



Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

1972

RB 378-944 S

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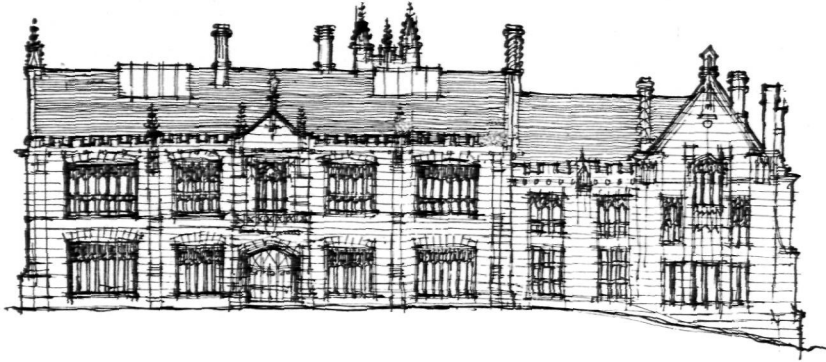
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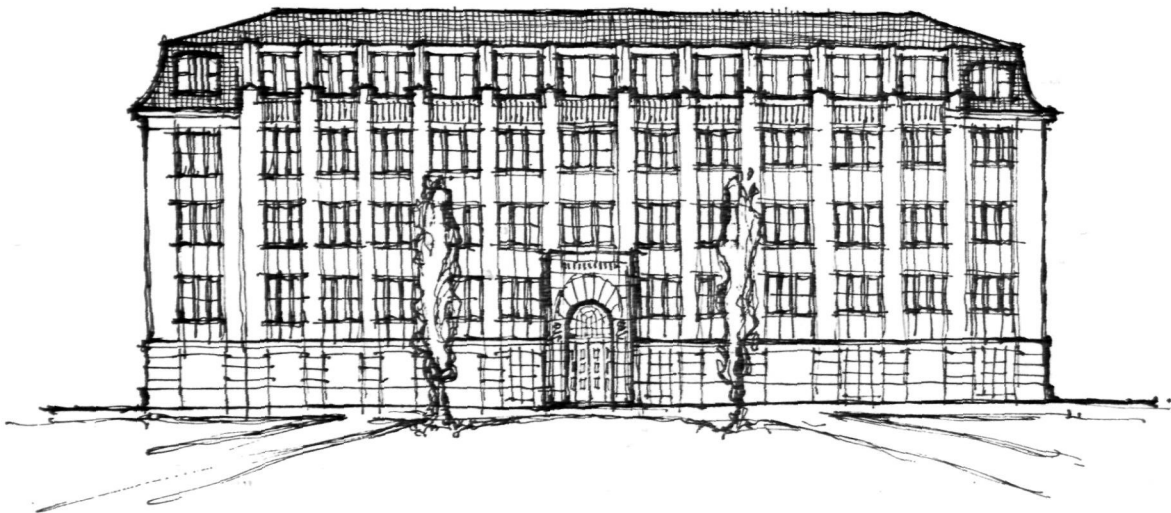
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1972 SENIOR YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE,
SYDNEY UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY
BLACKBURN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY 2006



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.*

Foreword

Any new Dean must, I assume, have difficulty in gathering his thoughts for the production of his first Year Book Foreword — there is so much that one could say, so many ideas to express and plans to divulge, and so little space in which to say it. It has become trite to say that medical education, after several decades of relative predictability and stability, is now in a state of flux throughout the world. This is inextricably bound up with changes in the pattern of health care services, about which all of us can speculate, but the form of which cannot be predicted with certainty. Undoubtedly, however, the practice of medicine and the delivery of health care in the last quarter of this century will be substantially different in a number of ways from what is currently familiar to us; certainly these patterns will be significantly shaped by yourselves, by your skills, your attitudes and your philosophies, and for some of us it is at times a matter of concern that we may not perhaps have prepared you for this changing world as effectively as we would have liked. “Perhaps they did not teach us much, but they taught us all they knew . . .” was not, I assume, incorporated into the Faculty song by accident, and at the present time at least some of your teachers, all of whom have indeed done their best as well you know, are not by any means convinced that you are appropriately prepared for the forms of medical practice which many of you will encounter. Such are the problems, but also the excitement, of being educated in a time of the most rapid transition, in medicine as in everything else, which the world has ever seen.

One particular area of debate at the present time, of great interest to the Faculty, is the future role of the doctor in the provision of medical care at first contact. On this issue we tend to be assailed from all sides: The College of General Practitioners and an increasing segment of the informed population criticise us for our neglect in failing to prepare you adequately for family practice, and more particularly for our failure to instill in you the notion that this is a form of medical practice of the highest importance, with its own particular rewards, and one which requires special preparation after graduation of a kind not essentially different from the preparation required for specialist work in other disciplines. Social scientists tend to assail us for what they consider to be our rather parochial view of health and disease, and our tendency to take unto ourselves a range of problems which are not truly “medical” in their implications. Politicians, on the other hand, tend to see us at the present time as rather too exclusively preoccupied with questions of financial reward, and too little concerned with meeting the needs of that substantial segment of the population whose chronic ill-health and inadequate insurance coverage have perhaps not concerned us as much as they should have done. Each of you will be required to find his own answer to these problems; certainly an answer or series of answers must be found, and fairly soon, for a variety of factors have combined to ensure that it will be less and less possible in your lifetime to practice inadequate forms of medicine without coming under serious criticism, for the status of the doctor is everywhere being questioned and challenged, and his imperfections (and the imperfections of medicine itself) being put increasingly under the microscope. For me it has been one of the most heartening features of education in the past decade to note the increasing sense of social responsibility displayed by both undergraduate and postgraduate students; though we have been spared in this Faculty from the worst excesses of ratbagery in the field of protest, we have been challenged to examine in depth the tendency for the profession to believe that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

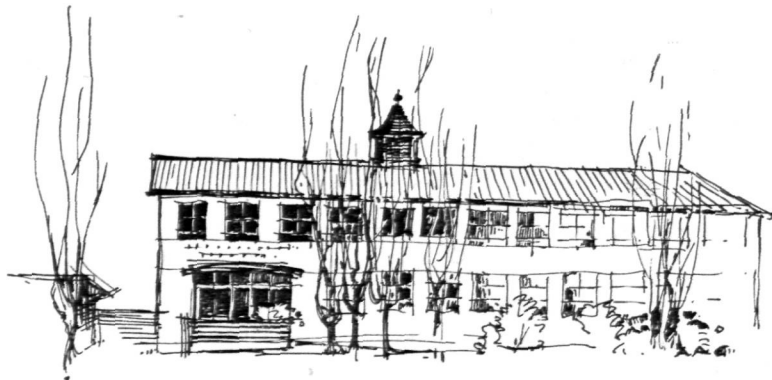
Your own future, then, will be full of challenge, but it will never be short on interest nor lacking in rewards of various kinds, of which the financial reward is clearly only one component. In whatsoever field you choose to practice, you will be required to apply the scientific knowledge with which you have been liberally inculcated during your training, together with a set of attitudes, concerns and practices which may in the long run be even more crucial determinants of your own success, and certainly will be crucial determinants of the future status of medical practice in Australia.

You have been a splendid group of students to teach, and have richly deserved your success. My best wishes, and those of all members of the Faculty of Medicine, go with you in your future professional and personal life.

DAVID MADDISON,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



The School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine.



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

Editorial

The 1972 Final Year has been a distinctive one. As the "in-between Leaving Certificate and Wyndham Scheme" Year, it has attracted a diverse group of people. Some repeated the Leaving Certificate; many have completed other courses; some have worked in differing occupations and a number are already raising families. The diversity of experiences and the personalities in this graduating year has made the medical course a unique one indeed for us.

It was thought that with a backdoor into medicine, this group of graduates may be of a lower standard of academic intelligence than others. The examination results of earlier years may have borne this out. However, later results have more than refuted this. In addition, this graduating year has shown a far greater understanding of life and of human relationships. This understanding, something which cannot be taught but is acquired by experience, is essential for the adequate practice of medicine and is perhaps the greatest asset the Year possesses.

Each of us has gained much from the inter-relationships with others of the Year. We have been amazed at and intrigued in their exploits and have added them to our own bank of experience. We have founded close friendships and made firm resolutions.

But what of the medical practice which we shall soon enter? The profession has been undergoing both internal and external upheavals. There has been internal faction fighting between subgroups of the profession and public displays on the National Health Scheme and the "Most Common Fee". In the public eye the doctor has become the money grabbing symbol of a capitalistic society. The group practice, the night and weekend locum service and the increasing role of the specialist are all now established. The overall result has been the undermining of the basis of medical practice — the doctor-patient relationship.

The unfortunate feature about this is that the medical profession itself is largely to blame for it. Each of us has the responsibility to both the patient and the profession to re-establish and maintain a rational basis for the practice of medicine. Some have said that this graduating year will provide a large number of general practitioners; I hope this is so, for undoubtedly the basis of practice is, and must remain, the general practitioner. It is only he who can equate the whole patient — his medical, social, economic and emotional aspects and cater for the person, not just the disease.

So, in the near future, when we are about to enter private practice, we should very carefully consider our responsibilities to the patient, to the profession and to ourselves.

We have now left University life behind us. In recent years the University has also been the scene of upheaval. We have seen the struggle for "student power"; the campus as a haven for draft resisters; the disintegration of organised student representation through the S.R.C. and confrontations between the University and Government. We have seen the Administration compromise and student representation introduced in a number of areas. During these times, the University has resisted strongly attempts to curtail academic freedom and it is hoped that the University will continue to be a source of freedom of speech and innovation in all spheres of life. We are indeed proud to be graduates of the University of Sydney.



*The Main Quadrangle, looking towards the old Fisher Library.
"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."*

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 professorial influence, especially that of John Woolley, Professor of Classics and Principal of the University, on the grounds that "the constitution of such studies and establishment of a medical school would retard the completion of the curriculum in the Faculty of Arts". Further schemes in 1866 and 1874 likewise failed.

In 1868 an event occurred that significantly influenced the course of events. H. R. H. Prince Alfred, afterwards the Duke of Edinburgh, was visiting N.S.W., and during a picnic a would-be assassin wounded him. He recovered, and as thanks-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 90 years. Playing many roles well, it is now widely known as a school to be respected and reckoned with.

RONALD WINTON

The Professors



Dean of the Faculty of Medicine
Professor of Psychiatry

DAVID CLARKSON MADDISON

"I myself have seventeen diseases"

We congratulate Professor Maddison on his appointment to the office of Dean. It came as no surprise — a rumour to this effect had been circulating for some time. The Deanship being virtually a full-time job, it must be with some misgivings for him that psychiatry will come a distant second.

Professor Maddison is a man of many talents:— besides being a capable administrator, an excellent teacher of Psychiatry, he is a brilliant pianist. But it is as Professor and teacher of Psychiatry that he shall be remembered by the graduates of 1972.

For the daring young men who sought a fantasia of the unconscious, he supplied it. For the pedestrians, his demonstration of the importance of psychiatric factors in the practice of Obstetrics, Gynaecology and General Surgery.

Naive students, thinking at right angles to the familiar pathways, were wont to catch Professor Maddison a trifle unawares. Never yielding to the ploy of defaming the question, he was able to recover from anywhere, and stand in command of the situation. Nobody escaped without their view of existence being challenged more than somewhat, or at least nudged gently.

As we depart the faculty at a time of impending curricular changes, it is reassuring to know that the School of Medicine is being piloted by such an able pair of hands.

We wish him well.

Professor of Surgery

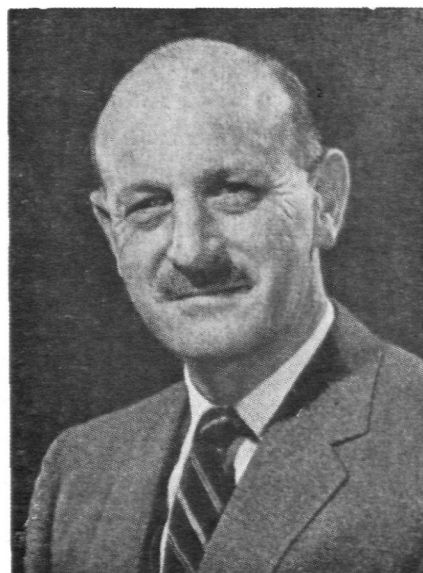
JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

"I'm very fond of flattery . . . but that's another story"

Retiring from the Deanship to guide us through our Final Year (perhaps the two are co-incidental), Professor Loewenthal has wasted no time in actively re-engaging himself in the undergraduate teaching of Surgery. He already looks a new man whether due to Surgery being his first love or relief from the office of Dean.

His six years as Dean have been very active ones. Major tasks included completion of the early stages of the Bosch Complex, up-dating teaching facilities at all the teaching hospitals, appointment of two affiliated teaching hospitals — the Mater Misericordiae and the Royal Newcastle, as well as the planning of the major teaching hospital at Westmead. Under his Deanship the Faculty Staff-Student Liaison Committee was established and Medicine was the first faculty to have three student members elected to Faculty.

As Head of the Department of Surgery he assured us the examiners were actually trying very hard to pass us (in Surgery, anyhow). Nevertheless, he decided some knowledge would also help and conducted teaching sessions at all the hospitals as well as tutorials at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. We found him to be a gifted teacher. His observance of detail yet still able to reduce the facts to a simple form made the learning of surgery that much easier.





Professor of Medicine

**CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON
BLACKBURN**

"That right?"

Professor Blackburn is a legendary figure in his own time, so all students look forward to contact with him. In fourth year we knew we were finally in clinical medicine when he gave us history taking demonstrations. In fifth year he remained a fairly distant and imposing figure at correlation clinics and grand rounds. This year he has become less distant but no less impressive.

Final year tutorials with "the Prof" must remain a major attraction because they provide our first association with him in situ. They remain stimulating because his ability to elucidate a history and penetrate both obscurity in a patient's story and absurdity in our knowledge is mildly stunning. He reveals his thoughts as he approaches diagnostic and therapeutic problems with detailed yet precise method. Despite this he remains an enigma to us ("You can't tell what answer he wants by the way he asks the question.")

However "Blackie" has diverse interests outside medicine. He has a love of the classics, a relic from his studies in Arts. "Noddy at the Seaside" was a recent favourite. He has a deep and critical appreciation of music, and is an experienced photographer. Physically active pursuits include golf and New Guinea mountain climbing.

It remains impossible to epitomize Professor Blackburn just as it remains impossible to fully assess the effects of his influence on us.

Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

I am the very model of a modern Gynaecologist
I combine the separate skills of Biochemist and Pathologist,
My medical endeavours have the hallmark of efficiency
Especially when I'm diagnosing HCG deficiency,
But when I meet the problem of unimpaired fertility
I find religious fervour in advising on sterility,
I inform the general public in this specialistic ministry
With many useful facts about the modern rubber industry.

CHORUS:— I am the very model of a modern Gynaecologist
I combine the separate skills of Biochemist and
Pathologist,
An embryonic, placental and uterine morphologist
I am the very model of a modern Gynaecologist.

In situations when one's sexual interest is excessive
I extol the virtues of the oral contraceptive,
I recommend to those whose Oestrous celebratum never ends
That tying of the tubules does not make for a vas deferens,
For potency I advocate Norethisterone acetate
Or in the latest style, a little ethynodial diacetate
And when at home and all alone, there's nothing like chlormadinone.
And for a night cap I suggest, a smidgen of progesterone.

CHORUS:— Anovular and Gynovular, Eugynon and Ovulan
Minovulon and Nuvacon, Nordicol and Volidan.
An embryonic, placental and uterine morphologist
I am the very model of a modern Gynaecologist.





Professor of Surgery

GERALD WHITE MILTON

His frequent exaltation of the game of golf suggest that Professor Milton has found this exacting sport considerably less frustrating than attempting to teach us some surgery. On many occasions this remarkable man must have been driven to the point of despair when, on entering a ward, he found one of us with his hands in his pockets, or worse, another wearing that "glazed look" which he encountered so often.

His efforts to make our study of Surgery during our undergraduate days an enjoyable learning experience are quite memorable. Those of us who were able to rise early enough to attend his morning tutorials will recall having been made to think as well as merely to keep awake.

Professor Milton does not fail to remind us that as future members of the Medical Profession, we will still share the inadequacies of all members of our species. His approach to his patients' problems is an example which many of us should heed, lest we lose sight of our own human shortcomings.

Teaching by example is not always particularly fruitful, as Professor Milton will no doubt agree. An unearingly punctual man himself, his timely arrival at our tutorials during this last year has failed to induce in us the same degree of promptness.

Although a surgical pundit of considerable distinction, Professor Milton has always strived to lower the traditional communication barrier between dizzy professorial heights and those of the more terrestrial student — an endeavour which is highly appreciated by the latter.

Indeed, Professor Milton always plays to par on our course.

Professor of Cardiology

PAUL IVAN KORNER

During fourth year Prof. Korner emerged from the research lab. to give us an introduction to the world of Cardiology. Arming us with a do it yourself guide, he's reappeared over the years in lectures, tutes and wards to add his own distinctive approach.

With powerful delivery and enigmatic smile he's led us from mitral stenosis, through arrhythmias to near irreversible shock. Never at a loss for a mechanism or a gesture, his passion for "pathophysiological basis" has been distilled into one masterpiece — The Diagram. Though some still resist its logic, few can escape it. It's become a Korner trademark.

Always ready to listen to argument or question, he has a genuine interest in students and teaching. Brave enough to ask questions of his audience — and even braver to listen to the answers — he inspires a fierce loyalty in those who have approached and spent time in discussion.

In one way or another, no-one is ever left unstirred by his efforts and (after all) perhaps that's what teaching is about.





Professor of Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery

THOMAS KIDMAN FARDON TAYLOR

"I would suggest doctor, that your treatment is distinctly homeopathic."

Orthopaedics certainly took a giant step forward with the appointment of Tom Taylor to the newly established Chair. He soon showed a fresh and enlightened approach to medical education. A great believer in student participation, many of us "volunteered" to assist in his well-planned teaching sessions and helped him make his point. He is renowned for his osteodystrophy that necessitates continual splinting of his cervical spine with a well starched coat collar; for his glossal neuromyopathy which leads to frequent bouts of "mord wixing" but which is readily correctable with an expletive "Damn!" and for a satirical sense of humour not to mention his apparent fetish for epiphyses.

Many of us have been asked "Tell me doctor, what do you think caused that injury?" and on one occasion the reply was "Perhaps a cricket bat" to which the Professor grinned and quipped "I don't really think so; after all there is something fundamentally decent about a game where they stop for tea!"

On another occasion when asking about the anatomical relationship of the gluteal region, he agreed with the student saying "yes, yes . . . and the foot has an anatomical relationship to the anus but not always on the same body".

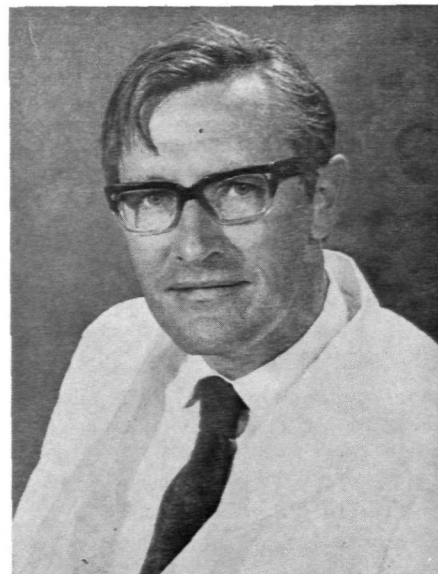
However, his tutorials, even if traumatic for the "volunteer", were always rewarding and enjoyed by us all. His message that "Medicine is only a matter of opinion — if you state your opinion, stick to it because if you change your opinion you obviously have no opinion" will be remembered.

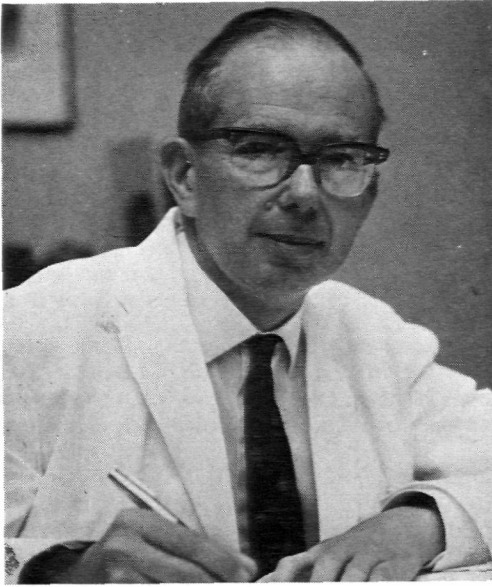
Professor of Medicine

JAMES GRAHAM McLEOD

Our first introduction to Jim McLeod was in third year Physiology, where the intricacies of the cerebellum were first revealed to us. Many in the year only know of him from lectures where his qualities cannot be fully appreciated. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have tutorials from him have been impressed by his broad clinical knowledge, approachability and humility.

Jim McLeod began his academic career with a B.Sc. (Med.) under Professor Bishop, who many of us remember from second year as an eccentric professor of Neurophysiology. His potential was recognized early and he proceeded to Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship where we are assured he is still remembered as "the rowing enthusiast who worked at weekends". Subsequently he has worked with many notable neurologists at Queen's Square and Boston returning to Sydney with an enlightened urbanity that only such a wide experience could endow.





Professor of Child Health

THOMAS STAPLETON

"How absolutely fascinating . . . It's terribly, terribly important, you know."

A curious combination of left-wing politics and conservative traditionalism, Tom Stapleton would be equally at home having Shanghai duck with Mao or tea and muffins with H. M. the Queen. He is also known to share his fare with highly selected paediatric students of suitable secondary education.

He is particularly interested in student welfare and opinion and has been a member of the Staff-Student Liaison Committee since its inception. He served until recently on the Union Board and rarely misses a Union Dinner (unless, of course, overseas).

He is the proud owner of one (only) tie — see accompanying photo — and the obsessive collector of 200 plus student photos per year.

His pet dislikes include tardiness and absenteeism; students in the C.M.F.; parents (who are invariably responsible for all the problems of their offspring).

One of the personalities of the Faculty, he is also the provider of a diverse and interesting Paediatric course.

Professor of Preventive and Social Medicine

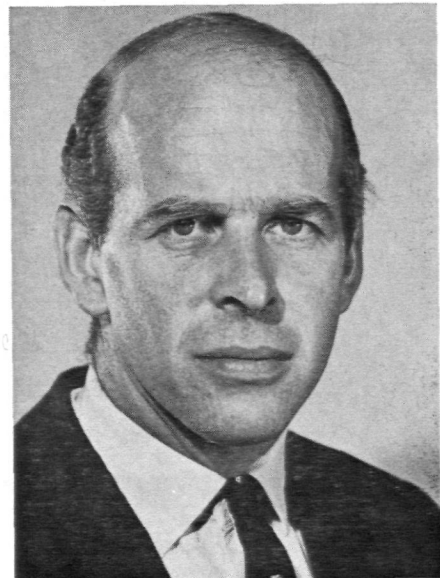
CHARLES BALDWIN KERR

Our first encounter with Charles Kerr was in fourth year with a rather complete set of lectures on genetics, inherited diseases and the pros and cons of eugenics. Had Z.P.G. been in vogue, undoubtedly we would have had a burst on it too.

The next meeting was certainly the most memorable — at the Rose Bay R.S.L. Club. The occasion was the fourth year dinner, and it is fitting that the Professor of Social Medicine should have played such a prominent role. Clad in his indispensable navy jacket his jokes were, of course, in bad taste and his drinking habits somewhat extensive.

However, both himself and the year managed to recover sufficiently for a further encounter in fifth year where, in addition to the formal lectures, informal tutes over coffee were arranged for each hospital. These were much appreciated, both for their interesting and informal discussion and, from a practical point of view, helping to greatly reduce the possible exam questions from that huge list of fifty-four questions.

Charles Kerr is an avid opponent of the formal examination and we wish him well in his attempts to reduce the list of possible questions to zero.





Professor of Anaesthetics

DOUGLAS JOSEPH

Combining physics, chemistry, physiology, mechanics and technical details, Professor Joseph came up with both a theoretical and practical approach to Anaesthetics. Properties of anaesthetic agents were intermixed with Boyle's machines, circles, the color of gas cylinders and the height of power points above the theatre floor. We learnt that the anaesthetist's place is also in the ward and the work-up of the conscious patients is as important as intubating him when he was asleep and the follow-up when he awakes.

The practical side saw us actually involved in giving anaesthetics; so much so, we perhaps felt that this was one aspect in which we could carry out a practical procedure, should the necessity arise.

The emphasis on resuscitative procedure was especially invaluable and it is hoped that this well-directed instruction will be responsible for the saving of many lives in the future.

Professor of Pathology

FRANK REES MARGAREY

Prof. Magarey was the cathartic that eased our passage from the turgid academic atmosphere of pre-clinical years into the wider world of clinical medicine. With his year-round sun-tan and characteristic white hair, he bore a close resemblance to an international yachting hero, and we were not surprised to learn that his weekends were spent on the harbour in true Chichesterian fashion. On the subject of diseased arteries, we soon came to realize that there was a lot to be said for the local theory. Other strongly held views he communicated to us included a disbelief in anything smaller than one micron in diameter, a dislike of beards, a mistrust of anything from south of the border, and an anti-smoking campaign that bordered on an infringement of our civil liberties. The faint-hearted among us were often taken aback by his searching questions in post-mortems and slide classes. On the whole, however, we are all indebted to him for his enthusiastic and down-to-earth approach to teaching, and for the firm grounding in Pathology we all received from him.



WHILE WE WERE PASSING THROUGH . . .

It has been a long six (or more) years and how often did we wonder if we would ever make it? We've been confronted by hundreds of teachers and in return have sometimes confronted them. Everyone a different personality in his own way. The material they taught us may not remain long, but our memory of them will linger longer.

So to a brief reminder . . .

The beginning — that unfortunate combination of re-incarnated school and Pitt Street crowds. Students were statistics and lecturers were T.V. sets. Practical classes cut deeply into the afternoons. However, there were notables — Peter Simpson with his never-failing 9.30 a.m. joke; Professor Birch, always cool in his light striped cotton suit.

Second year — at last this was the real thing. Armed with a variety of instruments, which gradually reduced in number to bare hands, we invaded the dissecting rooms. Good intentions were quickly replaced by bad jokes, avid conversation and cigarettes in the corridor. Anatomists told us we'd never make it, biochemists and physiologists said probably we wouldn't and histologists didn't care. Second year, a traumatic year — long days and long nights and those terrifying examinations at the end which proved the downfall of many. Third year was better — one subject less and anyhow we knew how to handle it now; so much so that the short year caught us with our pants down and there was that manic preparation for the exams.

There was Philomena McGrath with stacks of coloured

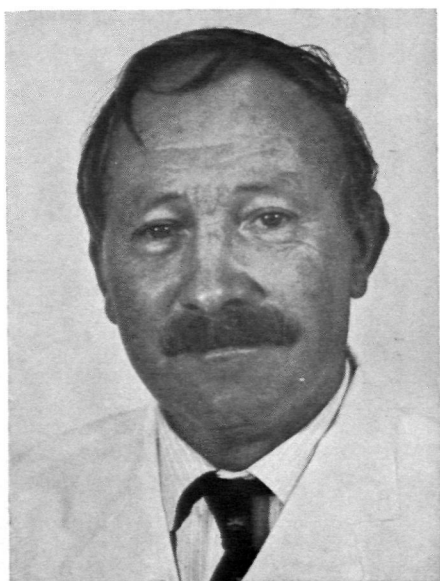
plates; Associate Professor Perrott with delusions of being a uterus — although he wisely made these claims behind locked and bolted doors; Bob Munro who delivered his lecture from half way up the lecture theatre aisle; and what about that character of a mesomorph, Donny Duncombe, who received the award of the Bronze Scrotum at the Med. Ball, and one or two students even reported a sighting of Black Mac.

Dr. "Epithelium" Rae was followed by "Slow-as-bones" Griffin and Prof. Cleland whose half lecture on the hair follicle was worth 20%; also those unlikely baby-makers Doctors Wyndham and Sullivan. And a place in history is reserved for that stooge of demonstrators, dear old Larry.

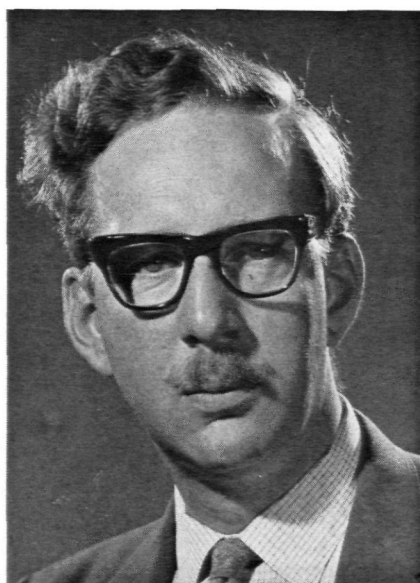
The physiologists came in their droves. Headed by Prof. Taylor who wandered back and forth up front and also through cardiovascular physiology. That haematologist who went so fast that he ended up in Melbourne, only to reappear in final year, just in case we'd missed anything (and left us more confused than ever). Rodieck, an expatriot Yank with eyes and ears and Johnny Young, whose three important facts DID appear in the examination. Plus a host of others.

Bill Hensley led the fight against the breathalyser and departed to P.A., leaving Vince Whittaker and Dr. Hunt to guide us along a maze of pathways. Mick Messer, in a memorable illustrated lecture, showed us all there was to know about the biochemistry of the breast.

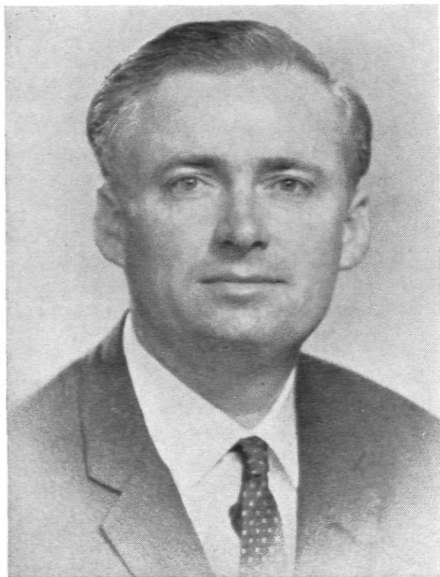
At last we migrated from the Anderson-Stuart Building



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



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

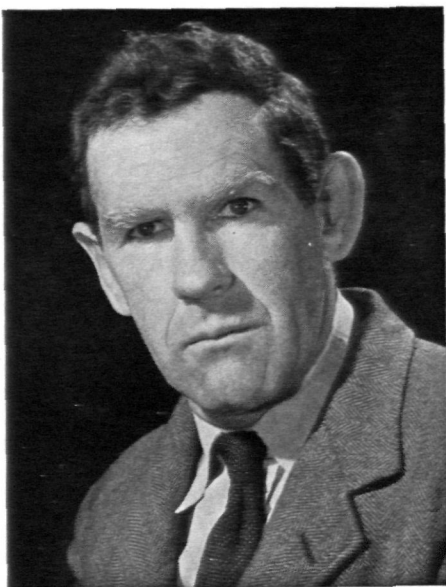


*V. K. L. Whittaker,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.*

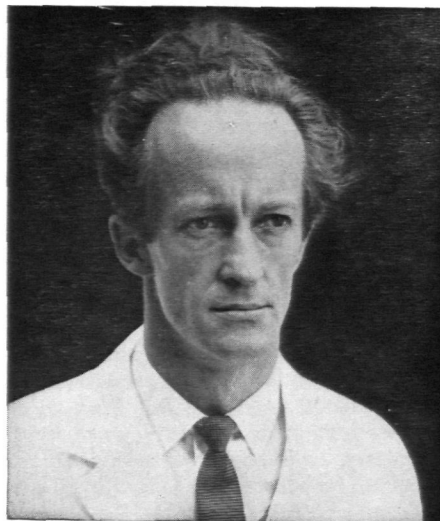
to the Blackburn Building with all the heavies. More blocks of lectures and more practical classes, but this time it was disease, not health. The great white father introduced his well-organised department. We learnt that even pipe-smoking was bad, that auto-immune is a dirty word and we even learnt the code on the path. bottles just in case one was in the exam. There was "Dame" Mary Gilder — "the facts and nothing but the facts" and Earnest Finckh with the lousy liver and kidneys. Dr. Laing showed us pictures from his family album and related numerous memorable anecdotes.

The one-man bacteriology department with his beatnik ways imparted his apparently first-hand knowledge with an occasional supplement from Tony Cronin and a longer course on immunology from David Nelson.

Pharmacology, a one term sprint, came and went — our



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



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

command of the subject lasting a fraction longer (until the May exams).

From January, we became "almost" doctors — stiffly starched white coats and dangling stethoscopes. (You can always tell who is a fourth year student). But again more lectures in the morning on every conceivable topic. Medicine was opened by the late John Read — a brilliant teacher who reduced respiratory medicine to simple first principles. He was followed by Paul Korner with high-powered stuff and super-duper flow diagrams which were to become invaluable in final year. Dougie Piper told us what every first year nurse and trolley-boy already knew; plus numerous others.

The surgeons chipped in with their goodies, now summarised in two "blue" books.

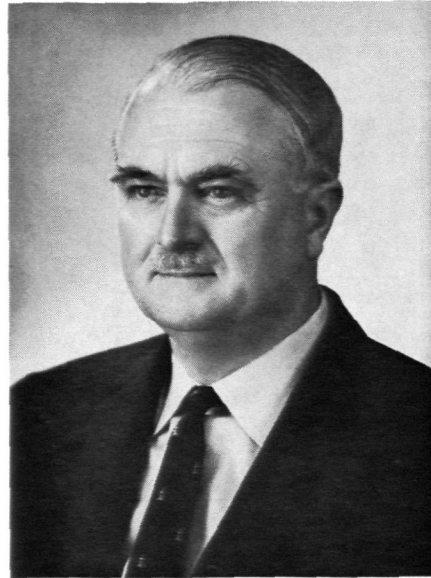
Incoming V saw an early start to the surfing season,



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



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



*Adrian Johnston,
Lecturer in Dermatology.*

interdispersed with an occasional Obstets. and Paediatric lecture. Fifth year proper proved to be the highlight for most. A full social calender while seeing (not studying) the wide spectrum of medicine. Living-in, when one realised why students quarters were built so solidly, proved to be almost a second childhood. An interlude at kids hospital, Obstetrics and Psychiatry added to the diversity of our experiences. The examinations during the year hardly stirred us, but that Psychiatry exam at the end did prove to be a shock.

Elective term saw us scattered across the globe and purely academic things were pushed to the back of our minds. However, soon we were back again with Final Year panic. Tutorials, lectures and books crammed in the short time available. Some of us made a weekly pilgrimage to the University each Thursday and, despite our increasing

neuroses, most of us still managed to have a good time too!

Now that it is all over, let us reflect and remember . . .

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 —

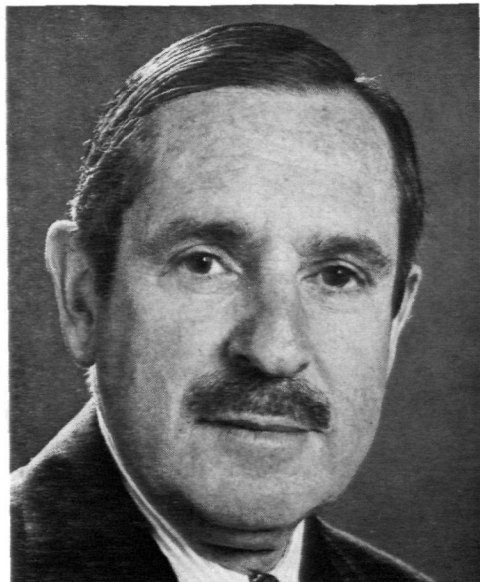
Perhaps they did not teach us much, but they taught us
all they knew,

While we were passing through . . .

. . . . MEDICINE



*E. J. Donaldson,
Director of Studies in Ophthalmology and Eye Health.*



*Volney G. Bulteau,
Lecturer in Diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat.*

PRECLINICAL TEACHERS

Anatomy

Dr. Philomena McGrath
 Dr. Bob Munro
 Assoc. Prof. J. Perrott
 Dr. Donny Duncombe

Histology and Embryology

Prof. Kenneth Cleland
 Assoc. Prof. C. J. Griffin
 Assoc. Prof. C. S. Sapsford
 Dr. E. W. van Lennep
 Dr. Clare Rae
 Dr. G. E. Sullivan
 Dr. Norman Wyndham

Bacteriology

Prof. Patrick de Burgh
 Dr. D. S. Nelson
 Dr. Tony Cronin

Pharmacology

Prof. R. H. Thorp
 Assoc. Prof. L. B. Cobbin
 Dr. G. B. Chesher
 Dr. G. A. Starmer
 Dr. Diana Temple
 Dr. Mary Maguire

Biochemistry

Dr. Bill Hensley
 Dr. A. L. Hunt
 Dr. R. G. Wake
 Dr. V. K. L. Whittaker
 Dr. Mike Messer

Physiology

Prof. Michael G. Taylor
 Prof. William Burke
 Assoc. Prof. G. M. H. Waites
 Assoc. Prof. Johnny Young
 Dr. C. W. Dunlop
 Dr. A. V. Everritt
 Dr. R. W. Rodieck
 Dr. D. F. J. Halmogy
 Dr. L. Lazarus

Pathology

Prof. Frank Magarey
 Prof. D. A. Cameron
 Assoc. Prof. E. S. Finckh
 Dr. Billy Evans
 Dr. E. Mary Gilder
 Dr. Vince McGovern
 Dr. L. Arnold
 Dr. K. Viner-Smith
 Dr. F. W. Gunz

PSYCHIATRY

Prof. David Maddison
 Assoc. Prof. J. Katz
 Assoc. Prof. T. Pilowski
 Dr. R. J. Schureck

TROPICAL MEDICINE

Prof. R. H. Black

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE

Dr. J. Laing

HISTORY OF MEDICINE

Dr. R. Winton

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good things
in life
come from
your . . .***



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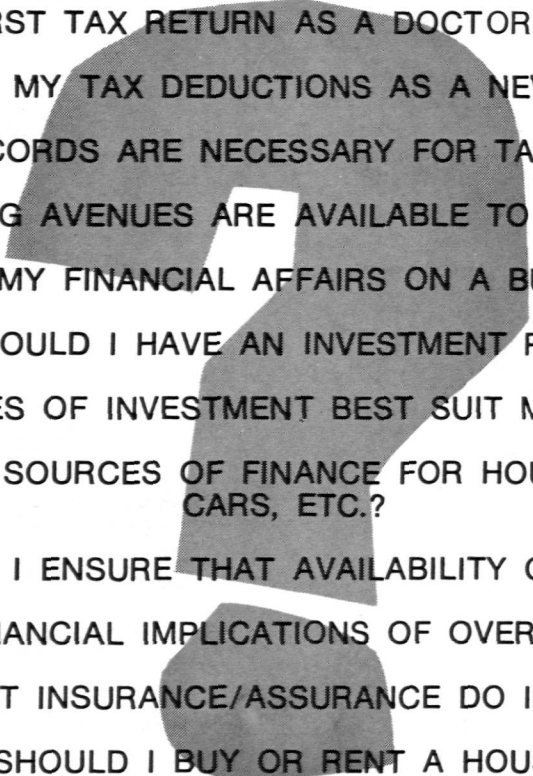
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ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

I would like to thank the Editor of the "1972 Senior Year Book" for asking me, on the eve of my retirement, to write the introduction about Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

I cannot help but cast my mind back to that day 40 years ago when the late Keith Harrison and myself donned short white coats and armed with a stethoscope and ophthalmoscope walked from the old school to begin our studies at Prince Alfred. At that time the country was in the midst of the depression and a number of the wards were closed. In the last few years I was deprived of my Surgical Ward because the ceiling fell in.

I very nearly did not go to Prince Alfred Hospital as at the end of Third Year I put my name down for Sydney Hospital; I was influenced in this by its proximity to the flesh pots of Sydney which had been exemplified to me by the innumerable pubs and picture theatres. My father mentioned my choice to his friend the late Sir Charles McDonald, known to all as C.G., who had just become a Senior Physician at Prince Alfred. C.G. was soon on the telephone, asking what hospital in Sydney I was referring to. He went so far as to say that there was only one hospital in Sydney where one really learnt medicine and this was Prince Alfred. Defeated, I said I would put my name down for P.A., but he informed me that he had already done this.

On becoming a student at the hospital in those days,

one did not meet kindly Wardens and Student Supervisors or be entertained to drinks by the Honorary staff. We were informed in no uncertain ways we were the lowest forms of hospital life and this was re-inforced regularly in the ensuing three years.

The introductory lecture from the Student Supervisor dealt largely with our expected behaviour and contained a list of activities which in no circumstances would be tolerated. Needless to say such activities were those most dearest to a student's heart. When we finally met our Surgical Tutor we were told the hospital was run with military discipline, and it took no great degree of insight to realise who the private soldiers were. The greatest solecism was to address a member of the Honorary Staff as Doctor so and so, or Sir. The military atmosphere was maintained by the fact that the General Superintendent, Dr. Lillie also commanded the University Regiment and looked only slightly less forbidding stalking around the hospital in his long white coat, than he did when mounted upon his charger. He would review the Regiment on ceremonial occasions.

The Assistant Superintendent was even more terrifying. Many of the Sisters had been in charge of Wards for 20 years or so, and could be classified as dragons. They had the absolute say as to whether or not you examined the patient or put a foot inside their ward. Nowadays the Ward Sisters all appear to be young, attractive and well disposed to the student body.

The Nursing Staff worked extremely long hours and as soon as they came off duty, security locked them in an impenetrable fortress, so the authorities thought, and euphemistically referred to as the Nurse's Home. None the less we thoroughly enjoyed our three years.

Prince Alfred had long been famous for the high calibre in the teaching of Medicine. Teachers in this field were C. G. McDonald, Archie Collins, Billy Bye and Kempson Maddox. This high standard of teaching has persisted to this day. Although, if one were forced to judge them solely by the notes in the Year Books, it would appear that the hospital had been staffed only by eccentrics and comedians.

Surgical teaching was not so well done, there were only a small number of well trained surgeons and they were so busy that there was little time to spend with students. The Senior Surgeon would complete his rounds in less than half an hour and did not address the students.

The younger Surgeons were better and I think our best Surgical tutor was the evergreen Rex Money.

Ever since it was founded as a Teaching Hospital Prince Alfred has relied upon the bulk of its teaching by the Honorary Staff.

There are now increased numbers of full-time teachers and this trend must continue, and in time I presume the Honorary Teachers will become extinct. It would be a pity if this were so, as they can impart a facet of medicine of which the academic staff may be only dimly aware, both voices need to be heard by a student during training.

Before closing one must remember that the General Practitioners are still larger in numbers than the Specialists, and they are the back bone of the profession, and that the most difficult thing to do is to become a good G.P.

JOHN SPENCE

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

It is said of neurologists, perhaps unfairly, that they are excellent diagnosticians of untreatable disorders. But one must admire a person who has mastered the art of the Queen's Square Conker and who knows, exactly, the most painful places to jab recalcitrant patients with pins.

Having explained the meaning of epilepsy in fourth year, repeated it in fifth year and having given us a final encore in sixth year, even we now know that important differential diagnosis between epilepsy and those ecstatic spasms one's girlfriends tend to undergo on stressful occasions.

So now we are all armed with our own Conkers and sharp pricking instruments, thus better able to go forth and tackle society in a neuro-pathological manner.



FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

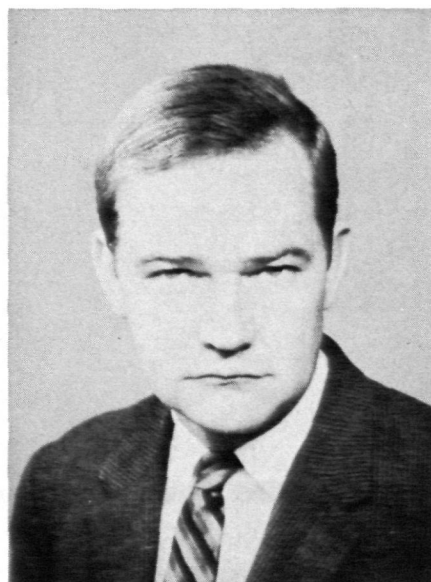
"Well, hmm, what do you think?"

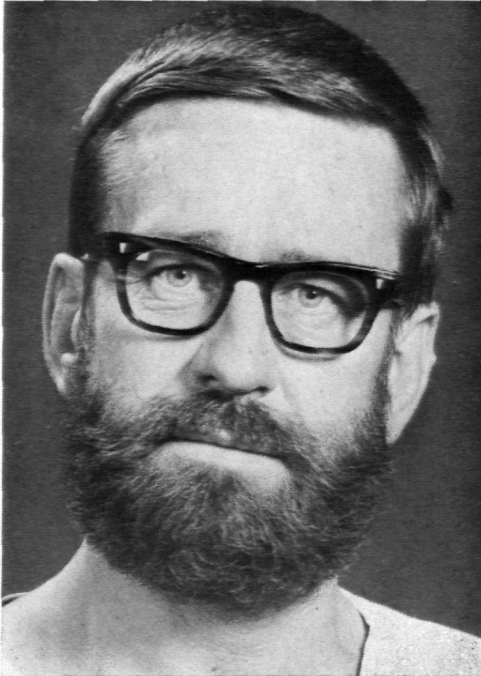
Dr. Harding Burns, a former Hammersmith Hippie, is well remembered as the only tutor to conduct consultant tutorials — in which the students are consulted on patient management, only to be met with resounding silence on their part. His tutorials were probably the most relaxed that we encountered, ending by mutual and unspoken consent with the first silence longer than one minute. We all benefited watching Dr. Harding Burns' bedside manner — always the perfect gentleman and kind and considerate to his patients. Dr. HB is also the most reliable of tutors, never being late for or missing a tutorial. His quiet ways and unassuming manner belied his considerable clinical acumen and expertise, for which we all came to respect and admire him.

LOUIS BERNSTEIN

The unusual and humorous quality of Dr. Bernstein's tutorials was apparent from the very beginning with his "welcome", read from one of those ubiquitous cards he carries to ensure he doesn't forget anything important. Not a man noted for losing control he remained placid even in the face of extreme provocation (what are the causes of cannon waves?), and was able to teach us in a logical fashion, with some cardiological cheating, his hypotheses concerning cardiac phenomena.

Possibly his most important quality is his ability to expose our weaknesses in medical knowledge, provoking many into doing something about their ignorance. We only hope that he is getting sufficient feedback from us to encourage his teaching in the future.





BRUCE CLIFTON

"Wake up, sex-kitten"

From skin-head in Vietnam to Superstar at R.P.A.H., this great anaesthetist and educator is on his own. Many have smarted under a "You're so ignorant you're gorgeous," but none stayed humiliated longer than it took to learn the point in question.

He taught us good, basic medicine and even seemed to like doing it — Gawd!

Bruce's contempt for the pecking order often lands him in a chilly surgical environment, but he still wears shorts all year.

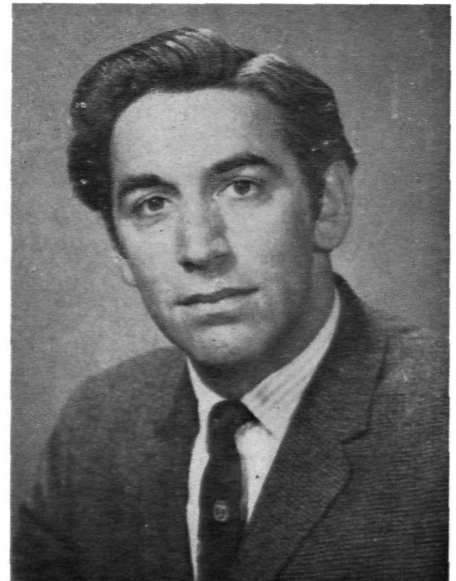
A professor once asked after a delicate operation "Are there any questions chaps?" The silence was broken by a question from the head end. Did he tell you who put the flavour back in lemonade Bruce?

PETER GIANOUTSOS

"Beware the man who slaps you on the back. He is probably trying to make you cough up something". (W.G.P.)

Having known Dr. Gianoutsos as a tutor and a friend has played no mean part in making our final year as students enjoyable. Before our first tutorial with him we had been told by another tutor "I won't bother doing lungs with you because you've got tutorials with Peter Gianoutsos." So we were prepared for the excellent tutorials which we in fact received. What we were not prepared for was the profound impression this gently-spoken man would make on us. His teaching left nothing to be desired; it was lucid and obviously well-prepared.

In a hospital as large and impersonal as R.P.A., it was refreshing to meet someone who so obviously loves his fellow man.



DAVID GLENN

"Give us a bash on sclerosing haemangioma, Miss Foster"

Swayed by last year's biography which suggested he was always borrowing cigarettes, Mr. Glenn put on a new image and appeared on the scene with pockets bulging. Dynamic tutorials were often directed towards the region of the common bile duct and while quizzing one section of the group he would direct his crossfire in the form of cigarettes to the "solitaire" smoker among us.

Despite a mass of hair which is metastasising at an alarming rate, Mr. Glenn came through as the perfect gentleman and dedicated teacher. His popularity is not confined to students alone — he has been wielding his knife among his colleagues and it is rumoured that there is scarcely a member of staff who hasn't had their body image threatened by him.

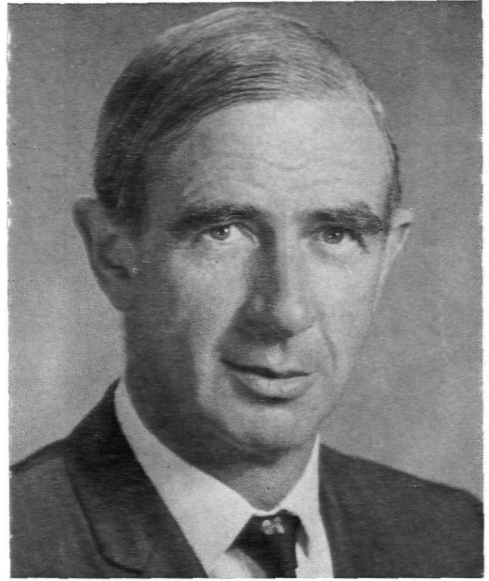


JOHN ERNEST DUNLOP GOLDIE

Mr. Goldie is unique amongst tutors in that he wears half-moon glasses, bushy eyebrows, is always punctual and palpates thyroids from the front.

His tutorials proved to be a series of soliloquies, sounding like the reincarnation of Mr. Bailey himself.

He is a very capable and reassuring tutor. Amidst the gross anxiety engendered by the stresses of final year, his tutorials are both soothing and informative — he is a true gentleman.



STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

"You've given me a list of symptoms. What are the patient's problems?"

It didn't take us long to realise our good fortune in being tutored by Dr. Goulston. His methodical and patient manner with students always won through in the end, despite the occasional sigh of exasperation emitted under great provocation. He impressed upon us the practical approach to management and a humane consideration of the patient himself. We inevitably grew to admire him as we learnt more, and enjoyed the sessions at the bedside in A1, with Dr. Goulston listening intently as he absent-mindedly hitched up his trousers with his forearms. Later, sometimes we'd hear romantic highlights from medical history. We offer him our thanks and sincere best wishes.

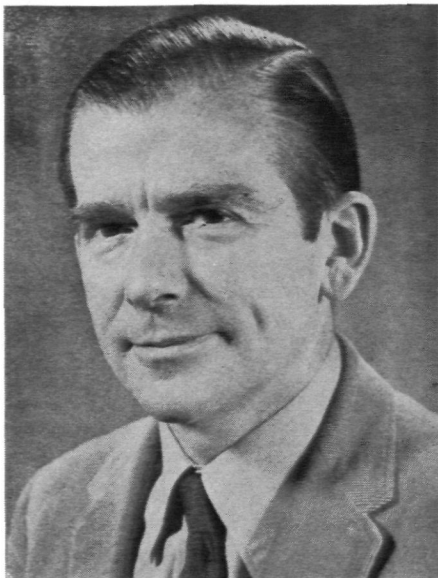


ALEXANDER FALCONER GRANT

"Come on, what's the correct word for . . ."

Taking one look at our hypoxic brains, Mr. Grant decided it was too late for conservative treatment — the time had come for some intensive thoracic surgery. Thus followed ten weeks of percussive questioning that left most of us hyperventilating and slightly cyanosed. Pipe held high, he would declare smoking to be the scourge of the lung, and insisting always on precise medical terminology, his questions were often answered by some coughing sounds and coarse crepitations, if not outright stony dullness. However, luckily for us, he didn't despair and it may be said, after comparing one side with the other, that he spurred us on to consolidating our knowledge which had previously been patchy areas of irregular cavitations.





JOHN MOORE GREENAWAY

A medical historian of the old school (worn on his sleeve) he will be remembered for his animated wisdom.

- Of Students:* "Those of you who have been in the library . . ."
 "You great galahs!!"
Of Women: "Germain Greer is an intellectual charlatan."
 "You were bitching about . . ."
Of Tutorials: "I became digressed . . . what were we talking about?"
 "I don't know why I am beating the table so much."
Of Colleagues: "Ear, nose and throtalists have . . ."
Of the Past: "No reverence for the gods that taught the art!"
Of Religion: "Christ knows I don't!!"
 "For God's sake . . . Jesus wept!"
Of Exams: "A bit of terminology I learned up and didn't have a bloody clue what it all meant."
 "Not all examiners are bastards . . . but some are."

EDWARD JAMES HALLIDAY

"Good man, good man"

We first met Dr. Halliday in final year. We found a man with a very complete command of cardiology and an ability to convey information in a most lucid way.

