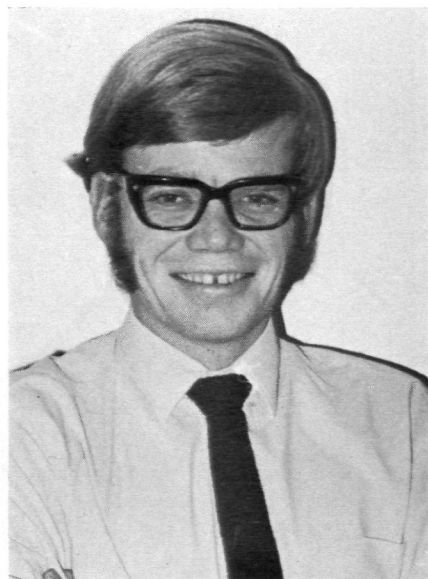
BRIAN WILLIAM BARR

Brian could be aptly described as "the best man never to make the Olympics". This stems from his impressive sporting abilities which have spanned his years at Knox and at the University. Always a stickler for proper dietary habits, Brian claims his achievements both in scholastic and sporting fields are due to his late weaning from a fluid diet. He has recently carried this obsession further by marrying a dietician. Brian's personality and ability to "keep his cool" will undoubtedly make him a success in the future.



BRUCE CHARLES BASTIAN

Medicine is really no more soporific than any other course—Bruce's narcolepsy is of long-standing. This condition has apparently not hindered his academic progress. The old men of the physics laboratories believed in the lad whose results were more accurate than Milliken's. He couldn't have been faking—he had such a nice smile. Good thing they never heard that diabolical laugh. Four months from graduation he could build model aeroplanes and even fantasize about flying doctors. Wesley was his home for six years. From there he consistently arrived late at lectures; organized and ran the chocolate wheel at the Settlement Fete with distinction; and there cultivated a rubber tree that became a source of physical danger. Knowing him has been rewarding.



ADRIAN JOHN SPENSER BOYD

"It's those stupid, bludging public servants."

From vice-captain of Allos to Final Year Medicine Ado was observed by his many friends to be as atypical as the rest.

Having boozed his way through in the Grose and whilst working at the Wentworth and Chevron; good times came easy—he found aids to losing weight very useful if not essential for every exam.

The Bilgola lifeguard sailed, rode motor-cycles, loafed on the Willoughby Council, yet still kept his ears warm with his muffs.

Taxi-driving provided the finance for his cute little girl, with whom he has now settled down comfortably.

If taxation does not scare Adrian away, Australia will benefit from a fine doctor.

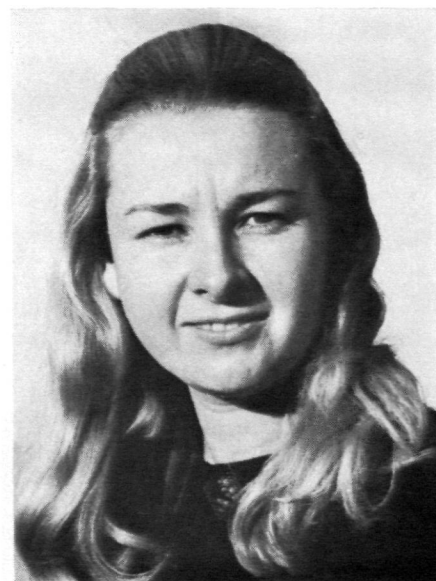
PATRICIA VICKI BRENNAN

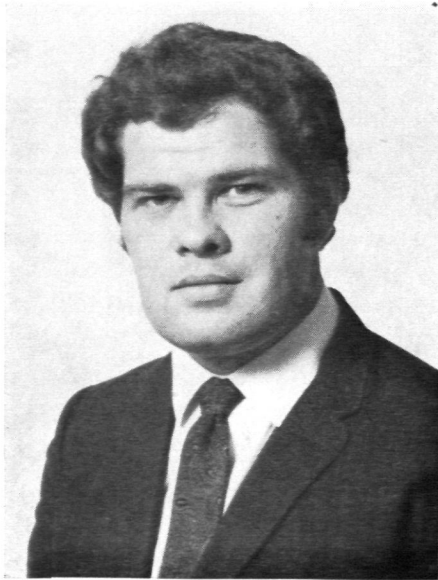
"Fifty per cent of psychiatry is rubbish!"

With her own ideas about most things, Pat's statements have often caused her male colleagues to stand in awe of the female mental machinery, and provoked lengthy debates during evening toast-eating sessions.

In spite of her expression of sympathy for the woman in labour, those who knew Pat well recognized that she represented an insurmountable threat to the aims of the Women's Liberation Movement. If Pat was unable to have male volunteers carry her baggage from the station, then no other girl was able to. A well chosen comment and attractive smile was calculated to, and always did, bring assistance from her defenceless colleagues.

Pat brings the soft touch of femininity to our profession.





GARRY KENNETH BROWN

"There's an absolutely superb article in the Journals this week!"

This man-mountain, after dabbling in Science for two years, joined Medicine and proceeded to confound all with his knowledge of the minutiae of every subject. After only two years Medicine Garry took a year off to get his B.Sc.(Med.), specializing in red blood cells which have been his major interest ever since (except, of course, for Ruth).

His clinical course again has been frightening—how many people know 106 causes of thrombocytopenia? Garry has excelled in every part of the course and has established extra-curricular activities foremost amongst which are Ruth, Philosophy I, research work, music and sailing, yet he always has time for his friends.

His ambition is to be the world's second-largest hæmatologist—and he is sure to do well.

PETER THOMAS PATRICK BYE

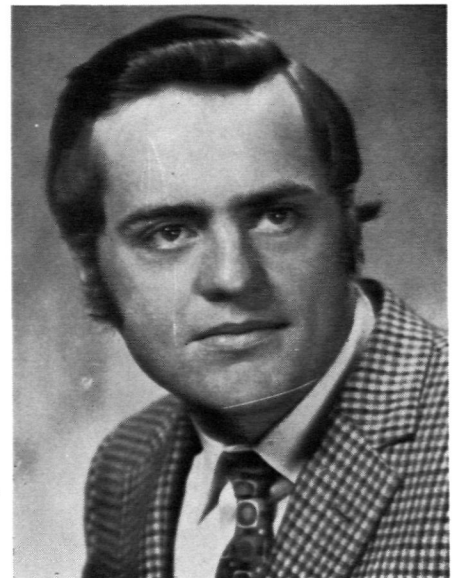
"Big bombs in the left, dynamite in the right."

Although the youngest member of the year, "Wolly" amassed many distinctions and credits, represented the University in rugby league, and on occasions the Faculty in union, cricket and soccer.

However, his doom came in Fourth Year, when "shiiing" at Thredbo ("we could be trapped here for days")—he tore his knee ligaments tobogganing and so had to remain indoors where, with heat, rest, elevation and appropriate fluids, he made a rapid recovery.

Peter's high pressure study found its outlet not infrequently at parties (once he nearly succeeded in somersaulting over a birthday cake and on another occasion ended up skin-diving in the R.P.A. fountain).

A constant source of concern and amusement—his prognosis is excellent.



ROBERT JOHN CARMODY

"What's your problem, Cuddles?"

After an academic mishap in Fourth Year, Bob was forced to a short, more profitable career with I.C.I. before returning to complete Medicine.

The moving force in his life, Shirley, not surprisingly became his wife during Fourth Year and later baby Louise's arrival caused many anxious nights pacing the floor of the students' quarters ("I must go home!").

Bob has become known for his nonchalant attitude to lectures ("I don't take notes, besides I hear it all before I go to sleep"); his cyclic swings of mood related to stock market fluctuations; his familiar packets of Rothmans; physical fitness jaunts at all hours through Centennial Park.

Bob's interest in people will ensure his success in any field he chooses.



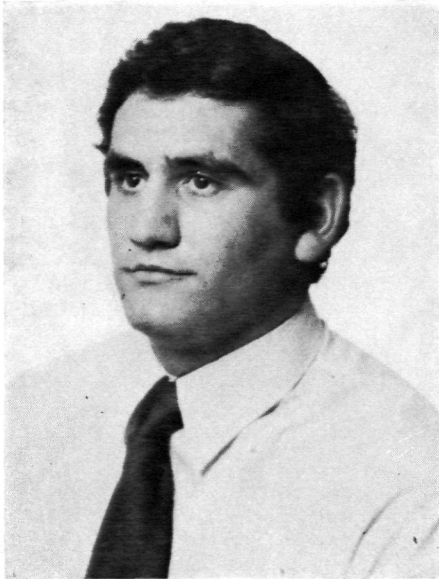
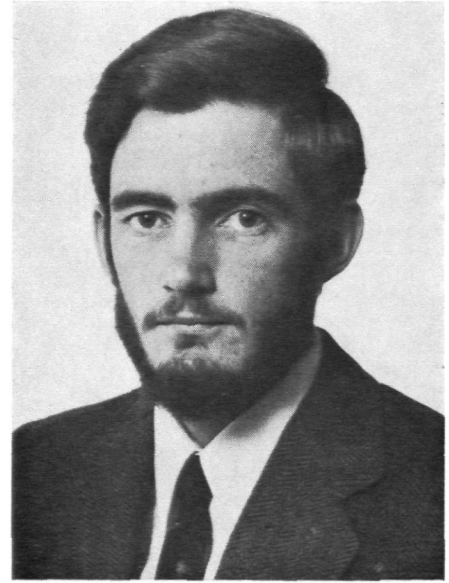
PETER RICHARD CARTER

Originally from St. Edmund's Canberra, with a High Distinction in Physics from A.N.U., clean-cut Peter arrived at John's College with a B.S.A. 120 and the well defined aim of becoming an educated G.P.

In the ensuing years, by studying with maximum concentration, maximum reliance on first principles and confident calculation as to minimum time required, Peter showed a contagious capacity for enjoying life to the full.

In the clinical years, bearded, and with an accruing obligation to the Navy, Peter's activities increased. Running his panel van and the finances of John's in fifth year, and flatting in Petersham in final year, were backdrop to consistent application.

His honesty, humour and keen, open mind are solid foundation for success in the years to come.



ALDO CAESAR CASTAGNA

Aldo's non-benign appearance aided by his Abyssinian heritage and a capacity to revert to it occasionally, has perhaps clouded his happy and friendly nature.

Although a participant of that other code of football, his efforts in the "Intercadaver" competition led us to believe he was not past being atoned for his previous wrongs.

A little-known fact is his attempt at fluency in three languages, and obtaining a perhaps unique pass in Med. II Part II, with a distinction and post, the latter in anatomy, a subject he stoically refused to comprehend.

We wish him luck and have every hope in his future success.

IAN DOUGLAS CATERSON

"Don't let it worry you."

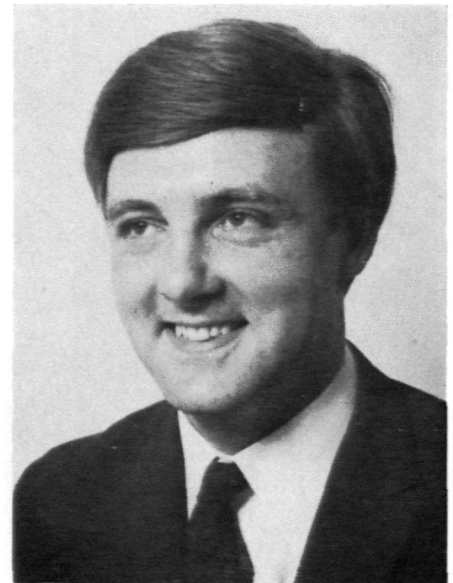
Ian entered the Faculty of Medicine in 1965 after spending an unforgettable time at The King's School.

Successes in preclinical years inspired him to dabble in the sciences. A year in the Biochemistry Department enabled him to discover as much as is possible about alcohol without actually drinking the stuff.

In Fifth Year, while most of his colleagues were widening only their clinical experience, Ian was busy acquainting himself with the hospital staff on a scale never before attempted. His outstanding success in this field is a tribute to the W.A.S.P. ideal. He remains a most eligible bachelor!

During elective term, Ian furthered his career at Oxford, thus adding yet another "Old School" tie to his collection.

Ian is widely known and respected throughout the Faculty. He will certainly be an asset to the field of Endocrinology.





MILTON LAURENCE COHEN

"Don't be like that."

Milton is an enigma. He is that rare kind of medical student who manages to combine theory with practice. Who else in the interests of orthopaedics would insist on dislocating his shoulder repeatedly on the field? Who else would devote such background study to O and G? And who else would attempt to reconcile an education at Grammar with a socialist outlook?

Notable for his irregular sleeping habits (studying in the wee hours) and getting mixed up in various student affairs, Milt has been distracted from his search for complete understanding in medicine by a tendency to give up too much of his time for his friends.

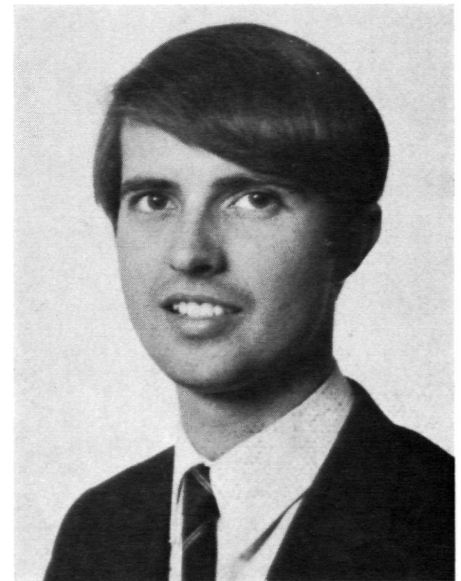
If all of these can be integrated, Milt is assured of a full life.

JAMES FRANCIS COLLOPY

"Zhiveo!" (in deep voice).

Much travelled, partly educated in England and finished at Riverview, Jim has learnt the art of mixing work and pleasure. Although slightly built, Jim is one whose stamina and capacity for study gain momentum as the examinations approach. The beginning of the year is spent in a slightly more relaxed manner at which time Jim excels as being the life of the party. These he always enlivens with his non-stop repartée and physical antics—traits which are of paternal origin.

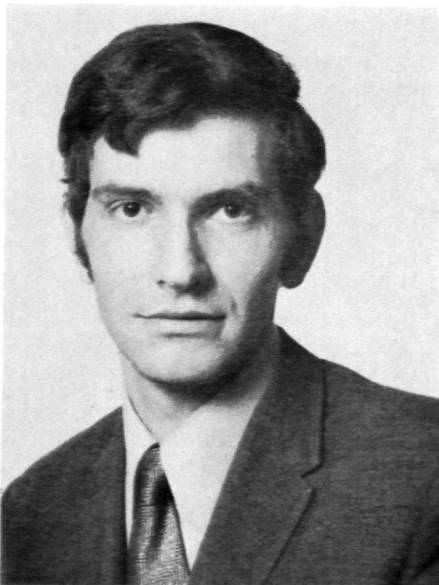
The dazzling fluoride Collopy smile has more recently been flashing in one direction and one fears for Jim's bachelor status. A keen intellect, the capacity for hard work (when necessary) and a natural flair for making friends ensure a bright future.



DAVID ALBERT COOPER

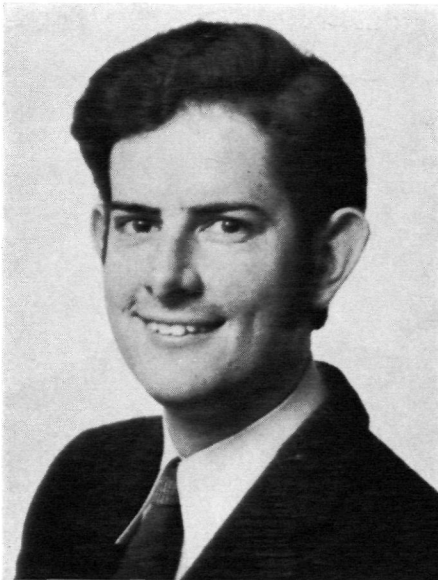
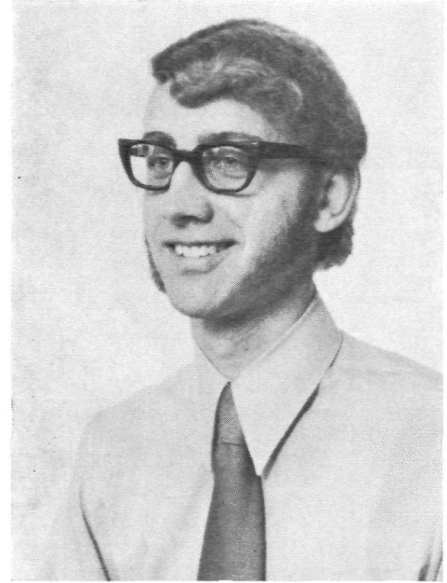
"Now I know why little boys want to be firemen."

Since entering Medicine at the age of fifteen, this 194 centimetre specimen has continually astounded us with his encyclopaedic knowledge of medical rarities. With a pathological interest in Marfan's Syndrome, David has, following his B.Sc.(Med.), taken an active research interest in a variety of subjects. Despite his love of exotica, David has assured us all that, this year at least, he is also studying bread and butter subjects like surgery and obstetrics. Should he really fulfil this threat, David will certainly handle the finals with minimal worry and maximal success, and, despite his sense of "humour", is sure to find himself a successful niche in the world of Academia.



MICHAEL WILLIAM DAVIS

The Easy Rider dismounts from his machine exchanging his road gear for his tools of trade. Little can be extracted of his background, though his passion for riding the wide open spaces is legendary. No situation perturbs him — neither the worst of lectures nor the latest of nights, waiting at the card table for a call to labour ward, nor even the growth which is of late spreading over his complexion. He knows fear only in a dark cloud in the late afternoon. A period of withdrawal in the Highlands of New Guinea failed to free him of an iatrogenic addiction to Bupivacaine. He is held in respect. He has ridden unimpeded. The future lies wide open before him.



STEPHEN ARTHUR DEANE

Stephen entered Medicine having been steeped in the tradition of Canterbury Boys' High School. From the outset his aim was to master the problems of a medical graduate: anatomy, physiology, squash and "the fairer sex".

As he advanced through his junior years, success was his frequent companion, as was one particular female, Anne, whom he intends to wed this summer.

Having established his position, Stephen was able to venture forth into the backblocks of N.S.W. to complete his education. In the vacations of 1969 and 1970, he visited several country areas, adding to his own professional acumen and to the differential diagnoses of the attending honorary doctors.

Stephen's diligence and singlemindedness assure him of a successful and worthwhile postgraduate career.

SANDRA KAYE DORLING

"O Lord, won't You buy me a Colour T.V."

— JANIS JOPLIN.

Emerging from the shadows of Sans Souci, Brighton-le-Sands, Revesby, Lakemba and Glebe, Sandra quickly devoured a Bachelor of Science degree and, disillusioned by two months' academia, turned to Medicine for stimulation. Her progress since has been characteristically smooth.

Hobbies include: getting the N.R.M.A. to change flat tyres on a raucous F.J. Holden, watching "tube".

Proudest achievements: one-time win in the ladies boat-race at the Forest Lodge, being called "darling" by Dr. Clifton.

The future may include some Medicine, a quick law degree, perhaps — we know she will be a great success in whatever she chooses.





CATHERINE ELISE ("ELSIE") DUFFY

She was careful what she said, for she knew we sought a quote,
And the thoughts in her sweet head were not for us to note.
And when she did dare air them, then she said them e'er so soft,
That even those beside her would swear she had them lost.
She was modest, but so pretty, that when she slipped and showed a leg,
We were blinded momentarily, no, damned near lost our head.
The only XX mixture 'midst a mob of ten XY's,
She lent respectability to a mob of sodden guys.

IAN BRUCE DUGAN

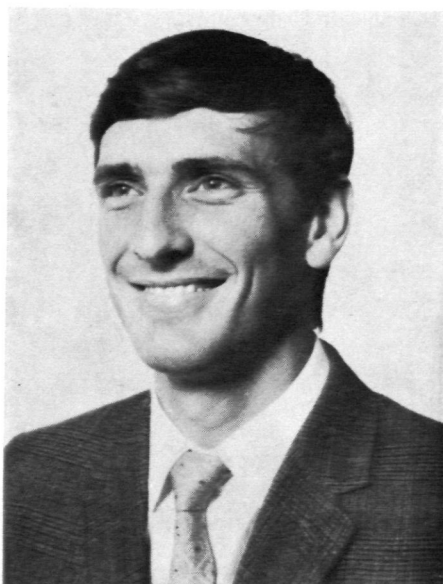
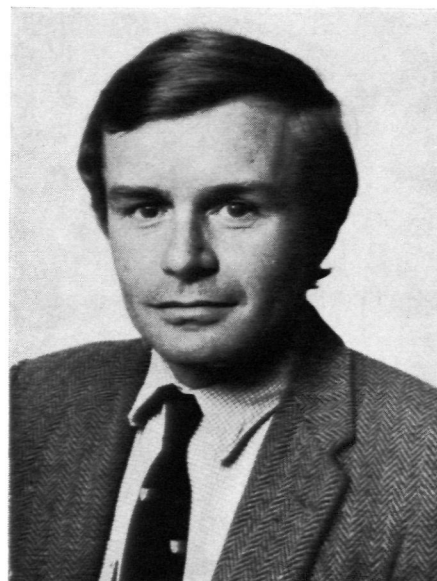
"These plastic flowers are delicious."

"Darcy", B.Ph. (Bloody Phailure), departed Andrew's in '65. Soon mastering pill-counting and selling water-wings, he decided writing the scripts was easier still, and the proximity of the "Grose" and R.P.A.H. ideal.

With a grin like a cherry split in the rain, and a fluid (amber) personality, he made many friends in his brief faculty visits. A devotee of Union food, he obtained sufficient nourishment from minced steak pie to represent the University in athletics.

After the Khyber Pass, Kabul and Khatmandu in elective term, essentials for future journeys included: one travelling companion, femininity essential, Parisian preferably.

His appalling lecture notes, "it's all in the book", are no bar to graduation, and present ambition is a mystery.



DAVID WYLIE DUNN

After mastering the preclinical years, David embarked upon his clinical training with enthusiastic endeavour.

He masterfully accounted for these years by a process akin to phagocytosis as he set about to memorize large portions of his texts and then to amaze us frequently by his ability to regurgitate this knowledge in tutorials verbatim — yes, even in a style of lyrical prose!

David is remembered for his gleaming black attache case that so frequently darkened the door of a tutorial late (due, of course, to his chauffeur's lack of ability!) and although his extracurricular activities are limited, we recognize his fervent and active participation in church work.

David's quest after the fundamentals of Medicine, coupled with his interest in people, will assure him of every success.

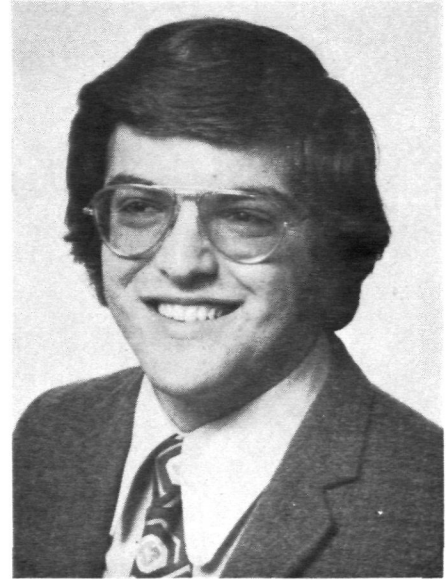
RICHARD FRANK DUNN

"Wait! Let me write that down..."

Richard entered Medicine with a healthy determination to succeed, and proceeded to demonstrate academic ability with an annual accumulation of Distinctions and Credits. His enthusiasm for his work, which, though it has often driven his friends to distraction ("What's up, Dickie?" is usually countered with "I'm off to the wards!"), will undoubtedly enable him to achieve his goal.

His doing well in Final Year will be no surprise—everyone he has lent his lecture notes to in the past has—so why not he?

Richard tackles everything with enthusiasm and thoroughness, from Fiats and the fairer sex to Medicine; and a forecast for the future would probably indicate an early loss of bachelorhood, hard work and academic success.



ALAN CAMPBELL EDWARDS

"Another error in diagnosis."

Alan (A.C.E.) entered Medicine from Scots and North Sydney High. Preclinical studies, marked by attention to detail and an unorthodox approach to anatomy, ranged from intercadaver football to a prosectorship in "the functional anatomy of the motor-bike".

A sojourn in the wilds of New Guinea produced, besides "Maus Gras", a paranoid attachment to ancylostoma duodenale, and further rarities for his compendium of spot diagnoses—an insight to the scope of medical practice. Painfully remembered is that classic diagnosis: the exclamation of the surgeon still echoing in VI—"Dercum's Disease? !".

Though still unsure when to remove the hand in a case of prolapsed cord, Alan left the Faculty his future destined to be as colourful as his past.

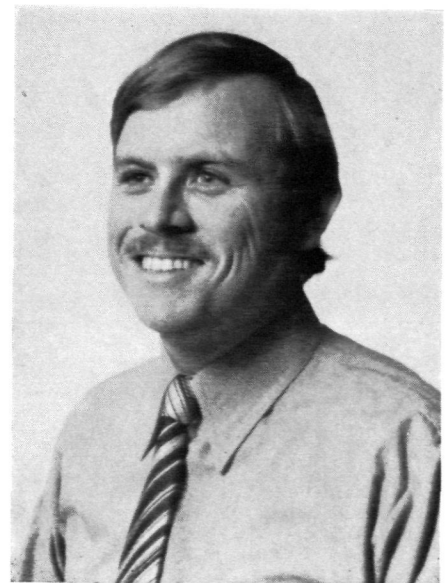
HENRY MARCUS EISENBERG

"See you, I'm off to Pymble!"

Like many other Final Year students, Henry will be getting married after the finals. But that doesn't mean that he has not been a gay bachelor during his student days. Mixing with a swinging group, he has always "worked hard (Crown Street memorial nappy award for deliveries) and played hard".

Henry's academic record has always been good, though his method of study could be called a little spasmodic till this year. When the pressure is on his candle can be seen burning in the wee morning hours (but you should remember that he started working at midnight!).

Henry's ability to inspire confidence in others will be an asset of great value in his future medical career.





JEFFREY RICHARD EISMAN

"I want to be a chiropodist."

Not knowing which branch of science chiropody belonged to, Jeff landed up doing Medicine in the hope that he could specialize in this field.

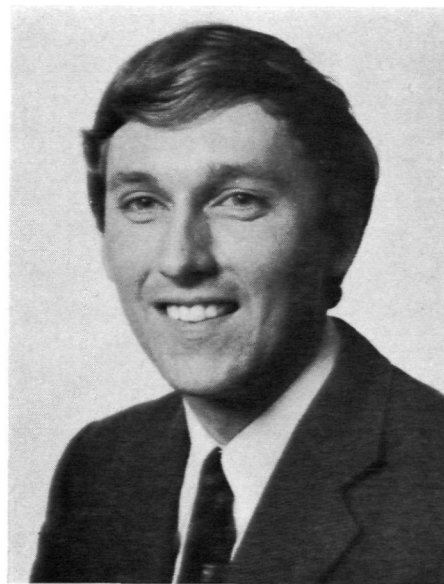
His first experience with practical medicine was when he crashed through a plate-glass wall. Covered in blood and somewhat stunned, he turned to his colleagues and asked: "Am I in shock?"

Jeff has progressed a long way since then and finding chiropody "too down to earth", has developed an inclination for Internal Medicine ("Perhaps it's syphilis, Sir!"). We feel sure that with his present application Jeff will do well in the finals, and, coupled with his honest, straightforward "tie-in-hand" approach to Medicine, will be assured of much success in his medical endeavours.

ANTHONY ANDREW EYERS

"That's woolly thinking . . ."

Fresh from an outstanding career at Riverview, Tony was quick to demonstrate his academic prowess in First Year. Managing to combine earning a captaincy in the C.M.F. and rowing to inter-varsity victory, he has retained his record in characteristic easy-going style. The pre-clinical years saw him as year chauffeur, especially to the beach between dissections (? correlative surface anatomy). More recently, repeated forays into the zone of wine, women and song (and especially all of these) have produced a disciple of the Good Life (complete with Freudian analysis). There is no doubt that with his fine wit and generous nature (plus a touch of sound knowledge), Tony will be a great asset to his chosen field.



ROBERT JOSEPH FAVALORO

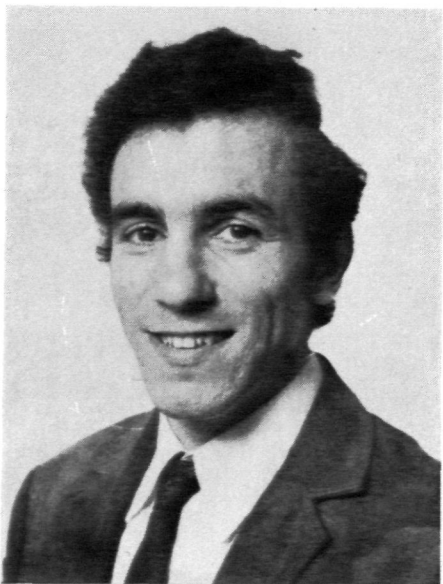
"My cholesterol's 150 — what's yours?"

Robert is one of the "nice guys" in our year and will always be remembered as such. This third-generation Australian, however, had to say, "Sorry, no speaka Italiano", to many a patient.

To his delight, Robert managed to maintain his blood cholesterol at a minimum level by running around ovals, lifting weights, chasing drug representatives and riding P.M.C. bikes (his Saturday morning pastime). Surely he is one of the few students ever to have consistently enjoyed a second helping of R.P.A.H. food.

Robert's Fifth Year climaxed with an educational elective term at Dubbo. Here, it seems, he furthered his knowledge of the facts of life as well as learning the follies of the scaphoid.

We wish him every success.



SYBILLE RENATE FISCHER

Affectionately known as William or Sib, Billy has been a most popular member of our year. She has interrupted her crossword puzzles, gymnastic courses and her duties as voluntary publicity officer for Randwick Rugby Union Club to attend most, well some, of the lectures. Despite severe cartilage trouble, she has struggled to every social gathering of the Faculty. At the medical dinners, Bill has been a great "hit", or should we say a popular target for many a joke — all taken in good part.

Her ability to engage simultaneously in five sparkling conversations ensures her success in computer-aged medicine. Prince Alfred Common Room will miss the greatest tea-making medical student-resuscitator it has ever known!



GORDIAN WARD OSKAR FULDE

"Bit of the old mind over matter."

In retrospect, 1948 was not such a dark year for the Black Forest, cuckoo clock production was booming and lo! the Teutons new hope arrived (albeit belatedly), rudely thrust from the postnatal confines of an unassuming castle on the Rhine.

Weaned at Scots, the embryonic sage restricted his hedonistic pursuits, although often spied along coast in his self-incized sunroofed surfing panzer, to introduce the Faculty to his promising acumen:

- spot diagnoses of R.W.P.P. (riddled with psychopathology)
- proctalgia fugax, R jellybean p.r.(n.).

Typically seeking comprehensive knowledge, Gordian troubled the globe, American nurses, and later that certain blonde along the backroads of Europe.

Gordian's obvious academic prowess and application is tempered by his cheerfulness and patient consideration, making him a definite MEDICAL BENEFIT.



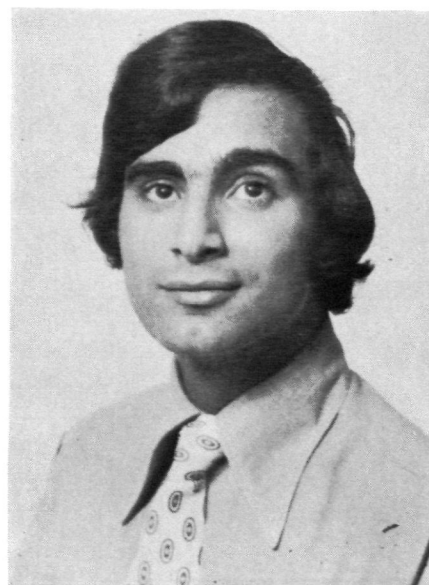
LINDSAY GAZAL

"What's wrong, Sausage?"

Remembered for:

Pronounced "Gazelle"; Lebanese hospitality; Arak; Jenny; Crown Street; Second Year gentleman (I was learning to walk); stock market; the Bellet; the Valiants; his driving (this is the way they drive in Rome); charm; the black knight of librarians; Mrs. Nick boy-friend (one of the many); extravagance; Thredbo; O and G mania; Coo-ee; quick soft-shoe; Butch Cassidy; cartilage; dislocating shoulder; Sammy's speed boat (we'll ask each other psychiatry) a one-beer improver; a most unallocated term; one day in N.Z.; not skiing in Austria; postgraduate Arts.

A man of ubiquitous adventure, a true human being and a best friend.





GRAYSON GERARD GEARY

"Matron's looking for you, Grayson!"

Having decided that prescribing was better than dispensing, Grayson proceeded to smoothly negotiate his medical course with considerable success.

Having accommodated himself to late nights and studying while asleep, he capitalized on this in his clinical years with equally spectacular results—though in slightly different spheres.

His interest in Medicine is essentially clinical and due to his disarming bedside manner, he is recognized by the nursing staff as an essentially practical person who gets what he wants out of life, and by this alone he is assured of success in the coming years.

His assiduous application to work in final year has caused considerable alarm among his competitors and he will undoubtedly not fail to confound the examiners.

LUIGI (GINO) GENUA

"Calabria? It's in the deep south of Italy, . . ."

Surely every eminent physician or surgeon is remembered for something other than his accomplishment in his chosen field. With Luigi this is undoubtedly his consciousness of being Italian. This was most evident in his flair for Italian fashions and for his appreciation of vino, women and song.

Born in the Magna Grecia town of Iatrinoli (City of Doctors) in sunny Calabria, Luigi came to Australia sixteen years ago. Over the past six years he has added colour and life to our year; his genuine and cheerful nature standing out almost as much as his colourful dress sense.

Luigi's conscientiousness in Final Year, contrasting with his previous casual approach, surprised many of us. We wish him well.



JOHN (YANKEE) GHRAMM

Ætiology: Berkeley graduate. Arrived after 1965 riots to rest and stayed.

Pathogenesis:

Medicine I: Exempted by President Johnson.

Medicine II: Devoted student. Sponsored 4th July keg parties at St. Paul's avec cannibal sandwiches.

Medicine III: Answered "Here Ma'am" to Dr. McGrath, anatomy exam roll call.

Medicine IV: Aussified! Pharmacology post protégé of Morgan the Chemist! Moved to Paddington. Began gourmandizing and smashing Porsches en route to Thredbo.

Medicine V: Hedonism!

Pædiatrics—stockbroker vs. Stapes; Obstetrics—Watsons Bay pub; Surgery—New Zealand skiing a gas; Elective—Singapore and U.S.A.

Clinical: Pot-bellied. Wears loud gear, wide ties, Butch Cassidy moustache. Insidious responsibility. Prince Alfred reeked of Mix. 79 pipe tobacco (anal?). Yankee often seen percussing his liver anxiously while devouring Bailey and Love.

Prognosis: Successful career hypnotising stockbrokers under guise of psychiatry.



DAVID CAMERON GIBSON

This pixie-faced former Cranbrook boy arrived on campus carefree and gay, with the promise of blissful irresponsibility.

This blithe spirit succumbed to one fair and innocent maid.

The best man forgot the ring, mother smiled bravely, and they embarked upon unchartered seas of matrimony.

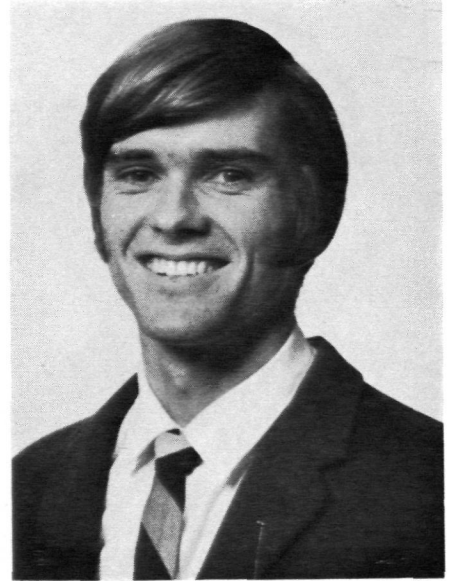
Never was it conceived that this black and leaky tenement could be transformed into an atmosphere of quaint, colonial and rustic charm.

The pianist's long and elegant hands calloused and soiled in moulding this dream became.

Then upon the serene and academic tranquility burst this squawking, gurgling, beautiful infant.

Meanwhile back among the dank and hallowed halls of that edifice to the Prince Consort Alfred lurked the haunting spectre of his excellency the examiner.

David was last seen stalking the wards.



NATHAN GLATTSTEIN

"The doctors' dilemma."

Years ago Nathan made the decision

That he would like to become a physician,
In a short white coat and gleaming stethoscope,
On sickly multitudes he would dote.

Last year a flying doctor he became

When he flew to Kiwiland and back again;
And I must mention with no apprehension

Those weeks at Singleton helped his credentials.

These six long years have been really filled

With suffering patients whom he nearly killed;
And thirteen babies from pregnant ladies
Which he did deliver, but with many a shiver.

And now that his ambitions have been fulfilled—

"Self sacrifice forever" is written on his bill!



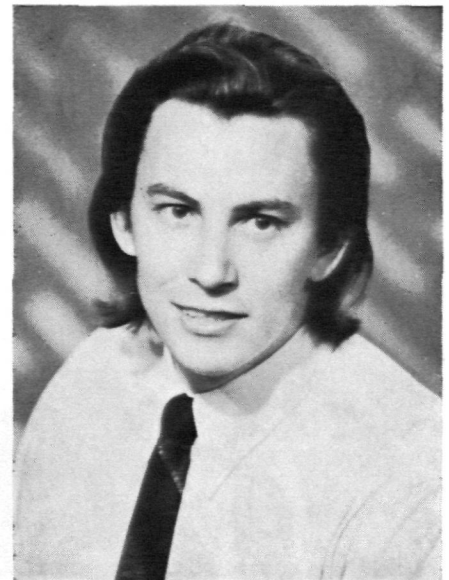
PETER J. GRANT

"I've got the longest motor-bike in Australia," said Pete when he came up from A.N.U. with characteristic direct and consistent individuality. He lingered in his early years, tutored a little Biochemistry. Champagne in the saddle-bags and up into the hills.

Wonderful bike stories of fangs and prangs. Bathurst every Easter. Taxi stories. The unsuspecting Yank. The blind pensioner. St. John's Animal '69. I.G. alcohol in the G.E. unit. Recoveries in the Grose. Crown Street billiard tournament organizer.

But the night before exams always found Pete in stimulated study. Eighteen times in Fourth Year.

Japan didn't give him a different slant. A little girl has captured his heart by buying him a B.M.W. and Pete will settle down and practice in his Honda boiler-suit.





SALIE GREENGARTEN

There are not many who don't know Salie, be it for his diagnostic paroxysms of infectious laughter, his friendly and cheerful personality and his peculiar eating habits. Wherever he goes he creates a never-to-be-forgotten impression.

Salie has managed to combine a successful determined approach to his work with a wide range of interests and pursuits ranging from breaking beds at Children's Hospital (quick to see the humour in any situation, Salie claims they were poorly put together), to his love for music and other various activities.

Salie's quick wit and clever art of repartee, have enlivened many a tutorial, and his infectious, happy nature and helpful spirit will ensure a successful future.

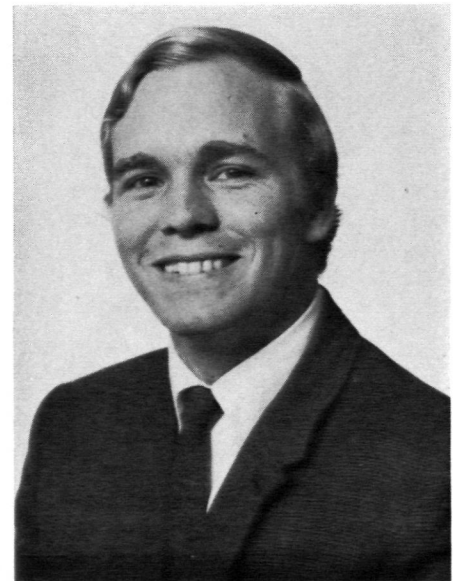
JOHN PRESTON HARRIS

The year 1966 saw another John Harris enter Medicine. A great belief in enjoying life led him to Andrew's, whence he led many successful assaults on both sides of Missenden Road.

Having found that playing electric guitars impaired his powers of auscultation (he finally got around to using his ears), John quickly became well-known in the surgical wards — "Even Pud couldn't pass a naso-gastric tube that well. The wrong patient? . . . Oh."

Often his smiling face was to be seen keeping the Medsoc, in some sort of compensated failure and many good friends were made there.

John should get much from life with his knack of keeping medicine in perspective, both within itself and with the serious matters of quiet beers, late movies and "perhaps another . . .".



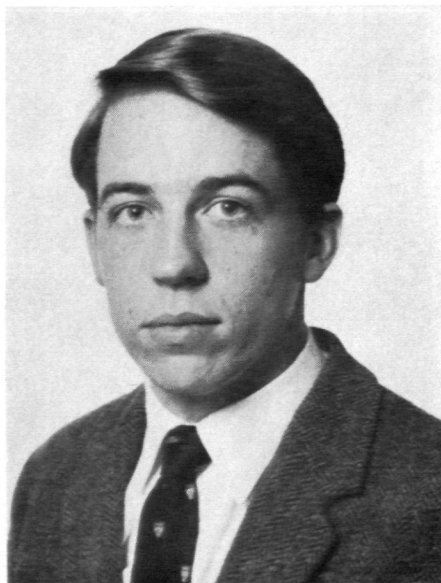
DOUGLAS NORMAN HILL

"There are several ways of looking at this: . . ."

Doug came to us from Tamworth; at R.P.A.H. he has formulated positive ideas on patient management in association with a constant cheerfulness and concern for both fellow students and patients. Many a searching question was asked of his teachers — ("Can you support what you've just told us or is it a personal theory?") in forthright fashion.

A highlight of Doug's student days was a journey to Singapore as the representative of his college's Bachelors' Club. Being a staunch right-winger, he was privileged to receive the traditional "red packet" during the Chinese New Year, symbol of the single man.

After completing his journeys through Medicine and foreign lands, Doug emerges richer for both experiences.



JOHN "DOC" HOLLINSHEAD

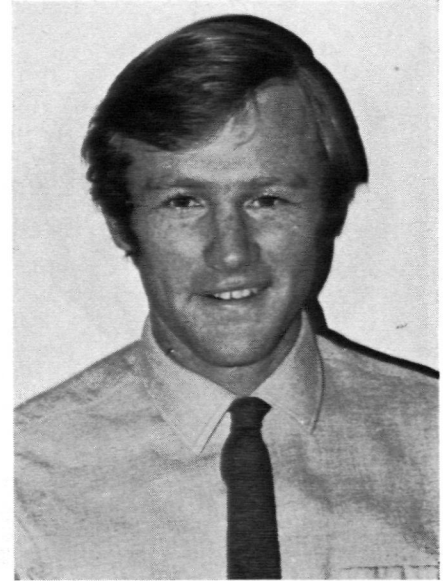
"She'll be right."

This country lad from Bingara came to the "big smoke" following in his father's footsteps.

Most of his academic life was spent among the Wesleyans, 'till a blonde from Melbourne took his fancy at the end of Fourth Year. So he changed his abode to Ashfield for Final Year.

Despite his college training, Sixth Year saw John arriving on time to the hospital.

John shows, at nearly all times, a calm, cool and collected (? by the "missus") outlook and we wish him all the best from now on.



CHARLES ANDREW HOY

"Sittin', checkin', thinkin', wonderin' what it'll be like when I'm an old man."

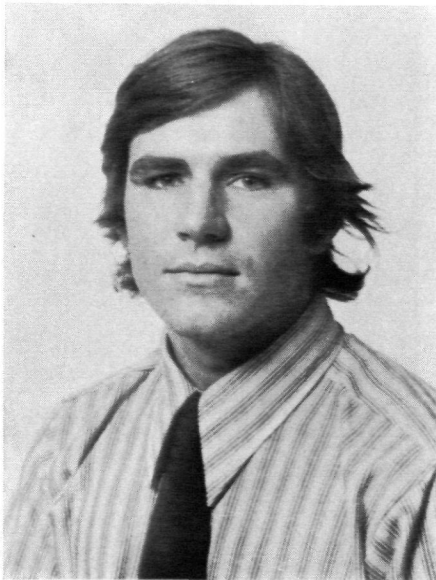
— KEVIN PLATT (S.W.)

The following are significant in the geniality we know as Charles:

- X years at Canberra Grammar School (football mostly)
- A year at A.N.U. (chiefly social)
- A dozen summers at the south coast (mainly surfing)
- As many winters at Perisher and Charlotte Pass (skiing)
- A years at St. Andrew's College (endearment to the Grose)
- Some Medicine.

