

Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine

University of Sydney

1973

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Senior Year Book

1973



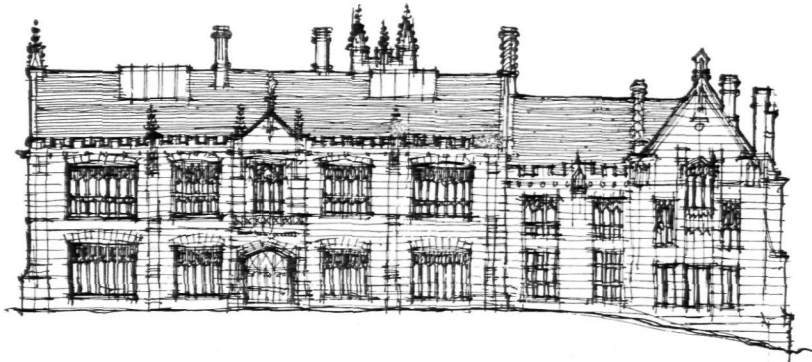
Faculty of Medicine University of Sydney

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

—PLUTARCH.

"DURING your course you must have noted that your teachers, too, have remained students and that in our progressive profession there is still much to learn. Unless you, too, have captured and retain that spirit of enquiry you will not, in the future, give to your fellow men the service that is expected. Your own foibles and peculiarities are also dealt with in the kindest way and this will in the future bring back many memories of the friendships of your student days. The book, then, is one that should be treasured as a permanent record of those relatively carefree days which you spent at your University and your Hospital."

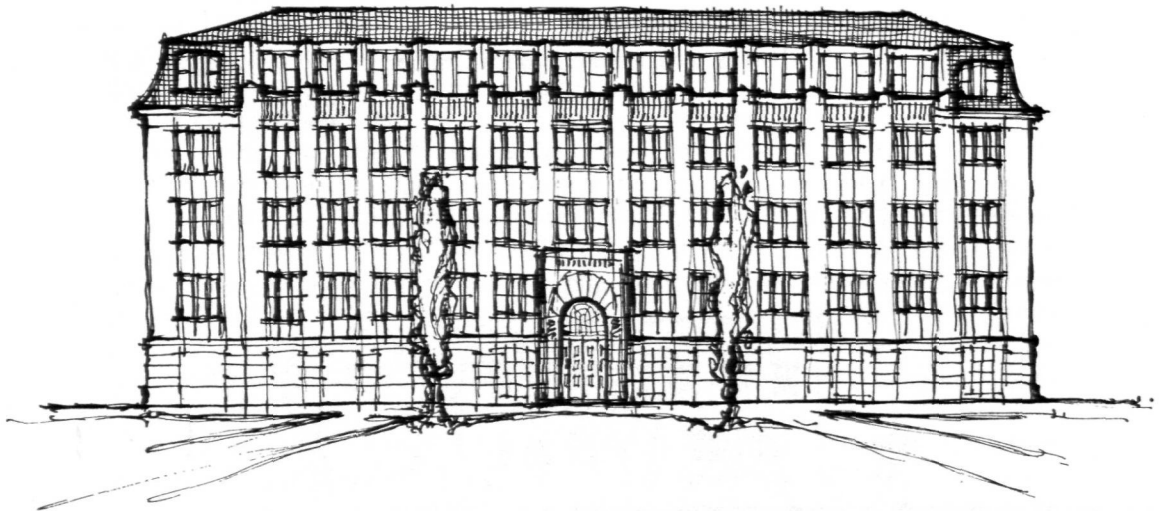
—SIR HAROLD DEW.



ANDERSON STUART BUILDING.—*Old Medical School.*

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

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



BLACKBURN BUILDING.—*New Medical School.*



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SYDNEY UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY
BLACKBURN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, 2006



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

Foreword

IN THE FOREWORD TO THE 1972 YEAR BOOK I wrote that "medical education . . . is now in a state of flux throughout the world". It is good to be able to report that our own medical school has certainly been caught up in these processes of change — not that change is necessarily good for its own sake, but more specifically and positively because we have been able to achieve a substantial revision in the curriculum which you experienced, a curriculum which had not changed in its essentials for many decades. Just at the time that you are beginning your careers as doctors a new intake of undergraduates will be preparing themselves to enter the medical school and in so doing will commit themselves to being the first students involved in our new curriculum. They are perhaps to be both envied and pitied — envied because they will meet a great wave of enthusiasm within the Faculty for the new educational venture on which we are embarking, pitied because the extent of the change to which they will be exposed must inevitably mean that there will be rough edges and raw spots, as the new patterns gradually settle down. By the time you read this you will certainly have been able to familiarize yourself with at least the general outline of our plans, and will appreciate that your successors will continue to be graduates of the same high quality which we have always produced, yet perhaps in the long run with slightly different orientations towards medical practice and in their whole conceptualizations of health and disease. They will be graduating from a course which has been shortened by one year, yet certainly by the time that they are entering postgraduate vocational training it will be even more clear than it is now that the task of preparing themselves for real mastery in any one field of medicine will be only just beginning.

This aspect you will soon be finding out for yourselves. I would think that the days have now completely vanished where some successful practitioner, successful at least in terms of financial reward, could boastfully point to his pile of unopened journals, or triumphantly declare that he had not been near a postgraduate educational activity for years. There is absolutely no doubt that medical education is literally a lifetime occupation, and in one sense it can be said that you have now reached the stage of demonstrating to the world at large that you are capable of pursuing your own particular interest in depth. I am sure that this is equally true of family practice (or whatever name will be used in the future to describe the area of the doctor of first contact); no longer is it good enough for us to tacitly accept that procedural specialists, and other varieties of specialists, are selected to undergo a rigorous training, whereas the rest become general practitioners by default, as it were. This way lies madness, and decay in the medical services ultimately offered to the population of this country, and I am sure that those of you who positively elect a career in family medicine, or in some other variety of community practice, will very soon recognize that you, too, must prepare yourselves in quite specific ways to enter into this extremely challenging, quite "special" and ultimately very rewarding discipline. And even when your vocational training has been undertaken, in whatever field, that, too, is only a further stage licensing you to be recognized as a person with special experience and talents, yet still required to keep pace with all the changes that are evolving in every aspect of medicine.

At the time this is being written, it is quite uncertain how patterns of medical care will evolve in the Australian community, and I very much doubt whether the present confusion will be completely resolved by the time you enter active medical practice. Doctors have never been thrust into the limelight as forcibly as they are now, and though some might regret this for good and proper reasons (and some others for reasons which are not quite so good and proper), I suggest that it is legitimate and in the long run beneficial that there should indeed be a searching examination of the doctor's role in society, his obligations to the community as well as to individual patients, and the extent to which the conditions of contemporary society continue to permit the existence of the entrepreneurial role of the physician. The days have probably passed forever when we can demand our right to be left to "do our own thing" unaffected by the pressure of public opinion, and you will be required, each one of you, to play some part in determining the role and status of the medical profession throughout your lifetime. Though some may find this irritating, I suggest that on balance it will be a rewarding undertaking, for the decisions to which you contribute will play a very vital role in determining the whole structure of society.

You have deserved the rewards which have now come your way, and I wish you a long and satisfying life in which to enjoy them.

DAVID MADDISON,

Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

Editorial

"Life is like a sewer; what you get out of it depends on what you put into it."

—TOM LEHRER.

THIS Yearbook was going to be radically different. It is. This year the cover is—radically—Imperial Purple. The format which has evolved over the years serves its purpose well, except that there is an inevitable bias to final year tutors and personalities, mainly because they are closer in time than those who devoted their efforts to building the foundations. Economy prevented the inclusion of biographies and photographs of the stalwarts who set us on the clinical road in fourth year, and guided us in those initial nervous shambles through the wards. Their good seeds have taken root.

The book, as Sir Harold Dew called it, is now a tradition in itself, worthy of satire, with nearly fifty editions published. It has become an annual Who's Who: scholar and rogue set down next to each other, eulogistic thumbnail sketches which bear little resemblance to any of the characters they were intended to represent. As we read between the euphemisms and innuendo, we will remember our colleagues with admiration or scorn, and think of the things which the libel laws prevented us from writing. The Wyndham kids, the new generation, seem, superficially, to be more honest and straightforward—more prepared to call a spade a shovel rather than an agricultural implement. Hopefully, this shows more an abhorrence of hypocrisy and double standards than a lack of tact and compassion for our friends' and teachers' shortcomings and sensitivities. The result of this explicitness is that this is the first Yearbook to be censored—by the publishers. Four-letter gaps may be filled in at your discretion, and it behoves those whose biographies were cut to be tolerant of the ways and habits of an older generation. After all, they may be right.

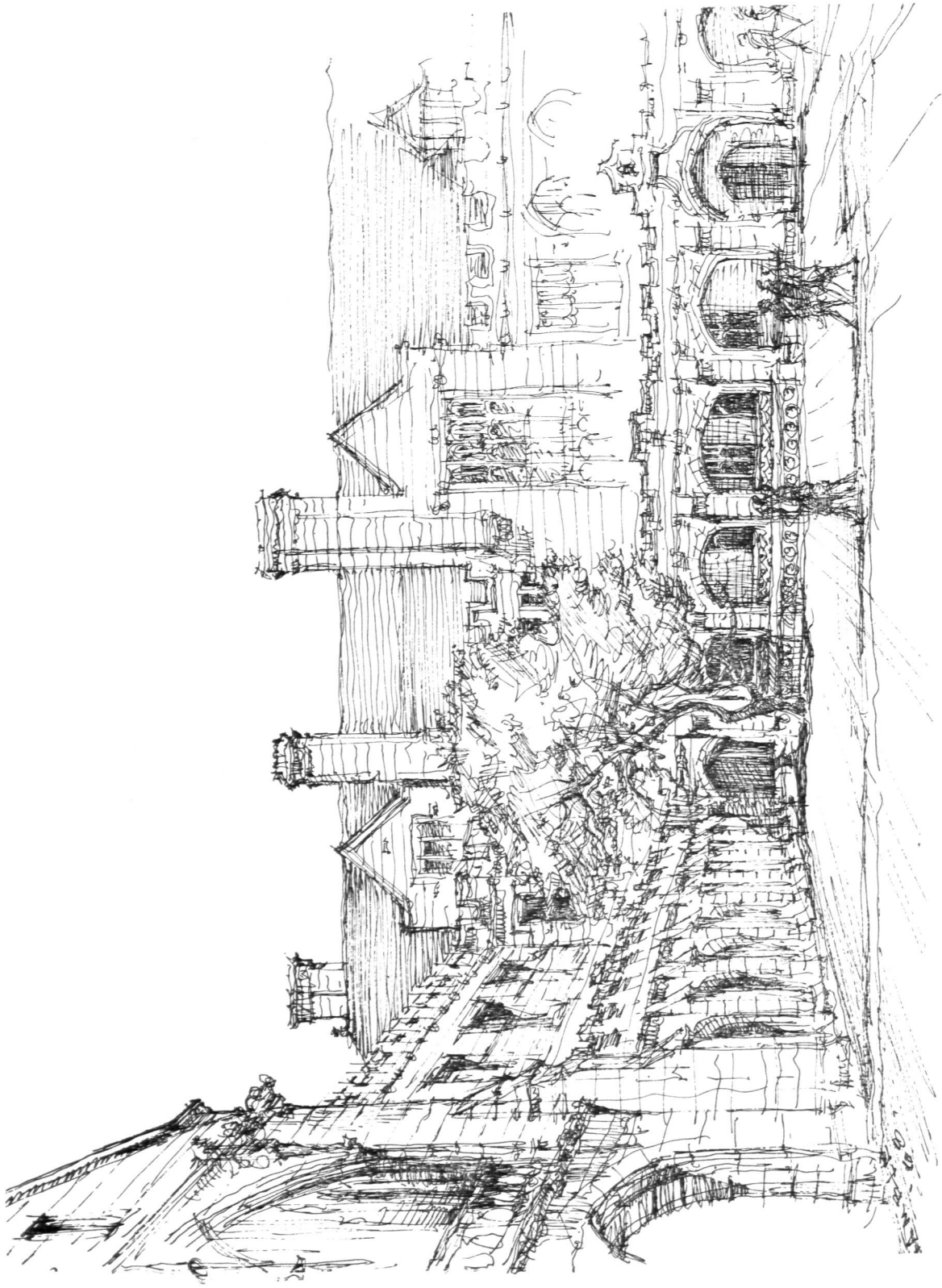
Our Medical School is ninety years old this year, and there have been many changes in the curriculum over that time. We are fortunate to have such good staff-student relationships that the new five year course has been designed with the criticisms and views of the present students in mind. Those who follow are lucky that our teachers have the vision and are prepared to make an effort to change the system. The Hospital Appointment System has been vastly improved with the rotating terms, but we will still be leaving the protection of the university like children graduating from Kindergarten with First Class Honours in Plasticine to find that there are years of study ahead in Postgraduate training. The young student embarking on a medical career now with at least nine years of study ahead may have reason to wonder whether it is all worthwhile. Some of us after six years still cannot write a prescription, give an injection or put in stitches.

The Behavioural and Social Sciences portion of the new course is designed to help the highly selected medical student learn how to relate to people. This aspect of the course is long overdue, but it is a tragedy that it is even necessary. A university may not be the best place from which to learn how to rub shoulders with humanity. If students continue to be selected on mere academic brilliance, the quota system may need revising in the future; maybe a fixed proportion could be selected on H.S.C. Examination results, with the remainder composed of graduates from other faculties, waiting lists, or even a ballot drawn from those who applied and did not get in. This diversified intake would give an opportunity for people from different backgrounds to mingle, interact, and enrich each other, more than is possible with the stereotyped learning machines who have to succeed before they start. We owe it to the future of the profession to ensure that graduates are experienced humans, able to establish a personal relationship with their patients, and, thus, help offset the dangers of sophisticated technology, computer processing and therapeutic regimes which may bypass human feelings.

As the supposedly intellectual élite of our community, we owe it to the society which has subsidized our education to do our utmost to realise our full potential. We must keep informed, anticipate the pulse of humanity, and lucidly educate our future patients to ensure that life is worth living for our grandchildren. They may then be proud to show this book to their children.

JOHN MCEVOY.

Editor,



*The Main Quadrangle, looking towards Maclauran Hall.
"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, though of the two universities themselves Sydney is senior to Melbourne by three years.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first medical school was a four-roomed cottage 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.

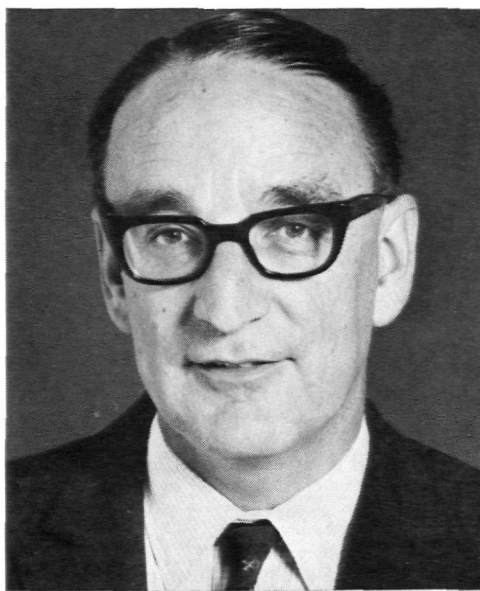
George H. Bosch, a Sydney businessman, has been the medical school's greatest benefactor. It was through his generosity that, between 1927 and 1930, full-time chairs were founded and occupied in embryology and histology, in bacteriology, in medicine and in surgery. Two other important chairs founded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



*Dean of the Faculty of Medicine,
Professor of Psychiatry*

DAVID CLARKSON MADDISON

"By now you will have come to regard psychiatry as the poor relative in the family. . . ."

It is a bit passé to be still referring to Professor Maddison as the "new" Dean, as he has already made his presence felt, from judging the Miss Medicine Final at the Med. Ball to keeping a watchful eye on both student and academic affairs. The old wood-panelled (padded?) walls in the Bedlam style study have been exchanged for the large spacious office, complete with couch and easy chairs in the new psychiatry block where he is always readily available to listen sympathetically to individual or general student problems. Not only does he listen objectively, but also extracts the essence of the problem and acts accordingly. For a number of years in the past, as Chairman of the Staff-Student Liaison Committee, he "represented" us on Faculty, and since his election as Dean has continued his active support of the student body (see Miss Med., above) and increased student participation in the activities of the Faculty.

The new five-year course stands a good chance of surviving its teething troubles with Professor Maddison at the helm to seek out and smooth over trouble spots as they arise.

Not limiting his attentions to Faculty problems, he provided a good grounding course in* psychiatry, so that the future Specialists in Family Medicine will be able to face up to the psychos, perverts, schizos and maniacs of the future with a glimmer of understanding and *déjà vu*, while the budding surgeons may remember that there is more to patients than can be cut off.

We hope that all his traumatic conflicts as Dean will still not be enough to ruffle the immaculate part in his hair.

* Freudian slip.

Professor of Medicine

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN

"This man is very nubbly, and besides he is making me hicough. What shall I do?"

—KIPLING, *Just So Stories*—"How the Whale Got His Throat".

Our first encounter with the Professor of Medicine at his lectures on the art of taking a patient's history introduced us to his easy ability of making the apparently complicated simple.

Later, Thursday mornings in Fifth Year became identified with the greying, slightly stooped correlator extraordinaire supplying the necessary continuity with a minimum of fuss and translating the often confusing questions from students into simpler, more literate form.

This efficiency in getting to the heart of the matter, in neatly disposing of unnecessary verbiage became more familiar in Final Year tutorials. Here we saw genuine efforts by Blackie to stir up some feedback from his students, who were often more than slightly awed by his lucid exposition of the essentials of a clinical situation.

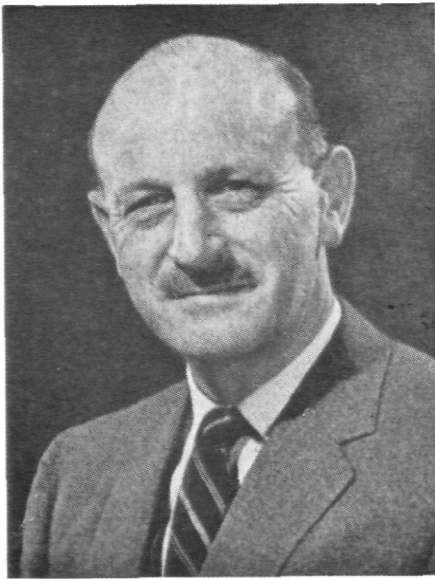
Given more in sorrow than in anger were his reproofs when politely querying the relevance of some obscure feature of a clinical history, or benignly pointing out some oversight in the presentation. Sometimes a clear-cut explanation was impossible, but with Blackie lightly prodding, suggesting possible alternatives ("say . . . say"), we were guided into considering new lines of investigation ("that right?").

This ability to logically refine the very essence of any clinical problem, together with his diversity of interests outside medicine, can only be described as "blackburnian"—masterly knowledge, but not narrowly specialized; comprehensive without being dilettantish—all presented with a natural courtesy: *toujours la politesse*.

Perhaps his greatest gift to undergraduates was in teaching us the logical, scientific approach to the art of medicine, while imparting some of his attitudes, his philosophy on medicine as a profession rather than as a kind of employment.

"Is that right — hmm . . . that right?"





Professor of Surgery

JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

"No! No! Don't stand up."

Unfortunately few of us have had much contact with this gentleman, who has an awesome reputation; and like the old soldier who never dies, we hope that he will not just fade away.

History tells us that during his reign as Dean the early stages of the Bosch complex were completed, teaching facilities at all the teaching hospitals were updated, two affiliated teaching hospitals—the Mater Misericordiae and the Royal Newcastle—were appointed, the Curriculum and the Faculty Staff Student Liaison Committees were established, and Medicine was the first Faculty to have three student members elected to Faculty—as well as planning the Westmead complex, the Blackburn Pavilion at RPAH, and the lawns and steps outside Bosch, and maintaining an impressive list of overseas contacts in all fields of modern surgery.

For the lucky few he managed to squeeze in tutorials, in which we learned to think about the surgical principles involved in treatment; we learned about each other's hereditary backgrounds in "the profession"; we developed an abhorrence for sticky tape left on walls (it breeds germs) and we learned how to wear ties correctly and say "Yes, Sir".

Although our contact with Professor Loewenthal has been slight, the effects of his personality on the Faculty, in buildings, teaching methods and attitudes can still be felt. Thank you, Sir.

*Professor of Obstetrics and
Gynæcology*

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

*"Well, at 3 o'clock this morning I was on the 'phone to
New York, and the latest theory is . . ."*

I am the very model of a modern Gynæcologist
I combine the separate skills of Biochemist and Pathologist,
My medical endeavours are 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 Gynæcologist
I combine the separate skills of Biochemist and
Pathologist,
An embryonic, placental and uterine morphologist
I am the very model of a modern Gynæcologist.

In situations when one's sexual interest is excessive
I extol the virtues of the oral contraceptive,
I recommended to those whose Œstrous 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 nightcap I suggest, a smidgen of progesterone.

Chorus:

Anovular and Gynovular, Eugynon and Ovulan,
Minovulon and Novacon, Nordicol and Volidan.
An embryonic, placental and uterine morphologist
I am the very model of a modern Gynæcologist.





Professor of Surgery

GERALD WHITE MILTON

"I don't want to talk about melanoma today but. . ."

Those who have been taught by Professor Milton realise that not all academics have to be esoteric in knowledge, nor so specialized that all else is irrelevant.

As a doctor, his interest in his patients extends deeper than their pigmented skins; as a teacher, enthusiasm and vitality are his hallmarks. He is one of the true progressives in educational methods, and has sought ways of applying new technologies to the teaching of clinical surgery and doctor/patient relationships, even to the extent of antagonizing the basically conservative student body with his radical examination techniques. His interest in students, as a group, and as individuals, is unequalled; always ready to recommend patients or to discuss a clinical problem.

His concern for the ethics of treatment and its sequelæ and his deeply thought-out philosophies of living and dying, have been very helpful to guide us through these areas of high emotional conflict, and add a touch of maturity and insight to the problems facing both the patient and doctor.

Professor Milton's ability to show that surgery is not only a clinical challenge, but also an exercise in human relations will make him remembered by us all.

Professor of Cardiology

PAUL IVAN KORNER

"... this flow diagram which all of you smile knowingly at but which none of you really understands."

The accent in the Fourth Year lectures in cardiology seemed initially unintelligible until we armed ourselves with the printed translation in the form of Medsoc produced notes which seemed unable to keep pace with the delivery of the lectures. These were attended enthusiastically by all students trying to sit near the middle, torn between a desire to be near the front to see the diagrams and escaping to the back to protect our eardrums from—the VOICE. Those with especially sensitive organs of Corti were still able to hear the lectures (without the usual Bosch microphone distortion) while improving their bidding in the Bosch foyer.

Thus many mechanisms, diagrams and gestures later we were able to compensate for the flow of rhetoric and understand what was actually happening to a patient suffering from MY-tral sten-O-zis.

Professor Korner showed his interest in students and education by devoting a great deal of time and energy to the development of the new curriculum to be introduced in 1974.

As the years pass we will remember with affection those diagrams, those twinkling blue eyes, that smile—and above all, every cardiology book we will read will come through with that glorious voice.





Professor of Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery

THOMAS KINMAN FARDON TAYLOR

"Think blood. Think bone. Think pressure. Think Epiphyses."

- THINK back to Fourth Year; Hilton's Law; points emphasized in lectures with masses of notes and blue slides: "No b'lood = no bone."
- THINK of drama classes conducted on Thursdays in Bosch.
- THINK of the times he "overlooked" our failings in anatomy.
- THINK of the times he would stand there with his arm over your shoulder and calmly explain some minor point to you: "It's not a hand, it's a foot!"
- THINK of the numerous times he would get to the "bottom" of things with: "Yes, Doctor, but why?"
- THINK of your experiences in theatre: "Move behind the screen."
- THINK also of what he has taught us by reducing fractures and problems to their basic elements.
- THINK orthopaedics, think Taylor, think *PINE*.
- THINK the next time you look at an X-ray, of that poor bloody duck still stuck in the bottle.

Professor of Pædiatrics

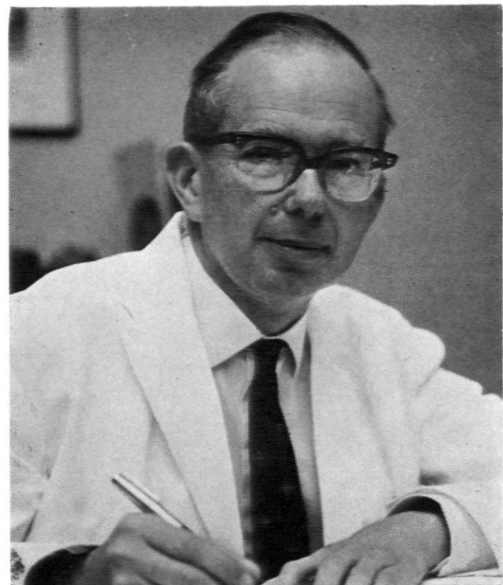
THOMAS STAPLETON

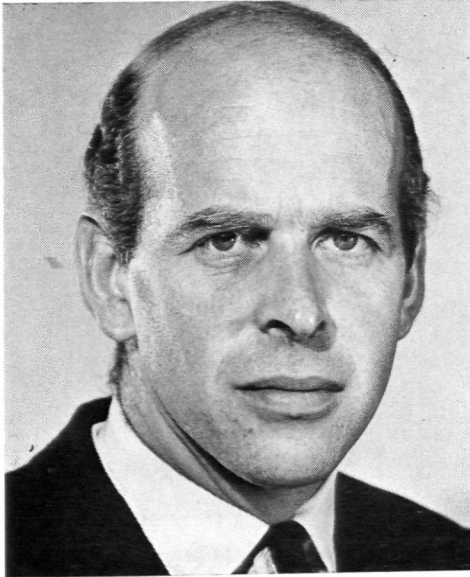
"The trouble with all these progressives is that right wing people are just so much nicer."

Looking as if he'd be more at home as headmaster of one of the Great Public Schools of the Old Country, Thomas Stapleton surprised us all—I mean regular tutes in the local pub once a week. It's just . . . sort of . . . well . . . not what one expected!

It was only when we delved beneath that clinical Oxford exterior that we discovered answers to this world's *real* problems—the Green Revolution; Inbreeding in the Andes, or the Ethiopian anti TB campaign!—he'd seen it all first hand! Using Upper Todman as a house base, "Stapes", as he is affectionately known, sallies forth to the far-flung corners of the globe three or four times a year. Imagine his glee when Gough was swept into power, opening the way for travel prospects into Red China—six weeks later saw him pacing the streets of Peking!

At home Professor Stapleton exhibits an affinity for neckties, fair-haired lads from a certain Parramatta private school and a dislike for female students and others without neckties. His outpatient sessions opened to us the socioeconomic problems in pædiatrics and his practical approach to the plight of the child under consideration, impressed us all. Altogether, Stapes endeared himself to us all as a fine practical pædiatrician and one of our more interesting and unorthodox mentors in the medical course.





*Professor of Preventive and
Social Medicine*

CHARLES BALDWIN KERR

*"The only trouble with the whole bloody scheme was that
it was no bloody good."*

We inherited Charles Kerr's lectures on genetics in Fourth Year at a stage when only the sun and surf prevented their complete penetrance into our cerebral tissue. Anticipating this quasi-continuous variation in attendance, he thoughtfully distributed a set of free multi-factorial notes to help overcome this threshold effect in our education.

This professor, although prevented from being "social" by a red, bald head (genotype), tatty navy jacket (phenotype) and lack of coath, endeared himself to the more socially aware students by his complete disregard for "the system"—especially the exam system.

The course covered any topic considered irrelevant by all the other departments: from health care and insurance schemes, to G.P.s, abortions, hæmophiliacs, drug abuse, environmental pollution through geriatrics, occupational medicine and road accidents. All these loose topics were knitted (or knotted) together by the epic list of set examination questions, which the especially keen and foolish immediately sat down and worked through from question one to fifty-six. The bulk of us put them out of sight and out of mind until the informal hospital tutorials with members of the department set us into the panic of future shock, which was only calmed by: "Let's see if we can cut down these questions to a workable number." All that remained was to learn the material for the essays—a pastime which could be fitted in with social coffee breaks in the common rooms while reading the relevant authoritative articles in *The Bulletin* and *Time Magazine*.

Thanks to Prof. Kerr's efforts we now know how to screen prospective mates for autosomal dominants and recessives, and thus choose between racial hygiene and random mating.

Professor of Medicine

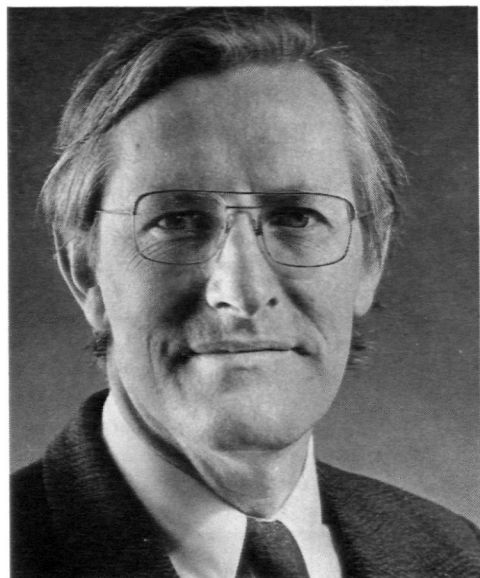
JAMES GRAHAM McLEOD

*"I am going to China to investigate this acupuncture
business . . . I don't really believe in it."*

Professor Jim McLeod startled us in neurology lectures with the sheer bulk of facts and tracts in neurology, but then set about illustrating lesions in the blackboard tracts (induced with a duster) with a convincing demonstration of the clinical entity. Aided by his concise Medsoc. printed notes we were able to follow the lectures and wonder that so many rare and complicated lesions and syndromes could be reduced to their proper place with a well-phrased sentence.

This dedicated teacher, neurologist to the gentry, is a recent addition to the teaching staff at Sydney Hospital. The profound delight he so obviously takes in demonstrating signs of dubious French ancestry is sometimes transmitted to our collective cortices with varying levels of consciousness. His systematic approach to diseases of the nervous system has enlivened neurology for some of us and made it at least comprehensible for the rest. We thank him for his interest in us, and wish him a long and satisfying career at Sydney Hospital.

"No man with Jim's knowledge of the cat's thalamus could ever fail."—Senior Year Book, 1958.



*Professor of Anaesthetics***DOUGLAS JOSEPH***"This is a simplified diagram of a modern anaesthetic machine."*

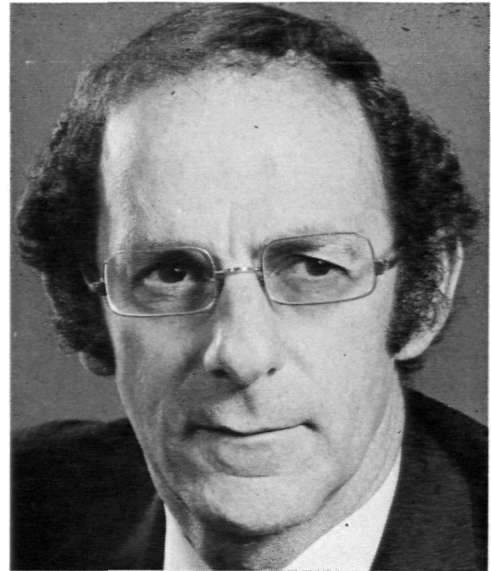
It still looked terribly complicated until this down-to-earth professor patiently and concisely explained the details and dovetailed them together. Not only that but he spoke slowly and clearly enough for everyone to understand and take a thorough set of readable lecture notes. Even if we are now a bit hazy on Henry's Law and the physics behind SVPs, we were given a good grounding in the subject, and this made the passage through fifth year surgery term *more painless*.

With Professor Joseph's interest in new techniques and the increasing detenté with the People's Republic of China, he could easily become Australia's first Professor of Acupuncture.

*Professor of Pharmacology***ROLAND HERBERT THORP***"... just 1 Kg LSD/city would be enough. It has a very small ED₅₀."*

The stage was set for a clinical trial, so the now-expert Wyndham Guinea Pigs were thrown into the new equipment and ideas. So in the cause of science we sat through audio-visual spectaculars, listened to the phone, watched for Straub-tailed mice, got bitten, drunk and dehydrated. We became experts on transducers, calculators, Varemoid, biological warfare, advertising techniques and tried our hand at the new multiple choice questions, "Look, it's quite simple, really, you just mark A if both assertion and reason are true statements and the reason is a correct explanation of the... etc." He even gave us the essay questions before the exam! Many still got posts.

Future generations of less conservative students will be able to benefit from Professor Thorp's progressive ideas, and hopefully make the right CHOICE in therapeutics.

*Professor of Pathology***FRANK REES MAGAREY***"... As rare as rocking-horse manure. . . ."*

Teachers of Frank Magarey's stature are as rare as the substance mentioned in this one of his many catch-phrases which helped us through fourth year. His suntan contrasted with the whiteness of his hair and coat which would boost the sales of any washing powder.

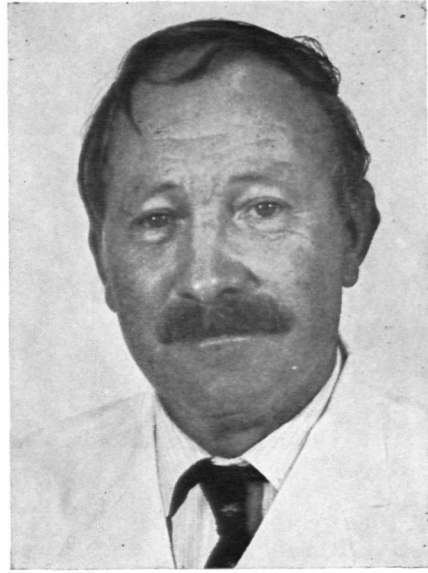
After three years in the doldrums, the impact of the Pathology teaching machine swamped us, as we sailed from lecture to tute and slide class, all so thoroughly integrated, prepared and shipshape. It is a pity the "great white father" does not run some other unmentionable departments.

Those of us who live to the years of nostalgia will remember with gratitude his insistence on the virtues of keeping arteries and lungs clean, pure and untainted by cigarette smoking, and by that time his cynicism of southern views on autoimmunity may be well vindicated.





R. R. Munro,
Associate Professor of Anatomy.



J. W. Perrott,
Associate Professor of Anatomy.

Well, weren't our relations proud of us. We set off in a clean white shirt and tie with sandwiches from Mum in the new briefcase to check out uni. Day two, Orientation Week, clad in tee shirt, jeans and thongs, trying not to look like a fresher with money for a pie and a newly-battered briefcase, we tried to make the map fit the buildings and avoided joining too many societies, between lectures on how to study and use the library.

Professor Birch, well-known TV star of Carlslaw, introduced methods of catching unicorns and dire warnings of impending biological crisis. Counting lemna in Biology prac.—introducing the fudge factor to make Physics prac. experiments tally with the required result—endless titrations in Chemistry prac. (fudge factors at the ready again); and the new subject Introductory Medical Science made up first year. As Wyndham's Guinea Pigs in yet another new scheme we had lectures on Biomathematics, Human and Animal Behaviour (without animal acts) and Black Mac's famous Skull. Anyhow . . . we were different from the other first year crowds by some small quota of intelligence.

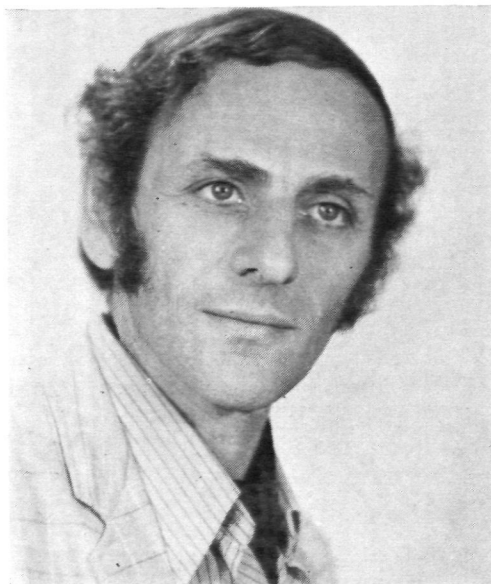
Second year, scalpels honed, and Dr. Philomena McGrath gave us a taste of things to come—"Look to the left and right of you, I tell you, one of you will fail." A strange group of sad old heads nodded in agreement. These second year honours students infused a more mature approach to our trepidations as we gingerly dissected our cadavers, carefully placing each lobule of subcutaneous fat into the correct numbered bin, fearing the consequences of having our name sent to every medical school in the world. A/Professor Perrott lectured behind locked doors, "Imagine, ladies and gentlemen, that today I am a uterus," demonstrated the stamping gait very convincingly, and wore his pink elephant tie to our year dinner. Dr. Bob Munro gave us a very good impersonation of a palatine bone and the copybook mesomorph, Dr. Donny Duncombe, helped us through third year exams with many good tips. "I had a heavy night last night . . . got booked

again on the Bridge . . . someone stole my Super Roo stickers . . . I'm only doing this to buy my kids Cornflakes." The bod obstinately refused to obey the diagrams in the manuals, and was apparently sadly lacking in many a vital cut and dried nerve and vessel. Remember the smells, "the Lingual Nerve . . ." and "O.O.O.To.T. . ."

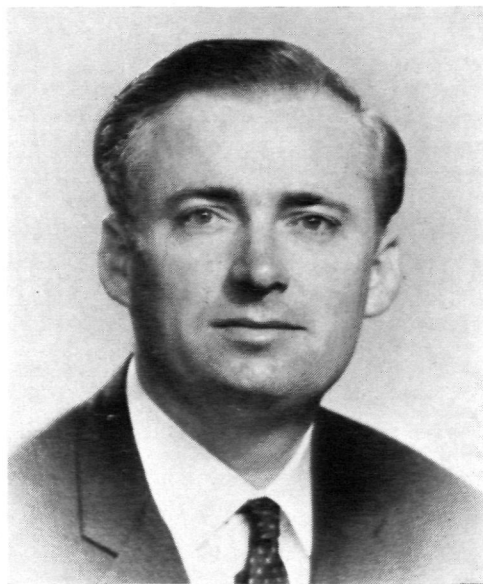
Intercadaver football matches helped to relieve the boredom of Histology, where we laboured with coloured pencils to transcribe di Fiore or copy from a complete colouring-in book. Slides and E.M. photos were signed out and placed under lock and key—weary afternoons on hard wooden stools—"Today there are only ten slides . . ." The characteristically stained lecturers included Dr. Clare Rae on epithelium and the Professors. These Professors can be subdivided into Prof. Cleland, and then further subdivided into the "so-called" A/Prof. Sapsford (no relation to the "so-called" Col. Tom Sanders), A/Prof. Griffin, and A/Prof. van Lennep—"Whale gut makes terrible violin strings." The wonders of the extra-embryonic coelom were expounded by Dr. Norman Wyndham, with his red carnation and the blackmarket set of his lecture notes.

Dr. Viv. Whittaker, "You can tell the girls from the boys by what's in their jeans", led us round in circles, along strange pathways, synthesised and degraded us before going on Sabbatical. Dr. Mike Messer—"Let's make a little table"—continued with fat metabolism, and then in third year showed a "groovy movie" on Fe metabolism and then gave a practical demonstration of alcohol metabolism with *that* limerick at *that* year dinner in the White Horse. Also in third year, A/Prof. Hunt—"A night on Venus, a lifetime on Mercury"—balanced our nitrogen, while Dr. Wake exposed the intricacies of how the sex life of *E. coli*. was turned on and off. We also met Dr. Rowe, Dr. Clements and Prof. Still and a band of itinerant woodcutters from Bathurst.

Biochem. prac. brings back memories of squeaking rats, bitten fingers, minced organs, spectrophotometers and electro-



A. M. Messer,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.

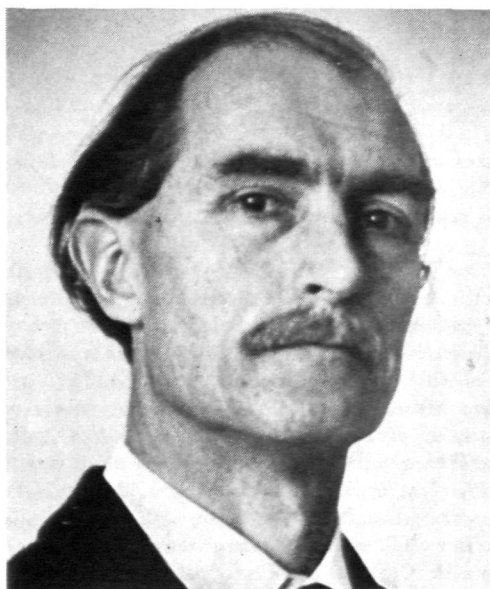


V. K. L. Whittaker,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.

phoretograms. Physiology prac. introduced such wonders as pithed toads, twitching muscles, undulating intestines, kymographs, Stannius ligatures, Ringer's and Tyrode's solutions and tortures varying from rebreathing apparatus to blood lancets.

Our lecturers included Prof. Taylor—"I don't want you to be influenced by the fact that I'm the head of the Professorial Board"—who oscillated to and fro as he told us about the common or garden variety of baroreceptor and little green man physiology. Dr. Castaldi raced through blood too fast for us clots to understand, Dr. Rodieck—"I'll just draw another black box"—introduced squid axons and "gunk", to be followed by

A/Prof. Johnny—"I have a reputation for being smutty"—Young, who spelt out the Fick principle—with an i—and told us about the arctic wading bird, that rams have the highest testis/body weight ratio, and then later followed up with mock-turtle and crocodile tears. Dr. Cooke taught us the difference between a Heidenhain and Pavlov pouch to finish the year. Dr. Everitt started third year with the seven characteristics of a hormone, followed in rapid succession by A/Prof. Turtle, Dr. Lazarus, and Prof. Shearman. Dr. Rodieck came back with the Rod threshold, decibels and vectors in the semi-circular canals. Our neurones were stimulated by the late A/Prof. Dunlop, and Prof. Burke introduced the muscle



W. Burke,
Professor of Physiology.



M. G. Taylor,
Professor of Physiology.



*J. A. Young,
Associate Professor of Physiology.*



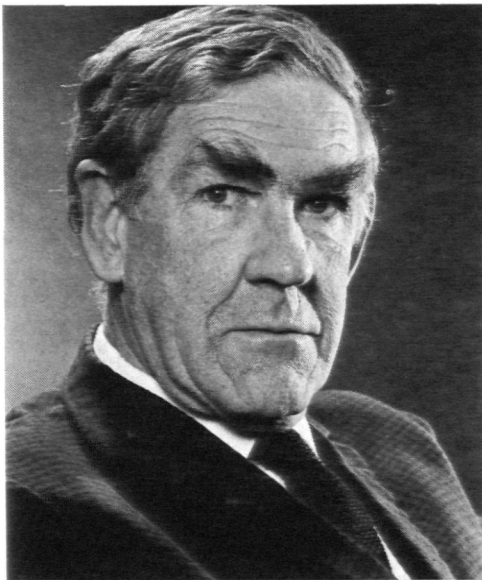
*K. W. Cleland,
Professor of Histology and Embryology.*

spindle, EPP, EPSP, and GTO to our vocabulary, as well as attending all Med. Balls and year dinners. Dr. Bennett and Prof. McLeod continued with brainwaves, then Dr. Halmagyi impersonated Victor Borge as we learned about the bends. Dr. Seldon gave us cardiology cutouts to paste into his notes and we finished the year with Dr. Saxon White—"Am I going too fast?"—and his course on autoregulation.

During the last term of third year we met the Pharmacologists in a series of audiovisual spectaculars, followed by prac. classes in which we dutifully got drunk or dehydrated and watched mice on the hotplate or do a leptazol. Prof. Thorp's team included A/Prof. Cobbin—"If there's a rape

I want to be in it"—complete with beard, Dr. Chesher—"I just want to talk around the point today", Dr. Starmer—"I'm sorry my lecture is so fast but I have a lot of material to cover", Dr Jackson—"What do you mean you've never heard of a blood dyscrasia"—and Dr. Temple. Although the new course seemed full of rough edges it was all rather fun.

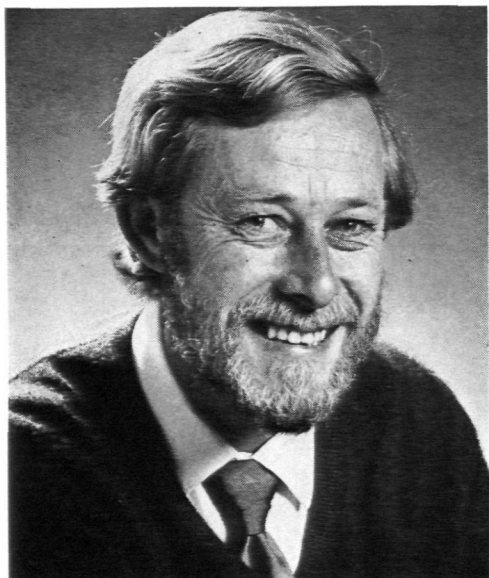
Prof. Magarey astounded us with the thoroughness of his lectures and lung-cancer campaign, and all those who chain-smoked their way through to Junior IVth year turned to pipes or the counterculture stimulants which the pharmacologists assured us were "no worse than alcohol". We met A/Prof. Finckh with his controversial views on cirrhosis,



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



*D. S. Nelson,
Reader in Bacteriology (Immunology).*



*L. B. Cobbin,
Associate Professor of Pharmacology.*

Dr. Bill Evans—"Don't tell the professor I told you, but he misdiagnosed a pulmonary embolism last week", and (Dame) Mary Gilder—"I don't want to spoonfeed you children, but ...". Post mortems with Dr. McGovern—"I don't really know", bottle tuts., the path. museum code, and slide classes with Dr. Lovric—"This slide is from a man who was hit by a bus crossing Missenden Road", Dr. Viner-Smith—"Are you looking at the right slide, sir?", Dr. Hollis—"This slide is from a 75-year-old woman or a 6-month-old baby", Dr. Arnold—"What's smegma?", and Dr. Gunz. After realising that human tissue has no resemblance to the rat and bandicoot of histology days, we learned rapidly.



*G. A. Starmér,
Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology.*



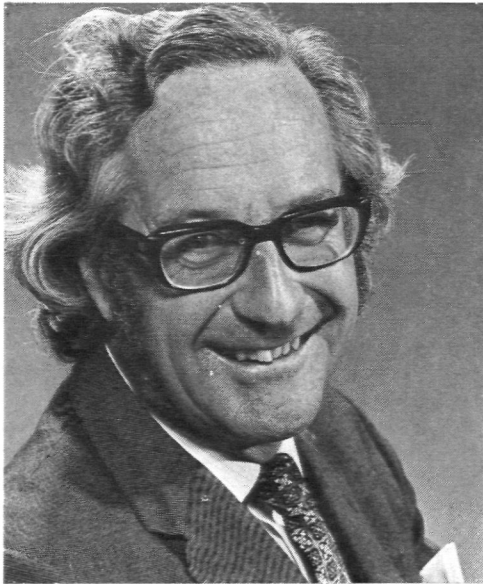
*G. B. Chesher,
Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology.*

The one man bacteriology department with the skeleton lectures came along to bug us. Prof. Pat. de Burgh—"If you people don't keep quiet, I'll turn down my microphone and talk to myself"—intrigued us with his off-coloured coat and unorthodox spelling. In bacto. prac. we met A/Prof. Charlton—"Are you guy's still here?", came into close contact with the lethal wogs and even closer contact with the various stains (a new status symbol at parties). Dr. David Nelson taught us that immunology was quite simple once you could understand it.

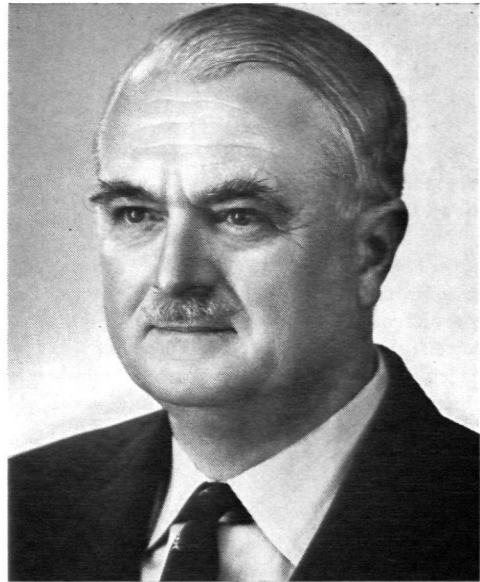
The hospital lists came out and we all rushed off to the Medsoc. to buy white coats, torches and stethoscopes and



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



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



*A. M. Johnson,
Lecturer in Dermatology,*

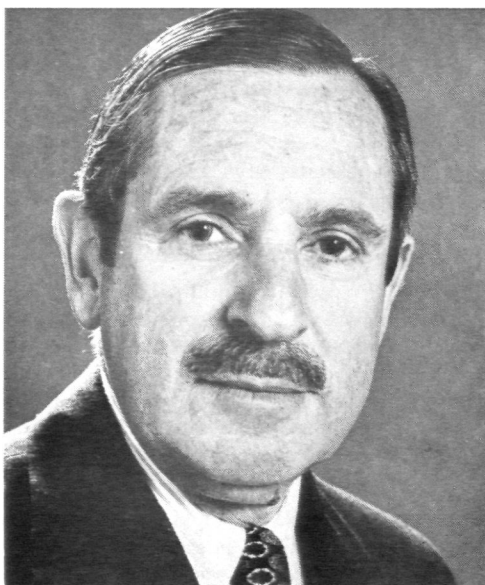
set off for the wards armed with Hamilton Bailey. Surgery and Medicine lectures were added to our worries, and were beautifully transcribed and filed away with the rest. Prof. Milton—"Lectures take up time which should be spent in the wards", A/Prof. Stephens, Sheil, Little, Reeve, Mr. Bill McCarthy and others added to the growing piles, while in medicine we had our first contact with Blackie.

In Vacation term, A/Prof. Jim McLeod gave us his simplified neurology course, followed by Prof. Korner on cardiology with the appropriate accent and volume. Dr. John Laing taught us how to commit the perfect murder in his entertaining lectures on jurisprudence. "This is the typical

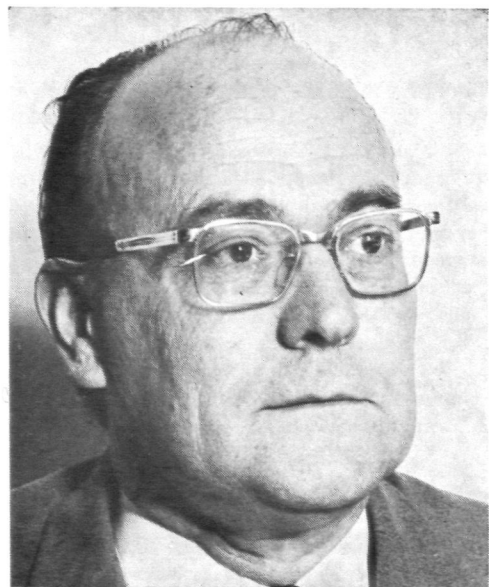
appearance of a body which has been through a jet engine backwards." "It's a pity we haven't had a decent axe murder since I got my colour camera." "He's right, your Honour, they do that every time." "How do you tell a virgin chook?"

We were lucky to have the late Prof. John Read lecture to us on respiratory medicine, followed by A/Prof. Dougie Piper, who taught us what every first year nurse and trolley boy already knew. Dr. Ronald Winton showed us his ancient slides on the history of medicine.

Lent term arrived with Mr. Volney Bulteau and his colour slides on E.N.T., Dr. Stewart on renal disease, A/Prof. Sol. Posen on endocrinology, and more surgery.



*V. G. Bulteau,
Lecturer in Disease of the Ear, Nose and Throat.*



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

Trinity term introduced Prof. Black—"Tropical medicine is very important for the Asian students", Prof. Kerr on genetics and Dr. Adrian Johnson—"This is another slide showing psoriasis". Dr. Eddie Donaldson showed us his huge collection of eye slides and Prof. Doug. Joseph gave his painless lectures on anaesthetics, while therapeutics and the sometimes interesting Clinical Laboratory Methods with Dr. Bill Hensley were thrown in for good measure.

Prof. Maddison, Dr. Wendy-L. Walker, A/Prof. Izzy Pilowsky and slipper-footed Dr. Ralph Shureck—"Yes, actually I do psychoanalyse people at cocktail parties"—teamed together to remove all our defence mechanisms as we compulsively collected all the lecture summaries. In our next term we all attended Broughton Hall and watched those unsung TV personalities show us into the stumbling world of mental illness.

Impeccable Prof. Shearman showed us every steroid yet discovered, and Dr. Malcolm Stenning showed us 184 Gynæ. slides in one lecture. The great gynæcological guru, A/Prof. Derek Llewellyn-Jones, entertained us as he changed character, voice and sex to illustrate his lectures, which he cribbed from his books. A/Prof. Warren Jones' statement "Infertility is caused by substandard sperm", provoked the Mouth's comment, "What about substandard sex?"

Once Prof. Stapleton had collected our pinup photos and vital statistics, he plunged into his guided tour through the dark recesses of our childhood, helped by A/Prof. Katz, who blamed the parents for everything, Dr. Dowd with his flowing phrases of witty delivery, Dr. Hamilton's fitting convulsions, and others.

Dr. Godfrey Scott told us about G.P. practice in Lithgow and the Eastern Suburbs to introduce the preventive and social medicine lectures. Although these interfered with the sun and surf, the topics—Prof. Encel on alcoholism, Dr.

Henderson on traffic accidents, Dr. Sax on regionalization, Dr. Andrews on geriatrics, Dr. Smith on industrial diseases, Prof. Birch on the environment, Dr. Clements on handicaps and crises, and Dr. Scott and Prof. Kerr on anything else, from computers to screening systems—attracted varying audiences. The list of exam questions given out earlier helped the choosy student get priorities in the right order.

Fifth year dawned bright and clear as we discovered the new worlds of Kid's Hospital, placentas, Pap. smears, psychiatric patients, No. 9 cuffed Magill's tubes, the difference between ointments, creams and lotions, how to wear a head mirror, hold a retractor and pretend to see through the ophthalmoscope. This carefree year of living in, new friendships, many parties and osmotic learning was capped by elective term which found us scattered across the world.

The run for the end started slowly as suntans faded and we met our final-year tutors who began to probe gaps and polish up our limited knowledge. Thursday morning correlation clinics (neither clinics nor correlating) gave us an opportunity to catch up on friends and gossip from the other hospitals. "Revision" lectures were the order of the day, from medicine, pædiatrics and O & G, to the specially Taylor-Nade instant orthopædics course. As the year sped by we gradually dropped out of the social pages and hit the books, some even managing to stay sane. Time will scatter us further afield, but we have lived through many communal problems and joys which have bonded us together, and in the years to come . . .

We'll give a cheer before we go, a hearty cheer and true,
For all the men who taught us, for the men who let us
through—

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

While we were passing through . . .

MEDICINE



THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

Large, uncomfortably conglomerated, an architectural hallucination of renovation chasing decay where a medical/paramedical/nursing staff of e^x attend 40,000 inpatients and 265,000 outpatients each year at a cost a little under \$20,000,000; where people in social and life crisis meet a bewildering technology and institutional process; where students come to learn the ancient craft of medicine.

Set in a community of predominantly low-income earners and migrants, dispensing highly specialized care and incorporating its academic and teaching functions, PA is a hospital too complex to epitomize. It presents a multitude of problems and directions, of hopes and demands on its services. The functional hospital, a ceaselessly evolving compromise, is as a consequence a worthwhile place in which to have watched and met medicine.

Interestingly, to be in PA is almost to be in a microcosm of our society out of balance. The wards reflect the cholesterol-saturation of our affluence. There are the end results of smoking, alcohol, and analgesic abuse, which together with peptic ulceration, laugh at our stresses and their resultant anxieties. Backlash from the motor-car, industrial and drug-

induced disease add further to the list of new toxins, in what, in simplest terms, is a ghetto of ill-health.

Socially there are problems, especially of communication. A migrant finds he cannot understand, be understood; his attendants likewise. *Confusion grows and is compounded* by cultural and racial sensitivities that cannot correlate. Even amongst English-speaking, British-orientated patients and staff, social disparities make true understanding hard to achieve. Problems exist within staff levels, too, as they do between patients and the technology that increasingly marks their progress and treatment in the hospital. All this is not to mention the problems of people separated from their health and families, their occupations and responsibilities.

There is the institution itself — progressive in science, conservative in humanity — honouring objectivity and showing an academic's distaste for the empirical. There is its long-developed hierarchy placing everyone from patients to professors; its government from above which works a pattern of imperfect conformity amongst its occupants. There are the machines which diagnose, dispense treatment, and compute with superhuman accuracy and speed.

Above this, and infiltrating at every level is the brooding giant of the administration. Ever-complicating, ever-systematizing, it seeks efficiency against a torrent of demands and spiralling costs. In doing so it runs the dangers of dehumanization. Of simply people being lost in unit numbers. Of pain and confusion bottled in categories.

The microcosm, almost an island state within the city, presents a tacit warning to awareness. Every patient is a people, every disease a living part of human life. It pleads simplicity within complexity; relates disease to the excesses in our lifestyle, but then reminds us that not all our ill is packaged as disease. More broadly, the image represents much of our vast, complex, affluent, objectively-striving society and so implies its dangers. Indeed, the microcosm represents the total field of medicine, to which we all must bear responsibility.

To be a student in PA is to transcend this miniature. Attended by bruised and battered percussion fingers, stumbling attempts to talk to a patient whilst transilluminating his scrotum, attempting to evade the tutor's glance at each new bedside, the initial self-conscious white-coatedness begins to confront the seemingly impenetrable closed system of the hospital at work.

Gaining confidence in being able to find most wards and learning to negotiate the Tunnel, a nonchalance beneath the Big Top of the Brown Street Circus develops with a deftness in dodging spitting steam pipes. Now levels of involvement

come, rising to "observation" of anaesthetics with that darling Clifton creature, history taking from senile Egyptian alcoholics, goitrous natives ("Does anyone speak French?") and that first obstetric flummox. Who could forget whole days spent dozing at retractor's length from mammoth surgery? Perhaps someone recalls the specialties.

Certainly no one will forget the wards. The curious phenomenon of the vanishing patient, the certain insensitivity to the sick required to be 34th in line to feel a Ca breast; the necessity of becoming a nuisance to succeed. It seems a pity that so much of student-patient relationships have to be conducted at this level. And unfortunate that teaching has remained a function largely tacked on to the full-time occupations of its teachers, students an irrelevant necessity to the full function of the hospital.

Yet all is not gloom. We've learned some medicine and met a hospital. We've known the memorable, if chaotic times of Brown Street, become immune to Hospital Food; found the distinctive smells, the rust, staircases which go nowhere, the odd gloomy caverns tucked away that are PA. We've failed to hear tutes in Page and wished we hadn't heard some others. We've associated with the steel-trap mind at the head of Schlink Stairs, dodged the demonic lino-destroying floorman of the Downstairs Common Rooms, met Alice, the nice guy at the front desk, a million transient faces—

The list goes on.

And so, it seems, do we.

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

A tall, paternal figure with whitish hair and a wise smile, never seen without an enzyme-white starched coat: who else but Tolkien's Gandalf the Wise. His equipment is a small brown leather case which must be larger inside, containing all manner of exciting tricks: a magical percussion hammer which unerringly elicited the required response, from the quickest hyper-reflexia to the most sublime atonia; tuning forks in harmony which never failed to convince that vibration sense was unimpaired; gold-rimmed nystagmic glasses. This wizard could make one pin feel sharp or blunt at his command, and then make the end wiggle when testing field defects. He could place any limb or joint in the exact position to test any muscle, with or without the aid of gravity, as required.

We would like to thank a most lucid and entertaining mentor for providing a guiding light as we wandered through vast tracts of neurology.



LOUIS BERNSTEIN

"Did I ever give you my thirty second tut. on the embryology of the heart?"

We don't know for sure, but we suspect this heartologist to be related to a certain other L. Bernstein who also indulges in the esoteric matters of conduction. His appearance suggests a man who is relaxed and has a humorous attitude to life: rounded jowls, a double chin and still that smile. He is not inclined to paroxysms of hypertension when faced with blank expressions of ignorance but manages to compensate, in his fluid style, by starting from the beginning viz Bernstein's "ECG's made Easy".

Not only was this subject of immense complexity simplified—"Make a block diagram of this, stick it on your ceiling over your bed and you'll have no trouble in the Finals", but our morale was boosted by his gentle prodding of the deep recesses of our preconscious with the comments . . .

"I didn't know that for many years . . ."; or
"There, you knew it all the time . . .".



GEOFFREY THOMAS BENNESS

"Here's a spot diagnosis for Blind Freddy."

During Fifth Year the program told us to report to a room in Blackburn Building for a radiology tutorial. We had heard vague rumours that they were exciting and different.

An energetic man with a flashing smile introduced us to the wonders of slide cartridges, tapethreading and machines which actually taught us radiology, in our own time, and with above average levels of enjoyment and involvement.

In the live tutorials Dr. Benness impressed us with his enthusiasm and efforts to help us really understand and unravel what was significant in the radio-opaque/translucent blurs. His advanced educational thinking (active participation and cerebration as opposed to the generally held osmosis or sponge theory) and his concern for students will probably spur him on to develop Technicolor radiographs to make the picture even clearer. Thank you.





FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

"... And now she's just a vegetable, but what would you have done?"

Oh once I had a patient, I forget her name,
 She was a diabetic (aren't they all the same?)
 With horror complications (don't know why she came)
 Obese and thyrotoxic, comatose and lame
 Plus raging hypertension, and really, just herself to blame.
 Anyway they gave her something, while I was away
 (Hyperstat? Catapres- Frusemide and Aldomet) and yes, of course, Slow K.
 Well she went bad on the weekend—I thought—a CVA?
 (My auntie's best friend had one, just the other day)
 I went round to John and Charlie to see what they would say
 So we sent her for a brainscan (don't use the neuro. tray!)
 The way he taught us we will never forget, but we wish he would get a
 new "smiling" photo. Thank you.

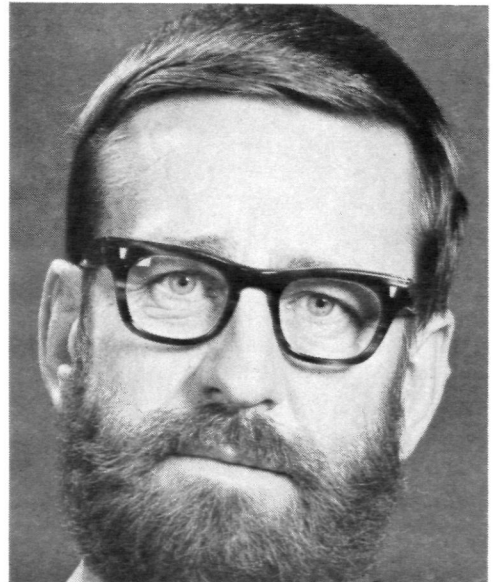
BRUCE STEWART CLIFTON

"Quick — the patient's dying! What are you going to DO about it?"

The existence and effects of the anæsthetocytoma are well known. However, recent parenchymal studies have revealed among the more uniform tissue an atypical, well-differentiated and highly functional cell. Histologically it has a characteristic appearance with a prominent brush border and hyperactive macrovilli displaying gold and turquoise flashing granules.

Functionally this cell produces a variety of enzymes which act in teaching processes facilitated by a baffling array of grunts, groans, and raucous cries of "How exciting!", "You gorgeous darling!", "Wake up, sex kitten!", "You great classic!", and "What about the wee-wee!".

Secretion of this cell into the student circulation produces generalized warmth, significantly improved cerebral absorption and a sense of involvement. As yet, no control mechanisms have been isolated, and hopefully systemic effects of its enthusiasm and valuable secretions will be felt throughout the hospital.