"E.J.'s" enthusiasm never diminished despite our shortcomings — in fact one could not imagine that it would be possible to derive more pleasure from one's work than Dr. Halliday does from Cardiology. We will remember the way his face used to light up when he was explaining a point or when one of us was able to hear a murmur that had previously escaped our attention.

Apart from the absence of a "lean and hungry look" that one might expect from a cardiologist, "E.J." has provided us with standards that will not be easy to uphold.



HENRY PETER BURNELL HARVEY

"Let's just digress for a minute . . . remind me to come back to that . . . now where was I?"

Dr. Harvey, with his mutton chops and long hair, could easily be mistaken for his more famous namesake were it not for his habit of wearing shorts and a pink shirt.

He revealed himself to be a lively teacher as he expanded on his bellows theory of the lungs. He is a great believer in the bedside tutorial — whether the patient happens to be in the bed or not. His genuine interest in students was shown by his disconcerting habit of remembering those tutorials we had missed and his helpfulness in presenting our cases for us.

Finally, in that unscheduled gynaecology tutorial, we saw him as the superb clinician that he is.

JOHN EVERARD HASSALL

During medicine lectures of fifth year, Dr. Hassall undertook the task of integrating our newly acquired skills in physical examination and history taking into an approach to diagnosis and management. He was not aided by the early hour of the tutorials but penetrating questions and less subtle techniques if needed, assured the fullest attention of what might otherwise have been a somnolent group of students.

We were deeply impressed by his mastery of that mystifying group of disorders known as the collagen diseases but most of all he won our respect through his preparedness to commit himself to a diagnosis on the basis of the facts presented and then allowing us to prove him wrong if we were able.



FREDERICK CHARLES HINDE

"It's not the heterosexual parties you have to worry about, it's the ho . . . ah!"

As Clinical Supervisor for O. & G., Dr. Hinde introduced us to this specialty with a warning about holding noisy parties at the Student's Quarters. Despite this, our "benevolent despot" never failed to impress all with his endless patience, while he tried, in one short term, to guide us through the "ins and outs" of the female pelvis.

One of his most endearing qualities was his recognition of students needs to sit down for tutorials, instead of dying on their feet in the middle of O.P.D. or a draughty corridor.

For those of us fortunate enough to have "Fred" as a tutor, a lucid understanding of O. & G. resulted, and we were truly sorry to hear of his resignation as Clinical Supervisor at the end of our term. It is a rare quality that enables a doctor to empathize with his work, his patients and his students.

ELTON HOLMAN

"It's not worth a cupful of cold water!"

This obstetrician extraordinaire is renowned for his unorthodox views on post-maturity, to which he often applied the misquotation above. Always sporting a trendy Carnaby Street suit his friendliness and cheery "hello" have bolstered the spirits of many a weary obstetric student. Not one for beating around the bush this evergreen obstetric war-horse would come straight to the crutch of the problem and his lucid expositions on female functioning have reduced many a difficult topic to "mere pittance".

He spent considerable time with us, guiding us through the intricacies of the female pelvis, always ready to recapture our attention with an earthy story, and many a time in the future will we recall what he has said and be thankful.





FELIX HUBER

"Captain" Huber runs a tight ship and a tight (in both its literary forms) group. It is unusual to hear that surgical tutorials can be enjoyed, but this is the case with Felix whose barbed wit and loose open discussion endear him to his students.

We know that we must share Felix with those other students from Transistor Tech, as he wanders to his other domain, Prince of Wales Hospital, but as long as he doesn't catch anything, there will always be a welcome.

As with all surgeons, Felix has weathered the English hospital scramble with a bout on return in the Sydney treadmill, but he has preserved a considerable amount of "cool" for which all under his tutelage will be grateful.

BRUCE DOUGLAS LECKIE

On the management of patients:
"Surgeons are optimists"

A lump in the chest is like a lump in the breast. You roll him over and do a thorotomy. And I learnt most about the by-pass from the barber in Cleveland. It just shows you if you can't breathe you're in trouble.

Some go to Page Eight. When you fix him up he smiles like a pig in a cabbage patch. But remember, numbers have no memory, and physicians have less.



JULIAN HERZL LEE

"Who's got a patient"

Oh, well, I know what it is like in sixth year striding in with an armful of "Hot X-Rays". Excitement over the discovery of a new respiratory disease; only two discovered in the last 5 years.

Scraping the walls of Newtown Hovels for aspergillus. Immaculate "Bally Shoes". Big Julie exudes confidence and ability to cover any situation.

Like a Type I reaction teaching a load of Type II reactors. None the less his ability to explain complicated lung disease in a clear mechanistic manner endears him to his students.



GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

This mild mannered gentleman has led us gently around the wards taking great care to point out to us the finer points of Medicine.

His one aim is to look after the welfare of his students. This he achieves in two ways: firstly, by being Warden of the Clinical School, at which position he excels by doing all that he can for the students under his care and secondly by being a final year tutor. His tutorials were always inspiring, especially trying to teach us that above all the patients are human beings with feelings to be appreciated. We all hope that we have been endowed with some of his compassion, so that at least in part, this one aspect of his personality will remain with us for life.



BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

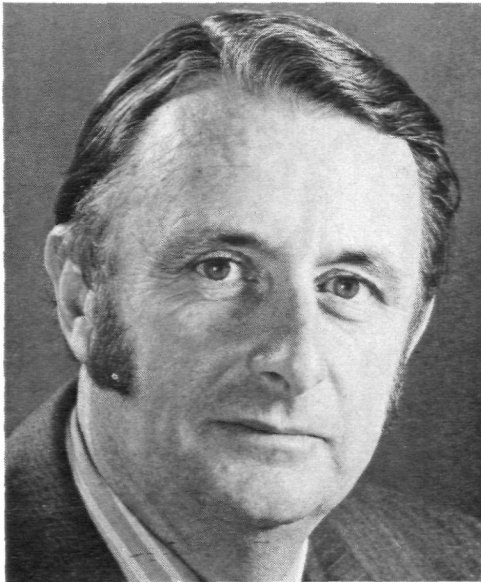
"It's up forty centimetres!!!"

A well-travelled man, his trips have resulted in the importation to Sydney of Japan's Colonoscope, America's Ripstein and Dubbo's Helminths.

Resplendent in bow-tie, he maintained interest with a series of three-fingered exercises and a short excursion into film making. Not one to rest on his laurels as leading man, however, in his next feature, he also aims to be producer-director — after all "Miles made his the way he wanted."

Marked by a propensity for getting right to the bottom of most issues, his tutorials always informed, especially any "old cock" whose diligence may have flagged.

We are grateful for the effort and attention; for the future we trust the long promised Colonoscope mark II (which has a portable shower room as an optional extra) soon becomes available.



MARGARET MULVEY

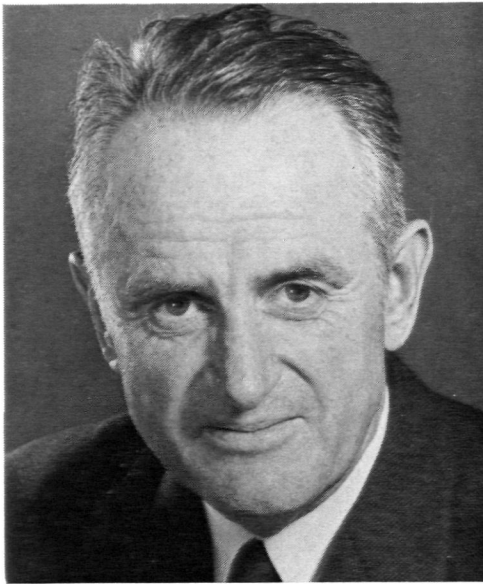
"Hmm"

Gynaecology means the study of women, and all aspects of a patient must be considered before pelvic disease can be fully assessed. This concept is one of Dr. Mulvey's many crusading themes, and this interest in her patient's background is enthusiastically transmitted to the students.

In fact, Dr. Mulvey is interested in everything, especially in the whispered asides which occur during operations. Most of us learnt to think very quickly, in order to make adequate replies to sudden requests for information concerning the subject matter of our conversations.

Learning from Dr. Mulvey was always enlightening, sometimes traumatic, but never boring. She is a colourful personality, with powerful likes and dislikes. We were fortunate that teaching is one of her special likes.





GEORGE ROWAN NICKS, O.B.E.

His style would perhaps suit that of his native city Dunedin, rather the hustle of Sydney, however he has survived extraordinarily well. As head of the "Thoracic Surgery Department" he has become the God-father of Page, often to the distress of Sisters when he arrives at strange hours to visit his patients, who love him dearly.

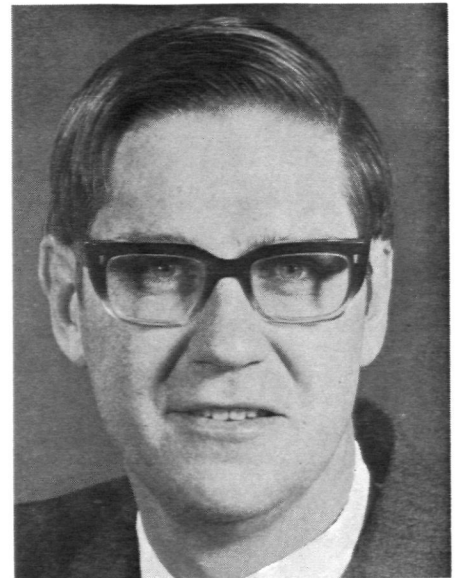
Rowan Nicks literally takes his students, as well as residents and sisters, by the hand to lead them through the difficult paths of medical knowledge. He is a sincere and excellent teacher.

After seeing Mr. Nicks care for his patients one can easily see why his services to medicine have been so highly recognised. Many will be saddened by his retirement next year.

FREDERICK WESTWOOD NIESCHE

Each week we would meet Mr. N. in the ward, see a few patients, and then adjourn to the Ladies' Sitting Room (of all places!) to discuss a predetermined topic. These tutorials were of great value because of Mr. N.'s experienced rational approach to surgery. Our misconceptions after reading the textbooks would be dispelled once he began to describe, in proper perspective, how the patient REALLY presents. Exam-orientated students would ask: "But patients can also present with . . ." His reply, both honest and realistic, would be: "Well, I've never seen this, but you should give it a mention in the exam."

There is no doubt that the value of Mr. N.'s teaching teaching will materialise during Finals and, more importantly, in our years of residency. We owe him a great deal.



KENNETH WILLIAM PERKINS

"With this one you can suck and blow at the same time"

Ken Perkins, endoscopist extraordinaire, will be remembered by those he taught for his relaxed and practical approach to medicine and for his efforts to show us "medicine as she is, not as she is taught".

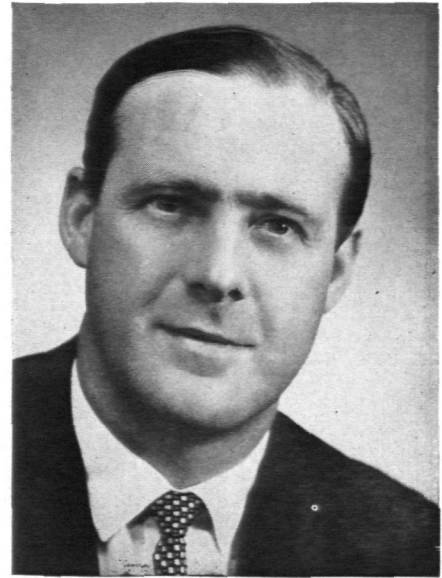
His skill in demonstrating the movements of the distal end of the gastroscope (goes over well at Rotary Club meetings) and his ability to imitate an U.M.N. lesion of the VIIth nerve whilst talking are further aspects of this man's versatility.

JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

"When I was Paul Wood's registrar . . ."

"Dick" Richards, the cardiologist with a severe countenance, the most sensitive stethoscope this side of St. Vincent's and a penchant for stirring at Grand Rounds (an admirable quality). Among students Dr. Richards is recognised as an enthusiast, e.g. "The diagnosis is a cinch son, a lay-down misere, even blind Freddy could pick that murmur!" and an excellent tutor. He has a reputation of being a demon on the squash court and claims never to have spent a cent buying racquets (he collects them from his colleagues who collapse on the court).

In conclusion one could say that par for the course is all duck or no dinner with no prize for second unless you're cactus profundus!



DAVID ROBIN RICHMOND

"Use your common"

The above principle when rigorously applied to cardiology makes all the mysteries of the subject comprehensible. One no longer thinks in terms of potentially audible murmurs and a possible displaced apex beat.

Always finding the best available clinical material and painstakingly elucidating it for us in the face of comprehensive ignorance, Dr. Richmond's tutorials will long be remembered for their clinical applicability and will certainly benefit our future patients with cardiological problems for which they, and we, thank him.

JOHN ROBERT SANDS

We first met Dr. Sands in the fourth year lectures when he presented the gentleman physician's view of therapeutics. Later he was often heard making pertinent contributions to clinical meetings, his comments being models of erudition and clarity.

Being convinced that patients are the path to all medical knowledge, Dr. Sands instituted a new programme for us making us "part of the team" and spent the rest of the term seeking a thoroughly-clerked case. We will remember his tutorials for the elucidation of diseases by the use of abstractions: "anaemia can be compared to a cigarette factory", his imperturbable smile when faced with seemingly insuperable ignorance, the philosophy of the problems in managing diseases of affluent society, and our postural hypotension.





THEODORE SELBY

"You should have been a Lawyer."

Short, white-coated and bespectacled, Dr. Selby was our Thursday afternoon ordeal. "Ordeal" because our presentations were never as well-prepared as they should have been, and we were never prepared for the slant he would take on a patient. We always managed to learn more about the "simple" diseases and picked up a lot of esoteric information especially about syndesmophytes. He was not just a pill-pusher when it came to curing disease, and would resort to a discussion on the disasters which befall alcoholics at the bedside of a particularly recalcitrant one. It was an experience to know him and to be taught by him.

JOHN WALTON SPENCE

Parini suited and looking immaculate "Big Jack" enters the ward, unfortunately few of us manage to witness this scene since "Big Jack" is **always** early.

A man-to-man teacher of the old school he communicates with students in their own rough-shod manner. He also holds the record time for teaching on his feet — very hard on the unfit pupil.

The anecdotes flow from "Big Jack" of his days with Hamilton Bailey and love of Royal Northern and Lain Aird at Hammersmith coupled with fine military tales of the Middle East.

Dr. Spence is retiring this year from head of the surgical department — this is one person we would like to see do a "Melba."



PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON

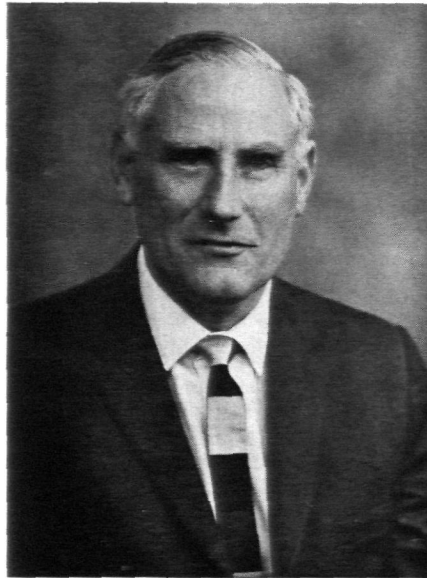
In the days before World War II, while in general practice at Burwood, Dr. Tomlinson was already very well known and highly respected in the community.

Over the years "Tommo" (as he is affectionately known by those whom he taught) has been equally successful as a senior honorary surgeon at Prince Alfred.

He is one of the few unusual people in his field who still regard medicine as an art to be perfected rather than a challenge to be conquered. A true teacher, Dr. Tomlinson always impresses upon his students the necessity of the use of wisdom as well as knowledge and technical skill in the practice of medicine.

With the passing of the years there will be many occasions on which "Tommo's" students will reflect upon their days in final year and be grateful for having had the opportunity of sharing some of his knowledge and wisdom during '72.





WALTER LLOYD HOLCOMBE KELLER

Walter Lloyd Holcombe Keller died on 1st April, 1972, a sudden unexpected tragedy which shocked and saddened his friends and associates everywhere.

Wal Keller graduated from Sydney University in 1941. He was an outstanding athlete and gained a University Blue in Rugby.

He served as R.M.O. at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital in 1941-1942, and as Captain in the 2 A.A.M.C. Surgical Team in New Guinea 1943-1946. His early career was in Anaesthetics and he obtained his D.A. in 1948 and F.F.A.R.A.C.S. in 1953. Surgery however became his chosen career and in 1950 he obtained his M.S. and in 1951 the F.R.A.C.S. He was the Gordon Craig Travelling Fellow in 1952, spending the time in post graduate study in Sheffield. He was appointed to the Honorary Surgical staff of Prince Alfred Hospital 1953, where he served until his death.

He was a man with unlimited energy and enthusiasm, and was gifted with exceptional manual dexterity. He showed a practical and realistic approach to clinical problems and was ever mindful to consider the patient as an individual and not just a surgical exercise when deciding treatment.

For years he acted with great dedication as emergency surgeon to D1 ward and carried on his teaching and surgical duties with thoroughness and dignity. His special surgical interests included gastric surgery and more recently the surgery of the pancreas. His many students owe him a great debt, and his residents and registrars will be forever grateful for his teaching, his kindness and consideration and for that unusual bond of personal warmth and feeling that his associates knew so well.

All of us at Royal Prince Alfred have lost a dear friend and respected colleague and sympathise with his wife and family in their loss.

D. L. SHELDON

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

ORTHOPAEDICS

- W. D. Sturrock "That's all you need to know — your examiners don't even know that much!"
 C. L. Greaves "Mini-skirted ladies are good subjects for learning orthopaedics."
 R. Honner
 H. D. Tyer
 D. Macdonald

RADIOLOGY

- G. Benness
 J. McRedie
 J. Roche "What do you think that is — the back wheel of the menstrual cycle?"
 K. Sherbon "It takes six years to get you to a point where you can say that."
 J. Ryan "There's only so much you can get out of an X-ray."

UROLOGY

- G. J. Coorey "Good morning, children!"
 H. G. Cummine
 L. Whee'er
 B. Pearson "Don't worry, it's a small year. You will all pass."
 D. Arnold

OBSTETRICS

- J. W. Knox
 G. N. Young

MEDICAL REGISTRARS

- Dave Allen
 Bob Loblay "I haven't heard of it, but it may be possible."
 Coleman Smith
 Jan Steiner "Who are you? Oh! Students!"
 Tony White "What's the party line on the sensory supply of the pharynx, troops?"
 Henry Brodaty
 Peter Fletcher
 Dennis Yue "You don't really believe that, do you?"
 Alex Bune "This is your sign, par excellence!"
 Bruce Singh "Do you still want the tute?"
 Bob Adler "Alright troops."
 Dave Spencer

SURGICAL REGISTRARS

- Phil Travers
 Chris Hadgis "Terrible! You will have to do better than that!"
 Mick Stephens "You don't let anyone die till they've had six burr holes."

OBSTETRICS REGISTRARS

- Andrew Korda "Terrific!" "Bleeds like stink!"
 Malcolm Catt
 Stuart Boyce Keen footballer.
 Bob Lyneham
 Tony Frumar Rarely seen.

OPENING THE DOORWAY TO



NEW FIELDS IN MEDICINE

Most research based pharmaceutical companies have their new products, but only on rare occasions is a substance discovered which opens the doorway to a new field in medicine. One such product, discovered in The Wellcome Research Laboratories, is Azathioprine ('Imuran') which, with its immuno-suppressive properties has made successful renal allograft possible and increased the probability of success in transplant surgery generally.

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THE STUDENTS

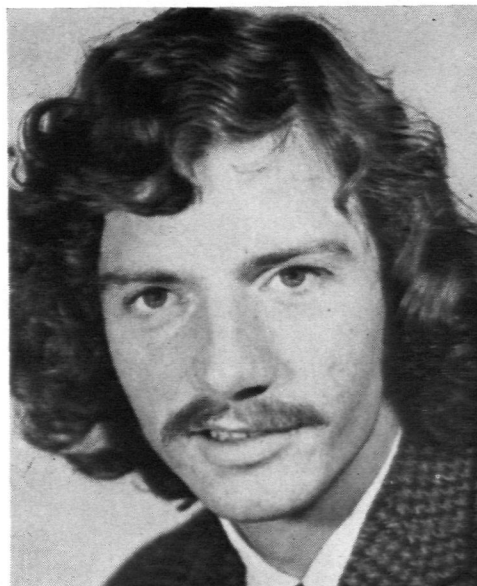
PETER WALLACE ANDERSON

"My dog can tell the difference between margarine and butter."

After discovering that he had mistakenly enrolled in Med I instead of Arts II, Anderson shrugged his shoulders and decided to grin and bear it. He came top in almost everything (4 subjects), crashed to normal heights in 4th year and retired back to Wesley and Arts, leaving his body and brainstem to be fashioned into a doctor by the medical faculty.

He was with us again during Psychiatry, and for a time toyed with the idea of becoming world champion medical student via the E.C.F.M.G. Exam.

Having become a psychiatrist, Peter will retire to some quiet outpost, smoke his pipe, wield his cricket bat, attempt to cast a little light upon mankind, and maybe wish he had become a journalist. Of such is the kingdom of the existentialists made.

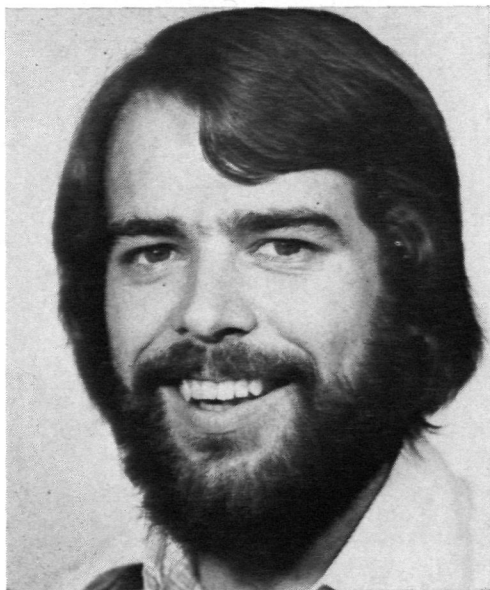


WILLIAM BENNETT BARTLETT

"Augh . . . Bloody women!"

Originally from Western Australia, bearded Ben the bashful bastard from the bush decided to "go east young man". Some years spent as a psychiatric nurse at Kenmore-in-the-sticks fired his ardour for the healing and filled his bagpipes, which he has been observed playing lustily at many an Andrew's College football match. Despite this association with Andrew's, as well as a missionary stint in the Solomon Islands, Ben has never had the pox.

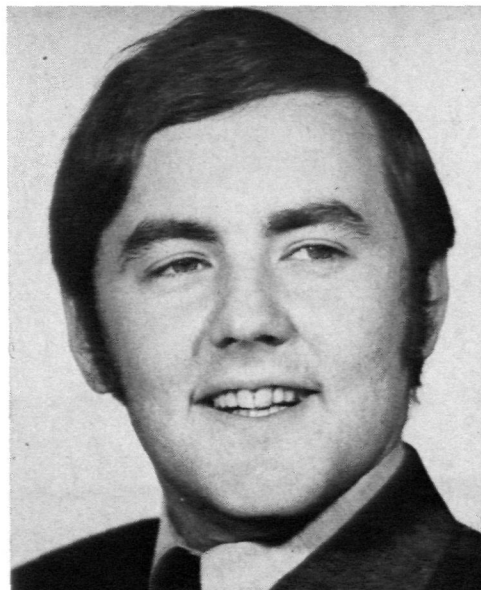
Ben is many things: the son of a preacher-man, he is a resident of the Glebe, a charmer of fair ladies, a sincere political activist (hoping to avoid the call-up by hiding in his old duffle coat), and above all a great observer and lover of people. Any resemblance to the Messiah is purely coincidental.

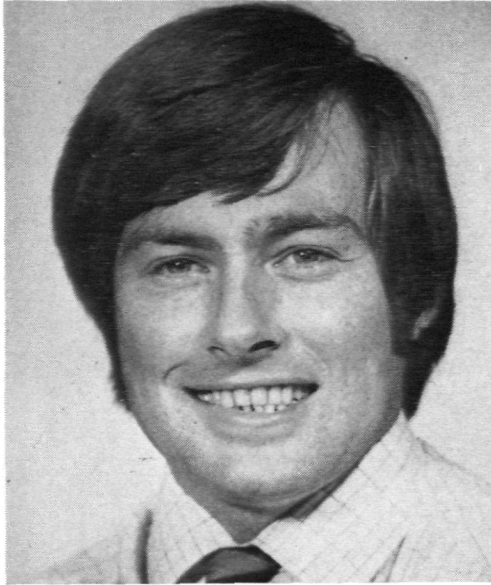


GERARD MAURICE BASSELL

"Hey fellows, want to see my new porno?"

Gerry has shown his love of medicine by his Extended association with the faculty. Torn by an overwhelming love of the Fairer-Sex and pre-clinical subjects, he Undertook a detailed study of surface anatomy, Confident that this was the solution to all his problems. Kind, lovable and with "a true feeling" for his patients, Gerry has Endeavoured to master the arts of Diagnosis and treatment. With such a Generous nature how can he But succeed in the future.





MARTIN PHILIP BERRY

Martin took refuge in the medical faculty in 1966, after a number of turbulent years in Canberra as a pop star hero, escaping from the ardent advances of the local teeny-boppers. He began a cloistered existence at St. Andrew's College and gained that cool enigmatic air that has had all his colleagues fooled for years.

In third year an aberration occurred when Martin took off for the Cross and sampled the many vicarious delights of the outside world. He returned to medicine a year later with new resolve and purpose.

Martin's superb taste in the finer aspects of living, his considerable musical talent and his quiet sympathetic rapport with patients ensures him a brilliant career in medicine and life.

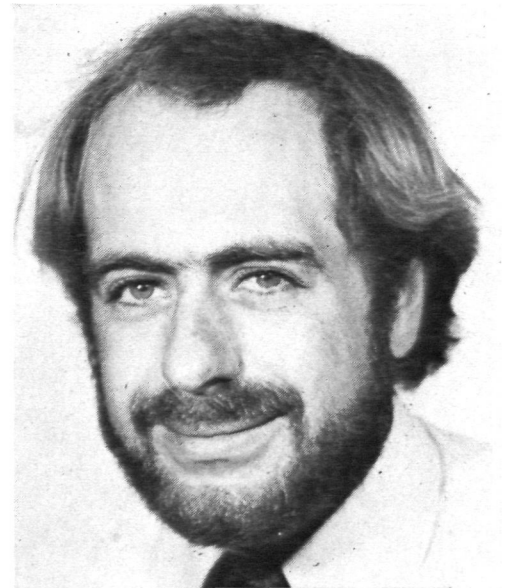
WILLIAM WALTER BLESSING

This character, his gnome-like face conceived by Tolkien and his part written by Dostoyevsky and Steinbeck, was destined to have a mania for measurement and to be an Antipodean mouthpiece for "Punch", occasionally contributing an inanity of his own.

Since he once flippantly remarked that the brain was "just a lump of fat" Blessing has condoned by trumpeting its intricacies at times relevant and otherwise. Few diseases were conceded to be independent of the brain's magic cells.

A gracious wife and a stomach which appreciates music have helped to smooch the edges of an aggressive, sometimes jarring, personality. Bill's enthusiasm and occasional idiocy leave those who follow the phantasmagoria with a warm Sunday afternoon feeling.

It is rumoured that on a dewy morning he leaves no footprint on the grass.



KATHLEEN MAY BOCK

"You won't make me sound silly will you — because I'm not, am I?"

An infectious giggle forewarning her arrival, a smiling Kathy breezes in to beautify the assembled group. A confirmed clinician, her knowledge is characterised by acute exacerbations precipitated by exams — followed by complete remissions. Who else, after a high distinction in Anatomy, could enter final year blissfully unaware of the existence of the epididymis?

Having completed her B.Sc. (Med.) in tennis with honours Kathy proceeded to defend our rights on the Union Board. Then, with her trunk, six suitcases and multiple pseudonyms she played hide-and-seek with Mrs. Estall at Brown Street.

Be it in Griffith or Wellington we envy Kathy's future colleagues — for their days will be bright ones.

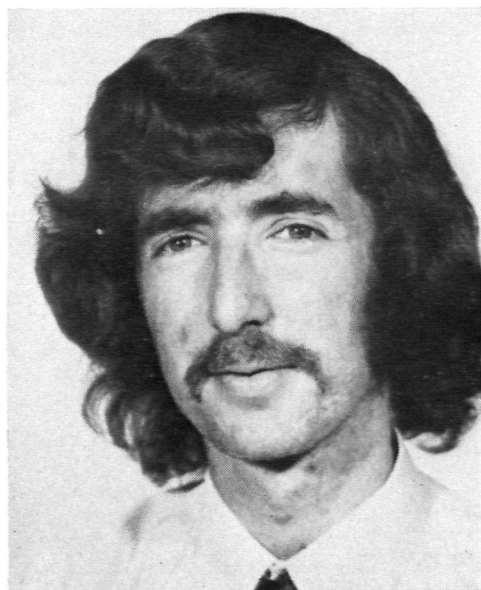


JOHN WARWICK BOTHMAN

John wastes some of his time driving forty miles per day between hospital and home, the rest of his time is wasted on interpreting metabolic pathways of internal combustion engines — four cars in four years — and a fascination for all types of music, most card games, and any type of cold beer.

John is well remembered for the great race of August, '71 from Grose Farm pub to Brown Street quarters during which fourteen traffic laws were broken; however, he managed to decline a cordial invitation to spend the night at Newtown Police Station.

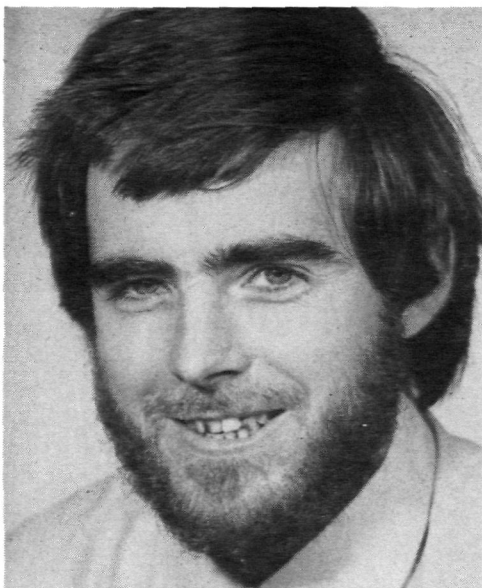
In addition to these powers persuasive conversation, John possesses great literary abilities and is currently working on his medical masterpiece entitled "The multi-evasive ego-defensive all-purpose answer system to examinations and tutorials".



KERRY OWEN BOUSTEAD

"The experiment would have worked, but our cat ate the controls."

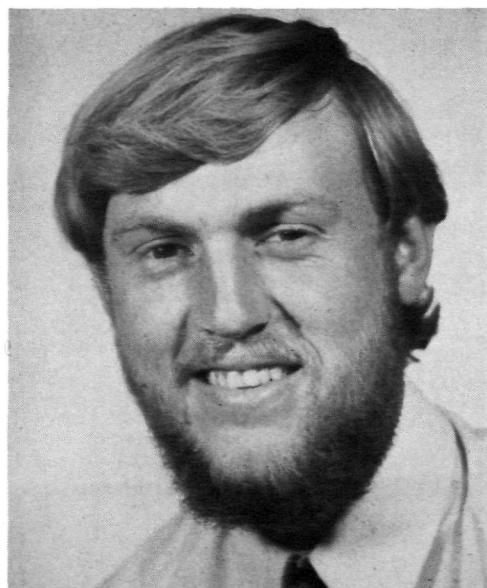
Kerry entered Medicine with a wide experience of life and soon made this evident by his love of argument, his near-protean range of interests (few of which coincided with those of his colleagues), and his continual desire to digress. His eccentric habits and reversed Circadian rhythm led to a fresh, unconventional approach to Medicine. Noteworthy, were his prolonged absences spent in backyard archeology, butterfly hunting, taping Bach cantatas and Polynesian drum-rhythms, and defending his fragile home during periods of monsoonal weather. A B.Sc (Med.) in Immunology allowed a further year for these distractions. Kerry will be remembered as a man of great enthusiasm and energy, channelled into evermore diverging fields, and possessing a tolerant wife of Penelopean patience.

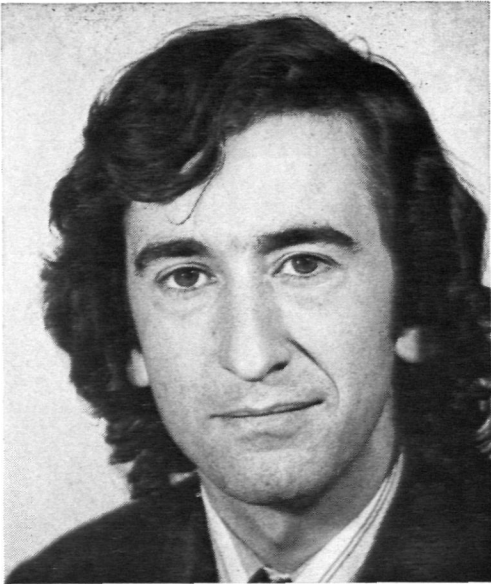


KENNETH FRANCIS BRADSTOCK

"Aw, come off it."

After entering Medicine, Ken quickly became known for his pursuit of the "fitness bug", by cycling to University. He was one of the few students who not only enjoyed dissecting but actually did some, despite active discouragement, in the form of non-allergen free soap and an H.D. During his B.Sc (Med.) year, Ken mastered in rat surgery and continued his crusade to interest his friends in Mahler's over-numerous symphonies. He demonstrated his practical approach to life by his marriage in Tasmania, thus effectively eliminating student free-loaders. His taciturn nature, height, and hair cut, led the P.M.'s of Labour Ward to nickname him "God", a name which belies Ken's consistency, good nature and reliability, but one which describes well his scepticism and imperturbable nature.





JOHN LINDSAY BRENNAN

"There's this absolutely incredible . . ."

This preface to many of John's remarks typifies his general zest for life, whether he is talking about Beethoven, Berg, women, politics or medical textbooks. In the midst of an ocean of pragmatism we find in John stirrings of an idealistic intellectual quality which perhaps led to his election to the S.R.C. but eventual disillusionment with the realities of their notorious all-night meetings. John's all-embracing passion for the mind has shown itself at all stages of the course, starting with the prize for Neuroanatomy, a B.Sc. (Med.) in Neurophysiology, excursions into Philosophy and success in Psychiatry. All this ultimately took John to the neurological heights of Middlesex and Queen's Square where in between E.M.G.'s he managed to take in many of London's and Europe's bright spots. His peers remember a long-haired enthusiast, brow furrowed by the dreaded certainty that he has missed something.

WARWICK JOHN BRITTON

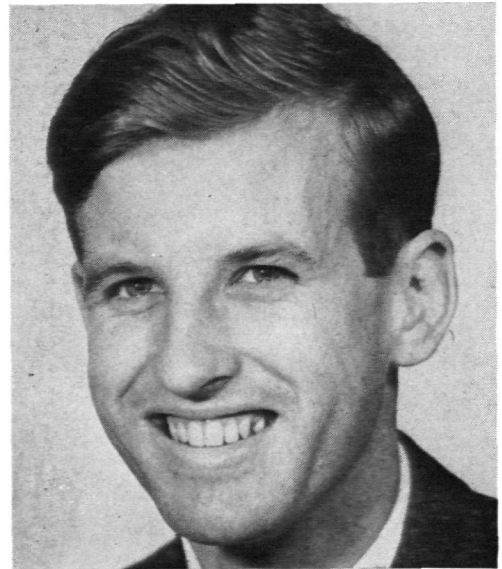
"I don't think it is important how they weigh the subjects for honours."

Attacking Med. II with great intensity, punctuated only by his weekly Goon Shows and trips to the Union Barber, Warwick set about establishing his legendary record.

With characteristic gait and wide grin he has continued to sweep all before him in Clinical Medicine. The ultimate reference, he is a willing teacher and a generous source of multiple, exhaustive, illegible lecture notes.

In between ward rounds, talks on calcium metabolism and manic coffee breaks, he has chaired the Curriculum Committee, been Hamilton Bailey's Assistant's Assistant in Thailand, organised Beach Missions, wooed Annette and collected ten thousand paddle pop sticks.

His combination of brilliance and Christian idealism guarantees his success in any field.

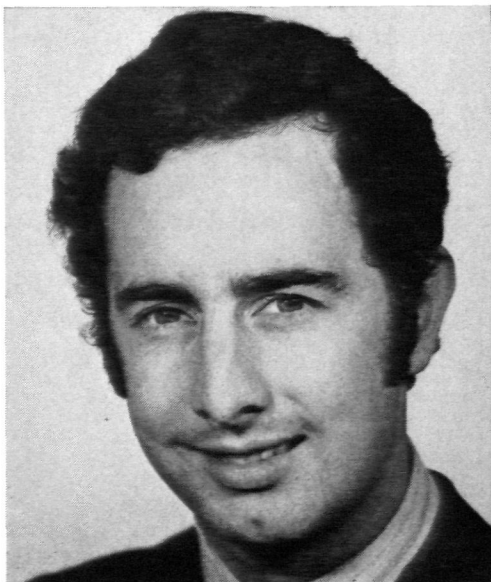


CHRISTOPHER JAMES CARMODY

"errrrr . . . ummmm . . ."

It's not that Chris is hesitant — far from it, when he formulates a plan of action he spares no pains in carrying it out. It's just that he is quiet and mild-mannered, and doesn't like stepping on people's toes. However, when he sits on the various committees of which he is a member, he is a veritable tiger where the needs of his fellow students are concerned.

He is well known too as a tiger with the opposite sex. It will come as a surprise to all his past lovers that he was finally hobbled in February, 1972. His wife, Kaye, assures us that it was no easy task, and took all the resources she had to snare this devil of the bed-chamber. We hope that Chris realises all his ambitions, and we thank him for all that he has done for us over the last six years, as a Med. Soc. Councillor and friend.



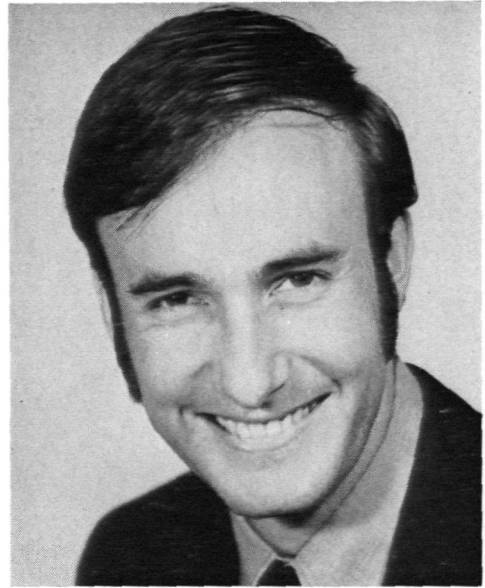
KEVIN JOHN CHAMBERS

"Gee . . . I don't know . . ."

Kevin appeared on the scene fresh from Blakehurst High where he did NOT gain distinction in the Schoolboy Squash Championships.

While attending most of the tutorials, Kev found plenty of time for the finer things in life and has been known to drive great distances in his sporty Datsun in search of a game of golf, a quiet place in the country, a beautiful woman, or both the latter. He has sampled women from suburbs as far apart as Beecroft, Manly and Tonga, not to mention an elective term in the Philippines.

His easy-going manner and innate friendliness have won him many friends and he is assured of success in his search for the most common fee.



GRAHAM HOWARD CHAPMAN

G. Howard Chapman arrived from cultured environs some years ago. Although refraining from the intellectual pyrotechnics of his contemporaries, he admired their wit and panache, so he stayed longer than usual. Ah, medicine, so pregnant with possibilities! He felt your warmth. But the first careless rapture of youth gave way to the cynicism of his age, his wine turned to vinegar and his love to sour grapes. The old élan was gone and in its place a shoddy fin de siècle decadence.

We all endured his excesses. But do not despair! Perhaps this pale aesthete will rise again in the fullness of professional identity and a new man shall lay a broad.

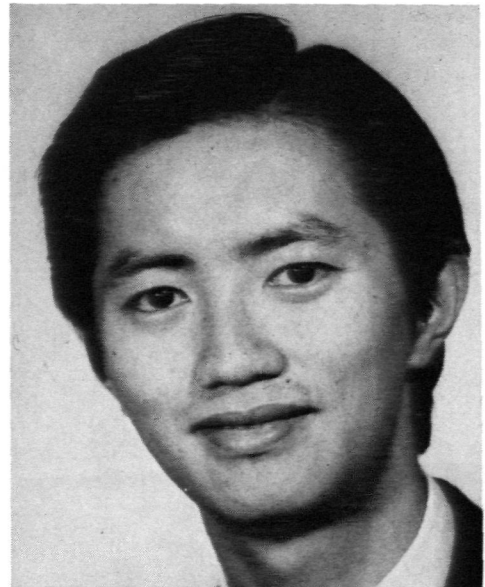


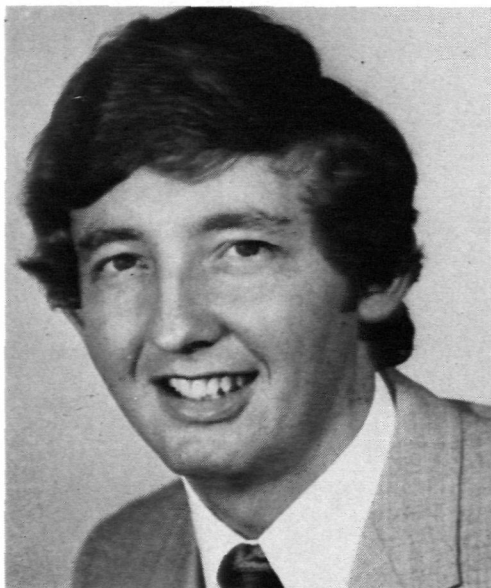
ANTHONY KUO-CHAO CHIU

On arrival in Australia, Tony was rather disoriented and undecided on a career. As a result he tried a number of faculties (Vet. Science, Dentistry, Science) before settling for Medicine. This extra knowledge has not been wasted — he has never had any problem in understanding cauda equina or various cavities he has encountered; in fact halfway through final year he announced his intention to marry.

At various times Tony has worked as waiter, factory hand, salesman and stockmarketeer (until the crash of 1970), but has always quietly asserted himself at exam time.

A conscientious and sincere fellow, he is considered one of the finer products of Hong Kong.





PHILLIP SELDON COCKS

Casting aside a more sober beginning at Scots and C.S.R., Phil has thrust his energies into the pursuit of hedonism and decadent capitalism. In the Sydney Stock Exchange the corridors of power reverberated and finally Phil triumphantly emerged behind the wheel of a red Fiat sports.

A trip to America only enhanced his megalomania and on return he decided to conquer the imperialist medical hierarchy ladder and after a toughly-fought uncontested election he claimed the much sought after title of Med. Soc. Rep. Since then he has often been seen on a soap box in Schlink, frothing at the mouth and threatening mass annihilation if all biographies were not in by Friday.

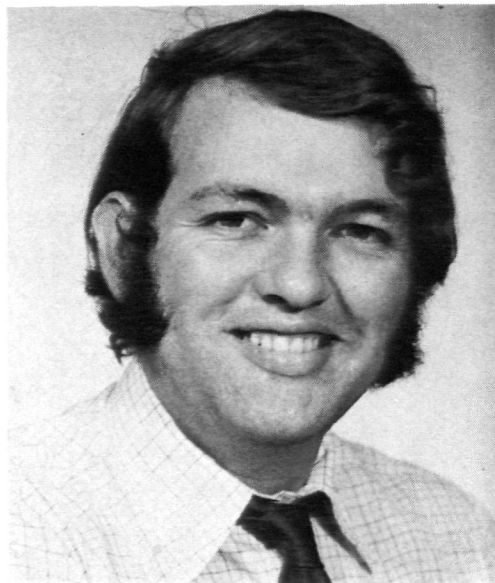
He will be a good leader, a better doctor, and a best friend.

PAUL GERARD CONNELLY

"Con" returned from his surgical tour of New Zealand with great honours and a beer gut, much to the relief of his Mum and a joy to the faculty.

Con has made a musical mark upon various hospitals and has helped create hypertensive episodes for many clinical wardens, following his contributions to riotous parties. "For God's sake, don't sit on my speakers" has become his best known phrase, his next best being "Anybody got a spare can?"

We all think that Con will literally become "a heavy" in medicine and we can only wish him luck as he charges through . . . Look out Sisters and Physios., here he comes!



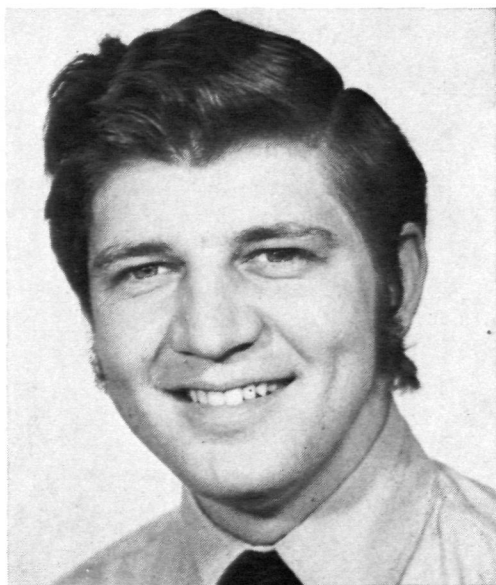
ALEX JOHN CRANDON

"You'll be right digger."

Alex, known popularly as "goldfinger" for his ability in obstetrics, first distinguished himself in fourth year when he took over the administration of casualty. At this time he answered to the name of "Super Cas", and was often to be seen in a nearby 'phone box changing into his white coat.

At other times, he was a mild-mannered reporter of facts to his tutors, and it was only when holding a rod in his hands outside Sydney Heads that his basic aggressiveness showed itself.

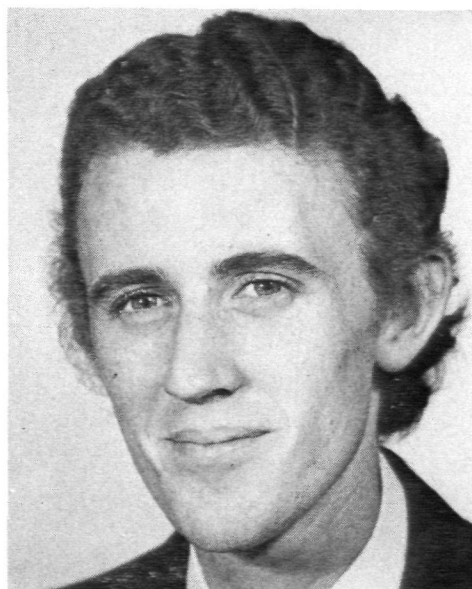
All of us agree that his best catch was the lovely Robyn, whom he wedded at the end of the fourth year. With such assets, how can he not succeed?



JOHN HENRY CUROTTA

"No, I do not have Italian ancestors."

John Henry's a tall bloke with curly blonde head
 Bush-walker, Pip-bearer, and B.Sc. (Med.)
 This great seal impersonator (drives cabs for dough)
 Went off to Houston just one year ago
 To work for three months at a place called The Tumour
 Research Institute, but missed British humour;
 Plunged back into sixth year, with breaks at the pub,
 Conveyed there in "Baz", his distinctive vee-dub!
 This mixture of talents, to us a rare friend,
 Will make a fine doctor, and this is . . .
 . . . only the beginning for John.



MARILYN CURRIE (EGAN)

In the early 60's, towards the end of the rock era, a little Liverpudlian named Lynn came to Australia. Not long after, four more Liverpudlians, (The Beatles), followed — however, they were not the success Lynn has been, and so soon left. Of recent years, Lynn was followed by John who caught her.

Marilyn's interests range wide beyond medicine — her lunchtime recordings of favourites, e.g., Bill and Ben, The Flowerpot Men, introduced with pertinent quotes from "Pete and Dud," have been bright spots in the greyness of Schlink. Such things embellish her attractiveness. What makes Lynn unforgettable is her inability to see but the best in people, and her immense capacity for empathy. These qualities plus medicine make an unbeatable combination.

WARWICK LAVERY DAVIDSON

Warwick started out, some years ago, with an enthusiasm which, even the examiners agreed, shouldn't be confined to medicine alone. However, after six years in television, he found it far safer to risk returning to University.

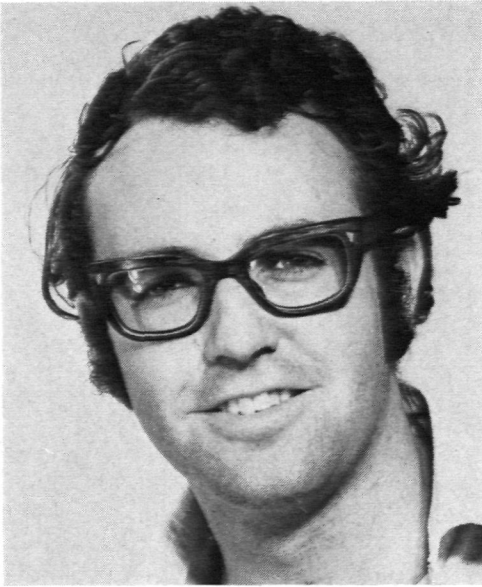
Quieter, but still able to confound friends or tutors with a few well chosen hand actions, he seems to have found his niche.

With a balanced diet of chips and hamburgers he's gone from strength to strength. A bedside manner which translates even the Greekest of symptoms and an intimate knowledge of the apes's larynx, can only spell success.

Twelve weeks of Psychosomatic Medicine, in America, may entice him back after graduation, but only seem to have changed his hair, if not those sane coloured ties.

We all wish him well.





MICHAEL ROGER DELANEY

"Young Mick."

Here is a man who really looks like a Michael and is useful too! A man of varied useless talents all of which he has come by the hard way. Tireless in his pursuit of erudition, Michael set out to be a horse gelder but decided to "go for a doctor" after the big horse slump of '65 — and a fine decision for Australia too!

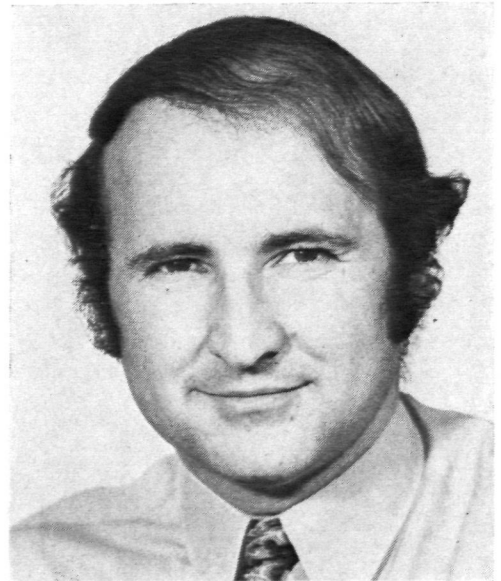
Michael's beaming face may not be well known to the Wards, but there isn't a Publican within 10 miles who doesn't have it deeply ingrained on his mental bad cheques list. One suspects that he could become a good doctor but would hesitate to mention this to his face.

He weathered the boredom of the course well and owns four pairs of trousers.

HOWARD CHARLES DE TORRES

Howard was born at a very early age, and has been attempting to grow backwards ever since. His search for the Fountain of Youth has led him to numerous extravagant displays on the squash court (he still can't beat Bob); his Flying Dutchman (he does occasionally win); and in labour ward (where he held the record number of deliveries).

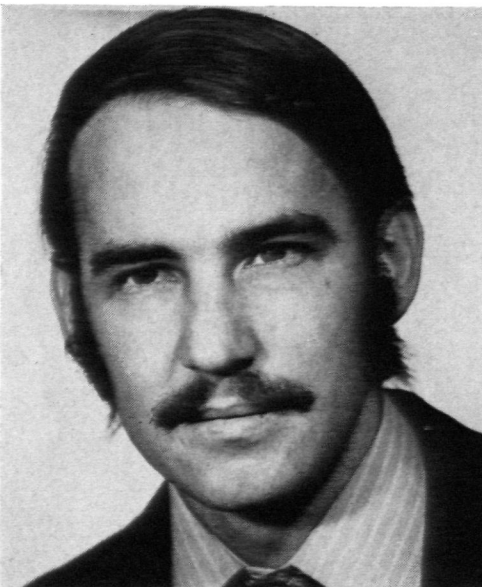
His unique Friday night service at Kings Cross has put him on first name terms with the local ladies. This experience combined with his enthusiasm and cultivated charm should ensure him success as a baby doctor — or obstetrician as he would prefer to be called.



ALAN GEOFFREY DE VERE-TYNDALL

"I'd dig to do that."

Al came into second year during an attack of disorientation in the belief that he was still at N.S.W. University. However, this was a fortunate mistake for us as he brought with him a wide variety of interests, including such strenuous physical pursuits as bush-walking, skin-diving, caving and moustache-stroking (his own); not to mention on the quieter side, his love of jazz and guitar-playing. Al's gregarious nature has often forced him to sacrifice his many pressing duties in favour of a quick trip to the Grose Farm to enliven his mates with a sharp sense of humour (his own), and an amazing fund of jokes (some-one elses). His personality is his sure key to success.