Ever wary that Medicine might interfere with his way of life, Charles managed quite successfully to avoid such a calamity until an elective term spent partly in New Haven, Connecticut heralded the beginning of some submission.

If Charles tackles his career as keenly as he tackles his pleasures, he must succeed.



CAROLE HUNGERFORD (née BAVINTON)

How does Carole, a woman, justify her existence in a medical faculty? Not only with feminine intuition, but with the value of an Arts degree. The Arts influence cannot be missed: she astounds the tutors with beautifully-presented discussions on the reasons for deciding whether signs and symptoms are absent or not.

Although married to Keith, Carole strongly resists taunts that she takes "a good man's place" in the Faculty and foresees minimal interruption to her postgraduate career.

We believe her: Carole seems to know her limitations well. It would be sad if she were not to do as she wished: her perception of human character and the limitations of medicine and her overriding concern for the patients' comfort are qualities too rarely seen.





IP LAI SHEUNG

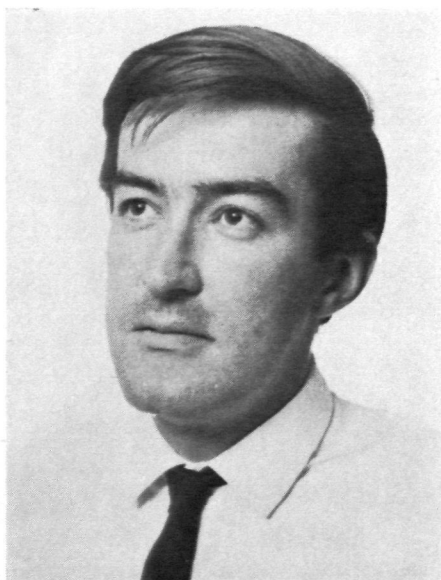
Pat left her family in Hong Kong seven years ago to grace the shores of Terra Australis. Though a stranger, she found her way into Medicine and has now reached the frontiers of her career.

She has delighted many with her accomplished playing of the piano—ready to thunder a crashing cadenza, or to finger an idyllic lilt. Her gastronomical creations conjure up demonic visions of pots, pans, and volcanic frenzy! She, however, has an intriguing habit of returning home each year . . .

Her friends have found in her a charming frankness and good humour: her patients will find in her a bending ear and a gentle hand. Her presence, her quiet dignity is a pleasure indeed!

ANN ELIZABETH ISAACS

One sane lover of men
 pushing the quarter century
 at its thin edge
 Loved by the Mobilizer
 and by his friends
 frequenting the afflicted
 peace profiting the devious
 So shall she remain
 most equal central
 circular
 reacting to light
 and accommodation.



ROBERT WILLIAM MUNRO ISBISTER

Rob, after beginning brilliantly in Science I transferred over to Medicine. Here he decided to take things more leisurely and enjoy the better things of life.

Fifth Year found him quite often in some female's room in the students' quarters, psychoanalysing the poor girl at 2 a.m. after returning from some not so reputable night out or cab-driving.

His æsthetic-looking and magnificently maintained Volkswagen will long be remembered as an almost permanent fixture of Missenden Road, outside a certain well known establishment.

Much of the last two years has found him chasing after an attractive Californian girl . . . we wish him better luck with his career.

His extreme politeness and perseverance stand him well for his life in Medicine in whatever field he chooses.

JOHN MICHAEL JONES

Jonesy, leading Gundagai playboy and pillroller, has now legalized his witchcraft. Financed by selling drugs on Saturday nights at the CROSS and based at John's College, John has mastered the art of relieving study tension when "I can't stand it any longer" . . . delivering RESCHS and prawns at Watson's Bay instead of babies in Obstets. Term . . . Seen at 30's dancing classes and freaking out over Mabel's 1930 Blues . . . Julie Andrews movies (usually takes kids along as a cover).

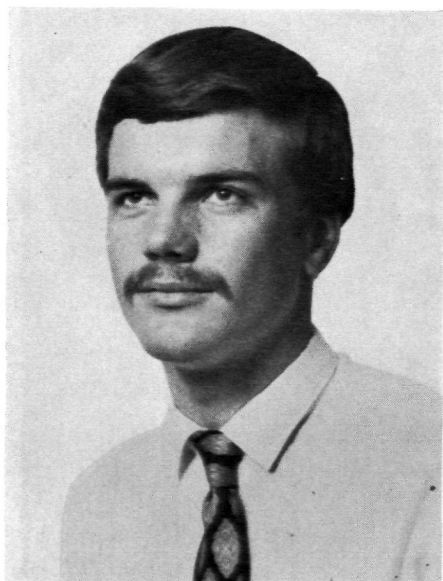
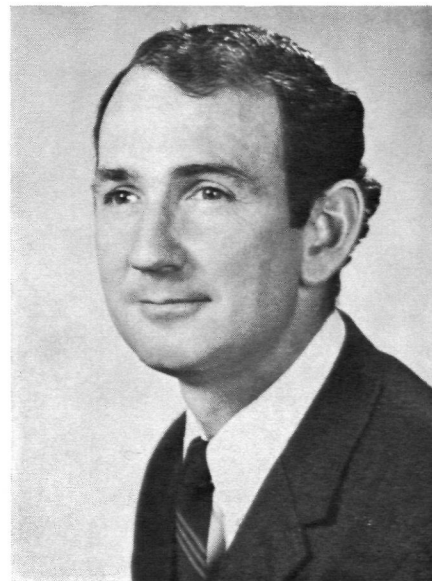
Vocation?

Gynæcology: "I'm glad it's not mine."

Psychiatry: Sigmund Jones.—"It's all dependency, sex and aggression."

Obstets.: "They won't come out."

Whatever he does, 10 to 1 that Jonesy will get more home-made pickles than Dr. Finlay. "Grand Rounds, Jonesy?" "No. Time for a beer you —s."



GREGORY KNOBLANCHE

"Just ONE quick middy . . . well . . . p'r'aps jist s'one smore . . . Burp!"

LADIES! Need a prestige symbol for that next party, then look above—guaranteed to brighten up any social gathering, being hypomanic, gregarious, a good conversationalist, surf-ski enthusiast; does excellent imitations of Charlie Chaplin's penguin stance, Sundance Kid, Don Juan and Quasimodo; has that ring of confidence—"guess whose mother uses a Whirlpool"—on his dentures.

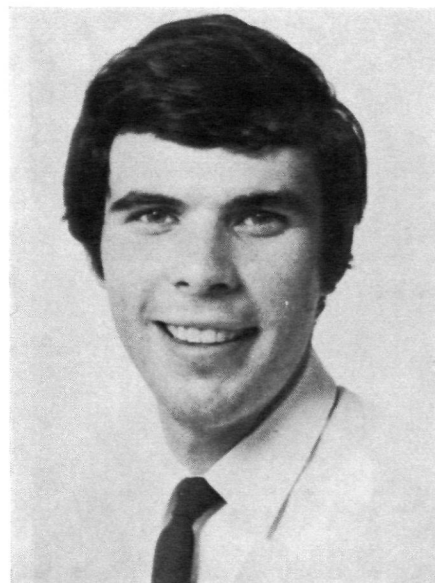
For the motherly his conjectural points—his schizophrenia ("dichotomous existence"); orange shoes; Cudmirrah weekends; grog—his Cassandra in Life originating at John's College.

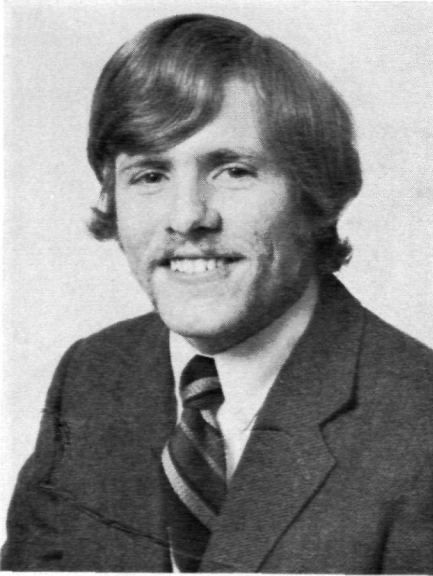
Especially important is that uniqueness of Being that comes with his altruism, and generosity which makes him an invaluable friend to the many that know him—so ladies—cash in.—Inquiries to G. K., c/- Grose Farm.

PHILLIP JAMES KNOWLES

Something of a dark horse, one is not quite sure whether to believe Phillip when he says that conscientiousness is just an appearance. He manages, however, to convince both tutors and peers alike that his interest in medicine is intense.

Though perhaps this is not his most outstanding feature. A better clue lies in the fact that he regards "talking to people" as his favourite hobby. This is something which shows both in and outside medicine; and the combination of interest and sincerity is something which makes association with Phillip always a pleasurable experience.





TREVOR JOHN KNUCKEY

Having graced the A.N.U. with his presence for a year, Trevor came to Sydney to join Wesley College, where he enjoyed an active college life.

A brief sojourn into the world of biochemistry being ended by the triumph of self-preservation over interest, Trevor returned to the Med. IV fold. The following year he celebrated this reprieve by marrying a bird named Beat. With her he founded the Society for the Appreciation of Obnoxious Constabulary.

Transforming his scorn for adults into a love of children, this most quiet of students slaughtered the pædiatrics exam, and spent the elective term pondering the intricacies of infantile hypocalcæmia.

This dedication to pædiatric medicine, together with his incidental academic excellence, ensures Trev a most successful career with kids.

JOHN FRANCIS KRAEGEN

Behind a pseudoschizoid image, John hides a truly "kinky" personality — "kinky" in this case meaning unique.

- An acute sense of the ridiculous in any situation, often misinterpreted as inappropriate affect in stodgier lectures;
- A periodic need for intense philosophizing — either rational or non-rational and usually accompanied by a substantial overdose of ethanol;
- A leaning towards the Biochem. Dept., where his status as a Scientific Officer (?) for two years confers the advantage of afternoon naps in the blood-letting rooms.

These are but a few examples of the real J.K., who, with his rare ability to see people and situations as they really are, will be the kind of doctor to whom people make second visits (for either medical or "non-medical" reasons).



PAUL PHILLIP LAIRD

Paul has been conspicuous in our group because of his ability to remain unflustered and good-humoured under almost any circumstance. His ability to combine both work and pleasure became evident during his B.Sc.Med. days when he obtained a degree and future bride from the same department.

Although in the past he spent his spare time at squash and football, he now spends his weekends camping on the shore of the Port Hacking River. On objective questioning we have only been able to discover that he spends his time there doing "nothing much" or "just messing about".

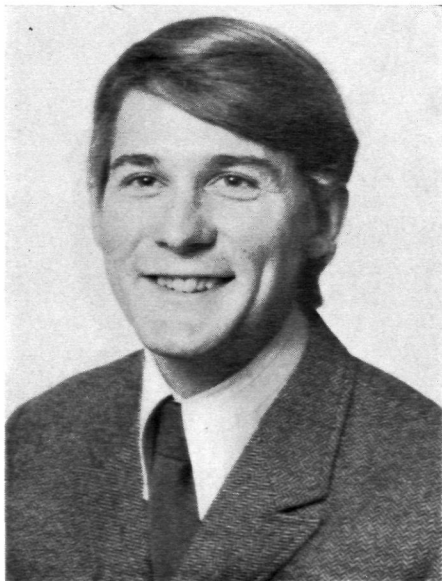
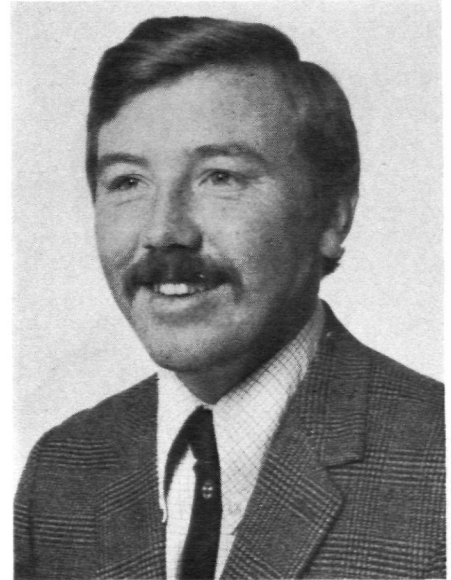
With his short-back-and-sides he will undoubtedly survive his two years in the army and return to continue his yet unchosen career.

PETER JOHN LANGDON

"What is the Howship-Romberg Sign?"

Blue bounced into University from Marist Brothers, Darlinghurst, his academic and sporting record unaffected by the change. After a few Junior Year Dinners that are best forgotten, and with a green FJ which will never be, Blue entered the Clinical Years. With the straight-forward approach so characteristic of him, he developed an early liking for surgery (via Hamilton Bailey) — not sustained, however, during that raucous pædiatrics term.

During Final Year, a dazzling variety of hirsute disguises, tales of Dunedin, a new Datsun, a naval commission, and lost weekends in the Hunter Valley (when not dining in town) have become his practice. He seems assured of success in subsequent years.



PETER JOHN LAWRENCE

"Mrs. Estall, could I live in for just one more week?"

When Peter could spare time from moving house he was a valuable member of any tutorial group. He gained the respect of student and tutor alike by his recall of obscure details and syndromes, often at relevant places in the discussion.

In early years he developed a personal interest in the life cycle and feeding habits of the bed-bug, but this interest waned as a succession of more respectable residences followed.

Extending his geriatric skills to the maintenance of a tired Yamaha motor-cycle and then a mature Vauxhall, Peter still found time for a leisurely game of golf, guitar-playing, a little study and a gentleman's sleeping hours.

TERRY LINSELL

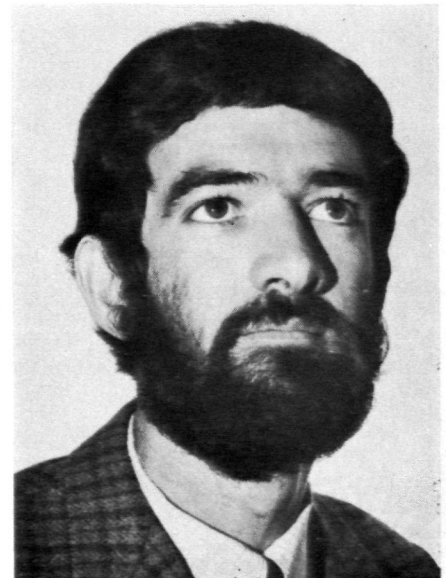
"Can't spend your whole life studying."

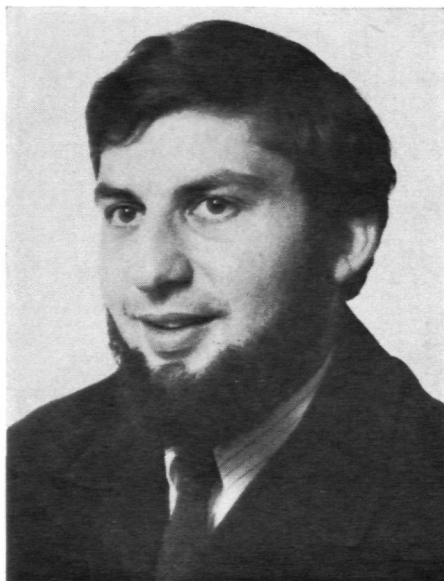
Part-time taxi-driver, photographer, mechanic, electrician, practical joker, hitch-hiker, music-lover and student, Terry also found time between tutes for the odd spot of bush walking, caving, and cross-country skiing.

A dread fear of facial alopecia led to a bushy reaction formation and many envious cries of "barber starver" from students and patients alike.

During elective term he went overland to India and came back telling chilling tales of open drop ether surgery and the delights of Bali and Nepal. The latter probably accounted for the frequent attacks of day-dreaming we've noticed since his return.

Unostentatious at heart, Terry was probably one of the most self-supported and self-made students in our year.





NAAMAN GRAHAM MALOUF

"Don't come the raw prawn with me!"

Graham entered First Year as an eager young student who could break five seconds for the dash from Carslaw to Fisher, with a loaded brief-case. This eagerness in subsequent years was channelled into many diverse areas: as a hook-nosed Liberace, Year Dinners were his forte; he hosted numerous "quiet" weekends at his Bringelly "Country Estate"; around the snooker table he became a Lebanese Minnesota Fats; and he became as adept at cracking waves at Warriewood as he was at quaffing schooners at Newport. Several of Graham's many feats will become history: the inauguration of the Big 4 at Thredbo and the medical convention at Brisbane—for example. But still Graham's studies did not wane, and with his broad background, his practice of Medicine will be tremendous.

GREGORY JOSEPH MASON

"Who's driving this bloody car, anyway?"

Hailing from St. Patrick's College, Strathfield, in 1966 with a reputation as a good scholar and a fair footballer, Greg passed First Year the way all "gentlemen" do. However, better things were yet to come, both on and off the football field.

In rapid succession he excelled in Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Year exams; at the same time progressing to greener pastures under the "Two Blue" colours of Parramatta. During this time there wasn't a Year Dinner, ball, party or social gathering—official or unofficial—that the hirsute face of Greg was not seen bending the elbow, cackling, singing, or practising his bedside manner. With such obvious determination, success in the final exams is assured, and with such an affable manner, in his chosen field, as well.



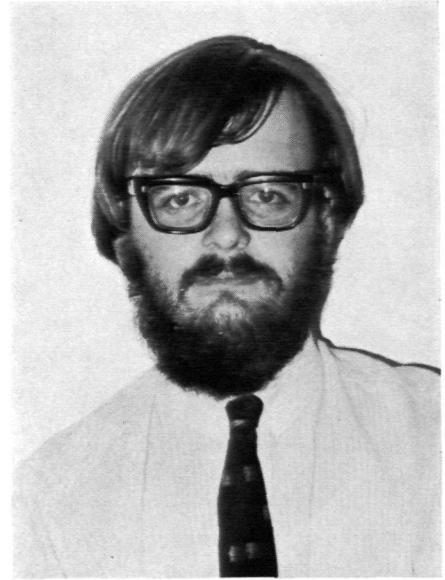
MARILYN McMURCHIE

A combination of academia and enthusiastic extracurricular pursuits produces an effervescent Marilyn with an appetite for new experiences: A holiday in Cairns gave her a fine palate for beer; on the Kangaroo River, Marilyn and a canoe suffered considerable trauma; in the Tasmanian swamps she was afflicted with *Hirudiniasis externa* (leeches!); Sydney Hospital has oft recalled her unique interpretation of *Für Elise*; and now she is possessed of a passion for psychiatry.

Around the Hospital she is armed not with routine medical items, but with a *recherché* volume of poetry and a consultant level of general knowledge, a side effect of her addiction to non-medical literature. During tutorials, despite her fluttering eyelids and pigtails, she elicits many subtle heart murmurs.

TONY RICHARD MEARS

Novocastrian, Wesleyan, cynic, bearded, arm-chair revolutionary, father.
Man of few words.



CHRISTOPHER KEITH MEDLEY

"You wouldn't know, would you?!"

Chris arrived from Albury in 1965 to do Science, but realizing that three years was insufficient time to enjoy the pleasures of university life, changed to Medicine in 1966.

Most of Chris's student life has been spent leaning over a bench of one kind or another — be it desk or bar.

Perhaps it was his love of glassware that prompted him to do a B.Sc.(Med.) in pathology.

A typical country lad, Chris is easy-going, makes friends quickly and is moral enough to disgust anyone.

A bookish type, Chris is always well informed on current affairs. Perhaps we will all best remember him standing at the bar, schooner in hand, pointedly laying down the law.

Patient: MERKUR, HARRY.

Age: 22.

History: Patient admitted to medical school suffering from voluntary muscle hypertrophy and resultant overdevelopment of biceps, triceps and pectoralis.

Admitted having played a "little" football, golf, squash, water polo, scrabble and surfing.

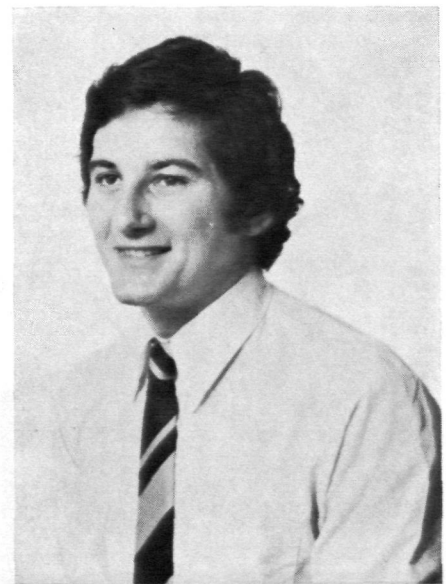
Hypertrophy soon spread to muscles around mouth, resulting in periodic uncontrollable urges to tell weak jokes.

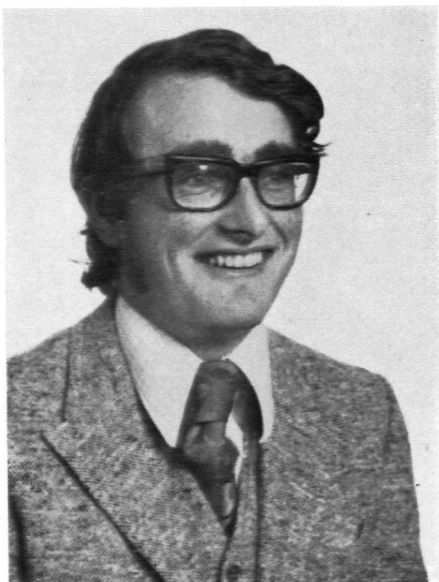
Further complication: appearance of "compulsive Bridgeplayer's syndrome".

Diagnosis: Patient knew obvious answer—having suffered at various times, all diseases studied through course.

Treatment: Patient was given initial dose of new drug, formula (A Ni Ta). This worked so well that patient travelled regularly to Adelaide manufacturers for maintenance therapy. To assure unlimited supply, he got engaged.

Prognosis: Despite above condition, should make good recovery and be a worthy addition to medical practice.





GEOFFREY JOHN O'BRIEN

Geoff joined us in Medicine after a year of distinction in Science, and proceeded to make an indelible mark on our memories. This highly entertaining fellow had the remarkable attribute of arousing enthusiasm in anything in which he was involved, whether it was getting elected to the Union House Committee, arranging "ad hoc" parties, now working on the Medical Society Council.

Few of us are able to tell the sort of jokes for which he is renowned and make them sound funny. He can only be a success.

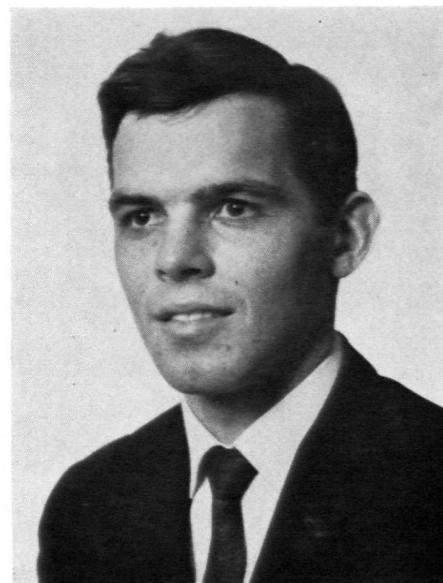
TIMOTHY DERMOTT O'NEILL

Six years in Medicine have meant a lot to me.

Coming to University after having my life revolutionized by Jesus Christ, I've proved His faithfulness many times.

"For me to live is Christ and to die is gain", were the words of the apostle Paul.

I seek to make this my aim.



JOHN PHILIP PERCY

The four years of John's life that we have known well, together with a secondhand knowledge of the rest, gives evidence of characteristic earnestness, sensitivity and a total sense of balance.

Born in Newcastle, local primary school, Newcastle Boys' High 1961-65. Interests: developed from a passion for a vast complex of model electric trains to a thorough and widespread love of reading.

To Wesley College and Medicine. Why Wesley? His mother knew "a lad who had been well looked after there". Why Medicine? Satisfaction of intellectual inclinations—noble reasons came later. This period of consolidation has produced a person of unusual perceptiveness in human relations, a deep sense of loyalty, responsibility and duty and an interesting, worthwhile and genuine friend.

CHERYL GAYE QUINTON

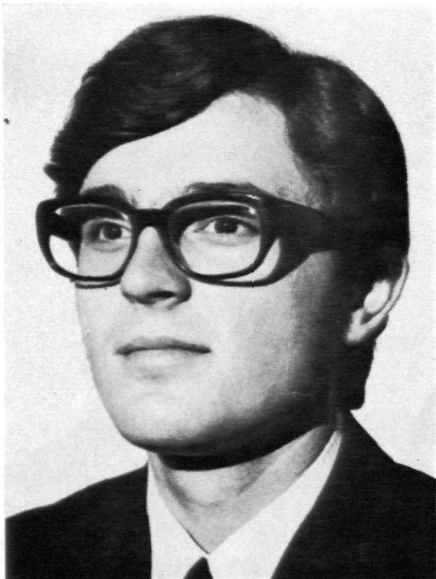
"Cuppa tea anybody?"

First noticed amidst the massed hordes of the Hunterian Lecture Theatre's "dress circle", Cheryl was launched on her career by a party in upper anatomical circles.

She found time for tutorials and study despite being seen at all the right operatic and orchestral performances. Singing in many S.U.M.S. concerts consumed much of her time and she also gained success and revenue as a folk-singer.

Cheryl's industrious figure could often be seen bent over a woolly head, scissors glinting in the sun, skilfully creating the clean-cut doctors of the future.

An elective term spent in India greatly increased Cheryl's medical experience, and on her return even the arduous task of Final Year failed to disturb her equilibrium or tea-making ability.



NICHOLAS RAUSH

Born in Germany of Serbian parents, Nick migrated here as a small bub and, after matriculating at Homebush Boys' High, joined the Faculty in 1966.

After a somewhat stormy beginning, he stunned all and sundry by passing every year.

He will be remembered by all for the continuous twittering that emanated from his part of lecture theatres and for his remarkable ability to be in the centre of every rowdy and boisterous discussion. His paroxysms of contagious laughter and his bouts of narcolepsy during lectures, made him stand out. Whether or not something needed to be said, Nick would always oblige.

We are sure he will have a successful future as long as he takes long-term prophylaxis for foot in mouth disease.

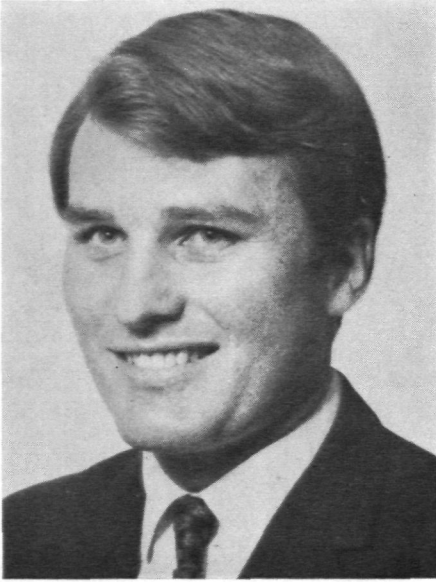
MAUREEN FAY SALTMAN

Unscathed by the many years of Medicine, Maureen has retained her femininity, still blushing appropriately at our crudest humour. She has always been exquisitely attired, although somewhat obscured by the endless pile of lecture notes she carries.

Very interested in the fine arts, Maureen has never ceased to amaze those who know her with her interpretations of her own dabbings on canvas. A fellow medical student, having admired her from afar, convinced her of the necessity of a tutor in Final Year, and marrying her in the unallocated term, provided her with this benefit.

We know she will succeed in whatever she chooses and we wish her all the best in the future.





EDWARD PAUL SANDERS

"Here is Edward Bear . . . who lived . . . under the name of Sanders."
— A. A. MILNE, 1926.

Paul's easy-going exterior somewhat concealed from the less observant a number of disturbing traits. Apart from a rather eccentric enthusiasm for the Temperance Seven Jazz Band and reading old editions of *Punch*, he became well known during the clinical years for his numerous moonlight jaunts north of the Harbour. The outcome was predictable enough. At the end of Fifth Year, Paul exchanged his college days at St. Andrew's for the comforts of married life, and indeed, the home of Paul and Missus is as cosy as any at Pooh Corner. We wish him well for the future.

DARREL CHARLES SARGEANT

Presenting complaint: "Oh! If I stay for this tutorial, I'll miss my lift home." (Said, looking at his watch, at 3 p.m.)

Personal and social: Able to study to strains of Simon and Garfunkel and Woodstock. Seemingly not too distracted by photograph of lovely girl on his desk.

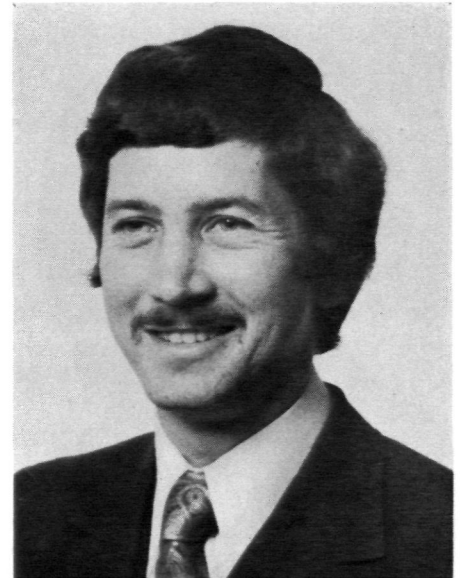
Family history: We believe he is soon to become engaged.

H.P.I.: Main symptoms developed in 1964, but real onset in 1960's while at Macquarie Boys' High. [Prolonged remission in Second Year contributed to, in part, by pin-ball machines, snooker and pool.]

Physical: As illustrated, though with paroxysms of coloured shirts.

P.D.: Conscientious student (does stay for the tutorials).

Prognosis: Considering the photograph and patient's attitude to illness, there should be a most satisfactory outcome.



JUDITH ANNE SCHOLFIELD

"Stop the lecture; let's go to Watto Bay."

Weighed down by crash helmet and perched on a Honda, this petite "treasure from Tarcutta" hit the Med. Scene in '66.

Judy made many discoveries in her undergraduate years: "Watto Bay has great prawn rolls"; "There's this beaut pub in Cleveland Street". However, in Med. V she really found her vocation in theatres — fainting in the arms of the anaesthetist; falling off a stool causing a master surgeon to bisect the common bile duct.

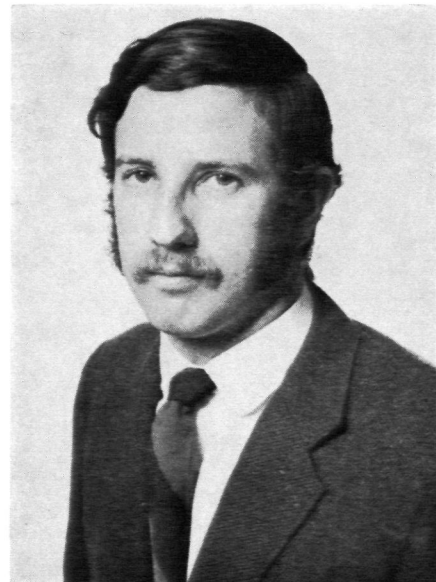
Parading around in gaucho pants (couldn't see Jude for the pants), and drinking cups of coffee instead of presenting cases to Blackie ("I need the break") have made Judy enjoy the romp through Medicine and Medicine has certainly enjoyed Jude.

LESLIE SCHRIEBER*"There is a party on at . . ."*

Originally an impeccable student, Les experienced academic success despite himself, and became an ardent proponent of the philosophy of balanced work and entertainment. His talent for social liaison in the hospitals regularly promoted organized and unorganized functions and contributed much to the spirits of groups in residence.

Characteristically pragmatic in arguments, he has demonstrated an ability to discern the really significant issues, whether it was the correct Freudian analysis of Portnoy's Complaint or whether the contract could have been made in another suit.

Having discovered the psychosexual liberation of Europe, he is convinced that problems with the other half of society can be solved by force of reason or ultimatum. However, only a little sublimation will enable Les to go a long way.

**STEPHEN DAVID SEGAL***"I haven't looked it up, but I'm sure I'm right."*

With outstanding talent and success in Science, Stephen entered Medicine hoping to combine the two later in his career.

Convinced that he would get ample experience in the practical side of medicine as a junior resident, Steve divided his time between the theory and practice of bridge, birds, cars and kidneys. The ability to reason logically and to synthesize a credible story or plausible percentage, combined with his direct argumentative manner and a good sense of humour ensured entertaining tutorials for his groups throughout the years.

Steve has mixed business with pleasure and always managed to come out on top, and it certainly seems he will continue to do so.

RICHARD MICHAEL SELECKI*"I thought paediatrics was something to do with the feet."*

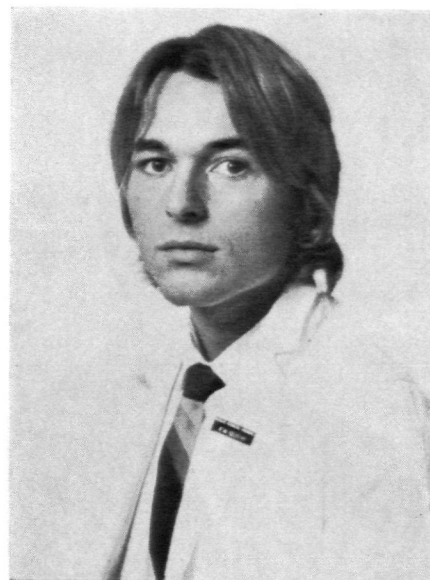
Richard has been seen more often on television or in some magazine than in the medical faculty.

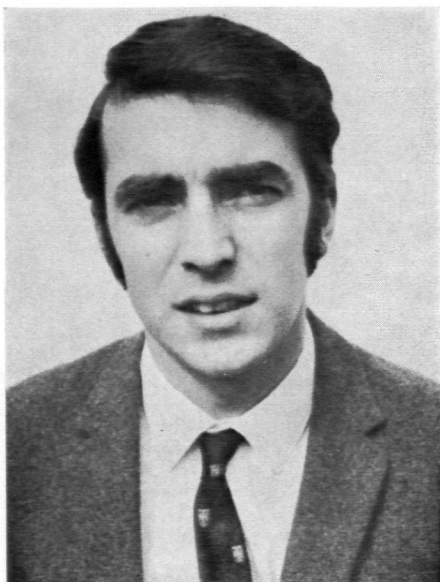
During vacation — and during term — he holidayed; successfully fooling examiners. Being a gifted pianist, he took advantage of this to play organ in a groovy band. He recovered his stock losses by taxi driving. Fast fangs in the "B" cost a fortune in fines.

Richard is very friendly with the Newtown police — they even asked him to stay the night once.

One day at Crown Street was enough for obstetrics. Half a session for dermatology and two E.N.T. clinics filled in a couple of empty afternoons.

This year we should see him more frequently.





DAVID EMILE SERISIER

"Anyone for a beer?"

After a successful high school career, David of the evil glint (except when sober) entered the Faculty of Science at Sydney University. After one year, he decided that his ability lay more in the healing rather than in the scientific field.

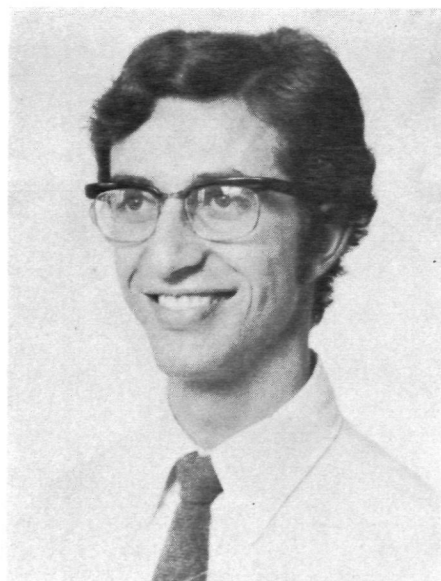
Overcoming the closure of the Lalla Rookh Hotel and successfully negotiating Second and Third Years, a B.Sc.(Med.) was undertaken in the Department of Physiology.

A versatile fellow whose interests are forever changing, he has with his "usual" finesse and judgement been able to combine these interests with his medical studies to such an extent that he will graduate with a fine academic record.

JONATHAN MALCOLM SHAGRIN

Determining whether Jon is obsessive-compulsive or pathologically phlegmatic has proven pleasantly impossible for the amateur psychologist. With occasional interests ranging over Zen philosophy, archæology, karate, opera and guitar-playing, Jon is an individualist *par excellence*. With a B.Sc.(Med.) to prove it, he is the year's undisputed authority on "Thyroid Follicle Micropuncture Techniques".

Having left Australia at the end of Fifth Year a single student, Jon returned a married man. ("Just happened to meet" a lass named Sue—the same Sue he had just been happening to meet daily for the last X years.) Coupled with Jon's exceptional academic ability is a rare sincerity which, it is hoped, will be rewarded by satisfaction in his chosen field, whatever that may be.



JOHN PHILIP RAYMUND SHEEHY

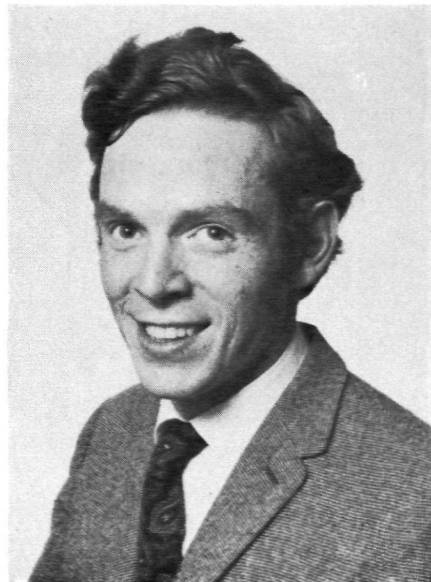
John came to us from St. Patrick's College, Strathfield, and with his cheerful and reliable character has always been willing to lend anyone a hand.

He has attended hospital parties with distinction, and extracurricular activities have ranged from bushwalking, which culminated in an extended trip to Tasmania last year, to nights at the opera and a love for fine cars.

A keen and proficient student and organizer of tutorial groups, John has taken an active interest in many facets of his university and hospital life. He has the qualities which make him an excellent friend and dependable colleague, and is assured of a successful future. We wish him well.

MICHAEL PETER SHEEHY

A man of refined tastes, Bullitt appeared to suffer our plebeian pursuits with some disdain. Food and wine, opera and concerts managed to occupy a lot of Bullitt's time, but with almost minimal efforts he has romped through the past six years—despite many late arrivals for lectures. We feared the worst in Fifth Year when he built up an imposing list of witnesses and deliveries at several hospitals, but his epicurean temper reasserted itself and he was soon back to normal. We all hope the next few years don't alter Bullitt's attitude to life and allow him to maintain his present priorities.



MARGARET MARY SHERWOOD

"Have I missed anything?"

Heralding summer by her white Bermuda socks, Marg set about, from the very beginning, destroying the position of mere males.

She could not only outcook us, relaxing at barbecues near Dover Heights, and out-imbibe those near Watson's Bay, but could usually answer questions in the face of our— the mere males'—extended silence.

Exporting her aptitudes to the Continent over Christmas, she returned to take less-travelled companions on a verbal "grande-tour" throughout the entire Western world as she knows it today.

With such a background and a keen talent for things medical, our seasoned traveller should leave a pleasant path for the rest of us to follow.

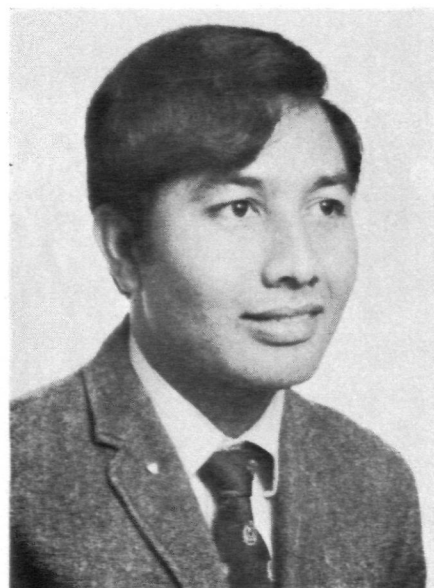
AHMAD BIN MOHD NOOR SHUKOR

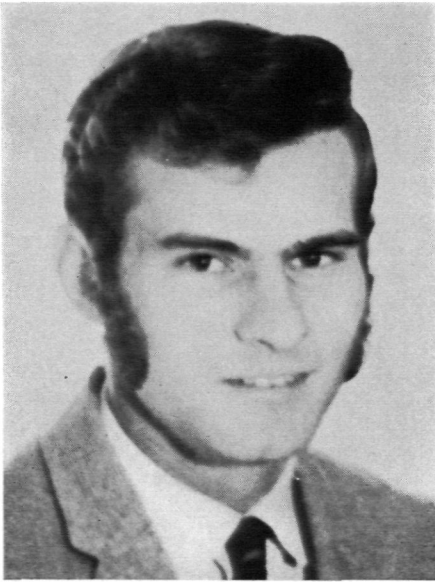
"That's enough, Douglas; you've made your point."

Arriving from Malaysia in 1965, Shuke resolved to take in campus life from several angles. He was, in turn, part of University Hall, St. Paul's and St. John's Colleges; and during vacations abandoned community living for the peace of Forest Lodge. From such multiple exposures, and his quiet, friendly nature, his list of friends quickly grew.

Fifth year saw subtle changes in Shuke. His interests wavered from his collegiate dabbling in soccer and even from the accumulated texts and incredibly complete set of lecture notes (liberally studded with exam "tips"). He turned instead to the joys of romance. We wish Shuke and Carolyn all the best for the years to come.

Malaysia will no doubt benefit from his professional service.





LEE EDWARD SIMES

A by-product of the metabolism of Fort Street Boys' High, the aforementioned Lee (Gaelic for physician) entered this establishment. An inevitability. Over the years a suspicious interest in obstetrics developed, particularly after a successful delivery in the corridor of K.G.V.

Those owners of ailing Volkswagens will be appreciative of his non-medical interest in the V.W. repair business.

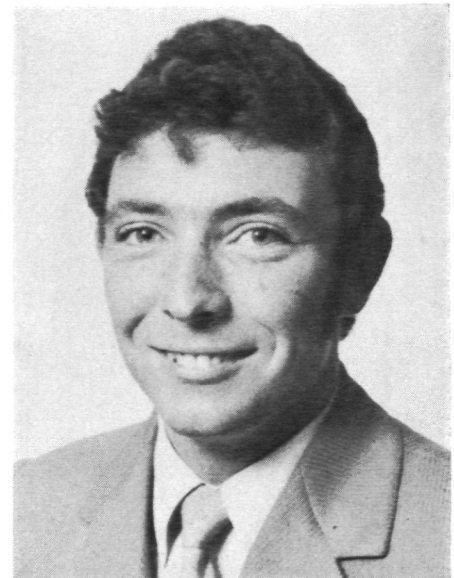
His directness of approach, although at times a little breath-taking, assures a successful career in obstetrics (it's basically mechanics, anyway).

PETER LESLIE SMEETH

Pete came to us from Yanco College in '66 with sufficient enthusiasm to travel more than 50 miles per day to attend. He has passed through Med. in an enviable manner, no doubt partly due, in anatomy at least, to his ability to sketch extremely well, as certain academic heavies discovered at a recent medical function.

Information about Pete's other half is hard to glean, but a hospital on Sydney's northern beaches would probably be worthy of study to the inquisitive.

It is with all confidence we can wish Pete the best, knowing he'll make a fine practitioner.



FRANCIS FREDERICK SMITH

After an uneventful secondary school education at Waverley College, Frank proceeded to Sydney University to undertake a leisurely, gentleman's course in Pharmacy. Graduating at last he wisely (or otherwise) enrolled in Medicine, where he has been moderately successful, collected a personal library of astronomical proportions, expressed a pathological absorption in administrative matters and a slightly abnormal interest in the socio-medical scene in Australia. An interest that induces alternate periods of sheer amazement and deep despair. Although his ideas at times may appear to some people to be a little radical, let it be known that his ideas are basically conservative.

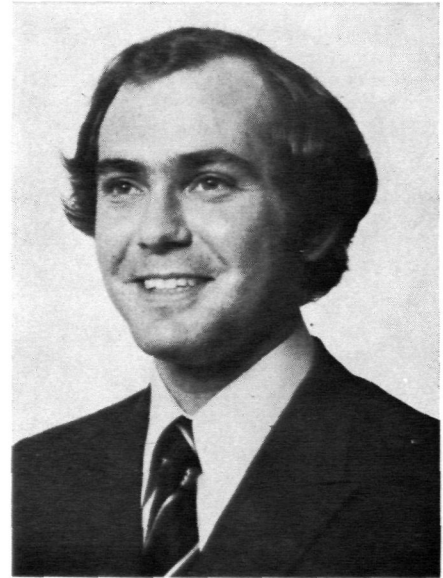


DAVID HARRY SONNABEND

"I don't want to seem stupid, but . . ."