Secretary to the Warden of the Clinical School:

MRS. MARY ESTALL

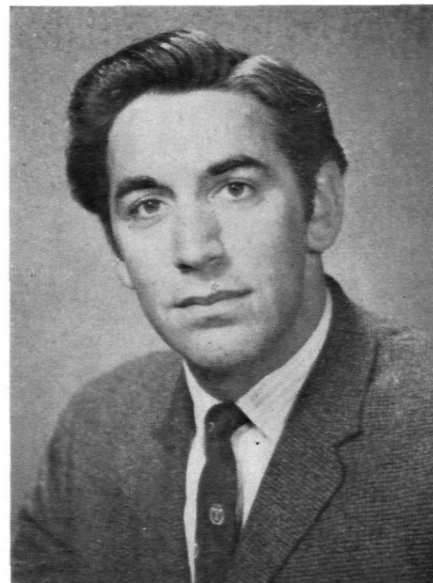
"Yes (insert correct name), what can I do for you?"

Look! There! Up on the stairs! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? . . . No, its Superestall. Yes, Superestall. Efficient secretary from the third floor holy of holies, with powers far beyond those of mortal women, who can predict and answer a question before it is asked. Faster than a Ba enema, more powerful than a defibrillator, able to leap S.E.C. with a number of resounding steps, and who, disguised as a smiling memory bank, fights a never-ending battle for correct students' names, lost books, Brown Street Hotel reservations, missing tutors, locker keys, clinical notices and the RPAH way.

We all thank her.

PETER GIANOUTSOS

Coming to us from across the Tasman, Dr. Gianoutsos cuts a dashing figure not only around the hospital, but also on the football field. A special favourite of his female students but well liked by all, he is noted for the medical "canaries" he continually drops in tutorials. Let's hope he never comes face to face with one of those coxsackie B viruses! After several years of close scrutiny, those suspected grey tints have proved to be progressive!



DAVID GLENN

As one of the younger, more hirsute members of the honorary staff, Mr. Glenn has impressed us with his teaching and his empathy towards patients.

The surgeons' conference in Singapore saved some students contributing generously to the "Mr. Glenn Cigarette Fund", but it was felt this was poor recompense for lost surgical tutoring.

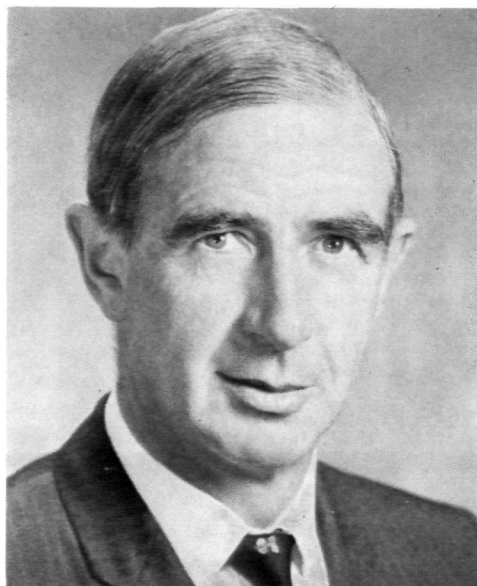
His supply of extra-length, gold-pack duty-free cigarettes refurbished, Mr. Glenn returned to Australia to demonstrate not only the quality of his teaching this time, but also that it can be handed out in quantity, along with cigarettes.

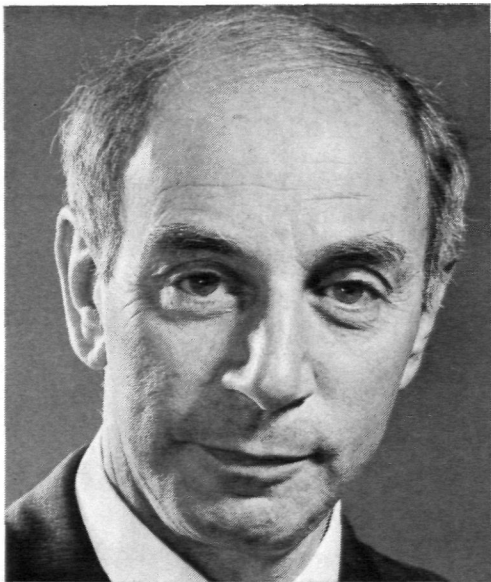
JOHN ERNEST DUNLOP GOLDIE

"There seems to be a surgical solution to the problem."

On perusing old year books, two things emerge constantly concerning Mr. Goldie: that his contacts with patients, staff and students can be no better described than gentlemanly: indeed true; and that he has an obsession for frontal thyroid palpation. It could also be noted that the apparent discrepancy between the youthful photo and the paternal face has disappeared, although the eyebrows remain.

Mr. Goldie has impressed us with his logical train of thought and exceedingly wide surgical experience, as well as his approach to patients that sees them as being much more than a site for another surgical incision. We have all been enlightened by our association with this fine surgeon.





STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

"What thoughts are running through your heads?"

Dr. Goulston patiently turned our thoughts to the problems which brought the people under his care into hospital. As he gently coaxed an exacting case history from us we became aware of the abysmal gaps in our knowledge, although the most abject ignorance only brought forth an exasperated sigh—so we worked even harder to prepare a concise, logical statement of "the patient's problems", leaving no urine uncentrifuged in our now stimulated and motivated study of medicine.

His gentlemanly ways showed us some of the art of our profession, and his concern for each of us and for each of his individual patients extended to what might happen after leaving A1—thus introducing us to the prognostic, social and preventive aspects not mentioned in textbooks.

Thank you Sir—you have set us a very high example to follow.

ALEXANDER FALCONER GRANT

Mr. Grant to student arriving late:

"You're like an undescended testis; never there when you're wanted and no bloody good when you get there."

There are few tutors who can greet every answer with cries of "Rubbish", "Rot, the poor old guy will be dead by then", and still be regarded with affection. Mr. Grant is one of these. He horrified us, poked fun at us, and used each one of us mercilessly as a teaching aid, but as the term progressed we came to accept his criticism and appreciate his humour. His teaching was always logical, beginning with anatomy and progressing to pathology. The hours we spent with him were never dull (we clocked in and we clocked out) and he spiced his tutorials with a liberal sprinkling of abuse and laughter. Thank goodness we don't have him in the viva.



JOHN MOORE GREENAWAY

"I've been quoted in Year Books before..."

His spirit can best be captured by his endless quotes . . .

as a historian: ". . . did you know Babinski is also known for his Lobster Babinski? . . ."; "Thousands of years ago when I was a junior resident and we used tincture of foxglove for the dropsy . . ."

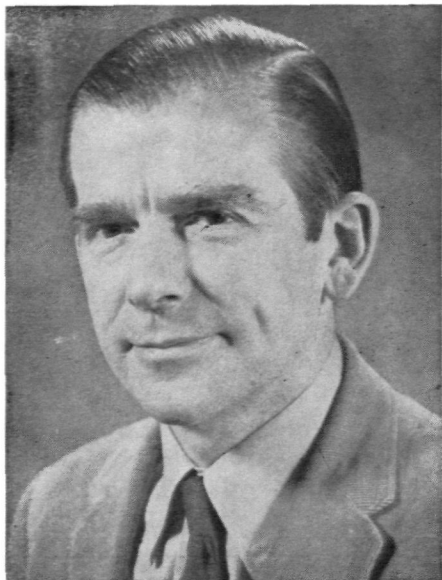
as a diagnostician—well known for the pinch test on wenches at Nell Gwynne's pub: "Send him down to Salisbury Road . . ."; "Murmurs, like women, are deceiving . . ."

as a prognostician: "Hooray . . ."; "If somebody hasn't had a C.V.A. by the time they're 78 . . . then they ought to . . ."

as a teacher: "Put those neurones into first gear . . ."; "Oh yeh, who's been telling you that . . ."; "You're all over the shop . . ."; "Did I ever tell you the story . . ."; "Let's get back to clinical medicine . . ."

as an honorary: "Mr. Chairman, may I ask a very silly question . . ."; "For a surgeon he's pretty good . . ."

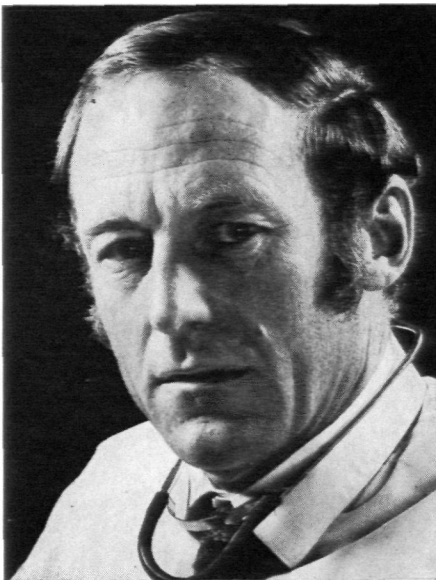
and . . . THOSE cufflinks!



EDWARD JAMES HALLIDAY

"Listen just . . . here . . . can you hear it now? . . . It's a beautiful murmur."

Dr. Halliday is a gentleman with an alpine suntan and a flair for imparting his skill at piecing together the various symptoms, signs, pulses and murmurs into a logical diagnosis. He also gave us a working knowledge of the hieroglyphics put out by the E.C.G. machines, so that they became compatible with the noises which we learned to hear above the trucks grinding along Missenden Road. He showed a hearty compassion for his patients and concern for us as he enthusiastically taught us, bestowing the occasional word of approval or "Good man" as a glimmer of understanding shone in our eyes. He is one of the "good" tutors.



HENRY PETER BURNELL HARVEY

THE SCENE: Page 6, at the bedside; dyspnoic patient Smith behind Venturi mask.

The Masque begins:

DR. H.: Look here, Smith, you're never going to smoke again, are you?

SMITH: No answer.

DR. H.: That's a sexy, psychedelic tie you've got there, Pohl.

POHL: No answer.

DR. H.: Now, what were we going to talk about today? Oh, that's right.

Well I haven't really prepared anything on this, but we'll see how we go . . . You've got a lecture at I haven't you?

. . . Well, that was asthma. There's a lot we haven't covered, but I hope

I've been able to tie a few loose ends together. See you next Monday.

Have a good weekend — any of you guys sailors?

Superb mutton-chopped clinician — we thank you.

FELIX HUBER

The context of the picture at right is something of a mystery. The owner of the face is known to waft in and out of PA, and tutors surgery in a relaxed and accomplished fashion. Moreover, it is evident that the focus of his expertise is on the management of the wiley carcinoma.

However, little more is known. Some observers place him amongst the ranks of the opposition and suggest that Ben Casey-set-cum-hospital Prince of Wales to be his real centre of operation. At the present state of our knowledge such postulation cannot be confirmed.

Perhaps his continued visitations will, in time, aid in a more complete revelation of his true identity.





Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology:

WARREN ROSS JONES

"If you listen to nothing else, pay attention to the first two sentences . . . I spent two hours composing them."

O & G HISTORY

P/S: Healthy, young male in no discernible distress . . . ever!

HPI: Acute on chronic overwork commencing in the 60's. Induction of tachycardia in female students and L.W. staff. Thirty-five year history of amenorrhœa.

Personal: Diet: Doughnuts, meat pies, peanut butter sandwiches; Smokes: Fat little cigars; Hobbies: Reproductive immunology, Staff-Student Liaison Committee, history of obstets (remember the Countess of Henneberg?), family planning, theatre, opera, lecturing . . . "Disregard the remark I was about to make . . ."

D.D.: Amiable, well-liked, thinly-camouflaged radical (Ref. *Honi Soit*: "Abortion", 1972).

R: Sabbatical leave, 1974.

BRUCE DOUGLAS LECKIE

"Esophageal dilatation is the sport of kings."

The first encounter with Mr. Leckie was indeed an experience for we poor mortals uninitiated in the esoteric art of thoracic surgery. His tutorials interspersed with colourful stories of past experiences, an assorted array of venerable radiographs and a few good old Australian adjectives thrown in for good measure, were a delight to even the most prudish.

A favourite amongst students for his down-to-earth platitudes, his friendliness and ready willingness to answer even the most benign of questions. Indeed, he succeeded in convincing even the most stoic amongst us that the reinflated lung rising gradually to the surface was the most beautiful sight in the world.

All his female students were his "girl friends", and on referring to them as such, he would bring blushes to their cheeks.

His good nature and humour will always be remembered by those fortunate enough to have walked the corridors of Page 2 with this ebullient man.



JULIAN HERZL LEE

"Who's Seen a Patient?"

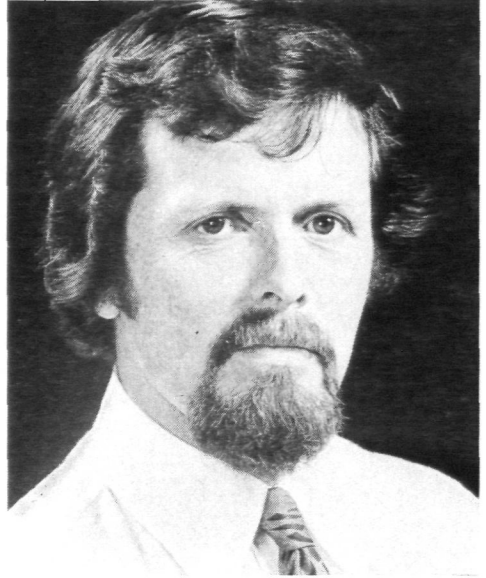
Although originally diagnosed as a St. George footballer and later as a policeman, we soon discovered that he was a respiratory medicine man who really knew his way around the (bronchial) passages of Page Chest Pavilion. When he found his reluctant audience more ignorant (or asleep) than anticipated, he resorted to more captivating methods such as slide shows from his vast "X-ray" collection, accumulated with loving care during student tutorials; and sometimes to throwing chalk. And despite his playing down of psychological factors in medicine he remained compassionate to his students by scanning (and allocating) the whole spectrum of bung lungs and giving us inspiration during our less than protracted stay.



DAVID ALEXASTHMA LINDSAY

This bearded, hypomanical football-playing respiratory physician is never at a loss for words—in fact, we often had trouble stopping him once he got going on one of his favourite subjects. Ensnared in his little domain on Page Four, equipped with all its instruments of torture, he gave us informal tutorials and impromptu demonstrations on how to deflate and exhaust patients with spirometry and the exercise treadmill. Out of hours he can be found exercising asthmatics on the football field.

Many thanks, Dr. Lindsay, for opening up to us the fascinating world of “Pink Bloaters” and “Blue Puffers”.

*Clinical Warden:*

GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

“You’re Never Too Old for Anything.”

As Warden of the Clinical School, Dr. McDonald was only a name to us in 4th and 5th Years. However, as a Final Year tutor, armed with an immense clinical background, a warm and pleasant personality, and a cane (ambulatory only), he taught us medicine clinically—a refreshing experience.

Presence at his tutorials alone guaranteed learning a sensible and practical approach to the management of patients.

Many thanks to Dr. McDonald, and we are sure his lucid teaching will stand us in good stead in the future.

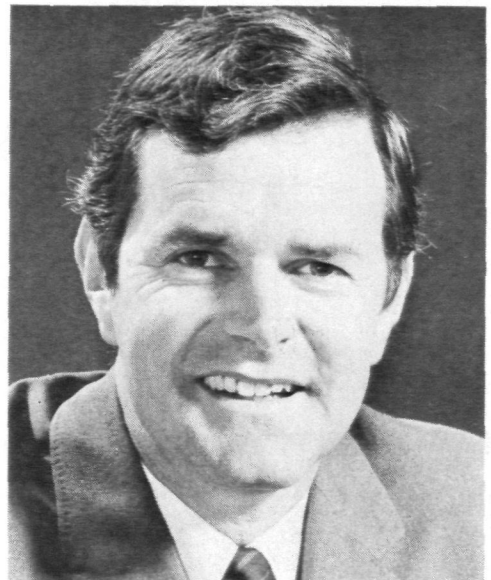
JAMES MAY

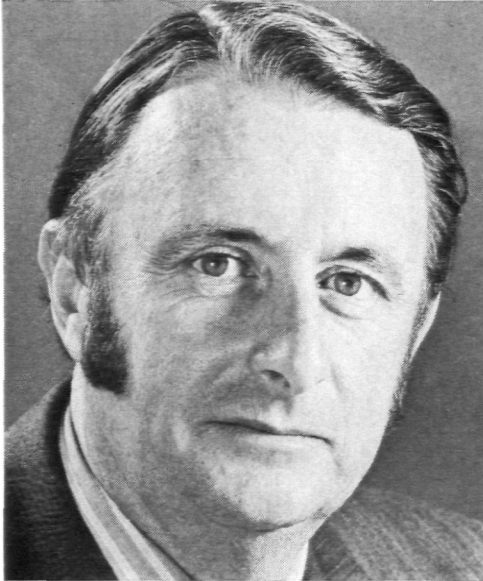
Mr. May: *“What is the commonest cause of hypertension?”*

Student: *“Phæochromocytoma of the Bladder.”*

Mr. May: *“Um, yes . . . well no actually can you think of something more common?”*

This mild-mannered scalpel wielder returned from his intercontinental jaunts to teach us, in the nicest possible way, the delights of surgery. Sporting a crew-cut and armed with nothing but a mini-Doppler and a vast fund of practical surgical knowledge, our ace transplant surgeon never became annoyed at even the most ridiculous answer to a sensible question. Nevertheless, his registrar and resident often suffered from his quick wit at those Wednesday morning radiology sessions. Thank you, Mr. May, for being so patient and courteous with us.





BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

"Questions! . . ."

All is ready for our wonderful journey. The track has been meticulously cleared of all obstacles. The buttocks are pulled apart and "The Colonoscope Express" penetrates the anal verge and tears into the diurnal darkness. A puff of air and sudden illumination brings forth gasps of amazement as we witness the scenic wonders of the rectal cavern. Our driver negotiates a pendulous polyp as we proceed towards our destination. Suddenly we jolt to a stop—a diverticular derailment has been skilfully avoided. As we approach the caecum we see our goal—Carcinoma Country. We take our specimen and leave, but our driver will be back—"Theatre's Tuesday, Fellows!"

Such was our surgery term with Mr. Morgan, stimulating and informative. He does his utmost to teach us and as clinical supervisor strives to make Royal Prince Alfred a better place for all of us. He is truly the student's friend. We thank him.

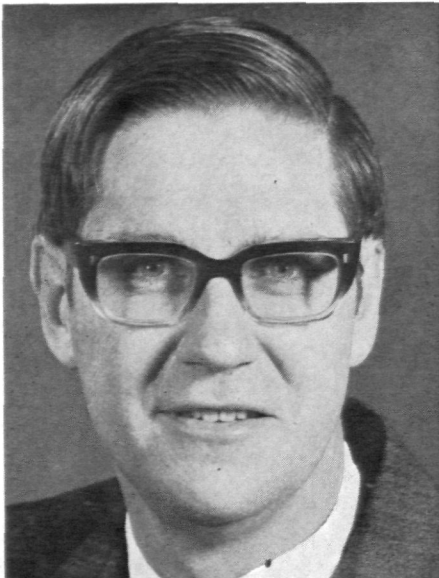
MARGARET MULVEY

"Mmuh, mmuh, mmuh, did you lose your way, mmuh?"

Many of Meg's students recall the climax to the end of a vigorous O. & G. term—spent pleasantly one Sunday afternoon at her Careel Bay home—as she is interested in their total education, and encourages their interest in matters medico-legal and philosophical. During term our outlook was broadened by oft-repeated extracurricular activities (after a full day's P.V.'s of course—"You must do hundreds before you can feel anything, boys! Quick sticks, hands out of pockets and into her 'thing'!").

Senior Honorary at King George, a champion of student's rights (and their stomachs), with an insurpassable sense of humour, and an unlimited source of information, without her thing, er, I mean lectures, the feminine perspective on this exclusively feminine aspect of medicine would be sadly missed.

Thanks, Meg!



FREDERICK WESTWOOD NIESCHE

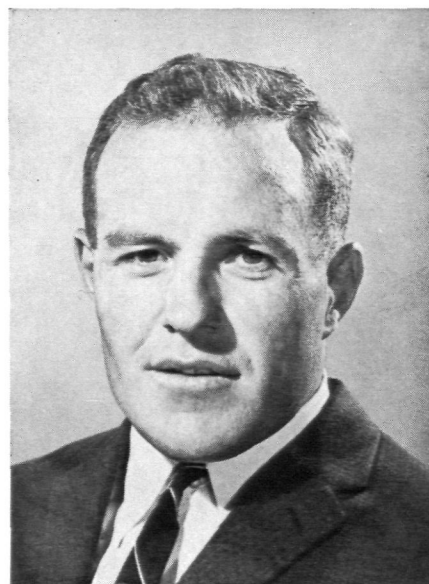
Mr. Niesche is not only a surgeon, but also the son of a surgeon. This is truly a blessing, as it liberates him from the delusions of grandeur and transcendence so much in evidence amongst emergent surgeons (FRACS or FRAC'S SYNDROME).

His tutorials were given at such time as to allow students to awaken fully to, but not yet feel the stresses of, another day (i.e., late morning), and in such place as to herald the unguarded presence of a tray of morning tea. The tutorials were stimulating and beneficial, and he did more than a little to correct the clinical ineptitude of his students.

He deserves special praise for remaining totally unruffled by the persistently batting eyelids of a certain female student!

KENNETH WILLIAM PERKINS

When last seen Dr. Perkins was known to be a gastroenterologist noted for his genuine "Aussie" approach to disease, and his frequent wielding of the gastro- and duodenoscope (i.e. ulcer-chaser or burp-o-scope). We knew he was well read, and he was never afraid of revealing his sources in this respect, e.g., "Well, Dagwood has a duodenal ulcer, doesn't he?". His admiration for private pathologists, however, left something to be desired, and he was soon bored with 14 views of a hole in the gut from the same angle. Still, we never saw him frown and he was always spontaneous with humorous comparisons about those diseases known collectively as "gut-rot".



JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

It is a cardiologist and he teacheth all with glee.
 "By thy scratching pen, and glittering eye, now learn thou well from me."
 A Johnsman who, when green in years, renounced those interests pale
 Of weak and haughty College men, liquor, drink and ale.
 Day after day, in purpose fixed, he taught nor phlegm or potion,
 But murmurs, as a pounding wave upon a glassy ocean.
 Murmurs, murmurs, everywhere, and lesser minds did shrink.
 Murmurs, murmurs, everywhere, nor any time to think.
 Four times fifty living souls with neither sigh nor groan,
 To flee the Albatross of Death embraced the stethophone.
 The sun's rim dipped: the stars rushed out, yet on into the night,
 The pupils still, on bended knee, pursued their given plight.
 The pupils left, dumbfounded, stunned, but not of sense forlorn.
 Enlightened, yea, and wiser men, they rose the morrow morn.

— Written by J. Williams, Poet Laureate Facultati Medici,
 with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

DAVID ROBIN RICHMOND

"I like my tutorials to be informal."

All we knew about him was that he was head of the Coronary Care Unit, had a string of degrees after his name, spoke with a British accent and drove a fiery red Ford Mustang.

This calm, smooth, suave and ever so friendly Englishman proved to be an excellent tutor. His excellence was not only due to his expertise in cardiology, but also to his personality and teaching technique, which produced a friendly, relaxed, informal atmosphere that never failed to produce total group participation. We found him to have a keen sense of where our difficulties lay, and extraordinary patience in giving us clear and calm explanations of the mysteries of his science. No one ever felt pressurized, flustered or downgraded. He succeeded in making cardiology an enjoyable and highly informative five weeks — for this we say thanks!





JOHN ROBERT SANDS

"Keep cynical, keep suspicious."

Dr. Sands is a cynic; it is a quality he tries hard to impart to his students. He never believes pathology reports which are only suggestive; his comment usually is: "I think the pathologist was trying to be helpful." He is the master of comparison—"No one is an alcoholic if he does not drink more than me!"

Dr. Sands has also cultured a realistic attitude to students—he never expects too much and is consequently pleased with any response, which are characteristically rare. Perhaps his most unique quality is his ability to bring every subject down to the basics. He has never been known to be lost in detail—the specialist's specialty—but always presents facts with remarkable clarity and digestibility.

For a great physician and a pleasant contrast to the standard PA "instructor" we are grateful.

THEODORE SELBY

"Aw c'mon . . . you don't really believe that, do you?"

Medicine term began with a note of mystery—"Who is Dr. Selby?" But having met him we will never forget him—though we may have trouble trying to remember what he taught us.

A dark-haired man, with tinted glasses, he always arrived in the ward looking weary, with his classic line—"I don't know what we can see today; there's nothing in the wards." However, his tutorials were almost never dull, and after sixteen tutorials we had seen a wide range of clinical material and Dr. Selby had separated the Vth and facial nerves.

Being caught with extra tutorial unexpectedly, Dr. Selby deserves our thanks for the additional time he devoted to us.



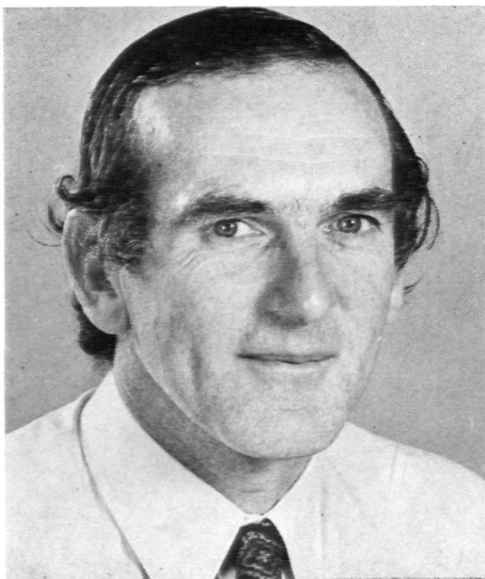
G. N. BRUCE STOREY

"The take home message for today is . . ."

Dr. Storey is an enthusiastic physician who endeavours to provoke students into thinking about medicine and not blindly accepting dogma: "If you were the only doctor in Gulargambone . . .". His energy and capacity for work are amazing, yet he will find time for the student who is keen or needs help, even with the basic "Mickey Mouse Stuff". On the other hand, students have found his tutorials "lively" if they have dallied while crossing Missenden Road.

Outside medicine he has varied interests. He enjoys good music, the surf at Palm Beach, and a Randwick victory at Rugby. His politics are uncertain, though he has been known to mutter—"come the revolution . . .".

His aim is, always, to improve the standards of medicine, which he practises with an inquiring mind and a high regard for his patients.



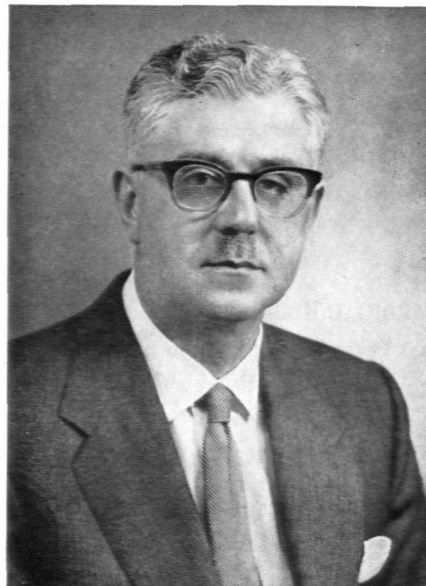
PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON

"Are you with me?"

Softly spoken and kindly, Mr. Tomlinson loved to illustrate with an anecdote—"Once, during the war . . ." and "Did I tell you . . .?". Anything that can happen has happened to either he or his friends (many in high places overseas)—tapeworms flushed from their appendix cases, conscious decapitants . . .

Mr. T's passion for technical details and immaculate diction came to its peak in his dissertation upon peptic ulcers. Having passed through the bronze age ("Have I said something?") we met his famous analysis of surgeon's A-Z performances. "Didn't X, Y, Z cop it?" . . . "Rumour has it . . ."

Mr. T. finally assured us we would all easily pass. If we didn't chase canaries among the pigeons, always did anterior Moynihan Hofmeister Billroth IIs and let our examiners know that we really were practical—we will never forget a brick's dimensions.



Associate Professor of Medicine:

JOHN TURTLE

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle." . . . "When we were little, we went to school . . . The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily. "Really, you are very dull!"

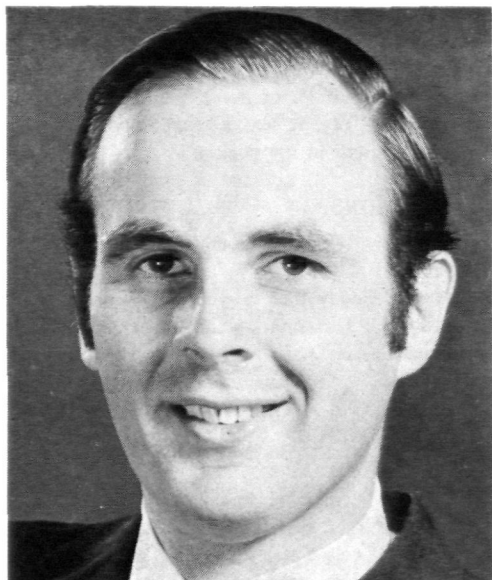
"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense. I should like to have it explained."

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!"

— From *Alice in Wonderland* — LEWIS CARROL.

As a lecturer, Prof. Turtle is responsible for many pads being filled and many Biro's running hot as he presented the intricacies of endocrinology to us.

As our Fifth Year tutor in clinical medicine he put up with a great deal of uncommon nonsense as he gently laboured to improve our understanding of the patients' problems and the clinical course of diseases, so that we could present them clearly and concisely, and explain what we had said without just repeating "stuff".



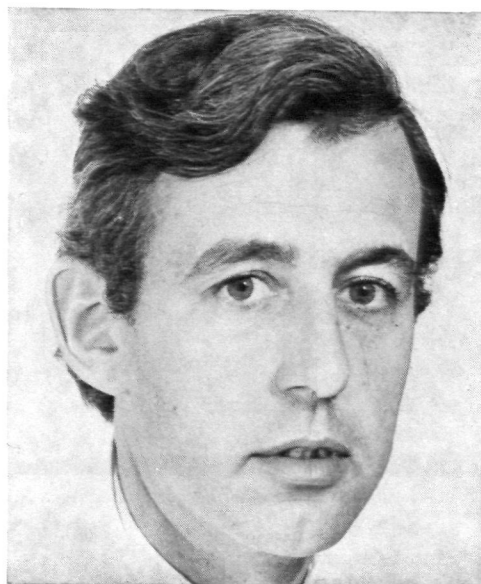
JOHN FRANCIS BRYANT UTHER

"The professor likes pressure diagrams."

Physiology, physics, medico-mathematics and cardiology were cleverly combined to provide an explanation of why an E.C.G. appears as it does.

Dr. Uther, as "heart-throb" of the cardiology ward, caused palpitations in his patients and hypertension in his students. Drawing curves under pressure prepared us for the ultimate test, and yes, the Professor was impressed.

In summary, Dr. Uther's tutorials taught us a great deal, even an understanding of sino-atrial Wenckebach, and we are sure that none of us will ever miss a beat again.



OUR OTHER TEACHERS

Armed with symptoms and signs, perhaps expecting more didactic teaching as in 4th Year, we were less than gently reminded by Dr. Hassal that 5th Year medical term was about student involvement with total patient assessment and management.

Nonplussed, but not for long, we found that it was worth missing extracurricular activities to prepare for and to attend the sessions conducted by Drs. Zylstra and Hassal.

MEDICAL REGISTRARS:

- PETER BLOMBERY: "Are you uræmic or something?"
 ALEX BUNE: "You're a bunch of little beasts."
 BILL BYE: "Terrific! . . . Right! . . . Right!"
 BOB CHIA: "If I get Hodgkin's I'll go to the West Coast of America to be cured . . . if I get lymphosarcoma I'll still go — to spend my money . . ."; "Sorry . . . I was held up by a renal transplant."
 BRUCE HALL: "Are you asleep, Arch?"
 MICHAEL HORN: "I'm waiting for the psychiatrist . . ."
 DI HOWARD: "Sorry I'm late . . ."
 ROMAN JUDZEWITSCH: "Good God, where's my scriptwriter today?"; "What was I saying . . . thanks . . . right."
 G. FARRELL.
 ROSS BRADBURY.
 EVAN SMITH.
 ROB LOBLAY.
 COLEMAN SMITH: "I can't make it this afternoon"; "Some day we must do hyperlipidæmia."
 DOUG JOSHUA: "Did you get all that down?"
 PETER FLETCHER: "Yes, and? . . . and what else?"; "I'm shattered."

RADIOLOGISTS:

- J. ROCHE.
 JAN MCCREDIE: "Isn't that exciting?"
 B. MARKELL: "I hope I'm not leaving any of you behind."
 K. SHERBON.
 J. RYAN: "There's just so much you can get out of an X-ray."

SURGICAL REGISTRARS:

- DICK WEST: "Grunt" (with eyes closed).
 CHRIS HADGIS: "——!"
 WARWICK HARPER: "Got any lumps or bumps for the students, Sister?"
 MICK STEPHENS: "Dong! . . . failed!"; "Okey dokey, Ace"; "Got a match? . . . Thanks . . . Now — how about a cigarette?"
 LES SZABO: "Get stuck into the orange juice, it's on the house"; "Sorry I'm late . . . Fellers . . . I'll let you go now."
 PHIL LAMONT.

UROLOGISTS:

- DR. B. PEARSON: "There's no value in outpatients."
 DR. J. ROGERS: "There's something else I had to say about this . . ."
 DR. D. ARNOLD: "Don't quote doctors who are still alive in vivas — there's nothing more annoying than having your Registrar of a couple of years ago quoted to you"; "Take a week's holiday before the exam so you won't be confused."
 DR. L. WHEELER: "Femininity reflects the level of œstrogens, men on œstrogens don't worry about breast enlargement."
 DR. S. COOREY: "That's a lot of horse manure!"
 DR. M. DRUMMOND: "Yes, it was a stone — which I just happen to have here in my pocket."

ORTHOPÆDIC SURGEONS:

- MR. R. M. HONNER: "Who was to do some homework for me today?"
 MR. W. D. TYER: "Bloody fool lawyers . . ."
 MR. C. L. GREAVES: "Ukrainian — that's not a language, that's a throat disease . . ."
 MR. W. D. STURROCK.
 MR. D. McDONALD: "I'm away every first Tuesday."

O. & G. TUTORS:

- DR. E. HOLMAN: ". . . and we found the poor little girl bleeding like a stuck pig in the lavatory"; "It's not worth a cupful of cold water."
 DR. M. HESELTINE: "You could drive a horse and cart through that pelvis."
 DR. A. CAREY: "Forget what Dr. Storey has told you."
 DR. KNOX: "Uh . . . Uhm . . . I've left my lecture notes behind."
 DR. ELLIOTT: "Any sugar in the family?"
 DR. PARKIN: "Who hasn't put a glove on yet?"
 DR. SOLOMON: "Did I tell you about the time I was a Registrar in London?"
 DR. LAWRENCE.
 DR. FARRAR.
 DR. HINDE: "You really ought to know something about syphilis — after all, I got in in my long case . . . er . . ."
 DR. COPPLESON: "Bit worried about you boys."
 DR. CUMMINS: "All dollies like a cheer squad at delivery."
 DR. YOUNG.
 DR. PICCOTT.
 DR. BRADFIELD: "My private patients like to watch their deliveries . . ."
 DR. ATKINSON: "Sorry I'm late . . . I'll have to leave early."

O. & G. REGISTRARS:

- DR. M. CATT: "This tute has been cancelled."
 DR. S. BOYCE: "This tute has been cancelled."
 DR. R. LYNHAM: "This tute has been cancelled."
 DR. T. FRUMAR: "The tute will be on next week."
 DR. G. LONG: "What do you do?" Patient: "I'm a stripper."
 Dr. L.: "Oh, that's some kind of photographic pursuit, isn't it?" Patient: "No, Dummy, it means I take my clothes off for money."

DERMATOLOGY TUTORS:

- DR. MCGAW: "Well . . . if you've got the diathesis . . ."
 DR. LAND: "Come over here, Master, take a look at this."
 To patient: "Ignore him, he doesn't know what he is talking about."
 DR. BROOKS: "Permit me, if I may, Madame, to ask you your age."
 DR GEORGIAS.
 DR. ANDERSON: "The 17 causes of a pigmented mole . . ."

OPHTHALMOLOGY TUTORS:

- DR. DUKE.
 DR. HANN: "I don't care, I just look at eyes."
 DR. HUGHES.

E.N.T. TUTORS:

- DR. HALLIDAY.
 DR. MACKAY.
 DR. LANCKEN: "D' you follow?"
 DR. SEYMOUR: "See these teeth, I've paid \$400 for them."
 DR. SCRIVENER: "Why are you late, and where's your head mirror?"

ANÆSTHETICS:

- DR. BOOKALLIL: "If this hospital was an airline, noboddy would fly on it."

Associate Professor of Surgery:

JOHN MILES LITTLE

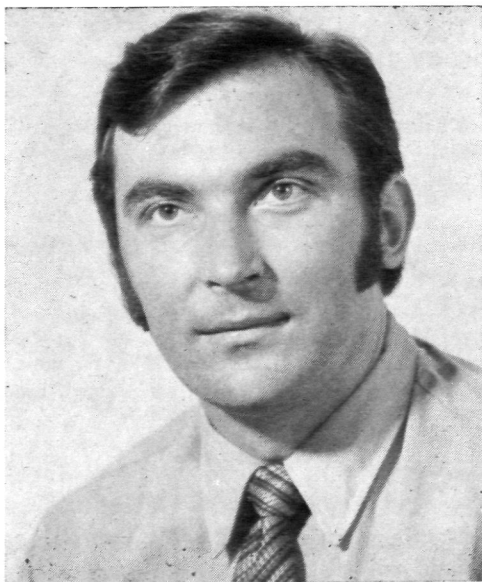
"It's not what you know that counts, but how you say it to the examiners."

In our last term, Miles (of) Little, all six feet plus of him, tried his hardest to improve our examination technique. Practice vivas and cross-questioning with students playing both the roles of inquisitor and tormented, quickly showed up the gaping holes in our knowledge and taught us to think and speak precisely. We also learned to avoid setting ourselves up for the verbal traps which examiners love.

His clinico-pathological sessions, complete with other honoraries and pathologists to describe the slides, were well presented and of great value in preparing us for the finals. In other tutorials, we were all "encouraged" to add to the discussion on the topic of the week. If some other tutors studied his methods and applied his enthusiasm, it would vastly improve the standard of our teaching.



THE STUDENTS



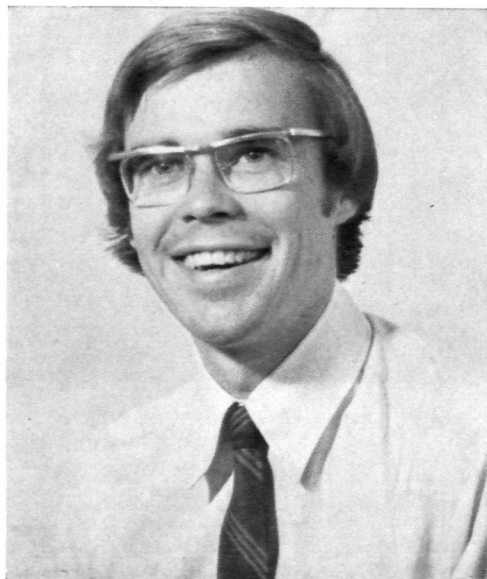
TIM BEGBIE

"Flop me . . . that's O.K.!"

Tim's need for cultural refreshment has necessitated a unique formula for approaching medicine: (a) First get your B.A. out of the way; (b) After two years med. do your world singing tour for a year; (c) Acquire a beautiful wife; (d) Squeeze a little social medicine research into elective term; (e) Sprinkle the years with your own folk and rock concerts.

Amazingly, the formula allows for credits and distinctions on the way through. Still, when one enjoys being so manipulative and passively aggressive in an argument, one has to be equipped with precise information.

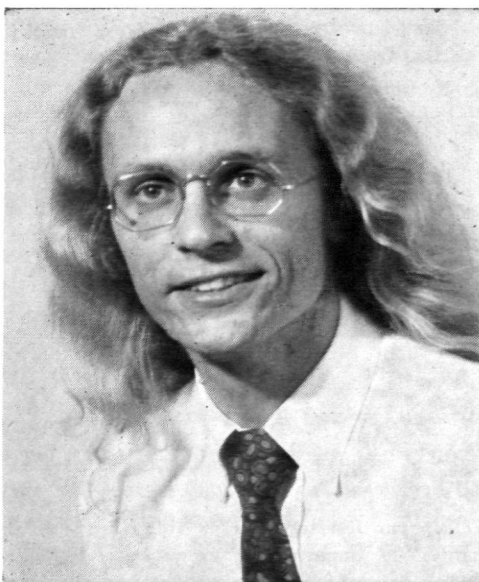
Quick to challenge tutors, overeager to cultivate extracurricular interests, unabashedly experimental in dress and retaliatory under criticism (see quote), he has still managed to impress fellow students and tutors with his constancy and conscientiousness. We wish Tim and his wife continued colour.



JAMES VICTOR BERTOUCH

"Incredible . . . What a complete and utter shambles!"

Jim is known to one and all in the Year, and far beyond for his high-collar dinner suit, a passion for his yellow "B", his assortment of striped ties, his often repeated expressions and his outstanding sense of humour. A preoccupation for the mechanical, Jim harbours the desire to drive his very own Jaguar "E" type one day (he'll fill you in on the details any time!). Although an exponent of that gentlemanly sport of trout fishing—when Jim plus rod plus "Johnny Walker" waded up the rivers of N.S.W. in search of the elusive—he has been known to secrete himself in the medical library for weeks on end as exam time nears. We wish Jim all the best in his endeavours—both in the profession and behind the wheel.



TAIVO ANSPAL

"Of course you realize . . ."

One of the growing horde of disillusioned pharmacists seeking refuge in medicine, Tai joined the class in Med. II.

With great enthusiasm he looked forward to reliving earlier days of poker, snooker and beer, but being a married man he was soon brought back to reality.

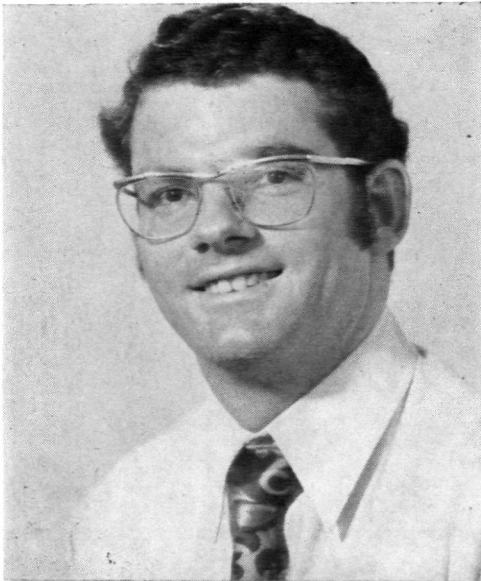
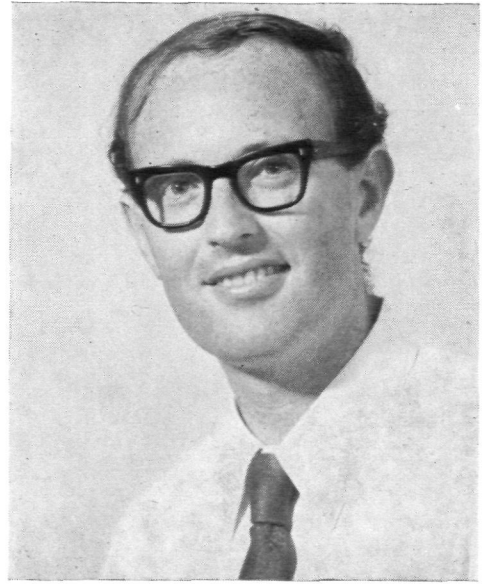
Never one to be outdone, and feeling that obstetrics should be studied at first hand, he joined the father's club at the end of IVth Year—now he can trade baby pictures with the best of them!

JOHN BYRNE

"Partnership has great advantages for medical practice."

Having sampled the joys of the more liberal faculties with notable success, John found his true niche in Medicine. With some ten years at the University, he has had plenty of opportunity to sample the joys of this institution's life.

An impressive figure, his colleagues have never ceased to be amazed by his notable agility on the squash court. Travel to S.E. Asia, Africa and Europe have enabled John to develop a unique and sophisticated taste for the culinary delights of far-off countries, coupled with a discriminating interest in wines. Recently John has been heard voicing the opinion that most of life's joys can be supplied by but one members of the species.



HUGH LLEWELLYN CARMALT

(P.O.N.Y.S.M.)

As typical of Hugh Carmalt,
ambitious, but still worth his salt,
he aced his way through medicine
to fit the bill of better son.
But yielding to a greater need
his right arm had hypertrophied,
from squash of course, and golf and also
pounding patients' pallid torsos.
He was quite Scotch, though Welsh in name,
a reluctant man for social games,
indulged in casual ales instead
and saved his sense so he could wed
"The Little Woman" he preferred
before he had M.D. conferred.

— NODDY, '73.

JAN MARY CARTER

"Now, was that nice?" "Hullo, Luvly!" "My attitude's feeling terrible today!"

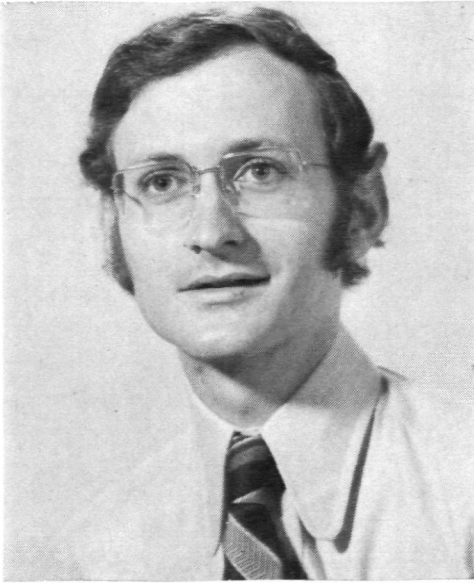
Jan has applied her teaching training and experience to ensuring that all members of her group have a hankie, have combed their hair and have been to the toilet before starting each tutorial.

Our degenerate den mother, whose hobbies include beer, bridge, cigarettes, Scotch, cigarettes, coffee, a cat named "Sassie", changing flats often, a decrepit Cortina and cigarettes, has staggered through the course, amassing numerous friends, credits and hangovers.

At Blacktown Hospital, in elective term, Jan distinguished herself by diagnosing a phæo of the bladder on history alone—at least one honorary there will never forget her!

Under a flippant exterior, Jan has a deep empathy with her patients and friends alike, and we are sure she will succeed in all she does . . . albeit in a cloud of smoke.





BARRY KEITH CHAMBERS

"Sorry I'm late, my car broke down."

Barry is an incurable romanticist who always seems to be searching for "something extra" in life. Unfortunately, he never seems to be sure of just what the nature of that something is. Still, he keeps on searching—he's like that.

Possessor of a mordant sense of humour, tolerant, humanistic and on occasions, more than a little mad; he also owns the coldest pair of hands in the Faculty and many a patient has been known to shiver and gasp for breath when being examined by those icy digits.

His long acquaintance with the Biochemistry Lab. at RPAH has firmly convinced him, despite having a B.Sc., that his interests are in the more human and personal aspects of medicine. In fact he has even been known to mention that he wouldn't mind being a G.P.

RAY CHASELING

"But am I really happy?"

With a dubious past as Captain and Dux of Blakehurst High and Lions Club "Youth of the Year—1965" (somewhat ameliorated by First Fleet genes), the Hurstville Hustler hit the campus to talk about football (and study medicine?)

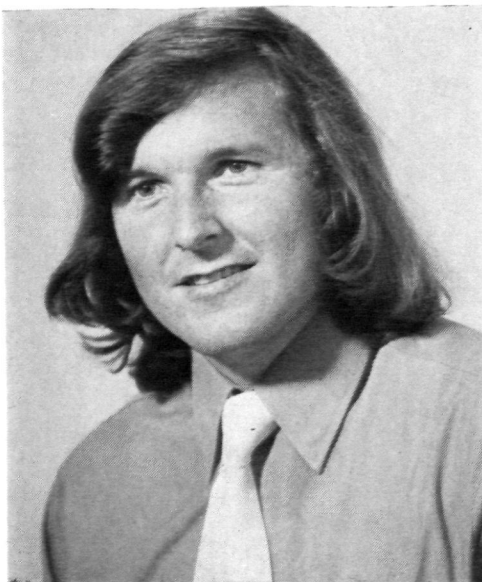
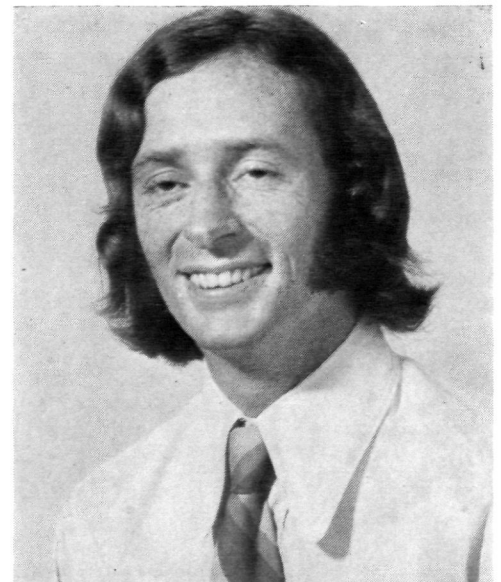
With unforeseen verve he attacked in the first half, scoring early in the preclinical tests.

His game settled down to a steady pace—perhaps due to fitness trouble—but actually distracting females on the sideline.

After a vigorous half-time pep talk at Brown Street (that sideline again), Ray attacked the psychiatric opposition, again scoring heavily.

His clinical game has been characterized by more defensive play (and rare concern for his bedridden spectators).

His mates wish him well, and provided he can speed up his drinking, his future is assured.



PHILLIP CHIPMAN

"Will a junior resident have to do that?"

Behind an apparently unassuming exterior and a progressively increasing mop of hair there resides the possessor of a particularly bizarre sense of humour. When Phil is feeling in the mood and decides to unleash this sense of humour he can disrupt virtually any conversation.

Phil's constant question throughout the clinical years when being shown almost any practical procedure (see quote), combined with his plans for a correspondence medical course, "you stop at home and Mrs. Estall sends you out pictures of the patients", indicate that his interests don't seem to lie within the realms of clinical medicine.

In the future Phil will probably find some quiet niche where he will be able to pursue his real interests to their full extent and, who knows, he might even end up being successful at it.

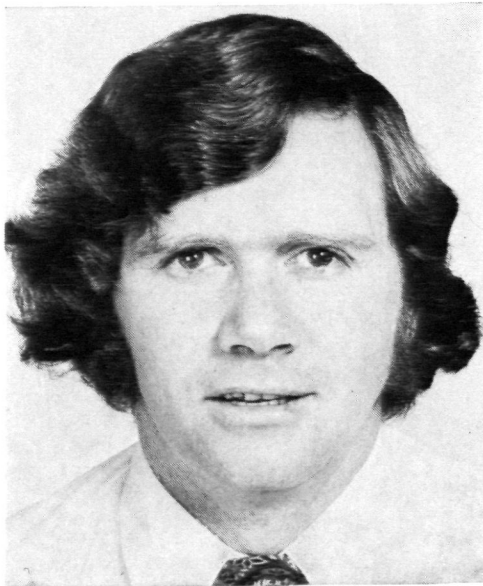
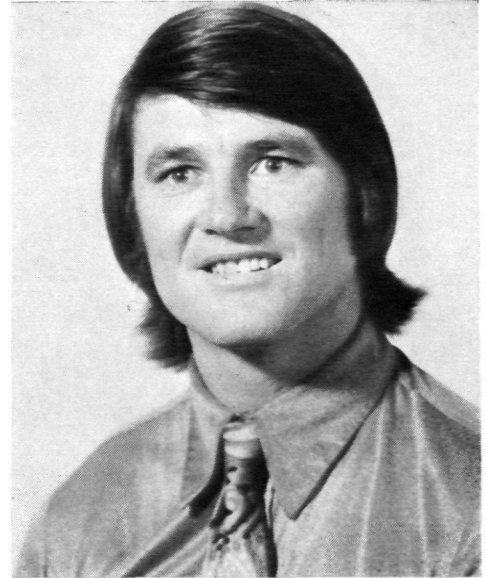
JOHN COOPER

"Let's go!"

In '68, when John turned to medicine, his search for adventure had already led him far and wide. He had developed an interest in Australian literature, taught English in school and produced both University drama and also programmes for the A.B.C. He had eloped to Europe, travelled the U.S.A. as a winger with the University 1st XV, hitch-hiked around the outback of Australia and discovered the Indonesia which doesn't appear on the postcards.

And this was the pace John set for his renewed undergraduate career. Hospital and Faculty footy has profited from his experience and many a party has swung itself out in the early hours to the accompaniment of his guitar.

Most will remember him as a genial companion, his crimson trousers will long be remembered by the anaesthetists, his enthusiasms and gentle good humour by the rest of us.



ROBERT IAN DAVIDSON

"Gee I feel old."

Bob emerged from the almost controlled chaos of the Bosch printing room to join us for afternoon lectures in Second Year. Here diligent application to embryology produced his first obstetric witness early in Third Year. Fourth Year saw all-night sessions with path. bottles (had his own key), radio, blankets and other home comforts.

A reversed circadian rhythm, previously suspected, was positively diagnosed when living-in revealed that Bob never retired before sunrise nor rose before sunset. Bob's involvement in feverish rock-and-roll sessions resulted in a midnight visit from the local firemen.

Bob was gratified to discover that most of his Final Year tutorials were at civilized hours, but has been heard to claim that morning examinations give others an unfair advantage.

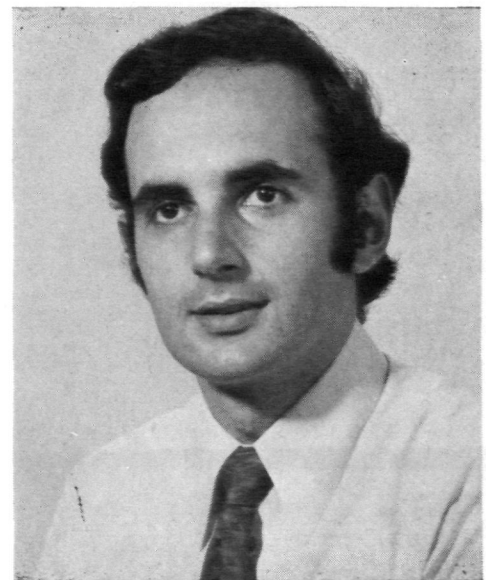
Should Bob make his career in obstetrics, the hours should suit. Our sympathies are with Grace.

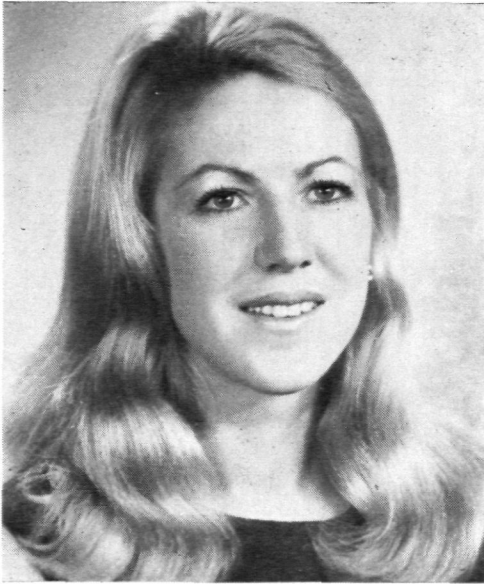
JAMES WILLIAM DAVIES

Jim began medicine in the same year he received his B.Pharm., and it would seem he made the correct decision. He has proved himself to be a good student, as well as a popular person, in the last six years which will no doubt be reflected in the years to come.

Being of sound integrity, Jim has interests in a number of extra professional activities, and of course his being an avid trout fisherman would add credence to the assertion. It has been a little unfortunate that the time spent working in retail pharmacy has made serious inroads into good fishing time, although in elective term he managed to swing a job down the Snowy for a time which proved rewarding.

From hints dropped here and there lately, it would appear that we will lose Jim to Sydney Hospital next year, which will be a gain to Sydney Hospital and a loss to RPAH.





KIM HEATHER EDSON

"Excuse me, Sir, but my hands are a bit cold."

The "lovely Kim Edson", as Kim is often called, rose as a blushing lily from the thorns of Merrylands High and has been blossoming ever since.

Never one to be silent (tutors loved her ready help when they had their momentary blanks), Kim added a touch of colour to many tutorials, assisted by her unique smile, fluttering eyelashes and simulated naivete. Her custom for sleepless nights with "Gray" as bedfellow saw her academic zenith in IIIrd Year with an anatomy prize.

The attention of many a male patient was diverted from his complaint by this vivacious blonde and her charming smile and sympathetic attitude endeared her to all.

Hong Kong and a certain airline pilot captured Kim's heart during her elective term visit.

Kim's ambition to become Miss Australia, Professor of Medicine and eminent surgeon may well prove an interesting combination with the field of aviation.

PAUL DAVID FALK

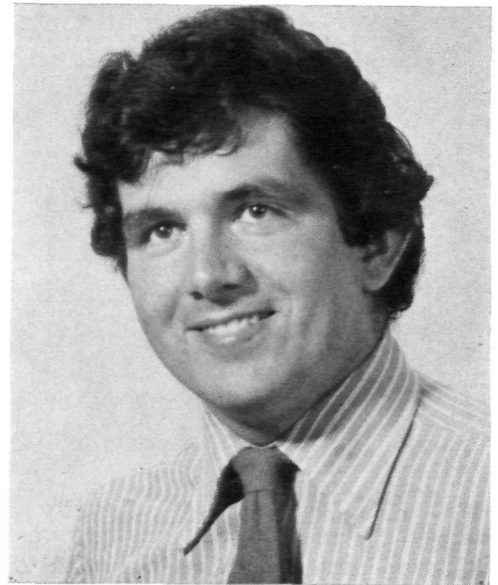
"Tho' small in stature, mighty in spirit."

Coming from Riverview, Paul settled into medicine. His preclinical years were only marred by a request that he do Honours Med. II. It was in this year that Paul first discovered the cultural enlightenment of St. John's College.

Throughout medicine, Paul climbed steadily from passes to girlfriends, to credits to cars. His clinical years were only marred by exams, these being treated by golfing, Palm Beach Surf Club activities, maniacal canoe trips, football, and other extracurricular activities (best left unmentioned).

Paul will always be remembered and regarded for his tenacity, honesty and keen sense of participation and adventure.

We foresee for him a large country practice, and wish him all the best in the years to come.



TIMOTHY MICHAEL FINUCAN

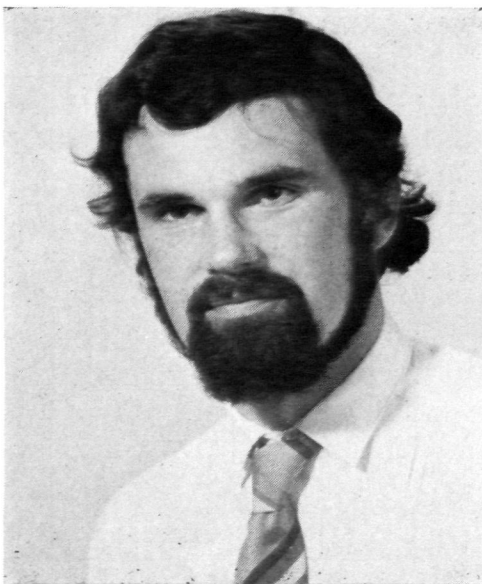
"That's terrible."

With Tim's background of stable home life, pharmacy degree, enthusiasm for heavy rock, film festivals and auction sales, it's difficult to account for his turning up in medicine.

Compromise in early years found Tim regularly heading for the beach with board under one arm and textbook under the other. Regular church attendance contributed much to his success, he uses Harrison's Bible.

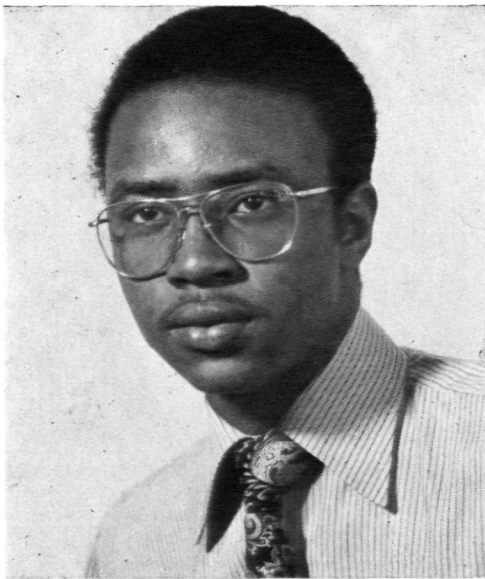
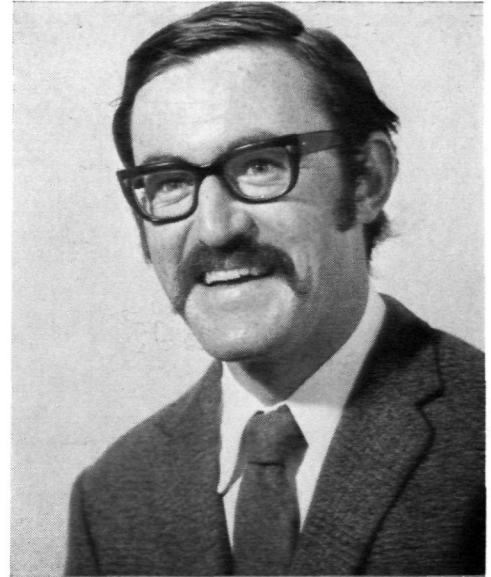
Blissful marriage also helped, particularly since wife Caroline was obligingly obstetrical during his O. & G. term, and than generously providing Tim with his own healthy paediatric model coincident with his paediatric term.

With this rare talent for timing, there seems little doubt of Tim's future success should he decide to employ his tendon hammer as a neurologist or perhaps an auctioneer.



JOHN DAVID GARVAN

After blazing a trail through the football fields of De La Salle College, Caringbah, and St. Patrick's C.B.C., Sutherland, John entered university. His progression through uni has been an exercise in pure logic. He began his "illustrious" career at uni by spending a year in agricultural science which was prompted by his many working holidays on the Wee Waa cotton fields. However, being a lad of clear thought, he ditched his riding boots, bought a skeleton and entered Med. II at Adelaide University. A year in Adelaide was good for the soul, but the attraction of Sydney's "Big Smog" was too great and he returned to enter Med. III. John's preclinical and clinical years were marred by dogged determination, his elective term being spent driving taxis six days a week. This experience, he claims, was the best education he has ever had, and it also provided the capital for his philatelic interests.



AKIM AJIBOLA ABDUL GIBRIL

"Hullo m' good friend" . . . "Going outside to get a suntan."

This fugitive from Freetown first found fame in Physics I by asking totally incomprehensible questions of sundry lecturers in dulcet tones from the back of the lecture theatres. No-one is certain of his background, but the phrases Jomo Kenyatta High and Mungo Park State College have received mention from time to time. "Big Gib's" infectious laugh, his total inability to refrain from being a clown, his amazing stamping gait, have all contributed to his considerable popularity. He continually informs us of his prowess as a sportsman, and we'd believe it if he weren't so lazy! "Ackers" is well versed in the minutiae of medicine and is adept at fabricating references to support any data that he quotes. All of us who have been associated with him have thoroughly enjoyed his company and his sense of humour and we wish him well in his career.