DAVID WILLIS DIXON

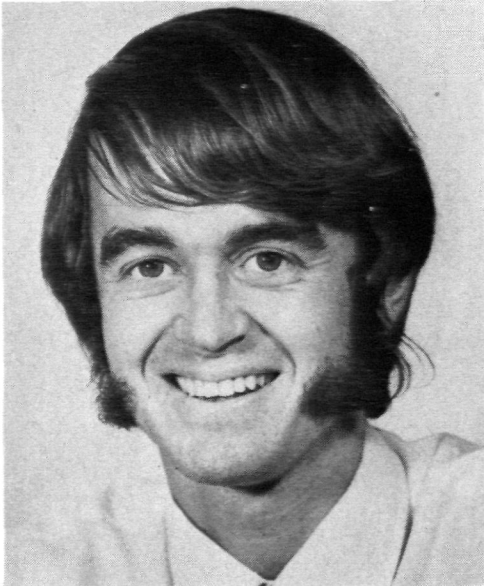
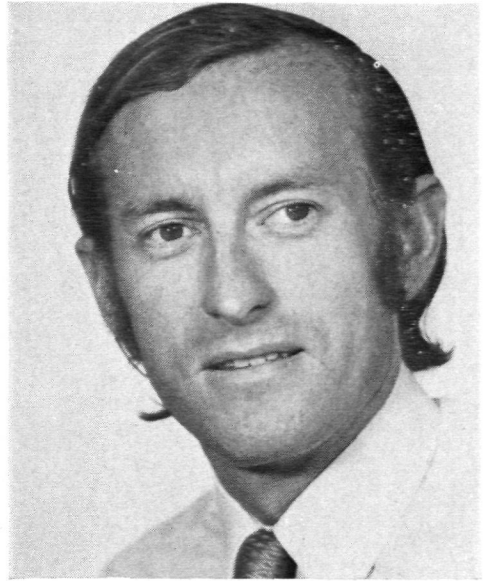
"I'll never get through it all."

Dave entered Medicine when he decided that Pharmacy was losing its attraction for his agile restless mind and soon made his presence felt with his mastery of Biology.

Always a passionate lover of good music and the grog, he has surprised many by his ability to pilot his beloved Citroen home after a heavy night at "The Grose".

Dave's frequent attacks of the "Pink Willies", complicated by "Thundering Apoplexy of the Brain," in the absence of demonstrable pathology (apart from ruffled hair and a red face) have baffled Neurologists far and wide.

I'm sure that Dave's ability to make a good cuppa will not desert him in the tea rooms of his future posting.



IGO FISCHER

"Best and fairest Fischer."

This man is appearing in the faculty by the kind permission of Randwick Rugby Union Club. His great strength and animal cunning have led to some dreadful accidents during palpation of the unsuspecting patient.

Igo has been striving for great heights in medicine and has bought a pair of built-up shoes, he has also broken three sun-ray lamps bleaching his hair.

"Ian's" engagement came as a shock to some of us at Brown Street, but others knowing him to be a man of few words interspersed with big deeds weren't greatly surprised. His obstetrics term was not such an example; he only acquired a minimal quota of deliveries; bad handling was the strongest rumour.

A man of many talents; no doubt will do well as R.M.O. of Maroubra Surf Club.

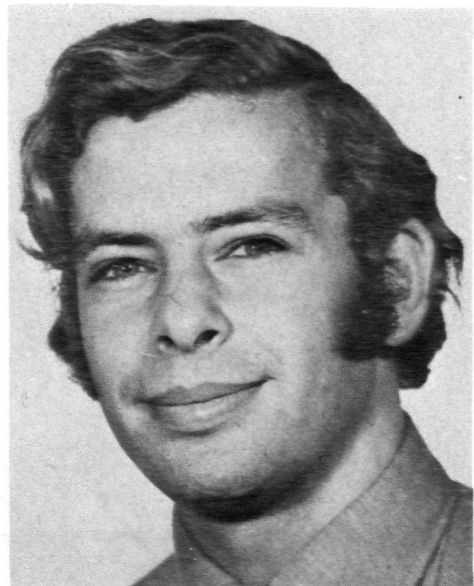
ROBERT SYDNEY ELLIOTT

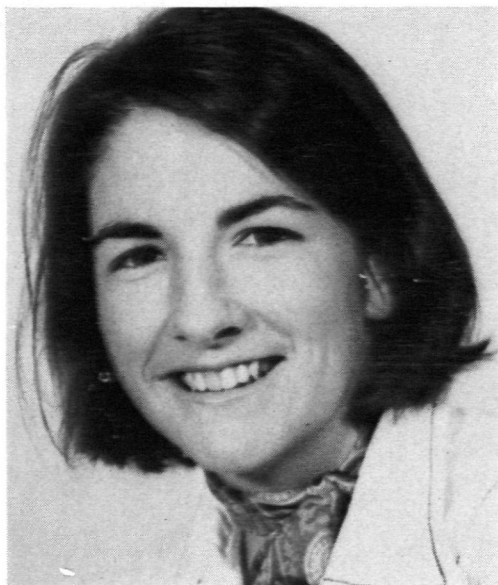
On examination (see picture) there is multiple pathology, viz., H. simplex, thyrotoxicosis (exophthalmos, lid lag, vague directionless stare?) and microcephaly.

Bob heralds from Lidcombe (where's that?) and he gets upset when people don't know where it is.

He was rescued from a debauched drinking session at the Grose Farm by one of our beautiful local nurses and has failed to escape her ever since. After managing a temporary escape at the end of fifth year by trekking across the Nullabor in search of the Eucla nymph, he miscalculated and ended up in Princess Margaret Hospital, Perth, extracting intestinal parasites from Aborigines.

Bob has retained some of his obsessive-compulsive traits and idealistic attitudes towards medicine. We wish him well wherever he may go, so long as he goes.





RUTH MARY FOSTER

"Umm . . . I don't know."

Branded a child prodigy after early disastrous exam successes, Ruth has striven valiantly to maintain a long succession of gentlewoman's passes; a task achieved with neurones to burn (the words of Mother Swift "Moderation in all Things" being always foremost in her mind).

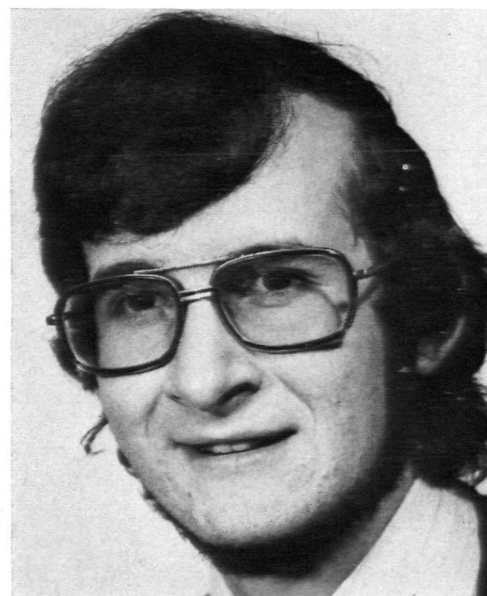
Having weathered the raids of many a sodden "John's man", Ruth exchanged the cloistured walls of Sancta for the earthy and more simple pleasures of Balmain and Glebe and so far we are told she has never looked back.

After an elective term mini-tour of London Hospital and other famous European landmarks this friendly dreamer returned to Sydney with a fine set of planter warts and the wanderlust to add to her distractions in final year.

BEN FREEDMAN

"Oh! That reminds me . . ."

These words recall those numerous tales with which Ben enlivened and distracted so many of our tutorials. One could never accuse Ben of being inconspicuous — is there any colour he hasn't worn, or any task he hasn't undertaken? An almost S.R.C. president, Ben's activities ranged from curriculum reform to college tutoring and night haematology. Of Ben's numerous other activities, women and music stand out — whether fiddling on St. Patrick's Day, serenading nurses, playing Bach or taking yet another beautiful girl to a concert. Despite these diverse interests Ben usually fits in a few weeks study, adequate for an occasional HD, unless there are last minute guests. What the future holds for Ben no one could say, including Ben.



PETER ERIC GIBLIN

"Throw enough mud and some will stick."

Deciding that Medicine would not interrupt a quest for bigger and better things, Peter entered St. John's College from Riverview and started operating.

Many friends know his ability to combine penetrating comment ("Well —, it's a chest"), a touch of study and forays into the great outdoors. Surf Club days and a circumnavigation of Australia left their mark.

He entered the straits of final year via a short bone crushing excursion to St. Leonards . . . "unbelievable". Several alkalis and many beers later, he is nearly back to normal and setting sights on wider horizons — tropical yachting estates, and inevitably, a successful career.



ROSALIND JULIE GILL

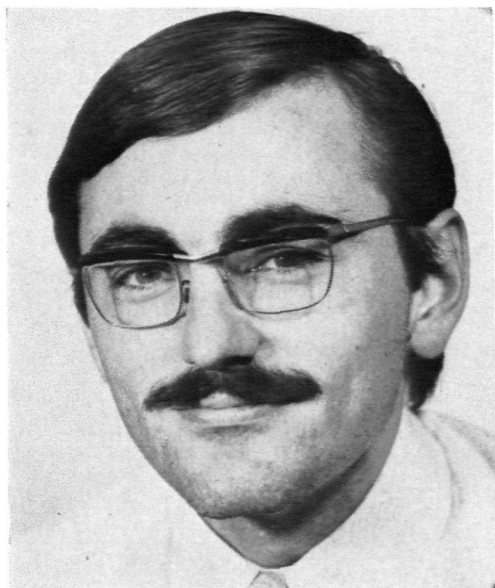
Educated at M.L.C. Burwood, Rosalind manifested early signs of going far. However she was always retrieved prior to leaving the school yard gates and thereby were sown the seeds of an essentially conservative nature, which flourished throughout the remaining school years and unto the stony ground of Sydney University. Since then she has progressed to final year via an elective term in Britain and now takes an interest in zero population growth, tennis and swimming.



JAMES ANTHONY GORDON

"Is that a rare disease?"

After education at North Sydney High Jamie entered the Medical Faculty. He was noted to take an obsessional interest in Anatomy and Histology in second year, when he further developed his liking for argument. Obstetrics term saw him wheeling colleagues on trolleys down Crown Street corridors and playing billiards through a perennial cloud of pipe smoke. Elective term was spent placidly motoring up to North Queensland with a period as superintendent of Palm Island Hospital. During his course he has had interests in squash, golf and TV camera work. Whatever the future holds it is certain that he will attack it with the dedication and thoroughness which has been the delight and exasperation of his colleagues.

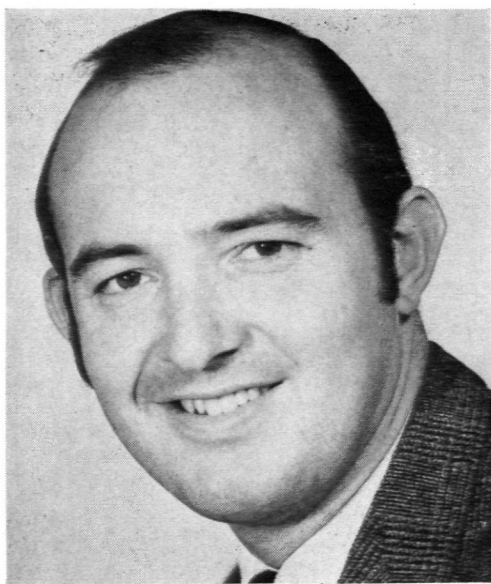


MOHAMMAD HANAFI

Han was born in Madura, a small island near Java. He came to Australia on the Columbo Plan after completing Med. I at Air Langga University, Surabaya. He has had some difficulty grasping the complexities of the English language but has had no trouble adapting to the Australian way of life — his favourite recreations include Chess, visits to Harold Park, retrieving his losses at Solo, and sitting propped up on three cushions behind the wheel of his Ford Falcon.

Han's natural shyness and pleasant personality have won him a large circle of friends all of whom will be sorry to see him return to his homeland.





PHILLIP JOHN HARRIS

"It's all a matter of politics, son!"

After joining the year from the wintry clime of Oxford, this tall, balding, Rhodes Scholar was at first unknown to us. Of his previous undergraduate successes, we learnt that the more he rowed the better he fared.

Despite his academic background in Cardiovascular research, he denied any aspirations to the Chair of Cardiology. His probing questions and menacing frame concealed a critical benevolence towards tutors and students alike.

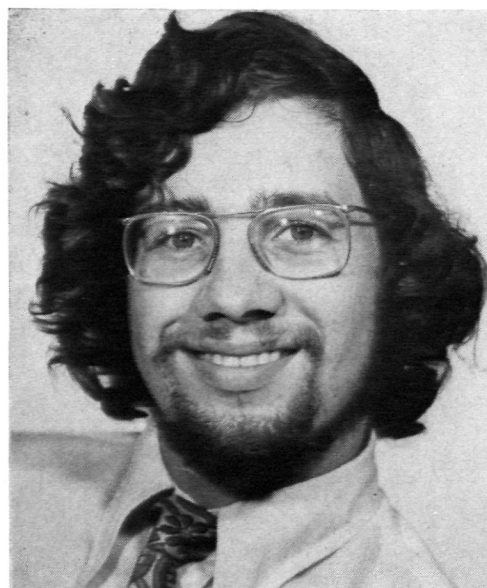
But it was at post-prandial discussions on the lawn that we found Phil a talented but human individual still plotting his stratagems for the future. He has managed to remain totipotent after ten years of university life, but as differentiation eventually occurs, we wish him clean arteries and normotension.

PAUL NICHOLAS HENDEL

A literary mind in a medical wilderness, Nick has however, negotiated the course without faltering. Invariably carrying a non-medical book, he has progressed from the heights of English I, to Science Fiction in final year but has apparently managed to read sufficient medicine.

Nick really found himself during the clinical years and so was pleased to spend his elective term as a Clinical Assistant in a New Zealand hospital.

He will be remembered by the year for his gaffe during obstetrics term (what are the indications for caesarean sections?); his curly locks which made the surgical caps appear most inadequate; and of late, a grey station wagon that must soon become a traffic hazard in the Eastern Suburbs.



CAMERON JOHN HENDERSON

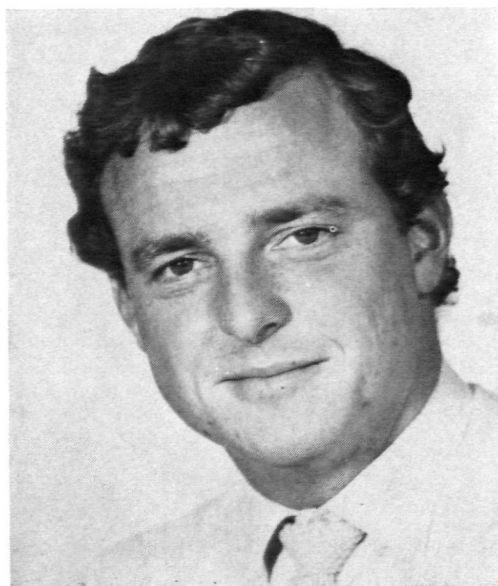
"Terrific!"

Take a gallon of extract of The King's School into which place half a dozen peels of laughter, a dash of the hops and two bars of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Then add five gallons of sincerity and an equal amount of generosity and allow a few minutes in order that it may permeate the whole.

Before allowing to set, shake well during a six-mile run at midnight, and carefully strain all but the finest ingredients, when set, garnish with vitamins, fifty hilarious pianola rolls, a pizza and an Army Officer's cap.

This very agreeable recipe is known as C. J. Henderson.



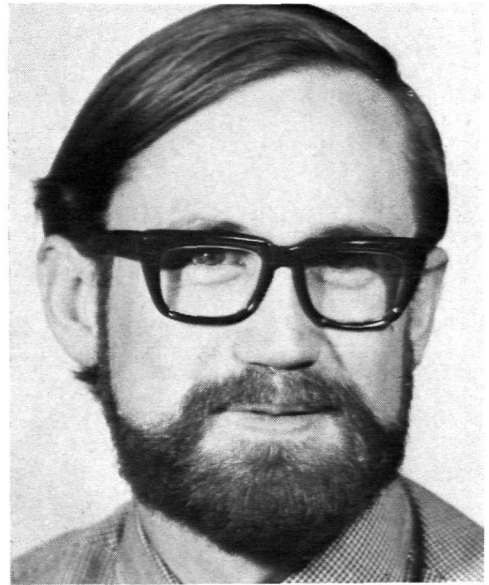
RICHARD ERNEST HILL

Dick entered Medicine via an Economics Degree and determined to be a paediatrician. Working for B.H.P. fostered his acquisitive instincts and each year has seen an accumulation of knowledge and approval of examiners. His frustration with so-called "inane comments" by lecturers was a constant source of amusement.

Life in College has been rich for Dick — his wide interests including skiing, music, wines, rock-climbing, cooking, shooting and stock market dabbling.

Elective term found him in Canada — he returned with a beard and an enhanced vocational gleam in his eye — and the frequent utterance "Montreal's the most fabulous place!"

We will be losing him temporarily, as he plans to return there. We will miss his occasional stubbornness and his great warmth and generosity.



CLYDE ROGER SYDNEY HOUGHTON

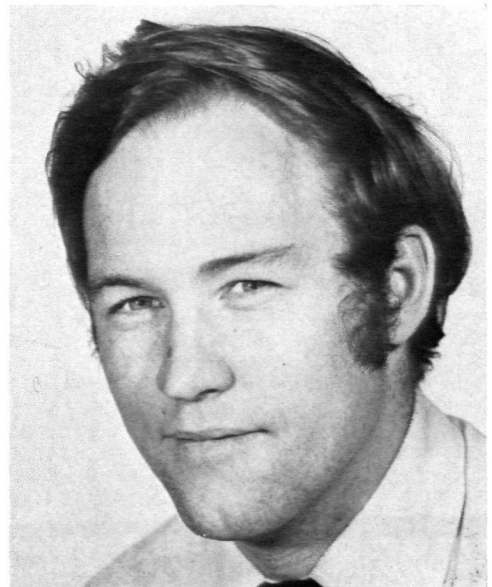
"Scientific American" was his bible in the junior years. Self-sacrifice with alcohol gave way to experimentation with rats, earning him a B.Sc. Med. His formative years were spent at Wesley College where he became Senior Student in 1968. A Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford led him to an intimate understanding of intermediary metabolism, an English wife and a D. Phil (Oxon).

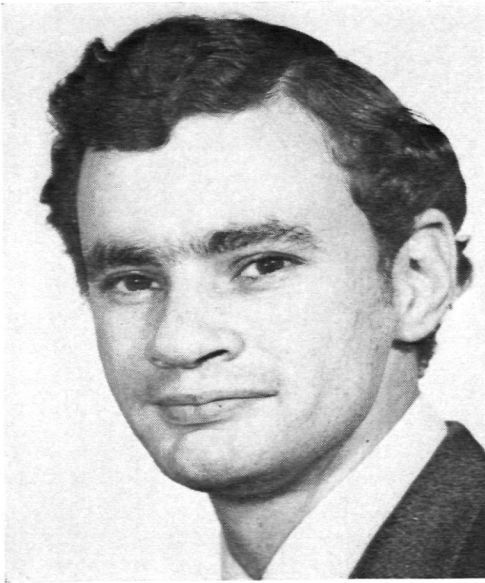
The future is not yet decided.

KENNETH MARK HILLMAN

I know nothing of Ken's birth history but probably there was lightning and many buzzards about at the time. His true colours became evident during the later years of medicine. He has an extraordinary faculty for fantasy. Who else can make the job of TV cameraman for correlation clinics seem akin to piloting a mirage. Who else can spend most of his waking hours trying to prove Kelly had a naughty. Who else swapped Stapleton's toilet paper for that nasty shiny student stuff. Who else was only really happy when featured in the social pages of the "Women's Weekly".

Some wonder where medicine fits in, but it has very successfully and, because of an innate cunning will continue to do so.





PHILIP HENRY JEFFERY

Phil entered Medicine with a burning desire to do well and so far he has achieved this goal, although not as much in the field of medicine. Wednesday afternoons at Randwick and Canterbury were often followed by celebrations in that home away from home — "The Grose Farm". Occasional losses were recouped at the card tables in the hallowed halls of St. Andrews' College.

He managed to devote some time to a young lady whom he married in June, 1970. January, '71 saw an increase in the Jeffery family (what was that formula again?)

$$\text{E.D.C.} = \text{L.M.P.} + \left(\frac{10}{7} - \frac{3}{12} \right)$$

Despite his main interests, Phil still managed to attend exams and was suitably rewarded for his diligence. He is now poised to become a competent member of his chosen profession, only his golf handicap remains as an obstacle to success.



COLIN JOSEPH JACKSON

"... has a lean and hungry look..."

Definition: A delicate balance between mild-mannered medical student, harassed weekend cab driver, motorcyclist and occasional card sharp.

Incidence: Originally from Barraba; migrated to John's College.

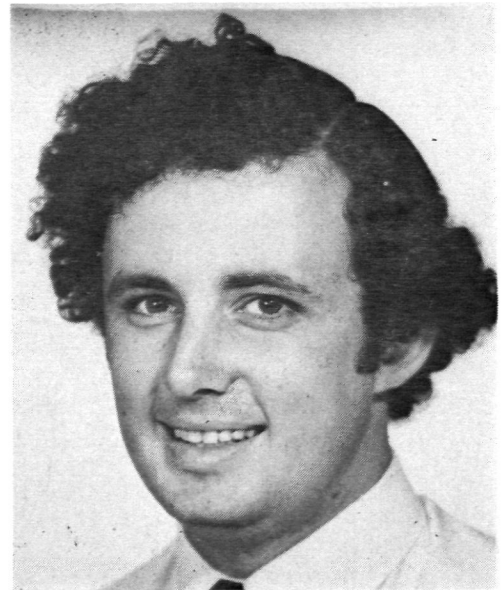
Clinical Features: Post-athletics gastric inhibition;
Unwilling guest of Indonesian Constabulary;
Subjected to Javanese experimentation in abdominal surgery;
Earnest exponent of the joys of Bali;
Aggravated by alcoholics and Americans.

Pathology: Auto-immune.

Investigations: Rule out hydatid, farmer's lung and bird-fancier's lung.

Treatment: Continuous therapy with M.B., B.S. starting as soon as possible.

Prognosis: Excellent.



COLIN JAMES JESSUP

"Wake me up when the tu'e is over."

Col put Medicine first choice thinking that if it were the hardest to get into, it would be the easiest to get out of. But, try as he might, it was not until fourth year that his big breakout attempt was possible. Aided and abetted by Connie (whom he had previously planted in the Postgraduate Committee — thus ensuring a permanent parking space) he fled with two thousand mice into an immunological B.Sc. (Med.). This was thwarted when the Professor, discovering that Col shared the same school tie, sentenced him to first class honours and extradited him back into the mainstream of clinical medicine. With Connie demanding half his degree, his ultimate escape was to marry her and spend an elective term honeymoon in New Zealand investigating prostaglandins. He seems doomed to success.

TERENCE AIRLIE KELLY

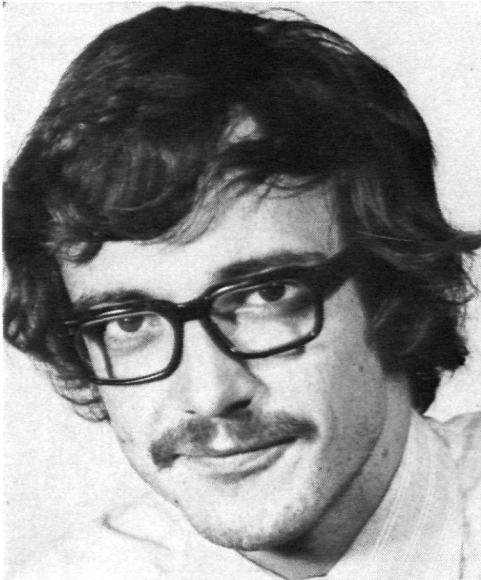
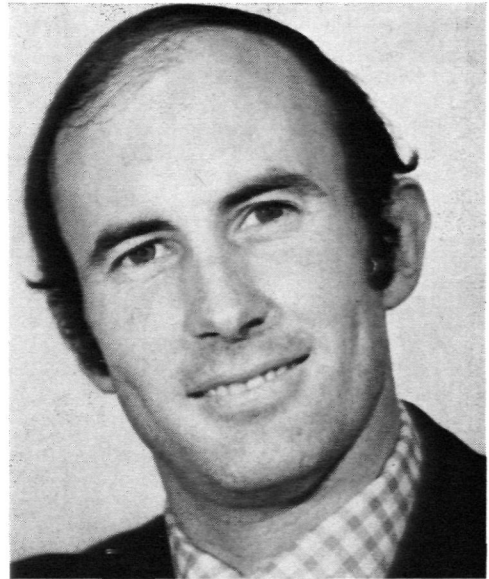
"Sorry, I'm saving myself for marriage."

Terry is aspiring to great heights in Medicine, so much so that he has grown through his hair; however only the "Old Guard" hold this against him.

A great college man from way (way) back, he is looked upon with horror by freshers of both sexes, and joy by Publicans. His athletic career is unmentionable, but as resident Brown Street morals patrol officer, he contributed greatly to Z.P.G., the tramping of his anti-passion boots ruining many a young lad's evening.

The Bray Street Baron's annual "At Home" is popular, with dog fights, broken engagements and cheap champers in abundance.

His experience as "Army Pox Doctor's Clerk" will, we feel, eventually give him the superintendency of a No. 1 Special Clinic.



PATRICK JAMES LEIGHTON KESTEVEN

Patrick looks upon himself as a handsome lad, perhaps because nobody else will. This truly paranoid idea is compensated for by a 4½ inch smile (is this a record?). His characteristically scruffy appearance reflects a mind brimming with an extraordinary wide range of interests — one of which is drawing breasts. His nudes are seen in homes as far away as North Sydney and Stanmore.

It was with great cunning that he acquired a wife who both supports him in the manner to which he has always been accustomed, and who has the requirements of an ideal artist's model.

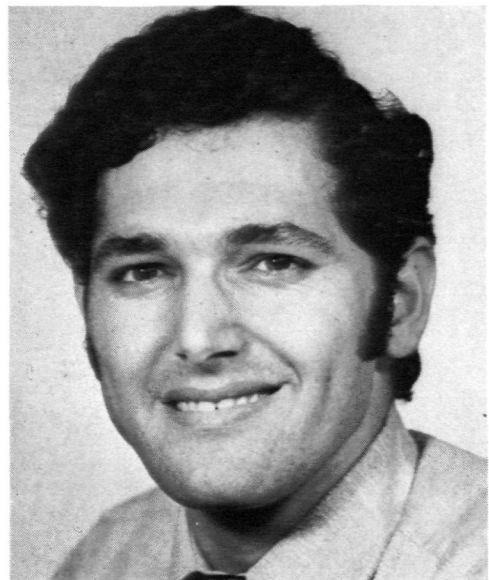
Although not academically inclined, it can be said that Patrick is both interested and interesting.

JIM KOSTI

Of Ancient Cypriot Heritage, and after a few years in Australia and England (where he matriculated), Jim came back to Australia with a broader vision than most of his fellow students.

Entering the faculty in 1967, he studied hard to become a healer of men! His diligence and application are surpassed only by his devotion to his wife and babies!! As a family man, they are his life and future.

Fellow students appreciate his relaxed and happy nature, confirmed sincerity and infectious enthusiasm. Above all, one is impressed by his high ideals, his readiness to help and stand by at all times, and like that wise philosopher of the Ancient World, Jim will always "listen courteously, consider soberly, and answer wisely" (circa, 400).





DAVID CHING SAM KWAN

Dave was exported from his native State in Malaysia, to undergo exile in civilised Australia for having talents far and above those of mere mortal men.

However, this budding de Burghologist has had his life style threatened by three prognostically bad diseases, narcolepsy, hypochondriasis, and the ever-dreaded travel bug.

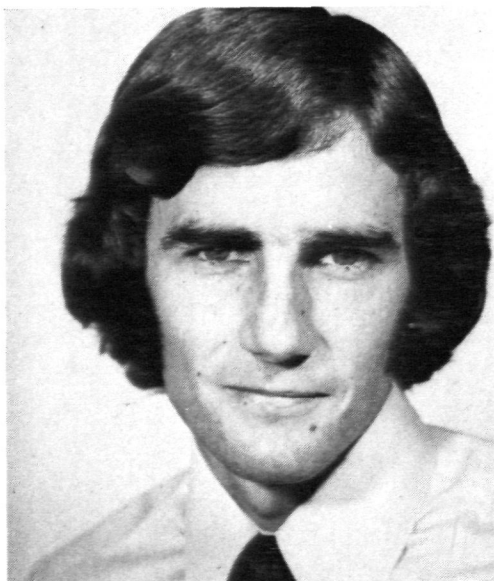
Often Dave would wake from a lecture or a constructive study period and bitterly complain of a palmar naevus, or his symptomless varicose vein. Most of his clinical years have been spent asking his various tutors about his body and despite our reassurances we suspect this condition will be chronic.

With relatives in every country in the world we don't know where Dave will end up, but wherever it is, we sincerely hope he takes his varicose vein with him.



UNTUNG LAKSITO

The compleat and quintessential Untung — what kind of man? Gay bon-vivant? Debonair dilettante? Fanatical zealot? No! none of these. A wide smile often broke upon his face, at once humorous and questioning. How readily he abstracted the absurd from the essential, the important from the pretentious—this urbane troubadour, this home-spun philosopher, this natural poet! With careless ease he tripped his way through medicine's imposing haze. Since he could not be ruffled, his nonchalance was noted. He was unmoved by the intellectual gymnastics of his tutors and untroubled by petty conflict and personal politics. In those salad days of '66 Untung came, seeking truth and erudition. What did he find?



GRAHAM JOHN LETHAM

"Escaping goblins to be caught by wolves." (Bilbo Baggins.)

In preclinical years Graham was the proverbial "dark horse", only making his presence felt when exam results were published. However, the passing of the years and the steady influence of his colleagues at R.P.A.H. have seen him mature into that confident, imperturbable "long hair from up Parramatta way".

Despite his academic achievements Graham has at times demonstrated his abilities at tennis and golf, his lack of ability at squash and his interest in chess and the exploits of Bobby Fischer. Although a lucky survivor of the original Cumberland Oval riot in '67 he remains a loyal supporter.

His thorough approach to any problem and coolness in any situation further mark Graham as a credit to his profession.

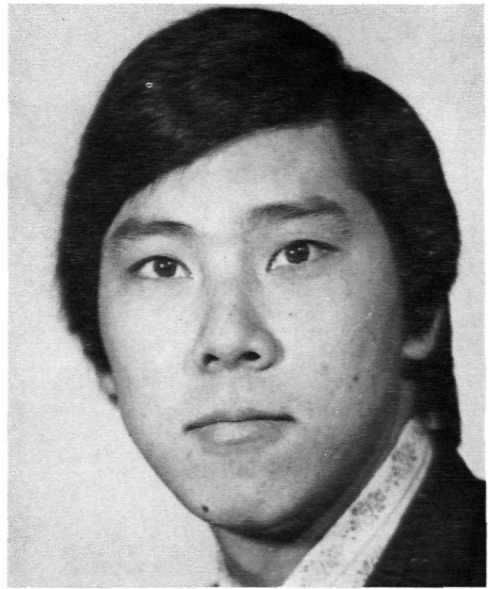
PHILLIP LOWE

Phil migrated from China in 1952 and after a flying start through Randwick Boys' High, Phil found anatomy more enjoyable when studied in Stephen Roberts.

Undaunted by a disastrous setback at the end of second year, Phil remained inscrutable as ever and proceeded to study anatomy in Fisher even though it meant having to give up being a part-time chef.

An avid lover of cars, Phil recently acquired the skill of dismantling his machinery. We don't know about reassembly yet. Anyway as long as he is able to get to correlation clinics in time to read the morning papers.

Phil spent his elective term in Hawaii where he found it more profitable making leather goods and harassing the tourists. We wish Phil every success in whatever he does in the future.



ROBERT JOHN LYONS

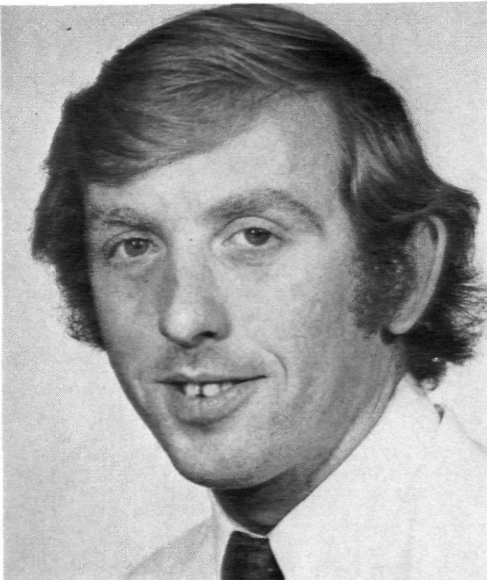
"Did I miss anything much?"

Fair-haired, blue-eyed, worried about over-exposure to the sun and suffering from unrelenting malignant moles ("the darker, the juicier"). Bob is often to be heard coughing his troubles away behind a smoke screen, making him a confidante of smoking tutors.

Typically, a good weekend is turning up for 'tutes on Wednesday and preparing for it from Thursday. The rest of his time is spent at the "Grose" or ogling at the opposite sex or both. Despite all this, he has surprised many tutors with his amazing clinical acumen and devastating knowledge of obscure conditions — consequently, he has established himself as our foremost specialist on Campbell de Morgan spots.

His perennial wit, flashing smile and excruciating acute-on-chronic sense of humour will long be remembered.

Best of everything, Bob!

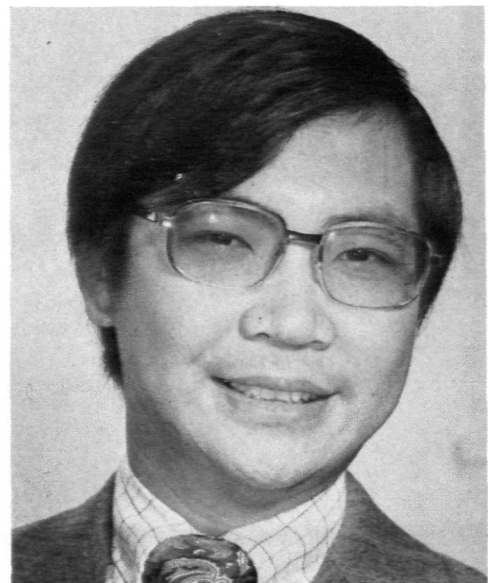


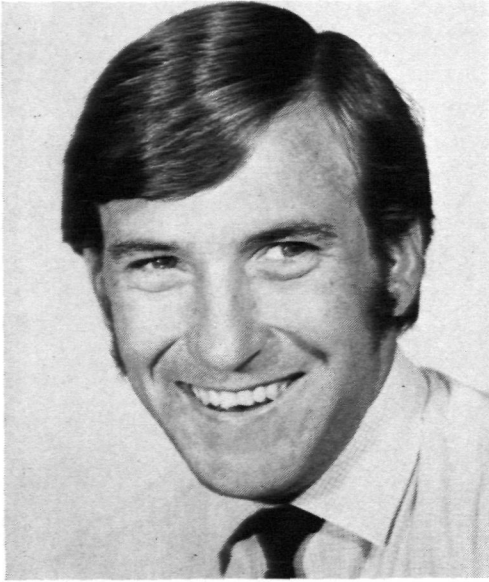
STANLEY CHING-HING MA

"I don't know, I missed that year's lectures."

The dens of iniquity in Kowloon and in Sydney are not too dissimilar, so Stan has had few problems adjusting to the Australian way of life.

Stan is rarely seen at lectures yet he invariably distinguishes himself in exams. One would imagine therefore that he studies a lot, but most of his time is spent in running a high-class restaurant, playing in \$100 mah-jongg games and pursuits of a sexual nature. If anyone in the year is ever murdered over a gambling debt or becomes a millionaire, you can be sure it will be Stan.





GREGORY McGRODER

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time. BUT . . ."

Greg's education began in Moree where he was born. He spent some time at St. Joseph's College playing football and rowing before he began his Medical training. Living at St. John's College, Greg often found the long walk to Bosch too exhausting thus becoming an expert in deciphering his colleagues' voluminous notes.

Never one to be worried by exams, Greg spends a good three weeks each year in hot pursuit of the elusive pass. He has made many friends by his good nature, carefree approach to life, though for one bleak period it looked as if he would be lost forever to matrimony.

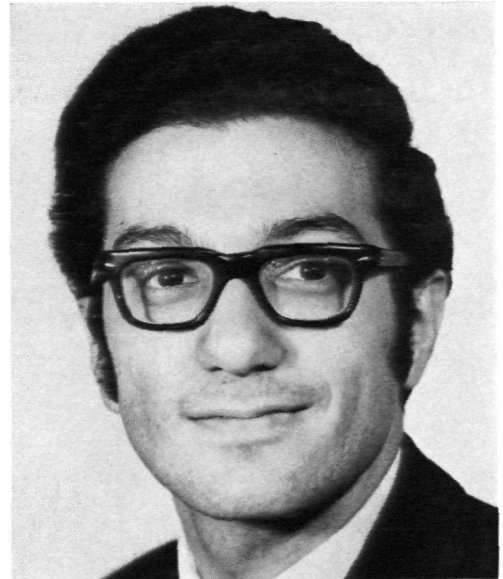
We wish him all the best in the big bad world.

ELIAS EDWARD MATALANI

Eli completed the first three years of his Medical Course at the University of Alexandria and came to Sydney in 1969 to complete the second half of his hard labour.

Riding his Suzuki every morning and evening he managed to arrive at final year safely, and having received a grant to travel to America during the Vocation Term he came back full of bright ideas, one of which is to get married.

Always happy, always smiling, but serious when necessary — this is a good start for a Med. man.



DAVID COLIN MAXWELL

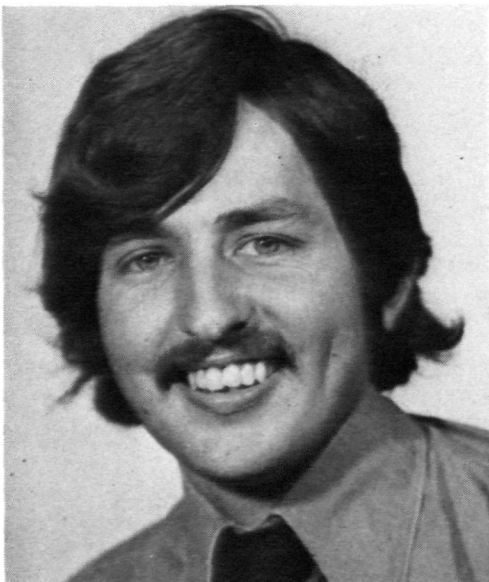
This hirsute and far from edentulous young gentleman joined us in Med. after two years of science.

Like many of his colleagues he displayed a taste for the odd middy or two or three . . . of that well-known hepatotoxin and was not adverse to the occasional "turn".

His love for foreign autos led to ownership of such makes as Renault and Citrôen, with the hope of similar acquisitions in the future.

Sporting interests included, skiing, early morning beach swims, the occasional 18 holes and during elective term, a Balinese beauty or two.

Dave tended to concentrate on the human aspects of the course rather than spending endless time in pursuit of academic honours.



RICHARD JOHN MEDBURY

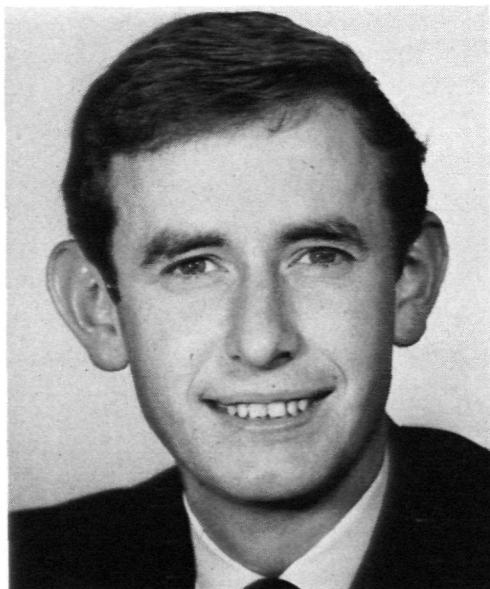
"One you miss out on now is one you never get."

Never flustered, never riled, a cool cat is Medbury. But an extremely impressive bloke is the old Dick with the rare gift of "getting the guts of things" when others are busying themselves with codswallop and waffle.

One of Dick's greatest assets is his lovely wife Gai who presented Dick with a bouncing baby boy at the beginning of '71.

Besides picking up more than his fair share of D's and C's, Dick has fitted in the odd game of water polo and an occasional bet on the horses.

This quietly confident bloke from Enmore High who entered Medicine via Radiography has a balanced, relaxed yet conscientious and sincere approach which will ensure his success in the future.



RICHARD JAMES MEURER

"As the Duke of Wellington himself said . . ."

Richard took up residence at St. John's in '66 and during his undergraduate medical career was seen at University during Union dinners and whilst taking part in Examinations.

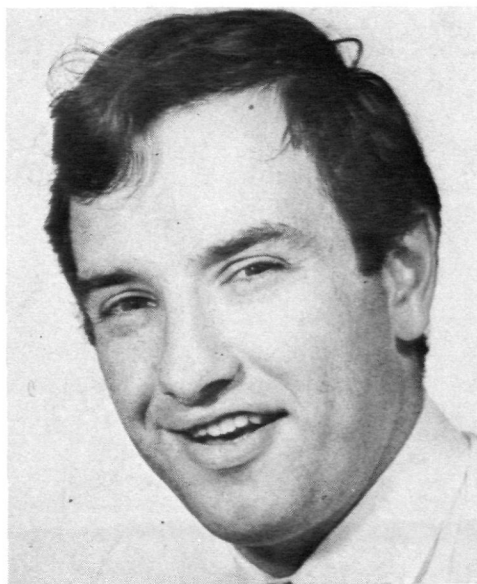
His list of achievements include a B.Sc. (Med.), a commission in the S.U.R., the House Presidency of St. John's '71, and he was the winner of the Cantwell Gift '70.

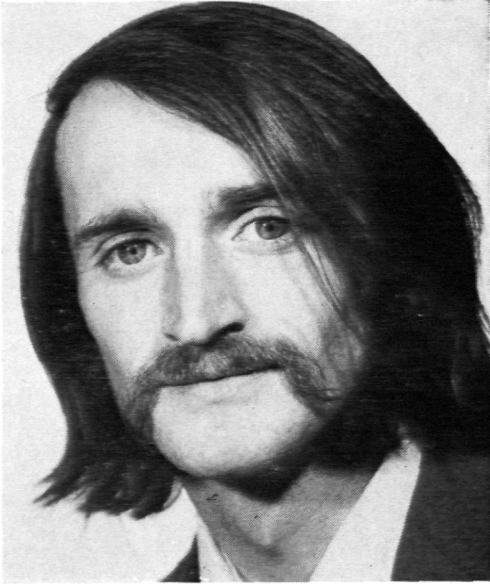
A familiar figure in the "Grose Farm", R.P.A. and college circles, Richard's attire of sports coat, month-old moleskins, percussion riding boots and regimental tie, was his trademark, matched only by the appearance and disappearance of his many bicycles.

Armed with a ready wit and compassionate nature, Richard, I'm sure, will march on to greater things, both Medical and . . . !

FRANCIS XAVIER MOLONEY

Frank gave up his Joey's diet of sport and study for a more agreeable diet at University. Living at John's he took an active interest in all facets of life; educational, social and sporting. He served terms as Med. Sports rep. and House President at John's, but was still able to give of his all to Medicine. Much of his time in the latter years was spent at Balmain where a friendship with a little kids' nurse culminated in matrimony. Frank now commutes from beautiful downtown Westmead, does most of his study in the library, and only plays enough sport to stay fit. He is sure to be a success in whatever he takes on and we wish him all the best of luck.





ANTHONY FREDERICK MOYNHAM

After a period of rigorous toilet training, Tony proceeded to St. Mary's Cathedral to receive, in his own words, "A broad education". So broad was his education he spent a further year at Sydney Technical College to catch up on the specifics.

Tony entered the Med. Faculty with mixed feelings and to date has had mixed success; mixed his drinks, his women and his work. He has grown attached to the Med. School and R.P.A.H. and in years to come, one tutor's lyrical tones will echo back "Gawd, Moynham, you sexy little darling!"

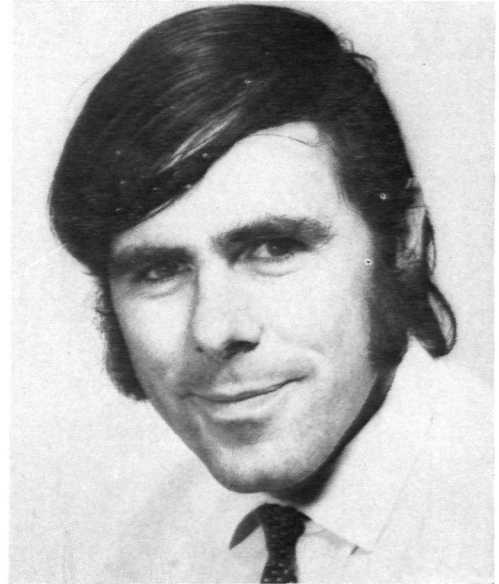
Sex, Tony assures us, is a vital component of the life force and he feels that the rigours of his toilet training (obsessive-compulsive) will propel him into bureaucracy in years to come.

MICHEL MUHLEN-SCHULTE

Having conceived medical ambitions while butchering in Melbourne, Michel made the change from Fosters to Reschs (and besides, no unconquered fields in Victorian student journalism remained to him). And, taking time off to exercise his editorial compulsions, in the *Union Recorder* and *Medical Journal*, to earn his living as a nightwatchman, to run a variety of seedy boarding-houses in Glebe and Paddington, refusing to allow his finer sensibilities to be blunted (who else sings Wagner during Grand Rounds, held parties in funeral parlours or read Goethe in the German?), he has hounded himself from pillar to post to see the course out.

"What's it all about?" he has been heard to mutter, between bar and lectures, between theatre and bar.

His friends wonder too.



TERENCE MICHAEL MURPHY

Terry's original choice of career lay between Duntroon and Medicine, but although the latter finally won, he decided to compromise by accepting a Navy Commission during Fourth Year.

His spare time interests include tennis and fishing, as well as a chronic passion for knocking balls into pockets, and he is often to be found at the tables at the Union, Grose Farm, White Horse, and other places.

Terry has always shown an appreciation for the practicalities of the healing art, with a decided leaning towards Surgery, and he always has a ready and sympathetic ear for patients' problems.

These qualities will hold him in good stead in his future career for which we wish him well.



LORRAINE MARGARET MUSGRAVE

"I became disillusioned a long time ago."

Apart from an occasional examination success Lorraine remained somewhat anonymous during the early years of the course. Indeed it was only during the long vigils that mark Obstetrics term that we learnt of her previous passage through the Faculty of Science.

Having forsaken the protozoa for a larger type of organism she found that her studies were frequently interrupted by the need to ventilate her radical philosophies at moratoria.

Despite (or perhaps because of) the rumour that Lorraine was the T.A.B.'s computer she has always been reluctant to display a gambling spirit during tutorials. However her proven ability to demonstrate a thorough knowledge of any field ensures her success in Medicine.



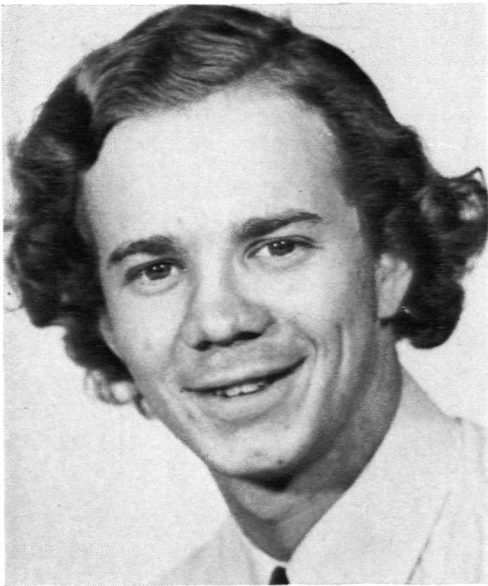
GEOFFREY MICHAEL NEEDHAM

And thus the Mighty Atom hands in his gloves and takes up the art of the scalpel. To we who know him this is a bad move; Cassius has earned far more in the ring than we can expect to earn from a lifetime of abortions.

But our skin diving friend (a man of many seasons) has elected to forgo the fish of Christianity and the glove of war for that compromise called Medicine.

No more that life of leisure pursuing lazy trumpeters through the cool blue depths of our oceans; but those endless queues of anonymous patients with their pensioner cards clutched in sweaty palms.

And thus we wish you well in your career in pursuance of the Hippocratic oath.

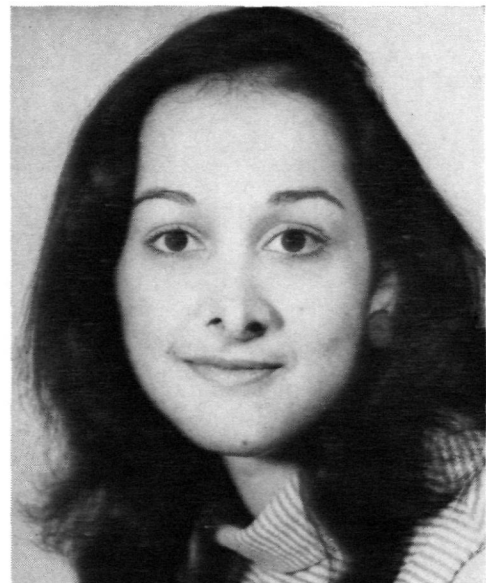


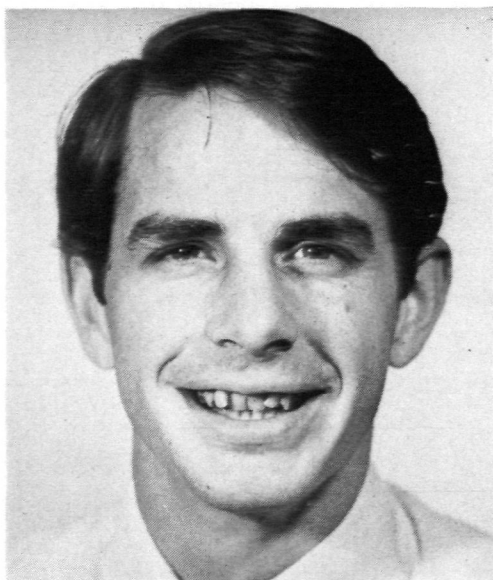
VIRGINIA CHRISTINE PASCALL

"Virge."

Virginia began Medicine with the Fairfax Prize for the Leaving Certificate Pass and the Queen Victoria Scholarship, and from thereon her academic progress has been adequate but not outstanding. Her enthusiasm for medical subjects has varied with the years, accompanied by a hypochondriasis for every fatal — but interesting — illness, finally exhausting both friends and family.

In the past six years there have been very few lectures or days at R.P.A.H. in which Virginia has not turned up with a novel — always reading, never studying. An elective term in the U.K. and Europe has made her decide to make a home overseas and once again to try her feet on skis in a friend's backyard in Sweden.





WILLIAM GEORGE PATRICK

"Not too bad, mate."

When the cry "Just cash a small one before we go" rings out, everybody knows Bill is in the mood. A man of many facets, Queensland-born and thin-legged, Bill is beloved of the Faculty.

He is a good talker and a better listener; he is generous, occasionally to a fault. Perhaps Bill's most engaging feature is his essential urbanity, which he usually disguises behind a natural drawl. He has worked as Commercial Traveller, Interstate Transport Driver and Soap Powder Salesman and has the word on out-of-the-way places.

Bill is a happy bloke; he is probably destined to be a wanderer, and our best wishes go with him — they have to; he is wearing our clothes!

OLEG (ALEC) ANDREJ PREDÄ

After one year of Arts, Alec changed faculties and graduated as a pill pusher. Later he returned to S.U. to study Psyche, influenced by the life and writings of Sir William Osler.

His friends are exposed to his forthrightness, help and puns, to the remainder he is a solemn face racing around the wards.

His attraction to a blue-eyed blonde when in Med. II was doubtless to lead to trouble and the pursuit of this hobby culminated in his marriage to her in 1970.

His love of nature (ward flowers were always examined first) and his willingness to help others fit him . . . "to learn the powers of medicines and the practice of healing and . . . to exercise that quiet art."



ANGELA MARGARET PREDÄ (NEE STOERMER)

The choice of Medicine as a vocation seemed natural, as an elder brother and an aunt were physicians, but gee! it was hard to believe all "that" stuff in Biology I.

Early in the course her father's sudden death was a staggering blow which took her, her mother and younger sibs (now marching through Med.) some considerable time to adjust to.

By Fourth year the course began to take the form of a career rather than a grind, but her plans to work her way around the world after graduation evaporated when she married a fellow student in November, 1970.

The chief outside interest of this Fraulein from Konigsberg is to see people and places overseas, even via Med. Congresses.

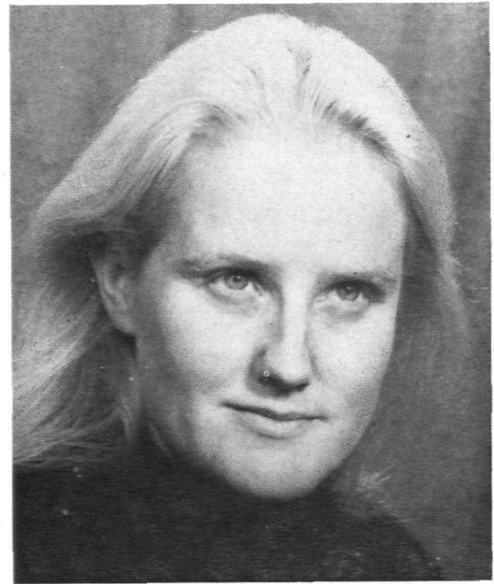


PHILLIPA RICKARD

"Pip"

After a short spell in the arts, Pip arrived in Medicine on the back of an ageless red Honda motorbike straddled by a huge fishing basket of dubious vintage and mysterious contents (though many say it is filled with rocks??)