Despite his stable, closely-knit family background, David is undoubtedly cyclothymic, his mood oscillating between hypomania and mania with rapid irregularity.

Having highlighted his stay in Medicine with a year in the Biochemistry Department, David was, for his unrivalled excellence in manipulating the Department's fire extinguishers, awarded a B.Sc.(Med.). Since then, he has changed his casual indifference to Medicine to a strong love of the game. He has, however, maintained his flair for the unorthodox, and his rare turn of phrase has provided us with many an unquotable quote. He has been an enthusiastic and most capable student and an unexcelled friend, and is sure to find peace in Medicine.



PETER MICHAEL STEWART

"I'm leaving — this guy's talking a lot of crap."

Peter is a man of many loves, not one of them clinical medicine. His experience with the finer things of life, dentistry and its practitioners aside, are attested to by his ever-changing profile. He is the year's most voluble non-playing authority on football (any code, any country) and will expand on any non-medical topic irrespective of knowledge or company. He is the creator of Stewart's sign—a massive Irish response (aggressive, suspected decorticate) elicited by waving an orange flag.

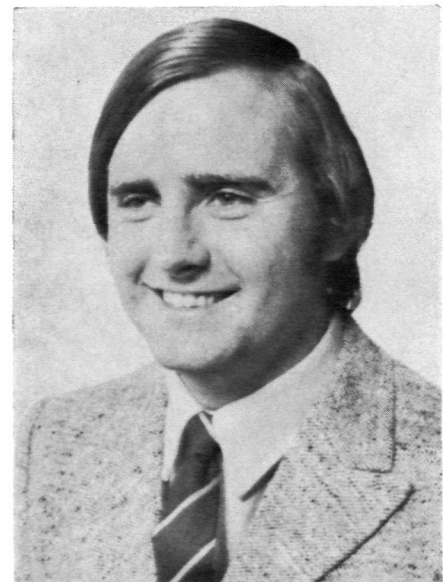
Peter's highly successful B.Sc.(Med.) has already shown his exceptional flair for experimentation and in years to come his acute sceptical mind will ensure his success in some fortunate field of basic science.

MARK SPALDING

It was whilst suffering from the effects of a virulent wog in a foreign outpost that Mark decided that it might not be a bad idea to know some things medical. So, on returning to Sydney, he took refuge in the Medical Faculty.

He has now concluded that the medical life is one in which it is better to arrive than to travel and is looking forward to the possibility of reducing his overdraft, quitting the role of house husband, repairing the domus, and recovering in general from the devastations of the last five years.

Mark has demonstrated to us the "born under the sheets" technique in obstetrics and is equally adept in practical surgery. We feel his future must lie in Medicine.





CATHERINE ELIZABETH STOREY (née STEWART)

"But David . . . ! ?"

Copperplate Kate emerged from the depths of Scottish obscurity to grace the medical faculty with a sparkling personality which has survived and thrived despite all. Being the only female midst such abundant male company would normally imply many a social advantage. Kate, having chosen her man in the first week of First Year, went on to act as a moderating influence on the vulgar male environment. The chronic relapsing Stewart-Storey courtship has proven one of the more entertaining features of the Faculty's last six years.

If Kate's love of cooking is overcome by her occasional interest (academic!) in paediatrics, the children of the future cannot fail but benefit from the gentle friendliness of this model medico.

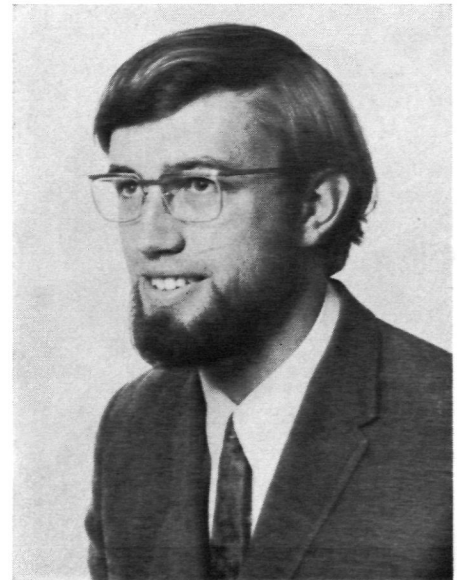
DAVID WICKHAM STOREY

"Look, woman . . ."

David entered University to woo a girl named Cathy. As if this were not enough, he took additional interest in wine-tasting, beard-growing, medicine and fine foods. His casual canter through medicine having been interrupted by an educational year in the Biochemistry Department, David appears to have reached Final Year with a minimum of bother.

The year 1971 being that of the wine-tax, his beard having reached full fur and Cathy having become his bride, David has little else to do this year save study medicine.

If he gets over a three months honeymoon in the Solomon Islands, David will maintain a family tradition by graduating with merit, and is sure to proceed with merriment.



CHRISTOPHER ROBIN STRAKOSCH

"Let's stack the meeting and vote against the radicals."

Chris came from Kempsey to become a doctor and set about this with unfaltering enthusiasm. His tall frame became well known as he took an interest in university politics and attempted to rouse his colleagues from apathy. All may not agree with his stand on antidisestablishmentarianism, the monarchy, the army, and his view on modern history, but his sincerity has gained him wide respect.

He weathered involved dealings with the nursing staff, and that mumps crisis, when his deep voice was threatened. At the oddest hours he has been reported seen in the wards and casualty.

Here is a fellow who is truly dedicated, not so much to the achievement of academic success, but to medicine.



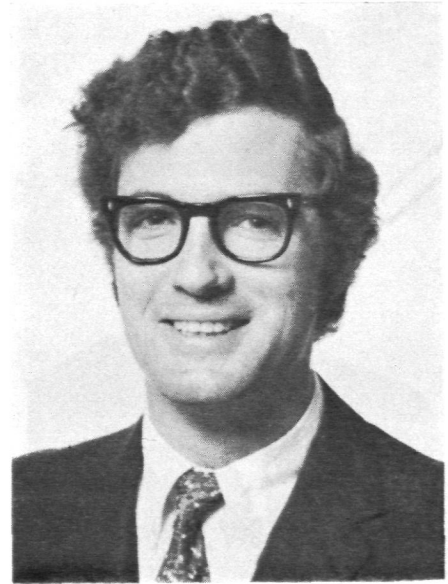
MARTIN JOHN TALTY*"Coming over for a quick one?"*

Meet Martin. Entered John's from Riverview and was later seen in Medicine. Sabbatical leave saw him philosophizing at the B.H.P. Christmas cards. Snowy mountains.

Easing back into John's, he began to fool the examiners in Grose comfort. Flat in Kalgoorlie Street, but moved to granny's for a serious attack on Final Year, though some said it was to protect his threatened autonomy.

Rejoined the jet-set. Singapore. White Thais. Fast Al. Tropical dermatology.

Likes newspapers, Stuyvesants, sport and home brew, and the sympathies of his understanding will assure him of success and satisfaction.

**DONALD B. T. TAN**

Donald joined the medical faculty after securing for himself a Science degree.

He is known for his quiet nature, and his conscientious and serious attitude towards Medicine. He even attempts to summarize a few texts, including "Bailey and Love". He is constantly looking for "tips" and will never hesitate to mark them down in multi-colours all over his notes. One invariably finds him in his favourite spot, whether it be at lectures, tutorials, or in the library.

Though usually a cautious individual, Don decided on a risky venture in Fourth Year. He wedded a young Sister from K.G.V ("my better half"), four weeks before his examinations.

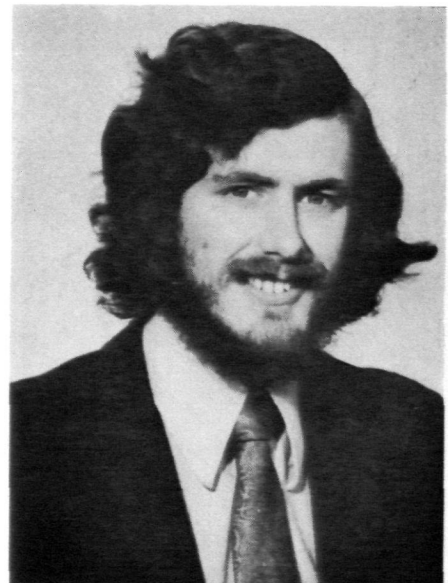
We wish Donald a successful medical career.

CRAIG LESLIE THOMPSON*"Fatigued by the heat, and his work, he fell asleep."*

— BALZAC.

Coming from Canberra Grammar School and a quiet year at A.N.U., Craig found Sydney and medical school much to his liking, and vastly suitable to his *joie de vivre*. Three years in St. Andrew's College gained him immortality for his insatiable appetite for fine food and sleep. Likewise, his flowing locks six foot five inches from the ground have made him a landmark at R.P.A.H. and Perce Darby's local dispensary.

We are sure that Craig's sadness in leaving the student life will be compensated by his new family (wife Gail and son Keiran) and the satisfaction of medical practice on the beaches of Broulee or the snows of Perisher.





RONALD JOHN ANTHONY TRENT

The epitome of a cosmopolitan background, Ronald wears exotic continental shoes, speaks French to patients, drives an iridescent Fiat and buys Chianti for dinner.

A few years at the Conservatorium of Music contributed to Ron's æsthetic sophistication and his present interests can also be related to considerable experience in the St. John Ambulance Brigade. He has obtained the brown belt in jiu jitsu; played squash for University and edited the University medical journal.

His imperturbably bland manner has left tutors surprised by his direct, concise answers, so that one was provoked to ask in response to the dimensions described: "Is the breast a linear structure, Mr. Trent?"

A B.Sc.(Med.) in Biochemistry resulted in First Class Honours, however, he has a promising interest in clinical medicine.

ROSALIND KATHRYN VAUGHAN

Our friend Ros—in private life Mrs. Butcher as of Medicine II, Part I, who refuses to be known as Dr. Butcher lest she deter the patients—joined the rat-race of the medical world in 1965. The ensuing years on the whole were very successful.

In spite of the easy-going life of Fifth Year, Ros managed to develop P.A.T.'s, for which she actually resorted to becoming a patient at our Casualty—a desperate measure no doubt.

Elective term was spent delving into the realms of social medicine, and we are hopefully anticipating a publication in the *M.J.A.*—a great feat for a lowly student. Is this the beginning of great things in social medicine? But no matter what the field—success seems sure.



ALEXANDRA VRJOSSECK

"I'm awfully sorry, but I really don't know."

To our great fortune Baby Alex first jet-setted from Shanghai to Sydney on her life-long mission of enlivening man's duller moments. Years later she whisked her court to the Union, with branches at Manning, the best common rooms and select colleges. Her unique technique of studying Medicine via an intimate knowledge of nearly every medical, paramedical and other, student on campus took certain stolid examiners off-guard initially—but Alex's charm overpowers them more convincingly yearly.

A great love of, and warm concern for king and peasant (despite her own undisputed aristocracy), make Alex an apéritif through Medicine and long beyond.



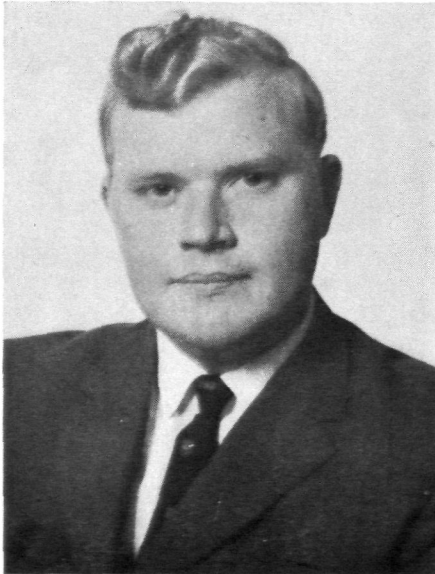
RICHARD COLIN WAUGH*"And a schooner for the Prof."*

Coming from a well-known medical family and King's, Dick has spent all his university years at Paul's. He rowed in many winning crews, gaining his Blue.

Notable for his love of golf, Dick constructed Fourth Year's tutorials around the basic premise of a free Wednesday afternoon. Winter 1970 saw Dick trying to combine O and G with his favourite sport, skiing.

Richard has successfully combined study and sport, being as much at home in the wards as on the playing field. Knowledgeable in tutorials, he has even been known to take bets with the professor.

He has taken all in his stride and is sure of a successful future.

**MARTYN JOHN WERRY***"Another 100 pages of Bailey and Love coming up tonight."*

After a sporting career at Sydney High, Martyn entered Medicine with a dogged determination to succeed.

Affectionately known to Labour Ward staff as "Sister Weary", he managed to gain considerable experience in cot-making ("I'll take the baby!").

A keen and energetic member of our group, Martyn will be remembered for his organizing of tutorials, dashing green Mazda, affinity to Bailey and Love, ever-present good humour and clash with examiners ("It's another post!").

His enthusiasm and devoted church work was well known to us and directed at "spreading the Word" at Sunday meetings on Sydney's beaches.

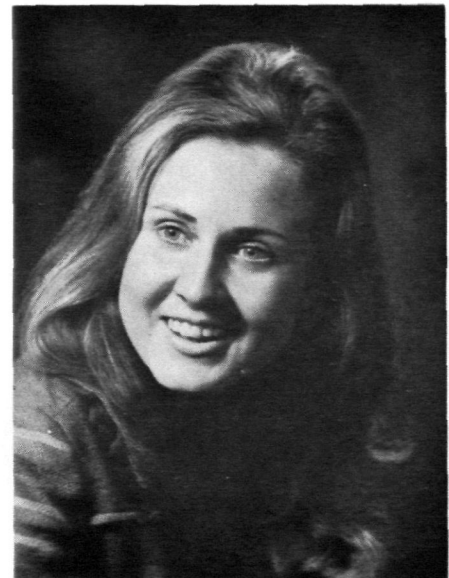
Martyn's quiet, unassuming, unruffled nature will ensure him a happy and rewarding career.

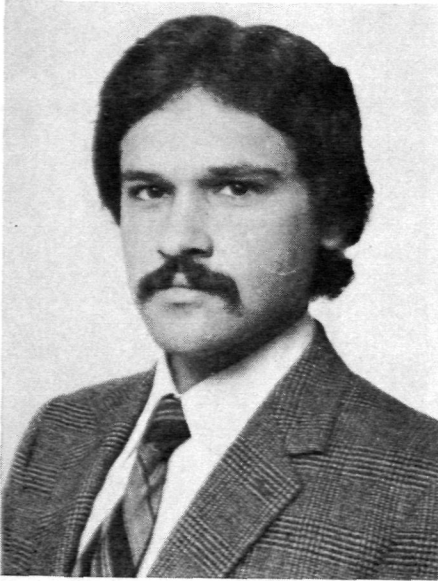
MARGARET JEAN WEST*"What's a nice girl like me . . .?"*

This beautiful Med bird joined our ranks in 1965, and after overcoming early academic hazards Marg sought the other side of Medical students' life . . . the unforgettable Med IV dinner ("Is that gorgeous bird really in our year?"); her passion for skiing holidays at Thredbo — even after earning herself a plaster cast trophy.

Elective term saw Marg off to Canada "to increase her medical knowledge" (in the most unlikely places — Greenwich Village, Broadway bars and Montreal's ski slopes). Then back to Final Year and her love of the genteel arts — in particular pottery classes ("I should never have done Medicine").

Will undoubtedly practice in Canada, where Marg's infectious charm will win all those who are lucky enough to know her.





LESLIE WHITE

"Ah-well, Easts to win NEXT week."

Having left Randwick High, Les decided that Medicine would serve him best in his quest of learning about people and places.

His personality and love of meeting people made Les a popular figure among his colleagues, with his impassioned discussions on Freud, surfing, football and the devious virtues of an extraordinary variety of women.

After an elective term of sun, surf and sand whilst staying at Lismore Base Hospital, Les found himself, to his astonishment, in Final Year.

Now expanding his enthusiasm to cover academic medicine, his prodigious note-taking and rapid-fire questions enables him to extract an enviable amount from tutorials.

Graduation will probably find Les in Queensland, on the first step of an unpredictable journey.

JOHN WILLIAM WIENHOLT

"Ahh . . . umm . . ."

By unanimous acclaim John was the group's authority on syndromes and could at a moment's notice recall the commonest 104 causes of any syndrome you might mention. His casual indifference to tutorials is reflected in the following statement made by one tutor—"You have yawned three times in the last five minutes, Mr. Wienholt."

John possesses a broad general knowledge and a delightfully dry sense of humour; is slightly paranoid; and likes semi-philosophical conversation. His interests include Robyn, golf, photography and sailing.

John's ambition is to retire at 35 to his deep-water frontage, but somehow we think that he is destined for what he may feel are "lesser" things.



ELIZABETH LYNNE ('PHONSE) WILLIAMS

"Guess what . . .?"

Phonse has more sides to her personality than she has names and it's hard to decide which one is the best, but the side that shows those cute little curves probably wins by a nose. Her multi-faceted personality is more than adequately exemplified by her frequent change of glasses (spectacles, that is), jobs, flats, boyfriends (in ascending order of frequency). The familiar "Guess what! . . ." heralds a change in one or more of the above.

Often seen whisking along, sometimes seen wobbling along, and occasionally seen; Phonse on one occasion was reported to be travelling faster than a speeding bullet on her "little Honda 90".

Love from us all!

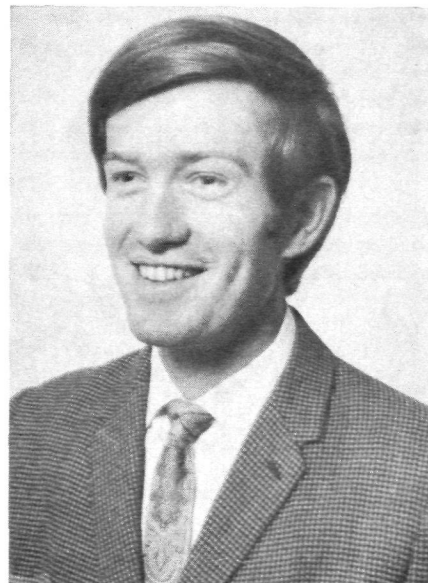
GERALD VINCENT JOHN WILLIAMS

"Well, I am not sure, but in greyhounds . . ."

Being one of many Williams's, Gerry distinguished himself by his versatility. After spending a few years at St. John's he proceeded to change his address rather frequently, creating perpetual confusion as to his whereabouts. A B.Sc.(Med.) year in physiology saw him cannulating canine aortas, the failures tending to coincide with the presence of visiting professors or even the new Vice-Chancellor. His literary talent was demonstrated as an editor of the University medical journal.

Though at times appearing quiet and unassuming, he was always involved in a wide range of activities and, with his boisterous laugh, would provide a ready audience for any joke.

With his fine academic record and diverse interests he is ensured of a successful start to his medical career.



PAMELA CONSTANCE WILLIAMS

"Where's the bird? She'll know."

— ANON.

Pam, who has recently blossomed as a Honda rider (road rules, what are they?), has gained much out of Medicine and as well has formed strong associations with Barney's of Broadway.

Formerly a shy lass from Corowa, now a naturalized "Glebee", she has set new records for academic achievement and hours worked. Pre-clinical years conquered, she entered Fourth Year as the sole female member of her group, a situation which has continued: "I'm not surprised: I never get any support from them, anyway." Pam is always concerned with people, patients and fellow students, and champions women's rights, she is both helpful and friendly, and is a pleasure to work with. She will certainly make a brilliant doctor.

IRENE YUK SAU YEE

"Lovely Irene."

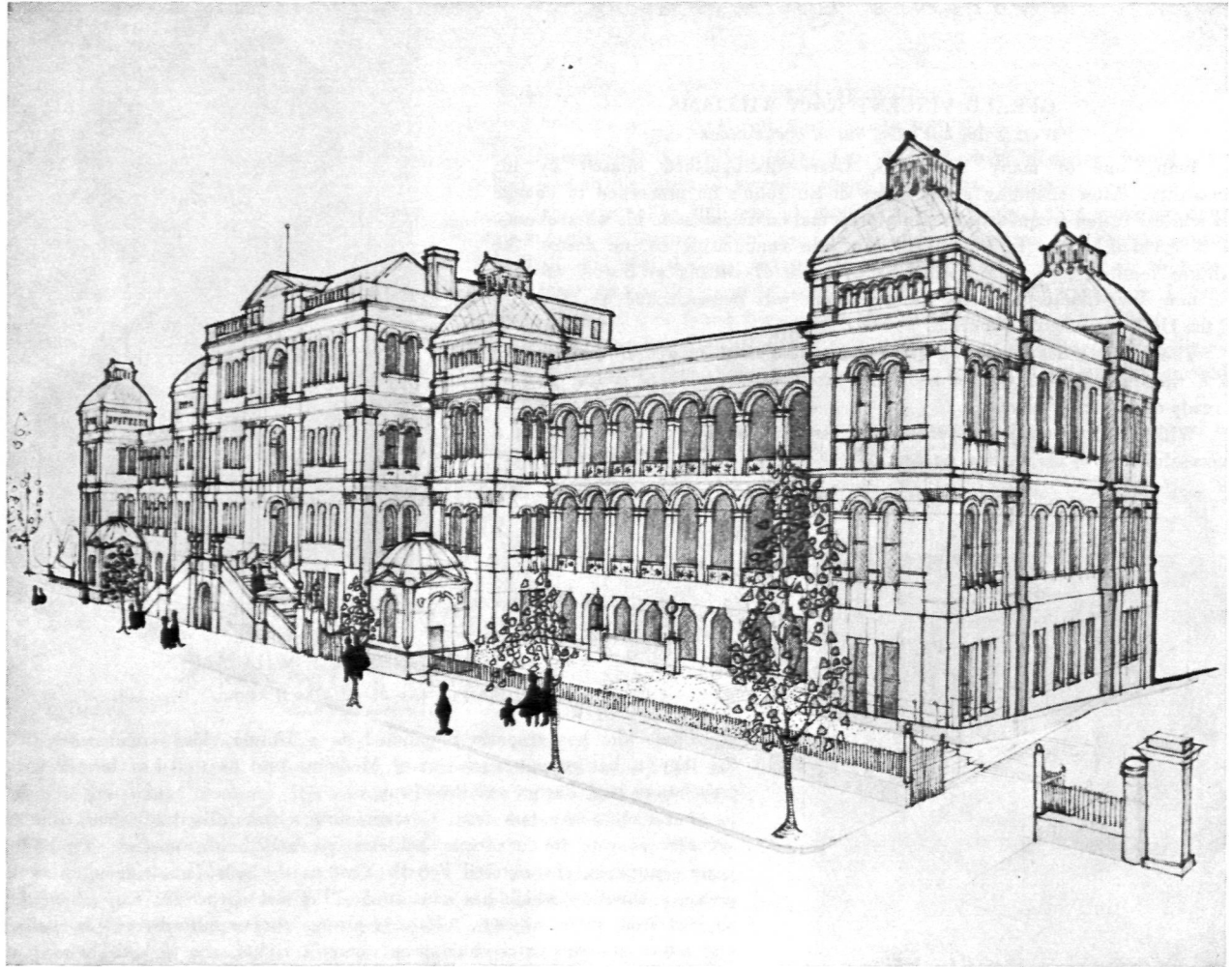
Hailing from the South Pacific island of Fiji, Irene joined the Medical Faculty in 1966, after completing her schooling at Sydney Girls' High.

Although quiet in tutorials, Irene often knew the answers when pressed, and many a time in our early days in the wards was she asked by our tutor to demonstrate her clinical acumen by examining inguinal hernias—initially showing mainly the ability of Irene's facial blood vessels to dilate. Irene could also often be seen quietly exiting from tutorials with watery eyes—contact lenses do seem to trap dirt.

Very petite though she be, she's a powerful squash player, managing games regularly between her diligent studying.

If she returns to Fiji with her medical knowledge it will be our loss.





SYDNEY HOSPITAL

It is worthwhile, now that you are about to leave the Clinical School, to reflect on what it has meant to you, what it aims to do. This is, of course, distinct from what it has in fact achieved.

Although Sydney Hospital has the second oldest Clinical School and is steeped in history, and although I firmly believe that "without history a man's soul is purblind—seeing only those things that touch his eyes"—the past is not enough.

The Clinical School endeavours both to include and transcend this perspective. Transcend it must, because never before has there been so much ferment—such critical examination of the goals and methods of teaching. The goals are still unclear and some of the methods dubious, but I do believe

that more people are working at their definition and refinement than ever before. A clinical school must be concerned to produce, not those who cry:

"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpieces filled with straw"

but individuals.

How few of us are individuals—authentic identities who are prepared to search forever with Ulysses,

"All experience is an arch
Wherethrough gleams the untravelled world
Whose margin fades forever as I move".

It is the capacity, as an individual, to withhold judgement, to seek for and assimilate further facts that constitutes the margin between the clinician and the computer—between Man and Skinner's pigeons.

The Clinical School has never suggested that this makes life easier—it makes greater demands on the effort of the Student—it means the end of conviction and rule of thumb—it means searching and stress. It is true, however, that in evolution we have been determined more by difficulty and stress than by plenty and ease—we owe more to our enemies than to our friends.

This emphasis on doubt and dissent—on suspended judgement and logical approach is not the whole goal of the School. With the skills in the accumulation of data and evaluation of them—must also grow *pari passu*—a feeling for the individuality of the patient—of his integrity or oneness—an appreciation of the whole of the patient in, to use the modern O.K. work—his ecology.

If on reflection, you feel that you have acquired something of this stature, my congratulations. If you have not, perhaps both the Clinical School and yourself should critically examine further the respective goals and methods.

E. A. HEDBERG.

THE HONORARIES



GASTON EGON BAUER

Clad in suède waist-coat and sporting a Grace Bros. tie-pin, Dr. Bauer conducts bed-side arm-chair chats with true aplomb. These sessions combine his wealth of clinical experience with a liberal sprinkling of historical and cultural anecdotes.

His sympathetic handling of students, and widespread words of encouragement inspired us to a deeper understanding of the importance of personal contact in physical medicine.

Although he modestly informed us that he has not always known all about internal medicine, we feel he has since remedied this short-coming and we have benefited as a result.

EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

"And that was testicular tumours in a nutshell."

This respected surgeon greatly impressed us with his affability and readiness to go out of his way to help his students.

During bedside tutorials he managed to pass on to us a fraction of his extensive clinical experience, which will assist us greatly throughout the future years.



JOHN DIXON-HUGHES

"Now, I have a patient at St. Luke's . . ."

Disguised as a mild-mannered, softly-spoken surgeon at a great metropolitan hospital, he fights a never-ending battle against physicians, malignancies and the clinical school way.

Ever chivalrous with the fairer sex, we noticed an initial (feigned?) disappointment when J. D.-H. first confronted our all-male group.

Not one to use conventional catgut, he prefers the tougher "tigergut", and extols to his students the virtues of monofilament over braided nylon.

His is, above all, a practical approach to surgery with emphasis on proper patient assessment and careful postoperative follow-up.

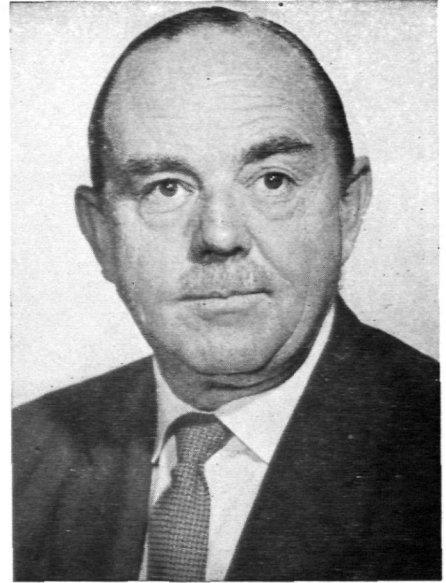


PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

"Dissect down to the normal anatomical plane, lassie."

Reputed to operate from the top of a box (in deference to his assistants' backs rather than because of any passion for the histrionic), Peter Greenwell is a quiet, gentle fellow. His tutorials are pleasant affairs where knowledge is transferred by a tranquil osmotic process that leaves the student both wiser and more relaxed. Only the most inane comment is met with the ultimate weapon in the Greenwell armamentarium — the merest wrinkle of his brow. His surgical skill is practically demonstrated on his upper lip, while his approach to patients has impressed us all.

We sincerely wish to thank Mr. Greenwell for his concern and the help he has given us.



Associate Professor of Medicine:

SOLOMON POSEN

"Can I put that in my computer?"

Famous for his knowledge of stones, bones, calcium and student affairs, Professor Posen has endeavoured since Fifth Year to impart some of the facts to us and encourage reading of the journals. Students are always welcome at his out-patients and stone clinics as long as they are prepared to actually face a patient!

Adept at following the meandering path of student thought, the professor never discounts even the craziest answer without due consideration, though some of our *faux pas* must have broken his heart!

Prof. Posen reduces all therapy to a personal level by hypothetical illustrations — "If this were your grandmother . . .!"

For his efforts to teach us medicine and endocrinology especially, we are forever in debt to him.

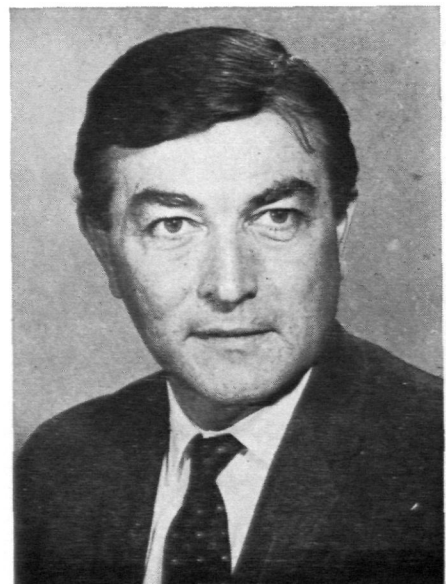
JOHN RAFTOS

"And what is the blood pressure of a turkey?"

Tutorials with a divergent tendency towards Forbes Carlisle's ECG's, racehorses and even turkeys could have made us think we were studying veterinary science. However, there was always a wealth of human clinical medicine to be gained from his tutorials.

In spite of his feelings on the inadequacies of our earlier training, he has always shown great forbearance and has drawn us all to greater heights of medical acumen. A talent for removing extraneous matter or incoherent thinking, coupled with a concern for the patient as a whole made him an excellent teacher, especially in the field of diagnosis.

We are indebted to him for his patient guidance through the labyrinth of internal medicine.





CON REED

"... I will rise from my grave—a position in which you will no doubt have put me."

Dr. Reed is a physician, and a good one, with a special interest in Cantonese medicine, a gift for rhetoric and a passion for microvasculidities and the minutiae of disease.

His return to teaching this year has meant the re-introduction of the three-hour ward round at Sydney Hospital and has caused many a student to be seen late at night thumbing through Index Medicus in search of obscure journal references.

His dedication and concern has aroused in the medically orientated student the desire to be the kind of physician he is.

We thank him for his assistance.

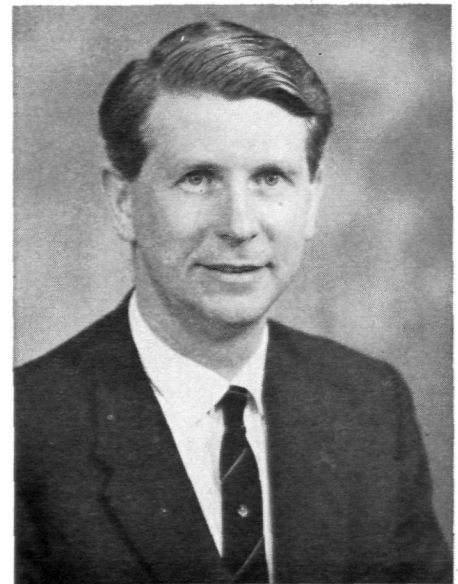
Warden of the Clinical School:

JOHN EDWARD REIMER

Mr. Reimer has always impressed us with his vigour and exuberance. In a seemingly endless cycle, he would finish a heavy operating schedule, dash off to do some work in the Warden's office and then come to teach us. His travails appeared interminable and his speed infinite.

His tutorials will be remembered for the exposition of facts which appeared incredible to us as virgin surgeons. Never in wildest dreams had we imagined there could be so many kinds of parotid tumours—or of flat feet! His points were usually vividly illustrated with anecdotes of personal experiences.

He will long remain a model for us to copy, and we hope to emulate his passion for work, his enthusiasm for knowledge and his success in dealing with the problems of patients.



THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

"Just give me this patient's problem in one line."

This cryptic clinician breezed through half a term with us, handing out many good tips on the way.

Viz: his patented 1½-minute physical examination of a patient (which takes an average of 15-20 mins.) and his shorthand history-taking:

Name: ROBBO
 Age: √√√√√√√
 Sex: +
 Smokes: 0
 Drinks: >>>>> 10 (others)
 Interests: Varied
 Personality: Interesting and interested
 Family History: Must have.



JOHN NELSON SEVIER

"And who's performing today?"

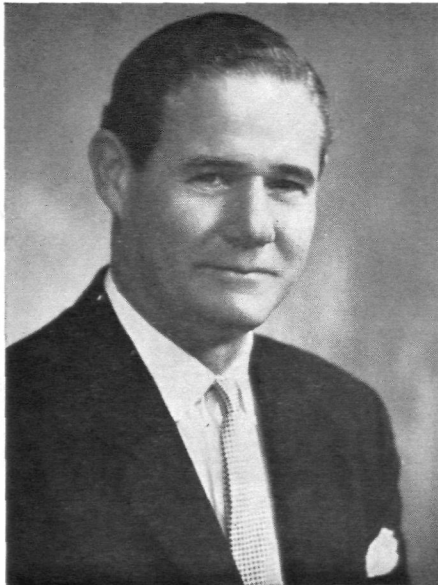
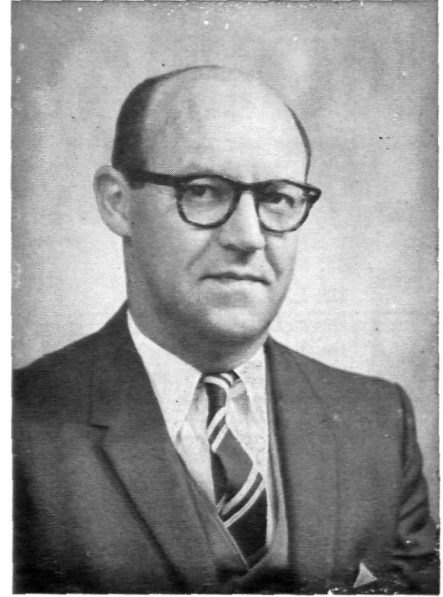
Dr. Sevier is well known for his helpful hints on examination tactics—such as "stay awake" and "keep your shoes on". These comments typify his benign approach to students.

He has the knack of making difficult concepts seem easy, and much is to be gained from his tutorials, where the emphasis is always on practical aspects rather than the theoretical.

His hints on tickling the examiner's fancy are based on his own experience as an examiner, and as such, are worth noting. He also has an uncanny knowledge of the patients called in at exam time by other teaching hospitals.

The red carnation, placed in the left lapel by a kindly ward sister, adds to Dr. Sevier's already dapper appearance.

We thank him for his tolerant attitude, exceptional punctuality, and for his sense of humour.



THOMAS EDWARD WILSON

Mr. Wilson, the most academically distinguished of our tutors, and undoubtedly one of the most capable, has chosen as the subject closest to his heart that of colonic surgery.

Seemingly unaware of students' difficulties in passing, he continually motioned us towards appointment to a teaching hospital.

In his tutorials we were impressed by his genuine concern for the social, as well as surgical, management of his patients.

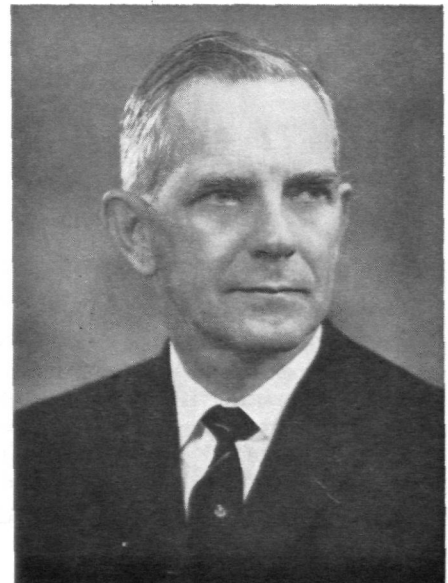
It is a pity that we came into contact with Mr. Wilson at the "tail-end" of our student days.

ALAN CATHCART RITCHIE SHARP

"That's what I thought, but I didn't want to disagree with you lot."

Armed with a tome of surgical pathology and busily decrying "Surgery for Tiny Tots" (Hamilton Bailey), Mr. Sharp has an unsurpassed ability for highlighting our lack of knowledge. His imposing figure, urbanity and surgical expertise made him vaguely frightening and awe-inspiring at first. However, it soon became apparent that a sarcastic wit was coupled with a paternal concern for students' progress and well-being.

His valiant efforts at inculcating in us the principles of sound surgical practice have not been unappreciated and much has been learnt from his easy rapport with patients.



OUR OTHER TEACHERS

DR. L. G. ABBOT
 DR. F. R. BERRY
 DR. J. D. CASHMAN
 DR. P. CLIFTON-BLIGH
 DR. P. I. N. FRANCIS
 DR. F. W. GUNZ
 DR. P. W. HARVEY
 DR. B. M. HURT
 DR. R. JEREMY
 DR. N. KORNER
 DR. J. LEVI
 DR. R. LEWIS

DR. D. E. LIND
 DR. T. T. LIU
 DR. J. MAHONEY
 DR. H. G. MARSH
 DR. H. MEYER
 DR. A. S. MITCHELL
 DR. G. PAULINE
 DR. B. H. PETERSEN
 DR. A. PFEIFER
 DR. W. PICOTT
 DR. G. PITTAR
 DR. J. RAE

DR. R. RAVICH
 DR. F. H. READ
 DR. B. ROBERTS
 DR. T. I. ROBERTSON
 DR. L. P. ROBINSON
 DR. R. SEABORN
 DR. L. SHEA
 DR. I. L. THOMPSON
 DR. P. C. VINCENT
 DR. W. H. WOLFENDEN

MR. A. L. BACCARINI
 MR. V. D. BEAR
 MR. B. N. BENJAMIN
 MR. J. E. BLACKMAN
 MR. B. BLOCH
 MR. A. R. BROWN
 MR. R. CAMPBELL
 MR. W. B. CONNOLLY
 MR. M. ELLIS
 MR. J. M. ELLIS

MR. D. G. FAILES
 MR. J. G. FURBER
 MR. G. R. GIBSON
 MR. R. C. GILL
 MR. D. L. GLEN
 MR. M. J. INGLIS
 MR. M. J. KILLINGBACK
 MR. G. R. LATHAM
 MR. H. M. LEAROYD
 MR. W. H. MCCARTHY

MR. J. H. MCKESSAR
 MR. J. S. NEWLINDS
 MR. D. PERRY
 MR. I. F. POTTS
 MR. A. I. RHYDDERCH
 ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR F. O. STEPHENS
 MR. B. STOREY
 MR. I. THEW

THE REGISTRARS

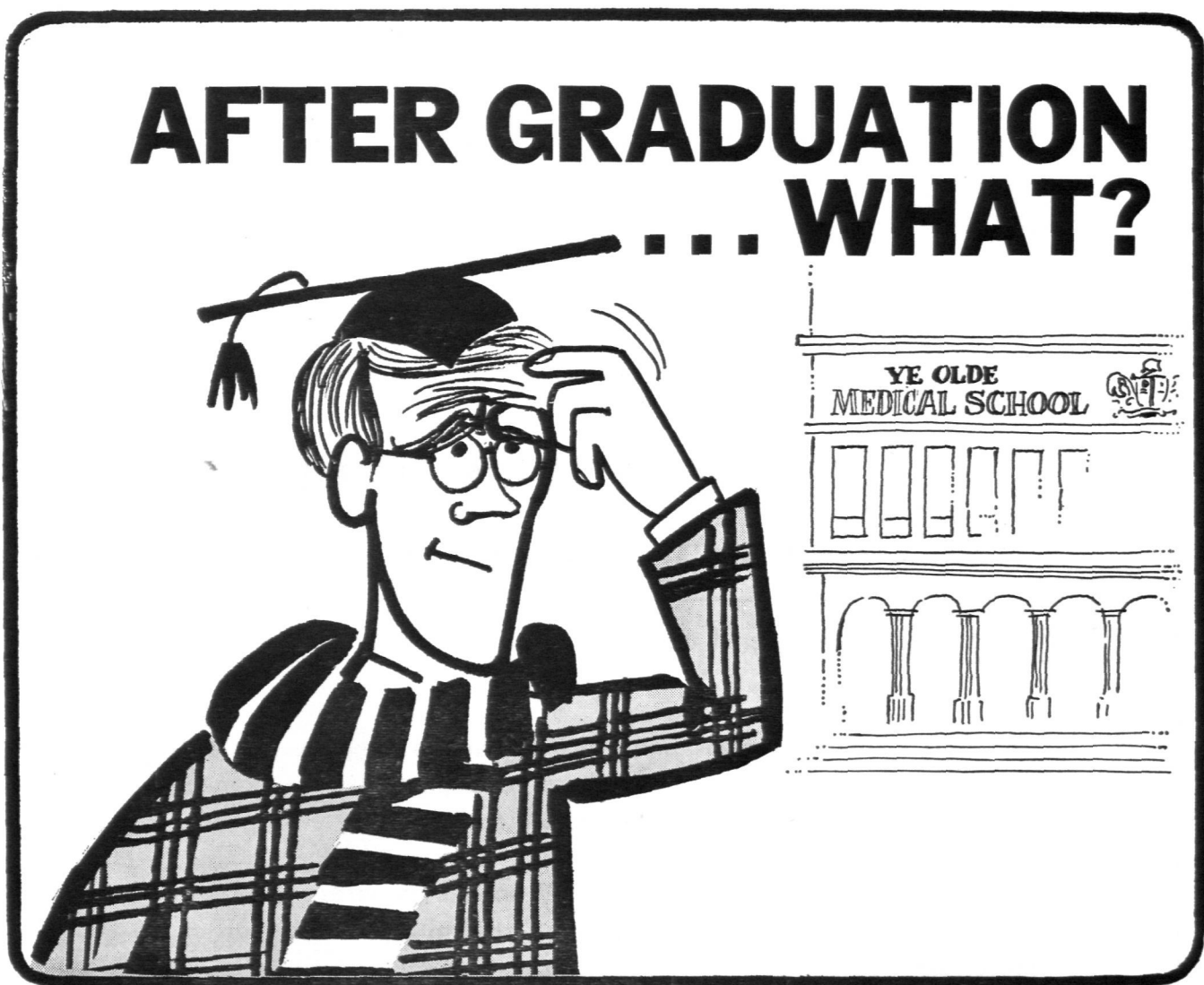
MEDICAL:

DR. B. ANDREWS: "Will you answer my page for me?"
 DR. W. BENSON: "Are you sure I've covered everything?"
 DR. D. HENDRICK: "Is that all clear, chaps?"
 DR. D. PALMER: "Sure! Sure! But what *ELSE* has he got?"
 DR. C. WEST: "He is another of my old alcoholics!"

SURGICAL:

MR. D. GOLOVSKY: "There are only two numbers in surgery . . ."
 DR. R. MCCURDIE: "Nissen — take his history."
 MR. J. NIESCHE: "Sorry I'm late — there goes my beeper again!"
 DR. J. PAYNE: "I need you kids for comic relief."
 MR. G. STEWART: "I know I'm an aggressive guy . . ."

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THE STUDENTS

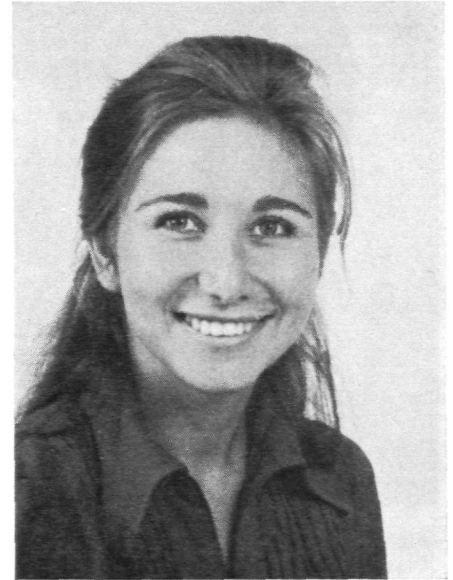
LEONORA FRIEDA ABESHOUSE (née CEYLON)

"If they ask questions I'm not going."

This petite blonde entered Medicine after a pleasurable life as a student at Kambala. She continued in the same vein, combining a full academic life with many extra-curricular interests. Leaving a trail of saddened admirers from her preclinical years, she combined quality with quantity when she married Barry.