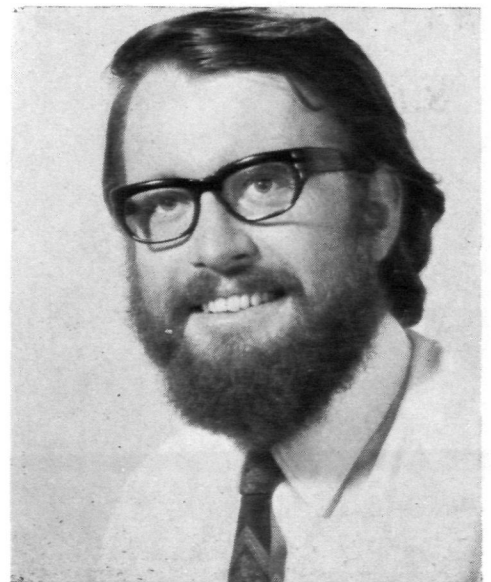
RHYS HALDANE GRAY

". . . A quiet ale."

If it could come to pass that the aged Diogenes approached the learned Gray, and said: "Would you too mind standing out of my sunlight," the answer would be just — "Stop projecting."

In 1967 Rhys extended his studies from Goldstein College to the polyglot community of Medicine II. Preclinical studies culminated in a thesis on possum visual neurones, an honours degree in science and comments from his American supervisor, such as: "He lives from crisis to crisis" and "That statement is more applicable to theology than science."

Medicine IV and V were speckled years. They have seen Rhys: all around N.S.W., bushwalking; around Sydney, cab driving; and at many residential addresses, sleeping. His elective term in New Zealand left him with a hankering to return — next year — honest, intellectual and probably still with a big red beard.





ELIZABETH MARY GRIFFIN

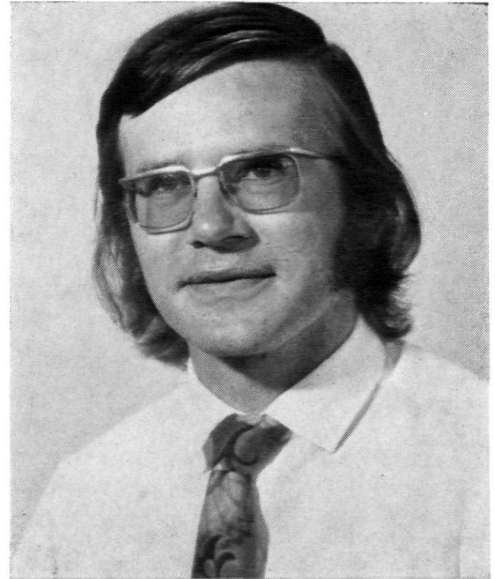
"I didn't mean to . . ."

Wide-eyed and loveliest of pupil belladonnas,
 With fluttering eyelids that turn many heads,
 She's been labelled prosector, but her anatomy honours
 Are more in her figure and her beautiful legs.
 Her gregarious nature and the gift of the gab it
 Has made her more friends than Old Satan's made sins;
 So much so in fact she's earned fame with her habit
 Of dropping their names, or else kicking their shins.
 She's survived education inside Parramatta
 Not gaol, not girls' home, but just boarding school;
 And she chose independence and became a Glebe flatter
 And a driver that makes Stirling Moss look a fool.
 And we hope she can cure like she cooks, sews and fusses,
 For she's liable to kill from the way she percusses.

JOHN JOSEPH GRYGIEL

"Let's face it."

On leaving school in '62,
 John wasn't sure just what to do.
 Using acumen and common sense,
 The obvious thing was to dispense.
 But shopkeeping is for the fool,
 So John descended on medical school.
 And now that medicine is going poor,
 He'll probably opt for doing law.
 After ten years of academic life,
 John's yet to hear his name pronounced right.
 An incident he won't soon forget,
 Is the tutor that mastered his surname, but called him Jeff.
 John's love of women, cigarettes and beer
 Suggest O. & G. as his logical career.

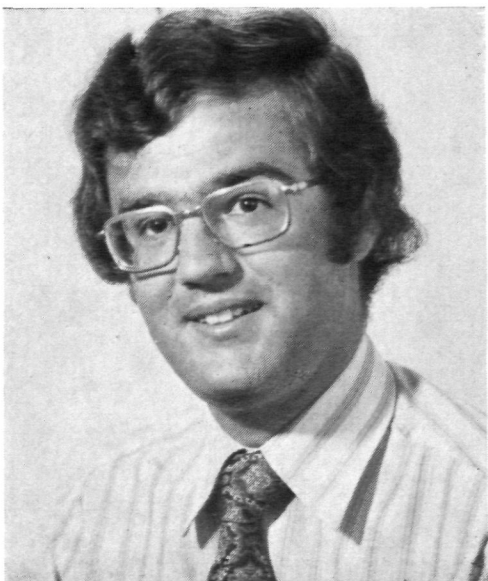


PETER ALAN HALES

"Hey, you with the thing in your ear."

Believed to be the only medical student in Australian medical history
 ever to have imported crate loads of skeletons from Calcutta at the height
 of the Indian-Pakistan war just to prove that he could undercut the price
 of the local Sydney distributor, Peter is at present working on a cheap
 scheme to flood the Australian market with gnomes imported from England.

Aside from such pecuniary efforts, Peter has glided through medicine
 supporting a selected few in their espousal of the Faculty esprit hindered only
 by attacks of severe fulminant recurrent narcolepsy common to all Wesleyan
 medical students. Soon to be ensconced in a hospital, we join him, fervently
 wishing that his varied career shall continue with unabated vigour.



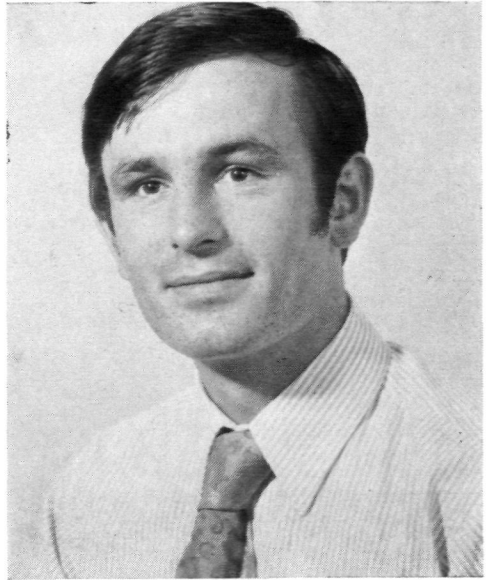
PHILIP HARDCASTLE

Phil has English B-grade movie looks, a trim body, and smokes too much. He is casual and sporty, amiable, and heedless of traffic laws. All these qualities are cunningly exploited in vivas with Rugger-type examiners.

Which is not to say Phil is slack; on the contrary; he has the most infuriating collection of Final Year trivia we know. (We hope he is bitten by a scorpion in Trinidad one day at a radiologist's convention!)

Phil married Helen during Fifth Year and now lives immorally on her earnings as a pharmacist. They are settled in panoramic Drummoyne, where they snuggle up and watch the late movies on tube with the lights low, or Phil goes to the Dirty Reds' and 33 Club.

Which is to say Phil is a gentleman of the solid tradition, fortunately blessed with a jovial sense of humour, lovely wife, and many good friends.



LEON HAWRYLIW

"Griseofulvin? — I wouldn't use anything else."

Leon (known to some as "Lev") came to the big city and Sydney University from Keira Boys' High School in Wollongong.

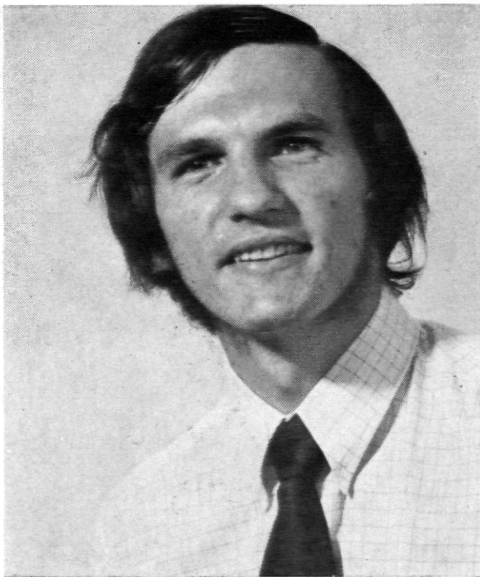
In 1971 he moved into St. John's College ("that expensive motel with unpalatable meals") and was noted for his absence at every House Meeting and his reluctance to have any contact with the clergy.

In Third and Fourth Years Leon studied medicine mainly in his spare time, being involved in Ukrainian students clubs, plotting protests and writing propaganda against Russian imperialism.

A fierce piano accordionist, he rarely could be stopped after exceeding his quota of ales. He once caused the loudest noises recorded emanating from Brown Street quarters.

Seeing the errors of his ways, he became engaged to a beautiful young schoolteacher.

Leon will be remembered mainly for his firm and able defence of his cause — a free and independent Ukraine.



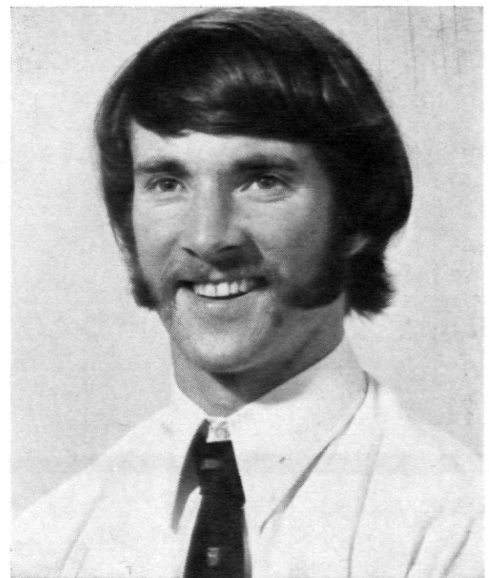
KEVIN JOHN HELLESTRAND

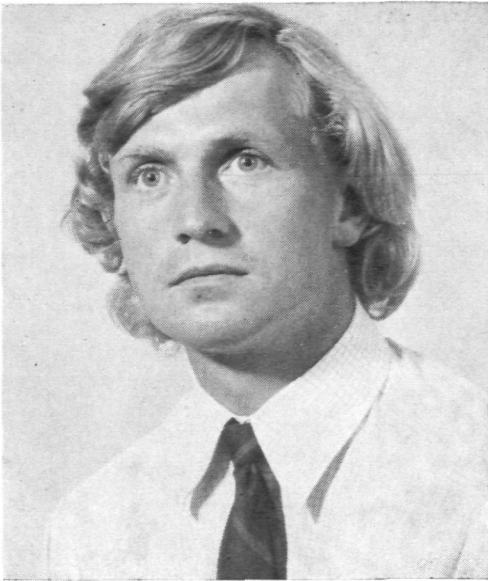
"If you can't cure it by excision, it isn't medicine."

Kevin passed through university without fanfare. However, he made up for this humility in the circle of his friends who bore the brunt of his enthusiasm and vigour. At sport, Kevin excelled, leaving trails of battered opponents — in both body and spirit. He met his match at the hands of golf; that *%!!\$/† white ball steadfastly refused to fly straight and so he changed the architecture of many fairways and greens when they played him foul. A misplaced tree robbed him of his driver and so ended a promising golfing career.

He was eventually tamed by his charming wife, Jan, and with some luck Kevin may one day look and act like the surgeon he aspires to become.

A born surgeon, with bruising palpation and lethal percussion, he usually elicits the required response.





ROBERT DARIEN HENNING

The sight of his better half disappearing down the King George placenta machine on the 28th of February, 1949, cast such a pall over this unfortunate youth, then a promising neonate, that over the next 24 years he could barely rouse himself sufficiently to regurgitate his Farex, to say nothing of the trouble he had with the Leaving Certificate.

The apogee of an otherwise inconceivably boring career was the award of a B.Sc.(Med.) for displaying a grotesque interest in rats' testicles. A passionate supporter of the Tennessee Monkey Laws, he regards neurologists as tools of the devil, and was once mistaken for the prophet Isaiah by a schizophrenic on a tram. Though in his youth something of a whiz at Strip Jack Naked, he is totally incompetent at Bridge, and will undoubtedly make a complete hash of his career in medicine. To hell with him.

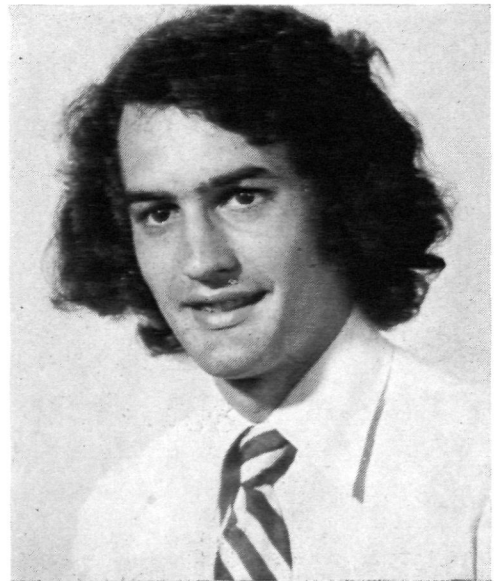
GREG IRELAND

"Quotation or Epithet will be printed in italics and included in the total number of words."

Greg spent the six years of the medical course communicating with people and resisting most efforts aimed at developing some degree of the White-Coated Professional image.

Moving into the students' quarters entailed a mammoth effort in spinal gymnastics to extract from one VW: a stereogram (with two separate speakers), a twelve-inch pile of records, a guitar, a flask of red wine and one or two medical textbooks. He would, undoubtedly, obtain a distinction for losing the most folders full of lecture notes over the years. As the notes were mainly works of poetical inspiration, it is rumoured that his entire obstetrics and gynæcology course has been published as an original literary collection.

Greg is embarking on a career as an individual-doctor, however, as a Doctor-Individual, he is already on his way to success.



MARILYN JAMES

"Let's split."

. . . In the summer of '68 students were looking for more than just a pretty face in their Medrep, and a bikini top was not just a gimmick, it showed that Marilyn could sum up the political climate of a discerning year!

. . . '69 smelt of formalin-reeking white coats. Marilyn shed hers gladly after a year of dissecting trauma . . . of both body and mind . . . very traumatic!

. . . '70. A gaping professor saw Marilyn through fishnet crochet . . . Marilyn, too, was beginning to see through things and look beyonds . . .

. . . '71. Was a good year for bare midriffs and burnt bras (midst frowning administrators) . . . A shedding of more than gear and bras and a taking up of social awareness, particularly in abortion reform.

. . . '72. T-shirts and jeans! A final rejection and disillusionment with the system — "I really want to split."

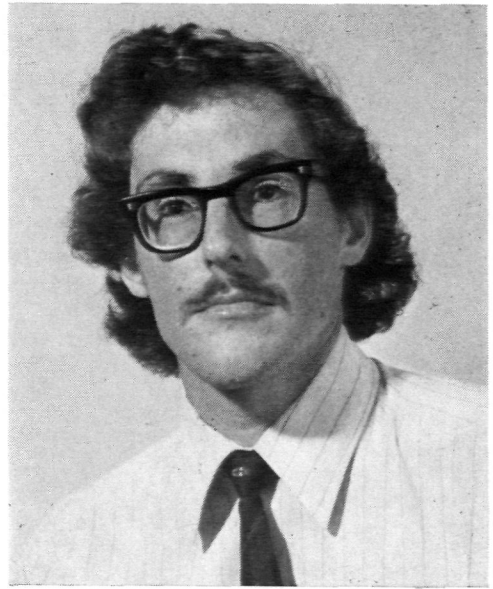
And so she did . . . grinding Kawasaki gears in Bali — fertile islands of magic! Batik, buffalo, gurus and transcendental meditation in "K.L.". A mind blowing and sensual anticipation of things to come.

. . . '73. Flowing batik sarongs . . . very comfortable for body's soul . . . metamorphosis . . . and the future . . . flowing too and gathering.



DOUGLAS COLLINS JAMESON

After being miraculously delivered from a metallurgical career with B.H.P., he came to Sydney—a callow youth from Port Kembla. An outsider, but not sure whether he wanted to get inside. He was ambitious and optimistic, but it wasn't long before his naive ideas about “university and the whole man” were crushed. He has become pretty much conformed to the system now, but, by the Grace of God, I know he will break out.



STEPHEN LEE

The Oriental Mæstro, alias Little Stevie Wonder, was exported by his father in '65 to further his education at Randwick Boys' High. Meditating during one of many runs through Centennial Park, Steve decided to do medicine, rather than open up in Dixon Street. He joined the crew in '68, and his only pass so far was in Chemistry.

Returning to Hong Kong in the '68 Christmas vac., Steve met Pauline. The vigorous correspondence that followed caused chronic writers' cramp, which prompted Steve to import the Orientelle. An engagement followed, and he plans to marry after the finals.

Steve has spent the last five years in Wesley as resident Wonder Boy and meal-time entertainer. Between times his hobby is sleeping, especially during 1 p.m. lectures.

With his wit, personality and string of distinctions, a happy, successful life with Pauline is assured, and we wish them well.

ANTHONY LEO LESLIE

“Err . . . ahh . . . mmm . . . hmm.”

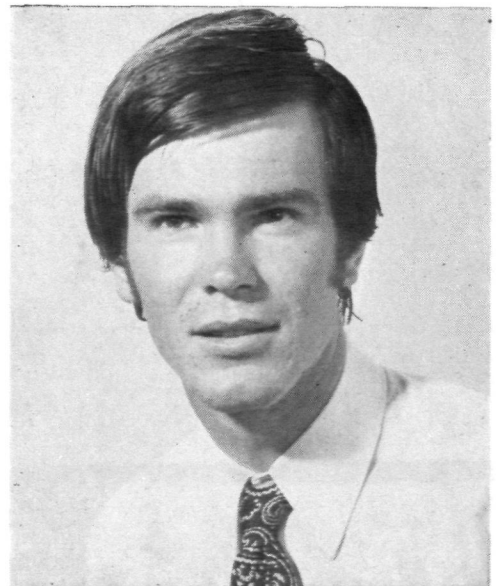
Tony is one of Nature's gentlemen who operate on the principle that they should be seen and not heard. To this end, he has passed through this university leaving behind an unprecedented trail of dropped syllables.

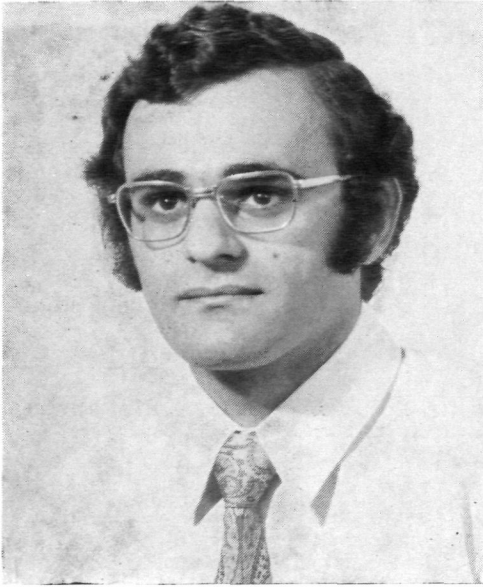
He has notched up an impressive score of wins at golf, losses in squash (remember, Kev?) and split decisions with his womenfolk.

Tony's association with KG V Labour Ward blossomed in elective term—he was looking up something—D.I.C. and P.E.T. (!) . . . what we laughingly called “research”.

Despite his catholic interests, including literature, bush-walking, chess and older women, Tony has mastered his studies—serving with distinction(s).

We are not sure what Anthony will do with his career, but we have no doubt that he will do it well, with consideration for others, but above all . . . quietly.





JOSEPH LIZZIO

"Well actually . . . yes."

Joseph, having survived the preclinical years despite driving his beloved blue bomb, arrived as a true, though embryonic, clinician. He was always courteous and sympathetic, though he never believed what the patient would tell him.

Away from the hallowed halls he was a noted connoisseur of fine wines — not so fine, and downright rough, too. Prized among his possessions is his collection of potted greenery which fulfilled horticultural drives implanted as a child on a Queensland cane farm. As a sportsman, Joe frequently amazed us and proved that winning squash can't be played by waving to the ball as it passes.

To his friends he was a giant stirrer, possessed by a pathological desire to analyse other people's psyches. His future, if he ever grows out of short pants, may be interesting, as he is looking for a witch doctor's locum in the upper Amazon.

KWONG YIU LO

"What's wrong with acupuncture?"

"Kelvin", as we know him, was imported from China in 1958 and matriculated to medicine from Enmore High.

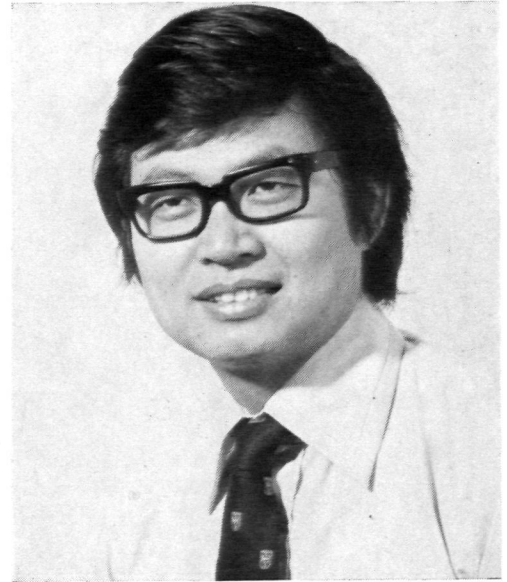
Typically Chinese in his background, he is a keen player of Mah Jong and table tennis, he sees all the Chinese films, and is a connoisseur of Chinese food.

Although he admits to having trouble with the English language, he communicates without trouble and has done well to come so far in medicine speaking a tongue foreign to him.

Kelvin has a quiet and thoughtful manner, and his pleasant personality, with a smile, makes him always good company.

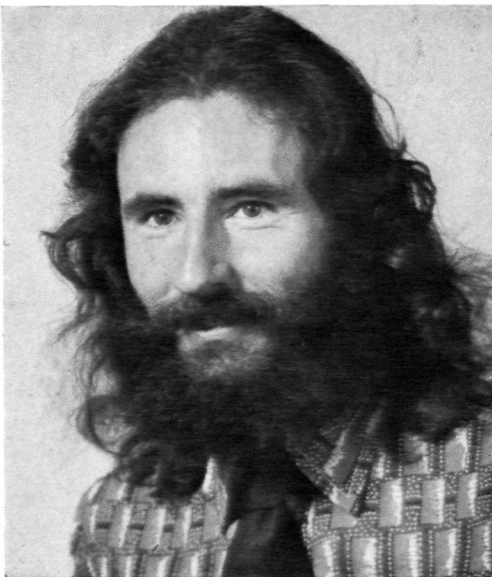
He works hard without taking things too seriously.

In the future he plans to specialize in medicine and settle permanently in Australia.



BRIAN FRANCIS LONERGAN

Did medicine from 1968-1973. Went to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital for clinical years 1971-1973. Found it a pleasant way to pass the time.

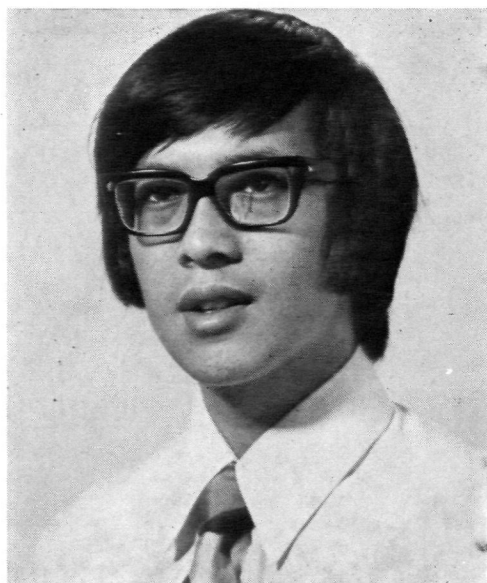
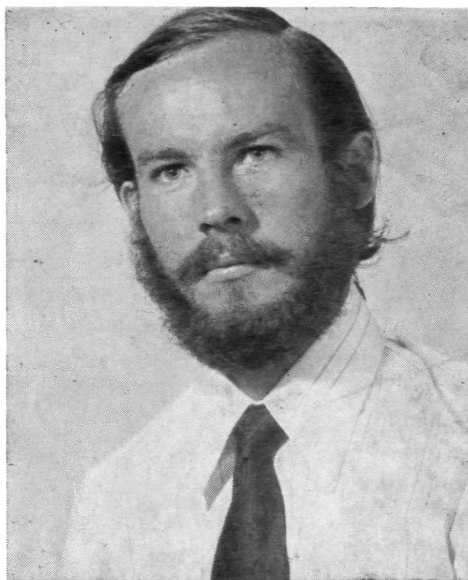


IAN STAFFORD LOVETT

"Bring on the women."

Coming from the lush uplands of Wagga Wagga seemed to be a good excuse for Ian to reside in St. Paul's College and stay for the duration. From this refuge from the world he could look down and cast cynical comments on the masses. He decided he wouldn't be a forestry worker (he does not like work, especially manual work), and thought he would try medicine instead. Academically, Ian has managed to keep his head above water with a carefully estimated minimum of work. He was seen scurrying along the Hong Kong-China border earlier this year, but reports of his spying activities are probably false.

Those that don't know Ian well probably won't miss his dry humour, but some of us will.



PAUL ADRIAN LUMBEWE

"There is always time for a cup of coffee."

Paul is known to us as A.B.C. (Australian-born Chinese). He is a product of Sydney Boys' High. His good nature and friendliness are known to all associated with him. He is a keen chess and golf player and we also learned that a serenade with his guitar is one of his many specialities.

Paul is hard working. He can answer many questions as far as medicine is concerned, but always seems to be in difficulty when we start to converse in Chinese — he seems so confused.

Not long ago we offered to give him lessons in Chinese, but he refused politely and said he would rather learn the language from his girlfriend.

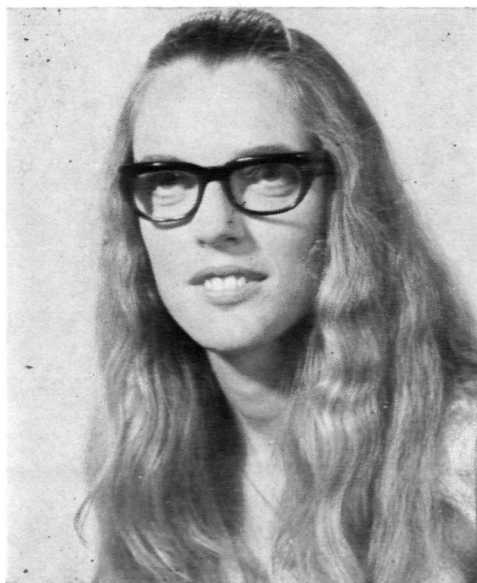
MARY McCALLUM

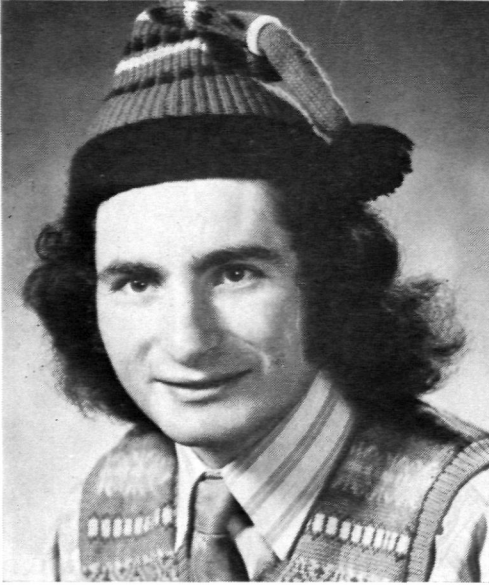
"I know what I mean."

Mary's approach to medicine has been quiet, ordered and systematic.

However, not all has been quiet. There have been days to remember. The first clinical examination when a very sick patient patted a nervous hand and uplifted a trembling spirit; in obstetrics term a delivery unannounced, unscrubbed, ungloved, unattended; an elective term with history-taking amid the tumult of foreign and excited tongues.

With residency near, the days of quiet would appear to be over.





JOHN HENRY ROBERT McEVOY

"Bite off more than you can chew, then chew like mad."

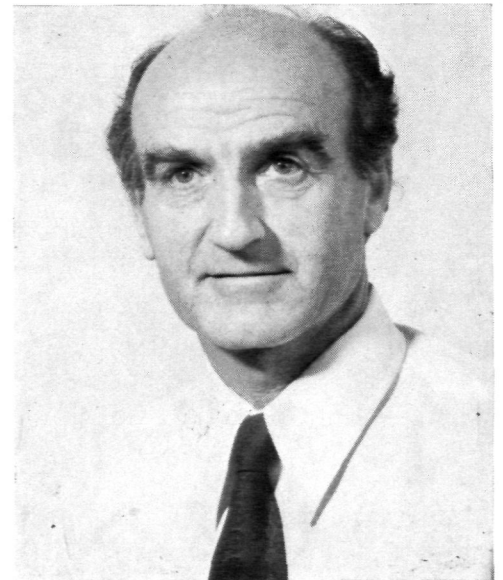
Hypermanic, bookshop supersalesman, year rep., committees, journal editor, artist, Grammar, self-educated, barefoot philosopher: "If you don't know where you are going you will probably end up somewhere else", a flash of colourful clothing, beads, even gayer formal gear, dimpled grin, concerts, "Count Cinzano", bookworm—from Pauls, Goodman and Klee to Tolkien via Spike Milligan and Buckminster Fuller, pottery, drug education (pure and applied), Zen-Christian, socialist, bushwalker, zany humour, that Chinese violin-thing, hot jam sessions in Brown Street with the Fire Brigade, caving expeditions, idealist, avant-garde, superstereo with flowerpot speakers, 7ft. of L.P.s from the four B's to blues via Stockhausen, the Stones and Wagner's Ring, Venturer Scout leader, the Torres Strait Islands, delayed at Guthega, arriving breathless at tutes, medicine as a hobby, "You've got to LIVE", unique individual, warm friend.

JOHN McKEON

Tutor: *"Good Mr. McKeon, now here's a bonus question, what etc. . . ."*
J.M. (long pause) . . . *"I'm not interested in the bonus."*

John came to medicine after more than twenty years of school teaching and administration. Despite the boredom of pre-clinical years and the loss of granule cells he has maintained a steady war of attrition to which the course has slowly succumbed. He is now looking forward to getting on with the job.

He has recently given notice of a further change in his life—his engagement to Mary McCallum announces the abandonment of long-cherished bachelorhood.



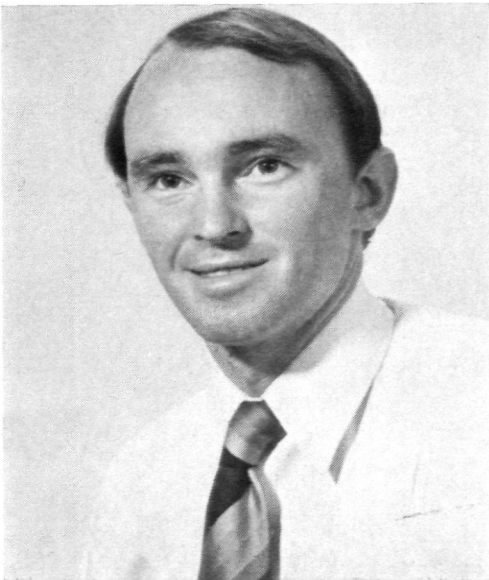
JOHN WILLIAM McLAREN

"A quick hand of bridge?"

With the influence of his family's interest in medicine behind him, "Arch" arrived at university in 1963. However, after a disagreement with the examiners, he was called to his country's aid and spent two years as an army medic, gaining much valuable practical experience.

Back afresh after National Service, he returned to St. Andrew's College and has come through without mishap. Lucky at horses and cards, Arch has always been good for a tip or a loan—much appreciated by some of his mates when they did not feel like driving a taxi.

Lover of afternoon naps, Friday night whiskies and midnight games of snooker, he has nevertheless found time to discover many of the mysteries of medicine. These should help him to future success, and we wish him the best of luck.



DAVID ALAN McLEAN

Good morning.

David left Albury armed with a toothbrush, a pack of plastic playing cards and a crumpled piece of paper, on which it said—"Beware of slow horses and fast women."

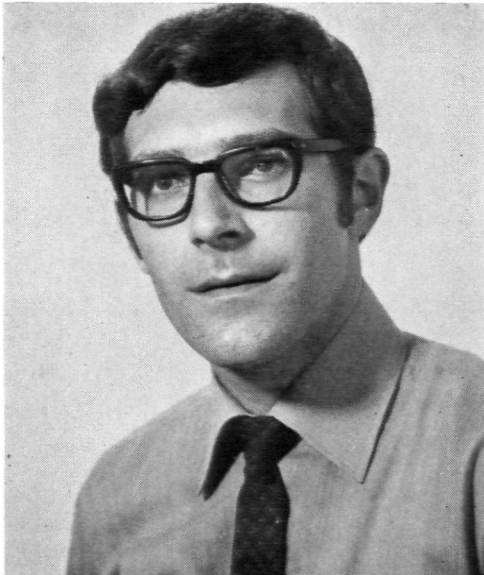
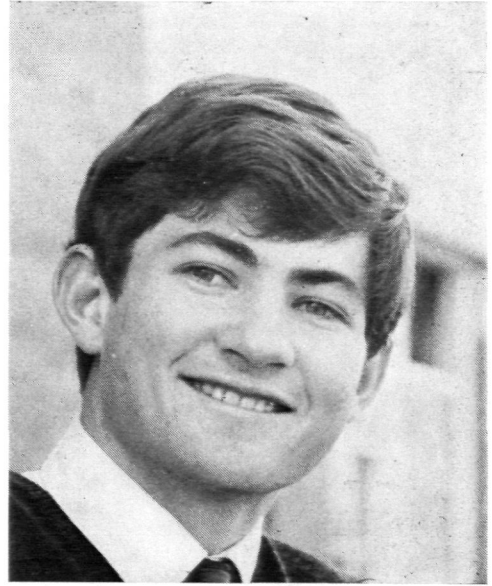
He arrived at Central station with a thirst so large that it could be photographed, a carton of Fosters and a Red Cross transfusion badge which was later to hold him in good stead.

After a couple of uninspiring years at the big school, he realized that to obtain any education he would have to do it himself. He adopted the philosophy that too much work and not enough play makes Jack? a dull boy.

Today David is resting at Sunnystowers Convalescent Home, but although his body may be bent, his mind is not.

Experience is not books, but life itself.

Good evening.



ROBERT JOHN MANSFIELD

"Consequently . . . insofar as . . ."

Bob started his medical course no stranger to the campus. Feeling that his talents were wasted working in pharmacy, he decided that the medical profession needed him more, swelling the ranks of graduate students in medicine.

Bob's free time in the pre-clinical years was taken up in getting his amateur radio operator's ticket and constructing ham radios. If, in the future, anyone wants to get in touch with Bob, just call him on VK2ZML, his own call sign on the amateur band, at home, or even in the car!

In the clinical years, the emphasis changed to fishing. Anywhere there's water Bob will wet a line, generally with good results.

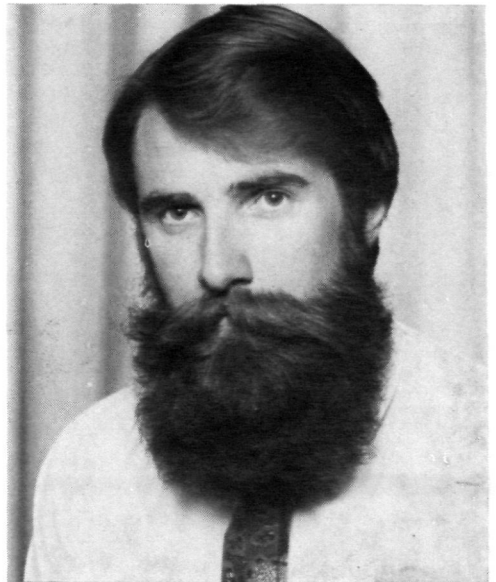
Wherever Bob sets up his practice (and I suspect it will be somewhere close to the coast), he will be assured of success with his cheerful manner and ability to get on well with everyone.

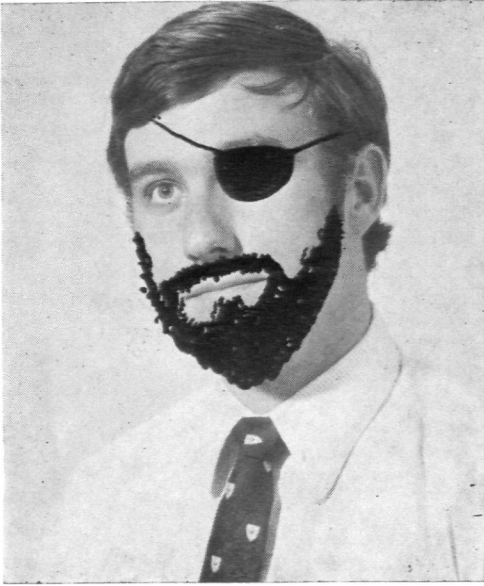
DAMIAN MARSDEN

Motto: *"Nil illegitimi carborundum."*

Damian Marsden, by the Grace of God an Englishman, decided very early in life that getting up every morning and going to work regularly was no way to live, and so came to make his appearance at the Old Medical School, followed by occasional reappearances. Believing mobility to be an asset in throwing debt collectors and women off the scent, he has lived in Glebe, Newtown, Vaucluse, Liverpool, Wollongong, and finally St. Andrew's College.

His interests over the years have included: serology at the Red Cross institution downtown, managing bottle departments, skiing, judo, surfing, being a steelworker, growing beards, cutting them off again, and lately pædiatric neurology, after exposure to this esoteric discipline in Los Angeles. In fact, he can often be seen kissing babies down on the South Coast—if they are old enough.





BRIAN ROBERT MASTERS

"f . . . r . . . c . . . s . . ."

A country boy at heart, Brian managed to survive First Year physics and set the stage for the possibility of a brilliant career. Third Year saw "Snooze" become immersed in the counterculture without losing his boy-next-door looks. He also discovered the joys of skiing, and that one really could pass medicine without working.

Fourth Year was notable, as Snooze gave up women and joined the navy. During clinical years he made his mark at tutes by continually knocking "coons", 1st Year residents, and the occasional tutor. He now appears to be approaching Med VI with an attitude of benign neglect, giving him plenty of time to indulge in his many extracurricular activities. However, his innate memory will undoubtedly seem him through again, and the quality of Australia's defence forces will increase immensely in 1975.

PAUL COCHLAN MARTIN

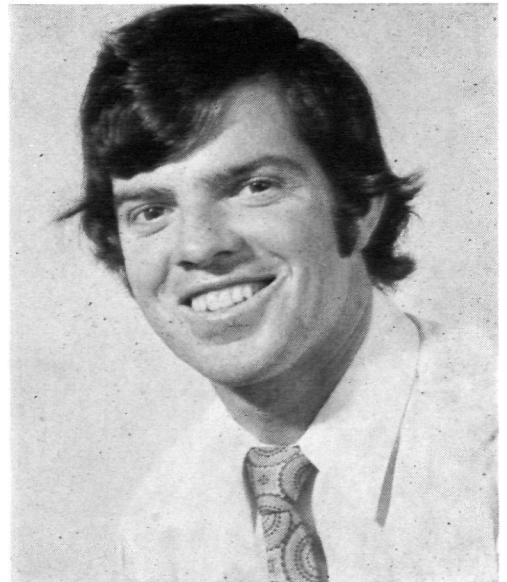
"Gedday gorgeous."

The cloud of dust settles and reveals a vintage blue Holden utility complete with horns on the front. An athletic figure springs out and pads off to the wards in orange socks and Adidas sneakers.

"P.C.", a product of Riverview, enjoyed drawing colour pictures of bandicoot epididymus so much that he came back to the Old Med. School to do Senior Med. II. After that he had a lot of fun practising examination techniques between the more worthwhile pastimes of professional catering, squash, coaching soccer, and maintaining his perfect teeth.

His high principles and concern for human values led to many animated discussions in which he steadfastly championed the rights of the fetus.

Newcastle Hospital managed to lure him back during holidays after an elective term which was profitably spent learning how to read E.C.G.s, and other interesting facets of the syllabus.



ANGELO JOSEPH MAZZAFERRO

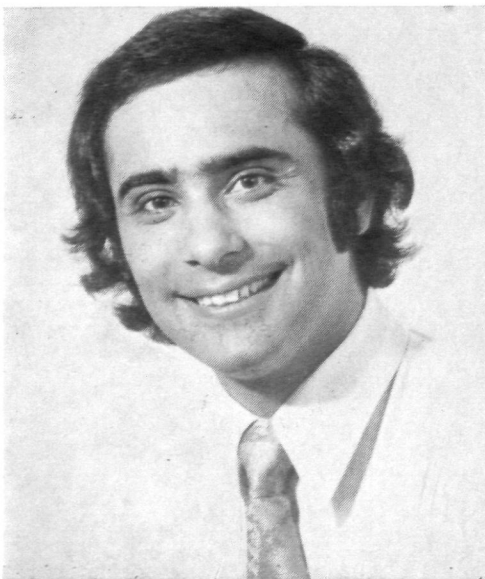
"Hmmm . . . She'd be nice."

Like good wine, Angelo was imported from Southern Italy at an early age. Following his education at Marcellin College, Randwick, he set out to fulfil a lifelong ambition.

He conscientiously pursued the pre-clinical years and with even more determination hit the wards. Here his warm smile and colourful gear brightened many a patient's day, especially Italians, from whom he had no trouble extracting a history. During this time he became year rep.

Elective term saw him gleaning experience at Mona Vale Hospital. While there he was also regularly seen on the beach bravely protecting fair maidens' bodies against solar keratosis by screening them with his perpetually tanned, photon resistant, Calabrian body. However, we feel his intentions were not all prophylactic.

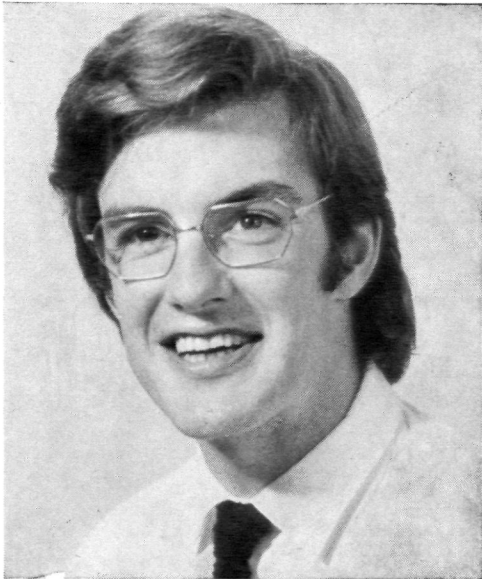
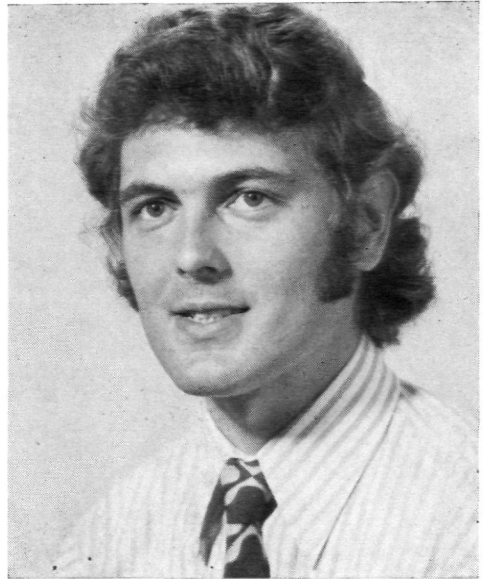
His typical Italian charm, clean presentation and professional bedside manner, will ensure him a successful future.



CHRISTOPHER GREGORY MEREDITH

"I was thinking of taking a few days off to go up the bush."

Take one Australian male, fresh from a romp at Crows Nest Boys' High and marinate well in a few years of science. Throw in a B.Sc. for good measure. Carefully add plenty of wine, women and song, and stir in several good trips to the bush. Change over to a hot medical oven. Shake gently always just before exams. Meanwhile, whip up a sweet Scottish cream—only MacGregor brand will do. Mix thoroughly until well married. Remove the lid and add a trip to Europe and the Austrian Alps. Let settle with an M.B., B.S., and you may well have half the recipe for this very agreeable mixture, Chris Meredith by name.



JOSEPH PATRICK MOLONEY

Following a somewhat turbulent period deciding on his true vocation, Joe finally entered both the medical faculty and St. John's College in 1967. The early part of his career was characterized by a prodigious capacity for work and an equally prodigious set of results. Later a more reasonable attitude supervened, leading to the acquisition of a flat in Petersham, a B.Sc.(Med.) and a wife, more time being found to indulge his passions for squash, reading and piano-playing. This diversification has been rewarded by the development of an already impressive degree of clinical commonsense and maturity of judgement. His easy manner and deep regard for the human condition make his final emergence as a good doctor, in its widest sense, a certainty.

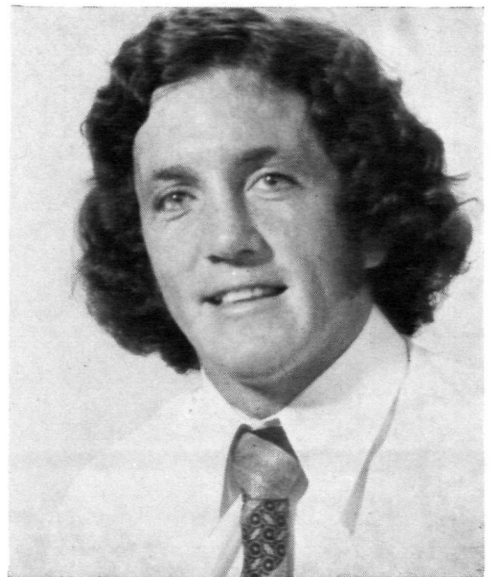
SHANE MOLONEY

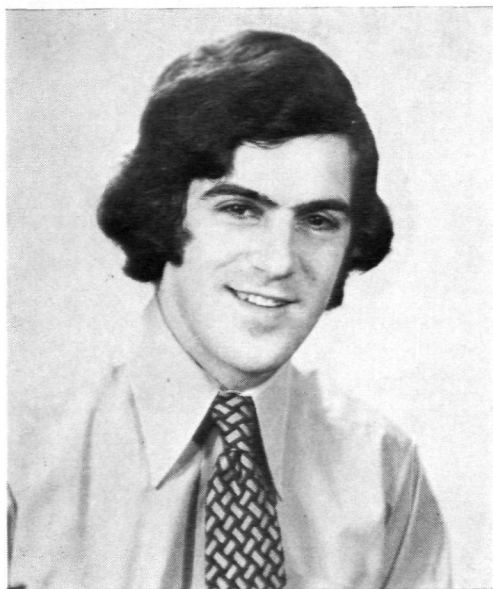
"Have another of those and you'll chunder for sure."

Shane was found floating in the murk off Maroubra, when he was swept into medicine. His university career has been characterized by short, concise lecture notes, lying abandoned in the back of his VW, amongst board shorts, wax and Fosters cans. With truly Australian love for the sun, he frequently escapes the city bustle and heads north, successfully conquering some of the best surfs and slackest birds in Queensland.

Widely travelled in his student days, Shane has been seen bargaining for Batik, playing two-up with the locals in Barbados, and showing the Ecuadorians their first surfboard. Back in civilization, he has developed a taste for western music. "There's something about tape-recorded bullfights that doesn't fit in with rock and roll."

We wish Shane well and hope the living is easy as it should be.





KIM LEVENSON MORRIS

*"She's late again!"
"It's all to do with prostaglandins."*

Kim became interested in medicine at a tender age, and was early acquainted with *Gray's Anatomy* while others were at the "fire-engine driver" stage.

Coming to medicine from Scots, he probably became known to many of us by way of his mass pharmacological experiment at his home, exposing everyone to the hazards of acute gastritis following alcohol ingestion, many bodies having to be scooped up and redistributed before dawn. Such was the Med. IV turn.

At Crown Street, the highlight of the term was Kim's stint at male modelling, resplendent in greasy wool jumpers and monocle; he drove the Labour Ward sisters wild.

His original approach and subtle humour will ensure him his niche in medicine.

SABINA ROSE MORRIS (née WALLACH)

*"Sorry I'm late . . ."
"I'm doing medicine part-time."*

Sabina came to us from Dover Heights High School with an immense wardrobe of the latest fashions and an aim to enjoy herself as much as possible in med.

Usually late for lectures and tutorials, she always managed to pass exams without a hitch, although her love life did not attain a similar fate.

During clinical years, Sabina first made herself known to her tutors by wearing violent shades of nail polish, ones that even iridescenced under Woods' light. But as this was a rather limited approach, she made use of her vasomotor lability, giving rise to *Sabina horizontalis*, ending up on a Labour Ward trolley or at the mercy of an infamous anaesthetist.

We hope that her enthusiasm and humour as a student will continue into her graduate years.



ARCHIBALD ROBERT ASPINALL MORTON

"Is that a good book?"

Arch entered medicine—the third generation—from Kings, with an ecclesiastical background, and a philosophical outlook closely related to Osler's, and has managed to apply this to many aspects of his medical training — while maintaining an appreciation for music, ballet, literature, especially of an historical nature—highlighted by the opportunity to work at Oxford during elective term.

His early years were spent at Wesley and St. Paul's Colleges and he has played "badge" tennis for the University and the Faculty. He has also been involved in the Medical Society in the positions of Year Representative, Treasurer and Vice-President, the hospital on the Staff-Student Liaison Committee, and the Union on the Outside Common Rooms Committee.

His serious attitude to medicine and education will undoubtedly carry him far in his career and we wish him every success for the future.



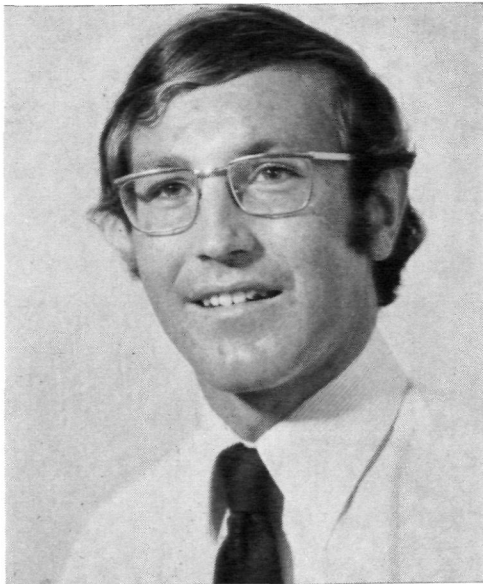
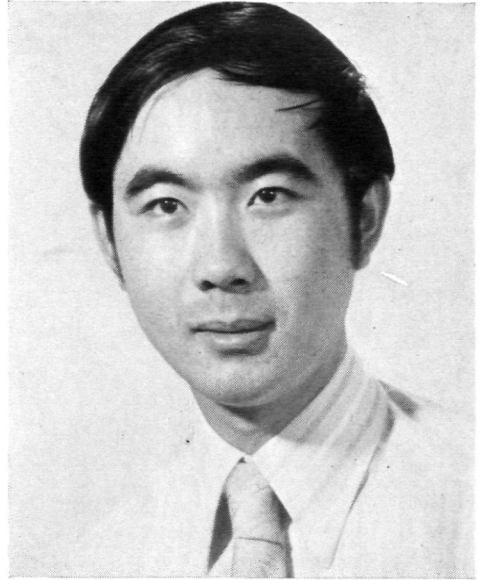
LESLIE EDWARD NIGHJOY
"I think I'm getting depressed."

Les entered university for a prolonged period and in the minimum time obtained his M.Sc. in pharmacy. Having obtained this academic status, he decided that he wasn't going to stand behind a counter figuring out some doctor's horrible hand-writing but rather be the one writing the prescriptions. So he joined the stream of potential money-makers.

Les is very generous with his lecture notes, he always makes sure his facts are correct before lending his notes to someone else.

He has many interests, including golf, cricket and beautiful cars. However, he is quite taken aback when confronted by the opposite sex. This is very much his reaction formation.

Knowing Les is a real pleasure, and we wish him all the luck in his future pursuits.



JAMES CHRISTOPHER O'KEEFE

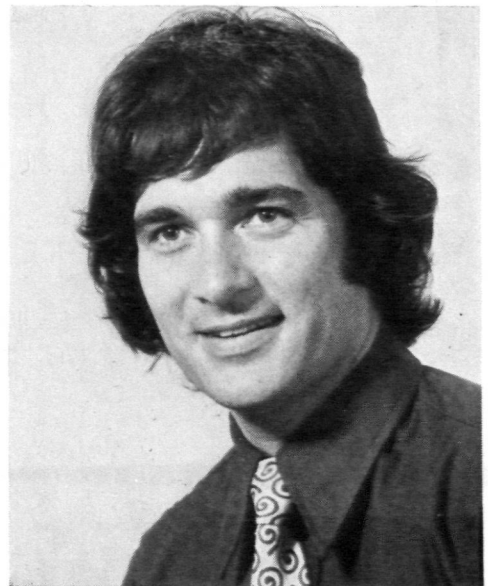
"I'm out of ink" — "Has anyone a pen?"

Jim entered the Faculty of Medicine in 1968 and proceeded to write. Now, countless bottles of ink and miles of paper later, he has completed a hand-written library of medicine. However, for Jim this paid off, and he sailed through his undergraduate medicine with a brilliant academic record. A guy who seems to gain nutrition from knowledge, enjoying the work, and especially noted for a hearty laugh. A good worker and warm personality, Jim will do well in his career and his patients will appreciate his straight thinking.

BERNARD JOSEPH PATRICK MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL O'LEARY
"Do you mind if I just clear up one little point?"

First Year Medicine in 1967 (pre-Wyndham era) was a diverse group, well exemplified by Bernie. Many of his qualities and attitudes derive from his rural heritage and multifaceted education both in country and city. His "formal" education includes Peak Hill Primary, St. Joseph's College, Bathurst Teachers' College and three years of psychology during his years of secondary teaching. His "informal" education ranges from literature (especially poetry) to spearfishing and canoeing, not to mention his musical accomplishments.

Academically he has been very successful, but perhaps more significantly, his distinctions lie also in the intangible aspects, the areas of deference for people's feelings and concern for their total situation — qualities which equip him well for a most effective medical and personal life style.





MAUREEN ROSEMARIE PALMER

"That's disgusting! . . . don't touch me!"

Educated early in the secluded tranquillity of the cloister, this nubile and warm-hearted damsel, nevertheless, did not take long to adjust to the persuasive dissipation of the Med. Faculty ("Rack off, Hairy Legs, or I'll bend yer!").

Although subject to recurrent attacks of aphasia, dyslexia and amnesia at exams, Maureen has perambulated through to Final Year with scarcely a stubbed toe. Her observations along the way of the Med. Faculty brand of venery have decided her to seek a lawyer in wedlock, as lawyers:

- earn a lot of money
- will probably be allowed to do so a little longer than doctors
- don't get night calls
- being intellectually inferior to the medical profession, are easily subjugated.

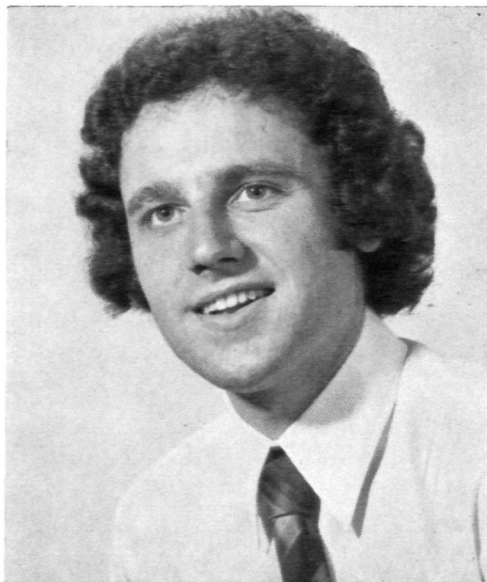
Maureen's bright, compassionate and volatile nature has secured her many friends and will endear her to her patients.

SUSANNE VIRGINIA FOTHERINGHAME PASFIELD

"I'm in my party mood . . ."

This "fluffy little Med. bird" wasted no time breaking into the political circles of our Faculty. As our rep. for two years and social secretary for the Med. Soc., she became one of the better-known personalities of our Year while organizing memorable Med. balls. Her political career gathered momentum until she gained the exalted title of Undergraduate Vice-President.

Susanne's personal charms, no doubt, were responsible for a series of intriguing romantic entanglements, the outcome of which was hotly disputed by interested onlookers. However, her academic success is not entirely due to her ability to disarm examiners with a bat of the eyelid and a tear in the eye. As with all her endeavours, Susanne will undoubtedly make a success of her future career and her patients benefit greatly from the "friendly reassurance" which she practises as well as she preaches.



WALTER PODOLAKIN

"But most women have cold feet . . ."

Born 1917, reincarnated 1950. ("All pigs are equal, but some are more equal than others.") Trotsky's protégé, originally imported as a movie critic from Homebush Boys' High, was to find his niche in a medical career (with aspirations of gastric contents). Still the magic of the screen was too much, and each day he could be seen heading toward the Union. The years rolled by . . . Ah, yes! Fifth Year! Brown Street, New Zealand, Tamworth, Newcastle. Suddenly he found there was more to life than looking at it on the screen. Marx gave way to existential Mickey Mouse. Having tasted the sweetness of life, he settled back to overcome the obstacles of Fifth Year. Hopes for the future — continued and improved relationships with the nursing staff or whatever!

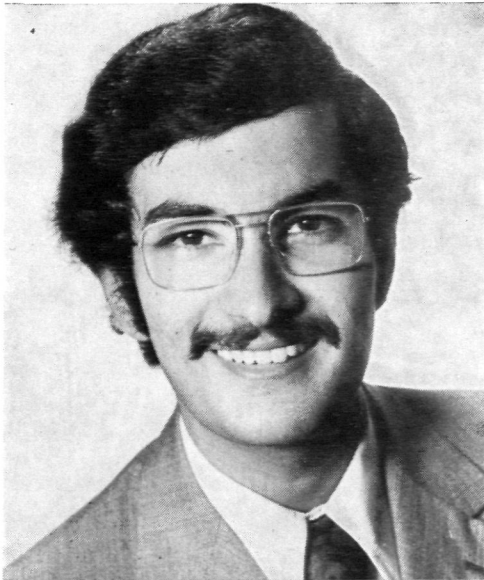
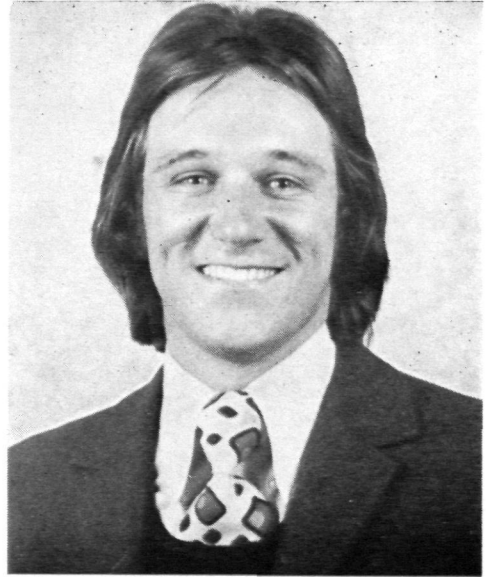
DAVID V. POHL

"But he doesn't have brown eyes."

Who is Dave Pohl? Is he that flash young man that wanders around Bosch looking like he's lost in the "In Shoppe". Or is he that semi-serious academic whose enviable record yells for itself. Yes, Dave seems to do things extremely well, whether it's that streaking "brown-eye" sliding down the side of Kosciusko or arranging a heavy night for the boys to see Joe Cocker for the sixth time — "Gotta try to perfect that Cocker style", says Dave.

Recently seen at the airport with the latest thing in pith helmets and safari jacket, heading (somewhat stuporose) toward Africa, ready to give them a dose of his inimitable "Shoot it up", "Knock 'em off" zapping style. Somehow he returned. Still white. Still a democrat.

Wishing Dave all the success he surely will achieve.



MARK WILLIAM RICE

"Well, that's fair enough, I suppose."

"The Late Mr. Rice" arrived in Medicine from Marcellin College, Randwick — a day late. He slipped uneventfully through the early years, however, the clinical years provided an opportunity for an extensive knowledge of honoraries' christian names, and a wide personal study into the aetiology and management of bed-sores.

"Merv" was a walking index to Hamilton Bailey during Med. IV, and a promising father in Med. V, with two sets of twins to his credit. After four years trial of labour, Mark announced his engagement at the end of that obstetric year.

Mark has a variety of outside interests, including blowing his horn with Randwick District Band, sleeping, drinking ale, watching Easts, and sleeping.

With plenty of rest in the future, Mark's pleasant, warm and sincere nature assures him of a very successful and happy career.

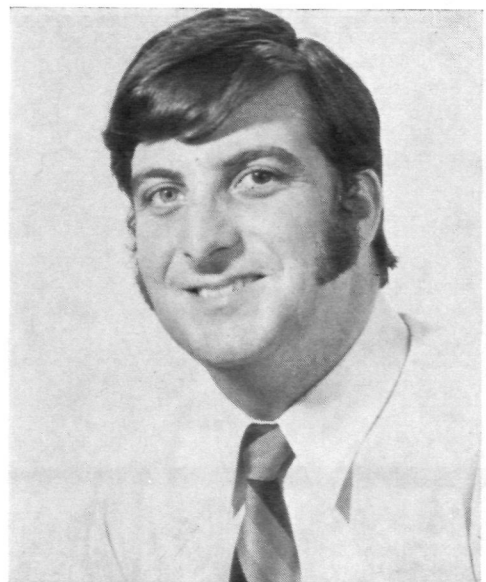
DEREK RAGHAVAN

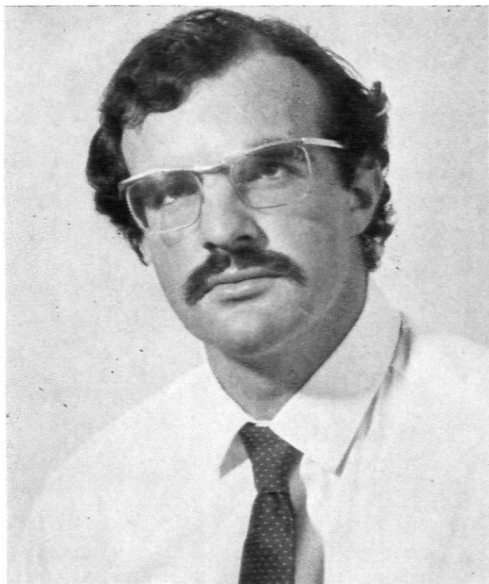
"May I ask a question . . . or really two . . . subdivided (a) and (b) . . ."

Rags entered Med. by mistake — he couldn't spell "politics". He compensated by taking up every position from Med I rep. to Senior Undergraduate Vice-President of the Med. Soc. Whether or not this has satisfied him personally, the student body has benefited greatly from his efforts.

His "hobbies" included manic squash-playing and taxi-driving, immunology, Fiats, and very personal research into chicken-pox during paediatrics term, with subsequent development of a fungal growth on his upper lip which has remained refractory to treatment — and left him with a permanent Groucho Mark syndrome (complications including his love of the ridiculous and his polygamous tendencies).

Derek is known for his ability to reduce medicine to its basic statistics, and we know that statistics will be influenced by him in the future.





COLIN DAVID ROBINSON

"Do you think that's important?"

Col is one of the "nice guys" in our Year. He has had an excellent academic record over the years. However, he will also be remembered for his keen sense of humour. In a tutorial one of the patients was a meek little man with two problems—a thyroglossal cyst (neck swelling) and a domineering wife. The doctor asked him how long it had been there, and his wife answered: "One month." And so it went on, all questions directed at the patient were answered by his wife. Later Col quipped: "I was waiting for the doctor to squeeze his cyst and ask HER if it hurt."

Col will not only give his future patients good treatment, but in all probability a good laugh as well.

We wish him well.