Pip's artistic aspirations have survived the materialistic monotonies of Medicine very well; she is an excellent player, writer and teacher of the piano, enjoys music, literature, colourful clothes and taxi driving. Pip also has a love for the great outdoors, like the mountain climbing expedition of '71, where she twisted an ankle and had to be carried home, but managed to come back and explore the remote areas of Papua New Guinea in Elective Term.



GERALDINE RAINIER WALDEN ROOM

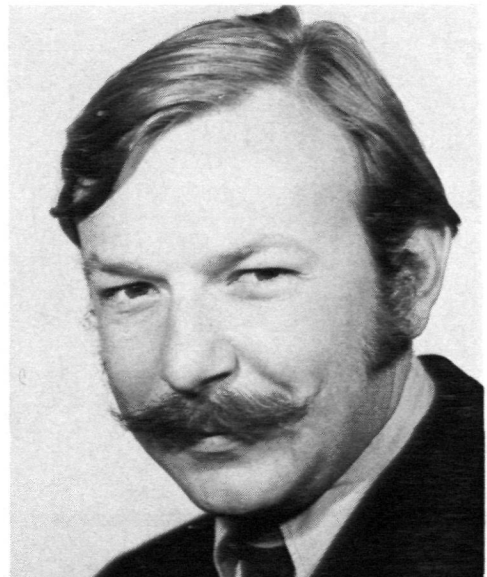
After a cosmopolitan youth spent sojourning overseas and at Frensham, Geraldine was faced with commuting. In first year she arrived so early that breakfast was held in the maths department. On moving later into Women's College, her nocturnal activities flourished and all morning lectures became "too uncivilised"; however an invigorating elective term has replenished her medical enthusiasm.

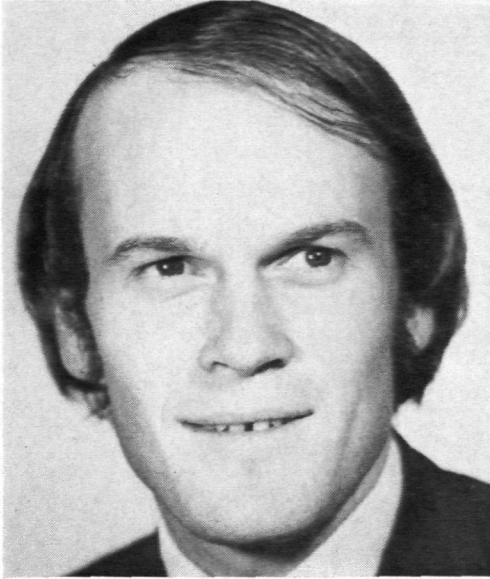
Geraldine delights in all things musical and is justly renowned as a professional oboist — though she denies any ability to improvise, we well remember the midnight jam session at kid's hospital. Among other memories: bedside French translations; the decrescendo murmur when answering questions, pithy asides and a "super" vocabulary, ribbons, floral boots, gaiety and, most indelible, her strength and clarity of mind and perceptive empathy with people.

VILMOS LASZLO RUDOLPH

"I don't know."

Will is a man of few words and many talents. Born in Hungary, his past accomplishments include a spell as a librarian in Fisher Library, marriage to Mary in Fourth Year, and a daughter, Julia. Among other things, Will is noted for his rather distinctive voice, a fine sense of humour, and an unrivalled imperturbability. (He once upset a Professor of Surgery by asking questions during a delicate operation.) Few of us will forget the time he instructed a certain Professor of Paediatrics, from the back of the lecture theatre, in the art of making pâté de fois gras! With his placid disposition and constant amiability, Will is assured of a happy and successful future.

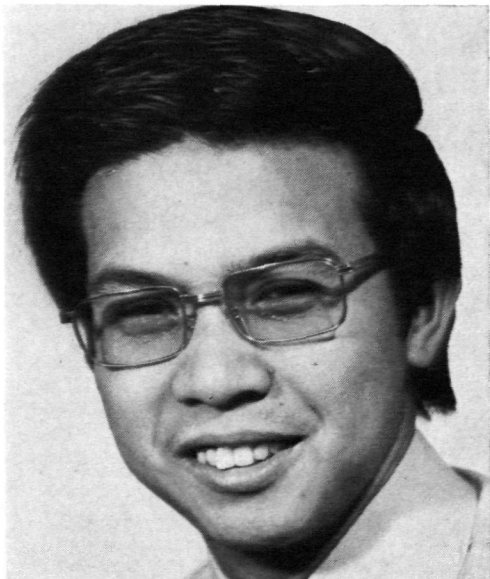




PAUL MARSH SATCHELL

Paul's medical education has been highlighted by overtones of the spectacular. He achieved First Class Honours in his B.Sc. (Med.) year and, showing his interests were not only academic Paul was awarded a University Blue in rowing. Armed with these early successes, he proceeded to diversify his interests even further. Still with a decidedly theatrical approach he purchased an MG-TF devoting many hours to restoring and maintaining "his little girl". Realising "his little girl" perhaps lacked the anatomical attributes of other little girls he plunged himself into the pursuit of the gentler sex, with the same unbounded enthusiasm and ingenuity he embarked on elaborate courting rituals.

Paul's genuine amiability and astute sense of humour will assure him continued success.



PATRICK ADRIAN RUNDLE

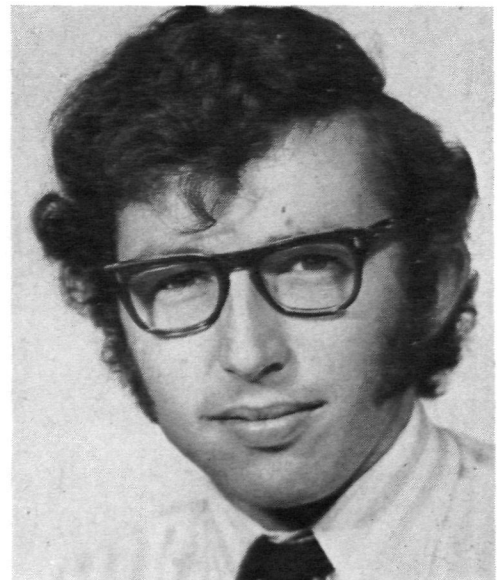
"Steady on, steady on."

Coming into Medicine via Cranbrook and having an ambivalent attitude to U.N.S.W., Patrick has demonstrated a high degree of competence in all his endeavours despite his avowed intent to avoid the "unnecessary detail" that is so often remarked on sotto voce in lectures.

Medicine has provided a pleasant diversion from golf, cricket, Rugby and an unwavering political outlook, the latter having led to some interesting arguments with various devils' advocates.

Patrick arrived back from N.Z. with a comprehensive knowledge of orthopaedics and hair which seems to be creeping down at the back as it creeps back at the front.

One can only hope that his patients appreciate his undoubted abilities as a doctor.



NORMAN KAI SOO

"Anyone for a game?"

"Game" refers to mah-jongg, that esoteric Chinese indoor sport at which Norm is undisputed hospital champ. No hour is too late, no day too close to exams and no venue too distant when a game is proposed. Some of the more unkind in our year have been known to shout at Norm when he was playing in the early hours in the quarters, but most of us were overjoyed to find him there to greet us when we came back late from the wards.

The sound of breaking hearts echoed all over Sydney recently when Norm was wed to Kaye in a quiet wedding. All who know him well are happy that now he has someone with whom to spend his mah-jongg winnings.

MARGARET ELLEN BIRCHLAND STEWART

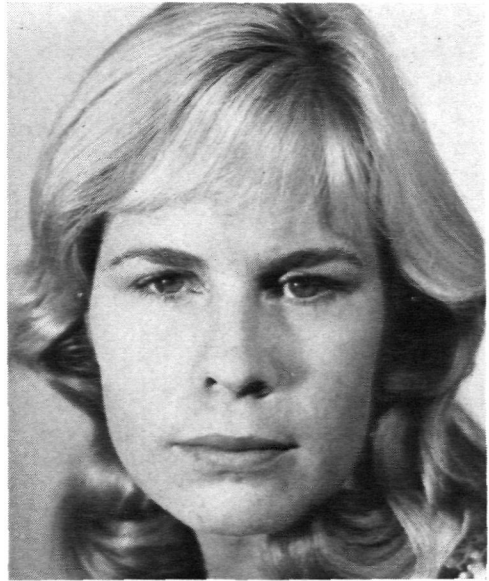
"But why!"

A stated dislike for maths and physics certainly didn't extend to subjects medical as we noted when, in later years, with apparent lack of effort Marg managed her share of High D's.

Marg could be relied on to bring knowledge of a rare syndrome or two to tutorials, though values for normal W.C.C. and platelets were a little hazy in her mind. Never accepting information blindly we came to expect the inevitable "Why?"

Tonsillar lubricants included the occasional glass of Champers and extract of Juniper Berry and her sense of humour ensured a laugh in the face of comedy or tragedy.

Her wardrobe of fashions and footwear appeared seemingly endless and teamed with a good pair of legs she delighted many a male colleague.



MARILYN JEAN UEBEL

In the early 50's Marilyn entered kindergarten at Hurstville South Primary School. On that occasion Mrs. Myrtle Whitethighs of Upper Penshurst Heights was heard to say "good school that one, luv — got me where I am today" as she sloshed another schooner over the bar at the Sydenham Ritz.

Marilyn soon became well versed in the southern school arts of massage and manipulation and young Johnny Squire was oft heard to say "she's a good rub, that old Ueby". Later Marilyn did physiotherapy and after rubbing for a few years did Medicine. Little is known of her passage through the course but she considers that the previous six years have been completely irrelevant and that she often feels very abstract.

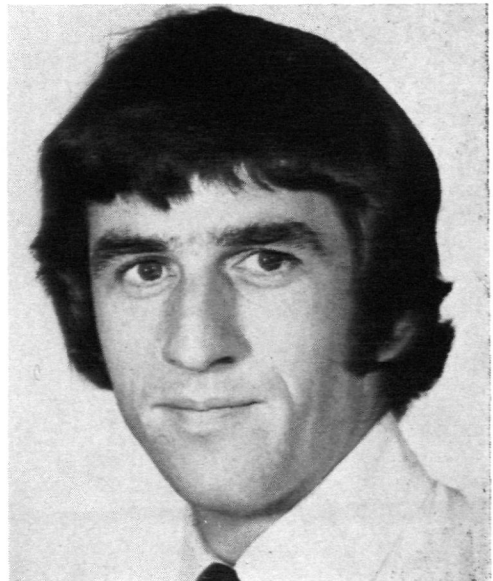
JAMES HARCOURT WALKER

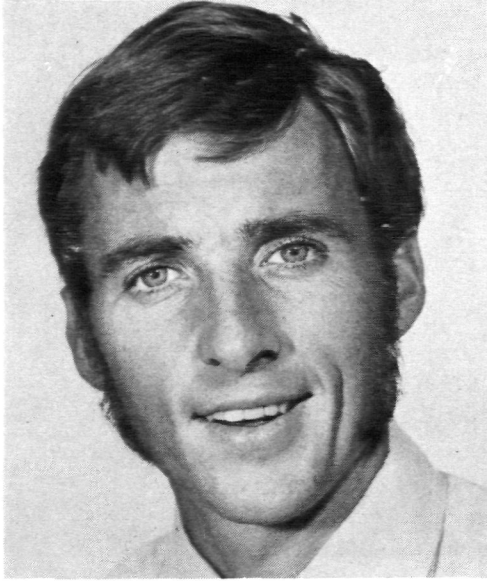
James has attained a gentlemanly air and charm despite his murky Adelaide origins and six years in the Medical factory.

His unflappability was well illustrated in labour ward during a spectacular delivery when the patient thrust a rigid leg into his groin at a crucial point in the proceedings. Very red faced but maintaining decorum he completed the job. The five minute apgar showed James and the baby doing well.

Medicine has not precluded a broad spectrum of extra-curricular activities from his life. His University hockey efforts are no fair reflection on his ability to light-foot it on a dance floor.

Jim's firm belief that there is something worthwhile to be found in all people ensures that his future cannot be other than fruitful and successful.





HARRY JOSEPH WARK

"Wark, don't run"

First appearing as the fount of all anatomical knowledge in the Vesalian Dissecting Room back in 1968, this reluctant pharmacist is a laconic "true-blue" — the original "Nature's Gentleman".

With the only year-round sun-tan south of Nobby's Light (Aub Laidlaw excepted), Harry's an excellent squash and hockey player.

He's known and loved for his: fast toothbrush; old brown Austin; quick schooner; academic distinction; cut lunches; St. Vincent's nurses; and above all his promise of a keg for the troops.

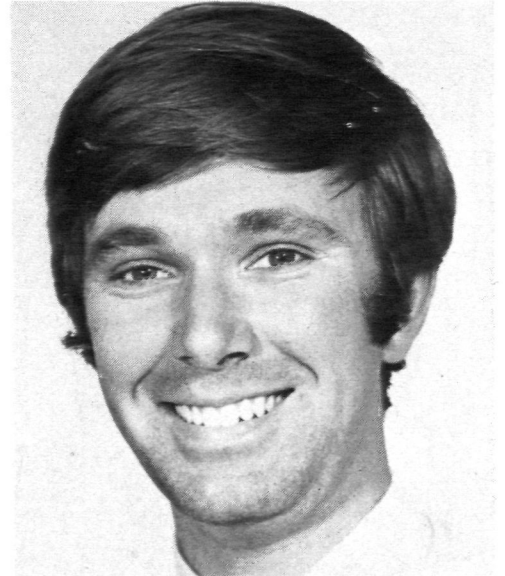
Harry is a hard worker (though he would deny this). His approach is mature, consistent and systematic. Essentially a practical man, scornful of matters esoteric, he combines a full enjoyment of life with responsibility (easy for a bachelor).

MARTYN CHRISTOPHER WESTERMAN

Martyn joined us in 1968 after several inauspicious years at A.N.U., where the life was good, but the golf courses poor. He immediately settled comfortably into St. Andrew's College, where he soon became known for his varied interests, not the least of which were billiards and bridge.

As for Medicine there is little that can be said that is not already known. Although not attaining credits, "Dum-Dum" managed to put the years away with a never ending succession of P's.

Despite an increasing waistline and decreasing bank balance, Martyn continues to do well in all fields, and will continue to do so, for many years to come.



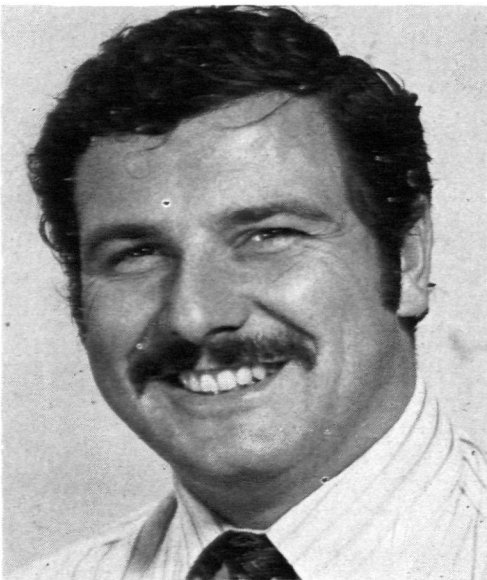
DAVID ARTHUR WOODHOUSE

"Iced jock-straps for the lads."

It is a pity we were not more carefully prepared to receive this Cockney character into our midst. As it was, he suddenly appeared amongst us disguised as one of the Drug Companies' handouts — with somebody losing the reply-paid envelope.

Dave reeks of penetrating wit — sometimes bizarre — and one-up-manship, be it at the bedside or at the bar, and is quick to give a lucid though not necessarily factual explanation on any topic, ranging from Chinese customs to Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten to Charcot-Marie-Tooth disease. Nights were spent in small bars and other places too ominous to mention; more than once a blackened eye was reported to be the work of devils and gypsies.

Dave is an enigma — after spending time with him you may not come away much wiser, but you will certainly come away much happier.



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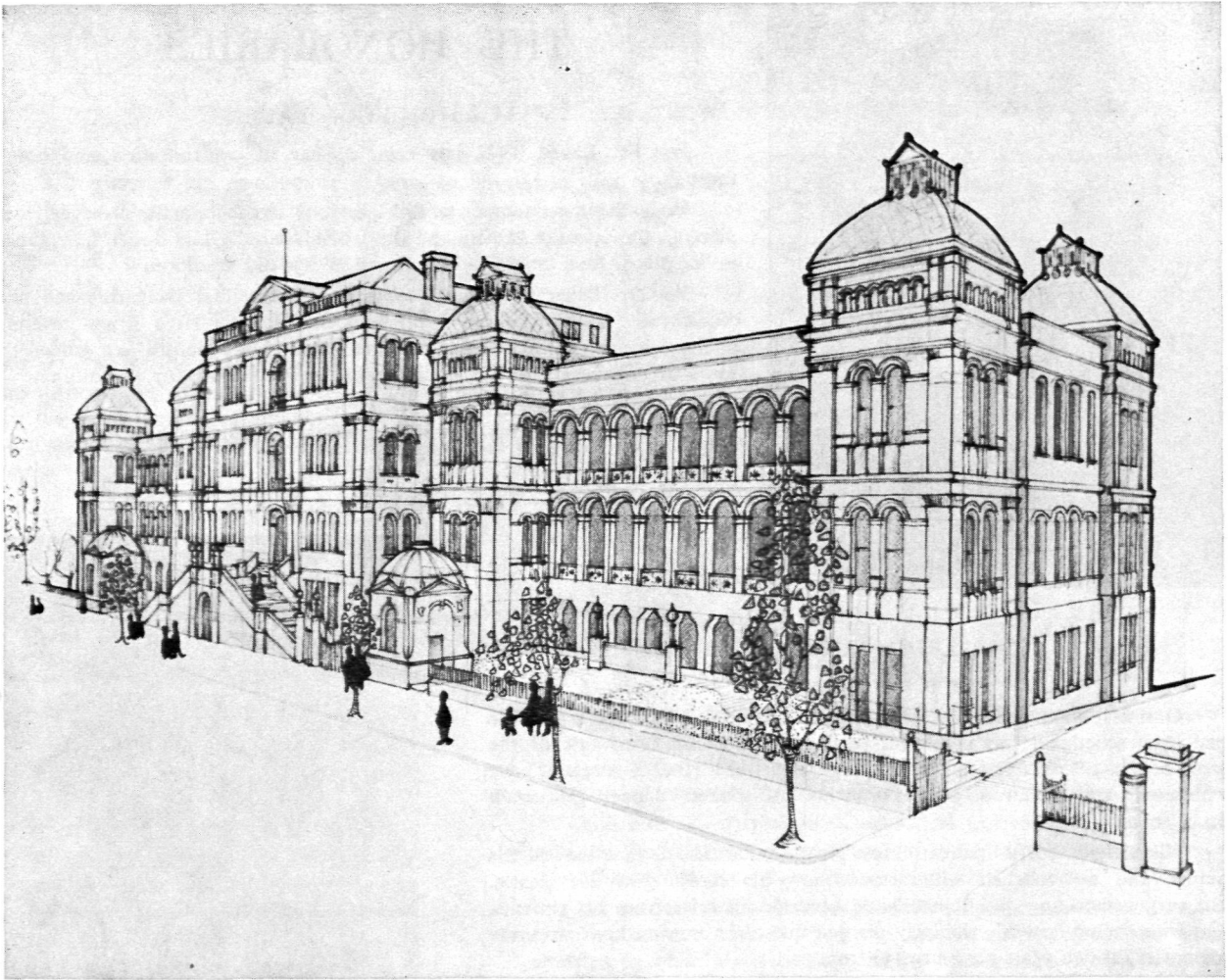
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SYDNEY HOSPITAL

The winds of change currently blow through the corridors of Medicine. The graduands of the 1972 final year must feel these breezes already and will be affected by the changing face of Medicine in the days to come; what is more they can, and should, do much to mould the future of medical practice, not only for those, the workers in the field of Medicine but, and importantly, for those for whom we labour — our patients.

These winds of change have influenced our Alma Mater, Sydney Hospital. Few of the graduands of this clinical school of even a decade or two ago would fail to be impressed by the changes in the physical structure, the administration and the practice of Medicine in this the oldest hospital of the country. Yet the fundamental spirit of Sydney Hospital continues to flourish, for at Sydney Hospital you are, as students, part of a team emerging now at graduation to enter a differing position in that team — a team which works well together; indeed is not this the most lasting and cherished memory of your days so far at Sydney — the esprit de corps at Sydney Hospital.

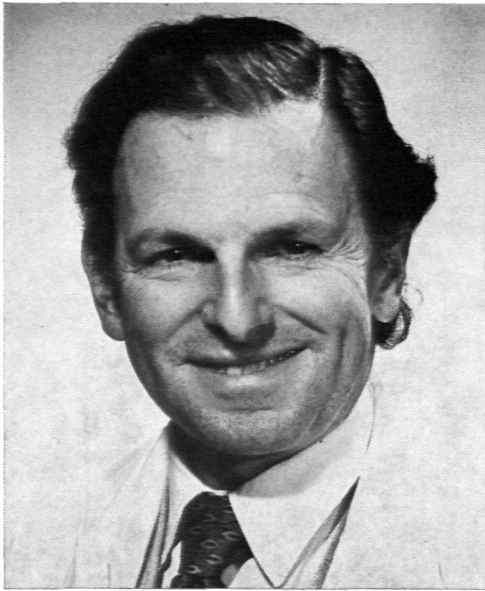
The goal of graduation looms near for you as I write this — indeed by the time this 50th senior year book comes to print this goal will be behind you. You realise now and this realisation will become more and more evident that this goal of graduation so cherished over six long years is but one step, admittedly an important step, in the long path of your medical life. You will all go differing ways in your future lives but you will all look

back to the happy, friendly and (relatively) carefree days spent as a clinical school student. Your clinical teachers hope that they will have imparted more than encyclopaedic knowledge and trust you have shared somewhat with them in the principles and problems of overall medical care of patients — for surely this is what a clinical school has to offer especially to its more junior members the students of today, the medical staff and medical practitioners of tomorrow.

As you enter your chosen life of the practice of medicine with its infinite variety, its great responsibility, its unparalleled challenges, its considerable rewards and its extraordinary demands, you will have occasion to look back and remember the friendships made at Sydney Hospital — with the colleagues in your own and other student years — with your clinical teachers and with many others. You will look back, we trust, with fondness to those days and cherish the memories of your association with Sydney Hospital.

Remember that you are always welcome back home at Sydney. You may find — as many have before you — that you wish to make Sydney Hospital your medical home; but wherever you go and whatever you do remember that in the practice of medicine it is as much a responsibility as a privilege to pass on to others your knowledge of the art and science of medicine to those of our colleagues who look to you for guidance and help, for in this way we can all better ourselves to improve the care of our patients.

JOHN REIMER



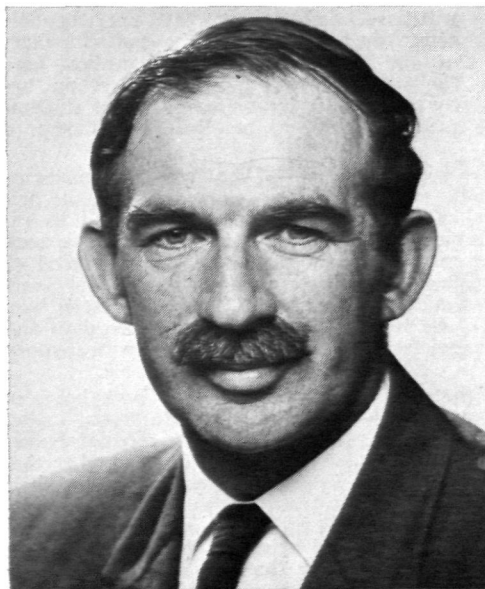
EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

"The surgeon with the physician's mind."

Our first final year tute, we thought, must be a clerical error. We had been scheduled for a surgical session, when along came one of the most benign personalities around Sydney Hospital. "Him, a surgeon?" we whispered, and wondrously followed this soft-spoken, dapper gentleman on a round.

His attitude to his patients bore great similarities to that toward his pupils, and we watched with respect how his carefully-worded gentle, but very penetrating questions elicited accurate histories from his patients, and with shame how his similarly worded questions drew rather inaccurate memories (of two years past surgery) from us.

Mr. Cortis really impressed us, and taught us that not all surgeons have surgical personalities.



THE HONORARIES

GASTON EGON BAUER

For Dr. Bauer, 1972 has been a year of confrontation and breakthrough.

Gone the even temper of his previous undergraduate proteges; their place to the attention-seeker and the worldly-wise. Gone docile acceptance; in its place, loud rejection of cherished age-old tradition.

Yet Dr. Bauer battled on, to glorify Differential Diagnosis and urge recalcitrants to become her loyal subjects. He was High Priest revelling in her esoteric charms; he exposed her virtues with rapture and guided the souls of unbelievers to her bounteous streams, hoping for the ultimate — a perception of every conceivable cause!

In the hearts of the chosen he remains a guiding light.



JOHN DIXON-HUGHES

"I will continue to ask you such nebulous questions."

A quiet, softly-spoken surgeon eager to teach his own, often strongly individualistic approach to clinical problems and forever equipped with anecdotes to illustrate the point.

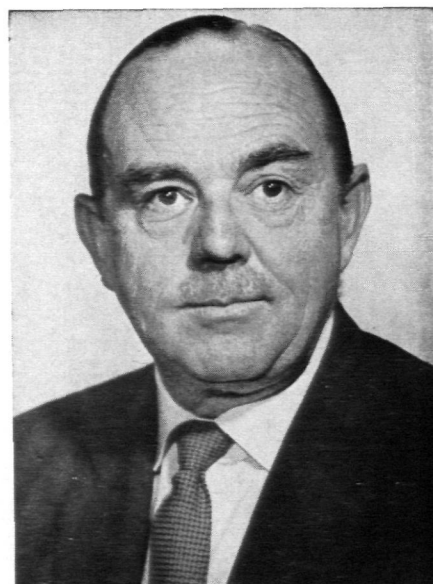
His tutorials, though more often than not off to a late start, impart to his students the need to carefully assess and re-assess all aspects of the case, before attacking the problem calmly and thoroughly.

His advice on the approach to viva questions proved very beneficial and the classical remark — "Don't tell the examiner, but that's a bloody stupid question" — and his treatise on the handling of shark-bite victims will long be remembered.

PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

"I can well remember the war period — I'm not that old."

This eminent but unassuming surgeon comes just in time to make us realise that there is logic even in surgery — best demonstrated perhaps by his message "Now go away and think about surgery". Truly a debater, philosopher, prophet and historian of the intricacies of G.I.T. surgery — our problem is that we're "all too young". However many of us will remember his care and skill in eliciting signs and his polite humane approach to patients. Most certainly Mr. Greenwell is a valuable aid to our good prognosis and through his reassuring demeanour, short encouraging silences and tolerant smile for a "lassie dear" a welcomed vagotomy for the many acute exacerbations of the ulcers of surgical pre-examinitis — a condition in surgery where excision has yet to prove its worth.



BRUCE MOSTYN HURT

As always

- a great believer in the bedside tute where many hours have been spent on weary legs.
- full of bouncing amiability to patients and students alike.
- a repository for the broader outlook on Medicine.

And now — after a year's sabbatical has returned fully rejuvenated with the "enthraling enlightenment" of the Medicine of the future — the entrenchment of preventive and computerized medicine.

His success in his metamorphosis from an introvert enthusiast to an extrovert activist affected even the most obsessive-compulsive academic amongst us when his lecture on the pre-disease state evolved into a form of group psychotherapy. Impressed — our curiosity for the innuendo of a "Machiavelli of Medicine" has been for some fertilized, and for some germinated.

GEOFFREY LATHAM

"We'll just go in and chip away a bit of the foramen magnum."

Mr. Latham is the epitome of a neurosurgeon — brown leather case full of strange smells, evil-looking instruments and well-used old eye-chart cards.

Here was a tutor with enough vitality and energy to keep any unconscious student awake, either by a hand clap loud enough to stir the dead or a patella tap strong enough to flatten a footballer. No doubt his energy is due to a pituitary fossa lesion causing secondary thyrotoxicosis associated with cortical overactivity.

Mr. Latham has dispelled any fallacies about the C.N.S. by his excellent lecture notes, his memorable performances at Grand Rounds and his piercing tutorial questions.

How could we forget him?





WILLIAM HENRY McCARTHY

"I am a 50-year old woman . . ."

When we came to Sydney Hospital, one thing about the surgical tutors bothered us — why was Bill McCarthy **not** on Honorary, and what was so special about him.

We soon found out: Bill was a University Senior Lecturer, and a qualified educationist to boot. His teaching methods, as numerous as they are diverse, never fail to make his students think. Mr. McCarthy is a real teacher: he stimulates his students to actually celebrate, and not just to stuff their heads regardless.

His "I am a patient" tutes were always fascinating — he even had menopausal flushes in Vth Year.

We are specially grateful for the hard work he put into his Tuesday evening discussion sessions, which provided a necessary "human touch" in final year.

Associate Professor of Medicine

SOLOMON POSEN

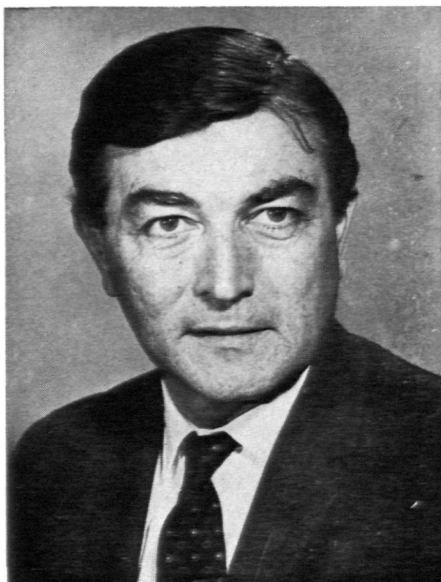
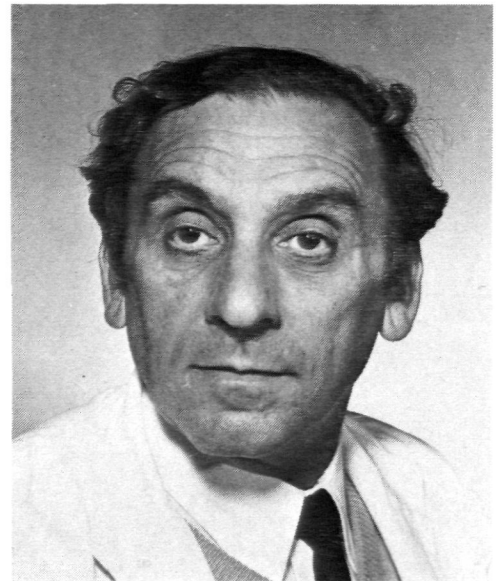
"I was defaecated on from a very great height for saying that."

One learns painfully the need to be clad in pages and pages of Lancet to avoid this revolting mode of death.

His self-effacing modesty when consulted during Medical Grand Rounds is surpassed only by his vivid metaphorical descriptions and innocent assumption that we know our basic Medicine.

"Incidentally . . ." he has been suspected of consuming thyroxin t.d.s. (? attempting to keep ahead of a young colleague) which explains the voracious appetite for new information for his "computer"; nevertheless heat intolerance is not evident — maybe this will become manifest in his reincarnation as an 18-year-old nurse, or as "your grandmother".

We wish to thank Prof. for making our course much more enjoyable.



JOHN RAFTOS

"You've learnt this from a book too?"

The dignity of Aesculapius, his suave sartorial elegance
The virtuosity — in cardiology a distinguished excellence
The disciples with his laconic lucid gospel ordaining
Forever deftly the essential principles wielding
Though off the dark brows an apparition of distraught
As with the dash of cigarette ash he chastises — the irrelevant dribble
before there is thought.

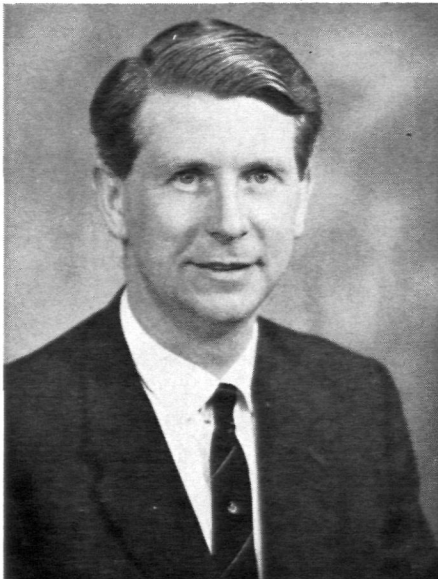
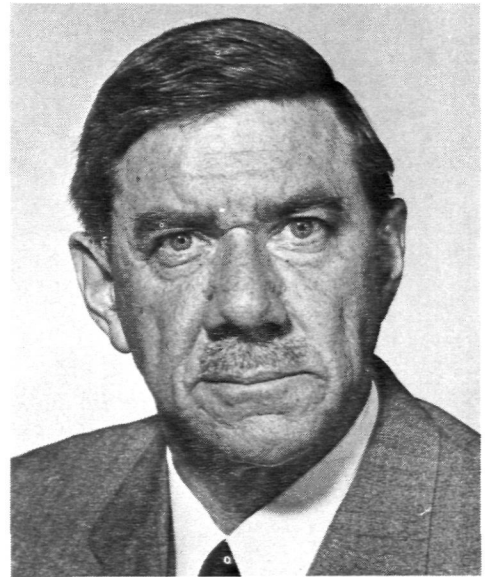
But the trial is set in clinical acumen
For the blessing of history in English is most often seemingly forbidden
Thus remembered — endeared with our gratitude
For he strived with a zeal unfailing in aptitude
To instil in the tangled thinking of our plight the logical attitude.

FRANK READ

Frank Read is a man who conveys to his patients a sense of down-to-earth, man-to-man interest in their diseases, and who, in return, elicits a certain respectfulness, from both young and old, not often seen in these days of Concorde and computers.

His interest in his students parallels his relationships with his patients and the vigour and energy with which he conducts his tutorials are unequalled in our experience.

Frank Read is, in short, a good old-time physician with brand new ideas.



THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

"We're all a little bit lost now."

Robbo's contact with us in early years was confined to glimpses of a tall, gold-rimmed glassed figure hurrying to Grand Rounds or to the Honoraries' dining room.

In final year we had a more direct confrontation at tutorials, Grand Rounds and often around the wards, especially when patients suffering from disease of that elusive gland, the thymus, were admitted.

Not one to be diverted from a theme, he would redirect us from variations on that theme. Laborious histories presented with grandiosity were often reduced to a simple concise statement.

However it was in that intellectual colosseum Grand Rounds, that Robbo would educate all participants, students and honoraries.

The ART lives!

JOHN EDWARD REIMER

"Would you close this up Sister, I've got to be at Ryde in 35 seconds."

Mr. Reimer has been the warden of Sydney Hospital clinical school for the past 6 years. This is unfortunately his last "term in office". We have all appreciated the efforts he has made on behalf of students of these years.

Those of us who have spent a day with him during surgery term have witnessed a super-surgeon, moving at 90 m.p.h., no lunch break, listening to tapes of recent surgical advances in his car.

His delivery of the Hudson and Deck memorial lecture this year on "The Pansophic Physician" was a classic and as we all realised afterwards that his words could well have applied to himself.





ALAN CATHCART RITCHIE SHARP

"Quiet son, who's running this show."

The show: Sharpespearean Surgery.

Subject matter: practical side of Surgery.

And thus in the venter of director and leading performer Alan Sharp most deft in histrionic conviviality gives his gaudy audience the season's dissertations.

Part I: (Ward 10, tute room) An atmosphere of informality and a cast of "utility actors" — more often wheeled in than led in.

Part II: The museum — a novel setting — what better for more depth of insight. And the show continues even more abundant in amusing repartee and anecdotes of past experiences as well as the occasional melodrama or leg display; modern in always encouraging the audience to shine in supportive roles but conventional in never permitting them full control.

All in all much is to be gleaned, a season well worth attending.



Associate Professor of Surgery

FREDRICK OSCAR STEPHENS

"The Gentle Giant."

This knight beneath the curly silver helmet has breached the fortress of S.C.C.'s brandishing Bleomycin, at the sight of which any self-respecting S.C.C. blanches and fades away.

It is always a pleasure to meet him around the hospital or in tutorials because of his kindness and courtesy, his willingness to answer questions or stop and talk to students and staff alike.

An avid fan of the gentlemanly sport of cricket, he has been known to carry his enthusiasm and transistor into theatre and follow matches with the transistor on a drip stand!

He has the honour of being surgeon on call for visiting royalty; we are grateful for the teaching and encouragement of this eminent surgeon.

JOHN NELSON SEVIER

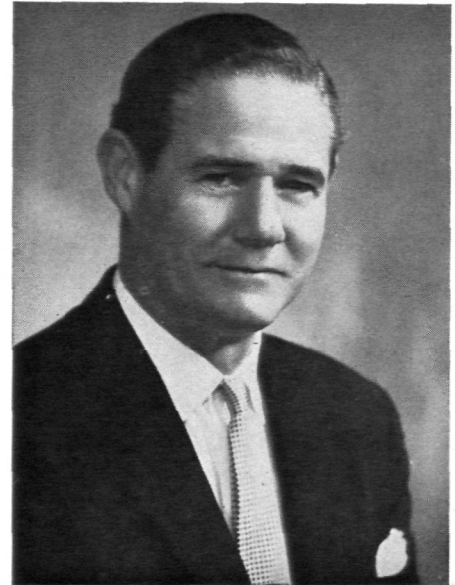
"You don't lose any marks for saying you don't know."

Amidst the ominous approach of the final examinations appeared this gentlemanly physician to guide us safely through the art of history taking.

A capable and reassuring tutor he greeted even our poorest efforts, not with sarcasm or demoralisation, but with helpful encouragement and guidance.

Rarely to be seen without a carnation in the lapel he conducted his teaching in a relaxed manner. His lucid approach to history taking and the differential diagnosis benefited his students greatly, as did his imparting of the intricacies of the examiner's mind.

One of Nature's true gentlemen.

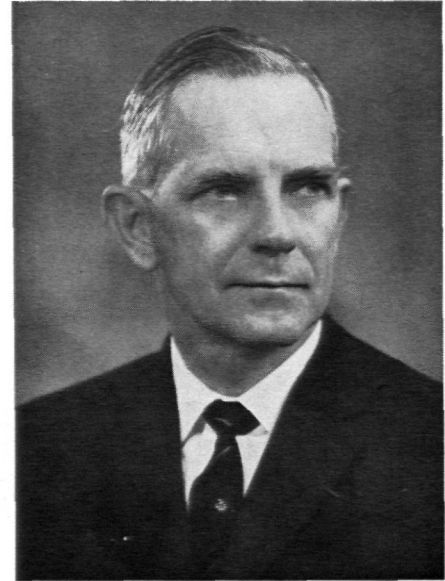


THOMAS EDWARD WILSON

Despite the freudian overtones of his selected specialty, Mr. Wilson displays none of the narrowness of outlook usually attributed to those of his orientation. His interests involve many areas other than the colon and rectum. Although his passion for seeing things through to the end, has permeated into all spheres.

His interest in the French language has added a touch of culture to an endless train of colostomies.

Despite his humble origins from the Melbourne suburb of Malvern. Mr. Wilson has achieved full acceptance as an equal member of the Sydney surgical community, having renounced all allegiance to E.S.R. Hughes.



WILLIAM WOLFENDEN

" . . . Bridayz Conzdiduzn . . . "

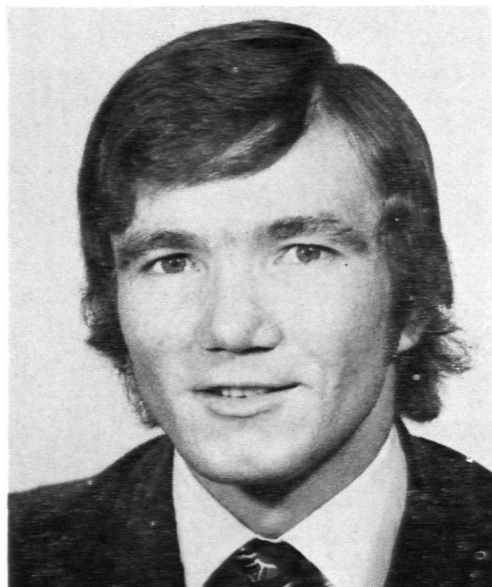
Dr. Wolfenden's enactment of every type of neurological sign has amused and illuminated us since we first came into contact with him in fourth year.

The polish of his manner is only exceeded by that of his Mercedes sports as it glints its way through Double Bay.

Although petit mal attacks are frequently the response of his students to his questions he is disturbed only to the extent of taking another gentle puff on his Dunhill.

His elegant and sophisticated manner, warm and humane approach to his patients has taught us much.

THE STUDENTS



NIGEL WATSON ACKROYD

"Up in New Guinea we used to . . ."

Giving free interpretation to the clinical maxim "you **pick up** a lot of things in the wards," Nigel was inspired to undertake his first study of the nocturnal habits of nurses. This, of course, did not interfere with the more serious pursuits of the theatre and bridge (using a fully baked version of Goran).

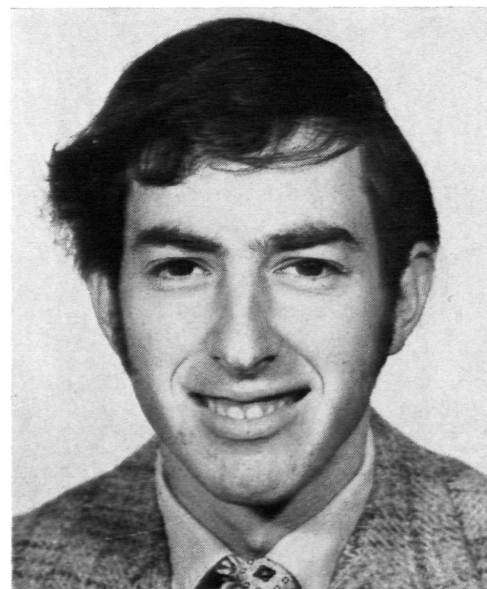
In addition to the yearly trip to Thredbo — elective term offered the delights of New Guinea, from where he returned babbling (in Pidgin English) the virtues of rectal drips and South Pacific Lager.

Obsessions include rare syndromes and travel — and it won't be long before he dons those Seven League Boots to see the world that exists beyond the hospital portals.

THEODORE CHARLES LEONARD ARNOLD

On temporary exile from the Holy Land, Ted sought to convert his fellow heathens to the joys of Semitism by an unrelentless playing of an old mandolin.

In his spare time he studied medicine. Having led an exodus of fellow students to Israel over elective term he returned minus more hair and plus more tales. In spite of the pressures of final year, Ted remained one of the characters of the Hospital. When not blushing at female patients, eating matzos, arguing politics or drinking Drambuie, Ted could be seen underlining "Davidson" in Technicolour. He could also be seen insulting policemen at demonstrations. To we who love you Ted, we say "Shalom, Shalom."



LUCY BALLIN

Lucy set to the task of final year with singular purpose, seldom could she be distracted, save for nostalgic reminiscences of her exciting trip to Israel during Elective Term. Her dedication earned her numerous achievements, one of the most recent being her success in Paediatrics.

So often the sole "beauty" amongst the "beasts", she never failed to charm both tutors and friends alike with her quick smile and infectious laughter.

It seems uncertain whether her quest for adventure and variety of life will detain her here indefinitely, but her tireless energy and zeal for all she attempts must assure her of a happy and rewarding future.

ANTHONY LAWRENCE BARR

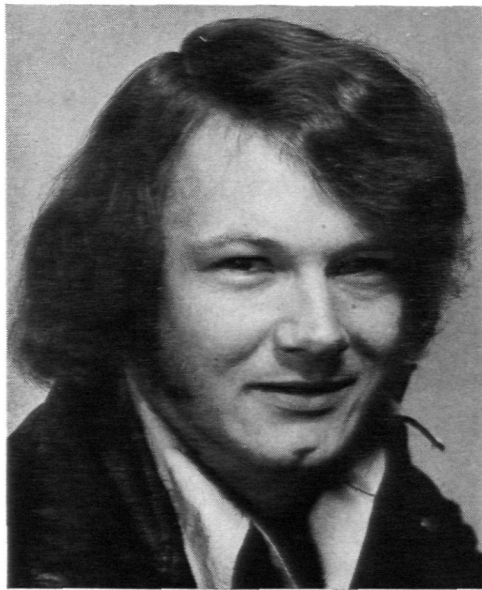
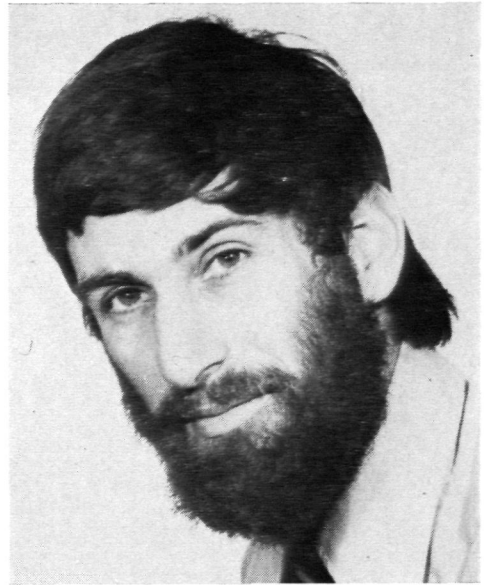
"She'll be right, Boss."

"Darkie" fought his way out of Waverley College, wielding hockey-sticks and squash rackets with a frightening accident rate. After a nasty incident near Tyrrel's he was classified unfit for army service — so he joined the Navy, distributing nonchalant V-signs in response to whoever dared salute him.

After a record breaking run to Brisbane (3 days) he embarked on an eventful trip through S.E. Asia, returning yellow and rigorose. Two nights loose in Nurses' Sickbay worked wonders.

His last year was divided equally between completely rebuilding his car, downing an immense quantity of rough wine — and a few other things.

Next time you see a Burmese-clad figure striding down Macquarie Street — that's the shape of our new generation General Practitioner. Good on yer, Boss!



CHRISTOPHER BROWN

Darting around on his Honda 90, with its headlights prolapsed, Chris, looking like Snoopy with his helmet on, has managed to escape near enmangement on many occasions but luckily, he is still with us.

After his trip to Asia, he was stimulated to attend lectures on South East Asian culture, while still being able to squeeze in a bit of time for medicine.

Chris is the true unadulterated idealist, having many heated discussions on morals, ethics and women's lib.; he has even gone to Bourke to look for trachoma in Aboriginal children.

His quiet manner, generous and warm heart are sure to make him a much beloved physician and continuing friend to many of us.

JOHN MING GEE CHU

"You silly boy . . ."

Although usually making his presence felt, John still maintained around himself an aura of mystery, of both individual and Asiatic origin. He possessed a number of other conflicting aspects — a traditionalist at heart from a strong Catholic family, yet with many sympathies for the true China, and often with scathing opinions of eminent people around him. Applying his enormous capacity for work to the Pathology department, he emerged with a B.Sc.(Med.) and experience transcending mere hypertensive rats. We will remember his scepticism and caution, his mournful piano-accordion playing, his eulogies over Madame Butterfly, and that hair-raising driving at a snail's pace. John also leaves with us the feeling that perhaps we didn't understand Orientals as well as we thought.





CAROL CLIFFORD

Carol has set many a precedent in her time not the least of which was the combining of Arts III and Med. I. This remarkable capacity to do several things at once, has always been one of her outstanding characteristics — who else could run a nonstop conversation for fifty minutes, and still produce a comprehensible set of lecture notes?

Carol's attractive person and personality have enlivened our year in many ways. Female medical sports turns would never have existed without her constant encouragement of the "volunteers".

The triumph of Carol's academic career (and social life) was her distinction in psychiatry and her insight into human behaviour will undoubtedly help to make her a competent and sympathetic general practitioner.

WILLIAM JAMES CRISP

After five years of medical school with Bill, we have come to the conclusion that studies and good drinking can be mixed in Med. II. We often had a few drinks at the "White Horse" Pub after a day of morbid anatomy, then back to work in the Library. Somehow Bill always gets his work done — as shown by his exam results.

It is indeed not surprising to know that Bill has travelled round most parts of the world and enjoys hot, spicy Spanish food as well as that oriental stuff you find around Singapore. Around exam time Bill is always ready to comfort his friends,

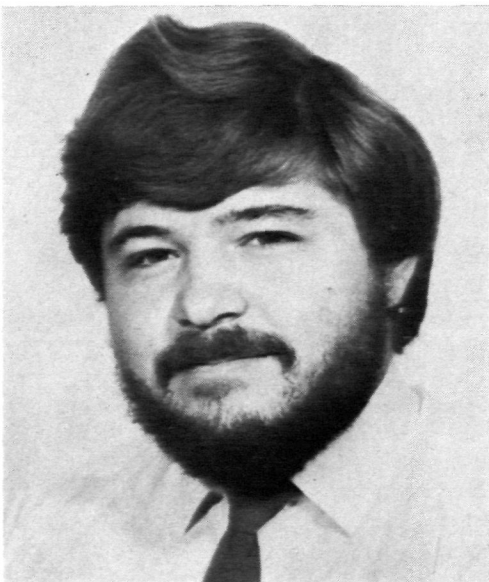


KEVIN DONOVAN

"Give us a push, will you."

Kevin made medical history by having a casualty bed named after him — in fact it used to be reserved for his exclusive use on Friday nights. But he always managed to sign himself out on Saturday morning so he could work on his Lamborghini — it took him a full four years to disguise it as a 1934 Morris A/40.

He was well known around the hospital for his insistence on smoking a home-built corn cob pipe — to the extent of always having a bunch of excited nurses following him, brandishing fire-extinguishers — and taking bets on the size. But you know what they say about guys like "Donnie" — they'll go a long way and we're sure he will.



IRENE DRIZULIS

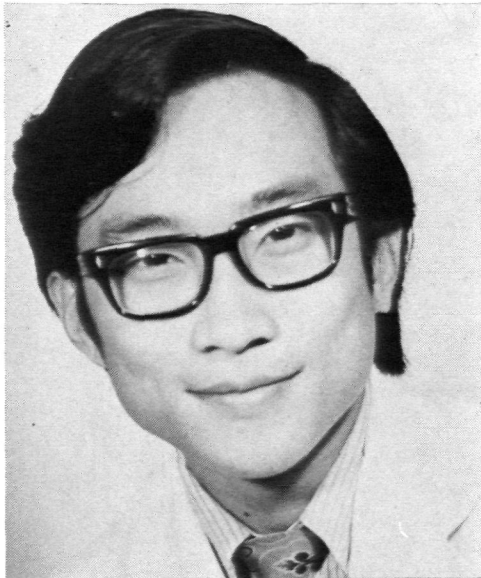
Irene joined us in Med. II after three years high school teaching.

We are fortunate to have her with us as she is a cheerful and practical friend.

Her experience in the practice of medicine is greater than that possessed by the rest of us. She has spent her vacations working at Blacktown District Hospital in several capacities, gaining knowledge to confound us all.

Irene is a firm believer in the so called "dying" art of general practice and her medical aim is to become a good G.P.

We have no doubt that she will fill the role with effectiveness and efficiency, which characterises all her actions.



ALEXANDER HO

Alex came to us from Sabah, Malaysia — spent one year at Tech. obtaining his leaving certificate — then entered Medicine. He intends to return to Sabah to practice after doing a junior residency in Australia followed by diploma courses in Paediatrics and Dermatology in England.

During the past few years, Alex has been actively involved in various Malaysian student organisations designed to foster a Malaysian consciousness and to help orientate Malaysian students studying in Australia.

Alex is a thoughtful and helpful person and his home state of Sabah is fortunate in having him as a doctor. We wish him all the best in his career.

JOHN STEPHEN HOWE

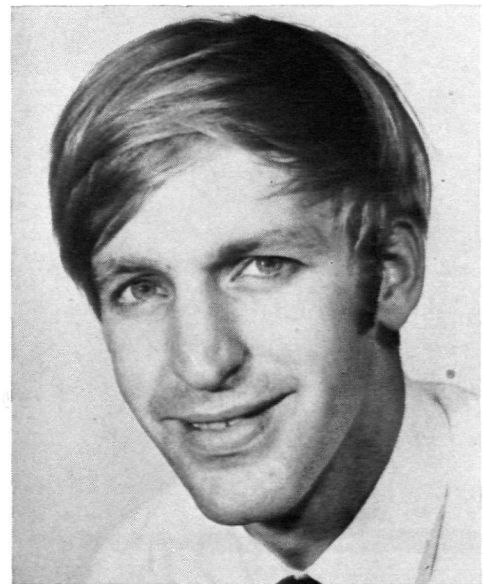
"Just a minute, I want to make a phone call first."

There is much that can be written about John; however, most of it is defamatory — this leaves a small part which can adequately be described in two words. But this is supposed to be a eulogy so we had better not say that either.

John is a man of many parts; and all of them are in perfect working order. This is obviously why he is happily married. (He met his wife whilst both were stranded on a ski-lift at Thredbo . . . to this day he remains up in the air).

A member of the A.I.F. for 2 years, John is now financing his studies as an Officer in the R.A.A.F.

Will that do, John? Where's my cheque?





ELIZABETH JEROME

"Sometimes I feel like Winnie the Pooh — a bear with very little brain."

Although Elizabeth likes quoting this, no-one will agree with her. Liz joined us after starting Medicine in England and their loss was our gain.

While spending much of her free time involved in the Stone Clinic and doing research projects for Professor Posen, she still finds time to devote to her pet hobby of psychiatry. Her considerate and sympathetic approach to patient and friend alike can be attributed to this interest.