Tutors look perplexed when Leonora answers questions with blue-eyed innocence — yet she has shown an extraordinary capability for passing exams.

We feel that her cheerful nature and her deep sense of humanity prepare her well for a successful and satisfying future as a doctor. We wish our friend all the luck she deserves.



ANTHONY AOUAD

"She was never my PATIENT."

Tony is one of the more colourful figures of the year, with respect to both appearance and personality.

All this, despite a name that resembles a losing hand at Scrabble. ("All very simple when one learns to say 'W' instead of 'OU'.")

Tony will be remembered for the following:

- Unbiased attitude to foreigners, "who can't speak the bloody language".
- Sense of humour.
- Voracity for hamburgers and good Scotch.
- Leaving Perth in a hurry, but being invited to return.
- Leaving Hobart in similar style, and still being invited to return.
- Putting his previous night's dinner and wine in the waste bin in the students' quarters.
- Astute turf knowledge, acquired during an extracurricular career as a bookmaker's clerk.



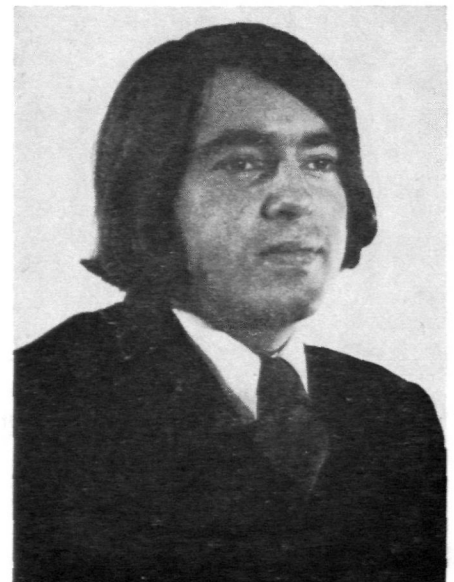
FRASER McLEAN BATES

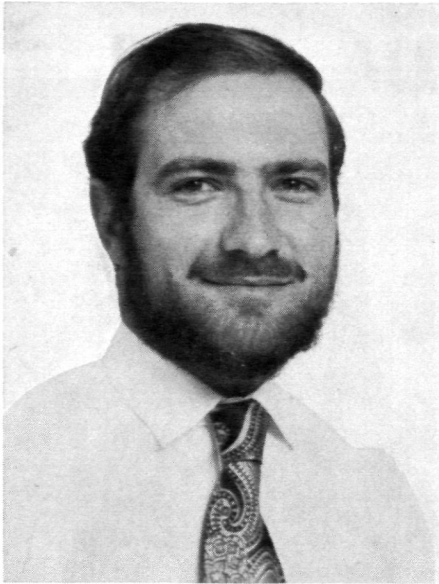
Hailing from Terrigal, Fraser found the lure of the sun and surf irresistible, and spent most of his spare time in earlier years surfing up north.

On entering Medicine, he took up residence in St. Paul's College, and there stayed for five years till lured out by the prospects of marriage and real estate.

Fraser combines a non-conservative appearance with a quiet, amiable manner and has distinguished himself academically. He also was a keen football player with the hospital till a series of dislocated shoulders forced him to retire prematurely and left him with a distaste for the Hippocratic reduction — shoes on or off.

A keen student of medicine, Fraser feels drawn towards general practice. We wish him well.





HENRY ARTHUR BERENSON

"Madam, when did you last see blood . . ."

Henry's black-and-white approach to medicine and life generally won many friends and few enemies. In tutorials and lectures, his subtle yet savage nudges and advice of "This is important—it's examinable" have saved many an embarrassing situation, and ruined many pleasant dreams.

Enjoying Medicine to the hilt, his masochistic affinity for extra exams was matched only by his tendency suddenly to go bushwalking, mountain-climbing and skiing.

His unrivalled drinking capacity (?) was evidenced at R.A.H.C., where he could drink any baby under the cradle.

His chess playing was renowned for undefeated aggression.

His future is assured by the confidence with which he tells his patients that he is right, provided he passes this year.

HELENA MELISSA BERENSON

"No we are not married; yes, we are related . . ."

This diminutive dynamo has shocked and startled many of the quieter members of the year, but has also won many lasting friends among the rest.

Her reticence to answer tutors' questions came not from a lack of knowledge, but rather from a desire not to embarrass the rest of the group.

Her interests include: everything except bushwalking; piano (played well—A.Mus.A., L.Mus.S.S.O.); spinnet, baroque groups; pop; poetry; pædiatrics; pharmacology; phallic phenomena; psychiatric therapy for perplexed people; persistent perverse chain-smoking; addiction to Davidson and dieting; affinity for pseudo-Italian dwarfs; aversion to pseudo-fem. Libs. (i.e. passive-aggressive) and almost suicidal daily jaunts in her Goggomobil.

She cannot fail, in whatever she chooses.



MICHAEL DAVID BERGER

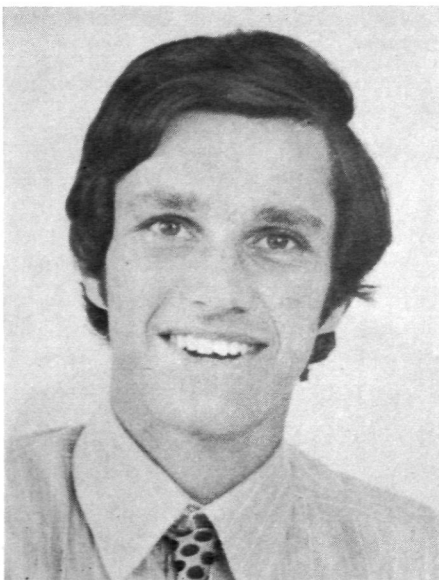
"Let's play bridge — 10c a point."

P.S. and H.P.I.: Michael was quite well until Sixth Year, when he suddenly developed an uncontrollable urge (i) to study, and (ii) to see patients. He has never had these feelings before.

Past history: During First and Second Year he became addicted to bridge and developed the dreaded punters' galloping consumption.

Social history: Following the family tradition, Michael entered Medicine, where his intelligence, good looks and quick wit availed him nought! However, five years later, by underhand methods known only to himself, he managed to deceive the examiners and found himself in Final Year.

Prognosis: Whatever Michael is suffering from we hope he recovers and thus assures himself of a successful career in medicine.



SHIRLEY JOHN BOCKS

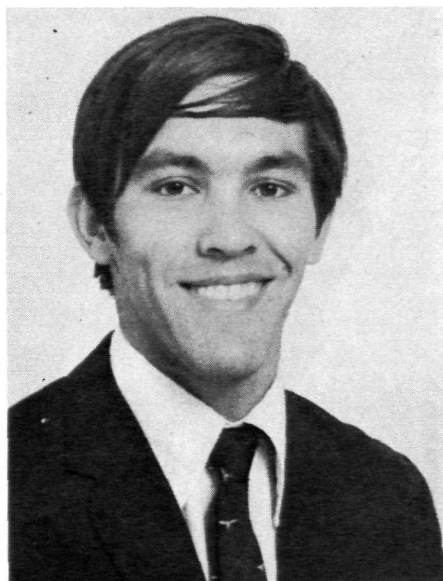
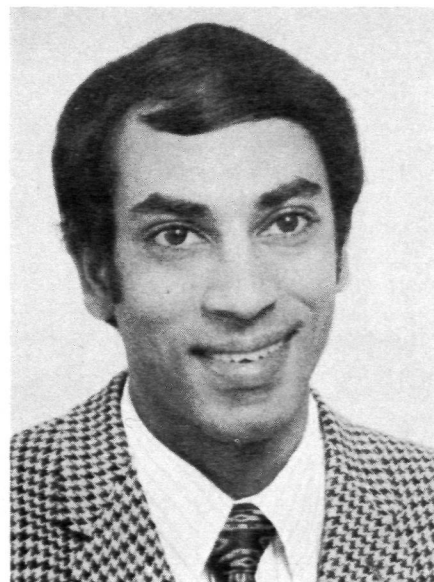
"My patient has been discharged, Sir . . ."

Shirley John Bocks was born in Ceylon and completed his schooling in Bournemouth, England.

A quiet fellow, his easy manner is a joy to his friends and patients, although not always to his tutors. He has been known during tutorials to take more than a clinical interest in the legs of nurses, rather than in a patient's abdomen. At Crown Street he had the unique experience of being baptized during his first delivery.

He has numerous interests and pursuits besides Medicine. He climaxed his pursuits of the fairer sex by marrying in 1970.

With his practical outlook and concern for the individual, he is certain to do well in medicine. We wish him well.



PAUL THOMAS RICHARD BUCKLEY

"You must be joking . . .!"

His hypomanic, happy disposition saved many boring tutorials, where his ability to argue, sleep and faint was matched only by his confabulation and capacity for reference to the most obscure and bizarre answers to even the simplest questions. Tutorials seemed to run more smoothly in his absence.

He had, despite considerable knowledge, a habit of botching clinicals due to arguing with examiners.

He surprised Sixth Year with his bike accident whilst on his honeymoon, before moving into their old address.

Paul was also renowned for his naturalistic imitations of residents, and being the only student to stun Dr. Thompson with his snake in the locker-room.

Extracurricular activities include: Marion, his army career, Singapore, football, injuries, traffic police, pop music.

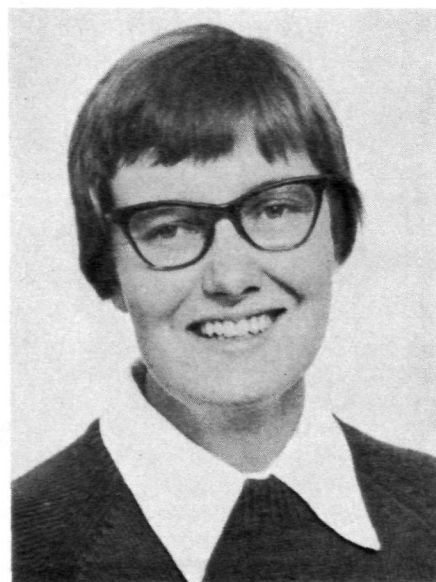
ROBYN JOY CATERSON

"Still waters run deep."

This unflappable tower of virtue came into our midst from Tara, following in her brother's footsteps into the faculty.

Her fine academic record of credits and distinctions was spoiled in Fifth Year by a high distinction in psychiatry. Including in her many talents the ability to percuss exclusively from the metacarpophalangeal joint (which results in a resounding thump heard at the other end of the ward), Robyn has impressed us all with her clinical acumen. Willing to remain silent in most discussions she will nevertheless come up with the right answer if prodded sufficiently.

Robyn is a pleasant girl with many deep convictions and we are sure that she will be a welcome addition to the profession in which she is deservedly assured of a successful future.





ROBERTA THERESE CHOW (née CASTELL)

"Excuse me, Sir, it's 5 o'clock . . ."

This willowy woman of strangest desires fused East and West in an international gesture of peace and love. Following the ways of the East she produced a baby boy, number one son, after ten months of marriage. Few women can boast of twenty nervous "husbands" pacing the floor of Crown Street labour ward. Her energies only partially tapped, she languished long in the depths of Oedipal problems, her labours rewarded by a H.D. in psychiatry.

Promising not to embark on future international negotiations until graduation, she rejoined us for the final sprint.

Roberta must be an inspiration to all female medical students, as she successfully combines both medicine and family life.

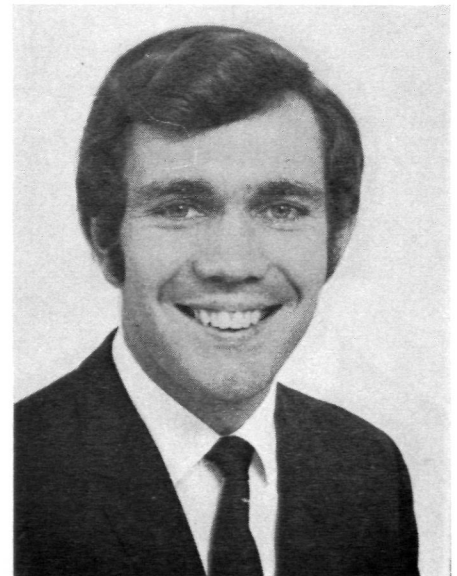
PAUL RAYMOND DAVIS

"Have we got anything on now?"

Looking more like a diplomat than a student "P.R." is known for his immaculate dress, apparently boundless knowledge and his reputation for having worn out more square feet of library carpet than any other student in the history of the faculty.

While at Sydney Hospital, however, his real talents recognized, Paul found himself cast as second tree in the review "Snow White"—an arboreal experience later broadened in the jungles of New Guinea where he mastered the difficult art of delivering babies in trees. A monograph on his modifications of established "procedures obstetric" will no doubt soon be published.

A person with a sense of humour and considerable academic achievement, Paul is assured of success. We wish him well.



JUDITH FREUND

"I'm just off to do a urine . . ."

Jude came to Medicine from Sydney Girls' High with a brilliant record to which she has since been adding. Having established her pattern by holding fourth place in the State in the L.C., she has since held many a fourth place—over the bridge table. However, this and her many other interests have only served to complement her academic distinction.

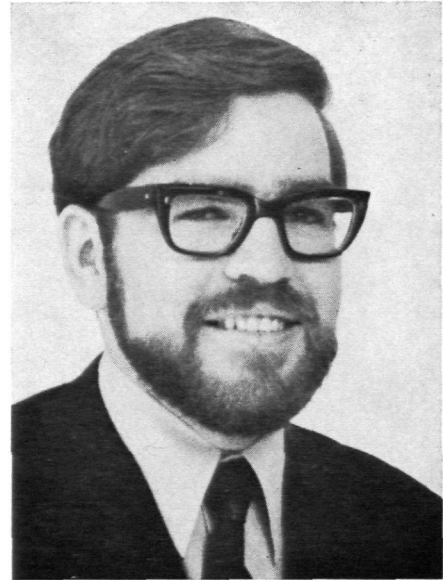
After an unsuccessful attempt to burn down Sydney Hospital (she claims she was just blowing out the match in that ash-filled ash-tray), Judy was deported on scholarship to Rhodesia for unallocated term. Returned a typhoid specialist, we feel sure that this asset combined with her warmth, great natural charm and dedication ensure her future success. We wish her well.



PAUL DOUGLAS FULLERTON

Q.: "Well, what would you do first?"
 A.: "Cross match some blood, Sir!"

Hailing from Fiji,
 This bearded, unkempt bkie,
 This left-of-Bob-Hawke capitalist,
 This raise-doctors'-fees socialist,
 This dead-of-night infiltrator into the Sydney Hospital blood bank.
 This den of iniquity.
 This high priest of sin.
 This . . . P.F.
 (You're confused? . . . So are we!)



ANDREW GAL

This earnest student joined us after making a painful choice between the bridge table and the Medical Faculty. Following a distinguished academic career, he decided to remedy the brevity of the course by doing a B.Sc.(Med.). During this time he became somewhat of an authority on collagen cross-linking in elderly rats and published several papers on the subject. Seeing that nothing too drastic happened after this, he gave free rein to his literary aspirations and was editor of the University Medical Journal during Fifth Year. We feel that with his acute mind and chronic card-shuffling hands, Andrew will be a welcome addition to the profession.

BRYAN THOMAS GALVIN

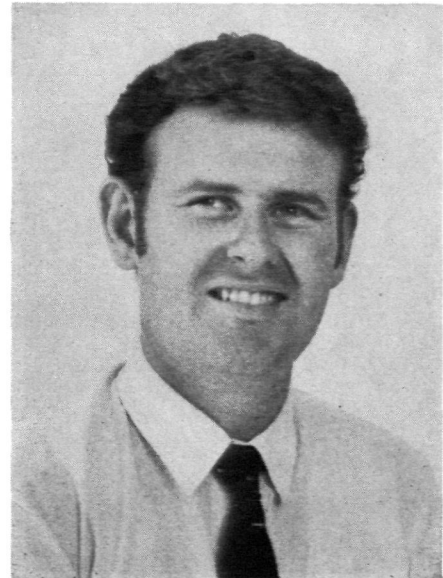
"This breeze makes my hair stand on end."

Big Red, the gentle giant, was cast as a dwarf in a recent Sydney Hospital revue—just to see how the other half lives. He spends many a weekend speeding to the romantic Central Coast— for love? These escapades were only briefly halted by the theft of his little Mini.

Bryan is the hospital Maverick, whose solo prowess kept the "general coffers filled"— much to the delight of his opponents.

In tutorials Bryan is remembered for continually "fiddling with" his tape measure which was handled by a well-known visiting professor—that was the zenith of his clinical years.

We wish Bryan and his tape measure success in their medical careers.





ELIZABETH KAYE GOW

Mr. Sharp: *"Look, she's actually talking!"*

Perennially silent in tutorials, Libby had the ability to make otherwise imperturbable tutors wonder if they had caused offence. However, with firm but gentle and prolonged traction, the right answers were inevitably extracted.

We suspected that her quietness may have been due to the fact that she was asleep, since she spent several of her nights waitressing.

Well liked by her fellow students, she has managed to get through a demanding course with little trouble. We wish her all the best in her future career.

NORRIS HARVEY GREEN

"Why shouldn't I take my shoes off?!"

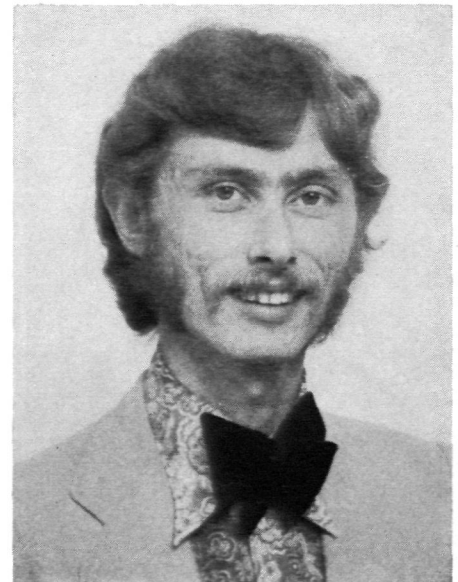
Norris is an admirable and understanding character suffering from a rare disease, "Limp Fallers Ataxia".

After four years of celibate retreat in University Hall he finally married Susie during elective term.

His main achievement this year was to fall asleep in a tutorial—during his own case presentation!—a source of embarrassment for all concerned.

In a more serious vein, Norris is one of the old school of physicians who believe in treating the patient rather than the disease, for the novel reason that he tends to forget about the disease.

With his sympathetic and considerate nature, he should prove as popular with his patients as he has with his colleagues and we wish him all the best.



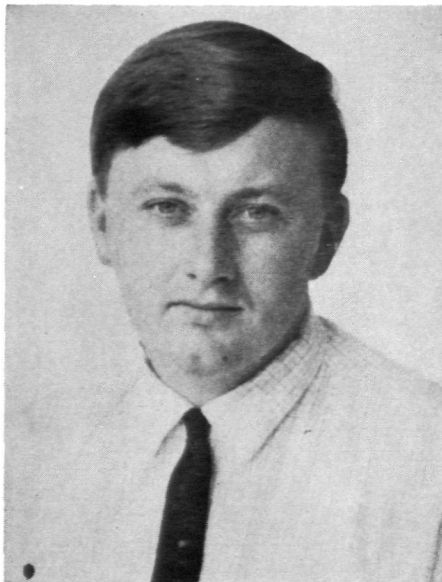
HUGH ANDREW HERBORN

"Too much for the Human Unit."

Andrew is a quiet, gentle fellow with a fondness for bushwalking and a keen interest in conservation. He came to Sydney Hospital by way of a demonstratorship in histology and a B.Sc.(Med.), his special interest being the mating habits of rabbits.

Close friends remember well his surprising dexterity at climbing the toilet doors at "Les Girls" (to rescue a friend) and his special quirk of sleeping in laundry baskets. Andrew also shows fine qualities of leadership, having been senior student at University Hall.

Andrew at present has a special affinity for histopathology, but whatever his final field, his dedication and thoroughness will ensure success.



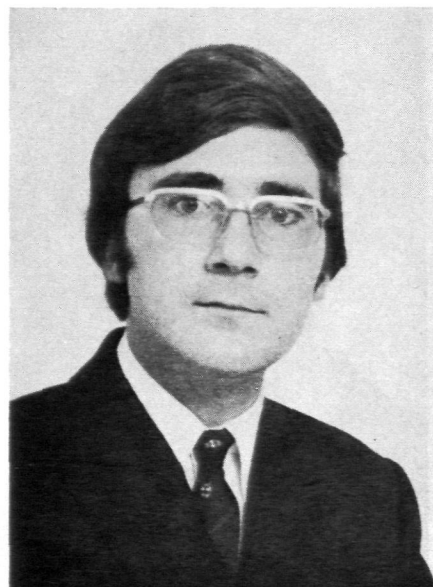
DARRYL JAMES HODGKINSON

"Got a cigarette?"

Looking like a model from the pages of "Esquire", armed with diagnostic set and a polished manner, Darryl attacked the intricacies and complexities of clinical medicine with alacrity. His competitive and dedicated nature has stood him in good stead both in his work and outside interests. Keen on both indoor and outdoor sports, he is a formidable opponent on the squash courts and known in the snow fields as "Kamikaze".

Darryl travelled to the non-stop City of Hong Kong, where he was schooled in the mysterious ways of the East by numerous tutors.

His companions, apart from weighty medical tomes, were wine, women and song, and we hope that in years to come he loses none of his *joie de vivre*.



BRONWEN MARGARET HOUSTAIN (née HARVEY)

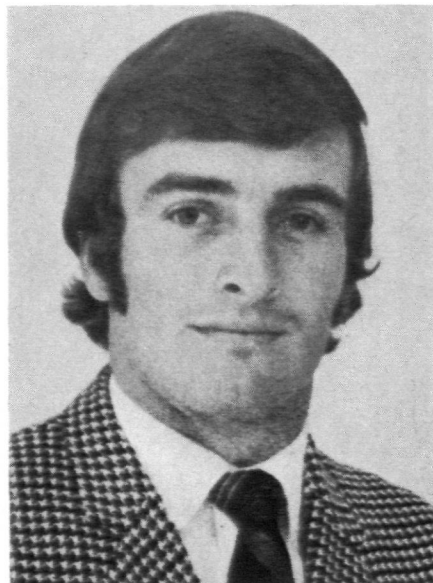
"Is anyone going to Canberra this weekend?"

Bronwen came to Sydney University after First Year spent at the A.N.U., and her main ambition since has been to return to the A.C.T. and the charms of a certain computer programmer. Her numerous threats of leaving Medicine have never been carried through and she has stayed to see Final Year with the rest of us. Her elective term spent at the John Curtin School turned her into an expert in ESR's and saw her marriage to said computer programmer. It is suspected that she will head for Canberra as soon as the finals are over and we wish her every success in her future there.

PETER RAYMOND JAMES

"You should have seen the women!"

Peter, who can best be described as amiable and debonair, is a master of innuendo and repartee, and the best antidepressant for those fortunate enough to be his friends. Always a sportsman, he surfed, water-skiied and played football with the vitality and vigour that characterized him. His passion for Medicine drew him to New Guinea where he enlarged his interests and returned with some dark secrets. Gentlemen prefer blondes and Peter, being no exception, rarely let one escape his roving eye. We have no doubt that his winning ways with patients will allow him to pursue his love for beautiful women, sleek cars and *la dolce vita*.





GRAHAM DAVID KENNY

"'s go 'n' eat."

Presenting in Fourth Year with a history of pre-clinical years described by some authorities as medical "Blue Hills", Graham is remembered for his frequent visits to the local hamburger joint and Leagues Club, and despite the proximity of the latter he could still be found in the common room vociferously complaining about the excess of lunch-time music, the absence of Union publications and the S.R.C.

However, he was not always the complaining type and he is full of admiration for good women, good beer, good cars, water-skiing and closely-cropped hair, and of course, Penelope, whom he married after knowing her for only six years . . .

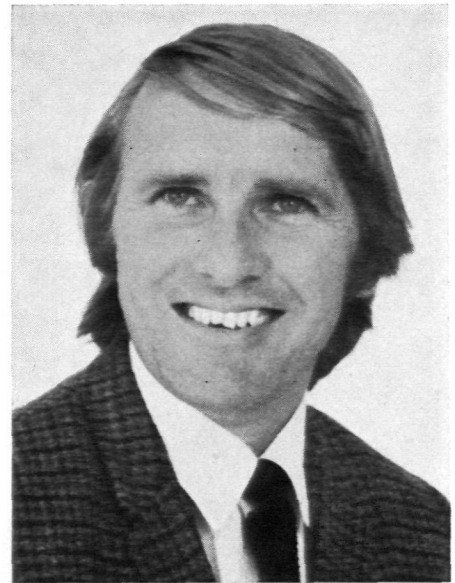
We wish Graham success in, and numerous pubs near, whichever hospital he chooses.

GORDON THOMAS KILVERT

An elder of the year, Gordon began Medicine after taking B.Sc., Dip.Ed. in Sydney and teaching for six years. After sending his wife out to work, G.K. settled into a life of ease among the books, raising his head only occasionally to kick the odd football, wave a squash racquet and to sire two baby boys (for the endowment, he said).

Medicine is a suitable profession for Gordon—his rational approach to often irrational student problems has entertained and encouraged his many friends. One can imagine future students using such eponyms as "Kilvert's hairy tumour" and "Kilvert's (unusual) position"!

Gordon and Lesley have had to work unusually hard and deserve the success they will undoubtedly have.



ZE'EV KORZETS

"Come on Mate, shuffte!"

Zev came to Australia from Israel before entering Randwick High, where he distinguished himself both as a good student and sportsman.

He continued his squash, basketball and soccer into his university life. During his clinical years he has shown a fine regard for other people. For his honorary tutors he respectfully, though grudgingly, condescends to put on his tie, and in their sessions he is always willing to answer questions which may puzzle his fellow students.

At lunch he readily accomodates us with a quick game of cards and has never refused to help out when a fourth is needed for bridge.

With such helpful attributes, no doubt his medical practice will be a great success.



SUSAN LAWRENCE

"If I can be punctual, why can't they?"

A firm resolution to become a surgeon led Sue into the paths of Medicine and elective term spent with a vascular surgery unit in San Francisco only increased her desire to pursue this course.

Her consuming interest in all things musical resulted in a part-time job in a record shop. Unfortunately, much to her aply verbalized chagrin, most of her hard-earned wages have been channelled into the continued employment of our Sydney Hospital Brown Bombers! Her efficiency can be gauged by her success in medicine despite numerous extracurricular pursuits!

Any shortcomings in Sue's medical knowledge have always been well concealed by a high degree of linguistic ability and sheer bluff. This should stand her in good stead in competing with men in her chosen career. "If you can't beat them, confuse them!"



HENRY LIBERMAN

"Can I borrow your notes?"

Henry joined us from Randwick Boys' High at the tender age of 16. During his undergraduate years he gained renown for his excellence at bridge, bad jokes, avidity at the dinner table and good humour when winning at solo.

Reams of rewritten lecture notes and a vast personal medical library typify Henry's thorough approach to medicine. A hitherto unsuspected interest in the female anatomy was revealed when he delivered a record number of babies during his term at Crown Street.

Although he suffers from pre-exam mania and post-exam depression, Henry has come through unscathed, and together with his devotion to medicine, practical skills and easy-going personality, his success in medicine is assured.



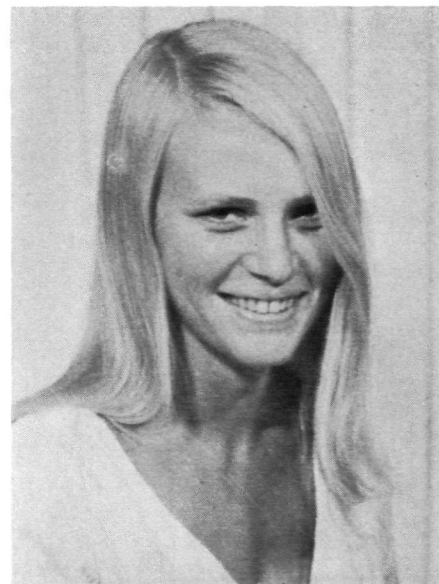
LESLEY JEAN McKINLEY (née DIXON)

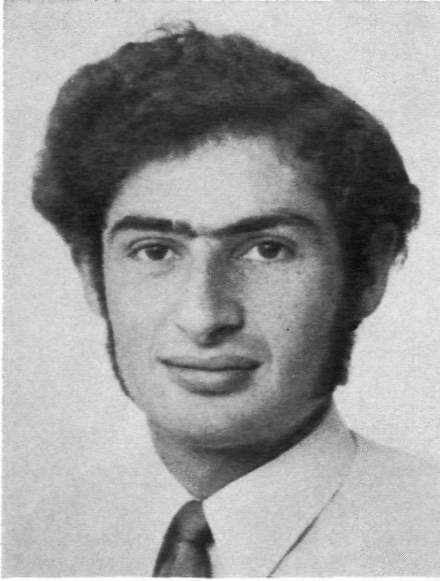
"Professor Read, I do NOT have mites in MY house!"

Unimpressed by the Australian male, Lesley finally succumbed to the charms of Paul, a stray Canadian. Fortunately, he has a matching interest in bridge, a favoured pastime that made her choice of Sydney Hospital almost inevitable. Despite many social interests unrelated to medicine, Lesley's academic record has remained unblemished.

A recognizable, if slightly ludicrous figure, clad in crash helmet and goggles, she was denounced by several honoraries as having suicidal tendencies. However, Lesley vehemently denies both this and any sexual connotations ascribed to riding a motor-bike.

Her concern for patients augurs well for her intended career as a general practitioner, whether in Australia or in Canada.





GRAEME BRUCE MENDELSON

"No, we are NOT related!"

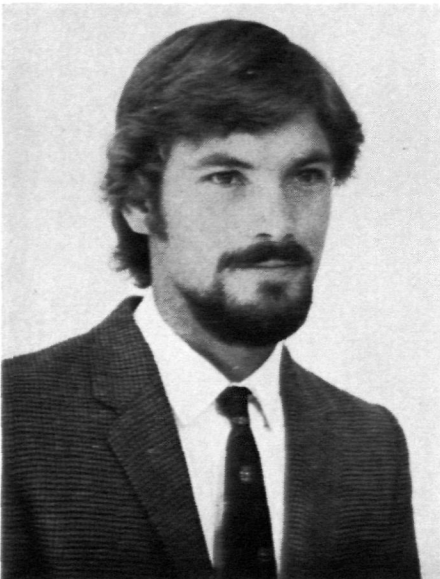
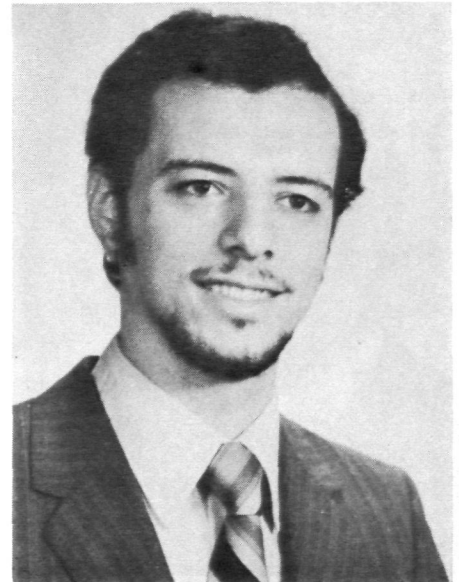
Graeme has sailed through Medicine with a continuously high blood level of antihistamines and in constant fear of mistaken identity. Despite the soporific effects of his medication, Graeme has maintained a clear and cool head and a spotless academic record. His brief sojourn attached to a surgical ward in New Zealand has not deterred him from his surgical interests. He was loath to leave those friendly islands, a request from the police perhaps having much to do with it. They invited him to become involved in an attempted murder case (as witness, not defendant) and although their way of putting it—"Appear in court or you will be arrested!"—was very tempting, he declined the gracious offer and returned once more to these hallowed shores.

KEVIN BRUCE MENDELSON

"Is that really relevant, sir?"

True to the family tradition, Kevin left Scots College in search of a medical degree. Even in first year he demonstrated, albeit fortuitously following a car attack from behind, a deep interest in ano-rectal surgery. However, the next year he founded his own photography business amidst paternal fears of a broken tradition. These Yearbook photographs demonstrate his proficiency.

His questions have been known to make the dulllest lecture rewarding, and his persistent pleas for pragmatism will be long remembered by tutors who dwell on rare exotica. Even the weariest patient is always willing to repeat his story to his comforting ear and warm hands. With such imperturbable determination and sincerity on his side the prognosis must be very favourable.



PETER GORDON MOORE

Peter made a brief appearance in First Year carrying his surfboard and was next sighted in Fourth Year entering Sydney Hospital. Despite periodic attendances he managed to retain his magnificent suntan. He reappeared after obstetrics term having acquired a wife. His ability to learn the maximum amount in the minimum of time will stand him in good stead in the future, and we look forward to seeing him in successful practice in a seaside suburb.

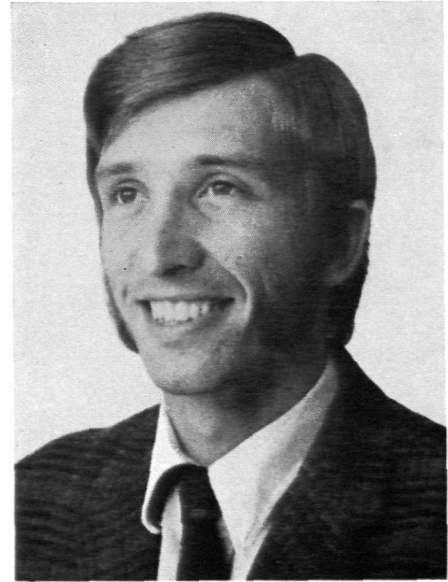
JOHN TIMOTHY ST. LEGER MOSS II

"Aren't you scraping the bottom of the barrel now, Sir?"

Never before has any student parked so often behind the hospital, yet paid so few fines, or taken seventy-nine pages of notes (on both sides of drug companies' scribbles). His "purely organic" asthma is legendary . . .

After passing Med. I brilliantly, John encountered the obstacle of Second Year. Three years, two deferrals and a hitch with the Squadron later, he joined us at Sydney—first moving to Darling Point (near the nurses' homes). Despite almost losing a digit to a barracuda in the Cocos-Keeling Islands, he remains a nature-lover and avid conservationist.

Renowned for lateness, list-making and leching, Johnny doubtless will continue to charm his way out of predicaments and into hearts.



JUDITH ANNE NEDWICH

Following an unblemished academic career at Dover Heights Girls' High School, Judy's progress through Medicine has been very healthy. Possessing a phenomenal memory for rare and vague syndromes, much to the elation of tutors and despair of fellow-students, she often restores the morale of others in her group with her less spectacular appreciation of more fundamental concepts.

In elective term, Judy sailed away to practise (skindiving?) in the New Hebrides for three sunny months.

Of a warm, sensitive and humane disposition, she often finds herself defending the underdog. This natural capacity to understand and empathize with her patients undoubtedly helped her top Psychiatry. With such qualities, Judy should find her future no great burden. We wish Judy and Paul well with their forthcoming personal group practice.

GRAHAM NISSEN

"The Sunset Kid."

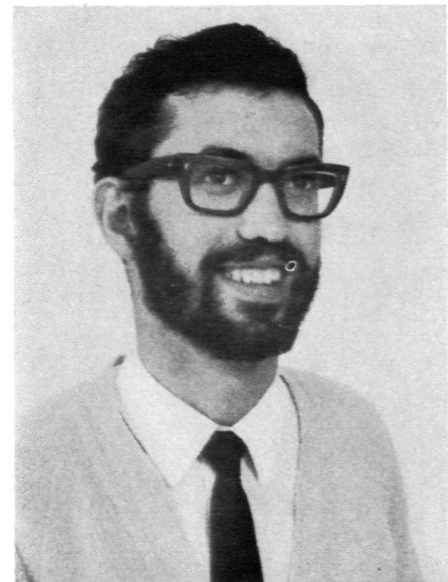
Graham came to Sydney Hospital quite unsuspecting the fate awaiting him.

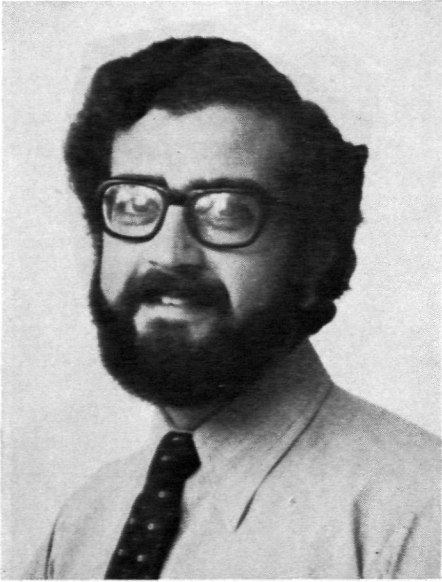
He soon succumbed to the gambling-den atmosphere of the students' Common Room and indulged in the usual activities of card-playing, coffee-drinking and raiding the RMO quarters for ice-cream.

Graham is a keen follower of soccer, boxing, and American space programmes.

He is also a good table-tennis and cricket-player and has been, for years, top leader of a youth movement which indulges in camping, scouting and other subversive activities.

Behind the thick black beard (his latest feat) and smiling eyes lies a keen mind which, together with his cynical sense of humour, make Graham a valuable friend and assure him every success in the future.





CHARLES JACQUES OVADIA

"Know of any turns?"

Behind black beard, glasses and curls, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Phillip Roth's Portnoy, this somewhat fearsome-looking character has devoted much of his energies to all aspects of medicine, including its politics and progress.

Invariably well dressed, Charles has provided a few glimpses of culture for his starved colleagues. Always aware of Sydney's night life and restaurants, he is a connoisseur of fine foods and women, and just as much at home huffing and puffing in the front row as he is sipping cognac while discussing his favourite opera!

His ability to laugh, especially on the most inappropriate occasions, makes us immediately aware of his presence. This jocularly must be a key to future success.

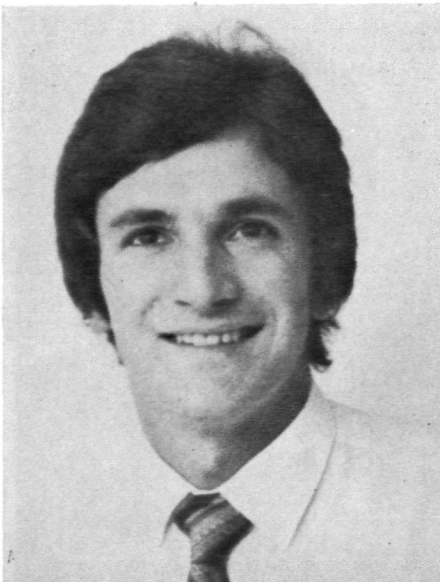
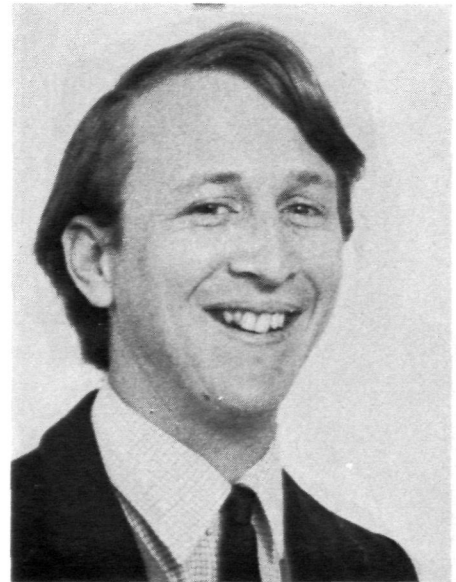
IAN MILLER PAINTER

"My kingdom for a horse."

After galloping in with the red dust from "somewhere west of Boggabilla", Ian directed the following years of his academic life to medicine. Some preliminary restlessness in the starting stalls soon after saw him return to complete the course after a pleasant and productive sojourn with one of the better pharmaceutical companies.

A passion for fast thoroughbreds combined well with a fervour for fishing, shooting and skin-diving. After all, who else would ride a sea-horse bareback whilst stalking Murray cod with a 12-gauge shotgun?

Rounding the final turn into the straight, he is jockeying for a "rails" run and although his future is uncertain it will probably involve hocks, fetlocks and hypertensive turkeys.



WERNER PAMUK

Werner gravitated to Sydney University from down Cronulla way, where he is a well-known personality amongst the area's notorious bikies.

A musician, *par excellence*, he has blown his horn to advantage, carrying off many a first prize in widespread talent quests.

Academically, Werner really distinguished himself.

He will long be remembered for his answer to Ross Campbell's question: "What is the cause for extravasation of blood limited by the orbital margins?" His reply was: "Small fists!"

Werner also managed to cover his entire bacteriology course in one night and still pass the exam, much to his astonishment.

Stricken by appendicitis in Final Year, we nevertheless feel that his future in medicine and music is assured. Go baby, Go!

LESLEY KAY PETER

"Really?"

Lovely Lesley is known to her fellow students for her ability suddenly to "dislocate her lenses" when confronted by eminent hæmatologists and similar stresses. Her micro-minis were enough to brighten up many a dreary day, as were her frequent quasi-gullible comments, which never failed to bring incredulous smiles to the faces of her friends.

Earlier E.U. experiences were rapidly lost in the maze of medicine and with new interests at hand, Lesley was found dashing off on hitch-hiking trips to S.E. Asia and other strange places.

Her elective term in New Zealand, the acquisition of a wig and her current "thing" (? romantic) for O. and G. have brought renewed dedication and security to her life.

We wish her well.



IL PORCELLINO

Descended from a family long associated with Sydney Hospital, Porcellino arrived with us in time for Fourth Year. In the highest tradition of his noble family, he has served the Hospital to the limit of his ability—no other of us has contributed so much to its revenue, or attended so loyally in spite of all discomforts of weather, transport or personal difficulty.

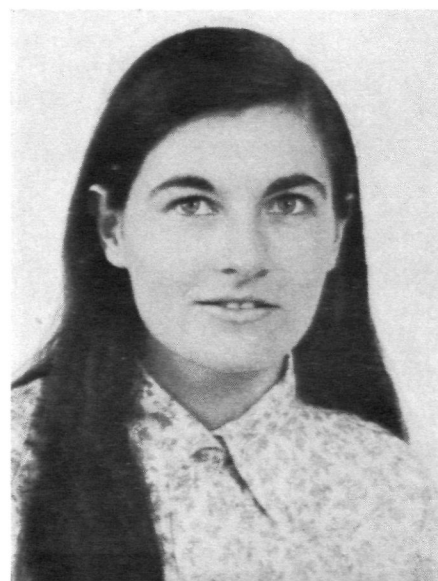
In three years he has seen all, and doubtless learned much, about the weaknesses and ills of man and has become known to everyone at the Hospital—he is regarded now as a permanent fixture. Without doubt his continued interest in the hospital will ensure a long relationship with it.

More than any other, he is assured of a place here when we are Junior Residents.

STEPHANIE KAY PRATLEY

"I haven't done any work and I'm going to fail!"

This oft-repeated statement has aroused the ire of her fellow students and thus has been treated with the scepticism it deserves. After a brief stopover in Second Year, Stephanie has gone on to accumulate a vast amount of knowledge and the odd credit and distinction. In Fifth Year she attracted the attention of Professor Posen, who inveigled her into sharing his passion for the parathyroids. Despite this, she retains a keen interest in anæsthetics and ophthalmology, and if she manages to resolve this divergence of enthusiasm she is assured of a successful career.





ELAINE ISABEL ROBINSON

After schooldays at Kambala, L'il Elaine has happily bounced her way through Medicine. Neither rain, hail nor snow (only mumps) could keep her from attending all lectures. Her notes begin with "Good morning" at 8.30 a.m. and she scribbles furiously all day until the last farewell.

Elaine's amazing clinical acumen extends to being able to distinguish between flea-bites and all other hæmatological phenomena.

Always remembering the injunction "patients are people", Elaine approaches them all with sympathetic interest.

Despite her lack of inches, Elaine's happy personality has made her well known and well liked. She is conscientious and hardworking and we are sure she will do well in the future.

THOMAS ADAM RUUT

"All I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by, . . ."