NAT ANTHONY ROMEO

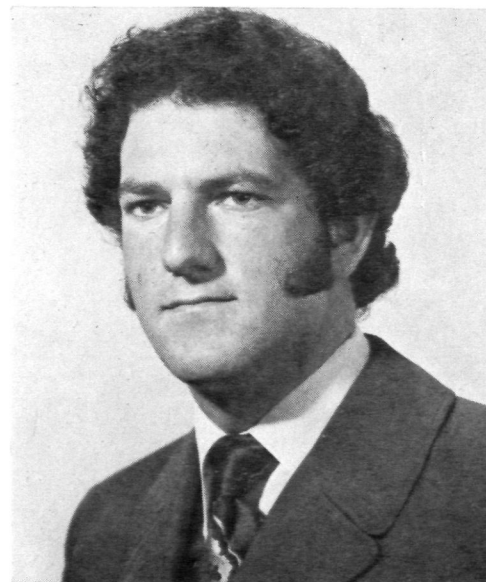
"Marconi Club? . . . It's at the back of Bossley Park."

Every year has a memorable event; 1953 will be remembered for the importation of this cultured Calabrian from the south of sunny Italy.

An expert on such subjects as vino, poker, soccer and chess, Nat entered Sydney Uni to learn the "Art of Medicine". Sailing through the pre-clinical years, he hit the wards of PA, where he quickly proved to be a keen elicitor of symptoms and signs. While at PA, Nat was constantly seen discussing the basis of pharmacology with the Drug Reps, assuring them that he would use their drugs to further their clinical trials.

Elective term saw Nat at Griffith Base Hospital intensively studying the finer points of wine-making and its possible application in the therapy of Fe deficiency anæmia.

His quiet humour and ready friendship will long command respect and ensure his success in the future. We wish him well.



ANTHONY SALZONE

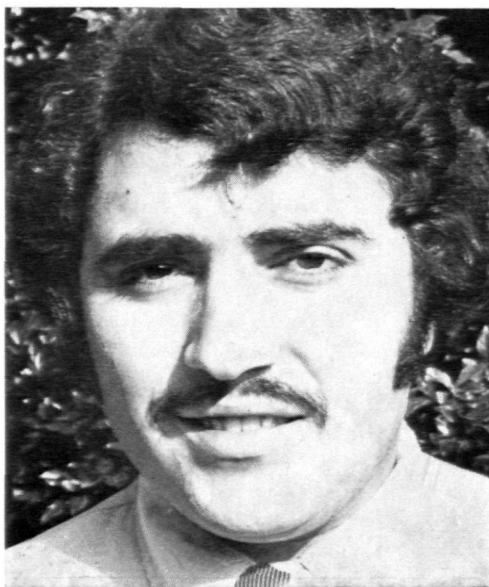
"Orange juice? — best prevention for colds."

Tony is my idea of an optimist. No one who has worked alongside him could fail to be affected by his uncontrollable ebullience.

Tony, who is more the "gentleman" than the scholar is more often seen hovering over a chess board than a patient—nonetheless, his radical ideas on the prevention of acute coryza (colds), as well as his undeniable presence, have brought him to prominence at RPAH with staff and students.

Tony's remarkable grasp of the Italian language—and its many dialects—have made him a much sought after interpreter around the wards.

Doubtless, in years to come, Tony will capitalize on his linguistic skill and his warm personality and become a bilingual physician serving both "new" and "old" Australians. We wish him well.

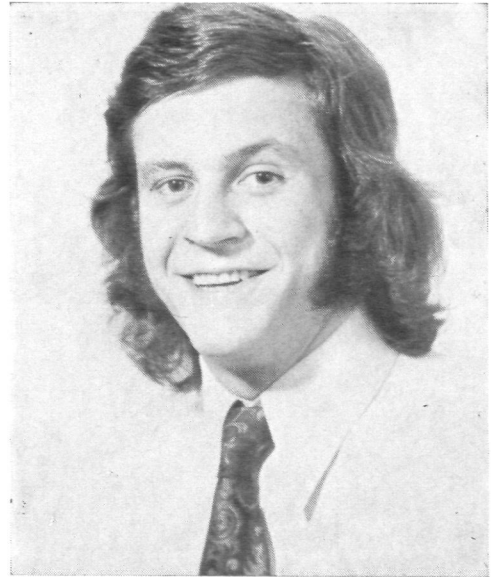


WARWICK SELBY

"I've got to watch Bellbird."

When we approached Warwick at home for a closer study of his inimitable life-style (documented by Angie *et al.*, 1968), we found him furiously working with his constant companion pin-ball machine. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he vowed that he hardly gets time for this type of thing in Final Year, and also despondently admitted that his snooker standard was falling.

Making our way through the thick rubble of matchboxes, and clambering over his stockpile of Chicago records, we all sat down to the Selby ritual of cracking a few tubes. It is Warwick's rigidly-held belief that alcohol is still the ultimate in diuretics, and he strives for regular washouts. Somehow Warwick still manages to combine all this with a distinguished academic record. All the best for the future!



SUSAN SHANNON

"There's a concert on tonight and . . ."

This gullible lass is fair game for any hard-luck story; any waif of the Newtown alleys, or starving Rose Bay dog—all have a protector. It is said that she has trouble telling the difference between male and female cats. This ignorance continues over to the gynaecological field: "That's strange, two vaginas" (correct answer—normal pelvic specimen). Very few people can show such innocent ignorance on such a wide scale as she does on occasions. It may not be lack of knowledge, but purely absentmindedness.

This woman is not a full-time professional. It seems as if her life is more governed by practices and performances than it is by medicine. Some people may not realize that beneath that outlandish laugh lies a superbly controlled soprano. She debases her ability by pleading with her friends to come to see her perform. Ignorant lot around here: some went once—a few slept, one snored. But all asked what it was about.

Such is the life of Sue—unappreciated.



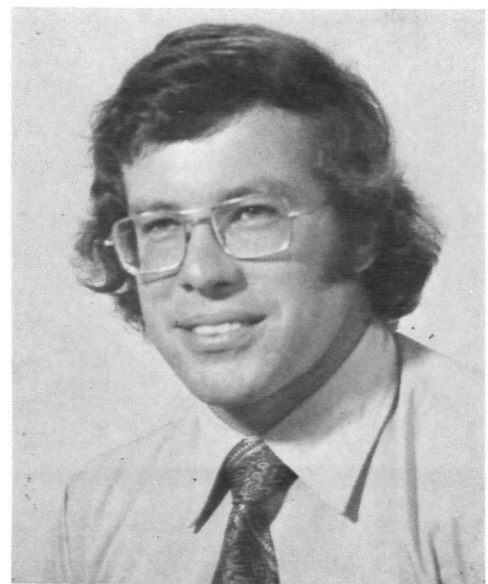
EDWARD JOHN SHUMACK

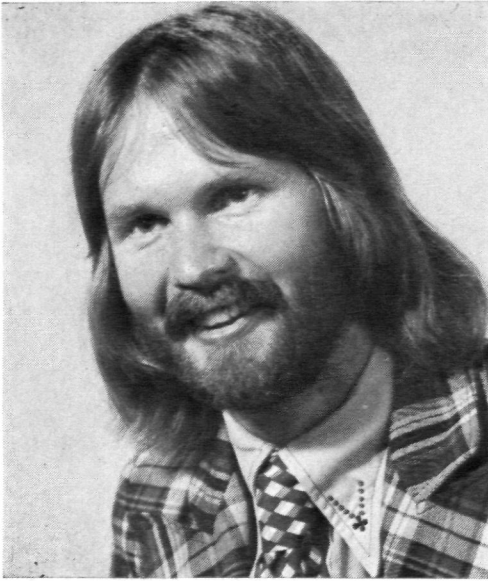
"A man can be in love for half an hour."

Jock ended First Year on the crest of an academic wave, surfed pre-clinical years out the back, was dumped in Fourth Year, surfaced in shock, and spent Fifth Year gasping on the beach, only to see Sixth Year looming twenty feet above him.

Memorabilia of this long swim include hazy days in Andrew's, high and low life in Vauclose (11.15 arrivals at PA—to miss the traffic; 11.30 departure—to get home for midday movie). His longest period in hospital was spent after MUA in Fourth Year. Abducted travelling companion for a tropical sojourn in Fifth Year, to return genial, expansive, plethoric and beaming to the utter seriousness of Final Year.

Jock, charmer of women and small children, sallies forth to the good life of professional excellence and personal debauchery, with sense of humour intact. Send him all your difficult cases.





KEN SIMMONS

"Another day, another crisis."

Ken entered medicine with cheer and enthusiasm and has maintained this attitude throughout the course, as can be seen in the picture. The tie is designed after the "drapeau tricolor". Ken recently burnt this tie in protest against the French tests and it is rumoured he will no longer import his clothes from Paris.

He emerged from obscurity after the first four years of medicine.

His Welsh ancestry and the use of its language made it difficult for Ken to communicate. Some thought it was word salad and flight of ideas, but it was Gaelic. He learnt English so he could sit for the ECFMG.

The Commonwealth was so pleased with Ken's efforts they made him an independent scholar and sent him on a three-month tour of Europe in elective term.

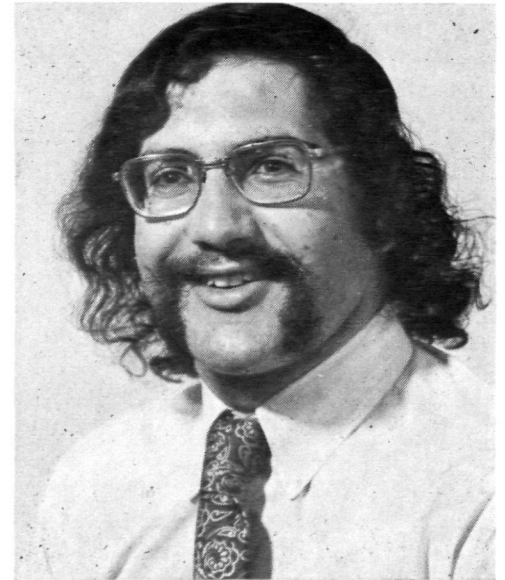
But as his days of being a professional student draw to an end and he looks back with fond memory on the last six years, he realizes he's got to start going out more. You might have to work next year!

JOSEPH JOHN SIMONE

"Call me Jack or Joe or . . ."

J.-J. Simone is one guy in our year who does not care what we call him. The one thing J.-J. is, however, is an independent thinker. He has always had radical ideas on the "more important things in life"—to J.-J. these are world politics—federal politics—medical politics—medicine. If you want to know anything about things in the first three of these, then you go to J.-J.; he is more likely to come to you for advice on the last.

We wish him well.



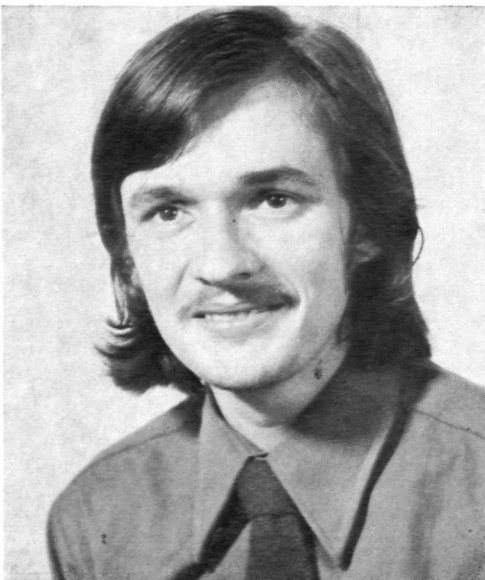
RAYMOND ALEXANDER SOLBODNIUK

"It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness."

—KARL MARX.

With politics assuming an ever greater role in medicine, Ray appears to be well served by his interest in the theoretical and practical work of Leon Trotsky and his involvement in the cloak and dagger life of A.L.P. local branches.

Both should hold him in good stead in his future life. The first will allow him to participate, on the side of the masses, in the delivery and reconstruction of medical services, whilst the second might help him survive in a medical profession which is at present dominated by an insular, highly conservative bureaucracy.



CRAIG JAMES SMEE

First Year saw Craig freed from the seclusion of St. Joseph's College and about to undertake the great adventure of a university education. Ever a great admirer of all things English, he of course went to college, however, he was soon to bitterly learn that neither Sydney University nor college life really matched up to his Oxbridge aspirations, a fact that only compounded itself during the sexennium with the "radicalization" of the University in general and the "socialization" of the profession in particular. Craig was undoubtedly one of the more conscientious members of the year, and it is true academic accolades fell his way to reward his labours in "science", but with the dawning of the clinical years came his awakening to the art and humanity of Medicine and his decision to enter general practice to "treat people rather than diseases".



JANINE LOUISE STEVENSON

"When I was in Thailand . . ."

Janine entered university a mere slip of a girl from St. George Girls' High, a school second to none in its habit of industrious scholarship. As one who is conscious of the oppression of women in this and most other societies, she immediately set about beating the boys and, it must be admitted, has largely succeeded.

Janine's ambition—to capture for herself the adventures of a remote area—was formulated at the impressionable age of ten, and inspired by reading Gladys Aylward's *The Small Woman*. This vision matured in a visit to Thailand during elective term. Indeed, this fleeting taste has wrought changes—this last year has seen a nonchalant Janine with a stronger belief in altruism and social justice.

She is pledged to return to "the land of smiles". For what the natives are about to receive, may they be truly thankful.

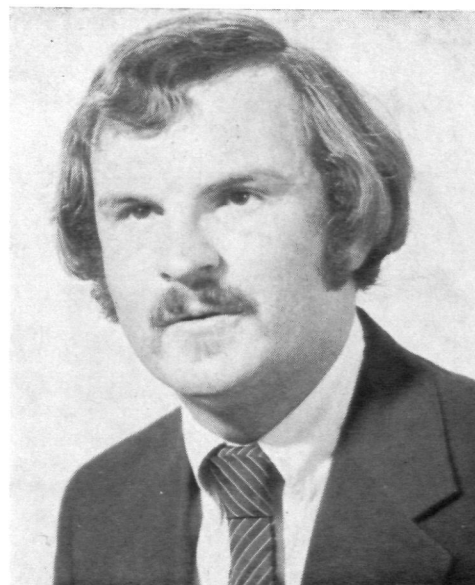
JOHN FRANCIS STEWART

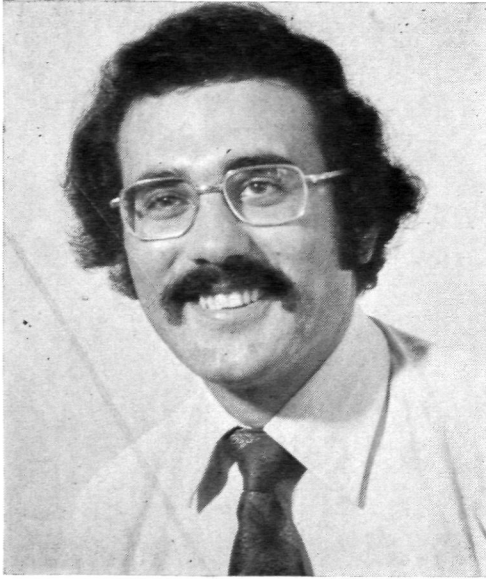
"What will I do with the rectal thermometer?"

With a hirsute chin and a lecherous grin,
He's off leaving smoke in his wake.
With his foot to the floor—got to make it before
Closing time at the Palace, Mortlake.

Now from this you might think all Stew likes is a drink,
But nothing could be less true.
Golf and football he's tried, got engaged on the side,
And found time to hit the books, too.

Armed with M.B., B.S., he'll be sure to impress;
On the sick they are setting him free.
Night and day he'll maraud through each hospital ward,
Singing Dylan just slightly off key.





MICHAEL SWEETEN

"What's the story?"

After having questioned himself, "What am I doing here in Grafton?", Mick decided to study Medicine — and why not?

With minimum effort, he has managed to satisfy the examiners so far. His extracurricular activities included golfing (scoring?), rowing and gold-plating his Cortina.

Mick's six years as Wesley will certainly be treasured by him and his contemporaries who will remember him as an interesting and inquisitive friend: "How are you, then", with a fun-loving casual outlook.

His future will hopefully hold a successful career and perchance a reversal of his chronic bachelorhood. Best of luck, Mick, you'll be laughing all the way.

PAUL SZTOLCMAN

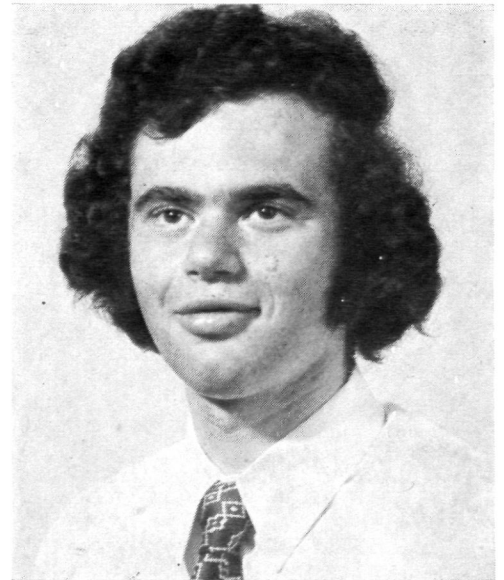
"Really?!"

After agreeing to anglicize his surname, Paul was admitted to Medicine from Fort Street. His zeal for success in the pre-clinical years was outdone only by his attempts at demolishing, with a single stroke, as many cars as possible from the No. 2 tee at Moore Park golf course.

Paul's acquisition of a car in Fourth Year changed his life style dramatically; living ten minutes away from university by foot, he now had to leave home an hour earlier to find a parking spot. This left him with less time in the pathology museum in which he showed such great interest, whereupon description of a specimen, he would rattle off the number of the bottle.

Paul's bridge advanced stupendously in Fifth Year, when on more than one occasion, he was implored to play dummy.

We wish Paul all the best for the future.



JOHN DOUGLAS TURNIDGE

"The Great Wall of Porridge."

Long of limb and hay of hair,
Unprepossessing anywhere,
Lighthouse high and beacon bright
And who'd suspect an inner light?
But there beneath that long face-ade,
If one just looked a little hard,
Creative soul of many facets,
Of poems, golf and other assets.
So there's our John in yards of skin,
A little glimpse of what's within
Can hit the moon, perhaps beyond,
If he'll just try ere time has gone.

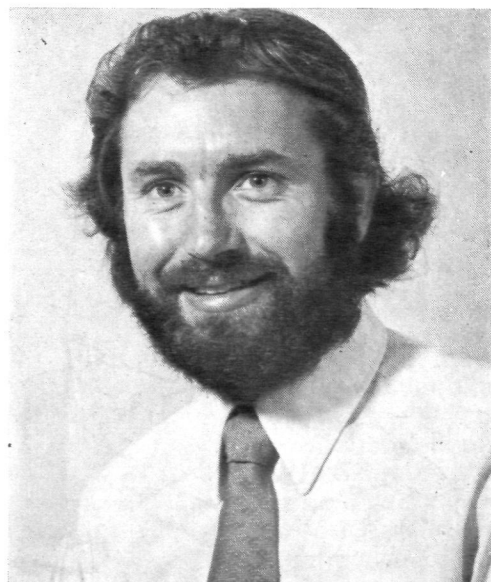
— M.A.T.



PETER PAUL VAN ASPEREN

"Doggies."

Aspro is an organic compound of high molecular weight which has been shown to be of benefit in many conditions including Examinopathy, Lecture Notarum Polysuppliens, Smith Family fever, and Balmainia (syn. Tigeritis). Since being absorbed by the Medical Faculty as an innocuous precursor, Aspro has been transformed to a more active metabolite. Double blind trials have revealed a number of irritant side-effects, including a tendency to spontaneous manic reactions usually resulting in ecchymoses of the upper limb and trunk of adjacent persons. There exists a definite adverse cross-reaction with alcohol, though severe intoxication with emesis and ataxia has not often been described. Future study will be carried out with respect to Aspro's pædiatric applications, and recent work suggests that considerable success in this field will be forthcoming.



ALLAN CAMPBELL VERNON

"Fortiter cum gladio in vagina."

Describing himself as too young for the Suez crisis and too old for Nashos, Allan entered Medicine after nine years in a seminary to take the fairer sex under his wing and emerge as a friendly father figure. His scope in this role was somewhat limited by his marriage to Suzanne in IVth Year.

With fanatical zeal he mastered neonatal feeding, hitting balls into holes, and saving the TAB from bankruptcy. Caring for poddy calves and crutching at Wagga must have provided invaluable medical experience.

His 28 years of study have not been wasted. In spite of the medical course he retains a philosophical world view, a smattering of obscure languages, imagines himself another Segovia and is always willing to lend a hand.

Progressive thinker? When he finally makes it.

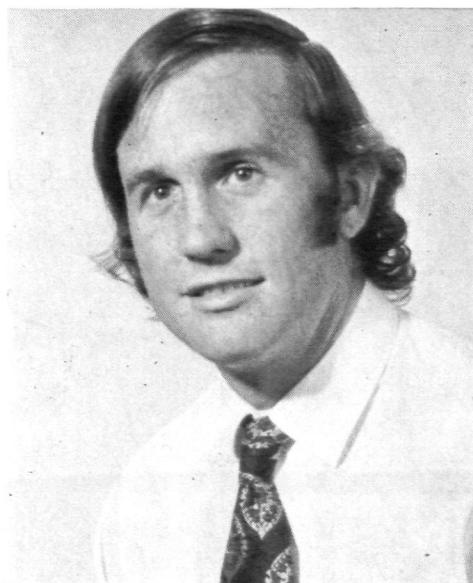
GEOFFREY CHARLES WATT

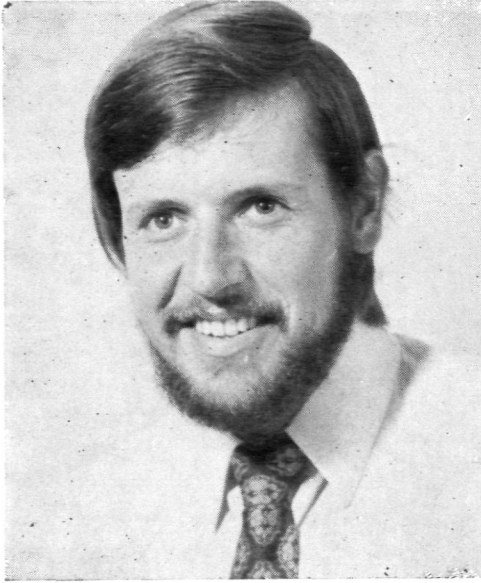
"No, I'm having a sleep!"

A staunch Methodist by birth, "Wattles" has continued to amaze and delight his colleagues by his chivalrous and sober habits. Notable lapses include crashing a med. ball with a 200 lb hirsute transvestite nicknamed "Bob" in tow; raging out of control in Fourth Year (sobering, indeed!); and spending more money on women for no apparent reason than anyone known to the authors.

He went to Tasmania after Fifth Year, and here posed as a junior resident for six weeks. He didn't learn much, but he won't be seduced into marriage for 20 years following his experiences there.

Geoff was a good precilincal student, and may end his undergraduate career on this consistent note. We think he wants to be a successful specialist, but still be able to sleep in the afternoon — Good luck!





GORDON BRUCE WICKS

Q.: "What do you do for a tutor with a bad leg?"

A.: "Take him on a pub crawl!"

Gordon joined us from Barker College with one ambition — Medicine. He became well known for his obsessional puns, e.g., "The only time I crack up is during football season" (fractured nose, wrist and arm healed over the years). This wasn't the only time he was plastered.

Gordon has ventured far — New Guinea, Tasmania, and Fremantle for elective term (gaining more than medical experience during this latter sojourn).

He has worked consistently and done well in all years. His career included taxi-driving, pulling beers and fishmongering. Keen sporting interests are playing with old boys (Barker Old Boys), and spearfishing.

Despite an attack of syncope on viewing a bare female buttock in IVth Year, his clinical ability assures a fruitful career — we wish him well.

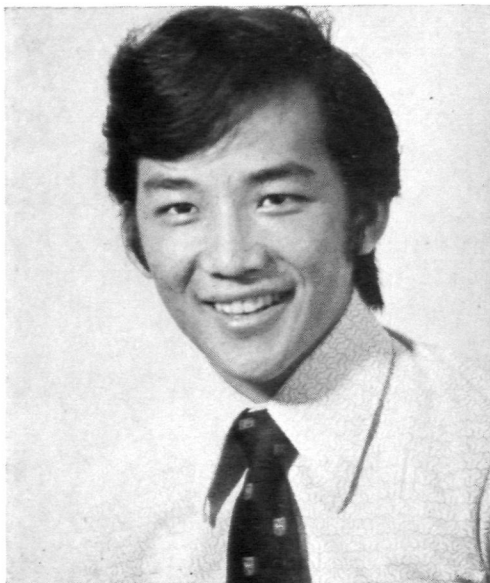
JONATHAN DAVID LLOYD WILLIAMS

"Is your brother-in-law married?"

Jonathan came to us, a copybook ectomorph, the son of a university professor, and a scholar of Geelong Grammar at the time of Royal patronage. The first part of his undergraduate life was spent in the hallowed portals of a university college, which he found less than enjoyable. Since that time he has felt the pulse of Paddington and the refinement of Rose Bay.

To most members of the Year he remains an enigma. It is rumoured that he has now retreated into a private world run largely according to his own fantasies, in which, with uncanny accuracy, he predicts the past!

Jonathan will perhaps be best remembered for his automobile, a rather battered Ford Prefect some seventeen years old, and verily an extension of his own personality — painfully slow and quite hopelessly outdated, but surely unique.



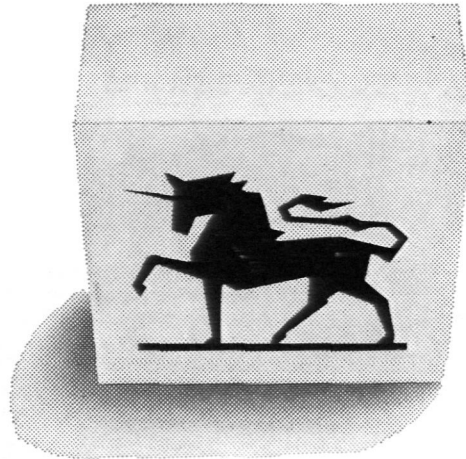
WONG KONG YIM, ERIC

"Quick, give me a question."

Kong Yim (Eric) had an indirect entry to Medicine via Science, and this year should finally see the road end and his ambition fulfilled. Eric always seems to prefer the more enjoyable aspect of life (plus the rewards which come with it — like constantly being attached to a certain female) to the horrors of study. To him a library should be a place for sleeping and bird-watching. This has resulted in some stormy weather during exam time.

To his friends he is a pleasant person who prefers the afternoon to the morning lectures. A history has not been taken of what happens at night, so it's hard to make any differential diagnosis. Further investigations are required before treatment can be instigated for his daytime narcolepsy. On a sober note, Eric's personality ensures he will be a useful addition to the medical profession.

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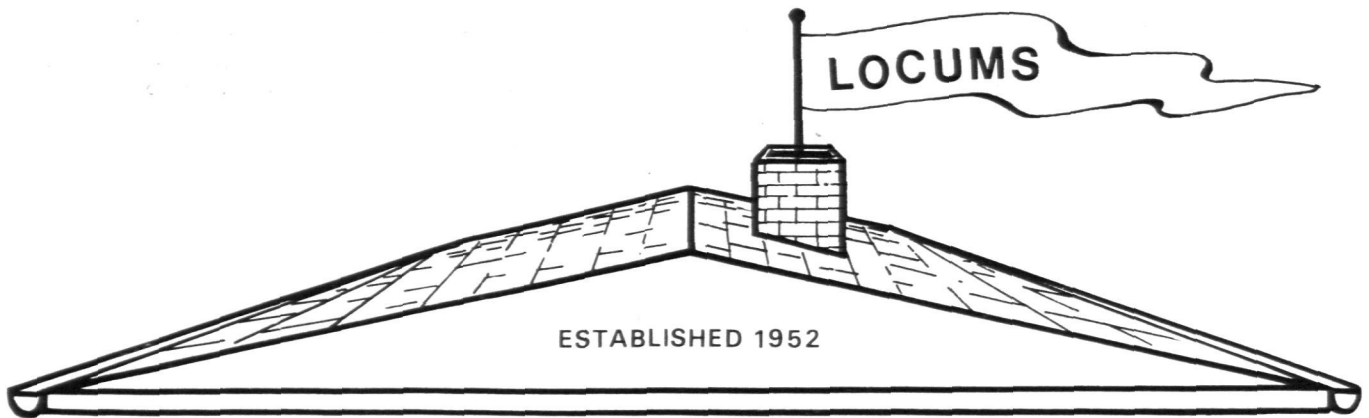
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SYDNEY HOSPITAL

Despite the lack of space, the somewhat old building, and the puzzling maze of corridors which perplex all Fourth Year students, Sydney Hospital has managed to remain in its traditional site at the top of Macquarie Street. A little known fact is that the Casualty Department is an annexe of Matthew Talbot Hostel.

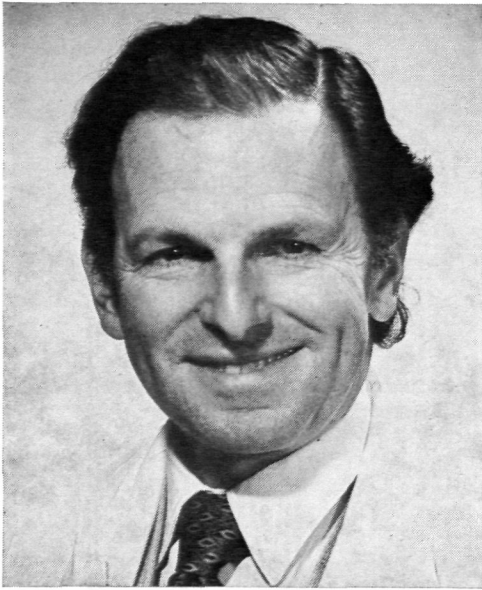
Those of us who enjoy the elaborate parking facilities at Mrs. Macquarie's Chair only regret our substantial and regular

donations to the Policemen's Welfare Fund. This is perhaps the single major drawback to being an undergraduate at this great metropolitan hospital.

The involvement of Royal Newcastle Hospital in 5th Year surgical teaching has been welcomed by students and staff alike. We feel that this is yet a further step in the continuing high standard of training we have come to expect at Sydney Hospital.

G.W.F.
D.A.B.R.
S.G.Y.

THE HONORARIES



GASTON EGON BAUER

"That's a fine statement coming from the second-shortest member of the group!"

Gaston plus students present an interesting dermatological spot-diagnosis. In the wards, they present as a rosette of white coats surrounding a central macule. Inspection reveals a satellite papule, represented by "Meykle", a Third Year graduate cast as Plato to Gaston's Socrates.

Auscultation reveals that discussion emanates from the centre of the lesion, and ranges from whether Von Recklinghausen first described tuberous sclerosis, to whether there is cause for concern about Cheyne-Stokes respiration in sleeping bed-mates.

With his stethoscopic necklace, Gaston casts a compact yet charming image, beguiling his students with historiettes of medical mythology.

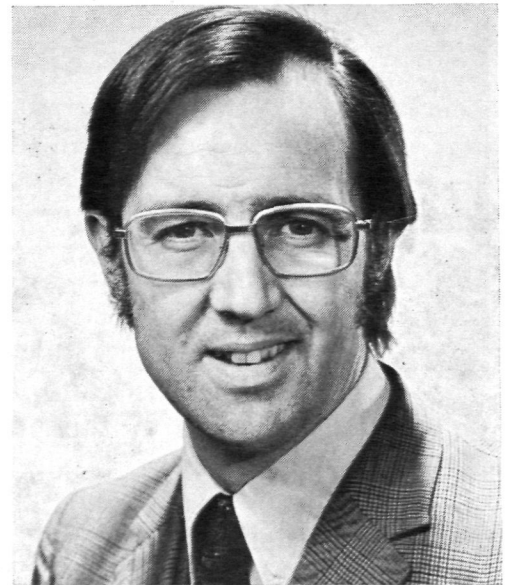
Clinical Warden:

ALASTAIR ROWLAND BROWN

Although a New Zealander and often disguised as a mild-mannered surgeon working for a great metropolitan hospital, our Warden has never actually been seen to change into his whites in a closet.

We suspect, however, that Supersurge prefers ultrasuperselective vagotomies to golf or bridge.

... As current holder of the "best dressed surgeon" award, we also vote him Warden most likely to succeed.



EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

"After you!"

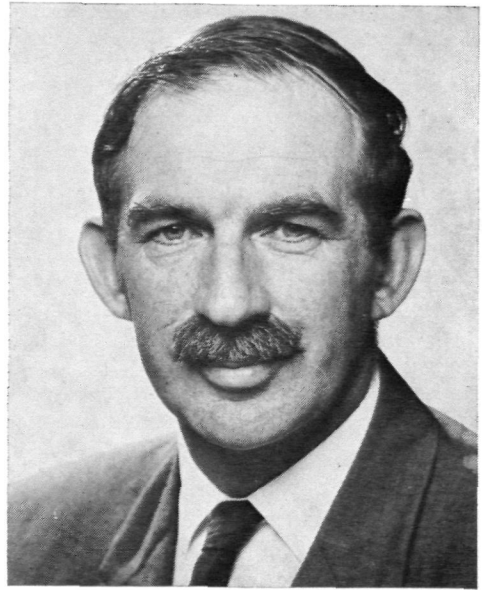
This softly-spoken surgeon exhibits the classical "perfect gentleman" syndrome, generously laced with clinical acumen, subtle humour and true concern for students and patients alike. He readily displayed his ability to get down to basics, and to express in a precise and logical manner the important aspects of each case. We thank him for his expert teaching and constant cheerfulness.

JOHN DIXON-HUGHES

"I didn't mean to get upset, but . . ."

Don't be misled by his soft voice and gentle manner, for on topics of importance his opinions are most forcibly expressed.

Mr. Dixon-Hughes has taught us to consider the obvious before making the esoteric diagnoses so dear to the hearts of students and residents, and we hope we will become the type of doctors who do not raise his ire.



PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

"... these young embryo doctors . . . they come out next year."

This quiet-spoken surgeon imparted much knowledge about gastric surgery to us in Final Year.

The interesting and varied patient reaction to his often used expression "embryo doctors" will be well remembered by all.

DAVID GEOFFREY FAILES

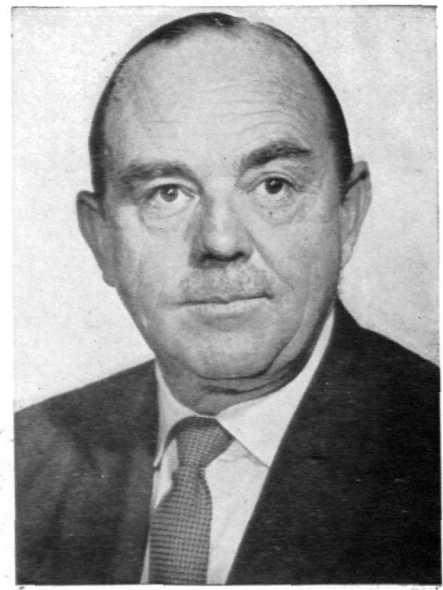
"Well, mm, no, mm, mm; Guess what I'm thinking now?"

At first, the most striking thing about Mr. Failes is his fine, aquiline nose and matching finely resonant Australian accent.

However, he could not be less like the traditional butcher surgeon. His relations with his patients betray the same relaxed personalness as he shows to his students.

His tutorials are a warming experience as he is doubtless one of the most genuinely interested and caring tutors we have yet encountered. Tutorials have a habit of extending indefinitely as pleaded "for another five minutes just to finish this".

In charge of the Colon and Rectal Unit at Sydney Hospital, there are few who would consider their contact with him a bum steer.





BRUCE MOSTYN HURT

"We are faced with a terrible conundrum."

With ready smile and a hand placed companionably on his student's shoulders, Dr. Hurt has guided us through many conundra. His interest in the effect of life style on disease has taught us the importance of examining not only the patient, but also his background. May his carbohydrate intake be low, his fats polyunsaturated and his protein intake remain high.

MALCOLM JOHN INGLIS

Mr. Inglis, who has the unenviable task of a vascular surgeon, showed us that patients must be treated as a whole and emphasized the need for total management.

His friendly smile and down-to-earth attitudes about surgery taught us much about patients and medicine in general.



WILLIAM HENRY McCARTHY

"Today I am a teaching machine . . ."

The disguise of a beard has not altered Mr. McCarthy's pervading passion for educating (Lat: e.ex- out of; ducere- to lead) us. For this purpose he has about 12 slides which he has shown on numerous Friday mornings with never the same result. At that time of the morning a simple inversion of the slide turns last week's peptic ulcer into this week's diverticular disease.

But thanks to his efforts, we know more about basic surgery now than we ever will.



Associate Professor of Medicine:

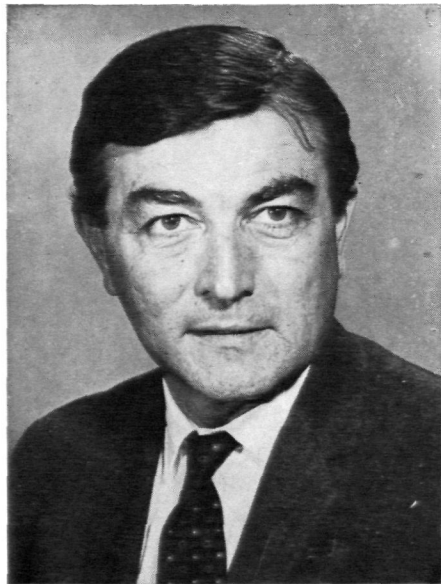
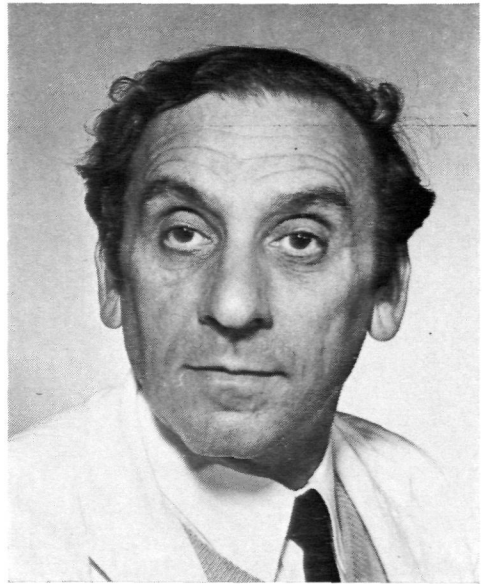
SOLOMON POSEN

"This twenty-five year old man who presented two weeks ago in a similar multiple choice question."

Professor Posen is the epitome of "a gentleman and a scholar". His obsessive delights in finding an elevated serum calcium is only exceeded by his deep concern for the welfare of the owner of the condition.

His involvement of us in practical clinical problems did much to help to restore the balance to "the madness of Final Year".

We wholeheartedly thank him for his constant efforts on our behalf.



JOHN RAFTOS

This stern looking man with beetling eyebrows, appearing at times more like a Mafioso than a physician, introduced us rather brusquely to Final Year. His direct and no-bullshit approach to medicine and teaching left us in no doubt that the soft years were behind us.

He brings to his teaching a fine and incisive mind that takes latest medical approaches and an awareness of the patient's situation and moulds it into a coherent and unified idea readily accessible to his students.

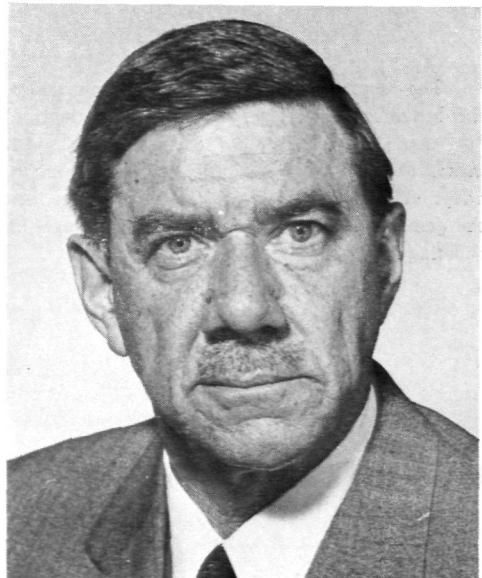
Despite his difficulty in bearing fools gladly, he is very aware of his students' needs and their inability to grasp simple concepts. He displays a mind moving not only in life sciences, but in life itself.

The antithesis of the dreamy physician, he brings an individual style and flair to medicine and teaching.

FRANCIS HAROLD READ

Frank Read's friendly and concerned attitude to both his patients and his students and his uncanny ability to remember our Christian names assured us that Dr. Read is far more than a respiratory physician.

In his tutorials we were impressed by his ability to listen to the patient's problems and advise us on the importance of this.





THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

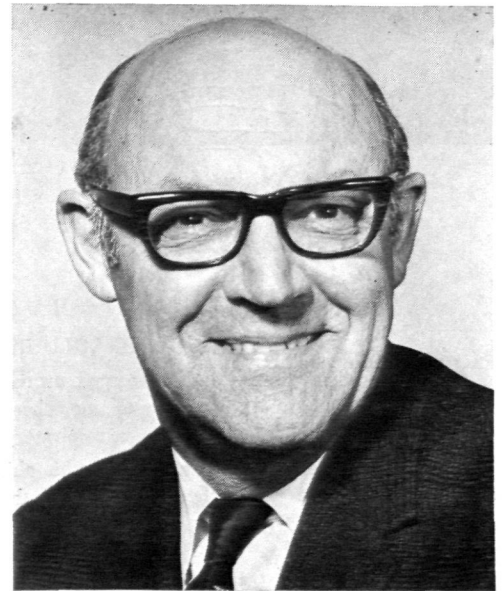
"You should be able to do a thorough physical examination in thirty seconds."

Robbo stressed upon us the importance of knowing *all* about *all* our patients; to such an extent that we probably learned more about coal-mining, pit ponies and railroads during the term, than we learned about medical facts. During our short time together, Robbo demonstrated to us his impressive command of the "art" of Medicine, as well as the "science".

Our practise of the art will benefit from his example.

JOHN NELSON SEVIER

The most surprising thing about this eminent physician is that beneath the beneficent exterior there is a beneficent interior. His keen concern for our examination technique and thorough grounding in practical medicine makes us envy those who will encounter him in vivas. We are all the more adept at elegantly displaying our ignorance, and all the more hopeful that the game is the thing, having passed through his tutorials. That's the whole shooting-box and dice.

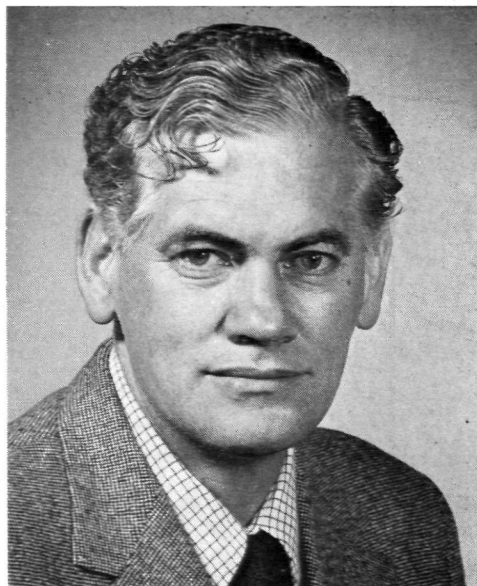


Associate Professor of Surgery:

FREDERICK OSCAR STEPHENS

The gentle giant of surgery at Sydney Hospital, Professor Stephens' altitude is no bar to communication. His benign co-operation in surgical case presentations and his gentle admonitions that we may be straying into the miasmas of medicine encourage us to study once again the mysterious melanoma and borborygmia belly.

His reminder that patients are not cases, but real people, is always welcome.



JOHN E. ULTMANN

Prof. Ultmann, the Norman Paul Visiting Professor at Sydney Hospital this year, put on many hæmatological spectaculars for Final Year.

With all the enthusiasm of an American, he extolled the virtues of active learning and also showed us that our childhood reading ("Goldilocks and the Three Bears") was not entirely wasted, but actually forms the cornerstone of hæmatological thinking.

The Goldilocks principle will be known to all those in Final Year at Sydney Hospital and can be applied to almost anything.

An obsessive worker, Prof. Ultmann had little time in Sydney to be an "American tourist".

Geoffrey Bourke Welsford Latham



Dr. Latham graduated from Sydney University in 1951. He was a resident medical officer at Balmain Hospital in 1952, and in 1953 travelled to England where he spent the next nine years establishing his surgical career.

Dr. Latham came to Sydney Hospital when he was appointed Honorary Neurosurgeon in 1964. He was also on the staff of St. Luke's Hospital, St. George Hospital and Hornsby and District Hospital.

Final Year at Sydney Hospital regrets deeply the sudden death of Dr. Latham. Unfortunately, most of us did not have the opportunity of being exposed to his teaching. However, those of us who did have some contact with Dr. Latham will not forget him. He was an eager and tireless teacher even in the face of seemingly ignorant students.

To his family we would like to extend our sincere condolences.

THE REGISTRARS

MEDICAL:

TIM HUMPHREY: "... Whose syndrome?"
 WARWICK BENSON: "I'll go out and find me a woman."
 PAUL SEALE: "His tall stature is exceeded only by the depths of his clinical thrusts."
 EILEEN GALLERY — Dr. Gallery's personality cannot be captured on paper.
 JOHN MILLER: "Down to Mrs. Macquarie's in 10 minutes."
 PETER GILLESPIE.

SURGICAL:

PETER BILENKIJ (Blinky Bill): "Well, I don't think that's quite true."
 STUART BOLLAND: "Cawd, if you did that, you'd be up shit creek without a paddle."
 JOHN GILES: "Bums, bums, bums — I am sick of bums."
 FRANK ELLSWORTH: "No-o-o, you couldn't say foreign bodies are the most common cause of rectal bleeding."
 TONY ETHELL: "Page me later."
 IAN ISAACS: "Aw, come on Fellas."
 DEM ABOUD: "The details of which I have long since forgotten."

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

DR. F. R. BERRY
 DR. BROADFOOT
 DR. J. D. CASHMAN
 DR. FINLEY
 DR. P. I. N. FRANCIS
 DR. F. W. GUNZ
 DR. P. W. HARVEY
 DR. JAMES
 DR. R. JEREMY

DR. N. KORNER
 DR. J. LEVI
 DR. R. LEWIS
 DR. J. MAHONEY
 DR. MILVERTON
 DR. A. S. MITCHELL
 DR. A. M. NEVERSON
 DR. G. PAULINE
 DR. B. H. PETERSON

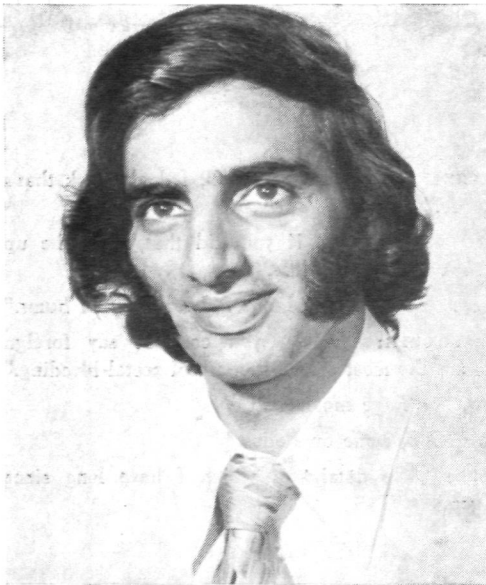
DR. K. PLEHWE
 DR. J. RAE
 DR. R. RAVICH
 DR. B. ROBERTS
 DR. T. SHAKESPEAR
 DR. I. L. THOMPSON
 DR. P. C. VINCENT
 DR. W. H. WOLFENDEN
 DR. A. YOUNG

MR. ARONEY
 MR. V. D. BEAR
 MR. BECKENHAM
 MR. B. N. BENJAMIN
 MR. R. CAMPBELL
 MR. W. B. CONNOLLY
 MR. G. R. GIBSON

MR. D. L. GLEN
 MR. M. J. KILLINGBACK
 MR. A. JESSUP
 MR. J. H. MCKESSAR
 MR. J. NIECHE
 MR. M. O'MARA
 MR. D. PERRY

MR. I. F. POTTS
 MR. J. R. REIMER
 MR. RHYDDERCH
 MR. G. STEWART
 MR. B. STOREY

THE STUDENTS



KENNETH JOSEPH ABRAHAM

"How about a bit of the old . . .?"

Ken, one of our more senior fellows, is renowned for his voracious appetites, his enormous lunches and string of conquests having become an Abraham trademark. At times he has been accused of male chauvinism, and when confronted thus, beams widely with pride.

It was soon obvious that Ken was equally at home with either a stethoscope or a pool-cue in his hand, and the poker table has seen many an Abraham triumph. Constant cheerfulness, quick wit and a fondness for constructing intricate and perplexing jokes are amongst his more prominent features. Never known to knock back a beer, a bird or a Rothmans, he has attacked his work with almost the same intensity as he has his leisure.

Always the dedicated hustler, Ken's future success in medicine cannot be doubted.

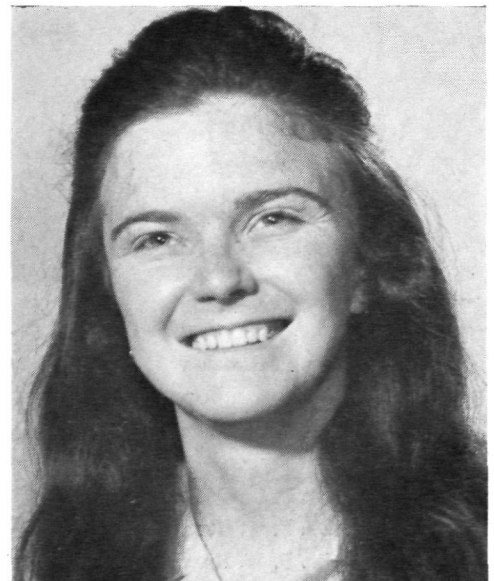
DIANNE CHRISTINE BONELLA

"Phillip! ! !"

Although little is known about her preclinical years, Dianne was always very keen on practical medicine and learnt to solve problems of circulation on City Road, in Phillip's portable motel. Despite vehement statements in Second Year that she would never marry a doctor, she settled for a medical student and married Phillip during elective term.

Previously known for her punctuality, it has been noticed that neither Dianne nor Phil has managed to attend many Monday morning tutorials, Dianne, nevertheless, is emphatic that she is awake by seven.

Her ability to work, conscientious attitude and ability to communicate with all types of people combine to ensure Dianne success in all fields of Medicine.



SUZETTE MARGARET BOOTH

Suzette began her first day's work on the 29th June, 1948, and apart from (or because of) her talented crochet work and knitting, her taste in vets and her empathy with hydatids, her hæmatological expertise is no surprise to her fellows. From Mullumbimby High School, through a solid grounding in Med. I and II, Suzette has progressed, with a ready smile and a warm concern for her patients to what will be an exemplary medical practice. Her marriage to Reubin early this year has set the seal on a rewarding country practice, but the question remains, can a Dip. Vet. An. do an epidural?

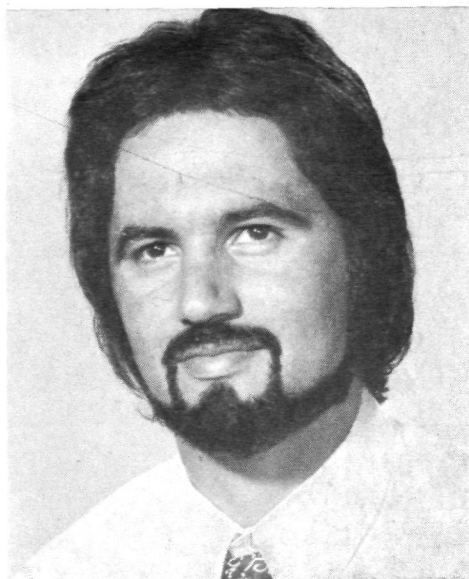


DANIEL BRAUMAN

"Uhh??"

The rigours of the Israeli army were mild compared to Danny's traumatic introduction to Australian ale and idiom. Happily, however, his initial acute confusion by the local dialect has remitted to a state of chronic "Uhh?" in response to unfamiliar colloquialisms, while his body beautiful, salvaged by vigorous resuscitation, has been maintained with jogs through Surry Hills and the Domain in the dead of night.

Clinical years have revealed the finesse of his dainty ring-adorned hands for percussion, stethoscope application and ritual ablutions. Best known for his masochistic studiousness, he is also an ardent epicurean. He has a keen eye for young ladies and continues to shock the uninitiated with his horrendous contortions and gyrations to trendy music, in flared trousers slung just above the level of the pubic tubercles.



JOHN DAVID CARLYLE

"... The other thing is ..."

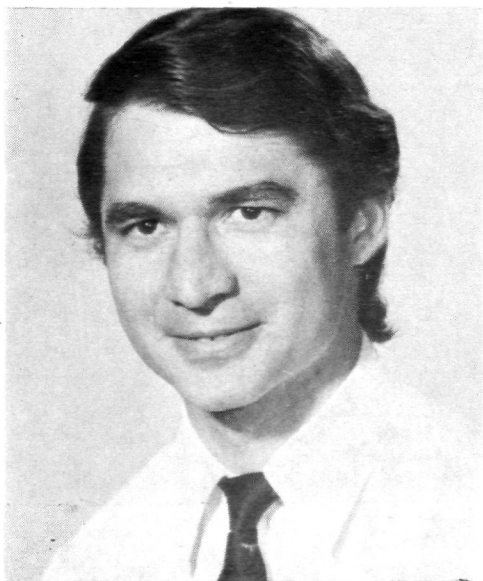
No one ever knew J.C. Conceived possibly at Joey's, he was born about the age of 24, having acquired a B.A. in utero.

Fondness of port wine and purveyance of erudite historical and philosophical knowledge were combined with a shrewd legal mind which made him a formidable opponent in argument.

Though a skilful cynic and self professed misanthropist, John enjoyed the company of his friends and position as Lecturer in Sociology to nurses.

Dubbed "pimpernel" by his colleagues, John's periodic disappearances included retreats to the hinterland clad in green paratrooper boots of his army days. He once also made a sub-orbital automobile flight.

An individual in this age of uniformity, his bearing and bedside manner were impeccable and long will he be remembered for his subtle mastery of discussions by the timely interjection of the humorous, esoteric and the enervating pregnant pause...

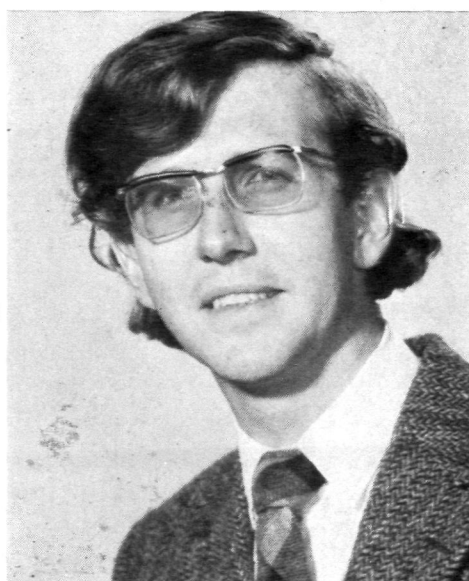


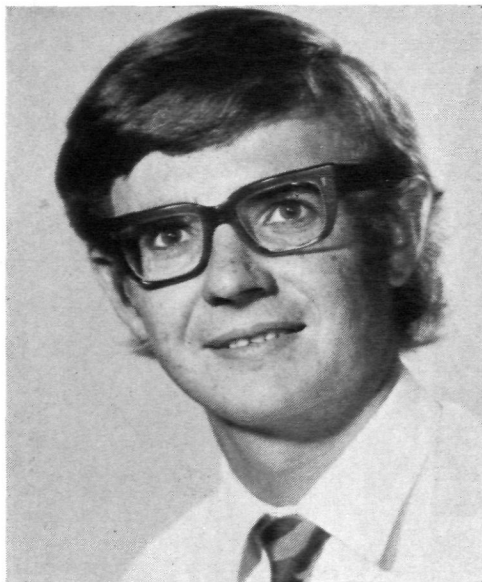
GAVIN MARK CARNEY

Gavin approached Medicine beclad in white shirt and tie, and harbouring crystal ideas. Three years later, in only the remnants of shirt and tie and enough conflict to keep him subliminally mad, he decided to try a "drop of science". In 1970 Gavin did a B.Sc.(Med.) in physiology with Prof Taylor. In terms of work satisfaction and depth of experience that was the best of years.

The clinical years followed, introducing Gavin to the concept of "self escape for self preservation". A corollary was an attitude of aplomb: "For an honorary he was remarkably astute." Much time was devoted to bushwalking and surfing and courting the girl ("I must belay the woman") who later became his wife.

Sixth Year finds Gavin again in white shirt and tie, and harbouring ideas — but a little less crystal, and a lot more radical.





GRAEME EDWARD DAVEY

"Goodness . . . a novel approach to a standard shot."

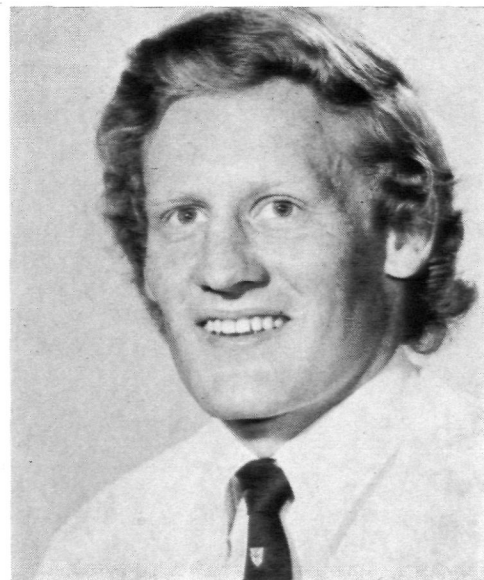
Thick spectacles perched on his screwed-up nose and tie at half-mast, bedraggled over the felt—the wrath of Graeme's mighty billiard-cue has often thus been rendered upon us (accompanied, albeit, by the perennial Davey smile). Graeme's skill, too, at bridge, crosswords and chess make him the doyen of paramedical pursuits.

Though smitten with myopia and matrimony at a tender age, Graeme has breezed nevertheless through medicine with the aplomb of an ace hustler. His easy, affable manner, good humour and, of course, his charming wife, Bev, should all be of great advantage to him in the future.

PETER DAVIDSON

"Now . . . where's that miserable Davidson" — Prof. Sol Posen

Such are the somewhat dubious tributes accorded Peter Davidson for his unpunctuality—a trait not gone unnoticed by even so occupied a man as the Associate Professor of Medicine. Nevertheless, since he became the proud possessor of a Honda 90 motorbike, such remarks are becoming rare indeed. However, one must not be too serious for too long. We must not forget the many remarkable qualities which make him a trusted and respected friend and classmate. Peter possesses an affable personality and wit, somewhat coloured by many years at St. Andrew's College, an unbounded enthusiasm for football, women and the occasional beer and a sincere love of the country life and its ways. Truly, we wish Peter the very best of success and distinction in his future career in medicine.



CATHERINE MARY DE LUCA

"Nurse, what's my temperature?"

Weary of her yearly academic triumphs and vehement denials of any knowledge while proceeding to high distinctions, Cathy achieved notoriety in a novel way on the first day of Final Year by stirring Sydney Hospital to surgical heroics.

Despite postulations of dire pathology from her hospital bed, she soon recovered to continue her relentless acquisition of knowledge, for beneath the bashful facade lurks an academic amazon.

Cathy at most times keeps her wealth of learning to herself, but has once or twice been heard to mutter a quiet word in tutorials and you can glimpse occasionally (if you're quick) just a wee smile.



GREGORY JOSEPH DON

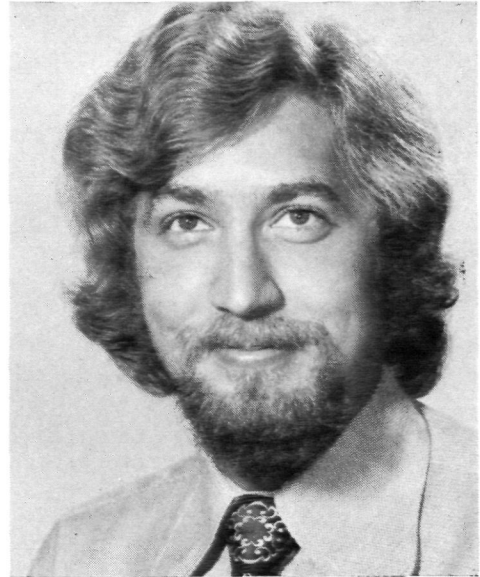
"I'm never dogmatic!"

Greg entered Med. I armed with his beloved black duffle coat, a stack of science-fiction books, two pairs of dirty jeans, a Monty Python sense of humour, and strong determination to learn the art of medicine.

He spent his time in the pre-clin. years by maiming his friends on the squash court, hitch-hiking about Australia, bleaching his hair on the beach, and playing "medic" at Singleton.

In Med. IV Greg discovered bridge, which he now plays with an unwarranted air of authority (belying a carefully nurtured talent for "going one down"). He has interrupted these sessions for an occasional visit to the wards, a quick trip to N.Z. (via London) in elective term, and appearances on the football field as winger for many a losing team.

Greg's forthright manner and quick wit have won the respect and friendship of his colleagues and we look forward to reading Don's "Bridge: The Hard Way".



AGNES FELDMAN

"Do you have anything to add to that, Agnes?"

Since entering Medicine Agnes has on rare occasions broken her vow of silence and revealed herself. Her shy, retiring manner belies the warm, quick-witted, concerned person hidden beneath. Her friendship can be considered a genuine asset.

Agnes was always willing to give her classmates a lift and will always be remembered as an excellent chauffeur.

Combining study and leisure in almost equal parts, she has progressed steadily through Medicine, gaining occasional credits.

Agnes's concern for and rapport with her patients ensure that she will succeed in the future, and we wish her all the best.

PAUL GORDON FOWLER

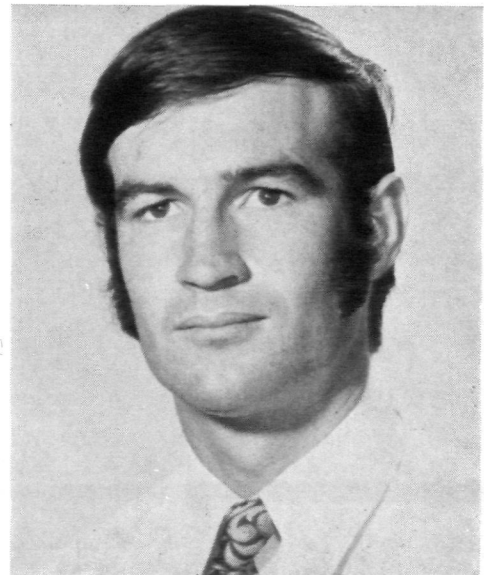
"Good grief . . . the mind boggles!"

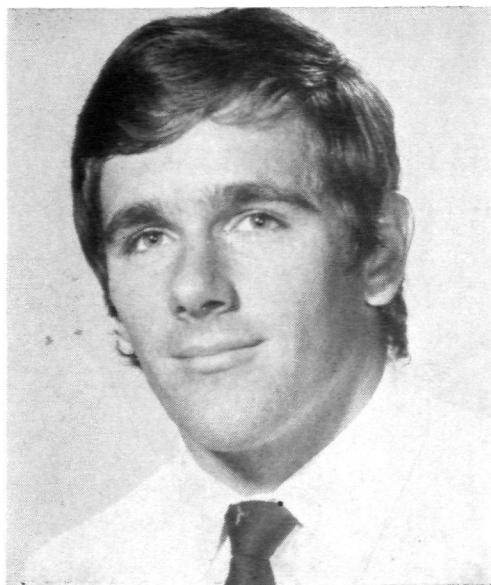
Of North Coast origins, Paul entered Med I with a distinctive bouquet of ripe bananas. The casual observer gets no points for picking him as a country boy—his overwhelming placidity, even temper, coupled with strong determination are a dead giveaway. However, when confronted with 13 cards at a bridge table, Paul is transformed into a flurry of action and it is only in such situations that he is sometimes known to lose his cool.