We wish her well for the future, secure in the knowledge that practising somewhere in the world, there will be a psychiatrist to whom we would be happy to send patients.

CHRISTOPHER STUART JONES

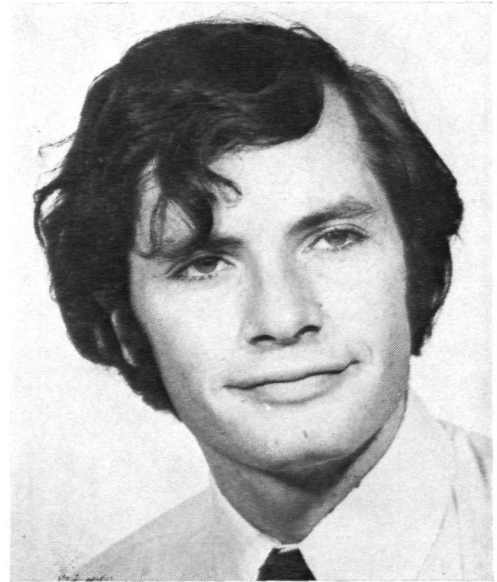
"You mean you don't know the D.D. of Erlacher-Blount Syndrome."

Out of the mysterious realms of fifth year came Chris Jones — supermedic. Disguised as a mild mannered student from a great metropolitan hospital, Chris fought a never-ending battle against bridge, nursus virginitus and smokers' cough.

Always at hand with an obscure syndrome, and a true follower of one-upmanship, Chris fought his way through numerous enticements to play bridge and settled down to many profitable hours of drinking coffee and browsing through obscure syndrome texts.

Chris spent his elective term in Fiji where he made a comparative study of human anatomy with some surprising results.

Undoubtedly, sufferers of the Erlacher-Blount syndrome will be ecstatic at the entry of Chris into the profession.



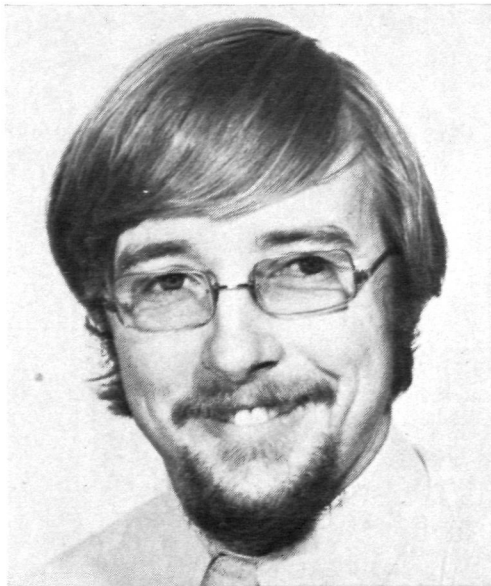
MICHAEL WILLIAM JONES

"Wouldn't someone like to hear about the small muscles of the hand?"

Having been exiled from both Griffith and the Catholic school system, Michael was left with no choice but to enter Medicine.

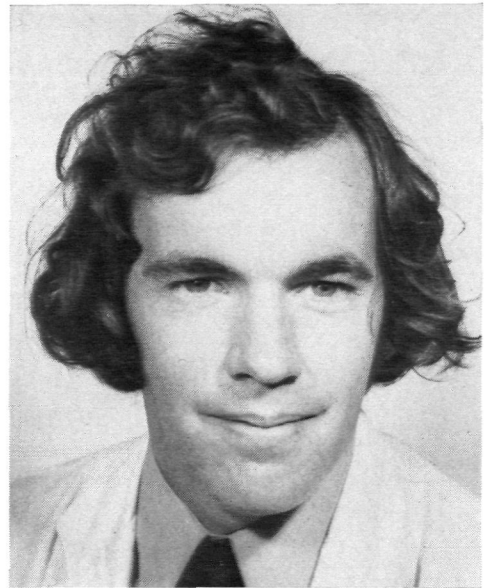
He proceeded to a B.Sc.(Med.) in Biochemistry (nobody can quite remember the topic) and, thus prepared, found the woman of his life and clinical medicine, in that order.

Michael's forthright and engaging manner have made him a friend to be valued by those prepared to endure. His quick mind and capacity to talk for hours when he knows absolutely nothing about the topic will guarantee him success, not only in the finals, but in the years thereafter.



TOM KEARNEY

Tom started Medicine in 1965 and eight years and nine posts later found himself in Final Year.



ANDREW DAVID LEON

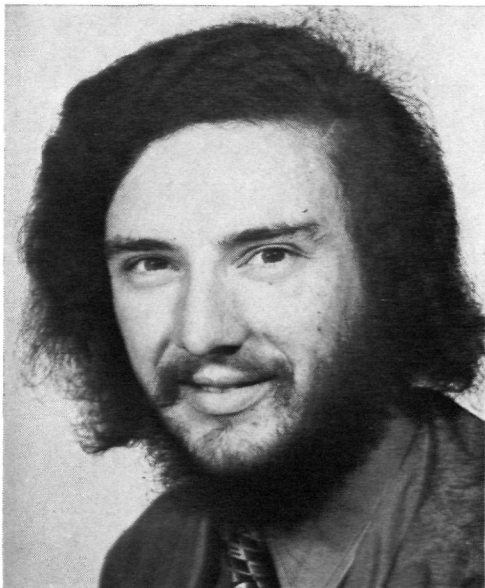
"Yet it is also pleasing and seems right that what is of value and wisdom to one man seems nonsense to another."

Renouncing the chance to play those esoteric games in which mathematicians delight, Andrew left his ivory tower at U.N.S.W. to join the more down-to-earth medical school at Sydney. He now shows little of the cultural shock incurred by this change.

He has a passion for the surreal, reading Herman Hesse and blowing his mind with Salvador Dali.

Especially noticeable is Andrew's extreme sensitivity and concern for the needs of people in Hospital. He spent his elective term doing psychiatry at Callan Park and a community health centre (the clockwork shaman).

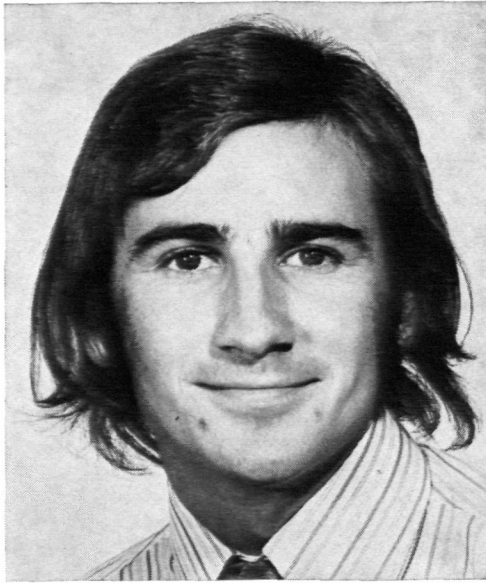
"Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude."



SIN YONG (BILL) LIAW

Bill came from Serembaw to Sydney to complete his secondary education. Being somewhat impatient or shrewd he decided to sit for the university matriculation exam instead of doing the sixth year of the Wyndham scheme. He easily found a place in the faculty. Bill's pleasant nature and "broad" mindedness have found him many friends. His keen sense of humour and characteristic laugh have interrupted many a Union film. Bill's heart is set on returning to Malaysia where he is sure to find success and that elusive first million. We wish him well.





ALLAN STEPHEN LIPRINI

"Hey . . . this is really good."

A dazzling smile and fancy footwork have kept Allan slightly ahead of the examiners. However a small slip (off a bike) had our hero doing ward rounds on crutches much to the patients' amazement.

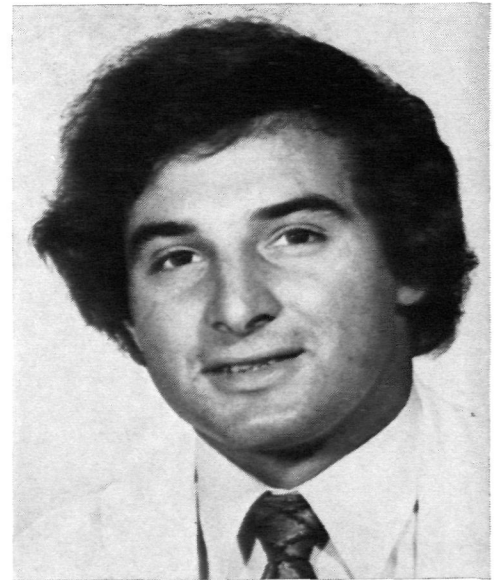
"One must make work enjoyable" . . . but waterskiing and reading a textbook at the same time is taking things too far.

Born with an unlimited zest for life, which has taken him to Fiji three times and Singleton once, controlling epidemics, Allan can work all day keeping both patients and fellow students happy. This also includes 4 a.m. reports on all Cas, happening and a major find in discovering the side effects of pistachio nuts.

Allan will make a good pansophic physician and good friend to many.

BRUCE LESLIE LOGAN

Bruce has his black belt in judo. He played first grade football and water polo for Fort Street before coming to Sydney University. After two years in Science, Bruce changed to medicine and it has been clear sailing ever since. He enjoys learning and manages admirably to find time to cope with study between other pursuits. Bruce is very keen on scuba diving, spearfishing and hunting all year round. He was also awarded a university blue for sport.

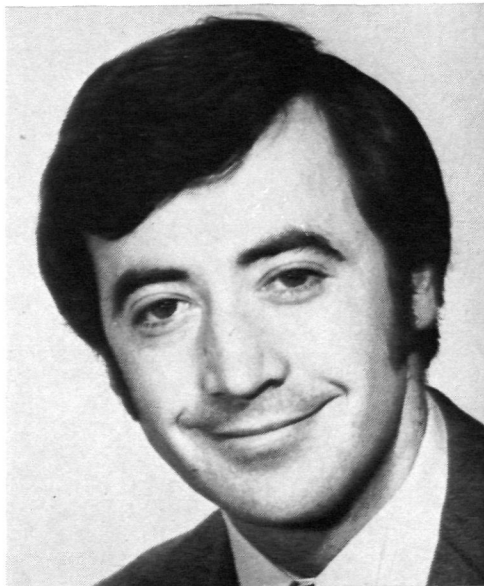


KEVIN MICHAEL McDONNELL

Impartiality is a strong point in Kevin's favour — he has finally managed to achieve the fine balance required to devote equal time to the library and the common room coffee machine. However, Kevin has a genuine interest in medicine, and maintaining that "variety is the spice of life" — intends to enter general practice.

He has many interests outside the university — the main one being his wife, who is always close at hand.

Kevin's plans include an overseas working holiday, and we hope that his future medical career will be a full and successful one.



LOUISE MATHIESON

"No wonder he squirmed so much — I used two fingers."

Despite the handicap of a classical "lady's" education at Kambala, Louise has done very well since she entered medicine.

Her charm and totally feminine approach have melted the hearts of the strictest of tutors — tearful eyes (though often induced by contact lenses) are often interpreted as a damsel in distress.

Because of her warmth and smile — the hyperthermic wall-to-wall teeth syndrome — the popularity which Louise has attained amongst her fellow students is certain to extend into her post graduate life.

Louise's generosity and inability to say no, are almost legendary — fifteen people in a four seater car must be a record.

It can only be hoped that Louise gets half as much out of life as she puts into it.



ELIZABETH MARY MILLARD

liz . . . Wagga lass . . . biggest heart
 untiring enthusiast . . . other people
 . . . bushwalking
 . . . violins
 . . . intervarsities with hockey sticks and sailing boats
 . . . old men and older men
 . . . intricacies of Austin engines
 optimist . . . anaesthesia of New Guinea natives
 scandalist . . . discovering Asia with two unmentionable males
 liz . . . unique . .

KATHY EVA NEMETH

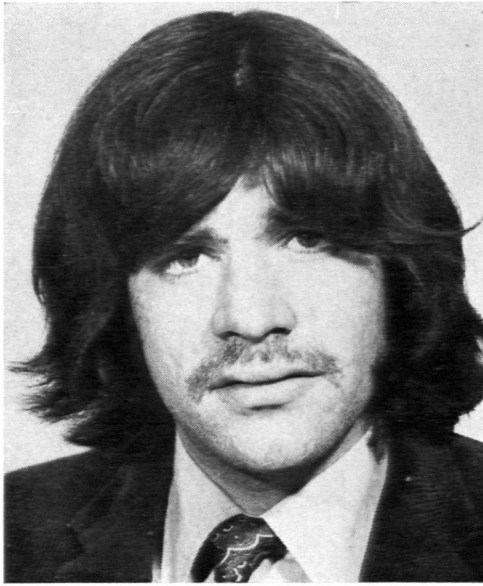
"I'm late, I'm late, I'm always late." (from Alice in Wonderland).

This Australian born Hungarian beauty is an outstanding member of our year for many reasons.

A more kind hearted female of such consistently sunny disposition one could not hope to meet. In fact many have met her by accident and have been charmed by such warmth to complete strangers — those were her pre-lens days.

Kathy's major problem in life and earlier has been one of time. She arrived a year late from Queensland (and still suspiciously disappears north in term and out of term — (claims a love for the climate (?)). One could postulate that she never really recovered from her late start as a 42 week baby. Nevertheless everyone would agree that she was and is worth waiting for.





JOHN JEFFERY CULLEN NORRIS

"Hello, Sailor!"

John was born some 23 years ago at a very early age — too early, he thought, and attempted to prolong his sojourn for a few more months. An overzealous accoucheur coaxed him into a hostile world using oxytocin drips, fish-hooks and abdominal thumps.

His childhood was uninspiring — mostly spent trying to resolve his oedipus complex.

He was educated (and I use the word in its loosest possible sense) at Blakehurst High.

For as long as he can remember, John has always wanted to be a train-driver or Dean of the Medical Faculty. He failed to obtain an A.F.U.L.E. cadetship, but by diligent study (or possibly bribery) gained a place in the Faculty.

At Sydney Hospital he discovered his true passion — revue. Academically speaking, he doesn't.

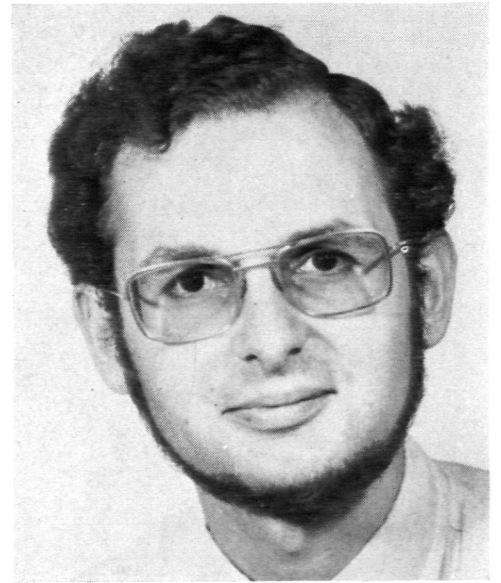
MIKLOS JOHN POHL

"One day we'll be able to live like normal people."

Miki, whose second name has been rendered "Pole", even "Foal", but is actually pronounced "Paul", is one of our more senior colleagues, with a consolidated knowledge of the early years. His exceptionally varied musical talents have earned him fame everywhere — from his flamenco solos at Crown St., to a violin duet outside D.J.'s one Commem. Day.

A recently initiated and a now keen sailor, able-bodied Miki has oft attempted to calm both the troubled waters and the crew. (Everyone on board is a captain, including Miki.)

With an enviable compassion and concern for both his friends and his patients, pipe puffing Pohl deserves, and will surely get, the very best out of life.



RIC REINER

"Come the Revolution"

To account for his actions, as attempts to break from a conservative, Jewish, middleclass background, is too facile a rationalization. But, in a faculty that often demands conformity, Ric's is certainly a refreshing fierce and open personality — not matching people's stereotyped notion of a medical student.

Despite refused admission and 2 years Dentistry, he is now a well known figure, in or out of the wards, as S.R.C. rep. and active campaigner in medico-social issues of health care, education, contraception, abortion and population problems.

We hope Ric's initiative, sincerity and desire will help to promote a more humane and comprehensive outlook within medicine and society.



JONATHAN RUTLAND

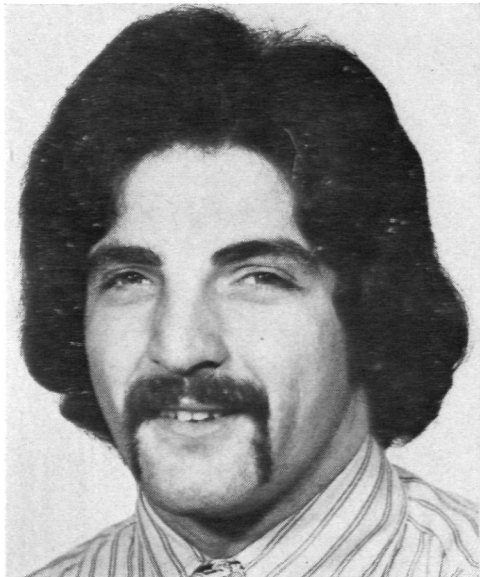
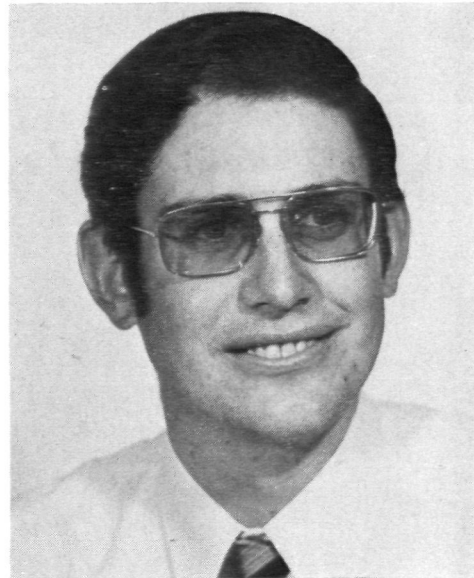
"Believe me, all I want to do is pass."

Jonathan's reserve in the face of outstanding academic success has been a source of amazement to his friends.

The days spent as a teaching-fellow in the Department of Microbiology have undoubtedly left him with a heightened appreciation of the "finer things" in Medicine, while his quick wit and mastery of repartee have been entertaining fringe benefits for his fellow students during the many undergraduate hours spent "waiting" and commuting.

Jonathan's whole life is a masterpiece of organisation including his capture by his charming and vivacious wife, Suzanne.

Most importantly, his integrity and zeal in any undertaking ensure the future respect of both his colleagues and patients.



THOMAS SAVOULIS

After a brief visit to the Dental School, Tom found it unbearable to repeatedly ask "open wide" so he joined the medical ranks.

He went through the early years very quietly and little was known of his personality and private life until his re-birth at Crown St., where he sent a few heads swirling with ouzo. A happy, friendly, easy going personality and conscientious towards his work — he was asked during tutorials not to snore loudly because he disturbed the rest of the group.

Claims a direct descendance from Hippocrates but no relation to appendicitis. If he follows in the steps of his distinguished ancestor no doubt his future is ensured.

HARVEY SACKS

"Don't be like that, Pal."

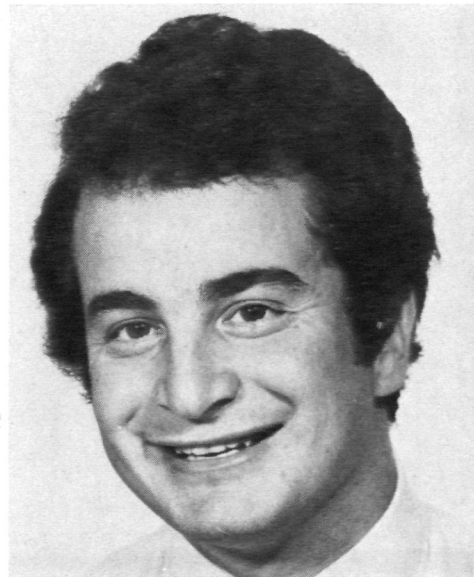
A man of expensive tastes, Harvey was seldom seen after the first snowfall of the year.

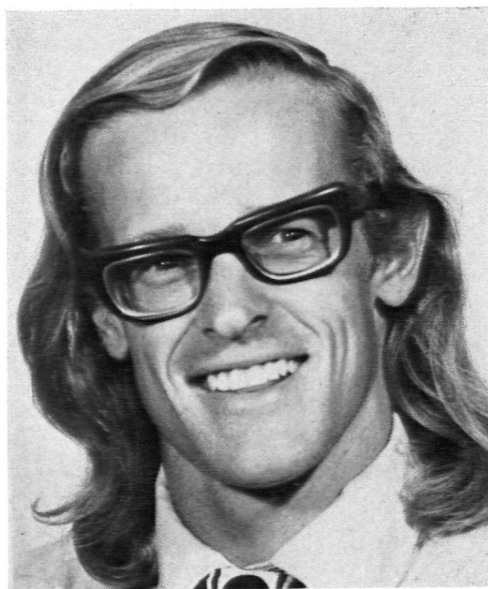
However, never a man to neglect his work for the good life, Harvey would return from any corner of the earth-just to do exams.

A man of many parts, Harvey was noted for his charitable works, particularly on Commem. Day.

Harvey shows great promise and is expected to specialize in boot-top fractures and tequila-induced hangovers.

Finally, Harvey has left his mark on medicine forever by the development of the Sacks test. Those of us who have had the intactness of our lateral columns tested by the business end of Harvey's stethoscope will never forget Harvey and his playful ways.





PHILIP ANTHONY SHARP

Philip's patients will receive pleasant care. Always making friends, many in the pursuit of his favourite pastime, rowing, in which his dedication is reflected by 1970, 1972 Australian Championship wins in "Fours" and "Pairs", and a University Blue in 1967. The incorporation of dozens of extracurricular texts into his study routine allows Philip to hold his own with any conversationalist. Among ward friends, he became well known to include the possibility of shistosomiasis in every differential diagnosis and for preying on Registrars in the small morning hours, lurking around Sydney Hospital Casualty or Intensive Care and demanding the aetiology of Hauerhill's fever. Philip's fame extends to representing his year in the Sydney Hospital Pathology Department systematizing the Pathology Museum for others, but mainly for himself.

PHILLIP MAXWELL SPRATT

"Play misty for me."

Hailing from polo country, Phil came to us with an inquiring mind and a notorious boarding school education.

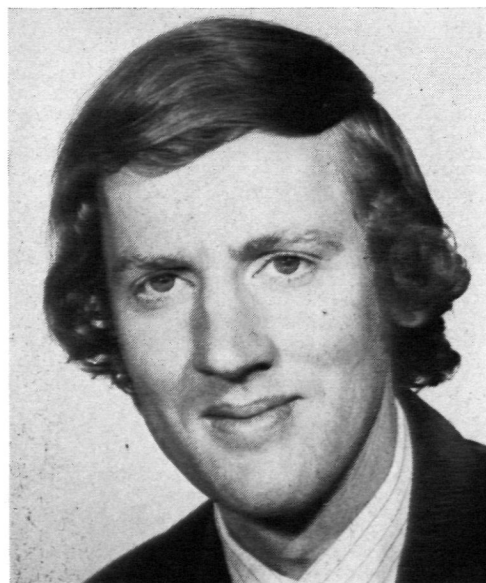
Frustrated by the limits of our education, Phil has read widely and reputedly seen every film released.

He continually exasperates his friends by his ability to never lose an argument and only a foolish man makes illogical remarks in his presence.

Clinical years interspersed with frequent trips to get away from it all — some even extending beyond the King George IV at Picton.

Elective term spent travelling through S.E. Asia, he had the distinction of losing his passport in Burma and almost being gaoled for it.

A desire to travel and continue learning will surely provide Phil with an interesting future.



JOHN ANTHONY STEPHENSON

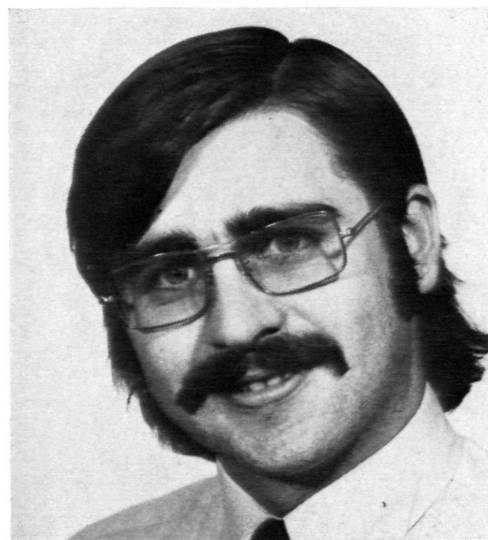
"Well . . . why worry?"

John's philosophical attitude to the minor frustrations of life is refreshing to all those who come in contact with him.

However, this "laissez faire" attitude does not extend into other people's problems and he is always willing to help out where he can. He is a kind and reliable friend to colleagues and patients alike.

His aim in Medicine is to become a Flying Doctor, and as he already has his pilot's licence, graduation will complete the major requisites for this ideal.

His marriage at the end of fifth year came as no surprise since he'd known Anne for eight years. We wish both of them all the best for the future.



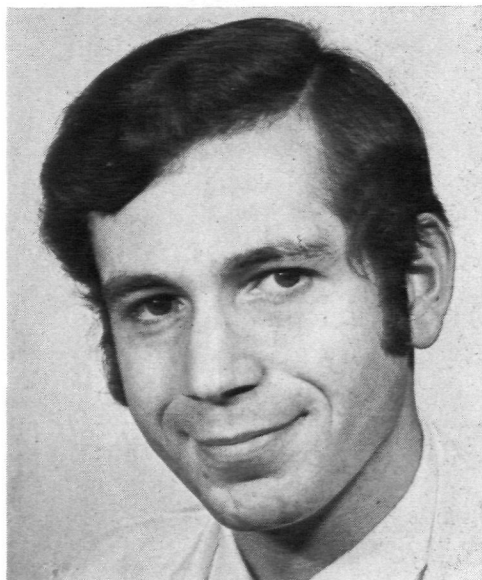
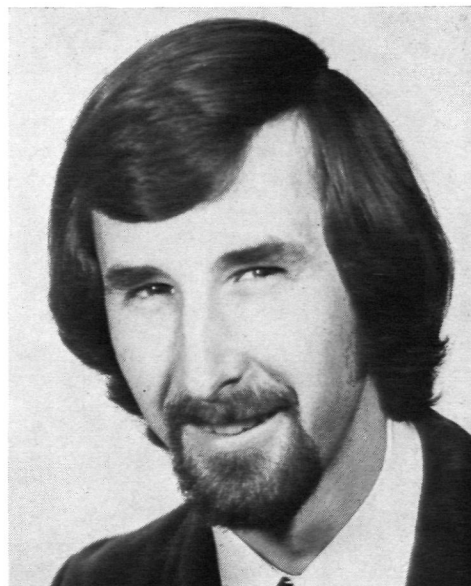
JOHN LESLIE McKELLAR STEWART

"We really should get to know each other better."

"Stretch" has always been head and shoulders above the rest of us. This tolerant, good humoured "strip of striated muscle" has a sensitivity denied to many of his "closer to the earth" colleagues, and expressed partly in his love of music, and in the uncomfortably perceptive questions with which he attempts to increase his understanding of human nature.

Long nights spent taxi-driving, have trained amongst other things, a regular supply of lung carcinogens, which he generously shares with his fellow addicts.

His main interest in medicine has always been in the practical application of his knowledge, and there is no doubt that he will be a competent and reliable doctor.



GEORGE SZMERLER

George joined us at Sydney University with the intention (it is alleged) of doing Geology and he filled out the medical application form purely by mistake.

Anyhow once in Medicine he discovered the delights of:

Forest Lodge and Union Theatre in 1st Year.

Uni birds and Med. Parties in 2nd Year.

More of the above in 3rd Year.

Medicine in 4th Year.

Romance and its freudian connotations in 5th Year.

Marriage in Final Year.

But the above are not really George's milestones of development. During the time we have known him he has been consistent and hard working.

During tutes he tends to be quiet and meditative but he has come up with some surprising, good answers, that embarrassed us all! We wish him and Judy well.

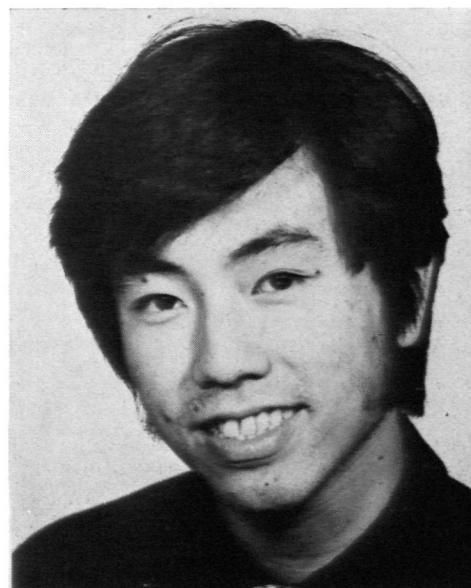
PATRICK PAO-KIU TCHAN

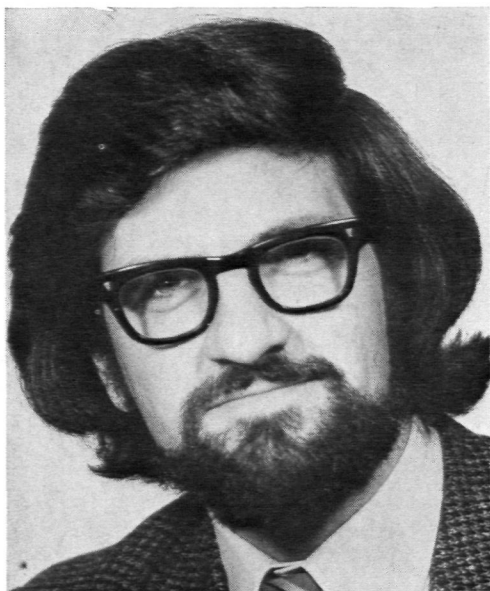
"Where the hell IS Como?"

Despite the encumbrance of his middle name Pat managed to convince his colleagues of his Australian ancestry by wearing the same pair of riding boots for six years. However his ability to get high on just a sniff of grog leaves this in doubt.

In earlier years Pat was noted for his prowess at swinging a squash racquet, visiting the manse and a Morgan disguised as a new Datsun. His amnesic brain played havoc with his taxi-driving but he finally became affluent enough to marry Heather. Two became three with the birth of Simone but if he felt surrounded by women there was always the Datsun and medicine.

Typical of Pat is his desire to epitomise the simple Tasmanian country G.P.





COLIN RICHARD TREDREA

"Oh, yeah, that's cool."

Colin presented himself to Sydney as a young innocent Christian of conservative country stock, short-haired and clean shaven. All this soon changed.

Furthering his knowledge of leatherwork and handicrafts he led an expedition (of 2) into the heart of Indonesia, returning with a dose of malaria. Upon recovery, he amazed his tutors by insistence on routine thick blood smears.

In later years he divided his time between Paddy's Market and Macquarie Street, sparing time to appear on television condemning sex as "something nefarious."

Colin, with his fine arts training, will make an artistic surgeon or a capable tattooist.

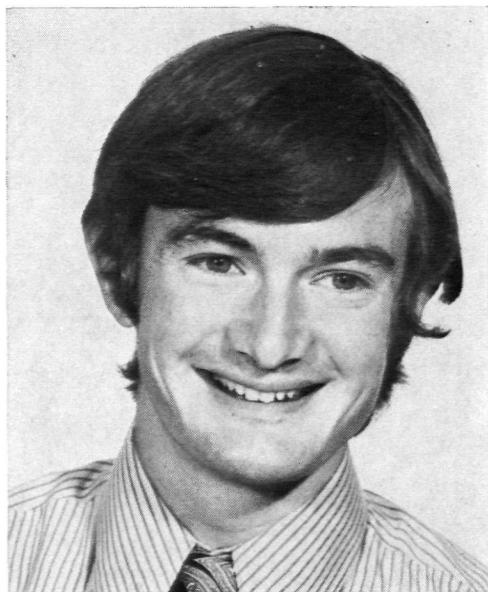
ROGER RAYMOND TUCK

Despite the handicap of the medical curriculum, Roger has extracted maximum value from his student days — and this by active transport, not osmosis!

All his undertakings have been accompanied by an enviably high energy input and correspondingly high degree of success — from student representative activities and travels in Asia, to the mastery of the mysteries of the rat's seminiferous tubule during the year in which he became an honours graduate.

His intelligent interest in so many areas of life as well as medicine — music leading the field by several lengths — has made him a stimulating distraction in our year.

Roger has earned a position of respect amongst his peers that will not be diminished by the passage of time.



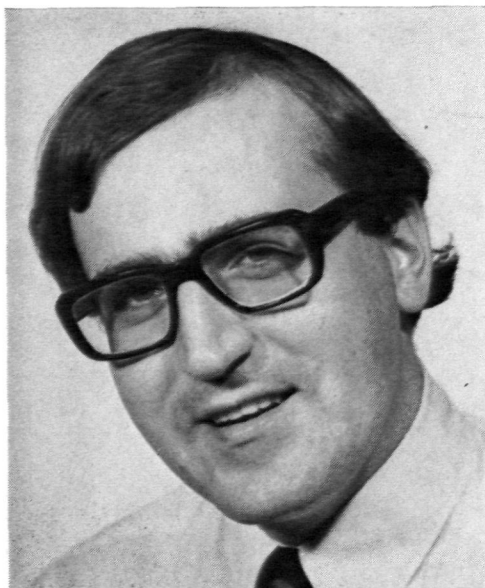
HEIN VANDENBERGH

"We'll see you in the Barossa, then."

Over the seas to Australia, to Dubbo for the jazz-convention, across the Nullabor "just for a drive", bushwalking anywhere, or even home for "lunch" — distance never bothered Hein, as long as he found what he wanted at the end of the trip.

Having been in Australia a relatively short time, he rapidly acquired a host of friends, companions and drinking partners, plus an ever-expanding crop of spider-naevi to measure his progress.

A man of great character, with the distinction of living in at The Dolphin, he never allowed business to come before pleasure, but somehow always managed to achieve what he set out to do.

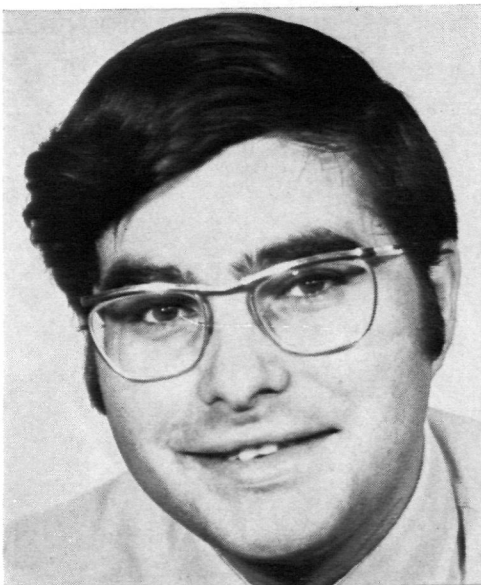


PETER VIDLER

"Don't worry about that stuff, it's only lollywater."

Peter escaped the wilds of Belmont to start a highly successful "solo" school at the Hospital — having received his early training in this game at St. Josephs. Well known for his great sense of humour, which he needed, with frequent excursions to racecourses around the country, and for his all-night parties, he was an extremely popular figure around the Hospital — always ready to "do a case" whenever the others of his group were not feeling up to it.

A person of tremendous energy, we are sure the future holds a lot in store for Peter and his lovely wife Louise.

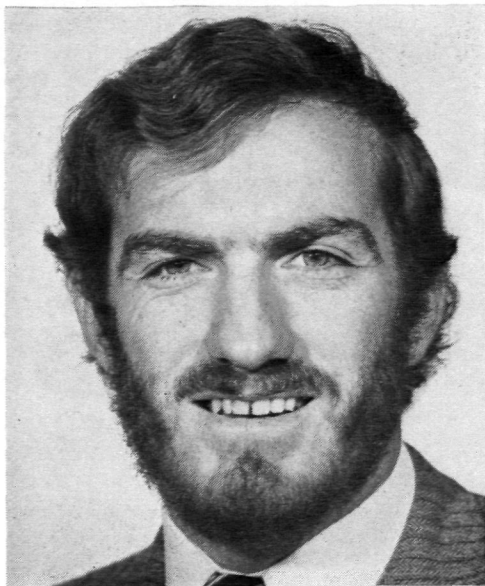
**FURIO JOHN VIRANT**

"That's definitely right, isn't it?"

Once a ladykiller — tall dark and handsome Friestian, was granted an attack by Cupid in third year and got a siege of romantic fever much too early in the course for his friends liking. But despite their frantic endeavours to cure him he eventually remedied himself in Junior IV Year by happily settling down with his charming Vanda and at the same time embarking on a promising Naval career.

Now he delights in a cosy family circle, enjoying the finer things in life — good food, good wine, good theatre, good music and elective term in New Zealand with Vanda.

A steady worker always merry and smart, bound to make an impression. We wish you good sailing ahoy!



GREGORY HAROLD WARD

"Leave him alone Mrs. Fingers, he's mine."

Thus Greg back-slapped his way through the year (Honoraries excepted!) He followed up by displaying coolness under fire at the Vanity Fair and his friends, on inspection, declared him intact although Barbara was not seen again.

Sight of the year was Greg, bottoms up diving for his sunglasses in the Kangaroo River. For this and other events he gained the coveted award of "Man of the Year, 1971."

He returned from Fiji with tales of palm trees and dusky maids but, despite his dreams of the good life, has settled down to hard work.

His friends await with interest his progress in the profession and the discarding of that waistcoat.

ROBERT WILLIAM WORLEY

Early sponsorship by the "Women's Weekly" and a medical mercy trip to aid the Kiwis have polished Bob's approach to medicine; he now wishes to become an engineer. However his position as staff surgeon at the "33" can only lead to greater things, possibly R.M.O. at the "Grose".

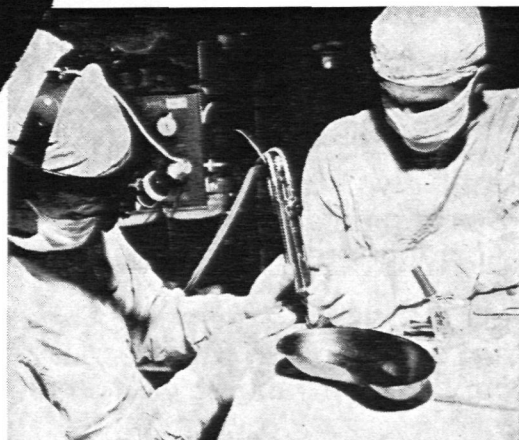
Bob is too tall to become a proctologist and not quite tall enough to be a scalp specialist, anyway we know his main interest lies in the midsection.

We should sneak Jennifer in here somewhere but it's too difficult.

Our best wishes go with you Bob, on your future endeavours and don't forget help is only a phone call away.



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the man from the Prudential

On behalf of the Prudential, the Company with the largest assets of all life, fire, accident and marine offices in the British Commonwealth, Jim extends his best wishes for success to all students in the forthcoming examinations.

The Prudential, which was established in 1848, has assets exceeding \$5,000 million.



Clinical Teaching Block

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

When asked to write for the year book one tries to say something significant and also to convey some idea of the special relationship that exists between teachers and students. Firstly, however, I am sure that all your clinical teachers would like me to convey to you their congratulations and best wishes for the future. This association with medical students is a significant factor in retaining the visiting staff on teaching hospitals.

The medical profession up till now has been singularly unencumbered by non-professional controls and has had almost unique personal freedom. This is partly because individual practitioners have responded always to patients' needs but also because of high professional and moral standards. However, rapid advances in medical knowledge, rapidly changing social and moral standards, and the ever-increasing intrusion of the State upon the individual, are all tending to undermine established concepts and practices. This is already resulting in an obvious professional fragmentation and the medical profession is now coming close to being

in conflict with society. This conflict is a result of the desire of politicians to provide the sort of health care the public want (or think they want) as cheaply as possible as against the desire of the medical profession to retain their freedom and maintain what they believe to be adequate professional standards. One of the dangers of such a situation is that highly motivated individuals may be deterred and ultimately the result will be mediocrity. Since World War II there has been a progressive decline in recruitment to the ranks of general practice and there has been a progressive diversion of general physicians to special units in hospitals.

Amongst younger graduates one has noticed an increased desire for full-time, or largely full-time, institutional professional life. The dangers here are that one becomes dependent on institutional facilities and arbitrary decisions made by administrative bodies who are remote from the hospital scene.

It is quite apparent, however, that the State will assume more and more responsibility for the delivery of health care. Whether this is through salaried services,

the provision of community health centres, the availability of hospital services, or the subsidisation of the personal physician through National Insurance, only time will tell.

The fact of the matter is that all of these systems are basically State subsidised or even wholly State financed. These are the facts of life so that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the individual doctor to feel as free as did his predecessors of even a generation ago.

Unfortunately, the medical profession, because each individual is usually so committed in his work, has always been slow in formulating opinions and reacting to change so that it always seems to be in a defensive position.

The doctor is subject to many of the same pressures as other members of society. The self-employed pro-

fessional man has the same problems in coping with the ever rising cost of living and, just as others do, he may become restless at being constantly exposed to the fantasy world of advertising which is designed to make him feel dissatisfied and wish to obtain more possessions and seek more pleasures.

However, undue preoccupation with possessions does not necessarily equate with improvement in the quality of life. The doctor has a unique position in the freedom he enjoys and in the job satisfaction that is open to him.

It is only by preserving the values that have stood by the medical profession that he can continue to enjoy his unique place, and he must be ever watchful that standards are not lowered and that true values are not eroded.

IAN MONK

THE HONORARIES

JAMES BROADFOOT

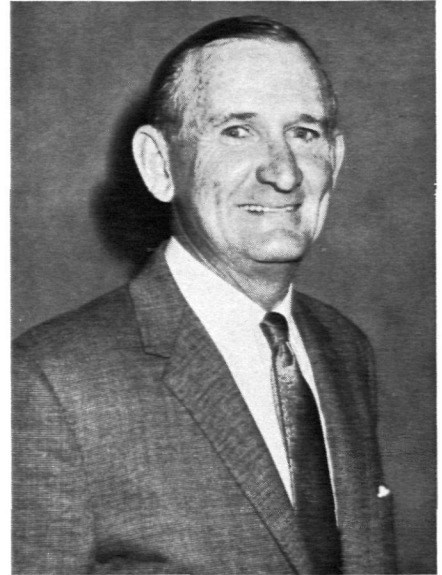
"Beautiful, beautiful . . . That's my boy!"

This down to earth urologist taught us all the surgery we should have learned in fourth and fifth year in a few well attended tutorials in final year.

Devastatingly simple — "There are two kinds of lumps, soft ones and hard ones" — we were taught basic examination techniques that are bound to stand us in good stead.

Not a lover of abbreviations — "SPPS! what's that?" — nevertheless his brevity when dealing with a complicated condition enabled us to absorb the maximum of knowledge.

We thank you, Sir, for your excellent tutorials.



VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

"You'd better let me have that ash-tray, my need is greater than your's."

Despite Mr. Cumberland's apparent obsession with the hexacanth embryo, his tutorials proved enlightening, if not devastating sometimes, to our often anatomically impoverished brains ("would you like to tell me again where the appendix is?").

We will always be indebted to him for his attempts to inculcate in us the importance of clinical acumen in conjunction with the exercising of the synapse between those two lonely neurones for which students are so renowned. ("Does anybody know where the appendix is?")

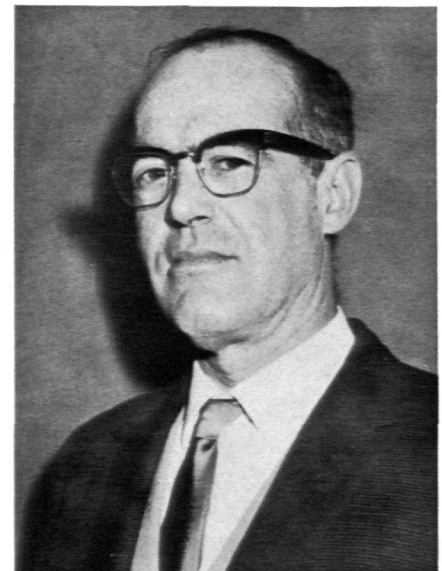
Senior Lecturer in Surgery

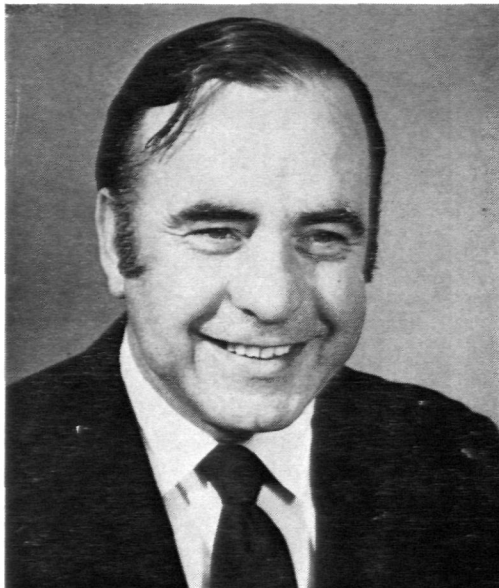
GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

Those of us who entered surgery term anticipating that it would be a rather dreary progression of mechanical detail were soon to be delightfully surprised (and grateful to be at R.N.S.H.) with our unique teaching programme of "surgeon attachment" co-authored by Mr. Coupland.

His tutorials and bed-side teaching were equally rewarding to us even if frustrating to him when he had to explain fluid and electrolyte balance for the tenth time.

His dictum that "every patient has a message", even if we did not get it, will be remembered, as will his dynamic and exacting thoroughness and his cheerful genuine approach to those in his care.





GEORGE LAWRENCE DONNELLY

This mild mannered mesomorph, who brings an aura of wisdom and benevolence to the bed-side, is the hospital cardiologist.

One of these days, we are sure that the batteries in his supernatural stethoscope will run flat and he will be thrown back into the jungle of heart sounds with the rest of us.

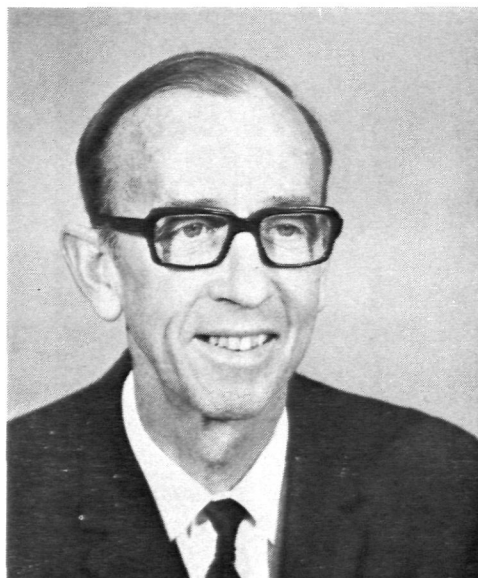
His lunch-time cardiology meetings have been extremely helpful to students. However, as soon as the lights go out and the heart sounds go on, we would all be lulled into a sense of peaceful tranquility and heads would hit the desks one by one.

We thank him for his guidance and perhaps one day with experience we will hear some of those sounds.

REGINALD GLOVER EPPS

"It's not me you're thinking of, it's my brother"

This modest man of many words never failed to impress us with his infinite insight into infarcts. He has a remarkable capacity to stand around the bedside, expounding "on his experiences" amidst stifled yawns. Many "murmurs" could be heard, coming mainly from his students after 5 p.m. He would "thrill" us twice a week with small doses on cardiac failure, which was manifested as dropsy of our feet. We all benefited from his clinical acumen and his approach to cardiac failure.



NOEL ALLISON FOWLER

"Well, professor tell me . . . that's a load of crap!"

"Chook" Fowlers' down-to-earth tutorials were well received. His continual reminders that most medicine and nearly all surgery was done in the back-blocks (and believe it or not, successfully) and not in the Teaching Hospitals will be remembered.

His insistence on the importance of a careful history and complete physical examination with application of common-sense and first principles rather than "airy-fairy" serum rhubarbs to arrive at a diagnosis will stand us in good stead.

We thank him for his time and his example in all things except smoking.

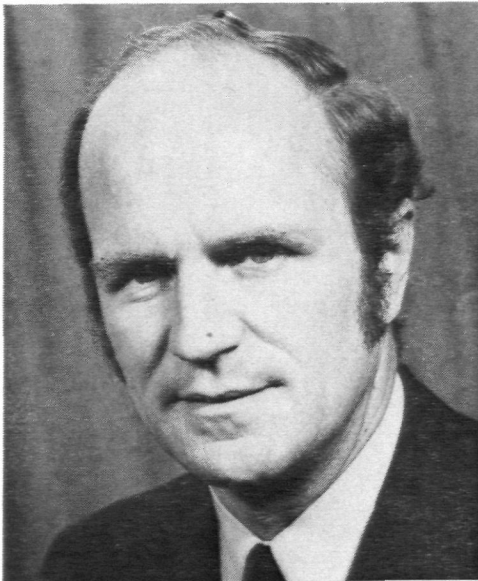
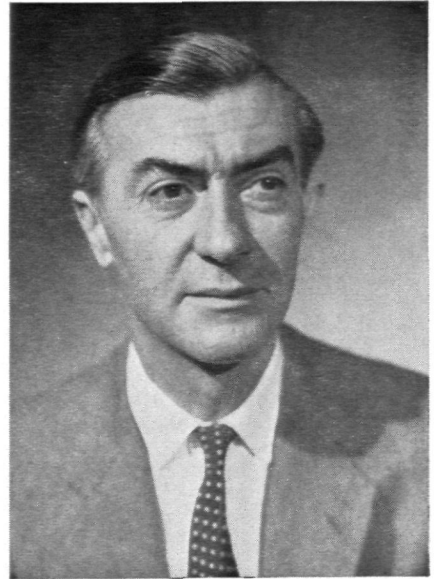


BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

"Now don't get me wrong . . ."

This softly spoken, energetic chest physician showed us, amidst clouds of smoke, the importance of eliciting and of interpreting physical signs.

Examination of his selected patient under his watchful eye, sometimes to be shown the Geddes' method with the suggestion that it may be helpful, was rewarding. Interpretation of the findings and correlation with the chest X-ray proved invaluable and will stand us in good stead for the future.



JAMES ISBISTER

"Biochemical profiles aren't done at Tipooburra"

In days of computerised medicine and the advent of the technocracy, Dr. Isbister will be remembered not only for his outstanding clinical acumen, but also for his warmth and cheerfulness, and his obviously personalised approach to medicine.

As a tutor his remarkable ability to correlate relevant scientific data with patient application, and to pin-point salient clinical features not readily gleaned from texts, made even respiratory medicine appear comprehensible.

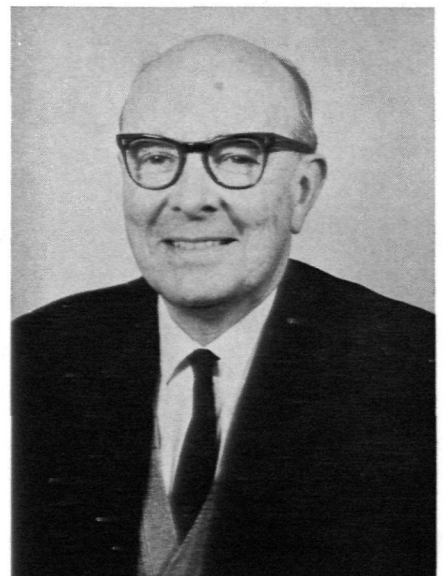
This script would be incomplete without mentioning his oft-quoted "paediatric colleague" and wife, Clair, and the joint message so effectively conveyed that "cow's milk was meant for calves".

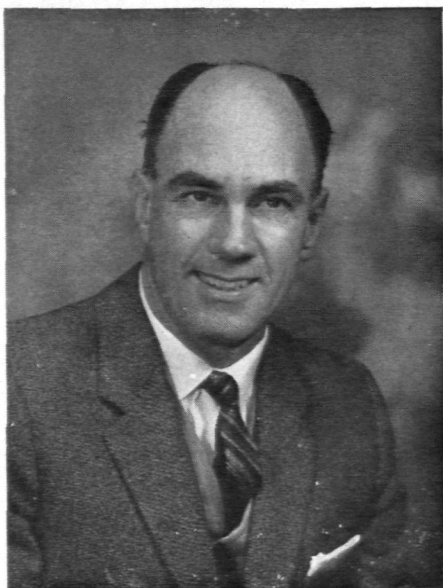
RAYMOND MOULTON HOLLINGS

"There is nothing I can say about colonic cancer that you don't already know."

Since surgery term in fifth year, Mr. Hollings has endeavoured to teach us "some of the general principles of disease processes of the small and large bowel". Beginning with "give me a five minute burst on anal fistulae", he is always willing to give students a chance to tell what they know. Whether in the wards, at formal lectures or in the operating room, we all have been asked to "sound as intelligent as we look".

As pukka as a post-operative ileostomy, Ray Hollings will long be remembered for his eloquent descriptions of everything from Peutz-Jegher's to pilonidal sinus.





WILLIAM GEOFFREY JASPER

"How would you like this thing shoved up your vagina?"

Wednesday, 4.00 p.m., Dr. Jasper arrives — late. He strides across the foyer to M.L.T. where he grasps the front rail, juts out his jaw, grunts several times and starts talking amidst the bustle and scuffle of students settling.

A few words, a few grunts, a swagger to the blackboard, a messy diagram, a few more grunts . . . his lectures though didactic are based on his own clinical experiences and provided us with invaluable summaries in O and G.