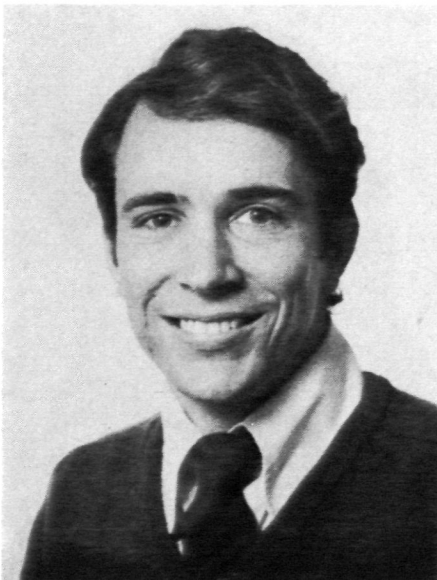
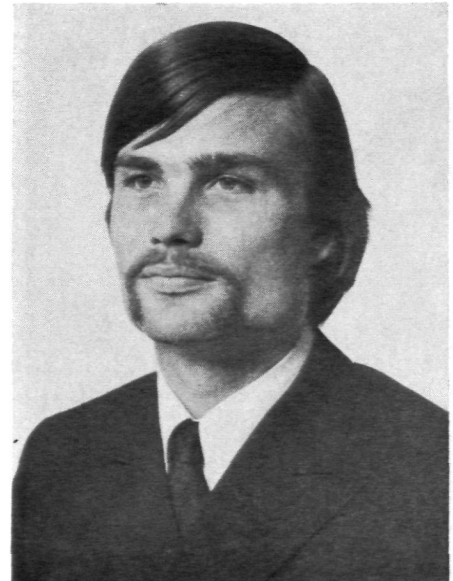
— MASEFIELD, "Sea Fever".

It is impossible to think of Tom as a typical medical student. His wide range of talents seem hardly compatible with medical studies.

When not sailing in national championships or skiing for winning teams, he manages to be seen in Sydney's best night spots warming up for indoor sports in which his proficiency is most envied.

His perceptive and subtle wit can be unleashed simultaneously to provide the hilarity of his company which we all know so well.

Graduation can certainly add no more to his sophistication and vitality and we hope he will continue to gain success in his many interests.



GEOFFREY ROBERT SMITH

After spending one year as an aspiring physicist, Geoff decided on a life of ease and wealth and entered Medicine. Having more than just academic talents, he filled in early years by becoming a guitar-playing pop-star and football hero.

At Sydney Hospital he gained fame for being the only person not to own a stethoscope, for being band-leader of the hospital revue, for knowing an indecent amount of radiology and for undermining Australia's national security by joining the navy.

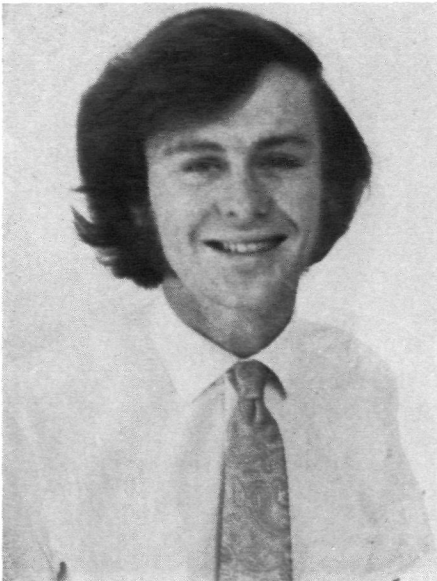
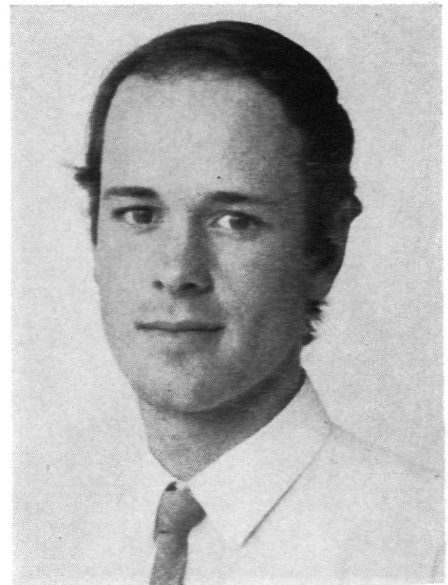
Gifted with a sharp and analytical mind, Geoff could always be relied upon to put logic back into any discussion.

In Fifth Year he married the lovely Louise and has been buying cars ever since.

HOWARD CLIVE SMITH

Reared and schooled at Inverell, Howard suffers from an incurable familial disorder, "Alopecia Smithica". However, this disorder is in no way paralleled in his personality, which has invariably been that of a gentleman. Though normally a quiet fellow, he is always coming up with some surprising story, such as how he first met his wife sheltering under an umbrella on a Biology I excursion. As well as acquiring a bit of pharmacy along the way, Howard's B.Sc.(Med.) year in the Physiology Department gave him an insight into research and animal husbandry.

At Sydney Hospital, Howard has shown great aptitude for clinical medicine p.r.n. and for blood bank work nocte. We are sure he will succeed in his chosen career and we wish him well.



BRETON SNOWBALL

"Sorry I'm late. I slept in."

From earliest days, Bret decided the afternoon was a much more civilized time to negotiate the city traffic.

After a quiet start, Bret joined the *avant garde*, settling into various pads around Paddington Heights (above shops) or Glebe, and softly talking innocent girls onto the back seat of his 250. He has promised to have a haircut one day, but hasn't told us which one.

Having had a taste of New Guinea, he looks forward to extending himself there again in the future. His popularity was testified to by the number of watches with which he returned from his last patrol.

Quiet and modest, Bret has become well known for his humour and good nature. Perhaps he will become a big noise in the Territory.

BARBARA SALLY SOMI (née BROWN)

"Speak up Mrs. Somi."

Since a miscalculation in First Year, when she gained a credit, Sally has skilfully avoided both posts and credits, earning a long record of passes. Her other constant facet is continual late arrival at lectures.

After marrying at the end of Fourth Year, Sally spent the next two years separated from her husband, who was called home to doctor trees in East Africa. She spent unallocated term with him on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. A brief stretch at the local hospital made her expert in amœbic hepatitis and "Somi's Sign" for hepatomegaly. Sally will leave us in November to spend the rest of her life in East Africa.





CHRISTINE EDITH MARY SPILL

"The fact of the matter is . . ."

Via the lengthy route of England, Egypt, Libya, Singapore, England, Fort Street Girls' High, Christine finally entered Medicine at Sydney University.

Such a broad background has enabled Christine to have a definite opinion on almost any subject. Her many and varied extracurricular activities include the Sydney University Musical Society. We have all been given a note-by-note description of the last SUMS concert.

In tutorials Christine is always ready to oblige with an answer (right or wrong) and has brightened many a dull session with some of her more unorthodox comments.

An intelligent girl with an outgoing personality, she is assured of success.

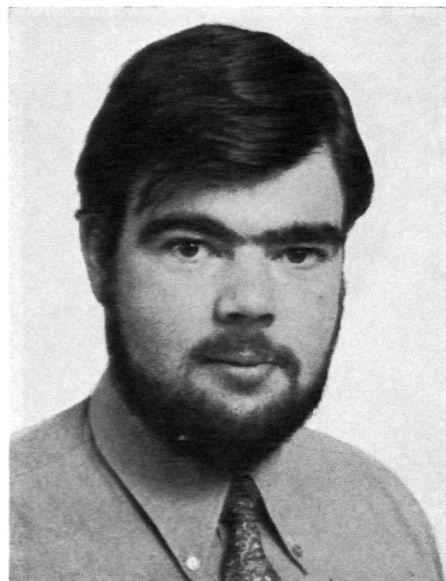
GEOFFREY BRUCE STUBBS

"In Canberra Hospital . . ."

Geoff entered Medicine after first year at A.N.U. Despite living almost on campus he rarely arrived at lectures before noon, but once there he amazed all by his ability to simultaneously read *The Australian* and take good notes.

A prominent zoologist, Geoff has amused all by his talks on cross-breeding fruit-flies, which may serve him well as he plans to be married at the end of this year. His classic mispronunciations of all major medical terms has baffled most examiners, but despite this he has always done well.

At present his promising career is undecided, though his great love of doodling aeroplanes indicates, perhaps, a bent for aerospace medicine.



ROBYN MARGARET WALKER

"I don't know."

Robyn's real interest in other people, apart from leading to her election as Med. Rep., probably explained why she was usually found towards the back of the lecture theatre exchanging snippets (over coffee) with her fellow back-benchers.

Equally at home with stethoscope or flute, Robyn's musical orientation was to the great advantage of SUMS, where her smiling blue eyes and golden locks made her the ultimate in altos. Somehow she was also able to find time to play squash, table-tennis, work for youth concerts and lend a sympathetic ear to anyone's problems.

Her adventurous spirit took her to Indonesia and India during elective term, where she worked with villagers and travelled primitively and extensively.

Robyn will make a wonderful architect.



PETER SYDNEY WILKINS

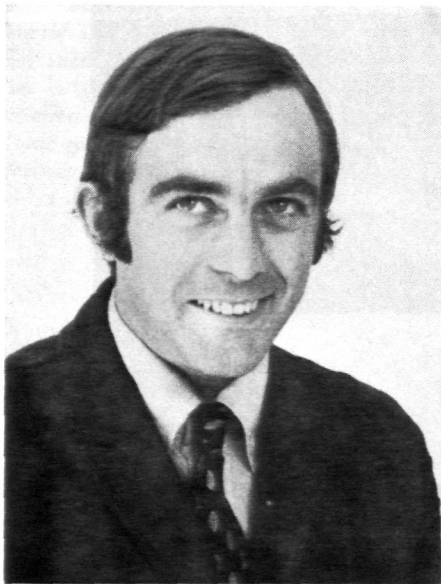
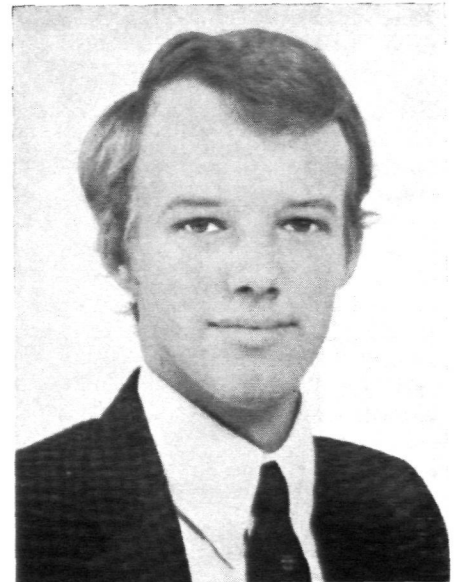
"If you elect me, I promise . . ."

This student-politician extraordinaire dreamed away his early years confidently expecting his first million in the bank by 30.

Eight years in medicine were spent in the pursuits of the Medical Society, SRC, Union, RAAF and the fair Anthea, who finally caught him.

Predictably, Peter's most used texts, after "Goren", were "How to Win Friends and Influence People", plus "How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying". But he would astound everyone by unexpected tutorial appearances and fluent dissertations on diseases little-known outside Harrison's italics.

His good Press after bashing three thugs in the Domain will make excellent political capital. We wish him well in his future career—doctor, impresario or president of the republic!



WILLIAM JAMES YUILLE

"I'm crapped-off. Got a smoke?"

Pioneer horse-and-buggy G.P. at heart, Wild Bill left T.A.S. for Perth University and passed Med. I-II. As even the Great Outback could not contain him, he joined us in 1968 and gained notoriety as a F-O-R-D devotee who drove a V.W. Kombi, known to many rueful women as "The Yellow Peril".

After holding one incredible turn (attended by police and ambulance), Bill distinguished himself further by bridge addiction, regularly quitting smoking and "keeping up his average".

Fantastic tales are told—not by Bill—of his exploits during mysterious trips to Adelaide, Noumea, the Philippines and Mount Wilson. Somehow he always returns unscathed.

His quiet humour and ready friendship will long command respect and ensure his success.

ANTHONY EDWARD ZAHRA-NEWMAN

"Look before you leap."

A softly- to inaudibly-spoken man, always on the run.

His Fourth Year excursion into the realms of female examination was probably a first in any hospital. It was the only occasion known to bring a smile to Max Ellis' face and a red blush to Tony's.

This surprise was almost as stunning as his Fourth Year surgery prize, which remains a classic example of conmanship.

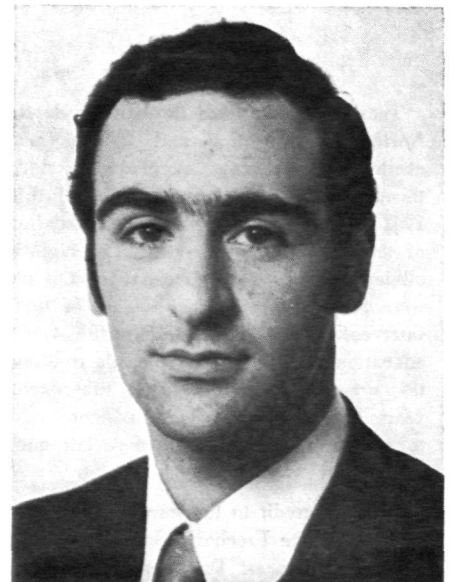
He has started many fiery conversations and his phallic approach to humour has shocked many "broad-minded" students.

Extracurricular activities include: Micrographia, crime (and punishment), Beckett, Dylan and Freud, psychiatry, plays and religion, euthanasia and abortion, drug displays, church displays, pop music and poetry . . .

Tony, Tony . . . who?

P.R., P.V.,

Which is it to be?





ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Those who have lived through the development of the Royal North Shore Hospital and Clinical School have witnessed exciting developments. A plaque outside the current lecture theatre commemorates the opening of this Clinical School in 1952 by Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, then Chancellor of the University of Sydney. The facilities existing then for clinical teaching were almost nil, but it must be admitted they were few in other clinical schools of that time. The indirect intervention of the Commonwealth Government in medical education during the sixth decade resulted in the provision of the present school buildings, subsequent extensions a few years later and currently a six-floor building is being added to provide further facilities for staff and students.

Those who have observed the progress made in the clinical school give credit to the foresight, energy and good judgement of Dr. Wallace Freeborn, Superintendent from 1946-1963 and who died this year. Dr. Freeborn realized that the reputation

of the hospital depended, partially at least, on its success as a clinical school, a concept in which he had the strong support of the hospital Board. In gratitude for the role he played the Board of the hospital has named the new block the Freeborn Professorial Block.

With the development of the clinical school, the hospital has expanded first with Stage I and currently with the construction of Stage II — a 500-600 acute bed unit. *Pari passu* with these developments full-time university staff have been allocated to the Royal North Shore Hospital clinical school.

It has been feared that with the expansion of the hospital, the novelty and associated enthusiasm of being a new teaching hospital would disappear. Fortunately this has not been so. The interest shown in student welfare by Sir Norman Nock and Dr. Freeborn has been extended and continued by their successors, Sir Lincoln Hynes and Dr. Vanderfield and no

student passes through this hospital without being personally known by his tutors.

One of the major events involving the Royal North Shore Hospital has been the affiliation of the Mater Hospital with the Royal North Shore Hospital as regards teaching. Those who have worked in both hospitals over the last twenty years have hoped for and foreseen this association which is currently working exceptionally well. Those involved in teaching at the Royal North Shore Hospital are grateful for the role Reverend Mother Lelia, Mr. Justice McClemens and Dr. Westphalen have played in this joint enterprise and all students are grateful for the interest they have shown in their welfare during their training at these two hospitals.

Those who enter medicine today enter during an exciting phase. The profusion of medical knowledge has resulted in a series of specialties and subspecialties and for these to provide health care to the community a complex scheme of health care has evolved and all who graduate this year will play an essential role in this system. This will be at different levels and at different geographical regions in a scattered country and none will ever forget that their task from which they shall never deviate is to cure disease, to ease suffering and to comfort the dying, at whatever personal cost and inconvenience. Being a member of this complex structure allows each to best exploit his skills, interests and ambitions. This may involve being in some special branch of medicine,

such as general practice, medicine, surgery, pathology, radiology, etc., teacher, administrator, research worker or one of the many sub-specialties yet to evolve.

It is hoped, too, those who graduate in medicine will play a role in community affairs far more profound and worthwhile than that often seen in universities today. All are aware of the peculiar position of Australia in the modern world — European in an Asian environment, a far-flung outpost of the British Commonwealth and uncertain of support of its geographical neighbours in any future military conflict. The changing pattern has happened so suddenly that we as a national group have not adjusted to or accepted a role in this new world in which we are placed. As Russell Braddon pointed out in a lunch-time lecture to students this year, those who currently enter the quota of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Sydney are a select group and if you are not to play a role in solving these problems, who is? Also your patients will look to you for guidance in the complex arrangements necessary in the provision of health care to the nation, just as at a more personal level they will seek advice in physical and emotional problems.

Those of us who have taught you at the university and hospital level hope you have profited as much from us as we have from the stimulus you have provided and we wish you well in your life of hard work, hoping, whatever it is, it will be pleasant toil.

D. W. PIPER.

THE HONORARIES



PETER ERNE BAUME

"Onions, bunions, corns and crabs . . ."

His pin-striped suit, and particular tie belie the radical who wears them. Undaunted by the disapproval of the out-patient sisters, Dr. Baume nonchalantly wears his Moratorium badge to clinic; and continues to press his progressive ideas on medical education, concerned that we graduate with an awareness of the implications of a patient's disease for his total life experience and not be over-obsessed with esoteric medical facts.

He will be remembered quoting from "Winnie the Pooh" and William of Ockham, impartially refereeing the students'-residents' rugby match or showing a patient in B2 photos of his children, as well as always as a reservoir of sound advice and occasional esoteric facts concerning the G.I.T.

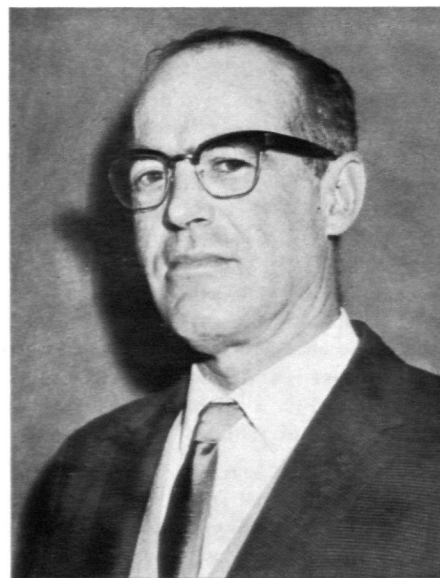
Senior Lecturer in Surgery:

GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

"An ambition to join the ranks of the country practitioners will surely be realized and his conscientious work rewarded then as now."

— S.Y.B., 1958.

Duncan's Creek's loss was certainly North Shore's gain when, after a short paediatric interim Gray was phagocytosed. Having spent almost his entire clinical career here, he wasted no time clambering the surgical ladder — with his repertoire of a peritoneoscope, Burge machine and circumcision extraordinaire. We were introduced when he was a clinical supervisor and in the short time we have known him he has become a senior lecturer, chaired two correlation clinics, performed VERY selective vagotomies, used THE peritoneoscope, introduced us to the metabolism of trauma, invited us home and yet remains the same unassuming, informative, intense and tachyambulant Graham Coupland.



VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

"Why is it important to make a diagnosis? Well . . . it's NICE, isn't it?"

Tuesday afternoons with Mr. Cumberland were always well attended; not only were they stimulating and enjoyable, but also very informative. Who else would advocate G.O.K. (God Only Knows) incisions, discuss surgical approaches "from your whatnot to your whoja" from amidst a cloud of smoke and a pile of cigarette butts. Who else was heard to say: "You've passed psychiatry — forget all that crap now!" But perhaps we will remember him most as an eminent surgeon with warmth and genuine concern for all his patients. They obviously appreciate it, for in their own words: "I think he's the best bottom-doctor in Sydney", and, "I like him so much, I'm going to nick-name my colostomy, Harry!"



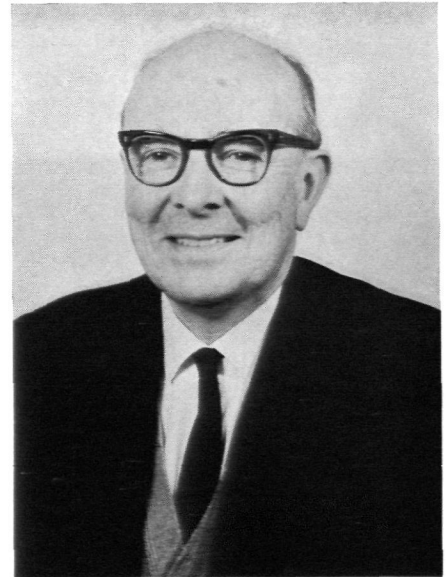
JAMES ISBISTER

A clinician, historian, geographer and sociologist who agrees entirely with his wife that asbestos brakes on electric trains are far more interesting than serum enzymes or total lung volumes.

As a tutor and examiner he has an ingenious ability to disguise his own knowledge. Many a student has quoted some obscure disease in the hope of leading Dr. Isbister up the garden path only to find that they are left dangling from the ropes of clinical medicine.

We will always remember him as that fine, friendly figure around the hospital who shows so exuberantly that high principles and thoughtful knowledge, combined with an interest in people, are both worthwhile and satisfying.

Now that is an interesting thing to say!



ALAN MURRAY LLOYD

"Security is keeping your mouth shut when you are not quite sure."

Dr. Lloyd, our Medical Clinical Supervisor for the last two years, has many attributes. We must congratulate him on his recently bestowed Fellowship of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians. But this demonstrates but one of his talents.

He first became known to us as an exposé of cardiac auscultatory intricacies. More recently he has been rewarded by tutorials with a cerebrally anoxic and ischially ischaemic, near-silent majority of students. We shared his interest in that well-known degenerative disease — amyloidosis.

His work in rehabilitation is not without consequence either for the exam season has left us and who knows who may need rehabilitating.

We are all grateful for the interest he has shown in our education.

IAN MONK

It has been drawn to our attention by a circular from "The Department" that the North Shore Final Year are very grateful to Ian Monk for his interest and assistance over the last three years.

When things have gone astray, he has proved to be a most valuable liaison officer:

- books missing from the library
- food missing from doctors' luncheons
- students' quarters missing.

His poetic phrasings on the notice-board to the "hungry jackals" have produced 60 neat and clean students, shorts of one colour, attending 91% of tutorials, and dress not extravagant, for fear of being reported to "The Dean".

Dr. Monk's good-natured manner has always made him very approachable, and his enthusiasm has been a stimulus to us all.





EDWARD MORGAN

Dr. Morgan will be well remembered for constantly keeping his eye on his every student and showing interest in each individual's total education, from their television training to anaesthetic enlightenment. He set us an example in our approach to anaesthesia, its philosophy, physiology, punctuality, practice, particularity and apparel. The figure in theatre in lounge suit, hurriedly draped with theatre gown, of somewhat small size and cap to match could only be "the director".

Insight into the efficient time and motion methods of stapling most valuable notes was gained, as well as silent support during the trial of examinations.

We thank him for his early morning devotion to our cause and for his stimulating, inductive teaching.

Associate Professor of Medicine:

DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"Drop in a sigmoidoscope as the poor man walks through the door."

On a bright and sunny morning any First Year nurse or trolley-boy knows that, as sure as night follows day, Doug will be seen melting around hospital corners like snow before the midday sun.

Hair neatly combed, teeth cleaned, shoes polished, supra-orbital moustaches twitching, this professor of infinite wisdom has given us new insights into the principles of medicine that have been true since biblical times.

The soft-talking salesman of Davidson has gained popularity with his uncanny recall of Christian names and his ability to extract the real diagnosis.

We thank him for making medicine trivially simple for us.

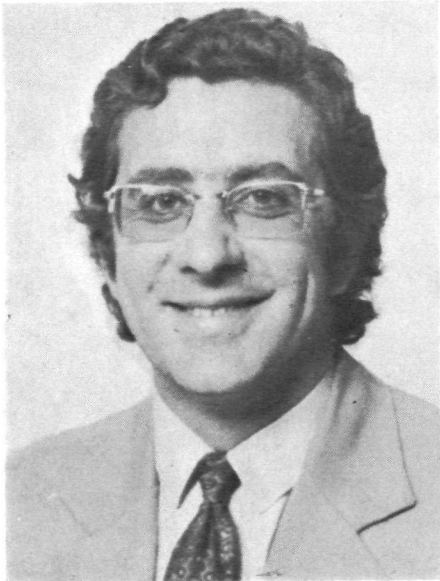


Associate Professor of Surgery:

THOMAS SMITH REEVE

"She's got the whole box and dice, hasn't she?"

Should the demand for thyroid and vascular surgery crash Prof. Reeve is assured of a living as a quiz contestant specializing in the geography of New South Wales. His American training has provided his F.A.C.S., a taste for bow-ties and Coca-Cola, and his numerous anecdotes and quotations of league baseballers, Wall Street financiers, unsuccessful presidential candidates, etc. His rapport with his patients is exemplary—how many of his patients have told us: "The professor has a special interest in my case."? He and his staff started a new custom in inviting us to dinner at their homes during our Fifth Year surgery terms—an invitation we appreciated very much.



Lecturer in Medicine:

ANTHONY STUART REBUCK

"But for cigarettes and trout fishing, I'd be a rich man today."

In the last two years, something of a revolution has occurred in the ranks of medicine at RNSH. The reason? That rare species *Buckus Rebes Multisynapticus*! Every tutorial is a challenge, one against twelve. Our defences are lowered by the gentle request: "Ace me, please ace me."

On rare occasions we may hear the ecstatic cry: "Aced! I've been aced!" But more often we hear him as the universal leveller of all students: "Chris! I want the top ten points on Australia antigen"; or, "All those beautiful neurones, but there's no synapse, Mick".

Such tutor-student rivalry can only be beneficial. It seems unified opinion that Dr. Rebeck has improved our approach to medicine—for that we thank him.



THOMAS FREDERICK ROSE

"That's what is known as a B.U.L.!"
"What's that, Sir?"
"That is a Buggered Up Liver."

Over the years Tom Rose has been well known for his athletic figure, well-tailored clothes, and not to mention his modest taste in cars. He's been heard to say: "Son, I've driven most cars in the world, at most speeds, so I know what I'm talking about."

Tom's most memorable case was that of a psychogenic parotid cancer for which he suggested psychosurgery. We also remember that the diagnosis of a fibroma is that of the pathologically destitute. One can never forget the many instructive afternoons spent in the wards examining breasts, scrotums, scrotums, breasts, scrotums and that one liver.

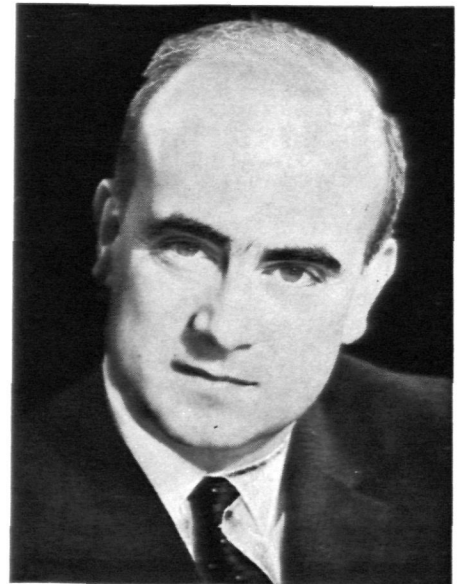
To you, Sir, we express our appreciation and thanks.

GEORGE SELBY

"The brain is just like a bowl of baked custard really."

Known throughout RNSH as an excellent neurologist and a perfect gentleman, he is unfailingly courteous to patients, nursing staff, students and residents. He is one of the very few who can perpetually ace students and still remain lovable.

He is noted as well for his concise, interesting and exceptionally well-attended lectures, his omission of adjectives when in a hurry—"you've got to be quick", his ability to hold a pointer more steadily than some of his neurosurgical colleagues, and his addition to our neurological repertoire of the Selby test. He is a master at his own dictum: "Timing is one of the most important things in life."





This is the Company symbol which appears on every package of Boehringer Ingelheim pharmaceuticals.

For almost one hundred years the name of Boehringer Ingelheim has been associated with original research and the development of substances beneficial to mankind.

Today the Company's products are available in more than 120 countries throughout the world, each product carrying the Company symbol as a sign of the expertise, experience and research which have together made the medicine available.

Many of today's standard medicines were first synthesised in the research laboratories of Boehringer Ingelheim. The search for newer and safer substances continues and if rewarded with success we will be proud to add to that new substance, the Company symbol.

B0034A

OUR OTHER TUTORS

Space has not permitted us to write in detail about all our tutors. To those who have escaped previous mention, we express our sincere thanks for their efforts. We are particularly grateful to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, which provided us with extra patients and tutorials and gave us a slightly different look at hospital medicine.

PHYSICIANS:

ERIC DAVIS	BRUCE GEDDES
LAURIE DONNELLY	BOB PUFFLET
MAX ELLIOT	IAN THOMAS
RON EPPS	DOUG STUCKEY

SURGEONS:

JIM BROADFOOT	RAY HOLLINGS
KEITH DAYMOND	RON MCGLYNN
"CHOOK" FOWLER	ROLLY MIDDLETON

REGISTRARS:

RICHARD BARNET	STEVE LEEDER
BRUCE BARRACLOUGH	GINO LUCESSE
JOHN CARTER	JOHN PENNINGTON
MERV CROSS	NICK SAUNDERS
JAN FIELDING	JOHN SNOWDEN
JOHN GILL	GEORGE RUBIN
BOB GRIFFIN	JOHN VANDERVORD
TIM HEAP	

OTHERS:

REX BECKE	RALPH SHURECK
JOHN ELLARD	KEITH VINER SMITH
KEITH JONES	BILL WOODS
BILL PAYNE	

THE STUDENTS

RODNEY ELKINGTON ALLEN

"Which eye, Dr. Morgan?"

Fashioned with aquiline features, and an easy-going friendly nature, Rod possesses a serious outlook on life contrasting with a sly sense of humour hinging on his effective use of understatement, a penetrating petit-mal type stare, and a refreshing keenness for all he undertakes. This includes medicine, his local church, soccer, running around the block, and sight-seeing in India.

Rod has been blessed with ability to pass exams with a last-minute swot, to recall a shattering amount of preclinical work, and to get to know patients in depth. Thus he has been a great asset in tutes, the more so since he provided many a laugh — sometimes unintentionally.

We wish him well for the future.





ANNE ELIZABETH BARLING

"You Great Grots!"

Ever-smiling, be it at 3 a.m. or 8 a.m. the next morning, Barls could lighten the heaviest heart.

Her inquisitive mind, besides keeping the tutors on their toes, was also responsible for finding obscure wine bars around the peripheral hospitals. Veteran of many a convention (yet never discussing them on her return) and lover of all manner of Bacchanalia, Annie was untiring in her search for further parties to perform her champagne disappearing trick.

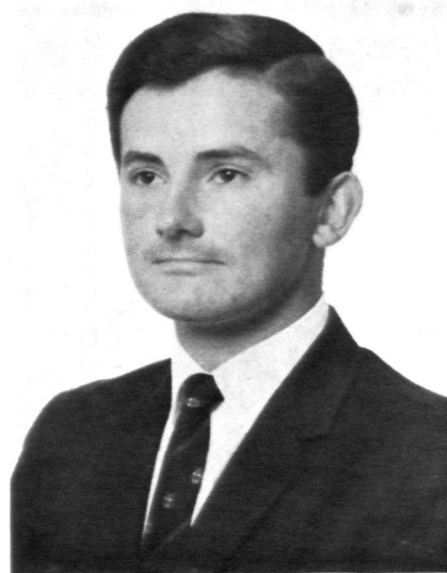
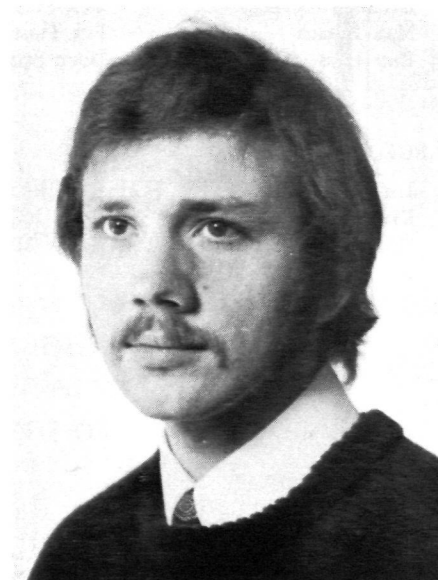
She also kept a slack group to the fore by topping ophthalmology, having been out with the examiner's son the previous evening.

All fondly remember those lost weekends, bridge marathons, sparkling eyes and charming disposition, and wish her well.

ALAN BILTON

Alan has been a medical student for almost as long as he can remember—a way of life which he has pursued with flair, and is reluctant to surrender. Precious to him are the innocent pleasures of sleeping-in, film festivals, concerts, and the occasional quiet flagon.

An inveterate draft-dodger with a distaste for the conventional, his ardent desire to return to Greenwich Mean Time and his overwhelming passion for the gospel according to "Catch 22" are epitomized in the quote: "What about me? My precious medical skills are rusting away here on this lousy island while other doctors are cleaning up."



DAVID GEORGE BLAXLAND

A well-dressed, clean-cut young man, lurching to his feet on the verandah of the Ulladulla pub—a massive yawn, a 360° projectile stream, walls dripping with regurgitated claret—Blax's holiday answer to the rigors of his cross-indexed card system.

This well-mannered, friendly, vestigial aristocrat has crossed the mountains of medicine with a baffling combination of fundamental principles, apt quotations and historical details, reinforced by an impressive collection of old books, diaries, ancient surgical instruments and other trivia historica.

Blax's generosity with his time, attention and white VW carrying service, together with his reliable and non-judgemental kindness, are some of the attributes we will always value in his friendship.

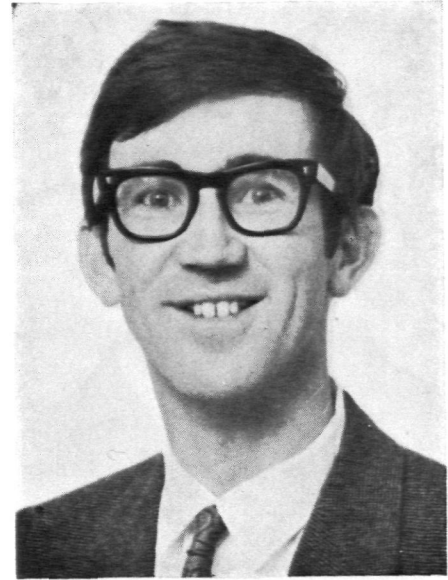
RICHARD BLOXHAM

"'Curiouser and curiouser' cried Alice."

There is nobody quite like Bloxy. Have you seen a sleek and slender ill-fitting frame, of height 6'4", and indeterminate width and depth, lovingly fondling a hot transistor, or doodling electrical circuits over his "copious notes", or treading heavily on women's toes and answering their reproachful scowls with a vague, unknowing smile and lift of the eyebrows, or waving his pink wand over a crowd of little children at a hospital Christmas party in New Zealand?

Have you seen this gentle creature, this outspoken champion of everything esoteric (be it music, books, or poetry), whose tangential tendencies in no way detract from his good-natured affability?

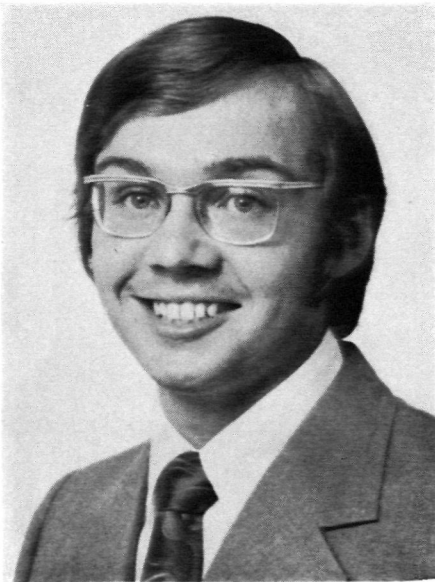
Yes? Then you've seen Bloxy!



ANDREW JAMES BROOKS

"A-a-h-h! What a body!"

Through six years of medicine Brooksie has been
 And it's been good to know he was one of the team.
 During this time he had an impressive career
 Learning to appreciate fine wines and good beer.
 His keenness to study showed only too well
 When late for a lecture he drove like hell.
 In Fifth Year were many who joined in the raids
 His "knightly" activities of drowning fair "maids".
 With round, gnome-like face and irrepressible grin
 This hard-working young lad surely deserves to win.
 Now it's all over, it's time for the tests
 Drew'll gain high distinctions if they ask him about breasts.



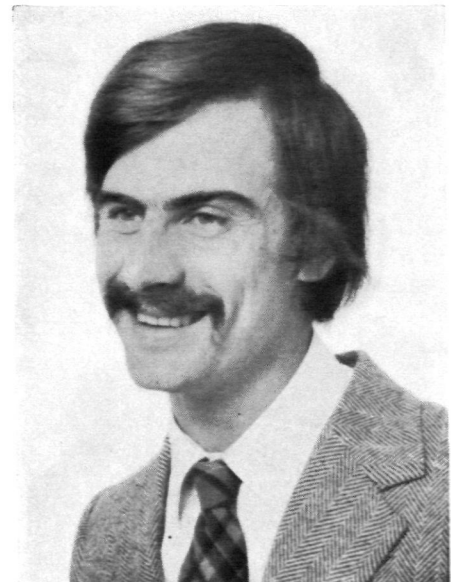
JEREMY IAN CAHILL

"Hey diggers, what's on?"

The startling presence of a shaggy mop of hair enveloped in clouds of smoke, two wild, gleaming eyes, and a drooping moustache arched over an effervescent tongue, signify that our phantom Year Rep. has cracked the scene. All eyes turn towards him . . .

Is this really the frenzied swinger whose Phallusy for years held sway over all teeny boppers; the holder of the world indoor chair-leaping record; the devilish mastermind of the atomic mandarin; the quickest wit in the year?

Fact is, we have just welcomed one of our most versatile and popular fellow students—a true digger whose timely comments have enlivened countless tutorials. Jerry's friendly, easy-going nature will ensure him success in all fields.





BLAIR PETER CAMPBELL

"I'll believe anything . . . Oh heck!"

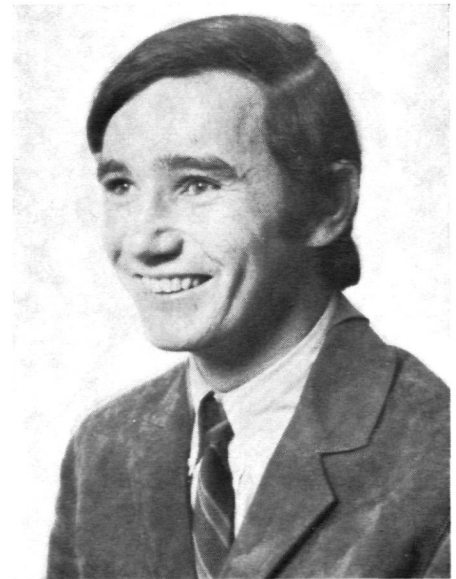
This gentlemanly Scottish descendant, endowed with a pathological honesty, a gifted wit, a Christian outlook and a set of windpipes his ancestors could be proud of, has plodded his way through countless years of medicine (wrecking several vitalographs on the way) and all the while stimulating the Staff-Student Liaison Committee.

After becoming one of the best "wheat testers" in the West, he shaved off his mighty red beard and returned to his medical and social career, a unique combination of which has been observed at RNSH library on some moonlit Saturday nights.

Always ready to "try anything once", Blair's friendliness and warm personality ensure his future patients of a personal physician of a high order.

MICHAEL HENRY CHAMBERS

Mick has finally stopped playing games. The evidence for this strange remission is varied: Vicious rumours that he spent elective term with suntanned surgeons and hypermanic neurologists; his absence from local pubs and football fields; his dashing figure in the wards; his approaching nuptials; and who will ever forget that magnificent correlation clinic oration. Mick is really getting to the root of things (after years of boasting to do just that). And yet those who have heard his booming, cheery voice floating up to the library, seen his wit and sense of humour and chugged a few beers with him, feel there is hope. These souls feel sure that Mick's combination of dedication and humour will eventually synthesize a highly successful, happy and competent doc.



ANN JENNIFER CONWAY

Said at 9 p.m.: *"Good morning! Anyone for a beer?"*

Sophisticated yet whippy, entertaining yet quiet, Ann since Second Year has been the epitome of the gracious female medical student. With credits in most subjects, she has walked through medicine with an air of unharassed dignity.

Although possessing "infinite wisdom" (Doug Piper), her tendency to answer with a few soft, hesitant words, accompanied by a slight erythematous reaction, has beguiled many an unwary tutor in the past.

Her pastimes included wearing Hopalong Cassidy boots, the Union Theatre on Fridays at noon, pretending to like classical music, helping the boys celebrate at the Local, and caring admirably for a group of six males in Fifth Year as Group Leader.

We wish Ann the success she deserves in the future.



JAMES LAWRENCE COWLISHAW

Jim's approach to medicine is one of quiet determination coupled with a sense of humour perhaps best appreciated by his more cynical colleagues. With this approach he passed through the early years of Med. with somewhat more decorum than others and, with time, his true personality became manifest and its quality appreciated.

A keen rower for University, he was able, by some subtle rearrangement of metabolism, to maintain a muscle mass around 150 pounds on a diet of celery and lettuce.

In matters amorous he rejected the variety of youth, but preferred medical politics, which he approached from an unusual, almost unique, aspect, that recently paid a dividend.

Such examples of his diversity can only augur well for the future.



NANETTE COX

"There are two types of men — attractive or impotent."

Everyone knows Nanny. When asked about med. birds we all think of Nanny. In fact, we probably all think about her sometime, somewhere. She's a known figure with the White Horse boys; a notable figure sunbaking at Collaroy; indeed, quite a notable figure!

Stories of her escapades are never-ending: the fashionable young mod doubling up Spit Hill on a Honda 50; learning to ride bikes behind Cas (fortunately); the memorable night of the big bang, and her fondness for conventions.

Writing about Nan is frustrating. You have to know her to experience her self-assurance and lovable personality. She leaves an everlasting impression on one's mind (figuratively speaking, of course!).

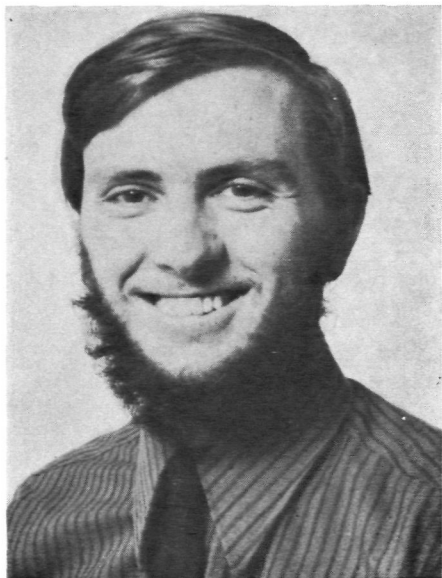


FRANCIS BERNARD CRIMMINS

Frank arrived in medicine in 1966 accompanied by an ever-decreasing number of freckles, and during his progression through the course has revealed to many of us his dry sense of humour. Very definitely a participator, and with a truly medical interest in alcohol, he is sure to be seen at any function where there is the slightest possibility of a few beers and a few laughs. Although fairly non-committal on most subjects, Frank is a fountain of knowledge on the subject of Volkswagens. Surely a family trait.

Coming back from a successful elective term in Christchurch, New Zealand, Frank, appropriate to his wit, is decided on a career as a surgeon. To quote L'il Abner: "Frankly, ah'm with Frank."





DAVID ANDREW BRUCE DESGRAND

"Politics, Pilfering, and P,p,p,piles."

Des bowled into Medicine,
And brought his politics, too.
Scoring a success for the Labor movement
Known as the "Hornsby Coup".

He sports a set of whiskers,
From one ear to the other.
Was it a remark about intubation
That sent him diving for cover?

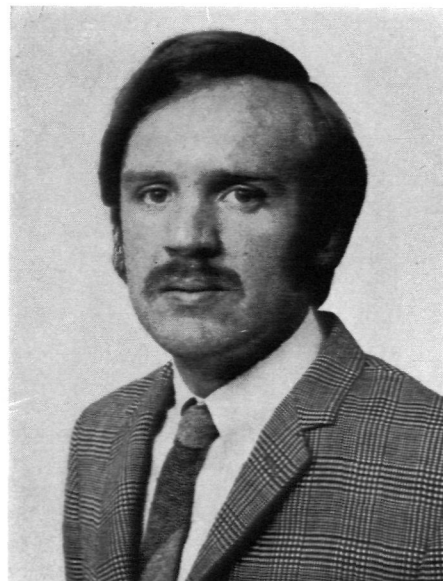
For all his varied pursuits,
We note down in our file,
An enthusiasm as inexhaustible
As his knowledge of piles.

ANTHONY JOHN DODDS

Resistant plasmodia, metric incompatibility, frontal baldness and a dash of wit and colour merge to form a *juxtgraduand*. Political ambition saw Tone attain membership of the Union Board—a position not without rewards, for he was never seen short of scrap paper and it kept him off the squash courts on Friday nights.