"Wang", as he is known to his friends, went the way of many good men and met his match in Faye, together they make a very hospitable couple.

We fear that Paul may become another Max Lake, as his renown as a connoisseur of fine wines grows and his nose becomes increasingly fiery.

His obvious dedication and good nature will surely stand Paul in good stead in years to come.





WES FOWLER

"I respect her too much for that!"

Entering Medicine at Sydney University in 1968, Wes, hampered only by the amount of time spent in the gym, proceeded to distinguish himself academically. However, it was not until the advent of Sydney Hospital and a short sojourn in Royal Newcastle Hospital that the rest of us realized the full force of the Fowler personality.

Despite his athletic and outstanding physique, Wes dropped his steroids and favoured medicine over a career in weight-lifting, but hasn't quite given up short distance sprinting.

An interest in everything that goes on, be it sporting, political, medical or religious, and an ability to hear the other person's point of view are some of Wes' gifts—he is also keenly aware of other people's feelings.

Wes will make a success of any venture he undertakes—we wish him luck.

ANTHONY FREEMAN

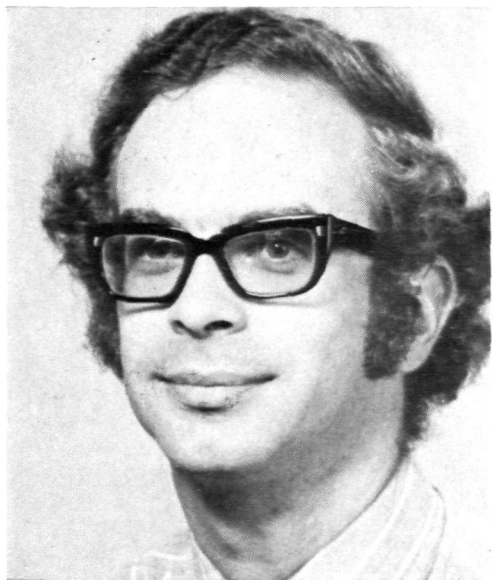
"Fine, let's go north."

Alias Fred/Anton in their later vivid/intimate moments, dropped into Medicine out of high school at the Bondi surf, dropped back into Medicine from a self-orchestrated, self-directed, semi-zonked out version of a Bali tourist excursion. Has an uncanny penchant (among other things) for a lazy day in the sun anywhere north of the Hawkesbury and found the "million greens" of the New Zealand countryside almost too much and as Fred puts it: "my finest Fifth Year term was certainly unallocated".

Has often mentioned that cardiology was in the family, but the closest he has come to recognizing a "gallop rhythm" was a fleeting second at a Cocker-concert.

Undoubted winner of the "I can grow more beards than you can in VI Year" competition.

Wishing Tony all the best in his medical career wherever he may wander.



CAVIN WALTER FROST

Gavin Walter Frost was conceived around mid-July, 1945, and no evidence supports any theory that he was so perturbed by this that he would not show his face until April 8th, 1946.

His course through Medicine has been less than smooth, but sixteen months in Italy accounts partly for this. His interests have apparently leaped the extremes from geriatrics to pædiatrics (some deny that this represents a change).

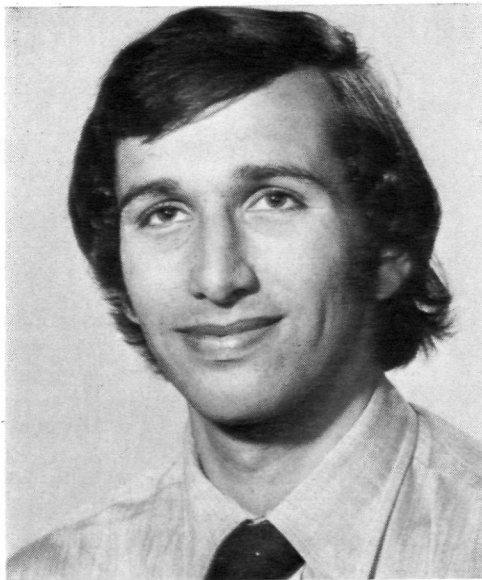
He will be remembered for an infectious cheerful diathesis, his irrepressible though never malicious wit, and in inexhaustible repertoire of Jewish jokes. He indulged in neither bridge nor chess, nor even library-haunting. Gavin had no specific idiosyncrasies and he rarely repeated himself, except when lecturing on the heat conduction of peanut-butter, or osmotic properties of sultanas, when teaching FIZICS to our nurses.

Gavin's acquaintances quickly became friends, and he is similarly regarded as a friend by his numerous acquaintances.

TAMARA LYNN GOLDBERG

"That must be an anagram on Protean."

Tammy, whose passion for crosswords is exceeded only by her skill in completing them, first came 1 DOWN in Johannesburg on May 7, 1949. With her family she went 2 ACROSS to England before migrating to Australia in 1963. After 3 DOWN much hockey and basketball at Dover Heights Girls' High School, her eleventh hour decision to enter the Medical Faculty surprised some, but 4 ACROSS her progress since has left no one in doubt as to the wisdom of her choice. As well as being closely followed in this school of thought by her brother and sister, Tammy has 5 DOWN impressed many by her ability and won many friends by her warm personality; her sibs have been set a fine example to follow.



PETER GOTTLIEB

"Where's the party?"

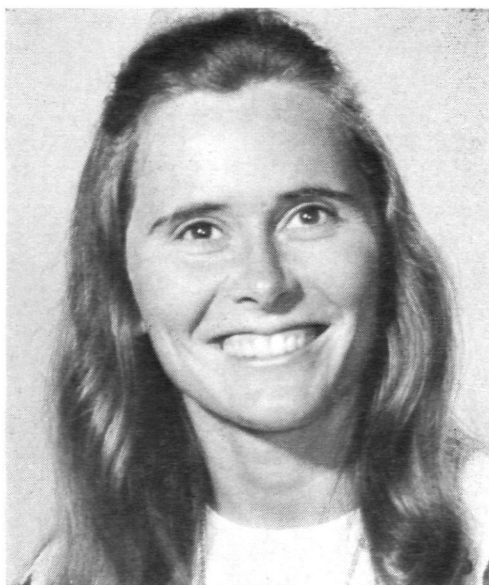
If confidence and enterprise are any measure of future success, Peter should go far. Making friends comes easily to him, and many is the time that Peter's remarkable ability to become totally at ease in strange surroundings has dumbfounded his friends. Peter manages to squeeze medicine into a tight schedule of activities ranging from participating in legalized mayhem on the ice-hockey rink, to attending the latest orchestral concert or theatre production. Peter's consistent work, unfailing cheerfulness and ability to win friends, will surely carry him to success in the medical profession.

MARY ADÈLE HANSTEIN

I am married and have three children. We live in the A.C.T., on a farm which is seven miles from Canberra City.

I resumed my medical career in Fourth Year, having previously abandoned it for marriage and a family. My aim is to work as a resident at the Canberra Community Hospital for a few years before becoming a general practitioner in Canberra.





JUDITH ANNE HAY

"I don't get it."

Judith could never be called a frustrated surgeon. Renowned for her locket and her laugh, Judi usually manages to impress both physician and surgeon with her factual knowledge and practical experience in medical matters.

Her leaning towards surgery, however, only became apparent after her term at Royal Newcastle Hospital where sigmoidoscopy, suturing, selective vagotomies and squash occupied most of her time.

Her geophysicist husband, David, has no doubt been called in to consult on interesting gallstones.

Judi's friendship is an asset that her fellows are glad to have.

PHILLIP CLIFFORD KIDD

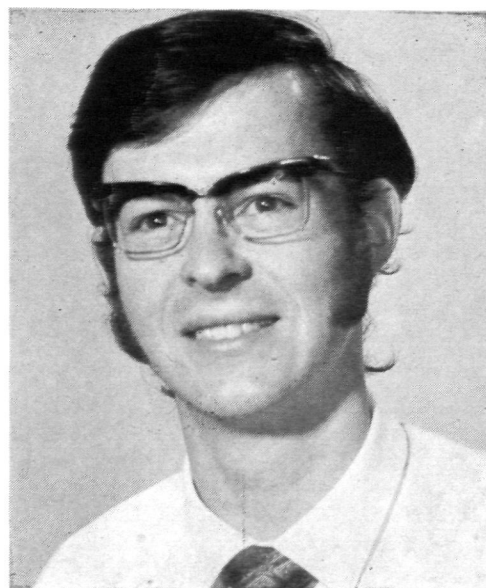
"Excuse me, I just happened to read . . ."

Filled with enthusiasm, Phillip entered Medicine. This abated somewhat during Physics, but returned in the ensuing years. Anatomy kept him enthralled and even stimulated extra dissections in the holidays.

By the beginning of Third Year, Phillip had acquired the little dark blue 1950 Prefect which became his flagstaff. Its reliability and Phillip's interests took him all over Sydney, rarely failing to be recognized.

Romance struck during incoming IV, resulting in Phillip's transferring from RNSH to SH, at the beginning of Fifth Year. With his usual thoroughness and diligence he studied all aspects of the economic situation, and Phillip and Dianne were married at the beginning of elective term.

His attitude to his work and his interest in patients as people, ensure him a successful career.



KENNETH LEE

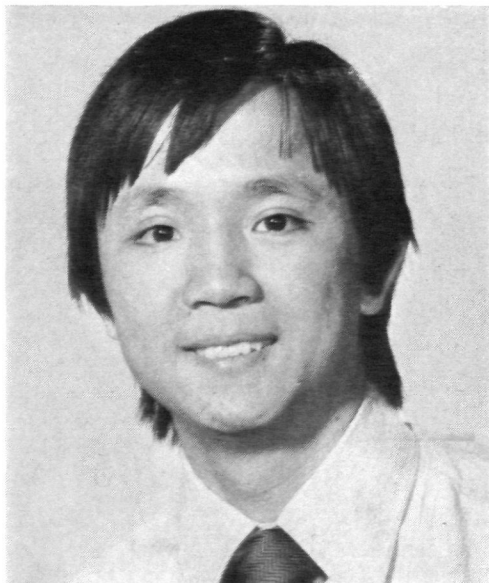
After original fame as the Hong Kong hustler of billiards and table-tennis at Newington College, Ken was struck down by familial diathesis after the higher school certificate — studying medicine.

We were all convinced that Ken's sole aim was to graduate, but we often had our doubts. At one stage we thought we'd lost him to Chinese cuisine, or perhaps a diplomatic career, because of his frequent rushed visits to Canberra and Melbourne.

Dixon Street and the Ing-Tong Club were the next attractions — was Ken branching out into the world of showbiz?

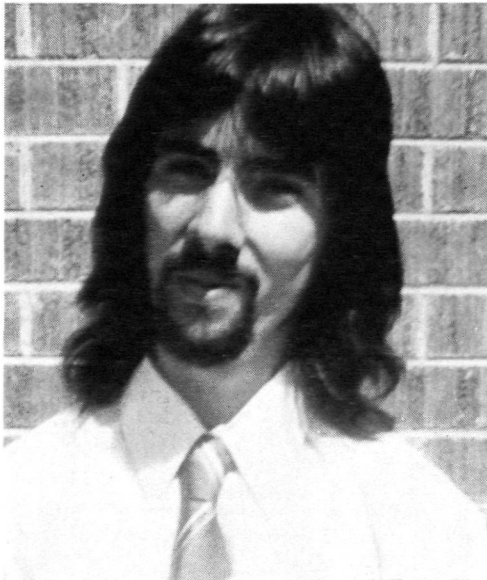
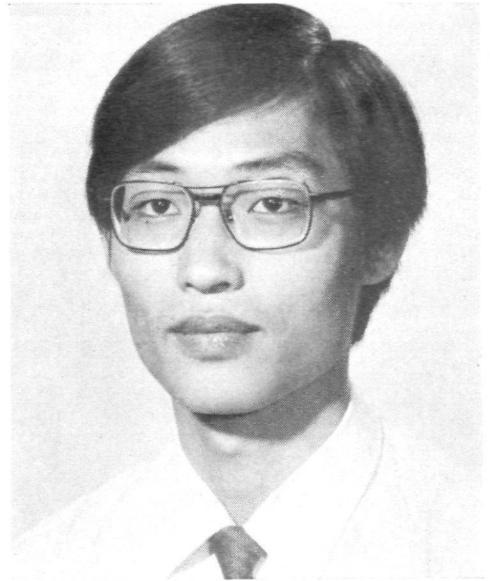
And now with his added talents of automotive mechanics and karate (chop sticks, not bricks), he is undoubtedly a Ken-of-all-trades.

With his medical and other skills, a successful future is axiomatic — Good luck, Ken.



KIN LUN COLIN LEE

Kin is so quiet and gentle as only those who know him would know.



AIDAN McELDUFF

"I deny everything."

Favouring our shores after giving Scotland fourteen years' benefit, Aidan successfully moulded the Australian way of life to his own mode of living. After a school career which sorely tried the patience and gastric mucosa of his teachers, Aidan continued in the same manner through medicine.

A doubtful distinction which Aidan attained was to become the acknowledged "Lord of the Limerick". On taking up cryptic crosswords, he allowed it to become a driving compulsion which periodically manifests itself by conversations entirely in anagrams.

Enjoying (and denying) all he did, Aidan's medical experience(s) have been a source of wonder and amusement to all concerned. Among his other virtues must be included a heightened sense of humour and loyalty to his friends.

Although known by many pseudonyms, we feel that we will all nevertheless recognize Aidan's mark in medicine in the future.

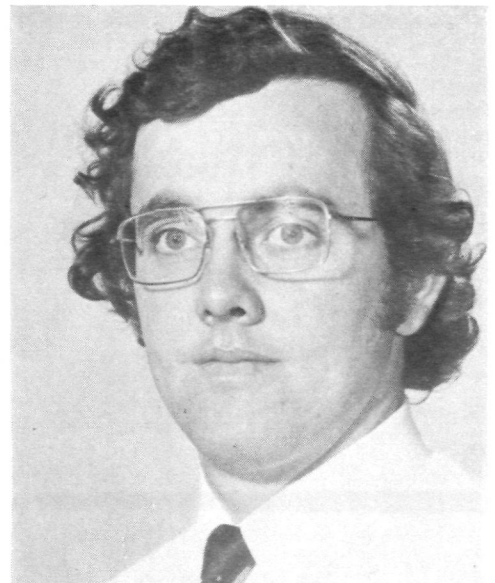
GAVAN DESMOND MARTYN

"What are we stooging around here for?"

Though born in England, Gavan, with his surfeit of scalp and facial hair, has cleverly masqueraded as a hill-billy from the backwoods of Canberra. The deception was carried to extremes when, as an embryo clinician struggling to master the art of percussion, he obviously pretended to have Huntington's Chorea.

He was dubbed "Fu" after once being mistaken for a Chinaman and compounded vexations about his true origins by driving about in a green car called "The Tyke-Mobile". He pores eagerly through publications of all kinds and can absorb a textbook with alarming rapidity.

Gavan is prone to ecstasy over groovy pop-music and his room in student quarters ("Martyn's Wine Bar") has been to us, his friends, the source of much good cheer.





ANNE-MARIE MORRISON

"I'm going to spend my holidays in bed."

Anne-Marie, better known as "Morrie" arrived at Sydney Hospital fresh from Brigidine's. Over the next few years she developed a strong liking for Prince Phillip and an unusual interest in pharmacology. Happily she found a way to combine these divergent interests.

At Sydney Hospital she was picked early as a person with an aptitude for examining testicular hydroceles and rapidly became expert at this procedure.

Anne-Marie is "charming, intelligent and beautiful". Beneath a thin veneer of quietness lies a remarkable wit and a good sense of humour. Her ability to resist the temptation to learn bridge shows a strong degree of determination. She enters into the spirit of social events and has been known to drink and dance a little. Evidence of her gymnastic ability has been suitably recorded.

Anne-Marie's success in a future partnership in general practice is assured.

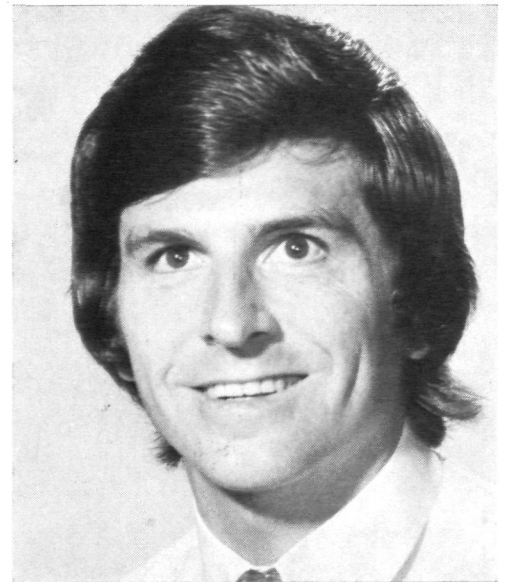
RAYMOND GILBERT OLDS

"Bugger that for a joke."

Fond of music, nature and the simple things of life, Ray's customary contentment turned to delight when his lovely wife Dianne presented him with a daughter just nine months after obstetrics term.

Attaining a science degree in pharmacology is but one of his many other feats. A handicraftsman, too, Ray has astounded us with the number and diversity of his past occupations, and both Ray and Dianne have an uncanny knack of contracting ailments appropriate to our teaching terms.

Despite a mild paranoia about his confreres' sources of knowledge, and our envy of his exceedingly good looks, Ray remains a most likable colleague.



RITA RAKUS

"You've got a good set, too!"

Surely no ornate *bierstein* bears a fraulein as stunning as Rita. A most flamboyant figure in Sydney Hospital, with her blaze of red hair, radiant smile and girlish laughter, the incidence of sinus tachycardia is said to have trebled since she arrived.

Widely flared bell-bottoms astride a goodly poundage of platform shoes accentuate her presence, though a pseudo-Parkinsonian gait has been noted on descending stairs.

Rita is fluent in German and her French is improving, too. She is well versed in how to enjoy Europe and future travellers in the Swiss Alps stricken with chills and ills are recommended to consult her clinic. She would like to hear from any unattached Bahaman millionaires. Failing this, a Bavarian prince will do.



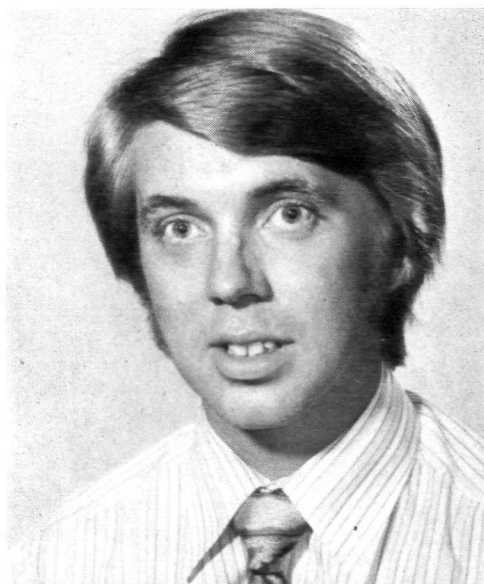
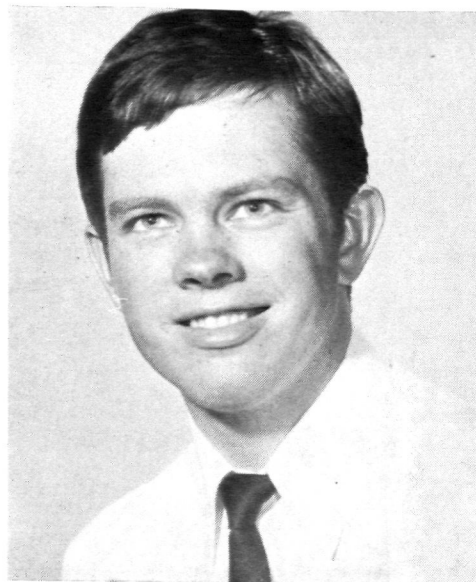
DAVID A. B. RICHARDS

"I've given that sort of thing up!"

On leaving Scots, DAB entered science, but decided to take a year off and trip to America, where he fell, but int' what? Upon returning he changed Faculties and his pre-clinical years were renowned for drives through Glebe in his dashing red Simca and an excess of alcohol.

This brought Dave to his mightiest of years — a monolith on the guinea-pig vas deferens under Max Bennet (he still hadn't learned) which earned him his B.Sc.(Med.) Hons. I.

In his clinical years he came under the influence of "BRIDGE", which then competed with alcohol and MVAs for his time. His ability to talk his way through any situation, particularly exams, has never failed to amaze his colleagues. But still his future is assured as no one (especially his examiners) on seeing David, could call him anything but a gentleman.



PETER ROHL

"When the urge for violent exercise comes upon you, lie down, it will pass."

Dogmatic, argues frequently and loses often, gets drunk at hospital parties on minimal intake and handles notable ladies in attendance, has a weakness for Glenfiddich whisky in earthenware bottles; sailed down the Balclutha River in a phallic symbol, believes bridge isn't played for sheep stations, dabbles in renal and neurological medicine and possibly should leave it at that; acquired a waistline and the name of "Gibble".

A ready smile, good sense of humour, love of the good things in life and a willingness to try anything make him great company, a good friend, and a certainty to succeed.

SAKON ROJNAVIBUL

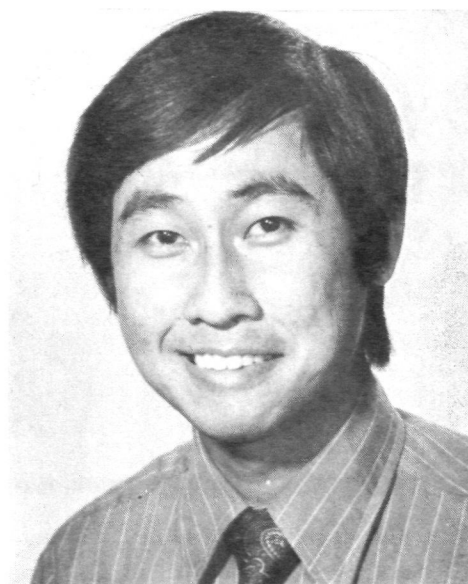
"What do you mean?"

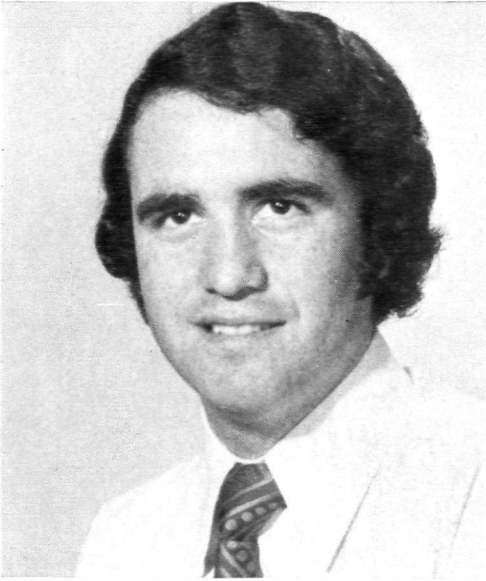
Born in Bangkok, Thailand, Sakon moved to Hong Kong at the "tender" age of six to undertake extensive studies in primary and a small part of secondary school.

He was an "innocent" lad of 15 when he first confronted the Australian Immigration Department with his contagious big grin in 1962.

Finally accomplishing a total parentectomy, he improved the prognosis of his bachelor life style when he moved into a house at Double Bay, learned to cook out of such books as "Seduction in the Kitchen" and "Wine and Women", and led a relatively QUIET life still he discovered Crown Street, the art of baby-making and like all Thais, developed a fondness for pussycats.

Sakon has the friendly character of the Thai people and is sure to go on to practise successfully the real art of medicine both here and in his own country.





ALLAN "CHECKMATE" ROSENBERG

Allan graduate from the game of bridge to the more subtle (and mysterious) game of chess in 5th Year. Now, given anything more than three minutes between tutorials he can be seen playing "a quickie".

Those who have played with Allan will know that once you have won a game it is better not to press your luck with another.

Allan's two other distinguishing features are his charming and beautiful wife, Caz, whom he married at the beginning of Final Year, and his untiring ability to write notes on anything said by anyone. By now he must have an enormous supply of them and rumour has it that he is supporting the Australian paper industry.

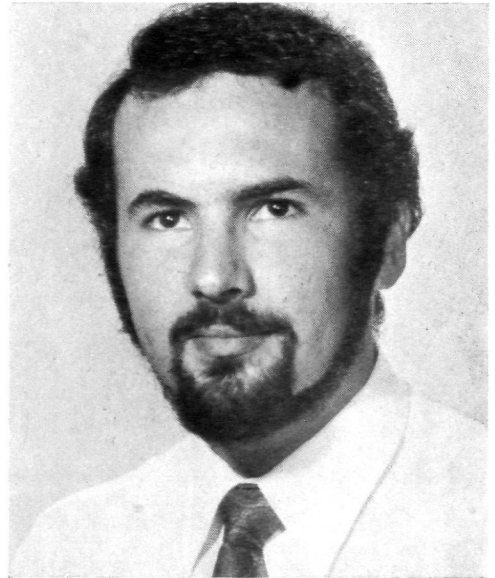
DAVID 80%-20% ROSENFELD

David accepted the challenge of medicine (and bridge), knowing full well this meant relegating to second place his true loves, science-fiction and psychiatry. Nevertheless, he pursued the goal relentlessly and never timidly, always prepared to answer any tutor's question, regardless of knowledge.

He has always been looked upon by his colleagues as efficient, capable and ever so calm, but it's reassuring that on the inside he panics as much as everyone else.

Among his other assets is a beard that has withstood the test of time — never changing, seemingly never growing; and a lovely wife, Aviva, acquired at the end of Fifth Year.

With so much going for him, there's a more than 80% chance he'll go far.



STEPHEN JOSEPH ROSENMAN

"— this, I'm going out to visit someone."

Perennially late Steve arrives clad like the Ancient Mariner to hang Sydney Hospital around his neck for another day.

This bourgeois — (by his own admission) entered medicine apparently destined to fulfil the well-ordered future that his previous life and G.P.S. education seemed to promise.

Alas, the winds of fate blew away his destiny.

His progress through medicine has been marked by a steady decline to pass levels as he finds himself unmanageably distracted by the seductive other tastes of existence.

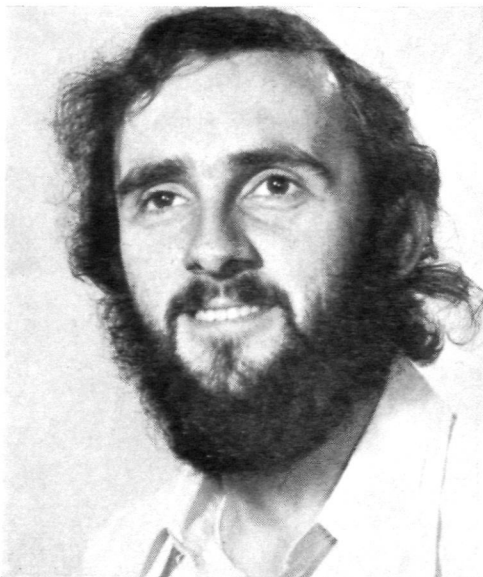
Brief forays into arts, dancing and travelling have left a dilettante without a cause who is slowly but surely finding his way back to the paths of true righteousness in medicine.

But what of his future?

Will he be a significant contribution to medicine?

Will he be a significant contribution to humanity?

Will he be?



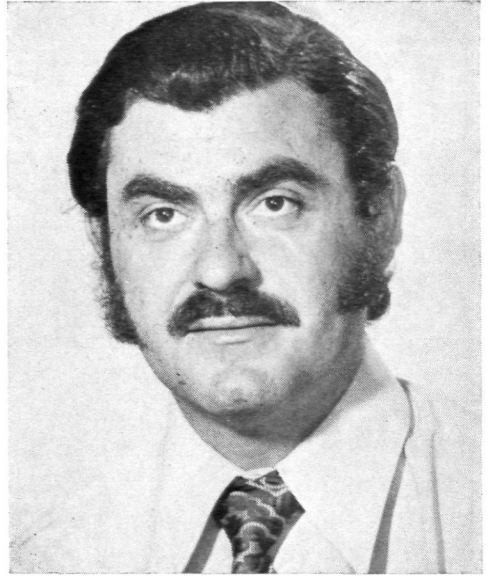
JOSEPH SAMUEL RYTMEISTER

"Well, first of all, let's save the bugger's life, then do blood rhubarbs!"

Joe's dappled career has seen him in so many guises that he seems to have either gone to school with, dissected with or promoted drugs to half the Australian medical profession.

Exploratory incursions into intensive care in the dead of night netted Joe his lovely wife Helen as well as the eternal endearment of Fanny Forbes. Joe's phlegmatic pose over a chess board belies his daring exploits as a house surgoen in New Zealand or his adroitness for caricaturish imitations of his teachers and fellow students.

Joe is disdainful of the bombast and the verbose and we know well his simple philosophies and eloquence in the vernacular.



RUTH ANN SPEARS

"Aww, goll-ee, come on now . . .!"

Ruth fled the snowdrifts of Pennsylvania to thrive on our sunshine and, not content with her doctorate in bacteriology, joined us in clinical years to complete her medical studies.

An ardent and seemingly insatiable scribe of the spoken word, she has a vast collection of pearls of medical wisdom; often, by her studious endeavours, she has cast a novel slant on differential diagnosis.

Ruth has graced us with her grandmaternal smile and silver hair; she shows the friendliness and zeal for knowledge of her compatriots. We hope that her family remains patient, for rumour has it that she may yet resume her career as a concert pianist.

WILLIAM ROBERT THOMPSON

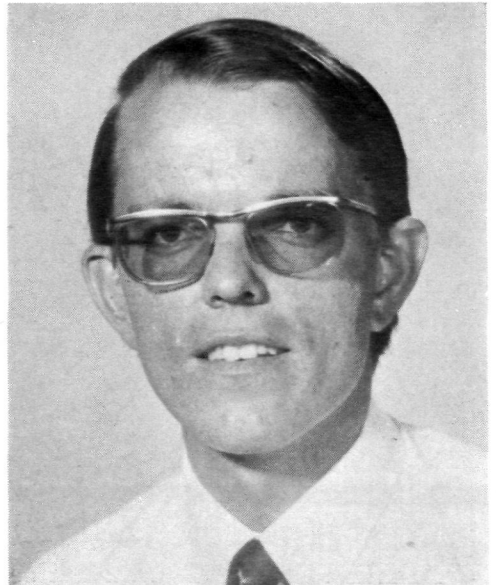
"Yes, Sir, but when can he go back to lumping bags of wheat?"

After graduating from Gunnedah High School, Bill sought a broader education than most. He studied metallurgy at Newcastle, then dentistry, before choosing medicine as his career. Bill's relentless thirst for knowledge often prompted him to attend lectures and tutorials as well as completing the optional honours course in Second Year.

In his fresher days, Bill learned the finer points of university life at St. Paul's College. He then became a resident of Forest Lodge before settling in International House, where his organizational abilities became apparent.

Bill spent most of his elective term in Fiji. Never one to pass up a bargain, he returned with two island beauties and a watch that can be worn underwater.

Bill's ability to get on well with people from all walks of life will ensure a successful career in medicine.



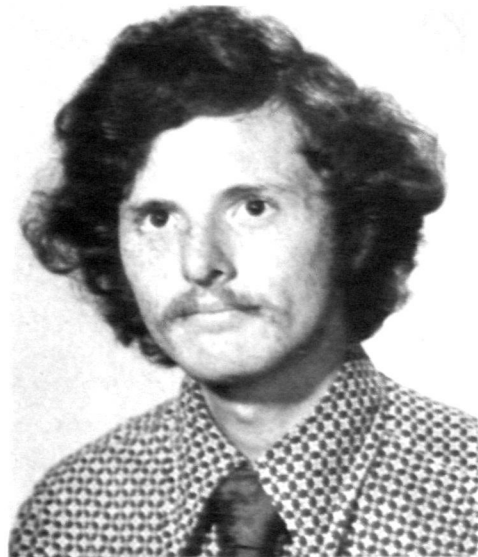


JAMES FRANCIS WILKINSON
"CHARMING!"

Young James emerged from his cocoon in Fifth Year after befriending a wild Samoan student. In that period he was frequently observed supine with his limbs mutually equiangular. Careful inspection revealed the unmistakable *vin rouge* spot on the carpet pathognomonic of Von Wilkinsonhausen's Disease. With repatriation of the pathogen, Jim was maintained on small, infrequent doses of pale ale.

A semiclassical scholar, keen follower of "Bristow", co-founder of the Teddy Bears Picnic Club and Post-Prandial Nap Club, and pianist extraordinaire, James has a disdain for the motor car, suburbia and petty clerks.

A never-ending stream of chalked teddy bears on blackboards of Sydney Hospital attests to his graphic artistry, and he will be remembered for, *inter alia* his emergence at official social functions as a lanky frame clad in Fijian grass skirt, with choir-boy visage sporting a monocle.



STEPHEN GEORGE YOUNG

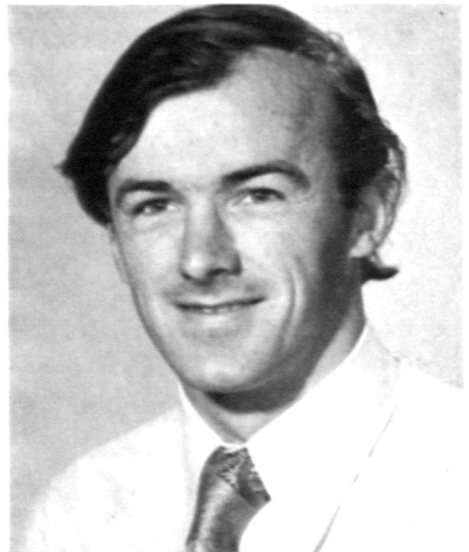
"Let's go see a patient."

Steve attended school at Trinity Grammar, where he passed with flying colours. He then decided to study medicine at Sydney University and subsequently Sydney Hospital.

Throughout his medical career Steve has produced results to his usual high standard. At hospital he is well known for his enthusiasm for clinical work and his ability to argue, often successfully, with the tutors. This may be helped by the fact that he finds Bailey and Love and Harrison pleasant bedtime reading!

During unallocated term Steve was lucky enough to be selected to go to New Zealand, where he gained much valuable experience and was also able to spend some time sightseeing.

His more interesting characteristics are his hair and ties. Apart from medicine his interests include science-fiction, electronics and painting, and his wide reading gives him a broad knowledge of many subjects.



ROBERT WEBB

"Who wants to come for a drive?"

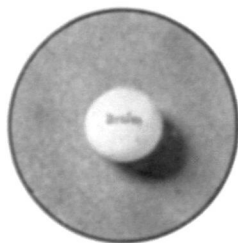
Bob was the former secretary of the University Car Club and well known among us as a rally champion. With an ambition to pollute this divine landscape with his mini racing machine, Bob dragged through the earlier years of medicine without a grease and oil change. Spot diagnosis is Bob's specialty both at the patient's bedside as well as in the student car park, where his mechanical talent and knowhow won him lots of admiration and friendship among his classmates.

Night and darkness cannot hinder Bob's dedication to racing. With his Michelin XAS heels, he successfully negotiated many detours in the Nurses' Homes, often returning in the early hours of the morning with ominous signs — dependent suspension, pulse rate 6,000 rpm, CSF — 6% alcohol . . . Diagnosis?

Best wishes to a scholar and a champion as he heads towards the start finish line at the end of the year.

NEW ONES. BOOTS ANTI-ARTHRITICS SOLVE PROBLEMS WITHOUT CREATING 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:

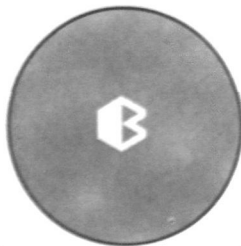
Initially, two tablets three times a day. Maintenance, one tablet three to four times a day.

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

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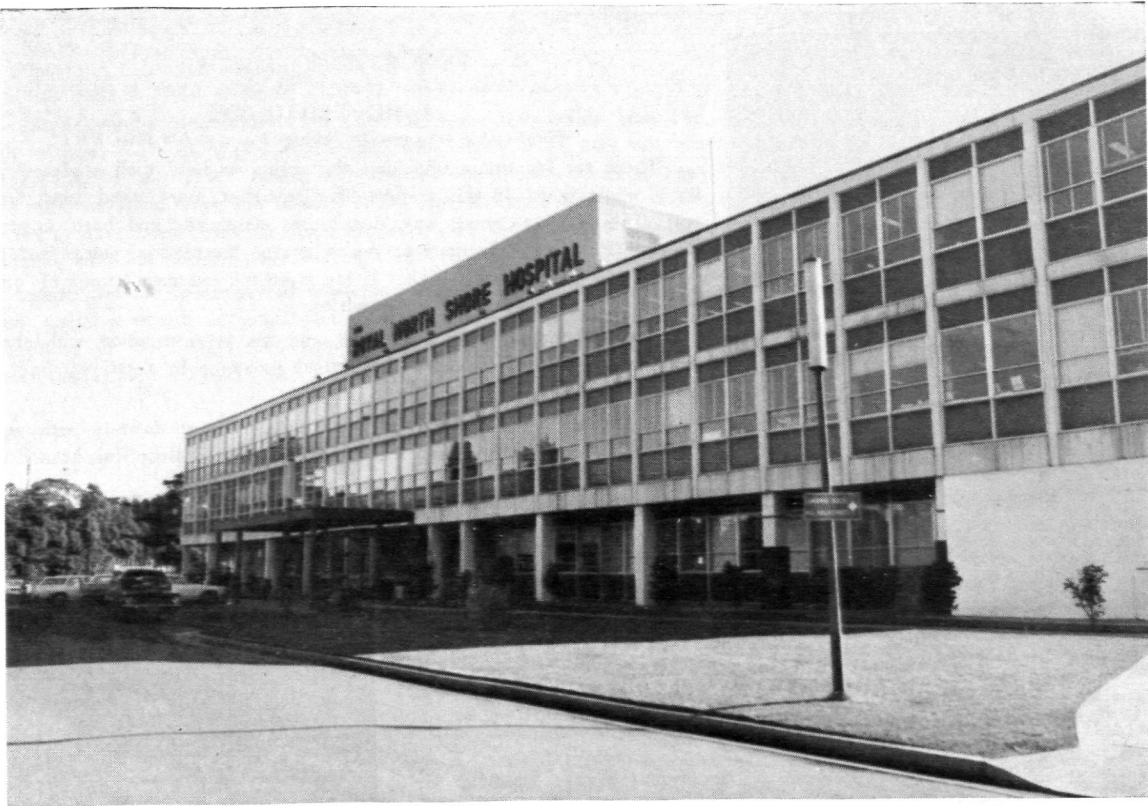
On the spot advice is always available from its officers, who are particularly knowledgeable and experienced in matters concerning the profession.

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R. J. HUNTER, M.B.,
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ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

It is 25 years since North Shore became a teaching unit of the University of Sydney and took its first group of clinical students; and the first graduands of our own school entered the hospital service in 1950. This is no age for a teaching hospital, and although the heady first years have passed us by, we all of us have much to learn and do before we reach our peak, or even the comparative serenity of mature middle age.

Our students have done well, not always by graduating with honours and distinction, but as men and women in Medicine, for this is where it matters; and perhaps the most significant advance that could presently be made in your tertiary education would be to dispense altogether with the computerized and human ratings of academic excellent and to merely state that

these students had passed and were fit to graduate, and a mercifully few of those had not.

With the regionalization of hospital services you, as internes, will move among a group of loosely associated clinical units, so that it matters little or not at all for your future career if you had come first or fiftieth in an order of merit. What does matter is the diligence, understanding and continuing intellectual interest and curiosity you have in your now lifetime of work catering for sick people; and so shall you be seen and judged.

We, as your friends and teachers—sometimes taught, all join in wishing you many secure, always stimulating years in the profession of medicine.

HARRY CUMBERLAND.

THE HONORARIES



JAMES BROADFOOT

"What's this oral cavity rubbish? . . . in his MOUTH!"

There are few tutors who have the ability to hold their students' interest for a whole hour. In this respect Mr. Broadfoot must stand apart from the rest. This is, in no small way, due to his systematic and basic approach to lumps ("You've got fluctuation, you've got no fluctuation, you've got pseudo-fluctuation"), to anatomy ("That lesion is on the extensor tendon of 'old peter pointer'"), and to other surgical sundries.

His abhorrence of minute detail and his preoccupation with the main facts have helped us to approach surgical problems in a rational and orderly manner.

We thank you, Sir, for your good humour, your down-to-earth approach and for your concise, informative tutorials, they were "Beautiful, beautiful . . .".

Senior Lecturer in Surgery:

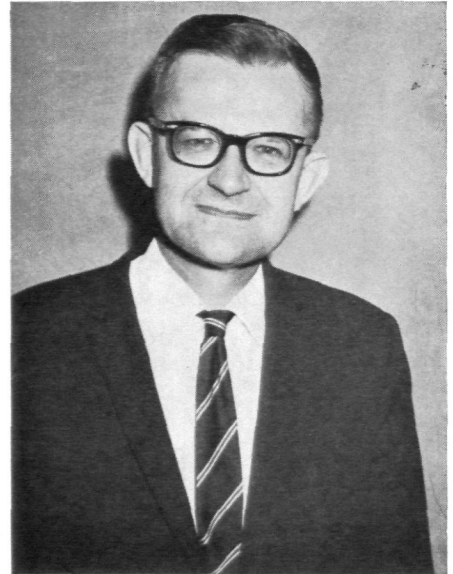
GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

"Why is it that whenever there is an interesting surgical exercise to be performed I can never find any students? Why only last Saturday night I rang the Students' Residence . . ."

Surgery at RNSH is a real experience. The student always featuring prominently in Mr. Coupland's mind. Those of us who were called out of bed at 3 a.m. to "assist" him remove some "gunk" from a smoker's aorta, will not forget it.

We must admit that we enjoyed surgery the way he taught it; not only informative, but always interesting. His patients were "delightful", never straightforward, and invariably had a message. We learnt that the only approach to surgery was through the abdomen and with enthusiasm, and that sleep is a commodity that is easily done without.

To you, Sir, we say thanks. The effort was worthwhile.



VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

"And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw IT, they removed, and stood afar off."

— EXODUS 20, V 18.

The study of Medicine is surrounded by Reality and Imagery. Reality is acute awareness of the pittance of biological truth and the awful mass of the absolutely unknown. Disease takes its course and placebo reactors recover. But the Images are forever brighter.

Final Year has been grateful to share the life and times of H.V. Cumberland. This man walks tall; what matter the Unknown if the knowable can be traversed confidently? Who needs white coats when suits and cigars have sufficed so assuredly for so long?

"I am the Senior Surgeon at this hospital" — the image is alive and enjoying his reality at RNSH.

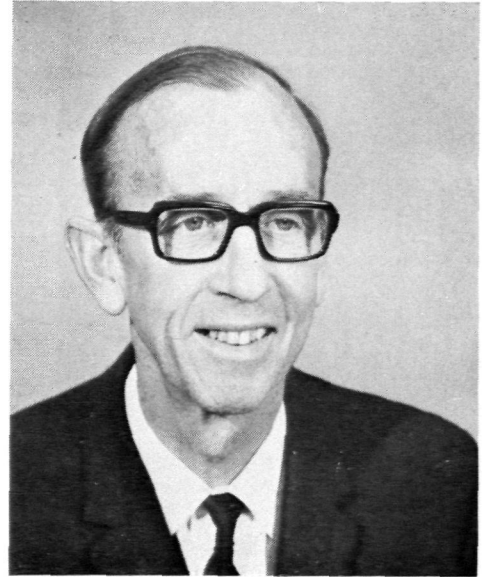


REGINALD GLOVER EPPS

"Listening with a stethoscope is a fairly non-invasive procedure . . ."

The crowd swells outside B1. Dr. Epps arrives—fashionably late, and modestly attired. This elongated ectomorph, who surely must take out the "Micro Tie-Knot of the Year" award, soon soothes the troubles of Final Year with his mild-mannered ways and friendly smile. Armed with a listening device that seems to have been collected piece by piece over the years, he astounds his audience with his supernatural hearing (or valiant gamesmanship!).

Undaunted by the frequency of bilateral ptosis and open mouths around him, this walking wealth of experience has elucidated to us many of the misconceptions of cardiology. Dr. Epps will continue to provide welcome relief from the rat race of Final Year!



RAYMOND MOULTON HOLLINGS

"I've been an examiner for years now. I never fail students! . . . They just fail themselves."

Whilst enjoying the torpor of Fifth Year we meet Mr. Hollings. At Hornsby, 7.30 a.m., and, what's more, you're expected to be there. In the next few hours the soporific student sees surgery performed with prodigious speed and not a little precision. Now there was once a student who arrived but one minute late to the first operation, only to see the last sizzling skin sutures seal the fate of the first appendix of the day.

By mid afternoon, no longer soporific, now exhausted, one has acquired mastery over skin hook and retractor. The week progresses and the pages of Bailey and Love flip by, only to be reopened, revised and reinforced in a series of lectures and tutorials in Final Year.

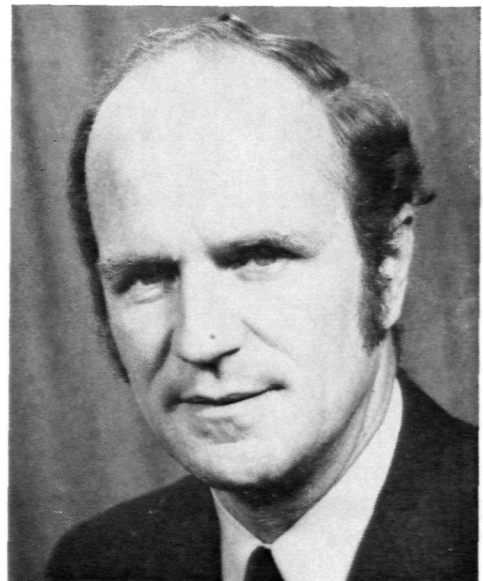
Some would say surgery was a dark mystery . . . not us, illuminated as we are by the "lightning" of Rapid Ray.

BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

Anyhow, I first met Dr. Geddes in Sixth Year, and sat in the second row. Next week I sat in the front row and found that what was said was worth hearing.

Now I'd heard rumours that he smoked, and once that he was in the navy in W.W. II laying smoke screens. This may be true, but it certainly hasn't affected his speed around the wards, and unofficial timing from the ends of T1 and T3 nearly resulted in a trip for Bruce to Munich last October (the time was ruled invalid because of smoke assistance).

Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Geddes for his refreshing approach to respiratory medicine and dispel rumours that Paul Hogan and Stuart Wagstaff will be the new respiratory registrars.





JAMES ISBISTER

"That reminds me of a story . . . remind me to come back to that . . . now where was I?"

The prevailing attitude in Final Year is often to push students through the exams, and anything learnt along the way is purely accidental. It is refreshing to meet Dr. Isbister, who teaches clinical medicine so clearly and whose wide experience and interest in each patient shows us how medicine can be practised. Always ready with a story to illustrate *any* point, he teaches a practical approach to diagnosis ("But what *sort* of plumber was he?") . . . and treatment.

He shows concern, too, for his students' welfare . . . lead pipes in terrace houses . . . carbon monoxide leaks in cars . . . for which we are grateful.

At all times approachable and friendly, he shows students how a job should be done.

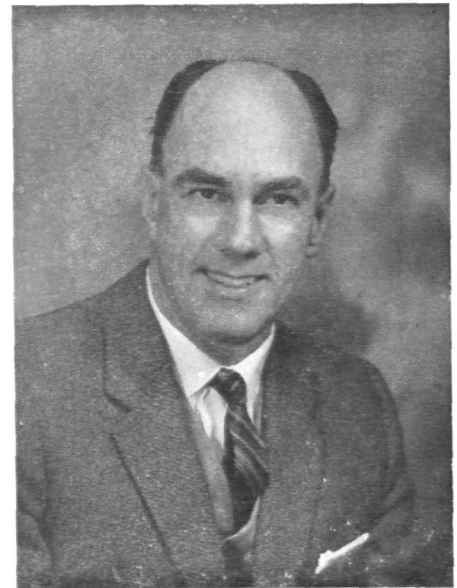
WILLIAM GEOFFREY JASPER

"Don't bother with any of that airy-fairy sort of stuff, Son."

With such asides, Mr. Jasper brings the flighty student back to ground, in an earthy series of lectures. An obstetrician after the "classical school"; an exponent of the "art" and less of the erudite science, he teaches with a straightforward style — the problems of the female.

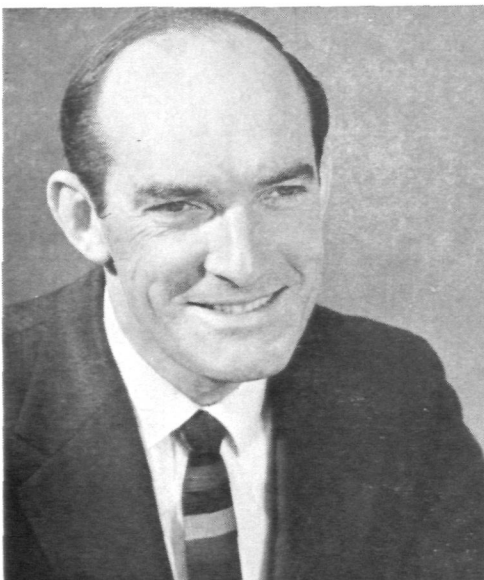
His pyrotechnic approach to operative gynaecology . . . "radical vulvectomy is just like an atom bomb between the legs" — is one that students readily understand, and that tasty panacea . . . "zinc cream and peanut oil" has a million applications.

His students thank Mr. Jasper for his patient teaching and for his help.



ALAN MURRAY LLOYD

A cardiac rehab. man's path 'tis,
 Masochistically thorny to follow.
 Yet I shall fight on with my labours upon,
 Lax students apathetically hollow.
 Oh, I shall not know rest until
 Involved and informed persons will
 Discussions, and Peanuts books swallow.



Warden of the Clinical School:

IAN MONK

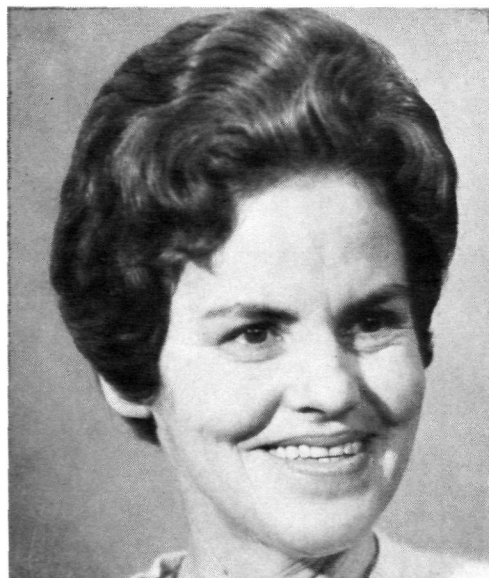
"The untidyness . . . nay, squalor of the students' residence . . ."

Who is this phantom but colourful personality? Sleuths have uncovered some evidence: strongly-worded, aptly-phrased and unprovoked ultimatums appear magically on noticeboards; feet are seen on a desk in the inner sanctum; his office displays the essentials of a successful thoracic surgeon—photos of sailing-boats and daughters, bottles of dry sherry (mostly empty), and a Gigli saw.

Until Final Year, our knowledge of the Warden consisted solely of his role as arbitrator between his secretary and the students, calming troubled waters in our residence, and smoothing ruffled feathers in his office. As director of our own Monday Conference, Mr. Monk has instilled a modicum of culture and reality into our otherwise stenotic existence.

In Sixth Year, he assumed the role of lucid teacher, paternal adviser and heretical instructor in examination technique: "You only have to know 50% to pass."

We gratefully took him at his word.

*The Secretary to the Clinical Warden:*

MRS. SHIRLEY PARTRIDGE

"Why doesn't anybody tell ME when tutorials are cancelled?"

The Shirley Partridge versus the Students battle has been raging for over four years now, with honours about evenly divided. Despite the occasional ideological conflict (centred largely around indoor cricket matches and flash floods in the Students' Residence) we would like to let Mrs. Partridge know that we appreciate her valiant efforts to keep the system going, despite overwhelming odds, and especially her giving up so much time in helping organize the annual Final Year cocktail party.

Professor of Medicine:

DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"No patient in the British Empire is more than one hour from the nearest AutoAnalyzer."

With both student and patient populations dogmatically reassured of continuing professorial attention with a sprightly "Did you really?", this good man proceeded to divide those to be instructed into three parts ("As Caesar divided ancient Gaul"), viz: students, trolley-boys and first-year nurses.

Our misconceptions were demolished with a devastating "You're joking; you are doing medicine, aren't you?"—whilst being reminded that there was no glory in being wrong. Following this onslaught, our shattered egos were soothed with a reminder not to worry, for as surely as night follows day, all would become clear.

For his unceasing efforts, we owe him much.

"Don't you agree?"





ALAN GREGORY POOLE

We first encountered this laconic, soft-spoken gentleman while we were in our Fourth Year state of ignorance, and he methodically proceeded to sharpen our clinical acumen. We soon came to appreciate the Poole classification of hæmorrhoids, lumps and bumps which carried us through that first viva. All are still surprised that he has not yet diagnosed the mitotic lesion which is consuming his aging German vehicle.

Our Fifth Year encounter with Alan was in general theatres, where his speed with the knife branded him as the only man to get his hand caught in the healing process—while displaying uncanny agility in catching one of our female contemporaries as she fell at his feet.

We now appreciate his dry sense of humour and slow smile and are all indebted to Mr. Poole for guiding us through the darkness of surgery.

Associate Professor of Surgery:

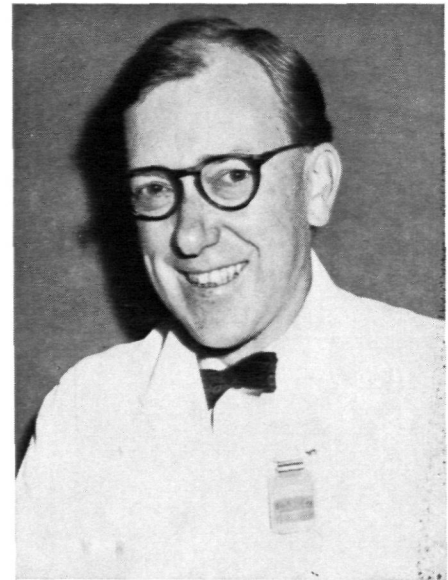
THOMAS SMITH REEVE

The professorial tutorial progresses through sunny gardens. At its centre a white-coated figure with the mien of a Maharishi shedding light on the secrets of life. The conversation wanders from the body to the surrealists and the French impressionists. A barely veiled decoy will turn it to American politics, Billy Hughes or to stories of distant bush towns.

Many a student five years into the course finds dinner at home with the Reeve and Coupland families his first opportunity to meet and talk with his teachers. Sadly this student pleasure is unknown to most at St. Elsewheres.

Honoured in time past by the retail traders and in modern times by the British Empire, Tom is called "Sir" by his students. And here it is *not* the mechanical alternative to remembering a name.

In the future, when routine dulls and the effort seems too much, his example will remind and revivify.



DOUGLAS MUNRO SAUNDERS

"Antihistamines don't work."

Whether he be delivering a lecture composed of felicitous combination of theory and practice, simultaneously instructing knowledge-resistant pupils and soothing neurotic out-patients, or ameliorating yet another "deterioration" in Labour Floor sister-student relationships, this unusually gentle O. & G. man has certainly made his mark.

Who will ever forget the exuberantly-shirted figure, called yet again from a weekend barbecue or cocktail party, blithely tripping up the corridor in long apron to help still another bonny bouncing baby into the world? Or, again, his famous aestivo-vernal remark after half-an-hour's obvious misery and handkerchief number six: "I suffer from hay-fever, you know."

O. & G. term would not be half as enjoyable without him.

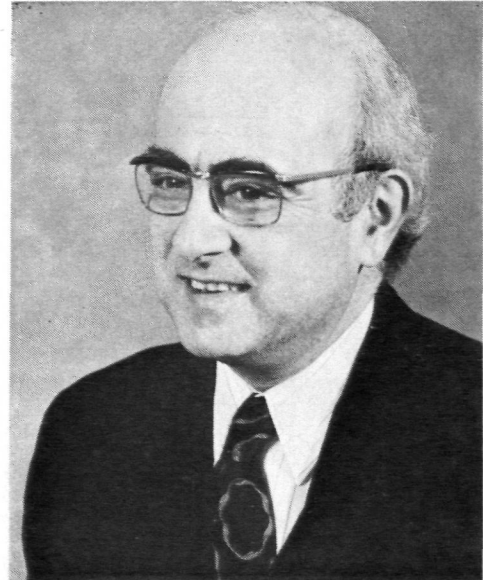


GEORGE SELBY

His reticular activating system has a built-in smile discharge which ensures at least a basal state of perpetual joviality.

This, combined with his exquisite sense of syntactic perfection, gives him a natural ability to paint a "classical" picture of any disease, thus deceiving the neurological virgin into feeling that "it can't be all that bad".

Some will miss this gentleman, with his ever-present pipe and broly; others will be delighted to continue their professional relationship with Dr. Selby for many years to come.



DOUGLAS SEAVINGTON STUCKEY

"I don't know why it happens; it just does."

At the beginning of VIth Year, Dr. Stuckey listened to our murmurs and treated our failure in a series of lectures that left us with a set of well-compiled, practical notes on cardiology.

In tutorials he took us back to first principles, and greeted even our most far-fetched explanations for physical signs with his characteristic impish grin and a softly-spoken, sympathetic: "It's possible, I suppose."

However, it was as a clinician at the bedside that he excelled: a few short seconds listening attentively with his magic stethoscope revealed all to him, while we would strain for minutes to hear the faintest of murmurs with our guessing tubes.

Whether we end up in medicine, surgery, general practice — even cardiology — we will always be indebted to this kindly physician and gentleman.



IAN DAVIES THOMAS

"I used to be a didactic teacher."

Dr. Thomas epitomizes the 4 P's—of punctuality, precision and well-bred politeness and patience.

A confessed follower of the Germanic line of thought—"pursuing each idea to its infinitesimal detail", he struggles to explain the intricacies of the endocrines to students "who tend towards the Latin".

Trying to cerebrate less as the Romans do, we learned—to succinctly summarize the essential features of a case; a list of new words to add to our vocabulary (many of which had surprisingly Latin derivations); and one to delete—dare we say it—TOLBUTAMIDE! (just a slip of our clumsy Latin tongues).

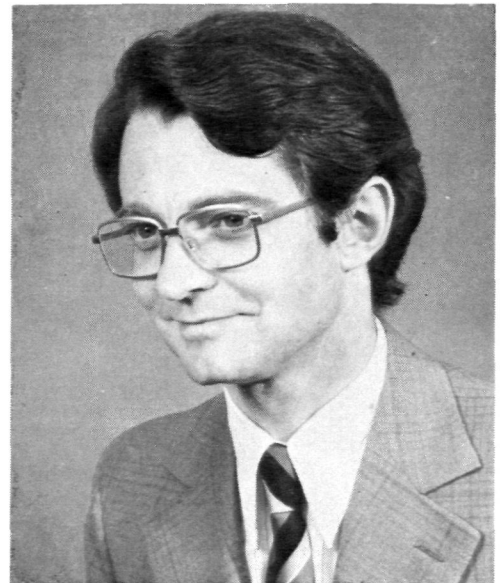
PETER M. WILLIAMSON

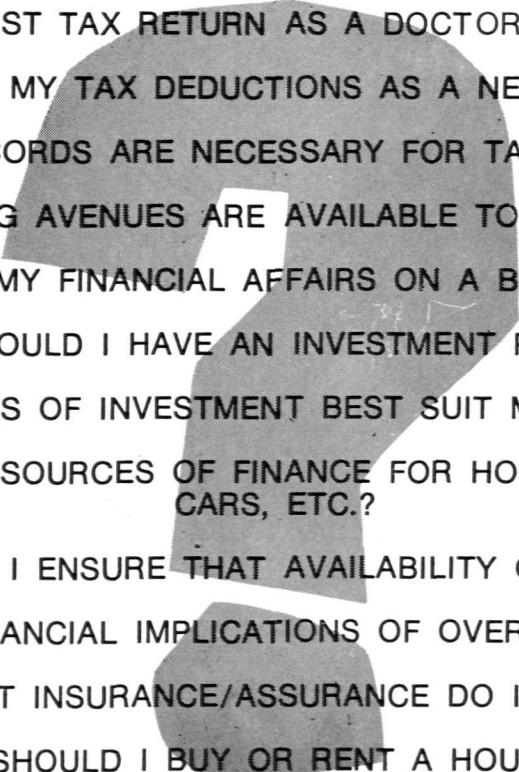
"I must have put the emphasis on the wrong syllable."

This neat neurologist arrived back at RNSH armed with his much coveted black bag and a Mayo Clinic presentation knee-knocker, to take his first IV Year group in 1971.

His teachings on the devious ways of the "palsy-twitching" have always been lucid and enlightening. He is above all, reasonable; he never expects neurological defects to excite total rapture in all of his audience all of the time. Unless armed with a definitive and up to date answer to a question, the ease and composure with which he will reply: "I'm afraid I don't know" is both disarming and highly unusual in a physician.

May his friendliness and approachability never wane even as his prestige waxes and increasing confidence allows more coat buttons to be left undone more often.





IS MY FIRST TAX RETURN AS A DOCTOR IMPORTANT?
WHAT ARE MY TAX DEDUCTIONS AS A NEW GRADUATE?
WHAT RECORDS ARE NECESSARY FOR TAX PURPOSES?
WHAT TAX-SAVING AVENUES ARE AVAILABLE TO A NEW GRADUATE?
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SHOULD I HAVE AN INVESTMENT PLAN?
WHAT TYPES OF INVESTMENT BEST SUIT MY SITUATION?
WHAT ARE THE SOURCES OF FINANCE FOR HOUSING, PRACTICES,
CARS, ETC.?
HOW CAN I ENSURE THAT AVAILABILITY OF FINANCE?
WHAT ARE THE FINANCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF OVERSEAS WORK/TRAVEL?
WHAT INSURANCE/ASSURANCE DO I NEED?
SHOULD I BUY OR RENT A HOUSE?

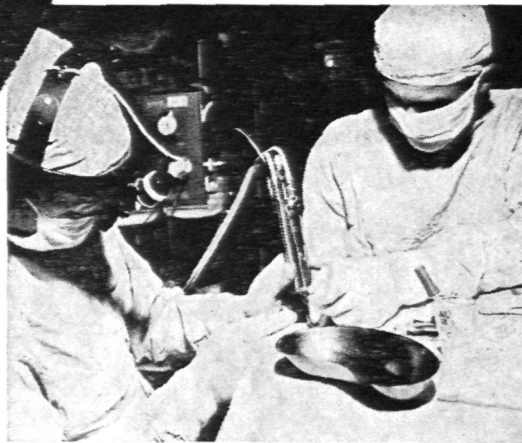
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THE STUDENTS



STELLA LEAH ALEXANDER

Stella hit Sydney in 1964, having arrived from Transylvania via Rome, Italy. English mastered, she set out to conquer the participants of the medical course. Being a big girl, with a big laugh, her fame was soon established.

Clinical school saw her somewhat reduced, her style more mature, her personality mellowed, and her sense of humour intact. Elective term started on the afternoon of the last Fifth Year exam, as Stella took off for Greece, Israel, and Africa . . . to Johannesburg, where she saw such phenomena as the anæmic native—He's a sort of pale black . . . and climbed Mt. Kenya—You start at 10,000 feet and walk upwards.

All of which is good training for the big wide world, which for Stella has never lost its reality.

JOHN DOUGLAS ARNOLD

"That's easy for you to say."

A great and mighty golfer he'll probably never be,
If there's an open fairway, he's bound to hit a tree.
Beyond such zig-zag outings, his temper's much more stable,
In all other situations, he's more than merely able.