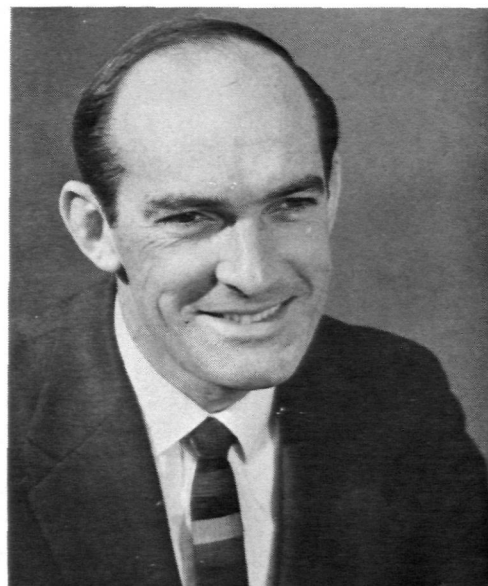
His aggressive but simplistic approach and his colourful, erudite remarks ("Beefy Red Vulva") will be well remembered amongst a "lot of bloody hoo-haa".

ALAN MURRAY LLOYD

To all of our year, Dr. Lloyd was known in his capacity as clinical supervisor. He had the tedious job of reviewing those case histories and it was his scribbled comments that challenged our interpretation. He showed an active interest in Student Welfare.

Many of us will remember him for his application of the principle of communication to the doctor-patient relationship. Video-tape machines, cassette recorder and Snoopy cartoons were cleverly used to get the message across. In the wards, he would be seen talking to cardiac patients, wearing one of four hats, recorder in hand always ready to tape that all important message.

We thank him for making us aware of communication breakdown, and so will our patients in the future.



Warden of the Clinical School

IAN MONK

Mr. Monk, senior cardio-thoracic surgeon and warden of the Clinical School, is respected and liked by us all. His G.P.'s nature and sense of student fun have made him approachable and understanding in all student problems be they personal or of the group.

His efforts, to educate us in his field were relaxing and enlightening and, to broaden our outlook with lunch-time talks by non-medical personalities were appreciated.

We are grateful for his patience and thank him for his example.

EDWARD HUNTER MORGAN

Our first contact with the "Director" was when he took the trouble to enquire about our experiences prior to medicine and to elicit what we actually thought about the relevance of Anaesthetics in the undergraduate course.

This enlightened approach to teaching extended to the production of comprehensive programmed notes so that some information just had to osmose across the blood-brain barriers of even the more erratic of us in sufficient concentration to be detectable at that celebrated examination.

Comments about certain teaching methods belonging to the pre-printing press era, overalls being worn over a lounge suit left the impression that fundamental non-conformity and conservatism are not mutually exclusive.

Suffice it to say he has been forgiven for commencing tutorials at the barbaric hour of 7.45 a.m.

*Senior Lecturer in Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery*

SYDNEY MICHAEL LEWIS NADE

A recent arrival to the teaching scene, Syd Nade soon made his presence felt. His ability to teach and his dynamic approach to Orthopaedics, coupled with his friendliness made his tutorials an enjoyable sojourn from dogma and didacticism.

We thank him for his efforts and are grateful that he was "better late than never".

Associate Professor of Medicine

DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"Medicine is trivially simple, don't you agree?"

An experience with "Dougie" Piper is like none other — as sure as night follows day, you will learn of Bleomycin, Lord Brain, occult blood tests, trolley-boys' indications for blood transfusion and indications for mini-skirted office girls. You will wonder if his stethoscope has been transformed into a prosthetic vampire as it plunges deep into his neck.

However, one bright and sunny day when we are brand-new junior residents — clean shoes, short back and sides — we will remember this good man and thank him for teaching us the art of simple medicine — don't you agree?





ALAN GREGORY POOLE

As surgical supervisor throughout our clinical years, Mr. Poole has been a predominantly behind-the-scenes worker, somehow coordinating and manipulating time-tables for some twenty-one surgical groups and tutors. Well known for his dry sense of humour and his gregariousness out of hours, the constant companion he carries on his shoulder round the hospital, perpetuates a certain air of mystery: after three years most of us are still baffled — is it a walkie-talkie? or maybe a tape recorder? or perhaps it is his lunch!

In fifth year, we saw him at work in the operating theatres — observers at his hemi-maxillo-zygomo-mandibulectomies! We thank him for his continued interest and instruction — particularly in the field of fastidious neck dissections, displaying anatomy as Cunningham never could!

Associate Professor of Surgery

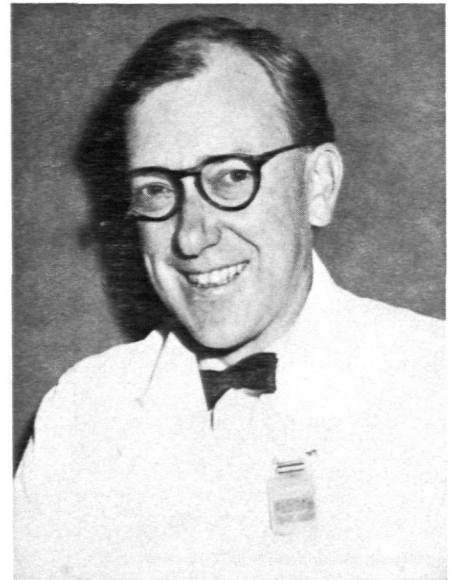
THOMAS SMITH REEVE

"You may as well stand on your head and whistle Dixie."

An expert in the art of gentle, humane, radical surgery, Prof. Reeve's message to all followers is: "Don't send the patient to pathology and the specimen back to the ward." His deep concern for his patients' well-being has won him a string of admirers, and it isn't unusual to hear "What a marvellous man!" echo after him as he strolls through the wards.

Careful perusal of notes taken in his lectures will show that one third could be sent in to "Quotable Quotes", while the rest will be stamped into our minds as valuable clinical material.

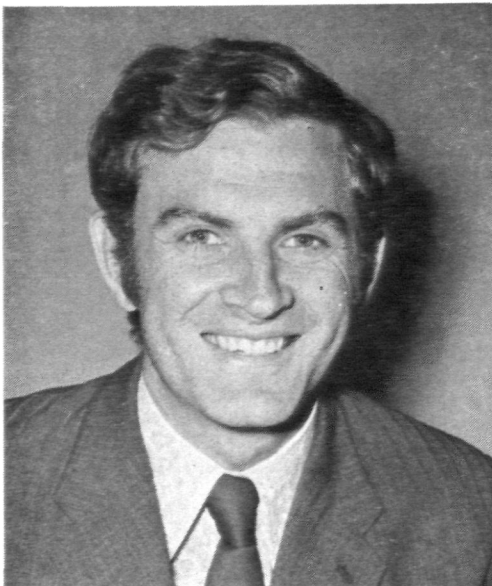
We would all like to thank Prof. Reeve for his invaluable teaching and the interest he has shown in us all over the years.



DOUGLAS MUNRO SAUNDERS

"Dougie" Saunders represents the new generation of obstetricians. He arrives punctually, dressed in trendy fashions — straight from Fifth Ave. — as befits a man who spent some time in New York. He is polite to students, nurses and patients, a trait not too often found in a lot of members of his speciality.

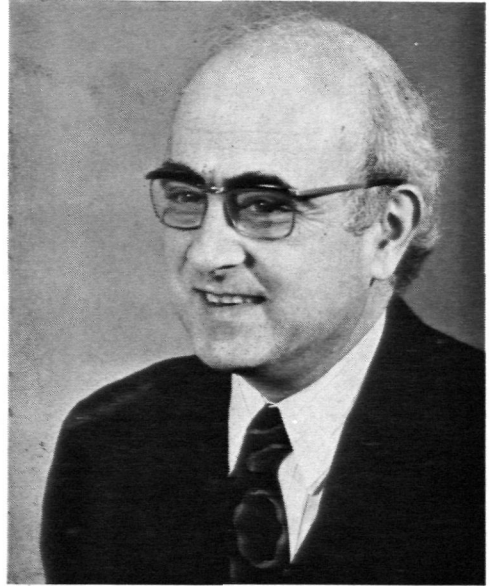
His readiness to help students, his willingness to give extra tutorials and his succinct way of explaining the physiology, biochemistry and management of pregnancy will be remembered by us all.



GEORGE SELBY

If a man's worth as a teacher can be judged by the attendances he gets at his tutorials and lectures then Dr. Selby is worth his weight in gold. His unique ability to impart his vast knowledge of the basic principles of Neurology and to teach us how to apply them were appreciated by us all.

He combines this ability with a gentlemanly approach to patients, staff and even students. To you Sir, we express our thanks.



DOUGLAS SEAVINGTON STUCKEY

In his reserved manner, Dr. Stuckey through his lectures and tutorials has alleviated our cardiac failure and removed many congenital defects.

Dr. Stuckey's lectures were greeted with apprehension, there was even a murmur of increased cardiac dullness. But at least we have a concise set of student-type cardiology lectures in English.

Unfortunately, like counter-shock, his action upon us has been all too short, but we hope our reversion to normal rhythm will be long lasting.

We thank you, Sir, for your efforts.

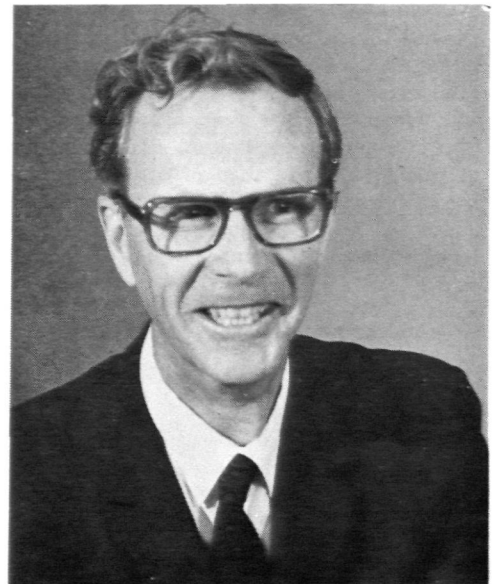
IAN DAVIES THOMAS

"Has anyone else been hearing sirens all week?"

None of us realised the innumerable approaches to diabetes and its management till we came across Dr. Thomas in final year.

Assuring us that he was only obsessive-compulsive about not becoming obsessive-compulsive, we remember him for his Saturday morning Endocrine meetings, diaries that every good diabetic should keep and chatty tutorials.

His tall, neat, lean figure also conjures up memories of bush-walking encounters in the mountains, of adoring patients, and an encouraging manner which never directly told you that you were wrong, but eventually steered you towards the correct way of thinking. We will always be grateful to Dr. Thomas for being a good listener and a patient, knowledgeable tutor, despite acute attacks of "siren-hearing".





PETER WILLIAMSON

Peter is one of the more recent additions to the honorary staff having come up through the ranks at this hospital in a very short time. However, he has quickly established himself as one of the foremost teachers of clinical medicine. His neurological sessions in Final Year proved invaluable and a highlight of the year.

The god-like image of an honorary is quickly dispelled with Peter — for he is readily approachable, taking time out to explain in detail any problem a student may bring to him, whether it be in the ward, library or elsewhere.

His neat little black bag of tools of the trade, including home-made sharp and blunt points, bring back memories of numerous neurological signs demonstrated (ones which we had, of course, already missed).

We certainly owe a lot to this excellent neurologist.

WILLIAM CLEAVER WOODS

Those strong enough to tiptoe through the tulips of the country club to the radio-therapy department will meet the high priest, Bill Woods. Dressed to kill masses in an immaculate suit, the oncologist chants the forgotten signs of swellings over shoddy students. Bill suffers from a rare variant of sleeping sickness, the syndrome of psychosomatic ptosis: as he speaks his eyes close, hypnotising his audience. This precise gentleman is a most active mitosis, dividing his time between sympathetic care of patients and education of perinatal graduates. With those hungry for knowledge he shares his intellectual nourishment from the fish-flesh lymph nodes and German sausage spleen of Hodgkin's disease, the onion-peel Ewing's tumour, and puffed wheat, oat, cauliflower or potato tumours.



OTHERS WHO TAUGHT US

As we reach the end of our medical course and reflect on the past few years at the "Country Club", we realise just how many people have been involved in our teaching. The number is vast and, quite rightly, they all deserve a mention on this page so that in future years we can recall and thank them for their efforts.

In fourth year, we descended on the wards under the capable and guiding hands of physicians such as Peter Baume (always with the students' interests at heart), Bob (the Ladybird) Johnston, John (Wingey) Wingfield, John Stiel (then Clinical Superintendent), Ian Hales (the thyroid man), Gabriel (gastroscope) Nagy and Derek Abrahams. Surgery had its personalities too — Geoff (Lofty) Cutler, Brian (Bopsy) Parker, Martin Flood (ping-pong champion of 1970), the thoughtful Doug Caspersonn, John Castle, the dogmatic Ron Wiles and Geoff Scarlett.

Pathology was the worry that year and it provided us with our first meeting with Keith Viner-Smith ("I'm paid to be a stirrer") and Bill Payne ("we see your mistakes") the eminent ghouls of Morbid Anatomy at R.N.S.H.

The Mater had its "characters" too. Headed by Geoff Diethelm (the Clinical Superintendent), our mentors included Laurie Coy, Walter Burfitt-Williams, Dick O'Reilly, "Big John" Benecke, Bob Middleton and Rob Jeffries (the friendly gas man). An enforced affiliation that soon became a much valued friendship.

Fifth year — what a year! — saw a partial fragmentation of our group as the various specialties were discovered. Psychiatry at R.N.S.H. with Dorothy ("Butch") McFarlane (of the round-house), Ralph ("Oedipus") Schureck and the practical John Ellard ("I'll meet you in court") and at North Ryde with "Mad Mal" Bennett and Bev Raphael provided variety and entertainment until THAT exam!

Then there was "Slapsy Maxy" Elliot and Tony Rebeck ("Honestly, are you studying medicine?") who tried desperately to stir us into activity; Monty Lewis and Rex Becke who slipped under our skin while with Tim Rowlands and Geoff Hipwell we could not see eye to eye. Eric Davies, who provided us with excellent sessions in neurological

signs — what a performance! (especially if we were late).

O & G found us resting between the occasional delivery and the even rarer bursts from "Bluey" Kemp, "Darky Dave" Pfanner, "Sammy" Truskett, the dapper Hugh Paterson, the quiet tree-gazer John Leaver and Ewan Sussman (an instrument for all occasions).

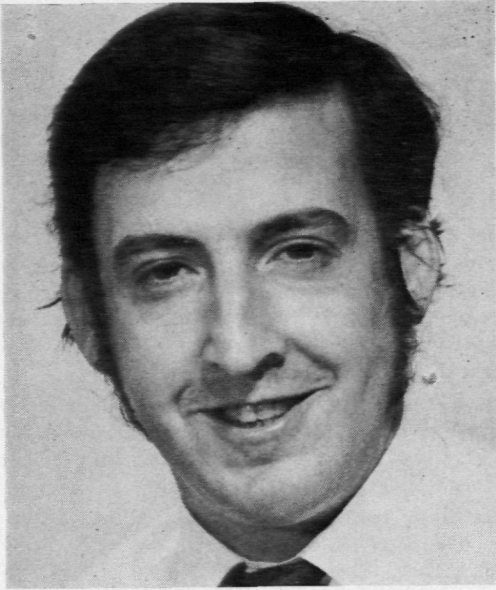
Surgery was far from neglected with Bill ("Don't argue") Richards, Robin ("Wobbie") Rushworth, the kindly Rod Chandler, John Dowe, Andrew Dowe, Bob Talbot and Mr. Gee all preaching their specialities.

Then came final year. The pressure was on. Orthopaedics was hammered home by Ron McGlynn, Rolly Middleton and Keith Daymond; Rheumatology was explained by "Sugar Ray" Robinson and his team; Haematology was made "simple" by the gentlemanly Keith Jones; Urology was cleared up by Doug Keller and Surgery by "Chook" Fowler and Tom Rose (101 complications of appendicitis). Personalities such as Russ ("Vanderchrist") Vandenberg, Steve Leeder (a registrar when we started, an honorary when we finished), John Chalmers, Peter Williamson, Jim Johnson, George (X-ray) Chapman and Bill Buddee all made that year more bearable.

The registrars also deserve a mention. They were always ready to help and many provided us with extra tutorials. Bob Griffin (clinical superintendent) whose tutorials were always exam orientated, Nick Saunders who provided us with Clinical Bulletins, Ron Sekel who conducted private tutorials for the whole group at his home, Stephen Nogrady — nothing was too much trouble, Neville Samuel, George ("Hi-gang") Rubin — egotistically hypermanic but very helpful, Stan Jones, Bruce Barraclough — a quiet man, Ian Fielding, Tony Ballint — Dougie's rebel registrar, Ian O'Rourke ("Cut the crap, what's the diagnosis?"), John Carter — "have you seen . . .", Harvey Alexander — "think systematically", the O & G boys, Dick Picker and Graham Robards, Dennis Sundin and Ian Smee.

We are grateful to all these doctors, and to any who we should have mentioned but, through oversight, have omitted, and thank them for their teaching.

THE STUDENTS



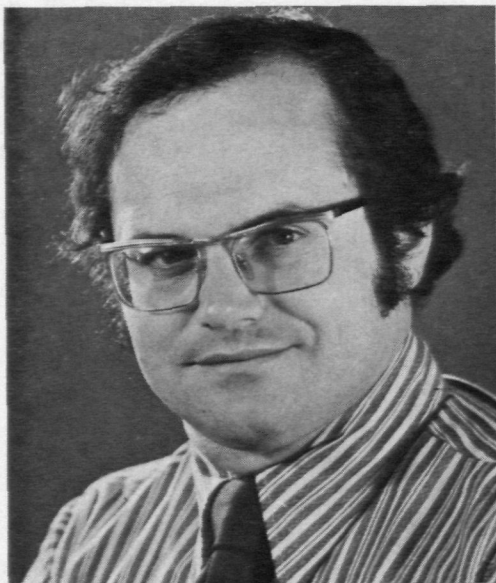
RONALD WINSTON BAILEY

Ron came into medicine from the dairy country of Gerringong with milking callouses, straw in mouth, and a local lass in hand to try his luck in the big city.

The change has been dramatic, gone are the callouses (he can percuss now), his language has increased in speed and variety and that shy hometown girl is now his wife.

Holidays and weekends back with the cows and the lure of golf courses, squash and tennis (only professionally) courts have not hampered Ron's progress through medicine.

Wesley sheltered him from vices in early years and a trip across the harbour has done no harm. So when Ron heads for the open spaces again, he will be well prepared.



GEOFFREY JAMES ARTHUR

"No sweat"

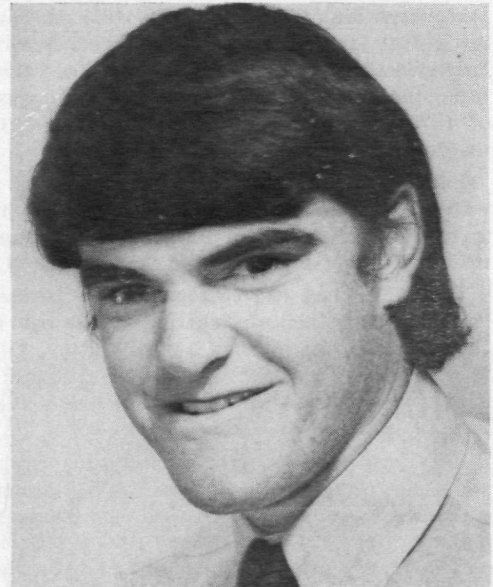
Geoff presented to R.N.S.H. in 1970, aetiology unknown and thus presenting a difficult diagnostic problem.

Past History: Pharmacy graduate, marriage and a zest for living outside the bounds of the orthodox student has lead to the development of:—

Symptoms: Though rarely expressed, relate to economics, eating and sleeping, and the odd tutorial.

Signs: Mainly posterior — disappearing to the golf course, snow-country for trout-fishing and ski-ing or his beloved pharmacy.

Diagnosis: A scholar and a gentleman.



HOWARD JOHN ERNEST BOWEN

"Now listen jellas . . ."

After a few years in the bug laboratory at "Kenso High", this old Scots boy made it into medicine at THE University.

We soon found Bo to be a born organizer, for on his arrival at R.N.S.H., it took him only days to get the warden and his staff tethered to the student cause. Such were his attributes as our year rep., that further elections were deemed unnecessary.

His notoriety around the booze and gourmet circuit is unsurpassed and his invitation for "a couple of quickies" is received with horror by those of weaker constitution, willing sufferers nevertheless.

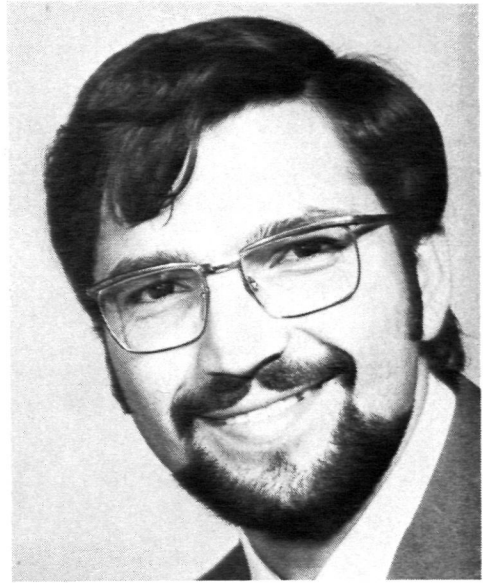
He attacks with equal gusto and enthusiasm, medicine and extra-curricular activities, a trait which is bound to continue in his professional career.

JOSEPH CANALESE

"Italian power"

I am sure that there is not a person at North Shore from H.M.O. to gardener who does not recognize Joe by the hallmark of a friendly face and happy disposition. Every now and again, Joe's "true blue" Aussie image is belied by his remarkable ability to utter words at a rate hitherto not experienced at this establishment — these being beautifully complemented by elegant gesticulations not to mention his kaleidoscopic ties! Joe's ancestry prompts taunts about possible mafia connections — but he smilingly denies all!

On the foundations of Joe's personality, plus the fact that no favour is too much for Joe, his success in medicine is assured.



STEPHEN CHRISTOPHER CLARKE

"Not necessarily . . ."

With a sagely stroke of his goaty beard and an habitual clearing of his throat, "Stevey Wonder" unwinds out of his mini — not to the dreary job of pushing pills as he was previously want to do — but to the challenges of medicine with an approach characteristic of his maturity.

A deep thinker, always willing to display his passion for dispensing a good argument, Steve has remained young at heart. His quick wit and benign sarcasm are ever present, but always appropriate — well, nearly always!

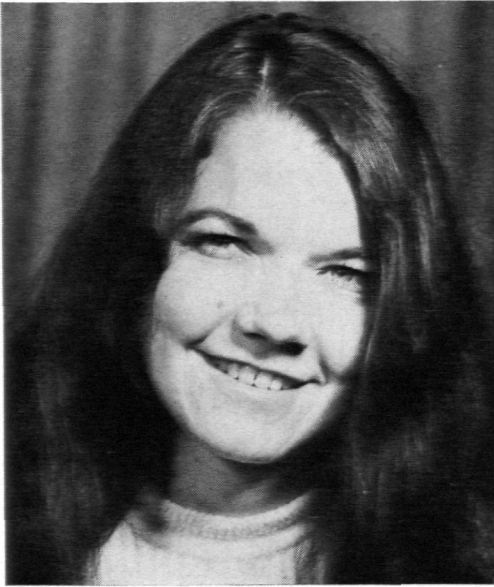
His tall thin frame raises the question of spontaneous pneumothorax, but his transient regressions to childhood should keep him out of danger. We hope so — the profession needs people like Steve.

JOHN FRANCIS CULLEN

Time spent at sea, droving in the outback, then a successful course in veterinary science at Sydney University followed by practice in Tasmania, research work, a trip to Mexico and U.S.A. escorting a shipload of sheep, then working for Freedom From Hunger Campaign in Africa highlight the diversity of John's personality and interests.

His entry and progression through medicine have been uneventful and it was not until clinical years that we realized the wealth of his experiences. Occasional slips of the tongue surprised us all, especially of his vested interest in a "piece" of Germany.





JENNIFER ANNE CUTHBERT

Jenny, with her innocent blue eyes, oft-batted eyelashes, plaits and 'grannyglassitis multiplex et contactica' would be hard to pick as the only final year medical student aware of the "Fedigliano-Weisenheimer Syndrome".

An ability to absorb and confound minutiae and detail accompanied by the unintelligible neatness of her lecture notes have highlighted her student days. Some will remember her as the Hairy Hunter's Hill Honda Hustler who "carved" (sic) her niche in Parramatta Road, though she now owes her limited mobility to the ingenious four-wheeled conversion of a Whirlpool Spindryer.

Jenny could go far in medicine — failing this she would make a great travelling saleswoman for Canadian water-beds.

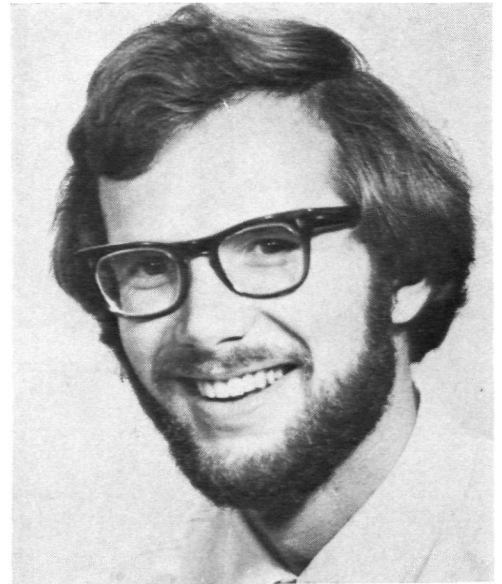
PETER FREEMAN DAVIES

"Did you have a good weekend?"

An initial impression of quietness is quickly dispelled as one realises Peter is actually a gold-mine of conversation. His paroxysmal bursts of hoarse laughter can often be heard decibels above the basal conversation. Many an hour can be spent, especially over a cold ale at the local pub, discussing Peter's philosophies on social structures, naturalism and conservation. His deep-founded love of nature is reflected in a Zoology major in his Science Degree.

His habit of intense relationships with the opposite sex leads him into trouble and after his elective term was subsequently chased across the Tasman.

With a profound interest in people and a love of outdoor life away from the city, country general practice would seem Peter's future.



JOSEPH LATIMER DAVIS

Once upon a time there lived a short heavy-legged Prince Joseph of Lindfield. Our loyal Prince after wheezing through school, joined our year in '68 after some early teething trouble.

This noble monarchist, after early study in Wesley became a familiar figure around (never in) the wards of St. Leonard's Castle. His white coat dazzled many a young Florence, yet our loyal Joe worked on.

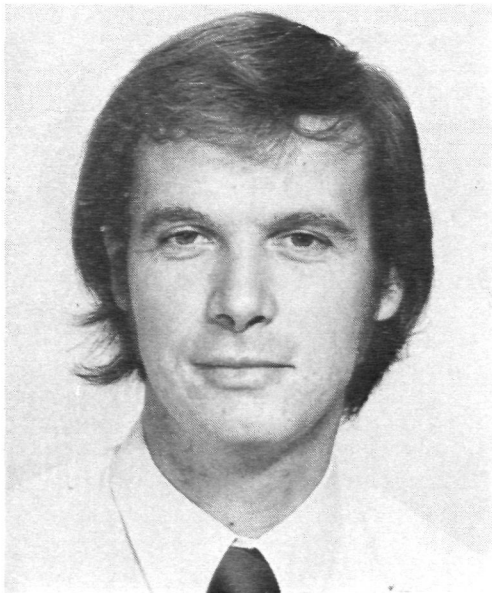
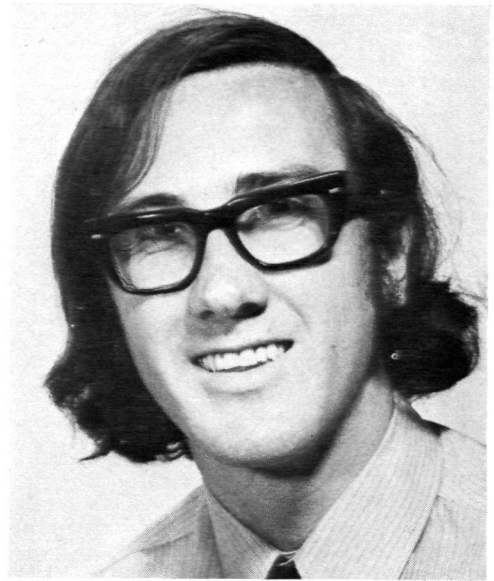
His interests were not only medical, Joe was a leader in the King's cavalry, and still found time for trips to far off lands where wide eyed Princesses dreamed only of Joe's return. Now this Prince is crowned M.B., B.S., we know he'll live happily ever after.



ANTHONY FRANCIS DICK

"Oh, for a tropical island with no cyclones."

Cheerful and active; impatient to get on with things.
 A love of nature and outdoors: bushwalking, ski-touring, conservation.
 Disillusioned with society.
 Building a yacht to sail the world.



KERRY ORMOND JOHN DOLAN

"Have you got the first page of that last lecture?"

Kerry, a Final Year candidate from the seat of West Ryde, is fast emerging as a likely leader.

Kerry has been group spokesman for three years, competently organising tutor parties and tutor boycotts at his now familiar lunchtime meetings.

In true Irish defiance, he is leading the fight to bring medicine back to the people. An expert on Industrial Safety, Kerry can often be found chatting to all hospital staff, from professors, through sisters and chaplains to gardeners. He is renowned not so much for his speed as for his thoroughness. A notable attribute is his "punctuality".

As a humanitarian, socialistic doctor charging the Common Fee, Kerry is assured of success, provided he can keep his appointments.

CAROL LYNN ELION

"I disagree"

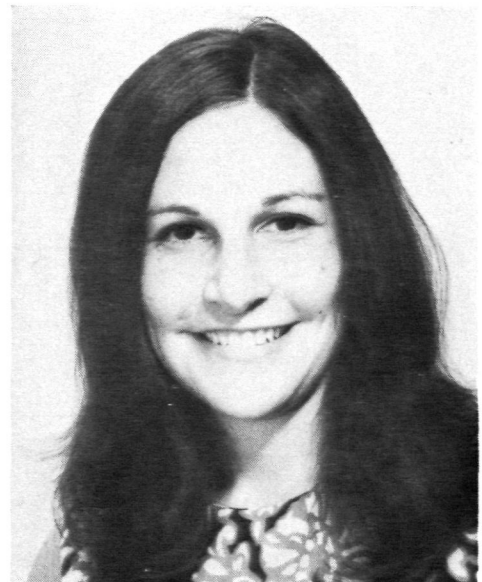
Not really a poser — San Francisco Hospital badge was meant more to distract tutor than impress.

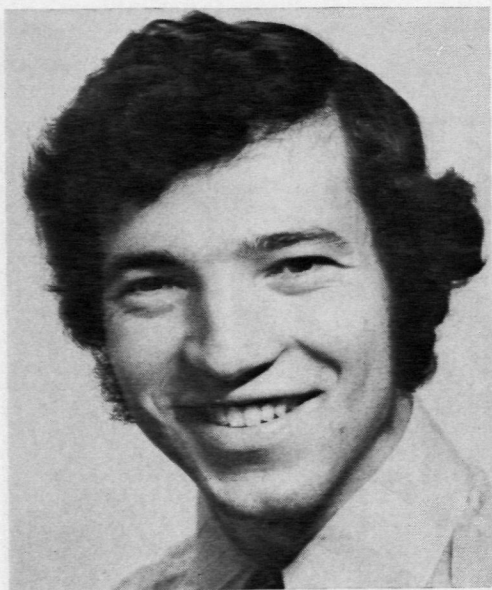
Most doctors at R.N.S.H. time their sessions by Carol's responses. Dare lengthen a lesson and Carol's usual smile turns to a bored frown.

A staunch atheist, she has argued with many Christians, even Baptists. Suffering from acrocyanosis her icy pulps have forced many a yelp from trusting patients but a hand warmer was recommended and appears to have worked.

Idiosyncrasy — Maybe? But Carol's pre-war V.W. has served well and anyway who can buy a better continental limousine from the flea markets of Singapore.

A frequent tourist to the snowfields (a fantastic snow bunny) and medical conventions, Carol's resemblance to Ali McGraw ensured enjoyable vacations.





DAVID FARBENBLUM

After a sojourn in the depths of science, Dave decided to conquer the heights of medicine. At this he has been eminently successful. Not satisfied with an impeccable set of lecture-notes, Dave practises his copper-plate handwriting by summarising Cecil and Loeb, Bailey and Love, etc. His neatness and organization extend to his dressing, but alas not to the bridge-table.

Not forgetting his scientific background, Dave can be seen, (at lunch-time), carrying out research in the use of carrots as prophylaxis to myopia. Many a "Bunny" wants to share his carrot — as testified by the rumor that "he has a girl in every state".

Dave is one of our most trusted friends; and with his dedication and love of humanity, a high niche in medicine is assured.

ROBIN BERYL FITZSIMONS

A scramble, a rush, a trail of dropped stethoscopes, umbrellas, books, a flying white coat — Robbie arrives (late) for a tute. Sits down. Unfamiliar faces, odd looks — wrong tute — a scramble, a rush, a trail . . . that's our Robbie.

It's a bit hard to believe that the same person has finished Bailey and Love once, has always been around the top of the list of Exam Results, has a B.Sc(Med), is a Past President of the Womens' Union and now is a member of the amalgamated union board. Mates with Princess Anne too — perhaps that's where the hat fad came from, and the big grey Fairlane.

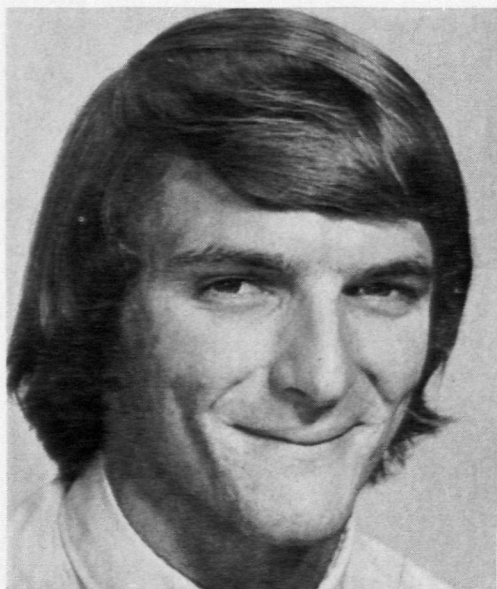
What's going to happen to Robby after Med VI? — she'll find something and be very good at it.



ANDREW RICHARD GIBSON

"I'm not going to N.Z. without my car."

Andrew's medical course has been a combination of maximal extra curricular pleasure, perfectly timed runs for the exams and cars. In fact his sound knowledge and motherly endearment of the latter, which has culminated in the establishment of the R.N.S.H. Branch of the Triumph Car Club, would set one wondering as to whether he had missed his true vocation or not. His sailing ability has been sadly underestimated by the Australian Olympic Selectors, but fully realised by N.Z. Medical Superintendents. However, Andrew's obvious interest in patients as people will stand him in good stead for the future.



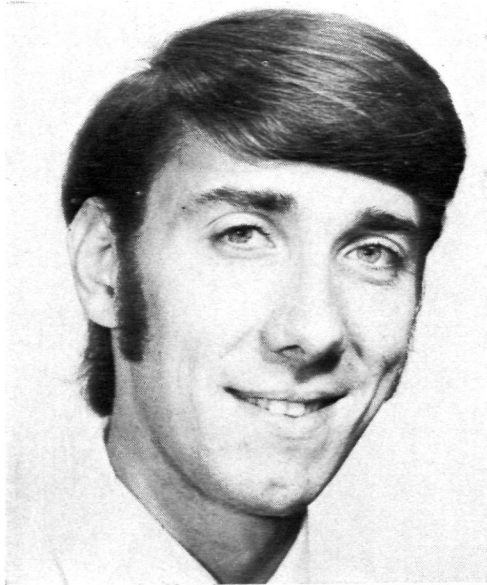
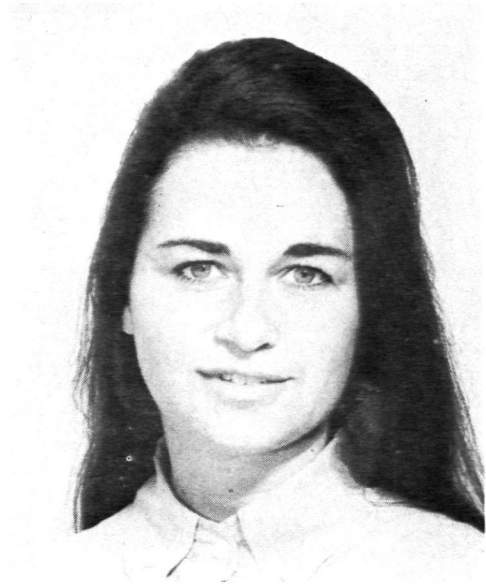
ROSEMARY HAY

"You are such a rude boy!"

Late of Guy's Hospital Radiology Department, Rosemary is a young lady to whom the most enjoyable things in life are French, skiing, imported clothes and cars, intimate dinners and first nights.

This genteel spirit is often reduced to tears (of laughter) by the oafish utterances of her crude medical associates, withstanding with equanimity their less than delicate asides.

Despite her apparent disdain for the more menial tasks (i.e. working and studying) Rosemary is in reality a very conscientious and determined worker (a fact which is unknown to most), and deserves the very best — at least a French Count!



PETER WILLIAM KYLE

"Oh! . . . Sorry"

Quietly spoken, unassuming, affluent, a trendy dresser, regular commuter to Surfers, one-time college boy and occupant of luxurious apartments, this aesthetic agriculturalist does not fit into the role of a typical medical student. Renowned for his magnificent parties, Pete's hospitality is unbounded.

One of the few culture vultures in our year, Pete manages to fit in medicine between visits to the Ballet, Theatre, Art Galleries, Wine Tastings and a self-education program which includes piano lessons and the C.M.F.

With his busy and varied life, he still finds time to worry about vivas and case-presentations — but with a smile like his, who need ever be anxious!

ADRIAN JOHN HULCOME

"I was just wondering if I could ask . . .?"

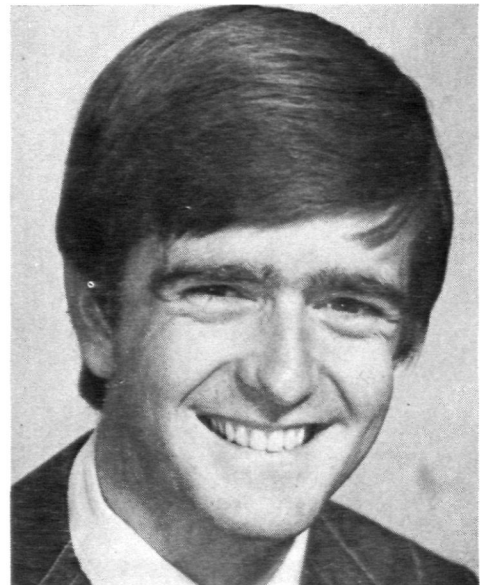
Adrian was best known for his library attendances, until he learnt of the vices.

He always livens up tutorials with questions and arguments, being sceptical of anything that is not black and white.

With close attention to every detail, he is seen laden down with ancillary equipment. He has a "scope" to cater for every need. He epitomizes the conservative element in our ranks.

An avid sailor, he seeks out the roughest weather and biggest waves for a challenge. His love of the outdoors leads him hiking and travelling far and wide. When bush walking, he charges ahead like a steam train leaving many good men struggling behind.

Adrian's unbound enthusiasm ensures him a very successful future.





JOHN HAYDON LENNARD

"Wodrutrynabungon mate?!"

Returning from the high seas to become a land-lubber, John chose between a Naval Career and Footballing, Surfing, Boozing, Wenching, Beach Relay Races, as well as Medicine.

Best known for his great impromptu Judo-Student-Throwing Demonstrations at Watsons Bay Pub before the end-of-term-third-year-Pub-crowd of '69. John became infamous during the September floods of '71, down at Children's Hospital. Whilst disguised as a smokey bear fire fighter he succeeded in fanning the administration fires of discontent.

Despite many attempts by his elders to make him walk the plank, John remains with us. A youthful, happy expression and a healthy, aggressive approach towards medicine ensure him a sound medical practice.

PATRICIA ANNE LONERGAN

(NEE BRYANT)

1966 saw the study of medicine become numbered among Pat's, many and varied occupations that ranged from teaching deprived children to selling efficiency to businessmen.

In subsequent years, Alliance francais, waitressing, doctor's receptionist, going to Noumea and living at Wesley were all fitted in, somehow.

At the end of 4th year, her extra-curricular activities culminated in marriage to Bill at 6.30 a.m., Christmas Eve, on Mona Vale headland. Medicine continued smoothly on regardless. However, her term in O. & G. provided good insight for her next achievement — a daughter, at the end of 5th year.

We hope her future male colleagues will be as reasonable as Dr. Isbister who would "excuse Pat from any tutorial to feed Linelle only if she was breast-fed!"



BRIAN FRANCIS McGRATH

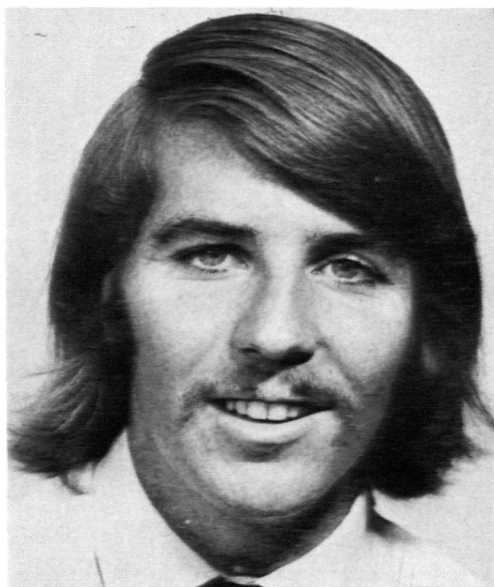
"Hi ya honey — What a ripper."

On completing his secondary education at the hallowed monastery of Joey's, Butch descended into preclinical medicine.

This was a rather benign beginning, perhaps high points being judo fame and the occasional November credit.

Clinical years saw Brian pursue his insatiable desire for the primary drives of life, with the exclusion of hunger. He was known for his erratic bridge bidding, his Oslerisms, his earthy command of the English language, his honorary patronage of the North Shore caravan park (i.e. panel van), his continual presence at a certain club in Oxford Street and the occasional November post.

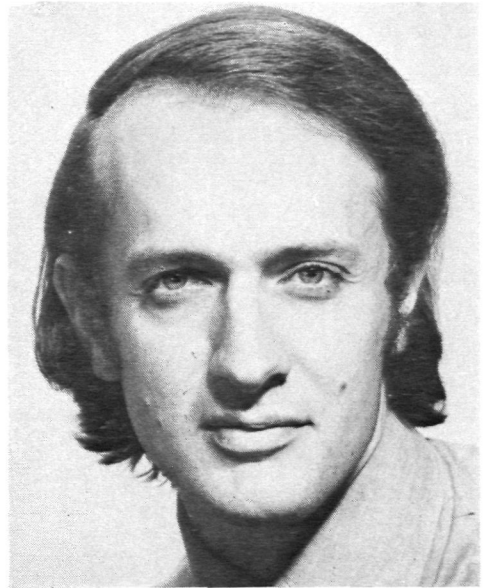
With the basics of the profession bestowed by his late father, and his interest in people from all walks of life, make his ambition to become a surgeon an easy goal.



JOHN NOONAN MALTBY

Though his initial enthusiasm has been sorely tried, John's native contrariness and wry humour have survived his prolonged journey through medicine unimpaired. His ability to find a previously unthought of psychopathological aspect of any situation has roused many a sheltered oedipus complex to vigorous self-defence. A consistent patter of irreverent irrelevances towards man, the ape, and tutors and lecturers, the supreme apes, has assailed us since John joined us in fourth year (former whereabouts questionable).

However, despite his forbidding external appearance, John is always a sympathetic listener to anyone in need — friend, foe, patient or female (and the more of the latter the better).



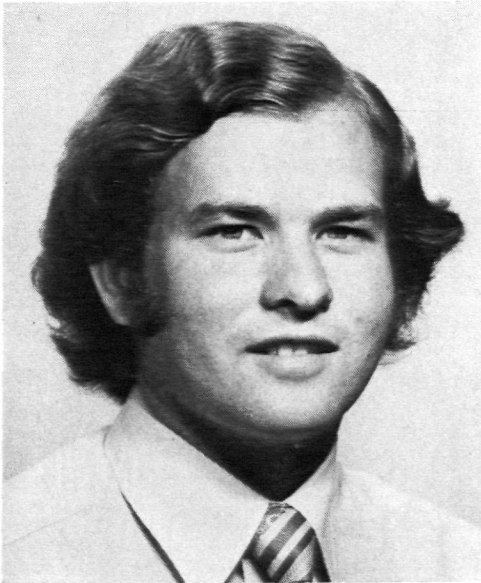
CHRISTOPHER JOHN MARGIN

"But, but, but . . . According to Harrison."

Science provided no challenge to this Carnaby Street young man who quickly settled into medicine and still found time for the "occasional" weekend abroad.

Behind his cherubic grin lies a rebellious nature and half-told stories of predatory escapades highlighted by his confrontation with the Mexican constabulary during elective. His disruptive late arrivals heralded by squeaky shoes followed by searching esoteric questions frustrated student and honorary alike.

His passion for speed on road and water and for the finer things of life — Tequila, "Exclusive" Clubs, personal hairdresser, etc., coupled with his love of fun, his mockery of others and his capacity to take as much as he gives will be remembered by all.



PETER ANTHONY MARTIN

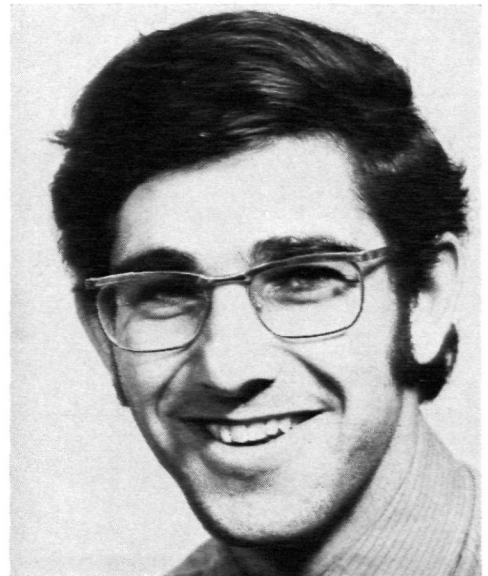
"Oh, come now . . . You're joking."

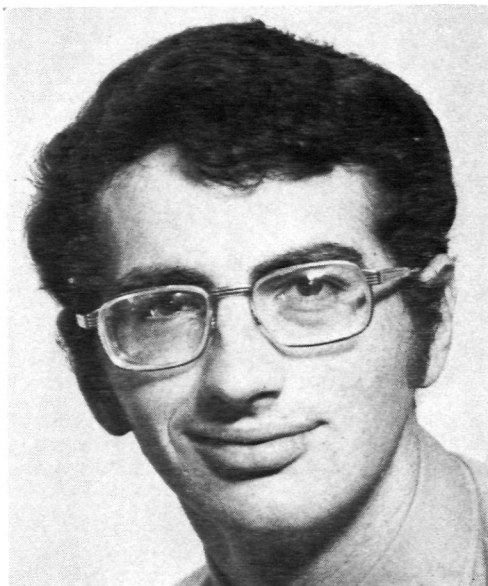
Our friend Pete is a truly enigmatic fellow. Behind that innocent facade there stands a conquering personality. In his early medicine years, he set out to conquer the ski slopes, the blue seas and began an assault on Sandi's Heart. The Clinical years saw him master the Bridge tables — and winning the Dermatology Prize.

In elective term, whilst his colleagues were overseas savouring foreign delights, he proved that beauty begins at home by marrying the beautiful Sandi.

Armed with a "wild-plum" coloured Escort, he set out to conquer final year. His conspicuous arrival at morning lectures 5 min. late, he claims is due to being roped (raped?) into doing the dishes. His succession of sneezes has awakened many a sleeping colleague during some dull lectures.

With his dedication and ability, Peter's future in medicine is assured, whether as a G.P. or specialist — Dermatologist maybe?





PETER JAMES MAYNE

Readily recognised in brilliant purple shirts under clouds of smoke, he is easy-going, casual, and notorious for his narcoleptic capacity — rarely making 8.30 lectures. Yet when he works he applies himself as an artist to his craft. He is well known for unique dramatic Bridge bidding, and his love of arguments when he is well informed and unbiased.

A master of the unexpected situation, he laughs heartily and continues regardless. He has even been seen to blush. Since his cab driving, Peter has emerged a debonaire womaniser. However, he turned out a dark horse taking us all by surprise with his wedding in final year.

A strong interest in politics and socialism and his enthusiasm for Psychiatry will all provide Peter with an exciting future.

ANDREA MINTSCHEFF

"What was this morning's lecture like? . . . I think I'll rack off now . . ."

Siren of final year — Andrea has warmed many a male student's heart with her fondling antics — actually she has always shown an active interest in the opposite sex, especially if married.

Mid-tute, midweek, and mid-term holidays have highlighted Andrea's absences from clinical years.

She has always shown a healthy dislike of any early morning activity, especially lectures.

Andrea quite often presents with postural hypotension, especially at the sight of blood, scalpels, needles and other medical paraphernalia.

A female of wide-ranging interests, even "Uncle Tom" realised she would know how to make pâté de foie gras.

We hope Andrea will not let Medicine interfere to any great extent with all her other activities.



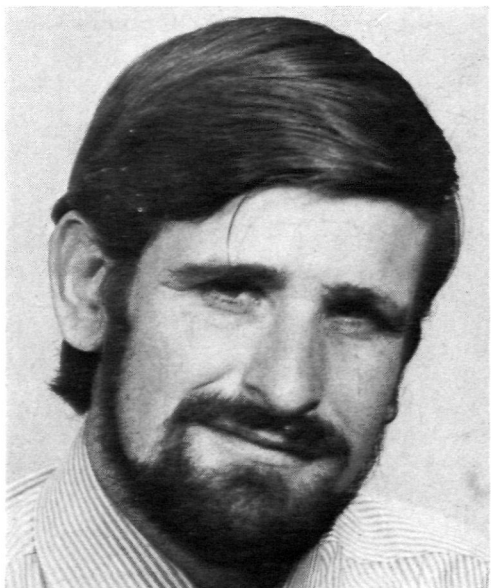
KENNETH JAMES MORONEY

"Get a dick in your ear!"

He slouched onto campus many years ago, and might have been lost to us forever had not the emerald of the billiard table turned his eye from Arts-Law.

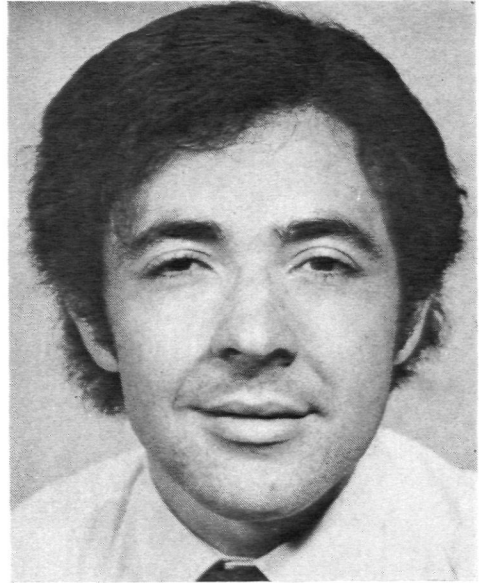
After an advertising interlude, the worn-out "Baxters" again trod the dingy lines of such famous houses as the Lalla' and a furtive affair with medicine began. Emerging Phoenix-like for exams, the weighman with an instinct for self-annihilation on underpowered motor bikes slowly conquered Goren and examiners.

A Kiwi land holiday recharged his batteries and he returned newly-conscientious. His success is assured by his ability to communicate, and sadly the trumps will be replaced by the flush of success.



DAVID MICHAEL MORRIS

Bright and happy he ranks high amongst the last contingent of true stirrers. D.M. is a way of life. He radiates his poignant ridicule at anything obsolete and doesn't miss a single opportunity to criticise the system's shortcomings. The profession needs people like him so that the status quo does not get the better of us. His unassuming diplomacy has made many a stomach rumble, but the motto "life is to be lived" well portrays his personality, this is if you believe such things exist. Despite all this he retains an acute sense of responsibility and goes forth with a smile to face tomorrow's challenges.



LYNDALL MARJORIE MURRAY

Big brown eyes, mischievous smile, sensitive nature coupled with a sense of humour, an incredible ability to write text-book-like lecture notes and an uncanny knack of finding a chair at every tutorial all add up to Lyndy.

Her career in medicine started late after being held up by an American Field Scholarship. She quickly made friends and joined in many extra-curricular activities such as football, Bridge, parties, drinking, etc. A trip to New Zealand for elective, jaunts to the snowfields in winter, sailing in summer and preparing case presentations for visiting Professors seem to occupy her time.

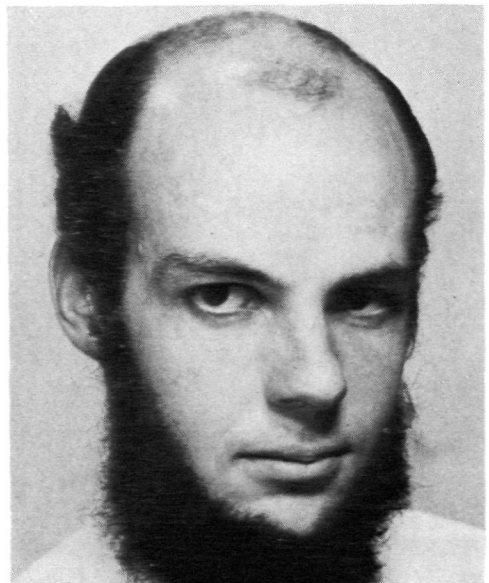
Her delightful personality and depth of understanding along with her outstanding ability will comfort many patients and assure her place in medicine.