Academic prowess and squash incompetence metamorphosed to clinical acumen and political suavity. He then suffered the transition well and made his mark quickly at the Shore with his ability to mix well with registrars and his overwhelming eagerness to fill empty beds.

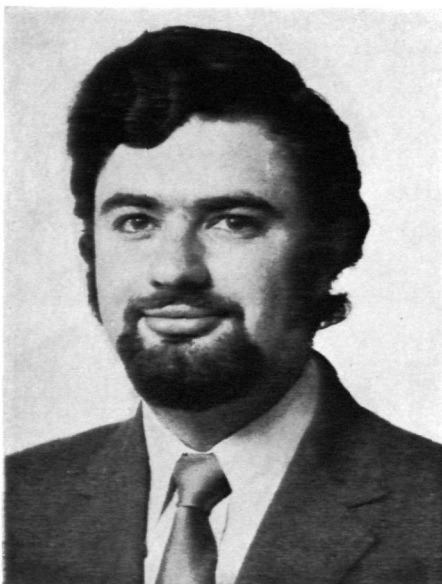
We gratefully acknowledge the fact that Dobby has made a bigger mark on medicine than it on him—and we are a little richer for it.



STANLEY JOSEPH DOUMANI

"Bite your bum, Pal!"

Smooth, sleek and well-preened, Stan enjoys a wide reputation as a lover of women, fast cars, and the good life. To an impartial observer his injected conjunctivæ, tender hepatomegaly and ascites would belie an immoderate ethanolic intake, but his friends believe Stan's own story of seborrhœic blepharitis, post-hepatic tenderness and slight obesity. Stan made his greatest impression in his bachelor's pad in the students' residence, contentedly stroking his beard in a room bedecked with TV, hi-fi and beautiful women. But it is as an inventor that the Doumani name will remain immortal: firstly of nicknames ("Scrote") and secondly of medical facts. Indeed his plausible expositions on (rare) unfamiliar subjects have sent many a tutor scrambling for a text.



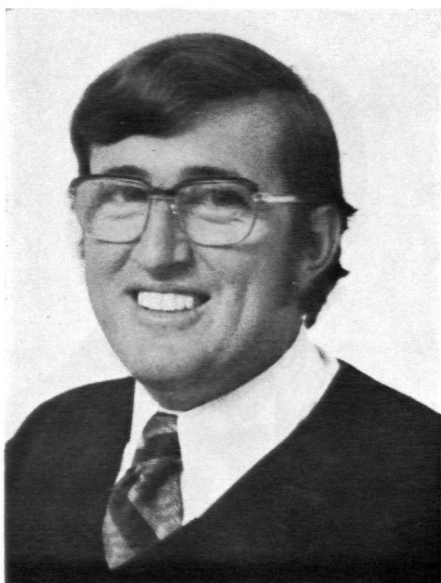
ROSLYN BERESFORD DOYLE (née JONES)

"Achoo!"

This quiet young lass came to us from Chatswood High in 1966 and has worked her way steadily through the course. She has the distinction of being the only person able to disrupt a whole lecture without saying a word (bless you!).

Fourth Year saw her the only girl in her group at North Shore, but the warm glow imparted to her male colleagues was just a face, and despite a proficiency in clinical medicine, a glance at her left hand confirms a rather permanent interest in biochemistry.

We'll all miss Ros's friendliness and understanding, and we're sure that all her hard work will bring her much success.



JON BALDUR ERIKSON

"Eric the Pink."

When Eric turned up for the 8.30 a.m. lecture on the Monday after he was married, people began to wonder, but not for long. He slept through the entire lecture, and we're still not convinced that the smile on his face had anything to do with the lecturer's jokes.

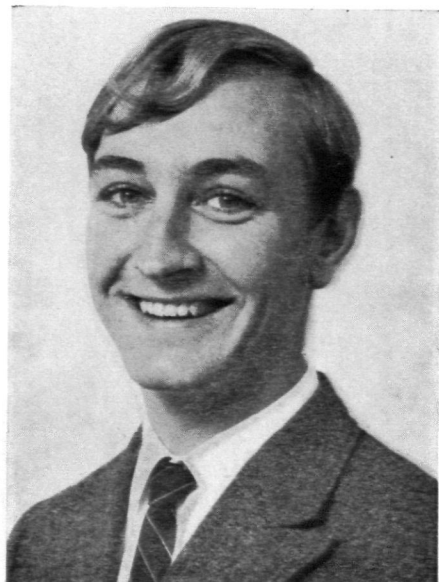
Eric comes neither from Denmark nor Sweden, but from sunny Newcastle, and he's been here longer than the half hour he told Dr. Morgan. He's always been a keen athlete, which probably explains why he was often seen running round No. 2 oval at 10.10 p.m. on Friday nights in First and Second Year. The association with closing time is purely coincidental.

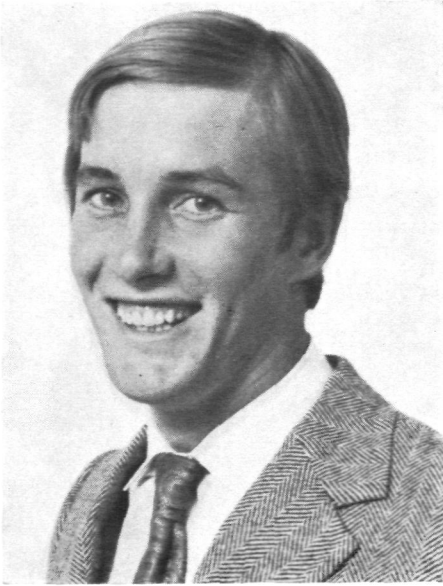
That he has impeccable taste is obvious to anyone who knows Coral, and for both of them the future looks promising. "Now if only she would learn to play bridge..."

GEOFF DRISCOLL

One might say that Geoff has had a rather chequered medical career. Medicine has not always been put first, but now that he has made it to Final Year he is ready to take on the examiners with a vengeance. One thing he has learnt is that if you don't like a lecturer, then don't pour beer over his head at a party to show your displeasure.

Geoff is well-known for his impressive record with the ladies and at one stage, after twelve months' hard "study" made several bookmakers think seriously about their future. However, now that he is happily married and has sublimated all his impulses into medicine, there is no doubt that he will make an exceptional "O and G man"—his chosen specialty.





BRUCE FASHER

Said to Doug Piper: "*A trolley-boy told me, Sir!*"

In Fash, North Shore Hospital gained a graduate from St. Paul's in pyrotechnics and general stirring. He has subsequently gained widespread notoriety throughout the hospital for many almost legendary deeds bearing Fash's hallmarks of originality and uninhibited humour. His spontaneous wit and infectious laughter have lightened many tutorials.

Fash's ability to enjoy life is reflected in the wide range of indoor and outdoor activities he pursues. He is always one to "have a go". Little wonder that he sometimes appears tired and slightly dishevelled.

All who know Bruce admire his generosity, his patience and his unfussable nature. With his perceptive insight and understanding and his ability to make people feel at ease, he will make a competent and well-loved doctor.

LAWRENCE (LOU) FERRARI

"Hang on a minute. Now going back to second year . . ."

Lou virtually rode into the Faculty from Joys, being one of the original bikies. Both Lou and the bike still appear regularly despite numerous warnings from the Orthopaedics Department. He probably has more exam experience than anyone in the year, but has managed a few vacations as well.

There is no definite proof, but we suspect Lou is colour-blind—blue trousers, pink shirt and floral tie, and from some of his bidding in bridge this might well be substantiated.

Lou's timely interruptions in tutorials to clarify some point, of which only he could have thought, kept most of us awake and it's this interest he shows in his undertakings that will make his future sound.



IAN CAITHNESS FRANCIS

"I realize it's irrelevant, but I'm still not convinced."

Ian in his final years became a firm exponent of the "see everything — miss nothing" approach to medicine, and was forever to be seen roaming the wards, his trusty companion "Alfa" close behind, in the pursuit of knowledge which was wrested exactly from patient, nurse and doctor alike, much to the wonder of many a tutor.

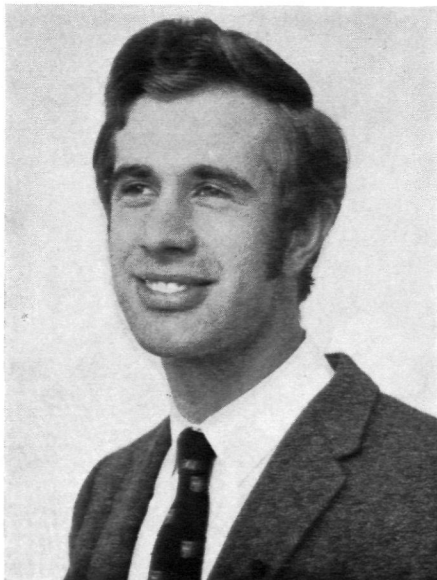
Fondly noted for many diagnoses as yet unrecorded in the texts, he also contributed to the introduction of log-books to clinical histories as well as the multiple ways of wearing a stethoscope.

We feel sure that Ian's hypomanic approach to his chosen career, along with his strong Christian faith, will stand him in good stead for the future.



ANDREW JAMES GARDINER

It is in deep green that we mourn the passing of Andrew, the green is for envy, because most of the passing that Andy does is in a mustard Alfa 1750. At first glance Andy is a quietly spoken sort of person, but those who know him better know a multifaceted, almost anaplastic character. In our own circle he is the student in the group who says little and knows all. Others would tell of a gourmet, cook and connoisseur of good wine, a view his figure does not deny! Behind the wheel of the Alfa, metamorphosis, and boy Fangio extraordinaire emerges! Back to quieter things, Andy is a flirtist . . . er, flautist, of good timbre, which brings us to a major point in this pitch, and that is his punning, for which he will be remembered, and on this note we end!



DAVID CHARLES GEE

David entered Medicine in 1966 from Sydney Boys' High. After a credit or two in First Year he passed his way through pre-clinical years — unattached, despite the nine girls in his E.U. Bible Study group!

Clinical years found him squeezed into a Mini for the daily trips to North Shore, where he has become well known in the wards and a faithful attender at even the most boring tutorials.

His elective term at Orange, and frequent trips to Young (!), have made him keen to practise in the country. With his pleasant personality and ability to work hard, he's sure to do well — and we wish him all the best in whatever field (or paddock!) he chooses.

MICHAEL ROBERT GIUFFRIDA

"Look, just call me Smith!"

In spite of the schizophrenogenic effect of having an often misspelt, and invariably mispronounced name, Michael has cast-iron ego boundaries.

Unchallenged in his role as group psychoanalyst, he displayed fascination for temporal lobe tumours, neo-Freudianism and First Year nurses.

When not involved in unravelling the mysteries of the non-intact sensorium, he continues his task of charting the coastline of Lion Island in his high performance catamaran.

Elective term took him to the hallowed halls of Guy's Hospital, which was really a base for doing the London theatre and opera season, and later epic adventures in Italy.

Michael will be remembered for his warm and sincere manner, his disarming frankness and unswaying idealism for life.





JOHN DENYS GOLDER

"Frightfully sorry, Sir, but Wednesday's my golf day."

John will undoubtedly be remembered by his colleagues as the Beau Brummel of the year, never ceasing to surprise us with his flair for fashion. The master of any situation, he endowed us with his sense of etiquette and protocol.

After a chequered career in preclinical years, he adopted a new formula: study, golf, bridge, golf, women, golf — with obvious success. In elective term, he turned jet-setter and became a connoisseur of Italian wine and pasta, as well as an enthusiastic exponent on the merits of Guy's hospital men — "You know, Addison, Bright, Astley Cooper and all those chaps".

His quick wit, genial manner and interests beyond the call of medicine, herald a satisfying and successful future.

JOHN CAMPBELL GRAHAM

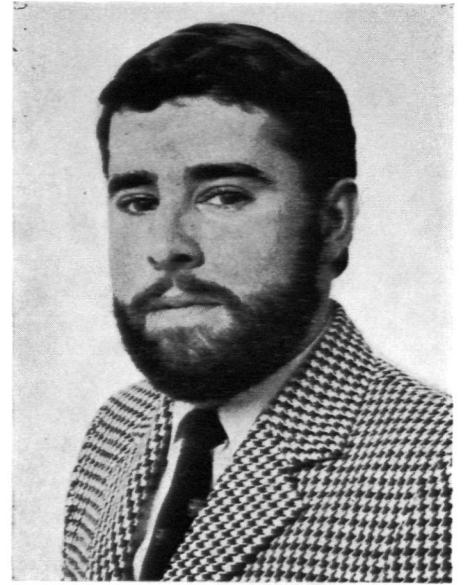
"Howdy folks . . ."

After an illustrious career at North Sydney Boys' High, John was well prepared for Medicine — delivery of very wet water day-or-night, seven-days-a-week being a prominent feature during Fifth Year.

John will be well remembered for his transport — a Morris Minor which travelled enough miles to break the clock, and a Volkswagen which, in Final Year, still hasn't.

For his sense of humour the "Rev" was widely renowned, especially in his original and remarkable creations in facial hirsutes and approach to the fairer sex.

There is another side to John, which augurs well for the future, namely, his Christian ideals, his generosity (with lifts to home, hospital, Uni or beach on innumerable occasions) and his sense of fair play.



MICHAEL GUSTAV GREGORA

"No milk left — not happy!"

Mick, with his pathognomonic grin, has been blessed with a happy disposition and with his tremendous sense of humour, has, since his release from North Sydney Boys' High, laughed his way through medicine.

With a past history of a golf handicap of 9, a flair for tennis, a significant addiction to milk, an urge to see the world, a deadly aim with a bucket of water and present symptoms of a refusal to take anything seriously, coupled with a pathological desire to work hard, Mick's prognosis is excellent.

Even if his first case presentation to Dr. Rebeck did not qualify him for immediate F.R.S. admission (his second did) he will make a most capable doctor. We wish him well.

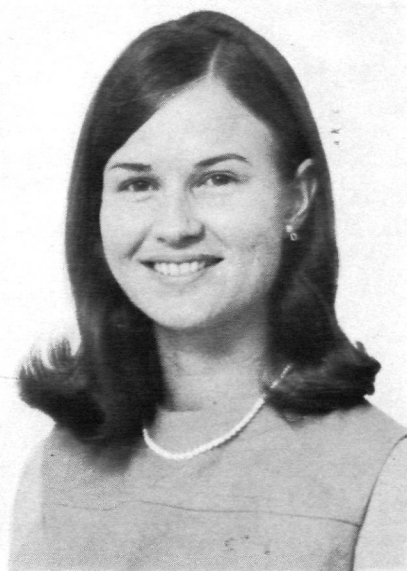
RHONDA LESLEY HARRIS

"I think it's perfectly disgusting!"

Some males see Rhonda as the epitome of the masculine protester, exhorting the declaration of women's liberation, ready to dominate and emasculate. This image must be denounced for the fallacy that it is—she is merely a brilliant and talented organizer in a world of insecure males.

Rhonda is the ultimate rebuttal to those cynics who view female medical students as a third sex; she has proceeded demurely but determinedly through medicine, always retaining her ladylike charm and poise despite the rowdy and brutish element so often apparent in her group.

Her lively intelligence, combined with a sympathetic approach to ailing humanity, indicates an excellent prognosis for her present and future success.



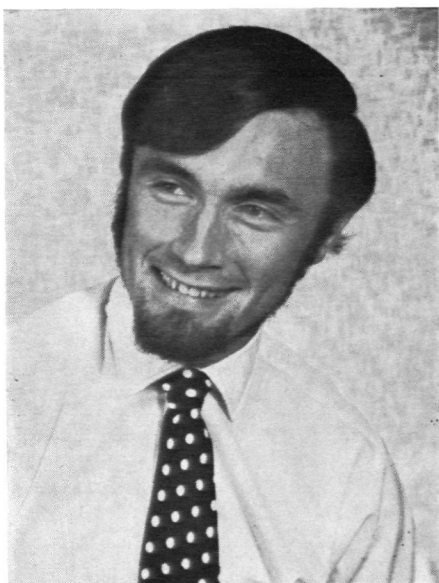
WARWICK WILLIAM HERBERT

"She'll be right, Mate."

Warwick's often stated outlook has carried him through life and medicine so far with almost miraculous impunity. However, one suspects divine intervention for Warwick's survival: it cannot be attributed to his careful living.

He's a dapper dresser, and always the gentleman. Warwick is often seen in his "liquor-stained brothel creepers" (his old suede shoes). This almost poetic descriptive ability of his has provided his numerous friends with many hours of merriment. Herbiisms are often quoted, but lacking Herbie's own inimitable style, somehow lose something.

One of the nicest guys in our year, we wish him well and hope to "sink many more tubes" with him in the years to come.



BRIAN HORAN

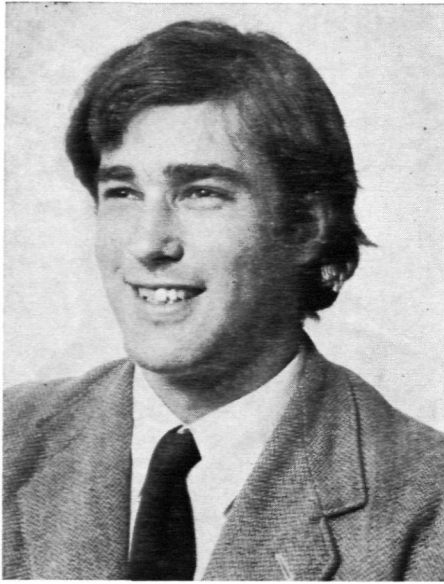
Brian has always astounded us by his varied interests and abilities. He will be well remembered for his speeches at the year dinners; forward play in the medicine football team; case presentations based upon the Karma Sutra; hasty exits from the nurses' home; trekking in India and Nepal during the elective term and question picking in exams.

Brian's interests include good books, pizzas, red wine, log fires and country shacks or sloops and heated discussions not necessarily in that order, but preferably all together.

With modesty, a keen interest and sensitive understanding for others as well as a Steven Potter sense of humour, Brian cannot help but to succeed.

Sounds fair!





ANTHONY "NUGGET" HOWELL

Dishevelled and rating low on the couth scale, Nugget gives himself away with his woollen ties, checked shirts, and tabless cords.

His five-stringed guitar, water bombs and deviously fused bungers; his dreaded space rolls, nocturnal insomnia and that faithful old trick which should have worked again made North Shore a hazard.

His performances at the hospital revues were spontaneous, and his solid Rugby was welcomed by both hospital and university. He helped row a surfboat to fifth in Australia.

Always obliging, Nugget enthusiastically would help Sisters drive their electric trolleys, correct his fluid balance and liberally dispense his mother's Green Capstans.

He consistently charmed the nurses, sisters, patients, cleaners and colleagues with a sensitivity unsurpassed and unswayable principles.

They all wish him well.

ROBERT HOWMAN-GILES

Medicine revealed an unequalled talent for avoiding the hot seat in tutorials, and the uncanny knack for hiding a great deal of knowledge under a barrage of "sort ofs".

Eating } Devotion to them resulted in increasing abdominal girth and
Drinking } decreasing cellar.

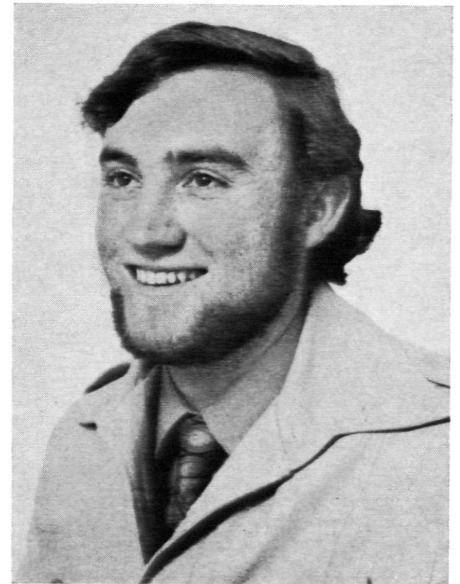
Incurable devotee of the romantic style, French wines, gourmet foods, theatre, and the sexual exploits of the Australian Aboriginal.

Conservative: Rusting beard, giant tongue, beat up Krautwagen.

In Fifth Year he ceased to play like the rest, a pretty young wife soon appeared.

Now he's noted for speedy departures. When we see the "talent" we cry "what a body!". Rob says: "Gotta go home!" He appears to be flourishing, regardless.

Even a man of such diverse talents should find his niche in medicine.



JOSEPH HUNG (BIG JOE)

"How many times do you pass your bowels each day?"

Here is a man with many rare and enviable qualities—always happy, cheerful and laughing, a keen squash player, understands physiology and loves chewing seaweeds during lectures—effects of "seaweedosis" not yet manifest.

He is also noted for driving the illustrious "Hung-mobile" (a chronically cyanosed, iron-deficient Ford Falcon), which is now known to have sired another wreck before its surely soon expected and rusty death.

We have all come to know Joe as a warm, kind-hearted and good friend. With his excellent past academic achievements (D's and C's) and outlook on life, he is assured of no less than success. We wish him well.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER HUNTER

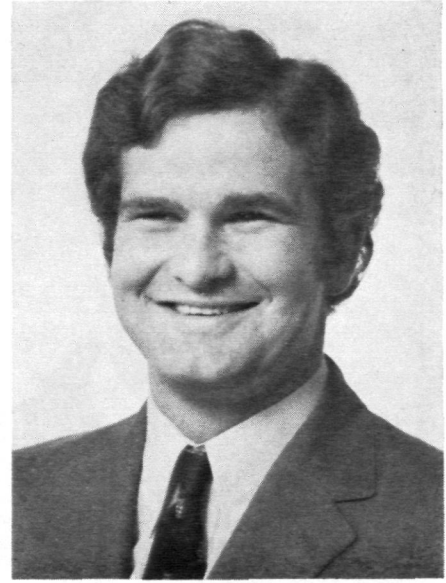
"How about a few yagoonas, boys?"

Roars from a hairy, boiler-suited giant, hanging from the wall during the Second Year Dinner speeches, introduced many of us to "Fats". The image persisted, as this benign thug became more familiar to us.

A long trail of empty beer-cans and cigarette packets, dismantled taxi meters, and battered rugby players testify to his hard-hitting, lusty approach to life, while beneath the rough exterior is a married, basically pro-establishment man with an enviable academic record.

Chris's honest friendliness in his relations with others, together with his deep understanding of the principles of medical science, will make him a thoroughly safe and trustworthy guide for his future patients.

We wish him well.



GLYNIS ANNE JOHNS (GLAD)

"Divine Perfection of a Woman."

A woman of glowing temperament, Glad is an ardent individualist who lives life to the hilt (and has never regretted an inch of it).

Gloriously vulgar ("I've never been asked to drop *those* before!"), her good-natured spontaneity and scandalous asides have given us all a bit of a lift, at one time or another.

Her enthusiasms are broadly based. She delights in her flute, concerts, Donne, frangipannies, and Indonesian cooking.

May the gods grant all her wishes in paradise.

JENNIFER SUSAN JONES

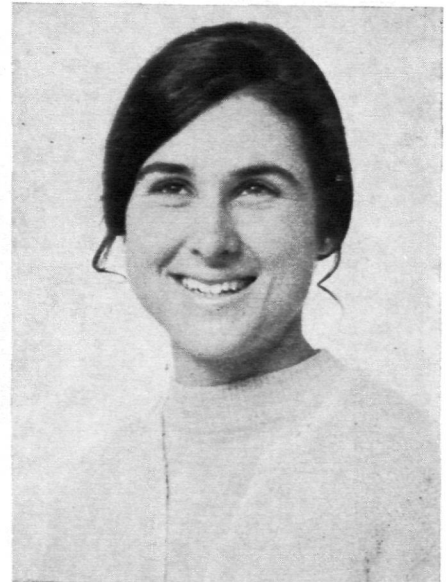
"What a famous name."

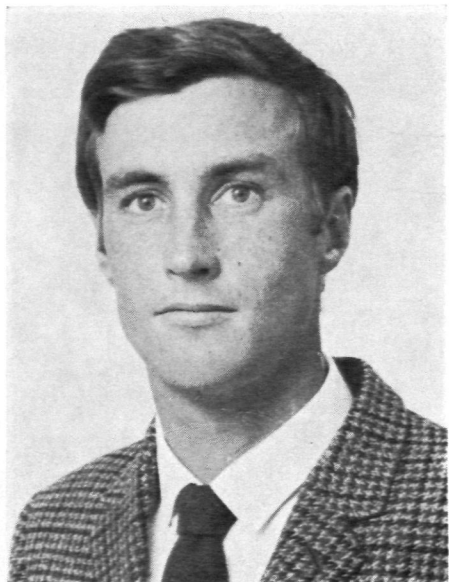
A soft-spoken young lady, educated in German and Swiss schools, Altrincham County Grammar School for Girls, Cheshire, and Lyneham High, Canberra, arrived in Second Year with the Canberra elite.

The next three years were characterized by an air of mystery associated with the cloistered corridors of G.F.S., where as respectable senior student, she subversively condoned the activity of the underground liberation movement.

Release came in Fifth Year—the real Jenny appeared, particularly to those who lived in with her at Crown Street and also to those who visited Raleigh Street.

Final Year, after her fling in Fiji, she has become a hard-working student again. We hope she will keep her good record of credits in all important subjects.





PETER WILLIAM KELLEHER

Peter was a product of Macksville High on the North Coast. He succumbed to the lure of the surf at an early age and virutally grew up on a surfboard. Beginning Uni in 1966, he continued his surfing interests and was a vice-president of the Uni Board Riders' Club. He was also a selector, so it was no small surprise when named in inter-²varsity teams.

In elective term he had the ideal set up at Lismore Hospital, where after being served breakfast he would decide, depending on the weather, whether to go surfing or spend the day at the hospital.

Despite all the surfing, even in Final Year, Pete is a good worker and should do well in whatever branch of medicine he chooses.

CHRISTOPHER McCARTHY

"I'm just going to jab you with a pin."

With his youthful Peter Pan appearance and guiltless grin, Chis has won the heart of even his most formidable adversary, the obstetrics sister. With his hopelessly deranged biological clock he found burning the midnight oil, and arriving inevitably and apologetically late for lectures, quite easy.

Twisting his questions with guile and finesse, Chris has reduced an exasperated tutor to the point of tears. In a flurry of records and radiographs, the circus atmosphere of his flighty and flamboyant ward rounds includes desperate sisters, innocently bystandng honoraries, and often a bewildered patient.

Notwithstanding, Chris has great warmth and understanding for his patients, and his considerable talent and ingenuity will certainly take him far in his future career.



MARGARET MURIEL MACKAY

Students and staff alike have been fascinated by Margaret's soft Scottish brogue. And with it, too, she enticed her lucky patients to tell all. No wonder her case histories were definitive!

Margaret could often be found by the coffee machine, gathering strength for the next academic onslaught. And it was there that we went to talk to her, borrow her reliable notes, taken with painstaking care, and to find out "What's on next?". She generously shared all and cheered us with her unexpected giggle.

We hope Margaret doesn't take her skills back to Scotland—her friends from Medicine would miss her.

ANNETTE MAY McNAUGHT

"Stan, don't do that to me."

India has shaped many dainty, graceful, yet fiery and academically successful women. So, too, our Annette, alias "Netty", "Rosie", "Legs", "Naughty" and latest Rebus special of "Zero", who beneath a tiny frame hides a bold and huge spirit. For three years she single-handedly coped with the boys of Group 2, shaping and moulding them into the gentlemen they now are?

Annette was a faithful occupant from dawn to dusk of her very own "Netty's corner" in the library, but emerged periodically with the patter of bare feet and giggles, to the coffee machine below.

She will achieve much with her quiet persistence, and be the backbone of her great man.



ALAN MATTHEWS

Alan came from Dubbo to medicine by way of Wesley College many years ago. After completing three years of medicine with distinction, he sought wider horizons in the Faculty of Arts, an escapade lasting four years. Medicine, however, waited patiently for his return, a wiser man with, incidentally, an honours degree in history. Some of us were privileged to witness the prodigious amount of work performed as he wrote a brilliant thesis, revised all his preclinical work, and at the same time kept up with the Junior Med. IV course. Alan's capacity for hard work, his wide intellectual interests and his sensitive understanding of people, have made him a stimulating friend and colleague and will ensure success for the future.

LLOYD JAMES MILLER

"It wasn't a fight, it was a hockey match."

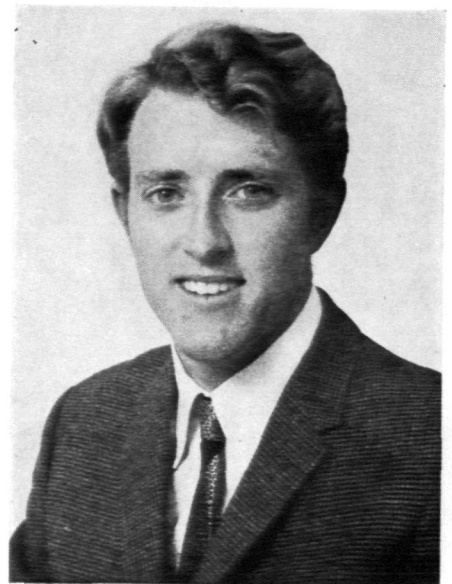
Lloyd stands out for his sporting ability, being a first-grade hockey player who has played inter-varsity with success on several occasions.

On the hospital scene he became well known for his ability and enthusiasm for table tennis.

Having spent elective term doing orthopaedics in New Zealand and being exposed to much mayhem on the hockey field, he is in the position to build up a lucrative practice in traumatic surgery when he graduates.

On the academic side, Lloyd has progressed smoothly to Final Year in the minimum time, collecting some credits on the way.

His outstanding achievement in tutorials this year was his ability to detect pulsations in the digital arteries of a patient with a fracture.





GRAEME WILLIAM MORGAN

"30 mgm. of Amytal completely castrates me!"

Graeme joined us from pharmacy and the Parramatta Rugby Club — where he played 85 first grade games.

He soon discovered that the female gluteus was a football reincarnated. The girls at North Shore will sure have a hard job forgetting his charm and compulsive gluteal patting.

Throughout Med he has neatly side-stepped marriage — by his own admission at least seven former girlfriends have become engaged — remaining faithful to his Italian love affair — a Fiat 1500.

Though no one was quite sure where Morgie came from — Italy? Greece? Israel? — with ambitions of general practice and later on medical directorship of a pharmaceutical company, one feels quite sure he knows where he is going.

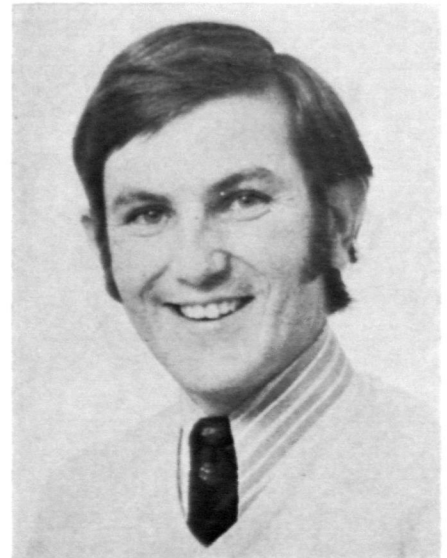
ROBERT FRANK NIGHTINGALE

"Take it easy, boy."

Descending on Sydney from the Central West in his tender youth, Bob adapted rapidly to the big smoke, but decided to attend the country club for his clinical years. Though he will probably be remembered for a spectacular entrance and even more spectacular departure from Vindin House, Bob is much more commonly seen in the wards, swapping obscurities with the "whippy" medical staff.

When the pressure gets too much, Bob mobilizes aggression by taxi-driving on sunny Sunday afternoons or escapes to the quiet reaches of a country spread on the Hawkesbury.

Bob is also known for his proficiency at bridge, an attendance at "green?" movies, and his ability to absorb facts, a feature that will assist him greatly in his career.



PETER WILLIAM NOYCE

"Medicine is merely a matter of lists."

After a colourful career at Barker, Peter ("Noyce" to his friends) has emerged from the ruck as one of our most formidable characters. The now familiar picture of the awkward giant, crashing through the lecture room door, juggling crumpled coat, salad rolls, coffee, assorted notes (but never a pad), *Playboy*, Hamilton Bailey, and an empty cigarette packet, is dear to us all.

Gentlemanly successes have been attained at academic, sporting and nursing staff levels. Peter spent his elective term in the United States, whence he returned with mystic tales of new diagnostic tests: EKG's, serum lead, etc. His well balanced programme of work and play is an example for us all.

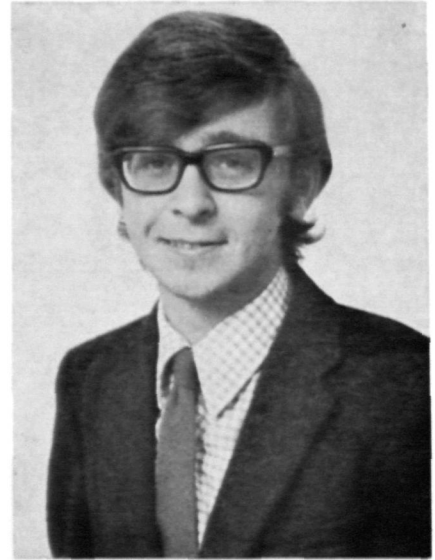


LINDSAY PATTERSON

In the preclinical years Lindsay was the fellow who would arrive at the Hunterian Lecture Theatre, dyspnoeic, at 10.20, take out his lunch, eat it, and then furiously take down the second half of the second lecture of the morning verbatim.

His status as one of the greatest characters at R.N.S.H. derives from his penchant for scarves, his F.J. Holden, his summaries of Harrison, Jeffcoate *et alii*, his obsession for John Gary records, and his impeccable yachting dress (sand-shoes, coat, tie and the inevitable scarf), and culminated in his ordeal one night in Med. V, stumbling myopically around the quarters, white flesh glistening in the moonlight, begging for someone to unlock a door and let him in.

An excellent companion!



DAVID JOHN PLAYFAIR

"Now just a minute, just a minute . . ."

Dave, like many, has had a chequered career. He has battled his way through the years, in or on motor-bikes, beat-up "Vee Dubs" and now a trail bike. At the hospital he has been known to cause minor havoc. Just when the tutor has the group convinced, some penetrating question takes tutor and all back to the drawing board to reorganize their thinking. A cabby of repute, his retort that "traffic lights are to help the flow of traffic and I'm just helping" doesn't calm the startled passenger as Dave screams through, orange light changing to red. Since handing out his Burmese cigars, we all hope his beard catches fire, but we wish him luck as well!

STEPHEN WALKER PRESCOTT

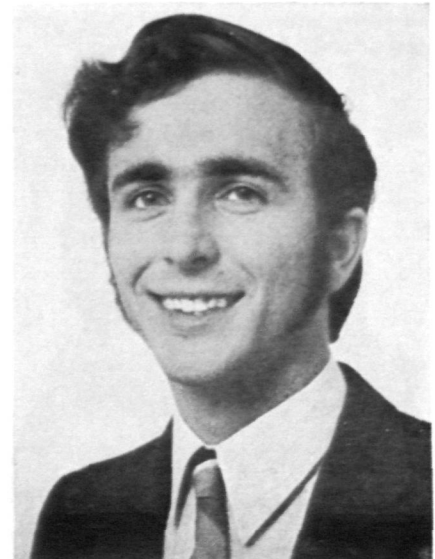
"Do we have a fourth, Man?"

Steve's dedication was a fine example. Undaunted by hours of concentration, his enthusiasm for bridge was unsurpassed.

The psychological trauma of a period in downtown Chippendale was partly compensated for by his discovery of spaghetti. Surviving recurrent "dermatitis bitumena" (a condition common to motor-cyclists), and many cold night rides to the heart of the nation, Steve acquired a vehicle fit for a queen; and married soon thereafter.

Whether singing in choral concerts, playing guitar blues or bushwalking, Steve enjoyed the good life, but tempered it with sufficient study, encouraged by a foot in his back in the small hours.

Steve's attitude to life was demonstrated by his first skiing trip. Pointing his skis downhill, nothing could stop him.





JENEFER HELEN SHAVER (née HYDE)

"Ah . . . ah . . . tishoo!"

Presenting with: Superbly musical sneeze, Jenny is capable, confident and eloquent—presenting histories that are noted as masterpieces.

Past: Includes a B.A. in English.

Present: We think of Jenny—who, cool and aloof, handled expertly that woman-hating dermatologist!—who floated for weeks "on cloud nine" after engagement call from Istanbul and Canadian wedding; announcing occasionally, her intentions to "drop in on Medicine for the next week!"

Personal: As a result of her genuine interest in, and concern for others, Jenny has countless friends. Hence our plans to hire a call-service to answer her innumerable phone calls while living-in!

Prognosis: With her rare ability to enjoy even the simplest aspect of living, Jenny's prognosis for life of the highest quality is excellent.

CHRISTOPHER SOCHAN

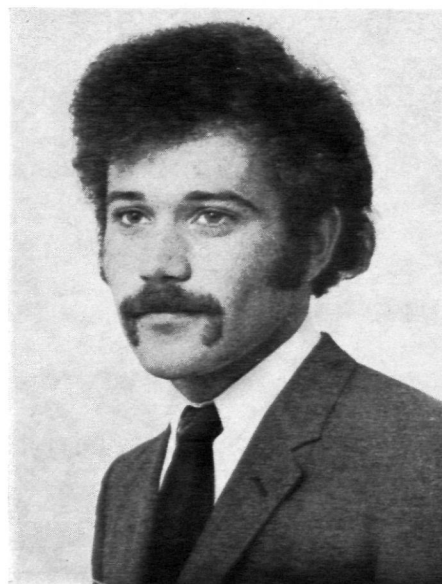
"The love of life — the life of love."

Among his friends, Chris is best known for his zest for living—he invariably infuses life into any situation, no matter how dull.

His interests are wide-ranging, from an almost fanatical pursuit of world history to a never-ending healthy interest in the fairer sex.

His infamous encounter with the Psychiatry Department has had great significance in the foundation of his future.

Krystian has the "soul" of an intellectual and medicine for him is just the beginning of a very fulfilling future.



CHRISTINE JILLIAN SPENCE

"He's a darling."

Tremendous enthusiasm for all things medical, including male tutors, year dinners, conventions in far-off States, exudes from Chris at all times. With a wide grin, she dashes from one to the other attired in her famous scoop necks and mini-skirts. Always ready to make a fourth, she has occasionally been known to relax from study.

But Chris has not been content with being happy herself. She has cared for us all by pouring energy and indefatigable organizing ability into her duties as year representative and group leader (successive years). The climax of her achievements was in populating overseas hospitals with travelling students during elective term.

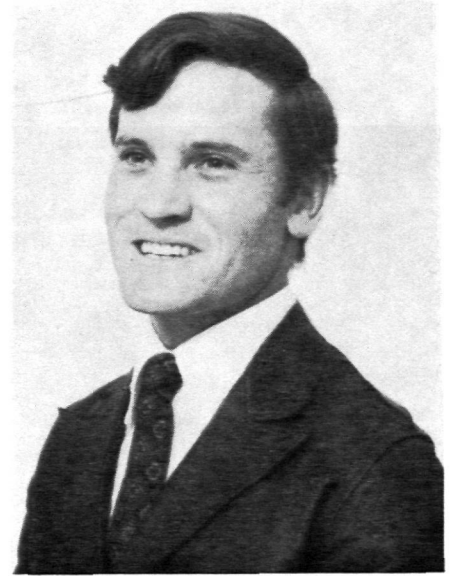
All of us give three cheers for Chris!

IAN SPENCER

Elective term itinerant, Medic in the 1st Field Ambulance, sometime opening batsman for the University 4ths, bar-tender, student observer at the College of General Practitioners' Convention in 1970—these are just some of the roles Ian has squeezed into the last six years, from which he emerges with an inclination for a general practice, somewhere in the bush.

Throughout the course Ian has tackled the work with the determination and persistence characteristic of his attitude to all he takes up.

His likes include Kabul in winter time, Peter Nero, Calcutta at election time, his mouthorgan, pædiatrics, "The Orient" (as in "The Brooklyn"), obstetrics, golf, chappatis rice and dahl, the Orient (i.e. Asia) and he found the water-skiing at Penrith pleasant in Junior Med. V.



DAVID ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND

Dave will be remembered as a man of many facets. He was to patients—a ready listener; in casualty—an imaginative doctor; as a patient—a willing guinea-pig for his fellow students; on his Honda—a generous but hair-raising lift home; as an harmonica player—a keen addition to any jam session; and as a sailor—an organizer of some great days sailing on Sydney Harbour (and even after the broken mast, torn sail and running aground we *still* had complete faith in him).

Dave's other interests lie somewhere between naval hyperbaric oxygen units and scuba diving equipment. We were not surprised to find that he had spent elective term combining professional abalone fishing and solo medical practice in New Zealand—and survived!

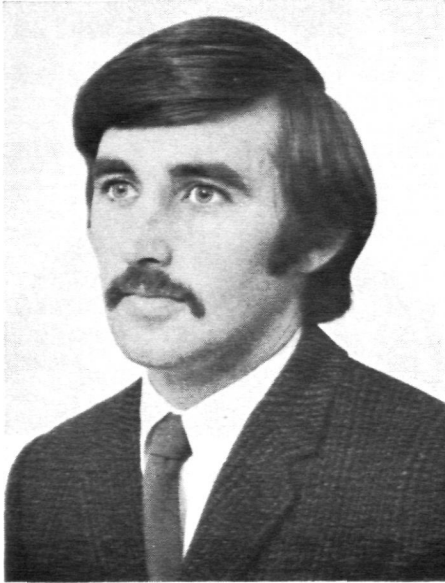
JANINE MARGOT THOMSON

"What's your problem?"

Auscultator extraordinaire, Presbyterian by-product, temperamental motorist, liberationist—was she all or just some of these? To most of us she was "Thomo"—without the "p", but with hockey-stick in hand, which she wielded with gusto in earlier years. Later she was weaned to golf but only on the fairways furthest from the clubhouse.

The clinical years were not easy for Jan; firstly, a blind tutor thought she was a deaf student and breathed some cardiology into her with considerable halitosis, then the big "d" struck at Crown Street, and accusations of belligerency were rife in Final Year. But she survived, and with patient encouragement and maturity of years, or perhaps in spite of these, she retained her exuberance and enviable femininity.





PETER DESMOND CHRISTOPHER WARD ("WART")

"Oh, eat your heart out!"

With deep regret the friends and tutors of this well-loved student wish to announce his untimely graduation. Known to his friends as seborrhœic (he was always well oiled) he became a source of information on anything obscure. Perhaps his student career was climaxed in his winning of the dermatology prize. Well-known was his attempt to convert the hospital to the metric system — unfortunately not accomplished before he passed on. He is mourned by his loving warden and several affectionate nurses. One is sure that his zest for knowledge and his infectious wit will carry him to great things. May he practice in peace!

SARAH ELISABETH WEAVER (née STURGESS)

Sarah (Stirrer) left SCEGGS Darlington and made her way into Med. I. After a successful First Year and a pause in Second Year, she spent Third Year "studying" on the third floor of Fisher.

Hospital life has provided Sarah with the opportunity to further many of her interests. She has shown herself to be remarkably proficient in several fields of medicine, notably cardiology (always ready to make up a four) and gastroenterology (cheesey-toast making interspersed with bouts of hæmatemesis).

We're glad to see that after having the greatest number of L-plates at North Shore, she has not only learnt to weave her way through traffic, but to Weaver way through life, and we wish her well in whichever road she follows.



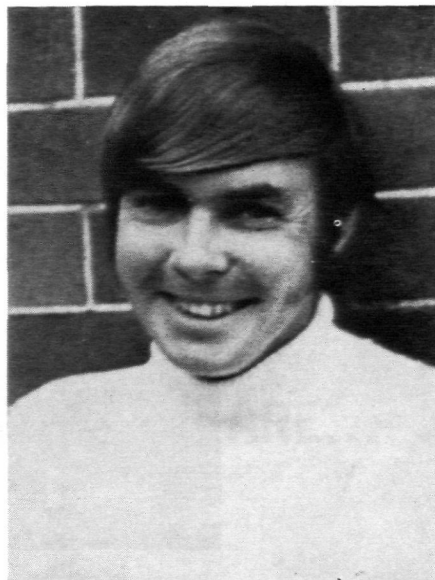
BRUCE MACGREGOR WHYTE

*"You're Dr. Whyte's son, aren't you?"
"Yes. Who are you?!"*

A well-placed confidence in his own ability to extricate himself from sticky situations has given "Juicy" a careful action-packed passage through his student days.

Though achieving some fame as a "sportsman", his devotion to "The Good Life" with heavy leanings towards past likes, blondes and extended holidays, and an alert, if somewhat misguided, mind, made him an obvious selection as an organizer of elective term activities.

While Adelaide conventioners may remember Bruce's ability to lob beer-cans into an empty Brisbane swimming pool from 60 paces, we who know him better think of him more as a well-rounded, self-assured character, and someone who will set, and achieve, his own goals in medicine.