A scholar much respected, he has his witty side,
Yet he never gets big-headed, and he takes them in his stride.
He endorses Aussie culture like beer and sport and such,
Though he likes the former better and he tips the scales a touch.

Around him is an aura, around him is his waist,
He radiates good humour, that's rarely in bad taste.
Though golden bear he may not be, and grizzly golfer, too,
But good as doctor and as bloke, he's solid through and through.



RODNEY SYDNEY ARONEY

"Fair enough . . ."

Renowned for his punctuality and addictive attendance of tutorials, lectures and ward sessions, he has always been good as a spare-parts centre for the benign but common student ailment of the "Forgotten-Foolscap-BIC" syndrome, and in clinical years he branched into the "Rod'll Know For Sure" time-table service.

Too many of us he remained somewhat of an enigma, not the least of whom were our tutors who were commonly in a vicissitudinous plight as they randomly tried test doses of "Ron", "Rod" and "Don" all to no avail, until the marketing of a straight-laced solution called "Dor", which since its anaesthetic inauguration in Fifth Year proved remarkably stable, long-acting and safe, providing it was used in emergencies only.

His cautious and persevering nature will serve him well in the years to come.



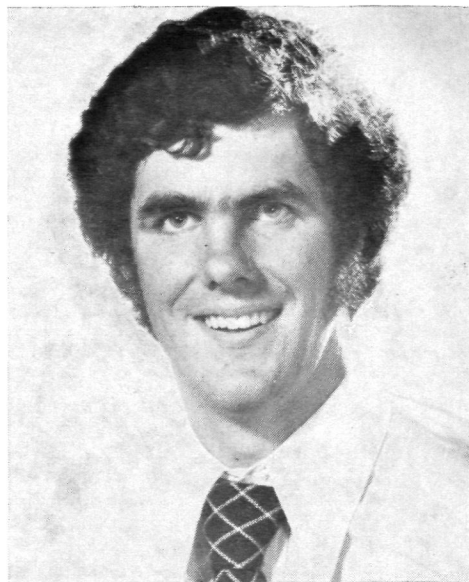
JOHN MICHAEL BARKER

"Four hours' non-stop intellectual conversation, and she didn't say a word."

Teeing off in First Year, John found himself on an unfamiliar course, and worked hard at his game with good results. On the second nine, at RNSH, his style became more flamboyant, following a chance meeting with a local professional. This new approach found him hitting longer, but landing in the rough more often.

In his Fifth Year, "Sparkles" moved out to play at other courses, and reports little success at St. Margaret's, some tiring but exhilarating games at Newcastle, and improved tone, power and co-ordination (and a back complaint of dubious origin) on returning from the American circuit.

Although still green, John has come a fair way, and if he chips in and doesn't lose his grip, his great drive should putt him in form to play through to the big money.



MICHAEL DANIEL BENDER

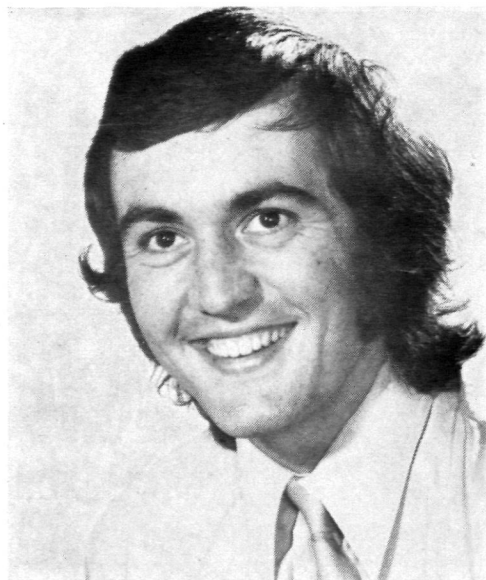
"This procedure will be absolutely painful, Sir."

On discovering in Fourth Year that Medicine was not "simply a matter of common sense", Michael abandoned his in the following year, taking his attractive spouse on a honeymoon the week before one exam, and insulting the examiners during another.

As these tactics appeared to pay off, he has adopted them during Final Year, with mixed results.

We understand he is looking forward to practising medicine at some stage in his career, in order to test his hypothesis that practising medicine is more a matter of common-sense than is learning it. ("After all, if you had any sense you wouldn't have started learning it.")

He indulged in some belligerent repartee with tutors, and demonstrated a certain "way" with patients—"I think you could have leprosy . . .", traits which are sure to make life interesting in the years ahead.



JENNIFER ANNE BERGEN

"Anything you say, Butch."

Jenny achieved fame via many avenues during undergraduate years. Most vivid memories belong to those in the upper reaches of the alphabet who had many live exhibitions of vasovagal syncope long before clinical years. No sooner had Jenny become used to the upright posture than she plunged into the less pleasant aspects of clinical work, and the long struggle to remain conscious began again.

Those observing her in her hospital role of presenting cases to visiting big-wigs would scarcely believe her secrets here revealed: smoking, drinking (alcohol) and sleeping on beaches.

May patients continue to succumb to her charm and Titian locks whilst remaining unaware of the total treatment that will always ensue.





JOHN MAXWELL BERICK

John arrived in Sydney in 1968, a clean-cut conscientious country boy from Albury. He entered the St. Andrew's-Grose Farm complex and thus ended the story of a clean-cut young bushie.

Academically he has successfully avoided any posts and almost as successfully any credits. His main interest medically seems to centre around pharmacology, with his unallocated term in Asia giving him much experience.

His most diligent studious effort must lie in his five-week term at Newcastle Hospital, where he put many hard hours into learning, studying and practising surfboard-riding. But John has had many sporting crazes for which he has shown similar enthusiasm, including hockey, women, football, women, rowing, women, swimming, women, sailing and women. He throws himself completely into whatever or whoever he does. No matter what field of medicine he finally decides upon he will be successful.

PETER BLATCHFORD

"Anybody feel like a bit of pork-chop?"

PETER

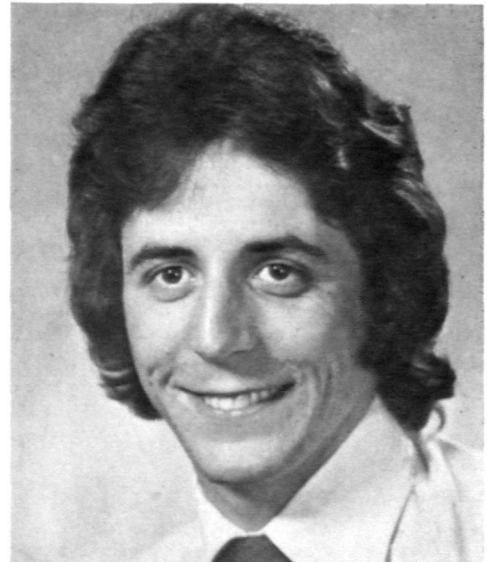
PETER CAME

PETER GOT IT

PETER USED IT WELL

FAREWELL PETER.

Earlier years saw Peter, born pure and white, transported to the South Pacific for a light coating of tar; subsequent whitewashing within the hallowed halls under the black and white flag failed to strip him of his acquired coat. One of the few to emerge unscathed from a psychiatric home, a feat effected perhaps by his constant use of the phrase: "Yeah? You've got to be kidding!". Peter has managed to find his own equilibrium, which remained buoyant in spite of rejection in Middlesex. Who could forget his realization of the blighted ovum, his own solution to the population problem?



JOHN STANLEY BOSANQUET

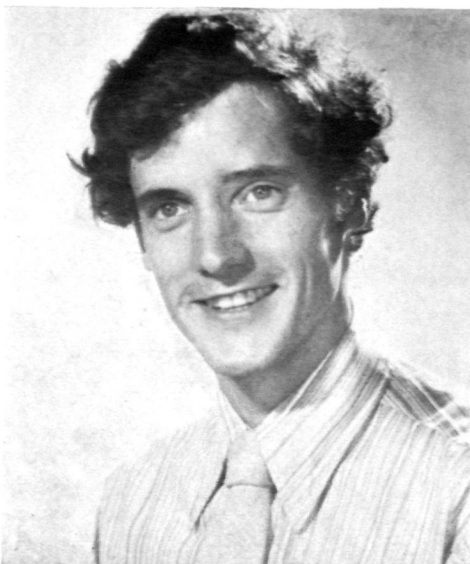
"Bozonk."

To many, John will remain something of an enigmatic figure. He is gifted with a rare ability to achieve a great deal whilst never appearing to be ruffled, or in fact, unduly exerted.

Sighted first in IVth Year, fresh from a B.Sc., he proceeded to puzzle his new-found colleagues with phantom trips to the country, bushwalks, and an enviable case with which he satisfied examiners. Elective term in the New Hebrides — plenty to see, lots of medicine and a research project from the Post-Graduate Medical Research Foundation to boot.

John's inquiring mind has turned also to what appears to be a long-term study in automotive geriatrics, showing admirable dedication in prolonging the stenotic life of a succession of "near vintage" specimens.

It's not hard to imagine John several years hence, fulfilling his aim of country practice. We all wish him well.

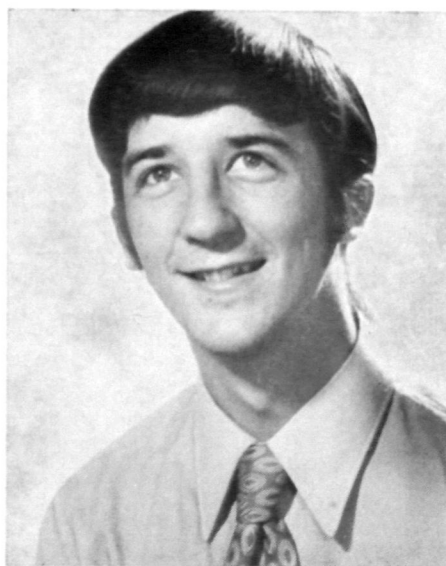


DONALD GRAHAM BRADFIELD*"Well, that's easy for you to say."*

Don came to us from Shore school and in between walkabouts through Tasmania and a trip through Indonesia in elective term, he has managed to achieve fame at RNSH with his "Bradmobile". This vehicle had the unique distinction of being raffled off, unknown to the owner — however, the winner accepted a refund in lieu of the car.

Don's patriotic streak found an outlet as a medic at several cadet camps at Singleton, where, with rare diagnostic acumen, he diagnosed seven cases of lily-white appendicitis in one ten-day camp.

All of his friends wish him well during his future medical career.

**KILNER BERESFORD BRASIER***"Want to examine some endocrines?"*

Kilner joined this happy band in Fourth Year, so they say,

Leaving one thing in the past — no effects in any way.

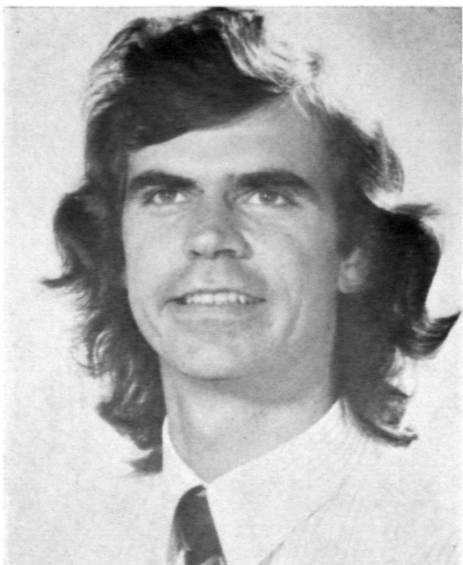
Ever happy, never blue, ride on, triumphant, all life through.

Overcoming a cruel twist of fate in his earlier years, this extremely confident young man, soon became popularly known to all as "K.B.". Kilner's preclinical years remain something of a mystery, but Kilner assures us "nothing" is impossible with an M.G.

Never appearing an overconscientious worker, Kilner has managed to pass his clinical exams with, at times, horrifying ease.

Final Year for Kilner has been extremely busy. Besides medical studies, Kilner has mastered the gentle arts of interior decorating, bicycle-riding in peak hour, and the cross-examination of hostile policeman.

All your many friends wish you all the best in your chosen profession (whatever that may be).

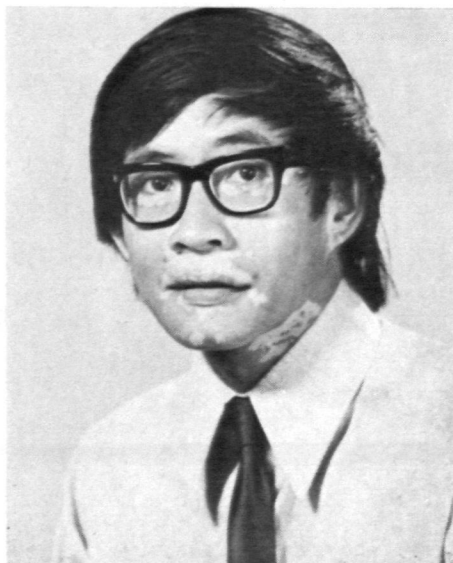
**DENIS CHOW**

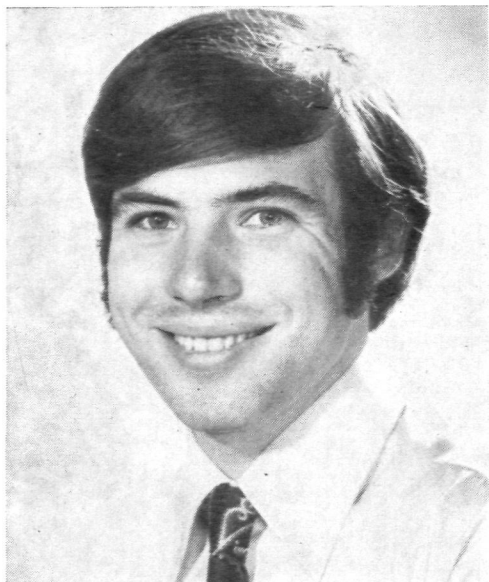
The existence of Mr. X. came into notice when the group tried to compile the allocation time-table during Vth Year.

Deciding to outwit the witchdoctors in N.G., he embarked onto medicine with extreme zest.

He is well known for his highly selective attendance for tutorials and lectures.

We wish him a highly successful future as a man on the outpost of the empire.





TIMOTHY PETER DAVID

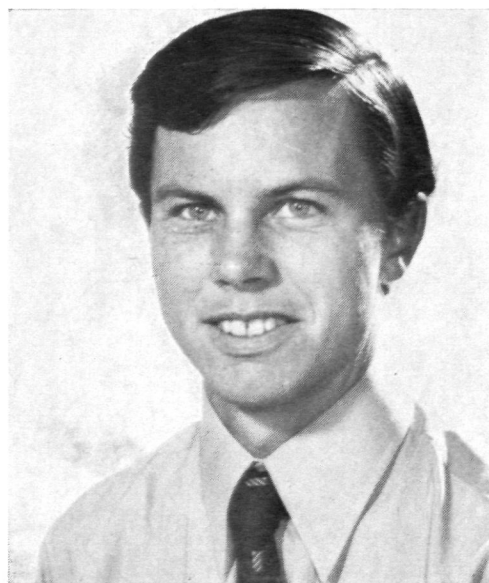
"Who wants to come and see some patients with me?"

Having survived the tribulations of a BSc degree, Timothy realized that medicine was his true calling, and joined our merry bunch of witch-doctors.

Always interested in the social aspects of medicine, Tim was in his element in psychiatry, and in the afternoon discussions in general medicine during the pædiatrics term.

Fifth Year was a good year for Tim; with much letter-writing and wooing, he brought the beautiful Kyran back from overseas and married, and now can be seen puffing around the wards with a grin of "I know all" on his face.

Timothy is not one who wants to get involved in the hustle and bustle of fast, modern hospitals. However, always with a grin, wink and friendly slap on the back, he will always have a place with his patients.



HUGH PHILIP DEARNLEY

"Do you mind if I don't come this afternoon, Sir? — frankly I find surgery rather tedious."

With his sandshoes and long blue socks, Hugh passed quietly through pre-clinical Medicine with the aid of the library and a Honda.

But after jogging on up to St. Leonards, the change came—a crashed bike and Uni-auction long cheques, and he settled down to acquire a "critical vocabulary". Being an active and economical type, he also dissipated his energies running the neighbouring roads, and even managed the feat of getting a University Blue for long-range running.

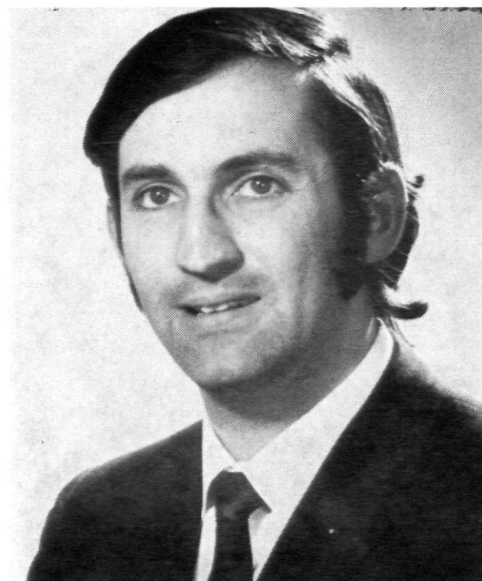
The mysteries of Buddha lured Hugh to Chiangmai for elective term, where he acquired both a considerable interest in Thai (locals and language) and some new hand-tailored trousers.

Hugh's quiet skill in subjects medical, subtle humour and "en-fronte" straightforwardness with people make him a sure thing for the coming marathon.

DAVID NEVILLE DALLEY

"One hundred and twenty-nine days, fifteen hours, seven minutes and six seconds . . . to go."

A partial ex-greaser who saw the light, Dave joined us in Second Year. Between fighting bushfires with the Coal and Candle Bush Fire Brigade (or is it just the smoke from his learner's pipe), he and his scouts have never been known to take longer than twenty-four hours for a three-day hike. A wise man, during elective term he married Dale, a beautiful Medical Record Librarian to keep his notes in order. Even Harry Cumberland must admit he is now the epitome of sartorial elegance. With only 365 days, 11 hours and 26 minutes to the Finals, we wish him well in the footsteps of Lord Brain.



JOANNA MARGUERITE MACARTNEY de BURGH

"Wow! Why not?"

Boo de Burgh, bare-toed lover of trees, birds, flowers,
and all thingees nature-all, emerge in the morn
from thy cloud of incense, braid thy hair, don sarong
and with frangipannied grace stem the Filistines approach.

Who's sweet and kind and gentle, in every cuddly way,

Who brings a ray of sunshine, to every single day?

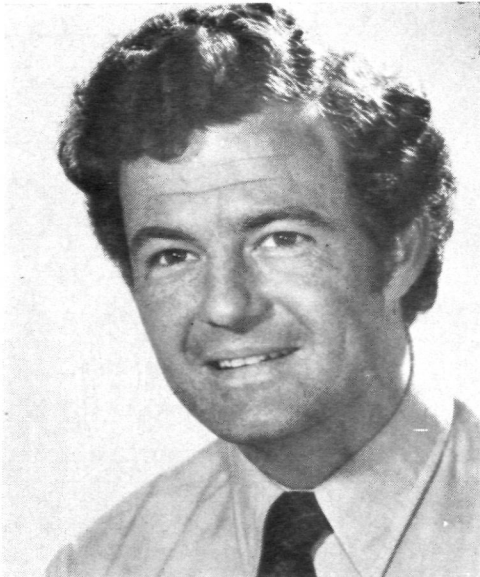
de Burgh the whole world loves you

Thou hootchy - kootchy boo!

That very special someone,

Is no one else but

you!



WAYNE GEORGE DONALDSON

Hooked on medicine after leaving Sydney High, Wayne charged into the ruck of pre-clinical years and opened his score with a converted prosectorship.

After half-time he reappeared wearing his other tie and found the open-style much to his liking. Keeping well up with the play, he went over for a well-earned try in pædiatrics.

Following through after an obvious forward pass, he touched down in Sussex, married Eleanor and spent the rest of injury time studying in London at St. Mary's. Called back by the referee, he knuckled down to slog it out with the rest of the pack in an attempt to impress the selectors.

Now this game has been won it is rumoured he is turning professional at the end of the year and may even get a place in the next touring side. All the team wish him well.

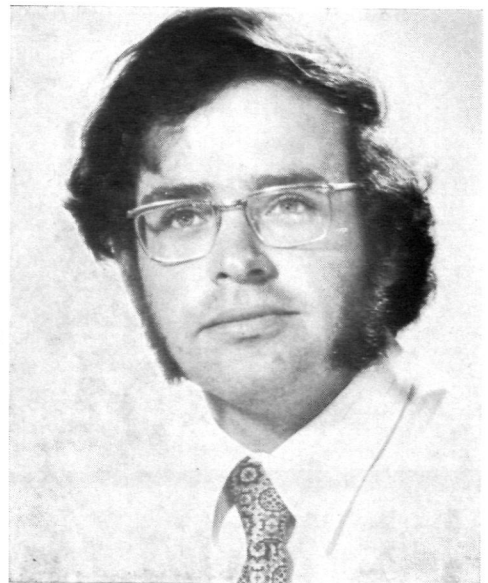
JONATHAN JAMES ELL

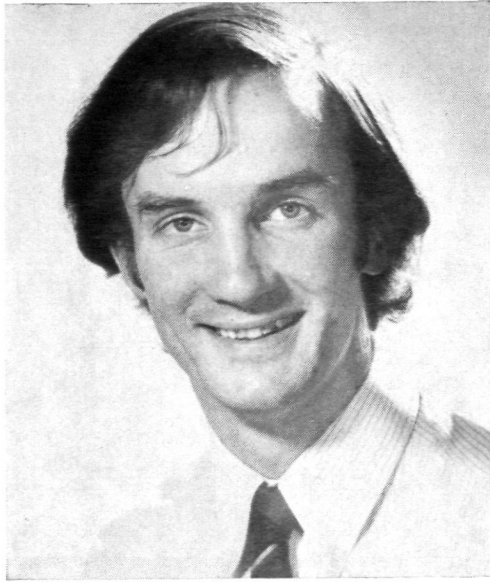
"I think Freud would have approved."

Jonathan has left and will continue to leave his mark on all who meet him. The determination of his analytical mind, reflected perhaps in his huffed gait, has been brought to bear on many subjects, be they big or small, from the lecture theatre or hospital bed to a friendly discussion over dinner. For the few remaining non-believers he has a demoralizing repertoire of obscure syndromes and an encyclopædic general knowledge to prove his point. Finally he delivers the *coup de grace* — his bewildering, alternating convergent squint.

The violin, his true love, has led him along many diverging paths, from the Town Hall, Great Hall and Queenwood School to recitals in the Cummins Unit where musicotherapy has been instituted with a vengeance.

His friends from undergraduate days will follow, with great interest, Jonathan's progress in the twentieth century.





ALAN MICHAEL FASHER

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and our little life is rounded by a sleep."

— OTHELLO.

Fash loved his University, and all his comrades regarded him with not a little affection. For the misinformed, his displaced theology and leisurely medicine conferred an aura of omnipotence; but those who knew him well enjoyed his foibles and his own annoyance at his own humaneness.

Fash became Consultant Philosopher to RNSH in 1971. Few will forget his lunch-time grandiloquence — both speaker and audience would be drawn by his perspicacity only to be lost by his peripateticisms; his denouements were denied us all.

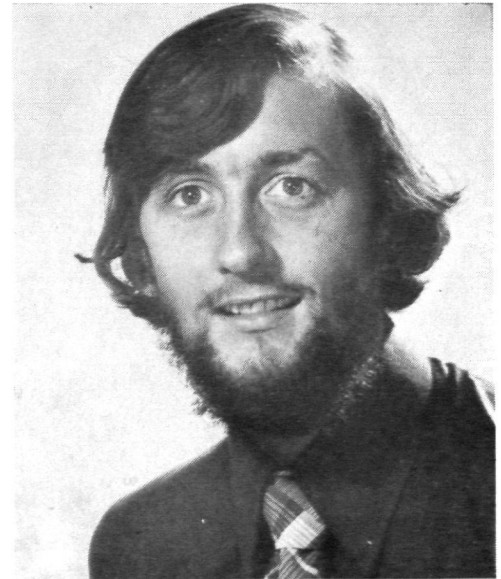
Always courteous and chivalrous, Michael's magnanimity often raised his confreres from the mundaneness of gossip and guile. He enthusiastically pursued lofty and imaginative ideals, always to the astonishment of friends more temporally based — a latter day Quixote.

ROGER ANDREW FAY

Roger drifted into a comfortable abode in 1967 to infuse university life. Conceded a pass for his ignorance of the fact that presence was sometimes required. Memorable were his uninhibited, innumerable "chunders" everywhere. This life style in Second Year found Roger one year later with Wyndham students, whom to his amazement worked Third Year reversal of form to credits. Fourth Year, love rowing and astounding the authors with his potency. Immersed in counter-culture, medicine had a hazy appearance in Fifth Year, amidst a sojourn at Newcastle pubs. Elective term, not medically orientated, astral travelling in Nepal.

Roger will always be remembered for — being late, his transvestite appearance at a Med. ball, love of beer, distaste for obscure syndromes, his warmth and sincerity, his amazing Fiat (when going), his bleary morning countenance, speed-reading, characteristic gait.

Roger will be successful if he ever decides to practice.



PAUL DAVID FITZGERALD

"What — me worry?"

He was a tall, Medusa-haired, riding-booted figure often seen wandering the confines of university and RNSH seeking to be free from it all. Exams were comfortably passed by last-lap sprints; his impact on tutors and tutorials were minimal. In conversation one gathered a passion at various times for sailing and motor-bike restoration — a Royal Enfield, indeed an unusual machine. At one time he had appeared to have found his niche in life playing guitar, but alas, the night-club folded around him. In his later years he married, and resided at the Drug Referral Centre, being "parentis-in-loco" to the needy.

MICHAEL J. GRAHAM

"It is indeed an honour to be here tonight in the distinguished presence of — each other."

— After dinner in reply to the Prime Minister.

With penetrating yet melodious whistle came Mike the Mouth to Sydney and Medicine. Consequently, merriment and pleasure have abounded amongst all in his company. For the "far horizons" of the Central West stamped their character on his open, genial and disarmingly direct presence. Whenever two or three are gathered together to "micturate, caffeinate and procrastinate", you can hear the latest Mouth witticism being told.

No stranger to the credit lists, he has been an outstanding senior student of Paul's, with time still for reading, bushwalking, sub-vintage cars and steam trains. Newly wed to Patsy, of whom he is justly proud, Michael has enjoyed and contributed much to undergraduate life. His future patients and profession may reasonably expect much.



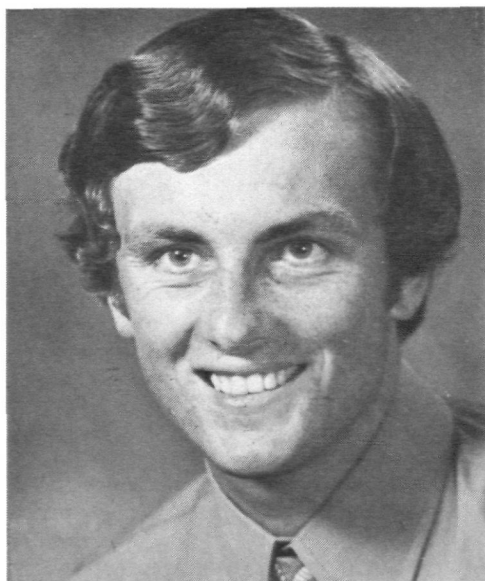
ROGER HENRY WINGATE GRAHAM

"Enthusiasm, fairest toast to life . . ."

He won the Duke of Edinburgh Award, travelled New Guinea on a Lions Club scholarship, and then this brightest son of Newcastle High turned his sights to Sydney and Medicine.

Happily Rog is gifted to profit from experience, be it the convivial post-party broken nose or sharing in the Nepali's world-view high in the Himalayas. He has appeared in the credit lists on the well caffeinated twelve-hour swat and lived the next day to lead beginner colleagues up the most difficult ascent on the Three Sisters. His professional interest in the body has been furthered by many a delightful companion. Roger has run a scout group in Glebe, organized student balls and tutored many a grateful past the examiners.

From this extraordinary activity, punctuated by the occasional alcoholic holiday, has emerged a generous man and a true friend.



GLENDA KAYE HARDY

"I don't know, I haven't got one."

There was movement in the Faculty 'cause the word had got around that a tall blonde lass was entering the fray;

From a southern Sydney suburb, with a golden skiers' tan, she set headlong on her academic way.

Now the study wasn't easy, and Black Russians made her queasy, and Glenda liked her soda, brandy and lime;

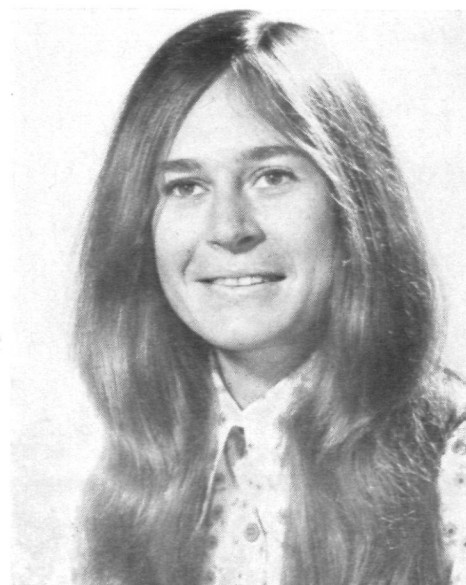
But the credits came a flowing, and Glenda just kept on growing, but her epiphyses fused just right on time.

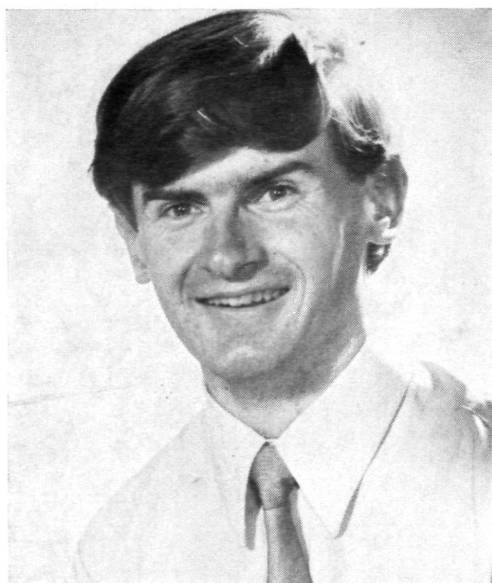
Now I first met Glenda in Fourth Year, was cardiology, I think, though this was never Glenda's strongest facet;

So prodigious she became, in the old guessing tube game, it soon became her very strongest asset.

Then in Fifth Year did she travel to the northern hemisphere, and acquired there a taste for many pleasures;

And we wish old Glenda well for the future years ahead, as she undertakes a life of stately leasures.





MICHAEL CRAIG HING

"Life is not a stable state, but a rhythm, an alternation, a succession of new births."

— TOURNIER.

Michael materialized into Medicine in '68 and started his six-year search for truth.

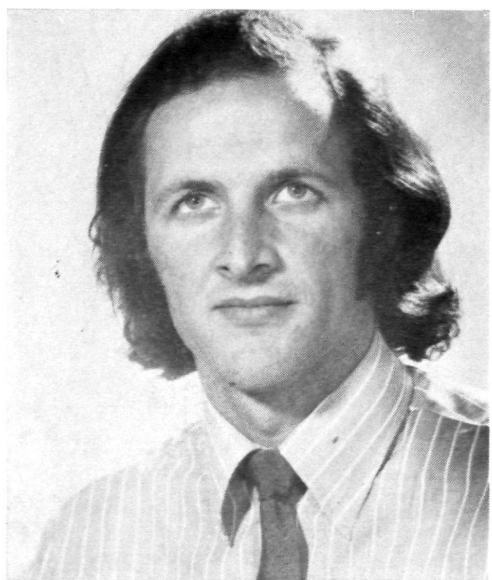
Natural ability ensured distinctions, though academic achievements varied inversely with levels of indulgence.

Michael merged imperceptibly backstage with the cast of "Hair" ("There's this fantastic Negress — her name's Denny . . .")

He managed three trips to Asia during the course and is an acknowledged expert on (i) Asian women ("Chiang Mai birds are beautiful, but Burmese birds are best"); (ii) touring behind the lines in Asia ("I just wore my old clothes and went round like one of the locals . . ."), and (iii) Asian dancing ("Nearly half the people in Singapore dance like I do now!").

However, Michael is very much an Australian, despite an Irish grandmother . . .

Michael's future remains unpredicted — to what Astral Realms will this Cancerian be moved?



ROLAND FRANCIS HICKS

"Hic! ! !"

Roland realized early in his career that to succeed in Medicine one must be able to consume large quantities of alcohol, referee Rugby Union matches and play bridge. Thus, mild-mannered Roland, a man who excelled in the classics at school, became a beer-swilling soak, to be found in the switch-box of the Students' Residence, controlling its illumination or, in full flight, wandering through the quarters intoning snatches of G & S and waking all with his much-famed referee's whistle.

In tutorials, Roland had the uncanny knack of blending with the bedside curtains, thus avoiding the probing questions of tutors, yet selectively filtering all items of truth from the babblings of his peers.

Roland, with his natural ability, will go far in medicine, but must be considered to be a dark horse for the next General Medical Superintendency of RNSH.



CLIVE EDWARD JULIAN HOFFMANN

"PHNUNGG!"

Didn't feature a great deal in the early years.

Rose to greater heights as he hit RNSH, where he established his reputation as a woodworker, paper-hanger and part-time medical student.

Oustanding in most fields, including Victoria Park, Gore Hill Oval and Sturt House Gardens.

Mr. Med. 1973 . . . Mugged on his way home from the ball by a nomadic tribe of Bedouin midgets.

Elective term spent tromping through Abyssinia, Germany and England.

Dermatology prize winner, 1972 . . . awarded four skin books.

Admirer of petite, nubile blondes, but not too particular.

Renowned protagonist of "Desert Patrols" for many years (the same pair), but recently has invested his shekels in the less prestigious, but more durable, "Rhino Boots".

Yes, the sands of time should see this sturdy ship of the desert humping his life's burden, and sail on to his post-graduate Mecca.

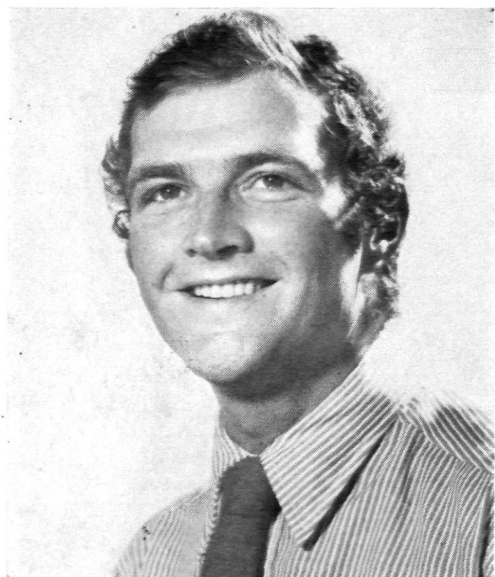
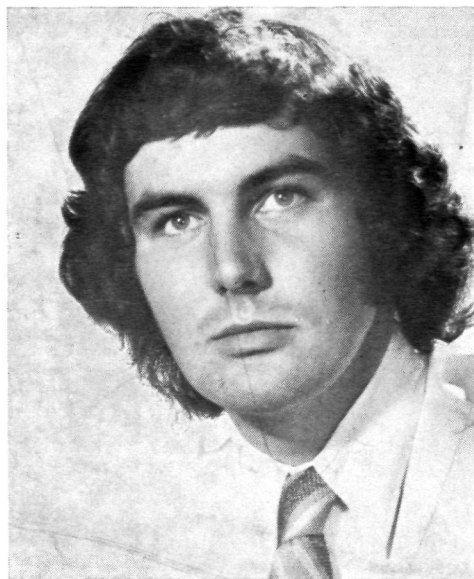
JOHN DOWNES HUTTON

After ebbing and flowing between Sydney and Melbourne, John found slack water here in the murky depths of Medicine. He sailed through the early exams with seemingly minimal effort, while for the remaining fifty weeks of the year, he could be seen, *inter alia* —

- partaking in pastoral pleasures in front of Stephen Roberts' stern façade, and
- practising his skill as a gourmet and wine buff (who else catches their own prawns and creates their own vintage?).

He also became an admirer of the sea and its exotic creatures, while skilfully avoiding the predatory clutches of grey nurses. In Fifth and Sixth Year his love for skin-diving was to become an obsession — a case of rapture of the deep!

Not a great believer in the tutorial method of teaching, John concluded his undergraduate career still searching for new and devious ways of beating the examiners.



ROSS THOMAS JACKSON

This pharmaceutical expatriate became known to us in Third Year, when his regular weekend sorties to Brisbane kept us guessing as to his real "off-campus" identity. Then, one day, he returned to Sydney with a brand-new wife, Barb, and under her steadying influence, began not only to satisfy the examiners, but to shrink his travelling expenses.

Ross has since developed into a capable, though oft-frustrated organizer, both of social events (camp dad at the vineyards), and as Year Rep. (tile). In his latter capacity, feeble attempts at Monday Conferences to disguise the effect of the foregoing liquid lunch by going to sleep in the corner, did not go unnoticed. His sartorial extravaganzas, manifest on alternate days by the all-green and all-purple look, caused many retinal detachments.

As for the future, Ross and Barb plan to settle in Brisbane, where we wish them prosperity, providence and productivity.

CHRIS ST. JOHN JAMES

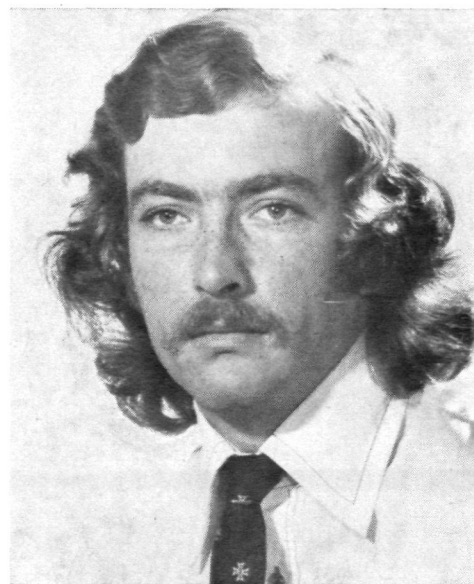
"Seen the one in B1 . . . ?"

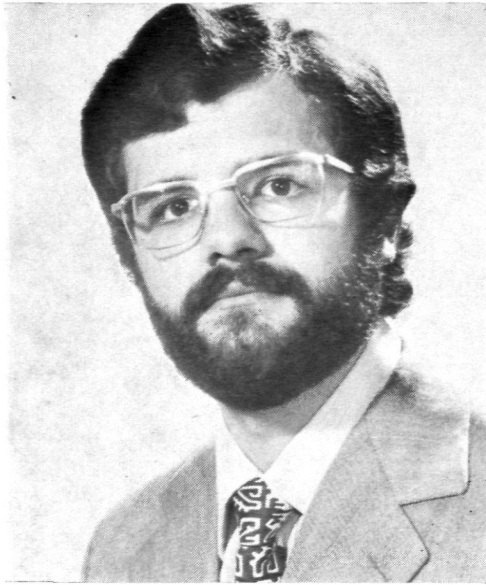
There was a young man called Chris,
Who treated nurses a little amiss;
He enjoyed O. and G.,
And did it for free,
And his company they sorely will miss.

Chris spent his early years of medicine sowing his oats, known on the college circuit as a man partial to the amber fluid, he was oft seen at the Grose Farm imbibing in a quiet, gentlemanly manner.

Forsaking the college life, he inflicted himself on the RNSH, when a short gram negative illness saw a change in his habits and he began to take life, etc., more seriously, aside from the odd escapade in nursing homes, attacks on N.S.W. railways, and short trips to the Contonon for ties.

His wit and irrepressible humour made boring times bearable, he will undoubtedly make his mark, we wish him well.





ROBERT PETER LEITNER

"But I only tell CLEAN jokes . . ."

This continental hirsute limped through the early years of clinical medicine on an old soccer injury. His Italian and Austrian heritage gave him a passion for pizzas, strega, Volkswagens and small women.

Gold-rimmed glasses and a distinctive accent set this man apart. Of course, this is not counting the stern look that gives an impression of a psychoanalyst, only to be betrayed by a teathy grin and the pulling of the beard. His notorious performance consists of a series of "clean" medical jokes which entail his full knowledge of human anatomy.

With such a wealth of clinical material at hand (himself), his career in psychiatry was assured. However, our prominent psychiatrist was diverted from his interests when he came back from his trip to Europe and is now a changed man??

GRAHAM HAMILTON LOCKE

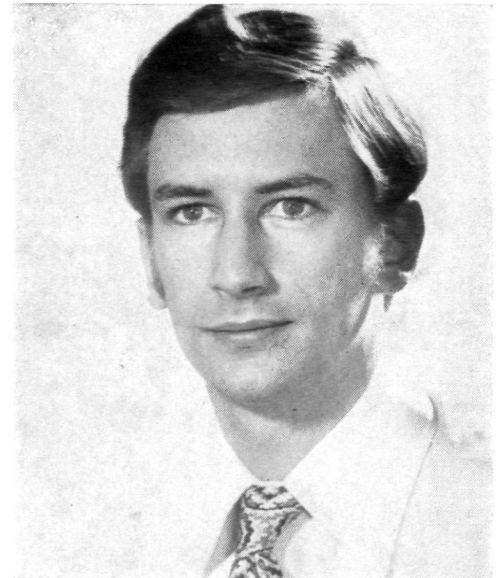
"Oh Gawd!"

Words failed us for an apt description of enigmatic Graham until our stint at obstetrics, when the appellation "Lochia" presented itself . . . picture of gushing good health and bleeding good humour.

Constant work and a sound knowledge of medical "basics" has ensured Graham a distinguished passage through Medicine. A good man to have in a tutorial—an irrepressible fountain of medical minutiae, he can be relied upon for a timely answer.

After strenuous denials he decided to take the plunge and recently announced his engagement—so ending his agonies as the long distance lover.

We all see a bright future for Graham in his chosen field—"Gerry-iatrics".



GEOFFREY DAVID McDONNELL

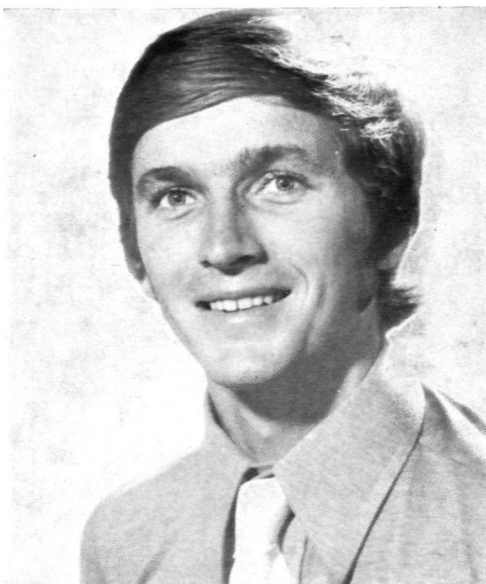
"What a pussycat performance."

Geoff has journeyed through the six years in easy fashion, trying hard not to allow Medicine to interfere with his social activities. These in particular necessitated numerous nocturnal trips to Bronte during live-in terms.

At the end of Fifth Year Geoff found himself in Asia, gaining immunity to the many tropical diseases abounding there, only to be afflicted with a lifelong illness on arriving home—marriage.

Currently he seems to be managing with his problem whilst still being able to quote the latest knowledge from the world's journals in tutorials.

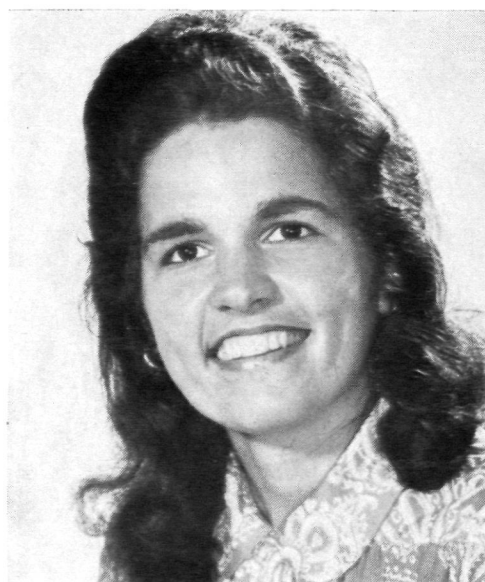
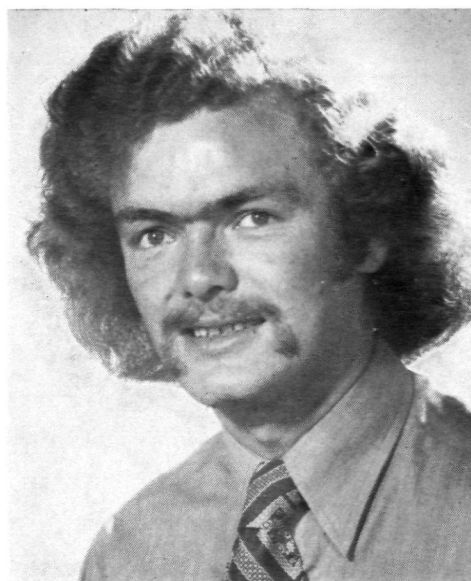
We don't know where Geoff's future lies, but many feel, because of the varied animal noises that are frequently emitted from him, a future in Vet. Science is indicated.



CHRISTOPHER JOHN MARTIN

"Woo-ee!"

Armed with continental experience, an M.Sc., leonine mane and a laugh sufficient to raise the torpid, Chris entered our select circle at the end of IVth Year to be greeted with those rapturously ecstatic sentiments of welcome that only Australians can extend. By Fifth Year, the ice now broken and well beloved of all, he proceeded with flamboyant disregard of that well-known aphorism "Common things occur commonly" to tear a lateral meniscus. Holding little faith in the professor-student relationship, he forsook his postoperative bed in record time to become one of the few patients to visit the Students' Residence and survive. Although endowed with a sweet nature (perhaps akin to that of his namesake, C. Robin), we fear that one of his moments of agitation may yet lead to frank furore—though doubtless of brief duration.



JANE MENZIES

"It's very expensive . . . but gee, it's fun! !"

To the graduates of '73, Jane has proved to be the rosebud in the poet's eye. She has artfully married a mind, clearly the master of her subject, to a smile, which both parries the most aggressive tutor's question, and allays the fears of disquieted patients.

Jane's dressing-gowned appearance at hunger *cum* water-fights in the Residence invested them with the chivalry of a medieval tournament. Alas, there was but one destined to win the joust.

Almost an extra-curricular mystery, Jane has been discovered carrying a pack in the most desolate vales of the Cox's River. And yet none are surprised when they find her in the latest, soon-to-be-renowned restaurant. There, you can be sure, the roll-mops are good!

'Tis our pleasure to have seen the flower that the future will admire.

DAVID GORDON MORE

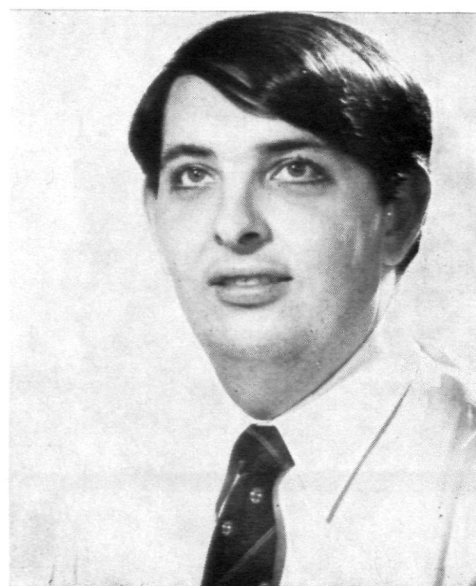
"But Professor, I would treat the Wiskott Aldrich syndrome this way . . ."

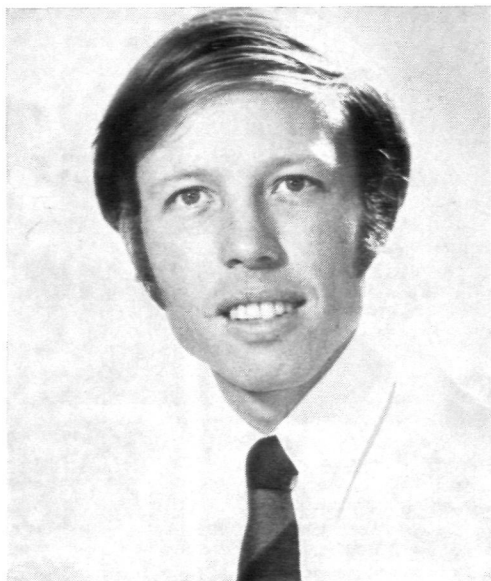
Dave is mostly enthusiastic—whether delivering babies, taking over Cas, or discovering new items to add to his well-stocked library (Russell and Beethoven); and somewhere underneath runs a quiet passion for science fiction and macrophages.

Leaving Cowra High, Dave did biological science for two years, but late night conversations at Wesley converted him to Medicine.

Things seemed to snowball after a highly successful B.Sc.(Med.) under David Nelson, and everafter Dave could add an immunological comment in the most imposing of company.

Already immunology has provided a trip to South-East Asia. One can see Dave in the future, adding his immunological comments even farther afield, hopefully in a space-ship passing through a time warp while Beethoven blasts away in the background.





PETER HARVEY MORRIS

"Bloody Hell — I think my clutch is going again!"

Pete is known throughout the year for his blonde hair, beaming smile, engaging personality and incredibly tangled social life. One of this world's optimists, he is well known for his enthusiasm and willingness to participate in anything.

His many interests range from Wollongong to Newcastle, not forgetting Sydney, but after an American adventure with some Australian complications in Vth Year, Pete left the country for the Philippines where he became Visiting Professor of Pathology, an expert on leprosy and nearly met President Marcos.

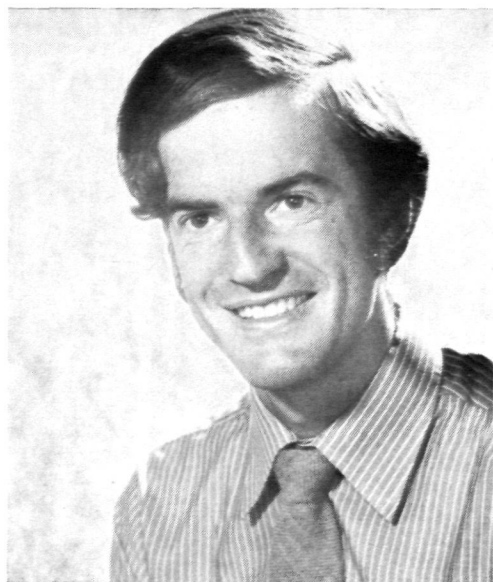
Although preferring the outdoors, Pete has been known to submerge among the books as exams loom. He assures us that surgery is just like working on a car and hopes eventually to test this hypothesis in orthopaedics. We wish him the best for the future as the gentlemanly surgeon he will be.

GREGORY IAN CLARKE NELSON

"Well, you've got primary and secondary, congenital and acquired . . ."

Behind that furry facial growth there lies the mind of a librarian or a computer — we're not sure which. Greg's uncanny ability after a moment's consultation with the Gods, to come up with a classification for any disease, symptom or illness known to man, never ceases to amaze us. On the serious side, however, Greg's interests range from the intricacies of the Datsun clutch to marriage and flat life. Well known for his appreciation of the grape, Greg's cellar we know will always contain a place for the old tawny port — "Shades of Newcastle!". We're not sure if Greg's proud of his hairy legs, but his persistent wearing of shorts as the temperature drops to zero impresses us all.

Whether by clinical acumen, beard, or port, we know that Greg will be a fine physician.



IAN ALASTAIR HUNGERFORD PIKE

Picture a lonely 2 m.p.h., blue overall-clad figure grinding up the hills of River Road, dogs yapping around the front tyre and schoolchildren smiling tolerantly as they amble past; listen to the gentle slap of waves against a small boat and the stifled moans of a seasick but ardent fisherman; imagine, gentle reader, a flea-ridden muie with a tired, dusty, dysenteric, bestubbed traveller exploring the backwaters of Ethiopia.

Can our hero be Ian Pike, Jane's short-haired, long-standing fiance, Rugby enthusiast, staff-student Committeeman and scholar of note?

Yes, indeed, this is he, lover of strong epicure cheese, spicy salami, rotten rye bread and rough ruby port which has so poisoned his palate, that he suffers from delusions of grandeur about his sulphurous "home-brew".

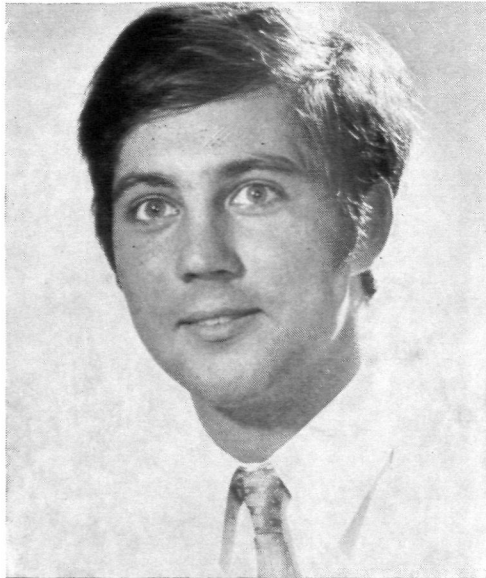
PAUL SARIAN

"There's got to be a way around it!"

This part-time med. student and full-time cab driver came to us from foreign parts unknown, warning us of the impending global energy crisis.

Having taken his oath of allegiance to the Queen, he became a member of this "promised land which Moses missed by 5,000 miles".

With multilingual ability, easy-going nature and goodwill to all, Paul can't help but succeed.



MICHAEL RICHARD SELDON

Presentation: "Three no trumps."

History: Michael, son of Tony. Dyslexia, logorrhœa, for most of life, unrelieved by drinking, redheads, or changes of position. Interests include bridge, alcohol, and sex. Also tennis, nordic skiing, cardiac surgery, suburban racing in a motorized boudoir. Currently undertaking long-term uncontrolled double-blind crossover study of the effects of alcohol on various bodily functions. Positive history for parents, shoelaces, alcohol abuse, self abuse, B.Sc.(Med.) (Hons.).

Examination: well developed postpubertal male causing only mild distress to others. Intermittent extreme pressure of thought and speech.

Diagnosis: Benign essential hyperhypothalamosis.

Management: Difficult.

Pathology: A delightful specimen. No evidence of malignancy. Prognosis excellent.

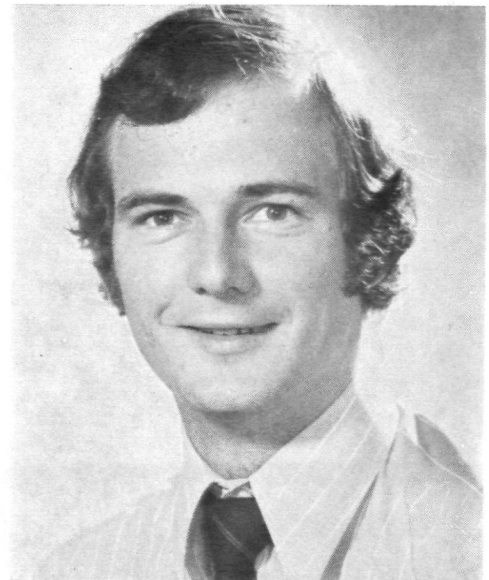
"Spot diagnosis."

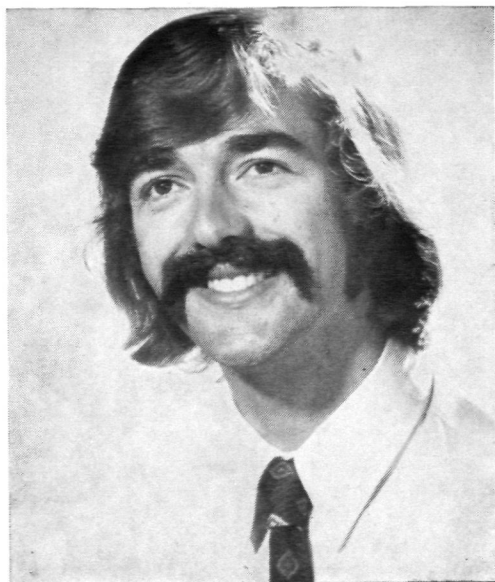
DAVID HOWARD SMITH

"Garn, yer Wogs!"

David is a man who believes in a thorough knowledge of his subject. Therefore, he has not missed the opportunity of furthering his pursuit of Medicine during vacations. Indeed, he has tamed the unruly hospital trolley, mastered the art of the surgical bandage, and researched fully the delicate subject of student-nurse relationships. And in his quest he has left no stone nor nurse unturned. Thus, in spite of a wide anti-intellectual streak, David has managed to educate himself to a high standard. He faces the Finals with the quiet assurance of one who has survived far greater ordeals—champagne at North Shore, beer at Camperdown, and port at Newcastle.

No doubt the future will be successful for David. His ability to sift the vital from the trivial and his practical approach to problems will certainly pay off in his chosen field.





ROGER SMITH

I think we owe the "mother country" a big bunch of gladdies for sending this "20 cent migrant" to our midst.

Over the years, Roger has been a true connoisseur of the great sports of life, whether it be football, women, surfing, bike riding, party organizing or the occasional hand of bridge.

Undisputably his greatest recurrent academic feat has been to fall asleep under the nose of any of his teachers—a true undiagnosed narcoleptic.

Roger has perplexed many with his ability to transform from the 250 cc leather league to a member of the English gentry, oozing charm from every pore.

With an "eye" to the bigger money and an unlimited enthusiasm, this pommy is a sure winner—if he can stay awake!

KATE STEINBECK

"Oh, Piggy!"

At a tender age Kate graduated from kindergarten to Medicine, which she found equally boring, but negotiable with ease. By Fifth Year the change was almost complete, with an alteration of name from Kathie to Kate, and the acquisition of a working knowledge of bridge. During her extended period of residence we discovered that apart from insisting on the finer things of life, she is allergic to cats (on an immune basis) and also to a certain dog in the bed (though this time the basis was purely functional).

Her lifetime ambition besides her continuance of an affair with an electric blanket is to become a fashionable interior decorator. Perhaps her migration to Vacluse will be helpful.

We wish her every success and pray that her electric blanket may never short nor overheat.



HENRY MARTIN STENNING

"I expect the examiners to know the common causes."

Deciding that a medical education had not a broad enough base Henri spent a few years getting a science degree, a musical and classical education—armed with such, he set sail on the seas of Medicine.

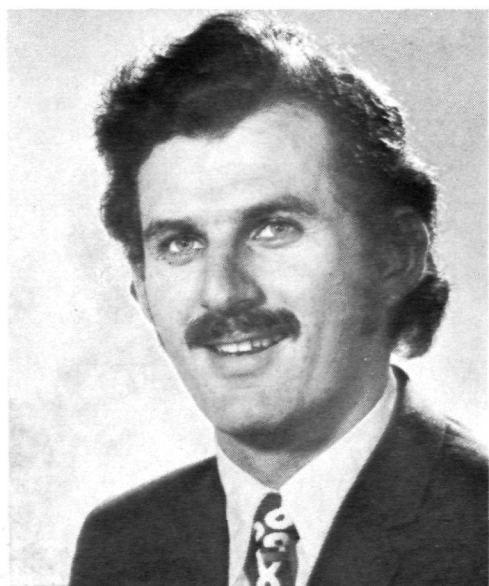
A super-smoothie with Omar Sharif-like facies and mellifluous voice, Stunning is a lover of the finer things of life—who can forget his passion for Camenbert cheese at Kid's Hospital, or his selfless zeal in tutoring a group of the best-looking IVth Year girls in the intricacies of the cardiovascular system examination.

A game hunter extraordinaire, Henri specializes in digging magnificent bear pits—into which he regularly falls.

He approaches the study of Medicine by working his way up from bibliography, to fine print, to chapter headings (remember that 2 vol. summary of the rare properties of N₂O?).

With his incorrigible enthusiasm and a capacity for work that has to be seen to be believed, combined with his ebullient personality, will enable him to surmount all obstacles and make him the gynæcologist with whom his patients will love to fall in love.

Happy P.V. Henry!



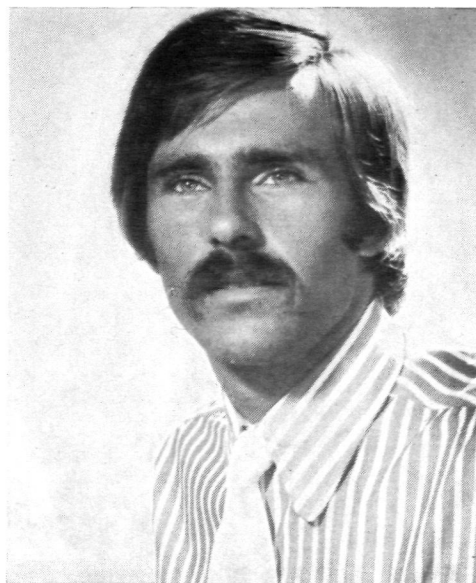
RICHARD ALLAN NEASON STEPHENS

"I'll take my sex anyway I can get it."

During the elective term last year, when everyone else was off playing doctor, Alan went on a surfing trip to South America. A valid indication of his priorities and aspirations in life. It was obvious even to the most casual observer that Alan's surfing training required some overseas experience to smooth off the edges and give that touch of *savoir-faire* so important to the connoisseur of fine riding.

Above all things, Alan is a perfectionist and reveals it whether he is listening to music, tuning his car or showing his incredibly long home movies.

To say that Alan isn't very interested in Medicine is to speak the truth. But if the surf is flat and his car isn't hassling him, he might come to a few tutorials, which is when the rest of us see him.



DANNY STIEL

"Did you know I was allergic to alcohol?"

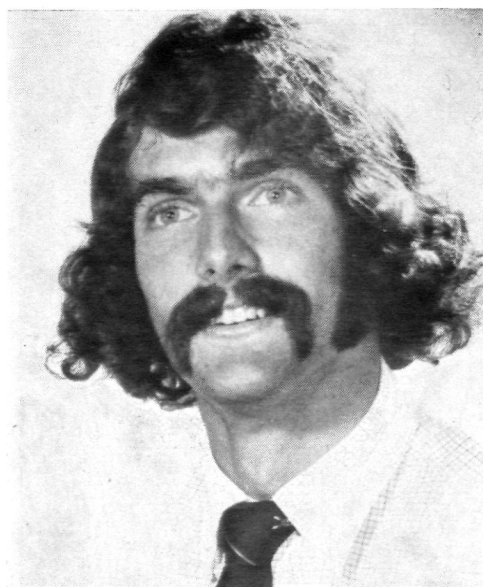
Danny, with the foreboding initials, came from Homebush High, with the self established reputation of holding the school speed record for the preamble to Superman.

He proceeded to engross himself in the minutiae of anatomy, where his war-cry of "Ask me any question" would echo over the Vesalian dissecting room.

University life granted him both academic and sporting success, but, alas, his encounters with women, though many and varied, have much similarity to a black comic, funny but tragic.

A serious student of the Goon Shows, Danny, like many philosophers, realized that in madness there is truth. His character, in many ways was self-destructive. He was never happier than when slumped over his oars or bemoaning his self-diagnosed allergy to alcohol.

However, Danny's passion and respect for the irrelevant certainly guarantees his success in his chosen field.