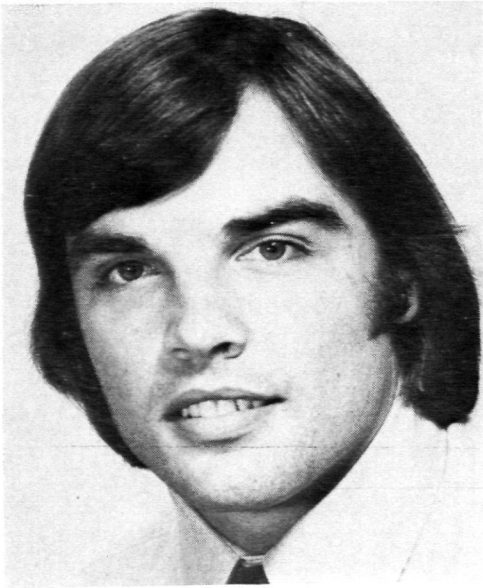
IAN RODNEY PETTIT

"Every existing being is born without reason, prolongs itself out of weakness, and dies by chance."

Evicted from France four hundred years ago for philosophical reasons, Ian began fishing and lace-making on the cyclothymic Cornwall Coast. Enjoying sanctuary of first-year science he migrated to medicine. After pursuing pseudomonas around the disordered recesses of the bacteriology department, he escaped with psychosis barbae from the children's ward at North Ryde by jumping out a window.

A moody character, he is now distinguished by an appearance which is a hybrid of Abraham Lincoln, an elf, and Fyodor Dostoevsky. Having spent elective term palpating little brown tummies in New Britain, one day he hopes to escape the irresistible clutches of sisters and specialists, and return overseas.





BRUCE WILLIAM RAFFAN

"Look, I'm losing weight, bugger you."

The bear arrived at St. Andrews and medicine from Kings some seven odd years ago. Football, rowing (always the weight problem) the "Grose" ("just one, bugger you" — around exam time), the St. Andrews' Anatomy Prize in Third Year (last credit on the list), a lengthy engagement to a nice little bird he met in a fish shop and then marriage (weight problem again) and then to R.N.S.H. ("Oh, your Harry's son . . .")

Mutton chops ("Harry's son?") have come and gone, but always underneath the same easy-going individuality that's Bruce. He works hard and appreciates people and will be a good doctor.

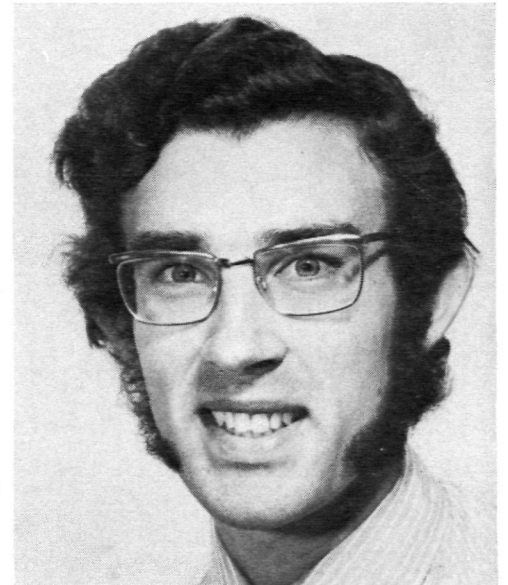
MARTIN BRUCE RICHTER

". . . sort of"

Martin arrived in medicine the easy (? hard) way via Newington College and the faculties of Agriculture and Science. Dedication to his chosen career has been somewhat frustrated by a persistent interest in medicine; after all, what professional sailor can concentrate on jibing with all those syndromes crying out for attention.

A "get away from it all" attitude led Martin to the mysterious East in elective term. Here he discovered much about exotic oriental diseases and the women who have them. Unfortunately he subsequently contacted the dreaded Passport-losing-nearly-missing-plane Syndrome, barely returning alive!

Provided Martin overcomes his bothersome narcoleptic tendencies, his consistent academic record will doubtless be maintained this year, and he will certainly provide a valuable asset to the medical world.



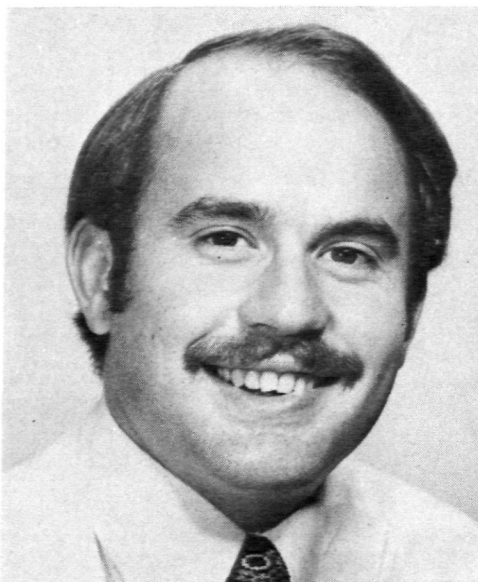
JOHN WILLIAM RILEY

"Randy Riles" has combined a happy disposition and conservative mould to become one of the most liked persons in our year.

John's commendable, but if somewhat aggressive, abhorrence for idleness was an inspiration to us all.

Some people have seen his assertiveness as obstinacy and his honesty as naivety, but this balding young man with newly acquired compensatory moustache has pursued his life with burning ambitions — to succeed in medicine and delay marriage as long as possible. We know he will succeed in medicine, but his bachelor days appear to be numbered.

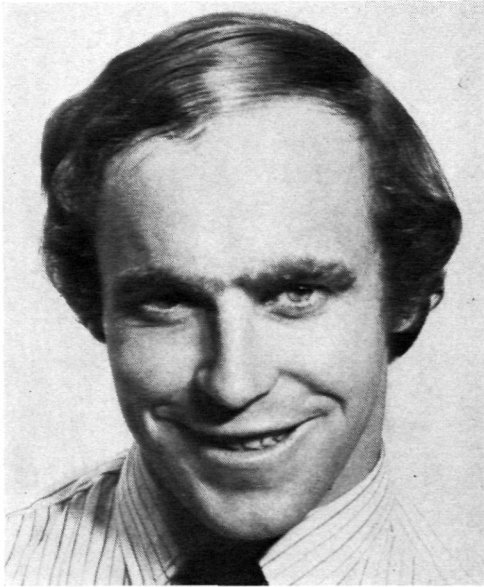
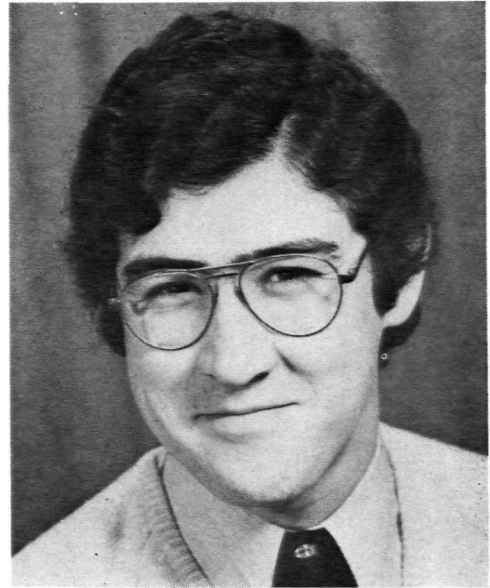
We hope he will retain memories of the bare essentials on the lawn outside BI, and his sense of appreciation for those of the opposite sex.



ROBERT DAVID ROBERTSON

"Going back to first principles."

From the hallowed halls of Sydney Grammar, Rob joined us in 1968 for second year after spending two years pursuing various other interests on campus. Rob's achievements are well-known to us all and are varied and entertaining — from bouncing off cars on City Road in his haste to reach early lectures to capturing the Anatomy Prize at the end of third year. Rob's popularity at R.N.S.H. is no doubt due to his happy disposition and innate friendliness — although the relationship between the smile and a nicotine withdrawal state has been raised. Rob will probably be remembered best by some of his tutors for his keen interest in the social and psychological aspects of patient care — as well as the medical ones, of course!!



GEOFFREY ROBERT MALCOLM ROBEY

"Let's hit the books mate—up the biblio."

Shorts, odd socks and a lecherous grin — these are the hallmarks of Geoff Robey. Scribbling notes on scores of minute pieces of paper or chewing on a leg of lamb, Robes appeared to us as a simple, nature-loving soul with simple pleasures — golf, tennis, football, "a run around the oval", "a little sip" or a "bit of hetero."

His monthly purchase of a 20 cent shirt at the hospital bazaar, the demand for him by the fairer sex and his unconventional Bridge bidding kept us all in amazement. His love of life was equalled only by his love for medicine in which his keenness was unsurpassed.

This keenness and his respect for people's feelings will ensure that he achieves his every goal. Best of luck, Robes.

JOHN CHARLES MORTON SCHWARZ

Presenting Symptoms: No hang-ups.

H.P.I.: Early sporadic itchy feet cured by multiple doses of "travel".

Fluctuating university career characterised by exacerbations and remissions including a successful course of "Pharmacy".

Social History: Alcohol: What's that?

Cigarettes: Filthy habit (but often seen sucking his pen).

Drugs: Pusher only.

Recreation: Excels at squash, ping-pong, golf, fishing and baiting, but known to be a shirker in fencing.

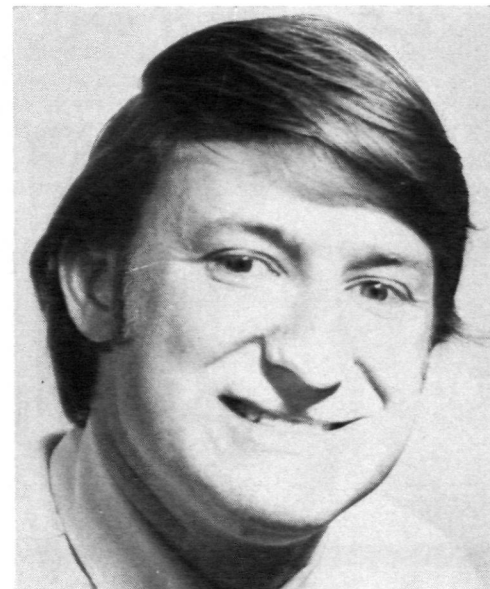
Occupation: Seemingly respectable Pharmacist/Entrepreneur.

Family History: Charming unsuspecting wife and gorgeous children.

On Examination: Perfectly knotted tie often falls on floor, back pocket stuffed full with scribble on scraps of paper.

Diagnosis: Pseudo-right wing intellectual but willing to talk it over.

Prognosis: Will make a wise and human doctor.





ELIZABETH CAROLYN PETA SPARK

"Yes Professor, but . . ."

As honorary admitting officer of the hospital, Liz's approving nod is necessary before any patient hits the medical wards. The trembling R.M.O. having completed his physical examination is then confronted, "Did you notice the splenomegaly?" He hadn't. Next the Registrar is consulted. "What is the significance of Piotrowski's sign?" Finally she informs the honorary of the diagnoses.

Probably suffering from a castration complex, Liz is determined to exceed the efforts of her doctoring husband (whom she occasionally sees when both are not working).

However, don't be misled, for Liz has other loves, too. Her interest in the performing arts is exemplified by her active participation in S.U. Musical Society and she misses very few plays or ballets.

Overall, a girl of many talents.

RICHARD WALTER STREATFIELD

"Did you see Bertrand Russel on tele last night."

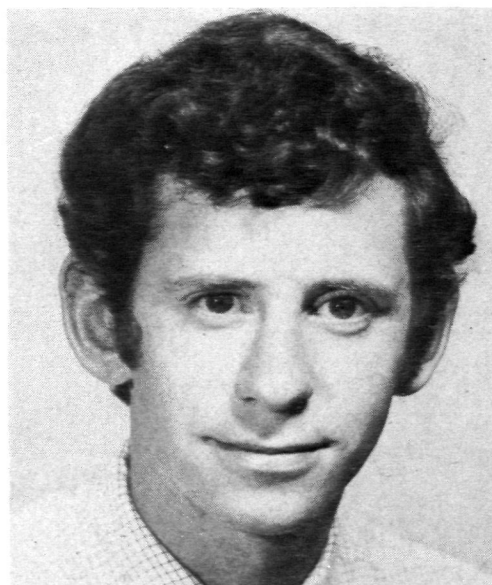
Sick of dispensing heroin to the local Moss Valeans, Ric left his pharmaceutical knowledge behind in quest for medicine.

This unassuming philosophic agnostic anarchist is one of the most well liked students about the hospital.

His coalition with the "Meals On Wheels" this year has been a very economical venture.

Both his loves and hates are numerous. Mountaineering expeditions along the Great Divide, South West Tasmania, New Zealand, and Himalayas, active Ecologist and Conservationalist, his phobia to obese women and an allergy to Kombi Van Mite.

We are sure Ric has chosen the right career, but no predictions as to where we shall find him next, perhaps a Peruvian Llama can help!



JOHN STROOBANT

"You're all a pack of b . . . s"

Two years of Science gave Stroo (or "Han(d)s") a taste of the better things in life . . . physiology, biochemistry, and other life-sciences (notably women — their biology, anatomy, availability, gullibility, etc).

An oboist of some skill, John earned a student living although he still cannot hold a tune whistling!

He taught nubile young freshers the gentle (?) art of fencing (" . . . feet thus, hips thus . . . now I'll thrust and you try to parry! . . .") at which he succeeded well enough to become an I-V "champion".

He is also renowned for his:

- Redheads
- Black (Ethiopian) women
- New Zealand (the "Chosen Land")
- Chocolates and Lifesavers
- Illegible writing.

However, John's quiet emphatic approach in medicine assures him of a successful career (even for a Kiwi!!)

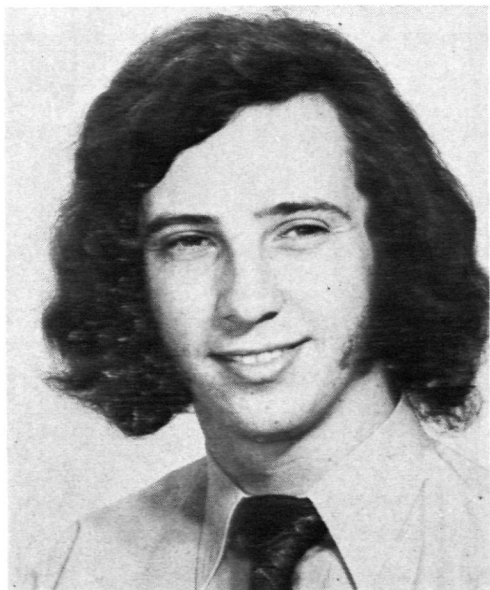
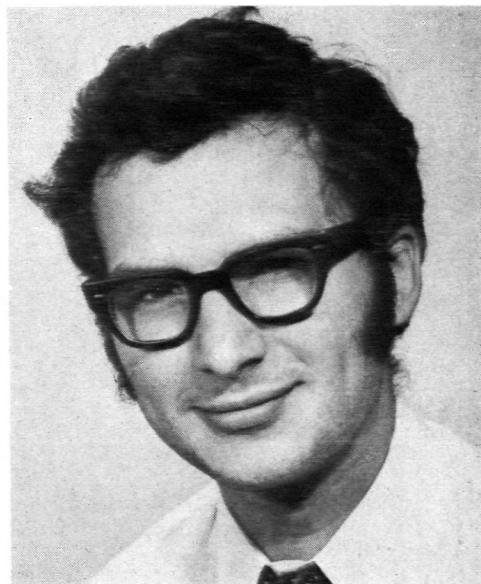


LESLIE VAGO

Les is interested in all things productive especially those that will bring him fame, fortune and an easy life.

During his turbulent career he has become an expert on Real Estate, the Law and Financial matters, has married a beautiful Italian girl, and of course has learnt a smattering of medicine. He is always ready to trot out the rarest symptom, sign and metabolic test for each disease and is certain to hoodwink his examiners into passing him at the end of the year.

Les is a true individual and I'm glad there aren't too many individuals in this world as there would be plenty of people to give the orders and few to take them.



JOHN BARRY WHAITE

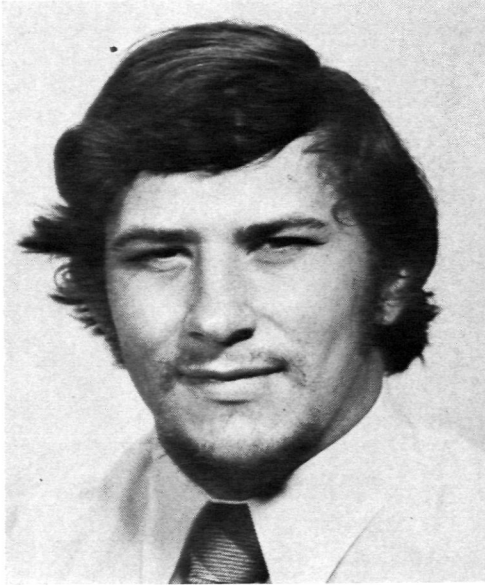
"What's up sweetie."

"Peanuts", who spent his neonatal days in East Grimstead (London), his adolescence in Drummoyne Boys' High and Science, finally decided to join us in medicine for old age and retirement.

His maturity has become manifest in his dapper dress, Honda 250 (following a large, old, "black" Rover), and his ability to tantalise. ("I've never seen such straight pubic hairs in my life!"), and cope with Professors ("Do you really believe all that?").

After a brief trip to Perth (to get away from it all **again**), John returned a world authority on Intravenous Banana Therapy and Purulent Discharges.

A charming bedside manner (!) and marvellous sense of humour will undoubtedly assure him of a successful medical career.



ALAN NORMAN WHITE

"Did you get a bit, mate?"

Full-time sportsman and part-time labourer, trolley-boy and hospital telephonist, Al manages to squeeze in the odd lecture and tutorial between his other activities.

Six years saw great changes in the gentle giant — new face, new shape, new clothes, new car — but with the same basic down to earth attitude to examiners and patients alike.

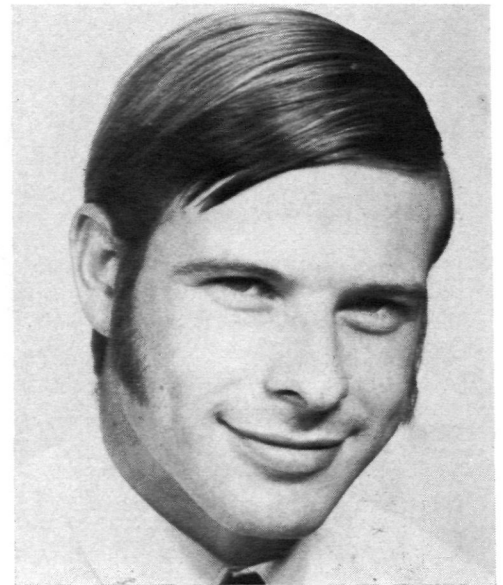
Loves of beauty in general and the opposite sex in particular, Al approaches life as if it were a ruck.

With an unusual chromosome pattern, this "Plethoric well set up young man" is probably the only student able to instil sheer terror into some of his tutors. His ability to command respect from his superiors and his prowess at football should ensure a successful future.

ROSS MACLAREN WILSON

"But what about the M.R.C. Trials, Sir?"

Ross arrived from Normanhurst in 1966, the clean-cut epitome of a junior resident. An unscheduled pre-clinical Hiatus was followed by ascent to R.N.S.H., where discovery soon followed that the cool front concealed an unmitigated stirrer. His deadpan style has nonplussed tutors and abruptly grounded some of his high-flying confederates. 1971, a vintage year for bridge, was highlighted by the acquisition for an ex-Wehrmacht scout car welded together with reflecting tape. He then reorganised Ballarat Hospital (drawing upon his Hornsby experience) and cleared the decks for action; girlfriend packed overseas, cards burnt, wit honed — all in preparation for what must inevitably be a fine career.





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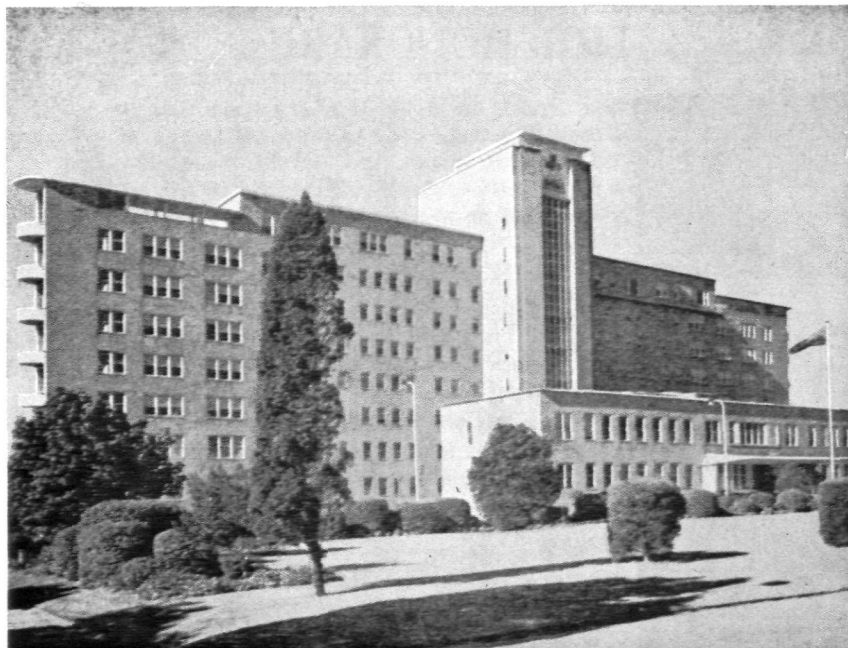
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REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

Compared with most other medical schools in "developed" countries, the medical school in the University of Sydney has an exceedingly large number of students. To train these students the University has placed them at a number of different hospitals and relies heavily on the facilities of those hospitals for teaching. Not all of them are completely suited to training students in a curriculum which requires some knowledge of a wide variety of specialised fields in medicine, surgery and obstetrics. In particular, the Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, (RGHC) has many inadequacies as a teaching hospital. Some of these are obvious and relate to the nature of the patients cared for by the Repatriation System. Other shortcomings are not so obvious and relate to the policies of the Repatriation Department itself. Whilst many of the inadequacies faced by the students in previous years have been overcome, it has become increasingly clear that the resources of the hospital have been strained by the presence of undergraduates.

The hospital has, however, certain advantages for students. There is a high patient student ratio and the range of medical and surgical diseases treated is very large. Facilities are available for living at the hospital with opportunities to see medical and surgical management at all times of day and night. The five weeks spent at Newcastle by 5th year students studying gynaecology have proved to be most profitable and envied by students at other hospitals.

Why then does the RGHC remain the hospital least wanted by students? Basically it is because the hospital is not yet a teaching hospital. A teaching hospital of world standard must have a large number of well trained clinical teachers and these are what are lacking. At present the brunt of the teaching falls on the small academic staff and on the specialist staff who have done a magnificent teaching job. Unfortunately the number of specialists is limited

and the role of the visiting medical officers, as presently constituted, makes it difficult for them (with a few noted exceptions) to be adequate undergraduate teachers at RGHC. In addition, the resident and registrar turnover between departments in the hospital and from year to year leads to a lack of continuity which makes them less valuable as undergraduate teachers than they might otherwise be.

In the 1970's a teaching hospital must have a wider vision than the care of a small section of the community and the teaching of undergraduates and graduates. It must have an enquiring attitude towards disease with active research programmes to answer questions and stimulate thought. It must have a role in the community and it must be active in the further education of general practitioners undertaking continuing care of ex-servicemen in the community.

It seems unlikely, under the present Repatriation Act, that RGHC can in fact ever become a teaching hospital of world standard. Nevertheless, it has had a great deal to offer medical students in the last 2 to 3 years and there is no doubt that it will have more to offer in the future as the hospital is improved by the ensuing years of students. Student attendances have greatly benefitted the clinical meetings and registrars and residents have been stimulated by exposure to student queries and ideas. Indirectly this must have raised the standard of patient care in the hospital.

Future students will owe a lot to those graduating from RGHC this year because of the part they have played in its beginnings as a teaching hospital. They have not had an easy 3 years with lack of physical amenities and few opportunities to visit other hospitals (especially for gynaecology) but the hospital has gained by their presence and we wish them all well in the future.

ANN WOOLCOCK

THE HONORARIES



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"Any tramdriver can ring the bell"

Our one regret is that we did not come into contact with this true clinician before final year. His dynamic approach to clinical medicine and his intense interest in teaching has inspired us all. His wide ranging medical knowledge is only matched by his extensive collection of ties and cufflinks.

We will long remember his willingness to join in discussion of controversial topics, his frequent use of the expression "cloud cuckoo land" and his ability to always have the last say. His conscientious organisation of extra tutorials and medical meetings will be remembered and appreciated by us all.

BALA DURAIAPPAH

If prizes were given for the best anatomy demonstrator, surgical tutor and friend, then Bala would certainly qualify. His sense of humour was highlighted with his introduction at his first anatomy tutorial with the quote of quotes: "As you can see, I had the great fortune of being dipped in the Black Sea at birth." Unfortunately for Bala he has never been allowed to forget it. Yet despite this, he has always insisted that black "parts" work as well as white.

His friendship has been exemplified on numerous occasions by extra tutorials in anatomy and surgery, and words of comfort in times of stress — thanks, Bala.



Associate Professor of Medicine

NEIL DAVID GALLAGHER

Points to remember:

1. Ubiquitous blue coat.
2. Professor at last!!! Congratulations.
3. Ex-swimming champ ("only muscle in my body is my latissimus dorsi").
4. Favourite interests:
B₁₂, pregnant rats, yachting.
5. Wit—sarcasm (occasionally funny).
6. Origin of interest in gastroenterology (? nervous dyspepsia, ? alcoholic gastritis).
7. Easy to approach, friendly professor.
8. "Nuisance trips" to Singapore.
9. Appreciated empathy with students.

DAVID GILLETTE

"What would you do if this patient confronted you in your wall-to-wall carpeted rooms?"

We welcome back to Concord this former gentleman's gentleman, with his longer than regulation locks and pin-striped suits, to the post of Senior Surgeon in Charge, after earning fame and honours in Melbourne over the past four years. This former academic with his great respect for the "merchant-surgeon" has tutored us in the essentials of general surgery often in between phone calls and the worried entreaties of registrars. This is the first time for some years that Mr. Gillette has participated in Concord's teaching curriculum and we have found in him an experienced teacher with an eye for the "essentials", and also a modest one who will talk freely of his problems. "If another of my palliative Polya gastrectomies blocks up, I'll have to give up doing them!"



Clinical Supervisor in Surgery

STANLEY GEORGE KOOREY

"In ninety-nine point nine percent of cases"

They seek him here, they seek him there, that elusive surgeon-extraordinaire. In fact this rare species is still difficult to find even in his more permanent, but hardly used, habitat of the new Clinical Sciences Building, in an office marked Clinical Supervisor. The only ones to catch sight of him is his fourth year tutorial group twice weekly. Many is the student who can remember "stopping for a Stanley" in a draughty corridor or pan room, to be thoroughly drilled in the basics of clinical surgery, which he taught very well. We thank him for this as well as instilling in us the virtues of patience and continence.

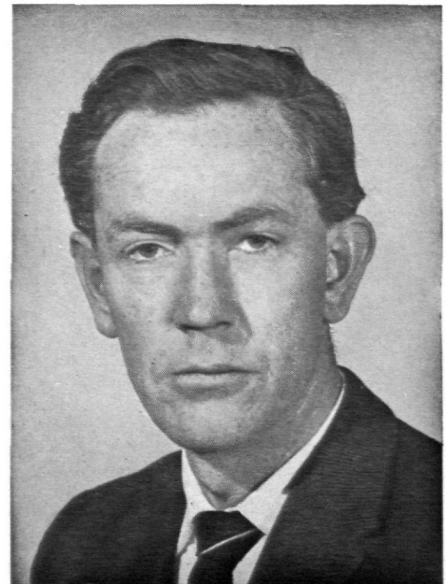
Maybe you could try to find him at home, Judy!

DOUGLAS CAMERON MACKENZIE

A unique vascular surgeon with a flair for repartee and aneurysms. His greying hair and razor-sharp personality blend superbly with his care-free way of life, giving us a picture of him in his ace flying days when no doubt he would have been a strong contender for the "Red Baron" title.

For Doug Mackenzie discretion is **not** the better part of valour, as many of his malingering Repat patients have found. Woe betide anyone who should dabble in the realms of fantasy as they are quickly diagnosed as sufferers of "The supra-tentorial wipe out syndrome" and sent on their way.

We have learnt much from this surgeon who enjoys the spices of life and will not be bound by the conservatism of the profession.





JOHN PATRICK O'NEILL

Most of us had not met with Mr. O'Neill prior to final year, but we were at once impressed by his very practical approach to clinical teaching.

It was refreshing to encounter a tutor so interested in the more practical aspects of common surgical problems, yet at the same time it was alarming to find how little about these illnesses we knew, even as a group of minds working together to answer the question that each of us in turn had attempted previously to answer.

His method of having each individual write down the suspected diagnosis was the cause of many a hasty explanation and red face when one found oneself out on a limb.

All those he taught have greatly appreciated his help.

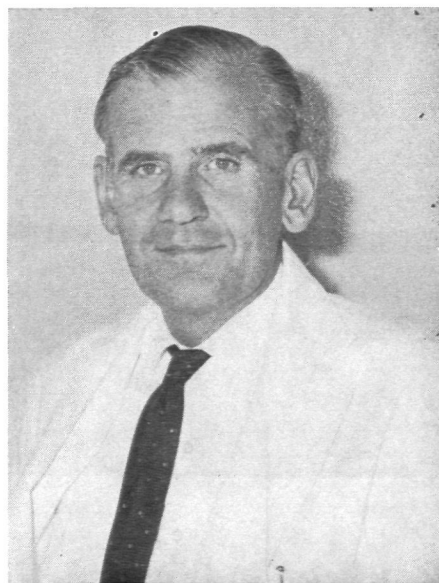
Associate Professor of Surgery

MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

"When I was young I opened up a young barmaid . . . She was full of gin."

Final year students at R.G.H. will remember Prof. Murray Pheils as the man who introduced them to the practical techniques of the surgeon's art. His deft use of the scalpel and his manipulative skill with the sigmoidoscope and biopsy forceps are matched only by his ability to soothe the shattered nerves of patients subjected to such procedures. He has on many occasions demonstrated that a friendly handshake and a willingness to listen are good medicine.

We greatly appreciate the effort and interest he has shown in the organisation of the student programme especially the Friday afternoon sessions. We will long remember this tall, gentle Englishman and the example he has set.



ROBERT PETER SILVERTON

Punctuality and precision are the hallmarks of Mr. Silvertown's tutorials. Never a morning passed when his cheery smile would not be waiting for the scruffy mob to arrive, and then after some short pleasantries and discussion on the intricacies of mowing bowling greens, business would begin.

In his tutorials a blend of common sense and experience prevailed, and our appreciation of surgical problems was thus enhanced, moreover his encouragement and patience exemplified his teaching ability which will always be remembered.

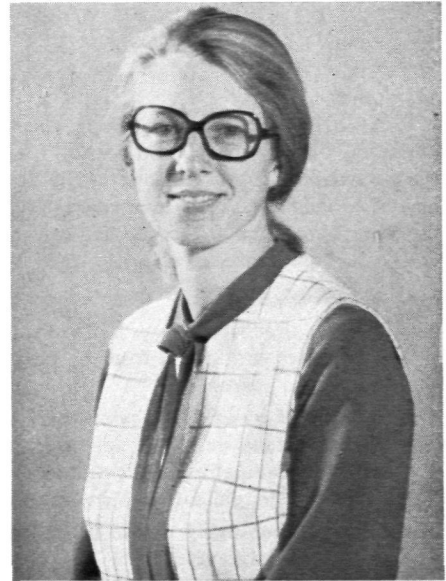
Mr. Silvertown is a true gentleman and while he walks the wards of Concord — chivalry will not be lost.

Clinical Supervisor in Medicine

ANN WOOLCOCK

We first met our new clinical supervisor at the beginning of Vth Year and she impressed us immediately with her enthusiasm for teaching us some clinical medicine. She has proved a valuable link between the country club and the university, keeping us in touch with the other hospital. In between numerous trips to New Guinea she has endeavoured to teach us the value of respiratory function tests — in particular spirometry.

We will always remember her efforts to get us into the wards and her Tuesday lunchtime sessions in Vth Year when we learnt about the finer points of medicine.



NORMAN RICHARD WYNDHAM

"The best way to learn surface anatomy is on the beach."

Mr. Wyndham's association with us will always remain a memorable one. In our junior years it was Mr. Wyndham "The Embryologist" who so graphically depicted the secrets of anatomy to us, his diagrams were excellent.

Then during our senior years we admired the precision and kindness of Mr. Wyndham "The Surgeon" as he taught us head and neck surgery in the theatre and in the lecture room.

But it is Mr. Wyndham "The Humanitarianist" we will always remember and try to emulate; his nature so aptly typified by his horticultural flare. His gentle respect to his patients and his hospitality to his students we loved. (Such as the night he invited us home).

OTHER TEACHERS

On arrival at R.G.H., we were greeted by a delicious afternoon tea and introduced to our first tutors who had the unenviable task of teaching us the first steps in the art and science of physical examination. On the surgical side we were taught the difference between lumps and bumps and shown multitudes of skin lesions by the following:

Mr. Anderson: A surgical tutor extraordinaire.

Mr. Healey: Renowned for his fire-engine driving and cellar. We learnt much from his unruffled manner and systematic approach.

The late **Mr. Hughes:** The obvious question to a jaundice patient: "Have you had any watercress lately?" His unruffled sympathetic, gentlemanly manner instilled confidence in patient and student alike.

Mr. Koorey: Thoroughly drilled his students in the basics of clinical surgery.

At the same time the medical tutors impressed on us the importance of a thorough physical examination and the wealth of information that can be gained from a single sign, they were:

Dr. Evans: A ball of nervous energy — he taught us well and expected students' answers to return with the rapidity of a squash ball (this rarely happened).

Dr. Noble: Remembered for his unique sense of humour, managed to instill a little knowledge into us by his extremely thorough tutorials.

Dr. Royle: A rare cocktail — a mixture of squash, isotopes and sailing produced in intoxicating series of tutorials.

During our Med. V year we spent many short periods studying the "specialties". At the same time we continued building on our previous work in medicine and surgery.

Professor Gye: By his clear analysis of the subject made clear in our heads the intricacies of neurosurgery.

Ross Dunn: "Been having a bit of trouble with your bowels lately, champ?" His surgical and teaching skills are unrelated to his golfing abilities.

Dave Perry: Impressed us with his down-to-earth approach to teaching — stressing always the fundamentals.

Dr. Byers and Dr. O'Leary: Initiated us into the mysteries of anaesthetics and allowed us to try our skill at "putting a patient out".

Dr. Davies and Dr. Woolcock: Allowed us to examine fellow students' ears, noses and throats.

Dr. Lennox and Dr. Findlater: Taught us to look into the depths of the eye.

Dr. Lennon: Gave fascinating tutorials about fractures, ensuring attendance by providing fabulous afternoon teas.

Dr. Bear: Gave us more than a surface knowledge of dermatology.

Dr. Chambers: Ensured our sanity by making psychiatry appear natural and normal.

Final year: In spite of being "the most relaxed final year ever." (Impressions can be misleading!!) The following people made the maximum use of the time remaining to impart a small fraction of their knowledge and experience to us.

Professor Blackburn: A regular visitor at 8.30 a.m. on Monday, who through his understanding and wisdom greatly helped to increase our knowledge of medicine.

Professor Piper: A visitor from the "country club" who gave us the benefit of different point of view.

Professor McLeod: Well known for his interest in students, our understanding of neurology has increased immensely due to his patience and kindness at tutorials.

Peter Maher: At tutorials poured out a steady stream of information and held our interest with his collection of stones and urological instruments.

Dr. McGarrity and Dr. Meares: Weekly braved the wilds of Concord to revise (or maybe teach) that unheard of branch of medicine at Concord — O. and G.

Dr. Grant: "The teres minor is a twit of a muscle". An affable tutor whose humour fractured many a tutorial.

Dr. Faithful and Dr. Schieb: Enlightened a previously underdeveloped area of our knowledge with weekly tutorials.

Mr. Furber: Managed to construct from previous fragments and basic fundamentals a little knowledge of plastic surgery in our minds.

Dr. Lawrence: "Well how would you treat this? . . . Uh! . . . Then what will you say to the coroner?"

OTHERS

We would like to note our appreciation of the registrars, sisters and nurses at Concord who have helped to make our years at Concord both pleasant and constructive. The registrars, especially have made a major contribution to our learning via impromptu tutorials and willingness to discuss "interesting cases" in their wards.

Clinical Supervisor's Secretary

JUDY VITENS

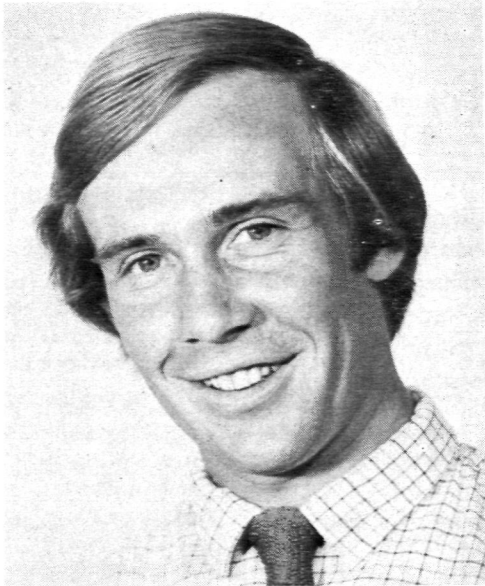
Judy has been a most helpful friend during our clinical years. She was always aware of the intricate details of the syllabus and kept us in touch with the "current affairs" of the course. We soon found Judy to be very efficient in getting things done and nothing was too much effort for her.

She has also been prepared to let us cry on her shoulder and throughout has kept bright and cheerful. Her sympathy has allowed our depressed, anxious and often neurotic aggressions to be expressed.

We were delighted when Judy was married and thrilled recently to know she was expecting. We will be sorry to see her leave us, but wish her and her husband best wishes for the future.



THE STUDENTS



DOUGLAS IVAN JOHN BARTSCH

"I've got to ring Stephanie."

Douglas entered Medicine from Newington via a prolonged holiday in Europe and the U.S. No-one is sure as to how he came by his humour and penetrating wit. Let it suffice to say it is either congenital or acquired.

His early marriage to Stephanie provided them with an opportunity to display their resourcefulness, for "living-in" rarely interfered with their togetherness.

A stunning dresser, Doug's taste in clothing was modified by his jaunts overseas, so that now he is often seen gracing the wards with his red elastic collared ties, brown walk sox and blue shorts, all at once.

The thoughtfulness and concern Douglas shows for his patients, combined with his diligence and willingness to learn, shall make him a valuable member of our profession.



THOMAS JAMES ATKINS

"Would that be a carnivorous mole?"

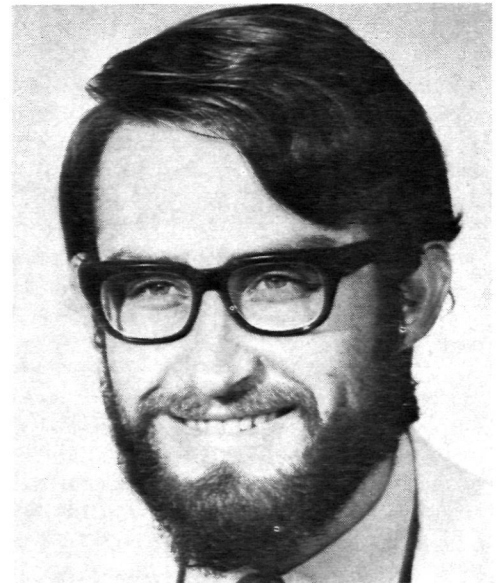
Tom Atkins entered the medical faculty in 1967, coming from The Kings' School, Parramatta.

He resided at St. Andrew's College throughout his course and between the Grose Farm and the playing fields he did manage to find some time for the faculty: in fact just enough time to lead the examiners on a merry dance at the end of nearly every year.

The high point of his undergraduate career was his elective term sortie to Greece and Europe with "Lotions" and "Dum-Dum".

Retsina, Stiegl—brau, Vat 69, Norwich Bitter, and falling cast-iron cisterns in Istanbul still bring back fond memories and terrifying nightmares.

Tom should make an excellent doctor.



WILLIAM HAROLD BEER

"You must look at the total patient!!"

Bill has undeniably won our respect and admiration by his ability to prevent a successful university career from interfering with his relaxed life style. How he has managed to combine golf, skiing, squash, expeditions around Australia, New Guinea and even Europe — as well as passing his examinations and avoiding cirrhosis is beyond our comprehension. The secret probably lies in the fact that he is a "natural" in the medical field — a rare combination of ability and a calm unassuming manner. Since his medical enthusiasm is totally unrelated to his driving abilities we feel sure that his medical career must be long and fruitful, both for himself and for his patients.

We wish him well.

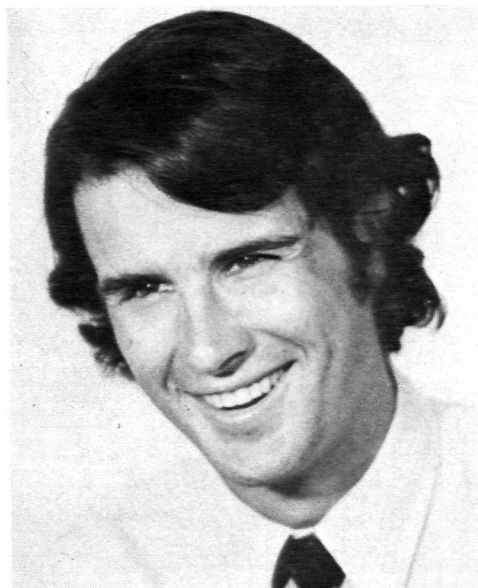
ANTHONY JAMES DELANEY

"Could you come back later?"

Would Tony return from elective term in Europe?
 Would they ship back a sodden wreck?
 Would it be the same old Tony of yesteryear?

Dark glasses every Monday morning after particularly heavy weekends of surfing, skin-diving, gliding, scrambling, football or ski-ing, a power of girlfriends, X number of lotions: yes, Tony was back as normal. Bridge play resumed with the Delaney personal bidding system, so often not only befuddling his opponents, but horrifying his partner.

Sixth year saw Tony at more tutorials than ever before. He was back to pit wits against old antagonists over the intricacies of disease as taught by the physicians and that synthesized by Tony's agile brain; which could make him the greatest clinician since Osler.



CHRISTINE JOY EDWARDS

"Listen kid, if you want my body, my mind goes with it!"

The role of woman in Medicine is tea-making. Chris has tried to compromise male coercion, challenge student chauvinism and repel amorous advances throughout her six years in Medicine. (Yet she still makes a good cup of tea!)

There is no doubt Chris' charm, personality and confidence (as already proven in New Zealand) have helped pave the way for her future success. Her one-time ambition in bioengineering may well yet be realised and all the old hands will probably see this academic in full flight again.

LAURENCE JOHN FINGLETON

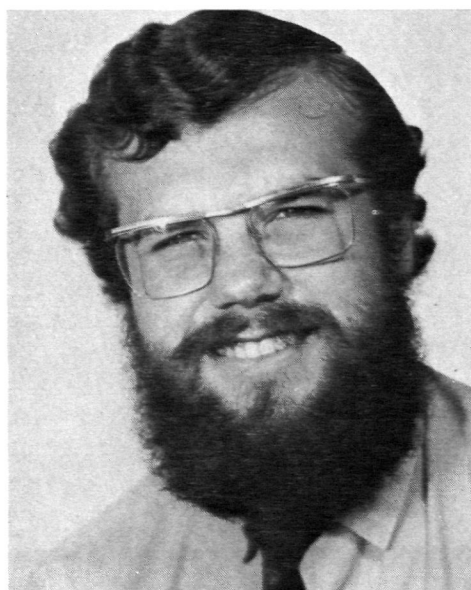
"You wouldn't be Jack's son . . ."

Larry came to Sydney from Canberra ostensibly to avoid being drafted for Prime Minister or hung as Ned Kelly.

Medicine's gain was cricket's loss, although in later years his crib exposure to photographs of W. G. Grace, doubtless through some chromosomal effect, has produced the inevitable results on his physiognomy.

"Fingers" — a nickname earned in the nurses' swimming pool — went to Talasea, New Guinea, for elective term and diagnosed an epidemic of Barcoo Rot until informed of the existence of Tropical Ulcers.

Footballer, goal-kicker extraordinaire, Journalists' Club denizen, well known around the billiard tables and compiler of forty-three causes of neonatal jaundice, his solid approach to clinical work and his broad experience will carry him far in Medicine.





PATRICIA ELIZABETH GIBSON

Tricia — *"Sorry, I'm late."*

Dr. Noble — *"Miss Gibson, some things I can believe, that I cannot!"*

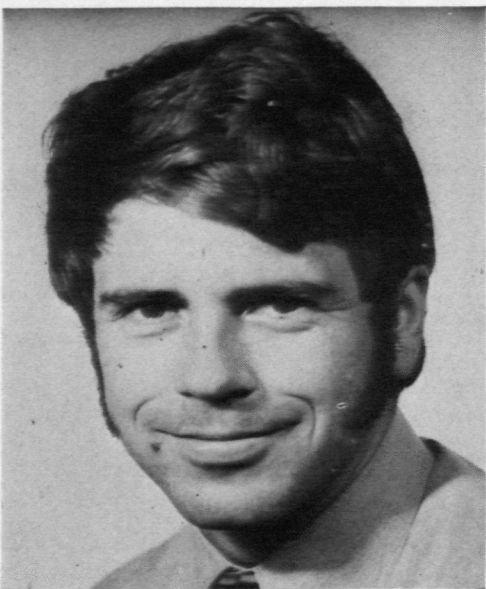
P — persistent
 E — erst while
 G I B — good in bursts
 S — sexy
 O — obtuse
 N — naive

Patricia has been very active in para-medical fields, Medical Society, Women's Union and the S.R.C. combined with an occasional visit to R.G.H. We wish her every success in the future — hopefully in Medicine!

NICHOLAS MICHAEL GREGORY

"All men are brothers except Greeks, they're all cousins."

Nick was born into the fish-shop set and hails from from the semi-detached Greek island of Sans-Souci. While maintaining a steady progress through his clinical years, he has taken on the task of guiding his less motivated colleagues along the paths of academic righteousness, while supplying them with such gastronomic exotica as persimmons and guavas. Nick (in his sartorial elegance) will doubtless prove a prize catch for the right young lady from the right island in the Aegean. We all feel sure that he will make a fine xenoral practitioner in the future, easily gaining the trust and respect of all his patients.



DENNIS ANTHONY GRINIUS

"Rubbish"

Hailing from beautiful downtown Meadowbank, via Germany, Perth, South America and Guildford, the fun-loving Lithuanian lighthorseman added to these lesser qualifications that of topping the fourth year exams in 1970. Married to Virginia in the same year, he numbers among his hobbies snooker, fishing, bridge, re-arranging his furniture and the wearing of gay ties and polka-dot shirts, upon which tutors have been heard to remark: "Dennis, where are your trousers?"

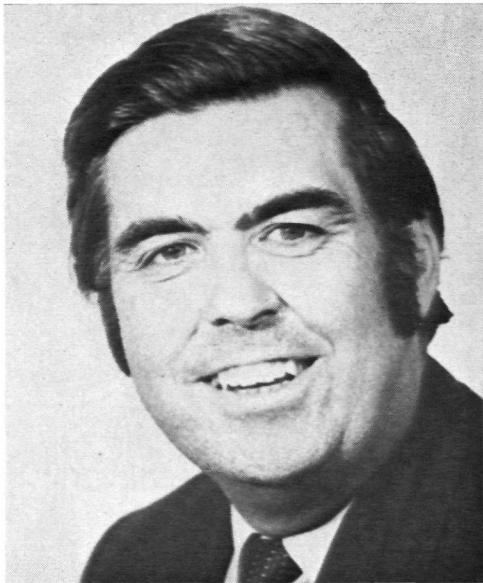
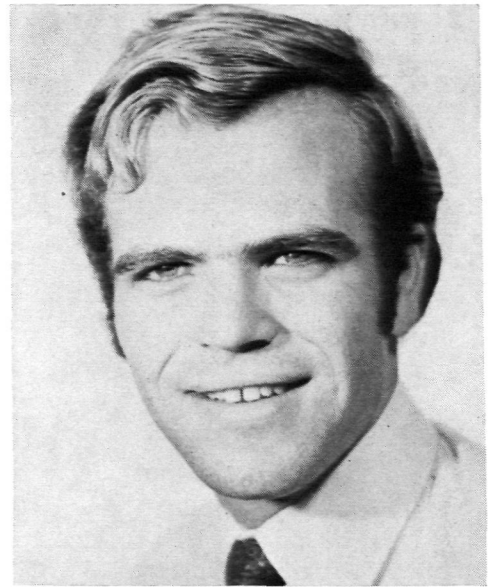
Dennis has become well-liked over the years, forming a solid group of friends who respect him and will be proud to have him as a professional colleague.

GREGORY LEON HICKS

"Could it — ah — would it be?"

Greg joined us after a short stint in the Faculty of Dentistry, no doubt where he acquired his infectious smile and cheerful disposition. During his schooling at Maitland Boys' High, Greg became learned in the art of rhetoric and has furthered this talent to successfully circumvent all questions asked him during tutorials.

He is the proud owner of a green Cooper S which serves as a regular commute to his home town and which has undoubtedly assisted his three year old romance with a certain femme on the nursing staff at Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital. Greg's more serious, hard working approach to his subjects has paid off in the past and will take him far in his chosen profession.



NOEL HICKSON

Noel, though senior to most of his colleagues in years, wisdom and general knowledge has become well absorbed into our collective insanity. Though plagued (or "blessed") with numerous commitments outside the medical sphere (teaching at Tech, solving domestic upheavals, pranging his car on the first day of term and sorting out the mechanical problems of those of his friends); he has relentlessly and unwaveringly attacked his goal.

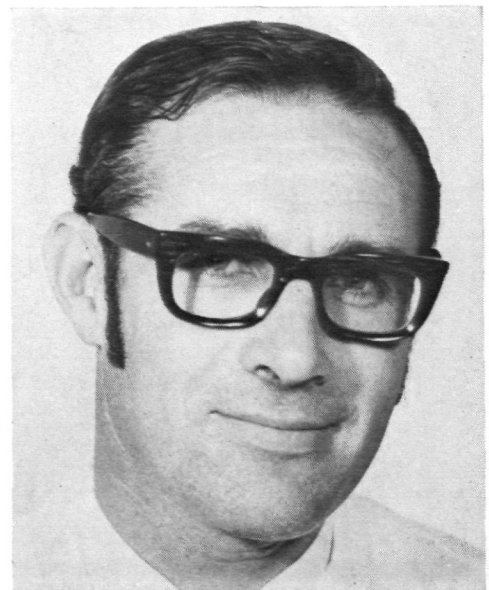
Never known to be outspoken (or to carry a handkerchief) his inflexible logic and his amiability will, we are sure, carry him through the vicissitudes of married life, the tribulations of parenthood (which he knows by now better than most) to a successful and rewarding future.

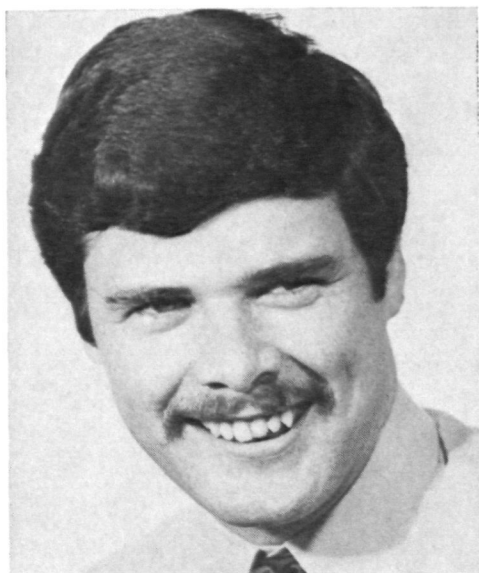
PETER JOHN KENNEDY

"Listen here matey — that was before you were born"

Professional student, biased right winger, father of three, connoisseur of wines, defender of the faith, chess grandmaster, jazz enthusiast, side-slipping skier — Peter weighed in at the tender age of thirty four years (when life ends for most) and has successfully fought his way through Medicine. How Peter has managed to continue a successful dental practice, persevere with his studies and remain a fine father has never ceased to amaze us.

In his corner he has his devoted wife Norma; together they have provided a fine source of inspiration to all in our year. Surely this dental surgeon will finally realise his ambition to extract teeth P.R. . . . So "Let's show a little respect".