JENNIFER WILLIAMS (née LITCHFIELD)

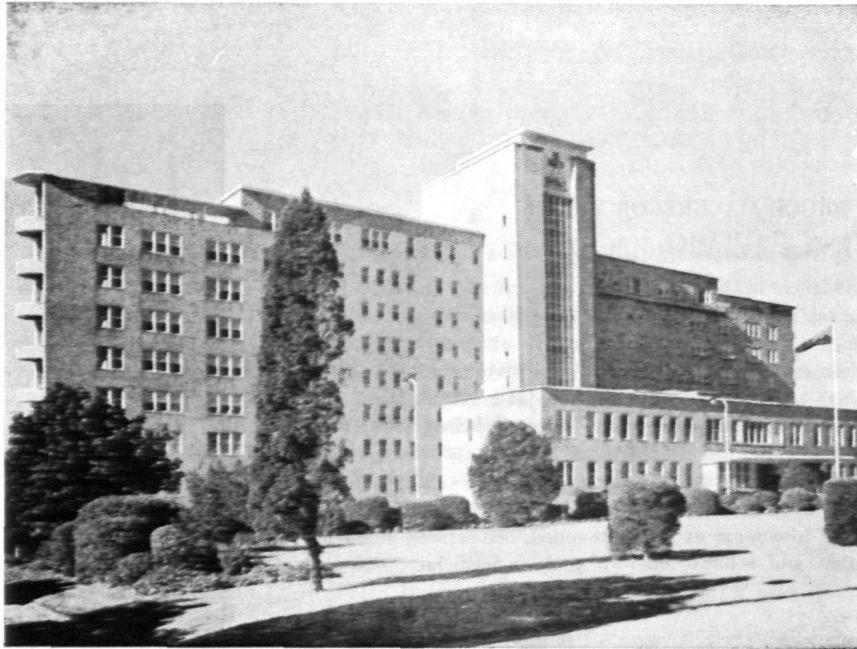
"That is what I meant to say."

A stalwart members of the species "Avis Medica Erotica et Neurotica", Jenny's activities during her university career have been widespread and varied.

She sang in two inter-'varsity choral festivals, where she was acclaimed "Queen of the Boat Race"; attended many operas, ballets and concerts; grew her hair; learned the guitar; repeatedly gave up smoking; played bridge with fanatic zeal and was a welcome participant in numerous outings and holidays.

She has earned a warm place in many of our memories.

Jenny asked me to write of her gently,
But ideas in my head rattled empty,
When her call for five hearts
Put some strain on my parts,
So I voided and then I had plenty.



REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

It is not easy to see "Concord" from the student's point of view when one has worked there for twenty-five years. In the big hospitals of Great Britain, the students form an integral part of the character of the institution, c.f. "Doctor in the House". It is only slightly less so with the older teaching hospitals of Sydney. One is happy to say that you and the men and women who preceded you have established a place for yourselves, making a definite and important contribution here.

At a repatriation hospital one might readily imagine that the main aim is to establish or disprove a man's Entitlement or worthiness for a pension, that treatment comes second. Though high-powered, scientific treatment and investigation are not, as it were, in the front window compared with the "other" hospitals, they are being made increasingly available

to all patients. Your presence here has been one of the stimulating factors in this. We look forward to each new group and take a personal interest in your progress and final achievements. Your criticisms and questions are welcome.

It is hoped that the personal relationships between the staff and patients at "Concord" will help you to look on your future patients as persons and not simply as bed numbers. They will look to you for help, not only as trained and constantly informed doctors, but as people with whom they can discuss problems which are only indirectly related to their bodily complaints. This applies to all fields of medical practice. While you must continue with your education all your professional lives you must, at the same time, develop your humanity and understanding.

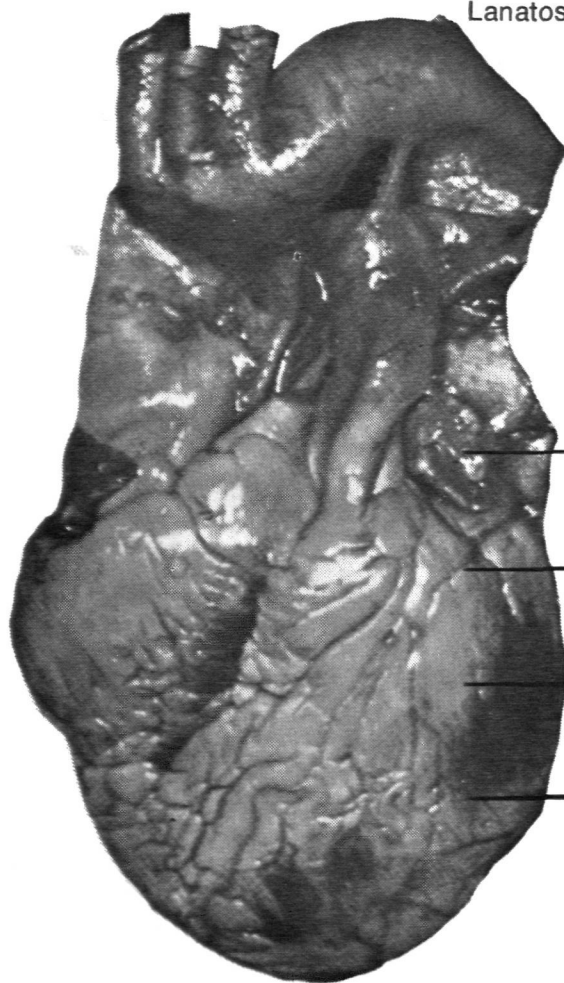
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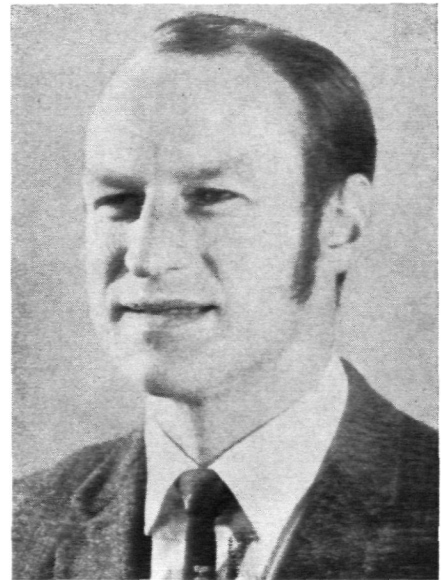
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THE HONORARIES

PETER TAYLOR ANDERSON

"Tell me more . . ."

Final Year's first introduction to Peter came during Fifth Year surgery term, in the role of Prof. Pheils' right-hand man. He is a dynamic young surgeon, who readily encourages the student on the odd occasion that he is right and "shoots him down" when he is wrong. Peter has impressed us with his efforts to get to know us by name, rather than just treat us as seven faceless students. He has used the approach of encouraging us to quickly answer his never-ending succession of questions as a training exercise for the exams at the end of the year—we hope we can show by our results that these efforts have been worthwhile.



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"I introduced that drug to Sydney."

It soon became obvious that Dr. Conomy possessed a vast amount of detailed information about all things medical and most other matters as well, and hence his tutorials were not to be missed or slept through.

More valuable, however, was the emphasis he placed on clinical medicine, stressing the importance of checking the J.V.P. before cardiac catheterization and of performing urinalysis before renal arteriography. He also reminded us to regard every patient as an individual rather than a diagnostic curiosity, a fact overlooked by many.

Unperturbed by a series of blank looks and wrong answers, he always seemed to believe that eventually we would know the right answers, and thanks in no small part to Dr. Conomy, we may.



Senior Lecturer in Medicine:

NEIL DAVID GALLAGHER

"Perhaps the students could come closer?"

Being ever conscious of the need to encourage reluctant students, the Senior Lecturer in Medicine (R.G.H.C.) is often heard exhorting them to the fore at the Thursday Clinical Meeting, where he acts as Sir William Morrow's "left-hand man", on occasions. Such encouragement, though often met with minimal response, is appreciated by all.

Dr. Gallagher's cynical smile in response to student behaviour is famed throughout the Hospital and was never more prominent than the day he explained that "smothered yawns were easily diagnosed by the increased watering of the eyes".

No doubt often exasperated by his students, Dr. Gallagher nevertheless gives much time to Fifth and Sixth Year teaching, amongst heavy clinical and research commitments.

Sixth Year 1971 extend commiserations and much thanks.



Clinical Supervisor in Surgery:

STANLEY GEORGE KOOREY

Mr. Koorey became known to us as Clinical Supervisor while extolling the virtues of R.G.H. Concord as a teaching hospital during a guided tour for prospective students. (Well it *was* a good view from the top of the multi-storied building!)

As a surgical tutor he was later to skilfully guide us through a maze of masses, hernias and varicose veins, all the while on the lookout for the elusive "café au lait" spot. On many occasions working with his back to the wall (in the hallway, that is), Mr. Koorey patiently tried to extract from us a differential diagnosis of "that lump", not always successfully.

We thank him for his helpful teaching and his organizational work as Clinical Supervisor, both of which brought a greater appreciation of surgery within our grasp.

DOUGLAS CAMERON MACKENZIE

"The Boy Mindles!"

Doug Mackenzie is notorious for his ability to extract the desired response from patients in the briefest possible time. This attention to his patients is only exceeded by his attention to his attire which greatly enhances those gold-rimmed spectacles on the end of his nose. His exhortations to make the examiner laugh with you, not at you, have as yet proved unfruitful, we fear! No two tutorials of Doug Mackenzie were the same, and anyhow the four of his were worth ten others.

Thanks, Mr. Mackenzie, you were good value!



ALAN EDWARD MCGUINNESS

"What does Albert think of you?"

At first we thought we had a formidable tutor in Dr. McGuinness. Our histories were torn to shreds and laid at our feet, our examination technique scorned at, our limited medical knowledge shot down in flames. And there were all those merciless questions that kept coming at us, endlessly, sifting, searching, cajoling and the glaring disbelief that followed. But it was plain to see that Dr. McGuinness was a dedicated teacher, genuinely interested in imparting to us a little of his vast knowledge and experience. And heaven knows he tried!

Our thanks to Dr. McGuinness for his dynamic tutorials and for showing us all how to think.

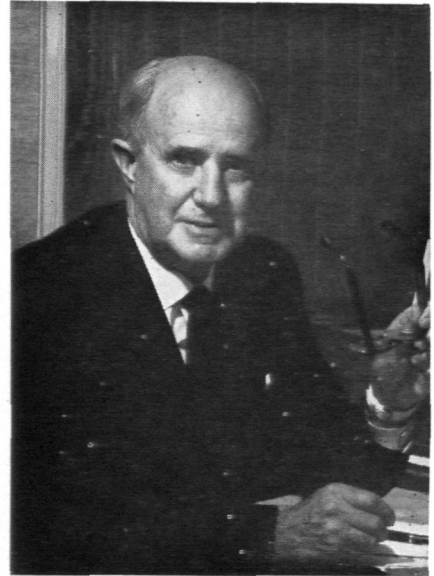


SIR WILLIAM MORROW

We met Sir William in Final Year and were impressed by his methodical and gentlemanly approach to his patients. He never failed to keep us informed about the latest concepts in therapeutics. Not only did he teach us the latest methods of treatment, but he also gave us the background against which certain therapeutic measures evolved.

Medicine was not the only topic discussed at his tutorials, he gave us a fascinating insight in the way medicine was used to win over the natives and hence the war, in Papua-New Guinea.

We consider ourselves fortunate to be among those who have had the privilege of being taught by such an eminent physician.



JOHN PATRICK O'NEILL

"Write down your diagnosis and don't tell anyone . . . What did you write?"

Having returned from months of surgical abstinence and fraught with trepidation at our first meeting with Mr. O'Neill, our introduction to this true gentleman was eased by his pleasant manner. His simple, quiet, but methodical approach was most refreshing and his tutorials exerted a psychotherapeutic effect on distraught students by subtly correcting surgical delusions. His silent watchfulness during our physical examinations allowed us to sink deep into diagnostic confusion but, having stressed us even further by requesting a written diagnosis, he then proceeded to elucidate the condition. His tutorials have been instrumental in crystallizing our surgical knowledge and for this we thank him.

Associate Professor of Surgery:

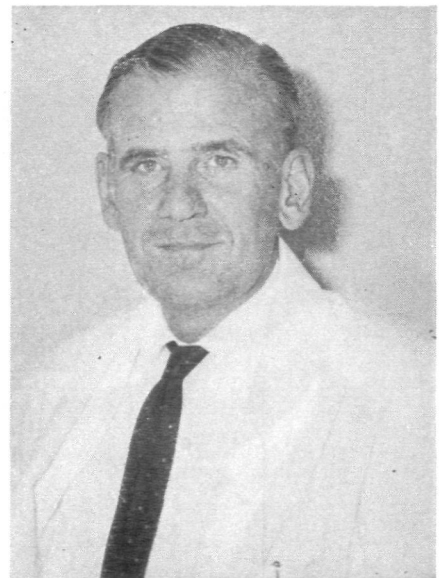
MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

"Come along and have a look at this, lads — and you, too, Val."

This supersurgeon, cleverly disguised as a mild-mannered emigrant from a leading London hospital, has surely won the hearts of all who have been privileged to be his students. He is widely known and praised for his research into many facets of abdominal surgery, and the diversity of his academic interests has even extended to include a controlled personal clinical trial of elastic stockings which are tested under critical conditions of partial gastrectomies and other "long-standing" operations.

Professor Pheils' teaching sessions were noted for their clarity and their conciseness, yet they were never superficial. With the aid of carefully prepared slides, he led us bravely and boldly through the frightening fog of fissures, fistulas and fæcoliths.

We, his students, salute him, a fine teacher and a true gentleman.





ROBERT PETER SILVERTON

"To hell with Bailey and Love."

This somewhat radical approach to surgery has been more than justified by the amount of knowledge this dapper surgeon has instilled into his students. One wonders what other radical approaches he has made to surgery which could possibly explain that missing terminal phalanx on his right index finger (a story not fit for student ears?).

Radicalism becomes extremism when Mr. Silverton's punctuality is considered. Always found waiting (not with eager expectation I fear, but with no little trepidation) for that explosive arrival of students, wandering in. He is often disappointed when the clock strikes nine.

We thank you, Sir.

Clinical Supervisor in Medicine:

ANN JANET WOOLCOCK

"Medicine is learnt in the wards."

This year we were fortunate in getting Ann as our Clinical Supervisor in Medicine. Even before the start of this academic year, many of us had heard of her arrival—and her organizing ability. She immediately won us over with her irresistible charm, exuberant enthusiasm and ever-present willingness to help.

Although none of us have met her on an individual basis as would be afforded by tutorials, she has, with the aid of guest lecturers and the hospital registrars, infused new life into our clinical medicine teaching. Our only regret is that she was not with us in previous years, and we hope all her future plans meet with every success.



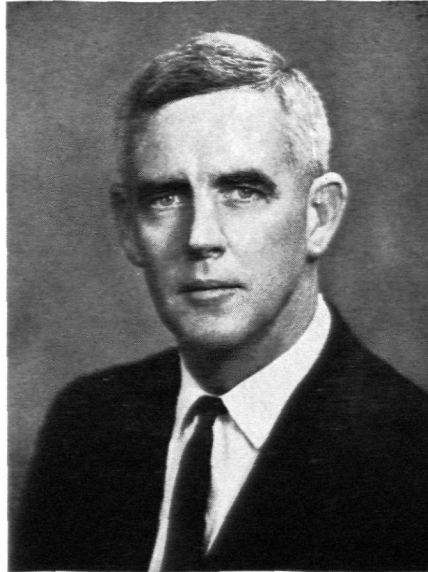
NORMAN RICHARD WYNDHAM

"I've questioned students before, you know!"

It all started with a carnation, way back in Med II, when we were led through a bewildering psychedelia of proctodæum, stomatodæum, allantois and cloaca by this distinguished gentleman.

Was it any wonder, then, that our second encounter with "Normie" in our Final Year produced an acute reaction as we tried so hard to recall what he had taught us so well? But this was short-lived and as the days came and went, we quickly became acquainted with the philosophy of this surgeon as he patiently trained us to understand the intricacies of head and neck, coloured by vivid accounts of past experiences and perfused with an underlying theme of humanity in therapy. For this, we are ever grateful.

Obituary



ALAN HUGH GIBSON

Hugh Gibson entered medicine after serving in the Royal Australian Air Force from 1943 to 1946, and graduated with Honours in 1952. For four years he was Resident Medical Officer and Medical Registrar at Royal North Shore Hospital and in 1957 he came to the Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, where he worked for the rest of his life.

At Concord he always played a vital part in the life of the hospital. As a cardiologist he was respected by all for his clinical astuteness, his straightforward approach and his care for the welfare of his patients. He supported the Medical Officers' Club by his active participation both on and off the sporting field, and he made a lasting impression on those fortunate enough to be associated with him over the years.

The sudden death of Hugh Gibson was a sad loss for his hospital and his friends. He will be remembered always as an honest man, a loyal friend and a good doctor.

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

During our First Year at this "be-pensioned" establishment, several surgeons ably instructed us in the examination of lumps and bumps, with special attention to B.C.C.'s and hernias:

MR. HEALEY: An intrepid fire-engine driver and possessor of a vast cellar, Ray Healey the surgeon often disagreed with our surgical diagnoses. However, we were usually convinced that he was right by the assurance: "I don't know why it's a —, it just feels like it."

MR. HUGHES: A familiar figure seen hurrying up six flights of stairs ("I'm a little hypoglycæmic") to take his Fourth Year group, after being "delayed at Balmain". His popularity with the weaker sex ensured that in this predominantly male desert many visits were made to Ward 410 to see "his ladies".

MR. KOOREY: At this early stage, Stan had the distinction of being the only person around the place known to all of us. We also discovered him willing to discuss melanomas at great length.

MR. MAYDAY: Gil Mayday proved himself to be an excellent tutor and a good friend. His ability to fit any disorder into a detailed classification was amazing and his thoughtfulness to those around him was typified by his warning "back off troops" before doing a P.R.

At the same time, a group of physicians gave us an excellent grounding in systematic physical examination, including listening to the softest of heart murmurs to the background accompaniment of talking visitors and the playing of drums and bagpipes:

DR. EVANS: Our memories of this red-haired gentleman-tutor will always be dyspnoic as we recall the six-storey stair-climb to maintain the health of our coronary arteries.

DR. JAMES: Took us for picnics to Ward 30 and always insisted on doing ankle jerks, but at the same time still managed to teach us something during his tutorials.

DR. NOBLE: Despite the occasional worry about his image ("Dear boy, who taught you your Fourth Year Medicine?"), this gentlemanly cardiologist's tutorials were always extremely thorough, although at times our level of knowledge did not reflect this ("Is this a home for retarded medical students?").

DR. ROYLE: Besides shooting X-rays, he was the pistol-packing physician of Concord, his characteristic reaction to incorrect answers being to shoot the offending student down with his blazing forefinger. He impressed us with his down-to-earth approach to teaching, stressing always the fundamentals and a sense of humour (he needed that!).

During the half of Fifth Year spent at Concord, a great variety of intensive short-term techniques of instruction were tried on us in an endeavour to give us a working knowledge of the various "specialties":

PROFESSOR GYE: A "très fine" gentleman and a great guy who, despite the intricacies of his field, did anything but bore us in our head-on encounters with neurosurgery.

ROSS DUNN: A legend in the Repat., Ross has spent many years assuring countless Diggers that "You'll be right, Champ!"

DAVE PERRY: Always keen to help and teach students—whether by letting them look down his bronchoscope, or by comforting comments ("You've scraped the bottom of the barrel, Pal, but now you're digging around underneath it").

DR. BYERS AND DR. O'LEARY: The two most responsible for our not dying anaesthetic deaths.

DR. DAVIES AND DR. WOOLCOCK: Conducted a whirlwind guided tour through each other's ears, nose and throat.

DR. LENNOX AND DR. FINDLATER: Taught us what to look for when confronted with a problem eye to eye—but we saw through them!

DR. LENNON: Acted the perfect host at Wednesday afternoon tea sessions, skilfully directing and re-directing the topic of conversation towards orthopaedics.

DR. CHAMBERS: Cleverly disguised as a mild-mannered psychiatrist, this gentleman has become famed for his schizophrenic anecdotes and his remarkable ability to maintain a straight face during any psychiatric interview.

DR. BEAR: Provided afternoon tea on the verandah, taught us to spell pruritis (??) and showed us that dermatology is more than skin deep.

Final Year. A whole year of depression and paranoia ("But I can't find twenty people who know less than I do!"). The following gentlemen took this last chance to try to teach us something:

PROFESSOR BLACKBURN: Started the week with an 8.30 a.m. mind-search each Monday morning—few could follow closely, but nobody now would deny that it is possible to relate any two symptoms into one disease process and still be right.

PROFESSOR PIPER: Doug was dangerous (if you were late), didactic (if you were wrong) and domineering (if you wouldn't think). We hope he'll leave the "Country Club" a little more often.

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PROFESSOR MCLEOD: A popular and down-to-earth professor, who was always patient and never over-critical at case presentations, and a wealth of information whenever he could get a word in at neurology meetings.

PROFESSOR STEPHENS: Very good to have had the benefit of a different point of view — we feel Sydney Hospital's loss was our temporary gain.

PETER MAHER: This cigar-smoking, X-ray totin' urologist fascinated us with a stone collection that would gladden the heart of any lapidarist and his little bag of urological trick instruments. We hope we can exhibit retention of the material in his tutorials, which showed marked frequency of radiographs.

DR. MCGARRITY AND DR. MEARES: Their weekly ventures into a field of Medicine rarely seen in this hospital greatly aided our revision (or learning) of O and G.

DR. GRANT: After some years' delay, our knowledge and the management of fractures were finally united.

DR. FAITHFULL AND DR. MATTHEWS: We now may more often see the light — thanks to their tuition (coming at a time when things were blackest) in an art to which we had previously been underexposed.

MR. FURBER: Performed some brief reconstructive surgery on this particular defect in our knowledge.

OTHERS

Especially during Fifth Year surgery term and Final Year medicine term, but during all of the last two years, the Registrars have made a major contribution to our learning. Organized tutorials, impromptu tutorials, knowledge of and willingness to discuss every "interesting case" in the hospital, have been invaluable, not to mention the fact that they are still young enough to remember that students do exams.

Our stay here would not have been nearly as pleasant if it were not for the helpfulness of the sisters (and, of course, nurses). They have allowed us to assail their patients, ordered urine samples to be kept and at times even been over-helpful by telling us diagnoses, while at the same time giving first consideration to patients who were very sick, eating meals, or had visitors.

THE CLINICAL SUPERVISOR'S SECRETARY

JUDY VITENS

"Ummmmmm."

Variouly described as cute, gorgeous, charming, sexy and alas, more lately, "married", Judy has proved to be the proverbial oasis in a desert of bureaucracy and unorganizable students and tutors.

"What would we do without . . ." is a phrase which can be no more aptly applied than to our Student Supervisors' Secretary.

To the unending stream of requests from students and tutors alike, Judy's familiar "Umm — I'll see what I can do" reassures all who know her that the impossible *will* be done, but miracles *may* require a slight compromise.

The Final Year students would like to offer their sincerest thanks for all Judy has done for us and to wish her all the very best in life.



THE STUDENTS

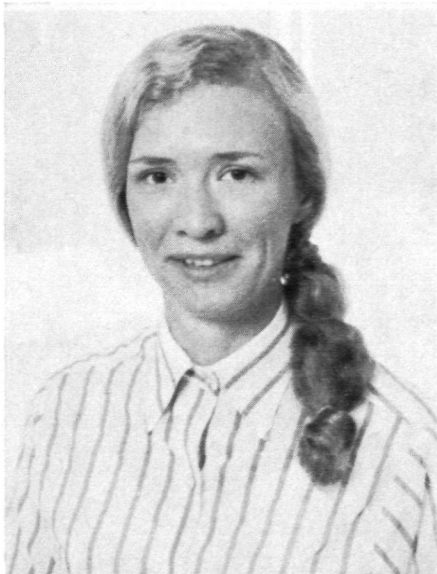


JAMES ALEXANDER BROWN

Alex is one of the few people known to leave a honeymoon early for a Beach Mission. Christianity is an integral part of his life, and he is a calm and tolerant participant in many hot debates on this subject.

We appreciated his musical talent when he presented impromptu concerts at the keyboard while waiting for a tardy lecturer, or guitar accompaniment for a casual singing session. Since he arrived one day with a freshly-blotted marriage certificate, Alex has not neglected the life à deux. Often he would mysteriously disappear from a late ward round—no doubt to enjoy some tasty home-cooking.

Whether he finds his niche in Penright, Parkes or Pakistan, Alex will surely pursue his career with characteristic diligence.



CHRISTINE MARY BUSH

"Ho, Hum . . ."

Chris entered Sydney Medical School after a few years at CSIRO in Canberra and after completing First Year at the Australian National University. Although to outward appearances of a quiet and retiring disposition, her "political" career belied this as she tried to save Glebe from the developers and the rest of the world from war!

Her stay in a modest and religious establishment near the University failed to crush her renegade humanist spirit. Of wide interests, Chris found Philosophy I an absorbing study during Third Year and always enjoyed going to concerts. As times straitened, she survived cheerfully on plain spaghetti and cleaned floors for a pittance. She will make a broad-minded and sympathetic doctor whose success will be well deserved.

ION STEFFN ALEXANDER

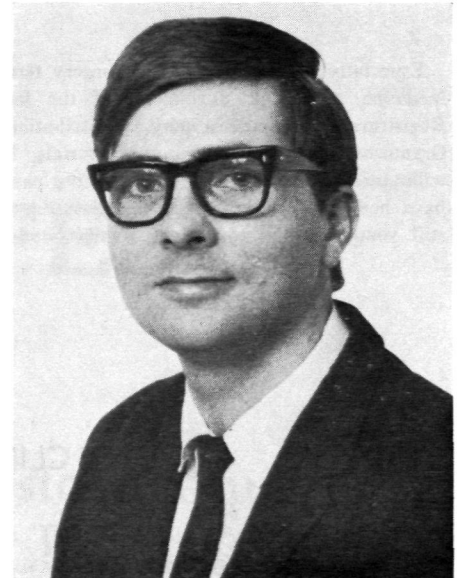
"But better die than live mechanically a life that is a repetition of repetitions."

— D. H. LAWRENCE.

This quotation can be regarded as a précis of Ion's philosophy—a philosophy tinged with scepticism. This scepticism colours his thoughts on life, people and medicine. One can describe him as a dispassionate observer of a world of fools—"learn to play their games better than they and you can win".

He believes that thought, literature and music are important extras to enrich an often intellectually barren world.

After considerable deliberation Ion has finally come to the conclusion that he would like to become a physician—a role which he feels can be intellectually fulfilling.



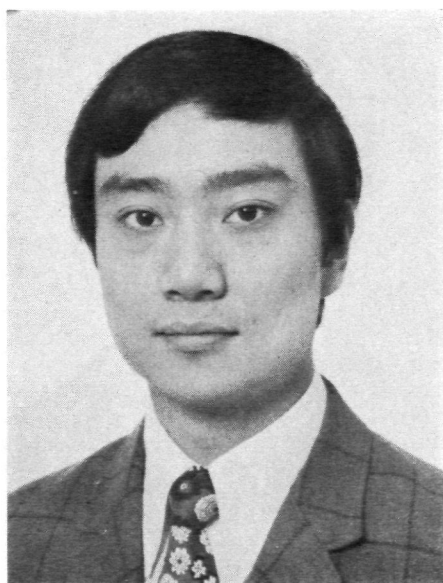
DAVID CHANDLER

"I am not seeing enough patients."

After completing his course in Pharmacy, David decided that a little bit of extra medical knowledge might benefit his practice in pharmacy, and joined us in Second Year. We, hence, are able to benefit constantly from his wealth of knowledge in drug preparations.

His keen interest in Medicine is evident by his frequent visits to the wards and his impressive collection of medical books; although he still insists that the older edition of Harrison is just as good as the new.

With his willingness to learn and to work, we are sure that he will venture far in his field, either as a medically minded pharmacist or as a pharmacologically minded physician.



IGNATIUS WING KAN CHEUNG

"Of course — not!"

With such a reply he made sure he was always right, which is hardly surprising. Ignatius came to us after a successful career at Trinity Grammar and New South Wales University which culminated in his winning this hospital's 1970 proficiency prize.

Little wonder that during ward rounds he had a wealth of knowledge or rather pocket-books? at the tips of his fingers. Apart from being the trend-setter in text-books, he captured everybody's imagination with his frequent change of cars.

We wish this very good friend of ours all the good luck he so rightly deserves and last, but not least, an ever-widening market for the anti-helminthic drugs he is producing in Hong Kong.

PAUL VICTOR CHIDIAC

"Vote 1 Labor . . ."

Paul has been noted for his interest in both medicine and politics, the Labor Movement figuring prominently in the latter. His conscientious approach to life, his work and patients will earn him wealth, women and undoubtedly coronary disease. (His cholesterol level is already 300 mg%!)

But, never make an appointment with Paul; no matter the time or the place, he will always arrive late, or not at all!

Paul attempts to guide his actions in every sphere of his life with careful thought and analysis, while still being an idealist at heart. His philosophy of "interest in his fellow man" will provide him with a clear advantage in his career as a doctor.





SUZANNE GAY CONNOLLY

Sue came on the scene with years of bush-walking experience behind her, and it soon became obvious that she was to take everything in her stride. Her lively wit matched only by her mod apparel, Sue (alias Geraldine) injected life into many otherwise drab tutorials. An avid reader, Sue was never to be seen without a paperback in her pocket, and was even known to turn her attention to a medical text.

Refreshed and inspired by hospital work in New Zealand, Sue began Final Year with yet another talent to manifest itself — overseas letter-writing.

Sue's warm personality and enthusiasm, coupled with her medical knowledge, should ensure her a satisfying and successful future.

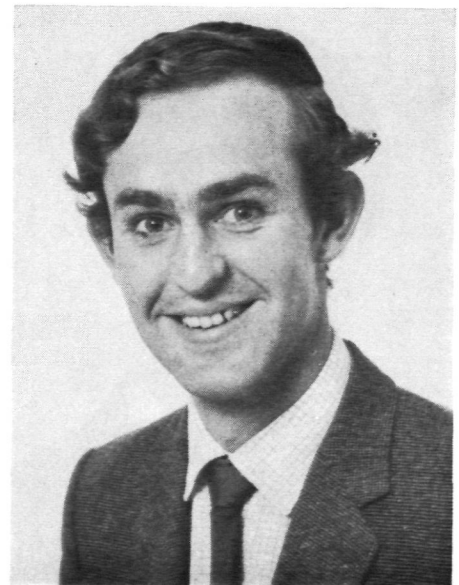
PETER JOHN DONALD

"It's a good day to buy."

Peter's optimistic outlook on life and wide range of interests became evident soon after getting to know him. Always ready to help a friend cure a slice on the golf course, he was equally at home as a Sunday School teacher. As a speculator extraordinaire he displayed keen interest in both the financial section and the back pages of *The Australian*.

Full of missionary zeal and enthusiasm, Peter sought refuge in the New Guinea Highlands during his elective term and it was here he learnt Pidgin English and the latest in therapeutics.

His honesty, good nature and genuine interest in people assure him of a successful career.



IAN FLEMING EDMISTON

Peripheral neuropathy: *"Yes, it's on the cards."*

Ian limped into our group at the start of Fifth Year, after a year's inside study of orthopaedics.

At St. Margaret's, he gained the nickname "Jacky" when an inscrutable oriental resident compared him with a certain American comedian — during a brief moment when Ian wasn't dishonourably photographing his fellows' pranks. This photographic interest often gets combined with another Edmiston love — motor-car racing.

During elective term, he spent a fortnight at Wollongong Hospital, before making a memorable invasion of Norfolk Island.

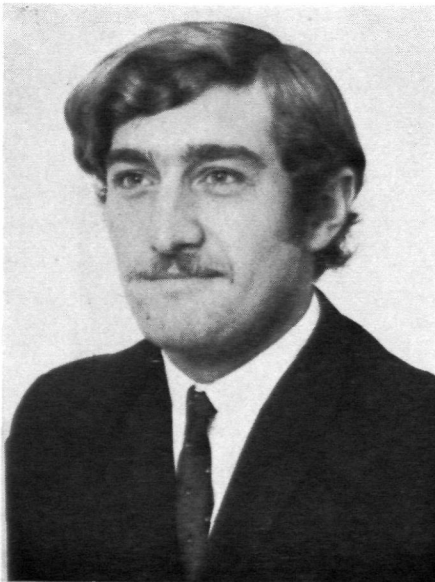
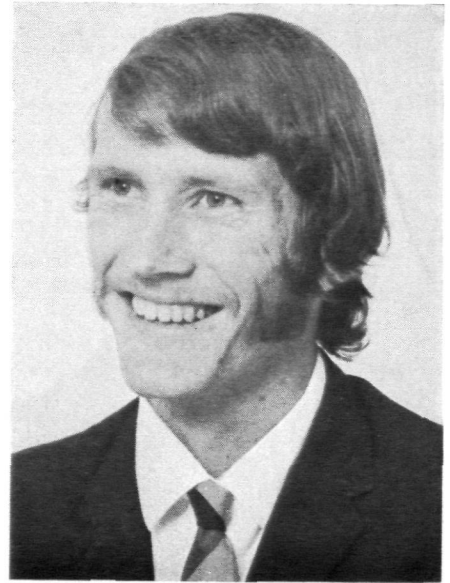
As well as becoming a valuable friend, Ian has shown an ability to take a history and establish rapport with a patient which matches his skill with a camera — we hope and confidently predict that he will be as capable at reducing fractures.



JOHN MICHAEL PATRICK EGAN

"Anything to eat around here?"

Besides more mundane cibal desires, John has demonstrated a healthy appetite for trips to Avalon since third year—and also to R.G.H.(C) when his car was working. His wanderlust led him to the U.S. in elective term, where he spent many valuable weeks learning foreign medicine at Rochester, as well as travelling across the country under an assumed name. Amongst other things, John is known for his perennial desert boots, his quick introduction to mongoloid psychiatry and his rubber stamp breast fixation (he is the best drawer of breasts in the year). He is one of the few who choose to live in a church, an excellent study place except on Sundays. John's easy-going manner should ensure him of a prosperous future, and we wish him well.



ROBERT WILLIAM FAIRFAX

"How come I always arrive on time for things that aren't on?"

In vieing for the attendance record, by having missed only six lectures or tutorials in the last six years, Bob has been labelled by some as "obsessive-compulsive". Despite his slightly manic personality, he has managed to run things smoothly as Concord year rep. for three years, unlike his own problems, which have been sorted out by a certain female computer scientist.

Obstetrics term found Bob paying attention to more than the mothers—an interest he still maintains by frequent "retreats" to the vicinity of St. Margaret's.

Bob has the ability to "break the ice" with any patient and this, together with his concern for others, should stand him in good stead in his desired role of G.P. We wish him well.

ALEX GANORA

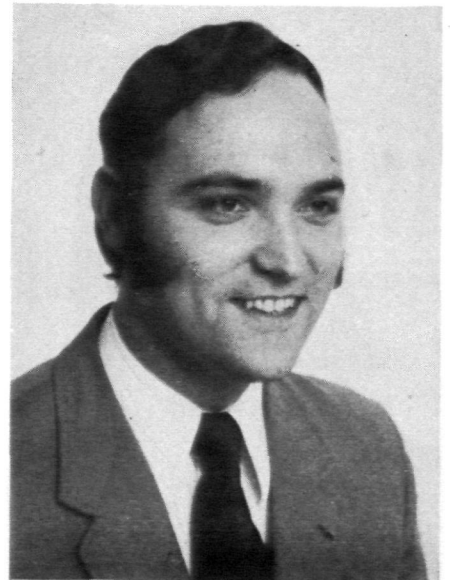
"I'm an Aussie now — I've been neutralized."

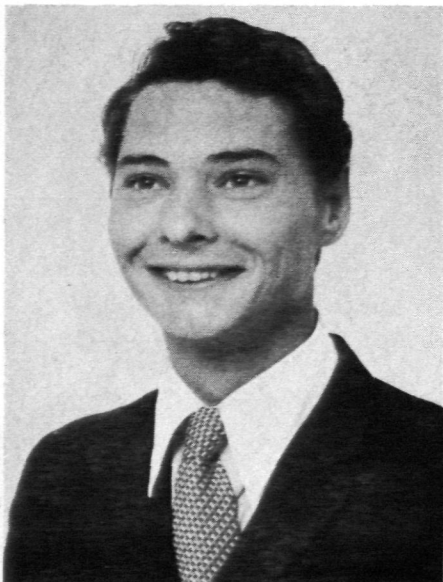
On entering the faculty Alex, with characteristic calmness, successfully placed the years of Med. behind him—culminating in proficiency and public health prizes in Med. V.

Not permitting devotion to work curtail extracurricular activity, Med. III saw him a sapphire expert (dug up half of Queensland to prove it) and in latter times, Roche made him an expert on L-dopa and prior to Final Year he could be seen flogging his wares to Sydney physicians with the manner of born salesmanship.

Over the years Alex has showed a leaning towards the humanities, however, best exemplified by his marriage to the very beautiful Arts graduate Sandra during elective term.

We predict that his precise and logical approach to medicine will ensure him a place at the top.





PAUL DOMINIC HIGGINS

"They've put the exams in the Tuna season!"

The quotation demonstrates Paul's willingness to "wet a line" now and then. Although sceptical about the result, one catch does impress us — a Perth girl, Brianna, whom he married late 1969.

Apart from fishing (getting bogged in the sand the night before the public health exam), Paul's other exploits have included prospecting in Queensland, a Trans Australia crossing during elective term and activities with the RAAF, to whom he lent a part of his life.

A reputed attempt at circumcision while cutting an umbilical cord at St. Margaret's demonstrates a keen approach to medicine, and Paul's willingness in examining patients and answering questions is matched by his thoughtfulness.

We predict a successful future for this fine friend of ours, who has recently added the role of father to his list of achievements.

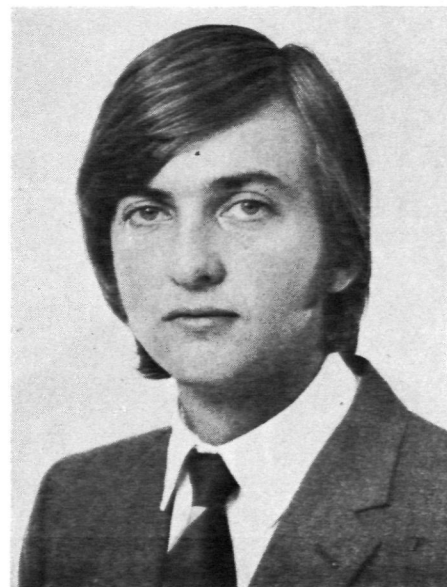
ANTHONY SIMON IRWIN

"No sweat, pal."

Tony was one non-obsessive compulsive to enter Medicine. With his obvious commonsense approach to the problems of a medical course, he soon found extracurricular activities could be undertaken without repercussions. Sailing, the buying and selling of used cars and taxi-driving were some of the areas into which he ventured. We also believe there's a used-car division at Gunnedah which contains a number of his cars which didn't quite make it back.

During long-vacation he gave New Guinea his healing power. Lourdes apparently had nothing on Irwin's clinics.

Tony has always impressed with his sincere friendship and hospitality (he has a friendly milkman also, whom we've all met) and we are confident of his success (in all fields) in the future.



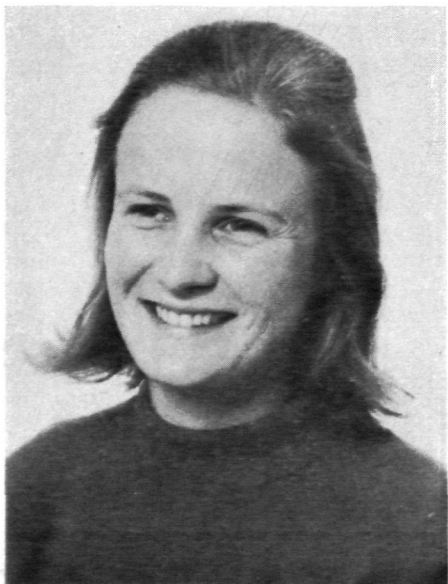
ROSALIND MARY LEHANE (née DAY)

"Isn't he a sweet old man?"

With a smile estimated by one tutor to be worth an extra 15% in every viva. Ros was always welcomed by the patients she visited. One 82-year-old Digger even wanted to take her out after his gastrectomy.

Ros liked to remain independent and this was exemplified by the way she drove her 1939 sports machine and her insistence that she would not marry before graduating. Our predictions were fulfilled, however, when a fast-talking lawyer slipped a ring on her finger and married her during Final Year.

Her happy and friendly nature will ensure Ros's popularity with her future patients and colleagues alike.



VIVIANE LEVENTHAL

"I think I've got lupus."

An individual in her own right, Vivi is never idle, always has a positive contribution to make to any discussion, and can stand her ground with even the most ruthless of tutors. In Fifth Year, Vivi engaged the permanent services of an architect (Victor Pleshivtseff) to help plan her future, and since then she has applied the same zeal to maintaining their home as she does to her studies. Vivi's weakness for cream cakes is more than matched by her strength of character, and this, together with her keen sense of humour, has won her many a good friend. With such virtues Vivi can't help but do well, and we wish for her every success.



VERONICA LEWINSKI

A confirmation of the honest public's fears.
 This is a product of some seven idle years.
 But, gentle reader, lenience please
 This is a dedicated battler of disease —
 Trench foot, brain tumour and relapsing melanoma
 In lectures the occasional precoma.
 Can you then wonder this distressed damsel
 Did not invariably pass her exams well?
 Still don't dismiss her as a necromancer
 She searched, researched and found THE CURE FOR CANCER,
 And other illnesses acute and chronic
 She regained health and bloom by drinking tonic —
 With just a little gin to take away the taste.
 What's yaws? A double — and make haste.

GRAEME DAVID LUCAS

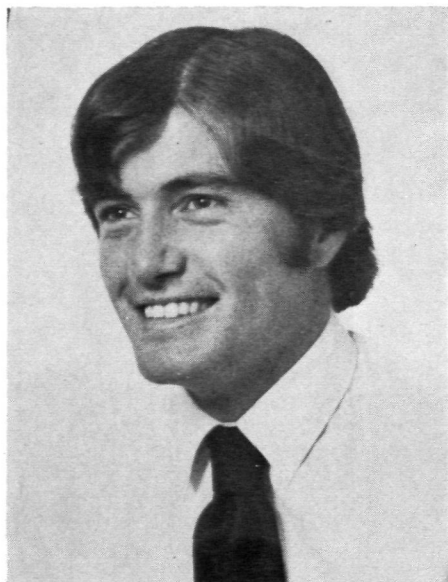
"A quick cuppa would go well now."

Graeme impressed us as a keen dissector in pre-clinical years, but his extracurricular activities were obviously not neglected as he was happily married to Carolyn by Fourth Year. He was an entertaining chauffeur from university to Concord, moderating the radical discussions "in the back" which often continued through our "quick cuppa" before tutorials.

In senior years he demonstrated many talents, including a good rapport with patients, an inimitable spastic limp and great skill on water-skis. He also played a cool trumpet with the "Sallies". His practical advice on all matters from painting refrigerators to making cats disappear was much appreciated.

We remember him as a cheerful and valued friend with a bright future.





IAN DOUGLAS McCROSSIN

"I'm not doing it."

Ian (Fred) because of a demanding timetable of skiing, sailing, football and other activities has been forced to relegate his academic pursuits to the casual level of a Monday night hobby. However, one cannot argue with results and Ian has managed to compile an impressive list of credits and distinctions over the past five years. Always a happy bordering on manic sort of guy, Fred's cryptic style has become a source of amusement or consternation to many, his replies and comments invariably coming straight to the point!

This year we hope for and expect great things from Fred as it is rumoured he has extended his curricular activities to Tuesday nights.

RICHARD RAY MASON

"It is said . . ."

Richard joined us in Fourth Year after doing a B.Sc.(Med.) in Anatomy and soon proved to be a man who appreciates the finer things in life—wine, women and electric blankets.

His athletic prowess is well manifest in his excellent poker-playing, his relatively trauma-free career as a front-rower and time for nine holes before dark.

Richard's O-C personality, exemplified by his number-plate DOC-015, always ensures that he is well organized and prepared for any contingency. Never backward in coming forward, Richard has many friends both senior and junior in Medicine and other fields.

An adventurer at heart, Richard plans to start his career in New Guinea, and we wish him all the best.