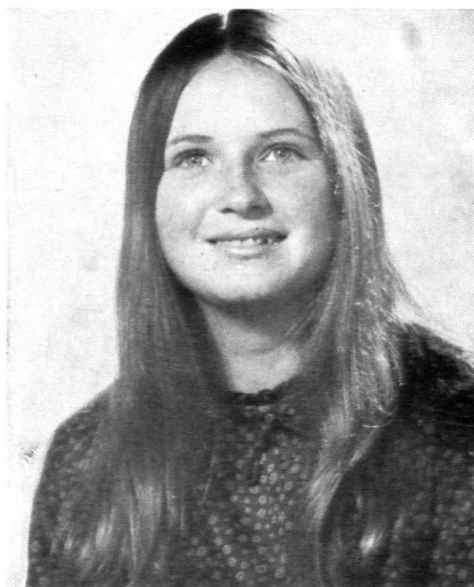


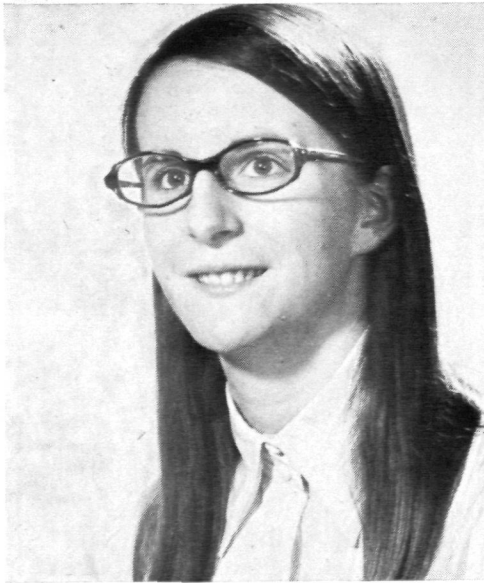
ANGELA SUNGAILA

"I'd rather be sterile than blind."

Arriving in Sydney to begin Medicine, Angela at first pined for her four-footed friends left in Armidale. Living at Sancta Sophia, she soon made new friends with the inmates of the nearby Vet. School. Gradually, too, her fellow students found that beneath the timid, shy exterior hid a lively personality and devilish sense of humour. Later, in several flats, Angela became surrounded by various flora and fauna—the latter not only attending lectures, but sitting patiently outside the hospital awaiting her each day.

An innocent face and ready sense of fun endeared Angela to all, from much teasing in anatomy and through clinical years, and have won her many friends. Being mistaken for a junior nurse in the hospital shouldn't daunt her, because her academic ability belies her youth and, in whatever field her future lies, assures her success.





TRENNA ROBYN TURNER (née THORN)

"This patient hasn't shaved this morning. I think he's depressed."

Once upon a time Trenna was a young girl residing in Liverpool. She became a typical uni student living in Glebe and Forest Lodge, and today approaches the complete medical student from Chippendale. She can be found at any time somewhere in the wards ferreting out interesting patients, with an ophthalmoscope in one pocket and a pair of knitting needles in the other—no doubt to elicit obscure neurological signs.

Trendy will be remembered for her delightful personality and ceaseless enthusiasm. How can we forget the sight of Trenna scooping out handfuls of hair from a pilonidal sinus and saving the surgeon's fee for another day!

We wish her well in her lifelong attempt to combine medicine with metallurgy.

GRANT LESLIE WALKER

"That's pathetic!"

Dear Diary,

June, '69 . . . some girl called Irene has just started dissecting on our table . . . I wonder what she wants? . . .

Sept., '70 . . . another prang . . . wrote off the "A" . . . the "B" should go a lot better . . .

Jan., '71 . . . I think we're engaged . . . hope I'll still have time to paint . . .

June, '71 . . . renovating the house . . . I didn't mean this sort of painting . . .

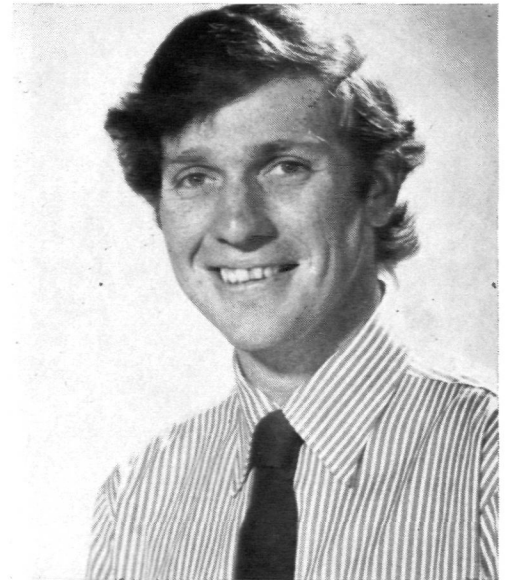
Sept., '71 . . . talked me into selling the "B" . . . driving a bloody VW . . .

Dec., '71 . . . great wedding . . . but what swine put the rocks inside the hubcaps? . . .

Dec., '72 . . . exam results came out today . . . what cretin marked the papers? . . .

Jan., '73 . . . lost four stone . . . if I see another crispbread I'll go berserk . . .

July, '73 . . . Irene's having another dinner party . . . there goes my last Seaview '66 and eight more Schimmelpennincks . . .



IRENE HELEN WALKER (née TYNAN)

"But . . . well . . . you know . . ."

Dear Diary,

June, '69 . . . today I started dissecting on Grant's table . . . I think there are some other people on it . . . but who cares? . . .

July, '70 . . . exams coming up . . . doing most of my work from Grant's Anatomy . . .

Jan., '71 . . . engaged at last! . . .

Feb., '71 . . . how embarrassing . . . my voice squeaked . . . first time I ever called out anything at Uni — "But that's not fair!" . . . rotten pharmacologists . . .

Sept., '71 . . . finally bought a lovely VW . . . Grant is so pleased . . .

Dec., '71 . . . beautiful wedding . . . couldn't eat a thing . . .

May, '72 . . . living in at RNSH . . . why do they make the beds so small? . . .

Dec., '72 . . . exam results today . . . better make a special meal tonight . . . I didn't mean to beat him . . .

Jan., '73 . . . Grant has lost four stone . . . he really loves Rye Vita and Vegemite! . . .

July, '73 . . . Grant is making me have another dinner party . . .



SHANE THOMAS WILEY

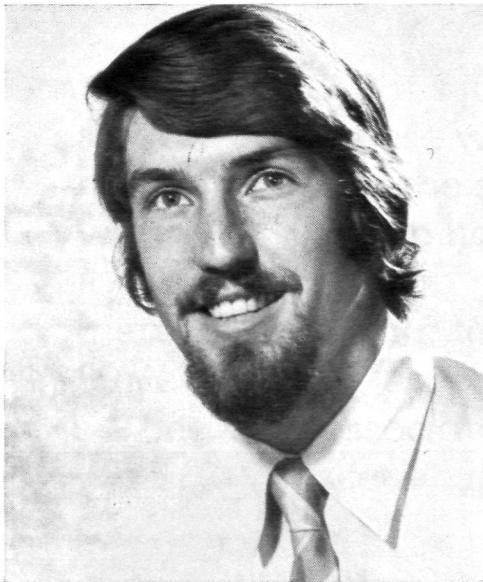
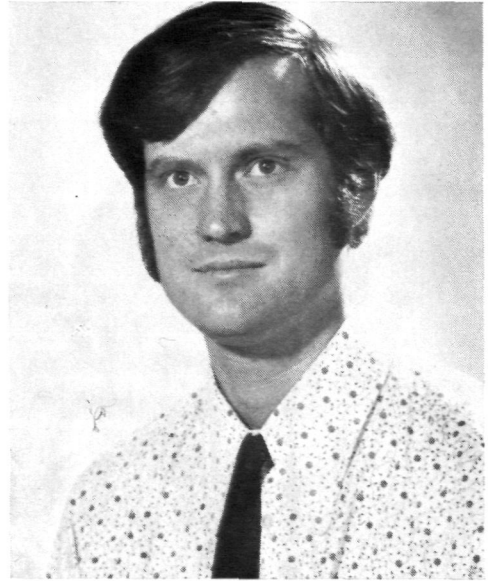
"A good beer, but not a great beer!"

Shane came to us from Knox, but despite this he quickly developed his own unique personality. We picked Shane up in 4th Year, and since then have been impressed by his unending enthusiasm towards flying, his bike, home-made beer (?), and the A.L.P. He has also attended many tutorials.

Wearing something suspiciously similar to what he has worn for the last four days, Shane can always be found in the Residence, reading up the latest triumphs of Gough and Bob. Always maintaining that "someday a patient may wander in here by mistake", he has applied this particular logic to his constant search for knowledge.

Shane's ability to talk about nothing in particular, his easygoing approach, and his mastery of the word "malaise" should stand him in good stead for the Finals . . . and should ensure a life free from duodenal ulcers.

We wish him well.



IAN JAMES WOODFORTH

Ian spent his formative years developing his obsessions at Shore, and wanting to put these to good use, he embarked upon a medical education.

Emerging from his North Shore abode in an only slightly ostentatious M.G., Ian is our one true liberal-to-the-teeth conservative, with his short back and sides, freshly brushed teeth, shining shoes, and impeccable clothes, handwriting and taste in women.

For some years, now, weekends have seen Ian undergo an amazing metamorphosis into a windblown, obsessive sailor of some note. Speaking of metamorphoses, what about that night with the black-velvets? ?

Having easily progressed through Medicine, Ian's only problem now is to find a niche where his particular talents will be able to take a meaningful shape . . . (did I hear someone say radiology? ?).

FREDERICK ROSS WILSON

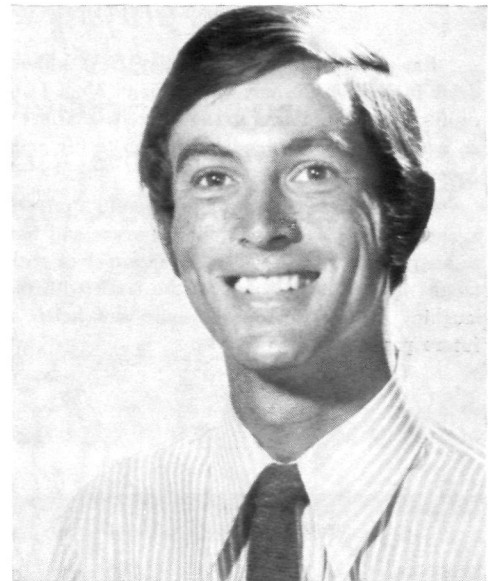
"I've given up knocking things off."

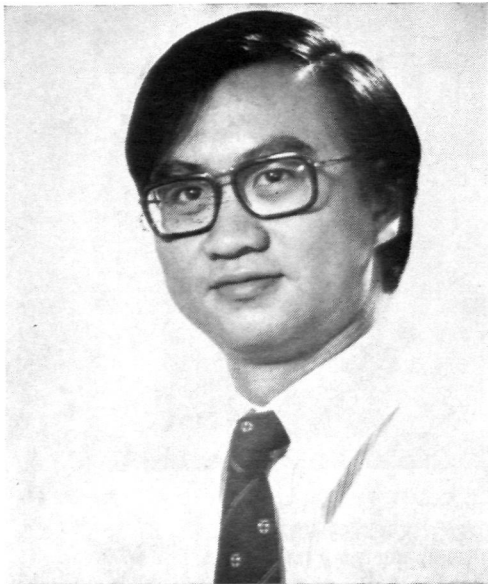
This master of the obstetric arts induced himself at an early hour and came forth. In his descent through life he proceeded to sequester sailing trophies for successfully launching his 12-footer among other seamen on Sydney Harbour.

He came into Medicine with a desire to work in the bush (he doesn't believe the proverb) and displayed his skills inseminating cows in the country. He has also worked in Burnie, Kyogle and Castlecrag, some of his spare time spent in the nursing profession.

His extreme myopia has led him to feel his way everywhere and he can be seen with his nose very close to nurses's name badges in his efforts to read them without a boob. Other pursuits have included wholesale selling of boxed edibles and truck driving.

"Fred" is assured of a successful future, even in Medicine.





KWOK YIN YAN

Yan descended on us from Hong Kong; and with oriental wit he has managed to acquire a Fiat sports coupe, a taste for whisky and a charming wife—Cecilia. He can explain all the intricacies about cameras and Hi-Fi electronics to other less informed colleagues while managing to find time to run a Chinese restaurant as well as picking up a smattering of Medicine.

We always find him willing to discuss treatment or offering advice—with equal ease he can tell you how much tax you might be paying next year, or what car you should buy.

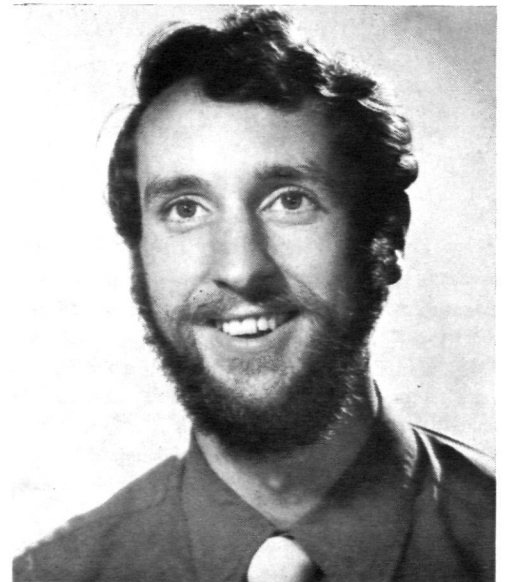
Of recent months he has been seen in the wards, attracted like polymorphs to wounds and spleens. Whether he turns his talents to Medicine, restaurants or electronics, he will succeed.

RAYMOND DEAN ZORN

"That's Z... O... R... N, Sir."

Ray's origin in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., although camouflaged by a six-year delay in N.Z. on his way to join us in Med. I at Sydney Uni, has often caused confusion to his tutors. It shows itself in a love of basketball, golf and bridge, an enthusiastic and friendly approach to life and Medicine and a crazy pseudo-American accent.

Ray acquired his own, very pretty, private radiographer ("Anyone like a chest X-ray?") early in clinical years and has emerged as a colourful asset to his group. Sprawled all over an armchair with his limbs in a most inhuman tangle, he is always quick off the mark with his characteristic witticism. His laughing eyes, his "Appeal" smile and holey beard will endear him to his future patients.



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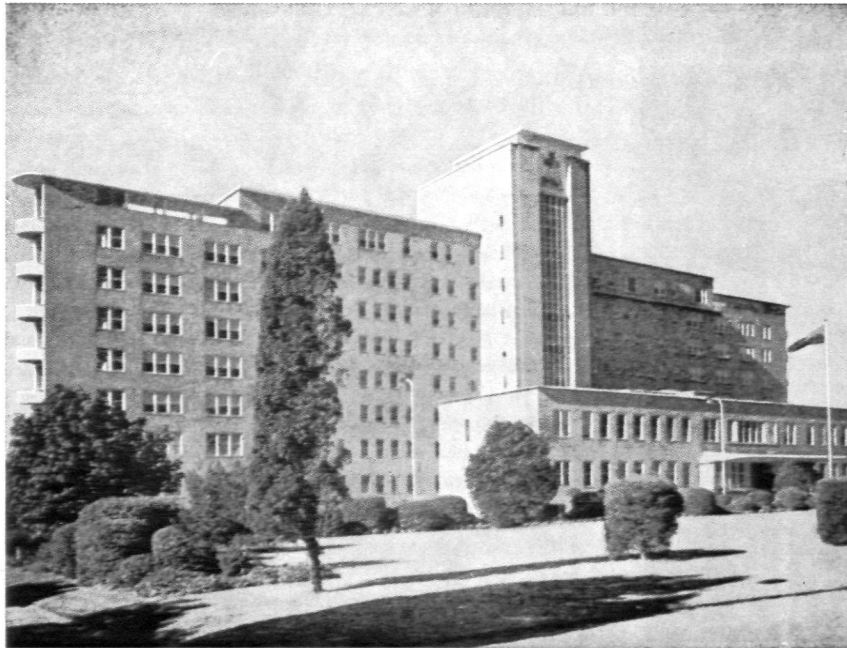
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REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

1973 may in future come to be regarded as a turning point in the development of R.G.H., Concord, as a teaching hospital. The Clinical Sciences Building is due to be opened in October, new academic appointments in medicine and surgery have been filled or are about to be filled. Our new status has been recognized by the appointment of a Warden. Congratulations to Mr. Koorey.

The introduction of "civilian" patients will widen the range of patients and disease available for teaching at the hospital. We hope that the small number already being admitted will increase, though this is dependent on political decisions outside our control. The opening of a Casualty Department and Out-patients Clinics on site will allow us to play a part in the health services of the community which surrounds us. The need is readily apparent. The benefit to R.G.H., Concord, and particularly its students, will be considerable. The possibility of developing further the specialized units already established will be increased. We sincerely hope that we are given the opportunity to accept these challenges.

But it is inappropriate to speculate about the future of R.G.H., Concord, as a teaching hospital to the Final Year students, many of whom will be leaving the hospital at the end of the year. Although the facilities, and teachers have been limited remember that you have had a favourable student-patient ratio compared to the other hospitals. Be grateful to some of those dedicated teachers who helped you in your studies for the final examination. Be grateful for your gynæcological term at Newcastle with its attendant opportunity to obtain a wider spectrum of patient experience.

Concord is a friendly hospital and the relatively small number of students allows for smaller groups and easier access to patients. You may not have had the benefit of these bright new buildings and teachers, but you have had some advantages over students at other hospitals. If you have made good use of these advantages you should pass your examinations well and turn out to be above average doctors.

M. T. PHEILS.

THE HONORARIES



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"I know less now than I used to, but that's still more than most."

A veritable teaching dynamo, Dr. Conomy each week tries to instil some of his vast knowledge into the Final Year students. Although he is technically a neurologist, Dr. Conomy has such a grasp of all fields of medicine that he is able to give an opinion on just about any topic raised in tutorials or at medical meetings.

He is keenly interested in students, and tries to direct meetings to student level. To simplify Medicine, he has formulated many learning aids—it is a rare medical entity which does not display a "Conomy's sign" or enjoy a "Conomy's rule".

Associate Professor of Medicine:

NEIL DAVID GALLAGHER

Dr. Gallagher helped and guided us in our attempts to explore some of that vast area of knowledge called Medicine. He especially helped us through the turns and curves of gastroenterology, an area in which his knowledge reflected his deep interest.

Unfortunately, Dr. Gallagher left Concord this year. His departure is our loss because he is not just another academic. He is friendly, relaxed, and has a keen sense of humour (sometimes sarcastic); yet he is humane both in his approach to patients and students. Always one to enjoy himself, we hope to continue our friendship and wish him well.



DAVID GILLETTE

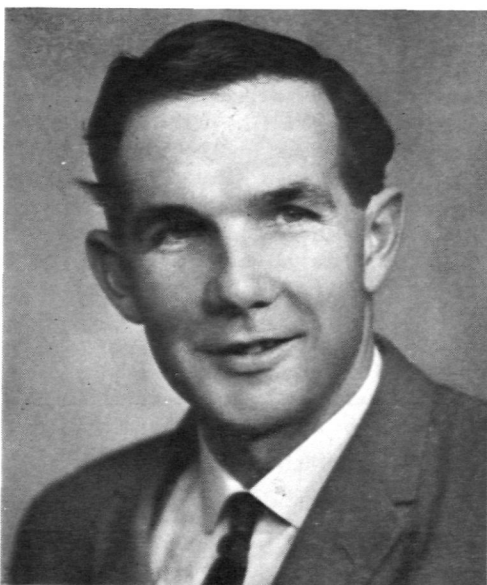
"We resected him from his — to his ileo-caecal valve."

A "shot in the arm" for RGH, Mr. Gillette, a recent acquisition from a Melbourne Hospital, came here to captain the surgical team to yet greater heights.

His outgoing personality always ensured him of full attendance at tutorials which were coloured with descriptive sayings as illustrated above. As well as instilling valuable information into our stubborn cortices, Mr. Gillette's assistance with the "art of viva examinations" was gratefully received.

Those of us whom he tutored regret only that we were unable to listen to his words of wisdom and "tips" on technique for a longer time each week.

We, therefore, thank him for his knowledge, his time, and his confidence in us.



Clinical Supervisor of Surgery:

STANLEY GEORGE KOOREY

As Clinical Supervisor of Surgery at Concord, we first met Mr. Koorey on that very first day at Concord.

Those of us who had him as a tutor in Fourth Year were thankful for his over-zealous attitude to lumps and bumps when the examinations came around.

Although he did no direct tutoring in Fifth Year, his organizing of tutorials in all the surgical specialties made Fifth Year Surgery a whole new world. It also gave most of us an introduction to the business side of surgery—the theatres.

In Final Year, his rather lengthy tutorials gave us at least the ability to pick a melæna at fifty feet.

His work in all aspects of hospital teaching have given us a solid foundation of surgical knowledge, for which we are truly grateful.



DOUGLAS CAMERON MACKENZIE

"Turn over Mr. Whatever-your-name-is!"

We all first met Mr. McKenzie in Fifth Year, and after a prolonged period of torture, we quickly retired to the R.S.L. to soothe our jangled nerves. Perhaps not an enjoyable experience, but an excellent way to learn about amputations.

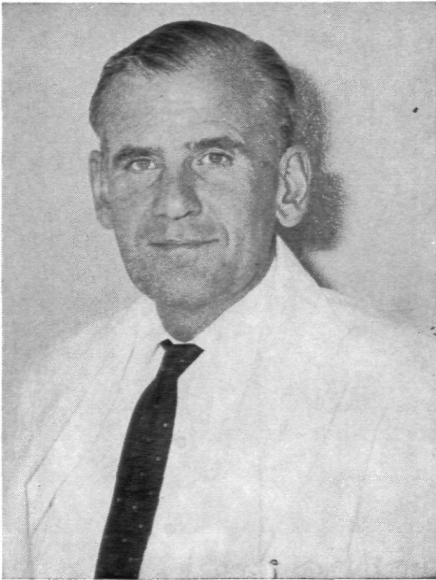
His abrupt manner with all the diggers had us all in stitches on various occasions and one could never forget those "unusual" sessions in the operating theatre.

Although some people only remember Mr. McKenzie by his absence, others will always remember that tutorials with him were never dull.

JOHN PATRICK O'NEILL

His outward appearance was frightening and fearsome,
 But at end of term we found parting was tearsome,
 He oft found our knowledge scant and appalling,
 But his tolerance and skill we found entralling,
 We'll always remember his words of renown,
 "Don't tell anyone, but please write it down".





Professor of Surgery:

MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

The Prof. came to us from the U.K. to share his knowledge of the bowel with we ignorant colonials.

In Fifth Year, his ward rounds in which the students took an active role, instilled in us a sound knowledge of approach to surgery, confidence with patients, and in most of us, slight paranoia, when caught unaware with a request for a five-minute talk on gastric physiology.

His Final Year teaching was not as extensive as that in Fifth Year, but this very likeable "pommy" gentleman's involvement with the students at both teaching and personal levels, was of great benefit to us.

This super sleuth of the gastrointestinal tract demonstrated to us all the ultimate in one-upmanship, with the acquisition of a new Rover with the appropriate number plate prefix of GIT---

ROBERT PETER SILVERTON

An impeccably dressed surgeon with cheerful disposition, he always awaited us to begin the tutorial on a subject completely different to that agreed upon the previous week. Nevertheless, he managed to impart a few gems of surgical wisdom as well as Silverton's law, which states that one must try to get away with things all the time and most of the time will succeed.



GEORGE MEREDITH STATHERS

"Do you want the basic fundamentals?"

Dr. Stathers was first known to Concord in 1966 when he was one of the first clinical tutors. Since then his life has taken many interesting turns: he has spent time in Sweden, working with a Professor whose surname only he could say; worked in the U.K. for a while, and finally to return to Australia, where he spent four years at Goulburn.

His return to Concord in 1973 as Senior Tutor in Medicine has been a welcome one. His eagerness to share the great amount of knowledge stored in his grey and white matter was much appreciated by those around him, be they anyone from registrars to students.

His ability to explain every disease at a molecular level sometimes left us quite lost, but at least gave us the insight as to how to make Medicine a logical subject.



Clinical Supervisor in Medicine:

ANN JANET WOOLCOCK

Ann Woolcock's friendly personality first came to our notice in Fourth Year, when she was introduced to us as our very own Clinical Supervisor in Medicine, a title which, at the time, meant very little to us. This was not the case for long, as Dr. Woolcock was constantly seen interrogating students as to whether the tutorials we were having were sufficient and if we wanted more. Her keenness in this way, we feel, has put Concord on the scholastic map.

As well as being an organizer, she is also well established as a respiratory physiologist. She somehow communicated well enough for students to actually know what respiratory function tests are all about.

It is in these two roles that Ann Woolcock has come to be admired by those students passing through the portals of Concord. It is with great sorrow that we bid her farewell this year as she leaves for bigger and better things.

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

Our preclinical years behind us, we were at last to see the action side of Medicine. Fresh-faced (this was soon to change) and eager, we arrived, most of us reluctantly, at that great edifice overlooking the beautiful Parramatta River, to be greeted by a welcoming committee of heavies, not-so-heavies, tutors and of those who had trod(den?) these same steps before us. After tea and bickies, and an explanation of the meaning of T.P.I., we met those destined to show us the intricacies of clinical medicine. The physicians, whose enviable task it was to explain the difference between a rale and a rhonchus, were:

DR. R. EVANS: For those who do not know Dr. Evans, they may be fooled into thinking that his main achievements are holding a shaky No. 3 in the hospital squash team; having a beautiful, vivacious wife, or being the only person capable of being interested in bone. But those who have come in close contact with him could not help but admire his genuineness with which he approached his teaching, and the passion he instils in his work and interests. He will always be remembered by us as a shining example that there is hope for being excited, interested and happy in amongst the sea of humdrum institutional medicine.

DR. R. PINERVA:

Shy and quiet and dry of wit,
With his students, his girlfriends are
Always a hit,
His clinical approach is thorough and fine,
But he oft has trouble making us
Toe the line.

DR. ROYLE: A man who still maintains a student's sense of priorities: yacht first, squash second, socializing third, with his work appropriately, oscillating in position.

The surgeons in the meantime were to teach us how to spend thirty minutes talking about a wart, or something equally as insignificant. These fine gentlemen were:

MR. PETER ANDERSON: His tutorials entertained us, as well as taught us. His forceful "tell me more" technique prepared us more than adequately for the latter years. His departure to Tamworth has left him sadly missed.

MR. RAY HEALEY.—When one thinks of Mr. Healey, one remembers a tall slender figure, blonde hair and steely blue eyes. To us as Fourth Year students, there seemed to be very little that he didn't have knowledge of. He was as keen to talk about the philosophy of medicine as he was medicine itself. I suppose we will think of him as the surgeon who was a connoisseur of wines, who collected his B.A.B. as a hobby and was rumoured to collect fire engines.

MR. HUGHES.

MR. KOOREY.

Negotiating Fourth Year successfully, we then set about learning the finer points of medicine and surgery, together with that other side of life, the specialties. Those who led us through this year of golf, beach and other non-medical activities included:

MR. ROBIN RUSHWORTH (Neurosurgery): We must all admire Mr. Rushworth for his knowledge, his skill, and for his willingness and ability to answer all questions thrown at him in a precise and succinct fashion. We only lament that he does not have the time in his busy schedule to undergo the painful task of teaching students.

MR. W. LENNON (Orthopædics): Quiet and unassuming, he guided us through a session that appropriately involved a break in which the surgeon displayed his talents for manipulation with the fairer sex, who willingly rewarded him, on each concluding term, the customary delicacy.

MR. D. PERRY (Surgery): "Didn't you look in his gob?" This giant of a surgeon impressed us with his articulate use of the English language, his absolute and thorough knowledge of thoracic surgery and also with his lime green high heel Dr. Scholl clogs which he wore to theatre.

DR. NOBLE (Cardiology): Mr. Smooth. A giant in the face of frustrations with student deviation, clockwise orientation and many a valiant but vain attempt at reorientating ectopic conversations.

DR. CHAMBERS (Psychiatry): Attending psychiatry lectures are one thing, but facing a "real life" nut is another . . . Dr. Chambers with his kind and mature attitude towards his troubled patients, and his most patient, understanding and tolerant attitude towards us students showed a perfect example of how to deal with people—whatever their problem is. We have learned a great deal from him, how to be understanding but firm, not to pass personal judgement about the patient, and generally, how to use in practice what we heard in lectures and read in textbooks.

DR. FINDLATER AND DR. LENNOX (Ophthalmology): We thank them for providing a course that, although not always accommodating, did provide some relaxation for their pupils, and in reflection, we are better off for not always seeing eye-to-eye.

DR. BYERS AND DR. SPORR (Anæsthetics): This illustrious "his and hers" duo taught us the ins and outs of anæsthetics. We enjoyed our terms with them immensely.

DR. J. DAVIES (E.N.T.):

SCENE: E.N.T. Viva.

DR. DAVIES: "What do you know about X-rays, Son?"

CANDIDATE: "Not much, Sir."

DR. DAVIES: "Oh, well, let's go on to something else."

DR. BEAR (Dermatology): In Fifth Year we spent many pleasant afternoons with Dr. Bear, sipping tea on the verandah, learning the D.D. of a round lesion, and learning how to spell "pruritus" correctly.

DR. GOLOVSKY AND MR. MAHER (Urology): Young Dr. Golovsky prepared us in Fifth Year for the urological rigours to which we were subjected in Final Year by Peter Maher. Both are thorough gentlemen—their work has not gone unappreciated.

Fifth Year came to an end all too soon, and we were put through the mental torture of psychiatry and public health exams. But with this behind us, we all went our separate ways, north, south, east and west, to all corners of the globe, to enjoy four months of elective term.

March 1973 saw our return to Concord, some of us a little more hairy, some a little less so. With our characters fortified by experiences ranging from working in the Highlands of New Guinea to spending long nights at the wheel of a cab, we were thrust into Final Year.

Some of those tutors mentioned previously once again had the task before them of moulding us into persons capable of being released upon the public as J.R.M.O.'s in 1974. Some new faces appeared, these including:

MR. B. DURIAPPAH (Sambo) (Surgery): Those of us fortunate enough to have this diminutive coloured gentleman in Final Year, can deem ourselves extremely lucky. His passive aggressive personality, with a smattering of paranoia, made our sessions with him thoroughly enjoyable. His devotion to his work and to his teaching have established him very highly with his colleagues as well as with his students—thanks a lot, Sambo.

DR. GRANT (Orthopaedics): This scholarly gentleman was thrust upon us in Final Year. His easy-going "never mind the detail" style of tutoring, made us all appreciate orthopaedics just that little bit more.

MR. KENNETH HUME: At our first glimpse of Mr. Hume with his Neil Armstrong haircut and his Speedmaster chronometer, it appeared that the space programme's loss was orthopaedics' gain. This impression was further strengthened by his precise and lucid delivery of orthopaedic principles. His generosity in giving extra tutorials, no doubt inspired by our repeated misdiagnoses of Dupuytren's contractures, was very much appreciated.

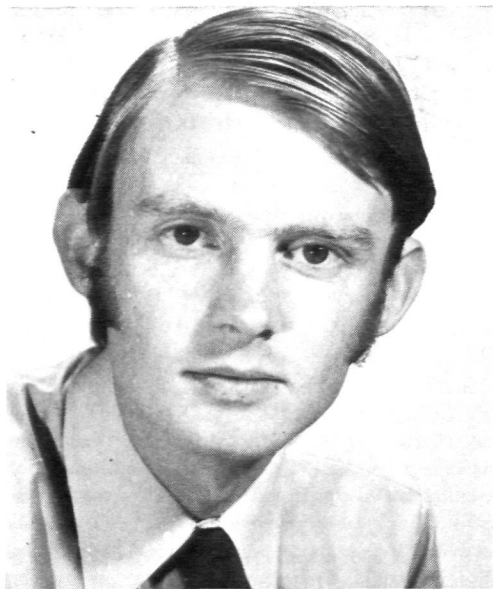
DR. DRUMMOND (Orthopaedics): Dr. Drummond, for the first time in the course, gave us orthopaedics tutorials in a practical and down-to-earth bedside manner, although having due regard for the exams and the professor. Although his laws are not to be found in orthodox textbooks, they are of greater value. His main aim was to make certain that we knew what metastases were. Under his guidance we became skilled at the one-minute examination of the hand and the two-minute examination of other joints.

DR. JOHN TULLY (O. & G.): "Now, then, what's the deficiency in iron deficiency anaemia?" Fresh-faced and smiling, Dr. Tully endeavoured to introduce some gynaecological knowledge into our stubborn cortices. His patience and willingness to teach was appreciated by his students, who considered John Tully the expert in everything from syphilis to the menopause.

THE MEDICAL REGISTRARS—DRS. DUNCOMBE, CAMERON, MAUNDRELL AND ENGLISH: Everyone in the Year could individually praise the registrars for the very enthusiastic tutorials that they gave us. However, it is as a Year that we would like to offer them all our sincerest thanks and wish them the best in their already flourishing medical careers.

DR MARGARET GILLIES: At the time of gathering information for the Year Book, Margaret Gillies had just joined us, taking over the position of Clinical Supervisor of Medicine from Ann Woolcock. Her early enthusiasm impressed us all so much, that we feel certain that, by the time of publication, she will be firmly established as both Clinical Supervisor and as a friend.

THE STUDENTS



ALEXANDER SHEDDEN BENNIE

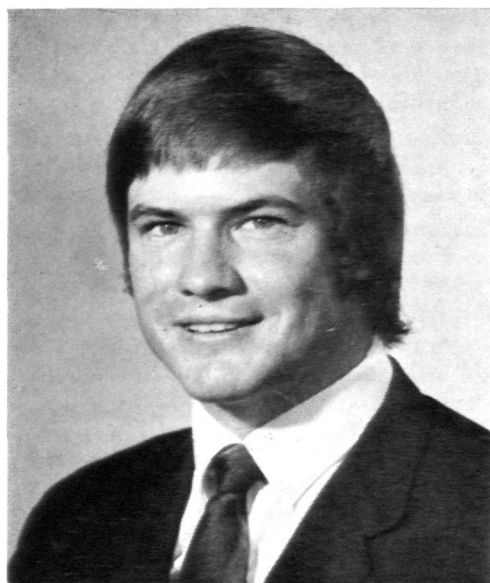
"Och Aye . . ."

Sometime poet, anytime golfer, "vintage" car owner, frustrated chess player, hustler, orator extraordinaire (who could forget his brilliant paper on mycoplasma) and wine connoisseur—but a few of the qualities of this gentleman.

Yet the flying Scotsman (with hip flask attached) has found time to flit around the world on more than one occasion—skiing in Austria and France, intimate tete-a-tetes in romantic Paris cafes—and at home to flit amongst his many admirers; and squeeze in a little medicine on the side.

Alec gives an initial impression of quietness, but this is quickly dispelled by his interesting conversation and good humour. He is considerate of others, kind (to animals) and his interest in pædiatrics is excelled only by his love for pathology.

We wish him every success and happiness for the future.



KENNETH DAVID ANDERSON

"By golly!"

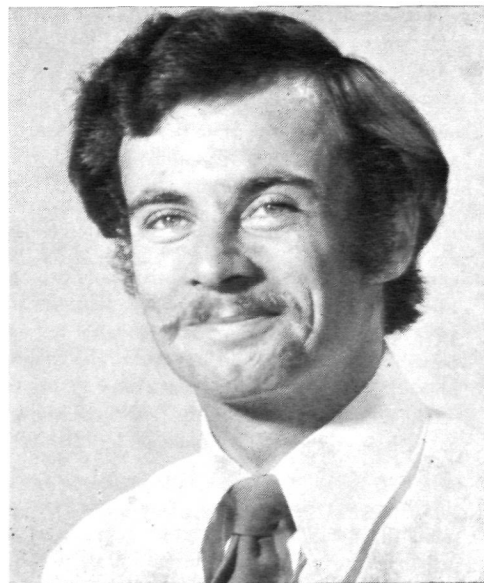
Name of patient: Ken Anderson.

Presenting symptom: Overwhelming desire to become a doctor.

History of present illness: First admitted to Sydney University in 1968. When this malady began, he was treated on an outpatient basis for three years. As symptoms and signs became of greater prognostic significance he was obliged to become an inpatient in the fourth year. Between then and now he has been receiving both inpatient and pari-passu outpatient treatment at such institutions as Concord Repat., Royal Alexandra for Kids, Royal Newcastle, etc. So far treatment appears to have been unsuccessful and the patient has not wavered in his desires.

Prognosis: Poor.

Recommended Management: Confer M.B., B.S., and discharge at next convenient examination.



GRAHAM ROSS BONNETTE

"What have you got for the G.P.'s?"

Anyone who has met Graham Bonnette could not forget him. Those who know him well cannot help but like him. For those who don't, Graham has a flair for most sports, whether it be cricket, football, squash, tennis, skiing or just smoking, drinking and of course, women. In every town there is one girl with memories.

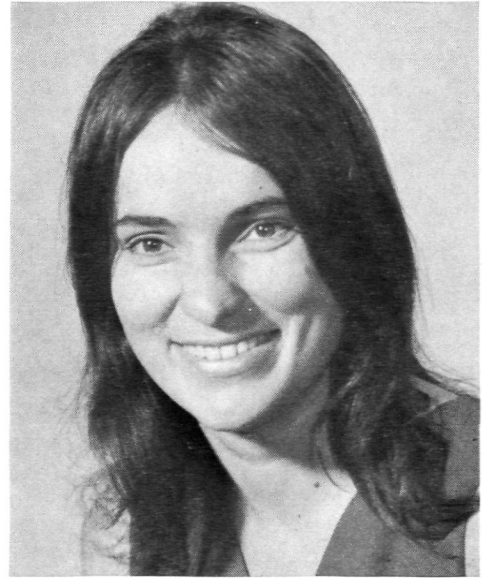
The first thing that strikes you about him is his tendency to unashamedly say the first thing that enters his head. This amazing combination of honesty, rashness and foolishness endears Graham to all his friends.

It is always worth asking his opinion on left wing radicals, virgins, cars, the value of steroids and how to diagnose exotica (e.g., dengue fever) 10 feet from the foot of the bed.

With his personality he cannot help but succeed.

PATRICIA JEAN BOVARD

Mlle. de Bovard, she's really got style,
 She looks like a model whenever she smiles,
 But more than good looks, she has lots of class,
 And her case presentations you'll never surpass.
 Her thoughts on most issues are moral and fair;
 She embraces good causes and friends in despair.
 A lover of wines, a drinker as well,
 She's waded through gallons and never once fell.
 Her marriage last year was a frightful surprise:
 It caused lamentations amongst all the guys.
 She's bypassed most evils with great determination;
 And in all ways stands up to hard examination.
 New Zealand she's conquered, tomorrow the world,
 She's got what it takes to be doctor and girl.



CHARLES C. H. CASTLE

"A gentleman physician."

Born around 1945 in the City of Sydney to the delight (alas, short-lived), of his parents, the eldest of three brothers and a sister, he resides in Eastwood. Charles arrived on the medical scene from the Faculty of Economics after realizing that the career of an accountant might prove too dull to endure. His dignified but warm and friendly manner, quietly conservative elegance, impeccable speech and a very British moustache, made him a rather eye-catching member of the Year community. Known to like wine, song and women, he had his wings swiftly clipped by a certain charming lady teacher from Newcastle to whom he became engaged recently.

His future in Medicine is sure not to be a disappointment. Good luck!



TONI JOY CLARKSON

"I hate you boys."

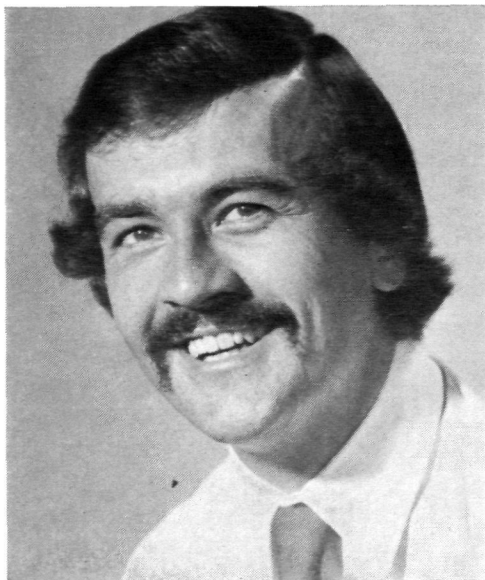
Immediately on joining us, Toni managed with her infectious personality to win the hearts of everyone in the year.

However, it soon became apparent to the rest of her group that Toni suffered from an acute case of "foot in mouth disease", with such faux pas as "I only wear slacks when I can't afford razor blades", and "I'll do it if you pay me". These sayings were always followed by a marked malar flush when she finally realized what she had said.

Fortunately, under the guiding hands of the gentlemen in her group, Toni's bedside manner improved rapidly. It can best be typified by one old "digger" saying to her — "You go see the man in that bed over there; he's on hormone treatment".

For those of us who know and love her, these spontaneous quotes have endeared her to us forever. We wish her well.





MICHAEL GEORGE CLEE

"Hold on, I'll just make a quick 'phone call."

Amid the many temptations of university life, Michael trod gingerly along the path of knowledge and arrived in Final Year with that keen sense of examination technique that comes along with years of practice.

Along the way, to his repertoire of quick-witted conversation, piercing deliveries of short Anglo-Saxon expletives and demonstrations of the full range of movement of the human pelvis, he added a propensity to bare both soul and body to his many acquaintances. With a list of contacts as comprehensive as the Pink Pages, Michael is able to reliably give confirmation or denial to the latest rumour.

Michael has decided to aid the decentralization programme by practising Medicine in Albury, where his interest in people, his boundless sympathy and love of conversation will assure his popularity.

STUART MORRIS GADD

"Gee, you guys are slack."

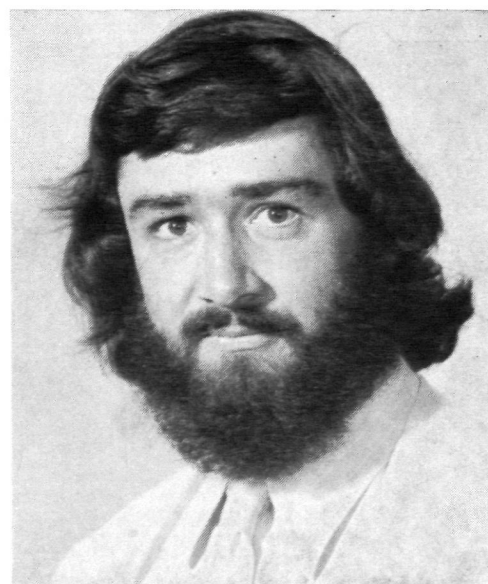
Stuart excelled in his studies at Balgowlah High School, so much so that the University offered him a position in Med. I.

His preclinical years were rather uneventful, save for a football mishap in which two RNSH forwards used him as a wishbone.

In the clinical years, Stuart found his real niche in life. He parried all the curly questions thrown at him in Fourth Year, a talent he carried over into Fifth and Sixth Years.

Stuart revealed to us all his intestinal fortitude in Fifth and Sixth Years, during which he lived in and ate hospital food for two years straight.

Stuart's ability to mix leisure and study so successfully will help him greatly in whichever field he chooses, and we wish him all the best.



JUREK GRAY-GRZESZKIEWICZ

"How are you, you bastards?"

An Australian Pole (nationality, not shape) with an unpronounceable name, in spite of many hardships and obstacles — not the least of which was Aussie-English, has emerged unruffled in Final Year.

A graduate in veterinary science, Warsaw, he is affectionately known as "Grandpa", for he is always willing to lend an ear, and assist others in worldly affairs.

Beneath the quiet facade his natural humour only surfaced when appropriate, as was found in his famous performance in the St. Margaret's Revue "Velly Intellecting". Liked and respected by all his colleagues, he also has the good fortune of a charming French wife, and the recent addition to his family, Philippe. We are certain Jurek will succeed in his new career.



EVELYN AMY HARDING

"One has to live on something!"

. . . some six years ago put down the map-making gadgets, waved goodbye to Canberra and landed at Sydney University with enthusiasm and expectations to be a student again.

Evelyn negotiated with determination all the ups and downs that the "course" had to offer—while making herself indispensable as a nurse in various institutions.

During the clinical years, tutors found it difficult to take Evelyn to a patient whom she had not seen and examined previously. After not missing a lecture, a practical class, a tutorial or a clinical meeting for five years, Evelyn spent her elective term on a luxurious sea trip to Singapore—to gather energy to finish the current needlework, the latest Agatha Christie, to buy country property and to pass all examinations of Final Year.

Good luck for the future, Evelyn, whatever it be; embroidery, sprouting walnuts in beer-cans, or perhaps . . . MEDICINE!



GEOFFREY BRUCE HITTMANN

"How about coming down for a jug?"

First Year.—Entered Medicine not knowing what a cell was — and still doesn't . . . broken hearted when the Lalla Rookh Hotel was demolished.

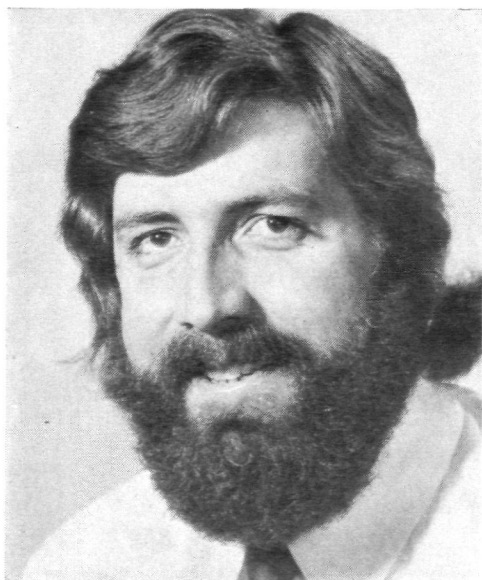
Second Year.—Instrumental in having Med. II year dinners banned from the Union . . . Knowledge of "arthrogryposis multiplex congenita" got him his one and only credit.

Third Year.—Quiet and uneventful first time up, so he did it again . . . Switched allegiance to the "Grose" — and passed.

Fourth Year.—Arrival of a son and heir did not deter him from passing three posts . . . clinical vivas appealed so much, that he did them three times.

Fifth Year.—Straight through—first time ever . . . ten double vodkas led to one badly smashed VW.

Final Year.—Geoff's spontaneous humour and urgings for "a few quiet ones" kept the year alive . . . all the best for your career, Geoff.



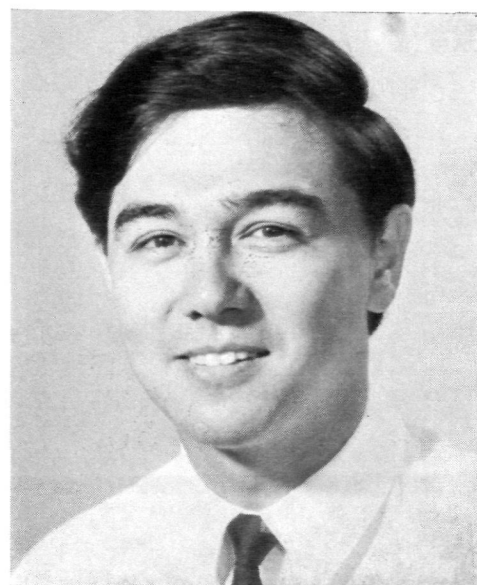
JOHN DANIEL (DANNY) HOOLEY

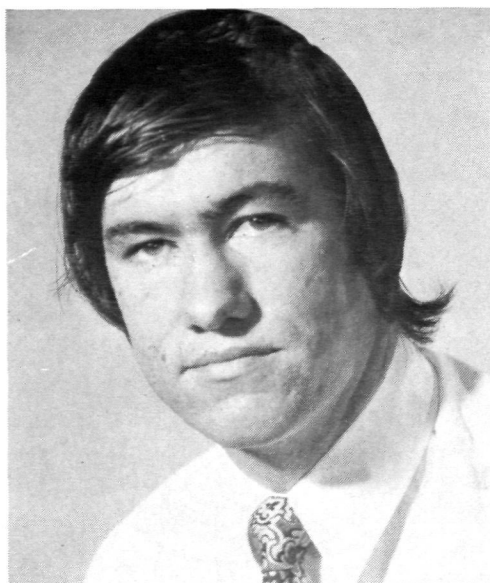
"....."

Dapper Dan arrived in Sydney with the bare essentials in 20 cabin trunks carrying: apparel, cook-books and toys, then proceeded to adapt himself to his studies in a gentlemanly manner, considering it his duty to Australian society, that he study at least one week each year.

Being "Shanghaied" to Hong Kong at a very early age was quite a shock and according to his tutors, in part, "explains his apparent fugue state in tutorials". Perhaps his varied interests, ranging from S.U.R. officer training at the Hydro Hotel, to gourmet chef, to watching late night movies for the tenth time, did restrict time available for curriculum, but he still religiously maintains a passion for regional anatomy which he practises in his home away from home.

In spite of his disguise of disinterest, within is a rare blend of geniality and generosity and, together with his untapped abilities, will never lack respect or friends.





ANTHONY JOHN KIRKWOOD

"Cancelled! Gee! We could have gone to Randwick."

Tony came to us from a rural background, firmly establishing himself as a Grose Farm regular in First Year. His third term worried him so much that he readily admits to going on the wagon for ten weeks straight.

He overcame this transient period of mal-thinking, and in Second and Third Years, he got to call "Perce" by his first name.

His very rigid St. John's upbringing taught Tony the finer things in life, so much so, that he bought himself a pair of binoculars so that he could get a better view at various city and provincial race-tracks.

We feel certain that Tony will make a very successful racehorse owner/bookmaker/snooker player, and especially, a very successful doctor.

GIL KLEINER

Passing into Medicine from Randwick High, Gil's zeal for anatomy became evident by such questions as "Where do these nerve vessels run?" and by singing "Auld Lang Syne" to his cadaver when first term ended.

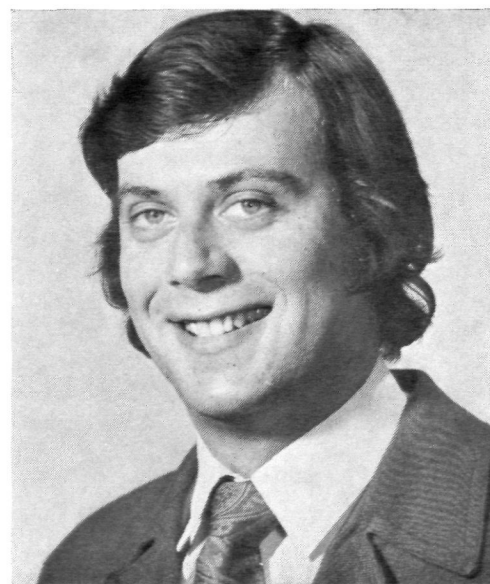
Zeal gave way to shrewdness when in Fourth Year he came to Medicine tutorials smoking the same pipe as the tutor; due to their efforts, the group's lungs have never been the same.

Gil became the envy of pædiatric term when he acquired the only room overlooking the nurses' pool. For this he suffered many uninvited (and some invited) guests.

He joined Phantom Fountain Floggers Inc. in Newcastle, receiving anonymous credit in the local headlines.

Elective term in Israel saw Gil sowing his wild oats, then climbing Mt. Sinai to pray for crop failure.

We are certain that Gil's success in all his future undertakings is assured.



GABY KRAUSZ

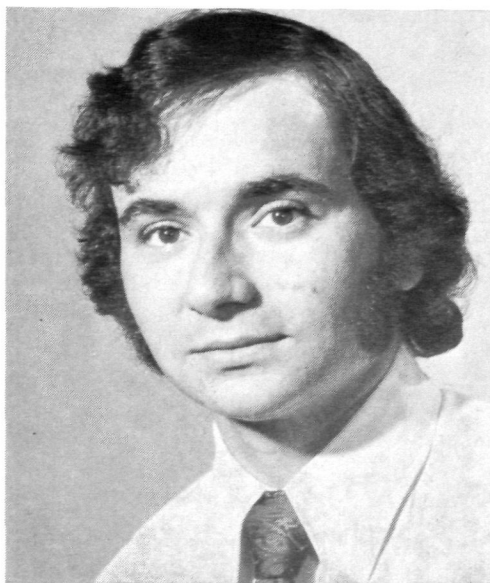
"Oy Vey! — a brick!"

After meditating for a year in Israel, Gaby's chosen career became Medicine. The pre-clinical years were highlighted by his absence from dissections and exceeding the legal alcohol level in the name of pharmacology.

In Fourth Year, Gaby discovered 143 different ways of reaching Concord from Bondi, and Parramatta Road often resounded with Hebrew and Arabic curses until one day he drew alongside a Lebanese taxidriver.

The highlight of Fifth Year came when he married Pearl and somehow passed the Specialities exams two days later. A pseudo-honeymoon followed in Newcastle, where one night Gaby hurled from great heights onto his car, and then made his bride clean it up at 5 a.m., while he went back to sleep. Elective term was spent in Europe and Israel, this time a real honeymoon.

We wish him every success in all his future undertakings.



ANDREW JAMES LANCASTER

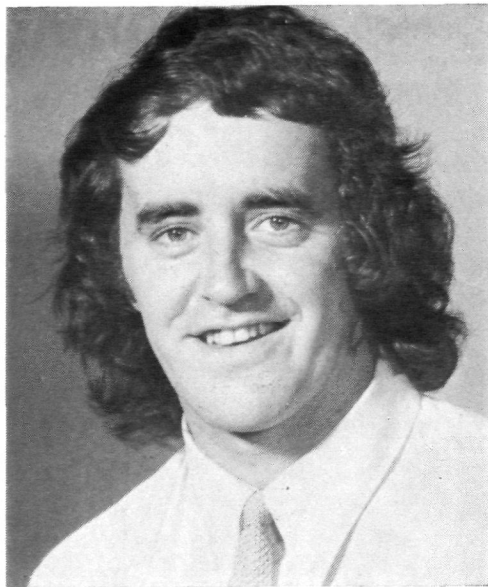
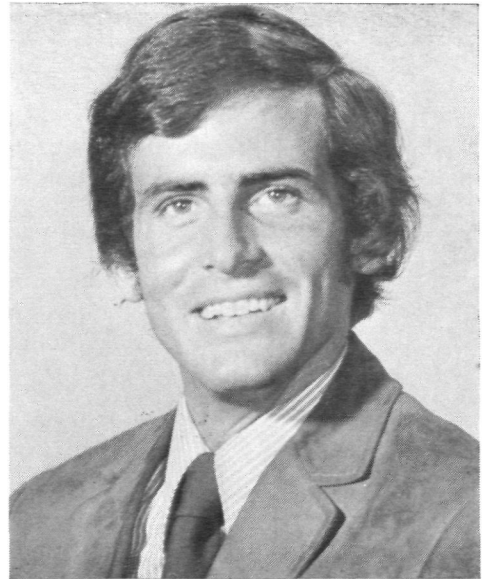
DR. EVANS (4th Year): "*Shoosh, Mr. Lancaster!*"

Andrew—better known as "Lank"—has left his mark, one way or another, on all he has met.

His hypomanic personality has gained him many friends of both sexes, not only in the White Horse pub, but also within the Faculty itself. He will best be remembered for laughing at jokes 30 seconds after everyone else, and his "animal acts": from swinging from rafters in the "Blanc Donk" to atrocities against women at college formals.

Lank has always had his priorities for study and extra-curricular activities in their proper perspective: gaining expertise in "boat racing", snooker, taxi-driving and the art of seduction.

With his undaunted personality and obvious good looks, we feel it unnecessary to wish him success for the future as he has already secured a place in history forever.



NICK ANTHONY MARINUCCI

"Would the other person in the back row like to say something?"

In the past six years, we have seen Nick's metamorphosis from a quiet, clean-shaven, short back and sides fresher to the fungus-faced, long-haired academic that we all know today.

Excelling at sport, Nick has beaten most of the Year at squash and is now challenging the Residents at football.

As a relief from his strict sporting and study programme, Nick spends his idle moments polishing his twin carburettors or finding serenity on Balmoral beach.

Nick was once seen drinking a beer and eating prawns, but his love for wine and a good pizza has yet to be surpassed.

His friendly nature and sincerity have made him many friends, and his understanding of people and his ability to listen will make him very popular with his future patients.

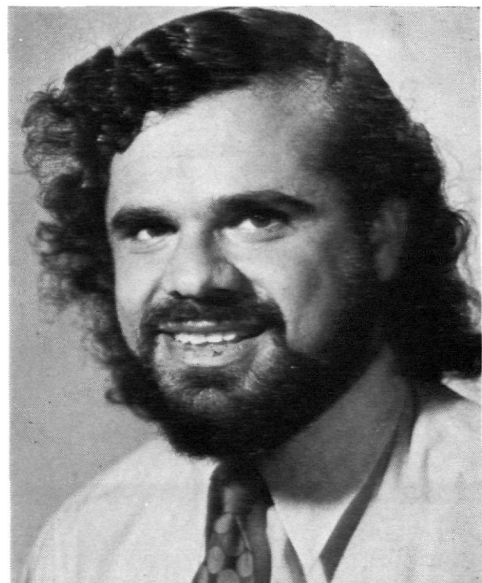
HARMEN LIGHTFOOT

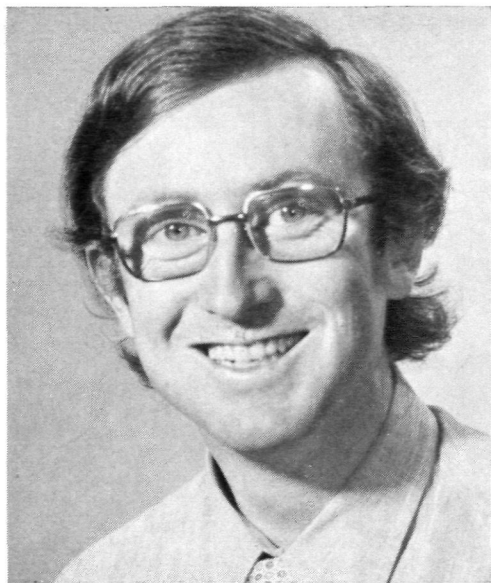
"She's got incredible hangups!"

Ex-Cronulla surfer, ex-schoolteacher, Harmen, after some delay in the first two years of Medicine, settled down to a steady run in the remaining years. His enthusiasm to learn was frequently interrupted by a variety of activities: arranging parties and conventions, skiing every weekend, cab-driving, running pop dances, overseas trips and, last but not least, his pursuit of the gentler sex whom, up to this day, he still fails to understand.

During his clinical years Harmen began to take Medicine so seriously that he began to believe that he had every known disease. However, his real interest was finally roused when he took to psychiatry so much that he attended group therapy sessions.

With Harmen's awareness of the human side of Medicine he should succeed in whatever field he chooses, and we wish him the best of luck.





PETER JUSTIN McGLYNN

"Well, Professor, I suppose pyeloplasty is a sort of plastic operation on your piles!"

Besides a well-deserved reputation as an exponent of the educated guess, the above quote illustrating that he is seldom stuck for an answer, Peter also holds a firm grip on the Seven Quarters to Multi Building Sprint Record. Awakened at 9.57 a.m., he is able to shower, shave and arrive "bright-eyed and bushy-tailed" for a 10 a.m. tutorial.

Peter's absentmindedness has become legend within the group and indeed around the hospital. We imagine that somewhere in the depths of RGH, Concord, there lies a vast storeroom crammed with the answers to . . . "Has anyone seen my folder?" . . . "I wonder where my white coat went?" . . . "Damn . . . I can't find that fourth set of car keys."

Peter's cheerfully blended wry humour, genuine regard for humanity and sense of responsibility make a certain recipe for future success.

MARIE McKELL

Marie breezed into Med. I, fresh-faced, after schooling in the pure atmosphere of Wagga.

At once it was apparent that Marie was easily seduced — by chocolate in any form.

Hobbies being athletic, admirers may have seen her on weekends, radiant in white tennis garb, smiling and apologetic, gracefully aceing her perspiring opponent.

Personal friends knew that neither tennis nor Medicine were Marie's greatest pleasures — such friends became accustomed to the sight of petite Marie in bed, blissfully chewing a chocolate biscuit before going to sleep.

No-one could deny that Marie was a great asset in undergraduate years. Disheartened students could be sure of comfort and concern, a quality leaving vigorous male hearts pining — but with no hard feelings.

Future plans are nebulous, but with her genuine charm and high academic ability, Marie will succeed in all she does.



JUDIT HELEN NEMETH

Always smartly dressed, Judit, as one of the more senior members of the Year, brought with her practical attitudes to life.

After graduating as a chemical engineer in Hungary, she emigrated to Australia and followed a career as biochemist. To avoid the hazards of becoming a suburban housewife, this liberated lady commenced her studies whilst still devoting much time to her daughter, husband and menagerie, as well as indulging in extensive gardening, culinary and embroidery activities and on-call technologist.

With seemingly endless energy and persistence, she has rarely been known to miss a lecture or tutorial and developed a talent for having previously seen surgical patients, much to the dismay of tutors. During elective term this enthusiasm gained her a position of research into the mysteries of post-operative infections.

No doubt Judit's future can only be bright and we wish her good luck.



STEFAN NESZPOR

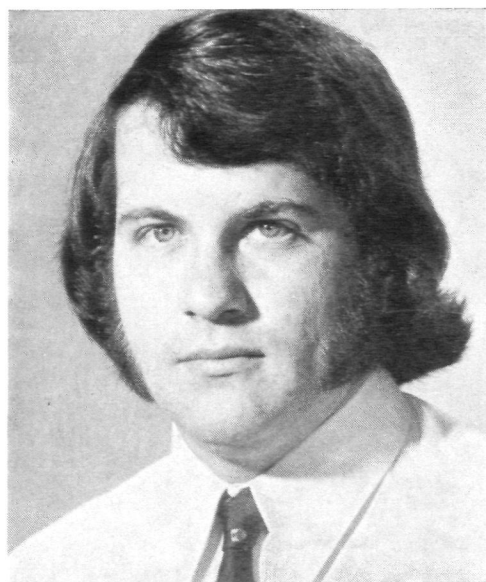
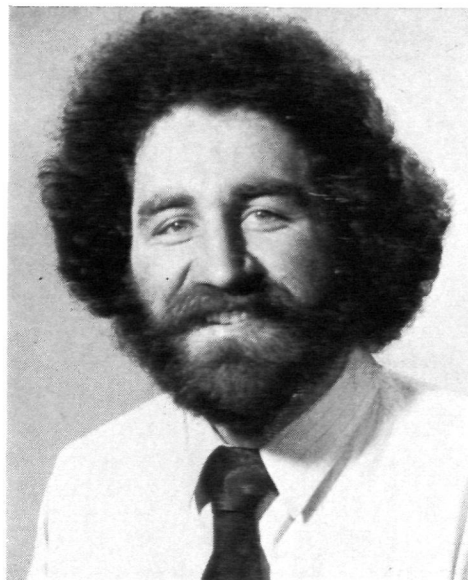
You cannot miss Stef, everything about him is striking, his stature, laugh, ideas, dress.

No less striking is his background; born 15 lb. (his mother claims she has never forgotten it); reared in the striking, sunny suburbia of Cabramatta on a diet of peanut butter sandwiches, and reruns of Ben Casey.

In keeping, his hobbies include: kite-flying, cooking (pancaker extraordinaire), wearing fancy dress to formal occasions (seen informally blessing nuns in full monk's habit).

Prestigious positions held include rowing coach for Sancta, movie-maker, 1st grade Uni football, initiator, creator and awarder of bronze scrotum clad in Krapman gear. Marriage (without shotgun!), reached Final Year.

But be not misled, within this extreme, active, varied man with his drive for enlightened medical education, is a passionate core, striving for genuine concern and closeness with his friends and patients.



ANDREW DONALD WILLIAM PATTERSON

"Got pissed again last night!"

After a year's recuperating in London from the rigours of North Sydney High, Andrew arrived, bright-eyed, in Medicine. The pre-clinical years formed the prodrome of the condition now known as Patterson's syndrome—the classic triad of pes planus, cirrhosis and hypoplastic first rib.

His finer features became evident in Fourth Year, when he introduced pre-tutorial cocktails at Concord R.S.L., climaxed in paediatrics when, faced with a sticky nursing problem, he handled it well, earning the applause of the crowd outside his room.

Another highlight was his introduction of a new fashion in fountains, the "headless look", for which he received front page coverage in the *Newcastle Herald*.

Elective term saw Andrew take his liver for a rest cure, while working with Prof Blackburn at a mission in New Guinea.