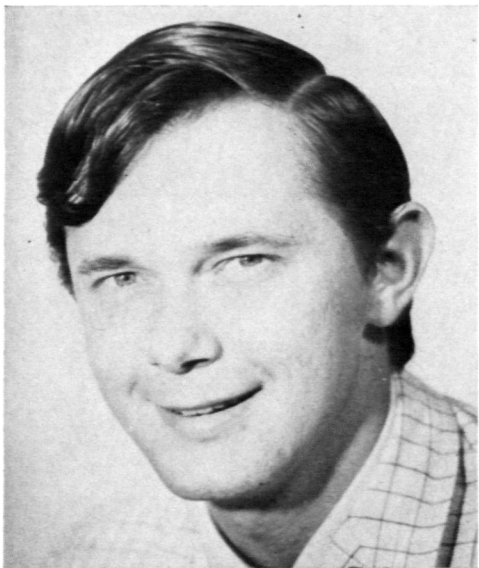
PETER JOHN KNIGHT

"I got the first leg up in the Daily Double at Warrnambool."

Peter, "Zeuk" to everyone but the examiners, has used his seven years in Medicine to combine his easy going way of life with a sprinkling of late runs for the exams and the TAB.

Educated at Riverview, St. Johns, the University and Concord, "Zeuk" has made many lasting friendships, one even progressing to marriage. His latter years in Medicine have been taken up with refining his flourishing home-brew business, he has just signed a contract with the Concord Students' Club.

A keen follower of horses, their form and breeding "Zeuk" has devoted some time in search of the ultimate daily double and since retiring to the stud has confounded the experts who now look forward to progeny by "Zeuk" out of "Tink" in November '72.



IHOR MICHAEL KOCIUMBAS

"Has anyone rung?"

Ihor, originally from Waverley College is one who is rarely ignored: whether in study, sport or social life.

Apart from his adventurous sporting activities he also likes debating, politics and a particular young lady. When not studying in his room he invariably will be in the telephone booth making arrangements concerning business or play; trying to prove that business and play do mix!

Academically he came to light after the fourth year introduction to clinical Medicine and has been gaining in strength ever since. He undoubtedly has acquired that bed-side manner that is so useful in many a situation.

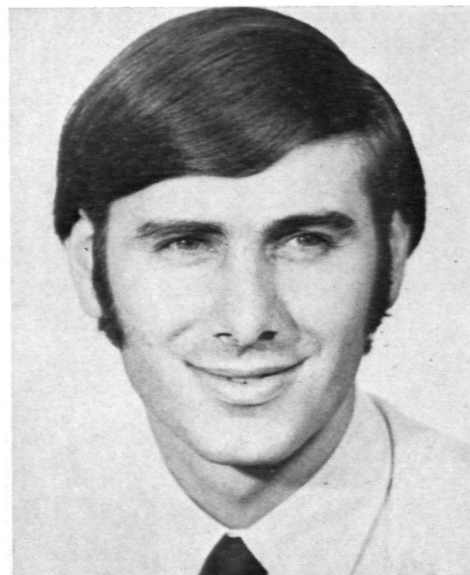
His personal experience with the Prof., in New Guinea, bountiful enthusiasm, pleasant and perfectionistic personality will carry him in good stead for the future.

KENNETH COLLINGWOOD KITTO

"Mutter, mutter, mumble . . . er, ah . . . trailing off into utter incoherence."

An unusual and disarming syndrome comprising high intelligence, acute confusion, tangential thinking, dyslexia, dysarthria (particularly under stress) extraordinary visual acuity and pharyngeal insensitivity. Collects empty tobacco tins, dirty pipe rags, assorted wheezes and rhonchi and unexpected deferred examinations.

Inadvertently married, to Charry and the R.A.A.F., and should in years to follow, become the youngest grandfather in the Faculty's history. Will probably mumble his way successfully through his finals and into residency, and happily (in fact euphorically), perched on the razor's edge of sanity, he will enjoy the affection and admiration of his colleagues and patients in the years to come.



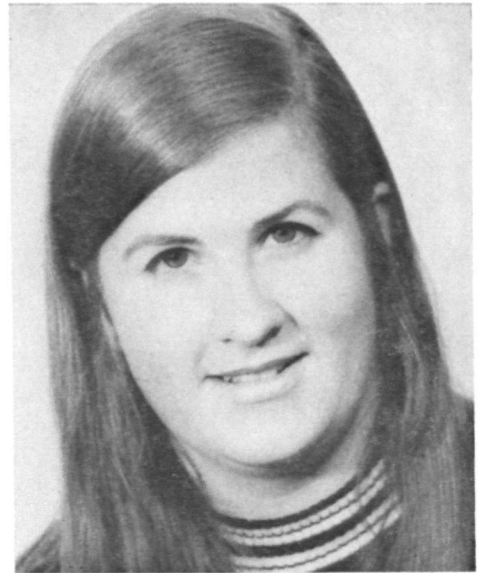
ROSEMARY LEA LOVELL

"Oh, it's for a niece of mine."

Since leaving Women's College, she has been driving to Concord from Beecroft in her well known white (at least off white) Bambina — How long that little Fiat can keep up its love affair with Rosemary remains to be seen. It still managed, however, to transport Rosemary and members of the group on regular expeditions to the local R.S.L. Club for pre-tutorial oesophageal calisthenics, and unerringly navigated its own way back for the said tutorials.

Rosemary first joined our all-bachelor group in O and G term at St. Margaret's, gratifying us with her viola and tea-making, and unnerving us with her knitting (see quote).

She ceased oscillating between Amsterdam and Copenhagen to complete Medicine and follow in her father's footsteps.

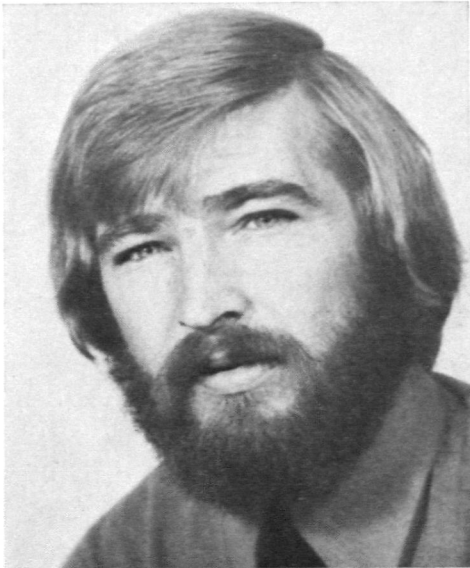


TERENCE RICHMOND MITCHELL

"Buggered if I know."

Terry, R.G.H.'s "will of the wisp" medical student, parachuted into Medicine II from the Fleet Air Arm, a short but significant part of his life which still influences his driving as evidenced by his mercy dashes from Concord to Carlton. For a man whose taste in women is legendary, he astounded us all at the Psychiatry exams when he announced that he had married the beautiful Jane, only four days earlier.

Renowned for five minute histories from incoherent "Anxiety Neurosis" patients (i.e. Chronic C₂H₅OH's) he weaved his way through Medicine dodging both tutors and posts. Often he has been heard to respond to a searching question with "buggered if I know, I'm going home", a threat which invariably implies a trip to Deniliquin, his home town.



KENNETH JAMES MUTTON

"Are you related to . . .?"

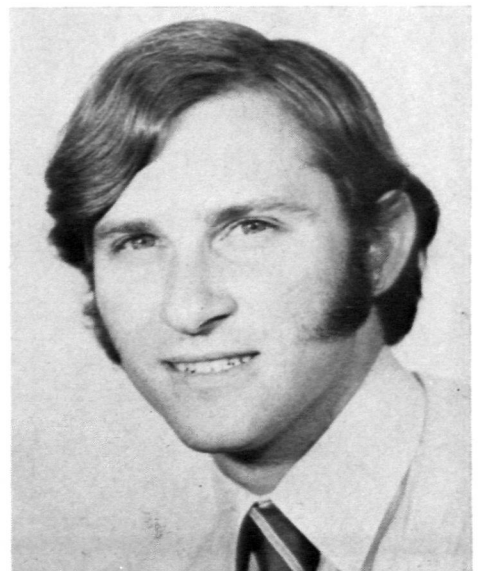
We were very fortunate to acquire Ken into our group — he came to us in fourth year with a big reputation based on extensive experience in the pre-clinical years.

Slow and thorough in his clinical work, his diligent search for the elusive ankle jerk led to his endeavours being recognised as one of the commoner causes of foot drop at R.G.H.

Ken has been very active in the last few years, particularly at the common-room bridge table and an elective term spent at the Children's Hospital studying coeliac disease.

His engagement early in the year to Marissa came as no surprise and with her secretarial experience she will be a great asset to Ken's surgery.

We wish him well.





GEOFFREY STEWART OLDFIELD

"Christ, what a load of garbage!"

Geoff came to us after a career in the business world. At University he has displaced most of his aquatic pursuits to excel in the art of seduction. His ability to extract himself from tight situations is unexcelled (he remains single).

Members of his group have often reeled under the weight of his dynamic dogmatism, delivered with demonstratable decibellage and/or abrupt anecdote.

His judicious use of hyperbole with his tendency to confabulate and grog on make Geoff our most popular potential Korsakoff.

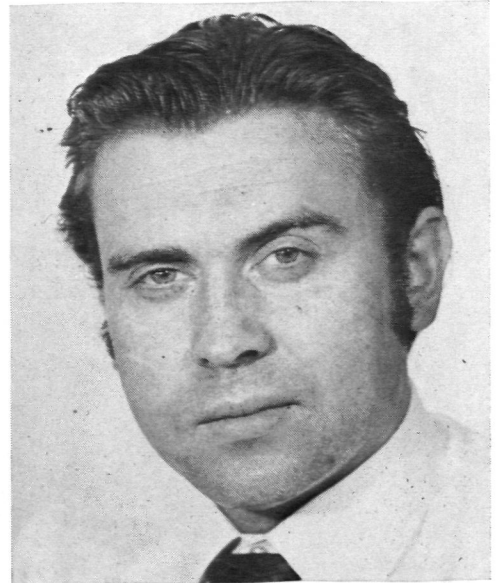
For one whose main interest is Surgery, he shows remarkable insight and is bound to succeed.

ARVO PEARSON

No TAB Agency in the West which he hasn't frequented. Always in a hurry — he even arrived on the Med. doorstep in a hurry. Then as a dental graduate began passing each year with the minimum of effort and maximum of cramming. What luck!!

Running true to form he enticed Helen into wedlock in Fourth Year and as a result of the prodromal staged delivered a bouncing son with the onset of final year. His favourite hobby has always been sport, excelling in Interschool Basketball, but since, marriage, betting and occasional elbow bending has superseded this pastime.

No doubt with his soaring success, he'll experience an adventurous career and save many a damsel in distress.



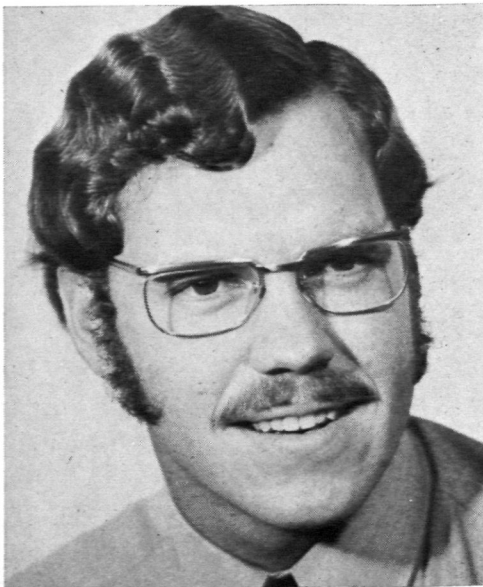
FREDERICK GEOFFREY PRIOR

"I've got my itch back, but it's all right, my cerebrum's been scratched."

Baby-faced and armed with a B.Sc., this gentle unassuming passive-aggressive personality entered the Faculty in 1968. Stuttering his way through tutorials he became loved by nurses, colleagues and tutors alike, and in that order.

His long hours in the Labour Ward were not unrewarded as he caught the eye (and the noose) of one of the sisters and is now well on the way to the altar steps.

We believe that Geoff is one person who is going to make it in this world, and his courteous gentle nature will enable him to help others. Friendship with Geoff has been a satisfying experience and we wish him well in his coming marriage and professional career.



SHARYN JOYCE PUSSELL

Aetiology: Bankstown born and bred, exiled to Concord in 1970 for the duration of her clinical years.

Pathology: Black boots, purple slacks, tight sweaters. Probably benign, but has tendency to stir nuns and clinical supervisors.

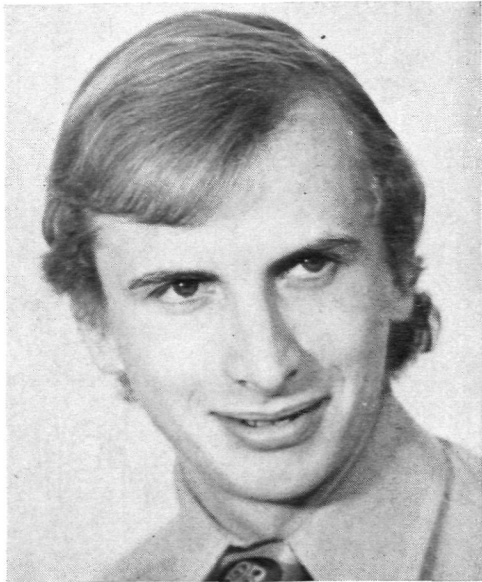
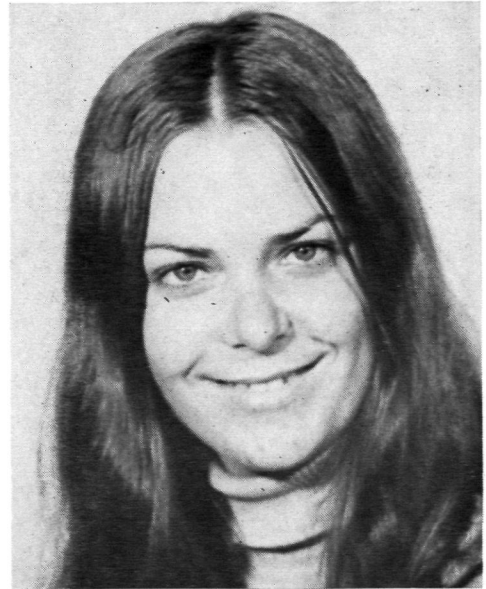
Clinical Features: Punctual, aggressive, hairy bird. Uptake by active transport (Yamaha 180) — non rate — limited. Controlled absorption into textbooks, tutorials and registrar's rounds.

Distribution: Most prevalent in proximity of a certain variety of pipe smoker.

Provisional Diagnosis: Med. bird with atypical features — She's actually quite likeable!

Prognosis: Untreated will inevitably spread into higher med. fields.

Treatment: M.B., B.S. Regime; long term therapy — probably best carried out in a paediatric unit.



GEORGE HENRY RADVAN

Alias "Rip Radvan Winkle", whose former title was so unpronounceable that it was deemed necessary to simplify matters for his charming wife, and son, and future patients.

George's remarkable ability to sleep through all tutorials, either seated or standing, could not be equalled; the precipitating factor on many occasions being the switching off of lights in order to view slides.

We feel that George, with his enthusiasm for learning and his excellent examination results throughout his career, will contribute greatly to medicine.

But please, leave the lights on!

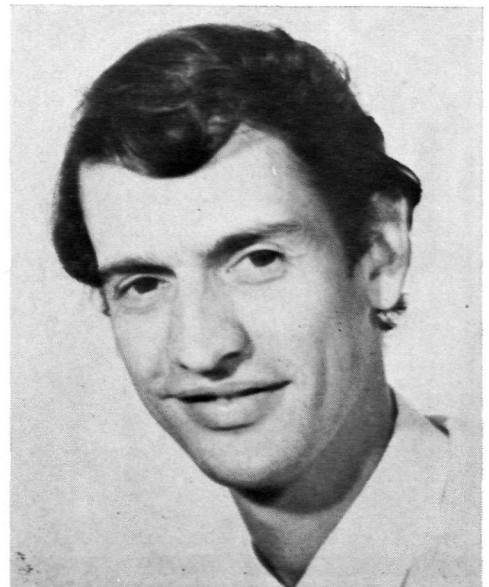
WILLIAM HUNTER WATT

"Yes . . . well no!"

Hunter joined us in first year, a rather raw cocky from the bush with his head in the clouds mainly because of his six feet four inches!

His passage to final year has been accomplished with a minimum of fuss, with Hunter managing to pursue his many non-medical interests without hindering his academic progress. Known for his tastes for music, fine food, wine and three cent shares, he added to his collection a young French teacher Jude, whom he wooed and wed in fifth year.

Hunter's friendliness and conversational ease gains him instant rapport with any patient and will stand him in good stead for his future in medicine.





DAVID ANDREW WAUGH

"And what are we going to talk about today?"

This ex-captain of the Kings School came to the Faculty in 1967, as a resident of St. Paul's College.

His open friendly face quite deceptively concealed the real David's underlying open friendly nature.

He combined musical talent with his extensive sports — sailing, skiing, golf and rugby. He also frequently disappeared after tutorials to art classes or Marie-Anne, with whom he has since jeopardized his bachelor status.

As he comes from a heavily medically orientated family, we suspect his interest in Medicine is a congenital defect, rather than any fault of his own, which he will assuredly overcome to the benefit of Medicine.

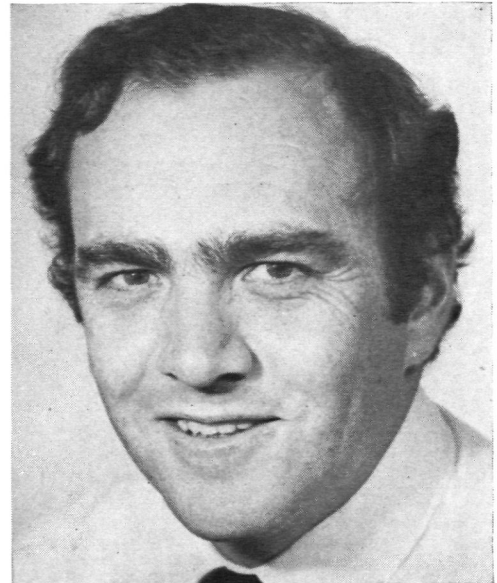
BRIAN ROY WHITE

Brian is one of the more studious and conscientious members of our year, coming to us after three years as a teacher. His capabilities reach far outside the realm of medicine — anyone who can keep intact and roadworthy a B.M.C. mini for over 250,000 miles just has to be a hypomanic mechanic.

Brian is yet another of our colleagues who has succumbed to the strange allure that marriage holds — he married Diana and together they make a formidable N-S or table tennis team.

He is the person one calls upon to supply the sixth acquired cause of splenomegaly in Egyptian mummies or the pathogenesis of the Winkott-Aldrich Syndrome. The validity of his exposés is often doubted but rarely are they not substantiated.

We wish both he and Diana a prosperous future.



ANTHONY RODHAM WILSON

Tony entered Medicine after completing his schooling at St. Joseph's College.

He arrived in final year having acquired in his passage through Medicine, a wife Moira, a son David, an extensive wine collection and a little medical knowledge. From these achievements, it is obvious that Tony's wide interests have not impeded his progress.

Tony is known amongst his friends as a sporting man, having won many a golf match with skill and a measure of luck. His luck extends to claiming the occasional jackpot and backing several "daily doubles". In fact, of recent years, the "Sport of Kings" has to an extent replaced golf as his major diversionary activity (maybe accounts for a premature "spread").

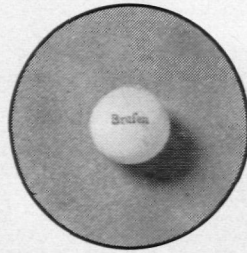
Tony has a sunny character and a relaxed manner which will ensure his success in medical practice.



BOOTS ANTI-ARTHRITICS SOLVE PROBLEMS WITHOUT CREATING

NEW ONES. BOOTS ANTI-ARTHRITICS SOLVE PROBLEMS WITHOUT CREATING NEW ONES.

NEW ONES. BOOTS ANTI-ARTHRITICS SOLVE PROBLEMS WITHOUT CREATING NEW ONES.



The anti-arthritis with minimal side effects.

Brufen

IBUPROFEN

Brufen. A new anti-arthritis that works without the unpleasant and sometimes dangerous side effects that may be associated with other commonly used anti-arthritis.

Brufen may be taken on an empty stomach without gastric upset. Even by patients who have previously experienced gastric upset from other anti-arthritis.

Brufen relieves pain, reduces stiffness and increases mobility.

Long term clinical studies have shown Brufen to be remarkably free of toxic

effects. Adverse haematological changes, specific organ toxicity and alimentary blood loss have not been problems.

Indications:

Rheumatoid arthritis, osteoarthritis and associated inflammatory conditions.

Dosage:

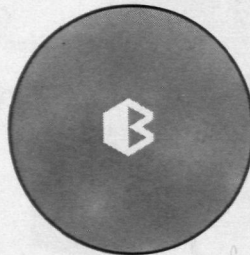
Initially, two tablets three times a day. Maintenance, one tablet three to four times a day.

Precautions:

There are no known contra-indications. However, the safe use of Brufen during pregnancy has not been demonstrated.

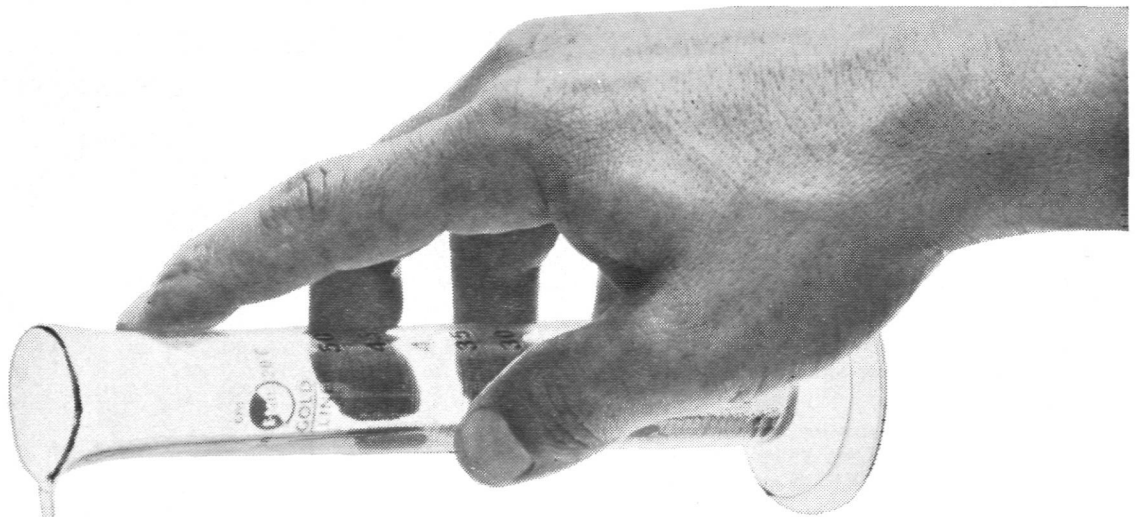
Side Effects:

The widespread use of Brufen has been associated with a singularly low incidence of side-effects, but occasional reports of dyspepsia have been received. In some susceptible patients, isolated cases of gastrointestinal haemorrhage have been recorded. Rarely, a rash has been observed.

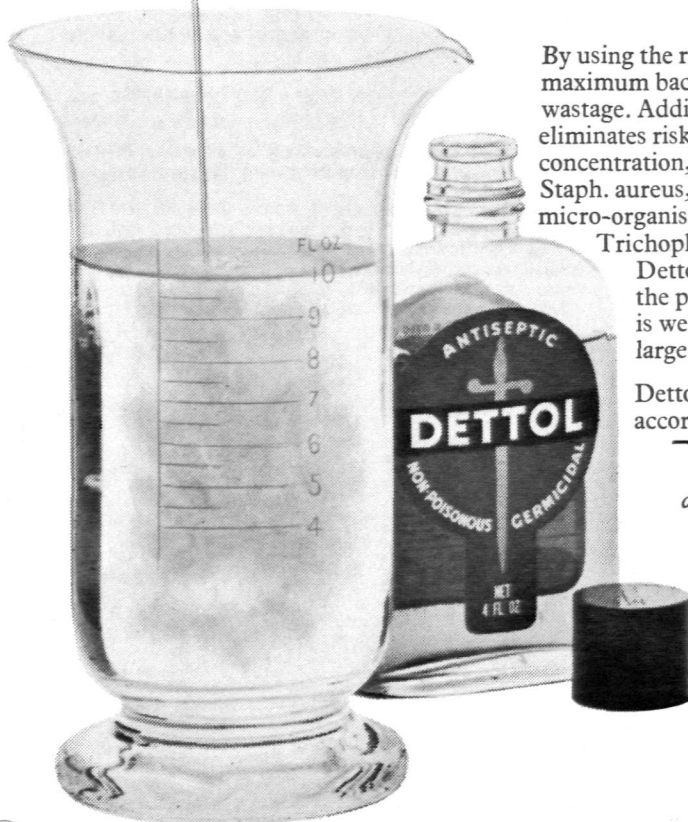


Boots anti-arthritis solve problems without creating new ones

BOOTS ANTI-ARTHRITICS SOLVE PROBLEMS WITHOUT CREATING



make the most of your Dettol



By using the right concentration of Dettol at the right time, maximum bactericidal activity is obtained with minimum wastage. Additionally, correct dilution of Dettol virtually eliminates risk of skin irritation. In the appropriate concentration, Dettol is effective against such bacteria as *Staph. aureus*, *Str. pyogenes*, *E. coli*, *Str. faecalis*, and other micro-organisms such as *Trichomonas vaginalis* and *Trichophyton* species.

Dettol's proven bactericidal activity is increased in the presence of soap, and the efficiency of Dettol is well maintained in the presence of relatively large amounts of organic material.

Dettol is recommended for use at different dilutions according to the circumstances in which it is used.

<i>General disinfection and external antiseptics in obstetrics</i>	<i>1 in 40 ½ fl oz to one pint of water</i>
<i>Wound disinfection</i>	<i>1 in 20 1 fl oz to one pint of water</i>
<i>Vaginal douches</i>	<i>1 in 160 ⅛ fl oz (one teaspoonful) to one pint of water</i>





THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

Memories of the convenience of a pad in town, helpful maids and free laundry, food from the residents' fridge, all night cards and all day too, multips, reading "True Love".

Probably the only term where we were treated as mature adults:—

- tutes if billiards had become a bore
- tutes if the tutors turned up
- tutes if the topic was interesting.

Wednesday lunch aways drew a crowd; a godly psychiatrist's clinic was popular.

Architecturally, Crown Street had little to offer, although the unusually informative notice in the temperamental lift and the incontinent Italian fountain were interesting.

O.P.D. provided all the activity of Wynard Station during peak hour.

Last but not least there was Labour Floor, where it all came together, where the sisters helped more than hindered and where babies were born, whether we attended or not.



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

The obstets. term spent at St. Margaret's will not be forgotten. Having longed to get stuck into the "baby-game" we were not disappointed. At last an active practical participation with none of the blood and guts left out.

Perhaps even more memorable was that rambling tenement-away-from-home also serving as study, beer garden and club; it also served as the venue for some of the best parties of the year and it only just survived the year.

Cards, bottles and visits to the Dolphin were interrupted by the occasional trip to Labour Ward. When the Margaret's nurses were no longer in vogue there was always Crown Street.

Despite all this we did in fact learn some obstetrics and gynaecology. We would like to thank the teaching and nursing staff for such a fascinating term.



KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Those of us who were fortunate to do our O. & G. term at King George V will perhaps remember it most for the personalities with whom we came in contact. Memorable indeed are the tussels we had with the army of pupil midwives, ably led by that stalwart Sister Stuart, whose inflexibility in matters concerning students ensured never a dull moment. Dr. Heseltine, whom many of us had met before in the post-mortem room, demonstrated a lively set of pathology slides and accompanying stories. Dr. Long showed us that labour can be fun if the anaesthetist is on hand. To Dr. Atkinson we owe a great debt:— he was not only ever present in the labour ward

but also ever willing to answer questions or demonstrate techniques. His concern for us in his position as Clinical Superintendent was greatly appreciated. Dr. Storey — “How are your bedsores this morning?” was often seen dashing in and out of wards looking for the student on duty. We soon came to learn that the pace of his tutorials reflected his enthusiasm and that if you could stick with the pace the rewards were worthwhile. Finally Professor Shearman, an hour of sheer delight, in which the logic was shattering, the knowledge incredible, and after which many a student would pledge his future to O. & G.



ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

"Any obstetrician who wears suede shoes isn't worth a pinch of shit." (D. Pfanner)

Clad in our suede shoes and boiler suits we made the occasional long climb to labour floor only to find a nurse already scrubbed; so we watched the gaping vagina through plum coloured glasses.

Four a.m. phone calls, the ever-persistent buzzer, tutes

on lazy afternoons and labour floor battle-axes. Pap smears, duck-bill specula and more vaginas across at out-patients.

For the rest — bridge, boozy nights and more gaping vaginas. Undoubtedly the best term of fifth year.



ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

Fifth year saw us spending a term at "The Kid's Hospital". It was a term few of us shall ever forget! We will never forget the various activities and diversions we underwent whilst there — the long drive, the dodging of the bridge traffic just to get to those 8.30 lectures; the rounds in those unbelievable wards; screaming children everywhere, on beds, under the beds, "lost" in the various corridors. Who shall forget the experience of listening to the chest of a baby whilst he is yelling his lungs out! Many a latent maternal and paternal instinct was awakened amongst our colleagues — witness the high marriage rate in fifth year.

Then there was squash and later the swimming pool — right in our backyard! The dining room proved that hospital food can be both palatable and presentable; the G.P.s taught us what medicine is really like; the people at Tresillian homes tried showing us what the breasts are

really for.

Our teachers were many and varied — who can forget Dr. Hamilton's dramatic demonstrations of the various types of epilepsy — right in the middle of a ward full of perplexed mothers; or of Prof. Stapleton's lessons in "Geography" and of his numerous "good friends" scattered in the most outlandish of places, and, if you belonged to his "drinking group", of the gracious way of "bending the elbow".

Living-in saw many of us take a crash course in poker, solo and mahjong as well as advanced courses in water-throwing. Finally, one week prior to the exam, we all settled down and attempted to learn some Paediatrics — to our surprise we saw what a fascinating discipline it really is!

Indeed we shall well remember our stay at "Kids".



MATER MISERICORDIAE HOSPITAL

The Mater Misericordiae Hospital was founded by the Sisters of Mercy in Willoughby Road in 1906. In 1912 the Sisters opened a private hospital on the site of the existing Mater Private Hospital. The public hospital was established in 1915, adjacent to the private hospital and in its present location.

The Maternity Hospital was established by the Sisters in 1941 on its present site, on the corner of Rocklands Road and Sinclair Street.

Since the earliest days of the Hospital, the Sisters of Mercy have endeavoured to provide the widest possible range of service to the community in spiritual, medical and social spheres.

Although the medical and surgical interests of the Hospital have been traditionally wide and general, nevertheless the Hospital has also been in the forefront of advancing specialism at the clinical level. The co-existence of generalism and specialism within the one institution has, over the years, provided an excellent training situation for Residents prior to entering general practice or proceeding to further specialist training.

The General Hospital contains 260 beds which include 66 obstetrical beds.

The Hospital is associated with the Lourdes Hospital, Killara, which is conducted by the Missionary Sisters of

the Society of Mary. Lourdes Hospital comprises 21 beds and these are used in an "acute after-care" role for patients who have been relocated from the Mater Hospital during their acute illnesses.

The Hospital is further associated with the Greenwich Hospital, in which a ward of 18 beds has been set aside for treatment of patients referred from the Department of Geriatrics and Rehabilitation at the Mater Hospital.

The Mater Private Hospital contains 136 beds. Patients and medical practitioners attend from a wide geographical distribution. By involvement in both public and private sectors of hospital practice, the Sisters endeavour to serve all members of the community.

In 1968 the Hospital was affiliated with the University of Sydney for the purposes of clinical undergraduate teaching. It teaches in co-operation with and under the direction of the Clinical School of the Royal North Shore Hospital. The co-operative programme has been widely praised by teachers and students. A significant quantity of fourth year teaching is undertaken in both medicine and surgery, and a limited quantity of fifth year teaching. Students of all years are welcome to attend lunch-time clinical meetings and to work and study in the departments and wards. Student residencies are available by arrangement with the Clinical Superintendent.

GEOFFREY DIETHELM

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

The oldest of the faculty societies, the Medical Society was founded in 1886 to "provide a common meeting ground for teachers and undergraduates in medicine". The great majority of students join early in their undergraduate course and become life members on graduation. Its history has been a distinguished one; many members who in their undergraduate days were actively involved in Society affairs have acquired eminence in their professional and public careers.

From a very humble beginning, the Society has now grown into an enormous concern of great benefit to both undergraduate and graduate. It is hard to realise that such an organisation has been due to the efforts of undergraduate students of many generations — for example, the initiative shown in establishing the book scheme (the first bookshop on the campus). The co-operative bookshop followed, largely based on the medical society idea.

There are no students in our year who have not benefited from or participated in the society's numerous activities and services. To most, the Medical Society centred around the offices and bookshop on the ground floor of the Blackburn Building — usually crowded (especially on Correlation Clinic Days) with students seeking every aid for success, whether book, instrument, notes, or just an enquiry about examination dates, etc. It was here back in second year we purchased such essentials as Cunningham's Manuals of Practical Anatomy, White, Handler and Smith

which marked us out as medical students; it was here that in fourth year we added the white coat and stethoscope which marked us out as clinicians.

And then there were social aspects — the Annual Ball initially at the traditional Trocadero and then the Town Hall; year dinners and the Annual Dinner. The Lambie-Dew Oration each year provided us with the opportunity of hearing and meeting eminent medical personalities from home and abroad. In sport, Medicine has always been a front-runner in interfaculty competition.

Other benefits included the War Memorial Library Fund which provided large numbers of clinical books at the teaching hospital libraries; this project was financed by the Ladies' Ball Committee. There were also the efforts of Year Representatives and Office Bearers in ironing out the difficulties and problems that never ceased to arise.

To Mrs. Sheila Nicholas (Mrs. Nick), an institution in her own right after twenty one years of service, Mrs. Gregson, and others we owe a great debt.

It is perhaps unfortunate that now, with its great diversity of services and activities, the undergraduate has tended to take for granted the Society and its efforts. We hope that in future years more and more students will actively engage in helping the Society to continue and expand its benefits to its members.

As Life Members it is hoped that we will long remember our Society and continue to make use of its services.



MRS. SHEILA NICHOLAS

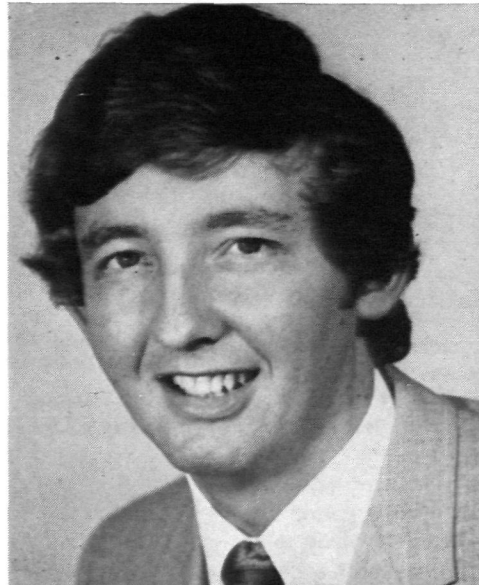
“ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE, 1972

The “Robin May” Memorial Prize was created in 1948 in memory of five members of the Medical Society:

Dr. John Ashley Thompson
 Dr. Richard Grimley King
 Dr. George Renton MacCallum
 Dr. Archibald Bryan Pursell
 Dr. Peter Armson Whitehouse

who were lost at sea on the launch “Robin May” on May 16, 1945.

The prize is awarded to a student who, in the opinion of his colleagues, has displayed outstanding leadership and good fellowship through his or her term as a medical undergraduate.



PHILLIP SELDON COCKS

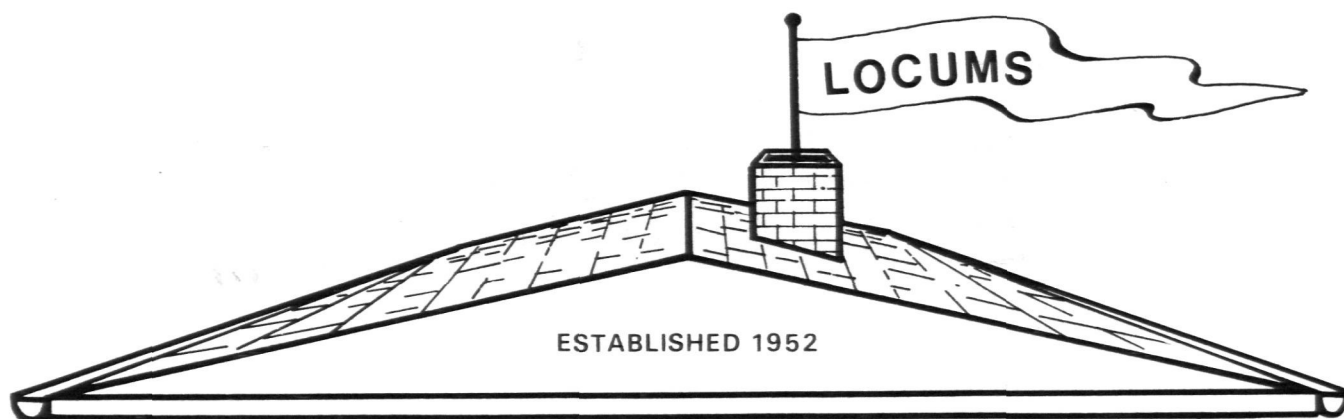
It has been said that, if a man can count his friends on the fingers of one hand, he is indeed a wealthy man. If this is so, then Phil Cocks must be one of the wealthiest men around. Everywhere he goes with his pleasant nature and persuasive way, people are only too happy to oblige.

In the nine short months on the Medical Society Council as final year representative at R.P.A.H., he has done as much as some Councillors could expect to achieve in six years of office. He has been actively involved in the Incoming Residents' Association (affectionately known as the I.R.A.) and has represented students on meetings of the Hospitals' Commission, all of which resulted in a new scheme of J.R.M.O. appointments and better working conditions.

Further achievements were seen at the Final Year Dinner when Phil, given incentive by previous fiascos, decided to organize entertainment for the dinner. The result was a splendid revue with original songs and skits on topical subjects and highlighting popular teaching personalities.

We are delighted that Phil should be awarded such an honour and are sure that he will treasure it. We wish him well in the future and know that his success is assured.

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FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1972

PASS

December, 1972 (Alphabetical)

Ackroyd, N. F. W.
Anderson, P. W.
Arnold, T. C. L.

Bailey, R. W.
Ballin, L.
Barr, A. L.
Bartlett, W. B.
Bartsch, D. I. J.
Bassell, G. M.
Beer, W. H.
Berry, M. P.
Blessing, W.
Bock, K. M.
Bothman, J. W.
Boustead, K. O.
Bowen, H. J. E.
Bradstock, K. F.
Brennan, J. L.
Britton, W. J.
Brown, C. J.

Canelese, J.
Caplehorn, J. R. M.
Carmody, C. J.
Chambers, K. J.
Chapman, G. H.
Chiu, K. C. A.
Chu, J. M. G.
Clarke, S. C.
Clifford, C. A.
Cocks, P. S.
Crandon, A. J.
Crisp, W. J.
Cullen, J. F.
Curotta, J. H.
Currie, M.
Cuthbert, J. A.

Davidson, W. L.
Davies, P. F.
Davis, J. L.
De Torres, H. C.
De Vere Tyndall, A. G.
Delaney, A. J.
Delaney, M. R.
Dick, A. F.
Dixon, D. W.
Dolan, K. O. J.
Donovan, K. M.
Drizulis, I. M.

Edwards, C. J.
Elion, C. L.
Elliott, R. S.

Farbenblum, D. J.
Fingleton, L. J.
Fischer, I. A.
Fitzsimons, R. B.
Foster, R. M.
Freedman, B.

Giblin, P. E.
Gibson, A. R.
Gibson, P. E.
Gill, R. J.
Gordon, J. A.
Gregory, N. M.
Grinius, D. A.

Hanafi, M.
Harris, P. J.
Hay, R.
Hendel, P. N.
Henderson, C. J.

Hicks, G. L.
Hickson, N. R.
Hill, R. E.
Hillman, K. M.
Ho, A. V. H.
Houghton, C. R. S.
Howe, J. S.
Hulcome, A. J.

Jackson, C. J.
Jeffery, P. H.
Jerome, J. E.
Jessup, C. J.
Jones, C. S.
Jones, M. W.

Kearney, T. A.
Kelly, T. A.
Kennedy, P. J.
Kesteven, P. J. L.
Kitto, K. C.
Knight, P. J.
Kociumbas, I. H.
Kosti, J.
Kwan, D. C. S.

Laksito, U.
Lennard, J. H.
Leon, A. D.
Letham, G. J.
Liaw, S. Y.
Logan, B. L.
Lovell, R. L.
Lowe, P.
Lyons, R. J.

Ma, S. C. H.
Margin, C. J.
Martin, P. A.
Matalani, E. E.
Mathieson, M. L.
Maxwell, D. C.
Mayne, P. J.
McDonnell, K. M.
McGrath, B. F.
Medbury, R. J.
Millard, E. M.
Mintscheff, A. M.
Mitchell, T. R.
Moloney, F. X.
Moroney, K. J.
Morris, D. M.
Moynham, A. F.
Murphy, T. M.
Murray, L. M.
Musgrave, L. M.
Mutton, K. J.

Needham, G. M.
Norris, J. J. C.

Oldfield, G. S.

Pascall, V. C.
Patrick, W. G.
Pettit, I. R.
Pohl, M. J.
Preda, A. M.
Prior, F. G.
Pussell, S. J.

Radvan, G. H.
Raffan, B. W.
Refshauge, A. J.
Reiner, R. G.
Richter, M. B.

Rickard, P. E.
Riley, J. W.
Robertson, R. D.
Robey, G. R. M.
Room, G. R. W.
Rudolph, V. L.
Rundle, P. A.
Rutland, J.

Sacks, H.
Sankey, B.
Satchell, P. M.
Savoulis, T.
Schwarz, J. C. M.
Sharp, P. A.
Soo, N. K.
Spark, E. C. P.
Spratt, P. M.
Stephenson, J. A.
Stewart, M. E. B.
Streatfield, R.
Stoobant, J.
Szmerler, G.

Tchan, P. P. K.
Tredrea, C. R.
Tuck, R. R.

Uebel, M. J.

Vago, L.
Vandenbergh, H. C.
Vidler, P. J.
Virant, F. J.

Walker, J. H.
Ward, G. H.
Wark, H. J.
Watt, W. H.
Waugh, D. A.
Whaite, J. B.
White, A. N.
White, B. R.
Wilson, A. R.
Wilson, R. M.
Woodhouse, D. A.
Worley, R. W.

HONOURS AT GRADUATION

Class I

Britton, W. J.
Harris, P. J.
Letham, G. J.
Wark, H. J.

Class II

Brennan, J. L.
Blessing, W.
Spark, E. C. P.
Rundle, P. A.
Anderson, P. W.
Bock, K. M.
Freedman, B.
Medbury, R. J.

Giblin, P. E.
Tuck, R. R.
Cuthbert, J. A.
Musgrave, L. M.
Dick, A. F.
Fitzsimons, R. B.
Riley, J. W.
Lovell, R. L.
Houghton, C. R. S.
Jones, M. W.
Jessup, C. J.
Canalese, J.
Kwan, D. C. S.
Chu, J. M. G.
Ackroyd, N. F. W.
Lyons, R. J.

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal: Britton, W. J.	Britton, W. J. Harris, P. J.	William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize in Clinical Surgery: Harris, P. J.	Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics: Britton, W. J.
Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the whole Medical Course. Britton, W. J.	Harry J. Clayton Memorial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine: Britton, W. J.	Glaxo-Allenbury's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. Prize in Surgery: Cuthbert, J. A.	Albert Hing Memorial Prize in Gynaecology: Britton, W. J.
Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency among Women Candidates at the Final Year Examination. Musgrave, L. M.	Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Clinical Medicine: Britton, W. J.	Sidney B. Clipsham Memorial Prize in Operative Surgery: Watt, W. H.	Norton Manning Memorial Prize for Proficiency in Psychiatry: Anderson, P. W.
Robert Scot Skirving Memorial Prize for Highest Aggregate in Medicine and Surgery Papers: Britton, W. J.	George Allan Prize in Therapeutics. Shared: Britton, W. J. Harris, P. J.	Robert Craig Prize: Watt, W. H.	Garnation Prize in Paediatrics: Shared: Crandon, A. J. Elliott, R. (prox. acc.)
Upjohn Prize in Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics: Shared:	Hinder Memorial Prize in Clinical Surgery. Britton, W. J.	Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize in Gynaecology for a Woman Student: Spark, E. C. P.	The Charles McDonald-Mead Johnson Paediatric Prize: Ackroyd, N. F. W.

DISTINCTION & CREDIT LIST

MEDICINE

High Distinction:
Britton, W. J.

Distinction:
Harris, P. J.
Freedman, B.
Jones, M. W.

Credit:
Wark, H. J.
Ackroyd, N. F. W. } Aeq.
Chu, J. M. G.
Blessing, W.
Cuthbert, J. A.
Satchell, P.
Letham, G. J.
Musgrave, L. M.
Bock, K. M. } Aeq.
Jones, C. S.
Brennan, J. L. } Aeq.
Rutland, J.
Giblin, P. E. } Aeq.
Grinius, D. A.
Tuck, R. R.
Wilson, R. M.

Pettit, I. R. }
Rundle, P. A. } Aeq.
Jessup, C. J. }
Spark, E. C. P. } Aeq.
Stephenson, J. A.
Hendel, P. N.
Curotta, J. H.
Medbury, R. J.
Sankey, B.
Schwarz, J. C. M.
De Vere Tyndall, A. G. } Aeq.
Lovell, R. L.
Martin, P. A. } Aeq.
Sacks, H.
Riley, J. W.

SURGERY

Distinction:

Britton, W. J.
Wilson, R. M.

Credit:
Brennan, J. L.
Ackroyd, N. F. W. } Aeq.
Giblin, P. E.

Rutland, J.
Freedman, B. }
Wark, H. J. } Aeq.
Harris, P. J. }
Letham, G. J. } Aeq.
Spratt, P. M.
Cuthbert, J. A.
Musgrave, L. M. }
Pettit, I. R. } Aeq.
Pohl, M. J.
Spark, E. C. P. }
Chu, J. M. G. }
Mathieson, M. L. } Aeq.
Murray, L. M.
Riley, J. W. }
Tuck, R. R. }
Elion, C. L. }
Houghton, C. R. S. } Aeq.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNAECOLOGY

High Distinction:

Britton, W. J.

Credit:

Musgrave, L. M.
Spark, E. C. P. } Aeq.
Wark, H. J.
Canalese, J. }
Harris, P. J. } Aeq.
Crandon, A.
Brennan, J. L.
Berry, M. P. }
Blessing, W. } Aeq.
Cocks, P. S.
Letham, G. J. }
Murray, L. M.
Fitzsimons, R. B. }
Pussel, S. J. } Aeq.
Bassell, G. M.
Bock, K. M. }
Dick, A. F. } Aeq.
Elion, C. L.
Lyons, R. J.
Mathieson, M. L.
Cuthbert, J. A. }
Delaney, M. R. } Aeq.
Mintscheff, A. M.
Radwan, G. H.
Riley, J. W.

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS

ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

Dr. W. B. Bartlett
 Dr. M. P. Berry
 Dr. W. W. Blessing
 Dr. K. M. Bock
 Dr. J. W. Botham
 Dr. K. F. Bradstock
 Dr. J. L. Brennan (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. W. J. Britton (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. K. J. Chambers
 Dr. A. K. Chiu
 Dr. P. S. Cocks
 Dr. A. J. Crandon
 Dr. W. L. Davidson
 Dr. H. C. De Torres
 Dr. D. W. Dixon
 Dr. R. S. Elliot
 Dr. B. Freedman
 Dr. R. J. Gill
 Dr. M. Hanafi
 Dr. P. J. Harris (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. R. Hay
 Dr. P. N. Hendel

Dr. C. R. S. Houghton
 Dr. C. J. Jessup
 Dr. T. A. Kelly
 Dr. D. C. S. Kwan
 Dr. G. J. Letham (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. R. J. Lyons
 Dr. S. C. Ma
 Dr. E. Matalani
 Dr. D. C. Maxwell
 Dr. L. M. Musgrave
 Dr. G. M. Needham
 Dr. W. G. Patrick
 Dr. A. M. Preda
 Dr. S. J. Pussell
 Dr. G. R. Room
 Dr. R. G. Reiner
 Dr. P. M. Satchell
 Dr. E. C. P. Spark
 Dr. M. E. B. Stewart
 Dr. J. H. Walker
 Dr. H. J. Wark (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. D. A. Woodhouse

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

Dr. N. F. Ackroyd
 Dr. P. W. Anderson (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. T. C. Arnold
 Dr. L. Ballin
 Dr. J. M. Chu
 Dr. W. J. Crisp
 Dr. R. B. Fitzsimons (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. J. E. Jerome
 Dr. C. S. Jones
 Dr. M. W. Jones (Professorial Unit)

Dr. M. L. Mathieson
 Dr. E. M. Millard
 Dr. F. X. Moloney
 Dr. V. C. Pascall
 Dr. M. J. Pohl
 Dr. P. A. Rundle
 Dr. J. Rutland
 Dr. B. Sankey
 Dr. T. Savoulis
 Dr. R. R. Tuck (Professorial Unit)
 Dr. G. H. Ward

PRINCE HENRY/PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITALS

Dr. A. L. Barr
 Dr. G. M. Bassell
 Dr. C. J. Brown
 Dr. C. A. Clifford
 Dr. A. R. Gibson
 Dr. A. U. H. Ho
 Dr. A. D. Leon

Dr. B. L. Logan
 Dr. D. M. Morris
 Dr. T. M. Murphy
 Dr. A. J. Refshauge
 Dr. P. A. Sharp
 Dr. H. C. Vandenberg

ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL

Dr. J. H. Curotta
 Dr. M. R. Delaney
 Dr. I. A. Fischer
 Dr. D. A. Grinius
 Dr. K. M. Hillman

Dr. C. J. Jackson
 Dr. P. J. Kesteven
 Dr. A. M. Mintscheff
 Dr. F. G. Prior
 Dr. H. Sacks

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Dr. R. W. Bailey
 Dr. H. J. E. Bowen
 Dr. J. Canalese
 Dr. S. C. Clarke
 Dr. J. A. Cuthbert
 Dr. A. F. Dick
 Dr. C. L. Elion
 Dr. D. J. Farbenblum
 Dr. L. J. Fingleton
 Dr. P. E. Giblin
 Dr. J. A. Gordon
 Dr. A. J. Hulcome
 Dr. J. H. Lennard

Dr. C. J. Margin
 Dr. P. A. Martin
 Dr. L. M. Murray
 Dr. I. R. Pettit
 Dr. M. B. Richter
 Dr. J. W. Riley
 Dr. R. D. Robertson
 Dr. J. C. Schwarz
 Dr. J. Stroobant
 Dr. D. A. Waugh
 Dr. J. B. Whaite
 Dr. R. M. Wilson

REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

Dr. D. I. Bartsch
 Dr. K. O. Boustead
 Dr. J. R. Caplehorn
 Dr. C. J. Carmody
 Dr. M. Currie
 Dr. A. J. Delaney
 Dr. A. G. De Vere-Tyndall
 Dr. K. M. Donovan
 Dr. R. M. Foster
 Dr. N. J. Hickson
 Dr. J. S. Howe
 Dr. T. A. Kearney
 Dr. P. J. Kennedy
 Dr. K. C. Kitto

Dr. P. J. Knight
 Dr. I. M. Kociumbas
 Dr. U. Laksito
 Dr. S. Y. Liaw
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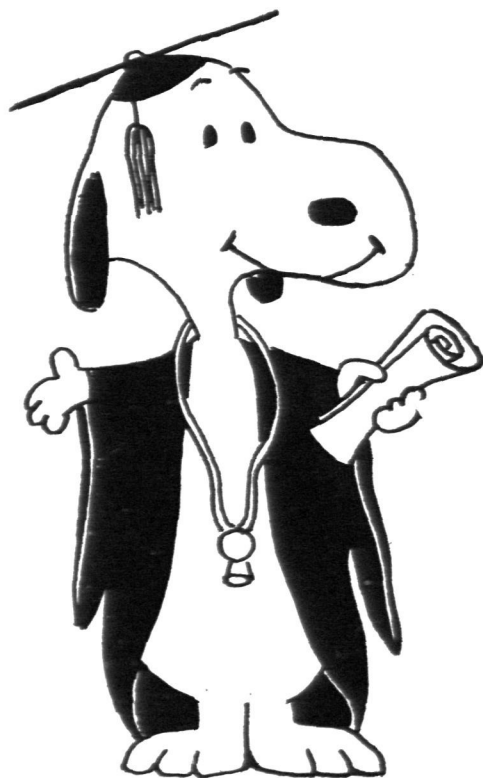
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Contributions:**By invitation —*

The Dean
Dr. R. Winton
Mr. J. Spence
Mr. J. Reimer
Mr. I. Monk
Dr. A. Woolcock

The students of Final Year Medicine, University of Sydney, 1972.

Art —

Mr. Alan Gamble
Dr. Lyndall Murray

Photography:

Douglass Baglin Photography Pty. Ltd., especially Pamela Hay

Production:

Publishing — W. J. Cryer and Co. Ltd. (Printers).

Advertising — Mr. J. T. O'Mara.

Blocks — Ben Jordan Pty. Ltd.

The Sydney University Medical Society and Mrs. S. Nicholas.

The aims of this book have not changed since its inception. We hope that the value and enjoyment of this book increases as the increasing years separate us, and that future reading will conjure up the characters and emotions behind these simple words and pictures.

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