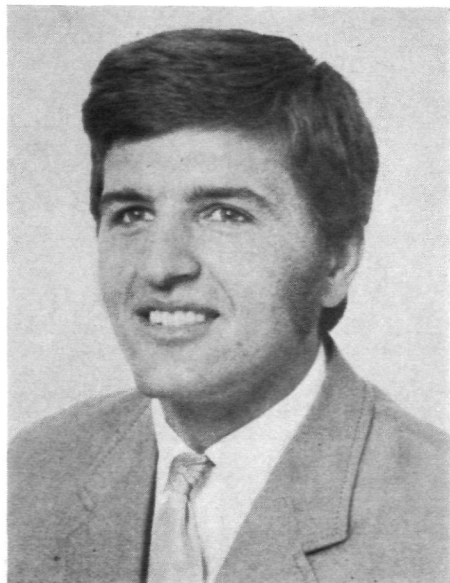
PAUL PROCIV

"What is the mechanism of action of a hot-water bottle?"

Our first encounter with this disillusioned physicist from Science I was in Third Year following his six months "sabbatical" in Queensland.

In spite of his proficiency over land and sea, Paul's part-time medical career has suffered little. He has been advancing over the years to more powerful motor-bikes and can now almost make it to lectures and tutorials on time. As well as being Captain/Safety Officer of S.U. Skindiving Club for the last three years, Paul spent elective term diving in the New Hebrides—working at a hospital in his spare time.

His clinical acumen has been sound, his physical examinations "robust" and we wish him all future success, in his marriage to Judy, as well as in his medical career.



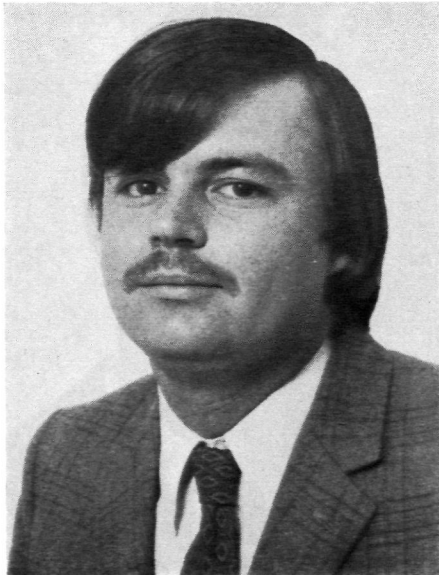
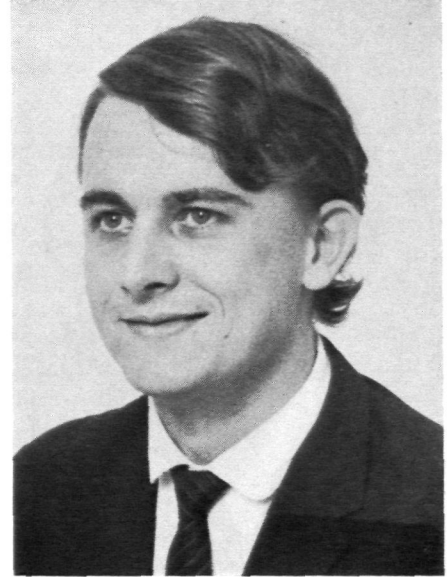
PATRICK MICHAEL RENSHAW

"He was real cool, Man."

Pat's outstanding achievements as a champion athlete at Joey's provided him with the determination needed to complete the medical course. Many features of his personality, not the least his easy-going nature, have made him many lasting friendships within the Faculty.

No biography of Patrick could be complete without a mention of his fascinating wife, Helen, who was quickly accepted as an "ex officio" member of the group. We have spent many pleasant, if protracted, evenings with them both and confess our indirect responsibility for many days of "colouring-in" at Helen's school.

Pat's career as a doctor (which he hopes to begin at Wagga) is certain to be rewarding to him and to his patients, and his colleagues wish him well.



ROSS SELLENS

"Wanna beer, Mate?"

Ross's a guy whose endless capacity to sink beer is only outdone by his ability to sleep. He has managed to survive seven years of medicine by his charming technique of turning up at end of term functions to introduce himself to his tutors. But he has shown himself to be a successful scholar and a great friend to those who know him. But his bonds of friendship were severely tested when at the Brisbane Convention Ross's head was seen to be urinated upon by one of his colleagues; Ross has been rubbished a lot in his time, but has taken it splendidly and has been a beaut fellow student.

The best of luck, Ross!

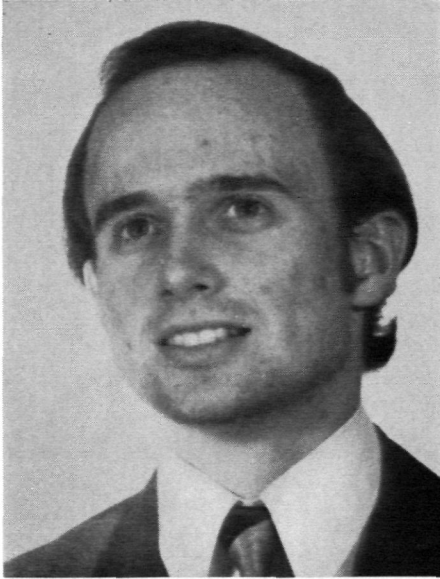
RICHARD ALEXANDER SHEEHAN

When Dick appeared at Concord in Fourth Year he was mature and quietly spoken, so naturally we were surprised to learn that he was a long-term resident of St. John's College.

He left his alma mater in Fifth Year and after a period of having "no fixed address" he felt the need to settle down. After his marriage he arrived at hospital each day with a delicious picnic lunch — just one of the advantages of married life.

Despite the obsessive way he read the *Daily Telegraph*, he thought deeply and was equally at home discussing St. Thomas Aquinas or the latest movie. He succeeded in remaining inconspicuous during tutorials, but usually knew the answer when asked and has all the attributes of a good physician.





STEWART ANDREW SLOGGETT

"My ambition is to nationalize lawyers."

Statements in the same vein and admissions, in more liberal moments, of being a supporter of the reigning party, have brought to our notice Stewart's vehement interest in political issues.

The wheel-less member of the group until elective term, Stewart bought "the car with the poor prognosis" for his trips to Tamworth and Griffith Hospitals. This interpid VW is defying Medical Service by still functioning despite symptoms of grade IV dyspnea exhibited in Concord car park.

Stewart's constant bedside companion is his note folder containing many outdated pamphlets of "coming" attractions providing ample space for history-taking. His hallmarks of searching physical examination and concern with accurate diagnosis should assure Stewart of a soundly based career. We wish him well.

SERGE TCHIBOUKDJIAN

"I think there is a slight suggestion of Dupuytren's."

Serge joined us from Marcellin College, Randwick. His manipulative ability did not show until Fourth Year, when he accomplished the unprecedented feat of attending two hospitals (Sydney and Repatriation) at the same time for the first two terms, before he finally settled for the Repatriation Hospital.

He has never failed to supply us with the latest information from the stock market. For many a time, he had been seen ringing for the latest fluctuations on the stock exchange.

Despite his numerous visits to the Stock Exchange, he had found time to study and managed a couple of credits in Fifth Year. We hope that he will keep up his good performance in this crucial year.



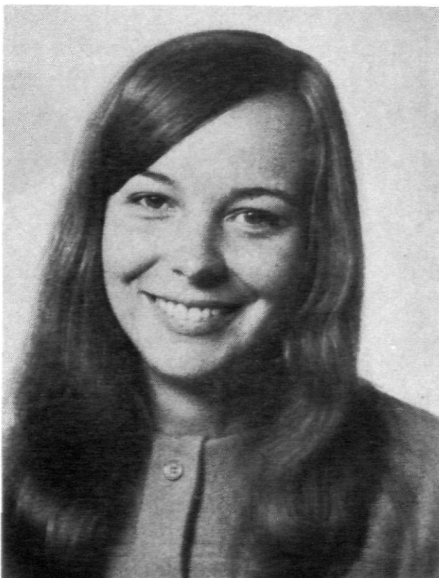
VALENTINE VARGASSOFF

"May I have a little Scotch?"

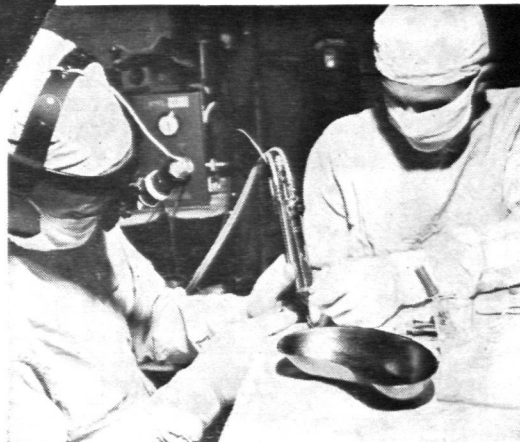
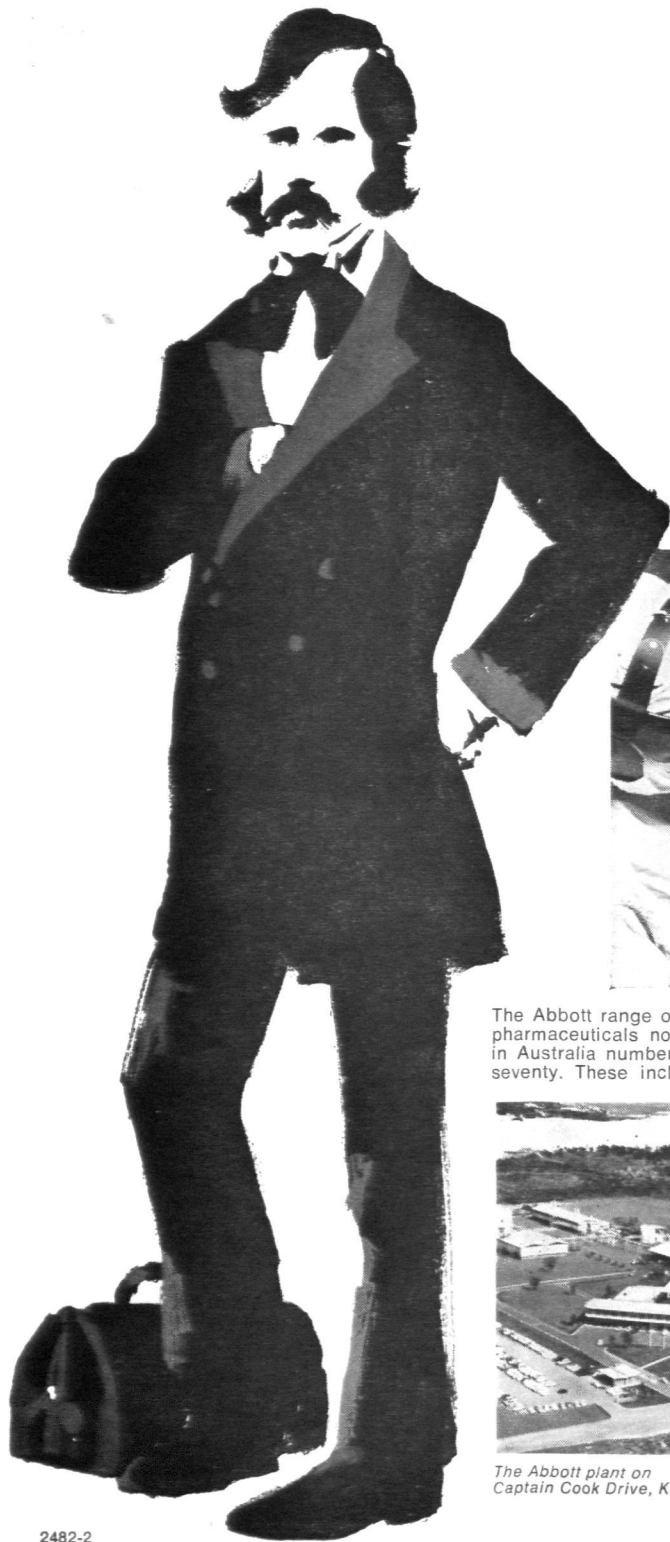
Val, although lumbered with the disadvantage of being "one of the boys", provided an interesting change from the predominately male content of the group. Between making tea and captivating anaesthetists, drinking Scotch and playing a female Stirling Moss in her VW, she managed to maintain an interest in numerous sections of the course.

The young lady "up at the back of the lecture room" showed her enthusiasm for medicine in obtaining a position with the Public Health Department and doing research on valve replacements.

As Val was always the best-dressed, best-looking, and most well-spoken member of the group, we feel that she will be a great success in whatever field she chooses, whether it be formula 1 racing car or anaesthetics, and we wish her success for the future.



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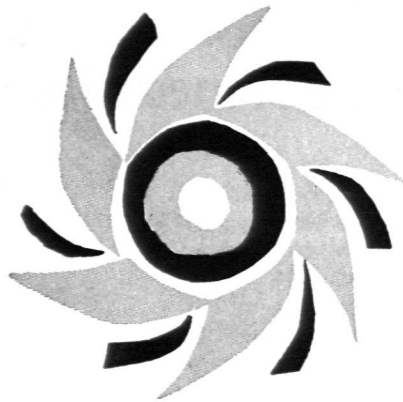


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THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

For any eager, bright-eyed, young medical student who secreted Neomycin throughout his entire gastrointestinal tract, Crown Street would have been Utopia. The mere presence of *Clostridium welchii* in every piece of food he ate would have done no more than add but the finishing touch to a wonderfully infected cuisine. However, most of us had to boost our defences with exogenous Neomycin and Kao-Magma—provided generously by the “Administration” (i.e., Mrs. Stemp).

We could turn these tribulations to our advantage though—the Billiard Room was closer to the lavatory than Labour Ward and we could not hear the wretched buzzer when it

shrieked the imminent arrival of a very “New Australian” via predominantly Greek and Turkish detours.

Lazy mornings of late risings to gaze upon the sea of smog blanketing the city; countless hours(?) of fooling with the lavatory-type porcelain mannikin and macerated fetus; Reg Bowman pounding us into reluctant life at the unearthly early hour of 11.30 a.m.; a week of longing for Wednesday and the Prof's luncheon so we could suspend our prophylaxis; fortunes won and lost on the roll of a billiard ball; the wonderful proximity of the Dolphin . . . what an idyllic place Crown Street would have been if those screaming kids had not interrupted a single attempt at dignified leisure.



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

Few of us will forget St. Margaret's Hospital and 162 Albion Street.

We arrived in downtown Sydney for those ten weeks with cars, wardrobe, stereos, a few books—to ease the conscience, and a certain amount of apprehension.

After the initial doubts of getting waylaid in the myriad of side streets and dark alleys subsided, students got down to enjoying medicine while passing through, and relations between R.G.H. Concord and Sydney Hospital were never better.

Nor will we forget the “poignant charm” of that tenement house that served as home, study, beer garden and club; indeed any guest was welcome provided he or she was willing to bring a bottle, negotiate the dart board to get to the stairs or to make up a fourth for a quick game of 500 that somehow seemed to reach into the early morning hours.

But with St. Marg's came the appreciation of a part of medicine that in the most part was new to us—actually doing something! There wouldn't be many of us who didn't

feel “something” as we came close to our patients and funnily enough the feeling didn't get much less whether nine or nineteen bubs were ably assisted into the world by eager if not completely relaxed hands.

Our thanks must go to Sister Barbara and her staff and to those who took pains and patience to bring us a bit closer to an understanding of obstetrics and gynæcology—Drs. McInerney, Bracken, McMahon and Tulley. Drs. McAuliffe, Ryan, McGrath and Molloy. Drs. Quoyle, Robertson, Shipton, Curtin, not forgetting Drs. Loneragan and O'Leary, together with Professor Llewellyn-Jones and the Crown Street tutors.

And when the moment of truth arrived, special thanks to those who helped when help was needed most—the labour ward sister at our first delivery and, indeed, the subsequent ones, too.

We would hope that those who come after us take time, between births, to enjoy the spirit of St. Margaret's and rest awhile while passing through Medicine.

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OPEN LETTER TO GRADUATES

No doubt you realize that in 1972 your financial affairs will not be as easy to manage as they are today. You will have many questions about money matters relative to your own situation. It makes sense, doesn't it, to seek expert advice from an organization which provides financial services to satisfy all the specialized needs of the medical practitioner.

Over the years in Melbourne we have introduced and developed a business oriented towards the personal financial needs of the medical practitioner. In the fields of taxation (including primary production), banking and finance, life and general insurance, investment planning and arrangement of loans for homes, practices, etc., we can provide a service which is unique. Now that we have opened our Sydney office we are pleased to offer you the same facilities.

You can derive most benefit from an organization such as this by making yourself aware, right from the start of your career, of what is available and what you should be doing now to ensure that your financial affairs will always remain on a business-like basis.

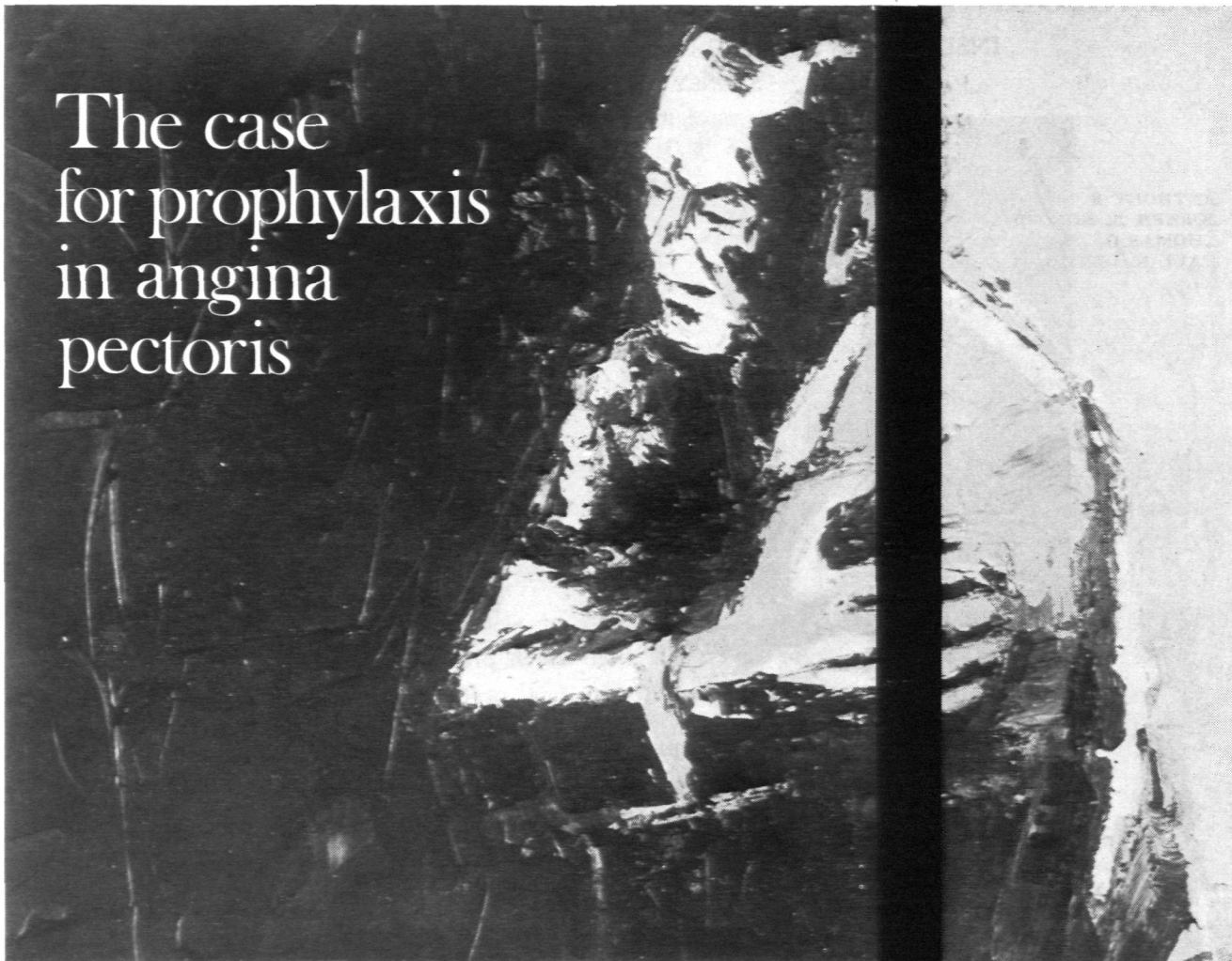
We would appreciate the opportunity of explaining exactly how resident medical officers have benefited from the use of our services in the past and what we could do for you now and in the future.

Please be assured that by making an appointment to see us you will not be placing yourself under any obligation whatsoever.

Yours sincerely,

BONGIORNO, LETHO & ASSOCIATES.

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Wilson, D. F. et al., Brit. med. J., 1969, 2, 155-157.

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Sandler, G., Pistevos, A. C., Brit. med. J. 1971, 1, 254-257.

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The Obstetrics Block

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

The ten weeks' obstetric term at R.N.S.H. was an enjoyable one. For many, delivering babies was the first opportunity to do something practical in an otherwise theoretical course.

Many new experiences were gained, apart from the vicarious feelings of parenthood. Card-playing attracted numerous disciples in the long hours between babies. Some of the most memorable moments of our student days occurred at the students' residence while "living-in". Who will ever forget the water-fights or Lindsay's valued cavorts? Then there were the parties—each one better than the last. Special congratulations must go to the orthopaedics patient who emptied a bucket of water on a participator leaving one of these—or was it a registrar? On one memorable occasion at 1 a.m., the sounds of merrymaking caused a surgeon to look up from the

depths of a thoracic cavity and remark irritably: "Sister, what's that dull roar?"

Thanks must go to the obstetricians who taught us and guided our eager hands from occiput to breech:

GEOFF JASPER: "Better to get windward of her!"

JOHN KEMP: "Cord traction is the answer."

JOHN LEAVER, who always talked to the trees.

BILL PATTERSON: "Very quietly, very smoothly."

DAVID PFANNER: "Get out of the way, you clumsy oaf!"

EWEN SUSSMAN: The well dressed gent.

IAN TRUSHEFF, who can get there quicker than anyone else.

We thank also John (J.C.) Pennington and "big" Dick Picker, the registrars who willingly gave up their time and, of course, Doug Saunders, the recently appointed Clinical Supervisor, whose innovations were welcomed by all.



KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

It was a pleasure for most of us to return to a maternity hospital after our initial beginnings more than two decades ago.

Mellowed by these long years of experience and with crisp, clean coats, we entered the world of K.G.V—flanked on either side by larger-than-life statues of a surgeon and a rather triumphant young mother and child—we took the lift to the fourth floor, learnt the Greek for “Push!” and got stuck into it.

A few of our number learnt of the hazards of waiting near the front of the hospital, scoring an unexpected delivery and setting new record blood adrenalin levels just in passing.

For the Hospital it was a year of progress—so wheelbarrows and bricks were commonplace in the queues of students, staff and visitors waiting for the lifts which occasionally arrived at the fourth and fifth floors with their bottles and babies—the bottles were the domain of Dr. Heseltine and the babies—the fruits of labour.

So that was K.G.V for us; an early morning sprint from Brown Street, or a more leisurely afternoon approach from the Grose Farm and a pleasant, well-organized ten-week term to perform in.



ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

Mostly, we are agreed that the term at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children was different from the others. What was it about that place? The term away from the parent hospital—away from final and fourth years? A new student quarters to set on fire and then foam extinguish? A new population of female staff to frustrate even the most ardent cherchant? Good weather Good food? A few beers? Ah, yes, all this and more.

And what of the teaching? It certainly was different at Kids'. Some call it more didactic, others say more pertinent; that's a matter of personal interpretation. But there were some novel features. Like students giving instruction and

writing handouts, sessions with general practitioners, emphasis on social factors, talks more on philosophy than Medicine. Involvement—student involvement—was the key word: a back-door approach was not encouraged.

And what of the children? The place was full of them, from one foot long to five feet tall, with examples at all possible stages of dirtyness, déshabillé and distemper as well as disease. Impressions of the hospital are probably coloured most by the kids themselves, who must in part determine your appetite for paediatric practice. It is the writer's opinion that one man's meat is another man's morsel.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

Even the member who regards it as no more than a bookshop cum service organization will recognize that the Med. Soc. is a remarkable organization. After 86 years of existence* it remains vitally committed to the ideals of its founders, but has far surpassed its foundation objects: it thrives on tireless labour on behalf of students of medicine.

Despite the almost daunting façade of an expanding business with massive turnover, there can be few of us who have not warmed to find ourselves personally known and greeted by Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Gregson and Pam Zervas.

To mention only a few benefits membership has brought us: we have been entertained by journals and *Innominate*; advised regarding selection of textbooks, references and equipment; enlightened by seminars, lunch-time films and Lambie-Dew Orations from figures of world renown; met lecturers at their most convivial during dinners or at the Annual Ball, whose profits provided many books for the pre-clinical and all hospital libraries. Many obtained overseas or interstate positions for unallocated term through the Society. The Clinical Years Bursary Fund has brought relief to the burdened.

The esteem in which the Society is held is apparent in the readiness of the Faculty to invite and consider its submissions

* When the Union amalgamates with the Women's Union, the Medical Society will be the oldest student society of the University.

—hence the elimination of unpopular curriculum clashes, new examination time-tables, formation of the Staff-Student Liaison Committee and the forthcoming provision for student representation on Faculty. The wrath of the Union was averted by the Medical Society after the 1967 Med. II dinner-débâcle — Medicine functions on the premises were not banned after all. Many nervous candidates unconsciously manifest the Society's high regard by presenting at vivas in the well-known black-and-red tie!

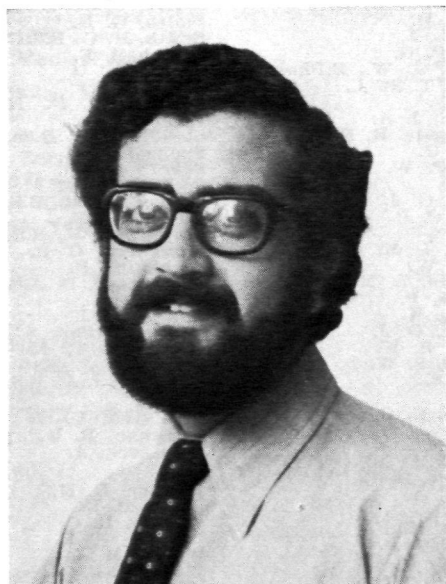
Those of us who have actively taken part in Med. Soc. activities by membership of the Council know best how broad is the sphere of its member-orientated works. The infectious and tireless enthusiasm for the Society of Mrs. Nicholas, our General Secretary, permeates throughout the whole organization. "Student Politicians" are not encountered on Council — rather it is unique for the diligence of all its officers and the actual work done through legion positions: ever innovative, Council has a representative in every area of members' concern. Despite the contemporary wide student turmoil, Council has remained entrenched in its apolitical stance and concentrated in getting on with its job. Would that the several University bodies whose membership is compulsory had served us so well!

We are grateful to the Medical Society for easing our passage through Medicine, and we anticipate with pleasure a continued association now we are Life Members.



Mrs. S. Nicholas.

“ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1971



CHARLES JACQUES OVADIA

From the time he entered the Faculty, Charles has involved himself actively in labours great and small on behalf of his fellows. Unencumbered now by the language difficulty which marked his early education in this country (a humorous tale he delights to relate) he seldom had any difficulty in gaining support for his often unconventional ideas. *HE* broke with long-standing tradition to organize year dinners at unprecedented venues: our dinners at the Argyle cellars and Randwick Rugby Club will be long remembered. *HE* proved that the Gorman lecture theatre could become more like a discotheque than anyone had believed possible. He confounded critics and stupefied everyone else by conducting all these activities at a profit: “Chuckling Charlie” always was able to give people what they wanted.

The esteem of his fellows for Charles is apparent from the number of elected offices he has held at university: three times year representative, S.R.C. Representative, first-ever student member of a hospital’s Board of Studies, Undergraduate Vice-President of the Medical Society. His qualities have been recognized also by these representative bodies—he served them as delegate to an A.M.S.A. Convention and to an N.U.A.U.S. Annual Conference. Even under the pressure of Final Year study he co-organized the highly successful 1971 Lambie-Dew Oration. Despite all such *œuvres*, Charlie was always primarily a joiner and “one of the boys”, effortlessly gaining selection for Interfaculty Volley Ball and hospital football teams. Although he had starring rôles (or at least carried a spear!) in three successive Hospital Revues and numerous amateur theatrical productions with long runs in most of the State’s urban centres, as well as touring N.Z. to demonstrate to the incredulous how the science and art *should* be practised, he never had *much* trouble with examinations.

Charles, despite (or perhaps because of) his diverse interests, was always extremely approachable. Furthermore, he seemed always readily available—his attendance at lectures, tutorials and every significant turn was nearly perfect, and is a tribute to his mechanical aptitude, for who could believe that any of the series of “dirt cheap” VW’s he bought would prove to be a reliable form of transport! Always he was ready to perform a service for his confrères, be it to make a fourth for bridge, oblige with a loan of copious (unreadable) lecture notes or provide a sympathetic ear and worthwhile advice for the troubled, all accompanied by his infectious 24-carat grin.

Indeed, it is difficult to visualize an unsmiling Charles Ovadia. He is always ready to laugh, especially at himself. This propensity makes it impossible for any of the group he is with at any time to be other than in good spirits—a rare gift, appropriate enough in one of Charlie’s unstinting good nature. We should all permit ourselves a smile for having awarded him the “Robin May” prize by such overwhelming acclaim, for seldom could it have gone to a man as deserving as Charles, the friend of all his year!

FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1971

PASS

December, 1971 (Alphabetical)

- Abeshouse, L. F.
Alexander, I. S.
Allen, R. E.
Aouad, A.
- Baird, P. J.
Barker, E. R.
Barling, E. A.
Barr, B. W.
Bastian, B. C.
Bates, F. M.
Berenson, H. A.
Berenson, H. M.
Berger, M. D.
Bilton, A. H.
Blaxland, D. G.
Bloxham, R. A.
Bocks, S. J.
Boyd, A. J. S.
Brennan, P. V.
Brooks, A. J.
Brown, G. K., B.Sc. (Med.)
Buckley, P. T. R.
Bush, C. M.
Bye, P. T. P.
- Cahill, J. I.
Campbell, B. P.
Carmody, R. J.
Carter, P. R.
Castagna, A. C.
Cateron, I. D., B.Sc. (Med.)
Cateron, R. J.
Chambers, M. H.
Chandler, D. W., B.Pharm.
Cheung, I. W. K.
Chidiac, P. V.
Chow, R. T.
Cohen, M. L.
Collopy, J. F.
Connolly, S. G.
Conway, A. J.
Cooper, D. A., B.Sc. Med.
Cowlshaw, J. L.
Cox, N.
Crimmins, F. B.
- Davis, M. W.
Davis, P. R.
Deane, S. A.
Desgrand, D. A. B.
Dodds, A. J.
Donald, P. J.
Dorling, S. K., B.Sc.
Doumani, S. J.
Downie, N. A.
Doyle, R. B.
Driscoll, G. L.
Duffy, C. E.
Dugan, I. B., B.Pharm.
Dunn, D. W.
Dunn, R. F.
- Edmiston, I. F.
Edwards, A. C.
Egan, J. M.
Eisenberg, H.
Eisman, J. R.
Erikson, J. B.
Eyers, A. A.
- Fairfax, R. W.
Fasher, B. J.
Favaloro, R. J.
Ferrari, L. J.
Fischer, S. R.
Francis, I. C.
Freund, J.
Fulde, G. W. O.
Fullerton, P. D.
- Gal, A., B.Sc. (Med.)
Galvin, B. T.
Ganora, A.
Gardiner, A. J.
Gazal, L. J. M.
Geary, G. G., B.Pharm.
Gee, D. C.
Genua, L. F.
Ghramm, J. W.
Gibson, D. C.
Giuffrida, M. R.
Glattstein, N.
Golder, J. D.
Gow, E. K.
Graham, J. C.
Grant, P. J.
Green, N. H.
Greengarten, S.
Gregora, M. G.
- Harkness, R. E.
Harris, J. P.
Harris, R. L.
Herbert, W. W.
Herborn, H. A., B.Sc. (Med.)
Higgins, P. D.
Hill, D. N.
Ho, J. B. T.
Hodgkinson, D. J.
Hollinshead, J. W.
Horan, B. F.
Houstein, B. M.
Howman-Giles, R. B.
Hoy, C. A.
Hung, J.
Hunterford, C., B.A.
Hunter, J. C.
- Ip, L. S.
Irwin, A. S.
Isaacs, A. E.
- James, P. R.
Johns, G. A.
Jones, J. S.
Jones, J. M.
- Kelleher, P. W.
Kenny, G. D.
Kilvert, G. T., B.Sc.
Knoblanche, G.
Knowles, P. J.
Knuckey, T. J.
Korzets, Z.
Kraegen, J. F., B.Sc.
- Laird, P. P., B.Sc. (Med.)
Langdon, P. J.
Lawrence, P. J.
Lawrence, S.
Lehane, R. M.
Leventhal, V. S.
Lewinski, V. G.
Liberman, H.
Linsell, T.
Lucas, G. D.
- Mackay, M. M., M.Sc.
Malouf, N. G.
Mason, G. J.
Mason, R. R., B.Sc. (Med.)
Matthews, A. J., B.A.
McCarthy, C. A.
McCrossin, I. D.
McKinley, L. J.
McMurchie, M.
McNaught, A. M.
Mears, T. R.
Medley, C. K., B.Sc. (Med.)
- Mendelsohn, G. B.
Mendelsohn, K. B.
Mercur, H.
Miller, L. J.
Moore, P. G.
Morgan, G. W., B.Pharm.
Moss, J. T. St. L.
- Nedwich, J. A.
Nightingale, R. F.
Nissen, G.
Noyce, P. W.
- O'Brien, G. J.
Ovadia, C. J.
- Painter, I. M.
Pamuk, W.
Patterson, L. M.
Percy, J. P.
Peter, L. K.
Playfair, D. J.
Pratley, S. K.
Prescott, S. W.
Prociv, P.
- Quinton, C. G.
- Raush, N.
Renshaw, P. M.
Robinson, E. I.
Ruut, T. A.
- Saltman, M. F.
Sanders, E. P.
Sargeant, D. C.
Scholfield, J. A.
Schrieber, L.
Segal, S. D.
Selecki, R. M.
Sellens, R.
Serisier, D. E., B.Sc. (Med.)
Shagrin, J. M., B.Sc. (Med.)
Shaver, J. H., B.A.
Sheehan, R. A.
Sheehy, J. P.
Sheehy, M. P.
Sherwood, M. M.
Shukor, A. B. M.
Simes, L. E.
Sloggett, S. A.
- Smeeth, P. L.
Smith, F. F., B.Pharm.
Smith, G. R.
Smith, H. C., B.Sc. (Med.)
Snowball, B.
Sochan, C. A.
Somi, B. S.
Sonnabend, D. H., B.Sc. (Med.)
Spalding, M., B.Sc. Agr.
Spence, C. J.
Spencer, I. G.
Spill, C. E. M.
Stewart, P. M., B.Sc. (Med.)
Storey, C. E.
Storey, D. W., B.Sc. (Med.)
Strakosch, C. R.
Stubbs, G. B.
Sutherland, D. A.
- Talty, M. J.
Tchiboukdjian, S.
Thompson, C. L.
Thomson, J. M.
Trent, R. J. A., B.Sc. (Med.)
- Vargasoff, V.
Vaughan, R. K.
Vrjosseck, A.
- Walker, R. M.
Ward, P. D.
Waugh, R. C.
Weaver, S. E.
Werry, M. J.
West, M. J.
White, L.
Whyte, B. M.
Wienholt, J. W., B.Sc. (Med.)
Williams, E. L.
Williams, G. V. J., B.Sc. (Med.)
Williams, J.
Williams, P. C.
- Yee, I. Y. S.
Yuille, W. J.
- Zahra-Newman, A. E.

HONOURS AT GRADUATION

Class I

- Williams, P. C.
Brown, G. K., B.Sc. (Med.)
Cateron, I. D., B.Sc. (Med.)
Cohen, M. L.
Dunn, R. F.
Mason, G. J.
Campbell, E. P.
Stubbs, G. B.

Class II

- Smith, H. C., B.Sc. (Med.)
Freund, J.
Ward, P. D.
Williams, G. V. J., B.Sc. (Med.)
Segal, S. D.
Schrieber, L.
Davis, P. R.
Knuckey, T. J.
Hung, J.
Chow, R. T.
Eyers, A. A.
Davis, M. W.
- Cateron, R. J.
Shagrin, J. M., B.Sc. (Med.)
Storey, D. W., B.Sc. (Med.)
Deane, S. A.
Dodds, A. J.
Dunn, R. F.
Mason, G. J.
Campbell, E. P.
Stubbs, G. B.
Bates, F. M.
Hodgkinson, D. J.
Thomson, J. M.
Cooper, D. A., B.Sc. (Med.)
Horan, B. F.
Sonnabend, D. H., B.Sc. (Med.)
Collopy, J. F.
Geary, G. G., B.Pharm.
Cheung, I. W. K.
Barker, E. R.
McCrossin, I. D.
Alexander, I. S.

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal:

Williams, P. C.

Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the Whole Medical Course:

Williams, P. C.

Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency among Women Candidates at the Final Year Examination:

Pratley, S. K.

Robert Scot Skirving Memorial Prize for Highest Aggregate in Medicine and Surgery Papers:

Shared:

Freund, J.
Segal, S. D.

Upjohn Prize in Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics:

Brown, G. K. B.Sc.
(Med.)

Harry J. Clayton Memorial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine:

Shared:

Dodds, A. J.
Storey, D. W., B.Sc.
(Med.)

Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Clinical Medicine:

Williams, G. V. J.,
B.Sc. (Med.)

George Allan Prize for Therapeutics:

Francis, I. C.

Hinder Memorial Prize in Clinical Surgery:

Kelleher, P. W.

William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize in Clinical Surgery:

Pratley, S. K.

Craig Prize:

Pratley, S. K.

Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize in Gynaecology for a Woman Student:

Sherwood, M. M.

Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics:

Trent, R. J. A., B.Sc.
(Med.)

Albert Hing Memorial Prize in Gynaecology:

Edwards, A. C.

DISTINCTION AND CREDIT LIST

MEDICINE

Credit:

Dodds, A. J. }
Storey, D. W., } Aeq.
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Williams, G. V. J., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Freund, J. }
Segal, S. D. } Aeq.
Williams, P. C. }
Cooper, D. A., } Aeq.
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Schrieber, L. }
Campbell, B. P. } Aeq.
Smith, H. C., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Cohen, M. L. } Aeq.
Sherwood, M. M. }
Trent, R. J. A., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Eyers, A. A. }
Lawrence, P. J. }
Graham, J. C. }
Brown, G. K., } Aeq.
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Chow, R. T. }
Bye, P. T. P. }
Davis, P. R. } Aeq.
Kelleher, P. W. }
Williams, J. }

Francis, I. C. }
Pratley, S. K. } Aeq.
Alexander, I. S. }
Caterson, R. J. }
Hung, J. } Aeq.
Nightingale, R. F. }
Spence, C. J. }
Duffy, C. E. } Aeq.
Storey, C. E. }
Hodgkinson, D. J. }
McCrossin, I. D. } Aeq.
Merkur, H. }
Shagrin, J. M., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }

SURGERY

Credit:

Harris, J. P. }
Caterson, R. J. } Aeq.
Pratley, S. K. }
Kelleher, P. W. }
Segal, S. D. } Aeq.
Williams, G. V. J., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Knuckey, T. J. }
Storey, D. W., } Aeq.
B.Sc.(Med.) }

Bates, F. M. }
Brown, B. K., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Campbell, B. P. } Aeq.
Chow, R. T. }
Deane, S. A. }
Eyers, A. A. }
Francis, I. C. }
Williams, P. C. }
Davis, P. R. } Aeq.
Freund, J. }
Ganora, A. }
Houstein, B. M. }
Alexander, I. S. }
Collopy, J. F. }
Cowlshaw, J. L. }
Gee, D. C. } Aeq.
Kilvert, G. T., }
B.Sc. }
Mason, G. J. }
McCrossin, I. D. }
Mendelsohn, G. B. }

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY

Credit:

Edwards, A. C. }
Pratley, S. K. } Aeq.
Trent, R. J. A., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }

Knuckey, T. J. }
Sherwood, M. M. } Aeq.
Caterson, R. J. }
Storey, D. W., } Aeq.
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Berger, M. D. }
Cohen, M. L. } Aeq.
Houstein, B. M. }
Thomson, J. M. }
Barker, E. R. }
Brown, G. K., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Davis, P. R. }
Deane, S. A. } Aeq.
Dunn, R. F. }
Hodgkinson, D. J. }
Hungerford, C. M., }
B.A. }
Ovadia, C. J. }
Smith, H. C., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Bates, F. M. }
Davis, M. W. }
Francis, I. C. }
Geary, G. G., }
B.Pharm. }
Langdon, P. J. } Aeq.
Lawrence, P. J. }
Percy, J. P. }
Shagrin, J. M., }
B.Sc.(Med.) }
Vaughan, R. K. }
Williams, P. C. }

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS

ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

P. J. Baird	P. P. Laird
E. R. Barker	P. J. Langdon
G. K. Brown (Professorial Unit)	I. D. McCrossin
P. T. P. Bye	A. McNaught
I. D. Caterson (Professorial Unit)	G. J. Mason
M. L. Cohen (Professorial Unit)	H. Merkur
J. F. Collopy	L. Schrieber
M. W. Davis	S. D. Segal
C. E. Duffy	J. M. Shagrin
R. F. Dunn	M. M. Sherwood
A. A. Evers	F. F. Smith
G. G. Geary	D. H. Sonnabend
J. P. Harris	P. M. Stewart
L. S. Ip	D. W. Storey
T. J. Knuckey	R. J. A. Trent (Professorial Unit)
	G. V. J. Williams (Professorial Unit)

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

B. C. Bastian	C. J. Ovidia
F. Bates	W. Pamuk
R. J. Caterson (Professorial Unit)	S. K. Pratley
P. R. Davis	E. I. Robinson
N. A. Downie	J. A. Scholfield
J. Freund (Professorial Unit)	M. P. Sheehy
J. W. Ghramm	H. C. Smith (Professorial Unit)
P. D. Fullerton	R. K. Vaughan
H. A. Herborn	R. M. Walker
D. J. Hodgkinson	I. Y. S. Yee

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

R. E. Allen	J. C. Hunter
A. J. Brooks	J. S. Jones
B. P. Campbell	P. M. Kelleher
A. C. Edwards	P. J. Knowles
I. C. Francis	N. G. Malouf
A. J. Gardiner	T. R. Mears
M. Giuffrida	L. J. Miller
J. C. Graham	G. J. O'Brien
S. Greengarten	J. P. Percy
R. B. Howman-Giles	P. L. Smeeth
J. Hung	C. E. Storey
C. Hungerford	C. R. Strakosch

PRINCE HENRY/PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITALS

A. Aouad	G. B. Mendelsohn
J. M. Egan	G. Nissen
H. M. Eisenberg	I. M. Painter
A. Gal	T. A. Ruut
J. F. Kraegen	C. J. Spence
S. Lawrence	V. Vargassoff
C. K. Medley	

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, DARLINGHURST

I. S. Alexander	G. W. Fulde
I. Cheung	B. F. Horan
P. V. Chidiac	P. J. Lawrence
D. A. Cooper	M. Spalding
A. J. Dodds	J. M. Thomson
I. B. Dugan	P. D. Ward

ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL

P. R. Carter	K. B. Mendelsohn
S. A. Deane	L. H. Simes
B. T. Galvin	G. B. Stubbs
L. F. Genua	J. W. Wienholt

REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL

L. F. Abeshouse	P. D. Higgins
M. H. Chambers	J. Hollinshead
A. J. Conway	G. T. Kilvert
J. L. Cowlshaw	D. E. Serisier
S. K. Dorling	J. P. Sheehy
R. W. Fairfax	G. R. Smith
A. Ganora	C. E. M. Spill

CANBERRA COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

B. M. Houstain	S. W. Prescott
C. A. Hoy	P. Procriv
J. A. Nedwich	

ALBURY BASE HOSPITAL

S. G. Connolly	R. R. Mason
S. J. Doumani	

AUBURN DISTRICT HOSPITAL

D. W. Dunn	M. J. Werry
V. S. Leventhal	E. L. Williams
R. Sellens	

BALMAIN HOSPITAL

H. M. Berenson	M. F. Saltman
M. D. Berger	B. Snowball
R. M. Lehane	A. Vrsossek

BANKSTOWN HOSPITAL

W. W. Herbert	S. A. Sloggett
Z. Korzets	C. A. Sochan

BLACKTOWN DISTRICT HOSPITAL

R. E. Harkness	M. J. Talty
A. S. Irwin	

CANTERBURY DISTRICT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

A. J. S. Boyd	H. Liberman
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FAIRFIELD DISTRICT HOSPITAL

H. A. Berenson

GOSFORD DISTRICT HOSPITAL

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