We wish him well, wherever his future interests may lie.

RICHARD MCKENZIE REDDEL

"He drank Coca Cola to wash down the raw eggs for breakfast."

Dick was known to most of us before we met him as that legend of Fourth Year, who did the "honours" course because rowing at the inter-
university championships did not allow enough time for the examinations.

Since then we have come to know him as a physical fitness freak who does isometric exercises while palpating an acute abdomen, and who treats every ward round as a training run. This aspect of Dick's personality is best seen in the hospital dining-room, where he eats twice as much as anyone else.

His phantom studying in Final Year prompted one incredulous tutor to say: "He's been working, you know!"

Dick has an obvious vocation in sports medicine, keeping us up to date with the latest developments in anabolic steroids and the like.





KATHLEEN ROSLEY

"S-s-sorry I'm late, Sir!"

Exotic Singapore-born and bred, Kathy left the orient at the tender age of 17, and has never been allowed to forget it. With her peculiar accent and unusual background, her ancestry has been quite a mystery.

She spent a year at Sydney Girls' High School, then joined Sydney University, trudging the long trek in the medical course.

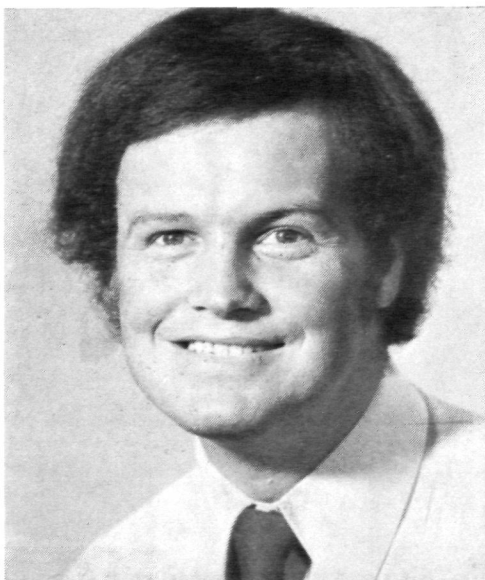
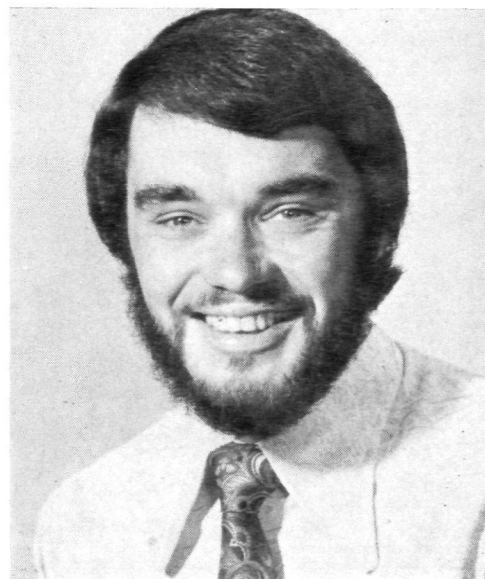
Despite being the only girl in the group, never at any time did she forgo her femininity and become one of the boys.

Kathy will be warmly remembered by all of us for her friendly and outgoing nature, and her concern for others. We wish her the best for the future.

IAN RICHARD SHAW

"All squared away . . .?"

After spending his formative preclinical years at Wesley College, Ian's relationship with the Repatriation Department has now waxed and waned for some three years. A variety of occupations from medical student to part-time wardman has allowed him a rather unique approach to clinical medicine — from both sides of the patient. Scuba diving, the occasional trip to the Barrier Reef, a vacation term spent in South-East Asia, and a somewhat informal approach to medicine, have characterized Ian's clinical years while at Concord. With an often vocally expressed dislike for "hen's teeth syndromes", "serum rhubarb levels", philosophizing and excessive theorizing, Ian is typified in his liking for good, basic practical medicine which is essentially patient-orientated. We all agree that his wide range of interests and down to earth approach to problems will undoubtedly assure him of success in the future.



WILLIAM TERENCE STANLEY

Easygoing is a word that fits Bill perfectly. He is always friendly, has never overtaxed himself with work, and only once ever raised his voice in justifiable anger — accompanied by death threats!

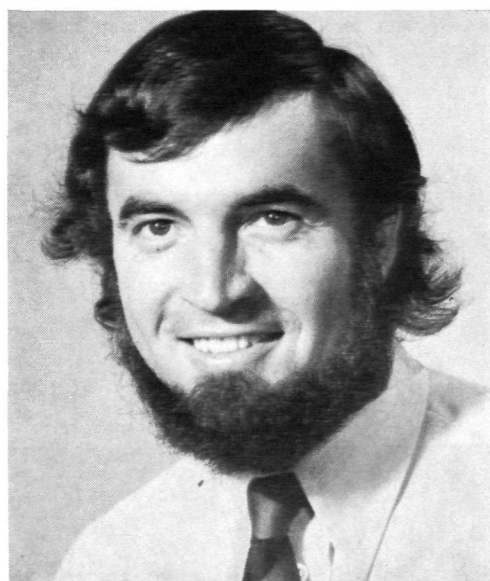
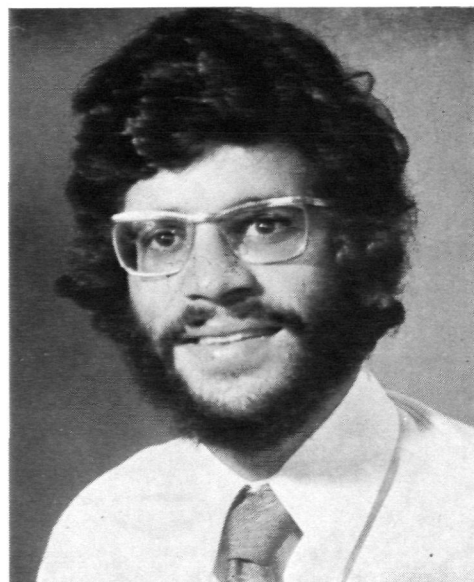
He has an uncanny knack of impressing in tutorials even on subjects with which he is unacquainted. His easy, good-natured open friendliness does on occasion make him the butt of practical jokes.

Mellowed by marriage and with an added sense of responsibility, in recent weeks he has shown signs of working towards his Finals and should become the kind of doctor that little old ladies dream about.

MICHAEL ALAN TAYAR

"The Little Fella."

He may be small in stature, but boy does he have pepper,
 His everready jokes could electrify a leper.
 He is quite pachydermic — is that why he did not grow? —
 Has winning ways that even Dale Carnegie does not know.
 Though secretly sinister and latently left-handed,
 He rightly deals with fish and golf balls wherever they have landed.
 He was born in a kibbutz, half Maltese and half Tunisian;
 A motley multinational man, a hive of indecision.
 He abstains from all life's evils, but he took himself a wife,
 And remains forever faithful, both to her and "Norths" for life.
 The beard he wears is longer than his sight without his glasses,
 And his towering dimensions get him many children's passes.
 And although he's fraught with worries, and his passions may be fickle,
 He's the undeniable master of the costo-chondral tickle.



PHILIP JOHN THOMPSON

"Haven't I met you somewhere before..."

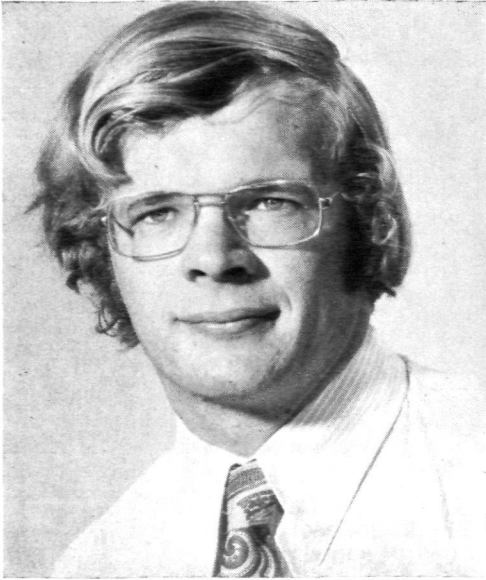
Phil is different things to different people. To some a quiet philosopher, to others the one who argues the point to the "n"th degree. He's seen enjoying live theatre and pleasant restaurants, but elsewhere he becomes the life and noise of parties, rocking into the small hours of the morning. Medically, his main interest is the patient — along with the latest esoteric syndrome. He's as happy on the squash and tennis courts as he is in front of a blackboard. To his tutors, he's the one with the opinions, or the one who keeps questioning till an answer is obtained. With women Phil shows his ability to have lasting relationships on occasions, but usually he's to be found trying to escape the clutches of some femme fatale (nurse?).

Whatever he is, most would agree, he's a happy, hairy and likeable friend.

LAWRENCE THOMAS WALLINGTON

Say I'm serious and quiet
 Friendly, but hard to get to know.
 Say I try to be fair
 And respect other people and their rights,
 Knowing there's always more than one side and a reason
 And all you have to do is look for it;
 To be a real person and a doctor.
 Say I think a lot and write poetry a little.
 Say I like:
 Certain special girls very much, people,
 Squash and tennis and running, chess,
 Music — especially country and folk, films and reading,
 Walking along beaches, and lying in bed.





RICHARD GEORGE WALSH

On entering the hallowed "Old Digger's Palace in the West", Richard set about acquainting himself with the somewhat mystical aspects of clinical medicine. This casual relationship has now persisted for some three years, being punctuated by a lucrative nursing career, the occasional football game, a trip to New Zealand and the furthering of his fond appreciation of the pale ale.

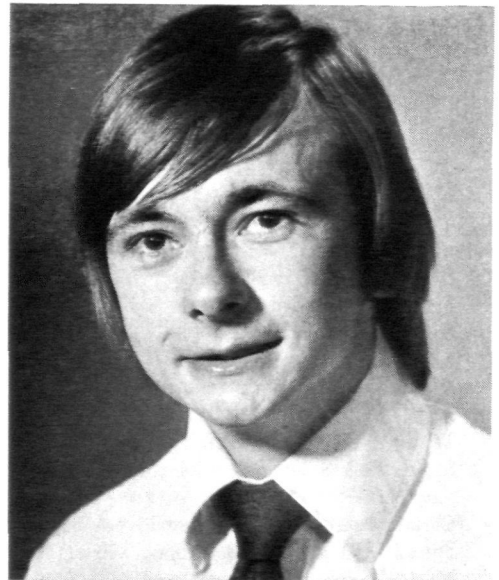
As Richard comes from a rather heavily medically orientated family, we suspect that his interest in medicine is due to a congenital defect—a dominant autosomal trait, homozygously expressed—rather than any particular environmental influences. Throughout these clinical years Richard has admirably overcome these Mendelian strains and has developed an easygoing and practical outlook on life which, together with his commonsense approach to problems, will undoubtedly assure him of future success in any field of medicine.

JEREMY SOMERS WILSON

"You're too young to . . ."

While wintering in Australia, Jeremy has with "E type" speed compiled a comment on every restaurant in Sydney. Despite his self claimed dancing and singing ability at league's clubs, Jeremy has devoted himself mainly to the other two of the famous triad. His unusual quantitative rating of red wines has led to many early morning symptoms, he claims this has never been contagious.

Passing through Medicine almost incidentally, he has achieved a fine academic record and is assured of success in the future with his quick, active mind and warm, friendly personality.



STEPHEN WILSON

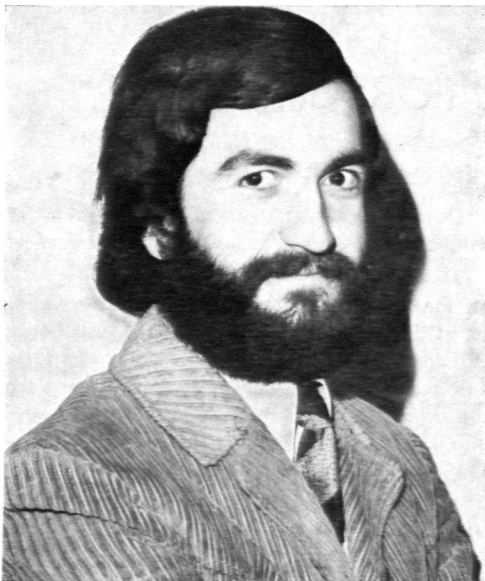
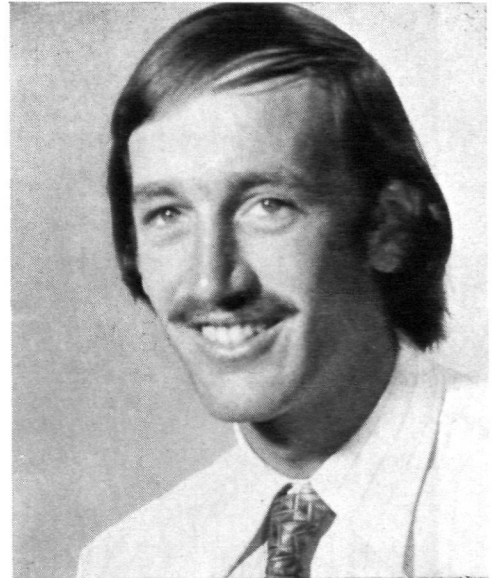
"Would you like to get up and walk around while you think about it?"

Building bridges did not appeal to Steve, so he seized the opportunity to switch from engineering to medicine where, after doing the Second Year "Honours" course, he has never looked back.

Probably the hardest worker in the group, he was always conjuring up devious ways to entice nurses to his room, exemplified at "Kid's" by his "Would you like to come up and listen to my tapes?" routine.

Steve's assortment of historic cars occupied many of his idle hours. While everyone else was "updating", Steve was downdating, until his final triumph—a bright red collector's M.G., which cost only \$300 to register.

Those of us who know him wish him all the best in his medical career.



JOHN YIANNIKAS

This often bearded, sometimes bespectacled, person first showed his quick tongue in the arena of abortion debates. Later he used the same quick tongue and deadpan face to bluff many a tutor with an improvised and non-specific mechanism or pathological picture.

John disappeared to England and Europe for elective term. His spare moments with current medical reading have produced his habitual difficult questions, confidently expressed and sometimes mercilessly directed; yet his happy smile reflected his friendly disposition.

He was well known among the fringe dwellers of Glebe as a brief but intense member of the beautiful losers. But the earthbound and enclosing hand of Medicine has drawn him from his psychic flights to the grim but humbling realities of Medicine.

Where does his future lie? He is assured of success—whether it be as a teaching hospital physician or selling patent medicines in back streets of Redfern.



ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

LILLIPUT-IN-CAMPERDOWN

The Fairytale Kingdom of Tom Stapleton

Come to the court of this benign but searching grandfatherly child addict, present your credentials, and progress into his wards to a fanfare of TV sets, a chorale of liveliness, the rompings of his more mobile subjects; and there trip over teddy-bears, roller-skates, children, playpens, nurses, medicine. Collect yourself and listen to the teachings of his liberated conservatism that dares to find a place for human consciousness in medicine. Absorb his tales of fame and fable—the cities of the world, heads of state, princes, pædiatricians, pædiatrics and other incidentals of his travels. Tremble before his questions: “Who was Ord of the Ord River?”, etc.

Perhaps take opportunity to meet his staunch lieutenants. The laconic cynic PETER ROWE in softening mood; the smooth, the ever cool, the sunshine tutor, DR. YU; the timeless teddy-

bear of DR. DOWD, the quiet, concealed perception of PROFESSOR KATZ; the tall, dark WATSON, the phenomenon of ZERFAS.

Stroll about the gardens observing their menagerie of litterbins, linger at the fine cuisine of lunchtime smorgasbords. Visit the wards and there, amidst the Beatrix Potter-Pixie O'Harris artwork and tropical fish, make favourites among the children. Even learn a little.

You may decide to take a room and spend a fortnight in this enchanting principality. Play squash and table tennis, swim, visit the casualty by night. (Discount obsessive maids, patched up with band-aids telephones and washing machines that never wash.) The tariff is most reasonable, and at \$11/week includes all meals and guided tours of Sydney's Spastic Centre and a typical suburban kindergarten.

Find it a little disturbing, then take some of its sanity away to guard against the dull oppressiveness so prevalent in the Lands of General Hospital.

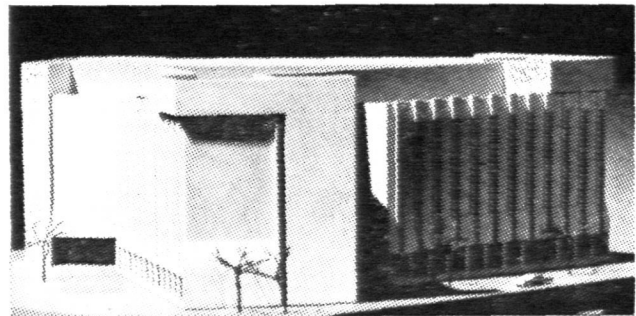
Research is the corner-stone of the Roche organisation- world-wide

IN AUSTRALIA the Roche Institute of Marine Pharmacology is nearing completion at Dee Why. Investigation of the myriad sea creatures of our shores is already in progress in conjunction with Australian universities. This basic biological research may elucidate new chemical structures which in turn may serve as models for the synthesis of new pharmacologically active compounds.



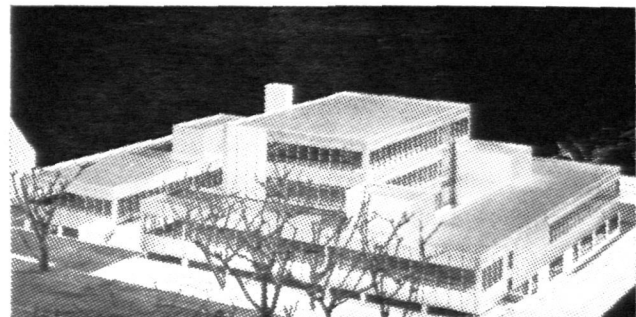
*The Roche Institute of Marine Pharmacology,
Sydney.*

In the United States of America at the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology fundamental research into the chemical mechanisms of biological phenomena has been under way since 1970 in an atmosphere of academic freedom for the research worker.



*The Roche Institute of Molecular Biology,
Nutley, U.S.A.*

In Switzerland at the Basle Institute of Immunology, established in 1970, research teams are delving deeper into the mysteries of the immunological system of the body—further participation by Roche in projects normally the domain of government sponsored research centres.



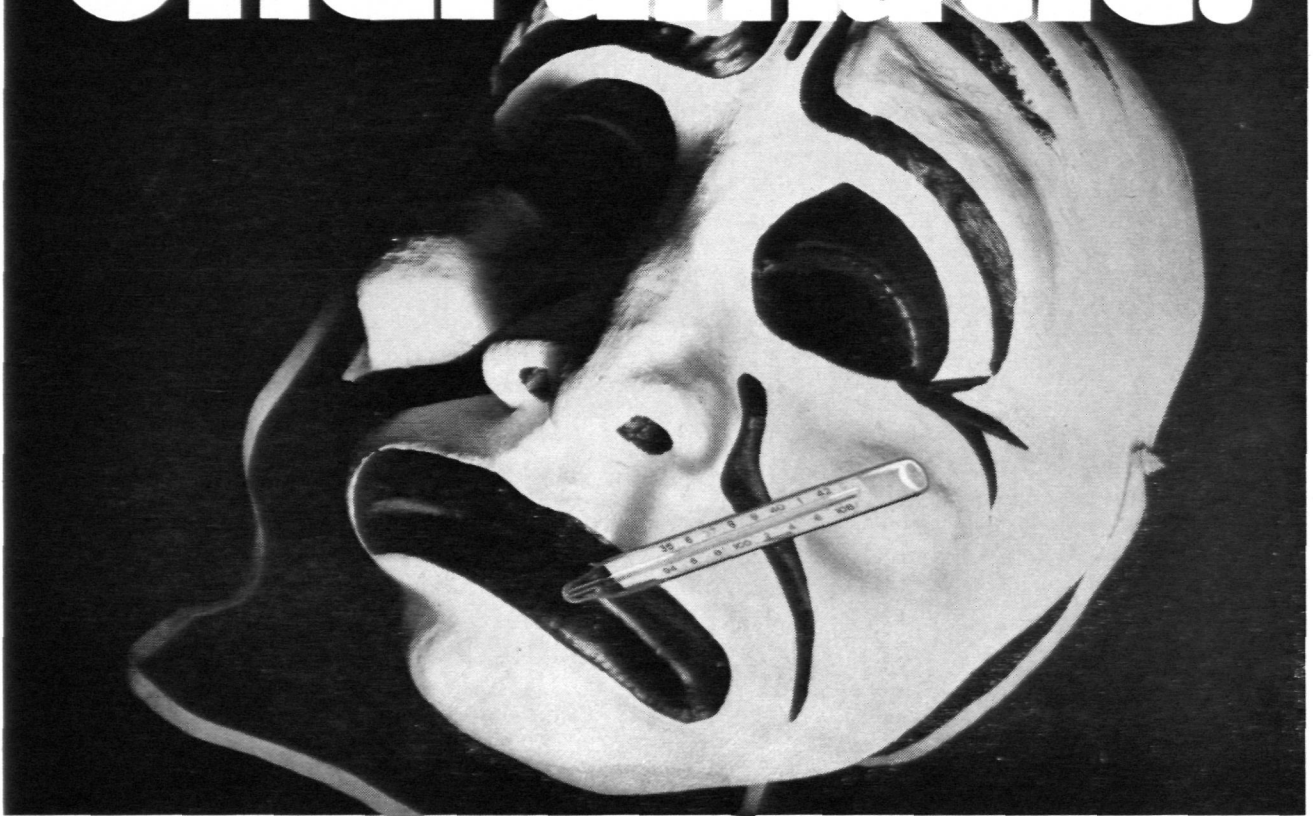
*The Basle Institute for Immunology,
Switzerland.*

These centres represent a considerable investment by Roche in basic research in the hope that something of benefit to the health of mankind will emerge.



—ORIGINATORS OF FINE PHARMACEUTICALS FOR 75 YEARS

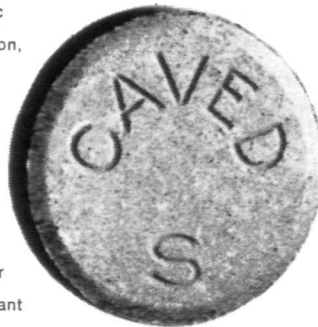
Undramatic:



No bed rest or working restrictions with **Caved-(S)**

"... deglycyrrhizinized liquorice can accelerate the rate of healing of gastric ulcer in ambulant patients. The assessment of the therapeutic value has been based on reduction of the size of gastric ulcer seen on radiological examination, after the administration of the drug for a period of one month. The average percentage reduction in the size of the ulcer in reported trials has been 70% to 90% after one month, compared with 30% to 40% in patients receiving placebos. These studies demonstrated that healing occurs in patients who were not confined to bed, many of whom continued at work during the treatment." *British Medical Journal* (1970) 1,159-160

"In a double blind clinical trial in which 54 patients were included, the effect of deglycyrrhizinized liquorice was investigated. Duodenal ulcer cases showed marked symptomatic improvement, with radiological healing demonstrable in a few cases. Further confirmation of the activity of the drug was obtained from the treatment of six cases of gastric ulcer all of which showed extensive healing. Radiology demonstrated that the effect of the drug was spasmolytic in all duodenal ulcer patients, and that the side-effects were minimal. The great advantage of the treatment is that patients can be treated as ambulant and with a minimum loss of work." *Gut*, 1968, 9,48-51



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THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

We began enthusiastically—our chance to become participants in patient-care, a rare occurrence in our six years of non-involvement. No longer the vague exhortation: “Get into the wards”, but the direct call: “Your delivery!”

Memories of colourful sights, “the Butcher” and his prowess with forceps, the theatricals of Wednesday lunchtime, the endless parade at O.P.D., speculative inquiries into the inner recesses, endless contemplation of the green felt battlefield and its spherical warriors seen through the misty haze of dolphin-induced euphoria.

But the pinnacle was labour ward, where we were trained in the mysteries of name tag inscription, guarding the fundus and washing the progeny—in short, the gamut of midwifery.

Thanks to the staff we were made part of the hospital and when we left it was with a feel for what goes on in O & G [albeit a number of gaps in our formal knowledge!]. Well, we enjoyed it—what more do you say about a pleasant interlude?



KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

The best way to start at KGV is with a visit to the roof. A pensive look at the view in all directions, and a few lungfuls of the precious smog will prepare you for the initiation into the small, intense world of the six floors below you. In doing this, you will also become competent with impossible vicissitudes of the elevators, and the stuffy sleepless waiting in the "Stewed-ants" room.

Step down to the 4th floor, and approach a sister on 4th Obs, asking about your allocated patient. Don't be surprised to: (1) be told of seven other cases worth seeing; (2) be blackmailed into dragging yourself on a ward round; (3) see no sister there; so you leave stunned with enthusiasm.

Never mind the tutes: the constant reminders of your ignorance, the clumsiness of your effort to gently strangle a rag-doll fetus through a plastic pelvis, and that never-ending inquiry of: "What would you like to talk about this week?" — a question that O & G men seem to have cultivated superbly. Again, you sit there stunned, thinking: "I don't know what I don't know", and you depart punch drunk.

On the lighter side of degradation we have outpatients, a random accumulation of people from whom one must extract

a "netherland" history. Stride boldly across then, to finish your afternoon behind the honorary's "line-up" — a gentle reminder that the gynæcologist's hand is quicker than your eye.

Don your white cap and shroud and creep stealthily into labour (labia) ward, a place where some of the world's slowest processes seem to incur the most panic-ridden activity. As you insert your earplugs, you may find, as others before you, that your function in labour ward is:

- i to be ignored
- ii to be ignored some more
- iii to perform deliveries — of bottles of blood at 3 a.m. (happiness is a sleeping resident)
- iv to watch interminable attendances at the perineum — battlefield for mother, baby, sister, pupil-midwife, resident, and "forceps-at-the-ready" registrar
- v to get a shock when someone asks you to do a delivery — and then clean up
- vi to be assistant seamster at early morning repairs.

Beware of friendly sisters that bite (we will always love you and your barley sugar); although they are pleasant they are terribly forgetful and can't read phone numbers. Yet we still thank you, Sister Stewart, and your band of merry baby-catchers.

If you're feeling in a decorative mood, hang around theatres and become a wallflower. Peer down the end of a Sims speculum or over a gynæcologist's hand and you can be forgiven for thinking that everyone is trying to see things inside-out. And that scraping noise—shudder!

Well, despite the deficiencies and the obstacles (pools of blood and white cream), we've enjoyed our misguided tour of lady-land. And we would like to extend our thanks to our dedicated guides:

Prof Shearman— for dazzling us with science;

Prof (the Mighty) Jones— for his gentleness in our ignorance;

Dr. Mary Heseltine— for trying to put life into dead bottles;

Dr. Ryan— we never thought X-rays were so amusing;

Dr. Long— for his lessons on backstabbing;

Tutors too numerous to cope with— yawn!

And an especial backpat for the dynamic Dr. Bruce (Bruise)

Storey— who dragged us unwillingly through the story of neonates.

I hope that we will eventually live up to the standards we once seemed incapable of during that formative year that you led us.



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

However variable the assessment of each group's progress through this term was, one consistency was evident, that being the universal enthusiasm shown in the two inanimate objects, the beeper and the telephone, and the zeal that was associated with their possession. Apart from the natural satisfaction from the activity undertaken at this hospital, we also accrued skills of a more domestic nature, that leave us with memories

of bemused patients who must be uncertain as to which skill we have greater potential.

Even though the new quarters may have changed the style of this term, our memories will be much the same as previous years. Guided by directors of a variety of character, aided by sisters and staff, we are thankful for having had the opportunity to benefit from their experience.



The Obstetrics Block

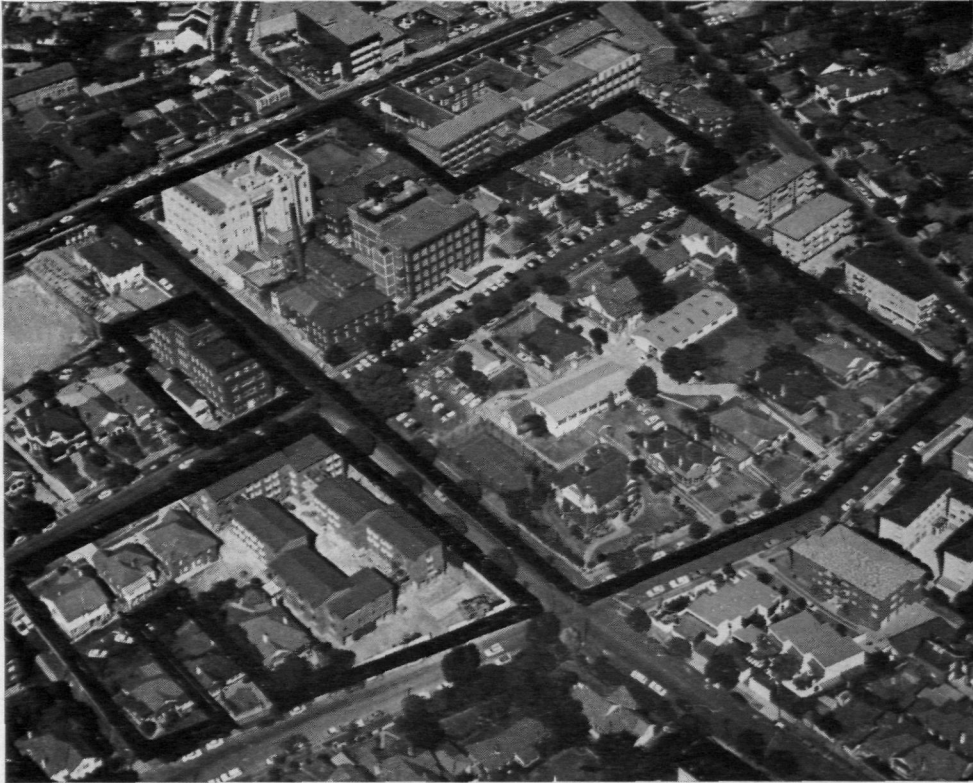
ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Most students seem to approach their term with some eager anticipation at least. Their initial impressions of formidable midwives, meconium-stained suede shoes and all night labour floor duty usually daunts them only temporarily.

Once into it, those "wee small hours" do not seem to drag if there is a lot happening, and the sisters seem to be quite human once their resistance has been broken down.

The number of deliveries still keeps going up despite the ravages of the pill and the suction curette. The competition with the obstetric nurses is nevertheless still keen for babies and what else they hold holy. For most students this term is enjoyed and well remembered.

D. M. SAUNDERS.



THE MATER HOSPITAL

The Sisters of Mercy founded the Mater Hospital at North Sydney in 1909. Through its history, the Hospital has emphasized the wide range of clinical services offered to its patients and the broad, practical type of training which has been available to its residents and student nurses.

In 1968 the Mater was affiliated with the University of Sydney as one of its teaching hospitals. In the following year teaching commenced at the Mater in a programme which was coordinated with that of the Royal North Shore Hospital. The partnership between the clinical schools of the two hospitals has been highly successful and each succeeding year has witnessed a significant addition to the teaching responsibility of the Mater.

In 1972, the Dean of the Faculty (Professor D. Maddison) officially opened the new clinical school which had been provided by extensive renovations to a cottage on the Mater campus. The clinical school provides a library, reading room, tutorial rooms, office space and an amenity area for students.

The success of the teaching programme has been largely dependent upon close and attentive supervision provided by the Clinical Supervisor (Dr. W. R. J. Middleton). A personalized library service and much friendly assistance has

been made available by Dr. Middleton's Secretary, Mrs. M. Riel.

Over the years the Mater has provided a general and practical training for its residents, with the accent upon full involvement in patient care and early, graduated responsibility. Although a high proportion of its residents have subsequently entered general practice, a considerable number have successfully completed specialist training.

In 1973 the Mater joined the Rotation Scheme for Interns in conjunction with the Royal North Shore Hospital and other north-side hospitals. The Mater provides one intern post in each of general medicine, general surgery, medical specials, surgical specials and casualty. Preliminary assessments of the scheme have been generally favourable.

In 1974 the Mater will offer, for the first time, streaming options in medical, surgical and general training for the second year of residency.

Registrarships and/or third year residencies are available in medicine, surgery, pathology and anaesthesia. Training posts in all of those departments are recognized by the appropriate colleges and the Orthopaedic Association.

D. DIETHELM.



Ted and Russ suffered desperately at the hands of several immature but creative students as evidenced by the above.

We all wish to thank the following for their help.

MR. E. HENNESSY.

MR. J. WRIGHT.

MR. R. BISSETT.

MR. P. ROBINSON.

ROYAL NEWCASTLE HOSPITAL

The staff of R.N.H. endeavoured to make the students welcome, and the students responded in kind with mutual benefits to both. The aim of the Newcastle staff was to encourage the students to think for themselves as part of a professional group with its attendant responsibilities and privileges. Whether or not success was achieved can only be judged by the students. However, here at Newcastle we are bound to have contributed in some small way to the professional achievements of the 1973 Final Year.

Fortunately, it was not all work: we remember the Chartell parties where Hunter red flowed like intravenous fluids in the intensive care ward, we also recall the flag incident, when a dastardly group of students misappropriated hospital property to construct and fly an obscene banner from the hospital. Be warned, an executive investigation is proceeding and the culprits are expected to be apprehended shortly (!).

There was the log book kept by one of the more mature students in which the cases were grouped: "routine"; "emergency" and "cases that didn't do so well". The same student was noted for her helpfulness in theatre: "Say, Dr. B., you seem to be in trouble, do you want someone to get Dr. H.?"

And of course who will forget the "quick in and out clinic"? We remember the way totally surgically orientated problems solved at the Beach Hotel, including the realization by one of your number that Scotch whisky is bad preparation for a proctology clinic. Remember the difference between a doctor and a medical student is that a doctor has to get up the next morning.

From the doctors at Newcastle Hospital to the students at Sydney Hospital and R.N.S.H.; may your Final Year treat you to the rewards that you so richly deserve.

RUSSELL BISSETT

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY

Probably the greatest rate of energy expenditure per square foot on campus occurs in the humble, hopelessly overcrowded quarters of the Sydney University Medical Society and Bookshop.

Since our arrival at Uni. in orientation week, 1968, the Med. Soc. has advised and assisted us through our course—supplying textbooks, “I’m sorry, but due to the unforeseen carrier pigeon strike in Venezuela...” (other bookshops had not even heard of the book), printed notes, “Bob’s having a little bit of trouble with the machine”, *Innominate* (the very occasional newspaper), the annual *Journal*, and the Lambie-Dew Oration (how can we forget Christian Barnard, Sheila Sherlock, Sir Lorimer Dods and Med. Soc. “old boy” Gus Nossal?). The Med. Soc. also organised Interfaculty sport, unallocated term positions, the AMSA Convention, the Clinical Years Bursary Fund for needy students and, through the work of the Ladies Ball Committee, the War Memorial Library Fund. Of course, we must mention those fantastic Med. Balls—the “Troc.” and the Town Hall, Frank Coughlin and Ray Price, the light shows, Ellis D. Fogg, the Floor shows, Miss Med. . . .

The members of the Council, our year reps. and other enthusiasts, carried our cause to the Faculty through various ad hoc meetings and the Staff-Student Liaison Committee, organised some memorable ethanol-athons (“Bottle Tuts.”)—the “White Horse”, Kim Morris’ Home—and generally made themselves useful about the place.

Most important, however, has been our involvement with the Med. Soc. staff. For some twenty years, Mrs. Sheila Nicholas (“Mrs. Nick.”) has been counsel and friend to several thousand med. students. She always seems to remember us and can be relied upon for sound advice and help, consolation or encouragement. To describe her “an institution” is too impersonal—and yet, there is no doubt that few people have enjoyed such lasting impact on the students passing through the course. No doubt, as in past decade, we will return as professors or consultants, or even as medical drop-outs, to talk about the “old times” with Mrs. Nick and catch up on the “Who’s Who” or “What’s What” of the class of ’73—and with that characteristic smile (resigned and yet delighted)—Mrs. Nick will turn away from her engulfing work load and welcome us back.

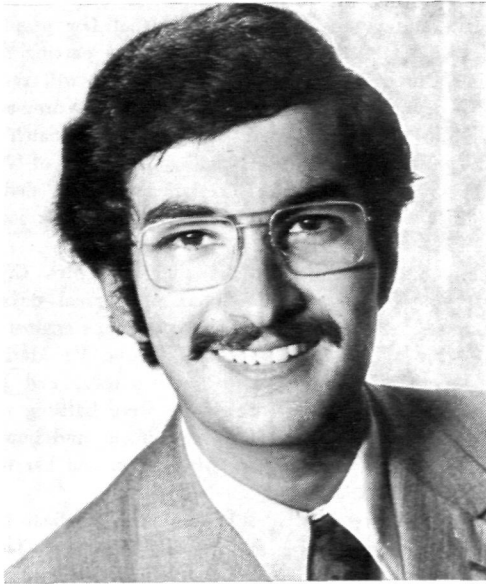
We shall also remember fondly Pam and Mrs. G. (Mrs. Gregson) who befriended us in our pre-clinical days—“I’m going to have another hottie”—“The typewriter’s against me!”; Virginia—“I’m so tired”, from Med. IV and V; Marianna—coke, the stars and stripes, jelly sandwiches . . . and Betty—“Yes dear, can I help you”—while we were battling through Final Year. In an environment as amorphous and impersonal as Sydney University, we needed Mrs. Nick. and her team in myriad ways—and they never failed us.

Now that we are Life Members of the Medical Society, may we long remember and benefit from the facilities, Bookshop and Med. Soc. traditions which have been built up over the years.



Mrs. S. Nicholas.

“ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1973



DEREK RAGHAVAN

The “Robin May” Memorial Prize was created in 1948 in memory of five young graduates from this Faculty who, three years earlier, had lost their lives in the tragic sinking of the launch “Robin May”. It is awarded annually in Final Year to the student chosen by his fellows for outstanding leadership and good fellowship displayed throughout his medical course. This year the prize winner is Derek Raghavan.

Derek was born in Argentina, educated in Austria, Pakistan and New Zealand, and finally emigrated to Australia where he

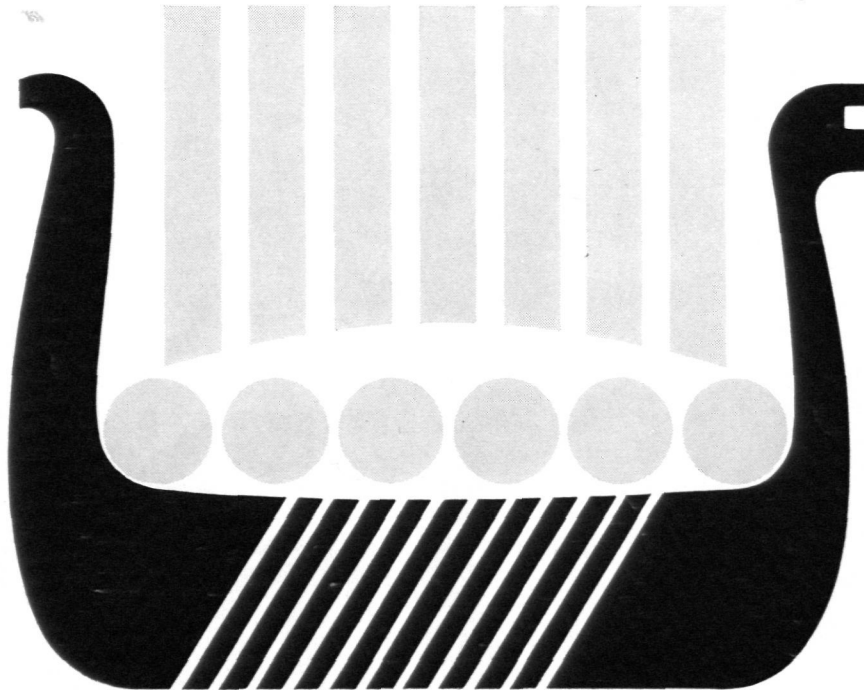
completed his secondary education at Vaucluse High School. It was thus with a truly cosmopolitan background that he entered Medicine in 1968. Nor was it long before his qualities as a leader became obvious to us. Following his now historic “If elected...” address to the year, he was, in fact, duly elected to the position of First Year Representative and remarkably managed to fulfil all his election promises. Since then, he has held a number of official positions including R.P.A.H. Year Representative in 1973, Joint-Editor of the Medical Journal in 1972, and Secretary of the Medical Society in 1971 (in the latter capacity, making a record number of phone calls—almost all, we are assured, on official Med. Soc. business). In addition, Derek has served on Faculty for two years, on the Board of Medical Studies for two years and on the Staff Student Liaison Committee for five years. In these offices his unique flair for diplomacy helped establish and maintain excellent rapport between our Year and our teachers and administrators—no easy task!

Apart from official duties, “Rags” also revelled in the role of entrepreneur of such memorable social events as the “Floating White Horse Turn” of 1970 and other Year get-togethers. On a more personal basis he has always been affable yet unflappable, with tongue often embedded firmly in cheek. His self-sacrifice in allowing opponents to constantly beat him at squash is evidence of his good fellowship.

Despite these and other extra-curricular activities, Derek has managed to score more than creditably in the academic sector, finishing with Second Class Honours and prizes in Pædiatrics (the Carnation Prize of one contented cow) and in Social and Preventive Medicine (a leather-bound volume of “Recent Advances in Deep-pit Latrine Construction”).

Derek is a most worthy winner of the “Robin May” Prize; as a Year we thank him for his efforts on our behalf, and as friends and colleagues we wish him every success in the future.

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FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1973

PASS

November, 1973 (Alphabetical)

- Abraham, K. J.
Alexander, S. L.
Anderson, K. D.
Anspal, T.
Arnold, J. D.
Aroney, R. S.
- Barker, J. M.
Begbie, T. H.
Bender, M. D.
Bennie, A. S.
Bergen, J. A.
Bergin, D. J.
Berick, J. M.
Bertouch, J. V.
Blatchford, P. T.
Bonella, D. C.
Bonnette, G. R.
Booth, S. M.
Bosanquet, J. S.
Bovard, P. J.
Bradfield, D. G.
Brasier, K. B.
Brauman, D.
Byrne, J. B.
- Carlyle, J. D.
Carmalt, H. L.
Carney, G. M.
Carter, J. M.
Castle, C. C. H.
Chambers, B. K.
Chaseling, R. W.
Chipman, P.
Chow, D. S.
Clarkson, T. J.
Clee, M. G.
Cooper, J. H.
- Dalley, D. N.
Davey, G. E.
David, T. P.
Davidson, P. I.
Davies, J. W.
de Burgh, J. M.
Dearnelly H. P.
De Luca, C. M.
Don, G.
Donaldson, W. G.
- Edson, K. H.
Eil, J. J.
- Falk, P. D.
Fasher, A. M.
Fay, R. A.
Feldman, A. S.
Finucan, T. M.
Fitzgerald, P. D.
Fowler, P. G.
Fowler, W. H.
Freeman, A. P.
Frost, G. W.
- Gadd, S. M.
Garvan, J. D.
Gibril, A. A. A.
Goldberg, T. L.
Gottlieb, P.
Graham, M. J.
Graham, R. H. W.
Gray-Grzeszkiewicz, J.
Gray, R. H.
Griffin, E. M.
Grygeil, J. J.
- Hales, P. A.
Hanstein, M. A.
Hardcastle, P. H.
Harding, E. A.
Hardy, G. K.
Hawryliw, L.
Hay, J. A.
Hellestrand, K. J.
Henning, R. D.
Hicks, R. F.
Hing, M. C.
Hittman, G. B.
Hoffmann, C. E. J.
Hutton, J. D.
- Ireland, G. C.
- Jackson, R. T.
James, C. S. J.
James, M. L.
Jameson, D. C.
- Kidd, P. C.
Kirkwood, A. J.
Kleiner, G.
Krausz, G.
- Lancaster, A. J.
Lee, K. K.
Lee, K. L. C.
Lee, S.
Leitner, R. P.
Leslie, A. L.
Lightfoot, H.
Lizzio, J.
Lo, K. Y.
Locke, G. H.
Lonergan, B. F.
Lovett, I. S.
Lumbewe, P. A.
- Mansfield, R. J. J.
Marinucci, N. A.
Marsden, D.
Martin, C. J.
Martin, P. C.
Martyn, G. D.
Masters, B. R.
Mazzaferro, A. J.
McCallum, M. D.
McDonnell, G. D.
McElduff, A. P.
McEvoy, J. H. R.
McGlynn, P. J.
McKell, M. J.
McKeon, J. J.
McLaren, J. W.
McLean, D. A.
Menzies, J.
Meredith, C. G.
Moloney, J. P.
Moloney, S.
More, D. G.
Morris, K. L.
Morris, P. H.
Morrison, A. M.
Morton, A. R. A.
Muhlen-Schulte, M.
- Nelson, G. I. C.
Nemeth, J. H.
Neszpor, S.
Nighjoy, L. E.
- O'Keefe, J. C.
Olds, R. G.
O'Leary, B. J. P.
- Palmer, M. R.
Pasfield, S. V.
Patterson, A. D. W.
Pearson, A.
Pike, I. A.
Podolakin, W.
Pohl, D. V.
- Raghavan, D.
Rakus, M. R.
Reddel, R. M.
Rice, M. W. A.
Richards, D. A. B.
Robinson, C. D.
Rohl, P. G.
Rojnavibul, S.
Romeo, N.
Rosenberg, A. M.
Rosenfeld, D.
Rosenman, S. J.
Rosley, K.
Rytmeister, J. S.
- Sarian, P.
Selby, W. S.
Seldon, M. R.
Shannon, S. D.
Shaw, I. R.
Shumack, E. J.
Simmons, K. C.
Simone, J. J. L.
Slobodniuk, R. A.
Smee, C. J.
Smith, D. H.
Smith, R.
Stanley, W. T.
- Steinbeck, K. S.
Stenning, H. M.
Stephens, R. A. N.
Stevenson, J. L.
Stewart, J. F.
Stiel, D.
Sungaila, A.
Sweeten, M. V.
Sztolcman, P.
- Tayar, M. A.
Thompson, P. J.
Thompson, W. R.
Turner, T. R.
Turnidge, J. D.
- Van Asperen, P. P.
Vernon, A. C.
- Walker, G. L.
Walker, I. H.
Wallach, S. R.
Wallington, L. T.
Walsh, R. G.
Watt, G. C.
Webb, R. K.
Wicks, G. B.
Wiley, S. T.
Wilkinson, J. F.
Wilson, F. R.
Wilson, J. S.
Wilson, S. F.
Wong, K. Y.
Woodforth, I. J.
- Yan, K. Y.
Yannikas, J.
Young, S. G.
- Zorn, R. D.

HONOURS AT GRADUATION

Class I

- Hellestrand, K. J.
More, D. G.
Smee, C. J.
Donaldson, W. G.
Griffin, E. M.
Henning, R. D.
McKell, M. J.
Chipman, P.
Wilkinson, J. F.
Bergan, J. A.
Barker, J. M.
Davies, J. W.
Brauman, D.
Wilson, J. S.
Kidd, P. C.
Chambers, B. K.
Menzies, J.
Lumbewe, P. A.
Moloney, J. P.
Hing, M. C.
Martin, C. J.
Simmons, K. C.
Young, S. G.
Hay, J. A.
Sweeten, M. V.
O'Leary, B. J. P.
Raghavan, D.
Rojnavibul, S.
James, M. L.
Leslie, A. L.
Smith, R.

Class II

- Lizzio, J.
Stewart, J. F.
Hardy, G. K.
Carter, J. M.
Vernon, A. C.
Begbie, T. H.
Pike, I. A.
Edson, K. H.
Carmalt, H. L.
Turnidge, J. D.

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the Whole Medical Course:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency among Women Candidates at the Final Year Examination:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Robert Scot-Skirving Memorial Prize for Highest Aggregate in Medicine and Surgery Papers:
McDonnell, G. D.

Upjohn Prize in Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics:
Wilkinson, J. F.

Harry J. Clayton Memorial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize in Clinical Medicine:
Wilkinson, J. F.

George Allan Prize in Therapeutics:
Stiel, D.

Hinder Memorial Prize in Clinical Surgery:
Selby, W. S.

William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize in Clinical Surgery:
McElduff, A. P.

Sydney B. Cliphsham Memorial Prize in Operative Surgery:
Nemeth, J. H.

Robert Craig Prize:
Nemeth, J. H.

Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize in Gynaecology for a Woman Student:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Albert Hing Memorial Prize in Gynaecology:
Aroney, R. S.

Norton Manning Memorial Prize for Proficiency in Psychiatry:
Bergen, J.

Carnation Prize in Paediatrics:
Shared:
Raghavan, D.
Jackson, R. T.

The Charles McDonald-Mead Johnson Paediatric Prize:
McElduff, A.

N.S.W. Department of Public Health Prize:
Raghavan, D.

Robert H. Todd Prize:
Harding, E. A.

G. S. Caird Scholarship, No. 1:
Pohl, D. V.

Inglis and Ward Prize in Pathology and Bacteriology:
Shared:
De Luca, C. M.
Lee, S.

Harold Alfred Waldron Memorial Prize in Bacteriology:
Pohl, D. V.

Allan Douglas Gilles Memorial Prize in Pathology:
Hales, P. A.

Burroughs Wellcome Prize in Pharmacology:
Steinbeck, K. S.

Peter Bancroft Prize, 1972:
Martin, C. J.

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McDonnell, G. D. } Aeq.
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O'Keefe, J. C. } Aeq.
Stewart, J. F.
Walker, G. L.
Hardy, G. K. } Aeq.
Stevenson, J. L.
Sweeten, M. V.
Begbie, T. H. } Aeq.
Selby, W. S.
Ell, J. J.
Hellestrand, K. J. } Aeq.
Menzies, J.
Slobodniuk, R. A.
Smith, D. H. } Aeq.
More, D. G.
Young, S. G.
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Don, G.
Gray, R. H. } Aeq.
Pohl, D. V.
Carter, J. M.
Rojnavimul, S. } Aeq.
Rosenman, S. J.
Seldon, M. R.

SURGERY

Distinction:

Lizzio, J.
Shaw, I. R.
Wilkinson, J. F.
Fowler, W. H. } Aeq.
McElduff, A. P.
O'Keefe, J. C.
Hawryliw, L.
McDonnell, G. D.
McKell, M. J. } Aeq.
More, D. G.
Stiel, D.
Young, S. G.

Credit:

Begbie, T. H. } Aeq.
Gray, R. H.
Stewart, J. F.
Frost, G. W.
Hales, P. A. } Aeq.
McCallum, M. D.
Raghavan, D.
Rosenberg, A. M.
Selby, W. S.
Chipman, P.
Don, G. } Aeq.
Donaldson, W. G.
Ell, J. J.
Hardy, G. K.
Nelson, G. I. C.

Booth, S. M. }
Brauman, D. }
Davies, J. W. }
Edson, K. H. }
James, L. M. }
Leslie, A. L. }
Martin, C. J. } Aeq.
Pohl, D. V.
Rosenman, S. J.
Stevenson, J. L.
Turner, T. R.
Vernon, A. C.
Webb, R. K. }

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY

Distinction:

Aroney, R. S. } Aeq.
Steinbeck, K. S.
Wilson, F. R. } Aeq.
Hardy, G. K.
Walker, G. L. }

Credit:

Begbie, T. H. }
Davies, J. W. } Aeq.
Ell, J. J.
Pike, I. A. }
Carter, J. M.
Griffin, E. M. } Aeq.
Kidd, P. C.
McKell, M. J.
Pohl, D. V. }
Shaw, I. R.
Stevenson, J. L. }
Hales, P. A.
Lizzio, J. } Aeq.
O'Keefe, J. C.
Slobodniuk, R. A. }

Alexander, S. L. }
Barker, J. M. }
Bergen, J. A. }
Raghavan, D. }
Arnold, J. D. } Aeq.
De Luca, C. M.
Finucan, T. M.
Meredith, C. G. }
Stiel, D.
Thompson, P. J. }
Henning, R. D. }
Leitner, R. P. }
Smith, R. } Aeq.
Vernon, A. C.
Walker, I. H.
Wilson, J. S. }
Chipman, P.
Donaldson, W. G. }
Hellestrand, K. J. }
Patterson, A. D. W. }
Smith, D. H. } Aeq.
Stephens, R. A. N.
Stewart, J. F. }
Turner, T. R. }
Van Asperen, P. P. }
Wilkinson, J. F. }
Brauman, D. }
Harding, E. A. }
James, C. S. J. }
James, L. M. }
Kirkwood, A. J. } Aeq.
McCallum, M. D.
McElduff, A. P.
Menzies, J.
Simmons, K. C. }
Sztolcman, P. }

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS

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| Dr. R. S. Aroney | Dr. G. I. Nelson |
| Dr. J. M. Barker | Dr. Ian Pike |
| Dr. J. A. Bergen | Dr. M. R. Seldon |
| Dr. J. S. Bosanquet | Dr. C. J. Smee |
| Dr. D. G. Bradfield | Dr. D. N. Smith |
| Dr. G. M. Carney | Dr. R. Smith |
| Dr. D. N. Dalley | Dr. D. Steil |
| Dr. W. G. Donaldson | Dr. A. Sungalla |
| Dr. J. J. Ell | Dr. M. A. Tayar |
| Dr. R. H. W. Graham | Dr. T. R. Turner |
| Dr. G. K. Hardy | Dr. P. J. Thompson |
| Dr. R. F. Hicks | Dr. G. L. Walker |
| Dr. C. E. J. Hoffman | Dr. I. H. Walker |
| Dr. C. S. J. James | Dr. F. R. Wilson |
| Dr. R. P. Lietner | Dr. J. S. Wilson |
| Dr. G. K. Locke | Dr. I. J. Woodforth |
| Dr. E. J. Martin | Dr. R. D. Zorn |

ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

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| Dr. H. L. Carmalt | Dr. L. E. Nighjoy |
| Dr. J. M. Carter | Dr. M. R. Palmer |
| Dr. R. W. Chaseling | Dr. S. U. F. Pasfield |
| Dr. P. Chipman | Dr. W. Podolakin |
| Dr. J. W. Davies | *Dr. D. Pohl |
| Dr. T. M. Finucan | Dr. D. Raghaven |
| Dr. P. D. Fitzgerald | Dr. M. Rice |
| Dr. J. D. Garvan | Dr. S. D. Shannon |
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| Dr. K-Y Lo | Dr. R. G. Walsh |
| Dr. B. F. Lonergan | Dr. G. B. Wicks |
| Dr. I. S. Lovett | Dr. K. Y. Wong |
| Dr. P. A. Lumbewe | Dr. K. Y. Yan |
| Dr. R. J. Mansfield | |
| Dr. D. Marsden | |
| Dr. K. L. Morris | |

*Professorial Appointments

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

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| Dr. S. L. Alexander | Dr. A. McElduff |
| Dr. M. D. Bender | Dr. S. Moloney |
| Dr. D. C. Bonella | *Dr. D. G. More |
| Dr. D. Brauman | Dr. A. M. Morrison |
| Dr. J. B. Byrne | Dr. S. Neszpor |
| Dr. B. K. Chambers | Dr. J. C. R. O'Keefe |
| *Dr. C. M. De Luca | Dr. M. R. Rakus |
| Dr. G. J. Don | Dr. D. A. B. Richards |
| Dr. P. G. Fowler | Dr. P. G. Rohl |
| Dr. W. H. Fowler | Dr. A. M. Rosenberg |
| Dr. A. P. Freeman | Dr. D. Rosenfeld |
| Dr. G. W. Frost | Dr. S. J. Rosenman |
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| Dr. P. A. Hales | Dr. J. Yiannikas |
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| Dr. D. C. Jameson | |
| Dr. P. C. Kidd | |
| Dr. K. K. Lee | |

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| Dr. K. D. Anderson | Dr. N. Lightfoot |
| Dr. J. Bergin | Dr. N. A. Marinucci |
| Dr. J. V. Bertouch | Dr. G. D. Martyn |
| Dr. G. R. Bonnette | Dr. P. J. McGlynn |
| Dr. T. Clarkson | Dr. J. H. Nemeth |
| Dr. D. Chow | Dr. A. D. W. Patterson |
| Dr. T. P. David | Dr. W. T. Stanley |
| Dr. M. A. Hanstein | Dr. L. T. Wallington |
| Dr. A. J. Lancaster | Dr. S. T. Wiley |
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NEWCASTLE HOSPITAL

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| Dr. A. S. Bennie | Dr. B. R. Masters |
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| Dr. P. I. Davidson | Dr. F. H. Morris |
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| Dr. P. T. Blatchford | Dr. G. Krausz |
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| Dr. P. D. Palk | Dr. J. P. Moloney |
| Dr. A. Feldman | Dr. B. J. B. O'Leary |
| Dr. T. L. Goldberg | Dr. S. Rojnavibul |
| Dr. M. L. Hing | Dr. R. K. Webb |
| Dr. A. J. Kirkwood | Dr. S. F. Wilson |
| Dr. G. D. McDonnell | |

ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL

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| Dr. H. Dearnley | Dr. N. Romeo |
| Dr. A. J. Mazzaferro | Dr. K. Rosley |

HORNSBY HOSPITAL

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| Dr. G. E. Davey | Dr. J. J. McKeon |
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| Dr. E. A. Harding | Dr. C. D. Robinson |
| Dr. M. D. McCallum | Dr. P. Sarian |

WOLLONGONG HOSPITAL

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| Dr. C. C. W. Castle | Dr. J. W. McLaren |
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| Dr. M. A. Fashner | Dr. R. M. Reddel |
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| Dr. J. de Burgh | Dr. I. Shaw |
| Dr. K. Edson—Hong Kong | |
| Dr. R. Henning | |

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The above list appears as issued by the Hospitals Commission of N.S.W. at the time of going to press. We believe that a number of transfers are being negotiated, but details are not yet confirmed. We shall do our best to compile a corrigendum list to be distributed with this publication.

AS WE SHAPE THE FUTURE . . .

EDUCATION looks to the future, and is inevitably an attempt to shape the future. A generation of critics has dismantled the idea of Progress, and every few years the archaeologists unearth another ancient civilization that flourished for a time and then died.

The sceptic may ask whether any society should last forever, even ours. It is not a crucial question. If longevity were the only virtue of the continuously renewing society, the whole exercise might turn out to be numbingly dull. But a society that has learned the secret of continuous renewal will be a more interesting and a more vital society—not in some distant future but in the present. Since continuous renewal depends on conditions that permit the growth and fulfilment of individuals, it will also be a society fit for free men.

Many of the qualities crucial to a society's vitality are the qualities of youth: vigor, flexibility, enthusiasm, readiness to learn. But youth implies immaturity. And though everyone wants to be young, no one wants to be immature.

In the last analysis, no society will be capable of continuous renewal unless it produces the kind of men who can further that process. It will need innovative men and men with the capacity for self-renewal.

The self-renewing man is versatile and adaptive. He is not trapped in the techniques, procedures, or routines of the moment. He is not the victim of fixed habits and attitudes. He is not imprisoned by extreme specialization. Division of labour is older than recorded history. So specialization as such is no cause for alarm. But specialization today has extended far beyond anything we knew in the past. There are tasks that cannot be performed by men, and women who have lost the capacity to function as generalists—tasks of leadership and management, certain kinds of innovation, communication, teaching, and many of the responsibilities of child rearing and citizenship.

In a rapidly changing world, versatility is a priceless asset, and the self-renewing man has not lost that vitally important attribute.

We are beginning to understand how to educate for versatility and renewal, but we deepen our understanding. If we indoctrinate the young person in an elaborate set of fixed beliefs, we are ensuring his early obsolescence. The alternative is to develop skills, attitudes, habits of mind, and the kinds of knowledge and understanding that will be the instruments of continuous change and growth on the part of the young person. Then we shall have fashioned a system that provides for its own renewal.

This suggests a standard for judging the effectiveness of all education—and so judged, much education today is monumentally ineffective. All too often we are giving young people cut flowers when we should be teaching them to grow their own plants. We are stuffing their heads with the products of earlier innovation rather than teaching them how

to innovate. We think of the mind as a storehouse to be filled rather than as an instrument to be used.

The self-renewing man is highly motivated and respects the sources of his own energy and motivation. He knows how important it is to believe in what he is doing. He knows how important it is to pursue the things about which he has deep conviction. Enthusiasm for the task to be accomplished lifts him out of the ruts of habit and customary procedure. Drive and conviction give him the courage to risk failure. And not only does he respond to challenge, but he also sees challenge where others fail to see it.

For the self-renewing man the development of his own potentialities and the process of self-discovery never end. It is a sad but unarguable fact that most human beings go through life only partially aware of the full range of their abilities. In our own society we could do much more than we now do to encourage self-development. We could, for example, drop the increasingly silly fiction that education is for youngsters, and devise many more arrangements for lifelong learning.

But the development of one's talent is only part, perhaps the easiest part, of self-development. Another part is self-knowledge. The maximum "Know thyself"—so ancient, so deceptively simple, so difficult to follow—has gained richness of meaning as we learn more about man's nature. Modern research in psychology and psychiatry has shown the extent to which mental health is bound up in a reasonably objective view of the self, in accessibility of the self to consciousness, and in acceptance of the self.

As Josh Billings said, "It is not only the most difficult thing to know one's self but the most inconvenient." It is a lifelong process, and formal education is only a part of the process—but an important part. Some people today seem to imagine that the chief function of education is to provide the student with a bag of tricks. The chief complaint of such people is that the schools are not teaching the tricks well enough—or are teaching mossy nineteenth-century tricks when they should be teaching slick twentieth-century tricks. As a beacon to guide one away from such shallows, consider the comment of Learned Hand in his discussion of liberty: "By enlightenment men gain insight into their own being, and that is what frees them."

That brings us again to the recognition that the ever-renewing society will be a free society. It will understand that the only stability possible today is stability in motion. It will foster a climate in which the seedlings of new ideas can survive and the deadwood of obsolete ideas be hacked out. Above all, it will recognize that its capacity for renewal depends on the individuals who make it up. It will foster innovative, versatile, and self-renewing men and women and give them room to breathe. Having room to breathe, they will contribute, as only they can, to the continued vitality of the society.

—Extracts from *Renewal in Societies and Men*,
by John W. Gardner.

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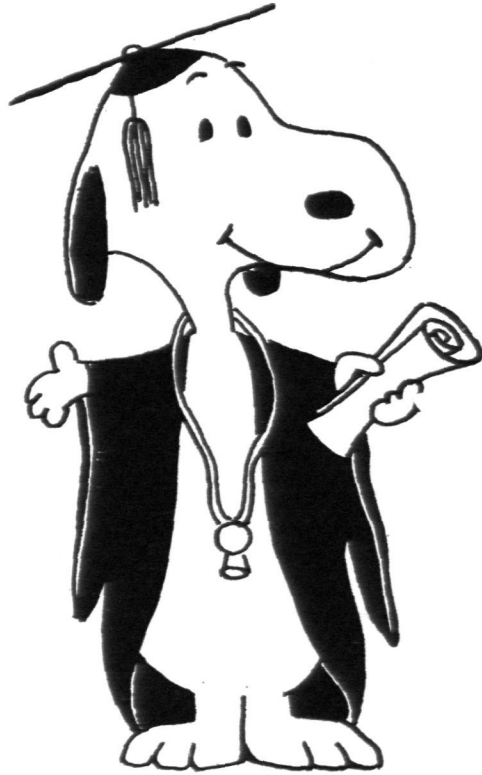
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We would like to thank you for contributing to this book and hope that your efforts will be repaid in the future as its value increases. We hope that these simple words and pictures will trigger the memory of the atmosphere, emotions, characters and friendships which were forged during our relatively carefree undergraduate days.

THE 1973 SENIOR YEARBOOK COMMITTEE,
Sydney University Medical Society.



There is no heavier burden than a great potential.

*"A doctor is a student till death;
or shall I say, when he ceases to be a student
he dies."*

—LORD DAWSON.

*"This is not the end, it is not even the beginning
of the end, but it is, perhaps, the end of the
beginning."*

—SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

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